

Jan. 9, 1960

THE

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# NEW YORKER





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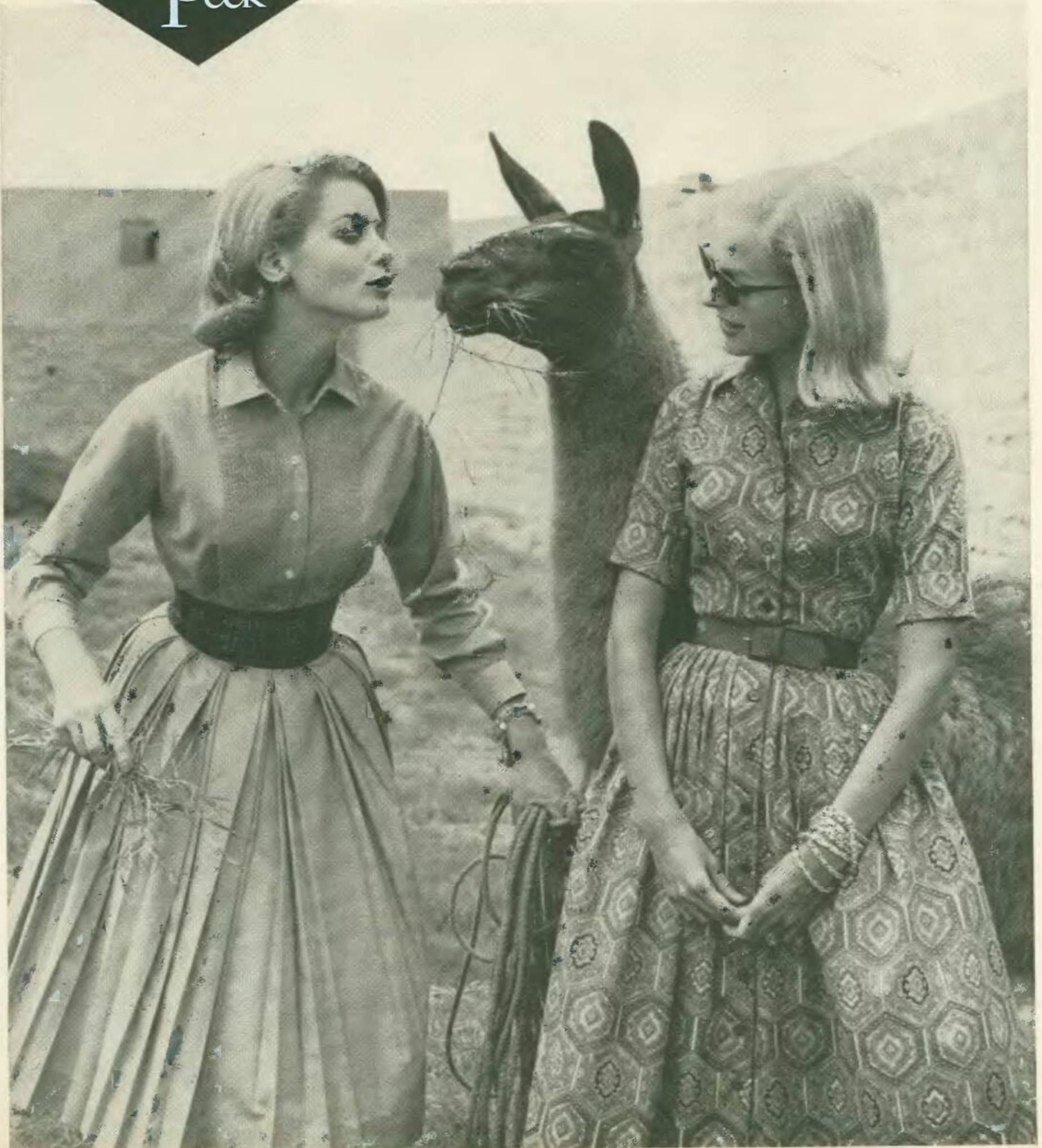
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

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

### PLAYS

**THE ANDERSONVILLE TRIAL**—A forthright courtroom battle in which George C. Scott and Albert Dekker lock horns for the life of Herbert Berghof, who plays a Civil War commandant accused of slaughtering Northern prisoners. Pungent, skin-deep stuff, directed by José Ferrer and written by Saul Levitt. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**THE FIGHTING COCK**—A flailing, obstreperous piece of work, by Jean Anouilh, about an idealistic general who wants to restore the honor of France but can't control his own family. Uneven writing and direction, with a game attempt at galvanization by Rex Harrison, in the leading part. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**FIVE FINGER EXERCISE**—Peter Shaffer, the author of this London success, invites us to look at an English middle-class family from at least ten points of view, five of them discreditable. Roland Culver and Jessica Tandy are Pater and Mater, Brian Bedford is their mixed-up son, and Michael Bryant is the German tutor who upsets the lot of them. Hard, bright brilliance all the way. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 10.)

**THE GANG'S ALL HERE**—Melvyn Douglas, E. G. Marshall, and Jean Dixon in a play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, directed by George Roy Hill. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**GOODBYE CHARLIE**—A farcical Hollywood morality, by George Axelrod, in which Lauren Bacall appears as a male screenwriter, highly sexed, who is murdered by a cuckold and condemned by God to revisit the earth as a woman. Sydney Chaplin plays Miss Bacall's best friend, and the acting throughout is more inventive than the action, which limps. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**HEARTBREAK HOUSE**—There is nothing sombre about Harold Clurman's production of this Shavian diatribe against the undeserving rich. Its component parts, sunnily shining, include Diana Wynyard, Alan Webb, Maurice Evans, and a slightly bewildered Sam Levene. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 23.)

**THE MIRACLE WORKER**—Patty Duke plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Anne Bancroft is the teacher who rescues her. They are both splendid, but their author, William Gibson, can sometimes be a whimsical bore. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**SILENT NIGHT, LONELY NIGHT**—Robert Anderson, the playwright, is convinced that you and I would be delighted to spend a whole evening listening to Henry Fonda and Barbara Bel Geddes—whose respective spouses are out of reach—talk themselves into bed with each other on Christmas Eve in New England. One minute out of ten, Mr. Anderson is right, but the other nine are quite a drag. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**THE TENTH MAN**—A play by Paddy Chayefsky dealing with a Jewish girl presumably possessed by an evil spirit. Long on ornate dialogue but short on solid thought. Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, Arnold Marlé,



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi manage sporadically to invest the proceedings with a bit of vivacity. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**LONG RUNS**—A MAJORITY OF ONE: Cedric Hardwicke and Gertrude Berg in a tale about a Japanese millionaire who finds his own true love in a Jewish widow. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... THE MARRIAGE-GO-ROUND: In an academic setting, Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, and Julie Newmar illustrate the problems of monogamy. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... A RAISIN IN THE SUN: Lorraine Hansberry's family play about Negro life in Chicago. Claudia McNeil, Ossie Davis, and Ruby Dee lead the cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH:

	Page
BOOKS	103
THE ART GALLERIES	76
THE CURRENT CINEMA	74
MUSICAL EVENTS	81
THE THEATRE	69

THE NEW YORKER  
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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Geraldine Page in Tennessee Williams' play about a dissipated actress and her kept man. Also with Rip Torn (who has replaced Paul Newman) and Sidney Blackmer. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**A MIGHTY MAN IS HE**—A comedy by Arthur Kober and George Oppenheimer, starring Nancy Kelly. Staged by Reginald Denham and produced by Edward Joy and Diana Green. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**AT THE DROP OF A HAT**—A two-man revue, continuously bubbling with odd pleasure, performed by its authors, a pair of remarkable Englishmen named Michael Flanders (lyrics) and Donald Swann (music). The show ran for more than two years in London. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinéés Saturdays at 3.)

**DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—A noisy travesty of the celebrated movie about a gun-hating deputy sheriff who cleans up a gun-toting town. Michael Kidd arranged the physical antics, which are highly energetic, and the leads are Dolores Gray and Andy Griffith. The score is Harold Rome's. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**FIORIELLO!**—The Little Flower transplanted to the stage with appropriate vigor. LaGuardia's early career has been set forth to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock, and to a book by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott. Mr. Abbott also directed the play, which is notable for a lively first act. (Its second act is somewhat less stimulating.) Tom Bosley is Fiorello to the life, and Pat Stanley and Howard Da Silva are magnificent as a couple of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**GYPSY**—An ebullient description of the career of Gypsy Rose Lee, from humble beginnings in vaudeville to ecstasies heights in burlesque. The collaborators responsible for the happy affair are Jerome Robbins, who directed it, and Jule Styne, Stephen Sondheim, and Arthur Laurents, who provided, respectively, the music, the lyrics, and the book. The most vehement and authoritative performer on view is Ethel Merman, who plays Gypsy's mother. She is assisted by a fine cast, including Sandra Church, who is most appealing as the eminent strip-teaser herself. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**ONCE UPON A MATTRESS**—The old fairy tale about the princess who detected a pea through twenty soft mattresses, in a musical adaptation that has been garnished to modern taste with hints of incest and premarital pregnancy. The music, by Mary Rodgers, is witty and imaginative, and so are the lyrics of Marshall Barer, but the greatest asset of the performance is Carol Burnett, the toothy, brash, and bouncing princess. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays at 8:30. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**SARATOGA**—Morton DaCosta, director and writer of the book, is probably the guiltiest member of the troupe that concocted this leaden musical about New Orleans and Saratoga in the dear, dead who-cares-when. Carol Lawrence and Howard Keel sing the songs, to Harold Arlen's notes and Johnny Mercer's words. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**THE SOUND OF MUSIC**—A sentimental confection,



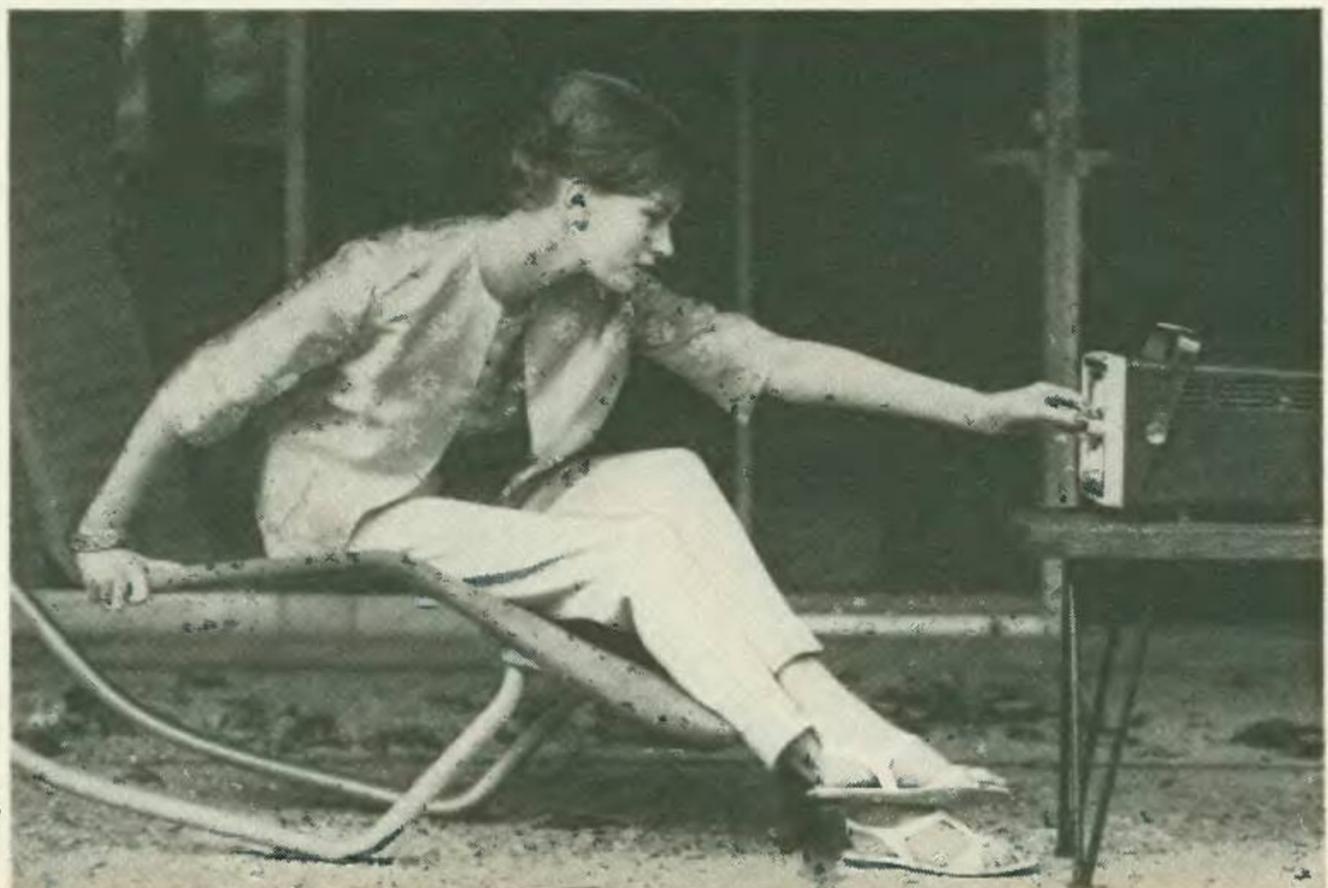
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children and Theodore Bikel plays the head of the Trapp family, who quit Austria in 1938 to make their names as singers in America. Christmassy and predominantly dull, with a limp book by Lindsay and Crouse. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**TAKE ME ALONG**—Nobody in the cast is Caruso, but the combination of Walter Pidgeon, Jackie Gleason, Robert Morse, and Eileen Herlie lends a warm, beguiling zest to this musical adaptation of O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" The direction, by Peter Glenville, is immaculate, and Bob Merrill's music is entirely liting. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**LONG RUNS—FLOWER DRUM SONG:** Rodgers and Hammerstein in San Francisco's Chinatown. With Pat Suzuki, Juanita Hall, and Keye Luke. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Robert Preston) who falls in love with a librarian. Eddie Albert will take over Mr. Preston's role starting Monday, Jan. 11. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Frederick Loewe (music). Edward Mulhare and Pamela Charles now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**LA PLUME DE MA TANTE:** A mosaic of French farce and burlesque. Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, and Jacques Legras are among the clowns. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**REDHEAD:** Gwen Verdon in a musical detective story, with lyrics by Dorothy Fields and music by Albert Hague. The hero is Richard Kiley, and the place Edwardian London. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

## OPENINGS

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

**A DISTANT BELL**—Martha Scott in a play by Katherine Morrill. Produced by Norman Twain and directed by Jack Ragotzy. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 13. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

## OFF BROADWAY

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

**LEAVE IT TO JANE**—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Art Matthews. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE**—A benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta, which doesn't score heavily as parody but is very funny just the same. Eileen Brennan plays the heroine with marvellous style. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**LIVING THEATRE**—"Tonight We Improvise," by Luigi Pirandello: Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8:30. ... "The Connection," by Jack Gelber:

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Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569.)

**MARCHING SONG**—Kevin McCarthy in a British play by John Whiting. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

**ORPHEUS DESCENDING**—Tennessee Williams' play, with Rita Lloyd and John Ramondetta. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:15 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

**OUR TOWN**—An impeccable revival of America's most lovable play, which deals with the people who live at "Grover's Corners, New Hampshire, the United States of America, Western Hemisphere, the Earth, the Solar System, the Universe, the Mind of God." Richard Dysart plays the Stage Manager. Jane McArthur is Emily, and Clinton Kimbrough is George. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE**—Paul Vincent Carroll's fine, quiet, thoughtful play is given an excellent reading by the Irish Players. It concerns a cultivated but somewhat overproud canon in Ireland's County Louth; his gentle, mystical servant girl; and a keen-minded schoolmaster of strong anticlerical feelings, who clashes with the canon. Their quarrel indirectly brings about the death of the servant girl, to whom each is devoted. The three principal parts, in the order named, are played by Kendall Clark, Helena Carroll, and John McLiam. The numerous minor characters, in casting and performance, are jewels of caricature. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-3421. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

**SUMMER OF THE 17TH DOLL**—A revival of Ray Lawler's play, with Dana Elcar. (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 3 and 8:40.)

**THE TEMPEST**—Shakespeare's comedy, directed by Rolf Forsberg. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 10.)

**THE THREEPENNY OPERA**—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Nancy Andrews. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**THE THREE SISTERS**—Chekhov's drama, superlatively done by a gifted cast that includes Barbara Ames, Carol Gustafson, Peter Do-



nat, Rudolph Weiss, Boris Tumarin, Sandor Szabo, and Lucille Patton. The director is David Ross, to whom congratulations are due. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**U.S.A.**—This adaptation of John Dos Passos' novel is too fragmentary, discursive, and incoherent to succeed as a play, but the components of the evening may be enjoyed as an intelligent and often very funny revue. The members of the talented cast are William Windom, Peggy McCay, Laurence Hugo, Salome Jens, William Redfield, and Sada Thompson. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS**—A revival of the Jean Anouilh comedy, with Leigh Wharton. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

## BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 7: "Four Temperaments," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Waltz Scherzo," and "Bourrée Fantasque." ... Friday evening, Jan. 8: "Swan Lake," "Medea," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Symphony in C." ... Saturday matinee, Jan. 9: "Swan Lake," "Native Dancers," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Firebird." ... Saturday evening, Jan. 9: "Gounod Symphony," "Orpheus," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." ... Sunday matinee, Jan. 10: "Interplay," "The Night Shadow," "Waltz Scherzo," and "Western Symphony." ... Sunday evening, Jan. 10: "Apollo," "Orpheus," "Agon," and "Firebird." ... Tuesday evening, Jan. 12: "Swan Lake," "Medea," "Allegro Brillante," and "Gounod Symphony." ... Wednesday evening, Jan. 13: "Scotch Symphony," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Square Dance," and "Bourrée Fantasque." ... Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "The Night Shadow," "Orpheus," "Waltz Scherzo," and "Symphony in C." ... Friday evening, Jan. 15: "Scotch Symphony," "Illuminations," "Agon," and "Western Symphony." ... Saturday matinee, Jan. 16: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," "Firebird," and "Fanfare." ... Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "Scotch Symphony," "Prodigal Son," "Waltz Scherzo," and "Stars and Stripes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8089. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 7.)

**PAUL DRAPER**—In a dance program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 4.)

**JOSÉ GRECO**—With his company of Spanish dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**HARRY BELAFONTE**—In a program of songs, with a male quartet and an orchestra. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**THE MIME THEATRE OF ETIENNE DECROUX**—The classic French pantomimist, with an American company. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Through Sunday, Jan. 24.)

**ICE SHOW**—"Ice Follies of 1960." Opens Tuesday, Jan. 12, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 24. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

## NIGHT LIFE

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

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**DRAKE**, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—Mon Plaisir, Serge Obolensky's latest contribution to life after dark, opens up early in



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the evening. It is devoted, between the witching hours of ten and two, to the assiduous pursuit of the dance. Closed Mondays.

**EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A theatre in the round expressly designed for talented (and untalented) amateurs. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory.

**PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Harold Arlen, whose good deeds shine in a world of no-account composers, is being sung in the Cotillion Room by Carol Bruce and Wilbur Evans. This occurs at dinner all week, and additionally at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Joseph Ricardel's dance band and Dick Leonard's trio never pause in between. Closed Mondays. . . . Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a rather de-luxe affair.

**PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Jane Froman, one of the stately homes of show business, is delivering her songs—whether they're Gershwin's stirring "Porgy" arias or Hammerstein's sampler mottoes from "The Sound of Music"—efficiently and melodically. She appears at dinner and supper; the dance band of Ted Straeter, the nation's most resplendent maestro, and Mark Monte's fusileers, whose Latin accent is impeccable, occupy the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . Leo LeFleur's group plays orange-peko music in the Palm Court from four to seven and *bœuf-Stroganoff* music in the Edwardian Room for dinner. No dancing in either locale. . . . The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Maximilian Bergere's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty.

**ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, a new band fortunate to have access to the Tommy Dorsey library of orchestrations has settled down to take care of any dancers. Closed Sundays.

**ST. REGIS**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Milt Shaw's little band prattles along all evening. Twice a night, Vicky Autier steps forth to sing about Paris in the springtime, when it drizzles, and Paris in tourist time, when it fizzles. She takes leave on Wednesday, Jan. 13; next evening the Trio Smeed, which hasn't been away from Switzerland long enough to forget how to yodel, unpacks its special form of glee club. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**SAVOY HILTON**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, which shows what a truly bright homemaker can do with a Romanesque museum, goes its handsome and dignified way every night but Sunday to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's and Tommy Purcell's small orchestras, which are not afraid to be occasionally sentimental about the waltz. Dancing from eight-thirty.

**SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Life in modern Imperial America, or the Embassy Club, really begins at nine, when the dance musicians (Chauncey Gray's diplomatic corps and Quintero's rumba men) arrive; life in old Imperial Russia, or the minuscule Knight Box, begins at eight-thirty with string-and-piano musings by Jani Sarkozi's duo. Sundays are dark.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper, the floor of the Empire Room will be given over, through Saturday, Jan. 9, to Sarah Vaughan, a voice quite capable of making a big-band beat and the ballad form compatible. Emil Coleman's jubilant dance orchestra, which is the big band in question, and Béla Babai's gypsy caravan do the dance music. On Monday, Jan. 11, Nelson Eddy, a favorite character in American outdoors fiction, will be bringing his *bel canto* to town. Closed Sundays. . . . In a clearing in the luxuriant wildwood of Peacock Alley, Michael Zarin's dance band and Ray Hartley's trio spell one another on weekdays from eight-thirty until one, and the Babai group operates on Sundays from eight to twelve.

**NOTE**—At the top of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza funicular is the Rainbow Room, a spa that

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affords cocktails and funiculi-funicula non-dance music by Joseph Sudy's tiny assemblage. The hours are four-thirty to nine. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

## SMALL AND CHEERFUL (No dancing, unless noted.)

**LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): It takes all kinds, and here they are, from Greenland's icy mountains to Broadway's and Park Avenue's coral strands. There's helter-skelter piano from eight o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Houseparty life on a civilized level. The only compulsory group activity is table hopping; aside from that, members are free to listen to practically perpetual piano—Bob Printz (romantic) from five to eight, followed by Wayne Sanders (ditto) and Goldie Hawkins (prancy). After the theatre, Mr. S. and Mr. H. join hands and pianos in spurts of merriment. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A calm, collected lap of luxury, upholstered with firm yet conversational piano from six to one. The author of this neat balancing act is Cy Walter, who just about invented the genre. Joel Forbes is the Sunday worker. . . . **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening along the Via Veneto. The music is a holiday for strings under the direction of Herman Honigsberg, a peer of this sort of realm, and there's also a circumnavigating triad of chorister guitarists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Florence, another Italian metropolis of note, is on exhibit here in miniature, and it's planned with the inner man in mind. Italian, too, is the burden of the sound track, which is Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio Thursdays through Saturdays, when (after ten) there's skirmishing on a toy dance floor. The rest of the time, the busy B. does without his sidemen. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Manhattan's first cooperative castle, modelled on an Henri IV dinette. Wandering from pillar to post, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A short course in life after dark as practiced around Madrid, and in the string music that goes with it. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): An art gallery surpassed in oddity only by the Guggenheim Museum. The management supplies internal nourishment as well as visual and audible provender. The audible portion, which arrives at ten, is Nino Silva's dream-life piano and Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, an agreeable mating of voice and instrument. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A cityscape of considerable grandeur, in the bar of which Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The population, all resolutely Spanish, is given to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, largely flamboyant. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY**

**LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The candle power is not bright enough for reading the fine print in *Debrett's*, so mostly the patrons listen to George Feyer's fashion-show piano, which begins at eight-thirty and goes through the supper hour. The room is closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-3775): The piano amidships of this fairly elaborate *salle à manger* is staffed from eight to two by Viviane Greene, who contributes, along with the customary bonbons, some sturdy on-the-beat blues. She stays home Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Parts of the industrious floor show, which goes doggedly on through all the Wiener schnitzel, is sheer *tourisme*; the rest, such as the string band and a soprano named simply Galena, do all right for themselves. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Operetta Hungary, where the merry villagers are all musically inclined—violin, zimbalon, and the human voice. They won't stop carolling even while they're bringing you dinner and supper. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Four winged (and stringed) Mercuries glide from table to table in a restaurant that might easily be perched on one of the seven hilltops of Rome. The Italianate pop concert goes on from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A great open space, the Casino-on-the-Park serves as leisurely dining room and as audition hall for the calm piano of Vincent Limoli at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **DORSET**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Addison Bailey's piano says what it has to say to the café-lounge audience in a well-modulated stage whisper, the proper approach to so peaceful a haven. Sundays are his vacations. . . . **COAT OF ARMS**, 140 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1820): Dining in state without pomp. The setting is half urban, half country, and Bill Halsey is perched in one corner behind a piano to make you live happily ever after, or at least until one the next morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Inside a fine stand of oak panelling, there's the tinkly piano of Rudy Timfield, who's around from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday.

## BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Just about the last of the great matriarchies that flourished in the twenties and thirties—a spate of girls, every one of them seven feet seven, who toil not, neither do they spin, except when the choreography calls for it. In the thin crust of males are the Bernard Brothers (mugging-for-the-millions pantomime) and the Gimma Brothers (breakneck acrobatics). Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Andy Williams, one of the rare pop singers who really know what they are doing, is miscast as leading juvenile in a tent show that involves Morey Amsterdam as *soi-disant* comic. Dancing.

## SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Will Holt's four-person revue, in which the blond menace Dolly Jonah is persistently concerned, gives Mr. H. the chance to gleam as both actor and author. Also present: Miriam Makeba, a direct and absorbing look at tribal South African jazz from the inside; the Chad Mitchell trio, part earnestness, part spoof in its entertaining pursuit of hill-and-dale music; and Reneaux, a light-fingered bird sanctuary who makes his feathered friends appear and disappear as if by—well, magic. The setting is the joyous modernity of the Jimmy Lyons trio (his sidemen are Beverly Peer and Jim Raney) and the piano of Bud McCreery. . . . Except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty conducts his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, from 2 to 4 A.M. every night but Saturday and Monday, there's also a heated chukker by the



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lyons group. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart dream up small talk that is equally salubrious whether it comes from their piano and bass or from their vocal cords. They show up around ten; Robert Colston holds the pianoforte until then. On Monday, Jan. 11, they'll be replaced by Nancy Dussault and Cy Young, two bright spots in last season's off-Broadway "Diversions." Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The revue form brought just about to perfection by Julius Monk's assemblage of deadpan imps—Gerry Matthews, Ceil Cabot, Jane Connell, Del Close, and Gordon Connell, whose neatly gloved hands conceal a vast variety of mailed fists. William Roy and Carl Norman are the exultant two-piano pit band, and the hours of truth begin at nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): A tiny arena, and a rough-and-ready one, for the sort of performers you don't get to see very often. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Janice Mars, back to the wall, unassumingly and articulately utters songs that tell us why she came to take that stance. Otis Clements is her pianist. Tony Schwartz, whose unrehearsed tape recordings release a remarkable stream of unconsciousness, serves as Saturday lagniappe. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The belle of the ball everyone is having here is Kaye Ballard, who goes in and out of her hair-trigger mind with bewildering speed. There are also Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to end all music (and musicians); Jimmie Daniels, headmaster and tenor; and Frank D'Rone, a run-of-the-Mills-Brothers singer until he picks up his full-bodied electronic guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **ARPEGGIO**, 144 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0077): Bobby Short's string of open-all-night chanteys and spitfire piano comes to a halt on Saturday, Jan. 9. On Monday, Jan. 11, he'll be succeeded by Carmen McRae, a practically irresistible force dedicated to upbeat ballads. The trio of Muriel Roberts, a pianist who has acquired all the technique and is now in search of a point of view, is staying on. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the tiny alcove off the bar, Spanish guitar and voice of heart-breaking intensity; in the main room, a segment of the Spanish Main—song, dance, and conversation, not to mention shouts of approval from ringside. The major merriment is Tun Tun, the minute Mexican jumping bean who recently came back to town in "Saratoga." Sundays, the only activity is a matinee tea trot. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The bar's specialties are Gigi Durston, a romantic singer who gains her ends without trickery, and Phil Leeds, in whom the art of quiet desperation reaches its finest flowering. Bob Downey is in his sixteenth year as *patron* and pianist. Miss Durston is absent on Sundays; Mr. Leeds is absent on Mondays. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): This, the top floor of the jazz foundry called the Roundtable, is now devoted to Mabel Mercer and her world-weary, worldly-wise intoning of the New Wave of poet composers—Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, Carolyn Leigh, et al. Sam Hamilton is still her pianist companion-at-arms. Chuck Wayne and Ernie Furtado make pensive music in the interludes. Miss M. is on hand from ten o'clock on. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Sylvia Syms, tower of strength, thunderer of the night, wraps up her ditties warmly in her basso profundo to the accompaniment of Don Evans' perspicacious piano. The setting is the seacoast of Barbary; the other performers are presumably just auditioning. Miss Syms is absent Sundays.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Buck Clayton, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, Mousie Alexander, Leonard Gaskin, and (if the spirit moves) Mr. Condon himself work up strong south winds. Bob Corwin gets the use of the piano whenever these bandmen cool their heels. The racket is a remembrance of a *temps* not

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entirely *perdu*. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Teddi King, whose pleasurable soprano hasn't been heard in our town for some few years, shares the bandstand with Kenny Burrell's intense trio. The lectern addresses by Irwin Corey, a wit capable of talking by the hour, are an individual form of progressive jazz themselves. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinee as well as an evening session; closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Tyree Glenn, a trombone that does the gamut from baby talk to blast furnace, runs a quartet in this Disney version of Camelot; Sharkey Bonano runs a fair-to-middling group of New Orleans boys. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Life on the Mississippi when Dixie was a pup, and a mischievous one. The narration is performed by Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Garvin Bushell. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Chris Connor, who lately has been supplementing her artful dodging of melodic line with straightforward, out-and-out balladry, has the use of the pedestal while George Shearing's new quintet takes a rest between sets. They all go into action every night but Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Whether it's jazz or whether it's Pelléas wandering hand in hand with Mélisande, the music accomplished by Dwiki Mitchell and Willie Ruff is something to think about. Their ivory tower is the inside of the oval bar, which they occupy around ten o'clock. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin and his platoon of die-hard Confederates are tenting once more on their own campground. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A pocket edition of Armageddon. The matinees are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman, the soirées by Red Allen's sextet (off Mondays) and Sol Yaged's quintet (off Tuesdays). On Monday and Tuesday evenings, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters help out. The material is all smuggled across the Mason and Dixon Line while it's still hot. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. . . . ¶ The upstairs captain's walk is in commission on Fridays and Saturdays, when Cozy Cole's quintet and a group of jesters headed by Chubby Jackson show up. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Local ground rules prevent the full exercise of Jonah Jones' trumpet, the chief ornament of his quartet, so a front seat is just about incumbent. The other music is mostly just other music. Sundays are dedicated to visiting musicians. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A little wood schoolhouse where the students of the future can literally sit at the feet of Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Mose Allison, and a couple of other guys. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Maynard Ferguson's band, or the



46

St. Vitus Marching and Chowder Club, and Harry Edison's quintet, which is occasionally in favor of sweetness and light, are on hand. Jam sessions Mondays by earnest guest strivers. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A giant crypt left over from a forgotten civilization. Larry Adler transforms his harmonica, at a slip of his tongue, into anything, from a jazz band to the pipes of Pan; Ellis Larkins, the epitome of accompanists, transforms his piano into a virtuoso instrument in spare moments; Robert Rounseville, who can make the hop from opera to musical comedy with ease, does the hop to giant crypt just as neatly. Ten o'clock is the starting time. Jazz sessions Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend cram school specializing in ancient history. The crop of lecturers expected on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, includes Max Kaminsky, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Johnny Letman, Lawrence Brown, and Panama Francis. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Jack Kerouac slept here, but fitfully, at best. The quartet led by Ornette Coleman makes music whose patterns are all subliminal; Randy Weston's foursome is fairly often in touch with the world as we know it today. The Westons go fishing Mondays; the Colemans go fishing Tuesdays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Another part of the forest primeval. The Jazztet (the corporate name for Art Farmer, Benny Golson, Curtis Fuller, and three friends) is a clearly stated and vivid argument for progressivism; J. J. Johnson's quintet is a bundle of nerves. On Tuesday, Jan. 12, the Jazztet will be succeeded by the quartet of Dizzy Reece, a trumpeter who comes well recommended from London. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): In a setting that is laissez-faire Greenwich Village, the accomplished Charlie Mingus and his closest friends pursue their favorite muses through an amazing tanglewild. Closed Mondays.

## ART

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

### GALLERIES

- ENZO BRUNORI**—Abstract paintings, somewhat Tachiste in manner, by a young Italian new to this country; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)
- WILLIAM CECIL**—Paintings and drawings of the Caribbean; through Jan. 23. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)
- HERBERT FERBER**—Abstract oils; through Jan. 30. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)
- ROBERT GOODNOUGH**—Abstract paintings and a single collage; through Jan. 30. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St.)
- ADOLPH GOTTLIEB**—Abstract oils; through Feb. 6. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)
- PHILIP GUSTON**—Abstractions; through Jan. 23. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)
- GUILLERMO HEITER AND FELIPE VALLEJO**—Paintings by two Venezuelan artists; through Jan. 23. (De Aenle, 59 W. 53rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 12:30 and 2 to 6:30.)
- HANS HOFMANN**—Paintings by the dean of Abstract Expressionists; through Jan. 23. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JOYCE JONES**—Impressionistic oils of French scenes; through Friday, Jan. 15. (Crespi, 232 E. 58th St.)
- KAETHE KOLLWITZ**—Bronze sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)
- JOSEPH KONZAL**—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)
- ALFRED LESLIE AND JOHN CHAMBERLAIN**—Abstract Expressionist paintings by the former and sculptures by the latter; through Jan. 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)
- JACK LEVINE**—Figurative paintings; through

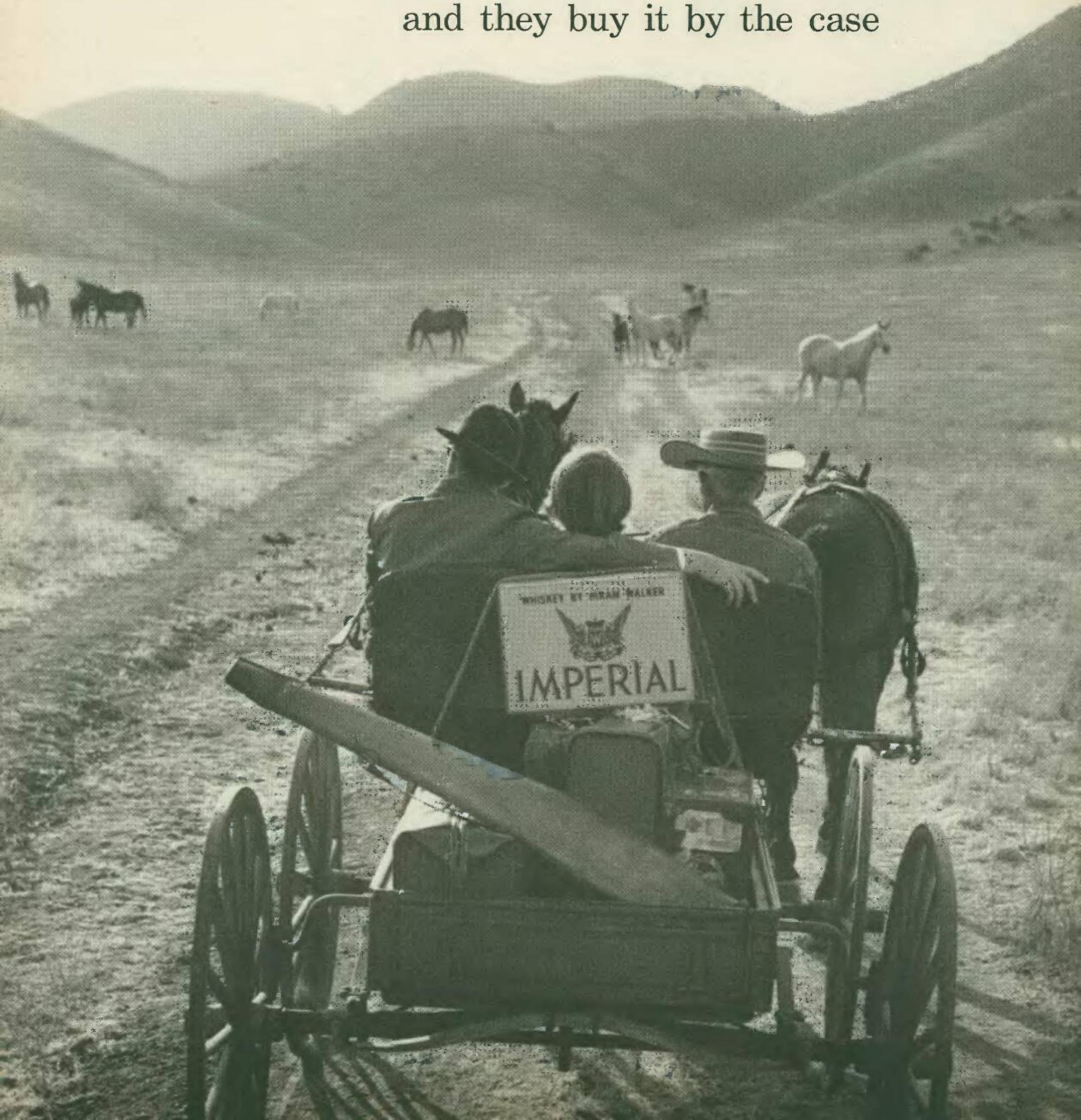


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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Jan. 16. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

**ANDRÉ MASSON**—Etchings and lithographs; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

**ROBERT NATKIN**—Oils; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

**NATHAN RAISEN AND ROBERT BEK-GRAN**—Paintings; through Wednesday, Jan. 13. (Fleischman, 84 E. 10th St. Sundays through Thursdays, 1 to 7; Fridays, 1 to 4.)

**DAN RICE**—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Jan. 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

**MEDARDO ROSSO**—Wax and bronze sculptures by this Italian artist, who died in 1928; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

**TITIAN**—Paintings; through Friday, Jan. 15. (Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St.)

**ANTHONY TONEY**—Paintings, mainly figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

**MODERN PAINTERS IN FORMOSA**—Oils on fabric by the Ton-Fan Group, nine avant-garde artists in Taiwan; through Jan. 30. (Mi Chou, 36 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ARTZT**, 142 W. 57th St.: Milton Avery, Reginald Marsh, and Reuben Tam are three of the artists represented in a showing of water colors; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 4.)... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings by Morris Graves, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Abraham Rattner, and others; through Jan. 23.... **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The seventh annual water-color exhibition, with paintings chosen this time by Robert Andrew Parker, Adja Yunkers, and Stuyvesant Van Veen; through Jan. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)... **STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: "School of New York: Some Younger Artists" is the title of both a new book of essays on eleven artists (Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Good-nough, and Richard Stankiewicz among them) and this gallery's exhibition of their work; through Saturday, Jan. 9.

**AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW**—Modern French and American paintings and sculptures by such artists as Miró, Utrillo, and Archipenko; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, graphics, and sculptures by German Expressionists, including Emil Nolde, Oskar Kokoschka, and Karl Heinz Krause; through Saturday, Jan. 9.... **LOEB**, 12 E. 57th St.: Alexander Garbell, Vieira da Silva, Charles Lapicque, and other Paris artists, in a showing of small oils, gouaches, drawings, and lithographs; through Saturday, Jan. 16.

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of more than three hundred ancient objects of art—Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, Cypriot, Etruscan, Roman, Celtic, Byzantine, and pre-Columbian—lent by twenty-one private collectors, all members of the New York Society of the Archeological Institute of America; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Sixteen Americans," a series of small one-man shows by twelve painters and four sculptors (Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Lytle, and Louise Nevelson, for instance), each of them represented by several works; through Feb. 14.... Photographs, by Alexander Liberman, of school-of-Paris painters and sculptors in their studios and homes. Among the subjects are Braque, Chagall, and Giacometti. Through Sunday, Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective (1934 to the present) of a hundred and thirty prints by Gabor Peterdi; through Jan. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.—The opening exhibition here is composed of Chinese, Indian, Japanese, Korean, and Southeast Asian

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sculptures and paintings chosen from public and private collections in the United States; through Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**FRICK COLLECTION**, 1 E. 70th St.—A set of twenty-eight water colors, by William Blake, illustrating "The Pilgrim's Progress;" through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures, including pieces by Karel Appel, Hans Hartung, and Etienne Hajdu, are on view in the recently opened building designed by Frank Lloyd Wright; through Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**IBM GALLERY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES**, 16 E. 57th St.—Part I of "The Decisive Moment," a collection of three hundred and fifty photographs taken in twenty-five countries by Henri Cartier-Bresson. Included are studies of such personalities as Jean-Paul Sartre, William Faulkner, and Frank Lloyd Wright. Through Jan. 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Oils and water colors (particularly water colors of New York City) by Robert Freiman; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS**, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Visual Communication in the Crafts," an educational display in two sections, one devoted to woodworking, the other to weaving; twelve batik wall hangings by the Swedish artist Maud Rydin; and a dozen glass sculptures by Alistair M. Bevington. Starts Friday, Jan. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

**MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Art of Lake Sentani," comprising sculptures, bowls, hair ornaments, necklaces, belts, tools, and drums belonging to tribes living near Lake Sentani, in Netherlands New Guinea; through Feb. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7.)

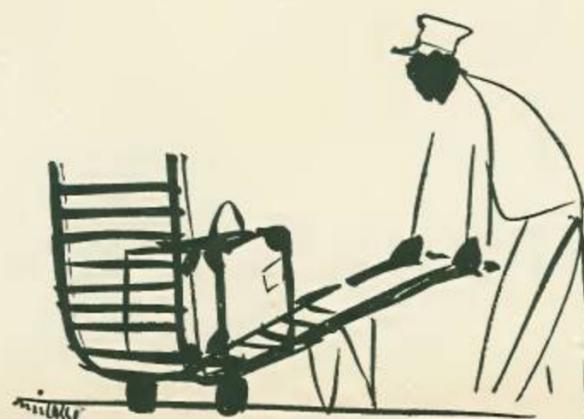
**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Landmarks in English Literature," an exhibition of eighty-two first or early editions of books, ranging from a 1490 copy of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" up to 1900 and including works by, among others, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dickens; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

**RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—An exhibition by the Woodstock Artists Association, with a single work by each of seventy painters and sculptors, including Helen Gerardia, Sidney Laufman, and Nathaniel Kaz; through Jan. 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1959 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, containing a work apiece by a hundred and forty-five artists; through Jan. 31. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210.)



Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

## OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8: "La Traviata," with Victoria de los Angeles, Joan Wall, Nicolai Gedda, and Cornell MacNeil.... Friday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Faust," with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Eugenio Fernandi, Cesare Siepi, and Frank Guarrera.... Saturday, Jan. 9, at 1:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines.... Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8: "The Gypsy Baron" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Regina Resnik, Laurel Hurley, William Olvis, and Walter Slezak.... Monday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Manon," with Victoria de los Angeles, Nicolai Gedda, Ralph Herbert, and William Wildermann.... Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines.... Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Belen Amaran, George London, Karl Liebl, and Giorgio Tozzi.... Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Christa Ludwig, Dimiter Uzunov, Cornell MacNeil, and Norman Scott.... Friday, Jan. 15, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines.... Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Victoria de los Angeles, Theodor Uppman, George London, and Giorgio Tozzi.... Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Cesare Siepi, Cesare Valletti, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting—Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 8, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3 (all with Gina Bachauer, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 15, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3 (all with David Bar-Illan, piano).

**MOSCOW STATE SYMPHONY**—All-Tchaikovsky programs—Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)... Konstantin Ivanov conducting, with Daniel Shafran, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:40.)

**BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA**—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Jesús-María Sanromá, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

**MUSIC FORGOTTEN AND REMEMBERED**—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra in a performance of Handel's oratorio "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso," with Adele Addison, soprano, and John McCollum, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

**AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK**—Enrico Leide conducting. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

**IGOR STRAVINSKY**—Mr. Stravinsky conducting one of his own works and Robert Craft directing the rest of a program performed by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra and the American Concert Choir, with Margrit Weber, piano; Mildred Allen and Saramae Endich, sopranos; Nico Castel, tenor; and others. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 5:30.)

**AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY**—Sir Thomas Beecham directing Part II ("Les Troyens à Carthage") of Berlioz's "Les Troyens" in concert form, with Frances Wyatt, soprano; Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

**ORCHESTRA OF AMERICA**—Richard Korn conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

**INTER-RACIAL FELLOWSHIP CHORUS**—Harold Aks directing, with soloists. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

**BACH ARIA GROUP**—Frank Brieff directing, with Eileen Farrell, soprano; Richard Lewis,

tenor, Julius Baker, flute; Robert Bloom, oboe; and others. (Town Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

**DESSOFF CHOIRS**—Paul Boepple directing a program of fifteenth-century vocal music by Josquin des Prés, with Blake Stern, tenor, and instrumental soloists. (Town Hall, Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

#### RECITALS

**NETHERLANDS STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**MIRIAM BURTON**—Soprano, with Nancy Cirillo, violin; Jonathan Brice, piano; and John Solum, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

**BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30, with Benar Heifetz, cello; and Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30, with Artur Balsam, piano, and Julius Levine, double bass. All seats have been sold for both concerts and only standing room is left.)

**ANDRES SEGOVIA**—Guitar. (Town Hall, Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:40.)

**ISAAC STERN**—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

**KROLL QUARTET**—With Alan Shulman, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

**TOSHIYA ETO**—Violin. (Carnegie Hall, Monday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

**COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE**—A program of works by Luigi Dallapiccola, performed by Elisabeth Soederstroem, soprano; Robert Mann, violin; Frederick Fuller, baritone; and a chamber group conducted by Frederick Prausnitz. Mr. Dallapiccola will also play the piano and take part in a discussion period following the concert. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Monday, Jan. 11, at 8:40.)

**ROCCO ENSEMBLE**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

**LEE LUVISI**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

**ROSALYN TURECK**—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Town Hall, Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

**ARTUR RUBINSTEIN**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:40.)

**EILEEN FARRELL**—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

**NOTE**—Rosalyn Tureck will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 17, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 11, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

#### MISCELLANY

**VIENNA ON PARADE**—A program of song and dance by a company of sixty, including the Deutschemeister Band, dancers from the Vienna State Opera Ballet, and a chorus. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

**OPERAS-IN-BRIEF**—"Lucia di Lammermoor," the fourth in this year's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Theatre. (Town Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 5:30.)

#### SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden, Sunday, Jan. 10, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cincinnati. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.)

**BOXING**—Stan Harrington vs. Gaspar (Indian) Ortega, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Friday, Jan. 8. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**HOCKEY**—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden, Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2.)

**SQUASH RACQUETS**—New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club, 18 West St. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 5:30; through Wednesday, Jan. 20. No tickets necessary.)

#### FOR CHILDREN

**MUSIC**—Vienna Choir Boys. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 3.)

**MUSICAL PLAYS**—By the PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Town Hall, JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "Sleeping Beauty." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . EAST 74TH STREET THEATRE: "I Wish I May," Saturday, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ "Star-bright," Saturday, Jan. 16. (334 E. 74th St. Afternoons at 1:30 and 3. For tickets, call PL 3-7285.) . . . THIMBLE PRODUCTIONS: "The Glass Slipper." (Pocket Players Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. BU 8-8450. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Clown Face." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2 and 3:30.)

**PUPPET SHOW**—The Theatre of the Little Hand presenting "The Juggler of Our Lady." (Church of the Resurrection, Park Ave. at 74th St. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 5. Admission is free.)

**VARIETY SHOW**—"The Rabbit Who Wanted Wings," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a magician and other attractions. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 11, and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 3.)

**JUNIOR MUSEUM**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. . . . ¶ Drawings and paintings by children from the province of Brescia, in Italy; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MOVIES**—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

**NOTE**—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday, except Jan. 16, from 10 to 12. On Saturday, Jan. 16, everybody gets off the ice at 11:30, and at noon there will be an ice carnival, sponsored by the *Mirror*, made up of skating races, a costume parade, and all the rest that goes with an ice carnival.

#### OTHER EVENTS

**PRESIDENT EISENHOWER**—Delivering his State of the Union address to a joint session of Congress on Thursday, Jan. 7, at 12:30. The speech will be carried by all major radio and television networks.

**UNITED NATIONS**—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next two months; there are, however, periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. 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 to 4:45 daily.

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, at 1:45: French furniture; Meissen, Sèvres, and other porcelains; old silver; French faïence; Old Master paintings and drawings; bronzes; color prints; and Oriental and needlepoint rugs. From the estate of Benjamin Duveen and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 13-14, at 1:45: Chinese, Japanese, and Siamese art; Luristan bronzes; and Tibetan tankas. The property of several collectors, among them James Arthur Ewing. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 9.



#### cable from Hong Kong—

S.F.A.'s *hand-knit* import has just arrived—a cable-stitched wool that communicates the casual luxury of handmade clothes. Note the crocheted buttons, the hand-stitched grosgrain facing, buttonholes and belt. With elasticized waistline; in peony pink, white, wedgwood blue, pale beige or navy. 8-14 sizes, 89.95.

Very **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

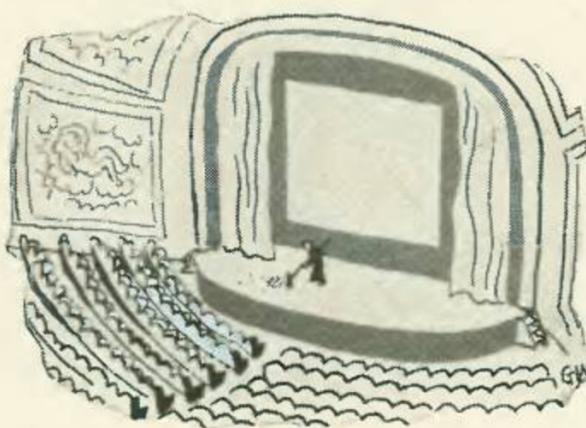
FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**ANATOMY OF A MURDER**—Otto Preminger's lengthy but frequently lively interpretation of a forensic bout designed to clear a United States Army officer of shooting a saloon-keeper who may or may not have raped his wife. James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, and Arthur O'Connell turn in splendid performances in this protracted work. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 12, tentative.)

**THE 400 BLOWS**—The sad fortunes of a small, unfortunate boy among adults who show him neither compassion nor understanding. A superb French film, directed by François Truffaut, in which a small fry called Jean-Pierre Léaud does a marvellous job as the lad in question. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

**GIGI**—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 13, tentative.)

**THE MAGICIAN**—In this absolutely first-rate effort, Ingmar Bergman, the suddenly ubiquitous Swedish director, tells, in a stunning flow of brooding, melancholy, but never pretentious images, of what happens, morally and otherwise, to the smug household of a wealthy Swedish merchant when a troupe of run-down magicians comes to spend the night. The acting—by Max von Sydow, as the chief magician; Ingrid Thulin, as his wife; Naima Wifstrand, as an old crone; and Gunnar Björnstrand, as a local skeptic—is superior,



and so is the camera work, by Gunnar Fischer. The time is roughly a century ago. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

**PORGY AND BESS**—Samuel Goldwyn didn't scrimp on this production of the Gershwin folk opera, but money isn't everything, and the final result of his largess is rather overblown. Directed by Otto Preminger, the picture has a cast led by Sidney Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge, and Pearl Bailey. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**TIGER BAY**—In this English film, a small Welsh girl, sole witness to a murder, is persuaded by the killer to flee with him into the woodlands. Although the plot is not unfamiliar, the picture offers an utterly captivating performance by twelve-year-old Hayley Mills. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

**WILD STRAWBERRIES**—Ingmar Bergman's study of an eminent doctor, aged seventy-five, who in the course of twenty-four hours learns a tolerance that has escaped him for most of his life. Beautifully photographed, and with a magnificent performance by Victor Sjöström, who plays the lead. In Swedish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 12, tenta-

tive. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; starting Jan. 13, tentative.)

### REVIVALS

**THE DEVIL STRIKES AT NIGHT** (1959)—Directed by Robert Siodmak, this German film deals with the Hitler regime's suppression of the fact that a mass slayer has been allowed to get away with some fifty murders. With Marie Adorf. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 8.)

**GRAND ILLUSION** (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 9.)

**PATHER PANCHALI** (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 8.)

**THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 7.)

**TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; starting Jan. 13, tentative.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Two programs in a series of films called "The American Film Comedy"—Through Jan. 9: "Cops" (1922) and "Sherlock, Jr." (1924)—both with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 10: "By the Sea" (1915), with Charlie Chaplin and Edna Purviance; and "The Navigator" (1924), with Buster Keaton. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

## 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)  
"On the Beach," Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Anthony Perkins.

**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)  
"Solomon and Sheba," Yul Brynner, Gina Lollobrigida.

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)  
"Suddenly, Last Summer," Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, Katharine Hepburn.

**DE MILLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)  
"Behind the Great Wall" (in AromaRama), a documentary film. (Daily at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight.)

**FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)  
"The Gene Krupa Story," Sal Mineo.

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)  
"Operation Petticoat," Cary Grant, Tony Curtis.

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)  
Through Jan. 13 (tentative): "Journey to the Center of the Earth," Pat Boone, James Mason.

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)  
Through Jan. 12: "The Big Fisherman," John Saxon, Howard Keel, Martha Hyer. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

From Jan. 13, at 8:30: "The Story on Page One," Rita Hayworth, Anthony Franciosa.

**ROXY**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)  
"Li'l Abner," Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, Stubby Kaye.

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)  
"Ben-Hur," Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)  
Through Jan. 13 (tentative): "Happy Anniversary," David Niven, Mitzi Gaynor.

**WARNER**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)  
**PORGY AND BESS.**



## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)  
Through Jan. 12 (tentative): **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish).  
From Jan. 13: To be announced.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)  
Through Jan. 12: "Goliath and the Barbarians," Steve Reeves; and "Jet Over the Atlantic," Guy Madison, Virginia Mayo. (On Jan. 11, last showing at about 3; boxing in the evening.)  
From Jan. 13: "A Summer Place," Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and "Blood and Steel," John Lupton.

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)  
Through Jan. 12 (tentative): "Pillow Talk," Rock Hudson, Doris Day.  
From Jan. 13 (tentative): **GIGI**.

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)  
"Sapphire," Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell.

**LEXINGTON**, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)  
Through Jan. 12: "The Wreck of the Mary Deare," Gary Cooper, Charlton Heston; and "Girls Town," Mamie Van Doren, Ray Anthony.  
From Jan. 13: "Happy Anniversary," David Niven, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Inside the Mafia," Cameron Mitchell.

**TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)  
"The Last Angry Man," Paul Muni, David Wayne.

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)  
"Suddenly, Last Summer," Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, Katharine Hepburn.

**R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)  
Through Jan. 12: "Goliath and the Barbarians," Steve Reeves; and "Jet Over the Atlantic," Guy Madison, Virginia Mayo.  
From Jan. 13: "A Summer Place," Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and "Blood and Steel," John Lupton.

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)  
**THE 400 BLOWS** (in French).

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)  
"Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), Marjorie Dawn.

**BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)  
**TIGER BAY**.

**BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)  
"The Cousins" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)  
Through Jan. 13: "Pillow Talk," Rock Hudson, Doris Day.

**LOEW'S 72ND ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)  
Through Jan. 12: "The Wreck of the Mary Deare," Gary Cooper, Charlton Heston; and "Girls Town," Mamie Van Doren, Ray Anthony.  
From Jan. 13: "Happy Anniversary," David Niven, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Inside the Mafia," Cameron Mitchell.

**72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)  
Through Jan. 13: "Pillow Talk," Rock Hudson, Doris Day.

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)  
Through Jan. 12 (tentative): **ANATOMY OF A MURDER**.  
From Jan. 13 (tentative): **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish); and **TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (silent).

**R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)  
Through Jan. 12: "Goliath and the Barbarians," Steve Reeves; and "Jet Over the Atlantic," Guy Madison, Virginia Mayo.  
From Jan. 13: "A Summer Place," Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and "Blood and Steel," John Lupton.

**ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)  
Through Jan. 12: "The Wreck of the Mary Deare," Gary Cooper, Charlton Heston; and "Girls Town," Mamie Van Doren, Ray Anthony.  
From Jan. 13: "Happy Anniversary," David Niven, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Inside the Mafia," Cameron Mitchell.

## WEST SIDE

**WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)  
Through Jan. 9: "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival; and "Wife for a Night" (in

## NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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

Italian), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Gino Cervi.  
Jan. 10-12: "The Barefoot Contessa," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner; and "Designing Woman," revival, Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall.  
From Jan. 13: **GIGI**; and "The Sea Around Us," revival, a documentary film.

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)  
Through Jan. 12 (tentative): "Pillow Talk," Rock Hudson, Doris Day.  
From Jan. 13 (tentative): "Children of Paradise" (in French), revival.

**5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)  
**THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish).

**SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)  
Through Jan. 12: "The Wreck of the Mary Deare," Gary Cooper, Charlton Heston; and "Girls Town," Mamie Van Doren, Ray Anthony.  
From Jan. 13: "Happy Anniversary," David Niven, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Inside the Mafia," Cameron Mitchell.

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)  
Through Jan. 9: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "The Mirror Has Two Faces" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Bourvil.  
Jan. 10-12: "But Not for Me," Clark Gable, Carroll Baker; and "Bermuda Affair," Gary Merrill, Kim Hunter.  
From Jan. 13: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish).

**R.K.O. 23RD ST.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)  
Through Jan. 12: "Goliath and the Barbarians," Steve Reeves; and "Jet Over the Atlantic," Guy Madison, Virginia Mayo.  
From Jan. 13: "A Summer Place," Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and "Blood and Steel," John Lupton.

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)  
"The Mouse That Roared," Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

**55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)  
"Broth of a Boy," Barry Fitzgerald.

**TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)  
"The Bridal Path," Bill Travers.

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)  
Through Jan. 11 (tentative): "The Drunken Angel" (in Japanese), Takashi Shimura.  
From Jan. 12: To be announced.

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)  
"The Lovers" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

**LOEW'S 83RD ST.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)  
Through Jan. 12: **GIGI**; and "The Crimson Kimono," Victoria Shaw.  
From Jan. 13: "Happy Anniversary," David Niven, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Inside the Mafia," Cameron Mitchell.

**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)  
Through Jan. 12: **ANATOMY OF A MURDER**.  
From Jan. 13: "A Summer Place," Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and another feature, to be announced.

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)  
Jan. 7: **THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (in French and Spanish), revival; and "Too Bad She's Bad" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.  
From Jan. 8: **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali), revival; and **THE DEVIL STRIKES AT NIGHT** (in German), revival.

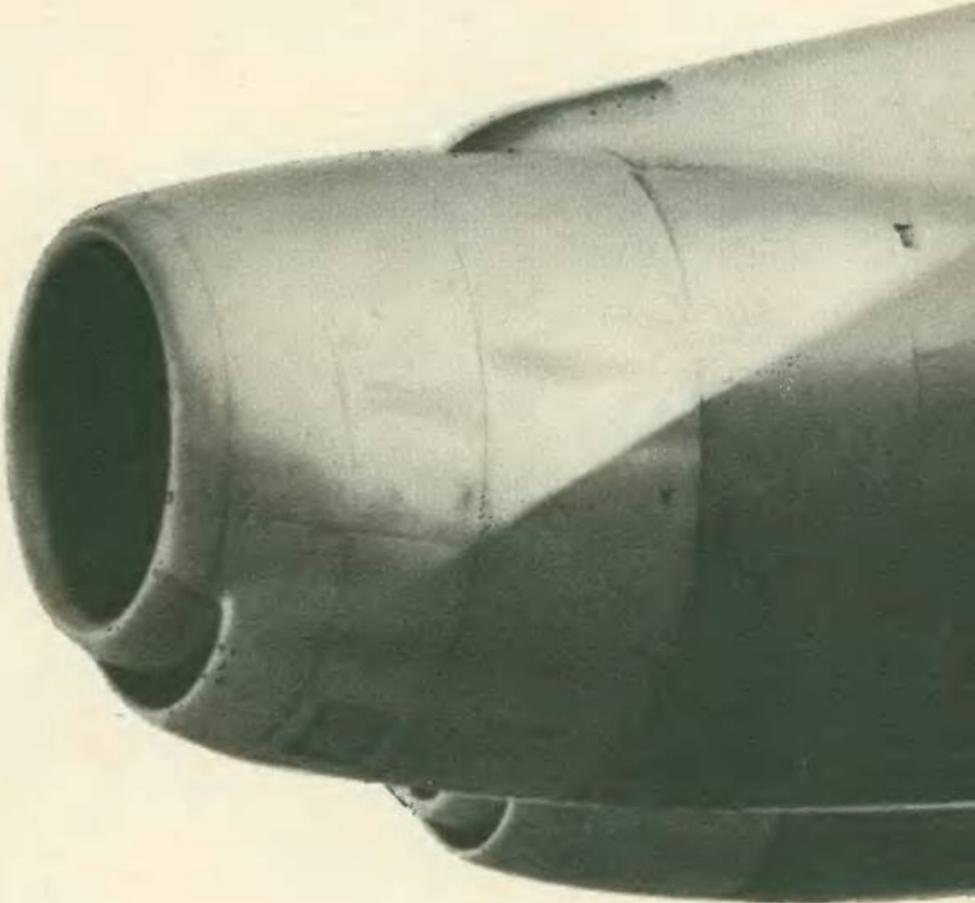
**RIVERSIDE**, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)  
"Goliath and the Barbarians," Steve Reeves; and "Jet Over the Atlantic," Guy Madison, Virginia Mayo.

**MIDTOWN**, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)  
Through Jan. 12 (tentative): "The Lowest Crime" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin; and "Paris Hotel" (in French), Charles Boyer, Françoise Arnoul.  
From Jan. 13 (tentative): **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish); and **TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (silent).

**OLYMPIA**, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)  
Through Jan. 10: **GIGI**; and "The Crimson Kimono," Victoria Shaw.  
Jan. 11-12: "Gilda," revival, Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford; and "The Big Heat," revival, Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame.  
From Jan. 13: "Happy Anniversary," David Niven, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Inside the Mafia," Cameron Mitchell.

**NEMO**, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)  
Through Jan. 12: "Goliath and the Barbarians," Steve Reeves; and "Jet Over the Atlantic," Guy Madison, Virginia Mayo.  
From Jan. 13: "A Summer Place," Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and "Blood and Steel," John Lupton.





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*Germaine Monteil*



## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

ABOUT this time of the new year, it is our custom to look back at the year just ended, select our worst mistake, and spend a few minutes or hours of silent regret over it. It is best, we think, to go in for such recollections while in transit from one place to another. The company of persons who know nothing of what has caused one's face to grow longer—persons who, in fact, are not aware that one has a face—is the best company on a trip of this sort. A regrettable error in one's past life can often be dealt with satisfactorily on a bus ride up or down Fifth Avenue. Some of the errors in our own past life have seemed to require a longer trip. What we like best to do on such an occasion is to get out of town. The trains on the main line between New York and Washington have served us well for many years. A trip around the world can be rewarding, too, but it takes longer. This year, it was unnecessary for us either to look far back or to perform the tiresome chore of deciding whether the outstanding error we had made in these columns in 1959 was small, middle-sized, large, gigantic, or a whopper. In the December 5th issue of the magazine, while undertaking a lighthearted expedition through the pages of the special issue of the *London Times Literary Supplement* that was devoted to the American imagination, we mistook an English lady for an American lady. It was the mistake of the year, and a whopper. Long before Christmas, a good research man came to our assistance and straightened us out on the matter. He turned a complete report over to us on the day before Christmas Eve, when we were boarding the Congressional Limited at Pennsylvania Station.

We have already privately begun to refer to 1959 as the year of the two Helen Gardners. For a few, hazy moments of that year, we were under the delusion that there was one Helen

Gardner. Then, with a jolt, we awakened to the fact that there were two Helen Gardners. By the time we had settled down in a quiet corner of a chair car on our way to Washington, we could calmly, if penitently, read our assistant's report on the two worlds of the two Helen Gardners—one American and dead, the other British and alive. Both ladies proved to be important writers. And since both also proved to be widely known and distinguished scholars, and interesting people, it seems fitting that they be formally introduced within a typographical bower they can call their own.

### *The Two Helens*

THE two Helen Gardners who are celebrated for their interest in the arts do not represent such totally disparate personalities as a superficial glance at the difference in their ages, nationalities, and professional fields might indicate. The British Helen was born Miss Helen Louise Gardner, and is so designated in most American libraries, a circumstance that has enabled most people to avoid confusing her with the deceased American Helen, who had no middle name or initial but who did have an elder sister named Louise; the latter, now in her late eighties, lives in Chicago and is at present vacationing in Jamaica. We talked to her before she left Chicago. Her sister Helen, she told us, was born in Manchester, New Hampshire, on March 17, 1877, or thereabouts (the year is not certain), and although she lived in Chicago most of her life, she always retained a New England accent. Having attended grammar and high schools in New England, she went to the University of Chicago, where she obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1901. (She returned seventeen years later for a Master's degree.) Her orig-

inal scholastic interests were Greek and Latin, and between 1901 and 1910 she was an instructor in these at—and then assistant principal of—the Brooks Classical School, in Chicago. It seems to have been an increasing interest in art, rather than her work with the classical languages, that impelled her to leave Brooks in 1910 for independent study. After getting her M.A., she joined the faculty of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, where she became a professor. Her department was the History of Art, and she was chairman of it from 1933 until her retirement, in 1943. She died on June 6, 1946.

This Miss Gardner's fame rests securely on her textbook "Art Through the Ages," which was first published in 1926 and was reissued in new editions in 1936, 1948, and 1959. According to her publishers, Harcourt, Brace, "Art Through the Ages" has sold hundreds of thousands of copies and is still a leading textbook in America for college courses in art history. The 1959 edition was revised by the Department of Art History at Yale. Mr. Sumner McNight Crosby, who supervised the revision, calls Miss Gardner's book "a favorite with generations of students in schools and colleges," and remarks that "the general reader who is interested in the history of



art has found it an exciting and informative survey." He cites especially its author's "broad knowledge, deep humanity, and freshness and simplicity of style." Miss Gardner's only other book was on art appreciation. Entitled "Understanding the Arts," it was published by Harcourt, Brace in 1932.

Miss Gardner has been described by people who knew her as a quietly gay person who had conservative principles, a subtle sense of humor, and prodigious energy. A small, brown-eyed woman with—in her later years—pretty, gray hair, she wore glasses and enjoyed



*"Doesn't it give you a wonderful feeling of security to know that on the night of October 17, 1960, you and I will be sitting together in Row J, Seats 102 and 103, at the Mary Martin thing?"*

travelling. Once, when a recording of her voice was played back to her, she was much distressed by the experience and remarked that she was glad she didn't have to listen to her own lectures. But she was an excellent, enthusiastic teacher, and, despite this displeasure with her own voice, continued to lecture. In fact, she was a visiting lecturer at the University of California at Los Angeles in 1927 and at the University of Chicago in 1928. Next to Art, she loved Nature, and she was a part-time student of geology and biology. She had a house on the shore of Lake Michigan. She was a member of the American Association of University Women, the American Society of Aesthetics, Midland Authors, and Phi Beta Kappa.

Miss Helen Louise Gardner has the reputation of being one of Oxford University's most distinguished women dons. She is described by her associates and friends as a woman of great wit, learning, and charm. Like the American Miss Gardner, she is noted for an immense fund of energy and a lively interest in art (one of her papers, published in 1956, is entitled "Milton's First Illustrator, John Baptist Medina"), but her professional field is English literature—chiefly the work of the six-

teenth- and seventeenth-century English poets. Some of those poets came to New England, and she studied their work just the same. She is a friend of T. S. Eliot, an American poet who went to England and stayed there, and one of her best-known critical works is "The Art of T. S. Eliot," which was published in 1949 and is now a standard reference book in American colleges. Her other major critical works are "The Metaphysical Poets" (1957) and "The Business of Criticism" (1959), which consists of two sets of lectures she gave in England—"The Profession of a Critic" and "The Limits of Literary Criticism." Both argue the necessity of a historical approach to literature, and both are pleas for a measure of skepticism toward any absolutes in interpretation. Miss Gardner's official roles include those of Professorial Fellow of St. Hilda's College, Oxford; Reader in Renaissance English Literature, University of Oxford; and Fellow of the British Academy.

This Miss Gardner was born in London on February 13, 1908, and attended North London Collegiate School until she went to St. Hilda's for undergraduate study, in 1926, the same year that the American Miss Gardner pub-

lished her first edition of "Art Through the Ages." Miss Helen Louise Gardner had heard of Miss Helen Gardner before December 5, 1959, but she has never read "Art Through the Ages" and their paths never crossed, either personally or in correspondence. Their names have caused some confusion to British librarians in the past, and Miss Helen Louise Gardner once received a phone call from a librarian in London asking her to clear up the muddle. With time, however, their relative cultural roles have become clearly distinguished, and in the catalogues of the New York Public Library and the libraries of New York University and Columbia no such confusion is evident. Somewhere along the line, Miss Helen Louise Gardner decided to scuttle her middle name, and she became Helen Gardner. She had a perfect right to do this, and it confused almost nobody.

After graduating from St. Hilda's, Miss Gardner taught at Royal Holloway College, University of London, for three years and at the University of Birmingham for seven years. She then returned to St. Hilda's as a don. She is, just as the American Miss Gardner was, a firm believer in classical studies, and in the recent Oxford debate concerning the proposed dropping of Latin as a requisite for entrance she was instrumental in having the resolution defeated. Her speech, according to the *London Times*, was "a *tour de force* of persuasion which impressed opponents as much as it delighted supporters." Very unlike the American Miss Gardner, the English don recognized almost from the start that she was an excellent lecturer, gifted with unusual powers of persuasion and delivery, especially for a woman, and she has given many talks over the B.B.C. During one of these talks she mentioned the name of the seventeenth-century Massachusetts poet Edward Taylor, whom she described as "a true child and heir of the English metaphysical poets and not a mere imitator." He was English-born but did most of

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his writing after he had settled in New England. It was in our reference to her comments on Taylor that we got into trouble.

Miss Gardner of Oxford resembles Miss Gardner of Chicago in being short, having gray hair, and wearing glasses. Her eyes, however, are gray-blue, not brown. She also enjoys travelling, and in the spring of 1954 she was a visiting lecturer at the University of California at Los Angeles, where the American Miss Gardner spent some time as a visiting lecturer, too. The British Miss Gardner conducted a graduate seminar in metaphysical poetry there, and also gave an undergraduate lecture course in contemporary poetry. Prominent among her achievements on the West Coast was the conversion of the captain of the U.C.L.A. football team to an interest in T. S. Eliot and other modern poets. She also went on a mountain trip in the Sierra Madre, in the course of which she sat under a tree with two nuns and played the recorder. She loves Italy and she loves good food; one of her favorite foods is *scampi*, or Italian shrimps. Her mother, who is still alive, plays the piano very well, and used to teach it. Miss Gardner has two brothers but no sisters. At Oxford, she starts her day by taking prayers at eight. She is a devout member of the Church of England. She is fond of riding through the countryside and looking at old churches and eating at old inns. She dresses very well, and likes American clothes. Besides being an impressive performer on the recorder, she is an excellent chess player and a connoisseur of wines. She has just been appointed a delegate of the Oxford University Press—the first time in its four hundred and eighty-one years that a woman has been accorded this honor. (The delegates draft the overall policy of the Press.) On this occasion, the *London Times* described her as a “finely featured and clear-cut person who gets things done.” Things she has done this past year, in addition to publishing “The Business of Criticism,” include the joint editing, with G. M. Story, of a volume of the sonnets of William Alabaster, a minor metaphysical poet, and the supervision of a book of Elizabethan and Jacobean studies dedicated to a colleague, Professor F. P. Wilson. In 1952, she edited the “Divine Poems” of John Donne. Her shorter papers include “Walter Hilton and the Mystical Tradition in England” (1936); “Milton’s Satan and the Theme of Damnation in Elizabethan Tragedy” (1948); and “The Noble Moor” (1955), a Shakespearean lecture she gave on being elected a Fellow

of the British Academy. She is due for a two-term sabbatical leave this year, and hopes to complete an edition of Donne’s love poems during this time, as well as revisit Italy. Among her other future projects are critical works on Shakespeare’s tragedies, Milton’s “Paradise Lost,” and Spenser’s “Faerie Queene.”

OVERHEARD during an intermission at the Met, one Edwardian lady to another: “We were in the habit of going abroad every summer because of the mosquitoes.”

### *Intellectual Sell*

THE merely impressive executive office, whether enclosed by mahogany or exposed by glass, may have had its day. Look for a trend toward bringing the product in: sporting-goods board rooms laid out to look like football stadiums, railroad board rooms suggesting Pullmans, and—who knows?—

perhaps liquor-company board rooms in the form of saloons. This insight into the future of office décor stems from a visit we made to the new executive offices and wholesale showrooms of McGregor-Doniger, Inc., the men’s-sportswear people, at 666 Fifth Avenue. Getting off the elevator at the seventh floor, as we’d been instructed to do, we went through an anteroom containing a large McGregor-Doniger sign framed in McGregor plaid, announced ourself to a receptionist spunkily dressed in *non-McGregor* plaid, and soon ended up in the hands of William Doniger, the firm’s president and chief fashion designer. Mr. Doniger, an ebullient man, pointed out some samples of his wares that were on view in the reception room, and remarked that at the moment business was very outerweary but that, come spring, it would get sportswear. “On this floor, we converted the main hallways into replicas of the world’s great avenues of fashion: Via Condotti,



“Don’t be so sure they’re on the make. Maybe they’re just M.V.D. men.”

of Rome; Bond Street, of London; and Princes Street, of Edinburgh," he told us. "There's also University Lane, of College Town, U.S.A., and Scandia Way, our interpretation of a street in Stockholm. Thirty-two years ago, my father was ahead of his time when he moved the business up from Fifteenth to Thirty-first Street. Now we've moved ahead again, and we want to be ahead in decoration as well as geography. At Thirty-first Street, we had angular modern but no motif. Let's take the tour."

Off we went, trailing Mr. Doniger down the Via Condotti, which looked plausibly Roman and ended—amiably, if not accurately—with a reproduction of the Fountain of Trevi. Along the sides of the corridor, or street, were show windows fixed up to look like shops and displaying some of McGregor-Doniger's more Italianate offerings. Between greetings to passing colleagues, and above the din of a vacuum cleaner that seemed to be serving as the aural equivalent of motor scooters, Mr. Doniger told us that a pile of Roman coins is kept on hand, so that visiting retail-store buyers can throw a few lucky lire, retrievable by the management after closing, into the fountain; any American coins thrown into it are given to the Red Cross. We then swung into University Lane. Mr. Doniger pronounced it atmospherically indistinguishable from Chapel Street, New Haven, and pointed out a couple of the shopwindows, one of which contained pre-Easter suits and the other post-Easter suits. "Here we have the horse-blanket approach, and over here the seersucker approach," he said. "All this isn't intended to help us sell our merchandise to retailers. I can sell just as well in a phone booth, maybe better, but we're convinced that selling isn't enough. We want to inspire the retailers with ideas on how to sell to their customers—that is, we want to sell intellectually."

Next, we went down lamplit Bond Street—"Window for window, door for door, the real thing. Very towny," said Mr. Doniger—and turned into Scotch House Lane, which is what McGregor-Doniger has named its replica of Princes Street. Here we spotted a shopwindow full of India-madras goods, and asked Mr. Doniger what they were doing there.

"England used to own India!" he declared triumphantly. "The Army boys brought back the material, and that was how the whole thing got started."

Silenced, we followed Mr. Doniger into a large room, which he said was

called the Bagpipe Room and was used for directors' meetings and as a clubroom. It had Madagascar-ebony walls and McGregor-plaid curtains; among its contents were an antique Scotch liquor cabinet, which is still being used as a Scotch liquor cabinet, and an apparently operational set of bagpipes. Huge bookcases surmounted by a carved replica of the royal arms of Scotland lined the room. "Knowing our directors, I feel that they don't want a directors' room, they want a clubroom," explained Mr. Doniger.

We inquired whether the directors, when they declare a dividend to the merry skirl of the pipes, wear sports clothes. "Definitely not," said Mr. D. "Other than our executive shirt, which combines some of the comfort features of a sports shirt with the formal appearance of a dress shirt, I'd say that sportswear shouldn't be worn in New York City. Bermuda shorts and checked shirts downtown—not good fashion. Too relaxing-at-homey. On the other hand, we believe that a man wants to change into sportswear the minute he gets home from the office. He should have a double wardrobe. Good for morale, good for business. Nice of you to come up. Right down Scotch House Lane there to the elevators."

### Restitution

A MAN we know whose enterprises are cosmic in scope has passed along this letter, which he just received from Mt. Eden, Auckland, New Zealand:

DEAR SIR:

I was the clerk that sent you a Christmas Card from the Auckland City Council without stamping the envelope.

Very sorry. Please find enclosed stamps to cover the extra postage you would have to pay.

Merry Christmas.

No stamps were enclosed.

### Rock-Haunting Peterson

RUSSELL F. PETERSON, a mammalogist whom we first met in the summer of 1957, when he returned from nine months in Papua with a great take of fauna and flora for the Museum of Natural History, is back from another Museum collecting expedition—four



months in Australia and New Guinea—which has yielded some twelve hundred animal specimens. "The trip was sponsored by Philip Spalding, a Wall Street broker," Mr. Peterson said when we greeted him anew. "I had two Australian assistants—a herpetologist and a mammalogist—and an Australian cook, and we hired aborigines from time to time. We took along a Land-Rover and a trailer, and drove thirteen hundred miles, from Brisbane to Cairns, in eastern Queensland, over a road that was torn up many tens of miles, and then we went west through open forest into an appalling desert—hard-baked, dead-flat stony terrain, the most desolate region you could imagine. We'd been told that western Queensland was untouched biologically, and it was. We found some new things and extended the biological ranges of others. One of the new things was the short-tailed rock-haunting possum, *Petro-pseudes dahli*. This fellow doesn't act like a possum in any way. He doesn't live in trees and behave himself; he haunts rocks, emerging only at night, to forage in trees."

Mr. Peterson ran into *Petro-pseudes*, unexpectedly, by haunting rocks himself. "I was in a high crevice," he said, "shooting bats with a pistol, in a bad light (tomb bats, to be precise; the tomb bat is sac-winged and free-tailed, and a very interesting fellow), when the stone above me started to bleed. In Biblical times, that would have caused quite a stir. Well, it turned out to be a rock-haunting possum who had been taking a nap; he was ten or twenty feet up, and the crevice was so narrow I couldn't reach him, but I later got six others. They are the first to be in the Museum, and I daresay the first in this hemisphere. They are considered rare even in Australia."

Another novelty was a pure-white cannibal bat with a wingspread of nearly two feet. "*Macroderma gigas*," Mr. Peterson said. "I shot only one, but I saw three others, which escaped. You have about fifteen minutes of bat shooting every night, at twilight; before that they're asleep, and concealed, and after that they're out in the dark. We had a very interesting time with snakes and lizards. Our herpetologist, William Hosmer, whom I recruited from the University of Melbourne, got an eleven-foot amethystine python, and we obtained a six-foot lizard, *Varanus giganteus*—one of the biggest known. You usually can't get near these—they move like an express train—but we came across one near a river, straddling a dead crocodile that he was eating, and



“And whose little girl are you?”

he was so preoccupied, and so gorged, that we were able to grab him by the tail and put him in a bag. I thought, Why not send him to the Museum alive, partly as a joke? So we packed him in a slatted box—being a lizard, he could go without food for a long time, and, of course, he’d just had the crocodile—and put him on an airplane at Norman-ton, in western Queensland. He went through customs in fine style and got to New York in a week. He grew fatter and fatter at the Museum, I’m told, and after a couple of weeks he was sent to the Bronx Zoo, where, just after he was photographed, the poor chap up and died. Some sort of parasite.”

Mr. Peterson sighed, and presently revealed to us that he had also had an interesting time with Mr. Hosmer. “He was tearing the bark off a dead iron-wood tree, looking for lizards,” he said, “when a heavy branch fell on him, impaling his right arm. A toxic reaction set in, he ran a high temperature, and within two hours he was unconscious. We were way out in the bush—the real outback. I drove Bill nine miles to a cattle station, where there was a wireless on which you could ordinarily summon a flying doctor from Cairns, but the wireless didn’t work, so I had to drive two hundred miles up the Cape York Peninsula to the Mitchell River Hospital. This took forty hours—

I gave Bill antibiotics and morphine on the way—and when we got there, there was nobody at the hospital. No doctor, no nurse. Bill’s arm was swollen and black, and he was still unconscious. I finally reached a doctor on Thursday Island, at the tip of Cape York, by wireless; after I’d described the symptoms, he said I’d have to operate at once. He stayed on the wireless for an hour, giving instructions, while I operated. I had various surgical instruments you use in preparing specimens, and I had often done sutures on dead animals, but operating on a live friend is very different from operating on a dead animal. I administered morphine and ethyl chloride, and went three-quarters of an inch into Bill’s muscle. I was pretty scared, but when morning came Bill was looking bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. I gave him more antibiotics, and within a week he was up and catching snakes with his other hand.”

After two and a half months in northern Australia, Mr. Peterson’s group moved on to New Guinea for a few weeks—more snakes, mammals, and bats, some of the last with a five-and-a-half-foot wingspread. “I was able to make detailed field sketches of the soft parts of animals, such as ears, which dry up in preserved specimens,” he said. We asked whether he’d lived off the land in the bush, and he said, “Some of

the time. Young kangaroos and wallabies are delicious, better than venison; sea-turtle liver is fine; and cassowary liver is even better. But I prefer the pâté at ‘21.’”

### Guide

**D**URING the recent holiday season, a lady who lives on the upper East Side wanted to take some visiting cousins on a little tour of the city, and she says that although she was born here, she would never have been able to show them the view of Manhattan from Brooklyn Heights if she hadn’t happened to run into a small party of Japanese. They were heading down lower Broadway in a drive-it-yourself Chevrolet. She was in her Mercedes, with her cousins. Having been stopped beside them by a traffic light, she asked if they knew how to get on the approach to the Brooklyn Bridge. In limited but adequate English, the driver told her exactly how to do it. She then pulled up in front of Trinity Church to show her cousins the graveyard, and there she ran into the Japanese again. They were taking photographs of it. They bowed, she bowed, and then she asked them if they were, by any chance, visitors. “Yes,” said the man who had spoken to her before. “We come from Tokyo five days before now. *Aregato gomendo sama sss.*”

## BABY, I WILL ENCHANT THINE EAR~MAYBE

CALL me uxorious, spoony, passion's plaything, but let a woman signify her whim by so much as a nod and, by George, I'll climb the highest mountain, swim the deepest ocean to gratify it. While the climbing and swimming this compulsion has entailed would stagger credulity, they're piffling compared to what I underwent recently in Europe to obtain a pair of earrings. Chronologically, the affair began last spring with a trivial observation of my wife's—one of those remarks that drop like a seed into the subconscious and germinate there over an entire summer. Halfway through a novel of David Garrow's she was reading, Madame looked up reflectively. "Remember that garnet brooch of mine?" she asked. "It's back in fashion again. Don't you think I ought to get a pair of earrings to match?" The only response she got was an indulgent chuckle from behind my newspaper, which was rather unaccountable, since I lay dozing a good ten feet away from it. At any rate, six months later I was in London after a protracted stay abroad, faced with the problem of a suitable homecoming gift. The usual pat-

tern of perfume, sweaters, and Liberty squares seemed so deadly that I resolved to vary it, and betook myself to the Caledonian Market, that great repository of antiques, bric-a-brac, and pinchbeck in Bermondsey. For well over an hour, I rummaged through stalls laden with Victorian knickknacks, pewter, china, cutlery, glass, and miscellaneous rubbish of every description from passementerie to doorknobs, erotic nutcrackers to scrimshaw. Somewhere in this magpie's nest, I told myself with decreasing assurance, there must be a keepsake worthy of my spouse. A drophead sewing machine? The woman bought all her clothes from Dior. A sphygmometer? Her pulse never varied a hairbreadth. A wastebasket made from an elephant's foot? She doted on pachyderms, cried unashamedly at Babar. Homeward bound to the West End, I suddenly recollected her wistful reference to the earrings, and raced back to Bermondsey.

"Garnet eardrops, sir?" the dealers echoed as one man. "Shouldn't think you'd find a pair in England. Fearfully rare. Terribly *vieux jeu*. Nobody fancies them nowadays. Bad luck, they

say. See them occasionally on a laundress or a skivvy, sir, but ladies won't have 'em. Sorry, old chap. Have you tried Torquay? Bournemouth? Blackpool? Ah, yes, for a costume party, no doubt. Haven't the foggiest, old man. Pawnshop near Ludgate Circus, but I wouldn't promise. For a *young* woman, you said, sir? Sorry, old boy."

Overwhelmed by futility, I was about to abandon the quest when a cherry-nosed beldam in a man's cap and rope-knit sweater came to my rescue. The only place that might conceivably handle such an item, she said, detaching an inch of Woodbine from her lip, was a shop near the British Museum whose stock of Edwardian jewelry was unrivalled. Be it a stomacher or a diamond garter, it could be found at Intaglio's; all the gentry, added my tarnished angel deferentially, traded there. In less time than it takes to leaf through *Burke's Peerage and Baronetage*, I sped to Bloomsbury, found the shop, and communicated my needs to the gentlewoman presiding over it. She gave me the weary smile one reserves for eccentrics, and produced half a dozen trays containing unimaginable splendors. Trin-

kets of sapphire, emerald, ruby, jade, fire opal, and every semiprecious stone except the garnet coruscated through her fingers, all mounted in settings antedating the Boer War. After doing her utmost to sell me a blue carbuncle choker, a sunburst studded with rose diamonds, and a pearl dog collar worn by the fifth Marchioness of Londonderry, my saleslady threw in the towel. "Personally, I think you're on a wild-goose chase," she declared. "Of course, you can always insert an advert in the agony column of the *Times*. I'm sure if you offered a couple of hundred quid—"

"Wait a minute," I said, realizing that I was in danger of succumbing to an expensive monomania. "Maybe garnets are a trifle *démodé*, at that. What do you have in a good, inexpensive scarab?"

With a click of dentures that graphically ex-



Richard  
Decker

"Frankly, I think it would be a kindness to fire him, instead of evading the issue like this."

pressed her opinion of all tourists, and redskins in particular, she slid a trayful of scarabs toward me. I selected one I felt would blend nicely with any of my wife's blouses, especially those starched in Reckitt's Blue, and bore it away. Almost immediately, a couple of disturbing, seemingly unrelated incidents occurred that made me wonder whether I had unwittingly involved myself in one of Hitchcock's gaudier thrillers. Entering my hotel room about teatime the next day, I surprised a valet half submerged in the closet, ostensibly draping pants on a hanger. In response to my query, he gave me some curious, evasive answer to the effect that he had discovered them on the floor. As he withdrew, I was struck by his sphinxlike smile and the fact that his features had a distinctly Egyptian cast. Could his visit have had an ulterior motive,

I asked myself, startled—my scarab, possibly? The tissue it was wrapped in appeared untouched, but I could have sworn the elastic had been tampered with. In the automatic elevator that very same evening, though, I had an encounter the significance of which was unmistakable. The car had hardly started upward when my nostrils detected the characteristic scent of some Oriental perfume like sandalwood. I turned and received a coup d'oeil from a pair of sloe eyes berimmed with kohl. The impact was so abrupt, their air of invitation so unabashed, that it was a moment before I had a chance to discreetly survey the owner. She was a ravishing Eurasian, her lissome figure swathed in sables and her sensuous lips curled in a mocking pout—Sax Rohmer's Kâramanèh to the life. In a trice, I saw through the whole design. Having failed to purloin my scarab, the ring in Cairo had detailed her to lure me to some unsavory grogshop in Wapping Old Stairs with a trapdoor opening conveniently into the Thames. A moment's irresolution and I would be done for, another unsolved file in Scotland Yard. I returned an equally mocking smile to the fair decoy and pressed the emergency button. "Queen's gambit declined, my gazelle," I said grimly, and descended. Her utter bafflement was comical in the extreme.

The precautions I now took to secrete the scarab, unfortunately, were so devious that I ended by losing it altogether,



*"He has the Guggenheim in mind, I think."*

and with my departure imminent, the need for a present was crucial. The annual Kensington Antiques Fair, by a coincidence, was just concluding, and I determined to make a final search there for the earrings. To my immoderate joy, a handsome pair turned up in the second booth I visited—large, shapely garnets backed by silver filigree and a warranty from Mr. Plimsoll, the dealer, that they were at least a hundred years old. Mr. Plimsoll won my heart instantly—a gentle sexagenarian with silver hair and exquisite manners, the sort of elderly curate who populates English plays that fold in two nights. His scrupulousness especially endeared him to me; he insisted on retaining the earrings, even though I had paid for them, so that he could replace a somewhat flawed stone. "Nonsense, my dear fellow," he said, waving aside my protests. "I wouldn't dream of letting your good wife wear these unless they were letter-perfect. Take a day or two to pop in another garnet, but I'll fetch 'em around to your hotel in plenty of time before you leave. Here's my card, and may I say in passing that I consider your countrymen the salt of the earth?"

Well, I couldn't help choking up at that, and we had a pretty emotional parting, wringing each other's hand and so forth, but when four days went by and no Plimsoll, I began to get restive. Since the Kensington Fair had closed meanwhile, I tried phoning him

at his place of business, and learned, with agitation, that no such number existed. After a nightmare bus journey involving three changes, I at length reached the address in Peckham Rye, the suburb of outer London where the shop was supposedly located. Nobody, needless to say, had ever heard of my antiquary. En route back to the hotel through endless mean streets, I consigned Plimsoll to the seventh ring of purgatory and, with a pinch or two of sophistry, effectively settled my gift problem. After all, it wasn't really the gift so much as the spirit, et cetera—and besides, my wife had probably forgotten the earrings long since. Ultimately, at my own convenience, I'd buy her an ounce of perfume, a sweater, and a Liberty square, and *Schluss*. If they were good enough for her grandmother, they were good enough for her. And anyhow, why were women so importunate nowadays? I became so worked up by the time we got to Marble Arch that I very nearly decided to bring her nothing at all.

I almost did, thanks to my precious Mr. Plimsoll. Late that afternoon, as I was strolling along Shaftesbury Avenue, I saw him jauntily cross the zebra swinging a dispatch case, sanctimonious as damn all with his silver locks fluttering in the wind. I shouted after him to stop. He threw me a frightened glance and took off in the direction of Great Windmill Street. For a man of his years,

he showed amazing stamina, and I was well-nigh beat when he abruptly ducked into the Nosh Bar, a delicatessen close by. I pounded in after him, naturally, creating quite a tableau among the patrons munching their salt-beef sandwiches and drinking lemon tea, but do you know, he'd vanished without a trace. I was certain he must have slipped out the rear entrance, until the proprietor finally managed to satisfy me that he hadn't any. Maybe there was a trapdoor or something, like those in the grogshops at Wapping Old Stairs; I still can't figure out where the old bleeder went.

But that wasn't the last of him by a long chalk, and it fair makes me break into a muck sweat to think of what ensued. Two nights later, alighting from a cab in front of the Palais de Danse, in Hammersmith, I spotted Plimsoll, bold as brass, lounging by the stage door with a cigar in his teeth. (At least, I think it was Plimsoll; if not, it was his twin brother.) Anyway, he caught sight of me simultaneously, and whipped like a rabbit into a passage alongside the theatre. I gave chase, and, hot on his heels, found myself on a steep incline. It must have led into some sort of basement under the stage or thereabouts, because I glimpsed a costume rack and a lot of electrical gear in transit, but I was too distracted hunting for Plimsoll to pay much heed. Suddenly I heard a voice yell, "Hey, there, mate, don't tread on that!" and, glancing down, saw that I had stepped on a small wooden platform almost flush with the floor. Whatever took place in the next few seconds happened so swiftly that I can still hardly credit it. With a sickening lurch, the platform shot upward, carrying me with it, and as I cowered to protect my head I heard a deafening fanfare, climaxing in a crash of cymbals. For a moment, I was too dazzled by the flood of candle-power illuminating me to distinguish anything; then I made out a row of footlights dead ahead, and beyond it an infinity of grinning faces, tier on tier. Overcome at the realization that I had been elevated to stardom, I turned to flee, and felt a sinewy hand grip my arm. A tall, suave individual in evening clothes, his Mephistophelean eyebrows heightened by makeup, was bathing me in a smile not altogether devoid of menace. "Steady on, my beauty," he purred. "Just relax and let Scarpini the Great waft you into the Elysian fields."

"I don't want to be wafted," I squeaked, crimson with embarrassment. "Look, Mister, there's some mistake—I'm not in show biz—"

"Neither am I," he said glibly. "This

## EXPLORERS

Though Circe's music lured Ulysses on,  
Less famous instances of silences  
Have worked an equal magic: Coming down  
Rivers, crossing seas, in desert spaces,  
There were a thousand nights when no one spoke  
And the stars dipped away in the cold dark.

The weary animals, afraid of wind  
On sand, their legs as delicate as grass,  
Fed on what vegetation came to hand,  
While sailors stoked the ocean's underpass  
Miles away, for treasure or for truth,  
And heard the same wind discharge its wrath.

And there was fact, and there was magic: trees  
That spun around or fought or stood stock-still,  
A myth of fishes and a book of leaves,  
And setting forth to find the sacred hill,  
Where mind and body parted in their dread,  
And the left hand dreamt, and the right hand did.

What shores receded as they sighted land!  
The bellied sails embarked, splendid of motion,  
To lay their wings upon the sea, unmanned  
Ambassadors of dry rot to the ocean.  
Young tyrants, in a fever, shook with cold,  
Before they tumbled down, and then grew old.

And it is all the same. The king, falling,  
Rises in new splendor but to fall again;  
His jealous princeling, who can kill a king,  
Is waiting in the wings, and then walks on,  
Whose disputatious arms retake the field  
While dead kings sift the layers of the world.

And those who passionately would not see  
That time and silence take what they would have,  
In fear, or love, have sought the mystery  
Of what lay menacing beyond the grave,  
As once, in Florida, water would not sing  
When Ponce de León babbled at the spring.

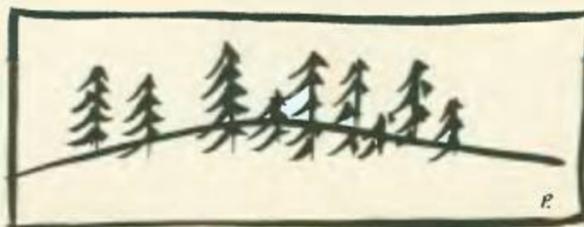
—HOWARD MOSS

is merely a little scientific experiment to demonstrate the power of mind over matter. Just stretch out on the table here and keep your eye on the shiny object in my hand."

"I won't, I tell you!" I panted, backing away.

"Oh, yes, you will," he said, with a catlike smile. "Now, down you go, you willful boy, and lie still. You're sleepy . . . you're getting sleepier . . ."

To retain your composure under stress is tough enough, but when you're forcibly levitated into the horizontal and a spiv in a rented dress suit starts



passing hoops around you, you can't very well behave like Lord Louis Mountbatten. The orchestral din was such, furthermore, and the applause so shattering, that my pleas to Scarpini to lower me, to release the mechanism or whatever the hell was holding me, went unheard. Eventually—I wouldn't know how—I made my escape into the wings, and, limp as a rag, crept to the nearest cab rank. Speaking as a man who'd practically relived "The 39 Steps," the balance of my London sojourn was pretty humdrum. I spent the whole time in bed, except for a quick trip to the Burlington Arcade, where I bought Milady a nice woollen steamer shawl five feet long. It's the kind of fleece you won't get anywhere else in Britain—unless you run into Plimsoll, that is. If you do, tell him I'll catch up with him yet.

—S. J. PERELMAN



*"Are you the girl your husband married?"*

## SOMETHING FOR THE TIME BEING

HE thought of it as discussing things with her, but the truth was that she did not help him out at all. She said nothing, but ran a hand up the ridge of bone behind the rim of her child-sized yellow-brown ear and raked her fingers tenderly into the hairline along the back of her neck, as if feeling out some symptom in herself. Yet her listening was very demanding; when he stopped at the end of a supposition or a suggestion, her silence made the stop inconclusive. He had to take up again what he had said, repeat himself, and carry it further.

"Ve vant to give you a tsance, but you von't let us," he mimicked now, and made a loud glottal click. He knew it wasn't because Kalzin Brothers were Jews that he had lost his job at last, but just because he had lost it, Mr. Morrie's accent suddenly seemed to him irresistibly vulnerable. He had come out of prison nine days before, after spending three months as an awaiting-trial prisoner in a political case that had just been quashed; he was one of those black Africans who would not accept bail. He had been in prison three or four times since 1952; his wife Ella and the Kalzin

Brothers were used to it. Until now, his employers had always given him his job back when he came out. They were importers of china and glass, and he was head packer in a team of black men who ran the dispatch department.

"Well, what the hell, I'll get something else," he said now. "Hey?"

She stopped the self-absorbed examination of the surface of her skin for a moment and shrugged, looking at him.

He smiled.

Her gaze loosened. The ends of her nails pressed at small imperfections in the skin of her neck. He drank his tea and tore off pieces of bread to dip in it; then he noticed a tin of sardines she had opened, and sopped up the oil, in which ragged flecks of silver were suspended. She offered him more tea, without speaking.

They lived in one room of a decent, three-room house belonging to someone else; it was better for her that way than if they had had a house of their own, since he often had to be away for long stretches. She worked in a textile factory that made knitted socks; there was no one to look after their one

child, a daughter, and the girl lived with a grandmother in a dusty, peaceful village a day's train journey from the city.

He said now, dismissing it as of no importance, "I wonder what 'chance' they meant. You can imagine. I don't suppose they were going to give me an office with my name on it." He spoke as if she would appreciate the joke.

She had known when she married him that he was a political man; she had been proud of him because he didn't merely want something for himself, like the other young men she knew, but everything, and "for the people." It had excited her, under his influence, to change her awareness of herself as a young black girl to an awareness of herself as belonging to the people. She knew that she would never get from him the small comfort of the handout, the wangled privilege.

Her fingers went on searching over her skin as if they must come soon to the flaw, the evidence of what was wrong with her, for on this Saturday afternoon all these things that she knew had deserted her. She had lost her wits. All that she could understand was the one room, the child growing up far away in the mud house, and the fact that you couldn't keep a job if you kept being away from work for weeks at a time.

"I think I'd better look up Flora Donaldson," he said. "Sooner the better. Perhaps she'll dig up something for me by Monday. It's the beginning of the month."

Flora Donaldson was a white woman who had set up an office to help political prisoners. He got on all right with those people. Ella had met Flora Donaldson once; she was a pretty white woman who looked just like any white woman who would automatically send a black face round to the back door, but she didn't seem to know that she was white and you were black.

He pulled back the curtain that hung across one corner of the room, and took out his suit. It was a thin suit, of the kind associated with American clothing advertisements that show young men at beach resorts and hotels, and when he was dressed in it, with a sharp-brimmed gray hat tilted slightly back on his small head, he looked wiry and boyish, rather like one of those boy-men who sing and shake before a microphone, and



"Oh, my God! Isn't that Dr. Harwood, the famous physicist?"

whose clothes admirers try to touch as a talisman.

He kissed her goodbye, obliging her to put down the piece of sewing she held. She had cleared away the dishes from the table and set up the sewing machine, and he saw that the shapes of cut material that lay on the table were the parts of a small girl's dress.

She spoke suddenly. "And when the next lot gets tired of you?"

"When that lot gets tired of me, I'll get another job again, that's all."

She nodded, very slowly, and her hand crept back to her neck.

"WHO was that?" Madge Chadders asked.

Her husband had been out into the hall to answer the telephone. "Flora Donaldson," he said. "I wish you'd explain to these people exactly what sort of factory I've got. It's so embarrassing. She's trying to find a job for some chap—he's a skilled packer. There's no skilled packing done in my workshop—no skilled jobs at all done by black men. What on earth can I offer the fellow? She says he's desperate and anything will do."

Madge had the broken pieces of a bowl spread on a newspaper on the Persian carpet. "Mind the glue, darling!" she said. "There, just next to your foot. Well, anything is better than nothing. I suppose it's someone who was in the Soganiland sedition case. Three months awaiting trial taken out of their lives, and now they're chucked back to fend for themselves."

William Chadders had not had any black friends and had not mixed with colored people on any but master-servant terms until he married Madge, but she often felt that his views on the immorality and absurdity of the color bar were sounder than her own, for they were backed by a familiarity with the views of great thinkers, saints, and philosophers—by history, political economy, sociology, and anthropology. She knew only what she felt. And she always did something, at once, to express what she felt. She never measured the smallness of her personal protest against the establishment she opposed. She marched with Flora and eight hundred black women in a demonstration against African women's being forced to carry



*"Now, children, have a good time and mind Miss Stahl. And when Mr. Bernstein stops, don't applaud until Miss Stahl applauds."*

passes; outside the university where she had once been a student she stood between sandwich boards bearing messages of mourning because a bill had been passed closing the university to all but white students; she had living in the house for three months a young African who wanted to write and hadn't the peace or space to get on with it in a location. She did not stop to consider the varying degree of usefulness of the things she did, and if others pointed this out to her, she was not resentful but answered candidly that there was so little one could do that she simply took any chance to get off her chest her disgust at the color bar. When she had married William Chadders, her friends had thought that her protestant activities would stop; they underestimated not only Madge but also William, who, although he was a wealthy businessman, subscribed to the view of absolute personal freedom as strictly as any bohemian.

Besides, he was not fool enough to want to change in any way the person who had enchanted him just as she was.

She, of course, would not hesitate to go ahead and change anybody. ("But why not?" she would have said, astonished. "If it's to the good?") She had the boldness of being unaware of the consequences.

William did not carry a banner in the streets, of course; he lived among his first principles and historical precedents and economic necessities, but now they were translated from theory to practice, of an anonymous, large-scale, and behind-the-scenes sort. He was the brains and some of the money in a scheme to get black Africans more economic power, through the setting up of an all-black trust company and investment corporation. Sometimes it amused Madge to think that William, making a point at a meeting in a board room fifteen floors above life

in the streets, might achieve in five minutes something of more value than she did in all her days of sorting old clothes for the needy, mimeographing manifestoes, or giving people lifts during a bus boycott. Yet this did not knock the meaning out of her life; she knew that she had to see, touch, and talk to people in order to care about them—that was all there was to it.

Before she and her husband dressed to go out that evening, she finished sticking together the broken Chinese bowl, and showed it to him with satisfaction. To her, it was whole again. But it was one of a set of nine, representing the Taoist god Lao-tzu and the Eight Immortals. William had bought them long ago, in London; for him, now, the whole set had lost its unity of perfection forever.

He said nothing to her, but he was thinking of the bowls when she said to him, as they drove off, "Will you see that chap on Monday yourself?"

He changed gears deliberately, as if the action might release him from his preoccupation. She said, "The man Flora's sending. What was his name?"

He opened his hand on the steering wheel, indicating that the name escaped him.

"See him yourself?" she pursued.

"I'll have to leave it to the works manager to find something for him to do," he said.

"Yes, I know. But see him yourself, too?"

Her anxious voice made him feel very fond of her. He turned and smiled at her suspiciously. "Why?"

She was embarrassed at his indulgent manner. She said, frank and wheedling, "Just to show him. You know—that you know about him and it's not much of a job."

"All right," he said. "I'll see him myself."

On Monday, he met her in town at the end of the day, and they went to the opening of an exhibition of paintings and on to dinner and to see a play, with friends. They returned after midnight. It was a summer night and they sat for a few minutes on their terrace, where it was still mild with the warmth of the day's sun coming from the walls in the darkness. They drank lime juice and water to quench the thirst that wine and the stuffy theatre had given them, and Madge made gasps and groans of pleasure at the release from the pressures of company and noise. Then she sat quiet for a while, her voice lifting now and then in fragments of unrelated comment on the evening—the occasional chirp of a bird that has already put its

head under its wing for the night.

By the time they went in, they were free of the evening. Her black dress, her earrings and her bracelets felt like fancy dress; she shed the character and sat at her dressing table, and, passing her, he said, "Oh. That chap of Flora's came today, but I don't think he'll last. I explained to him that I didn't have the sort of job he was looking for."

"Well, that's all right, then?" she said, inquiringly. "What more could you do?"

"Yes," he said. "But I could see he didn't like the idea much. It's a cleaner's job—nothing for him. He's an intelligent chap. I didn't like having to offer it to him."

She was moving about her dressing table, piling out upon it the contents of her handbag. "Then I'm sure he'll understand. It'll give him something for the time being, anyway, darling. You can't help it if you don't need the sort of work he does."

"Huh, he won't last. I could see that. He accepted it, but only with his head. He'll get fed up. Probably won't turn up tomorrow. I had to speak to him about his Congress button, too. The works manager came to me."

"What about his Congress button?" she asked.

He was taking off his shirt, and his eyes were on the unread evening paper that lay folded on the bed. "He was wearing one," he said inattentively.

"I know, but what did you have to speak to him about it for?"

"He was wearing it in the workshop all day."

"Well, what about it?" She was sitting at her dressing table, legs spread, as if she had sat heavily and suddenly. She was not looking at him but at her own face.

He gave the paper a push and drew his pajamas from under the pillow. "You can't wear a button like that among the men in the workshop," he said authoritatively.

"Good heavens," she said, almost in relief, laughing as if chivying him out of a piece of stuffiness. "And why can't you?"

"You can't have someone clearly representing a political organization like Congress."

"But he's not there representing

1



anything; he's there as a workman." Her mouth was still twitching with something between amusement and nerves.

"Exactly."

"Then why can't he wear a button that signifies his allegiance to an organization in his private life outside the workshop? There's no rule about not wearing tie pins or club buttons or anything in the workshop, is there?"

"No, there isn't, but that's not quite the same thing."

"My dear William," she said. "It is exactly the same. It's nothing to do with the works manager whether the man wears a Rotary button, or an Elvis Presley button, or an African National Congress button. It damn well isn't his business."

"No, Madge, I'm sorry, but it's not the same," William said, patient. "I can give the man a job because I feel sympathetic toward the struggle he's in, but I can't put him in the workshop as a Congress man. I mean, that wouldn't be fair to Fowler. That I can't do to Fowler." He was smiling as he went toward the bathroom, but his profile as he went in the door was incisive.

She sat on at her dressing table, pulling a comb through her hair, dragging it down through knots. Then she went into the bathroom and sat down on the edge of the bath. He was lying there in the water, his chin relaxed on his chest, and he smiled at her. She said, "You mean you don't want Fowler to know?"

"Oh," he said, seeing where they were again. "What is it I don't want Fowler to know?"

"You don't want your partner to know that you slip black men with po-



litical ideas into your workshop. Cheeky Kaffir agitators. Specially a man who's been in jail for getting people to defy the government—what is his name? You never said."

"Daniel something. I don't know. Mongoma or Ngoma. Something like that."

A line like a cut appeared between her eyebrows. "Why can't you remember his name?" Then she went on at once. "You don't want Fowler to know what you think, do you? That's it? You want to pretend you're like him—you 'don't mind the native in his place.' You want to pretend that to please Fowler. You don't want Fowler to think you're cracked, or Communist, or whatever it is that good-natured, kind, jolly, rich people like old Fowler think about people like us."

"I couldn't have less interest in what Fowler thinks outside our board room.

And inside it he never thinks about anything but how to sell more earth-moving gear."

"I don't mind the native in his place.' You want him to think you go along with all that." She spoke aloud, but she seemed to be telling herself rather than him.

"Fowler and I run a factory. Our only common interest is the efficient running of that factory. Our *only* one. The factory depends on a stable, satisfied black labor force, and that we've got. Right, you and I know that the whole black wage



"I'll take it."

P. Barlow

standard isn't enough; right, we know that they haven't a legal union to speak for them; right, we know that the conditions they live under make it impossible for them really to be stable. All that. But the fact is, so far as accepted standards go in this crazy country, ours is a stable, satisfied labor force, with better working conditions than most. So long as I'm a partner in a business that lives by them, I can't officially admit an element that represents dissatisfaction with their lot."

"Just a green badge with a map of Africa on it," she said.

"If you make up your mind not to understand, you don't, and there it is," he said indulgently.

"You give him a job but you make him hide his Congress button."

He began to soap himself. She wanted everything to stop while she inquired into things; she could not go on while a remark was unexplained or a problem unsettled. He represented a principle she subscribed to but found hard to follow, that life must go on—trivial, commonplace, but the only power worth clinging to. She smoothed the film of her thin nightgown over the shape of her knees, over and over, and presently she said, in exactly the same flat tone of statement that was the height of belligerence in her, "He can say and do what he likes; he can call for strikes and boycotts and anything he likes, outside the factory, but he mustn't wear his Congress button at work."

He was standing up, washing his body that was full of scars; she knew them all, from the place on his left breast where a piece of shrapnel had gone in, all the way back to the place under his arm where he had torn himself on barbed wire as a child. "Yes, of course. Anything he likes."

"Anything except his self-respect," she grumbled to herself. "Pretend, pretend. Pretend he doesn't belong to a political organization. Pretend he doesn't want to be a man. Pretend he hasn't been to prison for what he believes." Suddenly she spoke directly to him. "You'll let him have anything except the one thing worth giving."

They stood in uncomfortable proximity to each other in the smallness of the bathroom. He felt himself naked before her, and when he had stepped out onto the bathmat, he took a towel and slowly covered himself, tucking in the free end around his waist. She felt herself in intrusion, and went out.

Her hands were tingling as if she were recovering from a faint. She walked up and down the bedroom floor like someone waiting to be summoned

## TEN HAIKU

After making love,  
Lying with eyes closed, listen  
To the melting snows.

We lie together,  
Head on shoulder, cheek on head,  
Smelling of new grass.

In the single tree  
Of our arms, our hearts are close—  
Doves deep in summer.

When we part, a leaf,  
The first grief, falls between us  
Like a lost shadow.

We walk on dead leaves,  
And tread our fallen shadows  
Into pools of rain.

Alone in the mist,  
We stand by the silent lake,  
Together, but lost.

Snow falls, slowly, falls  
On our separated hands  
With the same cold kiss.

I lie here alone,  
Close my eyes, but only hear  
The wind in the snow.

I dreamed you were here.  
The garden gently melted,  
But woke deep in ice.

When will the garden  
Be green again with mosses?  
Our love with new grass?

—JAMES KIRKUP

and called to account. I'll forget about it, she kept thinking, very fast. I'll forget about it again. Take a sip of water. Read another chapter. Don't call a halt. Let things flow, cover up, go on.

But when he came into the room, with his combed wet hair and his stranger's face, and said "You're angry," it came from her lips, a black bird in the room: "I'm not angry. I'm beginning to get to know you."

ELLA MNGOMA's husband had told her that he was going to a meeting that evening, and she didn't expect him home early. She put the paraffin lamp on the table so that she could see to finish the child's dress. It was done, buttons and all, by the time he came in at half past ten.

"Well, now we'll see what happens," he said. "I've got them to accept, *in principle*, that in future we won't take bail. You should have seen Ben Tsolo's face when I said that we lent the government our money interest-free when we paid bail. That really hit him. That was language he understood." He laughed, and did not seem to want to sit down, the heat of the meeting still

upon him. "*In principle*. Yes, it's easy to accept in principle. We'll see."

She pumped the primus and set a pot of stew to warm up for him. "Ah, that's nice," he said when he saw the dress. "Finished already?" She nodded vigorously, in pleasure, but at once she noticed his forefinger run lightly along the line of braid around the waist, and she was aware of failure again. Probably he was not even conscious of it, or perhaps his instinct for what was true led him absently to it, but the fact was that she had botched the waist.

She had an almost Oriental delicacy about not badgering him, and she waited until he had washed and sat down to eat before she asked, "How did the job go?"

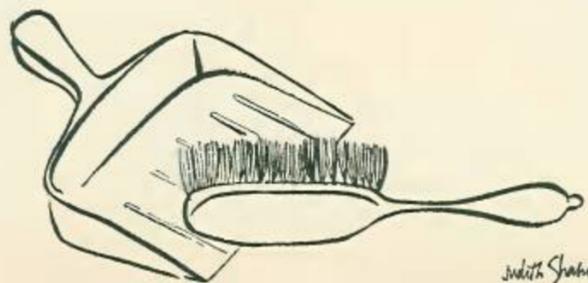
"Oh, that," he said. "It went." He was eating quickly, moving his tongue strongly about in his mouth to collect the bits of meat that escaped his teeth.

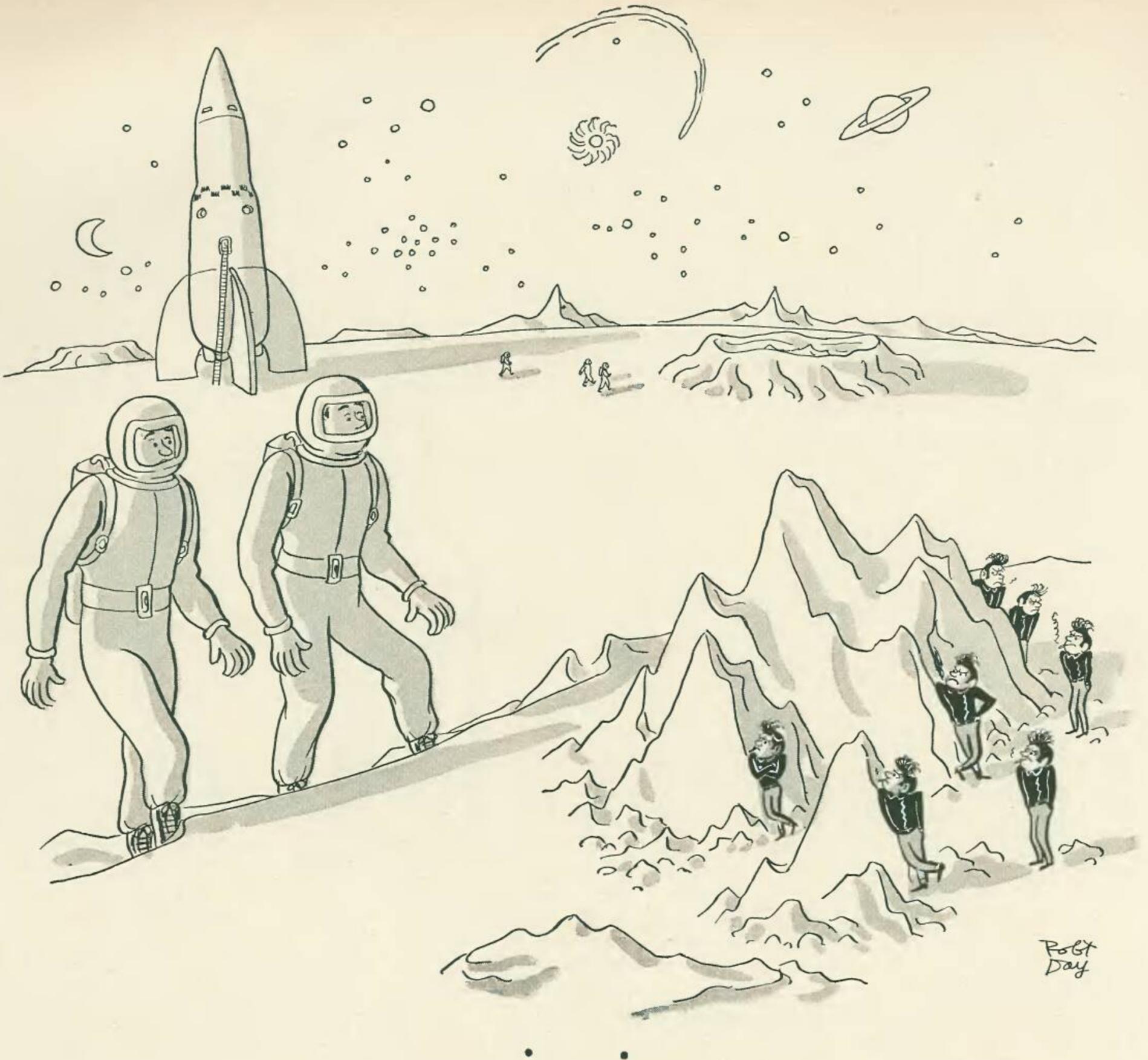
She sat at the table with him, feeling, in spite of herself, satisfaction in her evening's work. "Didn't you get it?"

"It got *me*. But I got loose again, all right."

She watched his face to see what he meant. "They don't want you to come back tomorrow?"

He shook his head—no, no, no—to stem her irritating suppositions. He finished his mouthful and said, "Everything very nice. Boss takes me into his office, apologizes for the pay, he knows it's not the sort of job I should have, and so forth. So I go off and clean up in the assembly shop. Then at lunchtime





he calls me into the office again—they don't want me to wear my A.N.C. badge at work. Flora Donaldson's sympathetic white man, who's going to do me the great favor of paying me three pounds a week." He laughed. "Well, there you are."

She kept looking at him. Her eyes widened and her mouth tightened; she was trying to prime herself to speak, or was trying not to cry. The idea of tears exasperated him, and he held her with a firm, almost belligerently inquiring gaze. Her hand went up and around the back of her neck under her collar.

"Don't do that!" he said. "You're like a monkey catching lice."

She took her hand down swiftly and broke into trembling, like a sweat. She began to breathe hysterically. "You couldn't put the badge in your pocket, for the day!" she said wildly, grimacing

at the bitterness of her malice toward him.

He jumped up from the table. "Christ! I knew you'd say it! I've been waiting for you to say it. You've been wanting to say it for five years. Well, now it's out. Out with it. Spit it out!"

She began to scream softly, as if he were hitting her. The impulse to cruelty left him, and he sat down before his dirty plate, where the battered spoon lay among bits of gristle and potato eyes. Presently, he spoke. "You come out of prison and you think there's everybody waiting for you. The truth is, there isn't anybody. You think straight in prison, because you've got nothing to lose. Nobody thinks straight outside. They don't want to hear you. What are you all going to do with me, Ella? Send me back to prison as quickly as possible? Perhaps I'll get a banishment order next time.

That'd do. That's what you've got for me. I must keep myself busy with that kind of thing."

He went over to her and said, in a kindly voice, kneading her shoulder with spread fingers, "Don't cry. Don't cry. You're acting just like any other woman." —NADINE GORDIMER

"We don't know yet what's expected of us," Guild said. "After all, we don't know who the candidate will be."

Some candidates, he observed, would be easier for an advertising agency to promote than others.

But he firmly refused to list the potential candidates in order of their attractiveness.

"I wasn't," said Guild, one of the best-known phrase-makers in the business, "born yesterday."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Hmm. An original mind.

## ANNALS OF MEDICINE

## ALCOHOL

## I—THE CHRISTIAN DIVERSION

THE basic needs of the human race, its members have long agreed, are food, clothing, and shelter. To that fundamental trinity most modern authorities would add, as equally compelling, security and love. There are, however, many other needs whose satisfaction, though somewhat less essential, can seldom be comfortably denied. One of these, and perhaps the most insistent, is an occasional release from the intolerable clutch of reality. All men throughout recorded history have known this tyranny of memory and mind, and all have sought, and invariably found, some reliable means of briefly loosening its grip. The most conspicuous result of their search, if not the most effective, is a colorless liquid called ethyl hydroxide, or, more popularly, alcohol. It is also the oldest, the most widely esteemed, and the most abysmally misunderstood.

When man first encountered alcohol is not known. That epochal hour, like so many beginnings, is lost in the ambiguous deeps of time. About all that can be said with any certainty is that it occurred in his earliest infancy, and that the meeting was entirely fortuitous. For alcohol, in contrast to most of our cultural acquisitions, owes nothing to man's creative hand. It comes to us as a triumph not of human imagination but of human curiosity. Like fire, it is a natural phenomenon that man stumbled upon and gratefully bent to his use. It also shares with fire a genealogy of super-human length. The origin of alcohol goes back at least two hundred million years, to the late Paleozoic era. By then, as far as science can determine, the materials that its generation requires had all appeared on earth. They include water, plant sugars (or starches), and yeast. The last, a ubiquitously prolific micro-organism with a voracious appetite for sweets, is the active agent. In the course of its assault on various vegetable sugars (fruit, berries, grain, tree sap, tubers, honey), yeast sets in motion a form of combustion known as fermentation. The result is a molecular realignment of the atomic constituents of sugar (carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen) into alcohol and carbon dioxide. Fermentation is not, however, an absolute, or total, combustion. Yeast, like all living things, has only a limited tolerance for alcohol. When the alcohol content of its liquid environment reaches that

level, the yeast organism dies, and the process inevitably ceases.

The form in which man first discovered alcohol, though a matter of some debate, is less perplexing a question than when the discovery was made. Only three possibilities are seriously regarded as likely. One is fermented fruit juice, or wine. Another is fermented grain, or beer. The third is fermented honey, or mead. Most prehistorians, at least at the moment, are inclined to favor the last. Their inclination is largely based on a single thread of etymological evidence. The word "mead" derives—by way of "mede" (Middle English) and "meodu" (Anglo-Saxon)—from the Old High Germanic "metu," and its equivalents in other venerable tongues of Indo-European stock are "medd" (Welsh), "medu" (Old Slavic), "methy" (Greek), and "madhu" (Sanskrit). A resemblance, though indistinct, has also been detected in Greek. In both Sanskrit and Greek, etymologists have found, the term that has been Englished into "mead" is a root whose range of meaning embraces "honey," "sweet," "intoxicating drink," and "drunkenness." This generic association of honey, rather than grain or fruit, with the concept of intoxication would seem to indicate its superior antiquity as a source of alcohol. If so, it is possible to further suppose that beverage alcohol in the form of mead was known to Paleolithic, or Old Stone Age, man, for there is an abundance of proof that his Neolithic descendants were acquainted with wine and beer.

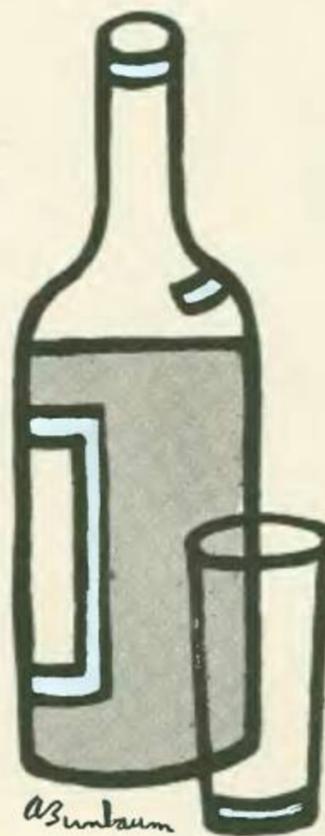
Alcohol and Neolithic culture are closely linked. The relationship has been variously attested by the various antiquarian sciences, but the evidence drawn from the observation of existing peoples in that phase of development is the most nearly conclusive. "From the excavations of the past," Robert Heine-Geldern, a professor of Asian ethnology and archeology at the University of Vienna, has recently noted, "we can get only the bones of a culture, but in the

living tribes we have its flesh. It would be wrong to assume that any of the present primitive cultures correspond exactly to those of the distant past, but they do give us the only certain guide to what man's economy, society, and religion may have been like in prehistoric antiquity." All but three of the numerous Stone Age cultures that

have survived into modern times have demonstrated an indigenous familiarity with alcohol. The three exceptions are the environmentally underprivileged polar peoples, the intellectually stunted Australian aborigines, and the comparably lacklustre primitives of Tierra del Fuego. The Polynesians are usually included in this company of innocents. On the testimony of Captain Cook, their European discoverer, however, they possessed a kind of beer called "kava"—the fermentation product of a variety of pepper—whose effective principles have been identified

by modern pharmacology as a narcotic resin and a crude alcohol.

The earliest European explorers of South and Central Africa found local wines and beers of a sort at every stage of their wanderings. "In the course of the evening," Mungo Park recorded of his stay among the Mandingos, of Sudan, in 1795, "I was presented, by way of refreshment, with a liquor which tasted so much like the strong beer of my native country (and very good beer, too), as to induce me to inquire into its composition; and I learnt, with some degree of surprise, that it was actually made from corn . . . the *Holcus spicatus* [a primitive milletlike grain] of botanists." Half a century later, David Livingstone, on the jaunt that culminated in his discovery of Lake Nyasa and the Victoria Falls, came across a more exotic native drink. "The men of all these classes," he subsequently wrote, "trust to their wives for food, and spend most of their time in drinking the palm toddy. This toddy is the juice of the palm-oil tree, which, when tapped, yields a clear, sweet liquid, not at all intoxicating while fresh, but when allowed to stand until the afternoon, causes inebriation." Ad-



venturers in the New World observed an equally widespread appreciation of alcohol. Bernal Díaz del Castillo, who accompanied Cortes to Mexico in 1518, reported in his celebrated memoir, "It is a land fruitful in maize and other vegetables, and much Chili pepper, and the land is full of Magueys from which they make their wine." Maguey is a species of agave, a genus that also includes the century plant, and its fermented sap produces the drink now known as pulque. (Distilled pulque is tequila.) Other conquistadors, striking north among the Navajos and south through the remnant Mayas of Central America to the Incas of Peru, also encountered Díaz del Castillo's maguey wine, and more often *chicha*, a beer prepared from maize. A later generation, venturing into the jungle valleys of the Orinoco and the Amazon, added manioc (or cassava-root) beer to the list of native American intoxicants. Even the Indians of eastern North America, though among the least advanced on the continent, were found by the first English colonists to have discovered alcohol, in the form of fermented birch and sugar-maple sap.

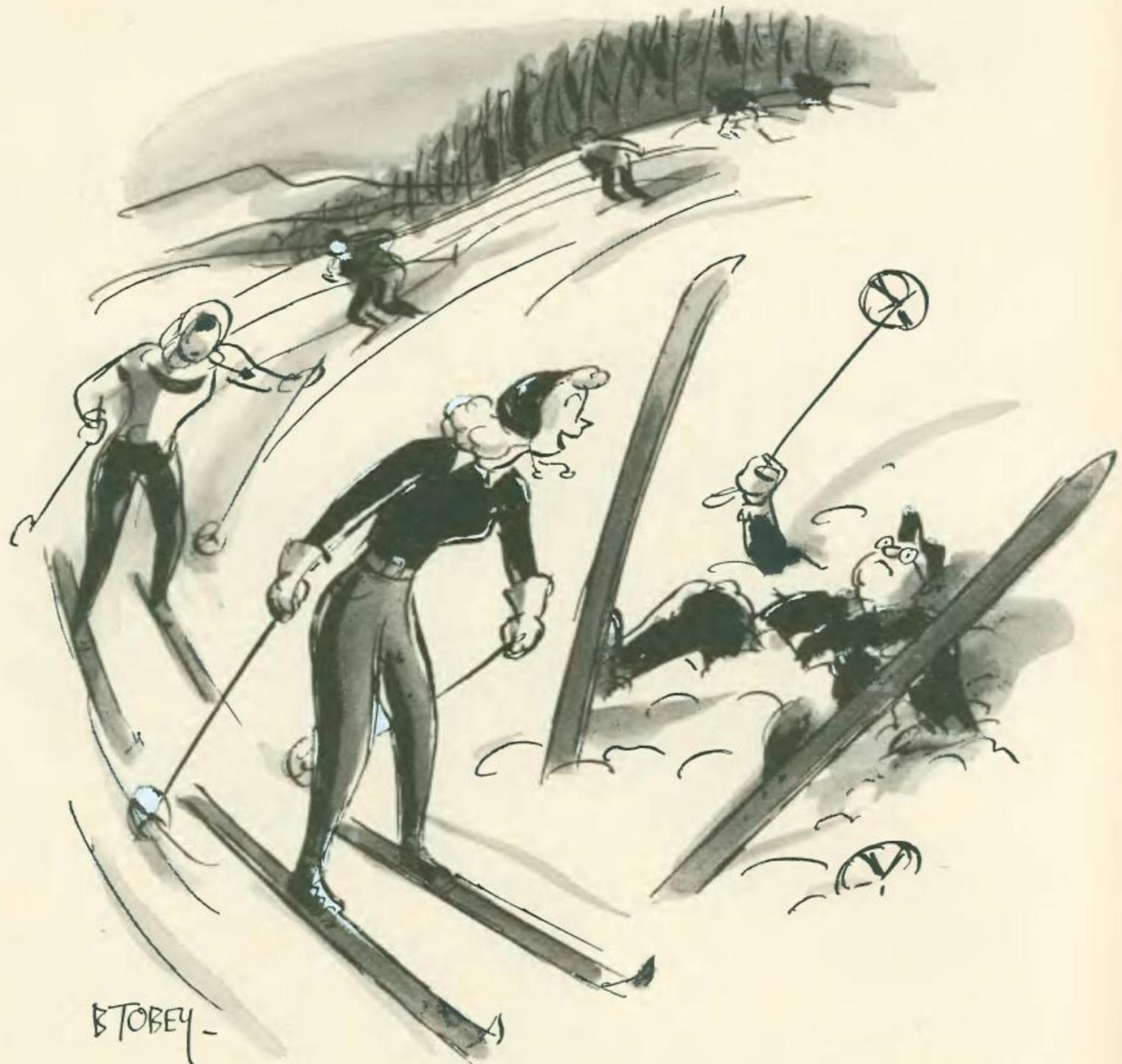
THE presence of alcohol in practically all existing Neolithic cultures does more than indicate its early origins. It also suggests to many prehistorians that alcohol was an active force in man's early social development. It is possible, they believe, that formal agriculture, whose introduction importantly characterizes the New Stone Age, may have sprung from a desire to assure a regular supply of alcohol. "The use of corn [grain] for the preparation of fermented liquor is perhaps almost as early as its use for food," Ernest Crawley, an English social anthropologist, has observed. "Cereal agriculture itself received a powerful stimulus from the discovery that infusions of corn, like drinks made from the juices of fruits and the saps of trees, acquire an intoxicating quality by fermentation. In most parts of the Old and the New World, the produce of cereal agriculture was from an early period largely consumed in the

manufacture of some species of beer." Edgar Anderson, Englemann Professor of Botany at Washington University, in St. Louis, puts it more succinctly. "Man," he notes in a study of domesticated plants, "may well have been a brewer before he was a baker." It seems, at any rate, significant that while alcohol has been found among pre-agricultural peoples, no instances are recorded of agricultural societies to which its existence was (or is) unknown.

Some speculative prehistorians go even further in depicting alcohol as a cultural catalyst. They believe that it may have been one of the numerous phenomena (wind, weather, dreams, fever, death) whose baffling nature frightened man into his first fumbling steps toward systematized religion. A nineteenth-century English dilettante of science named Edward Clodd was among the earliest proponents of this view. The prehistoric architects of Hinduism, he announced in his "The Childhood of Religion," "no sooner found out the strange power in the [fermented] juice of the *soma* plant [a shrub

of the milkweed family] to excite and produce frenzy than they believed it to be divine since it seemed to give a godlike strength," and he adds, "It was raised to the rank of a god, and called king of heaven and earth, conqueror of all." Ernest Crawley, though unlikely to have been influenced by Clodd, takes much the same position. "When the savage has reached the idea of a spirit informing his own organism," his studies led him to conclude, "he has usually also reached the idea that heating or spirituous liquor is itself possessed of a spirit." And the celebrated Finnish anthropologist Edward Alexander Westermarck, in his "Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas," presents what is generally considered a classically lucid rationale of the relationship. "Wine or spirituous liquor inspires [in primitive man] mysterious fear," he writes. "The abnormal mental state which it produces suggests the idea that there is something supernatural in it, that it contains a spirit, or is perhaps itself a spirit."

Whatever the original relationship of alcohol and religion, their roots were



"Oh, hello, Mr. Crandall! I didn't know you skied."

early entwined. The preparation of alcohol in a Neolithic culture, as illuminated by the study of modern primitives, was elaborately controlled by ritual and taboo. Bernardino de Sahagún, a sixteenth-century Franciscan missionary and historian, noted in his "Histoire Générale des Choses de la Nouvelle-Espagne" that "the men who prepare *pulque* may not touch women for four days previously." A similar prohibition, according to a nineteenth-century correspondent of the *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*, was observed by the Masai of Kenya and Tanganyika. "When honey-wine is to be brewed," he reported, "a man and a woman are selected for the purpose, neither of whom has had sexual intercourse for two days. A tent is set apart for them to live in until the honey-wine is ready for drinking (six days), during

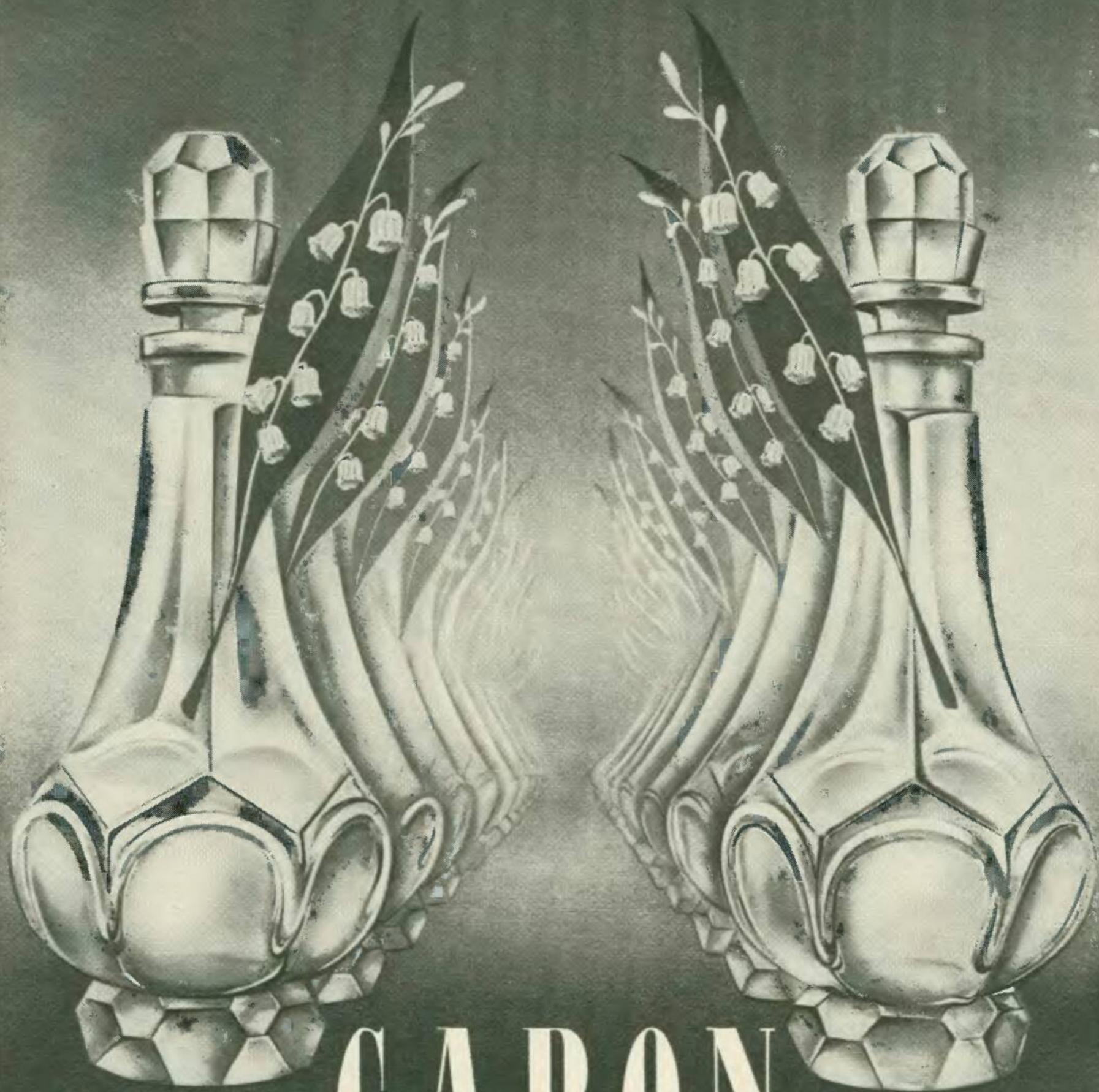
which time they may not sleep together. Were they to have sexual intercourse during the six days that the honey-wine is brewing, it is believed that the wine would be undrinkable, and the bees that made the honey would fly away." Among the Kachins of the Burmese jungle, an early observer found, "the brewing of beer is regarded as a serious, almost sacred, task; the women while engaged in it having to live in almost vestal seclusion." The restrictions imposed on brewers and winemakers reflect the reverence in which alcohol was held by preliterate man. Those that surrounded its use are even more revealing. Many societies forbade women to drink it (on the ground that menial labor and the phenomenon of menstruation rendered them unworthy), and none allowed its indiscriminate use. "The individual inebriate," Donald

Horton, a Yale anthropologist, has stated, "is conspicuous by his absence from most primitive communities." At the Neolithic level, drinking was invariably a communal rite. It was also, as the nineteenth-century ethnologist and historian Hubert Howe Bancroft, among others, determined, a deeply mystical experience. "Sobriety," he pointed out in his "Native Races of the Pacific States," "may be ranked among their virtues, as drunkenness only forms part of certain religious festivals." The purpose of ceremonial intoxication, Herbert Spencer added, is "to enter into relation with the god-head." It is possible that this primitive concept contains a seed of the Christian Eucharist.

**T**HE casual use of alcohol, like the individual inebriate, is a product of civilization. It made its first appearance

in Mesopotamia about five thousand years ago. The oldest known examples of cuneiform writing—a collection of clay tablets recovered from the third-pre-Christian-millennium temple at Erech, near the head of the Persian Gulf—clearly demonstrate that while beer was brewed in quantity for sacramental purposes (these usually took the form of propitiatory libations), it was also drunk for pleasure. One of the Erech tablets, the Dutch archeologist Henri Frankfort notes in his "The Birth of Civilization in the Near East," consists of "a wage-list with a series of entries—presumably personal names—followed by the indication 'beer and bread for one day.'" The anonymous author of the somewhat less ancient Mesopotamian account of the Flood, which was unearthed at Nineveh in 1926 and translated by Paul Haupt, professor of Assyriology at Johns Hopkins University, thoughtfully included alcohol among the comforts taken aboard the Ark. "For our food,"





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the passage reads, "I slaughtered oxen, and killed sheep day by day, and with beer, oil, and wine I filled large jars." (The Old Testament, of course, goes considerably further in attributing to Noah a familiarity with alcohol: "And he drank of the wine, and was drunken.") Another Ninevite tablet, which is thought to have been inscribed around 2300 B.C., contains an allusion to a *bit sikari*, or tavern. Within two hundred years, resorts of this type had become so prominent in Mesopotamian culture that Hammurabi found it necessary to devote two of the two hundred and eighty-two paragraphs of his monumental Code to their regulation. They provide:

If rebels have assembled in the house of a wine-selling woman, and she have not seized upon them and led them to the castle, she has forfeited her life.

If a priestess have opened a *bit sikari*, or if she have entered there with the purpose of drinking, she shall be burned.

Mesopotamian civilization also produced the earliest clinical description of intoxication on record, and the first attempt at an antidote. "If a man has taken strong wine," the account, as cited by Henry E. Sigerist in his "A History of Medicine" (1951), reads, "his head is affected and he forgets his words and his speech becomes confused, his mind wanders and his eyes have a set expression; to cure him, take licorice, beans, oleander [and eight other unidentified substances], to be compounded with oil and wine before the approach of the goddess Gula [or sunset], and in the morning before sunrise and before anyone has kissed him, let him take it, and he will recover."

One of the few surviving relics of the Seventeenth Egyptian Dynasty, which roughly coincided with the reign of Hammurabi, is a hieroglyphic outburst by a female courtier. "Give me eighteen bowls of wine!" she exclaims for posterity. "Behold, I love drunkenness!" Her inclination, though expressed with uncommon candor, is not an unusual one in the annals of ancient Egypt. "Drunkenness was apparently not rare," Sigerist remarks, "and seems to have occurred in all layers of society, from the farmers to the gods [or ruling class]. Banquets frequently ended with the guests, men and women, being sick, and this did not in any way seem shocking." It was, in fact, considered a suitable subject for art. A recovered fresco of the second millennium before Christ shows a woman banqueter turning from the table to vomit into a bowl held by a servant. The pioneer Greek historian Herodotus, who visited Egypt in the

THE MAISONETTE

# Vicky Altier

and her songs



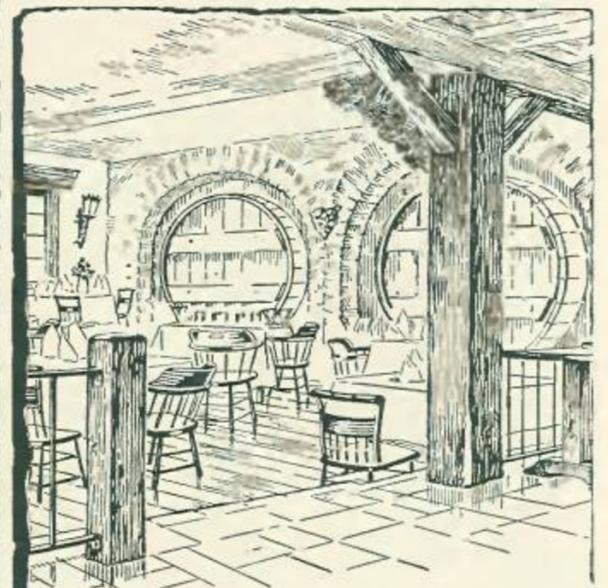
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*\*T.M.*



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Page

and at 4 Spades From Palermo Tournament Problems in Playing

By ALBERT H. MOREHEAD

fourth year in a row in the annual tournament that ended at Palermo yesterday afternoon. The British Team won the World Championship. The Italian team's victory late when they defeated their closest rivals in a final match. The women's team until the day after yesterday when the British won. The French team was defeated in a match for the Championship. France, Sweden, Denmark, Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, and Belgium. The women's team was defeated in a match for the Championship. France, Sweden, Denmark, Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, and Belgium.

high. With club strength instead of being distributed but for a take-out, as it usually is. This kept East-balanced distribution at five spades, at their contract. As for South, eleven tricks he had to once he knew his partner had twice in diamonds, lost at least four hearts and un-first finesse and win.

draw. The same here are in victory. The Italian victory and comfort to the members of American have been persuaded by the Italian to adopt the high bidding systems used. The hand shown played by the Italian.

are the only tricks he will lose. Fifteen nations sent six-man teams to the European tournament, and nine nations sent women's teams, which play in a separate event (although women may also be members of the championship teams). The attendance was smaller than usual, for in some years many teams play in the main event. Next year,

East-West bidding:

South

1 ♠

3 ♠

Vulnerable

The bidding

North

2 ♣

4 ♠

Pass

In case you hadn't noticed, there is now a daily bridge column in The New York Times

fifth pre-Christian century, has a word in his famous "History" about Egyptian banqueting customs. "After dinner," he relates, "a man carries round an image of a corpse in a coffin, painted and carved in exact imitation, a cubit or two cubits long. This he shows to each of the company, saying: 'Drink and make merry, but look on this; for such shalt thou be when thou art dead.'" A mural found in a tomb at El Kab, near Luxor, depicts a tavern proprietor welcoming a patron. According to an accompanying legend, his greeting is "Drink into rapture!" The customer's reply is equally vigorous. "I will drink till I am happy," he says, "and the mat under me is a good straw bed upon which I can sleep myself sober." In addition to its distinctive distaste for sobriety, dynastic Egypt has the understandable distinction of having invented the temperance tract. A work called "Wisdom of Ani," written around three thousand years ago, is perhaps the first of the genre. "Take not upon thyself to drink a jug of beer," its Volsteadian author begins. He then enumerates the consequences of ignoring his advice. "Thou speakest, and an unintelligible utterance issueth from thy mouth. If thou fallest down and thy limbs break, there is none to hold out a hand to thee. Thy companions in drink stand up and say: 'Away with this sot!' If there then cometh one to seek thee in order to question thee, thou art found lying on the ground, and thou art like a little child."

The later civilizations of the ancient world took a less tempestuous view of alcohol. In the Orient, its double-edged powers were assayed with characteristic calm. The "Rig-Veda" refers to *sura*, a popular infusion of fermented grain and honey, as "poison suspended in a leather bottle," but nowhere explicitly condemns its use. The Chinese position was formally fixed, around 650 B.C., in the "Shu Ching," or "Canon of History." "Men will not do without *kiu* [a kind of beer made of millet or rice]," an entry entitled "The Announcement About Drunkenness" reads. "To prohibit it and secure total abstinence from it is beyond the power even of sages. Here, therefore, we have warnings on the abuse of it." The warnings recommended moderation. A Japanese poet carved them into an instructive epigram. "At the first cup," he wrote, "man drinks wine. At the second cup, wine drinks wine. At the third cup, wine drinks man." Moderation was also recommended, in this fashion, by the Mongol monarch Genghis Khan: "A soldier must not get drunk oftener than



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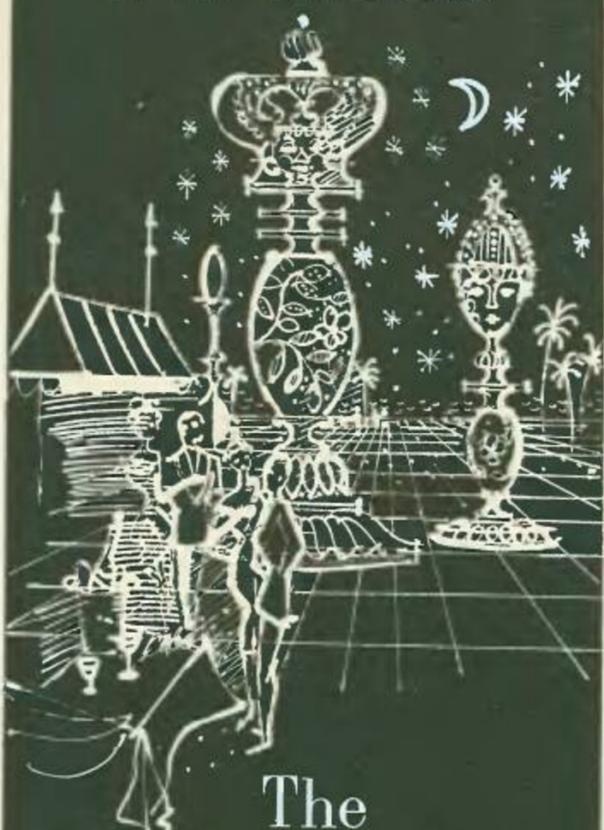
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once a week. It would, of course, be better if he did not get drunk at all, but one should not expect the impossible." The Jews, possibly because of their youthful exposure to Egyptian culture, filled the Old Testament with denunciations of drunkenness, but they held alcohol in good esteem, and at times even prescribed it. "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish," the Book of Proverbs proclaims, "and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." The "strong drink" of the Bible, most authorities believe, was merely undiluted wine. Evidence from numerous sources, including another line in Proverbs ("She hath mingled her wine"), has established that a mixture of wine and water was the usual Jewish drink.

The Greeks, and eventually their cultural heirs in Rome and elsewhere around the Mediterranean, also embraced this gentle custom, though for rather different reasons. To drink undiluted wine, they felt, was a sign of barbarism. In addition, they thought it was dangerous, and could permanently ravage the mind. Herodotus, voicing Athenian enlightenment, attributed the periodic madness that afflicted Cleomenes I, a king of Sparta in the fifth pre-Christian century, to his refusal to mingle his wine. The accepted ratio was one part wine to two parts water; thus suitably mingled, it was considered both safe and salutary. "Wine," Euripides enunciates in "Bacchae," "removes the cares pressing upon the minds of sorrowing mortals, who, when filled with this juice of the grape, no longer need sleep and no longer remember their daily miseries. There is no other like cure for all their troubles." One of the few still audible Grecian voices to question the habitual use of wine was that of the early lyric poet Alcaeus, and he contented himself with a word on habitual excess. "One that hath wine as a chain about his wits," he warned, "such a one lives no life at all." Even Plato, the leading ascetic of his time, went no further. "To drink to the degree of drunkenness is neither becoming anywhere," he declares in "Laws," his final masterwork, "except perhaps in the days of festival of the god who gave men wine for their banquets." The poet Martial, a mirror of Roman rationality in the first Christian century, includes among the ingredients of a sensible life "not drunken nights, yet loos'd from care." With this cheerful philosophy his influential contemporary Pliny the Elder was in sufficient accord to devote the whole of the fourteenth volume of

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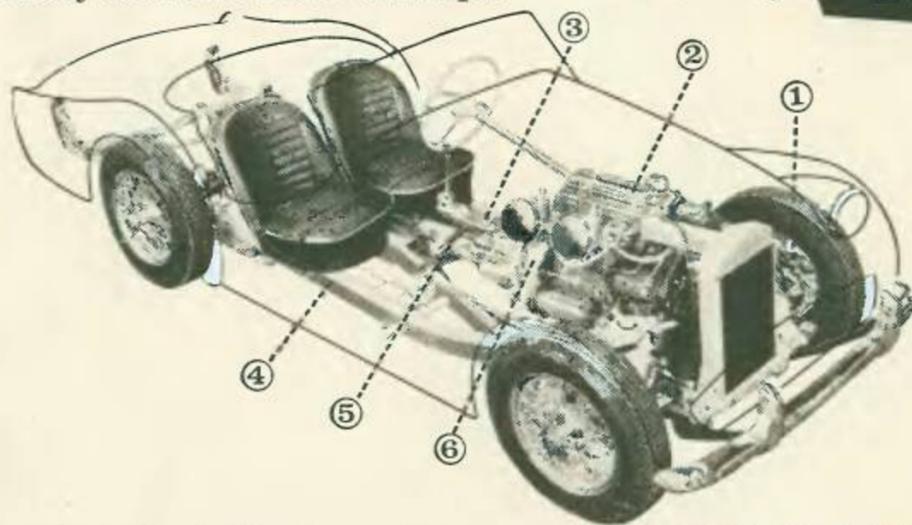
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his majestic "Historia Naturalis" to wine and viniculture. He also, in a companion volume, discusses at sympathetic length the preference of some races for mead, and adds that others—notably the Egyptians and the peoples of Spain and Gaul—find adequate comfort in beer. "Indeed," he concludes, with satisfaction, "in no part of the world is drunkenness ever at a loss."

**ALTHOUGH**, as Pliny rightly reckoned, drunkenness has never been at a loss, its vehicles lacked variety in the ancient world. They were also, being confined to the muted products of natural fermentation, deficient in vigor and impact. It was not until around 800 A.D., when human ingenuity evolved the process of distillation, that a livelier choice became possible. An Arabian alchemist named Jābir ibn-Hayyān and known to the West as Geber is generally credited with this resounding feat, and it may have been he who suggested the name for its most effective result. "Alcohol" is, at any rate, a word of Arabic derivation. It stems, through the French "*alcool*," from "*alkuhl*." The latter originally referred to the eye cosmetic made of powdered antimony, but with time and use it came to mean any fine-ground substance, then "essence," and, ultimately, the essential spirit of wine. (A dissenting opinion advanced by nineteenth-century temperance leaders held that the proper root of "alcohol" was the Arabic "*al-ghul*," meaning "ghost," or "evil spirit.") How Geber was led to accomplish the isolation of alcohol is uncertain. His writings on distillation, which reached medieval Europe under the title "*Liber Investigationis Magisteri*," give only a rambling account of his aim and general technique. "Distillation," he sets forth, "is the raising of aqueous vapour in any vessel in which it is placed. There are various modes of distillation. Sometimes it is performed by means of fire, sometimes without it. By means of fire, the vapour either ascends into a vessel, or descends, such as when oil is extracted from vegetables. The object of distillation is to free liquors from dregs and to preserve them fresh, since everything distilled possesses greater purity and is less liable to putrescency. . . ." (This passage, among others, persuaded Samuel Johnson to record in his "Dictionary of the English Language" that the etymological seed of "gibberish" was "Geber.") Nor is there any evidence that Geber saw in alcohol a liquor of much practical value. That discovery was made by Arnould de Villeneuve, a professor of medicine at the University of



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Montpellier, toward the end of the thirteenth century.

Arnauld's conception of alcohol was practical in the extreme. It solved before his dazzled eyes the problem that was then the chief concern of European science. It was the philosopher's stone, the universal panacea, the key to life everlasting. "Limpid and well-flavored red or white wine," he wrote in announcing his find, "is to be digested twenty days in a closed vessel, by heat, and then to be distilled in a sand bath with a very gentle fire. The true water of life will come over in precious drops, which, being rectified by three or four successive distillations, will afford the wonderful quintessence of wine. We call it aqua vitae, and this name is remarkably suitable, since it is really a water of immortality. It prolongs life, clears away ill-humours, revives the heart, and maintains youth." Raymond Lully, another Montpellier savant, is sometimes linked with Arnauld in this equivocal triumph. His works contain not only an equally gripping testimonial to the virtues of aqua vitae but a ready designation of their source. They came, he said, as "an emanation from the Deity." Both Arnauld and Lully lived to be well over seventy, a considerable age for that time, and it is possible that their example was taken as convincing confirmation of the emanation's worth. It is certain that it was rapidly elevated to a place of sovereign prominence in the Christian medicine chest. "Aqua vitae is commonly called the mistress of all medicines," Hieronymus Brunschwig, the titan of fifteenth-century German medicine, surgery, and pharmacology, proclaimed. "It eases the diseases coming of cold. It comforts the heart. It heals all old and new sores on the head. It causes a good color in a person. It heals alopecia [baldness] and causes the hair well to grow, and kills lice and fleas. It cures lethargy. Cotton wet in the same and a little wrung out again and so put in the ears at night going to bed, and a little drunk thereof, is of good against all deafness. It eases the pain in the teeth, and causes sweet breath. It heals the canker in the mouth, in the teeth, in the lips, and in the tongue, when it is a long time held in the mouth. It causes the heavy tongue to become light and well-speaking. It heals the short breath. It causes good digestion and appetite for to eat, and takes away all belching. It draws the winds out of the body. It eases the yellow jaundice, the dropsy, the gout, the pain in the breasts when they be swollen, and heals all diseases in the bladder, and breaks the stone. It withdraws venom that has

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been taken in meat or in drink, when a little treacle is put thereto. It heals all shrunken sinews, and causes them to become soft and right. It heals the fevers tertian and quartan. It heals the bites of a mad dog, and all stinking wounds, when they be washed therewith. It gives also young courage in a person, and causes him to have a good memory and remembrance. It purifies the five wits of melancholy and of all uncleanness." Brunschwig's proclamation included, however, a cautionary note. "It is [to be] drunk by reason and measure," he warned. "That is to understand, five or six drops in the morning, fasting, with a spoonful of wine."

In its original manifestation, aqua vitae was the liquor now known as brandy. The latter term, which derives from the Dutch "*brandewijn*," meaning burnt (or distilled) wine, came into use around the middle of the seventeenth century. It was a distinction inspired by necessity. After nearly four hundred years of solitary eminence, Arnauld's quintessence of wine was no longer the only aqua vitae on the European market. Human ingenuity had produced another, distilled from grain, which contained the quintessence of beer. Exactly who was responsible for this procrastinated revelation is unclear, but the best evidence points to Franciscus Sylvius (or Franz de le Boë), a seventeenth-century professor of medicine at the University of Leyden and a forceful exponent of the iatrochemical system of physiology. If so, it is probable, since Sylvius was a dedicated investigator, that his discovery was an accident of pure scientific research. At any rate, in making his novel aqua vitae, he carried the distilling process to its ultimate; nothing remained of the original beery ferment but its essence—alcohol. It is also probable that Sylvius called his new liquor simply "aqua vitae." Before his death, in 1672, however, convenience had found a more specific name. In Leyden and the rest of Holland, it was known as "*junever*," the Dutch for "juniper," the herb with which it was generally flavored to mask the taste (then considered objectionable) of raw spirit. The French soon altered this to "*genièvre*." It received its present, and practically universal, name in England, where the characteristic British impatience with foreign words corrupted "*genièvre*" to "geneva," and then, as characteristically, truncated this to "gin." In Russia, a stricter xenophobia discarded the foreign flavor along with the foreign name, and the new spirit was called "vodka," or "little water." By the time of Sylvius' discovery, Ge-

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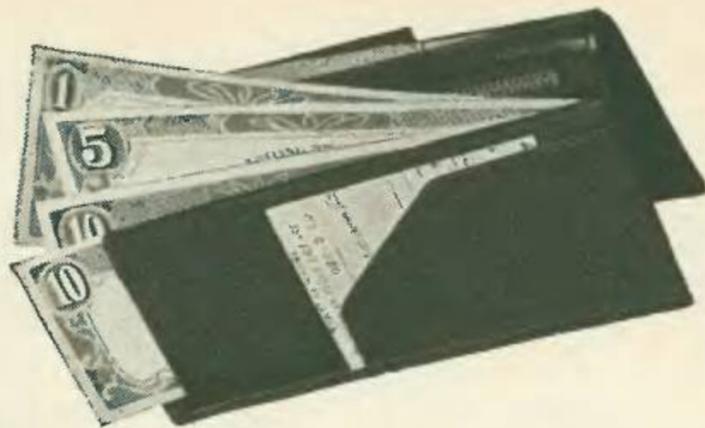
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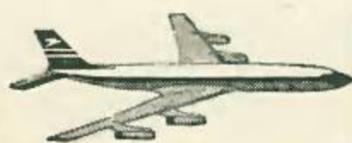
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ber's wine-derived aqua vitae, despite its classic depiction as a celestially potent medicine, had long since emerged from the sickroom. An increasing desire for a degree of young courage and purified melancholy unobtainable from wine or beer had swept it into daily domestic use. "The use of *aqua vitae* has grown so common in Nether Germany and Flanders," a Dutch physician named Lævinus Lemnius reported around 1550, "that freelier than is profitable to health, they take and drink it." Elsewhere in northern Europe, it was taken, if anything, even freelier. The first brandy aqua vitae reached England by way of troops returning from an expedition to the Low Countries in 1585. Eight years later, according to Stephen Dowell's late-nineteenth-century "A History of Taxation and Taxes in England from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," it had all but supplanted beer. "In their endeavors to meet the increasing demand for cheaper spirits," Dowell recounted, "our distillers now began to use, in lieu of wine or wine lees, hog's wash and such articles for making *aqua vitae*, and they continued to do so until 1593, the year of the plague. In former ages, it had been usual to attribute a visitation of the plague to the Jews, who were said to have poisoned the wells, or, indeed, to any source other than filth and their dwellings that fostered it. On this occasion, the distillers were accused of having, in effect, poisoned the *aqua vitae*." The plague may have forced an improvement in the quality of aqua vitae, but it did nothing to improve its supply. That, for all the exertions of viticulture, continued inadequate until Sylvius opened the distillers' eyes to the limitless possibilities of grain.

The change, especially in England, where in 1690 a kindly government passed "An Act for the Encouraging of the Distillation of Brandy and Spirits from Corn," was galvanic. Within four years, the annual production of distilled liquors, mostly gin, reached nearly a million gallons. By 1714, the output had been doubled. In Congreve's "The Way of the World," Sir Wilfull Witwoud complacently cries:

To drink is a Christian diversion  
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian.

By 1733, the output had increased to eleven million gallons. In 1736, the government, sensing that its encouragement had gone too far, attempted to moderate the consumption of spirits by prohibiting their sale in quantities of less than two gallons. Six years later, in 1742, the production of English spirits

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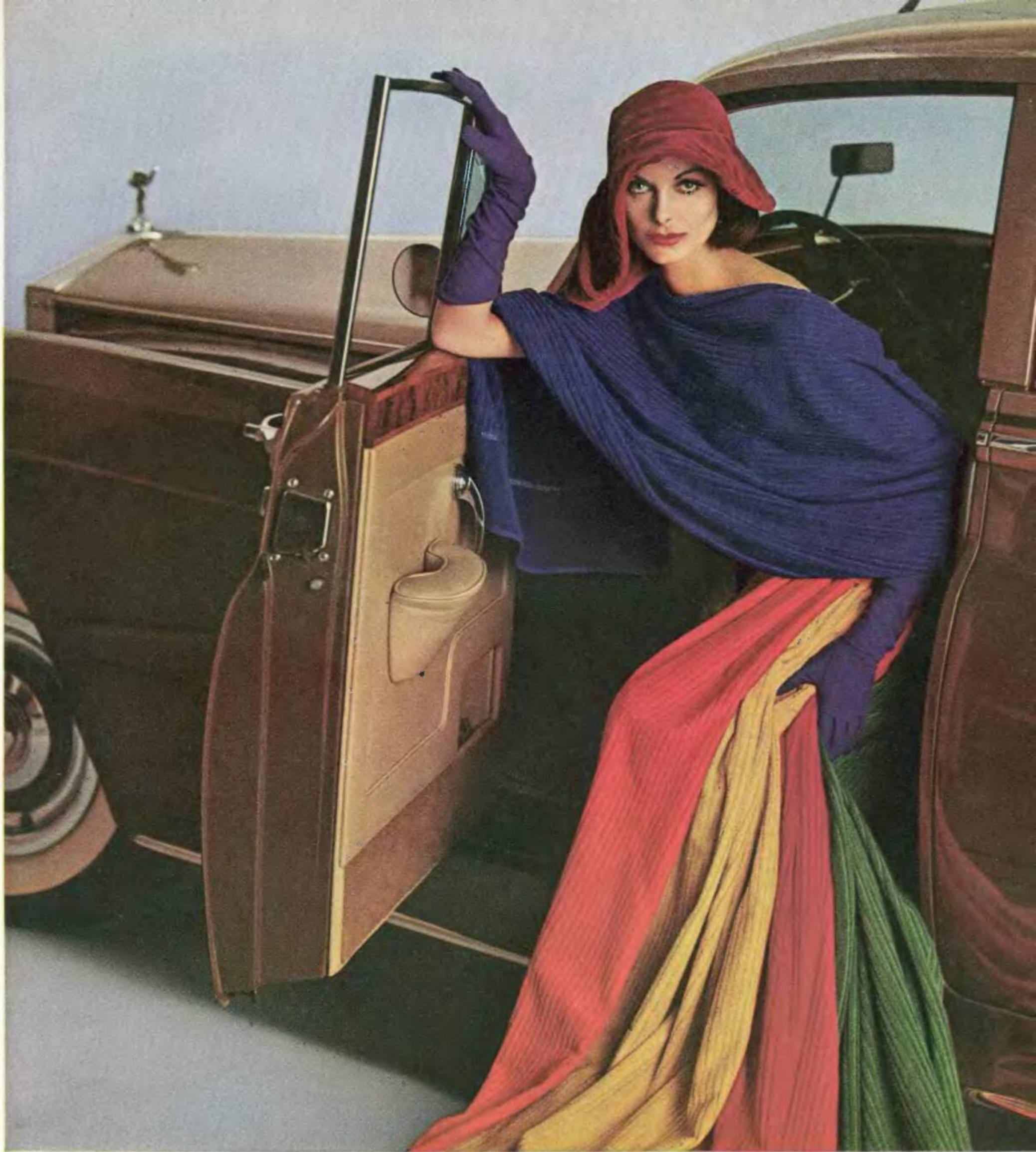
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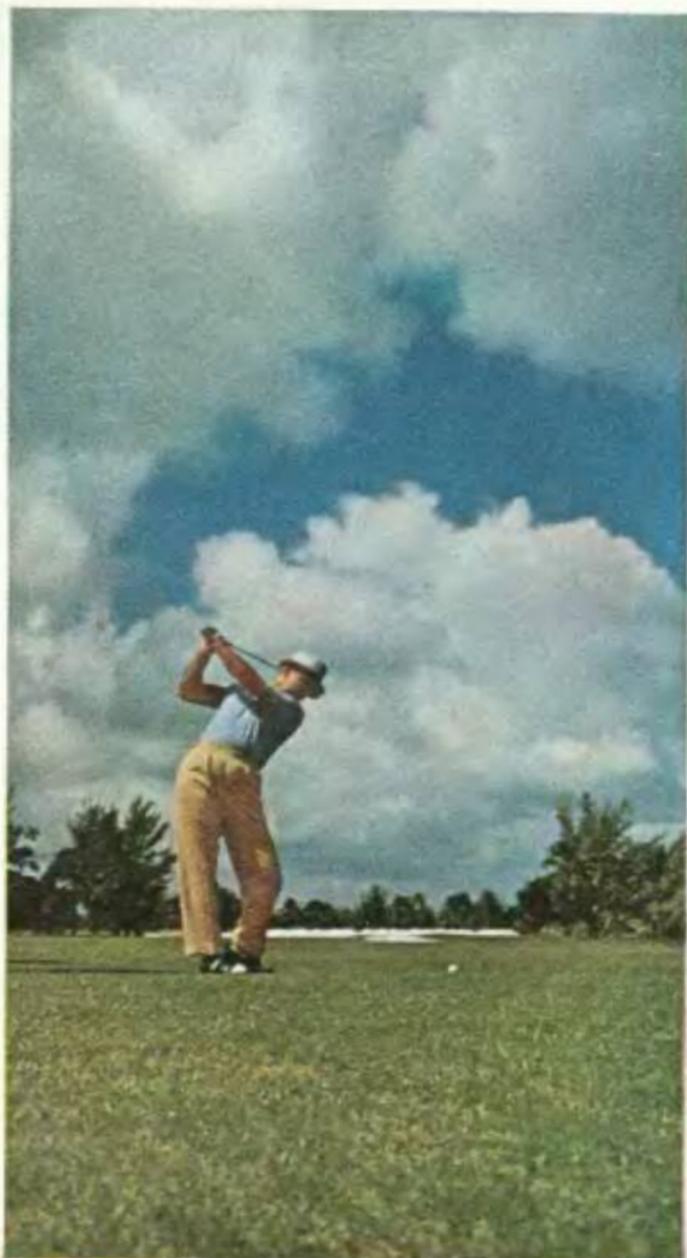
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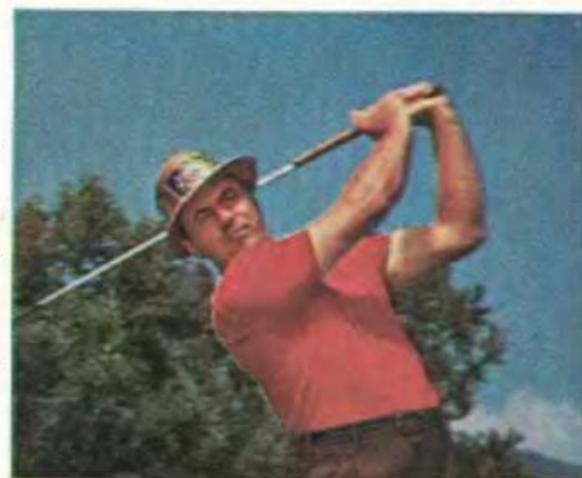
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reached twenty million gallons. The government repealed the two-gallon law in 1743. Then, setting an example that all governments have since been happy to follow, it increased the traditionally nominal tax on spirits to the limit of public endurance. In addition, it encouraged, at least implicitly, a fledgling temperance movement. One of the first to respond to this encouragement was a London clergyman named James Townley. His response, which took the form of a poem, was published in 1751:

Gin, cursed fiend, with fury fraught,  
Makes human race a prey;  
It enters by a deadly draught,  
And steals our life away.  
Virtue and Truth, driven to despair,  
Its rage compels to fly;  
But cherishes, with hellish care,  
Theft, murder, perjury.  
Damned cup, that on the vitals preys,  
That liquid fire contains;  
Which madness to the heart conveys,  
And rolls it through the veins.

The madness, however, continued to roll.

GIN was not, as it happens, the first spirituous liquor to be distilled from grain. It was merely the first that came to the receptive attention of the civilized world. The original grain spirit was whiskey. Despite its subsequent universal identification with Scotland, it is probable that whiskey made its first appearance in Ireland. Its name alone would seem to suggest that it came into being there. "Whiskey" derives from "uisge-beatha" (or "usquebaugh"), the Irish-Gaelic equivalent of "aqua vitae." But when whiskey first appeared and by whom it was introduced are questions whose answers are lost beyond recall. The best that even Irish legend can do is to number its invention among the many good works of St. Patrick. Since St. Patrick died in 461, this is generally considered an unconvincing, as well as a lamely unimaginative, attribution. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that whiskey is very old. Most authorities, including Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, whose "Scotch: The Whisky of Scotland in Fact and Story," published in 1951, is the most recent word on the subject, are satisfied that it was widely distilled, highly admired, and heavily consumed in Scotland at least as early as the late fifteenth century. Documentary evidence, cited by Sir Robert, establishes that James IV, who died at Flodden Field in 1513, was only too familiar with its existence, and there is no reason to believe that it was a novelty in his time. In addition to tracing its age, Sir Robert provides an arresting illustration of the

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esteem in which whiskey was held. At the Battle of Culloden, in 1746, he relates, "John Maitland, a Presbyterian of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, administered the Holy Eucharist to the mortally wounded Lord Strathallan with oatcake and whisky, 'the requisite elements not being obtainable.'" It is equally certain, however, that the whiskey of Scotland (and its Irish counterpart) was long confined to its native hills and glens. It was unknown in England even by name until the middle of the eighteenth century. Nathan Bailey's "Universal Etymological English Dictionary," a standard work that was published in London in 1721, alludes to *usquebaugh* as "a distilled spirit made in Ireland." There is no mention of "whiskey." Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, which appeared in 1755, refers to it only obliquely. After defining "*usquebaugh*" as "a compounded distilled [Irish] spirit, being drawn on aromatics," he adds, "The Highland sort is somewhat hotter; and, by corruption, in Scottish they call it *whisky*." Dr. Johnson encountered whiskey for the first time in 1773, during his much publicized tour of the Hebrides. His opinion of it, which is one of the earliest on record by an Englishman, could hardly have delighted his hosts. "I never tasted whisky," he notes in "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," his version of the jaunt, "except once for experiment at the inn in Inveraray, when I thought it preferable to [gin]." What Dr. Johnson thought of gin may be deduced from his famous utterance on the acceptable varieties of drink: "Claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy."

His judgment was, if nothing else, prophetic. Brandy, for those who could afford it, remained the European choice in spirits until the nineteenth century was well advanced. "My father," Sir Winston Churchill has noted in a memoir, "could never have drunk whisky except when shooting on a moor or in some very dull chilly place. He lived in the age of brandy and soda." He also lived to see its end. In 1849, when Lord Randolph Churchill was born, whiskey—Scotch whiskey—was still confined not merely to Scotland but largely to the Scottish Highlands. By the time of his death, in 1895, it was everywhere known and respected. The general acceptance of Scotch reflected to some extent a change in general taste. But only in very small part. It was chiefly brought about by a change in the taste of Scotch. In Dr. Johnson's time, Scotch whiskey (as well as that na-

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tive to Ireland) was distilled from a mash, or cereal base, composed entirely of malted barley. The manufacture of malt whiskey involves three major steps. As in the standard brewing process, the barley is first malted; that is, steeped in water, allowed to sprout, and then slowly heated until dry. The next step, induced by the addition of yeast and hot water, is, of course, fermentation. When fermentation has ceased, the resulting beerlike liquor is pumped into a pot, or simple retort-type, still, and its alcoholic essence is vaporized, condensed, and recovered by distillation. A second distillation and a period of aging (three years or more) in sherry casks complete the process. In making Scotch, the malted barley is heated in peat-fired kilns, and the pungent odor of the burning peat is what gives the liquor its distinctive smoky flavor. It is also, however, what principally caused its long unpopularity beyond its Highland home. Although the smoky flavor of pure Scotch malt whiskey is often praised by kilted connoisseurs, less cultivated palates have always found it dense to the point of strangulation.

The sudden ascendancy of Scotch was an accident of technological progress. Aeneas Coffey, an early-nineteenth-century tinkerer at the Dock Distillery, in Dublin, is usually acknowledged to have been the inadvertent pioneer in its emancipation. It was Coffey's good fortune to invent the prototype of what is now known as the continuous still. His still, which a trade historian has crisply described as "an affair of two tall columns, heated by steam, into which wash [fermented mash] is poured at one end and out of which practically pure alcohol pours at the other," was patented in 1830. A year or two later, a group of Lowland entrepreneurs, inflamed by its millennial promise, introduced it into Scotland. The virtues of the Coffey still were conspicuous enough. Its operation was cheap and its production was high. That it had its drawbacks was less immediately apparent, but they presently came into view. The whiskey produced by the early Coffey still seemed all but impervious to aging. It emerged from the cask only a little darker than pure alcohol, and almost as raw and flavorless. For the next twenty years or so, this light and unappealing distillate, which now goes under the name of grain spirits (or, in the United States, grain neutral spirits), found its only reliable market among the gin rectifiers of London, who distilled it further, added juniper to it, and then bottled it as gin. The salvation of the Lowland distillers, and the ultimate

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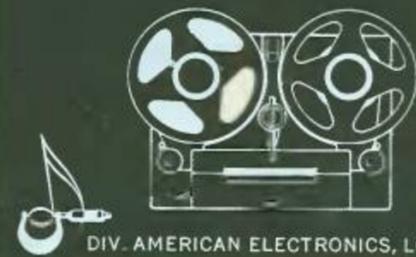
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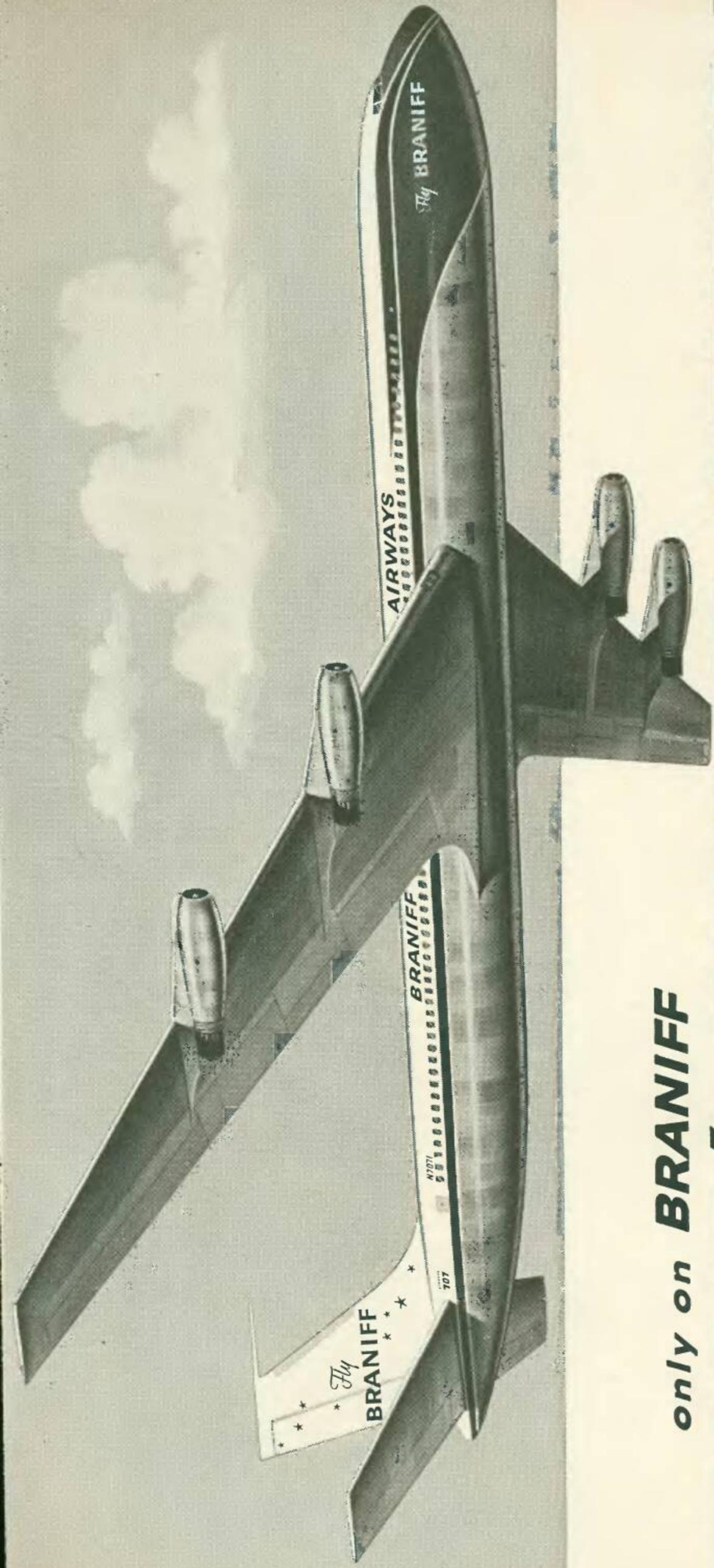
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triumph of Scotch, can be laid to an act of desperation by an Edinburghian named Andrew Usher. Usher was a grain-whiskey distiller, but he also handled, as a sideline, the rugged output of a Highland malt-whiskey distillery. In 1860, he conceived the revolutionary notion of blending these two disparate whiskeys. Precisely what Usher hoped to achieve—a tastier grain or a blander malt—is not a matter of record, but the wisdom of his hunch has never been profitably challenged.

THE first spirituous liquor to be manufactured in what is now the United States was made on Staten Island. A distillery was established there by Willem Kieft, the predecessor of Peter Stuyvesant as director-general of New Netherlands, around 1640. Until 1664, when, along with all other Dutch possessions in America, it was taken over by the British, the Kieft distillery seems to have concentrated on brandy aqua vitae and gin. The new owners converted its facilities to the distillation of rum. Rum—or “rum-bullion,” the name by which it was originally known (from the Latin “*saccharum*,” meaning sugar, and the Dutch “*bulioen*,” meaning a precious metal in mass)—is the alcoholic essence of fermented molasses. It was introduced to the world, and probably invented, by the first European settlers in the West Indies. An anonymous seventeenth-century manuscript entitled “A Brief Description of the Island of Barbadoes,” now in the possession of Trinity College, Dublin, contains perhaps the earliest surviving reference to its name and origin. “The chief fuddling they make in the island,” the author reports, “is rum-bullion, alias kill-devil, and this is made from sugar-canes distilled, a hot, hellish, and terrible liquor.” According to the records of the General Court of Massachusetts, a rum distillery supplied with molasses by West Indian planters was operating in Boston as early as 1657. Its success was instantaneous, and fatefully far-reaching. Within a generation, the manufacture of rum had become (as it continued to be throughout the Colonial era) New England’s largest and most profitable industry. It was also its most unsavory. For the profits in rum, unlike those acquired by the London gin distillers, derived from more than a lively demand for cheap domestic spirits. “In whatever branch of trade we find ourselves,” the nineteenth-century historian W. B. Weedon noted in his “Economic and Social History of New England,” “we are impressed by the immense prevalence and moving power of rum. Ne-



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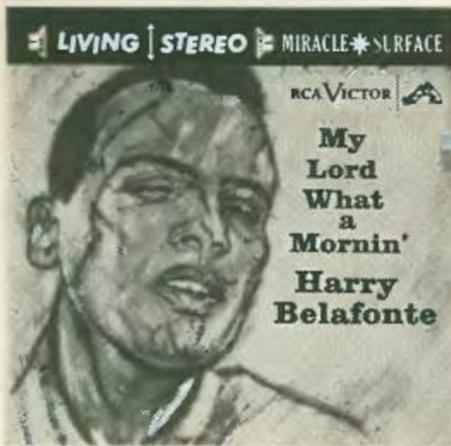
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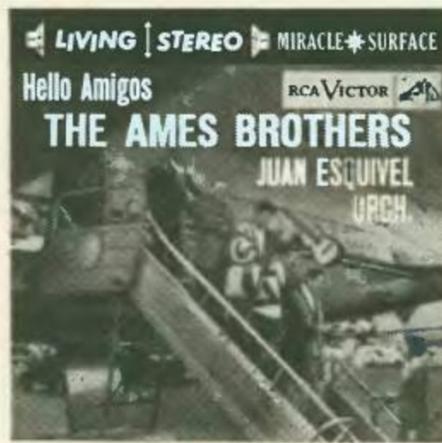
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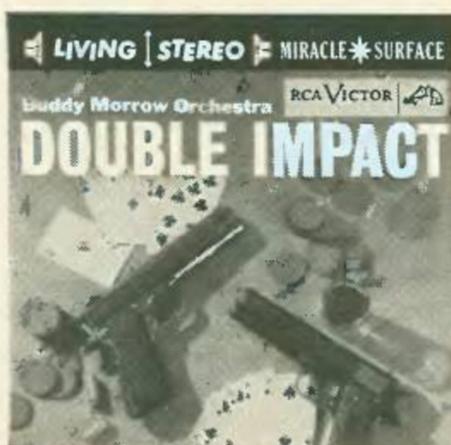


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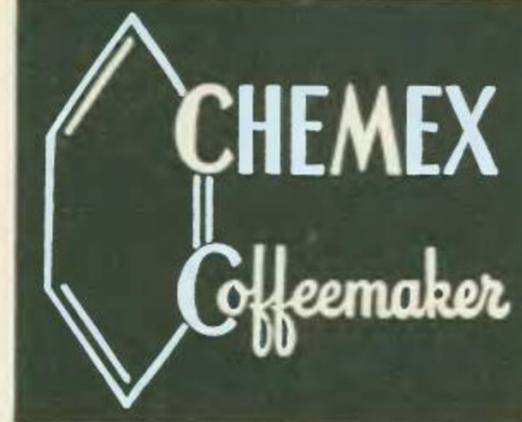
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groes, fish, vessels, lumber, intercolonial traffic in produce, all feel the initiative and moving impulse of rum." By "Negroes," Weeden meant slaves.

The New England distillers were the bankers of the slave trade. They provided an international currency that made the commerce possible. Slavers of all nations used New England rum as a means of filling their holds from the slave pens on the Guinea coast. The slavers then headed for the West Indies. There they sold their slaves (for later resale in the islands and elsewhere) and took on a load of slave-produced molasses. The molasses was then brought to New England and traded for another cargo of rum. "Out of cheap molasses of the French Islands," Woodrow Wilson once grimly observed, "she [New England] made the rum which was the chief source of her wealth—the rum with which she bought slaves for Maryland and the Carolinas, and paid her balances to the English merchants." It is probable that it was this intimate association with slaving, as much as its own hot, hellish, and terrible powers, that inspired the use of "rum" as a deprecatory term for all spirituous liquor. New England rum and the Guinea trade both reached their apogee in the eighteenth century. They declined together early in the nineteenth. Slaving was crushed (though it struggled fitfully on almost until Appomattox) by an Act of Congress in 1807 that prohibited the importation of slaves. New England rum received a double blow. The overnight loss of the African market was merely the first. The second fell less abruptly, but its impact was even more shattering. It took the form of a revolution in public preference. The domestic supremacy of rum was founded on a demand for cheap and abundant spirits. It was toppled by an inundation of cheaper domestic whiskey.

The beginnings of American whiskey are obscure. There is no clear record of either the time or the place of its birth, and even what grain was first used in its manufacture has yet to be firmly established. The only certainty is that its production, if any, was insignificant until after the Revolution, and that it first came into prominence as a backwoods substitute for rum on the hill farms and keelboat landings of western Maryland, western Virginia, southwestern Pennsylvania, and eastern Kentucky. It was introduced there by a postwar wave of Scotch-Irish settlers to whom the making of pot-still whiskey was a natural phase of farming. At first, in all probability, they were only concerned with providing for the family



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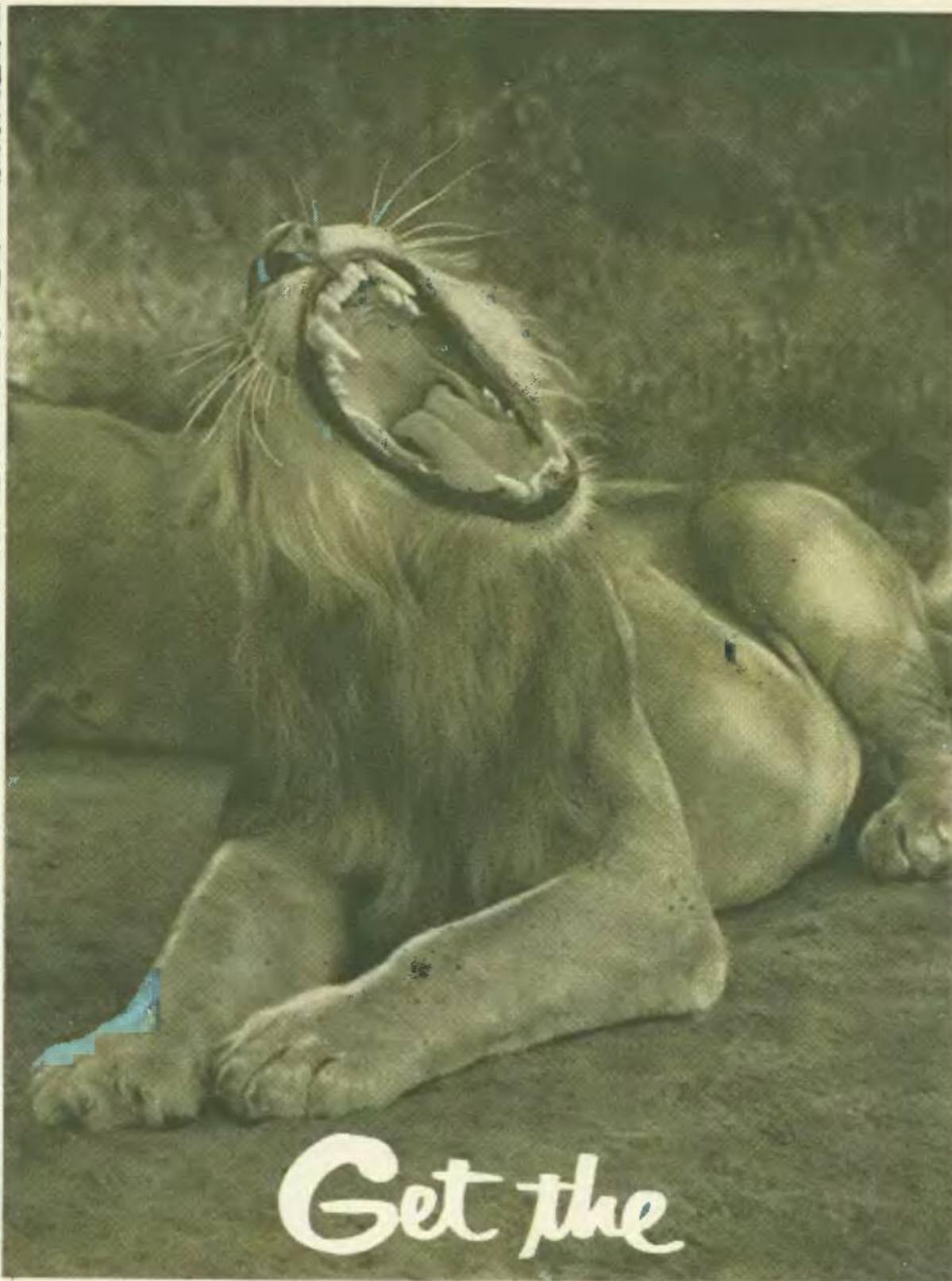


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circle. Circumstance, however, soon turned the production of whiskey into an economic necessity. "There were no roads in the new territory," H. F. Willkie has noted in his "Beverage Spirits in America," "and most of the trade was by packhorse. It cost more to transport a barrel of flour made from the grain which was the principal product of that region than the flour would have sold for on the eastern markets. If the farmer converted the grain into whiskey, a horse, which could carry only four bushels in solid form, could carry twenty-four bushels in liquid form. Practically every farmer, therefore, made whiskey. So universal was the practice that whiskey was the medium of exchange." The medium of exchange in Maryland and Pennsylvania was rye. In Virginia and Kentucky, it was corn. Monongahela rye, a Pennsylvania product, was among the hardest of these frontier currencies. The hardest of all was a distinctive distillate of corn produced in Bourbon County, Kentucky.

The first Kentucky whiskey was made by a Baptist clergyman named Elijah Craig at Royal Spring, near Georgetown, in the fall of 1789. Since Georgetown was then in Bourbon County (it is now the Scott County seat), he thus became the inventor of Kentucky bourbon. Tradition also credits Craig with the discovery that whiskey stored in a charred-oak barrel eventually loses much of its natural paller and acquires a more pleasing taste. Another tradition, or myth, still widely proclaimed by Kentucky distillers, insists that the unusual quality of Kentucky whiskey is not, however, a product of aging, or even, apparently, of corn. It chiefly derives, its makers hold, from the limestone water that is peculiar to much of Kentucky. An early regional rhapsodist has apotheosized limestone water's role. "Laughing in its wild career," he sang, "it finds its haven of rest in the bosom of a mash tub, to come forth as pure nectar in the shape of Bourbon Whiskey, a perfect distillation of nature's gifts—Kentucky sugar corn and Minnie-Ha-Ha spring water." This view, it need hardly be said, has never been shared by distillers in other states. The kind of water used in distilling is, in their less provincial opinion, irrelevant, since the distilling process very largely removes any special chemical properties the water may originally have had. Moreover, if limestone water were a desirable ingredient in the making of whiskey, it would not be necessary to depend on its provision by nature. Modern chemistry can make it. In any event, Craig's eminence as



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Kentucky's only distiller was not of long duration. By March 17, 1792, he had sufficient competition to prompt the publication in the *Kentucky Gazette*, a Lexington weekly, of a notice headed, "To the Distillers of Spirits in the District of Kentucky." The notice, signed by Thomas Marshall, a revenue inspector, announced the imposition of a federal excise tax on "Stills and Distilled Spirits." It read, in part, "Some of the distillers, I am informed, pretend to say they are taught to believe that the excise is not to be collected in this district. From whence they derive their information I cannot conceive; but do hereby inform them that the collectors will shortly be with them in order to collect it." Six years later, according to Marshall's records, the delinquent distillers in Kentucky alone numbered nearly two hundred. By 1810, the total of the known distillers in the state was two thousand, and their output exceeded two million gallons. There are far fewer distillers in the entire United States today. They manage, nevertheless, to produce around a hundred and sixty million gallons of whiskey a year.

The age of alcoholic innovation expired with the nineteenth century. Its final accomplishment was the application of the Scottish principle of blending to Kentucky bourbon and Pennsylvania rye. By 1900, all the forms of alcohol now known had been discovered, tried, and appraised. The chief concern of the twentieth century has been to appraise the nature of alcohol itself.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

(This is the first of a series  
of three articles.)

ROME, N.Y. (AP)—A huge jet tanker circled for five hours Wednesday over Griffiss Air Force Base unable to retract its fuel boom. It would be dangerous to land with it extended.

A sergeant ran a quick ground test on a new idea, then instructed the plane's crew. The idea worked, the plane landed safely, and Col. Bryson R. Bailey, wing commander, says the technique probably will become routine Air Force procedure. —*Montgomery (Ala.) Alabama Journal.*

Anyway, it's top secret.

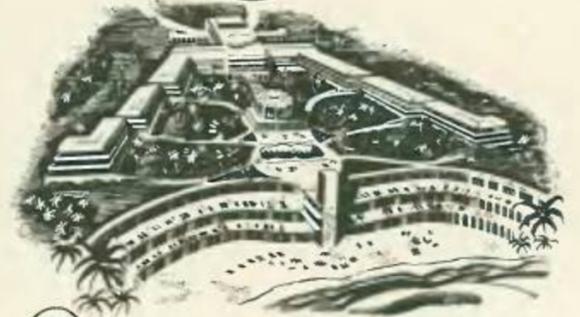
Who is to tell the American public what it should watch on TV? Shall a handful of eggheads tell the public that they should watch only bumbling old men on interview shows discuss what's wrong with the world? . . .

If the world is going to come to an end, let it come while we're watching "Gun-smoke," "The Rifleman," "Tales of Wells Fargo," and "Shotgun Slade." —*Frank Gruber in TV Guide.*

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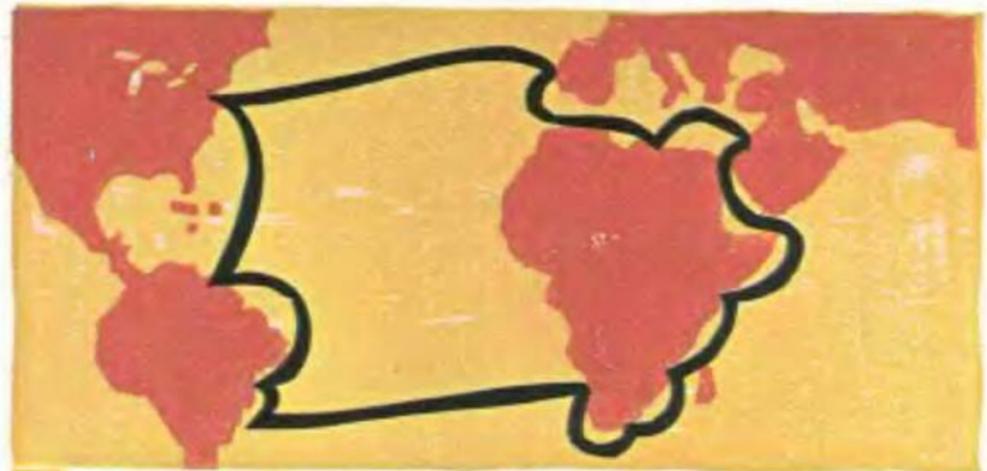
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## DUE PROCESS OF LAW

**H**ARDLY anything in the whole range of dramaturgy is more difficult than to write a dull trial scene. The playwright starts out with history and tradition lined up solidly on his side. The pattern of events is preordained and inexorable, and the essential conflict varies scarcely at all from place to place or from age to age. A spokesman for human guilt and a spokesman for human innocence are met to do battle for the life, the liberty, or at least the good name of a chosen prisoner. At once we are back among the bold simplifications of medieval drama; whatever the specific details of

the case may be, the real question at issue is whether Everyman is to be damned or saved. The process whereby justice is seen to be done is one of the few forms of ritual theatre that survive in the Western world. In courtrooms, we are all atavists, and the blood that runs in our veins is ancestral, if not actually tribal.

From the playwright's point of view, trials have several other advantages, of a rather more mundane kind. For instance, he need not worry about providing excuses for entrances and exits; the witnesses appear when they are called and depart when they are told.

Since most of the scenes are two-handed affairs, consisting of interrogation and response, the author is rarely bothered by the problems of orchestration that arise when three or more speakers are simultaneously involved, and matters are made still easier by the fact that the witnesses are legally compelled to give a truthful answer to everything that is asked them. More crucially, they cannot leave without the judge's permission to do so. This, I am convinced, is a vital clue to the perennial fascination of courtroom plays. One human being is subjecting another to a bombardment of ferocious and painfully intimate questions. In ordinary circumstances, the victim's natural impulse would be to say "The hell with this" and walk out, and that—unless the inquisitor was equipped with a gun or some other means of physical coercion—would be the end of the colloquy. But in a court of law the witness must stay and reply, and we, accordingly, stay and listen.

The poor creature is probably in for a desperate grilling, but this will not trouble us unduly, since the province of all serious drama—the territory it exists to explore—is nothing more or less than human desperation.

My purpose in composing this preamble is to prepare you for the news that Saul Levitt's "The Andersonville Trial," at Henry Miller's Theatre, is a decently gripping piece of work. The entire action, which is based on historical record, takes place in the stuffy Washington courtroom where, during the late summer of 1865, a military tribunal convened to decide whether Henry Wirz, a Swiss immigrant who had served as commandant of the Confederate prison camp at Andersonville, Georgia, could be held criminally responsible for the inhuman treatment that led to the death of fourteen thousand Northern soldiers. Starvation and disease were rampant inside the stockade, and bullets and bloodhounds were available for those who sought to escape. Could Captain Wirz have done



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anything to mitigate the horror? Yes, says the prosecutor, ambitious for revenge and promotion. No, says the defense counsel, founding his case on the postulate that in every instance Wirz was obeying orders he received from a superior officer. This squabble occupies the first half of the play, and it becomes, as witness follows witness, more than a little redundant. Clearly, the prosecutor is a blackhearted villain, the defending attorney is a champion of the underdog, and the accused—a bewildered neurotic with suicidal leanings—is a pitiable scapegoat. Or so we are craftily led to believe. In the second act, the balance excitingly shifts. Against the advice of the court, the prosecutor abandons the military question of what Wirz was permitted to do as a subordinate and takes up the moral question of what he ought to have done as a human being. By a sudden paradox, the members of the tribunal find themselves at one with the prisoner, in that both sides are committed to an absolute belief in the necessity of obedience to authority. Undeterred, the prosecutor forces the crumbling, moaning defendant to explain why he acted on instructions that would result, as he knew perfectly well, in multiple murder. Wirz can only iterate that he did as he was told and had no authority to do otherwise. In the course of a single cross-examination the victim becomes the villain, and Wirz is sentenced to death.

"The Andersonville Trial" deals with an Army officer who is accused of excessive obedience and condemned on the ground that he did not rebel. An obvious analogy is "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial," which dealt with a naval officer who was accused of active disobedience and acquitted on the ground that his rebellion was justified. This may seem like the same situation turned inside out; the difference is that Mr. Levitt's play contains nothing comparable to the repulsive epilogue that disfigured Herman Wouk's, wherein the defendant's own attorney changed sides after the verdict was announced, and excoriated his client for having acted under the influence of unpatriotic intellectuals. It is seldom wise to take the anti-intellectual position, however patriotic its implications may be, and Mr. Levitt commits no such stupidity. He does, however, seem to be offering an indirect justification for the death sentences that were imposed at the Nuremberg war trials, and this is somewhat disturbing in an author who seems in other respects to be lodging an outraged complaint against violence. His writing,



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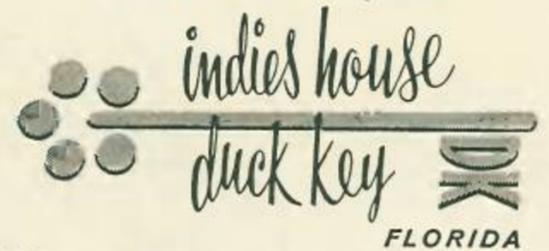
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especially in the second half, is vivid and pertinent, but at the end I was left reflecting that a Confederate Beast of Belsen was perhaps too easy a target to destroy, and I could not help wondering how the author—and the audience—would have reacted to a play that used the same valid arguments against the men who, in strict obedience to orders, decimated Dresden and flattened Hiroshima.

I have already mentioned some of the advantages of courtroom drama. Its principal drawback is that it can show us nothing of the characters beyond their public behavior; we can only guess what sort of people they are in private, what impulses they follow, what convictions they inwardly hold. As directed by José Ferrer, "The Andersonville Trial" contains a full load of red-blooded public acting, much of which would have benefited from a little cooling down and a few brisk injunctions to refrain from inundating the audience with molten lava. Herbert Berghof, as the doomed Wirz, resembles Lenin in his later years, and stews throughout in a state of suppressed uproar; he has some highly effective moments during his breakdown on the stand, but elsewhere he conforms to the demands of that modish acting technique, mistakenly associated with the teachings of Stanislavsky, whereby gesture precedes utterance by at least five seconds. In Mr. Berghof's case, the gesture is a stabbing movement of the index finger; in that of George C. Scott, who plays the prosecutor, it is a massaging of the forehead, as if the actor were in the grip of an uncontrollable migraine. Mr. Scott is an intense performer with a voice that can achieve maximum acceleration and minimum intelligibility more swiftly than any of its



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Broadway competitors, and a chronic indisposition to admit that there are any nuances of volume between *pp* and *ff*. His eyes rove in a manner that recalls the German silent screen, and his profile has the steely, prehensile outline of an invariably victorious bottle opener. His very presence breathes melodrama. It does, however, breathe, and I should like to see its vitality put to less febrile uses. Albert Dekker, as the defense counsel, plods and booms with emphatic rotundity and with a command of his lines that was, at the opening performance, very nearly complete. Robert Carroll, Robert Geringer, and Frank Sutton are the best of the witnesses, and Russell Hardie speaks stoutly for the president of the court, who later—though the script gallantly shrouds the fact—became the author of “Ben-Hur.” My summing up of the production is that it is full of impressive showmanship but that it too often fails to distinguish between showmanship and salesmanship. Perhaps, after all, there is no distinction. —KENNETH TYNAN

•

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OF “THE NEW YORK TIMES”

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Come on, Weidman, what did your wife say after she found your eyes open?

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**THE CURRENT CINEMA**

*Meagre Merriment*



AS I write, 'tis still the season to be jolly, but the one even faintly jolly movie that has come my way is a frail farce, made in Eire and called "Broth of a Boy," that has Barry Fitzgerald playing the oldest man in the world (a hundred and ten years) and Harry Brogan playing his eighty-year-old son, a lad of singular innocence. It would seem that this pair are doing all right as poachers until a television man from London happens upon their home town, Ballymorrissey, and discovers that the villagers are about to throw a party for their ancient citizen. The situation appeals mightily to the TV man as the sort of thing that could be made into a program filled with all kinds of rustic human appeal. Mr. Fitzgerald is only too willing to pick up a pound or two as the hero of a telecast, but he bridles at appearing at a ceremony that is scheduled to be attended by a government representative, because, it develops, he added a couple of years to his age some decades before in order to get his hands on a government pension. Then, just to add to the TV producer's difficulties, Mr. Fitzgerald commits mayhem on the person of a landowner while trespassing on the latter's property to catch a few fish.

As the script goes about untangling the producer's dilemmas, whimsy busts out all over, with Mr. Fitzgerald and the Abbey Players, who assist him, getting quainter and more lovable by the second. Nevertheless, "Broth of a Boy," which was shot in County Wicklow, has its pleasant moments, and, as Da and the wee one, Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Brogan are often diverting. And so, indeed, are others in the cast, including Godfrey Quigley, as the victim of the poachers; Eddie Golden, as a confused constable; Dermot Kelly, as a waiter who is all thumbs; Tony Wright, as the TV impresario; and June Thorburn, as a great-great-granddaughter of the protagonist.

NOT at all jolly is the next item on the agenda, "Suddenly, Last Summer." An adaptation of an off-Broadway and very offbeat drama by

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Tennessee Williams, who collaborated with Gore Vidal on the screenplay, the picture is a preposterous and monotonous potpourri of incest, homosexuality, psychiatry, and, so help me, cannibalism. The focal figure in the business is a poet who has died before the movie begins. It was his unseemly custom to employ his mother (Katharine Hepburn) as bait to attract young men whom he found desirable; when age had withered her, he induced an attractive cousin (Elizabeth Taylor) to serve as a substitute, on a trip to North Africa. Presently, he was set upon by several objects of his twisted affections and, presumably, devoured. Now, having been a witness to his horrible demise, Miss Taylor is not feeling very stable when she gets back home to the old Southern Williams country, and Miss Hepburn, determined to protect her son's reputation at any cost, manages to have her committed to an insane asylum. Once this has been accomplished, Miss Hepburn goes about trying to convince the hospital's administrator (Albert Dekker) that the young lady ought to have a lobotomy. In return for the operation, which she hopes will make Miss Taylor forget all about the events in North Africa, she proposes to give cash galore to the institution. Eventually, the problem of whether or not to operate is passed along to an eminent neurological surgeon (Montgomery Clift). As he struggles to make a decision, he registers no more emotion than a man in a coma, but in the end he proves that he earned his shingle legitimately. The director of "Suddenly, Last Summer," Joseph L. Mankiewicz, hasn't contributed much in the way of fluidity to these dismal proceedings, and the monologues pile up unconscionably as the film runs its course.

"SOLOMON AND SHEBA" is a lavish display of hokum, featuring Yul Brynner as the former and Gina Lollobrigida as the latter. Mr. Brynner doesn't seem up to judging anything more significant than a beauty parade, and Miss Lollobrigida conducts herself like a recent arrival from a midway. Directed by King Vidor and photographed in Spain, the picture includes plenty of battling between Israelites and Egyptians. My old Boy Scout troop could have taken on the lot of them.

—JOHN McCARTEN

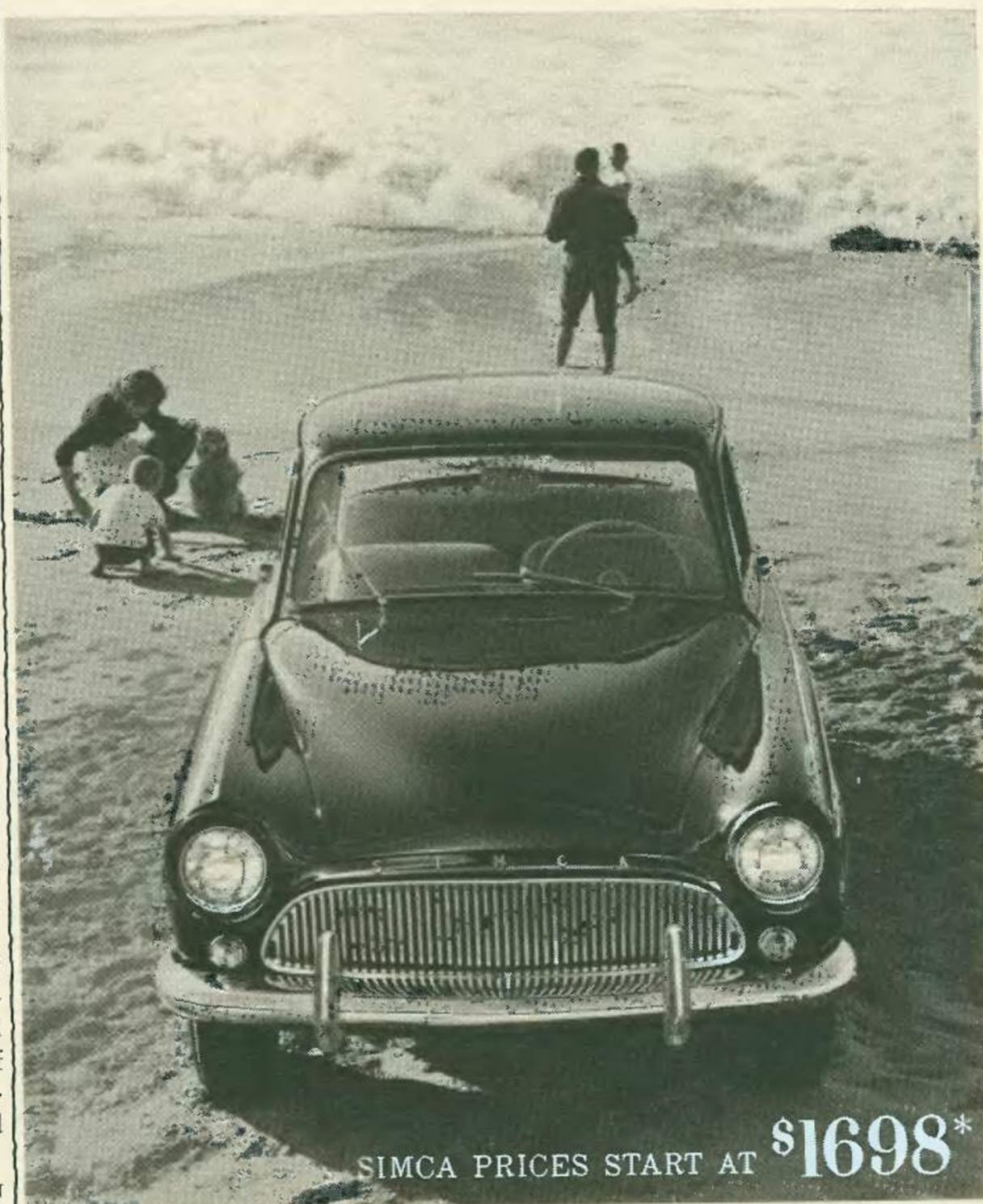
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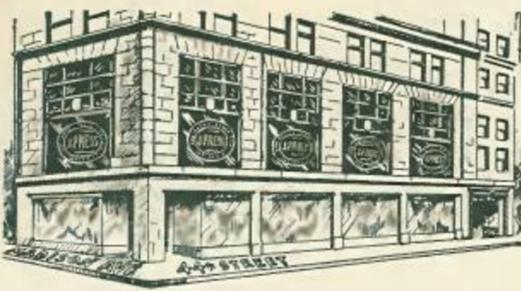
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**THE ART GALLERIES**

*William Blake and the Frick*



THE Frick Museum (officially, it is called the Frick Collection, and it is housed in the old Henry C. Frick mansion, at Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street) is currently showing a set of twenty-nine

rarely exhibited water colors by William Blake, all but one of which were designed as illustrations for John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." A half dozen of these were left unfinished at the artist's death, but this is no great disadvantage, for it all the better enables us to study Blake's manner of working. This can be described, I'd say, as a process of continuous refinement, particularly of line. Thus, in No. 21 of the series, called "Faithful's Narrative" and depicting the pilgrim Christian's encounter with Faithful, who was from then on to be his guide, the two are shown in "sweet discourse," with, above them, a couple of vignettes apparently intended to illustrate the subject of their conversation. The vignettes are unfinished—in fact, they are mainly in pencil—and it is interesting to follow the course of the development, more or less straight down the composition, from the rather blunt, tentative drawing of the vignettes to the marvellously thin, supple, sweeping outlines of the figures below.

I must confess that it's been a long time indeed since I've read "Pilgrim's Progress," but I didn't feel that made much difference, for the listings in the catalogue are accompanied by running excerpts from the text that describe, quite well enough to make the pictures intelligible, poor Christian's dogged progress through the Slough of Despond and past Mr. Worldly Wiseman, in and out of Doubting Castle, and so on, finally, up to the Delectable Mountains and the Gates of Heaven. In a way, one could hardly hope to have a better illustrator for the allegory, since Blake possessed the same combination of solemn, almost Hebraic morality, deep earnestness, and unsullied innocence that Bunyan revealed in the writing and that gave his book its touches of immortality.

At times, Blake's innocence ap-



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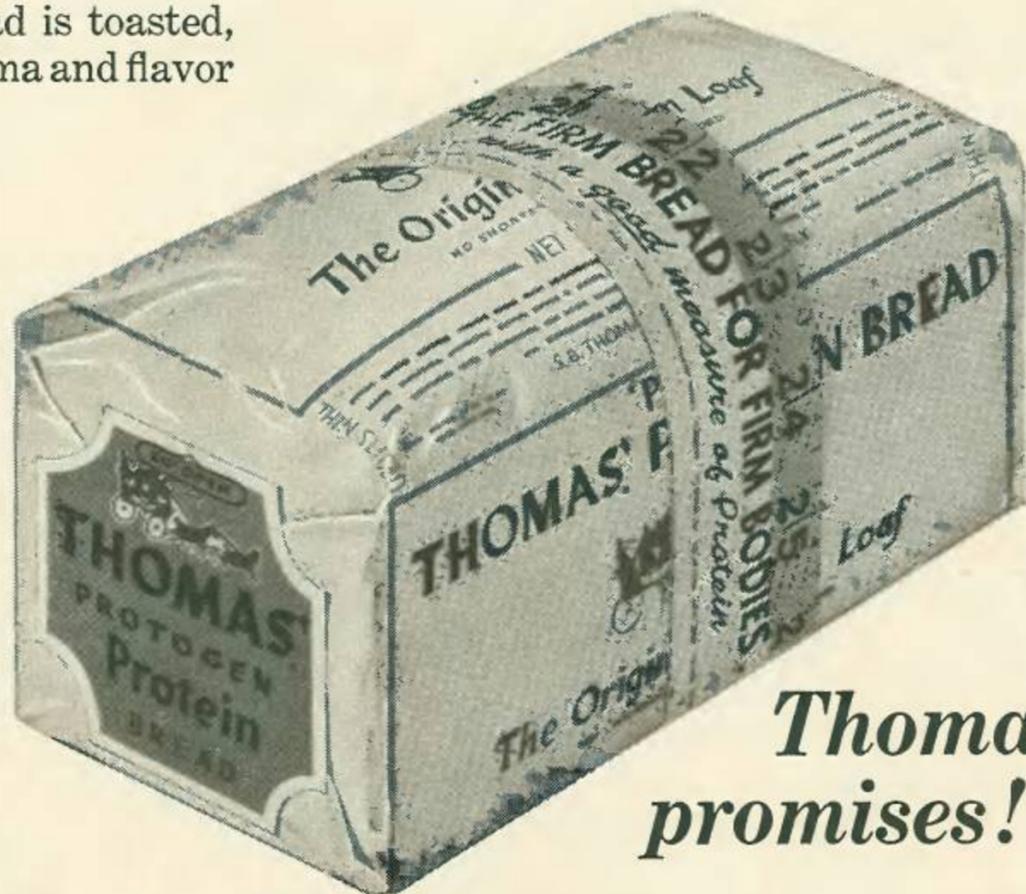
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proaches the naïve, but never in a way that is not touching and charming. The series begins with an illustration of the book's opening scene, in which Bunyan, tired of walking "through the wilderness of this world," had come "on a certain place where was a Den," and had lain down to sleep. Bunyan probably meant only a nook in the forest. But to the original illustrators a Den meant only a lion's den, and Blake follows the tradition, depicting the narrator sleeping—and beginning his lengthy dream—on a grassy bank beneath a broad British oak, with a beguilingly woolly-locked, harmless-looking lion sleeping amicably, if improbably, beside him. In "Christian Drawn Out of the Slough by Help," the anatomy is sadly distorted in favor of the symbolic pattern, while in "The Man in the Iron Cage" (the huddled, harassed figure is Despair) the effort at the horrendous approaches the comic.

Even these, though, I'm sure, fit the tenor of the book, and the majority of the pieces—among them the rhythmically designed "Christian Falls at the Feet of Evangelist," the more animated "Vanity Fair," and the shimmeringly colorful "Christian and Hopeful at the Gates of Heaven"—have a fresh and simple loveliness that is wholly appealing. I thought "Christian Before the Cross" especially worth study. The Cross, looming up behind the column before which Christian kneels, is merely shadowed forth in the sky, as if it were too august an object for direct portrayal; the column is entwined with grapevines, symbolizing both the blood and the wine, and the whole is a singularly impressive example of Blake's ability to combine his painterly faculties with his poetic ones to fullest effect.

I DON'T get up to the Frick as often as I'd like, and while I was there I seized the opportunity to take a look at the permanent collection. They tell me that the attendance is gratifying, averaging six hundred or so a day. It should be larger, for the collection is excellent, and it occurs to me that some potential visitors may be intimidated by the fact that it's ensconced in what still has the appearance of a private dwelling, and a somewhat forbidding one at that. This aspect of things has, though, been reduced to a discreet and generally tasteful minimum in the interior. The furnishings that remain are disposed in uncluttered fashion, and one's attention throughout is focussed on the hundred and sixty-odd paintings on the

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walls. Considering that most of these were acquired around the turn of the century, when the vogues of the period led all but the most discriminating of collectors in directions quite different from the vogues of today, they form in almost every respect an admirable assemblage. To be sure, there are areas that seem out of balance to the modern eye. There is too much emphasis by far on the eighteenth-century English portraitists—Romney, Gainsborough, Lawrence, and so on—and on such of the fashionable French as Lancret and Fragonard. But these serve to give a period flavor to the collection, and in compensation there is a considerable array of truly outstanding paintings.

The cream of the collection, to my mind, is the Turners. I don't know what led Mr. Frick to invest so heavily in these, for it's my impression that when he was buying them they were not a particularly sought-after commodity. Yet he acquired no less than five—a fair number even now for a private collection—and every one is exceptional. All but one are of Turner's middle period, when he had already embarked on his then revolutionary studies of light and color but had not yet carried them to the practically abstract extremes of his later years. Possibly the most impressive is the luminous "Harbor of Dieppe"—a large and enormously active canvas, full of people and movement—in which he seems to have set himself the difficult technical task of painting the scene against the sun. In consequence, the light strikes the spectator more or less head on, in a flashing series of ricochets and reflections from the boats and from the buildings fronting the *quai*, and in what amounts to a golden torrent along the surface of the water. "Fishing-Boats Entering Calais Harbor," an earlier work, is almost equally impressive, though less daring in style, and among the others, and even more restrained in treatment, is the well-known exquisite and serene





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"Mortlake Terrace: Early Summer Morning."

Turner was in many respects the first of the Impressionists. But the Impressionists seem to have known little about him. It was Constable they revered, and there are a couple of Constables—most especially the riverside landscape "The White Horse"—in which one can see some of the aspects of his style (in the treatment of foliage, for example) that attracted the Impressionists to him. But there's not much sense listing selections from so extensive a collection. Merely to suggest the wealth of it, I'd cite Rembrandt's late and wonderful "Self-Portrait," the big Giovanni Bellini called "St. Francis in Ecstasy," Velázquez's "Philip IV of Spain," and the utterly charming and intimate "Mistress and Maid," by Vermeer.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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[House Bill No. 281, General Assembly of Pennsylvania, introduced by Mr. Harvey P. Murray]

#### AN ACT

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The words of the song are as follows

1st verse Pennsylvania hills are lovely  
Our lowlands are fairylands too  
When the sun comes up in the morning  
Our valleys are covered with dew

2nd verse How we love our hills and mountains  
For they are so high and so strong  
Yet we can and love to ascend them  
Enjoying them for all day long

3rd verse Oh The night so starry peaceful  
So peaceful for me and for you  
E'er the sun comes up in the morning  
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Chorus When the sun comes up in the morning  
And our valleys covered with dew  
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## MUSICAL EVENTS

### Mahler Memorial



LAST week, the New York Philharmonic embarked on what seems to me the most interesting venture of its current season—a Mahler Festival, during which at least five of that great and comparatively neglected composer's symphonies are to be presented on consecutive programs. The reason for undertaking this project at this particular time is, according to the program announcements, that Gustav Mahler was born just a hundred years ago, and that just fifty years ago he made his first appearance as music director of the Philharmonic. We are getting pretty close, however, to the fiftieth anniversary of an event that is of greater historic importance than either of these: the death of Mahler, in 1911, which was also the death of the grand style of symphonic writing, since Mahler was the last of that long string of Central European composers who made the symphony into one of the supreme monuments of musical literature, and the last to write in an idiom that was at once original and expressive. His most noted contemporaries, Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy, had abandoned the symphony for the illustrative symphonic poem, and the former attained his greatest triumphs in the field of opera rather than in the field of abstract music. The Finn Jean Sibelius continued for a few years writing symphonies of a rather specialized character, which partook of the nature of heroic landscape, and which seem lately to have fallen somewhat out of fashion. In Central Europe, however, decadence set in almost immediately.

The year of Mahler's death, as it happens, was a fateful one for symphonic music. It was in 1911 that Schoenberg wrote his first essays in atonality, starting a trend toward sterile formalism that in half a century has eventuated in nothing of much interest to the concertgoing public. Thus, where the symphony as a monumental form is concerned, Mahler seems to have been the last of the giants. None of the subsequent symphonists have spoken with

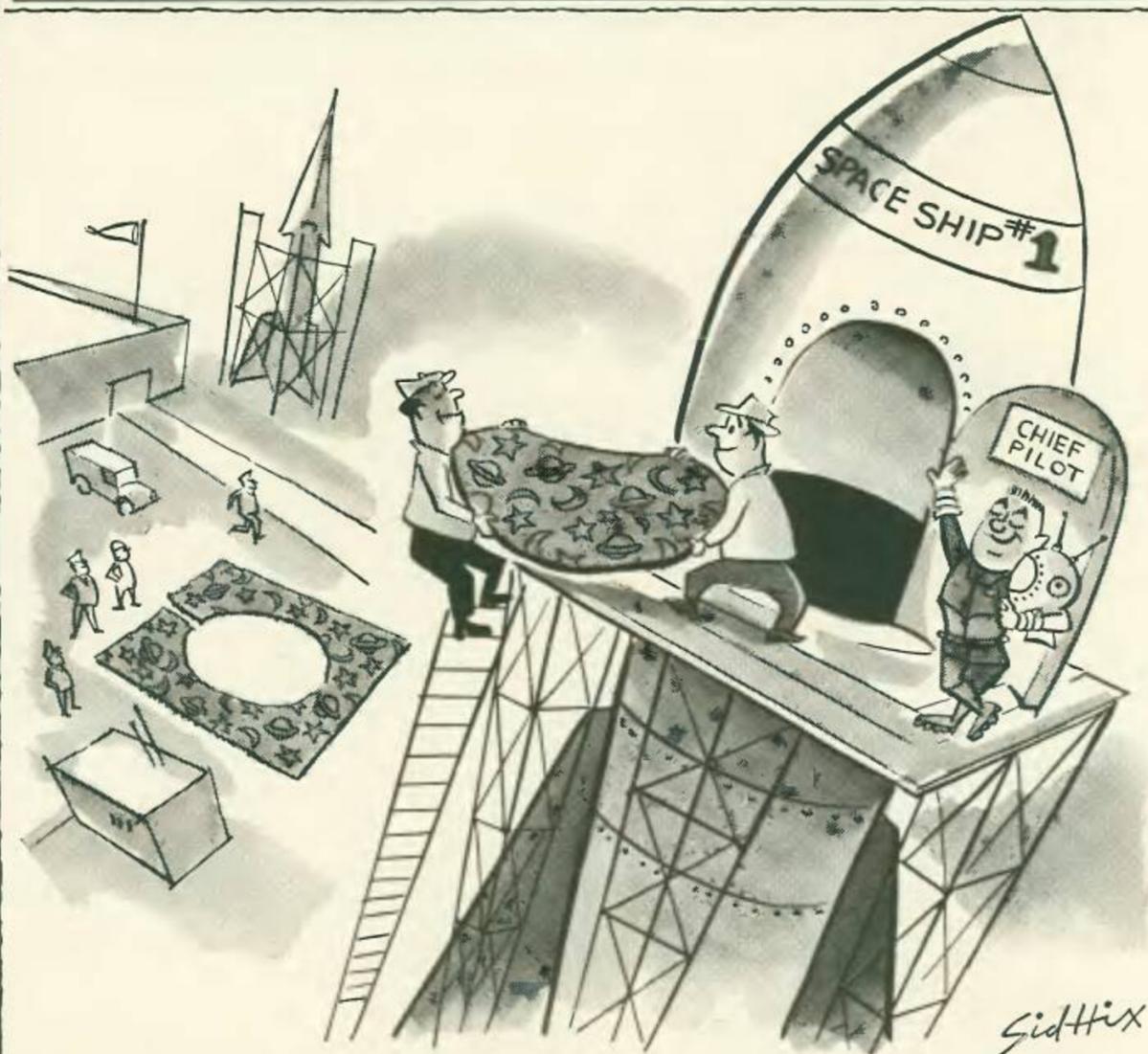
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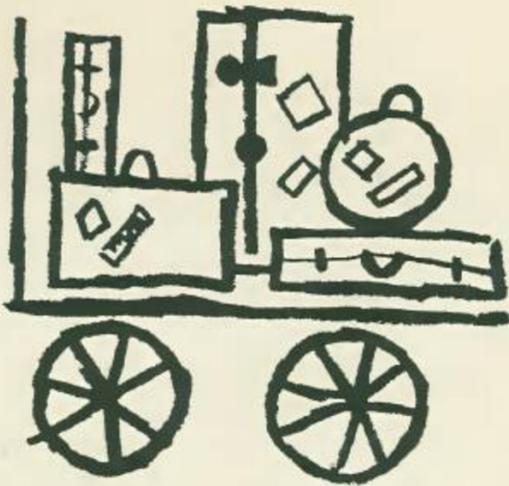
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comparable authority, majesty, tenderness, and eloquence, and many of the best—notably Shostakovich—have paid him the tribute of imitating him. Whether the art of symphonic composition will ever rise again to the level of communicative vigor where Mahler left it is an open question, bedevilled by considerations of tradition, style, and the habits and demands not only of composers but of audiences as well. If it ever does, though, I think the process will consist of cutting back through the tricks and mathematical formulas of most later music and starting again where Mahler left off, with that combination of inspired melodic ideas and large-scale dramatic structure which constitutes the true symphony.

The work chosen to inaugurate the Philharmonic's Mahler Festival was the Fifth Symphony, an immense affair, which one can study at great length without exhausting its manifold subtleties. I shall not attempt to analyze these here. The symphony's total effect is one of deep nobility, and it was obviously deeply felt by the audience. All the characteristics of Mahler's style—the uncanny originality of his orchestration, the almost religious sincerity of his musical thought, the love of nostalgic pseudo-folk melodies, which are woven into the most sophisticated of musical contexts, and the mysterious world of fantasy reflecting the era of Sigmund Freud—are to be found in it. Its loveliest movement in the conventional sense—and certainly its most easily accessible one—is the scherzo, one of those magical Mahler waltz episodes in which gaiety appears strangely mixed with the profoundest sense of human tragedy. Dimitri Mitropoulos, who, I think, is one of the finest of contemporary Mahler conductors, performed the work magnificently, carefully balancing all the devious and iridescent components of the score and choosing tempos with particular adroitness. The Mahler symphony was preceded on the program by Beethoven's Grand Fugue in B Flat Major, which I still found a singularly ugly work, though Mr. Mitropoulos presented it with the utmost clarity.

ON Tuesday evening of last week, in Carnegie Hall, the American Opera Society embarked on one of its numerous historically important adventures by presenting, in concert form, the first half of Hector Berlioz's mammoth opera "Les Troyens." The second half is to follow next week, and the two performances, as far as anybody

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knows, will constitute the first complete reading the work has ever had in this country. Being always interested in, if not always entranced by, Berlioz's music—which seems to me uneven in quality, ranging from the delightful inspiration of "L'Enfance du Christ" to the pure fustian of many parts of the "Symphonie Fantastique"—I attended this event with considerable anticipation. Unfortunately, Sir Thomas Beecham, who had been scheduled to conduct it, and whose enormous *brio* would doubtless have contributed vastly to its effectiveness, had fallen ill, and his substitute, Robert Lawrence, though a conscientious conductor, scarcely did more than hold it together. The work appears to be one of those grandiose conceptions for which Berlioz was famous—in this case, an opera about the fall of Troy and the subsequent adventures of the Trojans in Carthage, as recounted by Vergil. It is easy to see why it has never become part of the standard operatic repertoire, for the orchestral resources demanded (and fulfilled on this occasion by the Symphony of the Air) are staggering, and the drama is rather stilted, in the eighteenth-century *opera-seria* manner. It has, however, some stunning moments of choral and orchestral writing in Berlioz's highly original vein, and some noble declamatory singing on the part of Cassandra, who is the central figure of the first half of the opera, and whose part was taken by Eleanor Steber. Miss Steber, as always, threw herself wholeheartedly into her role, and though her voice was occasionally a bit rough, she managed to make Berlioz's heroine a truly imposing figure. The other soloists—among them Martial Singher, Chester Watson, Regina Sarfaty, and Kenneth Smith, all very good indeed—were left by Berlioz with comparatively little to do. I shall give you a more thorough report on "Les Troyens" when I have heard the second part of the opera. I hope that Sir Thomas will recover in time to conduct it. For the enterprise of the American Opera Society in presenting this neglected and difficult work I can only express the highest admiration.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

#### A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From the *Appleton (Wis.) Post-Crescent*]

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## THREE CHRISTMAS DAYS-III

**T**WENTY-THREE days go by in the Holy Land between the Western, or so-called Latin, Christmas, on December 25th, and the Armenian Christmas Eve, on January 18th, and a year ago, when I was taking in the celebrations at Bethlehem not only of those festivals but of the Greek Christmas, on January 7th, as well, I spent some of that time learning a bit about the strict division of rights among the different Christian sects—rights that I had seen tacitly enforced in numerous churches and other holy spots. This was by no means a period of bleak research, however. In Jordanian Jerusalem, where I was staying, the long Christmas season proved to be a cozy interval. Members of the various priesthoods visited back and forth a great deal—drinking tea, coffee, wine, brandy, and other solvents—and I was a guest at some of these gatherings, where I met several people who proved most helpful in enlightening me. There was bright, sunny weather every day, and although this was a mixed blessing—it meant the continuance of one of the worst droughts in the modern history of the Holy Land—it was still exhilarating, and an unfailing topic of conversation besides; people meeting in the narrow streets of the Old City would stop and talk about the drought, and right after our Western New Year's Day a Franciscan father whom I thus bumped into informed me that his order had begun praying systematically for rain. I was consequently glad, for his sake, when the next day the sky was gray for a while. Nothing fell from it, though, and before long the Greeks had more of a feather in their cap than the Latins, for early on their Christmas morning it showered heavily. The south wind blew and the rain came down in buckets, and the Greek liturgy was widely, if no more than half seriously, given credit for the blessing. But the shower lasted only a few hours, and the water ran off the stone-hard ground immediately, so not much good was done. The drought took hold again, and I wandered around the holy city in the sunshine, hard put to it, in a land where at this season the conflicts between the



Gregorian and Julian calendars are constantly in evidence, to keep the various Christmases, New Years, and Epiphanies straight.

A document I somewhat belatedly got hold of turned out to be illuminating as a guide to the rituals going on all about me. This was a résumé of the observances which had been compiled by the office of the Muhafez, or military governor, in Jerusalem. It was a well-printed, sixty-four-page booklet, the first half in English and the second in Arabic, and it gave detailed stage directions for the conduct of the services that the Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Syrian, Coptic, and Armenian Churches were holding in Bethlehem, in and around the Church of the Nativity and the Grotto beneath its floor. The résumé must have cost a good deal, by Jordanian standards, in money and effort, yet I imagine it was worth every bit of it to the Jerusalem authorities, even though they are predominantly Moslem themselves. As a courtesy, they assist at many of the rituals, and, more important, they are responsible for maintaining order at them—an undertaking that they might find it impossible to carry out if all the rights of all the sects were not set down in black-and-white. As I read the résumé, I discovered that at the services I had already attended—those of the first two Christmases, that is—I had missed many fine points of ritual illustrating how jealously the churches guard their rights. I learned, for instance, that at the Syrians' Christmas Eve ceremony (the Syrians observe the Greeks' Christmas) in the Grotto of the Nativity, in Bethlehem, their officiant had been required to stand "on the bare floor, as mats, carpets, etc., [were] not allowed." But at the Copts' ceremony in the Grotto, that same eve-

ning, their officiant had been permitted to stand "on the carpet placed by the Greek Orthodox facing the Altar of the Star." Since I knew that freedom to place equipment in the Christian shrines was related to other, more substantial rights in them, I took these stipulations as an indication not only of the low estate of the Syrians in the Grotto but also of the dependence of the Copts, for

their slightly higher one, on the tolerance of the Greeks. Elsewhere, the résumé specified just when each sect's icons and other holy articles should be put on and taken off the various altars, and these directions seemed to have almost the force of international law. As a sample, here is a passage from the rules for the Roman Catholic Epiphany procession, which at one stage uses the Altar of the Star of the Nativity in the Grotto only a few minutes after Greek Christmas Eve services have been in progress there:

Immediately before this procession arrives at the Grotto of the Nativity the Government official in charge of the Christmas religious ceremonies requests the Orthodox representative present in the Grotto to extinguish the two Orthodox candles on the Altar of the Star. In case the Orthodox representative refrains from so doing the Government official in charge will direct the District Officer in charge of [the] Bethlehem Sub-District to extinguish the two candles in question. Should the Orthodox representative protest against such an action, a note of the protest should be taken by the Government official in charge and placed on Government official records.

To a seasoned observer of Christmas ritual in the Holy Land, this edict means at least three things: first, that the Catholics have established a right to use the altar at the time specified; second, that the Greeks don't recognize this right and are loath to do anything that might confirm it; and, third, that any necessary steps to harmonize the two positions can be taken only by a nonpartisan authority—namely, the Jordanian government. Indeed, the government acts like an international police force at the Christmas festivities, and the various churches act not unlike hostile nations.

Another document I read with interest was a memorandum concerning the

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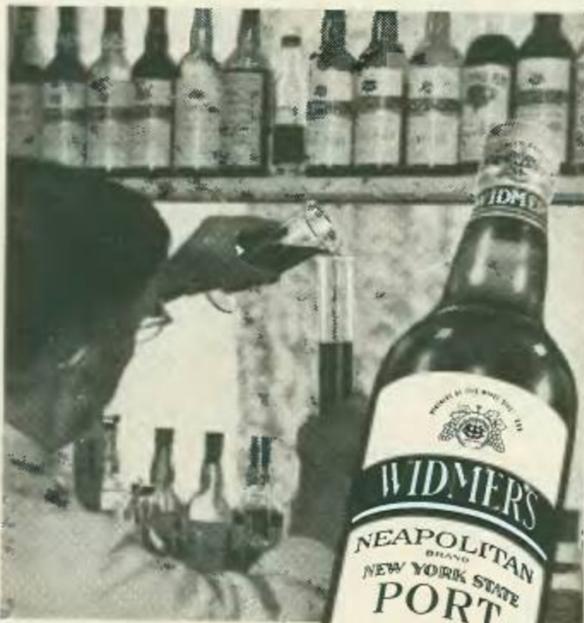
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so-called Status Quo in the holy places; it had been written by a British civil servant in the nineteen-twenties, when Britain was playing the international-police role herself, having recently taken it over from the Turks. The writer of the memorandum, noting that the Turkish Sultan had enunciated the Status Quo about a hundred years earlier, called it one of the "most fluid and imprecise" legal codes in the world. For a couple of centuries before its enunciation, I gathered, the Turks had had substantially the same regulatory powers, but they had been content to let domination of the holy places shift back and forth between the Catholics and the Greeks, depending on which side bribed them more liberally; the Turks made vast sums out of this rivalry, and meanwhile the smaller churches, with only limited purses to draw upon, lost many of their rights. In time, though, for complex reasons involving European power politics, this arrangement apparently became a liability to the Turks, so they drafted the Status Quo, which, however "fluid and imprecise," has now lasted half a century longer than Turkish rule.

As a declaration of still-pond-no-more-moving, the Status Quo has greatly hindered repairs to the Church of the Nativity and the other holy places; under its provisions, no such work can be done without permission from all the sects concerned, for the sect that paid the bill might thereby strengthen its claim on a certain shrine. An Armenian priest had already told me that his people could do nothing to refurbish their dark and primitive monastery adjoining the Church of the Nativity, because certain of the other sects, which have dormant claims there, would not allow the Armenian rights to be thus reinforced; the memorandum confirmed this, and it also stated that in 1926, when the roof of the Church of the Nativity was badly in need of repairs, the Catholics and the Armenians had demanded to have a share in paying for them, but the Greeks, whose rights were dominant there, had refused this and had thereby hung the project up for several years before the repairs could be made. Cleaning the holy places, I read, is another ticklish matter; only after many incidents, more or less violent, had the Catholics established the right to clean the narrow strip of floor by which they pass through territory normally Armenian in the course of processions between their own church and the Grotto of the Nativity.

One place I often visited in Jerusalem was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a Christian shrine roughly equal to the Church of the Nativity in age and importance and in the warmth of the intersect struggles waged there. (The keys to the church, incidentally, are held not by Christians but by hereditary Moslem caretakers, the first of whose line were appointed in 638 by the Caliph Omar, in the hope of insuring peace among the Christian sects claiming rights in the building.) At the time I was in the holy city, great scaffoldings had been erected inside the church, as evidence that repairs were contemplated, but I heard that the Greek Orthodox Church was resisting the repairs (and still is, I understand), out of fear that they might uncover ancient Crusader handiwork in the interior, and so strengthen the Roman Catholic position there. In the early years of the nineteenth century, I knew, the Greeks, who had a strong hand in Jerusalem then, had renovated the church, and they had subsequently been accused of having covered up as many Crusader touches as they could.



**D**URING the season of Christmases, I visited St. Mark's Monastery, the Syrians' headquarters in Jerusalem, to talk with a young priest there—Brother John, I shall call him—whom I had met at one of the gatherings around town. St. Mark's is a small building, but a fascinating specimen of the ancient limestone architecture of the Holy Land. It stands on a site that is considered sacred because of at least three events traditionally believed to have occurred there—the Last Supper, Christ's dispelling of the doubts of St. Thomas after the Resurrection, and the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost. In theory, a metropolitan resides in St. Mark's, but none was there at the time of my call, and I did not bring this subject up in my conversation with Brother John, for the incumbent was, in fact, *persona non grata* with the government in Jordan, having taken some of the Dead Sea scrolls to America several years before. I had read that he was currently living in New Jersey.

I found Brother John sitting in his cell, which I recognized as typical of many Eastern priests' living quarters in Jerusalem. Its walls were of rough stone, whitewashed, and so thick that its single window was set in a recess several feet deep. It had a wooden door that was but loosely fitted in its frame, and the whole place was chilly and

austere. Father John's clothing hung from pegs along one side of the cell, and his books and the rest of his worldly possessions lay on open shelves. Included among these were three or four inexpensive, bright-colored religious pictures. Brother John welcomed me effusively, waved me to a seat, offered me candy from a tin box, and began to talk. A thin, intense young man, he had a clear skin, illumined, it seemed, by an underlying flush, and his long dark beard came up high on his cheeks. His hair was long, too, and on it he wore the helmetlike black cap of the celibate Syrian priest. He talked quickly, fluently, enthusiastically, and with ill-disguised partisanship, giving the impression that nearly all the world's strength, courage, and brilliance were concentrated in the Syrian fold. He also made remote history sound interesting, if somewhat like a series of wild rumors.

"The first Christians in the Holy Land were Jews by origin," he said. "But they had to leave here in 70 A.D., when Titus crushed Jerusalem. They went away to Pella, over beyond the Jordan, and that was the end of them; their church died out in exile. But meanwhile the Syrian Christians had come here from the north, and from Mesopotamia, and they kept the faith alive in the Holy Land. They built the first Church of Saint Mark's—right here on this site—in 73 A.D., and for more than two hundred years after that they were almost the only Christians in the Holy Land. Then, in about the year 430, the Nestorian heresy split the Syrian Church apart and weakened its ties with the Christians in Europe." Brother John did not explain just what the Nestorian heresy was—and I despaired of getting him to—but he did make it plain that he had a low opinion of the whole affair. He described it as a trick. "It was a trick of the Byzantines and Latins to divide the great Syrian Church," he said. "You know the saying that if you divide a people you can govern them all." He was no more explicit about the Monophysite heresy, which he said had come along two decades later and had further split up the Syrians, as well as separating the Armenians, the Copts, and the Ethiopians from the Western Church, but he gave me a very good idea of the regional fervor that it aroused. "In the fourth century," he went on, "we had three thousand monasteries and ninety thousand monks around Edessa alone. But then the Greeks began slaying us as Monophysites. They slew and slew. They slew us in our monasteries. Millions of

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us." There was no questioning this figure, for Brother John was worked up now, sitting forward, with eyes alight. He showed me a high sign that the Monophysites had used in those old days; it was made with the thumb and the first two fingers, the index finger being most prominent. "Because of this sign," he said, "the Greeks cut off our index fingers when they were persecuting us. They cut off forty camel loads of fingers altogether, and carried them away—and a camel, you know, can support a weight of three hundred kilograms."

I didn't question this statistic, either, but I later figured out that at that rate forty camels could carry about thirteen tons of fingers. I merely encouraged Brother John to go on.

"That is why the Greek priests have since taken to wearing their hair long—out of regret for those massacres," he declared. "And we Syrians did not forgive them. In the seventh century, our hatred of them led us to help the Moslem Arabs conquer all this region from the Byzantines, who, of course, included the Greeks. After that, the Arabs were very sweet to us for three hundred years. We call it the golden time. And we gave them all their education." But then, it seemed, the relationship had gone sour, and the Arabs and other Moslems intermittently persecuted the Syrian Christians right down through the centuries. "As late as 1914," Brother John said, "the Moslem Kurds bombarded Syrian Christians up north of here with artillery, but the cannon balls miraculously bounced back at them."

Barely pausing to let this phenomenon sink in, Brother John continued, "The Turks massacred us several times. They hung our bishops over the doorways, like cats. Two hundred and seventy-five years ago, they massacred fifteen thousand of us here in Jerusalem. Before that, we had six monasteries here, and many rights in the holy places. Afterward, our brothers the Armenians took care of those rights. We would have done the same for them. It was the custom; if one was massacred, the other would take care of the victim's rights. But the Armenians were like Judas. The only Syrian left here was an old monk with one eye, and then an old archbishop came to join him. The Armenians would say to them, 'You are old, and sweeping is hard. Let us do it for you.' Or they would say, 'You cannot see those candles well. Let us light them for you.' And the old archbishop, in his innocence, let them, and now the Armenians hold those

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**NOBODY TELLS ME WHAT TO DO**

(I'll do my own maxim-writing, thank you!)

Who are the know-it-alls responsible for the euphuistic rules by which we live, the maxims that everyone follows, most quote and no one questions? Well, I question. I've seen hesitators who were not lost, slow-but-steadiers who ran last, stitch-in-timers who saved naught. And I am launched into writhing gales of uncontrollable laughter by the saw that says, "half a loaf is better than none." Better not to loaf at all, say I, than to do it half way. If you're going to loaf—and what a splendid thought it is!—go it all the way. And the most sensible place I know for loafing whole-heartedly is at the Ivanhoe By-The-Sea. Nice, loose, free-and-easy setting. Chummy guests. Fun. All-the-way Facilities (including TWIN swimming pools). Right-there-when-you-want-it Service. Double-helpin' species of Food. There's the famous Pump Lounge, too—gayest little bistro this side of the Left Bank. And this season at The Ivanhoe (to gild the lilies!), there are so many loaf-able NEW features—from individual-room-control air-conditioning to big-name entertainment poliev. So, if you are serious about your loafing (and heaven knows you should be!), leave the half-loaf measures to others—it's The Ivanhoe for you!

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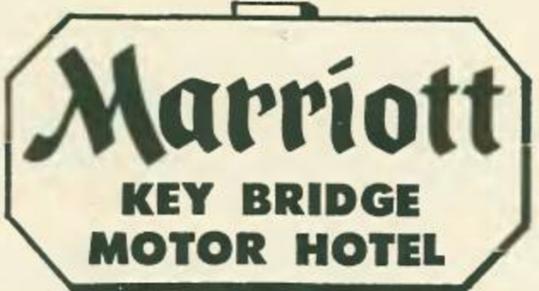
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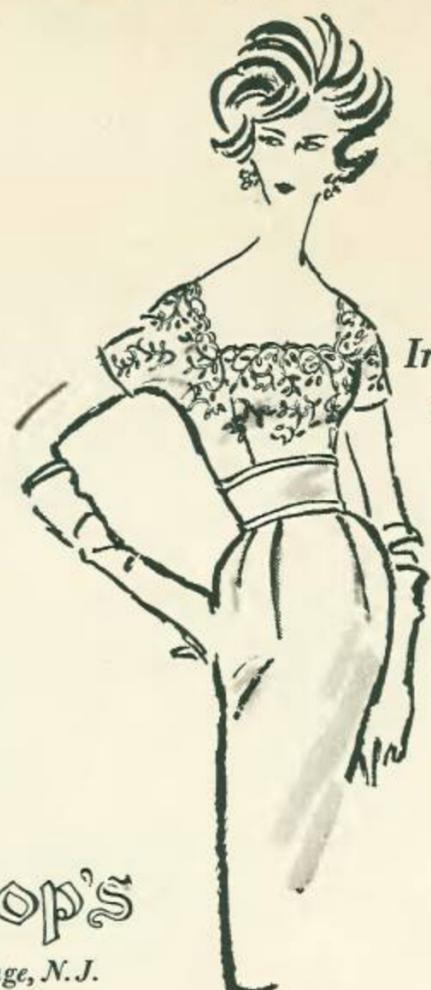
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rights. They say they are only serving the Syrians, but they hold the rights."

At length, Brother John brought his recital of grievances to a close, and I thanked him for his hospitality and departed. I had no desire to inquire further into some of his more arresting statistical revelations, but I did want to know more about the two great heresies that he had mentioned as having wrought such havoc among the Syrian Christians. No sooner had I started to look into these than I could see that I was up against one of the most dizzyingly complex assortments of controversies in the history of mankind. While I nevertheless went ahead and tried to straighten out the tangle to my own satisfaction, I realized from the first that only the most superficial account of my findings could have any place in a chronicle of Christmastime in the Holy Land, and that about the best I could do would be to indicate why all is not heavenly peace there at this season.

After leaving Brother John, I consulted two young American Catholic priests I had recently met—Fathers Smith and Collins, let us say. Both were studying in Jerusalem and both had been trained to look at things in the dispassionate Western manner, although, of course, if there were two sides to a question, the Roman Catholic and another, they would take the Roman Catholic. As they explained things, the Nestorian heresy—named for Nestorius, a Syrian bishop—was an unwanted by-product of the Ecumenical Council of Nicaea, which the Roman Emperor Constantine the Great convoked in 325 A.D., with the idea of establishing a centralized religion for his centralized empire. The council formulated the Nicene Creed, which is still in effect among the Roman Catholic, the Greek Orthodox, and several Protestant churches, and which holds, to put it very simply, that God is One, and not Three. Many people could not see the matter this way, and during the next hundred years various heresies sprang up, under such labels as Sabellianism, Tritheism, and Semi-Arianism. These were splinter groups, but then along came the major Nestorian heresy, whose adherents maintained that Christ was actually two distinct persons—one human and one divine. Nestorianism was condemned by the Ecumenical Council of Ephesus in 431 A.D., causing the Nestorians to break away from Constantinople and move to what is now Mesopotamia, where their church still survives.

Two decades later, the Monophysite



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heresy began to sprout, its fundamental tenet, which went even further than the Nicene Creed did in opposing the principle of Nestorianism, being that Christ was not only one person but had one "physis," or "nature," the divine in him having sublimated, or transformed, the human. "Monophysitism attracted many pious elements who wanted to revere Our Lord's divinity, rather than his humanity," Father Collins said. "But in 451 it was condemned by the Council of Chalcedon, which agreed that Our Lord, while only one person, had both a divine and a human nature. After that, Monophysitism went underground, and by 500 it was very strong in Alexandria."

"Some Greek monks saved Jerusalem from going Monophysite," said Father Smith. "They moved down here from Cappadocia, in Asia Minor, and infiltrated the Syrian Church, installing their own men in key positions and gradually taking over. It was quite a struggle, but they won out in the end, and that is why the Greek Orthodox are so strong in the Holy Land today. But the Syrian Church itself went Monophysite, and so did the Armenian, Coptic, and Ethiopian Churches—and that is why they are separate today."

At that point, I came up with the natural foolish question of a Western outsider. "What difference did these issues make to the worshippers?" I asked. "Pragmatically, could it have mattered to a worshipper whether Our Lord had had one or two persons, or one or two natures?"

"Oh, in those days people could never have looked at it pragmatically," Father Smith replied. "They didn't think that way."

"Besides," said Father Collins, "if Nestorius was right, then only part of Our Lord died on the Cross. On the other hand, if Monophysitism was right, there was no human suffering involved."

Both priests fell silent then, as if there were nothing further to be said on that subject, and I suppose that, from their point of view, there wasn't.

I turned to the question of the schism between the Greeks and the Latins. Doctrinally, this hinged mainly, I gathered from the priests—and from some non-Catholic written sources I later read—on the word "Filioque." The Nicene Creed states that the Holy Ghost "proceedeth from the Father," but around 1000 A.D. the Latin Church tacked the word "Filioque" ("and from the Son") onto this phrase. The Greeks never forgave

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that reordering of the Trinity—not for reasons of dogma, apparently, but because they couldn't tolerate a purely Roman change in a creed that had been adopted by the full Church. For the Greeks were wary of the Pope's growing power, which was made possible by the fact that his status had grown to be very different from that of the Patriarch in Constantinople. For one thing, the latter was merely a religious leader subject to the Byzantine emperor, and, for another, he had a generally sophisticated laity, with the tradition of Greek philosophy behind it, and these two circumstances combined to prevent his becoming an autocrat—either temporal or ideological. The Pope, on the other hand, was in the advantageous position of having the no-nonsense Roman tradition of law and organization behind him and, at the same time, of operating in a political chaos—rather than in an empire—with a mainly illiterate laity; as a consequence, he had come to be regarded as the great all-round authority in his world. The more tightly organized the Roman system became, the harder the Greeks found it to accept Rome's claim to leadership. The two churches, each speaking a different language in an era when long-distance communication was difficult at best, had been drifting apart anyway, and when, in 1453, the Turks seized Constantinople and put the Greek Church behind their curtain, the break became complete.

While Fathers Smith and Collins could hardly have been expected to present the background of the break entirely in this light, they were able to talk more objectively about Rome's comparatively recent relations with the East. To a large extent, it seemed, these were tied up with the so-called Uniat churches, which were springing up at the time of the Crusades. "The Uniat churches are Eastern sects that left some larger church there, and then, either at once or later, joined the Church under Rome, but have never given up their old liturgies and customs," Father Smith said. "In effect, 'Uniat' means 'Catholic,' and a better term for Uniat Christians is 'Greek Rite Catholics,' or 'Syrian Rite Catholics,' or whatever their sectarian antecedents may be. The oldest, and one of the biggest, of the Uniat churches is the Maronite, which broke off from the Syrian Church way back in the seventh century and was admitted to the Roman Church five hundred years later. The case of the Syrian Christians grows more complicated the farther you pursue it. For in-

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stance, the Syrian Rite Catholic Church was detached in the seventeenth century from the Syrian Monophysites, but there is also an *East Syrian Uniat Church*—more usually called the Chaldean Church—which was detached in the sixteenth century from the Nestorians. Nor is that all. The Syrian Monophysite Church is known in America variously as the Syrian Church of Antioch and the *Assyrian Church of Antioch*. And so it goes. Most of the Uniat churches are represented in America, by the way. Their priests, like those of other Eastern churches, marry, and when married priests go and serve in America, as they often do, the Latin Catholics there who hear about them are likely to be shocked."

**T**HE abiding Eastern fear of Latin strength as it persists in Jerusalem today was made clear to me in a few words by an Armenian priest I shall call Father Turusian. "The Latin Church is a big fish," he said to me one day when I had dropped in at his whitewashed cell in St. James's Monastery, the local Armenian base of operations. "We others are little fishes. Big fishes like to swallow little ones, you know, and the little fishes' job is not to let that happen." Father Turusian was a short, square-built, strong man, good-humored and humorous, with a well-shaped head and small, square hands, and a black-and-white beard, also small. He had spent some years in America, where he had parishes in New Jersey and in a couple of Massachusetts mill towns, but he seemed thoroughly at home and at ease there in his bare little cell. I found him perhaps the most congenial of all my Christmas acquaintances in Jerusalem.

"The Armenian king made Christianity the state religion back at the beginning of the fourth century," Father Turusian said, offering me candy from a tin box (a Christmas custom in the Holy Land, I gathered). "We think there have been Armenian Christians here in Jerusalem from very early times. The Romans had an Armenian legion in Asia Minor, and we think some of the soldiers who were Christians came down here. And there was definitely an Armenian patriarch here by the eighth century, for the Caliph recognized him then. It is believed that in the time of the Crusaders we had big monasteries in Palestine, and even whole villages. Old mosaics are often uncovered here now with Armenian writing on them. If the Catholics or the Greeks uncover them, however, they are likely to cover them up again. At



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crucial moments and crucial places in the Holy Land, you see, there is apt to be a rivalry among the Catholics, the Greeks, and ourselves. The Syrians, Copts, and Ethiopians are apt to follow the Armenian lead in these matters, rather than contending on their own."

I doubt whether Brother John, my Syrian friend, would have endorsed this last statement, but I believe Father Turusian was giving the Armenian view candidly and with a generous share of the characteristic good nature that he showed in discussing other aspects of the churches' strife. "I suppose an outsider must have trouble understanding," he said. "But if you are taking part in the struggle yourself, and doing it to worship God, you see much more reason for it. Your struggling and your vigilance are tokens of your faith, and you must make certain that no one else outdoes you. Consider, for example, the cleaning of the Church of the Nativity. The Latins are entitled to clean certain parts of the building's exterior, and while they are doing so they always try to climb in through the windows and clean the inside, too. The Greeks fight them off, to prevent the Latins from claiming to own the place. And thus each tests the other's diligence."

Presently, I rose to leave. Father Turusian rose, too, for he had an errand to do. On his bare head he put a conical hat of a stiff material, but it was not too stiff for folding, as he showed me, and was therefore convenient when traveling. Over it he put a black Ku-Kluxish hood, or cowl, of heavy watered silk, making him look impressive and a bit mysterious—almost like a character from science fiction. "In Jerusalem," he said, "we are supposed to dress like this when we go out on the street, but I never used to in New Jersey. It might have caused a riot, don't you think?"

I said—truthfully—that I did, and then we left.

**B**ECAUSE of the language barrier, I had had trouble discussing the position of the Ethiopians and the Copts with priests of those sects, but I picked up a good deal of information on the subject that evening by rereading what the memorandum on the Status Quo had to say concerning their individual rights in the holy places. Both churches, I learned, had been almost squeezed out of Palestine in the seventeenth century by the high cost of Turkish bribes, but the Copts, whose church, of course, has always been wholly Egyptian, had made a comeback early in the nineteenth, thanks to the

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Egyptian military, which occupied the Holy Land for a decade or two, making it possible for Coptic priests and laymen to move there in good numbers. In 1838, a plague devastated Jerusalem, and, as it happened, all the Ethiopian priests there died, whereupon the Copts, pleading the danger of contagion, persuaded the leader of the occupying forces to let them burn the Ethiopians' documents, including their title deeds to various holy places. Some years later, the Ethiopians found a champion in Czarist Russia, which was seeking ways to throw its weight around in the Middle East, and fixed on helping the Ethiopians regain their property in Jerusalem as one of them. For more than a century, the Ethiopians' title deeds were naturally in dispute, and the British, while carrying out their mandate in the Holy Land, listened to much argument about them. The Ethiopians, of course, were unable to produce the deeds, burned so long before, but they maintained that copies still existed—in Ethiopia and unfortunately out of reach, since they were in the hands of an elusive Russian baron there. His name, they said, was Nicholas Chef d'Oeuvre.

The fantastic improbability of all this was not lost on the mandatory authorities, but the Ethiopians nevertheless held on. And when I was in Jerusalem they had a reasonably good position there, and so did the Copts. The latter had a sizable compound near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with a church of its own, a school, a little shrine right next to the Sepulchre itself, a monastery, and about fifteen resident monks, who ministered to the Coptic flock in the Holy Land, which they said numbered three thousand. The Ethiopians also had a monastery near the heart of things—a group of little blocklike whitewashed houses built on the flat, tiled roof of an old church, held by the Armenians, that adjoins the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. "A cluster of hovels," these monastery buildings have been called by one European writer, but I don't think this does them justice. The houses resembled those of a North African or Middle Eastern village, it is true, but they were very clean, with woodwork painted in bright colors and some vividly green pepper trees growing up around them from amid the roof tiles. The houses seemed ideal places for study or contemplation, or whatever it was that the Ethiopian priests busied themselves with inside.

Outside, however, the priests appeared not to be busying themselves with much. Despite the drought and its sunshine, the air in Jerusalem was often

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chilly, and the Ethiopians did not seem keen on going about in it. They evidently preferred the much warmer Jordan Valley, twenty miles to the east, where they had another establishment, and where—as my long Christmas moved on to its close—I saw them again briefly on the afternoon of the Armenian Christmas Eve. On this occasion, they were holding their Epiphany service there beside the River Jordan, while the Greeks, the Syrians, and the Copts held similar services of their own a little farther along the same stream. The Epiphany celebrated by these services of the Eastern Christian churches marks not the coming of the Magi, as in the West, but an intermediate phase of Christ's life—his second, or spiritual, birth, as it is sometimes called, when, at the age of thirty, he was baptized, the Spirit of God descended on him, and he began to preach.

I am glad I went to the Jordan that day, for what I saw there gave me a more vivid understanding of Christ's life and times than anything I had seen up to then. My journey began shortly after a late breakfast, when I set out from Jerusalem in an old seven-passenger taxi driven by an Arab Christian named George, who was a member of the Greek Orthodox Church. I had a picnic lunch with me, and I was looking forward to a nice day in the country—especially since the climate would be more gentle than the one I was leaving. Jerusalem—along with Bethlehem, the main theatre of my Christmas-going—is on the Judaeon Highland, half a mile above sea level, and even the mildest winter there is fairly rugged. The Jordan Valley, on the other hand, is twelve hundred feet *below* sea level—the lowest dry land on the earth's surface—and except for an occasional big storm its climate is always balmy; the land is fertile, and palms, bananas, and citrus trees grow there.

The drop from the Highlands to the Valley is a sharp one, taking but half an hour's drive, on a winding road through the Judaeon Wilderness—a dun and dead land, uninhabitable on a year-round basis for lack of enough water to support farms or gardens. Now and then, as the car snaked down between tawny hills, I saw the flattish dark-brown tent of a Bedouin, pitched beside a wadi, or dry stream bed, where, in places, a little water might conceivably be found, along with some forage for the tenant's goats. The pickings of this sort were slim, though; the goats were gaunt, and they were obviously working hard at ranging for their food. We were mak-

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ing good time now; the big old car swayed dizzily on the curves, but fortunately George was an experienced driver. We flashed past a sign informing us that we were at sea level, and hurtled on down. The valley bottom, when we reached it, was flat and rich, but also brown now with the drought. On we went, through the outskirts of modern Jericho, and presently reached the Jordan, where each of the four sects holding services there had its own site, within easy walking distance of the others. The road leading to these sites, a simple dirt one, was alive with a holiday crowd.

We stopped at the Greek Orthodox site, upriver from the rest, where a few thousand people were on hand, many of them picnicking; orange and banana peels were strewn around the grounds. They were all Arabs, but Christian Arabs, not Moslems, and therefore dressed in Western clothing, for the most part. I left the car and made my way through them toward the river. The sky was blue, and the air was bright, dusty, and rather hot. The river was narrow and muddy-looking—glinting brown in the sun—but flowing at a good speed. It did not deserve the name of river, really; the average young girl, I thought, could throw a stone across it. Its banks were about fifteen feet high, and steep and bare—muddy toward the bottom and dusty toward the top, where an intermittent gray-green fuzz of brush was growing. An Army bridge had been built across the stream, and I walked over this to the other side. Beyond the bank there, the brush continued along the flat ground for a few score yards and then ended at some badlands, almost like those of South Dakota. They rose as high as houses—bare, camel-colored, rounded, and fantastically eroded. They stretched for some twenty miles, I knew, and then the Jordan Valley's eastern side swept back and upward to the hills of Midian. Beyond the hills lay vistas and vistas of desert, then Mesopotamia, and then thousands of additional miles of Asia, and no more Christmas. The river was, in effect, the edge of Christmas.

I turned back and recrossed the bridge. The Greeks had two buildings on their site—a biggish monastery some distance away, and, right next to the riverbank, a large, rickety open shed with a palm-frond roof. A good-sized rowboat with half a dozen seats across it and the Greek Patriarch's monogram—Φ—on its bow lay out in mid-stream, moored by ropes to either bank.

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The bank across the river was now a mass of people, peering out through the brush like the Douanier Rousseau's animals. Most of the big shed was overcrowded, too, but a space in the center was being kept clear by Jordanian soldiers, and soon several priests made their appearance there and began chanting, while the crowd outside babbled and the narrow, muddy stream flowed past below.

A few yards away, a small rowboat was tied up to the bank, and before long two men got in it and went to bring the larger boat ashore. Then there was a flurry of vesting in the shed, and the people in the crowd craned their necks to get a look at a long procession of chanting priests emerging from it. Accompanied by police, certain chosen laymen, and even a few women, the priests paraded down the bank and into the large boat, and suddenly it was full, with more than two dozen persons standing awkwardly in it, trying to keep their balance. A priest on the bank attempted to push the boat off with an oar, but it was so heavily loaded that he could not budge it; it was stuck fast. Finally, three women were made to step back ashore from the bow, lightening the craft enough so that it could get away. It moved slowly back into midstream, where it stopped, held in place by the ropes, while the passengers shifted uneasily about. A bespectacled elder prelate dressed in red then began chanting from a Bible, which was held by two young priests in yellow, each with a candle in his free hand. Once, during this part of the ceremony, the boat listed heavily to port, and the police hastily inched the passengers around to trim it. When the wobbling had ceased, the young priests removed the prelate's spectacles, and he bent over, holding a cross—which represented Christ himself—and dipped it in the water several times. Then he stood up, cap pistols and guns went off here and there in the crowd, and the boat came slowly toward the shore.

AS the crowd dispersed, I started downstream, thinking I would next attend the Syrians' service, but by the time I reached their site, it was all over, so I went on to the Coptic one. A few bearded Coptic priests, vested, and wearing the Coptic headgear—red tarbooshes bound with black turban cloths—were gathered down by the water, on a flight of steps of the sort that in India is called a ghat; indeed, the scene reminded me of ghats at Benares, on the Ganges. The priests



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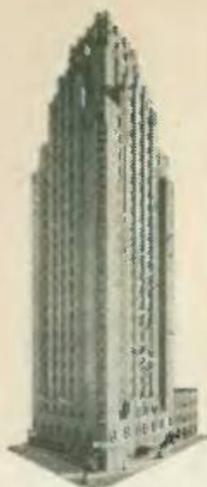
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were passing a Bible to and fro among them and chanting from its text; the words were ancient Egyptian, and the subject was the Gospel story of the Baptism, telling how Christ came up from the water, and the Spirit of God descended as a dove, and God's voice was heard, saying, "This is my beloved Son, with whom I am well pleased." The scene, with its emphasis on water, looked Eastern, not European, to me (I recently read that the Christian Epiphany derives from an ancient water ceremony on the Nile), and I felt that my Christmas had slipped far from the Western world. To be sure, it never had been Western in the popular way. I had been Christmas-going for nearly a month now, and in all that time I had not seen a Santa Claus, a reindeer, a holly wreath, a plum pudding, or a gift-wrapped package. And, thinking of this, I left the bearded priests, who looked sad and exhausted as they sang on, down by the riverside.

I followed the river around a slow curve, passing through a wide flat field and a clump of eucalyptus trees, and came on a ghat that belonged to the Ethiopians—a flight of concrete steps with iron railings, and, near its top, a paved terrace and an arched entrance decorated with a cross, some greenery, and a painting of the Baptismal scene. A small group of people were standing around, and among them I noticed an American priest I had met in Jerusalem, who told me he had come to the Jordan that day to observe some of the fine points of the Eastern liturgies. He added that he was about to call on an Ethiopian priest in the sect's monastery, a large, white-plastered building atop a little rise inland from the river, and he invited me to go along with him. We set out across a fertile plantation belonging to the Ethiopians, and when we reached the monastery, we were admitted by a tall young Ethiopian priest, who showed us to a tile-floored reception room furnished with wicker armchairs. Soon we were served Turkish coffee, and then an older priest entered to sit and talk with us. "Our monastery here was built in the nineteen-twenties, after our king came to the Holy Land and visited the Sacred River," he said. "He saw that our people were sheep without a shepherd, and so he ordered that this church be built." The king in question was Haile Selassie. The priest could not give much time to us, for the service was about to begin, and after a few more minutes we took our leave. He bowed us out graciously, saying, "We are all brothers in Christ."



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We had gone only a short way back toward the river when a bell started ringing in the monastery, and, turning, we saw a procession emerging from it. It moved slowly toward us, and past us: first several black-robed priests, walking quietly in single or double file, then two pairs of colorfully vested priests—one of the leaders was bearing a cross and the other a bell, while the remaining two bore censers—and, behind them, a dozen more of the priests in black. They all walked softly through the verdure, and casually, with random intervals between them.

My companion, catching sight of a couple of American churchmen he knew, went off to speak to them, and I stayed behind to trail the Ethiopians down toward the river, where they gathered on the terrace at the head of the ghat. A Syrian priest—a guest, it seemed—joined them on the terrace, but all the others were Ethiopians. I got a closer look at the robes of the four vested priests, and saw that they were brocaded in brilliant colors—gold on red, gold on green, and so on. They stood out dazzlingly amid all the black robes, which were topped off with black caps, either soft and close-fitting or hard and cylindrical. The priests read aloud from the Scriptures, taking turns, and at length they began to chant, some of them shaking censers with a sound like that of sleigh bells. The odor of sandalwood rose in the air, mixed with the smell of earth and growing things.

There now appeared among the group on the terrace a white-haired bishop of the Ethiopian Church—a man with an unusually kind and dignified air, I thought as I watched him. Presently, he took a beautifully wrought openwork bronze cross from a young priest and started down the steps of the ghat, to the accompaniment of continued chanting. He walked down slowly and gracefully, smiling in a good-humored way, as if the ceremony were fun, however solemn. The other priests followed him—gracefully, too—in procession. On the bottom step, the old bishop bent and dipped the cross in the river, holding it under the surface awhile and moving it back and forth. Then he straightened up, raised it aloft, and, turning toward the priests assembled on the steps, handed it to the one nearest him. The priest held the cross a moment, running a hand over it and patting a bit of the water from it on his face, then passed it to the priest nearest him, who repeated the ceremony, and so it moved gradually upward, from one



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priest to the next. When it had reached the top, the priests withdrew, except for two youthful ones at the water's edge. They produced a brass basin, filled it from the river, and then started slowly up the steps, holding it between them. The bishop walked behind them, and on each step he dipped his hands in the basin, again and again, and simply flung drops of water at the multitude. The drops fell cool on our faces, and we all smiled happily, and so did the bishop. Ministering thus, he reached the terrace, where in time the chanting ceased. The Ethiopians walked back through their plantation to the monastery, while the bell tolled.

I HAD arranged with my driver, George, to wait for me near the Ethiopians' site, and now I invited the American priest to share a ride with me back to Jerusalem. On the way, we picked up a very young Greek priest, to whom George had promised a lift. Our new passenger, who spoke no English, was an untidy-looking fellow; his gown was far from neat, and his hair was done up in a slapdash bun at the nape of his neck. He mumbled morosely to George, who told us that the youth had joined the Church only recently, without much preliminary training, and, being therefore very junior in the Patriarchate, was assigned onerous tasks. "He has to work very hard," George said. "He works as a guard in the Church of the Nativity, watching out for the Orthodox rights. He works at night, and the night never seems to end. He says he fought a Catholic priest the other day. He says he likes the Catholics personally very much, but his duty requires him to fight them."

The sun had set but darkness had not yet fallen as we drove up the inclined plain to Jericho and onto the road that would take us up through the Wilderness. Then, abruptly, we saw in the distance, above the hills to the east of us, beyond the Dead Sea, the big black clouds of a gathering storm, and soon a wind was roaring around us, buffeting our car. It stayed with us while we hurried up the winding road and, as darkness fell, entered Jerusalem.

After dinner, I set out for Bethlehem—again with George—to round out my prolonged Christmastide by seeing at least part of the Armenian services in the Church of the Nativity. On the Western Christmas Eve, I had ridden down over the same road in the retinue of the Latin Patriarch, and on the Greek Christmas Eve I had preceded the Greek Patriarch, but this

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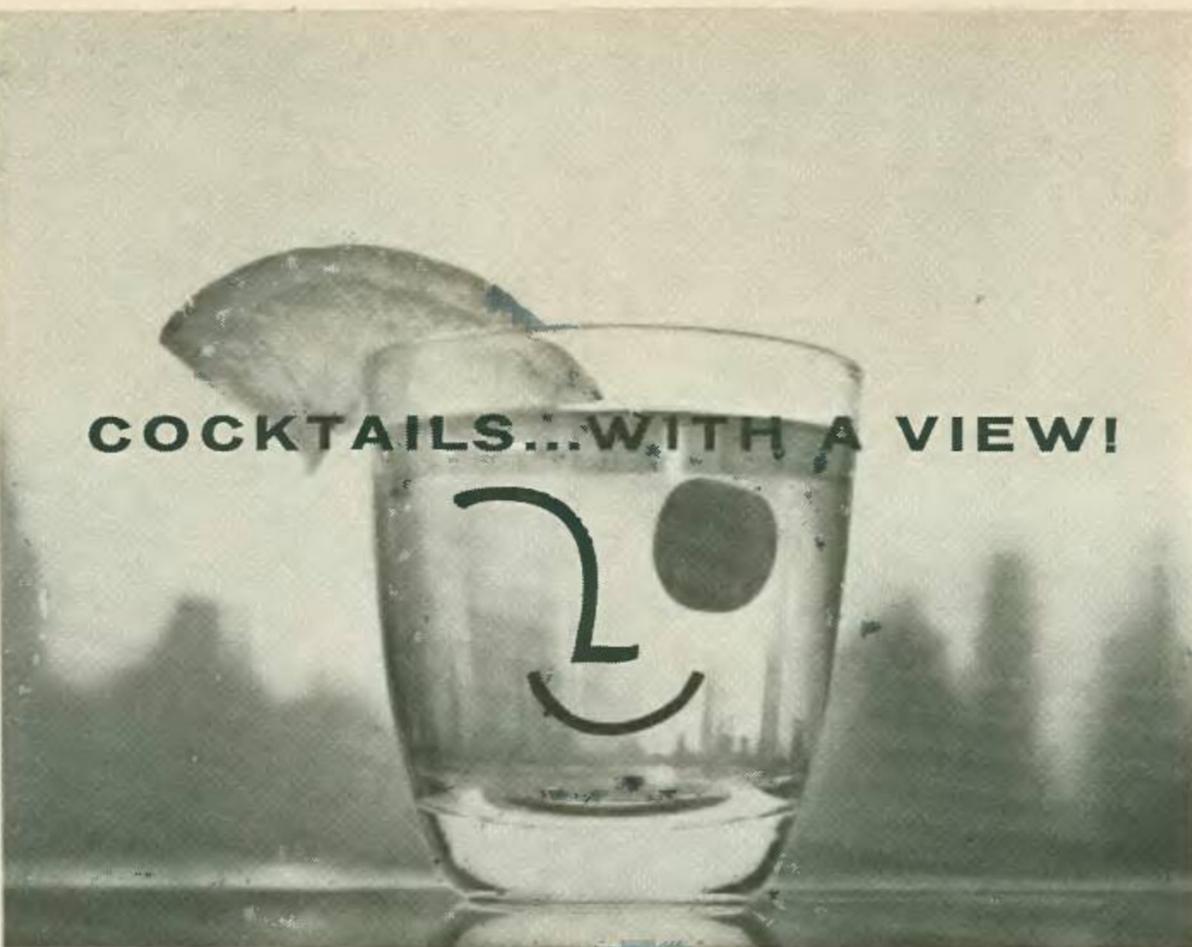
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time I had completely missed the day's procession, which had started in the morning. At the Mar Elias convent, about halfway down the road from Jerusalem, I heard, the Armenian Church dignitaries had been met by the deputy mayor of Bethlehem, the municipal councillors, and a number of Armenian notables, and had given the welcoming committee gifts of chocolate and brandy. But all that had been hours before, and now the black road lay deserted under our headlights. At length, the stone houses beside the road grew more frequent, and about nine o'clock we reached Manger Square, in the center of Bethlehem. There on the far side stood the massive Church of the Nativity, in the midst of the huddle of medieval buildings crowding hard on its forecourt. The square was murky and empty, wholly devoid of the life and bustle I had grown used to there. I got out of the car and wandered about, and saw that the curio shops were shuttered up. Colored lights decorated the evergreen beside the square, but its branches were being tossed against the stormy sky. There had been no rain so far, and, indeed, a fat half moon shone up there in the blackness. But there were clouds up there, too, and the wind blowing across the stone pavement was blustery.

I entered the huge Church of the Nativity by its incredibly small door and walked through the vast nave—empty, dark, and shadowy now—to the northern apse, which is the Armenians' territory. This was lit up, but very quiet. The ordinarily bare stone floor was covered, every inch of it, with rugs. A priest was filling lamps with oil, pouring it from a big, long-spouted pot, and a few Armenian laymen were hanging the lamps up here and there and fixing other decorations. I went downstairs to look at the Grotto of the Nativity. It was bright with lamps and candles, and its floor, too, had been covered with rugs. Back in the apse, I waited around awhile, but it was chilly and uneventful there, so I strolled outside. A few lights glowed in the little town, but they had a wintry, shut-away look. Just off the square, I climbed a narrow flight of stairs to a warm and cheerful Arab tea-house, where two or three dozen men were playing cards, and had a glass of brandy—made by Catholic fathers in the Holy Land. It took the chill out of me nicely.

When I got back to the church, the Armenians' apse was filling up. Bells began to ring in the belfry of the Armenian monastery just across the way,



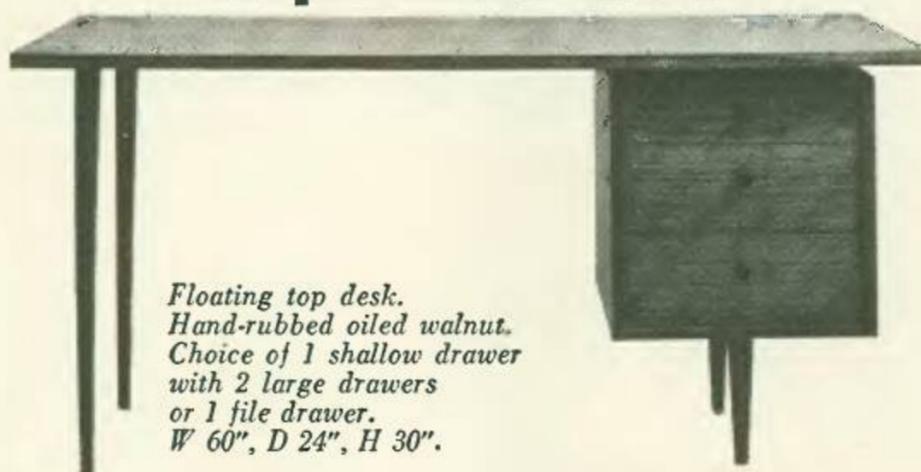
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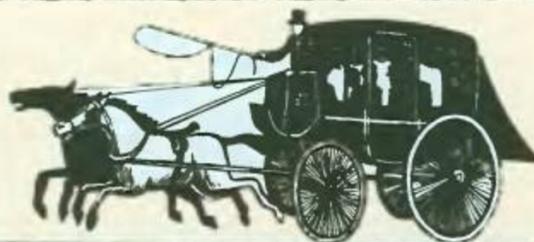
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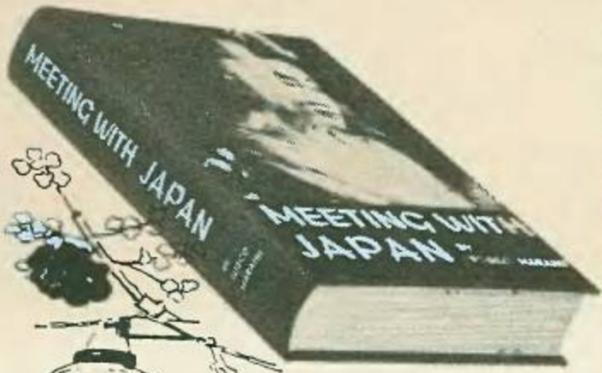
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and then three Jordanian kavasses, or sergeants at arms, came striding slowly up the big nave, banging the ferrules of their staffs on the flagstones with a metallic beat as they advanced. It was the same, grave beat I had heard at both the Latin and the Greek Christmas Eve services. The kavasses were followed by a file of priests, fifteen or twenty strong, in black Armenian hoods. Their faces, by and large, were pale, and some of them wore glasses, which gave them a severe, intellectual look. They seemed quieter and more mysterious than most of the priests I had seen at the Christmas services. Slowly and quietly they approached through the darkened nave, with the kavasses banging ahead of them. When they reached their apse, they took their places there and began to recite, and then chant, their liturgy, to the accompaniment of censing.

The congregation, which can't have numbered much more than two hundred, was much smaller, and much more decorous, than the crowds I had seen on the Greek and Latin Christmas Eves. At first, it consisted, as far as I could tell, wholly of Armenians, except for the inevitable Arab policemen, but as midnight drew near, the Anglican Archbishop in Jerusalem arrived, with a

party of British guests. Around this time, some of the priests changed their black robes for red-and-white striped vestments.

Just before twelve, the bells of the Armenian monastery rang out again, and then another kavass could be heard banging in the nave. He was leading the way for the tall Muhafez—the military governor—resplendent in white tie and tails, with many orders on his chest. By this time, the chanting had reached a crescendo. Finally, the priests, creating a gay, almost peppermint-candy-cane effect in their red-and-white vestments, proceeded down into the Grotto, with the dignitaries behind them, to conduct a candlelight service at the Altar of the Star, which stands above the exact spot where Jesus is believed to have been born.

Having become an old hand at attending services in the Grotto, I decided not to follow them. It was getting on toward one o'clock, and the season's third Christmas had come to the Holy Land. So I slipped out of the church, found George, and went back through the howling darkness to Jerusalem.

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

(This is the last of three articles about Christmas in the Holy Land.)

## TOMCAT

Daylong this tomcat lies stretched flat  
As an old rough mat—no mouth and no eyes.  
Continual wars and wives are what  
Have tattered his ears and battered his head.

Like a bundle of old rope and iron,  
Sleeps till blue dusk. Then reappear  
His eyes, green as ringstones; he yawns wide red,  
Fangs fine as a lady's needle, and bright.

A tomcat sprang at a mounted knight,  
Locked round his neck like a trap of hooks  
While the knight rode fighting its clawing and bite.  
After hundreds of years the stain's there

On the stone where he fell, dead of the tom;  
That was at Barnborough. The tomcat still  
Grallochs odd dogs on the quiet,  
Will take the head clean off your simple pullet,

Is unkillable. From the dog's fury,  
From gunshot fired point-blank, he brings  
His skin whole, and whole  
From owlish moons of bekittenings

Among ash cans. He leaps and lightly  
Walks upon sleep, his mind on the moon.  
Nightly, over the round world of men,  
Over the roofs, go his eyes and outcry.

—TED HUGHES

# BOOKS

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### GENERAL

**THE UNCERTAIN TRUMPET**, by General Maxwell D. Taylor (Harper). A brilliant critique of America's current military strategy and of the way it is formulated. The author says that he was picked as Chief of Staff of the United States Army (he held that post from 1955 to 1959) in the hope that he would be more amenable than his predecessor, General Matthew Ridgway, to the military policies of the Eisenhower administration. He wasn't, and in this book he explains why: "The determination of United States strategy has become a more or less incidental by-product of the administrative processes of the defense budget," and "There is no consideration of the kind and amount of military force we are capable of exerting and its relation to the worldwide obligations we might have to fulfill. Nowhere in the machinery of the government is there a procedure for checking military capability against political commitments. . . ." The greatest flaw that General Taylor sees in our strategy at the moment is that it offers us nothing but a choice between submitting to aggression and fighting a total war. He outlines both his thesis and the administration's countering arguments so clearly that the non-expert reader can easily understand them. The reader may also appreciate the disturbing political problems the General faced. In 1952, the late Senator Taft decided that the Joint Chiefs of Staff ought to be dependably Republican. He had his way, and since his death nobody has revised that strange policy. As a consequence, when there have been differences of opinion about strategy the administration has simply tried to smother public discussion of them. General Taylor plainly had a rough tour of duty in the Pentagon, but, like a good soldier, he isn't complaining about that. He is reporting a situation that he thinks is dangerous, and he makes some practical, optimistic recommendations.

**ADVENTUROUS ALLIANCE**, by Louise Hall Tharp (Little, Brown). A celebration of the happy marriage of Louis Agassiz and Elizabeth Cary. It is not enough to say that Mrs. Tharp is an affectionate biographer;



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# POLES APART

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There's Shakespeare as performed by the local high school players, and there's Shakespeare as performed at Stratford. Both Shakespeare—but there the similarity is likely to end.

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she treats her subjects with the unswerving possessive loyalty of a blood relation. Indeed, for much of the way she resembles nothing so much as a doting aunt whose mind is an inexhaustible and authoritative repository of family memorabilia. Her pages teem with data—birth dates, anniversaries, christenings, traditional outings, engagements, illnesses, deaths, the genealogies of cousins thrice removed, even the pedigrees of friends. But if this family-circle gossip is often tiresome, it is also keen and immediate, and as it accumulates around a man who was not only great but good and around a woman who was his equal in every essential, we see them emerge into real and durable life. Photographs.

THE FRISBIES OF THE SOUTH SEAS, by Johnny Frisbie (Doubleday). This is an utterly beguiling book, and a rather pathetic one. The author is the half-Polynesian daughter of Robert Dean Frisbie, an American writer who went out to Tahiti after the First World War to beachcomb, married a fifteen-year-old girl from the island of Puka-Puka, and sired four brown children. The book tells about how the little Frisbies grew up on the islands of Oceania on practically no money, how Mama died early, and how Papa took over and bravely tended his little tribe, teaching them manners and English and self-reliance, until tuberculosis and unwise drinking habits did him in. Miss Frisbie, who is now in her late twenties and is married to a magazine publisher, is an artless writer, but her book is a pure and unsentimental love story. Drawings by Tom Dunn.

THE PICK OF "PUNCH": 1959, edited by Nicolas Bentley (Dutton). The annual collection of transatlantic fun and foolishness. Its rewards, as always, are the glimpses it provides, in artful prose and graphic art, of contemporary British culture. The phenomena held up to our astonished view this time include such curiosities as hula hoops, television Westerns, black tights, sports cars, water skiing, rock-'n'-roll singers, Abstract Expressionism, parlor games, and "Lady Chatterley's Lover."

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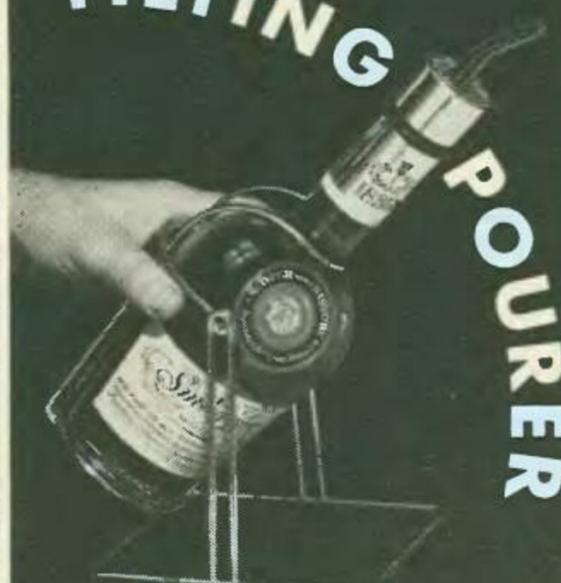


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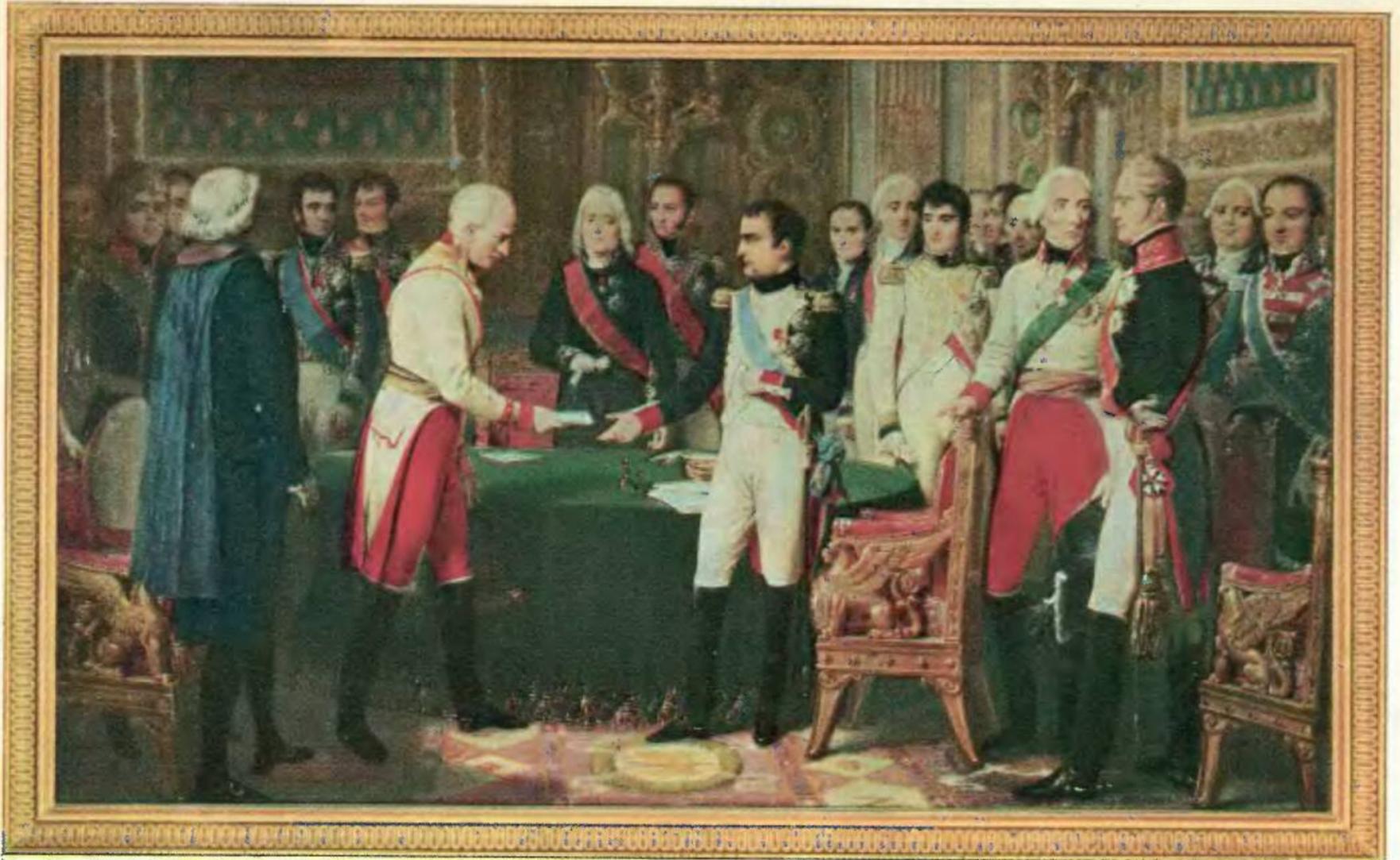
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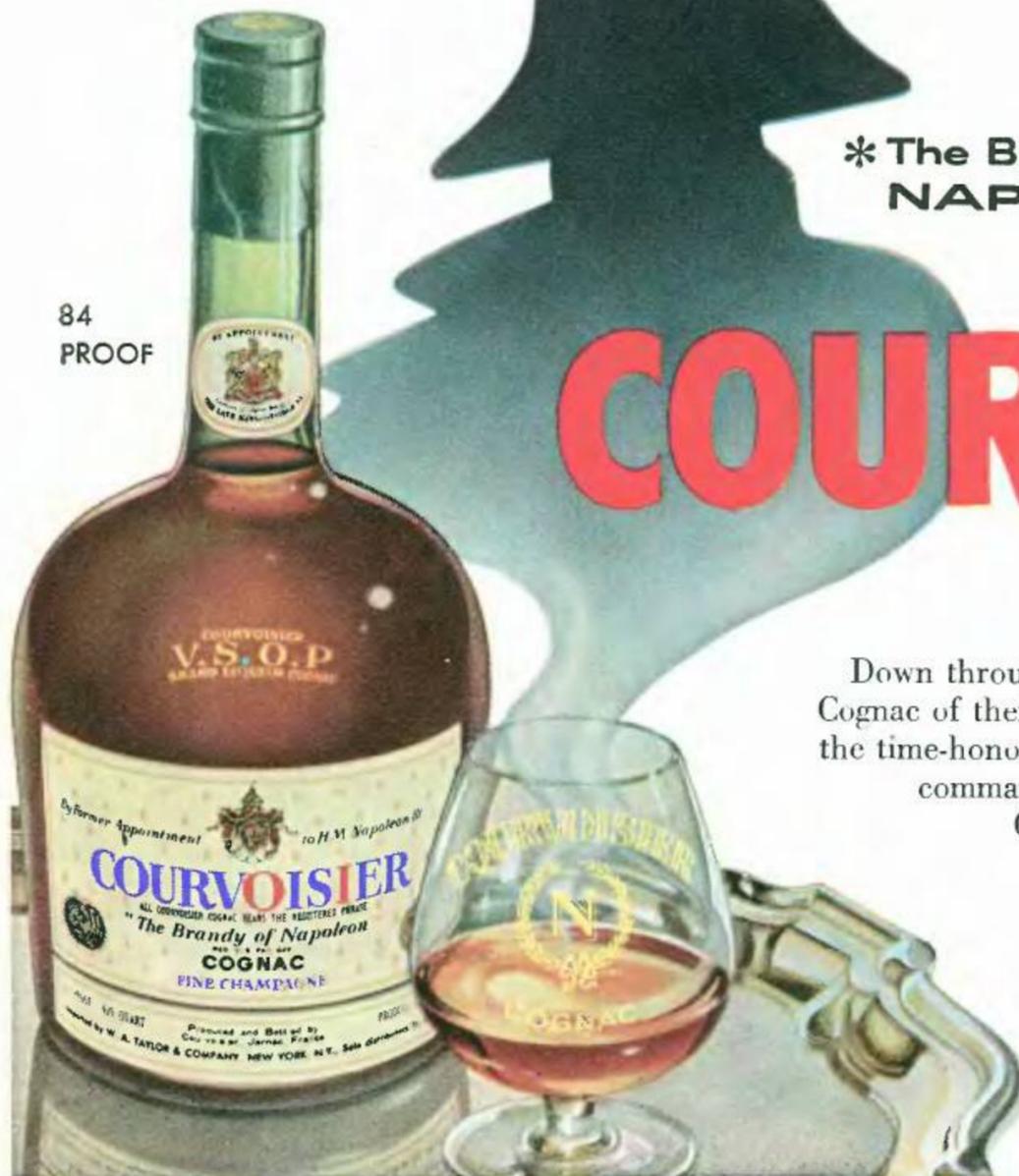
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