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THE NEW YORKER

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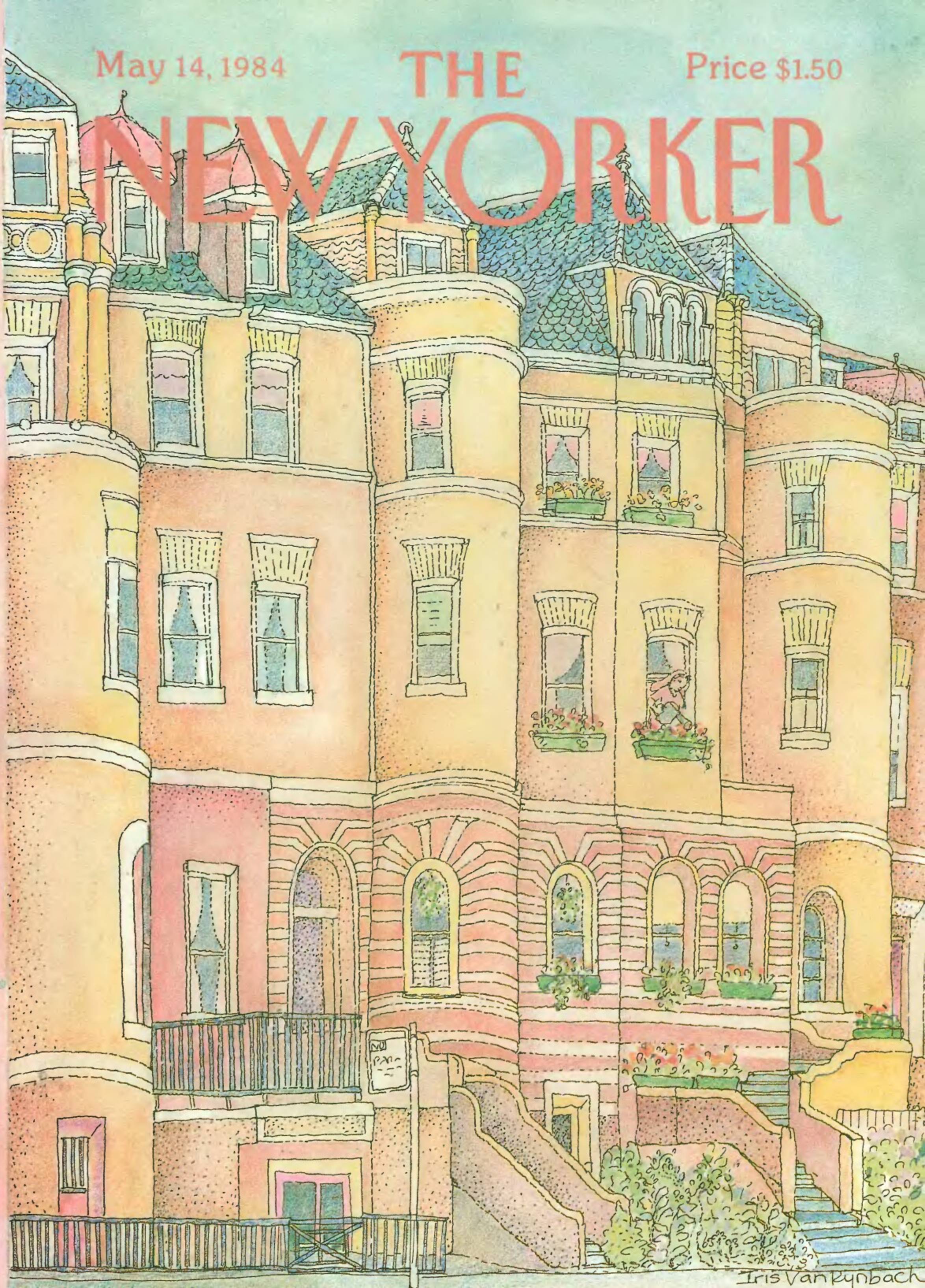

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Babe—A play about Babe Ruth by Bob and Ann Acosta, starring Max Gail. Noam Pitlik is the director. Previews through Wednesday, May 16. Opens officially on Thursday, May 17. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 9, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Baby—An unpleasantly clinical musical about having babies. One might as well be in the hospital. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Beethoven's Tenth—Peter Ustinov playing Beethoven as Dr. Johnson, with intermittently hilarious results. George Rose is also on hand. (5/7/84) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Death of a Salesman—A sentimental and yet oddly moving account of Willy Loman, a man who thinks success consists of being well liked and who is dismayed to discover that this goal is, as a goal, unachievable. Dustin Hoffman is a superlative Willy. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Empress of China—A play by Ruth Wolff, with Tina Chen and Ernest Abuba. Tisa Chang is the director. (Pan Asian Repertory Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 255-7293. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

End of the World—John Shea, Barnard Hughes, and Linda Hunt star in a new comedy by Arthur Kopit which has for its subject matter the very topic mentioned in the title. In spite of grimness, much of the author's customary grace and humor is present. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of sixteen one-act plays. "Blood Bond," by Gina Barnett; "At Home," by Richard Dresser; "Fine Line," by Janice Van Horne; and "Slam," by Jane Willis: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 9-10; Saturday evening, May 12; Sunday matinée, May 13; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 16-17; and Saturday evening, May 19. . . . ¶ "House," by Danny Cahill; "Little Feet" and "Remember Crazy Zelda?," by Shel Silverstein; and "Bite the Hand," by Ara Watson: Friday evening, May 11; Saturday matinée, May 12; Sunday and Monday evenings, May 13-14; Friday evening, May 18; and Saturday matinée, May 19. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Closes Monday, June 18.)

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Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season will be a revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical **pal joey**, for which John O'Hara wrote the book. Opens Thursday, May 10, and will run through Sunday, June 3. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Hooch—A play by Charles Michael Moore, with Kevin Hooks. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Barbara Barrie, Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Landscape of the Body—A revival of a play by John Guare, with Christine Lahti, Dan Florek, and Christian Slater. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinée Saturday, May 19, at 3. Closes Saturday, May 19.)

The Last Danceman—A play by Alan Foster

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Friedman. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **THE VAGABOND KING.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN;** Henrik Ibsen's **GHOSTS,** translated by Eva Le Gallienne and starring Geraldine Page; and John Patrick's **THE HASTY HEART.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—The rickety O'Neill melodrama, given more passion than it possesses by Kate Nelligan and Jerome Kilty. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oliver!—The Lionel Bart musical, based on Dickens's "Oliver Twist," is getting on in years and shows it, but it has the reputation of being ideal for children. Hmm. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Approval—A revival of Frederick Lonsdale's 1926 play. (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Other Places—A trio of one-acters by Harold Pinter. In the last and best of them, "A Kind of Alaska," Dianne Wiest portrays a middle-aged woman who awakens after twenty-nine years of sleeping sickness. That beautiful play glows in the dark; the other two don't come off quite so well, in spite of the good company. (5/7/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Thing—The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. Jeremy Irons is charming in this essentially charmless role. Glenn Close is the playwright's mistress and eventual wife, who proves to be even more selfish than he is. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rink—A conscientiously depressing musical about how painful life can be. A few sunny glimpses are provided by Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli, as well as by Peter Larkin's marvellous setting. The songs are by John

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Kander and Fred Ebb and are up to their high standard. The book is by Terrence McNally. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Second City Company—There is a scattering of bright, clever moments and some evidence of talent, especially that of Meagen Fay, in this only so-so revue, imported from Chicago. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—Nothing is less needed in the world than a didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Woman of Independent Means—Barbara Rush spends an evening alone onstage, pretending to be writing letters to friends and family members over the course of a long lifetime. Perhaps this is a clue as to why letter writing has gone out of fashion. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 13.)

Young Playwrights Festival—A program of five one-act plays. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

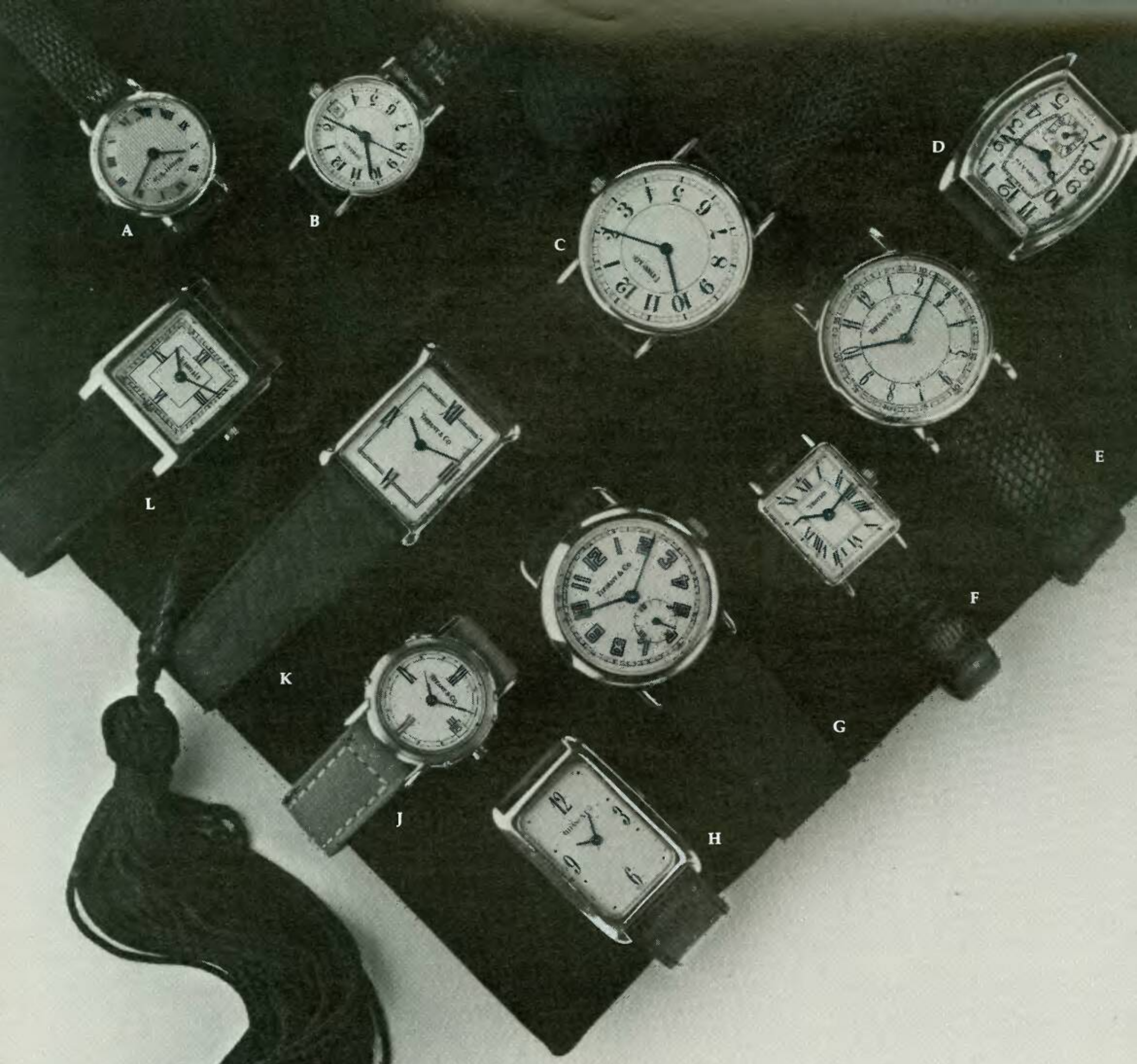
Long Runs—brighton beach memoirs: Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, 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. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **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 Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** Celebrating a myriad of performances. (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.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. 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. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (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.) . . . **my one and only:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer) which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **on your toes:** The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, is wonderfully undiminished after almost fifty years. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. 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 Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **true west:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Daniel Stern and Tim Matheson. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (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.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, back in town with their annual wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of basketball playoffs, the seven-thirty performance on Friday, May 11, has been cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

American Place Theatre Twentieth-Anniversary Benefit—Among the participants will be Sandy Duncan, Raul Julia, Russell Baker,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Calvin Trillin. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Monday, May 14, at 7:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 9: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Allegro Brillante," "Tarantella," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 11: "Allegro Brillante," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 12: "Serenade," "Bugaku," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 12, and Sunday matinée, May 13: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 13: "Moves," "Sonatine," "Glass Pieces," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 15: "Allegro Brillante," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 16: "Allegro Brillante," "Other Dances," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 17: "Moves," "Sonatine," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 18: "Moves," "Sonatine," "Bugaku," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 19: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Tarantella," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 19: "Moves," "Sonatine," "Serenade," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 24.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée, May 9: "Symphonie Concertante" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 9: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Miss Julie," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "The Little Ballet," "Other Dances," "Miss Julie," and "Symphonie Concertante." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 11; Saturday matinée and evening, May 12; and Monday evening, May 14: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 15: "Les Sylphides," "Bach Partita" (New York première), and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 16: "Paquita," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 16: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Miss Julie," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 17: "Concerto," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Amnon V'Tamar" (New York première), and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 18: "The Little Ballet," "In a Country Garden" (company première), "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Bach Partita." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 19: "Symphonie Concertante," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Concerto." . . .

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¶ Saturday evening, May 19: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Amnon V'Tamar," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 16.)

Feld Ballet—Final performances—Wednesday, May 9, at 8: "Three Dances," "Adieu," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 10, at 8: "Play Bach," "Summer's Lease," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Friday, May 11, at 8: "The Real McCoy," "Over the Pavement," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 12, at 8: "Straw Hearts," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 13, at 2: "Papillon," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 13, at 7:30: "Intermezzo," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Tamasaburo—In a program of solo Kabuki dances. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 759-0588. Wednesday, May 9, at 2 and 8, and Thursday and Friday, May 10-11, at 8.)

Shakti—With a company of thirty dancers and musicians from Kyoto, Japan, in a single performance of "Himiko." (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, May 11, at 8.)

Tomov Yugoslav Folkdance Ensemble—Appearing here for four performances. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, May 16, and Friday, May 18, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 19-20, at 2.)

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.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**Steve Ross** is at the piano, singing vintage American popular tunes in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the We're Here with jazz. Singer Kay Boyd and pianist **Bross Townsend's** trio will be present through Saturday, May 12; Wednesday through Saturday, May 16-19, hard-bop tenor-sax soloist **Clifford Jordan** and drummer **Vernel Fournier** will be aboard. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, May 9, Essra Mohawk, Kid Stuff, the Shades, and Class Action; Thursday, May 10, L.I. Fishermen, Troia/Greer, Movement, and Cream; Friday, May 11, Spellbound, Native Blend, and Josie Kuhn/Chris Bond; Saturday, May 12, On the Edge, Bill Block & the Big Bang, and Tribal Rites; Sunday, May 13, the Bobby Shehorn band and Shane Hue & Paranoia; Monday, May 14, Point of View and 4 Guys from Jersey; Wednesday, May 16, Lunatune, Whirling Dervishes, and Lions & Ghosts; Thursday, May 17, Art, Hollywood Dick Doll Review, Kammer Musik, and Murch; Friday, May 18, Ortho-Rocko & Kati Mac, Alert the Media, P. L. Courage, and Jetsonz; and Saturday, May 19, Foreign Affair, Psychic Pets, and the Modulators. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

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. Guitarist, harmonica player, and whistler **Toots Thielemans'** quartet and singer **Bobby McFerrin** will wind up their visit on Sunday, May 13; Monday, May 14, will be claimed by Sudan Baronian's Taksim; and on Tuesday, May 15, flutists **Herbie Mann** and **Dave Valentin** will move in for six nights. Trumpeter **Ted Curson** conducts afterhours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—"Leader of the Pack," a musical based on the life and work of composer Ellie Greenwich, is being given Tuesdays at eight-thirty; Wednesdays through Saturdays at eight and eleven-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. 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 (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **Kenny Barron** works with bassist **Red Mitchell** through Sunday, May 13; beginning Monday, May 14, pianist Bill Mays will team up with Mr. Mitchell. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **Jimmy Lyon** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Bobby Short** is back holding court in the Café Carlyle. In attendance are his bassist, **Beverly Peer,** his drummer, **Robbie Scott,** and his admirers, too numerous to mention here. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **Barbara Carroll** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. Singer-pianist William Roy can be found here nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Wednesday, May 9, Future Funk and Ice 9. Music from long after nine-thirty.

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, May 9, Tim Britton and Gerald Trimble; Thursday, May 10, at eight-thirty, the OK Bayou String Band; Fridays Conway & Ryan; Saturday, May 12, **Tony Trischka's Skyline;** and

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CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, May 19, Bill Keith & Cindy Cashdollar and Frank Campbell & Friends. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Thursdays through Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The house sextet works from eight-thirty to two (Monday through Saturday, May 14-19, cornettist **Wild Bill Davison** will direct them). On Sunday, May 13, vibraharpist **Warren Chiasson** will lead a quartet. Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays during the same hours Danny D'Imperio's trio is present. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **Bucky Pizzarelli** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz star's room. Singer **Phyllis Hyman** will be onstage through Sunday, May 13, and pianist **Les McCann's** quartet will come in on Tuesday, May 15. Mondays are reserved for guitarist **Les Paul's** trio. Sets begin at eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, May 9, at nine and eleven, Kendra Smith & Dave Roback and Pianosaurus; Thursday, May 10, at nine and eleven; Terry Waldo and the Gotham City Jazz Band; Saturday, May 12, at eight and eleven, folksinger **Michael Hurley;** Wednesday, May 16, Sylvain Sylvain and the Hudson River Sloop Singers; Thursday, May 17, Dean Landew and Ultraprov; Friday, May 18, Paul Geremia and Ultraprov; and Saturday, May 19, comedians Scott Blakeman, Jim Morris, Phil Nee, and Bev Mickens. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

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 schedule: through Thursday, May 10, pianist **Roger Kellaway** and bassist **Michael Moore;** Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, jazz singer **Carmen Lundy;** Monday through Thursday, May 14-17, pianist **Ronnie Mathews;** and Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, Kenny and Everett Brawner, with singer Carol Townes. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. 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). Guitarists **Attila Zoller** and **Joe Puma** perform through Sunday, May 13; pianist Joe Derise and bassist **Frank Tate** will play Wednesday through Sunday, May 16-20; Mondays, singer-pianist **Brooks Kerr** works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **Chuck Wayne's** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson has the floor. Sundays, Mr. Kerr plays mostly in a stride style and sings mostly in his own style from five to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. **Judy Carmichael,** a fireball of a stride player, works until Saturday, May 12; on Tuesday, May 15, pianist Cyril Haynes will take over the keyboard. On Sundays, Keith MacDonald is at the piano, and Mondays are the property of **Dick Hyman.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

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 good reasons are pianists and bassists: **Roland Hanna** and **Paul West** perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The performers: Wednesday and

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Thursday, May 9-10, drummer-singer **Levon Helm;** Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, the Bud Moffett band and Cadillac Ranch; Sunday, May 13, Max Creek; Monday, May 14, the **Legendary Blues Band;** Tuesday, May 15, singer and blues-harp expert **James Cotton** and the Heartfixers; Wednesday and Thursday, May 16-17, the San Francisco All-Stars and New Riders of the Purple Sage; and Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, Cabin Fever and Soozie Tyrell & Great Balls of Fire. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Pianist **McCoy Tyner** and his band are here every night but Monday. On Monday, May 14, the Angel Rangelov–Jimmy Madison big band will inhabit the place. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**Julie Wilson,** a terrific and convincing performer, sings a tribute to Stephen Sondheim Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, May 9, belongs to Mark Morganelli's Jazz Forum All-Stars; Thursday through Saturday, May 10-12, **Alive!,** a Berkeley-based quintet, will play; Thursday, May 17, Joe Cool will perform; and Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, **Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers** will appear. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, May 11, Shox Lumania; Saturday, May 12, the Fuzztones; and Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, the Cramps. Live music from about eleven-thirty. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor where **Sy Oliver** leads his bounce orchestra. Starting Tuesday, May 15, singer **Jack Leonard** will be featured with the band in a salute to Tommy Dorsey and Jimmie Lunceford. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

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. Thursday, May 10, Golden Earring and the Danny Johnson band; Friday, May 11, Killing Joke and the Pə-dant-iks; Monday, May 14, Dino; and Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, Dead or Alive. 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: Wednesdays, Ronaldo; Thursday, May 10, Glow; Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, Undercover; Tuesday, May 15, Ed Palermo's big band; Thursday, May 17, guitarist Bill Connors' band; and Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, saxophonist **Ronnie Cuber.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, May 9, the **New York Samba Band;** Thursday, May 10, Mikata; Friday, May 11, and Saturday, May 19, **Loremil Machado & the Sarava Bahia Band;** Saturday, May 12, and Friday, May 18, **Pé-de-Boi;** Tuesday, May 15, Erica Norimar; Wednesday, May 16, La Troupe Makandal; and Thursday, May 17, Gumbe Sounds. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Drummer **Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers** are present through Sunday, May 13; trumpeter **Terumasa Hino** will bring in a fivesome on Tuesday, May 15. Mondays are devoted to saxophonist **Dave Murray's** big band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A friendly, unassuming music hangout. Wednesdays rock singer and guitarist **Elliott Murphy;** Thursday through Saturday, May 10-12, **Charles Brown,** the smoothy R. & B. singer and red-hot piano pounder; Monday, May 14, Loup Gurou, a Cajun outfit; Thursday through Saturday, May 17-19, Buster Poindexter (a.k.a. **David Johansen**); and Sundays the Delancey Street Hawaiians. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences: on May 14, **Ray Barretto** and **Luis (Perico) Ortiz** and their respective bands will play along with guest jazz soloist **Dizzy Gillespie.** And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace pianist **Jaki Byard** and bassist Ralph Hamperian work out through Sunday, May 13; on Tuesday, May 15, vibraharpist **Warren Chiasson** and pianist **Albert Dailey** will arrive. And jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman** also drops by on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Guitarist **Pat Metheny** heads up a quartet through Sunday, May 13; on Tuesday, May 15, the podium will be preëmpted by the **Mingus Dynasty Band.** Mondays are now the property of **Frank Foster's Big Band.** Music from ten.

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. The performers: Wednesday, May 9, pianist Barry Olsen; Thursday through Sunday, May 10-13, pianist Ted Chavez and bassist Bob Hobson; Monday through Wednesday, May 14-16, pianist Lee Musiker; and Thursday through Sunday, May 17-20, pianist Richard Shulman. 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. The schedule: through Saturday, May 12, tenor, alto, *and* soprano saxophonist **Benny Waters;** Sunday, May 13, alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz;**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Monday and Tuesday, May 14-15, pianist Ram Ramirez; and Wednesday through Saturday, May 16-19, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH.** Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A roster of duos: pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** through Saturday, May 12, and beginning Tuesday, May 15, pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER.** Sundays are reserved for guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** and Mondays for pianist Jim Roberts. Music from eight.

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

SHIRLEY MACLAINE ON BROADWAY—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Through Sunday, May 27.

LAURIE ANDERSON—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday and Friday, May 10-11, at 8; Saturday, May 12, at 8 and 11:30; and Sunday, May 13, at 3 and 7:30.

KOOL & THE GANG—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at 8.

DAVE VALENTIN—With his group. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, May 11, at 8.)

THE GLADIATORS AND THE PACIFIC ORCHESTRA—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Friday, May 11, at about 11:30.

THE FIRST JAZZ STRING SUMMIT—With L. Subramaniam, David Darling, Leroy Jenkins, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, May 12, at 7.)

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The last in a series of programs entitled "The Golden Decade of Song: The Tuneful Thirties," this one featuring Jim Lowe (narrator), Susannah McCorkle, Russ Thacker, Peggy King, Vicki Belmonte, and Victor Griffin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, May 13, at 2:30 and 8, and Monday, May 14, at 8.)

MAXINE SULLIVAN TRIO—With Naomi Phipps and the UBC Women's Chorus. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, May 13, at 3.)

YES—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday, May 14, at 8.

BERLIN—With Ebn-Ozn. (Beacon Theatre. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

BENEFIT CONCERTS—The Spinners, Lou Rawls, Tito Puente, and Alan King performing on behalf of United Neighborhood Houses. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, May 18, at 7:30 and 11. For information about tickets, call 677-0300.)

ART

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

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JAMES BOHARY / DON DE MAURO—Abstract paintings. / Portraits. Through June 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

JUDY CHICAGO—A benefit show of representative works in a variety of mediums from the past decade. Through May 26. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

TONY DELAP—Abstract paintings (some on shaped canvases), painted-wood sculptures (some on the floor, some on the wall), and works on paper. Through Saturday, May 19. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

RAOUL DUFY (1877-1953)—Paintings and drawings. Through June 9. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Windowlike constructions made of wood covered over with modelling paste and painted in deep, rich caseins. Through Saturday, May 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

MICHIO IHARA—Delicate sculptures with stainless-steel bases and movable brass or copper parts. Through June 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

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ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Fifty drawings dated 1961 to 1983. Through Saturday, May 12. (James Goodman, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ROBERT NATKIN—Abstractions, yes, but the colors are heightened and the usual grid nearly absent. Through June 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EMIL NOLDE (1867-1956)—Oils and watercolors. Through June 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

HILDA STECKEL—Freestanding glazed ceramic figure sculptures (some scaled to life) of jugglers, tumblers, tennis players, and other athletic types. Through May 26. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

WILLIAM STEIG AND JEANNE STEIG—Fifty-odd drawings, many of which have appeared on the pages of this magazine, four covers done for same, and children's book illustrations, by the former; and small wood constructions depicting a circus in full swing, as well as figurative cloth-and-leather sculptures (life-size, at that), by the latter. Through Saturday, May 12. (Schiller-Wapner, 36 E. 61st St.)

ROBERT SUTZ—Chicago "L" platforms are the subject of several paintings by this realist. Through Saturday, May 12. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

MICHAEL TETHEROW—Semi-abstract paintings of enormously elongated heads. Through June 2. (McCoy, a gallery newly opened to the public at 19 E. 71st St.)

WALASSE TING—New still-lifes in brilliant rainbow colors. Through May 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

CHRISTOPHER WHITE—Landscapes reduced to abstractions. Through June 9. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

JAMES WYETH—New paintings and drawings depicting what are homely subjects for the artist—his dog, for example. Through May 24. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Works on paper by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europeans and Americans; van Gogh, Matisse, Klee, Picasso, Motherwell, and Pollock are just a few of the names. Through Saturday, May 19. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: Old Master drawings. Through June 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Eighteenth-to-twentieth-century drawings and watercolors by British artists, among them Constable, Gainsborough, and Rowlandson. Through June 8. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St., and 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: A two-gallery exhibit of paintings and sculptures by forty-three artists who were awarded medals by the Skowhegan School during the years 1971-83. The list of achievers—and contributors—reads like the exhibition catalogue for a major contemporary museum show: Richard Diebenkorn, Robert Irwin, Willem de Kooning, Clyfford Still, Louise Nevelson, Georgia O'Keeffe, Saul Steinberg, to cite a few. Through May 31. . . . **HOFFELD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small-scale paintings by Calder, Chia, Albers, Matisse, and others. Through June 9. . . . **HUTTON,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by Lyonel Feininger, Alexej Jawlensky, Wassily Kandinsky, and Paul Klee. Through May 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A landscape by Milton Avery is in the company of works by other Americans and Europeans, among them Picasso (represented by a good number of paintings and works on paper) and Schwitters. Through June 2. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: American paintings from the thirties, forties, and fifties, by artists then regarded as innovators, among them Diller, Castellon, Holty, and Matulka. Through Saturday, May 19.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

FRANCIS BACON / JAMES ROSATI—Eleven recent paintings. Through June 5. / Monumental sculptures. Through July 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

EDGAR BUONAGURIO—Recent paintings. Through June 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

HARRISON BURNS—Scenes from "The Towering Inferno" and Fort Knox are depicted in this show of large canvases, laced with gold-colored acrylic and collaged with paper. Through Saturday, May 12. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

ANN CHERNOW / HENRY MOORE—Idealized studies of women observed in social settings popular about forty years ago. / Sculptures and prints. Through June 2. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GIORGIO DE CHIRICO (1888-1978) / **WILLIAM EGGLESTON**—Paintings executed after 1920, a sort of epilogue to his 1982 retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. / Two dozen dye-transfer photographs of the interior of Elvis Presley's Memphis mansion, Graceland. Through Saturday, May 19. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Silverberg, 16 E. 79th St., is showing a selection of de Chirico works. (Open Mondays.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Abstract sculptures in Corten steel and cast bronze; drawings and watercolors. Through May 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—New large-scale monotypes done in vivid colors that are sealed into the paper under a hundred tons of hydraulic pressure. Through Saturday, May 19. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

ARTHUR GIBBONS—Painted, cutout steel sculptures welded into curling abstract forms. Through Saturday, May 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—A series of five large paintings, four of them representing fire, earth, air, and water, and the fifth—an ascending female figure—representing the corresponding spiritual element. Through Thursday, May 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

DIMITRI HADZI—Bronze and stone sculptures. Through May 26. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

LEE HALL—New landscape paintings and drawings. Through June 2. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM L. HANEY—Realist narrative paintings and drawings whose subjects are decidedly topical: our President, women bodybuilders, and, inevitably, Michael Jackson. Through Saturday, May 12. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

DOUGLAS HIGGINS / LESTER VAN WINKLE—Freehand paintings of Grecian urns, with collateral sketches and graffiti in the background. / Wooden sculptures, painted in bright enamels,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of highly imaginative objects and creatures, one of them based on Carmen Miranda. Through June 2. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Georges Hugnet (1906-74)—Frisky Surrealist collages by a Parisian poet, critic, and artist, including a parody he did of the *Guide Michelin*. Through June 1. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Angelo Ippolito / Ewald Mataré (1887-1965)—Abstract oils. / Sculptures and woodcuts of animals. Through May 23. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Kane (1860-1934)—Landscapes, river scenes, and paintings of people by a Scottish-born naïf, who used settings in both his native country and the United States, his adopted one. Through May 25. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Freestanding and wall-mounted works in natural wood, representing the artist's total output in this medium since 1978. Through June 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jon Kessler—Sculptural works made up of translucent materials and wandering colored lights, several steps up from jukebox Art Deco. Through May 26. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Franz Kline (1910-62)—Paintings and drawings. Through June 9. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Knigin / Norman Gorbaty—Small collage paintings of orchids, roses, and tulips, plus vast enlargements, in acrylic and enamel, of same. / Pen-and-ink drawings, based mostly on the artist's travels. Through May 31. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

William Kortlander—Southeastern Ohio scenery reproduced in acrylic paintings. Through June 2. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Leon Krier—Architectural drawings. Through June 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Kim MacConnel / Melissa Miller—Paintings and sixties furniture that call attention to each other and to what the gallery calls "gaudy ostentation and sleaze." / Paintings. Through Saturday, May 19. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Louisa Matthiasdottir—Landscapes and cityscapes of her native Iceland, still-lifes done in her New York studio, and self-portraits. Through Wednesday, May 16. (Schoelkopf, in a new location at 50 W. 57th St.)

JoAnne McFarland—Pastel still-lifes of fruit, tableware, and jewelry seen from directly above. Through Saturday, May 19. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Sculptures (ceramic and cast bronze) executed between 1949 and 1981. Through June 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—Drawings, pastels, and watercolors. Through June 8. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes, figures, still-lifes, and Caribbean scenery, painted in oils and gouaches. Through May 26. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Segal—Sculptures of still-lifes and figures: freestanding, in relief, and affixed to the wall. Through Saturday, May 12. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Siegel—Flamingos, parrots, butcherbirds, magpies, and a brooding red bishop are shown in appropriate settings in these new paintings and works on paper. Through May 29. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

T. L. Solien—Large autobiographical paintings done in symbols—arrows, fish, skulls, bull heads, bottles. Through June 2. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—New abstract paintings in which varnish is a principal medium. Through June 15. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

William Tucker—Four large and four small bronzes, several plaster maquettes, and drawings by an abstractionist. Through June 2. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Takako Yamaguchi—Oriental and Western sensibilities merge harmoniously in these decorative works in acrylic and bronze leaf on paper. Through May 26. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler**, 37 W. 57th St.:

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Large-scale drawings by Don Dudley, Jonathan Santlofer, and Barbara Zucker. Through June 2. . . . **associated american artists**, at its new address at 20 W. 57th St.: Prints of New York City, a hundred and eighty of them, by artists from Grace Albee and Harold Altman to Hank Virgona and William Walcot. Through June 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **donson**, 24 W. 57th St.: Flemish and Dutch landscape prints and drawings of the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Through June 30. . . . **fitch-febvrel**, 5 E. 57th St.: Prints from the past hundred years by French artists, among them Redon, Tissot, Pascin, and Philippe Mohlitz. Through June 30. . . . **herstand**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Surrealist and Surrealist-influenced artists stretching from Arp and de Chirico all the way to Pollock and Motherwell. Through June 30. . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: More than sixty American paintings by big names from this century and last (Rembrandt Peale, Charles Demuth, John Marin) and also by contemporaries, such as Philip McCracken and Colleen Browning. Through May 31. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists Edward Betts, Bruce Currie, Maurice Freedman, William Palmer, Gregorio Prestopino, and William Thon showing landscapes in varying degrees of representation. Through June 2. . . . **tilton**, 24 W. 57th St.: Recent works by Tod Wizon, Kiki Smith, William Anastasi, and Bill Taggart, whose wall constructions include a huge, decorative pistol. Through May 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jean-Michel Basquiat—Recent paintings. Through May 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Richard Beckett—Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Saturday, May 19. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

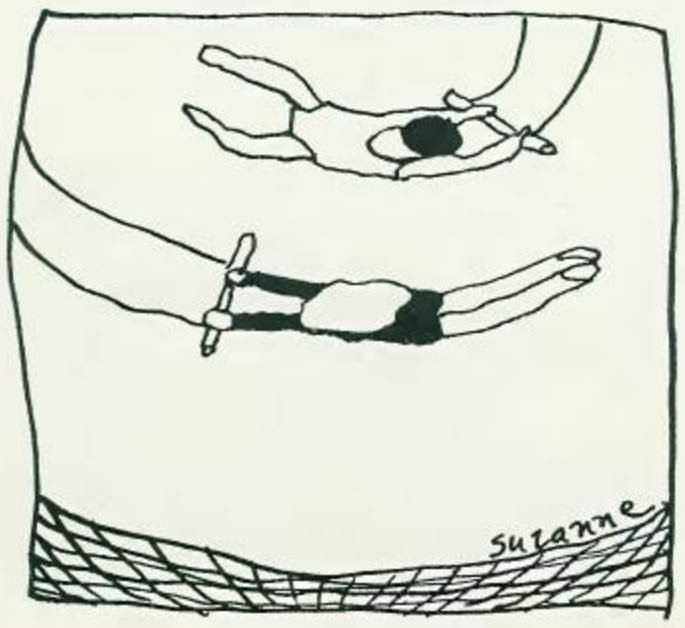
Judith Bernstein—The unifying theme in these groupings of large oils and charcoal-on-canvas drawings is the birds and the bees. Through Saturday, May 12. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Brett De Palma—Collage paintings, among others. Through June 2. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Dan Flavin / Eve Sonneman—A double-barrelled fluorescent fixture, one tube blue and the other green, extends eighty-six feet across the gallery wall, rising in twenty-three steps from four inches to forty-eight inches off the floor, on which it casts a vivid green light. Through Saturday, May 12. / Photographs and watercolors reflecting the artist's recent travels. Through Saturday, May 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Jagged, lightning-bolt streaks of sharply contrasting colors occupy these six canvases and a four-panel screen. Through Saturday, May 19. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Michael Hafftka—A two-gallery show of this artist's loosely painted figures, which are subjected to a sort of Baconian distortion. (Esman, 121 Spring St. Through Saturday, May 19. . . . ¶ Manès, 177 Prince St. Through May 26.)



Ruth Hardinger and George Rayner—The first appearances in New York of two artists; her collages combine laths, string, and pastels, and his constructions incorporate flattened tin cans, coffeepots, and so on, coated with brushed-on paint. Through Saturday, May 19. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Jannis Kounellis—Large drawings and sculptures. Through May 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Craig Langager—Figurative wall sculptures commissioned as gargoyles for the new Buffalo subway (which sounds much more aesthetic than ours) plus freestanding sculptures called Memorials. Through June 2. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Richard Long—New works by a British artist: a floor sculpture of stones, circles of mud from the River Avon, plus related maps and photographs. Through June 2. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Longo—Architectural vistas, heads, war scenes, and figures, among other things, are seen in these impressive, industrial-sized paintings-cum-construction, which look as if the artist had done his work in the Baldwin locomotive shops. Through May 26. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Robert Mangold—A show of "Frame Paintings," which are canvases shaped like picture frames, with a rectangular space cut out in the middle, justifying the title. Through Saturday, May 19. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Helmut Middendorf—New paintings by a West German artist who does night views of life in a slum area there. Through June 2. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Nudes in cast bronze, plus maquettes. Through July 1. (Artists' Choice Museum, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Jim Nutt—Distorted fantasy figures, glossy and erotic, painted by one of the founders of the Hairy Who movement, in Chicago. Through May 23. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Lois Polansky—Lacy patterns embossed in handmade paper with an etching press, plus a handsome group of handmade books, including a worked-over dictionary in which, for instance, a real iris embedded in the page illustrates the entry for that flower. Through Wednesday, May 16. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Marion Ranyak—Acrylic paintings of the coasts of Maine and California. Through May 23. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Joan Semmel—Portraits, mostly, by an artist who until now has concentrated on nude studies. Through May 26. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Jesús Rafael Soto—Relief paintings and sculptures, including a huge hanging yellow sphere created out of metal rods. Through May 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Joe Stefanelli—In these new paintings the artist has reverted to the freer draftsmanship and rich colors he employed in the sixties. Through May 26. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Racelle Strick / Bill Durham—Landscapes done in loosely handled oils and acrylics, a marked departure from the disciplined striations of her former work. / Flamboyantly colorful abstractions. Through June 3. (Arbitrage, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Richard Thompson / Papo Colo—Paintings. / Paintings, drawings, and pastels. Through June 2. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Group Shows—At the **bryers**, 111 Greene St.: One work each by eight artists, among them Salle, Borofsky, Longo, and Haring. Through May 26. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a show that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through July 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **feldman**, 31 Mercer St.: A show of fifties and sixties fashions (Dior, Fath, Balen-

ciaga) and art work (Hofmann, Kline, Warhol), contrasted with the Cold War of the same period, as represented by a prototype for the Vanguard satellite. Through Saturday, May 12. . . . MANHATTAN ART, 81 Greene St. Works by ten artists who will be seen at the upstate Artpark this summer, among them Brigid Kennedy, Chris Burden, Dennis Oppenheim, and Scott Pfaffman, who is represented by an antic life-size iron horse with a firebox for a belly. Through May 26.

OTHER GALLERIES

ANTONY GORMLEY—Seven figures (standing, sitting, kneeling, crouching) made of lead plate molded over casts of the sculptor's body. Through Saturday, May 19. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

CHERYL LAEMMLE—Paintings of people and four-legged creatures, all of whom seem to be made of birchbark. Through Sunday, May 13. (Sharpe, 328 E. 11th St. Opens at 1.)

CARL PALAZZOLO—Triptychs in which the center panel is thickly laden with paint and the two outer ones are lightly brushed over. Through Saturday, May 19. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

SUZAN PITT—The action is frantic in these large paintings, where comic-book characters rub elbows with Botticelli maidens, while in the background cities burn, soldiers fight, and sex has its fling. Through Saturday, May 19. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

RUSSELL SHARON / MARK KOSTABI—Paintings of cows, landscapes, figures done in bright acrylics on the reverse side of transparent vinyl sheets, which gives a high gloss to the works. / Ink drawings. Through May 26. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

GRETCHEN DOW SIMPSON—Nineteen paintings, several of which appeared as covers on this magazine, and prints. Through May 31. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

PHILIP TSIARAS—Paintings of heads, mostly, with extra eyes or noses, combining elements of primitive masks, icons, Picasso, and Greek mythology. Through Saturday, May 19. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.) . . . ¶ Oggi Domani, 318 E. 11th St., is showing photographs by the artist. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GROUP SHOW—Drawings and a painting completed in the early seventies by Alfred Leslie; four charcoal drawings by Myron Stout; and a single steel sculpture by Mark di Suvero. Through June 16. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARK BERGHASH—Nudes and portraits of couples. Through May 25. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JOHN COPLANS AND NANCY HELLEBRAND—Portraits by two photographers whose styles are very different. Through May 26. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

BARON ADOLF DE MEYER (1869-1946)—Fashion, travel, and portrait photographs and photogravures from throughout his career. Through Saturday, May 12. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

ARNOLD GENTHE (1869-1942) / GERTRUDE BLOM—Portraits of Teddy Roosevelt, Ezra Pound, Sarah Bernhardt, and other notables, and scenes of Japan in 1908 are just a few of the many photographs. / A pictorial essay spanning forty years, documenting the impact of civilization on the culture and environment of the Mayan Indians in Chiapas, Mexico. Through May 27. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

RAY K. METZKER—Black-and-white studies of sharp contrasts, most of them photographed on city streets. Through June 2. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

BETTINA RHEIMS—Photographs of stuffed animals from a taxidermist's shop. Through May 25. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MARGARET WATKINS (1884-1969)—Still-lifes, landscapes, portraits, and nudes. Also, a few works by some of her students, among them Ralph Steiner, Doris Ulmann, and Laura Gilpin. Through May 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Photographs by Atget, Muybridge, Abbott, DeCarava, Weegee, and others brought together in a celebration of the Witkin Gallery's fifteenth anniversary. Through May 26. (41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist Balthus. Through Sunday, May 13. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through July 15. . . . ¶ The collection of Near Eastern antiquities reopened recently in refurbished galleries on the second floor. . . . ¶ An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Cranbrook Academy of Art. Furniture, objects, and drawings by first-generation faculty and students, including Eliel Saarinen, Charles and Ray Eames, Knoll, and Bertoia. There is also an assortment of sculptures, paintings, and textiles. Through June 17. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849-1916). Through June 3. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—The museum will reopen on Thursday, May 17.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Picasso: A selection of about two hundred works from the last decade of his career, divided almost equally among paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Sunday, May 13. . . . ¶ Four large-scale sculptures by Michael Singer, one installed in the museum's rotunda; also, a dozen drawings. Through June 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show charting the history of the flower genre in American paintings and drawings. Through May 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five contemporaneous New York artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of more than a hundred paintings in diverse styles by thirty artists who make their homes in Western states. Among those already familiar here are Joan Brown, Robert Colescott, Jaune Quick-to-See Smith, and Gaylen Hansen. Through Sunday, May 13. . . . ¶ American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Starts Friday, May 11. . . . ¶ A show of Jim Dine's intaglio print series, "Nancy Outside in July." Through July 1. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit, organized by the Denver Art Museum, examining the predominance of the circle as a motif in the religious and domestic designs of the Plains Indians in the mid-nineteenth century. More than a hundred and fifty objects, including tepees, toys, beaded saddle blankets, a war headdress, and a ghost-dance dress. Through July 15. . . . ¶ A show of silver jewelry (primarily Navajo) from the Southwest, 1860 to the present. Through July 8. . . . ¶ An exhibit of embroidered samplers. Through May 27. (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.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of

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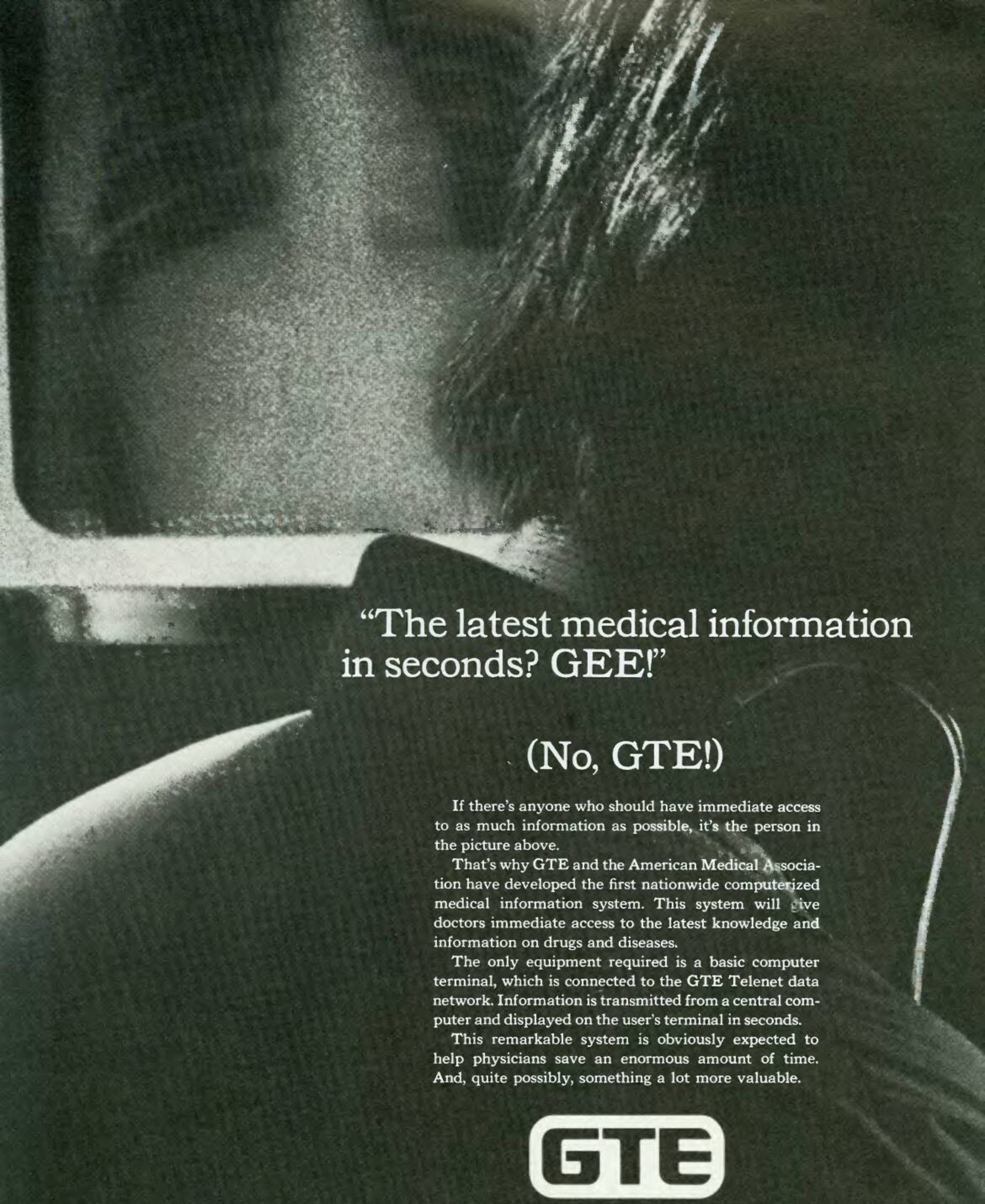

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phenytoin. Such combinations in parenteral forms should be
avoided.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

robes worn by ladies of the Japanese aristocracy, sixteenth century to nineteenth. Through June 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The library has much to show for its sixty years, and in that spirit offers two anniversary exhibits from its collections: French drawings, 1550 to 1825, by Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and others; and a display of illuminated manuscripts and autograph manuscripts ranging from a fifteenth-century Dutch "Hours of Catherine of Cleves" to Steinbeck's yellow-pad manuscript of "Travels with Charley." Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, in temporary quarters at 125 W. 55th St.—Among the textiles, domestic objects, and artifacts on display from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. James O. Keene are an 1850 Baltimore album quilt and ten carved-wood pieces by Wilhelm Schimmel. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show of seventy-seven Currier & Ives lithographs extolling the exploits of the American Navy, from the Revolutionary War through the Spanish-American. On loan from the United States Naval Academy. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Painting in the American South is surveyed in a show of a hundred or so canvases. Through May 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Henry Varnum Poor (1888-1970) who, while a prominent ceramist (a large nude meant for the wall of a shower serves as one example), during his long life wore many hats—painter, muralist, teacher. Starts Thursday, May 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—A ten-year survey of paintings by Houston artist Earl Staley. Through May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection pays tribute to the Academy of American Poets—this year marks its fiftieth—with a display of books, manuscripts, and letters by Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, May Swenson, Robert Penn Warren, Mark Strand, and others. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. (Open Wednesdays through 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.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—An exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by artists from the West Coast. Through Saturday, May 12.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Ron Littke and Benita

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Abrams (performance), Thursday, May 10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Jim Pridgeon. Through May 26. . . . ¶ A show of books and other works on paper by artists from Iceland. Through July 28.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The main exhibition is one of paintings by Australian artists Mike Parr, Imants Tillers, and Ken Unsworth. . . . ¶ The second floor is given over to contemporary portraits by more than a hundred artists. Both shows through June 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; 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

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Falstaff." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the final performances of Blitzstein's "Regina." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesdays, May 9 and 16, and Fridays, May 11 and 18, at 8, and Sundays, May 13 and 20, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," staged by Thomas Holliday and conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, at 8. For tickets, call 787-1356.)

ORCHESTRA AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Thursday, May 10; Saturday, May 12; and Tuesday, May 15: A Shostakovich-Bruckner program, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, May 17-19, and Tuesday, May 22: A Mozart–Albert Roussel–Ravel program, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Evenings at 8.)

Danish National Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Peter Zazofsky, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 14, at 8.)

Toronto Symphony—Andrew Davis directing a performance of Elgar's oratorio "The Kingdom," with Margaret Marshall, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 10, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 11, at 8.)

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducting a program of music by French composers, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 12, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Verdi's "Nabucco" in concert form, with Ghena Dimitrova, soprano; Patricia Schuman, mezzo-soprano; Salvatore Fisichella, tenor; Matteo Manuguerra, baritone; Paul Plishka, bass; and the New York Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 13, at 8.)

Nota Bene—A program of twentieth-century music, performed by the American Symphony Orchestra, with Peter Bellino, composer-conductor; Paula Robison, flute; and Allen Won, saxophone. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 13, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 13, at 8:30.)

American Composers Orchestra—Leonard Slatkin and Paul Dunkel conducting, with Lucy Shelton, soprano, and Les Thimmig, bass clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 14, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting—The last in a series of all-Beethoven programs, with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8.) . . . ¶ A program that will include the première of William Thomas McKinley's Third Symphony. With Yefim Bronfman, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 19, at 8, and Sunday, May 20, at 3.)

Handel's "Joshua"—Johannes Somary directing the Amor Artis Orchestra and the Horace Mann Glee Club, with Julianne Baird, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Thomas Bogdan, tenor; and Thomas Hughes, bass. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Friday, May 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Pomerium Musices and the New York Consort of Viols—A program of music by Orlando Gibbons, in honor of the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing a performance of Britten's "War Requiem," with JoAnn Pickens, soprano; Stanley Cornett, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; and the Christ Church Boys Choir of Greenwich. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 10, at 8.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 12, at 8.)

RECITALS

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Robert Secrist—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Empire Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Thursday, May 10, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

James Richman—Harpsichord. (Grace and St. Paul's Church, 123 W. 71st St. Thursday, May 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Pasquale Bianculli and Jerry Willard—Classical guitarists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 10, at 8.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing an ensemble of singers and instrumentalists in the last in a series of concerts, this one devoted to music by twentieth-century American composers. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, May 11, at 8. For tickets, call 869-0970.)

Music by Tod Machover and George Lewis—Performed by Mr. Machover, cello; Mr. Lewis, trombone; Alan Feinberg, piano; and the Kronos Quartet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, May 11, at 8.)

Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan—Sitar and

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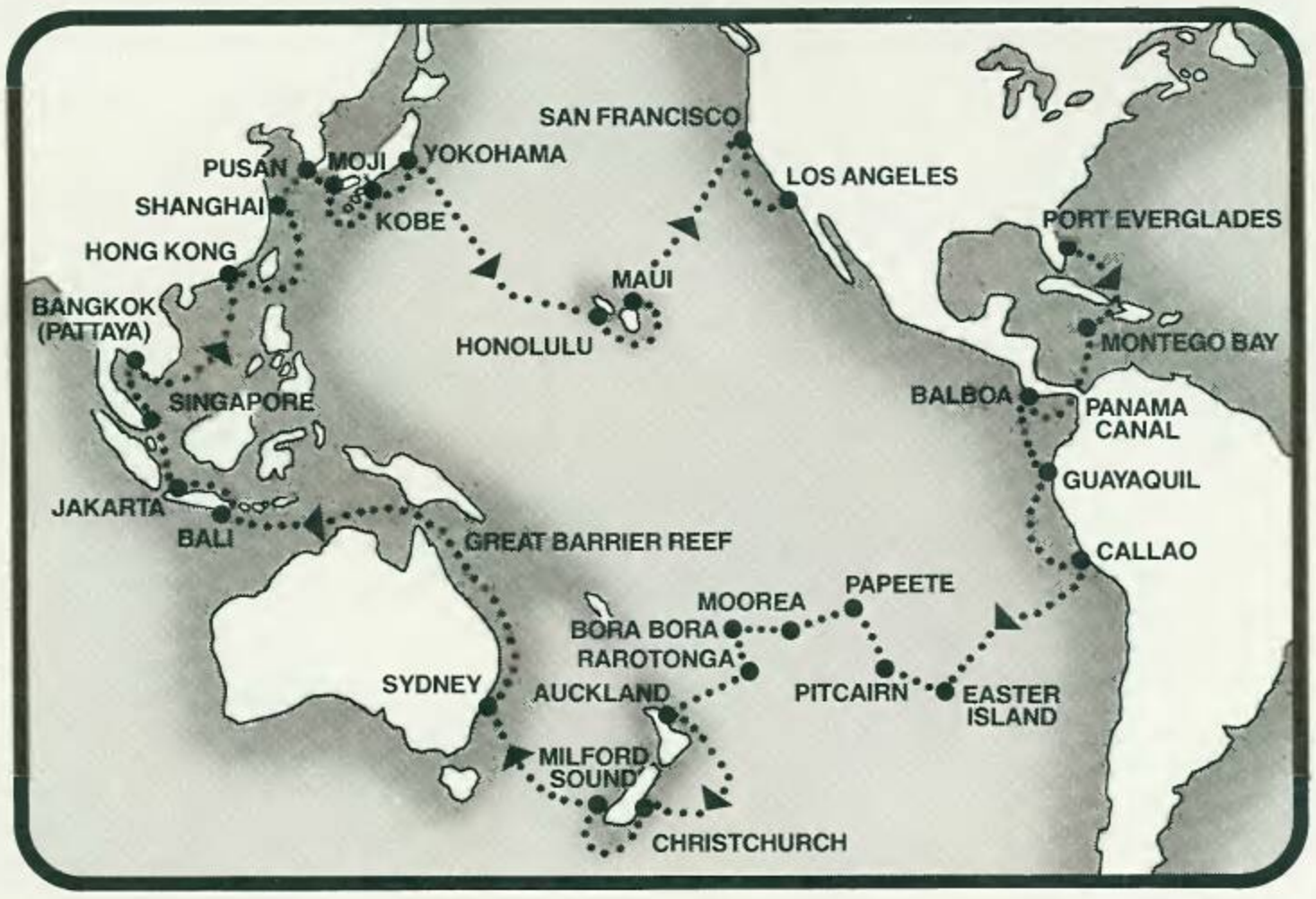

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SAGAFJORD

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sarod. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 12, at 8.)

Bach Chamber Soloists—With Jan Opalach, bass. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Saturday, May 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—An all-Mozart program. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, May 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

Alison Deane, Arturo Delmoni, and Richard Locker—Piano, violin, and cello. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, May 13, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

For the Love of Music—The last in a series of concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 13, at 3.)

Michael Limoli and Elizabeth Poore Dolbashian—Clarinet and soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 13, at 5:30.)

Bethany Beardslee and Richard Goode—Soprano and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 13, at 8.)

Palma Toscani—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 14, at 8.)

North / South Consonance—Max Lifchitz conducting a program of music, poetry, and dance, with Stanley Drucker and Naomi Drucker, clarinets; the Hampshire String Quartet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 14, at 8.)

Alliance for American Song—A benefit program, performed by Constantine Cassolas, tenor; Robert Kueh, baritone; and Louise Basbas, piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Monday, May 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Joel Krosnick and Elizabeth Wright—Cello and piano, in a program of twentieth-century music, with the Heartland Band. (Juilliard Theatre, 144 W. 65th St. Tuesday, May 15, at 8. For information about free tickets, call 874-7515, starting Friday, May 11.)

Mordecai Shehori—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 15, at 8.)

Christopher Trakas—Baritone, with Steven Blier, piano; Paula Robison, flute; and Ronald Thomas, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 15, at 8.)

David Golub, Mark Kaplan, and Colin Carr—Piano, violin, and cello, in the first in a series of three concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 15, at 8.)

Elmar Oliveira—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—With Julius Levine, double bass, and Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of contemporary music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)

Ilana Vered—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by the Pro Arte Quartet and Bethany Beardslee, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

Mannes Contemporary Ensemble—A program of music by Crumb, Halsey Stevens, Wolpe, and Cage. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Thursday, May 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Antonia Lavanne—Soprano, in a program of music by Kurt Weill, Samuel Barber, and Paul Creston. With assisting singers and instrumentalists. (Church of the Holy Apostles, Ninth Ave. at 28th St. Friday, May 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 243-7177.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 18, at 8.)

Beethoven Chamber Series—With Glenn Dicterow, violin; Jonathan Feldman, piano; the Mendelssohn String Quartet; and the New Arts Trio. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, May 18, at 8.)

Thouvenel String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 2.)

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Lilian Kallir, Fred Sherry, and Peter Oundjian—Piano, cello, and violin, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 3.)

Benjamin Oren—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Beethoven programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 5:30.)

Charles Holland and Kenn Hicks—Tenors. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 8.)

Chinese Music Ensemble of New York—Performing traditional and modern arrangements of music from various regions of China. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, May 19, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

100 Years of the Lively Arts at the Met—Among the participants celebrating the hundreth anniversary of the Metropolitan Opera will be Placido Domingo, John Denver, Yves Montand, Liza Minnelli, and dancers from the Alvin Ailey American Dance Company. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Sunday, May 13, at 7:30.)

Symphony Space Gala Benefit—Peter Serkin, the Paul Taylor Dance Company, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, May 14, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Yankees at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday and Thursday, May 9-10, at 8. . . . ¶ Seattle, Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at 8, and Sunday, May 13, at 2. . . . ¶ Oakland, Monday through Wednesday, May 14-16, at 8. . . . ¶ California, Friday, May 18, at 8, and Saturday, May 19, at 2. . . . **Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, May 9, at 7:35, and Thursday, May 10, at 1:35.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Conference semifinal playoffs—Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, May 11, at a time to be announced.) . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-8888. Thursday, May 10, at a time to be announced.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. Sunday, May 13.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Finals: Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. The first and second games Thursday, May 10, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 12, at 7:05.)

Racing—At **Belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Withers, Wednesday, May 9; the Comely, Saturday, May 12; and the Shuvee Handicap, Saturday, May 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **Monmouth Park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . **Pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 19.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Tampa Bay. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 13, at 3. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Mercedes Tournament of Champions: John McEnroe, Ivan Lendl, Jimmy Connors, Vitas Gerulaitis, Jimmy Arias, and others. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 268-2300. Wednesday through Friday, May 9-11, at noon; semifinals Saturday, May 12, at 12:15; and finals Sunday, May 13, at 12:15.)

Trotting—At **Roosevelt Raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 16. . . . **Saratoga Raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **Meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Russell Baker and Calvin Trillin reading from the works of Mark Twain. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Tuesday, May 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ May Sarton reading from her own poetry and prose, and Baron Wormser reading from his own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, May 17, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Walking Tour—"East Seventies," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 13, starting at St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Armory Show—An international antiques and fine-arts exhibition, assembled by some eighty-two dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 10-12, noon to 10, and Sunday, May 13, noon to 6.)

Auctions—At **Sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 9, at 7, and Thursday, May 10, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings. Admission to the Wednesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-8451. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 15, at 7: Impressionist paintings, from the estates of Erna Wolf Dreyfuss and Julius Wolf. Following the Dreyfuss-Wolf sale, Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, and following *that* sale modern sculptures. Admission to all three sales by ticket only; for information, call 472-8451. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, May 17, at 10:15: Books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 10. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 2: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Alberto Giacometti; from the Ratner family collection. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, following the Ratner sale, Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 17, at 10:15: Paperweights, from the Corning Museum of Glass, from the Franklin Schuell Miniature Paperweight Collection, and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 12. . . . **Christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 16, at 7: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, May 11. Admission to the sale by ticket only; for information, call 546-1127. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 17, at 10 and 2: Impressionist and modern drawings, watercolors, and (in the afternoon only) sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, May 11. . . . **Phillips,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, May 16, at 11: English and Continental furniture and decorations. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 12. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 2: European and American paintings and prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 12.

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They do not bring the boy's sister this time. She is only four and makes a lot of noise and thinks fish stink. It is just the two of them, the big one and the little one. "The boys," as the mother calls them.

"Do you think it's true?" the boy asks.

"Is what true?"

"Fish jump out."

The man nods. "You'll see."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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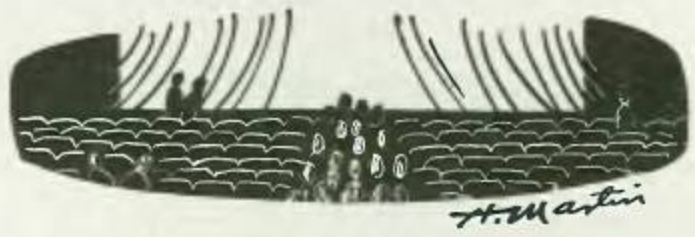

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 17: "Farrebique" (1948; directed by Georges Rouquier; in French); and "Biquefarre" (Georges Rouquier; in French).
From May 18: "Les Parents Terribles" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Swing Shift" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 10: "The Dresser" (†); and "La Vie Continue" (1982; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.
May 11-17: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†); and "Harry & Son" (Paul Newman), with Newman and Robby Benson.
From May 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 10: "Splash" (†).
From May 11: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 10: "Racing with the Moon" (†).
From May 11: "The Natural" (Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford and Robert Duvall.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 17: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey.
From May 18: "Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through May 10: "Iceman" (†).
From May 11: "The Natural" (Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford and Robert Duvall.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Romancing the Stone" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 10: "The Buddy System" (Glenn Jordan), with Richard Dreyfuss and Susan Sarandon.
From May 11: "Swing Shift" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano. From May 11: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 2: "Racing with the Moon" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola). From May 11: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 17: "Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley. From May 18: "Finders Keepers" (Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: Through May 10: "Swing Shift" (†). From May 11: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through May 10: "Kipperbang" (Michael Apted).
From May 11 (tentative): "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 10: "Purple Hearts" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl and Cheryl Ladd.
From May 11: To be announced.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 10: "Unfaithfully Yours" (†) and "Blame It on Rio" (†).
From May 11: "Splash" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey.
Theatre 2: Through May 10: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano. From May 11: "Hardbodies" (Mark Griffiths), with Grant Cramer.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 10: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).
From May 11: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: "Swing Shift" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Tenderness and Anger" (1981; directed by Johannes Flutsch; a Swiss film, in German), a documentary about a Gypsy family.
Theatre 2: May 9: "Phantom India" (1972; Louis Malle). Parts 1 through 4 will be shown. May 10: "Phantom India." Parts 5 through 7 will be shown. May 11-12: "Dance Craze" (1982; Joe Massot); and "Reggae Sunsplash" (1980), a concert film with Bob Marley, Third World, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear. May 13-14: "La Grande Illusion" (†) and "A Day in the Country" (†). May 15: "Bad Boys" (†) and "Wild in the Streets" (†). May 16-17: "Tokyo Story" (†) and "A Geisha" (†). May 18-19: "Chinatown" (†) and "True Confessions" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Rent Control" (Gian Luigi Polidoro).
Theatre 2: Through May 10: "Suburbia" (Penelope Spheeris). From May 11: "Splash" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Iceman" (†). From May 11: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola).
Theatre 2: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 3: Through May 17: "The Bounty." From May 18 (tentative): "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 4: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through May 10: "El Norte" (†).
From May 11: "Splash" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through May 10: "The Dresser" (†).
From May 11: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Mission" (Parviz Sayyad; in Farsi).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Racing with the Moon" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Erendira" (Ruy Guerra; in Spanish), with Irene Papas.
Theatre 2: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: "Irezumi" (Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "El Norte" (†).
Theatre 2: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.
Theatre 2: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 10: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall. From May 11: "The Natural" (Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 4: "Splash" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 2: Through May 10: "Swing Shift" (†). From May 11: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano. May 11-17: "Alphabet City;" and "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn). From May 18: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Theatre 2: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 3: Through May 10: "Unfaithfully Yours" (†) and "Blame It on Rio" (†). May 11-17: "Swing Shift" (†) and "Star 80" (†). From May 18: "Making the Grade."
Theatre 4: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 3: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 4: "Swing Shift" (†).
Theatre 5: "Iceman" (†).
Theatre 6: "Where the Boys Are" (directed

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Hy Averback), with Lisa Hartman and Russell Todd.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through May 10: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
From May 11: "Splash" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through May 10: "The Buddy System" (Glenn Jordan), with Richard Dreyfuss and Susan Sarandon. From May 11: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).
Theatre 3: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 4: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through May 14: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
From May 15: Theatre temporarily closed.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito). From May 11: "Hardbodies" (Mark Griffiths), with Grant Cramer.
Theatre 2: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

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

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Caged Women" (Vincent Dawn), with Laura Gemser. From May 11: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.
Theatre 2: Through May 17: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano. From May 18: "Final Terror."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From May 11: "The Natural" (Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Purple Hearts" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl and Cheryl Ladd. From May 11: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 10: "The Good Fight" (1984; directed by Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills).
From May 11: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 10: "L'Argent" (1984; Robert Bresson; in French).
From May 11: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through May 10: "Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
From May 11: To be announced.

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Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 10: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966; Alain Resnais; in French), with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté.
May 11-12: "Trash" (1970; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro; and "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.
May 13-15: "Reds" (†).
May 16-17: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski.
May 18-19: "Animal Crackers" (1930, Victor Heerman), "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), and "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), all with the Marx Brothers.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 10: "Alphabet City" (1984; Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano.
From May 11: To be announced.

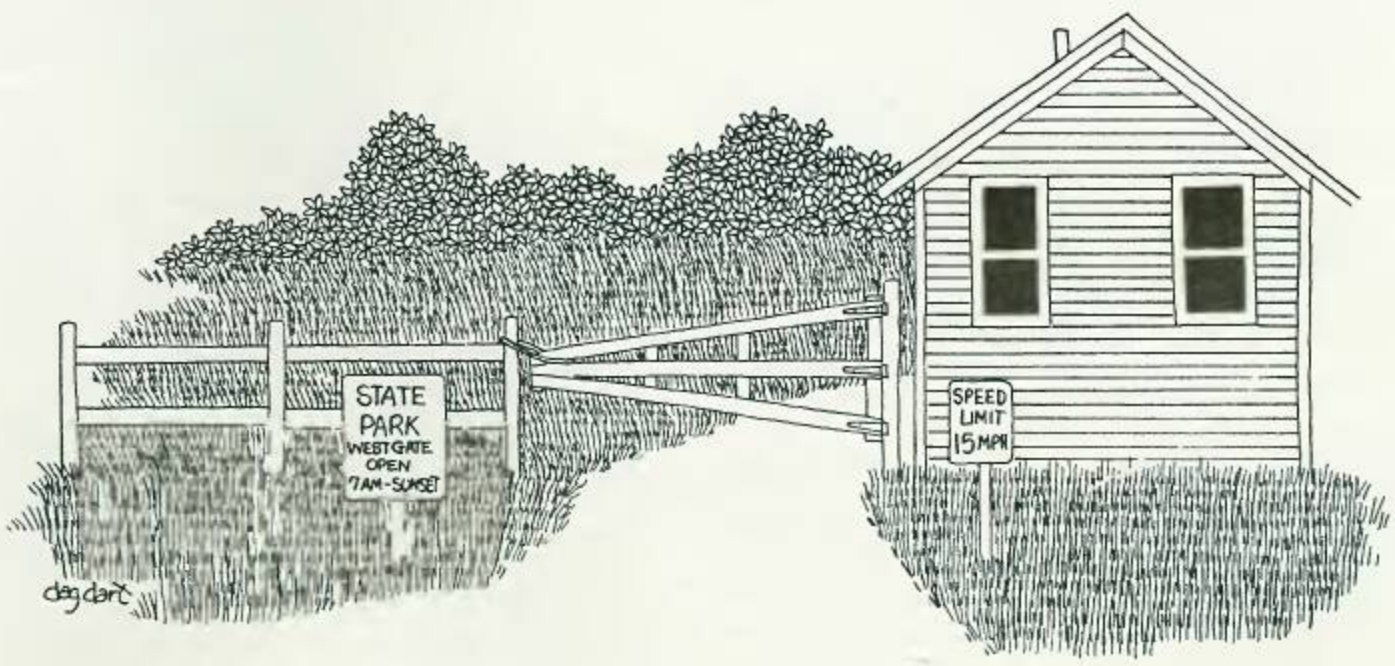
Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
May 9: "Breaking Away" (1979; Peter Yates), with Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley; and "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).
May 10-12: "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, Veronica Cartwright, and Harry Dean Stanton; "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree; and "The Thing" (1982; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
May 13-14: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Michel Auclair, and Marcel André; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.
May 15-16: "A Very Natural Thing" (1974; Christopher Larkin), with Robert Joel and Curt Gareth; and "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German).
May 17-19: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell. X-rated.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 10: "The Man with the Golden Gun" (1974; Guy Hamilton) and "The Spy Who Loved Me" (1977; Lewis Gilbert), both with Roger Moore as James Bond.
May 11-12: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "An Officer and a Gentleman" (1982; Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere, Debra Winger, and Louis Gossett, Jr.
May 13: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
May 14-15: "The Compleat Beatles" (1984; Patrick Montgomery), a documentary; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.
May 16-17: "Moonraker" (1979; Lewis Gilbert), with Roger Moore as James Bond; and "For Your Eyes Only" (†).
May 18-19: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; "Night of the Living Dead" (†); and "The Hills Have Eyes" (1977; Wes Craven), with Susan Lanier and Robert Houston.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
May 9: "Marianne and Juliane" (1982; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe; and "The Third Generation" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Eddie Constantine and Hanna Schygulla.
May 10: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "Out of the Past" (1947; Jacques Tourneur), with Jane Greer, Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas, and Rhonda Fleming.
May 11: "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow; and "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, and Fulton MacKay.
May 12: "Peyton Place" (1957; Mark Robson), with Lana Turner, Hope Lange, and Arthur Kennedy.
May 13-14: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons.
May 15: "Reds" (†).
May 16-17: "One Man's War" (1981; Edgardo Cozarinsky; in French); and "Germany, Pale Mother" (1980; Helma Sanders-Brahms; in German), with Eva Mattes.
May 18: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Trial of Joan of Arc" (†).
May 19: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
A festival of Cary Grant films:
May 9: "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" (1947; Irving Reis), with Shirley Temple and Myrna Loy; and "Room for One More" (1952; Norman Taurog), with Betsy Drake.
May 10-12: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair; and "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe.
May 13-14: "Night and Day" (†) and "When You're in Love" (†).
May 15-16: "The Grass Is Greener" (1960; Stanley Donen), with Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum, and Jean Simmons; and "Mr. Lucky" (†).
May 17-19: "In Name Only" (1939; John Cromwell), with Carole Lombard and Kay Francis; and "Penny Serenade" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
May 9: "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando; and "The Ballad of Orin" (1979; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Shima Iwashita.
May 10: "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Daddy Long Legs" (1955; Jean Negulesco), with Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron, Thelma Ritter, and Fred Clark.
May 11-12: "The Rest of Hollywood Out-Takes" (1984).
May 13: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (†)



The Hero and The White Suit.

The good guys (King Arthur, The Lone Ranger, etc.) traditionally rode white horses. They came galloping toward you in a cloud of dust, and miles before you identified the rider you saw the white horse and knew rescue was at hand.

(Oddly enough, it never occurred to the bad guys to ride white horses and throw you off guard.)

It has been said that you can take a white horse anywhere, but this is no longer strictly true. In the boardroom and at business lunches they create a distraction unless very well trained. At lawn parties they trample the tulips. Travelling, they can't be stowed under the seat.

So for a long time now a white suit or sportcoat has been rising to replace them, a symbol, so to speak, of the white horse.

The English pioneered the idea. In the clubs and on the verandas of Bombay, Singapore, East Africa, and wherever gin-and-tonic was served, the English beamed through the gathering dusk in white, symbolizing the strength and virtue of the Empire. Empires went out of fashion, but white lives on.

Bill Blass feels there is no substitute for it. An innocuous beige or tan has its uses, but lacks impact. Light blue is acceptable but indecisive. Only white crackles with the energy, the authority, the deep-down goodness of, for instance, King Arthur, and keeps the knights in line.

Bill Blass recommends the white suit, the white sportcoat, for summer and the warmer climates. He almost insists on it. You will, he believes, immediately notice its advantages in wearability and convenience over the old-fashioned, cumbersome white horse.

Naturally the sale of Bill Blass whites is restricted to good guys, so as not to confuse the symbolism. Those qualifying may write for information to: Bill Blass Tailored Clothing, a division of PBM, 743 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

BILL BLASS

and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (†).
May 14: "The Joyless Street" (†) and "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film).
May 15: "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "The Servant" (1963; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox.
May 16: "Zatoichi Enters Again" (1963; Tokuzo Tanaka; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Hoodlum Soldier on the Attack" (1967; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.
May 17: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Pot o' Gold" (1941; George Marshall), with Paulette Goddard and James Stewart.
May 18: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "All Screwed Up" (†).
May 19: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson), with Gibson.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
May 9: "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden; and "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair.
May 10: "Confidential Agent" (1945; Herman Shumlin), with Charles Boyer, Lauren Bacall, Peter Lorre, and Katina Paxinou; and "The Quiet American" (1958; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave, Claude Dauphin, and Giorgia Moll.
May 11-12: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.
May 13: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (†); and "Kid Millions" (1934; Roy Del Ruth), with Eddie Cantor, Ann Sothern, and Ethel Merman.
May 14: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973; Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès.
May 15: "The Country Girl" (1954; George Seaton), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.
May 16: "The Turning Point" (1977; Herbert Ross), with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne; and "Julia" (1977; Fred Zinnemann), with Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jason Robards.
May 17: "The Desperate Hours" (1955; William Wyler), with Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March, Martha Scott, Arthur Kennedy, and Dewey Martin; and "Marked Woman" (1937; Lloyd Bacon), with Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart.
May 18-19: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 18 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—May 17 at 2:30 and 6: "Stranger Than Paradise, Part I" (1982; directed by Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson; and "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden), with Honey, Adele Bertei, Jeanne Satterfield, and Flo Kennedy. . . . ¶ May 18 at 2:30: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Miriam Hopkins, Herbert Marshall, and Kay Francis. . . . ¶ May 18 at 6: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971; Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie. . . . ¶ May 19 at 2:30: "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, and Victor Mature. . . . ¶ May 19 at 5: "The Invisible Man" (1933; James Whale), with Claude Rains and Gloria Stuart. (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 May 13: "3rd Degree" (1982; Paul Sharits). Continuous showings from noon to 6. 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.

All Screwed Up (1974)—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown as tightfisted petit-bourgeois schemers who manipulate and exploit their likable proletarian men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. Cinematography by Giuseppe Rotunno. In Italian. (Thalia; May 18.)

Bad Boys (1983)—At twenty-two, Sean Penn was probably the best actor in American movies who was still young enough to play adolescents. He gets so far inside a role that he can make even a sociological confection such as the sixteen-year-old hero, Mick—a proud, tough juvenile delinquent who commits crude, reckless crimes—someone an audience can care about. Penn is given so little to work with here that it's practically a pantomime performance: he holds us by the depth of Mick's grief over the way things have worked out in his life. He sits in his cell at the reformatory—hypersensitive, intelligent, and bitter. He's worth watching, even though the picture is singularly unimaginative. Directed by Rick Rosenthal, from a script by Richard DiLello, it has been made in a brutal, realistic, neo-Warners style, with shock cuts, a pungent visual surface (using Chicago locations and Illinois correctional institutions), and Bill Conti's snazzy, aren't-you-lucky-I'm-here music, which gets anxious and excited for us, whipping itself into snits and furies. Even when episodes are powerful, they're banal. With Eric Gurry, Esai Morales, Ally Sheedy, Reni Santoni, and Jim Moody. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/4/83.) (Film Forum; May 15.)

Blame It on Rio—The movie is about a forty-three-year-old father's guilt and confusion because of his affair with his best friend's fifteen-year-old daughter, who is also his own teen-age daughter's best friend. Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna are the fathers who take their daughters (Demi Moore and Michelle Johnson, respectively) for a month's holiday in Rio. On the beach, ogling the bare-breasted women, the fathers see the backs of two beauties, who turn, and their bare-breasted daughters come bobbing over to them, laughing at their discomfort and hugging them. It's as if a Doris Day–Rock Hudson comedy of the early sixties had gone topless. Most of the movie is an attempt to squirm out from under its messy erotic-parental subject. Directed by Stanley Donen from a final script by Larry Gelbart (a revision of Charlie Peters' version), the picture degenerates into a smarmy sitcom. With Valerie Harper. (2/20/84.) (72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; through May 10.)

Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (2/6/84) (St. Marks Cinema; May 11-17.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (Film Forum; May 18-19.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Visually, it recaptures the Impressionist period; in tone, it accomplishes a transformation from light nostalgic comedy to despair. In the late eighteen-hundreds a merchant (Gabriello) takes his family for an outing on the banks of the Marne; there, his wife (Jeanne Marken) and his innocent young daughter (Sylvia Bataille) are seduced—the one delightedly; the other tremblingly, like a captured bird. Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Cinematography by Claude Renoir and Jean Bourgoin; music by Kosma. Originally this film was part of the three-part film "Ways of Love." In French. (Film Forum; May 13-14.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid required to read Huysmans to her old, persnickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Thalia; May 13.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming, amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an offhand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotić, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Thalia; May 13.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the

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For further information write to: F. Aleu, M.D., Director, Aleu-Hawthorne Laboratories, 660 Madison Ave., New York 10021.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (St. Marks Cinema, and Festival; through May 10.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (Embassy, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting May 11.)

For Your Eyes Only (1981)—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. It has got to the point where if the machines do something they haven't done before, we've seen it before anyway. Roger Moore is Bond again, and his idea of Bond's imperturbable cool is the same as playing dead. The producers have made the mistake of deciding on a simpler, more realistic package, without

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dazzling sets or a big, mad, supervillain. The heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero; the only jazziness in the movie comes from Lynn-Holly Johnson, playing a teen-age trollop who's a champion ice skater. With Topol, Julian Glover, Jill Bennett, Cassandra Harris, and Janet Brown as the Prime Minister. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 16-17.)

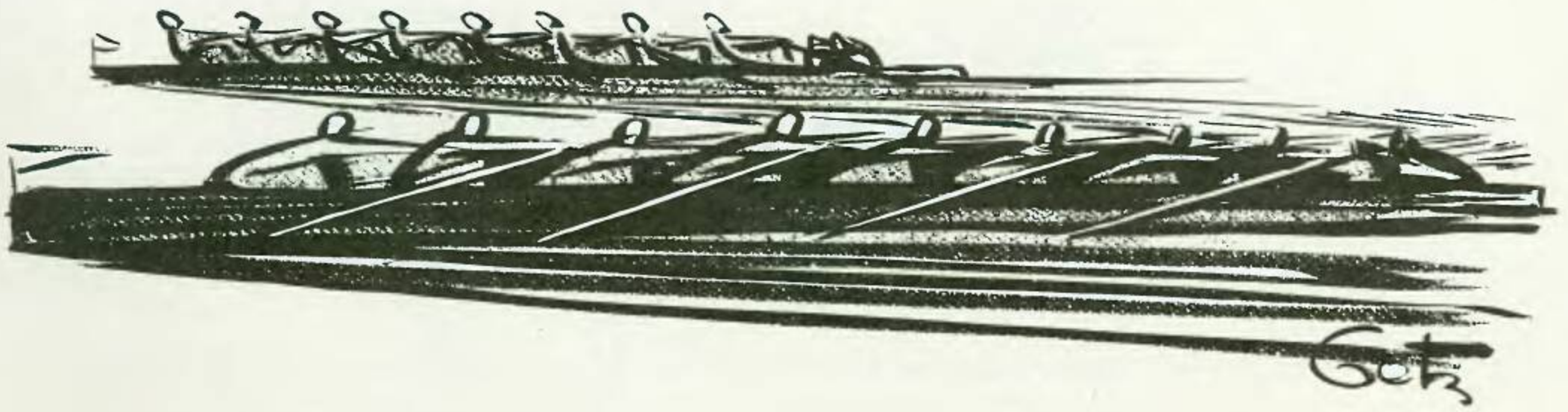
A Geisha (1953)—By the great Kenji Mizoguchi. This shapely film ironically compares the geishas to national treasures—to the Noh theatre, the tea ceremony, Mt. Fuji. Mizoguchi's geishas have a hard time. One of them, only sixteen years old, bites a customer when she realizes what she is meant to do apart from flower-arranging and pouring *sake* and being eternally polite. Her flab-spirited father, who refused to pay for her training, turns up in a sad scene to beg money from her older female mentor. The film's understanding of the relationship between the two women is remarkable and tacit. So is the understanding of the men, who sometimes expect of women bent necks and giggles but who once or twice show feeling and love. A masterpiece of quiet attention. In Japanese. (Film Forum; May 16-17.)

La Grande Illusion (1937)—In form, "La Grande Illusion" is an escape story; yet who would think of it in this way? It's like saying that "Oedipus Rex" is a detective story. Among other things, this film is a study of human needs and the subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. The two aristocrats—the German prison commander, von Rauffenstein (Erich von Stroheim), and his prisoner, the French officer de Boeldieu (Pierre Fresnay)—share a common world of memories and sentiments. Though their class is doomed by the changes that produced the war, they must act out the rituals of noblesse oblige and serve a nationalism they do not believe in. The Frenchman sacrifices his life for men he does not really approve of—the plebeian Maréchal (Jean Gabin) and the Jew Rosenthal (Marcel Dalio). Jean Renoir directed this elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true great works of the screen. Von Rauffenstein and de Boeldieu are in a great romantic tradition; Cyrano has his plume, they draw on their white gloves. Maréchal, the mechanic who has become an officer, is uneasy in the presence of urbanity and polish, but he has natural gallantry, and he's the one with survival power. The performances of von Stroheim, Fresnay, and Gabin are in three different styles of acting, and they illuminate one another. With Gabin, you're not aware of any performance; with von Stroheim and Fresnay, you *are*—and you should be: they represent a way of life that is dedicated to superbly controlled outer appearance. With Dita Parlo, Gaston Modot, Julien Carette, Jean Dasté, Georges Péclet, and Jacques Becker (who was the assistant director). Written by Charles Spaak and Renoir; the music is by Kosma; the camerawork is by Christian Matras and Claude Renoir. In French, with the German and English characters speaking in their own languages. (Film Forum; May 13-14.)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Criterion Theatres.)

Iceman—John Lone is awesome in the way he stirs our empathy with the hero—the prehistoric man who has been asleep inside glacial ice for forty thousand years. The Iceman is thawed out in a sequence that is comparable in creepiness and fascination to the famous laboratory scene in James Whale's 1931 "Frankenstein," in which the monster comes to life. But the tone here is altogether different: the water dripping from the icy casket suggests weeping. Uncouth as this Neanderthal may look, he has a full range of feeling in his eyes. He's unmistakably human, and he's confused about where he is; he's dislocated in history—he thinks he has been enchanted and that he's being punished. It's a strange, elating movie with the Iceman at its emotional center; his mystical fervor takes hold. The director, Fred Schepisi, is working with a weak script, yet he and his two longtime collaborators, the composer Bruce Smeaton and the cinematographer Ian Baker, achieve that special and overwhelming fusion of the arts which great visual moviemaking can give us. With Timothy Hutton, Lindsay Crouse, Josef Sommer, and David Strathairn. Written by Chip Proser and John Drimmer, from Drimmer's story. (4/30/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Quad Cinema; through May 10.)

The Joyless Street (1925; "The Street of Sorrow")—Set in Vienna (and filmed entirely in the studio in Germany), this erotic view of the breakdown of postwar society made the ravishing young Greta Garbo (in the flimsiest of evening gowns) internationally famous, although the star of the film is the great, strange Asta Nielsen, as a kept woman.



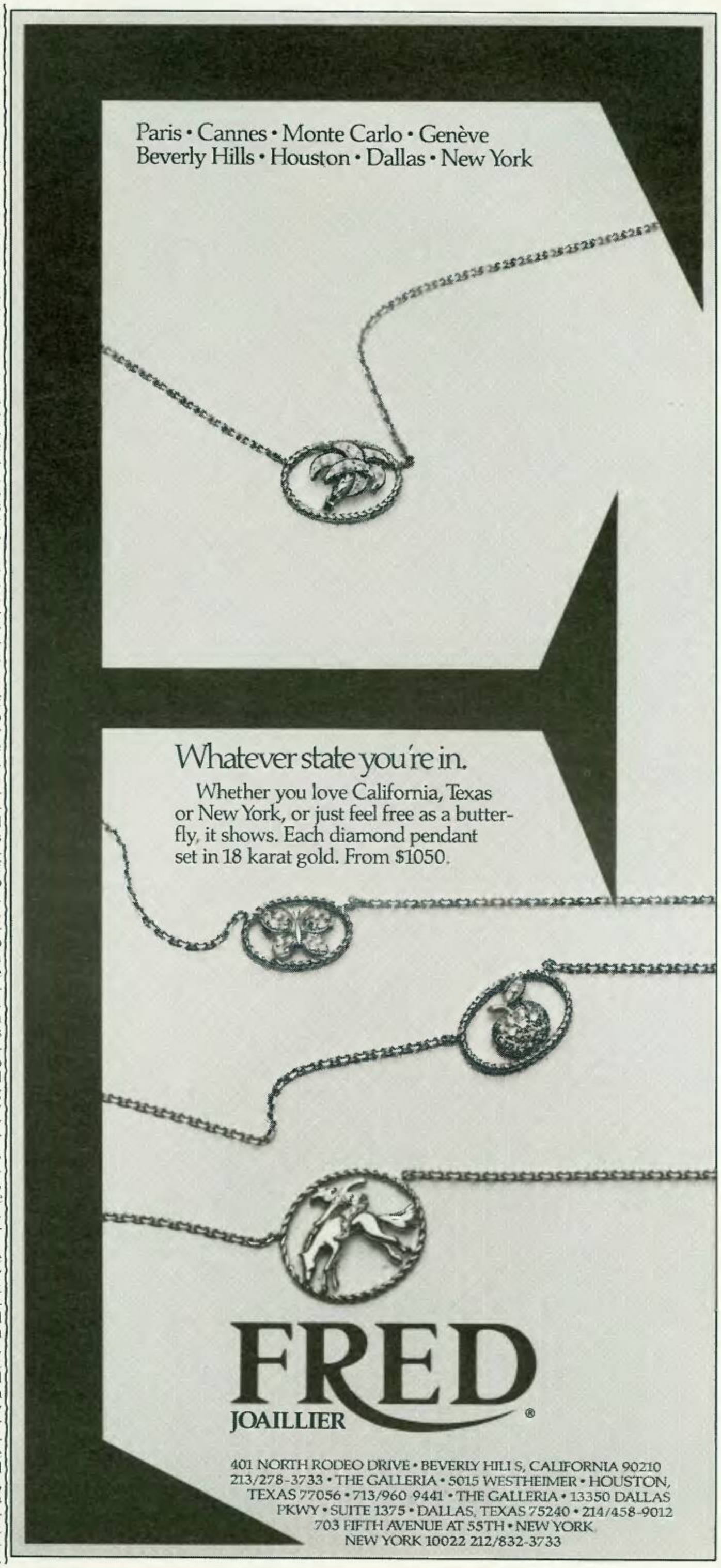
G. W. Pabst directed this extraordinary triumph of cinematography and Expressionist design; the movie is like a big novel in the way that the characters' lives are interwoven, and it has its weak, dull parts, but it makes a very strong visual impression. With Valeska Gert as the procuress, Werner Krauss as a butcher, and Einar Hanson as an American. Willy Haas wrote the script, from the novel by Hugo Bettauer. Silent. (Thalia; May 14.)

MR. LUCKY (1943)—A wartime comedy-melodrama, with Cary Grant as a draft-dodging gambler out to bilk a charity organization. He meets a wholesome society girl (Laraine Day) and reforms. It's meant to be breezy, and Grant does get a chance to use Cockney rhyming slang, but the script is gimmicky. He looks uncomfortable in the role of a brash heel, and his mugging doesn't help. H. C. Potter directed competently; the cast includes Florence Bates, Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson, Paul Stewart, and Vladimir Sokoloff. Written by Milton Holmes and Adrian Scott. (Regency; May 15-16.)

MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and it doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey, Cleavant Derricks, Elya Baskin, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through May 14.)

NIGHT AND DAY (1946)—William Bowers, one of the three scenarists, said later that he was so ashamed of this picture that about a year after it came out he called Cole Porter, whose biography it purported to be, and told him how sorry he was, and Porter said, "Loved it. Just loved it. Oh, I thought it was marvellous." Bowers says that he told Oscar Hammerstein how puzzled he was by this, and Hammerstein said, "How many of his songs did you have in it?" Bowers answered, "Twenty-seven," and Hammerstein said, "Well, of course he loved it. They only turned out to be twenty-seven of the greatest songs of all time. You don't think he heard that stuff that went on between his songs, do you?" This utterly wretched movie is possibly endurable to others who can blank out on that stuff in between, which involves Cary Grant as the composer, starting as an excruciatingly unconvincing bouncy Yale undergraduate. Later on, Grant embraces Alexis Smith from time to time, but nervously, unwillingly—as if she were a carrier of Rocky Mountain spotted fever. No doubt the movie was trying to tell us something. Grant looks constrained and distracted—as if he would give anything to get out of this mess; he relaxes briefly when he sings "You're the Top" with Ginny Simms. With Monty Woolley and many other unfortunates—Mary Martin, Jane Wyman, Victor Francen, Dorothy Malone, Selena Royle, Eve Arden, Donald Woods, Alan Hale, Paul Cavanagh, Henry Stephenson, Clarence Muse, Sig Rumann, and Herman Bing. Michael Curtiz directed. (Regency; May 13-14.)

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever filmed in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living; seven people (the most resourceful one is played by Duane Jones) take refuge in a farmhouse, and we watch as the relentlessly marching, hungry corpses come in and tear at them—and we see, in closeup, the devouring of hearts, lungs, entrails. Made by George A. Romero, who photographed and directed on a budget of $114,000. The film's grainy, banal seriousness works for it—gives it a crude realism. Even the flatness of the amateurish acting and the unfunny attempts at campy comedy add somehow to the horror—there's no art to transmute the ghoulishness.



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(The dead also rise and come toward us at the climax of Abel Gance's pacifist film "J'Accuse," but the effect there goes far beyond the grisly-scary; the horror has grandeur.) At first, this film received almost no attention, but in two or three years it became a hit at midnight showings after the regularly scheduled feature—and not just in the United States but in Tokyo, Paris, and other centers. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 18-19.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Guild; through May 10.)

Les Parents Terribles (1949; also known as "The Storm Within")—One of Cocteau's two or three greatest films, and one of the finest examples of group acting ever photographed. He took his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents (Marcel André and Yvonne de Bray) who cannot accept the fact that their son (Jean Marais) is growing up and re-created it for the screen with such skill that a true claustrophobic family atmosphere is achieved. In structure, this is a coincidence-ridden boulevard comedy, but Cocteau has lifted it to the realm of tragicomic Oedipal fable. The mother screams for the police when she learns that her son has a girl; Yvonne de Bray's performance is so magically convincing that Marais's actual mother is said to have developed a jealous hatred of her. Gabrielle Dorziat plays the boy's aunt, and Josette Day his girl. Designed by Christian Bérard; the score is by Georges Auric. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting May 18.)

Penny Serenade (1941)—Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, who had made audiences laugh in "The Awful Truth" and "My Favorite Wife," jerked tears this time. They play a childless couple who adopt an infant, learn to love it and then lose it. The director, George Stevens, dragged his feet (the picture is more than two hours long) and he wasn't very subtle; it's "sincere" in an inert and horribly pristine way. Yet he made the sentimental story convincing to a wide audience; many people talk about this picture as if it had really been deeply moving. It may be that the unrealistic casting does the trick: the appeal to the audience is that two glamorous stars play an ordinary couple and suffer the calamities that do in fact happen to ordinary people. When tragedy strikes Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, it hurts the audience in a special way. (And Grant could hardly have been better. Using his dark eyes and his sensuous, clouded handsomeness as a romantic mask, he gave his role a defensive, not quite forthright quality, and he brought out everything that it was possible to bring out of his warmed-over lines, weighing them perfectly, so that they almost seemed felt.) With Edgar Buchanan, Beulah Bondi, and Ann Doran; the screenplay is by Morrie Ryskind. (Regency; May 17-19.)

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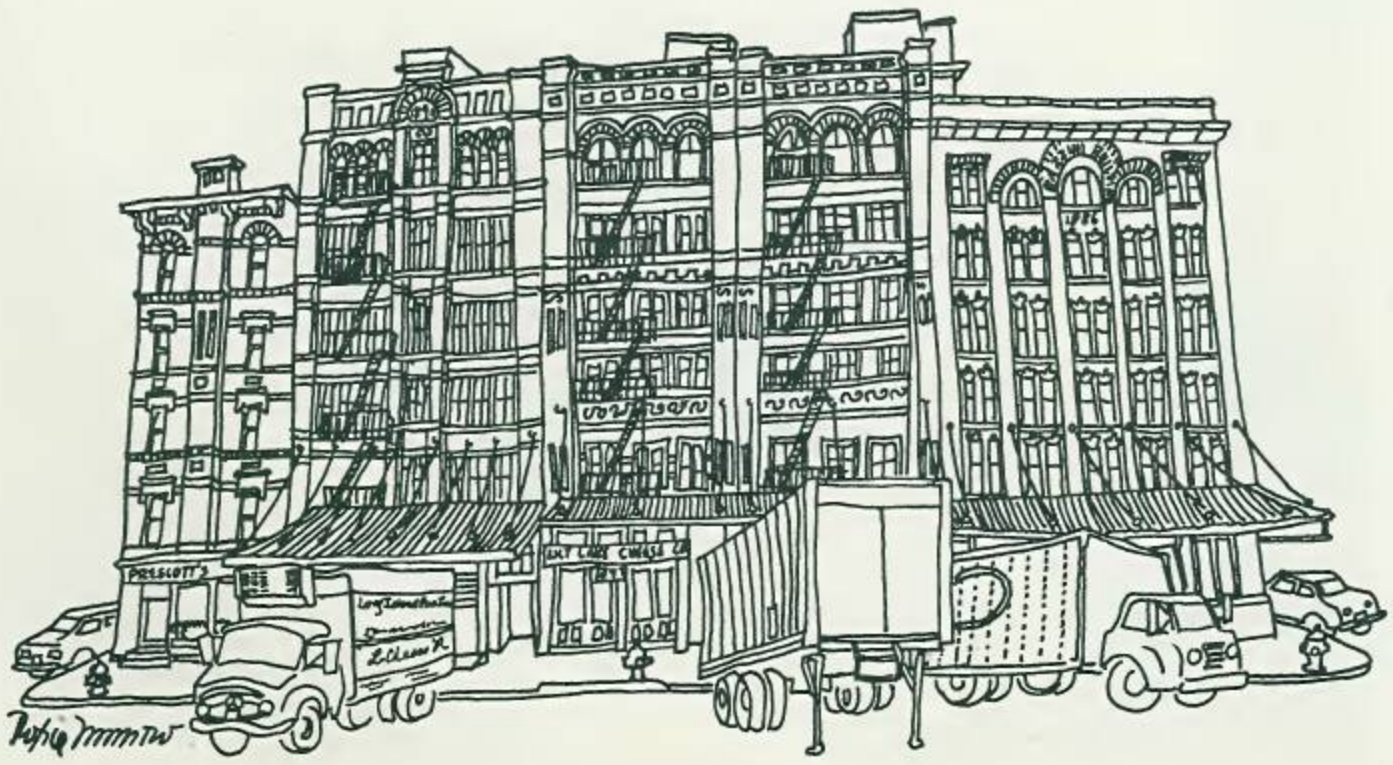
Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (Coronet, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through May 10.)

Reds (1981)—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty-seven minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. In the first half, she's presented as a tiresome, pettishly hostile, dissatisfied woman, and the film moves on the messy currents of sexual politics. In the second half, she is made to set off on a (fictitious) dangerous journey to go to Reed, who has been imprisoned in Finland; she makes her way across the icy tundra in scenes that seem to belong to a different picture (something Zhivagooey), and then the film embraces her, because she's doing what a woman is supposed to do—go through any hardship to be with her man. This second half moves more swiftly but with conventional epic situations and very familiar visual rhetoric. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional, with Beatty playing a man who dies for an ideal. It's rather a sad movie, because it isn't really very good. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Henry Miller, Dora Russell), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Academy Awards: Best Director, Supporting Actress (Stapleton), Cinematography (Vittorio Storaro). (Cinema Village; May 13-15. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; May 15.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment than "Raiders;" it doesn't leave you feeling exhausted. The picture's greatest asset is its taking-off place: a woman's wanting a more exciting life. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang; the score is cheesy and loud, and there are a few too many unrealized gags. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) Turner knows how to use her dimples amusingly and how to dance like a woman who didn't know she could; her star performance is exhilarating. As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that when the heroine's fictional hero materializes he's Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it



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is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (Manhattan, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through May 10. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Waverly, Guild, and Embassy 1; starting May 11.)

Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, Cliff Robertson, and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Olympia Quad; May 11-17.)

Swing Shift—With Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. Century Art, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gemini, and New Yorker; through May 10. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting May 11. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, May 11-17.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Baronet, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through May 10.)

There's No Business Like Show Business (1954)—Square and garish. Conceived as entertainment for the whole family, this musical is about a family of Irish vaudevillians—the Five Donahues; Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey are the parents, and Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, and Johnnie Ray are their progeny. The plot is almost insultingly sentimental; it involves a misunderstanding between O'Connor and the girl he loves—Marilyn Monroe, as a seductive but good-hearted Broadway star. You have to put up with Johnnie Ray, who sings like a rutting cat and then—as if to win our indulgence—announces he is going to be a priest. But there's good, fast hoofing by Dailey and O'Connor and Mitzi Gaynor, who has a gleeful bounciness; she and O'Connor are wonderful together. And the Irving Berlin songs can carry you through a lot of tedious silliness. The costumes are so grotesquely tasteless they become enjoyable—Ethel Merman sings the title song in a monstrous white gown that looks as if it's going to attack her. With Hugh O'Brian. The choreography is by Robert Alton and Jack Cole; the script is by Henry and Phoebe Ephron, from a story by Lamar Trotti. Directed by Walter Lang. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 13.)

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Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Film Forum, May 16-17.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1962)—Terse, spare, and oddly perfunctory. Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial is based on the historical records but it's directed as unemotionally as if Joan were a philosophy student taking an oral examination for which she's overprepared. (She rattles off her answers.) The actors are not merely nonprofessionals, they're also non-actors—this is by Bresson's choice. Unexplained: why Bresson sticks to the trial testimony but then introduces melodramatic behind-the-scenes material. (Also unexplained: What's the dog for?) With Florence Carrez; cinematography by L.-H. Burel. In French. (Metro Cinema; May 18.)

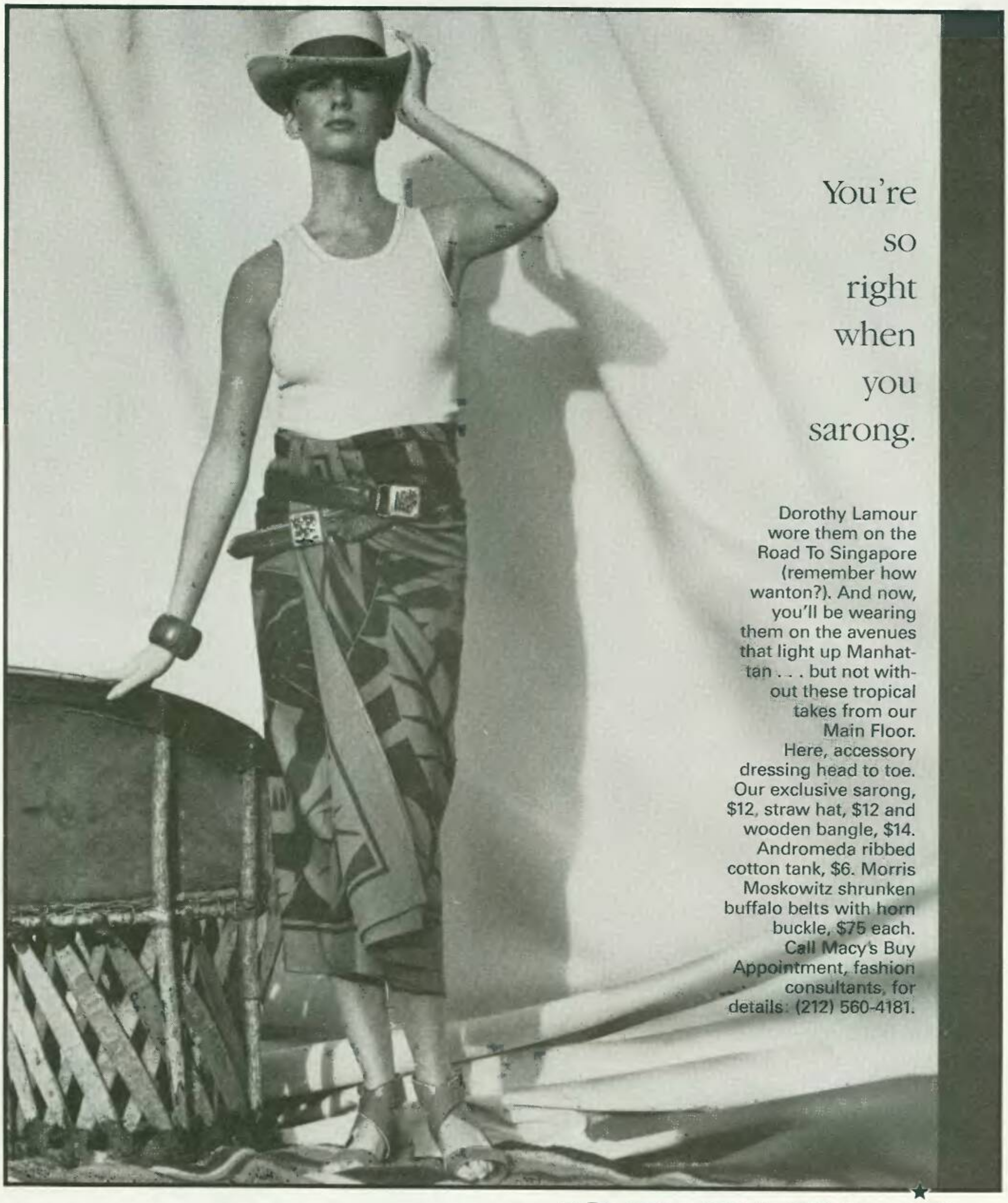
True Confessions (1981)—The idea is to take the lovable Irish brothers of thirties movies—the cop and the priest—and turn them inside out. Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. You have to put up a struggle to get anything out of this picture. What we need to know—what the movie is supposed to be about—is what the brothers are mulling over on their silent, troubled walks alone and together (and still alone). With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (Film Forum; May 18-19.)

Unfaithfully Yours—Sloshed, Dudley Moore is a star (as he proved in "Arthur," which kept him happily stewed throughout); this film takes too long getting him there. It's an uninspired remake of Preston Sturges' 1948 film, which was a great musical joke. Directed by Howard Zieff from an ingenious script by Valerie Curtin, Barry Levinson, and Robert Klane, this version isn't a total dud, but it's a coarser piece of slapstick, and not at all memorable. Moore is the symphony conductor who thinks his young wife (Nastassja Kinski) is betraying him; he fantasizes how he will handle the situation while he conducts the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, with his supposed betrayer (Armand Assante) as the soloist. Assante's bedroom voice and sleek, well-pleased-with-himself manner are a serviceable contrast to Moore's apoplectic (and ineffectual) rage, and Albert Brooks, who plays the conductor's manager, is really brilliant; he gives the film a crazed, hip subtext. (He came up with some of his own dialogue.) Toward the end, Moore shows his slapstick virtuosity, but he hasn't been as well protected by the director (or by the script) as he might have been; he's rather too pitiable and elfin—and at the very end he's needlessly infantilized. (The Russian Tea Room footage was shot on a Los Angeles soundstage; so were the interiors of Carnegie Hall and the Plaza Hotel.) (4/2/84) (72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; through May 10.)

When You're in Love (1937)—Grace Moore and Cary Grant, directed by Robert Riskin. Everyone must at some time in his life have seen a Grace Moore picture, and there is no particular reason to see this one, except that in it Miss Moore sings a bit of unusually low-down music called "Minnie the Moocher." Well, lowdown only for Grace Moore. (Regency; May 13-14.)

Wild in the Streets (1968)—This blatant, insensitive, crummy-looking American International Pictures movie is entertaining in a lot of ways that more tasteful movies aren't; it has wit without any grace at all, and is enjoyable at a pop, comic-strip level. The story (by Robert Thom) is a satiric fantasy about the freaked-out young as a new breed of Fascist; it's treated with lunatic relish and enough mockery to make it funny. Barry Shear's direction isn't up to the playful paranoia of the script, but the cast is good—Christopher Jones, Shelley Winters, Millie Perkins, Diane Varsi rattling a tambourine, Hal Holbrook as a congressman who has a faint twitch when he smells trouble, and a very young Richard Pryor in his first screen appearance. (Film Forum; May 15.)

HEAT IT UP



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DURING the decades of the Cold War, American foreign policy has been prey to obsession. Our most engulfing and ruinous obsession, certainly, was the war in Vietnam. True, the Vietnam War had great importance, but it was an importance that, for the most part, we ourselves had invested it with. As one Pentagon analyst noted, "it is *our* judgment, skill, capability, prestige, and national honor which are at stake, and we put them there." Or, as Secretary of State Dean Rusk noted, in a letter written in 1967 to a hundred student leaders, "we are involved because the nation's word has been given that we would be involved." By our own actions, then, we steadily inflated the stakes in Vietnam, until, in 1970, President Nixon expressed the belief that the survival of "free nations and free institutions throughout the world" was at stake there. This belief caused him to take certain actions—including the formation of a secret White House squad to track down leaks and harass the Administration's opposition—that led, in time, to his downfall. The war had become a vortex into which not only our foreign policy but our domestic political system was being sucked. The intellectual rationale for the inflation of the stakes in Vietnam was the domino theory, which might also have been called the house-of-cards theory, since according to its precepts a single defeat for the United States anywhere in the world was likely to bring the whole edifice of American power crashing down—to expose us before the world as a "pitiful helpless giant," in the words of President Nixon. Of course, when South Vietnam *was* finally taken over by the Communists nothing of the sort happened. In fact, the allegedly monolithic "Communism" that was supposed to start rolling over the world once Saigon had fallen fractured into pieces, which then went to war against one another. The Vietnam War was supposed to have been fought in large measure to keep the Chinese out of Southeast Asia. But, now that we have lost, it is the Vietnamese Communists, backed by the Soviet Union, who, in a border war with China, are performing that function. At the same time, in what threatens to become an election-year ritual, our President visits the Great Wall and solicits Chinese help in the struggle against the Soviet Union.

In spite of this blunt contradiction by historical events, the domino theory survives. Less than two years ago, in a sort of speeded-up, small-scale version of the Vietnam debacle, President Reagan sent American troops to Lebanon and then suddenly announced that America's "credibility on a global scale" was threatened by the local feuds in that country. Once again, our "judgment, skill, capability, prestige, and national honor" were at stake only because "we put them there." When the faction we had elected to support

lost control of events, we pulled out, and the hot rhetoric was cooled down. One might not have thought that a theory could survive this much refutation by experience, but the domino theory continues to inspire faith—and to guide policy. It is currently being applied to Central America. Now it is not in Saigon or Beirut but in San Salvador and Managua that the apocalyptic battle between East and West is to be fought and won, with United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick telling us, for example, that "if we can't use American power in this case, which is so clear-cut, there is going to be a general assumption in the world that the United States can't use power anyplace." This time, the public seems wary, and the reason may be not only that it fears that the price of "winning" a Vietnam-style war is too high but that it suspects that the cost of "losing" is not as great as it is cracked up to be by our leaders. For at the heart of this country's obsessional misadventures abroad, it appears, is our leaders' dread of "losing" one country or another to "Communism"—a fear that has caused them to warn the public again and again that the first loss was going to bring down the whole house of cards. In the early years of the Cold War, such a fear might have had a certain theoretical plausibility. But now we have actually "lost" several countries—starting with China, in 1949—and we know what the consequences have actually been. The dominos have not fallen. The Communists did not show up at the Golden Gate Bridge. The United States did not slide into an abyss. The house was not of cards. It has also turned out that some "lost" countries have, in a manner of speaking, been found again. President Reagan, who was the scourge of "Red China" for decades, now tells us of his "dream of friendship" with the Chinese. The real

historical record, which by this time stretches over almost four decades, offers a checkered picture of failures and successes, with local circumstances dictating the result in most cases. It seems unlikely that until we overcome our exaggerated and now historically discredited terror of occasionally "losing" we will be able to forge a foreign policy that offers the hope of true gain. For it is we—and not our enemies—who have repeatedly placed our honor and our prestige at risk. And it is only by learning the costly lessons of our mistakes that we can break what is a cycle of self-defeat.

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First Piano Concerto

THE other morning, Peter Lieberson arrived at Avery Fisher Hall, where the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Peter Serkin were about to rehearse his Piano Concerto in preparation for its New York première that evening. Mr. Lieberson completed the concerto, his first, last year, at the age of thirty-six, and though this may put him a little behind Mozart (who finished *his* first piano concerto at seventeen), Brahms (twenty-five), and Tchaikovsky (thirty-four) it still seems impressive to us. The Lieberson concerto is a complex twelve-tone composition that fairly bristles with difficulties for its performers, and one might have expected its composer to be dressed in something adventurous, or, at least, ornate; instead, he was wearing a tweed jacket, green corduroys, and Bass Weejuns, the only exotic touch being a red Buddhist protection cord around his neck. With dark combed-back hair and rimless glasses, Mr. Lieberson, who is the son of Vera Zorina (the ballerina) and the late Goddard Lieberson (the president of Columbia Records), is handsome in the delicate, angular manner of a nineteenth-century Russian intellectual. He looked calm and assured but admitted to feeling somewhat nervous. "The piece has been performed several times in Boston and at Tanglewood, and it's had good reviews," he said. "But still, even though I'm from New York and my career began here, I feel as though I were just starting now."

He opened a glass door leading to the backstage area. We asked him how he'd become a composer.

"I grew up in a household where there was lots of music, and I took piano lessons, and all that," Mr. Lieberson said, speaking in a soft, measured voice, "but for a long time I wanted to be a writer. It wasn't until I was in college that I began listening seriously to music and poring over scores. Stravinsky was my favorite composer, and I studied something by him every day. Then I went to work for WNCN, the classical-music station, as a production engineer, and in the course of some live interviews we did there I met Milton Babbitt, the composer. He became my first real teacher. He was very warm and friendly, and we used to meet in Chinese restaurants. Later on, I studied with Charles Wuorinen, at Columbia, and I'm about to get my doctorate from Brandeis, where I studied with Donald Martino and Martin Boykan. I'm very lucky, because these are four of the absolutely best teachers in America. They gave me a solid technique, and without technique you're nowhere. I'm also lucky to be working with Peter Serkin, who's almost a kind of collaborator. We knew each other as kids, but we really got to be good friends after I composed a quartet for his chamber group, Tashi. Then, in 1980, when the Boston Symphony was commissioning new pieces to celebrate its centennial, Peter told Seiji Ozawa about my work, and his doing that led to the concerto's being commissioned. Peter and I are very similar. There's an energetic quality to his playing which I think also characterizes my composing."

Backstage, Mr. Serkin, who is the son of the great pianist Rudolf Serkin, was standing next to the piano he was going to perform on. He was wearing a shapeless beige jacket and tweed pants. Although his face is longer than Mr. Lieberson's and his hair lighter, the two men look enough alike so that they could pass for brothers. From the stage floated the opening of the "Winter Daydreams" Symphony.

"Oh, damn," said Mr. Lieberson. "They're doing the Tchaikovsky first."

"That's something the audience knows," Mr. Serkin said, with a grin, "so it's got to sound right."

"Well, I hope we end up having time for more than just a run-through," said Mr. Lieberson. "It would be good to stop and work on the tempi. They can play the first movement faster now, and that would give it more energy, more tension."

"We'll see what happens," Mr. Serkin said skeptically.

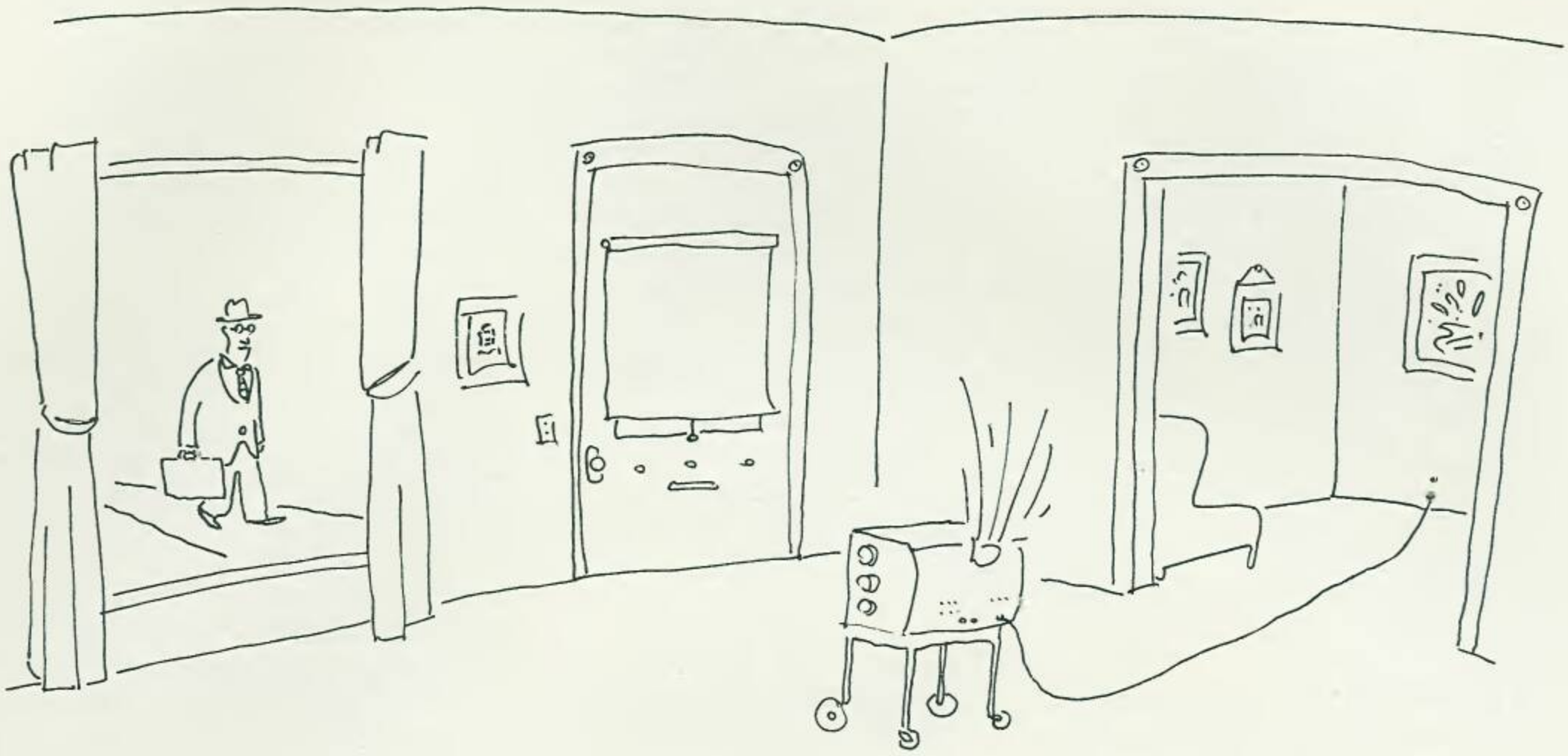
Mr. Lieberson listened to the orchestra. "I often have Tchaikovsky in my mind," he said. "His tunes *stick*."

Mr. Lieberson was then approached by a bearded man, who introduced himself as Frederick Noonan, from the Lincoln Center office that was presenting the concert. He wanted to discuss the procedure for taking bows. "You can sit in the orchestra section and come down the aisle to the stage, but that's rather awkward, like What's-His-Name bending over to shake hands with Mickey Mouse in 'Fantasia,' " Mr. Noonan said. "What I'd suggest is the side box. From there, you can just zip down the back stairs and be onstage in seconds."

"Great," said Mr. Lieberson. "In Boston, it took me forever to get to the stage. That's the problem with contemporary music: by the time you get out there, the applause has died down."

The orchestra finished "Winter Daydreams," then played through the Overture to Otto Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," then took a break. It was after noon when Mr. Ozawa, dressed in white ducks, white turtleneck, and white cotton blouse, finally raised his baton and began the concerto. Mr. Lieberson prowled one of the aisles, checking the orchestral balance. Mr. Serkin played intensely and faultlessly, but Mr. Ozawa and the orchestra made some mistakes. Several times, while continuing to conduct, Mr. Ozawa leaned toward Mr. Serkin and said "Sorry!"

After the rehearsal, Mr. Lieberson joined Mr. Serkin and Mr. Ozawa at the piano. "My mind is tired," Mr. Ozawa said. (He had recently fallen and hurt his back while playing tennis.) He flipped through the score, pinpointing rough spots and asking questions. "This was a real mess in here," he said of one section, "but that gave them a shock, so they'll be watching it tonight."



MALLIN

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"On the whole, I thought the tempi were O.K.," Mr. Lieberson told him.

"O.K., my mind is clear then," Mr. Ozawa said, closing the score. "Wish me luck."

About seven hours later, Peter Serkin, natty in white tie and tails, walked onstage to robust applause from a sold-out house. Mr. Lieberson, in a black pinstripe, was ensconced in a box two tiers up, right against the proscenium. Next to him was his wife, Ellen, who used to be a rhythm guitarist and backup singer in Maria Muldaur's rock-and-roll band. From where Mr. Lieberson sat, he could see, down in the orchestra section, his mother and his brother Jonathan, who is a philosopher, and Mr. Serkin's parents, and also numerous friends and a few music critics, at least one of whom he expected not to like his piece.

Listening to the concerto, Mr. Lieberson sat up very straight, in a kind of trance, his hands folded in his lap. He nodded to the pulse of the music and occasionally muttered some comment to himself: "Too fast," "Too slow." Once, he whispered to his wife, "How does the tempo sound to you?"

She thought for a moment and said, "I'm not sure."

When the strings began to play the high, sustained note that marks the beginning of the coda, she touched his knee and said, "You'd better go."

"Not yet," he said.

The piece ended. A cryptic silence was followed by uncertain clapping, which gradually swelled. More quickly than seemed possible, Mr. Lieberson appeared next to Mr. Serkin and Mr. Ozawa, who beamed and patted him on the back. There were scattered bravos and enough applause to sustain three bows.

A few minutes later, Mr. Lieberson stood in the greenroom (which is actually beige), sipping champagne and receiving a crowd of congratulators.

A gray-haired man looked Mr. Lieberson hard in the eye, held on to his hand, and said, "You have given me a profound experience. I'm going to write you a letter."

A woman with a thick Russian accent came up and said, "I want to meet you because my name is Lieberson—but let me assure you I don't want anything from you!"

Mr. Ozawa stuck his head in the door, still beaming, and said, "Very hard! It's like driving a big ship!"

"Very good, Seiji," Mr. Lieberson responded.

Rudolf Serkin, a beatific smile on his face, embraced Mr. Lieberson and said, "Peter, *fantastic!*"

Out of Breath

PERHAPS you know of a super Mexican restaurant near the Village. A really *fun* restaurant, with big margaritas. But then one night you go there and find a line. Everyone's there—even people you don't know. That's how it works in these latter days: word travels fast; the oversoul works overtime. Everyone knows everything, except maybe this: Martin Luther was an ardent bowler. That comes straight from Bruce Pluckhahn, the curator of the National Bowling Hall of Fame and Museum, which will open this spring in St. Louis. "We're going to have a full-sized diorama of Luther bowling, with kids looking on," Mr. Pluckhahn told us. "Luther had a saying he would use: 'If you throw a gutter ball, all is not lost.' Those weren't his exact words, of course, but they were to that effect." Mr. Pluckhahn and a number of other members of the kegling crew were at "21" one day last month for cocktails and lunch to issue a call for the inclusion of bowling as a medal sport in the 1992 Olympics. In a series of speeches, they pointed out that bowling has more than a hundred million devotees, in seventy-five nations, and that it is every bit as challenging as a lot of the sports that are on the Olympic program. Privately, over drinks, Pluckhahn said that bowling dates back at least to 5200 B.C., for in the tomb of an Egyptian child of that period is definite evidence of skittle pins. "After that, there's kind of a gap until 300 A.D., when we find the first written chronicles of bowling. At different periods, bowling was very much a religious ceremony, something like confession. The parishioner, under the eye of the priest, would throw a stone at the pin, which represented a heathen. If he hit it, it would be a good year for him; if he missed—well,

woe be to him." The oldest ball in the Hall of Fame will be more than two hundred years old and of Austrian descent; as for pins, visitors will see candlepins, duckpins, rubber-banded duckpins, and a pin from the village of Pau, in southwestern France, that is thirty-nine inches high. There will also be the ball that Don Carter used to win the first of his four All-Star Tournament titles. Pluckhahn, who averages 185 on the lanes, told us that despite all the memorabilia bowling is most special for being "the sport of the people." He went on to say, "Sure, Henry VIII used to bowl at Whitehall. Heck, there's lots of documentation. But this is a game the masses can play, too—cheaply and at their own pace."

As we were leaving, we stopped for a short chat with Tony Cariello, who was standing by an ice sculpture of ten pins and a lopsided ball. Tony rolled a 225 at a Caracas, Venezuela, tourney not long ago to become the world amateur champ of the sport. We asked him about the seven-ten split, that most difficult of shots, when the only pins left standing are the two at either end of the back row. "You've just got to bank one of the pins off one side, and hope it hits the backboard and somehow bounces across," Tony said. "There's only one thing that beats you in bowling, and that's yourself. There's no defense in bowling. You can't tackle the other guy when he's walking up to the line."

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"WE start with seawater. In seawater, there's a very low-level concentration of magnesium chloride," said Joe Brunt, the incoming president of the International Magnesium Association. "And then we react it with dolime—that's a mineral. Those combine to make magnesium hydroxide, which is similar to milk of magnesia. Basically, it *is* milk of magnesia. And then that's reacted with hydrochloric acid to make magnesium chloride again, only this time much purer. The magnesium chloride is broken down into metal and chlorine gas, the metal is processed into ingots, and the magnesium is extruded from the ingots in the desired form." Magnesium is used for the ashtray cover in the 1984 Corvette and also for the clutch housing on the Ford Ranger. But another thing it's used for is tennis racquets, and that's why Mr. Brunt and a lot of other people, including us, were eating eggs in a Plaza Hotel function room one recent morning. Prince, one of the world's largest tennis-racquet manufacturers, was introducing a new magnesium racquet. Bob Long, the product manager for the company, told us that at one time the average tennis racquet weighed as much as fourteen ounces, but now, thanks to new materials like magnesium, many racquets weigh just twelve and a half ounces. Lighter means quicker. Most magnesium is taken out of seawater in Freeport, Texas. Magnesium has graphitelike qualities at ungraphitelike prices. It is nineteen times as stiff as steel. Leading players test the racquets and fill out detailed written questionnaires. "Magnesium is used in the F-14 and the F-18 fighters," Mr. Long told us. "In the tennis industry, there's been a tendency to look to the modern aerospace industry. The things that make a good fighter aircraft often make a good tennis racquet."

"I've heard a great deal about you."

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THE buckwheat groats—the ones they're serving on the Barclay Terrace of the Hotel Inter-Continental this month—have magnesium, too, and calcium, and most of the rest. "It's the newest thing right now," Marina Polvay told us. "Buckwheat's been very, very hot since the Winter Olympics. That's because the Russian athletes all eat it." Miss Polvay, the author of a new book on sports nutrition, called "The Winning Edge," has created a Winning Edge Olympic menu for the Inter-Continental, and recently she held a preview lunch at the hotel. She greeted us with the

"Haywood demands instant access to his cash."

news that "it has been totally proved that the complex carbohydrates are the muscle builders," and then, over a Nutri-Vege drink (a frothy combination of parsley, scallions, celery, dill, green pepper, and tomatoes), told us that leafy vegetables and beans at the same meal might provide too much protein—an acidosis hazard. Basketball players would do well to eat baked stuffed papaya, she said, while carrot-and-dill soup would be better for fencers and gymnasts. Then Miss Polvay, who used to counsel Garo Yepremian, the Cypriot necktie manufacturer turned Miami Dolphins placekicker, excused herself so that she could talk with the chef about putting a little more honey in the Nutri-Orange-Strawberry drink.

Before the company sat down to lunch, David Kurtz, who runs a restaurant in Miami Beach with a wine cellar that holds a hundred and fifty thousand bottles, made a short speech about wine. "Any beverage that's been around as long as wine, you can't just say it's a good beverage. You'd have to say it's a great beverage. A great, great beverage. Much has been written about wine since Noah set foot on land on that beautiful springlike morning and planted a grapevine. There's been a lot of criticism of athletes' drinking beer and wine, but it's totally unfounded. A wine of good quality in proper moderation can be totally beneficial."

Seated across from us at lunch was Cathleen, who was wearing the distinctive red uniform of an Avis car-rental agent. A book publisher's publicity man had invited her, because Avis is No. 2 and trying harder and so might want a Winning Edge from the new menu. Nothing is impossible for a publicity man. Anyway, we learned that if a customer turns up at the Avis counter after enjoying a wine of good quality but not in proper moderation the clerks will tell him his car isn't ready yet, and could they call him a cab to his hotel?

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ONCE, purely by chance, we were in a small town when a motorcycle gang arrived. All that the gang members did was buy gas and tool around a little and make everyone feel uneasy. It wasn't the *varooms* and the screeching tires that spooked people; it was the quiet pop-pop-pop of engines barely moving. You could round a corner and there would be a couple of guys astride Harleys, idling their bikes in the sun and drinking beer. The sound carried a warning, and no one stared.

A week ago Sunday, at six-thirty in the morning, we were in lower Manhattan, not far from City Hall. Every corner we turned, we saw bikers—the type who ride bicycles. Save for the grease-muffled tick of their derailleurs, they were silent, too, but not so menacing. For one thing, they were all wearing fluorescent orange safety vests with "American Youth Hostel–Citibank Five Boro Bike Tour" printed on the back. And, for another thing, they were all smiling—apparently at the prospect of their imminent thirty-six-mile tour, a distance to be covered in the company of eighteen thousand other bikers, who were assembling fast. Though the tour—the largest event of its sort in the world—wasn't scheduled to push off until seven-thirty, bikers had begun arriving with the dawn. They parked their bikes on Church Street; some started tightening things on their wheels, and others started stretching things in their legs. The members of a brass band rode their bikes in circles while playing a creditable "Bicycle Built for Two." Some policemen tried to jump-start a motorcycle; a unicyclist juggled flaming clubs; one young man explained to several young women why he had voted for Gary Hart—Hart wasn't weighted down with a lot of old baggage, like some other people he could mention. When the tour finally began, it took more than twenty minutes for all the cyclists, riding ten or twelve abreast, to make it past the starting point.

WE ARE STILL MARRIED

ONE day last August after the vet said that Biddy had only months to live, Willa and I took her for a cruise around Lake Larson on our pontoon boat. She was listless and depressed from the medication, and we thought the ride might cheer her up, but she sat with her head in Willa's lap, her eyes closed, and when a flock of geese flew down and landed alongside the boat she paid no attention. I felt desolate to see her that way, and angry at other boats zipping around without a care in the world, and so when we got home and I found a message on the answering machine that said, "Hi, this is Blair Hague at *People* magazine, and I'd like to come to Minnesota and do a piece about your poor dog," I was relieved to know that someone cared.

Willa and I discussed it that night, and although she felt that a pet's death is a private matter, eventually I convinced her that we should agree to the story as a tribute to Biddy and also because, as Blair said on the tape, our experience might help others who were going through the same thing.

Blair arrived on Thursday with Jan, a photographer, and he explained that they wanted to live with us, so they could do a better job. "You get more nuance that way," he said. He had lived with a number of people in order to write about them, including Joe Cocker, Jean Shepherd, Merv Griffin, and the Pointer Sisters, he said. I could see his point, so they moved in, and Jan set up a darkroom in the laundry, which was fine with us —one thing we realized, with Biddy dying, was that we didn't have many pictures of her—and Blair got to work gathering background. Willa and I opened up our scrapbooks to him and Willa even let him read her diary. I wondered about that, but she said, "Honesty is the only policy. There's a lot about Biddy in there."

We lived in a two-bedroom condominium overlooking Lake Larson, and although Blair and Jan were extremely pleasant and helped with the dishes and made their beds and kept the stereo turned down after ten o'clock, I started to feel crowded after a few days. I'd be shaving and Blair would stick his head in the bathroom door and ask, "How much do you earn a year, Earl? Do you consider yourself a religious person? Do you normally wear boxer shorts? Is that your real hair?" After work, when I like to sit down with a beer and watch television, he sat next to me. How would I describe myself? Had I ever wanted to be something other than a bus driver? How much beer did I consume per day, on the average? Was it always Bub's Beer? What were my favorite books? What was on my mind? What did I think of the future? What sorts of people made me angry?

I wanted to say, "People who ask too many questions," but I held my tongue. I did mention to Willa that I thought Blair was pushy. "The article is about Biddy, not us," I said. She thought Blair was doing an excellent job. She said, "I feel like he is helping me to understand a lot of things about us that I never thought about before."

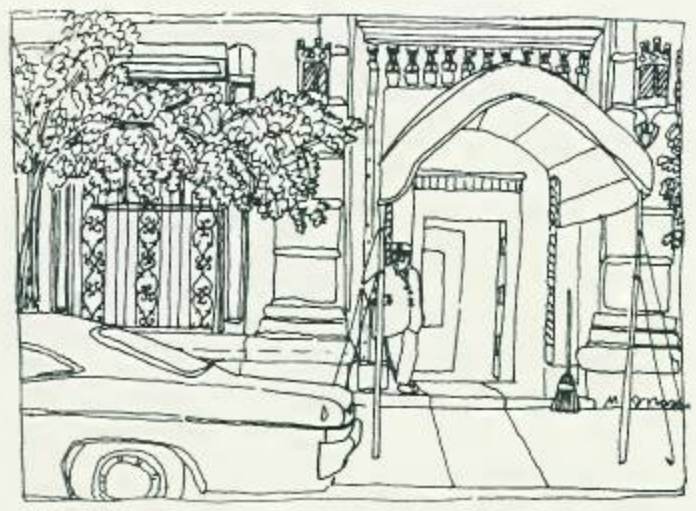
Soon after they arrived, we noticed that Biddy was getting better. Her appetite improved, and she got so she liked to go for walks again. I told Willa I thought we should tell Blair that there was no story. She said, "There's a lot more story here than you know, Earl. Biddy is just the tip of the iceberg."

Two weeks passed, then three, and Blair wasn't running out of questions to ask. He kept coming back to the subject of our marriage. "Do you feel you have an excellent, good, average, or poor marriage? Do you regret not having had children? How many times per week do you have sexual relations? On the average—just a ballpark figure. Do you think Willa is happy?"

I said, "You ought to ask her."

"I have," he said.

Right up to the day they left, I had no idea he was going to write the story he did. Once, he said, "As so often happens, the story changes as a reporter works on it. You start out to do one thing and you wind up doing something entirely different." I thought he was referring to Biddy's improvement.



THE story was entitled "Earl: My Life with a Louse, by Willa Goodrich as told to Blair Hague, photographs by Jan Osceola," and the day it came out Willa took Biddy and moved to her mother's. I wasn't home so I didn't know she left. I was driving a charter to New Orleans. Some passengers picked up *People* in Des Moines, and as I drove South I could hear them whispering about me. In southern Missouri, a man came to the front and crouched down in the aisle beside me. "I thought you had a right to know this," he said, and he read me some parts. I couldn't believe the stuff Willa said about me! My personal grooming, my food preferences, my favorite TV shows, our arguments. And her referring to me as "stubborn and unreasonable"—why would she say that? In print!

In New Orleans, I discovered that the man had skipped some of the worst parts. Willa said she had often wanted to leave me. She said that I was uncaring and cold, that Biddy's illness didn't mean "beans" to me, and that I had talked about getting another dog soon. She said that I had "Victorian ideas about women and sex." She said I was often personally repulsive. To back her up, *People* printed three pictures with the story: me in my shorts, bending over to adjust the TV picture; me with my mouth open, full of baked potato; and me asleep on the La-Z-Boy recliner, in my shorts, with my mouth open.

I tried to reach Willa at her mother's, but she was in New York, and I saw her the next morning on "America, How Are You?" Essentially, she told Monica Montaine the same stuff, plus she said that I was "compulsive." She said, "He walks around humming the same tune over and over, usually 'Moon River.' He taps his fingers continuously, and he taps his foot in his sleep. He compulsively rips the labels off beer bottles. And at dinner he always eats all his meat first, then the potato, then the vegetable." Monica Montaine got a big kick out of that. "Sounds like he's missing the Up button," she said.

Two days later, someone from "Today" called and wanted me to get on a plane to New York and join Willa on the show for a dialogue. He said, "I think the country would like

to hear your side, Earl." I told him I had no desire to engage in a public debate with my wife over matters I considered personal. Willa did the show herself, then a number of other daytime shows, and though I made a point of not watching, my friends were starting to ask questions. "Is it true about the almost total lack of any attempt at communication?" a guy at work wanted to know. "And you wearing socks in bed—any truth to that?" He said the story had given him a lot to think about.

In October, Willa testified before a House subcommittee, revealing new details about our marriage under oath. Several congressmen expressed shock at what she said about my lack of affection, my "utter insensitivity" to her needs. "What was he *doing* all this time while you were suffering?" one asked. She said, "He watched football on television. He played seven different types of solitaire. He carved a new stock for his shotgun. He acted like I didn't exist." That was the quote they used on "ABC World News Tonight."

"Hey! All I wanted was a white-wine spritzer."

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I WAS lonely as winter approached. I'm not a man who can live by himself. Some men are cut out for the single life, but not me. So I told my boss I was available for all the charters I could get. I spent November and December mostly on the road, going to Orlando six times, Disneyland four, making two runs to San Francisco. Meanwhile, I read in *People* that Willa had sold her story to Universal Pictures and was in California ironing out some wrinkles in the deal. The next week, she got a call from the Pope, who expressed hope that efforts would be made to reach a reconciliation. "I'm ready any time Earl is," she told the Holy Father. She told him that although she was not a Catholic she respected the Church's view on marriage. "It's a two-way street, though," she said.

Finally, we met in New York, where I had driven a four-day "New Year's Eve on the Great White Way" tour and was laying low at the Jaylor Hotel, and where she had rented a great apartment on the upper West Side and was on her way to a cocktail party. We met at her place. It was in a new building on Broadway, with a beautiful view from the twenty-fifth floor. Biddy was living with her, of course. Biddy looked wonderful, though she was a little hostile toward me. So were Willa's three friends, who worked in publishing. "What do you do?" one man asked, though I was sure he knew. The other man mentioned something about socks. The woman didn't talk to me at all. She kept telling Willa, "We've got to get going—the invitation said five o'clock." Willa kissed me goodbye. "Let's be friends," she said. "Call me sometime."

I did call her, four or five times, and we talked, mostly about her projects—she was writing a book, she was being considered as a substitute host. We didn't talk about our marriage until one day in April, when she mentioned that Biddy was sick again, and she said she missed me. Biddy died a week later, and Willa brought the body back to Minnesota for interment. She came to the condo for dinner one night and wound up staying.

My friends can't believe I took her back after all those things she said about me, but I can't see where it's any of their business. I told her there was no need for her to apologize, so she hasn't. She did scrap the movie project and the book, though. The substitute-host deal fell through when the regular host decided he wasn't so tired after all. Except for our two dogs, Betty and Burt, we're almost where we were last summer. The ice has melted on Lake Larson, the lilacs and chokecherries are in bloom, soon the goslings will hatch and their mothers will lead them down to water, and everything will be as if none of this ever happened. —GARRISON KEILLOR

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STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT

[*From the Oakland (Calif.) Tribune*]

According to a National Institute on Aging study of the elderly, 40 percent of the entire U.S. population that is currently over the age of 65 belongs to some racial or ethnic group.

SOMEWHERE, BELGIUM

IN the year I turned fifteen, I felt more unhappy than I had ever imagined anyone could be. It wasn't the unhappiness of wanting a new dress, or the unhappiness of wanting to go to cinema on a Sunday afternoon and not being allowed to do so, or the unhappiness of being unable to solve some mystery in geometry, or the unhappiness at causing my dearest friend, Gwen, some pain. My unhappiness was something deep inside me, and when I closed my eyes I could even see it. It sat somewhere—maybe in my belly, maybe in my heart; I could not exactly tell—and it took the shape of a small black ball, all wrapped up in cobwebs. I would look at it and look at it until I had burned the cobwebs away, and then I would see that the ball was no bigger than a thimble, even though it weighed worlds. At that moment, just when I saw its size and felt its weight, I was beyond feeling sorry for myself, which is to say I was beyond tears. I could only just sit and look at myself, feeling like the oldest person who had ever lived and who had not learned a single thing. After I had sat in this way for a while, to distract myself I would count my toes; always it came out the same—I had ten of them.

If I had been asked, I would not have been able to say exactly how it was that I got that way. It must have come on me like mist: first, I was in just a little mist and could still see everything around me, though not so clearly; then I was completely covered up and could not see even my own hand stretched out in front of me. I tried to imagine that I was like a girl in one of the books I had read—a girl who had suffered much at the hands of a cruel stepparent, or a girl who suddenly found herself without any parents at all. When reading about such a girl, I would heap even more suffering on her if I felt the author hadn't gone far enough. In the end, of course, everything was resolved happily for the girl, and she and a companion would sail off to Zanzibar or some other very distant place, where, since they could do as they pleased, they were forever happy. But I was not in a book. I was always just sitting there with the thimble that weighed worlds fastened deep inside me, the sun beating down on me. Everything I used to care about had turned sour. I could start with the sight of the flamboyant trees in bloom, the red of the flowers causing the street on which I lived to seem on fire at sunset; seeing this sight, I would imagine myself incapable of coming to harm if I were just to walk through this inferno. I could end with my mother and me; we were now a sight to see.

Intruder

We both noticed that now if she said that something I did reminded her of her own self at my age, I would try to do it a different way, or, failing that, do it in a way that she could not stomach. She returned the blow by admiring and praising everything that she suspected had special meaning for me. I became secretive, and she said that I was in practice for becoming a liar and a thief—the only kinds of people who had secrets. My mother and I each soon grew two faces: one for my father and the rest of the world, and one for us when we found ourselves alone with each other. For my father and the world, we were politeness and kindness and love and laughter. I saw her with my old eyes, my eyes as a child, and she saw me with hers of that time. There was my mother scrubbing my back as in the old days, examining my body from limb to limb, making sure nothing unusual was taking place; there was my mother making me my favorite dessert, a blancmange—a reward for excelling at something that met her approval; there was my mother concerned about a small sniffle, wondering if soon it would develop into something major and then she would have to make me a poultice of ground camphor and eucalyptus leaves for my chest. And there I was also, letting the singsong of her voice, as it expressed love and concern, calm me into a lull; there I was fondling the strands of her thick black hair as she unravelled her braids for a daily brushing, burying my face in it and inhaling deeply, for it smelled of rose oil.

As we were playing out these scenes from the old days, the house would swell with the sound of my father's voice telling one story after another of his days as a famous batsman with a cricket team, and of what he did on this island and the next as he toured the Windward and the Leeward Islands with it. (Of course, in these stories always he would leave out something that I had come to know for certain: on some of these islands, my father had loved many women and had children by them. Almost no two children had the same mother. Once, a girl—much, much older than I—walked into our yard and asked for my father. When they met, she said, "You

"I love the wind in your hair."

• •

don't know me, but I'm your daughter Roma. My mother is Christine, from St. Kitts." My father screwed up his face, the way he did when something was a jumble to him and he was trying to place it correctly. Soon the memory of Christine must have come clearly to him, for he pushed back his hat, scratched his forehead—the sign that everything was in order now—and said, "Oh, yes, I know who you are now." After they exchanged a few more inquiries and answers, though nothing of any importance, they said goodbye and she left. We never heard another word from her, and I am sure that my father never sought her out.) In front of my mother's friends also, we put on our good faces. I was obedient and nice, and she asked nothing more than that I show the good manners she had taught me. Sometimes on Sundays as we walked back from church, perhaps touched by the sermon we had just heard, we would link arms as we strolled home, step in step with each other.

But no sooner were we alone, behind the fence, behind the closed door, than everything darkened. How to account for it I could not say. Something I couldn't name just came over us, and suddenly I had never loved anyone so or hated anyone so. But to say hate—what did I mean by that? Before, if I hated someone I simply wished the person dead. But I couldn't wish my mother dead. If my mother died, what would become of me? I couldn't imagine my life without her. Worse than that, if my mother died I would have to die, too, and even less than I could imagine my mother dead could I imagine myself dead.

I started to have a dream. In my dream, I walked down a smooth, unpaved road. The road was lined on either side with palm trees whose leaves spread out so wide that they met and tangled up with each other and the whole road was shaded from the sun, which was always shining. When I started to walk down the road, my steps were quick and light, and as I walked these words would go around in my head: "My mother would kill me if she got the chance. I would kill my mother if I had the courage." At the beginning of my walk, as I chanted the words my voice had a happy note, as if the quickness and lightness of my feet signalled to me that I would never give her the chance. But as the road went on, things changed. I would say the same words, but slower and slower and in a sad way; my feet and the rest of my body became heavy. It was as if it had dawned on me that I would never have the courage with which to kill my mother, and then, since I lacked the courage, the chance would pass to her. I didn't understand how it could equal out so, but just the same it did. I had been taught by my mother to take my dreams seriously. My dreams were not unreal representations of something real; my dreams were a part of, and the same as, my real life. When I first had this dream, I became quite frightened of my mother, and I was so ashamed of it that I couldn't bring myself to look directly at her. But after I had had the dream again and again, it became like a second view to me, and I would hold up little incidents against it to see if this was her chance or that was my courage.

AT school, I had had a great change. I was no longer in Gwen's class; I was now in a class with girls two or three years older than I was. That was a shock. These girls didn't offer the camaraderie of my friends in the lower form. They didn't have the give-and-take, the friendly pull-and-shove. They were constantly in strict competition for good marks and our teachers' affection, and among them insults ruled the day. And how vain they were! Constantly they smoothed down their hair, making sure every strand was in place; some carried mirrors in their schoolbags, and they would hold them at an angle to see if the pleats in the backs of their uniforms were in place. They actually practiced walking with their hips swinging from side to side. They were always sticking out their bosoms, and, what was worse, they actually did have bosoms to stick out. Before I got to see these girls close up—when I was just observing them as they walked to and fro, going about their business—I envied the way the air seemed to part for them, freeing itself of any obstacle so that they wouldn't have to make an effort. Now I could see that the air just parted itself quickly so that it wouldn't have to bear their company for long. For what a dull bunch they were! They had no new ideas of how to be in the world; they certainly didn't think that the world was a strange place to be caught living in.

I was at first slowed down in my usual climb to the top by the new sums put before me, but I soon mastered that, and only one other girl was my match. Sometimes we tied for first place, sometimes she was first and I second, and sometimes it was the other way around. I tried to get to know her, feeling that we had this in com-

WASH

All day the blanket snapped and swelled
on the line, roused by a hot spring wind.
From there it witnessed the first sparrow,
early flies lifting their sticky feet,
and a green haze on the south-sloping hills.
Clouds rode over the mountain. At dusk
I took the blanket in, and we slept,
restless, under its fragrant weight.

—JANE KENYON

• •

mon, but she was so dull a person, completely unable to hold so much as a simple conversation, and, to boot, smelled so of rubber and blue ink, that I made myself unable to remember her name. I could see the kind of grownup person she would be—just the kind who would take one look at me and put every effort into making my life a hardship. Already her mouth was turned down permanently at the corners, as if to show that she had been born realizing that nobody else behaved properly, and as if also she had been born knowing that everything in life was a disappointment and her face was all set to meet it.

Gwen and I walked home from school in the usual way and did the usual things, but just the sight of her was no longer a thrilling thing to me, though I did my best not to let her know. It was as if I had grown a new skin over the old skin and the new skin had a completely different set of nerve endings. But what could I say to poor Gwen? How to explain to her about the thimble that weighed worlds, and the dark cloud that was like an envelope in which my mother and I were sealed? If I said to Gwen, "Does your mother always watch you out of the corner of her eye?," her reply was most likely to be "My mother has a knack for keeping her eye on everything at the same time." And if I said, "I don't mean it that way, I mean—" But what would have been the use of going on? We no longer lived on the same plane. Sometimes, just hearing her voice as she ran on and on, bringing me up to date on the doings of my old group, would put me in such a state that I felt I would explode; and then I remembered that it was the same voice that used to be, for me, some sort of music. How small she now looked in my eyes: a bundle of who said what and who did what.

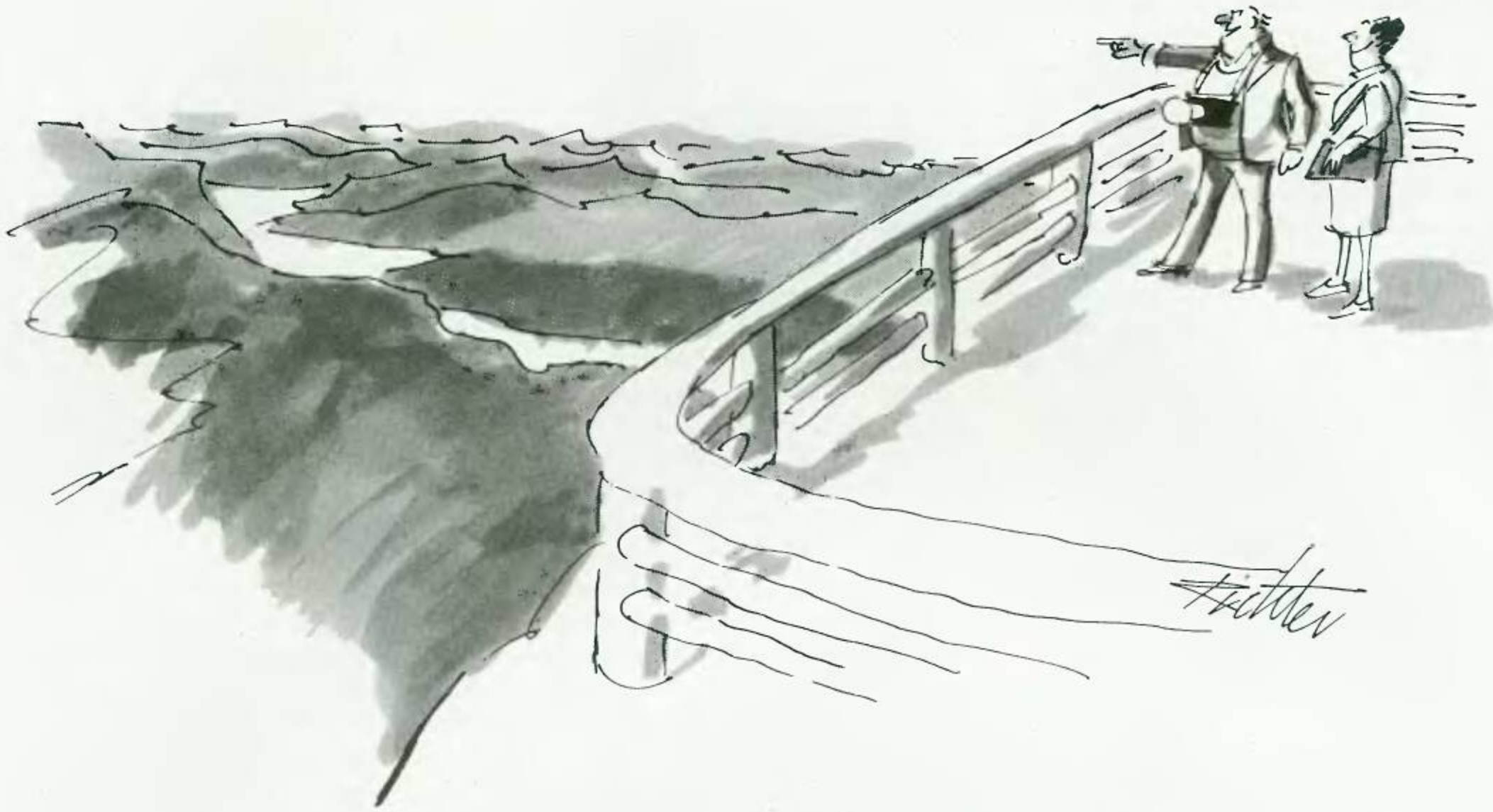
One day when we were walking home, taking the lane with the big houses hidden behind the high hedges, Gwen said to me that her brother Rowan had mentioned how much he liked the way I had conducted myself when I was asked to read the lesson in church at morning service. She then launched into a long speech about him, and I did what was fast becoming a habit when we were together: I started to daydream. My most frequent daydream now involved scenes of me living alone in Belgium, a place I had picked when I read in one of my books that Charlotte Brontë, the author of my favorite novel, "Jane Eyre," had spent a year or so there. I had also picked it because I imagined that it would be a place my mother would find difficult to travel to and so would have to write me letters addressed in this way:

To: Miss Annie Victoria John
Somewhere,
Belgium

I was walking down a street in Belgium, wearing a skirt that came down to my ankles and carrying a bag filled with books that at last I could understand, when suddenly I heard these words come out of Gwen's mouth: "I think it would be so nice if you married Rowan. Then, you see, that way we could be together always."

I was brought back to the present, and I stopped and just stood still for a moment; then my mouth fell open and my whole self started to tremble. All this was in disbelief, of course, but, to show how far apart we were, she thought that my mouth fell open and my whole self trembled in complete joy at what she had just said to me. And when I said, "Repeat that," she said, "Oh, I just knew you would like the idea." I felt so alone; the last person left on earth couldn't feel more alone than I. I looked at Gwen. Could this really be Gwen? It was Gwen. The same person I had always known. Everything was in place. But at the same time something terrible had happened, and I couldn't tell what it was.

It was then that I began avoiding Gwen and our daily walks home. I tried not to do it so much that she would notice, but about every three or four days I would say that being in the upper forms was so demanding and, what with one thing and another, I had things to clear up here and there. I would walk her to the school gate, where we would kiss goodbye, and then, after some proper time had passed, I would leave school. One afternoon, I took another way home, a way that brought me through Market Street. Market Street was where all the stores were, and I passed by slowly, staring into the show windows, though I wasn't at all interested in the merchandise on display. What I was really looking at was my own reflection in the glass, though it was a while before I knew that. I saw myself just hanging there among bolts of cloth, among Sunday hats and shoes, among men's and women's undergarments, among pots and pans, among brooms and household soap, among notebooks and pens and ink, among medicines for curing headache and medicines for curing colds. I saw myself among all these things, but I didn't know that it was I, for I had got so strange. My whole head was so big, and my eyes, which were big, too, sat in my big head wide open, as if I had just had a sudden fright. My skin was black in a way I had not noticed before, as if someone had thrown a lot of soot out of a window just when I was passing by and it had all fallen on me. On my forehead, on my cheeks were little bumps, each with a perfect, round white point. My plaits stuck out in every direction from under my hat; my long, thin neck stuck out from the blouse of my uniform. Altogether, I



"On a clear day, you can see four states. And, by God, every one of them is solidly for Reagan."

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looked old and miserable. I had recently seen a picture of a painting entitled "The Young Lucifer." It showed Satan just recently cast out of Heaven for all his bad deeds, and he was standing on a black rock all alone and naked. Everything around him was charred and black, as if a great fire had just roared through. His skin was coarse, and so were all his features. His hair was made up of live snakes, and they were in a position to strike. Satan was wearing a smile, but it was one of those smiles that you could see through, one of those smiles that make you know the person is just putting on a good front. At heart, you could see, he was really lonely and miserable at the way things had turned out. I was standing there surprised at this change in myself, when all this came to mind, and suddenly I felt so sorry for myself that I was about to sit down on the sidewalk and weep, already tasting the saltiness of my tears.

I was about to do this when I noticed four boys standing across the street from me; they were looking at me and bowing as they said, in an exaggerated tone of voice, pretending to be grownup gentlemen living in Victorian times, "Hallo, Madame. How are you this afternoon?" and "What a pleasant thing, our running into each other like this," and "We meet again after all this time," and "Ah, the sun, it shines and shines only on you." The words were no sooner out of their mouths than they would bend over laughing. Even though nothing like this had ever happened to me before, I knew instantly that it was malicious and that I had done nothing to deserve it other than standing there all alone. They were older than I, and from their uniforms I could tell that they were students of the boys' branch of my own school. I looked at their faces. I didn't recognize the first, I didn't recognize the second, I didn't recognize the third, but I knew the face of the fourth one; it was a face from my ancient history. A long time ago, when we were little children, our mothers were best friends, and he and I used to play together. His name was Mineu, and I felt honored that he, a boy older than I by three years, would play with me. Of course, in all the games we played I was always given the lesser part. If we played knight and dragon, I was the dragon; if we played discovering Africa, he discovered Africa; he was also the leader of the savage tribes that tried to get in the way of the discovery, and I played his servant, and a not very bright servant at that; if we played prodigal son, he was the prodigal son and the prodigal son's father and the jealous brother, while I played a person who fetched things.

Once, in a game we were playing, something terrible happened. A man had recently killed his girlfriend and a man who was his best friend when he found them drinking together in a bar. Their blood splattered all over him. The cutlass he had used to kill them in hand, he walked the mile or so to the police station with the other customers of the bar and some people they picked up along the way. The murder of these two people immediately became a big scandal, and the most popular calypso song that year was all about it. It became a big scandal because the murderer was from an old, well-off, respected family, and everybody wondered if he would be hanged, which was the penalty for murder; also it became a scandal because everyone had known the woman and all had predicted that she would come to a bad end. Everything about this soon became a spectacle. During the funerals of the murdered man and woman, people lined the streets and followed the hearses from the church to the cemetery. During the trial of the murderer, the courtroom was always packed. When the judge

sentenced the man to be hanged, the whole courtroom gasped in shock. On the morning that he was hanged, people gathered outside the jail and waited until the jail's church bell rang, showing that the hanging was completed. Mineu and I had overheard our parents talk so much about this event that it wasn't long before he made up a game about it. As usual, Mineu played all the big parts. He played the murdered man and the murderer, going back and forth; the girlfriend we left silent. When the case got to court, Mineu played judge, jury, prosecutor, and condemned man, sitting in the condemned man's box. Nothing was funnier than seeing him, wearing some old rags on his head for his part of the judge, pass sentence on himself; nothing was funnier than seeing him, as the drunken hangman, hang himself. And after he was hanged, I, as his mother, came and wept over the body as it lay on the ground. Then we would get up and start the whole thing over again. No sooner had we completed the episode than we were back at the bar, with Mineu quarrelling with himself and his girlfriend and then putting an end to everything with a few quick strokes. We always tried to make every detail as close to the real thing as we imagined it, and so we had gone to the trouble of finding old furniture to make a desk for the judge and a place for the jury to sit, and we set out some stones facing the judge to represent both where the spectators might sit and the spectators themselves. When it came to the hanging, we wanted that to be real, too, so Mineu had found a piece of rope and tied it to the top bar of the gate to his yard, and then he would make a noose and put his head in it. When the noose was around his neck, he would grab the rope from above and then swing on it back and forth to show that he was hanged and already dead. Once, something went wrong, and when he lifted himself off the ground the noose tightened. When he let go of the rope to loosen the noose with his hands, that only made matters worse, and the noose tightened even more. His mouth opened as he tried to get breath, and then his tongue began to come out of his mouth. His body, hanging from the gate, began to swing back and forth, and as it did it banged against the gate, and it made a sound as if he were swinging on the gate—the very thing we were always being told not to do. As all this happened, I just stood there and stared. I must have known that I should go and call for help, but I just was unable to move. *Slam, slam* went the gate, and soon his mother began to call out, "Children, leave the gate alone." Then, hearing the gate continue to slam, she came out to us in a fury, because we were not obeying her, and she was just about to shout at us when she saw her child swinging from the gate by his neck. She screamed and rushed over to him, calling out to a neighbor, who came immediately with a cutlass and cut the rope from around Mineu's neck. When his mother came and started to scream, only then could I scream, too, and I ran over to him with her, and we both cried over him as he fell to the ground. Much was said about my not calling for help, and everybody wondered what would have happened if his mother hadn't been nearby. I didn't know what to make of my own behavior, and I could not explain myself, as everybody kept asking me to do. I could see that even my mother was ashamed of the way I had behaved.

It was this that I remembered as I saw Mineu's face across the street, and so I walked over and said in my best, most polite young-lady voice, "Hallo, Mineu. I am so glad to see you. Don't you remember me?" It was true that I was glad to see him. For just remembering all the things that he and I used to do reminded me of how happy I had been and how much my mother and everyone else adored me and how, when looking at me, people used to say, "What a beautiful child!"

At first, he just looked at me. Then he said, "Oh, yes. Annie. Annie John. I remember you. I had heard you were a big girl now." As he said this, he shook my outstretched hand. His friends stood off to one side, a little bit apart from us. They stood in that ridiculous way of boys: one leg crossing

"Mobray is one of a kind, thank heavens!"

the other, hands jammed deep into pockets, eyes looking you up and down. They were whispering things to each other, and their shoulders were heaving with amusement—at me, I could only suppose. I thought that since he was someone I knew, he couldn't really be like them, but as we stood, more or less speechless, in front of each other, I saw him glancing at them out of the corner of his eye, smiling in a knowing way and then looking back straight at me, a serious look on his face.

Feeling ashamed, for I could tell that they were making fun of me, I said to him, "Well, goodbye then," and I offered him my hand again.

He and his friends walked off, their backs shaking with laughter—at me, no doubt. As I watched them, I wished that right there I could turn them into cinder blocks, so that one moment if you were walking behind them you were walking behind four boys and the next moment you had to be careful not to stumble over some cinder blocks. Feeling that in this whole incident Mineu had been cruel made me remember something. It was the last time that we had played together. In a game we were making up on the spot, I took off all my clothes and he led me to a spot under a tree, where I was to sit until he told me what to do next. It wasn't long before I realized that the spot he had picked out was a red ants' nest. Soon the angry ants were all over me, stinging me in my private parts, and as I cried and scratched, trying to get the ants off me, he fell down on the ground laughing, his feet kicking the air with happiness. His mother refused to admit that he had done something wrong, and my mother never spoke to her again.

I WALKED home, cutting through the churchyard of the Methodist church (my own church). Except for two lizards chasing each other across my path, I wasn't aware of anything on the outside. Inside, however, the thimble that weighed worlds spun around and around; as it spun, it bumped up against my heart, my chest, my stomach, and whatever it touched felt as if I had been scorched there. I thought that I had better get home quickly, for I began to feel alternately too big and too small. First, I grew so big that I took up the whole street; then I grew so small that nobody could see me—not even if I cried out.

I walked into our yard, and I could see my mother standing in the kitchen, her back toward me, bent over a bowl in which she was putting some green figs, their skins removed. I walked up to the door and I said, "Good afternoon, Mamie. I have just come home from school."

My mother turned to face me. We looked at each other, and I could see the frightening black thing leave her to meet the frightening black thing that had left me. They met in the middle and embraced. What will it be now, I asked myself. To me she said, "You are late. It would please me to hear an excuse from you." She was using that tone of voice: it was as if I were not only a stranger but a stranger that she did not wish to know.

Trying to match her tone of voice but coming nowhere near success, I said something about being kept late for extra studies. I then went on to say that my teachers believed that if I studied hard enough, by my sixteenth birthday I might be able to take final exams and so be able to leave school.

As if she knew exactly that I would come up with some such story, she said, "Perhaps if I ask again this time I will get a straight answer." I was about to make a feeble effort at protest, but then, in a rush, she went on to say that she had been standing inside a store that afternoon, buying some buttons for a Sunday dress for me, when, on looking up, she observed me making a spectacle of myself in front of four boys. She went on to say that, after all the years she had spent drumming into me the proper way to conduct myself when speaking to young men, it had pained her to see me behave in the manner of a slut (only she used the French-patois word for it) in the street and that just to see me had caused her to feel shame.

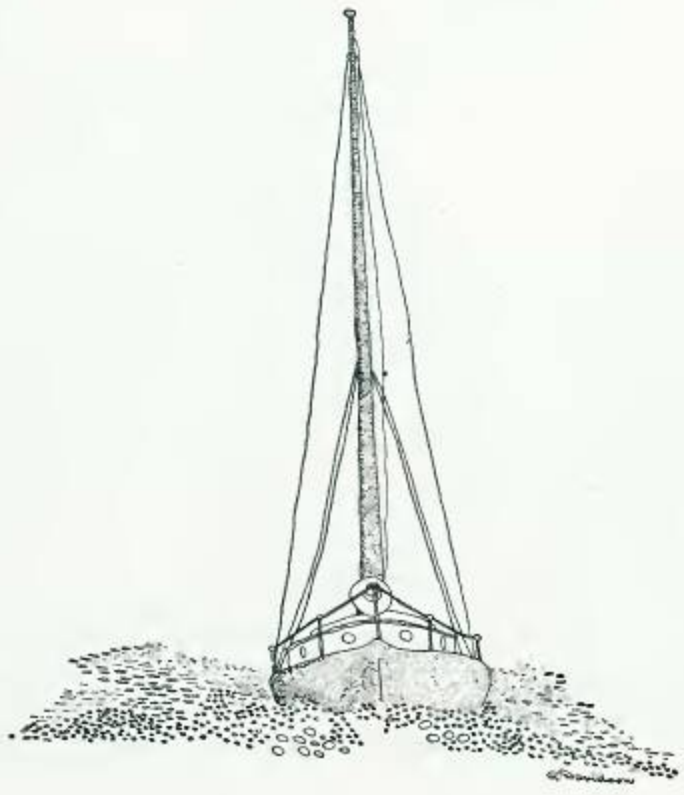
The word "slut" (in patois) was repeated over and over, until suddenly I felt as if I were drowning in a well but instead of the well being filled with water it was filled with the word "slut," and it was pouring in through my eyes, my ears, my nostrils, my mouth. As if to save myself, I turned to her and said, "Well, like father like son, like mother like daughter."

At that, everything stopped. The

whole earth fell silent. The two black things joined together in the middle of the room separated, hers going to her, mine coming back to me. I looked at my mother. She seemed tired and old and broken. Seeing that, I felt happy and sad at the same time. I soon decided that happy was better, and I was just about to enjoy this feeling when she said, "Until this moment, in my whole life I knew without a doubt that, without any exception, I loved you best," and then she turned her back and started again to prepare the green figs for cooking.

I looked at my mother—at her turned back this time—and she wasn't tired and old and broken at all. She wore her hair pinned up in the same beautiful way, exposing the nape of her beautiful neck; her bent-over back looked strong and soft at the same time, and I wanted to go and rest my whole body on it the way I used to; her long skirt covered her beautiful, strong legs, and she wore shoes that exposed beautiful heels. It was I who was tired and old and broken, and as I looked at my mother, full of vigor, young and whole, I wanted to go over and put my arms around her and beg forgiveness for the thing I had just said and to explain that I didn't really mean it. But I couldn't move, and when I looked down it was as if the ground had opened up between us, making a deep split. On one side of this split stood my mother, bent over my dinner cooking in a pot; on the other side stood I, in my arms carrying my schoolbooks and inside carrying the thimble that weighed worlds.

I went to my room to take off my school uniform, but I could only sit on my bed and wonder what would become of me now. As I sat, I looked at the things surrounding me. There was my washstand, made for me by my father from pitch pine, with its blue enamel basin on top and matching urn filled with water underneath; there was my bureau, made for me by my father from pitch pine, and in it were my clothes; there was a shelf made for me by my father from pitch pine on which I kept my books; the very bed I sat on was made for me by my father from pitch pine; there was a little desk and chair to match at which I sat and read or did my homework, both made for me by my father from pitch pine. Each time my father had bought the wood for the furniture, he had taken me to the lumberyard with him, and I saw how he examined every piece of wood carefully before he accepted it for purchase. He would hold it first to his nostrils, then to my own, and he would say, "Nothing like a nice piece of pine, except perhaps a nice piece of mahogany." Then I was not allowed to see the furniture in any stage until it was in its place in my room. It would be a surprise then for me to see it, and I would say to my father, "I see I have a new chair," and he would say, "I see you have a new chair," and then we would embrace, I kissing him on the cheek and he kissing me on the forehead. It used to be that when my father wanted to kiss me he would have to bend down to reach my forehead. Now, in the last year, I had grown so much that it was I who had to bend down so that my father could reach my forehead. My mother was taller than my father. Now I, too, was taller than my father. I was, in fact, as tall as my mother. When my mother and I spoke to each other, we looked at each other eye to eye. Eye to eye. It was the first time such a thing had come to me: my mother and I were eye to eye. For a moment, I was happy at the thought, but then I could see: what did such a thing matter? She was my mother, Annie; I was her daughter, Annie; and that was why I was called by my mother and father Little Miss.



Sitting on my bed and thinking in this way, I swung my feet back and forth, and it was a while before I realized that when they swung back my feet would hit up against the trunk stored under my bed. It was a trunk that my mother had bought when she was sixteen years old—a year older than I was now—and in which she had packed all her things and left not only her parents' house in Dominica but Dominica itself for Antigua. Her father and she had had a big quarrel over whether she would live alone, as she wished, or would continue to live in her parents' house, as her father wished. Her mother, who had stopped speaking to her father a long time before, though they continued to live

STROKE

All the long days of years lying
alone the word feels pelt of rain,
shivers of night chill, and coils
in the box you built. It whimpers.

At first light it stands, stretches
to leash-length, digs a small hole,
having learned to wait, become what
through all seasons and all faces

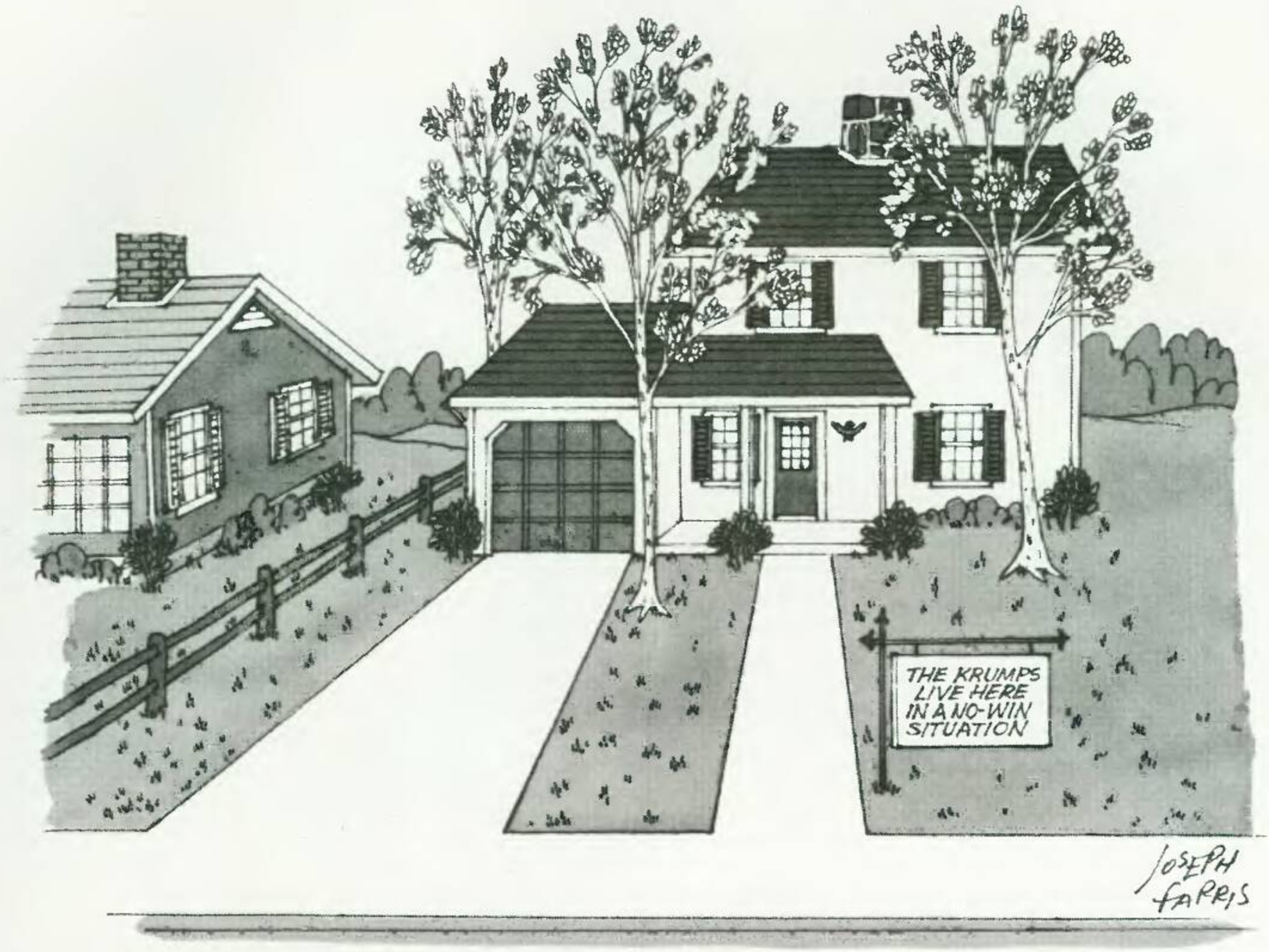
you can't say. Eye-brimming, recalling
the down-spiral of leaves, flushed
wingbeats and sun's joy, you lie flat
in the white yards of the clinic,

among voices low in tunnels of shade.
The word scratches, paces, softly
drags its chain over the emptied
bowl, barks. You can't call it now.

It won't hunt for you. Penned, you
wait and listen to machines digging
steadily as nails in dirt, a hole
regrettable, too deep, unfillable.

—Dave Smith

• •



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in the same house, didn't say anything one way or the other. My mother and her father had had a big quarrel, and though my mother had never told me in detail the whole story, I had pieced it together from things I had overheard, just putting two and two together in my usual way. Inside this trunk now, which stood under my bed, were things, all of them, that had been a part of my life at every stage, and if someone had come upon it without having an inkling of what my life had really been like they would have got a pretty good idea. As my heels bumped up against the trunk, my heart just broke, and I cried and cried. At that moment, I missed my mother more than I had ever imagined possible and wanted only to live somewhere quiet and beautiful with her alone, but also at that moment I wanted only to see her lying dead, all withered and in a coffin at my feet.

The moment soon passed, and I got up from my bed to change my clothes and carry out my afternoon chores. My mother and I avoided each other, and it wasn't until over our supper of the green figs, cooked with flying fish in coconut milk, that we looked at each other again. We did our best to keep up appearances, for my father's sake, but our two black things got the better of us, and even though we didn't say anything noticeable it was clear that something was amiss. Perhaps to cheer us up, my father said that he would finally make for my mother the set of furniture she had been asking him to make for a very long time now. In fact, the set of furniture had been a bone of contention between them. That brought a halfhearted, polite smile to my mother's face. Then, turning to me, my father asked what he could make for me.

It came into my mind without thinking. "A trunk," I said.

"But you have a trunk already. You have your mother's trunk," he said to me.

"Yes, but I want my own trunk," I said back.

"Very well. A trunk is your request, a trunk you will have," he said.

Out of the corner of one eye, I could see my mother. Out of the corner of the other eye, I could see her shadow on the wall, cast there by the lamplight. It was a big and solid shadow, and it looked so much like my mother that I became frightened. For I could not be sure whether for the rest of my life I would be able to tell when it was really my mother and when it was really her shadow standing between me and the rest of the world.

—Jamaica Kincaid

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Weston (Conn.) Forum*]

The Board of Selectmen unanimously voted Monday night to send the proposed $5 million teacher contract to a Town Meeting for approval or rejection. The rationale is to give the people a semblance of control over property taxes, they said.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CROCODILES OF YAMOUSSOUKRO

YAMOUSSOUKRO, a place deep in the wet forest zone of the Ivory Coast, is one of the wonders of black Africa. It used to be a village, and perhaps then it was like some other West African bush villages, where grass huts perish after two years. But Yamoussoukro was also the seat of a regional tribal chief; and the authority of the chieftaincy—moral or spiritual or magical authority—was not forgotten. The very old man who is still chief, Félix Houphouët-Boigny, received a French education. He became what the French called a "colonial" doctor—not the finished French product but a doctor nonetheless. Later, he became a politician, a protest leader. With independence, in 1960—the bush returned with alterations to its people—he began to rule the Ivory Coast. And he has ruled ever since.

He has ruled well. He has used the French as technicians, advisers, administrators; and, with no ready-made mineral wealth, with the resources only of tropical forests and fields, he has made his country rich. So rich that the Ivory Coast imports labor from its more depressed or chaotic African neighbors. Labor immigration as much as natural increase has raised the population from three million in 1960 to nine million today. Abidjan, the capital, begun unpromisingly on the black mud of a fetid lagoon, has become one of the biggest ports in West Africa. And a hundred and fifty miles inland, at the end of a highway that would not disgrace France itself, the President's ancestral village of Yamoussoukro has been transformed.

The ancestral village has, in fact, vanished from public sight. The entire village—huts (if they still survive), common ground, the semi-sacred palaver tree—has been incorporated into the grounds of a new Presidential palace. And all is hidden by a high palace wall that must be several miles long. Down one side of the palace, there is an artificial lake, and into this lake turtles and man-eating crocodiles have been introduced. These are totemic, emblematic creatures, and they belong to the President. There were no crocodiles in Yamoussoukro before. No one knows precisely what they mean. But to all Africans they speak at once of danger and of the President's—the chief's—magically granted knowledge of his power as something more than human, something emanating from the earth itself.

The power and wisdom of the chief have caused the forest around Yamoussoukro to disappear. Where once were African fields, unused common land, and wild trees, there are now ordered, mechanized plantations. For square mile upon square mile, mangoes, avocados, and pineapples grow in straight lines—the straight lines that are beautiful to people to whom nature is usually formless, unfriendly bush. Land in this part of Africa, it is said, belongs to the user; there can be no title in bush. And until they were given to the state, some years ago, these plantations around Yamoussoukro were the President's personal estates.

The President's ideas have always been big, and his plans for Yamoussoukro are very big. He would like it to be one of the great cities of Africa and the world. The land has been levelled, and avenues as wide as runways outline the metropolis that is to be. Extravagant and sometimes brilliant modern buildings have been set down in the stripped wilderness and await full use. To attract visitors, there is a great golf course, beautifully landscaped and, so far, steadfastly maintained against the fast-growing bush. It is the President's idea, though he doesn't play golf himself. The golf idea came to him when he was old. To house the visitors, there is a fifteen-story Hotel President, one of the French Sofitel hotels. The hotel brochure is printed in France; its silvery-gray cover looks princely. "Find the traces of the native village of President Houphouët-Boigny," the brochure says, "and discover the ultra-modern prefiguration of the Africa of tomorrow."

The two ideas go together. The ultra-modern dream also serves old Africa. It is Pharaonic: it has a touch of the antique world. Away from the stupendous modern frivolities of the golf course and the golf club, and the swimming pool of the Hotel President, there is the Presidential palace, with its artificial lake. Outside the blank walls

"Hastings, get Miss Pilson a chair."

"We've gotten along more smoothly since we gave up our grandiose expectations of each other."

• •

that hide the President's ancestral village and the palaver tree from the common view, the President's totemic crocodiles are fed with fresh meat every day. People can go and watch. But distances in Yamoussoukro are so great, and the scarred empty spaces so forbidding, that only people with cars can easily go; and they tend to be visitors, tourists. The feeding ritual takes place in the afternoon, in bright light. There are the cars, the tourists in bright clothes, the cameras. But the crocodiles are sacred. A live offering—a chicken—is often made to them; it is part of the ritual. This element of sacrifice, this protracted display of power and cruelty, is as unsettling as it is meant to be, and it seems to bring night and the forest close again to the dream of Yamoussoukro.

To the man from outside, whatever his political or religious faith, Africa can often seem to be in a state of becoming. It is always on the point of being made something else. So it arouses hope, ambition, frustration, irritation. And even the success of the Ivory Coast induces a kind of anxiety. Will it last? Will the Africans be able to take over from the French and the Israelis and the others who have built it all for them and still effectively run it? And then, at a place like Yamoussoukro, where the anxiety becomes most acute, it also begins to feel unreal. You get a glimpse of an African Africa, an Africa that—whatever the accidents of history, whatever the current manifestations of earthly glory—has always been in its own eyes complete, achieved, bursting with its own powers.

THIS idea of African completeness should not have surprised me. Something like this, a similar religious feeling, was fleetingly at the back of many of the slave revolts in the Caribbean. The idea of African completeness endures in various Caribbean religious cults, and touches the politics of the region. Many of the recent political movements in the black Caribbean have had a millenarian, ecstatic, purely African side.

West Africa peopled the slave plantations of the New World. But that wasn't the idea I took to the Ivory Coast. I went for simpler reasons. The world is too various; it can exist only in compartments in our minds. I wanted to be in West Africa, where I had never been; I wanted to be in a former French territory in Africa; and I wanted to be in an African country that, in the mess of black Africa, was generally held to be a political and economic success. African success, France in Africa—those were the glamorous ideas that took me out.

France in Africa was a private fantasy. It was based on my own love of the French language, a special schoolboy love, given me at Queen's Royal College in colonial Trinidad by teachers, many of them black or partly black, who were themselves in love with the French language and an idea (hinted at, never stated) of an accepting, assimilating France. France in Africa: I imagined the language in the mouths of elegant Africans; I thought of tall, turbaned women, like those of Mali and the Congo; I thought of wine and tropical boulevards.

But in the humidity of the Ivory Coast the wine (stupefying at lunchtime) was mainly rosé and Moroccan; West African French was as broken and sourly accented as West African English; and there was nothing like a boulevard in the hard little commercial center of Abidjan, where, here and there in the shadows of tall new buildings, Lebanese shops still spoke of a recent, duller colonial township. Instead of boulevards, there was the African hubbub of "popular" African areas. Away from that, there was—as in many other former colonial territories—the ready-made, enclosed glamour of new international hotels. Around the swimming pool of the Forum Golf Hotel, the small-breasted wives of French businessmen and technicians sunbathed topless among the black-and-orange lizards. Africa came on at night, as the cabaret: not the Africa of the night clubs in the African areas but the Africa of officially approved "culture"—the semi-religious or magical dances of the forest, done now in a landscaped garden, electric light playing on the big, bare breasts of dancing, chanting women.

I hadn't really thought I would find

"Oh, my, I can tell—everybody in there has read Barbara Tuchman."

• •

France in Africa—it was a fantasy. But I hadn't expected that, in the Ivory Coast, France and Africa would still be like separate ideas. It made more puzzling the success that was to be seen in the great capital city of Abidjan: the urban highways, with direction boards that suggested France; the skyscrapers of the city center; the university campus and the golf course; the workers' areas, spreading and disordered but not poor; the many mixed —African and European—middle-class residential areas; the blocks of government-built flats; the big port and industrial zone; the tainted tropical lagoon reflecting at dusk the lights of the rush-hour traffic on the "corniche."

"Isn't it wonderful," an American from the Embassy said to me one evening, looking at that view, "that they have done this with just a little bit of coffee and a little bit of cocoa?"

Out of apparently little, wealth had been created. And this wealth had been shared and used. The Ivory Coast boom had now abated. From a peak in 1977, coffee and cocoa prices had dropped by a half, and the oil-exploration people were leaving the Ivory Coast for other French African countries. There was some discontent now; protests had begun to be heard about the number of French people in the country. But something extraordinary had been achieved; in this corner of Africa even the continuing order of the state was like a miracle.

All around was chaos or nullity. Liberia, illiterate, impoverished, was ruled by its Army after members of the previous government had been unceremoniously shot on the beach. (What pictures those news reports gave to the mind: the holiday setting, the bewildered men in suits or pajamas, the uniformed men with guns, the sound of the sea.) Guinea, once, like the Ivory Coast, a French colony, and potentially richer than the Ivory Coast, was now bankrupt, a murderous tyranny, famous for the "black diet" of its condemned cells, where people were given neither food nor water and were simply left to waste away. Ghana, at the time of its independence, in 1957, far richer and better educated than the Ivory Coast, with more highly developed institutions, was now, after repeated coups, in a state of anarchy—a source of migrant labor. Yet, tribally speaking, the people of Ghana and Guinea were like some of the people of the Ivory Coast. The tribes, the *ethnies*, were not contained within national borders. And though the Ivory Coast was said to be liberal it was also an African state, a one-party state, with its own cult of the leader: the man who had become President at independence had never stopped being President. What had been done in the Ivory Coast hadn't been done suddenly; it had been sustained over more than twenty years. Clearly, then, to explain this African success there had been—beyond the personality of the President—some principle of organization that suited the people, something easily grasped and repeatable.

The explanations given to the visitor were simple, short, polished; they had been given to many other visitors before. The nationalist movement in a country like Ghana had been a movement of clerks and lawyers, ideologues seeking at once to ennoble and to Africanize Africa by foreign ideas. The nationalist movement in the Ivory Coast had been simpler, a movement of farmers, *planteurs*, village people. This explanation was added to by an ambassador I saw not long after I arrived. He had just received news of the putting down of yet another coup in Ghana. The two countries were different at independence, the ambassador said. They shared only the climate and the vegetation. In Ghana, after independence the nationalists concentrated on "administrative structures." In the Ivory Coast, they con-

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AIR FRANCE

WE'RE AIMING EVEN HIGHER

centrated on creating wealth—wealth from peasant farming. They were less concerned with Africanization. They built roads, to bring the villages closer to the marketplace. They gave the villages services and security—and security was important. They tried to keep people on the land by ending the isolation of the villages; and they succeeded. There were now roads and hotels all over the Ivory Coast. The President's village of Yamoussoukro, close to the center of the country, was now just a three-hour drive from Abidjan.

"Please don't get nervous, Mr. Feld. When the small investor gets nervous, the whole market gets nervous."

• •

THAT was how I first heard of Yamoussoukro. It was the President's village, and it might have been no more than one of the farming villages opened up by a government concerned with agriculture.

Ambassadors have to choose their words. They do a specialized job, and it is necessary for them to live ceremonial lives. As officials, they should have a vision of a country that doesn't run too far beyond that of the local people with whom they have to deal. So with ambassadors, as with other expatriates in black Africa, there appears at a first meeting a kind of ambivalence. To say what they feel they have to say, they appear to be denying or ignoring part of what they know. Expatriates may know African Africa, but this is not the Africa they put forward to a visitor at a first meeting. They are men with jobs, skills; their jobs are part of their self-esteem; and the Africa they present to the visitor is the Africa connected with their jobs. The ambivalence is natural; it is not disingenuous. The doing of certain kinds of work in Africa, the practice of certain disciplines or skills from another civilization, can be like a disinterested exercise of virtue. Many expatriates—those who last in freed black Africa—become genuinely good people; and not a few are oddly solitary.

It was from Philip (as I will call him), an expatriate, that I next heard of Yamoussoukro. Philip was English. He was in his late thirties, and much of his working life had been spent in Africa. He now worked for an African interstate organization. His wife was a black Guyanese girl of great beauty, from a family settled in England. It was odd, Philip said, that he should be the African side of their marriage, and his wife the English—"from Huddersfield." Her birthday fell that weekend. And to celebrate they were going on the expatriate Sunday excursion to the beach at Grand-Bassam, the former capital. I went with their party: out of Abidjan, past the shack settlements of migrant laborers, past the coconut estates, with coconut trees planted in rows and offering long vistas down the cleared spaces between the trees, past the lines of thatched huts selling African curios and artifacts, to the ruined old colonial capital (abandoned after a yellow-fever epidemic in 1899), concrete and corrugated iron and streets of thick dust, and, at last, the thatched Sunday restaurants on the sea—the excursion that, as I was to discover, was part of the routine and tedium and constriction of expatriate life. On the edge of Abidjan, the highway became very wide, without any median divider. It was like that, Philip said, for parades. "It's like Yamoussoukro," he said. "You should try to get there. Try to get there at night. You'll see the double row of lights. You'll wonder where you are. And in the morning you'll see that you are nowhere."

We passed low military barracks. They seemed to go on for a long time. They were the barracks of a battalion of French Marines. They kept a low profile, Philip observed.

I said to him, "Does it depress you, being in all these African countries, with their separate personality cults?"

It was too strong a question to put to him at this stage of our relationship. He said, "There is the cult of personality everywhere. Looking at the Falklands business from the outside, I would say there was a great cult of the personality there. Mrs. Thatcher raised herself up."

I asked whether he really thought that the situations were the same.

He said, with unexpected directness, "No." And a little while later he returned to the subject, as though to explain both himself and what he had said. "You must understand that Africans like the cult of personality better. It is what they understand. A multiplicity of parties and personalities confuses them. I've seen this happen."

African attitudes toward authority was one of the subjects that came up at an embassy lunch in Abidjan the next

day. The President, I heard, had become aware of the growing discontent in the Ivory Coast. In his benignity, and out of his wish to do the right thing, he had tried to "democratize." There was only one party in the Ivory Coast, and normally at elections there was only one list of candidates; people in any particular constituency simply voted for or against the party's candidate. At the last election, there had been an experiment. It was decreed that anyone in the party could contest any seat. For the hundred and forty or so seats in the National Assembly, there had been more than six hundred candidates; and eighty per cent of the old deputies, some of whom had held their seats for twenty years, had been voted out. Democracy of a kind had been served, but there had been a more than political consternation. The old deputies had built up followings; they had become elders, and in the African tradition an elder remained an elder till he died. A man stripped of authority couldn't simply go back to being an ordinary villager; he had been personally degraded. So the democratic experiment had damaged the cohesiveness of village life. Ever since the election, there had been any number of programs on television about the need for "reconciliation." "Democracy," people's rule, was the imported idea. Reconciliation was the African idea: in certain villages, among certain tribes, there actually was an annual ceremony of reconciliation, presided over by the local chief.

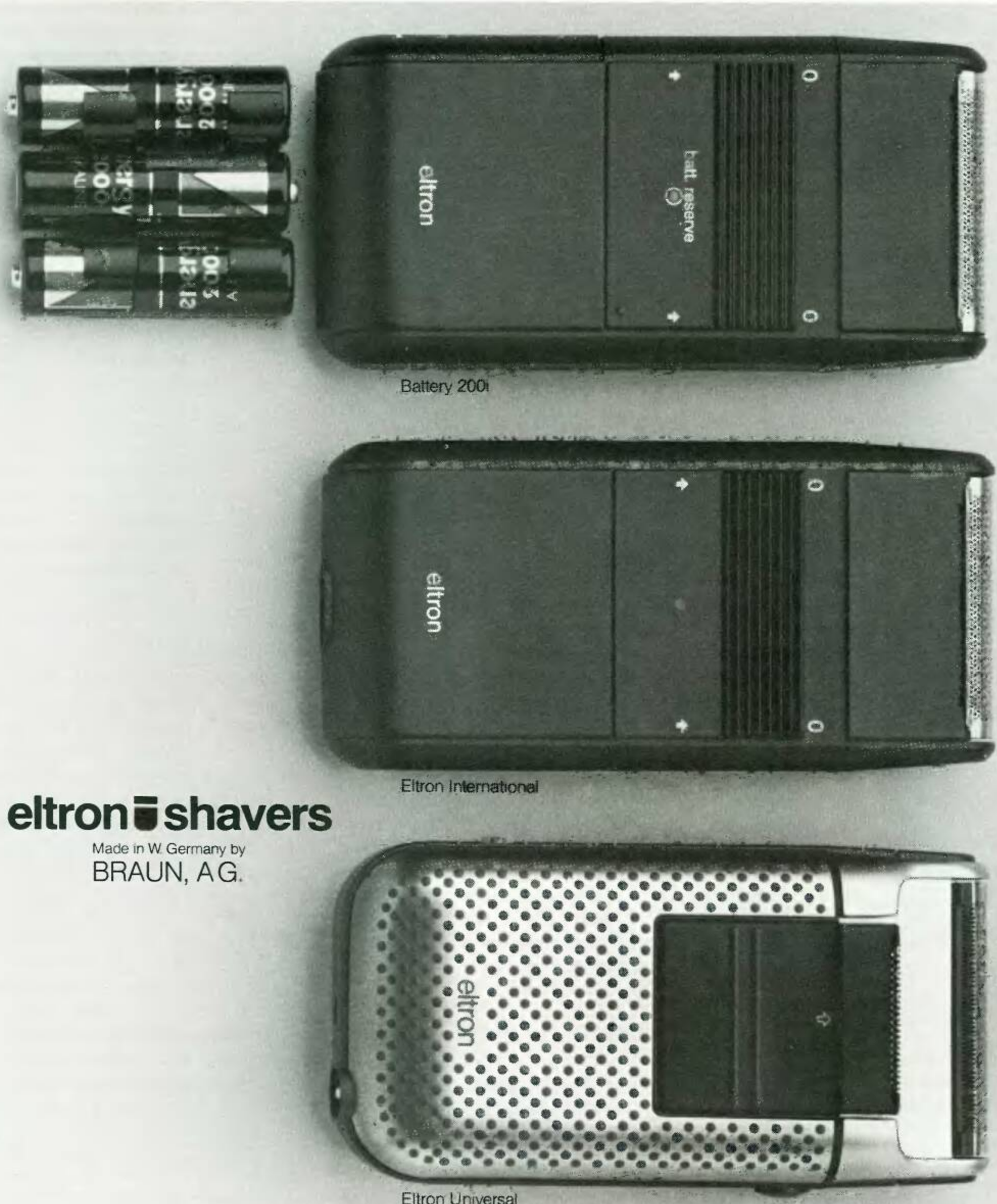
And (though the link wasn't made at the lunch), just as it was hard for an elder or a deputy to stop being what he was, so it was hard for the President to stop being President, though he was now very old, perhaps eighty or more—no one really knew his age. An added reason for the President's holding on was the great enterprise of Yamoussoukro. The work there was far from completed, would not be completed in the President's lifetime. And that was why, democrat and antitribalist though he was, the President would have to choose as his successor someone from his own dominant tribe, the Baulé. That was the only way he had of insuring, or trying to insure, that the work on Yamoussoukro would go on after his death.

So, as I heard about it, Yamoussoukro grew: from being an agricultural village in the interior, provided now with roads and services, to a place with very wide, brilliantly lit avenues that led nowhere, and then to a monumental city meant to make an African ruler immortal. And even as I understood the Pharaonic scale of the project I feared for it. I thought of the monuments of ancient Egypt, where the cartouches of one Pharaoh could be defaced by his successors; where the carved and polished stones of the monument of one sacred Pharaoh could be broken up and used unceremoniously, as building blocks alone, in the monument of another. And this African dream of Yamoussoukro was being created by people of another civilization: French and Israelis and others, whose skills might easily vanish from the continent.

So the first impressions of modern African success began to be qualified. Success became an expression of the nonideological personality of the ruler, the man of an established ruling family; this rested on an African idea of authority. And at the bottom of it all was magic. This idea of magic didn't reach me by any secret means. I came upon it openly, in the newspapers. There was one daily newspaper in the Ivory Coast—at least, only one came my way. It was called *Fraternité Matin*. Every day, on its front page, in the top left-hand corner, it carried a "thought" of the President's. The thoughts were mainly about development and the economy; and so were the big front-page stories. There were sports pages, but they didn't make the paper any less austere. There was no gossip, almost nothing from the police. *Fraternité Matin* suggested a nation at work and at school—even night school. But then, at the end of my first week, there was something like a real news story. It was spread over two inside pages of the weekend issue and was clearly about a well-known local sensation.

Seventeen kilometres out of Abidjan, in a village on the great highway to Yamoussoukro, there was a schoolteacher's house that from time to time blazed with mysterious fires. A reader had written to the paper that weekend with the suggestion that there was probably some escape of natural gas in the neighborhood. But this letter, headed "A Scientific Solution," was placed at the bottom of the right-hand page. The main story, the *reportage*, was that the mystery of the fires at Kilometre 17 had been solved. It had been solved by a preacher of the Celestial Christian sect. Even before they were called in on the case—and while the teacher was spending a fortune on fetish-makers and Muslim magicians—the Celestial Christians had "discovered," through some divine communication, that the Evil Spirit was at the bottom of the business. In investigations of this kind, according to the Celestial Christians, there were two levels that had to be considered—the mystical and the human. At the mystical level, there was the Evil Spirit. At the human level, there was the person who had been possessed by the Evil Spirit and turned into a fire-raiser. The Celestial Christians, with their special gifts, had found out who this person was. And the Evil Spirit, discovered in this way, was immediately at a disadvantage. The Spirit went to the Celestial Christians and pleaded with them to be left in peace to get on with its wicked work in the Ivory Coast in secret. It offered bribes. The Celestial Christians refused. However, they engaged the Evil Spirit in dialogue. They asked the Evil Spirit why it wanted to start fires in the schoolteacher's house. The Spirit didn't answer directly. It only said, "in a mystical way," that it was the owner of the house. This was apparently a frightening reply, and the Celestial Christians didn't wait to hear any more. They at once ordered the Evil Spirit not only to leave the house but also to get out of the Ivory Coast altogether. And the Spirit meekly went. Now a protective cross was planted outside the front door of the house, and peace had returned to the tormented schoolteacher. The Celestial Christians, making the most of their success, regretted only that the schoolteacher had spent so much money on fetishes and Muslim Marabout magic. They, the Christians, had done what they had done with nothing more than their faith in Jesus Christ and a few candles.

So the story of Kilometre 17 had a happy ending. It was a moral story;



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"I thought it was delicious, but he is very difficult to please."

• •

and, like so much else in *Fraternité Matin*, it seemed to have an element of benign instruction and reassurance. The Evil Spirit had been defeated by a stronger force. More than the peace of mind of a village schoolteacher had been secured: the Ivory Coast itself had been cleansed. The news report didn't say who the possessed person was. This might have been due to legal caution or, more probably, to some taboo connected with the Evil Spirit. The reporter only dropped hints: the possessed person was in and out of the house, was well known to the schoolteacher's family, did many things for the schoolteacher. The Sunday magazine, *Ivoire Dimanche*, in a two-page photographic feature on the case, showed photographs of the teacher and his two wives. Was the possessed person one of the wives? The two women looked equally enervated, as enervated as the teacher himself, though they were thin and he was plump. The presence of sorcery and the Evil Spirit seemed to have given them all a glimpse of Hell. Sorcery was no joke; and the cover story of *Ivoire Dimanche* was, in fact, about the war of true religion and good magic against sorcery and bad magic.

The visitor saw the highways and the skyscrapers of Abidjan, and he thought of development and African success. But Abidjan was in Africa, and in the minds of the people the world was to be made safe in another way as well. The reassuring message in the government-controlled press was that there was light at either end of the African tunnel.

I TRAVEL to discover other states of mind. And if for this intellectual adventure I go to places where people live restricted lives it is because my curiosity is still dictated in part by my colonial Trinidad background. I go to places that, however alien, connect in some way with what I already know. When my curiosity has been satisfied, when there are no more surprises, the intellectual adventure is over and I become anxious to leave.

It is a writer's curiosity, rather than an ethnographer's or a journalist's. So although when I travel I can move only according to what I find, I also live, as it were, in a novel of my own making, moving from not knowing to knowing, with person interweaving with person, incident opening out into incident. The intellectual adventure is a human one as well: I can move only according to my sympathy. I don't force anything; there is no spokesman I have to see, no one I absolutely must interview. The kind of understanding I am looking for comes best through people I get to like. And in the Ivory Coast I moved in the main among expatriates, white and black. I saw the country through them and through their varied experience.

One of these expatriates was Terry Shroeder, the public-affairs officer of the American Embassy. He was in his late forties and a bachelor, a slender, handsome man with the kind of melancholy that attracts and resists women. He was going to retire early from the Foreign Service. The Ivory Coast was his last posting but one, and he was at the very end of his time there. It was Terry who had given me the phrase about "a little bit of coffee and a little bit of cocoa." He admired the economic achievements of the Ivory Coast. But he also had a feeling for its African side. At our first meeting, Terry told me that there was in the Ivory Coast a famous and very old African sage who was the President's spiritual counsellor. The sage was open to other consultation as well, and Terry would have liked me to see him, but the sage, unfortunately, was "hospitalized," and remained so during my time in the Ivory Coast. The name of the sage was Amadou Hampaté Bâ. He had been in his time an ambassador and a member of an important UNESCO body; but his fame in the Ivory Coast was spiritual, and rested on his mastery of numerology and other esoteric studies. Terry knew him well enough to visit him in the hospital, and he always referred to him as Mr. Hampaté Bâ ("Hampaté" not far off in sound from "Humpty"). Hampaté Bâ was a Muslim from Mali, to the north, but he had a large place in his heart for African religion. "Islam is my father, but Africa is my mother"—this, according to Terry, was one of

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Hampaté Bâ's well-known sayings. Another saying was "Whenever an old man dies in Africa, a library has burned down."

At our first meeting, Terry also told me about someone who was doing research among the village witch doctors, or medicine men. Some of these men did possess knowledge of a sort. They could deal in an African way with African neuroses; they also knew about herbs and poisons. They were secretive about the poisons. Their knowledge of poisons made them feared and was one of the sources of their power.

This talk of poison led me to think of the Caribbean islands, on the other side of the ocean. In the old days, on the slave plantations there, constantly replenished with "new Negroes" (as they were called) from places like the Ivory Coast, poison had been one of the special terrors of slaves and slave-owners. Some poisoner was always about, and in the slave underground or underworld—the hidden Africa of the plantations—someone could usually be found with a stock of poison; and a vengeful slave could do terrible things. In Trinidad in 1794, a hundred Negroes were poisoned on the Coblenz estate in Port of Spain, and the estate was abandoned. In 1801, when the estate was bought by the émigré Baron de Montalembert, a poisoner went to work again, and in the first month of his proprietorship the Baron lost a hundred and twenty of a hundred and forty "seasoned" Negroes he had put in.

As much as poison, the plantation owners in the Caribbean feared African magic. Slavery depended on obedience, on the acceptance by the slave of the logic of his position. A persuasive magician, awakening African instincts, could give his fellows a sense of the unreality of the workaday world and could incite normally docile, and even loyal, slaves to rebellion. Magicians, once they were identified, were treated with great severity. In Trinidad and Martinique, they could be burned alive.

Magic and poison: in the old documents of the islands they had seemed like the weapons of despair; and they probably had been. Here in the Ivory Coast, they were part of a world that was still whole. The African culture that was officially promoted, and could at times seem to be only a source of tourist motifs, was an expression of African religion. Even in the masks in the souvenir shops, even in the dances beside the swimming pool of the Forum Golf Hotel, there was a feeling of awe, a radiation of accepted magical practices. Men here knew another reality; they lived easily in a world of spirit and spirits.

Terry Shroeder introduced me to Arlette, a black woman from Martinique. Her French, beautifully enunciated, revived all my schoolboy love of the language. She was in her late thirties, a big woman, full of friendship, generous with her time and knowledge; she was to make me understand many things about the country. She had married a fellow West Indian, whom she had met in Paris, and had lived for fifteen years in the Ivory Coast. She was divorced now; her former husband had gone to Gabon, the newest French African land of oil and money. Arlette worked in the office of cultural activities of the university in Abidjan. She lived by herself, and she had many friends in the foreign community; I felt she feared solitude. She was an expatriate.

Martinique, France, French-speaking Africa: the chain was obvious, and at one time—when I was at school in cramped Trinidad, learning French from black men who had a high idea of a welcoming, liberating French culture—Arlette's life journey would have seemed to me romantic. But when I thought of going to the Ivory Coast I hadn't thought of French West Indians making the roundabout journey back. So besides the connections I could make for myself other connections were offered to me. And the Ivory Coast became different from the country I had imagined.

Terry and I met Arlette at a piano recital sponsored by the Goethe Institute, a cultural wing of the West German government. Terry was going partly to give support to a fellow-diplomat: these cultural evenings ar-

ranged by foreign embassies could be poorly attended. The Ivorians—rich, successful, served by foreign labor—were blasé about foreigners in general; it wasn't easy to entice them, Terry said. At his own cultural evenings, Terry offered dinner beforehand and hoped that people would stay on. It didn't always work. Foreign culture was too foreign. The biggest American event in the Ivory Coast had been the recent visit of the U.S.S. Portland, when the Americans, using marvellous landing craft, had staged a demonstration assault on an island off the coast. Terry said, with melancholy pride, "That impressed the Ivorian military."

Arlette lived in a government flat, in a compound full of blocks of government flats. We couldn't find her when we went to pick her up. We went on to the Goethe Institute. She was there, waiting in the garden—a big dark-brown woman in a shiny white dress, looking a little forlorn in the lamplight and tree shadows. She was chewing; she was always nervously chewing, or sucking on a sweet, or eating something. They had cut off the water to her flat, she said. She had objected to the bill, refused to pay, and they had cut the water off. Now she was using the bathrooms of various friends. (She fought that water battle for some days, but then she paid the bill.)

The audience for the piano recital was white. The pianist that the Goethe Institute was offering to French-speaking Africa was an Alsatian with a French name. He had done the French African circuit before for the Institute, and had a local reputation. He was a tall, thin, half-smiling man in chunky black shoes, and with strong, big, white hands. When applause came, he bowed, picked his way down two shaky detachable steps from the platform, and walked briskly to the end of the hall as though he were leaving us forever, but then he waited in the shadows, walked back to the platform and up the shaky steps, and bowed again. At the end, he walked back twice and played two encores.

Arlette said, in French, "I had a bet with Terry that there would be only ten black faces here. I was wrong. There are only three." Africans didn't like cultural music, Arlette said. They liked only African night-club music. Even in Paris, that was what African students looked for. But still, Arlette said, shaking her head to the rhythm of her French speech, and acknowl-

"They feel right, but I just don't think they send the right message."

• •

edging her own restlessness during the recital, the pianist had chosen some difficult pieces.

The pianist and the German cultural counsellor stood at the door to say goodbye. The pianist was neat and silent, black-suited. The counsellor was artistically casual, with big round glasses and a full round head of long red hair. He was pleased with the success of his evening. It was expensive, he said to Terry, putting on music of that quality. The Goethe Institute in Abidjan could do this kind of thing only once a year. The pianist should have been going on to Accra, in Ghana, but— And the counsellor gave a diplomat's shrug, as though we all knew about events in Ghana and it wasn't for him to comment.

We went afterward, Arlette and I, to Terry's house. It was a bachelor's house. The sitting room was large and formal; many of Terry's cultural evenings took place there. There were mementos of the East, where Terry had served, and there were African masks and objects. Terry offered wine, and went to the kitchen to make scrambled eggs.

Arlette told me about the French. She loved the culture of France, she said, but she detested the manners—*les moeurs*. She meant that the French were socially rigid and petty, extraordinarily fussy about having the correct glasses, the correct cutlery, the right wines. For the *petits français*—and especially in a place like Abidjan—these things were like moral issues. And there was the French obsession with food. It was part of the French myth, but Arlette didn't admire it. How could you admire people who, when you got back from a foreign country, could only think of asking, "*Mange-t-on bien là*?"—"Is the food good there?" Arlette said that in the Ivory Coast the French West Indians, *les Antillais*, behaved like French people. They looked down on the Africans, and—because they thought of themselves as civilized and French—they expected the Africans to look up to them. "*Mais ils sont déçus*." The West Indians made an error—Africans looked up to nobody—and life was as a result full of stress for some West Indians in the Ivory Coast. So, in spite of what she had said about Africans and night-club music, Arlette separated herself both from French people and from a certain kind of French West Indian. And it was clear that there was in her some deep feeling for the Africa that followed its own ways.

At our supper of eggs and brown bread and wine, the talk turned to Amadou Hampaté Bâ, the sage who was the President's spiritual counsellor. Arlette said, with glittering eyes, "He's a great man. One of the great men of Africa."

Terry had a spare copy of Hampaté Bâ's booklet "Jésus Vu par un Musulman" ("Christ Seen by a Muslim"). The book had been presented nineteen months before by the sage to Flora Lewis, of the New York *Times*, and inscribed to her in a shaky hand. In this copy I read, later that night, of numerological calculations that, when applied to invocations and other religious formulas, proved the essential oneness of Islam and Christianity. Hampaté Bâ described himself as "a man of dialogue," and the last chapter of his little book was about the President of the Ivory Coast. He said that he and the President often had long spiritual discussions when the President's state duties permitted. He had asked the President one day for some story, some legend—acquired, perhaps, from an African elder—that might serve as a parable of brotherly love. And the President had told Hampaté Bâ this story: "There was a captive at the royal court of Yamoussoukro who looked after the education of the children. He liked me a great deal, and he gave me a lot of advice, advice necessary to someone like me, who was being trained to be a chief. But I should say, before going any further, that among the Baulé people 'captivity' was more a word than a fact. The fact that a man was a slave didn't take away from him his value as a human being." It was from this slave, or captive, that the President, as a boy, got a story he never forgot. This was the story: Once upon a time, there was a peasant. One year, he had a good harvest and he took his crop to market. It sold well, and afterward he wandered about the market. On a merchant's stall, there was a beautiful knife. The peasant fell in love with it and bought it. The peasant cherished his knife. He made a sheath for it, and

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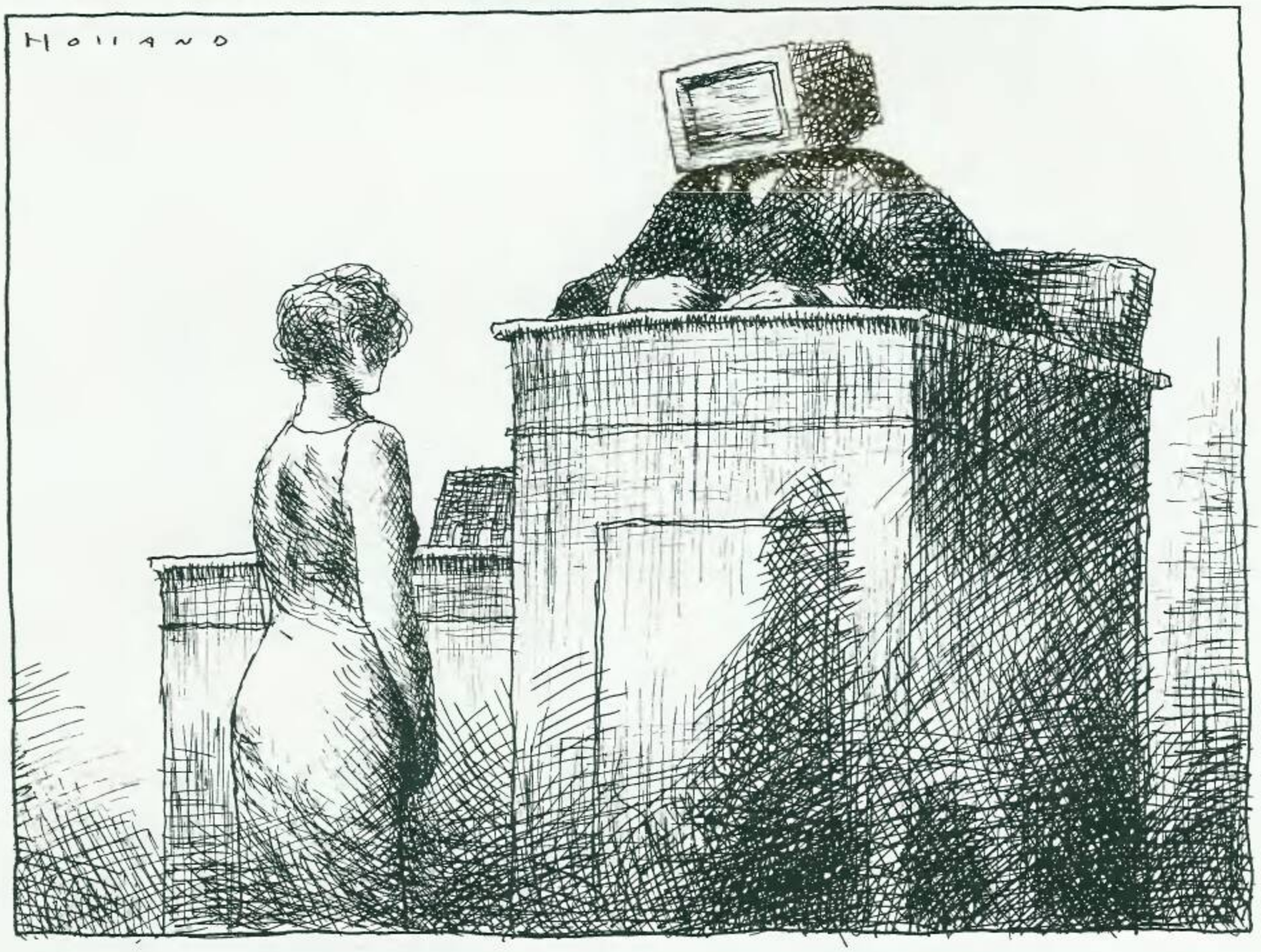

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encrusted the sheath with pearls and shells. One day, when he was pruning a tree, he cut his finger with the knife. In his pain, he threw the knife to the ground and cursed it. But then he picked the knife up, wiped off the blood, and put the knife back in the sheath that hung at his side. That was all the story. Why didn't the peasant throw away the ungrateful and wicked knife? It was because of love. The peasant loved his knife. That was the moral.

This was the story the captive at the court of Yamoussoukro told the boy who was to be chief. This was the story the President passed on to Hampaté Bâ, the sage, and Hampaté Bâ printed in his book.

Slavery, "captivity"—so it was an African institution. And, like poison, like sorcery, it continued. But what was the point of the abrupt little story? How could love for a knife translate into brotherly love? The story was in fact a parable—from an old President, an old chief—about power and reconciliation. Power was the prerogative of the chief; but the good chief, who followed the old ways, also sought reconciliation. Wicked men had been cast aside, but they had once been good and useful and loved; the chief would remember that, and he would forgive. The benevolent ruler, the ruler seeking the sympathy of the ruled: presented in this way, as an African ideal, the chief became attractive, affecting. I began to enter a little into the African world that Arlette saw.

TERRY'S assistant was going to arrange my trip to Yamoussoukro. Arlette was going to put me in touch with an Ivorian at the Institute of Ethno-Sociology, at the university, who had inaugurated a controversial course in *drummologie*—the science of talking drums. And I had been asking around for a guide to Kilometre 17, where the Evil Spirit had recently been at work.

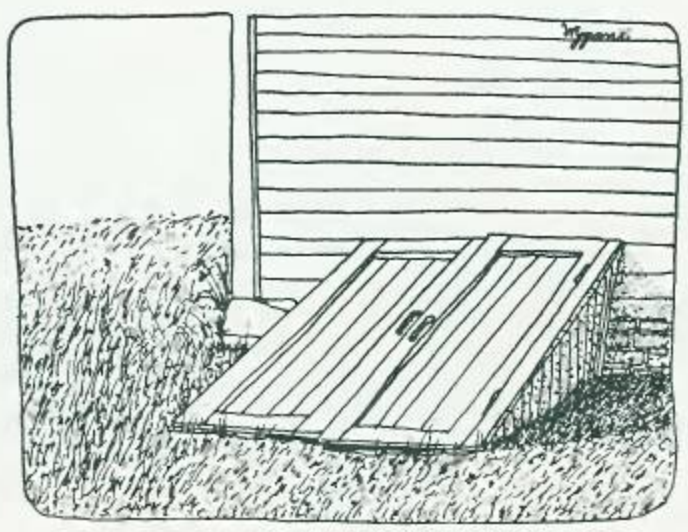
These projects began to mature and come together. My days became full and varied. After the random impressions and semiofficial meetings and courtesies of the first days, I began to discover themes and people. I began to live my little novel.

Philip—the English expatriate who, with his Guyanese wife, had taken me on the expatriate Sunday excursion to the beach at Grand-Bassam—left a note at my hotel one day. He had found a young Ivorian who would be willing to take me to Kilometre 17 and generally introduce me to African magic. The young man had done some guiding of this sort before, helping a colleague of Philip's with Muslim Marabout magicians. He was now unemployed—jobs were getting hard to find in the Ivory Coast, even for an Ivorian.

The next morning, we all three—Philip leaving his office to act as go-between—met in a grubby little café in the center of Abidjan. The young man was well made, strong, slender and firm at the waist. He had a finely modelled African face, every feature definite, and his skin was very black, a uniform color, without blotch or tone. He was carefully dressed; his shirt was ironed and clean. I saw him only in this physical way. I couldn't tell whether in his intense eyes there was intelligence, vapidity, a wish to please, or a latent viciousness. His name was Djédjé. He was of the Bété tribe, the second tribe in the Ivory Coast after the Baulé, to which the President belonged. Much of our time was spent talking about money, assessing all the expenses that might come up during a visit to the house at Kilometre 17. There would be the taxi; Djédjé was going to arrange that—he knew somebody who would be cheaper than a hotel taxi. There would have to be something for the village chief and something for tips; and there would be Djédjé's fee—he was talking of going to the village beforehand to prepare people.

Djédjé's manner, as he leaned over the coffee cups on the plastic-topped table, was conspiratorial. But it was hard to get him to give a precise figure for anything, even his own fee. An absentness, a troubled lethargy, seemed to come over him when an item was being costed. Philip pressed him gently, never allowing a silence to last too long. It was necessary to fix a limit now, Philip said to me in English. Otherwise, when the time came to pay, Djédjé might grow "wild" and ask for any amount.

It seemed to be settled at the end that the over-all price would be between twenty and thirty thousand local francs—between sixty and ninety dollars. Djédjé was going to telephone me with the final figure the next day, after he had talked with the chief and the taxi-driver.



Djédjé said he was a believer—he meant he believed in the spirits and in the power of magicians—and he said he had agreed to be my guide because he wanted me to be a believer, too.

I asked whether there would be any trouble because I was a foreigner.

He said no; then he said yes. I was a Hindu, wasn't I? Hindus had a great reputation as magicians, and a *féticheur* might see me as a rival and try to hide things from me. It would be easier for a European, easier for someone like Philip, though Philip and I were the same color.

This last was an extraordinary thing to say; it was far from being true. But it was true for Djédjé. He still had the tribal eye: people who were not Africans were simply people of another color.

I asked him to write out his full name for me, and he wrote his family name first, his French Christian name last. When I remarked on the French name, he frowned and made a small brushing-away gesture with his writing hand. It wasn't important, he said—it was a name he used only on documents.

He telephoned in a message to the hotel desk the next day: "*Le rendez-vous du km 17 est O. K.*" And when he came to the hotel he told me that the taxi-driver had fixed the fare at eighteen thousand francs. I also understood him to say—but his language here was vague, difficult—that two thousand more would be needed as tips. The taxi-driver was the brother of the village chief, he said. And the chief would need a bottle of whiskey: alcohol had "a special value" for Africans.

He seemed to have kept the price within the limit we had agreed on, and I took him to the bar to seal our bargain. In the dark, "intimate" hotel bar—rosewood, metal-framed furniture, and buttoned black vinyl upholstery—he was as much at ease, or as indifferent to his surroundings, as he had been in the café in the town. Sipping his beer, with the leisure and pauses with which he had drunk coffee in the café, he became conspiratorial again, leaning forward, talking softly, holding me with his intense eyes. The development of the country had taken

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a wrong turn, he said. It had begun from the top.

What did he mean by that?

Not answering my question but going on to his own concerns, he said that the university was "saturated," and there was only one university, and there were stringent rules for entry. And now there was a lot of unemployment. People came to Abidjan and picked up Western ways, and for them that was a misfortune.

This was another idea. But why was it a misfortune?

He lowered his voice, bent closer to me, and said—as though he expected me to understand the full import of what he was saying—that he himself had forgotten how to dance, to do the dances of his tribe, his *ethnie*. In his village, he had danced, but in Abidjan he couldn't do the dances.

I asked about his family.

He said he had nine sisters and eight brothers. His father was a *planteur*, one of the peasant farmers who had created the wealth of the Ivory Coast, and he had two or three wives. All the children were now in Abidjan. Djédjé himself lived in the house of an uncle, his father's brother. The uncle, a mechanic, had two wives and thirteen children.

I would have liked to hear more of Djédjé's family life, but he wanted to talk about magic. There were Ivorians in Abidjan who dressed in the modern way and spoke correct French, with a French accent, he said. They had lost touch with their *ethnies*, and they said they no longer believed in the African gods. But these people didn't want to go back to the villages, because they were afraid of the sorcerers. In their hearts, these French Africans believed.

I didn't feel I was understanding all that Djédjé said, and it wasn't a matter of language alone. Perhaps, forgetting his innocence, and misled by his opening statement that the country had taken a wrong turn, I had been looking in his conversation for something that wasn't there: an attitude, a thought-out position. Perhaps—uneducated, unemployed, a villager in Abidjan—he was genuinely confused by the development of the country "from the top." Equally, he might only have been trying to get me more interested in the magic to which he had been appointed my guide.

ONE of the names I had been given before coming out to the Ivory Coast was that of Georges Niangoran-Bouah. My note on him said,

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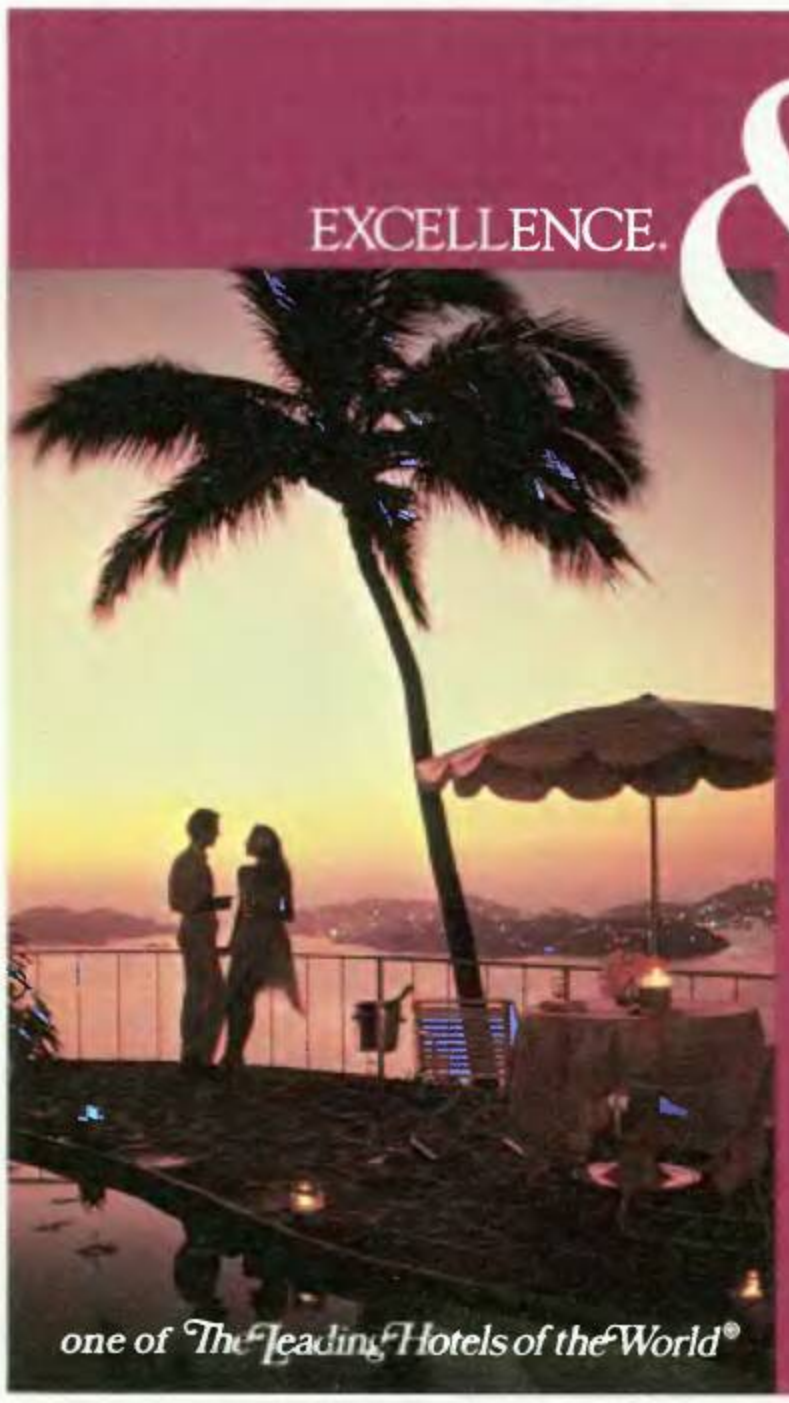

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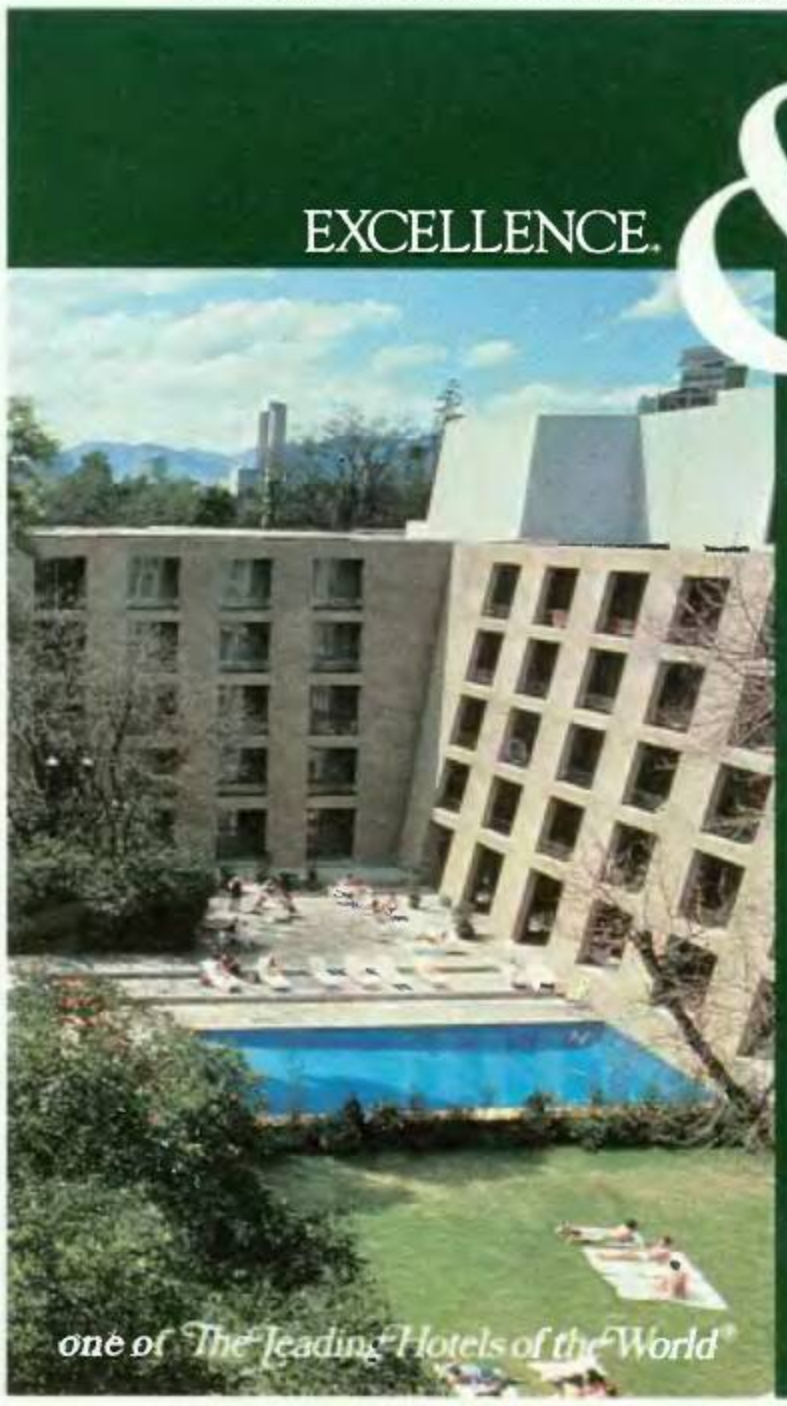

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"Anthropologist. Contactable at the Institut d'Ethno-Sociologie, at the university. He's around 55, world specialist on *drummologie*, form of communication of tribal drums. Knows African art well, has a fantastic collection of Ashanti weights." He sounded quite a figure. And, as often happens when, as a traveller, I am given the names of important local people, I was shy of getting in touch. But I mentioned his name to various people, and I found out fairly soon that Mr. Niangoran-Bouah was academically controversial—that if he was a world expert on *drummologie* it was because he had started the subject and had, in fact, invented the word. *Drummologie* was apparently as controversial a university course as the one in African philosophy. Some people doubted whether either *drummologie* or African philosophy existed.

Arlette, who worked at the university, knew both Niangoran-Bouah and his secretary. The secretary was a fellow-*Antillaise*. This lady telephoned me one morning. She had a pecking, fluting voice, and her French—unlike Arlette's—was not easy for me to follow, at least on the telephone. Her name was Andrée, and I understood her to say that her *patron*, Mr. Niangoran-Bouah, was still lecturing in the United States—he sometimes went there, to universities that offered courses in "black studies"—but that I should come to the university to get Mr. Niangoran-Bouah's *drummologie* book, fresh copies of which had arrived at the office that morning.

The campus was big. Some workmen sitting on the ground below a tree—the crabgrassed ground scuffed down to the roots of the young tree—pointed out an unexpectedly modest and rather weathered brick building as the Institute of Ethno-Sociology. And it was quite exciting to see, inside, in a corridor hung with name boards, the little board with the name "BOUAH;" to enter the little office and to see the big posters for the course in *drummologie*, and a poster with photographs of Ashanti gold weights.

Andrée, the West Indian secretary, Arlette's friend, was a brown woman of more than forty. She was welcoming, but she wasn't like Arlette. She didn't have the vivacity, the size, or the softness. Andrée was thinnish, with glasses over strained, big eyes. Her frizzy hair was pulled back tight and done in a bun. She wore a bright-blue cardigan and a heavy plaid skirt; the office was air-conditioned. Her

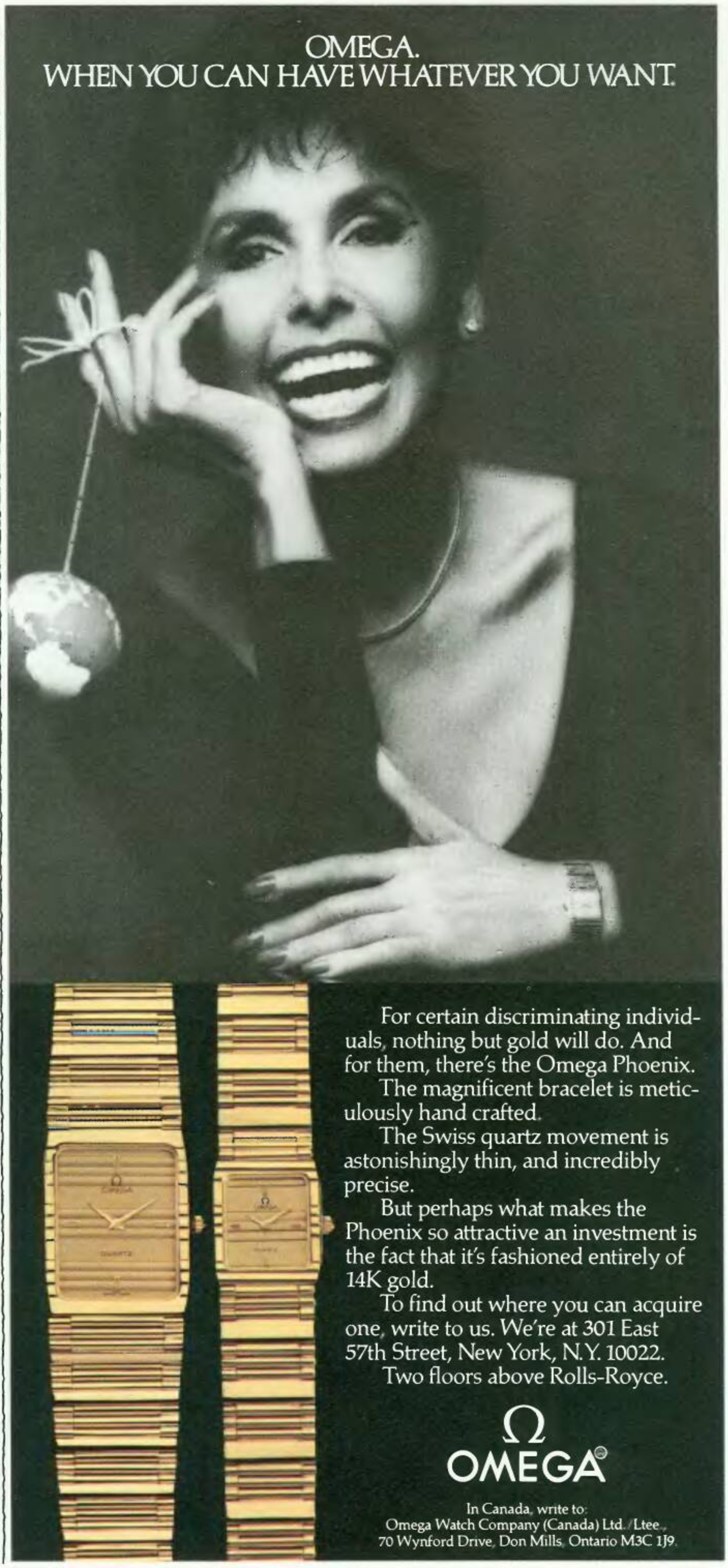
style of dress—respectable French, respectable West Indian—proclaimed her as not African. So did the knitting in her bag. She might have knitted the blue cardigan herself. She said—and she clearly had nothing to do in the office that morning—that she liked to keep her hands busy.

Her French was harder for me now than it had been on the telephone. Face to face, she talked faster, in a higher voice, making little rills of sound. I missed half of what she said, and my own poor French, with nothing in the other person's speech to lean on, became worse.

Her desk, with the knitting, was next to the window. She pointed to the big desk of the absent *patron*, with bronze figurines on it, next to the corridor wall, and the broad plastic-backed swivel chair behind the desk, and she made me feel the great vacancy in the little room. But she had the *patron's* books. She undid a brown paper parcel and gave me a copy of a large-format paperback, "Introduction à la Drummologie." On the cover there was a photograph of Mr. Niangoran-Bouah seated at an open-air drumming-and-singing ceremony of some sort (with microphones). He was a big man, chieftainlike, draped in African cotton, and he was listening with half-closed eyes to the drums. He acquired a reality for me. He became more than his name and his oddly named subject; his desk became more personal. The little bronze pieces on his desk were indeed things of beauty, as were the gold weights in the poster on the wall.

A recurring design on those weights—an ideogram or a unit of measure—was the swastika, or something close to it. I asked Andrée whether the weights might have had an Indian origin. I didn't make myself clear. She said only that the weights were very, very old. And that was what the poster said: these objects were old, African, proof of African civilization. To offer proof of African civilization—that, I began to feel, was the cause of the man whose secretary Andrée was.

Andrée, her morning's work done, put her knitting in her bag and locked up the office. She said she would walk with me to where I could get a taxi. As we walked among the students, she said, apropos of nothing, that I should take a Nivaquine tablet every day—it was the best protection against malaria. This was something I had thought about doing but had not done. She said she would come with me in



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Les Charmes

the taxi to a pharmacy she knew. We went to a pharmacy at the edge of the campus; and it was to Andrée rather than to me that the European or Lebanese pharmacist gave instructions about the Nivaquine.

It was now nearly noon, lunchtime. I had taken Andrée far from her office. But she didn't mind. She wanted the company; and I was Arlette's friend. She said she knew a restaurant in the center. As we passed the blocks of flats and came out onto the main corniche road, Andrée pointed vaguely and said, "My mother lives there. She reads cards."

I pretended not to hear.

"My mother's a widow," Andrée said. "She reads cards. You should understand. You are a Hindu."

"Hindus read horoscopes."

She said—and her speech, clear and precise for the first time, sounded like something from a language lesson—"*Ma . . . mère . . . lit . . . les . . . cartes.*"

I said, allowing the taxi to take us farther away from where Andrée's mother read cards, "It's a good gift. A good profession."

Andrée said sharply, "My mother's a trained nurse."

I wondered how Andrée and her mother, both from the island of Guadeloupe, in the far-off West Indies, had found themselves in the Ivory Coast. I said, "Do you live with your mother?"

Her voice went high and fluting. She said no. That was how Africans lived, all together. French people—and she meant people like her—lived independently.

I asked how she had come to the Ivory Coast.

She said she had met an Ivorian in Paris, and they had married. The marriage had broken up after they came to live in the Ivory Coast.

The restaurant she directed the taxi to in the center of the town was a big, barnlike building. The doors were open, and there were painted menu boards outside. "It's clean," Andrée said, and when we went in—there was as yet no crowd—she said, "Isn't it clean?" And it was all right, and there was even a Lebanese in a tie eating fast at one of the tables, head down, jacket on the back of his chair, like a man with a business appointment to keep. But the smell of braised meat and other foods was so high, the air so smoky and oily, even with the doors open, that I didn't want to stay. Andrée was disappointed.

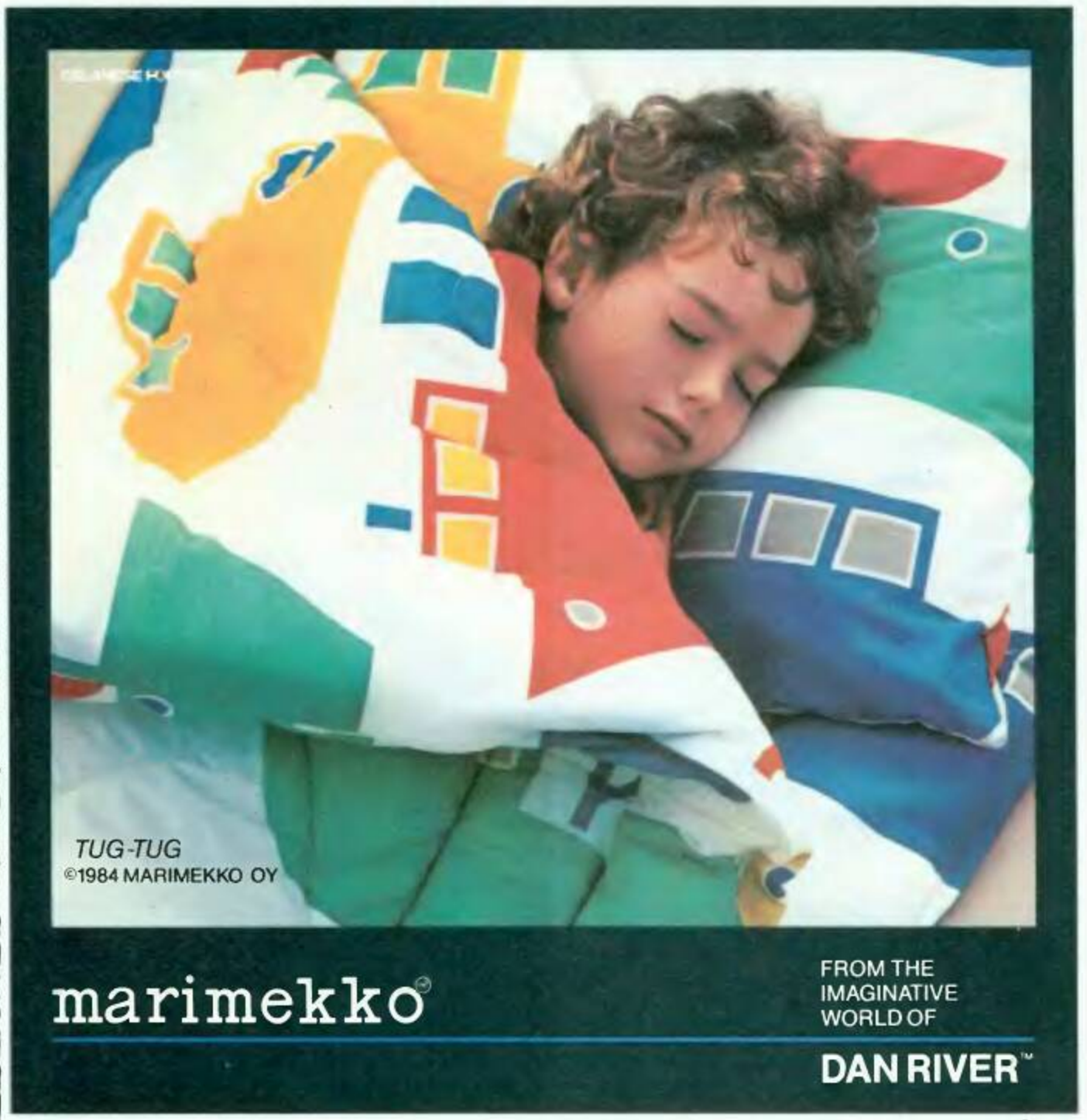
We took a taxi to a hotel. It was the

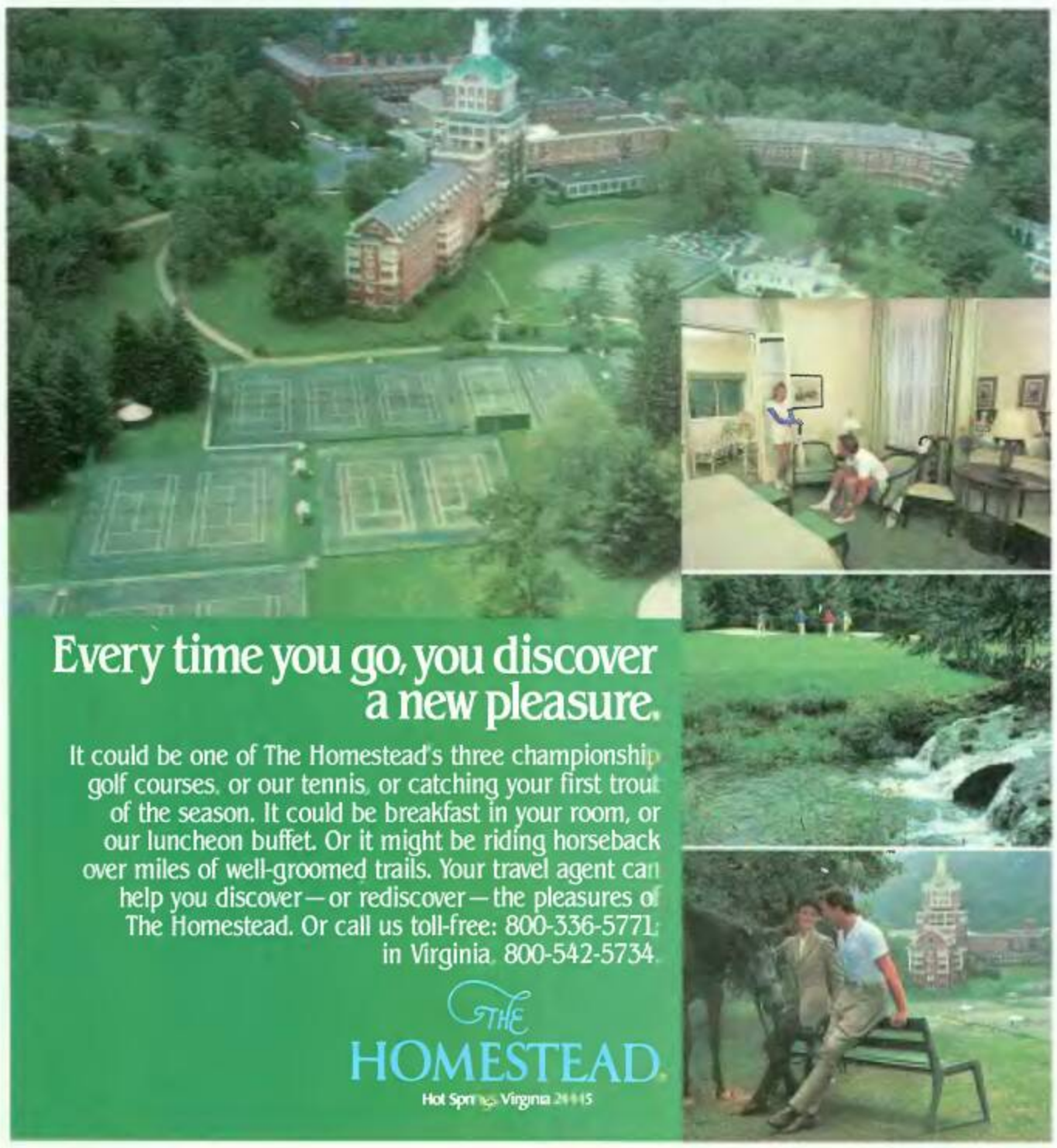
only place I knew. It was in a more humid part of town, on a commercial street lined with round-leaved tropical almond trees. There were Lebanese cloth shops, shoeshine boys, and ragged Africans—most likely foreigners—sitting or lounging on the broken pavement in a smell of sweat. One African, white-capped and in a Muslim gown, was doing his midday prayer, kneeling and bending forward in a private stupor.

The hotel, one of a chain, was of the second rank, a considered blend of flash and shoddiness. But it excited Andrée. She said, "Expensive," and her manner improved to match her idea of the place. She gave the taxi-driver a tip on her own account, a fifty-franc piece. And as soon as we were seated in the dining room—next to the glass wall, with a view of the highway below, the black creek, the ships at its far side—she became exacting and French with the uniformed Ivorian waiter, asking precise questions about the menu, taking her time. The waiter didn't like it. He was used to dealing with European couples, businessmen (there were a few Japanese), solitaries, people grateful for small mercies in unlikely places. Andrée ignored the waiter's exaggerated frowns. She chose; she gave her order. I asked for an omelette. Andrée was abashed. She said that what she had chosen was too expensive, and she insisted—the waiter standing by—on changing. She settled for the *jambon* with *frites*.

She was now in a jumpy state, and as soon as the waiter went away she began to talk very fast. She said that life was hard for her. She was trapped in the Ivory Coast, and had no means of returning home—and she meant France. Guadeloupe, in the West Indies, left behind many years before, was now too far away in every sense. She earned ninety thousand francs a month at the university—about two hundred and seventy dollars—and she had been lucky, six years earlier, to get the job. Before that, she had taught at an infants' school. "Not nice," she said. Her marriage to the Ivorian she had met in Paris ended four years after she came to the Ivory Coast. Her husband's family had broken the marriage up, she said. *Françaises*—Frenchwomen like her—who married Ivorians should stay in France, she said. In the Ivory Coast, the Ivorian families broke the marriages up.

The waiter brought the food. He looked pleased with himself. He was





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carrying six dishes on both arms, as though demonstrating French restaurant style to Andrée, who had been so French with him. She didn't return his smile. She was looking hard and doubtfully at what he was doing. And then—as though doomed by Andrée's stare to fulfill *petit français* ideas about African clumsiness—he dropped one of the six plates. It wasn't one of ours. When, defeated and downcast, he came back to clean up the mess on the carpet, Andrée was eating the *jambon* and *frites* daintily. She left one piece of *jambon* on one side of her plate while she dealt with the other, and it seemed as though she weren't going to touch the piece of *jambon* she had put to one side. But at the end it had all gone—*frites*, *jambon*, jelly.

She talked again about her life in the Ivory Coast. She didn't take taxis often, she said—they were too expensive.

So altogether I was giving her a treat, and I decided to make it as good a treat as the restaurant allowed. I asked whether she would like cheese.

She asked, Camembert, Gruyère?

I said yes.

She said she loved Camembert.

Didn't she like *chèvre*?

Yes, but Camembert was the delicacy; and it was something else that was expensive.

She called the waiter over, and, in her firm way—showing him no compassion after his accident, ignoring and thereby killing the half surliness with which he tried to fight back—she asked whether they had a variety of cheeses, a choice. The waiter said yes. He began to explain. She cut him short; she ordered him to bring the cheese board. He was recognizing her authority now, and when he brought the board she became very demure, as if rewarding his deference. She took just two pieces of Camembert, though for her *plateau* she could have had four times the quantity.

She said the Camembert was good.

It wasn't, really. I pressed her to have some dessert.

She yielded; she called the waiter and asked him to bring the tray with the desserts. She hadn't been abroad, she said, going neatly, without hurry, at a pallid slice of apple tart she had chosen. She hadn't even been to the neighboring countries—Ghana, Liberia, Guinea. She didn't have the money to travel.

When the bill came, she made a delicate attempt at paying, taking out her purse and opening it as though it contained a secret. I made her put the purse away. And then—French graces, West Indian mulatto graces, coming to her after the hotel parody of a French bourgeois lunch—she said she would like to visit me one day in my own country.

We took a taxi back. Andrée said she wanted to get off at the church. But the church—on this occasion, at least—was only a marker. Andrée's widowed mother, who read cards, lived near the church, and lived alone, as a Frenchwoman should.

Such solitude, in this bright African light, so like the light of Caribbean afternoons! But how far away home must have seemed to Andrée, who, after Guadeloupe and Paris, now had only the Ivory Coast.

THE highway curved on beside the lagoon, through a semi-diplomatic development zone, to the Forum Golf Hotel, opposite the half-developed golf course, where a few old, thick-trunked silk-cotton trees had been allowed to remain, reminders of tropical forest. In the garden of the hotel, around the swimming pool, with its artificial rocks, its hollow plastic elephants, and its water chute, children played and the topless women sunbathed. African guards in brown uniforms sat at various security points. The white sand of what looked like a beach had been artificially mounded up: the sand rested on a concrete base, which showed, two or three feet high, at the water's edge. It was against this concrete that the tainted lagoon rocked. On this tainted water there grew a small green cabbagelike plant with a root like a thin beard; and the water plants came together in sheltered places—in the lee of boats, or against sections of the concrete wall—to form little rocking carpets of living green.

I found in "Introduction à la Drummologie" that Andrée was given a special mention by Mr. Niangoran-Bouah: she was the conscientious *collaboratrice* of a difficult and obstinate *patron*. That made him sound attractive. And, reading beyond the acknowledgments, I discovered that Mr. Niangoran-Bouah had indeed made up the word *drummologie*. Other words had been thought of—*tamtamologie*, *tamtalogie*, *tambourinologie*, *tambourologie*, *tambologie*, *attoungbanlogie*. But these words had been rejected, because they seemed to stress the art of drumbeating rather than the study of the "talking drum" as a record of tribal history and tradition. The talking drum mimicked, and preserved, the actual words of old chants; these chants were documents of the African past. As much as the Ashanti weights, with their elements of art and mathematics, true knowledge of the talking drum gave to Africa the old civilization that Europeans and colonialists said didn't exist. This was Mr. Niangoran-Bouah's cause. This was the cause that Andrée, from Guadeloupe and France, served.

I TOLD Arlette, when we next met, that I had had great trouble with Andrée's French. Arlette said she had worried about that. Andrée's speech was difficult. Andrée was *un peu nerveuse*. But she was marvellous with her hands. She knitted and made tapestries. Her mother was a very good *voyante*. She read cards and always said interesting things. Arlette said that Andrée had married again, in the Ivory Coast, after the breakup of her first marriage. Her second husband had gone mad. That had had an effect on Andrée's health, and, in fact, Andrée's mother, a former nurse, had come out to the Ivory Coast to look after Andrée. They didn't live together. But they ate together; every day, Andrée had lunch and supper with her mother.

And an hour or so later—this information about Andrée having been followed by other talk—Arlette told me that Andrée's second husband had gone mad when he was a political prisoner. He had been badly beaten.

We were walking—Terry Shroeder with us—in the Hôtel Ivoire. The Ivoire was more than a hotel. With bars, restaurants, shops, an area for pinball machines, a bowling alley, a skating rink (temporarily defrosted and rejigged into a football field), the Ivoire was the extravagant, air-conditioned fairground of Abidjan. It was a place that people came to of an evening to look at and walk in, down the long corridors, and the air-conditioning was so good that many people came dressed against the cold. Outside, in the warm, along the hotel drive, chasing cars as they arrived, were prostitutes. So Arlette told me. (I had missed them; nobody had chased our car.) They were village girls, these prostitutes. More interesting—because it was practiced as a sport rather than out of real need—

was student prostitution. Girls at the university didn't sleep with boys at the university. They slept with men in the government, men who had big jobs and could make gifts suitable for a girl who was at the university. It was left to the Abidjan schoolgirls, the *lycéennes*, to sleep with the poor *étudiants;* and since an *étudiant* had only his grant, a *lycéenne* might have an arrangement with two or three *étudiants* at a time, sleeping with each once or twice a week and collecting her accumulated gratuities at the end of the month.

This kind of behavior was acceptable, because Africans believed in independence in relationships, Arlette said. They didn't look for or expect sexual fidelity. Infidelity as a cause for divorce would be considered frivolous. In a marriage, the most important relationship was the relationship between the families. And that was why West Indian women—like Andrée—who married Ivorian men found themselves in trouble when they got to the Ivory Coast. The men simply said goodbye.

Antillaises could be deceived in Paris. They could be dazzled by a man who said he came from a chief's family and had so many slaves and servants—*tant d'esclaves, tant de domestiques*—at home. West Indian women, with their own idea of love, could find in an African's declaration of love, and even in his offer of marriage, things that the man never intended. A West Indian woman in the Ivory Coast was without tribe or family; her African husband could, without guilt, say goodbye. If an Ivorian brought home a foreign wife, his family chose an African wife for him and sent her to the house. If the African wife wasn't accepted, the man's family laid a curse on the man. And the man was so terrified of the curse (so terrified, too, of poison) that he usually obeyed.

To live in Africa, Arlette said, was to have all one's ideas and values questioned. And it was good, she added, for that to happen. So, as I had noticed before with Arlette, what seemed like criticism of Africa turned out not to be criticism at all. Arlette, in her own mind, had been reëducated and remade by Africa. Her solitude as an expatriate was different from Andrée's.

Gil Sherman, Terry Shroeder's assistant, was arranging my trip to Yamoussoukro, and Gil wrote one day that he had found just the man to take me there. The man was Ibrahim Keita. He was the son of a political associate of the President's in colonial times. Both the older Keita and the President had been famous protest leaders in different parts of West Africa; and the younger Keita was now close to the President. The President wanted to see people playing golf in the Ivory Coast; Ibrahim Keita devoted himself to that cause. He was a keen player and was head of the Golf Federation. He was in charge of the famous golf course at Yamoussoukro. It was also said that he had been entrusted by the President with the general development of Yamoussoukro. He was just the man to show me round. He regularly drove up to Yamoussoukro in his very big and fast Mercedes.

But when I met Ibrahim Keita at Gil Sherman's he didn't seem to know that he was to take me to Yamoussoukro. He said nothing about it, and, in fact, hardly spoke. French, rather than English, was his international language. He was a big, handsome man of perhaps forty, athletic (and that evening rather tired from the golf); in color and features he was a little like Sidney Poitier. His wife, Eileen, was equally reserved that evening. Ibrahim Keita was Muslim, and it is possible that Eileen's reserve was a form of Muslim African modesty. She was not African, in the strict sense of the word. She was born in Ghana but was of West Indian origin, with the family name of Busby: mulatto, middle-class, English-speaking, from the island of Barbados.

Her brother was with her. He, too, was born in Ghana, but now he lived in London. He was interested in journalism and African publishing, and was in the Ivory Coast on a short business trip. He was an attractive bearded brown man in his thirties. His manner was London and middle-class West Indian; he was bright and good-humored and open. And it was with him that I talked for much of the evening.

His family story was moving. In 1929, his Barbadian father, after qualifying as a doctor in Britain, had decided to go and work in Africa. He must have been one of the earliest black professional men from the British West Indies. To someone like that, in the nineteen-twenties, every personal step ahead would have made sharper the feeling of racial deprivation. Slavery had been abolished in the British Empire in 1834, but in the British colonies of the West Indies—neglected, no longer of value—the racial attitudes of both black and white had hardly changed since then. A black professional man in the nineteen-twenties would have felt alone even in his own community. Dr. Busby did what a number of black men like him talked about but few actually did: he decided to go back to Africa, to serve Africa, though Africa itself was a colony. He went to the Gold Coast—British-ruled, next door to the French-ruled Ivory Coast—and he worked there until he died. The Gold Coast became independent Ghana in 1957. Nkrumah ruled, and fell. Now, twenty-five years after its independence, the state of Ghana was in ruins. And Dr. Busby's children lived out of the country.

I asked the young man, the doctor's son, what he thought of events in Ghana.

He gave an answer that wasn't an answer. He said that it was something the country had to go through.

But in 1957—when the Ivory Coast had very little—Ghana was rich, with educated people, and institutions. How had that been squandered? Was it because of Nkrumah—the racialist-socialist ideology, the megalomania, the waste?

The illogicality of the reply surprised me. Nkrumah was a man ahead of his time, young Busby said.

Ahead?

Busby said, "Have you read Nkrumah's books? You should read his books."

So it was in the words rather than in the deeds that the greatness of the man was to be found?

Nkrumah, Busby said, had a continental African vision. He was infinitely more than a tribal leader. That continental vision came out in his books, which continued to be revolutionary; and that vision was why he had built so extravagantly after independence, bankrupting the country. And Nkrumah had done more than anyone else for the dignity of black men all over the world. "Ask any black American," Busby said.

Gil Sherman was a black American. But he, perhaps diplomatically, didn't hear (he was talking to Ibrahim Keita), and I didn't ask him.

The dignity of the black man—I wanted to pursue that with Busby. Wasn't that an antiquated idea

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now? Africa was independent, the black islands of the Caribbean were independent. Weren't there other things for black men to work for?

Busby said, "Old ideas might turn out to be the best ideas."

He was a man of faith. He had only the consistency of his racial passion. He was loyal to his father's cause; and after fifty years—though the world had changed—this cause had become like religion. Whatever were the disasters now, black Africa would win through. The world, he said, would still turn to Africa. Illiteracy was soon going to be a problem in England and other Western countries; the world would yet find virtue in African ways. He told an African story, which was like a fable, about a farming community and a boating community that despised one another but, through some ritualized arrangement that preserved the pride of both, managed to live together. This was the kind of solution that Africa could offer the world.

He lived in England. As a journalist and publisher, he needed England as a base. But this fact, large as it was, played no part in his view of things. I asked him what he wanted for Africa. He said he wanted development, but not the development of the Ivory Coast; he looked for a development that would permit Africans to keep their own soul. He couldn't be more precise. Probably some political objection to capitalism prevented him from seeing how separate French and African ideas were in the Ivory Coast; probably he didn't know how whole the world of Africa still was. Probably, too, the family cause had with him turned into an impossible, religious idea of a pure-African way.

He talked to Ibrahim Keita. It was about my trip to Yamoussoukro. And, through my own conversation with somebody else, I heard Keita say (now quite dazed with his golf fatigue) that when you were used to flying a 707 you couldn't take a passenger in a Cessna. It was the first indication I had had that Keita knew about our projected trip to Yamoussoukro. And the message that was coming over was that Keita couldn't take me. There was a problem about the tires of the Mercedes, and there was apparently no question of a ride with him in the equivalent of a Cessna.

It was a pity about the tires, Busby said, indirectly giving me the bad news. Ibrahim was a terrific driver; in the Mercedes he could do the hundred and fifty miles in two hours. But the replacement tires that Ibrahim had got from Nigeria were not good. Special tires were needed for a Mercedes of that class, and Ibrahim had had to send to Germany for them.

They left—Ibrahim Keita, Eileen, and her brother. Gil Sherman said he would drive me himself to Yamoussoukro. And during what remained of the evening I heard more about the Mercedes and what nice people the Keitas were.

Andrée, Arlette, young Busby—Africa had called them all, and each had his own Africa. Busby's inherited cause was racial redemption. He needed his mystical faith in Africa. But it was a private cause, from another continent, another past, another way of looking and feeling. A man like Djédjé—my guide to the mysterious blazing house at Kilometre 17—still knew only about the gods and the tribes. Racially, Djédjé was an innocent.

THE seventeenth kilometre was on the highway to Yamoussoukro. It lay in soft, ragged countryside beyond the "popular" African area of Adjamé, beyond the industrial zone. The taxi-driver was, according to Djédjé, the brother of the village chief we were going to see. And in the half country beyond the town proper we stopped at a liquor shop to buy the bottle of whiskey that, according to Djédjé, we would have to give the chief. The shop was a single rough room. It was basic, even chaste: a few shelves, a few bottles of a particular brand (like samples) on each shelf, a price tag pinned to each shelf. The shopkeeper, a young man, sat indifferent and cool at a table that was bare except for a shallow, neat pile of old sheets of *Fraternité Matin*. We didn't buy whiskey. Djédjé chose a bottle of gin for thirty-one hundred francs—just over nine dollars. The shopkeeper wrapped the bottle in a sheet of *Fraternité Matin*, and Djédjé took the bottle, very carefully.

The land was soft, and the earth seemed stoneless. Trees were tall and scattered, and skeletal—coconut and palms and the thick-trunked, stubby-branched silk-cotton trees. They didn't make a low line of vegetation on the horizon; the eye found only these separate, skeletal, vertical forms. We turned off the highway onto a red, unpaved lane with green bush on either side. It looked as though we had at last got to pure countryside, but orange-colored Abidjan taxis were bumping along the lane. And soon we passed metal sheds where bananas were stored. Kilometre 17 was not strictly a village; it was a settlement on the edge of Abidjan. There were no huts; there were only concrete houses. The road, now apparently following an old track, narrowed and twisted between mounds of garbage. But always there were the taxis.

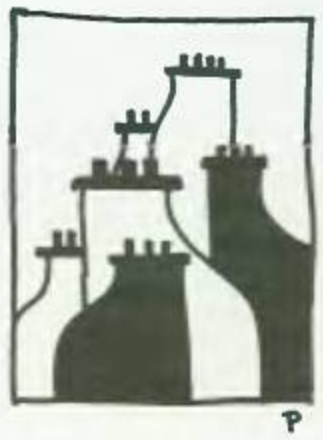
We drove through a banana plantation: the trees in rows, deep drainage canals between the plots of black earth, a protective blue plastic sack over each bunch of growing fruit, the blue a violent, unnatural color. On other plots, where the trees had borne their fruit and had been cut down to brown stumps, new suckers were growing out of the soft banana trash: a glimpse of the careful agriculture that had made the Ivory Coast rich.

The village we at last came out into had a wide, unpaved main street. The houses, one-storied, were of concrete in bleached and dusty Mediterranean colors. There were many children about, kicking up dust. We stopped on the main street. We got out of the car, entered a narrow passageway between two concrete houses—a sudden sense, after the half bush, of a town slum—and went into a room from the back. We were in the house of the chief—in his reception room.

Near a window overlooking the street was a set of bulky plastic-covered upholstered armchairs. The pea-green walls, grimed and shiny from leaning and touching, were hung, apparently at random, with photographs in passe-partout frames. There was a tall bookcase with open shelves: Christian books. The chief was a religious man—not a *pasteur* but an *évangéliste*. He came in from another room, tall, middle-aged, with gold-rimmed glasses, a big gold digital wristwatch, rubber sandals, and a big white surgical dressing on a damaged ankle. He wore a patterned chocolate-brown cloth that killed his color, just as his color made the cloth look drab and dirty: it was the African taste in fabrics. Djédjé, grave, his face closed, was carrying the bottle of gin wrapped in the newspaper. The chief's eyes settled on it for a moment, and then he didn't look at it; and when we sat in

the chairs near the window Djédjé put the bottle behind him in his chair.

People on the street were shouting in through the open window, which was hinged at the top. From time to time, while he talked to us, the chief broke off and shouted to the children —chattering, inquisitive faces pushed up between hinged window and windowsill—to get away. People—adults, men—came in through the back door and stood about, near a table strewn with newspapers and various things. Some of the men who came in gave the chief money, and he, appearing to pay no attention, held the notes vertically in the closed palm of his left hand. He gestured with this moneyed hand while he talked. From time to time, when he opened his legs, to pat his cloth down between them, he showed dark-blue shorts.



He was clearly pleased by the fame that had come to the village with the affair of the blazing house. But he said that he himself wasn't a believer. He meant he didn't believe in the power of sorcery, being a Christian and an evangelist. (On the wall above his chair was a photograph of him in a suit receiving a diploma or certificate when he had been made an evangelist.) There had never been any trouble in the village, he said—no spiritual or magical manifestation, no sign of the Evil Spirit. But then this thing had begun to happen in the compound of the school. The house of one of the teachers, Mr. Ariko, had begun to catch fire. And that was an undoubted manifestation.

Of course, the matter had been brought to his attention, and he, as village chief, had made investigations. He discovered that Mr. Ariko had two wives. Mr. Ariko had not long before given money to both wives: forty thousand francs to each—about a hundred and twenty dollars. But the second wife thought she had been given less than the first wife. That was what the chief had found out, and the case at that stage had seemed perfectly straightforward: the second wife, or the Evil Spirit within her, had "provoked" the fires. It was a simple enough matter, and there were ways of dealing with it.

There was a prophet in Bingerville, the old French-colonial settlement not far from Abidjan. The prophet was quite well known and had a little sect of his own. He was consulted, and he prepared a white powder, which he gave to the chief. The powder was to be placed on the feet of the second, disaffected wife; it was guaranteed to destroy whatever magical powers she had been invested with by the Evil Spirit. This was done. The second wife became ordinary again. But the fires continued in Mr. Ariko's house. The problem was extraordinary. It began to drive everyone to distraction. Muslim Marabouts and other magicians were brought in to try their hand. The tormented Mr. Ariko was spending a lot of money. Sacrifices were made. But nothing happened. Then an evangelist of the Celestial Christian sect offered his services. The Celestial Christians were a new group, from Ghana; they had been in the Ivory Coast for only three years and were anxious to make their mark. The chief decided to let the Celestial Christian evangelist try.

The evangelist—who had a pretty shrewd idea of what was going on—watched the house. He saw that during the night a young girl, physically invisible, was moving freely in and out of the house. It was that girl, and no one else, who was doing the mischief. In the morning, the Celestial Christian evangelist assembled all the young girls from the school compound. He went straight to the young girl who had made herself invisible during the night: she was the daughter of the second, disaffected wife. She confessed, and her story could scarcely be believed: the gift of sorcery had been passed on to her by her mother before her mother's own powers were destroyed by the prophet's white powder.

The Evil Spirit had been especially devious at Kilometre 17. It was that passing on of the sorcerer's gift which had baffled everybody. And that was why the case had caught the public imagination. Powder had been put on the girl's feet, and she and her mother had been packed off to the mother's village. The other wife, out of simple prudence, had also been sent back to her village. Since then, the chief said, there had been no trouble at all.

The chief said reflectively, clutching the banknotes, "I told you that there had been no trouble in the village before this business. But I think I should tell you that in this area we do in fact have some well-known *génies*." Djinns, spirits. "Did you notice that very sharp bend in the road? Near the banana plantation? There are some *génies* at that corner. Very small hens." He made a little gesture with both hands. "Not chickens but very small hens. If a driver sees them, he is bound to have an accident."

I wondered about the wife and the daughter who had been sent back to the village. Would they remain sorcerers?

It was possible, the chief said.

And Djédjé, always more grave than the chief, said that in the other village, far from good prophets and Celestial Christians, the power of the white powder could be annulled—*annulé*.

How did people become sorcerers?

The terrible gift could be passed on to them when they were children. It could be passed on to anyone; there was no question of personal wickedness.

Djédjé said, "Without civilization, everyone would be a sorcerer."

It was his vision of chaos, a world without reason or rules. I thought I understood that. But then I wasn't sure I knew what Djédjé meant by civilization. When we last met, he had spoken against development "from the top." He pined for village ways, the dances of his *ethnie;* he believed in fetishes. Was civilization the sum of those old, true things—an organized society, worshipping correctly, having access to the magic that protected it from arbitrary evil? Or was Djédjé saying something simpler? Was he, in the presence of the chief, a government official, repeating the government's case for "development"?

It was time for the chief to get his bottle of gin. He took the newspaper-wrapped bottle and, casually, half unwrapped it to check the label. His sour, care-burdened face momentarily looked fulfilled; and then, making purely social conversation, as if offering us a little extra in return for our gift, he grumbled for a bit about the difficulties of getting labor for his fields. People preferred to work for white men, foreigners from the big companies, who, of course, could afford to pay more.

On the table at the other end of the room was the copy of *Fraternité Matin* with the story about the burning house. Djédjé asked for the newspaper; the chief graciously gave it. And as we drove on in the taxi to the house itself —the chief had cleared our visit, and one of the young men who had come to the room was keeping us company —Djédjé read the newspaper story,

ceaselessly fingering the paper, as though the type were raised. He shook his head. He gave a short, wise laugh. He said, "The Celestial Christians are certainly making publicity with their success."

The schoolteacher's house was one of a cluster of little, low concrete houses, all ochre-colored and flat to the ground. The settlement—so ordinary, though so famous—was still a living place. But in the middle of its midday life there was mystery. The door of the schoolmaster's house was open; the front room was apparently empty. Outside the open door and set firmly in the earth was a wooden cross, about three feet high, with the metal crucifix of the Celestial Christians. Each house in the settlement had its own open cooking shed at the back. The soft red earth between the sheds and the houses had been swept and showed rake marks. Wood fires between stones burned below aluminum pots. One girl was sweeping up wet, nasty-looking rubbish with a broom made from the ribs of long coconut leaves. A few feet away, a woman was using a pestle to mash eggplants in a bowl set on the ground.

There were little children everywhere. Some were rolling about playfully on a purple-patterned grass mat. Djédjé, translating what our official guide said, told me they were the children of the teacher. But the guide was wrong, or Djédjé had misunderstood him. The teacher's child was a melancholy little fellow sitting alone and still, like an old man, beside a cooking fire. Tears had stained his dusty face; he had fresh tears in his eyes. Sorcery was no joke; it had come here as a family disaster. The boy was being looked after by the sister of the teacher now that the teacher's wives had been sent back to their villages. The sister, squatting beside her fire, was in a green African dress. It was only when she stood up that I saw that she herself was very young.

The land rose up sharply at the back of the cooking sheds. It was planted with banana trees and other trees. Scattered there, like rubbish, were some of the partly burned things from the teacher's house—scorched clothes, scorched furniture. Disappointing to me: I had expected evidence of bigger blazes. But these scorched small objects, though discarded as malignant things, were still on display. The mystery was still fresh; its relics (already legendary) were still accessible.

In a cooking shed at the end of the

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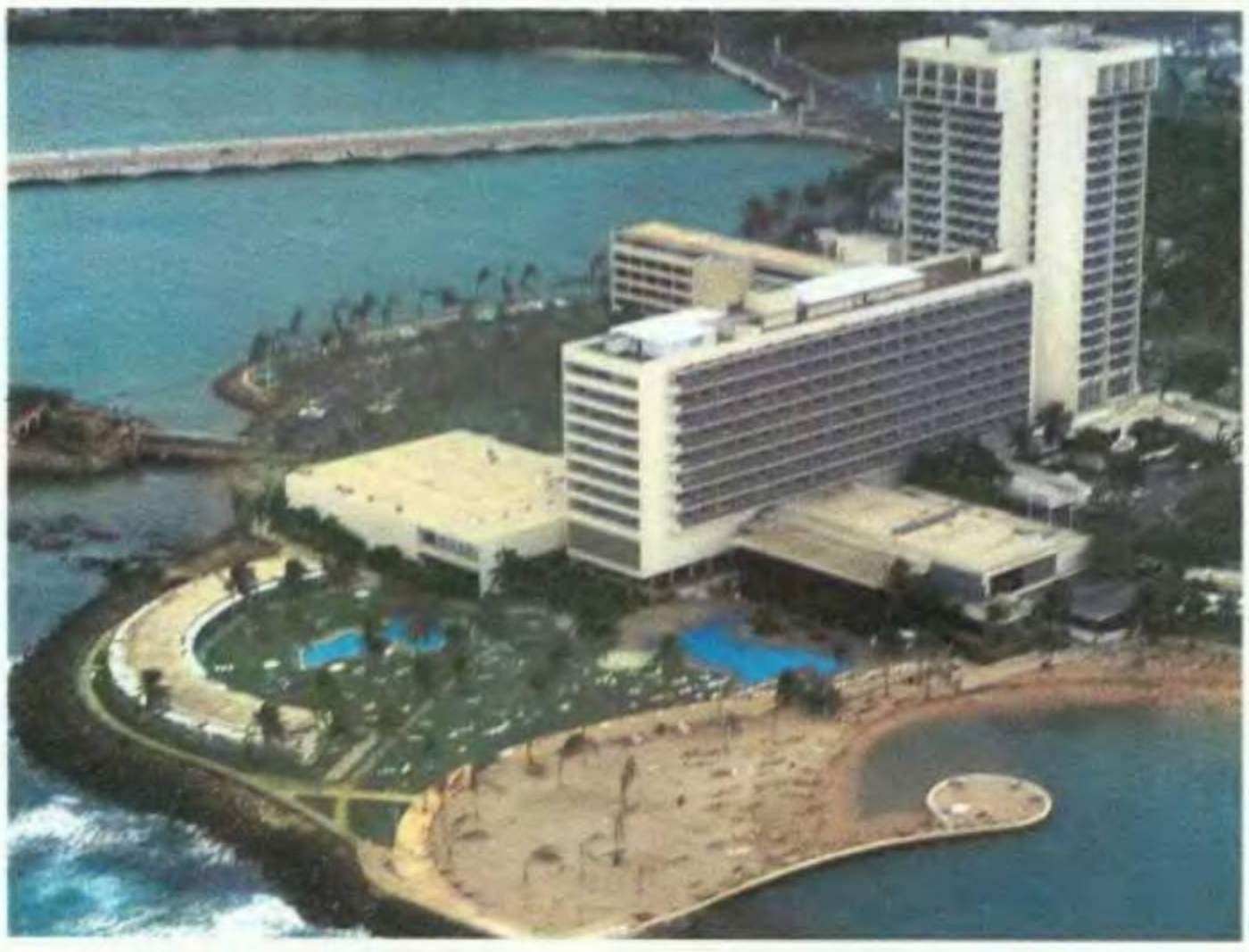

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row, some women and girls—to get a little of the visitors' attention—were encouraging a small child to dance. They chanted, clapped, and laughed, and they looked from the child to us. And the toddler did for a few moments break into a slow, sweet, stamping dance: his feet alive, his legs alive, his child's face mournful and blank. The women and girls laughed. The child did another little dance. It was done for us, but there was no answering wave from the women to our wave of farewell.

We drove around the area. The bush, or what had looked like bush, had surprises. All around the settlement with the teacher's house (and the cross) were the buildings of a research institute of some sort. Many Europeans were about. I expressed surprise. The man with us as our official guide (he was the son of a former chief) resented my surprise. He spoke sharply to me, as to a foreigner and a fool, and he never returned to good humor. We set him down at the main road, the Yamoussoukro highway. His dark African cloth quickly turning him all black, he crossed with a swagger to the township on the other side and was at once lost in the crowd.

THE Djédjé business ended badly. The fault was mine. I gave him too much money. He had said that he wanted two thousand francs for tips. I hadn't understood that this—less than six dollars—was his own modest fee. I gave him that and added six thousand francs as his fee. His eyes popped. With the first violent or inelegant gesture I had seen him make, he grabbed the notes I offered. And then, slightly stooped, as though arrested in the grabbing gesture, he trembled for a second or two with excitement.

He telephoned early the next morning. He said he was going to come in the afternoon to take me to a famous *féticheur* in Bingerville. He came. When I went down to meet him in the hotel lobby, he said he had forgotten to tell me in the morning that the *féticheur's* fee for an *expérience* would be fifteen thousand francs.

I said I didn't want an *expérience*—I just wanted to talk to the *féticheur*.

Djédjé said it was a big *expérience*. The *féticheur* would cut his hand with a knife and make the wound close up again. "For fifteen thousand francs, he will give you three *expériences*."

"How much for one?"

"Perhaps five thousand will be enough."

We went out to the hotel forecourt. He hadn't arranged a taxi this time; I thought he had. He asked me to sit in one of the hotel taxis. He stood outside with the driver and they began a palaver. It went on for a while. Djédjé's manner changed. He ceased to be grave. His body became looser; he propped himself in varying postures against the taxi and laughed and chattered like a street-corner lounger. I looked out the window, to hurry things up. Djédjé, laughing and casual, as though he knew me very well, asked me to wait.

At last, he and the driver got into the taxi, and we started. The driver didn't put the meter on. I took this to mean that the fare to Bingerville had been settled. But it hadn't, because after a mile or two the driver raised the subject. He said to me, "You will have no trouble getting a taxi back from Bingerville."

I asked Djédjé what they had arranged about the fare.

Djédjé said that the taxi-driver had asked for ten thousand francs, and he had offered the driver a thousand. I took this to mean that some midway price was expected.

I said, "Will we be able to get a taxi back?"

Djédjé said, "Taxis are hard to get at Bingerville."

He began to talk about the powers of *féticheurs*. There was an even more famous one than the one we were going to see, but he had asked an astronomical price. That particular *féticheur* could make himself invisible and go through a closed door. It would have been a good *expérience* for me, but it wasn't worth the money.

The taxi-driver interrupted and spoke for some time in an African language.

I asked, "What's he saying?"

Djédjé said, "He wants fifteen thousand francs."

"But that's absurd."

"That's what I told him. I offered him five thousand for the trip out and five thousand for the trip back."

"So you've settled for the original ten thousand?"

"Yes."

It was very high, but there was no question of getting out of the taxi. It was midafternoon and very hot, and, so far on the road out of Abidjan, I hadn't seen another taxi. I said, "Tell him that is to include an hour's waiting."

It seemed settled, at last.

The highway to Bingerville cut

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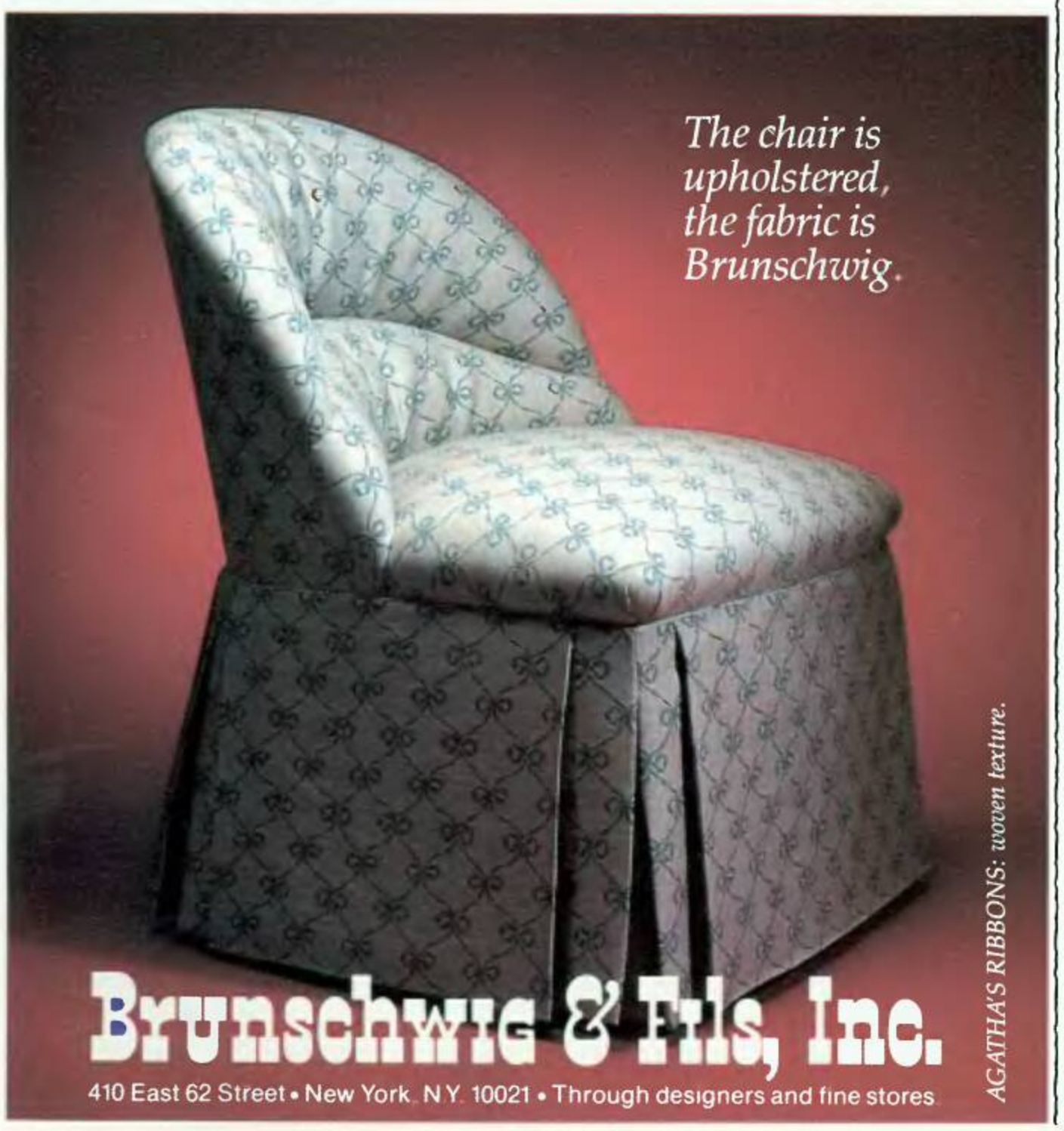

through soft slopes of bush: a wide view, the lower sky hazy in the heat.

Djédjé talked about fetishes. They could be very expensive, he said. Europeans often wanted fetishes. I remembered that in Djédjé's eyes I was like a European. I said I didn't want a fetish—I only wanted to talk to the *féticheur*.

"Yes, yes," Djédjé said, not believing a word. "Some Europeans, some Africans, too, can pay up to a hundred thousand francs for a fetish."

The taxi-driver said, "Listen. About my fare—"

I said, "That's settled."

And Djédjé, with an open palm, made a silencing gesture to the driver.

Bingerville appeared, a scatter of ochre-colored concrete buildings on low hills. Like Grand-Bassam, it was an early French settlement—degraded colonial architecture, concrete and corrugated iron, at the limit of empire.

Djédjé had said he had made arrangements with the *féticheur*. It turned out now that he didn't know where the *féticheur* lived.

We turned off onto a dirt road. It soon became a track. We asked directions of a plump young man who was wearing an orange-colored T-shirt printed "Bingerville." He was all good nature. He was perfectly ready to direct strangers to the local *féticheur*.

We got back on the highway. And Djédjé, to cover up his mistake, told of a particularly powerful fetish that had been prepared by the *féticheur* for a deputy of the National Assembly at the last elections. The fetish converted votes for the deputy's opponent into votes for the deputy. The deputy won by a big margin, and the deputy's opponent went mad wondering what had happened to all the votes that had been promised him.

We got lost a second time. And again, this time stopping near a group of schoolchildren in uniform, we had to ask—or Djédjé had to ask, calling out the window—where the house of the *féticheur* was. And again no one seemed put out or surprised by our inquiry. One man, stopped as he was walking busily by, not only told us where the house was but also offered (as though he hadn't really been going anywhere) to be our guide. He got into the seat beside the driver and at once became very cheerful, relishing the idea of even a short ride.

The turning we wanted was unmarked. It was a track across waste ground, and it led past a ragged screen of trees and bushes to a village: abrupt

life in what, from the road, had looked only like bush. There seemed to be no road at all in the village. We drove straight at houses, and the car turned between houses. Dusty, littered yards opened into dusty yards, one man's back yard somebody else's front yard. Cooking fires, woodpiles, cooking utensils on black, trampled earth, children, men, and women in a variety of costumes: the relaxed afternoon life of the village.

We were just a minute or two from the splendid highway, with its logic of straight lines and easy curves. But already we were in an older and more tangled world, a version of a forest settlement. We continued to drive between houses. It continued to seem that we wouldn't be able to get round the corners, that we would have to stop. But we didn't stop.

Djédjé, getting tenser as we drove deeper into the village, said suddenly, "You changed money? Give me some thousand-franc notes. It would be better, the thousand-franc notes."

My money was in a side pocket of my trousers. I was sitting, and couldn't pull out the notes one by one. I pulled out what the bank at the hotel had given me—a set of ten new thousand-franc notes.

Djédjé said, "That's ten thousand, isn't it? Give me ten thousand."

But he had told me that five thousand would be enough for the *féticheur*, for one *expérience*. I was uneasy at getting deeper into the village, which seemed to go on and on. And I was so uncertain now of Djédjé and the taxi-driver, who had changed their minds about every agreement, that I decided to give up the journey.

I said to the driver, "Go back to Abidjan. Go back to the hotel."

He had enjoyed the drama of taking his car between the houses. Now, stylishly, making a lot of dust, he turned in somebody's yard, and we twisted back through the village to the waste ground and the asphalt road. We bumped down into the road.

Just at that moment, Djédjé shouted, "Stop!"

The driver stamped on the brake. Djédjé bent forward once, twice. He said, "I have a bad conscience about this." He began to rock backward and forward in his seat. He said again, "I have a bad conscience about this."

The driver looked from Djédjé to me. The village and the *féticheur*, or Abidjan and the hotel?

I said, "The hotel."

We dropped our passenger—glad to

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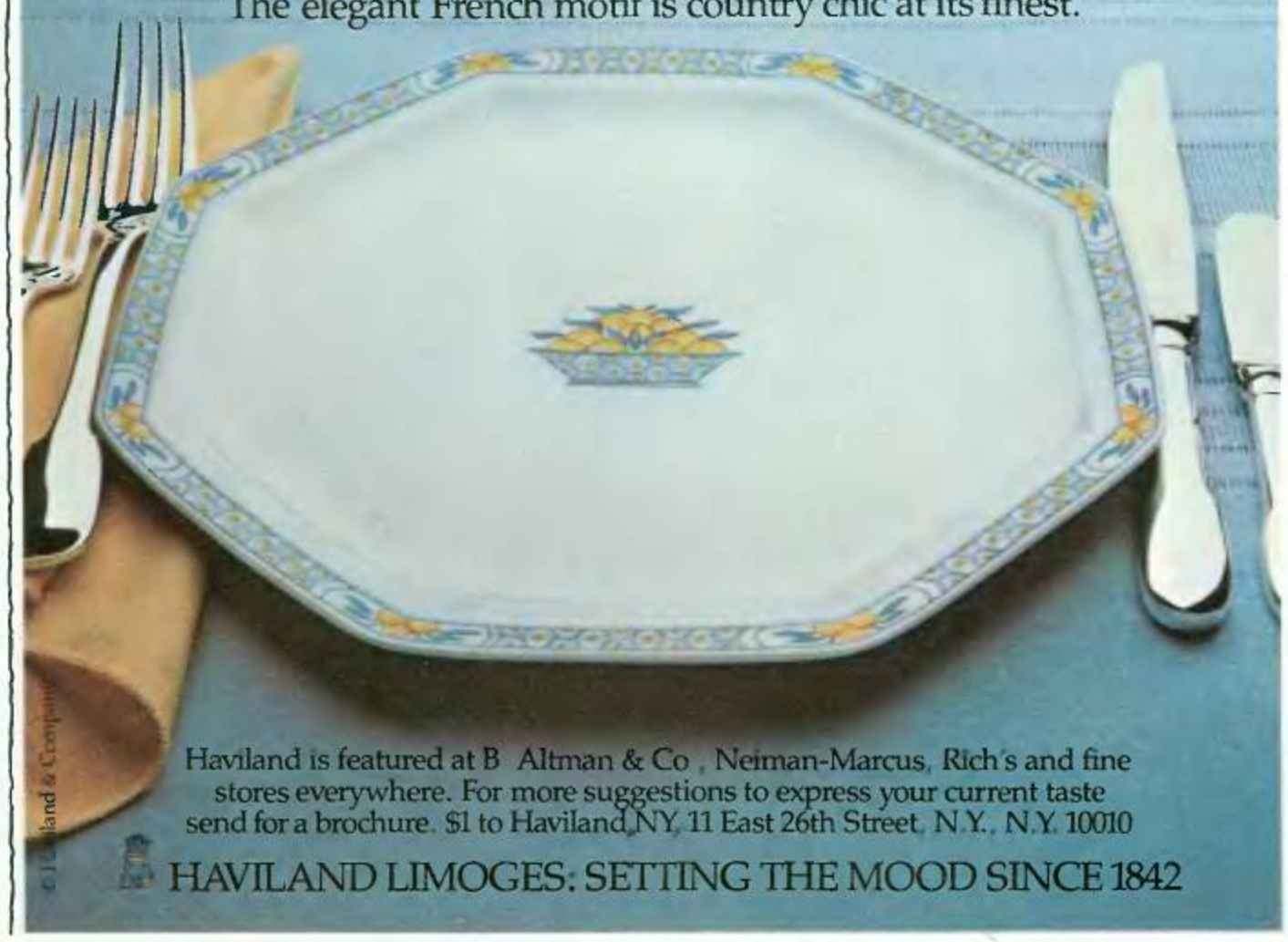

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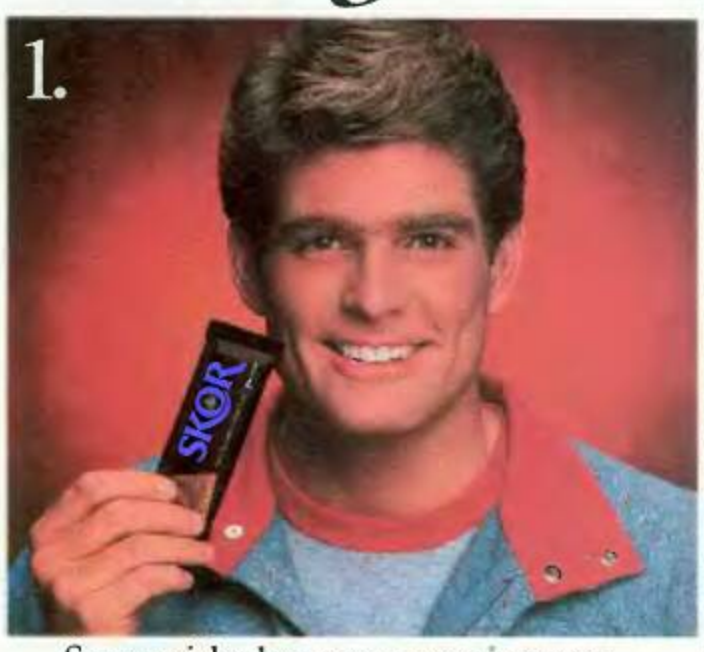

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get out of the car now—and went on to the highway. We drove for a mile or so: the bush, the black highway, the hot afternoon glow.

Djédjé said, with passion, "Everything the *féticheur* does will be at my expense. At my expense."

Nothing was said to the driver. But he pulled over to the side of the highway.

Djédjé said, "You are making me feel bad. You are making me feel bad." His eyes went red; sweat broke out on his forehead. He was rocking himself again. I thought he was going to have a fit. He said, "You see how I am sweating. You believe I was deceiving you. You make me feel bad. Everything I did, I did for you. I asked you for the money only to protect you. If the *féticheur* had seen a European pull out all those notes, he would have asked for a lot of money. That was why I asked you for the ten thousand francs in thousand-franc notes."

The taxi-driver, always cool, said to Djédjé, "None of this alters my fare, you understand. He will have to settle my bill."

I said, "The hotel."

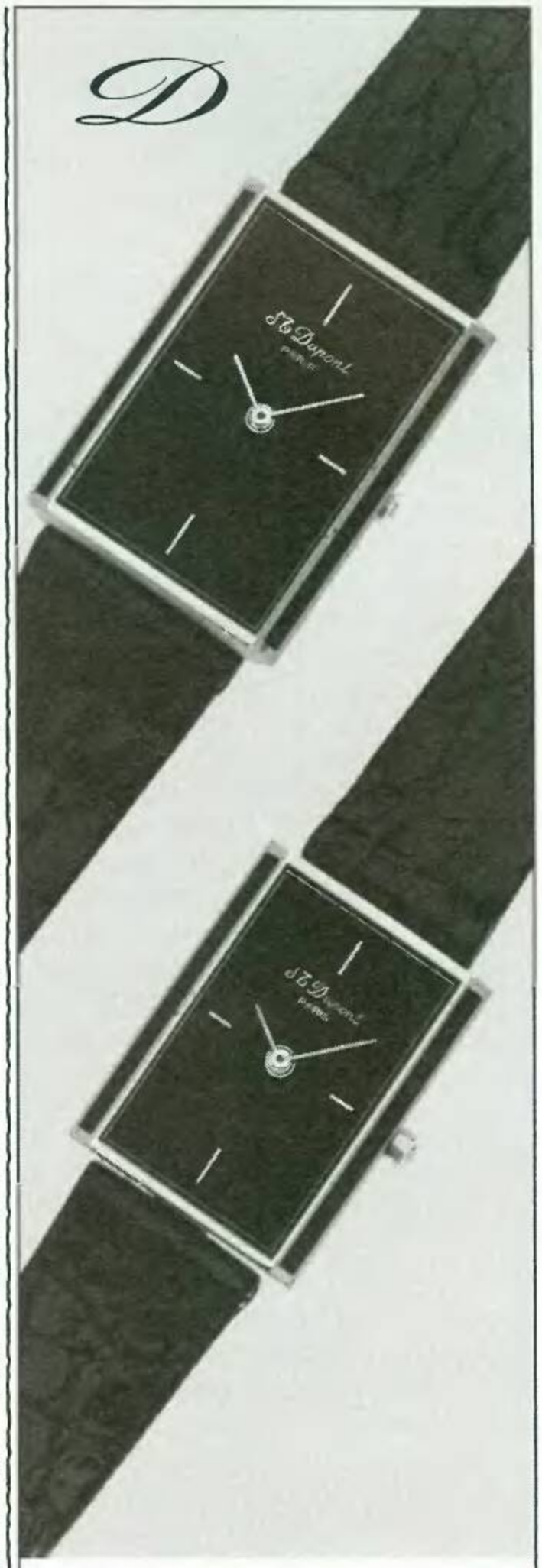
We drove back in silence, until Djédjé said, "Tomorrow. Come to town tomorrow. I will take you to a *féticheur* in town. He wouldn't do anything for you specially. He will be giving a display. You will see it free."

And that was what he said again when he followed me into the hotel lobby.

I felt foolish, drained, sad. I felt Africa as a great melancholy: that expensive highway, with its straight lines and curves; that village, with its antique, forest squalor and its *féticheur;* Djédjé's belief, his exaggerated emotions, his changes of personality.

Without civilization, Djédjé had said the day before, everybody would be a sorcerer.

TO be black was not to be African or to find community with Africans. Many West Indian women who had married Africans had discovered that. So Janet (as I will call her), Philip's wife, told me. West Indian women, whatever their background, were house-proud; they found Africans dirty. And then there was the problem with the African families. Janet had heard versions of the story Arlette had told: the African family choosing an African wife for the man



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and sending this wife to the house, with the threat of a curse if she was rejected. It was easier for a white woman to marry an African, Janet thought. The white woman would know she was marrying exotically; that would be part of the attraction. The West Indian woman, with her own racial ideas, would be looking in Africa for a double security.

Janet herself was black. She had grown up in England, where her Guyanese family had settled. She was blessed with great beauty (tall, slender, long-necked), and she had the security of her beauty. She had no anxieties about "belonging." Happily removed from the political nastiness of independent Guyana, she spoke of herself as someone "from England." She had come out to the Ivory Coast with her English husband.

At dinner in a rough but well-known beach restaurant (Philip and Janet were great restaurant-goers) and, later, over coffee in their apartment, in the center of Abidjan (in the big sitting room, black lacquer furniture from London, from Habitat), Philip told me how he had come out to Africa.

Just after he left school, in Scotland, he "discovered" the motorcar. Motorcars became his obsession; he wanted to be a racing driver. Soon it came to him that he wasn't making any money from driving, so he enrolled as a trainee teacher in a program run by a British government department concerned with overseas development. The trainees were sent out to East Africa, and East Africa was attractive to Philip, not only because of the sun and the easy life but also because it was the territory of a great motor rally, the East African Safari.

There were forty trainees in Philip's year. They could be divided into four groups. There were those, about ten or twelve, who wanted to go out to Africa to convert the Africans to Christianity. There were a few, from very rich families, who were moved by the idea of charity. There were those who went to Africa to get away from personal distress, emotional entanglements. The fourth, and largest, group went out for the sun and the easy life. Philip belonged to this group. And it was people from this group who lasted; most of the others cracked within the first year and gave up Africa.

But the Uganda that Philip went out to soon became another place. Idi Amin, the former Army sergeant, took

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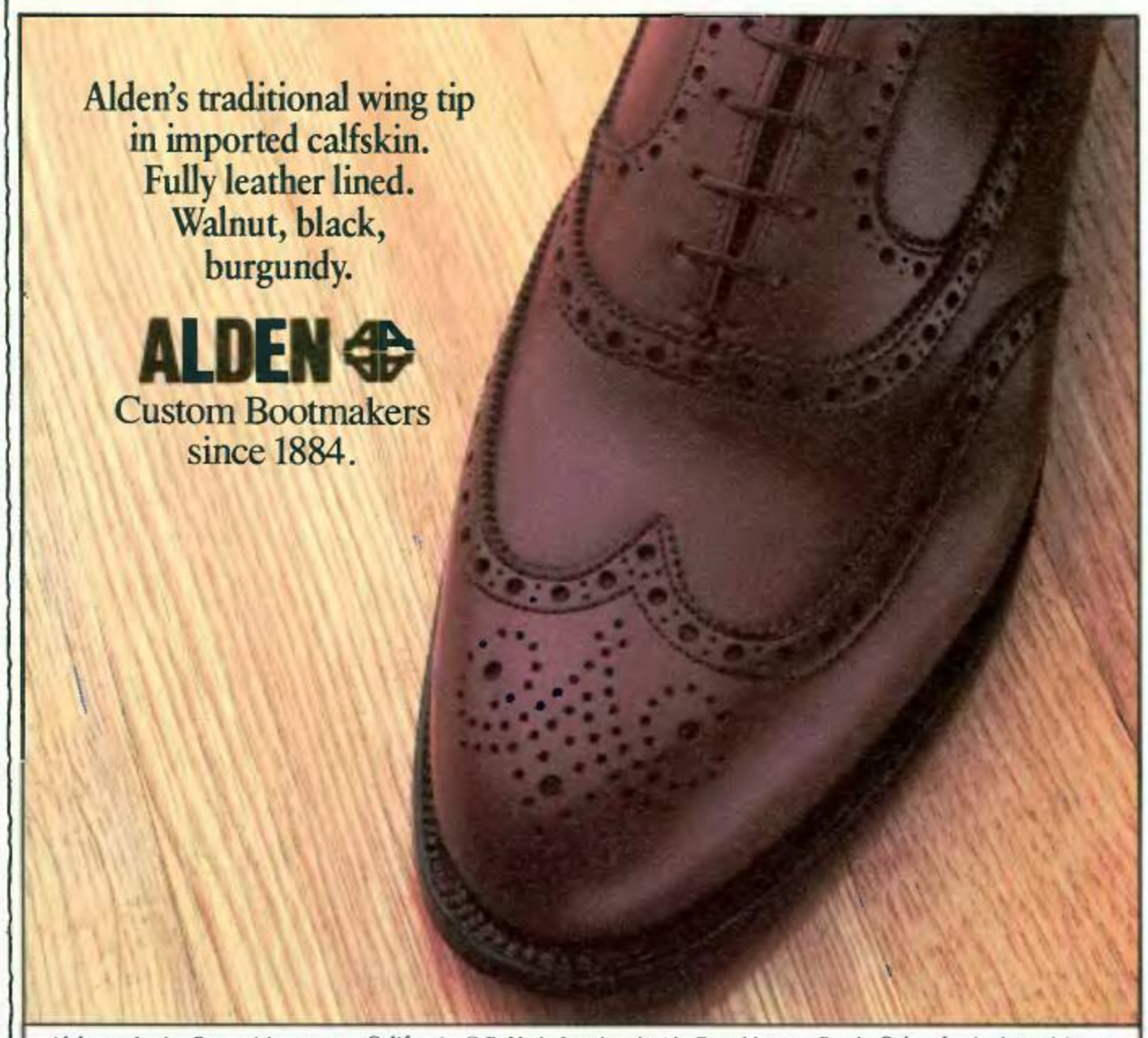

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over. Philip was having lunch one day in a little English-run restaurant in Kampala when Amin came in, just like that, without ceremony. This caused a stir; and Amin added to the excitement by paying the lunch bill of everybody who was then in the restaurant. Philip said, "So I can say Amin bought me lunch." On another occasion, Amin appeared, again without warning, at a Rugby match in which a representative Uganda team was playing. He stood in the back of his Land-Rover and watched, shouting, "Come on, Uganda!" Later, he bought beer for all the players. This was how he was in the early days—the Army man, grand of gesture, immensely popular with the expatriates, and quite different from the tribal politicians he had displaced. Then he became more tribal than any, and drenched Uganda in blood.

I had spent some months in Uganda in 1966, at the time of an earlier coup. Philip, answering an inquiry of mine, said, "Many of the young people you knew would have been killed."

This was the Africa that Philip had worked in. Events had carried him along. He had moved from contract to contract, country to country. He spoke calmly about Uganda; he had trained himself to that calm. He was still trying to arrive at a larger attitude. And now, I felt, he was touched by Janet's own detachment from Africa.

African countries, whatever their political horrors, genuinely valued education, Philip said. That gave meaning to whatever he had done. In England, he said, education had ceased to be valued. Once, when he was in London between contracts, he had taught at a comprehensive school. He had been shocked by the illiteracy and the indifference of the students; one boy, dazzled by a contract with a football club, had left the school absolutely without any training. Still, Philip liked England. It remained a good place, if not to work in, then to work from. He and Janet were negotiating to buy a house in London; he had photographs to show.

He had become an expatriate, a man out of his country, a man moving between two continents—one place always made bearable by the prospect of departure for the other.

About Djédjé, to whom he had introduced me, Philip wasn't surprised. He had from the beginning feared that Djédjé would grow "wild." And it was Philip's job at that moment—in

the interstate African organization for which he worked—to deal with high African officials who were growing "wild," but on an astronomical scale, and were coming hotfoot to Abidjan to ask for millions. There was a way of dealing with this "wildness" without causing offense, Philip said. You asked questions, and more questions; you became technical. The official finally couldn't answer, and calmed down.

The flat where we were was high up in a high block. Tropical Ivory Coast rain had found a gap between the concrete and the metal frame of the sitting-room window and discolored the wall. That nagged Janet. She said, "There is no maintenance." And I thought I saw in the discolored wall the origin of something that Philip had said when he first drove me round the splendors of Abidjan. He had said, "Africa seeps through." I hadn't known him then. I had seen him as a man with an African cause, and I had thought that the comment was one of approval: Africa humanizing and softening the brutalism of industrial civilization. But he had meant only what Janet said: there was no maintenance.

There was another side to that. In Africa, Philip said, distress came to those who cared more about Africa than Africans did, or cared differently. In the Ivory Coast, was there really virtue in maintaining what had been given? Was there a finality about the model? He had come to Africa for the sun and the good life. Now Africa had become the starting point for speculation.

Philip had become more thoughtful than he might have been if he had stayed in England; he had become more knowledgeable and more tolerant. And simply by being in Africa he—like other expatriates I met—now took a special conscientiousness to his job. He had become a good man.

Yet men, especially in Africa, had to know why they did things. And—as I had felt after my talk with Busby—in Africa this issue could still only be left in the air.

IN the morning, I was telephoned from the hotel lobby by a man called Ebony. He said he had heard from Busby that a writer was in Abidjan, and he had come to meet this writer. He, Ebony, was himself a poet.

I went down to see him. He was a cheerful young man of regal appearance, with the face of a Benin bronze, and he was regally attired, in a brightly patterned skullcap and a rich

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African tunic. He said that the skullcap and tunic were from Upper Volta. His family employed laborers from there, and he had always, even as a child, liked their clothes. He had been a journalist, he said, but he had given it up, because in the Ivory Coast journalism was like smoking—it could damage your health. He liked the joke; he made it twice. But he was vague about the journalism he had done. He said he was now a government servant, in the Ministry of the Environment. He had written a paper on things that might be done environmentally in the Ivory Coast. But after twelve months he had heard nothing about his paper. So now he just went to the office and from time to time he wrote poetry. He said, "I have a theory about African administrations. But it is difficult and would take too long to tell you." He had come to see me—and the hotel was a good distance from the town—because he was sociable, because he wanted to practice his English, and because, as a poet and intellectual, he wanted to try out his ideas.

I offered coffee. He offered me a kola nut, the African token of friendship. I nibbled at my grubby, purple-skinned nut: bitter. He chewed his zestfully, giving little dry spits of chewed husk to his left and right, and then, at the end of his chew, taking out the remainder of the husk with his fingers and placing it on an ashtray.

He asked why I had come to the Ivory Coast.

I said because it was successful and French.

He said, "Charlemagne wasn't my ancestor."

I felt that it had been said before, and not only by Ebony. He ran on to another idea: "The French run countries like pigsties. They believe that the sole purpose of men is to eat, to go to the toilet, and to sleep." So the French colonialists created bourgeois people.

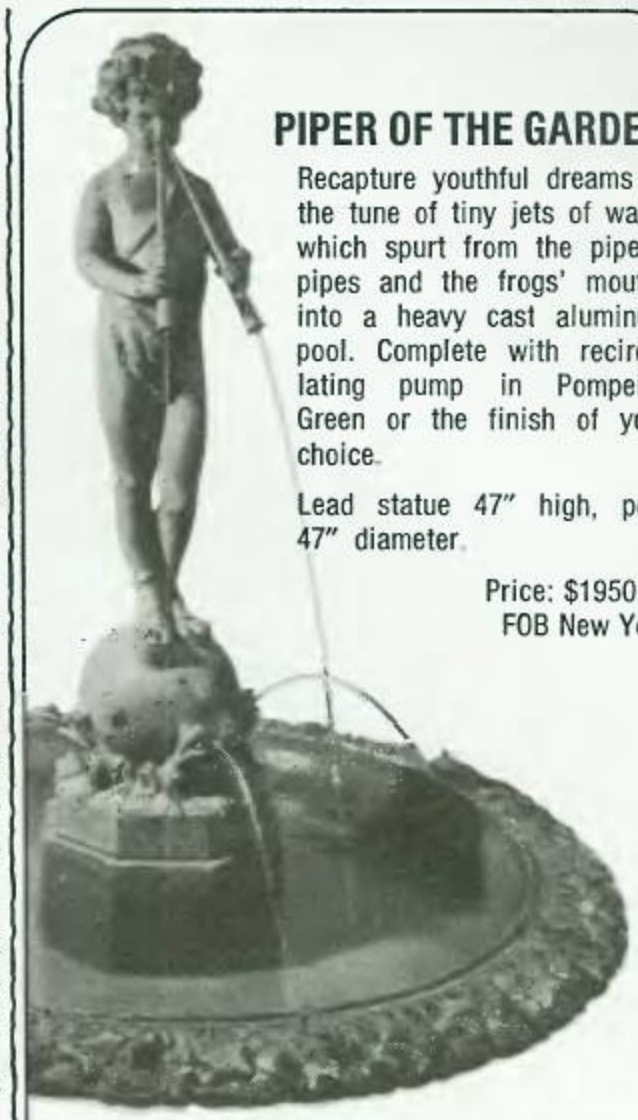
Bourgeois?

"The bourgeois want peace, order. The bourgeois can fit into any political system, once they have peace. On the other hand, the British colonialists created entrepreneurs."

Entrepreneurs?

"Entrepreneurs want to change things." Entrepreneurs were revolutionaries.

Antithesis, balance; the beauty rather than the validity of a thought: I thought I could detect his French training. I began to examine his ideas of the bourgeois and the entrepreneur,



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but he didn't encourage me. He said, playfully, that it was only an idea.

Starting on another kola nut—he had a handful in his tunic pocket—he said, "Africans live at peace with nature. Europeans want to conquer or dominate nature."

That was familiar to me. I had heard similar words from young Muslim fundamentalists in Malaysia: ecological, Western romance bounding back like a corroborating radio signal from remote, inactive worlds. But that, again, was an idea that Ebony didn't want to stay with.

Ebony said, "I saw white men for the first time when I was fourteen or fifteen, when I went to school. That was when I discovered the idea of racial superiority. African children are trained not to look elders in the eye. It is disrespectful. At school, the French teachers took this to be a sign of African hypocrisy."

What was the point of this story?

Ebony said, "So I thought my French teachers inferior."

I felt that this racial story, with its triumphant twist, had previously had a sympathetic foreign listener. And it turned out that there was a Scandinavian woman journalist who had made a great hit with Ebony. She was now in Spain, and Ebony earnestly asked me—two or three times, as though I was as a matter of course going on to Spain—to look her up and pass on his regards.

Ebony said, "When my father sent me to the school, do you know what he said? He said, 'Remember. I am not sending you to the school to be a white man or a Frenchman. I am sending you to enter the new world, that's all.' "

I felt that in his own eyes Ebony had done that. He had made the crossing more easily than Djédjé. Ebony said he had no money, no car. The salary he got from the government was less than the rent he paid. He had come to the hotel on his bicycle. But I thought he was relaxed, a whole man. He knew where he was and how he had got there, and he liked the novelty of what he saw. There was no true anxiety behind his scattered ideas. At any rate, he was less anxious than a romantic or concerned outsider might have wished him to be. Ideas about Africa, words, poetry, meeting foreigners—all this was part of his relishing of life, part of his French-inspired role as intellectual, part of the new world he had happily entered.

He went away on his bicycle, and I

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took a taxi later to a beach restaurant at the end of the city, beyond the industrial and port area. The lunch there and the French style of the place were usually worth the fare and the journey in the midday heat through the traffic and the crowds. But today it wasn't so. It was more than a matter of an off day. The waiters, impeccable the day before, were casual, vacant. There were long delays, mistakes; some of the portions were absurdly small; the bill, when it came, was wrong. Someone was missing—perhaps the European manager. And with him more than good service had gone—the whole restaurant idea had vanished. An elaborate organization had collapsed. The waiters—Ivorian: these jobs were lucrative—seemed to have forgotten, from one day to the next, why they were doing what they did. And their faces seemed to have altered as well. They were not waiters now, in spite of their flowered tunics. Their faces and manners radiated various degrees of tribal authority. I saw them as men of weight in the village: witch doctors, herbalists, men who perhaps put on masks and did the sacred dances. The true life was there, in the mysteries of the village. The restaurant, with its false, arbitrary ritual, was the charade. I half began to see it so.

Ebony had been told by his father, "I am not sending you to the school to become a white man. I am sending you to enter the new world." The new world existed in the minds of other men. Remove those men, and their ideas—which, after all, had no finality—would disappear. Skills could be taught. What was fragile—to men whose complete, real life lay in another realm of the spirit—was faith in the new world. It was in this unsettled mood that at last, on the public holiday that marked the independence of the Ivory Coast, I went with Gil Sherman to the President's ancestral village of Yamoussoukro.

THE highway went through a soft green land, and then through forests where grew the irreplaceable hardwoods that had given the economy a start. (Mighty trunks, just two or three or four at a time, chained onto heavy trucks on the road. Mighty log poles on the timber docks—with a bustling dockers' settlement—in an oily black creek in Abidjan. The logs then chained again, and swung one or two at a time into the holds or onto the stripped decks of vessels with foreign, far-off names.) The country was organized; it was a country at work, and the money had spread down. Money had come to the people of bush and forest, and their villages were now built in concrete. In one small town where we stopped for a while, there was even a parody of a modern hotel.

After a hundred and fifty miles—regularly marked off in kilometres—we came to Yamoussoukro. The road rose. At the top, quite suddenly, it was like an airport runway in a cleared wilderness. Lamp standards lined the broad avenue on either side. In the distance was the fifteen-story tower of the Hotel President, lifting above itself, and to one side, two octagonal slabs of concrete (with the tower restaurant between the slabs), like a giant sandwich with the corners cut away. Toward that we made our way: landscaped grounds, gardens, a white marble entrance, a lobby in red-and-chocolate marble, mirrors set in the chamfered angles of the marble pillars. The upholstered chairs were in virulent blue and green, not restful.

The room I was given was opulent. The bathroom fittings staggered. It was very cold: the air-conditioning was fierce. I turned the system off, but the room never lost its chill while I was there. The great window, of very thick glass, was sealed. It gave a view of an enormous swimming pool, around which, on a wide paved area, lounge chairs were set in a large circle.

Beyond that, and beyond the buildings of an older section of the Hotel President (Yamoussoukro had never ceased to grow), was parkland—parkland created out of the African bush. It was the famous golf course, landscaped, with planting; a foreign eye had drawn out the picturesque possibilities of what to an African would have been only bush. The mist in the distance looked—to me—like the heat mist on the banks of the Congo River. But Yamoussoukro was cooler than the coast, and this was the mist of the harmattan—the cool, sand-charged wind that blew all the way down from the Sahara at this season.

It was a great creation, the golf course—perfection, in a way. It represented prodigious labor. Yet it was only a view; one look took it all in. And soon it wasn't enough. Splendor on this scale, in this setting, and after a hundred-and-fifty-mile drive, only created an appetite for more: the visitor began to enter the ambition and fantasy of the creator. There was a main street, very wide; there was a

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market; there were workers' settlements. Something like a real town was attaching itself to the Presidential creation. But the visitor, always quickly taking for granted what had been created, continued to be distracted by the gaps, the scarred earth, the dusty vacancies. And if you didn't want to play golf, there was nothing to do.

There were the President's crocodiles. They were to be fed at five. The Presidential palace was some distance away, down one of the great avenues. Gil Sherman's car was necessary. On the levelled land, in the glare and emptiness of the afternoon, the scale of everything seemed magnified. The palace wall went on and on. Beside it was a lake. In the middle, an iron-railed causeway lined with young coconut trees led to a palace gate, guarded by soldiers of the Presidential guard in maroon-colored tunics. The cars of visitors—who were mainly white—were parked on the causeway.

In the lake, on either side, were the crocodiles. We saw the first just as we left the car: barely noticeable in the muddy water, a mere protuberance of eyes, until its thorny back became clear. We exclaimed. An African, possibly an official (from his lounging, casual stance), said, "*Il est petit.*" A small one. Then we saw eyes and thorny backs everywhere on the surface of the water—the thorns like the thorns on the bark of the silk-cotton tree.

On one side of the causeway, there was a stone-paved embankment sloping down to the water. On this embankment were a number of crocodiles —small ones, absolutely still, eyes bright and apparently unseeing, jaws open, the lower jaw of each crocodile showing only as a great hollow, oddly simple in shape, oddly clean and dry-looking, yellow-pink and pale. Flies moved in and out of those open jaws. On the other side of the causeway, there was no paved embankment—only a sandy bank, marked by the tails of crocodiles. White feathers, as of a chicken, were scattered about in the sand. There were crocodiles on the bank. They were like the color of the sand and from a distance were not noticeable.

The feeder was already in attendance. He had come in a gray Land-Rover; it was parked on the causeway. He was clearly a special man. He was very tall, very thin. He wore a skullcap and a flowered gown. He had an official with him—a man of more ordinary size, in a short-sleeved gray safari suit. In one hand the feeder had a thin, long knife; in his other hand he had a tin or bucket with pieces of meat—heart or lungs, Gil Sherman told me. It was pale pink, with bits of animal "piping."

The feeder made a rattling sound on the iron rails. Then he threw the meat. The crocodiles on the paved embankment were awkward, slow. They had to tilt their long snouts against the flat paving stones—showing the pale-yellow underside of their bodies—to pick up the meat. They couldn't get the meat that had fallen on their own backs or into the crevices between the paving stones. They didn't seem always to know where the meat had fallen.

While the feeder threw the meat, the gray-suited official with him clucked and called softly to the crocodiles, speaking to them as to children: "*Avalez, avalez*"—"Swallow, swallow."

Later, on the other side of the causeway, there was another ritual. The older, bigger crocodiles were there—yellow, with twisted snouts, heavy bellies, and teeth that, when closed together, suggested a long, jagged, irregularly stitched wound. The tall feeder was now holding a black chicken by the wings. He swung the chicken slowly up and down. The squawks of alarm from the chicken died down. The chicken lost control of its neck, which hung limp. Two old crocodiles, as though used to the ritual, waited close together on the sand. More meat was thrown and gobbled up, except where it had fallen on the backs of crocodiles. Turtles, appearing in the water, swam ashore for their meat. One young crocodile, having got his meat, swam away fast to a little sandbank in the lake to eat or ingest his meat without disturbance. Then the chicken was thrown at the two old crocodiles. The open jaws snapped shut. The crowd gasped. But the feeder hadn't thrown straight; and the crocodiles hadn't moved. The stunned chicken fluttered its wings; it partly recovered from its stupor. It ran along to the end of the sandy bank, near the causeway.

The tall feeder in the flowered gown didn't allow the chicken to get away. He jumped over the rail to the bank and—his long, thin knife his only means of defense—walked unhurriedly past the crocodiles to where the chicken was. The chicken didn't

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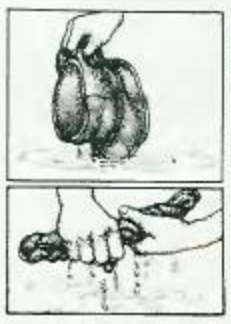

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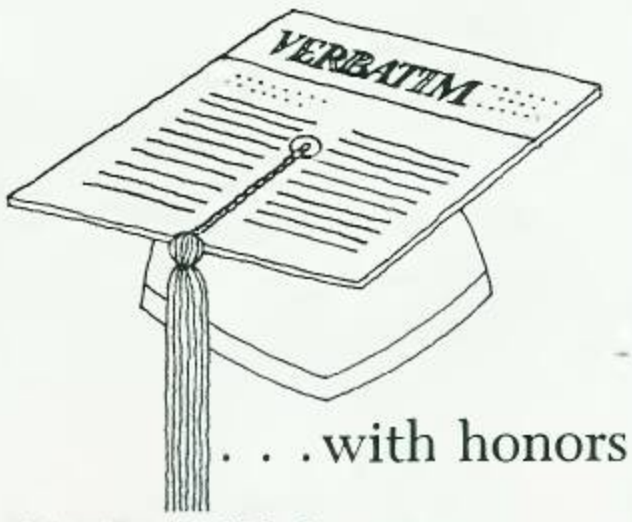

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run. The feeder seized it, climbed back over the rail to the causeway. And now the ritual swinging of the bird by the wings was accompanied by clucking calls to the two waiting crocodiles from the gray-suited official. Again the bird was thrown. Again the jaws snapped; again the bird escaped and was recaptured. But now the clucking calls had brought from the water onto the sand a crocodile even bigger and older than either of the others. His snout was battered at the tip. His teeth looked stained and old and worn. The chicken's limp neck was placed on the iron rail; the feeder began to bring down his knife. I didn't look.

A shout from the crowd told me that the chicken had been thrown. And when I turned I saw the bird turned to feathery debris in the seemingly grinning maw of one crocodile (not the oldest)—round, unseeing eyes apparently alight with pleasure, black feathers sticking out on either side of the jaw. A moment's ingestion, and all was gone, except for a mash in the lower jaw. The ceremony was over. The feeder, skullcapped, prettily gowned, took his tin and walked back, unsmiling, to the Land-Rover.

A public ceremony of kingship outside the big blank wall of the Presidential palace. Behind that wall there were trees, and somewhere among those trees was the President's ancestral village with the old palaver tree. That site, which felt sacred now—the scene, perhaps, of more private rituals—was not open to the public. Ibrahim Keita, the golfer, the President's protégé—the man said to be charged by the President with the development of Yamoussoukro—had seen the village behind the palace wall. But Ibrahim's West Indian wife hadn't.

Ibrahim was to have guided me around Yamoussoukro. But he hadn't been able to do that. He had, however, done a gracious and unexpected thing: he had deputed his elder brother to show Gil Sherman and me around. The brother came in the morning to the Hotel President. The brother was a doctor, smaller than Ibrahim, softer, gray-haired, with glasses, and with the confident manner of some black West Indian professional men of established family.

The Keita family was from the neighboring state of Guinea; its members in the Ivory Coast were refugees of a sort. And Dr. Keita's story that morning, in the marble lobby of the Hotel President, was of his escape from Guinea in 1964. A quiet hint

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from someone, a false message to an official, an early-morning drive across the border: the doctor still marvelled at his escape, was still shocked by the terrors of Guinea, where in 1964 people like him, professional men, educated men, were being picked up and killed "like cattle," locked in cells and left to die, without food or water: the "black diet."

Just across the border, in a climate like this, among people like those one saw here, there was that kind of African kingship. It gave an added wonder to Yamoussoukro, to the chieftaincy or kingship symbolized by the crocodiles. And, driving around with Dr. Keita that morning, I found it hard not to be moved by the ambition of the President, his wish to build and create to the highest standards he knew.

In his magnificence, there was religion. Just as in some societies the peasant reserves his very best for his god, so here this striving after material splendor served the divinity that protected the kingship. Yamoussoukro was like the Pyramids or Angkor Wat. But these monuments, looking to the rulers' afterlife, had no purpose beyond themselves. Yamoussoukro was to be a living metropolis. It was to be the ruler's ennobling benefaction to his people, people of the West African forest, and—like the crocodile ritual—it was proof both of his right to rule and of the justness of his rule.

Far down a wide, empty avenue, we came upon an engineering school, a Grande École in the French tradition. It had a freestanding, purely decorative arcade all around, as high as the building itself. The arcade was faced with brown mosaic. Great walkways linked the four quarters of the main building. There was an Olympic-standard swimming pool (showing, already, some signs of neglect). There were dormitories for students, houses for faculty and staff. And just a little way down the avenue was another, complementary educational complex. How many students attended the school? Someone said six hundred; someone else said sixty.

The metropolis of Yamoussoukro awaited full use. But it had been created by foreigners. It was something that had been imported and paid for, and modern buildings like the university's were not physical monuments that would last; they were like pieces of machinery, liable to decay. The new world existed in the minds of others. The skills could be learned, but faith in the new world was frag-

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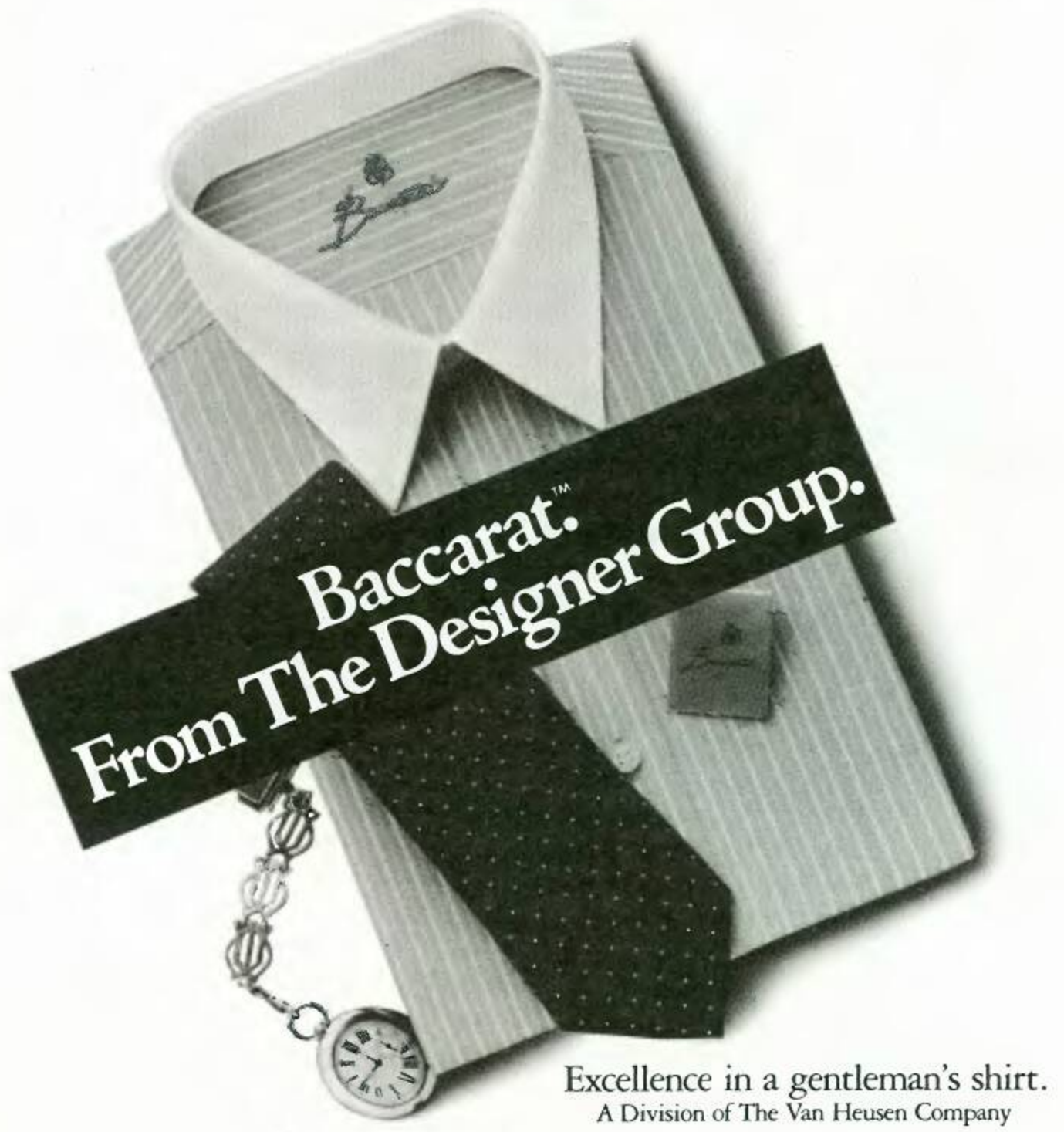

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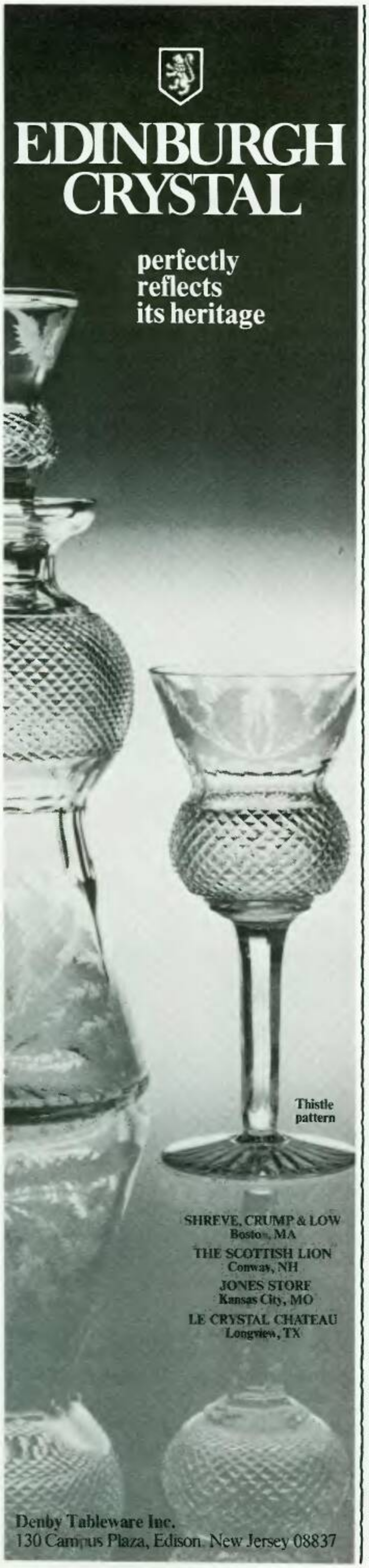

ile. When the President went, and the foreigners went away (as some people wanted them to), would the faith survive? Or would Africans be claimed by another idea of reality?

In the slave plantations of the Caribbean, Africans existed in two worlds. There was the world of the day; that was the white world. There was the world of the night; that was the African world, of spirits and magic and the true gods. And in that world ragged men, humiliated by day, were transformed—in their own eyes and in the eyes of their fellows—into kings, sorcerers, herbalists, men in touch with the true forces of the earth and possessed of complete power. A king of the night, a slave by day, might be required at night never to exert himself; he would be taken about by his fellows in a litter. (That particular fact, about a slave king, came out at an inquiry into a slave "revolt" in Trinidad in 1805.) To the outsider, to the slaveowner, the African night world might appear a mimic world, a child's world, a carnival. But to the African—however much, in daylight, he himself appeared to mock it—it was the true world: it turned white men into phantoms and plantation life into an illusion. Something of this twin reality existed at Yamoussoukro. The metropolis, the ruler's benefaction to his people, belonged to the world of the day, the world of doing and development. The crocodile ritual—speaking of a power issuing to the President from the earth itself—was part of the night, ceaselessly undoing the reality of the day. One idea worked against the other. So, in spite of the expense, the labor, the ambition, there was a contradiction in the modern Pharaonic dream.

The crocodiles—I hadn't heard about them until I had got to the Ivory Coast. And now that I had seen them I kept on hearing about them. Everything I heard added to the religious mystery. I heard about one of the palace watchmen who had been killed on the sandy bank beside the causeway. A crocodile had laid its eggs in the sand. The watchman didn't know. He walked past the spot. The crocodile rushed at him and seized him and dragged him into the water. There was another story about a man, a villager, who had fallen over the iron rail into the lake and had been mangled by a crocodile, as the black chicken had been mangled. Was that an accident? Or had the man been pushed—a forced sacrifice? That was one view. The other was that the man was a voluntary sacrifice—that he had been persuaded (perhaps by some threat) to do what he had done in order to save his village from some evil.

So the crocodiles—seen in daylight, by a crowd with cameras—became more than a tourist sight. They became touched with the magic and power they were intended to have, though the setting was so staged: the broad avenue lined with lamp standards, the artificial lake (no doubt dug with modern excavators), the iron rails, the Presidential guard with guns. The long-gowned feeder and the gray-suited official with him, when I called them back to mind, were especially unsettling. The official had smiled and clucked at the crocodiles, as though he knew them well, as though they were on his side.

And the symbolism remained elusive, worrying. Did the feeding ritual hold a remnant of ancient Egyptian earth worship, coming down and across to black Africa through the Sudan? In a famous papyrus scroll from ancient Egypt, a woman in a plain white smock, hair undone, is shown bowed down before a crocodile, both figures on the horizontal line representing the earth, the horizontal line resting on the chevrons that in ancient Egyptian art depict water. Or was the symbolism simpler? The crocodile was the strongest creature in water; it was universally feared; it lived long; it was reputed to sleep with its eyes open. And what was the significance of the hen? Was it an enemy? Or did it stand for reincarnation, as some people said: new life daily given to the crocodile, emblem of the ruler's power. Perhaps the concepts were not really translatable.

Outside the town, we came upon another kind of order, another kind of power: the President's agricultural estates. They went on for miles and miles—the disorder of dark tropical forest replaced by levelled, sunstruck fields, where mangoes, avocados, and pineapples grew in rows. How had the President come by all this land? Had he converted unused, unclaimed forest into private land? Or did he as chief own all the land of his tribe? No one that morning seemed to understand my question; and the answer was no longer important. Two years before, the President had given his estates to the state. Like Yamoussoukro itself, it was a benefaction, a model for the

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future, and part of the ruler's religious sacrifice.

Doubly religious was the great mosque of Yamoussoukro. It was at once a gesture to the Muslims among the population and the ruler's offering to another aspect of divinity. The mosque was square-towered, not fine in its detail, and I was told that it was in the North African style, North Africa being the source of what was Islamic in this part of Africa. North Africa, France: the African ruler, aiming at material splendor, had to look outside black Africa. It was part of the pathos of Yamoussoukro. The mosque, off a wide, unfilled avenue, was in a big, bare yard, open to the sun and the harmattan. Like many other buildings in Yamoussoukro, it appeared—perhaps wrongly—to await full use. It felt like a shell; it was possible, in the barrenness of its unwelcoming yard, to see it as a ruin. But it was big, and it was one of the sights.

We had a late lunch at the golf club. Ibrahim Keita and an Ivorian banker were our hosts. Ibrahim, after his day on the course, was fatigued and said little. The architecture was in the luxurious and playful International Style. The menu was French, too ambitious for its own good; the waiters were uniformed. Yamoussoukro might have been only a playground, a tourist spot. But we who were there were living out the President's ambitions for his ancestral village. We were, whether we liked it or not, in his religious embrace. In another part of the metropolis, in an hour or so, the crocodiles were to be fed again.

There were many cars on the road back to Abidjan: people returning to the other world from villages that were as sacred to them as Yamoussoukro was to the President. It was the end of the public holiday, the twenty-second anniversary of independence, celebrated by white-green-and-saffron flags everywhere, and colored portraits of the very small, benign man who had ruled for all those years.

IN Abidjan, I met a middle-aged European who had worked all his life in Africa and had lived for many years in the Ivory Coast. He worked in the interior. His job was rough, unintellectual. He had little social life; and, unlike the other expatriates I had met, he spoke about Africa without any obliqueness. He said, "All that you see here in Abidjan is make-believe. If

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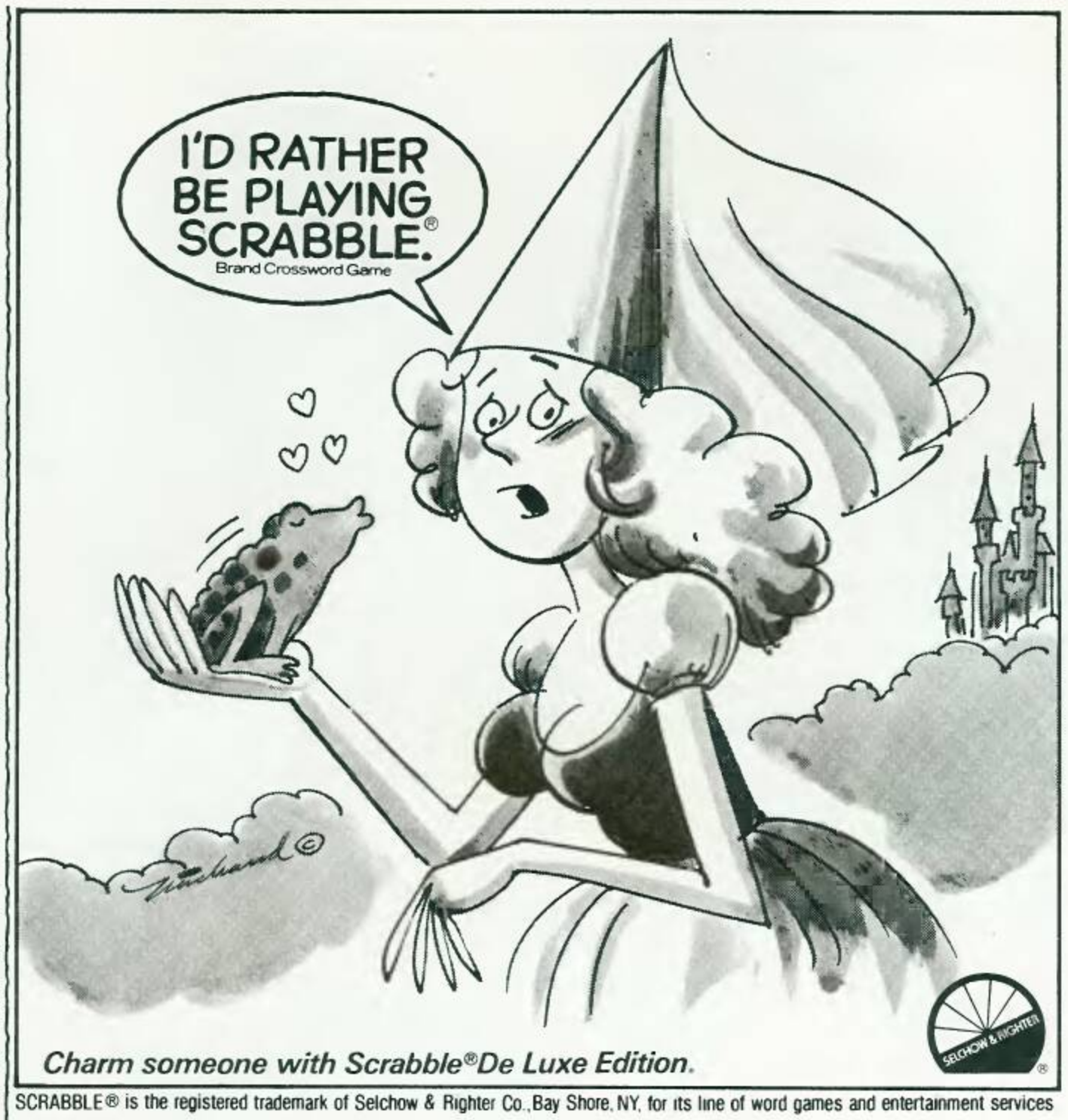
the Europeans were to go away, it would all vanish." Africans, he said, were still ruled by magic. In the interior, when a chief or an important local man died the man's servants and his wives were buried with him. If the servants had run away at the time of the death, then heads were bought. That explained the regular disappearance of children, reported on the necrology page of the newspaper. On that page there was a coded way of referring to certain kinds of death. A death by poisoning was said to have occurred "after a short illness"—"*après une courte maladie.*" A child reported as having disappeared was presumed to have been sacrificed. In the interior, for these funeral or other sacrifices, a head could currently be bought for ten thousand francs—less than thirty dollars. Not long before, in the area where this European worked, an important local man had died. Heads were needed—the man was very important. The panic was so general that for three weeks no worker turned up for the night shift at the factory the European managed. At certain ceremonies of welcome, a chief or an important man had to have his feet washed in blood. Usually, it was the blood of a chicken or an animal. But to do a chief the highest honor his feet should be washed in human blood—the blood of a sacrificed person, a child. And the child could be eaten afterward.

I believed what this man said. He liked living in Africa; he had worked nowhere else—he could work nowhere else. His directness came from his acceptance of African ways. He was not concerned to score points off Africa. But his acceptance went with a correct distancing of himself from the continent and its people. And for him that was perhaps the charm of the expatriate life: the heightened sense of the self which Africa gave.

It was of that kind of expatriate that I heard not long afterward from a young American lawyer. He worked for an international law firm and was posted in the Ivory Coast. Business sometimes took him to Zaire, the former Belgian Congo. The Zaire boom of 1971 and 1972 was long past, the lawyer said, but there were now more expatriates than ever in the country—Indians, Greeks, Lebanese. They were people hooked on the way of life. They liked living on the edge of Africa, as it were, at the extremity of their own civilizations. They knew how to manage in the country;



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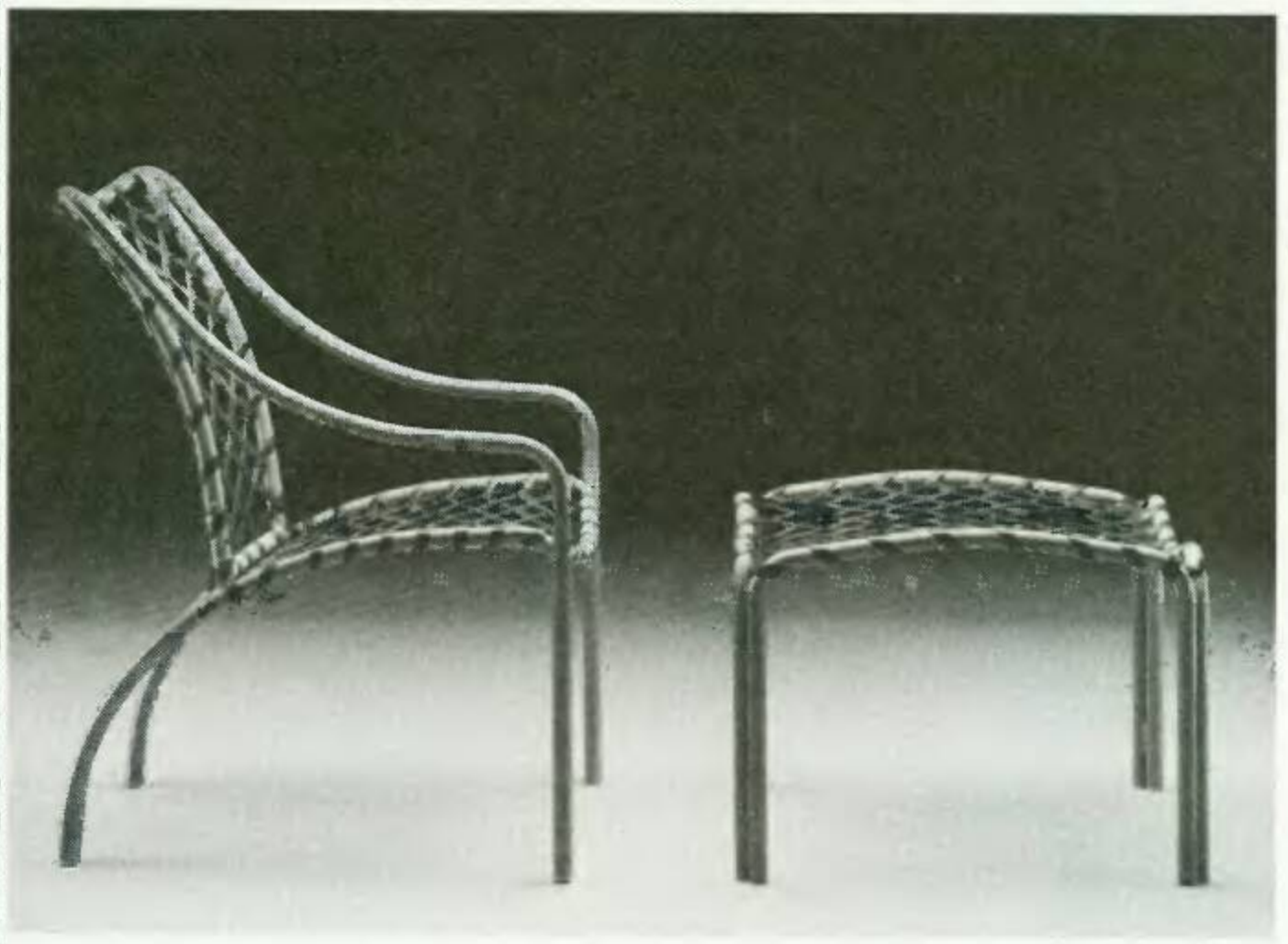

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they liked that, too—that idea of knowing how to manage. Some did well; some ended badly; most just carried on.

Recently, the lawyer had been to Zaire to make an inventory of the effects of an elderly American who had died. The American had gone to the old Belgian Congo in the nineteen-thirties, and he had stayed there through everything—colonial rule, the Second World War, Congolese independence, the civil wars. He had spent his last years in a one-bedroom apartment in Kinshasa. He was worth about a million dollars, but the personal possessions he had left behind were few: two suits, four pairs of trousers, a couple of pairs of shoes. He had done nothing big or adventurous. His business dealings had been simple, small, mainly in property. He had never used the money he had made. It lay idle in banks, in stocks. He had stayed in the Congo because he was hooked on the life.

The young American lawyer didn't try to define the glamour of the life. But I thought that it would be something like this: being in Africa, being a non-African among Africans. Discomfort and danger would add to the sense of the self, the daily sense of personal drama, which a man living safely at home might never know. Africa called to people for different reasons. Everyone who went and stayed had his own Africa.

And then—after Yamoussoukro and the crocodiles, and what I had heard (and believed) about the heads—I had a bad night. I dreamed I was on a roof or bridge. The material, glass or transparent plastic, had begun to perish, seemingly melted at the edges. I asked whether the bridge would be mended. The answer was no. What had been built had been built; the roof or bridge I was on would crumble away. Was it safe, though? Could I cross? The answer was yes. The bridge was safe. I could cross. And in the dream that was the most important thing, because I wasn't going to pass that way again.

The buildings of Abidjan, seen in the morning mist of the lagoon, seemed sinister: proof of a ruler's power, a creation of magic, for all the solidity of the concrete and the steel; dangerous and perishable, like the bridge in my dream.

Andrée, Arlette's friend and fellow West Indian, telephoned from the university. Andrée's message was

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that her *patron*, Georges Niangoran-Bouah, the *drummologie* expert, had returned from the United States.

When I went to the little office in the Institute of Ethno-Sociology, I found a big and very black man filling the big swivel chair behind the big desk. Without him, when Andrée was there alone, with her knitting, the office had seemed widowed. He had the physique of a chief—heavy flesh on his chest, folds of fat on his stomach—and the light-gray short-sleeved sports shirt did not hide his size. His French, though accented, was clear and precise. His manner, a lecturing manner, was that of the French academic. He had been publishing sociological papers for twenty years. The note I had had about him said he was fifty-five, but he looked ten years younger.

He was pressed for time—he should have been with a class. But he outlined the ideas behind his *drummologie* studies. The earliest European travellers in West Africa didn't know African languages. So, though they observed a lot, they also missed a lot. They were wrong about the talking drums. The drums didn't invite people to special feasts or beat out messages through the bush ("A white man is coming"). Drums were far more important than that in West Africa. To Africans, it wasn't the Word that existed in the beginning—it was the Drum. Africans said, "In the beginning was the Drum." Drumming and the chanting that went with it were special skills, handed down through the generations. The drum mimicked human speech; a trained singer could rediscover, in a particular passage of drumming, a poem, an incantation, a piece of tribal history, a story of victory or defeat. Drums were sacred objects—symbols of the king, the tribe, the state. And Mr. Niangoran-Bouah opened his book and showed photographs of famous tribal drums to prove his point. One drum was hung with jawbones; another was hung with *cervelles*—the brains of enemies, wrapped up in skins. That was how important drums were to the tribe. Another photograph showed the great royal drum of the Baulé people, the Kwakla drum, matted with the blood of many sacrifices. Some drums were so sacred they weren't allowed to rest on the ground. There was a recent photograph, taken by someone from the Institute of Ethno-Sociology, of a drumming-and-singing ceremony in which the great drum rested on

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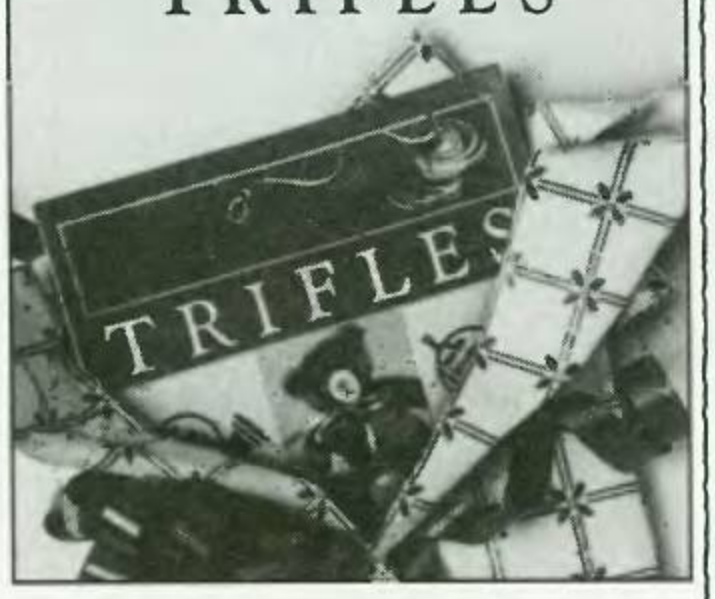

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the head of a slave—or so Mr. Niangoran-Bouah said.

The man said to be a slave was a muscular, shifty-looking fellow. He looked shifty perhaps because of the camera, at which he was glancing out of the corner of his eye, perhaps because of the weight of the drum and the din of the drumbeat just above his head (a small, bright-eyed old man standing behind the drum-bearer was pounding away with sticks on the drum), or perhaps because while the other men, elders and performers, wore their African cloths off the left shoulder, he, the drum-bearer, had to bare his chest and—while supporting the drum with his left hand—had to keep up his cloth just above his waist with his right hand.

Mr. Niangoran-Bouah found the photograph full of interest. He clearly relished these ceremonies coming down from the African past. Pressed for time as he was, he examined the photograph in detail with me, and said, "If the slave drops the drum, he will be killed."

I said, "Killed?"

"But yes." Then he qualified what he had said. "In the old days. Today, they would probably sacrifice an ox or an animal."

"Are there still slaves in the villages?"

Mr. Niangoran-Bouah said, in his lecturer's manner, "Slavery is of two sorts. In matrilinear societies, slaves are taken into the tribe. They father children for the tribe. In patrilinear societies, slaves are—slaves. Today, of course, there are no slaves. But"—and Mr. Niangoran-Bouah smiled and threw back his chest, and something of the chief's grand good humor came to him—"a man in a village cannot conceal his ancestry. Everybody knows that this one or that one is the son or grandson of a slave."

Somebody, a colleague or a student, came into the office and said that the class was waiting, had been waiting for half an hour. Mr. Niangoran-Bouah stood up, gave me an appointment for a few days ahead—he wanted to play me some recordings of drums—and went off to his lecture on some aspect of African civilization.

I HAD dinner at the Brasserie Abidjanaise. The proprietress, a Frenchwoman, was soft and large and lacy, dreamy-eyed but commanding. She made me feel I had to be careful. The uniformed waiters, deferential to her and her ideas, were stern about the

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ritual of the house. The big balloon glasses were for wine, and wine was to be drunk only from those glasses; I hadn't, after all, been careful enough. Later, at the Forum Golf Hotel, it was the Soirée Africaine: seven topless, big-breasted girls dancing to the sound of drums in La Cascade, the garden restaurant beside the swimming pool. Always, in Abidjan, there were these two holiday Africas, the French and the African. And the African was more real and more deeply rooted than might be supposed.

ANDRÉE sat at her desk by the window and did her knitting. With Mr. Niangoran-Bouah in his swivel chair, the scene was almost domestic. (The influence of literature, the influence of the French language! I saw Andrée as French, and, fleetingly, though knowing it to be absurd in the setting, I saw her as a Balzac character.) Mr. Niangoran-Bouah was in the same gray sports shirt. He had a big tape recorder on his desk; he was ready to play his recordings. But I had heard a fair amount about the drums, and I wanted him to talk instead about burial customs. I thought that the subject might be a touchy one, but Mr. Niangoran-Bouah was only too willing to talk about burial customs. He was fascinated by all aspects of traditional African life, and his attitude was purely descriptive. He didn't seem to think that these African things had to be either judged or defended.

When a big local planter died, his foreign laborers panicked and ran away. Mr. Niangoran-Bouah told this as a funny story: "*Ils se sauvent*"—"They scamper." And he slipped one open palm off the other to suggest people running away fast.

African burial customs, he said, were like those of ancient Egypt. People believed that after death they continued the life they had lived on earth. So a man needed his wives and servants to go with him when he died. Some wives and servants understood this and accepted their fate. For those who didn't want to be buried with their master, there were sanctuary villages. Mr. Niangoran-Bouah drew a rough diagram on the back of an envelope. This showed that for every village there were, at different points of the compass, and within easy reach, four established sanctuary villages. But wives and servants looking for sanctuary had to be sharp. They had to get out of the way before their husband or master died. Once they had

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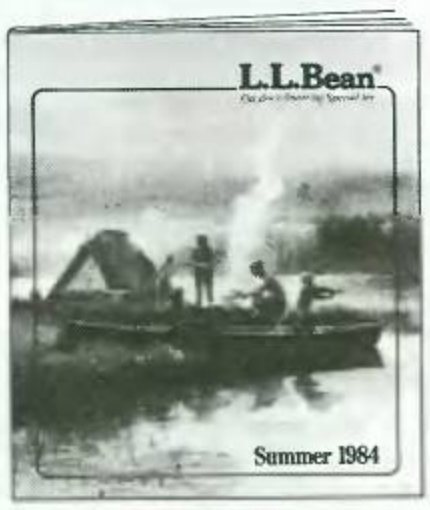

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made it to a sanctuary village and claimed the protection of the chief there, they were safe. Still, not everybody could be trusted these days, and there could be accidents. That was why the government had decreed that the burial of chiefs and other important men should take place publicly. That was why there was so much about funerals on television and in the newspaper.

It was a poor life in the spirit world, Mr. Niangoran-Bouah said. He spoke with feeling; I was surprised. He forgot his good humor, his lecturer's manner. The dead needed money from the living. The dead had no clothes, had no money to buy clothes, and they were cold—and Mr. Niangoran-Bouah plucked at his own gray shirt. The dead had no food and were hungry—and the big man made a gesture with his fingers of taking food to his mouth. Because life in the spirit world was so wretched, Africans couldn't really believe in the Christian afterlife. For Africans, the good life was here and now, on earth. The end of that life was the end of everything good.

"So African Christianity is an African religion?"

Mr. Niangoran-Bouah said, "I am a Christian. The first in my family. But I am attached, profoundly attached, to African animist belief."

Djédjé, an altogether simpler person, had said much the same thing.

Arlette came into the office. She was chewing an aromatic gum, and she sat and talked quietly with Andrée, out of whose silent, busy knitting needles, and subdued "nervousness," there was emerging a fantastically colored little garment.

With a quarter of my mind, while Mr. Niangoran-Bouah talked, I wondered—so far, after Yamoussoukro and the crocodiles, and the heads, and my own dream about the decaying bridge and general dissolution, had I been drawn into Mr. Niangoran-Bouah's spirit world—I wondered how Arlette had, as if in a novel or a play, and at another level of reality, walked into the office at that moment. And then I remembered. Arlette and Andrée were not only compatriots and friends; Arlette had also arranged my meetings with both Andrée and Mr. Niangoran-Bouah; Arlette worked in the university.

But if the here and now was all that mattered to Africans, as Mr. Niangoran-Bouah said, how did magic and the gods and the spirits fit in? Was it my own fantasy—that idea I had had of the two worlds in which Africans lived? Or was that double or twin reality something associated only with the lost slaves on the other side of the Atlantic?

I tried to find a suitable question. I said, "Is it real for Africans—the European world? This city they have built here in Abidjan—do Africans consider it real?"

And I was so taken by what Mr. Niangoran-Bouah said that I asked for a sheet of paper to write down his words. Gently, like someone performing a welcome domestic duty, Andrée put down her knitting and gave me three sheets of thick new paper.

I wrote, "The world of white men is real. *But, but.* We black Africans, we have all that they have"—and Mr. Niangoran-Bouah meant airplanes, cars, rockets, lasers, satellites—"we have all of that in the world of the night, the world of darkness."

So that at night Africans today—like the slaves across the Atlantic two hundred years ago—lived in a different world.

Arlette, still chewing, but gripped now by our conversation, since Andrée had broken off to give me the paper—Arlette, eyes bright, said, "*Ils pratiquent la nuit*"—"They do it all at night."

And in some ways Africans had exceeded Europeans, Mr. Niangoran-Bouah said. Europeans could achieve only limited speeds, even with their rockets. Africans existed who could convert themselves into pure energy. Such an African might say, "Let me be for a while." And when, after a second or so of concentration, he came to again, he might give you news of Paris. Because in that time he had been to Paris and come back; and he had talked to people in Paris. So without leaving Africa a man might see his son in Paris and talk to him. But there could be no touching during those meetings. The man in Africa wouldn't be able to touch his son in Paris, because a man could maintain his physical footing in only one place.

"They have doubles," Arlette said. "They send their doubles. That is why they cannot touch."

"There are people in the villages today who can give you news every night of Paris and Russia," Mr. Niangoran-Bouah said. "And they are

certainly not getting it on the radio."

Arlette, explaining this African gift, spoke of the Dogon people, in the north. They had a great knowledge of astronomy, and especially of the star Sirius, and they were said to be in touch with extraterrestrial spirits.

So the world absolutely changed at night for Africans?

I understood Mr. Niangoran-Bouah to say that it did. "We say that a woman is stronger at night than a man. The sick beggar you see begging alms all day on the pavement is really in the world of the night a great dignitary."

The electric light in the office went out.

Mr. Niangoran-Bouah, jovial, made a French exclamation. "*Catastrophe!*"

Andrée was reminded by the power failure that she had to make a telephone call. But now, she said, because the electricity had gone, it wasn't possible. Mr. Niangoran-Bouah said that the telephone worked on a different line. So Andrée put down her knitting and dialled. But the telephone, though it worked on a different line, gave trouble.

The head of the Ethno-Sociology Institute—not a big man, slightly military-looking in his near-khaki safari suit—came in with some banknotes in his hand. He gave the notes without ceremony to Mr. Niangoran-Bouah, and Mr. Niangoran-Bouah—rather like the village chief at Kilometre 17—held the notes in his hand while he talked.

I asked, "When does the world of the night begin?"

Mr. Niangoran-Bouah said slowly and seriously, "As soon as the sun goes down."

Arlette said that in some parts of Abidjan electric light was altering the hours of the night and interfering with the powers that came into play. There was a friendly altercation between Arlette and Mr. Niangoran-Bouah about this. I got the impression that Mr. Niangoran-Bouah was saying that electricity made no difference to the night world.

He went on to tell a story about men who could make themselves all energy. The darkest time of the colonial period, he said, was during the Second World War. And, as though the personal wound were still with him, he said it again, stressing the words: it was the darkest time.

Arlette supported him. It was a time of forced labor, she said; people were

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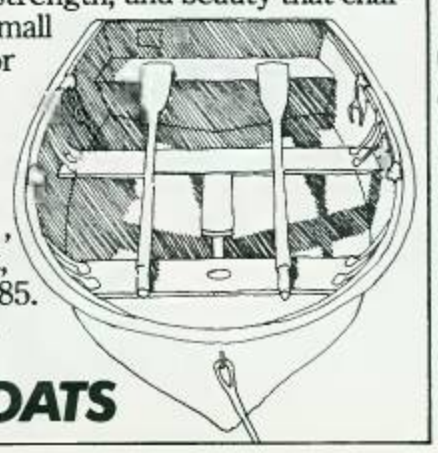

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"They found that he had got there before them," Arlette said, finishing Mr. Niangoran-Bouah's story for him, fixing me with her bright eyes, and nodding to the rhythm of her own words.

The old man had sent his double with the load. He had converted himself into pure energy.

It was a story that might have come from a Caribbean slave plantation two hundred years before. White men, creatures of the day, were phantoms, with absurd, illusory goals. Power, earth magic, was African and enduring; triumph was African. But only Africans knew.

I asked Mr. Niangoran-Bouah about the crocodiles of Yamoussoukro and the sacrifice of the live chicken.

I had seen him academic, good-humored, tender, passionate, always open. For the first time now, I saw him momentarily at a loss. The crocodile ritual was not something he was willing to talk about. He said, "The crocodiles belong to the President." He added, "He feeds them." Then he said, "The emperor of Abyssinia also had certain animals that he fed."

Arlette, eyes twinkling, said that the emperor of Abyssinia always kept a little animal with him. The little animal was his fetish.

Mr. Niangoran-Bouah didn't comment on that. He reassumed his academic manner. He said, "There are three symbols of kingship. On the savannah, the panther. In the forest, the elephant. In water, the crocodile. The crocodile is the strongest creature in the water. With one blow of that tail it can kill a man. Or"—and Mr. Niangoran-Bouah brought his palm down sidewise on his desk—"it can break this desk."

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The crocodile was wicked—*méchant*. It especially hated the dog. It was suicide to try to cross a crocodile lake or river in a pirogue if you had a dog with you; the crocodiles would certainly attack the pirogue and overturn it. Crocodile hunters used the carcass of a dog as bait. The crocodile couldn't live in salt water. There used to be crocodiles in the lagoon of Abidjan until a cutting was made to the sea, and salt water was let in. Now there were no crocodiles in Abidjan, though recently there had been reports of sightings.

The crocodiles of the Ivory Coast: the more one heard about them, the more they held the imagination. And, looking at Mr. Niangoran-Bouah's photographs, it became easier to accept that the swastika design on some Ashanti gold weights might have evolved from a simplified rendering of the crocodile: a creature all legs and snout and tail, murderous snout twisting or curving into murderous tail.

African art, African civilization, the density of African response: after his colonial wounding, that was Mr. Niangoran-Bouah's cause. In the Ashanti weights, there were the beginnings of writing and mathematics. In the chants that went with the ritualized drumming, there were the beginnings of history and philosophy.

On the desk was the big tape recorder. At last, he played some of his precious recordings: first the tribal song or ballad, then the drums that mimicked the beat of the words. It was impressive. I began to understand the richness of the material he had made his subject, and his passionate desire to present this material adequately to Africans and the world.

He was going off that weekend with thirty of his students to a village. The chief had invited them for the yam festival—*la fête des ignames*. It was an occasion so important that in some villages the sacred drums were brought out and played. In the village he was going to that weekend, there were to be sacrifices of cattle, perhaps five or six. He was excited by the prospect of his weekend in the country. These old African rituals were as meat and drink to him. They were part of his past, his religion, his soul. He was also a writer and an academic, and these mysteries were among the many African things that awaited his pen and camera and tape recorder.

But—thirty students in a village? Where were they going to stay? What

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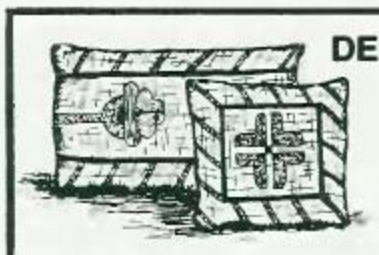

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arrangements would be made for them?

Mr. Niangoran-Bouah said, "Oh, there's a hotel."

I said jokingly, "So you are out in the field much of the time?"

He gave his chief's laugh. "*All* the time, *all* the time. *Toujours*, *toujours*."

I left with Arlette. She admired Mr. Niangoran-Bouah and was pleased that the introduction she had brought about had worked so well.

I asked her about the crocodiles. "What does it mean, Arlette?"

She said, "Nobody knows. Only the President knows."

From other people, Africans and Europeans, I heard more. I heard that before the President dug his palace lake and put in his crocodiles, there had been no crocodiles at Yamoussoukro. I heard that the keeper of the President's crocodiles was the President's sister and that she was unmarried. I heard that crocodiles were more dangerous on land than in water; then I heard the opposite. I heard that the crocodiles of Yamoussoukro, by a particular movement of their heads, warned the President of danger to the state. And at the end I felt that it was as Arlette had said: the crocodiles, so feared, were meant to be mysterious, to be felt as a mystery, and only the President knew what they, and the ritual of their feeding, stood for.

ON Saturday, while Mr. Niangoran-Bouah was at his yam festival, Arlette went to Grand-Bassam, the old, once abandoned (and in parts still abandoned) colonial capital. In Grand-Bassam there was a vernissage —local painters, both white and black, and Haitian painters—in a restored, French-owned house of the colonial period. All cultural Abidjan was there—mainly expatriates, black and white—and in that cultural expatriate world Arlette was a figure. On Sunday, Arlette went to Bassam again, in another party, for the expatriate Sunday treat of a swim in the ocean and a seafood lunch in a beach restaurant. She came back refreshed from that to take me in the evening to the house of Joachim Bony, *ancien ministre*—a former minister in the government—for an apéritif.

As a Minister of Education, Mr. Bony had for some time been Arlette's *patron*, and she still held him in awe. She was unusually abashed in his presence, and very concerned for the dignity of the occasion. And not until two

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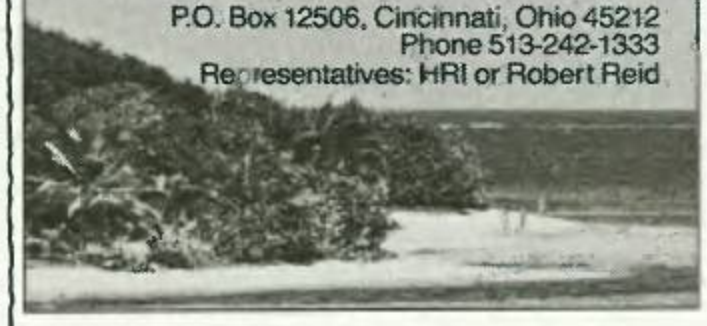

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days afterward did I learn from her that, for allegedly plotting against the President, Mr. Bony had been a political prisoner for more than a year, before being pardoned by the President.

Mr. Bony lived in one of the richer residential areas of Abidjan: green streets, big houses, big plots. A gate, a drive, a modern concrete house, many vehicles. He came out to greet us, a gracious brown-skinned man in his late fifties. He walked with a limp; one foot was twisted. He took us up some steps that led directly from the garden to his sitting room. The furniture was modern, glass and steel, everything matching. He closed the aluminum-framed glass door and turned on the silent air-conditioning.

The other guests were an Ivorian doctor and his French wife, people in their fifties. Mr. Bony and his Ivorian friend the doctor had gone to France in the same year, 1946. The friend had stayed in France for twenty-one years, in Toulouse. His wife was from Toulouse. He was black to Mr. Bony's brown, and he was a physically bigger man. His wife said that when he came back to the Ivory Coast from Toulouse he had spent more time in France than in Africa. But he had "reintegrated" himself into his family. He went to his ancestral village every weekend.

How did he spend the time there?

He said he looked after his family land. On weekends, he said, he became a *planteur*. He added jokingly, in English, "Gentle-man farm-er."

Wasn't he a little detached now from African village ways and the religion that went with those ways?

He said that he wasn't a believer (he meant in African religion) but that in moments of crisis—he spoke with some amusement—he found himself willing to turn again to old beliefs.

I asked Mr. Bony about the President's crocodiles. (I didn't at that time know the story of Mr. Bony's political fortunes.)

He said—without awe, without hesitation—that the crocodile was the totemic animal of the President's family. His own family totem was the panther. He explained: The panther was prudent, and when he leaped—Mr. Bony made a gesture with the fingers of his right hand—he was sure.

Could a hen be a totem?

Yes, the doctor said.

Could a family change its totem?

No, the doctor said.

No, Mr. Bony said—a totem was

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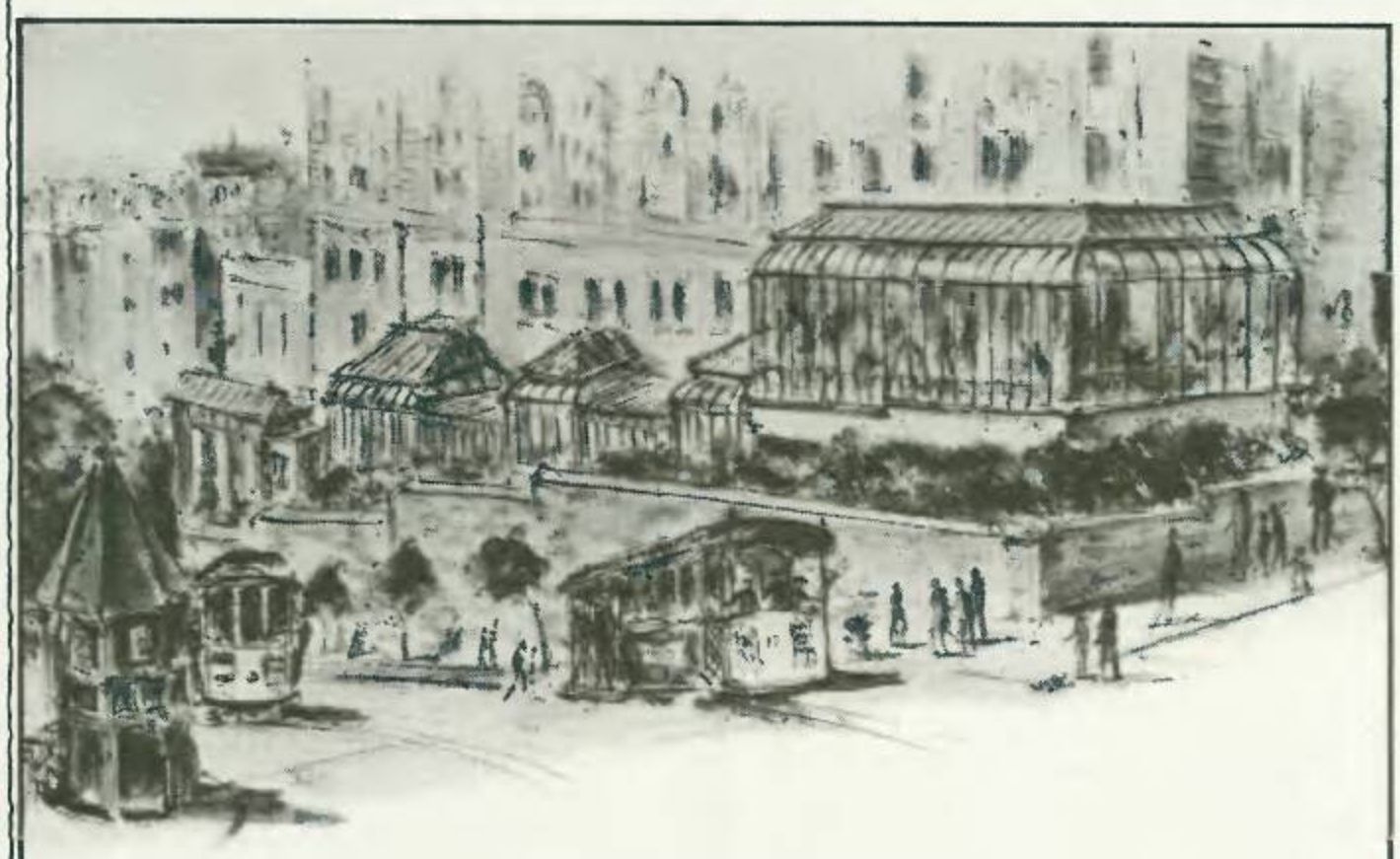

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something inherited, something that came from way back.

Mr. Bony's manner was like that: direct, gentle, matter-of-fact, unawed. And, just as he was the first person I had met to give a straightforward explanation of the crocodiles, so he was the first to understand my question about the President's estates at Yamoussoukro. Some of the land would have been state land, Mr. Bony said, and some would have been family land. The President's family were much more than village chiefs. They were *sous-chefs* of a great African kingdom; they might be described as local viceroys. In the colonial time, their power had been reduced. But they had retained their authority in the eyes of the people.

That was Mr. Bony's story. It seemed incomplete even at the time, and I later learned that the status of the President's family in pre-colonial days is a matter of dispute. I felt the subject to be a difficult one, best left alone, and it was of religion that Mr. Bony and I spoke after the doctor and his wife left. Religion was fundamental in Africa, Mr. Bony said. There were two worlds—the world of workaday reality and the world of the spirit. These two worlds ceaselessly looked for one another—"*Ces deux mondes se cherchent.*" Mr. Bony didn't speak of the world of the day and the world of the night. But soon in his conversation the world of the spirit became the world of the supernatural. The supernatural couldn't be ignored, he said. He himself had had premonitory dreams of the deaths of his parents.

Europeans were inventive, creative people. That had to be allowed them. But because they stressed or developed only one side of man's nature they seemed to Africans like children, and because of their talents they sometimes seemed like *enfants terribles*. It had been especially dismal for him, when he travelled in the Communist countries of Eastern Europe, to see men reduced to units, treated as economic beings alone. That was why, though dependent on Europeans for so many things, Africans thought of themselves as "older" than Europeans.

Apéritif time was technically over; and Mr. Bony—as gracious as Arlette would have liked him to be—sent us away in one of his cars, through his watchman-guarded gates.

Two days later, I heard about his political fortunes. It cast an extra, retrospective dignity over the man. And this dignity made more curious his interest in the supernatural.

The supernatural that Mr. Bony had talked about was not specifically African. But in Africa you slid so fast, so easily into other realms. *Fraternité Matin*, continuing the government war against bad magic (and at the same time obliquely spreading the word that in the Ivory Coast sorcery was a thing of the past), was reporting on practices among the Bété people. No one in Africa, according to *Fraternité Matin*, was thought to die naturally. A sorcerer was always thought to be responsible, and suspected people could be put to terrible trials to prove their innocence. They were made to wear the dead person's clothes; they were made to eat "the mutton of death"—mutton soaked in the juices of a putrefying corpse. Generally, among the Bété people truth was obtained from suspected persons by dropping the sap of the *gôpô* tree in their eyes; it was believed that the eyes of the innocent would not be damaged by the *gôpô*.

And there had come my way a story that I didn't know how to treat. A defective refrigerated container on the Abidjan docks—part of a cargo from the Ivory Coast to Nigeria—had begun to give off an offensive smell. The container had been opened; it was found to contain severed heads. Sacrificial heads, for export; technology at the service of old worship. Was the story true, or was it an expatriate-African joke? (The humor of Africans and expatriates could have coincided in a story like this.) I couldn't find out. All I could find out was that stories of this nature—and all the stories about poisonings, burials, the disappearance of children—were possessed by most expatriates. They lived with this knowledge of African Africa. But the Africa they kept in their hearts, the Africa they presented to the visitor, was the Africa of their own skills.

THERE were expatriates and expatriates. The latest group, of women, had come from Harlem, in New York. Not all were native-born Americans. Some, by their accents, had gone to the United States from the smaller islands of the English-speaking Caribbean. It was another roundabout return to Africa—and they had come to spread their own kind of Christian worship. They had also come to Africa as to the motherland. They were ill-favored: many of them

unusually fat, their grossness like a form of self-abuse. They were like women brought together by a common physical despair.

Perhaps at the back of their minds was the idea that, being black, in Africa they could at last pass. But Africa was cruel: the Harlem ladies were among people with a sharp eye for tribe and status and physical carriage. Or perhaps, with an opposite impulse, they had seen themselves as Americans, more advanced than the people left behind in the Dark Continent. But here, too, they were deceived: the Ivorians, when they were not blasé, deep in their own world, had a curious racial innocence. Whatever their motives, the Harlem ladies, having come to the Ivory Coast, had become shy. They seemed never to leave the hotel. Sometimes they preached to waiters, when they could catch a waiter alone, but generally they sat together in the lobby and left their little tracts on the tables there.

The ladies were in the lobby—worn out from sitting, silent from doing nothing, and yet of overwhelming presence—when Arlette came for a farewell drink. We didn't stay in the lobby. We went to the bar.

Arlette's Africa was so different from the Africa to which the Harlem ladies had come. Shortly after we met, she had said, when she was speaking of the failure of marriages between Ivorians and foreign women like her, that to live in Africa and to understand its ways was to have all your old ideas unsettled. And that, Arlette had added, was a good thing. It was of her African learning that she chose to speak on this last visit, at first in the bar and later, in the lagoon dusk, on the bar terrace. She spoke of the two worlds, the world of the day and the world of the night—the two ideas of reality that made Africans so apparently indifferent to their material circumstances. I had seen it in the Ivory Coast, she said. Men of wealth and position could return easily to their villages on the weekend, could easily resume the hut life, could welcome that life. She had said to people from Ghana, now in chaos, "You were rich the other day. Now you are poor and your country is in a mess. Doesn't this worry you?" And they had said, "Yesterday we were all right. Today we are poor. That's the way it is. Tomorrow we may be all right again. Or we may not. That's the way it is." That was the way it was in the upper world. The inner world, the other world,

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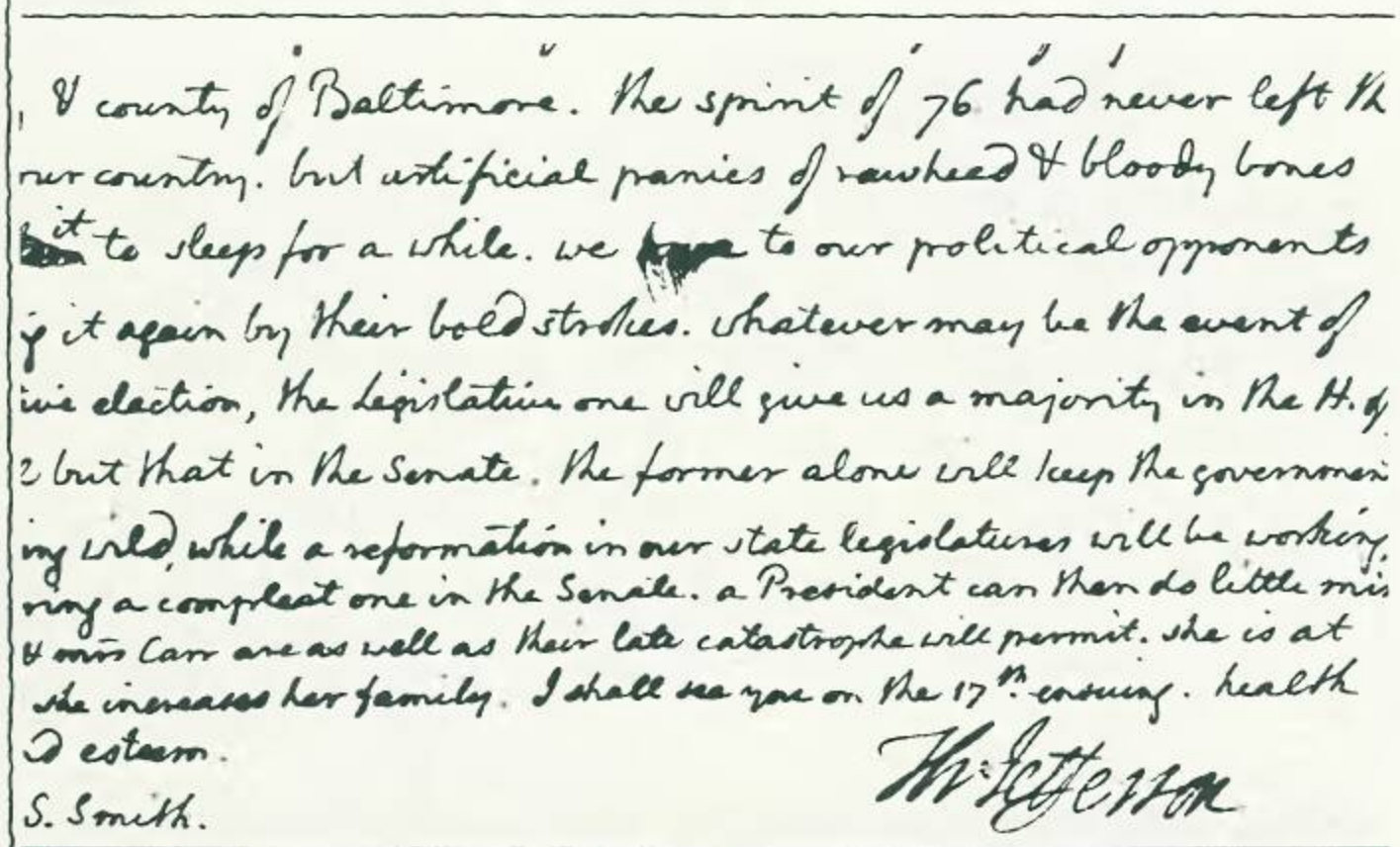

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continued whole. And that was what mattered.

I said, "So it wouldn't matter to you if by some accident this city of Abidjan fell into ruins?"

Arlette said, "No. It wouldn't matter. Men would continue to live in their own way."

Some Frenchmen had come out of the bar onto the terrace—not warm now, the light a dusty ochre. They sat at the next table. They were businessmen. They took out papers and folders from briefcases and began discussions. One of the men became interested in Arlette. Exaggerating his attentions, he considered her legs, her big, full figure. She had her back to him, and she didn't notice. She was talking, and eating nuts and crisps as she talked.

In one of the conference rooms of the hotel, there was a business conference of some sort, with many white men sitting at tables listening to a man lecturing before a blackboard: phantoms, preparing plans for things that were one day bound to perish. The sun was sinking in a haze of dust: the harmattan, arrived at last on the coast. The lagoon was hazy; the far bank, lost in haze, was like a view from the Temperate Zone. To one side of the hotel, work was going on in the grounds of new houses being built in this fast-rising area.

I said, "Arlette, you make me feel that the world is unstable. You make me feel that everything we live by is built on sand."

She said, "But the world is sand. Life is sand."

I felt she was saying what Hindus say as a doctrinal point and feel as a truth in times of crisis: that life is illusion. But that was wrong; ideas have their cultural identity. And Arlette had arrived at her knowledge, her sense of the two worlds, by her interest in "esoteric studies" and African magic. This knowledge had come from her admiration of African tribal life: the chief's gift of pardon; the annual ceremony of reconciliation; the initiation ceremonies in the sacred wood, when for three months seven-year-old boys were subjected to tests that gave them a new idea of the world and their place in it. The Hindu's idea of illusion comes from the contemplation of nothingness. Arlette's idea of sand came from her understanding and admiration of a beautifully organized society.

She spoke with passion; she spoke poetically. She nibbled all the time,

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and all the time the Frenchman at the other table was looking at her legs.

She had a high regard for the African wise man, the man venerated as a sage. There was such a sage at this moment in Abidjan, in the African district of Treichville. He was very famous; the President himself would have liked to show him honor. But the sage preferred to live where he lived, in the courtyard of a simple house in Treichville. He said that if he moved to the middle-class area of Cocody the people who needed his help wouldn't be able to come to him. They would have to walk, not having money for taxis. And the watchdogs of Cocody would bite them.

Arlette said, "Some time ago, I went back to Martinique to see my parents. It was horrible for me. The people of the Antilles are sick people. Their life is a dream. I will tell you this story. The plane back to Africa—it was a special plane—was delayed for two days. And that made me distraught. My mother was hurt that I should be so anxious to get away from her. I love my parents, but my anxiety to get away from Martinique exceeded my love for my parents. They are small-minded people over there, broken down by their history. Life is so big. The world is so big. But over there if a man gets a little job in a government department he feels he has done enough with his life. They think they are superior to Africans. But their life is a dream."

I asked her about Yamoussoukro. Why build that great city if the world was sand?

She said, "It is the President's attempt to integrate Africa into the modern world."

And I thought she meant that to build a city like Yamoussoukro was not to accept what it stood for as the only reality. Ebony, the poet and civil servant, had hinted at something like that. Ebony's father had said to him, "I am not sending you to the school to be a white man or a Frenchman. I am sending you to enter the new world, that's all."

As we walked out, we passed the Harlem ladies in the lobby.

Arlette said, "We get so many people like them from the United States. Black people who come here to convert the Africans. They are like everybody else who comes to do that. They bring their own psychic sickness to Africa. They should instead come to be converted by Africa. *Ils sont fous*"—"They are mad." —V. S. NAIPAUL

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, MAY 3

THERE is a watercolor I like by the Italian painter Valerio Adami, who lives here in Paris and is getting ready for a retrospective at Beaubourg. It is a study for a painting called "Incantesimo del Lago"—"The Spell of the Lake"—but it is not the final study. Adami says that it is awkward, that it misses somehow, that a line or a shape went wrong and he did not know really how to fix it. The watercolor moves me, perhaps because of its awkwardness. Adami is a narrative, and in some ways an autobiographical, painter. His work is about the history of artists. His paintings have names like "Archeology" and "Metamorphosis" and "The Return of the Prodigal Son," and the black outlines he always puts around his cast of characters are really the boldface print of an ongoing life in which old winking gods conspire with temple goats and Wagner visits Marat in his bathtub and Sigmund Freud casts trout flies into pools of consciousness. In an Adami, massive bodies out of a Raphael or a Michelangelo flatten themselves into the curves and planes of a bright acrylic surface. Landscapes flatten, and with them time seems to flatten, and one is left, suddenly, with a collapsed iconography of the civilization.

Adami, at forty-nine, is one of a generation of European painters with what could be called an unrequited sense of history. There is an intensity of nostalgia in Adami's work, masked by the intensities of color that have become his trademark. It is a nostalgia that has to do with the war, with growing up to a shattered past from which there was only "history" to recover, and I think that one reason I like the watercolor study of a woman in a rowboat which Adami calls "The Spell of the Lake" is that it fails to resolve its nostalgia into elegant pop surfaces, it fails at the stylistic devices that are really Europe's devices. It is a little like the pencil drawings that Adami keeps for himself in a drawer in his studio. They are full of false starts and rubbings out and smudges, and they are not very pretty, but they are also full of the gestures and the concentration of translating ideas into lines on a piece of heavy, three-hundred-gram paper. Adami is known mainly for his paintings. But he himself is uncomfortable with painting, as if his paintings begged the questions they raise, by their crafty beauty and satisfying surfaces. He prefers drawing. He says that he thinks by drawing, and that his drawings are as close as he can get to thought and longing. It is this longing—the awkward longing of a woman in a rowboat who turns her back and strains into a brown Italian landscape—that separates so many European artists of Adami's age from their confident, painterly predecessors, and even from their followers, and gives them as much of an affinity for the intellectuals they know, the writers and philosophers, as for their own colleagues. The great old painters of the Paris scene are nearly gone. (Jean Dubuffet is about the last of them; I see him sometimes walking around the neighborhood, small and solid, and with the same sort of bald bullet head Picasso had.) Most of them were gone by the time Adami came here, from Italy, in the early seventies—one of those young European painters who were looking for a capital and who were to discover in Paris that the capital was New York, that there was no way for Europeans of their age and their bewildering experience to make the same sort of buoyant strides that painters were making in America. There was, to those European painters, an intimidating innocence to American art—even the F-111 bombers and the supermarket cans of the nineteen-sixties had that innocence. Europeans who stayed at home in Europe worried about this. They talked about "the terrorism of American painting" (and stopped only a couple of years ago, when Americans started raiding Europe again for paintings). Or they talked about "*l'espace américain*," meaning a kind of free Wild West of the imagination. Memory is heavy in Europe even now, and Adami says that it amounts to a baggage that people like himself carry. He says that a childhood spent with a Caravaggio hanging in his local church and a Jewish lieder singer hiding in his basement, waiting out the war and occasionally giving family concerts, was bound to produce in him a very particular sense of memory, a fascination with memory, a bond. He and the other young painters he knew from Italy tried hard to work out concepts of modernity that would involve the rearticulation of memory more than they involved newness. Newness was an American problem. The problem in Europe had to do with making honorable connections with tradition—and with being written off in New York as either too "intellectual" or shallow. Adami is a painter of references, of indirection. The painters who have taken on the mythologies of the century more brutally are (almost by definition) younger, and they are mainly German, like Anselm Kiefer, who is an artist of extraordinary passion. They are more of an event, in their way, than an exquisitely civilized Italian like Valerio Adami, out looking for history, but they are not more important. Adami remembers standing in front of one of the cool Canova nudes at the Brera after classes and wondering who in fact were the proper predecessors of a seventeen-year-old art student in Milan seven years after the Second World War—the Canovas of eighteenth-century Rome or the Futurists of his own century, who easily lent their images to Fascism, or the Expressionists in Germany with their prophetic nightmares. It is not surprising that he and so many of his contemporaries—people like Ronald Kitaj, who lives in London and is fifty-one years old—became painters of allusion trying to translate the questions and propositions of the mind into corroborating images, obsessed with the sly combat between civilization and mortality.

THE art that the rest of Italy took up after the war was design. Its artists were its great stylists: Ettore Sottsass, with his Memphis design collective; Gae Aulenti, with her architectural-design studio; and, later, the Milan couturiers, like Ferrè and Missoni and Armani. Style, for Italy, was the sign of a persistent gaiety, a way out of the war and out of thinking too much about the war. Style was liberating, oblivious. It caught you up in visions and technologies that were "new," but not in any of the moral baggage Adami talks about. It made

Milan its capital, because Milan was such an ugly duckling of an Italian city and could not impose "history" on anyone, the way Rome could, or Florence or Venice. Milan sprawled and jarred and was amenable to all sorts of transformations. It was a kind of tabula rasa for contemporary urban life. It did not have much in the way of charm. It was a hard, nervous, fascinating town, but it was not awesome. It inspired energy and change but certainly not respect. It made, as such, a fine background for its personalities. Milanese like Valerio Adami, who is a man of considerable personal style, given to old pipes and bow ties and long cashmere cardigans, have carried some of the spirit of their city with them to Paris, where style has more to do with restorations and refinements of what is considered classically French than with great taste or innovation or adventure. It is a curious thing about Paris—the way its beauty casts a kind of paralysis on its citizens. No city on earth is so agreeable, so pleasing, so rich in the details of daily life. But to live in Paris—to walk the *quais* late on an April afternoon when sunlight begins to burnish the glass canopy of the Grand Palais and the houses of the Quai de Conti fall into shadow where the river turns and the buttresses of Notre Dame are etched, suddenly, into a darkening sky—is to inhabit an utterly completed place. In a way, there is nothing to add to Paris. It demands appreciation but not really contribution—which may be why so many of the artists and architects who have made a mark here since the war have been foreigners.

"Just a little reassurance that we're on the right bus. I don't think that's asking too much."

• •

At heart, the French are pedagogues. They like to instruct, and one day a couple of weeks ago a friend took me on what he called an instructive walk through his neighborhood. We started at the Musée du Luxembourg and headed down the Rue de Tournon and on across Saint-Germain onto the Rue de Seine, ending at the open market on the corner of the Rue de Buci. Seven young New York painters—Julian Schnabel, Keith Haring, Kenny Scharf among them—are in a group show at the Luxembourg called "Tendances à New York." New York is having what could be described as a vogue here, much as Marx and Freud and the structuralists had *their* various vogues a while ago. Parisians long for New York the way they longed for revolution in the sixties and psychoanalysis in the seventies. Visitors to the Luxembourg show were stopping reverently in front of canvases stuck with smashed dinner plates. They were admiring animal outlines that would have been relegated to a back cave at Lascaux. They were making hushed remarks about vigor and *la force New Yorkaise*. Every once in a while, a few of them would look desperately toward the door, but no one seemed willing to follow his urge to get away, though life was much more interesting out on the street—in the shoes in one shop-window, in the Fauve motif on a particularly well-made piece of fabric in another, in the craftsmanship of the street itself, which links a dozen glass-and-steel boutiques to the fine seventeenth- and eighteenth-century mansions of the neighborhood and gives the neighborhood its continuity.

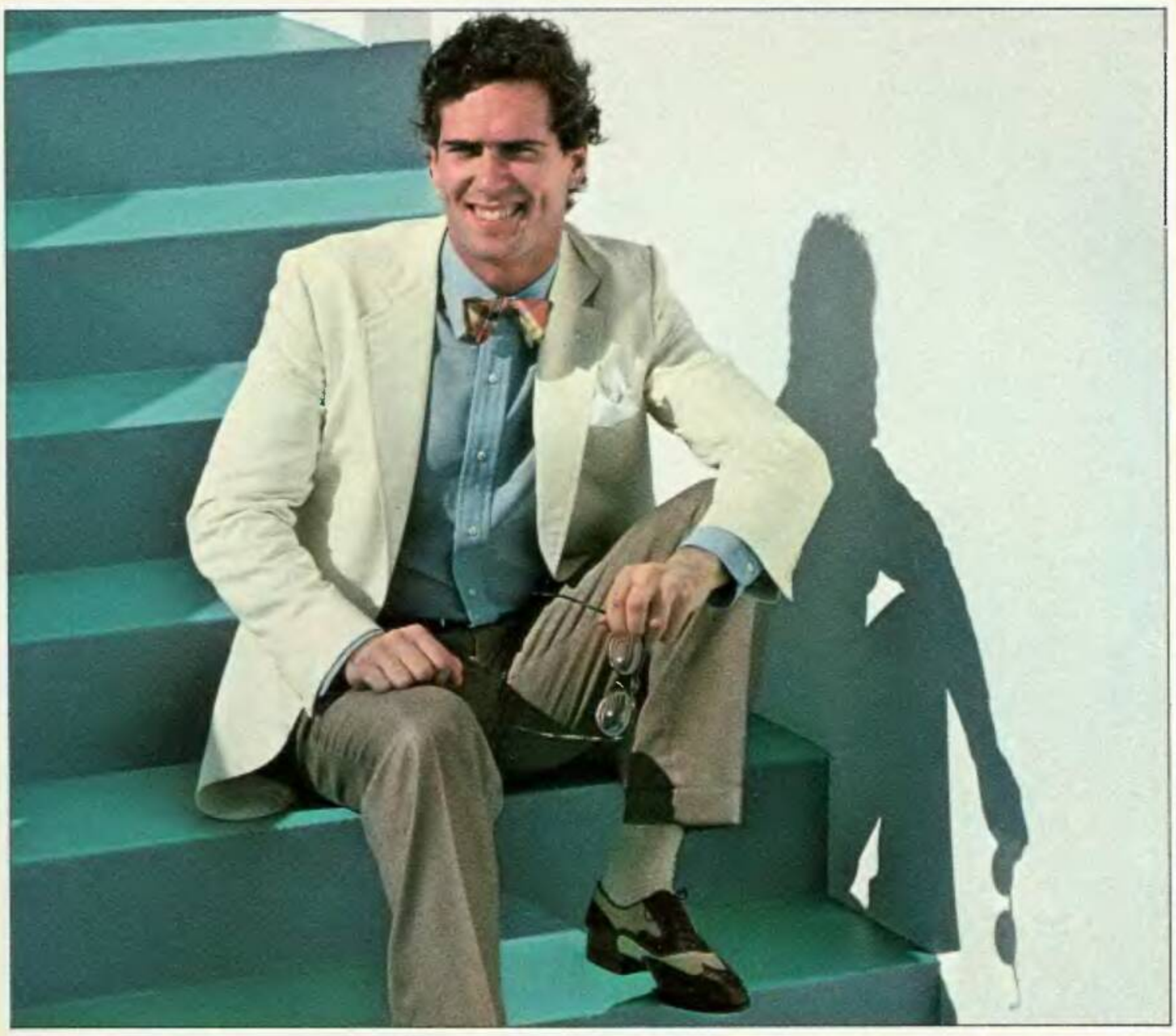
The galleries along the street—Karl Flinker; Rodolphe Stadler, farther down on the Rue de Seine—are costly, cautious ventures in the avant-garde. The old print and drawing shops, like Prouté, are, in their way, the real galleries of the neighborhood—art libraries, where you can order up a portfolio and browse through a favorite artist or a favorite century. They are always full of people from the quarter, taking the afternoon off for Redon or Matisse or a Venetian master. Some of the best artists here are working quietly on drawings and engravings that are more in the spirit of M. Prouté's portfolios than in that of the smashed plates of Julian Schnabel at the Luxembourg. Gérard Trignac, a young engraver from Bordeaux, makes etchings that are velvety and luminous and full of wonderful architectural imagination, like Piranesi etchings. Roland Cat is a young Paris artist who can add a clear blue swimming pool to the apse of a complicated Gothic church and come up with a picture that has the wit and delicacy of one of Delacroix's Moroccan interiors. One notable thing about their work is how small it is by most contemporary standards. They work in a city that is very much attached to notions of proportion. The tradition of the well-shaped eighteenth-century room, the balance of wall and height and window, tempers the way Parisians see as much as the *grand-boulevard* enlargements of the nineteenth

century do, with their confusions of bulk, wealth, and beauty. The great out-scale events in Paris engineering and art—Napoleon's tomb, the Eiffel Tower, the Centre Pompidou at Beaubourg—work so well because of the wholehearted way they contradict the traditions around them. Actually, they lighten the city, playing on its seriousness and its decorum (unlike the straightforward commercial affronts to Paris's scale, such as Le Front de Seine or the Tour Montparnasse or La Défense, which cuts the slow rise of the city north past Neuilly).

The important big-city buildings in America were always its corporate offices and its merchant banks—the seats of American capital. In Europe, they were the churches and the palaces and the monuments to the power of the state, like the Ministries and the *hôtels de ville* and the tribunals. The great canvases of Europe's Old Masters were meant for cathedral walls and royal galleries. Paintings for the drawing room were scaled to very formal notions about the intimacy of drawing rooms—which is why there is always something a little odd about walking into a Paris home and coming upon a twenty-foot canvas on the wall. The French bourgeois household is not temperamentally disposed to what one critic here called "the aesthetic of the dominating object." It is more of a repository, an accumulation of the objects that compose its history as a family. This is a burden on the young, who flee to *chambres de bonne* or, when they get some money of their own, restore what is now referred to here as "*une loftette*." But it also encourages a rather nice defiance, a true proprietary interest in one's own surroundings. To a Frenchman, there is something inappropriate in the idea of turning over an entire wall of his apartment to, say, smashed plates, because the wall is, after all, the Frenchman's wall, and not plate smasher's. It goes against the grain. It is something "modern" and "American." It implies abandoning oneself to size, as if size were an illicit pleasure. The French know that New York's peculiar harmony has to do with its improbable scale, but they are not very good yet at distinguishing between one enormous New York object and another. They are apt to go to the museum and conclude that there is not much difference between a wall of Rothko and a wall of crockery. On the other hand, they have always lived easily and intelligently with their own art. They take it for granted, as one of many pleasures that give the day its quality and its flavor. They may mystify lunch but never beauty. They regard the beauty in their lives and in their city as something ordinary and dependable—which means they tend to produce a different sort of artist. American artists have an amazing liberty. They can re-create their culture with every generation—and they have a public waiting for "art" to take it over and define it. Europeans do not imitate America very well. ("*J'ai eu mon Amérique*" is how Georges Simenon described his own ten years as an expatriate in the United States.) When a Frenchman paints a picture that will take a crane to lift, and then lifts it into a third-floor flat in the Marais instead of into Saint-Sulpice, he is making a touching rendezvous with his century, and not just dusting off a stuffy culture. (There was a time, about ten years ago, when young French painters claimed to be mocking property with their outsize canvases, the not entirely specious argument being that you cannot "own" a twenty-foot canvas the way you can own, say, an Ingres portrait; the twenty-foot canvas owns you.) And the French family in the third-floor flat is submitting to the most unlikely intrusions on its space, the way it submits to intrusions on its time when it diligently puts in a six-hour or eight-hour "evening" at the theatre.

Robert Wilson is much admired here, and ever since he put on his splendid "Einstein on the Beach" at Avignon, eight years ago, people have tended to associate culture and endurance. These days, it is not unusual for a play to start at five in the afternoon and run without a break till midnight. There is an assumption in the theatre here that longer is better, and—like the assumption that bigger is better—it has to do with a kind of misguided modernism, with America undigested, with confusions of real time and authenticity. It also has to do with that national urge to pedagogy, which can turn culture into a lesson to be learned, and even suffered—the grown-up equivalent of the ruler and the hard wooden school bench. Ariane Mnouchkine, who has spent the past few years directing a Shakespeare cycle

COUNTERPOINT OF COLOR



When thinking of color, one could easily overlook the influence of the architecture around us. This was strikingly brought home to us on a recent sojourn to Bermuda, where we saw pinks, blues and beiges enhance the stuccoed surfaces of the cottages they so brightly decorated. Thus inspired, we commissioned our own neutral shades in natural textured fabrics to encourage, as had been so dramatically displayed in Bermuda, one color to act as a foil for another. We discovered that the maize of our pinpoint sports jacket subtly emphasized the taupe of our pure linen trousers. And, while a madras butterfly bowtie alighted quite naturally on the blue field of a cotton voile shirt, the raw linen and leather of our wing-tips continued the interplay of neutrals and naturals. For us, the subtle use of neutral shades in natural fabrics is an ever-changing drama that will continue to delight and intrigue for as long as there is sunlight on a mid-summer's day.

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at her theatre in an old cartridge factory in the Vincennes woods, put on a "Richard II" two years ago that was choreographed (the only way to describe it) as a ritual reënactment of the mortal exchange of power between Richard and Bolingbroke, and was staged and costumed as a Noh play—not for a fancy switch from the early English court to the court of medieval Japan but for the sake of evoking from the etiquette of medieval Japan the essential form of that exchange. It was five hours long, but it was a masterpiece of theatre, not least because of a fine sense of the play's rhythms and its proper timing. Mnouchkine followed "Richard" with a "Twelfth Night" and then, this spring, with a "Henry IV (Part I)," and she seems to have lost that fine sense, but not the reverence for length she evidently drew from it. "Twelfth Night" was an extraordinarily long night; and in "Henry IV," Falstaff and Hal, who were meant to be taken as Manchu clowns, practiced an endless takeoff on the sort of martial art that is often called "balletic," because it never ends. An English friend who knows "Henry IV" by heart, having volunteered as Mistress Quickly in three summer-house productions in Port'-Ercole, swore that half the scenes were repeated and elaborated, like recitative, but she was wrong. They had simply lost their pace, leaving my friend to fidget in Mnouchkine's bleachers for five hours.

Mnouchkine is by no means alone in her enthusiasm for long performances. Patrice Chéreau, the young director who runs the Théâtre des Amandiers, out in Nanterre, put on a "Peer Gynt" at Châtelet a couple of years ago that lasted two evenings. Last year, on the other hand, he directed the best production of "Les Paravents," Jean Genet's wonderful play about the Algerian war, that Parisians had ever seen. It was full of humor and generosity and insight, and nobody noticed that it had gone on for hours and hours until after the last fellahin and soldiers had leaped through the paper screens of their mortality into the tender, tedious, giggling camaraderie of Genet's "eternity." The problem for Chéreau, as for Mnouchkine, is how to choose between the play and the evening, between theatre time and their own time, consistently enough to make their triumphs intentional and their failures accidental. Ten minutes of Jessye Norman singing Dido's lament (in an otherwise dreadful production of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" at the Opéra Comique last month) carried more artistic weight than five hours anywhere else in town.

ANOTHER instructive walk these days is the long walk down the famous axis from the Arc de Triomphe along the Champs-Élysées to the Concorde and on through the Tuileries to the gates and courtyards of the Louvre. It is the stuff of postcards—the straight sweep from arch to obelisk and on to formal gardens, with the little pink marble "triumphal arch" that Napoleon built, echoing the first. And it is a subject of much discussion here lately, because President Mitterrand has unveiled a model of a big glass pyramid that is going to interrupt that sweep, sitting in the middle of the main courtyard as the Louvre's new entrance hall. I. M. Pei, who designed the pyramid (after Cheops' Pyramid at Giza, he says), is a superb museum architect. He has great appreciation of light, as anyone who has seen his wing of the National Gallery in Washington knows, and the French have been notoriously ignorant about light when it comes to their museums. Exhibitions like the Manet show at the Grand Palais last year or the Turner show this winter or the nineteenth-century-American-painting show at the Palais now—exhibitions for which a good deal of talent and money went into research and collecting and cataloguing—were terribly lit. It was only two years ago that Paris's museums got a lighting designer of their own, and not so much earlier that theatres and opera houses here started paying serious attention to the lighting of their productions. The brilliant American theatre designer Neil Jampolis—who once hung a fifteen-watt bulb in Fidelio's cell for a Houston Opera production with the explanation "My God, it's darker with a fifteen-watt light bulb than with no light at all"—was the first real lighting specialist hired by the Salzburg Festival, and that was only a year ago. Before Jampolis arrived—it was to light an "Idomeneo" for Jean-Pierre Ponnelle—operas at the Salzburg were lit by house technicians, following

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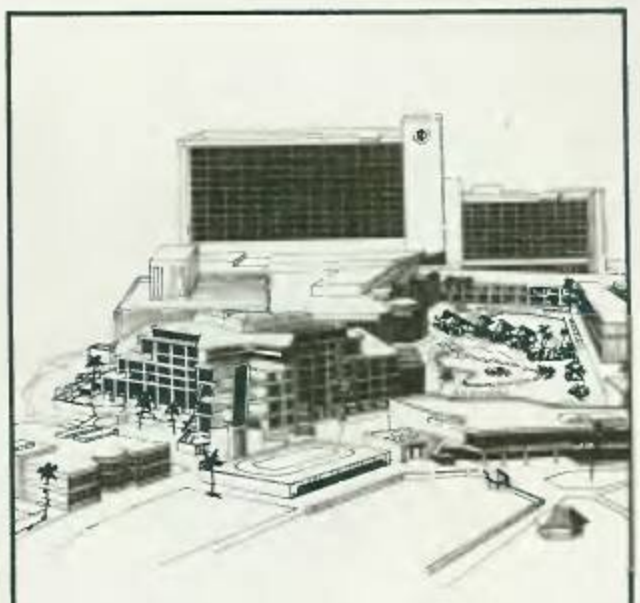

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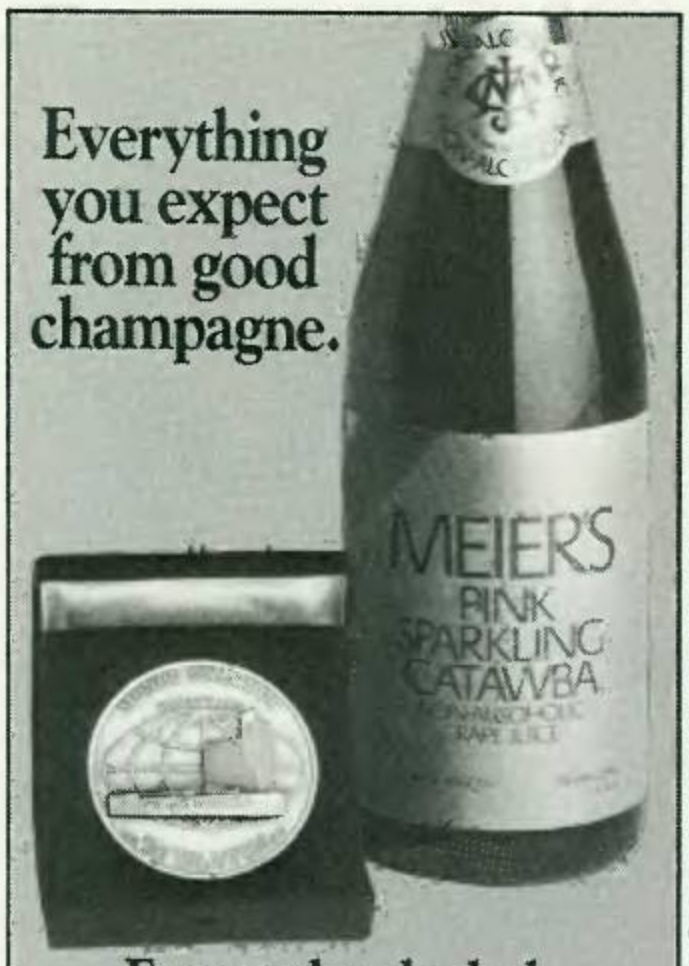

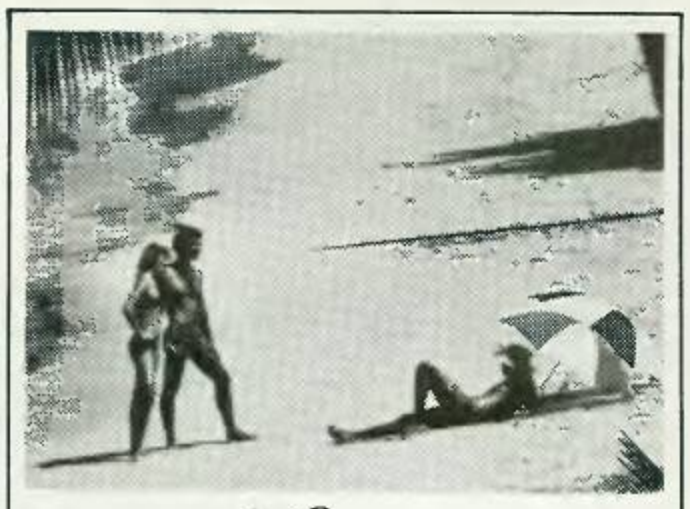

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vague orders from directors and, sometimes, even conductors. Jampolis says that, even so, museums have been raiding opera and theatre companies for lighting designers for years. Museum people, left to themselves, tended to light their space "theatrically," he says, whereas real theatre and opera people were often taken with the new possibility of filtering natural light, and would provide paintings with ambient, anonymous light that did not compete with them. Gae Aulenti, who is in charge of transforming the inside of the Gare d'Orsay into a new national museum of nineteenth-century art, has made complicated plans to filter and refract daylight from the station's old crystal-palace canopy for her exhibition halls. It would be nice to get some of that daylight into the Louvre, too, because the lighting at the Louvre is primitive where it exists at all. Pei's pyramid will be all light, but, being an entrance hall and not a gallery, it will provide visitors mainly with a good look at one another. They will be able to inspect the reproductions that the Louvre is planning to peddle in a gift shop something on the scale of the Bon Marché, but they will not get to use that light for Delacroix or Leonardo. Pei is not a modest architect. He likes monuments, and he wants to leave a monument to himself in Paris, the way the kings who put up the triumphal arches and the obelisks did. Mitterrand himself wants to leave monuments. He wants his Presidency to be "a recuperation of the cultural patrimony," as he puts it, and he has started building on a grand scale—the Pei pyramid, a new *opéra populaire* at the Bastille, the restoration of the Gare d'Orsay, a giant square doughnut out past the Arc de Triomphe, a park and museum at La Villette, a new Ministry of Finance, and, eventually, people say, a renovated glass canopy of the Grand Palais (which at the moment houses water tanks and air-conditioners).

For Mitterrand's purposes, Pei is an ideal architect. People who argue against his pyramid—who find the idea of a glass pyramid at the Louvre shocking—forget the extent to which Paris depends on grand shocking gestures. Haussmann's wheel of boulevards off the Place de l'Étoile was something of a shock in its time; so, certainly, was the obelisk at the Place de la Concorde. Of course, the best grand gestures were the ones made in truly unexpected places—the buildings that redefined the space around them

just by being there. The Eiffel Tower, rising—and looking a little lopsided—over the Seventh Arrondissement, redefined a neighborhood that was given over mainly to the town houses of the *grande bourgeoisie;* it humanized the neighborhood, so to speak, as if it were a giant toy or a friendly robot left out by someone's child. The Japanese pleasure dome at the end of the Rue de Babylone was another grand gesture that made a neighborhood smile; it was bought by an owner of the Bon Marché, who wanted something nice for his wife—something, as he said, "exotic"—and was reassembled piece by piece in Paris, and now it is a movie theatre called La Pagode, with a little restaurant dispensing herb teas and *pappadums*. It is not so different in its effect, really, from the Centre Pompidou, which certainly transformed the old market street of Rambuteau when it went up ten years ago—a red-and-blue erector set in the middle of a neighborhood of stalls and street venders. What the theatre and the museum share is a sense of play, of adventure—and it remains to be seen if Pei's glass pyramid will add the same sort of adventure to the Louvre or will just get in the way of what is, after all, a remarkably lovely old courtyard. The famous axis it will interrupt has already been interrupted. In fact, it is the product of its interruptions—a kind of commemorative row of imperial ornaments which, happily, established a certain harmony. How much nicer to come upon Mr. Pei's pyramid in some awkward and inappropriate place, where it would look a little less vain and a little more cheerful. —JANE KRAMER

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the San Mateo (Calif.) Times*]

BURLINGAME—A 37-year-old woman told police late Friday that when she drove to a Burlingame Avenue ice cream parlor to get a cone after getting off work at a local restaurant, she found a man wearing a ski mask and no pants in the back of her van.

The victim told Officer Brian McKague that after she left the ice cream store and was driving past the library on Primrose Road, the man got into the passenger's seat and sat on her ice cream cone. When he asked her something, she pulled to the curb, grabbed the ignition keys and jumped from the vehicle. The suspect tried to start the van, but the woman pulled him out by his shirt and grabbed off his mask. Then she noticed he had no pants.

The victim tried to follow the suspect but noticed a telephone at a service station and called police, McKague reported.

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THE THEATRE

Joy and Torment

IN order to be eligible for nomination in one or another of the many Tony categories of awards, a number of shows have come barrelling onto Broadway during the past week or so. (By Tony reckoning, the Broadway season came to a close this year on May 6th, with the Tony-awards ceremonies to take place on June 3rd.) Of all these shows, the only one that I can recommend without grave cautionary asides is "Sunday in the Park with George," at the Booth, which has music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by James Lapine, who has provided the direction as well. The George of the title is Georges Seurat, and the park is familiar to us from his painting "A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte," now at the Art Institute of Chicago. (How romantic names become for us by being in a foreign tongue! "La Grande Jatte" simply means "the big platter," and refers to the shape of the island, which lies in the Seine a little farther north of the center of Paris than the Bois de Boulogne.) Seurat died in 1891, of what would probably be diagnosed today as viral pneumonia; the infant son whom he had had by plump and rosy Madeleine Knobloch, a favorite model, died of the same affliction a few days later. Death took Seurat by surprise: he was only thirty-one, robust and disciplined; he had completed seven major paintings, along with hundreds of sketches in pencil, crayon, and oil, and he must have assumed that several decades of fruitful labor awaited him. John Rewald has written that Seurat shared the attitudes of his friend and fellow-painter Henri-Edmond Cross, who held that "to look at life, to have sensations and to arrange them, is enough of joy and torment." Young as he was, Seurat had achieved a formidable position in the artistic life of Paris. He was much praised and much condemned for his championship of pointillism, which he thought of as a scientific approach to the application of color to canvas. In 1887, the critic J. K. Huysmans said of him, "Strip his figures of the colored fleas that cover them, underneath you will find nothing, no thought, no soul: nothing." Harsh words—but to be considered in one's twenties worthy of the mockery of a Huysmans! Praise pales beside it.

Sondheim and Lapine are sympathetic to their often inhumanly hardworking and austere hero. With what amounts almost to relish, they spell out his alienation from his mother, his mistress, and his friends in the course of his single-minded pursuit of an ideal work of art. The first act, complete in itself, so that one would be perfectly content to leave the theatre then and there, ends with an uncannily precise duplication of Seurat's masterpiece, down even to the sniffing dog and the elegant monkey on a leash. The second act opens with the rendition by the characters in the painting of a witty bridging song, "It's Hot up Here." The setting is an art museum, and the time is the present; George's purported great-grandson, also named George, is demonstrating his contemporary equivalent of pointillism—a "Star Wars" contraption called "Chromolume # 7," which spits laser beams and threatens, à la Jean Tinguely's sculptures, to destroy itself. George is filled with gloomy self-doubt, as his ancestor never was; "Chromolume"s cost a lot of money to build, and this not very interesting fact is driven home to us in a long and tiresome scene fashioned around a song, "Putting It Together," which by an unintentional irony all but tears the show apart. Having survived this peculiar episode, we are returned to the Island of the Big Platter, now as thickly built up as our own Roosevelt Island. There George strives to come to terms with his nature and talent, his striving accompanied by characteristically rueful and haunting music, quick to bring tears. At the curtain, we are given reason to hope, as in so many Sondheim shows, that against high odds the hero will somehow manage to break out of the suffocating cocoon of himself and breathe at last our necessary, ordinary air.

Mandy Patinkin bears a close physical resemblance to Seurat, and he gives a highly affecting performance both as Seurat and as his great-grandson. Bernadette Peters is perkily charming as Seurat's model and mistress, whom the authors have failed to resist naming Dot instead of Madeleine, and Barbara Bryne, Charles Kimbrough, and William Parry are all pleasing in lesser roles. The scenery is by Tony Straiges, the costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt and Ann Hould-Ward, the lighting is by Richard Nelson, and the special effects (which are indeed special) are by Bran Ferren.

"We're never going to get anywhere if you keep on reading the papers."

"END OF THE WORLD," at the Music Box, is a new play by Arthur Kopit, directed by Harold Prince and realized by an exceptionally well-chosen cast, which includes John Shea, Barnard Hughes, Linda Hunt, Jaroslav Stremien, and David O'Brien. The subject about which Mr. Kopit has had the courage to invent a comedy is nuclear weaponry and our continuing failure, everywhere in the world, to address the problem of its control. A hard topic to be funny about? To put it coarsely, you can say that again; and so does the author—

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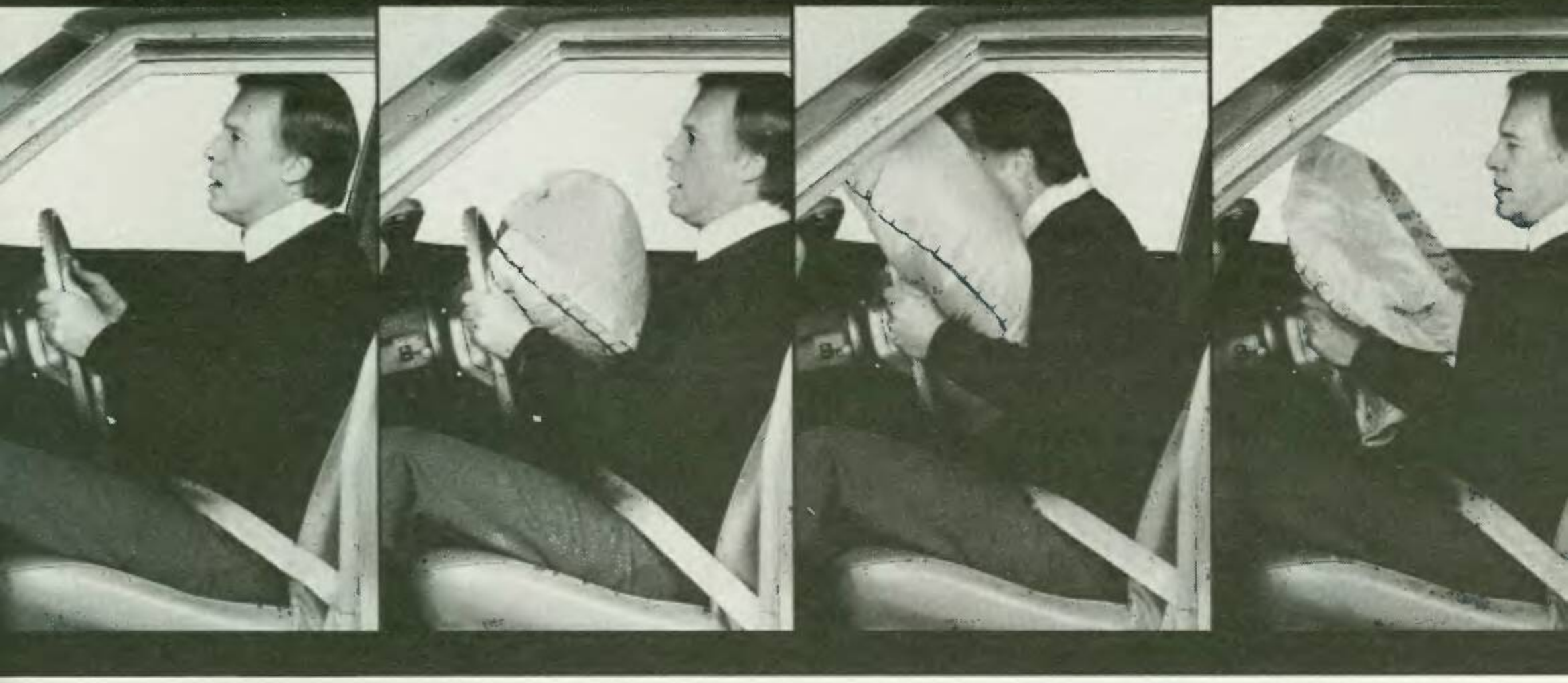

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again *and* again, and with a greater degree of success than I would have thought possible, thanks to a literary adroitness that wrings laughter from us at the very moment when, shaking our heads, we whisper darkly among ourselves that the end of the world is no laughing matter. The structure of the play takes big literary chances: the hero, Michael Trent (John Shea), is a playwright, making up a plot even as we sit observing it. It is a plot that requires him to assume the role of a hardboiled private eye, complete with a twittery blond secretary and a Bogart trenchcoat. Aided by a wealthy patron, he gains access to a world of highly placed political and military dunces, for whom illogic is logic; to his chagrin, he perceives that there is no need to deduce the presence of evil in a world where idiocy not only abounds but flourishes.

Yeats spoke of the savage indignation that lacerated Swift's breast; plainly, a similar indignation lacerates our playwright's breast, and he has struggled to turn this indignation into art by the means most familiar to him. A comedy that seeks to sketch within a couple of hours the folly of the entire human race is understandably difficult to give a tidy conclusion to; an enigmatic freeze-frame brings down the curtain at the Music Box, in an immobility and silence that seem to embalm the raucous hurly-burly that has preceded them.

The scenery for "End of the World" is by Clarke Dunham, the costumes are by William Ivey Long, and the lighting is by Ken Billington.

THERE are those who claim to see in O'Neill's "A Moon for the Misbegotten" a masterpiece; to me, it is a fustian, ill-plotted melodrama, which might have attained some measure of public acceptance in Victorian times, when stage-Irish characters were mistakenly assumed by American audiences to be the real thing, but which, written in the nineteen-forties and set in Connecticut in a period some twenty years earlier, stops just short of travesty. We must remember that O'Neill was, among other things, the son of a wealthy father, and although he often wrote about working-class people, as a Princeton dropout he was always, drunk or sober, a voyeur in their midst, self-consciously aware of them as material for his future literary labors. Except for "Long Day's Journey Into Night," which *is* a masterpiece, he remained throughout his life a second-rate writer, never more sentimental than when he was assuming a mantle of tragic grandeur, and with an ear that caused him to bungle every attempt to create authentic dialogue. (His Swedes and Irishmen speak in accents unknown to history, and so do many of his nineteenth-century Americans.) The characters in "Moon" owe far more to such bookish sources as Boucicault, Synge, O'Casey, and the unavoidable Dowson than they do to the individuals whom O'Neill encountered in real life and whom his biographers have been at pains to identify.

In the present production, at the Cort, Kate Nelligan and Jerome Kilty do much to bring life to their roles as a ranting, contentious daughter and a no less ranting, contentious father—Punch and Judy, or, more likely, Jiggs and Maggie. Ian Bannen is totally at sea as James Tyrone, Jr., the failed Broadway actor and mawkish self-flagellant; we believe in neither his alcoholism nor his sexual prowess. John Bellucci and Michael Tolaydo have small parts as, respectively, a runaway son and a millionaire neighbor of Tyrone's. (O'Neill pretended to despise the rich, and as soon as he got rich did everything in his power to emulate them.) The scenery and costumes are by Brien Vahey, the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss, and the direction is by David Leveaux.

"A Woman of Independent Means," due to close shortly at the Biltmore, is a one-woman show, starring Barbara Rush. It was written by Elizabeth Forsythe Hailey and is based on her novel of the same name. Perhaps the novel, told in the epistolary form, makes what is called "a good read," especially in lending-library circles, but the epistolary form is bound to fail onstage, and nothing that the conscientious Miss Rush can devise in the way of tiny actions—picking up and putting down framed photographs, changing clothes, or scribbling away at a desk—conceals the painful thinness of her role. The scenery is by Roy Christopher, the lighting is by Martin Aronstein, the costumes are by Garland Riddle, and the direction is by Norman Cohen. No fewer than eight producers are listed in the program, eager to share credit for this unhappy miscalculation. In the old days, wouldn't all but one of them have been invisibly present as

angels? Social climbing on Broadway—surely that is a contradiction in terms.

A REVIVAL of Lionel Bart's nineteen-sixties musical, "Oliver!," has arrived at the Mark Hellinger, with Ron Moody and Patti LuPone in the leading roles, and with tried-and-true Peter Coe as its director. I admired the sets, by the late Sean Kenny, and the lighting, which is by Andrew Bridge, but the book is heavy going, as Dickens' "Oliver Twist" isn't—or wasn't when I last perused it, many a long year ago.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Boo!

HARVEY FIERSTEIN'S "Spookhouse," briefly at Playhouse 91, was a horror comic about a meddlesome social worker who tried to force a woman to accept and take care of her elder son, an adolescent drug addict, after the boy had raped and set afire an eight-year-old girl and then either fallen or been pushed off a roof. The rest of his family—mother, father, kid sister, and mentally defective younger brother—were shattered, but the zealous Ph.D. was adamant. The action took place in an apartment above the Spookhouse in Coney Island, which the parents owned and operated, and the effects—*son et lumière*—were appropriately shocking and obtrusive. As for the script, "Spookhouse" was less a play than a cluster of monologues. Those in the first act—the mother's desperate, sarcastic routines, delivered with great flair and style by Anne Meara—were often entertaining in a campy kind of way. They were the comic part. The second act was the horror: tears (on part of father), blood, and murder—though not murder of social worker, which I was rooting for. It would be tempting to dismiss the show as rubbish and leave it at that were it not for some skill in the writing and delineation of the characters. The actors did well. Miss Meara—funny in Act I, frantic in Act II—almost made the mother believable, as Court Miller did for the complacent social worker. Tom Noonan was good as the pathetic father. Bill Stabile designed the elaborate setting. Those special effects—by Bran Ferren—which dominated everything, were, as I say, frightening and nasty (not as nasty as that social worker, though).

—EDITH OLIVER

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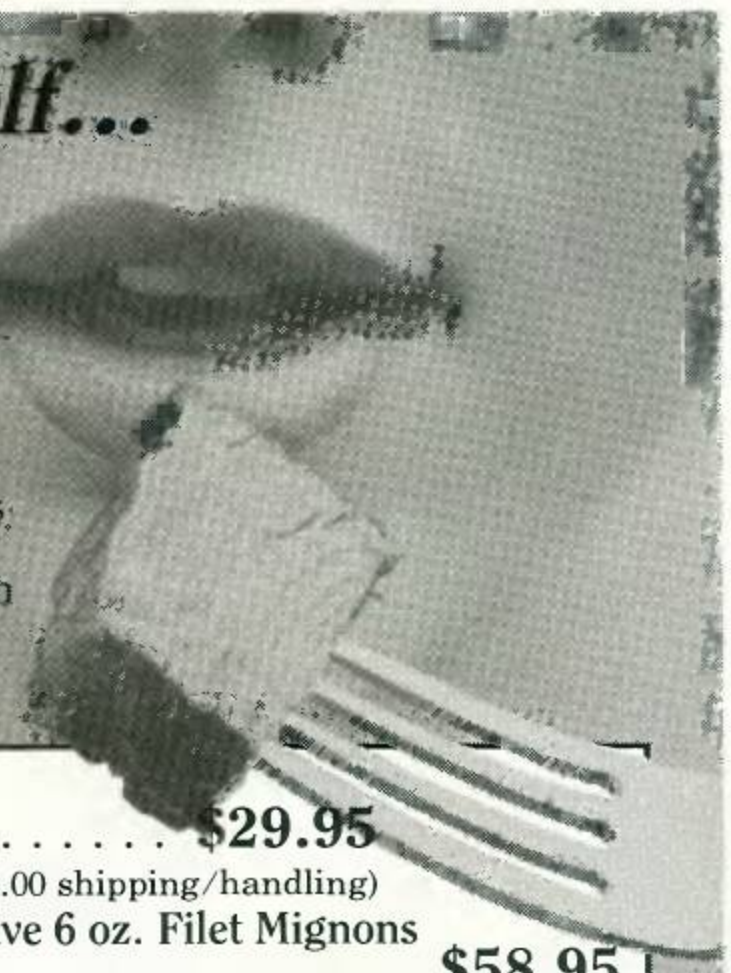

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Riding the Waves

THE demise, five years ago, of the Juilliard's Twentieth-Century Music concerts, conducted by Richard Dufallo, left a hole in New York's musical life. In a city that lacks any counterpart of the London Sinfonietta and any counterpart of the BBC's Radio 3, the Juilliard concerts brought us performances of works by Boulez, Berio, Stockhausen, Ligeti, Xenakis, Gilbert Amy, Messiaen, Peter Maxwell Davies, Oliver Knussen, Barry Conyngham and by the Americans Charles Wuorinen, Ralph Shapey, Jacob Druckman, Earle Brown, Richard Wernick, Joel Hoffmann which kept listeners riding the waves of contemporary music or tumbling, exhilarated, into the tangy sea. And it was all happening at Lincoln Center. I've no objection to travelling uptown to Symphony Space, downtown to the Kitchen and to Cooper Union, or under the East River to the Brooklyn Academy to hear new music. But it's important that there should be a heartbeat at Lincoln Center invigorating the staider, safer offerings of the Metropolitan Opera House, the New York State Theatre, and Avery Fisher Hall. I hope that whoever becomes the Juilliard School's next president sees it as the place by which the enterprise of the other Lincoln Center houses is judged. Those Juilliard concerts were very well played: looking over my reviews of them, I find name after name of performers who have gone on to fame. In the "outside world," economic pressure often prescribes skimpy rehearsal schedules, and therefore programs—particularly of orchestral concerts—in which compositions difficult to prepare make way for more easily achievable but less important pieces. Something of the sort seems to have affected the program of the Brooklyn Philharmonic's Meet the Moderns concert last month, given in the Lepercq Space of the Brooklyn Academy and the next night in the Great Hall of Cooper Union. (I attended the former.) It was entitled "Berio, Boulez, and New Europeans." It delivered them, but not at strength.

The concert began with three small, choice chamber blooms from "A Garland for Dr. K"—a garland woven by eleven composers and presented to Alfred Kalmus in London in 1969 as an eightieth-birthday tribute. Dr. Kalmus (who died in 1972) was a remarkable man. When he was twenty, he joined the Viennese music-publishing house Universal Edition, where he was associated with Schoenberg, Berg, Webern, Bartók, Kurt Weill. Driven from Austria in 1936, he went to London and there insured the continuance in print of Universal composers denied musical existence in the Third Reich. During the war, his Universal Edition (London) worked under the aegis of Boosey & Hawkes; for a time Mahler study scores bore the Boosey imprint. After the war, Boulez, Berio, Harrison Birtwistle, Brown, Richard Rodney Bennett, David Bedford, Sylvano Bussotti, and Stockhausen were among the composers Dr. Kalmus published. His New Grove entry—written by a fellow-publisher, Alan Frank, of the Oxford University Press—ends, "No publisher in the twentieth century could have pursued more assiduously the task of gaining recognition and financial reward for composers of new music." The history of music is made primarily by its composers but also by those who recognize genius and, in a wider sense than by simply getting the notes into print, "publish" it. The three "Garland" pieces on the Brooklyn program—Birtwistle's "Some Petals from the Garland," Boulez's "Pour le Dr. Kalmus," and Berio's "The Modification and Instrumentation of a Famous Hornpipe as a Merry and Altogether Sincere Homage to Uncle Alfred"—are more than conventional pièces d'occasion. Each of them represents a major composer working, although on a small scale, at the top of his bent, in "altogether sincere homage." Dr. Kalmus was a familiar, courteous, very correct, slightly austere bearded figure at London concerts, somewhat awesome to shy young critics. (We nicknamed him Dr. Marianus, from Mahler's Eighth Symphony.) In Brooklyn, the "Garland" morceaux had their New York premières—belated but welcome, for Dr. K left his mark on a half century of musical history.

Four of the five other pieces on the bill used electrical amplification, and used it crudely. Louis Andriessen's "Disco" (1982), a duo for amplified violin and piano (played by Benjamin Hudson and Kenneth Bowen), sounded shrill and empty. Louis Andriessen, born in 1939 (a brother of Jurriaan Andriessen, whose ballet "Jones Beach" I remember with pleasure; a son of Hendrik Andriessen, whose opera "Philomela" I remember with mixed feelings), is a striking, inventive composer, who, like all com-

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posers, works within a context—in his case, Dutch vanguard music. Most composers are local or, at best, national prophets, prominent members of and important to the societies that they live in and serve. Great compositions serve the world (and need Dr. Kalmuses to see to it that they do). Since my transposition from Europe to America, I have become increasingly aware that there are also pieces important, even revelatory, to audiences who have followed their composers' careers step by step which are probably not worth exporting. And in this huge country there are works that matter in New York even though their California performances may add little to the lives of those who hear them there. And vice versa. (Haydn's famous letter regretting that admirable operas he has composed specifically for Esterháza can have little appeal to metropolitan audiences makes the point strongly.) Against that, of course, must be set musicians' curiosity to discover what is being done elsewhere; and also the danger that if a "context" has not been established important, world-serving compositions may fall upon minds and ears unprepared for their full comprehension. (This seems to have happened with Haydn's operas in Vienna, with Davies' First Symphony at the Philharmonic in 1978, with Barraqué's "Chant Après Chant" at Symphony Space in March.) Perhaps I'm saying no more than that international and transnational programs should be assembled with great care. Boulez's metaphor of a waterline—works that rise above it matter, while those below it, whether just below or fathoms deep, can well be ignored except by swimmers in local waters—seems relevant. There is too much music being made in the world for a listener to be able to keep up with more than, on the one hand, the best of it and, on the other, the works of the composers who live in his particular part of the world. Andriessen has written better pieces than his duo "Disco." And Arne Nordheim (born in 1931) has written better works than his trio "Signals" (1967), for amplified accordion, electric guitar, and percussion, which was the next work on the Brooklyn program. It was played by Guy Klucevsek, David Starobin, and Joseph Passaro.

Knussen's "Coursing," a chamber-orchestra piece commissioned by the London Sinfonietta, was originally announced for the concert but was replaced by his "Hums and Songs of Winnie-the-Pooh," for soprano and instrumental quintet. It was composed in 1970, when it had an informal hearing at Tanglewood, and was revised last year for performance at the Aldeburgh Festival. Like all Knussen's music, "Hums and Songs" is written with a marvellously exact and imaginative ear. It avoids coy whimsy. It is poised, charming, and amusing: a happy blend of miniature tone poem and tiny song cycle, with deliberately blurred narrative—a young man's memories of childhood Pooh-musings, after bedtime reading, between lights out and falling asleep. "Hums and Songs" deserved a place on the program; it provided an introduction to "Where the Wild Things Are," the opera Knussen wrote with Maurice Sendak, which receives its American première next month in a concert performance at the Philharmonic's Horizons '84 festival. Karen Beardsley, who will play Max in the "Wild Things," was a limpid, accurate, and winning soloist. Her appearance is fresh and boyish, but it was odd of her to wear a bare-shouldered red dress that seemed far from the world of Pooh and Christopher Robin.

After the intermission, there were first performances of two works for larger forces. "Trajet" introduced, both as composer and as pianist, the Belgian Luc Brewaeys (born in 1958). The piece was written at the invitation of Lukas Foss, the music director of the Brooklyn Philharmonic; it is dedicated to him, and he conducted it. "Trajet" is based, the program note told us, on a five-note chord representing a musical encipherment of the letters L-U-K-A-S and on the rhythms of the dedicatee's name tapped out in Morse code. Well, a composer has to start somewhere. The piece is composed for "slightly ring-modulated" (i.e., electronically distorted) piano and eleven instruments. Mr. Brewaeys showed himself to be a swift, able player and an evidently efficient composer with a quick, sure ear, definite about what he wants. It's a kind of music that, like Xenakis's, I respect but can't engage with. Then there was "Offrande" (1982), by Sharon Kanach, an American who lives in Paris—a long gallimaufry for soprano, orchestra, and tape, which struck me as pretentious, self-indulgent, undisciplined, and tedious to listen to. The starting point here was casts of the I-Ching. Voices on the tape recited poetry in various languages. (Dante, Rilke, the start of "Ash-Wednesday" appeared; I thought the T. S. Eliot estate was more discriminate about releasing his lines for use in musical compositions.) The orchestra played. The soprano Diamánda Galás sang both high and low in lines sometimes heavily vibrant and sometimes steady. I admired her legato. But she was grossly overamplified. Since the composer's fingers were on the electronic controls, this was either what she intended or a miscalculation, at her station among the players, of what would reach the audience in the Lepercq Space's awkward acoustics.

THE Tremont String Quartet's concert in Merkin Hall last month was a rewarding event: confirmation of the string quartet's survival into our times as an ideal medium for the communication of intimate thought; and revelation of a young American quartet (formed in 1977) dedicated to contemporary music and able to play it with technical proficiency and emotional commitment. Paul Griffiths, on the first page of his survey "The String Quartet" (Thames & Hudson), a book of brilliant aperçus and cunning formal design, observes that "more than any other sort of music in the western tradition, the string quartet has enjoyed the stability yet also the capacity for a constant renewal of a living species." And on the last page he has a pleasant fancy: the eighteenth-century quartet party reported by Michael Kelly in his memoirs—Haydn the first violin, Dittersdorf the second, Mozart the viola, and Vanhal the cello ("There was a little science among them")—sits down to tackle a composition by Carter or Xenakis and, although somewhat disconcerted by the difficulty of the parts, "which leaves little room for an individual moulding of statement or response," discovers the essential continuity of the genre

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and its modes of expression. The Tremont Quartet—Richard Balkin, Laura Mahan Balkin, Linda Walton Kirkwood, James Kirkwood—played four quartets. Three of them were new to New York, and the fourth had its world première. They represented four very different approaches to the medium. Three of them were works I look forward to hearing again.

R. Murray Schafer's String Quartet No. 2, "Waves" (1976), is a product of his World Soundscape Project—which (to put it simply) explored natural "musics" of the world and related them to man and the music he makes. (The results are recounted in Schafer's book "The Tuning of the World.") Recording and analyzing the patterns of waves breaking on the Atlantic and Pacific shores of Canada revealed that "the duration from crest to crest usually falls between six and eleven seconds;" and "it is this wave motion that gives the quartet its rhythm and structure." The sea has long been a potent source of musical inspiration—to Debussy, Vaughan Williams, Britten, Barraqué, Davies. (Do people who were born far from the sea and grew up without having its rhythms, its sonic and visual metaphors of recurrence and variety, tempest and calm, violence and cradling, etched in their psyches respond differently to sea music and sea poetry?) Schafer's quartet is no academic "transcription" but an imaginative composer's response to observation, shaped by art into a beautiful stretch of music.

James Willey's String Quartet No. 3 (1981), composed for the Tremont, is in manner a more traditional quartet discourse. It's a fresh, worthwhile piece, in one movement—lasting about fifteen minutes—with six clear sections. And it's very well written. A program note remarked that "the sounds and textures of hymns and fiddle-tunes are never very distant." That may suggest some neo-Ivesian pastiche, but in fact the popular elements are sublimated, turned into true quartet material, as surely as are the Russian tunes of the Razumovskys. Willey's command of modern harmonies, his metrical astuteness, shaping of form, and handling of textures delight ear and mind. There are several solo or solo-with-accompaniment passages. In the Schafer piece, the players murmured, lapped wave upon wave, surged, subsided in beautifully disciplined poetic ensemble. The Willey gave each of them chances to come forward as an individual and dis-

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play color and character. The instructions in the score are vivid—"scruffy, full of bow noise," "mysterious, a bit playful," "*pp*, but clearly audible as a ghostly backdrop"—and so was the Tremont's playing. Willey, who teaches at the State University of New York at Geneseo, where the Tremont is quartet-in-residence, was a composer new to me. I've made a note to obtain the Spectrum record on which the Esterhazy plays his First and Second Quartets.

The score of Ben Johnston's String Quartet No. 5 bears a 1980 date and the inscription "For the Kronos Quartet;" according to a New World Records note accompanying Johnston's Sonata for Microtonal Piano, the quartet was composed in 1975 for the Concord Quartet; the Tremont Quartet gave the work its first performance, in Chicago last year. I find that it's easy to get lost in Johnston's microtonal compositions, based on "extended just intonation" and set out in notation of formidable complexity whose signs may provide for up to twenty-two different degrees of sharpness, twenty-six of flatness. But in the Fifth Quartet there's something not difficult to follow—the Appalachian tune "Lonesome Valley," a guiding thread through the labyrinthine adventure of unfamiliar concords and discords where the composer's concern, as he once put it, is "to reopen doors closed by the acceptance of the twelve-tone equal-tempered scale as the norm of pitch usage."

Marc-Antonio Consoli's String Quartet (1983), commissioned by the Tremont and receiving its first performance, ended the concert. It seemed to me insistent, rebarbative, long-winded, and graceless in its writing.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

ANGELS NINTH—Beniquez singled. DeCinces popped to Hurst. Lynn walked. Stanley relieved Hurst. Grich grounded to Boggs, advancing the runners. Sconiers was walked intentionally. Boone grounded to Beniquez, whose throw past first permitted Beniquez and Lynn to score. TWO RUNS.—*Boston Herald.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Smaller Than Life

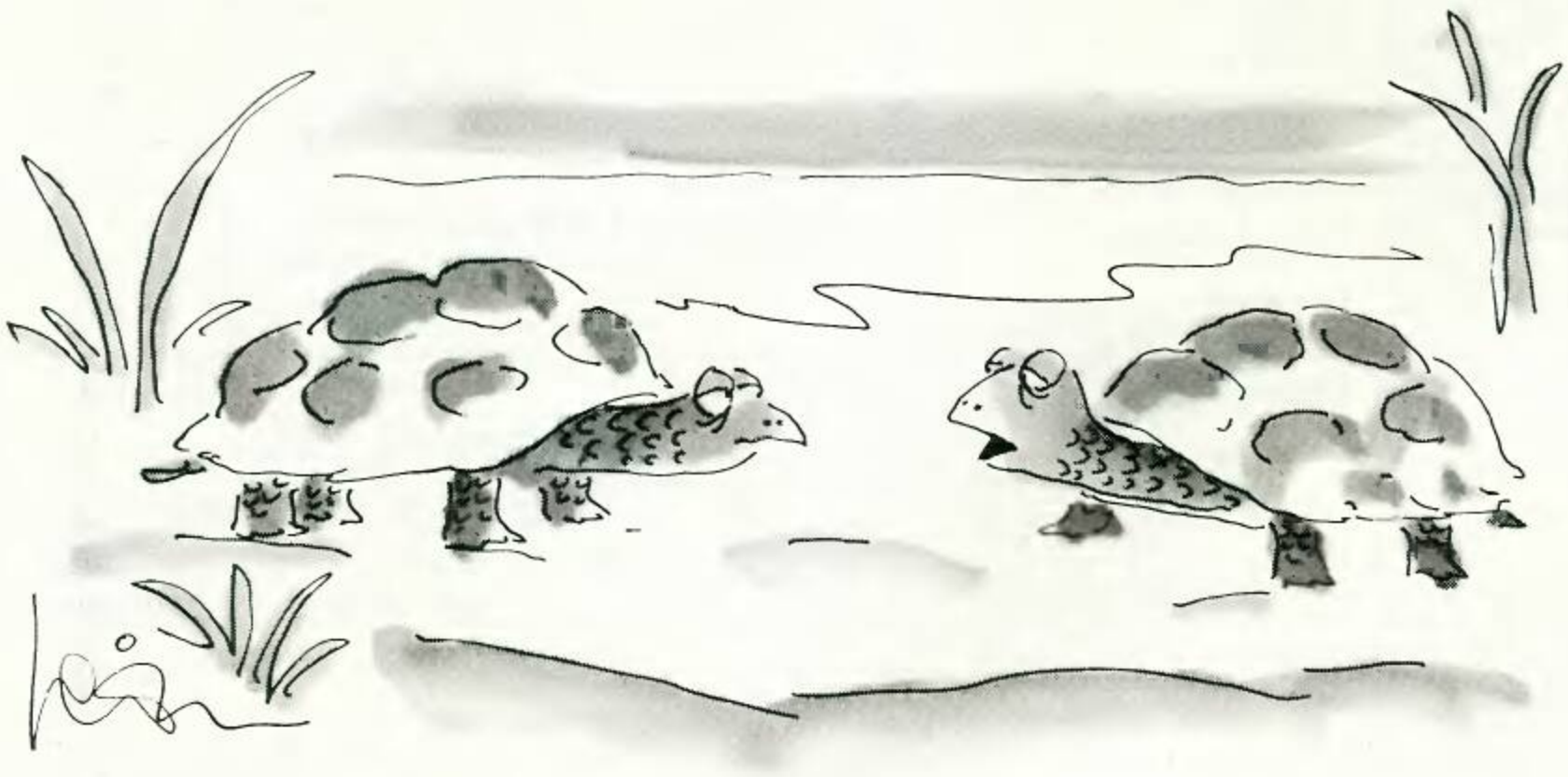
IN "Swing Shift," the director, Jonathan Demme, attempts to recapture the atmosphere of the "home front" during the Second World War. He has the kind of respect for working people's homes that James Agee had for the shacks of tenant farmers, and he shows you the details of lower-middle-class life without satire or condescension. Demme could be said to have a reverence for kitsch. His tenderness—his looking for the poetry in the tacky—is a rare quality, but in "Swing Shift" it isn't backed up with much of anything else.

Demme's vision of the lives of the workers on the swing shift (4 P.M. to midnight) at an aircraft factory in Santa Monica has a glazed lyricism. Goldie Hawn is Kay, a cuddlebug housewife who married her blue-eyed Iowa high-school sweetheart (Ed Harris) and moved to California; he joins the Navy right after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and she becomes a riveter at the factory, where she meets a foreman (Kurt Russell) who's also a trumpet player. He develops a crush on her, and eventually they begin an affair. Christine Lahti is Hazel, who sings with a dance-hall band; she breaks up with her lover (Fred Ward), the dance-hall operator, and goes to work on the assembly line, and she and Kay—they both live in the same set of tiny garden-court bungalows—become pals. Most of these performers, along with others in the cast, seem too old for the parts they're playing. They look stuffed and posed, as if they were consciously trying to recreate themselves in the images of the shiny-faced teen-age servicemen and girls-next-door in the forties issues of *Life*. It's a case of talented, intelligent actors turning themselves into waxworks. The cramped, stage-set look of those bungalow interiors seems deliberate, and the way the workers are positioned at the factory makes you think the movie is about to turn into a musical, with candy-colored production numbers. For Demme, the film must have been an exercise in style, in the way that "New York, New York" was for Martin Scorsese, but Demme's style is softer, pastel, mild.

Kay and her husband hear the news about Pearl Harbor when they're spending their Sunday at an outdoor skating rink; we can't fail to observe the picturesqueness of the era. The people in this movie don't do anything that wouldn't have been done in forties movies, and the clichés of those movies are played here as daily life. Demme isn't debunking anything; on the contrary, he seems to insist that the images of innocence given to us by the magazines and the movies are accurate. And from the way he sees things it's as if movies never had a darker side. (In some ways, Demme's vision seems as privately enraptured—and as superficial—as that of his near namesake, the French director Jacques Demy, in his weaker films, such as his 1969 American production, "The Model Shop.") The insubstantiality of "Swing Shift" may make us feel as if we were dozing. Or we may be tapping a toe, waiting for the heroine to lose her virtue—waiting for the public images of virtue to come into conflict with the characters' desires. But Demme doesn't appear to register that the audience has a problem; he sticks by this false innocence. And he keeps the camera gliding romantically, though its movements don't seem to relate to the situations that the characters are in.

Goldie Hawn dampens the picture. It's not that she gives a bad performance. Like "Private Benjamin," this film was made by her own production company, and she certainly doesn't have the kind of cruddy role that she played in, say, "The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox" (1976); she doesn't repeat herself, either, the way she has been doing in pictures such as the more recent "Seems Like Old Times." The role of Kay is a stretch for her, all right, but Goldie Hawn as a subdued ingénue is not a stretch that does anything for the audience. A passive Goldie Hawn seems a violation of nature. We're used to her all turned on and infectiously funny, and for us not to feel let down by her performance in a straight role it would have to be a really good one. As Kay, she's trying to make herself simple and ordinary—she's playing a new stereotype: the child-woman who learns how to be a competent person. And there's very little she can do without calling up echoes of Jane Fonda in "Coming Home." She has fallen into a very old acting trap: she wants us to identify with her character, and she thinks that she will become typical by flattening herself out. It's a stretch in reverse: she diminishes herself. At times, her mouth is set; she looks uncomfortable, repressed—not as the character but as an actress who's unhappy with what she's doing. (Maybe she senses that the picture is turning into a neutered version of "Private Benjamin.")

Goldie Hawn and her moviemaking team have also made a basic mistake in strategy: they've given Christine Lahti's Hazel the wisecracks. Christine Lahti, who has dark hair, high cheekbones, and a long neck with great cords in it, is one of the marvellous new towering Venuses who are changing our image of women. Like Sigourney Weaver, Joanna Cassidy, Kathleen Turner, and, of course, Vanessa



"Sure it's nice to have, but do we need rustproofing?"

Redgrave, she's heroically feminine. She's also a ripsnorting comedienne, and she gives the picture whatever spark and intensity it has (which is mostly in the first half). Her role doesn't make much sense: she's a singer who never even hums after she takes the job in the factory, and she goes on for years carrying a torch for the man she broke up with (until he has an offscreen change of heart). But Lahti plays this role to the hilt, and the simple fact is that her height plus her tough manner and her few wisecracks make Goldie Hawn's Kay seem dim and shrimpy. (For one thing, there's more of Lahti for clothes to look great on, though she has become shockingly thin.) If Kay had been conceived as more hip and had swapped cracks with Hazel, Goldie Hawn might have had all her tickling charm to draw upon. But she's got both arms tied behind her back. And Lahti, a spangly goddess with a little forties hat propped on the side of her head, is smiling down at her.

At times, I got the feeling that everything in "Swing Shift" was muffled because the moviemakers were afraid of covering the same ground as Connie Field's documentary "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" and also of overlapping with "New York, New York." It's a wisp of a movie, with vague aspirations to be touching, and I got the impression that there had never been a very strong script. (The writing credit goes to the pseudonymous Rob Morton; the writers who were listed before and during production were initially Nancy Dowd, then Bo Goldman, then Ron Nyswaner, and there was last-minute, attempted-rescue work by Robert Towne.) The scenes rarely last more than twenty seconds. They don't quite come to anything; they abort—with a sometimes audible pop—and it's always before we can get a sense of what's going on with the characters. There are no high spots, no exciting moments. The picture just goes popping from one recessive, undeveloped scene to the next. "Swing Shift" was reëdited after Demme turned in his cut, and so it's difficult to gauge his plan for the movie, but it may be that he didn't want a stronger script. The charm in Demme's movies is in the small talk. He knows how Americans sound when they're relaxed, and Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell have an easy, casual way with each other. But Demme isn't good at building scenes to move a story along, and this picture is never satisfying at

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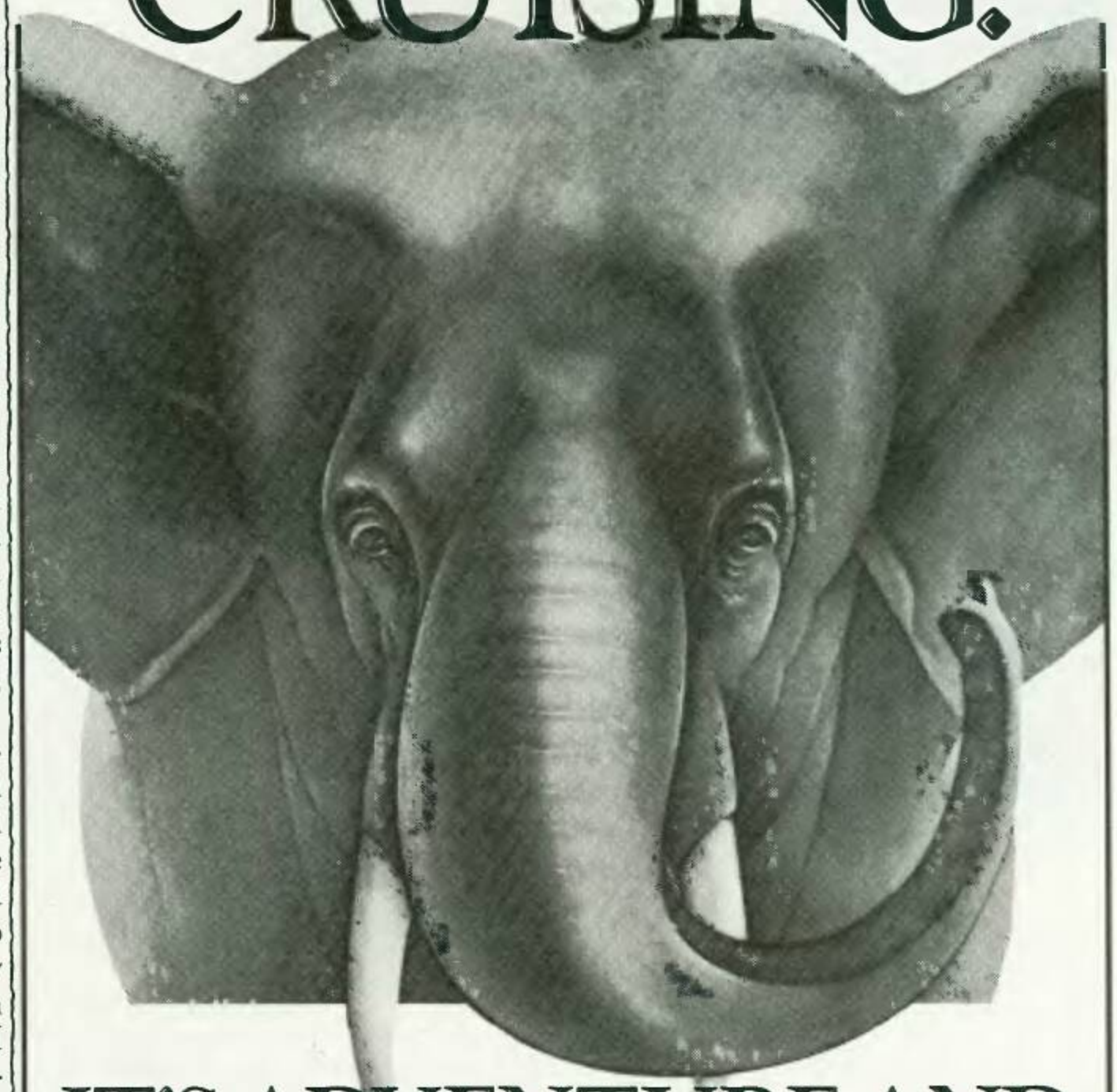

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Last year, I sat all the way through "Romantic Comedy"—and that rather puzzled me, because I've walked out on a lot of much better movies. Then I realized that the reason I'd sat there was that the picture drained me of the strength needed to get up and leave. "Swing Shift" isn't stupid, like "Romantic Comedy," but it, too, is draining. You sit there wondering what nothing is going to happen next. There's a feminist-fairy-tale aspect to Kay's story: she gets a job and proves her worth by saving a fellow-worker's life, she has her sexual fling, and then she goes back to her husband, and, in some screwy way, what she does seems meant to parallel and represent what happened to women in general. There's also something sickening about the way Hazel's lover turns up and apologizes for the way he treated her, and then turns up again, cringing, asking for forgiveness. Maybe part of what makes this movie seem so befuddled is that Demme's nostalgic fixation on the ambience of the war years excludes any real interest in the lives of women workers, and the feminist script sees the characters as precursors (with lessons to learn) rather than as people. The women's experiences in the "home front" are treated as a warmup, a rehearsal for the women's movement of the sixties and seventies. The point of this picture is that men laughed at the idea of women riveters and welders but that the women "showed them." It's as if the women were pampered darlings who went to work just to prove something to their husbands and to themselves. The fact is that many women needed to work before the war and had only been able to find low-paying jobs, and after the war they were pushed out and were once again trapped in domestic service, "women's" factory jobs, and department stores. The softening of economic facts devitalizes "Swing Shift." You can't keep all that pie-eyed lyrical innocence without betraying the subject. The movie doesn't even put across the feeling that's so rousing in documentaries about the period: the sass and bounce of the women workers, earning good money for the first time, and strutting because they were doing what was considered "a man's job."

—Pauline Kael

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CONCERT RECORDS

Devotee

A VIOLINIST named Byron Williams strongly resembles the late Fritz Kreisler in playing style, and he has made a specialty of performing the Kreisler repertoire. "Magic in Vienna," issued by Golden Crest Records, exhibits the results (RE-7106; single disc). Helmut Deutsch is the piano accompanist for some works and Edward Mrazek for others, and all were set down in the Mozart-Saal, Vienna. Williams indeed proves to be a devoted student of Kreisler's style, and his performances of Kreisler's short numbers are remarkably like Kreisler's own. Those who have attended Williams' concerts say that he even looks like Kreisler. Anyhow, his performances of such delightful items as "Caprice Viennois" will bring back nostalgic feelings among old-time Kreisler enthusiasts. (This record can be obtained by mail order, from Golden Crest Records, P. O. Box 2859, Huntington Station, New York 11746.)

FERRUCCIO BUSONI'S "Doktor Faust," one of the many operas based on the legend, is described by the composer as a "poem for music in two prologues, an interlude, and three principal scenes." It is, unlike most of the others, full of philosophical argument, and its score is exceedingly complex. Faust in this version is primarily interested not in sex (though there is a Gretchen in the libretto) but in comprehending the world and all its secrets. The music is occasionally atonal, and makes rather difficult listening, but it has points of melody that are at least interesting. Grammophon has recently reissued its 1970 recording of the opera as part of its Collector's Series (2740 273; six sides). It is performed by the Bavarian Radio Chorus and Symphony Orchestra, Ferdinand Leitner conducting, with a distinguished cast, including Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Karl Christian Kohn, William Cochran, Anton de Ridder, Hildegard Hillebrecht, Franz Grundheber, and Manfred Schmidt.

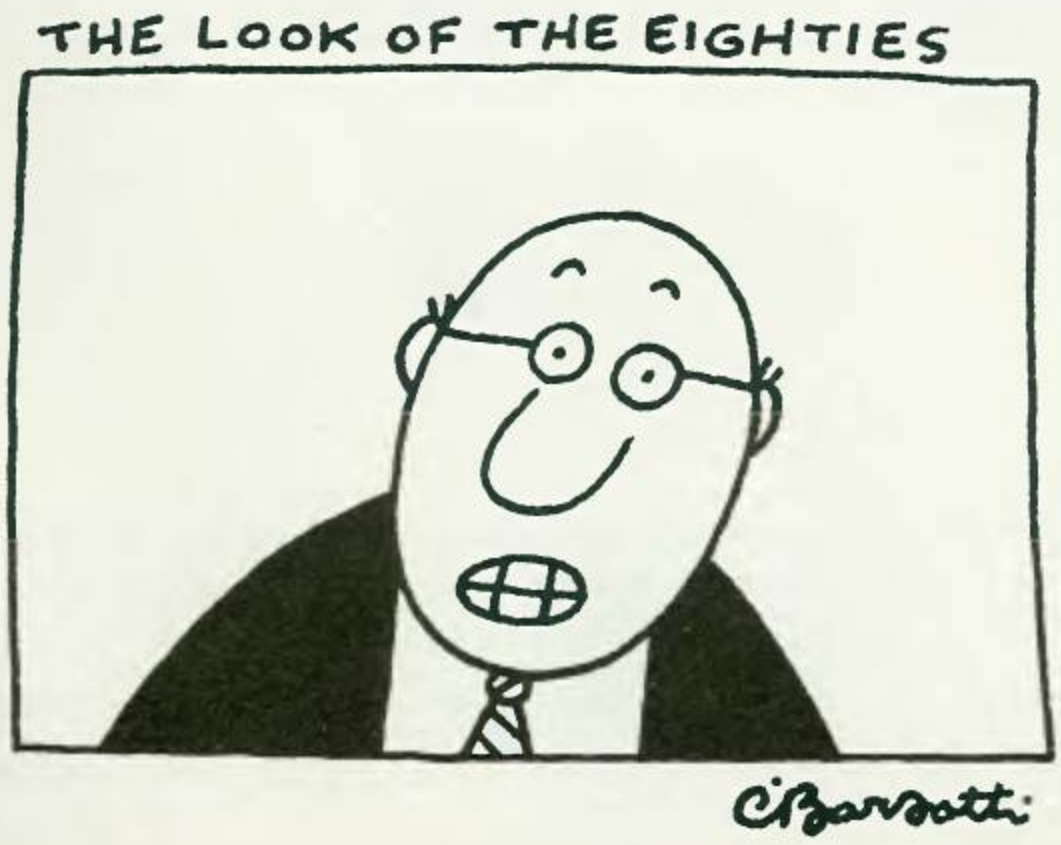
A disc entitled "Gabrieli in Venice" contains Renaissance music by both Andrea and Giovanni Gabrieli, performed by the Philip Jones Brass Ensemble, with John Scott, organ (London digital LDR 71081). The music is contrapuntally intricate, and the performance, with the advantage of pure brass sound, is magnificent.

Janáček's most famous opera, "Jenůfa," involving infanticide and much misery, has been recorded by Elisabeth Söderström, Wieslav Ochman, Peter Dvorsky, Eva Randová, Lucia Popp, and others, with the Vienna Philharmonic, under the baton of Charles Mackerras (London digital LDR 73009; six sides). The performance is outstanding.

The young cellist Lynn Harrell has recorded the Dvořák Cello Concerto and Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" with the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Vladimir Ashkenazy (London digital LDR 71108; single). Harrell provides robust interpretations of both works.

A perfectly stunning performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 by the great Cuban-born pianist Jorge Bolet, with the London Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Ivan Fischer, can be heard on a London record (digital LDR 71109; single). Bolet's astounding technique shines in every phrase.

Shostakovich's Symphony No. 8 has been recorded by the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Bernard Haitink conducting (London digital LDR 71121; single). This is a comparatively minor work, respectable in technique of composition but not particularly moving. The performance is exceptionally good, however. Deutsche had yet another recording, this one involving an all-star cast—Margaret Price, Marilyn Horne, Jon Vickers, and Matti Salminen, with the New York Philharmonic and the New York Choral Artists, under Zubin Mehta (RCA digital ARC 2-4734; four sides). The recording is filled out with a performance of Beethoven's less-well-known "Choral" Fantasy, employing the same chorus, with Emanuel Ax, pianist. Mehta's conception of the symphony is energetic, and the quality of the soloists is so



The spectacular mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne has recorded a number of Handel's operatic arias, with I Solisti Veneti, Claudio Scimone conductor (Erato digital 75047; single). The arias are from "Rinaldo," "Serse," "Partenope," "Agrippina," and "Orlando." Miss Horne is at her best; the singing is incredibly agile and accurate.

Weber's Grand Duo Concertant and Schubert's "Arpeggione" Sonata are performed by the clarinettist Richard Stoltzman and the pianist Emanuel Ax on a recording of real brilliance (RCA digital ARC 1-4825; single). Both items are early-Romantic ones of very pleasing quality, and the skill of both musicians is remarkable. The transcription of the arpeggione part for clarinet is by Mr. Stoltzman.

Ravel's "Ma Mère l'Oye," "La Valse," and "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" receive excellent performances by the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Eduardo Mata (RCA digital ARC 1-4815; single). The music is charming, if somewhat lightweight.

Philip Glass's "Koyaanisqatsi," which may be translated as "Life Out of Balance," is actually a movie score created for a film about the cacophony of modern life. Like all of Glass's music, it is extremely repetitive, but it is tonal, and may be enjoyable to some. It has been recorded recently by forces that include members of the Philip Glass Ensemble and the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble (Antilles Records ASTA 1). I do not find it of overwhelming interest, but Glass is one of the most prominent of contemporary American composers, and listeners should find his music worth a try.

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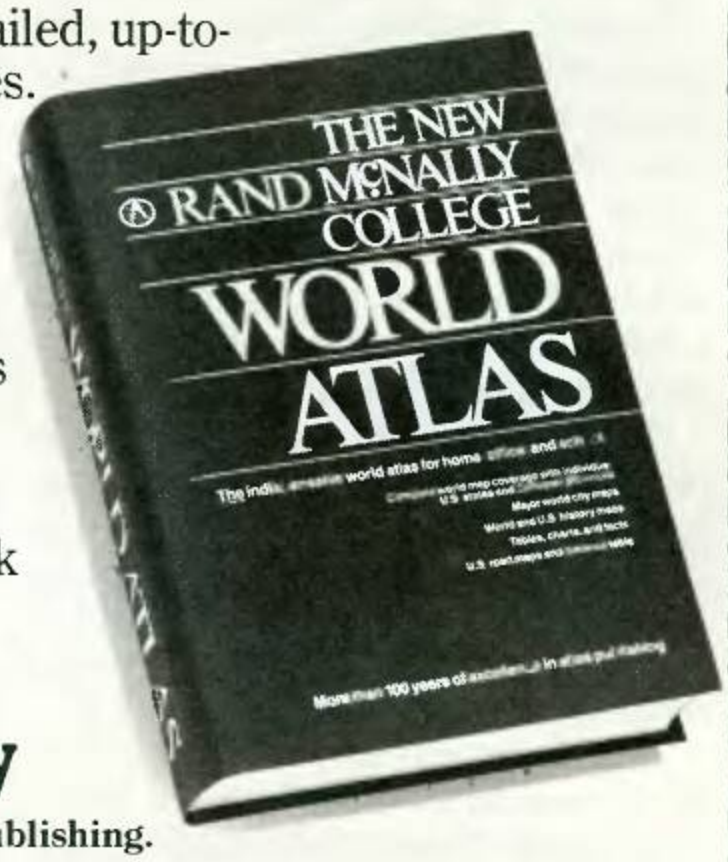

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high that the exceedingly awkward ensemble passages of the last movement are done without a wobble or a note out of tune.

The latest recording by the phenomenal flutist James Galway is called simply "Nocturne" and is performed with the help of the National Philharmonic Orchestra, David Measham conducting. The items recorded are mostly arrangements of works written for other combinations, and the Galway magic makes them all enjoyable. They are "Clair de Lune," from Debussy's "Suite Bergamasque;" a Chopin Nocturne (in E Flat, Opus 9 No. 2); "Dreamers," by Marvin Hamlisch; something called "Pan and the Birds," by Jules Mouquet; the "Méditation" from Massenet's "Thaïs;" the Berceuse from Stravinsky's "Firebird;" the Berceuse from Fauré's "Dolly" suite; Debussy's "En Bateau," from the "Petite Suite;" a Nocturne by Lili Boulanger; Field's Nocturne No. 5; Liszt's "Consolation" No. 3; and "Morning," from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 1 (RCA ARL 1-4810; single).

İlhan Mimaroğlu is a Turkish-born composer I had never heard of before. Five of his pieces—"Still Life 1980," for cello and tape; "The Offering," for tape with prerecorded voice; "Three Pieces for Piano;" "Music Plus One," for violin and tape; and "Immolation Scene," for voice and tape—have been released under the collective title "Musiques Noires." The performers are Charles McCracken, cello; Jean Dupuy, speaker; Meral Güneyman, piano; Gabriel Banat, violin; and Doris Hays, singer/speaker (Finnadar Records 90104-1; single). It is a rather lugubrious album, but it contains music of some interest—rhapsodic, episodic—performed with great passion.

Beethoven wrote a Piano Trio in D Major based on his Second Symphony, and also a Trio Movement in E Flat Major. They have been recorded by the Beaux Arts Trio (Philips digital 410 376-1; single). If these are not première recordings, they are at least rarities. Both works are superbly performed. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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BOOKS

Pushkin

THE reader who knows no Russian is cut off from Pushkin as a lyrical poet and yet can respond to a narrative poem like "Eugene Onegin" in, say, Sir Charles Johnston's recent Byronic version and to the volatile wordplay of Nabokov's translation. Like Byron, Pushkin is one of the world's greatest letter writers, open and impromptu in all his moods. He is the sunniest of devils. We can see from the narrative poems that he is the forerunner of the great Russian realists of the nineteenth century. Yes, he is the Russian Shakespeare or Cervantes. "Not a giant"—as John Bayley defined him a few years ago in "Pushkin: A Comparative Commentary"—"but a Proteus": like Shakespeare, presenting new forms with the laughing boldness of a Renaissance figure. In his translated fictions, especially those written between 1830 and 1837, when he was killed in a duel, we have the superb short stories "The Queen of Spades," "The Stationmaster," and "The Undertaker," the unfinished and spirited "Dubrovskii," and the gripping, if sometimes melodramatic, novella "The Captain's Daughter." They have delighted us, but have we understood what Pushkin was doing with their late-eighteenth-century manner? First of all, his prose has struck us as formal and expository, as parts of Scott do. The bother is that the reader allows the Classics to stale in the memory. We respectfully fail to see the artist in the act of writing. One can easily be caught taking "The Queen of Spades" as a set piece by Mérimée or a conceit by Hoffmann, an ingeniously designed ornament. Yet it comes straight out of the Russia of Pushkin's time.

Two volumes by Paul Debreczeny—"Alexander Pushkin: Complete Prose Fiction" and "The Other Pushkin" (Stanford; $38.50 and $32.50)—are a scholarly examination of the poet training himself to write prose. The "Complete Prose Fiction," which Mr. Debreczeny has edited and translated, contains some remarkable unfinished exercises. One, "The Guests Were Arriving at the Dacha," is said to have given Tolstoy his start when writing "Anna Karenina." This volume ends with notes for stories that were never written or took some other course. One is startling, because, as we are apt to say, it is "so Russian":

> N. chooses Nevskii Avenue as his Confidant—he confides all his domestic troubles and family grievances to it. . . . They pity him. . . . He is satisfied.

But this is by the way. Mr. Debreczeny's interest throughout these books is this: how scrupulously the poet trained himself to cut out the exotic images of poetry and write plain prose. "A continuing tension between two trends—one toward a sparse, austere style, the other toward poetic techniques," he says, "produced the rich variety of Pushkin's prose fiction." We are in the writer's workshop. The subject is not as academic as it sounds: the speed of Pushkin's narratives and the surprises of his changing tune give zest even to his formal writing. The poetry turns into élan. He is a cheerful pillager of styles, a parodist and an eager borrower of plots, a master of the sly art of frustrating the expectations of the unwary reader who is too excited to foresee the psychological design. Pushkin was deep in English, French, and German literature. He had read Voltaire, Rousseau, Stendhal's "Le Rouge et le Noir," Hoffmann, Richardson, and Scott. He was an excellent critic. The tame love affair that is said to spoil "Dubrovskii" may very well be an artful parody of the sentimental fiction imported from Europe. The penultimate scene of "The Captain's Daughter" seems to have come from "The Heart of Midlothian." Mr. Debreczeny is good on the tension and on the development of Pushkin's experiments, on the use of many voices breaking the surface of a story. Yet what Pushkin is really doing in his dramas and comedies is giving us the sensation, distinctive in the later Russian novelists, that the doors and windows of the human house are wide open: that if only one person lives there he is many inconsistent persons, or that more than one person tells the tale. Everything is, as Mr. Bayley

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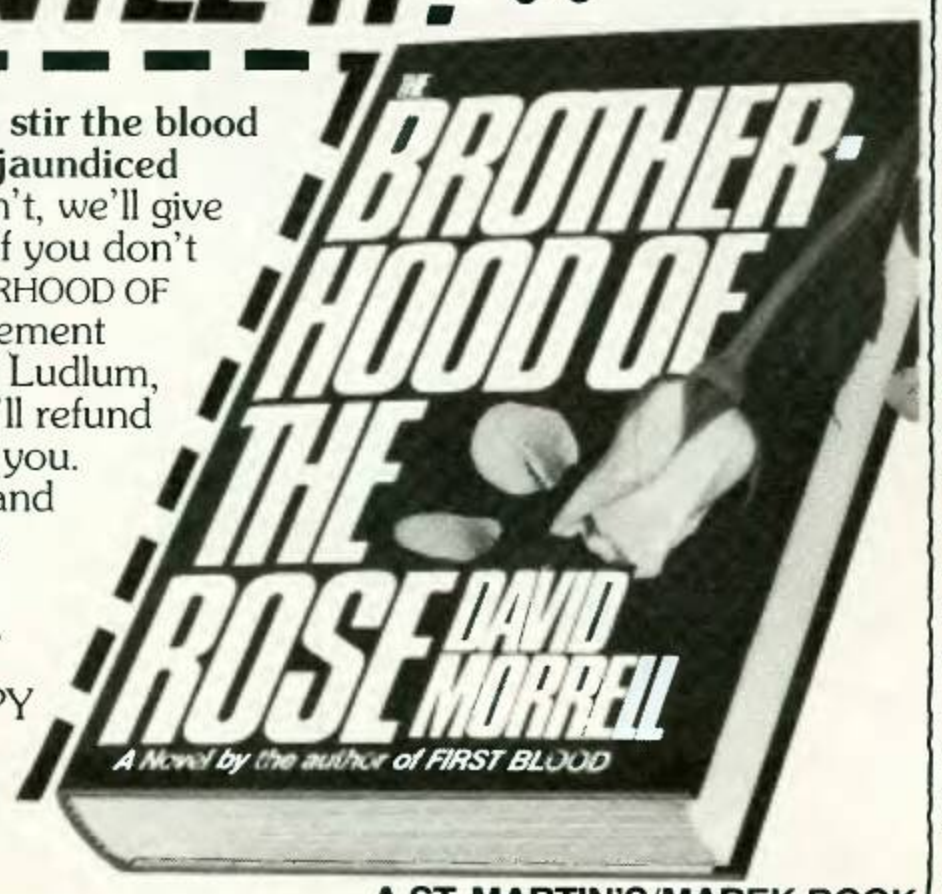

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suggested, provisional and open-ended The dismissive endings of Pushkin' completed stories are ironical, and the are therefore still open, as art stop and life goes on. The impersonality i warm, if not altogether heartening What everyone has noted is the tende or spontaneous tone of his famous let ters, his extraordinary power of self control. His wild or his worldly geniu is governed by the skills of the crafts man who laboriously sharpened as h rewrote. We need not believe entirel the last phrases of Pushkin's exclama tion "I sing as a baker bakes, as tailor sews, as Koslov writes, as a doc tor kills—for money, money, money Such am I in my cynicism." He was fl enough to see that the novel wa the new and popular thing; but, lik Stendhal when he wrote "Le Rouge e le Noir," he made no concessions t popular taste. The laconic style, th disabused and offhand wit unite th two novelists.

The "Complete Prose Fiction' opens with "The Tales of the Lat Ivan Petrovich Belkin," done very much to the recipe of Scott's "Tales o My Landlord." Pushkin is the simpl raconteur of another man's tales, man looking back on his time, and th dialogue is dull and largely indirec and generalized, even though the sto ries amuse us. Pushkin's early prose i still expository, and even scholarly. In fact, he had a natural bent for exposi tion: his "History of Pugachev" is al most official and neutral in manner and was carefully reconstructed from historical documents; yet out of this sprang "The Captain's Daughter," Romantic and vivid story of spun-ou suspense. Mr. Debreczeny seems to me too much a Structuralist in reading Oedipal complexity into the tale. The ironical beginning—the willful hero a young officer, and the morally rebuk ing family servant in their journey through a blizzard to a military station on the frontier—is an amusing tradi tional story of headstrong master and testy servant, even Quixotic. But it suddenly breaks with the eighteenth century tradition. By the time we get to the wretched fort where the young man has been sent to be broken in, we are alarmed. The modest commander at the absurd fort is a man risen from the ranks and too self-effacing to drill his troops properly; his nice wife and their daughter are charming—too charming for their dangerous life. The young man is soon quarrelling with an unpleasant officer about the commander's daughter. They all for-

get they are facing a savage rebellion led by the primitive Pugachev and his tribesmen. Then comes the attack and Pushkin's mastery of intrigue. The commander has at any rate the wit to hide his daughter, an obvious prize. But horror ensues. Pugachev captures the place, kills the commander's wife, hangs the commander and a lieutenant, and *leaves them hanging* in order to cow the villagers at the fort. The young officer boldly demands a safe conduct for the girl. The crucial scene is the meeting with Pugachev, who has him at his mercy. Pugachev is suddenly obliging. Critics have found this unbelievable in a cruel and savage leader. Why? So well is this incident managed that we are convinced: the double self is not unknown. Then, the two men have met before, in the blizzard, without knowing each other's name. The young man had given Pugachev a hareskin coat. If we don't accept this as a bond, surely it is plain that a daring rebel would admire a daring man, or a man of honor. Moreover, Pugachev has proclaimed himself King of Russia and can be expected to indulge the mercy of a king. Or maybe he is feeling the melancholy that has come after an easy victory. Perhaps in the self-command of the young man the rebel sees that his own successes with his ungovernable tribesmen will soon run out. Possibly he is a gambler vain of playing with risk. Pushkin is drawn to the mysteries of honor. Any one of these motives seems more than plausible. More serious is the criticism of the cruel and disgusting exposure of the bodies of the commander and his lieutenant. We have not seen them hanged, but worse—they are left obscenely hanging, and Pushkin does not miss a shocked glance at them. The sight indeed haunts the reader with a kind of shame at seeing it. Surely the contemporary reader in our far more cruel and violent times has seen or heard worse. But has the tone of the story been broken—a false note struck, not in life but in art? One Russian writer, the poet Marina Tsvetayeva (Mr. Debreczeny tells us), has argued that we can accept the scene as children accept horror in a fairy tale. Pugachev, she says, "is not an ordinary human being in our perception, but an incarnation of the evil of popular imagination, the wolf or robber of folklore." And, in fact, a Russian of Pushkin's generation was closer to the figures and emotions of folklore than we are. The Flaubert of "Salammbô"

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would not have objected. Romanticism could not resist the macabre.

The unfinished "Dubrovskii" is also a story of outlawry, which starts —almost as a document of social protest—with a quarrel between a villainous landowner and his humble, decent neighbor and turns into a tale of ingenious revenge and a charade of disguises. The helpless lover of justice, who has the oppressed peasants on his side, turns into an elusive Robin Hood, cleverly righting public wrongs. This story was founded on real court cases, and was no myth. Pushkin used all his skill in playing with it and then suddenly tired of it.

The one certain triumph of the collection is, of course, "The Queen of Spades." It is hard to think of a short story so shapely, so diamondlike, a dire comedy so full and yet drastically concentrated, and so morally convincing. The poet has written a sonnet—a series of interlocking sonnets—in prose. His tact is perfect. We are left astounded at "the pack" of characters, the moments of Society life, phases of gambling fever, times of day and night that glitter beneath its deceiving surface. The weather itself is alive, and the story is as visual as a Vermeer. Moments are caught and held and pass, just as ordinary life passes, and now Pushkin becomes, at last, a connoisseur of the kind of natural talk that, like a played card, has a new meaning as it falls on the table. The superstition of the magic hand of three cards suggests a fairy tale, yet the real subject is the fever of greed. (Freud, Mr. Debreczeny notes, said that gamblers seek self-destruction.) It is interesting that Hermann, the German gambler, is a little Napoleon in appearance, the very model of the upstart of enormous will: men of will are the most likely to become irrational. So the story is not artificial; nor is it a fantasy, asking us to suspend disbelief in magic. It is intensely real as a study of Petersburg types, and its predominant interest is psychological. Pushkin is a great painter of the miniature portrait that appears to be still and fixed yet becomes fiercely alive and moves, changes, and reveals what is hidden the closer we look. Pushkin, the craftsman-gambler, knew that the cards are not cards only but emblems of risk and passion. Like other things of Pushkin's, the story was not invented by him; such tales of magic sequences of cards go the rounds of those who are fevered by the game. Once more, the curt speed of Stendhal is seen in the writing. The German is a tedious little man, too cautious to play until he is equipped to cheat. No poet he. The old Countess, with her secret of the winning sequence and her history, is a superb creation. She is believable when she dies of sudden shock after the young gambler threatens her and begs for her secret, in the rightly famous bedroom scene. She simply dies, like a dropped card, in four simple lines. She is also believable after her death, when she "walks" as a ghost. Her "walk" is, of course, in the young German's guilty mind. It is a marvellous observation of Pushkin's that as an imagined ghost she is "seen" still wearing her bedroom slippers and can slam a door loudly when she leaves. The very detail of the screens, the corridors, the staircase of her apartment dramatizes the phases of the gambler's desperate secretiveness. Pushkin has learned how to make the detail of furniture and passages briefly work for him. His passing talk creates the crisis. It is no surprise that Dostoyevski, that disastrous gambler, was ecstatic about every line of "The Queen of Spades." If there is symbolism in it, it is beautifully concealed. I am not sure that it is safe for critics like Mr. Debreczeny to dig it out; it is really an aspect of reverie. Again and again, as they looked at life, the Russian novelists thought the "real" was not real until it was seen to be strange.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ANNA'S BOOK, by George MacBeth (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $16.95). We meet Anna—Anna Charlier—in July, 1894, in the home of her parents in a small town in southern Sweden. She is sixteen years old, and her father (the local postmaster) has engaged for her a young tutor called Nils Strindberg, a nephew of the notorious writer. Anna tells us of her meeting with Nils, of their friendship and her growing love, of his hope to join a celebrated balloonist on an epochal flight to the North Pole. Chapter Two is related by Nils in a letter to Anna; the time is three years later, and he and two fellow-adventurers are aloft, drifting toward the Pole. The narrative then returns to Anna and to the year 1895-96, and we learn more of her relationship with Nils, of her emergence into womanhood, into sexuality. And so it

goes—the account of the (of course) doomed flight, the account of the events leading up to the ascension. The technique is plausible and entirely successful. Anna and Nils have their individual voices, their individual revelations of personality, and each (through Mr. MacBeth's vigorous perceptions) draws us into the mood, intellectual and emotional, of that not so distant time of Nietzschean men and Ibsenian women. This is a strong novel—a little lame, perhaps, in the ending, but a strong and enjoyable romantic novel. But the production! There are some lines missing in Chapter Seven; the cover artist gives the explicitly "lean-faced" Anna the rounded features of a cherub; and the blurb writer gives her surname as Chevalier.

CIVIL WARS, by Rosellen Brown (Knopf; $16.95). "We don't call people 'niggers' in this house," a teen-ager tells the younger of his two cousins, at the dinner table, and his left-wing mother and father marvel at "the ease and sweetness" of his warning. It is 1979 in an almost all-black neighborhood in Jackson, Mississippi. A few days earlier, the two cousins, the offspring of prosperous and bigoted Alabamians, were orphaned, and their aunt and uncle became their legal guardians. "We'll never just be *us* again," a daughter mourns, dreading the invasion only a little less than the two unreconstructed invaders do. Rosellen Brown works in most of the possible meanings of the title of this large and sombre novel, which spans about three seasons in the life of a house divided, if expanded: a seedy house headed by two veterans of "the second Civil War" (the War of 1964). More ambitious and less accomplished than her "Tender Mercies" (1978), "Civil Wars" tries to say too much about too much: about adolescence, marriage, nostalgia, and altruism as well as about the North and the South.

GENERAL

CASTAWAY, by Lucy Irvine (Random House; $16.95). Lucy Irvine, a twenty-five-year-old Scottish high-school dropout working as a clerk at an Inland Revenue office, saw and answered a personal in a travel magazine: "Writer seeks 'wife' for year on tropical island." The writer was one Gerald W. Kingsland,

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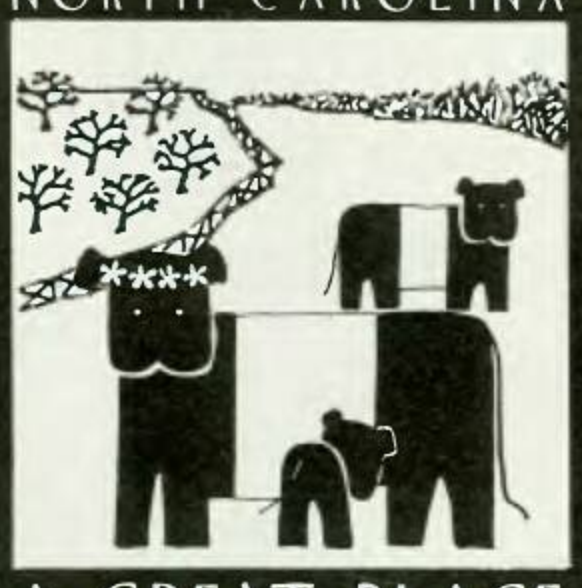

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about fifty; they married (at the insistence of the Australian government), and spent a year on a hitherto uninhabited island in the Coral Sea north of Australia called Tuin. Kingsland, it seems, never wrote his book, but Lucy, discovering in herself a need to recount the experience, did, and this is the thoroughly satisfactory result of that impulse. It is no idyll. The supply of fresh water was dangerously limited, the monsoon was late and lighter than usual, they were constantly being bitten by insects and cut by shells and bushes, and every injury became infected, they lived on little more than coconuts and fish, they both became seriously undernourished (Lucy ceased to menstruate, her breasts withered almost away), she found his sexual advances repellent, he turned out to be lazy, and his vocabulary was almost entirely obscenities. There were, she says, "vast tracts of inner space in our lives where there was nothing to share." But she loved the island, and she left it at the agreed-upon time with deep regret. It is this feeling for place, for the island flora and fauna, and her emotional and intellectual candor that give her book a warmth and vigor of integrity. Many good color photographs of Lucy and Kingsland and friendly visitors from nearby islands, and end-paper and other maps.

VIOLENT NEIGHBORS: EL SALVADOR, CENTRAL AMERICA, AND THE UNITED STATES, by Tom Buckley (Times Books; $17.95). Mr. Buckley contrives to convey the differences between the countries of Central America as well as their shared problems. He recalls that United States influence in the region was intermittent and unimportant compared with local goings on—efforts at federation, wars, rebellions—until the turn of the century, which brought the Panama Canal, plantation crops, and the use of the Marines to collect debts. After the Second World War, several countries formed Christian Democratic parties, which struggled, with uneven success, against local dictatorships. The United States rarely appreciated the aspirations of the dictators' opponents, and our country's formal role has consistently been at odds with our cultural example of political democracy and an open society. Mr. Buckley argues that our errors have been caused less

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by economic interests than by exaggerated anxieties about security and by panic about Communism, which attracts very few Central Americans. He persuades the reader that we should revise our Central American policies, and that neither we nor Central Americans must choose "between the crooks and the commissars." A part of this volume was first published in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SWEET DEATH, KIND DEATH, by Amanda Cross (Dutton; $13.95). "I have been called a feminist," Kate Fansler coyly concedes as this lamebrained mystery, the seventh to feature Kate Fansler, begins. Her audience is the president of a New England women's college, and her mission is to find out how a moody middle-aged professor ended up, her pockets full of stones, at the bottom of the campus lake. Kate's taste for gin and cigarettes seems intended to make her seem decadent, and the banter between her and her doting lawyer husband seems intended to compare favorably with that of Myrna Loy and William Powell, but nobody in the "Thin Man" series would ever have tried saying "My views on Christ are considered quite renegrade" or would have been caught dead "swilling brandy in her balloon glass."

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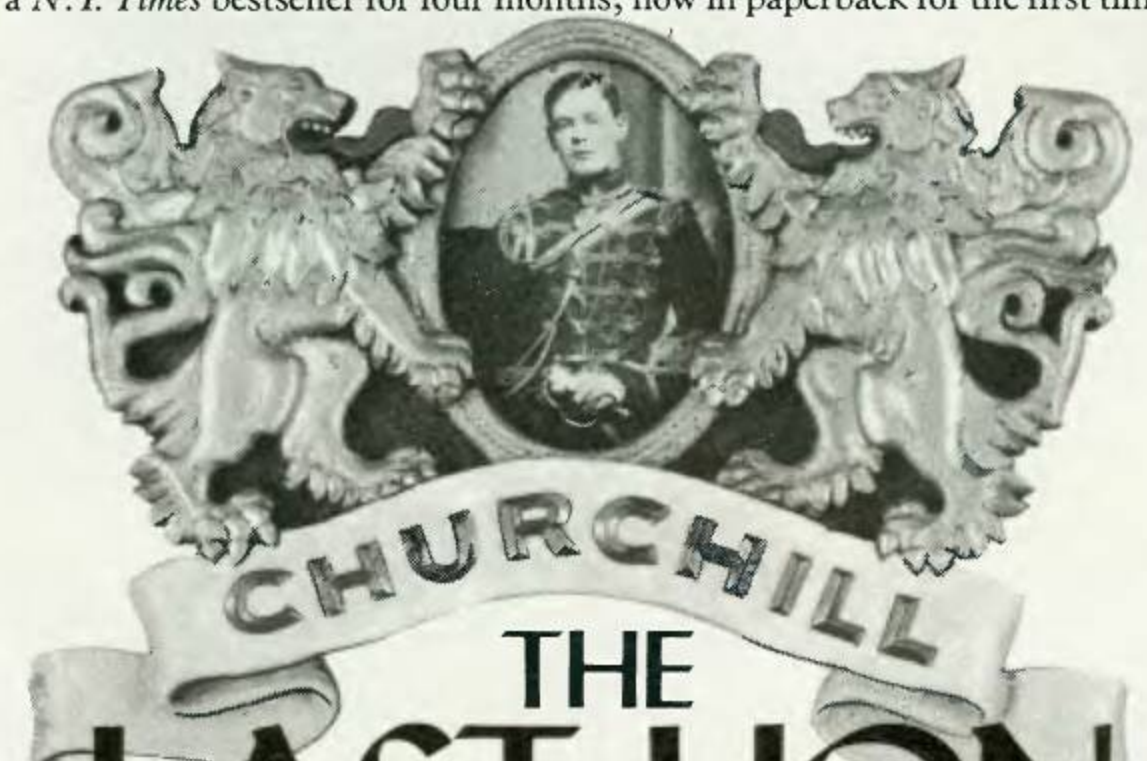

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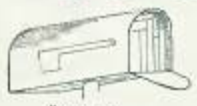

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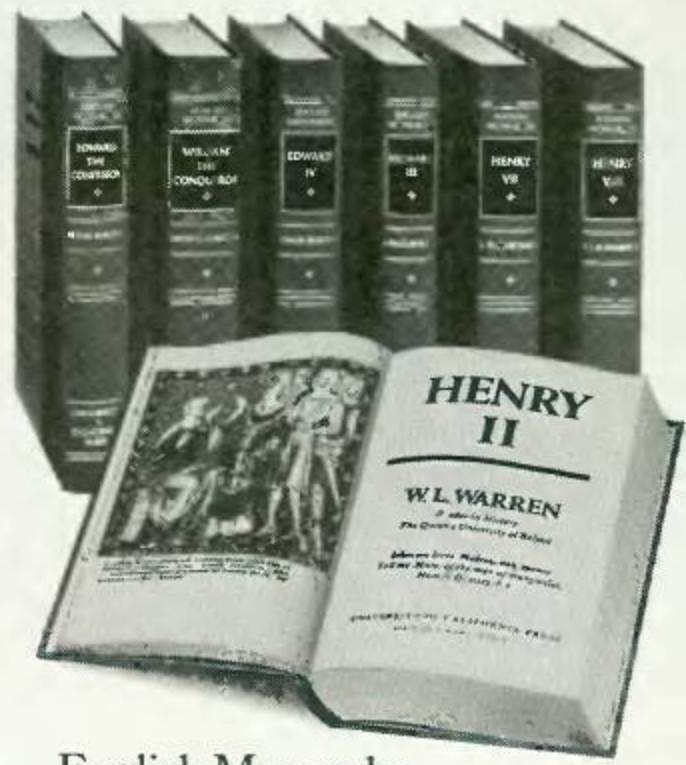

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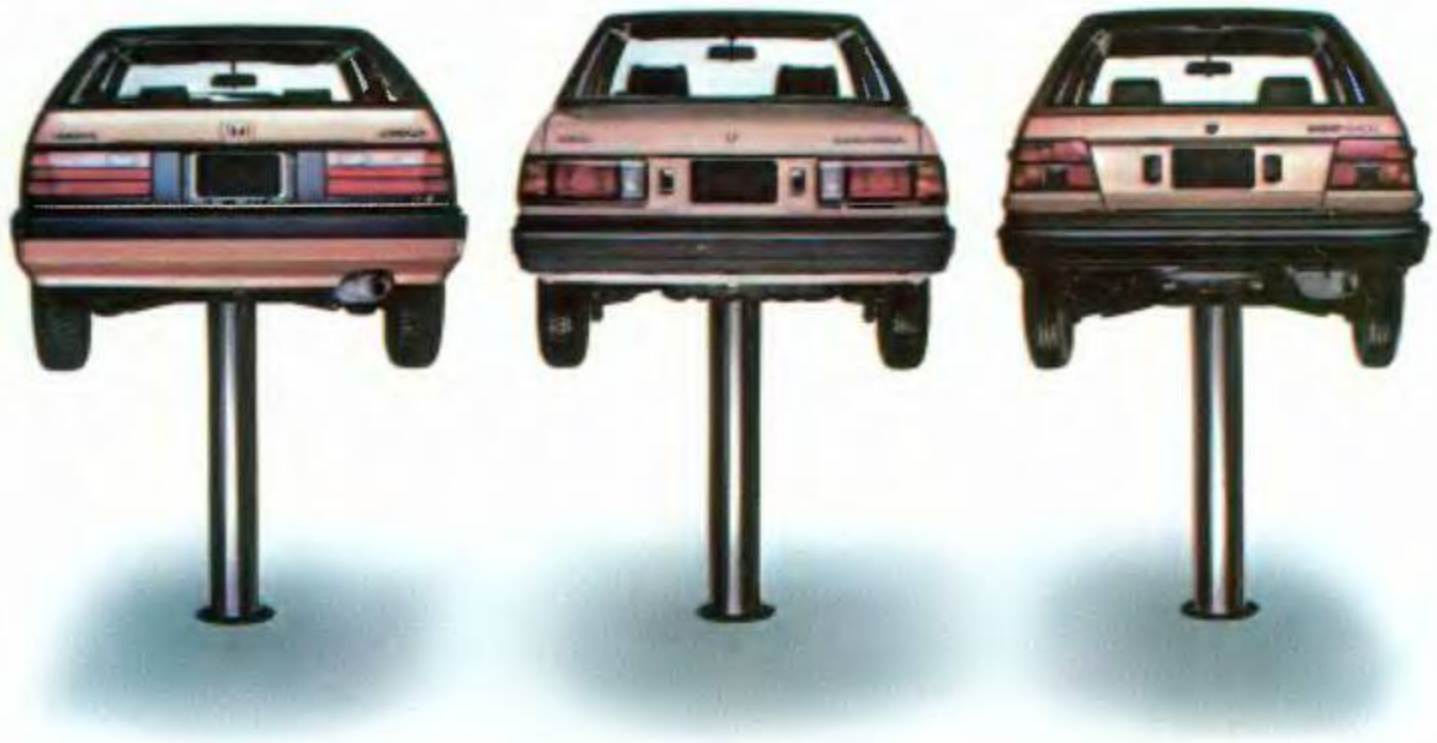

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