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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

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

### PLAYS

**AUNTIE MAME**—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**THE FIRST GENTLEMAN**—Norman Ginsbury's play about the Prince Regent who later became George IV is a rather baffling mixture of low comedy and wracking pathos, and is not quite successful on either level. Walter Slezak appears in the title role, and among his accomplices are Isobel Elsom, Inga Swenson, Peter Donat, and Maud Scheerer. Tyrone Guthrie directed, and Ralph Alswang and Motley, respectively, designed the sets and costumes. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**THE HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE**—This comedy, Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a book he wrote with Cordelia Drexel Biddle about her father, pictures a household that is a good deal odder, if considerably less entertaining, than the one in "Life with Father." Walter Pidgeon heads a cast that also contains Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**A HOLE IN THE HEAD**—Several good actors, among them Paul Douglas, David Burns, and Kay Medford, trying to make something exciting out of a torpid play about an oaf who is having trouble raising his son. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

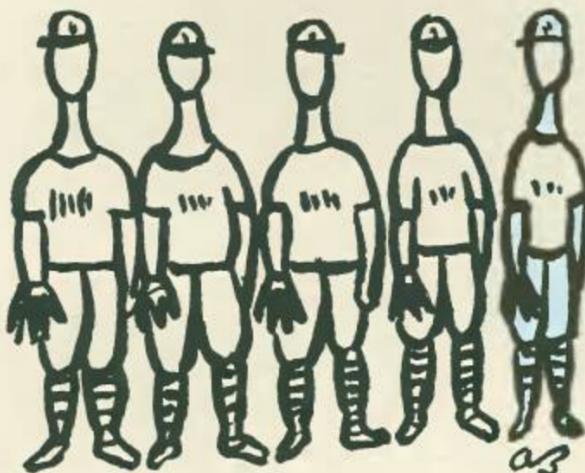
**HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS**—Don Ameche may easily attract a considerable female following to this Ronald Alexander comedy, a sort of travelogue that covers four cities but doesn't really get anywhere in particular. The cast includes Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**HOTEL PARADISO**—A stimulating variation on a French farce of 1886, as adapted by Peter Glenville, in which Bert Lahr is his usual authoritative comic self. He is sturdily assisted by Angela Lansbury, John Emery, Vera Pearce, and Douglas Byng. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

**MAJOR BARBARA**—A really first-rate presentation of Shaw's comedy about poverty considered as a crime. Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Anne Jackson, and Eli Wallach head the cast, which Mr. Laughton directed, and the delightful sets were created by Donald Oenslager. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Friday, May 3, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

**ORPHEUS DESCENDING**—The Orpheus in this Tennessee Williams melodrama is a strolling



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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guitar player who wanders into a canebrake settlement and throws a susceptible matron into an emotional uproar with calamitous results. Although not as effective as some of Mr. Williams' previous works, the play has been well staged, and Maureen Stapleton and Cliff Robertson are highly satisfactory in the central roles. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**THE POTTING SHED**—A smoothly written, expertly acted, and, for the most part, absorbing play by Graham Greene, whose technique seems to be as surefire with sacred mysteries as with profane ones. Robert Flemyng, Frank Conroy, and Sybil Thorndike set the pace for the fine cast. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**SEPARATE TABLES**—A two-part effort by Terence Rattigan that doesn't accomplish much in the first stanza but winds up splendidly with a piece about a pair of bedevilled people who are rescued from despair by their neighbors' charity. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are excellent as the hero and heroine of both offerings. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**THE TUNNEL OF LOVE**—Tom Ewell gives a very nice performance in this gag-ridden but occasionally entertaining comedy, by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields, about sexual goings on in Westport. Nancy Olson, Darren Mc-

Gavin, Elisabeth Fraser, and Elizabeth Wilson support him attractively. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET**—A funny account of the adventures of a Spaceman who drops out of the beyond into a home in Virginia. Cyril Ritchard, as the Spaceman, and Eddie Mayehoff, as a Virginia Earthman, are endlessly amusing, and so, for that matter, are Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan, who give them a hand. Mr. Ritchard is responsible for the astute direction. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5069. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS**—Ralph Richardson pleasantly occupied as the hero of an Anouilh comedy about an aging Don Juan. Directed with style and perception by Harold Clurman, the play has a generally stimulating cast that includes Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, and John Stewart. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**LONG RUNS—THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**: Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis. Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Dina Doron appear in it. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

**INHERIT THE WIND**: A reconstruction of the Scopes evolution trial, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two celebrated orators. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**: Edward G. Robinson, Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit in Paddy Chayefsky's play centering on a romance between a fifty-three-year-old man and a twenty-four-year-old girl. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS**: Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Air Force. At present, Charles Hohman is playing the hillbilly hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson fill subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**BELLS ARE RINGING**—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**BRIGADOON**—Jo Hurt, Robert Rounseville, and Scott McKay in a revival of the Alan Jay Lerner-Frederick Loewe musical. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 5.)

**HAPPY HUNTING**—Ethel Merman cutting loose with her accustomed gusto in a fairly feeble musical about a lady who wants her daughter to follow in the footsteps of Grace Kelly. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, the songs are by Harold Karr and Matt Dubey, and Fernando Lamas is visible as Miss Merman's fellow-principal. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**LI'L ABNER**—If you are an admirer of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates, the chances are that you will enjoy this apparently quite faithful reproduction of their carry-

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ings-on. The stage version is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank; Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and music; and Peter Palmer and Edith Adams head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**SHINBONE ALLEY**—Although Eartha Kitt is an enticing Mehitabel and Eddie Bracken a reasonably entertaining Archie, this adaptation of the adventures of Don Marquis's wayward cat and literary cockroach doesn't add up to much as a musical comedy. The book is the work of Joe Darion and Mel Brooks, and the former is responsible for the lyrics. The music was composed by George Kleinsinger, the dances have been arranged by Rod Alexander, and the costumes and sets designed by Motley and Eldon Elder, respectively. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**ZIEGFELD FOLLIES**—This revue has the services of Beatrice Lillie and Billy De Wolfe, a pair of superb comedians, but the book affords little more than you might get from the comic section of the *News*. Harold Lang, Helen Wood, Jane Morgan, Micki Marlo, and Carol Lawrence also participate. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**LONG RUNS—DAMN YANKEES**: Gretchen Wyler plays a demon, Howard Caine her employer, and Stephen Douglass her earth-bound suitor in this musical derived from the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Moves on Tuesday, May 7, to the Adelphi, 54th St., E., JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 6, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA**: Frank Loesser wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic treatment of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinee performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **MY FAIR LADY**: Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews in an adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

#### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN**—Eugene O'Neill's play, with Wendy Hiller, Franchot Tone, and Cyril Cusack. Produced by Carmen Capalbo and Stanley Chase, and directed by Mr. Capalbo. Opens Thursday, May 2. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

**THE GREATEST MAN ALIVE!**—Dennis King in a play by Tony Webster. Staged by Elliott Nugent and presented by Frederick Fox, in association with Mr. Nugent and John Gerstad. Opens Wednesday, May 8. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

#### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

**NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY**—"South Pacific," with Mindy Carson, Robert Wright, and Juanita Hall, is the fourth in this season's series of five musicals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

**AMATO OPERA THEATRE**—Friday through Sunday, May 3-5: "The Magic Flute," in English. ... Starting Friday, May 10: "Faust." (Amato



#### STATUES OF CENTRAL PARK

*Ludwig van Beethoven*

Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

**CHERRY LANE THEATRE**—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE**—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

**DOWNTOWN THEATRE**—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**JAN HUS HOUSE**—Louis Gossett heads the cast (Josh White, Jr., takes over for him on Sunday afternoons) in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

**PHOENIX THEATRE**—"Livin' the Life," a musical version of Mark Twain's Mississippi River stories. Stephen Elliott, Alice Ghostley, and James Mitchell head the cast; Dale Wasserman and Bruce Geller wrote the book; Mr. Geller is responsible for the lyrics; and Jack Urbont did the music. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly,

except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS**—Presenting the American Savoyards in a Gilbert and Sullivan repertory. Through Sunday, May 5: "H.M.S. Pinafore." ... Tuesday through Sunday, May 7-12: "The Pirates of Penzance." (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**THEATRE DE LYS**—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**THEATRE EAST**—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

#### BALLET

**BALLET Russe de Monte Carlo**—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, May 2: "Giselle," "Don Quixote: Pas de Deux," and "Schéhérazade." ... Friday evening, May 3: "Swan Lake," "Cirque de Deux," and "Coppélia." ... Saturday matinee, May 4: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Le Beau Danube." ... Saturday evening, May 4: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Trois," "Harlequinade," and "Gaité Parisienne" (Metropolitan Opera House. LO 5-3040. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

#### MISCELLANY

**THE CIRCUS**—The Garden will echo to the last calliope wheeze and drum roll on Sunday, May 12. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées daily at 2:30.) The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sundays at 1 and 6, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

#### NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

#### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**AMBASSADOR**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, one of the stateliest homes of all Park Avenue, Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing after ten. Up to then, the music is solely for listening purposes. Closed Sundays.

**EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The headquarters of several extremely active mutual-admiration organizations. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band vamp until the cameramen are ready.

**PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Jane Morgan, one of the handsomer stage sets of the "Ziegfeld Follies," plays hooky long enough to whipsaw a few undernourished quatrains in the Cotillion Room about nine and about midnight. Also present are Lucille and Eddie Roberts, thought-transferrers whose intercom code has never been broken. They all go away on Saturday, May 4. The room will be shut on Sunday, to reopen on Monday, May 6, with Celeste Holm, a woman of vast aplomb and good humor, at the wheel. The customers will go on prancing to the music of a dandy orchestra led by Joseph Sudy and to Alan Logan's rumba band. ... There's dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's.

**PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room's dinner and supper bill of fare includes Margarita Sierra, who has gone to the trouble of learning her trade (Latin cantatas, with and without castanets) thoroughly before appearing in public. Her recitals are surrounded by the music of Ted Straeter's combined orchestra and glee club and Mark Monte's smaller unit of bandsmen. Closed Sundays. ... A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance music of Maximilian Bergere and Gunnar

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Hansen starts at eight-thirty. . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra plays at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing. . . ¶ In the Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group does a reprise at the dinner hour. No dancing.

**ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—To keep peace in a family playroom like the Grill, the music of Sammy Kaye's dance band sometimes sounds quite Perry Como, but once in a while it breaks into unmistakable Dixie. Tee-off time is seven. Closed Sundays.

**ST. REGIS**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The *Maisonette*, a club where punctiliousness is the order of the evening, is presenting Julie Wilson, a fine, upstanding girl who has the saving grace of never taking herself or her den-of-iniquity ballads too seriously. She's around at dinner and supper. Waltzing by the guests is encouraged the rest of the time by the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

**SAVOY-PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for motion.

**STATLER**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the ample Café Rouge, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, right now operating without Mr. D. on the throne, makes well-educated dance music off and on all evening. Closed Sundays.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park Ave. at 40th St. (EL 5-3000)—Juliette Greco, who (despite her solemn raiment and demeanor) looks far too young to die, declaims her final *chanson de malheur* in the Empire Room on Saturday, May 4. On Monday, May 6, Johnnie Ray, evangelist, cakewalker, and singing fool, will take charge. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Mischa Borr's band will stick to their guns. Closed Sundays. . . ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's boys and Bernie Leighton's trio plunk down music for listening from cocktails to eight-thirty, and for dancing from eight-thirty until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, Mr. Borr's dance band does the rumbling.

**NOTE**—The Rainbow Room, a cloud considerably larger than a man's hand, presents hushed non-dance tunes and cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice-seats and the choice view, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

## SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A green pasture maintained in spic-and-span order by the very best greenkeepers. A quiet American named Addison Bailey is at the concert grand during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in. . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Outdoor and indoor athletes, tanning themselves in the fitful glare of flashlight bulbs. The accompaniment is Kurt Maier's piano most of the night. Closed Mondays. . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins' combination civic center and canteen, where good neighbors gather for an evening's pastime. The counterpoint to the chatter is the piano of Wayne Sanders (dreamlike) and of the owner (chipper). It begins at cocktail time. Closed Mondays. . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the most luxurious of the Roman holidays, in which it's hard to tell whether the hero of the evening is the chef or the lilting string orchestra of Teo Fanidi. The heroine, always some soprano or other, feels that urge to let go late in the evening. Music from dinner right through supper. Closed Sundays. . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The sort of tiny conversation room that fascinates people for whom Manhattan encompasses the universe. Don Carey's nostalgic piano is the prime mover at cocktails and dinner; later, he is joined by Don Evans, whose drawing-room piano far transcends the usual parlor tricks, and, still later, by Jo Hurt, who is part skylark and part girl spirit of mischief. Miss Hurt and Mr. Carey are off Sundays; Mr. Evans is off Mondays. . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd

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St. (PL 3-5800): From nine to one, in an amphitheatre of some elegance, Renato Rossini's guitar speaks fondly of love. The more impetuous passages occur after eleven. Closed Sundays. . . **GATSBY'S**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): You'll spend the first hour trying to figure out how they got all that nineteen-twenties décor into one small room; after that, you'll probably listen to the sedate piano and songs of Maxine Thomas, who is here during dinner and supper every night except Sunday and Monday, when Sanford Gold is the pianist. . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The hands of Cy Walter, professor emeritus of the Steinway, are as light-fingered as ever, his portfolio as selective. He's around from six to eight and again from ten to one or even later. Closed Sundays. . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the happiest, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, principally singing and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knighthood was in flower, done in glorious Technicolor. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna Woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): A commendable effort to bring culture to the Far West—an art gallery framed on the walls, 1957 interior decoration, and the piano and crooning of Hubbell Pierce, collector of uncollected songs. The Lee Evans trio muses while Mr. Pierce takes his breathers. The music starts about ten. The trio is absent Sundays, Mr. P. Mondays. . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Amid the candelabra and lush architecture, you'd expect to see a ghostly Bourbon or two sampling the French cuisine and the Pan-European piano and violin, all of which are available every evening but Sunday. . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): It's actually the Sherry-Netherland bar, where Steve Weltner, late of the Venezuelan pleasure-dome circuit, is at the piano off and on from dinner until after one every night but Sunday. . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Even the *maitre d'hôtel* can sing, and well. There's lots of other sound track, too, for both listening and dancing, but never enough to impair the pervading air of peace. Closed Mondays. . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music, music everywhere, all night long. The best of

it is produced by Monica Boyár, who is vocal, and by a six-man band in the "Zwei Herzen" tradition. Closed Mondays. . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household.

## BIG AND BRASSY

**COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Sammy Davis, Jr., thoroughly imbued with a rage to live, lets off steam, song, and dance ad infinitum in the midst of a monolithic floor show.

## SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean, author of "Martians I Have Met" and "Shaggy Dogs Are Man's Best Friend," is on leave from the Harvard School of Applied Humor; Dorothy Loudon, tormentor of popular and unpopular songs, is occasionally just plain on leave from her senses. On Tuesday, May 7, the lady known as Spivy will return from a long absence in Europe, probably with the same worldly *recitatifs* that amused the avant-garde of another generation of *boite-trotters*. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are a perfect backdrop for everything. . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's rumpus-room music by the Lyons trio from 2 to 4 A.M. . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, and Jack Fletcher—four children who should be not only seen but heard—are the spokesmen for a small revue that is no respecter of persons or anything else. Its wicked witticisms were devised by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery and blended by Julius Monk, who knows precisely what to do with children, revues, and witticisms. It comes to life around ten-thirty. Stan Keen and Gordon Connell are at the plural pianos. Closed Sundays. . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A fond reminder of the days when Provincetown was the summertime Existentialist capital of the United States, and faithful to the prototype in décor, mood, and personnel—Julius Monk, *régisseur* of the Downstairs Room; Stella Brooks, a *diseuse* who manages to blend Cleopatra, the Delphic Oracle, Edith Sitwell, and Carrie Nation; Blossom Dearie, whose silky voice adds a new dimension to the art of cool singing; and Daphne Hellman, a girl with a harp and heart of gold. Closed Sundays. . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, who cracked the sound barrier years before the jet plane was born, is still in full voice and full cry. There are gentler songs by Lurlean Hunter, until now an ornament only of Chicago night life, and remarks by Charlie Manna that often border on lunacy. The background is the Clarence Williams trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Bugs in a rug having more fun than most of us. The most frenzied are Bibi Osterwald, a young woman with a will of iron and a voice of granite; Phil Leeds, into whose little head float the damndest notions; and Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, makers of shattered tone poems. There are, besides, Felicia Sanders, whose love songs sometimes burn little holes in any latent complacency, and Jimmie Daniels, the establishment's perennial man-about-town. On Wednesday, May 8, Sylvia Syms, a blues singer with a don't-tread-on-me manner, takes over from Miss Sanders. Closed Mondays. . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Matt Dennis, who writes a lot of the nation's songs, sings and plays them as well as anybody possibly could. His trio, to which he contributes fascinating free-form piano, gets to work at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton's piano begins at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . **RED CARPET**, 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): A smoke-filled room where people who get up at the crack of dusk can listen to the electrifying nocturnes (voice and piano) of Bobby Short, a born entertainer



-and thank you, Juliette Marqen,  
for your new and perfectly  
wonderful oval lipstick...



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and a born nighthawk. He and his hot trio sleep Sundays. . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): As always, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville are tinkling away at the twin pianos when someone else isn't singing or joking. Sundays there are also silly old silent movies, and Mondays are amateur nights.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Exactly the right kind of music for muskrats to ramble to is being made by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaslin, and Mr. Condon, the well-known guitar and ringside-table jockey. Between sets, Cliff Jackson keeps the piano as warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays. . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): On the podium of this occasionally rumbustious picnic ground are the trios of Don Shirley and Charley Beal, which start at nine. The Beals will be replaced on Monday, May 6, by the Johnny Costa threesome. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day; on Sunday nights guest musicians hold the fort. . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Maxted's band is going on about how it's finer to be in Carolina. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney de Paris is minding the candy store while his brother Wilbur is on tour, and Vic Dickenson, Eddie Gibbs, Cecil Scott, and Herbie Nichols are helping him out. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The change in personnel means no change in the music, which is true to first American principles. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): You'd be wise to skip the non-listeners at the rain-forest bar and join the listeners in the back room, where Billy Taylor, pianist, runs riot through a maze of beautifully and sometimes wittily conceived figures. His trio and the trio of Eddie Costa, a progressive pianist given to understatement, open fire around nine. The Costas hide out on Sunday, and the Taylors on Monday. On Thursday, May 9, the Jimmy Smith trio will succeed the Costa group. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are on tap from six to around nine every evening but Saturday, when he's away; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The place that has launched a thousand newcomers has now installed Herb Pomeroy's orchestra in the catapult. The quintet called Les Modes are only slightly older comers. Mondays are guest nights. . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The triad led by Bobby Scott, a piano modernist of vim, vigor, and virtuosity, occupies the dais in the center of the oval bar. It opens fire at ten every evening but Monday, its day of rest. . . **THE PLAYROOM**, 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): Cy Coleman and his trio, forerunners of the future, bounce around in their new niche—one just big enough for a few kindred souls. They let the cat out of the bag at nine. Closed Sundays. . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): If you're able to make yourself heard in here, you belong up on the back-bar with Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins, who sound off in the course of a staggering day that starts at 3:30 P.M. It starts even earlier, at 1:30 P.M., Saturdays and Sundays, when Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Erwin, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon. . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend sand pile for small fry who like their music hot and Southland. On Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, it will be inhabited by the likes of Tyree Glenn, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Max Kaminsky, Gene Sedric, Johnny Windhurst, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, Arvell Shaw, Art Trappier, and Panama Francis. . . **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): From nine to one every evening, the all too rarely visible Bobby Hackett and his silver

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cornet revive happy memories in a big open space on the second floor of the Henry Hudson Hotel. Among his virtuoso followers, five in all, are Ernie Caceres and Dick Cary. The intermission pianist is Teddy Roy. Closed Sundays. . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): It's hard to tell who's on first, tenor sax, or drums, but the inside dope is that Ronnie Bright's trio is there now and that the Jazz Lab quintet puts in on Friday, May 3. Jackie Paris, a largely invisible singer whose recordings have aroused great interest, is supposed to be here May 3 and 4. Closed Tuesdays.

## ART

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

### GALLERIES

**CARLYLE BROWN**—Bottles, goblets, fruit, and other objects, in a new set of Sicilian still-lives; through Saturday, May 11. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

**DONALD CARRICK**—Semiabstract landscapes of Spain and Greece. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 11. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

**LYNN CHADWICK**—Work by this modern British sculptor. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 11. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

**ANDRÉ DERAIN**—Drawings never shown before in America; through May 25. (Galerie Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

**MAX ERNST**—New paintings and sculptures, revealing interesting changes in his general approach; through May 17. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

**SHOLAM FARBER**—Large, sensuously colorful nudes; through Saturday, May 11. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

**FRED FARR**—Sculptures, mixing Oriental with abstract influences; through Saturday, May 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

**LÉONOR FINI**—Paintings, gracefully Surrealist in mood; through May 15. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St.)

**JOHNNY FRIEDLAENDER**—Etchings by a Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through May 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

**JOHN GRILLO**—Paintings, swirlingly Abstract Expressionist in manner; through Saturday, May 4. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

**SARAH GRILLO AND ANTONIO FERNANDEZ MURO**—Non-objective oils by an Argentine couple; through Saturday, May 4. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Daily, noon to 6.)

**WILLIAM GROPPER**—New oils, ranging from the playfully satiric to the caustic, plus a series of fifty "capriccios" in lithograph; through Saturday, May 11. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

**CHAIM GROSS**—Stone, wood, and bronze sculptures, freshly baroque in feeling; through Saturday, May 4. (Duveen-Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)



**J. M. HANSON**—Work by a professor of painting at Cornell University; through May 25. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

**JOHN HELIKER**—Abstract Impressionist landscapes of New York and Nova Scotia, and portraits; through Saturday, May 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**ANDRÉ LANSKOY**—A small retrospective (1926-56) of paintings by an artist of the contemporary Paris school; through Saturday, May 4. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

**GIACOMO MANZÙ**—Bronzes, bas-reliefs, and drawings. First one-man show in New York; through May 18. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**CHARLES E. MARTIN**—Water colors, caseins, and gouaches painted on Monhegan Island; through Saturday, May 4. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

**ELIE NADELMAN**—A small memorial show of sculptures and drawings in various mediums, plus etchings; through May 18. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

**ARTHUR OSYER**—Abstractions derived from nature; through May 17. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**JULES PASCIN AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS**—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Pascin (1885-1930), supplemented by oils by Vlaminck, Dufy, Picasso, and others; through May 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**CARLOTTA PETRINA**—Paintings that mingle baroque and Surrealist suggestions. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 4. (Crespi, 232 E. 58th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

**LUIS QUINTANILLA**—Paintings by this Spanish-born artist; through Saturday, May 11. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

**WILLIAM RONALD**—Abstract paintings by a young and talented Canadian. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 4. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**GORDON RUSSELL**—Oils and drawings. First one-man show in New York; through May 18. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

**GIUSEPPE SANTOMASO**—Abstract oils and gouaches. First one-man show in New York; through May 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**JOHN SENNHAUSER**—Collages and water colors; through May 31. (Zabriskie, 835 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

**CHRIS SHELTON**—Fancifully stylized figure studies and other oils. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 11. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

**JOSEPH STEFANELLI**—Large, dramatically colorful Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, May 11. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

**JACK TWORKOV**—Graceful, colorful abstractions, some reflecting the current trend towards representation; through Saturday, May 4. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

**JOHN WHORF**—New water colors; through Saturday, May 4. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

**JEAN XERON**—Abstract paintings, clean and economical in pattern; through Saturday, May 11. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

**AMERICAN ABSTRACT ARTISTS**—A compact, lively exhibition of oils, sculptures, and other works; their twenty-first annual. Through Saturday, May 11. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Recent examples by Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, William Zorach, and others; through Saturday, May 4. . . **GREENWICH**, 71 Washington Pl.: The gallery's opening exhibition, consisting of fifty paintings and sculptures by as many living artists, ranging from Milton Avery to William Zorach; through May 31. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: Oils by, among others, Sigmund Menkes and George Constant; through May 18. . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Isabel Bishop, Henry Koerner, and others; through Saturday, May 4. . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The May offering contains about fifty oils chosen by Herbert Katzman and Louis Bouché; through May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WELLONS**, 17 E.

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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

64th St.: A set of sculptures by nineteen recent recipients of Fulbright awards; through Saturday, May 4. (Weekdays, noon to 7:30.)

**AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW**—Oils, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Maurice Prendergast, William Glackens, and Corot; through May 30. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

**EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **GALERIE HERVE**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Lorrain, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Modern paintings and sculptures by twenty-two artists, from Brancusi to Giacometti; through Saturday, May 11. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: A loan exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, primarily of the school of Paris, collected by Louise and Joseph Pulitzer, Jr.; for the benefit of the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University. Through Saturday, May 4.

**ABSTRACT ART BEFORE COLUMBUS**—Seventy-five architectural ornaments, urns, and other objects of clay, stone, gold, and jade dating from 1500 B.C.; through May 31. (Emmerich, 18 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

**AFRICAN ART**—A show entitled "Abstract Forms in African Art;" through June 1. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

**SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS**—At the **BURR**, 108 W. 56th St.: Winnie Borne Sherman; starting Sunday, May 5. (Opening day, 4 to 8; Monday, May 6, from 10 to 8; and daily thereafter, 10 to 6.) . . . **CADAN**, 150 E. 78th St.: Abidine Dino; starting Thursday, May 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.) . . . **DE AENLE**, 59 W. 53rd St.: José Echave; starting Monday, May 6. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Walter Kamys; starting Monday, May 6. . . . **WELLONS**, 17 E. 64th St.: Vincent Glinsky; starting Monday, May 6. (Weekdays, noon to 7:30.) . . . ¶ Group shows at the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; starting Monday, May 6. **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.; starting Monday, May 6. (Daily, 2 to 6.) **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.; starting Tuesday, May 7. **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; starting Monday, May 6. **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.; starting Tuesday, May 7. **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, May 6. **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.; starting Monday, May 6. **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.; starting Monday, May 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.) **STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.; starting Tuesday, May 7. **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.; starting Tuesday, May 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

### MUSEUMS

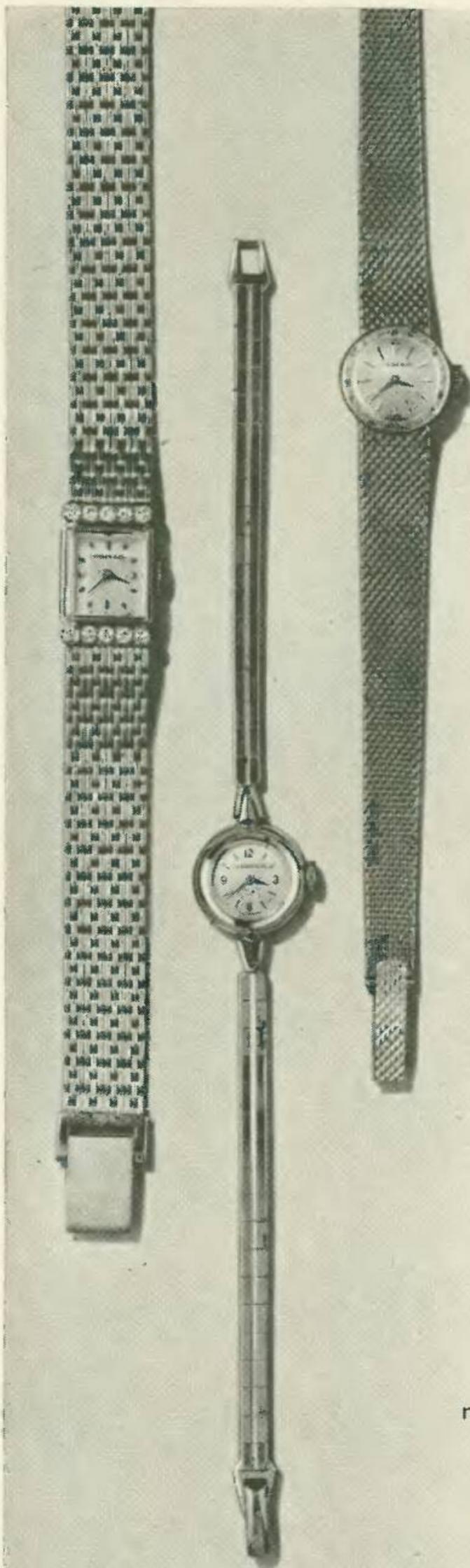
**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Some seventy masterpieces of European art (by, among others, Titian, Goya, Cézanne, van Gogh, and Modigliani), lent by the São Paulo Museum of Art, in Brazil; through June 2. . . . ¶ Sixty-five Greek vases (principally Attic and ranging in date from the early sixth to the late fourth century B.C.) from the Hearst collection, purchased last fall by the Museum. . . . ¶ From the Museum's collection, sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin, a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, and works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—No special exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—The nineteenth biennial international watercolor exhibition, featuring Italian and American artists; through May 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 7 E. 72nd St.—The second selection of 1956 Guggenheim International Award candidate paintings, plus eighteen regional winners and the international winner, Ben Nicholson's "August 56 (Val d'Orcia);" through May 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.—A museum founded by Nelson A. Rockefeller, with some five hundred objects he has gath-



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Left: Rectangular design with eight round diamonds, faceted crystal, flexible bracelet, 595.

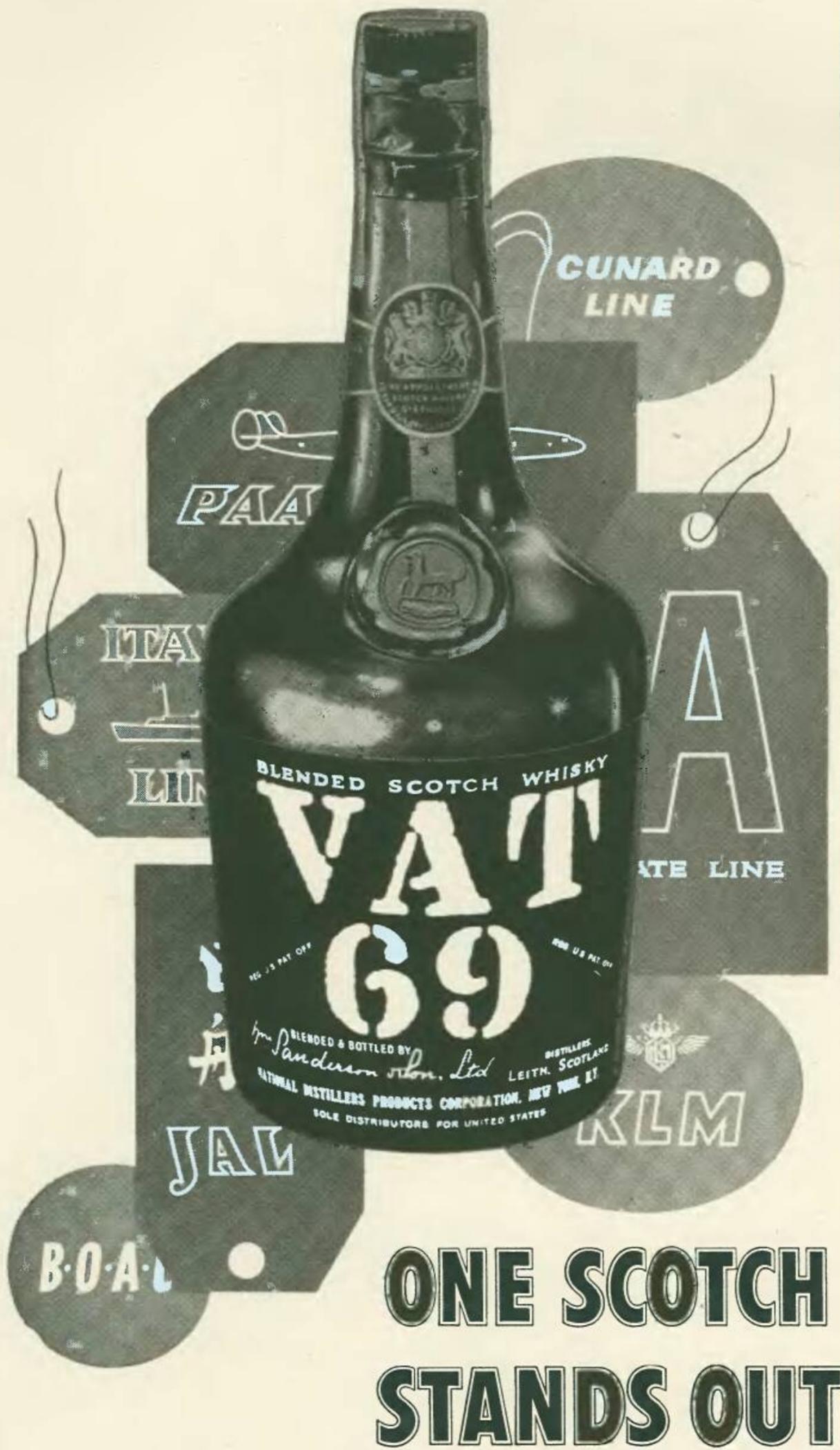
Center: Narrow bracelet watch with round dial, 225.

Right: Tapered mesh bracelet with faceted round crystal, 395.

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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ered from all over the world (the earliest example dates from about 20000 B.C.), supplemented by gifts from other collectors. Currently on view are about sixty items, including stone sculptures, greenstone carvings, ivories, wood masks, pottery figures, and gold jewelry. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective exhibition of abstract oils, water colors, and drawings by Hans Hofmann; through June 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

### MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

#### OPERA

**"PANFILO AND LAURETTA"**—The Columbia Theatre Associates and the Music Department of Columbia University presenting a new opera by Carlos Chavez, with a libretto by Chester Kallman. Howard Shanet is the musical director and Bill Butler the stage director. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Thursday and Friday, May 9-10, at 8:40; Saturday, May 11, at 2:40 and 8:40; and Monday through Saturday, May 13-18, at 8:40.)

#### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—At Carnegie Hall, the final performances of the season—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, May 2, at 8:45, and Friday, May 3, at 2:30 (both with Gregor Piatigorsky, cello). . . . Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, May 4, at 8:45 (with Ray Dudley, piano). . . . Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Sunday, May 5, at 2:30 (with Gregor Piatigorsky, cello); and Thursday, May 9, at 8:45; Friday, May 10, at 2:30; and Sunday, May 12, at 2:30 (all with David Lloyd, tenor; Giorgio Tozzi, bass; and the Schola Cantorum).

**CANTATA SINGERS**—Alfred Mann directing a performance of Bach's Easter chorale "Christ lag in Todesbanden," as well as settings for the same text by other composers. With Helen Boatwright and Bethany Beardslee, sopranos; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Charles Bressler and Otto Hammer, tenors; and Kenneth Smith, bass. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, May 2, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 6-6350.)

**INTERRACIAL FELLOWSHIP CHORUS**—Harold Aks directing, with Arabella Hong, soprano; Carol Brice, alto; Charles Bressler, tenor; Eugene Brice, bass; David Labovitz, piano; and Bronson Ragan, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 5, at 8:30. For tickets, call DI 4-7200, Ext. 56.)

**COLLEGIATE CHORALE**—Ralph Hunter directing Mendelssohn's "Elijah," with Mack Harrell, baritone, and other soloists. (Town Hall. Tuesday, May 7, at 8.)

**SOLO AND CHORAL CANTATAS BY FRANZ TUNDER (1614-1667)**—Howard Boatwright directing a program by the Choir of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, New Haven, and an instrumental ensemble of the Yale School of Music, with Helen Boatwright, soprano, and other soloists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Tuesday, May 7, at 8:30.)

**GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK**—George Mead directing, with William J. Cummings, tenor, and Pearse P. Meagher, bass. (Town Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8:30.)

**THE COLLEGE SOUND**—Barbershop to calypso, sung by groups from Bowdoin, Brown, Colgate, Columbia, Connecticut College, Cornell, Princeton, Smith, Vassar, and Yale. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8:30.)

#### RECITALS

**TERRY MURRAY**—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 2, at 8:30.)

#### MISCELLANY

**CALYPSO PROGRAMS**—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 8:40 and at midnight.)

**BENEFIT CONCERT**—Rina Telli, soprano; Thomas

Hayward, tenor; Salvatore Baccaloni, bass; Aurora Mauro-Cottone, piano; and a harp ensemble. For the benefit of Boys' Towns of Italy. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 5, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 8-2838.)

**OPERAS-IN-BRIEF**—"Carmen," the last in a series of abbreviated operas to be presented uptown by the Amato Opera Theatre. (Town Hall. Tuesday, May 7, at 5:30.)

**SPORTS**

**BASEBALL**—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, May 2, at 1:30; Friday, May 3, at 8; and Saturday, May 4, at 2...  
 ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Sunday, May 5, at 2, and Monday, May 6, at 1:30...  
 ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, May 7, at 8, and Wednesday, May 8, at 1:30...  
 ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, May 10, at 8, and Saturday, May 11, at 2...  
**EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, May 2, at 8, and Saturday, May 4, at 2...  
 ¶ Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Sunday, May 5, at 2, and Monday, May 6, at 8...  
 ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 7-8, at 8...  
**ROOSEVELT STADIUM, Jersey City**: Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, May 3, at 8.

**CREW**—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 4)...  
 ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, May 4)...  
 ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 4)...  
 ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 11)...  
 ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 11.)

**GOLF**—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial. (Seawane Harbor Club, Hewlett, L.I. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12.)

**HORSE SHOWS**—Sugartown Horse Show. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 4)...  
 ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Thursday through Saturday, May 9-11.)

**HUNT RACING**—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 4)...  
 ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 11.)

**RACING**—At **JAMAICA**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, May 28. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Saturday, May 4, and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, May 11. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25)...  
**LAUREL, Md.**: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, May 4...  
**GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.**: Weekdays at 2:30, from Saturday, May 4, through Saturday, June 1. (A train will leave Penn Station at 11:30 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia)...  
**CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.**: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 4.

**TRACK**—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 4, at 1.)

**TRAPSHOOTING**—Amateur Championships of America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, May 10, at 9 and 1; Saturday, May 11, at 9; and Sunday, May 12, at 10.)

**TROTTING**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7.)

**FOR CHILDREN**

**CONCERT**—Final children's concert of the season by the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Ruth and Naomi Segal, pianos. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, May 11, at 11.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)**—The new show, "The Sun in Action," deals with the power and influence of our nearest star. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11)...  
 ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

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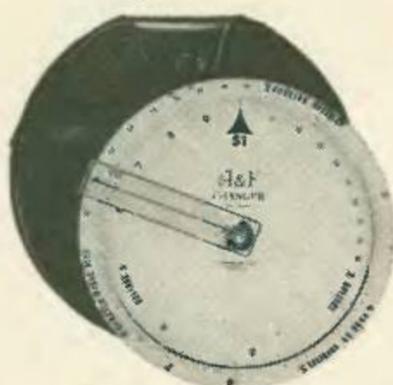


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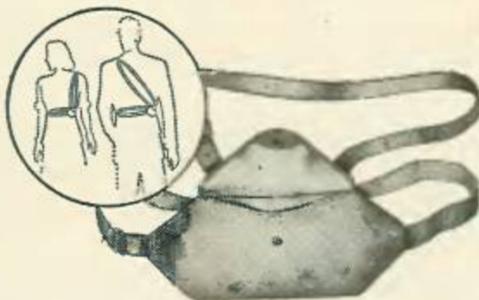
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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

yard pets as lambs, ducks, rabbits, geese, and piglets. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

**MOVIES**—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

### OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, May 3), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...  
 ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

**GARDENS**—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 7, and Tuesday, May 14, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club. The gardens on display on May 7 will be those of Princess Archil Gourielli, 625 Park Ave.; Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Wagstaff, 206 E. 62nd St.; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Harris, Jr., 232 E. 68th St.; Mrs. Walter White, 242 E. 68th St.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Ronald Tree, 123 E. 79th St.; and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander M. Arnstein, 1070 Park Ave. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 1 and 2 to 4.)

**CURRIER & IVES EXHIBIT**—Some three hundred and fifty lithographs representing the varied output of the firm. Among the prints are such familiar subjects as country and farm life, clipper ships, trotting and race horses, and Mississippi River scenes. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 2, at 1:45: Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities, as well as Gothic and Renaissance furniture, sculptures, paintings, and objects of art. The property of Mrs. Charles E. Crawley and others... ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 3-4, at 1:45: Georgian and Regency furniture and decorations, Chelsea and other English porcelains, a small group of paintings, silver, Oriental rugs, and Chinese art; owned by Mrs. Margot A. Holmes and others...  
 ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, May 7-8, at 1:45: Part I of the late Forest G. Sweet collection of historical autograph letters and documents... ¶ Wednesday, May 8, at 8: Primitives and Old Masters by such artists as Scorel, Romney, and Raeburn, together with nineteenth-century and modern paintings, belonging to Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 4.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Through May 4: "Outward Bound" (1930), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.... ¶ May 5-8: "Juno and the Paycock" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

### COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

**AUTOMOBILE RACING**—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: May 26... INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY: May 30... LIME ROCK, Conn.: June 9.

**BASEBALL—GIANTS**—At the Polo Grounds: May

12, May 28-30, June 4-9, and June 11-15...  
**YANKEES**—At Yankee Stadium: May 14-15,  
 May 17-22, May 24-26, and May 31-June 2.  
 ... **DODGERS**—At Ebbets Field: May 24-26,  
 June 4, June 6-9, and June 11-15... ¶ At  
 Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City: June 5 and  
 June 10.

**CREW**—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges  
 Championship Regatta. (Princeton, May 18.)  
 ... ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London,  
 June 15.)

**DOG SHOWS**—Ladies Kennel Association of  
 America. (Garden City, L.I. May 18.)...  
 ¶ Morris and Essex Kennel Club. (Madison,  
 N.J. May 23.)... ¶ Greenwich Kennel Club.  
 (Greenwich, Conn. June 8.)

**GOLF**—Long Island Golf Association Open  
 Championship. (Woodmere Country Club,  
 Woodmere, L.I. May 21-22.)... ¶ Palm  
 Beach Golf Championship. (Wykagyl Coun-  
 try Club, New Rochelle, May 30-June 2.)...  
 ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the  
 U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Wheatley  
 Hills Golf Club, East Williston, L.I.;  
 Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J.; Rock  
 Spring Club, West Orange, N.J.; and Metrop-  
 olis Country Club and Knollwood Country  
 Club, White Plains, June 3.)... ¶ United  
 States Seniors' Golf Association Champion-  
 ship. (Apawamis Club, Rye, June 4-7.)...  
 ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Inverness  
 Club, Toledo, Ohio, June 13-15.)... ¶ New  
 Jersey State Golf Association Amateur  
 Championship. (Hollywood Golf Club, Deal,  
 N.J. June 13-16.)

**HORSE SHOWS**—Sands Point Horse Show.  
 (Port Washington, L.I. May 12.)... ¶ Dev-  
 on Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 25-June  
 1.)... ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show.  
 (Stamford, Conn. June 2.)... ¶ Upperville  
 Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June  
 7-9.)

**HUNT RACING**—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club.  
 (Media, Pa. May 18.)... ¶ Adjacent Hunts  
 Racing Association. (Purchase, May 25.)

**RACING**—At **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness,  
 May 18. ... **BELMONT PARK**: May 29-Aug. 3. ...  
**EPSOM**, England: The Derby, June 5. ... **MON-**  
**MOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: June 11-Aug.  
 7.

**TENNIS**—Sears Cup Matches. (Baltimore, Md.  
 Tentatively June 7-8.)... ¶ Church Cup  
 Matches. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove,  
 L.I. June 14-15.)

**TRACK MEETS**—At Downing Stadium, Randalls  
 Island—May 31-June 1: I.C.A.A.A. Out-  
 door Championships. ... ¶ June 15: Metro-  
 politan Association A.A.U. Senior Outdoor  
 Championships.

**TROTTING**—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga  
 Springs: June 6-Aug. 24.

**YACHTING**—New York Yacht Club Regatta.  
 (Greenwich, June 8-9.)... ¶ Start of the  
 Newport-to-Santander, Spain, race, June  
 16.

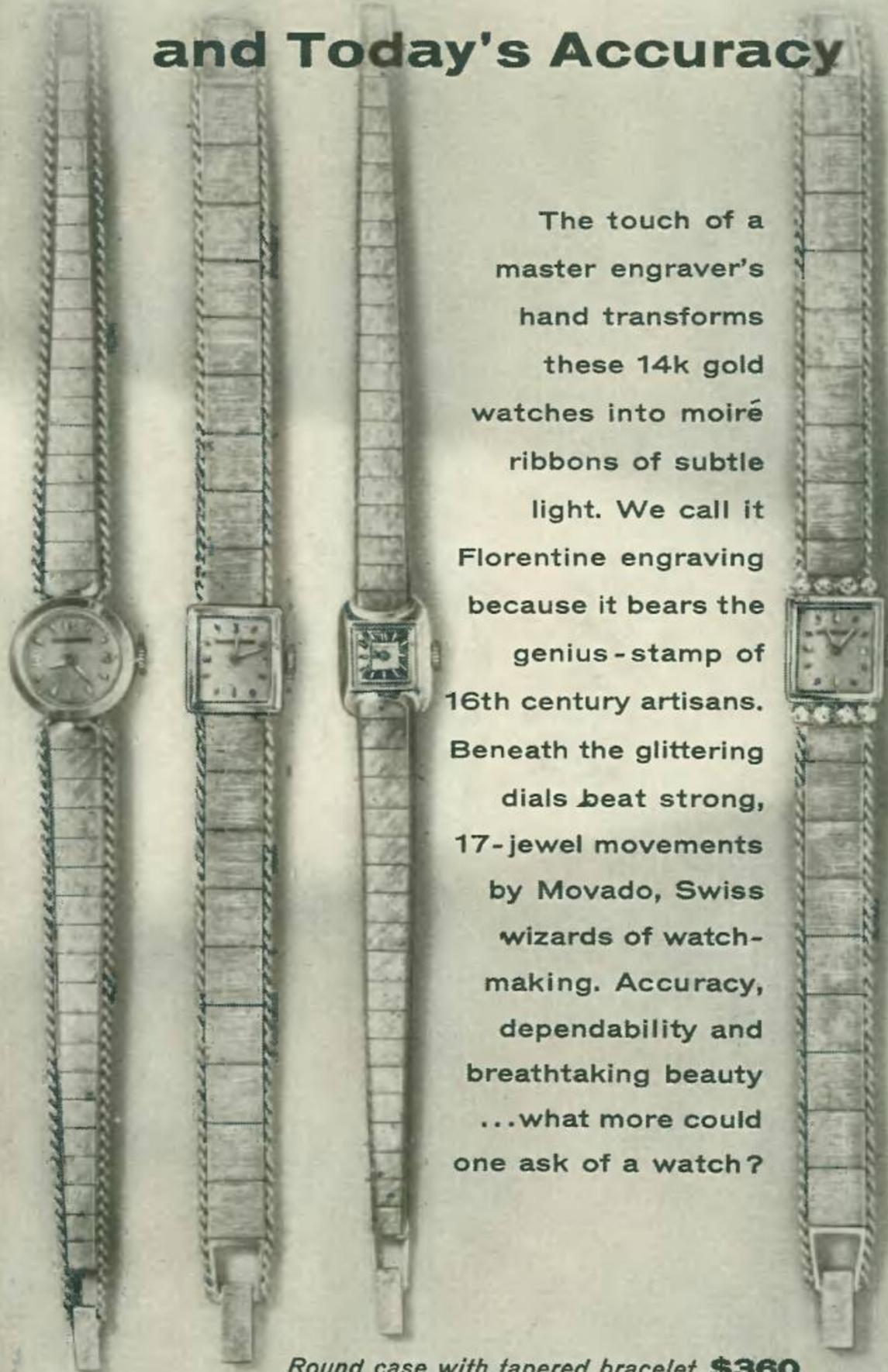
**MUSIC**—At **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): Don  
 Cossack Chorus and Dancers, May 12. ...  
**TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Music for Moderns,  
 May 12, 19, and 26.

**DANCE PROGRAMS**—José Greco and his company  
 of Spanish dancers, at the Playhouse, May  
 21-June 9.

**THEATRE**—Productions scheduled to open during  
 the next couple of weeks: "New Girl in  
 Town," a musical by George Abbott, based  
 on Eugene O'Neill's play "Anna Christie."  
 Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter head the  
 cast, and the music and lyrics are by Bob  
 Merrill. ... ¶ "The Pajama Game," with  
 Jane Kean, Larry Douglas, and Paul Hart-  
 man, the final musical of the New York City  
 Center Light Opera Company's current  
 season.

**OTHER DATES**—Armed Forces Day is Saturday,  
 May 18. ... ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at  
 the 71st Regiment Armory, May 19-25. ...  
 ¶ United Nations Trusteeship Council meet-  
 ing, May 20-July 12. ... ¶ Memorial Day is  
 Thursday, May 30. ... ¶ Washington Square  
 Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 30-June 30. ...  
 ¶ Commencements: Barnard, Columbia, and  
 West Point, June 4; N.Y.U., June 6; An-  
 napolis, June 7; Dartmouth and Smith, June  
 9; Vassar and Yale, June 10; and Harvard,  
 June 13. ... ¶ June Garden Show of the  
 Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex  
 House, June 12. ... ¶ Federal estimated in-  
 come-tax payments are due Saturday, June  
 15, but you can squeeze by on Monday, June  
 17.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine. As for the scenic effects, they're tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

**BABY DOLL**—Elia Kazan's interpretation of this work by Tennessee Williams is highly diverting, and the actors, led by Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Karl Malden, are consistently effective. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through May 6, tentative. . . . Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting May 8, tentative.)

**FUNNY FACE**—Fred Astaire, as a fashion-magazine photographer, and Audrey Hepburn, as his reluctant model who aspires to be a heavy intellectual, make a genial team in this musical, and Kay Thompson, as Mr. Astaire's editor, adds some comic touches. Best of all are the views of Paris, where most of the action takes place. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

**THE GOLD OF NAPLES**—Four stimulating episodes in the lives of some beguiling residents of southern Italy. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, who figures as an actor in one of the stanzas, this Italian film also includes in its admirable cast Sophia Loren, Totò, Paolo Stoppa, Silvana Mangano, and Pasquale Cennamo. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**THE GREAT MAN**—José Ferrer as an embattled radio commentator assigned to do a heroic obituary of a broadcasting figure who was a four-ply heel. The mores of the radio and television world get a savage going over, and the piece is reasonably entertaining. Mr. Ferrer has the support of Keenan Wynn, Dean Jagger, and Ed Wynn. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530. . . . Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through May 5. . . . R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through May 7.)

**LUST FOR LIFE**—A splendid color film that reviews the career of Vincent van Gogh with quite a bit of perception. As the Dutch Master, Kirk Douglas is estimable, and as Gauguin, Anthony Quinn is also right up to the mark. A good many of van Gogh's works are exhibited in the course of the film, and they are wonderful to see. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**THE RACK**—The trial of an American Army captain who, after being captured during the Korean War, sells out to the enemy. A solid courtroom film that deals honestly with a very thorny subject. Paul Newman is completely convincing as the pitiable protagonist. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through May 4.)

**THE RAINMAKER**—A confidence man loose in the prairie belt convinces a rather homely maiden that she is really a most desirable female. In

the hands of Burt Lancaster and Katharine Hepburn, these characters are quite stimulating. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 4, tentative. . . . 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave at 68th, RE 4-0302; through May 8.)

**THE RED BALLOON**—In this charming fantasy, written, produced, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, we follow an adventurous small boy as he wanders about Paris, pursued by a balloon that has adopted him as its master. The young one is portrayed by Pascal Lamorisse, the director's son, and he makes you wish the picture would go on for longer than the half hour it takes to unravel. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

**THE SILENT WORLD**—Life underwater, including everything from ravenous sharks to giant rays, filmed by the cameras of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in the course of his submarine peregrinations. A French film, with an English narration. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 7, tentative.)

**LA STRADA**—A topflight Italian film whose director, Federico Fellini, demonstrates an ability to see the Italian scene steadily and whole. The leading actors—Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart—do well by the enterprise; the only difficulty, in fact, is that Giulietta Masina, the heroine, is a rather limited actress. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

**THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, as you might expect, which goes on for almost four hours. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

**12 ANGRY MEN**—A rewarding exposition of the workings of the jury system, in the course of which the impanelled veniremen cook up quite a head of steam while determining the fate of an eighteen-year-old youth accused of patricide. Among the jurors are Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden, good actors one and all. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; May 2.)

**WE ARE ALL MURDERERS**—The case against capital punishment is presented dramatically in this French film, which is brilliantly acted by all hands, including Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting May 8, tentative.)

**WEE GEORDIE**—The story of a youthful weakling in Scotland who takes a correspondence course in physical culture and winds up as the greatest hammer thrower ever seen. A British film that moves along amiably and has the benefit of some lovely Scottish scenery. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young are the principals. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Green-

wich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 4. . . . Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting May 7.)

### REVIVALS

**ANIMAL FARM** (1954)—An English cartoon film derived from George Orwell's acid allegory about totalitarian ways. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 8, tentative.)

**CARMEN JONES** (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonté play the lovers. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting May 8, tentative.)

**CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through May 5, tentative.)

**CINDERELLA** (1950)—Disney's interpretation of the fairy tale. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 5-6.)

**DIABOLIQUE** (1955)—How the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. A French film, with Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; May 6-7.)

**DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE** (1955)—Fun and games among medical undergraduates. Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Donald Sinden, and Donald Houston are the budding medics in this English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 7, tentative.)

**IN WHICH WE SERVE** (1942)—Noel Coward's picture about a British destroyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 7.)

**THE KING AND I** (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in a presentation of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting May 8.)

**THE LADY VANISHES** (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 2.)

**THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS** (1956)—How the British, in 1943, floated a corpse onto a Spanish beach and deceived the Germans about the Allied plan to invade Sicily. An English film, with Clifton Webb and Robert Fleming. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 5-6.)

**MARIE DU PORT** (1951)—A village barmaid helps a world-weary big-city fellow out of his ennui. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 7.)

**THE 39 STEPS** (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British film, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370, May 2.)

**TORMENT** (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 8, tentative.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

## THE BROADWAY AREA

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)  
**FUNNY FACE.**

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)  
Through May 7: "Abandon Ship!" Tyrone Power, Mai Zetterling.  
From May 8: "The Way to the Gold," Jeffrey Hunter, Sheree North.

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)  
**AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**

**ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)  
"The Strange One," Ben Gazzara.

**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)  
May 2: 12 **ANGRY MEN.**  
From May 3: "The Little Hut," Ava Gardner, David Niven, Stewart Granger.

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)  
**THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.**

**GLOBE**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)  
"The Living Idol," Steve Forrest.

**MAYFAIR**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)  
Through May 3: "The Buster Keaton Story," Donald O'Connor, Ann Blyth.  
From May 4: "Dragoon Wells Massacre," Barry Sullivan, Mona Freeman.

**ROXY**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)  
"Boy on a Dolphin," Alan Ladd, Clifton Webb, Sophia Loren.

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)  
"The Ride Back," Anthony Quinn.

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)  
"The Bachelor Party," Don Murray, E. G. Marshall.

**WARNER**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)  
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

**WORLD**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)  
"The Devil's General" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook.

## EAST SIDE

- ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)**  
Through May 7 (tentative): **DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE**, revival; and "Doctor at Sea," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Brigitte Bardot.  
From May 8 (tentative): **BABY DOLL**; and **CARMEN JONES**, revival.
- ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)**  
Through May 5: **THE GREAT MAN**; and "The Tattered Dress," Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Crain.  
May 6-7: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival; and "Riffi," revival, Jean Servais.  
From May 8: "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum; and "Man Afraid," George Nader, Phyllis Thaxter.
- GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)**  
Through May 7 (tentative): **THE SILENT WORLD**; and "Full of Life," Judy Holliday, Richard Conte.  
From May 8 (tentative): **ANIMAL FARM**, revival; and "Albert Schweitzer," a documentary film narrated by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.
- LXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)**  
Through May 4: **THE RACK**; and "Ten Thousand Bedrooms," Dean Martin, Anna Maria Alberghetti.  
May 5-7: "The Big Boodle," Errol Flynn; and "The Big Caper," Rory Calhoun.  
From May 8: "The Vintage," Pier Angeli, Mel Ferrer; and "Revolt at Fort Laramie," John Dehner.
- TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)**  
**LA STRADA** (in Italian).
- SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)**  
"Reach for the Sky," Kenneth More, Muriel Pavlow.
- R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)**  
Through May 7: **THE GREAT MAN**; and "The Tattered Dress," Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Crain.  
From May 8: "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum; and "Man Afraid," George Nader, Phyllis Thaxter.
- FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)**  
**THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue); and "The Lost Continent," an Italian documentary film on Indonesia and Malaya, with an English narration.
- PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)**  
**LUST FOR LIFE**.
- BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)**  
Through May 5 (tentative): **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (in French), revival.  
From May 6 (tentative): "Under the Roofs of Paris" (in French), revival, Albert Préjean.
- BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)**  
Through May 7 (tentative): "La Sorcière" (in French), Marina Vlady; and "The Iron Petticoat," Bob Hope, Katharine Hepburn.  
From May 8 (tentative): **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French).
- 68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)**  
Through May 8: **THE RAINMAKER**.
- LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)**  
Through May 4: **THE RACK**; and "Ten Thousand Bedrooms," Dean Martin, Anna Maria Alberghetti.  
May 5-7: "The Big Boodle," Errol Flynn; and "The Big Caper," Rory Calhoun.  
From May 8: "The Vintage," Pier Angeli, Mel Ferrer; and "Revolt at Fort Laramie," John Dehner.
- TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)**  
May 2: "Tears for Simon," David Farrar, David Knight; and "Above Us the Waves," John Mills, John Gregson.  
May 3-4: "The Incredible Shrinking Man," Grant Williams, Randy Stuart; and "The Deadly Mantis," Craig Stevens.

## NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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5	6	7	8			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

- May 5-6: **CINDERELLA**, revival; and "Men of Sherwood Forest," Don Taylor.  
From May 7: **WEE GEORDIE**; and "Trouble in the Glen," revival, Margaret Lockwood, Orson Welles.
- TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)**  
Through May 6 (tentative): **BABY DOLL**.  
From May 7: To be announced.
- R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)**  
Through May 5: **THE GREAT MAN**; and "The Tattered Dress," Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Crain.  
May 6-7: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival; and "Riffi," revival, Jean Servais.  
From May 8: "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum; and "Man Afraid," George Nader, Phyllis Thaxter.
- ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)**  
Through May 4: **THE RACK**; and "Ten Thousand Bedrooms," Dean Martin, Anna Maria Alberghetti.  
May 5-7: "The Big Boodle," Errol Flynn; and "The Big Caper," Rory Calhoun.  
From May 8: "The Vintage," Pier Angeli, Mel Ferrer; and "Revolt at Fort Laramie," John Dehner.

## WEST SIDE

- WAYERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)**  
Through May 4: **WEE GEORDIE**.  
May 5-6: **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS**, revival; and "Bus Stop," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray.  
May 7-8: "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "Adorable Creatures" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)**  
Through May 4 (tentative): **THE RAINMAKER**.  
May 5-7 (tentative): "Full of Life," Judy Holliday, Richard Conte.  
From May 8 (tentative): **TORMENT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Panic" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.
- 5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)**  
Through May 8 (tentative): "The Naked Eye," a documentary film on photography, narrated by Raymond Massey.
- SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)**  
Through May 4: **THE RACK**; and "Ten Thousand Bedrooms," Dean Martin, Anna Maria Alberghetti.  
May 5-7: "The Big Boodle," Errol Flynn; and "The Big Caper," Rory Calhoun.  
From May 8: "The Vintage," Pier Angeli, Mel Ferrer; and "Revolt at Fort Laramie," John Dehner.
- GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)**  
Through May 4: **WEE GEORDIE**; and "Three Sinners" (in French), revival, Fernandel.  
May 5-7: "Tears for Simon," David Farrar, David Knight; and "Above Us the Waves," John Mills, John Gregson.  
From May 8: "Invitation to the Dance," revival, Gene Kelly, Tamara Tomanova; and "Svengali," revival, Hildegard Neff, Donald Wolfelt.
- R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)**  
Through May 5: **THE GREAT MAN**; and "The Tattered Dress," Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Crain.  
May 6-7: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival; and "Riffi," revival, Jean Servais.  
From May 8: "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum; and "Man Afraid," George Nader, Phyllis Thaxter.
- TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)**  
May 2: "The Guns of Fort Petticoat," Audie Murphy, Kathryn Grant; and "Hellcats of the Navy," Ronald Reagan, Nancy Davis.  
May 3-4: "Green Fire," revival, Stewart Granger, Grace Kelly; and "The Court Jester," revival, Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns.  
May 5: "No Place to Hide," David Brian, Marsha Hunt; and "Fighting Trouble," Huntz Hall.  
May 6-7: "The Bed" (in French and English), revival, Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica; and "House of Pleasure" (in French; also known as "Le Plaisir"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.  
From May 8: **THE KING AND I**, revival; and "Anastasia," Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner.
- GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)**  
Through May 5: "The Young Stranger," James MacArthur, Kim Hunter.  
From May 6: "John and Julie," Lesley Dudley, Colin Gibson.
- 55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)**  
Through May 3: "On the Bowery," a semi-documentary film.  
From May 4: "The Winner's Circle" (in French), Jean Cordier, Paul Frankeur.
- TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)**  
"If All the Guys in the World" (in French), André Valmy.
- LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)**  
"Nana" (in French), Martine Carol, Charles Boyer.
- PARIS, 4 W. 58th St. (MU 8-0134)**  
**THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian).
- LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)**  
Through May 4: **THE RACK**; and "Ten Thousand Bedrooms," Dean Martin, Anna Maria Alberghetti.  
From May 5: To be announced.
- THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)**  
May 2: **THE LADY VANISHES**, revival; and **THE 39 STEPS**, revival.  
May 3-6: "The Snow Was Black" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Marie Mansart; and "Secrets of the Reef," revival, a nature film on marine life.  
From May 7: **IN WHICH WE SERVE**, revival; and **MARIE DU PORT** (in French), revival.
- RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)**  
**THE GREAT MAN**; and "The Tattered Dress," Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Crain.
- OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)**  
Through May 4: **THE RACK**; and "Ten Thousand Bedrooms," Dean Martin, Anna Maria Alberghetti.  
From May 5: To be announced.
- NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)**  
Through May 5: **THE GREAT MAN**; and "The Tattered Dress," Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Crain.  
May 6-7: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival; and "Riffi," revival, Jean Servais.  
From May 8: "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum; and "Man Afraid," George Nader, Phyllis Thaxter.
- COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)**  
Through May 7: **THE GREAT MAN**; and "The Tattered Dress," Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Crain.  
From May 8: "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum; and "Man Afraid," George Nader, Phyllis Thaxter.



**MAJER** tailors these handsome slacks in a lightweight blend of 55% "Dacron" and 45% tropical worsted. About \$20 at fine stores like John David, New York; Boyd's, St. Louis; Robert Kirk, Ltd., San Francisco; Atkinson's, Pasadena; Godchaux's, New Orleans; and National Clothing Co., Rochester.



## Shades of coolness! Lighter colors in neater tropicals

It's very *cool* for May—for June, July and August, too—in tropicals made of "Dacron"\* and worsted. And because they contain "Dacron" polyester fiber, these fine, lightweight slacks hate a wrinkle, love a sharp crease, keep you looking neat no matter what the weather. Tropicals of

"Dacron" and worsted are available in many styles and many patterns. And in this year's new, lighter shades, these handsome slacks look just as cool as they feel.

\*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or slacks shown here.

**DACRON**  
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

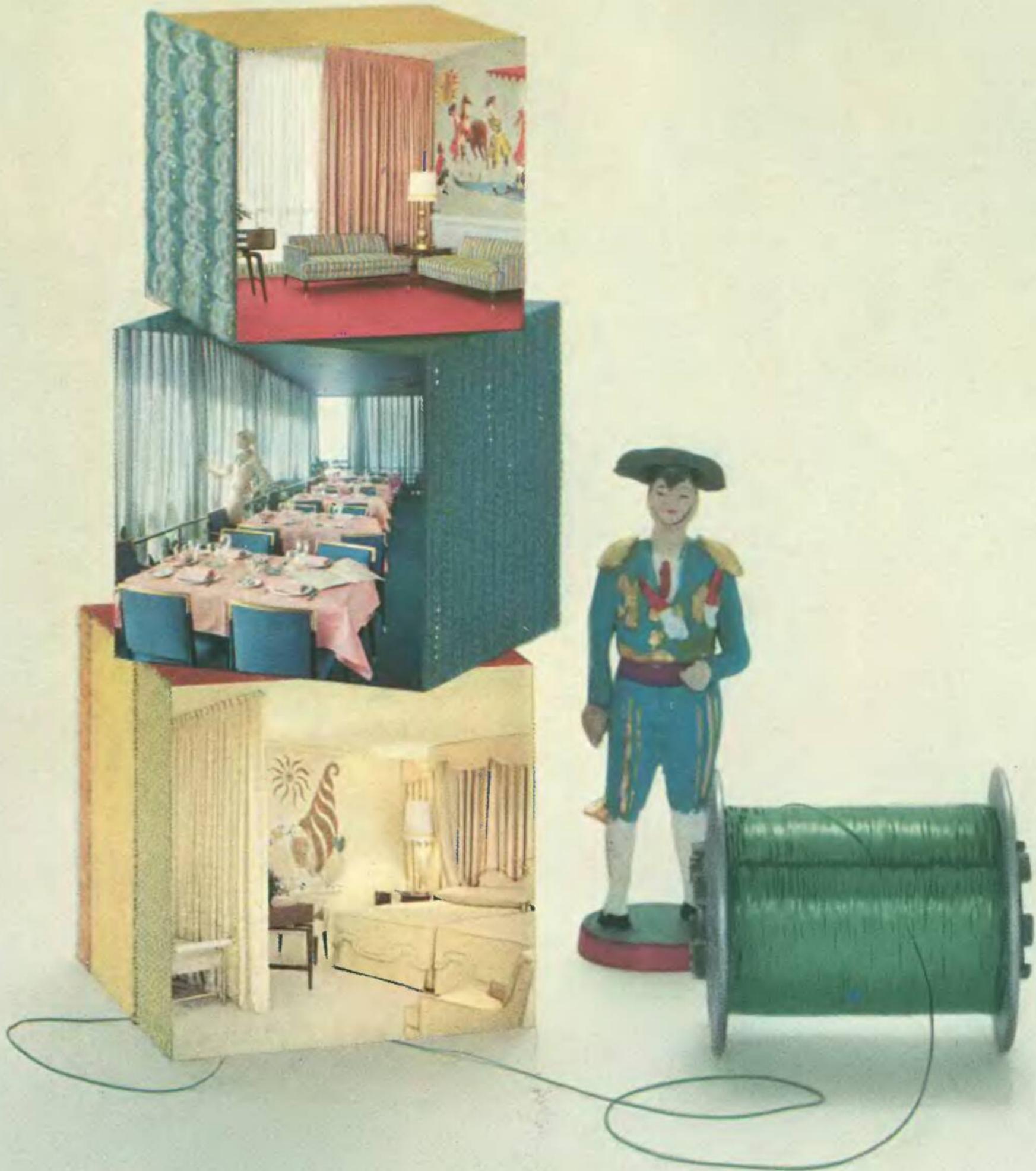


# Leather

A SUMMERTIME THING!



The thread of the story is **LUREX**



LUREX®...IN THE BRILLIANT CONTINENTAL HILTON. Luxuriant, imperishable color! This is the impression Lurex creates throughout Mexico's newest hotel—in fabrics, carpeting... even in murals. Here the Lurex-woven fabrics *are* the decor, as created by David T. Williams—linking the ancient arts to modern living...enlivening all other fields of design. Lurex, the non-tarnishing metallic yarn made only by *The Dobeckmun Company, Cleveland 1, Ohio • New York: 350 Fifth Avenue • London • Amsterdam*

*Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes.*

*Alexander Pope*



Expect to find in Benson & Hedges certain pleasures no other cigarette offers. Luxurious flavor, classic in taste. Costlier tobaccos, meticulously blended. Cigarette-case box, custom-tailored. Filter mouthpiece, recessed so that only the flavor touches your lips.



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## Superglow Face Powder

*an entirely new concept of face powder which gives a natural luminosity to the wearer by reflecting light rays instead of absorbing them.*

**"Lumium"** is the new chemical product of our research laboratories which enters into the mixing of this amazing face powder and which gives the complexion a new, more intense glow designed to make you look younger and more beautiful.

This powder also comes in solid form in beautiful compacts.

*Germaine Monteil*



## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

IN anticipation of the start of what is called the Silly Season, the women's page of the *World-Telegram & Sun* carried a big feature on baseball recently, for the announced purpose of initiating women into the mysteries of the game. We guess we had better warn the ladies not to expect any help from



The *New Yorker's* advertising columns. We ran an ad a couple of weeks ago for Schaefer Beer (which sponsors the Dodgers) that showed a young lady and her escort at a ballpark, each clutching a cup of the brew. In the girl's other hand, there was a filled-in score card, and you never saw a sillier piece of work. According to her card, the Dodgers sent only their pitcher to the plate in the third inning, and in the fourth they gave up their turn at bat with two out and a man on second.

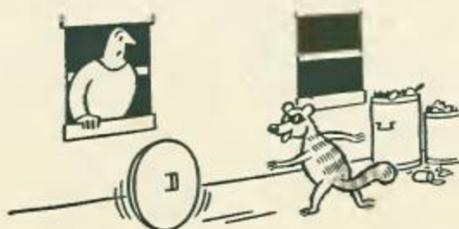
### Preserve

WE published a story in this department a while ago about a young doe that, apparently bored with the rural quiet of the Palisades, swam across the Hudson, came ashore at Fort Washington Park, routed a couple of murderous holdup men there, then disappeared. She hasn't been seen since, and the chances are that, having had enough excitement for one day, she simply turned tail and went back to New Jersey. In any event, her brief presence uptown has led us to look into the number and variety of wild creatures that either live in New York or consider it a fine place to visit. We have concluded from our investigation that the city limits are, in effect, the limits of a densely populated game preserve; in-

deed, if it were possible to take an accurate animal census, we might discover that there are more mink, muskrats, skunks, raccoons, rabbits, squirrels, pheasants, foxes, geese, ducks, deer, and possum within the five boroughs than there are human beings.

This being the case, it didn't surprise us to learn that state game protectors are on duty hereabouts, that there's a legal trapping season, and that there's a hunting season for ducks and other waterfowl, which has the distinction of being legal in the eyes of the state but not in the eyes of the city, since there's a local ordinance forbidding the use of firearms and other weapons. Still, it's perfectly all right to carry a shotgun or other weapon, provided you don't try to conceal it, and a good deal of hunting goes on in our outlying marshes and woods that the police can't put a stop to unless they happen to witness the shooting. The state imposes a closed season on deer all the year round, but permits an open season all the year round on certain animals that it considers vermin—for example, foxes, possum, weasels, and rats. A man who shot a fox in the Yankee Stadium a few years ago (the fox had been living in a pile of seats under the left-field stands) was doing right from the point of view of the state and wrong from the point of view of the Bronx police, but since the fox had proved an unnerving nuisance to baseball fans, the law benignly overlooked the incident.

There are a few resident deer on Staten Island, and deer often visit, but rarely reside in, the Bronx and Queens. Raccoons are a plague in the Riverdale



section of the Bronx, where they lift the lids off garbage cans in the course of their night's foraging and, some peo-

ple claim, deliberately set the lids rolling away down the sidewalks, especially in hilly sections. As you might expect, the wildlife of Manhattan is nothing like as active as that of the other boroughs; we have a few woodchucks in Riverside Park, a few pheasants in Inwood Park, some rabbits and lots of ducks in Central Park, and innumerable squirrels, muskrats, and just plain rats in most other areas. At least fifty skunks dwell on and rule Hunter's Island and Twin Islands, off Orchard Beach, in the Bronx, while Staten Island is the favorite resort of chipmunks and pheasants. Shifting cargo from one plane to another, somebody once dropped a crate of European hares at Idlewild. The crate burst open, the hares escaped, and there's now a goodly colony of them in those windy wastes. Idlewild is also the haunt of feral dogs, which is to say dogs that have reverted to a wild state and hunt in packs. There are supposed to be about seven such packs there, each consisting of six or seven dogs of assorted breeds. They're known to kill cats, pheasants, and other dogs, and the story goes that they like nothing better than to come on an isolated human being and gobble him up, but as far as we can determine, this has never happened.

Wild mink are comparatively rare in New York; twelve or fourteen are trapped here every year, mostly in Queens and Staten Island, and their pelts are worth from ten to twenty dollars apiece. The only local wild animal worth bothering about from a financial standpoint is the muskrat, and even he has been losing ground economically. Some twenty-five hundred muskrats are trapped here each year, and an undamaged pelt brings a little over a dollar; fifteen or twenty years ago, many thousands of muskrats were trapped here annually, and a pelt was worth five dollars. Two years ago, Edward Verture, a trapper on Staten Island, trapped his wife a full-length fur coat (seventy-five skins), and last year he

trapped her a handsome stole (twenty-five skins).

**INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE:** Robert E. Lee Associates, of San Diego, have their offices in the U. S. Grant Hotel.

### *Erudite Georgian*

OVER a number of years, we have noticed the name Alexandre Tarsaidzé signed to remarkably scholarly and detailed letters to the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and other papers, correcting and amplifying articles about pre-Soviet Russia, and, as often as not, stressing acts of friendship between imperial Russia and the United States. We recently lunched with this writer at a midtown hotel, and found him to be a personable Georgian with black hair, a trim mustache, and a red carnation in his buttonhole. We asked him how he had got going as a letter writer, and for the story of his life.

"I was born in Tiflis in the early nineteen-hundreds," he said. "I tell the girls I'm thirty-five. I have a library of two thousand books on Russia and Russian Americana, and I try to be objective. I'm apolitical. We Georgians are a freedom-loving people and very democratic. My father was a famous oculist and my mother was a Princess Eristoff. Elsa Maxwell, in her autobiography, quoted Jean Patou as saying that any Georgian who owned three sheep was automatically a nobleman, but that isn't so. In the eighteenth century, the King of Georgia, Wakhtang the Sixth, of the Bagration dynasty, published a code of laws limiting princely titles to persons having in their possession 'no fewer than two fortresses, a church, and several dependent non-titled noblemen.' Georgian princes were recognized by Russia when Georgia joined the Russian Empire, in 1801. There were only ninety-four princely names in Georgia in 1917, out of a population of over two million. There are only two hundred and fifty Georgians in the United States. We're the smallest foreign colony, I think, next to the Monegasques—you know, Princess Grace. All Georgians are Russian, but not all Russians are Georgian. Georgians are Caucasians, Russians are Slavs. We have no fat people; we had to be strong and wiry to survive the many attempts to eradicate us—by the Romans, the Persians, the Arabs, the Mongols, and the Turks. Georgia was overrun by the Romans in the fourth century, and Christianity was intro-

duced around that time. 'Tarsaidzé' means 'the son of the early Christian' in Persian. We were subjugated by Persia in the fifteenth century. We are kin to the Celts and the Basques. We are cavalry people, and once had kilts and bagpipes. We are called Georgians because we venerated Saint George. We climbed the mountains and ate a lot of yogurt and drank red wine, which we produced in great quantities. Jason went to Colchis, which later became the western half of Georgia, to look for the Golden Fleece. We call him a Georgian admiral. Actually, very few Georgians, who are primarily horse people, went into the Navy. Since 1701, when Peter the Great founded the Imperial Naval School, only thirty-nine Georgians served in the Russian Imperial Navy."



"What happened after you were born?" we asked.

"I tried to follow in the steps of the thirty-nine," Mr. Tarsaidzé said. "As a child, I read Jack London's stories about windjammers going to Alaska and the Klondike, so I decided to become a naval officer. My childhood was spent in Tiflis and at a little country estate we had near Gori, fifty miles away. Stalin was born in Gori. My first puppy love was the wife of the son of the man who owned the shoe factory where Stalin's father worked. Life in Gori was feudal; we grew our own tea, baked our own bread, and pressed our own wine, which we drank or bottled and sold. I entered the Imperial Naval School, in Petrograd, at fourteen. I tell the girls I was two years old at the time. Well, the 1918 Treaty of Brest Litovsk disbanded the Navy before I could graduate, so I joined the Iberian Cavalry Regiment. The eastern part of Georgia used to be called Iberia. Trotsky sent the regiment back to Georgia to start a revolt. It took me a month, instead of the usual three days, to get to Tiflis—in a boxcar. My train went to the Black Sea first. Once the regiment arrived in the south, we all deserted. We had joined it only to get away from the Reds. I knew English, so I signed up with Hoover's American Relief Administration as an interpreter. It was a good life until the Reds attacked Tiflis, in 1921. I then went to Batum as an interpreter with a Georgian naval flotilla. The anti-Communist government fled, and the American consul put me on an American destroyer, the Whipple, which took me to Constantinople. I was a refugee, with one dollar. Iva Patcèvitch, a Tiflis neighbor and a classmate of mine at the Imperial Naval School, now president of the Condé

Nast Publications, was connected with the American Relief Administration in Constantinople and gave me a job in it. In 1923, when the Allies evacuated the city and the Turks came back, I beat it again, to America."

We asked Mr. Tarsaidzé what he did when he got here.

"Worked as a book-wrapper at Macmillan at thirteen dollars a week," he said. "The heavy paper cut my hands, so I bought some red rubber gloves at the five-and-ten. All the staff came to watch the crazy Russian in his rubber gloves. I was offered a better job, as a salesman for books on women's diseases, but I said I didn't know, or want to know, anything about women's diseases. Presently, at a friend's suggestion, I wrote Macy's for a job, giving several grand dukes as references. Jack Straus later told me they thought I was a madman, but I was taken on the training squad, and in 1926 I became a buyer of diamond jewelry. I left in 1934 to join Prince Matchabelli in the perfume business. He died the next year, while I was organizing a London office for Serge Obolensky to run. Serge and I then started Parfums Chevalier Garde, of which I was president until 1940, when the war cut us off from French imports. I sold the company and, after Pearl Harbor, worked for Army Intelligence as a civilian. The Navy had rejected me. I eloped in 1941, and have been married again since, but I'm a bachelor now. In 1949, I became assistant to Obolensky, who was then president of the Sherry-Netherland."

Mr. Tarsaidzé has also been the Hotel Ambassador's director of public relations and has done free-lance public-relations work for the Plaza. In 1955, he founded his own public-relations firm. He is a member of the Former Russian Imperial Naval Officers' Association, secretary of the Russian Nobility Association, and a member of the Georgian Association in the United States of America. "The Nobility Association does a good job unmasking phonies, who are galore," he said. "I've interviewed three self-styled Anastasias claiming to be daughters of the Czar. One is in Germany and two are in New York. I unmasked them all. I've also unmasked any number of *soi-disant* Russian dukes and counts. We help needy members and we give certificates to Russians with authentic titles. I am really the dread of the Russian émigrés; I have a 1914 *Annual Register of St. Petersburg*, which gives the number of acres owned by the listees and also gives the men's ages. You can often deduce the women's ages, so sometimes I'm not

too popular. I also have a 1916 Petrograd telephone book."

We asked the ladies' scourge what else he was up to.

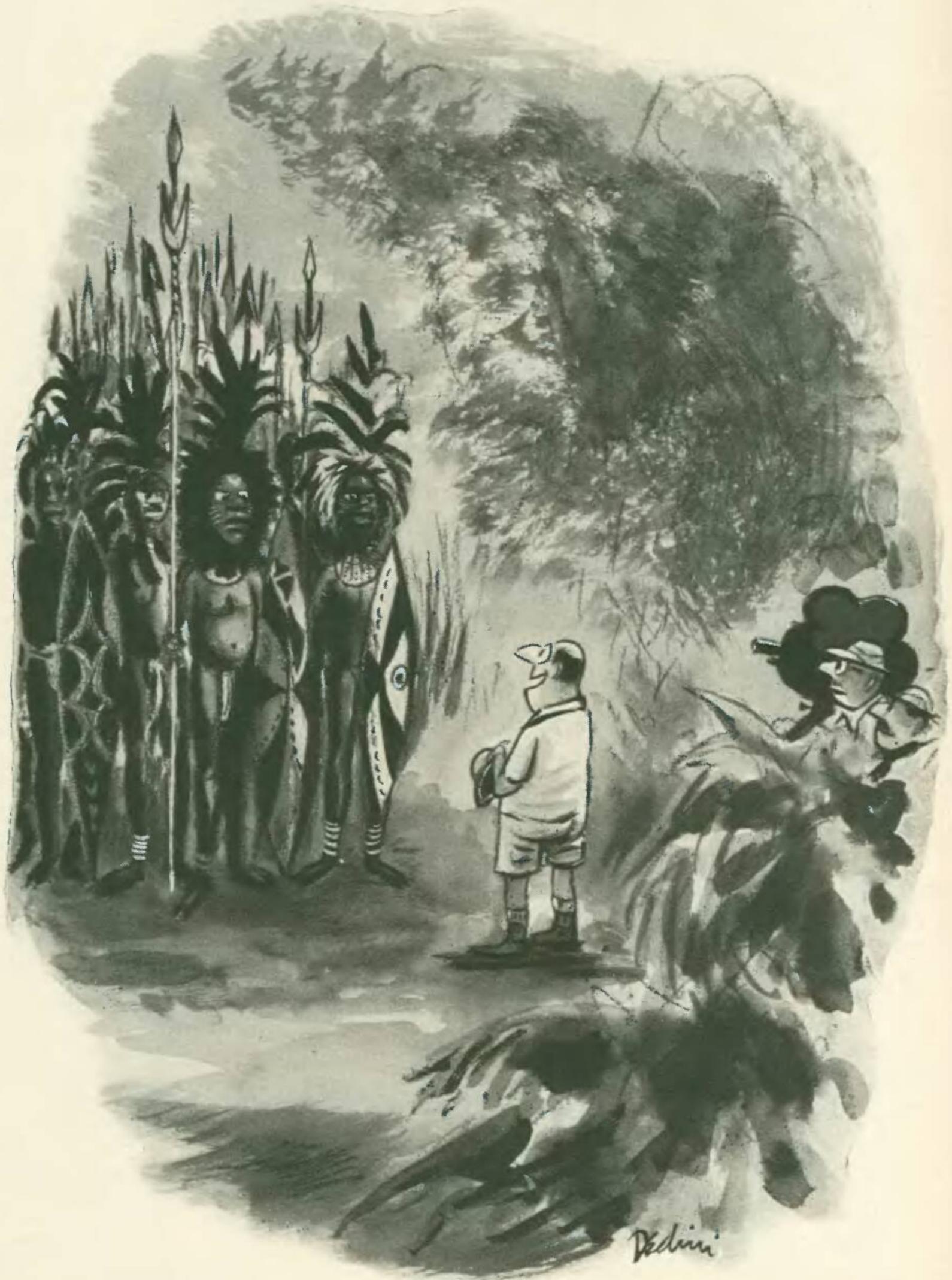
"I write historical articles for the Russian press here—*Rossiia* and *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, both daily papers," he said. "Right now I'm busy showing a documentary film, 'Emperor Nicholas II,' which Igor Mestchersky and I made. I've shown it at the Ambassador, at Palm Beach, and at Vassar, and in clubs along Avenue A, and to Russian organizations in Brooklyn and Passaic. It has shots of the Czar walking right with the people. His successors have never *dared* do that. Historically considered, Russia was more democratic than many people think. Individuals were ennobled for achievement. After commanding an Army that defeated the Swedes at Kalisz, in 1706, General Aleksandr Menshikov, the son of a stableboy, was elevated to the rank of prince by Peter the Great."

Mr. Tarsaidzé produced a letter of his in the *Times* that expatiated on this, and then handed us a scrapbook of thirty or forty more such published epistles, which stated, in part, that Ivan Koulibin, a simple peasant, invented the steamboat, in 1772; that Paul Yablotchkoff was the Russian Edison; that Nicholas II, contrary to what Walter Duranty once wrote in the *Times*, did not gain the throne through the death of his elder brother, and, in fact, never had an elder brother (Duranty apologized for "gross confusion of memory"); that the Russian Navy's first steam warship was built here in New York, around 1840; that the movie "War and Peace" is guilty of a solecism in showing

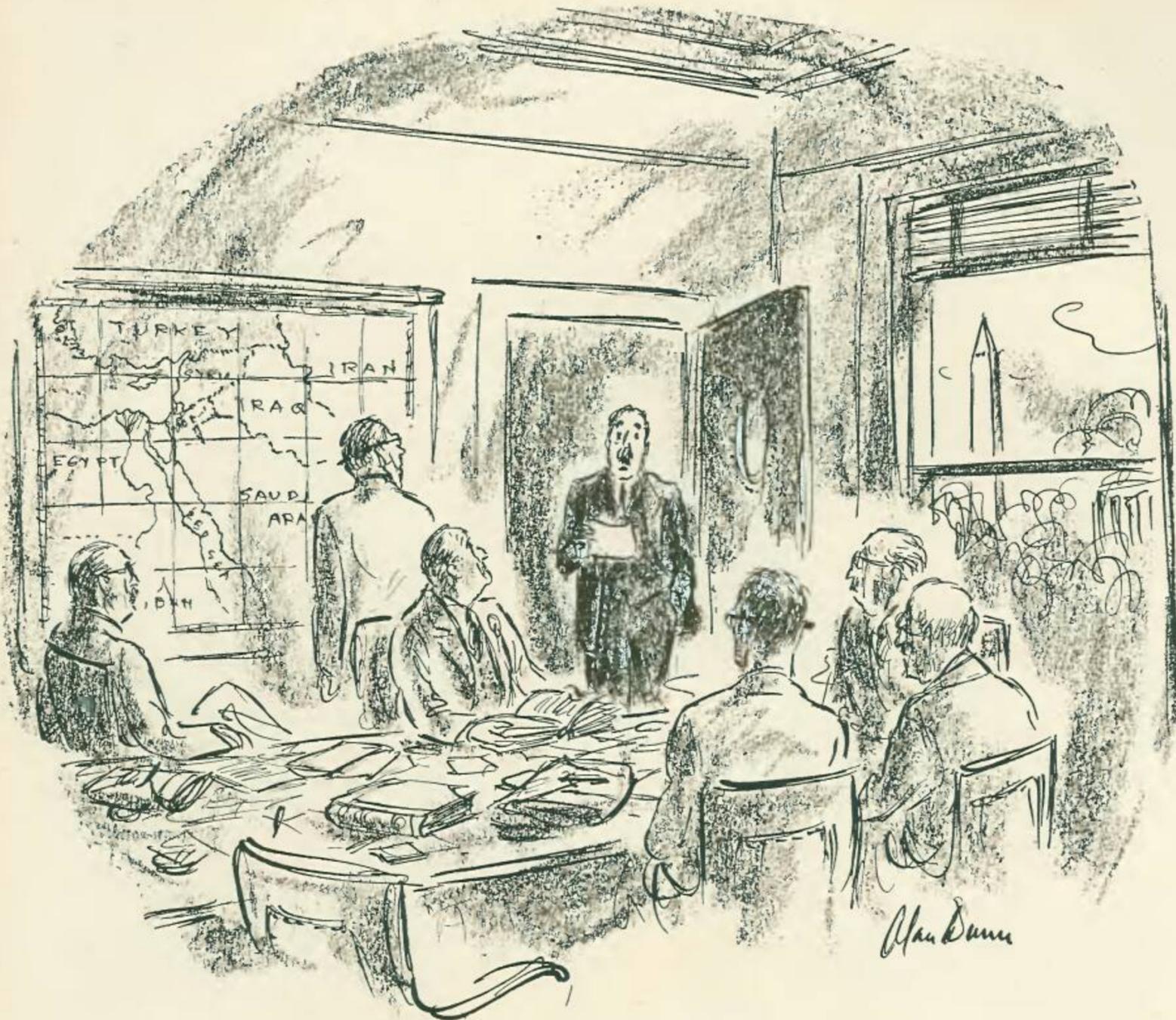
officers dancing at a ball with their sabres on ("just as unusual as dancing with galoshes on"); that Alexander I, petitioned in 1814 by King Tomari of Hawaii to establish a Russian protectorate there, declined, on the ground that the Hawaiian Islands were too cold, but sent Tomari a fur coat and the tops of the uniforms of the Hussar Regiment ("but, unfortunately, the tops only");

and that the Russian Museum of the Academy of Art, in what is now Leningrad, had, at last pre-Soviet accounts, the most extensive collection of Hawaiian feathers in the world.

OVERHEARD on a bus on Fifty-seventh Street: "At the next stop, you'll be able to see Carnegie



"Me M-G-M."



*"More bad news, gentlemen. The Sheik of El Quisaiba has turned in one of his Cadillacs for a Zis."*

Hall. That's where 'The Telephone Hour' comes from."

### *Cynosure*

WHAT man-made object attracts the most attention daily in this city? The sign in Times Square that blows smoke rings? The Statue of Liberty? The television tower on the Empire State Building? Nobody will ever know for sure, but we'd be inclined to place our bet on an object that, though it isn't actually within the city limits, is a conspicuous feature of our land- and seascape, glanced at no telling how many times a day by no telling how many hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers. We refer to the great clock on the roof of the Colgate-Palmolive Building, in Jersey City, which for the past thirty-odd years has been ticking away over the harbor like some benign goddess of punctuality. The Colgate clock, said to be the largest timepiece in the world, is relied on by any number of commuters and downtown business people to keep them on schedule, and when

the clock fell a bit behind time some days ago, an aggrieved Wall Street friend of ours called us up and announced the fact in a voice that would have served equally well to announce the end of the world. After consoling him, we got in touch with Colgate to learn something of the clock's history and its record for accuracy.

First off, we were informed that the clock started telling time at noon on December 1, 1924. The cost of its construction and its maintenance from that day to this amounts to about half a million dollars, which Colgate considers a cheap price to pay for all the good will it has engendered. The skeleton of the enormous dial—an octagon fifty feet in diameter and covering just under two thousand square feet, which represents one of the Colgate trademarks—is made of structural steel, and the face consists of scores of narrow stainless-steel slats, spaced a couple of inches apart. The engineer who designed the clock figured that openwork construction would stand up best in the high winds to which the clock would be subjected in

seven and a half feet long. The tip of the minute hand travels thirty-one inches a minute, or, roughly, three-quarters of a mile a day—too fast and too far to make it an attractive perch for weary gulls.

The original hands, which were of wood encased in steel, gradually rotted away and were replaced two years ago by aluminum hands with a facing of porcelain-covered steel. The hands weigh about half a ton apiece, but are so exquisitely balanced that they can be adjusted with one finger. They fit into bronze sockets attached to a shaft that leads to something known as the Dennison release escapement, which we will skip past as quickly as possible, noting only that it is connected, in turn, with the master clock, down on the first floor of the building. The master clock gets its time from Western Union. How accurate is the Colgate clock? Well, it usually stays within a minute of the correct time; whenever it exceeds that margin of error, an alarm sounds and a Colgate handyman rushes up to the roof, clambers out onto the face

that exposed place, and he was right; in hurricanes and gales that have knocked off the cornices of nearby buildings, the Colgate clock has swayed slightly but has never lost so much as a single light bulb. There are three hundred and forty-five bulbs lighting the clock, by the way, as well as a hundred and eighty-eight feet of neon tubing, which outlines the hands and the five-minute markers. The big dial has neither numerals nor minute markers; since it was intended to be consulted at distances of up to twenty miles, it seemed foolish to bother with anything more finical than the five-minute markers, which are seven feet high and two and a half feet wide. The hands are on a no less prodigious scale. The minute hand, including its counterbalance, is just over thirty-six feet long, while the hour hand and its counterbalance are twenty-

of the clock, and makes the necessary adjustments.

### High Life

AT a school down in the Village the other day, a teacher set about describing to a group of second-graders the various places she was going to visit on a forthcoming trip to France. She wound up her discourse by asking her pupils which of the areas she'd talked about they would most like to see. "The best one, I think," a small girl observed, "is the River Area."

### Gabardine to Huichol

WE went over to the Waldorf-Astoria one day last week to see the work of eleven couturiers who had been assembled from all over the world. Under the inspiration, or prodding, of an outfit called Slenderella International, which makes a business of manipulating gelatinous women until they are as firm as winter apples, the eleven creators in cloth had gathered to do their bit for the worthy cause of the New York Infirmary, a charitable institution, and to further the clasping of artistic hands around the globe. Upon arriving at the Waldorf, we were immediately taken in hand by a properly slim Slenderella representative, who identified himself as Buddy Clarke and informed us that we must meet George Oka, a Japanese designer. Mr. Oka turned out to be a small, white-maned man, looking impeccable in a dark suit and a white Russian-style blouse.

We bowed and he bowed.

"It must be difficult," we observed, making conversation, "to adapt the ancient, elaborate costuming of Japan to the present day."

Mr. Oka bowed and we bowed.

"Nowadays," we said ingratiatingly, "women would rather reduce the elaboration of clothes than look as beautifully complicated as they used to."

Mr. Oka bowed again, but we refused the gambit.

The impasse was resolved by a pretty Japanese girl, who moved in on us rapidly and said, "Mr. Oka is the famous designer in Japan. He makes the designs that are for U.S. ladies in Japan. He also speaks no English."

Mr. Oka, to whom, you might say, we were talking, had taken up a position at a table in the foyer just off the Sert Room, where the exhibition of global dressmaking was to be held.

From an enclosure to his rear, set off by a bamboo screen, we heard a hard, high female voice exclaim, "Who

the hell said these squirts with candid cameras were allowed to take shots here?"

"Sayanara," we said to Mr. Oka, summoning all our Japanese for the moment of truth.

He bowed, and we went behind the bamboo screen, where we encountered an assortment of models, who were getting into their dresses. We were retreating from this situation when we were buttonholed by another Slenderella beater, an earnest youth called Joe Wolhandler. "The theme of this show," said Mr. Wolhandler, "is the United Nations. If we can establish a norm for politics, then we should establish a norm for beauty."

Mr. Clarke burst in upon our chat to announce that Charles James, who he said is the one and only true-blue All-America real genius-type couturier, had not as yet shown up, and added, "Those characters in the Sert Room are so

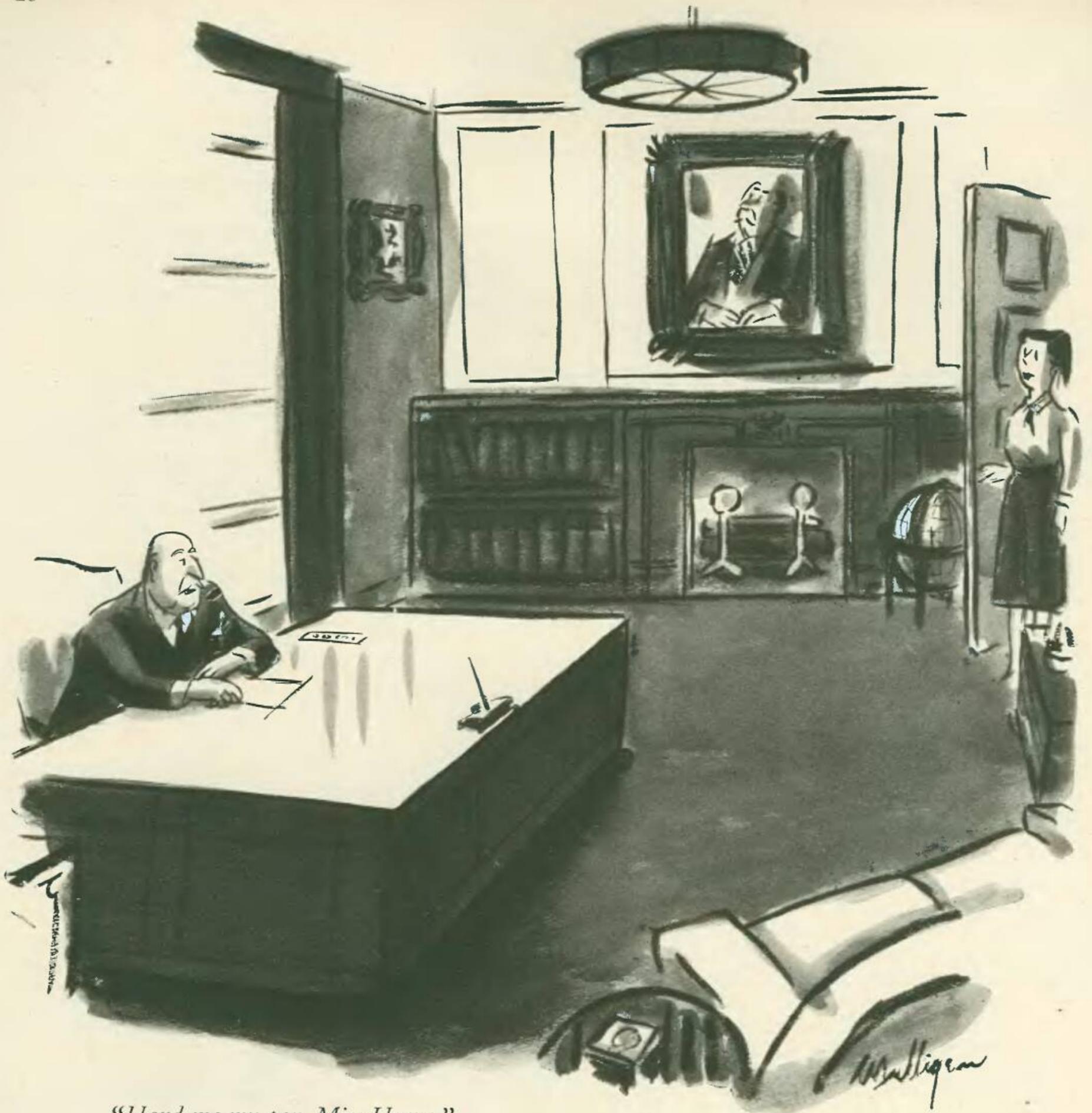
hungry they are gnawing at their own mink."

Mr. Wolhandler soothed Mr. Clarke, and all of a sudden up came Mr. James. "Dear God, am I utterly—but utterly—exhausted!" he said. "Last night, one of the dresses turned up with a hem five inches short—literally *five* inches—and when I went to my doctor today, he was treating somebody who had tried to commit suicide, and couldn't give me my pills for hours."

Mr. James drifted into the midst of the models, and Mr. Clarke brought on a handsome blond lady named Rita Tillett, who, we learned, was responsible for the Mexican styles to be displayed. Mrs. Tillett, who was accompanied by her brother-in-law Leslie, said that she had got her love of color from her father, a painter, and that Leslie and her husband, James Tillett, designed and printed her fabrics in Mexico. A small, dark girl, rolling her eyes heavily,



"Now, remember. You skip your tranquillizer. Watch for him to take his. Then hit him for the raise."



"Hand me my pen, Miss Hume."

passed us mincingly in what we thought was a coolie outfit—horizontal straw hat, loose blouse, and pants.

"You can't beat the Chinese for simplicity," we remarked to Mrs. Tillett.

"That happens to be typically Mexican," she said, "and it's one of my designs. It was supposed to be on a taller girl. The model, I might add, is Italian."

We figured it was time to join the spectators in the Sert Room, and there the ladies were, perhaps half a hundred strong, surmounted by bewildering hats, shrouded in the fur of every animal known to man, and gabbling like geese. What they needed, plainly, was to be fed and watered, but the soup was slow

in coming on. As we settled down in a covey of the ladies, one of them snarled, "I ate three bread sticks and then the waiter took them away and told me I couldn't eat them until I got my soup. Imagine!" Fortunately, the soup did come along just then, and was followed at a reasonably brisk pace by—as you might guess—roast chicken, and the ladies, assuaged, stopped concentrating on their food to gaze at a stage, the background of which represented the skyline of New York City, dominated by the United Nations Building. Through the middle of the sated ladies there extended from the stage a kind of Minsky runway, and over this presently coursed all the beauties that so recently

we'd seen behind the bamboo screen. As they did their turns in inventions from Australia (gabardine), Cuba, England, France, India, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Spain, the United States, and Mexico (Huichol), they looked every bit as lovely as the General Assembly.

### *Chain Breaker*

WE were confronted on lower Fifth Avenue the other evening by a tattered stranger, who swayed before us for a while and then announced, "I may not look like much, but I broke the cigarette habit. Would you lend me a couple of bits to help me taper off on the hard stuff?"

## ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

I wonder if anyone has ever seen a baby pigeon in New York City? Or are they hatched fully grown?... I wonder if the pigeons in midtown Manhattan drink water, and, if so, where do they find it?... I wonder where pigeons have their nests, or don't they?... I wonder why pigeons live in cities?... I wonder why pigeons are so fond of air conditioners? But, pigeons, thank you for making my life so full of wonder. Or is it Manhattan, *en toto*, that does it?—*Eugenia Bedell in Promenade.*

**I**T has never been my desire to diminish by so much as a crumb of information the charming wonderment of a lady. Yet the above questions have been asked publicly. They stand plain and inquiring, crying for direct answers. I shall take them up in the order of their appearance.

Q—I wonder if anyone has ever seen a baby pigeon in New York City?

A—Yes, cases have been reported. I saw a squab this afternoon in a nest at No. 813 Fifth Avenue, third floor front, a short walk from the men's bar of Carlton House, one of the hotels that sponsor *Promenade*. The nest commands a view of the pony ride in Central Park, enjoys a fashionable address, and belongs to the baroque school of pigeons' nests (Fig. I).

Q—Are they hatched fully grown?

A—When hatched, a squab is about the size of a pigeon's egg. Except for patches of fuzz, it is as naked as a baby. It attains full stature in about four

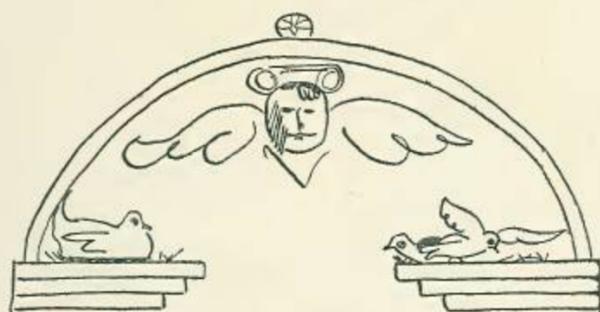


Fig. I. Baroque

weeks, during which time the parent birds will probably have started a second nest. Pigeons, being city dwellers by choice, have caught the excitement of New York, and, like an executive who enjoys having two phones on his desk, a pair of pigeons like to keep two nests going at the same time. They deliberately place themselves under this sort of pressure. The pair at 813 Fifth Avenue, as I write, have two nests, both at that address. Squabs are being fed in one, eggs are being incubated in the other (Fig. I). Busy days! The cock and the hen take turns sitting on the eggs and pumping pigeon's milk into the mouths of the young. Pigeon's milk is a regurgitated substance. It is made of popcorn and ice and all things nice.

Q—I wonder if the pigeons in midtown Manhattan drink water, and, if so, where do they find it?

A—Pigeons in all five boroughs

drink water. They drink it not as a fowl does, by scooping a few drops up and letting them trickle down its throat, but as a child does when it sucks a soda through a straw. On wet days, pigeons find water everywhere—in gutters, depressions in the sidewalk, discarded containers. In dry spells, pigeons hunt about for water. A truck draws up to deliver shaved ice to a restaurant, a few flakes of ice fall to the pavement; pigeons swoop down to await the tiny thaw. In freezing weather, pigeons seek subway ventilators and other flues, where the warm draft creates local melting conditions. A thirsty pigeon will drink almost any sort of Manhattan cocktail: the creamy spillage from a caterer's tray blended with the drip from the tailpipe of a cross-town bus. I have watched a thirsty pigeon sip sidewalk juices that would turn the stomach of a hog. In a pinch, a pigeon can fly to the yak's yard in the zoo and drink from the fountain.

Q—I wonder where pigeons have their nests?

A—At this writing, pigeons have their nests at 18 East Fiftieth Street (Engel Furs); at 42 West Forty-fourth Street (Bar Association); at the freight entrance to 444 Madison Avenue; atop one of the trefoils of a gable in the Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first; on a window ledge in the south face of St. Thomas's, on Fifty-third just west of Fifth; under an air conditioner at 912 Fifth Avenue; on a ledge at 867 Madison Avenue, above Jean Beecher Sample Hats; in an embrasure of the Seventh Regiment Armory, about twelve feet west of Lexington Avenue; at 64 East Sixty-sixth Street, on a capital near a bowed window with stained-glass panes; and at 901 Fifth Avenue, just north of Frick's flowering magnolias. Other addresses of pigeons can be obtained by watching pigeons. I have listed only those I happen to be aware of at the moment.

Nests change from day to day. Pigeons are fast workers. Nests usually contain only two eggs and the eggs hatch in seventeen days. Squabs develop with amazing rapidity. By the time these answers to Miss Bedell's questions appear, the whole scene will have changed, for better or for worse: nests that now contain eggs will contain young birds; nests that now contain young birds will

be inactive, the squabs having flown or been pushed out of the nest to join the great crew of city pigeons.

I have illustrated four common types of nests: the baroque, the modern, the Gothic, and the military. There are many others. The hen at 912 Fifth Avenue (Fig. II) has gone modern but is paying a heavy price. The air conditioner gives her a broad, protecting

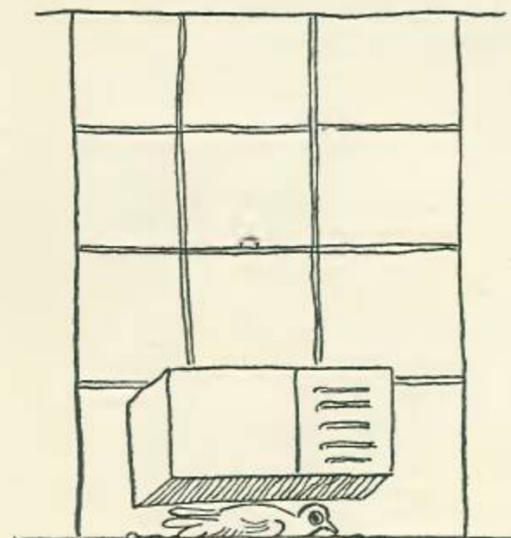


Fig. II. Modern

roof, but there is insufficient headroom. She must crouch for seventeen days. Furthermore, there is almost no room for nesting material. From my vantage point across the Avenue, it appeared that the bird was forced to lay her eggs on the bare ledge, where they are in danger of rolling off. I was unable to use my binoculars on this nest, not wanting to risk arrest, so my report is not as reliable as I would wish.

The nest on the trefoil of the Lady Chapel (Fig. III) is one of several Gothic nests in that vicinity. The bird in this nest has an unobstructed view

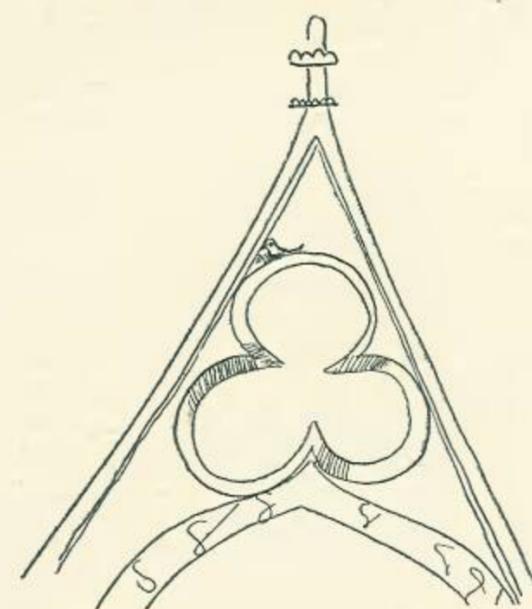


Fig. III. Gothic

into Bennett Cerf's office in Random House. She can sit by the hour watching the publisher make his hard decisions preparatory to appearing on "What's My Line?," where all he has to do is guess that the contestant sells inner soles in the Outer Hebrides. Publishers lead lives as varied and shameless as pigeons,

but are less beautiful against the sky.

The bird in Figure IV (military) has built an unusually ambitious nest for a pigeon. This bird is large and in fine plumage; the nest is well conceived, well executed. The Seventh Regiment Armory is in great demand by nesting birds. Every available embrasure is either occupied or being fought over. A few of the embrasures, however, have been fitted with pigeon baffles by the military. Here again I was handicapped by city conditions; when I found myself standing in front of the Cosmopolitan Club, on Sixty-sixth Street, peering at the Seventh Regiment Armory through binoculars, I felt as though I were taking snapshots of Fort Knox. I put the glasses away immediately, and did not see as much as I wished.

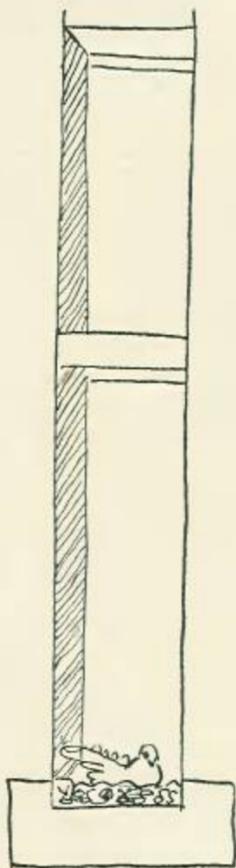


Fig. IV. Military

Q—I wonder why pigeons live in cities?

A—The city pigeon is a descendant of the wild rock dove, a bird of cliffs and ledges. Pigeons live in cities because a city offers cliffs and ledges. Unlike the robin and the barn swallow, the rock dove, or “pigeon,” has no natural talent for nest building. What a pigeon needs is just what the city provides in abundance: a nook, a ledge, a recess, a niche, a capital, an outcropping, the tin elbow of a downspout, the bronze musette bag of a war hero, the concrete beard of a saint, the narrow channel between two buildings. (A good example of the channel nest is the one at the freight entrance of 444 Madison, around the corner on Fiftieth.) In April, when airs are soft, the very sight of a slot, a scroll, a squinch, a corbiestep, a buttress, a transom, a ventilator, is enough to send the cockbird whirling in circles and set his neck feathers on fire. The hen, equally excited but less willing to admit it, finally drops her defenses and picks up a few twigs. Besides offering a pigeon a wide choice of homesites, the city gives a pigeon a free lunch, and pigeons have taken up with men for much the same reason cowbirds have taken up with cows—there’s a living in it. Unfortunately, the diet of city pigeons is too salty (handouts of salted nuts), and many birds suffer from salt poisoning.

Pigeons’ nests are everywhere at this happy season. They go largely unobserved, however. Most nests are more than five feet above the ground (pigeons prefer second- and third-floor locations), and New Yorkers do not ordinarily lift their gaze above eye level. While studying the nest shown in Figure IV, I stood across the street from the Armory and watched the passersby. The pigeon sat only about fifteen feet above the sidewalk, yet hundreds of people walked by without seeing the fine spectacle of a bird on eggs in springtime. Most of those who passed seemed deep in thought—scheming, worrying, hoping, dreaming, but not looking, or at any rate not looking *up*. The location of a pigeon’s nest is often betrayed by the parent that is off duty at the moment. When you see a pigeon standing perfectly still and looking bored, scan the nearby ledges and you will usually discover the mate, quiet on the eggs.

Q—I wonder why pigeons are so fond of air conditioners?

A—Air conditioners form nooks with window casings (Fig. II).

Q—But, pigeons, thank you for making my life so full of wonder. Or is it Manhattan, *en toto*, that does it?

A—I am hampered in answering this question by not knowing the meaning of

“*en toto*.” The phrase does not turn up in my reference books. I knew a gorilla once named M’Toto, and there is a barroom in the John Ringling Hotel, in Sarasota, Florida, called the M’Toto Room, but “*en toto*” is another matter. As for the wellsprings of wonderment, they run deep. The quiet mind, the youthful heart, the perceptive eye, the racing blood—these conflow to produce wonder. Manhattan Island, entire, can sometimes cause such a confluence. For me, the nesting bird can cause it every time.

Because of the trend toward plainer façades, the city of the future may hold no charm for pigeons. Lever House offers little inducement to a nesting pair. As far as that goes, unless men cultivate the dove more successfully than they appear to be doing in this century, the city of the future may be inhospitable to men and doves alike. (The pigeon, strange to say, is closely related to the dodo.) But there are still doves among us. While they endure we must note their locations, elevate our gaze above the level of our immediate concerns, imbibe the sweet air and perfect promise: the egg miraculous upon the ledge, the bird compact upon the egg, its generous warmth, its enviable patience, its natural fortitude and grace. —E. B. WHITE

## A LITTLE ODE

(IN HONOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR)

( $\alpha$ )

You who mend simple fuses by magic,  
To whom Isotope and Ionosphere  
Are characters in a new mythology,  
And you lovers, embracing  
In the atomic dark, O  
Raise a cheer  
For the padded heroes of Antarctica,  
And the eerie Grasshopper  
That, at the Pole of Inaccessibility,  
Transmits to an attuned ear  
The snowy secrets  
Of the International Geophysical Year.

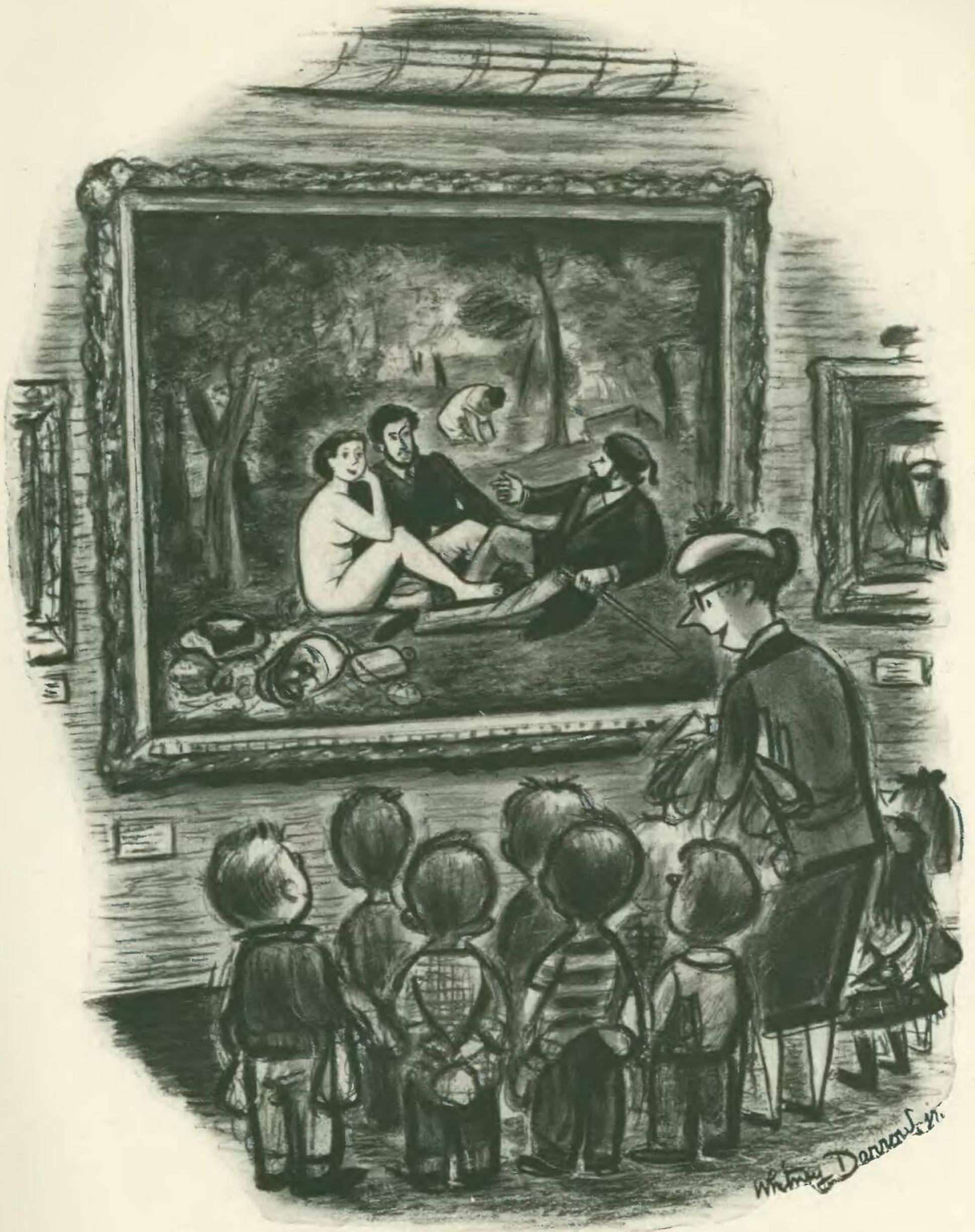
( $\beta$ )

Now Megacycle and Minitrack  
Echo in a poet’s verse  
As eloquently as the place names  
Of Attica. And philosophers,  
Too skeptical  
Of what Meaning means to be sure  
Of anything, agree  
To a Free Fall; and children,  
Travelling without fear  
Beyond earth’s Gravitational Pull,  
Share in sleep  
The argosies of the world to be.

( $\gamma$ )

What shall we ignoramuses implore  
This year of scientific grace?  
Predictable weather for the wedding?  
Or escape to a star?  
O Indefinable Powers,  
Grant, as rival nations release  
Their Moons of Good Will  
Into our last breathing space,  
We may hear  
The heartbeats of the vulnerable  
And authentic Dove  
Descending with the Gift of Peace.

—F. PRATT GREEN



*"Well, it was sort of like a cook-out."*

## ZOOEY

THE facts at hand presumably speak for themselves, but a trifle more vulgarly, I suspect, than facts even usually do. As a counterbalance, then, we begin with that ever-fresh and exciting odium: the author's formal introduction. The one I have in mind not only is wordy and earnest beyond my wildest dreams but is, to boot, rather excruciatingly personal. If, with the right kind of luck, it comes off, it should be comparable in effect to a compulsory guided tour through the engine room, with myself, as guide, leading the way in an old one-piece Jantzen bathing suit.

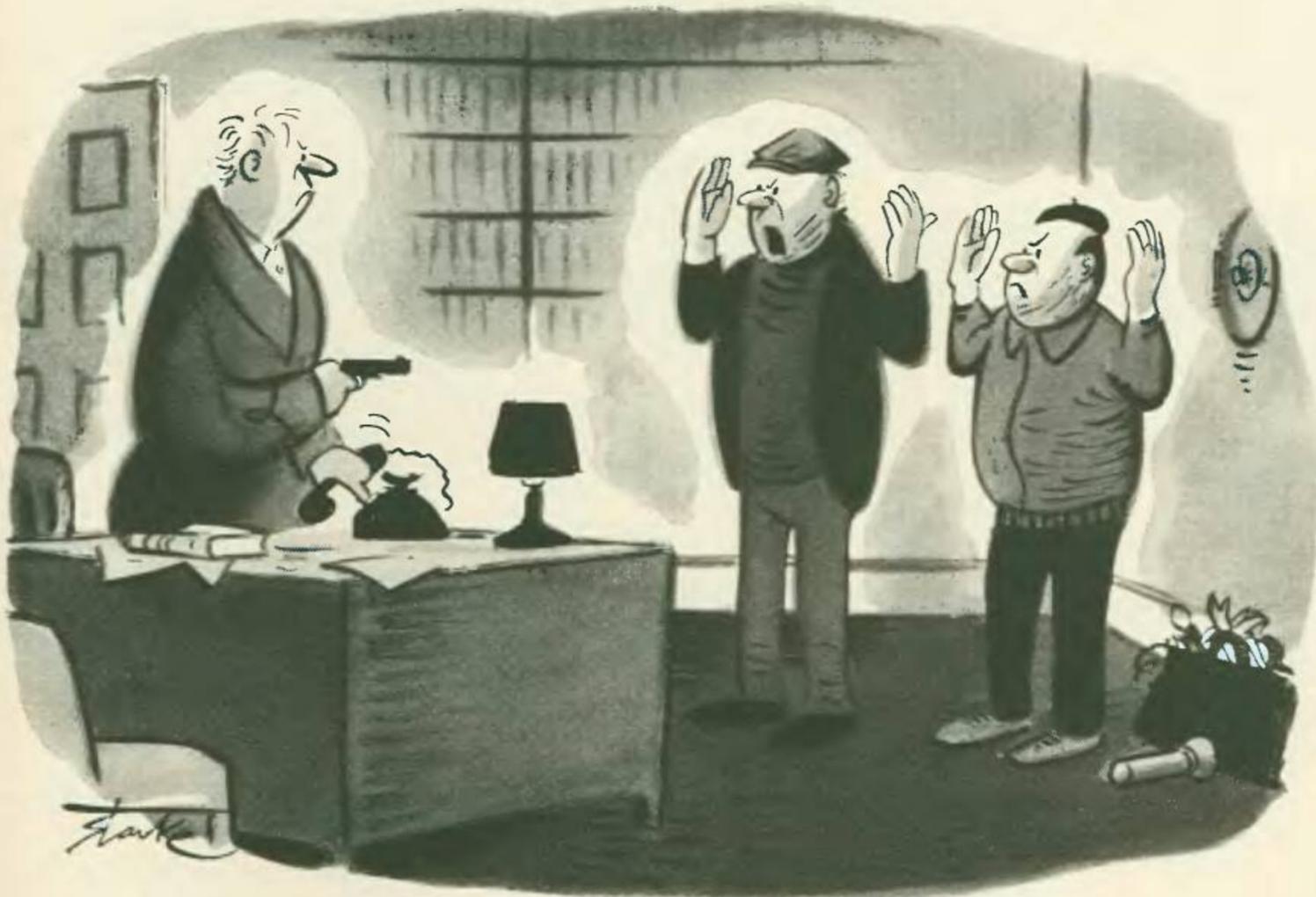
To get straight to the worst, what I'm about to offer isn't really a short story at all but a sort of prose home movie, and those who have seen the footage have strongly advised me against nurturing any elaborate distribution plans for it. The dissenting group, it's my privilege and headache to divulge, consists of the three featured players themselves, two female, one male. We'll take the leading lady first, who, I believe, would prefer to be briefly described as a languid, sophisticated type. She feels that things might have gone along well enough if I'd just done something about a fifteen- or twenty-minute scene in which she blows her nose several times—snipped it out, I gather. She says it's disgusting to

watch somebody keep blowing her nose. The other lady of the ensemble, a svelte twilight soubrette, objects to my having, so to speak, photographed her in her old housecoat. Neither of these two lovelies (as they've hinted they'd like to be called) takes any very shrill exception to my over-all exploitive purposes. For a terribly simple reason, really. If, to me, a somewhat reddening one. They know from experience that I burst into tears at the first harsh or remonstrative word. It's the leading man, however, who has made the most eloquent appeal to me to call off the production. *He* feels that the plot hinges on mysticism, or religious mystification—in any case, he makes it very clear, a too vividly apparent transcendent element of sorts, which he says he's worried can only expedite, move up, the day and hour of my professional undoing. People are already shaking their heads over me, and any immediate further professional use on my part of the word "God," except as a familiar, healthy American expletive, will be taken—or, rather, confirmed—as the very worst kind of name-dropping and a sure sign that I'm going straight to the dogs. Which is, of course, something to give any normal fainthearted man, and particularly writing man, pause. And it does. But only pause. For a point of objection, however eloquent, is only as

good as it is applicable. The fact is, I've been producing prose home movies, off and on, since I was fifteen. Somewhere in "The Great Gatsby" (which was my "Tom Sawyer" when I was twelve), the youthful narrator remarks that everybody suspects himself of having at least one of the cardinal virtues, and he goes on to say that he thinks his, bless his heart, is honesty. *Mine*, I think, is that I know the difference between a mystical story and a love story. I say that my current offering isn't a mystical story, or a religiously mystifying story, at all. *I* say it's a compound, or multiple, love story, pure and complicated.

The plot line itself, to finish up, is largely the result of a rather unholy collaborative effort. Almost all the facts to follow (slowly, *calmly* to follow) were originally given to me in hideously spaced installments, and in, to me, somewhat harrowingly private sittings, by the three player-characters themselves. Not one of the three, I might well add, showed any noticeably soaring talent for brevity of detail or compression of incident. A shortcoming, I'm afraid, that will be carried over to this, the final, or shooting, version. I can't excuse it, regrettably, but I insist on trying to explain it. We are, all four of us, blood relatives, and we speak a kind of esoteric, family language, a sort of semantic geometry in which the shortest distance between any two points is a fullish circle.

One last advisory word: Our family's surname is Glass. In just a moment, the youngest Glass boy will be seen reading an exceedingly lengthy letter (which will be reprinted here *in full*, I can safely promise) sent to him by his eldest living brother, Buddy Glass. The style of the letter, I'm told, bears a considerably more than passing resemblance to the style, or written mannerisms, of this narrator, and the general reader will no doubt jump to the heady conclusion that the writer of the letter and I are one and the same person. Jump he will, and, I'm afraid, jump he should. We will, however, leave this Buddy Glass in the third person from here on in. At least, I see no good reason to take him out of it.



"Do you mind settling an argument, sir? Was it my sneeze that woke you up or was it his 'Gesundheit'?"

TEN-THIRTY on a Monday morning in November of 1955, Zooey Glass, a young man of

twenty-five, was seated in a very full bath, reading a four-year-old letter. It was an almost endless-looking letter, typewritten on several pages of second-sheet yellow paper, and he was having some little trouble keeping it propped up against the two dry islands of his knees. At his right, a dampish-looking cigarette was balanced on the edge of the built-in enamel soap-catch, and evidently it was burning well enough, for every now and then he picked it off and took a drag or two, without quite having to look up from his letter. His ashes invariably fell into the tub water, either straightway or down one of the letter pages. He seemed unaware of the messiness of the arrangement. He did seem aware, though, if only just, that the heat of the water was beginning to have a dehydrating effect on him. The longer he sat reading—or re-reading—the more often and the less absently he used the back of his wrist to blot his forehead and upper lip.

In Zoocy, be assured early, we are dealing with the complex, the overlapping, the cloven, and at least two dossier-like paragraphs ought to be got in right here. To start with, he was a small young man, and extremely slight of body. From the rear—particularly where his vertebrae were visible—he might almost have passed for one of those needy metropolitan children who are sent out every summer to endowed camps to be fattened and sunned. Close up, either full-face or in profile, he was surpassingly handsome, even spectacularly so. His eldest sister (who modestly prefers to be identified here as a Tuckahoe homemaker) has asked me to describe him as looking like “the blue-eyed Jewish-Irish Mohican scout who died in your arms at the roulette table at Monte Carlo.” A more general and surely less parochial view was that his face had been just barely saved from too-handsomeness, not to say gorgeousness, by virtue of one ear’s protruding slightly more than the other. I myself hold a very different opinion from either of these. I submit that Zoocy’s face was close to being a wholly beautiful face. As such, it was of course vul-



“Now you’re talking!”

nerable to the same variety of glibly undaunted and usually specious evaluations that any legitimate art object is. I think it just remains to be said that any one of a hundred everyday menaces—a car accident, a head cold, a lie before breakfast—could have disfigured or coarsened his bounteous good looks in a day or a second. But what was undiminishable, and, as already so flatly suggested, a joy of a kind forever, was an authentic *esprit* superimposed over his entire face—especially at the eyes, where it was often as arresting as a Harlequin mask, and, on occasion, much more confounding.

By profession, Zoocy was an actor, a leading man, in television, and had been for a little more than three years. He was, in fact, as “sought after” (and, according to vague second-hand reports that reached his family, as highly paid) as a young leading man in television perhaps can be who isn’t at the same time a Hollywood or Broadway star with a ready-made national reputation. But possibly either of these statements, without elaboration, can lead to an overly clear-cut line of conjecture. As it happened, Zoocy had made a formal and

serious début as a public performer at the age of seven. He was the second youngest of what had originally been seven brothers and sisters\*—five boys and two girls—all of whom, at rather conveniently spaced intervals during childhood, had been heard regularly on a network radio program, a children’s quiz show called “It’s a Wise Child.” An age difference of almost eighteen

\*The aesthetic evil of a footnote seems in order just here, I’m afraid. In all that follows, only the two youngest of the seven children will be directly seen or heard. The remaining five, however, the senior five, will be stalking in and out of the plot with considerable frequency, like so many Banquo’s ghosts. The reader, then, may care to know at the outset that in 1955 the eldest of the Glass children, Seymour, had been dead almost seven years. He committed suicide while vacationing in Florida with his wife. If alive, he would have been thirty-eight in 1955. The second-eldest child, Buddy, was what is known in campus-catalogue parlance as “writer-in-residence” at a girls’ junior college in upper New York State. He lived alone, in a small, unwinterized, unelectrified house about a quarter of a mile away from a rather popular ski-run. The next-eldest of the children, Boo Boo, was married and the mother of three children. In November, 1955, she was travelling in Europe with her husband and all three of their children. In order of age, the twins, Walt and Waker, come after Boo Boo. Walt had been dead just over ten years. He was killed in a freakish explosion while he was with the Army of Occupation in Japan. Waker, his junior by some twelve minutes, was a Roman Catholic priest, and in November, 1955, he was in Ecuador, attending a Jesuit conference of some kind.



years between the eldest of the Glass children, Seymour, and the youngest, Franny, had helped very considerably to allow the family to reserve a kind of dynastic seating arrangement at the "Wise Child" microphones, which lasted just over sixteen years—from 1927 well into 1943, a span of years connecting the Charleston and B-17 Eras. (All this data, I think, is to some degree relevant.) For all the gaps and years between their individual heydays on the program, it may be said (with few, and no really important, reservations) that all seven of the children had managed to answer over the air a prodigious number of alternately deadly-bookish and deadly-cute questions—sent in by listeners—with a freshness, an aplomb, that was considered unique in commercial radio. Public response to the children was often hot and never tepid. In general, listeners were divided into two, curiously restive camps: those who held that the Glasses were a bunch of insufferably "superior" little bastards that should have been drowned or gassed at birth, and those who held that they were bona-fide underage wits and savants, of an uncommon, if unenviable, order. At this writing (1957), there are former listeners to "It's a Wise Child" who remember, with basically astonishing accuracy, many of the individual performances of each of the seven children. In this same thinning but still oddly coterielike group, the consensus is that, of all the Glass children, the eldest boy, Seymour, back in the late twenties and early thirties, had been the "best" to hear, the most consistently "rewarding." After Seymour, Zooey, the youngest boy in the family, is gen-

erally placed second in order of preference, or appeal. And since we have a singularly workaday interest in Zooey here, it may be appended that, as an ex-panelist on "It's a Wise Child," he had one almanac-like distinction among (or over) his brothers and sisters. Off and on, during their broadcasting years, all seven of the children had been fair game for the kind of child psychologist or professional educator who takes a special interest in extra-precocious children. In this cause, or service, Zooey had been, of all the Glasses, hands down, the most voraciously examined, interviewed, and poked at. Very notably, with no exceptions that I know of, his experiences in the apparently divergent fields of clinical, social, and newsstand psychology had been costly for him, as though the places where he was examined had been uniformly alive with either highly contagious traumas or just plain old-fashioned germs. For example, in 1942 (with the everlasting disapproval of his two eldest brothers, both of whom were in the Army at the time) he had been tested by one research group alone, in Boston, on five separate occasions. (He was twelve during most of the sessions, and it's possible that the train rides—ten of them—held some attraction for him, at least in the beginning.) The main purpose of the five tests, one gathered, was to isolate and study, if possible, the source of Zooey's precocious wit and fancy. At the end of the fifth test, the subject was sent home to New York with three or four aspirins in an engraved envelope for his sniffles, which turned out to be bronchial pneumonia. Some six weeks later, a long-distance call

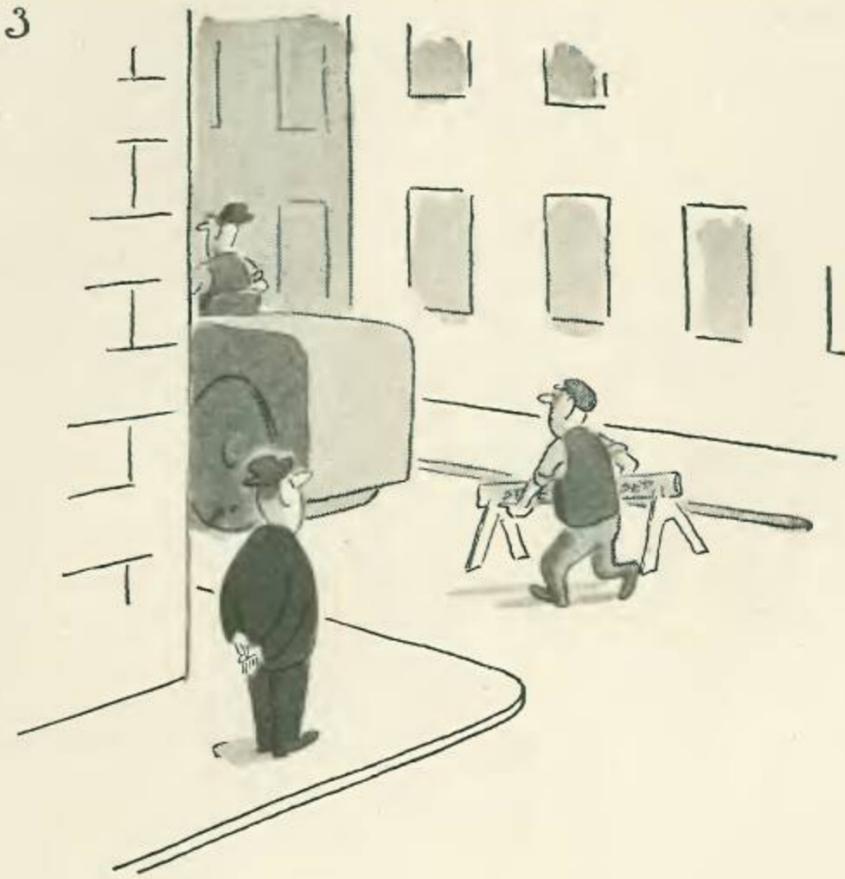
came through from Boston at eleven-thirty at night, with much dropping of small coins in an ordinary pay phone, and an unidentified voice—with no intention, presumably, of sounding pedantically waggish—informed Mr. and Mrs. Glass that their son Zooey, at twelve, had an English vocabulary on an exact par with Mary Baker Eddy's, if he could be urged to use it.

To resume: The long, typewritten, four-year-old letter that Zooey had checked into the bathtub with, on this Monday morning in November, 1955, had obviously been taken out of its envelope and unfolded and refolded on too many private occasions during the four years, so that now it not only had an over-all *unappetitlich* appearance but was actually torn in several places, mostly along the creases. The author of the letter, as stated earlier, was Zooey's eldest living brother, Buddy. The letter itself was virtually endless in length, overwritten, teaching, repetitious, opinionated, remonstrative, condescending, embarrassing—and filled, to a surfeit, with affection. In short, it was exactly the kind of letter that a recipient, whether he wants to or not, carries around for some time in his hip pocket. And that professional writers of a type love to reproduce verbatim:

3/18/51

DEAR ZOOEY,

I've just finished decoding a long letter that came from Mother this morning, all about you and General Eisenhower's smile and small boys in the *Daily News* who fall down elevator shafts and when am I going to have my



phone in New York taken *out* and get one installed up here in the *country*, where I really *need* it. Surely the only woman in the world who can write a letter in invisible italics. Dear Bessie. I get five hundred words of copy from her like clockwork every three months on the subject of my poor old private phone and how *stupid* it is to pay Good Money every month for something nobody's ever even around to *use* any more. Which is really a big fat lie. When I'm in town, I invariably sit talking by the hour with my old friend Yama, the God of Death, and a private phone's a must for our little chats. Anyway, please tell her I haven't changed my mind. I love that old phone with a passion. It was

the only really private property Seymour and I ever had in Bessie's entire kibbutz. It's also essential to my inner harmony to see Seymour's listing in the goddam phone book every year. I like to browse through the G's confidentially. Be a good boy and pass that message along for me. Not quite word for word, but nicely. Be kinder to Bessie, Zoocy, when you can. I don't think I mean because she's our mother, but because she's weary. You will after you're thirty or so, when everybody slows down a little (even you, maybe), but try harder now. It isn't enough to treat her with the dotting brutality of an apache dancer toward his partner—which she understands, incidentally, whether you think

so or not. You forget that she thrives on sentimentality almost as much as Les does.

My telephone problems aside, Bessie's current letter is really a Zoocy letter. I'm to write and tell you that you have your Whole Life Before You and that it's Criminal if you don't go after your Ph.D. before you go in for the actor's life in a big way. She doesn't say what she'd like you to get the Ph.D. in, but I assume Math rather than Greek, you dirty little bookworm. At any rate, I gather that she wants you to have something to Fall Back On if for some reason the acting career doesn't work out. Which may be very sound, and probably is, but I don't feel

like coming right out and saying so. It happens to be one of those days when I see everybody in the family, including myself, through the wrong end of a telescope. I actually had to struggle at the mailbox this morning to know who Bessie was when I saw her name on the return address of the envelope. For one good enough reason, *Advanced Writing 24-A* loaded me up with thirty-eight short stories to drag tearfully home for the weekend. Thirty-seven of them will be about a shy, reclusive Pennsylvania Dutch lesbian who *Wants To Write*, told first-person by a lecherous hired hand. In dialect.

I take it for granted you *know* that for all the years I've been moving my literary whore's cubicle from college to college, I still don't have even a B.A. It seems a century ago, but I think there were two reasons, originally, why I didn't take a degree. (Just kindly sit still. This is the first time I've written to you in years.) One, I was a proper snob in college, as only an old Wise Child alumnus and future lifetime English-major can be, and I didn't want any degrees if all the ill-read literates and radio announcers and pedagogical dummies I knew had them by the peck. And, two, Seymour had his Ph.D. at an age when most young Americans are just getting out of high school, and since it was too late for me to catch up with him in style, I wasn't having any. Of course, too, I knew for certain when I was your age that I'd never be forced to teach, that if my Muses failed to provide for me, I'd go grind lenses somewhere, like Booker T. Washington. In any particular sense, though, I don't think I have any academic regrets. On especially black days I sometimes tell myself that if I'd loaded up with degrees when I was able, I might not now be teaching anything quite so collegiate and hopeless as *Advanced Writing 24-A*. But that's probably bunk. The cards are stacked (quite properly, I imagine) against all professional aesthetes, and no doubt we all deserve the dark, wordy, academic deaths we all sooner or later die.

I do think your case is a lot different from mine. Anyway, I don't think I'm really on Bessie's side. If it's Security you want, or that Bessie wants for you, your M.A. will at least always qualify you to pass out logarithm tables at any dreary boys' prep school in the country, and most colleges. On the other hand, your beautiful Greek will do you almost no good at all on any good-size campus unless you have a Ph.D., living as we do in a brass-hat, brass-mortarboard world. (Of course, you can always

## IT IS A WIND WHERE ALL WAS STILL

It is a wind where all was still.  
It was a glozed and polished lake  
Whose unblown sunlight, settling, fell  
In flake on still unruffled flake.  
It was my spring and youth apart.  
The gale howls in the darkening day.  
It was the country of my heart,  
And all is with the wind away.

The spring of love with liquid eyes,  
The parted lip, the open arm,  
The evening kisses, midnight sighs,  
The sleeping cool and waking warm,  
The shrubbery in the scented night,  
The wrestling in the lusty hay  
Shake out their wings and poise for flight,  
And all is with the wind away.

Hums reaper in the haycocked meadow  
All bumclock-droning afternoon,  
While my love in the freckled shadow  
Dozes now but will wake soon  
To linger through the breast-high barley  
Where the dogs and robins play—  
Oh, she is startled and rose early,  
And all is with the wind away.

Blow northern wind, the petals blow!  
The muslin of the dancers flies  
Into the tunnelled air like snow,  
And love weeps out through hollow eyes.  
I shall rise and go without companions,  
Breasting this gale that will not stay  
Since time unfurls his blustered pinions,  
And all is with the wind away.

Life, each to her appointed lover  
Turns, but no more to me whose day  
Is done, whose night is endless ever,  
And all is with the wind away.

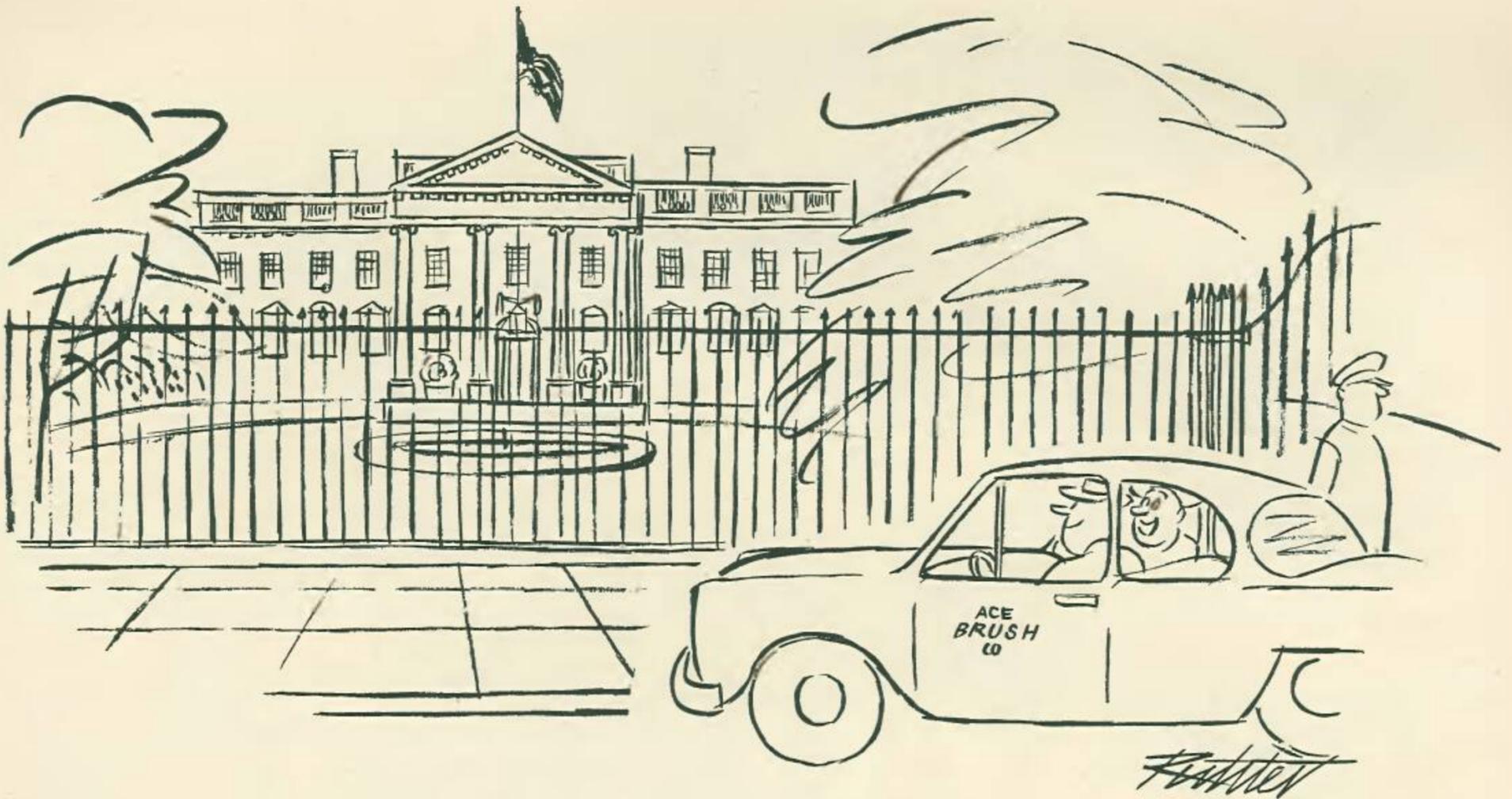
—HILARY CORKE

move to Athens. Sunny *old* Athens.) But the more I think of it, the more I think to hell with more degrees for you. The fact is, if you want to know, I can't help thinking you'd make a damn site better-adjusted actor if Seymour and I hadn't thrown in the Upanishads and the Diamond Sutra and Eckhart and all our other old loves with the rest of your recommended home reading when you were small. By rights, an actor should travel fairly light. When we were kids, S. and I once had

a beautiful lunch with John Barrymore. He was bright as hell, and full of lore, but he wasn't burdened down with any of the cumbersome luggage of a too formal education. I mention this because I was talking to a rather pompous Orientalist over the weekend, and at one point, during a very deep, metaphysical lull in the conversation, I told him I had a little brother who once got over an unhappy love affair by trying to translate the Mundaka Upanishad into classical Greek. (He laughed uproariously—you know the way Orientalists laugh.)

I wish to God I had some idea what will happen to you as an actor. You're a born one, certainly. Even our Bessie knows that. And surely you and Franny are the only beauties in the family. But where will you act? Have you thought about it? The movies? If so, I'm scared





"I dare you."

stiff that if ever you gain any weight you'll be as victimized as the next young actor into contributing to the reliable Hollywood amalgam of prizefighter and mystic, gunman and underprivileged child, cowhand and Man's Conscience, and the rest. Will you be content with that standard box-office schmalz? Or will you dream of something a little more cosmic—zum Beispiel, playing Pierre or Andrey in a Technicolor production of War and Peace, with stunning battlefield scenes, and all the nuances of characterization left out (on the ground that they're novelistic and unphotogenic), and Anna Magnani daringly cast as Natasha (just to keep the production classy and Honest), and gorgeous incidental music by Dmitri Popkin, and all the male leads intermittently rippling their jaw muscles to show they're under great emotional stress, and a World Première at the Winter Garden, under floodlights, with Molotov and Milton Berle and Governor Dewey introducing the celebrities as they come into the theatre. (By celebrities I mean, of course, old Tolstoy-lovers—Senator Dirksen, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Gaylord Hauser, Georgie Jessel, Charles of the Ritz.) How does that sound? And if you go into the theatre, will you have any illusions about *that*? Have you ever seen a really beautiful production of, say, The Cherry Orchard? Don't say you have. Nobody has. You may have seen "inspired" productions, "competent" productions, but

never anything beautiful. Never one where Chekhov's talent is matched, nuance for nuance, idiosyncrasy for idiosyncrasy, by every soul onstage. You worry *hell* out of me, Zooey. Forgive the pessimism, if not the sonority. But I know how much you demand from a thing, you little bastard. And I've had the hellish experience of sitting next to you at the theatre. I can so clearly see you demanding something from the performing arts that just isn't residual there. For heaven's sake, be careful.

Granted I'm off today. I keep a good neurotic's calendar, and it's three years, to the day, since Seymour killed himself. Did I ever tell you what happened when I went down to Florida to bring back the body? I wept like a slob on the plane for five solid hours. Carefully adjusting my veil from time to time so that no one across the aisle could see me—I had a seat to myself, thank God. About five minutes before the plane landed, I became aware of people talking in the seat behind me. A woman was saying, with all of Back Bay Boston and most of Harvard Square in her voice, "...and the *next morning*, mind you, they took a pint of pus out of that lovely young body of hers." That's all I remember hearing, but when I got off the plane a few minutes later and the Bereaved Widow came toward me all in Bergdorf Goodman black, I had the Wrong Expression on my face. I was grinning. Which is exactly the way I feel today, for no really

good reason. Against my better judgment, I feel certain that somewhere very near here—the first house down the road, maybe—there's a good poet dying, but also somewhere very near here somebody's having a hilarious pint of pus taken from her lovely young body, and I can't be running back and forth forever between grief and high delight.

Last month, Dean Sheeter (whose name usually transports Franny when I mention it) approached me with his gracious smile and bull whip, and I am now lecturing to the faculty, their wives, and a few oppressively deep-type undergraduates every Friday on Zen and Mahayana Buddhism. A feat, I haven't a doubt, that will eventually win me the Eastern Philosophy Chair in Hell. The point is, I'm now on the campus five days a week instead of four, and what with my own work at nights and on weekends, I have almost no time to do any elective thinking. Which is my plaintive way of saying that I do worry about you and Franny when I get a chance, but not nearly so often as I'd like to. What I'm really trying to tell you is that Bessie's letter had very little to do with my sitting down in a sea of ashtrays to write to you today. She shoots me some priority information about you and Franny every week and I never do anything about it, so it isn't that. What brings this on is something that happened to me at the local supermarket today. (No new paragraph. I'll



"I never realized you knew all of 'Gunga Din.'"

spare you that.) I was standing at the meat counter, waiting for some rib lamb chops to be cut. A young mother and her little girl were waiting around, too. The little girl was about four, and, to pass the time, she leaned her back against the glass showcase and stared up at my unshaven face. I told her she was about the prettiest little girl I'd seen all day. Which made sense to her; she nodded. I said I'd bet she had a lot of boy friends. I got the same nod again. I asked her how many boy friends she had. She held up two fingers. "Two!" I said. "That's a lot of boy friends. What are their names, sweetheart?" Said she, in a piercing voice, "*Bobby and Dorothy.*" I grabbed my lamb chops and ran. But that's exactly what brought on this letter—much more than Bessie's insistence that I write to you about Ph.D.s and acting. That, and a haiku-style poem I found in the hotel room where Seymour shot himself. It was written in pencil on the desk blotter: "The little girl on the plane/ Who turned her doll's head around/ To look at me." With these two things on my mind, I thought as I was driving home from the supermarket that at long last I could write to you and tell you *why* S. and I

took over your and Franny's education as early and as highhandedly as we did. We've never put it into words for you, and I think it's high time one of us did. But now I'm not so sure I can do it. The little girl at the meat counter is gone, and I can't quite see the polite face of the little doll on the plane. And the old horror of being a professional writer, and the usual stench of words that goes with it, is beginning to drive me out of my seat. It seems terribly important to try, though.

The age differences in the family always seemed to add unnecessarily and perversely to our problems. Not really between S. and the twins and Boo Boo and me, but between the two twosomes of you and Franny and S. and me. Seymour and I were both adults—he was even long out of college—by the time you and Franny were both able to read. At that stage, we had no real urge even to push our favorite classics at the two of you—not, anyway, with the same gusto that we had at the twins or Boo Boo. We knew there's no keeping a born scholar ignorant, and at heart, I think, we didn't really want to, but we were nervous, even frightened, at the statistics on child pedants and academic

conceive of a state of being where the mind knows the source of all light. We thought it would be wonderfully constructive to at least (that is, if our own "limitations" got in the way) tell you as much as we knew about the men—the saints, the arhats, the bodhisattvas, the jivanmuktas—who knew something or everything about this state of being. That is, we wanted you both to know who and what Jesus and Gautama and Lao-tse and Shankaracharya and Hui-neng and Sri Ramakrishna, etc., were before you knew too much or anything about Homer or Shakespeare or even Blake or Whitman, let alone George Washington and his cherry tree or the definition of a peninsula or how to parse a sentence. That, anyway, was the big idea. Along with all this, I suppose I'm trying to say that I know how bitterly you resent the years when S. and I were regularly conducting home seminars, and the metaphysical sittings in particular. I just hope that one day—preferably when we're both blind drunk—we can talk about it. (Meantime, I can only say that neither Seymour nor I ever had a notion, that far back, that you were going to grow up into an actor. We *should* have, no doubt, but

weisenheimers who grow up into faculty-recreation-room savants. Much, much more important, though, Seymour had already begun to believe (and I agreed with him, as far as I was able to see the point) that education by any name would smell as sweet, and maybe much sweeter, if it didn't begin with a quest for knowledge at all but with a quest, as Zen would put it, for no-knowledge. Dr. Suzuki says somewhere that to be in a state of pure consciousness—*satori*—is to be with God before he said, Let there be light. Seymour and I thought it might be a good thing to hold back this light from you and Franny (at least as far as we were able), and all the many lower, more fashionable lighting effects—the arts, sciences, classics, languages—till you were both able at least to

we didn't. If we had, I feel certain S. would have tried to do something constructive about it. Surely somewhere there must be a special prep course for Nirvana and points East designed strictly for actors, and I think S. would have found it.) The paragraph should close, but I can't stop muttering. You'll wince at what comes next, but come it must. I think you know that I had the best intentions of checking in now and then after S.'s death to see how you and Franny were holding up. You were eighteen, and I didn't worry about you overly. Although I did hear from a gossipy little snip in one of my classes that you had a reputation in your college dorm for going off and sitting in meditation for ten hours at a time, and *that* made me think. But Franny was *thirteen* at the time. I simply couldn't move, though. I was afraid to come home. I wasn't afraid you'd both, in tears, take up a position across the room and fire the complete set of Max Mueller's Sacred Books of the East at me, one by one. (Which would have been masochistic ecstasy for me, probably.) But I *was* afraid of the questions (much more than the accusations) you might both put to me. As I remember very well, I let a whole year go by after the funeral before I came back to New York at all. After that, it was easy enough to come in for birthdays and holidays and be reasonably sure that questions would run to when my next book would be finished and had I done any skiing lately, etc. You've even both been up here on many a weekend in the last couple of years, and though we've talked and talked and talked, we've all agreed not to say a word. Today is the first time I've really wanted to speak up. The deeper I get into this goddam letter, the more I lose the courage of my convictions. But I swear to you that I had a perfectly communicable little vision of truth (lamb-chop division) this afternoon the very instant that child told me her boy friends' names were Bobby and Dorothy. Seymour once said to me—in a crosstown bus, of all places—that all legitimate religious study *must* lead to unlearning the differences, the illusory differences, between boys and girls, animals and stones, day and night, heat and cold. That suddenly hit me at the meat counter, and it seemed a matter of life and death to drive home at seventy miles an hour to get a letter off to you. Oh, God, how I wish I'd grabbed a pencil right there in the supermarket and not trusted the roads home. Maybe it's just as well, though. There are times when I think you've forgiven S. more com-

pletely than any of us have. Waker once said something very interesting to me on that subject—in fact, I'm merely parroting what he said to me. He said you were the only one who was bitter about S.'s suicide and the only one who really forgave him for it. The rest of us, he said, were outwardly un-bitter and inwardly unforgiving. That may be truer than true. How can I know? All I do know for certain is that I had something happy and exciting to tell you—and on just one side of the paper, double-spaced—and I knew when I got home that it was mostly gone, or all gone, and there was nothing left to do but go through the motions. Lecture you on Ph.D.s and the actor's life. How messy, how funny, and how Seymour himself would have smiled and smiled—and probably assured me, and all of us, not to worry about it.

Enough. *Act*, Zachary Martin Glass, when and where you want to, since you feel you must, but do it *with all your might*. If you do anything at all beautiful on a stage, anything nameless and joy-making, anything above and beyond the call of theatrical ingenuity, S. and I will both rent tuxedos and rhinestone hats and solemnly come around to the stage door with bouquets of snapdragons. In any case, for what little it's

worth, please count on my affection and support, at whatever distance.

BUDDY

As always, my passes at omniscience are absurd, but you, of all people, should be polite to the part of me that comes out merely clever. Years ago, in my earliest and pastiest days as a would-be writer, I once read a new story aloud to S. and Boo Boo. When I was finished, Boo Boo said flatly (but looking over at Seymour) that the story was "too clever." S. shook his head, beaming away at me, and said cleverness was my permanent affliction, my wooden leg, and that it was in the worst possible taste to draw the group's attention to it. As one limping man to another, old Zooey, let's be courteous and kind to each other.

Much love,  
B.

THE last, the under, page of the four-year-old letter was stained a sort of off-cordovan color, and it was torn in two places along the folds. Zooey, finished reading, treated it with some little care as he put the letter back into page-one order. He tapped the pages, to even them out, against his dry knees. He frowned. Then, mercurially, as though he'd read the letter, by God, for the last time in his life, he



"Ready-squeezed orange juice, instant coffee, quick oats, jiffy-mix pancakes—and step on it."

stuffed it like so much excelsior into its envelope. He placed the thick envelope on the side of the tub and began to play a little game with it. With one finger he tapped the loaded envelope back and forth along the tub edge, seeing, apparently, if he could keep it in motion without letting it fall into the tub water. After a good five minutes of this, he gave the envelope a faulty tap and had to reach out quickly and grab it. Which ended the game. Keeping the retrieved envelope in his hand, he sat lower, deeper, in the water, letting his knees submerge. He stared abstractedly for a minute or two at the tiled wall beyond the foot of the tub, then glanced at his cigarette on the soapcatch, picked it off, and took a couple of test drags on it, but it had gone out. He sat up again, very abruptly, with a great slosh of tub water, and dropped his dry left hand over the side of the tub. A typewritten manuscript was lying, face up, on the bathmat. He picked it up and brought it aboard, as it were. He stared at it briefly, then inserted his four-year-old letter in the middle pages, where the stapling in a manuscript is tightest. He then propped the manuscript against his now wet knees, an inch or so above the waterline, and began to turn the pages. When he came to page 9, he folded the manuscript, magazine-style, and began to read or to study.

The role of "Rick" had been heavily underlined with a soft-lead pencil.

TINA (*morosely*): Oh, darling, darling, darling. I'm not much good to you, am I?

RICK: Don't say that. Don't ever say that, you hear me?

TINA: It's true, though. I'm a jinx. I'm a horrible jinx. If it hadn't been for me, Scott Kincaid would have assigned you to the Buenos Aires office ages ago. I spoiled all that. (*Goes over to window*) I'm one of the little foxes that spoil the grapes. I feel like someone in a terribly sophisticated play. The funny part is, I'm not sophisticated. I'm not anything. I'm just me. (*Turns*) Oh, Rick, Rick. I'm scared. What's happened to us? I can't seem to find us anymore. I reach out and reach out and we're just not there. I'm frightened. I'm a frightened child. (*Looks out window*) I hate this rain. Sometimes I see me dead in it.

RICK (*quietly*): My darling, isn't that a line from "A Farewell to Arms"?

TINA (*Turns, furious*): Get out of here. Get out! Get out of here before I jump out of this window. Do you hear me?

RICK (*grabbing her*): Now you listen to me. You beautiful little moron. You adorable, childish, self-dramatizing—

Zooney's reading was suddenly interrupted by his

mother's voice—importunate, quasi-constructive—addressing him from outside the bathroom door: "Zooney? Are you still in the tub?"

"Yes, I'm still in the tub. Why?"

"I want to come in for just a teeny minute. I have something for you."

"I'm in the tub, for God's sake, Mother."

"I'll just be a *minute*, for goodness' sake. Pull the shower curtain."

Zooney took a parting look at the page he had been reading, then closed the manuscript and dropped it over the side of the tub. "Jesus Christ almighty," he said. "Sometimes I see me dead in the rain." A nylon shower curtain, scarlet, with a design of canary-yellow sharps, flats, and clefs on it, was bunched up at the foot of the tub, attached with plastic rings to an overhead chromium bar. Sitting forward, Zooney reached for it and shot it the length of the tub, closing himself off from view. "All right. *God*. Come in if you're coming in," he said. His voice had no conspicuous actor's mannerisms, but it was rather excessively vibrant; it "carried" implacably when he had no interest in controlling it. Years earlier, as a child panelist on "It's a Wise Child," he had been advised repeatedly to keep his distance from the microphone.

The door opened, and Mrs. Glass, a medium-stout woman in a hairnet, sidled into the bathroom. Her age, under any circumstance, was fiercely indeterminate, but never more so than when she was wearing a hairnet. Her entrances into rooms were usually verbal as well as physical. "I don't know how you can stay in the tub the way you do." She closed the door behind her instantly, as someone does who has been waging a long, long war on behalf of her progeny against post-bath drafts. "It isn't even healthy," she said. "Do you know how long you've been in that tub? Exactly forty-five—"

"Don't tell me! Just don't tell me, Bessie."

"What do you mean, don't *tell* you?"

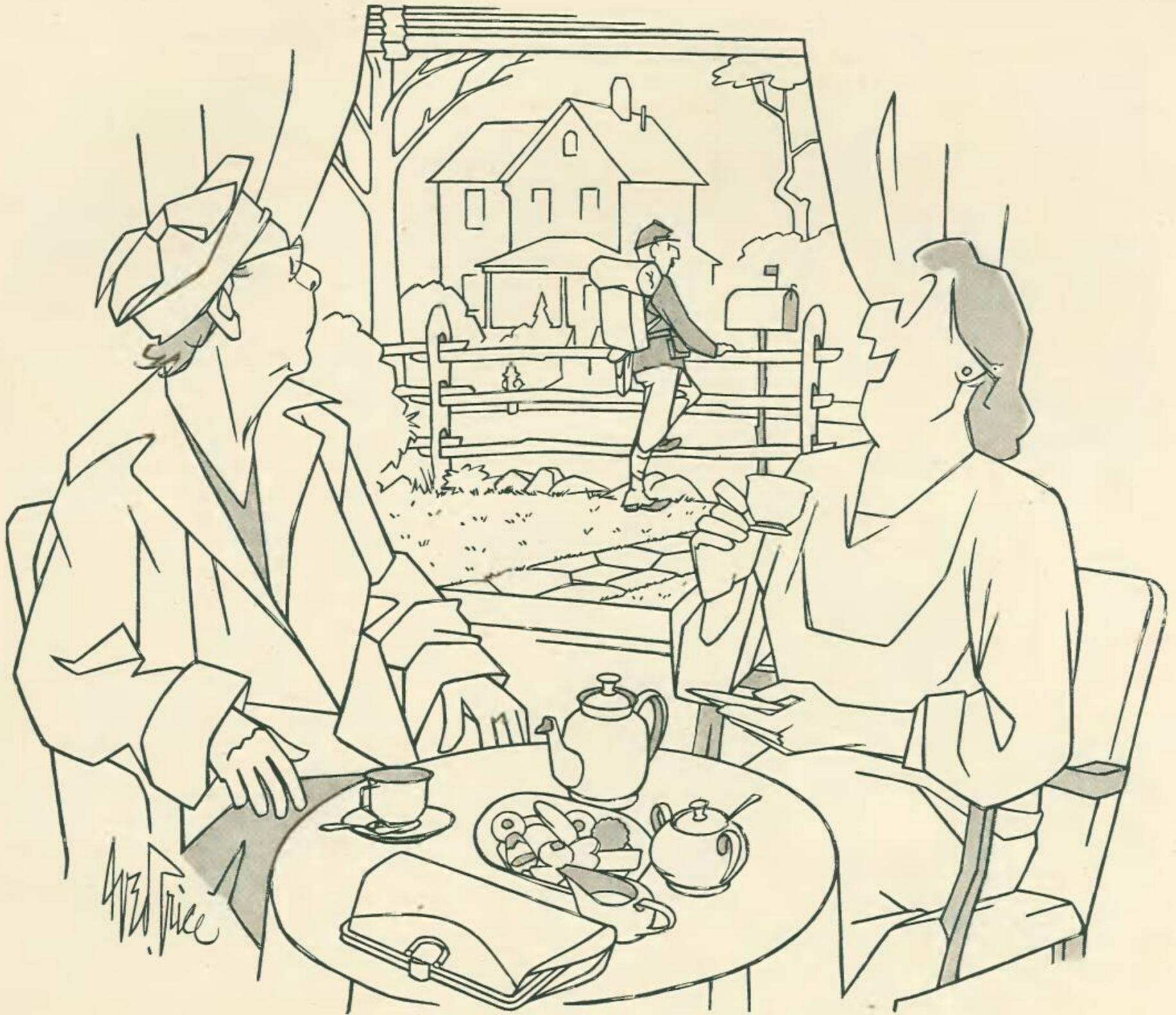
"Just what I said. Leave me the god-

dam illusion you haven't been out there counting the minutes I've—"

"Nobody's been counting any *minutes*, young man," Mrs. Glass said. She was already very busy. She had brought into the bathroom a small, oblong package wrapped in white paper and tied with gold tinsel. It appeared to contain an object roughly the size of the Hope diamond or an irrigation attachment. Mrs. Glass narrowed her eyes at it and picked at the tinsel with her fingers. When the knot didn't give, she applied her teeth to it.

She was wearing her usual at-home vesture—what her son Buddy (who was a writer, and consequently, as Kafka, no less, has told us, *not a nice man*) called her pre-notification-of-death uniform. It consisted mostly of a hoary midnight-blue Japanese kimono. She almost invariably wore it throughout the apartment during the day. With its many occultish-looking folds, it also served as the repository for the paraphernalia of a very heavy cigarette smoker and an amateur handyman; two oversized pockets had been added at the hips, and they usually contained two or three packs of cigarettes, several match folders, a screwdriver, a claw-end hammer, a Boy Scout knife that had once belonged to one of her sons, and an enamel faucet handle or two, plus an assortment of screws, nails, hinges, and ball-bearing casters—all of which tended to make Mrs. Glass chink faintly as she moved about in her large apartment. For ten years or more, both of her daughters had often, if impotently, conspired to throw out this veteran kimono. (Her married daughter, Boo Boo, had intimated that it might have to be given a coup de grâce with a blunt instrument before it was laid away in a wastebasket.) However Oriental the wrapper had originally been designed to look, it didn't detract an iota from the single, impactful impression that Mrs. Glass, *chez elle*, made on a certain type of observer. The Glasses lived in an old but, categorically, not unfashionable apartment house in the East Seventies, where possibly two-thirds of the more mature women tenants owned fur coats and, on leaving the building on a bright weekday morning, might at least conceivably be found, a half hour or so later, getting in or out of one of the elevators at Lord & Taylor's or Saks or Bonwit Teller's. In this distinctly Manhattanesque locale, Mrs. Glass was (from an undeniably hoyden point





*"Nathaniel's expecting his Civil War Book Club selection today."*

of view) a rather refreshing eyesore. She looked, first, as if she never, never left the building at all, but that *if* she did, she would be wearing a dark shawl and she would be going in the general direction of O'Connell Street, there to claim the body of one of her half-Irish, half-Jewish sons, who, through some clerical error, had just been shot dead by the Black and Tans.

Zoocy's voice suddenly and suspiciously spoke up: "*Mother?* What in Christ's name are you doing out there?"

Mrs. Glass had undressed the package and now stood reading the fine print on the back of a carton of toothpaste. "Just kindly button that lip of yours," she said, rather absently. She went over to the medicine cabinet. It was stationed above the washbowl, against the wall. She opened its mirror-faced door

and surveyed the congested shelves with the eye—or, rather, the masterly squint—of a dedicated medicine-cabinet gardener. Before her, in overly luxuriant rows, was a host, so to speak, of golden pharmaceuticals, plus a few technically less indigenous whatnots. The shelves bore iodine, Mercurochrome, vitamin capsules, dental floss, aspirin, Anacin, Bufferin, Argyrol, Musterole, Ex-Lax, Milk of Magnesia, Sal Hepatica, Aspergum, two Gillette razors, one Schick Injector razor, two tubes of shaving cream, a bent and somewhat torn snapshot of a fat black-and-white cat asleep on a porch railing, three combs, two hairbrushes, a bottle of Wildroot hair ointment, a bottle of Fitch Dandruff Remover, a small, unlabelled box of glycerine suppositories, Vicks Nose Drops, Vicks VapoRub, six bars of castile soap, the

stubs of three tickets to a 1946 musical comedy ("*Call Me Mister*"), a tube of depilatory cream, a box of Kleenex, two seashells, an assortment of used-looking emery boards, two jars of cleansing cream, three pairs of scissors, a nail file, an unclouded blue marble (known to marble shooters, at least in the twenties, as a "*purey*"), a cream for contracting enlarged pores, a pair of tweezers, the strapless chassis of a girl's or woman's gold wristwatch, a box of bicarbonate of soda, a girl's boarding-school class ring with a chipped onyx stone, a bottle of Stopette—and, inconceivably or no, quite a good deal more. Mrs. Glass briskly reached up and took down an object from the bottom shelf and dropped it, with a muffled, tinny bang, into the wastebasket. "I'm putting some of that new toothpaste they're all raving about in here

for you," she announced, without turning around, and made good her word. "I want you to stop using that crazy powder. It's going to take *all* the lovely enamel off your teeth. You *have* lovely teeth. The least you can do is take proper—"

"Who said so?" A sound of agitated tub water came from behind the shower curtain. "Who the hell said it's going to take all the lovely enamel off my teeth?"

"I did." Mrs. Glass gave her garden a final critical glance. "Just please use it." She nudged an unopened box of Sal Hepatica a little with the trowel of her extended fingers to align it with the other sempervirents in its row, and

then closed the cabinet door. She turned on the cold-water tap. "I'd like to know who washes their hands and then doesn't clean the bowl up after them," she said grimly. "This is supposed to be a family of all adults." She increased the pressure of the water and cleansed the bowl briefly but thoroughly with one hand. "I don't suppose you've spoken to your little sister yet," she said, and turned to look at the shower curtain.

"No, I have not spoken to my little sister yet. How 'bout getting the hell out of here now?"

"Why haven't you?" Mrs. Glass demanded. "I don't think that's nice, Zooley. I don't think that's nice at *all*."

I asked you particularly to please go see if there's anything—"

"In the first place, Bessie, I just got up about an hour ago. In the second place, I talked to her for two solid hours last night, and I don't think she frankly wants to talk to any goddam one of us today. And in the third place, if you don't get out of this bathroom I'm going to set fire to this ugly goddam curtain. I mean it, Bessie."

Somewhere in the middle of these three illustrative points, Mrs. Glass had left off listening and sat down. "Sometimes I could almost murder Buddy for not having a phone," she said. "It's so unnecessary. How can a grown man *live* like that—no phone, no anything? No one has any desire to invade his *privacy*, if that's what he *wants*, but I certainly don't think it's necessary to live like a *hermit*." She stirred irritably, and crossed her legs. "It isn't even safe, for heaven's sake! Suppose he broke his leg or something like that. Way off in the *woods* like that. I worry about it all the time."

"You do, eh? Which do you worry about? His breaking a leg or his not having a phone when you want him to?"

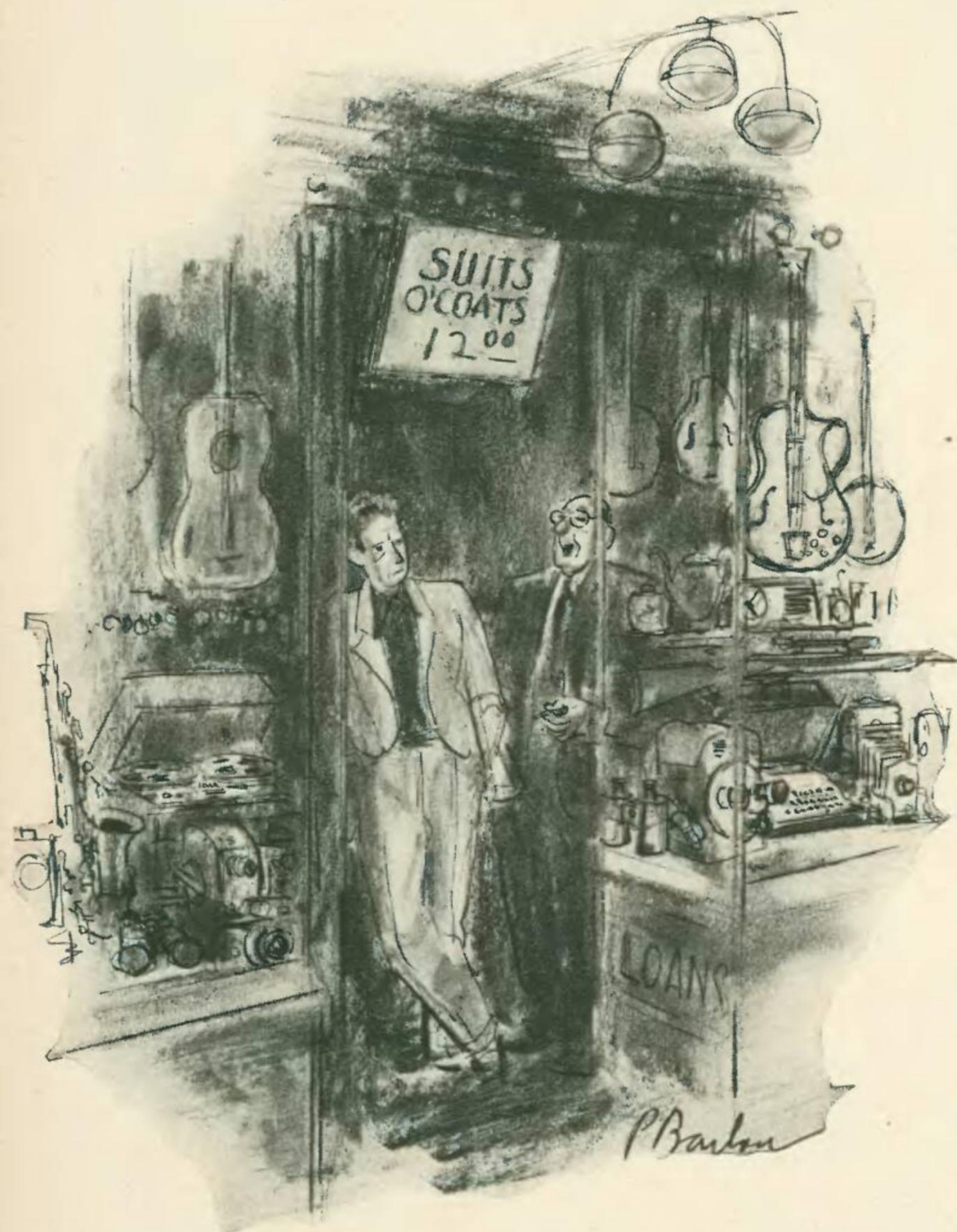
"I worry about *both*, young man, for your information."

"Well . . . don't. Don't waste your time. You're so stupid, Bessie. Why are you so stupid? You know Buddy, for God's sake. If he were twenty *miles* in the woods, with both legs broken and a goddam *arrow* sticking out of his back, he'd crawl back to his cave just to make certain nobody sneaked in to try on his galoshes while he was out." A short, pleasurable, if somewhat ghoulish, guffaw sounded behind the curtain. "Take my word for it. He cares too much about his goddam privacy to die in any woods."

"Nobody said anything about *dy-*ing," Mrs. Glass said. She gave her hairnet a minor and needless adjustment. "I've been trying the *whole* entire morning to get those people that live down the road from him on the phone. They don't even answer. It's infuriating not to be able to get him. How many times I've *begged* him to take that crazy phone out of his and Seymour's old room. It isn't even *normal*. When something really comes up and he *needs* one— It's infuriating. I tried twice last night, and about four times this—"

"What's all this 'infuriating' business? In the first place, why should some strangers down the road be at our beck and call?"

"Nobody's talking about anybody being at our beck and *call*, Zooley. Just



"I know. Back in the boom days of '27 and '28 things looked pretty black, too. But I hung right on, and then came October, 1929."



Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fisher (she's Debbie Reynolds) as photographed in their Beverly Hills home by Mead-Maddick

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don't be so fresh, please. For your information, I'm *very* worried about that child. And I think Buddy should be told about this whole thing. Just for your information, I don't think he'd ever forgive me if I didn't get in touch with him at a time like this."

"All right, then! Why don't you call the college, instead of bothering his neighbors? He wouldn't be in his cave anyway at this time of day—you know that."

"Just kindly lower that voice of yours, please, young man. Nobody's deaf. For your information, I have called the college. I've learned from experience that that does absolutely no good whatsoever. They just leave messages on his desk, and I don't think he ever goes anywhere *near* his office anyway." Mrs. Glass abruptly leaned her weight forward, without getting up, and reached out and picked up something from the top of the laundry hamper. "Do you have a washrag back there?" she asked.

"The word is 'washcloth,' not 'washrag,' and all I want, God damn it, Bessie, is to be left alone in this bathroom. That's my one simple desire. If I'd wanted this place to fill up with every fat Irish rose that passes by, I'd've said so. Now, c'mon. Get out."

"Zooney," Mrs. Glass said patiently. "I'm holding a clean washrag in my hand. Do you or don't you want it? Just yes or no, please."

"Oh, my God! Yes. Yes. *Yes*. More than anything in the world. Throw it over."

"I won't *throw* it over, I'll hand it to you. Always throw everything, in this family." Mrs. Glass got up, took three steps over to the shower curtain, and waited for a disembodied hand to claim the washcloth.

"Thanks a million. Clear out of here now, please. I've lost about ten pounds already."

"It's no wonder! You sit there in that tub till you're practically blue in the face, and then you—What's *this*?" With immense interest, Mrs. Glass bent down and picked up the manuscript Zooney had been reading before she made her entrance into the room. "Is this the new script Mr. LeSage sent over?" she asked. "On the *floor*?" She didn't get an answer. It was as if Eve had asked Cain whether that wasn't his lovely new hoe lying out there in the rain. "That's a marvellous place to

put a *manuscript*, I must say." She transported the manuscript over to the window and placed it with care on the radiator. She looked down at it, appearing to inspect it for wetness. The window blind had been lowered—Zooney had done all his bathtub reading by the light from the three-bulb overhead fixture—but a fraction of morning light inched under the blind and onto the title page of the manuscript. Mrs. Glass tilted her head to one side, the better to read the title, at the same time taking a pack of king-size cigarettes from her kimono pocket. "The Heart Is an Autumn Wanderer," she read, mused, aloud. "Unusual title."

The response from behind the shower curtain was a trifle delayed but delighted. "It's a what? It's a what kind of title?"

Mrs. Glass's guard was already up. She backed up and re-seated herself, a lighted cigarette in her hand. "Unusual, I said. I didn't say it was beautiful or anything, so just—"

"Ahh, by George. You have to get up pretty early in the morning to get anything really classy past you, Bessie girl. You know what your heart is, Bessie? Would you like to know what your heart is? *Your heart*, Bessie, is an autumn garage. How's that for a catchy title, eh? By God, many people—many *uninformed* people—think Seymour and Buddy are the

only goddam men of letters in this family. When I *think*, when I sit down for a minute and think of the sensitive prose, and garages, I throw away every day of my—"

"All right, all right, young man," Mrs. Glass said. Whatever her taste in television-play titles, or her aesthetics in gen-

eral, a flicker came into her eyes—no more than a flicker, but a flicker—of connoisseurlike, if perverse, relish for her youngest, and only handsome, son's style of bullying. For a split second, it displaced the look of all-around wear and, plainly, specific worry that had been on her face since she entered the bathroom. However, she was almost immediately back on the defensive: "What's the matter with that title? It is very unusual. You! You don't think anything's unusual or beautiful! I've never once heard you—"

"*What? Who* doesn't? Exactly what don't I think isn't beautiful?" A minor groundswell sounded behind the shower curtain, as though a rather delinquent porpoise were suddenly at



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play. "Listen, I don't care what you say about my race, creed, or religion, Fatty, but don't tell me I'm not sensitive to beauty. That's my Achilles' heel, and don't you forget it. To me, *everything* is beautiful. Show me a pink sunset and I'm limp, by God. *Anything*. 'Peter Pan.' Even before the curtain goes up at 'Peter Pan,' I'm a goddam puddle of tears. And you have the gall to try to tell me I'm—"

"Oh, shut up," Mrs. Glass said, absently. She gave a great sigh. Then, with a tense expression, she dragged deeply on her cigarette and, exhaling the smoke through her nostrils, said—or, rather, erupted—"Oh, I *wish* I knew what I'm supposed to do with that child!" She took a deep breath. "I'm absolutely at the end of my *rope*." She gave the shower curtain an X-ray-like look. "You're none of you any help whatsoever. But none! Your *father* doesn't even like to *talk* about anything like this. You know that! He's worried, too, naturally—I know that look on his face—but he simply will not face anything." Mrs. Glass's mouth tightened. "He's never faced anything as long as I've known him. He thinks anything *peculiar* or *unpleasant* will just go away if he turns on the radio and some little schnook starts *singing*."

A great single roar of laughter came from the closed-off Zooey. It was scarcely distinguishable from his guffaw, but there *was* a difference.

"Well, he does!" Mrs. Glass insisted, humorlessly. She sat forward. "Would you like to know what I honestly think?" she demanded. "*Would* you?"

"Bessie. For God's sake. You're going to tell me anyway, so what's the difference if I—"

"I honestly think—I *mean* this, now—I *honestly* think he keeps hoping to hear all you children on the radio again. I'm serious, now." Mrs. Glass took another deep breath. "Every single time your father turns on the radio, I honestly think he expects to tune in on 'It's a Wise Child' and hear all you children, *one by one*, answering questions again." She compressed her lips and paused, unconsciously, for additional emphasis. "And I mean all of you," she said, and abruptly straightened her posture a trifle. "That includes Seymour and Walt." She took a brisk but voluminous drag on her cigarette. "He lives entirely in the past. But entirely. He hardly ever even *watches* television, unless *you're* on. And don't laugh, Zooey. It isn't funny."

"Who in God's name is laughing?"

"Well, it's true! He has absolutely

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no conception of anything being really wrong with Franny. But none! Right after the eleven-o'clock news last night, what do you think he asks me? If I think Franny might like a tangerine! The child's laying there by the hour crying her eyes out if you say boo to her, and mumbling heaven knows *what* to herself, and your father wonders if maybe she'd like a tangerine. I could've killed him. The next time he—" Mrs. Glass broke off. She glared at the shower curtain. "What's so funny?" she demanded.

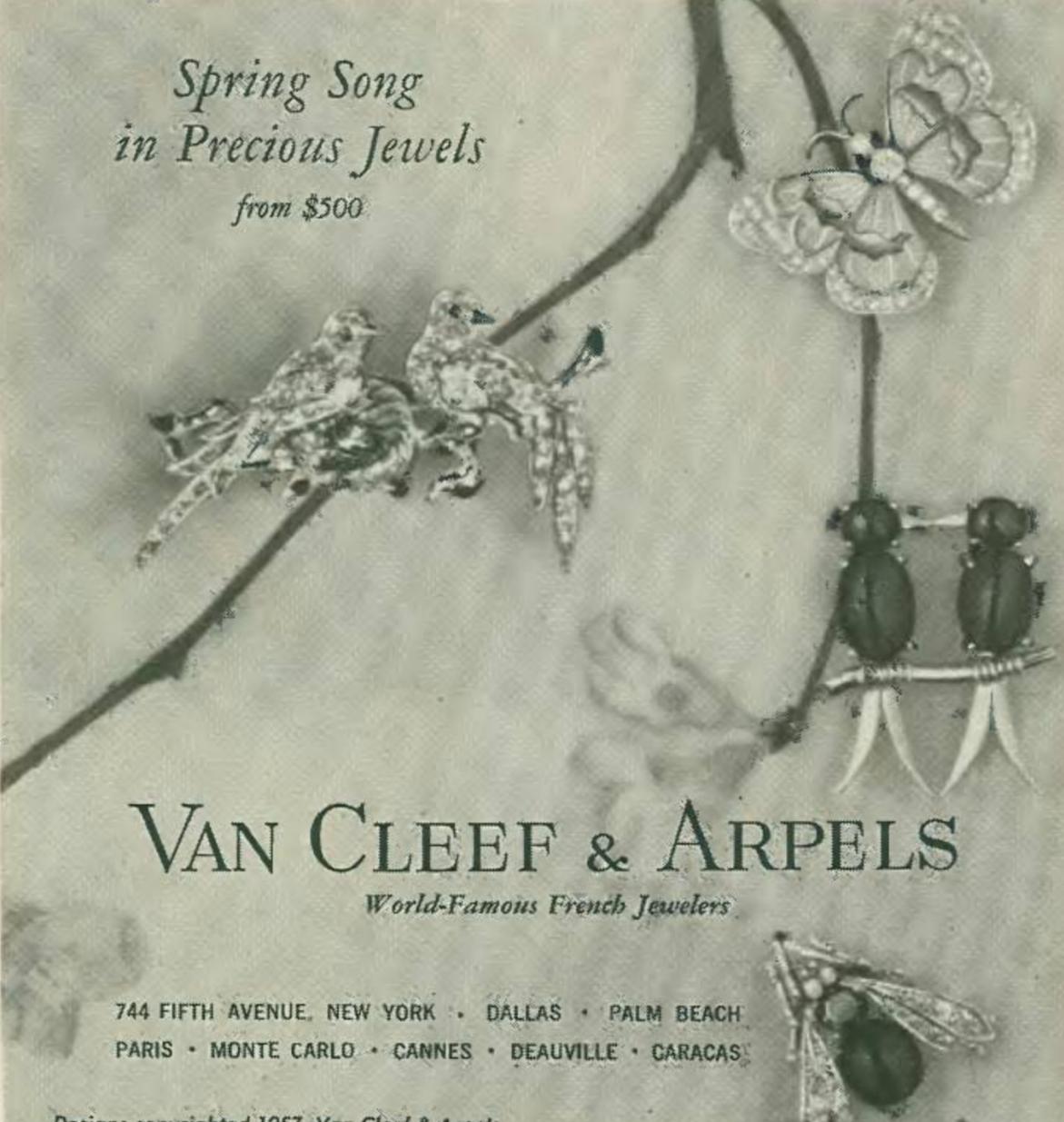
"Nothing. Nothing, nothing, nothing. I like the tangerine. All right, who else is being no help to you? Me. Les. Buddy. Who else? Pour your heart out to me, Bessie. Don't be reticent. That's the whole trouble with this family—we keep things bottled up too much."

"Oh, you're about as funny as a crutch, young man," Mrs. Glass said. She took time to push a stray wisp of hair under the elastic of her hairnet. "Oh, I *wish* I could get Buddy on that crazy phone for a few minutes. The one person that's supposed to *know* about all this funny business." She reflected, with apparent rancor. "It never rains but it pours." She tipped her cigarette ash into her cupped left hand. "Boo Boo won't be back till the *tenth*. Waker I'd be *afraid* to tell about it, even if I knew how to get *hold* of him. I never saw a family like this in my entire life. I mean it. You're all supposed to be so *intelligent* and everything, all you children, and not one of you is any help when the chips are down. Not one of you. I'm just a little bit sick of—"

"*What* chips, for God's sake? When what chips are down? What would you like us to do, Bessie? Go in there and live Franny's life for her?"

"Now, just stop that! Nobody's talking about anybody living her *life* for her. I'd simply like *somebody* to go in that living room and find out what's what, *that's* what I'd like. I'd like to know just when that child intends to go back to college and finish her *year*. I'd like to know just when she intends to put something halfway *nourishing* into her stomach. She's eaten practically nothing since she got home Saturday night—but nothing! I tried—not a half hour ago—to get her to take a nice cup of chicken broth. She took exactly two mouthfuls, and that's *all*. She threw *up* everything I got her to eat yesterday, practically." Mrs. Glass's voice stopped only long enough to reload, as it were. "She said maybe she'd eat a cheeseburger later on. Just what is this *cheeseburger* business? From what I

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gather, she's practically been living on cheeseburgers and Cokes all semester so far. Is that what they feed a young girl at college these days? I know *one* thing. I'm certainly not going to feed a young girl that's as run-down as that child is on food that isn't even—"

"That's the spirit! Make it chicken broth or nothing. That's putting the ole foot down. If she's determined to have a nervous breakdown, the least we can do is see that she doesn't have it in peace."

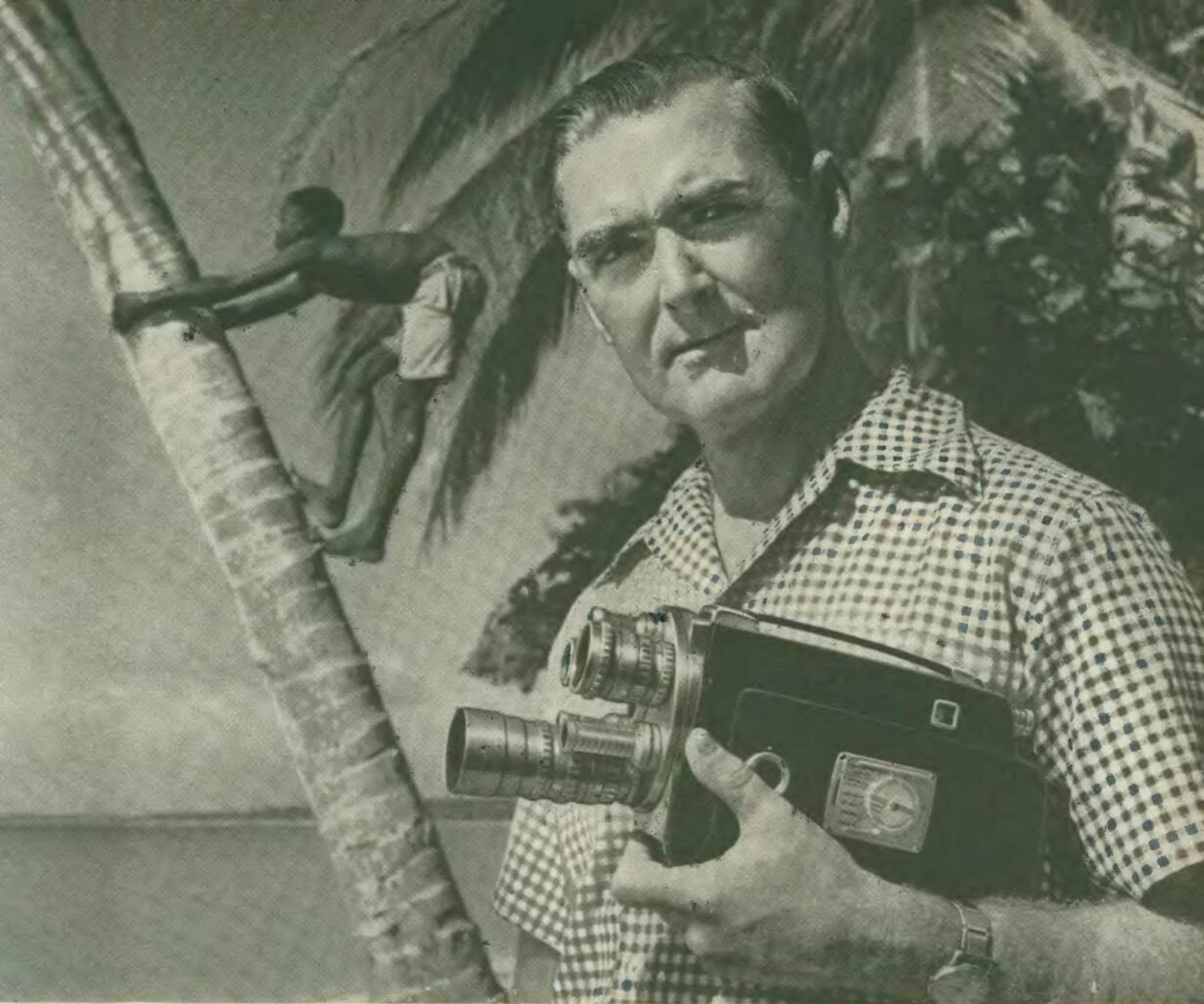
"Just don't you be so *fresh*, young man— Oh, that mouth of yours! For your information, I don't think it's at all impossible that the kind of food that child takes into her system hasn't a lot to do with this whole entire funny business. Even as a *child* you practically had to force that child to even touch her vegetables or any of the things that were *good* for her. You can't go on abusing the body indefinitely, year in, year out— regardless of what you think."

"You're absolutely right. You're absolutely right. It's staggering how you jump straight the hell into the heart of a matter. I'm goosebumps all over . . . By God, you inspire me. You inflame me, Bessie. You know what you've done? Do you realize what you've done? You've given this whole goddam issue a fresh, new, *Biblical* slant. I wrote four papers in college on the Crucifixion—five, really—and every one of them worried me half crazy because I thought something was missing. Now I know what it was. Now it's clear to me. I see Christ in an *entirely different light*. His unhealthy fanaticism. His rudeness to those nice, sane, conservative, tax-paying Pharisees. Oh, this is exciting! In your simple, straightforward, bigoted way, Bessie, you've sounded the missing keynote of the whole New Testament. *Improper diet*. Christ lived on cheeseburgers and Cokes. For all we know, he probably fed the mult—"

"Just stop that, now," Mrs. Glass broke in, her voice quiet but dangerous. "Oh, I'd like to put a diaper on that mouth of yours!"

"Well, gee whizz. I'm only trying to make polite bathroom talk."

"You're so funny. Oh, you're so funny! It just so *happens*, young man, that I don't consider your little sister in exactly the exact same light that I do the Lord. I may be *peculiar*, but I don't happen to. I don't happen to see any comparison whatsoever between the *Lord* and a run-down, overwrought little college girl that's been reading too many religious books and all like that! You certainly know your sister as well as I do—or *should*. She's *terribly im-*



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pressionable and always has been, and you know it very well!"

The bathroom was oddly still for a moment.

"Mother? Are you sitting down out there? I have a terrible feeling you're sitting down out there with about five cigarettes going. Are you?" He waited. Mrs. Glass, however, didn't choose to reply. "I *don't* want you sitting down out there, Bessie. I'd like to get out of this God-damned tub. . . . Bessie? You hear me?"

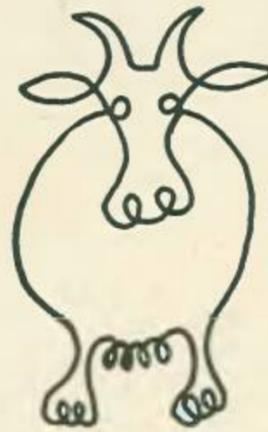
"I hear you, I hear you," Mrs. Glass said. A fresh wave of worry had passed over her face. She straightened her back restively. "She's got that crazy Bloomberg in bed with her on the couch," she said. "It isn't even *healthy*." She gave a mighty sigh. For several minutes she had been holding her cigarette ashes in her cupped left hand. She now reached over, without quite having to get up, and emptied them into the wastebasket. "I *don't* know what I'm supposed to do," she announced. "I just don't, that's all. The house is absolutely upside down. The painters are almost *finished* in her room, and they're going to want to get in the living room *immediately* after lunch. I don't know whether to wake her *up*, or what. She's had almost *no* sleep. I'm simply losing my mind. Do you know how long it's *been* since I've even been *free* to have the painters in this apartment? Nearly *twen*—"

"The painters! Ah! The dawn comes up. I forgot all about the painters. Listen, why haven't you asked them in here? There's *plenty* of room. What the hell kind of host will they think I am, not asking them into the bathroom when I'm—"

"Just be quiet a minute, young man. I'm thinking."

As if in obedience, Zoocy abruptly put his washcloth to use. For quite a little interval, the faint swish of it was the only sound in the bathroom. Mrs. Glass, seated eight or ten feet away from the shower curtain, stared across the tiled floor at the blue bathmat alongside the tub. Her cigarette had burned down to the last half inch. She held it between the ends of two fingers of her right hand. Distinctly, her way of holding it tended to blow to some sort of literary hell one's first, strong (and still perfectly tenable) impression that an invisible Dubliner's shawl covered her shoulders. Not only were her fingers of an extraordinary length and shapeliness—such as, very generally speaking,

one wouldn't have expected of a medium-stout woman's fingers—but they featured, as it were, a somewhat imperial-looking tremor; a deposed Balkan queen or a retired favorite courtesan might have had such an elegant tremor. And this was not the only contradiction to the Dublin-black-shawl motif. There was the rather eyebrow-raising fact of Bessie Glass's legs, which were comely by any criterion. They were the legs of a once quite widely acknowledged public beauty, a vaudevillian, a dancer, a very light dancer. They were crossed now, as she sat staring at the bathmat, left over right, a worn white terry-cloth slipper looking as if it might fall off the extended foot at any second. The feet were extraordinarily small, the ankles were still slender, and, perhaps most remarkable, the calves were still firm and evidently never had been knotty.



A much deeper sigh than customary—almost, it seemed, a part of the life force itself—suddenly came from Mrs. Glass. She got up and carried her cigarette over to the washbowl, let cold water run on it, then dropped the extinguished stub into the wastebasket and sat down again. The spell of introspection she had cast on herself was unbroken, as if she hadn't moved from her seat at all.

"I'm getting out of here in about three seconds, Bessie! I'm giving you fair warning. Let's not wear out our welcome, buddy."

Mrs. Glass, who had resumed staring at the blue bathmat, gave an absent-minded nod at this "fair warning." And at that instant, more than just mentionably, had Zoocy seen her face, and particularly her eyes, he might have had a strong impulse, passing or not, to recall, or reconstruct, or reinflect the greater part of his share of the conversation that had passed between them—to temper it, to soften it. On the other hand, he might not have. It was a very touch-and-go business, in 1955, to get a wholly plausible reading from Mrs. Glass's face, and especially from her enormous blue eyes. Where once, a few years earlier, her eyes alone could break the news (either to people or to bathmats) that two of her sons were dead, one by suicide (her favorite, her most intricately calibrated, her kindest son), and one killed in World War II (her only truly lighthearted son)—where once Bessie Glass's eyes alone could report these facts, with an eloquence and a seeming passion for detail



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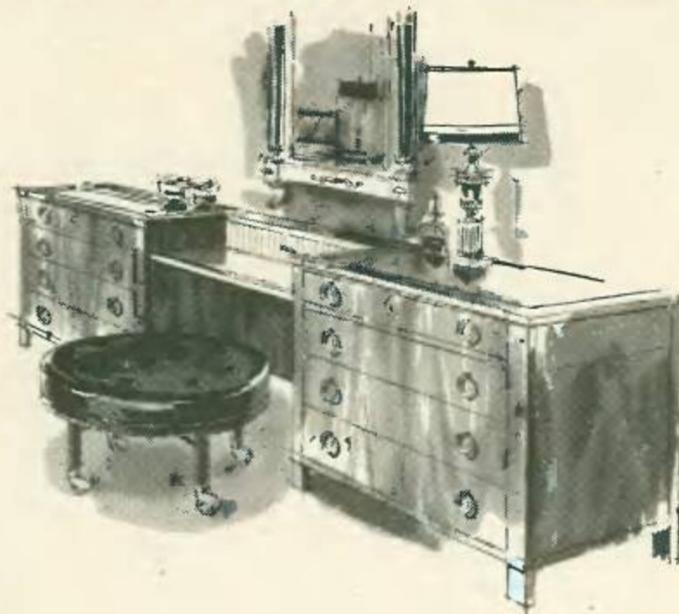
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that neither her husband nor any of her adult surviving children could bear to look at, let alone take in, now, in 1955, she was apt to use this same terrible Celtic equipment to break the news, usually at the front door, that the new delivery boy hadn't brought the leg of lamb in time for dinner or that some remote Hollywood starlet's marriage was on the rocks.

She lit a fresh king-size cigarette abruptly, dragged on it, then stood up, exhaling smoke. "I'll be back in a minute," she said. The statement sounded, innocently, like a promise. "Just please use the bathmat when you get out," she added. "That's what it's there for." She left the bathroom, closing the door securely behind her.

It was rather as though, after being in makeshift wet dock for days, the Queen Mary had just sailed out of, say, Walden Pond, as suddenly and perversely as she had sailed in. Behind the shower curtain, Zoocy closed his eyes for a few seconds, as though his own small craft were listing precariously in the wake. Then he pulled back the shower curtain and stared over at the closed door. It was a weighty stare, and relief was not really a great part of it. As much as anything else, it was the stare, not so paradoxically, of a privacy-lover who, once his privacy has been invaded, doesn't quite approve when the invader just gets up and leaves, one-two-three, like *that*.

**N**OT five minutes later, Zoocy, with his hair combed wet, stood barefoot at the washbowl, wearing a pair of beltless dark-gray sharkskin slacks, a face towel across his bare shoulders. A pre-shaving ritual had already been put into effect. The window blind had been raised halfway; the bathroom door had been set ajar to let the steam escape and clear the mirrors; a cigarette had been lit, dragged on, and placed within easy reach on the frosted-glass ledge under the medicine-cabinet mirror. At the moment, Zoocy had just finished squeezing lather cream onto the end of a shaving brush. He put the tube of lather, without re-capping it, somewhere into the enamel background, out of his way. He passed the flat of his hand squeakily back and forth over the face of the medicine-cabinet mirror, wiping away most of the mist. Then he began to lather his face. His lathering technique was very much out of the ordinary, although identical in spirit with his actual shaving technique. That is, although he looked into the mirror while he lathered, he didn't watch where his brush was moving but,

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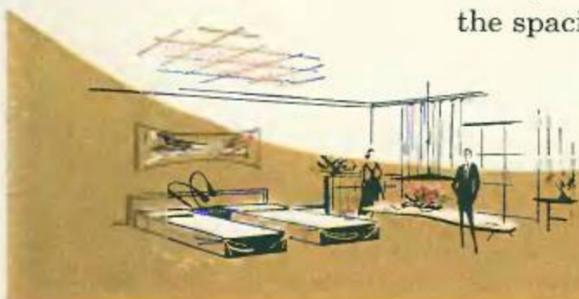
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instead, looked directly into his own eyes, as though his eyes were neutral territory, a no man's land in a private war against narcissism he had been fighting since he was seven or eight years old. By now, when he was twenty-five, the little stratagem may well have been mostly reflexive, just as a veteran baseball player, at the plate, will tap his spikes with his bat whether he needs to or not. Nonetheless, a few minutes earlier, when he had combed his hair, he had done so with the very minimum amount of help from the mirror. And before that he had managed to dry himself in front of a full-length mirror without so much as glancing into it.

He had just finished lathering his face when his mother suddenly appeared in his shaving mirror. She stood in the doorway, a few feet behind him, one hand on the doorknob—a portrait of spurious hesitancy about making another full entrance into the room.

"Ah! What a pleasant and gracious surprise!" Zooley said into the mirror. "Come in, come in!" He laughed, or gave his roar, then opened the medicine cabinet and took down his razor.

Mrs. Glass advanced, meditatively. "Zooley..." she said. "I've been thinking." Her usual seating accommodation was directly at Zooley's left. She started to lower herself into place.

"Don't sit down! Let me drink you in first," Zooley said. Getting out of the tub, putting on his trousers, and combing his hair had apparently raised his spirits. "It isn't often we have visitors at our little chapel, and when we do, we try to make them feel—"

"Just be still a minute," Mrs. Glass said firmly, sitting. She crossed her legs. "I've been thinking. Do you think it would do any good to try to get hold of Waker? I *don't*, personally, but what do you think? I mean in my opinion what that child needs is a good psychiatrist, not a priest or anything, but I may be *wrong*."

"Oh, no. No, no. Not *wrong*. I've never known you to be *wrong*, Bessie. Your facts are always either untrue or exaggerated, but you're never *wrong*—no, no." With much delight, Zooley wet his razor and began to shave.

"Zooley, I'm *asking* you—just cut out the funny business, now, please. Do you or don't you think I should get in touch with Waker? I could call that Bishop Pinchot or whatever his name is, and he could probably tell me where I could at least *wire* him, if he's still on some crazy boat." Mrs. Glass reached out and drew the metal wastebasket in close to her and used it as an ashtray for

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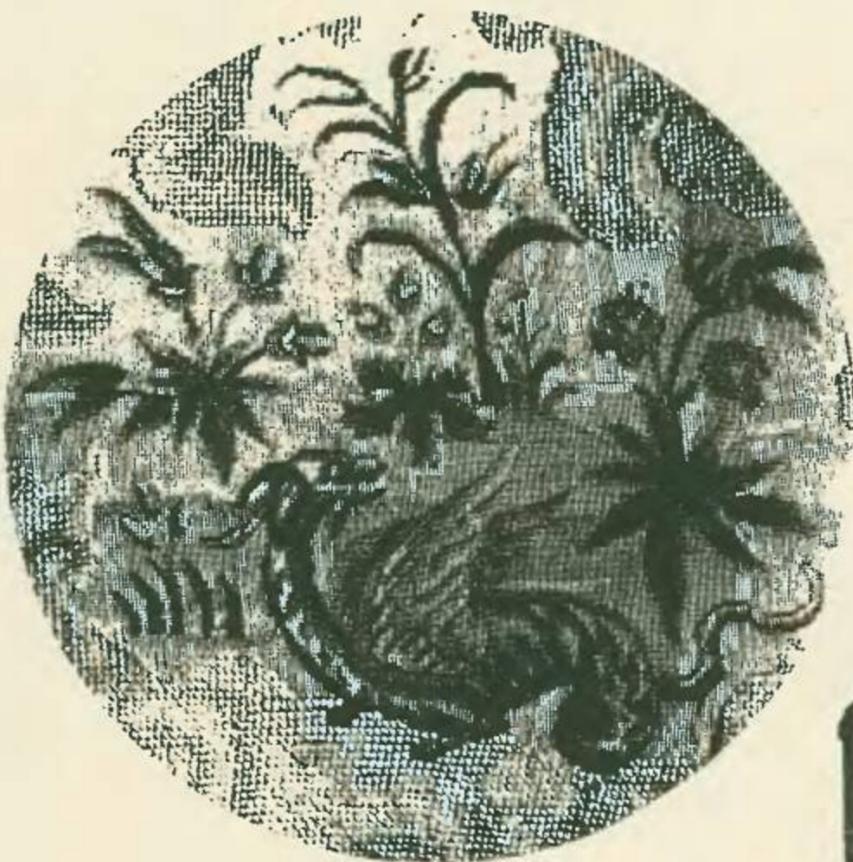
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the lighted cigarette she had brought in with her. "I asked Franny if she'd like to talk to him on the phone," she said. "If I could get hold of him."

Zooley rinsed his razor briefly. "What'd she say?" he asked.

Mrs. Glass adjusted her sitting position with a little evasive shift to the right. "She says she doesn't want to talk to anybody."

"Ah. We know better than that, don't we? We're not going to take a straight answer like that lying down, are we?"

"For your information, young man, I'm not going to take any answer of any kind from that child today," Mrs. Glass said, rallying. She addressed Zooley's lathered profile. "If you have a young girl lying in a room crying and mumbling to herself for forty-eight hours, you don't go to them for any answers."

Zooley, without commenting, went on shaving.

"Answer my question, please. Do you or don't you think I should try to get in touch with Waker? I'm afraid to, frankly. He's so emotional—priest or no priest. If you tell Waker it looks like rain, his eyes all fill up."

Zooley shared his amusement at this remark with the reflection of his own eyes in the mirror. "There's hope for you yet, Bessie," he said.

"Well, if I can't get Buddy on the phone, and even you won't help, I'm going to have to do something," Mrs. Glass said. Looking vastly troubled, she sat smoking for a long moment. Then: "If it was something strictly Catholic, or like that, I might be able to help her myself. I haven't forgotten everything. But none of you children were brought up as Catholics, and I really don't see—"

Zooley cut her short. "You're off," he said, turning his lathered face toward her. "You're off. You're way off. I told you that last night. This thing with Franny is strictly non-sectarian." He dipped his razor and continued to shave. "Just take my word, please."

Mrs. Glass stared full and pressingly at his profile, as if he might say something further, but he didn't. At length, she sighed, and said. "I'd almost be satisfied for a while if I could get that awful Bloomberg off that couch with her. It isn't even sanitary." She dragged on her cigarette. "And I don't know what I'm supposed to do about the painters. This very minute they're practically finished in her room, and they're going to be champing at the bit to get in the living room."

"You know, I'm the only one in this

family who has no problems," Zoocy said. "And you know why? Because any time I'm feeling blue, or *puzzled*, what I do, I just invite a few people to come visit me in the bathroom, and—well, we iron things out together, that's all."

Mrs. Glass seemed on the point of being diverted by Zoocy's method of dealing with problems, but it was her day to suppress all forms of amusement. She stared at him for a moment, and then, slowly, a new look gathered in her eyes—resourceful, crafty, and a trifle desperate. "You know, I'm not as stupid as you may think, young man," she said. "You're all so *secretive*, all you children. It just so happens, if you must know, that I know more about what's behind all this than you think I do." For emphasis, lips compressed, she brushed some imaginary tobacco flakes from the lap of her kimono. "For your information, I happen to know that that little book she carried all around the whole house with her yesterday is at the whole *root* of this whole business."

Zoocy turned and glanced at her. He was grinning. "How'd you figure that out?" he said.

"Just never *mind* how I figured it out," Mrs. Glass said. "If you must know, Lane has called up here *several* times. He's *terribly* worried about Franny."

Zoocy rinsed his razor. "Who in hell is Lane?" he asked. Unmistakably, it was the question of a still very young man who, now and then, is not inclined to admit that he knows the first names of certain people.

"You know very well who he is, young man," Mrs. Glass said with emphasis. "Lane Coutell. He's only *been* Franny's boy friend for a whole year. You've met him at least half a dozen times that I know of, so just don't pretend you don't know who he is."

Zoocy gave a genuine roar of laughter, as if he clearly relished seeing any affectation brought to light, his own included. He went on shaving, still delighted. "The expression is Franny's 'young man,'" he said, "not her 'boy friend.' Why are you so out of date, Bessie? Why is that? Hm?"

"Never mind why I'm so out of date. It may interest you to know that he's called up here five or six times since Franny got home—twice this morning before you were even *up*. He's been very sweet, and he's terribly concerned and *worried* about Franny."

"Not like some people we know, eh? Well, I hate to disillusion you, but I've sat by the hour with him and he's not sweet at all. He's a charm boy and a

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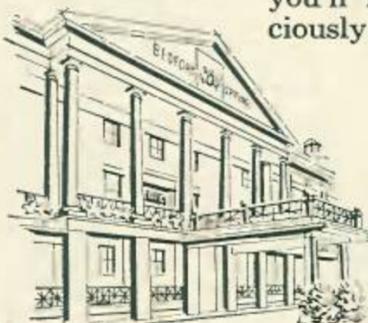


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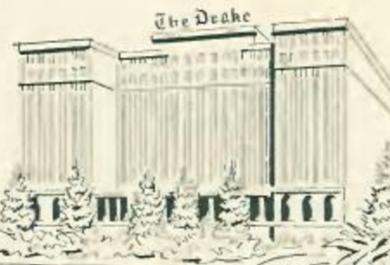
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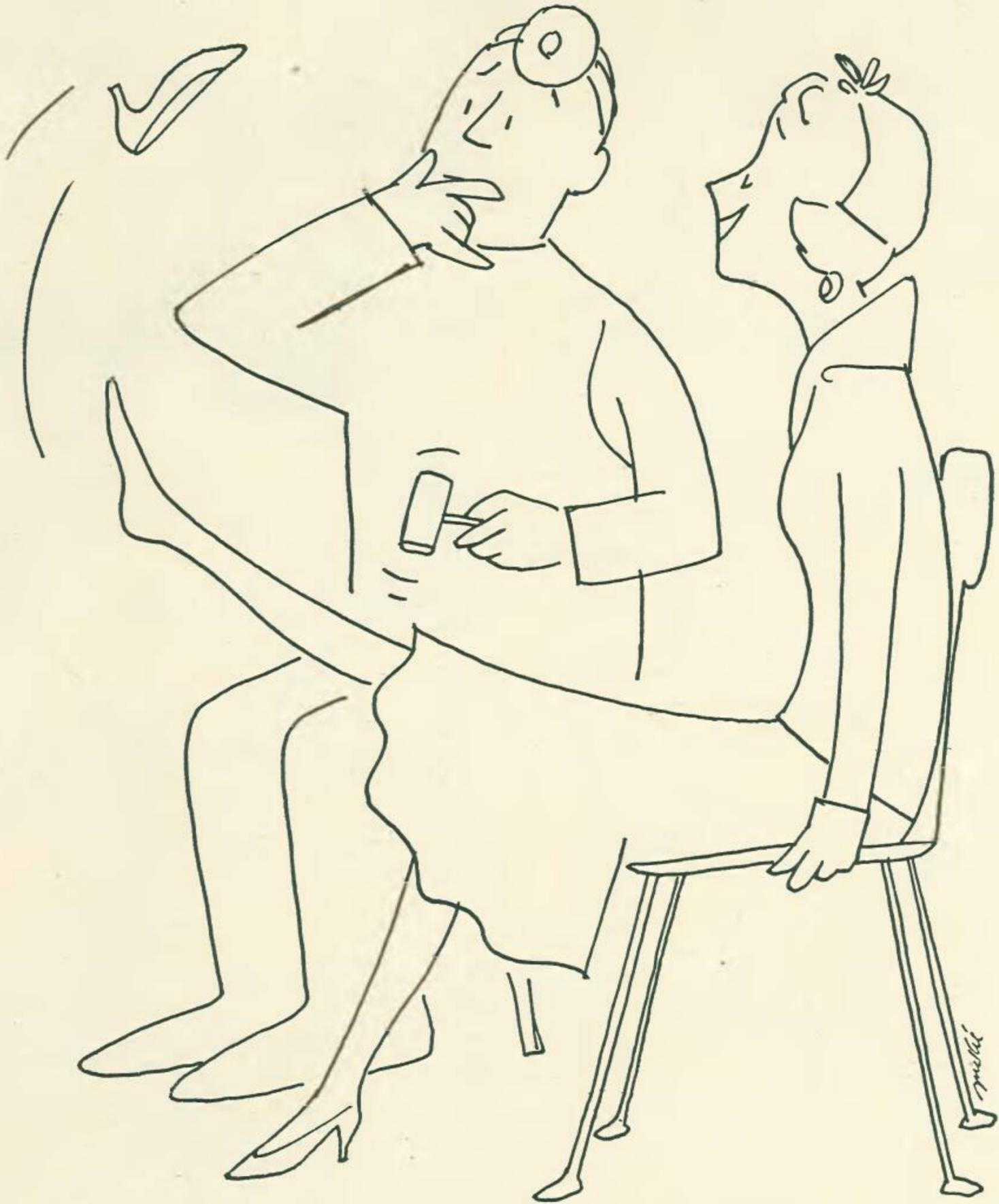
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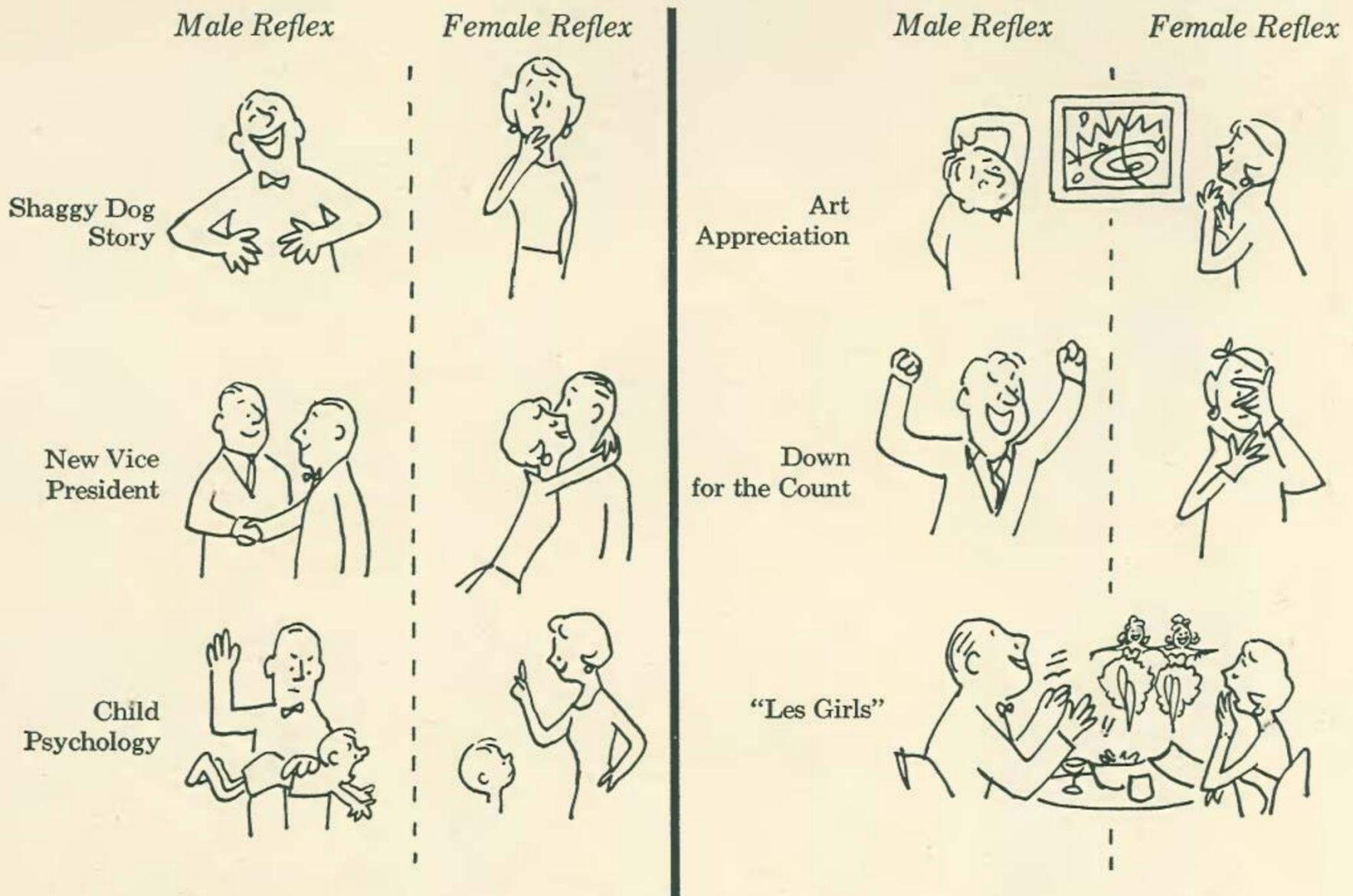
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fake. Incidentally, somebody around here's been shaving their armpits or their goddam legs with my razor. Or *dropped* it. The head's way out of—"

"Nobody's touched your razor, young man. Why is he a charm boy and a fake, may I ask?"

"Why? Because he is, that's all. Probably because it's paid off. I can tell you one thing. If he's worried about Franny at all, I'll lay odds it's for the crummiest reasons. He's *probably* worried because he minded leaving the goddam football game before it was over—worried because he probably showed he minded it and he knows Franny's sharp enough to have noticed. I can just picture the little bastard getting her into a cab and putting her on a train and wondering if he can make it back to the game before the half ended."

"Oh, it's impossible to talk to you! But absolutely impossible. I don't know why I try, even. You're just like Buddy. You think everybody does something for some *peculiar* reason. You don't think anybody calls anybody else up without having some nasty, selfish reason for it."

"Exactly—in nine cases out of ten. And this Lane pill isn't the exception, you can be sure. Listen, I talked with him for twenty deadly goddam minutes one night while Franny was getting ready to go out, and I say he's a big nothing." He reflected, arresting his razor stroke. "What in hell was it he was telling me? Something very *winning*. What was it? . . . Oh, yes. *Yes*. He was telling me he used to listen to Franny and me every week when he was a kid—and you know what he was doing, the little bastard? He was building *me* up at Franny's expense. For absolutely *no* reason except to ingratiate himself and show off his hot little Ivy League intellect." Zooey put out his tongue and gave a subdued, modified Bronx cheer. "Phooey," he said, and resumed using his razor. "Phooey, I say, on all white-shoe college boys who edit their campus literary magazines. Give me an honest con man any day."

Mrs. Glass directed a long and oddly comprehensive look at his profile. "He's a young boy not out of college yet. And you make people nervous, young man," she said—most equably, for her. "You either take to somebody or you don't. If you do, then you do all the talking and nobody can even get a word in edgewise. If you *don't* like somebody—which is most of the time—then you

just sit around like death *itself* and let the person talk themselves into a hole. I've seen you do it."

Zooey turned full around to look at his mother. He turned around and looked at her, in this instance, in precisely the same way that, at one time or another, in one year or another, all his brothers and sisters (and especially his brothers) had turned around and looked at her. Not just with objective wonder at the rising of a truth, fragmentary or not, up through what often seemed to be an impenetrable mass of prejudices, clichés, and bromides. But with admiration, affection, and, not least, gratitude. And, oddly or no, Mrs. Glass invariably took this "tribute," when it came, in beautiful stride. She would look back with grace and modesty at the son or daughter who had given her the look. She now presented this gracious and modest countenance to Zooey. "You do," she said, without accusation in her voice. "Neither you nor Buddy know how to talk to people you don't like." She thought it over. "Don't love, really," she amended. And Zooey continued to stand gazing at her, not shaving. "It's not right," she said—gravely, sadly. "You're getting so much like Buddy used to be when he was your age. Even your father's noticed it. If you don't



like somebody in two minutes, you're done with them forever." Mrs. Glass looked over, abstractedly, at the blue bathmat, across the tiled floor. Zooey stood as still as possible, in order not to break her mood. "You can't live in the world with such strong likes and dislikes," Mrs. Glass said to the bathmat, then turned again toward Zooey and gave him a long look, with very little, if any, morality in it. "Regardless of what you may think, young man," she said.

Zooey looked back at her steadily, then smiled and faced around to examine his beard in the mirror. Mrs. Glass, watching him, sighed. She bent and put out her cigarette against the inside of the metal wastebasket. She lit a fresh cigarette almost at once, and said, as pointedly as she was able, "Anyway, your *sister* says he's a brilliant boy. Lane."

"That's just sex talking, buddy," Zooey said. "I know that voice. Oh, do I know that voice!" The last trace of lather had been shaved away from his face and throat. He felt his throat critically with one hand, then picked up his



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shaving brush and began to re-lather strategic parts of his face. "All right, what does Lane have to say on the phone?" he asked. "According to Lane, what's behind Franny's troubles?"

Mrs. Glass sat slightly and avidly forward, and said, "Well, Lane says it all has to do—this whole entire thing—with that little book she's got with her all the time. You know. That little book she kept reading all yesterday and dragging with her everywhere she—"

"I know that little book. Go on."

"Well, he says, Lane says, it's a terribly religious little book—*fanatical* and all like that—and that she got it out of the library at college and now she thinks maybe she's—" Mrs. Glass broke off. Zooley had turned toward her with somewhat menacing alertness. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"He said she got it where?"

"Out of the library. At college. Why?"

Zooley shook his head, and turned back to the washbowl. He put down his shaving brush and opened the medicine cabinet.

"What's the matter?" Mrs. Glass demanded. "What's the matter with that? Why such a look, young man?"

Zooley didn't reply till he had opened a new package of razor blades. Then, dismantling his razor, he said, "You're so stupid, Bessie." He ejected the blade from his razor.

"Why am I so stupid? Incidentally, you just *put* a new razor blade in yesterday."

Zooley, his face expressionless, locked a new blade into his razor and began his second-time-over shave.

"I asked you a question, young man. Why am I so stupid? *Didn't* she get that little book out of her college library, or what?"

"No, she didn't, Bessie," Zooley said, shaving. "That little book is called 'The Pilgrim Continues His Way,' and it's a sequel to another little book, called 'The Way of a Pilgrim,' which she's also dragging around with her, and she got *both* books out of Seymour and Buddy's old room, where they've been sitting on Seymour's desk for as long as I can remember. Jesus God almighty."

"Well, don't get abusive about it! Is it so *terrible* to think she might have gotten them out of her college library and simply brought them—"

"Yes! It *is* terrible. It *is* terrible when both books have been sitting on Seymour's goddam desk for *years*. It's depressing."

An unexpected, a singularly non-combatant, note came into Mrs. Glass's

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voice. "I don't go in that room if I can help it, and you know it," she said. "I don't look at Seymour's old— at his things."

Zooey said, quickly, "All right, I'm sorry." Without looking at her, and although he hadn't quite finished his second-time-over shave, he pulled the face towel down from his shoulders and wiped the remaining lather off his face. "Let's just drop this for a while," he said, and tossed the face towel over onto the radiator; it landed on the title page of the Rick-Tina manuscript. He unscrewed his razor and held it under the cold-water tap.

His apology had been genuine, and Mrs. Glass knew it, but evidently she couldn't resist taking advantage of it, perhaps because of its rarity. "You're not kind," she said, watching him rinse his razor. "You're not kind at all, Zooey. You're old enough to at least try for some kind of kindness when you're feeling mean. Buddy, at least, when he's feeling—" She simultaneously took in her breath and gave a great start as Zooey's razor, new blade and all, slam-banged down into the metal wastebasket.

Quite probably Zooey hadn't intended to send his razor crashing into the wastebasket but had merely brought his left hand down with such suddenness and violence that the razor got away from him. In any case, it was certain that he hadn't intended to strike and hurt his wrist on the side of the washbowl. "Buddy, Buddy, *Buddy*," he said. "Seymour, Seymour, *Seymour*." He had turned toward his mother, whom the crash of the razor had startled and alarmed but not really frightened. "I'm so sick of their names I could cut my throat." His face was pale but very nearly expressionless. "This whole goddam house stinks of ghosts. I don't mind so much being haunted by a dead ghost, but I resent like *hell* being haunted by a half-dead one. I wish to *God* Buddy'd make up his mind. He does everything else Seymour ever did—or tries to. Why the hell doesn't he kill himself and be done with it?"

Mrs. Glass blinked her eyes, just once, and Zooey instantly looked away from her face. He bent over and fished his razor out of the wastebasket. "We're *freaks*, the two of us, Franny and I," he announced, standing up. "I'm a twenty-five-year-old freak and she's a twenty-year-old freak, and both those bastards are responsible." He put his razor on the edge of the washbowl, but it slid obstreperously down into the bowl. He quickly picked it out,



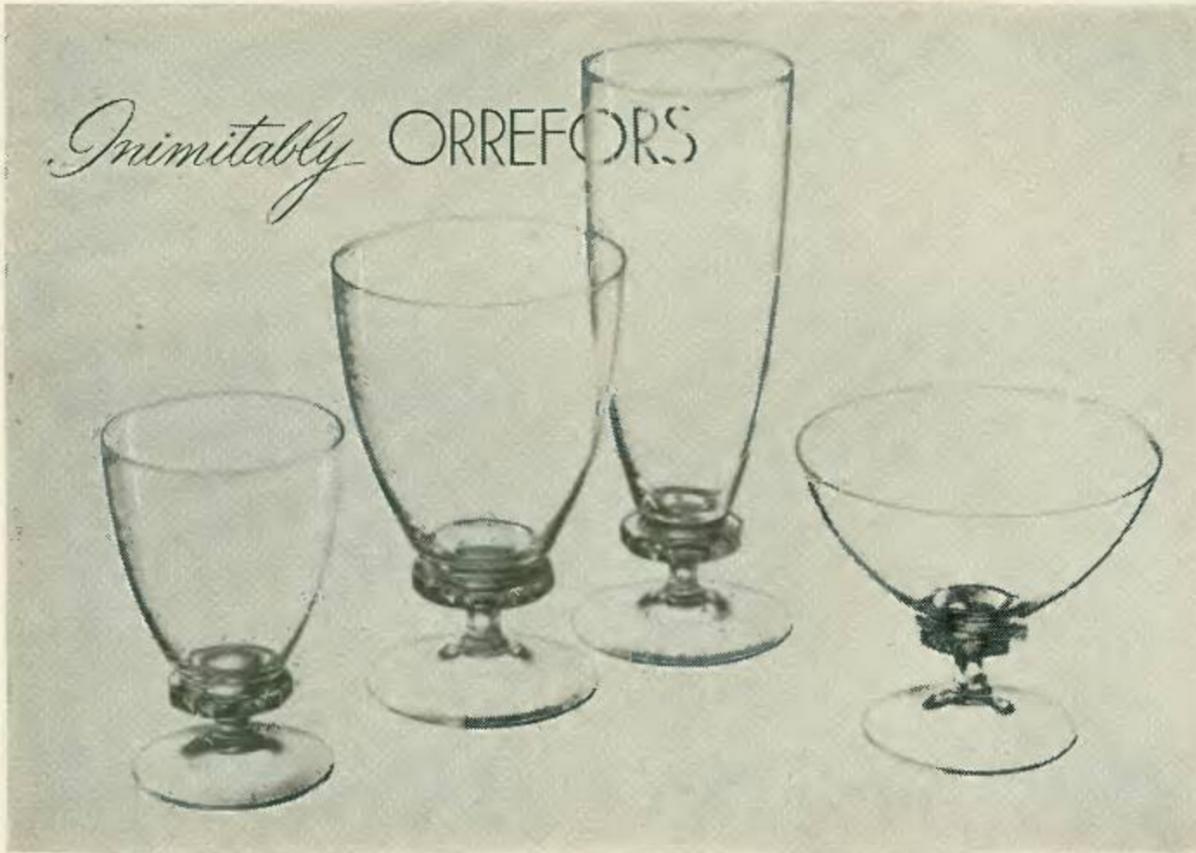
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and this time kept it in the grasp of his fingers. "The symptoms are a little more delayed in Franny's case than mine, but she's a freak, too, and don't you forget it. I swear to you, I could murder them both without even batting an eyelash. The great teachers. The great emancipators. My God. I can't even sit down to lunch with a man any more and hold up my end of a decent conversation. I either get so bored or so goddam preachy that if the son of a bitch had any sense, he'd break his chair over my head." He suddenly opened the medicine cabinet. He stared rather vacuously into it for a few seconds, as though he had forgotten why he opened it, then put his undried razor in its place on one of the shelves.

Mrs. Glass sat very still, watching him, her cigarette burning low between her fingers. She watched him put the cap on the tube of shaving lather. He had some difficulty finding the thread.

"Not that anybody's interested, but I can't even sit down to a goddam meal, to this day, without first saying the Four Great Vows under my breath, and I'll lay any odds you want Franny can't, either. They drilled us with such goddam—"

"The four great what?" Mrs. Glass interrupted, but cautiously.

Zoey put a hand on each side of the washbowl and leaned his chest forward a trifle, his eyes on the general background of enamel. For all his slightness of body, he looked at that moment ready and able to push the washbowl straight through the floor. "The Four Great Vows," he said, and, with rancor, closed his eyes. "However innumerable beings are, I vow to save them; however inexhaustible the passions are, I vow to extinguish them; however immeasurable the Dharmas are, I vow to master them; however incomparable the Buddha-truth is, I vow to attain it.' Yay, team. I know I can do it. Just put me in, coach." His eyes stayed closed. "My God, I've been mumbling that under my breath three meals a day every day of my life since I was ten. I can't eat unless I say it. I tried skipping it once when I was having a lunch with LeSage. I gagged on a goddam cherrystone clam, doing it." He opened his eyes, frowned, but kept his peculiar stance. "How 'bout getting out of here, now, Bessie?" he said. "I mean it. Lemme finish my goddam ablutions in peace, please." His eyes closed again, and he appeared ready to have another try at pushing the washbowl through the floor. Even though his head was slightly down, a considerable

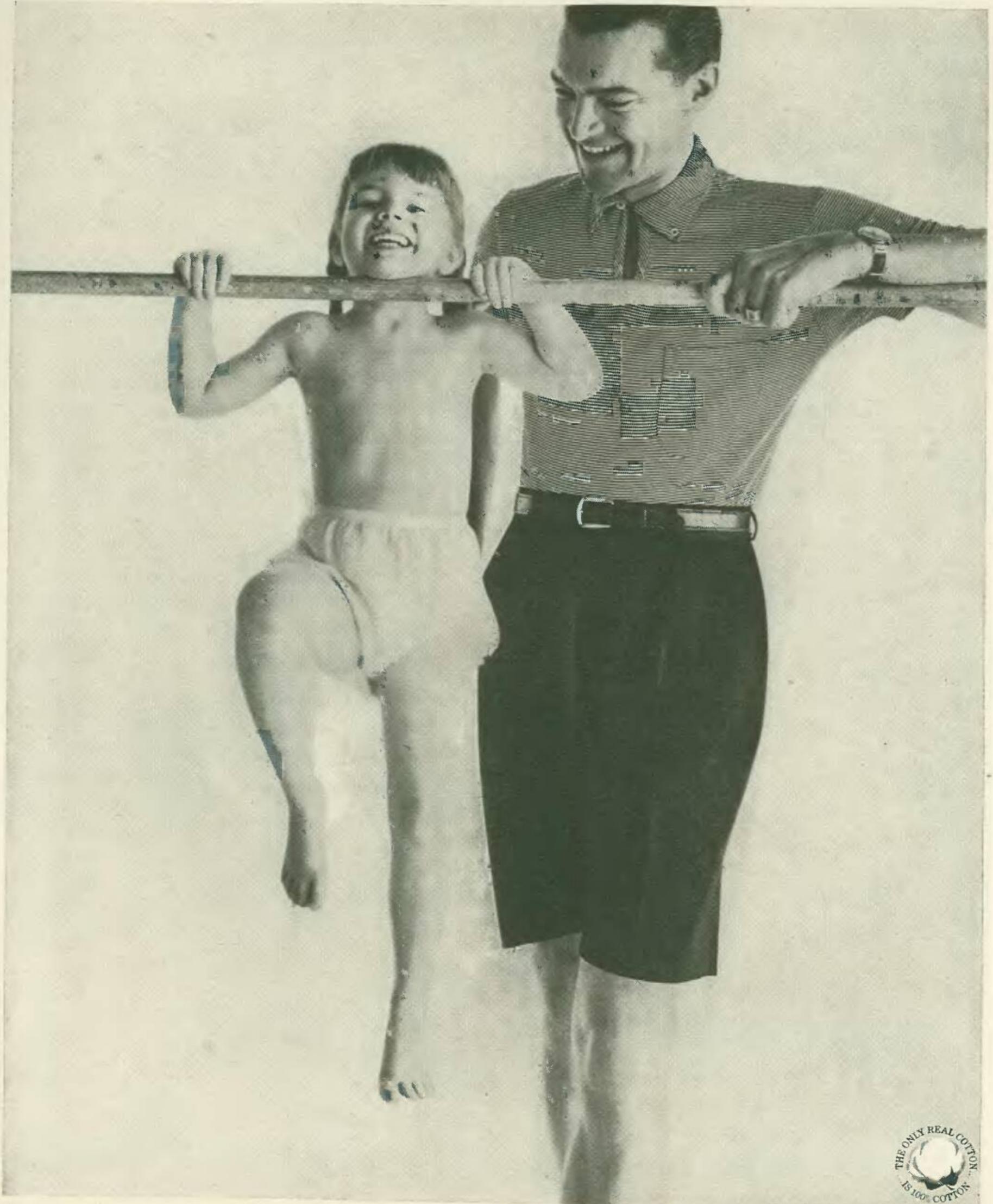
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amount of blood had flowed out of his face.

"I wish you'd get married," Mrs. Glass said, abruptly, wistfully.

Everyone in the Glass family—Zooney certainly not least—was familiar with this sort of non sequitur from Mrs. Glass. It bloomed best, most sublimely, in the middle of an emotional flareup of just this kind. This time, it caught Zooney very much off guard, however. He gave an explosive sound, mostly through the nose, of either laughter or the opposite of laughter. Mrs. Glass quickly and anxiously leaned forward to see which it was. It was laughter, more or less, and she sat back, relieved. "Well, I *do*," she insisted. "Why *don't* you?"

Relaxing his stance, Zooney took a folded linen handkerchief from his hip pocket, flipped it open, then used it to blow his nose once, twice, three times. He put away the handkerchief, saying, "I like to ride in trains too much. You never get to sit next to the window any more when you're married."

"That's no reason!"

"It's a perfect reason. Go away, Bessie. Leave me in peace in here. Why don't you go for a nice elevator ride? You're going to burn your fingers, incidentally, if you don't put out that goddam cigarette."

Mrs. Glass put out her cigarette against the inside of the wastebasket again. She then sat quietly for a little interval, without reaching for her cigarette pack and matches. She watched Zooney take down a comb and re-part his hair. "You could use a *haircut*, young man," she said. "You're getting to look like one of these crazy Hungarians or something getting out of a *swimming* pool."

Zooney perceptibly smiled, went on for a few seconds with his combing, then suddenly turned. He wagged his comb briefly at his mother. "One other thing. Before I forget. And *listen* to me, now, Bessie," he said. "If you get any more ideas, like last night, of phoning Philly Byrnes' goddam psychoanalyst for Franny, just do one thing—that's all I ask. Just think of what analysis did for Seymour." He paused for emphasis. "Hear me? Will you do that?"

Mrs. Glass immediately gave her hairnet an unnecessary adjustment, then took out her cigarettes and matches, but she merely kept them for a moment in her hand. "For your information," she

said, "I didn't say I was going to phone Philly Byrnes' psychoanalyst, I said I was *thinking* about it. In the *first* place, he isn't just an ordinary psychoanalyst. He happens to be a *very* devout Catholic psychoanalyst, and I thought it *might* be better than sitting around and watching that child—"

"Bessie, I'm warning you, now, God damn it. I don't care if he's a very devout Buddhist veterinarian. If you call in some—"

"There's no need for sarcasm, young man. I've known Philly Byrnes since he was a tiny little *boy*. Your father and I played on the same *bill* with his parents for *years*. And I happen to know for a fact that going to a psychoanalyst has made an absolutely *new* and *lovely* person out of that boy. I was talking to his—"

Zooney slammed his comb into the medicine cabinet, then impatiently flipped the cabinet door shut. "Oh, you're so stupid, Bessie," he said. "Philly Byrnes. Philly Byrnes is a poor little impotent sweaty guy past *forty* who's been sleeping for years with a rosary and a copy of *Variety* under his pillow. We're talking about two things as different as day and night. Now, listen to me, Bessie." Zooney turned full toward his mother and looked at her carefully, the flat of one hand on the enamel, as if for support. "You listening to me?"

Mrs. Glass finished lighting a fresh cigarette before she committed herself. Then, exhaling smoke and brushing off imaginary tobacco flakes from her lap, she said grimly, "I'm listening to you."

"All right. I'm *very* serious, now. If you— Listen to me, now. If you can't, or won't, think of Seymour, then you go right ahead and call in some ignorant psychoanalyst. You just do that. You just call in some analyst who's experienced in adjusting people to the joys of television, and *Life* magazine every Wednesday, and European travel, and the H-Bomb, and Presidential elections, and the front page of the *Times*, and the responsibilities of the Westport and Oyster Bay Parent-Teacher Association, and God knows what else that's gloriously normal—you just *do* that, and I swear to you, in not more than a year Franny'll either be in a *nut* ward or she'll be wandering off into some goddam desert with a burning cross in her hands."

Mrs. Glass brushed off a few more imaginary tobacco flakes. "All right, all right—don't get so *upset*," she





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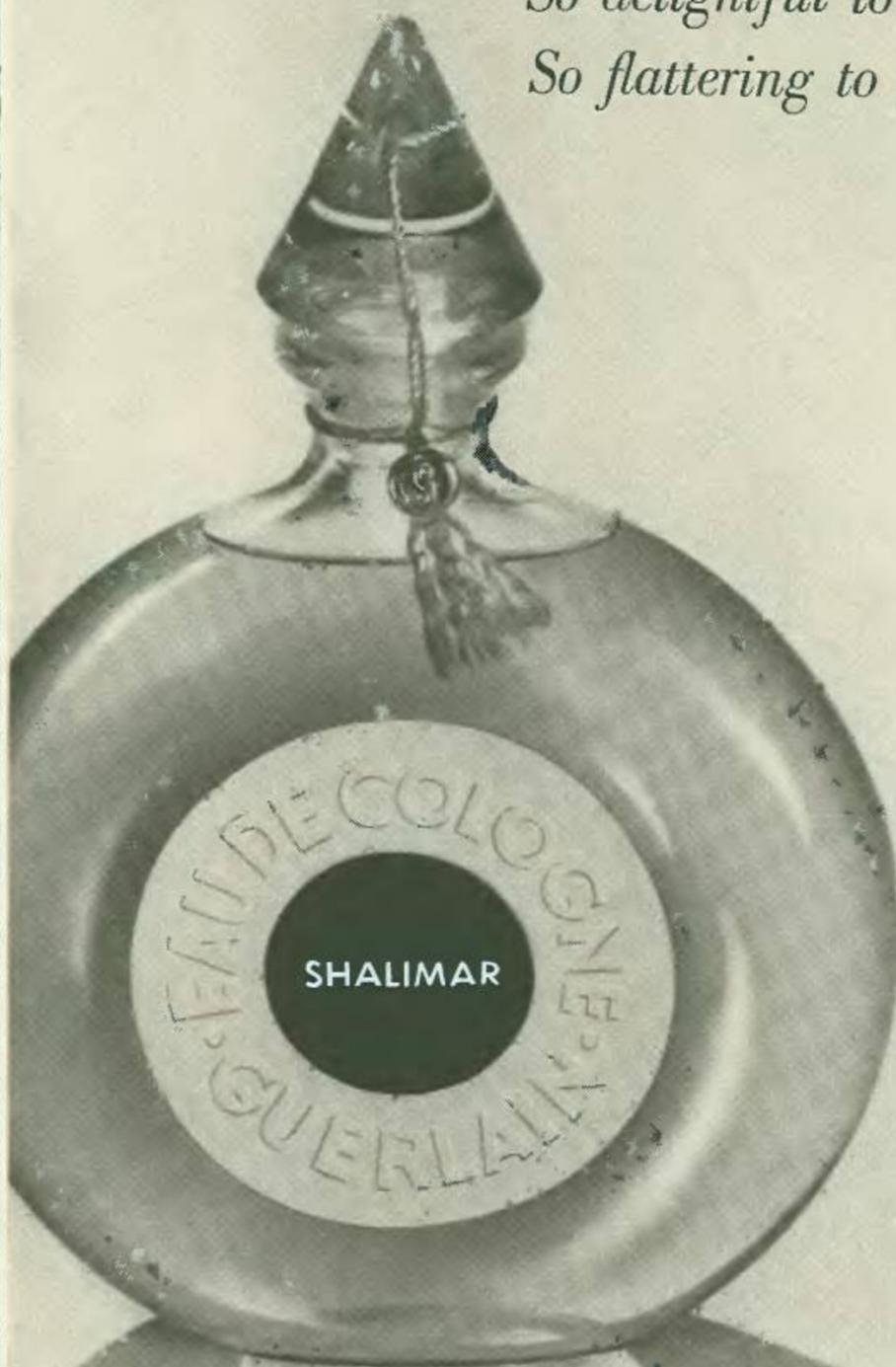
Zoey yanked open the door of the medicine cabinet, stared inside, then took down a nail file and closed the door. He picked up the cigarette he had posted on the edge of the frosted-glass ledge and dragged on it, but it was dead. His mother said, "Here," and handed him her pack of king-size cigarettes and her match folder.

Zoey took a cigarette out of the pack and got as far as putting it between his lips and striking a match, but the pressure of thoughts made the actual lighting of the cigarette unfeasible, and he blew out the match and took the cigarette down from his mouth. He gave a little, impatient headshake. "I don't know," he said. "It seems to me there *must* be a psychoanalyst holed up somewhere in town who'd be good for Franny—I thought about that last night." He grimaced slightly. "But I don't happen to know of any. For a psychoanalyst to be any good with Franny at all, he'd have to be a pretty peculiar type. I don't know. He'd have to believe that it was through the grace of God that he'd been inspired to study psychoanalysis in the first place. He'd have to believe that it was through the grace of God that he wasn't run over by a goddam truck before he ever even got his license to practice. He'd have to believe that it's through the grace of God that he has the native intelligence to be able to help his goddam patients at *all*. I don't know any *good* analysts who think along those lines. But that's the only kind of psychoanalyst who might be able to do Franny any good at all. If she got somebody terribly Freudian, or terribly eclectic, or just terribly run-of-the-mill—somebody who didn't even have any crazy, mysterious *gratitude* for his insight and intelligence—she'd come out of analysis in even worse shape than Seymour did. It worried *hell* out of me, thinking about it. Let's just shut up about it, if you don't mind." He took time to get his cigarette lighted. Then, exhaling smoke, he put the cigarette up on the frosted-glass ledge where the old, dead cigarette was, and assumed a slightly more relaxed stance. He began to run the nail file under his fingernails—which were already perfectly clean. "If you don't yak at me," he said, after a pause, "I'll tell you what those two little books are about that Franny's got with her. Are you interested, or not? If you're not interested, I don't feel like—"

"Yes, I'm interested! Of *course* I'm interested! What do you think I'm—"

"All right, just don't yak at me for a

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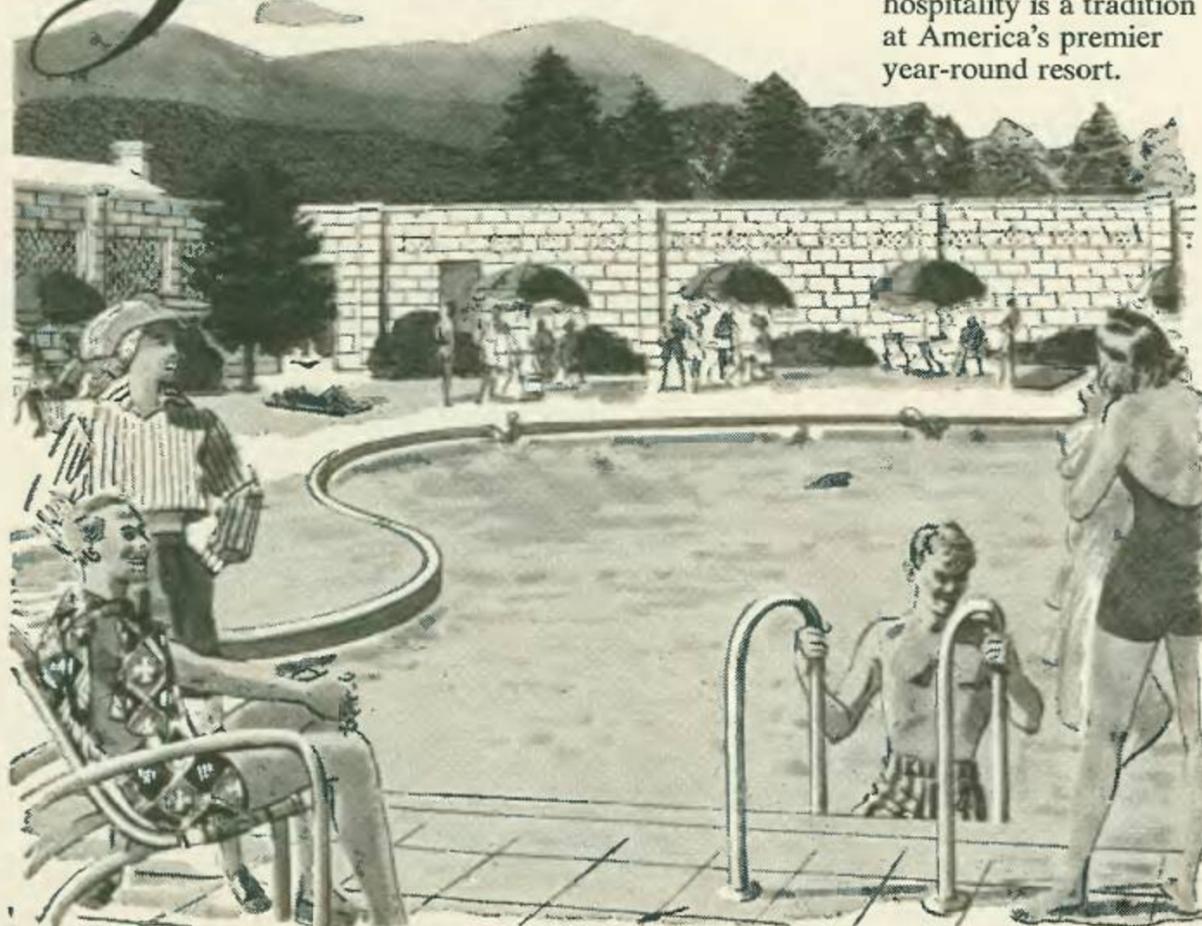


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minute, then," Zoocy said, and rested the small of his back against the edge of the washbowl. He went on using the nail file. "Both books are about a Russian peasant, around the turn of the century," he said, in what was, for his implacably matter-of-fact voice, a rather narrative tone. "He's a very simple, very sweet little guy with a withered arm. Which, of course, makes him a natural for Franny, with that goddam Bide-a-Wee Home heart of hers." He pivoted around, picked up his cigarette from the frosted-glass ledge, dragged on it, then began to file his nails. "In the beginning, the little peasant tells you, he had a wife and a farm. But he had a looney brother who burned down the farm—and then, later, I think, the wife just died. Anyway, he starts on his pilgrimage. And he has a problem. He's been reading the Bible all his life, and he wants to know what it means when it says, in Thessalonians, 'Pray without ceasing.' That one line keeps haunting him." Zoocy reached for his cigarette again, dragged on it, and then said, "There's another, similar line in Timothy—I will therefore that men pray everywhere.' And Christ himself, as a matter of fact, says, 'Men ought always to pray and not to faint.'" Zoocy used his nail file in silence for a moment, his face singularly dour in expression. "So, anyway, he begins his pilgrimage to find a teacher," he said. "Someone who can teach him *how* to pray incessantly, and *why*. He walks and he walks and he walks, from one church and shrine to another, talking to this priest and that. Till finally he meets a simple old monk who apparently knows what it's all about. The old monk tells him that the one prayer acceptable to God at all times, and 'desired' by God, is the Jesus Prayer—'Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me.' *Actually*, the whole prayer is 'Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me, a miserable sinner,' but none of the adepts in either of the Pilgrim books put any emphasis—thank *God*—on the miserable-sinner part. Anyway, the old monk explains to him what will happen if the prayer is said incessantly. He gives him some practice sessions with it and sends him home. *And*—to make a long story short—after a while the little pilgrim becomes proficient with the prayer. He masters it. He's overjoyed with his new spiritual life, and he goes on hiking all over Russia—through dense forests, through towns, villages, and so on—saying his prayer as he goes along and telling everyone he happens to meet how to say it, too." Zoocy looked up, brusquely,



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at his mother. "You listening to this? You fat old Druid?" he inquired. "Or are you just staring at my gorgeous face?"

Mrs. Glass, bristling, said, "Certainly I'm listening!"

"All right—I don't want any party poops around here." Zooey gave a great guffaw, then took a drag on his cigarette. He kept the cigarette stationed between his fingers and went on using the nail file. "The first of the two little books, 'The Way of a Pilgrim,' " he said, "has mostly to do with the adventures the little pilgrim has on the road. Whom he meets, what he says to them, what they say to him— He meets some goddam nice people, incidentally. The sequel, 'The Pilgrim Continues His Way,' is mostly a dissertation in dialogue form on the whys and wherefores of the Jesus Prayer. The pilgrim, a professor, a monk, and some sort of hermit all meet and hash over things. And that's all there is to it, really." Zooey glanced up, very briefly, at his mother, then switched the nail file over to his left hand. "The aim of *both* little books, if you're interested," he said, "is supposedly to wake everybody up to the need and *benefits* of saying the Jesus Prayer incessantly. First under the supervision of a qualified teacher—a sort of Christian guru—and then, after the person's mastered it to some extent, he's supposed to go on with it on his own. And the main idea is that it's not supposed to be just for pious bastards and breast-beaters. You can be busy robbing the goddam poor box, but you're to say the prayer while you rob it. Enlightenment's supposed to come *with* the prayer, not before it." Zooey frowned, but academically. "The idea, really, is that sooner or later, completely on its own, the prayer moves from the lips and the head down to a center in the heart and becomes an automatic function in the person, right along with the heartbeat. And then, after a time, once the prayer *is* automatic in the heart, the person is supposed to enter into the so-called reality of things. The subject doesn't really come up in either of the books, but, in Eastern terms, there are seven subtle centers in the body, called *chakras*, and the one most closely connected with the heart is called *anahata*, which is supposed to be sensitive and powerful as hell, and when it's activated, it, in turn, activates another of these centers, between the eyebrows, called *ajna*—it's the pineal gland, really, or, rather, an aura around the pineal gland—and then, bingo, there's an opening of what mystics call the 'third eye.' It's nothing new, for God's sake.

It didn't just start with the little pilgrim's crowd, I mean. In India, for God knows how many centuries, it's been known as *japam*. *Japam* is just the repetition of any of the human names of God. Or the names of his incarnations—his avatars, if you want to get technical. The idea being that if you call out the name long enough and regularly enough and *literally* from the heart, sooner or later you'll get an answer. Not exactly an *answer*. A *response*." Zoey suddenly turned around, opened the medicine cabinet, replaced his nail file, and took down a remarkably stubby-looking orange stick. "Who's been eating my orange stick?" he said. With his wrist, he briefly blotted his perspiring upper lip, and then he began to use the orange stick to push back his cuticles.

Mrs. Glass took a deep drag on her cigarette, watching him, then crossed her legs and asked, demanded, "Is that what Franny's supposed to be doing? I mean is that what she's doing and all?"

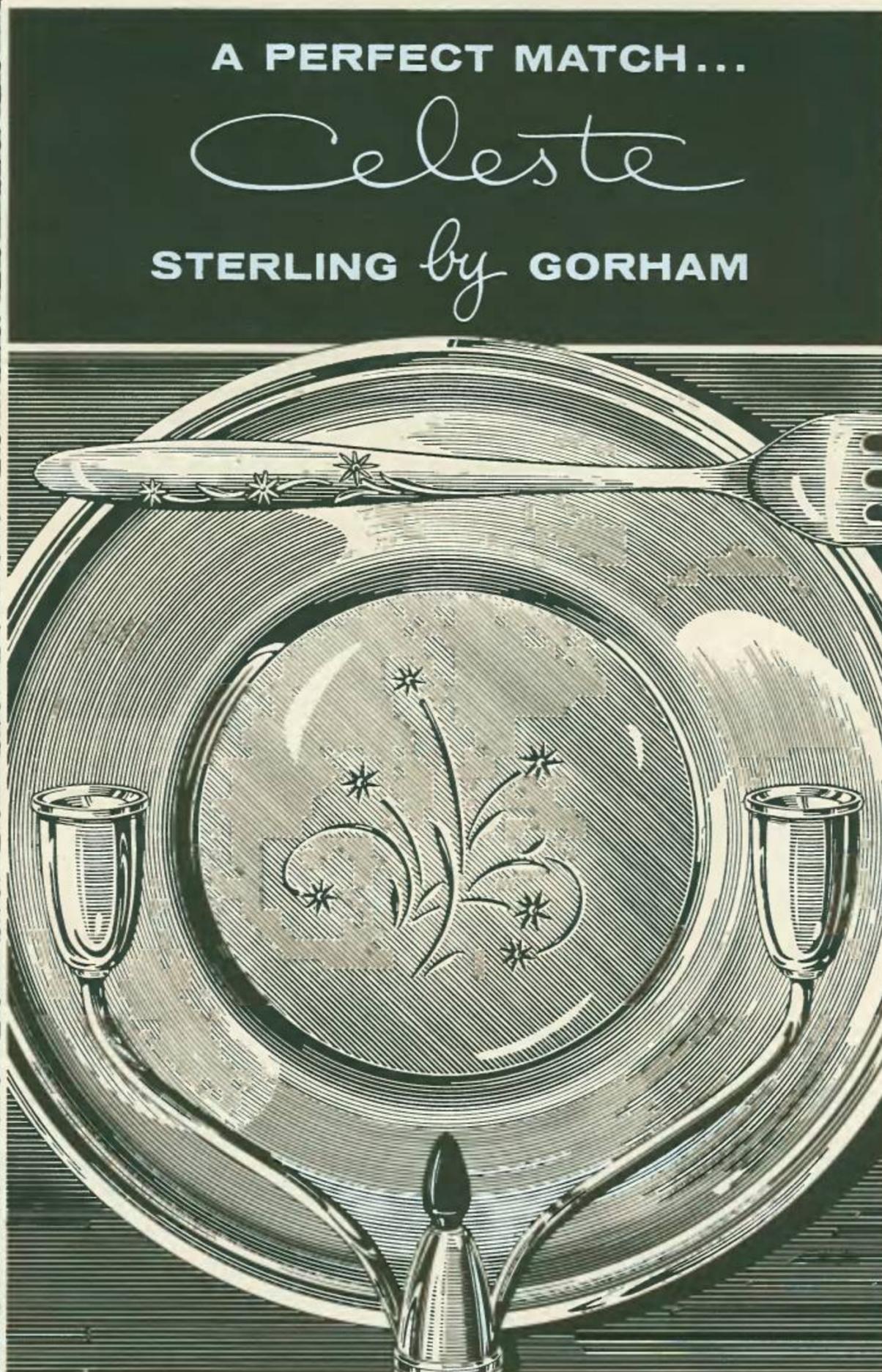
"So I gather. Don't ask me, ask *her*."

There was a short pause, and a dubious one. Then Mrs. Glass abruptly and rather pluckily asked, "How long do you have to do it?"

Zoey's face lit up with pleasure. He turned to her. "How long?" he said. "Oh, not long. Till the painters want to get in your room. Then a procession of saints and bodhisattvas march in, carrying bowls of chicken broth. The Hall Johnson Choir starts up in the background, and the cameras move in on a nice old gentleman in a loincloth standing against a background of mountains and blue skies and white clouds, and a look of peace comes over everybody's—"

"All right, just *stop* that," Mrs. Glass said.

"Well, Jesus. I'm only trying to help. Mercy. I don't want you to go away with the impression that there're any—you know—any inconveniences involved in the religious life. I mean a lot of people don't take it up just because they think it's going to involve a certain amount of nasty application and perseverance—you know what I mean." It was clear that the speaker, with patent relish, was now reaching the high point of his address. He wagged his orange stick solemnly at his mother. "As soon as we get out of the chapel here, I hope you'll accept from me a little volume I've always admired. I believe it touches on some of the fine points we've discussed this morning. 'God Is My Hobby.' By Dr. Homer Vincent Claude Pierson, Jr. In this little book, I think you'll find, Dr.



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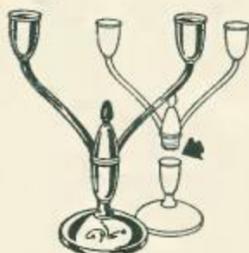
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"Oh, you're impossible," Mrs. Glass said. But vaguely. Her eyes had again sought out her old friend the blue bathmat, across the room. She sat staring at it while Zooey—grinning but perspiring freely at his upper lip—went on using his orange stick. At length, Mrs. Glass heaved one of her premium sighs and returned her attention to Zooey, who, pushing at his cuticles, had pivoted a half turn toward the morning daylight. As she took in the lines and planes of his uncommonly spare unclothed back, her gaze gradually de-abstracted. In a matter of only a few seconds, in fact, her eyes appeared to jettison everything that was dark and heavy and to glow with fan-club appreciation. "You're getting so broad and lovely," she said, aloud, and reached out to touch the small of his back. "I was afraid all those crazy bar-bell exercises would do some—"

"Don't, willya?" Zooey said, quite sharply, recoiling.

"Don't *what*?"

Zooey pulled open the medicine-cabinet door and put the orange stick back in its niche. "Just don't, that's all. Don't admire my goddam back," he said, and closed the cabinet. He picked off a pair of black silk socks that were hanging on the towel bar and carried them over to the radiator. He sat down on the radiator, despite the heat—or because of it—and began to put on his socks.

Mrs. Glass gave a rather delayed snort. "Don't admire your back—I love that!" she said. But she was insulted, and a trifle hurt. She watched him put on his socks, with a mixed expression of injury and the ungovernable interest of someone who has been examining laundered socks for holes for a great many years. Then, suddenly, with one of her most audible sighs, she stood up and, grim and duty-bound, moved into the washstand area Zooey had vacated. Her first, blatantly martyred chore was to turn on the cold-water tap. "I wish you'd learn to put the caps back on things properly when you're finished using them," she said in a tone she fully meant to sound captious.

From the radiator, where he was attaching supporters to his socks, Zooey glanced up at her. "I wish you'd learn to leave the goddam party when it's over," he said. "I mean it, now, Bessie. I'd like about one minute of solitude in here—*rude* as it may sound. In the first place, I'm in a hurry. I have to be at LeSage's office at two-thirty, and I'd *like* to get a couple of things done downtown first. Let's go, now—do you mind?"

Mrs. Glass turned from her char duties to look at him and to ask a question of the kind that, over the years, had irritated every one of her children: "You're going to have some *lunch* before you go, aren't you?"

"I'll get a bite downtown. . . . Where the hell's my other shoe?"

Mrs. Glass stared at him, deliberately. "Are you or aren't you going to speak to your sister before you leave here?" she demanded.

"I don't *know*, Bessie," Zooey answered, after a perceptible hesitation. "Just stop asking me that, please. If I had something really hot to say to her this morning, I would. Just stop asking me." One shoe on and tied, the other shoe missing, he suddenly got down on his hands and knees and passed a hand back and forth under the radiator. "Ah. There you are, you little bastard," he said. A small bathroom scale stood beside the radiator. He sat down on it, missing shoe in hand.

Mrs. Glass watched him pull it on. She didn't stay for the tying of the lace, however. Instead, she left the room. But slowly. Moving with a certain uncharacteristic heaviness—a drag, actually—that distracted Zooey. He looked up and over at her with considerable attention. "I just don't know any more what's happened to all you children," Mrs. Glass said vaguely, without turning around. She stopped at one of the towel bars and straightened a washcloth. "In the old radio days, when you were all little and all, you all used to be so—smart and happy and—just *lovely*. Morning, noon, and night." She bent over and picked up from the tiled floor what appeared to be a long, mysteriously blondish human hair. She made a slight detour with it over to the wastebasket, saying, "I don't know what good it is to know so much and be smart as whips and all if it doesn't make you happy." Her back was toward Zooey as she moved again toward the door. "At least," she said, "you all used to be so sweet and loving to each other it was a joy to see." She opened the door,





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shaking her head. "Just a joy," she said firmly, and closed the door behind her.

Zooey, looking over at the closed door, inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly. "Some exit lines you give yourself, buddy!" he called after her—but only when he must have been sure that his voice wouldn't really reach her down the hall.

THE Glasses' living room was about as unready to have its walls repainted as a room can be. Franny Glass lay asleep on the couch, with an afghan over her; the "wall-to-wall" carpet had been neither taken up nor folded in at the borders; and the furniture—seemingly, a small warehouse of it—was in its usual static-dynamic distribution. The room was not impressively large, even by Manhattan apartment-house standards, but its accumulated furnishings might have lent a snug appearance to a banquet hall in Valhalla. There was a Steinway grand piano (invariably kept open), three radios (a 1927 Freshman, a 1932 Stromberg-Carlson, and a 1941 R.C.A.), a twenty-one-inch-screen television set, four table-model phonographs (including a 1920 Victrola, with its speaker still mounted intact, topside), cigarette and magazine tables galore, a regulation-size ping-pong table (mercifully collapsed and stored behind the piano), four comfortable chairs, eight uncomfortable chairs, a twelve-gallon tropical-fish tank (filled to capacity, in every sense of the word, and illuminated by two forty-watt bulbs), a love seat, the couch Franny was occupying, two empty bird cages, a cherrywood writing table, and an assortment of floor lamps, table lamps, and "bridge" lamps that sprang up all over the congested inscape like sumac. A cordon of waist-high bookcases lined three walls, their shelves cram-jammed and literally sagging with books—children's books, textbooks, second-hand books, Book Club books, plus an even more heterogeneous overflow from less communal "annexes" of the apartment. ("Dracula" now stood next to "Elementary Pali," "The Boy Allies at the Somme" stood next to "Bolts of Melody," "The Scarab Murder Case" and "The Idiot" were together, "Nancy Drew and the Hidden Staircase" lay on top of "Fear and Trembling.") Even if a resolute and unusually stout-hearted team of painters had been able to deal with the bookcases, the walls themselves, directly behind them, might well have made any self-respecting artisan turn in his union card. From the top of the bookcases to within less than a foot of the ceiling, the plaster—

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a blistery Wedgwood blue, where visible—was almost completely covered with what may very loosely be called “hangings,” meaning a collection of framed photographs, yellowing personal and Presidential correspondence, bronze and silver plaques, and a sprawling miscellany of vaguely citational-looking documents and trophylike objects of various shapes and sizes, all attesting, one way or another, to the redoubtable fact that from 1927 through most of 1943 the network radio program called “It’s a Wise Child” had very rarely gone on the air without one (and, more often, two) of the seven Glass children among its panelists. (Buddy Glass, who, at thirty-six, was the program’s oldest living ex-panelist, not infrequently referred to the walls of his parents’ apartment as being a kind of visual hymn to commercial American childhood and early puberty. He often expressed regret that his visits in from the country were so few and far between, and pointed out, usually at enormous length, how much luckier his brothers and sisters were, most of whom still lived in or around New York City.) The decoration scheme for the walls was, in fact, the brain child—with Mrs. Glass’s unre-served spiritual sanction and everlastingly withheld formal consent—of Mr. Les Glass, the children’s father, a former international vaudevillian and, no doubt, an inveterate and wistful admirer of the wall décor at Sardi’s theatrical restaurant. Mr. Glass’s perhaps most inspired coup as a decorator was manifest just behind and above the couch where young Franny Glass was now sleeping. There, in almost incestuously close juxtaposition, seven scrapbooks of newspaper and magazine clippings had been bracketed, at the bindings, directly into the plaster. Year after year, plainly, all seven scrapbooks stood ready to be perused or pored over by old close friends of the family and casual visitors alike, as well as, presumably, the odd part-time cleaning woman.

Just mentionably, Mrs. Glass had managed earlier that morning to make two token gestures on behalf of the arriving painters. The room could be entered through either the hall or the dining room, and at each of these entrances there were glass-paned double doors. Directly after breakfast, Mrs. Glass had stripped the doors of their pleated silk curtains. And later, at an opportune moment, when Franny was pretending to sample a cup of chicken broth, Mrs. Glass had climbed up on the window seats with the agility of a mountain

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nanny goat and stripped all three of the sash windows of their heavy damask curtains.

The room had a single, a southern, exposure. A four-story private school for girls stood directly across the side street—a stolid and rather aloofly anonymous-looking building that rarely came alive till about three-thirty in the afternoon, when public-school children from Third and Second Avenues came to play jacks or stoopball on its stone steps. The Glasses had a fifth-story apartment, a story higher than the school building, and at this hour the sun was shining over the school roof and through the Glasses' naked living-room windows. Sunshine was very unkind to the room. Not only were the furnishings old, intrinsically unlovely, and clotted with memory and sentiment but the room itself in past years had served as the arena for countless hockey and football (tackle as well as "touch") games, and there was scarcely a leg on any piece of furniture that wasn't badly nicked or marred. There were scars much nearer to eye level, too, from a rather awesome variety of airborne objects—beanbags, baseballs, marbles, skate keys, soap erasers, and even, on one well-marked occasion in the early nineteen-thirties, a flying headless porcelain doll. Sunshine, however, was perhaps most particularly unkind to the carpet. It had originally been a port-red color—and by lamp-light, at least, still was—but it now featured a number of rather pancreas-shaped faded spots, unsentimental mementos, all, of a series of household pets. The sun at this hour shone as far, as deep, as mercilessly into the room as the television set, striking it squarely in its unblinking cyclopean eye.

Mrs. Glass, who did some of her most inspired, most perpendicular thinking on the threshold of linen closets, had bedded down her youngest child on the couch between pink percale sheets, and covered her with a pale-blue cashmere afghan. Franny now lay sleeping on her left side, facing into the back of the couch and the wall, her chin just grazing one of the several toss pillows all around her. Her mouth was closed, but only just. Her right hand, however, on the coverlet, was not merely closed but shut tight; the fingers were clenched, the thumb tucked in—it was as though, at twenty, she had checked back into the mute, fisty defenses of the nursery. And here at the couch, it should be mentioned, the sun, for all its ungraciousness to the rest of the room, was behaving beautifully. It shone full on Franny's hair, which was jet-black and very prettily cut, and had been washed three

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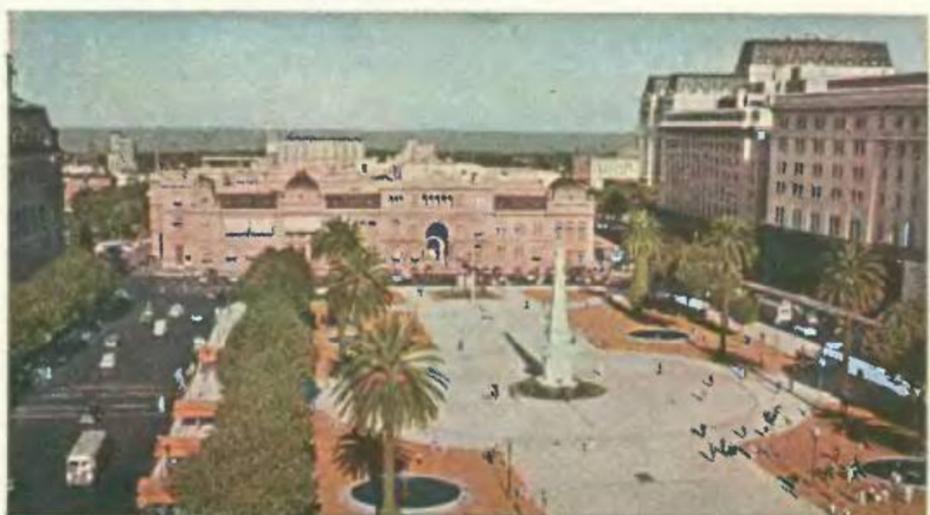
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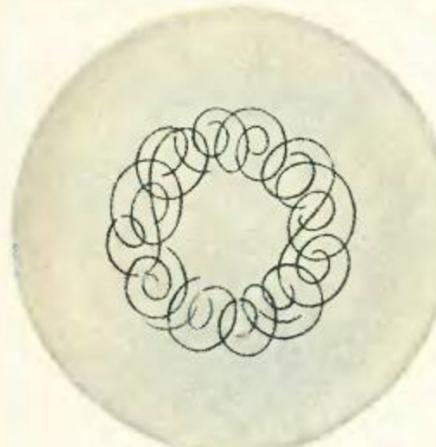


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times in as many days. Sunshine, in fact, bathed the entire afghan, and the play of warm, brilliant light in the pale-blue wool was in itself well worth beholding.

Zooey, almost direct from the bathroom, with a lighted cigar in his mouth, stood for quite a while at the foot of the couch, at first busy tucking in the ends of a white shirt he had put on, then buttoning his cuffs, and then merely standing and looking. He wore a frown behind his cigar, as though the stunning lighting effects had been "created" by a stage director whose taste he considered more or less suspect. Despite the extraordinary fineness of his features, and his age, and his general stature—clothed, he could easily have passed for a young, underweight *dansieur*—the cigar was not markedly unbecoming to him. For one reason, he was not really short-nosed. For another, cigars, with Zooey, were not in any patent way a young man's affectation. He had been smoking them since he was sixteen, and regularly, as many as a dozen a day—expensive panatelas, for the most part—since he was eighteen.

A Vermont-marble coffee table, rectangular and quite long, stood parallel and very close to the couch. Zooey abruptly went over to it. He moved an ashtray, a silver cigarette box, and a copy of *Harper's Bazaar* out of the way, then directly sat down in the narrow space on the cold marble surface, facing—almost hovering over—Franny's head and shoulders. He looked briefly at the clenched hand on the blue afghan, then, quite gently, with his cigar in his hand, took hold of Franny's shoulder. "Franny," he said. "Frances. Let's go, buddy. Let's not fritter away the best part of the day here. . . . Let's go, buddy."

Franny awakened with a start—a jolt, really, as though the couch had just gone over a bad bump. She raised up on one arm, and said, "Whew." She squinted at the morning sunlight. "Why's it so sunny?" She only partly took in Zooey's presence. "Why's it so sunny?" she repeated.

Zooey observed her rather narrowly. "I bring the sun wherever I go, buddy," he said.

Franny, still squinting, stared at him. "Why'd you wake me up?" she asked. She was still too heavy with sleep to sound really fractious, but it was apparent that she felt there was some kind of injustice in the air.

"Well . . . it's like this. Brother Anselmo and I have been offered a new parish. In Labrador, see. And we won-



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dered if you'd give us your blessing before we—"

"Whew!" Franny said again, and put her hand on top of her head. Her hair, cut fashionably short, had survived sleep very well indeed. She wore it—most fortunately for the viewer—parted in the middle. "Oh, I had the most horrible dream," she said. She sat up a bit and, with one hand, closed the lapels of her dressing gown. It was a tailored tie-silk dressing gown, beige, with a pretty pattern of minute pink tea roses.

"Go ahead," Zooney said, dragging on his cigar. "I'll interpret for you."

She shuddered. "It was just horrible. So *spidery*. I've never had such a spidery nightmare in my entire life."

"Spiders, eh? That's very interesting. Very significant. I had a very interesting case in Zurich, some years back—a young person very much like yourself, as a matter of fact—"

"Be quiet a second, or I'll forget it," Franny said. She stared avidly into space, as nightmare-recallers do. There were half circles under her eyes, and other, subtler signs that mark an acutely troubled young girl, but nonetheless no one could have missed seeing that she was a first-class beauty. Her skin was lovely, and her features were delicate and most distinctive. Her eyes were very nearly the same quite astonishing shade of blue as Zooney's, but were set farther apart, as a sister's eyes no doubt should be—and they were not, so to speak, a day's work to look into, as Zooney's were. Some four years earlier, at her graduation from boarding school, her brother Buddy had morbidly prophesied to himself, as she grinned at him from the graduates' platform, that she would in all probability one day marry a man with a hacking cough. So there was *that* in her face, too. "Oh, God, I remember it now!" she said. "It was just hideous. I was at a swimming pool somewhere, and a whole bunch of people kept making me dive for a can of Medaglia d'Oro coffee that was on the bottom. Every time I'd come up, they'd make me go down again. I was crying, and I kept saying to everybody, 'You have your bathing suits on. Why don't you do a little diving, too?,' but they'd all just laugh and make these terribly snide little remarks, and down I'd go again." She gave another shudder. "These two girls that are in my dorm were there. Stephanie Logan, and a girl I hardly even *know*—somebody, as a matter of fact, I always felt terribly *sorry* for, because she had such an awful name. Sharmon Sherman. They both had a big oar, and they kept trying to *hit* me with it every time I'd sur-

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face." Franny put her hands over her eyes briefly. "Whew!" She shook her head. She reflected. "The only person that made any *sense* in the dream was Professor Tupper. I mean he was the only person that was there that I *know* really detests me."

"Detests you, eh? Very interesting." Zooney's cigar was in his mouth. He revolved it slowly between his fingers, like a dream-interpreter who isn't getting all the facts in the case. He looked very contented. "Why does he detest you?" he asked. "Without absolute frankness, you realize, my hands are—"

"He detests me because I'm in this crazy Religion seminar he conducts, and I can never bring myself to smile back at him when he's being charming and Oxfordish. He's on *lend-lease* or something from Oxford, and he's just a terribly sad old self-satisfied phony with wild and woolly white hair. I think he goes into the men's room and musses it up before he comes to class—I honestly do. He has no enthusiasm whatever for his subject. Ego, yes. Enthusiasm, no. Which would be all right—I mean it wouldn't be anything exactly *strange*—but he keeps dropping idiotic hints that he's a *Realized Man* himself and we should be pretty happy kids to have him in this country." Franny grimaced. "The only thing he does with any *zing*, when he isn't bragging, is correct somebody when they say something's Sanskrit when it's really Pali. He just *knows* I can't stand him! You should see the faces I make at him when he isn't looking."

"What was he doing at the pool?"

"That's exactly it! Nothing! Absolutely nothing! He was just standing around smiling and *watching*. He was the worst one there."

Zooney, looking at her through his cigar smoke, said dispassionately, "You look like hell. You know that?"

Franny stared at him. "You could have sat there all morning without saying that," she said. She added, with meaning, "Just don't start in on me again, bright and early in the morning, Zooney, please. I mean it, now."

"Nobody's starting in on you, buddy," Zooney said, in the same dispassionate tone. "You just happen to look like hell, that's all. Why don't you eat something? Bessie says she's got some chicken soup out there she's—"

"If anybody else mentions chicken soup to me just once more—"

Zooney's attention, however, had been diverted. He was looking down at the sun-bathed afghan where it covered Franny's calves and ankles. "Who's that?" he said. "Bloomberg?" He put

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out a finger and gently poked a rather large and oddly mobile-looking bulge under the afghan. "Bloomberg? That you?"

The bulge stirred. Franny had her eye on it now, too. "I can't get rid of him," she said. "He's suddenly become absolutely *mad* about me."

Under the stimulus of Zooey's investigating finger, Bloomberg abruptly stretched, then began to tunnel slowly up toward the open country of Franny's lap. The instant his unprepossessing head emerged into daylight, sunlight, Franny took him under the shoulders and lifted him up into intimate greeting distance. "Good *morning*, Bloomberg dear!" she said, and kissed him fervently between the eyes. He blinked with aversion. "Good *morning*, old fat smelly cat. Good morning, good morning, good morning!" She gave him kiss after kiss, but no reciprocal waves of affection rose from him. He made an inept and rather violent attempt to cross over to Franny's collarbone. He was a very large mottled-gray "altered" tomcat. "Isn't he being affectionate?" Franny marvelled. "I've never *seen* him so affectionate." She looked at Zooey, possibly for corroboration, but Zooey's expression, behind his cigar, was noncommittal. "Pet him, Zooey! Look how sweet he looks. *Pet* him."

Zooey put out a hand and stroked Bloomberg's arched back, once, twice, then quit, and got up from the coffee table and meandered across the room to the piano. It stood, in profile, wide open, in all its black, Steinway enormity, opposite the couch, its bench almost directly across from Franny. Zooey sat down on the bench, tentatively, then looked with very apparent interest at the sheet music on the stand.

"He's so full of fleas it isn't even funny," Franny said. She grappled briefly with Bloomberg, trying to coerce him into a docile lap-cat's repose. "I found fourteen fleas on him last night. Just on one side." She gave Bloomberg's hips a mighty, downward push, then looked over at Zooey. "How was the script, anyway?" she asked. "Did it come last night finally, or what?"

Zooey didn't answer her. "My God," he said, still looking at the sheet music on the stand. "Who took this out?" The sheet music was entitled "You Needn't Be So Mean, Baby." It was about forty years old. A sepia reproduction of a photograph of Mr. and

Mrs. Glass was featured on the cover. Mr. Glass was wearing a top hat and tails, and so was Mrs. Glass. They were smiling rather brilliantly at the camera, both of them leaning forward on their evening canes, feet wide apart.

"What is it?" Franny asked. "I can't see."

"Bessie and Les. 'You Needn't Be So Mean, Baby.'"

"Oh." Franny giggled. "Les was Reminiscing last night. For my benefit. He thinks I have a stomach-ache. He took out every single sheet of music in the whole bench."

"I'd be interested to know just how in hell we ever landed in this goddam jungle, all the way from 'You Needn't Be So Mean, Baby.' You figure it out."

"I can't. I've tried," Franny said. "How was the script? Did it come? You said Whosis—Mr. LeSage or whatever his name is—was going to drop it off with the doorman before he—"

"It came, it came," Zooey said. "I don't care to discuss it." He put his cigar in his mouth, and, with his right hand, up in the treble keys, he began to play, in octaves, the melody of a song called "The Kinkajou," which, somewhat notably, had shifted into and ostensibly out of popularity before he was born. "Not only *it* came," he said,

"but Dick Hess called up here about one o'clock last night—just after *our* little fracas—and asked me to meet him for a drink, the bastard. At the San Remo, yet. He's discovering the Village. God almighty!"

"Don't bang the piano keys," Franny said, watching him. "I'll be your director if you're going to sit

there. That's my first direction. Don't bang the piano keys."

"First of all, he knows I don't drink. Second, he knows I was born in New York and that if there's one thing I can't stand it's *atmosphere*. Third, he knows I live about seventy goddam blocks from the Village. And *fourth*, I told him three times I was in my pajamas and slippers."

"Don't bang the keys," Franny directed, petting Bloomberg.

"But *no*, it couldn't wait. He had to see me right away. Very important. No kidding, now. Be a good guy for *once* in your life and hop in a cab and c'mon down."

"Did you? Don't bang the lid down, either. That's my second—"

"Yes, *certainly* I did! I have no

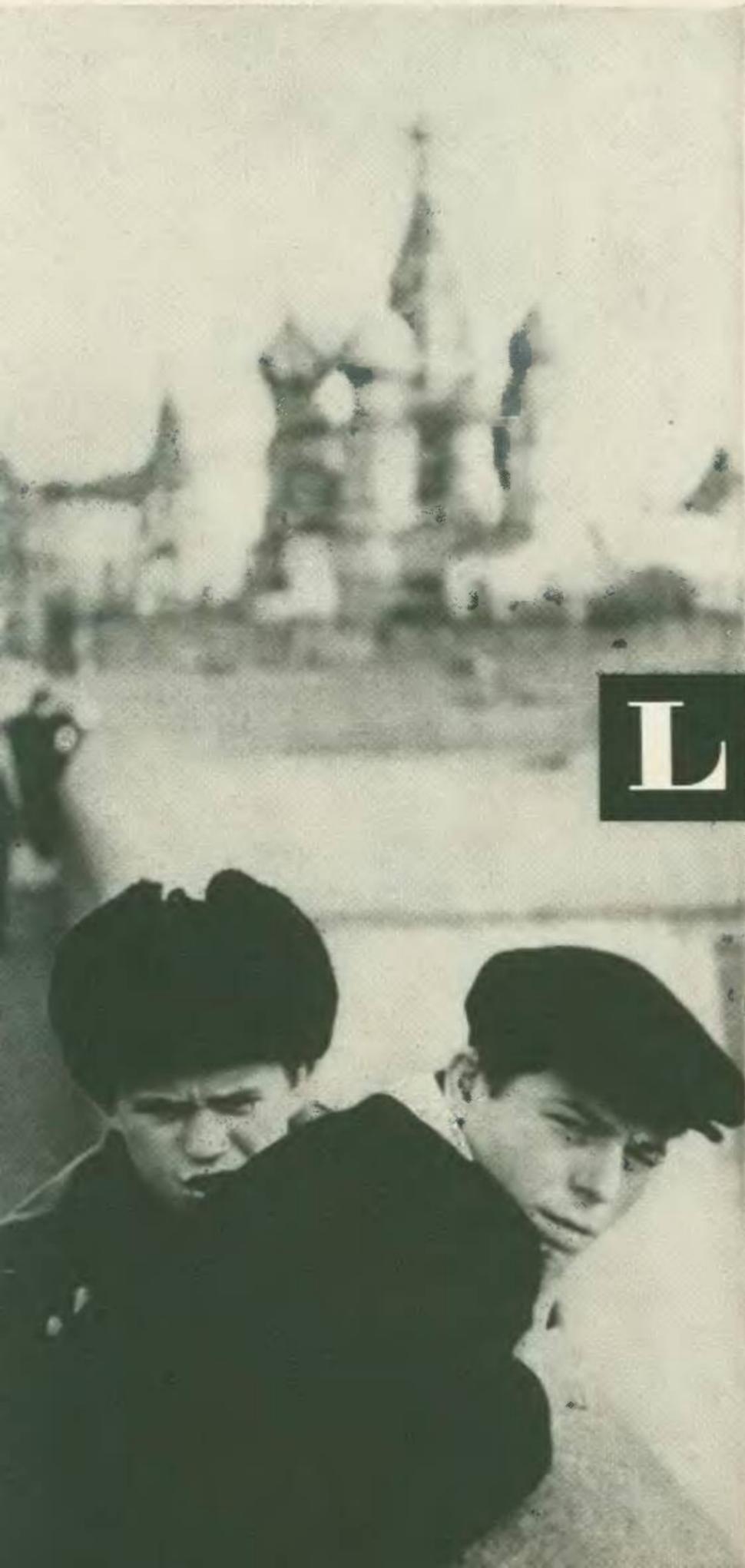


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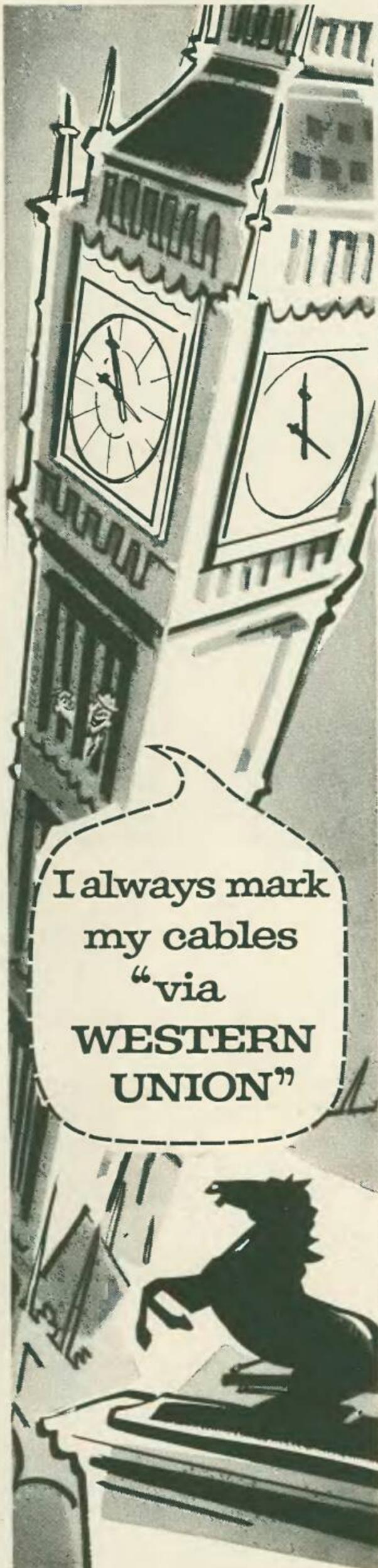
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goddam will power!" Zooley said. He closed the keyboard lid, impatiently but without banging it. "The trouble with me is, I don't trust any out-of-towners in New York. I don't care how the hell long they've been here. I'm always afraid they're going to get run over, or beaten up, while they're busy discovering some little Armenian restaurant on Second Avenue. Or some damn thing." Morosely, he blew a stream of cigar smoke over the top of "You Needn't Be So Mean, Baby." "So, anyway, I went down there," he said. "And there was old Dick. So down, so blue, so full of important news that couldn't wait till this afternoon. Sitting at a table in blue jeans and a gruesome sports jacket. The Des Moines expatriate in New York. I could've killed him, I swear to God. What a night. I sat there for two solid hours while he told me what a superior son of a bitch I am, and what a family of psychotics and psychopathic prodigies I come from. Then, when he's all through analyzing me—and Buddy, and Seymour, both of whom he's never met—and when he's reached some sort of impasse in his mind whether he's going to be a sort of two-fisted Colette or a sort of short Thomas Wolfe for the rest of the evening, suddenly he pulls out this gorgeous monogrammed attaché case from under the table and shoves a new, hour-long script under my arm." He made a pass at the air with one hand, as if to dismiss the subject. But he got up from the piano bench too restively for it to have been a real gesture of dismissal. His cigar was in his mouth, his hands were in his hip pockets. "For years I've been listening to Buddy sound off on the subject of actors," he said. "My God, what an earful I could give him on the subject of Writers I've Known." He stood abstracted for a moment, then became aimlessly mobile. He stopped at the 1920 Victrola, looked at it blankly, and barked, twice, for his own amusement, into its megaphone speaker. Franny, watching him, giggled, but he frowned, and moved on. At the tropical-fish tank, which was mounted on top of the 1927 Freshman radio, he abruptly stooped, taking his cigar out of his mouth. He peered into the tank with unmistakable interest. "All my black mollies are dying off," he said. He reached, automatically, for the container of fish food beside the tank.

"Bessie fed them this morning," Franny cautioned him. She was still stroking Bloomberg, still succoring him, forcibly, into the subtle and difficult world outside warm afghans.

"They look starved," Zooley said, but

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withdrew his hand from the fish food. "This guy has a very drawn look." He tapped the glass with his fingernail. "What you need is some chicken soup, buddy."

"Zooley," Franny said, to get his attention. "How does it stand now? You have *two* new scripts. What's the one LeSage dropped by in the cab?"

Zooley went on peering in at the fish for a moment. Then, on a sudden but apparently pressing impulse, he stretched out supine on the carpet. "In the one LeSage sent over," he said, crossing his feet, "I'm supposed to be Rick *Chalmers* in, I swear to God, a 1928 drawing-room comedy straight out of French's catalogue. The only difference is that it's brought gloriously up to date with a lot of jargon about complexes and repressions and sublimations that the writer brought home from his analyst's."

Franny looked at what she could see of him. Only his soles and heels were visible from where she sat. "Well, what about Dick's thing?" she asked. "Have you read it yet?"

"In Dick's thing, I can be Bernie, a sensitive young subway guard, in the most courageous goddam offbeat television opus you ever read."

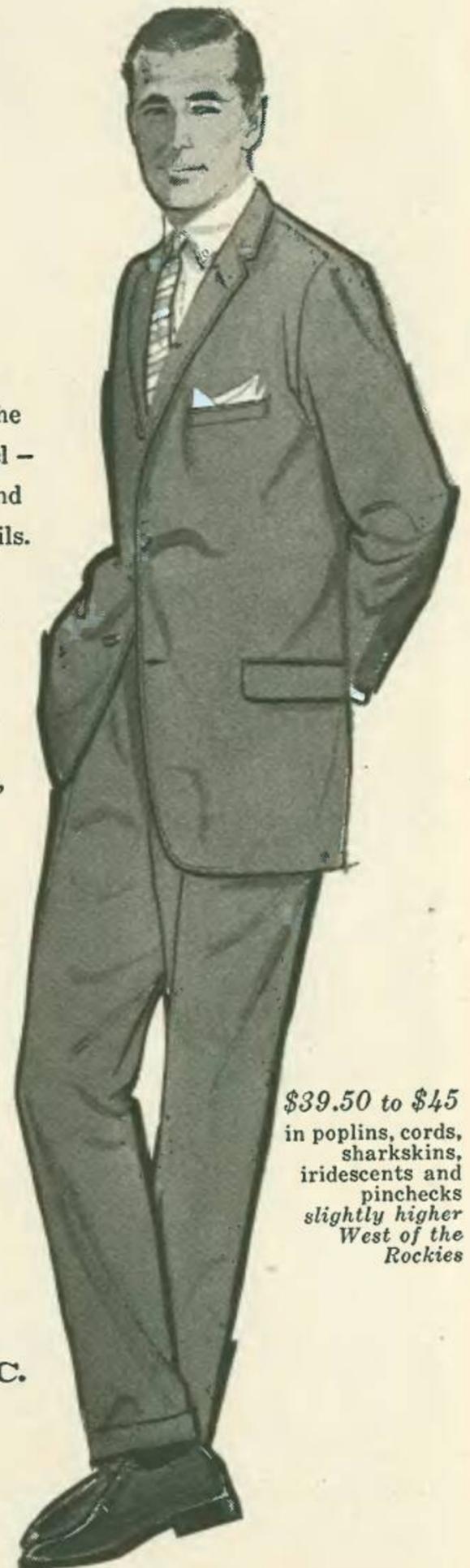
"You mean it? Is it really good?"

"I didn't say *good*, I said *courageous*. Let's keep on our toes here, buddy. The morning after it's produced, everybody in the building'll go around slamming each other on the back in an orgy of mutual appreciation. LeSage. Hess. Pomeroy. The sponsors. The whole courageous bunch. It'll all start this afternoon. If it hasn't already. Hess'll go into LeSage's office and say to him, 'Mr. LeSage, sir, I've got a new script about a sensitive young subway guard that just stinks of courage and integrity. And I know, sir, that next to scripts that are Tender and Poignant, you love scripts that have Courage and Integrity. This one, sir, as I say, stinks of both. It's full of melting-pot types. It's sentimental. It's violent in the right places. And just when the sensitive subway guard's problems are getting the best of him, destroying his faith in Mankind and the Little People, his nine-year-old niece comes home from school and gives him some nice, pat chauvinistic philosophy handed down to us through posterity and P.S. 564 all the way from Andrew Jackson's backwoods wife. It can't miss, sir! It's down-to-earth, it's simple, it's untrue, and it's familiar enough and trivial enough to be understood and loved by our greedy, nervous, illiterate sponsors.'" Zooley abruptly raised himself up to a sitting position. "I

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just took a bath, and I'm sweating like a pig," he commented. He got to his feet, and, doing so, glanced briefly, and as if against his better judgment, at Franny. He started to look away but, instead, looked at her more closely. She had her head down, and her eyes on Bloomberg, in her lap, whom she had continued to stroke. But there was a change. "Ah," Zooney said, and came closer to the couch, apparently looking for trouble. "Madam's lips are moving. The Prayer is rising." Franny didn't look up. "What the hell are you doing?" he asked. "Taking refuge from my un-Christian attitude to the popular arts?"

Franny looked up then, and shook her head, blinking. She smiled at him. Her lips had, in fact, been moving, and were moving now.

"Just don't smile at me, please," Zooney said, evenly, and walked out of the vicinity. "Seymour was always doing that to me. This goddam house is lousy with smilers." At one of the bookcases, he gave a misaligned book an orderly little push with his thumb, then passed on. He went over to the middle window in the room, which was separated by a window seat from the cherrywood table where Mrs. Glass paid bills and wrote letters. He stood looking out of it, his back to Franny, his hands in his hip pockets again, his cigar in his mouth. "Did you know I may go to France this summer to make a picture?" he asked, irritably. "Did I tell you?"

Franny looked over at his back with interest. "No, you didn't!" she said. "Are you serious? What picture?"

Zooney, looking out over the macadamized school roof across the street, said, "Oh, it's a long story. Some French joker's over here, and he heard the album I did with Philippe. I had lunch with him one day a couple of weeks ago. A real schnorrer, but sort of likable, and apparently he's hot over there right now." He put one foot up on the window seat. "Nothing's final—nothing's ever final with these guys—but I think I've got him half snowed into the idea of making a picture out of that Lenormand novel. The one I sent you."

"Yes! Oh, that's exciting, Zooney. If you go, when do you think you'd go?"

"It is *not* exciting. That's exactly the point. I'd enjoy doing it, yes. *God*, yes. But I'd hate like hell to leave New York. If you must know, I hate any kind of so-called creative type who gets on any kind of ship. I don't give a goddam what his reasons are. I was *born* here. I went to *school* here. I've been

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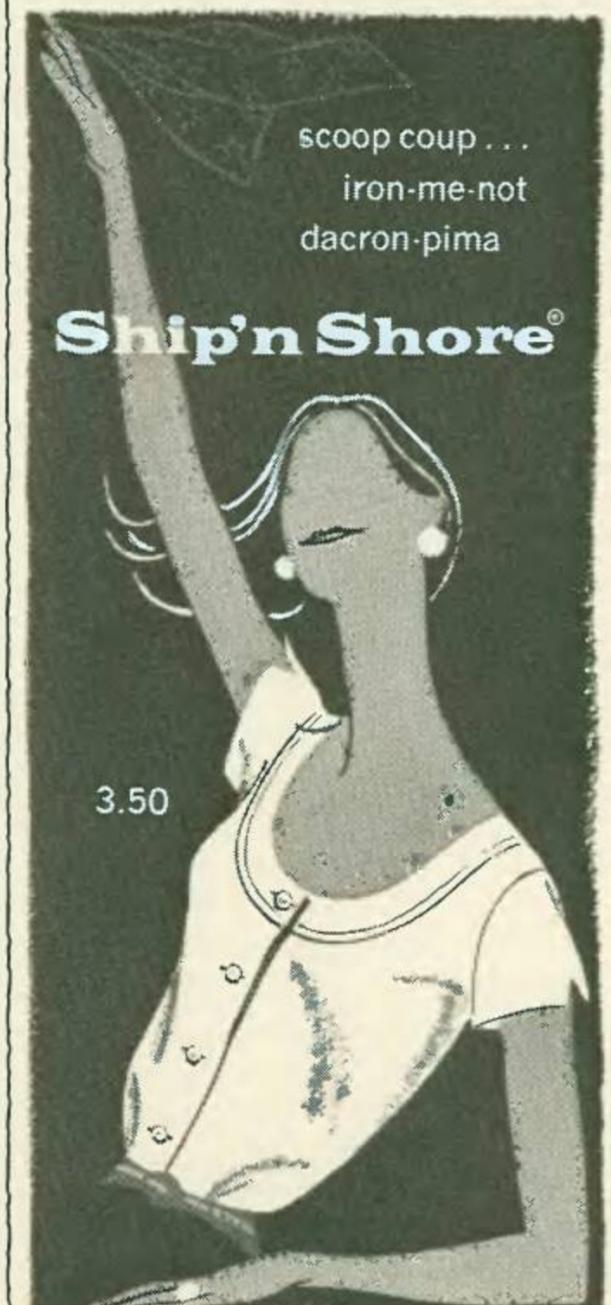


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run over here—twice, and on the same damn street. I have no business acting in Europe, for God's sake."

Franny gazed thoughtfully at his white broadcloth back. Her lips, however, were still silently forming words. "Why do you go, then?" she asked. "If you feel that way."

"Why do I go?" Zooey said, without looking around. "I go mostly because I'm tired as hell of getting up furious in the morning and going to bed furious at night. I go because I sit in judgment on every poor, ulcerous bastard I know. Which in itself doesn't bother me too much. At least, I judge straight from the colon when I judge, and I know that I'll pay like hell for any judgment I mete out, sooner or later, one way or another. That doesn't bother me so much. But there's something—Jesus God—there's something I do to people's morale downtown that I can't stand to watch much longer. I can tell you exactly what I do. I make everybody feel that he doesn't really want to do any good work but that he just wants to get work done that will be thought good by everyone he knows—the critics, the sponsors, the public, even his children's schoolteacher. That's what I do. That's the worst I do." He frowned in the direction of the school roof, then, with his fingertips, pressed some perspiration away from his forehead. He turned, abruptly, toward Franny when he heard her say something. "What?" he said. "I can't hear you."

"Nothing. I said 'Oh, God.'"

"Why 'Oh, God?'" Zooey asked, impatiently.

"Noth-ing. Don't jump on me, please. I was only thinking, that's all. I just wish you could've seen me on Saturday. You talk about undermining people's morale! I absolutely ruined Lane's whole day. I not only passed out on him every hour on the hour but here I'd gone all the way up there for a nice, friendly, normal, cocktaily, supposedly happy football game, and absolutely everything he said I either jumped on or contradicted or—I don't know—just spoiled." Franny shook her head. She was still stroking Bloomberg, but absently. The piano appeared to be her focal point. "I simply could not keep a single opinion to myself," she said. "It was just horrible. Almost from the very second he met me at the station, I started picking and picking and picking at all his opinions and values and—just everything. But everything. He'd written some perfectly harmless test-tubey paper on Flaubert that he was so proud of and wanted me to read, and it just sounded



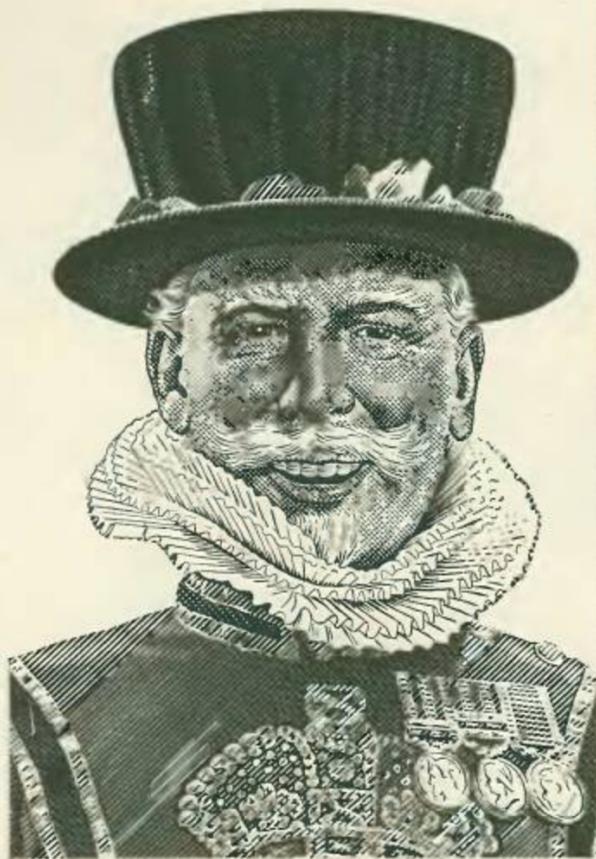
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to me so strictly English Department and patronizing and campusy that all I did was—" She broke off. She shook her head again, and Zooley, still half-pivoted in her direction, narrowed his eyes at her. She was looking even paler, more post-operative, as it were, than she had on waking. "It's a wonder he didn't shoot me," she said. "I'd have absolutely congratulated him if he had."

"You told me that bit last night. I don't want any unfresh reminiscences this morning, buddy," Zooley said, and resumed looking out of the window. "In the first place, you're way off when you start railing at *things* and people instead of at yourself. We both are. I do the same goddam thing about television—I'm aware of that. But it's *wrong*. It's *us*. I keep telling you that. Why are you so damned dense about it?"

"I'm *not* so damned dense about it, but you keep—"

"It's *us*," Zooley repeated, overriding her. "We're freaks, that's all. Those two bastards got us nice and early and made us into freaks with freakish standards, that's all. We're the Tattooed Lady, and we're never going to have a minute's peace, the rest of our lives, till everybody else is tattooed, too." More than a trifle grimly, he brought his cigar to his mouth and dragged on it, but it had gone out. "On top of everything else," he said immediately, "we've got 'Wise Child' complexes. We've never really got off the goddam air. Not one of us. We don't talk, we hold forth. We don't converse, we expound. At least *I* do. The minute I'm in a room with somebody who has the usual number of ears, I either turn into a goddam *seer* or a human hatpin. The Prince of Bores. *Last night*, for instance. Down at the San Remo. I kept praying that Hess wouldn't tell me the plot of his new script. I knew damn well he *had* one. I knew damn well I wasn't going to get out of the place without a new script to take home. But I kept praying he'd spare me from an oral *preview*. He's not stupid. He *knows* it's impossible for me to keep my mouth shut." Zooley suddenly, sharply, turned around, without taking his foot off the window seat, and picked up, snatched up, a match folder that was on his mother's writing table. He turned back to the window and the view of the school roof and put his cigar into his mouth again—but at once took it out. "*Damn* him, anyway," he said. "He's so stupid it breaks your heart. He's like everybody else in television. *And* Hollywood. *And* Broadway. He



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thinks everything sentimental is *tender*, everything *brutal* is a slice of *realism*, and everything that runs into physical violence is a legitimate climax to something that isn't even—"

"Did you *tell* him that?"

"Certainly I told him that! I just got through telling you I can't keep my mouth shut. Certainly I told him that! I left him sitting there wishing he was dead. Or *one* of us was dead—I hope to hell it was me. Anyway, it was a true San Remo exit." Zooey took down his foot from the window seat. He turned around, looking both tense and agitated, and pulled out the straight chair at his mother's writing table and sat down. He relit his cigar, then hunched forward, restively, both arms on the cherrywood surface. An object his mother used as a paper-weight stood beside the inkwell: a small glass sphere, on a black plastic pedestal, containing a snowman wearing a stove-pipe hat. Zooey picked it up, gave it a shake, and sat apparently watching the snowflakes swirl.

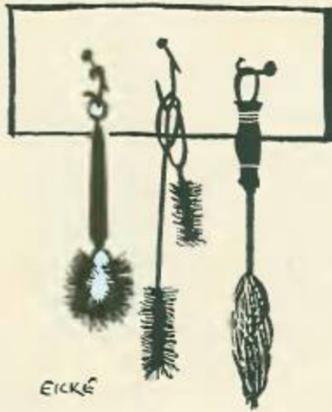
Franny, looking at him, now had a hand visored over her eyes. Zooey was sitting in the main shaft of sunlight in the room. She might have altered her position on the couch, if she meant to go on looking at him, but that would have disturbed Bloomberg, in her lap, who appeared to be asleep. "Do you really have an ulcer?" she asked suddenly. "Mother said you have an ulcer."

"Yes, I have an ulcer, for Christ's sake. This is Kaliyuga, buddy, the Iron Age. Anybody over sixteen without an ulcer's a goddam spy." He gave the snowman another, more vigorous shake. "The funny part is," he said, "I like Hess. Or at least I like him when he's not shoving his artistic poverty down my throat. At least he wears horrible neckties and funny padded suits in the middle of that frightened, super-conservative, super-conforming madhouse. And I like his conceit. He's so conceited he's actually humble, the crazy bastard. I mean he obviously thinks television's good enough to deserve him and his big, bogus-courageous, 'offbeat' talent—which is a crazy kind of humility, if you feel like thinking about it." He stared at the glass ball till the snowstorm had abated somewhat. "In a way, I sort of like LeSage, too. Everything he owns is the best—his overcoat, his two-cabin cruiser, his son's grades at Harvard, his electric razor, *everything*. He took me

home to dinner once and stopped me in the driveway to ask me if I remembered 'the late Carole Lombard, in the movies.' He warned me I'd get a shock when I met his wife, she was such a dead ringer for Carole Lombard. I suppose I'll like him for that till I die. His wife turned out to be a really tired, bosomy, Persian-looking blonde." Zooey looked around abruptly at Franny, who had said something. "What?" he asked.

"Yes!" Franny repeated—pale, but beaming, and apparently fated, too, to like Mr. LeSage till death.

Zooey smoked his cigar in silence for a moment. "What gets me so down about Dick Hess," he said, "what makes me so *sad*, or furious, or whatever the hell I am, is that the first script he did for LeSage was pretty good. It was almost *good*, in fact. It was the first one we did on film—I don't think you saw it, you were at school or something. I played a young farmer in it who lives all alone with his father. The boy has a notion that he hates farming, and he and his father have always had a terrible



time making a living, so when the father dies, he sells all the cattle and makes big plans to go to the big city to make a living." Zooey picked up the snowman again but didn't give it a shake—merely turned it around, by the pedestal. "It had some nice bits," he said. "After I sell all the cows, I keep going out to the pasture to look for them. And when I go for a farewell walk with my girl, right before I leave for the big city, I keep steering her over toward the empty pasture. Then, when I get to the big city and get a job, I spend all my spare time hanging around the stockyards. Finally, in heavy traffic on the main street in the big city, a car makes a left turn and changes into a cow. I run after it, just as the light changes, and get run over—stampeded." He gave the snowman a shake. "It probably wasn't anything you couldn't watch while you were cutting your toenails, but at least you didn't feel like *slinking* home from the studio after rehearsals. It was fresh enough, at least, and it was his own, it wasn't part of a hackneyed trend in scripts. I wish to hell he'd go home and fill up again. I wish to hell everybody'd go home. I'm sick to death of being the heavy in everybody's life. God, you should see Hess and LeSage when they're talking about a new show. Or a new *anything*. They're as happy as

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pigs till I show up. I feel like those dismal bastards Seymour's beloved Chuang-tzu warned everybody against. 'Beware when the so-called sagely men come limping into sight.' He sat still, watching the snowflakes swirl. 'I could happily lie down and die sometimes,' he said.

Franny at that moment was gazing at a sunlit faded spot in the carpet over near the piano, her lips very discernibly moving. 'This is all so funny, you can't imagine,' she said, with the faintest tremor in her voice, and Zooey looked over at her. Her paleness was emphasized by the fact that she was wearing no lipstick at all. 'Everything you're saying brings back everything I was trying to say to Lane on Saturday, when he started digging at me. Right in the middle of Martinis and snails and things. I mean we're not bothered by exactly the same things, but by the same kind of things, I think, and for the same reasons. At least, it sounds that way.' Bloomberg just then stood up in her lap and, more like a dog than a cat, began to circle around to find a sleeping position he liked better. Franny absently, yet like a guide, placed her hands gently on his back, and went on speaking. 'I actually reached a point where I said to myself, right out loud, like a lunatic, If I hear just one more picky, cavilling, unconstructive word out of you, Franny Glass, you and I are finished—but finished. And for a while I wasn't too bad. For about a whole month, at least, whenever anybody said anything that sounded campy and phony, or that smelled to high heaven of ego or something like that, I at least kept quiet about it. I went to the movies or I stayed in the library all hours or I started writing papers like mad on Restoration Comedy and stuff like that—but at least I had the pleasure of not hearing my own voice for a while.' She shook her head. 'Then, one morning—bang, bang, I started up again. I didn't sleep all night, for some reason, and I had an eight-o'clock in French Lit, so finally I just got up and got dressed and made some coffee and then walked around the campus. What I wanted to do was just go for a terribly long ride on my bike, but I was afraid everybody'd hear me taking my bike out of the stand—something always falls—so I just went into the Lit building and sat. I sat and sat, and finally I got up and started writing things from Epictetus all over the blackboard. I filled the whole front blackboard—I didn't even know I'd remembered so much of him. I erased it—thank

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God!—before people started coming in. But it was a childish thing to do anyway—Epictetus would have absolutely *hated* me for doing it—but . . .” Franny hesitated. “I don’t know. I think I just wanted to see the name of somebody *nice* up on a blackboard. Anyway, that started me up again. I picked all day. I picked on Professor *Fallon*. I picked on *Lane* when I talked to him on the phone. I picked on Professor *Tupper*. It got worse and worse. I even started picking on my roommate. Oh, God, poor Bev! I started catching her looking at me as if she hoped I’d decide to move out of the room and let somebody halfway pleasant and *normal* move in and give her a little peace. It was just terrible! And the worst part was, I *knew* what a bore I was being, I *knew* how I was depressing people, or even hurting their *feelings*—but I just couldn’t stop! I just *could not stop* picking.” Looking more than a little distraught, she paused just long enough to push downward on Bloomberg’s roving hindquarters. “It was the worst of all in class, though,” she said with decision. “That was the worst. What happened was, I got the idea in my head—and I could *not* get it out—that college was just one more *dopey, inane* place in the world dedicated to piling up treasure on earth and everything. I mean treasure is *treasure*, for heaven’s sake. What’s the difference whether the treasure is money, or property, or even *culture*, or even just plain knowledge? It all seemed like *exactly* the same thing to me, if you take off the wrapping—and it still does! Sometimes I think that *knowledge*—when it’s knowledge for knowledge’s sake, anyway—is the worst of all. The least excusable, certainly.” Nervously, and without any real need whatever, Franny pushed back her hair with one hand. “I don’t think it would have all got me quite so down if just once in a while—just *once* in a while—there was at least some polite little perfunctory implication that knowledge *should* lead to *wisdom*, and that if it *doesn’t*, it’s just a disgusting waste of time! But there never is! You never even hear any *hints* dropped on a campus that wisdom is *supposed* to be the *goal* of knowledge. You hardly ever even hear the word ‘wisdom’ mentioned! Do you want to hear something funny? Do you want to hear something really funny? In almost four years of college—and this is the absolute *truth*—in almost four years of college, the only time I can remember ever even *hearing* the expression ‘wise man’ being used was in my freshman year, in Political

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Science! And you know how it was used? It was used in reference to some nice old pooppy elder statesman who'd made a fortune in the stock market and then gone to Washington to be an adviser to President Roosevelt. *Honestly, now!* Four years of college, almost! I'm not saying that happens to everybody, but I just get so *upset* when I think about it I could die." She broke off, and apparently became rededicated to serving Bloomberg's interests. Her lips now had very little more color in them than her face. They were also, very faintly, chapped.

Zoey's eyes were on her, and had been. "I want to ask you something, Franny," he said abruptly. He turned back to the writing-table surface again, frowned, and gave the snowman a shake. "What do you think you're doing with the Jesus Prayer?" he asked. "This is what I was trying to get at last night. Before you told me to go chase myself. You talk about piling up treasure—money, property, culture, knowledge, and so on and so on. In going ahead with the Jesus Prayer—just let me finish, now, please—in going ahead with the Jesus Prayer, aren't you trying to lay up some kind of treasure? Something that's every goddam bit as negotiable as all those other, more material things? Or does the fact that it's a prayer make all the difference? I mean by that, is there all the difference in the world, for you, in which side somebody lays up his treasure—this side, or the other? The one where thieves can't break in, et cetera? Is that what makes the difference? *Wait* a second, now—just wait'll I'm finished, please." He sat for a few seconds watching the little blizzard in the glass sphere. Then: "There's something about the way you're going at this prayer that gives me the *willies*, if you want to know the truth. You think I'm out to stop you from saying it. I don't know whether I am or not—that's a goddam debatable point—but I *would* like you to clear up for me just what the hell your motives are for saying it." He hesitated, but not long enough to give Franny a chance to cut in on him. "As a matter of simple logic, there's no difference at all, that *I* can see, between the man who's greedy for material treasure—or even intellectual treasure—and the man who's greedy for spiritual treasure. As you say, treasure's treasure, God damn it, and it seems to me that ninety per cent of all the world-hating saints in history were just as *acquisitive* and unattractive, basically, as the rest of us are."

Franny said, as icily as she could with

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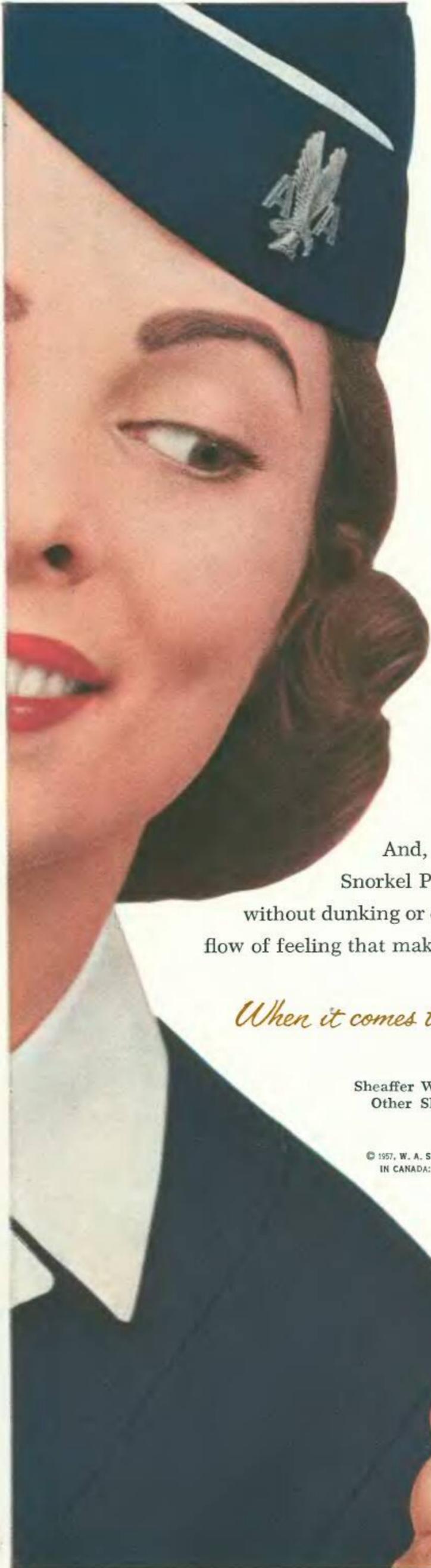
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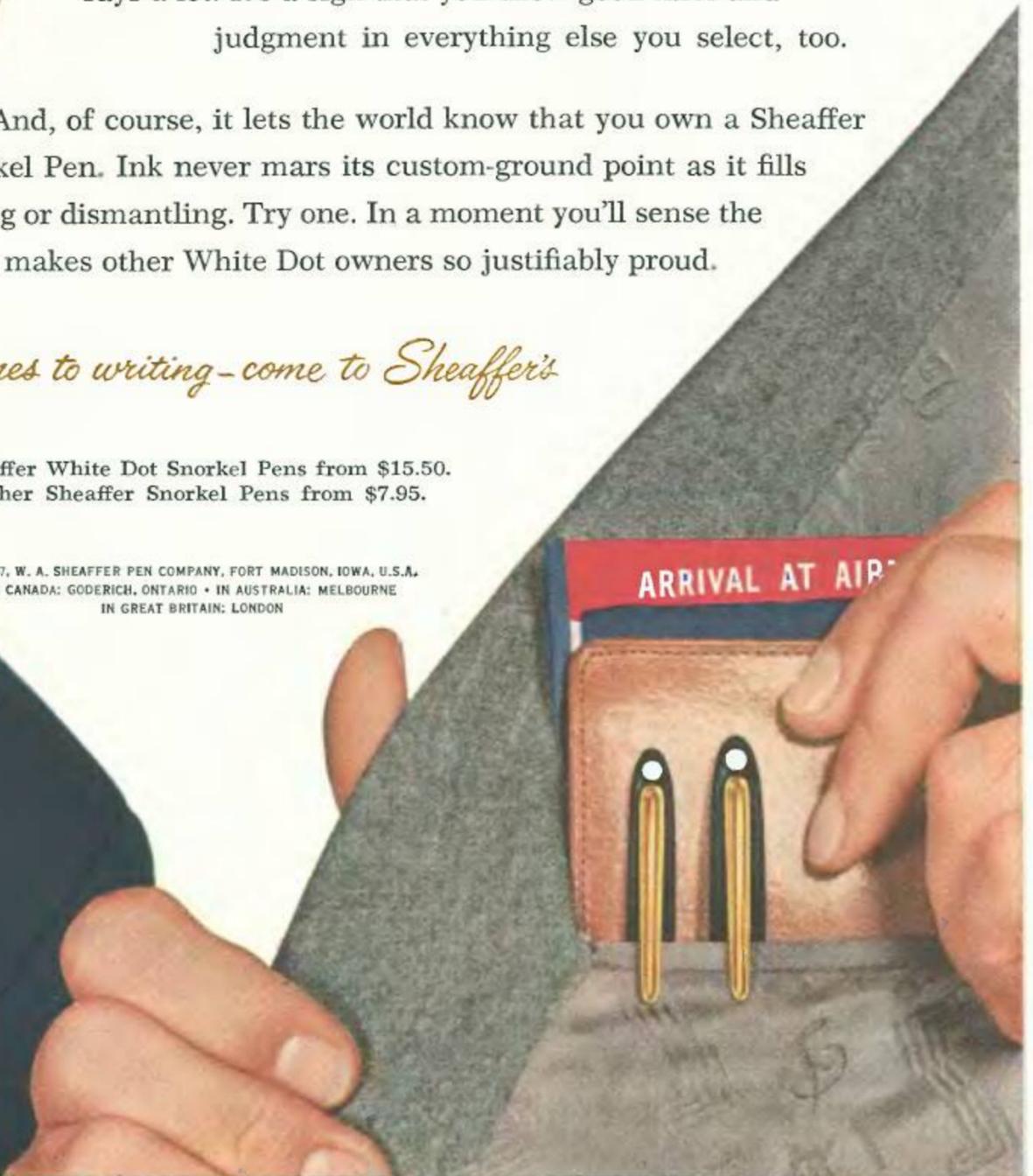
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a faint tremor in her voice, "May I interrupt now, Zooney?"

Zooney let go the snowman and picked up a pencil to play with. "Yes, yes. Interrupt," he said.

"I *know* all you're saying. You're not telling me one thing I haven't thought of by myself. You're saying I *want* something from the Jesus Prayer—which makes me just as acquisitive, in your word, really, as somebody who wants a sable *coat*, or to be *famous*, or to be dripping with some kind of crazy *prestige*. I know all that! My gosh, what kind of an imbecile do you think I am?" The tremor in her voice amounted now almost to an impediment.

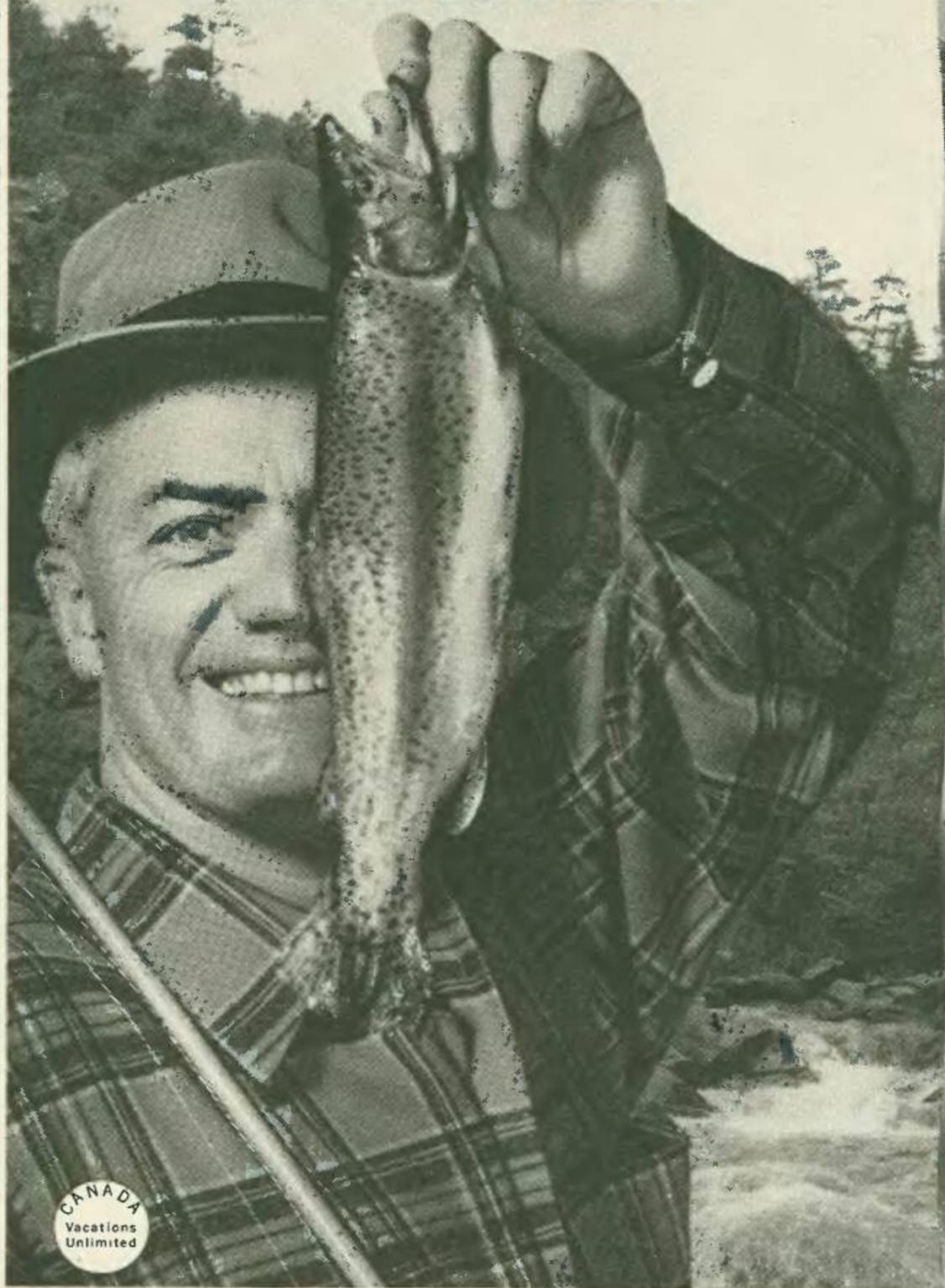
"All right, take it easy, take it easy."

"I *can't* take it easy! You make me so mad! What do you think I'm doing here in this crazy room—losing weight like mad, worrying Bessie and Les absolutely silly, upsetting the house, and everything? Don't you think I have sense enough to *worry* about my motives for saying the prayer? That's exactly what's *bothering* me so. Just because I'm choosy about what I want—in this case, *enlightenment*, or *peace*, instead of money or *prestige* or *fame* or any of those things—doesn't mean I'm not as egotistical and self-seeking as everybody else. If anything, I'm more so! I don't need the famous Zachary Glass to tell me that!" Here there was a marked break in her voice, and she began to be very attentive to Bloomberg again. Tears, presumably, were imminent, if not already on the way.

Over at the writing table, Zooney, pressing down heavily with his pencil, was filling in the "o"s on the advertisement side of a small blotter. He kept this up for a little interval, then flipped the pencil toward the inkwell. He picked up his cigar from the lip of the copper ashtray where he had placed it. It was now only about two inches in length but was still burning. He took a deep drag on it, as if it were a kind of respirator in an otherwise oxygenless world. Then, almost forcibly, he looked over at Franny again. "Do you want me to try to get Buddy on the phone for you tonight?" he asked. "I think you should talk to *somebody*—I'm no damn good for this." He waited, looking at her steadily. "Franny. What about it?"

Franny's head was bowed. She appeared to be searching for fleas in Bloomberg's coat, her fingers very busy indeed turning back tufts of fur. She was in fact crying now, but in a very local sort of way, as it were; there were tears but no sounds. Zooney watched her for a full minute or so, then said, not

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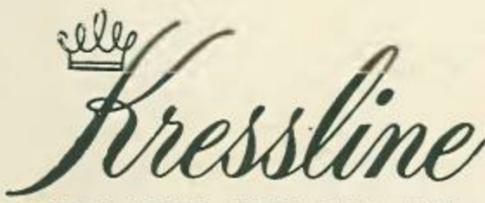






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him at it. "He said that a man should be able to lie at the bottom of a hill with his throat cut, slowly bleeding to death, and if a pretty girl or an old woman should pass by with a beautiful jug balanced perfectly on the top of her head, he should be able to raise himself up on one arm and see the jug safely over the top of the hill." He thought this over, then gave a mild snort. "I'd like to see him do it, the bastard." He took a drag on his cigar. "Everybody in this family gets his goddam religion in a different package," he commented, with a notable absence of awe in his tone. "Walt was a hot one. Walt and Boo Boo had the hottest religious philosophies in the family." He dragged on his cigar, as if to offset being amused when he didn't care to be. "Walt once told Waker that everybody in the family must have piled up one *helluva* lot of bad karma in his past incarnations. He had a theory, Walt, that the religious life, and all the agony that goes with it, is just something God sicks on people who have the gall to accuse Him of having created an ugly world."

A titter of audience appreciation came from the couch. "I never heard that," Franny said. "What's Boo Boo's religious philosophy? I didn't think she had any."

Zoey said nothing for a moment, and then: "Boo Boo's? Boo Boo's convinced Mr. Ashe made the world. She got it from Kilvert's 'Diary.' The schoolchildren in Kilvert's parish were asked who made the world, and one of the kids answered, 'Mr. Ashe.'"

Franny was delighted, and audibly so. Zoey turned and looked at her, and—unpredictable young man—made a very dour face, as though he had suddenly eschewed any and all forms of levity. He took down his foot from the window seat, parked his cigar end in the copper ashtray on the writing table, and came away from the window. He moved across the room slowly, hands in his hip pockets, but not without some direction in his mind. "I should get the hell out of here. I've got a lunch date," he said, and immediately stooped to make a leisurely and proprietary examination of the interior of the fish tank. He tapped on the glass with his fingernail, importunately. "I turn my back for five minutes and everybody lets my black mollies die off. I should've taken them to college with me. I *knew* that."

"Oh, Zoey. You've been saying that for five years. Why don't you go buy some new ones?"

He went on tapping on the glass. "All you college snips are the same.

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Hard as nails. These weren't just any black mollies, buddy. We were very close." So saying, he stretched out on his back on the carpet again, his slight torso fitting in rather tightly between the 1932 Stromberg-Carlson table radio and an overfilled maple magazine stand. Again only the soles and heels of his brogues were visible to Franny. However, no sooner was he stretched out than he sat bolt upright, his head and shoulders suddenly propelled into view, with somewhat the macabre-comic effect of a corpse falling out of a closet. "Prayer's still going, eh?" he said. Then he dropped back out of sight again. He was still for a moment. Then, in an almost unintelligibly thick Mayfair accent: "I'd rather like a word with you, Miss Glass, if you've a moment." The response to this, over at the couch, was a distinctly ominous silence. "Say your prayer if you want to, or play with Bloomberg, or feel free to smoke, but give me five minutes of uninterrupted silence, buddy. And, if possible, *no tears at all*. O.K.? You hear me?"

Franny didn't answer straightway. She brought her legs in closer to her, under the afghan. And gathered in the sleeping Bloomberg somewhat closer to her, too. "I hear you," she said, and drew her legs in still closer to her, as a fortress draws up its bridge before the siege. She hesitated, then spoke up again. "You can say anything you want if you don't get abusive about it. I just don't feel like a workout this morning. I mean it."

"No workouts, no workouts, buddy. And if there's one thing I never am, it's abusive." The speaker's hands were folded benignly on his chest. "Oh, a little *brisk* sometimes, yes, when the situation warrants. Abusive, never. Personally, I've always found that you can catch more flies with—"

"I *mean* it, now, Zooley," Franny said, more or less addressing his brogues. "And I wish you'd sit up, incidentally. Every time all hell breaks loose around here, it seems very *funny* to me that it always comes from that spot right where you're lying. And you're always the one that's there. C'mon, now. Just please sit up."

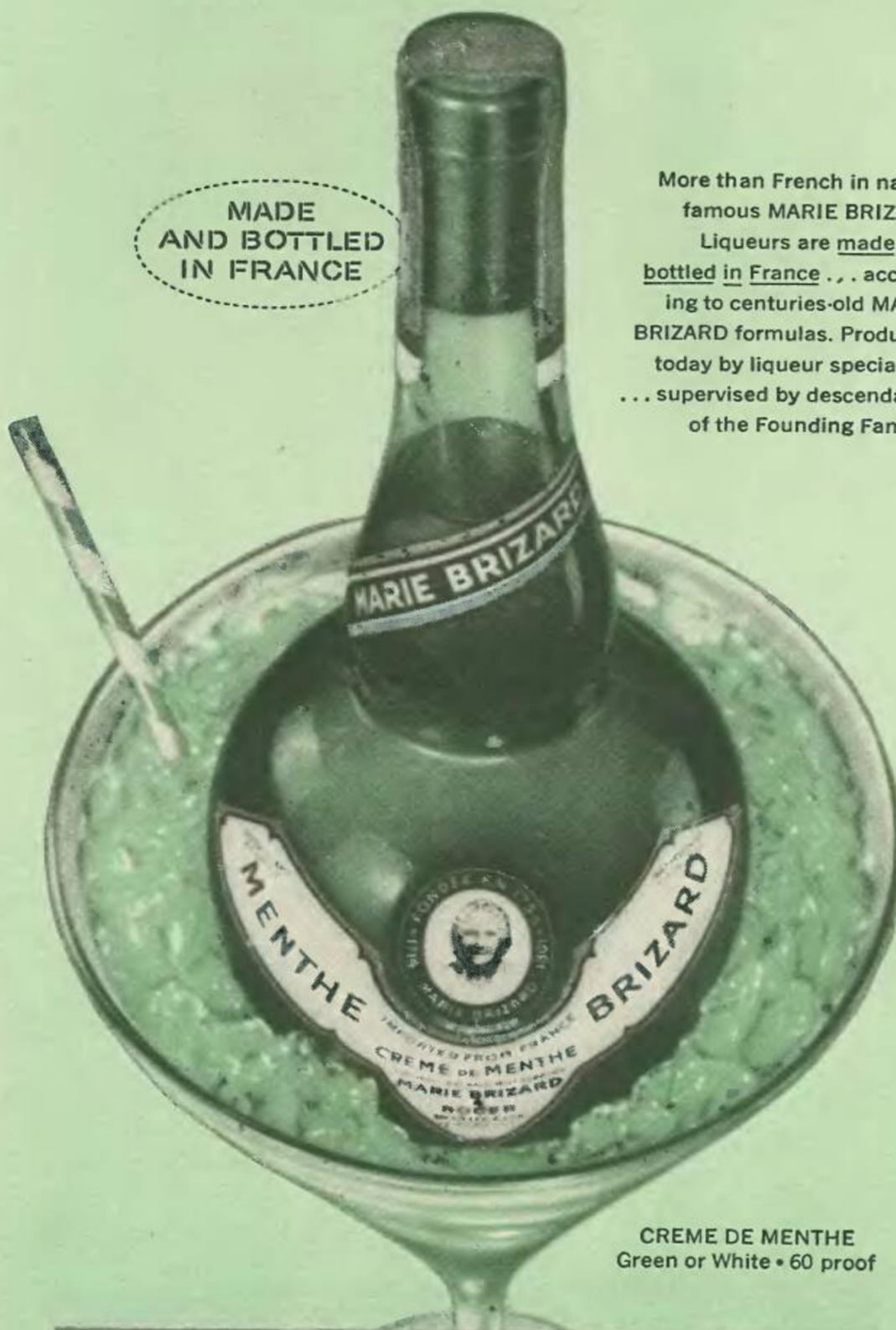
Zooley closed his eyes. "Fortunately, I know you don't mean that. Not deep down. We both know, deep in our hearts, that this is the only piece of hallowed ground in this whole goddam haunted house. This *happens* to be where I used to keep my rabbits. And they were *saints*, both of them. As a matter of fact, they were the only celibate rabbits in the—"

"Oh, shut up!" Franny said, nerv-

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ously. "Just start, if you're going to. All I ask is that you at least try to be a little bit *tactful*, the way I'm feeling right now—that's all. You are without a doubt the most tactless person I've ever known in my life."

"Tactless! *Never*. Outspoken, yes. High-spirited, yes. *Mettlesome*. *Sanguine*, perhaps, to a fault. But no one has ever—"

"I said *tactless!*" Franny overrode him. With considerable heat, yet trying not to be amused. "Just get sick sometime and go visit yourself, and you'll find out how tactless you are! You're the most impossible person to have around when somebody's not feeling up to par that I've ever known in my *life*. If somebody just has a *cold*, even, you know what you do? You give them a dirty look every time you see them. You're absolutely the most unsympathetic person I've ever known. You are!"

"All right, all right, all right," Zooey said, with his eyes still closed. "Nobody's perfect, buddy." Effortlessly, by softening and thinning his voice, rather than by raising it to a falsetto, he gave what was to Franny a familiar and always realistic imitation of their mother passing along a few cautionary words: "We say many things in *heat*, young lady, that we don't really *mean* and are very *sorry* for the next day." Then, instantly, he frowned, opened his eyes, and stared for several seconds at the ceiling. "Firstly," he said, "I think you think I have intentions of trying to take your prayer away from you or something. I don't. I do not. You can lie on that couch reciting the preamble to the Constitution for the rest of your life, as far as I'm concerned, but what I *am* trying—"

"That's a beautiful start. Just *beautiful*."

"Beg pardon?"

"Oh, shut up. Just go on, go on."

"What I started to say, I have nothing against the prayer at all. No matter what you think. You're not the *first* one who ever thought of saying it, you know. I once went to every Army & Navy store in New York looking for a nice, pilgrim-type rucksack. I was going to fill it with bread crumbs and start walking all over the goddam country. Saying the prayer. Spreading the Word. The whole business." Zooey hesitated. "And I don't just mention it, for God's sake, to show you I was once an Emotional Young Person Just Like Yourself."

"Why *do* you mention it, then?"

"Why do I mention it? I mention it because I have a couple of things I

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want to say to you, and it's just possible I'm not qualified to say them. On the ground that I once had a strong desire to say the prayer myself but didn't. For all I know, I may be a little jealous of your having a go at it. It's very possible, in fact. In the first place, I'm a ham. It may very well be that I hate like hell to play Martha to somebody else's Mary. Who the hell knows?"

Franny didn't choose to reply. But she drew Bloomberg slightly closer to her and gave him an odd, ambiguous little hug. Then she looked over in her brother's direction, and said, "You're a brownie. Did you know that?"

"Just hold the compliments, buddy—you may live to retract them. I'm still going to tell you what I don't like about the way you're going at this business. Qualified or not." Here Zooey stared blankly at the plaster ceiling for a matter of ten seconds or so, then closed his eyes again. "Firstly," he said, "I don't like this Camille routine. And don't interrupt me, now. I know you're legitimately falling apart, and all that. And I don't think it's an *act*—I don't mean that. And I don't think it's a subconscious plea for *sympathy*. Or any of that business. But I still say I don't like it. It's rough on *Bessie*, it's rough on *Les*—and if you don't know it yet, you're beginning to give off a little stink of piousness. God damn it, there isn't any prayer in any religion in the world that justifies piousness. I'm not saying you *are* pious—so just sit still—but I *am* saying all this hysteria business is unattractive as *hell*."

"Are you finished?" Franny said, sitting very notably forward. The tremor had returned to her voice.

"All right, Franny. C'mon, now. You said you'd hear me out. I've said the worst, I think. I'm just trying to tell you—I'm not *trying*, I'm telling you—that this just is not fair to Bessie and Les. It's *terrible* for them—and you know it. Did you know, God damn it, that Les was all for bringing a *tangerine* in to you last night before he went to bed? My God. Even Bessie can't stand stories with tangerines in them. And God knows I can't. If you're going to go on with this breakdown business, I wish to hell you'd go back to college to have it. Where you're not the baby of the family. And where, God knows, nobody'll have any urges to bring you any tangerines. And where you don't keep your goddam *tap* shoes in the closet."

Franny, at this point, reached rather blindly, but soundlessly, for the box of Kleenex on the marble coffee table.

Zooey was now gazing abstractedly

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at an old root-beer stain on the ceiling plaster, which he himself had made nineteen or twenty years earlier, with a water pistol. "The next thing that bothers me," he said, "isn't pretty, either. But I'm almost finished, so hang on a second if you can. What I don't like at *all* is this little hairshirty private life of a martyr you're living back at college—this little snotty crusade you think you're leading against everybody. And I don't mean what you may think I mean, so try not to interrupt for a second. I take it that mostly you're gunning against the system of higher education. Don't *spring* at me, now—for the most part, I agree with you. But I hate the kind of blanket attack you're making on it. I agree with you about ninety-eight per cent on the issue. But the other two per cent scares me half to death. I had one professor when I was in college—just *one*, I'll grant you, but he was a big, big one—who just doesn't fit in with anything you've been talking about. He wasn't Epictetus. But he was no egomaniac, he was no faculty charm boy. He was a great and modest scholar. And what's more, I don't think I ever heard him say anything, either in or out of a classroom, that didn't seem to me to have a little bit of real wisdom in it—and sometimes a lot of it. What'll happen to *him* when you start your revolution? I can't bear to think about it—let's change the goddam subject. These other people you've been ranting about are something else again. This Professor Tupper. And those other two goons you were telling me about last night—Manlius, and the other one. I've had *them* by the dozens, and so has everybody else, and I *agree* they're not harmless. They're lethal as hell, as a matter of fact. God almighty. They make everything they touch turn absolutely academic and useless. Or—worse—*cultish*. To my mind, they're mostly to blame for the mob of ignorant oafs with diplomas that are turned loose on the country every June." Here Zooey, still looking at the ceiling, simultaneously grimaced and shook his head. "But what I don't like—and what I don't think either Seymour or Buddy would like, *either*, as a matter of fact—is the way you talk about all these people. I mean you don't just despise what they represent—you despise them. It's too damn personal, Franny. I mean it. You get a real little homicidal glint in your eye when you talk about this Tupper, for instance. All this business about his going into the men's room to muss his hair before he comes in to class. All that. He probably does—it goes with everything else you've told me about



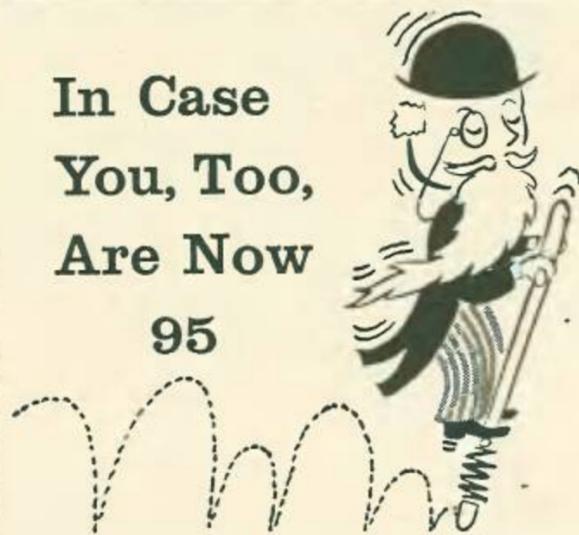
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him. I'm not saying it doesn't. But it's *none of your business*, buddy, what he does with his hair. It would be all right, in a way, if you thought his personal affectations were sort of funny. Or if you felt a tiny bit sorry for him for being insecure enough to give himself a little pathetic goddam glamour. But when *you* tell me about it—and I'm not fooling, now—you tell me about it as though his hair was a goddam personal enemy of yours. That is *not right*—and you know it. If you're going to go to war against the System, just do your shooting like a nice, intelligent girl—because the enemy's *there*, and not because you don't like his hairdo or his goddam necktie."

A silence followed for a minute or so. It was broken only by the sound of Franny blowing her nose—an abandoned, protracted, "congested" blow, suggestive of a patient with a four-day-old head cold.

"It's exactly like this damned ulcer I picked up. Do you know why I have it? Or at least nine-tenths of the reason I have it? Because when I'm not thinking properly, I let my feelings about television and everything else get personal. I do exactly the same thing you do, and I'm old enough to know better." Zooey paused. His gaze fixed on the root-beer spot, he took a deep breath, through his nose. His fingers were still laced across his chest. "This last thing," he said abruptly, "will probably cause an explosion. But I can't help it. It's the most important thing of all." He appeared to consult the ceiling plaster briefly, then closed his eyes. "I don't know if you remember, but I remember a time around here, buddy, when you were going through a little apostasy from the New Testament that could be heard for miles around. Everybody was in the goddam Army at the time, and I was the one that got his ear bent. But do you remember? Do you remember it at all?"

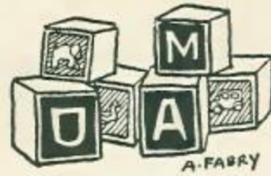
"I was all of ten years old!" Franny said—nasally, rather dangerously.

"I know how old you were. I know very well how old you were. C'mon, now. I'm not bringing this up with the idea of throwing anything back in your teeth—my *God*. I'm bringing this up for a good reason. I'm bringing it up because I don't think you understood Jesus when you were a child and I don't think you understand him now. I think you've got him confused in your mind with about five or ten other religious personages, and I *don't* see how you can go ahead with the Jesus Prayer till you know who's who and what's

what. Do you remember at all what started off that little apostasy? ... Franny? Do you remember, or don't you?"

He didn't get an answer. Only the sound of a nose being rather violently blown.

"Well, I do, it happens. Matthew, Chapter Six. I remember it very clearly, buddy. I even remember where I *was*. I was back in my room putting some friction tape on my goddam hockey stick, and you banged in—all in an uproar, with the Bible wide open. You didn't like Jesus any more, and you wanted to know if you could call Seymour at his Army camp and tell him all about it. And you know why you didn't like Jesus any more? I'll tell you. Because, *one*, you didn't approve of his going into the synagogue and throwing all



the tables and idols all over the place. That was very rude, very Unnecessary. You were sure that Solomon or somebody wouldn't have done anything like that. And the *other* thing you disapproved of—the thing you had the Bible open to—was the lines 'Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.' That was all right. That was lovely. That you approved of. *But*, when Jesus says in the same breath, 'Are ye not much better than they?'—*ah*, that's where little Franny gets off. That's where little Franny quits the Bible cold and goes straight to Buddha, who doesn't discriminate against all those nice fowls of the air. All those sweet, lovely chickens and geese that we used to keep up at the Lake. And don't tell me again that you were ten years old. Your age has nothing to do with what I'm talking about. There are no big *changes* between ten and twenty—or ten and eighty, for that matter. You *still* can't love a Jesus as much as you'd like to who did and said a couple of things he was at least reported to have said or done—and you know it. You're constitutionally unable to love or *understand* any son of God who throws tables around. And you're constitutionally unable to love or understand any son of God who says a human being, *any* human being—even a Professor Tupper—is more valuable to God than any soft, helpless Easter chick."

Franny was now facing directly into the sound of Zooey's voice, sitting bolt upright, a wad of Kleenex clenched in one hand. Bloomberg was no longer in her lap. "I suppose *you can*," she said, shrilling.

"It's beside the point whether *I* can



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or not. But, yes, as a matter of fact, I can. I don't feel like going into it, but at least I've never tried, consciously or otherwise, to turn Jesus into St. Francis of Assisi to make him more 'lovable'—which is exactly what ninety-eight per cent of the Christian world has always insisted on doing. Not that it's to my credit. I don't happen to be attracted to the St. Francis of Assisi type. But *you are*. And, in my opinion, that's one of the reasons why you're having this little nervous breakdown. And *especially* the reason why you're having it at home. This place is made to order for you. The service is good, and there's plenty of hot and cold running ghosts. What could be more convenient? You can say your prayer here and roll Jesus and St. Francis and Seymour and Heidi's grandfather all in one." Zooey's voice stopped, very briefly. "Can't you see that? Can't you *see* how unclearly, how sloppily, you're looking at things? My God, there's absolutely nothing tenth-rate about you, and yet you're up to your neck at this minute in tenth-rate thinking. Not only is the way you're going at your prayer tenth-rate *religion* but, whether you know it or not, you're having a tenth-rate nervous breakdown. I've seen a couple of real breakdowns, and the people who had them didn't bother to pick and choose the place they—"

"Just stop it, Zooey! Just *stop* it!" Franny said, sobbing.

"I will, in a minute, in just a minute. Why *are* you breaking down, incidentally? I mean if you're able to go into a collapse with all your might, why can't you use the same energy to stay well and busy? All right, so I'm being unreasonable. I'm being very unreasonable now. But, my God, how you try what little patience I was born with! You take a look around your college *campus*, and the *world*, and *politics*, and one season of summer *stock*, and you listen to the conversation of a bunch of nitwit college students, and you decide that everything's ego, ego, *ego*, and the only intelligent thing for a girl to do is to lie around and shave her head and say the Jesus Prayer and beg God for a little mystical experience that'll make her nice and happy."

Franny shrieked, "Will you shut up, please?"

"In just a second, in just a second. You keep talking about *ego*. My God, it would take Christ himself to decide what's ego and what isn't. This is *God's* universe, buddy, not yours, and he has the final say about what's ego and what isn't. What about your beloved Epictetus? Or your beloved Emily



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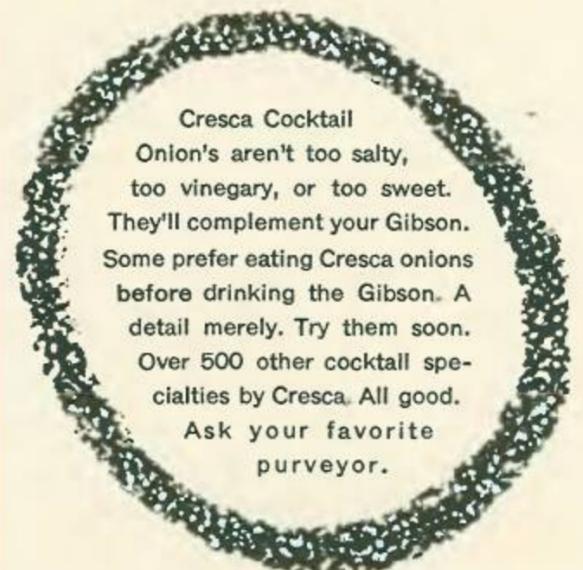
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Franny's sobs, no more than partly muffled by a satin pillow, made the only sound in the room. Bloomberg was now sitting under the piano, on an island of sunshine, rather picturesquely washing his face.

"Always the heavy," Zooey said, a trifle too matter-of-factly. "No matter what I say, I sound as though I'm undermining your Jesus Prayer. And I'm *not*, God damn it. All I *am* is against why and how and *where* you're using it. I'd like to be convinced—I'd *love* to be convinced—that you're not using it as a substitute for doing whatever the hell your duty is in life, or just your daily duty. Worse than that, though, I can't *see*—I swear to God I can't—how you can pray to a Jesus you don't even understand. And what's really inexcusable, considering that you've been



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funnel-fed on just about the same amount of religious philosophy that I have—what's really inexcusable is that you don't try to understand him. There'd be some excuse for it if you were either a very *simple* person, like the pilgrim, or a very goddam *desperate* person—but you're not simple, buddy, and you're not that damned desperate." Just then, for the first time since he had lain down, Zoocy, with his eyes still shut, compressed his lips—very much, as a matter of parenthetical fact, in the habitual style of his mother. "God almighty, Franny," he said. "If you're going to say the Jesus Prayer, at least say it to *Jesus*, and not to St. Francis and Seymour and Heidi's grandfather all wrapped up in one. Keep *him* in mind if you say it, and him only, and him as he was and not as you'd like him to have been. You don't face any facts. This same damned attitude of not facing facts is what got you into this messy state of mind in the first place, and it can't possibly get you out of it."

Zoocy abruptly placed his hands over his now quite damp face, left them there for an instant, then removed them. He refolded them. His voice picked up again, almost perfectly conversational in tone. "The part that stumps me, really stumps me, is that I can't see why anybody—unless he was a child, or an angel, or a lucky simpleton like the pilgrim—would even want to say the prayer to a Jesus who was the least bit different from the way he looks and sounds in the New Testament. My God! He's only the most intelligent man in the Bible, that's all! Who isn't he head and shoulders over? *Who?* Both Testaments are full of pundits, prophets, disciples, favorite *sons*, Solomons, Isaiahs, Davids, Pauls—but, my God, who besides Jesus really knew which end was up? *Nobody*. Not Moses. Don't tell me Moses. He was a nice man, and he kept in beautiful touch with his God, and all that—but that's exactly the point. He had to keep in touch. Jesus realized there *is* no separation from God." Zoocy here clapped his hands together—only once, and not loud, and very probably in spite of himself. His hands were refolded across his chest almost, as it were, before the clap was out. "Oh, my God, what a mind!" he said. "Who else, for example, would have kept his mouth shut when Pilate asked for an explanation? Not Solomon. Don't say Solomon. Solomon would have had a few pithy words for the occasion. I'm not sure *Socrates* wouldn't have, for that matter. *Crito*, or somebody, would



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have managed to pull him aside just long enough to get a couple of well-chosen words for the record. But most of all, above everything else, who in the Bible besides Jesus knew—*knew*—that we're carrying the Kingdom of Heaven around with us, *inside*, where we're all too goddam stupid and sentimental and unimaginative to look? You have to *be* a son of God to know that kind of stuff. Why don't you think of these things? I *mean* it, Franny, I'm being serious. When you don't see Jesus for exactly what he was, you miss the whole point of the Jesus Prayer. If you don't understand Jesus, you can't understand his prayer—you don't get the prayer at all, you just get some kind of organized cant. Jesus was a supreme *adept*, by God, on a terribly important mission. This was no St. Francis, with enough time to knock out a few canticles, or to preach to the *birds*, or to do any of the other endearing things so close to Franny Glass's heart. I'm being serious now, God damn it. How can you miss seeing that? If God had wanted somebody with St. Francis's consistently winning personality for the job in the New Testament, he'd've picked him, you can be sure. As it was, he picked the best, the smartest, the most loving, the least sentimental, the most *unimitative* master he could possibly have picked. And when you miss seeing that, I swear to you, you're missing the whole point of the Jesus Prayer. The Jesus Prayer has one aim, and one aim *only*. To endow the person who says it with Christ-Consciousness. *Not* to set up some little cozy, holier-than-thou trysting place with some sticky, adorable divine *personage* who'll take you in his arms and relieve you of all your duties and make all your nasty *Weltschmerzen* and Professor Tupperts go away and never come back. And by God, if you have intelligence enough to see that—and you *do*—and yet you refuse to see it, then you're misusing the prayer, you're using it to ask for a world full of dolls and saints and no Professor Tupperts." He suddenly sat up, shot forward, with an almost calisthenic-like swiftness, to look at Franny. His shirt was, in the familiar phrase, wringing wet. "If Jesus had intended the prayer to be used for—"

Zoocy broke off. He stared over at Franny's prostrate, face-down position on the couch, and heard, probably for the first time, the only partly stifled sounds of anguish coming from her. In an instant, he turned pale—pale with anxiety for Franny's condition, and pale, presumably, because failure had

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suddenly filled the room with its invariably sickening smell. The color of his pallor, however, was a curiously basic white—unmixed, that is, with the greens and yellows of guilt or abject contrition. It was very like the standard bloodlessness in the face of a small boy who loves animals to distraction, all animals, and who has just seen his favorite, bunny-loving sister's expression as she opened the box containing his birthday present to her—a freshly caught young cobra, with a red ribbon tied in an awkward bow around its neck.

He stared at Franny for a full minute, then got to his feet, with a little, uncharacteristically awkward movement of imbalance. He went, very slowly, over to his mother's writing table, on the other side of the room. And it was clear, on arrival, that he had no idea why he'd gone over to it. He seemed unfamiliar with the things on the table surface—the blotter with his filled-in "o"s, the ashtray with his cigar end in it—and he turned around and looked at Franny again. Her sobbing had let up a bit, or seemed to have, but her body was in the same wretched, prostrate, face-down position. One arm was bent under her, caught under her, in a way that must have been acutely uncomfortable, if not rather painful. Zoocy looked away from her, and then, not unbravely, back at her. He wiped his brow briefly with the palm of his hand, put the hand into his hip pocket to dry it, and said, "I'm sorry, Franny. I'm very sorry." But this formal apology only reactivated, reamplified, Franny's sobbing. He looked at her, fixedly, for another fifteen or twenty seconds. Then he left the room, via the hall, closing the doors behind him.

THE fresh-paint smell was now quite strong just outside the living room. The hall itself had not yet been painted, but newspapers had been strewn the entire length of the hardwood floor, and Zoocy's first step—an indecisive, almost dazed one—left the imprint of his rubber heel on a sports-section photograph of Stan Musial holding up a fourteen-inch brook trout. On his fifth or sixth step, he barely missed colliding with his mother, who had just come out of her bedroom. "I thought you'd gone!" she said. She was carrying two laundered and folded cotton bedspreads. "I thought I heard the front—" She broke off to take in Zoocy's general appearance. "What is that? Prespiration?" she asked. Without waiting for a reply, she took Zoocy by the arm and led him—almost swept

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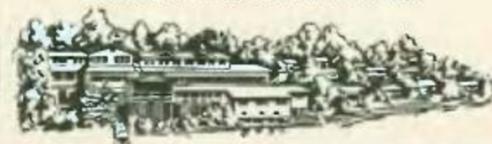
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him, as if he were as light as a broom—into the daylight coming out of her freshly painted bedroom. “It is perspiration.” Her tone couldn’t have held more wonder and censure if Zooney’s pores had been exuding crude oil. “What in the world have you been doing? You just had a bath. What have you been doing?”

“I’m late now, Fatty. C’mon. One side,” Zooney said. A Philadelphia high-boy had been moved out into the hall, and, together with Mrs. Glass’s person, it blocked Zooney’s passage. “Who put this monstrosity out here?” he said, glancing at it.

“Why are you perspiring like that?” Mrs. Glass demanded, staring first at the shirt, then at him. “Did you talk to Franny? Where’ve you just been? The living room?”

“Yes, yes, the living room. And if I were you, incidentally, I’d go look in there for a second. She’s crying. Or was when I left.” He tapped his mother on the shoulder. “C’mon, now. I mean it. Get out of the—”

“She’s crying? Again? Why? What happened?”

“I don’t know, for Chrissake—I hid her Pooh books. Come on, Bessie, step aside, please. I’m in a hurry.”

Mrs. Glass, still staring at him, let him pass. Then, almost at once, she made for the living room, at a clip that scarcely gave her leave to call back over her shoulder, “Change that shirt, young man!”

If Zooney heard this, he gave no sign. At the far end of the hall, he went into the bedroom he had once shared with his twin brothers, which now, in 1955, was his alone. But he stayed in his room for not more than two minutes. When he came out, he had on the same sweaty shirt. There was, however, a slight but fairly distinct change in his appearance. He had acquired a cigar, and lighted it. And for some reason he had an unfolded white handkerchief draped over his head, possibly to ward off rain, or hail, or brimstone.

He went directly across the hall and into the room his two eldest brothers had shared.

This was the first time in almost seven years that Zooney had, in the ready-made dramatic idiom, “set foot” in Seymour’s and Buddy’s old room. Discounting a totally negligible incident a couple of years earlier, when he had methodically dragged the entire apartment for a mislaid or “stolen” tennis-racket press.

He closed the door behind him as tightly as possible, and with an expression implying that the absence of a key

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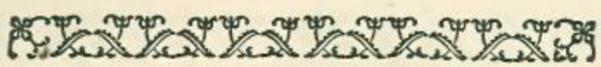


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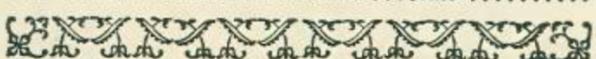
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in the lock met with his disapproval. He gave the room itself scarcely a glance, once he was inside it. Instead, he turned around and deliberately faced a sheet of what had once been snow-white beaverboard that was nailed uncompromisingly to the back of the door. It was a mammoth specimen, very nearly as long and as wide as the door itself. One could have believed that its whiteness, smoothness, and expanse had at one time cried out rather plaintively for India ink and block lettering. Certainly not in vain, if so. Every inch of visible surface of the board had been decorated, with four somewhat gorgeous-looking columns of quotations from a variety of the world's literatures. The lettering was minute, but jet-black and passionately legible, if just a trifle fancy in spots, and without blots or erasures. The workmanship was no less fastidious even at the bottom of the board, near the doorsill, where the two penmen, each in his turn, had obviously lain on their stomachs. No attempt whatever had been made to assign quotations or authors to categories or groups of any kind. So that to read the quotations from top to bottom, column by column, was rather like walking through an emergency station set up in a flood area, where, for example, Pascal had been unribaldly bedded down with Emily Dickinson, and where, so to speak, Baudelaire's and Thomas a Kempis's toothbrushes were hanging side by side.

Zooey, standing in just close enough, read the top entry in the left-hand column, then went on reading downward. From his expression, or lack of it, he might have been killing time on a railway platform reading a billboard advertisement for Dr. Scholl's foot pads.

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Work done with anxiety about results is far inferior to work done without such anxiety, in the calm of self-surrender. Seek refuge in the knowledge of Brahman. They who work selfishly for results are miserable. —"Bhagavad Gita."

It loved to happen.—Marcus Aurelius.

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Climb Mount Fuji,  
But slowly, slowly! —Issa.

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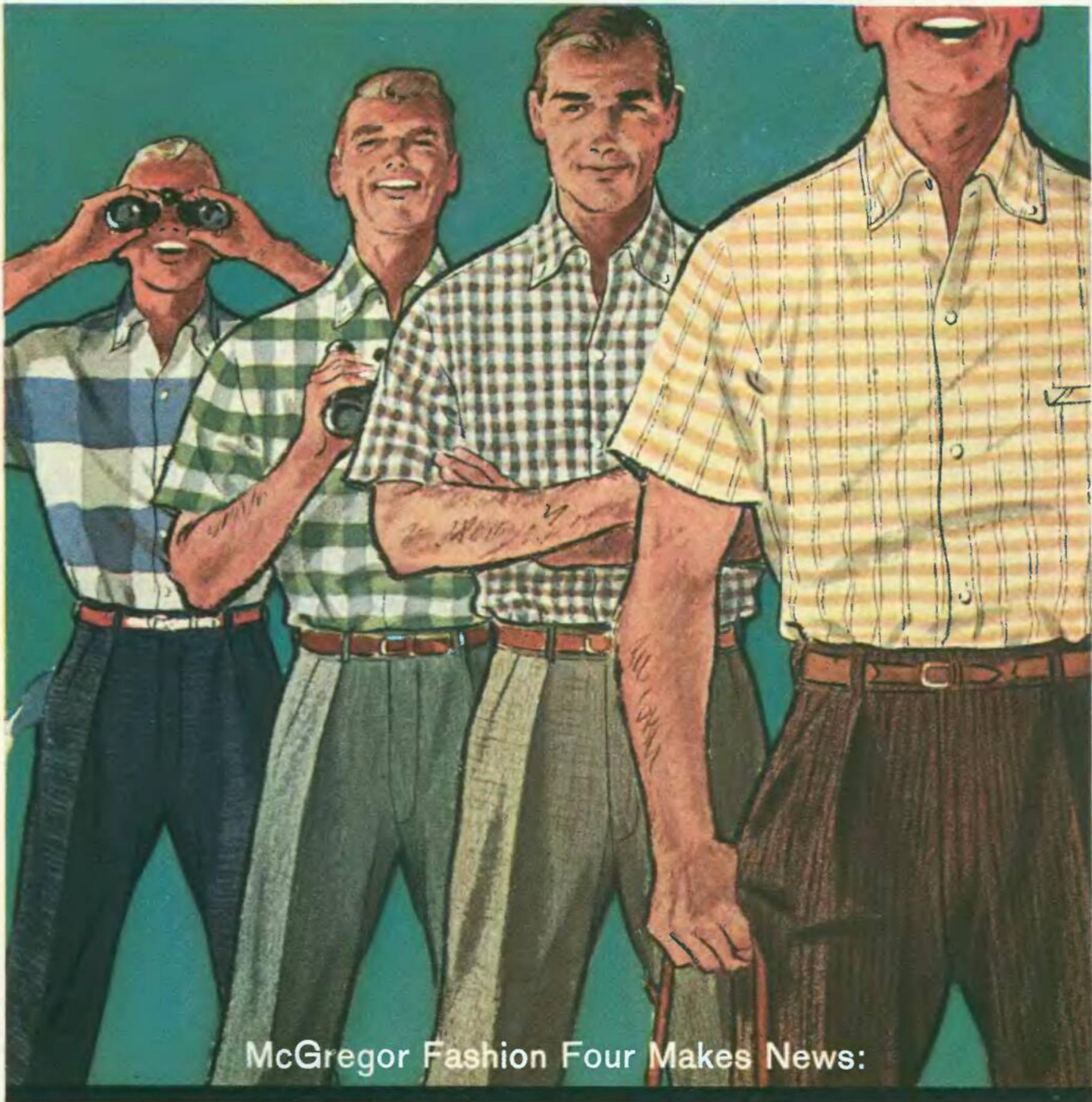
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head; others say that it exists, but neither bestirs nor concerns itself nor has forethought for anything. A third party attribute to it existence and forethought, but only for great and heavenly matters, not for anything that is on earth. A fourth party admit things on earth as well as in heaven, but only in general, and not with respect to each individual. A fifth, of whom were Ulysses and Socrates, are those that cry:—

"I move not without Thy knowledge!"  
—Epictetus.

The love interest and climax would come when a man and a lady, both strangers, got to talking together on the train going back east.

"Well," said Mrs. Croot, for it was she, "what did you think of the Canyon?"

"Some cave," replied her escort.

"What a funny way to put it!" replied Mrs. Croot. "And now play me something."

—Ring Lardner ("How to Write Short Stories").

God instructs the heart, not by ideas but by pains and contradictions.

—De Caussade.

"Papa!" shrieked Kitty, and shut his mouth with her hands.

"Well, I won't..." he said. "I'm very, very pleased... Oh, what a fool I am..."

He embraced Kitty, kissed her face, her hand, her face again, and made the sign of the cross over her.

And there came over Levin a new feeling of love for this man, till then so little known to him, when he saw how slowly and tenderly Kitty kissed his muscular hand.

—"Anna Karenina."

"Sir, we ought to teach the people that they are doing wrong in worshipping the images and pictures in the temple."

Ramakrishna: "That's the way with you Calcutta people: you want to teach and preach. You want to give millions when you are beggars yourselves... Do you think God does not know that he is being worshipped in the images and pictures? If a worshipper should make a mistake, do you not think God will know his intent?"

—"The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna."

"Don't you want to join us?" I was recently asked by an acquaintance when he ran across me alone after midnight in a coffeehouse that was already almost deserted. "No, I don't," I said.

—Kafka.

The happiness of being with people.

—Kafka.

St. Francis de Sales' prayer: "Yes, Father! Yes, and always, Yes!"

Zui-Gan called out to himself every day, "Master."

Then he answered himself, "Yes, sir."

And then he added, "Become sober."

Again he answered, "Yes, sir."

"And after that," he continued, "do not be deceived by others."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," he replied.

—Mu-Mon-Kwan.

The lettering on the beaverboard being as small as it was, this last entry appeared well in the upper fifth of its column, and Zoey could have gone on reading for another five minutes or so,



## new flair for father after five

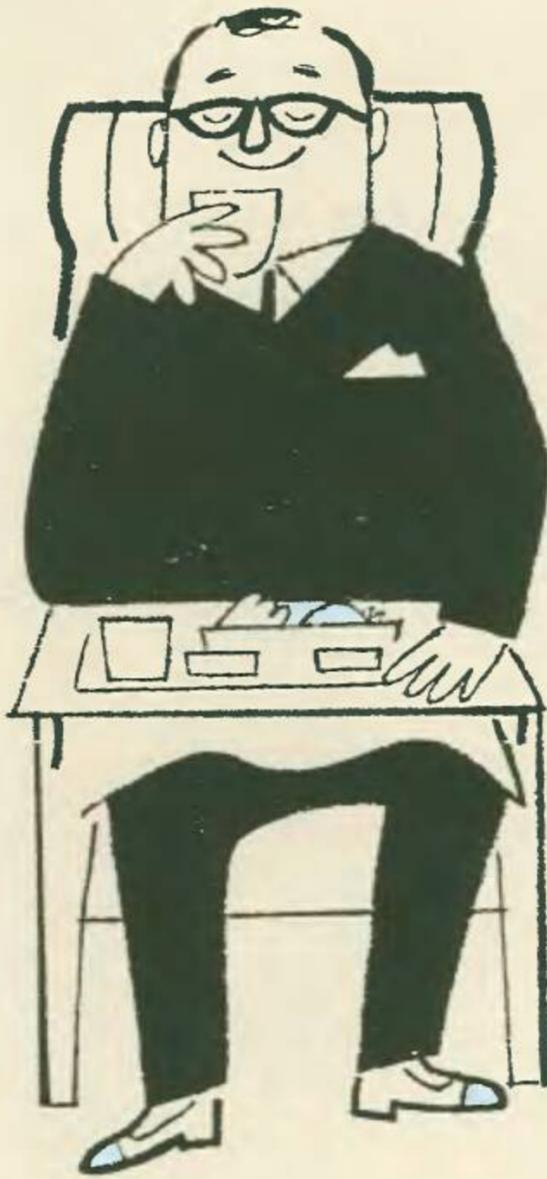
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staying in the same column, without having to bend his knees. He didn't choose to. He turned around, not abruptly, and walked over and sat down at his brother Seymour's desk—pulling out the little straight chair as though it were something he did every day. He placed his cigar on the right-hand edge of the desk, burning end out, leaned forward on his elbows, and covered his face with his hands.

Behind him and at his left, two curtained windows, with their blinds half drawn, faced into a court—an unpicturesque brick-and-concrete valley through which cleaning women and grocery boys passed grayly at all hours of the day. The room itself was what might be called the third master bedroom of the apartment, and was, by more or less traditional Manhattan apartment-house standards, both unsunny and unlarge. The two eldest Glass boys, Seymour and Buddy, had moved into it in 1929, at the respective ages of twelve and ten, and had vacated it when they were twenty-three and twenty-one. Most of the furniture belonged to a maplewood "set": two day beds, a night table, two boyishly small, knee-cramping desks, two chiffoniers, two semi-easy chairs. Three domestic Oriental scatter rugs, extremely worn, were on the floor. The rest, with very little exaggeration, was books. Meant-to-be-picked-up books. Permanently-left-behind books. Uncertain-what-to-do-with books. But books, books. Tall cases lined three walls of the room, filled to and beyond capacity. The overflow had been piled in stacks on the floor. There was little space left for walking, and none whatever for pacing. A stranger with a flair for cocktail-party descriptive prose might have commented that the room, at a quick glance, looked as if it had once been tenanted by two struggling twelve-year-old lawyers or researchers. And, in fact, unless one chose to make a fairly thoughtful survey of the reading matter extant, there were few, if any, certain indications that the former occupants had both reached voting age within the predominantly juvenile dimensions of the room. True, there was a phone—the controversial private phone—on Buddy's desk. And there were a number of cigarette burns on both desks. But other, more emphatic signs of adulthood—stud or cuff-button boxes, wall pictures, the telling odds and ends that collect on chiffonier tops—had been removed from the room in 1940, when the two young men "branched out" and took an apartment of their own. With his face in his hands and his

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handkerchief headgear drooping low over his brow, Zoocy sat at Seymour's old desk, inert, but not asleep, for a good twenty minutes. Then, almost in one movement, he removed the support for his face, picked up his cigar, stowed it in his mouth, opened the left-hand bottom drawer of the desk, and took out, using both hands, a seven- or eight-inch-thick stack of what appeared to be—and were—shirt cardboards. He placed the stack before him on the desk and began to turn the cards over, two or three at a time. His hand stayed only once, really, and then quite briefly.

The cardboard that he stopped at had been written on in February, 1938. The handwriting, in blue-lead pencil, was his brother Seymour's:

My twenty-first birthday. Presents, presents, presents. Zoocy and the baby, as usual, shopped lower Broadway. They gave me a fine supply of itching powder and a box of three stink bombs. I'm to drop the bombs in the elevator at Columbia or "someplace very crowded" as soon as I get a good chance.

Several acts of vaudeville tonight for my entertainment. Les and Bessie did a lovely soft-shoe on sand swiped by Boo Boo from the urn in the lobby. When they were finished, B. and Boo Boo did a pretty funny imitation of them. Les nearly in tears. The baby sang "Abdul Abulbul Amir." Z. did the Will Mahoney exit Les taught him, ran smack into the bookcase, and was furious. The twins did B.'s and my old Buck & Bubbles imitation. But to perfection. Marvellous. In the middle of it, the doorman called up on the housephone and asked if anybody was dancing up there. A Mr. Seligman, on the fourth—

There Zoocy quit reading. He gave the stack of cardboards a solid-sounding double tap on the desk surface, as one taps a deck of cards, then dropped the stack back into the bottom drawer and closed the drawer.

Once again he leaned forward on his elbows and buried his face in his hands. This time he sat motionless for almost a half hour.

When he moved again, it was as though marionette strings had been attached to him and given an overzealous yank. He appeared to be given just enough time to pick up his cigar before another jerk of the invisible strings swung him over to the chair at the second desk in the room—Buddy's desk—where the phone was.

In this new seating arrangement, the first thing he did was to pull his shirt ends out of his trousers. He unbuttoned the shirt completely, as if the journey of three steps had taken him into an oddly tropical zone. Next, he took his cigar out of his mouth, but transferred it to his left hand and kept it there. With his

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right hand he took his handkerchief off his head and laid it beside the phone, in what was very implicitly a "ready position." He then picked up the phone without any perceptible hesitation and dialed a local number. A very local number indeed. When he had finished dialling, he picked up his handkerchief from the desk and put it over the mouthpiece, quite loosely and mounted rather high. He took a deepish breath, and waited. He might have lighted his cigar, which had gone out, but he didn't.

**A**BOUT a minute and a half earlier, Franny, on a distinctly quavering note, had just declined her mother's fourth offer within fifteen minutes to bring in a cup of "nice, hot chicken broth." Mrs. Glass had made this last offer on her feet—in fact, halfway out of the living room, in the direction of the kitchen, looking rather grim with optimism. But the reintroduced quaver in Franny's voice had sent her quickly back to her chair.

Mrs. Glass's chair was, of course, on Franny's side of the living room. And most vigilantly so. Some fifteen minutes earlier, when Franny had been rehabilitated enough to sit up and look around for her comb, Mrs. Glass had brought over the straight chair from the writing table and placed it squarely up against the coffee table. The site was excellent for Franny-observing, and also placed the observer within easy reach of an ashtray on the marble surface.

Re-seated, Mrs. Glass sighed, as she always sighed, in any situation, when cups of chicken broth were declined. But she had, so to speak, been cruising in a patrol boat down and up her children's alimentary canals for so many years that the sigh was in no sense a real signal of defeat, and she said, almost immediately, "I don't see how you expect to get your *strength* and all back if you don't take something nourishing into your system. I'm *sorry*, but I don't. You've had exactly—"

"Mother—now, please. I've asked you twenty times. Will you *please* stop mentioning chicken broth to me? It nauseates me just to—" Franny broke off, and listened. "Is that our phone?" she said.

Mrs. Glass was already up from her chair. Her lips had tightened a bit. The ring of a telephone, any telephone, anywhere, invariably caused Mrs. Glass's lips to tighten a bit. "I'll be right back," she said, and left the room. She was chinking more audibly than usual, as



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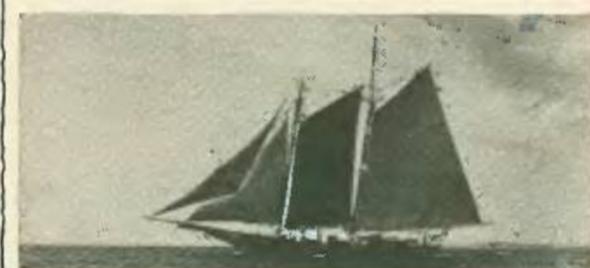
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if a box of assorted household nails had come apart in one of her kimono pockets.

She was gone about five minutes. When she returned, she had the particular facial expression that her eldest daughter, Boo Boo, had once described as meaning one of only two things: that she had just talked with one of her sons on the telephone or that she had just had a report, on the best authority, that the bowels of every single human being in the world were scheduled to move with perfect hygienic regularity for a period of one full week. "That's Buddy on the phone," she announced as she came into the room. From a habit of several years' standing, she suppressed any small token of pleasure that might have slipped into her voice.

Franny's visible reaction to this news was considerably less than enthusiastic. She looked, in fact, nervous. "Where's he phoning from?" she said.

"I didn't even ask him. He sounds as though he has a horrible cold." Mrs. Glass didn't sit down. She hovered. "Hurry up, now, young lady. He wants to talk to you."

"Did he say so?"

"Certainly he said so! Hurry up, now. . . . Put your slippers on."

Franny let herself out of the pink sheets and the pale-blue afghan. She sat, pale and obviously stalling, on the couch edge, looking up at her mother. Her feet fished around for her slippers. "What'd you tell him?" she asked nervously.

"Just kindly go to the phone, please, young lady," Mrs. Glass said evasively. "Just hurry a little, for goodness' sake."

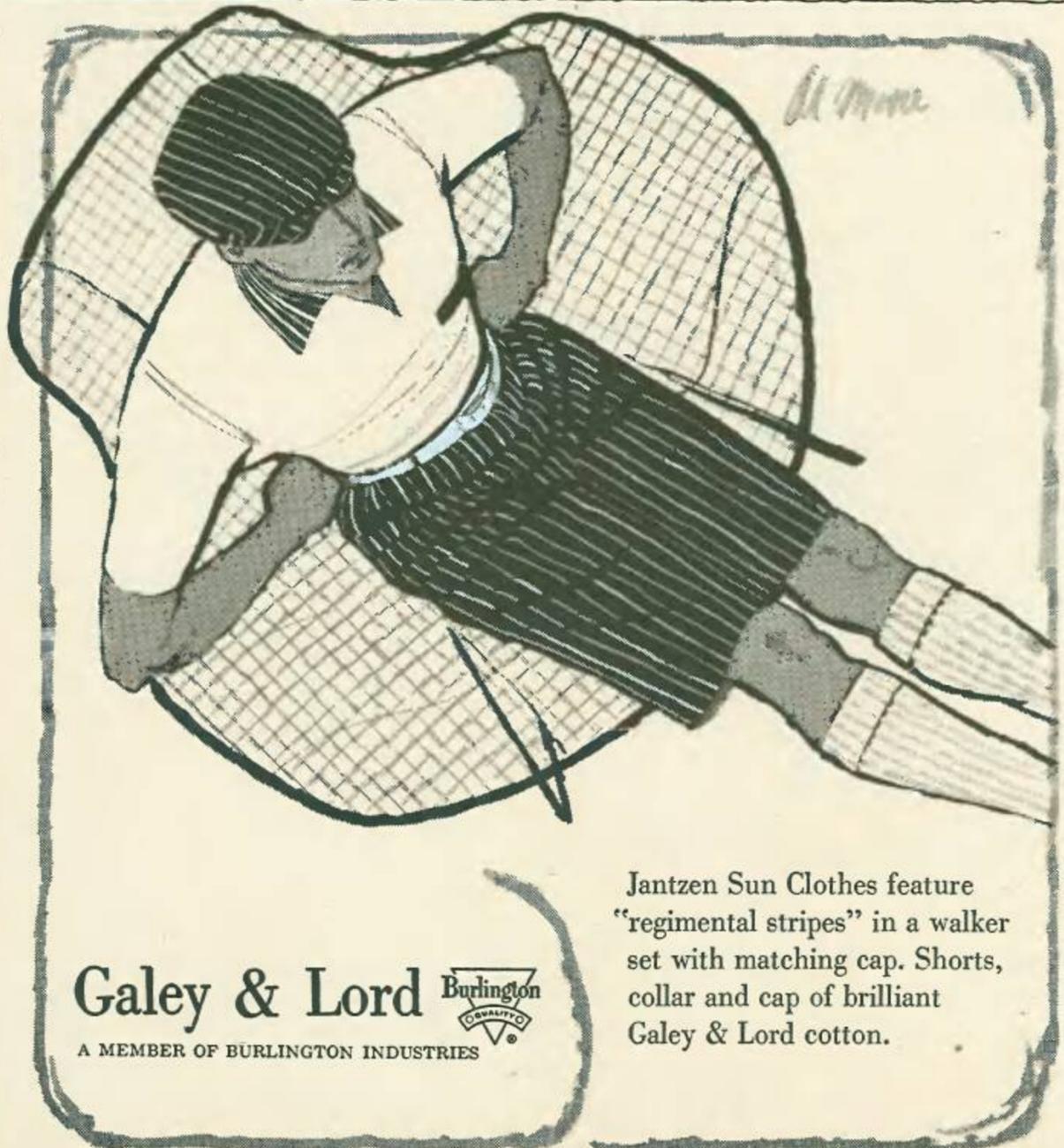
"I suppose you told him I'm at death's door or something," Franny said. There was no reply to this. She stood up from the couch, not so fragilely as a post-operative convalescent might have but with just a trace of timidity and caution, as if she expected, and perhaps rather hoped, to feel a trifle dizzy. She worked her feet more securely into her slippers, then came out from behind the coffee table gravely, untying and retying the belt of her dressing gown. A year or so earlier, in an unwarrantably self-deprecating paragraph of a letter to her brother Buddy, she had referred to her own figure as "irreproachably Americanese." Watching her, Mrs. Glass, who happened to be a great judge of young girls' figures and young girls' walks, once again, in lieu of a smile, tightened her lips a bit. The instant, however, that Franny was out of sight, she turned her attention to the couch. Clearly, from her look, there were not



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many things in the world she disliked more than a couch, a good eiderdown couch, that had been made up for sleeping purposes. She went around into the aisle made by the coffee table and began to give all the pillows in sight a therapeutic beating up.

Franny, in transit, ignored the telephone in the hall. She evidently preferred to take the longish walk down the hall to her parents' bedroom, where the more popular phone in the apartment was located. Although there was nothing markedly peculiar about her gait as she moved through the hall—she neither dallied nor quite hurried—she was nonetheless very peculiarly transformed as she moved. She appeared, vividly, to grow younger with each step. Possibly long halls, plus the aftereffects of tears, plus the ring of a telephone, plus the smell of fresh paint, plus newspapers underfoot—possibly the sum of all these things was equal, for her, to a new doll carriage. In any case, by the time she reached her parents' bedroom door her handsome tailored tie-silk dressing gown—the emblem, perhaps, of all that is dormitorially chic and *fatale*—looked as if it had been changed into a small child's woollen bathrobe.

Mr. and Mrs. Glass's bedroom reeked, and even smarted, of freshly painted walls. The furniture had been herded into the middle of the room and covered with canvas—old, paint-flecked, organic-looking canvas. The beds, too, had been drawn in from the wall, but they had been covered with cotton bedspreads Mrs. Glass herself had provided. The phone was now on the pillow of Mr. Glass's bed. Evidently Mrs. Glass, too, had preferred it to the less private extension in the hall. The handpiece lay detached from its catch, waiting for Franny. It looked almost as dependent as a human being for some acknowledgment of its existence. To get to it, to redeem it, Franny had to shuffle across the floor through a quantity of newspapers and sidestep an empty paint bucket. When she did reach it, she didn't pick it up but merely sat down beside it on the bed, looked at it, looked away from it, and pushed back her hair. The night table that ordinarily stood alongside the bed had been moved close enough to it so that Franny could reach it without quite standing up. She put her hand under a particularly soiled-looking piece of canvas covering it and passed the hand back and forth till she found what she was looking for—a porcelain cigarette box and a box of matches in a copper holder. She lit a cigarette, then gave the phone another, long, exceed-



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ingly worried look. With the exception of her late brother Seymour, it should be noted, all her brothers had overly vibrant, not to say sinewy, voices on the telephone. At this hour, it was very possible that Franny felt deeply hesitant about taking a chance on just the timbre, let alone the verbal content, of any of her brothers' voices on the phone. However, she puffed nervously on her cigarette and, rather bravely, picked up the phone. "Hello. Buddy?" she said.

"Hello, sweetheart. How are you—are you all right?"

"I'm fine. How are you? You sound as though you have a cold." Then, when there was no immediate response: "I suppose Bessie's been *briefing* you by the hour."

"Well—after a fashion. Yes and no. You know. Are you all right, sweetheart?"

"I'm fine. You sound funny, though. Either you have a terrible cold or this is a terrible connection. Where are you, anyway?"

"Where am I? I'm right in my element, Flopsy. I'm in a little haunted house down the road. Never mind. Just talk to me."

Franny unplacidly crossed her legs. "I don't know exactly what you'd like to talk about," she said. "What all'd Bessie tell you, I mean?"

There was a most characteristically Buddylike pause at the other end. It was exactly the kind of pause—just a trifle rich with seniority of years—that had often tried the patience of both Franny *and* the virtuoso at the other end of the phone when they were small children. "Well, I'm not terribly sure what all she told me, sweetheart. Past a certain point, it's a little rude to go on listening to Bessie on the phone. I heard about the cheeseburger diet, you can be sure. And, of course, the Pilgrim books. Then I think I just sat with the phone at my ear, not really listening. You know."

"Oh," Franny said. She switched her cigarette over to her telephone hand and, with her free hand, reached again under the canvas cover on the night table and found a tiny ceramic ashtray, which she placed beside her on the bed. "You sound funny," she said. "Do you have a cold, or what?"

"I feel wonderful, sweetheart. I'm sitting here talking to you and I feel wonderful. It's a joy to hear your voice. I can't tell you."

Franny once again pushed back her hair with one hand. She didn't say anything.

"Flopsy? Can you think of anything

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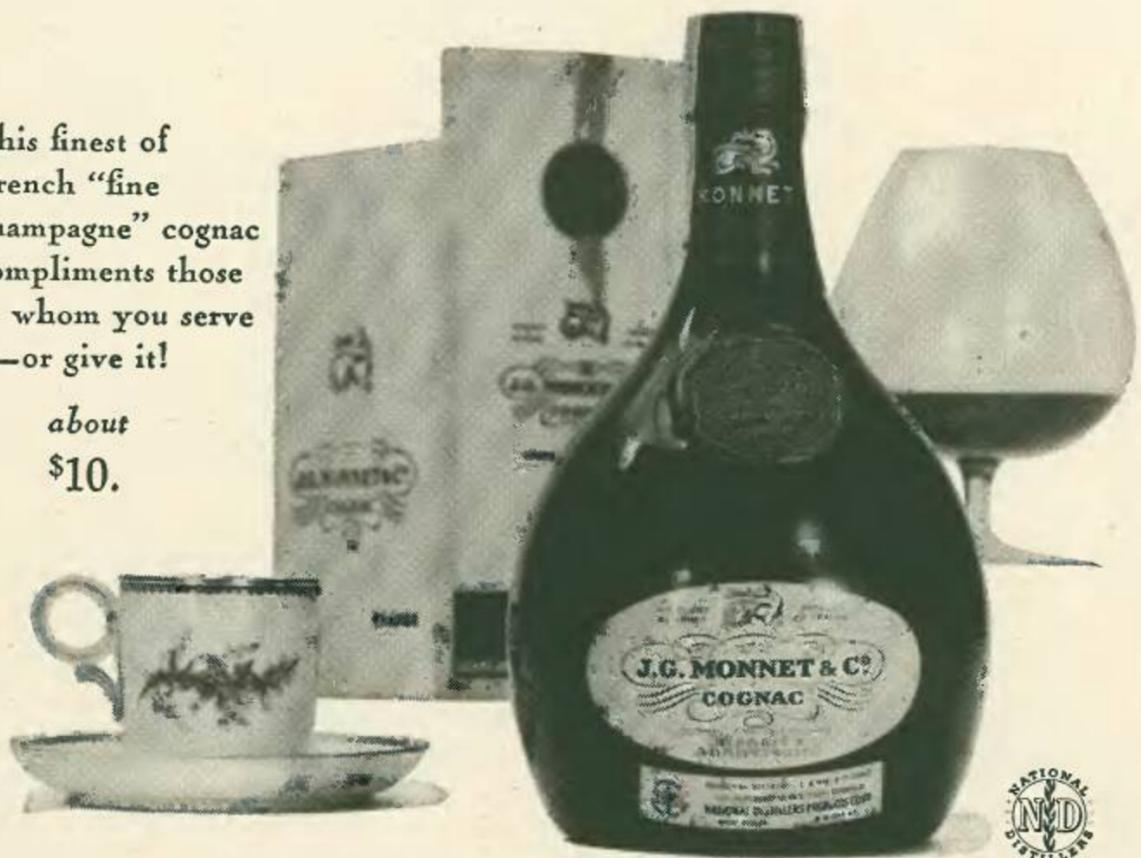
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Bessie may have missed? You feel like talking at all?"

With her fingers, Franny slightly altered the position of the tiny ashtray beside her on the bed. "Well, I'm a little talked out. To be honest with you," she said, "Zooney's been at me all morning."

"Zooney? How is he?"

"How is he? He's fine. He's just tiptop. I could just murder him, that's all."

"Murder him? Why? Why, sweetheart? Why could you murder our Zooney?"

"Why? Because I just could, that's all! He's completely destructive. I've never met anyone so completely destructive in my life! It's just so unnecessary! One minute he launches this all-out attack on the Jesus Prayer—which I happen to be interested in—making you think you're some kind of neurotic nitwit for even being interested in it. And about two minutes later he starts raving to you about how Jesus is the only person in the world he's ever had any respect for—such a marvellous mind, and all that. He's just so erratic. I mean he goes around and around in such horrible circles."

"Tell about it. Tell about the horrible circles."

Here Franny made the mistake of giving a little exhalation of impatience—she had just inhaled cigarette smoke. She coughed. "Tell about it! It would just take me all day, that's all!" She put a hand to her throat, and waited for the wrong-passage discomfort to pass. "He's just a monster," she said. "He is! Not really a monster but—I don't know. He's so bitter about things. He's bitter about religion. He's bitter about television. He's bitter about you and Seymour—he keeps saying you both made freaks out of us. I don't know. He jumps from one—"

"Why freaks? I know he thinks that. Or thinks he thinks it. But did he say why? What's his definition of a freak? He say, sweetheart?"

Just here, Franny, in apparent despair at the naïveté of the question, struck her forehead with her hand. Something she very probably hadn't done in five or six years—when, for example, halfway home on the Lexington Avenue bus, she discovered she had left her scarf back at the movies. "What's his definition?" she said. "He has about forty definitions for everything! If I sound slightly unhinged, that's the reason why. One minute—like last night—he says we're freaks because we were brought up to have only one set of standards. Ten minutes later he says

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he's a freak because he never wants to meet anybody for a drink. The only time—"

"Never wants to what?"

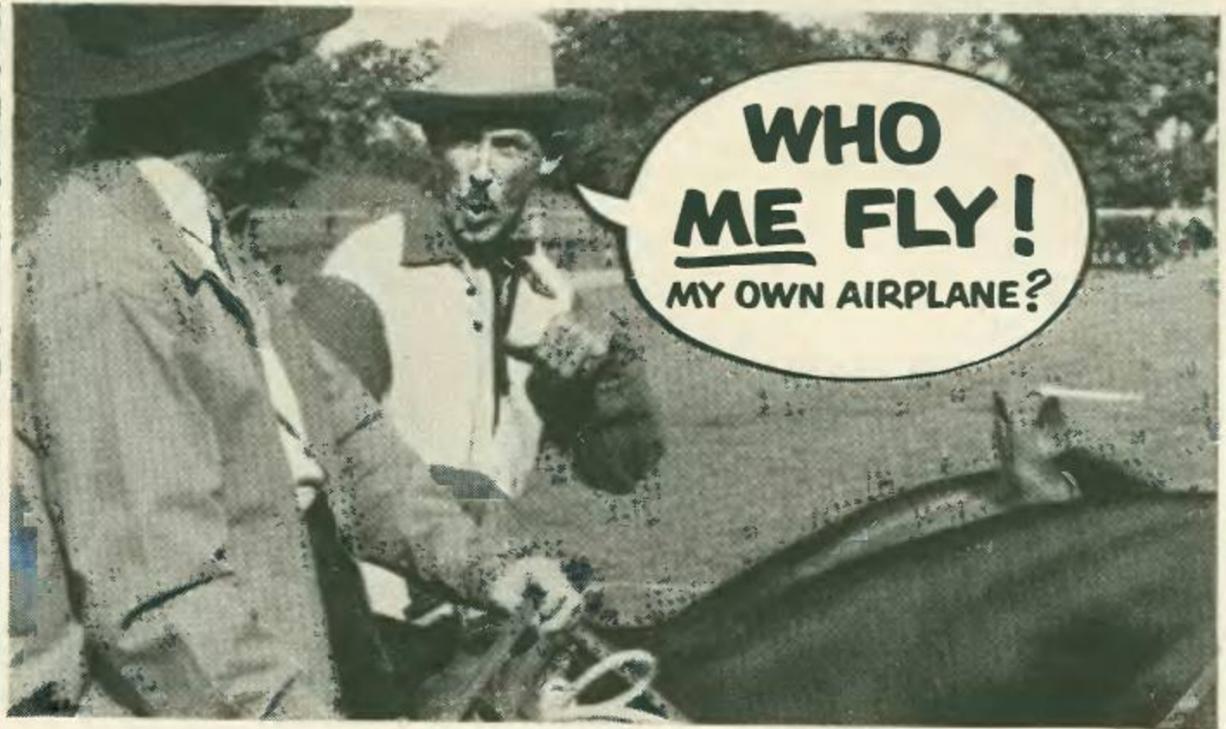
"Meet anybody for a *drink*. Oh, he had to go out last night and meet this television writer for a drink downtown, in the Village and all. That's what started it. He says the only people he ever really wants to meet for a drink somewhere are all either dead or unavailable. He says he never even wants to have *lunch* with anybody, even, unless he thinks there's a *good chance* it's going to turn out to be Jesus, the person—or the Buddha, or Hui-neng, or Shankaracharya, or somebody like that. You know." Franny suddenly put out her cigarette in the tiny ashtray—with some awkwardness, not having her second hand free to brace the ashtray. "You know what else he said to me?" she said. "You know what he swore up and down to me? He told me last night he once had a glass of ginger ale with Jesus in the kitchen when he was eight years old. Are you listening?"

"I'm listening, I'm listening... sweetheart."

"He said he was—this is exactly what he said—he said he was sitting at the table in the kitchen, all by himself, drinking a glass of ginger ale and eating *saltines* and reading 'Dombey and Son,' and all of a sudden Jesus sat down in the other chair and asked if he could have a small glass of ginger ale. A *small* glass, mind you—that's exactly what he said. I mean he says things like that, and yet he thinks he's perfectly qualified to give *me* a lot of advice and stuff! That's what makes me so mad! I could just spit! I could! It's like being in a *lunatic* asylum and having another patient all dressed up as a *doctor* come over to you and start taking your pulse or something... It's just awful. He talks and talks and talks. And if he isn't *talking*, he's smoking his smelly cigars all over the house. I'm so sick of the smell of cigar smoke I could just roll over and *die*."

"The cigars are ballast, sweetheart. Sheer ballast. If he didn't have a cigar to hold on to, his feet would leave the ground. We'd never see our Zooey again."

There were several experienced verbal stunt pilots in the Glass family, but this last little remark perhaps Zooey alone was coordinated well enough to bring in safely over a telephone. Or so this narrator suggests. And Franny may have felt so, too. In any case, she suddenly knew that it was Zooey at the other end of the phone. She got up, slowly, from the edge of the bed. "All



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right, Zooney," she said. "All right." Not quite immediately: "Beg pardon?"

"I said, all right, Zooney."

"Zooney? What is this? . . . Franny? You there?"

"I'm here. Just stop it now, please. I know it's you."

"What in the world are you talking about, sweetheart? What is this? Who's this Zooney?"

"Zooney Glass," Franny said. "Just stop it now, please. You're not being funny. As it happens, I'm just barely getting back to feeling halfway—"

"Grass, did you say? Zooney Grass? Norwegian chap? Sort of a heavysset, blond, ath—"

"All right, Zooney. Just stop, please. Enough's enough. You're not funny. . . . In case you're interested, I'm feeling absolutely lousy. So if there's anything special you have to say to me, please hurry up and say it and leave me alone." This last, emphasized word was oddly veered away from, as if the stress on it hadn't been fully intended.

There was a peculiar silence at the other end of the phone. And a peculiar reaction to it from Franny. She was disturbed by it. She sat down again on the edge of her father's bed. "I'm not going to hang up on you or anything," she said. "But I'm—I don't know—I'm tired, Zooney. I'm just exhausted, frankly." She listened. But there was no response. She crossed her legs. "You can go on like this all day, but I can't," she said. "All I am is on the receiving end. It isn't terribly pleasant, you know. You think everybody's made of iron or something." She listened. She started to speak up again but stopped when she heard the sound of a voice being cleared.

"I don't think everybody's made of iron, buddy."

This abjectly simple sentence seemed to disturb Franny rather more than a continued silence would have. She quickly reached over and picked a cigarette out of the porcelain box, but didn't prepare to light it. "Well, you'd think you did," she said. She listened. She waited. "I mean, did you call for any special reason?" she said abruptly. "I mean, did you have any special reason for calling me?"

"No special reason, buddy, no special reason."

Franny waited. Then the other end spoke up again.

"I suppose I more or less called to tell you to go on with your Jesus Prayer if you want to. I mean that's your business. That's your business. It's a goddam nice prayer, and don't

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let anybody tell you anything different."

"I know," Franny said. Very nervously, she reached for the box of matches.

"I don't think I ever really meant to try to *stop* you from saying it. At least, I don't think I did. I don't know. I don't know *what* the hell was going on in my mind. There's one thing I *do* know for sure, though. I have no goddam authority to be speaking up like a *seer* the way I have been. We've had enough goddam seers in this family. That part bothers me. That part scares me a little bit."

Franny took advantage of the slight pause that followed to straighten her back a trifle, as though, for some reason, good posture, or better posture, might come in handy at any moment.

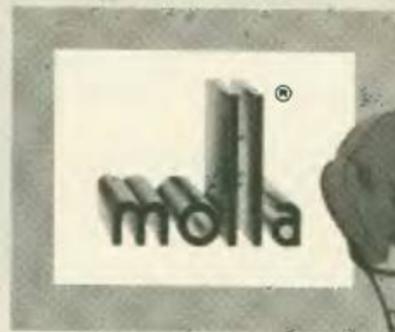
"It *scares* me a little bit, but it doesn't petrify me. Let's get that straight. It doesn't *petrify* me. Because you forget one thing, buddy. When you first felt the urge, the *call*, to say the prayer, you didn't immediately start searching the four corners of the world for a master. *You came home*. You not only came *home* but you went into a goddam collapse. So if you look at it in a certain way, by rights you're only entitled to the low-grade spiritual counsel we're able to give you around here, and no more. At least you know there won't be any goddam ulterior motives in this madhouse. Whatever we are, we're not *fishy*, buddy."

Franny suddenly tried with one hand alone to get a light for her cigarette. She opened the matchbox compartment successfully, but one inept scratch of a match sent the box to the floor. She bent quickly and picked up the box, and let the spilled matches lie.

"I'll tell you one thing, Franny. One thing I *know*. And don't get upset. It isn't anything bad. But if it's the religious life you want, you ought to know right now that you're missing out on every single goddam religious action that's going on around this house. You don't even have sense enough to *drink* when somebody brings you a cup of consecrated chicken soup—which is the only kind of chicken soup Bessie ever brings to anybody around this madhouse. So just *tell* me, just tell me, buddy. Even if you went out and searched the whole world for a master—some guru, some holy man—to tell you how to say your Jesus Prayer properly, what good would it do you? How in *hell* are you going to recognize a legitimate holy man when you see one if you don't even know a cup of consecrated chicken soup when it's right



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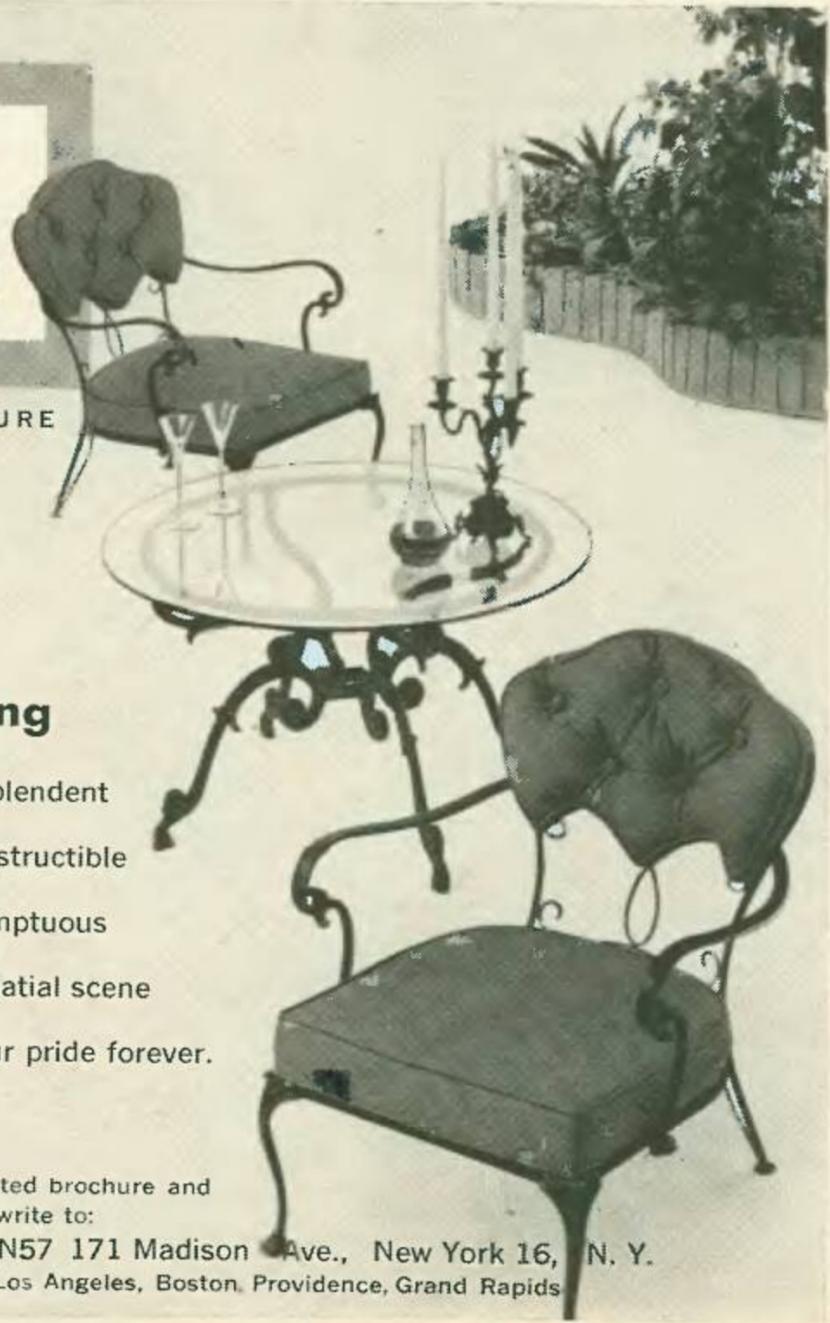


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in front of your nose? Can you tell me that?"

Franny was now sitting up rather abnormally straight.

"I'm just asking you. I'm not trying to upset you. Am I upsetting you?"

Franny answered, but her answer evidently didn't carry.

"What? I can't hear you."

"I said no. Where are you calling from? Where are you now?"

"Oh, what the hell's the difference where I am? Pierre, South Dakota, for God's sake. Listen to me, Franny—I'm sorry, don't get riled. But listen to me. I have just one or two very small things more, and then I'll quit, I promise you that. But did you know, just by the way, that Buddy and I drove up to see you in stock last summer? Did you know we saw you in 'Playboy of the Western World' one night? One god-awful hot night, I can tell you that. But did you know we were there?"

An answer seemed to be called for. Franny stood up, then immediately sat down. She placed the ashtray slightly away from her, as if it were very much in her way. "No, I didn't," she said. "Nobody said one single— No, I didn't."

"Well, we were. We were. And I'll tell you, buddy. You were good. And when I say good, I mean good. You held that goddam mess up. Even all those sunburned lobsters in the audience knew it. And now I hear you're finished with the theatre forever—I hear things, I hear things. And I remember the spiel you came back with when the season was over. Oh, you irritate me, Franny! I'm sorry, you do. You've made the great startling goddam discovery that the acting profession's loaded with mercenaries and butchers. As I remember, you even looked like somebody who'd just been shattered because all the ushers hadn't been geniuses. What's the matter with you, buddy? Where are your brains? If you've had a freakish education, at least use it, use it. You can say the Jesus Prayer from now till doomsday, but if you don't realize that the only thing that counts in the religious life is detachment, I don't see how you'll ever even move an inch. Detachment, buddy, and only detachment. Desirelessness. 'Cessation from all hankering.' It's this business of desiring, if you want to know the goddam truth, that makes an actor in the first place. Why're you making me tell you things you already know? Somewhere along the line—in one damn incarnation or another, if you like—you not only had a hankering to be an actor or an actress but to be a

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good one. You're stuck with it now. You can't just *walk out* on the results of your own hankerings. Cause and effect, buddy, cause and effect. The only thing you can do now, the only religious thing you can do, is *act*. Act for God, if you want to—be *God's* actress, if you want to. What could be prettier? You can at least try to, if you want to—there's nothing wrong in *trying*." There was a slight pause. "You'd better get busy, though, buddy. The goddam *sands* run out on you every time you turn around. I know what I'm talking about. You're lucky if you get time to sneeze in this goddam phenomenal world." There was another, slighter pause. "I used to worry about that. I don't worry about it very much any more. At least I'm still in love with Yorick's skull. At least I always have time enough to stay in love with Yorick's skull. I want an honorable goddam skull when I'm dead, buddy. I *hanker* after an honorable goddam skull like Yorick's. And so do you, Franny Glass. So do you, so do you. . . . Ah, God, what's the use of talking? You had the exact same goddam freakish upbringing I did, and if you don't know by this time what kind of *skull* you want when you're dead, and what you have to do to *earn* it—I mean if you don't at least know by this time that if you're an actress you're supposed to *act*, then what's the use of talking?"

Franny was now sitting with the flat of her free hand pressed against the side of her face, like someone with an excruciating toothache.

"One other thing. And that's all. I promise you. But the thing is, you raved and you bitched when you came home about the stupidity of audiences. The goddam 'unskilled laughter' coming from the fifth row. And that's right, that's right—God knows it's depressing. I'm not saying it isn't. But that's none of your business, really. That's none of your business, Franny. An artist's only concern is to shoot for some kind of perfection, and *on his own terms*, not anyone else's. You have no right to think about those things, I swear to you. Not in any real sense, anyway. You know what I mean?"

There was a silence. Both saw it through without any seeming impatience or awkwardness. Franny still appeared to have some considerable pain on one side of her face, and continued to keep her hand on it, but her expression was markedly uncomplaining.

The voice at the other end came through again. "I remember about the fifth time I ever went on 'Wise Child.' I subbed for Walt a few times when he

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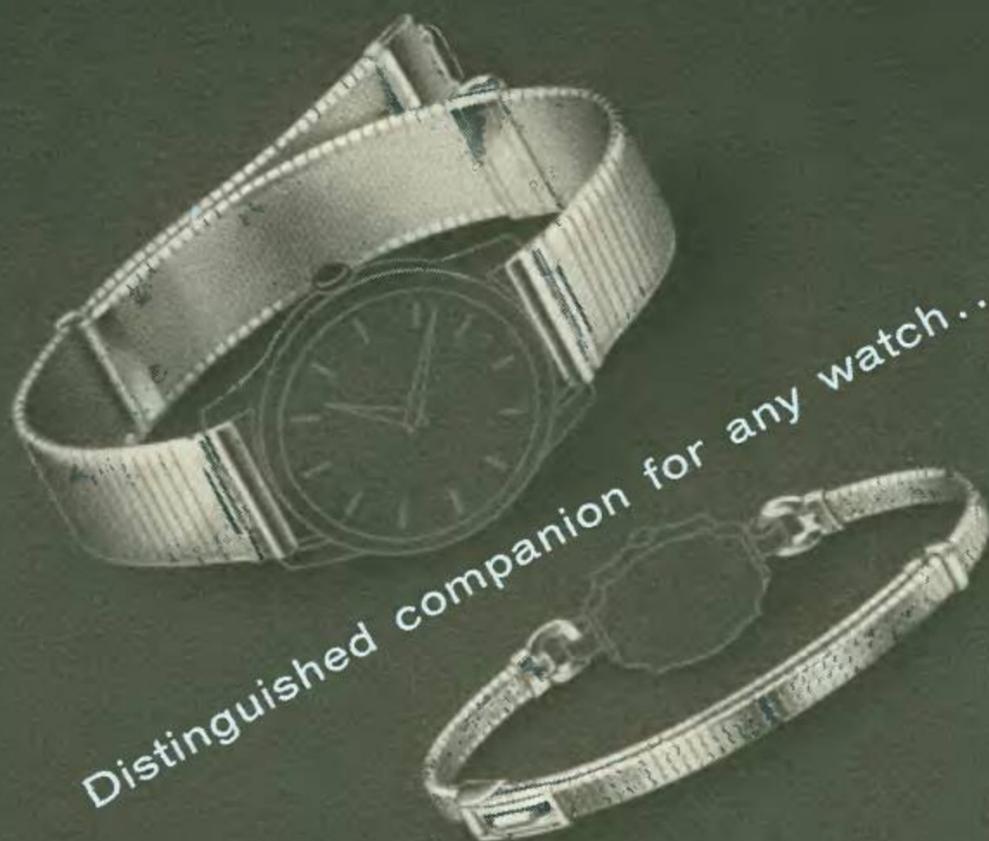
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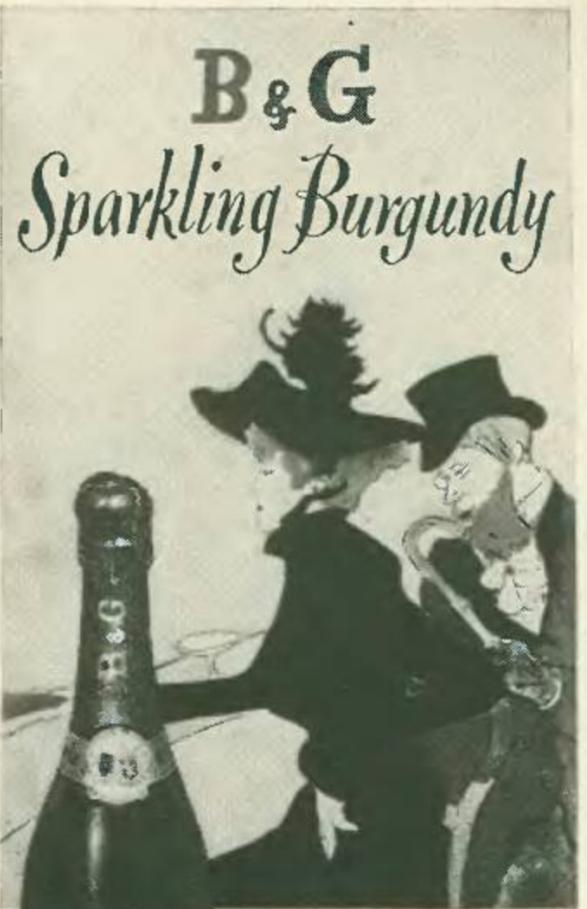
was in a cast—remember when he was in that cast? Anyway, I started bitching one night before the broadcast. Seymour'd told me to shine my shoes just as I was going out the door with Waker. I was furious. The studio audience were all morons, the announcer was a moron, the sponsors were morons, and I just damn well wasn't going to shine my shoes for them, I told Seymour. I said they couldn't see them anyway, where we sat. He said to shine them anyway. He said to shine them for the Fat Lady. I didn't know what the hell he was talking about, but he had a very Seymour look on his face, and so I did it. He never did tell me who the Fat Lady was, but I shined my shoes for the Fat Lady every time I ever went on the air again—all the years you and I were on the program together, if you remember. I don't think I missed more than just a couple of times. This terribly clear, clear picture of the Fat Lady formed in my mind. I had her sitting on this porch all day, swatting flies, with her radio going full-blast from morning till night. I figured the heat was terrible, and she probably had cancer, and—I don't know. Anyway, it seemed goddam clear why Seymour wanted me to shine my shoes when I went on the air. It made sense."

Franny was standing. She had taken her hand away from her face to hold the phone with two hands. "He told me, too," she said into the phone. "He told me to be funny for the Fat Lady, once." She released one hand from the phone and placed it, very briefly, on the crown of her head, then went back to holding the phone with both hands. "I didn't ever picture her on a porch, but with very—you know—very thick legs, very veiny. I had her in an awful wicker chair. She had cancer, too, though, and she had the radio going full-blast all day! Mine did, too!"

"Yes. Yes. Yes. All right. Let me tell you something now, buddy.... Are you listening?"

Franny, looking extremely tense, nodded.

"I don't care where an actor acts. It can be in summer stock, it can be over a radio, it can be over television, it can be in a goddam Broadway theatre, complete with the most fashionable, most well-fed, most sunburned-looking audience you can imagine. But I'll tell you a terrible secret— Are you listening to me? There isn't anyone out there who isn't Seymour's Fat Lady. That includes your Professor Tupper, buddy. And all his goddam cousins by the dozens. There isn't anyone anywhere



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that isn't Seymour's Fat Lady. Don't you know that? Don't you know that goddam secret yet? And don't you know—listen to me, now—don't you know who that Fat Lady really is? . . . Ah, buddy. Ah, buddy. It's Christ Himself. Christ Himself, buddy."

For joy, apparently, it was all Franny could do to hold the phone, even with both hands.

For a fullish half minute or so, there were no other words, no further speech. Then: "I can't talk any more, buddy." The sound of a phone being replaced in its catch followed.

Franny took in her breath slightly but continued to hold the phone to her ear. A dial tone, of course, followed the formal break in the connection. She appeared to find it extraordinarily beautiful to listen to, rather as if it were the best possible substitute for the primordial silence itself. But she seemed to know, too, when to stop listening to it, as if all of what little or much wisdom there is in the world were suddenly hers. When she had replaced the phone, she seemed to know just what to do next, too. She cleared away the smoking things, then drew back the cotton bedspread from the bed she had been sitting on, took off her slippers, and got into the bed. For some minutes, before she fell into a deep, dreamless sleep, she just lay quiet, smiling at the ceiling.

—J. D. SALINGER

Mayor Daley said construction of a major hotel in the Loop area is being considered by representatives of big hotel interests.

The representatives, whom the mayor declined to identify, now are surveying possible sties, he said.—*Chicago Sun-Times*.

Maybe they asked not to be identified.

The text of this book was set on the Linotype in eleven-point Electra, a type with a contemporary flavor, well suited to a book on techniques as modern as those of public relations. . . . The paper used is Warren's Olde Style.—*Publisher's note in "The Engineering of Consent," edited by Edward L. Bernays.*

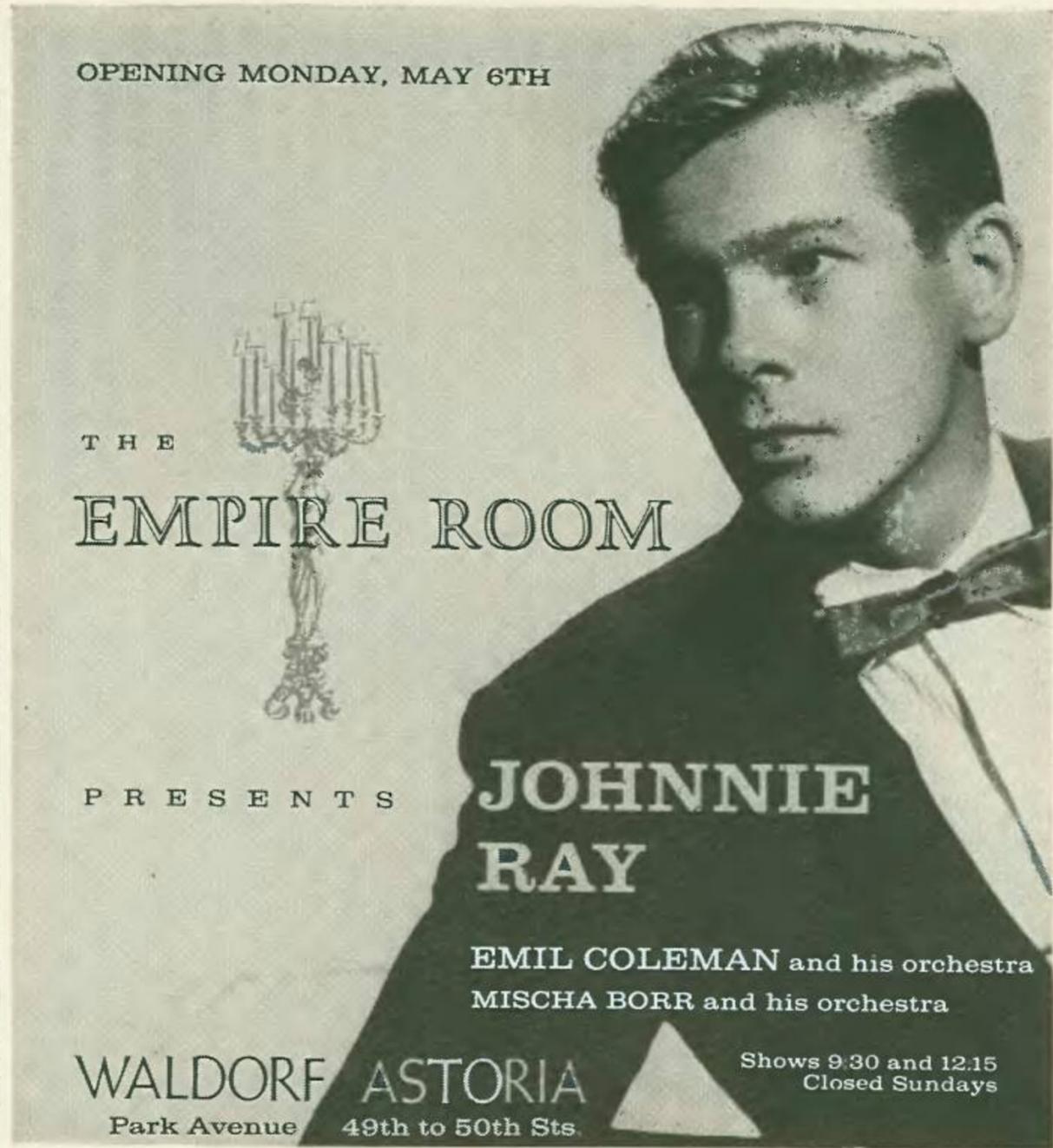
What a shame!

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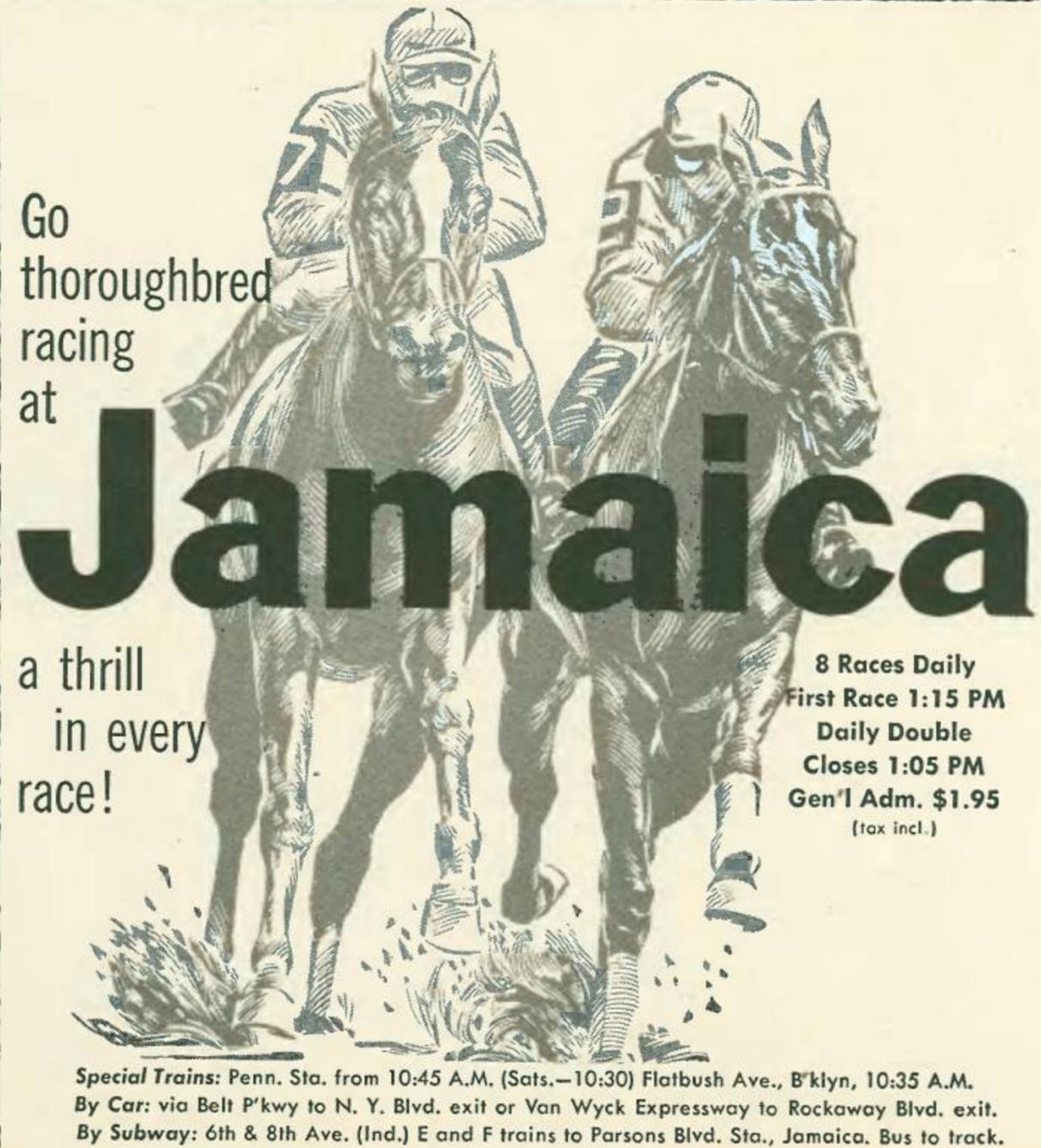
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## THE FAT PRINCE

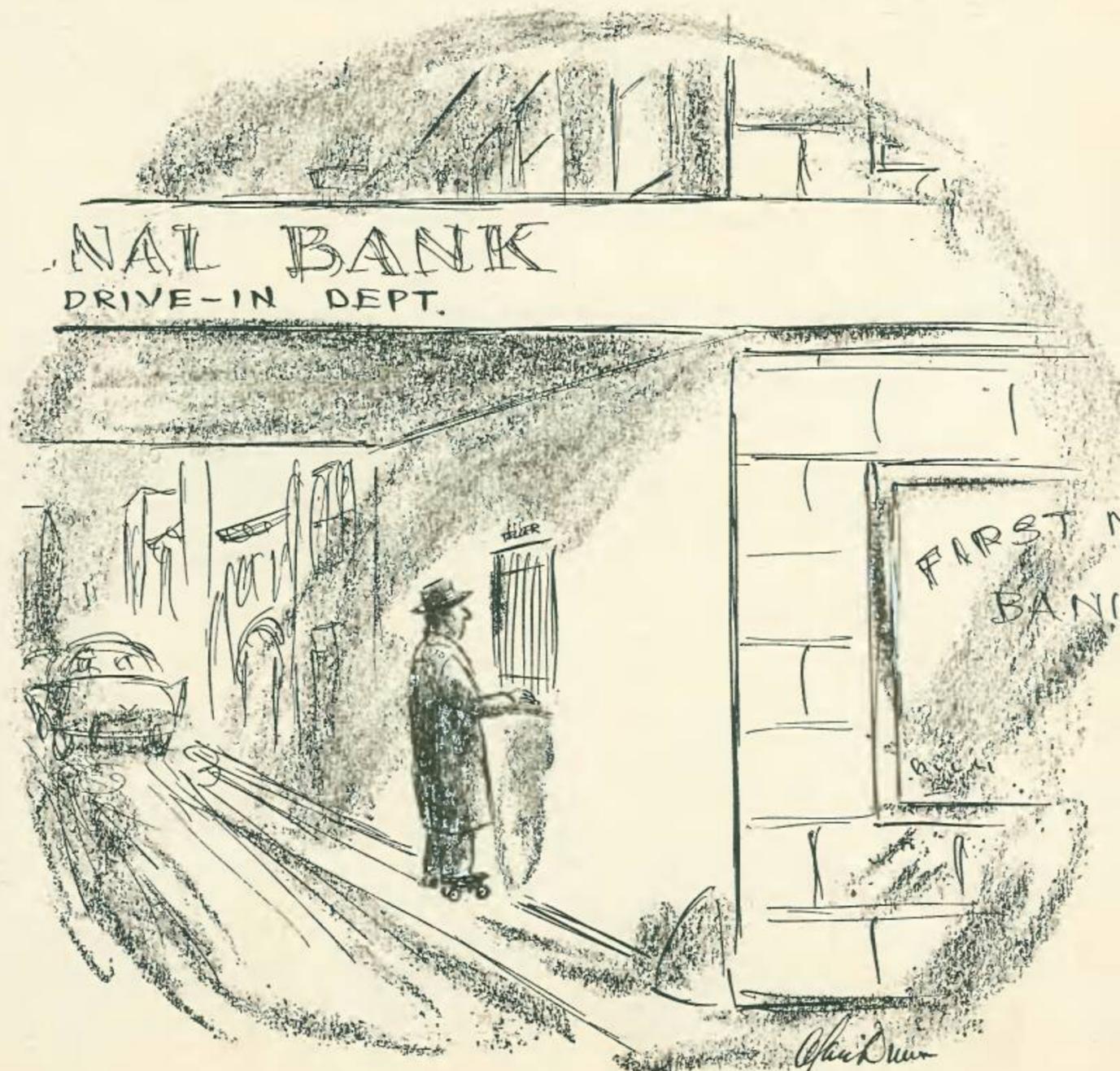
**B**YOND the fact that George III was by then hopelessly insane and Wellington was driving Napoleon from Waterloo to St. Helena, I knew very little about the history of England between 1814 and 1819 until I saw "The First Gentleman," by Norman Ginsbury, last week at the Belasco. My information now is a good deal fuller, though how accurate it is I wouldn't care to say. The period, it seems, was one of curiously mingled burlesque and tragedy, at least as far as the ruling classes were concerned. The Regent, subsequently to reign for ten years as King George IV, was a gross and dissolute clown, addicted about equally to port and to fancy women, and heartily detested by his subjects, who were in the habit of pelting him with vegetables; his mother, the Queen, was also a caricature, speaking with the accent of a Dutch comedian, and eating and dressing with terrible abandon; his unhappy wife was an alcoholic with a weakness for handsome footmen; his three sisters were outrageously plain girls, and apparently feeble-minded as well; and his mistress, Lady Conyngham, was an unappetizing trollop, who divided her time between sitting on his lap and stealing his furniture and paintings. In contrast to these grotesques, his daughter, the Princess Charlotte, was a spirited and beautiful girl, who declined to marry the highly eligible Prince of Orange, on the ground that he was an effeminate imbecile, preferring the penniless Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who didn't appear to be much of an improvement, though I doubt if this irony was intentional. In any case, in spite of her father, who had a low opinion of love as compared to money, she married Leopold, and presently she died in giving birth to a stillborn child. The play ends with the Regent, abundantly rouged and agonizingly corseted, setting out to attend the christening of his niece Victoria, who, of course, was ultimately to ascend the throne, and who, I feel, would have

been only very dimly amused by Mr. Ginsbury's conception of her forebears.

I wasn't, I'm afraid, especially happy myself with "The First Gentleman." It seems established that the members of the House of Hanover, preceding Victoria, were thick-witted Teutonic boors, but the vulgarity and stupidity that Mr. Ginsbury has imagined for them have less the quality of comedy than of primitive bedroom farce, and farce, moreover, that is played slowly and doggedly, a process that simultaneously underlines its tastelessness and almost fatally diminishes its wit. There are some reasonably funny moments in the play, based principally on the startling incongruity between the Regent's exalted position and splendid raiment and his monstrously untidy physique and Falstaffian behavior, but the comedy on the whole is not distinguished. Its feebleness also has the effect of making the transitions to the more melancholy por-

tions of the entertainment practically impossible. The alternation, in fact, of scenes of broad-beamed humor and scenes of serious pathetic intention manages substantially to demolish them both, so that the comedy becomes rather cold-blooded, in addition to its other faults, and the tragedy somehow vaguely facetious.

As the Regent, Walter Slezak makes the most of his intractable shape, looking odder and odder as the evening progresses and his costumes get increasingly bizarre. In many ways, he is a fascinating spectacle, and his performance, though perhaps a little more deliberately eccentric than it might have been, is obviously accomplished. The other players include Isobel Elsom, as his consort; Inga Swenson, as the doomed Princess; Peter Donat, as her Prince; Maud Scheerer, as the old Queen; Helen Burns, as Lady Conyngham; and Wesley Addy, Clarence Derwent, Guy Spaul, and Le Roi Operti, as assorted hangers-on at that most peculiar court. If the mood of the play appears to escape all of them from time to time, I question whether they are much to blame. Tyrone Guthrie, who has been accustomed to far more amenable scripts, directed with considerable ingenuity, and the sets and costumes, by





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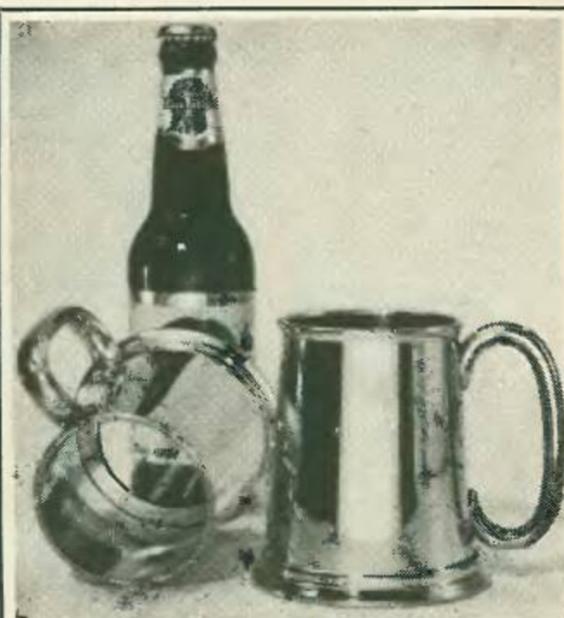
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Ralph Alswang and Motley, respectively, are always interesting and often wonderfully repulsive.

AFTER letting Don Marquis have it a couple of weeks ago, in a musical version of his "Archy and Mehitabel" columns, the New York theatre has gone to work on Mark Twain, another American humorist who has the good fortune not to be around any more. This operation, which took place at the Phoenix and is also musical, is called "Livin' the Life;" it derives mainly from "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer;" and it makes the crime committed against Mr. Marquis seem little worse than a misdemeanor. Traces of the Twain stories have survived, and the characters, for the most part, bear familiar names, but essentially "Livin' the Life" is the work of later and far more sinister imaginations. While the changes that have been effected to make the musty old book acceptable on the modern stage are too numerous and drastic to go into very thoroughly here, admirers of the lovely past will possibly be interested to know that Muff Potter, whom they may remember as a gentle and foolish old drunkard, has been transformed into a crack Mississippi pilot who has taken to drink as the result of a steamboat explosion that killed a hundred and forty people; that he is in love with Aunt Polly, now a shapely spinster with an alarmingly coquettish disposition; that he redeems himself by disposing of Injun Joe in singlehanded combat in the cave; and that Jim, once unhappily a slave, has been promoted to chief stoker on the Lalla Rookh, the fastest and finest vessel on the river. Tom and Huck, a couple of gum-chewing six-footers, adhere a bit more closely to the original specifications, delivering, in fact, quite a few passages taken almost verbatim from the novel, but there is still rather less about them to suggest Hannibal, Missouri, in 1850 than Whelan's Drugstore, New York, in 1957. Altogether, "Livin' the Life" struck me as perhaps the most damaging attack ever made on a minor classic, and I urge you heartily to stay away from it.

For your superfluous information, the book was knocked out—a phrase that can be taken in various ways—by Dale Wasserman and Bruce Geller; the music and lyrics, which are probably all right, though my indignation was such that I mistrust my judgment, were provided by Jack Urbont and Mr. Geller, respectively; the dances, including a delirium sequence of almost unparalleled idiocy, were staged by



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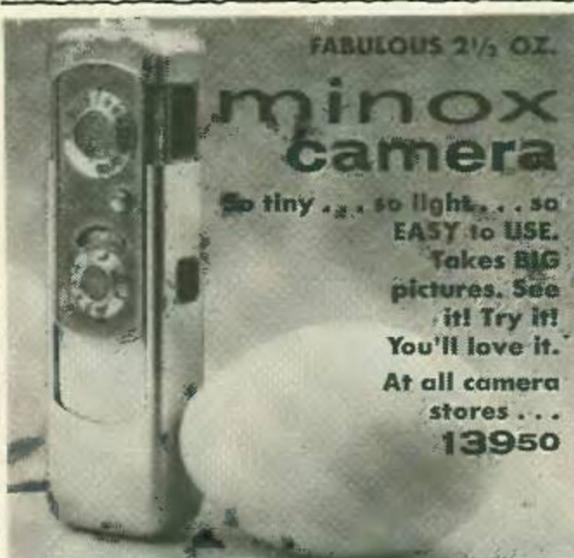
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John Butler; and the sets and costumes, both profuse in anachronisms, were designed by William and Jean Eckart and Alvin Colt, in that order. The cast, directed by David Alexander, includes Stephen Elliott, as Muff Potter; Alice Ghostley, as Aunt Polly; James Mitchell, as Injun Joe; Timmy Everett, as Tom; Richard Ide, as Huck; Lee Charles, as Jim; Patsy Bruder, as Becky Thatcher; and Lee Becker, as Amy Lawrence, a sort of all-purpose soubrette. Judging them solely by their behavior in this production, I doubt if they are the most gifted actors in the world. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

You're single, young, have a steady job which pays you enough to live comfortably and still save \$40 a month. You have been putting \$18.75 into a U. S. savings bond every month and the balance from time to time in your account at the corner bank.

Your family doesn't need your financial help, you're due for a raise and will be able to save more—and so you're wondering whether just keeping your savings in cash and U. S. bonds is a wise program for you.

You have been given the chance to talk privately with Winthrop Smith, directing partner of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, the giant stock firm which alone accounts for more than 12 per cent of the trading on the New York Stock Exchange, and you're asking questions.

**YOU:** What should I do now?

**SMITH:** Continue buying your savings bonds until your emergency nestegg in cash and bonds equals six months' income. You'll reach that figure soon and at that point, there's absolutely no reason why you should not begin creating a portfolio of good stocks that will grow in value over the years. I strongly advise you to do so.

**YOU:** What about putting my money in life insurance?

**SMITH:** Young man, you certainly should do this as soon as you marry. Now, though, you need not emphasize life insurance. Incidentally, if a single woman in your setup were sitting in your chair now, I'd say she could ignore this life insurance aspect altogether....

**YOU:** What stocks might I properly consider?

**SMITH:** Well, the top favorites of the 56,000 M. I. P. accounts now in force are General Electric, General Motors, Dow Chemical, Standard Oil of New Jersey and Sperry-Rand....

**YOU:** But what if the stock market goes into a tailspin?

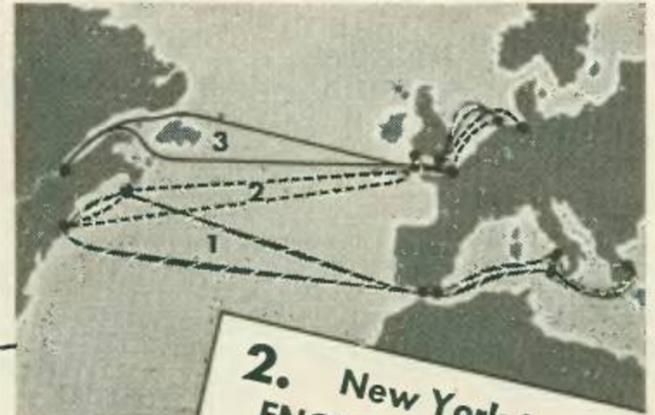
**SMITH:** For you, it would be a good thing if stock prices did go down because you'd be able to buy more shares for your money. I believe any time is the right time to buy, assuming you buy good stocks. And if you accumulate a big profit, don't be tempted to take it. You're not speculating young man. You're building for the long-term.

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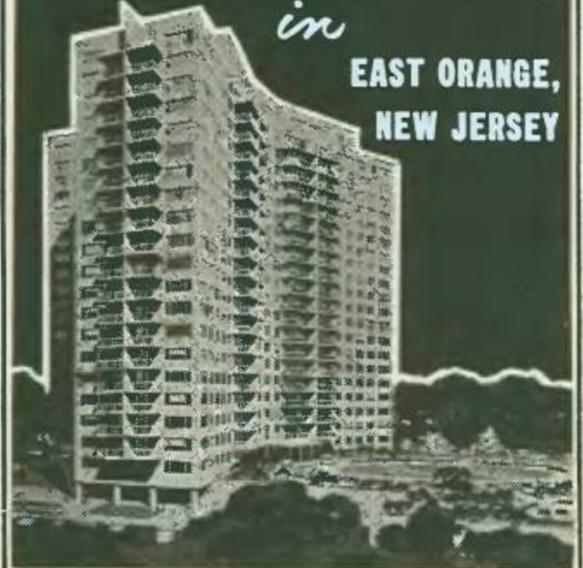
**A**LTHOUGH they say that picking the Kentucky Derby gets harder every year, I think the one this weekend looks easy. Of course, jumping to conclusions can be a most unhappy experience (practically nothing makes you look more foolish than tipping a loser), but it's better to express an opinion than to lack the courage to, so I will submit straight off that Calumet Farm's Gen. Duke is more likely to win the classic than anybody else. He had excellent form in Florida last winter, and although he has never run a mile and a quarter, the resolute way he galloped down there indicates that he can tackle the distance successfully. He has a sound pedigree (his sire, Bull Lea, got a couple of Derby winners—Citation and Hill Gail—for Calumet), he has ideal conformation, and he has an air of aristocracy. Indeed, all the horsemen I've talked to about him say, a little enviously, that he's the best colt Calumet has had since Citation. Not only is he in faultless condition for the big event but he will have a bit of help from his stablemate Iron Liege, a fast runner who will try to annihilate the early opposition. Then Gen. Duke is expected to polish off what is left. I have a notion that he could do the trick alone, for he has the speed to go to the front at the start as well as the stamina to come from behind in the stretch. You don't have to read tea leaves to pick a horse like that.

I suppose there won't be more than ten starters in the Derby, and you can dismiss half of those right off because their form isn't up to it. As for the others, the Wheatley Stable's Bold Ruler, being the winner of the Wood Memorial, will have many supporters. He's a fast colt, and a game one, and if it were certain that he is as good at a mile and a quarter as he is at a mile and a furlong, I'd say he might bring off a great triumph for Jim Fitzsimmons, his eighty-two-year-old trainer. But everything about Bold Ruler suggests to me that he is not a stayer. Nor is he the sort that can stand much strain and stress, and we know that he had a hard race in the Wood and that the

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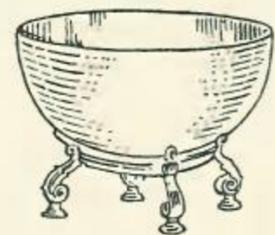
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train ride to Louisville takes the tuck out of any horse. All things considered, that last furlong at Churchill Downs is going to be a very long one for Bold Ruler. In my book, Gallant Man, a British-bred colt owned by Ralph Lowe, who is a Texan and a newcomer to racing, is the chief danger to Calumet hopes. Before the Wood, in which Bold Ruler beat him by a nod, he had never gone farther than seven furlongs. Besides, he wasn't wound up to concert pitch, so you can expect a big improvement in his condition.

So much for what I think. Travelers returning from Keeneland last week had a fanatical gleam in their eyes when they discussed the chances of Travis Kerr's Round Table, who ran so fast in the Blue Grass Stakes at Lexington on Thursday. As you must have heard, he did the mile and a furlong in 1:47<sup>2</sup>/<sub>5</sub> and won galloping, by half a dozen lengths. To be sure, the other starters were no more than ordinary, but what impressed everybody was that Round Table lowered the track record by a second and three-fifths. Perhaps you remember the to-do around Lexington back in 1948 after Coaltown won the Blue Grass in 1:49<sup>1</sup>/<sub>5</sub>. That night, most of the horsemen who saw the performance offered even money that Coaltown would beat Citation to blazes in the Derby. Well, he didn't, and the few audacious takers of the bets got the longest odds anyone got on Citation all season.

SOME of the better older horses were out at Jamaica last week, and they made a good show of the Excelsior Handicap. As almost everyone expected, Mrs. Edward E. Robbins' Mid-afternoon won it. Certainly, he was much the best. Away slowly, and running seventh (there were nine starters) for three-quarters of the mile and a sixteenth, he went around the leaders on the stretch turn and beat Beam Rider by nearly a length, with Pylades third. It was Mid-afternoon's second victory in six days. His next start, I fancy, will be in the Grey Lag Handicap a week from Saturday.

HEIGH-HO. Colonel Martingale is off for Kentucky in the morning.  
—AUDAX MINOR

Anti-TV drug is being used on mental patients. Page 86  
—The Times News Summary & Index.

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## ANNALS OF MEDICINE

## THE MOST DELICATE THING IN THE WORLD

WE had just sat down—Harold Cousminer and I—in his gritty little first-floor office at the New York City Health Department, in lower Manhattan, when the telephone on his desk gave a shattering peal. Cousminer raised his eyebrows. “Well, here we go,” he said. “But that’s the way it generally is on Saturday night. Don’t ask me why.” He plucked the receiver from its cradle, and cleared his throat.

“Poison Control,” he said. There was a pause. “Oh?” He reached for a pencil, glanced at his watch, and scribbled something on a pad of paper. “Well, I think you ought to have a gastric lavage done.” He listened patiently, and nodded. “I understand, Doctor. And I agree. It’s fortunate he vomited. Very fortunate. But to be on the safe side . . . You’re dealing with the carbolic family, you know. That’s the toxic agent there.” He listened again. “O.K. Hold on a minute. I’ll see what I can find.” Cousminer swung around to a table at his elbow. It held a metal filing cabinet, two black leather satchels of the sort carried by doctors, a large cardboard box labelled “Calcium Glu-

conate for Black Widow Spiders,” and a row of medical texts. He felt along the row of books, pulled out one called “The Symptoms and Treatment of Acute Poisoning,” and spread it open on the desk. After a moment, he picked up the receiver. “Hello? Well, here’s the procedure—take down what you want of it. Gastric lavage as soon as possible. The choice is vegetable oil or a ten-percent solution of alcohol. Followed by lavage with water. Followed by demulcents such as egg albumen, egg yolk, milk, or gruel. No specific antidote. Further treatment is symptomatic and supportive. Good results have been reported from the intravenous injection of five-per-cent glucose in saline.” Cousminer closed the book. “I guess that about does it,” he said. “Not at all, Doctor. Glad to be of help.”

“What was that?” I asked.

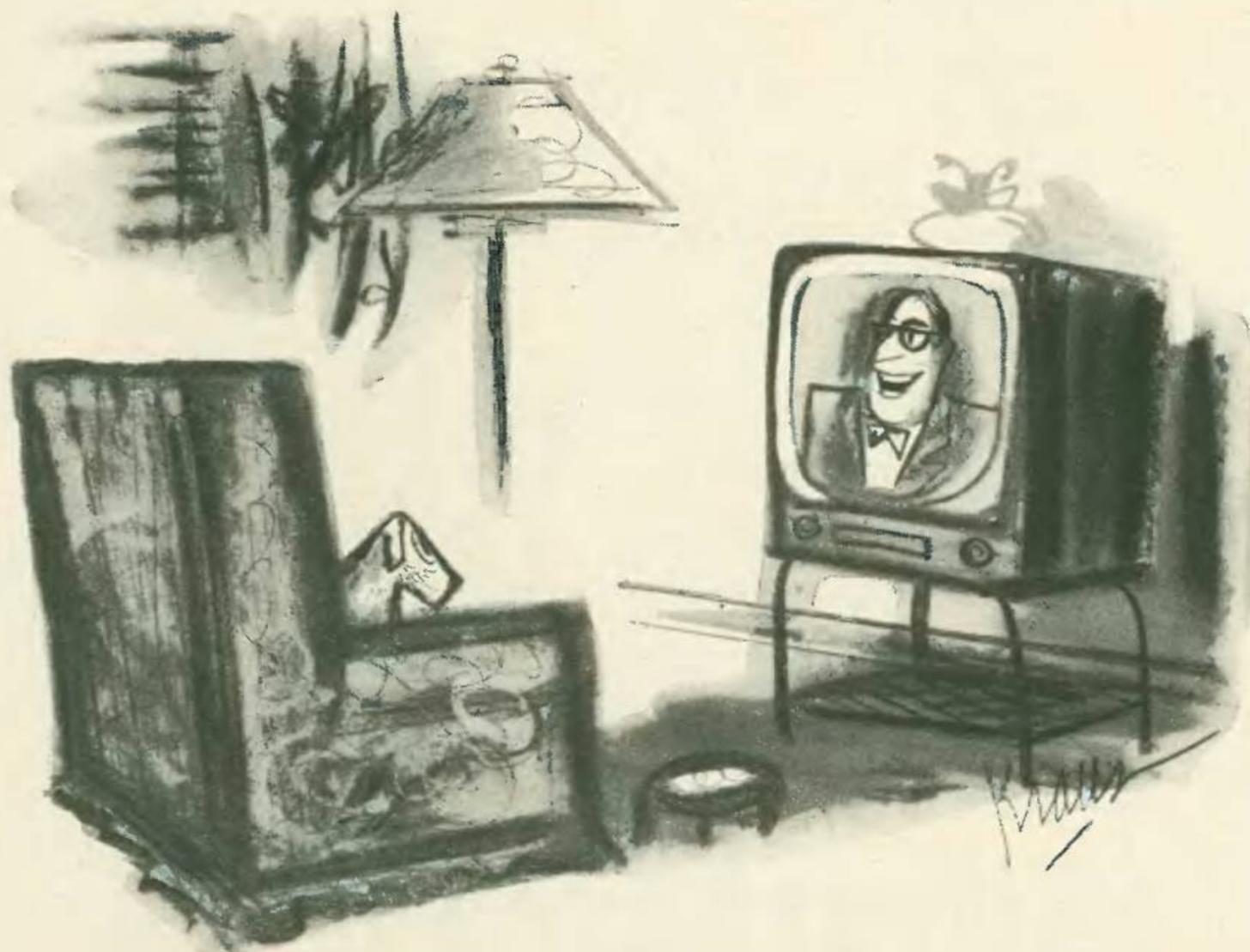
Cousminer shrugged. “Nothing very unusual.” He leaned back in his chair. “An interne up at Roosevelt Hospital with a problem on his hands. He’s got a five-year-old boy in there whose mother fed him a teaspoonful of CN disinfectant an hour or so ago. I told him what he was up against. CN is large-

ly phenol—carbolic acid. And how to handle it, as you heard. That’s what I’m here for—to answer questions like that. Primarily, anyway. A night emergency inspector also has other duties. I take complaints from the public on coal gas, carbon monoxide, and contaminated food, and when necessary I go out and investigate the situation. It all comes under the general heading of poison. But that kind of trouble accounts for only a fraction of our calls. Most of the trouble I hear about comes from toxic drugs and household chemicals. Everybody’s house is full of both—especially the latter. Detergents, for example. There must be a hundred of them on the market. And deodorants, insecticides, stain removers, laundry bleaches, paints, mouthwashes, shoe polish. All plainly labelled with a big brand name and full instructions on how to use. But you very seldom see anything about ingredients—toxic or otherwise.”

“Isn’t there any legislation covering that?” I asked. “Something like the Pure Food and Drug Act?”

“Apparently not,” Cousminer said. “I understand the American Medical Association has appointed a committee

to work for a law, but those things take time. There’s always a certain amount of resistance. Meanwhile, to put the matter gently, things are sometimes rather awkward for a doctor when he gets an emergency call. It can turn what might be only a minor misfortune into a real calamity. It often did until a few years ago. The idea of a clearing house where doctors and hospitals could get information about ingredients originated in Chicago. They established the first Poison Control Center there in 1953, and almost every large city in the United States and Canada has one now. Our Center opened in the spring of 1955. The results, I’m told, have been very satisfactory. Not that there’s been any decline in drug and household-chemical poisoning. The average for the country is



*“Hi there, boys and girls, mommies and daddies, aunts and uncles, grandmas and grandpas . . .”*

still over a hundred and fifty thousand cases a year. But there has been a drop in deaths—from upward of fifteen hundred a year to around a thousand. The reason is that the doctors don't have to work blind any more. They don't have to guess at the nature of the toxic substance in the box or bottle with the fancy label. All they have to do is step to the telephone. They know that we will probably have the answer. If the product in question is well established, the chances are it's fully discussed in one of the standard toxicological texts, and we've got them all—the best, the latest. We also have a laboratory upstairs that keeps abreast. When something new appears on the market, our chemists break it down, and the analysis goes into that filing cabinet over there. They keep an eye on the old products, too—the manufacturers change their formulas from time to time. So, one way or another, we can generally rise to the occasion. Not that we've never been stumped. We are—every now and then. But that's to be expected. You can't have a file on everything that might possibly find its way into somebody's stomach. I'm talking about accidental poisoning, of course. People don't often try to kill themselves by eating a can of Kiwi. We only hear two stories here. One is ignorance—not realizing the danger of leaving drugs or chemicals around where children can get at them. The other is carelessness. Like the case of that boy up at Roosevelt. His mother is one of the many who seem to live in a trance. She didn't notice that she was giving him CN. She thought it was his cough medicine."

"That isn't unusual?" I inquired.

"Oh, they're all unusual," Cousminer said. "It's a matter of more or less. CN seems to turn up a little more often than most. It ranks pretty close to Clorox, Zonite, and the pine deodorants. In the drug field, the chief offenders are the barbiturates and, of course, aspirin. But none of them happens every day. Or even every month. The only thing you can expect on this job is the unexpected. That's one thing I like about it. It keeps you on your toes. If it weren't for the unpredictable, this job would be hard to take—for me, anyway. The time would hang too heavy. We have a peculiar setup here, you know. It hasn't much in common with the average night-shift routine. There are five of us night inspectors, and we take our tours of duty in rotation. We work a night, lay off for four, and then come on again. But the tours we work are really tours. We start at

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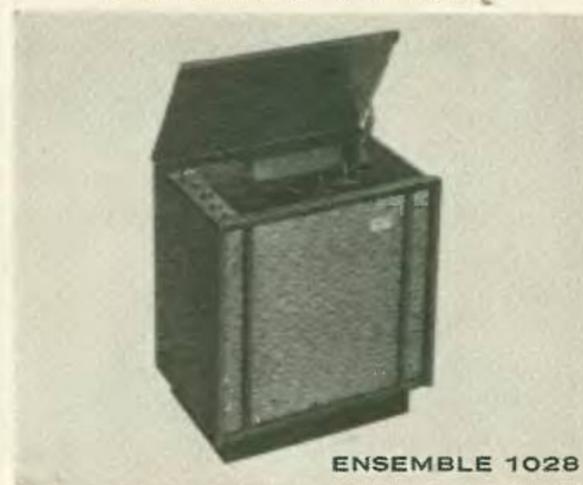


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5 P.M., when the rest of the Department goes home, and we stay with it until nine o'clock the next morning, when the day men in the various categories we combine—Environmental Sanitation, Food and Drugs, and the rest—take over. If that sounds strenuous, believe me, it is. Sixteen hours is a long time, especially at night, and in a godforsaken part of town like this. It's endless. It's also lonely—lonely as hell—although that doesn't bother me as much as it seems to bother some of the others. I've got a few resources. In fact, the hours are mainly why I took the job. This isn't my career—I've made other plans. Which means I have to have my days and most of my evenings free. I'm thirty-two years old, I'm married, and I've got two children, but the war gave me a late start in life, and I'm still going to school." He smiled. "Graduate school at N.Y.U. I've got a Master's degree in science from there, and in another two years I'll have my Ph.D. My field is geology—paleontology, to be exact. I also teach a little—I have a couple of classes at N.Y.U. and one at Cooper Union—but not quite enough to keep me afloat. I need a job, and this one perfectly fits the need. It makes the whole thing possible."

"I supposed you were a doctor," I said. "I thought you'd have to be."

"The Department thinks otherwise," Cousminer said. "So does Jerome Trichter. He's the assistant commissioner who set the night-inspector service up and keeps it going. As a matter of fact, we don't need doctors on this night job. We're not here to prescribe to the general public. Our information is strictly for doctors and hospitals—"

THE telephone cut Cousminer short. He sat up with a jerk, took a deep breath, and reached for the receiver. "Poison Control," he said, and paused. "I see—yes. About what time was that?" For a long moment, he was silent. He sat absorbed, gazing blindly at the wall, occasionally nodding. Then, abruptly, he said, "Oh, definitely. Very bad. Especially in a child that young. I'd say you ought to do a gastric lavage at once. But let me take a look." Opening the book he had consulted before, he found what he wanted, and frowned. He turned again to the telephone, and said, "Sorry—I was wrong. Standard procedure is Universal Antidote to start. Five or six heaping teaspoons suspended in a glass of water. Then lavage, with three hundred cc.s of potassium permanganate. Or an emetic—the



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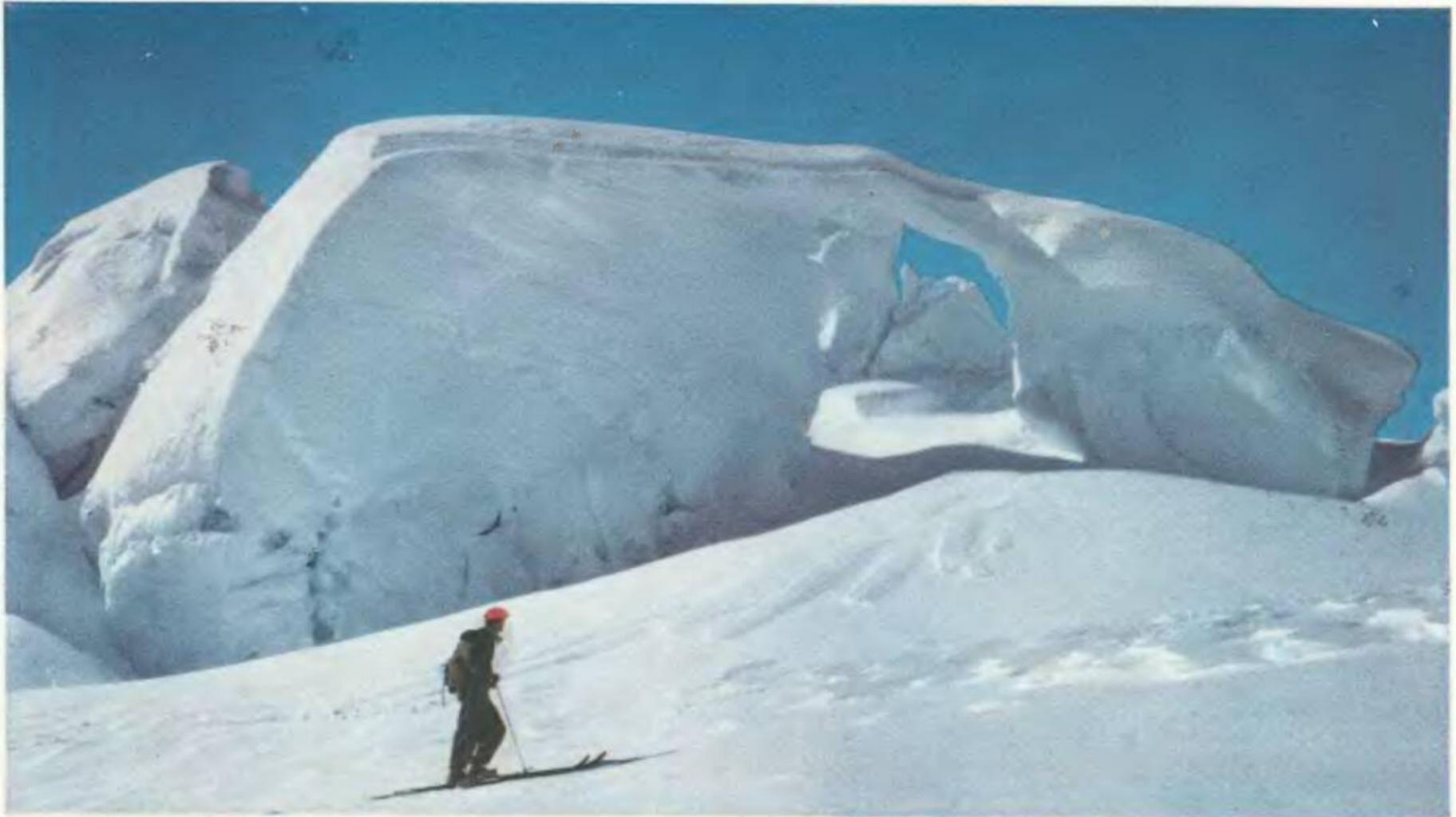
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Cousminer pushed the telephone away. His eyes had a distant look. It was a moment before he relaxed again in his chair.

“That sounded serious,” I said.

“It is,” Cousminer said. “Very much so. A case of methyl-salicylate poisoning in an eight-month-old girl. Oil of wintergreen, they call it on the market. It’s used as a rub for muscular aches and pains. Her parents just brought her into St. John’s Hospital, in Brooklyn, which was sensible, but a little late. It happened about an hour and a half ago.” He glanced at his note pad. “Around eight, the hospital said. How it happened isn’t clear—except that the mother accidentally fed her a tablespoonful of the stuff. A tablespoon averages about fifteen cc.s. And six cc.s is the minimum fatal dose for children.”

“You recommended something called Universal Antidote,” I said. “What is that?”

“The book recommended it,” Cousminer said. “I just passed it on. Although I must say I’m pretty well acquainted with it. Universal Antidote isn’t actually universal, but it takes in a lot of territory. It’s generally useful as a counteractive to most drugs and household chemicals. Depending on the poison, it either neutralizes the toxic agent or alters it in some way that stops or slows up its absorption until it can be eliminated. That’s why it’s usually followed by lavage or an emetic. The remarkable thing about it seems to be its simplicity. All it is is two parts of activated charcoal and one part each of magnesium oxide and tannic acid.” The telephone rang again. Cousminer came briskly erect. “I’ve often wondered who thought it up,” he added, and, turning, caught the receiver to his ear.

“Poison Control,” he said. “Yes?” A look of incredulity crossed his face. “I’m sorry, but where did you say—” He broke off and listened. His expression cleared. “I see. Yes, of course.” There was a longer pause. “Well,



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frankly, no. It isn't one of the big brands. But unless the label says different, it's probably acetone. Hold on, and I'll make a check." Cousminer opened "The Symptoms and Treatment of Acute Poisoning," but after a glance at the index he pushed it aside and stood up. He moved along the table to the filing cabinet and slid out a narrow drawer. I caught a glimpse of a file of dog-eared cards, and then his shoulders blocked my view. He gave a grunt of triumph or surprise. The drawer slammed shut, and he returned to his desk and the telephone. "Hello? Well, that's the problem—acetone. Do you want the treatment? . . . That's right. An emetic—sodium chloride is preferred—or lavage. In either case, followed by stimulants to combat collapse. The choice is strong coffee, caffeine with sodium benzoate, or aromatic spirits of ammonia. If necessary, transfusion of whole blood. O.K.?" He shook his head. "Not at all. That's what we're here for."

Cousminer hung up. "Very odd," he said, and sat back, smiling. "Not the case, particularly. A six-year-old boy got hold of his mother's nail-polish remover. Fortunately, the bottle was practically empty, so he didn't get too much. Why he did it, I can't imagine. Six is a little old for that kind of foolishness. But what got me was the hospital. They took him to Lying-In. I'm surprised the staff up there had even heard of us." He smiled again, and then gave a sudden laugh. "That reminds me of a call I had one night last fall. No connection with Lying-In, of course, but also on the odd side. It was a woman—a nurse, from the sound of her voice. You can usually tell by that air of command. Was this the New York City Department of Health? I told her it was. The Poison Control Center? Yes. Were we open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week? Yes. And the telephone number—was Worth 4-3800 correct? Yes. Then she thanked me very kindly, and started to hang up. I stopped her. What was this all about? Oh, just a routine check, she said, to make sure their information was correct and up to date. Well, might I ask who was calling? Why, certainly. She thought she had told me. This was the Something-or-Other Sanitarium, in Something City, California. Apparently, they keep a list of the leading Poison Control Centers all over the country."

A HEAVY door slammed in the distance, and the sound of footsteps echoed down the corridor. Cous-

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miner looked at his watch. "Coffee break," he said, and jumped to his feet. "Be back in a minute." He vanished through the door. I gazed after him into the shadowy hall, and waited. The lonely clamor of silence settled over the room. I could hear the moan of the wind in the court beyond the window. The table stretched and creaked, the wall behind me tapped, a paper stirred in the wastebasket under the desk. Overhead, the light gave a pulsating tick and seemed for a moment to dim. The room began to have a subterranean feel.

Cousminer reappeared with a lumpy paper bag. He put it on the desk, extracted two cardboard containers of coffee, and handed one to me. "Kindness of the night watchman," he said, dropping into his chair. "He remembers me when he goes out to lunch, and later on, when my time comes, I do the same for him. He answers the phone whenever I'm called out, and takes messages. Or gets someone to cover for me if a problem turns up. He's the one who let you in tonight. So he knew I had company and brought two coffees."

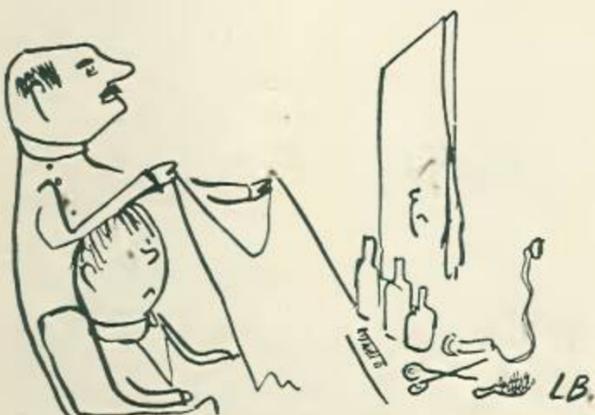
"Very nice," I said.

"It helps," Cousminer said, and took a long swallow. He set the container on the desk. "I don't suppose you've got a cigarette?" I had, and held out the pack. Then I took one myself. "I quit smoking a couple of months ago," he said. "It gave me something to wrestle with. But now I've had my fun. I think I'll go back again."

The telephone rang. Cousminer dropped his cigarette in an ashtray and extended a hand. "Poison Control," he said. "Yes, this is the Health Department." He recovered his cigarette. "They prepared food without a permit—was that it? . . . Oh. . . . Oh, I see. Well, I'll tell you what. Call back on Monday morning and ask for the Bureau of Food and Drugs. That's the best place to file this sort of complaint." He hung up with a tolerant snort.

"What was that about?" I asked.

"Pizza pie," Cousminer said. "A member of the lunatic fringe wants us to



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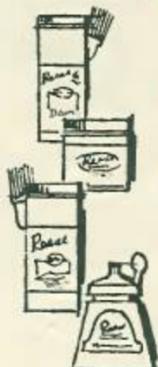
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close down a lunchroom somewhere out in Queens because they keep their pizzas in the refrigerator and heat them up on order. He's got some notion about frozen food. Thinks it's contrary to nature, I gathered. We get a good many calls like that. Outraged cranks. Drunks with a grudge. And just plain nuts. People who wake up and smell carbon monoxide—which, of course, is completely odorless, as well as colorless and tasteless. People who complain that the janitor has siphoned all the air out of their room. People who think their neighbors are trying to asphyxiate them with poisonous incense. They'd almost be funny if they weren't so sad."

Cousminer stubbed out his cigarette and sat back with his coffee. "I remember one call I got about a year ago," he said. "I'll never forget it. A woman over in Brooklyn. Said her apartment was full of fumes. She'd been smelling them all evening—this was around 2 A.M.—and they were getting stronger and stronger. It was all she could do to breathe. I asked her to describe the odor, but it seemed she couldn't. Nobody could, she said. It was indescribable—oh, too revolting for words. Well, I wasn't much impressed by that. It had a fairly fishy sound. On the other hand, she was obviously sober. No more excited than you'd reasonably expect. Gave me her name and address in a very businesslike way. So I said O.K., I'd be right out. You can't take chances on anything involving gases or fumes. You have to go and see. Which I did. It was a run-down building in a run-down neighborhood—a Chinese laundry on the first floor, a roaring saloon across the street, and a used-car lot on the corner. A perfect environment for trouble. And when I got upstairs and she opened the door, I was sure of it. She was just as sensible-looking as she sounded. I put her down for a retired schoolteacher—around sixty-five, and as neat as a pin. So was her apartment. I went through it room by room. No odors, not a sign of gas—nothing. I don't mean I just thought so. I knew it for a fact. We don't guess or estimate on a gas investigation. We use instruments. Our equipment includes an explosimeter, to see whether the gas content of the air is near the exploding point; a manometer, for measuring gas pressure; and a CO meter, which will detect even the faintest concentration of carbon monoxide. Along with various tools. They're all in that satchel over there on the table—the fat one. The other bag is Food

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and Drugs paraphernalia. Bottles and cartons for samples. Embargo forms. Et cetera. Well, it took me about an hour. I even went down in the cellar and poked around the furnace. She had me that convinced. But finally I was satisfied, and I told her so. She gave me a look that curled my hair. Did I mean to say I still couldn't smell the fumes? That's when I first saw the light. I didn't say no. Instead, I asked where they seemed to be coming from. No answer. Just another look. Then she took me by the arm and marched me over to the front window and pointed across the street—at the saloon. Now could I smell it? I obliged her by sniffing, but that wasn't enough. I had to say something. I asked her what it was she smelled. "The odor of rotting souls," she said."

C OUSMINER drank off the last of his coffee. He crushed the empty container and pitched it into the wastebasket. "Maybe she did," he said.

"I wouldn't know," I said.

"No," he said. "Neither would I. I've got a speculative turn of mind. At least, I like to use my head. But not in that direction. I suppose that's why I'm a paleontologist, and a night inspector. The problems that interest me—and the kind I usually get—are a little more down to earth. I don't care how tricky they are. All I ask is that when you finally put two and two together, the answer turns out to be four. Not *x*. I've had some tricky ones, too. I remember one not long ago that gave me a certain amount of mental exercise. As a matter of fact, I can think of two. The first was another Brooklyn case, and it also involved a saloon. That's where the story began. The scene had changed, however, by the time I came into the picture. My introduction was a telephone call from King's County Hospital—a doctor in the emergency room, with the usual request for help. Only it wasn't exactly usual. It was a case of vegetable poisoning. The victim was a Puerto Rican, a man about thirty, and the history he gave the doctor was this. He had dropped into a bar on his way home from work. After a couple of drinks, he got to talking with the bartender, and somehow the conversation got around to a big decorative plant in the window. It had been there for years, the bartender said, but he had never known what it was. The Puerto Rican said it looked like sugar cane. Another drink and he was certain. To prove his point, he broke off a piece of the



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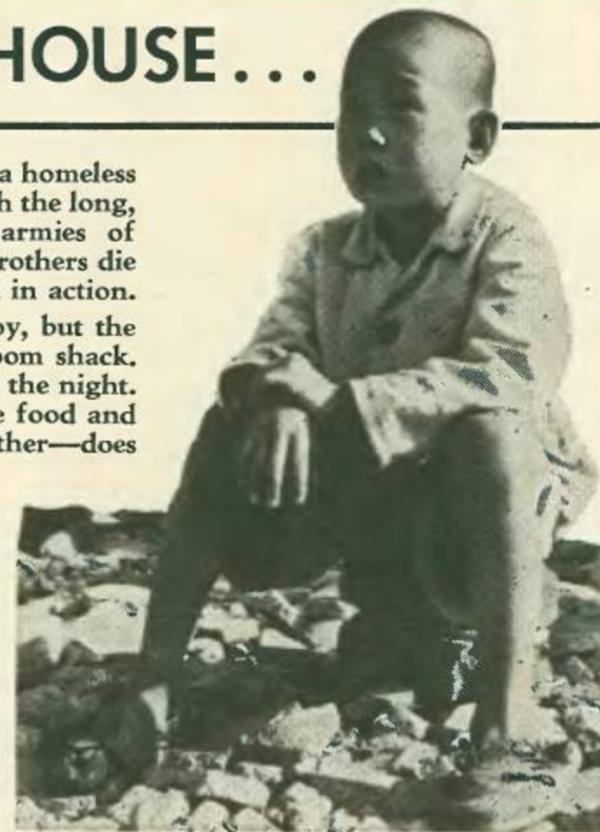
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stalk and started chewing it the way they did when he was a boy back home. The next thing he knew, his mouth was on fire. Then his throat. He had never felt such pain. Then his face began to swell, and he realized what had happened—he'd been poisoned. So he headed for the nearest hospital. By the time the doctor saw him, his face was so swollen he was hardly able to talk. Examination showed a violent inflammation throughout the mucous membrane of the mouth, tongue, and throat, and he was very obviously in agony. He was also, it seemed quite clear to the doctor, in very serious trouble. But what kind of trouble? What was the plant? What was its toxic principle? And what, if any, was the antidote or treatment?

"I told the doctor I'd see what I could do, and call him back. Not, however, with much enthusiasm. It looked hopeless. To be frank, I didn't even know how to begin. There wasn't much point in searching the files or trying one of the texts we have on poisonous plants. You can't look something up unless you know its name. The only possibility I could think of at the moment was Harry Raybin. Raybin is technical director of the Center, and one of the men we can call on for help in an emergency. Another, of course, is Mr. Trichter, but his field is primarily environmental sanitation. So I put in a call for Raybin, and got him at his home. That's all, though. He was as stumped as I was. Which left me with a choice between Trichter and a needle-in-the-haystack hunt through Muenscher's 'Poisonous Plants.' But before I could make up my mind, one of those nice things happened. I had an idea—a hunch. I called the Bronx Botanical Garden. It was after hours and the office was closed, but eventually somebody answered. A watchman, and very obliging. When I hung up, I had the names and telephone numbers of all their top botanists. As it turned out, one was enough. Or perhaps I simply picked the right man first. Anyway, I told him the story and he told me the answer. It was as simple as that, and almost as quick. It sounded, he said, like *Dieffenbachia seguine*. Sometimes known as dumb cane, and indigenous to tropical America. In fact, it couldn't be anything else. Moreover, he added, I could rest assured that there was nothing to worry about. *Dieffenbachia* was not a poisonous plant. It took me a minute to absorb that piece of information. Then I reminded him that, after all, the man was in the hospital. In

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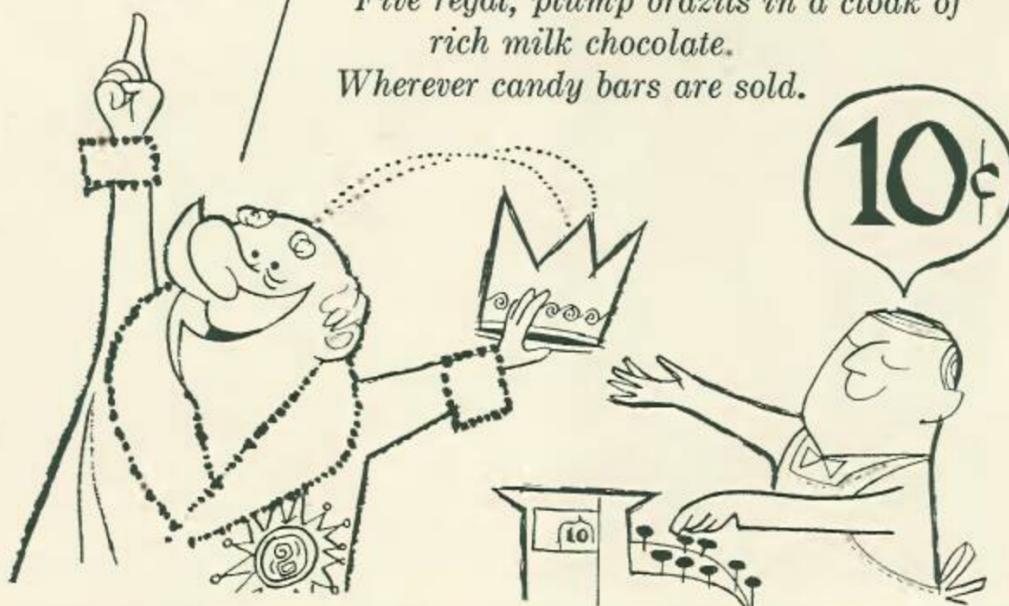
a great deal of pain. Swollen up like a pumpkin. Only just able to speak. No doubt, he said, but that was not the result of chemical damage. It was purely mechanical, and essentially harmless. One of the characteristics of *Dieffenbachia* was its secretion of very sharp crystals of calcium oxalate. And one of the consequences of chewing the plant was temporary loss of voice. That's why it was called dumb cane."

Cousminer smiled a fleeting smile. I had left my cigarettes on the desk, and he helped himself to one. "The other case I mentioned was less exotic," he said. "And quite a bit grimmer. It started, for me, with a police report. That was one evening last January. I'd just come on duty when they phoned it in. A couple of hours before, the superintendent of a tenement over on East Broadway had found one of his tenants—a bachelor around thirty-five or forty—dead in bed. I've forgotten how he made the discovery, but that part isn't important. He did, and called the police, and they came up, and one look was all they needed. No question about the cause of death. The man was sprawled on his back in a very untidy tangle of bedclothes, and his face was cherry-red. A classic picture of carbon monoxide. The medical examiner placed the time of death at about 7 A.M., and said there was good reason to believe that the man was an alcoholic, or at least a heavy drinker. Well, those were the facts, except for one thing. It wasn't suicide. There were no gas outlets open. That made it an accident, and a case for us. So I got my bag of tools and went over to East Broadway. It turned out to be a three-story building of cold-water railroad flats, built about 1910, and in fair repair. The dead man's apartment was top floor rear, but my first stop was the super's—on the floor below—for the keys and anything else that might be useful. He told me the man had lived there for years, originally with his parents. They were both dead now. His father had died two years before, and his mother just the previous month. Since her death, the son hadn't spent much time at home. Had all his meals out, and only rolled in to sleep. The apartment confirmed that much. It was the usual three-room layout, with the kitchen in the middle, and a lot of gas equipment—refrigerator, kitchen range, and two or three space heaters. But, as the police had found, they were all turned off or out of use. The refrigerator was even disconnected. How-

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ever, none of the things were in very good shape. For all I knew, they were leaking at every joint. I unloaded and went to work. I spent an hour or more on the fittings alone. Then I covered every inch of the place with the CO meter. But no soap. I didn't find anything that might even hint at trouble. The apartment was safe, and, that being the case, my job was done.

"This was around seven-thirty. I remember looking at my watch when I finished packing my bag. Then, all of a sudden, I smelled smoke—coal smoke. It came from the kitchen, and by the time I got there, it was already good and thick—too thick for comfort. The source was plain enough. It was seeping out of an unused stovepipe vent that was capped with an old pie tin on the wall above the gas range. But why? How come the smoke wasn't going on up the flue? I opened a window to clear the air, and decided I'd better find out. There was a ladder at the end of the hall that led through a hatch to the roof. I climbed up and out, and went over to the chimney. It was letting off smoke, but not much—just a little wisp. I flashed my light down the flue, and you never saw such a rat's nest. Sticks, old rags—all kinds of trash. I don't know who did it—kids, probably—but it was a very thorough job and, from the look of the junk, one that had been going on for quite some time. Well, that explained the smoke in the dead man's kitchen, and maybe a whole lot more. Coal smoke is an excellent source of carbon monoxide. At any rate, I had to locate the fire, if only to put it out. The super's apartment seemed the place to start. One reason, of course, was its location, directly below the dead man's rooms. But I really think the super's help was all I had in mind at first. Until he opened the door. Then I caught a whiff of burning coal. I followed my nose to the kitchen, and there it was—a potbellied stove, going to beat the band. The rest, after I'd put out the fire, took about three minutes. I learned that the super only used the stove to take the chill off his flat. His usual time was now, in the early evening. But sometimes he used it for an hour or two in the early morning. That morning, he recalled, had been one of those times. I didn't need any more. When I added that to what I already knew about the dead man's habits, the picture was in focus. The tenant came home and fell into bed. Let's say around midnight or so. A few hours later, the place began to fill with smoke, but he was too drunk to wake up, and slept right through to

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eternity." Cousminer shrugged. "That's my theory, anyway."

"It sounds very reasonable to me," I said.

"It fits the facts," Cousminer said. "I've also got another theory. Or maybe suspicion would be a better word. On the way back here, I got to thinking about the dead man's parents. I wondered if there might be some connection between their deaths and his. Particularly his mother. It was simply curiosity, but I wanted to know. Several days later, I dropped in at the Bureau of Records and Statistics here in the Health Department and had a look at their death certificates. They made rather interesting reading. I don't mean I found any proof—none whatever. But the cause of death in both was something that could have been brought about by a dose of carbon monoxide."

THE telephone rang. Cousminer discarded his cigarette and took up the receiver. "Poison Control," he said. "That's right." He listened, and frowned. "I'm afraid I don't follow you. . . . Yes, I got that—it's spelled D-e-l up to where the label's torn. But what's it supposed to be used for? There must be some hint on the bottle. I mean—" He nodded attentively. "I see. Clear as mud. However—hold on while I check our file." He rose and went over to the cabinet and pulled out a drawer. After a moment, he slammed it shut, and walked thoughtfully back to the phone. "Sorry," he said. "We've got nothing of that description in the files. Must be something very new. But, judging from what you say, it's almost certainly a solvent. Which would probably make it benzine or one of the chlorinated hydrocarbons. . . . Oh? It does, eh? Well, if it smells like benzine . . ."

He reached for "The Symptoms and Treatment of Acute Poisoning" and heaved it open. "O.K. The thing to do is empty the stomach by lavage. Saline solution. And that's it. Not much else you can do in the way of emergency treatment. . . . Yes, I hope so, too. Good night."

Cousminer sat for a moment gazing at his notes. Then he shook himself and slumped back in his chair. "Well, that's one way to build up the file," he said. "I can think of better ones, though."

"What happened?" I asked.

"A two-year-old out in Manhasset got hold of what sounds like some sort of benzine preparation," he said. "I gather it's used for cleaning radio parts—to restore volume control and contact—is the way the label puts it. That's about all I know, except that she just arrived at the North Shore Hospital, and her chances are pretty slim. Nonexistent, I should imagine. According to the doctor, she swallowed about two ounces of the stuff."

"Oh," I said.

Cousminer gave me a curious look. "Yes," he said. "Very sad." He hesitated. "That's the standard reaction, isn't it? But somehow I've never felt that way. I don't mean that I'm hardhearted. Or hardboiled—like a Bellevue interne. And I'm certainly not indifferent. It's just that my viewpoint is a little out of the ordinary. I told you I was in the war. I was a gunner on a B-24, and I flew thirty-five missions. That experience was part of it. The rest is what I've seen on this job, and what I've learned as a paleontologist. Most people take life for granted. My feeling is that it's not that dependable. In fact, it's the most delicate thing in the world. It's a miracle. And one false step and it's over."

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**D**READ botulism, the occasional scourge of those who feed upon canned goods, is the villain of the piece called, with almost unparalleled vapid-ity, "If All the Guys in the World." (The old song called "If You Were the Only Girl in the World" kept running through my head while I was watching the movie, and I can assure you that it was absolutely the wrong kind of background music.) The thing is a French film directed by Christian-Jaque ("Fanfan the Tulip") and written by him and H.-G. Clouzot ("Diabolique"), and it has to do with a crew of fishermen in the North Sea who suddenly begin flopping around the decks of their trawler in the manner of gasping codfish. The master of the trawler is naturally perturbed by this conduct and lets go with a short-wave radio message outlining the plight of his stricken tars. Although the trawler is fairly close to Oslo at the time, our man's signal is first picked up in Togoland, Africa. This seemed strange to me, but since my interest in the technical side of radio ended abruptly when tubes were substituted for cat's whiskers and crystals, I am in no position to question such gadding about over the air-waves. Anyway, once Togoland has received the bad news, a doctor is whisked out of the bush who proceeds to tell the trawler men what is ailing them. Botulism, and no mistake about it, he says, and gives a gloomy prognosis: If the victims don't get hold of an antitoxin, they are all gone goslings. How, then, are we to save the poor chaps? Well, M. Christian-Jaque and M. Clouzot would have us believe that the solution of such a dilemma can be effected handily by a group of dedicated radio amateurs. (The term for them in this country is "hams.") In any event, our Togoland ham instantly alerts an electronic pen pal in Paris, who speeds to the Pasteur Institute for some revivifying serum and puts it on a Berlin-bound plane. Eventually, the stuff gets to Norway, after which it is dropped from the air on the benighted gang aboard the trawler.

Radio hams abound in this picture, and every now and then one or an-



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other of them whips up some kind of suspense, as time rolls by. While this is, of course, a fairly ordinary movie for the likes of M. Christian-Jaque and M. Clouzot, it is not a complete loss, and the cast, which includes André Valmy, J. L. Trintignant, Mimo Billi, and Bernard Dheran, goes about its work with a will.

“THE BUSTER KEATON STORY” once again demonstrates that the clown’s lot, like the policeman’s, is seldom a happy one. The plot, such as it is, shows how Mr. Keaton, a hell of a comic in silent movies, went downhill after the Warner Brothers rumped the silver screen with sound. This would be a hopelessly dismal variation on old Pagliacci if it weren’t for some spry turns by Donald O’Connor, who represents Mr. Keaton in this allegedly biographical go-around.

“NANA” is a version of the Emile Zola story that bears little or no resemblance to the Old Master’s novel. Having divorced itself from its source, it ambles about rather foolishly, but I must say that Martine Carol makes an appetizing Nana, and Charles Boyer is helpful all along the line.

—JOHN McCARTEN

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(On reading in an advertisement that “Twilight for the Gods” is a Literary Guild Selection and was written by Ernest Gann, “the author of ‘The High and the Mighty,’ etc.”)

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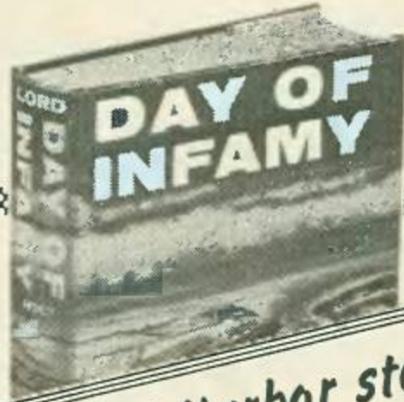
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# MUSICAL EVENTS

Two Salutes



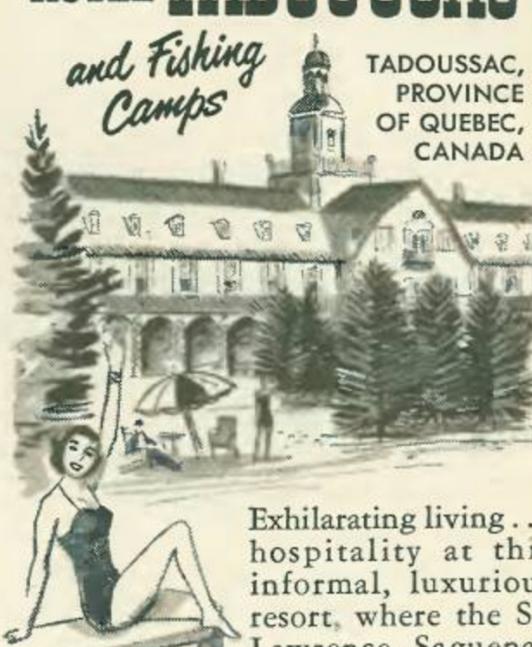
**A**LICIA ALONSO, it seems to me, is arriving at a point in her career where she can be regarded as one of the supreme ballerinas of our era. I have seen her dance "Giselle" several times in the past, but never with quite the eloquence, purity of movement, and spectacularity of technique that she exhibited last week on the opening night of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo's current engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House. The warmth and animal vitality she has always possessed were still conspicuous, but to these qualities have now been added the ethereal grace, the combination of power and precision with absolute ease, and the suggestion of limitless resources that can give ballet the significance of a great art. I am not learned enough in choreographic terminology to identify the feats of virtuosity—some of them, I believe, I was seeing for the first time—with which she embellished the usual routine of the role, but they were glittering feats indeed, and contributed an intensely exciting fillip to a dramatic portrayal that was always vigorously emotional and stirringly poetic. Moreover, for all Miss Alonso's obvious training in the mechanics of her art, she seemed to toss them off as if they were a product of natural exuberance, rather than of painstaking craftsmanship. Igor Youskevitch, one of the few really distinguished male dancers of our time, danced opposite her, and the result, despite some fairly ordinary scenery and some distinctly mediocre work on the part of the orchestra and the corps de ballet, was one of the most memorable "Giselles" I have ever witnessed.

I cannot say as much for the other items in the repertoire that were exhibited that night and the next. After "Giselle" came the "Pas de Deux Classique," undertaken by Nina Novak and Alan Howard, two young dancers whose evident physical talents have not yet received the polish that this essay in elegant athletics requires. The ensuing revival of Massine's "Gaité Parisienne" was remarkable chiefly for the comeback of the veteran ballerina Alex-

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andra Danilova, who in her time, of course, has been one of the most ingratiating of all innately gifted dancers, and who proved that she still has something of her old ebullience, as well as the most beautiful pair of legs that most balletomanes can remember.

The second night started off with an altogether routine performance of "Swan Lake," which even Miss Alonso and Mr. Youskevitch were unable to redeem from an atmosphere of dreariness imposed by tasteless costumes and generally dragged and oversentimentalized tempos. The main event of this program was a new ballet called "La Dame à la Licorne," which is based on a rather charming fairy tale by Jean Cocteau about a virgin, a herd of unicorns, and a man on horseback. I am afraid that what charm the ballet itself might have had got lost in a mass of tediously protracted and not very imaginative choreography, provided by Heinz Rosen.

JOSEPH HAWTHORNE, a young American conductor who ordinarily officiates as maestro of the Toledo Symphony, and whose work is new to me, appeared at the head of the National Orchestral Association one evening last week in Carnegie Hall and made a considerable impression, both through his competence as an orchestral drillmaster and through his taste and discrimination as an artist. A model of interesting juxtaposition, his program included Mozart's not often heard Symphony No. 34 in C Major (K. 338) and Hindemith's "Nobilissima Visione," one of that contemporary master's most powerful and engrossing works. The performances given these compositions showed that Mr. Hawthorne stands well up among the growing number of excellent American technicians in his field—a conductor capable of presenting more than one type of music with sympathy and insight, and also capable of making even a non-professional orchestra play with exemplary finish and vigor. I found his interpretations up to the highest standards of scrupulousness and musical sensitivity, and I look forward with pleasure to such future visits as he may make to our local concert halls. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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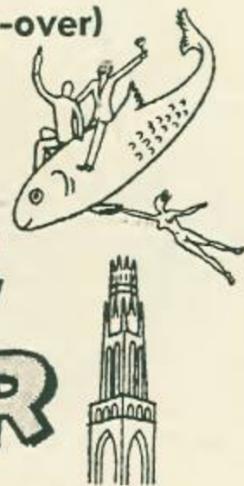
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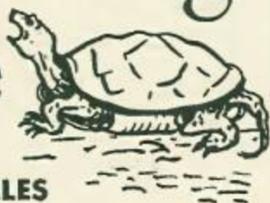
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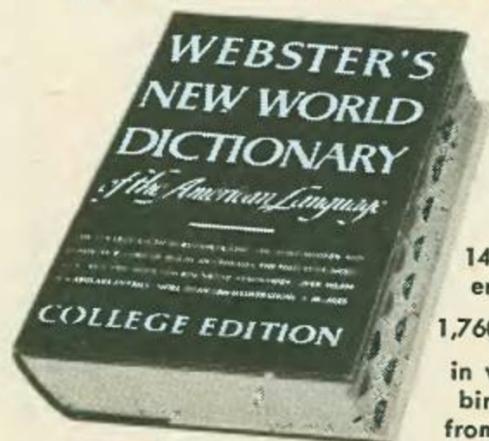
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## BOOKS

### BRIEFLY NOTED

#### FICTION

**LOVE ME LITTLE**, by Amanda Vail (McGraw-Hill). A really well-written, lighthearted novel about the determined attempts of an American girl of fifteen to lose her innocence before the end of her summer holiday. The girl, Emily, who tells her story herself, is so extremely fortunate that she has the dazzling unreality of some famous jewel—the Hope diamond, perhaps—but, like the diamond, she is perfectly real. Moreover, she is rich, pretty, intelligent, entirely aware of her own powers, kind within her limits, and fond of her parents, as they are fond of her. The scene is, variously, an elegant New York apartment, an elegant boarding school for girls, and a beach cottage that is not thoroughly described but is probably elegant, too.



**MIRI**, by Peter Sourian (Pantheon). Mr. Sourian, a talented young writer who deals with sex openly but with a natural discretion that is more convincing than any amount of anxious detail would be, tells about a three-cornered love affair involving Miri, an orphan of the war in Greece; her cousin Lexy, a Greek-American boy; and Josh, Lexy's roommate. The setting shifts between the large house above New York City where Lexy's wealthy family lives and the Boston college attended by the three young people.

**THE FLYING FOX**, by Mary McMinnies (Harcourt, Brace). Everyone and everything seems very unpleasant and very real—suffocatingly real and close—in this story of mean motives and general disorder in a small British colony in a remote Malayan outpost of the Empire.

#### GENERAL

**A STUDENT'S DIARY: BUDAPEST, OCTOBER 16-NOVEMBER 1, 1956**, by Laszlo Beke, edited and translated by Leon Kossar and Ralph M. Zoltan (Viking). This short narrative is the first report on the Hungarian revolt to have come to us from a participant. The author (who, with his wife, recently found sanctuary in Canada) was a leader in the Buda-

pest student group whose impulsive resignation from the Communist Youth Organization set in motion the series of demonstrations and counterdemonstrations that erupted into open revolution and the almost gleeful slaughter by the Red Army and its local minions of many thousands of men, women, and children. Beke, as he chooses to call himself here, had the privilege of working with the rebel leader Kovacs, of waiting on the lifeless puppet Nagy, and of seeing Cardinal Mindszenty on his triumphant release from prison.

His story, though artlessly told at a pell-mell clip, is enormously affecting. Illustrated with drawings by the author.

**SON OF TALLEYRAND**, by Françoise de Bernardy (Putnam). A biography of Auguste Charles Joseph, Comte de Flahaut de la Billarderie. Flahaut, who was born in Paris in 1785, was a natural son of Talleyrand, and he himself had a natural son, by Hortense, Queen of Holland, who became the Duc de Morny and was recognized by Louis Napoleon as his half brother. One of the first of Napoleon's dashing young generals, Flahaut galloped all over Europe, fighting the wars of the Empire, and rode knee to knee with Napoleon away from the Battle of Waterloo, often propping up the exhausted Emperor in his saddle. Between Waterloo and the Battle of Sedan—fought in 1870, the year he died—Flahaut, whose strong point was charm and whose chief interest was lovely women, served as a diplomat in the successive governments of France. His life story is of no great historical consequence, but it gives us a vivid glimpse into a romantic time. The book is translated by Lucy Norton, who may know French but whose grasp of English syntax is shaky. Illustrations.

**AT WHATEVER COST: THE STORY OF THE DIEPPE RAID**, by R. W. Thompson (Coward-McCann). The dawn thrust at Dieppe on August 19, 1942, in which more than two-thirds of some six thousand Allied troops were killed or captured, has been described by Winston Churchill as "a costly but not un-

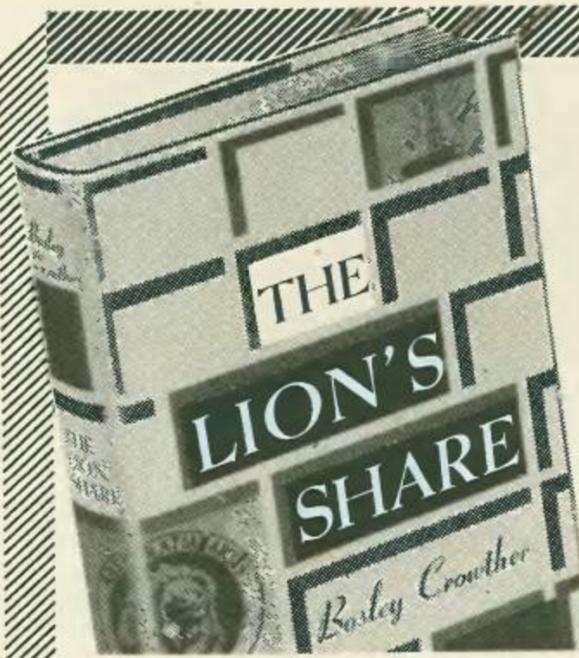
fruitful Reconnaissance in force" and as a vital preliminary to the Normandy invasion. Others, less intimately (as well as less delicately) associated with the operation, have insisted that it was, at best, a catastrophic bungle. Mr. Thompson, a British journalist and a former Army captain, inclines toward Sir Winston's view, but he does not press the point. His concern here is to reconstruct the raid in minute and graphic detail—to show us the embarkation of the force, its stealthy passage across the Channel, the violent assault on a dozen beachheads, the all but impregnable German defenses, the hundreds slaughtered in the surf before they could fire a shot, the many acts of suicidal heroism, the nightmare withdrawal—and he has done so with a thoroughness that could hardly be more total, or more bloodcurdling. End-paper maps, diagrams, and statistical appendices.

ENGLISH PEOPLE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, by Dorothy Marshall (Longmans). The author calls this social history a "background book," but it very much warrants reading on its own, for she re-creates her chosen century in all its gusto and contrasts. And quite a century it was. The Thames ran through London like a sewer, carrying away the decomposing refuse of the thriving industries on its banks; at Eton boys were taught to change their linen twice a week, while at Brighton their parents explored the risky delights of sea bathing; and when the starving poor rioted, their ringleaders were hanged. Richly illustrated with contemporary paintings and prints.

#### VERSE

POEMS, by Marcia Nardi (Allan Swallow, Denver). Miss Nardi's talent is inseparable from her emotional cast—from her temperament, to use an old-fashioned term. She reacts to experience so directly that everything she says can be recognized as genuine and genuinely felt, and she faces up to the sterner facts of nature and society. She often seems to be not so much writing poems as having them write her. This is a dangerous process, especially for a woman, but Miss Nardi, in nearly every one of her twenty-three lyrics, proves herself to be someone who should be written.

SELECTED WRITINGS OF JULES LA-FORGUE, edited and translated by William Jay Smith (Grove). The



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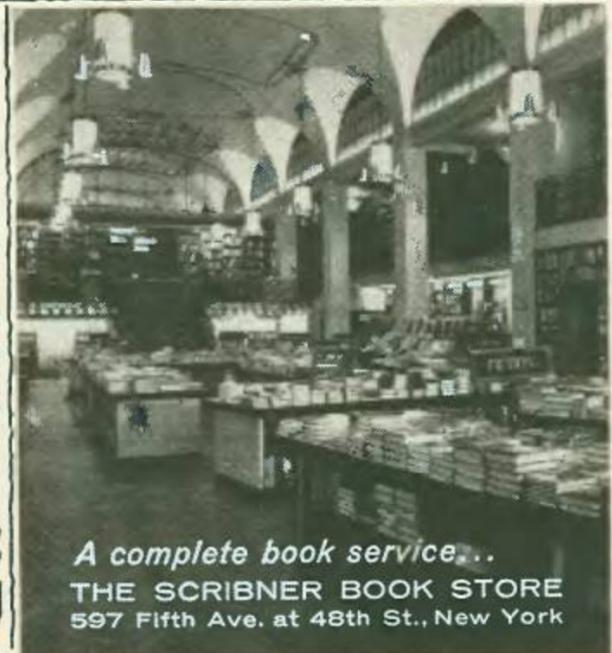
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life, work, and character of the French poet who did so much to further poetry's breakthrough into modern forms and attitudes has received comparatively little attention in English since Arthur Symons' first translations, in the late nineties. Mr. Smith has succeeded, as many translators have not, in maintaining the sense of speed and freshness that is so evident in the originals, and he comments intelligently on each period of the poet's short career. (Laforgue died in 1887, at the age of twenty-seven.) The second part of the volume contains selections from the "Moralités Légendaires," the art and literary criticism, and the correspondence, as well as scattered sketches and impressions. Several hitherto unpublished Laforgue drawings are included, and there are a chronology and a bibliography.

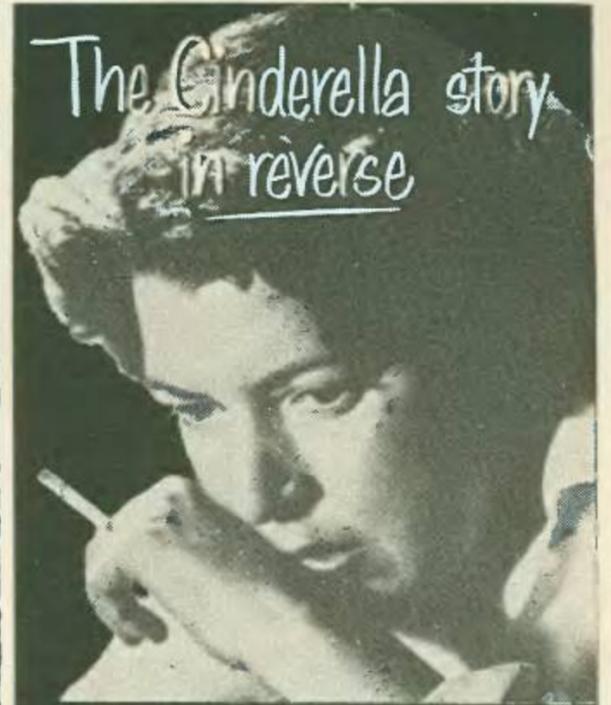
ONE HUNDRED POEMS FROM THE CHINESE, translated, with an introduction, by Kenneth Rexroth (New Directions). Rexroth has examined the Chinese originals as well as various renderings in several languages with a scholarly and a literary interest. As a result, his own versions are simple, direct, and moving, with emphasis upon a colloquial turn of phrase. He has studied Tu Fu (T'ang dynasty) for many years; the poets of the Sung dynasty, also included, have occupied his attention for a shorter time. The volume has the same handsome format as Rexroth's recently published "One Hundred Poems from the Japanese." Notes, biographical and explanatory, and a valuable selective bibliography of earlier translations from the wide field of Chinese poetry into English, French, Italian, and German.

FRONT COVER—A radiant spring morning in Hancock, New Hampshire. This tree-lined village street, charmingly unaware of the passage of time, is one of the most perfect in New England. The old brick building in the foreground shelters the local historical society.—*The New England Calendar, 1957.*

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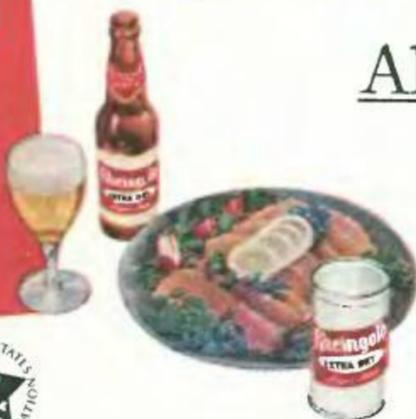
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