Sept. 28, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Simply Heavenly—A Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with incidental music by David Martin and with Melvin Stewart and Claudia McNeil figuring in the cast. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Tunnel of Love—Tom Ewell gives a very nice performance in this gag-ridden but occasionally diverting comedy, by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields, about sexual carryings on in Westport. Kaye Lyder and Elizabeth Wilson support him attractively. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées 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 astral visitor, is endlessly amusing. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—auntie mame: An adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. Rosalind Russell is in the title role, and she is aided by Polly Rowles, Ann Summers, James Hickman, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **long day's journey into night:** Eugene O'Neill's attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Albert Morgenstern, and Jason Robards, Jr., are members of the haunted family, and José Quintero is the director. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)... **separate tables:** A double bill by Terence Rattigan. Eric Portman and Geraldine Page have the leads in both offerings. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 28.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Four Winds—Ann Todd and Peter Cookson in a play by Thomas W. Phipps. Staged by Guthrie McClintic and presented by Worthington Miner and Kenneth Wagg. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Mask and Gown—A revue devised and directed by Leonard Sillman and starring T. C. Jones, a female impersonator. Ronny Graham and Sidney Carroll are responsible for the script, and Jim Russell staged the musical numbers. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 12.)

New Girl in Town—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—bells are ringing: Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that also includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **damn yankees:** Devra Korwin plays a demon, Nathaniel Frey her employer, and Ralph Lowe her earth-bound suitor in this musical derived from the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **happy hunting:** Ethel Merman in a musical about a lady who wants her daughter to follow in the footsteps of Grace Kelly. Fernando Lamas is visible as Miss Merman's fellow-principal. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **li'l abner:** A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. 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.)... **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." With Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Helon Blount. (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 Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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OPENINGS

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

West Side Story—A musical with a book by Arthur Laurents, music by Leonard Bernstein, and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. The cast includes Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Art Smith. Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, and produced by Robert E. Griffith and Harold S. Prince, by arrangement with Roger L. Stevens. Opens Thursday, Sept. 26. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Knock at the Door—Aline MacMahon and Staats Cotsworth head the cast in a reading of Sean O'Casey's autobiographical work. Paul Shyre did the adaptation; Stuart Vaughan is the director; and Lucille Lortel, Howard Gottfried, and Mr. Shyre are the producers. Opens Sunday, Sept. 29, for a six-week engagement. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—Mary Ure and Kenneth Haigh in John Osborne's play, imported from London. The director is Tony Richardson, and the producer is David Merrick. Preview Monday, Sept. 30, at 8:40. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 1. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

The Saturday Night Kid—Shelley Winters, Alex Nicol, and Joseph Wiseman are the whole cast of this play by Jack Dunphy. Staged by Warren Enters and presented by the Playwrights' Company and Oliver Smith. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Miss Lonelyhearts—A play by Howard Teichmann, based on the novel by Nathanael West, with Pat O'Brien, Fritz Weaver, and Ruth Warrick. Directed by Alan Schneider and presented by Lester Osterman and Alfred R. Glancy, Jr., in association with Diana Green. Opens Thursday, Oct. 3. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. 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—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Carousel," with Howard Keel, Barbara Cook, and Victor Moore. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 29.)

Actors Playhouse—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Sept. 27-29: "La Bohème."... ¶ Starting Friday, Oct. 4: "Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—"Tevya and His Daughters," a play by Arnold Perl, based on the stories of Sholom Aleichem. Mike Kellin heads a cast directed by Howard Da Silva. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Mondays through Fri-

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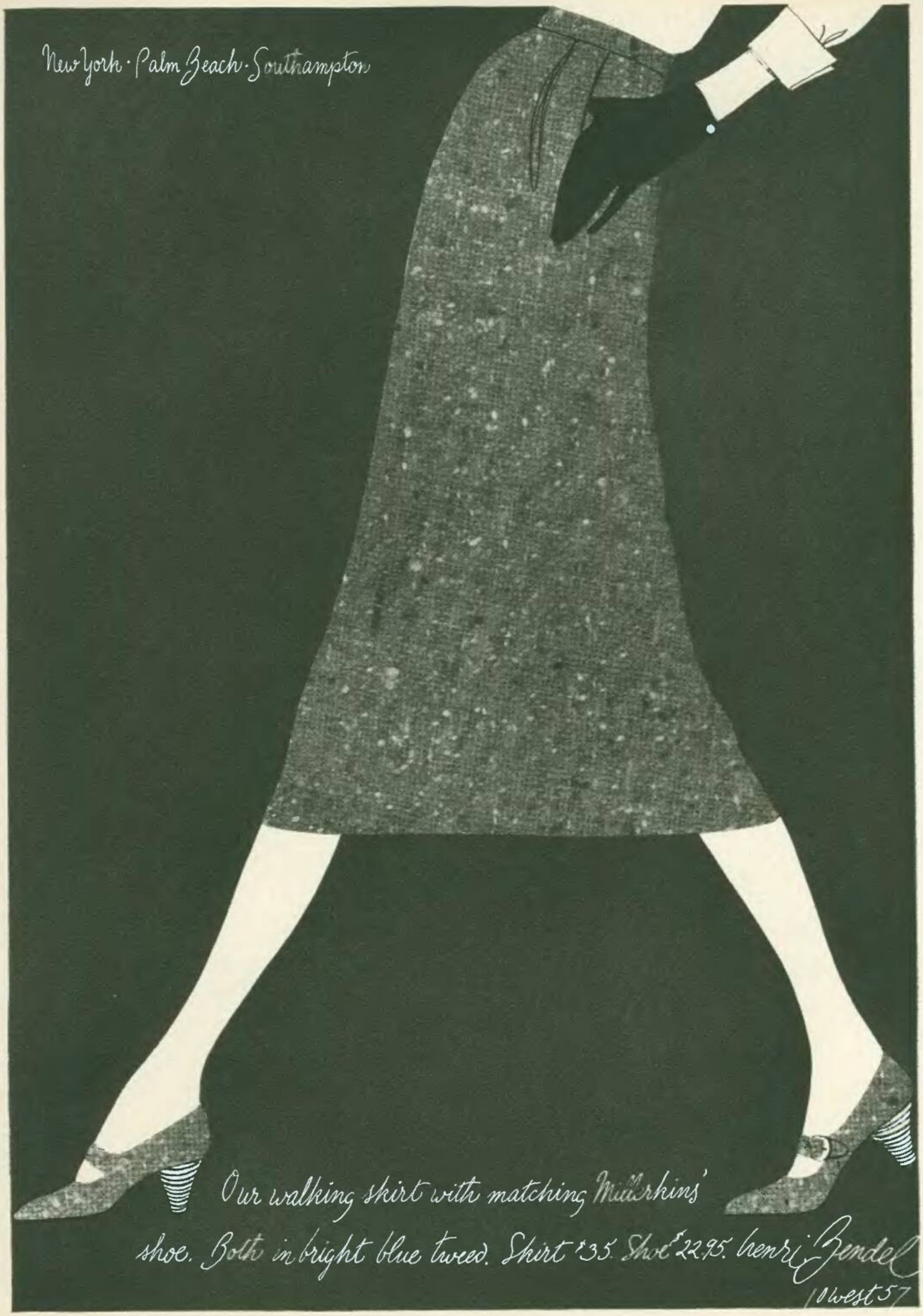
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 8:40; Saturdays at 5 and 8:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. No performance Friday, Oct. 4.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Roger Boxill. (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—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.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Larry Blyden in "The Italian Straw Hat," a comedy by Eugene Labiche and Marc-Michel. Jacques Ibert composed the incidental music, and Mitchell Parish wrote the lyrics. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 26-28, at 8:40, and Sunday, Sept. 29, at 2:40. Opens officially on Monday, Sept. 30. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—Eva Le Gallienne, Irene Worth, and Max Adrian in Schiller's "Mary Stuart," adapted by Jean Stock Goldstone and John Reich, and directed by Tyrone Guthrie. Previews Friday through Monday, Oct. 4-7, at 8:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 8. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525.)

Renata Theatre—"Johnny Summit," a play by Ben Zavin, with Byrne Piven in the title role. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:45 and 9:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

The Royal Ballet—Thursday evening, Sept. 26: "Birthday Offering," "La Péri" (American première), and "Petrouchka."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 27: "Noctambules" (American première), "La Péri," and "The Firebird."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Sept. 28: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 29: "Noctambules," "The Firebird," and "Birthday Offering."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 1: "The Prince of the Pagodas."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 2: "Le Lac des Cygnes."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 3: "Petrouchka," "La Péri" and "The Firebird."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 4: "Coppélia" and "Façade."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 5: "Le Lac des Cygnes." (Metropolitan Opera House. LA 4-2049. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 6.)

Dancers of India—Shanta Rao and the Kathakali dancers and musicians in a two-week engagement that opens Sunday, Sept. 29, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 12, with a different program each week. Presented by Roger L. Stevens, with the approval of the Government of India and in coöperation with the American National Theatre and Academy. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Best of Burlesque—A program of famous skits, songs, and strip routines, narrated by Sherry Britton and featuring Tom Poston.

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Opens Friday, Sept. 27, and will run for four weekends, through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Fridays and Saturdays at midnight.)

Rodeo—The annual spectacle of broncobusting, calf-roping, and steer-wrestling, plus the Lone Ranger, Lassie, and other recruits from television. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 13.)

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)—The Embassy Club, practically the last survivor of the Park Avenue showplaces, is playing it safe and sane; that is, dinner music until ten and dancing after that. The after-that part is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Lights! Action! Camera! Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra are on the dead run all night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room this year is solely a *palais de danse*, operated by Joseph Sudy's remarkably cheerful orchestra and a large choir of violins, who sometimes swarm all over the customers and sometimes just do waltz music. Closed Mondays.... ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre, too, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is generally Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room at dinner and supper, Ted Straeter's band is serving up Moët & Chandon music at débutante speed, and Mark Monte's quintet is playing along with the mob. At dinner and supper, Lilo (which is French for "dizzy blonde") is singing her head off. Thursday, Sept. 26, will be a benefit for the Travelers Aid. Closed Sundays.... ¶ A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance tunes of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen start at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians whisper from four to seven every afternoon in the templed Palm Court and then do dinner music in the Edwardian Room, which is yard-wide plush. No dancing in either locale.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Sammy Kaye's performing seals make dance music while their trainer gets the audience into the act, too. Folksy, but funny, in a way. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Paradise enow, always with a jug of wine (bottled at a good château, of course), is available in the Maisonette, where one prances all evening to the gossamer music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. The ritual is broken during dinner and supper by Constance Moore, a soignée blonde whose songs discuss the problems of being healthy, wealthy, and unwise. She'll be succeeded on Thursday, Oct. 3, by a complete stranger in town—Ona Ainsley, likewise a singer. 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 exercise.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge, big enough for a barn dance, has rural (or at least provincial) music by Buddy Morrow's band from time to time during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Los Chavales de España, who occupy the Empire Room, are in a boys-will-be-boys state of mind, singing, playing, bounding, casting sheep's eyes, and acting as accompaniment for the sassy dancing of their mascot, Trini Reyes. They work out at dinner and supper; Emil Coleman's orchestra and the Béla Babai gypsy band keep the customers on the move in between. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's gang plunks down dance music from eight until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the plunking.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a well-known hill, presents hushed non-dance tunes with cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

STATUES OF CENTRAL PARK

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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A most coöperative apartment, with everything the urban heart requires for a fine evening at home—built-in bar, built-in kitchen, and polite piano, this last by Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper. Paul Morse is the Sunday operator.... **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Quite a few owls who are in the public domain see the night through on these premises. The accompaniment is Kurt Maier's piano. 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 blithe piano of the owner and the gather-ye-rosebuds piano of Ralph Strain and Wayne Sanders; i.e., three pianomen, no waiting. The sound begins at cocktail time. Closed Mondays.... **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, who is an expert on mankind's unequal struggle with that lamentable affair called love. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, also alternates at the piano with Don Evans during the evening. Miss Mercer arrives around ten-thirty; the other music begins at cocktail time. Closed Sundays.... **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL

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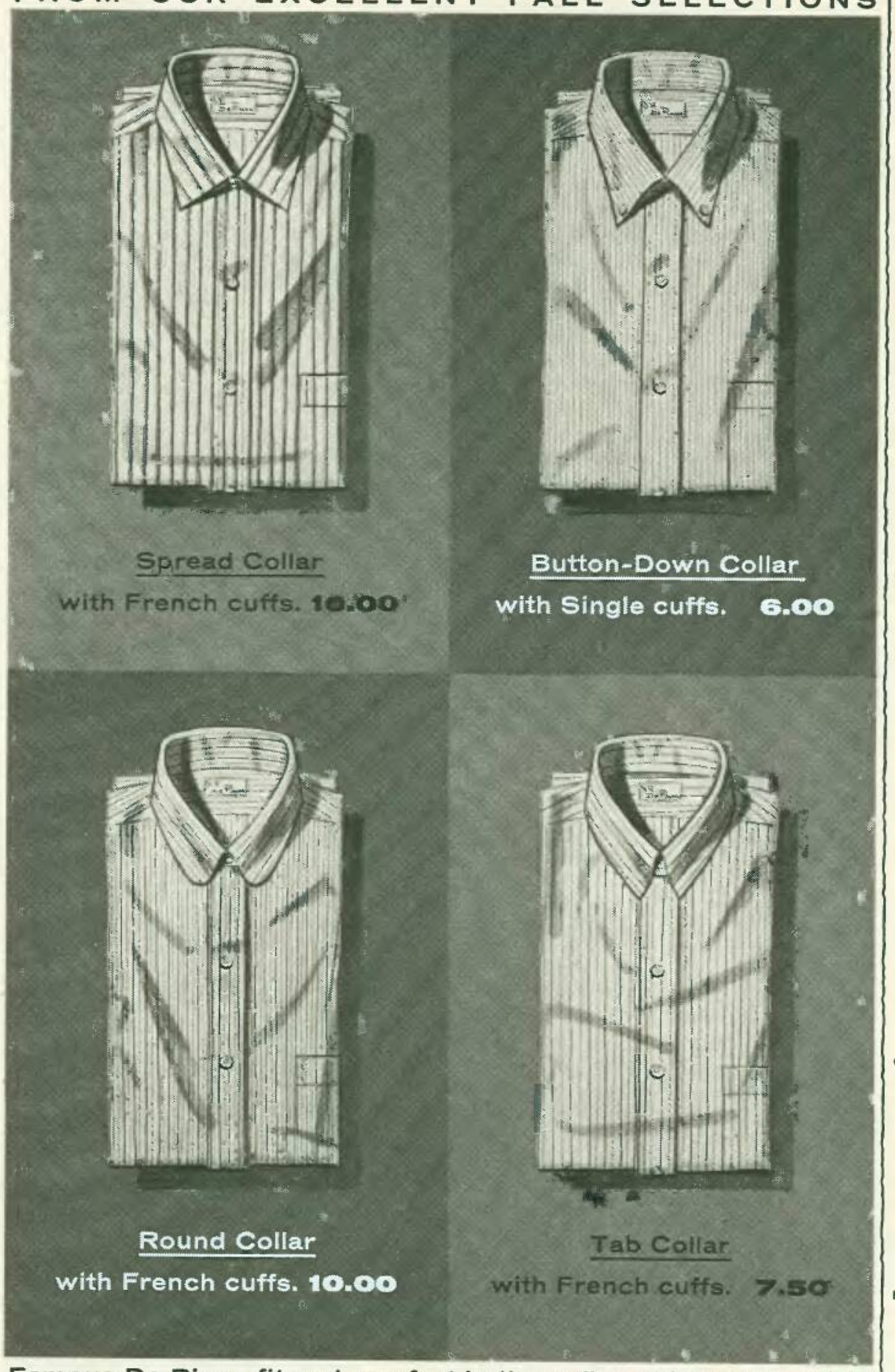

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5-2070): How to do as the Romans do, in one nourishing lesson. Among the *plats du jour* (or *nuit*) are Teo Fanidi's lilting choir of circumnavigating violinists, who keep going all evening, and a vocalist or two after the theatre. Closed Sundays... GATSBY'S, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Few of the East Side antique shops can match it in antiquarian splendor, and none of them set the same sort of table. The man at the piano is Fred Witmer, who keeps fairly late hours. Closed Sundays.... CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Rack Godwin, who ministers to the baby grand in the bar from five-thirty to eight and again from nine to twelve-thirty, winds up his tour of duty on Saturday, Sept. 28... 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 this miniature Vanity Fair every night but Monday from five-thirty to eight and again from ten to one-thirty, or even later.... EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the most cheerful, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, which are principally singing and dancing Closed Sundays.... CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The armor room of the Metropolitan Museum has nothing on the medieval array of tin plate here. 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): Until ten, the amusement is the roguish art gallery (mostly paintings of damsels in distress); after that, it is the buoyant jive of the Lee Evans trio, which has Denzil Best at the drums. Closed Sundays.... CASANOVA, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Three candelabras grow where only one grew before, and plush flows like water. Piano, violin, and voice are among the many condiments. All this is available every evening but Sunday.... CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): One of those wayside inns that exist only in postcard albums. Sopranos, bassos, violins, zimbalons, and other quaint Central European artifacts abound. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... WAVERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten.... CHAMPAGNE GALLERY, 135 Macdougal 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): The speaker of the evening is Joe E. Lewis, who has often been led into temptation (wine, women, and race horses), from which he has drawn some remarkable conclusions. You needn't bother with much of anything else, but you should be amused by the dancing girls, whose efforts lead mostly to pretty confusion.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, in real life) are up to their old trick—living in a fool's paradise and liking it. Their silly symphonies have a good effect on the other inmates—Carol Burnett, an elf with a song about wanting John Foster Dulles for Christmas, and George Matson, a parodist who approaches womankind, his pet topic, in the spirit of a picador. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. The Davises, incidentally, aren't there Mondays.... ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyons trio and outlandish uproar by the Davis family from 2 to 4 A.M.... UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9465): A lot farther off Broadway than Sixth Avenue ever was before. The little-theatre mood is enhanced by the sibylline songs of Annie Ross; the music of Tom O'Horgan, who plays the harp that once through Tara's halls, and declaims the ballads that went with it; and the love lyrics of Warren Vaughn, who's also no slouch at a piano. Julius Monk, lifetime collector of such bric-a-brac, is master of these revels. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The nonsense is in the hands of Charlie Manna, who serves his guests his very best jokes, all from private stock; the team of Tony and Eddie, loud-singing cuckoos not always aware of their own strength; and the Three Flames, who are manic musicians. The rear is commendably brought up by Felicia Sanders, whose ballads are frequently small gems of emotional crisis, and Jimmie Daniels, a declaimer of boulevardier ditties. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The permanent party in the bar is Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who have been playing piano since Beethoven was a pup. Mickey Deems, to whom plenty of funny things happen even when he spends a day at home, tells all every night but Sunday, when there are silent movies. Gloria Hamilton sings every night but Monday, when amateurs have their first public fling.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(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, Vic Dickenson, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and the perpetual guest artist, Mr. Condon, who always has a good table down front. Between sets, Cliff Jackson keeps the piano as warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Another in this grotto's series of all-star revivals—Anita O'Day, founder of a new school of thought in singing, and the quintet of Bob Brookmeyer, who doesn't get around these parts much any more. On Sundays, at 4:30 P.M., a jazz concert by whatever musicians are in residence, plus another session in the evening; Mondays, the place is closed. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): There's more than one way to skin a piano, and Dorothy Donegan, the technician in charge of the instrument after nine, knows them all. Accordingly, her trio has a high decibel count. 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): For the second year in a row, it's the winter quarters of Billy Maxted's hot potatoes. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and others of the faith turning time back to the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Mary Lou Williams, who comes

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DANSK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

back to earth no oftener than Halley's comet, is expounding on her piano the music of the far-out spheres she moves among. Her trio and the threesome of Billy Taylor, who sound like two pianos that beat as one, inhabit the rear room after nine. The Taylors hide out on Sundays, the Williamses on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are on tap from six to around nine every evening but Saturday; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The band of Dizzy Gillespie, who is quite capable of leading us all to the Promised Land, and the quartet of Johnny Smith, a very self-contained group, are the young moderns at work now. They will be here through Wednesday, Oct. 2. Next evening, the trio of Bud Powell, a fancy-free pianist when the spirit moves, and Chris Connor's great big warm sunflower voice will become the amusement. Mondays are guest nights. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The bright light in the middle of the oval bar is Toshiko Akiyoshi, a mere slip of a Japanese schoolgirl who has got the theory and practice of American jazz down cold, or cool. Her piano and her two sidemen report at nine-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . BOURBON STREET, 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): Turk Murphy's septet does a good job of reconstructing the Old South, a land it is too young to have known first-hand. The lads, all willing workers, stay home Sundays, which are visiting nights. The visitor on Sept. 29 will be the Red Onion Jazz Band. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, J. C. Higginbotham, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reveille is at 3:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon. . . . MANNEQUIN, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): After the dinner hour, Barbara Carroll is at the piano, proving beyond doubt that there's nothing like a woman's touch around the house. Her touch is modern, but never to the point of austerity. She and her trio are there every night but Sunday. . . . VOYAGER ROOM, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): Silver tones among the brass when Bobby Hackett takes a solo flight on his trumpet. He is surrounded in this colossal drill hall by such valuable assistants as Ernie Caceres, Buzzy Drootin, and John Dengler, who injects a rare note (tuba) into the Early Americana on display. Closed Sundays. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): It's not all beer and skittles. Behind the foaming flagons is music from the past, dished up at the boiling point. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27-28, it will come from Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Wingy Manone, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Panama Francis, and Dick Wellstood. . . . CAFÉ BOHEMIA, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Bohemia indeed, operating on a timetable subject to change without notice. The Paul Quinichette-Buck Clayton quintet, an odd combination of the old and the new, and Gil Mellé's quartet, which is all in favor of the new, may be there now. Two facts, though, are incontrovertible—the room is closed Tuesdays, and the musicians in general hold that the end justifies the means.

ART

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

GALLERIES

JOSEPH ALBERS—Graphic works, all non-objective; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

OLIVER CHAFFEE—A memorial exhibition of paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Barzansky, 1071 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ORONZO GASPARO—Recent oils; through Sunday, Sept. 29. (Crespi, 232 E. 58th St. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 26-29, from 11 to 5.)

PHILIPPE HOSIASSON—Swirlingly patterned Ab-

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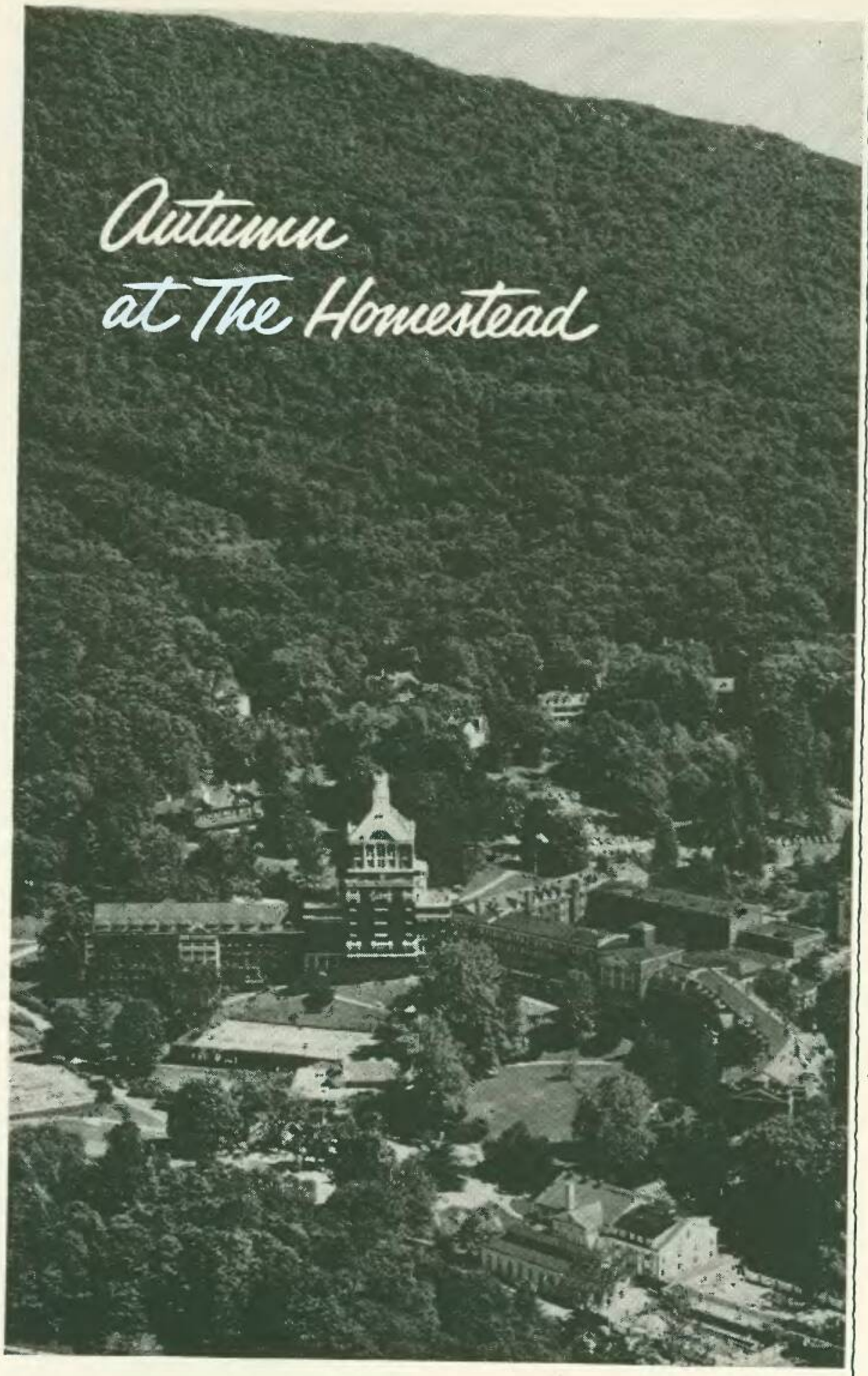

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stract Expressionist paintings, done in thick impasto, by an elder member of the Paris school; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EMIL NOLDE—Oils, water colors, and lithographs; through Oct. 26. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Paintings and drawings; through Oct. 12. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

MITCHELL SIPORIN—A group of new paintings entitled "Dialogues, Soliloquies, and Choruses;" through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

DAVID SMITH—Sculptures; running simultaneously with his big show at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 12. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Robert Gwathmey and Philip Evergood are two contributors to an exhibit of oils by gallery members; through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Oliver Andrews, Bruce Conner, Mark Tobey, and other members of the gallery; through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: The twelfth annual exhibition of the Spiral Group (Joseph Meert, John Sennhauser, and others); through Thursday, Sept. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . BABCOCK, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Drawings by six artists, including George Ratkai and Sol Wilson; through Monday, Sept. 30. . . . BARONE, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A sculpture by Israel Levitan and paintings by Harold Baumbach and others of this gallery group; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.). . . HEWITT, 29 E. 65th St.: Siegfried Reinhardt, George Tooker, and others in a showing of recent paintings; through Monday, Sept. 30. . . . MORRIS, 174 Waverly Pl.: Paintings by Attilio Salemme, Milton Avery, and other gallery artists, in addition to lithographs by Max Beckmann; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Weekdays, 1 to 6; Friday evening, 8 to 10.). . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils by Betty Parsons, Larry Rivers, Adolf Dehn, and twenty-three other artists who acted as jurors for the gallery during the past season; through Friday, Oct. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, Jimmy Ernst, Calvin Albert, and Gabor Peterdi; through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . DEITSCH, 51 E. 73rd St.: Drawings, water colors, pastels, and prints by (for instance) Gris, Feininger, and Nolde; through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . HERVÉ, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Marie Laurencin, Matisse, Jansem, and other painters; through Monday, Sept. 30. . . . MELTZER, 38 W. 57th St.: Water colors and drawings by Jankel Adler, Louis Bunce, George Constant, and others; through Monday, Sept. 30. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Homer, Courbet, and Pissarro are among the artists represented in a showing of American and French paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures from a private collection, with examples by Kandinsky, Gauguin, Archipenko, and others; through Nov. 2.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the KLEEMANN, 11 E. 68th St.: Mostly French and German paintings by Baumeister, Hartung, Winter, and the like; through Friday, Sept. 27. . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Modern French painters, including Chagall, Utrillo, and Pascin; through Oct. 12. . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Early nineteenth-century French paintings by Corot, Courbet, Daumier, Delacroix, Ingres, and Monticelli; through Oct. 12.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, Sept. 29.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Robert Gwathmey; starting Monday, Sept. 30. . . . FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Blanche Schmeidler; starting Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5.). . . HEWITT, 29 E. 65th St.: Ilias Friedensohn; starting Tuesday, Oct. 1. . . . JACKSON,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

32 E. 69th St.: Karel Appel; starting Tuesday, Oct. 1. . . . KLEEMANN, 11 E. 68th St.: Laszlo Moholy-Nagy; starting Tuesday, Oct. 1. . . . NIVEAU, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Bernard Buffet; starting Tuesday, Oct. 1. . . . SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: Picasso; starting Monday, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Group shows at the BABCOCK, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.; starting Tuesday, Oct. 1. . . . BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; starting Monday, Sept. 30.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. . . . ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit of more than a hundred photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors, taken by such cameramen as Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Arnold Newman. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two exhibitions in the "Artists in Mid-Career" series, one of sculptures, paintings, and drawings by the abstractionist David Smith, the other of paintings and drawings by the abstract-Surrealist Matta; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ A survey of twentieth-century German art comprising paintings, sculptures, and prints by Lehmbruck, Kirchner, Klee, and others; starting Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evening, Sept. 26, until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and other Europeans; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Primitive art of the South Pacific, including painted wooden figures, war clubs, and feathered masks, all probably done during the past century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—The second section of a show of recent acquisitions and works on loan is composed of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by twenty artists, among them Brancusi, Kandinsky, and Modigliani; through Oct. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Abstract paintings by Anna Walinska, depicting Biblical and religious themes, landscapes, and figures; through Oct. 13. (Mondays through Wednesdays, and Thursday, Oct. 3, from 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings by Bradley Walker Tomlin; through Nov. 12. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

BEAUX-ARTS STRING QUARTET—An all-American program, with Claude Monteux, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 28-29, at 2. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Wednesday, Oct. 2, at Yankee Stadium. The first two games will be played there, the next three in the National League park, and the final two, if required, at Yankee Stadium. Local games will start at 1. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call MEridian 7-1212.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, SEPT. 28: Army vs. Nebraska, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 5: Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Penn State vs. Army, at University Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at

1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2.

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 29.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 5.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Through Thursday, Sept. 26.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Ridgewood Country Club, Ridgewood, N.J. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 5.)

Horse Show—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 4-6.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 2, and Saturday, Oct. 5.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

Racing—At **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 14. The Futurity and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 28; the Astarita, Monday, Sept. 30; the Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Oct. 2; and the Manhattan Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays, except Monday, Sept. 30, at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday, Sept. 28, at 3, and Sunday, Sept. 29, at 1.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 12.

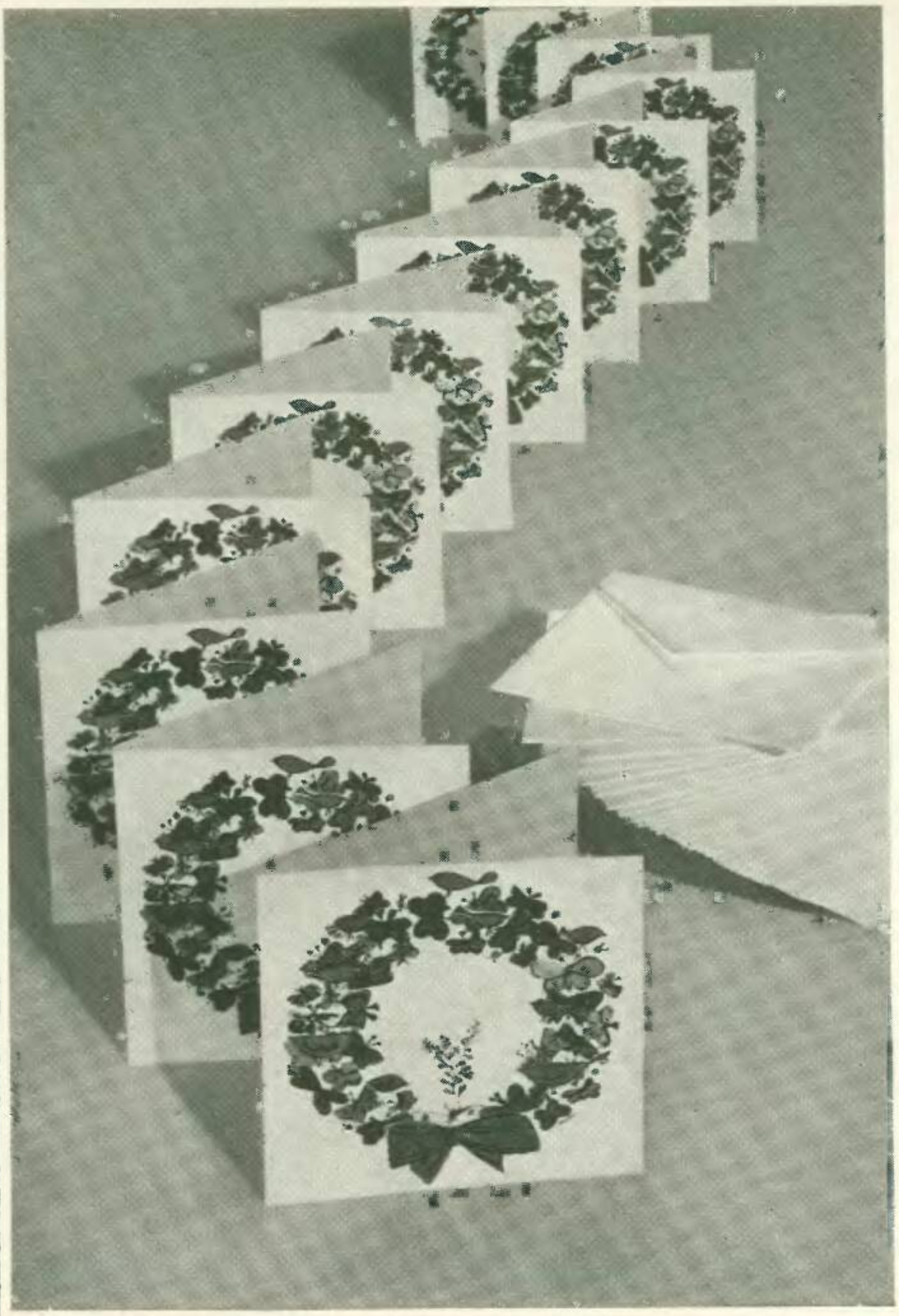
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other 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 2:30 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 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Earth, Air, and Space," explains the part astronomers are playing in the International Geophysical Year. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 1, there will be a new show, "Captives of the Sun." (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.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, Sept. 30, from 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27-28, at 1:45: English furniture, old English porcelains, cut glass, silver, decorative paintings and drawings, and Oriental and domestic rugs; from the estate of Mrs. Martha C. W. Freund and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, at 1:45: Louis XV, Directoire, and other French furniture; Dresden, Herend, and other table and cabinet porcelains; a small group of astrolabes, architectural instruments, and pocket sundials; paintings, drawings, and bronzes; and Oriental, Aubusson, and other carpets. From several collections, among them that of the late Carrie Mayer Blumenthal. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 28.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 5 elections will be Saturday, Sept. 28, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; Monday through Thursday, Sept. 30-Oct. 3, and Monday through Friday, Oct. 7-11, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.; and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.



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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.)

The Green Man—Alastair Sim in a droll English romp having to do with a gentleman who makes a practice of blowing up the people who bore him. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 1, tentative. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 2, tentative.)

A Hatful of Rain—Adapted from the Broadway play about drug addiction and directed by Fred Zinnemann, this picture, after a slow start, works itself up into a tense, melodramatic mood as it approaches its climax. The plot revolves around a Korean veteran, who has taken to the needle; his wife, who is baffled by his conduct; his brother, who is full of sympathy for him; and his father, who is extraordinarily obtuse. Don Murray, Eva Marie Saint, Anthony Franciosa, and Lloyd Nolan are all commendable in these central roles. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Oct. 1.)

It Happened in the Park—It happens in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome, in five episodes, all of them beguiling and all concerned with Roman love of one kind or another. There is a splendid cast on hand, including Vittorio De Sica, Franca Valeri, Giulia Rubino, and Anna Maria Ferrero. In French. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Love in the Afternoon—Gary Cooper, as a rich and somewhat jaded American, tries to resist the allure of Audrey Hepburn, as a young and delightful French girl, but he does not have the stamina and she gets him in the end. A great deal of the film takes place in the Ritz, in Paris. Maurice Chevalier plays Audrey Hepburn's father, an unkind cut. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Man on Fire—Bing Crosby contributes a memorable performance in the complicated role of a stubborn, loving father who refuses his ex-wife custody of their only son. Anne Seymour is persuasive as a domestic-relations judge, and so is Malcolm Brodrick as the lad over whom the sad fuss has been raised. (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; starting Oct. 2.)

The Pajama Game—Some fun at the Sleeptite Pajama Factory, where the goal of the workers is a seven-and-a-half-cent raise and the goal of the boss is not to let them have it. A really gay musical, with Doris Day, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, Jr., John Raitt, and a lot of other high-spirited and talented people. George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the script, and Mr. Abbott and Stanley Donen were in charge of the direction and production. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Oct. 2.)

The Roots—Four stories, all sombre and some of them stark, about life among the Mexican Indians. Filmed in Mexico, with almost entirely native casts. There is a variety of glorious scenery, and more than a hint of the dignity of Mexico. In Spanish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Silk Stockings—Some of the old magic agility of Fred Astaire, complemented by the remarkable grace of Cyd Charisse. A picture based on another picture, called "Ninotchka," which later became a musical comedy—but let's not pursue it down the alleyways of time. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian, the film has something to do with a lady commissar from the Workers' Paradise who finds Paris to her liking, and why shouldn't she? Much of the dialogue is in broken English. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1600; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Oct. 2, tentative.)

The Sun Also Rises—A reasonably literate treatment of the book. They're all there—Jake Barnes and Lady Brett Ashley and Paris and the bullfights and Mike Campbell. With Ava Gardner, Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn, and Eddie Albert. In accentuated color. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

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, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 5:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Third Key—Jack Hawkins as a Scotland Yard gumshoe plodding along after a murderous safe-cracker. An English film not long on excitement but pretty interesting as it goes about explaining the methods policemen have at their command. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Sept. 28, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 2, tentative.)

REVIVALS

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 29-30.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonté play the lovers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 1-2.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Oct. 2, tentative.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 29-30, tentative.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 26.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operation of the Roman underground during World War II. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

Paisan (1948)—An Italian picture concerning the invasion of Italy. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

Paris Incident (1954)—A Parisian telegraph boy in wild pursuit of a couple of misplaced telegrams. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

Saratoga Trunk (1945)—Edna Ferber's story about love in New Orleans and railroads in upper New York. Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 29-Oct. 1.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1945)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

The Snake Pit (1948)—The rigors of an overcrowded mental hospital. With Olivia de Havilland. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 1-2.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 29-30.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 29-30, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through Sept. 28: "Wages of Fear" (1955), with Yves Montand. . . . ¶ Sept. 29-Oct. 2: "Children of Paradise" (1947), with Jean-Louis Barrault. (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. 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.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

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

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 1: "3:10 to Yuma," Glenn Ford, Van Heflin.
From Oct. 2: "The Helen Morgan Story," Ann Blyth, Paul Newman.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Joker Is Wild," Frank Sinatra, Mitzi Gaynor, Jeanne Crain.

Central, B'way at 47th. (JU 2-4778)
"Checkpoint," Anthony Steel, Odile Versois.

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

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Oct. 2: THE PAJAMA GAME.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Man of a Thousand Faces," James Cagney, Dorothy Malone.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.

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

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
THE SUN ALSO RISES.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Portland Exposé," Edward Binns, Carolyn Craig.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Three Faces of Eve," David Wayne, Joanne Woodward, Lee J. Cobb.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK (in French).

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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29	30	1	2			

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

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 2 (tentative): **THE GREEN MAN.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 1: **A HATFUL OF RAIN**; and "Under Fire," Rex Reason, Henry Morgan.
From Oct. 2: "Band of Angels," Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo; and "Johnny Trouble," Ethel Barrymore, Cecil Kellaway.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 1 (tentative): **THE GREEN MAN.**
From Oct. 2 (tentative): **SILK STOCKINGS.**

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Oct. 1: "The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra; and "Fury at Showdown," John Derek.
From Oct. 2: **MAN ON FIRE**; and "Gun Glory," Stewart Granger, Rhonda Fleming.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Four Bags Full" (in French), Jean Gabin, Bourvil.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Spanish Gardener," Dirk Bogarde, Jon Whiteley.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 1: **A HATFUL OF RAIN**; and "Under Fire," Rex Reason, Henry Morgan.
From Oct. 2: "Band of Angels," Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo; and "Johnny Trouble," Ethel Barrymore, Cecil Kellaway.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE ROOTS (in Spanish).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Oct. 2 (tentative): "A Man Escaped" (in French), François Letterier, Charles Leclainche.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 1 (tentative): **THE GREEN MAN.**
From Oct. 2 (tentative): **SILK STOCKINGS.**

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 2: "An Affair to Remember," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 1: "The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra; and "Fury at Showdown," John Derek.
From Oct. 2: **MAN ON FIRE**; and "Gun Glory," Stewart Granger, Rhonda Fleming.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Sept. 28 (tentative): **THE THIRD KEY**; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?," Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall.
Sept. 29-30 (tentative): **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and **HIGH SIERRA**, revival.
Oct. 1-2 (tentative): "The Devil's General" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook; and "3 Feet in a Bed" (in French), Fernandel.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 1 (tentative): **THE GREEN MAN.**
From Oct. 2 (tentative): **CITIZEN KANE**, revival.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 1: **A HATFUL OF RAIN**; and "Under Fire," Rex Reason, Henry Morgan.
From Oct. 2: "Band of Angels," Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo; and "Johnny Trouble," Ethel Barrymore, Cecil Kellaway.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 1: "The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra; and "Fury at Showdown," John Derek.
From Oct. 2: **MAN ON FIRE**; and "Gun Glory," Stewart Granger, Rhonda Fleming.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Sept. 28: "An Affair to Remember," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "Joe Butterfly," Audie Murphy, George Nader.
Sept. 29-30: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival.
Oct. 1-2: **CARMEN JONES**, revival; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 2 (tentative): **THE THIRD KEY**; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?," Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 2 (tentative): "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival Players.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 1: "The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra; and "Fury at Showdown," John Derek.
From Oct. 2: **MAN ON FIRE**; and "Gun Glory," Stewart Granger, Rhonda Fleming.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 28: "An Affair to Remember," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "Danger Flight 931," Dany Robin.
Sept. 29-Oct. 1: **SARATOGA TRUNK**, revival; and "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann Sheridan, George Raft.
From Oct. 2: "The Miller's Beautiful Wife" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica; and "Love and Jealousy" (in Italian; formerly called "Frisky"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio De Sica.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Oct. 1: **A HATFUL OF RAIN**; and "Under Fire." Rex Reason, Henry Morgan.
From Oct. 2: "Band of Angels," Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo; and "Johnny Trouble," Ethel Barrymore, Cecil Kellaway.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Sept. 28: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "Young Man with a Horn," revival, Kirk Douglas, Lauren Bacall.
Sept. 29-30: "Ride the High Iron," Don Taylor, Sally Forrest; and "Utah Blaine," Rory Calhoun.
Oct. 1-2: **THE SNAKE PIT**, revival; and "Where's Charlie?," revival, Ray Bolger, Allyn McLerie.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 29: "Brothers in Law," Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael.
From Sept. 30: "The Baby and the Battleship," John Mills, Richard Attenborough.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Oct. 2 (tentative): "The Rising of the Moon," with Cyril Cusak and other Abbey Theatre players.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 30: "The Last Bridge," an Austrian-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.
From Oct. 1: "Perri," a Walt Disney nature film.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"A Novel Affair," Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"A Girl in Black" (in Greek), Ellie Lambetti, Dimitri Horn.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 1: "The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra; and "Fury at Showdown," John Derek.
From Oct. 2: **MAN ON FIRE**; and "Gun Glory," Stewart Granger, Rhonda Fleming.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 26: **I AM A CAMERA**, revival; and "The Wild Oat" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
Sept. 27: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; and **PAISAN** (in four languages), revival.
Sept. 28: "Beauty and the Devil" (in French), revival, Michel Simon; and "Oh! Amelia" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux.
Sept. 29: "Justice Is Done" (in French), revival, Claude Nollier; and "The Path of Hope" (in Italian), revival, Raf Vallone, Elena Varzi.
Sept. 30: **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**, revival; and **THE GHOST GOES WEST**, revival.
Oct. 1: "Children of Paradise" (in French), revival; and "Panic" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.
Oct. 2: **PARIS INCIDENT** (in French), revival; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 1: **A HATFUL OF RAIN**; and "Under Fire," Rex Reason, Henry Morgan.
From Oct. 2: "Band of Angels," Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo; and "Johnny Trouble," Ethel Barrymore, Cecil Kellaway.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 1: "The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra; and "Fury at Showdown," John Derek.
From Oct. 2: **MAN ON FIRE**; and "Gun Glory," Stewart Granger, Rhonda Fleming.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 1: **A HATFUL OF RAIN**; and "Under Fire," Rex Reason, Henry Morgan.
From Oct. 2: "Band of Angels," Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo; and "Johnny Trouble," Ethel Barrymore, Cecil Kellaway.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Oct. 1: **A HATFUL OF RAIN**; and "Under Fire," Rex Reason, Henry Morgan.
From Oct. 2: "Band of Angels," Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo; and "Johnny Trouble," Ethel Barrymore, Cecil Kellaway.

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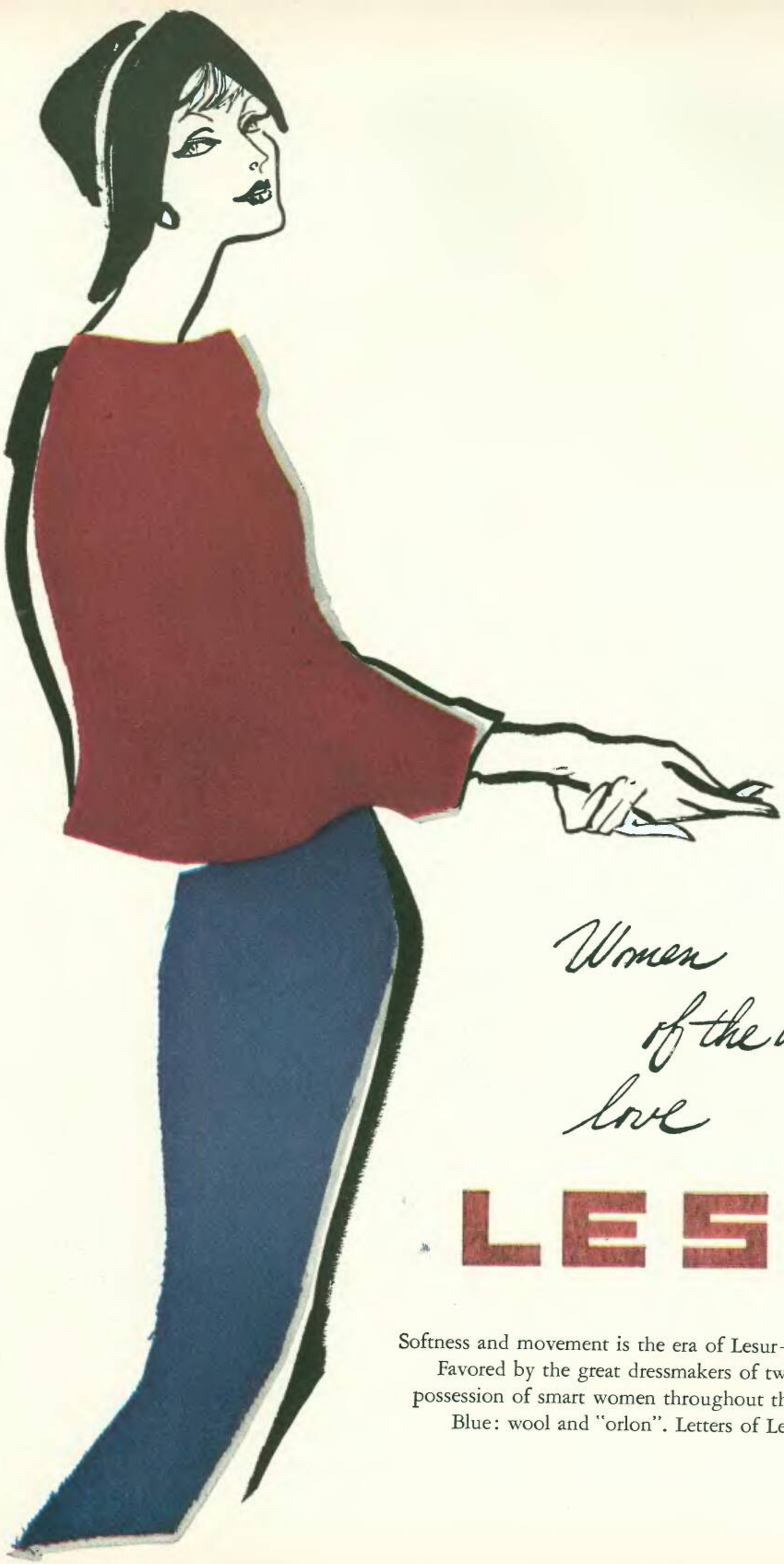

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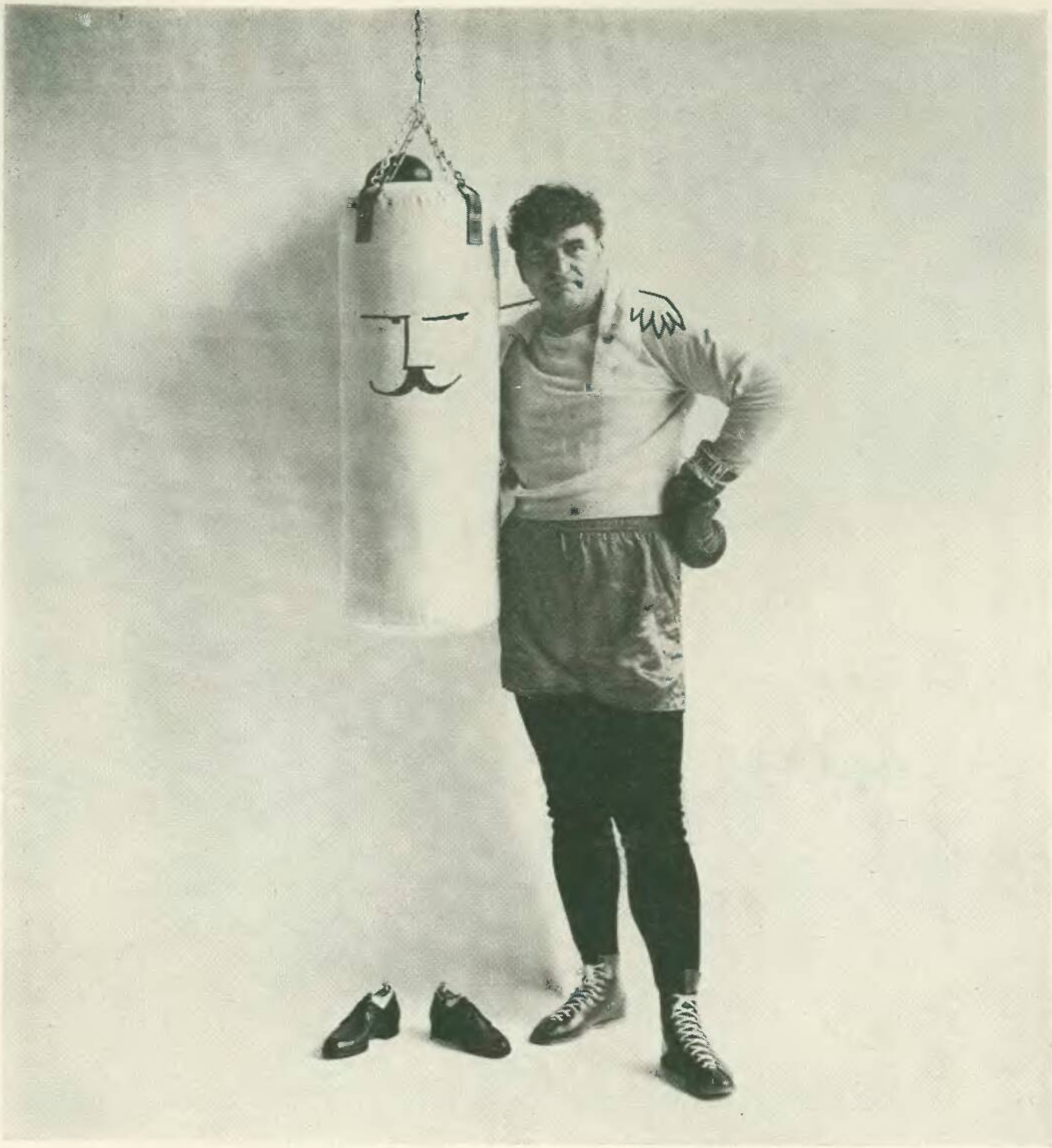

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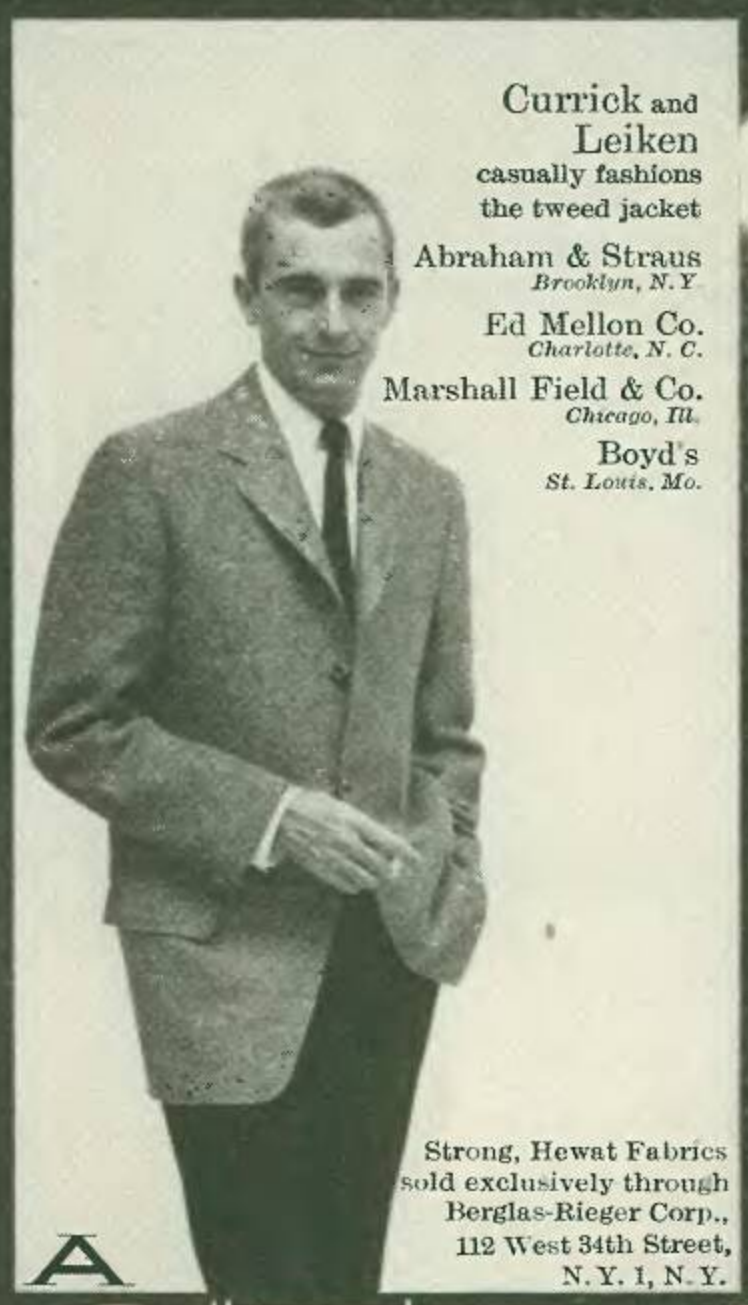

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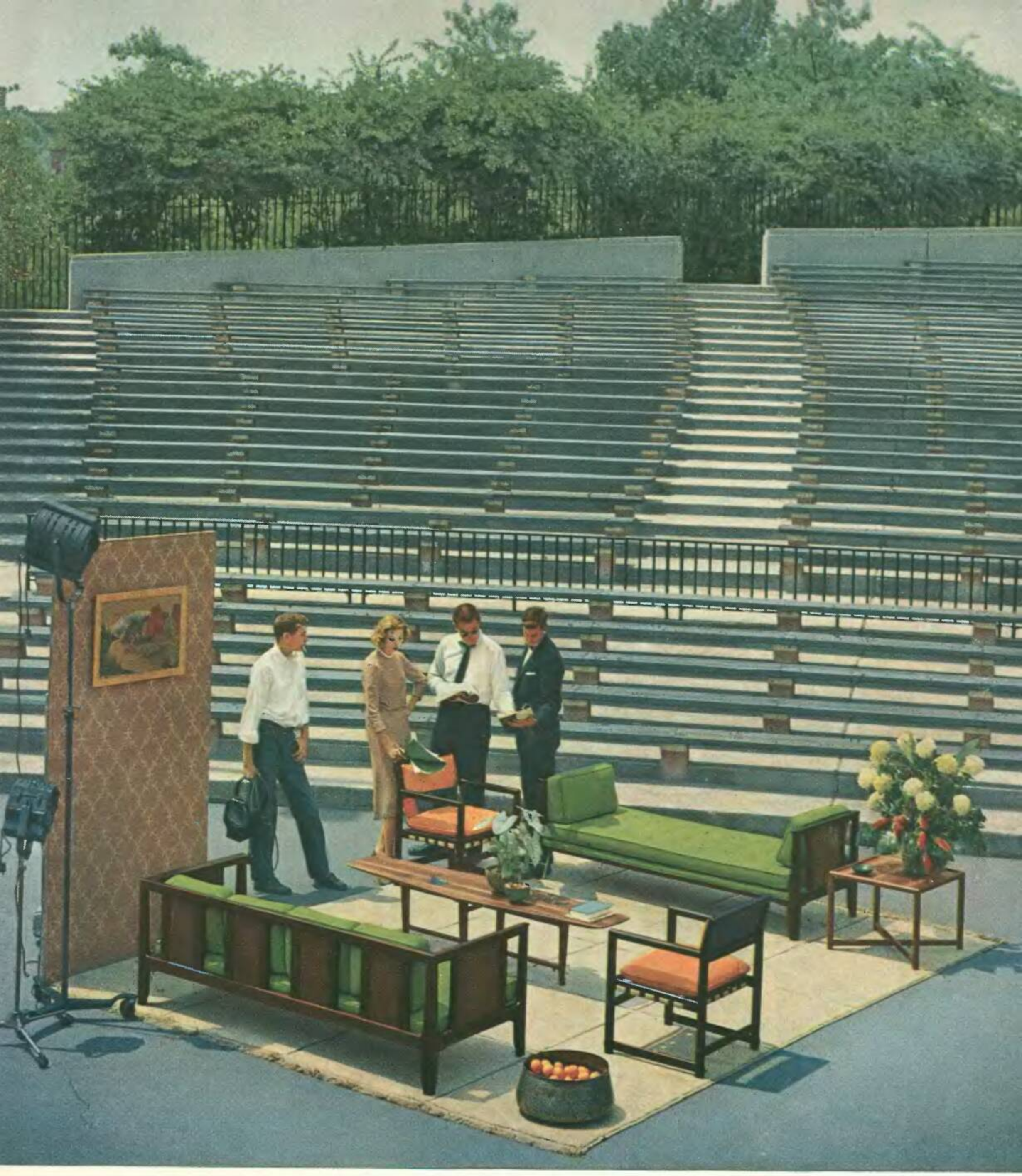

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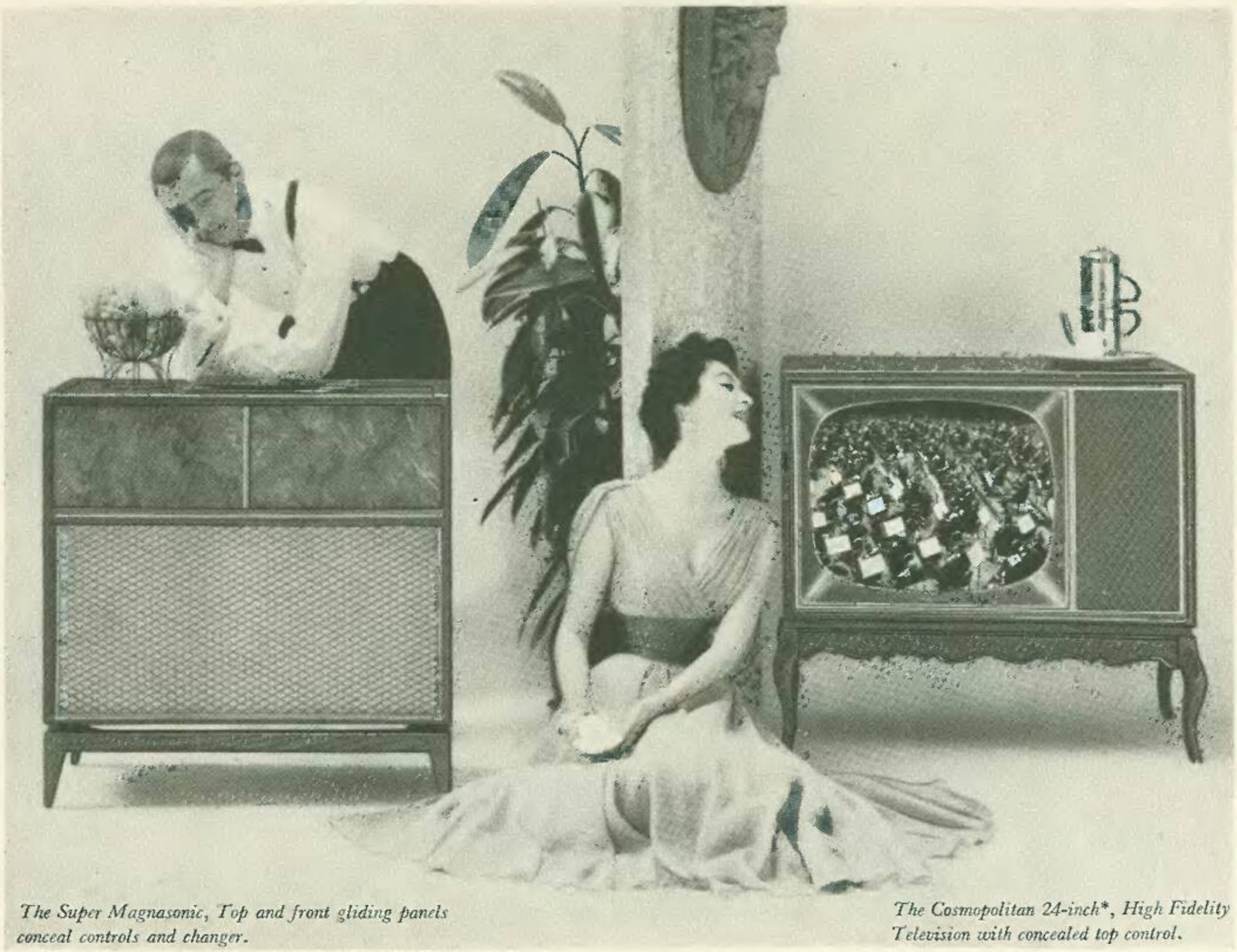

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOT only is truth often stranger than fiction but it occasionally gives fiction a hard time—especially the kind of fiction that has strong moral overtones. Take the experience of a fifty-five-year-old dishwasher who won a bundle in the Irish

Sweepstakes. He at once abandoned his job and lived handsomely—hundred-dollar tips, chartered planes to Florida, the works—and in six months he had gone merrily through thirty thousand dollars. Like so many fictional characters, he ended up back where he started, washing dishes, with nothing to show for his fling but an ailing liver. Now, in fiction the dishwasher would have reached some sage and sober conclusion as a result of his experience, and would serve as an object lesson to anyone coming up with a similar windfall. But the fact of the matter is that this real-life character looks back on his capricious behavior without regret or remorse. Indeed, he hopes to hit another Sweepstakes winner next month, so he can start the whole carefree cycle over again.

Culture on the Wing

WE'VE just had an early-afternoon talk with a man who has an unusual and, we'd say, unusually exacting job—John H. Furbay, Director of Air World Education for Trans World Airlines. The holder of a Yale Ph.D. in sociology, Dr. Furbay has been buzzing through the skies for T.W.A. since 1945, touting the air world, in English, French, and Spanish, to audiences here, there, and everywhere except Australia and the Soviet Union, the only sections of the earth he hasn't yet visited. He has run up more mileage than most airline pilots. "I passed the three-million mark last year," he told us. "You should see my passport. It looks like an accordion."

Dr. Furbay, a suave, sleek-haired, pencil-mustached man of fifty-three, is a native of Mount Gilead, Ohio, and has a background that includes teaching biology, serving as a State Department cultural attaché in South America, and presiding over a college in Liberia. During the Second World War, he gave orientation lectures to soldiers in this country who were about to take part in the North African invasion. "I knew the beaches pretty well where the landings were to be made," he told us, in a hushed voice. "High-level tactical orientation?" we asked. "No, cultural," he said. "I told the troops about Arab customs. You know—don't peer under women's veils, and even if you like a man very much, don't slap him on the back. Things like that." His postwar activities have followed much the same pattern. "To Americans I explain and interpret the cultures of countries we fly to, and to citizens of other countries I talk about our culture," he said. "And always, in all these lectures, I bring in a little aviation. Do you know that, thanks to the airplane, everybody in the world is now closer than the thirteen colonies were to each other in George Washington's day? Do you know that every weekend a safari leaves Idlewild for Africa, and that you can be off the plane and actually hunting in about the same time it would take to drive from here to the Adirondacks? A while ago, I was speaking to a thousand high-school students in Alaska, and I asked those who had ever ridden in an airplane to raise their hands. It looked as if every hand in the room was up, so I asked who had *never* ridden in a plane. No hands. Then I asked for a show of hands from those who had ever ridden on a train. Only three hands. Think of it!"

We asked Dr. Furbay how he had got started in his present job. "Jack Frye was president of T.W.A. at the end of the war, and he thought that an international airline should create international concepts," he said. " 'Global minds for a global world,' as I have sometimes put it since. The airplane has opened up two-thirds of the earth that was never reached by boat or land vehicle. When I was last in Ethiopia, a few months ago, there were African boys only one generation out of the

bush flying and repairing airplanes. I contend that, thanks to the airplane, it takes only one generation to achieve civilization. We're the last generation of people who will have the opportunity to see pure uncivilized life. Why, it's difficult right now to find a really authentic primitive society." "How about New Guinea?" we asked hesitantly. Dr. Furbay threw us a scornful look. "They have radios," he said. "They know all the news."

The Doctor keeps right on top of the news himself. Once, about to extoll air travel to an audience in Indianapolis, he found a pack of newsboys outside his auditorium hawking extras that told of a plane crash with fifty-one fatalities. He resourcefully bought up all the papers in sight and told the boys to beat it. Dr. Furbay is on the road—or, rather, in the air—about nine months out of every twelve, and he does his gadding not only via T.W.A. but on competitive airlines, too. "Pan Am has always been very courteous, and I once made a most enjoyable tour of South America on Braniff," he said sportingly. "I have an invitation now from Scandinavian to

"It boils down to this, Comrades. In the event of a civil war, should we immediately back the South or wait and step in when both sides are exhausted?"

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do Sweden, and I often tie in with Northwest at Manila." Dr. Furbay lives in Forest Hills, which he ties in with by the Independent subway, and when he is in this area he organizes tours for teachers and students, and also briefs company employees slated for overseas service, cautioning them against slapping Arabs on the back. For ten years, he wrote a syndicated daily newspaper column debunking popular fallacies—for instance, that cannibals stew stewardesses. "I've lived with a cannibal tribe in Liberia, and I learned that they don't eat human flesh for food—only for ceremony," Dr. Furbay told us. "Basically, cannibalism is a law-enforcement matter, like capital punishment. If a fellow does something antisocial and his tribe decide to do away with him, they'll eat his heart, in the belief that they've taken life out of a bad man's body and put it into good men's bodies. They think that if you've been wicked and they eat your heart, it'll make a better man out of you. And now, if you'll excuse me, I have a dinner engagement in Milwaukee."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Propped up against a large vase in the window of a Third Avenue antique shop is a sign reading, "Chinese, period of Mink, 1368-1644."

There's a firm selling automobiles on Flatbush Avenue, in Brooklyn, called Imported Foreign Motors, Ltd.

Hall, Continued

"WHEN I received your cablegram yesterday morning," writes our old-timey and cranky operative Hall, who is managing to extend his vacation in London by doing, with reluctance, some work for us, "instructing me to visit the London Zoo, in what you described as a 'follow-up' to the visit I paid recently to Madame Tussaud's (also at your explicit direction), I must confess that I put the message aside with something close to exasperation and went on reading the *Times* of London, which, along with a wholesome English breakfast, represents one of my greatest pleasures of the forenoon in the service flat I have taken in Half Moon Street, with its view of Piccadilly and the Green Park, beyond. Thanks to the *Times*, however, I was enabled to visit the Zoo with a clear-cut purpose, instead of simply going there and being engulfed by crowds of excitable children, doting parents, and wild animals.

"Turning a page in the *Times*, I was astonished to find myself confronted with a photograph of a monkey—or, to be accurate, a chimpanzee—holding a framed abstract painting in one hand while dangling with the other from a perpendicular rope. In a most interesting and well-written article accompanying what at first glance had appeared to me to be an abominably repulsive photograph, the *Times* informed me that on the previous evening Dr. Julian Huxley had opened an exhibition of paintings by Congo, the chimpanzee in the photograph, and Betsy, a chimpanzee of the zoo in Baltimore, Maryland—a city with which I am unfamiliar. Congo (neither animal appears to have a last name) is a resident, or inmate, of the London Zoo. The *Times* said that a scientist named Dr. Desmond Morris, an Oxford man, had been 'closely associated with him [Congo] in this activity [and] sees the patterns [of the paintings] as an important new source of information in tracing the origins of human art.'

"With a lightened heart, I took up my bowler and umbrella, hailed a cab in Piccadilly, and directed the driver to take me to the Zoo, which appeared to delight the good fellow unconscionably, as well it might, for the Zoo, at the extreme end of Regent's Park, is far outside my accustomed neighborhood here, as you will see from the expense account attached hereto. After first making the mistake of attempting to enter the place by means of a gate that I later saw was plainly marked 'Pram Gate,' I paid the adult's rate of three shillings and, thinking to avoid as much of what was on display inside as possible, asked a uniformed guard to direct me to the office of Dr. Desmond Morris. 'You'll find him in the television unit,' the man said. 'You walk right along through the reptiles, past the pelicans, and on to the eagles, sir.' Not without some difficulty, I found the television unit, and there I was received by Dr. Morris, a conservatively dressed youngish gentleman, who placed a chair for me at the opposite side of the room from his desk. 'Had a bout of Asian flu,' he explained. 'It's past the infectious stage, but it's just as well to be prudent. Suspect I picked it up from a young gibbon from Malaya, and passed it on to Congo. He developed pneumonia. Gave us quite a scare. Still convalescent. Afraid the head of the Institute of Contemporary Arts caught it from him when we were preparing for the exhibition that opened this week. Well, now, the pioneer in

this new field, of course, was Alpha, a female chimpanzee at the famous Yerkes Laboratory, in your country, who produced several hundred drawings. In 1951, when she was eighteen years old, an analytical study of her work was published in your *Journal of Comparative and Physiological Psychology*—Volume Forty-four, pages a hundred and one to a hundred and eleven, in case you wish to refer to it.'

"In response to a number of questions I put to him, Dr. Morris went on to say that he himself had been a painter in his youth but after the war had had to choose between living in a garret and becoming something else, so at Oxford he had specialized in zoology and psychology and had taken a Doctor of Philosophy degree in the former. About a year ago, he was asked by one of the independent television companies, in conjunction with the Zoological Society of London, to take charge of a weekly half-hour program to be called 'Zoo Time.' Congo, who was approximately two years old—the exact date of his birth is unknown, because he was born in the place that bears his name—became a major attraction of the program, and has thus far appeared on it forty-seven times, frequently painting pictures for the television audience. 'I knew about Betsy of Baltimore,' said Dr. Morris, 'and arranged with Mr. Arthur Watson, the director of the zoo there, to send a dozen of her pictures over, to be shown along with a selection of Congo's work. The exhibition will probably go around to some other cities here, and then Mr. Watson plans to put it on in your country. Betsy has also performed on television, as you know.'

"I was taken to Congo's private cage—he is not on public exhibition except by way of television—and he appeared to me to be much like any other chimpanzee, although, of course, I have observed few, if any, chimpanzees in my lifetime. Afterward, I put some key questions to Dr. Morris concerning the connection between abstract art and the work of Congo, Betsy, and Alpha, and gathered that the abstract-art world is in something of a ferment, because it would appear that the work of these and lesser-known chimpanzees is regarded by many as the only truly abstract art; i.e., as the *Times* phrased it, 'It is comforting to know for certain, as one gazes at a painting, that it contains no image.' Feeling that it was my professional duty to see the exhibition itself, in spite of my distaste for abstract art, I went by cab to Claridge's for a leisurely luncheon and a causerie, and then strolled down Piccadilly to Dover Street and into the Institute of Contemporary Arts Gallery. Betsy, as I have perhaps neglected to tell you, paints only with her fingers, whereas Congo uses a brush. The difference in technique could be readily seen, for, as the *Times* aptly put it, 'Betsy's paintings have a more linear effect; some of them could remind one of groves of trees or even a cathedral nave. Congo's paintings, on the other hand, are somewhat richer daubs of colour that turn the

"Don't give it a second thought, Miss Watkins. All my patients are crazy about me."

mind toward exotic cacti and blossoming succulents.'

"In conclusion, I might add that while my purely personal attitude toward zoos has been perceptibly softened by this assignment, my negative attitude toward abstract art remains—but I'm sure that is of no interest to you or your readers, and besides I must hasten to catch the post before teatime."

Financier

A FRIEND has just forwarded us a copy of the budget plan of an eleven-year-old girl who was asked to submit a summary of her financial arrangements as part of her homework for school. It shows a nice sense of proportion, and runs:

Allowance	$1.00
Save	.50
Left	.50
Movies	.25
Still Left	.25
Impulses	.25
	Even

The Strong Ones

WE'VE met some formidable charmers in our time, but none to surpass the great couturière and perfumer Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, who came out of retirement three years ago to present a collection of dress and suit designs that have begun to affect women's styles (and, apparently, women's minds) every bit as powerfully as her designs of thirty-odd years ago did. We met Mlle. Chanel in her suite at the Waldorf Towers, just before she flew back to Paris. She was fresh from three strenuous weeks here and in Dallas, where she went to receive an award as the most significant designer of the last fifty years. At seventy-four, Mlle. Chanel is sensationally good-looking, with dark-brown eyes, a brilliant smile, and the unquenchable vitality of a twenty-year-old, and when, giving us a firm handshake, she said, "I am *très, très fatiguée*," it was with the assurance of a woman who knows she can afford to say it. Since the Chanel look is causing such a stir these days, we took particular note of what its begetter was wearing: a natural-colored straw sailor hat; a natural-colored silk suit, with box jacket and straight skirt; a white silk blouse, with gold cuff links; low-heeled brown-and-white shoes; and plenty of jewelry—a pearl hatpin, pearls and diamonds in her ears, ropes of pearls about her neck, and, on her jacket, an enormous brooch of antique gold studded with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds.

"The brooch is of my design, and the dress is nothing, *très simple*," she said when we congratulated her on her appearance. "The cuff links were given to me by Stravinsky, thirty years ago. The occasion? Admiration, of course—the admiration *I* bore *him!* You see this ring?" She extended the little finger of her left hand, and a topaz suddenly blazed in the light. "I would trade all my other jewels for this. It was given to me when I was sixteen, in my home province of Auvergne, by an old woman who liked me. She handed me the ring and said, 'Here, *petit Coco*'—let me explain that all my life I have been called Coco; when I was born, my father was away and I was named Gabrielle, which he didn't like, and he made me promise that if anyone called me by that name, I wouldn't answer, and I never have—'*petit Coco*,' she said, 'wear this ring always. Never, never let it leave your finger. It will bring you luck, your life will be magnificent.' What she said then, so long ago, has proved true—my life is magnificent."

Mlle. Chanel said that she had been too busy in Texas to do any shopping but had managed to buy a lot of Texas shirts and hats right here in New York, which she was carrying back to Paris to give friends. "In America, it seems to me that people look at me in such a nice way," she said. "In Europe today, it is as if people had no more time to be nice. I liked very much Texas. The people of Dallas, ah, *je les aime beaucoup! Très gentils, très charmants, très simples.* Never in the least haughty." Mlle. Chanel did a skillful and funny pantomime of a haughty person. "I had the stage-fright when I went to Dallas, and no wonder, for in truth I was afraid it would be like a huge movie stage, but I found everything real and the people real, like a big family, and the fright went away."

We lighted a cigarette for Mlle. Chanel and asked her how she had happened to be in retirement so long. Her brown eyes flashed. "Never was I really in retirement in my heart," she said. "During the war, nobody thought any more of making beautiful clothes, and after the war I watched the couturiers, the young men, to see what they were doing. I travelled. I enjoyed life at my country place in Switzerland. But I was bored not having anything real to do. Always, I observed the new clothes. At last, quietly, calmly, with great determination, I began working on *une belle collection.* When I showed it in Paris, I had many critics. They said that I was old-fashioned, that I was no longer of the age. Always I was smiling inside my head, and I thought, I will show them. In America, there was great enthusiasm.

"It's not losing her I'm worried about. It's gaining him."

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In France, I had to fight. But I did not mind. I love very much to battle. Now, in France, they are trying to adapt my ideas. So much the better! But when I see some things they call 'after *la mode Chanel*,' I protest vigorously. There are no potato sacks among my dresses!

"I must tell you something of significance. Fashion is always of the time in which you live. It is not something standing alone. The problem of fashion in 1925 was different. Women were just beginning to go to work in offices. I inspired the cutting of the hair short because it goes with the modern woman. To the woman going to work, I said to take off the bone corset, because women cannot work while they are imprisoned in a corset. I invented the tweed for sports and the loose-fitting sweater and blouse. I encouraged women to be well groomed and to like perfume—a woman who is badly perfumed is not a woman! The problem today is *très différent*. Nearly all women work, and if they don't work they want to work. So many women in France have a little car. They find it difficult to get in and out of the little car. This you cannot do with a crinoline skirt. Many of the big fortunes today have crumbled. In former years, rich women did not go shopping themselves. Now they do. They have to be practical. Today people travel a lot. The clothes must be light in weight for the flying. But the grand problem, the most important problem, is to rejuvenate women. To make women look young. Then their outlook on life changes. They feel more joyous."

Mlle. Chanel flicked the ash off the last inch of her cigarette, which she held pinched between the thumb and forefinger of her left hand. "As for myself," she said, "I am not interested any more in 1957. It is gone for me. I am more interested in 1958, 1959, 1960. Women have always been the strong ones of the world. The men are always seeking from women a little pillow to put their heads down on. They are always longing for the mother who held them as infants. Women must tell them always that *they* are the ones. *They* are the big, the strong, the wonderful. In truth, women are the strong ones. It is just my opinion. I am not a professor. I am not a preacher. I speak my opinions gently. It is the truth for me. I am not young, but I feel young. The day I feel old, I will go to bed and stay there. *J'aime la vie!* I feel that to live is a wonderful thing."

Delayed Action

LATE one recent Sunday night, the superintendent of a midtown apartment building found a scuffed and suspicious-looking tubular metal object tucked into one corner of a foyer sofa, and promptly called a policeman, who took one look and summoned the Bomb Squad. *They* took one look and quickly removed the thing, in a steel-mesh container, to an explosion-proof demolition truck. The next morning, one of the building's tenants, a gentleman well on in years, asked the super if he would mind helping him look for something. In unloading his car the previous evening, after a weekend in the country, the tenant explained, he and his wife had temporarily set down their belongings in the foyer, and now one of them—a 1915-vintage thermos jug, to be exact—was missing.

A MINORITY

DENIS HALLIGAN noticed Willy Stein for the first time one Sunday when the other fellows were at Mass. As Denis was a Protestant, he didn't go to Mass. Instead, he sat on the steps outside the chapel with Willy. Willy was a thin, seedy little chap with long, wild hair. It was an autumn morning; there was mist on the trees, and you could scarcely see the great ring of mountains that cut them off there in the middle of Ireland, miles from anywhere.

"Why did they send you here if you're a Proddy?" asked Willy.

"I don't know," said Denis, who felt his background was so queer that he didn't want to explain it to anybody. "I suppose because it was cheap."

"Is your old fellow a Catholic?" asked Willy.

"No," replied Denis. "Is yours?"

"No," Willy said contemptuously. "He was a Proddy. My old one was a Proddy, too."

"Where do they live?" asked Denis.

"They're dead," Willy said, making the motion of spitting. "The bloody Germans killed them."

"Oh, cripes!" Denis said regretfully. Denis had a great admiration for everything German, particularly tank generals, and when he grew up he wanted to be a tank general himself, but it seemed a pity that they had to kill Willy's father and mother. Bad as it was to have your parents separated, as his own were, it was worse having them dead. "Was it a bomb?" he asked.

"No," Willy replied without undue emotion. "They were killed in a camp. They sent me over to the Cumminses in Dublin or I'd have been killed, too. The Cumminses are Catholics. That's why I was sent here."

"Do you like it here?" asked Denis.

"I do not," Willy said scornfully in his slummy Dublin accent, and then took out a slingshot and fitted a stone in it. "I'd sooner Vienna. Vienna was gas. When I grow up I'm going to get out of this blooming place."

"But what will you do?"

"Aw, go to sea, or something. I don't care."

DENIS was interested in Willy. Apart from the fact that they were the only Proddies in the school, Willy struck him as being really tough, and Denis admired toughness. He was always trying to be tough himself, but there was a soft streak in him that kept breaking out. It was breaking out now, and he knew it. Though he saw that Willy didn't give a rap about his parents, Denis couldn't help being sorry for him, alone in the middle of Ireland with his father and mother dead half a world away. He said as much to his friend Nigel Healy, from Cork, that afternoon, but Nigel only gave a superior sniff.

"But that fellow is mad," he said, in his reasonable way.

"How is he mad?" asked Denis.

"He's not even left go home on holidays," explained Nigel. "He has to stay here all during the summer. Those people were nice to him, and what does he do? Breaks every window in the place. They had the police to the house twice. He's mad on slingshots."

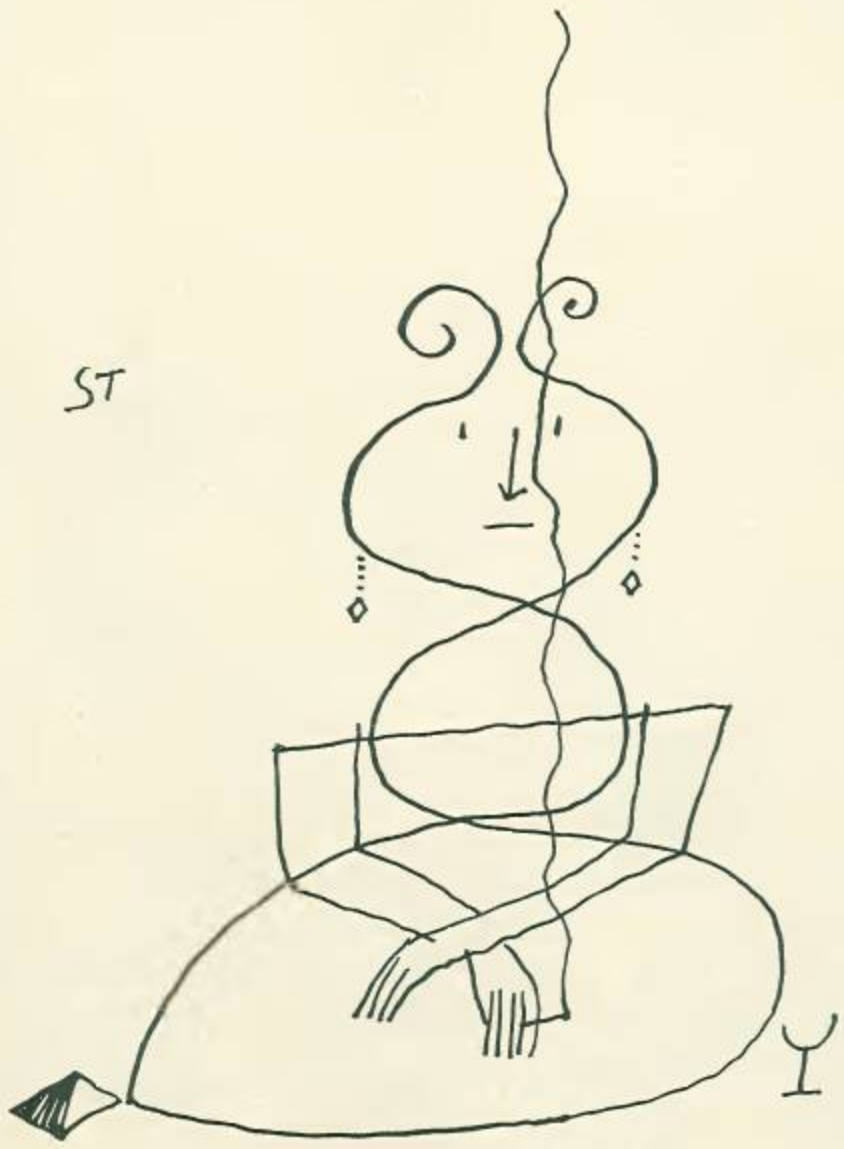
"He had one this morning," said Denis.

"Last time he was caught with one he got flogged," said Nigel. "You see, the fellow has no sense. I even saw him putting sugar on his meat."

"But why did he do that?" asked Denis.

"Said he liked it," replied Nigel with a smile and a shrug. "He's bound to get expelled one of these days. You'd want to mind yourself with him."

But for some reason that only made Denis more interested in Willy Stein, and he looked forward to meeting him again by himself the following Sunday. He was curious to know why the Germans would want to kill Stein's father and mother. That seemed to him a funny thing to do—unless, of course, they were spies for the English.



AGAIN they sat on the steps, but this morning the sun was warm and bright, and the mountains all round them were a brilliant blue. If Stein's parents were really spies, the idea of it did not seem to have occurred to him. According to him, his father had been a lawyer and his mother something on a newspaper, and he didn't seem to remember much about them except that they were both "gas." Everything with Stein was "gas." His mother was gentle and timid, and let him have everything he wanted, so she was "great gas." His father was sure she was ruining him, and was always on to him to study and be better than other kids, and when his father got like that he used to weep and shout and wave his hands, but that was only now and then. He was gas, too, though not, Denis gathered, great gas. Willy suddenly waved his hands and shouted something in a foreign language.

"What's that?" asked Denis with the deepest admiration.

"German," Stein replied, in his graceless way.

"What does it mean?" asked Denis.

"I dunno," Stein said lightly.

Denis was disappointed. For a fellow like himself, who was interested in tanks, a spatter of German might one day be useful. He had the impression that Stein was only letting on to remember parents he had lost before he was really old enough to remember them.

Their talk was interrupted by Father Houlihan, a tall, morose-looking priest. He had a bad belly and a worse temper, but Denis knew Father Houlihan liked him, and he admired Father Houlihan. He was violent, but he wasn't a stinker.

"Hah!" he said, in his mocking way. "And what do you two cock sparrows think you're doing out here?"

"We're excused, Father," Denis said brightly, leaping to his feet.

"No one is excused anything in this place till I excuse him," snarled Father Houlihan cheerfully, "and I don't excuse much. Run into Mass now, ye pair of heathens!"

"But we're Protestants, Father!" Stein cried, and Denis was half afraid of seeing the red flush

on Father Houlihan's forehead that showed he was out for blood.

"Aha, what fine Protestants we have in ye!" he snorted good-humoredly. "I suppose you have a Protestant slingshot in your pocket at this very minute, you scoundrel, you!"

"I have not!" Stein shouted. "You know Murphy took it off me."

"Mr. Murphy to you, Willy Stein," said the priest, pinching his ear playfully and pushing him toward the chapel. "And next time I catch you with a slingshot I'll give you a Catholic cane on your fat Protestant backside."

The two boys went into chapel and sat together on a bench at the back. Willy was muttering indignantly to himself, but he waited until everyone was kneeling with bowed head. Then, to Denis's horror, he took out a slingshot and a bit of paper, which he chewed up into a wet ball. There was nothing hasty or spontaneous about this. Stein went about it with a concentration that was almost pious. As the bell rang for the Consecration, there was a *ping*, and a seminarist kneeling at the side of the chapel put his hand to his ear and looked angrily round. But by this time Stein had thrown himself on his knees, and his eyes were shut in a look of rapt devotion. It gave Denis quite a turn. Even if he wasn't a Catholic, he had been brought up to respect every form of religion.

"Am I permitted to cast a vote? I'm a teetotaller."

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THE business of going to Mass and feeling out of it made Denis Halligan completely fed up with being a Proddy. He had never liked it anyway, even at home, as a kid. He was gregarious, and a born gang leader, a promoter of organization, and it cut him to the heart to feel that at any moment he might be deserted by his gang because, through no fault of his own, he was not a Catholic and might accidentally say or do the wrong thing. He even resented the quiet persuasion that the school authorities exercised on him. A senior called Hanley, whom Nigel described sarcastically as "Halligan's angel," was attached to Denis—not to proselytize but to give him an intelligent understanding of the religious life of the group. Hanley had previously been attached to Stein, but that had proved hopeless, because Stein seemed to take Hanley's company as a guarantee of immunity from punishment, so he merely involved Hanley in every form of forbidden activity, from smoking to stealing. One day when Stein stole a gold tiepin from a master's room, Hanley had to report him. On Hanley's account, he was not flogged but told to put the tiepin back in the place from which he had taken it. Stein did so, and seized the opportunity to pinch five shillings instead, and this theft was discovered only when someone saw Stein fast asleep in bed with his mouth open and the two half crowns in his jaw. As Hanley, a sweet and saintly boy, said to Denis, it wasn't Stein's fault. He was just unbalanced.

In any other circumstances Denis would have enjoyed Hanley's explanations, but it made him mad to be singled out like this and looked after like some kid who couldn't undo his own buttons.

"Listen, Hanley," he said angrily one day when he and Nigel were discussing football and Hanley had slipped a little homily into the conversation. "It's no good preaching at me. It's not my fault that I'm a Proddy."

"Well, you don't have to be a Proddy if you don't want to be," Hanley said with a smile. "Do you?"

"How can I help it?" asked Denis.

"Well, who'd stop you?"

"My mother would, for one."

"Did you try?"

"What do you mean, Hanley?"

"I mean, why don't you ask her?" Hanley went on, in the same bland way. "I wouldn't be too sure she wants you to be a Proddy."

"How could I ask her?"

"You could write. Or phone," Hanley added hastily, seeing the look on Denis's face at the notion of writing an extra letter. "Father Houlihan would let you use the telephone, if you asked him. Or I'll ask him, if you like."

"Do if you want to," said Denis. "I don't care."

He didn't really believe his mother would agree to something he wanted, just like that, but he had no objection to a free telephone call that would enable him to hear her voice again. To his astonishment, she made no difficulty about it.

"Why, of course, darling," she said sweetly. "If that's how you feel and Father Houlihan has no objection, I don't mind. You know I only want you to be happy at school."

It was a colossal relief. Overnight, his whole position in the school changed. He had ceased to be an outsider. He was one of the gang. He might even be Chief Gang Leader in the course of time. He was a warm-hearted boy, and he had the feeling that by a simple gesture he had conferred an immense benefit on everybody. The only person

who didn't seem too enthusiastic was Father Houlihan, but then he was not much of an enthusiast anyway. "My bold young convert," he said, pulling Denis's ear, "I suppose any day now you'll start paying attention to your lessons."

YET from the moment the decision was taken Denis began to feel guilty about young Stein. Denis was not only gregarious, he was also a gang leader, and because Stein and he were the only Proddies in the school, he began to feel about Willy the way a tank general feels who has retreated and left his men behind. He was suddenly filled with a wild desire to convert Willy, so that the pair of them could be received into the Church together. He argued frantically with Willy about it. He had thought up all the arguments in favor of Willy's conversion. Willy had been saved from his parents' fate by a good Irish Catholic family, and it would be great ingratitude on Willy's part if he did not show his gratitude to them, to Catholicism, and to Ireland. Denis knew that in Willy's place he would have done so.

But Willy seemed not only to have no head for theology but to be devoid of gratitude. "Who asked them to adopt me?" was his only reply to Denis's arguments in favor of the Cumminses, who had befriended him when he was left an orphan. And Denis had a feeling that, instead of listening to him, Stein was thinking up some new mischief he could do.

"Ah, come on, Stein," he said with a shrug. "You don't want to be a blooming old Proddy."

"I don't want to be a Cat, either," said Willy, looking away with his queer, wandering eyes.

"But don't you want to be like all the other fellows?"

"Why would I? They don't want to be like me."

"Because there's only two of us, and there's hundreds of them. And they're *right!*" added Denis defiantly, feeling that his argument needed some support.

"And I suppose if there were hundreds of us and two of them, we'd be right?" said Stein with a sneer. "You want to be like the rest of them, Halligan. All right, then. *Be* like the rest of them, but let me alone."

"What you want is a sock in the blooming gob!" said Denis indignantly.

THE thing that made him mad was the feeling that Stein wasn't really disagreeing with him at all—that inside he was as lonely and lost as Denis would have been in the same circumstances, only Stein would not admit to it and break down, as Denis would have done. And even a sock in the gob would have been no good. Stein was always being socked, for one reason or another, and he always yelled bloody murder, in a way that was a disgrace to any fellow of eleven, and next day he always came back and did exactly the same thing, whatever it was he had got socked for, all over again. Denis wasn't alone in thinking of Stein's good; everyone seemed to be thinking of Stein's good, and it always ended up by their socking him, and it never did him any good at all.

Denis confided his difficulties to Hanley, who was also full of concern for Stein's good, but Hanley only smiled sadly and shook his head.

"I know more about that than you do, Denis," he said, in his fatherly way. "I'll tell you if you promise not to repeat it to a living soul."

"What is it?" asked Denis eagerly.

"Promise! Mind, this is serious!"

"Oh, I promise."

"The fact is that Stein isn't a Proddy at all," Hanley said sadly.

"But what is he?"

"Stein is a Jew," Hanley said in a low voice. "That's why his father and mother were killed. Nobody knows that, though."

"But does Stein know he's a Jew?" Denis asked excitedly.

"No. And mind, we're not supposed to know it, either. Nobody knows it, except the priests and ourselves."

"But why doesn't somebody tell him?"

"Because if they did, he might blab about it—you know, he's not very smart—and then all the fellows would be jeering at him. Remember, Denis, if you ever mentioned it, Father Houlihan would skin you alive. He says Stein is after suffering enough. He's sorry for Stein. Mind, I'm only warning you."

"But won't it be awful for him when he finds out?"

"When he's older and has a job, he won't mind it so much," said Hanley.

But Denis wasn't sure. Somehow, he had an idea that Stein wanted to stay a Proddy simply because that was what his father and mother had been and it was now the only link he had with them, and if someone would just tell him, he wouldn't care so much and would probably become a Catholic, like Denis. Afterward, when he did find out that everything he had done was mistaken, it might be too late. And this—and the

"Remember the one important difference about Shanke & Upton's Hydroxyphenylamide-Sal-Acetil-Hexachlorbenzyl. It's medicated."

fact that Father Houlihan, whom Denis admired, was also sorry for Willy Stein—increased his feeling of guilt, and he almost wished he hadn't been in such a hurry himself about being converted. Denis wasn't a bright student, but he was a born officer and he would never have deserted his men.

THE excitement of his own reception into the Church almost banished the thought of Stein from his mind. On the Sunday he was received, he was allowed to sleep late, and Murphy, the seminarist, even brought him comics to read in bed. This was real style! Then he dressed in his best suit and went down to meet his mother, who arrived, with his sister Martha, in a hired car. For once, Martha was deferential. She was impressed, and the sight of the chapel impressed her even more. In front of the High Altar there was an isolated prie-dieu for Denis himself, and behind him a special pew was reserved for her and his mother.

Denis knew afterward that he hadn't made a single false move. Only once was his exaltation disturbed, and that was when he heard the *ping* of a slingshot and realized that Stein, sitting by himself in the back row, was whiling away the time by getting into fresh mischief. The rage rose up in Denis, in spite of all his holy thoughts, and for a moment he resolved that when it was all over he would find Willy Stein and beat him to a jelly.

Instead, when it was over he suddenly felt weary. Martha had ceased to be impressed by him. Now she was just a sister a bare year younger who was mad with him for having stolen the attention of everybody. She knew only too well what a figure she would have cut as a convert, and was crazy with jealousy.

"I won't stand it," she said. "I'm going to be a Catholic, too."

"Well, who's stopping you?" Denis asked.

"Nobody's going to stop me," said Martha. "Just because Daddy is fond of you doesn't mean that I can't be a Catholic."

"What has Daddy to do with it?" asked Denis with a feeling of alarm.

"Because now that you're a Catholic, the courts wouldn't let him have you," Martha said excitedly. "Because Daddy is an atheist, or something, and he wanted to get hold of you. He tried to get you away from Mummy. I don't care about Daddy. I'm going to be converted, too."

"Go on!" growled Denis, feeling sadly how his mood of exaltation was fading. "You're only an old copycat."

"I am not a copycat, Denis Halligan," she said bitterly. "It's only that you always sucked up to Daddy and I didn't, and he doesn't care about me. I don't care about him, either, so there!"

Denis felt a sudden pang of terror at her words. In a dim sort of way he realized that what he had done might have consequences he had never contemplated. He had no wish to live with his father, but his father came to the school to see him sometimes, and he had always had the feeling that if he ever got fed up with living at home with his mother and Martha, his father would always have him. Nobody had told him that by becoming a Catholic he had made it impossible for his father to have him. He glanced round and saw Stein, thin and pale and furtive, slouching away from the chapel with his hand in his pocket clutching his slingshot. He gave Denis a grin in which there was no malice, but Denis scowled and looked away.

"Who's that?" asked Martha inquisitively.

"Oh, him!" Denis said contemptuously. "That's only a dirty Jew-boy."

Yet even as he spoke the words he knew they were false. What he really felt toward Willy Stein was an aching envy. Nobody had told him that by changing his faith he might be unfaithful to his father, but nobody had told Stein, either, and, alone and despairing, he still clung to a faith that was not his own for the sake of a father and mother he had already almost forgotten, who had been murdered half a world away and whom he would never see again. For a single moment Denis saw the dirty little delinquent whom everyone pitied and despised transfigured by a glory that he himself would never know. —FRANK O'CONNOR

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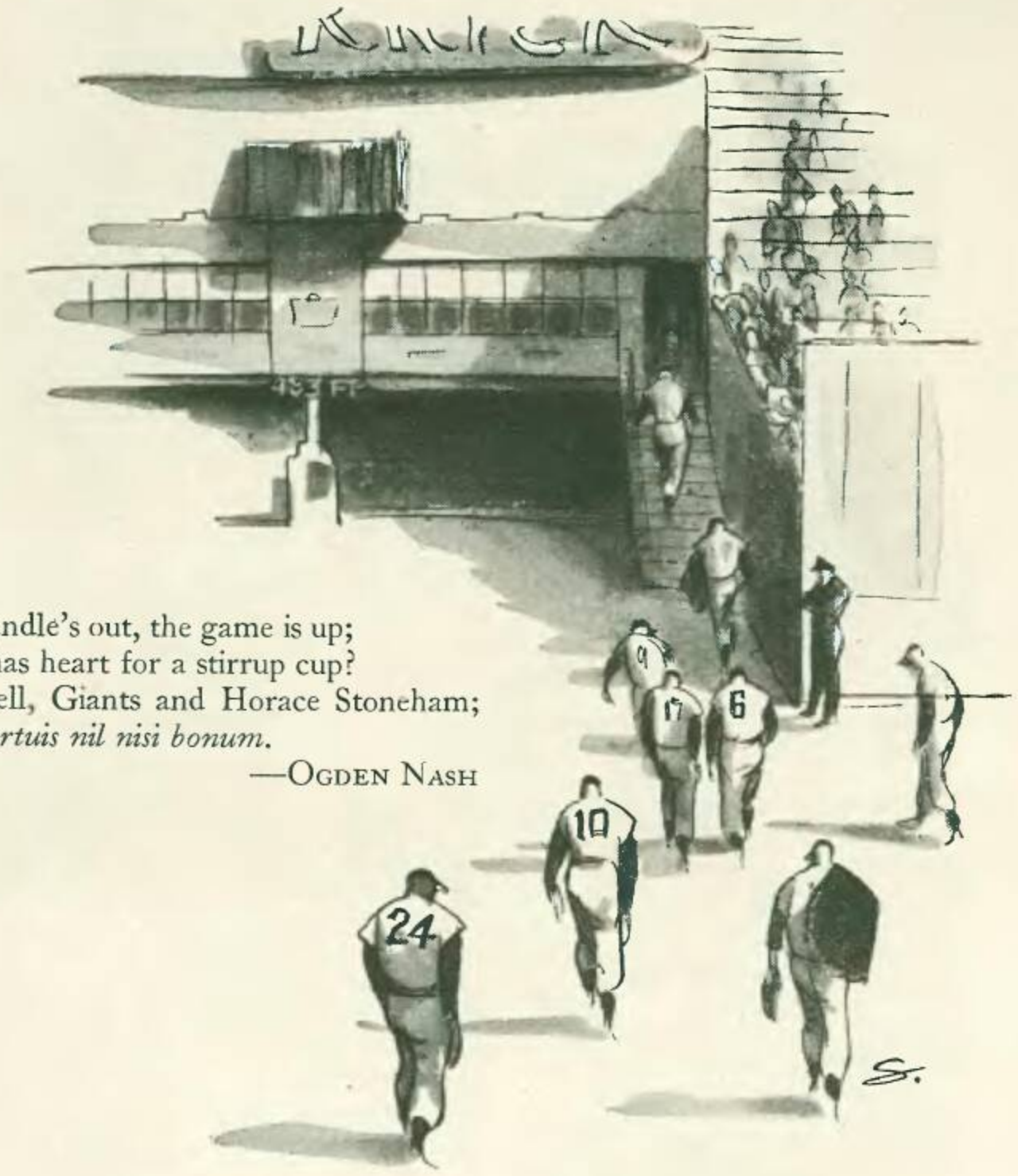
LINES TO BE CARVED ON COOGAN'S BLUFF



The candle's out, the game is up;
Who has heart for a stirrup cup?
Farewell, Giants and Horace Stoneham;
De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

—OGDEN NASH

•

Foot experts told a Los Angeles conference on foot problems in industry that improper shoes cost industry a billion dollars yearly through pelvic dislocations, corns, bunions, back pains, headaches, nervousness, etc. One study showed that one-half of men workers wore one-half to two sizes larger than the other, yet all wore matched shoes!—*The Mirror.*

No wonder they're nervous.

"No, dear, it's not fallout. It's hail."

OUR BOVARY

ONCE, when I was sixteen, she called to me from her garden, where she was picking dahlias. "I recognized you right down the block, by your bandy legs," she said when I came up to her. "I said to myself, 'There's Joanie Oldfield.'" She was wearing a leghorn hat and smiling her large, consciously generous, winning smile. I was a spindly girl, possessed by an obsessive secret vanity, who wore very high heels. I have never got over the shame of the moment. It was as if she knew the picture that I had of myself, and could gleefully compare it with the real sight of me, which I could never see.

She was rather like a dahlia herself—large, top-heavy, gorgeous. Her lips were curved at the corners like a statue's, her eyes were as brown as a cow's, her skin was thickly creamy, and she had auburn hair that looked as silky and luxuriant as an opera singer's wig. She was Sonia Smith, the wife of the lawyer and City Councillor Herbert Smith. Herbert was twenty years older than she, and barely five feet tall. He had married her when she was a poor girl of seventeen, taking her off the hands of her widowed mother. "D'you think I should?" he is said to have asked my father, an old friend and a man his own size. And my father is supposed to have answered, with the air of conferred wisdom and good sense with which he always makes such pronouncements, "You must do as you think best, Herb."

Well, Herbert Smith married her. What a picture she used to paint of herself as she was at that time! The thick red plait down her back (actually, it had been brown, but as she went into her forties, she began to dye her hair red and so to remember it as always having been that color), the quaking innocence, the touching silliness of a child in a world of grownups. Herbert built her a house and made her pregnant. She produced two daughters—one the year after my mother gave birth to me, the second eighteen months later. She and my mother knitted baby clothes together and exchanged biscuit recipes. Sonia dressed up her house, dressed up her children, and dressed up herself. She looked back on it, later, as a time when she had been happy—the happiness of not knowing any better. "What did I know? I was such a kid," she would say of herself, lovingly.

I don't remember much about her as she was then. To me, she was just another grownup. (Her two children used to come and play with us. They were great fat girls, with lockets and gold bracelets and plain faces; each had Herbert Smith's face—sallow, puffy around the eyes, with the sort of good-natured upper lip that looked as if it should have whiskers.) I begin to remember Sonia Smith as she was when I was adolescent, when she had arrived at that stage of her middle thirties in which she stayed for at least ten years. It was then that my mother and other contemporaries of hers began to talk complacently about their growing children as "the young people" and to call their husbands "Dad." They were all a few years older than Sonia Smith, but not enough older for her not to belong with them. But this was where she parted from them, at a point where she could see the life that was before her in a small South African town like ours. Her foot must have frozen in the air before the next step. She never took it.

Then, when she was no longer really young, she began to be intensely aware of her youth. Then, when her beauty had already earned a way of life for her, she felt the power of her beauty. Then, when she had been mated with little Herbert Smith for years, she saw that she might have been a match for . . . anybody. She began to feel that the town could not contain her. She bought her clothes in Johannesburg, as if her limbs would burst through the sober, wishy-washy dresses that did for other local women. She went to Johannesburg to have her hair done, at a vast beauty salon. She got Herbert to let her redecorate the house in a style that had never been seen in our town before. A mass of minor talents burst out like a rash upon her. She had always been a good needlewoman; now she made eight petit-point chair backs and seats for her elaborately carved and gilded dining chairs. As a girl, she had played the piano and sung; now she had a porch made into a "music room," and in it, hours a day, practiced scales in a big, unsteady contralto. I remember passing the house on my way home from school and hearing the sound pour out; it was strange, like suddenly hearing the jungle cry of some splendid creature that is invariably silent in captivity. I remember, too, the appearance of the "music room"—we thought of it like that, by its title, for nobody else had one. There was a grand piano with a black embroidered silk shawl on it, four large studio portraits of Sonia, a French doll that sat on the floor, and a sofa with mauve and gold satin cushions that slid away the moment you leaned on them.

She no longer came to tea, to knit and talk—she was too busy with her "work." Later on, her work didn't always mean the same thing, for she did pewter-work and she painted, too. She painted me, once, when I was fifteen. The music room was called the studio by then, and she was a Juno in slacks and a sweater, the red hair wound and curled and piled on her head. She got me rather well with her first attempt, but with each successive sitting she lost me further, and the final portrait, a pastel, showed a good-looking usurper—a cuckoo-image who had pushed me out entirely. Sonia was very cross when my father wouldn't buy the picture—or, rather, when my mother wouldn't let him buy it. "Who does she think she is, anyway?" said my mother doggedly. "Calling herself Sonya Necci Smith and asking you fifteen guineas! I can get a set of decent photographs taken for that. Can't Herbert keep his grand wife himself any more?"

But the picture appeared in an exhibition that Sonia held, under what she told my mother was her professional name, in the local tearoom. Sonia also used to give singing recitals in the town hall. They were always well attended, because Herbert's fellow-members on the City Council felt obliged to come and bring their wives and families. "Mrs. Smith is a very artistic woman," they would say, and, indeed, among them at municipal functions she did look like all the Muses merged into one, with her trailing, shining dresses, her theatrical hats, and her great clumps of jewelry.

She had long since put aside the game of dressing up the two ugly daughters

and had sent them off to boarding school. They seemed to wear the same dresses year after year, indicating that Sonia must have thought it a waste to spend money on them when it was so well spent on herself. My mother and I met her in a shop once, where—apparently out of necessity—she was looking for a dress for the elder girl, Isabelle. She was quite unashamedly amused at the idea of getting up Isabelle in green velvet. "Wha'd'you think, Vangie?" she said to my mother in her intimate way, moving her shoulders under their soft weight of red fox fur and appraising the material with her large, long hands, on which her huge rings, which were real, always seemed like stage jewelry. "Will my poor Belle look sick in this? You can't put her in pink, I mean—she'd look like an elephant. D'you know that I can't get a pair of shoes for that girl? Honestly, Vangie—" And she went off into a peal of lazy laughter, her strong perfume blowing out over us.

My mother's hair at this time was full of gray and her body looked sapless. When Sonia met my mother wearing a new navy or gray dress and a soberly smart matron's hat, she would stop her and take her by the arm kindly. "I want to tell you, Vangie, I said to Herb, 'I *must* go over and tell Vangie.' I've *never* seen you looking so nice. Now that your hair's going gray, you must always wear that color."

"D'you really like it, Sonia?" my mother would murmur politely. And Sonia would sweep off, a splendid bird of paradise, leaving my mother tingling with insult.

But my mother had her revenge. Untroubled by the women's peccadilloes, my father and Herbert Smith had continued through the years the friendship that existed before either of them had had a wife. Sometimes the two little men didn't see each other for weeks, except for a wave of the hand in the street, but when they found themselves both present at any sort of gathering, they gravitated surely and naturally toward each other. "Where are our two Shetland ponies—whispering in each other's ears?" my mother would call out gaily to Sonia at a wedding or a cocktail party. Oh, the splendid Sonia, half barmaid, half queen, in her ripeness and her elaborate dress, which made every other woman look like a molting hen! Who knows how deep my mother's taunt went, and what things, better buried, it released? Herbert was increasing in importance and self-importance all the time; he was chairman of this and that, and twice was mayor of the town. His voice had become fruity with the pronouncement of public sentiments, and he wore, round the big shoulders of a dwarf (which was as far as his photograph in the local papers showed him), a robe and gold chain of office. Perhaps for Sonia, too, he seemed to be growing, in his own way, to match her. But then, as my mother playfully asked, "Where are our two Shetland ponies?," there he would be, poor little Herbert, with his self-important little bottom and twinkling little legs and ridiculous three-cornered mayor's hat, trotting along hardly up to the shoulder of the splendid Sonia.

Anyway, it wasn't long after Herbert's second term of office as mayor that Sonia went on a cruise up the east coast of Africa to Zanzibar and came back with three topazes that would have weighed down any other woman, and the unmistakable air of a woman with memories. She dropped into my father's office one day (he owned the biggest garage in town, and her car was being repaired there), and apparently they had the sort of kidding, ambiguous conversation that allows a woman to boast of a conquest without committing herself to more than an admission of her own self-evident attractions and without suggesting unfaithfulness to her husband.

"Sonia's had a hell of a good time on that boat of hers," my father said that evening, putting his feet up on a cane-topped stool that stood before the fireplace. My mother snatched it away from under them; nobody was ever allowed to use that stool for anything, as far as I can remember.

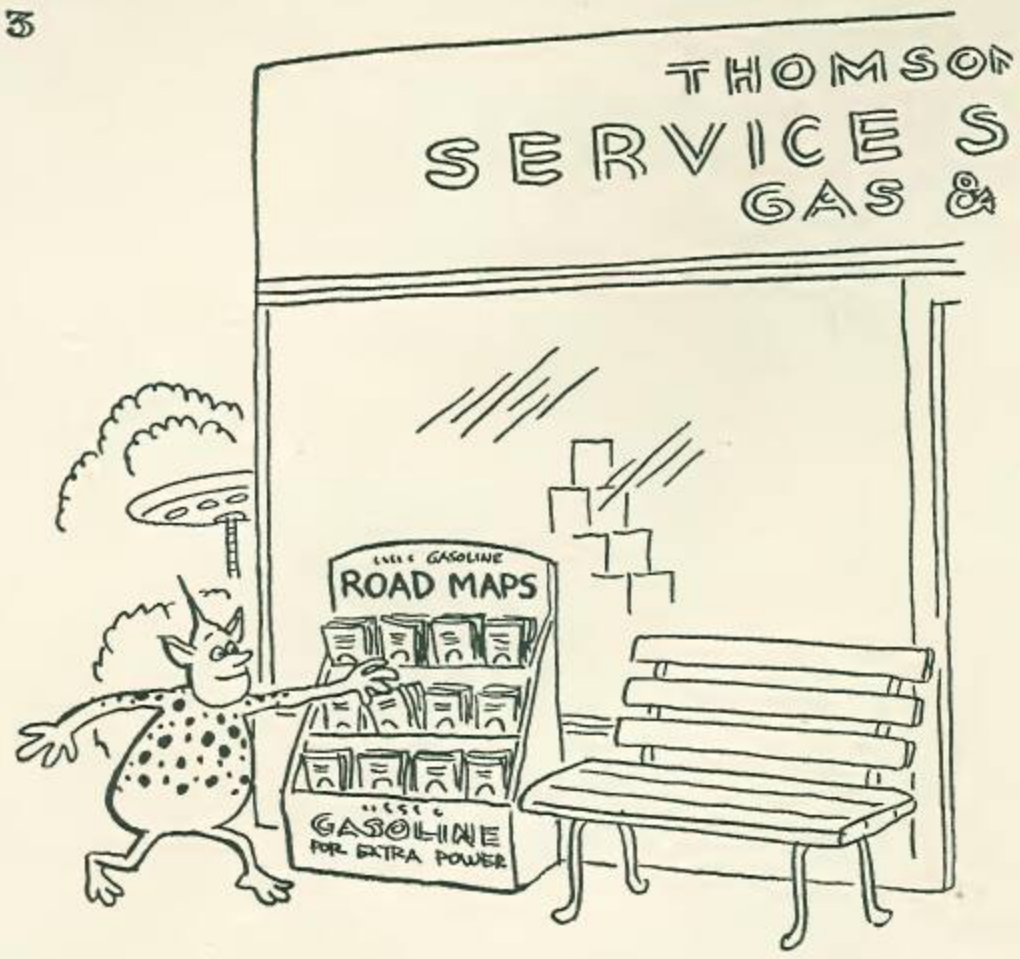
"It's easy to have a good time if you can go off when and where you like, on your husband's money," she said.

"You should see how she looks. Must've had a wonderful time in that place—she can't stop talking about it. I think she found herself a bloke. One of the ship's officers must've taken a fancy to her."

My mother looked at him witheringly. "It's funny how everything she does is wonderful. Anyone else, you'd have plenty to say."

After a minute, she returned to the subject, interrupting my father's reading of the evening paper. "It wouldn't be anything new, I must say. What d'you think she's been running to Dr. Naude for all this summer? Don't you believe she hasn't had a fancy for him! Just give her half a chance. Spinal trouble! Her spine's about as unhealthy as mine!"

"Of course, she's out for a good



time," said my father mildly, ready to pool gossip in a friendly fashion. "Dr. Naude? He's a good-looking chap."

But my mother had fallen into one of her mournful, resigned, martyred moods. "Well, good luck to anyone who can have a good time," she said. "What's there in life, anyway? So far as I'm concerned, I wouldn't give you a thank-you for all the men in the world."

AFTER her trip, Sonia Smith was no longer merely the artist, the beauty—she was a woman of the world. Her travelled air and her secret smiles gave her a kind of calm. With perfect detachment she continued to call Herbert "Darl"—short for "darling"—the way she had done since the first days of their marriage, when she believed that all husbands and wives called each other "darling." Unfortunately, the way she pronounced the word, it sounded like "doll," with an appropriateness that the Smiths' friends had not failed to note. Now it seemed that perhaps Sonia noted it, too. "Doll," she would say at some gathering, in her nasal, rich voice, "Doll, don't you think it's time we were going?" And her large eyes were lowered above her smile, as if she were watching its slow curve on her own face.

Then, with a violence presaged by the eruption of her talents a year or two before, something else broke out in her. She took to a love affair. Of course, it might have been true that she had had a shipboard affair on her cruise, and that the bond between herself and Dr. Naude had not been purely that of doctor and patient, but these adventures must have been merely a familiar experience with an unfamiliar partner—simply lovemaking, as she knew it with Herbert, with some man who wasn't Herbert. These encounters hadn't reached her vitally, endangered her, or changed her. But at last that flamboyant flesh, at the equinox between bloom and decay, came to life for a certain man. The studio was shut up, the house was silent, the two plain daughters, when they were home from school, looked more lacklustre than ever.

Sonia spent all her time rushing to Johannesburg, going early and coming home late or not at all. The certain man was, himself, nothing—not a mayor, not a councillor, not a lawyer, not a doctor, not a handsome officer on a ship. He was the owner of a small dance band, and, wearing a blue matador jacket and blue trousers with a red cummerbund, and a gold watch and fancy signet ring that glinted as his hands moved, he stood up to conduct his boys and played the solo bits on a muffled trumpet. He had earlier played in a night club in Durban, and this was where she had met him, when her cruise ship came home to port there and she went with some other passengers to the club. Then, as we learned later, she had bumped into him again one day in Johannesburg, when she had gone into town to have her hair done. They had had a cup of coffee together. His hands went about the table, passing her things, lighting up a match for her; she remembered how she had first seen them, coaxing the band in Durban. What those hands, with their gold watch and fancy signet ring, came to mean to her! She was utterly shameless. In the handsome clothes Herbert had paid for, she sat alone for hours at a table in a Johannesburg night club where the man had an engagement, watching him lead his band, or at eleven o'clock in the morning, in the bright sunlight of a Johannesburg summer, she went with him to back-street hotels where you could hire a room for the day. She was seen, of course. At home, in our town, people told how they had seen her, bold as brass, walking along the Johannesburg sidewalks with this dance-band Johnny, who never lifted his eyes as he held her arm to cross the street.

At first she was triumphant and superb. She could call to me as I came up the street, "I recognized you right down the block, by your bandy legs"—the playful strike from the paw of the tigress, arising out of the rippling sensuality of her own magnificent body. She did not mean it to hurt, but she was careless, in the manner of creatures who have nothing to fear. She must have felt pityingly irritated, in her lovewise sentience, to see a wretched, ill-equipped, self-conscious little virgin stalking along on the high heels of femininity and desirableness, more like a woman made out of a boy's Meccano set than a living female.

But the pure state of sensuality could not last long. All the hounds of a town like ours were after Sonia: her husband should beat her, divorce her; her children should be taken from contamination; she should be stripped of her furs and let loose without a penny. Above all, they said, she shouldn't be allowed to get away with it. Sonia had shown that she didn't care a fig if she humiliated her husband and disgraced her neglected children, but she did seem to feel it when she found that *they*—the

people of the town—cared. She could countenance what she did but not what other people thought of what she did. She continued as brazen as ever, but she began to show the hectic, hunted look of one who is always listening for something.

Herbert Smith is supposed to have gone to my father again, and to have asked, "Shall I divorce Sonia? What would you do?" And again my father is supposed to have answered, with the finality of wisdom, "You must do as you think best, Herb." They were two aging men then, in their sixties; under their discussion of firmness and practicality and loyalty and the two children, they must have known that nothing had changed. The question and answer were the ones that had been put and given nearly twenty years before; and never spoken aloud but understood between them, then and now, was the real question—Shall a man live? Really live, risking the taking of something not intended for him, as Herbert had when he had married Sonia? To conquer and discard, to be a Napoleon of the heart—if my father could not be this kind of man, did not want to quite enough, he wanted to sufficiently to be unable to try to stop Herb, his mirror self, that other Shetland pony.

Herb, who had been respected and kowtowed to but toward whom there had never been any real warmth, became something of a hero in the town. Even in court, the magistrate and lawyers spoke to him with a special, deferent, gentle politeness, as though he were a very old gentleman, or ill. My mother would cross the street specially to greet him. "Poor old Herb!" she would say in a hushed voice, once he was out of earshot. "Some people have to know how to take the cracks in this life, all right." She didn't laugh at his retreating figure any more, and say, the way she used to, "Queer little body he looks—worse than your father. At least, if your father's small, he's in proportion."

When she met Sonia, my mother was cold and appraising. In any case, knowing her, Sonia must have known what my mother thought of her. Yet she came, at last, to my mother.

I had left school, but I hadn't got a job yet and I was taking extra lessons from my violin teacher, to fill in the time. One day I came home from an early lesson at about eleven o'clock in the morning, and as I ducked through the broken fence behind our summer-house, I heard a sound from far back in my childhood—the sound of women's voices over morning tea. My mother and another woman were talking on the side porch, behind the glass and among the baskets of fern and begonia. I crept quietly along the side of the house, close to the shrubs that grew there, because I wanted to slip into the house in peace, without being called in to take tea and be exclaimed over by one of the ladies of the town. As I reached the big pride-of-India bush right against the porch, I paused to eavesdrop, thinking that perhaps the women might be talking about me. I had a passion, at the time, for overhearing people discussing me—such talk, even a chance remark, made me seem an intriguing stranger to myself.

The voice, the other voice, was Sonia Smith's. I couldn't remember when she had last been in our house. I put down my violin case, terribly carefully, on the damp black ground, and, forgetful of myself now, strained to listen. What did I expect? I don't know. But I felt as if I were about to make a great discovery. My mother was holding the floor; she scarcely let Sonia speak. But she wasn't scorning Sonia, she wasn't accusing her and calling her a common whore, as she did whenever she spoke of her at that time to my father. She was talking to her as if she were on her side, as if she were telling her how to take care of herself.

"Look ahead," she was saying. "For heaven's sake, look ahead, Sonia! You're used to a certain way of life, you're used to having everything your heart could wish for—"

"My heart!" said Sonia. "My heart!"

"Listen to me," said my mother. "You've lived half your life like that, with Herb giving you everything you want before you've even opened your mouth to ask. That means a lot to a woman, once she's not young any more."

"You know what I was when I married him," Sonia said. "I was such a kid. What's the good of giving a woman everything she doesn't want?"

"But you're used to being looked after, whether it's what you wanted or not. You've got used to it, and now you can't do without it, you'll see. And you're used to a position, Sonia. It's all right for two kids to go off and be nobodies, care about nobody. But how long do you think it would last for you in some cheap hotel or flat somewhere, washing your own dishes? How d'you think it would be to have the children come and see you? Or have one of them marry, and you not even knowing what sort of man he is? Having a good time

THE FOAL OF MEDUSA

(PEGASUS, THE WINGED HORSE, WAS BORN OF SEA FOAM AND THE BLOOD OF THE SLAUGHTERED MEDUSA)

He is a little horse with wings
As jewelled as an idol's eyes.
He is the darkness that he brings.
He is his own disguise.
He is the borrowed shape of change,
A permutation come to pass,
The wraith reflected in the strange,
The liquid looking-glass,
The word that women want and guess,
Begotten of delirium.
He is the house that ghosts possess,
The bodies they become,
The gnawing of the rat that shakes
The troubled curtain of the mind,
The dizziness that murder makes,
The ecstasy, the shrined
Ophidian coiled within the cave,
The serpent sound of prophecy,
The white wake and the hissing wave
Of the ensanguined sea,
The seizure and the second sight,
The final metamorphosis,
The rune, the ritual, the rite,
The air, and the abyss.

—MARTHA KELLER

"I'm freezing! Why didn't you think of this in July or August?"

• •

is one thing. Herb doesn't keep you tied up. You can travel and enjoy yourself, and who's going to know if you have a"—my mother, suddenly bashful, searched for a harmless-sounding word—"have a friendship, or whatever it may be, with some man you meet? But you're not a child who believes in princes. You've lived all your life with Herb. He's worshipped the ground you tread on, and when he goes, one day, you'll be well provided for. Doesn't that count for anything, Sonia?"

I had raised myself just sufficiently to see in without being seen. I saw the woman in a tight silk frock, with diamond clips shining at her neck, red hair statuesquely arranged beneath a big black brim, brilliant soft eyes, cheeks with just that look that rose-colored tulips have the day before they turn bluish and fall. She stood up. The weight of her beauty was there—something she had been born with, like genius or a harelip. "Vangie," she said, "you're a woman. Look at me! Remember me! Have I *ever* been the woman for Herb? Do I look like the woman he should be married to?" She held her arms wide, and the rings gleamed on her hands. "He's trotted beside me like a puppy. I could knock him over. I weigh a hundred and fifty-six pounds. I'm five foot ten. I'm a woman. Vangie, he's too small, d'you understand? He's never been anything else, ever. He's too small for me, too small!" Her voice was a shocked, piercing whisper, but her face, as I saw it full on for a second, was savage, forcing my mother toward something she refused to see.

I GOT into the house. I pretended I hadn't heard. That evening, my mother said to my father with private, complacent triumph, "Sonia Smith was here today. I told her what I thought of her."

My father looked at her in astonishment and curiosity. "Is that so! When did she come?"

"This morning. Walked in just as I was going to have my cup of tea."

"What'd she say?"

"The whole story—everything the whole town knows already."

"Did you put in a word for Herb? I hope you drummed some sense into her."

My mother shrugged. "I told her what *I* thought. I'm afraid women like her are beyond me. *I* wouldn't give you a thank-you for the finest man in the world."

"How does she look?" my father asked.

"Blowzy."

"Well, Sonia must be forty-two. Yes, I remember, the first time I saw her, at the Williamses' house the night Herb met her, we drank her health because the day before had been her seventeenth birthday."

"She says she's thirty-nine."

"Well, she'd better not say that with me around—I've known her too long. She's no chicken. My, but she was a beautiful girl then!"

IT ended—or, rather, ended by having no end—and merely became something that was worked into the continuation of our lives. Herb talked of divorce but never divorced Sonia; she talked of leaving him but never did. At some point or other, the dance-band Johnny disappeared, to another town and, it was said, another woman. Some people said his wife had forced him to come back to her. Anyway, there were other men, more discreetly managed, for Sonia, and in between times she queened it about our town, blatantly overdressed now, growing fat, patronizing all our women, and looking bored with and amused by our men, as if they were a local patois for what the rest of the world knew as men. Her daughters married two of them, and she outshone the poor girls at their weddings, in the shameless resplend-

"That's Dr. Arnold Moore. He's conducting an experiment to test the theory that most great scientific discoveries were hit on by accident."

• •

ence that she had passed on to neither.

She took Herb round the world quite a bit before he died. They went to Rotary conferences and other international gatherings of that nature, where Herb could be a delegate and Sonia could have what my mother called "a good time." I remember my mother and me once looking at Sonia's picture on the social page of the newspaper—she was on a trip to South America with Herb. There she was—in São Paulo, the caption said—smiling, with a frilly parasol and a wide skirt blowing in the wind, five rows of pearls around her throat under an unmistakable double chin, and her head tilted. "She looks what she is," my mother said. After I married and moved away from our town, I continued to hear occasionally of Sonia's moves from my mother, although I hadn't seen Sonia for years. When Herb died, she was left comfortably provided for, as my mother had predicted, and I suppose she went on travelling about a good deal.

WHEN people sift away out of your life, you lose sense of the length of intervals between hearing of them; years sometimes seem like months. One day, when my mother was visiting me and was sitting with my third son, Barry, on her knee, she said, "Sonia Smith sends her love. I promised her I'd bring her Barry to see, next time you let me have him for a weekend."

I laughed, knowing that my mother couldn't conceive of anyone who *didn't* want to see the child. "Little children are hardly old Sonia's line, are they? I could think of more appreciative audiences to show him off to."

My mother looked at me reproachfully. "Poor Sonia's always asking about you," she said. "It would give her such pleasure to see the boy. She hardly gets about at all nowadays."

I had a picture of her—red-haired, ample, all color and white flesh, looking at the last year's hats of other women as she entered a room. "What's the matter with her?" I asked, wondering if she had spinal trouble again.

It was an ordinary horror, one of the three or four ends that await us all—heart disease or a cancer, I forget which. It was taking her slowly, with unexplained halts on the way, when she and her family—Sonia was staying with one of the daughters who were living out the life her mother had refused to live, in the small town—thought she might recover, after all. I discovered that my mother was spending a lot of time with her.

"You wouldn't know her," my mother said to me. "Her eyes and that wonderful skin of hers all gone to nothing. Her poor legs, too weak to hold her. What a beautiful, healthy woman she was! You wouldn't have given much for the chances of the rest of us to outlive her." Oddly enough, my mother, at this late stage, had taken on a kind of attractiveness she had never had before. Her hair, which was an untidy pepper-and-salt for years and years, had gone completely white. She wore it very short and tinted pale blue, and what had been scragginess when she was younger had kept her figure slim and upright.

Curious, I said, "What do you talk to her about?"

She looked at me, incredulous, impatient. "What d'you mean, 'talk about'? What do women usually talk about? Their homes, their children. Her Isabelle's got two lovely boys. Weren't Sonia and I young women together? Haven't we known each other long enough?"

After that, I would ask about Sonia when I remembered, but I never quite believed in her—an aging woman, eager for news of other people's grandchildren, dying in her bed.

When I rang up my parents one evening, my father answered the telephone. "It's been a trying day for your mother. She's lying down. You heard about Sonia? . . . Poor girl. Well, it was a mercy, really. What a tremendous funeral; took your mother and me half an hour to get the car away afterwards. . . . Yes, I remember her when she was seventeen. Naturally, your mother's upset. When you see old friends go . . . Poor girl. She was beautiful, you know—you wouldn't believe it. . . ."

"Oh, I know," I said. "I remember."

"But my dear child, I'm talking about the early days, before you were born—the time I saw her at the Williamses', the night Herb met her. . . ."

—NADINE GORDIMER

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THAT GREAT BIG NEW YORK UP THERE

NOT long ago, it occurred to me that it might be rewarding to go down to Mexico City and spend some time in the company of William O'Dwyer, former Mayor of the City of New York, whom I first met shortly after he took office, in 1946. O'Dwyer has been living down there since the fall of 1950, when he resigned as Mayor to become United States Ambassador to Mexico. He resigned as Ambassador two years later, but stayed on in Mexico City—acting as consultant to the law firm of O'Dwyer, Bernstein & Correa. Many charges have been made against O'Dwyer and his regime as Mayor, and many people have concluded that he lives in Mexico City because he can no longer live happily in New York City, but I assume that he lives where he does because he likes the place. However, I had no wish to discuss any of this with O'Dwyer. I simply felt that a man of his perceptive qualities and wild conversational powers who had twice been elected Mayor of one of the largest cities in the world might have some unusual observations to make on that strange and terrifying office, especially after having the time to reflect and the chance to see the city from the vantage point of a foreign land.

Late one afternoon, therefore, I picked up the phone in my office and put in a call for O'Dwyer at the Hotel Prince, where he is currently staying in Mexico City, and ninety seconds later we were saying hello. I told him that I wanted to come down and talk with him. "Wonderful!" he said, in a voice that sounded pretty much the way it had when I last talked with him, some seven years before—rich and rolling, and with a pleasant suspicion of a brogue. "Want to see a ball game? Remember when we were on our way out to Ebbets Field one rainy night, and I said there was nothing gloomier than a jail unless it's a ballpark on a rainy night?"

"I remember," I said. "I'm seeing plenty of ball games up here now, though—mostly on television in saloons. I want to talk to you about the job of Mayor. Not about what this fellow or that fellow thinks about you as Mayor. But about what you think about the job, and about the City of New York."

"The job of Mayor will be the job we will talk about," said O'Dwyer. "Where you going to stay? The Prince is clean and small. The Bamer, around the corner, is elegant."

"I was thinking of staying at the Continental Hilton," I said.

"*Very* new," said O'Dwyer. "Stay where you like. Phone me when you get here. I know some wonderful places to eat."

I FLEW down to Mexico City a few days later, and, after checking in at the Hilton, called O'Dwyer. He suggested that we have dinner together, and said he would meet me at eight that evening in the lobby of my hotel. Promptly at eight, he walked into the lobby. He was wearing a dark-blue tropical suit, a blue shirt, and a blue tie. A short, squarely built man, O'Dwyer has broad shoulders that give him the appearance of being much taller than he is. At sixty-seven, he stands erect—an almost military stance, which brings to mind, although it antedates, his service as a brigadier general in Italy during the Second World War—and there is a definite jauntiness to his walk. He had put on several pounds since I last saw him, and his face was somewhat more rutted. We started toward each other, but before we could meet, a number of people jumped up from nearby chairs and sofas and surrounded him, shaking his hand. "Good evening, Mr. Mayor!" some called out. "Good evening, Mr. Ambassador!" others called out. O'Dwyer beamed. An elderly woman in evening dress grasped his arm and whispered intently into his ear. "Give me a ring at the office in the morning," O'Dwyer told her. Finally, we were able to shake hands. I noticed that the laugh lines around his eyes had deepened.

"This town is funnier than New York," O'Dwyer said. "In a natural way, I mean. New York is wonderful when it doesn't try to be funny. Let's get into the car."

We walked out to the street, where a Lincoln limousine was waiting, with a chauffeur at the wheel. "This setup belongs to the law firm," O'Dwyer told me as we climbed in. Then he said to the driver, "José, I think we'll make it the Rivoli tonight."

The car started off, and O'Dwyer leaned back in the seat. "Mexico City,"

"He wrote it with one eye on the movies and the other eye on the theatre, but the poor dear can't get the damn thing published."

he said. "You'll learn to love it, and you'll come back. But if you can do the town sitting down, don't stand up! You'll need rest in the afternoons. After all, we're more than seven thousand feet in the air—way up in a valley among the Sierra Nevadas. A fascinating city, with more than three and a half million people and bigger in area than Los Angeles."

Traffic swarmed about us like crazed bugs, and it seemed as if every car were racing all the other cars. The drivers displayed an extraordinary ability to pull up sharp, only inches from their rivals, without any screeching of brakes or honking of horns. Soon we entered a less frenzied part of the city, where imposing Spanish-style houses predominated. "The Geneve section," said O'Dwyer. "The United States Embassy residence is here. Also some fine hotels, great restaurants, and good night spots. And here's the Rivoli, where we're having dinner."

The car stopped in front of a decorous-looking building that could have been a private house, an embassy, or a restaurant in the East Sixties. As we got out, a small boy in shirtsleeves waved some long, narrow pieces of paper, covered with numerals, in O'Dwyer's face. "The Lotería," O'Dwyer explained to me. "Tickets for the national lottery, run by the government."

The boy kept on waving the tickets in O'Dwyer's face. O'Dwyer shook his head, and the boy waved the tickets all the harder.

"That's no way to sell 'em, that's no way to sell 'em," said O'Dwyer, although it appeared unlikely that the boy understood even that much English. "Remember," he went on, speaking to me, as we entered the restaurant, "how I wanted to legalize lotteries in New York but the bluenoses wouldn't hear of it?"

The restaurant had an air of studied elegance—chairs upholstered in red leather, a vase of roses on every table, long lighted tapers in glistening candlesticks. A slender man, with penetrating dark eyes and high cheekbones, hurried up to O'Dwyer. "Bill," he said, in a tone of affection.

"Dario," said O'Dwyer, putting an arm across the man's shoulders. "This is Dario, our host for tonight," O'Dwyer said to me.

Dario showed us to a table for three near the door, pulled back our chairs for us, and, when we were seated, took the third chair himself, saying, "I will join you, and we will talk awhile."

"That I want you to do," O'Dwyer told him. Then, turning to me, he said, "You know, Dario is so courteous and hospitable a host that a while ago he pulled out a chair for a customer and pulled it out so gloriously and with such grace that he broke his wrist. He was a bit unnerved at the time, since he had won forty thousand dollars that very day in the Lotería. And who was the man he was pulling out the chair for but Dr. Charles Mayo, the celebrated surgeon!"

Dario smiled, glanced around, and motioned to a waiter to stand by. "Funny part of it is," O'Dwyer went on, "that Dr. Mayo wanted to set the wrist but couldn't, because he had no license to practice medicine in Mexico."

Dario laughed outright. The waiter stepped up, and O'Dwyer said, "Hi, Chico!"

"Good evening, Mayor," the waiter replied.

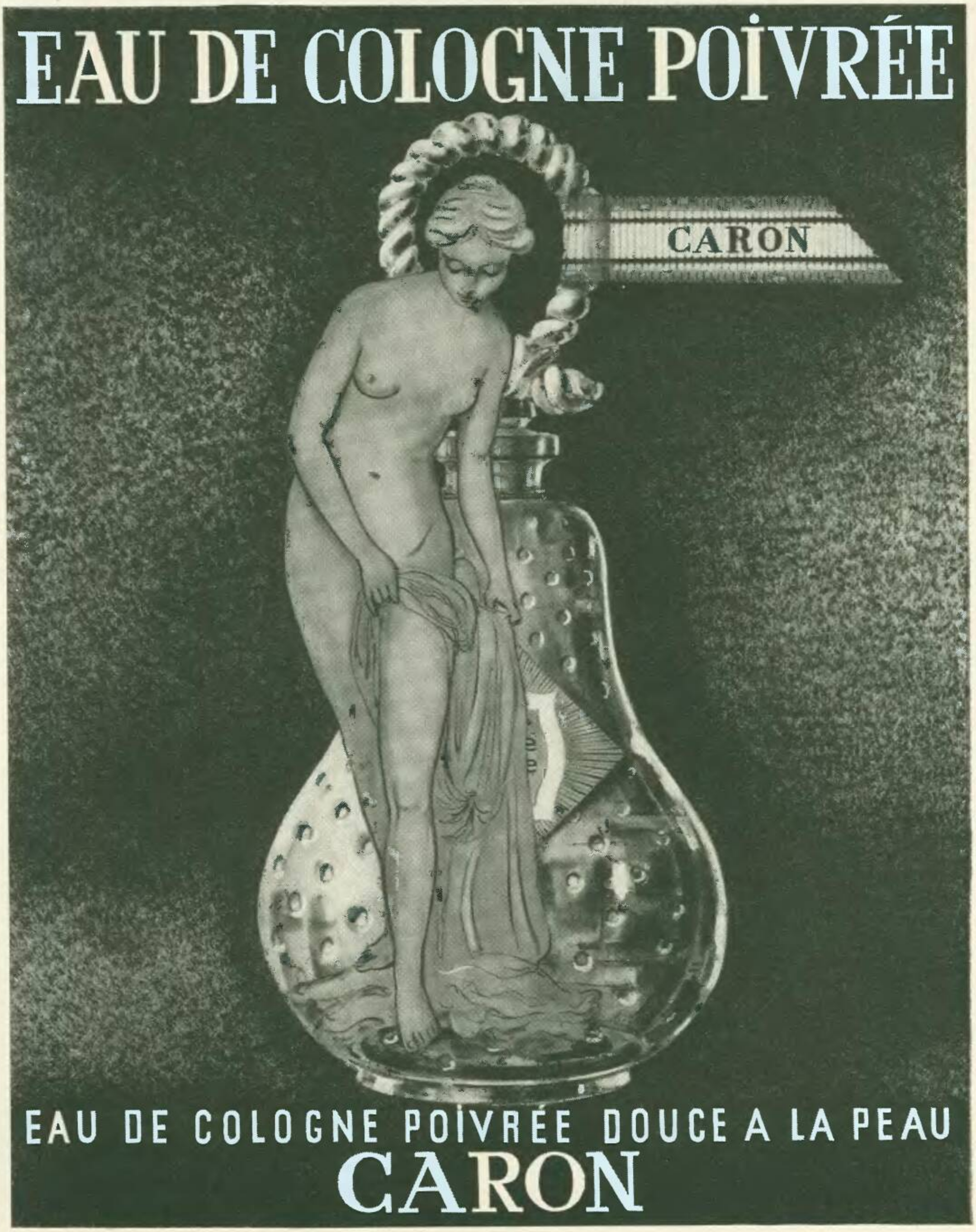
"I would like Scotch on the rocks," said O'Dwyer, and looked inquiringly at me. I said I'd take the same.

"I want you to have the pâté *maison*," O'Dwyer told me. "The pâté here is unlike any other pâté anywhere." Dario beamed, and I said I would have the pâté.

"It's not only the pâté," O'Dwyer said. "This place—this town—is unlike anything anywhere. I love it here. I was in New York not long ago, and I'll keep going back whenever I feel like going back, but I will always return here, to live out in quiet the years I have left to me. Not so long ago, in New York, my path led me to a night club uptown, and everybody in the place was drunk, and, as far as I could surmise, everybody in the place came from Brooklyn. A glance around this room will reveal the international set. We have nothing quite like it in New York."

"The Italian and the German Ambassadors are dining here tonight," Dario said softly, nodding in the direction of two crowded tables, with a full

"Helen, does your parakeet ever huddle in the corner of the cage and just stare?"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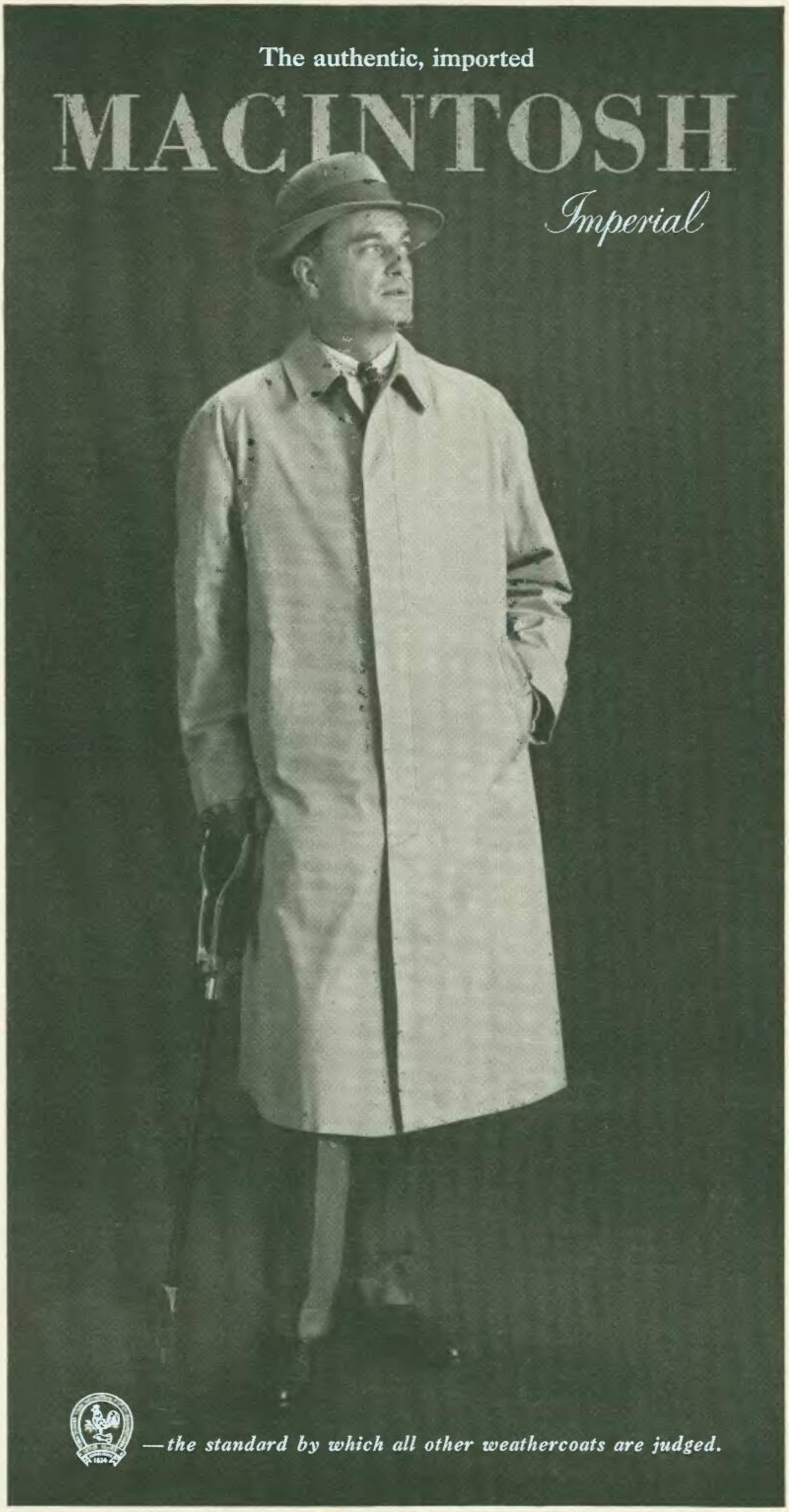
"Ambassadors," said O'Dwyer. "I can tell you something about ambassadors. Before I became Ambassador, the Fourth of July parties at the Embassy were extremely exclusive—just the small resident American colony. I put ads in the papers, inviting all Americans *and* their friends to come and enjoy themselves. We had a beautiful time, a heart-warming time. The first of those parties drew thirty-five hundred people, all friendly, and the second party drew sixty-five hundred people. The parties spread good will."

The waiter brought us our drinks. O'Dwyer took a sip of his, and continued, "When I was Ambassador here, I visited every single part of this country. I had a two-motor plane at my disposal, and I made a point of going everywhere in Mexico. I know how the eyes of the Indians light up when they think of the possibility of potable water for their children; when I was Mayor of New York, we spent a hundred thousand dollars on sewage at Coney. You know, Dario, they had better watch their step down there at Acapulco. Too many new hotels down there; they are overloading their facilities, and if they don't watch out there'll be trouble. To get back to the Ambassador thing, it was a fascinating life. I remember once when I was visiting former President Camacho's place outside Mexico City, and we walked through his gardens. They were magnificent! I have never seen such trees. There was a special beauty in every leaf, every branch, every trunk. Some of the trees had been sent from California, others from Oregon, others from all over. And then we walked out into his fields, and I saw two beautiful gray mules. They had bells on them. The President told me that they had been willed to him by his brother. At one time, those mules had dragged bulls from the bull ring. They were mules of talent. When I saw them that evening, they were working the fields with industry and endeavor. I asked the President where these mules hailed from. 'From Missouri,' he said. 'The two best ambassadors ever to be sent here,' I said. 'They are working.' "

The pâté proved to be every bit as good as O'Dwyer had promised, and after it, as the evening wore on, we had some delicious red snapper, and then caffè espresso. After finishing a second cup, Dario rose and said, "Excuse me, please. My problem is to keep the bartenders on their toes. It is not an easy



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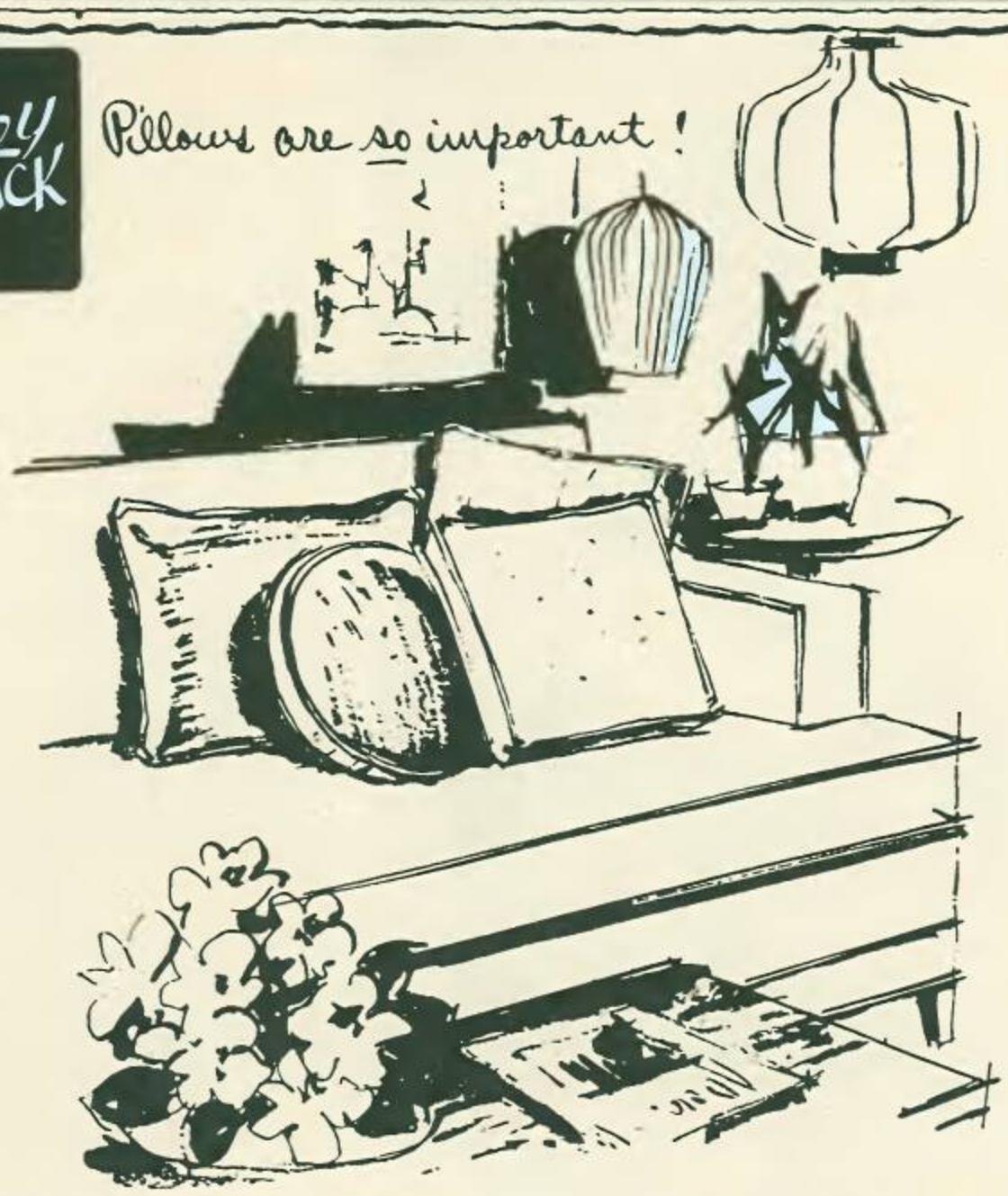

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one. They shouldn't be left alone a minute."

"The Ambassador thing was funny," said O'Dwyer after Dario had gone. "A man who called himself the Russian Ambassador—and he was always the first, by the way, to turn up for official lunches—was not the real Ambassador at all. The real Ambassador was his chauffeur. When Dwight Morrow was Ambassador here, he would serve nothing but orange juice at Embassy receptions."

Two men with violins and a third with a bull fiddle came over to our table and began to play a mournful tune and sing in a Spanish that was too rapid for me to comprehend. "The music alone tells the story," said O'Dwyer. "These are very beautiful songs. They are singing now a song about a peasant who walks and walks and walks, bearing a heavy burden, and he prays to his God that he will reach his goal."

When the musicians had finished off the peasant, they played, but did not attempt to sing, a medley from "My Fair Lady," and then launched into another mournful Spanish number. "Ah, that one," said O'Dwyer. "They are singing, 'You are a woman, you are exquisite, you are like alabaster, I love you, but your lips will never touch mine.'" He sighed. "When I went back to New York recently, Mike Quill phoned me and he said, 'The labor unions are under fire, the City Council is under fire, and you come back and thumb your nose.' When you grow older, you can do that. You look back and you remember things. I remember when some reporters from the provincial press here asked me to talk to them about anti-discrimination—some of them had been thrown out of a Texas bar, and they were humiliated. I said, 'Sure I'll talk to your group,' and I talked to them of Aristotle and Plato and Socrates and Locke, and the relationship between the governors and the governed. Every wave of immigration has to fight its own battles. I remember when I was Mayor, and a member of the Board of Education wanted Christmas carols sung for all the children, and the Knights of Columbus raised hell. It's a tough battle, and everything falls on your head when you're Mayor. I remember the lonely nights and the snowy nights and the stormy nights up there at Gracie Mansion, and I would walk up and down the porch and look over at Astoria—I hope you have read Washington Irving on Astoria—and I would say, 'Good Lord, I'm the Mayor of this town!' The

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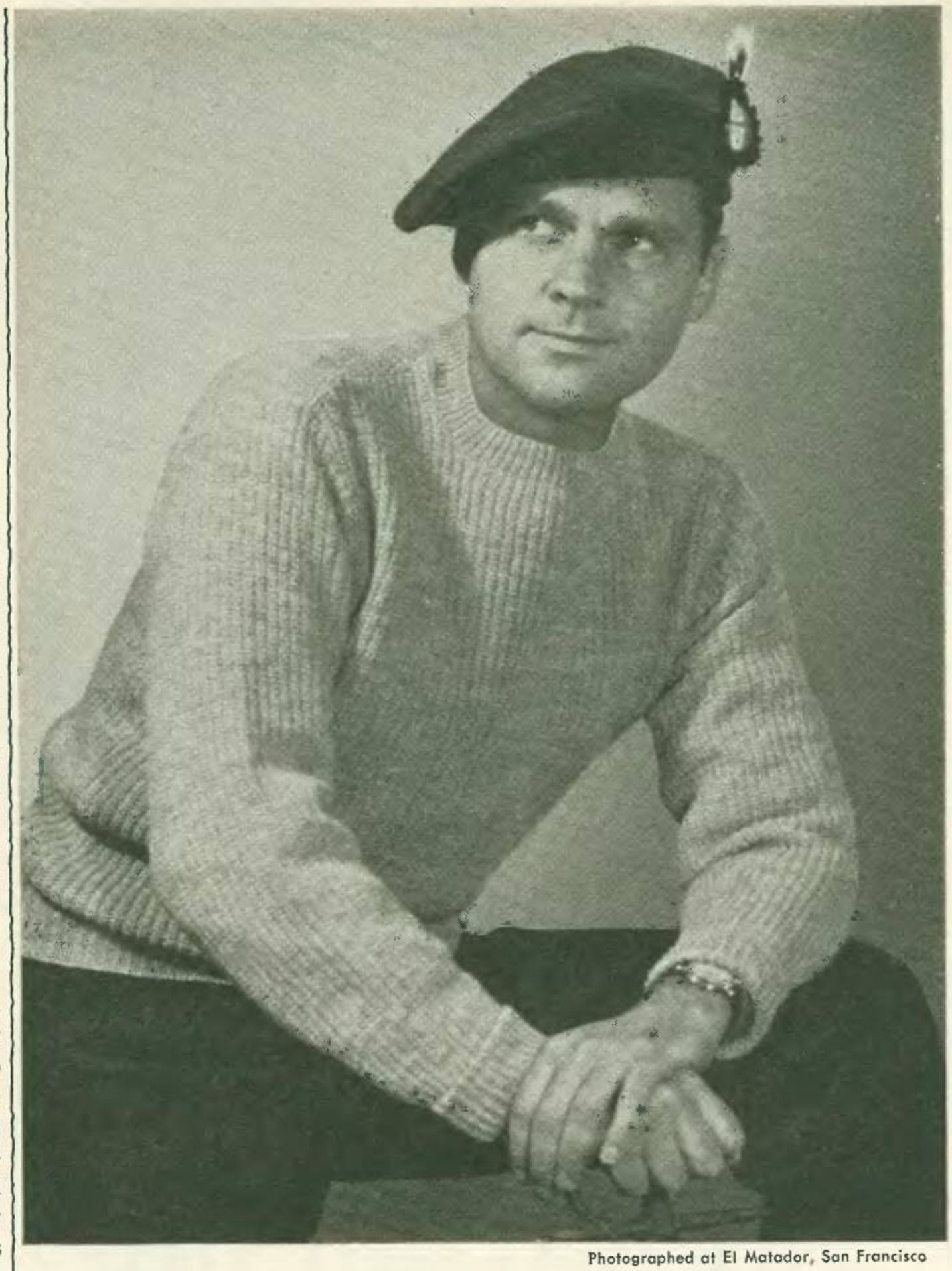
same feeling would come over me when I was crossing Brooklyn Bridge and staring at the lights of the city. It was something! The job frightened me at times like that. You better not ever lose your sense of humor."

One of the serenading violinists, a curly-haired fellow wearing a light-brown dust jacket, moved even closer to us and began playing another medley from "My Fair Lady."

"I think it's time to go home," said O'Dwyer. "Stop by my hotel tomorrow for lunch. I have a Hungarian cook named Pishta—and he can *cook*—and we'll talk."

Dario appeared out of nowhere and pulled back our chairs with a cautious flourish, while the violinist kept sawing away. Outside in the street, the boy waved his lottery tickets in O'Dwyer's face, we climbed into the limousine, José drove off—passing several barefoot women sleeping in doorways with children in their arms—and I got out in front of the Continental Hilton. "See you tomorrow," said O'Dwyer when I had thanked him and bade him good night. "Let's make it for one o'clock. Get a good rest, and remember the altitude."

THE Prince ("a very good hotel with reasonable prices," according to a standard guidebook to Mexico City) is a seven-story building, surmounted by a roof garden called El Ranchito—an unpretentious stone terrace with several small tables and chairs scattered around it. Centrally located on the bustling Calle Luis Moya, in a district occupied by many stylish hotels, it stands just off the Paseo de la Reforma, the capital's main boulevard, and within easy reach of the old section of the city and its widely known park, the Alameda. O'Dwyer, who has been married twice but has no children, lives alone in a three-room penthouse at one end of the roof garden. The next day, I went around to the Prince at the appointed hour, gave my name at the desk, stepped into the elevator, and, on the way up, examined a menu posted in it. Among the specialties of the hotel's dining room, I noted, was curried chicken à la Victor Sassoon, and I was speculating on what a dessert listed as "Cha-Cha" might be when the elevator stopped and the operator informed me that to reach the roof garden I would have to walk up a short flight of stairs. As I stepped out onto the roof garden, I saw O'Dwyer standing in the doorway of his penthouse, wearing navy-blue



Photographed at El Matador, San Francisco

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trousers and a light-blue sports shirt. "Hi, there!" he said. "Come on in."

Entering, I found myself in an attractively turned-out combination living room and dining room, with a light-blue ceiling, brownish-violet walls, a tan carpet, and beige window curtains. The principal furnishings were an ample couch flanked by a couple of chairs and with a handsome coffee table in front of it; a small dining table, set for lunch; and a sideboard holding a long-playing phonograph and a high stack of records. "Four Great Tragedies by William Shakespeare," a paperback, lay on the coffee table. Off to one side were a bedroom and bath, and near the entrance was the kitchen.

"You sit here on the sofa, and I'll sit in this chair alongside," said O'Dwyer. "We close down our offices—they're not far from here, on the Paseo de la Reforma—from one to three. We open at nine in the morning, and we close for good at six-thirty. I keep a neat desk down there—no papers. I never kept papers on my desk at City Hall, either. From my office, you can look right down the Paseo de la Reforma, which was modelled after the Champs-Elysées by Maximilian. It is said that the Empress Carlota, the wife of Maximilian, could lie in her bed in Chapultepec Castle and watch his carriage as it headed toward the National Palace, just down the line here in the Zócalo—the great square with the Cathedral. I have a long glass-topped conference table in my office, and under the glass I keep a map of Ireland labelled 'First Families of Erin'—a green one showing all the counties and listing the names of the families who have lived in each. Pishta!"

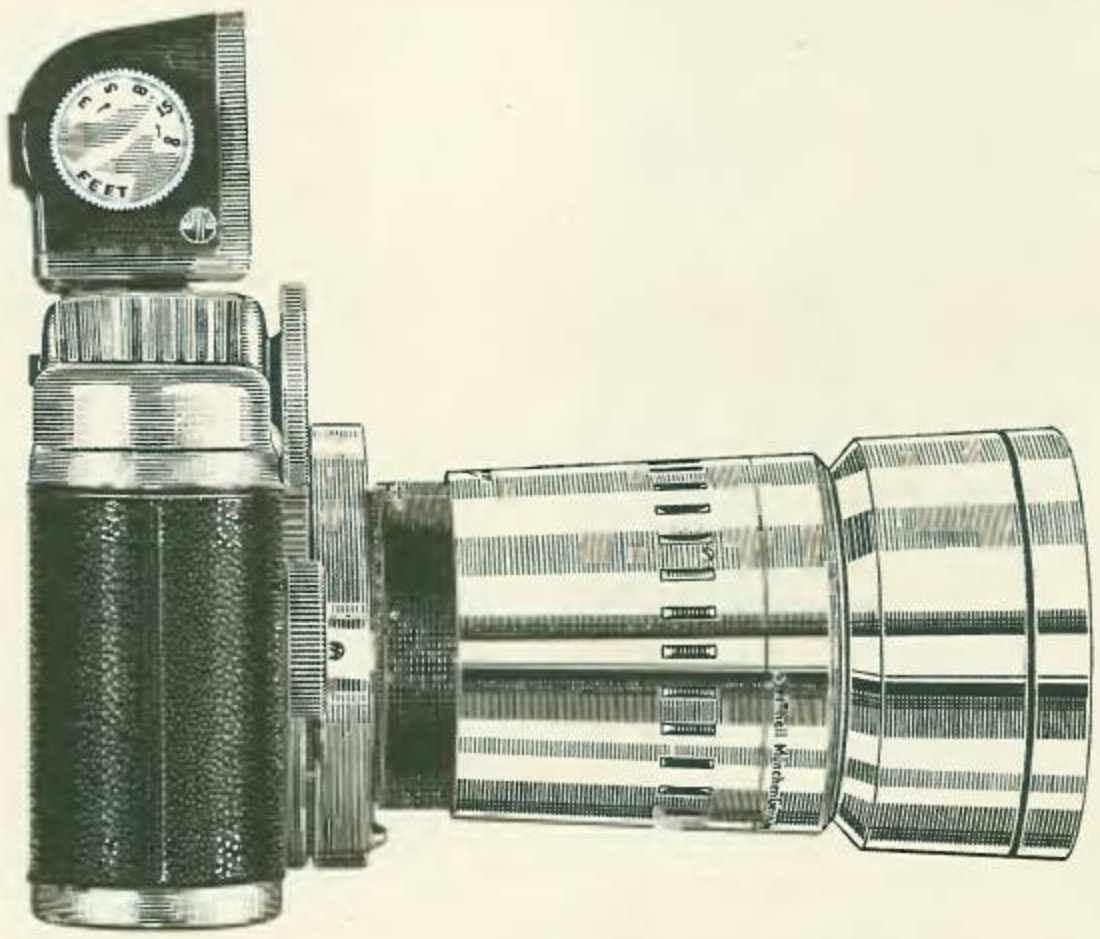
A tall, thin, angular man with a nervous reddish-brown mustache emerged from the kitchen. He was wearing a chef's cap and apron, and a white shirt with an open collar. Addressing him in Spanish, O'Dwyer said, "Pishta, let's have a drink before lunch." Pishta bowed slightly, and retired.

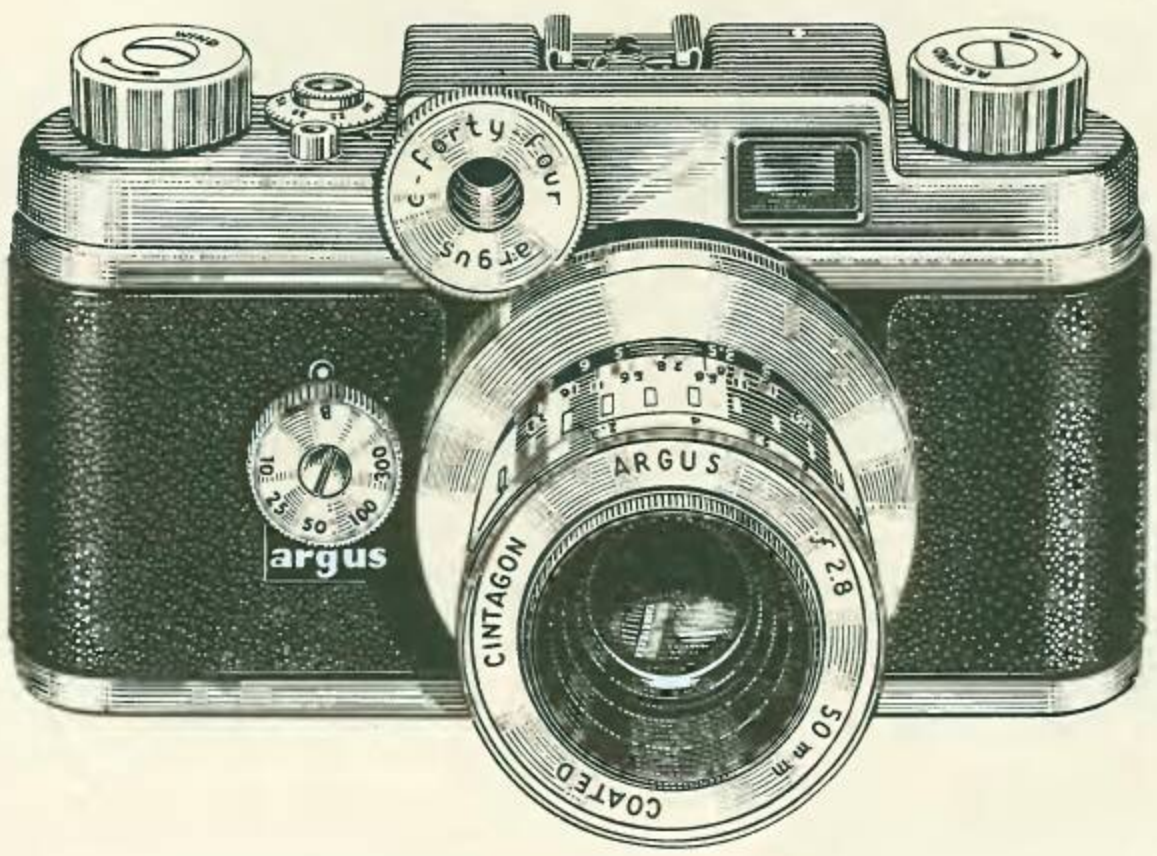
"My cook," said O'Dwyer. "He understands a little English, but he can speak only one sentence in it—'Shut up, baby.' "

Pishta came out with two Scotches and set them on the coffee table.

"Tell my friend here your English sentence," O'Dwyer said. Pishta grinned broadly, and I had the impression that his mustache was smiling, too. "Shaddup, bay-bee," he said, and went back to the kitchen.

O'Dwyer roared, and then abruptly





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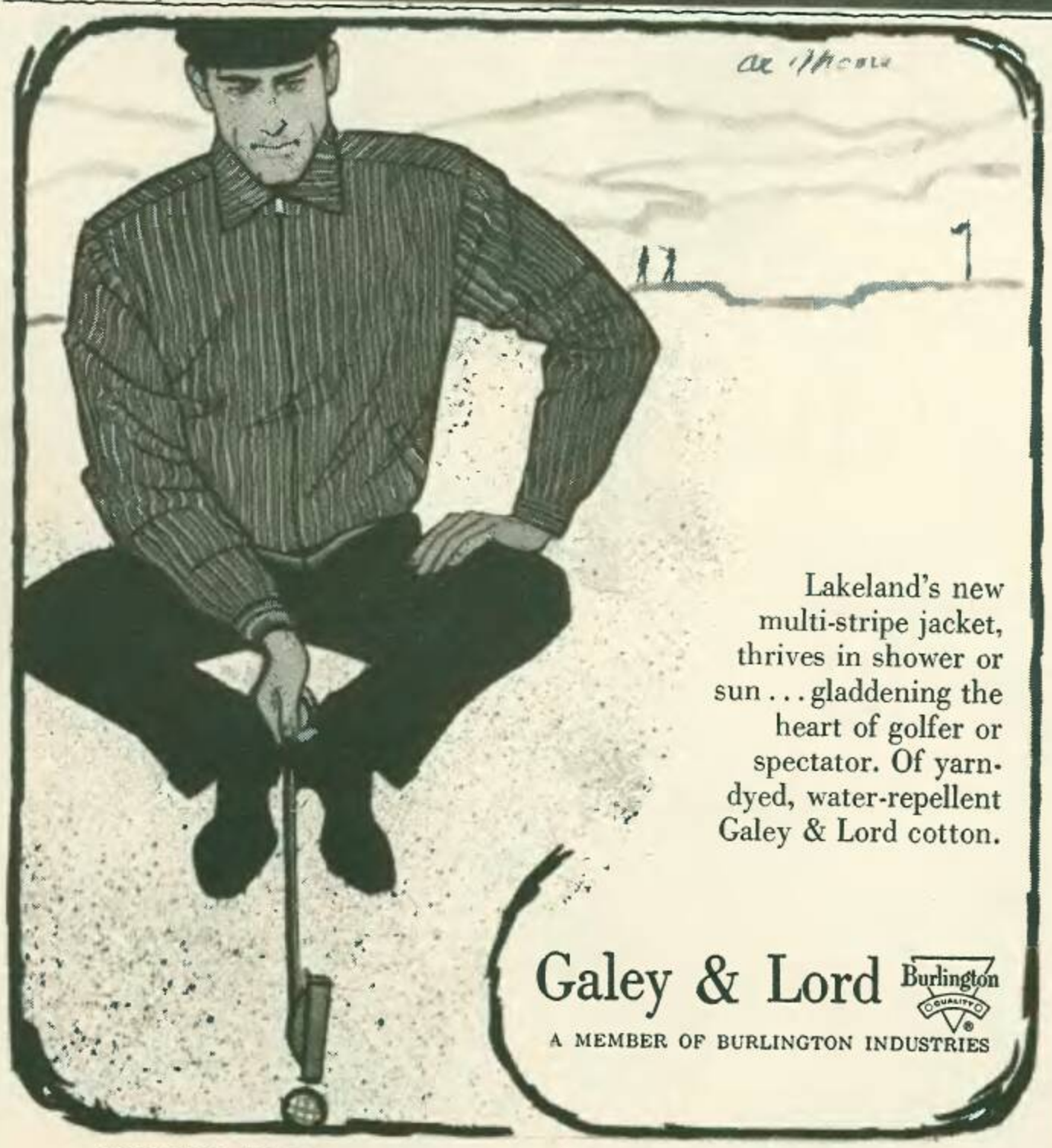

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became serious. "There was some danger of Pishta's being sent back to Hungary," he said. "He was working for an embassy here, and going back to Hungary would have meant death for him, so I gave him asylum. But about that map of Ireland. It was given to me by a man called David Owens, and that reminds me of some of the problems of being Mayor of the City of New York. I was presiding one day at a meeting of the Board of Estimate when we were discussing departmental appropriations—the municipal cupboard was bare, by the way, and I had to worry about the comrades in some departments who would ask for two hundred and forty million for a department they'd got into, where Tammany used to give their families an occasional bag of coal . . . Well, I was presiding. I was bending my ear to all sorts of grievance committees when suddenly a man with a huge mustache, who looked as though he had stepped out from behind a rock in the eighteenth century, stands up and says, if my memory serves me right, that he represented seventy-five watchmen of city buildings."

At this point, Pishta announced that lunch was ready, and O'Dwyer led the way across the room to the dining table, where an orange-colored soup awaited us. "Carrot soup," said O'Dwyer. "You need a stout heart to cook it."

I dipped my spoon into the soup and tasted it. Out of this world. Pishta was hovering about, and when I smacked my lips and smiled at him, he burst into Spanish.

"He's telling me about the soup, and I'm telling you about the Board of Estimate," said O'Dwyer. "He says it has carrots in it, and grated onion, garlic, parsnips, and silander, a local herb."

Pishta grinned, and went back to the kitchen.

"Now," O'Dwyer continued, "David Owens—for that is who it was, David Owens—standing there in front of the Board of Estimate in that courtly white Colonial room in City Hall, in New York, insisted that he could not possibly compete with the high-pressure groups that had previously appeared before us. To plead his case for the neglect that the city was showing toward its watchmen, he told the story of the watchman of a building between the two Calvary cemeteries out in Queens."

Pishta, reappearing, directed another burst of Spanish at us.

"The soup again," said O'Dwyer. "He says there's flour in it, too—to make a paste—and salt and pepper, and something the size of a nut. Also bouil-

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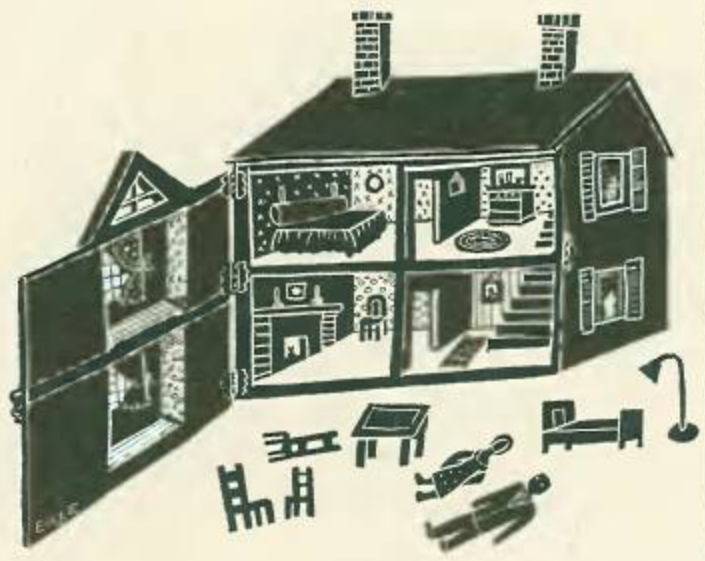
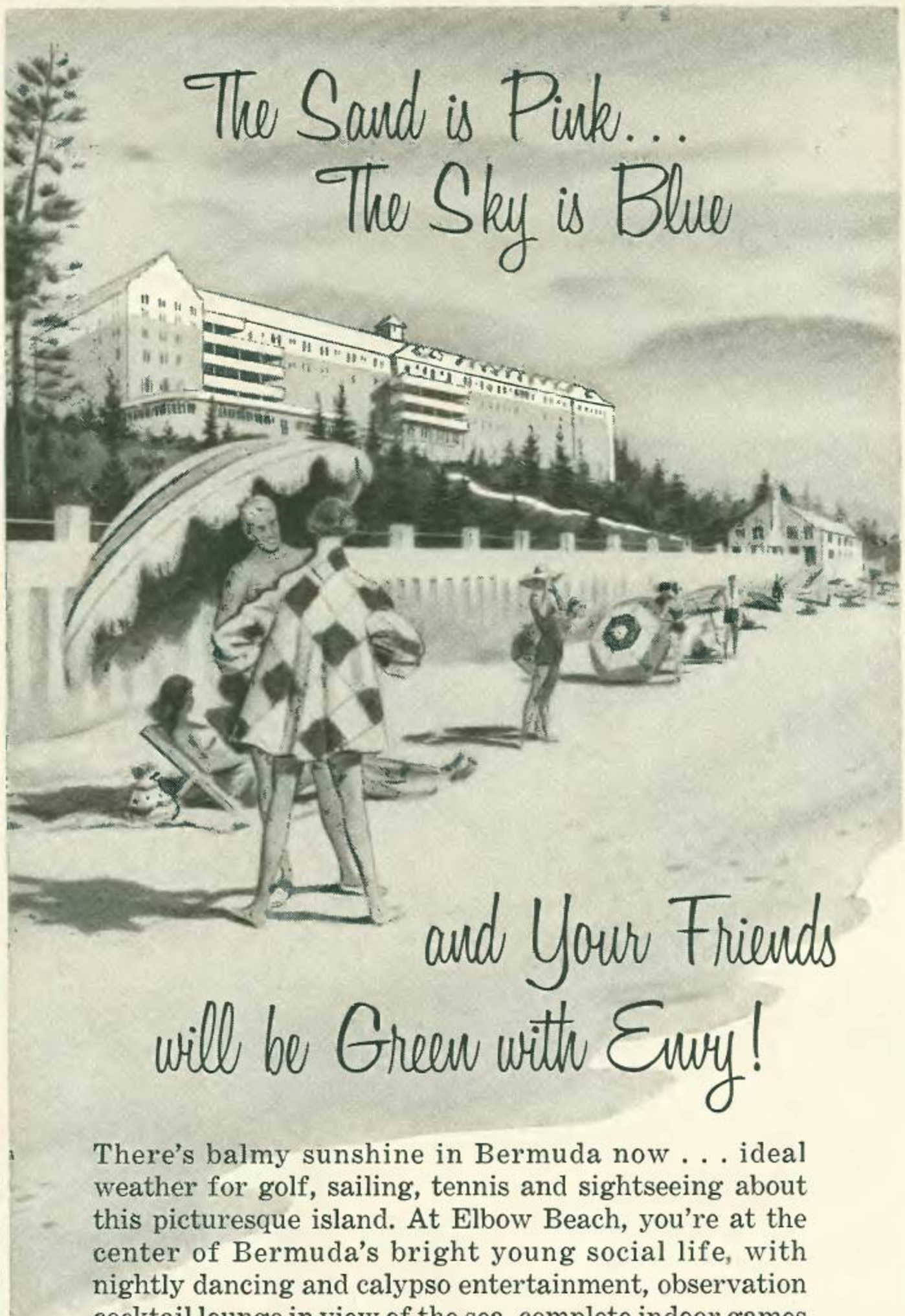
lon cubes. Also water. Don't forget the water. As the soup is boiling, take an egg and mix it in. Then throw the egg out the window. O.K., Pishta. Many thanks."

After Pishta had gone back to the kitchen, O'Dwyer said, "These interruptions are like being Mayor of the City of New York. Well, Owens said that this man who worked in the building between the two graveyards guarded heavy machinery. It was truly what could be called a dismal place, and at times there was not even the sound of a branch blowing in the wind over the tombstones. This man—this city watchman—would look to the right and he would look to the left, and there would be tombstones, and he would pull out a little handkerchief and put it on his shoulder, and then he would rest a violin he had against it and he would play to himself to keep himself company out there in Queens. A supervisor arrived one night and heard the sound of this violin, and docked him two days' pay. That was the lot of a city watchman, as told to me by David Owens. Some years later, when I was leaving for Mexico, Owens arrived at a farewell party for me at my brother Paul's, and I said to him, 'I wish I could have heard that fellow who played the violin between those two graveyards.' And Owens said, 'He's outside in the hall,' and he brought the man in and the man played."

Pishta arrived with a dish of pork, hot peppers, and tomatoes. He started to tell us all about this one, too. "I think we'll let the recipe go this time, Pishta," said O'Dwyer. Pishta subsided and left us.

"As you may have gathered, he says you start out by cooking the meat in *agua* for an hour," said O'Dwyer. "Then drop in a thousand herbs, conduct the operation under a slow fire at 305 degrees until all the grease is absorbed, and throw an old *shoe* out the window. To get back to being Mayor of the City of New York, the problems are truly monumental. The administra-





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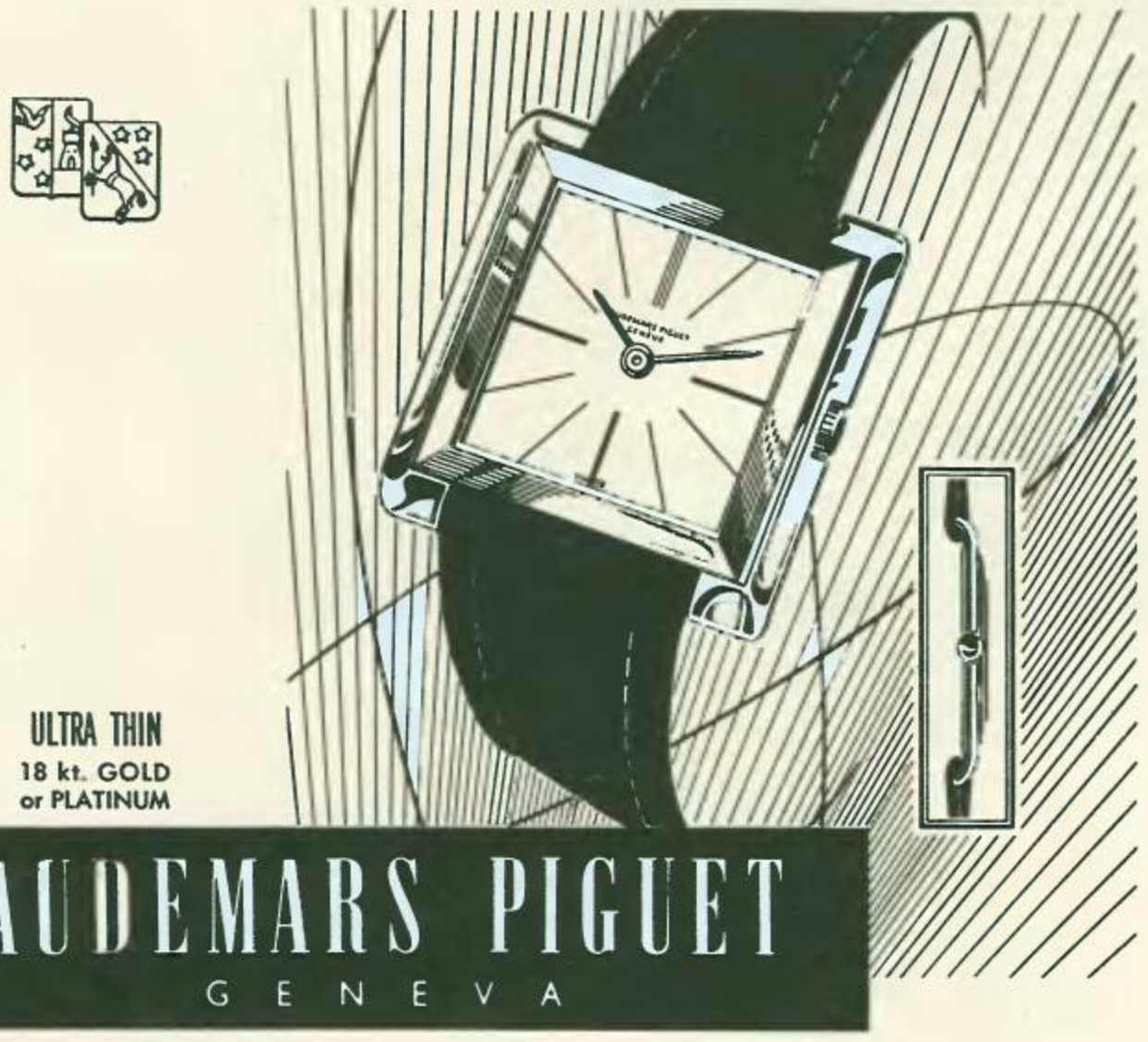

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tive problems alone are enough to make a man drop dead. I lost my health at it. My doctor told me I would not live through another spring if I tried to stick it out for my second term. The problems of highways, bridges, traffic, and housing alone would stagger a man. Departments had to be built up. In Hospitals, we had fifty-two beds for one nurse to take care of, with that nurse working twelve hours a day and not being paid enough. I wanted to set up a municipal outpatient department, to avoid this business of putting people who didn't have to stay overnight into city beds when we didn't have the space. I was sick myself at the time this thought came to me. I wanted a health center where sick people could bring their medical records, have the benefit of a large staff and facilities, without fee, and then be returned to their own doctors. I was told this was an encroachment of rights. I tell you, there were times when, as Mayor, I truly wanted to jump. You would look out over the city from some place high above it, and you would say to yourself, 'Good Jesus, it's too much for me!' There was the public-relations job, too, along with the job of running the city—two separate things. Let's move back to the other side of the room."

I went over and settled myself on the couch again. O'Dwyer, after putting a record called "Show Biz" on the phonograph, took his place in the chair beside me. "Great stuff, that record," he said. "Lots of lovely, dirty, naughty New York in that record. I love it when Franklin Bauer sings, 'I'm living up in the clouds, chasing a rainbow of a girl.' Lots of Fanny Brice and Helen Morgan and Eddie Cantor in it. Everything happens to the Mayor. Ed Flynn once wanted a fellow named Hymie to be made a magistrate. Hymie Something-or-Other. So one night I am on the dais at the Concourse Plaza Hotel, up in the Bronx, near the Yankee Stadium, when Hymie turns up. It was some sort of banquet. Hymie has been dipping into the grape, and he starts over to me across the floor. 'Are you going to make me a magistrate?' says Hymie, standing before and below me. 'Right now,' I said. 'Right now, Hymie. But you got to do something for me first.' 'And that?' asks Hymie. 'Stand up straight,' I said. So Hymie tried to, but fell on the floor instead. One of the troubles of being Mayor, you couldn't go anywhere. Or I should say you had to go where you were expected to go. I like it here in Mexico because I can go anywhere I want to. Now, you take

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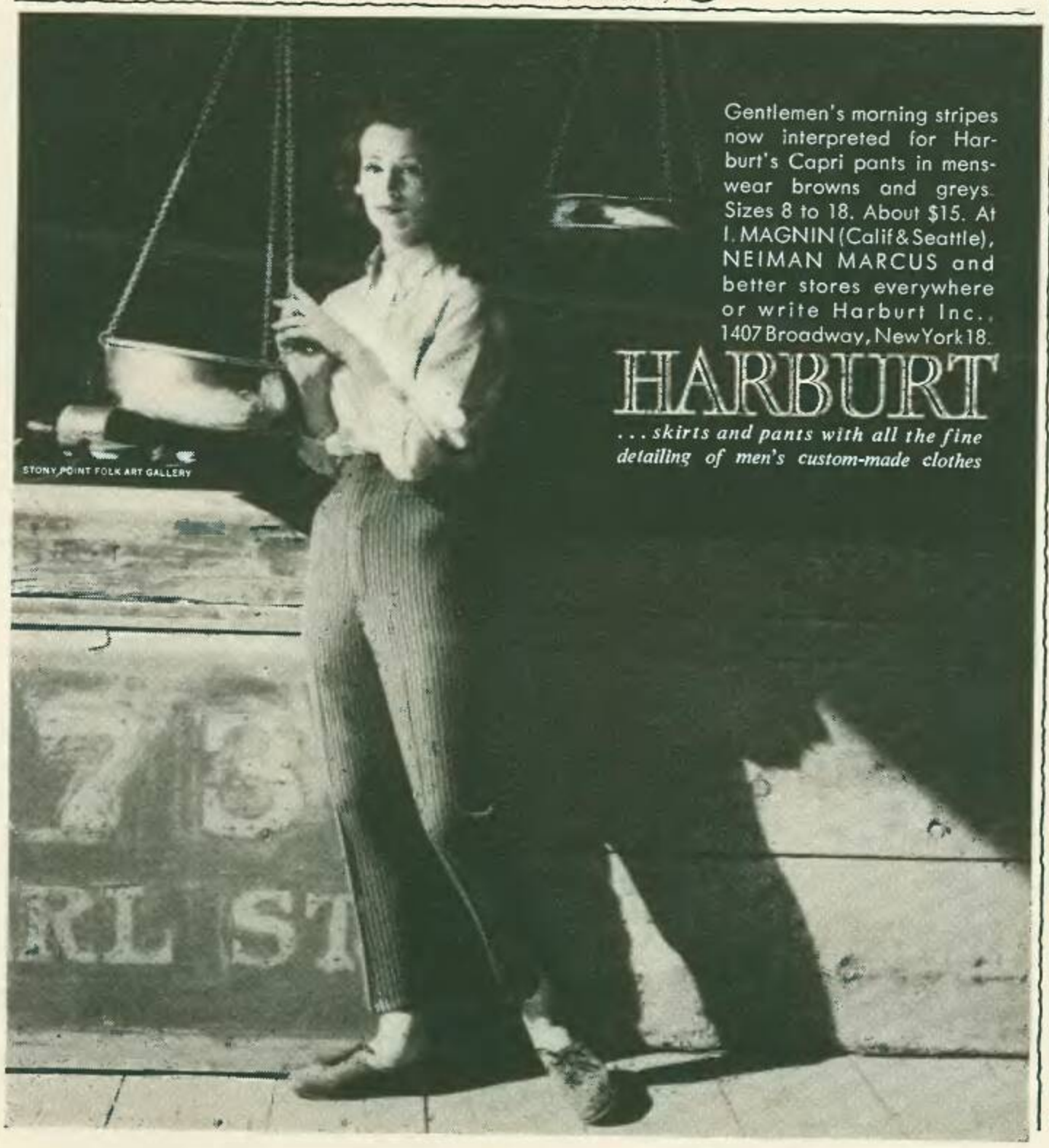

all the nice and lovely people who wanted to do something sweet for the city. There was a gentle lady who was in charge of the Outdoor Cleanliness Association—Mrs. Throckmorton Updike, or something. Somehow or other, she got through to see me. Miss Holley, my secretary, would fix up the appointments, and she let this woman in. Miss Holley, by the way, would always say, as she led a delegation in through the door of my office, 'Now we're ready for the pho-toe.' "

O'Dwyer shifted in his chair. "Well, Mrs. Throckmorton Updike came in and she was as nice as could be," he went on. "She was in charge of flower beds on Park Avenue, as far north as Fifty-seventh Street. She wanted to plant forsythia inside the Park Avenue railings. 'Well,' I said to her, 'why *don't* you plant forsythia inside those railings?' 'Well,' she said, 'for one thing, it is Parks Department property, and, for another thing, it will cost ten thousand dollars. I had the notion,' she said, 'that you would know of some worthy organization that would come to our help in such an aesthetic undertaking.' I said to the lady, 'I think I know an organization that is hungry to enjoy respectability of this nature—Tammany Hall—and I feel sure that if you approach them with your lovely spirit, they will float your aesthetic undertaking for you. Mr. Sampson is the head of the organization at the moment, and he is a noble man with a pretty woman.' The lady departs. All hell breaks loose. New York, New York! First thing I know, some fellow in the Parks Department calls up to say that forsythia blooms only one month in the year. Sampson, at Tammany Hall, phones to say that he has received a request that if any forsythia is to be planted, it must be planted in a Democratic neighborhood. Another fellow from the Parks Department volunteers, 'There's wi-brations from the railroad under Park Avenue.' Then it turns out that Brooklyn is the Borough of Forsythia. The Delancey Street Chamber of Commerce takes umbrage—'Why Park Avenue for forsythia?' they ask. Somebody else says there's too much dust on Park Avenue. Mostly, Brooklyn made the fuss, claiming forsythia was a Brooklyn bloom. The lady came back to my office later, after all her trouble, and remarked, 'How lovely of Tammany!' "

O'Dwyer clasped and unclasped his hands, and I noticed that he was wearing rectangular silver cuff links with a simple "O'D" inscribed on them. "Oh,

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my God, the characters!" he said. "There was a man who was professor of Romance languages at one of the local colleges. Somehow or other, he got into Housing. Personally, after I met him, I thought he sniffled too much ever to have talked French, but somebody wanted to dress him up as George Washington and send him around the world. It was promotion for the City of New York. Americanism. In Tokyo, he sat on a nail and wrecked his pants. The man was back in a week. It was a fiasco. Listen to Franklin Bauer!"

We listened to Bauer intone, "Nothing but the stars and Mars and Venus coming between us. I'm living up in the clouds, chasing a rainbow of a girl." O'Dwyer shook his head in admiration and said, "He *sings* it! One of those songs we heard last night at the restaurant, it has a line that goes, 'You have the poison that fascinates.' Mexican songs are beautiful; they are all beautiful." I nodded. "Oh, that great big New York up there!" said O'Dwyer. "The delegations that would come through the office! They march right into City Hall and into the Mayor's office, and they really talk harsh and nasty to you when they first enter. If they get belligerent, and they often do, you call in the newspaper boys from Room 9. But if they are just reasonably aggressive, you wait quietly for an opening, and when some spokesman or other pauses for breath, as pause he must, you say, 'Don't you think we should do something about the children?' That usually stops them. And, actually, the children are on your mind a good deal of the time. What do you do when people come in—groups of citizens—and complain that you are turning an ice-skating rink in Flushing into a temporary headquarters for the United Nations? 'Where will the children skate?' they ask. There is a true conflict of interests, and you have to weigh and weigh. And then there are the tugboat strikes. They usually take place in February. Good and cold, and need for the transport of coal. You put your Health Department to work, and you alert your Hospitals Department, and then you proceed to whack both sides. A dear friend once said to me, 'You'd be a great Mayor if only you'd have time to think.' You don't *have* time to think in that job."

Charles King, on "Show Biz," was singing, "A million lights they flicker there, A million hearts beat quicker there, No skies are gray on the Great White Way, That's the Broadway Mel-o-dee." O'Dwyer hummed a bar

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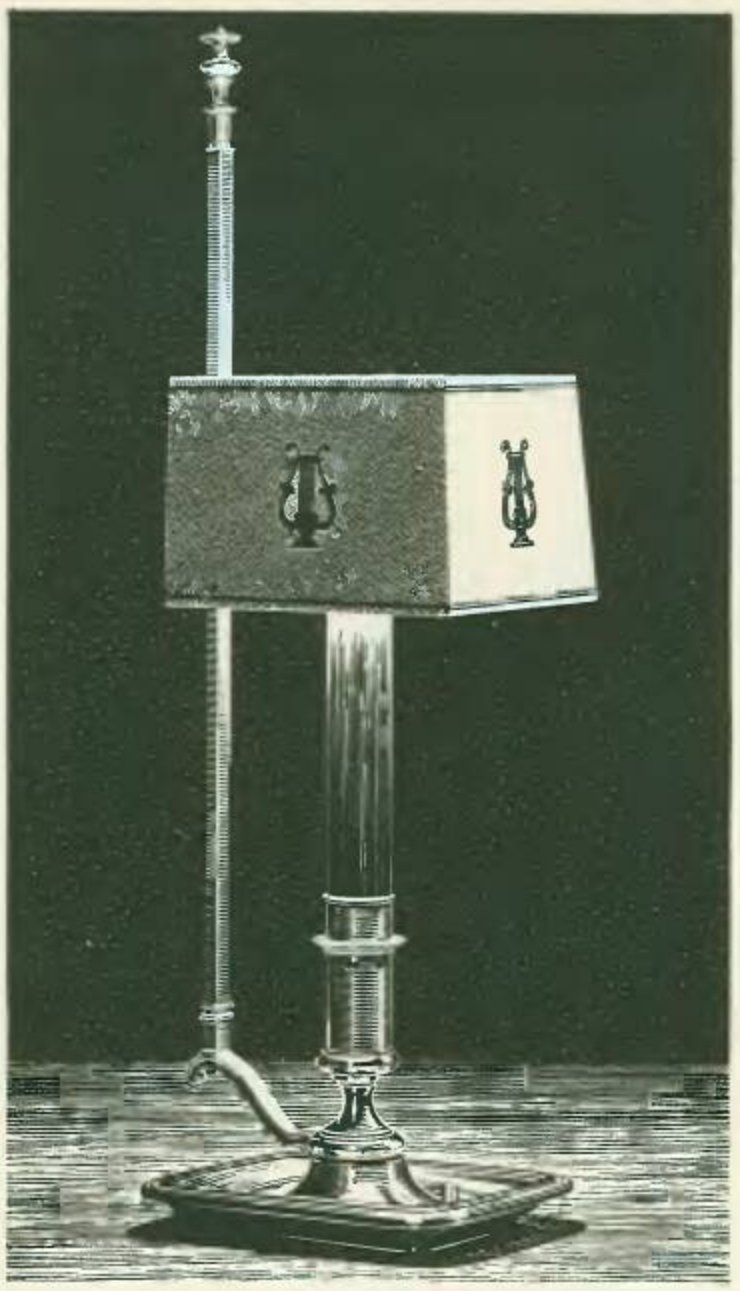

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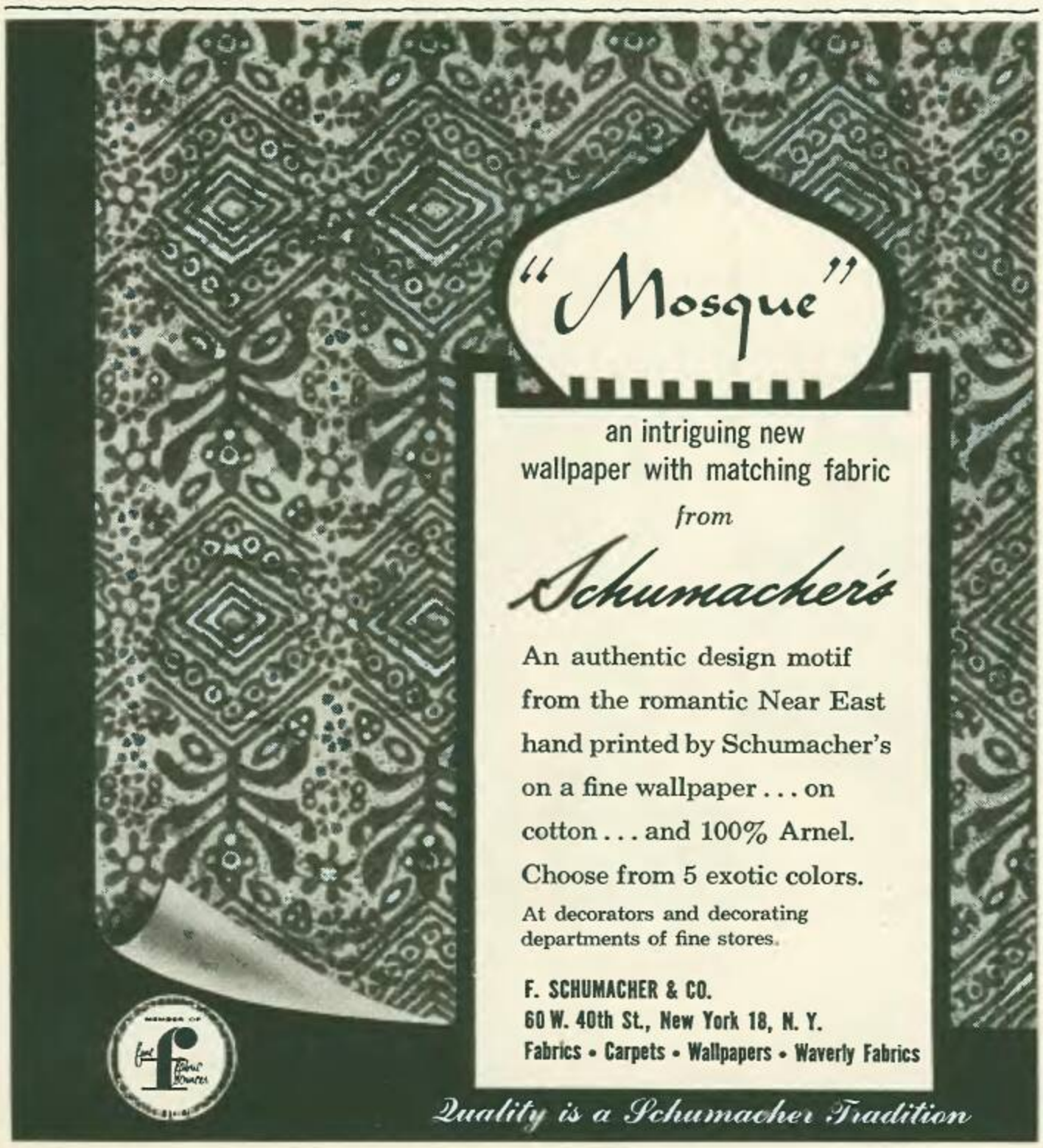

or two of the tune, and said, "If you wanted truck loadings after 6 P.M., the unions would holler. They wanted a thirty-three-and-a-third-per-cent raise. The city is more than unions, after all, and the idea was dropped, and a pity, for from six o'clock on in New York you have streets wide open to the stars. I wanted a highway from the Hudson to the East River—through the sixth or seventh floor of the Empire State Building. But the real-estate boys came down and raised hell. Whenever the real-estate tax is about to be jacked up, someone organizes the homeowners of Queens, a borough of retired Tammany politicians. My Lord, I saw a lot of people in the course of a day! At the Mansion, I usually got downstairs for conferences at ten. I was shaved every morning by John Avila, who kept a barbershop in the neighborhood. He would come every morning, and there was a great dignity in this man. At nine-fifteen, he would come through the gates of the Mansion—with his razor and his clippers in his black bag, and his slow, splendid walk—and he would mount the steps of the porch to enter, and it was always a pleasure. I would never keep John Avila waiting. It would have humiliated him. But about those conferences. Tuesdays, it was always Trygve Lie, Robert Moses, Wallace Harrison—all United Nations business. The Board of Estimate work was mostly done in executive session the day before each public session. I couldn't possibly see all the Commissioners every day—out of the question. Too big a city! I remember, after I was elected, I went down to City Hall to pay my respects to Fiorello LaGuardia, and he jumped up from his chair and he said, 'Sit down in that chair,' and I did, and he shrieked, 'Now you'll have a perpetual headache!' Oh, those Waldorf dinners! I'd eat at home, and have the cops phone me from the Waldorf at the end of the second course, and then I'd zip down. Why, once I even had to ride on a tallyho, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of something or other, and they brought this tallyho right into the driveway of the Mansion. They had brewery horses, and Sergeant Burke driving them. I had to climb aboard the damn thing, and the horses started to get out of hand as we were heading west on Eighty-sixth Street. Now, this fellow Whalen—the Honorable Grover Whalen—was riding behind, in a car, waving and smiling and bowing, and the horses pulling the tallyho were about to break loose and kill the Mayor. Whalen brought Winston

Homer Bigart owes his success, at least in part, to the fact that he can't draw. When the faculty at the Carnegie Institute of Technology discovered this, they gently nudged him out of his ambition to be an architect. That nudge started him on his way to becoming a reporter.

Today he is acknowledged one of the great reporters. When he won a Pulitzer Prize in 1946 for his reporting of the war in the Pacific, *Time* called him "one of the war's best reporters." His reporting from Korea won him, in 1951, a rare second Pulitzer, and an Overseas Press Club award.

Homer Bigart's career reflects the bellicosity of our times. He started life peacefully enough in Hawley, Pa. After Carnegie Tech turned him away, he went quietly to New York University, studied journalism, worked as a copy boy for the New York Herald Tribune. His career as a reporter started with four years of covering church news. But his reputation, to quote a colleague, was made "at the cannon's mouth."

Since 1942, when he went to London to cover the air war over Germany, he has covered more wars than Richard Harding Davis had uniforms for. He covered the Sicilian invasion, the Italian campaign, Anzio, the landings in Southern France. He covered the fight for the Philippines and for Okinawa. He went from Japan back to Europe in 1945, covered the fighting in Palestine in 1946-47, was kicked out of Hungary in 1948.

That year he scored a beat that won him the first George Polk memorial award given by the Overseas Press Club. He traveled 11 days by mule and foot to get an exclusive interview with Markos, the Greek guerrilla leader, in his secret hideout deep in the mountains.

Homer Bigart, the *Saturday Evening Post* said, has a "great zeal for good reporting." For the last several years he has been applying that zeal to reporting for The New York Times. Some of the most colorful, most informing stories from the Middle East during the past year have carried his by-line.

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Churchill through the city once and ordered the procession to proceed at six miles an hour. It would have made Churchill a perfect target for a pot shot. I cancelled *that* order. But those tally-ho horses—Burke got them under control at last. He was an old sparrow cop, once rode a horse himself."

We sat in silence for a moment, and then O'Dwyer shook his head incredulously and said, "The funny thing about all these things—they happened. My Lord, the opening of Idlewild Airport in July of 1948! President Truman was coming, and we were sent all sorts of instructions from Washington. We were told that when the President arrived at the airport and put his left foot on the runway, a twenty-one-gun salute was to be fired. We had Lieutenant O'Hara posted at the airport with binoculars to give the signal the instant that left foot touched the runway. Then, all of a sudden, a whole lot of other directives turn up. These came from Mr. Cullman, of the Port of New York Authority. He said that Governor Dewey and his party would be escorted to the Admirals Club at LaGuardia Field, arriving there at twelve-eleven. Governor Driscoll, of New Jersey, would be in the party. All hands would then proceed to Idlewild by plane. There is a lunch, too, that is off again, on again. Everybody gets into the act. One directive reads, 'Commissioner Pope shall return home in the company of his wife.' For the Governors, there are to be eighteen-gun salutes. There are to be nineteen-gun salutes for various Secretaries—Cabinet officers. I said to Whalen, who was buzzing around, 'Say, there's going to be a lot of shooting going on around here. Who's got the gun?' Cullman had arranged for some sort of gun to be brought over from Governors Island. Well, in the end the ceremony came off. They always did, and the city kept on going. Funny thing is, these things happened. I can laugh now. Know what I want to do tomorrow? I want to take you down to Cuernavaca, where the air is forever like spring, and visit my old friend Henry Fink, who was once a hoofer and then owned the Big Ritz Bar, on Nevins Street, in Brooklyn. He wrote, 'You Made Me What I Am Today, I Hope You're Satisfied.' Now he's running a place called the Hotel Shangri-La, in Cuernavaca. How would you like to go down there tomorrow evening?"

I said I would like to very much.

"Well, then, I think it's time for my afternoon nap," O'Dwyer announced. He stood up, looked around the room,

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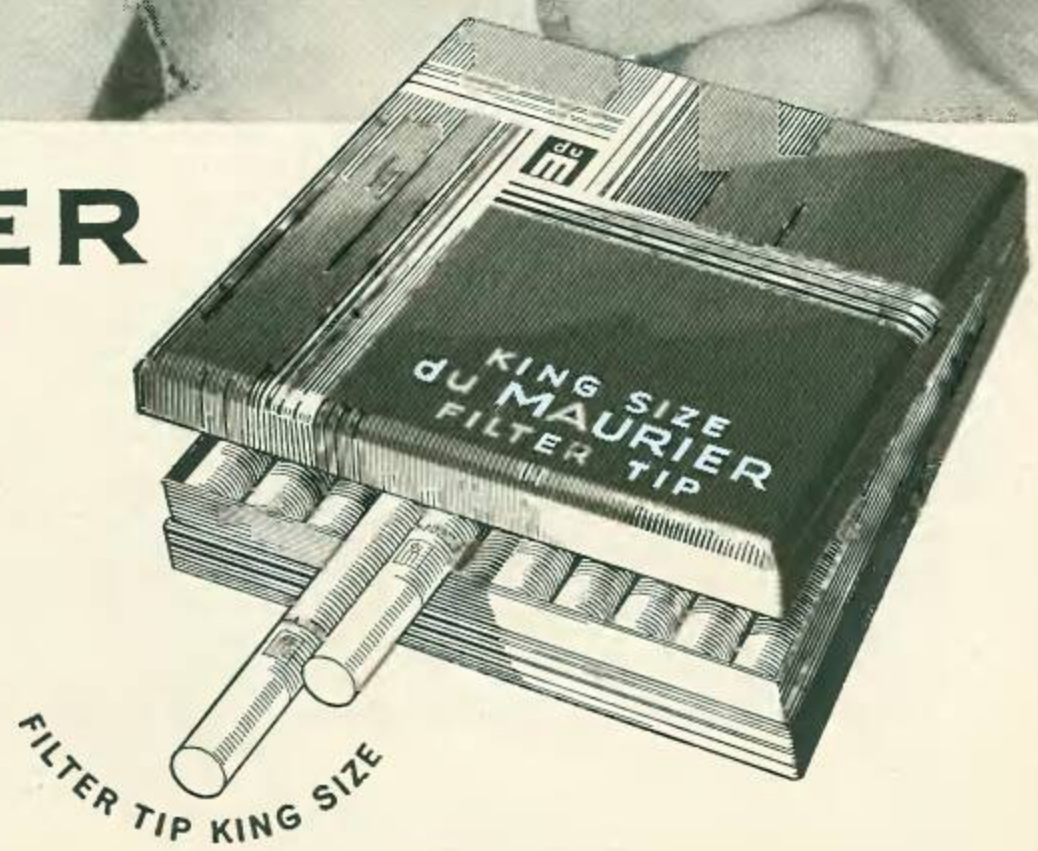

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and said, "You know, I've had some fine times in this place. I gave a big party here a few years ago for Harry Hershfield, who came down all the way by train and went back all the way by train. One of the guests was a Mexican general, who drank a great deal and kissed everybody's hand, until I walked over and kissed his. That stopped *that*."

I MET O'Dwyer the following evening in front of his hotel. He was waiting in the Lincoln, with José again at the wheel. The city had begun to take on some of the chill that comes over it in the evenings, after days that are agreeably warm most of the year. O'Dwyer was in good spirits. "It's always a pleasure to get out of town in the early evening's light, and take an hour's drive to Cuernavaca, where the air is perpetually like wine," he said. "We will climb to darn near ten thousand feet, and then we will drop to about forty-five hundred by the time we reach Cuernavaca."

We were whizzing along the Avenida de los Insurgentes, heading south past the University City, an almost breathtaking group of modern buildings. "The problem there is getting sufficient faculty to handle the enormous number of students," O'Dwyer said. "Just look at that stadium! It has a parking lot for fifteen thousand cars. Now we're passing the Pedregal. That means 'stony ground.' See the black lava? It came from that extinct volcano way over there." He pointed to our right. "The Ajusco. The lava came down into this valley more than two thousand years ago. Now the Pedregal has become a fashionable spot to live in, and you'll find many modern houses set right in the middle of the lava fields. I lived out here myself once."

We stopped to pay a forty-cent toll at the beginning of a four-lane super-highway, and then we began a long climb through desolate, rocky, almost frightening terrain. "Your ears popping yet?" asked O'Dwyer. I nodded. "Thought so," he said.

Suddenly, on our left, Popocatepetl came into view—a lovely snow-capped volcanic peak, reflecting the last rays of the setting sun—and then we saw its twin peak, Iztaccihuatl.

" 'Iztaccihuatl' means 'sleeping lady,' " said O'Dwyer. "Cortes and his army had to make their way between these two mountains to reach Mexico City, in 1519. I urge you to read Bernal Diaz del Castillo's 'The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico.' Real source material. It tells of Cortes's troubles on

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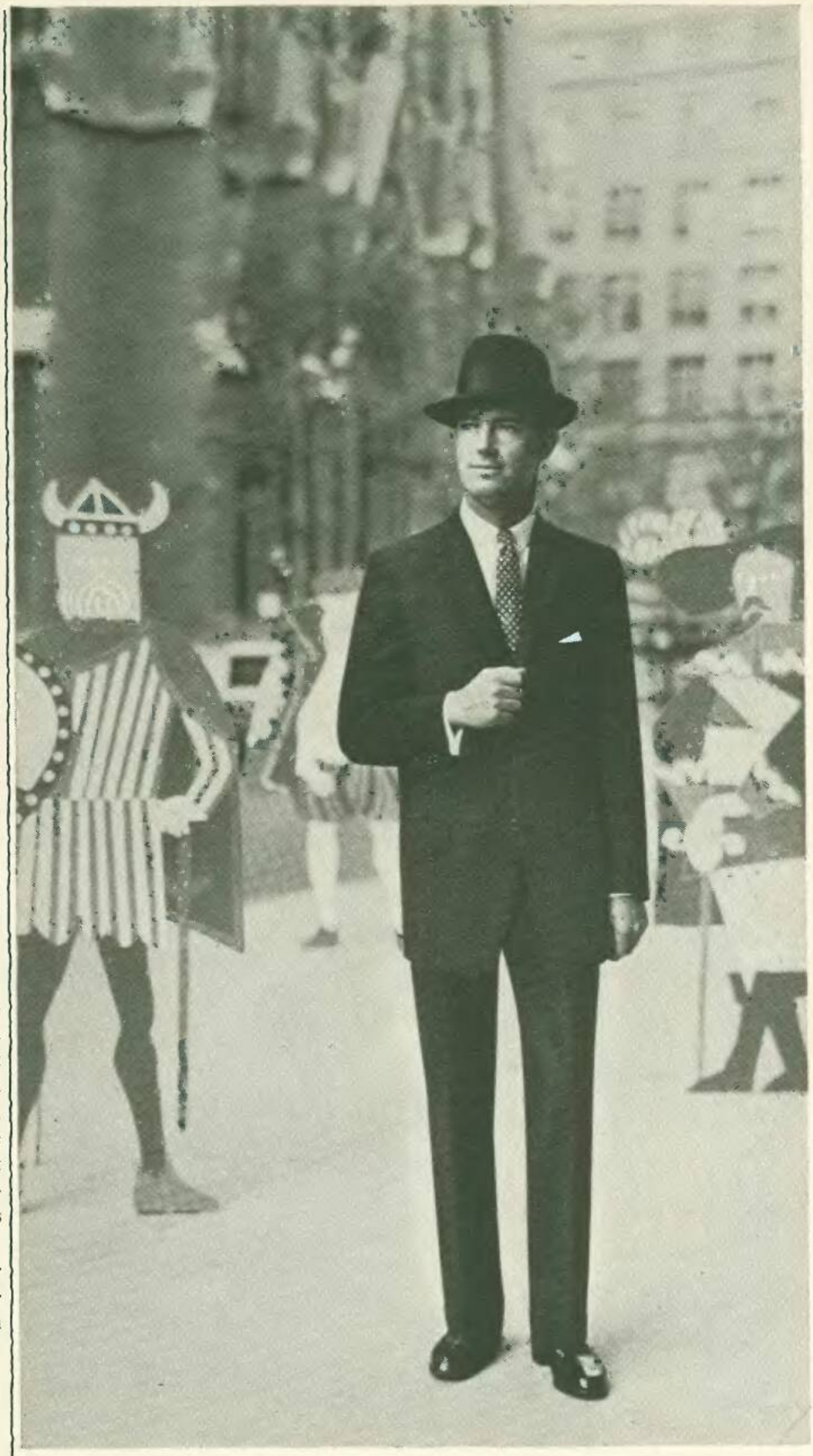
trying to enter Cuernavaca, which was then known as Coadlabaca—of how the natives shot lances, arrows, and stones at his men, and of how his party had to cross a deep ravine by dropping from overhanging trees."

We were still climbing, and it was becoming quite cold. "We're getting near the old Cortes Road," said O'Dwyer. "It's an *old* road, cobblestoned, that parallels the one we're on." Before long, we entered a pine forest, and then started downhill. "Dwight Morrow, when he was Ambassador here, used to stay in Cuernavaca three or four days each week," O'Dwyer said. "Old Josephus Daniels was a great Ambassador, too. He would go down to a *festivo* in some Mexican village, and dance and dance. Someone would look around, and there he'd be—the American Ambassador, having the time of his life."

ENTERING Cuernavaca, we drove through narrow, winding streets, past stores with signs in their windows reading, "Frigidaire," "Bendix," and "Westinghouse." One store, less ambitious, offered a soft drink called Squirt. It was hot in Cuernavaca, but not unpleasant. After skirting a public square planted with palms and bougainvillaea and banana trees, where a band was playing in an old-fashioned bandstand, we continued along another street, passing a movie house that was showing a Lana Turner film, and then went down a slight incline to a cluster of low-roofed structures fanning out from a central swimming pool. The largest of the buildings—a pavilion with a dance floor, tables around the front, and a bar and a big jukebox in the rear—might have been imported intact from Coney Island. "This is Shangri-La," said O'Dwyer. "And there is Henry Fink."

Fink was standing outside the pavilion, and he did a brief soft-shoe shuffle by way of greeting. He is a trim



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man in his late sixties, with a lean, handsome face and intelligent, observant eyes. He genially embraced O'Dwyer, then shook my hand and said, "Welcome to Shangri-La."

"Henry," said O'Dwyer, "the first time I met you—I don't know how many years ago—you were standing on a street corner in Brooklyn with a dentist I think of as Jellyfand. Jellyfand did not enjoy pulling teeth. God rest him, he would rather make book."

Fink laughed. "Let's go sit by the pool and have something refreshing," he said, showing us to a small outdoor table. "Gabriel!" A waiter appeared, and took our orders.

I asked Fink what the lesser buildings were for.

"They're for our overnight guests," he said.

"My God, it's good to get down here!" said O'Dwyer.

"Bill," said Fink, "I've known you a long time, since way back when you were on the police force, and I remember one St. Patrick's Day after you had become a magistrate but you weren't sitting in the big reviewing stand yet, and you reviewed the parade standing up in the back of a funeral flower car at a Hundred and Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue."

"I remember you a long time before that," said O'Dwyer. "Funny, the things a man remembers. I remember one Saturday evening when I was on the force. I was married to Kitty and I had four hundred and seventy books and I was studying law at Fordham at night. I went over to a tailor shop run by a couple of fellows I call Nat and Herb, in Bay Ridge, and asked them to press my jacket. You weren't along that evening, Henry—or I don't think you were—but I just happen to remember it."

"I wasn't along, but there was a fellow called Pete mixed up in it," said Fink.

"You're right," said O'Dwyer. "Reilly, it was—Pete Reilly. *He* was with me. Pete owned a prizefighter—a man who called himself Jacques DeLe-Hand. I always figured his real name was Jack Delahanty. In any event, Pete bought him, and everything went along fine, from bout to bout, until DeLe-Hand got into contention with a man called McTigue. That finished DeLe-Hand. But the night Nat and Herb were pressing my jacket, what I really wanted was to get home to Kitty, and some coffee. Henry, she's been dead eleven years now. Nat and Herb once tried to run rum, but one of them—

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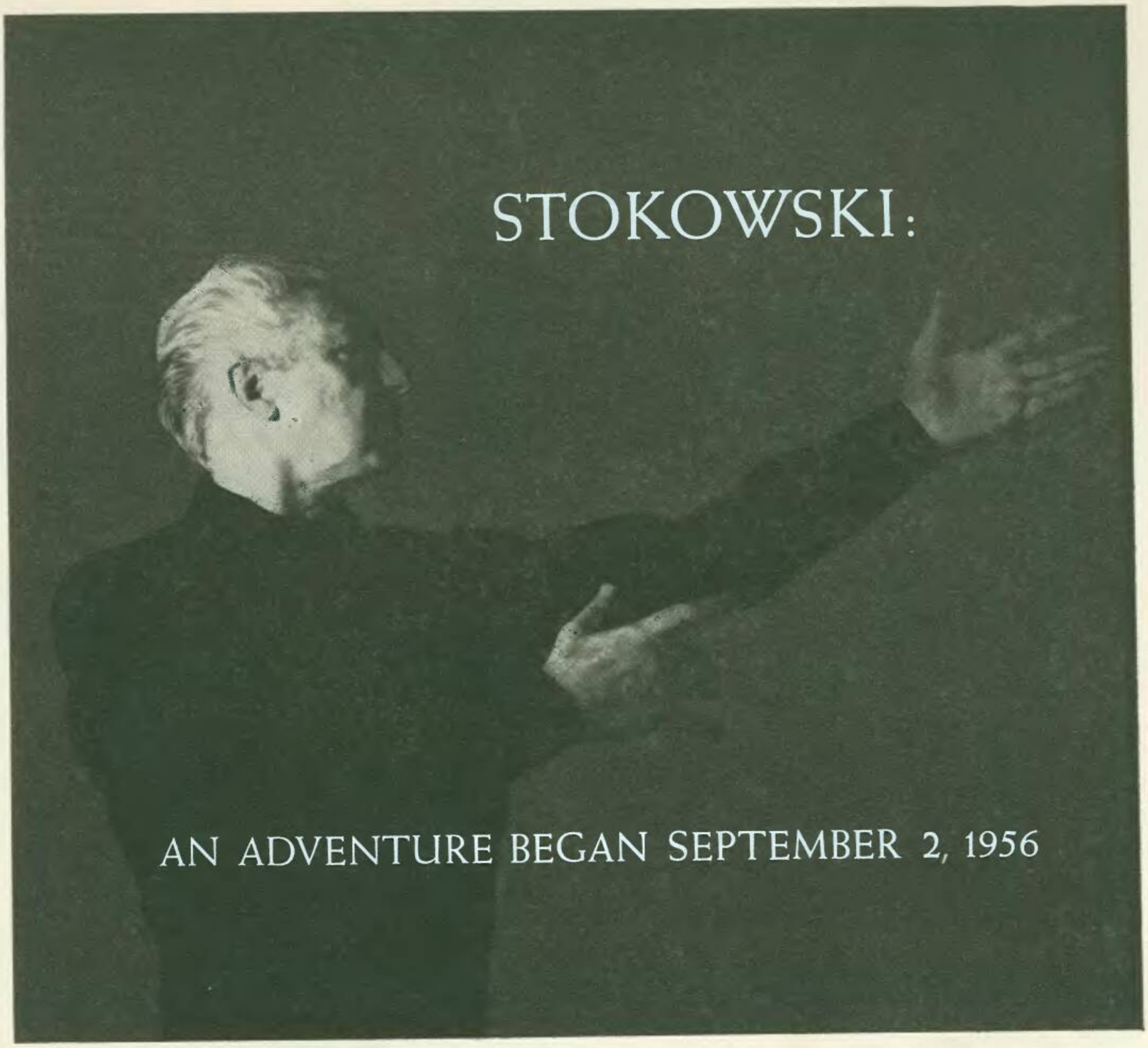

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Nat, I think it was—got overanxious on the dock where he was unloading the stuff, and fell in the drink. Well, this night, Nat was in the rear, where I thought he was pressing my jacket, and Herb—he was out front with me—kept saying to me 'How come you study so much? What do they teach you? What ambition you got!' and I kept wondering why it was taking Nat so damn long to press a jacket. And then Reilly looked out back and saw that the place was on fire, and I realized this was a little matter of insurance."

Some palm trees bordering the swimming pool at Shangri-La bent with a gentle breeze. The waiter set three beers on the table.

"The past," said O'Dwyer. "My God, the past takes me all the way back to when I was a boy in Ireland. My mother was a teacher and my father was a teacher. My father took me through quadratic equations, logarithms, trigonometry. He taught me what was called natural philosophy—physics, we call it now. He was delightful. Inclined planes, gravity, and all that, and he made it interesting. I loved Addison and Steele, and I'll tell you something else—I loved the world of trees and bogs and starry nights. I read Locke and Bellamy, and I went to Salamanca—my mother wanted me to be a priest—and I read about Drake and Magellan and Cortes and Columbus, and the racketeers called pirates. And I read about Marco Polo and Tamburlaine—buying protection all along the way. I remember I was sitting one night with my father. We had our guns, and we were waiting for the lapwing to come at dusk. They flap in, and you shoot. And my father said, 'What would you like to be when you grow up?' And I said, 'A schoolteacher.' 'But you're going to have to make up your mind,' said my father, keeping an eye out for the lapwing. 'Nothing we can do for you here can compare with the United States of America,' he said. 'In the U.S.A., you'll either be a bum or a man. Stay here, if you're crazy,' he said. 'All the girls will stay here, the boys will go to the U.S.A.' I should like a song."

"'Danny Boy'?" Fink suggested. O'Dwyer and Fink sang "Danny Boy."

"I think we should move inside," said Fink when they had finished singing. "I have some special chicken soup for this occasion." We went into the pavilion and sat at a table. The chicken soup was delicious, and it was followed by some equally delicious fried chicken. Fink walked across the room and turned on a record-player—"Show

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Biz" again, with Bauer singing, "I'm living up in the clouds, chasing a rainbow of a girl, Far from the maddening crowds . . ."

"How do you like it, Bill?" Fink asked as he rejoined us.

"I play it all the time—and love it," said O'Dwyer. "That 'maddening crowds,' or, if you will, 'madding crowds,' reminds me of when I was a hod carrier, helping to build the Hotel McAlpin. Well, when we took time off for lunch I would read Westerns by Charles Alden Seltzer to the other hod carriers. Little did the boys realize that I was practicing my pronunciation. I'd been saying 'Injun' when I meant 'Indian.' You know, that hod-carrier thing cut deep years later—"

A drunken American lurched over and sat down at our table. "You're a great man, Ambassador," he said.

"Thank you," said O'Dwyer, without looking at him, and went on "—years later, when I was Ambassador down here, and some guy from up North who was running a restaurant in Mexico City came to an Embassy party and said to me, 'We didn't use to have hod carriers sent down here as emissaries.' I just turned and walked away."

"You are a great man," said the drunk. "Everybody in Mexico loves you."

"We've heard enough of that," said O'Dwyer.

"Michael Finn is coming, Michael Finn is coming," Fink said, looking questioningly at O'Dwyer.

"Anything to happen to you in Mexico, the populace would be grief-stricken," said the drunk.

"Michael Finn is coming, Michael Finn is coming," said Fink. He looked again at O'Dwyer, who slowly but firmly shook his head. So Fink helped the man to his feet and led him from the pavilion.

"Henry is so kind—he is so very kind," said O'Dwyer.

Fink returned in a moment, and said "One more song?" and the two old cronies made it "Will You Love Me in December As You Do in May?"

"We've seen the best of New York," said Fink.

"The best is gone," said O'Dwyer.

THE next day, I again had lunch with O'Dwyer in his penthouse atop the Prince. Since by now I knew my way, I just walked in, and found him seated in one of the chairs beside the sofa, reading the paperback copy of Shakespeare. He was wearing a gray

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" 'Macbeth'!" he said. "What a story!"

Pishta, his chef's cap at a sharp angle, came tearing out of the kitchen and raced through the door leading to the roof garden, where we could hear him screeching in what I took to be Hungarian. "Pishta's wild today," said O'Dwyer. "Something to do with a stolen empty Coca-Cola bottle. He was knocking himself out in the kitchen making something special, and while he was at it, I gather, a small errand boy he knows sneaked in and swiped the bottle. Pishta always prides himself on returning cases of empty Coca-Cola bottles with every bottle in its place. He is jarred. He is upset. Things like this distract Pishta from his cooking."

Pishta came back in from the roof garden. His mustache was quivering. He threw up his hands in a gesture of utter helplessness, and sidled into the kitchen.

"Shaddup, bay-bee," O'Dwyer whispered to me, then said, "What do you think of Henry Fink?"

I said I thought Henry Fink was an impressive man.

"Henry is a true friend," said O'Dwyer. "There were times when I was Mayor when I wanted to jump, and I was a sick man, and I had lost my army. Henry proved himself a true friend. You know, the city's too big. It's too big for one government. I have always found that you can do more by talking directly to people than any other way. All those reports! You can't rely on them. You have to get your information in person. You can take that Andrew Green—the fellow who was responsible for unifying the five boroughs, back in 1898—and you can build him a statue, and then, as far as I'm concerned, you can cut off his head and you can cut off his tail and blow the rest of him up."

Pishta tore out of the kitchen again, and onto the roof. More Hungarian invective—or what I took to be Hungarian invective.

"He'll get that missing Coca-Cola bottle back if he has to go to hell for it," O'Dwyer said, and then he cried out, "Hey, Pishta! How about lunch?"

Pishta reappeared, and grudgingly went back into the kitchen.

"Oftentimes, a disturbance like this makes him rise to new heights in the culinary art," said O'Dwyer.

A few minutes later, Pishta stuck his head out of the kitchen door and told us that lunch was ready, and we moved

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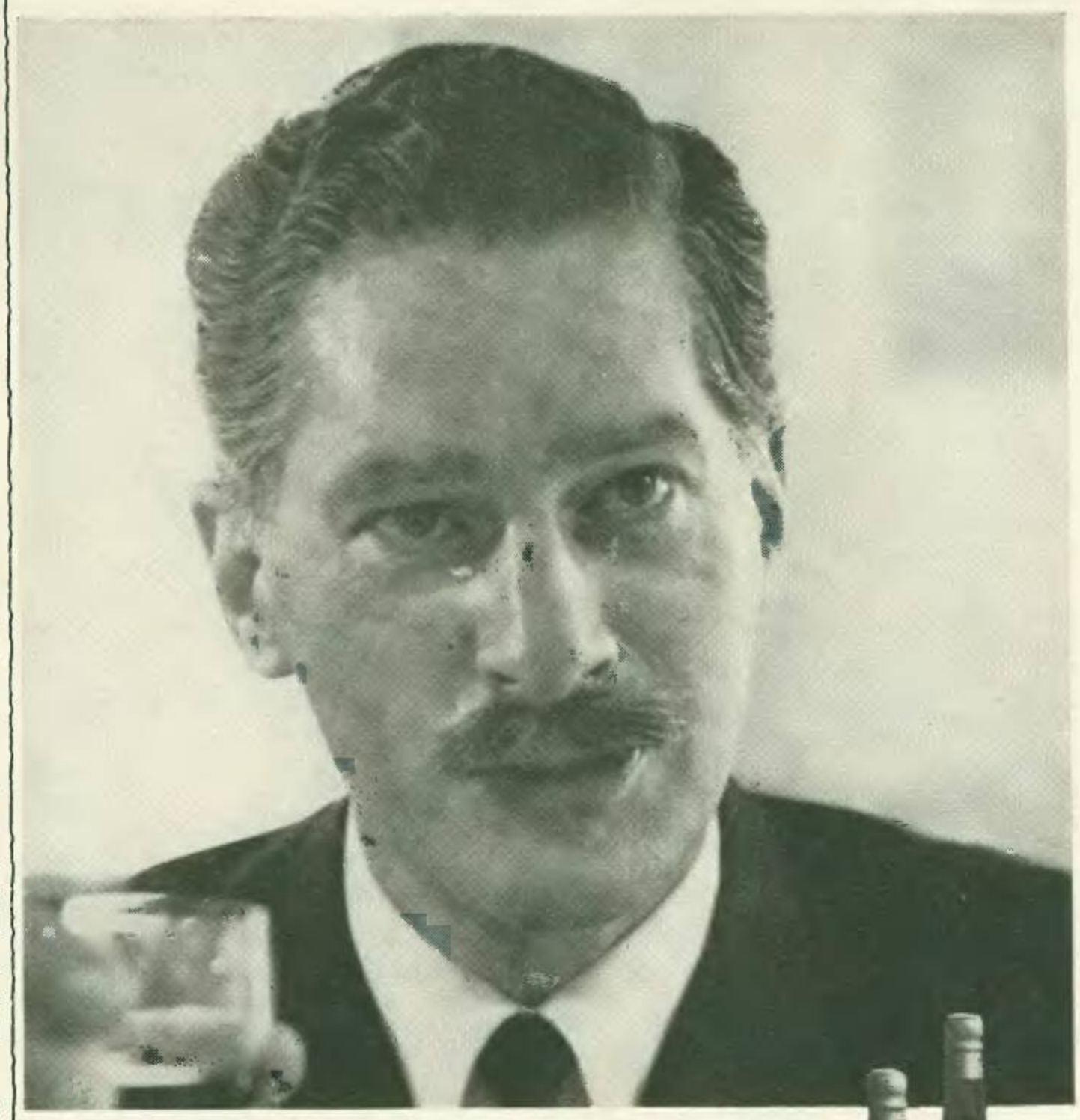

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over to the dining table. O'Dwyer was right—the missing Coca-Cola bottle had not diminished Pishta's skill. The meal began with shrimp-and-avocado salad—luscious avocados and small shrimp, mixed with mayonnaise—and proceeded to the finest roast lamb I have ever tasted, served with string beans and carrots, and washed down with a superior red wine.

"Bring me a whole platter of carrots," O'Dwyer said to Pishta, and Pishta brought him a whole platter of carrots. O'Dwyer polished off the platter. "I love carrots," he said. "I'm against a centralized city. I have always felt that the city's police should be under the jurisdiction of Albany. By that I mean I'd have the State Police run right down into New York City, taking care of every town and hamlet in between, too. I think it's the only way you'll ever lick crime. After all, Murder, Inc., wasn't just a Brooklyn affair. I found that out, all right, when I was D.A. in Brooklyn. Pishta! More carrots!"

More carrots were brought in, and O'Dwyer dug into them. "A Mayor of the City of New York is bound to have trouble with Albany," he said. "Especially if the Governor belongs to the opposition party. That Albany! Do you think Albany will tell City Hall the percentage of the liquor tax that comes from the city, where the people are heavy drinkers, and the percentage that comes from the upstate counties, where they drink milk? I should say not! I haven't worked it out in my mind, really, but, as I say, I think I would have a centralized police, operating out of Albany. I know it sounds strange, but I believe in it, and I might even favor running it over into Connecticut and New Jersey."

Pishta brought out some delicate pancakes filled with almond paste. "Pishta should lose a Coca-Cola bottle every day," said O'Dwyer.

Coffee was served, and O'Dwyer poured a great deal of milk in his. Then, slowly stirring it, he sat back, and said, "Happily, politics is all behind me now. I've got time to read and reflect and live a bit. I'm tired of bluenoses. I'm tired of people who think it's O.K. to place a bet at a track but are dead set against off-track betting. I'm tired of public life. I have memories, thank God, that mean more to me. I went back to Ireland once in the twenties to visit my mother and my sisters, and there was a great party, and everybody turned out. There was this old lady of eighty-five—a friend of the family—and she asked

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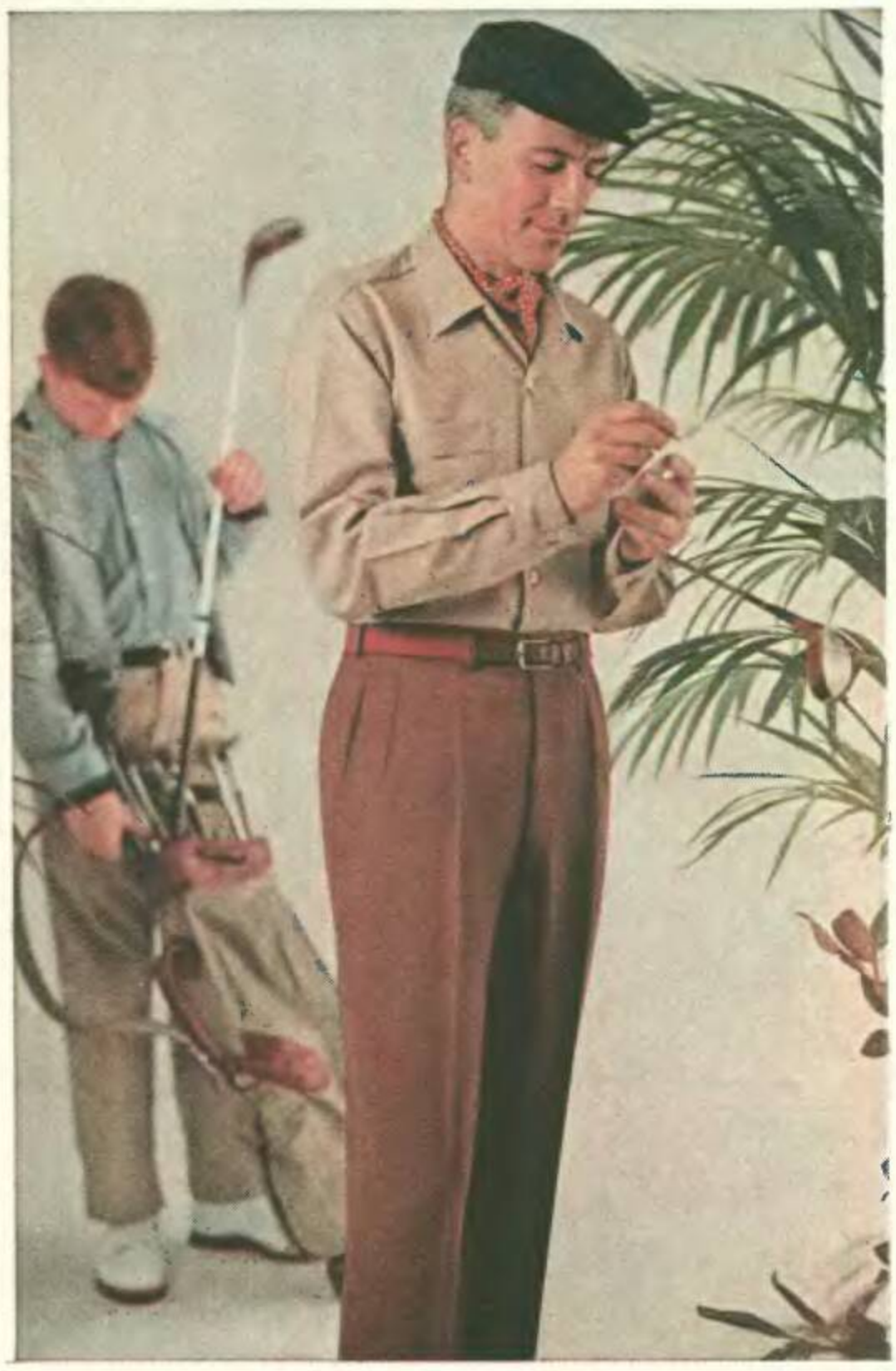

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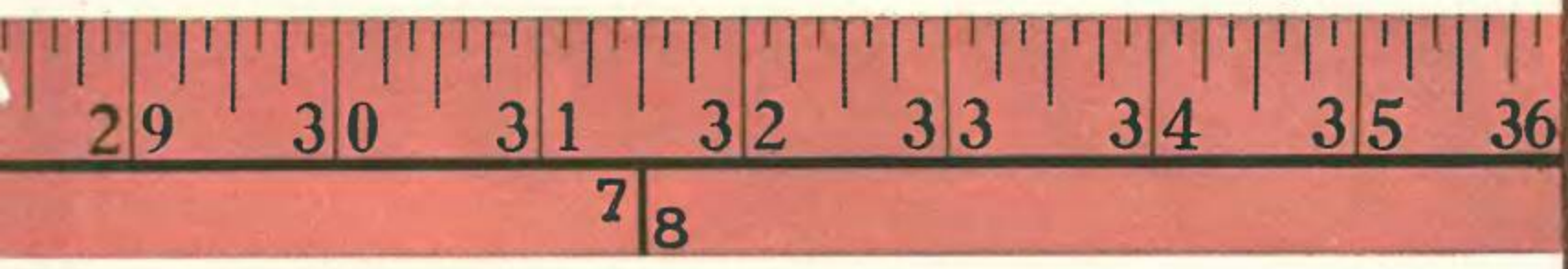

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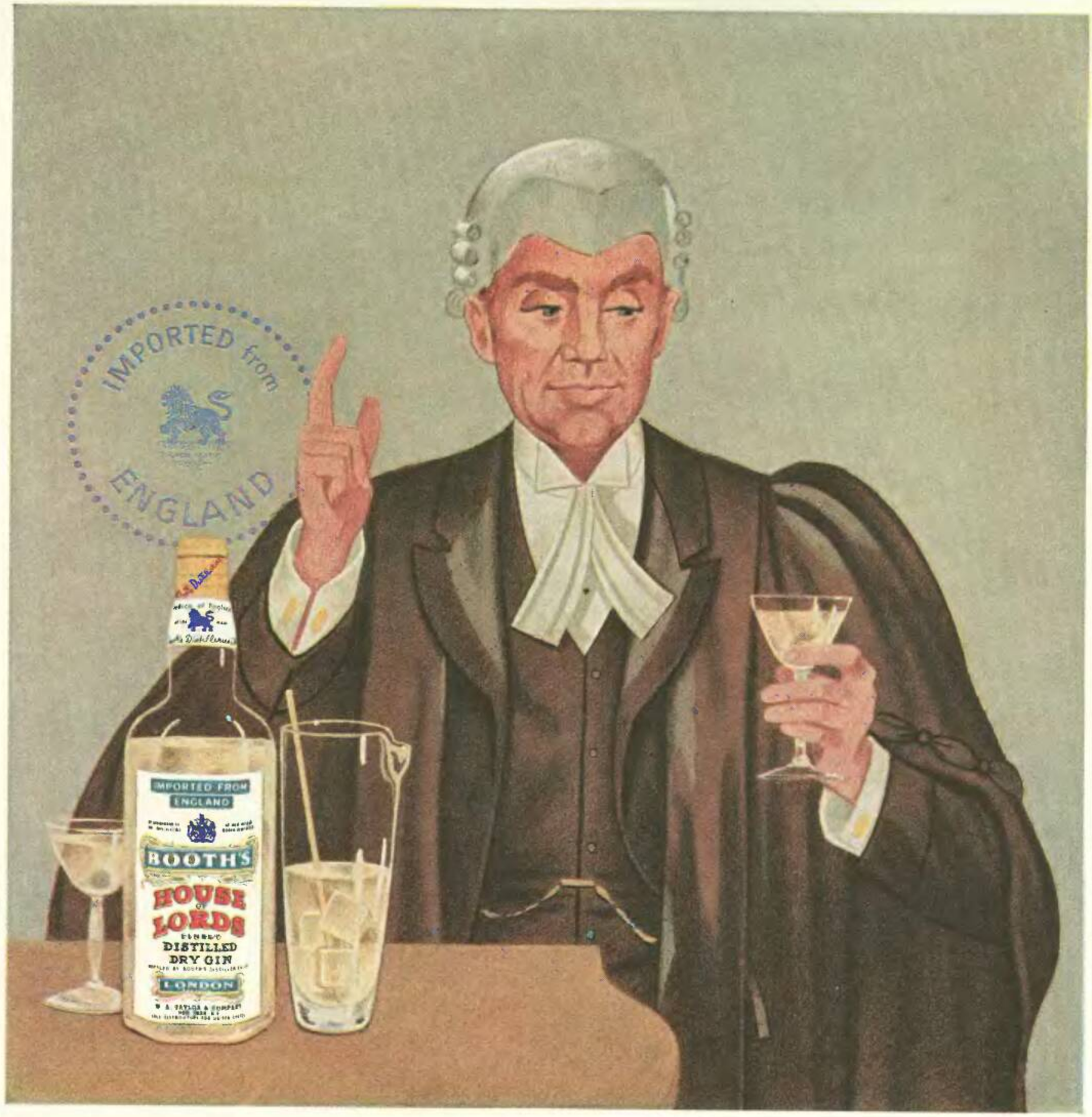

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In summing up, Sir Richard pointed out that Booth's House of Lords gin dates back to 1740—that its excellence has caused it to be sold in every market in the world—and that more Booth's House of Lords has been imported by the United States since 1951 than all other brands of London dry gin combined. The evidence is conclusive, therefore, that Booth's House of Lords is the world's finest dry gin.

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me to accompany her home at three in the morning, when the party was breaking up. Her entire family, as I recall it, was left-handed. She was blind, totally blind. The night was black—no stars, even—and the road was rocky, and she held a lantern for me. She knew the way, every step of it. The lantern blew out in the wind, and I told her that, and she said, 'Hold my hand. I will show you the way.' The house she wished to reach had been her home for eighty-five years—all her life—and she held me by the hand and led me to it. She told me to sit down in the kitchen, and she walked over to the fireplace and she struck a flint, and turf in the fireplace flared up. 'I would like to talk awhile,' she said. 'You have seen my children in the United States.' She asked me about Patrick, and about the noble one, Shamus, who had fallen into a well in Chicago, and about Kathleen and Michael, and I praised them all. Two of the others had become gamblers, but I said nothing of that. 'Oh, Bill,' she said, 'I remember when my husband—he was a great man—I remember when he said he was going to England on a Tuesday, and I wanted him to take the Friday boat, so I hid his whipcord pants and his jacket in a haystack, because he couldn't go to England without them, and on Friday he had a pain, and on Saturday he was dead, and the neighbors, who were good neighbors, built a little coffin and they buried him, and on the way home from the funeral, back to this very house, I sat on a stone. I was carrying Agnes, and I began to cry. I quickly dried my tears, and I said to my children, who were with me, "I must not cry before innocent ones, it will only make it worse," and I moved on to the house and sat on the very stool where I now sit, and I summoned my children around me, and I said, "Now I must be both father and mother to you, and I will put any of you in a coffin and bury you alongside the coffin we just lowered, and I will wear a flower in my hair, if any one among you turns out to be a blackguard." And the noble one spoke up, and he said, "Mother, you will not wear a flower in your hair, because we will not become blackguards." Ah, Bill, it is a true friend like yourself who will come back and tell me nothing but beautiful things about my own. But I have death in my bones, and I will never see you again.'

"Thank God, I've got those memories, too," said O'Dwyer. "But, you know, most of the time I can't get New

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York out of my head. All the scenes swiftly pass in my mind these days. I am sixty-seven. Pishta!"

Pishta appeared.

"Pishta," said O'Dwyer, "open that trunk in my bedroom, please. I'd like that old policeman picture." Pishta raced into the bedroom. He reappeared and placed a photograph on the dining-room table. O'Dwyer studied it. A moment later, he said, "Look at this picture of me with the nightstick when I was on the beat at Bush Terminal in 1917. Police Shield 6406. I'll never forget that number. I'm not holding the nightstick too well." Pishta was standing by. He'd evidently forgotten all about the missing Coca-Cola bottle. "I think I'd like my magistrate's robe, please," said O'Dwyer to Pishta, and a black magistrate's robe was produced. O'Dwyer stood up and put it on. "Not bad," he said. He smiled, and touched one of the sleeves. "Not bad at all. And now the police badge, Pishta, please." Pishta disappeared, reappeared, placed a glittering gold-spangled badge on the table, and left the room. In gold, embossed on blue, were the words "Police Department City of New York." The seal of the city, in gold, was in the center of the badge. The word "Chief" rested below an eagle. There were five silver stars under the word "Chief."

"I like to think of this as the Mayor's badge," said O'Dwyer softly. "It was given to me by my friends in the Police Department after I became Mayor. The badge of the Mayor of the City of New York." He picked up the badge and stared at it in silence for a long moment. He put it on the table and slipped off the robe. "Pishta!" he called. Pishta came in, and O'Dwyer handed him his robe. Then he pointed to the badge and the photograph. "Put everything back in the trunk," he said.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Having done our teething on Copenhagen and later developed a more than passing interest in advertising, we keep our nicotine-stained finger pretty firmly on the pulse of cigaret ads. For instance, we now know that to SMOKE NATURAL (a phrase which *may* re-open the grammer in advertising controversy) we have to try Philip Morris.—*Tide*.

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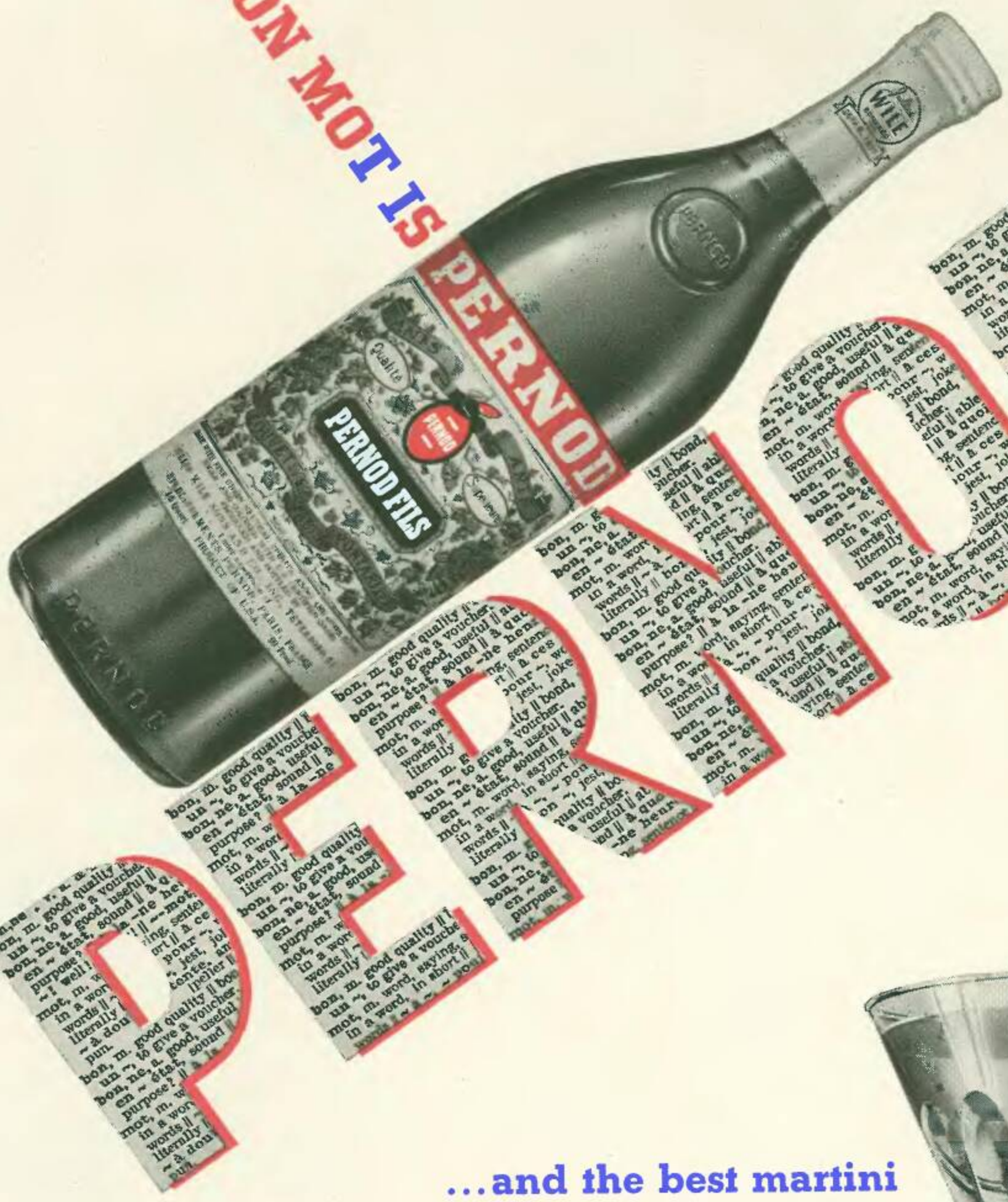

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Souped-Up Travelogue

"CHECKPOINT," a British film, occasionally gets some drama out of the Italian road race known as the Mille Miglia, and it contains some excellent color shots of the mountainous area covered by its course, but Robin Estridge, who wrote the film, and Ralph Thomas, who directed it, haven't been content to let things go at that. Instead of emphasizing the undeniable excitement that the sports cars generate, they have done their best to dissipate it with a plot that might be thought somewhat overblown in a comic strip. Consider this, if you will: A big British road-racing entrepreneur, with stables of cars and platoons of drivers, dispatches an undercover man to Florence to pinch the design of an advanced fuel-intake system. Woefully inept, the undercover man makes a horrible hash of his assignment by killing a night watchman and several policemen and then blowing up the factory where he has been doing his snooping. Now, since the entrepreneur naturally doesn't want it to become known that he is low-down enough to try to steal a rival's stuff, it becomes necessary for him to get his operative out of Italy. Accordingly, he sees to it that the murderer is substituted for one of his regular drivers in a two-man team that is about to take off in the race, whose course, for the sake of the story, leads over the border into Switzerland, where the culprit can make his getaway. Since in their helmets and goggles the drivers are as hard to tell apart as deep-sea divers, the killer is able to fool his teammate, an upstanding youth, for quite a while, but eventually the masquerade is discovered, and from there on the honest lad has a hell of a time, what with trying to keep his car on the course while dissuading his partner from plugging him with a Luger. There is, inevitably, a lady in the case—a Florentine girl who loves the sorely beset driver—and, by way of supplementary titillation, there are some amorous doings at a way stop along the Mille Miglia.

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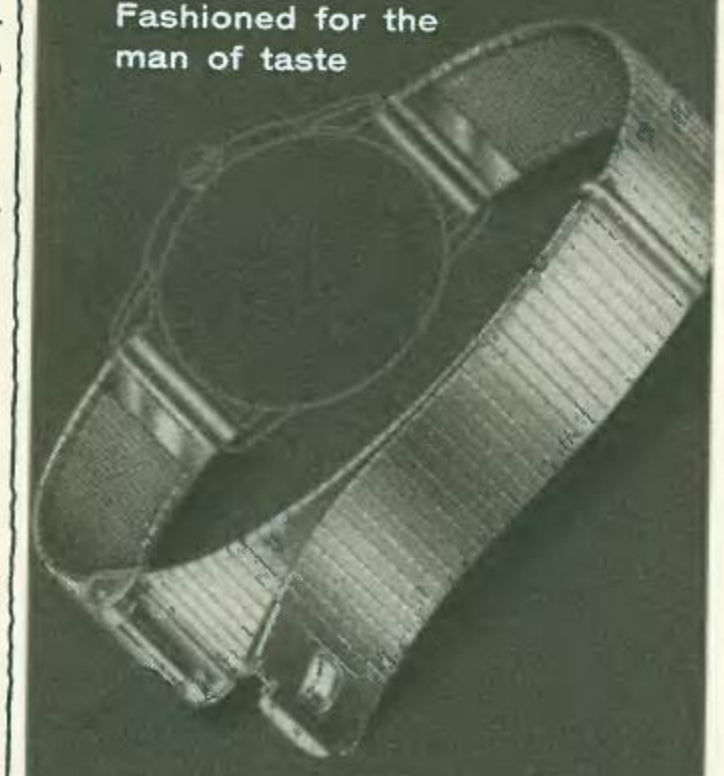

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though, "Checkpoint" has several solidly diverting shots of an actual Mille Miglia in progress, and as the villainous undercover man, Stanley Baker is a persuasively rough customer, even if his espionage technique leaves much to be desired. On hand as the entrepreneur is James Robertson Justice, who has a fine beard to recommend him, but little else. There isn't much of anything to recommend Anthony Steel and Odile Versois, who play the tormented driver and his lass, but those cars in action compensate for a lot of dullness.

THE Greek film called "A Girl in Black," which was written and directed by Michael Cacoyannis, may not always be clear about exactly what is going on, but it certainly has some scenes with a powerful impact. A tragic story, it is concerned with the unhappy lot of a family living on Hydra, an island in the Aegean Sea. Consisting of a widow and her grown son and daughter, the family is brutally harassed by the local bullies because the widow has been discovered in the arms of a lover. While the daughter grows introspective in her humiliation, the son becomes infuriated, and, in one violent episode, he beats his mother in a public thoroughfare. In contrast to this sort of blunt outburst, Mr. Cacoyannis shows a good deal of tenderness in describing a love affair between the daughter and a writer who takes up residence in the widow's house while vacationing on Hydra. But gentle moments are not frequent in "A Girl in Black," and its conclusion, in which the whole island is plunged into tragedy by the drowning of a group of children, is melancholy indeed. As the lovers, Ellie Lambetti and Dimitri Horn are effective, and Anestis Vlachos and George Foundas perform creditably as the troubled brother and the chief bully, respectively.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

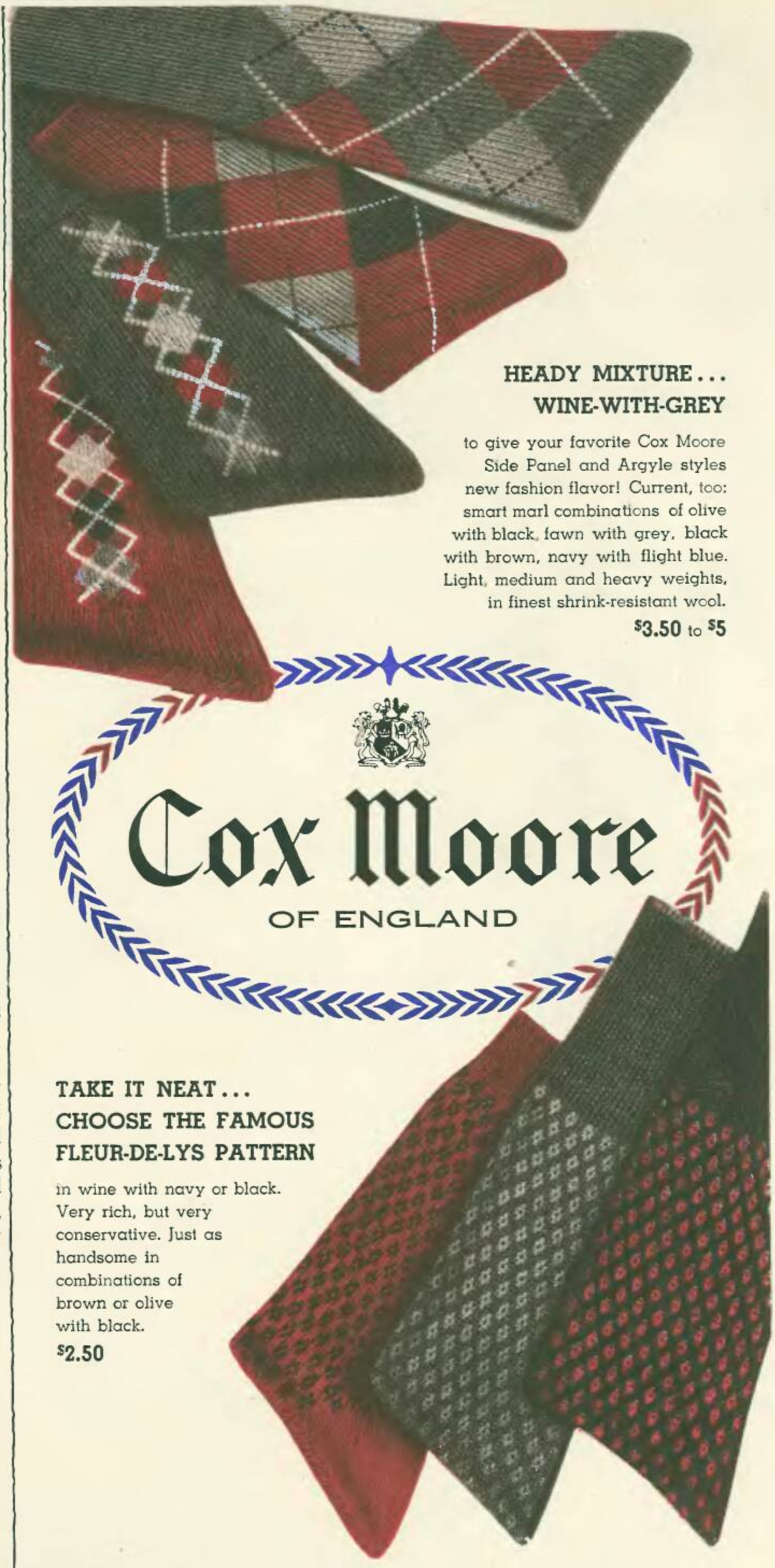
•

A RED MAPLE LEAF

Its rude pentagon
presents the raw skin
of some small animal
pegged out on a wall
to stiffen in the sun,

or else, come to grief,
unrecognizable
as such in a flat plane,
it is the animal
that has become a leaf.

—LUKE ZILLES



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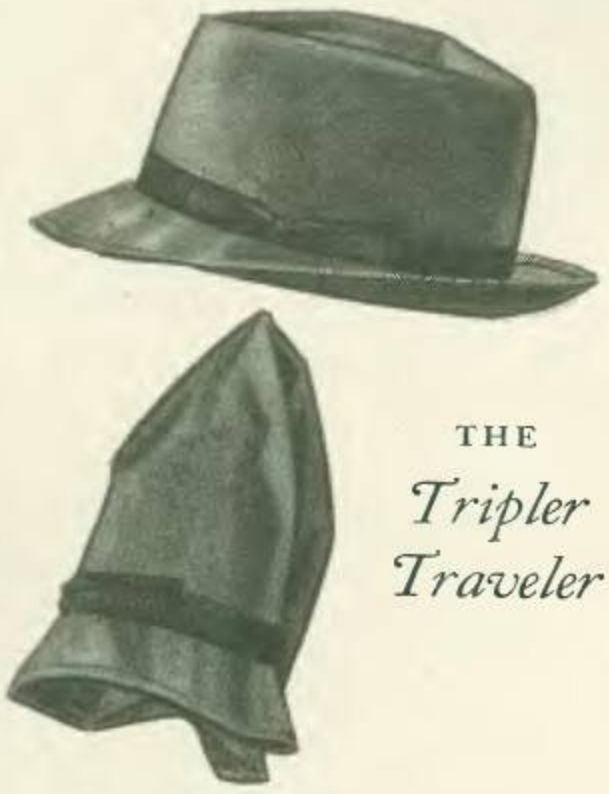
THE RACE TRACK

In Hoppegarten

SO little is known in this country about racing in East Berlin that this department was delighted when Show Parlay, its gadabout outside man, said that he would be in Germany in August and would try to get in an afternoon at Hoppegarten, a race track in the Russian sector, and report on it. Before he sailed, the only definite information he could obtain—and it was hardly encouraging—was that it would be difficult for an American to arrange a visit to Hoppegarten, and in West Berlin everybody advised him to forget the whole thing. But he is a very determined man, and although it is much easier to run down a tip at Belmont than it is to get a visa from the Russians just to visit the Hoppegarten (naturally, he had to tell them what he wanted the visa for), he made it, and I fancy he had the time of his life. His report begins:

"The trials and tribulations of an ardent theatregoer trying to obtain good seats a few months ahead for 'My Fair Lady' are as nothing compared to those one has to suffer in attempting to get a visa from the Russian authorities in Berlin to pass into the zone behind the Iron Curtain. And what makes the latter's case even more irritating is that whereas the theatregoer, once he has the precious coupons in his hands, can pass the attendant at the lobby entrance with absolute assurance, bordering on hauteur, the visa-seeker who has succeeded in getting the prized document, with its important-looking seals, stamps, and illegible signatures, approaches the Russian border patrol hoping the officer in charge will have slept and eaten well, and that his vodka will have had a soothing and sympathetic effect on him. For the visa-holder can be turned back with a *'Nyet!'* I happen to have been persevering enough to obtain a visa and lucky enough to find the patrol at Hoppegarten, consisting of half a dozen soldiers in their late teens, to be in the best of humor, but they told me I'd have to wait till the chief came, and he was on the way. Half an hour later, a dour officer appeared. He did a lot of telephoning and reëxamining of my visa, and just as I was about to give up hope,



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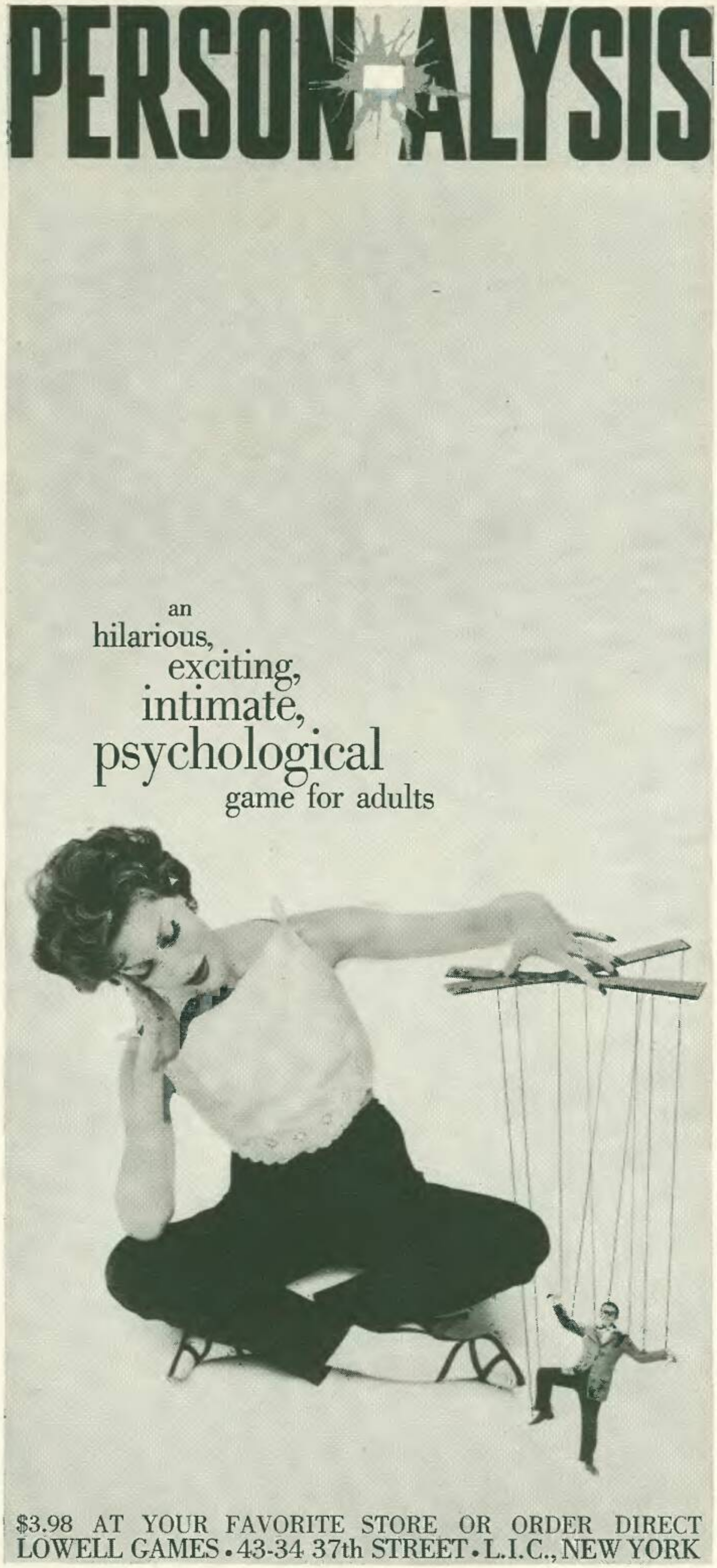
he signalled me to go ahead. And I flew, afraid he might change his mind. . . ."

Show Parlay found Hoppegarten, which he hadn't visited in thirty years, as outmoded as Jamaica but in good condition. Admission to the course was from two to five East marks, depending on the stand one occupied. (An East mark is forty-five cents U.S., at the Russian rate of exchange, but you can get it a lot cheaper.) He had a reserved seat in a box in the grandstand, for which he paid five East marks. The racing was on the grass, and mediocre. Betting was in the tote machine—*Toto*, they called it—and the minimum wager was five East marks. He had been told that if he bet and won he'd have to leave his winnings in East Berlin, so he didn't chance it—and, of course, picked the first three winners. If he had been betting, though, he would have done well to pick trainers, for that afternoon one named W. Frommann saddled five winners in six tries. Hirsch Jacobs in his heyday never brought off anything like that.

Our man learned from the program that on the next Sunday the second of a series of international races would be held, and that among the starters would be the leading runners from the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and the Deutsche Demokratische Republik, which is East Germany. Naturally, he wanted to see it, but that meant obtaining another visa. All the wiseacres at his hotel in West Berlin assured him that no such miracle would ever come to pass. They said that he was the first tourist, as far as they knew, who had ever been issued a visa for such a purpose, and that it would be too much to expect a second one. Well, he not only got his second visa but met the Russian consul, who wanted to see the American capitalist who had come so far to look at horse races. The consul, a pleasant-spoken fellow in his thirties, said he'd never seen a horse race himself, but was very much interested in art, and they talked about that. At the end of the interview, he sold our friend a collection of full-color reproductions of paintings in the Hermitage Museum at Leningrad. It cost fifty East marks.

International Day at Hoppegarten was quite a show. The stands were crowded, and things started off with a parade of representatives from the competing countries, some of them carrying banners. Then the trainers of the horses came along, and, finally, the jockeys,



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wearing the silks of the stables for which they rode. Incidentally, the prize money in the international races—there were four of them—was in rubles, and in the remaining four, exclusively for East German animals, it was in East marks. All the horses, and especially those of the visitors, were fit, handsome, clean-limbed, and well groomed, and their tails were bobbed in the English fashion. The racing was spirited, East Germany winning three of the international events and Czechoslovakia one. Russian horses finished second in two of the events; one was a filly whose sire was named Imperialist, and the other, listed as Argonawt, had won the Soviet Union Derby last year. Element, another Russian, who came in fourth, behind Argonawt, won the Soviet Derby in 1955. The visitor got this background information from a feature story in the *Renn Courier*, which is the *Morning Telegraph* and *Racing Form* of East Berlin. Curiously, the paper carried no past performances for any of the Russian horses, although the records of all the others were there. Anyhow, it didn't matter much.

THINGS picked up at Belmont last week. In the Nassau County Handicap, on Wednesday, Gallant Man came through beautifully, again proving what a good colt he really is. Meeting Dedicate, who is two years older, at equal weight according to the weight-for-age scale, he beat him by a neck after a finish that left the crowd a little breathless. Reneged set the pace to the stretch, where Dedicate took over. Dedicate looked the winner until he was a furlong from home, and then Gallant Man caught him. It was a performance worth remembering. . . . On the form of the Cowdin Stakes, which was run off on Monday, Jewel's Reward looks like our best two-year-old. Among the dozen he led home were Nadir, who was second; Jester, who was third; and Jimmer, Louis d'Or, and Rose Trellis, all stake winners at Saratoga. Too bad he's not in this weekend's Futurity.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

CONSIDERING all the carefree spending that is going on around us, maybe I am wrong in assuming that there is anybody left these days who operates on what the old folks used to call a limited budget. On the other hand, considering the prices that are being asked for most things, there are bound to be some young couples starting housekeeping who find their money giving out before they have bought half the articles supposedly vital to family life, and for their benefit I now propose to pass along the addresses of a few reliable places where used furniture can be had at a relatively humane cost.

Come to think of it, Lloyd's Furniture Galleries, at 116 East 60th Street, is not precisely the place for those whose money has already started to give out but is, rather, for those who would like to stretch their cash to the limit and at the same time acquire furniture of some dignity, and maybe even beauty. In case you don't know Lloyd's, I had better explain that it is one of those numerous concerns that buy the contents of homes from owners who want to dispose of their furnishings but don't want the bother of an auction. It is also one of a much smaller number of firms in this business that enjoy a reputation for probity and *expertise;* consequently, it gets first whack at the dissolution of a lot of quite luxurious setups. At first sight, the muddled assortment on hand is apt to be discouraging, since, as in all such collections, items like marble busts of Lord Byron and ornate gilt armchairs have a way of dominating the scene. With a little perseverance, however, knowledgeable customers are fairly certain to come upon something desirable, if not always what they were in search of—if, that is, their demands do not include modern or Victorian furniture, which Lloyd's will have no truck with.

When I visited the place not long ago (it must be understood that since the turnover in places of this type is brisk, any report I make on them can do no more than indicate the kind of merchandise one may expect to find), the bulk of the display consisted of reproductions of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century French and English furniture, interspersed with quite a few good antique pieces. Outstanding among the reproductions were a fruitwood Louis XV chest, at $95; a two-pedestal mahogany Sheraton dining table, at $195; a small, pretty kneehole desk in faded mahogany, also at $195; a comfortable French easy chair of the *bergère* type, at $65; an eighteenth-century mahogany bedstead with four hand-carved posts, at $35; and several tôle lamps, at $25. Among some particularly attractive antiques were eight spindle-back chestnut dining chairs, with rush seats, made in Wales around 1790 and in perfect condition, at $25 each; a pair of Venetian painted armchairs, from about the same period, with luxurious down cushions, at $110 each; an enchanting little early-nineteenth-century rocker of simulated bamboo, with a raised gold decoration on black enamel, at $47; a pair of those eighteenth-century Chinese porcelain hat-stands that make such effective lamps, at $95 for the pair, unwired; some large Louis XVI mirrors in gold-leaf frames, starting at $78; and a tall, narrow *trumeau* mirror, at $85. What must have been exceptional items even for an unpredictable place like Lloyd's were a number of sofas—brand-new and of impressive grandeur. Among them were a love seat with two down cushions, upholstered in a cream-colored Scalamandré silk, at $295, and a splendid seven-foot sofa, with four down cushions, upholstered in a superb gold damask, at $395.

THE used furniture offered at the shop of Al Greenwald, 1296 Third Avenue (75th), wouldn't cut much of a figure alongside some of the elegancies we have just been discussing, but if your scheme of decoration isn't too fancy, you are likely to pick up some very useful pieces there. Mr. Greenwald himself has the reputation among his customers of being extremely obliging—selling a crib, for instance, and exchanging it after a year or so for a child's bed, which no doubt will someday be turned in on a full-size four-poster. This place doesn't pretend to be an antique shop, but from time to time you'll find on the premises a fair number of those borderline pieces—late-Victorian mahogany, Edwardian walnut, and such—that might just scrape by as antique but go for mere second-hand prices. At the time of my visit, I noticed a number of Victorian and Second Empire tables with marble tops, priced at from $20 to $35; a cherry table with spool legs, at $20; a nice little Salem rocker with the original stencilling, at $10; a late-Victorian overstuffed easy

Cem

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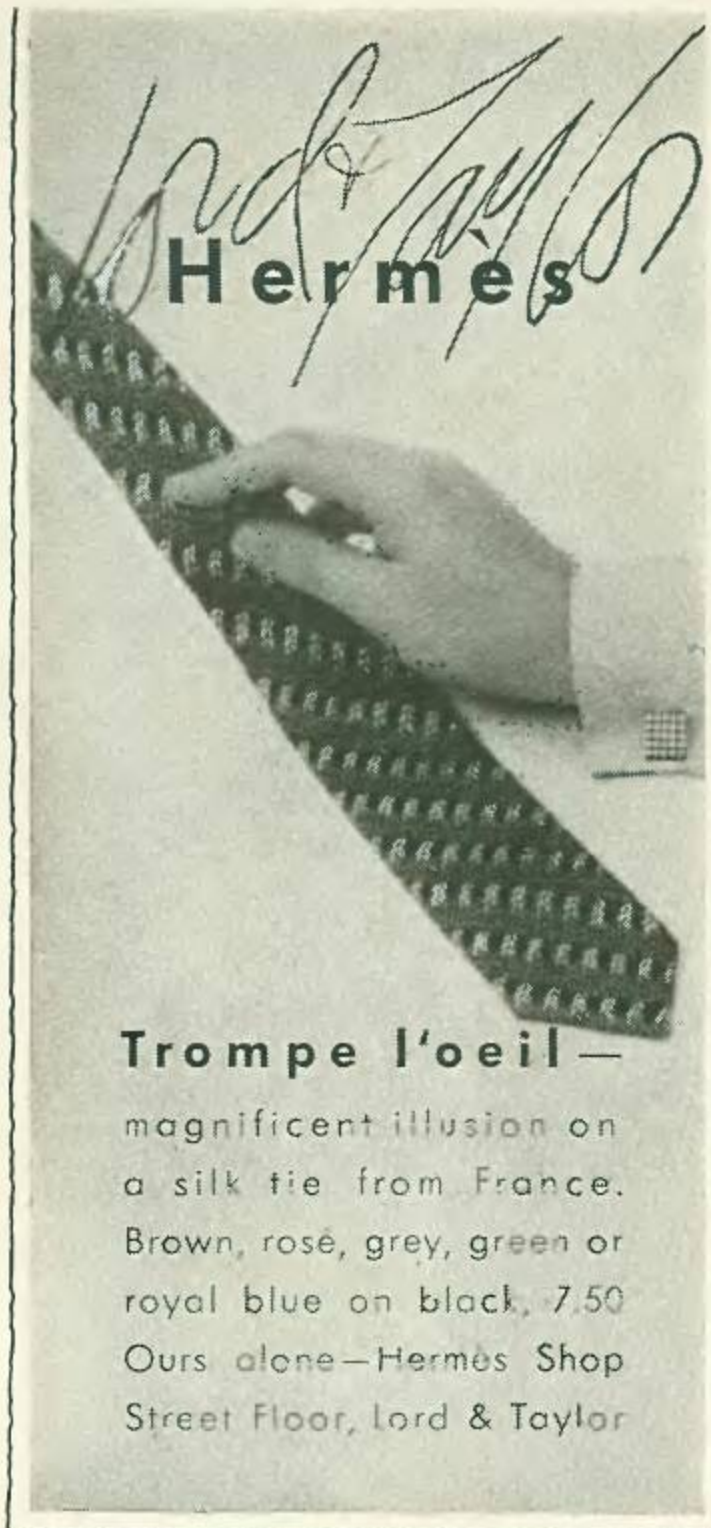
Korrigan Lesur, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

chair, at $45 (all of these in good condition); and, at $5, a seatless but very charming Early American maple side chair, which could be fixed up with a rush bottom for $8 more. (Mr. Greenwald will have such jobs done for you, if you like.) Most of the shop's wares, however, are less ancient, being of the nondescript style that used to be found in comfortable middle-class American homes in the twenties and thirties, before the interior decorator took us in hand so relentlessly. The almost numberless examples of this sort that I saw included plenty of veneered-mahogany twin bedsteads in a good state of preservation, for between $15 and $20 each; a sizable group of mirrors, ranging from $2, for one in a plain walnut frame, to $15, for a mahogany Chippendale reproduction; drop-leaf tables, for $15 and $20; a great array of andirons, for around $8 a pair; and a couple of walnut chests of drawers, for $35 each.

I WOULD have supposed that, instead of shopping around for bargains in table silver, the less well-to-do and presumably servantless young householders who patronize second-hand stores would be frantically trying to exchange all their silver wedding presents, which are going to need such endless polishing, for sensible, labor-saving stainless steel. This, however, is far from the case if one is to judge by the brisk trade in used sterling that goes on at Parke-Edwards, 536 Madison Avenue (54th), where I recently saw any number of young women recklessly piling up trouble for themselves by taking on more silver oyster forks and more silver jam spoons. The Parke-Edwards establishment is primarily a sort of exchange, where the customer who despises the grapefruit spoons she got for Christmas can turn them in for different grapefruit spoons, or for butter spreaders, or for hard cash. Business is by no means confined to exchanges, though, and the customer who has no unwanted silver to dispose of can choose from a great variety of second-hand sterling—some of it modern and much of it bearing the marks of Tiffany, Gorham, Kirk, or Black, Starr & Frost—at thirty or forty per cent below its original price. (Monograms will be removed from the silver for a small extra charge.) Parke-Edwards also carries a fairly large assortment of handsome pieces of Victorian table silver, among them a pair of heavy fish servers ($24.75), a set of fish knives and forks ($22 for six of each), gravy ladles



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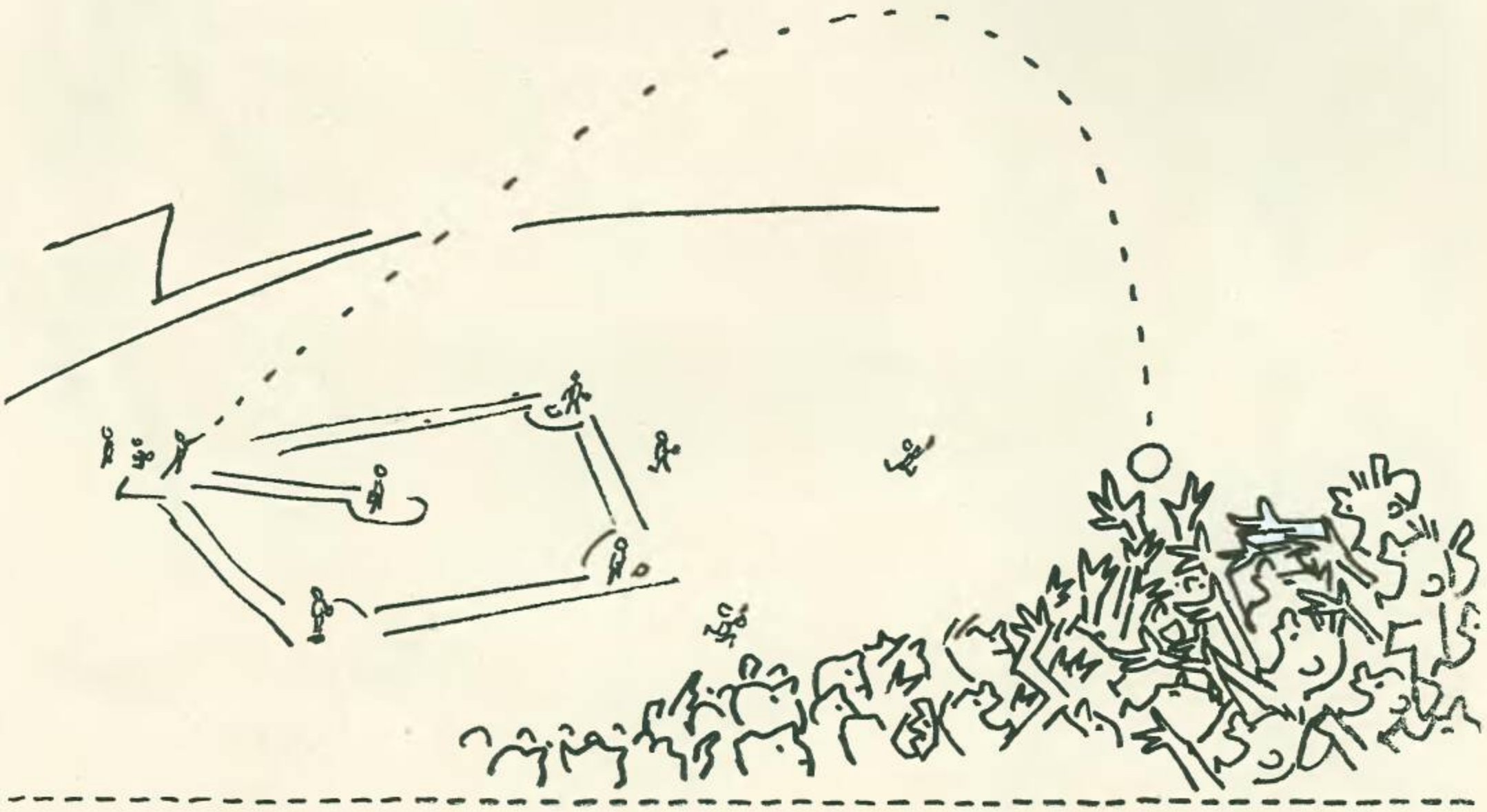
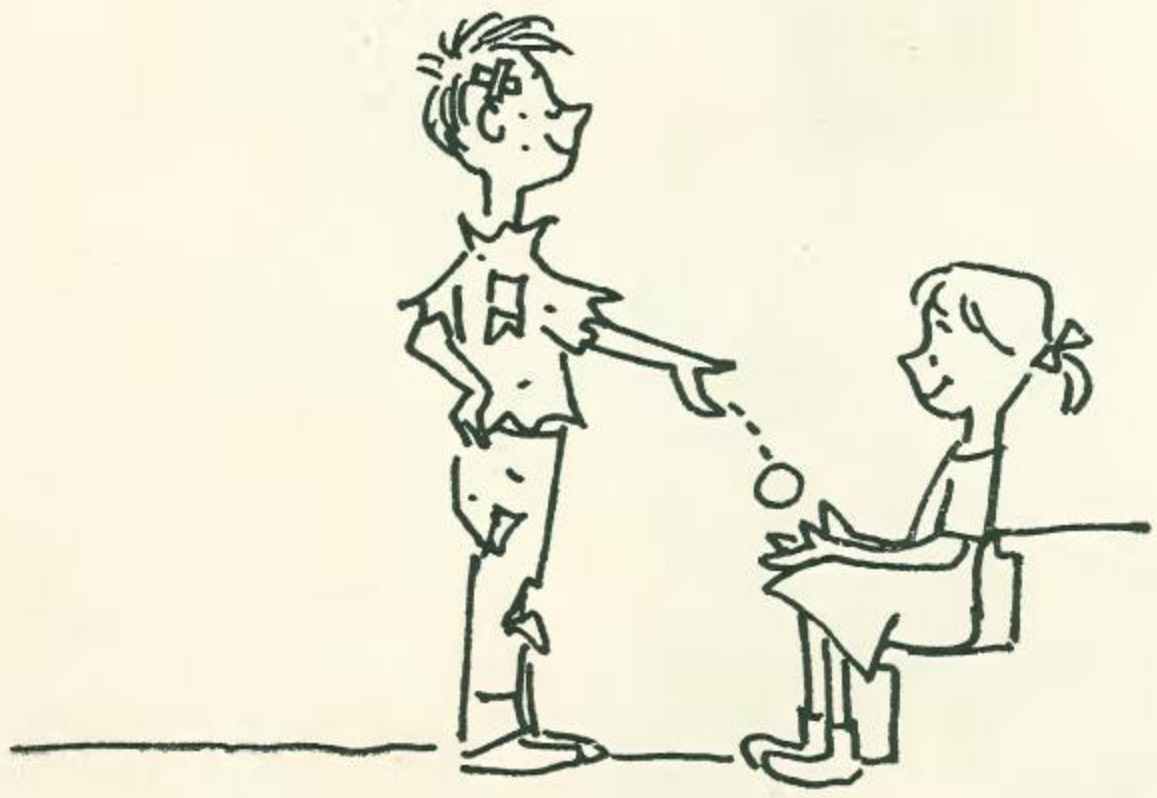




Nor the power of the magazine that hits home with over 5,600,000 * women!

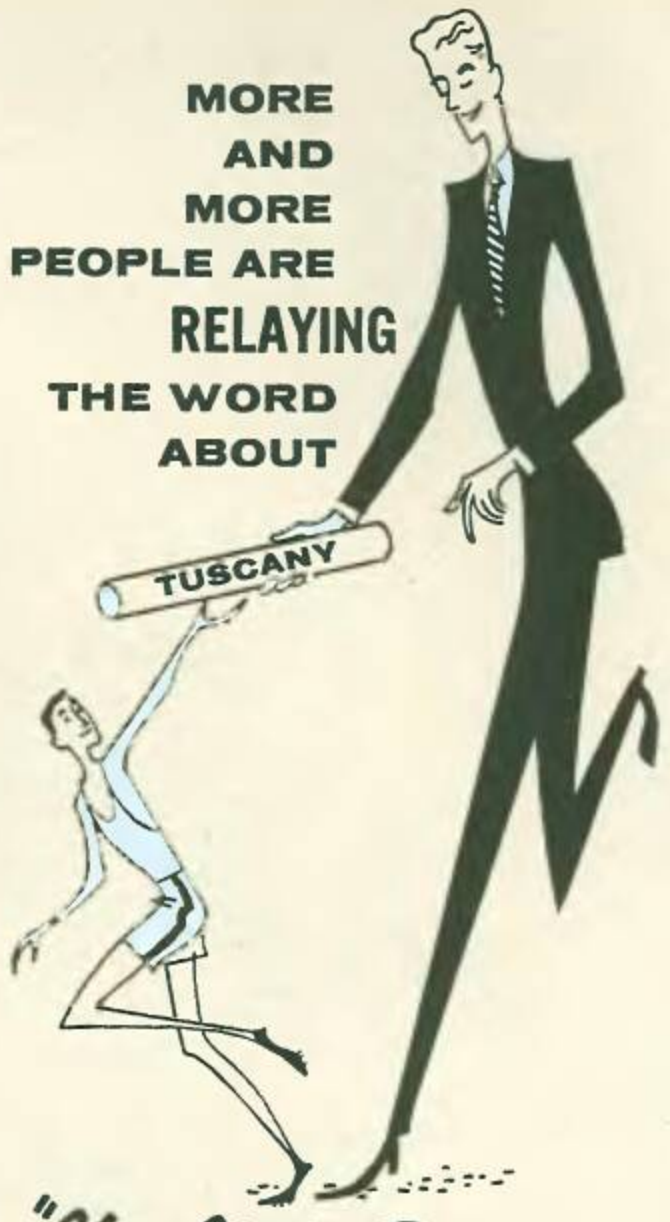
Ladies' Home JOURNAL
A CURTIS PUBLICATION

* Publisher's Estimate, September, 1957 circulation

($10), pompous Sheffield tea trays ($50), cheese knives ($7.50), and so on, through such self-important pieces as tea services, coffee urns, and lavishly decorated vegetable dishes.

THE store run by Good Will Industries of New York, at 123 East 124th Street, is so far outside the orbit of fashionable patronage, and the quality of its merchandise is so strictly utilitarian, that I am a little nervous about advising any but the least affluent of conventional shoppers to follow me there. And since the expedition is suggested entirely for the customer's economic benefit, I shall not emphasize the charitable aspect of the Good Will store beyond saying that everything for sale (it is all donated) has been reconditioned when necessary—furniture mended and refinished, electrical appliances put in working order, and so on—by skillful, paid workmen, most of whom are physically or emotionally handicapped in one way or another. The work is, indeed, so expertly done and the entire aspect of the store is so orderly that, except in the clothing department, where I didn't tarry, one might almost think oneself in any other neighborhood store. To begin with a piece of furniture that was present in large numbers at the time of my visit, let us consider the collection of beds, which are sold complete with springs and sterilized mattress. None of the bedsteads were what you could call handsome, but a lot of them were quite passable, with inoffensive lines—the sort of thing to be found among the moderate-priced furniture in any department store. A neat maple bed (twin size) with four low posts cost $24, and a walnut double bed was priced at $35. An unusually nice-looking slatted walnut crib, which, like its mattress, appeared to be new, was $15; a crib of the same design that had been freshly painted pale blue was $10; and more ordinary specimens were $7 and $8.

If anybody wants an enormous desk, 124th Street is the place to go, but apparently nobody does, since a great many of these white elephants—behind which some terribly important executives must have sat—have accumulated on the Good Will premises. Among a considerable display of desks of less heroic proportions are several that would fit unobtrusively into a not too stylish living room (these run from $6 to $20), and I saw a couple of pine roll-top models for children, at $7. A constant demand for chairs has, I found, just about cleaned the store out of bar-



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gains in this category; true, there was a walnut armchair of some distinction, at $15, but for the most part the offerings were large, awkward armchairs, at around $6, and painted slat-back kitchen chairs, at $1.50, along with a few presentable chairs for children, at $2.50 or less. As for desirable odds and ends, enamel-topped kitchen tables in good condition were on hand in force, at around $7; playpens cost $4 and $7; numerous eight-foot window cornices were marked $5 each, with traverse rods costing an additional $3; and Venetian blinds, of all dimensions, cost from $1.25 to $3. To make the arduous expedition worth while, the Good Will store—like Lloyd's—will deliver any purchase costing more than $5.

THE other morning, I dropped in on the Machine Rental Shop (an offshoot of the Zelf Tool & Die Works), at 121 West 64th Street, thinking I might take some brief notes on the hire of such simple domestic tools as electric drills and saws, and found myself spending most of the day there, entranced by tremendously complicated machinery, whose operation was a long way over my head. The whole enterprise was so fascinating that I think anybody who has a mechanical bent and doesn't know about this workshop should have it called to his attention forthwith. Tools for ordinary household jobs and for the modest efforts of the do-it-yourself amateur are indeed for rent here, but I found it difficult to concentrate on them when, right before my eyes, one man was using a molding apparatus to make noses for Teddy bears, and another was perfecting a machine that would turn out tea bags at the rate of a thousand a minute—a mechanical monster that, I suppose, means final defeat for me in my long war against the tea bag. The shop has a

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•

Despite the blond of a seven-game winning streak, good pitching and solid hitting, Haney is close-mouthed about the Braves' pennant chances.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Anybody got a rulebook?

•

His book describes Mr. Nasser's revolutionary activities over a twenty-year period that resulted in King Farouk's deposition, the expulsion of the British from Egypt and Mrs. Nasser's seizure of control of the Egyptian Government.—*The Times.*

Farouk's wife was prettier.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

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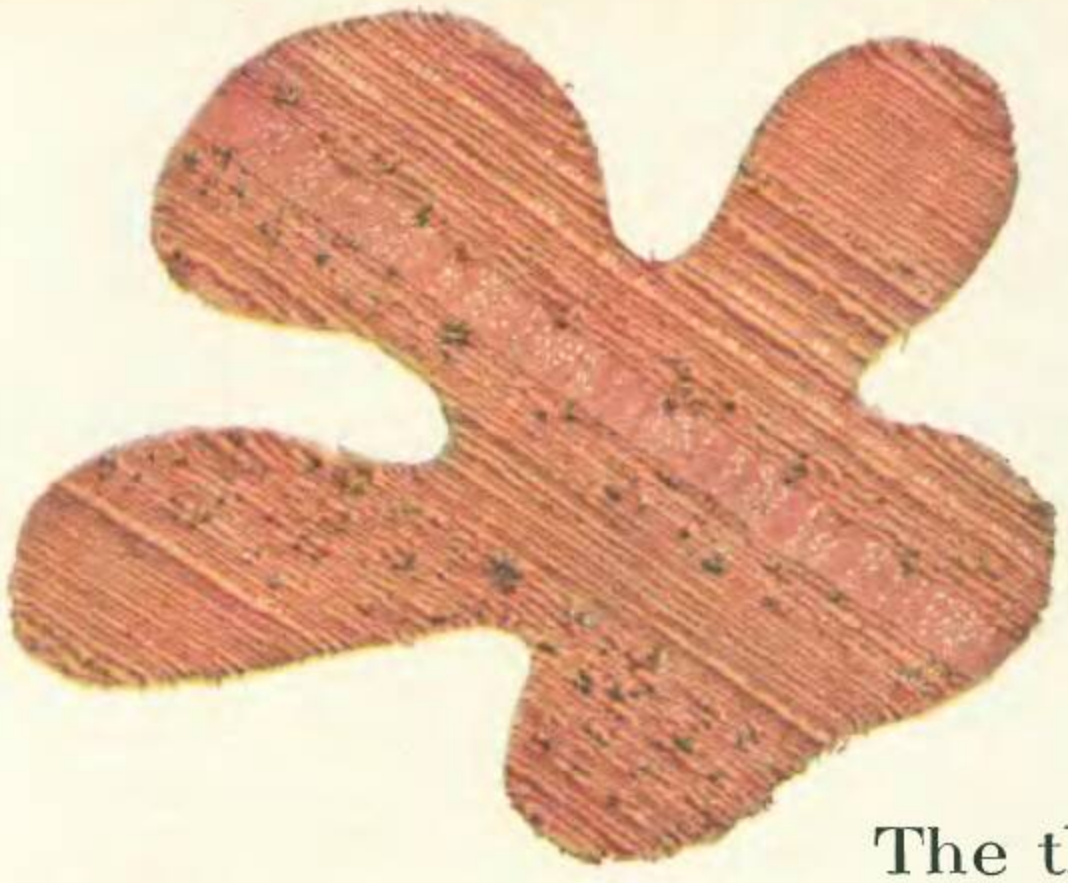
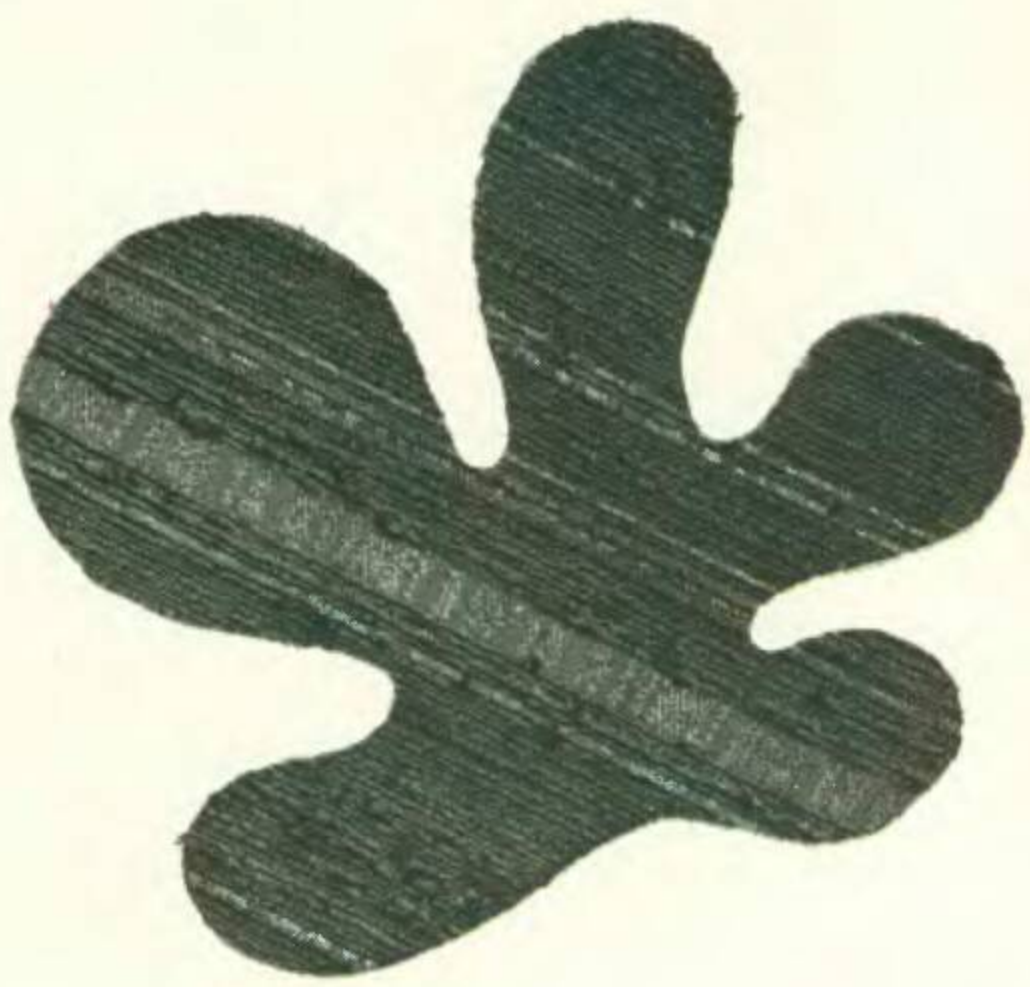
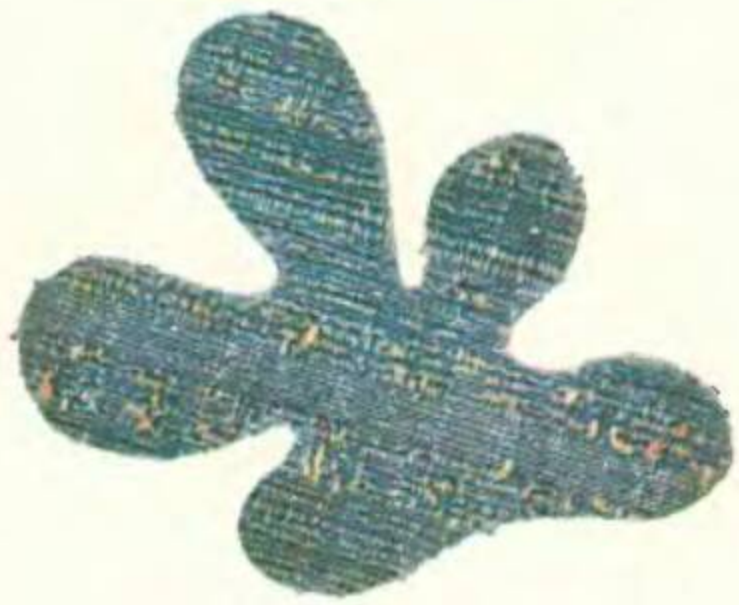


The thread of the story is LUREX





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ORIENTALS ARE STOIC

THE most peaceful moments of my first stay in an American hospital came just after my operation. Bandaged, half doped, faintly aching, I lay flat on my back between smooth, clean sheets and hazily reflected that nothing is more annoying than a fresh incision with fresh stitches in one's abdomen except, of course, two fresh incisions with fresh stitches in one's abdomen. The thought, for some reason, made me chuckle, and the chuckle made me more than intellectually aware of the incisions—the result of that morning's operation for double hernia. But even pain did not quite touch me, and in the euphoria of ether intoxication I felt at one with the whole world, whose center for me was this New York hospital. I did not expect then that only a few days later I would commit there the most unpardonable sin for an Oriental (I am Vietnamese)—that of losing face through one's own bad behavior. But lose face I did, and to this day I wonder whether my shame was caused by the hypersensitivity of an ethnic minority group reduced to one specimen, or by my secret desire not to be treated as a foreigner in my wife's native land, or by my old, ill-suppressed Oriental prejudice against being openly pushed around by women, or simply by the fact that I had never been a hospital patient before and was hopelessly unprepared for the efficient, cold-blooded, and frequently, it seemed, nonsensical routines that are so familiar and so irritating to most convalescents. I still don't know, in short, whether my behavior was a display of just indignation or a childish tantrum.

I had a nurse, of course, after my operation—a woman whose white hair was ineffectually covered by a ridiculously small white bonnet, and who fluttered around my little private room with concentrated energy and, I am sure, efficiency. Despite a few minor differences, she reminded me of a Sister of Charity whom I had known twenty-eight years earlier in the Vietnamese town of Soctrang. My brother and I referred to this nun between ourselves as the *ange de charité*—a cliché we employed with no hint of irony because we knew she worked without salary and because the two huge, triangular white wings of her coif flapped over her shoulders angelically whenever she moved. On her flat chest she wore a black wooden cross with a worn metal Christ on it, and from her belt swung a long, heavy rosary. She was gentle and cheerful, as we imagined angels to be, although she sang in a French strongly tinged with a Marseille accent, which we somehow felt was not the true tone of angels. Did my New York nurse speak French? I was too weak in the hours following the operation to find out, and too weak even to try to identify her accent, which might have been that of Brooklyn. She was plump and there was none of the selfless gentleness of the nun about her. But a nurse is a nurse, I told myself, and therefore an angel. With this reassuring conclusion, I closed my eyes and sank back into the fog of ether, thinking about how poorly my childhood had prepared me for modern medical care.

I WAS born in a small village on the banks of a canal, among the rich rice fields of South Vietnam. According to local standards, my father was a wealthy man, for he owned over a hundred and twenty hectares of rice fields, and our family lived in an enclosure containing a tile-roofed master house and several thatch-roofed outbuildings for farm hands, domestic servants, water buffaloes, and agricultural implements. This was an inviting world for a young boy, and I enjoyed it in an active, almost headlong fashion, collecting a vast assortment of cuts and bumps along the way. Whenever I hurt myself I would cry to get my mother's attention. She would come at once to scold not me but the object that hurt me, and then would rub my bruise or wash my cut with rain water, as the case might be (we had no clinic in our village, and no arnica or mercurochrome in our household), and tell me to forget about it. Then she would carry me across the yard to my favorite old water buffalo, and I would have an extra ride on his back all around our compound, to inspect the sparrow nests under the eaves of our red tile roof, to pass in review the dwarf coconut palms along the wide ditches where our barges were moored, or to pick hibiscus flowers from the hedge that separated our compound from the communal canal. Or, if it was raining, my mother would lay me in a hammock and swing it gently with one foot while she sat in

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a wicker chair beside me and read me passages from ancient stories that were full of heroes who suffered with equanimity—including a general who had a broken arrowhead removed from one arm and the wound cleansed with rice alcohol while playing Chinese chess with his free hand.

My older brother was, in his small way, another example to me. If he had a toothache, he would hold a spoonful of rice alcohol in his mouth—a Vietnamese remedy based on the principle of fighting pain with fire—without whimpering. He would even challenge me, in sign language, to one of the innumerable games Vietnamese children have played for generations, and, leering at me derisively over his mouthful of fire, beat me, no matter what the game. The fact that he was incapable of comment or small talk only added to his importance.

After my father's death, in 1910, my education fell temporarily to my mother and to one or another of her younger brothers. Maternal Uncle Number Three was a true scholar, whose philosophy was based on a mingling of native tradition, Taoism, Confucianism, and Buddhism. Along with my letters, he taught me our fundamental Vietnamese beliefs—among them the concept of man's three souls. The Superior Man, he often told me, pays little attention to his vegetative soul, restrains his animal soul under all circumstances, and strives to develop his spiritual soul as much as possible, in order to distinguish himself from cabbages, eggplants, coconut palms, cats, dogs, pigs, and water buffaloes. This uncle had a vegetative soul plagued by a number of minor tropical diseases—malaria and various skin eruptions—but he sternly refused to take notice of its sufferings. He classified his internal troubles into two categories—those caused by an excess of internal heat, to be treated with rhinoceros horn, and those caused by a deficiency of internal heat, to be treated with ginger. The first medicine is prepared by patiently rubbing a rhinoceros horn—from which the rhinoceros has been detached, of course—across the rough inner surface of an earthenware bowl containing cold water. When the water becomes milky, you drink it until your fever subsides. The second remedy is no more than a hot infusion of fresh ginger sweetened with rock sugar. You drink it until you feel warmer, which is very soon. My uncle had no quarrel with other local medicinal products, such as deer antler, dried bumblebees, tiger

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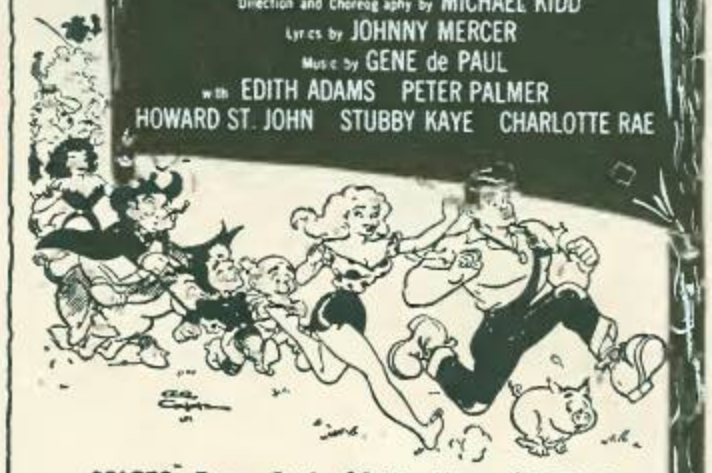

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PRICES: EVES. (Mon. thru Sat.)—Divans $9.90; Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Matinees 1st week Thurs. and Sat., thereafter Wed. and Sat.—Divans $6.90; Orch. $4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. OPENING NIGHT SOLD OUT.

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Production Designed by OLIVER SMITH

Directed by the Author

Co-produced with

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PRICES: Eves. (Mon. thru Thurs.)—Orch. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 4.10, 3.45; 2nd Balc. $2.90, 2.30. Eves. (Fri. & Sat.)—Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75 4.60, 4.10, 3.45; 2nd Balc. $2.90. Mats. Thurs. and Sat.—Orch. $4.60; Balc. $4.10, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30. (Opening Night Sold Out.)

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The English Stage Company Production

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Decor by MOTLEY

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ADELPHI Theatre, 152 W. 54th St., N. Y. 19

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Costumes by PATRICIA ZIPPRODT

Co-produced with

GILBERT MILLER

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bones, ginseng, orange peel, and mint, but he saw no reason to complicate his life with them when he had a rhinoceros horn stored in a tin box and ginger growing in his own yard. As for surgical operations, he considered them sins against filial piety. Were they not mutilations of one's body, which was a precious gift from one's parents and not to be tampered with under any circumstances?

The concessions he did make to illness were rare and grudging. He bore his skin diseases without even scratching. He would drink rhinoceros-horn water and bathe himself with it from time to time, although he expected no rapid results. My mother used to bathe our mangy dogs in creosote diluted with water, and she urged my uncle to try the same cure for his skin troubles. "Of course, it must hurt a little," she said, "but it does the dogs a lot of good. You, Little Brother, have the same vegetative soul that dogs have, so why don't you try it?"

Little Brother resented this reminder of the least of his three souls. He was also an adult Vietnamese and only human, and was therefore suspicious of the creosote because it came in a bottle with a French label. But to prove to his elder sister that he did not shy away from pain he bathed himself once or twice with her dog medicine, proving simultaneously that it did not hasten the purging of his blood.

Malaria made him more coöperative with his vegetative soul. In some uncanny fashion, he knew when he was about to have a malarial seizure, and he would prepare his mat and his concoctions beforehand. As soon as he started to feel the chill, he would drink the ginger, lie down on his mat, and shake lamentably. After a time, the chill would pass, and there would be a little lull. Then the fever would seize him, and he would drink rhinoceros-horn water and perspire profusely for a while—a long while, it seemed to me. When the fever subsided he would sit up, give me a quizzical smile, half of apology and half of pride, and prepare himself a pot of Chinese tea while smoking one of the conical cigarettes he made out of black Vietnamese tobacco and the same coarse white paper I made kites with.

When I went off to a boarding school run by a group of Christian Brothers, I encountered another way of dealing with physical miseries. The *très cher Frère Infirmier* in charge of the school's infirmary was a fat man with a big red beard, and big blue eyes

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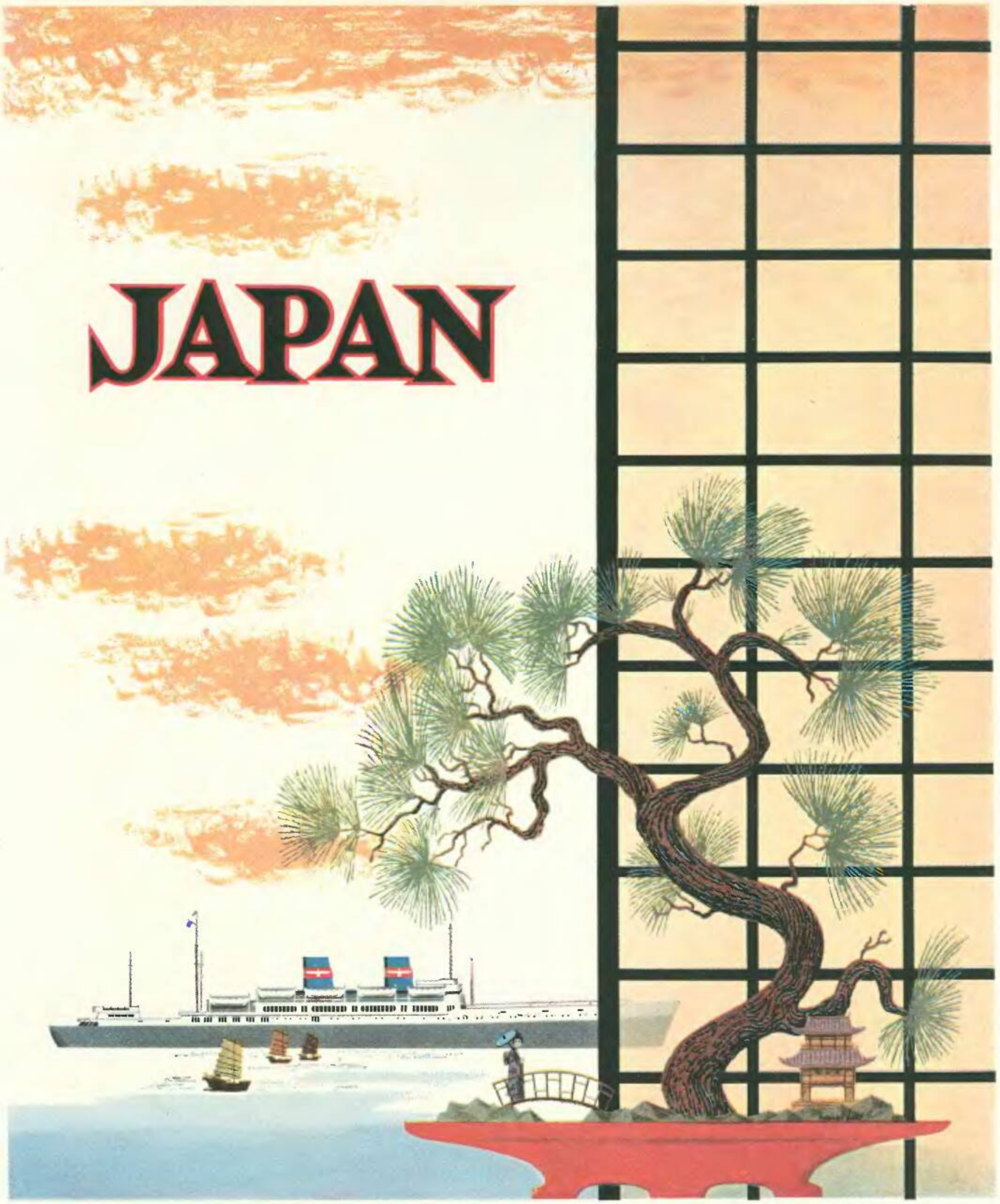

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made bigger by thick lenses, who spoke French and Vietnamese with a Breton accent and who believed in Western medicine and Christian purgatory. Armed with a bottle of iodine and an applicator, he could make the smallest wound feel like a major abscess, and he classified our cuts and bruises as deserving, according to their size, one hundred days, two hundred days, or three hundred days of deliverance from purgatory, provided the patient offered his pain as a sacrifice to the Almighty and did not cry or whimper. Any rise in body temperature—checked with the *cher Frère's* oral thermometer—was followed by the administration of castor oil. The patients stood at attention in a row, and the *Frère Infirmier*, a huge bottle of castor oil in one hand and a teaspoon in the other, passed slowly down the line like a fatherly colonel, explaining to neophytes that they would receive three spoonfuls of the stuff, each worth one hundred days' remission from purgatory if the medicine was bravely offered to God. Sometimes a spoonful of castor oil, through no fault of the recipient, refused to stay down. The *Infirmier* would continue his distribution as though nothing unusual had happened, but he would keep the unfortunate boy after the others had been dismissed, to console him for his medicinal and spiritual loss.

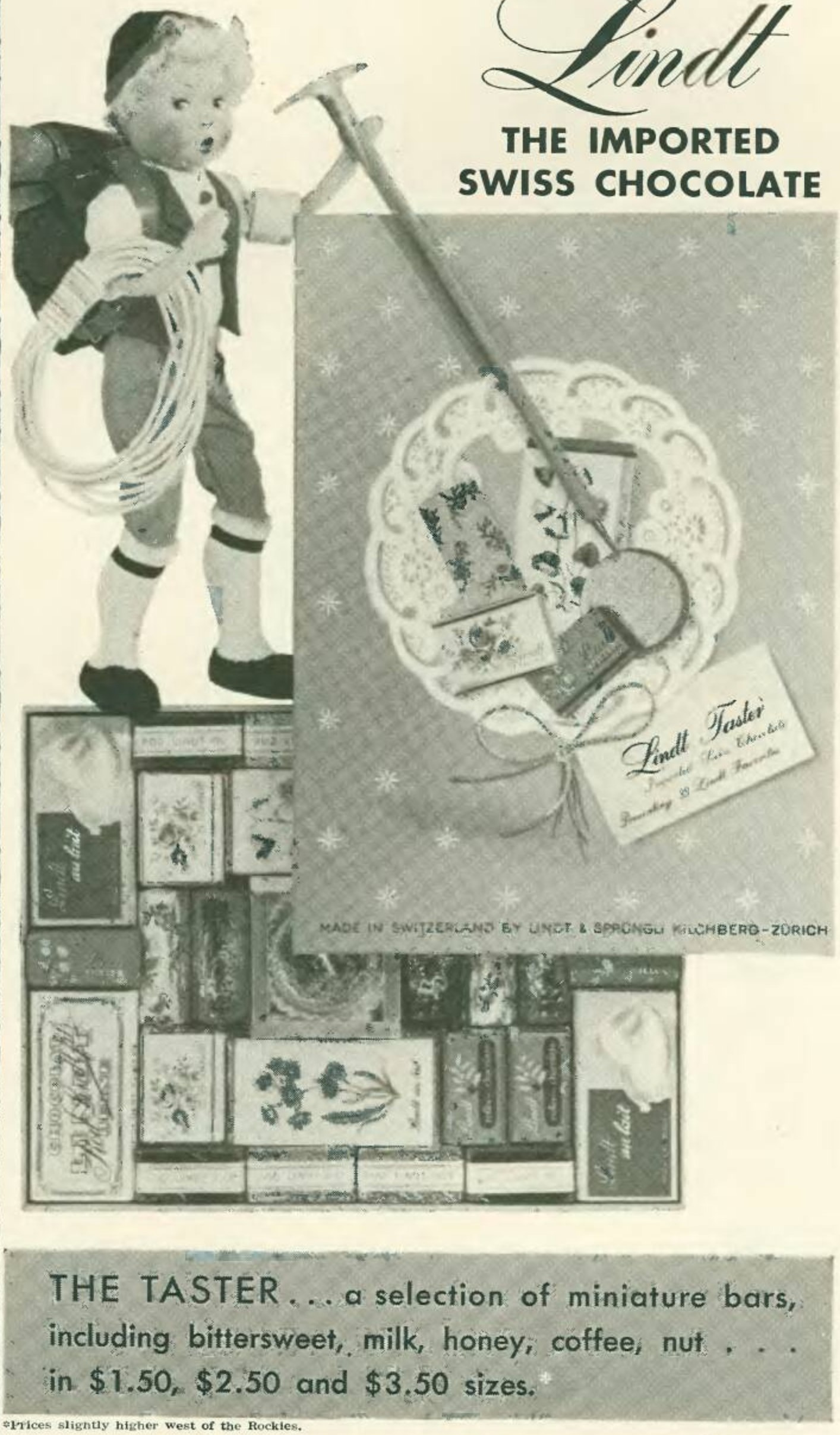
AS I lay now on my hard hospital bed and tried to remember the exact appearance of the *Infirmier's* face, my half-closed eyes were struck by a strong electric light switched on over my head. Another face, tanned and kind, seemed to be floating above me. I made an effort to focus on it, and recognized it as that of my surgeon. Behind him was a group of internes.

"How're you doing?" the surgeon asked me in a gentle voice.

"I'm doing all right, Doctor," I answered.

He uncovered me by pulling down the sheet and pulling up my hospital gown. My belly was warm, his fingers were cold, and at the best of times I am ticklish. The result was that I winced, and my face must have shown an inexplicable hilarity. The internes converged on me, watching me seriously. The cold fingers poked; I wiggled and giggled involuntarily. The soft voice asked "Does it hurt?" I answered "No," partly because my flesh was still numb and partly to reassure him that my wiggling was not due to pain. The internes looked on with in-

I'D CLIMB MOUNTAINS FOR



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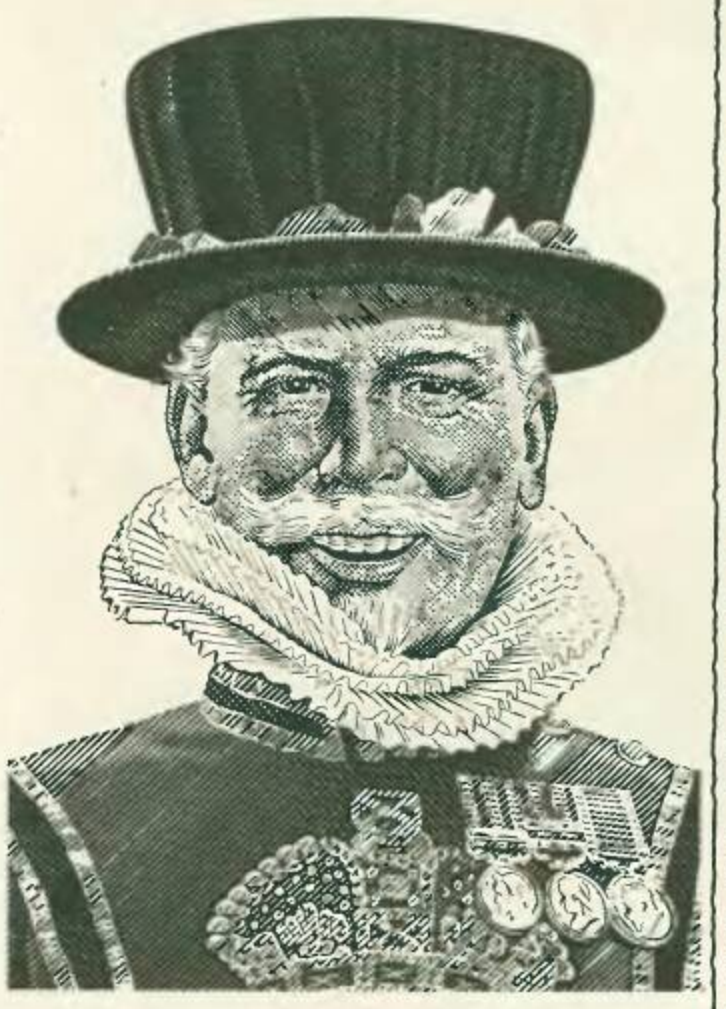

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tense gravity, from which I surmised that I was a rare sort of hospital patient, to be observed with special attention. The examination went on like this for some time, until at last the surgeon covered me again and departed with his solemn retinue.

I HAD full confidence in my surgeon and liked him, although many of our earlier encounters had been marked by this same kind of foolish misunderstanding. I must admit that at our first meeting, in 1948, I had disliked him. I had joined the United Nations staff in New York in 1946. Two years later, at the conclusion of a routine physical examination—the U.N. has its own clinic and its own staff of doctors giving regular physical checkups to all members of its Secretariat—a charming French-speaking woman doctor told me that she wanted me to see the specialist on hernia. "Just to make sure, you know," she added reassuringly. That was how I met my surgeon. He was nine years younger then, still under thirty, and perhaps a little less gentle than he is now. I was far from patient with him, not because of my youth, since I was already forty-three, but because I spoke little English and he knew no French. When he asked me to uncover my middle, I started to explain to him in my slow English that I had never noticed anything wrong. He cut me short with an impatient "Yes, but—" and plunged a long, firm finger into me. "Cough!" he commanded. I didn't feel like coughing, but I tried to oblige. "Louder!" he snapped. I did my best. He poked harder, and I began to giggle.

"There's nothing to laugh about," he said, and my blood pressure rose several points. After all, I was much older than he (in Vietnam he would have had to call me *ông*, which literally means "grandfather"), and we were of equal rank in the U.N. But my limited English prevented me from making a properly acid retort.

After a few more pokes, the doctor straightened up and asked, "How long have you had this double hernia?"

His tone was an accusation, as if I had known of the hernia all along and had willfully concealed it on my medical questionnaire. But again my English wouldn't come, and I could only answer him with a phrase I had learned from comic strips—"I dunno."

"Why don't you know?" he fired at me.

Nobody had asked me such a question since the days when I was a *soldat*

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de deuxième classe in the French Army. Sensing my rising temper at last, he tried to make me feel at ease. "You must be a real tough guy," he said.

This was no better. I had heard the epithet "tough guy," but I had always translated it to myself as "*mauvais garçon.*" Again he must have seen my anger and incomprehension, because he modified his statement. "You don't pay much attention to minor pains, do you?"

After that, we got along better. He told me that there was no hurry about an operation, but I must come to him for an examination at least once a year. So for the next seven years I dutifully reported to his office, where he would poke and I would jump, and the operation would again be postponed, because, he told me, it was only the beginnings of a hernia. Last year, however, I informed him of my decision to retire from the U.N. and to move to Hawaii, and he said that the time had come for surgery. I was not getting any younger, he told me, and I might not find such good hospital facilities away from New York. My wife voted with the doctor, and I reluctantly agreed. I did not then know what was in store for me.

ONE afternoon late last winter, I presented myself at the hospital, where my wife and I waited patiently and endlessly for a nurse in the admitting office to grant me an audience. At last she produced questionnaires and began to ask me a series of questions that reminded me of my first encounter with the Gestapo, in Marseille in 1943. My difficulties started with the very first questions: "What's your first name? What's your last name?"

Being intellectually scrupulous, I wanted clarification on what she meant by first and last. "First is what comes first. Last is what comes last," the bureaucrat-nurse said with infinite weariness.

My trouble was that we tradition-bound Vietnamese have been more reluctant than the Chinese to Westernize our way of writing our names, even when we live in a Western country, by reversing our usual order of family name first and given name last. My Vietnamese name is Tao-Kim-Hai, the family name, Tao, coming first. But when I became a French citizen in 1929, I was required by law to add a Western given name in front of my old name. Thus my full name, André Marie Tao-Kim-Hai, now contains two first names first, then my family

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name, and then two first names *last*. After much explanation on my part and bored impatience on the nurse's part, my names were written down, but I reduced the name Marie to the initial M, in order to avoid confusing the nurse as to my sex.

"Country of birth?"

This was easy, or so I thought, and I answered without hesitation, "Vietnam."

The young lady held her pen poised but refused to write. "Never heard of it," she said, as if I had just invented a new country.

Vietnam is not a new country. Its first king is thought to have died in the year 2879 B.C. Perhaps an American lady, even a professional and educated lady, cannot be expected to know Vietnamese ancient history, because the name of the country has changed several times. But how about Bao-Dai, Ho Chi Minh, Ngo Dinh Diêm, Saigon, Hanoi, and Diên-Biên-Phu?

"Is it in China?" the nurse asked.

Now, that is a question calculated to drive any Vietnamese wild. The Vietnamese respect China as the seat of a very honorable culture, but they cannot forget the thousand years of war between China and Vietnam. Historically, ethnically, geographically, and politically the lady was wrong, but I drew a deep breath and held my temper. It took a long time, but eventually the nurse passed me, not *cum laude*, and turned me over to a male attendant, who turned me over to a cashier to pay in advance for private nurses. Finally, I was allowed to go to my room.

The room was small but comfortable and well located, with a balcony and a view over the city. When my sister-in-law was in the Soctrang hospital in 1929, she had a whole suite to herself on the ground floor, surrounded by a hedge of blooming hibiscus. Here in New York there was no blooming hibiscus but a hedge of dirty buildings, with a few skyscrapers in the background. Nevertheless, my room cost at least twenty times as much as the suite in the Soctrang hospital and at least twice as much as the room I had occupied in the Waldorf-Astoria in 1945. At that price, I decided, I could expect good service, some comfort, and a certain measure of privacy. I changed my business suit for pajamas and a robe, said goodbye to my wife, and eased myself comfortably into the one armchair and started to read.

The door opened suddenly and a voice boomed "Hi, André!" It was a Catholic priest, plump and jovial, com-

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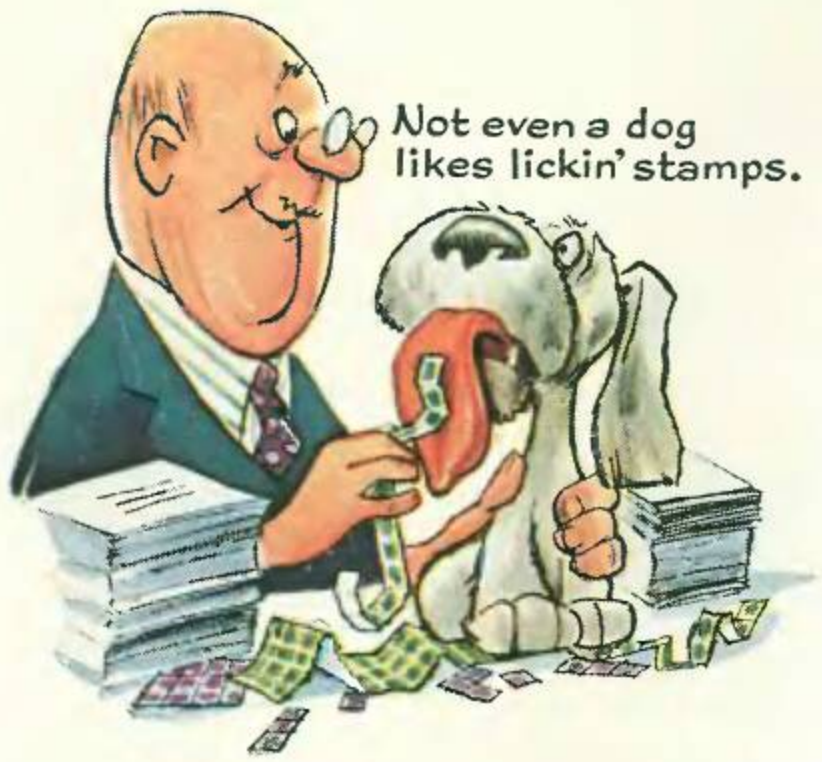

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plete with prayer book and stole. "How about Confession and Communion?"

I had told the admitting nurse expressly that although I was a Catholic, I did not want a priest, but here he was. He seemed a bit disappointed when I told him that it was not to be a serious operation, that I expected to survive, and that, anyway, I did not take death as seriously as many other Christians do. I tried to talk religion with him, but he did not seem particularly interested, and left after a few minutes.

Almost immediately, another man came in. He pointed an accusing finger at me and said with what I took to be a Middle European accent, "You have tuberculosis. You have venereal disease. You have—" There was not the slightest interrogative inflection in his voice.

"Who are you?" I interrupted.

"The anesthetist," he answered.

"*Parlez-vous français?*"

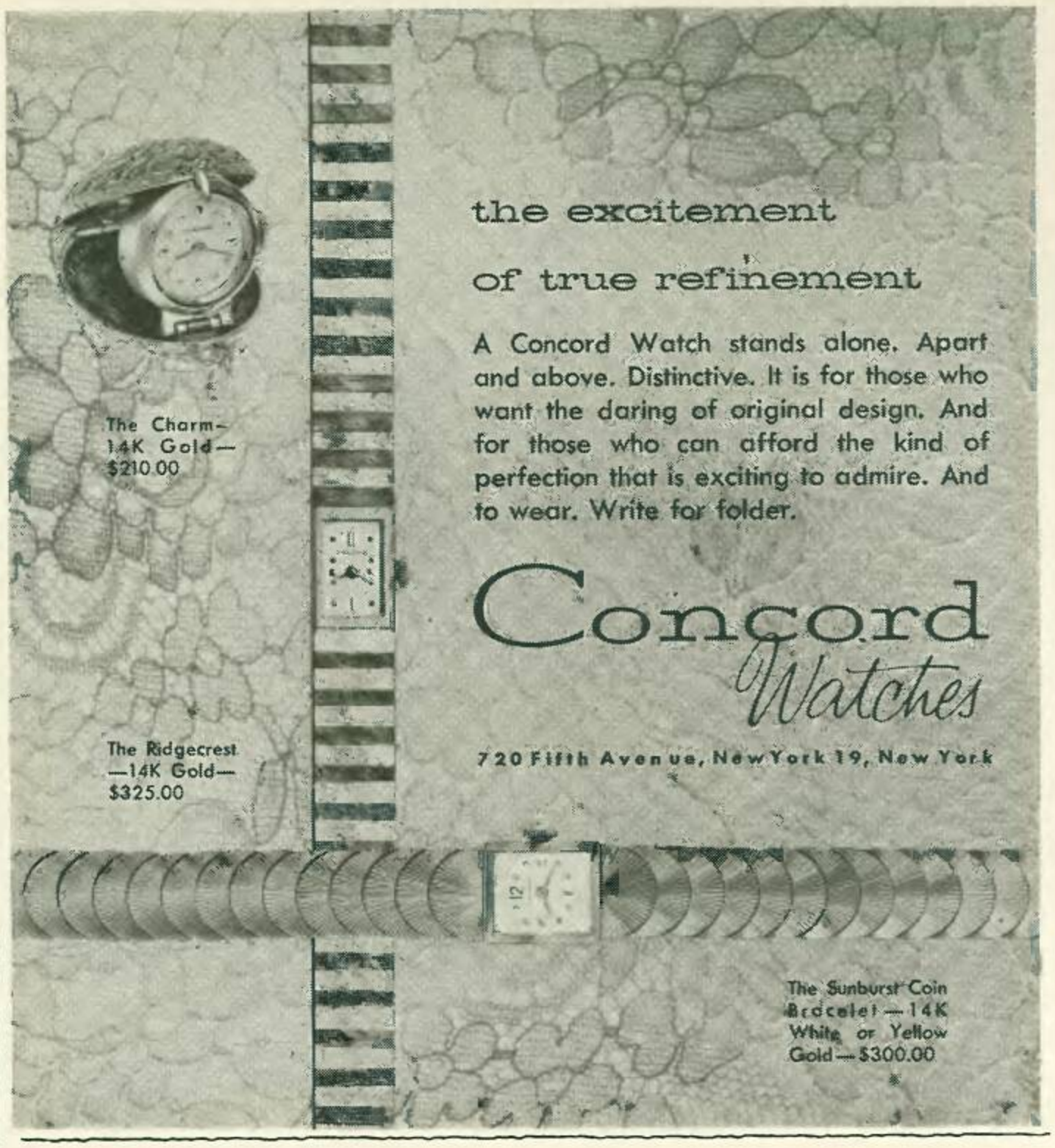
"*Oui,*" he said, and resumed "Vous *avez la tuberculose. Vous avez des maladies vénériennes. Vous avez—*" as affirmatively as ever.

During that first afternoon in the hospital, many other unexpected and unknown visitors came in, always without knocking, without introducing themselves, and without stating their business—except for the man who came to rent me a television set. I was both annoyed and amused, assuming, rightly or wrongly, that all this was the normal routine of an American hospital.

There is nothing to report about the next morning, except that a man came in to prepare me for the operation and a nurse popped in to give me a hypodermic, the significance of which I did not realize until I woke in the afternoon and discovered the incisions in my abdomen.

THAT evening, when I was fast asleep, somebody again turned on the light above my head. I looked at my watch and found that it was a few minutes after ten. Two young male internes and a young woman interne were sitting in chairs tilted back against the wall and looking at me. I recognized them as having been in the group that had visited me with the surgeon that afternoon. They smiled at me and I smiled back at them. We talked. One interne said that he had been surprised when I giggled during the surgeon's examination in the afternoon. "Orientals are stoic," he stated sententiously.

I decided that by "stoic" he meant tough, in the way my surgeon meant it when he said I was a tough guy, and I took it to be a compliment. But I won-



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dered about "Orientals" and asked him for his interpretation of the word.

"Chinese, of course," he said.

I asked him if he thought the whole Orient—whatever geographical limits he gave to that word—was peopled by Chinese. To my astonishment, he said that he took it for granted that I was Chinese, and anyway, all yellow people were the same. I asked him if he thought all white people were the same. I saw that he was embarrassed, and I was aware that it was I who was embarrassing him. I tried to put him at ease—as if I were a host in this room, and not a man who had just had an operation and was hoping to be allowed to sleep—with the story of my adventure with some Canadian broadcasters.

A few years back, I told the interne, I had received a telephone call from Ottawa inviting me to go there as the guest of the Canadian Radiodiffusion and read a few pages of French text for a film sound track.

"Don't any of you in Canada speak French any more?" I asked.

"Yes, but we want somebody from the Orient to do it."

"What's the text?" I asked.

But it was a long-distance call, and they didn't want to go into details. I was glad to visit Canada at somebody else's expense and get paid for it besides. I flew to Ottawa, had an excellent French lunch, and was shown the film, which was about India, and I read their text aloud into a microphone. I read it in my own French accent, which had grown out of twenty-two years' residence in France, out of my study of French diction, and out of several years spent as an habitué of the Club du Faubourg, where Parisian orators discuss everything from Paul Valéry to colonialism. When I finished my recording, despair was on the faces of my Canadian hosts. I sensed that I was a complete failure, and said I was sorry.

A French-Canadian said, "*Mais c'est de la Comédie-Française!* Couldn't you read French with an Oriental accent?"

"*Which* Oriental accent?" I replied. I explained that I did not know any of the dozens of languages spoken in India, any more than I knew Japanese or Chinese or Laotian or Cambodian or Malay or Siamese or Burmese, or whatever languages they speak in Afghanistan, Tibet, and Inner and Outer Mongolia. All I knew was Vietnamese, and my Vietnamese friends had told me that I spoke Vietnamese with an American accent, whatever that might be.

At the end of this story, the internes dropped the subject of race and tackled

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me on Oriental religions. I had a hard time explaining to them that neither Taoism nor Confucianism nor Buddhism is a religion in the Western sense of the word. They shrugged, and one of them said, "Tell us about Oriental food." But here again I had to say that I could find no common denominator for a Japanese *sukiyaki*, a Korean *pulgogi*, an Indonesian *nasi goreng*, a Siamese *mee kraub*, and an Indian curry. And so they left. They had not been unkind, but I had a feeling that they were disappointed by my inability to give them any general ideas and unhappy because they were no longer sure of the general ideas they had had.

MY real troubles started the next morning. Around five, a nurse came into my room and propped both doors wide open. I had never been awakened so early in my life except once in Oxford, where an English maid woke me before dawn to serve me early-morning tea. Here, in the New York hospital, my nurse served me an early-morning thermometer, without asking my consent or coöperation. I resolved to be patient, however, and tried, unsuccessfully, to go back to sleep. Around seven o'clock, I thought it was late enough to ask for a special favor, and I rang. Ten minutes later, a nurse in her late twenties whom I had never seen before came in. Before I had time to ask her please to bring me a cup of coffee or anything hot, and kindly to close the door when leaving, she shouted at me, "Whatsa matta, boy?"

I was nonplussed by the rudeness of her tone and her vocabulary, but I managed to lodge my double request. "Breakfast at eight-thirty," she snapped, and went out immediately—without closing the door.

She went out so fast that I had no time to formulate an appropriate reply. The word "boy" had stung me more than the nurse's tone and manner. I did remember that before my American father-in-law died, my mother-in-law used to explain his occasional absence from their cottage in Florida by saying "He must be out bowling with the boys"—by which she meant a group of gentlemen who were in their seventies. But I also could not forget my personal knowledge that the French in their colonies use the word "boy" to mean "servant." They even call a female servant a "boyesse." Suddenly angry, I wanted to ring for the nurse again and explain all this to her, but then I remembered my conversation

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with the internes and decided to live up to their high opinion of the stoicism of Orientals.

Around eight-thirty, several nurses invaded my room, all shockingly healthy and cheerful, and chattering like parakeets. I heard a jumble of overlapping greetings and questions, such as "Hi, boy!" "How do you feel this morning, sweetie?" "He looks wonderful!" "Where did you get this beautiful silk robe?" "Here's your breakfast." "Don't you like coffee? You prefer Chinese tea?" and "Soft-boiled eggs—no chop suey here!" I was confused, and I couldn't sort out the questions fast enough to answer any of them. Then a couple of male attendants walked into the crowded room, one of them shouting at me in Chinese, "*Ni hau ma? Ni hau pu hau?*" When I did not answer, he added, "You Chinese? What dialect you speak? . . . No Chinese? Jap?" The other attendant turned on the television, which responded with a blurred image and a blare of sound.

Suddenly my surgeon came in and the nurses and attendants became silent at once and filed out of the room. Gently he examined me. When he was through, he asked, "How do you feel?"

"Physically, as good as possible," I answered. "Mentally, not so good."

"Why?"

I explained to him that I had the impression of being a rare animal in a zoo. In fact, I added, this was worse than a zoo, because in a zoo the public is not supposed to excite the animals. The surgeon tried to cheer me up, telling me that there was a lack of privacy and social amenities in almost all hospitals. He went as far as to explain the psychology of nurses and hospital workers, who tend to become insensitive because they, fully clothed and able-bodied, habitually deal with more or less helpless patients who are stripped of their business suits and their vertical dignity.

This reasoning cheered me slightly, and I pondered over it later, when a nurse came to wash me. Her method was without consideration or kindness but efficient and thorough. No wonder nurses have a superiority complex, I reasoned as she rubbed my back, and no wonder I feel inferior, being babied like this. I quoted Spinoza to myself. "An emotion which is a passion ceases to be a passion as soon as we form a clear and distinct idea thereof."

But matters did not improve in the succeeding days. I was a "boy," I was

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a dumb Oriental. I was addressed in what sounded like pidgin English. I heard allusions to what the hospital staff thought of as Oriental ways and Oriental foods. Even my American wife was not spared rudeness, vexation, and humiliation. Although she had an M.A. in Greek before many of the nurses were born, these young ladies took it for granted that the wife of such a strange man could not amount to much. Several times I nearly exploded, but my wife, who can always guess my mood with accuracy, succeeded in calming me. I tried to remember my Maternal Uncle Number Three's teaching about the Superior Man. It was not my job, I told myself, to enlighten the hospital staff about world tolerance or the sensitiveness of one normal Oriental. My job was to restrain my animal, emotional soul and allow my physical, vegetative soul the best possible chance to heal my two incisions.

The moment of drama came unexpectedly. Its protagonist—the external, visible, and immediate cause—was a nurse, but as I think back on it, I realize she was no protagonist at all but only the last straw. Try as I may, I cannot even recall exactly what I said to her, or why I said it. I only remember her reply. "*I* am the supervisor," she said. "*I* am the head nurse here. *I* know my work and I know people like you!"

Jumping hastily and unnecessarily out of bed and fumbling with the telephone, I shouted to the operator, "I want my surgeon! I want him immediately!" Then I raved confusedly, incoherently, childishly, ridiculously. I don't remember most of what I said; I remember only that the hand grasping the telephone shook and that my legs would barely hold me up. The nurse herself did not seem to trust her eyes; it must have been a scene she was not used to. I shouted at her, "I am a patient! I'm not a nurse! I'm not under your supervision!"

The surgeon came, and I poured out to him all my bitterness as a patient in general and as an Oriental patient in particular. In a loud, shrill tone I told him that a hospital should take care not only of the physical welfare of its patients but of their mental welfare as well, and that nurses should treat their patients as human beings, whatever their race, sex, religion, and state of health. In the middle of my ravings, I again saw the nurse staring at me, her eyes wide open, her mouth slightly ajar, and her arms hanging foolishly down. "If you have nothing to do, get out of

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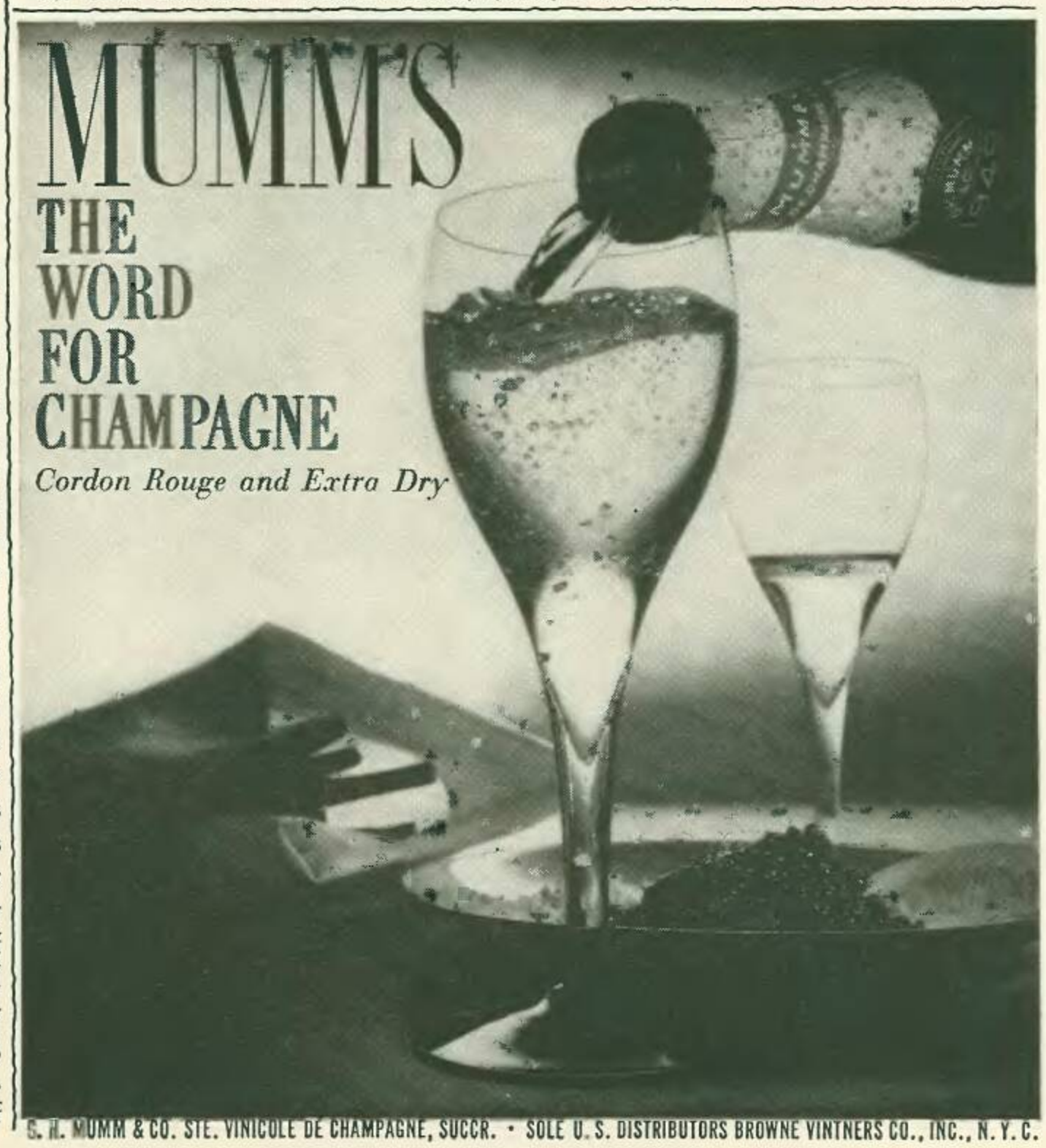

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here!" I shouted at her. "Get out of here!"

Abruptly, my excitation and exhilaration subsided, and I felt ashamed of myself. I was also angry—angry with myself, with all the nurses on my floor, with the whole hospital, with the entire United States of America, and with all the human stupidity in the world. The surgeon had listened to me in silence. When I had calmed down, he quietly asked me, "Would you like to change floors?"

His gentle suggestion made my anger flare up again, and I cried out, louder than necessary, that I would not retreat. Suddenly finding myself in command of the English language, I said that I wanted to stand my ground and fight it out, to shout back at those who shouted at me, to be sarcastic when I met sarcasm, and to make myself either respected or hated as a patient and as an Oriental.

Gently the doctor eased himself out, and my wife came in. She told me that I had been wrong. I knew she was right, but I shouted at her, too, angrier than ever. She left. I was alone for a long, long time. A feeling of shame overcame me—only shame, nothing more.

SOMEONE knocked at my door—a thing I wasn't used to any more—and I managed a "Come in." A young nurse with red hair appeared with a tray. "Your dinner, sir," she said without any emphasis. It was the natural thing for her to say, but I felt embarrassed, as if I were being shown a special treatment that I did not deserve. Guardedly I smiled at her and thanked her. I readied myself for dinner, cooperating eagerly as she set up the collapsible table. I pointed out to her a box of liqueur chocolates from Holland and invited her to help herself. She did so with grace. I asked her if she spoke French, and—miracle!—she did. She spoke it with a Canadian accent, but it was French all the same. I felt like kissing her then and there, just as I had felt like kissing the first girl I saw in the Free Zone of France after I left Frontstalag 152 in the Occupied Zone, in 1941. In both cases, however, I did not feel that I had won a battle.

From that day on, all the nurses I encountered treated me decently, finishing all their sentences with "sir"—even their supervisor, who reappeared discreetly the next day. I knew that I had behaved badly, that I had not been even faintly civilized, and that I had reacted in sheer animal passion. But

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I did not know how to apologize to the head nurse without embarrassing her. To make up for my inability to formulate an adequate apology, I coöperated with all the nurses and attendants beyond the call of a patient's duty. I took my own temperature. I took my own bath, sitting on the edge of the tub in my bathroom. I ate all my breakfast, although the eggs were never the way I liked them and the coffee was too American and too weak. I shared my gifts of candy and cookies with all the nurses. My guilt, nevertheless, lingered on, and I wondered if the head nurse now tolerated me as a spoiled and incurably ill-bred boy beyond redemption, whether she hated me or possibly even admired me for my outburst, whether future patients in this hospital would profit or suffer from my wild explosion, and whether Orientals would be received here from now on with special attentions or would not be admitted at all. These were some of the questions I was left with as a result of my first experience in a hospital, and I am afraid that I will not find satisfactory answers to them even after my scars fade and are forgotten.

—André M. Tao-Kim-Hai

•

Mrs. Dorothy Janotti, thirty, glanced out the window of her third-floor apartment at 15 Granite St., Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon and saw what looked like a four-foot lizard enjoying hunks of bread that had been tossed into the neighboring backyard for the birds.

Mrs. Janotti's husband, Salvatore, thirty-one, went down and looked. It was a four-foot lizard; black with horizontal stripes about the size of a pencil.

Mr. Janotti bagged the reptile in a crab net. It stuck its tongue out at its captor. Police Emergency Squad 8 used a six-foot noose on a pole to load it into their van. James Rosenthal, an agent of the A. S. P. C. A., transferred it to a burlap sack and took it to the society's animal shelter at 233 Butler St., to await a claimant. Police think he may be the owner of a pet shop.—*The Herald Tribune.*

They've been reading detective stories.

•

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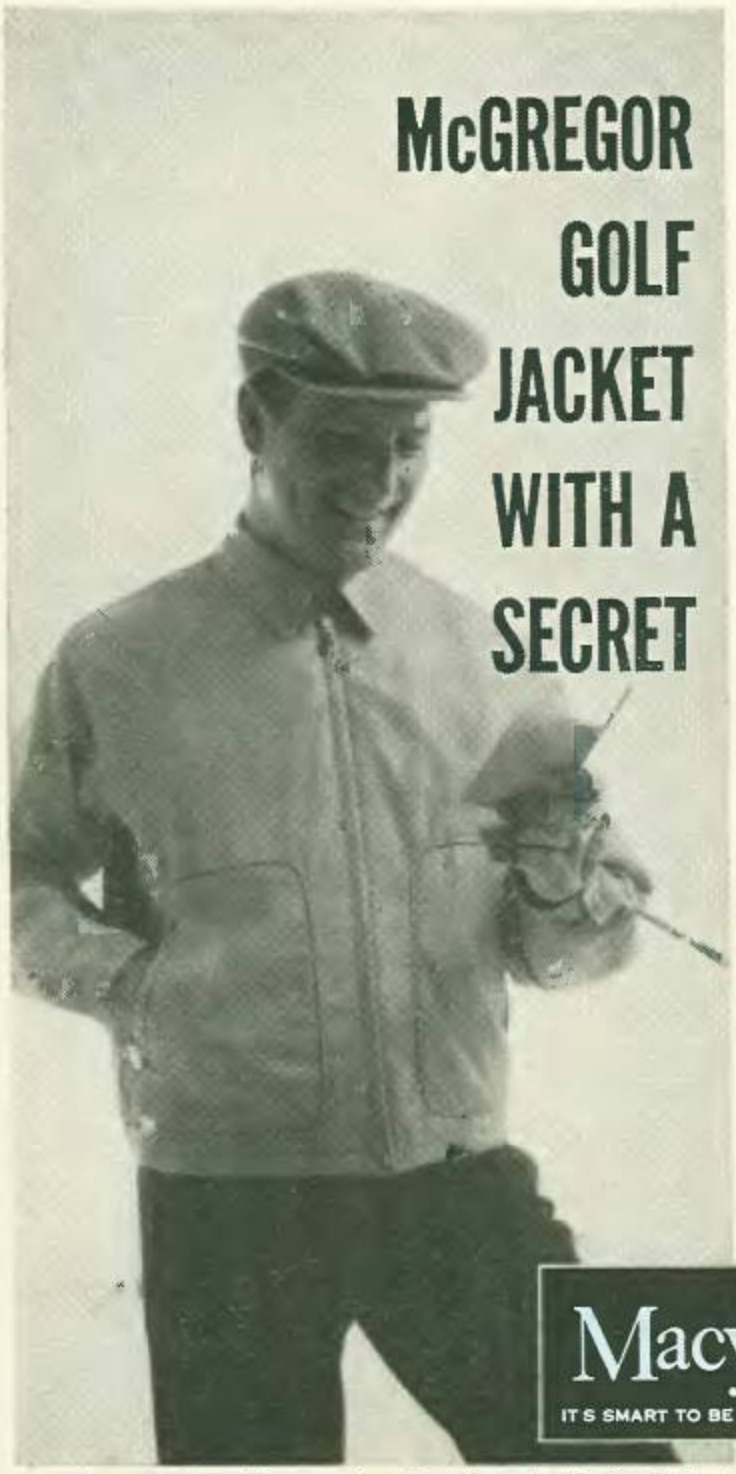

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THE SKY LINE

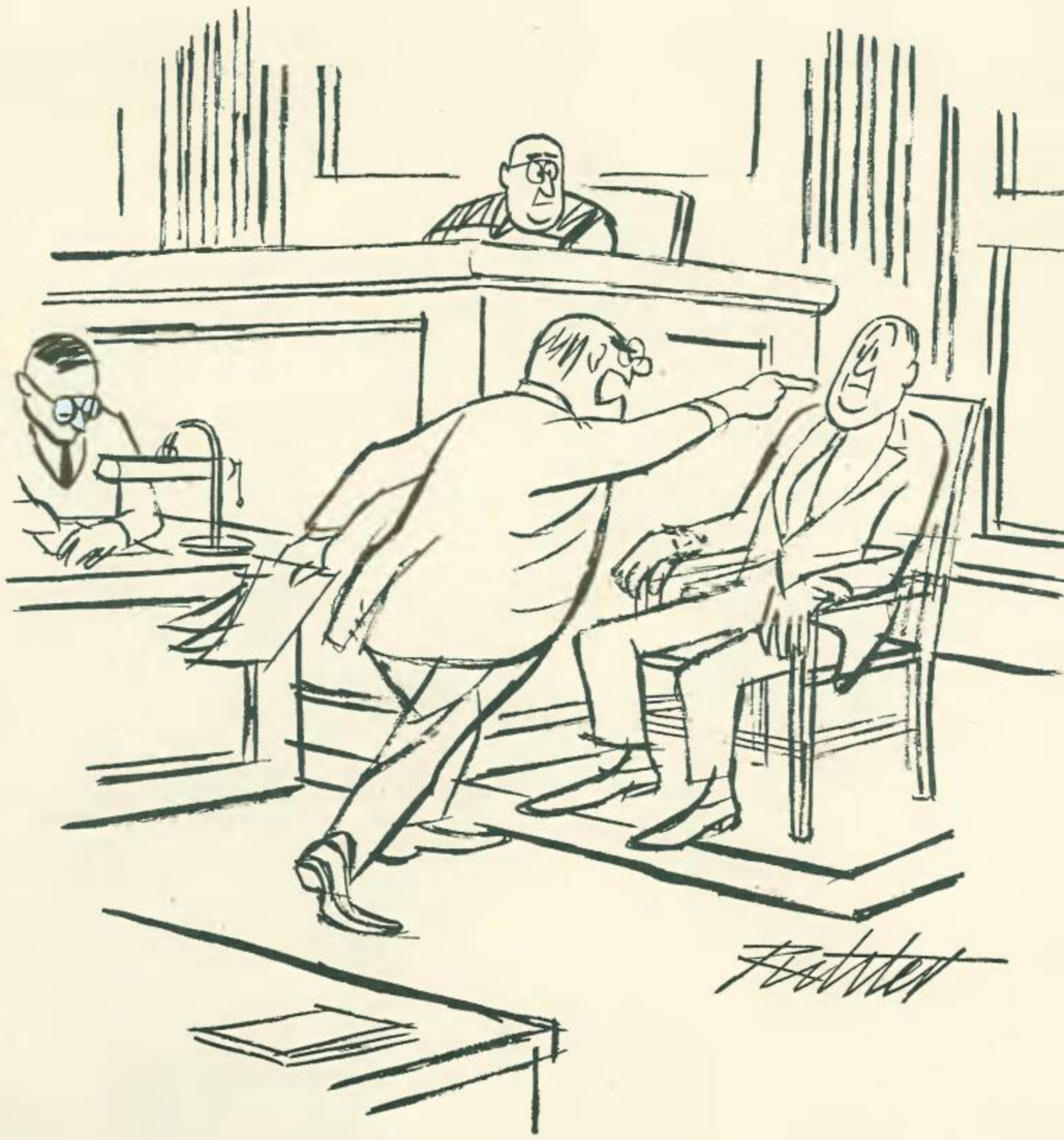
Babel in Europe

AFTER having spent four months in Europe, I should find it easy to give an account of its present state of town planning and architecture, but this is an impossible task today. Thirty years ago, the lines were clear and the direction was obvious; the tide of historical imitation had ebbed, and the turn toward a clean, bright, austere, efficient modern form had begun. The modern was then easily defined; it was that which did justice to the virtues of the machine—the precise, the calculable, the economic. At the beginning of the century, Adolph Loos, the Viennese architect, had proclaimed that ornament was a crime—a statement that put him in opposition to both eclectic traditionalists and the "secessionists," who, like Louis Sullivan here, sought to create a new system of ornament. Later, in the early nineteen-twenties, Le Corbusier had demonstrated that a new aesthetic, as free from caprice and fantasy as an ocean steamship or an English smoker's pipe, set up a criterion for every form. Architecture, cleansed of fantasy, would concentrate henceforth on the utilitarian and the constructive; the great cylinders of an American silo were the Doric columns of the new age.

On that basis, a few simple clichés served to identify a modern building. The smooth façade, without cornices or columns; the wide expanse of horizontal windows; the external curtain wall supported on cantilevers from an interior row of columns—these were enough to establish the authentically modern, and any departure from them was a violation, even an unthinkable regression. There were still very few modern buildings in 1930, and their contrast with the tourist souvenirs of eclecticism was so refreshing that no one suspected that an urban quarter designed on these restrictive principles alone might be an appalling monument of aesthetic dullness.

And in town planning the same new clarification, the same austerity and simplicity, prevailed. In reaction against the often arbitrary overemphasis of topographical irregularities and curved streets in suburban planning, the planners restored rectangular blocks and straight, parallel rows in an ecstasy of schematic rigor. Long, continuous palisades of single-family houses or apartment buildings, whose straight lines made possible the use of travelling cranes and miniature railroads in building operations, became *ipso facto* the desirable modern form. Conformance with this rectitude was partly rationalized by accepting as an absolute the "new" principle of orientation, which held that streets should run north and south, and houses face east and west—without regard to view, to prevailing winds, or to the fact that if winter sun is what is desired, the major orientation of houses, as Xenophon pointed out more than two thousand years ago, should be south.

In 1930, a few dozen buildings and housing estates summed up modern architecture and town planning; a student who had diligently visited Hamburg, Berlin, Stuttgart, Dessau, the Paris suburbs, Rotterdam, and Zurich could without a twinge of conscience feel that he had pretty well covered the whole ground—unless he thought he should add Mies van der Rohe's Barcelona pavilion (1929) and his dwelling house in the Czechoslovakian town of Brno (1930). Eclecticism was dead; the regional had seemingly succumbed to the rational; the architecture and town planning of the past apparently had nothing to teach the modern architect. Long before the bombings of the Second World War had destroyed the historic cores of London, Rotterdam, and Berlin, Le Corbusier, acting on these notions, had theoretically wiped out the center of Paris and made it over on a Cartesian plan—high buildings separated by large areas of empty space, an arrangement making pretentious claims to sunlight and modernity but devoid of any urban character except excessive density of population. Those plans of Le Corbusier's are today, ironically, the principal holdovers of that period, perhaps because they now unconsciously symbolize the inflation of money, the deflation of human hopes, and what one must perhaps call the "normalization of the irrational." This



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last is a characteristic of an age that is busily engaged in the exploitation of atomic energy without first pausing to find a safe way to dispose even of its lethal peacetime products.

Many of the buildings of this early modern era, though they have become commonplace, seem as fresh now as when they were breathtaking innovations. Looking idly out the train window on the way from Rotterdam to The Hague, I recognized with a pleasurable start the handsome van Nelle factory, a paragon in its day and still unspotted by time; its concrete frame and glass walls and compact organization would make it a model for factories whose production needs do not require them to follow the current mode of one-floor sprawl. But there is hardly a single aesthetic dogma that has carried over from those early days without severe revision; even the glass wall is open to vigorous challenge. Now that a thousand buildings have been constructed with curtain walls so arranged that their windows must be covered with Venetian blinds as protection from the sun, producing even blanker walls, we are aware of the sheer dullness as well as the functional contradiction of this solution, to say nothing of the costly housekeeping these dust-catchers exact. To the pain and consternation of his earlier disciples, that great innovator Le Corbusier has turned his back on the axioms and principles that made his Esprit Nouveau pavilion, in Paris, so famous in 1925, and has designed a child's-storybook church in Ronchamp in which the windows are peepholes, as capriciously spattered over its face as a five-year-old might spatter them on a drawing—and with about as much discipline of form. This repentance with a vengeance has the violence of caricature, but however the Master's more pious admirers try to disguise it, his reaction points to a serious lack in the old credo. In short, the modern movement is no longer a united front; it has already divided into two wings—the formalists (sometimes still known in America as the practitioners of the International Style) and the organicists, the two of them being merely our old friends the classicists and the romanticists, doing business in new quarters. This suggests that architecture is in effect back where it started in the twenties, which would be sad if it were true.

IN a recent survey of postwar architecture in Europe, the editors of the London *Architectural Review* found it impossible to make any valid generali-

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zations about the course of contemporary architecture, and were plainly disconcerted by its lack of direction. Though I, too, find myself unable to make generalizations, I believe that the present confusion and lack of direction are due partly to a not unsound effort to reacquire some of the architectural qualities that were cast aside by the somewhat naïve formulations of the nineteen-twenties. Not long ago, one of the most voluminous exponents of modern architecture, who established some of the European clichés of the twenties, privately justified his return to stone facing, as opposed to facing of concrete, plastics, metal, or glass, by observing that more than one fine façade has been spoiled by materials that weathered badly or simply got unpleasantly dirty. Defiantly—but properly—he felt that his status as an exponent of the modern should not be lowered because of his sensible reversion to stone. Forms native to our age are a necessity, if our lives are to be lived with integrity, but the fact that the forms or materials employed are peculiar to the twentieth century does not by itself insure their beauty or their usefulness. Atomic energy is native to our age, too, but it may poison the soil and pollute the atmosphere beyond repair before we are intelligent enough to control it.

A good architectural solution today cannot be a mere mechanical solution, however brilliant or original, any more than it can be a mere cellophane package, wrapped in Mondrian strings, that ignores or denies its contents. Yet the revolt against a purely utilitarian functionalism begun by some of the younger architects, under the leadership of the venerable Mies van der Rohe, has already brought forth a formalism equally one-sided and even more sterile. What we still lack is an order of architecture capable of expressing in appropriate constructional form our many-faceted human needs, aesthetic and social, and of cultivating economy as a means to an inner grace—the sort of order exhibited by the Italian Pier Luigi Nervi, the outstanding structural engineer of our generation, in the new Sport Palace now going up on the outskirts of Rome, with a dome of thinnest concrete "floating" above the arena. (It is one of the handsomest structures I came upon in Europe this summer.) What modern architecture needs if it is to achieve the richness of form its earlier machine-minded program denied is a matching and molding of formal order, physical functions, and human feelings, both within and without, which means arranging

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all the mechanical, biological, social, and personal aspects of a building in the rank of their importance and significance for the human purpose in mind. This recalls Louis Sullivan's demand for an order "so inclusive that it will admit of no exceptions." So the present confusion in architecture is perhaps a prelude to a new effort to accomplish just this. The International Style of the twenties certainly did not embody that kind of order.

THIS change in the approach to a modern design is admirably illustrated by something that has already evoked controversy in England: a small, six-story office building—or, rather, two separately owned buildings treated as one—at 45 and 46 Albemarle Street, just off Piccadilly, in London. Though the architect, Ernö Goldfinger, has utilized the materials and resources of modern techniques to create openness and good light where they are needed, he has also respected the historic tone of the quarter and produced a structure that, though more brilliant than its mute, shabby neighbors, conforms to their scale and to the rhythm of the street. To overcome the dullness of its flat façade, composed of concrete, Portland stone, gray Vitrolite, and glass, he has scandalized some of his pedantic contemporaries by using sharp contrasts of light and shadow to give it color and distinction. All the windows have reveals, instead of being flush with the wall, and the upper parts of these windows, arranged in panels of three, form a kind of clerestory, whose even deeper reveals create a strong band of shadow; in addition, at the third floor, and again at the fifth, there jut out two shallow glass bays; their main aesthetic purpose, like that of a Regency balcony, is to relieve the otherwise monotonous front with still heavier shadows, which are delicately emphasized by the thin black frames, top and bottom, of the windows. (In his new National Dock Labour Board Building, on the Thames Embankment, Frederick Gibberd has used a similar device.) The final scandal of this design is the parapet, which is curved outward to form the bold line of a cornice; the shadow it casts firmly says "Finis" at the top. To make matters worse—that is, better—the concrete members are covered with Portland stone. Here is a building that has not merely learned the lessons of modern form but has learned them thoroughly enough to feel free to learn, too—from the eighteenth century and the Regency—how to create a lively fa-

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çade for a street that must be modernized. Here the past has been neither externally imitated nor crassly rejected but inwardly absorbed and re-created, and contemporary form, instead of being confined to a handful of easily recognized clichés, is a fresh, supple, and many-toned orchestration of varied instruments. When this attitude becomes more common among architects, the problem of adapting historic quarters to new uses without effacing their identity will be easier, and modern design will have come of age.

THE clearest line of development in contemporary European architecture unfortunately is in some ways the most depressing, for it involves a repetition of many of the mistakes made in the development of the skyscraper in America during the last two generations. As in a small American town, the skyscraper, almost anywhere in Europe, is a sign of having arrived and of being up to date; it is also an attempt to escape from the drab and the commonplace, which are often reinforced by bureaucratic building regulations that seek merely to produce an outward uniformity. Under the delusion that the skyscraper dwelling is more economical and efficient than lower buildings, great tenement skyscrapers have gone up on the outskirts of nearly every city of the Continent, from Antwerp to Milan. I even found one lonely specimen, twenty stories high, on the outskirts of ancient Avignon, while in London, on the London County Council's new Roehampton Estate—in some respects a brilliant job—such buildings have raised their heads above the hitherto inviolate rural landscape of Richmond Park. Sometimes these buildings are as gay, at least in the colors of their stucco and

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their shutters, as they are along the Italian Riviera, but when they dominate a whole quarter, they form a singularly unpleasant kind of urban space, gigantic in scale, procrustean in feeling, empty in content. Only trees and gardens of the grandest order, as at Roehampton, can redeem such urban deserts. The term "vertical garden cities" is mainly sales talk for "overcrowding."

This sort of skyscraper apartment appeared well before the war—for example, the dismal towers in Drancy, outside Paris, which were long unoccupied but have now been taken over, I believe, by families of the metropolitan police forces. But the skyscraper that has set the pace for contemporary efforts and has had the most unfortunate hypnotic influence upon the younger architects is Le Corbusier's famous apartment house on stilts, in Marseille, whose atrocious plan corrupts all its superficial aesthetic vitality. Perhaps the only big city that has kept consistently to a human scale of building in its new quarters is Amsterdam, but, partly because of the stringent limitation on costs in Dutch housing and partly because of oversimplified site planning, these low buildings are a little grim by contrast with the still ingratiating façades of Haussmann's middle-class Paris boulevards of a century ago, though all the architecture was, unfortunately, concentrated in the façades.

So far, the most sensible effort to exercise public control over the skyscraper, to keep it from becoming a major nuisance in already crowded cities, was recently made by the London County Council. It sets maximum population densities for all buildings in various parts of London, according to the function of the neighborhood, but allows the builder to choose between putting up a low building that covers an entire plot and getting the same amount of floor space by going into the air and leaving part of the plot uncovered, as our own Lever House does. This is a more rational method of control than the imposition of a uniform roof line or uniform setbacks, for it allows cubic space to be provided in accordance with the purpose of the building. Whereas department stores and garages may need to cover a whole block, offices and hospitals may be more conveniently and salubriously housed in towers or slabs, with plenty of open space on every side. This new form of control was forecast in the model prepared last year by Sir William Holford for the precinct around St. Paul's, in London—an assemblage of freestanding buildings of varying heights, accessible and visible from many direc-

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tions. This picture is the precise opposite of that created by the wall of solid masonry that constitutes the traditional city block, but it is the form appropriate to the outsize superblock, which seeks to isolate a large area from through vehicular traffic and offers ample provision for unhindered pedestrian movement. Until whole blocks, or even neighborhoods, are so disposed, however, isolated buildings or clusters of buildings laid out in this fashion will be mere gaps in the orderly frame of the old-fashioned street, as the Seagram Building is on Park Avenue.

In neither form nor content did I see any striking departure in Europe from the contemporary American concepts of skyscraper design, though Werner Moser, in Zurich, has in some respects improved upon Lever House in his projected office building, and Gio Ponti and Pier Luigi Nervi are making an outwardly radical departure in Milan, in the form of a thirty-two-story skyscraper with a cigar-shaped ground plan—the new headquarters of the Pirelli rubber company. The results of this unusual experiment won't be visible till next year. Everywhere, the glass wall, with continuous windows and opaque glass spandrels, has become fashionable; there are postwar examples as far apart as London and Geneva. But this is a dead end of glossy architectural boredom, against which a reaction is already overdue.

CERTAIN things have happened in Europe since the last war that run counter to the Continent's emotional need, deepened by the destructions of war, to refurbish and conserve its historic past in architecture while creating a modern environment more favorable to the demands of our own period. The most corrosive of these influences is the motorcar, which brings mobility to the countryside but congestion and frustration, plus a threat of stagnation and blight, to the city. For a generation, Europeans consoled themselves with the thought that since the motorcar was an upper-class privilege, they need not attempt to adapt their cities to motor traffic or the motorcar to their cities. The ubiquity of their chief vehicle of private transportation, the bicycle, and the mild congestion it produced, should have warned them; when Hitler made his one contribution to respectable fame by commissioning the Volkswagen for the man in the street, it was already too late. Since the war, and especially in the last few years, every town in Europe (like every

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town in this country) has become clogged with motor traffic. The old market squares, which once or twice a week were cluttered with peddlers' carts and stands, are now cluttered every day with motorcars, since they are the cheapest of central parking lots. To behold the venerable buildings that surround these squares, one now needs stilts. Half of the Grand' Place, in Brussels, a glorious composition in gray and black and gold, is given over to motorcars, though a flower market keeps a tenuous grip on the other half; in Paris, the Place Vendôme has entirely lost its serenity and order to the parked and moving vehicles. And what is true of these cities is true of all the other cities famed for their beauty. In Amsterdam, the parked cars so effectively line the canals of the central city that they completely spoil the townscape. Grandiose projects, modelled on American lines, have been suggested in Europe—midtown garages, arterial highways, and overpasses and underpasses, like those Brussels recently built to cope with the traffic its International Exposition will draw. No one, it seems, pays heed to our own grim experience, which is that the more facilities are provided for the motorcar, the more cars appear. The only thing that keeps this flood from being even worse in Europe is the shorter length and breadth of European cars; European manufacturers have intelligently developed a series of small vehicles—notably, the Italian Isetta and the German Goggomobil—that fit admirably into a tight urban pattern. These cars are sized to the human frame, not to the human ego. But what the man in the street lacks in the size of his car he compensates for—at least in Italy—in deliberately ostentatious noise, so that in every Italian city the delights for the eye are spoiled by the assaults on the ear. What is worse, pride and vanity lead wealthy Europeans to import American cars or to demand similar dimensions in the local product. So a race is going on between the rationalities of technology and the irrationalities of style.

European city planners and administrators are still as reluctant as our own to treat the problem of the motorcar on the only terms that will prevent it from making city life first unendurable and finally impossible. The solution demands at least four intermeshing steps: the vigorous restoration and improvement of public transportation within the city; the replanning of both the central and the residential neighborhoods to encourage pedestrian movement and re-

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strict access by automobile; the designing of private cars, mainly for town use, no bigger than an Isetta, preferably powered by electric batteries of an efficient type still to be invented, along with the restriction of huge cars within the core of the city; and the relocation of metropolitan industry, business, and administration in outlying subcenters, to favor cross-transportation rather than the swollen tides of one-way traffic that now flow into midtown by day and ebb in the evening. The Europeans are one up on us by having invented a tolerable type of small car. London has made a further move by encouraging the construction of upper-income apartments, along with office buildings, in the ancient City of London, a central area whose nighttime population, aside from watchmen and rats, was negligible even before the blitz. These are palliatives. The main issue is that the right to have access to every building in the city by private motorcar, in an age when everyone possesses such a vehicle, is actually the right to destroy the city. We still habitually sacrifice all the special values of the city to the function of transportation, as during the nineteenth century they were sacrificed to the railroad and the factory. In many of our expressways and viaducts and cloverleaf intersections, our highway engineers, in defiance of the lessons the past should have taught them, are butchering good urban land as recklessly as the railroad builders did in laying out their terminals and marshalling yards. But the notion that you can free the motorcar from all restrictions in the city without devastating the city's living spaces is a delusion that will probably cause a lot more damage before it dies. Meanwhile, the explosion of population in the central areas is producing a suburban fallout that is polluting the metropolitan countryside almost as effectively as strontium 90. This goes for Europe as well as America, though there it has not yet reached the proportions that now confront us along the whole Atlantic seaboard.

ONE final note, on a minor aspect of urbanism. Europe, which is copying our mistakes in handling the skyscraper and transportation, is likewise the victim of the lighting engineer, who, under the guise of providing scientific illumination, has been lining our streets and avenues with the gawky lamp standards and the ghastly modes of illumination that reflect his bad taste, turning human beings into green

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corpses with sodium light and making it impossible for anyone to sleep if his window faces the stabbing glare of a fluorescent tube. The chief merit of these batons of light is their cheapness, but they have not yet achieved a decent form. All honor to Robert Louis Stevenson, who back in the eighties foretold this miscarriage of technics. "The word electricity," he noted, "now sounds the note of danger. In Paris, at the mouth of the Passage des Princes, in the place before the Opéra portico, and in the Rue Drouot at the *Figaro* office, a new sort of urban star now shines out nightly, horrible, unearthly, obnoxious to the human eye: a lamp for a nightmare. Such a light as this should shine only on murders and public crime, or along the corridors of lunatic asylums, a horror to heighten horror." He could hardly guess that these aesthetic misdemeanors would multiply. Whatever lighting engineers may think, it is not the intensity but the quality of light and the pleasantness of its form that count in an urban street, and these designers should confine their technical improvements to apparatus that can be put in a round globe or hemisphere and placed, at least in residential quarters, on a low standard. It is the use of hemispherical forms, on tall, thin posts, that gives the platforms of the new Rotterdam railway station a cheerful quality that streets lighted by fluorescent tubes do not have. Lighting, like transportation, is too important a matter to be left to the experts.

—Lewis Mumford

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He stamps into her boudoir while
She flickers in permanent alarm. Here
A piano plays, drums roll, cymbals crash,
Because a sheet of yellow paper, full of holes,
Obeys our cheap command—music
That wakes the final sleep.

Tiny drummers, black as ink, smell life again,
Begin to jig and shuffle; banjos play;
Then the lid pops open; from his tomb
Mr. Bones arises, and the dancing stops.

In a sudden frenzy, as our penny drops,
A driver starts around the endless track
Beating his galloping horse. Indians converge
With tomahawks, a village burns;
Yet, swaying slightly on the curves,
The Overland comes in, and stops.

Sick of death and danger, now we turn
To science which shows us for a penny
A man who's magnetized from head to toe.
He's running down a bulging street
While behind him fly nails and horseshoes.
Knives and forks sail out of windows
To porcupine his frock coat. Jaws drop
As clocks reach out their hands—the cards turn slower,
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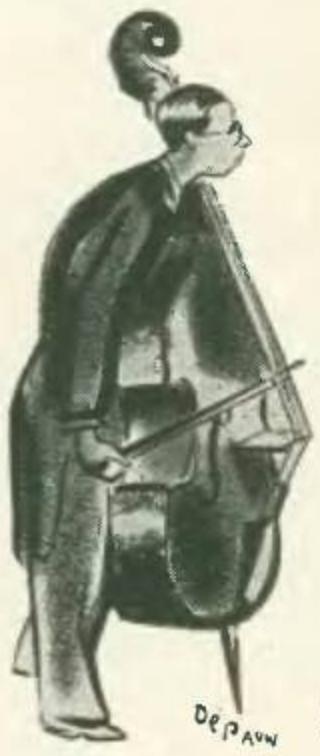
Revitalizes faculties. Electric pulses quiver through
Our hands and hair, while cosmic power slowly drips
From our extended fingertips.

—John Atherton

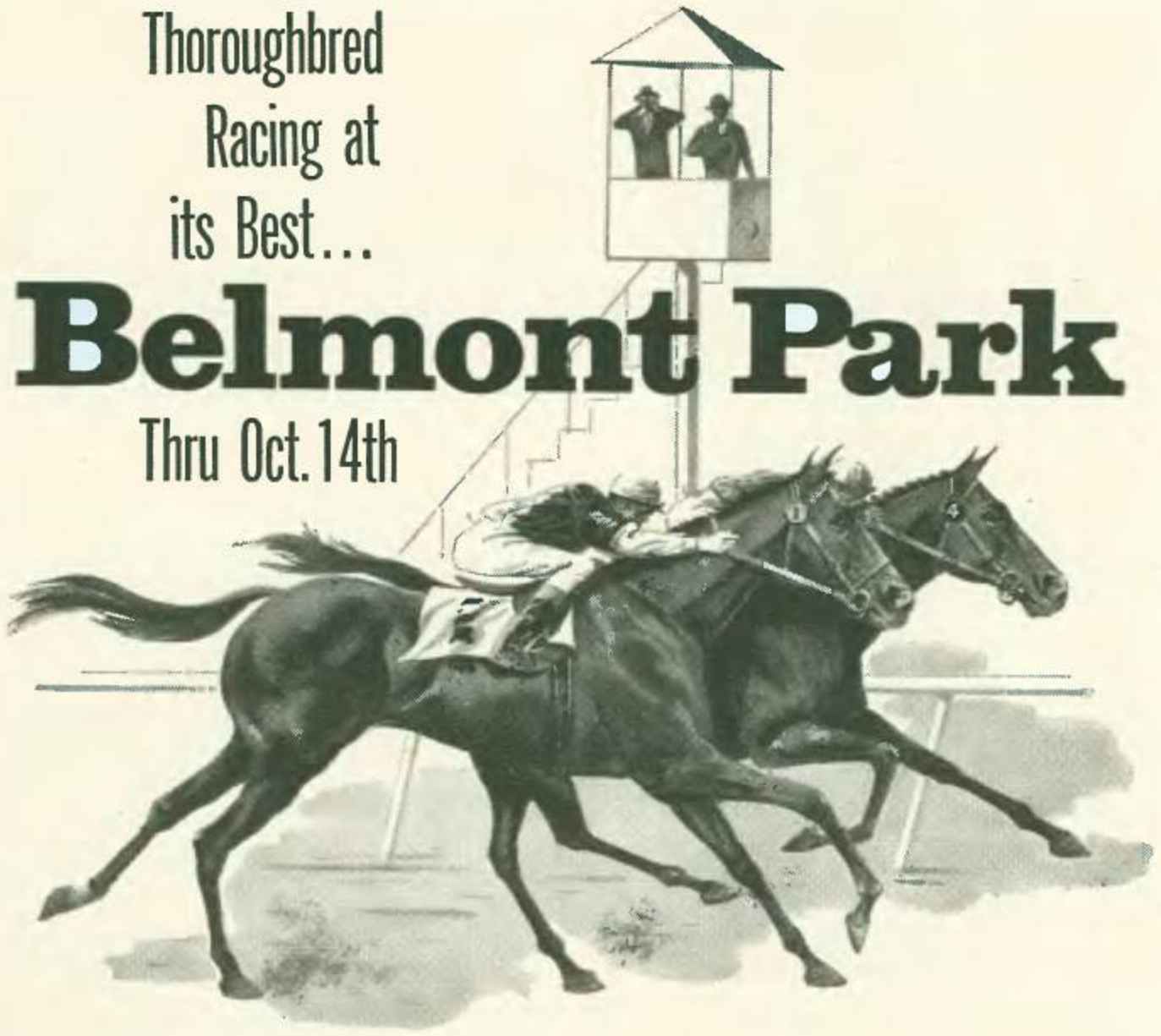
MUSICAL EVENTS

Near Miss



CONSIDERED simply as a spectacle, the Royal Ballet's new full-length production, "The Prince of the Pagodas," which was given its American première at the Metropolitan Opera House one evening last week, is a pretty dazzling affair. It is dazzling primarily because of some charming scenery, by John Piper; a wardrobe of magnificent costumes, by Desmond Heeley; and a succession of bright ensembles in which the company's dancers swarm onto the stage in platoons, bowling their audience over by the sheer quantity of exuberance and exotic color that the choreographer, John Cranko, has provided. Considered strictly as a work of choreographic art, however, the ballet has some weaknesses. Its pageantry is often too cluttered to allow for clear definition of the numerous pleasant details, and where the choreography does become clear—as it does in the last act—it is somewhat limited in variety. Moreover, the work is rather unhappily wedded to a score, by Benjamin Britten, that does nothing to add to its gaiety—a score that nowhere seems to come to life with the sort of propulsiveness that good ballet music calls for. This is a great pity, for some really rousing music from the pit might have glossed over the ballet's moments of wandering inspiration and converted it into a smashing evening's entertainment.

The story the ballet portrays is an engaging, if fairly diffuse, fairy tale, evidently of Mr. Cranko's own concoction, in which one may recognize familiar motifs from "Cinderella" and "Beauty and the Beast." It is set in a vaguely Oriental dream world where certain aspects of the Elizabethan masque are juxtaposed with gleaming temples suggesting Bangkok by moonlight, and it concerns the adventures of a neglected little princess who is enticed from her unhappy home by a foreign prince with the assistance of four winged frogs. These creatures transport her to



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his Kingdom of the Pagodas, and the journey is a complicated one, involving trips through the clouds, under the sea, and through a mysterious region of fire. Then, when the princess arrives at her destination, she finds, to her dismay, that her prince is not a prince but an ugly salamander. So she returns home. But just as she is about to be incarcerated by an evil, jealous sister, the salamander appears, puts the evil sister in her place, and earns a caress from the princess, which transforms him instantly into the true prince he has obviously been all along. After that—if you are still following me—everybody goes to the Kingdom of the Pagodas, where the prince puts on a wedding celebration conveniently entailing some typical ballet divertissements.

All this, of course, provides no end of opportunity for scenic wonders. There is a sequence in which husky male clouds roll about, propelling a female moon through the sky. There is an underwater sequence full of very active fish. The Kingdom of the Pagodas teems with pagodas that walk, gesticulate with arms, and spread wings in the form of paper fans, as well as with pagodas that seem constructed of wire and are lit with considerable ingenuity to produce a ghostly atmosphere. The scene among the pagodas is, in fact, quite enchanting, and Svetlana Beriosova, as the princess, and David Blair, as the salamander-prince, are as handsome and graceful a pair as one could imagine. Still, "The Prince of the Pagodas" is too heavily weighted with plot and scenic complexities to qualify as a great ballet, and Mr. Britten's music pours over it with the deadening effect of a carload of ashes.

THE Royal Ballet's other novelty of the week was something called "Solitaire," a little one-act item that struck me as less pretentious and more successful. Choreographed by Kenneth MacMillan, it turned out to be a modest essay on the subject of loneliness, in which a young girl, danced by Anya Linden, was alternately approached and rejected by a number of playful companions. Miss Linden proved herself a truly affecting dancer, with an ingratiating and well-defined stage personality and an unusual capacity for projecting emotion by means of movement, and her portrayal of eager but frustrated adolescence was as graceful as it was touching. The score this time, I am happy to say, was appropriate and pleas-

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ing—it was written by Malcolm Arnold—and Mr. MacMillan's choreography was fresh and imaginative.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

The Three Louis

DECCA has issued a hefty album, "Satchmo: A Musical Autobiography of Louis Armstrong" (Decca DXM-155), done up like a box of Christmas chocolates, that includes—in addition to some enormous photographs (Armstrong in his stocking feet, Armstrong fondling a cat), a plodding account of his career (Louis Untermeyer), and an oblique appreciation (Gilbert Millstein)—no fewer than forty-eight pieces of music. Forty-one were recorded within the past nine months, and the rest in the past decade. All but two are replayings of numbers he first recorded between 1923 and 1934. Each one is introduced by Armstrong himself, who, reading from an implausible script, occasionally sounds as if he were intoning the Kellogg-Briand Pact. There are some downright mediocre pieces, but the album also contains some of his most durable work. It comes at a fortunate time. A truly celebrated figure, Armstrong nonetheless has recently begun offering in his public appearances little more than a round of vaudeville antics—clowning, bad jokes—and a steadily narrowing repertory.

Armstrong comes in several parts—the trumpeter, the singer, and the showman. As a trumpeter, he is one of the few jazz musicians whose careers have had the length and variety to be divided into distinct periods. The first began in the early twenties and ended around 1930. Playing in small New Orleans-style ensembles, he had an uncluttered, deceptively matter-of-fact manner that was marked by a brassy tone and a tendency to fluff one out of every five notes. But his basic style—a lyrical hugging of the melody and a rich, fervent texture—was already unmistakable. Then, suddenly, he became the first of the great primitive jazz soloists. He abandoned the New Orleans style (Armstrong has never been a comfortable ensemble player, for he is apt, as if in a creative trance, to ignore what goes on around him), and for the next three or four years was a soloist in large, ragged, moaning groups. Despite the tea-dance backgrounds they generally gave him, he produced a series of solos, on such tunes as "Basin Street Blues," "That's My Home," and "I Gotta Right to

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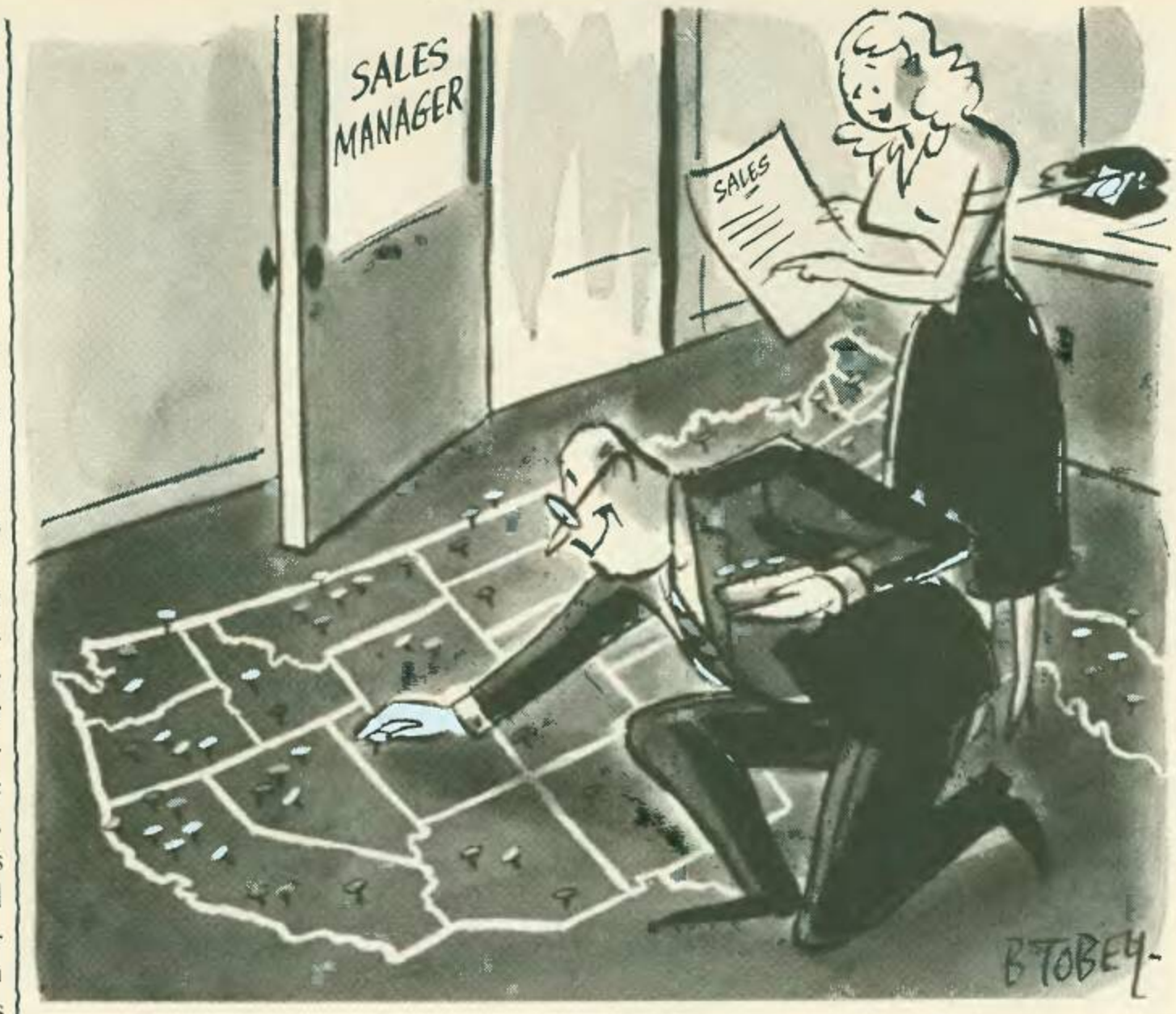

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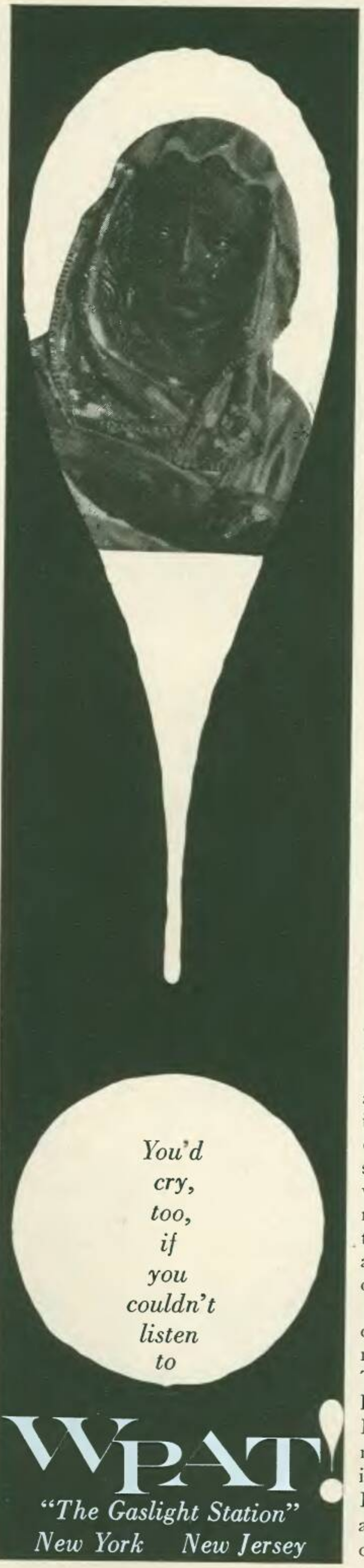

Sing the Blues," in which, moving for the first time into the upper register of his instrument, he perfected a stately, soaring lyricism, full of graceful swoops and falls, that still seems boundless in its range. Since the mid-thirties, his style, hampered by an inevitable lessening of physical power, has become a mixture of his first two periods—short, simple, declamatory phrases placed end to end with uncertain, empurpling sorties into the high register.

Although Armstrong has for twenty-five years been regarded, because of his incalculable influence over his contemporaries, as a supernal figure, he has, at the same time, rarely seemed to extend himself beyond a straightforward use of his unique gifts. Never an energetic improviser, he has limited himself to direct, if sometimes unforgettable, embellishments. His technique is at best adequate. He has played a given solo nearly note for note year after year. And, most important, his extraordinary emotional vigor has often peculiarly just missed getting through the broad, bland assurance of his playing. For all that, he has invariably managed, as the purest of all jazz musicians, past and present, to be an infallible definition of just what jazz is.

Armstrong has always been a peerless jazz singer. His deep, dragging, first-sergeant baritone sounds as if it had been irreparably frayed from overuse, yet he handles a song with a gentleness and sensitivity that convert it into a wholly new melody. (He has, however, never paid much attention to articulation or the sense of lyrics, which he generally reduces to an unintelligible rubble of long vowels and slurred consonants.) In fact, the agile, legato warmth of his voice has, in the long run, surpassed, in its imaginativeness and flexibility, the very trumpet playing he is principally revered for. It is quite possible, too, that Armstrong's stage presence—a heady and steadily revolving mixture of thousand-watt teeth, marbling eyes, rumbling asides, infectious laughter, and barrelling gait—is as endearing a spectacle as we have had on the American stage.

Armstrong is accompanied for much of the first half of the album by his regular group (Edmond Hall, clarinet; Trummy Young, trombone; Billy Kyle, piano; Squire Gersh, bass; and Barrett Deems, drums), which plays a rather tenuous New Orleans style and is augmented here and there by George Barnes and Everett Barksdale, guitar, and Yank Lawson, trumpet. It is spelled on several occasions by a couple of other

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groups, including such men as Jack Teagarden, Barney Bigard, Earl Hines, and the late Sidney Catlett. Among the tunes are many of the ones that Armstrong previously recorded with King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band and with his own Hot Five and Hot Seven. The present recordings—with the exception of a rolling, melancholy version of "King of the Zulus," a raucous "Snag It" (which he has never recorded before), and a brooding "All the Wrongs You've Done to Me"—are inferior to the earlier ones. There are also, however, four blues, sung with earnest monotony by Velma Middleton, in which Armstrong acts as an accompanist, as he often did in the twenties for such singers as Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith. In two of them, "Reckless Blues" and "Court House Blues," he plays shaded, casual obbligatos—some so soft they can barely be heard—that are as effective as anything he has ever recorded.

The final half of the album concentrates on the years between 1929 and 1934, and, again, is mostly given over to Armstrong's present group, enlarged by a saxophone section and using simple arrangements. On tunes like "Lazy River," "Song of the Islands," "If I Could Be with You," and "I Surrender Dear," Armstrong plays and sings with a lift and ease that at times remind one of his greatest period. Edmond Hall, who achieves a throaty, floating sound on his instrument, is flawless throughout, and Young, an alumnus of the old Lunceford band, plays with more decorum and thought than he has shown elsewhere recently. Both Kyle and Gersh are satisfactory, but Deems remains a soggy, punchy per-

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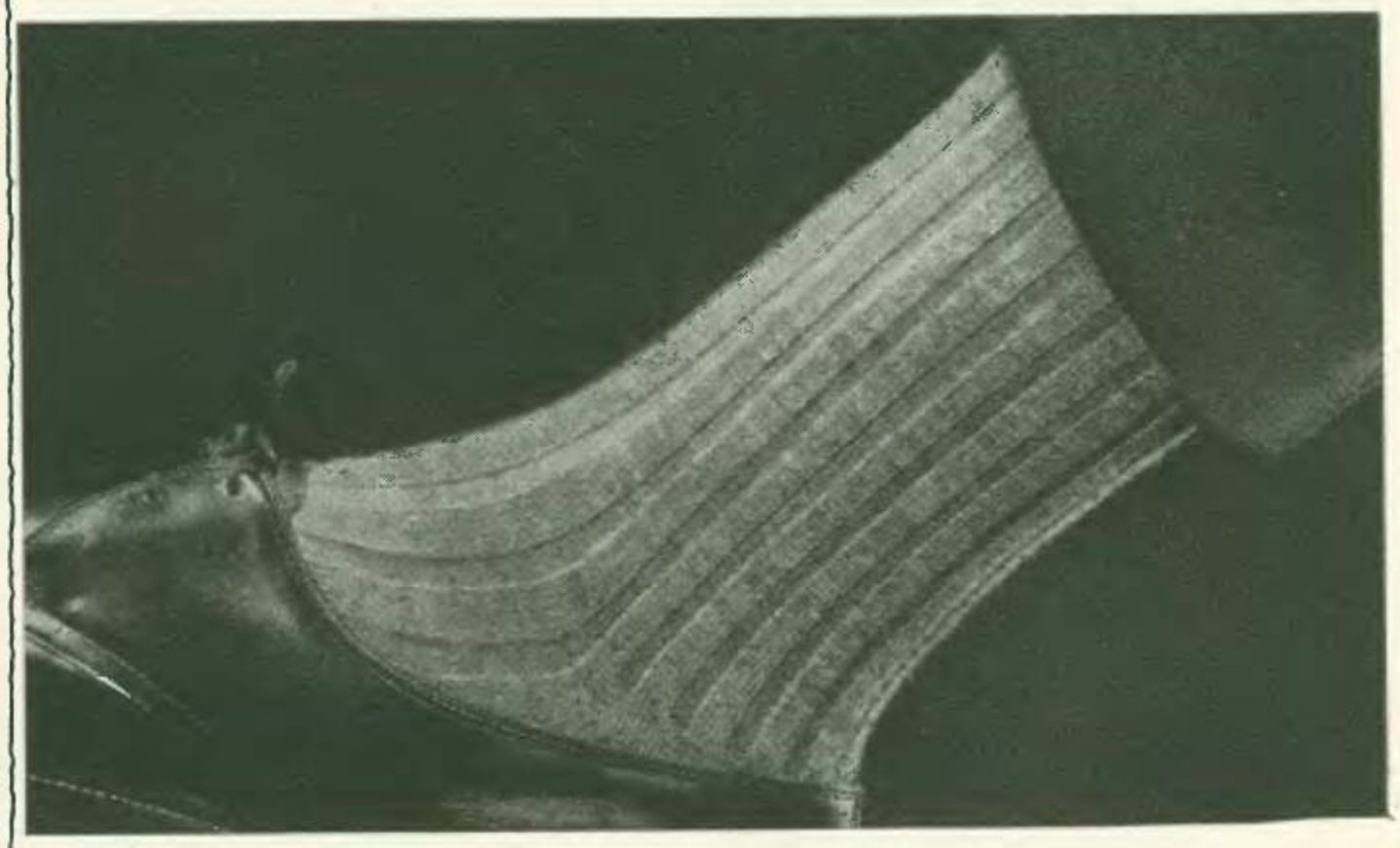

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former. He is, however, mercifully under-recorded. The price of the album is about twenty dollars.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

CONJUGAL CONSPIRATORS

A husband and wife cannot be indicted for conspiracy, on the theory that any act of the wife's is undertaken under the coercive influence of her husband. This is what is known as a legal fiction.

English jurists have sometimes wondered what the position would be if a man lawfully involved in polygamy were to be unlawfully involved with two or more wives under circumstances which would normally lead to a charge of conspiracy. Does the legal immunity extend to all the wives, or only to the first?

There has been some disposition to assume that the legal fiction cannot be extended to polygamous households. For while the singular might be held to import the plural, and "wife" therefore to mean "wives," some weight was attached to normal usage. If a law, for example, excluded a duellist from charges of murder or manslaughter, it might reasonably be held not to apply if a man simultaneously entered into conflict with two or more antagonists. The parallel to marriage seems sufficiently close.

The courts of Tanganyika pursued this argument to its logical conclusion. A Mohammedan and his wife, charged with conspiracy, pleaded their relationship as an all-sufficient defence. Not so, ruled the Tanganyika courts; by virtue of your religion, they said in effect, you are a potential polygamist. Tell us not that you have only once been made the happiest man in the world, that a solitary female occupies your harem and your heart, and that with her alone were you in cahoots. That is but an evasion, a wretched legal quibble. By marrying this woman according to Mohammedan Law, you professed a possible intention of marrying three other women; and albeit you have done nothing of the sort, we rule that your wife was not in law, any more than in fact, subject to your commands.

The unhappy pair, thus deprived of their sole defence, appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. That august body ruled that the term "husband and wife" in the statutes of Tanganyika comprehends any number of wives unless otherwise stated: and the law governing conjugal immunity from charges of conspiracy had no such reservation.

Justice has thus overreached itself. By pressing charges against a man with one wife on the ground that he contemplated, by implication, having more than one, so that no Moslem could ever claim the benefit of the statute unless he was married only by a civil ceremony, the courts of Tanganyika have led the Privy Council to release upon Africa a decision which enables a pagan polygamist to conspire with any number of women provided he marries them all.

There is one ameliorating circumstance. If . . . —*Editorial in the Kingston (Jamaica) Gleaner.*

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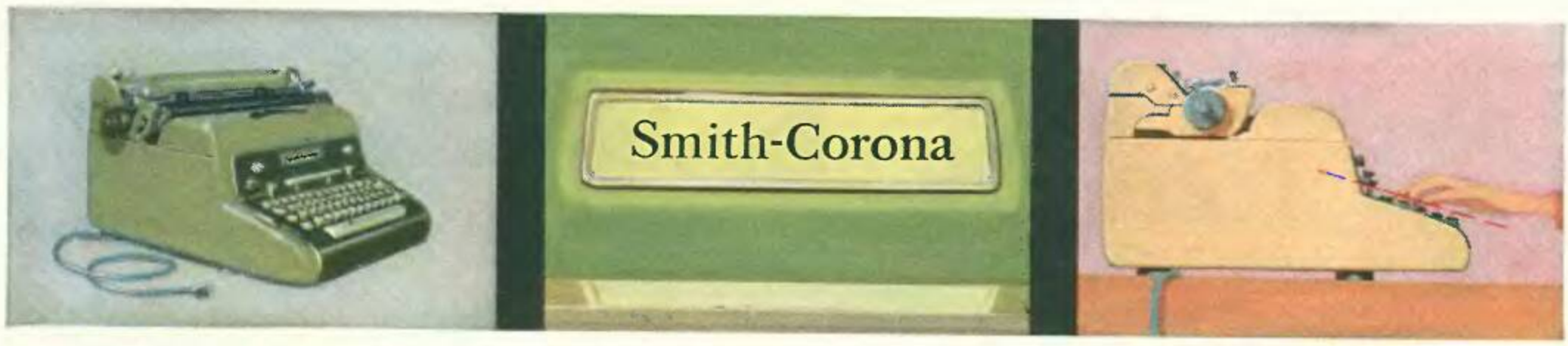

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GREENVILLE, MISS.,
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The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

JOSEPH WECHSBERG's report on how *l'atmosphère Transat*—or air of general well-being and conviviality—is created aboard the Liberté concerns itself with the management of services in first class. Since, because of *l'atmosphère Transat*, I have always crossed the Atlantic on French Line ships, and since, for reasons that escape me at the moment, I have always travelled third class, Mr. Wechsberg's article has given me an unaccustomed view of the vast salons and the immense dining room, which we third-classers see only briefly during the pre-sailing uproar or on the last day out, during the passport examination. His article has also shown me that there is no essential difference in the methods used in the two classes for creating *l'atmosphère*.

Take the special attentions designed to please V.I.P.s, or *passagers de marque*. I suppose it must be admitted that *passagers de marque* are rare in third class—even those who, like me, might claim to be *fidèles clients* because they never travel in any other class. But on my most recent crossing on the Liberté I became a kind of poor man's V.I.P., for I had been preceded on board by a note from a friend of mine—M. William Foubert, head of the American Express Freight Department in Paris. The note, in which I was "highly recommended," was addressed to his nephew, Auguste Prinaz—the third-class chef of Mr. Wechsberg's article who is often called upon "to make a simple *pot-au-feu* or *cassoulet*" for the ascetic purser, M. Bellet. Mr. Wechsberg intimates that Auguste's cuisine for the third class is of a monkish simplicity—a kind of health regime for the weak of liver. Perhaps the third-class passengers of no mark on my trip restored their digestion with plain fare, but as a passenger "highly recommended" by the Freight Department—and by an uncle, to boot—I was very nearly foundered.

At the first meal outward bound, customarily a rather simple one by French Line standards (it featured nothing more than skate *au beurre noir*, *tomates provençale*, broiled steak *maître d'hôtel*, salad, six cheeses, fruit, and wine), I

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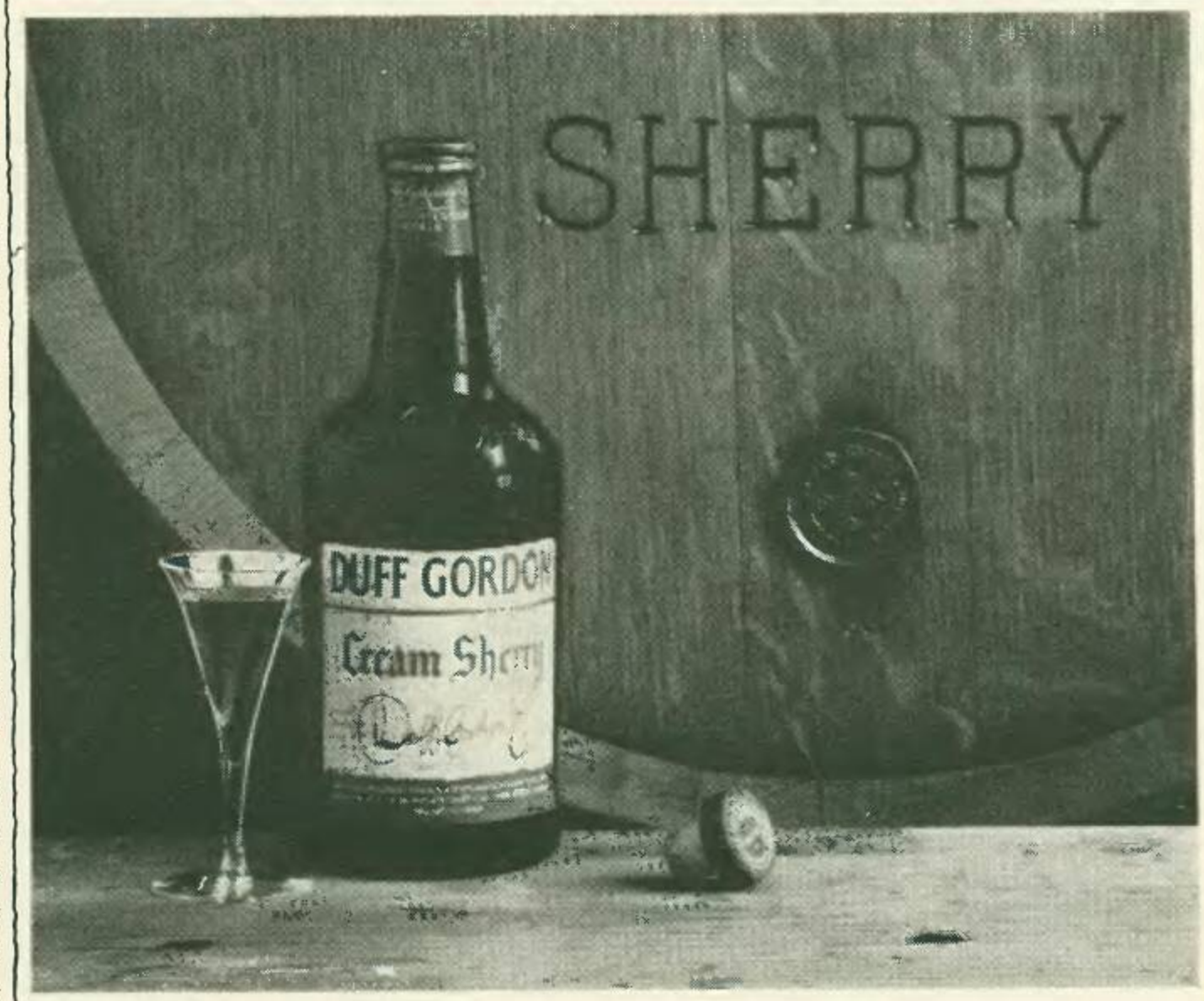

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BROKER, IF ANY_____

found hidden under a lettuce leaf a block of *pâté de foie gras truffé* large enough to spread the canapés for a month of literary teas. By means of the same subtle, scarcely perceptible, and amazingly lucid winks and jerks of the head that Mr. Wechsberg so admired in M. Bellet, my waiter indicated that the *foie gras* was a gift from the galley and should be eaten surreptitiously, so as not to arouse the envy and greed of the passengers of no mark. Another sly wink and nod of the head told me to look toward the galley door. There a round red face, topped by the toque of the *chef de cuisine*—obviously the face of Auguste—was beaming at me. By means of the same sign language, which is apparently a dialect mastered by all French Line personnel, Auguste signalled me to drop into his domain after the passengers of no mark had gone.

Normally, I am a fast eater, but a French Line meal is a formidable collation at any time. With a great block of *foie gras*, in addition to the regular meal, to be dominated, I had no trouble dawdling until all the other passengers had left. In fact, I could have dawdled until the next meal, for I had ordered another bottle of wine to wash down the creamy, rich *pâté*, and a heavy lassitude settled over me as I struggled toward the last bite.

In the immaculate galley, Auguste was eagerly awaiting the chance to give his uncle's *passager de marque* more of *l'atmosphère;* this appeared in the form of a platter of *pâtisserie*, rushed in still warm from the first-class ovens. Calling on hidden reserves of *gourmandise*, I ate my share, and then gratefully sipped the most magnificent Armagnac I shall ever taste—a gift sent down to the third-class *passager de marque* by the first-class *caviste*. After Auguste had finished whipping up a *sauce mousseline*, which we both tasted copiously, he took me on a tour of the working quarters of the ship, including the first-class galley, where I was treated to samples of the "rich triumphs of the *haute cuisine*" that M. Bellet, according to Mr. Wechsberg, avoids by eating Auguste's simple fare.

I had barely made it topside for a breath of air to clear my head when the dinner gong sounded. A *mousse* handed me a note. It was from Auguste, urging me to be prompt at table because he had prepared me a special delicacy to supplement the *crème orléanaise, merlan argenté, cœur de céleri braisé au madère, jambon d'York, dindonneau rôti,* salad,

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cheeses, fruits, and wines of the regular menu. With glassy eye, I descended to the dining room.

AS the crossing progressed, Auguste's hospitality held steady. I sank slowly into torpor, punctuated by the arrival of the *mousse* with a note from Auguste teasing my palate with mention of the next meal's special *amuse-gueule*. A sea voyage usually makes me somewhat sleepy, but on this crossing as a third-class celebrity I was so plied with kindness that I hauled myself out of bed only for meals.

When I went to the galley to say goodbye to Auguste on our last night out, he took my hand and asked me anxiously, "You have had a sufficiency, Monsieur? The cuisine and service have not been lacking? My uncle would never forgive me if I failed his friend." Reassured by my answer, he proposed a stirrup cup to speed me on my way. A dram of cognac from a special reserve gave me the false strength to get into the open air, there to gulp down oxygen while my liver skirmished with the four or five pounds of goodies that Auguste and I had just crammed into me. The stars and a few swimming black dots shimmered before my eyes as I sank into the familiar melancholy of the last night out. Already I was nostalgic for *l'atmosphère Transat*.

To this day I carry ten pounds of *atmosphère* that no amount of dieting has dislodged.

Sincerely,
BERN KEATING

•

Some jokes are identical in structure with the thinking disturbances found in the psychoses, notably in schizophrenia, a fact which seems to have biological meaning.

Thanks to Bleuler, we know that one of the basic symptoms of schizophrenia is a thinking disorder, manifested by faulty association of ideas. It is seen in other psychoses too, such as delirium (1), but in schizophrenia it is outstanding. Arieti (2) and I (3) have called attention to the similarity of humor and schizophrenic thinking. My purpose here is to consider the biological meaning of the similarity.

One day in April a man in bromide delirium was asked the date, and he replied it was the first week in December. (In other words, Christmas will soon be here?) "No, that's already gone." (Then this can't be the first week in December.) "Then it must be the *second* week in December." Many a professional gag writer has done worse than that.—*From "Wit and Schizophrenic Thinking," by Max Levin, M. D., in the American Journal of Psychiatry.*

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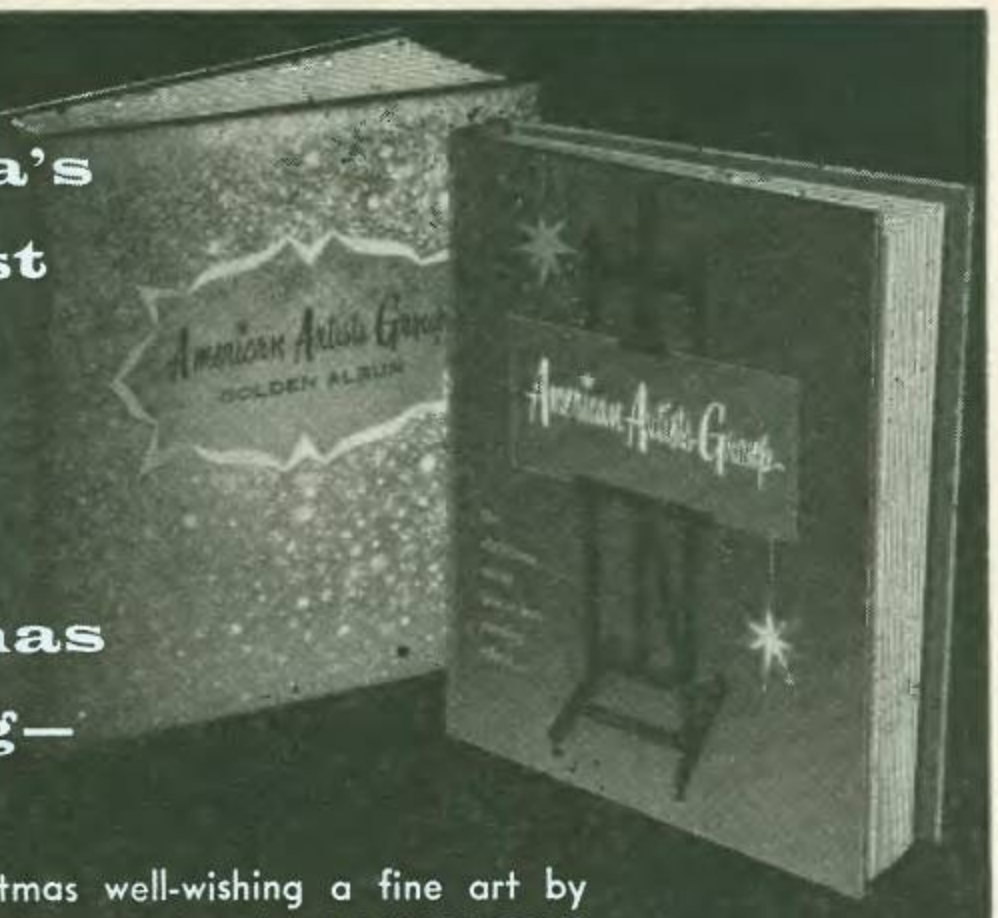

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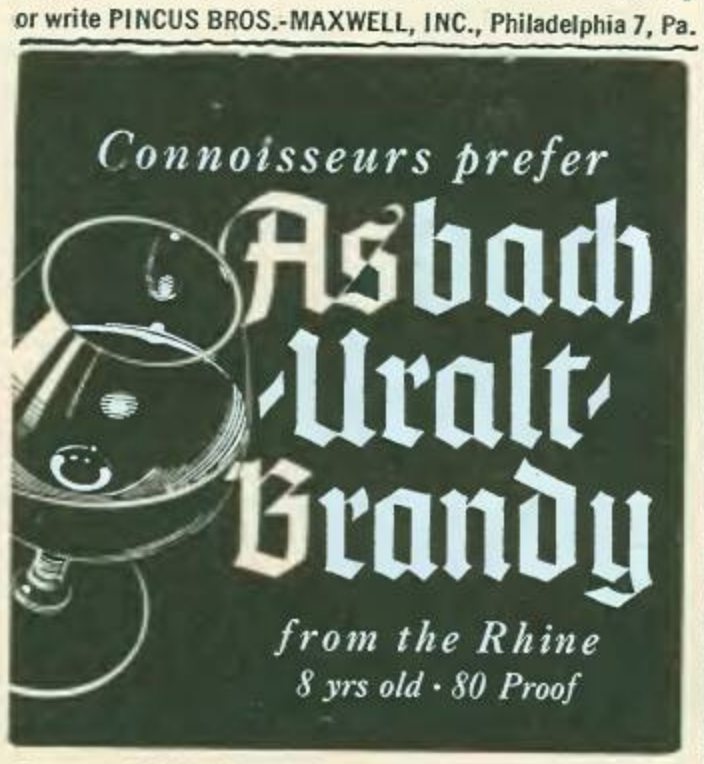

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LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 18

THOUGH Parliament is still away on vacation, London is currently swarming with parliamentarians in fine arguing fettle. Forty-nine national flags suddenly streamed out in the cold autumnal breezes nipping off the Thames last Thursday, in honor of the forty-nine delegations from the world's legislative assemblies who turned up with bulging briefcases at Church House, Westminster, for the forty-sixth conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union. The conference picks a fresh host capital every year for its busman's holiday—last time it met in Bangkok—and the Queen interrupted her Scottish vacation for a day to travel south with the Duke of Edinburgh in order to give a really gala welcome to the gathering in London. Nearly two thousand delegates and wives, all with badges announcing their names and national identities pinned to their lapels, made a cheerful buzz of polyglot chatter as they sat waiting for the Queen to arrive at the opening ceremony, in Westminster Hall. To take their minds off the medieval chill of the place, which probably felt much the same way when the earliest model of a parliamentary institution met there seven hundred years ago, they had the scarlet-coated Welsh Guards' band waking enormous echoes in the superb hammer-beam roof with Vaughan Williams and Elgar, and picturesque, slow processions to watch—of ruffled Yeomen of the Guard, of trumpeters in gold-laced coats, of the more soberly attired leaders of the British Government and Opposition parties and executive representatives of the visitors, and of the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons, both pacing solemnly in wigs and robes, with their splendid black-and-gold trains upheld behind them. The assembly was a picturesque lot itself, particularly the Asian delegates and their ladies, who sported gauzy headdresses smartly tied, obis stiff with gold, fur caps, flowers nestling in coiffures, and (worn by the men of the Philippine delegation) chillily transparent, exquisitely embroidered muslin jackets that showed the suspenders underneath. The Prime Minister, who

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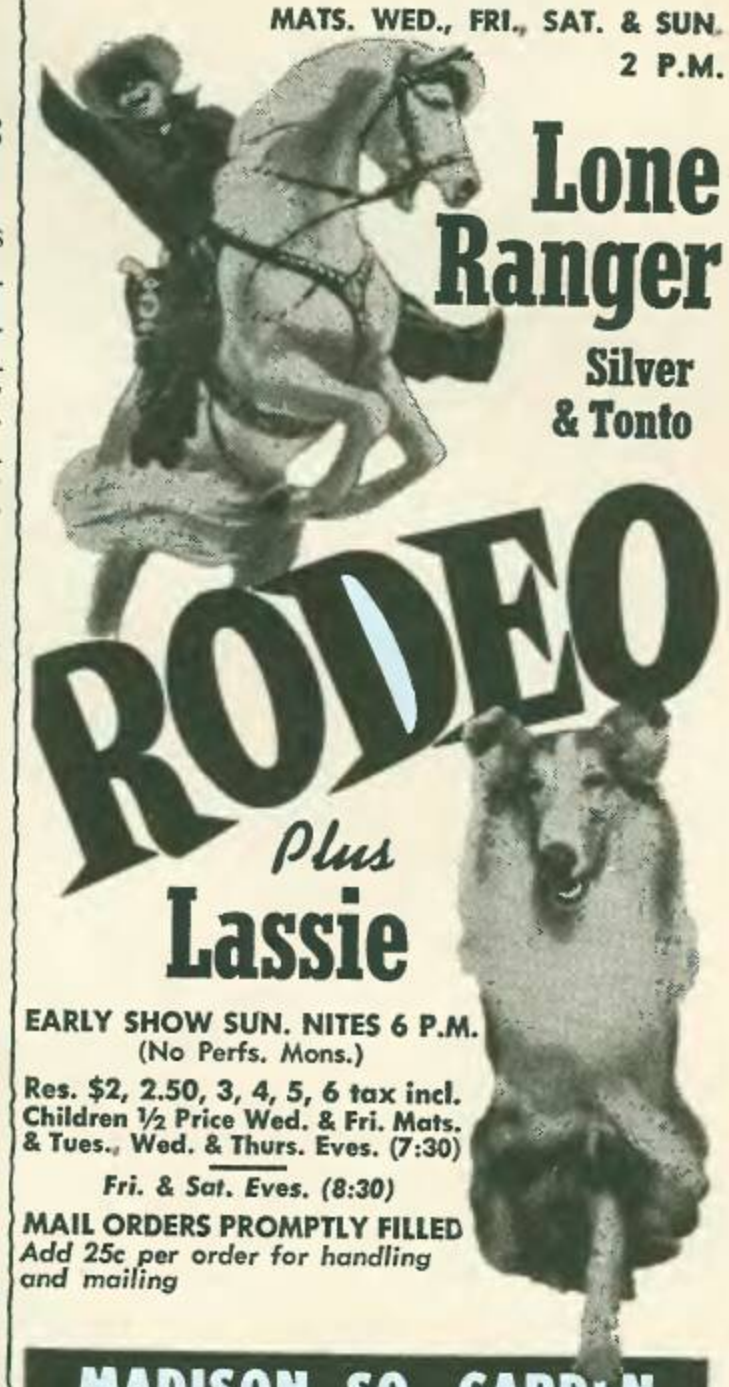

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OLD Smuggler

SCOTCH with a History

spoke after the Queen, defined parliamentary government as a representation of "individuals, not ciphers; free men, not nominees," who must have "freedom to speak without fear of arrest," since without these requirements "a parliament is a sham"—ironic words, certainly, addressed to the assembled "parliamentarians" from the totalitarian countries, including the members from Hungary.

After this impressive sendoff, the conference got down to its serious talking at Church House, exchanging views on refugees, the stabilizing of commodity prices, and parliamentary control over governments. The last item was especially interesting to the British, who are practically at the anniversary of the Suez intervention—an occasion when the Government appeared to be going ahead well out of control of the angrily divided Parliament. Egypt, incidentally, sent along Colonel Abdel Hatem, its Director of Government Information, who announced in Switzerland, on his way to the conference, that "the book of bitterness between Egypt and Britain is closed, so far as Egypt is concerned"—though the latest propaganda blasts from the Cairo radio have reportedly not been so soothing. In the intervals between public holding forth, the delegations are occupying themselves with various official festivities; with sideline tours of the Tower of London, the Houses of Parliament, and other sights; and with the unofficial swapping of ideas to take home in their briefcases—the best result of such a get-together, no doubt, in view of the blank areas of total disagreement that have been depressingly widening at other international gatherings recently.

THE most discussed book of the moment is a blue paper-bound volume, a hundred and fifty-five pages long, bleakly entitled "Report of the Committee on Homosexual Offences and Prostitution," published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office (price five shillings), and going, it seems, at a brisk best-seller clip. This is, at long last, the findings of the committee, originally consisting of twelve men and three women, set up in 1954 under the chairmanship of Sir John Wolfenden to consider some criticisms of existing laws that have been nagging disagreeably at the public conscience, and it is a fine, thorough, dispassionate piece of work, which uses words more clearly than many best-sellers do. What was expected to be its principal and thundering shock to the majority of citizens was its

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WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.

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urging—as liberal opinion has long urged—that Parliament repeal the English law making even discreetly conducted homosexual relations between male adults a punishable crime. This measure was introduced in Parliament by Henry Labouchère at a quarter past two one August morning in 1885, and was hustled through a dozing House of Commons that was apparently too drowsy to debate it. Now, seventy-two years later, the Wolfenden Committee (with one dissenting male voice) proposes that the law should come into line on that point with the laws of France, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, and Spain, all of which countries consider that an individual's private decisions on morality and immorality are none of the state's business, provided that the young are not involved or public decencies offended. The Wolfenden report also suggests that prostitutes should be liable to much stiffer penalties for accosting—rising to three months' imprisonment—than the present top fine of forty shillings, fixed over a hundred years ago, when a pound was a pound. This, of course, aims at clearing up the evening look of certain London streets—astonishing to visitors and a downright offensive nuisance to ordinary Londoners—which are said to be a unique spectacle among the world's capital cities. However anxious people may be to stop that spectacle, the prison-sentence clause has been much criticized, but on the whole the committee's findings have not made anything like the row that was expected. Most of the London newspapers and weeklies were in favor of the reform of the law regarding homosexuality—only the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail* uttered sharp cries of horror—but the provincial press was largely critical. In a Gallup Poll questionnaire published by the *News-Chronicle*, forty-seven per cent of those questioned were for leaving the famous Labouchère measure as it is and thirty-eight per cent were for altering it, with fifteen per cent undecided. Considering all things, this hardly represents the wave of scandalized indignation that many people thought would follow.

The report is now being further debated on the radio, in newspaper correspondence columns, and in homes up and down the country, before being debated in Parliament, at some unspecified date. It is hard to say what kind of passage the reformers will get there; it is quite possible that the opposition voiced by the provincial papers will have toughened up by then. What most

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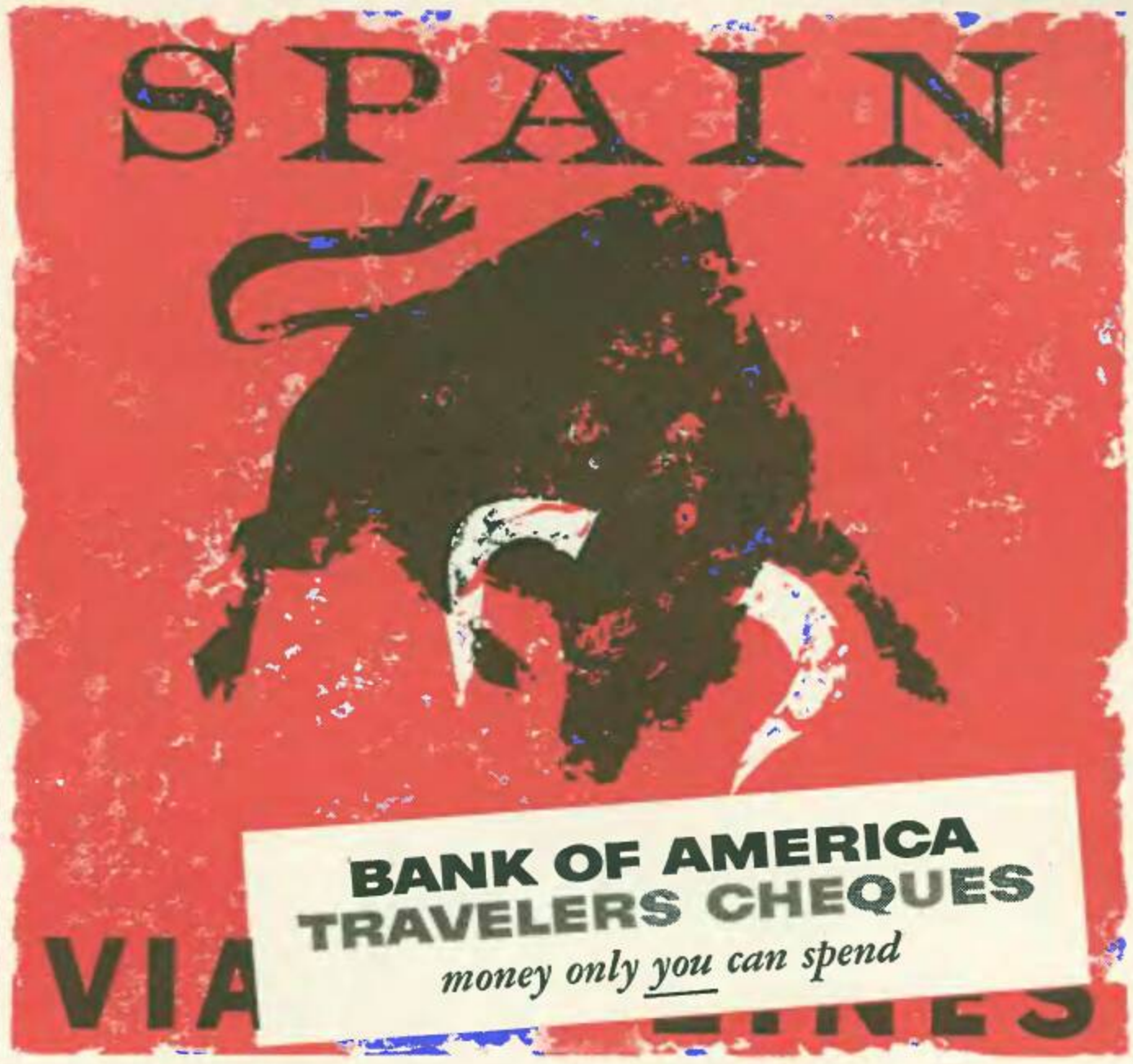
thoughtful Britons feel is that the Wolfenden team, in making its difficult choice between evils, has done a job that could not be bettered for good sense and plain speaking, and that its report may well stay on shelves after all the arguments are over as the classic last word on its two ancient, troubling subjects.

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER has just opened at the big old Palace Theatre in John Osborne's new play "The Entertainer," in which he appeared, for four weeks only, at the little Royal Court Theatre back in the spring. The Royal Court is in Sloane Square, well off the usual West End theatre beat, and is the home of the English Stage Company, which, backed by the Arts Council, has put it firmly on the map as one of the consistently intelligent theatrical spots in London. Last year, it presented John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger," the play that made him, at the age of twenty-seven, widely acclaimed as the most interesting of the young British dramatists. Because of its violent indignation at just about everything, someone wrote of Osborne as "the angry young man," and the characterization has since widened into a convenient phrase to describe a whole generation caught and held raging in the mess made for it by the sad old middle-aged fumblers. Angry young men (and women) turn up constantly in journalistic headlines; one racing correspondent even referred to six angry young horses at Epsom.

"Look Back" was recently revived at the Royal Court, and is very soon to go to New York in oddly assorted company with another successful English Stage Company production—the bawdy Restoration comedy "The Country Wife." It is said to baffle and irritate middle-aged theatregoers, though it is hard to see why, since its central character, Jimmy Porter (excellently played in the revival by Richard Pasco), whose nagging, whining, often brilliantly funny flood of vituperation is practically an evening-long virtuoso solo, seems at heart to be as traditionalist as they come—hating the safe welfare-state present, looking back in nostalgia at the bold Elizabethan past, when "things" happened, and as maddened by the accusing sound of Sunday church bells as was Housman's lad on Bredon Hill. Because Osborne, an actor himself, has an infallible and wonderful ear for dialogue, it makes a first-rate piece of theatre, but "The Entertainer" is disappointingly less good. It is, indeed, an extremely poor play, which will



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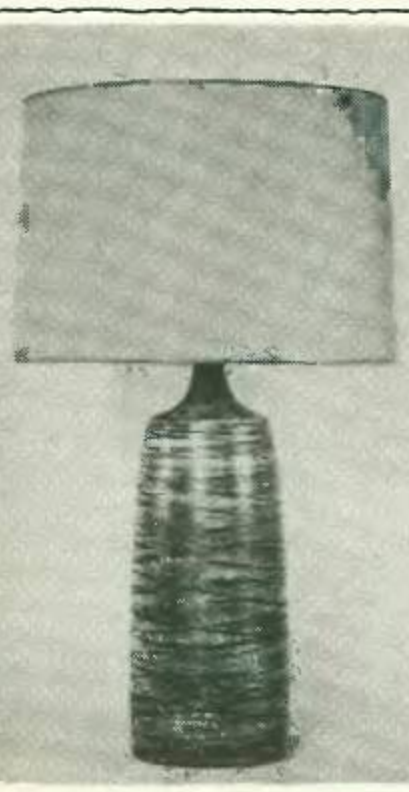

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probably run and run, about a seedy music-hall comedian, Archie Rice, and his family. In its alternations of Archie Rice backstage and doing his act in front of the house, it may remind you of the cat-and-dog private life of those Red Peppers whom Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence once explored—only more amusingly and far, far more concisely. Laurence Olivier is splendid in his takeoff of a down-at-heel, third-rate variety act. The audience is enormously diverted by the unusual spectacle of him swinging through little bits of dance routine (involving, at one patriotic-song moment, a large Union Jack and a buxom nude Britannia) and confiding his dogged, off-color jokes into the mike. It may be that the Rices seemed better in the intimate Royal Court than they do rattling around in their present vacuum on the stage of the Palace, which can, and frequently does, swallow a ballet company without any trouble. Vacuum or not, the play is apparently a sellout hit.

MR. MACMILLAN has just unveiled a selection of new members of his Cabinet, in time for the forthcoming Conservative Party Conference, at Brighton, to take a long, hard look at them. The most interesting of the appointments is that of Lord Hailsham, who is now Lord President of the Council and is about to be nominated Party chairman. As Quintin Hogg, he kicked angrily against the inexorable rule of heredity that carried him into the House of Lords—where, however, he settled down and mellowed a bit but remained aggressive, brilliant, and talkative. In 1956, he was brought from the back benches to be First Lord of the Admiralty. More than anyone else, he will be responsible for Conservative policy at the next general election, which lots of Conservatives gloomily feel had better be good. Those hard looks at Brighton will be especially directed, therefore, at the forty-nine-year-old Hailsham, who in appearance and temperament somewhat recalls the young, aggressive Churchill—a good beginning, at any rate, some of his new flock may well feel, for jolting voters out of their apathy.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

A STARTLING NEW
CONCEPT IN LUXURY
TWO RANCH HOMES BUILT
ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER
—Adv. in the Chicago Sun-Times.

And a double-decker corral out back, eh, cowboy?

BOOKS

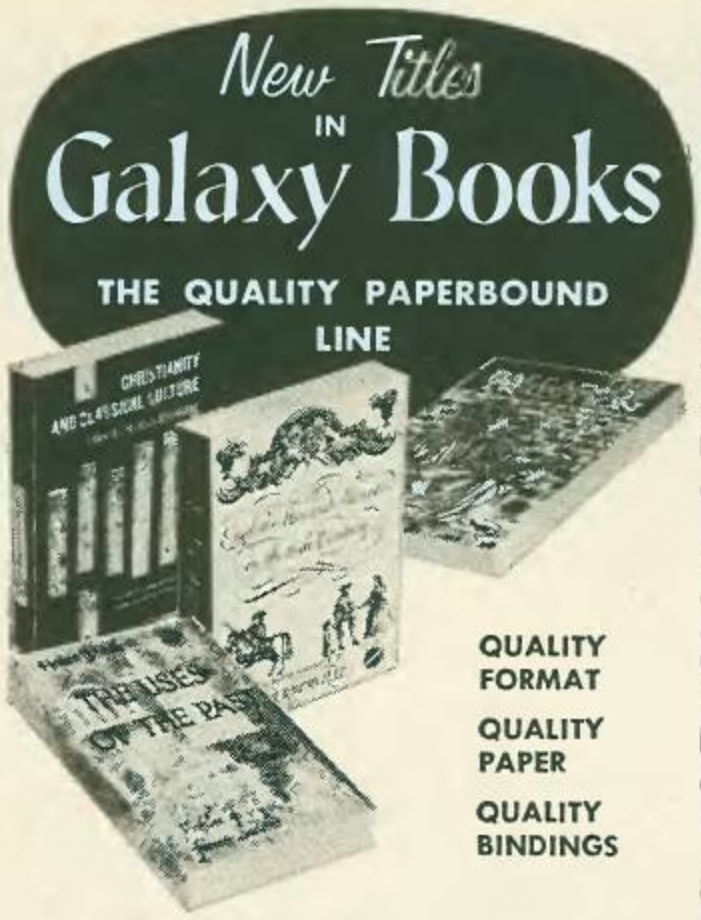
Sermon from the Mount

ANDRÉ MALRAUX is a distinguished novelist, a brilliant, adventurous mind, and one of the great men of contemporary French letters. His writings on art, which have recently achieved enormous international popularity, have, however, always seemed to me tours de force in which floods of well-turned words often take the place of acute analysis. His work in this field invariably glitters like a Byzantine mosaic, and though I have never read any of it in the original French, it is obvious that in the expression of his enthusiasms his language is that of an inspired virtuoso, a master of evocative metaphor and striking epigram, and a compelling orator. My reservations about his writing on art concern not his style but the ideas and insights that the style presumably aims at conveying. These ideas and insights, disentangled from the impetuous rhetoric in which they are enmeshed, are, to my mind, few in proportion to the volume of his words, sometimes rather commonplace, and often not very original. I found this to be true of his mammoth soliloquy on art, "The Voices of Silence." I also find it to be true, to a lesser degree, of "Saturn: An Essay on Goya" (Phaidon), written a decade ago and now—translated by C. W. Chilton—available for the first time in English.

This book is exceedingly handsome, with numerous color plates and other illustrations placed to annotate the text. And the text is as handsome as the illustrations. It conveys Malraux's enormous enthusiasm for Goya, one of those rare geniuses who shatter the basic concepts of their art in pursuit of their own powerful visions. Some of this enthusiasm clearly arises from Malraux's outlook on art and on personality, which is particularly sympathetic to Goya, since Goya, in his lonely battle to create a style that reflected truth as he saw it—a style that, according to Malraux, was to make the suave, orderly painting of the Renaissance seem a polite fiction in comparison—showed that he was closely akin to some of the heroes of Malraux's novels: a true revolutionist, an indicter of God, and a passionate protester against man's fate. Malraux has avoided the obvious "life-of-the-artist" approach and concentrated on the main adventure, interpreting Goya solely in terms of his art and his psychological relation to it. But though he refuses to be seduced by the outward drama of Goya's life, and insists, rightly, that the important thing about an artist is his art, his book is a drama, a narrative, one might say a sort of opera—distinctly Wagnerian in its emotionalism and brassy extravagance—for which Goya's paintings serve as a libretto and Malraux provides the music.

The opera is concerned principally with the paintings and etchings of Goya's mature years, and it stresses the development of the anguished passion, the fantastic imagination, and the sense of "the absurdity of being human" (Malraux's phrase) that pervade the "Caprichos" and the "Disasters of War." Goya's technical debts to Hogarth, Rembrandt, Velázquez, and certain Italians, notably Magnasco, and his spiritual debts to Bosch and Brueghel are noted and admirably illustrated. The main drama is Goya's successful search for a style that could convey the accusing view of God's creation that obsessed him. The search culminated in a highly individual kind of art, making Goya, in a sense, the first Expressionist, and the attendant inner struggle—involving, as it did, a rejection of all previous and contemporary ideas of beauty—rouses Malraux to almost intoxicated flights of eloquence. In the process, Malraux's emotional, incantatory, and at times exclamatory writing turns up melodies, in the form of aphorisms and other broad statements, that seduce one by their evocative power, even though, on calm reflection, many of them seem a bit too pat: "Bosch

"But let's not forget the roadwork, shall we?"



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introduced men into his infernal world; Goya introduced the infernal into the world of man." "He foreshadowed the whole of modern art." (Well, one reflects, that is at least partly true, though modern art has contained serene painters, like Renoir and Braque, who owe little or nothing to Goya.) "He had been predestined to destroy the art of decoration." (Well, again one reflects, that is a dramatic idea, but doesn't the art of decoration still exist?) "Man does not gaze only on what he prefers; the love that terrifies is called fascination." (Bravo!) "The greatest interpreter of anguish the West has ever known." (Maybe.) "Christian art was an answer; his art is a question." "Goya was not the first to paint a nude with personality, but he was the first to paint a nude who should be erotic without being voluptuous." "How then can we regard him as an illustrator? It is he that would be illustrated by literature." (True, doubtless, but offhand I can't think of anybody who has ever regarded Goya as an illustrator.) Statements of this sort, evidently meant to nudge the reader—or to bludgeon him by the sheer weight of affirmation—into sharing Malraux's enthusiasm, tend to have the opposite effect.

A few interpretive passages are calmer, and there are some places in which Malraux becomes specific, drawing attention to points of technique, celebrating the quick, impassioned qualities of Goya's "broken" line in contrast to the "crushed" line of Rembrandt and the easy, containing line of the great Venetians, and tracing the metamorphosis that Goya imposed on the sources of his inspiration—the carnival, the Italian masque, the bullfight, war, rape, insanity, torture, and hallucination. But Malraux never allows such discursions to interfere with the glowing presentation of his drama, a drama that has two principal themes: first, Goya was an angry man who spent his life taking God to task for the suffering and disorder of the world; second, Goya was the great turning point in the history of Western art, the man who abolished the majesty of the Renaissance and paved the way for modern art, which, after his time, was to become an art of individual questioning and protest. These themes are heady ones, and there is much truth in them. But they are, one feels, a little too simple. Western art has had many turning points; Giotto, the great Venetians, Rembrandt, Cézanne come to mind. Not all art since Goya has been an art of protest. And a few facets of art remained un-

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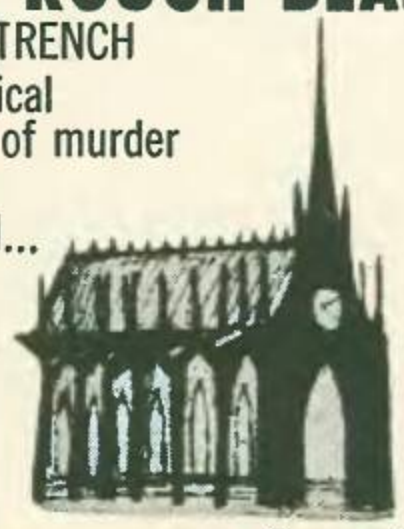

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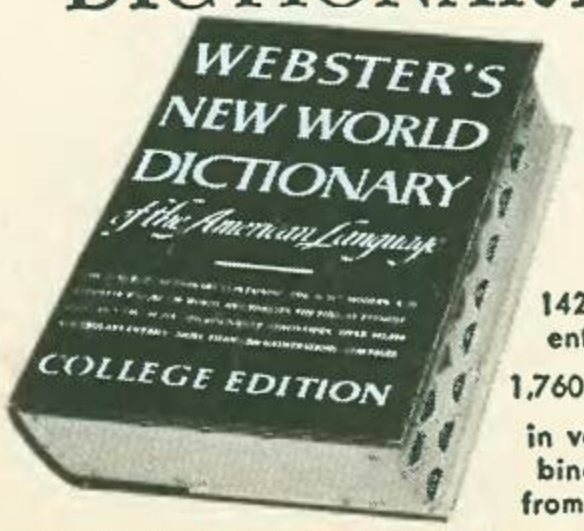

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touched by him, genius though he was. Malraux, however, never stoops to any qualification that might mar the aggressive might of his thesis. Witness his grand finale:

His flattened manner now shatters the formalism of the "Agony in the Garden," the shell-like coverings of the priests in the "Last Communion of St. Joseph of Calasanz" and in the "Mass for New-born Children." A succession of paintings from which no picture could come, a style which aims not at light but at a powdering of colors to which Monticelli would later try to find the answer like a feeble echo of sadness, this is what emerges from his faltering drawings. The bulls with crows for riders that passed across the sky, the bulls that fell from it in rain in one of the later "Disparates," reappear, scarcely discernible, in the epic hallucination of the last "Corrida." He scarcely saw any more the world he heard no more; he began to be unable to see even his sketches. . . . The stout "Water Carrier" becomes the "Milkmaid of Bordeaux"—we see the tremulous hand of the later Titians.

Soon painters would forget at the cost of what anguish this man had ranged his solitary and hopeless art against the entire civilization into which he had been born. From those still dazzling embers they would retain only the advent of the individual, the metamorphosis of the world in pictures. And yet . . .

"In such a night as this . . ." In such a night the aged exile, whose deafness sent him to the fairs and roundabouts so as to avoid the gossip parties that brought his companions together at the house of the Valencian chocolate maker, still tried to make audible once again that voice that was the most eager for the absolute and the most remote from it that art has ever known. Perhaps it was on such a night that as he drew, half blind, the "Sleeping Giant," he remembered that out of the anguish that never ends, beyond the dark cries of demons possessed in their turn, he had plucked the other "Giant" whose anxious face dreams amid the stars. . . .

And now [Malraux concludes, and one can almost hear a flourish of trumpets as the curtain falls] modern painting begins.

The beauty of the language is undeniable. Malraux on Goya is an inspired prose poet. But one has the right, I think, to ask, "What, in the way of specific thought, has Malraux conveyed to his readers about Goya? Has he really told us much that is new, or provoked our minds into a fresh appreciation of the Master's work?" The answer must be a qualified one. Malraux has created a work of art about works of art, and its main purpose has been to enchant, rather than to enlighten. There is none of the precise thinking, the acute perception, and the scholarly scrupulousness that one finds in the work of such writers on art as Bernard Berenson and Roger Fry. Malraux speaks with the voice of an oracle. One would imagine that nobody else had

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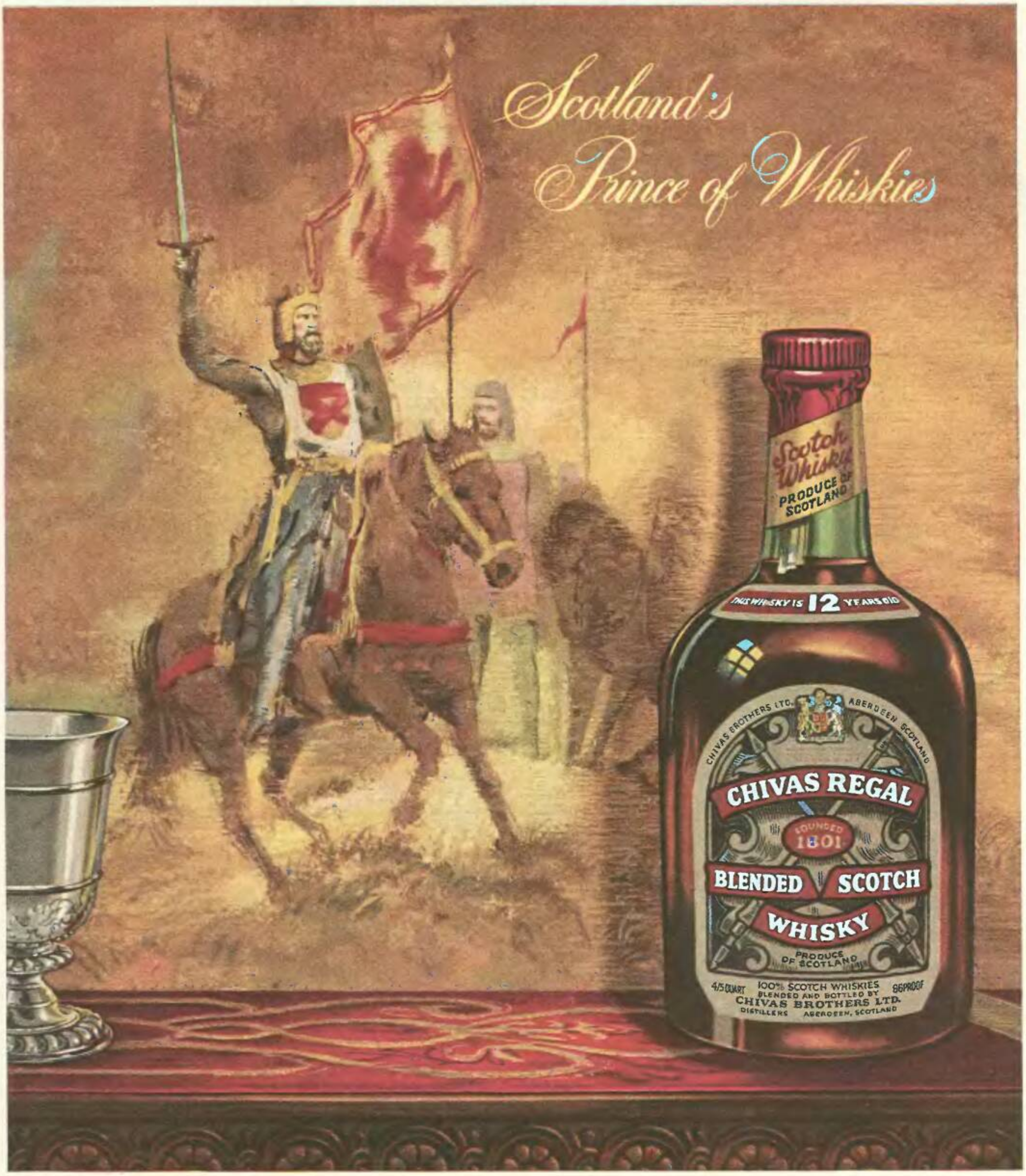

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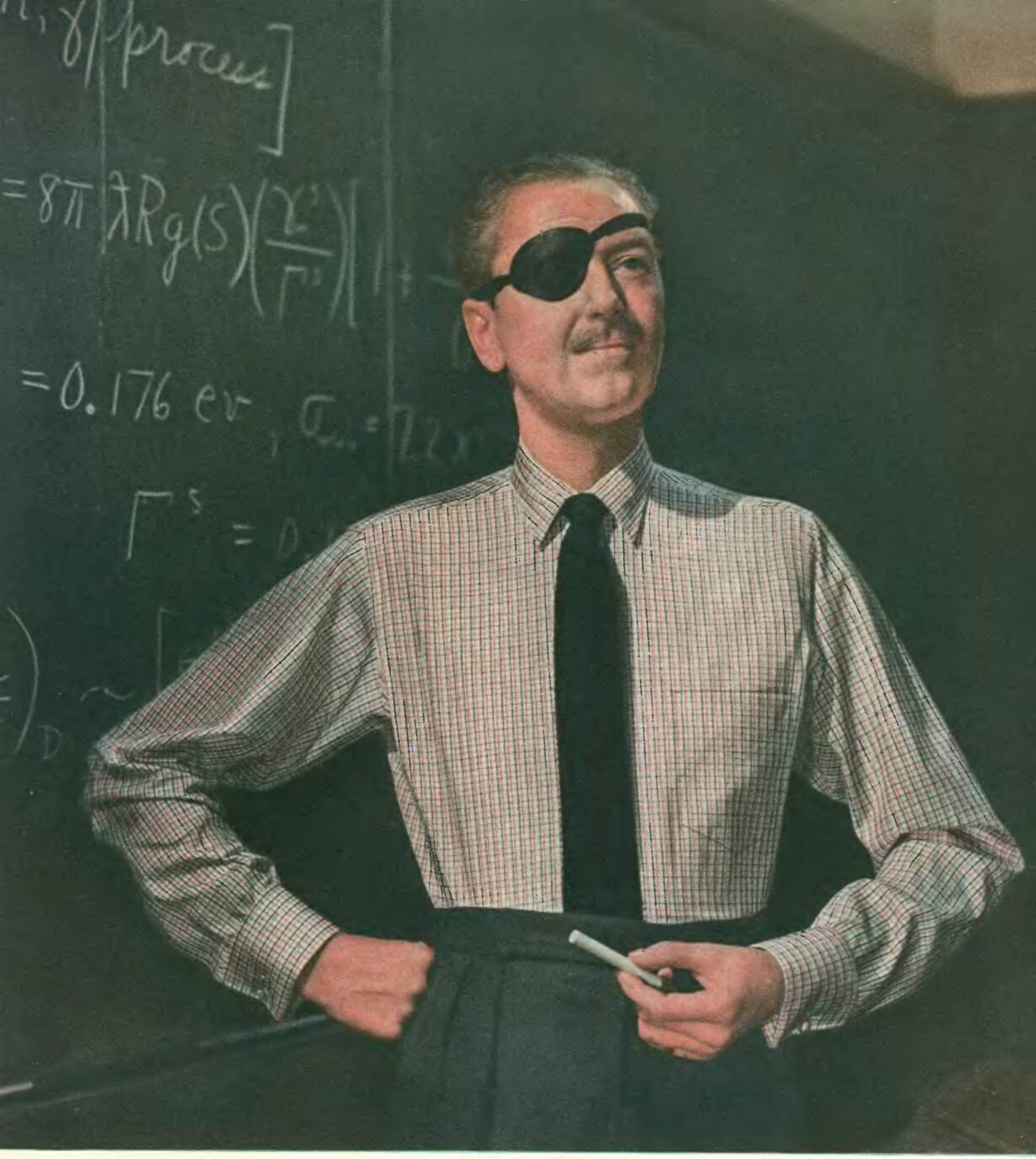

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ever had a thought worth thinking about Goya. Malraux never says "I presume" or "As everybody knows." He never bothers to distinguish his inferences from matters of fact and widely held opinion. His knowledge of Goya's work is obviously extensive, but he never supports his Promethean pronouncements with documentation. Here and there, his inferences are inspired, and the reader can find many a line or phrase that makes him look at Goya with a refreshed eye. But the bulk of the book is rhapsody, and the extravagance of its style, coupled with Malraux's tumbling sequences of unexplained learned allusion, makes one wonder just what sort of reader he is aiming at. The reader who does not know much about Goya will find him baffling; the reader who knows a good deal will be irritated by his irresponsibility as a scholar and his proneness to aggressive and unsubstantiated generalization. The reader who will like the book best is he who is easily seduced by Malraux's sonorous flow of language, who does not question what he reads but is content simply to admire the splendid spectacle of Malraux admiring Goya.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CAST OF CHARACTERS, by Al Morgan (Dutton). Mr. Morgan, who wrote "The Great Man," an exposé of radio and television, has now directed the same kind of catchy jeremiad against Hollywood. His book consists almost entirely of a series of episodes, each designed to show up the stupidity or weakness or moral shabbiness of somebody who works in the movie industry or on the fringes of it. The hardboiled tone of the writing serves only to emphasize the naïve, sentimental point of view behind it, but the people are certainly fascinating, and the author certainly manages to keep things moving.

THALIA, by Frances Faviell (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). A novel that deals with the complexities of love and daily existence in the Anglo-American colony of a resort town in Brittany and, in particular, with a smoldering English girl of fifteen named Thalia, whose shrewdness and criminal tendencies add considerably to everyone's troubles. It is told in the first person by Thalia's companion, a singularly obtuse young woman with no idea of what is going

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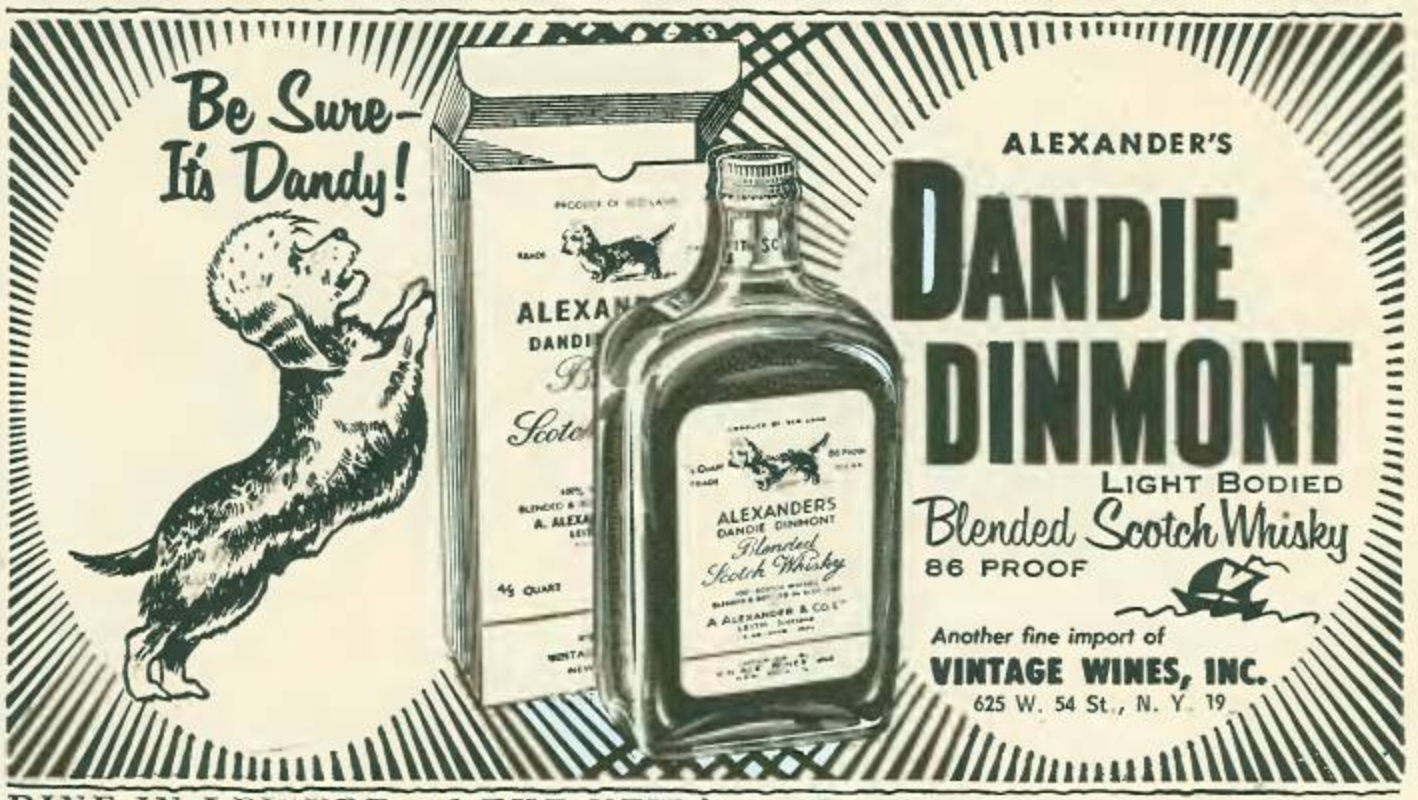

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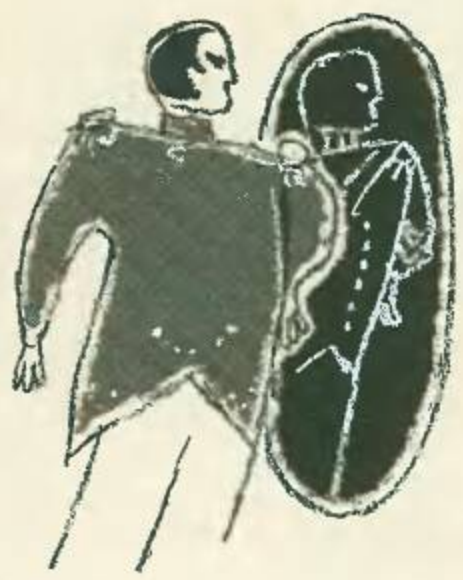

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on, so that it resembles (whatever the author's ironic purpose may have been) one of those books for girls in which all the characters know a secret except "I," and inexplicably hold out on her until the closing chapter.

THE BRAIN PICKERS, by Hallie Burnett (Messner). This gossipy melodrama concerns a venerable New York publishing firm, Primrose Press, that has been kept in business by a ruthless, wealthy fat man, Kevin Roller, who bounces everyone about a good deal, including the company's president, its best editor, and its authors, until, on the last page, he is cut down from an unexpected quarter.

GENERAL

ISLAM INFLAMED, by James Morris (Pantheon). A wide-angle view of the entire Moslem Middle East as it appeared in November, 1956, just after the Israeli attack on Egypt and the intervention of Anglo-French forces. Mr. Morris was a correspondent in Tel Aviv for the Manchester *Guardian* at the time (he is also the author of that excellent book "As I Saw the U.S.A."), and he writes with enlightened ruefulness about Britain's fading role in Middle Eastern affairs; although he accepts the rise of nationalism in that area, he regrets that Britain, the good policeman, must go, and he looks upon both the United States and the Soviet Union with anything but a trustful eye. As a work of description and evocation, his book is wonderful, sharing some of the magic of Doughty's "Travels in Arabia Deserta," and showing us the enthralling interplay of politics, avarice, hate, national pride, and religious fanaticism in that part of the globe. As an example of how complicated things can be, here is Mr. Morris's depiction of one tiny corner of the Arab world, where oil-hungry companies are now hunting for franchises: "The interior of Trucial Oman is, politically, a fearful muddle. The frontiers marked on the map are largely imaginary, and over them rambles a succession of tribes. . . . There are . . . the Beni Qitab, who dispute the sovereignty of the Sheikh of Sharjah; and the Naim, who are divided into two hostile sections; and the Al Bu Shamis, who hate the Naim; and the Beni Kaab, who hate everybody; and the Baluch of Mazam; and the Duru; and the Wahibah and Janaba; and the Hara-

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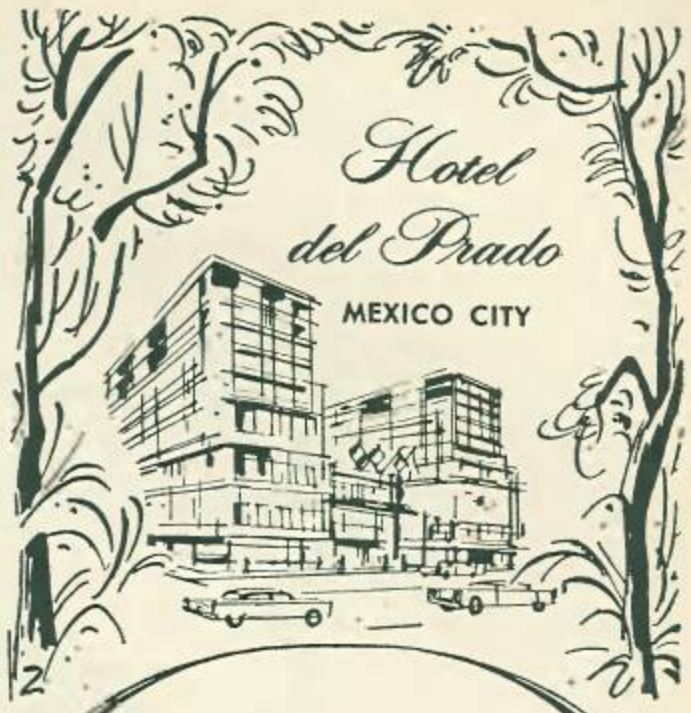

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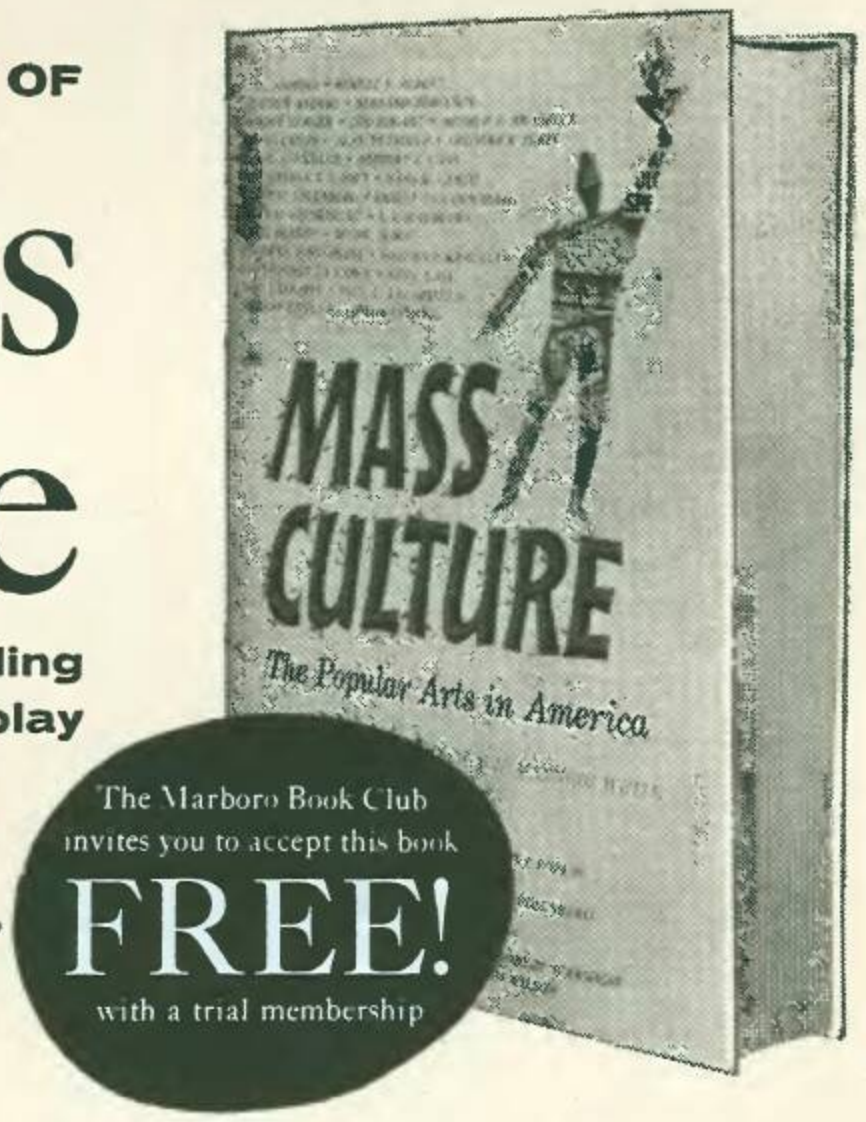

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MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST, by Dwight Macdonald (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). Not so much a book of memoirs as a memory book. In a twenty-eight-page introduction, "Politics Past," Mr. Macdonald looks back on his years as a buyer of political nostrums. This is a deft, funny, perceptive essay. The remaining three hundred-odd pages are filled with examples of his political criticism—some of it brilliant and still relevant, some of it brilliant and irrelevant, some of it merely tedious. Nearly all of it was written from points of view long since abandoned by the author, and in his present state of mind—detached—he feels that footnotes of self-reproach are required. ("No! No! Marxistical baby-talk!" "Untrue, indeed the reverse of the truth!" "The intoxication of rhetoric must be my only feeble excuse.") Still, what is good here is very good indeed, for Mr. Macdonald is surely one of the liveliest, shrewdest, and most cultivated of our social critics. One essay—on the Roman Catholic reformer Dorothy Day—originally appeared in this magazine.

LOUIS XIV AND MARIE MANCINI, by Monica Sutherland (Roy). In 1653, Marie Mancini, a niece of Cardinal Mazarin, was brought from Italy to France (where her mother and sisters had preceded her) by the Cardinal, who was then first minister at the court of the adolescent Louis XIV, and who wanted to entrench and enrich himself and his family by marrying his nieces into powerful noble families. While Mazarin had a resounding success, on the whole, one thing he did not foresee was that Marie, the plainest of the sisters but a girl of flashing intelligence, would fall seriously in love with the young king, and he with her. Their romance—he was twenty and she was nineteen—created a first-class scandal. Louis wanted to shed the Infanta of Spain, whom he was destined to marry, in favor of Marie, and it took all of Mazarin's craft, and the implacable opposition of Louis's mother, Anne of Austria, to prevent the match. The story as told here is a touching one, and historically important, too, for Louis was never the same again; from a golden-haired lad with graceful manners and a love of life, he became the man history knows—the tight-lipped, wigged

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autocrat who never betrayed his inner thoughts and emotions, the coldhearted Sun King whose arrogance hastened the ruin of his dynasty.

THE UNQUIET GERMANS, by Charles W. Thayer (Harper). Mr. Thayer is a recently retired American career diplomat who has lived in Germany off and on since 1933 and who served from 1949 to 1952 as political liaison officer with the Adenauer government at Bonn. In this informative book, he reviews sympathetically—but as a rationalist rather than as an apologist—the struggles of that gifted, if headstrong, nation to reëstablish itself in the pull-devil, pull-baker postwar world. At the moment, he feels, West Germany, despite the unsolved problem of partition, has achieved a degree of internal stability unequalled since 1914. He is, however, uncertain of its permanence, agreeing with Franz Bluecher, the Bonn Vice-Chancellor, that "We have a Cadillac economy which runs magnificently on the Autobahn. But what we need is a jeep economy which can take it when the going gets rough." That, of course, is not a need peculiar to West Germany.

THE HOLSTEIN PAPERS, edited by Norman Rich and M. H. Fisher (Cambridge). The second volume of the private papers of Friedrich von Holstein, whom Bismarck planted in the German Foreign Office in 1860, and who from 1890, when the Chancellor was precipitately retired, until 1906 was chief planner and director of German foreign policy, though his rank was never higher than *Vortragender Rat*, a senior counsellor. Holstein has been painted as a gray eminence, who used all the arts of polite skulduggery, from blackmail to bribery, and these diaries, covering the crucial years when Germany was feeling her oats internationally, show him to have been an urbane and supremely cynical man. He was not as evil as he has been reputed to be, however, for his life was dedicated to the traditional goal of Foreign Ministers—the strengthening of his own country against alien encroachments. Holstein was quite a gossip, and his comments on the personalities around him—Bismarck and his two ambitious sons, Herbert and Bill; the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, who came to the throne ill of cancer and reigned only ninety-nine days; and *his* son, Wil-

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helm II, about whose good judgment Holstein had grave doubts—are sharp and telling.

TRAFALGAR, by René Maine, translated from the French by Rita Eldon and B. W. Robinson (Scribner). The author, a French naval historian, presents a full-dress account of the last great battle of the age of the sailing vessel from a somewhat unusual—that is to say, the French—point of view. M. Maine calls Trafalgar "Napoleon's naval Waterloo," maintaining that although the smashing of the French fleet off the tiny Spanish cape took place on October 21, 1805, ten years before Waterloo, it was the real turning point in Napoleon's bold adventures, for it eliminated any hope of ending British mastery of the seas, and thus of invading England. For most of the book, M. Maine lays in background for the main event: the building up of Napoleon's immense invasion fleet at Boulogne; the vexed relations between the very un-naval Emperor and his admirals; and, finally, the advent of someone unique in maritime history—Horatio Nelson. The battle itself is superbly described.

THE FORTRESS, by Raleigh Trevelyan (St. Martin's). A small, highly polished, and enormously gripping British war diary. The setting, for the most part, is the Anzio beachhead in the spring and early summer of 1944, where the author, then twenty years old, commanded an advance platoon. Mr. Trevelyan writes with appalling immediacy of filthy foxholes, night patrols, a diversionary attack in which he was painfully wounded, a Naples hospital, convalescent leave at Capri, and his return to action, north of Rome, where he was again, and more seriously, wounded. Completely satisfactory.

RUSSIA SINCE 1917, by Frederick L. Schuman (Knopf). This is a revised edition of the author's "Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad," a scholarly and critical essay, published in 1946, that was one of the warmest and friendliest books about Stalin's Russia to have appeared in many years. Mr. Schuman has had to change his opinion on many facets of the Soviet way of life, on the Kremlin's conduct of foreign affairs, and on Communism in general. It's an interesting book, not only for its comprehensiveness—it covers four decades of Soviet history in less than five hundred pages—but because it is a reflection of the

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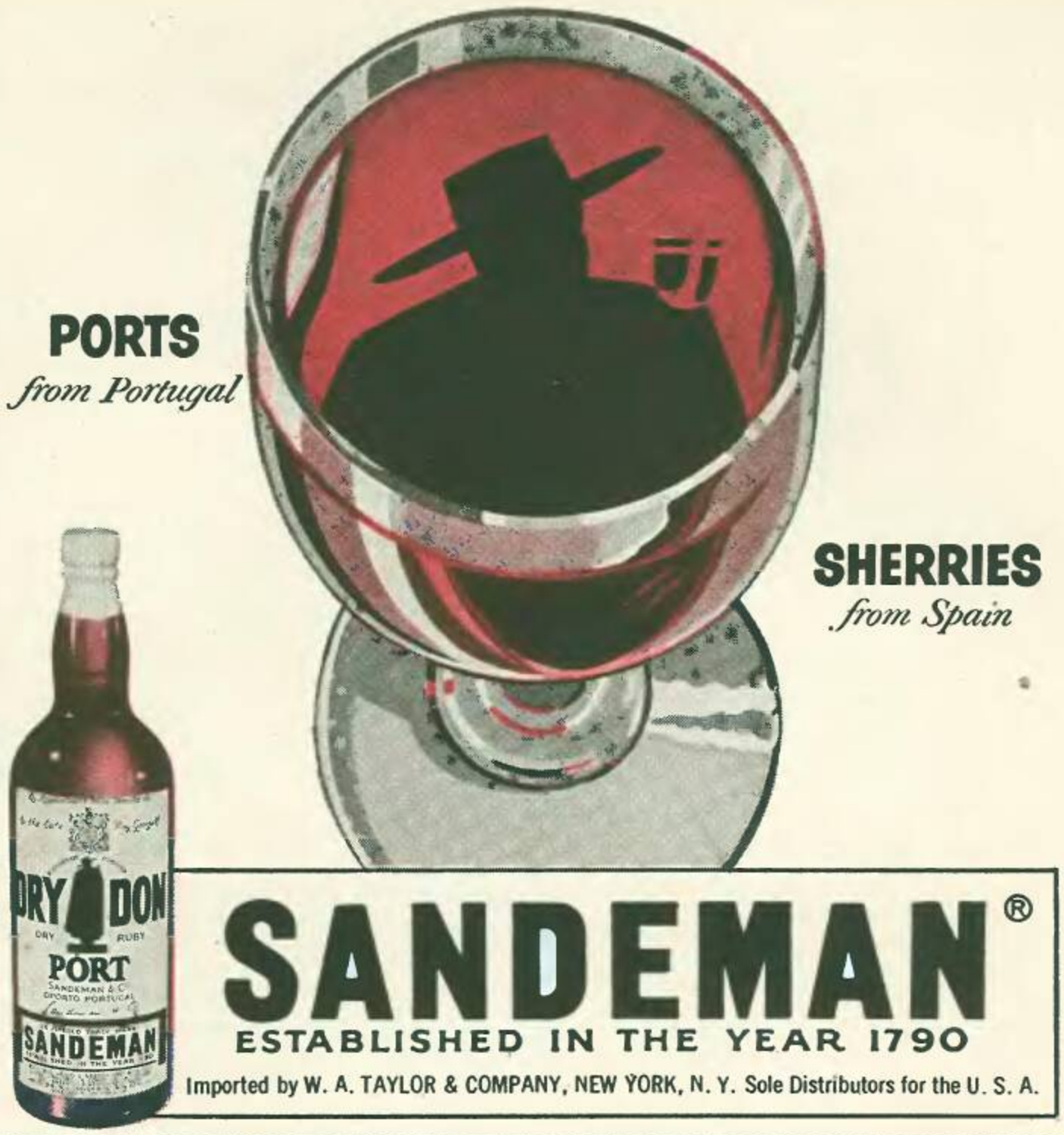
changing attitudes of Western liberalism toward the Soviet Union and its philosophy. Mr. Schuman, as usual, writes with style, wit, and readability.

NIGHTMARE OF THE INNOCENTS, by Otto Larsen (Philosophical Library). A harrowing account of what has become, in large areas of the world, the twentieth-century ordeal—the ordeal by arbitrary confinement. The author, a Norwegian fisherman who comes from the little town of Kiberg, far north of the Arctic Circle, spied on the German occupation forces in his country for the Russians during the war. After V-E Day, he went to Murmansk to get back the family fishing boat, which had been used by Norwegian patriots fleeing the Nazis; was promptly arrested by the Soviet M.V.D.; and, instead of being thanked for his efforts on their behalf, was thrown into jail. He spent the next eight years in Russian slave-labor lumber camps, where he was ill-treated, starved, and almost worked to death—and he never knew why. Sometime during his incarceration, he learned that he had been tried and sentenced by the very secret Osobi Sovesanj, which sits in Moscow. "This court," he writes, "dealt with cases that the People's Court or the War Tribunals would not touch *because of lack of real evidence against the accused.*" He was released, by another bureaucratic whim, in 1953, after Stalin's death. Larsen, a self-educated man, intelligent and observant, tells the story in a simple, straightforward fashion and with much penetrating comment on the human tragedy. Photographs.

THE KING RANCH, by Tom Lea (Little, Brown). A ringing, hats-off testimonial, in two large volumes, complete with maps and drawings, to the extraordinary business acumen of Richard King (1824-85), his son-in-law Robert Justus Kleberg (1853-1932), and the latter's several sons and grandsons, who, respectively, founded, developed, and now operate the million-acre livestock (and oil) kingdom in south Texas that is probably the biggest spread of its kind in the world. The result is a model of authorized family history. Every triumph is generously detailed, every setback excites commiseration, every derogation is indignantly repelled. And, as the final flattery, Mr. Lea sadly confesses that "no summary of mere fact, set forth



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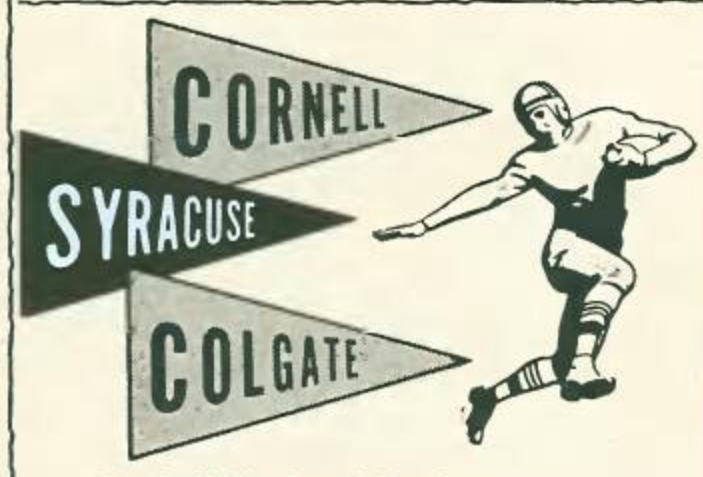

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THE NIGHT OF THE GOOD CHILDREN, by Marjorie Carleton (Morrow). This cheerful and unlikely book demonstrates that a ruthless kidnapper is really no match for a baby-sitter and a few of her young friends. Mrs. Carleton seems to have made an affectionate and conscientious study of the habits of the young, and though she is less good with gangsters, the total effect is very pleasant and spirited.

FROM RUSSIA, WITH LOVE, by Ian Fleming (Macmillan). This time, the Russians are out to humiliate the British by murdering their best Secret Service operative in a manner calculated to make it appear that he was no more than a drunken seducer, and consequently a perfect symbol of the decadence of the West. The victim of this elaborate scheme is James Bond, a noted admirer of women and alcohol but also up to handling any hired thug in the business. His adversaries include a beautiful young woman, selected because she looks like Greta Garbo; a psychopathic killer imported from Ireland; and Rosa Klebb, a lady whose methods are considered faintly disgusting even by the Kremlin. Mr. Fleming, an experienced hand at this sort of stuff, has never concocted a richer brew.

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