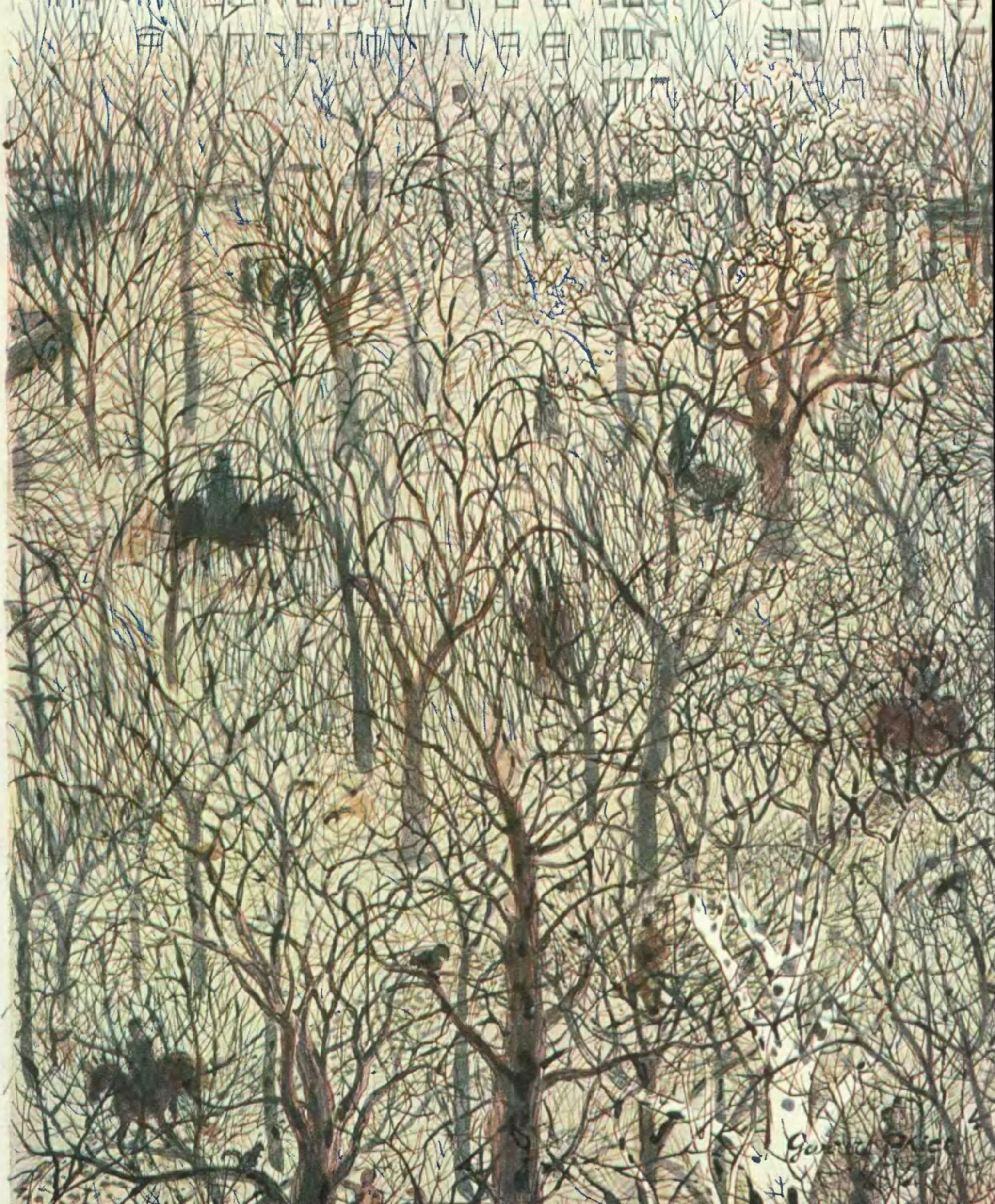


Mar. 19, 1960

THE

Price 25 cents

# NEW YORKER



George Grosz



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

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

### PLAYS

**THE ANDERSONVILLE TRIAL**—Saul Levitt wrote this semi-documentary reconstruction of the trial of Henry Wirz, who ran a Confederate prison camp in which fourteen thousand Yankee captives died. Smooth direction by José Ferrer, with stout melodramatic performances from Albert Dekker, George C. Scott, and Herbert Berghof. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**CALIGULA**—Albert Camus's first play, based on the basest exploits of the least likable Roman emperor and intended to prove that people who seek freedom through dictatorship invariably end up lonely. A portentous piece, romantically staged (by Sidney Lumet), with moments of verbal enlightenment. Kenneth Haigh plays the hero. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Thursday, March 17, at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**FIVE FINGER EXERCISE**—Roland Culver, Jessica Tandy, Brian Bedford, and Michael Bryant are all impressive in this flashy but gelid drama about the way things are in a neurosis-crammed English country house. Peter Shaffer wrote the play, and Sir John Gielgud directed it. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

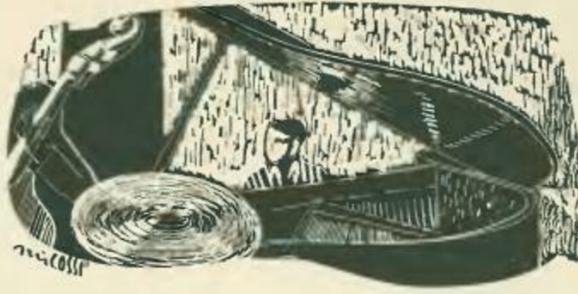
**GOODBYE CHARLIE**—George Axelrod is the author and director of this overlong trifle, in which a lecherous Hollywood bachelor gets his comeuppance by being transformed into a woman. Lauren Bacall is vibrant as the ex-male, and Sydney Chaplin looks suitably distraught as her former buddy. The laughter, however, is spread very thin. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 19.)

**THE GOOD SOUP**—Ruth Gordon is the sputtering sparkler who occasionally ignites this wet little farce by Félicien Marceau, which has to do with the career of a professional cocotte. Vitamins are periodically injected by Garson Kanin, the director-translator, and by such supporting stars as Sam Levene, Ernest Truex, Diane Cilento, and Mildred Natwick. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 19.)

**THE MIRACLE WORKER**—The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan with considerable skill, but the play itself, by William Gibson, is not up to its large theme. (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's sparsely populated play about a couple of strangers (Henry Fonda and Barbara Bel Geddes) who meet in an inn in New England on Christmas Eve and discover, after a good deal of palaver, that one is the husband of a wife who has been certified insane and the other is the wife of an adulterous husband. Regrettably, none of it creates any particular emotional stir. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 19.)

**THE TENTH MAN**—Paddy Chayefsky is responsible for the rich writing, and also for the threadbare thinking, of this parable about a Jewish girl possessed by a demon. Good acting by Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, Arnold Marlé, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5965. Nightly,



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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20	21	22	23	24	25	26

except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**A THURBER CARNIVAL**—Various emanations of the Columbus, Ohio, djinni compressed into an eminently satisfactory revue. Astutely directed by Burgess Meredith, the medley has as its leading figures Tom Ewell and Paul Ford. They, along with the other mimes, do the author proud. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**TOYS IN THE ATTIC**—Lillian Hellman leads the varsity onto the playing fields of Broadway after assorted incompetents have scuffed up the turf. Maybe this story of the disintegration of a New Orleans family beset by sex, money, and foolish fantasies isn't too consistent in its dramatic development, but there can be no doubt that it is the work of a playwright born. Among the actors are Maureen Stapleton, Jason Robards, Jr., Anne Revere, Irene Worth, and Rochelle Oliver. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**LONG RUNS—A MAJORITY OF ONE:** Gertrude Berg and Cedric Hardwicke in a comedy about the autumnal love of a Japanese widower for a Jewish matron. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **A RAISIN IN THE SUN:** A first play by a Negro dramatist, Lorraine Hansberry, about a Chicago tenement family that comes into money. In the cast are Claudia McNeil, Ossie Davis, and Ruby Dee. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly,

except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**AT THE DROP OF A HAT**—Michael Flanders, a bearded lyricist, and Donald Swann, a shaven composer, are the entire cast of this brisk, civilized, and wholly delightful revue, which amused London for more than two years and shows no signs of age. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinéés Saturdays at 3.)

**FIORILLO!**—The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock, with a book by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott, who also directed Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Pat Stanley and Howard Da Silva in a joyous show that starts before the First World War and ends, rather less effectively, in the twitching twenties. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**GREENWILLOW**—A musical tribute, based on B. J. Chute's novel, to a mythical village in the heart of nowhere, inhabited by people as bucolically innocent as Anthony Perkins. Little happens, and it happens slowly and whimsically; the only oddity about the show is that the music and lyrics are by Frank Loesser, who was better employed writing "Guys and Dolls." (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**THE SOUND OF MUSIC**—Mary Martin is as bright as a sunflower, but not even she can do much with this swampy invention—music by Rodgers, lyrics by Hammerstein—based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel looks uneasy as Papa Trapp, and the book is a sugary compound of Lindsay and Crouse. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**TAKE ME ALONG**—A musical adaptation of O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" and a highly successful one. In the estimable cast, directed by Peter Glenville, are Jackie Gleason, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Morse, and Eileen Herlie. The music was written by Bob Merrill, and the book by Joseph Stein and Robert Russell. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**LONG RUNS—DESTINY RIDES AGAIN:** Dolores Gray and Andy Griffith in a musical based on the Western movie about a gun-hating deputy sheriff. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FLOWER DRUM SONG:** East meets West, courtesy of Rodgers and Hammerstein. It all happens in San Francisco, and among the members of the company are Pat Suzuki, Juanita Hall, and Keye Luke. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 20.)... **GYPSY:** The story of how Gypsy Rose Lee got around to undressing in public, put to music by Jule Styne. Ethel Merman is the stripper's mother, and Sandra Church is the young Gypsy. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MUSIC MAN:** Eddie Albert in Meredith Willson's musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Allinson and Pamela Charles are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 2:30.)... **ONCE UPON A MATTRESS:** A musical treatment of the old fairy tale about a princess (Carol Burnett) who detects a pea through twenty mattresses. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sunday, March 20, at 2:30.)... **LA PLUME DE MA TANTE:** A French revue, created by Robert Dhéry, who is also a leading performer, and staffed by such other clowns as Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, and Jacques Legras. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **REDHEAD:** Gwen Verdon is the main attraction of this musical, set in London fifty years ago. Her partner is Richard Kiley, her composer Albert Hague, and her lyricist Dorothy Fields. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 19.)

## OPENINGS

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

**DEAR LIAR**—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a six-week engagement of a two-character comedy, adapted by Jerome Kilty from the correspondence of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Mr. Kilty and produced by Guthrie McClintic, in association with S. Hurok. Opens Thursday, March 17. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**ONE MORE RIVER**—Beverly Cross's London play, with Lloyd Nolan and Alfred Ryder in the leading roles. Presented by Mary K. Frank, by arrangement with Laurence Olivier, and directed by Windsor Lewis. Opens Friday, March 18. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

## OFF BROADWAY

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

**AMERICAN SAVOYARDS**—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, March 17-20: "The Gondoliers."... Thursday through Sunday, March 24-27: "The Mikado." (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**THE BALCONY**—Life in a gaudy bordello, as seen through the sensitive eyes of pervers. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero, and it enlists the services of Nancy Marchand, Salome Jens, and Roy Poole, among others. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**BETWEEN TWO THIEVES**—A play adapted by Warner LeRoy from an Italian original by Diego Fabbrì. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**COME SHARE MY HOUSE**—Elisa Loti in a play by Theodore Apstein. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

**COURTYARD**—A play by Rock Anthony. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-1769. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**THE GOOSE**—A farce by J. I. Rodale, with a preponderantly Negro cast. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**HENRY IV, PART I**—A generally adequate but hardly breathtaking production of Shakespeare's lively classic, with Fritz Weaver, Eric Berry, Donald Madden, and Edwin Sherin. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at

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12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**KRAPP'S LAST TAPE and THE ZOO STORY**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by a heretofore unknown American, Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Donald Davis, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. For four days, Thursday through Sunday, March 17-20, the plays are being presented at the Seven Arts Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St., MU 6-4950, after which performances will be resumed at the Provincetown. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**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, Laurie Franks, 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**—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic 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 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

**LIVING THEATRE**—"Tonight We Improve," by Luigi Pirandello: Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2:40 and 7... "The Connection," by Jack Gelber: Tuesdays and Fridays at 8:30; Wednesdays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569.)

**THE LUNTS**—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne appearing in "The Visit," for a two-week return engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinéés Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 20.)

**ORPHEUS DESCENDING**—Tennessee Williams' play, with Maggie Owens and Bruce Dern. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:15 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

**PARADE**—A sprightly, if not convulsively funny, musical revue that was written, composed, and directed by Jerry Herman. Dody Goodman is the most taking member of a singularly taking cast. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**THE PRODIGAL**—A rather confused, but promising, first play by Jack Richardson. It depicts the process by which Orestes becomes a tragic hero in spite of himself, and features Dino Narizzano, Russell Gold, William Landis, and Tani Seitz. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**THE THREEPENNY OPERA**—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Gerrienne

Raphael (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**THE THREE SISTERS**—Chekhov's drama, superlatively done by a gifted cast that includes Barbara Ames, Peter Donat, Rudolph Weiss, Boris Tumarin, Gerald Hiken, 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.)

**UNDER THE SYCAMORE TREE**—A labored comedy by Sam Spewack, in which a community of ants sets out to imitate human behavior. The resulting possibilities for satire go almost wholly unexplored while the author concentrates on little jokes about life in an anthill. Margaret Phillips, David Hurst, Wayne Tippit, and Gaby Rodgers figure in an appealing cast. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 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 cast are Peggy McCay, Rae Allen, Laurence Hugo, William Redfield, Sada Thompson, and Glen Wayland. (Martini-que 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.)

## DANCE PROGRAMS

**GEORGIAN STATE DANCE COMPANY**—A troupe of sixty Russian dancers, presented by S. Hurok. (Metropolitan Opera House, Sunday, March 20, at 8:40. Practically all seats have been booked; a handful are on sale at the box office. ... Four subsequent performances will be given at Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6800, Sunday through Wednesday, March 27-30, at 8:40.)

## MISCELLANY

**HARRY BELAFONTE**—In a program of songs, with a male quartet and an orchestra. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Final performance Sunday, March 20.)

**ANTA PROGRAM**—Two short plays ("Time to Go," by Sean O'Casey, and "The Coggerers," by Paul Vincent Carroll) presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the sixth in this season's series of matinee programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, March 22, at 2:40. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

## NIGHT LIFE

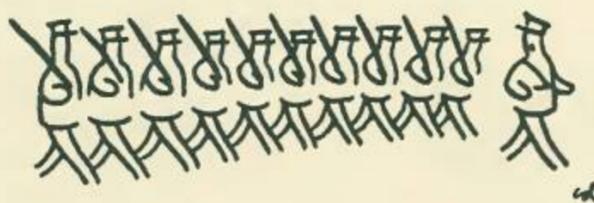
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

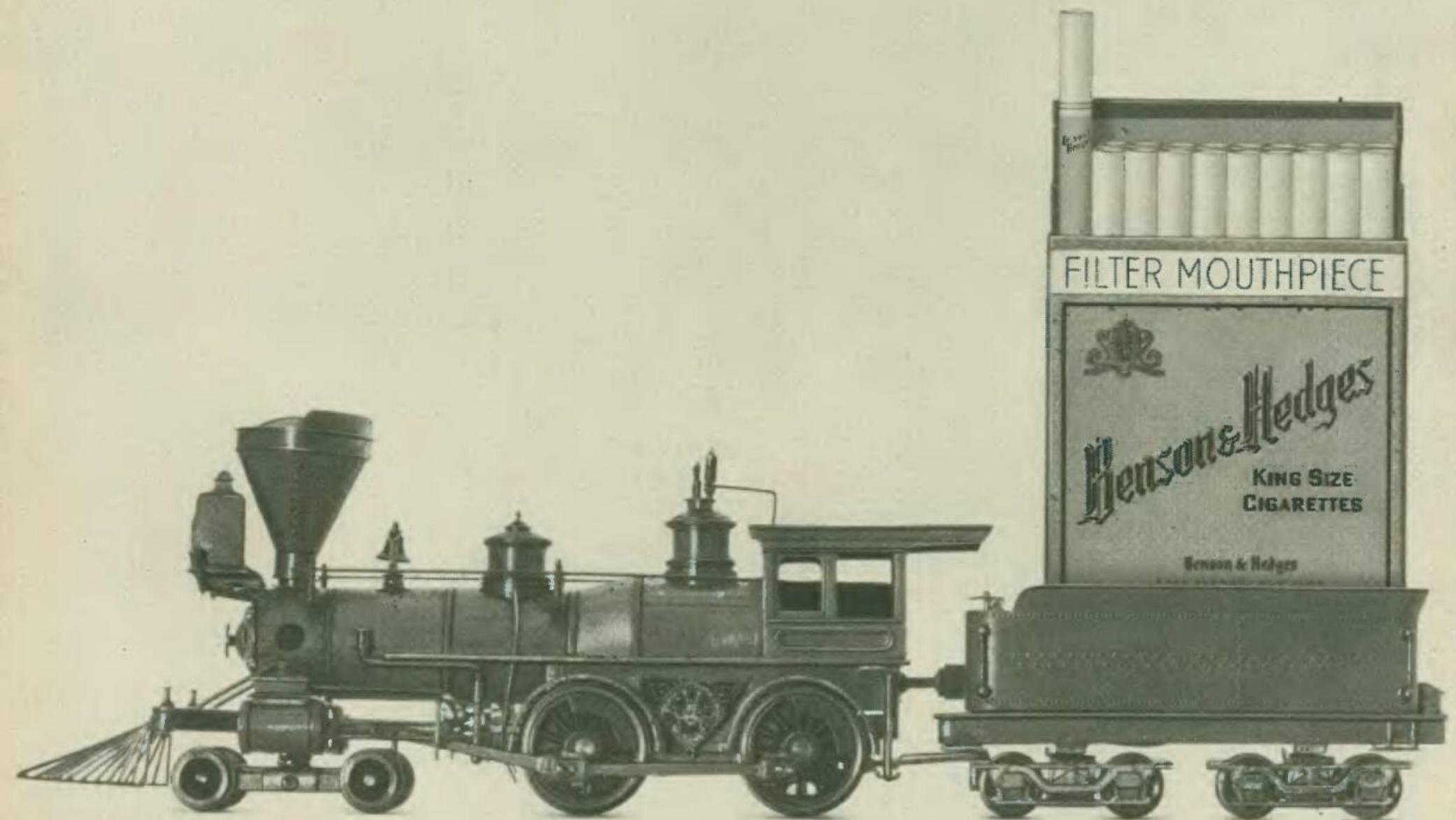
### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**DRAKE**, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—Serge Obolensky, a specialist in the designing of estates for the landed gentry, is the author of *Mon Plaisir*, which is stowed neatly away in the cellar here. Life goes on all evening; the dancing begins at ten and ends at two, except on Sundays, which are nine to one. Closed Mondays.

**EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A goldfish bowl that, oddly, can be filled to the brim with champagne without having any effect whatever on the denizens. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra pipe the customers aboard.

**PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Dolores Perry, Bob Wright, and Jim Hawthorne, a worthy lot of singers, come to the Cotillion Room to praise the works of Rudolf Friml, not to bury them. One march-past daily (at dinner) during the week; on Fridays and Saturdays, a twelve-thirty march-past is added. Music for dancing emanates from an orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel and Dick Leonard's trio. On Tuesday, March 22, the emphasis will shift to the very contemporary Lerner and Loewe,





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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who will be dealt with by a trinity of voices in which Jimmy Carroll, an honest Irish thrush, will be noticeable. Closed Mondays. . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a daily *palais de danse*. The where-withal is the product of a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's.

**PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Hildegard is a Jack-of-all-trades—coquetry, dance, commercials, song, mirth, philosophy, and whatnot—and master of some. She dithers through the Persian Room at dinner and supper. There's also dancing, hour after hour, to the hand-carved music of Ted Straeter's orchestra and Mark Monte's merry squadron of minstrels. On Monday, March 21, the chipper and artful oriole known as Margarita Sierra, who's as Spanish as her name, will become the center of attention. Closed Sundays. . .

¶ Leo LeFleur and his court musicians are in the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour. No dancing. . . ¶ Unperturbed by all this to-do upstairs, the Rendez-Vous, which is town-and-country in both landscaping and populace, keeps on presenting gentle dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Nicholas D'Amico. Their music starts at eight-thirty.

**ST. REGIS**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, where the living is easy, goes its blithe way to the tune of Milt Shaw's small band and Walter Kay's trio, which like to keep the guests dancing. At dinner and supper, there are pauses to permit Patachou, a sturdy soprano, to tread that well-defined path under the horse-chestnut trees of La Ville Lumière. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**SAVOY HILTON**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, a midsummer night in Rome (and a moonlit one), has Gunnar Hansen's band making dinner and supper music whenever Charles Holden's band isn't up to the same trick. Dancing, in which the waltz is often king, begins at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

**SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The course of American empire (i.e., the Embassy Club) runs right beside Little White Russia (i.e., the Knight Box, a one-room apartment knee-deep in upholstery). Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's Cubans take turns on the stand in the Club from nine to three; Jani Sarkozi's piano-and-violin ensemble sighs in the Box after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper, the Empire Room becomes a dining room in Mexico City while Arturo Romero and his Violines Mágicos Villafontana pour balm of Gilead on Manhattan's troubled waters. It's all done with an accent grave, even when a tiny ballerina named Roberta Lubell skips rope. Emil Coleman's impressively pulsating orchestra and Béla Babai's gypsies play for dancing all evening long. Closed Sundays. . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra and Ray Hartley's trio turn out cotillion music in the ornate Peacock Alley from eight-thirty until one on weekdays, and the Babai band operates there from eight to midnight on Sundays.

## SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): The sun-tan squad showing off its third-degree burns night after night. The parade is accompanied by lots of small talk and (after ten-thirty) some hippety-hop piano. Closed Mondays. . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends being best friends, and never tiring of the sport. Bob Printz and Wayne Sanders, a brace of light-hearted romanticists, take turns at the piano from five o'clock on. Classes daily except Sunday. On Monday, March 21, Goldie Hawkins, the prime mover in the enterprise, returns to his flock, his piano, and his fellow-musicians. . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, Roman feast. Along the crowded sidewalk wander the stringed choir of Herman Honigsberg and a singing choir of guitarists. Closed Sundays. . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Under a spreading greenwood tree—the only

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

one that has managed to live in captivity—Cy Walter, president emeritus of the pianists' guild, trips the light fantastic on his favorite piano at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Joel Forbes is the Sunday handyman. . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A chaste and decorative Florentine school of cooking. Munching-and-imbibing piano (all Florentine, too) by Aldo Bruschi from dinnertime on; Thursday through Saturday, Mr. B., doubling on oboe, leads a trio, to which there is dancing after ten. Every Wednesday night, a supply of *lasagna* like "The Barber of Seville" is distributed viva voce. Closed Mondays. . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain, you come to think, is a never-never land of all play and no work, with emphasis on song, dance, and the pursuit of happiness. Closed Sundays. . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Henri IV and Walt Disney both slept here, and left their mark on the architecture. The majordomo is Norbert Faconi, a facile walking, talking violinist. His music goes on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . **COAT OF ARMS**, 140 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1820): A refectory that discourages clock-watching during the early evening, a mannerly greenroom after the theatre. Bill Halsey's well-constructed piano occupies one corner. Closed Sundays; open late the rest of the week. . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The shortest route to the Costa Brava. The prevailing air, arias (Fernando Sirvent's guitar does them best), and cookery are as Iberian as can be. Closed Sundays. . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): On the walls, a gallery of art for a lark's sake; on the podium (after ten), the trio of Phineas Newborn, Jr., which waxes more modern than even the most recent hanging on the walls. Closed Sundays. . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State banquets in miniature. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Anyone at the tables can cite chapter and verse of the *Wall Street Journal* to make a point. From eight-thirty to one, this numbers game is set to music by piano that, exactly like the Street, has its ups and downs. Closed Sundays. . . **GATSBY'S**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-3775): The piano owned by Viviane Greene is poised between dining room and bar, between summer breezes and barrel-house blues. Her running time is eight to two, her setting is satisfactorily ornamental. Closed Sundays. . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a blithe pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The athletes who congregate in the bar are specialists in the running broad A. The piano is tickled pink by Rudy Timfield, who serves from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty every day but Sunday. . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Rush hour in the Vienna subway, in which you'll meet French, Icelandic, and Martian girl singers, as well as actual natives of the place, all of whom seem to play some instrument or other. Vicky Autier is the principal girl. Closed Mondays. . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Twilight in a long-ago Budapest, when the thoughts of the strollers along the river turned lightly to dinner

for two—wine, song, and music *compris*. The result is non-stop gaiety, especially when Tibor Rakossy tosses in his venerable but serviceable tenor. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, a dining room of majestic ease, Vincent Limoli politely addresses his piano every day but Sunday from six to nine-thirty and from ten-thirty to one. . . **DORSET**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): From six to twelve every night but Sunday, Addison Bailey, whose memory book of tunes runs to forty volumes, applies himself with circumspection to a baby grand in the café-bar. . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A peaceful bird's-eye view of Julius Caesar's home town, with special kitchen privileges. It's patrolled by a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. Closed Sundays. . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Anita Sheer, whose voice and guitar speak flamenco like a native of Seville, whiles away the hours from nine-thirty on in a bar that is itself a work of art. No music Mondays. . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A South Seas shopping center—resort clothes and all—equipped with bar, kitchen, menu, and string music that's as Polynesian as things ever get on this island. Open every night.

## BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): One glowing tribute after another to the American girl, who in this case is seven feet two, eyes of blue, and hardy enough to go out at night clad only in a gym suit. In addition, there is Eartha Kitt, a tempest in a leopard-skin teapot, singing her terse siren songs, as well as Rudy Horn, a unicyclist almost good enough to bring vaudeville back to life, and Dominique, an open-and-aboveboard pickpocket whose hand is invariably quicker than your eye. On Thursday, March 24, Miss K. and Mr. D. will be succeeded by Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, a household devoted to bringing vaudeville back dead. Dancing.

## SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Shock treatment by Lenny Bruce, son of a new American Revolution in which humor transcends all the old frames of reference and spades (redoubled) are called spades. Alongside Vesuvius are arrayed Robert Clary, who flies through the air with the greatest of ease as he declaims his persiflage lyrics, and Pat Scot, a girl fond of casting a guillotine smile upon the tense little ballads she toys with. Floating power is added to all this by the Jimmy Lyons trio (his sidemen are Beverly Peer and Joe Puma) and the pianos of Bud McCreery and Otis Clements. . . ¶ Except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty conducts 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 catch-as-catch-can chukker by the Lyons group. . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Pieces of Eight," Julius Monk's largest portmanteau revue to date, is more mellow than its predecessors but still capable of an unexpected tickle (or knife) in the ribs. The trigger-happy performers are Ceil Cabot, Jane and Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Ellie Wood, and Del Close; the orchestra is the twin pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. Nine-fifteen and midnight are the zero hours. Closed Sundays. . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk's freshman team, operating one floor below the varsity, does a revue of its own, using some tried-and-true varsity plays and working out some dazzling new ones. Nancy Dussault and Jenny Lou Law twinkle like the little stars they are; Cy Young and George Furth are their escorts. They tee off at nine-forty-five and twelve-fifteen; Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood, the pit band, are earlier settlers at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The mock *chinoiserie* of this end-of-the-world fragment of the boisterous Midtown Café helps take the edge off the Orpheus-





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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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descending atmosphere. Tuesday through Saturday is the work week. Janice Mars, a very perceptive singer, is headmistress. On Saturdays, Tony Schwartz adds his taken-from-life tape recordings, a beguiling collection of unwitting wit. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The distilled essence of Isobel Robins is young-lady roguishness in both song and story; Milt Kamen is an orator of the people in whose mouth the philosophers' stone melts with ease. Their last night is Sunday, March 20. Felicia Sanders, owner of a lyric soprano that is now and then employed to beat a ballad into insensibility, remains on duty, to be joined on Tuesday, March 22, by Mickey Deems, who finds sardonic sermons in the sticks and stones that hurt all our bones. The permanent party comprises Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, making music to come apart to, and Jimmie Daniels, lord of the manor, who chimes in with a song or two himself. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The best part of the floor show in the dining room is often the assiduous pursuit of the rumba and samba by the Spanish colony, which takes its meals here. The on-stage amusement is the latest edition of Los Chavales de España, rather more sedate and rather less dashing than they used to be. Around ten, champion guitar and voice begin to well up in the sitting room just off the bar. Sundays, the sole outburst is Latin tea dancing.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The most ancient and honorable company of artillerymen now practicing their thunderous profession in Manhattan. Mr. Condon and Gene Schroeder are the first citizens; Buck Clayton, Cutty Cutshall, Herb Hall, Mousie Alexander, and Leonard Gaskin are no mere beginners, either. The jazz on tap came up the river from Memphis, Kankakee, Chicago, and maybe the Jersey shore. Bob Corwin is the interlude professor at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The harp, the most contrary of all jazz instruments, is putty in the hands of Tom O'Horgan as it accompanies his madrigals, his Gershwin, and his quick wit. Nina Simone, kitten on the keys, tries her best to be a wildcat when she gets around to singing. Sometimes Jimmy Jones' trio is the backstop, sometimes Don Abney's trio serves the purpose. Sundays, there are matinées, four-thirty to seven, as well as the nighttime sessions; closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Georg Brunis, of the old South Chicago gashouse gang, is still talking it up, whooping it up, and gagging it up as if prohibition days were here again. His supporting cast is really quite good, in its less ostentatious way. Tyree Glenn's quartet serves sugarplums to the dinner crowd and hot potatoes to the supper crowd. Closed Sundays. . . . Upstairs is the King Arthur Room, home of Jimmy Rushing, whose stern and rock-bound voice sounds best when it's applied to hurry-up ditties. Behind him is a freshly picked sassafras trio run by Jo Jones; beside him is the mood music of Chuck Wayne and Ernie Furtado, which prevails when the others take their ease. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-0800): A return to first principles in our native music, often deflected by an inclination to fool around. Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk are the ringleaders. Don Frye is the relief pianist, and visiting brass shoots the evening breeze every Monday. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Maxted's bravoes go bumpety-bump most of the night, and even on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Jack Kelly's trio is off and running, at a hand gallop, about ten-fifteen every evening but Monday. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): An ammunition dump apt to go up with a bang at any moment. Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays), Sol Yaged's quintet (off Tuesdays), and Dizzy Gillespie's nonpareil fivesome of gazers into the future arrive at seven-forty-five; Tony Parenti's trio and Johnny

Letman's threesome ride the afternoon shift, which starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. On Friday, March 18, Chico Hamilton's fivesome will succeed the Gillespies. Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters help out the night workers on Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . In the upstairs room, which is in action on Fridays and Saturdays, the Hamiltons and Chubby Jackson's trapeze artists do the housewarming. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Count Basie's big and bumptious band, which rarely loses a game on its home ground, which this is, and the trio of Bill Evans, who has the makings of a fine pianist, have their farewell picnic on Wednesday, March 23. Joe Williams, who cries himself awake at night with his stentorian blues, departs the same evening. Nat Pierce's band and Johnny Griffin's quartet arrive the next evening. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): At her piano, Dorothy Donegan, who must have run away from home to join a circus instead of a music tent, paces a tumultuous trio late into the night. The threesome run by Lou McGarity, who was on hand the night the walls of Jericho came tumbling down, pays more attention to business. On Monday, March 21, Max Kaminsky's quartet will take over from the McGaritys. Other faces, other paces on Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Lennie Tristano, which is new school from the word go-go-go, is making its diminished eighths the hard way among the beer mugs and the hero sandwiches of this outpost of modern America. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): What will serve as a timeless cavern until a bigger one comes along. The Belafonte Folk Singers, who do not include the owner of the name, are doing their rich, resonant best to fill the place with sound. They start at ten. Mondays, visiting musicians blow hot, blow cold, blow cool. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Peggy Lee rises like Excalibur from the shimmering lake of music that flows from Neal Hefti's massive but pliant band. She's an Excalibur sheathed in sequins, though, and a voice that sweeps all before it. Ray Bryant's good little trio looks after the intermissions. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-0800): History repeating itself. Among those who will recite from memory on Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, should be Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Dick Wellstood, Pee Wee Erwin, Herb Fleming, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, and Panama Francis. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): There are more bearded prophets in the grandstands than in the entire roster of jazz musicians. Horace Silver's quintet, which lives on its nerves, and Mose Allison's trio, which makes progress in jazz a lot easier to take, share the floor. On Tuesday, March 22, Max Roach's quintet and Hod O'Brien's trio will replace the incumbents. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Kenny Dorham, who has his own and bright ideas about the shape of music to come, is putting on a dry run with the assistance of a quintet to which the piano of Steve Kuhn and the baritone saxophone of Charlie Davis make valuable contributions. Roy Haynes' industrious trio brings up the rear. Further color is provided by the merry Villagers' national costumes, such as sports shirts and blue jeans. The Hayneses are off Mondays, the Dorhams are off Tuesdays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): The Jazz Workshop of Charlie Mingus in the act of creation, an inspiring if awesome sight to see. Baby Laurence, a page out of history, chips in with a few of his rubber-boned dance steps. Eight is beginning time. There are matinées on Sundays from four to seven by the Mingus band and guests. Closed Mondays. . . . **ARPEGGIO**, 144 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0077): A truly mixed grill—songs by Ernestine Anderson, a not altogether convincing storm warning; music by Harry Edison's matter-of-fact trio; ballads that are no more than conversation pieces by Monty Babson. Mr. Edison and Mr. Babson will be



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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

there through Saturday, March 19; Miss Anderson will stay on. Geoffrey Holder, now embellishing his West Indian footwork with merrymaking song, arrives with his trio on Monday, March 21. Closed Sundays. . . .  
**TARTAN**, 146 E. 46th St. (OX 7-7888): In a saltcellar beyond the bar, Don Shirley's commendable trio is now wholeheartedly casting its lot with chamber music, though an occasional overtone of *le jazz moderne* does pop into view. His piano and his accompanying bass and cello (Ken Fricker and Juri Taht) are *molto con brio*, not a bad idea these chilly nights. Mondays are silent.

### ART

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

#### GALLERIES

**AFRO**—Paintings by the contemporary Italian abstractionist; through April 2. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ**—Abstract paintings, done in tessellated patterns and contrasting tonalities. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 19. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**JOSÉ BARTOLI**—Semiabstract Expressionist paintings; through April 2. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 12:30 and 2 to 6:30.)

**LEONARD BASKIN**—Sculptures, bronze bas-reliefs, and drawings; through April 2. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ARBIT BLATAS**—Recent paintings of European and Moroccan scenes; through Saturday, March 26. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

**ALEXANDER CALDER**—Four huge steel objects: one mobile and three stabiles; through April 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**NASSOS DAPHNIS**—Large, sparsely patterned linear abstractions; through Saturday, March 26. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

**HAZARD DURFEE**—Italian landscapes mostly, cheerfully warm in color; through Thursday, March 17. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**PERLE FINE**—Paintings; through March 31. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

**JANE FREILICHER**—Semiabstract landscapes; through Saturday, March 19. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St.)

**XAVIER GONZALEZ**—Water colors and oils of Japan, Hong Kong, and Macao; through April 2. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

**JOHN HELIKER**—Landscapes (of Maine and Greece), collages, and drawings; through April 2. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**JACQUES HNZDOVSKY**—City subjects, done in a rigidly rectilinear style reminiscent of Bernard Buffet; through April 2. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

**EARL KERKAM**—Abstract heads; through Saturday, March 26. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**PAUL KLEE**—Water colors and gouaches, principally; through April 2. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**FRANZ KLINE**—A new set of his large calligraphic abstract paintings; through April 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**CHARLES LAPICQUE**—Paintings. First one-man show in New York; starting Friday, March 18. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

**JAMES C. LEONG**—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 26. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JOHN LOFTUS**—Fourteen semiabstract views of Lyme, Connecticut; through Thursday, March 24. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.)

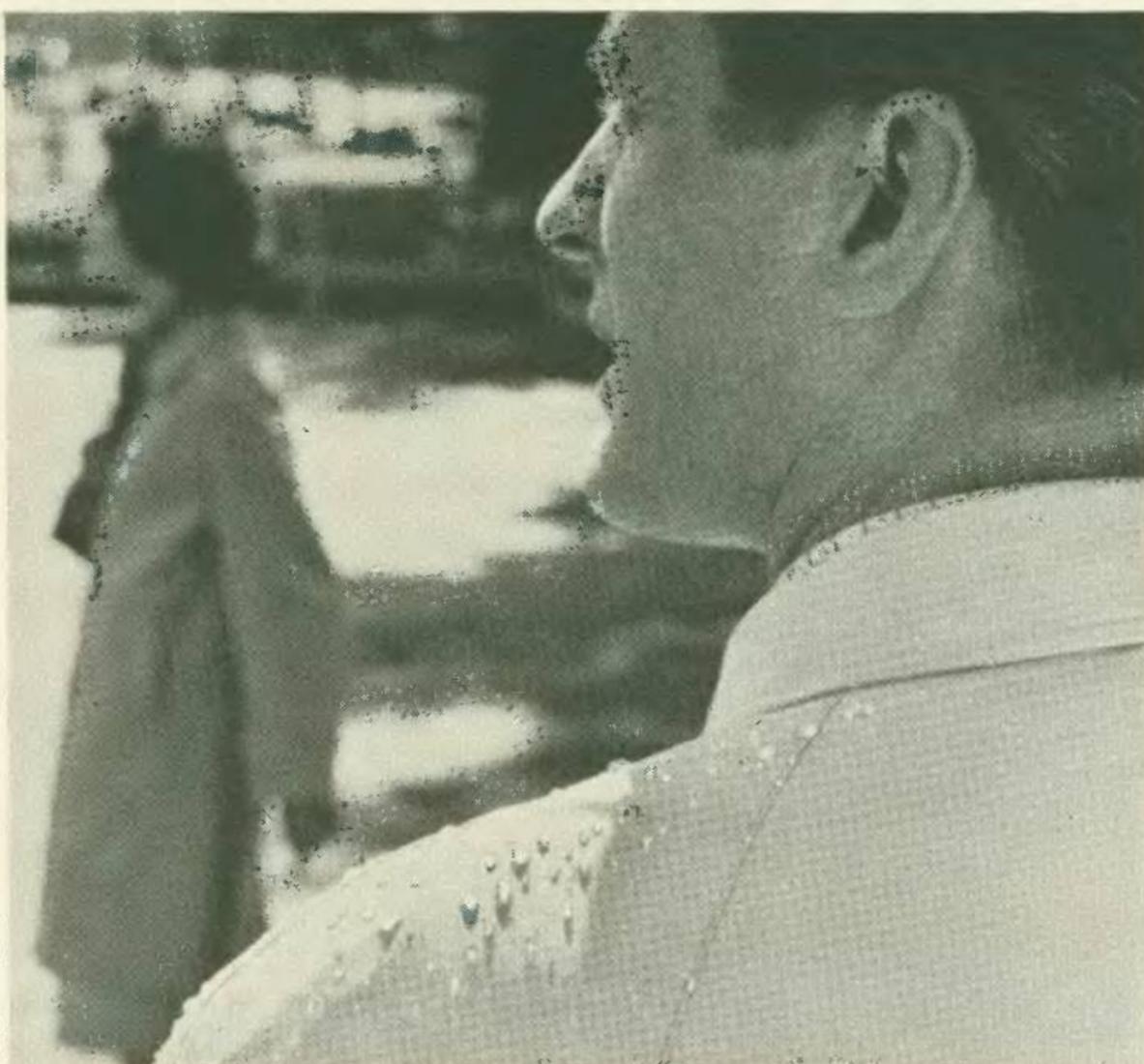
**ARISTIDE MAILLOL**—A return visit, after a country-wide tour, of what is almost certainly the largest collection of his sculptures likely to be

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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

assembled in some time; through April 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

**NICHOLAS MARSICANO**—Paintings, mingling Expressionist color with figurative suggestions; through Saturday, March 19. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

**EDUARDO PAOLOZZI**—Abstract bronze figures; through April 2. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

**WALDO PEIRCE**—Flower paintings by a veteran American Impressionist; through Saturday, March 26. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

**MILTON RESNICK**—Large Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, March 26. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**FELIX RUYOLO**—Sweeping, colorful Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, March 19. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

**CHARLES SHAW**—Abstractions; through April 2. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

**MITCHELL SIPORIN**—A series of new water colors, entitled "Faces of Art;" through Saturday, March 26. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**DAVID SMITH**—Metal sculptures, small, large, and still larger, all done with his accustomed authority; through Saturday, March 19. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

**GEORGE TOOKER**—Paintings, semi-Surrealist in mood; through April 2. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

**JOACHIM TORRES-GARCIA (1874-1949)**—Strictly stylized abstract paintings by a Uruguayan artist; through Saturday, March 26. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ESTEBAN VICENTE**—Non-objective oils; through Saturday, March 26. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

**FRITZ WINTER**—Abstract oils by a German contemporary; through April 2. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**FRITZ WOTRUBA**—A first American showing of works by a leading Austrian sculptor; through April 2. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

**JOSEPH WRIGHT**—Canvases by a little-known eighteenth-century English romantic; through Saturday, March 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-fifth annual exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and architectural designs by both members and non-members; through Sunday, March 20. (Daily, except Thursday, March 17, from 1 to 5.)

**INDEPENDENT ARTISTS IN 1910**—A fiftieth-anniversary showing of a number of paintings, sculptures, and drawings that were in the famous Independent Artists show of 1910, plus representative works of the period by the participating artists, who included Robert Henri, John Sloan, George Bellows, and Gutzon Borglum; through April 2. (Graham, second and third floors, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MAGIC AND RELIGION IN AFRICAN ART**—Figures and masks used in magic and in religious ceremonies; through March 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Daniel Dickerson, Robert Gwathmey, Herman Rose, Joseph Solman, and Moses Soyer, together with works by two painters and one sculptor new to New York; through Saturday, March 19. . . . **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: New oils by William Brice, Joseph Glasco, George L. K. Morris, Robert Stanley, and John Thomas; through Saturday, March 19. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The current show consists of paintings chosen by John Hultberg, Reuben Tam, and Adolf Dehn; through April 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: Two prize-winners' shows, offering water colors and drawings by, among others, Oronzo Gasparo, Helen Gerardia, and Gilbert Reiter; through March 31. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

**EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW**—Paintings and sculptures by six modernists, mostly young, and all but two now working in Paris; through

Saturday, March 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Indian religious sculptures ranging in date from the second century B.C. to late medieval times, and in geographical area from modern Afghanistan to Vietnam and from Nepal to Indonesia. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Claude Monet: Seasons and Moments," a loan exhibition of more than a hundred paintings (landscapes, seascapes, and river scenes) by the French Impressionist master (1840-1926); through May 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—A selection of drawings and prints of the thirties by Augustus Peck; through April 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.—"A Change of Sky," a dual exhibition of paintings and of manuscripts and books done by Americans who lived and worked abroad. Among the artists and writers represented are John Singer Sargent, James McNeill Whistler, Marsden Hartley, Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Gertrude Stein. Through April 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

**ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.—From the Tokyo National Museum, a display of *haniwa*, ancient Japanese terra-cotta sculptures of men and animals used as burial objects; through April 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures, including pieces by Kandinsky, Klee, and Maillol; through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Cézanne, de Kooning, and Archipenko are three of the artists whose works are on view in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures borrowed from the collections of members and friends of the Museum; through April 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—Seventy-five Rembrandt drawings lent by museums and private collectors in the United States and Canada; through April 16. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.—"Antelopes and Queens," a loan showing of sculptures from the Bambara tribes, in Africa's western Sudan. Included in this handsome show are antelope headpieces, rare ancestor figures (called "queens"), masks, and other objects; through May 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7.)

**RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-fourth annual of the American Abstract Artists, with items by fifty painters and sculptors, among them George L. K. Morris, John von Wicht, and Ibram Lassaw; through March 27. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 22 W. 54th St.—"Business Buys American Art," an exhibition presented by the Friends of the Whitney Museum and consisting of paintings and sculptures (by such artists as Georgia O'Keeffe, Charles Burchfield, and Isamu Noguchi) owned by Abbott Laboratories, International Business Machines, Reynolds Metals, and other companies; through April 24. (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, March 17, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Risé Stevens, Hilde Gueden, Oskar Czerwenka, and Albert Da Costa. . . . Friday, March 18, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Ettore Bastianini, and Ezio Flagello. . . . Satur-

day, March 19, at 2: "Tosca," with Zinka Milanov, Eugenio Fernandi, and Walter Cassel. . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, George London, Karl Liebl, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . ¶ Monday, March 21, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Martha Moedl, Karl Liebl, Hermann Uhde, and Jerome Hines. . . ¶ Tuesday, March 22, at 8: "Tosca," with Antonietta Stella, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Gerhard Pechner. . . ¶ Wednesday, March 23, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, March 24, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, March 25, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Zinka Milanov, Carlo Bergonzi, Frank Guarrera, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ezio Flagello. . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 2: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Ettore Bastianini, and Frank Valentino. . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 8: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Helen Vanni, and Barry Morell.

**HUNTER COLLEGE OPERA ASSOCIATION**—A double bill—Arthur Benjamin's "The Prima Donna" and Giacomo Puccini's "Sister Angelica" (in English)—staged by Rose Landver and conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, March 17-18, at 8:15. For tickets, call BU 8-7211, from 1 to 6.)

**JUILLIARD OPERA THEATRE**—The first staged production in the United States of Zoltán Kodály's opera "Háry János," in English. Directed by Frederic Cohen and conducted by Frederic Waldman. For the benefit of the Juilliard Student Aid and Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday through Sunday, March 18-20, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

**AMATO OPERA**—A single fully staged performance of "Rigoletto." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Tuesday, March 22, at 8:30.)

#### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Carnegie Hall—Fritz Reiner conducting on Thursday, March 17, at 8:30; Friday, March 18, at 2:15; Saturday, March 19, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 20, at 3 (all with Rudolf Serkin, piano). . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, March 24, at 8:30; Friday, March 25, at 2:15; Saturday, March 26, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 27, at 3 (all with Leonard Shure, piano).

**BOSTON SYMPHONY**—Charles Munch conducting the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 23, at 8:30, no soloists; and Saturday, March 26, at 2:30, with Gary Graffman, piano. . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 25, at 8:30, with Gary Graffman, piano.)

**NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS**—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra, with Maria Stader, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, March 20, at 3 and 9.)

**LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**—Thomas Scherman directing the first American performance of Hector Berlioz's opera "Beatrice and Benedict" in concert form, with Irene Jordan and Adele Addison, sopranos; Madelyn Vose, mezzo-soprano; Michel Sénéchal, tenor; Robert Goss and Hugh Thompson, baritones; Jan Rubes, bass-baritone; and the Choral Art Society. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 21, at 8:30.)

**CAMERA CONCERTI**—A chamber orchestra, featuring Joseph Eger, French horn, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 24, at 8:30.)

**VIENNA CHOIR BOYS**—Helmuth Froschauer directing two different programs. (Town Hall. Friday, March 25, at 8:40, and Saturday, March 26, at 2:40.)

#### RECITALS

**HARPSICHORD MUSIC SOCIETY**—An all-Bach program by harpsichordists Sylvia Marlowe, Rafael Puyana, Robert Conant, and Pamela Cook, with an orchestra conducted by Daniel

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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saidenberg. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . Town Hall. Monday, March 21, at 8:30.)

**BENNO MOISEWITSCH**—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 18, at 8:30.)

**CARLOS MONTOYA**—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, March 18, at 8:40.)

**BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, March 19, at 8:30, with Walter Trampler, viola; and Saturday, March 26, at 8:30, with David Oppenheim, clarinet.)

**SUNDAY CONCERT SOCIETY**—The last in a series of concerts, this one by the Quartetto di Roma and the vocal quartet of the Gramercy Chamber Ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 20, at 5:30. For tickets, call PL 7-0782.)

**MUSIC IN OUR TIME: 1900-60**—The fourth in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, the Beaux-Arts String Quartet, Max Pollikoff, violin; and composers Henry Brant, Malcolm Goldstein, Jack Holloway, and Ezra Sims. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, March 20, at 8:30.)

**EUGENE LIST**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 22, at 8:30.)

**BEAUX-ARTS STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, March 23, at 8:30.)

**JOHN THOMAS COVELLI**—Piano, with Nancy Cirillo, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 25, at 8:30.)

**ISAAC STERN**—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 25, at 8:30.)

**BEAUX ARTS TRIO OF NEW YORK**—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 2:30.)

**JOSEPH WOLMAN**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 5:30.)

**MYRA HESS**—Piano. A benefit for the George N. Shuster Scholarship Fund. (Hunter College Assembly Hall. Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8400. Saturday, March 26, at 8:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**JAZZ CONCERT**—Thelonious Monk's band, Nina Simone, Max Roach's quintet, Sonny Stitt, Jackie McLean, Kenny Dorham, Hank Jones, Milt Hinton, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 8 and 11.)

### SPORTS

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

**BOXING**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 18: Eduardo Lause vs. Wilfie Greaves, middleweights, 10 rounds. Friday, March 25: Benny (Kid) Paret vs. Frederico Thompson, welterweights, 12 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.) . . . Monday, March 21, at 8: Golden Gloves Inter-City Championships. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

**HOCKEY**—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 20, at 7.)

**INDOOR POLO**—Two games every Friday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

**RACING**—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, March 21, through Tuesday, May 31. The Paumonok Handicap, Monday, March 21, and the Swift, Saturday, March 26. (The track can be reached by subway; special trains will leave from the IND station, Eighth Ave. at 42nd St. Also, frequent Long Island Rail Road trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays



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between 10:45 and 1:40.)... BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, March 29.

**TROTting**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Monday, March 21, through Saturday, May 21. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

**CONCERT**—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic, with Anita Darian, kazoo player (no kidding), and members of the New York Pro Musica wind ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 26, at noon.)

**MUSICAL PLAYS**—By the PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Aladdin and His Lamp." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)... "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 26, at 3.)... **THEATRE EAST**: "Aladdin and the Genie." (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sundays at 1, 3, and 4:30.)... **MERRIMIMES**: "Arabian Nights; or Sinbad the Sailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MARTIN SCHNEIDER PRODUCTIONS**: "Starbright." Saturday, March 19, at 1:30. ... "The Singing Guitar." Saturday, March 19, at 3. ... "I Wish I May." Saturday, March 26, at 1:30 and 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. For tickets, call PL 3-7285.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "Clown Face." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)

**BALLET**—The Brooklyn Civic Ballet Company presenting "Coppélia," "Les Petits Riens," and "Pas de Deux." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 19, at 3.)

**VARIETY SHOW**—"Young Davy Crockett," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a magician and other attractions. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "New Skies for New York." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

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

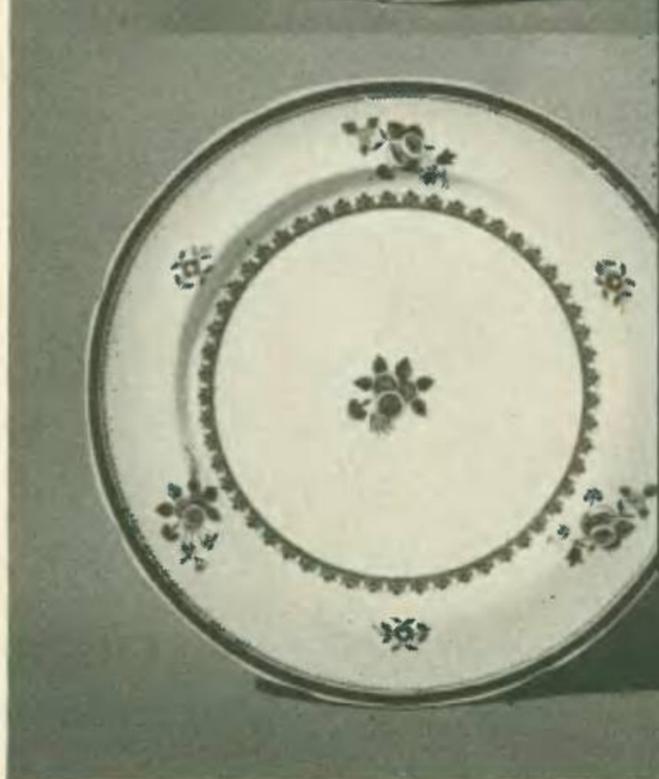
**NOTE**—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next few weeks; 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.

**PROSE READINGS**—Elizabeth Bowen reading from her own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, March 24, at 8:30.)

**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.)—Saturday, March 19, at 1:45: English and other furniture; old porcelains; paintings, drawings, and prints; and Oriental rugs. The property of Harris Masterson and others. ... Tuesday, March 22, at 1:45 and 8: First editions of American authors, from the collection of the late Arthur Swann.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



**BEHIND THE GREAT WALL**—Although assorted scents blown from the air-conditioning outlets may annoy you during the showing of this travelogue about modern China (the heavy emphasis is pictorial rather than political), the film, made by the Italian Leonardo Bonzi, a capable man, is worthwhile. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800. Sundays through Fridays at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30, and Saturdays at 1, 3:30, 6, 8:30, and 11.)

**BEN-HUR**—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this latest version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Special performance Thursday, March 17, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**THE 400 BLOWS**—A poignant French film, directed by François Truffaut, that deals with the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy who is adjudged delinquent by adults but is really in search of nothing more criminal than affection. Jean-Pierre Léaud is splendid as the small fry, and the actors supporting him are all entirely plausible. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through March 20. . . . Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting March 21, tentative.)

**IKIRU**—A modern Japanese morality play, alternately moving and sardonic. The hero is a pathetic Everyman, afflicted with cancer, who wants to give his life some significance before he shuffles off. The movie was directed by Akira Kurosawa, and the central character is played by the very skillful Takashi Shimura. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

**THE MAGICIAN**—A study of fear, specifically of the moral effect that a troupe of seedy traveling magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant, where they spend the night. (The time is the eighteen-forties.) The story is spelled out in hypnotic images—sharp, low-keyed, ironic—that are the inspired work of Ingmar Bergman, the picture's producer, director, and writer, and of Gunnar Fischer, his cameraman. An extraordinary film. (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. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting March 23.)

**ROOM AT THE TOP**—A young man from the wrong side of the tracks in a North Country town tries to cross over to a tonier section, with highly dramatic results. In this English picture adapted by Neil Paterson from a novel by John Braine, and directed by Jack Clayton, everyone in the cast is believable, particularly Laurence Harvey, as the ambitious poor boy, and Simone Signoret, as a Frenchwoman who becomes his mistress. (72nd St.

Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 22.)

**ROSEMARY**—In this German film, based on a true story, some of Frankfurt's new millionaires are revealed as clods who, in addition to a common interest in making money, have a common weakness for a clever trollop, who eventually ends up dead. Nadja Tiller makes their weakness understandable. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

**SCENT OF MYSTERY**—A bland mixture of comedy and melodrama that is much, much too long but brings us not only the sights but the smells of Spain, where it was filmed. The smells are courtesy of a device known as Glorious Smell-O-Vision, and they are realistic. Denholm Elliott and Peter Lorre head the cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 5:15 and 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Special performance Thursday, March 17, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**SINK THE BISMARCK!**—An absorbing re-creation of the memorable May days of 1941, when elements of the British Navy tracked down and destroyed the most powerful battleship then afloat. The cast, which includes Kenneth More and Dana Wynter, is a worthy one. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting March 23.)

**TIGER BAY**—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, made in England, offers an utterly captivating performance by twelve-year-old Hayley Mills. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

**WILD STRAWBERRIES**—In this Swedish film, adroitly directed by Ingmar Bergman, Victor Sjöström gives a magnificent performance as an honored physician, well past seventy, who, on a day's journey that includes a visit to the scenes of his childhood, awakens to the fact that his well-regulated life has been lacking an important ingredient—altruism. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 17.)

## REVIVALS

**ALL THE KING'S MEN** (1949)—An adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel having to do with a politician very similar to the late Huey Long. With Broderick Crawford. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting March 23.)

**ARSENIC AND OLD LACE** (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 22.)

**THE DEFIANT ONES** (1958)—Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis as a pair of fugitives from a chain gang in flight from a posse. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 19.)

**FROM HERE TO ETERNITY** (1953)—A screen adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting March 23.)

**GRAND ILLUSION** (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 18-21.)

**THE INSPECTOR GENERAL** (1949)—Danny Kaye, in a Napoleonic setting, creating endless confusion. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 22.)

**THE SEVENTH SEAL** (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through March 19, tentative. . . . Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 20, tentative. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 22. . . . Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through March 22, tentative.)

**TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 17.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Two programs in a series called "The American Film Comedy"—Through March 19: "What! No Beer?" (1933), with Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton. . . . Starting March 20: "The Thin Man" (1934), with William Powell and Myrna Loy. (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.)

**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)  
"Heller in Pink Tights," Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn, Margaret O'Brien.

**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).

**FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)  
"Our Man in Havana," Alec Guinness, Burl Ives, Maureen O'Hara.

## THE BROADWAY AREA

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

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)  
"Home from the Hill," Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker.

**PALACE**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)  
From March 22: "The Glenn Miller Story," revival, James Stewart, June Allyson.

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)  
"Seven Thieves," Edward G. Robinson, Rod Steiger.

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)  
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Special performance Thursday, March 17, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**ROXY**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)  
Through March 23: "The Wind Cannot Read," Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani.

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)  
BEN-HUR.

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)  
"The 3rd Voice," Edmond O'Brien, Laraine Day.

**WARNER**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)  
SCENT OF MYSTERY (in Smell-O-Vision).

## EAST SIDE

- ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)  
Through March 20 (tentative): "Children of Paradise" (in French), revival.  
From March 21 (tentative): **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French).
- ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)  
Through March 22: "The Story on Page One," Rita Hayworth, Anthony Franciosa; and "The Rookie," Tommy Noonan.  
From March 23: **SINK THE BISMARCK!**; and "Virgin Island," Sidney Poitier, John Cassavetes.
- GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)  
Through March 20 (tentative): **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.  
March 21-22: Theatre closed.  
From March 23, at about 6: "Children of Paradise" (in French), revival.
- MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)  
"A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand.
- LEXINGTON**, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)  
Through March 22: "Never So Few," Frank Sinatra, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Riot in Juvenile Prison," Jerome Thor.  
From March 23: **PORGY AND BESS**.
- TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)  
"Our Man in Havana," Alec Guinness, Burl Ives, Maureen O'Hara.
- 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 March 22: "The Story on Page One," Rita Hayworth, Anthony Franciosa; and "The Rookie," Tommy Noonan.  
From March 23: **SINK THE BISMARCK!**; and "Virgin Island," Sidney Poitier, John Cassavetes.
- FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)  
Through March 20: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French).  
From March 21, at 8:30: "The Cranes Are Flying" (in Russian). (Opening night will be a benefit for the Near East Foundation; for information about tickets, call TE 8-3500.)
- PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)  
"Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), Marpessa Dawn.
- BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)  
**TIGER BAY**.
- BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)  
**ROSEMARY** (in German).
- 68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)  
Through March 23: "Operation Petticoat," Cary Grant, Tony Curtis.
- LOEW'S 72ND ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)  
Through March 22: "Never So Few," Frank Sinatra, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Riot in Juvenile Prison," Jerome Thor.  
From March 23: **PORGY AND BESS**.
- 72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)  
Through March 22: **ROOM AT THE TOP**.  
From March 23: "The Big Fisherman," John Saxon, Howard Keel.
- TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)  
Through March 19 (tentative): **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.  
March 20-22 (tentative): "A Summer Place," Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire.  
From March 23 (tentative): "Children of Paradise" (in French), revival.
- R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)  
Through March 22: "The Story on Page One," Rita Hayworth, Anthony Franciosa; and "The Rookie," Tommy Noonan.  
From March 23: **SINK THE BISMARCK!**; and "Virgin Island," Sidney Poitier, John Cassavetes.
- ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)  
Through March 22: "Never So Few," Frank Sinatra, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Riot in Juvenile Prison," Jerome Thor.  
From March 23: **PORGY AND BESS**.

## WEST SIDE

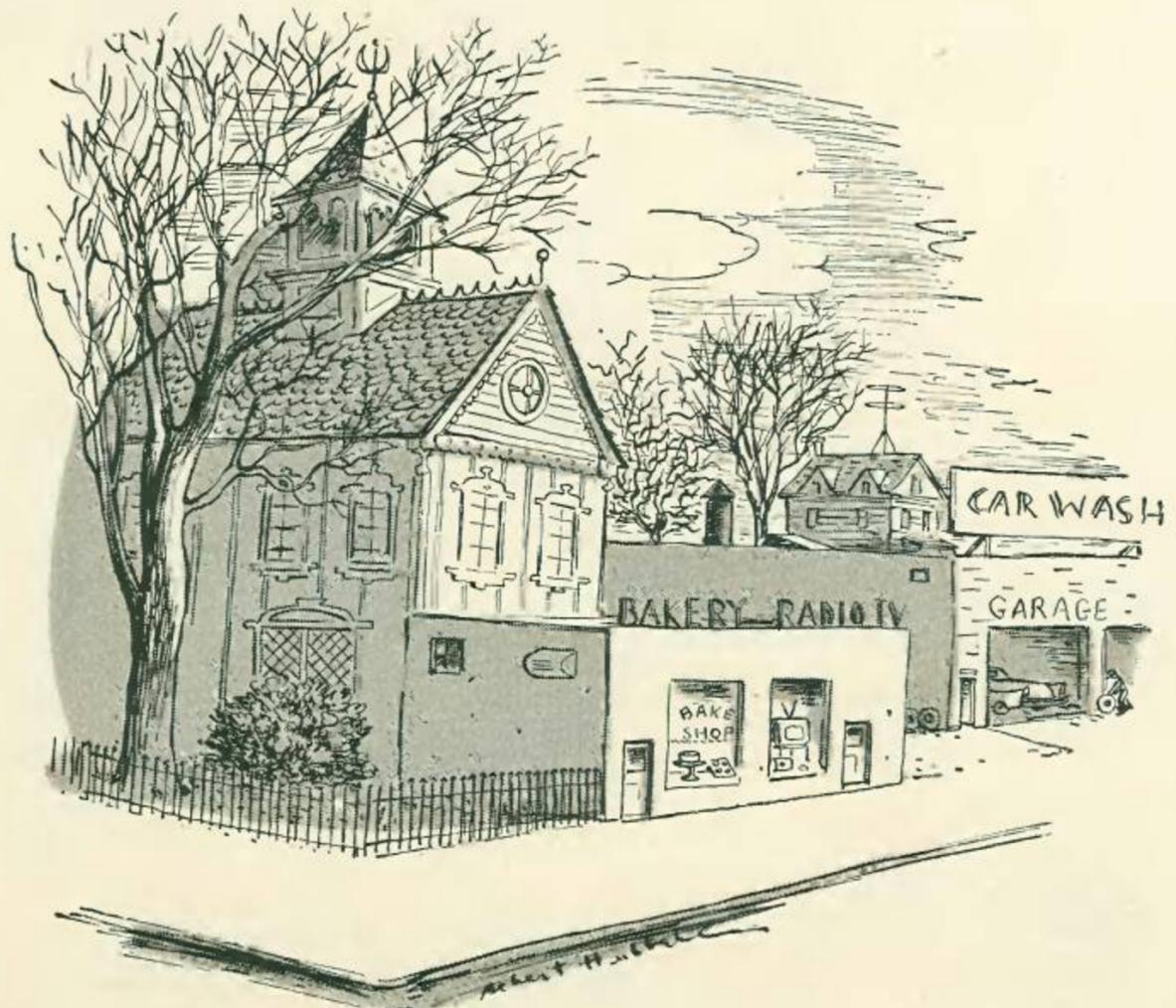
- WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)  
Through March 22: "Operation Petticoat," Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Stranger in My Arms," revival, June Allyson, Jeff Chandler.

## NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

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

- From March 23: **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY**, revival; and **ALL THE KING'S MEN**, revival.
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)  
Through March 23 (tentative): "The Possessors" (in French), Jean Gabin; and "The Devil's Disciple," Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster.
- 5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)  
**THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish).
- SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)  
Through March 22: "Never So Few," Frank Sinatra, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Riot in Juvenile Prison," Jerome Thor.  
From March 23: **PORGY AND BESS**.
- GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)  
Through March 22: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.  
From March 23: "Operation Petticoat," Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Strange Affection," Richard Attenborough, Terence Morgan.
- R.K.O. 23RD ST.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)  
Through March 22: "The Story on Page One," Rita Hayworth, Anthony Franciosa; and "The Rookie," Tommy Noonan.  
From March 23: **SINK THE BISMARCK!**; and "Virgin Island," Sidney Poitier, John Cassavetes.
- GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)  
"The Mouse That Roared," Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
- 55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)  
"The Fourposter," revival, Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer; and "Death of a Salesman," revival, Fredric March, Mildred Dunoek.
- TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
- "A Touch of Larceny," James Mason, Vera Miles.
- LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)  
**IKIRU** (in Japanese).
- PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)  
Through March 20: "The Lovers" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.  
From March 21, at 8:30: "The Would-Be Gentleman" (in French), performed by the Comédie Française. (Opening night is a benefit performance.)
- LOEW'S 83RD ST.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)  
Through March 22: "Never So Few," Frank Sinatra, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Riot in Juvenile Prison," Jerome Thor.  
From March 23: **PORGY AND BESS**.
- SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)  
Through March 18: "Career," Dean Martin, Anthony Franciosa; and "Middle of the Night," revival, Kim Novak, Fredric March.  
From March 19: **THE DEFIANT ONES**, revival; and "I Want to Live!," revival, Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland.
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)  
March 17: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish); and **TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (silent).  
March 18-21: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.  
From March 22: **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**, revival; and **THE INSPECTOR GENERAL**, revival.
- RIVERSIDE**, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)  
Through March 22: "The Story on Page One," Rita Hayworth, Anthony Franciosa; and "The Rookie," Tommy Noonan.  
From March 23: To be announced.
- MIDTOWN**, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)  
Through March 22 (tentative): **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.  
From March 23 (tentative): "The Time of Desire," Babro Larsson; and "Tides of Passion" (in French), Etchika Choureau.
- OLYMPIA**, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)  
Through March 22: "Never So Few," Frank Sinatra, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Riot in Juvenile Prison," Jerome Thor.  
From March 23: **PORGY AND BESS**.
- NEMO**, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)  
Through March 22: "The Story on Page One," Rita Hayworth, Anthony Franciosa; and "The Rookie," Tommy Noonan.  
From March 23: **SINK THE BISMARCK!**; and "Virgin Island," Sidney Poitier, John Cassavetes.



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with a  
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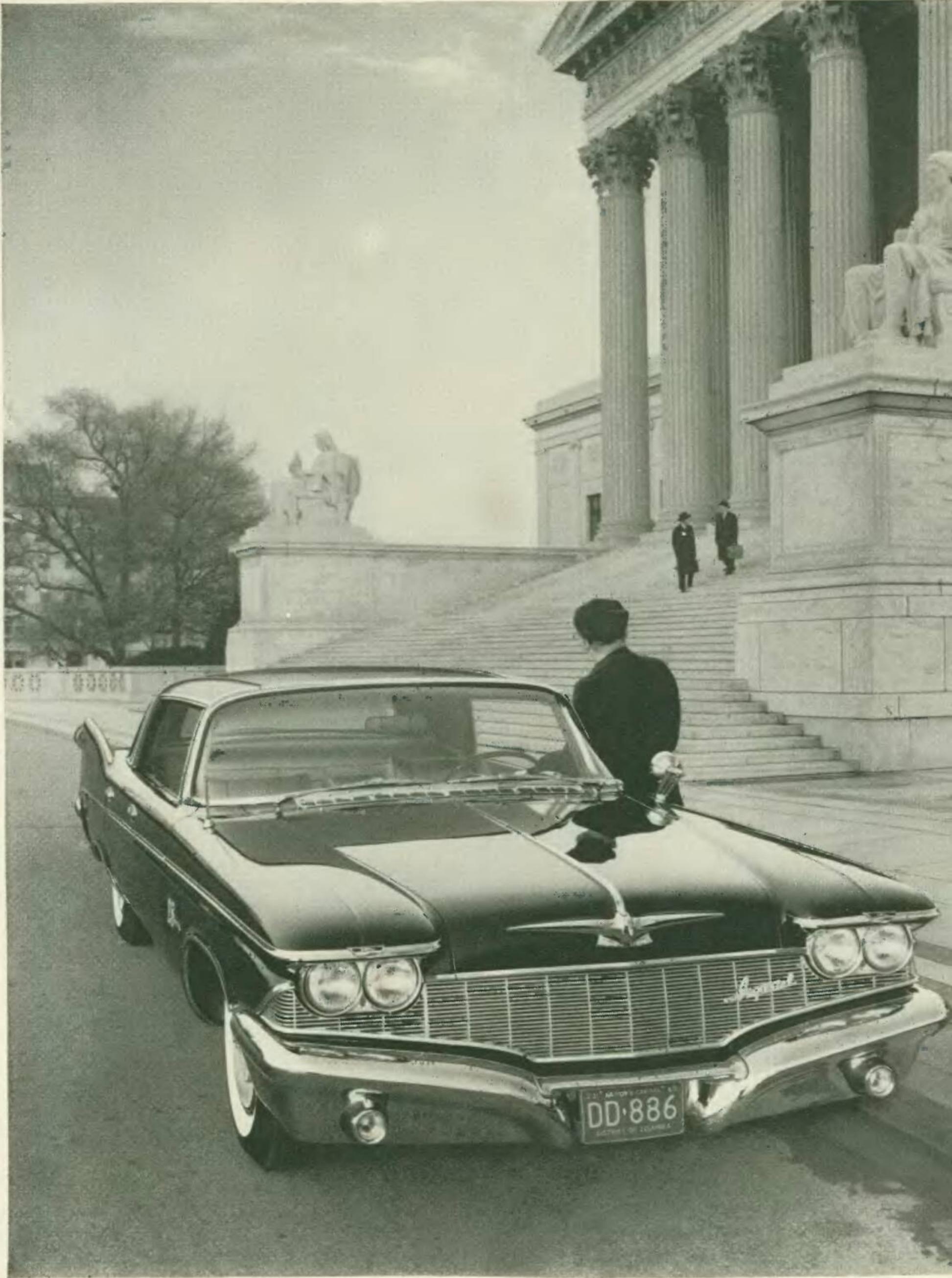
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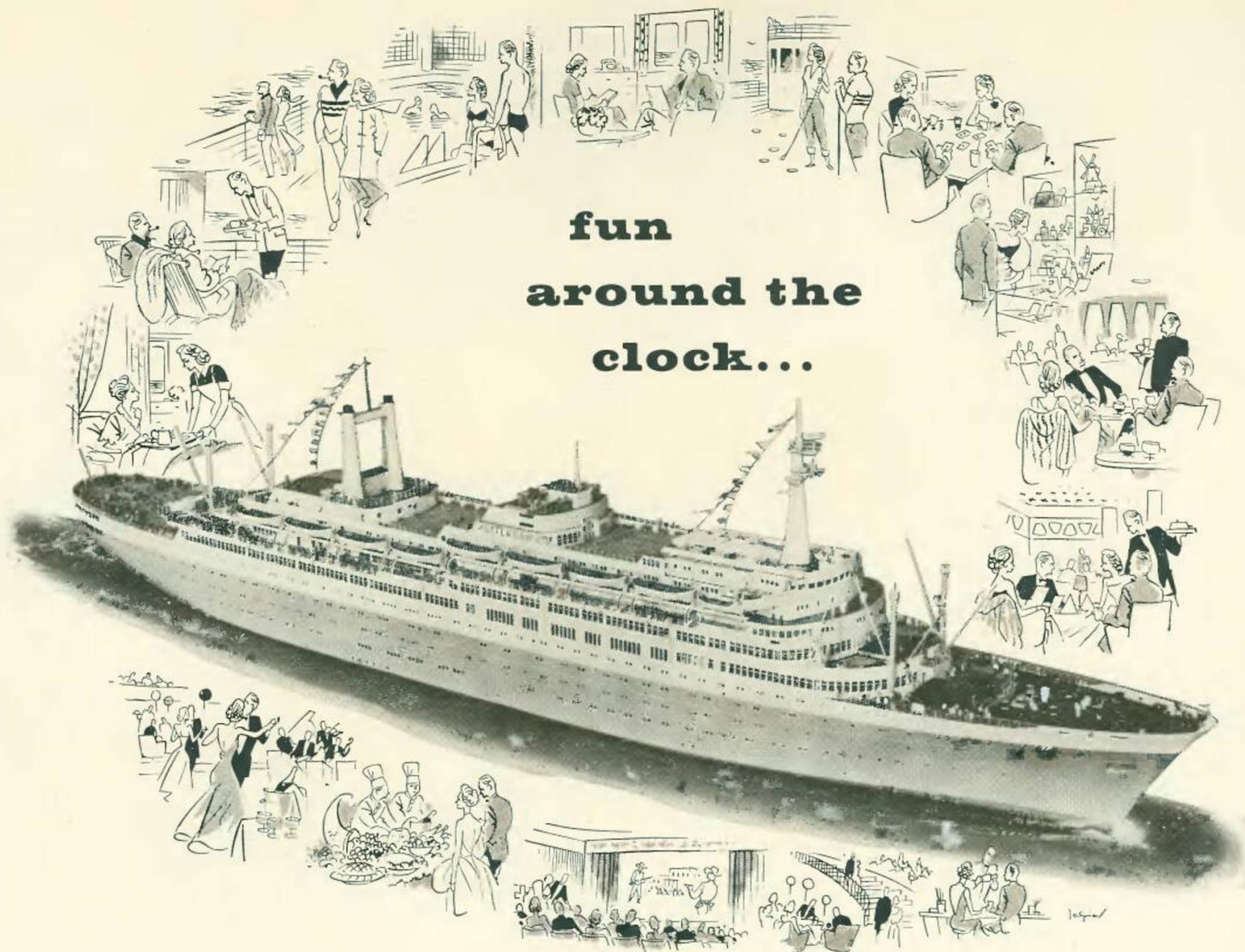
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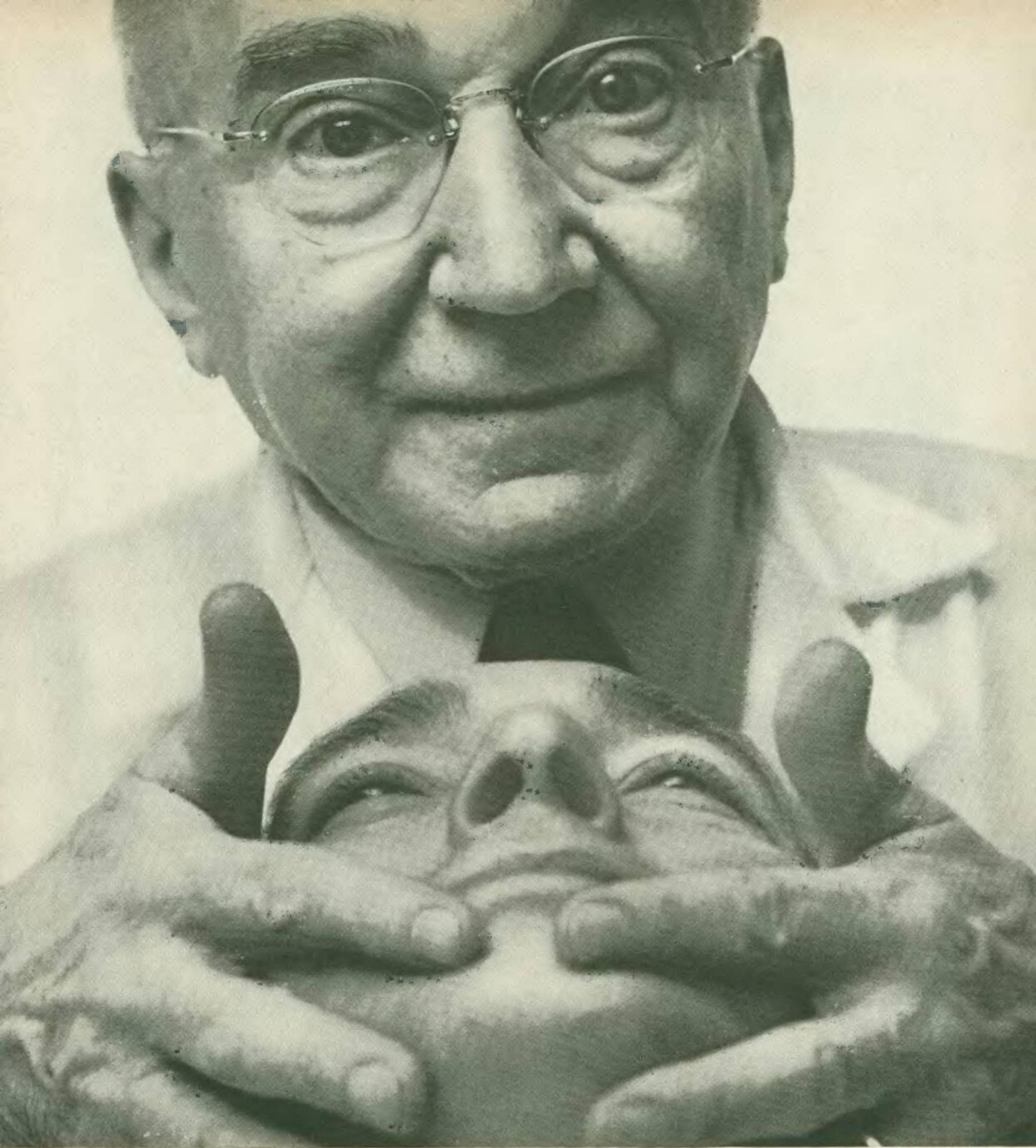
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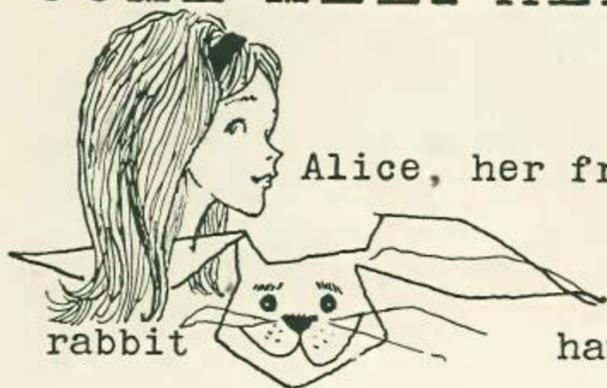
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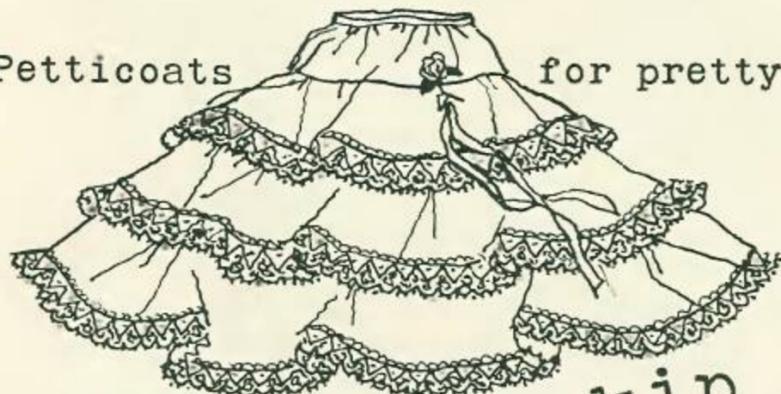
standing up side up or

up side down



Petticoats

for pretty girls



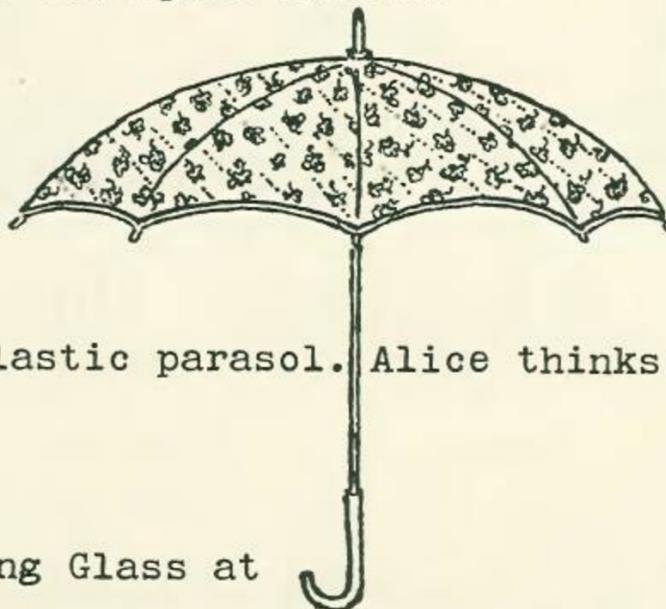
and patent shoes that *skip and dance!*



A pocketbook with its own April flowers



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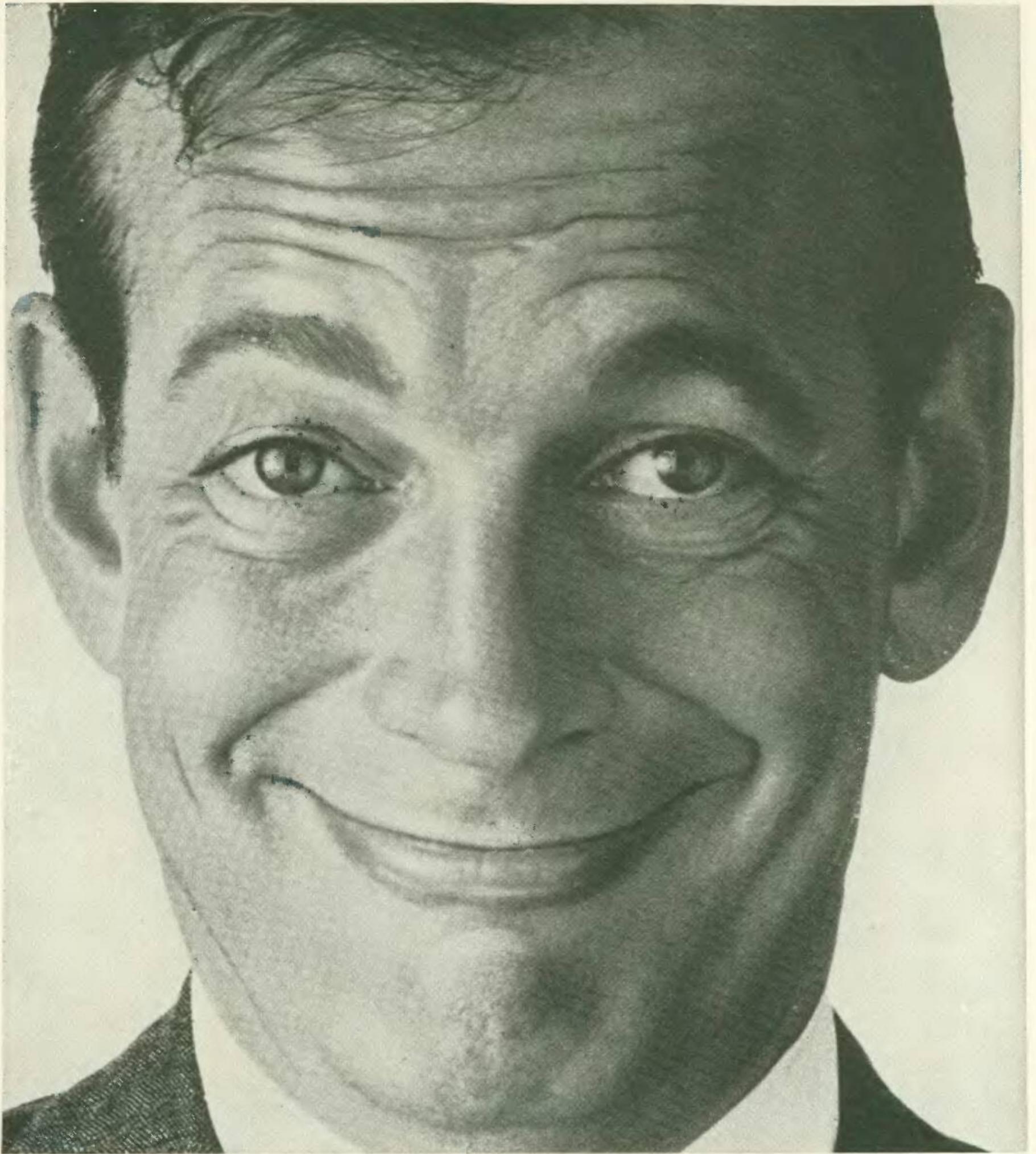
Sundays, a rose-red rose-white plastic parasol. Alice thinks every little

girl ought to peek thru the Looking Glass at

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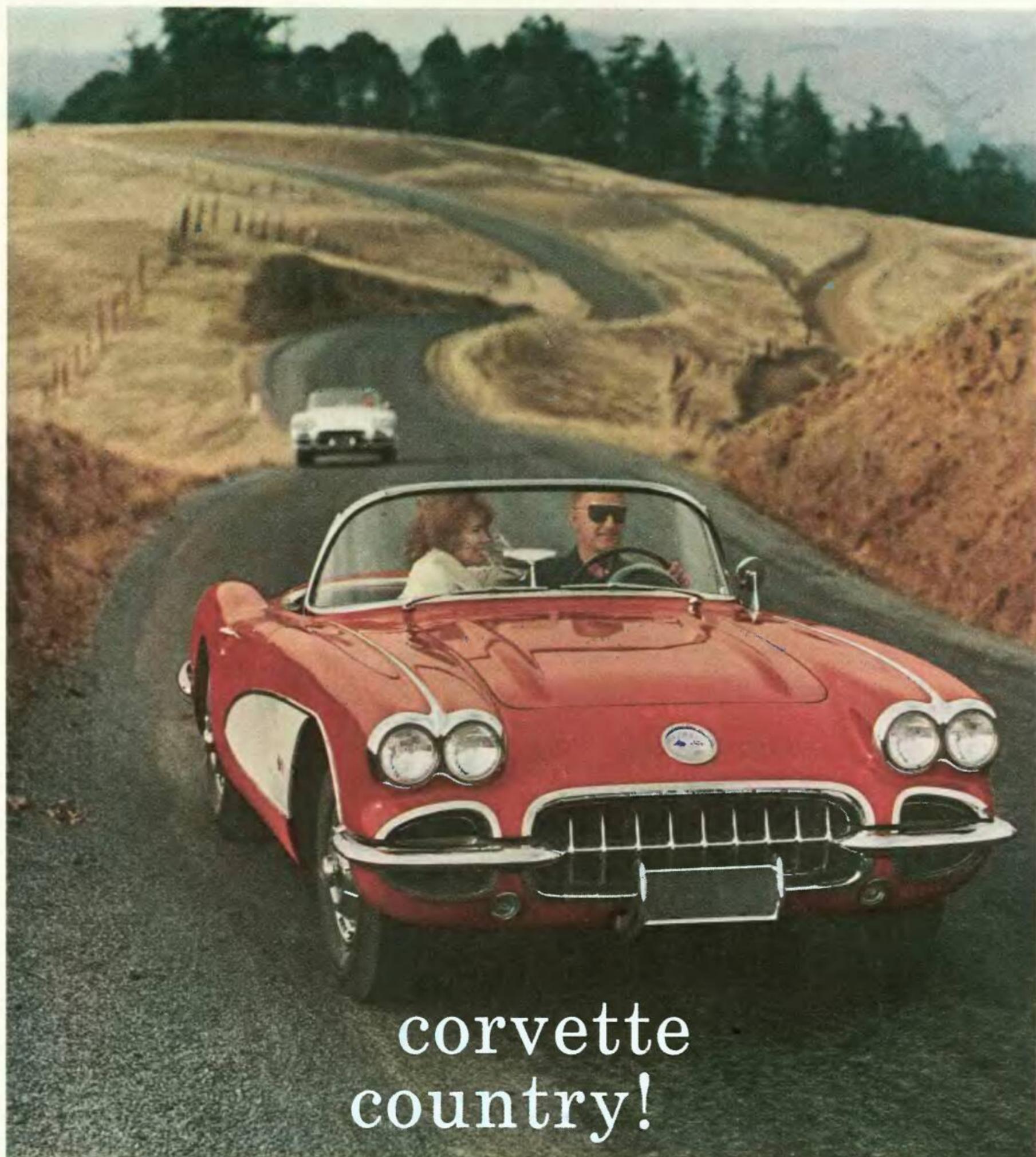


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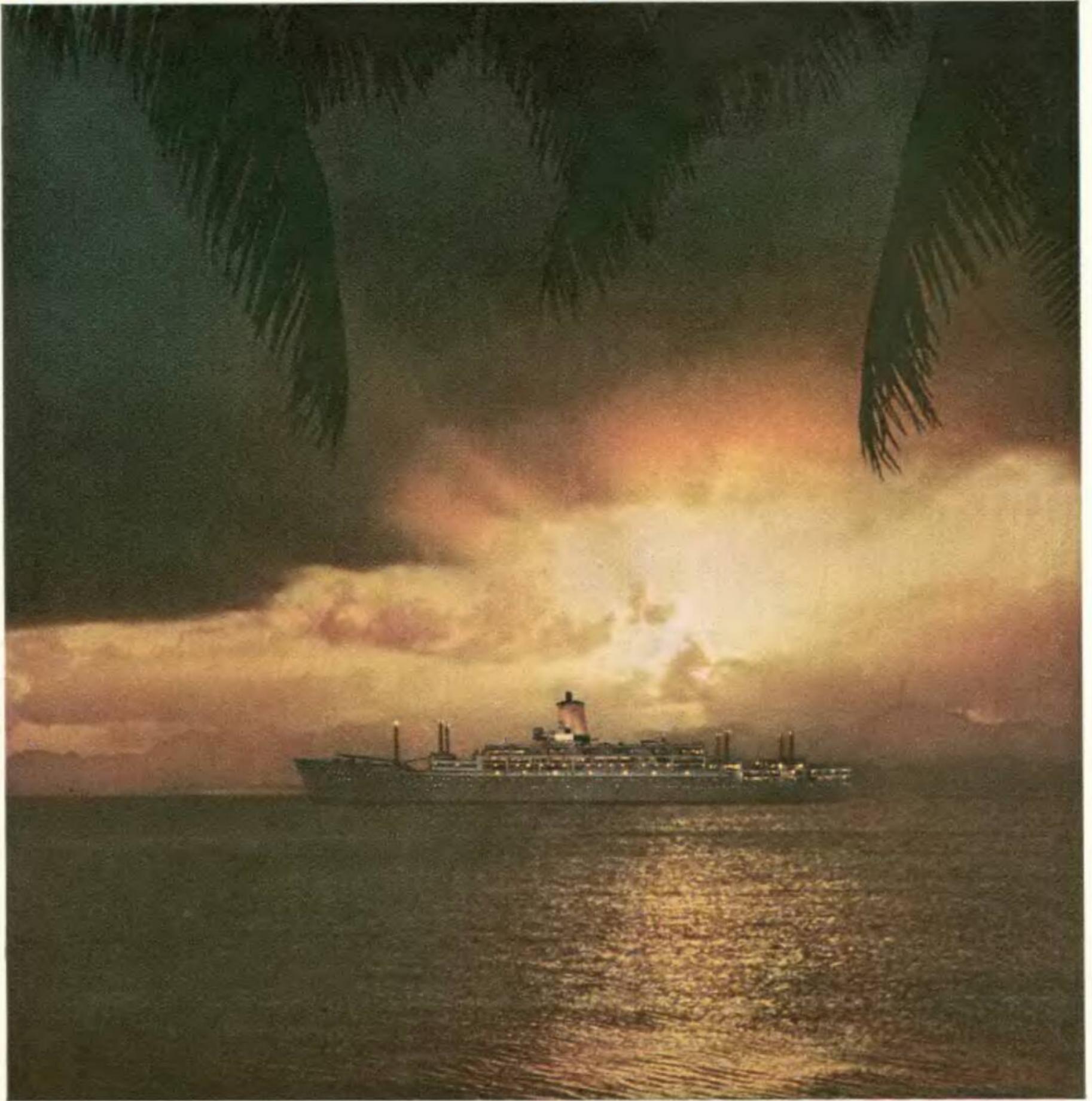
*Take a pale gold afternoon in country like this, on a swooping, diving, swirling road like this. In any car it would be a joy. But in a Corvette it is wonderfully close to pure poetry. For poetry-in-motion marks everything a Corvette does. The clean, precise arc of its steering. The soaring thrust of its acceleration. The incredible taloned grip of its brakes. The supple suspension that seems to flow into and become part of the road.*

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to women  
who don't  
who don't  
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a log, like a baby, like a top, like a saw, once  
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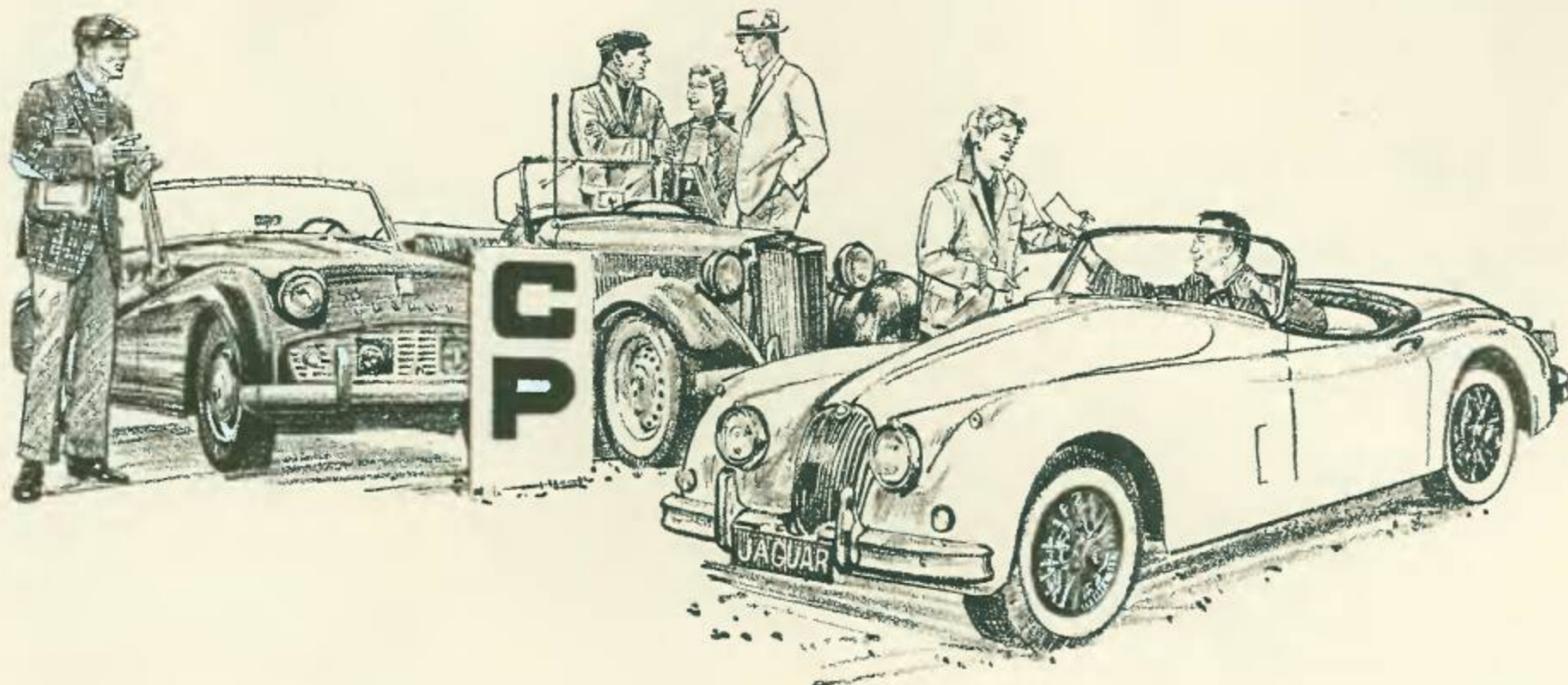
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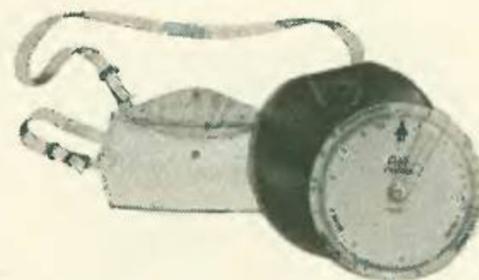
The season for going places and doing things is here. And A&F is an old hand at outfitting vacation-bound sportsmen. For a grand tour of the Continent or a week-end in the country, our fine luggage and ingenious travel accessories offer almost all the comforts of home.



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**Twin-Fifth.** Giant flask in case. . . 45.00  
**"Little Nipper."** Holds two ounces. 4.50



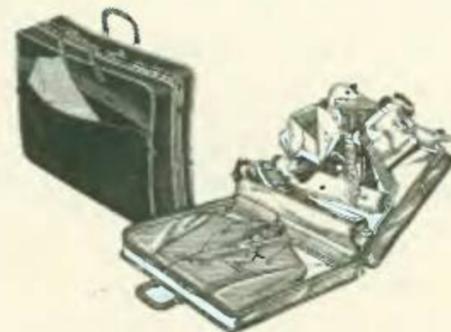
**Shoulder Hold-Ster.** Holds valuables under arm and clothing where no bulge shows. Soft glove leather. . . . . 6.50  
**A&F Changer.** Reads "dollars to foreign" exchange or vice versa—any amount, any rate. With leather carrying case. . . 3.95



**Twin-Air Two-Suiter.** Meets airliner "carry-on" size regulations, slips under seat, speeds getaway at destination. One side holds two suits, the other small items. Suntan cowhide. . . . . 94.50\*  
Brown canvas. . . . . 59.40\*



**Spring-Driven Dry Shaver.** Thorens of Switzerland makes this ingenious nonelectric dry-shaver. Self-sharpening rotary head gives close, smooth shave. Operates three minutes with nine key turns. . . . . 17.50



**Air-Man Two-Suiter.** Weighs only 8½ pounds, holds two suits, accessories, two pairs shoes. Brown canvas. . . . . 41.25\*  
With striped trim. . . . . 47.85\*  
**Companion Air-Boy.** Ideal for overnight. Brown canvas. 24.75\* Striped trim. 26.95\*  
\*Federal tax included

# ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

360 MADISON AVENUE—NEW YORK  
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO PALM BEACH



## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

THE *Times*, reporting on the committee vote that deprived the California legislature of the opportunity to consider Governor Brown's request for the abolition of capital punishment, noted, "The decisive vote on the measure ironically came from Senator Stanley Arnold of Susanville, who voted last year for abolition. Senator Arnold, a Democrat and former District Attorney, had declared beforehand that he would not support legislative debate over capital punishment this year 'because of the hysteria of the Chessman case.'"

Or—we wondered, checking our altitude in this lofty logic—over nuclear control, because of the hysteria about annihilation?

WE were having dinner with some friends last Monday night, and in the middle of a second brandy and a spirited conversation about Presidential candidates some unembarrassed soul suggested that we all witness the historic return of Jack Paar to the national airwaves. The idea had been hanging weightily over the evening, like the ether itself, so, amid a certain relief, the host's television set was swiftly revealed in the next room, and we joined what we assumed to be millions of other Americans in the drama of the moment. Through the enigma of the magic screen, we saw the famed protagonist make his entrance to a countdown and wild applause, as the audience prepared to let him charm his way back into their hearts. Then, suddenly, as Paar explained why he had gone away and why he had returned, we were possessed by a sense of standing at one of those watersheds of history. We felt that exact electronic moment in American history as one of crisis. Now, we thought, perspiring slightly, we can all slip into the sea and no one will ever particularly miss us. By silent, unanimous consent, the tele-

vision set was snapped off, and we joined the rest of the guests as they shuffled uneasily back to their brandies and Presidential candidates.

A MAN in our office with a weakness for genealogy has come up with a tenuous connection between Antony Armstrong-Jones, the lad who is marrying Princess Margaret, and the New York of a century or more ago, which we relay herewith. The lucky man, whose mother, the Countess of Rosse, was a Miss Messel, is a great-grandson of Ludwig Messel, a London banker, whose sister Lina, on January 6, 1869, married Isaac Seligman, the youngest of eight brothers who had come to this country from Bavaria and had subsequently gone into the banking business all over the lot. In 1842, when Isaac was eight, he entered Public School No. 3, on Henry Street; in 1853 he graduated from the College of the City of New York, then called the Free Academy. "I did not really pass the entrance examination," he writes in his "Reminiscences," a work that was privately printed, in twenty-five copies, by the Pynson Printers in 1926, "and, when I heard of my failure, I cried; but the Faculty took compassion on me, and allowed me to enter." In 1864, Isaac dried his tears for good and went to London to head his brothers' English branch, Seligman Brothers. Four years later, after

two or three tentative love affairs ("I rather liked the girl," he says of one, "but had no idea of marrying her. I even composed and dedicated a waltz to her, which the parents took as an indication of intense love—of course not the case. A dinner which I attended in Paris . . . was to be the occasion of the engagement . . . but I could not make up my mind. I was much blamed by the friends of the family for my heartless conduct, but I could not help myself"), he came to his senses. He met Miss Messel, then seventeen, and his conduct improved.

"While I am on the subject of match-making," he says in the "Reminiscences," which were written in his ninety-second year, two years before he died, "I may as well give you an account of my courtship of my dear wife. Her brother was head clerk in our office, and she paid him a visit. I remember my first visit to her, accompanied by my friend and subsequent brother-in-law, de la Penha, who observing that my wife [*sic*] and I were sitting together all the evening, viewing photographs, etc., said to me on the way home: 'You are in for it!' I sent her an opera glass, with the inscription on the lid, 'From an admirer,' and when I informed her, after she had returned to her home in Darmstadt, that I was going to Frankfurt, and would pass Darmstadt, she was at the station, and gave me her photograph. That settled it. I sent her brother to Darmstadt with a letter containing a proposal of marriage, and she replied with a touching letter of acceptance. . . . If ever there was an angelic being on earth, it was she."

Photographs do the trick.

### Gutenberg's Heirs

TIPPED off by a lover of the finer things of life that Pageant Books, of 59 Fourth Avenue, a publishing house run by the owners of the Pageant Book Company, same address, was



preparing for publication later this year an edition of a thousand facsimile copies of the Gutenberg Bible, we went down to Pageant & Pageant, a block north of Cooper Union, and found ourself in an enormous second-hand bookstore full of old *National Geographics*. In no time, its owners, Henry Chafetz and Sidney B. Solomon, had produced a chair for us and were telling the story of the latter-day Gutenberg. "Sid and I started the bookstore in 1945, when we both came back from the war," Mr. Chafetz said. "We now have a stock of about a hundred thousand books and a million and a half old prints. We started publishing in 1956, with a reproduction, in seventeen sheets, of the Bayeux tapestry. The original, which I saw and admired when it was in the Louvre—it's back in Bayeux now—is two hundred and thirty-one feet long and nineteen and a half inches high. We sold our reproduction for seventeen-fifty, because we were naïve; it should have been sold for twenty-five dollars. We printed an edition of five hundred, and after that had been exhausted, we ran off four hundred and eighty more. Since then, we've issued a number of different reprints, several in multivolume sets—among them a thirty-six-volume set on seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Jesuit missionaries in North America, which we sold for four hundred dollars, and which in the original fetches around twelve hundred."

"How about the Bible?" we asked.

"A couple of years ago," said Mr. Chafetz, who does not like to be rushed, "needing capital and expert advice, we took in, as partners in Pageant Books, Mr. Walter Rowman, a man who had owned several bindery plants, and Mr. Arthur W. Littlefield, who used to be vice-president of Barnes & Noble and is now president of Littlefield & Adams, which publishes textbooks. Rowman is our production genius. Sid and I had the idea that the biggest thing in the world was the Gutenberg Bible, and when we proposed its publication, or republication, our two new partners didn't blink an eye. The question was what copy of the Bible we could use, or should use, to make a reproduction from. There are forty-seven known original copies, fourteen of them in this country, and the only facsimile edition—a total of three hundred copies—was printed in 1913 and 1914 by Insel Verlag, in Leipzig. I checked the Morgan Library's three originals and the Public Library's one original and one facsimile, and I decided the best thing to do would be to copy a facsimile. Who would want to let an original out of his hands, anyway? Who

would want to lend us a facsimile, for that matter? We would have to dismantle the entire book to work on it. Well, I bought an Insel Verlag copy from H. P. Kraus for a little under a thousand dollars (the binding was poor, but for our purposes that didn't matter), had hundred-per-cent-rag-content paper made by the Curtis Paper Company, and engaged the New City Printing Company and the Photogravure & Color Company to do the job. American craftsmanship in this field is as good as the best European. The Gutenberg Bible has twelve hundred and eighty-two printed pages, of which ninety-seven are illuminated in gold and six other colors, with religious miniatures, dragons, peacocks, and medieval flowers. The Photogravure & Color Company is the only photogravure house I know of that can give you a gold that *looks* like gold without having too commercial an appearance. The illuminated pages are being done by a five-color process. We tried using actual gold—at seventy-two dollars an ounce—but it came out a dirty brown, so we switched to bronze powder."

"The rag paper will last forever, unless there's a fire or something," Mr. Solomon announced.

Mr. Chafetz said that the Pageant Bible, which is to consist of two volumes, will be bound up in de-luxe sets, selling for seven hundred and fifty dollars, and in regular sets, selling for six hundred. "Binding has been a problem," he went on. "The pages—nearly six hundred and fifty in each volume—are twelve by a little over eighteen inches, and there's no animal with a skin big enough to bind a book like that. I mean a *good* animal. I mean a good animal that we could afford. Antelope is good, but it costs two seventy-five a square foot in South Africa, and has to be tanned in England before it's sent here, which means that we'd have to charge nine hundred dollars a set. We've settled on imported morocco for the spine of

the de-luxe binding, and hand-rubbed calf for the sides; the regular-edition binding will be top-grade cowhide and boards. We'll have nine hundred and ninety-six copies for sale. Each of us partners is keeping one for himself."

"We collect the books we publish," Mr. Solomon said.

"We want to follow in the steps of the old-time English booksellers," Mr. Chafetz continued. "In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, you know, booksellers published Shakespeare and Jonson, and over here Scribner and Dutton started out as bookstores. The Gutenberg job is costing us over three hundred thousand dollars. We'll sell the books by mail and through Philip C. Duschne, a dealer. Six hundred dollars may sound like a lot, but a Gutenberg original would cost around five hundred thousand, if you could get one."

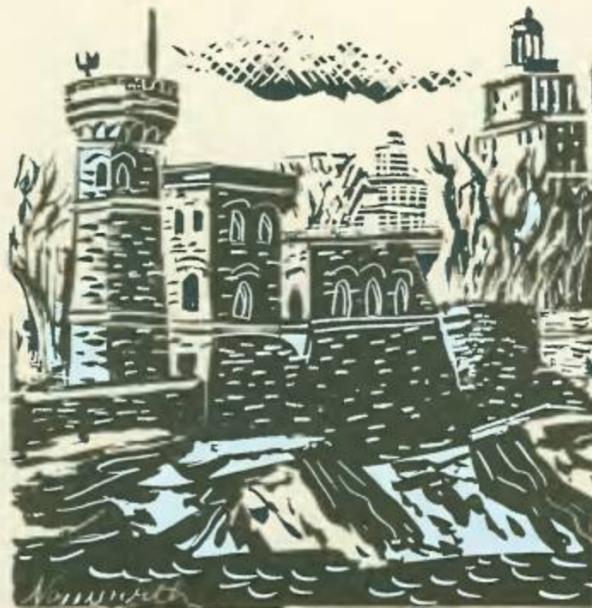
### Biography

A SECOND-GRADER of our acquaintance, faced with the confusion of the February birthdays, submitted the following explanation of them to his teacher:

George Washington was our first president. He was in a parade like you see in the picture and there is a drummer boy. There are marching in town. George Washington lived in a redish log cabin. He always had to work. He got shot on the back of the head. He was poor. George Washington was called honest old abe.

### Portable Robot

MORE news from the spooky world of automation! The Monroe Calculating Machine Company has just unveiled a new all-purpose computer, called the Monrobot Mark XI (having given their machine the most inhuman name possible, and in the form of a pun at that, the Monroe people apparently hope to strike a note of humanity by listing successive models as if they were kings, not things), and of course we have been to see the machine, at the Monroe showroom, on Park Avenue, and have been almost instantaneously outwitted by it, in a not very fierce battle of ticktacktoe. Walter K. Clifford, vice-president in charge of marketing at Monroe, told us that the latest approach to computers is to make them compact and low-priced, both of which Mark XI is. Resembling, in length, breadth, and height, an ordinary steel desk surmounted by an ordinary typewriter, Mark XI struck us as much less forbidding than the truck-size computers we've grown used to. We weren't surprised when Clifford gave it a





*"Just think! When Dascoli sent Rocky Bridges and Jackie Robinson and everybody to the showers, this is where he sent them!"*

friendly pat. "Mark XI solves many of the technical problems that we in the computer game have been bucking for years," he said, with a passion that left us in no doubt about how he had come to be vice-presidential non-robot in charge of marketing. "Up to now, all-purpose computers have required a great amount of space to sit down in and couldn't be readily moved from

place to place. Mark XI weighs only three hundred and seventy-five pounds and is therefore completely portable; you can use it wherever there's an electric outlet. Speaking of electricity, I might mention that most computers call for a good bit of rewiring, to handle the heavy load of current they consume, but the Mark XI plugs into a standard outlet and consumes about half as much

electricity as a toaster does. Furthermore, computers have always been so delicate that they had to be operated in carefully air-conditioned rooms; the Mark XI can operate anywhere, without regard to temperature."

The Mark XI seemed to preen itself a little, and we half expected the visible knob of brains atop it to type out some politely modest comment. Before this,



"Please stop referring to your mother as a drag!"

could happen, Mr. Clifford was heaping further compliments on it. "The *real* news about Mark XI is its price," he said. "Just after the war, when the first all-purpose computers came on the market, they cost about a million dollars. Gradually, the price has come down—first to half a million, then to a quarter of a million, and last year to a hundred and eighty-five thousand. But Monroe has made the breakthrough that the small businessman has been waiting for. Hold your breath!" Obediently, we did so. "The Monrobot Mark XI will sell for the amazingly low price of twenty-four thousand five hundred dollars," Clifford said, his eyes rolling like marbles. "A giveaway price! And for an absolutely idiot-proof machine! When data is fed into it by punched tape or cards, the machine is capable of untended operation. It can do an average of five thousand arithmetical computations per minute. By itself, with only a monitor in the room, it can automatically compute the earnings—including all deductions, overtime payments, and so on—of a payroll of eight hundred people and print their pay checks for them. It can also be programmed to do sales analysis, inventory control, invoicing, brokerage accounting, differential equations, and probability analysis, to name a few of its applications."

We let out our breath, and Mr. Clifford urged us to try beating the Mark XI at a game of ticktacktoe. He pulled a switch, and the typewriter on Mark XI typed out "Your move." Clifford explained that the numbers 1 through 9

on the keyboard of the typewriter had been set to represent the squares in the game. Nervily, we pressed number 5. Mark XI chose number 3.

We got trimmed in five straight games, and the vice-president in charge of marketing seemed very much pleased.

### Stratagem

WE caught sight of an old friend from a distance as we started home from the office the other afternoon, and for a little while he had us worried. He is about forty and is a busy man—an architect. When we saw him, half a block away from us, he was standing on the curb of an eastbound street in midtown holding aloft a white card with some kind of legend on it in bold letters. What had happened to our friend, we wondered. Had the pressures of his career finally broken him? He seemed nicely turned out, in a long, dark overcoat and a homburg, and as we got closer we saw that his face was unlined and that its expression was relaxed and cheerful. The sign he was holding over his head had the dimensions of a legal-size envelope, and the legend on it, neatly drawn in ink, was "91st and Fifth." We decided to speak to him. If he was in bad shape, we might be of some assistance. If he wasn't, he could satisfy our curiosity. He saw us, and spoke first. "Hi," he said. "Going uptown? I'll give you a lift. I'll have a cab in a minute or so." We murmured that we were walking across to Grand Central to pick up some tickets. As he chatted

sign in the inside pocket of his well-cut overcoat.

### Care and Feeding

JUST before a performance, last Saturday evening, of "Little Mary Sunshine," an off-Broadway spoof of the sort of operetta that used to engage us in the dear, departed Victor Herbert days, we dropped in at the Second Avenue Kosher Delicatessen, near East Tenth Street and hard by the Orpheum, where "Little Mary Sunshine" is playing. We were immediately confronted by a wide-shouldered gentleman with an impressive shock of black hair, who was wearing an apron.

"You eating on 'Little Mary Sunshine'?" the man asked.

We told him that, the wind being high and we being early, we had drifted into his establishment for warmth and a cup of tea.

"You don't know about the Second Avenue Delicatessen?" he inquired.

"No," we replied.

"Well, we feed the actors on the off-Broadway shows around here when they have to have a hot meal—because of Equity rules—on Saturdays, when they run a matinee and a night show right together," he said. "Like, we'll say, 'Little Mary Sunshine.' That one goes on on Saturdays at 7 P.M. and 10 P.M."

"Why is that?" we inquired.

"Here we are off Broadway, over on Second Avenue," he said, "and everybody is uptown at a matinee in the after-

about inconsequential things, other pedestrians hurried by in both directions and still others stood forlornly on the curb or halfway out in the street and waved at passing cabs. There were plenty of cabs, but they were either occupied by passengers or going to their garages with signs on the windshield saying "OFF DUTY." In three minutes, the driver of one of the latter pulled up smartly in front of our friend and opened his door. "I'll take you to Eighty-third and Fifth, Jack," he said to our friend, whose name is Philip. "My garage is up that way." "Thanks, I know," said Philip, climbing in. "This is the only way to get an off-duty cab when you're going uptown," he told us hurriedly. "A lot of the big taxi garages are uptown." He waved to us happily and put his

noon. But at seven o'clock everybody is downtown, saying to each other, 'So what do you want to do—sit around and look at television? No.' Even if they're uptown, they say, 'So what do you want to do?' So they say, 'Let's go downtown.' Our informant broke off to identify himself as Abe Lebewohl, co-proprietor of the delicatessen, and then told us that we could not only have tea on the house but also meet some of the people involved with "Little Mary Sunshine." He led us to a table occupied by Cynthia Baer, co-producer of the Orpheum entertainment; John McMartin, an actor in the show; and a red-haired gentleman whose name we did not catch. Miss Baer, as handsome a co-producer as we have ever encountered, remarked that an unfed actor off Broadway was as bad to handle as an unfed tiger; Mr. McMartin observed that he had indigestion but it had nothing to do with the Second Avenue Kosher Delicatessen; and the red-haired gentleman said that the place didn't look like any Mermaid Tavern to him, and asked for a beer.

Mr. Lebewohl, whose establishment includes a counter and a handful of tables such as the one we were at, went off in search of a beer, and Miss Baer grilled us about Minnesota, a state to which she owes the fealty of a native.

We told her that we knew Bemidji, the birthplace of a friend of ours.

"I played stock there," said Miss Baer.

Mr. McMartin announced that he, too, was from Minnesota. "Land of Lakes," he said, and added, "This indigestion is killing me."

The red-haired gentleman said that if the service didn't improve, he would go uptown and take in "Goodbye Charlie."

Mr. Lebewohl came back with the beer, and advised us that feeding off-Broadway actors was not all beer and skittles. "You take, now, like 'The Brothers Karamazov,'" he pointed out. "For them, I figure maybe a pot roast and to begin with a nice chicken-liver appetizer. They're off Broadway, they're hungry, but what happens? The chicken liver was too much for the girls, and the female performance is logy. So what do we do? We eliminate the chicken liver on the hot meals we send in, and give—this is when 'The Brothers Karamazov' had folded—the 'Little Mary Sunshine' troupe a nice half of chicken, with noodles and so on. What happens? They get logy. Now it's a quarter chicken, and everybody is on their toes. Down here, when Nancy Walker was at the Phoenix—this was in 1956—she

would finish a performance and have chopped chicken liver and two plates of noodle soup. But these new performers can't take it. Generally speaking, before we can tell where a show is going, we send over roast beef. But you never know. Myron McCormick was in the neighborhood for a television show out of the Central Plaza, and what does he want? *Gefüllte fsch.*"

We were interrupted at this juncture by a cry from the rear that was unintelligible to us.

"The chef," said Mr. Lebewohl.

"What is he saying?" we asked.

"Rumanian tenderloin," said Mr. Lebewohl. "He's Chinese, trained in the Catskills. His name is Yu Chen Chu, and he is one of the few kosher Chinese cooks around. This place, you know, was a dairy lunch until Harry

Baker, my partner, and I took it over five years ago. It's still kosher, but what that Yu can do with a matzoh ball, you don't have to care about dietary laws to like it. It is so light the soup has to get up from the dish to follow it. This I don't give to the off-Broadway actors. If I did, they'd all be ballet dancers." Mr. Lebewohl caught his breath. "But maybe," he went on, "we give them a nice bit of chopped chicken liver to steady them, and a nice Yu matzoh ball to get them flying. I ought to see what the script calls for—emotionally, I mean."

OVERHEARD on a New York Central train, college girl to middle-aged man: "Oh, some discussion groups are all right, but, honestly, how can you discuss *history*?"



"... and an electric dishwasher, and stereo, and a deep freeze. Oh, darling, there's nothing I won't get you when we catch up with America."

## GOODNESS IS AS GOODNESS DOES

NOW that the season of spring housecleaning is upon us, I have been thinking about a neighbor of ours, years ago, whom I shall call Mrs. Henrietta Hearn. It was in the nineteen-thirties, in a city in the Middle West, and the Hearn's house was just down the block from ours. I went by it at least four times a day, as I was going to and from high school, and I also passed it whenever I was sent on an errand. The neighborhood was mid-Victorian, and the Hearn's house was an especially sad, unpainted, jigsaw-scrollwork-decorated two-story frame house that had once been white and that appeared to be falling apart at the cornices. The shutters of the two upstairs windows on the front drooped like unhappy eyelids. Every time I passed, I looked at the house with interest, thinking, Next time it will be nothing but a pile of boards on the sidewalk.

The secret of its preservation lay in Mrs. Hearn. She was blond, very large, fortyish, and stately, and in that period of my life I thought she was the most colorful woman in the world. I stopped in to see her as often as I could manage. There was always at least one canary singing in the living room, and Mrs. Hearn acted glad to see me. "Stay for the meal," she would say. "Stay for the meal. You'll be no problem, and it makes no matter, because we throw out so much anyway."

She had a husband, Frank, and a herd of children, all the size of small elephants. Each of them had two names, like Cora Sue, Betty Jean, Margaret Ann, John David, Paul Henry, Walter Edgar. Mrs. Hearn never referred to or spoke to one of them that she did not use the double name. "Run over to the grocery, Betty Jean, sweet, and see if old Tompkins has any fresh limas." Or "Walter Edgar, honey, slip up to the corner and see what's happened to the evening paper. It should have been here fifteen minutes ago."

The house itself was a jungle. I don't remember a bed ever being made or a news-

paper picked up off the floor. Neither do I remember either parent ever uttering a harsh word. It was perpetual harmony in disorder. One day when I was there, two of the elephants, during a quarrel, broke a lamp table. From the porch we heard the crash and the sound of splintering wood. Mrs. Hearn called out, "Pitch it down, just pitch it down," and somebody went into the kitchen and opened the door to the cellar and hurled the wooden bits down the basement steps. As we settled back, Mrs. Hearn said, "Oh, children are so destructive."

There was never a time when someone in the house wasn't eating, and it seemed that whenever I walked into the kitchen a child was pulling open a box of Shredded Wheat. "My family are simply cranks about good food," Mrs. Hearn would say. "Oranges, bananas, Milky Ways. Like at noon, they ate twenty-five peanut-butter sandwiches—over four apiece. I fix them special, with a layer of sliced opera creams in the center. Both for vitamins and quick energy. And hot chocolate with gobs of whipped cream. This family are just cranks on good meats and creams. Especially my husband Frank. He can't stand to look at the table without there's fresh fruit pies or a coconut cake on it."

Frank Hearn was a spare, sallow man who seemed always to have on the

same striped shirt, with a dark-blue, stained necktie, and he went to work in a red lumberjacket. I think of him as never making a sound. My mother once said, "Mrs. Hearn, your husband is the best-dispositioned man I ever saw."

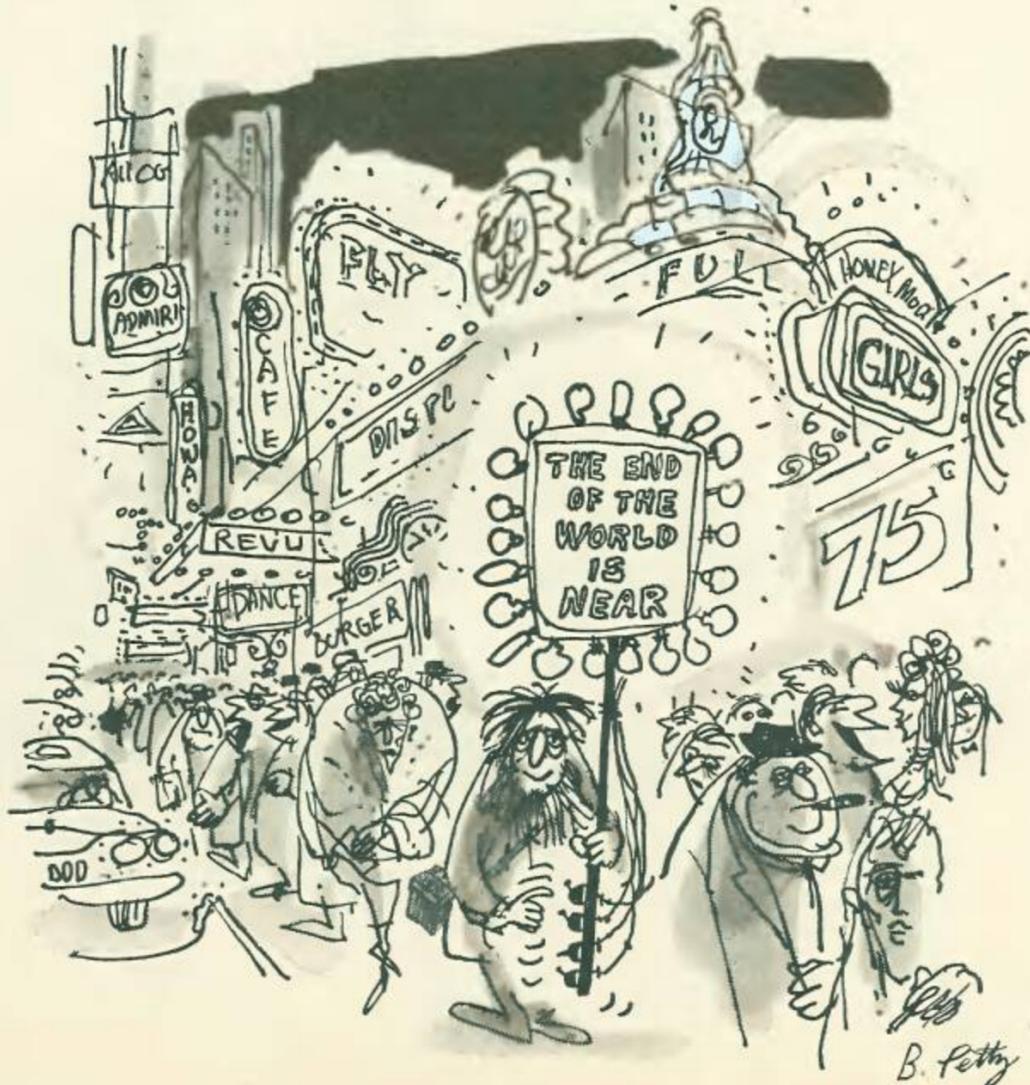
"Not at all, not at all," Mrs. Hearn said. "Frank can be a perfect beast when he aims to."

I think of him as getting thinner and thinner.

Our own house seemed pale and uninteresting by comparison. Mother warned me many times that I went to the Hearn's too often, but she was as fond of Mrs. Hearn as I was. The only fault she had to find with Mrs. Hearn was that she didn't do any spring housecleaning. She would take out two or three small rugs and throw them across the clothesline and pretend that she was cleaning.

Sunday afternoon was the time when I loved to go to the Hearn's. Mother had taught us never to go anywhere without taking a present, so in winter I removed a glass of strawberry jam from the pantry shelf, and in summer I snapped off the heads of the happiest flowers in the side yard. At the Hearn's house, in winter, we moseyed around in the vicinity of the living-room stove and listened to the various canaries sing and to the snarl of furniture being destroyed. In fine weather, Mrs. Hearn was usually on the front porch. The vista was limited to a tool factory directly

opposite, but she and I could have long talks and look at the smokestacks. Their house was right on the street, and there was no front lawn—only a couple of not very flourishing, lanky spiraea bushes beside the front steps. Sometimes Mr. Hearn would be watering them with a tin sprinkling can, and as I came up and was welcomed, Mrs. Hearn would say, "Frank *does* enjoy his garden. As long as we don't have the price of a car, I don't know what he would do without his yard to take care of. . . . It's been a year of disaster, *perfect* disaster," she went on. "I see by the paper that another coal mine caved in over near Chillicothe. Trou-



ble, trouble. Margaret Ann, as you come out, would you fetch me my shawl? It was a sad week. Sad, sad. Yesterday, at eleven, they laid away old Bessie McMahon. I will say they had her fixed up fine. The flowers—mercy, I wish you could have seen those flowers. That old fat Heines, punk florist that he is, had the place looking like a wedding. As I said to Frank, after I got back, I could have *danced* in there. But the McMahons always do everything so nice.”

On occasion, when I offered my present, I would tell Mrs. Hearn how pretty she looked. “The face is like an old quince,” she would say, “but when I was young, they all said I was winsome. Well, I’ve never gone in much for facials. Just an occasional marcel; it picks a girl up. My hair was straight as a string till Mother took a poker to it. Frank’s never cranky about me. He’s not particular. Just likes to see

me well groomed. Walter Edgar, scout around out there in the kitchen and see if there’s an old sweet roll from breakfast, or maybe there’s a peppermint left in the candy dish.”

Then she leaned closer to me and said confidentially, “I had a coat set aside yesterday at J. C. Penney’s. Nothing elaborate, a pale blue, but it’ll be mighty comfy when fall comes. You have to look ahead—which is why I must get back to the laundry.” She was referring not to her own washing and ironing but to the Royal Hand Laundry, where she occasionally did part-time work. “Frank doesn’t seem to bring in enough. I don’t mean to complain. Frank’s a good provider, but all this family! I’ve got to get back over there. It’s just a widow’s mite, but every bit helps to keep the wolf from the door.”

My thoughts, temporarily saddened, were interrupted by a loud crash from the confines of the house. “Pitch it down,” Mrs. Hearn sang out, “Paul Henry, lamb, just pitch it down.”

Our family never ate in restaurants,



“No matter how much I stuff myself, I can’t seem to gain an ounce.”

and I loved to be at the Hearn’s at supertime on Sunday nights, because Mrs. Hearn sent out for food. As the herd began to whimper and grow restless, she would say, “John David, steal over to the Top Hat and pick up some barbecues. . . . Oh, I don’t know. Some of the beef, a few of the pork. And tell that old Alonzo not to be niggardly with the piccalilli. Say that last time I thought they were tasteless. Might as well have chewed on a bunch of old horse meat.” Or she would say, “It’s funny, but tonight I only feel like candies. Cora Sue, it’s past five, but see if the drugstore’s still open and if old Judkins has a large Whitman’s Sampler left. Tell him to charge it, but if Judkins is there, you’d better go somewheres else. And don’t get that cheap kind again you got a week ago, with all those squashy cherries. I can’t bear to bite in and have that juice ooze all over my chin.”

Every so often, the Hearn’s telephone would be cut off because the bill had not been paid, and Mrs. Hearn would come over and ask to use ours. “Madge, it’s Henny,” she would begin. “Are you all

right, dear? I’m in at neighbors’. Our service is gone again. *And* the lights. . . . Oh, Frank’s been up to his old mischief, putting pennies in the light meter, and you know the light company. I look for him to be temporarily imprisoned. Do you know, we haven’t had lights in eight days? I got in a lot of candles, but it’s so hard to run a home without electricity.” She would snort and laugh. “Guess the plumbing will probably go next. It’s all in a day’s work, as the man says. Is everybody O.K.? . . . Well, it was apparent the last time we saw you that Arthur wasn’t feeling so good. If he can just have it out, whatever it is, I’m sure he’ll be the better for it. The winter’s taken a toll on all of us, Madge. . . .”

Then she would call the laundry. “Is this the Royal? . . . Well, it’s Mrs. Hearn. I was wondering if you could use an extra hand any time this week? . . . Oh, most any afternoon would do, I guess. Things are a little slow at the house, and I’d like to pick up some pocket change. . . . O.K., on Wednesday then, and if Mabel Sym-

onds is right there at the mangle by the window, would you say 'hello' for me?"

As she got up from the phone, she would say, "Things are set up over there at the Royal. They need me, and I'm glad to oblige. It isn't just for the money—heavens, that's only a little something for the purse. I miss the social contacts, all the chatter, and it gets me out of that house for a few hours a day. Those kiddies last night were like a zoo."

One of the saddest events I ever witnessed was the day that a truck from a department store backed up in front of the Hearn's house and took away all the living-room and dining-room furniture. It was in the fall, and we were working in the yard, raking leaves. As the men began to pile the furniture in the truck, Mrs. Hearn walked out to the curb, crying and wiping her eyes, and the children after her. Mother said, "It's just too terrible to watch," and we went indoors.

Forty-five minutes later, Mrs. Hearn came to the kitchen door and said, "I wonder if I could use the phone a minute? I've got to make some arrangements."

Mother asked if she would like some coffee. "No," she said, "neither Frank or I use drugs. I suppose you saw what occurred this morning. Rogues, rogues—those department stores these days are nothing but rogues! The kids felt bad to see all that stuff go, because they'd helped me pick it out, but I don't know. I never thought the wine-colored velours was right for us. After you've had it a while, it always seems to look musty. And I think Chinese red would be too bright. I think I'll do it this time in peach or lemon. Oh, house-keeping is so discouraging. You never get caught up. There's a sale on today at Dale's, and if I can reach a good clerk, we can have new things out here by nightfall. Dale's usually wants a down payment, but I have a good record there, and know I can work it out. This morning made me peevish. Those rogues. I'd like to see a lawyer and write them a stiff letter."

**A**LTHOUGH the Hearn's living room was soon stuffed with yellow furniture, the dining room stood empty until the following summer. One night, when Mother and I were walking by, we saw, through the curtainless bay window, Mrs. Hearn on a step-ladder, papering the dining-room ceiling. Mother sent me back to the corner to get a pint of maple-nut ice cream for her, and then we stopped in and

## FACT OF CRYSTAL

Who shall say that the rock feels not at all  
In its obscure, slumbrous, geologic way  
The pinprick of incipient demolition;  
Or sensed not once the dream-faint, unremitting,  
Electric stir of the crystal rising in its side—  
The next-to-nothing gnat-sting, the dim prickle  
Of flowering not-life making try at growth,  
Prefiguring afar the flying fire  
That runs in the veins of men, through coils of time  
Bringing prodigious newness out of earth?

Motion, that far-off whisper—it was there  
In quartz, in beryl, in the mica sheath.  
In crystal-building and in fusion flash  
The poles of speed declare themselves, and what  
Is cataclysmic, loosed in a splintered second,  
Innocuous creeps down its millionth year.

Locked in dragging ages black as Tophet,  
Crammed into corners in split seams of the earth,  
Down deep in torpor's dungeon lodged forgotten,  
Accepting off-slant cramping of the facets  
As incidental and of no importance,  
These mounting shapes from formlessness arriving  
Were not unmindful of their glorious axes  
In at the center fixed, ordaining true  
The ancient, inmost pivots of pure selfhood.

Behold the beauteous sluggards and their work—  
The slothful quartz, the lazing tourmaline,  
And their great tardy dazzle. Envy rock's glory.  
This that hung once thinner than breath in space,  
Wraith of a wraith, earth's uncreated dust,  
Now signals with the flung-down fact of crystal,  
Its stern-decreed geometry achieved,  
Its pattern worked out to a T, its tip atom in place.

Where current rode the illimitable streaming  
Too slow for any swirl to break the surface,  
At that old, creeping, archetypal snail-pace,  
With none to note it, chaos inched back, worsted.  
How landfall-like august form stands delivered!  
Here's most diffuse most pointed, peaked, compacted,  
Here's most amorphous grappled into jewel.

—ABBIE HUSTON EVANS

delivered it, and she was delighted.

"On this hot night, you couldn't have pleased me more!" she said. "I was just fixing to quit." On the side walls she had pasted up four rolls of paper, each of a different design, but all of them fish and water and sea shells. "I'm testing several things," she said, "because I hope to be getting a new suite about the

end of the month. I'm not completely satisfied, but old Dale has been good to us, and I like to do business with him. He understands us, and his heart's in the right place."

We went out to the kitchen so that she could sit down while she ate the ice cream, and I told her how fine I thought the room would look, and said I imagined that they had missed living without a dining-room table. "No, no, you get used to what you've got. Little things don't much matter. As Father O'Brian, who I reverence, said last week, as you get older you look more toward the eternal. I'm not at all satisfied with the way that dining room is turning out. I've always seen that



room in Roman style—long banquet tables, and alabaster lamps. But Frank put his foot down. Thought it would look foolish. Very firm. Oh, so firm. It's going to be the heavy oak again, with the tapestried chairs. And scarlet tassels at each corner of the seat. I just hope the children will feel responsible enough to watch out for it this time. And when I get that wall covered with my mother's hand-painted china, we really ought to have something."

We said good night and started to leave. "Tomorrow, Frank is going to have a go at that front bedroom," she said. "Two months ago, half the ceiling dropped off in the night, and with three of the little ones sleeping in there, I don't think it's safe. Not safe at all."

She gave a long sigh and said, "Is the game worth the candle?"

Mother said, "I want to tell you, Mrs. Hearn, I think your children have the best manners in the neighborhood. I never meet one of your boys on the street that he doesn't tip his cap to me, and call me by name, and when your daughters come to the door, they always curtsy."

"That's nice to hear," Mrs. Hearn said. "That's very nice to hear. They're good kids, and, like you know, we haven't had so much. But if you ever hear one of them say an unkind word, or do an impolite deed, you can rest assured they never learned it from me or Frank. They had to go outside the home to pick it up."

WHEN the war came, my parents moved, first to a distant part of the city and later to another state. I was in the Air Force and, like most soldiers, wrote letters to everybody I could think of. I sent Mrs. Hearn cards at Christmas, and she replied, in her time, on lined tablet paper, with a wet, licked pencil. Once she wrote, "Here is old Tillie the Toiler, but now she's Rosie the Riveter. I and Frank are both at the aircraft factory, on the midnight shift. The family's fine, all as busy as bees. Paul Henry is in England; Margaret Ann is a hostess on a plane. The others, I'm never real sure where they



*"Makes you feel you're not so old after all."*

are. Frank's mother is with us for the winter, and Frank isn't a bit well. One doctor says it's kidneys, another says it's his liver. He looks peaked, and I just wish he could have it out. I think when summer comes and he can get at his garden, it'll work wonders. But none of us are as young as we used to be (Ha ha). I happened to see your mother and dad a while back. She looks older. She tries to do too much. Your dad seemed fine, strong as an ox, but he always did know how to save himself. Come see us when you're this way, because we're lonely. (Mrs.) Henrietta Hearn."

AS so many acquaintances do, Mrs. Hearn just passed out of our lives. Fifteen years later, I have no idea where

she is, or her family. Only a few weeks ago I happened to be in that city again, and, excited, drove toward our old neighborhood. When I rounded the corner, I couldn't believe my eyes. Where the tool factory had been, there was now a huge new grammar school, and the Hearn's house, and ours, and all the other familiar places were gone. Instead, it was a playground, filled with swings and teeter-totters and laughing children. —STEWART JOHNSON

"This fool's paradise of mild weather will come to a screeching halt," said a forecaster at the Imeson Airport weather station.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Journal*.

Power brakes, probably.

## THE KING OF KISSINGDOM

I WAS a late child, born when my parents were both in their mid-forties. In the month of my birth, the younger of my two brothers, then five, was sent to boarding school; the elder had already been away for some years and was to me no more than an impression of gray flannel violence, a pair of stocky knees, a whiplash decapitating nettles and the—to me—inaccessible blowing bells of hollyhocks. The brother who was sent away because of my arrival obliterated himself. A small, pale, trembling child—I first remember him with a red tape tied around his arm, to show that he had just been vaccinated, being sick behind the summerhouse. This must have been a day or so before the beginning of a school term, for he hated school with all the passion in his unhappy nature, and never forgave me for it.

In the holidays, these brothers, when not Boy Scouting in shaky huts built of evergreen or marching with heavy rifles on some manikin military maneu-

ver, stayed with one or other of our grandmothers. They returned home, always, for the last dreadful days, during which I would become ill, or run away, or drop my spectacles down the well—anything to distract the household from its morbid concentration on these two ill-fitting, ill-fitted strangers. The elder twisted my arm. My other brother seldom spoke to me. When I saw him being sick in secret, I would never tell anyone—not out of loyalty but because, I suppose, I hoped he might die there behind the summerhouse or water butt, or hidden in the ferny depths of the herbaceous border; die and never be noticed, crumbling away like the blackbirds and frogs I found and buried. I would, I feel sure, have dug him in beside them with equal ceremony.

I was, then, an only child—an only daughter. The modestly beautiful eighteenth-century house, which my parents had filled with Jacobean furniture, was my home; its garden my

undisputed territory. Alone, I made my country behind the rhododendrons. Here I ate peppery nasturtium leaves and buried my spectacles in the loamy earth. I was never unhappy. My parents lived in another world, and I do not, for the first seven years of my life, remember even the sound of their voices. The year was always summer, with Christmas suddenly occurring in the middle—and, at intervals, the three uneasy appearances of my brothers, forgotten the moment their trunks and tuck boxes, cricket bats or football boots, disappeared from the hall.

This, until the inception of the Little Folk's Nursery, was my land. Beyond the garden gate was a village, but it was almost unknown to me. There was a church, which I visited infrequently, always being hustled out before the sermon. There was "the big house," owned by the squire, where once a year, with grizzling reluctance, I went to tea, a clean handkerchief tucked up my knicker leg and invariably lost. There was the schoolmaster, with his spectacles propped on a rosy, sweating forehead. He had a baby that, with a curious belief in the magic of money, I attempted to buy. There was the farmer next door, with a beard like Moses' and a stomach, I knew, like God's. I was frightened of him, but even this was a pleasure. I would crouch on the roof of our tool shed, throwing handfuls of sharp gravel down among his ducks and hens. "You're a rum gal!" he would roar, pushing his round straw hat to the back of his head like a halo. "A rum gal, ain't yer?" I would nod fiercely, clinging to the blistered asbestos. I was a rum gal, filled with sweet and curious spirit. Fifteen men on a dead man's chest and me, in a new pair of steel-rimmed spectacles to correct my wildly squinting eyes, in a well-patched pair of my brother's hot gray wool shorts, perched on the roof like cockcrow for as long as I wanted to stay. I was not aware that down in the house, in my father's oak-panelled study, in the great stone-floored kitchen where my mother worked all her life, there was anguish and tragedy—and, out of these, plans growing painfully for my future.

From the tool-shed roof, by precariously standing and grabbing the great branch of a yew tree for support, I could see the distant orchard. This orchard, which belonged to my father, was on the other side of the road; therefore, it was not in the same way as the garden my territory. I knew that sometimes, particularly at the end of the holidays, when the boys were home, my father



"Wipe your feet—both of you!"

would retire there, camping for the day in a disused chicken run. On occasion, I would be asked to take messages to him, which he received, from his armchair in the chicken house (he had an oilstove in the winter) or his deck chair among the apple trees, with a vague, bemused smile or a groan of intolerable pain. In either case, I was not tempted to stay. In those days, there was nothing for me in the orchard. I would avoid, in his affectionate moments, the restraining hand, the encircling arm, and skitter back up the orchard, over the gate, scuffing the white dust of the road, back into the garden and home. I never realized that he was lonely.

THIS was all, until my seventh birthday. I suppose there is some very simple reason why I do not remember the actual process of change, which must, indeed, have been an upheaval. I do not remember the day the Little Folk arrived, or the building of the army hut in the orchard, or the introduction of green baize notice boards and undersized desks into my nursery. I do not remember the first time I saw broad beans growing on damp blotting paper in my own home, or catkins in jam jars, or my paintings—of great severity and totally lacking in talent—drawing-pinned to the schoolroom (no longer nursery) wall. I do not remember the arrival of Miss Briggs. In one dream, I was the rum gal, alone on the hot roof; in the next, without waking, a Little Folk among six other Little Folk, in a house devoted to raw carrot and phonetic spelling, with my father living in an army hut in the orchard, with Miss Briggs, that timid and beautiful young woman, gently correcting my eating, my speaking, my habits of a lifetime. It happened—and I cannot believe, however hard I try, that I was surprised.

The reasons for the Little Folk's Nursery were practical enough. My father, having retired on a small pension, had very little money. The house was large, and I, they must have thought, was lonely. The Little Folk were children whose parents, for one reason or another, were thankful to be rid of them—colonial administrators, empire builders, all sunning themselves in a twilight that they refused to recognize. Exotic presents would arrive from India, China, the far-flung bazaars of Burma and Malaya. The children were yellow and thin, dreadfully overdressed until my mother stripped them of their tweed and flannel and made them deep-breathe the English frosts and play



*"If they nominated me for President, know who I'd choose for my running mate? I'd choose you, Joe."*

naked in the tepid English summers. Their names were Gwen and Brian, Jocelyn and David, Michael and Pamela—mild English names that suited their delicate natures. I think I felt some pride in their toughening. Affection or resentment did not occur to me.

Was I cruel to them? Do they sicken even now, in middle age, at the thought of me? I don't know. We slept, the seven of us, in the great bedroom that had been my father's. All was neat, all was sweetness: we each had our little chair, our little bed from a big furnishing store in Oxford; we had our little tables and our little hymns. My mother sometimes came out of the kitchen and read to us, in a thrilling, dramatic voice, the "Tales of the Norsemen." In my mind it was more often winter, with brisk walks in the hard lanes, hips and haws, cold fingers as we drew the holly berry and the redbreast in our nature books. Miss Briggs changed from cotton to angora, and wore small, childish socks over her stockings. And my father lived in the orchard, the army hut boiling over like a greenhouse—remote, un-

known, having left home, as far as we knew or cared.

THE party, however, came in the summer. I do not know what went on between my mother and my father and Miss Briggs during the short months of the winter and spring. I can guess, I can imagine, but I do not know, and therefore it is all just as shrouded in mystery to me now as it was that day when we received, for the first time, an invitation to the orchard.

My mother at this time must have been in her early fifties—a woman of incredible energy, a woman with the fierce, suppressed intensity of a Victorian who had been waylaid, so to speak, by the mild ideals, the sentimental enlightenment of the twenties. Alone with her camel, she should have attacked the Middle East; she should have organized Scutari or poured out, high on some crag or moor, the dark secrets of her strong head and heart; at the very least, she should, at some moment in her life, have chained herself to a railing. Instead of this, she had overcome her natural repugnance to ordinary fallible human

nature to the extent of getting married, late in life, and producing three children. This was correct, but it was not, for her, easy. She concentrated her talents on survival; she fought every minute of the day against the slackening of standards, the easy pull of emotion, the sensuality that might suddenly arise, an appalling threat, the moment her back was turned. Hidden somewhere far down in her complicated personality was a small, rather shocking talent for laughter, a germ of cruelty, a deep tenderness for flowers—the only emotion about which she could be articulate. At the time, I sensed some of this but knew none of it. To me, not yet grown into the dependence and complicity of later years, she was my cook and—as far as I possessed one—my conscience. She was regarded by everyone as a wonderful woman. I knew this because I was told it—by the farmer's wife, the schoolmaster's wife, the squire's wife, and by the rare, gilded, and scented mothers of the Little Folk, who flashed in and out of our quiet life like fireflies. "Your mother is a wonderful woman," they said. I believed them, and still do. But the climate was cold; the comfort, for a man with so much flesh and blood as my father, severely disciplined.

Miss Briggs was, I think, nineteen. She seemed to us old—much the same age, I suppose, as my mother and father. She was a great deal prettier. She had soft fair hair, parted in the middle and coiled in loose, sloppy earphones on either side of her rather plaintive little face. She had small, thin red hands, chapped, no doubt, from her perpetual concern with botany—I cannot remember that she did any housework. Her voice was high and hesitant except when she sang, when it suddenly increased in volume and became almost robust. "O Worship the King," she would burst out, energetically conducting with her little red mole's paws. "All glorious above. O gratefully sing His power and His love." And merrily, heavily, with the cheerful rhythm of completely insensitive children, we would join in, "Our shield and DEFENDER, The ancient of DAYS, Pavilioned in SPLENDOR and girded with PRAISE." My mother, hurrying past the window with a handful of parsley or mint, some bay leaves tugged from the tough bush, would look at us, it seemed with approval, but without smiling. Was she, perhaps, imprisoned in her kitchen, wistful? At night she came to kiss us good night,

but it was Miss Briggs we called back again and again on various wild pretexts until she blushed and laughed and patted her sliding earphones and breathed "I must go . . . I must go . . ." as though we had captured her.

Once, on an autumn evening—a bonfire was still smoldering by the summerhouse—I saw from our dormitory (no longer bedroom) window my father and Miss Briggs walking in the garden. I remember this only because I had not seen my father for some time and it seemed to me that he had grown smaller than I remembered. They were walking slowly round and round the tennis court, with its two blackened posts, its net taken in for the winter, the chalk lines mere smudges on the damp grass.

"Miss Briggs is out in the garden," I said.

Nobody answered. They were not very receptive children.

"She's all by herself," I said. "Walking round the tennis court."

Nobody proved me wrong. I watched for a little while, more curious to see my father on our land, broken out of his reserve, than I was to find out why they were walking together in the dense October evening. Then I went to bed and forgot it. The next day he was back in the orchard and Miss Briggs taught us a new hymn: "Praise, my soul, the KING of HEAVEN."

One's memories of childhood are distorted, inaccurate, possibly—to those who were consciously involved in it at the time—utterly false. But the event itself, the fact, dies the moment it has happened. What does it matter whether it was Monday or Thursday; whether it was May or July; whether the right was on such and such a side, or the facts were really entirely different? What survives, beacon-bright in the surrounding darkness, is an impression that grows, rather than fades, with time. And the impression becomes the truth

because it becomes part of one's life, illuminating in a single track of memory all the long past, even probing a faint and wavering finger into the shadows of the future, one's children's future—the faint rear light of a small experience, with or without truth, surviving time.

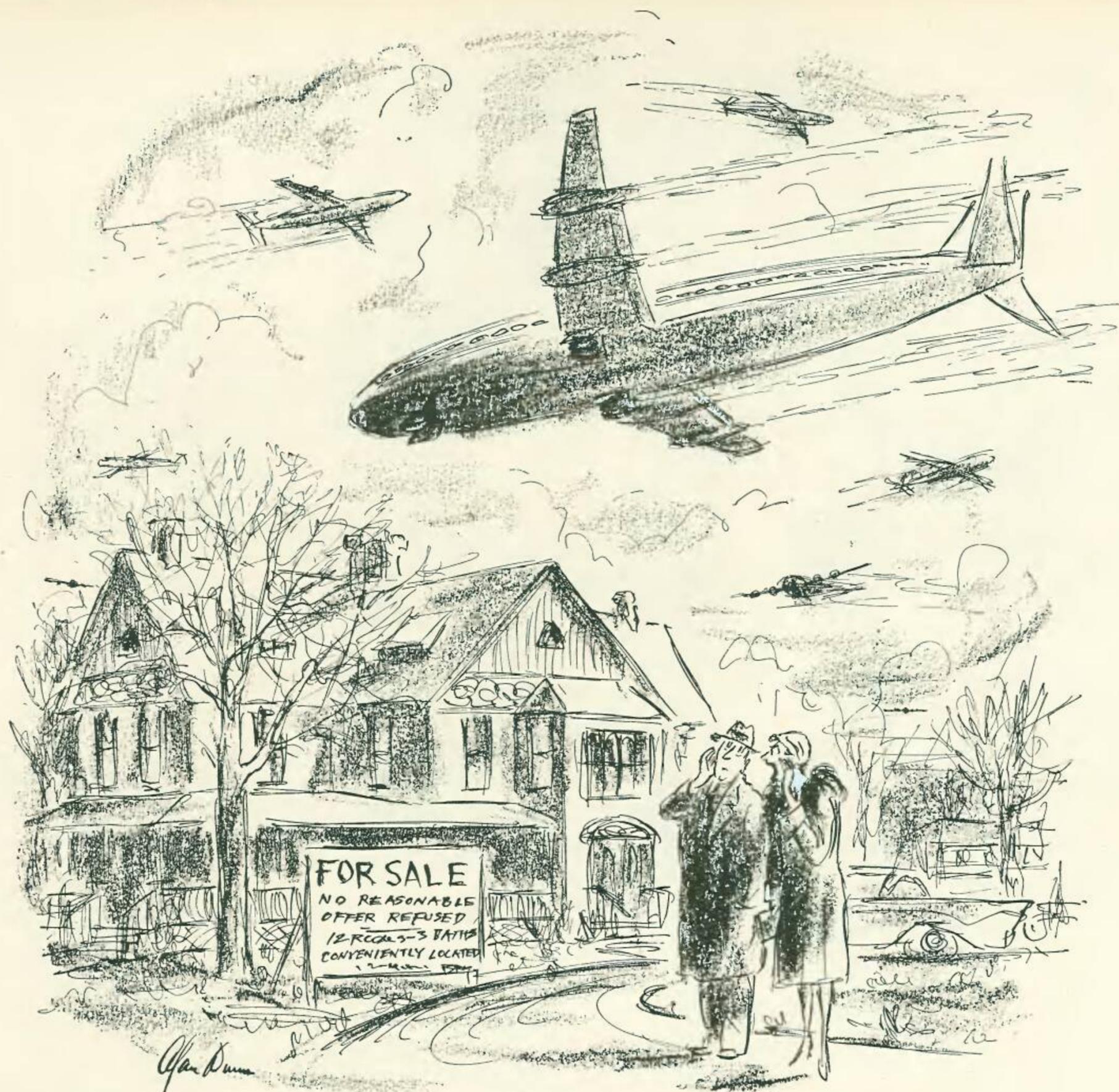
It was, as I say, summer. The windows were open in the schoolroom and there was pressed groundsel, no doubt, between sheets of blotting paper. We had just had our milk and homemade cookies and were amusing ourselves, waiting for Miss Briggs to come back and continue our comfortable lessons. Michael was prodding caterpillars—revolting and evil, I thought them—in a jam jar, and Jocelyn, the dainty, was playing with the doll's house my father had made over in his orchard and had had transported to the house by local carrier. We may have been talking, but we seldom said anything of interest or importance. Our conversations were mostly running commentaries on our own activities; the others could listen or not, as they chose.

Suddenly the door opened and Miss Briggs made an entrance. That is, she did not actually come into the room but stood there, a little breathless, a little pink, clasping a large roll of drawing paper and looking quickly from one to another of her Little Folk. Finally, with a kind of reluctance, she finished up with me; her eyes—large, pale eyes, given to rapid blinking—stayed on my face, and I saw thought moving behind them as one sees weeds, the shadows of weeds, moving in the depths of water. "Well, children," she said. It was obviously the beginning of an announcement.

We waited. I felt uneasy. I wiped my sticky hands on the baggy seat of my shorts; I curled my toes—the first time I remember this secret method of defense, this hanging on—inside my sensible sandals. Miss Briggs was still looking at me. I sniffed, disgustingly, to distract attention. Her eyes whipped away; she was released; she stepped inside the room and closed the door. "Well, children," she said, "I bear an invitation." She took a deep breath. She was momentarily younger than we were, stammering over her words, overcome with embarrassment. With a little awkward movement, she stiffly held out the roll of paper. "An invitation," she said, "from the King of Kissingdom."

Our stupidity, our shock, must have revived her. Since we did





“OF COURSE, IT IS CONVENIENT TO THE AIRPORT!”

not scream, or, indeed, even move, she briskly unrolled the paper and held it at arm's length. I saw something written in her best notice-board writing, with India ink and a special pen, and a blob of sealing wax at the end dropped over a piece of Christmas ribbon. “Hear ye! Hear ye!” she said, and it was her fine hymn-singing voice. “All faithful subjects of His Affectionate Majesty, the King of Kissingdom, are bidden to a Royal Banquet at Orchard Palace on this day, the nineteenth day . . .”

The others, I am sure, had no idea what she was shouting about. But I knew, even more certainly than if she had said “By the way, your father wants

you to go to tea this afternoon.” That might have confused me. This rigmarole, even before it was finished, had pinned me down. Reluctance and dread grew in me, cramped me, became a stomach pain. I bolted away, running, my sandals squeaking on the worn, diamond-patterned linoleum. My mother was not in the kitchen. Grated carrot, grated cabbage, nuts, and cheese were laid out on a tray; a big earthenware jug of lemonade was draped with a muslin cover weighted with small yellow and white beads. I fished a piece of lemon rind out of the jug, sucked it. The sun poured in through the dusty windows, raising the hot smell of coconut matting

on damp stone. I threw the lemon rind into the clean sink strainer and, forgetting why I had left, went back to the schoolroom.

The plan, apparently, had been explained. We were to change our clothes, wash our hands and faces, and assemble for a ceremonial march to the orchard at three o'clock. Until then we were to have a holiday. We agreed, although, I suspect, without much enthusiasm. Changes in our routine were not welcome. We seldom had treats, our life being, on the whole, so pleasurable. With the exception of Jocelyn, we hated changing our clothes. I had one dress, made from some sort of folk



*"You've never seen a woman before, but somehow, in some mysterious way, you're drawn toward her."*

weave sent from Calcutta. When my mother was cutting it out, she inadvertently pinned the pattern through the material to a green serge tablecloth. I tried to persuade her to make up the green serge and abandon the folk weave, but without success. The serge was turned into a dozen oven cloths and kettle holders, brilliantly blanket-stitched by us in handwork. Nothing was ever wasted.

"But first," Miss Briggs said—I still detected nervousness in her manner—"we must compose our reply, mustn't we? The King has put 'R.S.V.P.' on his invitation. Who knows what that means?"

"It means you've got to answer," said Jocelyn, the socialite.

"Quite right. So we'll get our paper, our pen, our ink," Miss Briggs said. Collecting all these things together, she

sat down at the table. We gathered round her, with slight curiosity. "Now, what shall we say? 'To . . . His Affectionate Majesty, the King of . . . Kissingdom . . .'" The beautiful flowing script was drawn slowly on the white paper. Doing this, Miss Briggs bit her lower lip with small, uneven teeth; one earphone tumbled, and she pushed at it impatiently. "Your faithful subjects accept with pleasure . . ."

I was looking out of the window, bracing myself on the window ledge with my hands and letting my legs hang stiffly an inch or two from the floor. I was pretending I had no legs. "Where's Mummy?" I asked.

"Mummy's out," said Miss Briggs. "Now you must all sign."

"Where's she gone out to?"

"She's gone to London for the day." "Why?"

Miss Briggs was seldom irritated. Sometimes, when she had a headache, she sighed. Suddenly, without looking at me, she snapped, "How should I know why?"

I bumped back onto the floor. The others were silent. "Now, Jocelyn, you sign first. Best writing, mind you."

One by one, in our spluttering spider handwriting, we signed the acceptance. Miss Briggs was pleased. "Now we must seal it. Brian, fetch me the sealing wax. Pamela, bring me the matches off the mantelpiece." She did not ask me to do anything. I said violently, "Who's going to get the tea, anyway, if Mummy's not here?"

She turned on me with her pale, sweet eyes and gently took both my hands—her own were not much larger than mine—and clasped me with a cool, damp grip. "Silly Billy," she said, loving me. "I'm very good at getting the tea. Aren't you pleased that Mummy's having a holiday?"

I looked at her lap. She was wearing a black-and-white striped dress. She smelled of fuller's earth and a faint tang of sugared violets.

The day continued to be memorable. Miss Briggs was determined about this; nothing was allowed to be ordinary. We had our lunch on the tennis court and were allowed to lie on our stomachs as we ate it.

We had chocolate raisins for dessert, washed down with cold, bitter lemonade. After lunch we were allowed to rest on the bank. Miss Briggs came and read poetry to us. She read "Up the Airy Mountain," and, as always, I was frightened and moved, burying my head in my arms and blowing gently upward so that my spectacles became steamed over and I pretended I was blind. This was more frightening than the poem, and I was lost for three or four minutes in terrible self-pity.

Miss Briggs looked at me in despair. "Would you like a ribbon in your hair?" she asked. "I've got such a pretty ribbon in my room."

I agreed. I must have known she was trying to comfort me. Since I was not, to my knowledge, distressed, the offer of something for nothing was irresistible.

At three o'clock we were all ready.

While we were dressing, a dotty gaiety had come over us; we had strutted about and jumped on the beds and shouted in high, affected voices. But once trussed, buttoned, in white socks and—for those who possessed them—little lockets, we subsided, first into giggles, then into whispers, then into nervous silence. Miss Briggs had changed into a silk print, and wore round her long, pale neck a string of small pearls. Her earphones were tightened, and, to our amazement, she was wearing lipstick. I had never been to the cinema, never seen a magazine—never, I think, ever looked at a newspaper, except the forbidding front page of the *Times* in the days when my father had lived at home. The only women I had ever seen to match Miss Briggs that day were the dazzling mothers of the Little Folk, and they, I felt by some curious instinct, were immoral, living behind bead curtains and belonging, no doubt, to the Roman Catholic Church. The effect of Miss Briggs was too successful for open comment. I straightway refused to look at her. Jocelyn, however, said, "Oh, Miss Briggs, you look simply sweet, really you do." I stumped up to the front of the procession and led the way down the garden path, through the gate, over the sleepy afternoon road. For the first time, I remember thinking, I am the daughter of the house.

The orchard was hot and enclosed. I do not remember whether, as we walked quietly down the path in our white kid sandals and (for the boys) patent-leather shoes, there was fruit or blossom. I only remember the silence, the rustle of children walking behind me, and over the short, clustered trees a thin spiral of blue smoke, like a camp's, that came from my father's chimney pot. He had made a large clearing round the army hut, and here I stopped, uncertain, while the children gathered behind me. Apart from the smoke, there was no sign of life. Miss Briggs took charge. She walked—bravely, I thought—to the open door of the hut; we followed raggedly a few paces behind.

"O King of Kissingdom!" she called in her singing voice. "Your faithful subjects have arrived."

"Enter!" called my father. His voice sounded curiously muffled, as though he were speaking from under the earth.

"Come along, now, children," she whispered, patting us softly through the door. I was no longer the first. I stumbled over the doormat and pushed clumsily against Michael, who was wearing velvet shorts. At first the comparative gloom of the hut blinded us and we peered, blinking, into a dancing,

star-spangled blackness. Then, as the scene began to emerge, we all breathed our "Ah"s and "Ooh"s of admiration. I remember—as though this were the first time such a thing had happened to me—smiling.

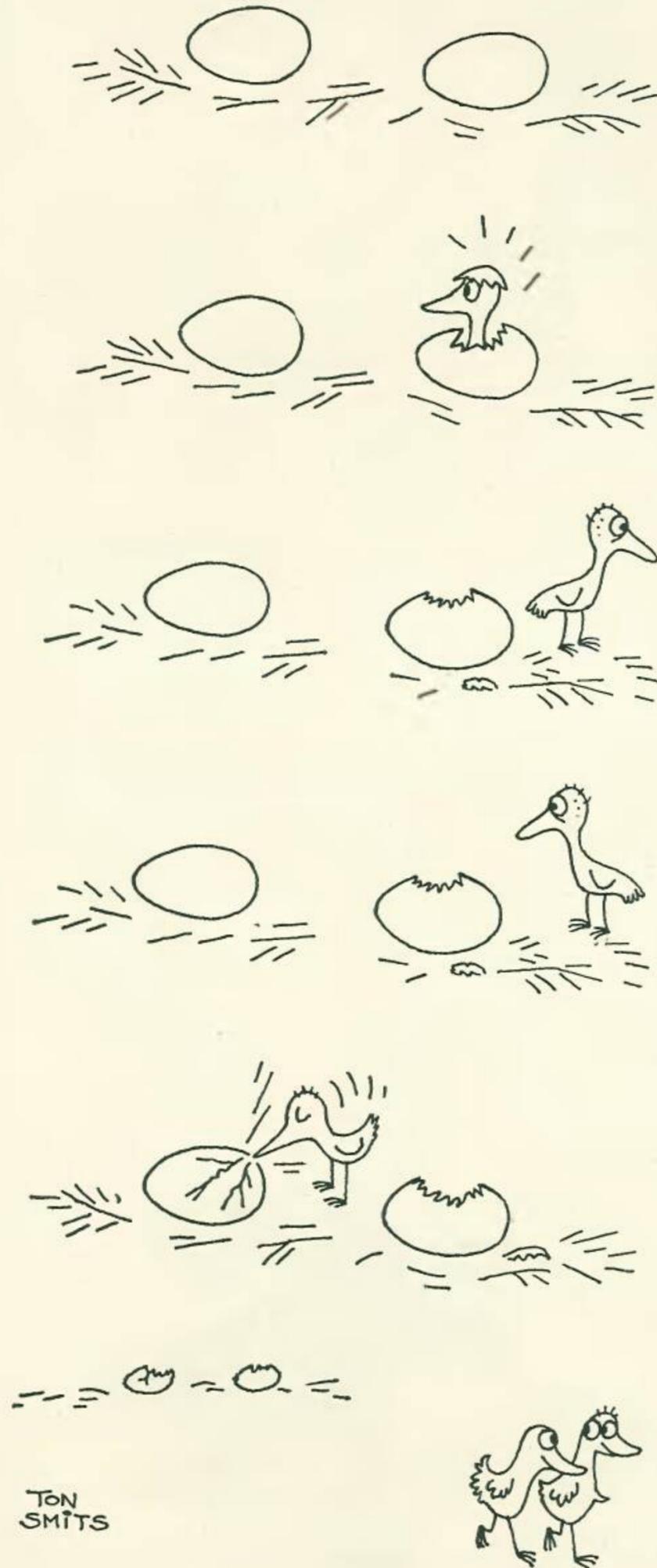
My father, a large man, was sitting cross-legged on a pile of cushions. He was dressed with a kind of resemblance to Ali Baba, and his handsome heavy face shone with brown boot polish. He was wearing on his gray-socked feet slippers from Madras or Mandalay. The hut was draped with spoils—Indian blankets and cushions from Ceylon. My mother's Spanish shawl served as a tablecloth on the floor, on which was set a glorious tea, spongy and sweet, bright with the frosty green of angelica, the scarlet of pulped tomatoes, the thick brown of chocolate—and all on silver dishes, winking and flashing against the scarlet silk. It was a magnificent sight. Unprepared for it, we gaped and gasped. Having smiled, I suddenly felt like crying.

"Welcome, O faithful subjects!" my father boomed. Then, in a slightly different voice, "Welcome, O Princess Barbara. We trust your journey was without hazard?"

"Quite without hazard, My Lord." This, rather breathlessly, from Miss Briggs. We looked at her with interest. As Princess Barbara, she became even more remote, less of our world.

"Well, come in, come in," my father said sharply. "Don't all huddle around the door."

We shuffled forward and, at a nod from Miss Briggs, squatted on the floor. Of all of them I was the most shy. The idea that this radiant sheik, this emperor of power and glory, was really my father was hard to understand. I had not seen him for some time. Could he, actually, have changed? Was this how he always lived? Was he really some Oriental potentate, hidden from me until I was of an age to understand? Did the village know? A swift doubt, a chill of apprehension—did my mother know? I



TON SMITS

summoned all my courage and said, looking straight at him, "Daddy, we had our rest on the bank."

He smiled generously. Presumably he recognized me. "Your rest?"

"And we had our dinner outside, too."

"Good, good. Now, if Princess Barbara will do the honors . . ." He indicated with a flourish the silver teapot, usually brought out only at Christmas. Miss Briggs knelt next to him on the cushions. As she leaned forward to pour the tea, I could see the soft, tender swelling of her flesh, which puzzled me. My father had not boot-polished his hands; square, stubby, and full of strength, they were the only part of him I recognized. As Miss Briggs passed him his tea, he briefly touched her arm. She got up and came to where I was sitting, kneeling beside me and fussing with the plates. It was hot in the hut. Her face was pink and her upper lip was pearly with little drops of sweat. I said it was a jolly good tea. She laughed and said, Magic, it was all, all done by magic.

Children seldom speak when they are eating, particularly at parties. We demolished the tea, leaving only crumbs and sprigs of parsley on the silver dishes. From time to time, momentarily satiated, I risked looking up. My father was in tremendously good humor. He and Miss Briggs kept up the Arabian Nights atmosphere by calling each other "O Mighty King" and "Your Delectable Highness." As Miss Briggs softly moved about, offering us food, replenishing our cups and glasses, my father followed her with his sharp, bristling blue gaze. Perhaps, like us, he had never seen anything like her before. Once, between the chocolate and orange cakes, I caught his eye, just as it was about to move on. I smiled with all my power, longing in some way to congratulate him. His eyes left me, following their trail, up, down, steady, darting, as though Miss Briggs were some rare and restless butterfly. It was then that I spilled my tea.

"Oh!" Miss Briggs gasped. "Your mother's shawl! Quick! Your mother's shawl!" She mopped frantically with a small handkerchief.

"Leave it," my father said. "It doesn't matter."

"Pass the hot water. Pass the hot water," Miss Briggs said.

There was an anxious scuffle for the hot-water jug. Miss Briggs poured a steaming pool over the stain and scrubbed desperately. Her hair was coming loose. I felt sorry for her.

"For heaven's sake," my father said, "what does Mabel's shawl matter?"

## DEAD NEGRO

Licked by a wound too cold for flies,  
the curled raw lips of its knife-mouth,  
it lay the way a corpse lies,  
its feet bound towards the south.

I saw the body in the ditch's  
transient informality,  
poor on the soil's frozen riches,  
awkward by a graceful tree.

The red earth against the black face  
was red with a prior blood  
more natural in that place  
than that which turned it into mud.

An unusual Southern winter, a walk  
where a warmer season picks its cotton—  
it was resolved with much talk,  
and, by summer, forgotten.

—PARIS LEARY,

Come, come, Princess! A little magic  
and all will be solved." He got up, and,  
taking a clean white handkerchief from  
some hidden pocket, spread it over the  
stain, intoning, rather wildly, "Out,  
out, damned spot!"

We, who were taught never to say  
"dash" or "crickey," giggled.

"But the shawl!" Miss Briggs  
wailed, uncomfited.

"Let the dead bury their dead," my  
father said. There was an uneasy hush.  
We swung from fantasy to reality, as  
though flying in swing boats. Which  
was which, we never knew. Let the  
dead bury their dead, he said, and we  
were suddenly solemn, as though his  
words had meaning.

"Rise, Princess Barbara," he said,  
"Queen of the Apple Trees. What do  
you say, children? Shall we crown her?  
Shall we say this is the day of corona-  
tion?"

"Yes," we murmured politely. "Yes,  
oh, yes, do let's." But we didn't move.  
We didn't know how to crown her.

I could see the body had been poor,  
I tried to resent the thin denim,  
I wished to be shaken to the core,  
but, stung by tutored venom,

my own blood's paralysis  
froze me like the frozen ground,  
numbed me to the speech which is  
discretion without sound.

And which of us was victim? What led  
up to that cheap knife's thrust?  
Perhaps what made the iced clay red  
was only simple theft or lust . . .

Her honors were already too much, be-  
yond our understanding.

"No, Frank, no," she murmured, but  
he pulled her to her feet among the  
debris.

She whimpered, "Oh, Frank, don't,"  
but he was too strong for her, dragging  
her to his throne of cushions.

We laughed, cruelly eager to see her  
discomfited.

By the time she had plumped onto  
the floor, one earphone had come down  
and her dress rode high over her awk-  
ward knees. She was pretending now  
to giggle, but I recognized the sound. I  
often did it myself. I said, "I say, Dad-  
dy, but you haven't got a crown."

"I have everything!" he said, swell-  
ing tall and magical. "I am the King of  
Kissingdom!" At this, with a splendid  
gesture, he swept his hand out from the  
inner folds of his robes—and, indeed,  
he was holding a crown. It was not  
even cardboard. It was metal—gold—  
and set with sparkling emerald and  
ruby. We couldn't believe our eyes.  
Later, when the crown found its way  
into our dressing-up box, I realized it  
was made of a kind of tinfoil. After a  
number of coronations, less dramatic  
than Miss Briggs', it snapped in half  
and was thrown away. At this moment,  
it was awful, frightening in its splendor.

We groaned, hugging our knees, our  
eyes and mouths wide with a kind of  
dismay.

"Faithful and loving subjects," my  
father said, his voice suddenly quiet,  
"do you take Princess Barbara as your  
Queen, to have and to hold, to love and  
to cherish, from this day forth and for  
evermore?"



We were all silent. An imprisoned bee buzzed and banged against a shrouded window. My father's tan was running in great amber drops onto his white robe. He was looking at the top of Miss Briggs' head, holding the crown a few inches above it. I was reminded, terribly, of a picture in my "Child's Guide to History"—the queen, with bowed head, patiently kneeling at the block; the executioner waiting, brooding over her braided hair. For many years I thought that Miss Briggs at this point had changed into black velvet.

The moment he touched her with the crown, Miss Briggs burst into tears. The spell was broken. We shifted, breathed, recognized each other again. We lost all interest. Michael and Brian even got up and started wandering about, elaborately disassociating themselves from the whole thing. Miss Briggs sobbed, heartbroken, salmon pink, frantically pushing at her nose with the tea-sopped handkerchief.

My father stripped off his headdress and threw it into a corner. "Go on!" he said. "Play! Go outside and play!"

We ambled off, stretching ourselves on the grass outside. "What shall we play?" Jocelyn asked.

Nobody answered. We were tired out but curiously contented. I took off my shoes and socks and bound my feet carefully in dock leaves. Brian lay in the fork of an apple tree, stomach down, legs dangling, his cheek pillowed on the rough bark, his eyes shining, staring at nothing. My father's voice came low and steady from inside the hut. Miss Briggs, if she answered, was whispering. Jocelyn plaited grass. The evening shadows grew longer. It did not occur to us to go home. We waited, yawning occasionally, sometimes rolling over or digging absently in the grass with small twigs.

Miss Briggs came out of the hut. She had done her hair, but the impeccable creamy face had gone. Her face was swollen and shining, like the beginning of measles.



*"Do you know what my trouble is? I'm a nice guy."*

"Come along, children," she said. "Best foot forward."

Silently, we assembled; Brian slipped from his tree, I unwound my bandages. Our dresses were stained green, our bows undone. We pulled our clothes away from our sticky skins, rubbed our knees, fell in behind Miss Briggs, and left the hut and the orchard, without a backward glance. As we went through the garden gate and were enclosed once more by the high wall, I felt tremendously glad, almost unbearably contented—as though it were I, who had done nothing, who had shepherded them back to safety.

THAT is all I remember. Miss Briggs left the next day. My mother took us for a picnic and told us not to sit on damp grass. When we returned, Miss Briggs had gone. The schoolroom was very tidy, except for one or two hairpins scattered—probably in her last moments—on the floor. I am sure none of us asked why she had gone. My feeling of responsibility, of grave

gratitude, remained for a few days. Shortly afterward, Miss Field arrived. She was afflicted with a rumbling stomach, had freckles on the backs of her hands, and became a close friend of my mother's. In the evening, they would walk together in the garden, discussing the roses.

My father came home when the cold set in. He sat in the study again but slept in an attic, far away from the sound of our morning hymns. I began to know what he looked like, and what to expect from him. We never mentioned the King of Kissingdom. Years later, he told me that one night, when I was small, he had been tempted to end his life but did not do so. Our lives grew, stretching like shadows thrown by that one long summer.

—PENELOPE MORTIMER

Television Station WHP was off a matter of minutes, but the relief was short lived.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) News.*

And little hope of its happening again.

# PROFILES

## CONVERSATION WITH MAX VII~THE LAST CIVILIZED VOICE

IN June of 1955, I visited Max Beerbohm in Rapallo for the last time. He was by then nearly eighty-three, and it was perhaps natural that on one of the afternoons when we sat talking together in the tiny living room of the Villino Chiaro—he in the chair his father had given him for his room in Merton College, at Oxford—he should bring up his series of caricatures called “The Young Self and the Old Self,” and that afterward we should discuss them again and again. This series—one of the most striking and Maxian of Max’s achievements as a caricaturist—shows his subjects simultaneously in youth and in age, the Young Self confronting the Old Self. They are like little novels, done in a single drawing and a line or two of dialogue—Max’s convex mirror miniaturizing a lifetime. By collapsing time altogether, by wiping out the inconvenient gap between the present and the past, by bringing the Young Self and the Old onto the stage at the same moment and letting them exchange a few words, he was able to dramatize the passage of time and catch the essence of a man’s character.

The Old Self of Arnold Bennett, in white tie, oozing affluence, immense of girth, toothy, a figure of dishevelled elegance, befobbed and wearing a pleated shirt, his pudgy hands clutching his white waistcoat, and his face bearing an expression of not entirely convinced complacency, is addressing his Young Self, a scrawny, stubborn yokel from Staffordshire:

OLD SELF: All gone according to plan, you see.

YOUNG SELF: *My* plan, you know.

The young Stanley Baldwin looks at his pipe-smoking elder self, who has one of those consciously “strong” faces with not much behind them, and is astonished that so much could have been accomplished by so little:

Prime Minister? *You?* Good Lord!!

The young George Moore, rubbery, amorphous, stands obeisantly, silk hat in hand, before the old George,



*Self-Caricature*

more rubbery still but sitting. This dialogue ensues between them:

YOUNG SELF: And have there been any painters since Manet?

OLD SELF: None.

YOUNG SELF: Have there been any composers since Wagner?

OLD SELF: None.

YOUNG SELF: Any novelists since Balzac?

OLD SELF: One.

The Old Self of Sir William Rothenstein is so offended by the materialization of the Young Self, bumptious and cravatted and ugly (the two selves are actually very much alike), that, in front of a bevy of his students at the Royal Academy, he thunderously orders the unwelcome apparition to disappear:

Take off your hat, Sir!—and leave the room!

The young Joseph Conrad bursts out in Polish—a gibberish invented by Max, but it certainly *looks* like Polish—and the old Conrad, splendid and

goateed and monocled, replies to his Young Self’s harangue:

Mais oui, mon enfant—and what’s more, I was a Master Mariner! And I’ve written some books, too . . . but you are hardly old enough to understand them.

The Young Self of H. G. Wells, a calmly impassioned zoologist, asks the Old Self of H. G. a purely scientific question:

Did you ever manage to articulate the bones of that microglamaphoid lizard?

But the Old Self has soared into the empyrean; he rather brushes his Young Self off:

I’m not sure. But I’ve articulated the whole past of mankind on this planet—and the whole future, too. I don’t think you know very much about the past, do you? It’s all perfectly beastly, believe me. But the future’s going to be all perfectly splendid . . . after a bit. And I must say I find the present very jolly.

In a drawing Max captioned “A Momentary Vision That Once Befell Young Millais,” the ardent, idealistic young artist is appalled by what he is to become—a country squire, well fed, successful, very “county,” in shooting clothes, with a Sherlock Holmes cap. Max’s awareness of the penalties exacted by success is acute. In one of his many caricatures of, or involving, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, he shows Lord Leighton, the president of the Royal Academy and the most successful painter of his time—a man who was himself eroded by the knowledge that he had made an easy compromise—haranguing Rossetti, urging him smoothly to do the right thing, get in the swim, join the swirling traffic of the drawing rooms where commissions are bred. Of Rossetti, habitually recumbent, you see only his slippered feet, and these seem not to be listening. Of Leighton, you feel that his harangue is mechanical, that he has turned it on, it is his “line,” and, for all his look of success, you sense the wish that he himself, as his Young Self, had not listened to it. Max, in his own volume of “Zuleika Dobson,” drew an impromptu caricature of an Old Self that never existed—Byron at sixty, plump, spectacled, with mutton-

chop whiskers, respectable. He looks as if he were president of the Birmingham board of trade and were about to take the chair at a weekly meeting. The drawing is called "But for Missolonghi." Elsewhere, Max speculated about what would have happened to Byron if he had lived on; he would, Max said, have spent his time "writing very long and able letters to the *Times* on the Corn Laws, and much exacerbated by Queen Victoria's refusal to sanction his appointment to a post in Lord John Russell's government."

As a youth, Arthur Balfour was persistently valetudinary. In the *Young and Old* series, Max shows the interminable elongation that was the young Balfour swooning, on the longest chaise longue in history. The dying swan looks up—it is, you feel, his last mortal effort—at the old Balfour, in flannels, with open-necked shirt and horn-rimmed glasses, and carrying a tennis racket. He just barely addresses him:

YOUNG SELF (faintly): Who are you? You look rather like Uncle Salisbury, shaved. And what is that curious thing you're holding? And won't you catch cold, with so little on? But don't answer: I don't really care. And don't let me talk: I don't fancy I've long to live; and I want to devote the time to thinking—not that I suppose my thoughts to be of much value, but—oh, do, please, go away.

In reality, Balfour's Old Self refused to go away; he went on and on. The historian Oscar Browning, in his memoirs, remembers Balfour's telling him, when the future Prime Minister was twenty-two years old, that "the doctors had assured him that he could not possibly live to the age of thirty, a fact of which I have now and again reminded him during his career." With time, according to Max, the prolonged valetudinarianism became transformed into a passion for longevity. Having arranged for his funeral in his twenties, he postponed it long enough to become an aggressive Chief Secretary for Ireland. Stimulated by this unexpected show of strength, he became Prime Minister. As his friends, acquaintances, and colleagues died, he clocked them off—the milestones of his own survival. To Max, he was unbeguiling but fascinating, and Max never stopped

drawing him. When he didn't formally draw him, he doodled him; the early manuscript of "Zuleika Dobson" is dappled with him. There is a remarkable difference in the physical appearance of the two drafts of "Zuleika Dobson"—the first, unfinished, written in London in 1898, and the second completed in Rapallo in 1911. Both drafts are owned by Mr. Robert H. Taylor, of Yonkers, who also owns the greatest collection of Trollope in the world. Max would have felt very cozy in the society of the Trollopes; there is surely no one in the world he would rather have had Zuleika marry than Anthony Trollope. The early manuscript is scraggly, written in random columns and riddled with doodles—of Balfour, Disraeli, Reginald Turner, Henry James, Oscar Wilde, Henry Irving, Lord Ribblesdale, Edward VII. Winston Churchill's perky nose keeps jutting inquisitively into the various scenes. The London manuscript is written in pencil, the Rapallo one in ink. There are no doodles in the Rapallo manuscript, but there are tremendous erasures, which Max made with a paintbrush; the pages present a fascinating and often decorative spectacle, covered with great solid promontories of black ink, with islets, peninsulas, and sometimes continents. In the earlier manuscript, however, you may watch the struggle between Max's dual ca-

reers. Often the graphic seems to gain the upper hand; several times, Max seems to have forgotten that he was writing a novel, and whole pages are devoted to drawings, some of them sketches for caricatures that later became famous. When *le mot juste* proved elusive, he doodled Balfour.

MAX never did a drawing of his own *Young Self* and *Old Self*, but if he had done one, it might have resembled to some extent the drawing of Arnold Bennett. The *Old Self* might again have said, "All gone according to plan, you see," and the *Young Self* might have answered, "My plan, you know." In 1895, Max, then twenty-three, and in Chicago as his brother Herbert Beerbohm Tree's press agent, wrote the essay he eventually called "Diminuendo," in which he said farewell to literature. It was here he set down his vision of the life he was to lead, and to a large extent he did lead it. He would retire, he said, to the country and contemplate existence:

I shall look forth from my window, the laburnum and the mountain-ash becoming mere silhouettes in the foreground of my vision. I shall look forth and, in my remoteness, appreciate the distant pageant of the world. Humanity will range itself in the columns of my morning paper. No pulse of life will escape me. . . . Tragedy, comedy, chivalry, philosophy will be mine. I shall listen to their music perpetually and their colors will dance before my eyes. . . . I shall have friends. . . . And I, who crave no knighthood, shall write no more.

"I shall have friends," Max promised himself, and the promise was fulfilled. Max had friends, and his friends loved him. For forty-five years, they came in a stream to visit him in Rapallo. When they weren't visiting, they wrote to him. Even when, as he grew older, he didn't always keep up his end of the correspondence, they still wrote to him. When he went to London on visits from Rapallo, staying at the station hotels he so admired, his friends gobbled him up. Max inspired a peculiar devotion in people; his presence—his very existence—was a delight. It was not only that he was witty and that his speech was



Arnold Bennett (*The Young Self and the Old Self*)

exquisite but also that he had, in social intercourse, no axe to grind. In 1922, Sir William Rothenstein, speaking, in his "Men and Memories," of Max's talent for friendship, wrote:

Indeed Max, of later years, especially, shrinks from offending people; the once pitiless satirist has become the most human and understanding of men. I know so many with wandering eyes, who feel their time wasted with any but important persons. Max, who charms everyone, finds most people charming. And how quickly he discovers the essence of each personality.

Max's friends were aware of his habit of saying, in the voice of one asking for tutelage, "Tell me" to anybody he was talking to, as if only you in all the world could divulge the secret. He was leisured, he was in no hurry to express himself, he wanted to listen.

Granville-Barkers will be there and an Italian pair, but we don't want to spoil the perfect memory. A delightful finish to the year.

In Rapallo, Max was scarcely ever not anticipating some visitor—Arnold Bennett, Compton Mackenzie, Somerset Maugham, Constance Collier, Desmond MacCarthy, Osbert Sitwell, Reginald Turner, S. C. Roberts (the Master of Pembroke), the Hamish Hamiltons, the Selwyn Jepsons, the Christopher Sykeses, Gordon Craig, Ada Levenson, Siegfried Sassoon. His sisters and his nieces, the daughters of Herbert Tree, and their children came. One of those children was Ivan Moffat, the son of his favorite niece, Iris Tree. Ivan Moffat, a film writer, and his mother were both old friends of mine, and every time I visited Max he would

teen. "The others were all older and taller and more renowned than I was," Moffat recalled. "Their accomplishments were paraded for Max, in athletics and in scholarship." Ivan kept his gaze fixed on the little figure at the head of the table, and saw Max's clear blue eyes reflecting wonderment at so much erudition, so many prowesses. Ivan became terribly self-conscious about his own anonymity in such a welter of celebrity. There was a bowl of English walnuts on the table, and to assuage his nervousness and self-consciousness he began cracking these walnuts and eating them without intermission. A nervous hunger assailed him, a compulsion to swallow. Nut followed nut. "The crepitation was tremendous," Moffat continued. "I knew what a racket it was making, but I just couldn't stop. The babble went on, important and clever, and as every moment passed and I still hadn't made any contribution to it, I knew, with a sort of panic, that I could not and that I would not. Max took everything in, including my self-consciousness and my desperation. As the virtues and greatnesses of the others were paraded, Max, in turn, courteously saluted them. Suddenly there was a silence, and in that silence the nuts cracked like a fusillade. Max turned his mild glance on me; I became the center of attention, because everyone's eyes followed Max's. 'And you, Ivan—tell me—what about you?' Max said. 'Are you a Great Nuttist?'"

Another of Max's promises to himself was fulfilled. "I shall look forth," Max promised at the age of twenty-three, in Chicago, "and, in my remoteness, appreciate the distant pageant of the world." He certainly did, and, sitting in his niche in Rapallo, he recorded that pageant in caricatures that cover, in their penetration and diversity, much of the vast range of human character. Even the vanished politicians and other celebrities one has never heard of still stand out arrestingly as individual human beings—personalities. You want to know about them; you want to know *them*. In 1954, the eminent American critic Edmund Wilson paid a visit to Max at the Villino. As he and I sat in the Excelsior Hotel afterward, he told me that he had just seen André Malraux in Paris, and that in the cases of both men—a startling juxtaposition, it seemed to me—he had been much impressed by their self-confidence and strength of character. "He's quite sure of himself," Wilson said of Max. "He knows the value of what he has done, both as a



From "Rossetti and His Circle"

Left to right: Algernon Swinburne, William Michael Rossetti, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti

The fact that there was not in him any trace of the impulse for self-aggrandizement made him eager to elicit the essential quality of his interlocutors. He could tell *you*, all right, and he did, but, equally, he wished to be told. To have dinner with Max, wrote Edith Wharton, "was like suddenly growing wings." Elizabeth Russell, the novelist and the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," lived for a brief period in Portofino. Her biographer Leslie De Charms, to show what her talks with Max meant to Countess Russell, quotes from her diary:

December 31 Florence-Rapallo. Tea at Max Beerbohm's on way. . . . I was blissfully happy at hearing such delicious talk after the Cannes aridities. . . . They begged us to go again after supper, when the

ask whether I had seen them. From time to time, I could give him news of them. I once teased Max by saying Ivan had told me that his Great-Uncle Max had given him a bad moment on one of his family visits in London. "In fact, Max," I said, "I am not sure you didn't, out of your goodness of heart, induce—to use a word you're not fond of—a trauma in Ivan."

Max stroked his mustache tranquilly. "Really!" he said. "And how did I do that?"

I repeated for him Ivan's anecdote. Max's visits, were, of course, a great event in the Tree family. On this occasion, various grandnieces and grandnephews were assembled for Max's inspection. There were David, Dennys, Virginia, and Ivan, who was then four-

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writer and as an artist. He doesn't give a damn about having all his caricatures collected and published, as I suggested to him they ought to be. He doesn't even know where many of them are. He knows very well that somebody else will have to worry about all that someday." In connection with a mural that Max had painted in his bedroom, Wilson was struck by the fact that he had brought to Rapallo with him all of his favorite characters: Balfour, of course, and G. K. Chesterton, George Moore, and so on. "It is a kind of Divine Comedy that he has been working at all his life," Wilson said. "The celebrated men he has been caricaturing have come to play significant roles. There is a whole hierarchy of values: people like Joseph Conrad and Henry James, whom he both admires and likes; people like Bernard Shaw, whom he admires but doesn't like; people like some of the politicians—Lloyd George, for example—whom he neither admires nor likes." He said that he thought Max was the greatest caricaturist of the kind—that is, portrayer of personalities—in the history of art.

For a time, Max was concerned lest his separation from the "au-courantism" of London affect the veracity of his caricatures. He needn't have worried. Although Max lived the last forty-five years of his life in the remoteness of Rapallo, in spirit he lived in London, and he kept drawing and redrawing the important London figures. I have never met anyone more stubbornly English than Max. When he bitterly satirized England during the Boer War, it was because, as he has said, "*on se moque de ce qu'on aime.*" The changes in London, its wanton deterioration, which he mourned in his moving B.B.C. broadcast "London Revisited," were for him personal bereavements. The more he lived away from England, the more he became infatuated with her. England as an *idea* seemed to him unique in the world, and he was proud of her. In all the years Max lived in Italy, he never drew a caricature of an Italian. He was eternally drawing Balfour, Disraeli, Byron, George Moore, King Edward VII. He couldn't even write about a foreign country. He could write only about England. During the two world wars, he couldn't bear to be out of England, and he lived there through both of them. For a time

during the Second World War, he lived in the country house of his friends the Sydney Schiffs, at Abinger. While he was there, he contributed some pieces to a local paper, the *Abinger Chronicle*, circulation three hundred, and he worked at them as carefully as if the *Abinger Chronicle* had had a circulation of a million.

Certain reproaches about not living up to the Chicago contract might have been levelled by the Young Max at the Old Max. As the Young Max didn't level them, I did. On my final visit to Rapallo, I pointed out to Max that he had not stuck to his promise not to achieve a knighthood, having received one in 1939. Max met the charge with good humor; he had done his best to

prevent it, he said, since he had not spared the Royal Family when he was in the mood to lampoon it. He had not, I went on inexorably, stuck to his promise not to do any more writing. Here, too, Max defended himself, saying he had done pretty well, considering the importunities that were put upon him by magazine editors and publishers. A London publisher once invited Max to allow a famous essay of his to be included in an "Omnibus of Contemporary English Literature." "I do not care to be omnibussed," he wrote the publisher. The publisher then pointed out to him that as the anthology was to be edited by and have a preface



Self-Caricature

by W. Somerset Maugham, it would probably bring him to the attention of three or four hundred thousand readers. That settled that. The prospect of such a crowd frightened Max. "There are only fifteen hundred readers in England and one thousand in America who understand what I am about," he wrote back. For the fifteen hundred readers in England and the thousand in America, Max went to enormous pains to make his meaning clear. He did everything for readers except get them.

I stubbed my own toe hard, once, against the bulwark of Max's fastidiousness. The National Broadcasting Company had begun a series of filmed television broadcasts, under the title "Wisdom," by distinguished old men and women. The N.B.C. people wanted Max badly. They had sent their Italian representative, Miss Gioia Marconi, and an American representative,



"  
God made the grass,  
the air and the rain,  
and the grass,  
the air and the rain  
made the Irish;  
and the Irish  
turned the grass,  
the air and the rain  
back into God."

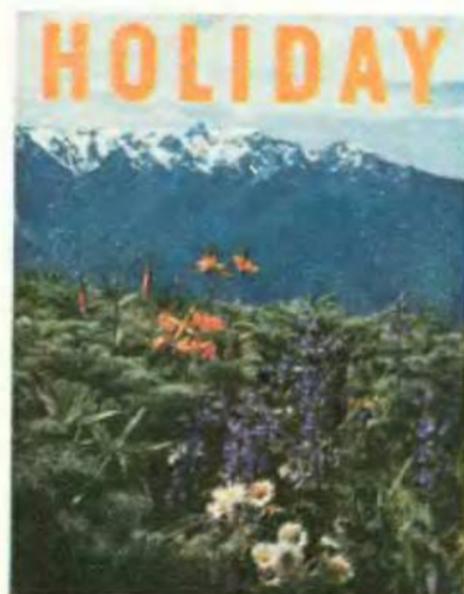
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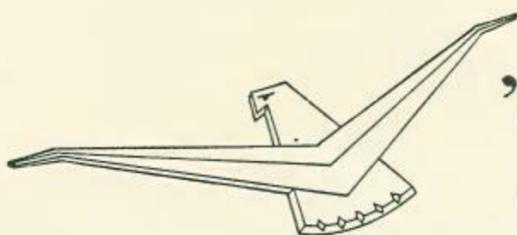
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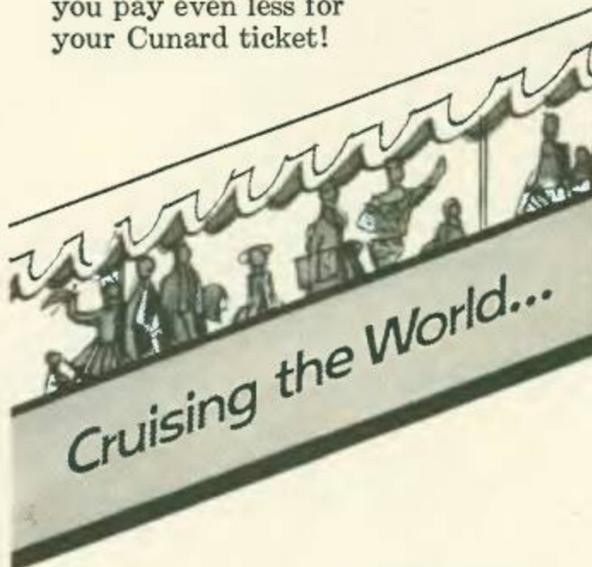
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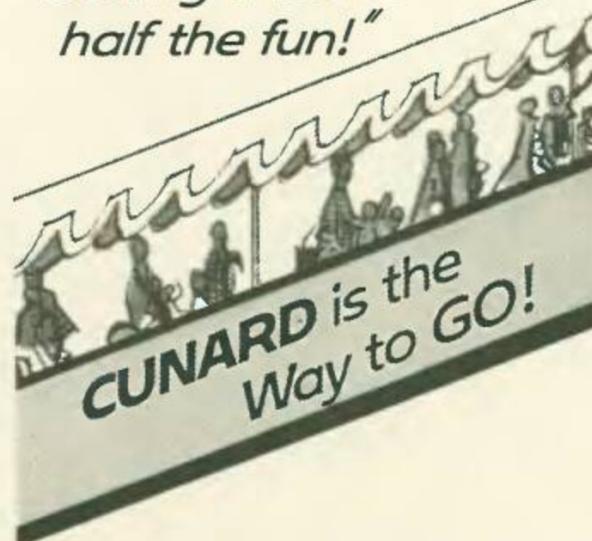
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Mr. Davidson Taylor, to the Villino to sound him out, but he had proved not resonant. An N.B.C. man who happened to be a friend of mine asked me if I would try to persuade Max. Knowing that Max needed money and that the network was willing to pay him three thousand dollars, I agreed. I thereupon wrote him a letter. I paraded the great names that N.B.C. had already signed—Bertrand Russell, Arnold Toynbee, Robert Frost, Pablo Casals—and urged Max to queue up to enter the geriatric pantheon. "Now, dear Max," I wrote, "I hate to introduce a vulgar note, but they will pay three thousand dollars. They want to send their representative, who is a very nice man, to see you. . . . And, you know, they tell me you won't have to leave your niche, they'll do it all while you're sitting in the niche. It seems to me this is a lot of money to get for not leaving your room, as I've seen you not leave it so often for nothing." The letter went, airmail. I waited. N.B.C. waited. Max's reply came very promptly. In his beautiful, crescent-paragraphed handwriting, he wrote, in pencil, as follows:

I look forward to seeing your friend and communing with him, but I am, alas, quite incorrigibly opposed to any idea of being televised. Mr. Davidson Taylor was here recently and wished me to revoke the unwillingness I had expressed last year to Miss Marconi even after she had shown me on the wall the immensely mobile features of Bertrand Russell amplifying the artful modulations of his voice.

This was a shocker. I had been so confident. But when I showed my friend Max's letter, he was not too badly let down. "I am going there anyway," he said. "You can't do these things by letter." His confidence restored mine. Later, I heard an account of what happened in Rapallo.

Max received the N.B.C. emissary cordially. The television man was admitted to the niche. He was smooth and ingratiating. "You see, Sir Max," he said, "it will be very simple. Our people will come and arrange everything. You will sit, if you like, as you are sitting now. You will simply say, 'My dear friends, I am very happy to be here addressing you.'"

"Do you wish me," asked Max courteously, "to start with a lie?"

It had been a near thing, but Max won out. With that remark, the flood of affluence that had threatened to inundate him was dammed forever.

When I saw Max again, he apologized for having snuffed out my effort,

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and went on to explain why he had done it. "I could not but dash their hopes," he said. "Had I been televised, it would have been impossible for the viewers to concentrate on what I was saying. They would have concentrated on me. How fortunate, how very fortunate, that Goethe or Browning—whoever you like—was not televised in his old age. Now we can have our idea of them, our imagination of them, but had they been televised—No, television is not literature, it is actuality." I asked Max why, when he had been so adamant in his refusal to be filmed for American television, he had been willing to do a number of B.B.C. radio broadcasts during the Second World War. He replied that in written prose the sound was always important to him, that he laid great emphasis on the acoustics of prose, and that in radio broadcasting it was paramount. The human voice had always fascinated him. Even his caricatures, he said, had been influenced by the voices of his subjects; Balfour, for example, had a shrill, high-pitched, unmelodious voice, and its vibration was always in his mind when he caricatured him.

It is odd that one of the least popular writers in the world should have become, next to Winston Churchill, the most popular broadcaster in England during the most critical moment of its history. Max may have had few readers, but he had millions of listeners. Of his B.B.C. broadcasts, Rebecca West has written, "I felt, when I was listening to them, that I was listening to the voice of the last civilized man on earth," adding, "Max's broadcasts justify the entire invention of broadcasting." In January of 1942, while London was blacked out, and a vast number of its inhabitants were sleeping in the subways and in shelters, and the fires lit by incendiary bombs furnished the only illumination, Max treated his listeners to the broadcast called "Music Halls of My Youth." In a letter to Sir Sydney Cockrell, the poet Siegfried Sassoon wrote of this broadcast, "Max's talk I listened to with delight. For me it was and will be the only B.B.C. half-hour worth remembering in 1942. No words can express what I feel about it. I laughed aloud—but there were tears in my eyes too."

IT must have been a curious instinct of self-interest that had caused me, in Rome in 1954, to send Max a little phonograph, along with some recordings of his favorite composer, Puccini, for now, one afternoon in June of

1955, sitting in Max's niche, I was able to hear all his broadcasts, which had been recorded on special discs and sent to him by the B.B.C. Max and his secretary, Miss Elizabeth Jungmann, enjoyed the phonograph almost as much as I did. It constituted a singular contemporary, mechanical intrusion into the niche, which had theretofore been dominated by the bronze girl with the averted head and by the pair of photographs on the mantelshelf—the two girls in white whispering romantic secrets to one another under great beeches in the park of an English country house on a summer night, and the little girl laughing at the Abbé's joke. It was installed beside the Merton chair. It played Puccini and Max. On this phonograph I now listened to Max's music-hall broadcast. He delivered this one when it was well past his own bedtime. He assumes, he says, that most of his contemporaries are, as he should be, already asleep, and that those of his listeners who are up and doing will "know little of the subject on which I am going to dilate with senile garrulity." After talking about Dan Leno, Little Tich, Albert Chevalier, George Robey, Marie Lloyd, and others, Max ends with a few words to his listeners on how he had come to squander his youth drinking in the words and music of these vanished ghosts:

Perhaps you will blame me for having spent so much of my time in Music Halls, so frivolously, when I should have been sticking to my books, burning the midnight oil and compassing the larger latitude. But I am impenitent. I am inclined to think, indeed I have always thought, that a young man who desires to know all that in all ages and in all lands has been thought by the best minds, and wishes to make a synthesis of all those thoughts for the future benefit of mankind, is laying up for himself a very miserable old age.

*Good night, childrenn . . . everywhere.*

Max's whispered voice dwindled away at the end. The broadcast was thrilling and funny and moving; I understood perfectly why Sassoon had written about it as he had. Max had a tremendous mastery of the dynamics of his own voice. He set his own threshold in decibels, rationing them shrewdly. His normal speaking voice was soft, small, infinitely courteous, and musical. By talking twice as loud, he gave the effect of shouting. Alan Dent, the London drama and film critic, has written a description of Max's delivery on the air, in the album note for the phonograph record of one of Max's B.B.C. broadcasts—"London Revisited." The



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 States, in India, and elsewhere.  
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Maximilian Society of London was Mr. Dent's idea. It was founded on Max's seventieth birthday, with seventy admirers of Max as members, including William Nicholson, Sir Edwin Lutyens, William Rothenstein, Philip Guedalla, Robert Lynd, and Desmond MacCarthy. The idea was to add a member on each of Max's birthdays. Mr. Dent, animated by Max's constant reference to himself in his broadcasts as a Cockney, writes:

It is *like him* to refer to his Cockney or low-London accent, even though his diction is so precise that he gives "perambulator" five clear vowels, and bestows upon such a word as "initiation"—which the vulgar, both rich and poor, slur into something like "inishment"—its full consonantal complement. It is *like him* to reveal that this same sedulous care in speaking the English language can turn a word like "poetry" into a poem.

One Sunday night in 1942, Max did a broadcast on "Advertisements," and now Miss Jungmann put the record of that one on the phonograph. In it, Max says he wishes that he were not incurably ironic in his manner of expressing himself; he wishes that, for once, he could be straightforward. But perhaps, he reflects, it's as well that he can't, for on the subject of advertising "my language might be overstrong for Sunday evening." Max doesn't mind want ads. To "these spontaneous cries from the heart" he is sympathetic. What he can't abide are the "you *do* want, and woe betide if you don't get" ones. He remembers the want ads of his youth. He read them, when he was a child, with fascination. He cherishes one that he read in the *Church Times*: "Medical Man in Cheltenham can accommodate one female resident patient. Epileptic Churchwoman preferred." But though he loved it, he has become, in retrospect, suspicious even of that. Perhaps it was the thin edge of the wedge:

Somewhat later, a wonderful soap swam into my ken. Sir John Millais had painted a great picture of a little boy with golden curls and a green velveteen suit, and upturned eyes, blowing bubbles; and this picture had been acquired by the vendor of the soap and widely reproduced on the soap's behalf. My elders, in those pre-historic days, wondered that Sir John should have authorised this use of his great gifts. And they were shocked, too, that the beautiful young Mrs. Langtry had for the soap's sake allowed engravings of a photograph of herself to be sown broadcast in the Press, with the admonition "For look you, she is fair as a lily!" Mrs. Weldon, the famous litigant, had gone even further. Her portrait was subscribed by her, "I am forty-seven, but my complexion is seventeen." I wonder what

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MR. MORT

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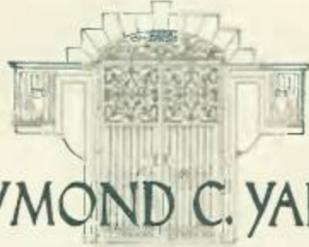
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OF 18 kt. GOLD. THEIR COLORFUL PLUMAGE IS OF DIAMONDS, RUBIES  
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my elders would think of those perfectly well-brought-up and non-litigious young ladies of rank and fashion who nowadays let their photographs be reproduced in favour of some unguent used by them and ecstatically praised by them, with an accompanying diagram of their features and a laudatory description of each feature by the unguentarian?

An American driving along English roads is particularly struck by the merciful fewness of road signs. But Max, without benefit of the American standard, is irked by what has happened in England:

And now for a matter which agitates me far more than the effect that advertisements have on newspapers. Though newspapers without advertisements could not nowadays survive, I see no reason for believing that without this support the streets and squares of our cities, and the roads and hills and valleys of our countryside, would presently disappear. On the contrary, they are by way of disappearing already behind the insistences on what we ought to purchase. Beautiful architecture and beautiful scenery are things far more important to the soul of man than even the best newspaper.

Max, in spite of all his protests, is himself not free from the itch to advertise. He wishes he were rich, so that he could place an ad. He is even more ambitious. He wants to start a whole advertising campaign:

Meanwhile, if I were endowed with wealth, I should start a great advertising campaign in all the principal newspapers. The advertisements would consist of one short sentence, printed in huge block letters—a sentence that I once heard spoken by a husband to a wife: "My dear, nothing in this world is worth buying."

As Max and I sat by the phonograph in the niche, Miss Jungmann kept bringing in more discs. Max tried to restrain her, on the ground that he did not wish to bore me, but Miss Jungmann and I prevailed. He accepted our interest as a compliment. "The best compliment I have ever received," he said, "was from the headwaiter at Berners Hotel, where I was staying, after a B.B.C. broadcast. He came up to me and said, 'I congratulate you on your broadcast, sir. May I say, you speak such mervlus English!'"

We now listened to Max on George Moore. Max met George Moore at Nevill Holt, the country home of Lady Cunard. "There was something about Moore," Lady Cunard said later, "that evoked a fish, a large, distinguished carp." Moore was a natural for Max. Max immediately made a caricature of him, showing him in the drawing room at Nevill Holt—the first of the many caricatures Max did of Moore. His broadcast on Moore he had written in



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Gray or brown.  
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Ridgewood **MacHUGH'S**



# HOLLAND

## Makkum, Workum, Irnsum, Blessum and Boxum

**H**AVE you ever noticed that place names are a kind of national poetry? This is especially true of Holland.

Makkum, Workum and Irnsum surely suggest Dutch patience and industry. Blessum and Boxum evoke visions of tulip farms. Gulpen makes us think of good Dutch ale. Delft is the sound of a butterfly landing on a milk jug. And Bergen op Zoom proclaims its own carnival with all the joy of a firework.

Maybe it is always better to think of Holland town by town. It counters the vague impression that the country is a mere parade ground for windmills. But even the peaceful geometry of polder and dike becomes positively dramatic when you remember that half of Holland was once under the sea. A surprising womb for such soaring landlubbers as Rembrandt, Erasmus, Spinoza and van Gogh.

The Dutch even claim a special relationship with Santa Claus. He doesn't hail from the North Pole as most people think. He lives in Spain and comes to Holland every year by steamship!

We, at Jersey Standard, have a hundred reasons to esteem the Dutch. We know the way they run the firm that is affiliated with us in Holland.

One of our executives once admiringly observed that the Dutch are so honest "they never cheat anybody but Neptune." If you could watch them at work as they steal their land from the sea, you would see why we also salute their courage.

**Traveler's Note:** In some parts of Holland, little boys and girls are still dressed alike—just as they were in the Middle Ages. Boys earn their trousers at the age of five. Our photograph shows a brother and sister on the island of Marken. Or are they two sisters?

*Published in the interests of international friendship by*  
STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)







PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM HOLLYMAN AT LA CONCHA HOTEL, SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

## How to make a perfect Daiquiri in one minute flat

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who learned how at La Concha in Puerto Rico)

WE used to think only bartenders and beach-combers could make a perfect daiquiri. Then one afternoon a friendly bartender at the new La Concha Hotel taught us how to mix a delicious daiquiri in just one minute. Here's the way it's done:

Squeeze half a lime. (Time: twenty seconds for the most inept.) Add a half teaspoon of sugar. (Can that take more than five seconds?) Pour in a jigger of dry, white rum from Puerto Rico. (Another twenty seconds, allowing plenty

of time to check the label for the magic words "Puerto Rican Rum.")

Shake well with ice and pour. (Fifteen seconds if you are patient.) And there you have it—on the rocks or off. The perfect daiquiri in one minute.

*Shopping Guide:* When you buy rum, look for the words "Puerto Rican Rum" on the label, your guide to perfect daiquiris. For a free booklet of exciting rum recipes, write Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. H-8, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.



1913, as a sketch for his unfinished autobiographical novel "The Mirror of the Past." It contains, besides much else, a description of Moore's face:

His Parisianism, grafted upon an imperishable brogue, gave to his utterance a very curious charm. Aided by his face and his gesture, this charm was irresistible. I say his "gesture" advisedly; for he had but one. The finger-tips of his vague, small, inert, white hand continually approached his mouth and, rising thence, described an arc in the air—a sort of invisible suspension-bridge for the passage of his i-de-a to us. His face, too, while he talked, had but one expression—a faintly-illuminated blank. Usually, when even the most phlegmatic of men is talking, you shall detect changes of expression. In Moore you never could. Usually the features of the most vivacious man's face retain the form that Nature assigned to them. But in Moore's face, immutable though the expression was, by some physical miracle the features were perpetually remoulding themselves. It was not merely that the chin receded and progressed, nor merely that the oval cheeks went rippling in capricious hollows and knolls: the contours of nose and brow, they too, had their vicissitudes. You think I exaggerate? Well, I myself, with Moore there before me, did sometimes doubt the evidence of my own eyes. It was possible that my eyes had been deceived. But the point then is that no face save Moore's ever deceived them in just this way.

I looked up at the small convex mirror on the wall—the mirror, of "The Mirror of the Past," which had hung in his nursery when Max was a child and had been with him ever since. I said that it was a keen observer.

Max chuckled. He began to talk about Moore. Moore had no learning at all, Max said; for him everything was a sudden discovery, and Oscar Wilde had once complained to Max that "George Moore is always conducting his education in public." Max quoted Samuel Johnson on talkers—those who talk from a tank and those who talk from a stream. Irishmen, Max said, talk from a stream, Anglo-Saxons from a tank. Moore talked from a stream, and marvellously when he was in midstream, but he allowed himself to be diverted into backwaters that were sometimes muddy. Once he had got stuck in an inlet, he could not extricate himself. The thing in his conversation that Max liked best was his descriptions of scenery; Moore had an extraordinary feeling for natural scenery and an extraordinary gift for describing it. It irritated Max that invariably, when Moore was describing some field or wood or stream, he would bring into it a lady—met accidentally or by assignation—who swooned over him. In the years when Max was a drama critic, he

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## Alligator

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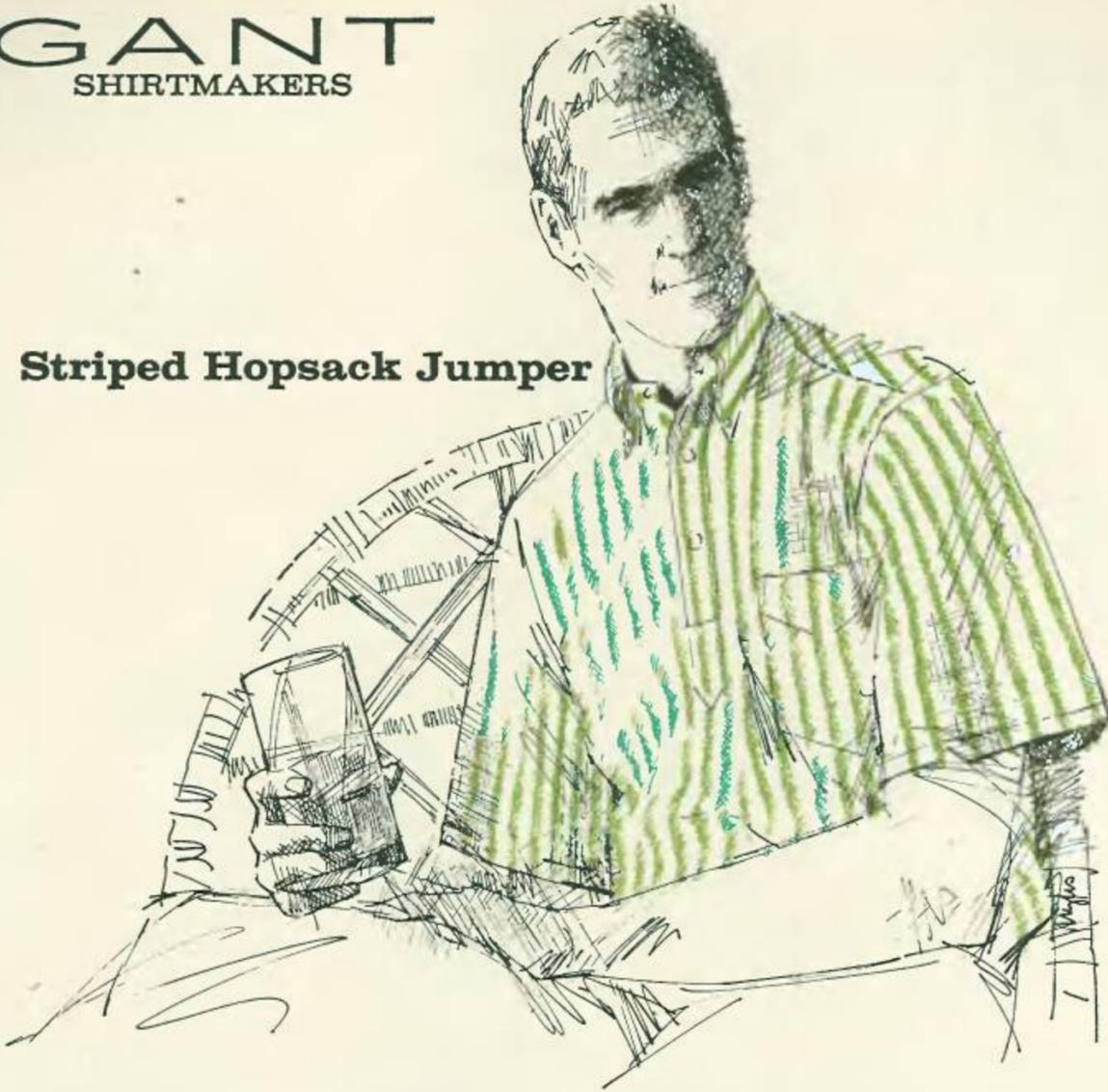
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developed a neat device for getting Moore onto the subject of scenery. Moore was a playwright, and he would ask Max what play he had been reviewing. Artfully, Max would say, "Well, the play wasn't anything at all, but, really, never in my life have I seen such wonderful scenery." This would ignite Moore, in a damp way: "Ah, the scenery was wonderful, was it?" And off he would go, to Max's joy, on scenery—"perhaps some lovely vista in Ireland, don't you know, or in France, and it would be delightful. But after a time, inevitably, the shepherdesses would come in. Never was a man so importuned by imaginary women! I have never met a shepherdess. Have you? But Moore was always running into them—rather, they kept running into *him*. Evidently, they revived their craft just to conquer Moore. He was modest; they were not conquests *by* him, they were victories *over* him. In the same limp voice and Frenchified brogue, he would go on about it. He would have satisfied the democratic ideal, don't you know; he wasn't snobbish—barmaids, duchesses, waitresses, ladies of easy virtue, who forgot commerce, apparently, when they met *him*, and, in his idyllic moods, to which I often incited him, shepherdesses."

MISS JUNGSMANN brought in tea. Knowing that I was particularly interested in all those broadcasts that had been written thirty years before for "The Mirror of the Past," she put on a record of one about H. B. Irving, the son of the great Henry. It turned out that H. B. Irving was the Oxford undergraduate who influenced Max more than anyone else there. Max describes the tremendous impact the young Irving had on Oxford. Max and I listened to a record of the broadcast. Irving, Max says, had the "bent strut" of his father. He had a way of clapping you on the shoulder and saying "Ha!" at you that was stupefying. Max describes an undergraduate scene, a Sunday breakfast in one Bancroft's rooms:

As he [Irving] crossed the threshold, he said in a deep voice, "Ha!" He clapped a hand on Bancroft's shoulder, rather in the manner of a very eminent detective arresting a very unimportant thief. Then, with that hand still on that shoulder, he distributed nods and "Ha!"s among the company—the company of "supers." His gaze alighted on *me*.

"This," said Bancroft (with the pride of a "super" who has a line to speak) "is Mr. Beerbohm of Merton."

"Ha!" He had a way of looking at one through his pince-nez, less intimidating

only than a way he had of looking at one over his pince-nez. "Ha!" he repeated. And then "A brother of Beerbohm Tree, aren't you?"

"A half brother," I said faintly.

"Ha!"

It was as though he had said "That may or may not be an extenuating circumstance, I will consider it."

Max doesn't remember much that Irving said during the breakfast, but he does remember that what Irving said "had at the moment the effect of a Standard Work condensed by him for the occasion." For the rest of that memorable Sunday, Max went around saying lightly to everyone he met, "I met Young Irving at breakfast this morning." There came a moment when Young Irving actually invited Max to lunch the next day. "I quaked," Max recalls, "as at the service of a writ, and was gratified as by a royal command." That lunch changed the whole course of Max's life. His brother Herbert had encouraged him to go in either for diplomacy or for the Bar. Max, who knew that he had to go in for something, had rather decided on the Bar. To his horror, when he came to lunch he found himself alone with Young Irving. He was in panic. To bolster his morale, he remembered a report that one of his masters at Charterhouse had written about him. "Has natural abilities of a rare order"—this phrase from a form-master's report came floating into my brain. Why should I not impress myself on Irving today as a man with abilities of a rare order?" But he couldn't. The pince-nez did him in. The "Ha"s did him in. "I felt," says Max, "I had no abilities of any order. That form-master had been a fool." After lunch, there came a critical moment, a moment that Max had felt from the beginning would come—a question he dreaded.

"And what," he [Irving] asked, "are you going to do in after-life?"

"Well," I said—and the poor monosyllable came out as a polysyllabic bleat, "we-e-e-ell," after which the other poor words came out in three separate gasps sped by a weak smile—"as a matter of fact I'm—I'm thinking of—being called to the Bar."

And these words, at the very moment of utterance, became untrue. I had, up to that moment, vaguely destined myself for the Bar. But in expressing to Irving this ambition, I saw the full absurdity of it and for good and all dropped it before he had time to say (as he did with more than his usual gravity say) "Ha!"

Miss Jungmann next put on "Nat Goodwin—and Another." Again, it had originally been written as a sketch for "The Mirror of the Past." The oth-



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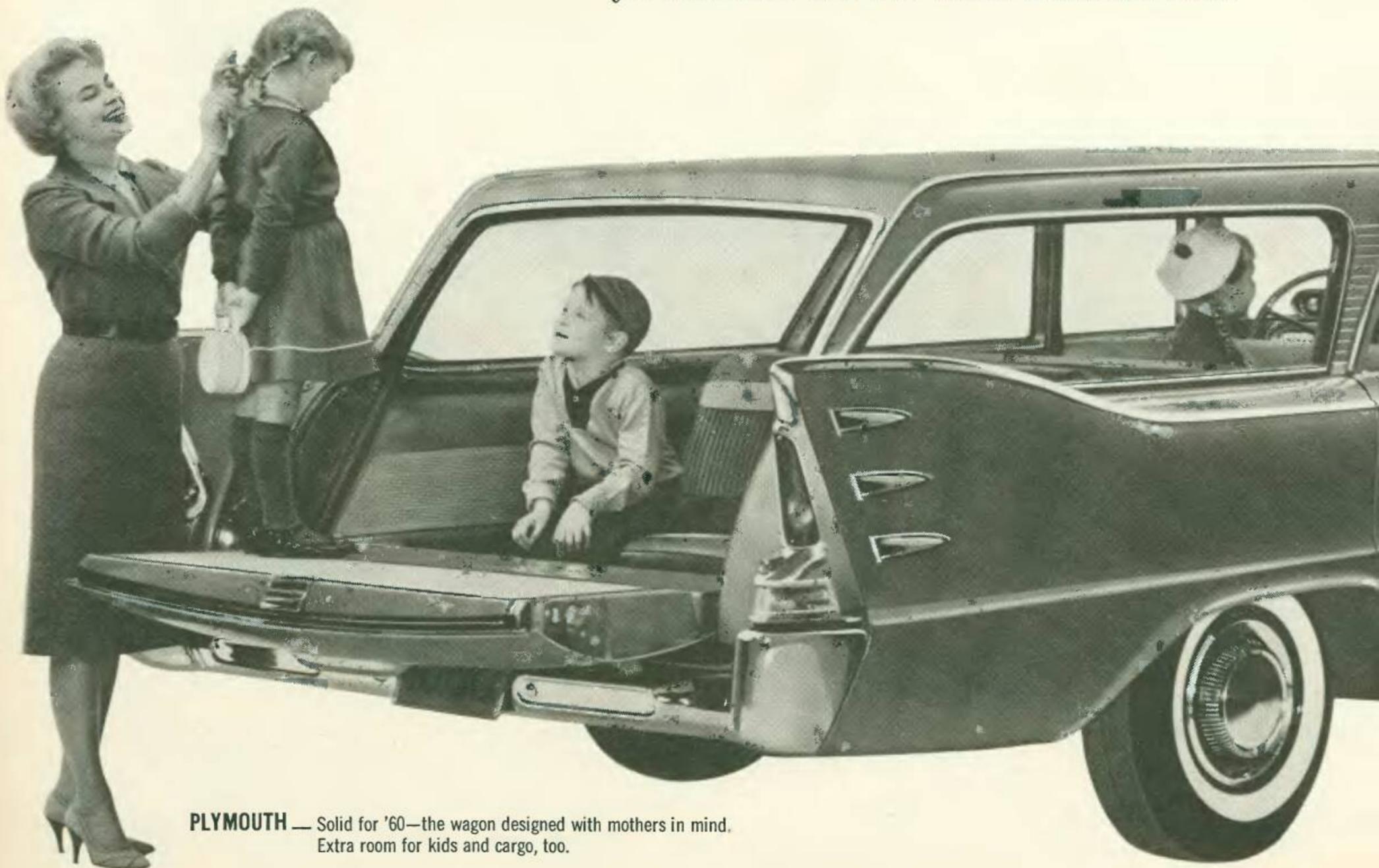
body and frame a solid, welded unit twice as strong as cars built the old way. And gone with the nuts and bolts are a surprising number of squeaks and rattles.

Even the styling is quiet. It has the quiet look of quality that establishes any mother who drives one of these cars as a woman of good taste as well as good sense.

And of course, they all have Torsion-Aire Ride, Chrysler Corporation's exclusive suspension system which puts a leveller to the road. You'll notice this even in a turn around the block. So see your dealer soon. Let a drive bring out the difference great engineering makes.

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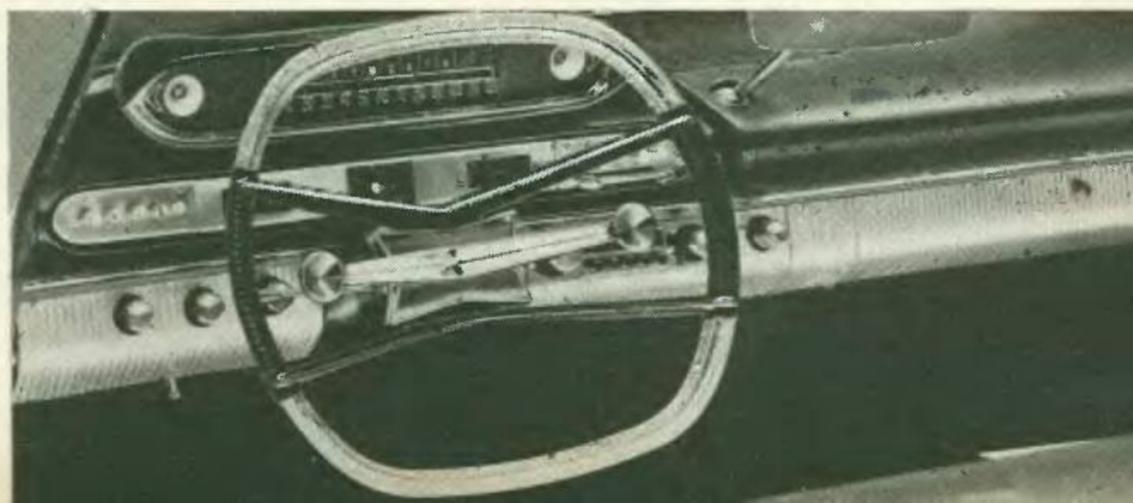
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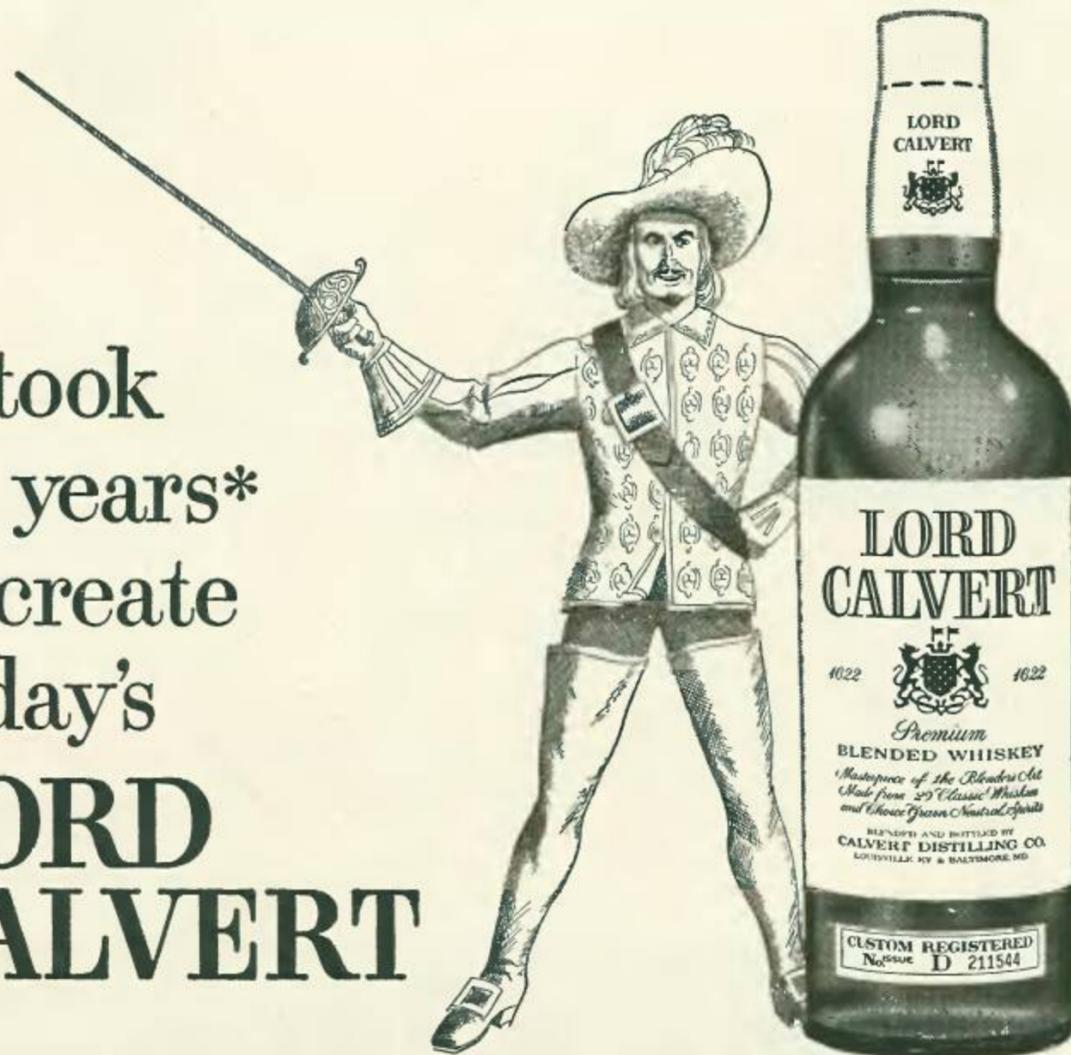
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86 PROOF, 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, CALVERT DIST. CO., N. Y. C.

er was Hall Caine. Max tells how, in the eighteen-nineties, he had arrived at Jackwood, his brother Herbert's country home, very late on a Saturday night. He was confronted by an appalling sight: Hall Caine's hat was standing on an oaken chest. Max felt terror at the imminence of confronting its owner. Herbert was doing a play of Caine's, and the two of them were upstairs in Herbert's study, conferring. Max had never met Hall Caine, but this had not prevented him from drawing widely publicized caricatures of him:

I knew the hat. I had often caricatured it—it and its wearer. I knew them both well by sight. . . . With all the ribaldry of youth, I had persecuted Hall Caine. And here he was, under this roof. Here was his hat. . . . [One caricature] showed Hall Caine, with frenzied eyes and hair, bearing a sandwich-board on which his name was inscribed in lavish capitals. It had been reproduced on a small scale in one of the English papers. . . . He went to lecture in America, and, into whatsoever city he entered, always that presentment stared him in the face. It cropped up, with nerve-shattering iteration, in every local paper, often magnified to the scale of a full page.

Hall Caine was born, in 1853, with a great asset for success in life—the total absence of a sense of humor. This enabled him to turn out, with complete sincerity and in the conviction of greatness, a series of novels and plays, which had tremendous popularity. He wrote "The Deemster," "The Christian," and "The Eternal City," the last of which Herbert Beerbohm Tree put on at His Majesty's. It was "The Eternal City" that Caine and Herbert were discussing upstairs while, below, Max was being pulverized by the author's hat. Seldom has a writer launched himself on a fabulously successful career by the simple device of writing a fan letter, but that is what Caine did. He wrote such a letter, when he was working in an architect's office in Liverpool, to Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Rossetti answered; how could you not answer a letter full of such appreciation and detailing the efforts made by the writer to popularize his correspondent in Liverpool? One thing led to another, and the first thing Rossetti knew, Caine was staying with him, in his dishevelled house at 16 Cheyne Walk.

After we had listened to the Caine record, Max talked a bit about what is a perennial literary phenomenon—the vast discrepancy between writers who attain popular success and are anathema to the cognoscenti and those who are approved by the cognoscenti and have no public at all. In his youth,



Red hot! This peppery package consists of Rosemary Clooney, Perez Prado...and a real-life bottle of Tabasco Sauce (free with each album). Why the sauce? To dramatize the fact that this concoction of songs, in mambo and cha-cha tempos, is liberally laced with hot and spicy Latin flavor. Keep ice water handy.

Nothing is as spine-tingling as the "Jack the Ripper" story...unless it's the background music of the new film version. This melodic mayhem, by jazz composer Pete Rugolo and song writer Jimmy McHugh, fearlessly traces Jack's bloody trail. Here's the Original Sound Track Recording. Do be careful!



The authentic Savoyard spirit is preserved in these exhilarating performances, by the Ralph Hunter Choir, of G & S tongue-twisters and lilting lays. And for a new touch, the orchestrations are enriched to exploit the high fidelity of today. This deluxe package contains eight booklets with plot summaries and, for do-it-yourself choristers, the lyrics of the songs.



Sigmund Romberg believed that "romantic music will endure because deep at the roots of all people is the theme of love." Proof of this thesis is found in the great musical legacy the composer left us. Witness these tender melodies, interpreted with sensitivity and radiance by the Melachrino Orchestra.

Marjorie Meinert is creating a major musical stir with her brilliant performances on a brilliant musical instrument, the Lowrey "Lincolnwood" Organ. In this new album, she addresses her distinctive style to some of the tastiest inventions of Kern, Rodgers, and Loewe. Drums and guitar help make the tempos extra-tempting.



A talented jazz man is sometimes discovered in strange precincts. Thus, tenor man Boots Randolph was playing "hip" jazz in a country lair in Decatur when found by RCA Victor. This record brings Boots, his swinging group and his many moods into deserved prominence. Note how he seems to make the sax talk!

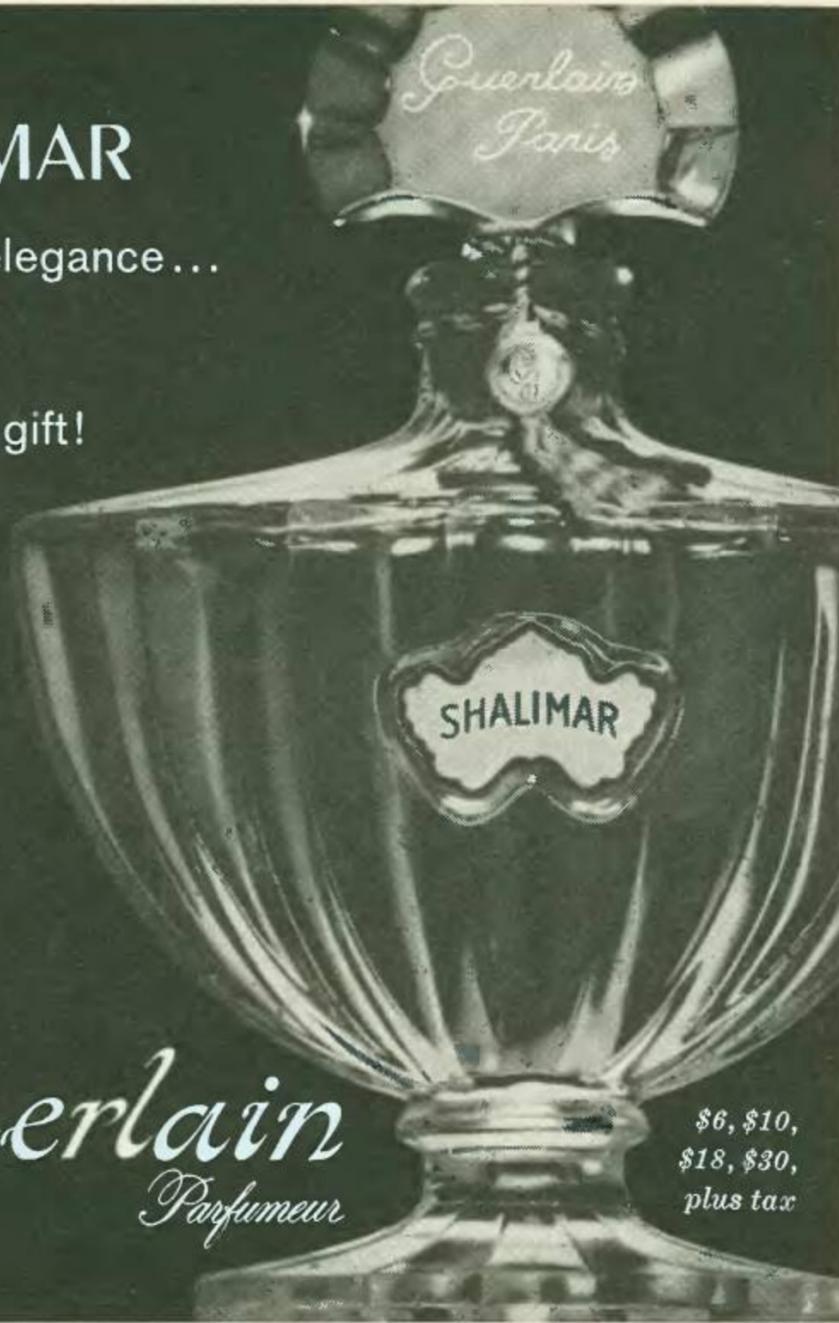


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Max said, the great popular successes were Marie Corelli, Ouida, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Hall Caine. At the parties he used to go to, he said, you could get a laugh just by saying "Hall Caine."

Max then went on to discuss other members of the Rossetti Circle. It was characteristic of Max that in speaking of the Rossetti Circle he should tell me he admired Dante Gabriel's sensible brother William Michael and, of the ladies—that is, the models employed by the Pre-Raphaelites—preferred the healthy Fanny Cornforth to the doomed Elizabeth Siddal. It must have been hard work for the Pre-Raphaelites to be constantly ethereal, and Miss Cornforth was bosomy and earthy. She afforded the Pre-Raphaelites a nice change from Pre-Raphaelitism; she was Rubensy. In the mid-thirties, Max had received from Sydney Cockerell several photographs of the Rossetti brothers, Swinburne, and Miss Cornforth. Cockerell had at that time just bought three drawings of Max's for the Fitzwilliam Museum, which he directed, and Max wrote, in acknowledgment of both benefactions:

DEAR MR. COCKERELL,

It is a grand thing to be represented in the Fitzwilliam; and I am so glad that this honour is to befall me, and glad that I have been deemed worthy of it by you...

Meanwhile I return, with very many thanks for the joy they have given me, those wondrous little photographs. Miss Cornforth is incredible. Credo accordingly—and indeed am but confirmed in a belief I already had—that she must have been just like that and almost like what (reading between the lines of D.G.R.'s presentments of her) I had made of her in one of those cartoons of which you were speaking in such kind terms the other day. William Michael is decidedly the most distinguished in aspect of the figures in that group of four. You and I were arguing, in Nicholson's studio, that William Michael had been underrated because he happened to be the one (superficially) dull man in a bevy of brilliant ones. Perhaps a time will come when he will be over-rated, as having been the one sane man among lunatics!—for there was, wasn't there? a silver thread of lunacy in the rich golden fabric of 16 Cheyne Walk.

In a drawing of Hall Caine in "Rossetti and His Circle," Max represents the time when Caine was living with Rossetti. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the chronic caretaker of genius, is admonishing Caine, who is truculent. They are in the studio at 16 Cheyne Walk, Caine red-headed, red-mustached, red-goateed, and with a fanatical gleam in his eye—the gleam of a man who knows that he carries greatness in each hand, in

the shape of two manuscripts of his own, which he is determined to read to Rossetti. He is, plainly, not going to take the advice that Watts-Dunton is offering him. Frederick Shields, a painter friend of Rossetti's, is standing near Watts-Dunton, backing him up. In the background, lying-sitting on a sofa, is Rossetti, corpulent, brooding, hearing the argument that concerns him but not listening. The caricature is called "Quis Custodiet Ipsum Custodem?" and Max's caption reads:

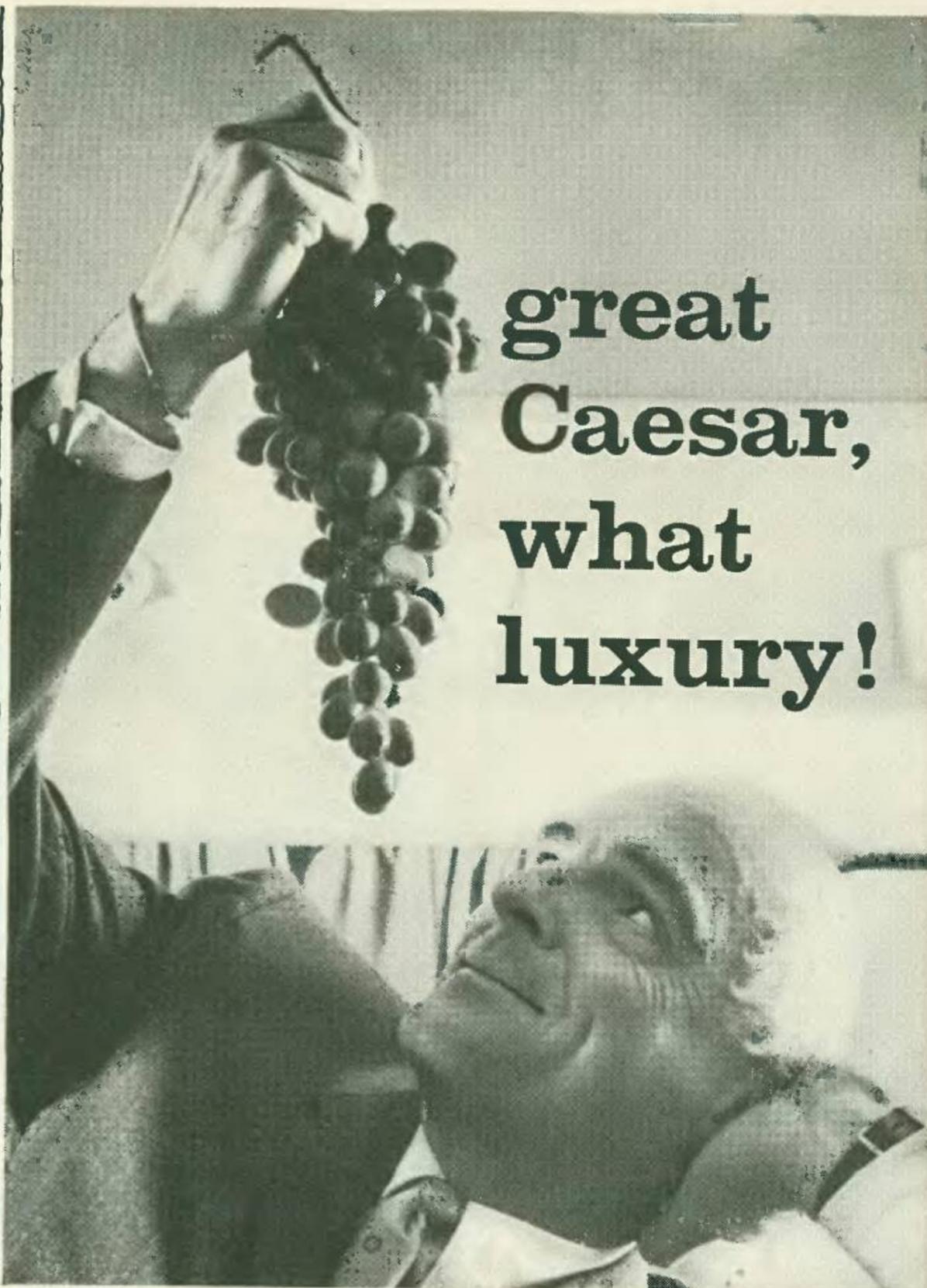
**THEODORE WATTS[-DUNTON]:** Mr. Caine, a word with you! Shields and I have been talking matters over, and we are agreed that tonight and henceforth you *must* not and *shall* not read any more of your literary efforts to our friend. They are too—what shall I say?—too luridly arresting, and are the allies of insomnia.

In another caricature in "Rossetti and His Circle," Max shows Rossetti embarked on an exciting project for a set of murals in the Oxford Union—"The Quest for the Holy Grail." Rossetti, in brown smock and trousers, has one foot on a ladder, on his way to put the finishing touch on a symbolic Miss Siddal, who, with outstretched arms, is ready, presumably, to receive the find. Benjamin Jowett, a little man in a flat hat, is standing at the foot of the ladder. Max's caption is:

**THE SOLE REMARK LIKELY TO HAVE BEEN MADE BY BENJAMIN JOWETT ABOUT THE MURAL PAINTINGS AT THE OXFORD UNION.**

"And what were they going to do with the Grail when they found it, Mr. Rossetti?"

It was in the winter of 1917 that Max, re-creating a vanished milieu that he had never known first-hand, drew the caricatures for "Rossetti and His Circle," while staying in a rented cottage at Far Oakridge, in Gloucestershire, near the home of William Rothenstein. The Beerbohms took their meals with the Rothensteins. To Rothenstein, who worshipped Giotto, Max once sent a sketch he had made of the Rothenstein family. He apologizes for what his sketch may make various members of the family suffer. "But," he goes on to say, "there is in the whole design a sense of a *family*, I think—something spiritually real, though not up to the mark of our old friend Giotto—(I say *our* old friend, because I regard any friend of yours as a friend of mine)." Sir William describes in his memoirs how Max, wearing gloves and with a cane over one arm, used to walk over the snow carrying the Rossetti drawings carefully protected



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in a portfolio. "No wonder Max was nervous of leaving his Rossetti caricatures in an empty cottage," he writes, "for they are now regarded as classics. What a remarkable reconstruction of a period! So intuitively truthful, that one of William Michael's daughters wrote that no person living within their circle had given so accurate a picture of its physical and spiritual composition. Max, with his air of delicate sprightliness, is the profoundest critic of men I have known."

As Max saw things, the silver thread of lunacy that wound through 16 Cheyne Walk also wound through the lives of many of his friends and acquaintances. From the Rossetti Circle, we went on to talk about D. H. Lawrence. Max leaned forward a bit in his chair. "Oh, Lawrence," he said. "Poor D. H. Lawrence!" The adjective was not uttered in condescension but in true sympathy for the afflicted. "Poor D. H. Lawrence. He never realized, don't you know—he never suspected that to be stark, staring mad is somewhat of a handicap to a writer."

I told Max that I had been tremendously moved by "Sons and Lovers" when I first read it, and that I had tried two later novels, which I couldn't read.

"Oh, of course," Max said. "Sons and Lovers"! Although his prose style was slovenly, he was a man of unquestionable genius. But then he became afflicted with Messiahdom, don't you know. Now, what equipment had poor D. H. Lawrence for Messiahdom? He was, in so many ways, a foolish man. He was not fastidious in his friendships. Anyone who took him for a great man he would welcome. He did not stop to question, don't you know, what other qualifications a person had. Anyone who would commune with him on "Destiny"—Max capitalized the word with his voice—"he would welcome. As a result, he was always involved with quite inferior people. He was one of those unfortunate men who think that merely because they have done something, it is at once first-rate. Simply because *they* have done it. He had a glowing gift for nature, a real feeling for nature, and in this he was at his best. But through his landscapes cantered hallucinations."

About the other Lawrence, T. E., the Arabian one, Max said he couldn't talk much, because in that Lawrence the mixture of genius and insanity was too heady for him to do more than sample it. Lawrence had translated the "Odyssey" and then denounced it, as



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"pastiche and face powder." "He confused the 'Odyssey,' you know, with his translation of it," Max said to me. About Lawrence's translation of the "Odyssey," Max once wrote Rothenstein:

What a strange thing, to be a super-eminent genius and hero, as Lawrence was, plus such streaks of sheer silliness... I have read various extracts from that translation—read them with gasps. And I would rather not have been that translator than have driven the Turks out of Arabia.

Tracing the silver thread led Max to Ezra Pound. Pound had lived for a time in Rapallo, and Max used to see him. He laughed in recollection of one of those meetings. "Ezra idolized his parents, you know, and they idolized him," Max said. "They thought the sun rose and set in him. They came from Idaho. He brought them here, and very nice, simple, unaffected people they were, too. Anyway, one afternoon we were all sitting down there on the terrace of one of the cafés"—Max waved a hand toward downtown Rapallo and the sea front—"and Ezra was talking away. Very entertaining! He was fond of making extravagant statements to amuse his friends, which, of course, he didn't expect them to take seriously. He was in one of those moods. His parents were staring at him, rapt, while he made these utterances. Ezra said, 'The greatest master of French literature was Louis the Eighteenth.' Ezra's father, who was sitting next to me, nudged me and beamed at me. 'That kid,' he said, 'knows *everything!*'"

I told Max that I had been shown an anti-Semitic poem written by Pound against him. In it the spelling of Max's name was distorted. Max was interested, and not at all surprised. "I am not Jewish," he said. "I cannot claim that. But then, you know, he is crazy. He greatly admired Mussolini. All that Fascist business! He did have one trait, though, that I didn't much care for." Evidently, Max expected crazy people, outside of their craziness, to live up to some code of gentlemanliness. "He would start out to rave about some friend, and you thought you were in for a paean of praise. And then the qualifications would creep in. And then you realized that he had begun with the paean in order to conclude with the denigration. The treacle of admiration, don't you know, was always strongly tinctured with the vinegar of envy."

Max distinguished between people he considered all-out cranks and lunatics

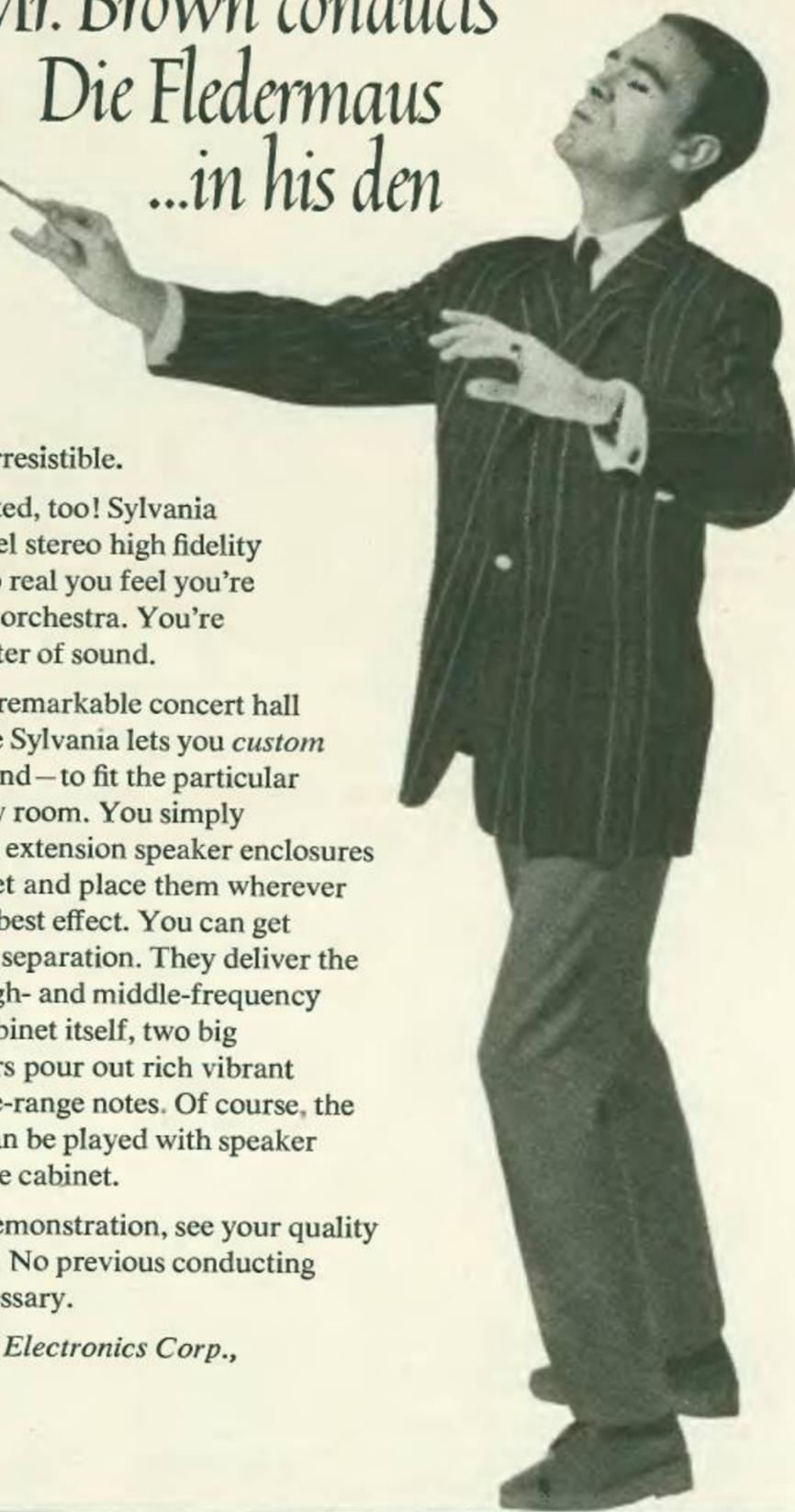
and those who were simply idiosyncratic. In his introduction to "Rossetti and His Circle," he wrote:

Byron, Disraeli, and Rossetti—these seem to me the three most interesting men that England had in the nineteenth century. England had plenty of greater men. Shelley, for example, was a far finer poet than Byron. But he was not in himself interesting: he was just a crystal-clear crank. To be interesting, a man must be complex and elusive.

On this ground, Max found neither Pound nor Lawrence interesting. Two complex men Max greatly admired as writers and liked as friends were G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc. "They had blind spots," he said, "but outside of that they were delightful men. Such enormous gusto, you know, such gaiety, and feeling for life." Max was merely amused by people who had blind spots. Sometimes, when he mentioned a blind spot in conversation, he would tap his forehead to indicate it. Max conveyed the idea that Chesterton and Belloc were men whose minds were vast and hospitable houses, with little dark closets in the attic into which—there were so many other rooms, gay and sunny—you didn't have to go. Robert Speaight, in a biography of Belloc, quotes Max as saying to his hero, "When you really get talking, Hilary, you're like a great Bellocking ram, or like a Roman river full of baskets and dead cats." Speaight also repeats a dry observation of Max's when he was told that Belloc had been to a cricket match: "I suppose he would have said that the only good wicket-keeper in the history of the game was a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic." Max told me he felt that Belloc was, on occasion, a victim of monomania. "He had the conviction that there was only a single lane to Heaven," Max said. "It suited him, for example, to believe that Dreyfus was guilty. Ergo"—Max tapped his forehead—"Dreyfus was guilty."

Somerset Maugham, in a series of articles on ten great novelists he wrote some years ago for the *London Sunday Times*, made the flat statement that Balzac was the only one of them to whom he would without hesitation ascribe genius. Commenting on this, Max told me that he thought it was absurd to single out Balzac. "Tolstoy and Dostoevski had great genius," he said, "and Dickens had it, too, in spite of his dreadful faults." Nevertheless, except for Turgenev and, at times, Tolstoy, Max had serious doubts about the Russian novelists. He felt that too much of what they wrote was also touched by lunacy. He knew that

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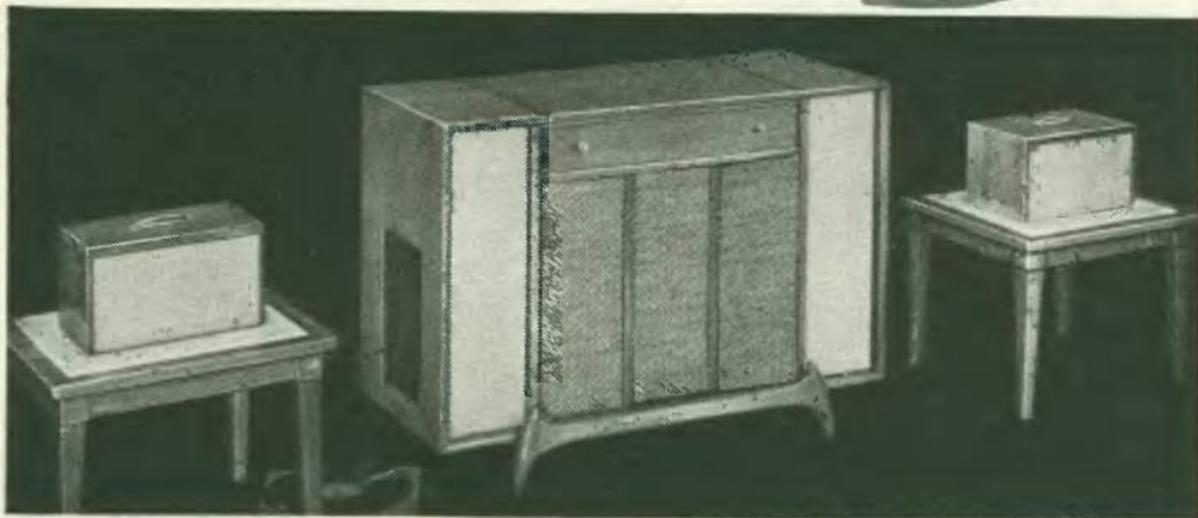
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Dostoevski was terrifying, and even majestic, but then so was Mont Blanc, and Max wouldn't have liked to live on Mont Blanc. In 1913, Max wrote an essay, "Kolnuyatsch," in which he lampooned the vogue for the Russian novelists among the British intelligentsia. Kolnuyatsch (the word is a Russification of Colney Hatch, which was once London's most famous lunatic asylum) is a Russian writer—a composite of Dostoevski and Gorki. Kolnuyatsch, says Max, developed slowly: "It was not before his eighteenth birthday that he murdered his grandmother and was sent to that asylum in which he wrote the poems and plays belonging to what we now call his earlier manner." Was Kolnuyatsch an optimist or a pessimist? Max analyzes:

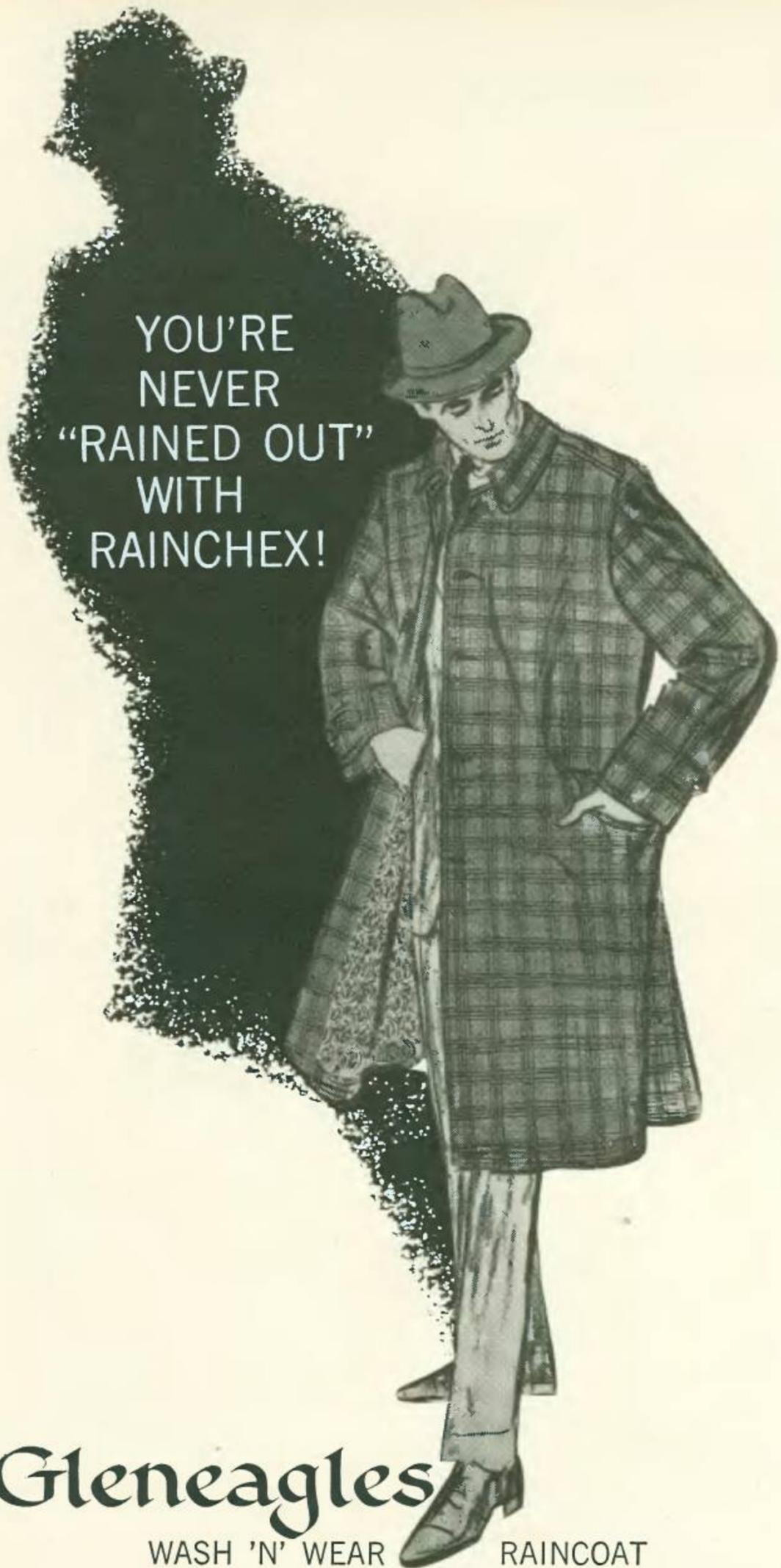
By more than one critic he has been called a pessimist, and it is true that a part of his achievement may be gauged by the lengths to which he carried pessimism—railing and raging, not, in the manner of his tame forerunners, merely at things in general, or at women, or at himself, but lavishing an equally fierce scorn and hatred on children, on trees and flowers and the moon, and indeed on everything that the sentimentalists have endeavoured to force into favour. On the other hand, his burning faith in a personal Devil, his frank delight in earthquakes and pestilences, and his belief that every one but himself will be brought back to life in time to be frozen to death in the next glacial epoch, seem rather to stamp him as an optimist.

Max's great enthusiasms in literature were for Jane Austen, Trollope, Turgenev, George Meredith, Charles Lamb, Henry James, E. M. Forster. He adored Meredith's early manner—"The Adventures of Harry Richmond" particularly—and Henry James's later. "The Golden Bowl" and "The Wings of the Dove" were, Max thought, James's greatest achievements. These writers had no chalets on Mont Blanc, but they took him into realms where he did want to live. Max was on especially good terms with Trollope. "He reminds us," said Max, "that sanity need not be Philistine." Max told me he thought "The Warden" a perfect novel, and the cello-playing Mr. Harding was one of his favorite musicians, especially when he was playing a cello he didn't have with him. The literature of epilepsy, of cosmic soul-searching, of uncontrollable violence simply had no appeal for him. About the Elizabethans he felt something of what he felt about the Russians. In a Rede Lecture he gave at Cambridge, in which he paid tribute to Lytton Strachey, the only reservation he made was about Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex." He

said that it was a "brave" thing for Strachey to have tried but that, at best, it was only "guesswork." To Max, that far-off world, where murders, sudden decapitations, rushings off to the Tower were part of the climate, as natural as April showers, was incomprehensible and unseizable, and he felt that it must have been so to Strachey also, who was a master of style, and hence of form. He said, "A very robustious, slapdash writer might convince me that he was in close touch with the souls of those beings whose actions and motives are to me as mysterious as those of wild animals in an impenetrable jungle. You rightly infer that I am *not* a Sixteenth Century man. And I make so bold as to say 'Neither was Lytton Strachey.'"

Max shied away from lunacy not only in its violent forms but also in its milder forms, one of these being utopianism. "Good sense about trivialities is better than nonsense about things that matter," he once said. He had a horror of utopians, a suspicion of "big" ideas. Some of Shaw's writings bored him, because they were impressments into what he called "the strait jacket of panacea." The effort to force men into this strait jacket had caused untold misery and suffering to the human race, he thought. Rothenstein once said of Max that he was always amiable except when his sense of sanity was outraged. For Max, even to take oneself entirely seriously was a form of insanity. Listening to Max on the subject, I came to see that what for him constituted sanity was a recognition of one's own limitations. He had—without ever formulating it—a Theory of Limits. Max countered Browning's "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, Or what's a heaven for?" with the statement that many of his friends had gone to hell in just that way. Max liked the attainable, the tangible, the comprehensible, the small in scale.

At the outbreak of the First World War, Max said that it had made life "epical," but he indicated a distaste for the epical. He wanted life to be livable rather than epical. When he was a boy, he hero-worshipped statesmen—he later recalled those days of veneration in a broadcast, "A Small Boy Seeing Giants"—but he gradually came to be suspicious of "giganticity." Napoleon, as an example of overwhelming giganticity, repelled him. Caricatures that Max drew, as a young man, of the great aristocratic politicians of his day were so vivid that he was discharged from two magazines he worked for, the



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*Bystander* and the *Sketch*, because of objections from the advertisers. He cared just as little for "giganticity" when it doffed its silk hat and assumed the cloth cap of Labour. Labour resented his delineations more than the aristocrats did. The latter went hunting, but Labour, without this resource, stewed in grievance. Max was on neither side; he punctured the vanities of the aristocrats, and he didn't see why he should spare those of the Labourites.

In 1921, he dedicated to Britannia his book of caricatures called "A Survey," addressing her formally:

Madame, I venture to dedicate this volume to you because you have always been kind to me, and because I cannot think *why* you have always been so kind to me.

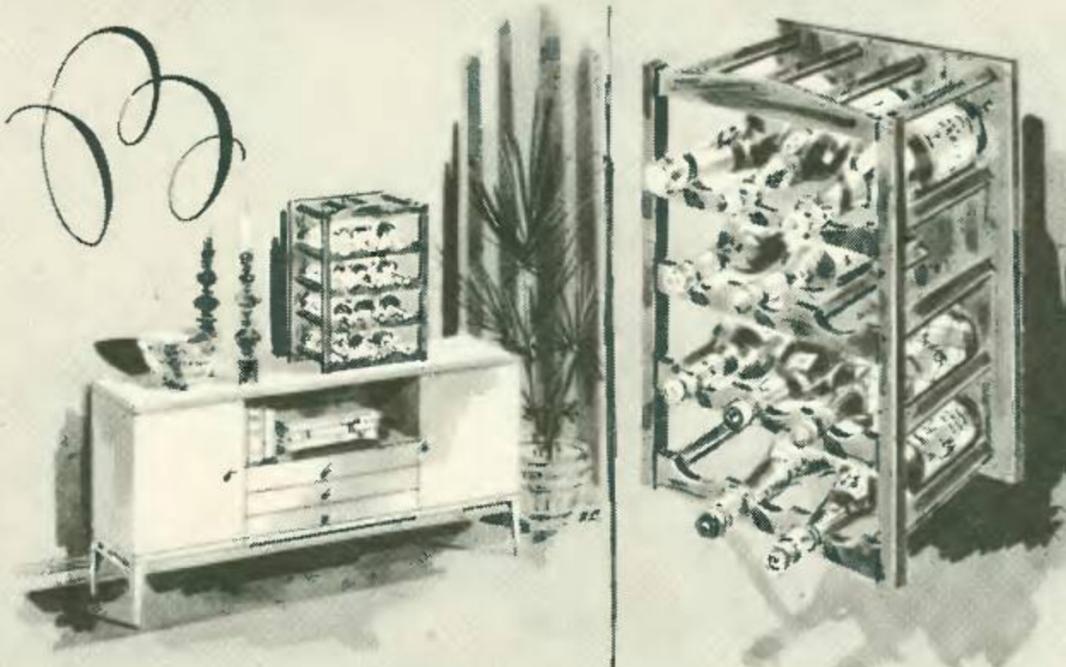
In the dedication, Max is aware that his career as a satirist must have occasionally irritated his lady. He does not defend himself but tries to explain:

In my youth, and indeed until quite recent years, the Court was a very dominant factor in your life. A satirist, instinctively, goes for what is very strong: the weaker things he derides with less gusto, or not at all. But you, Madame, have a great respect for strength, and it is the weaker things that are aptest to tickle your sense of humour. I myself have a respect for strength, but also I am inclined, in my fallen nature, to look for the weak points that all strength has, and to point them rudely out. I used to laugh at the Court and at the persons around it; and this distressed you rather. I never laughed with you at Labour. Labour didn't seem to me quite important enough yet. But Labour is very important now, very strong indeed; as you have found. And I gathered, this year, from a certain mild downward curve of your lips when I laid out for you in the yellow sands those of my new drawings which referred to Labour, that you thought me guilty of not the very best taste in failing to bow my knee to your new Baal.

Perhaps I ought to exclude these few drawings from a book dedicated to you. Do I compromise you by their inclusion? I hope not. I *think* not. You have but to say to Labour, "O honoured and darling and terrifying Sir, I know you're perfect. Don't blame *me* for some drawings done by an utterly absurd man who lives ever so far away in a country shaped like a jack-boot." But if such words avail not, and you deem it expedient to reject the dedication, then reject it, dear Britannia: I shall not be thereby the less affectionately your old servant,

MAX BEERBOHM

Max's aversion to giganticity ran through his views on everything—not only on the aristocrats and labor but on dictators, intellectual as well as military (he shrank especially from totalitarians of the intellect), on skyscrapers, on cities. The London that Max loved was not



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the big city but, rather, what he called the "congeries of villages." He wrote about Bloomsbury, Chelsea, and Bayswater as if they were different countries, each with its own flavor and idiosyncrasy, producing different races of people. Bloomsbury he deplored; the pedestrians there didn't seem to have confidence in themselves. Chelsea he loved, because it had a river, always a freshener, and Bayswater because it had Kensington Gardens. He felt that cities, like egos, became unmanageable when they got too big. They were no longer on the human scale; you couldn't live in or with them. His aversion extended even to motorcars that, in a temporal form of bigness, went too fast. At the end of a B.B.C. broadcast he called "Speed," which he and Miss Jungmann and I listened to that afternoon in 1955, he offered consolation to those whom he had just berated for exceeding the speed limit:

But here is a heartening fact for you. We are all of us travelling at a tremendous rate, and we shall always continue to do so. We shall not, it is true, be able to get rid of our speed-limit. But it is a very liberal one. Eleven hundred and ten miles a minute is not a limit to be grumbled at. Our planet is not truly progressing, of course: it is back at its starting-point every year. But it never for an instant pauses in its passage through space. Nor will it do so even when, some billions of years hence, it shall have become too cold for us human beings to exist upon its surface. It will still be proceeding at its present pace: *eleven hundred and ten miles a minute.*

This, ladies and gentlemen, is indeed a beautiful and a consoling thought—a thought for you to sleep on, to dream of. Sleep well. Dream beautifully. In fact—Good night.

Max's attitude toward bigness was essential to his own view of himself as an artist. He had a severely topiary intelligence; he knew where he could go and where he couldn't go, what he could do and what he couldn't do. "I am not creative in a big way," he said to me that day. "I haven't any powerful invention; I used up all I had. What I really am is an essayist." In an admiring essay on Whistler's prose style, he wrote, "An exquisite talent like Whistler's, whether in painting or in writing, is always at its best on a small scale. On a large scale it strays and is distressed. . . . For no man who can finely grasp a big theme can play exquisitely round a little one." Max ungrudgingly acknowledged the greatness of the wild geniuses who brought up the big guns; at the same time, he felt no obligation to like all that they wrote, and no regret that he was not one of them. Discussing



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the fact that Lytton Strachey was not one of them, either, he wrote, "Very exquisite literary artists seldom are men of genius. Genius tends to be careless of its strength. Genius is, by the nature of it, always in rather a hurry. Genius can't be bothered about perfection." Max did bother.

THAT June, on the next-to-last day I spent with Max, as we sat in our traditional spot in the niche, he talked about his old college, Merton. Once more it was teatime, and once more Miss Jungmann brought us tea. Max told me he thought that of all the novels written about Oxford the best was Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street." "There is no book on Oxford like it," he said. "It gives you actual Oxford *experience*. What Mackenzie has miraculously done is to make you feel what each *term* was like; it was different in each term. Mackenzie notes the separate color of each term. It evokes for me, more powerfully than anything else that has been written about Oxford, my own years at Merton. It is the epitome of a lifetime, you know—one's history as an undergraduate. It is a life span, from youth in your first year to old age in your last. When you begin, you look up to the upperclassmen; they are your heroes. By the time you're an upperclassman yourself, those heroes are gone, you see yourself inroaded by a horde of younger men, you feel your own youth gone, your time past; you have become a survivor into a time you do not know. Merton was one of the smaller colleges and, with two exceptions, the oldest. It was the most intimate." Max looked at me almost with an air of apology. "I still, you know, spend much time in Merton."

He spent a good deal of time, too, I learned, with his mother and his sisters in Upper Berkeley Street. From Merton, the talk went to those early days in London, and his eyes brightened in recollection. "Let me tell you about a phrase that was current in our family," he said. "My mother, you know, was very amusing and very amusable. When she and my father were separated, they used to write each other long letters, which they tried to make as delightful as they could. Such letters are not written nowadays. It was traditional for my friends to come to Sunday lunch when we lived in Upper Berkeley Street. My friends adored my mother and sisters. My sister Dora was dreamy and abstracted. She became a nun when she was nineteen years old. But my sisters Constance and Agnes were very



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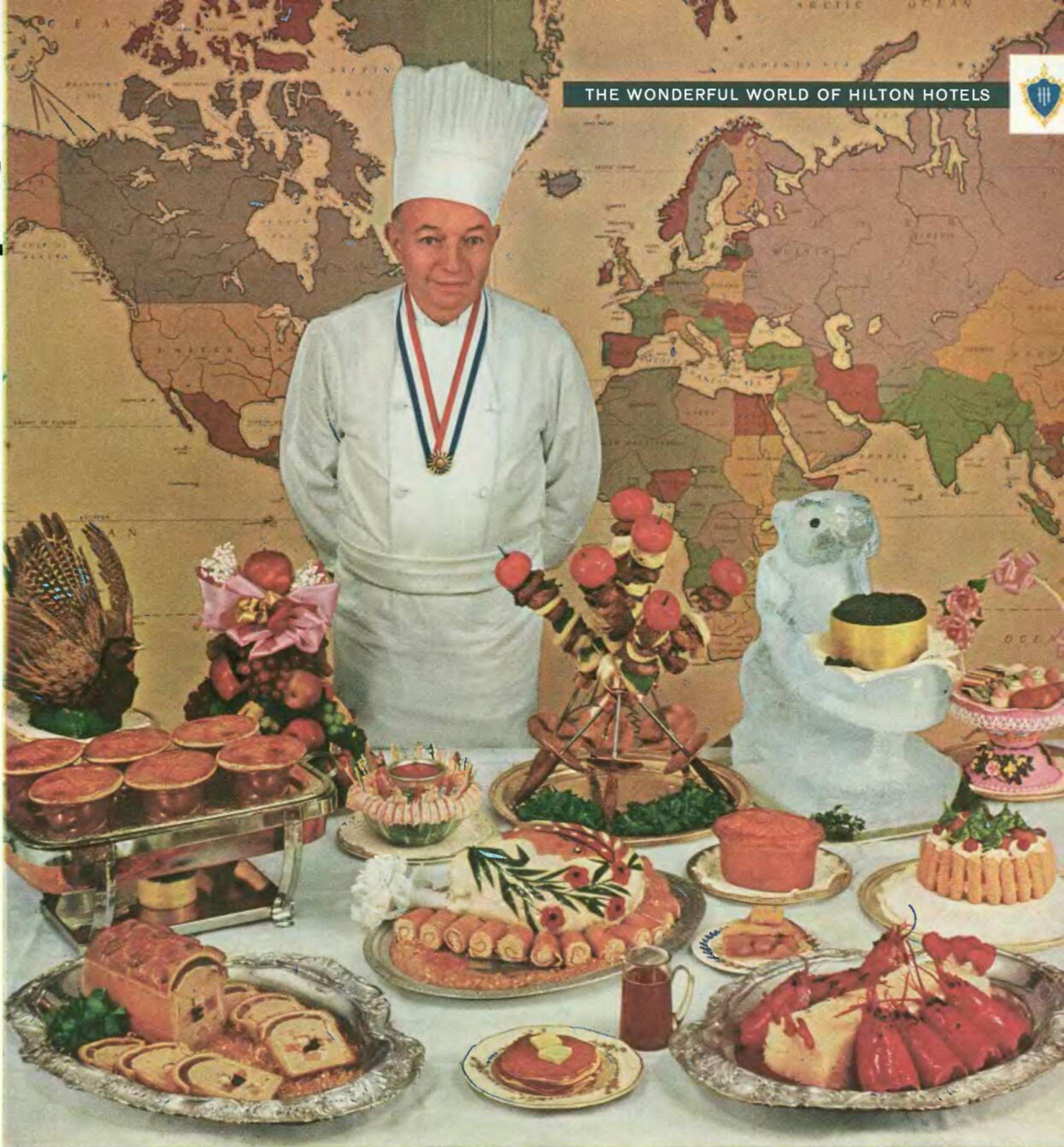
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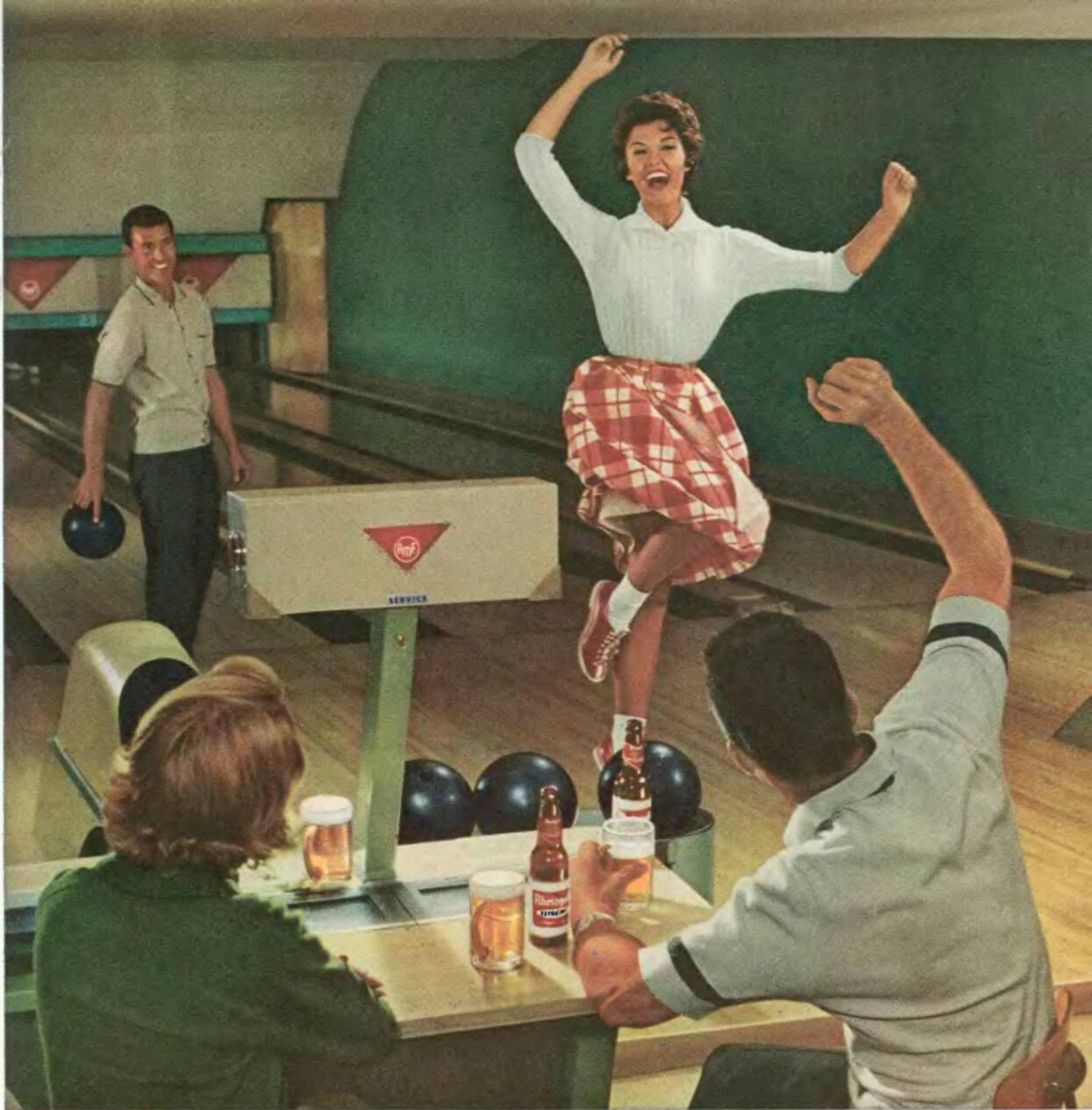
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gay. I still see my mother presiding at those lunches. She was small, you know, and had alert eyes; she always wore a black silk dress and a lace cap—very dignified—but what my friends knew was that she had a volatile humor, and they used to be very gay, those lunches, animated by my mother. Well, we had a catch phrase in the family that had a protean use, for praise or for the reverse—‘It’s a first-class thing.’ It came from Johnston Forbes-Robertson. He was somewhere, in some drawing room, and he noticed a mezzotint of some eighteenth-century admiral that hung on the wall. He reflected how dreary it was. Mrs. Patrick Campbell sailed in. Her eye went at once to the admiral. She began rhapsodizing about him; she became aerated about that admiral—to the delight of the host, of course, who was a bigwig and hadn’t realized he had such a masterpiece on his wall. Mrs. Campbell couldn’t say enough about the mezzotint—it made the room, it transported you. When she had done, she swept down on Johnston. ‘Don’t you agree?’ she demanded. Johnston was determined to puncture the tire of Mrs. Campbell’s ecstasy. ‘Yes,’ he said calmly, ‘it’s a first-class thing.’ We never stopped using it. When I was drama critic on the *Saturday* and came back to Upper Berkeley Street after a play and my mother asked me about it, that phrase would save me more ample criticism. It was a wonderful short cut for settling so many questions. My sister Constance came home one day and summoned my mother and me; she was quivering to tell us what had happened. She knew in advance it was the kind of thing my mother would adore. Well, Constance had been walking along the street and met Willie Wilde—Oscar’s brother. In one hand he was carrying a huge leg of mutton by the narrow part; with his free hand he swept off his hat and bent over double in a grand, ceremonial bow. There was something so grotesquely funny in the way she did it, conveying both the mutton and the bow. We decided it was a first-class thing.

“Willie Wilde, in one of those rare intervals when he was in funds, took my sister Dora to lunch. Willie was in one of his euphoric moods.” Max, who loved to imitate the grandiose, slid into an affectation of grandiosity. “‘Dora,’ Willie said, ‘I feel most imperial this morning, rampantly imperial. I like the feeling of getting up in the morning and thinking, Well, I’ve got Egypt, I’ve got Ceylon, I’ve got Singapore, I’ve got large areas in Africa. . . .’” Max



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brought his hands to the little tea table in front of him in a climactic gesture that was almost devotional; his voice dropped to an awesome whisper. "And now, dear Dora, you are the first to know—I've got India!" In something of a flurry, Dora reported the whole thing to Constance. Constance comforted her. "Well, my dear, don't worry. Willie hasn't *really* got India, you know."

I had lent Max a book about Mrs. Frank Leslie, the widow of an American nineteenth-century newspaper tycoon. Mrs. Leslie had married Willie Wilde, and for this reason I thought the biography might interest Max. He had the book on the tea table next to his chair. He picked up the book and a pencil and, on the inside of the back cover, rapidly sketched Oscar and Willie for me. These are probably the last drawings Max ever did, though he did not regard them as drawings. "Scratches," he called them, and yet they are quite remarkable, too. You see that the two men are brothers, all right: Willie, flabby and amiable, hoping for the best, and doomed; Oscar, grinning in Hades, ghastly, and doomed. After giving me the now illustrated book, as a kind of thanks for lending it to him, Max went on talking about Willie Wilde, who, I found, interested him more than Oscar did. Even when it came to failures, he preferred the small ones to those on the heroic scale. There in the niche, he brought back to life a scene in a restaurant between him and Willie.

"I made an engagement with Willie to have a drink in a little restaurant we used to like to go to," Max said. "The waiter, who was an old friend of ours, was called Bismarck. He did not resemble the other Bismarck in any way; his name just happened to be Bismarck. Well, we were sitting there talking about literature and life when, abruptly, Willie revealed that his mind was not really on aesthetics. 'Beerbohm,' he said, 'I'd like you to lend me ten shillings.' I said that I would. Exhilarated by a sudden feeling of affluence, Willie decided to order something, and whistled for Bismarck. He didn't mean anything by it. It was just that he had been put off balance—he was childish, you know—by the prospect of unearned increment; it was pure high spirits. But Bismarck was affronted. He turned angrily on Willie. 'Don't you whistle for me,' he said. 'I am not a dog. My name is Bismarck.' You know, I will never forget it. Everything went out of Willie. He began to stammer out apol-

ogies to the waiter. 'But, my dear fellow,' he kept mumbling, 'my dear fellow... I didn't mean... I meant nothing...' It was awful, you know—that sudden capitulation. In that moment, I believe, he really saw, and perhaps for the first time, the dingy failure of his life; even behind the bulwark of that ten shillings, he saw himself facing tragedy and defeat, he saw that there was nothing ahead for him, that he would never recover, that he would never find a clearing in the shambles he had made for himself. He saw the end, and I saw it, too. It was very painful."

Max told me some more about Willie. "He was, as I said, childish. I mean childish in the sense that a child is happily free of any thought of the future and seizes upon what is immediately before him and desirable. It is curious how often one encounters the phenomenon among grown men. Willie had been working for the *Telegraph*, but after going to America to marry Mrs. Leslie, and then being divorced and returning to England, the *Telegraph* no longer wanted him. He began doing drama criticism for unimportant papers and writing general articles in which he would mention tradespeople and get perquisites; I daresay that's how he got the leg of mutton he was carrying when he met my sister in the street. He came to know a delightful lady, a widow with two children, who was greatly interested in him. She was very well off, and we thought we should no longer have to worry about Willie. Willie had really a wonderful way with children. He used to go up to the nursery and play with these two children, and they couldn't wait for his visits, because his affection for them was genuine and they felt it. He used to impersonate a bear. He was enormous, you know, but he would get down on his hands and knees, and he made a really wonderful bear. He was a tame bear, and the children rode him. One day he came—it was just before Christmas—and said, 'Now I am a burglar come to rob you, and you must catch me and tame me just as you did when I was a bear.' There was a bank affixed to the wall in which the children, all year, had collected pennies, and from time to time their elders had dropped into it coins of larger denomination—even sovereigns. It was not to be opened till Christmas. The burglar advanced on the bank. The children, in a state of great excitement, were about to catch him and denounce him. And then, suddenly, obeying some imperious impulse

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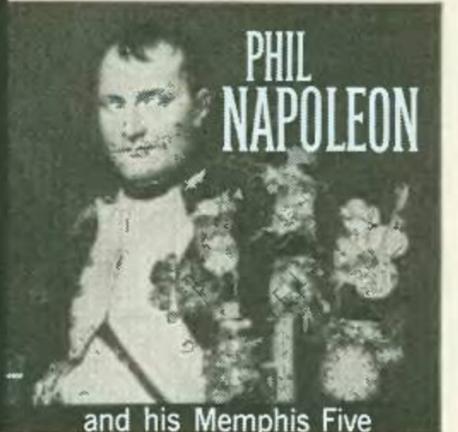
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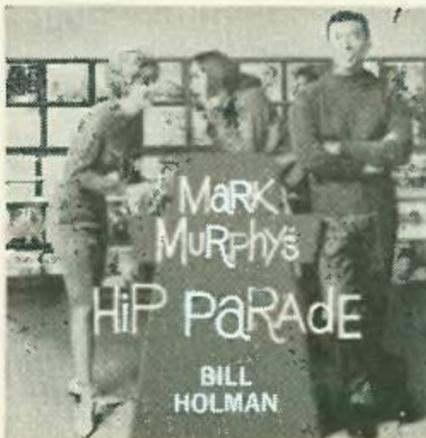


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of childhood, Willie ripped the bank off the wall and ran out of the room and out of the house, and was never seen there again."

Miss Jungmann had told me that between my last visit to Rapallo and this one two old friends had come to call on Max at the Villino—Somerset Maugham and Max's onetime fiancée Constance Collier. I asked Max what he and Maugham had talked about.

"Oh, old times," Max said. "Maugham and I recalled a couple we knew—the Davises. Mr. Davis was a questionable character from the City, who took pride in his vulgarity. Still, the Davises were art collectors and patrons, and very hospitable, and Maugham and I used to enjoy their hospitality. They were very kind, for instance, to Charles Conder. He was an exquisite artist, Conder. He used to go in, you know, for glades, with princesses and fairies appearing at intervals. People would flock to the Davises'. They were always giving fancy-dress balls. For one of them I engaged a costume at the costumier's; I went as a cardinal—a rather second-rate cardinal. When I arrived, I found Mr. Davis on the steps of a throne, dressed as Queen Elizabeth. He used to take these costume parties very seriously. He would put on his costumes the night before so as to get used to them; he had probably been Queen Elizabeth all night. Also on the steps, just below Mr. Davis, there was a really magnificent cardinal. I was fascinated by what I saw. The cardinal on the steps was, I knew, a business rival of Mr. Davis's. Mr. Davis had been hounding him, and now, as Queen, he had him by the throat. The cardinal had come to plead; the Queen forced him to the wall and told him that the only resolution of his dilemma was to commit suicide. Mr. Davis had worked the whole thing out. He had suggested to his rival to come as a cardinal; he wanted to have his revenge in style. When the magnificent cardinal passed me on his way out, his face was ashen. He was a lost man. And, do you know, he did commit suicide. I told Maugham it was a story after his own style; I wondered he had never used it."

A Mr. and Mrs. Steevens emerged from the shades. "When Maugham and I were young, we were both hard up, you know," Max said, "and we used to go every Tuesday night to dinner at the house of a delightful couple named Steevens. Mr. Steevens was quite a different cup of tea from Mr. Davis. He was a first-rate classical scholar and became a prominent journalist; he was

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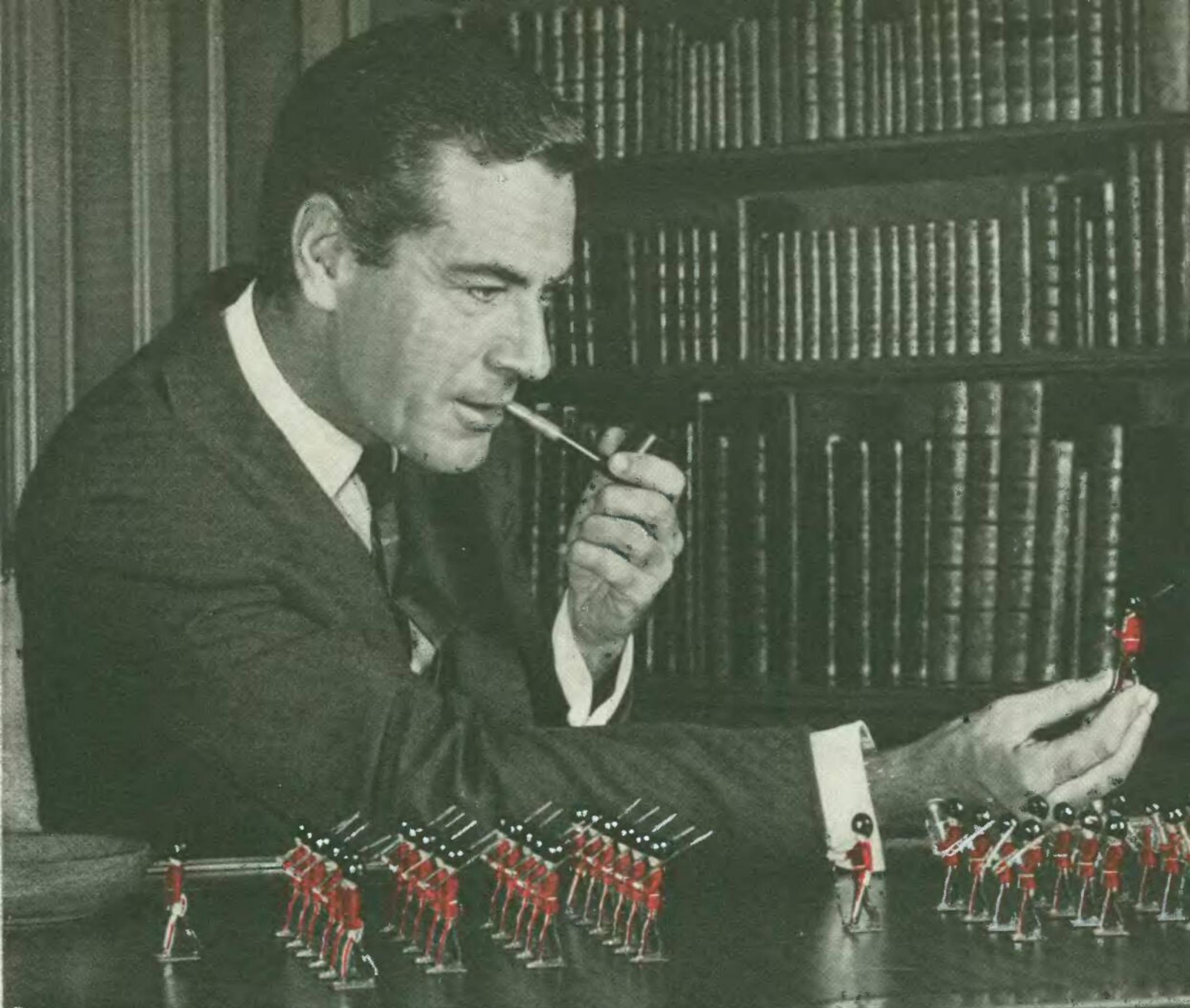
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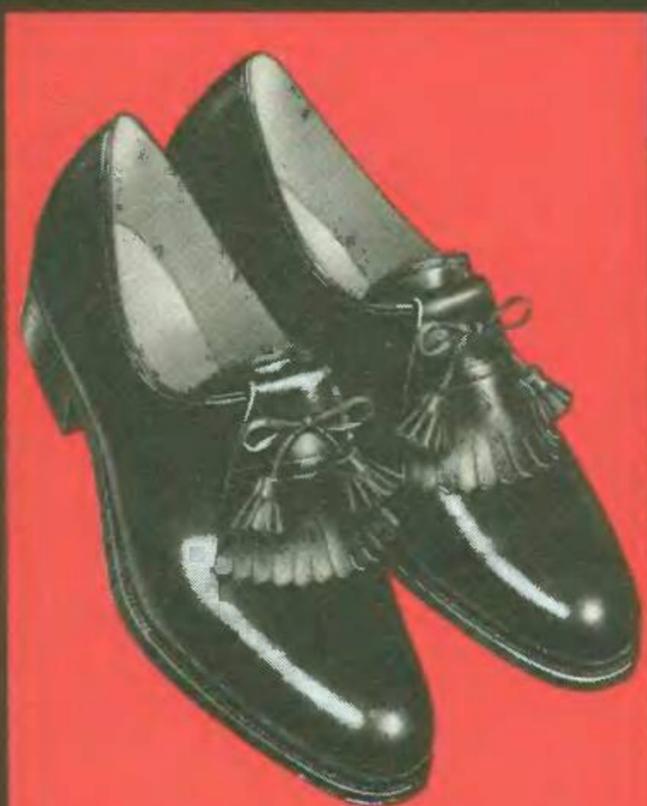


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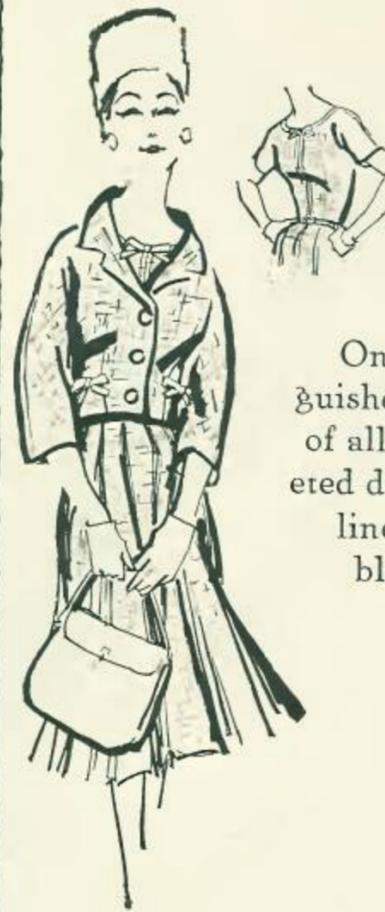
really a remarkable man. At the end, he was working for Lord Northcliffe, who sent him to South Africa at the time of the Boer War. Mrs. Steevens was an American, and owned a fortune. She devoted herself to general and private philanthropies—especially on Tuesday nights. It was a great comfort in those days to know that on Tuesday night you could count on a really good dinner. Mrs. Steevens would invite Maugham, G. S. Street, Reggie Turner, and myself. Maugham and I recalled those Tuesday nights. Among Mrs. Steevens' public philanthropies was an orphanage she supported; when her charges grew up and went out into the world from the orphanage, she used to employ various of them on her household staff. She had a very well-run house, don't you know, but I remember that it used to be somewhat disconcerting to hear her say to the butler, for example, 'Dearest, will you bring in the cocktails?' or 'Darling, will you give Mr. Beerbohm one of those nice little cakes?' Of course, she had known all her staff from their infancies. Still, it used rather to startle us. When Maugham was here, he and I laughed over it."

"And what about Constance Collier, Max?" I asked. "Elizabeth tells me that just a few months before she died she sat in this very chair and had tea with you."

"We talked mostly of our days in Dieppe, when the future was becomingly veiled, don't you know, and when youth seemed a natural state, the only imaginable state," Max said. "Dieppe was a simple fishing village then, and very cheap. Constance used to come there with her mother. It was there that Constance and I became engaged. It was also in Dieppe that I finally decided to be a writer. Maupassant and Meredith were my heroes. Meredith I could not hope to emulate, but Maupassant, since he was so cunningly simple, deceived me into thinking that I *could* emulate him. I have described it all in an essay."

The essay is called "A Relic." Max describes how, rummaging about in an old trunk, he came upon the fragments of a fan. The moment he came upon these fragments, he heard himself murmuring a sentence: "Down below, the sea rustled to and fro over the shingle." He goes on to recall an incident of his youth. Max was nineteen. He was sitting at a table of the café on the terrace of the casino in Dieppe, drinking a glass of bock, when he beheld a startling scene. A woman of about thirty rushed by him, pursued by a short, fat man of

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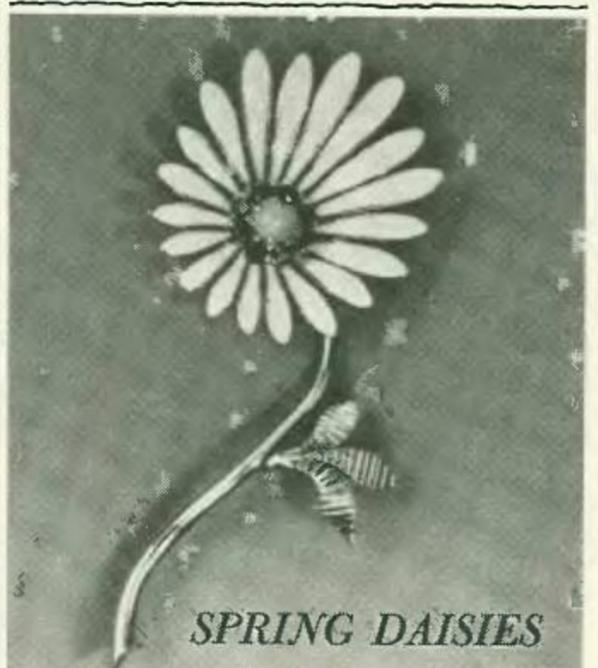


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about fifty-five. "Écoute, Angélique," gasped the perspiring bourgeois. "Écoute, je te supplie." But Angélique wouldn't. She rushed through the swinging doors, the suppliant following. The waiter picked up the remnants of a fan Angélique had broken in her anger. Max, after he had paid for his bock, followed them, but they were nowhere to be seen. Next day, he waited for them, but they did not appear. He never saw them again. Nevertheless, the vision of their faces, Angélique's "positively dull with rage," made an inescapable impression on him. He tried to reconstruct their story in his imagination, and this reconstruction, he fancied, would make a conte, like a conte of Maupassant's. He decided to call it "The Fan"—very Maupassantish. Maupassant would have needed no more; why should he need more? He felt very cynical and worldly, and, after all, Maupassant was so simple; Maupassant was just an observer, like him. Of course, Maupassant was much older than Max and had observed more, but Max had the advantage of having picked up all of Maupassant's observations in Maupassant. Day after day, Max sat at the table of the terrace café, with a bock and the fan fragments before him, and at last he wrote the first sentence of the first story by the English Maupassant: "Down below, the sea rustled to and fro over the shingle." Max liked these words; he liked them so much that he decided they would end his story, too. He began to feel sorry for Maupassant. Could Maupassant brook a rival? He had the "chose vue," just as Maupassant so often had; the problem was to get the "chose à figurer." He went to the café every night, he kept fingering the fragments of the fan, but, he is forced to confess, "the plum did not ripen." He had the provocative beginning ("Down below, the sea rustled to and fro over the shingle"), he had the mournful ending ("Down below, the sea rustled to and fro over the shingle"); what he couldn't get was the intervening material. Max could never finish that story, but he did finish the essay he wrote about not finishing it: "The chord this relic strikes in me is not one of curiosity as to that old quarrel, but (if you will forgive me) one of tenderness for my first effort to write, and for my first hopes of excellence."

I told Max that I knew the essay, and that it was lucky he hadn't finished "The Fan," because it would have deprived us of "A Relic."

Max smiled. Then he said, "Please



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find Elizabeth and ask her to give you the little snapshots of Dieppe."

When I brought in the snapshots, Max took them and we looked at them together. He concentrated on one in particular. "There it is," he said. "The very terrace, the very café—not the very bock—and Constance and myself sitting there. Walter Sickert, I believe, took this snapshot." Constance is wearing a beribboned, flowered, floppy straw hat and a light summer dress. A parasol is slung over her shoulder. Max is wearing a white flannel suit, with a flower in the buttonhole; his straw hat is in front of him on the table, and his hand is resting on the head of his walking stick. Somehow he endows the plein-air costume with an aura of urban elegance.

I remarked on how lovely Constance looked.

"Doesn't she? Doesn't she?" Max said. "She was beautiful, you know, and with everything before her. My brother Herbert had great plans for her; Coquelin adored her and gave her acting lessons. And I—well, I was on the verge of supplanting Maupassant."

During her recent visit, Max said, Constance had reminded him of a "wicked joke" he had played on her in Dieppe. "Wicked," Max repeated, full of unashamed guilt.

I inquired, of course, about this lapse.

"Well, you know, there used to be visiting theatrical companies who came there from Paris and played," he said. "It was a holiday for the actors, too. I took Constance to a matinée of one of these performances—a comedy. Now, Constance didn't know a word of French. The audience started to laugh, and as Constance hadn't the faintest idea of what was going on and as I imagined she felt stupid at not seeing anything to laugh at, I began to improvise the play for her. I converted it into a drama, so there would be nothing to laugh at. My drama was so heartbreaking, you know, that Constance began to cry. But the audience kept laughing, and this laughter seemed callous and incomprehensible to Constance. She asked me what the others were laughing at. I explained to her that this was a provincial audience, very crude and insensitive to pathos. By the time the curtain fell, Constance was so *emotionnée* that I confessed what I had done. It took some time before she forgave me, but the other day we laughed over it."

I asked Max whether Constance had mentioned the man she finally



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did marry, the actor Julian L'Estrange.

"No, we didn't talk about anything, really, that happened after Dieppe," Max said. "We remembered all the people who used to come to Dieppe: Aubrey Beardsley and his sister; the painter Pissarro—he was an old man then; Reggie Turner, who went there before we did; Charlie Chaine; Will Rothenstein; my brother Julius. We remembered the English church where Constance and I decided to be married and where we weren't. We remembered them all—and it was delightful to remember them. We talked about Titine."

"Who was Titine?" I asked.

"She was Mme. Lefèvre and ran the hotel Chez Lefèvre, where we all lived in those days," Max said. "Sickert was very taken with her. Titine was the soul of Chez Lefèvre. She was enchanting, Titine. We did everything through Titine. We all shamelessly curried favor with her. The food was wonderful. When I was in favor, Titine would see to it that I got something special. I would crow over Sickert. Since Sickert would share the dish, I was not slow to point out the advantage to him of having me for a friend."

I asked Max whether he had shown Constance the snapshots.

"Oh, yes," he said. "She was very shortsighted, you know. She held them close to her eyes. 'Is that *us*, Max?' she said. 'Are they really *us*?'"

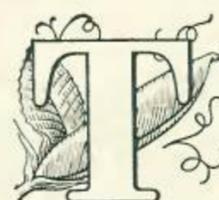
Miss Jungmann came into the room to pick up the tea things, and Max and I, half in Dieppe, half in Rapallo, said good night.

THE following day, a friend of mine, Mr. Stanley Marcus, of Dallas, Texas, who is a lover and collector of books, arrived in Portofino, and called me to ask if he might meet Max. Mr. Marcus had with him a sheaf of assorted, non-consecutive pages of a printing of Max's story "The Happy Hypocrite" by the eminent typographer Bruce Rogers. Rogers had done these as sample pages for a fine edition, and had done no more. Mr. Marcus hoped that Max would write his name in this curiosity. Max said that he would be delighted to receive Mr. Marcus, and that he knew and admired the work of Bruce Rogers. As it happened, I was at that time called away from Rapallo for several days, but the visit took place and, Miss Jungmann later reported, went off handsomely. Max asked Mr. Marcus to leave the Bruce Rogers with



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him, because he wished to make certain emendations in it.

Max's careful labor on these random pages was the last literary task that he ever undertook. The task he set himself was to make the sense carry over from one page to the next as if he had originally written them that way, and it required great ingenuity. For example, one page ended, "And in the middle of this vain galaxy hung the pre-" The next page, since it was far away, gave you no idea of what it was that hung in the middle of the vain galaxy. At the bottom of the first of these pages, Max added, in his strong and beautiful handwriting, "sent writer's eviscerated book." One page ended, "Presently he heard a footstep in the hall beyond, and a pair of" The next page began, "soon forgot him." Max caused these disparities to coalesce: "Presently he heard a footstep in the hall beyond, and a pair of boots appeared with nobody in them, and at sight of them he uttered a piercing scream. But he soon forgot them—and they, it appears, soon forgot him."

Max was to work for weeks on this. When it was finished, he was to send it to Mr. Marcus, in Texas, with the following inscription:

DEAR MR. STANLEY MARCUS:

Here is the book that you left with me. I have dared to amend, here and there, what seemed to me a lack of continuity in the narration.

Yours very sincerely,  
MAX BEERBOHM

Rapallo, 1955

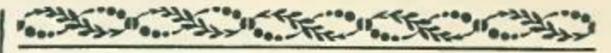
When, long before Max's self-imposed task was completed, I came back to Rapallo, it turned out to be for only one day. I found that I had to leave immediately for New York. That afternoon, I went to the Villino to bid Max goodbye. Miss Jungmann, without saying much, took me to the terrace. We stood in the middle of it.

"Look," said Miss Jungmann, pointing to the open door of Max's blue-walled study.

I looked. Max, completely unaware of us, was bent over his worktable, writing. He was wearing glasses; he looked very tiny. He was using pen and ink, and the pen kept dipping into the inkpot. He was supplying Bruce Rogers' sample pages of "The Happy Hypocrite" with a continuity. He was working with the avidity and the concentration of a writer slaving to meet a deadline at the end of which glitters a pot of gold. Again, and for the last time, he was working to amuse one reader.

"I hate to disturb him," I said.

"Oh, no," said Miss Jungmann. "He



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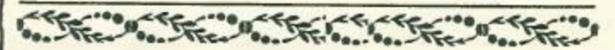
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knows you are going. He's waiting for you. Go in. I'll wait for you downstairs."

I walked into the study. Max finished the sentence he was working on, and looked up. He showed me what he had done to the Rogers pages. I told him that I thought it was ingenious as well as funny, and he was pleased at having solved a technical problem of a kind that had not theretofore been presented to him. We walked out onto the terrace and took up our familiar post at the parapet, and looked for a moment or two at the tree that leaned backward like Swinburne. For once, a silence fell between us. I became conscious—and, I feel sure, so did he—that this might be a long farewell. To quench this feeling, to stave it off, I began asking him about "The Happy Hypocrite."

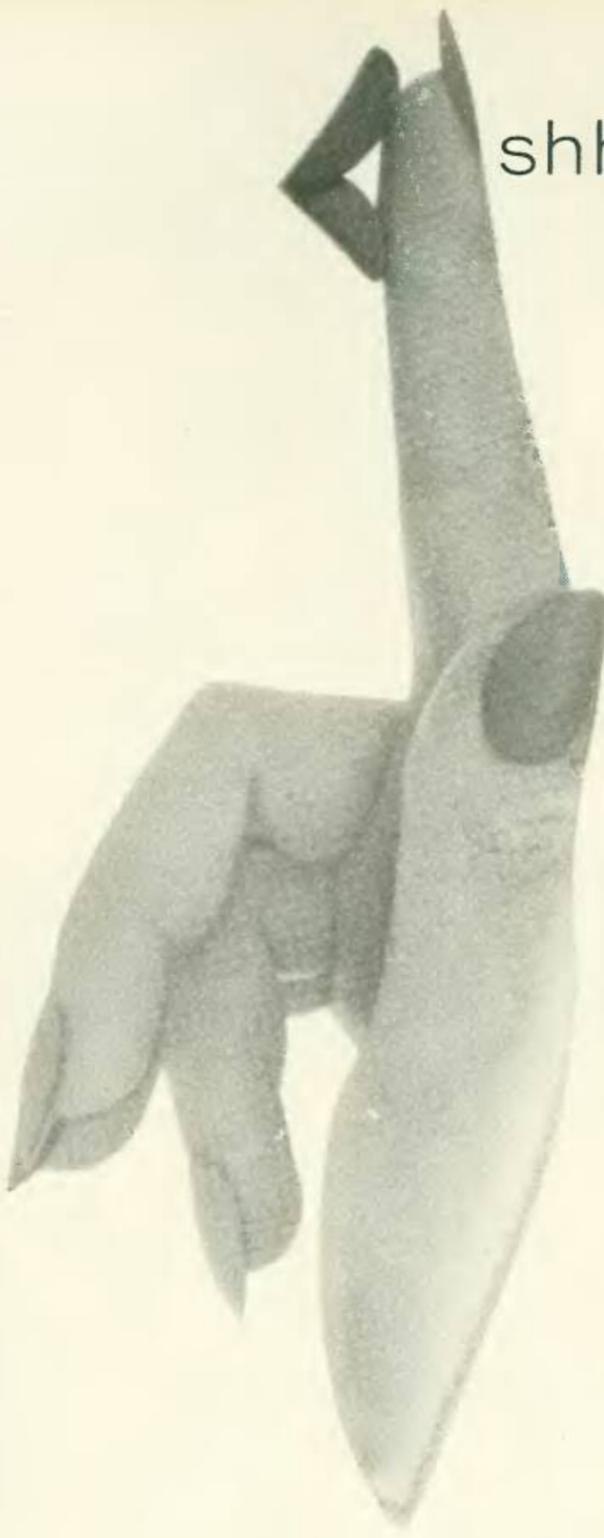
"The Happy Hypocrite" is a fantasy, set in the time of the Regency, about a dissolute nobleman, Lord George Hell, who falls in love with a stage performer of great beauty and innocence named Jenny Mere. Jenny won't have anything to do with Lord George; his reputation, not unearned, is truly dreadful, and his personal appearance, which reflects his dissoluteness, is also dreadful. Lord George suddenly sees himself in the light of Jenny's aversion and shares it. He goes to a famous mask-maker and commissions from him a saintly and beautiful mask, which is fitted to him so cunningly that none of his friends know him. Miss Mere herself doesn't recognize him. Wearing his mask, he proposes to her, and she accepts him. Lord George gives away his money, his houses, and all his other possessions, and lives with Jenny in the country, idyllically happy. At the end, a former mistress exposes him to Jenny. The mask is removed, and—lo and behold!—Lord George's face has been transformed into what the mask was; he *is* saintly, and he *is* beautiful.

I said to Max that Jenny Mere seemed to me like one of the two girls in white in his cherished photograph, and like the little girl laughing up at the Abbé, only without freckles.

Max looked pleased. He stared out across the Gulf of Genoa, still and blue. "I have always been interested in masks, you know," he said. "So was Yeats. I once began to collaborate with Aubrey Beardsley on a book about masks. We never finished it."

"It would be easy," I said, "if just by buying a mask of goodness, a mask of beauty, you could achieve them both."

"But, oh, you have to live *up* to the mask, you know," said Max. "Lord



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George lived up to the mask. His love for Jenny made it possible for him to do it."

I remembered, not with total irrelevance, a caricature of Max's on good and evil. It is called "Things in General." It shows "The Principle of Evil," a satanic figure in a kirtle, doing a Devil's dance around the personification of "The Principle of Good," a matronly woman, with plaited braids, who is obese from being habitually sedentary. In fact, she is plain slobby. The legend reads:

**THE PRINCIPLE OF GOOD:** How is it that you always seem to get the best of it?

**THE PRINCIPLE OF EVIL:** Because I'm active, my dear.

I mentioned this caricature to Max. He stroked his mustache. He was staring across the gulf as if it were eternity. "Well," he said, "Lord George Hell found a way of making The Principle of Good active, I suppose. Of course, we're all caught up in a chaos of evil impulses. There are many Lord Georges. In fact, there are more Lord Georges than there are masks."

Another silence fell between us. I knew I had to leave. I hated to leave. Max went on, "Do you know my favorite line of Henry James?"

I could see that he was not really expecting an answer from me—that he was communing with himself.

"It is 'Be generous and delicate and pursue the prize.'" Max's eyes were still fixed on the sun-dotted sea. "He didn't always live up to it, of course. Who can? But in his work he did live up to it. It was *his* mask." There was a pause. Max looked at me and smiled. "If you live up to a good manner long enough, don't you know, perhaps it will become first nature to you, instead of second, or third."

Miss Jungmann called from the foot of the stone steps. Charlie, the local driver, had arrived and was waiting with my taxi.

I shook hands with Max. I told him that I was planning to be in France for the winter, and that it would be a happy day for me when next I crossed the threshold of the Villino.

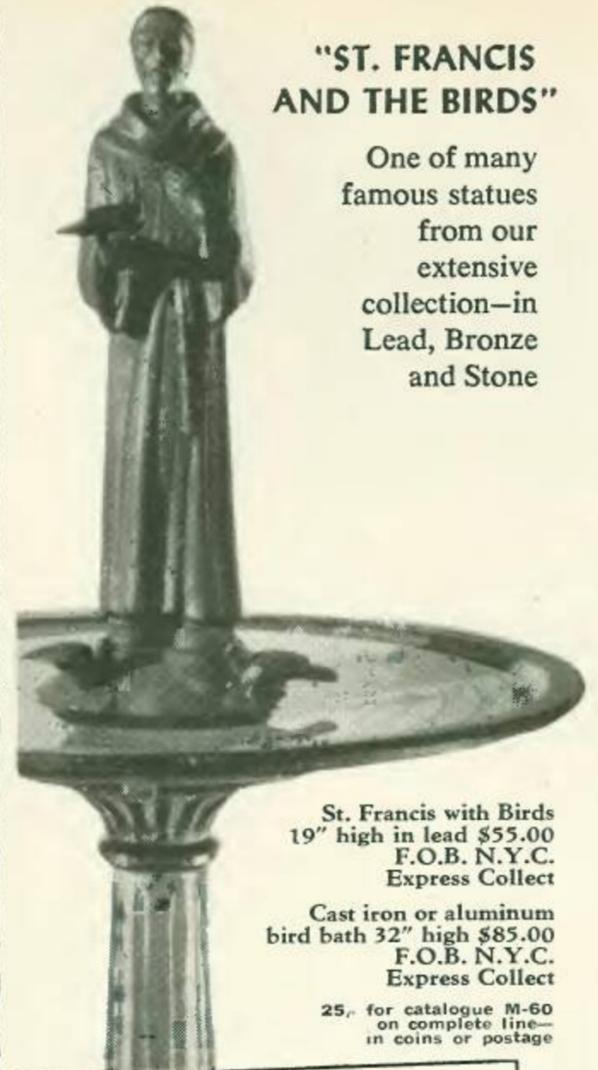
"I wish you everything you could wish for yourself," said Max.

We stood in silence for a moment. Max looked across the gulf. He turned to me again, with a little smile and a little gesture toward the horizon. "The same old sea," he said.

**I**T was not until April of 1956 that I was able to sail for France, and from there I planned to go immediately to

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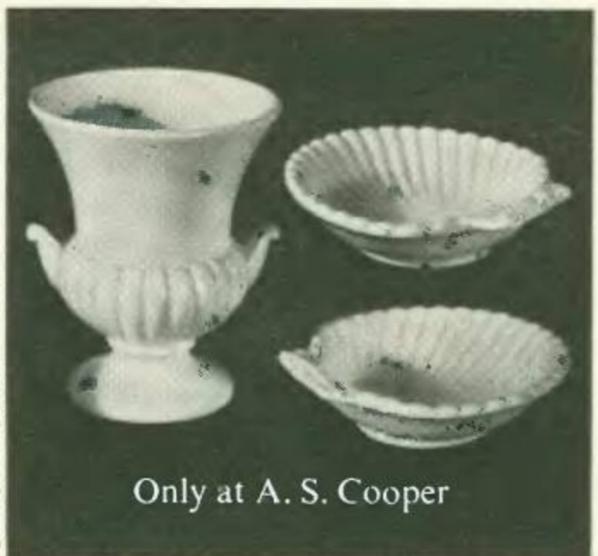


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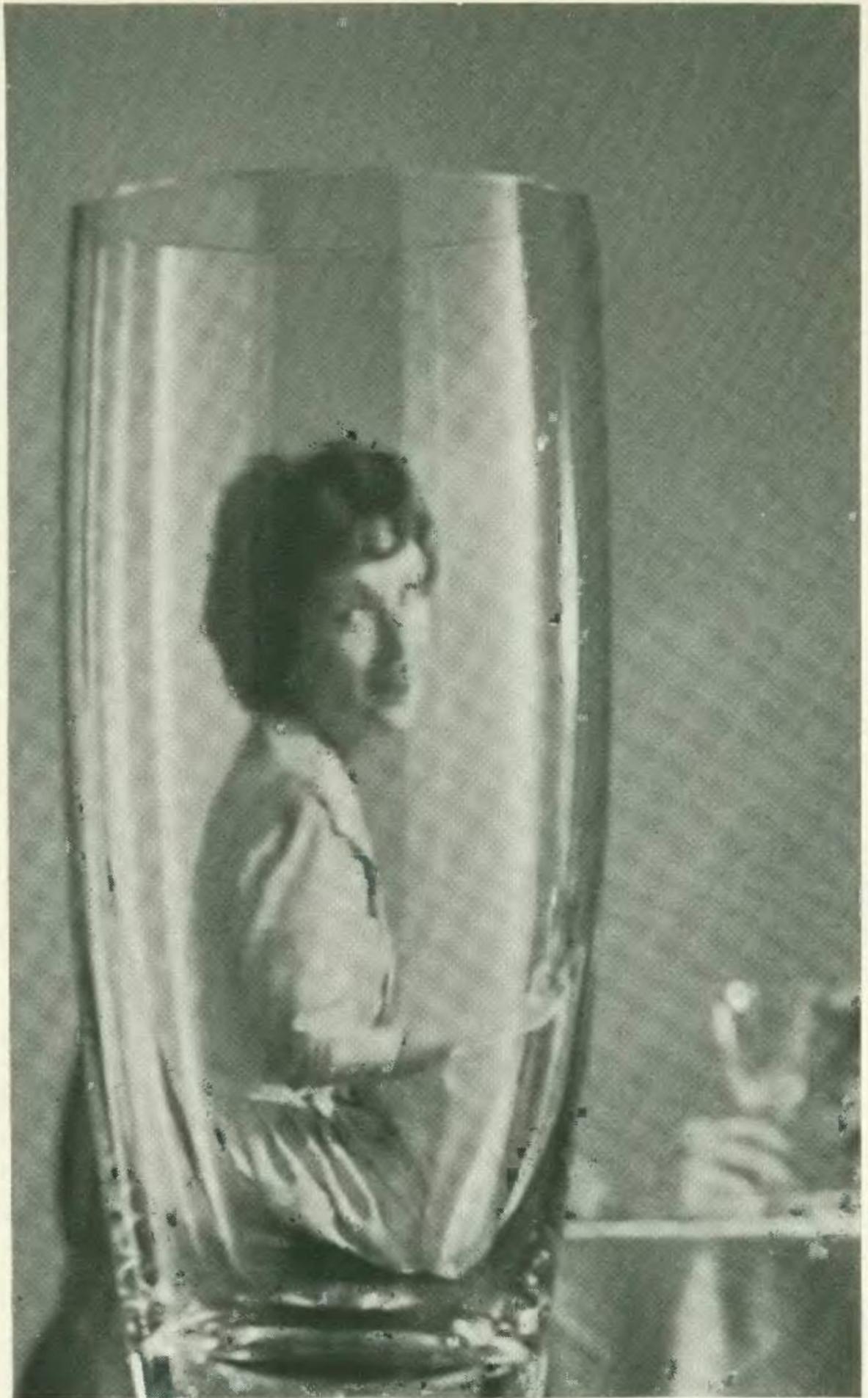


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Rapallo. The letters I had been receiving from Miss Jungmann were alternately depressed and cheerful, depending on Max's spirits and how he seemed in strength on a particular day. In the last letter I received from her before I sailed, she asked me to bring a special kind of vitamin pill, which was unobtainable in Rapallo. I stocked up on these pills. Just after I checked into my hotel in Paris, on the seventeenth of April, I put in a call to Miss Jungmann. There was no answer at the Villino. Several hours later, she returned my call. Max had been taken to a hospital in Rapallo. He had not been sleeping, and his heart was weak; he had consented to go. She asked me if I had the vitamin pills. I told her to tell Max that I had enough to make it possible for him to enter the Olympic Games. She asked me please to come, and I said that of course I would. She did not seem unduly depressed; she felt that Max had a good chance to pull out of it.

I left the next morning, by car. From the road, I called Miss Jungmann at the hospital. She said Max was delighted that I was coming, and had laughed at the idea of entering the Olympic Games. In the evening of the next day, as I was having dinner at the Grand-Hôtel du Cap, in Antibes, I was called to the telephone. Miss Jungmann said that Max had not had a good night, that he was scarcely eating anything, that he was suffering. I told her I was leaving in the morning by car and would arrive at the hospital in the early evening.

Next evening, I was there, in Rapallo and at the hospital. Miss Jungmann had a small room next to Max's, on an upper floor. Max was asleep. She felt that I probably shouldn't see him that evening, even if he woke up; she was afraid that the excitement might be harmful. The next evening might be better, she said. As things turned out, I was never to see Max again. That first evening, she told me everything that had happened. The week before, Dr. Rau, Max's doctor from London, in whom she and Max both had great faith, had come for a few days. He had wanted to take Max to London, but Max had refused to go. "I do not wish to go back to London as an invalid," he had said. Dr. Rau had then suggested taking him to a hospital in Rome, but Max had not consented to go there, either. The Rapallo hospital, Miss Jungmann told me, was understaffed and underequipped. Max suffered acutely. He suffered from bedsores, and she knew—Dr. Rau had told



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her—that modern hospitals have a kind of electrified bedding that, by making a ripple of tiny undulations, somehow prevents bedsores. Miss Jungmann had been on practically twenty-four-hour duty since they had arrived at the Rappallo hospital. Max did not have a private nurse; it was impossible to get one. She was the private nurse.

Everything came out of her in geysers of speech. There was the terrible problem of getting Max to eat anything. When she had prepared his tray that day and put it before him, he had made a little sound of distaste. She had reproached him for his attitude toward the food. "It's not exactly the sound that lions make when they are confronted with food, is it?" he had admitted. He had made an effort to eat, but it hadn't come to much. The bedclothes bothered him. His covering, Miss Jungmann assured me, was very thin, like gossamer, but he was conscious of great protuberances; he couldn't find a comfortable way to lie. The sound of the spoon on the glass when she brought his medicines grated on him. Miss Jungmann put gauze on the spoon to muffle this sound. There was a green label on the hospital glassware, and this irritated him. "An ugly green, isn't it?" he said. After that, Miss Jungmann turned the utensils so that he couldn't see the green label. "And yet, you know," she said, "with all his suffering, only the other day I came in at about sunset and he called my attention to a beautiful lavender shadow cast by the cupboard, and he wouldn't let me put the light on, to give that shadow a slightly longer life."

Every once in a while, Miss Jungmann would go out into the hall and peer into Max's room. She would return and tell me he was sleeping, and then continue her story of these awful weeks. She reproached herself for having gone to Milan nearly two months before, to see a performance of Max's own dramatic version of "The Happy Hypocrite." It was her first evening out in two years. The local doctor had been there that day and had said that it was all right for her to go, since there was a maid in the house who could call him, if necessary. Miss Jungmann went. She did not find out until the next day that Max had had some sort of attack and that the maid had had to summon the doctor again. When she returned from Milan, Max said nothing about this second visit of the doctor. He reached out his hand to her and said, very casually, "Oh, you're back, are you?" There had been some puppets before "The

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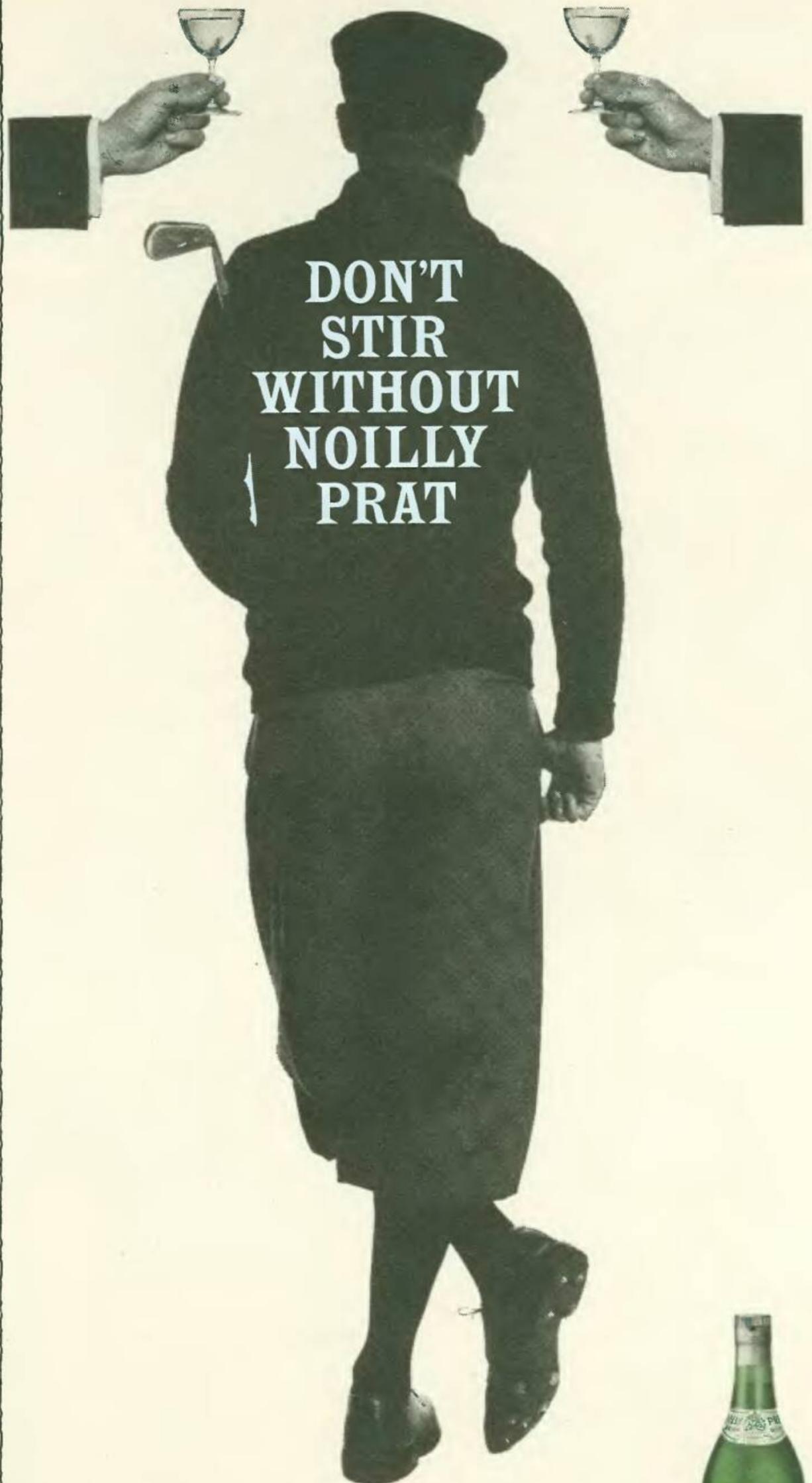


Happy Hypocrite" went on, and when Miss Jungmann told Max this, he sat up in bed. His eyes lit up at the mention of the puppets, and he began to talk about the singular enchantment of puppets, and recalled a puppet show he had seen in Venice when he was young, and described the effect of it at great length. "He remembered the puppets in 'Don Quixote' and asked me to bring him the book," Miss Jungmann said. "He read me the passage—how Don Quixote is so carried away by the puppet show, it is so real to him, that he jumps on the stage and slashes the poor puppets to pieces. When he came to Sancho's protests—'What do you mean, Sir? These are no real Moors that you cut and hack so, but poor harmless puppets made of pasteboard'—he let the book fall on his lap."

Miss Jungmann complained about the difficulty of reaching the busy local doctor. She had long since—and this I knew—urged Max to consult another doctor, one from Santa Margherita. But Max wouldn't. He felt that it might offend the local doctor. Sometimes the local doctor came when he was sent for; sometimes he couldn't come. "He blows in and out of harbor," Max said of him. Miss Jungmann asked me to call Dr. Rau, in London, and ask him if he wouldn't come again. I said I would. Then Miss Jungmann thought better of it and suggested that I wait until morning, because the good sleep Max was having might make him feel stronger the next day. Miss Jungmann had been standing; I asked her to sit down and to try to rest for a few minutes. "Once, the doctor came," she said—and I was happy to see her smile, almost. "Max had taken to reading Swinburne, the 'Poems and Ballads.' The doctor, you know, has almost no English and Max less Italian. Max was reading aloud to me from 'The Garden of Proserpine': 'That even the weariest river/Winds somewhere safe to sea.'" Miss Jungmann stopped for a moment, as if to catch her breath, and got up, went into the hall, and returned. "The doctor came, and Max read those lines to him, and the doctor, who didn't know what Max was talking about, said, through me, as interpreter, 'What I want to know is how you are feeling, Sir Max,' and Max, with his eyes far away, recited another verse."

A nurse came in and said that Max was stirring. I embraced Miss Jungmann and left, telling her that I would call her in the morning.

The next morning, Miss Jungmann asked me over the telephone if I could



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get Charlie to pick her up at the hospital and drive her to the Villino, because she had to fetch some things. She was somewhat calmer; Max had had a good night. The reason she had been in a state the night before, she said, was that Max had said to her, before he fell asleep, "I do not see how I can possibly live through this night." But he had; the doctor had given him a sedative, and he had slept peacefully. She had told Max that I was there, and he had been pleased. She said nothing more about calling Dr. Rau. It was to Dr. Rau that Max said, the last time the doctor saw him, "I have watched my mother die, I have watched my sister die, but this is different."

I had said that I would come along with Charlie, and on the way to the Villino Miss Jungmann told me some of the troubles she had had since Max entered the hospital; it was as if by dwelling on these little things she found relief from the contemplation of the appalling, unfaceable fact that was facing her. Later, we sat in the living room of the Villino. I sat in my usual place, beside the Merton chair. The niche was as it had always been. The bronze girl with the averted head, the two girls in white, the little girl and the Abbé were on the mantelshelf. Miss Jungmann had packed in a small valise what she had come to get. I asked her whether she would mind if I sent Charlie back to the hospital with her, because I wanted to sit in Max's study for a few minutes. Then I would come on to the hospital, and, if she could manage it, I would take her to lunch. She readily consented to my staying behind, but she did not feel that she could go out to lunch.

"Do you know what was worrying Max before he left for the hospital?" Miss Jungmann said. "You wouldn't believe what was worrying him!"

I asked what it was.

"Well," she said, "you know, he had a letter from your friend Mr. Marcus, to thank him for what he had done with the Bruce Rogers. You remember?"

I said I remembered perfectly.

Miss Jungmann went on, "Well, it was such a nice letter. It couldn't have been nicer. Mr. Marcus was so appreciative of what Max had done. And still it worried Max."

I asked why.

"Because," she replied, "he said he couldn't tell from your friend's letter whether he had realized that what Max had done was *funny*. He didn't say that it had made him laugh."

I assured Miss Jungmann that Mr. Marcus probably had laughed but, since

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Max was, perhaps as much as any writer in the world, the personification of the comic spirit, had thought it infra dig to say so.

Miss Jungmann felt better. "I'll tell Max," she said. "He'll be so relieved."

She was on the point of leaving the room when she hesitated, returned, and sat down beside me. She took my hand in hers and pledged me to secrecy about what she was going to say. She then told me her news. She had been married to Max some days before, in the hospital room. She was Lady Beerbohm.

I said it was wonderful.

"It is wonderful," she said, her eyes brimming with tears.

I asked her how it had come about.

"Oh, you mean the proposal?" she said. "Well, darling Max, out of a clear sky— He was lying there, and looked so serene, and I heard him say, 'What would you think of the idea of our getting married?' I was startled, but when I recovered I said that I adored him more than anyone else in the world and that I thought it *would* be a good idea. And Max said, 'I am so delighted you think it *is* a good idea.'"

There was a moment's silence. "I must return to Max," she said, and went out. The new Lady Beerbohm was to survive Max by less than three years.

I went out and walked up the stairs to the terrace. It was flooded with sunlight. There I remembered a line of Max's: "The past is a work of art, free of irrelevancies and loose ends." I crossed the terrace and went into Max's blue study, where I sat for a few minutes. It was cool there. I walked around the bookshelves. Max's sense of fun had been so exuberant that, with convincing draftsmanship, he had applied it even to his bookcase. I was again tempted to take out "The Poetical Works of Thomas Henry Huxley" and "The Complete Works of Arnold Bennett," both slim volumes—as slim, in fact, and as immovable, as the wooden partitions of which they consisted. I picked a book at random—a real book—from the shelf. It was a presentation copy of Henry James's "The Aspern Papers." Max had drawn James on the title page; the drawing showed him doubled up in a state of acute physical discomfort, and Max's neatly written legend below explained why: "Mr. Henry James in the act of parturiting a sentence."

I walked out of the study and crossed the terrace to the parapet. Charlie had returned; his taxi was standing against the wall of the Villino. I looked across

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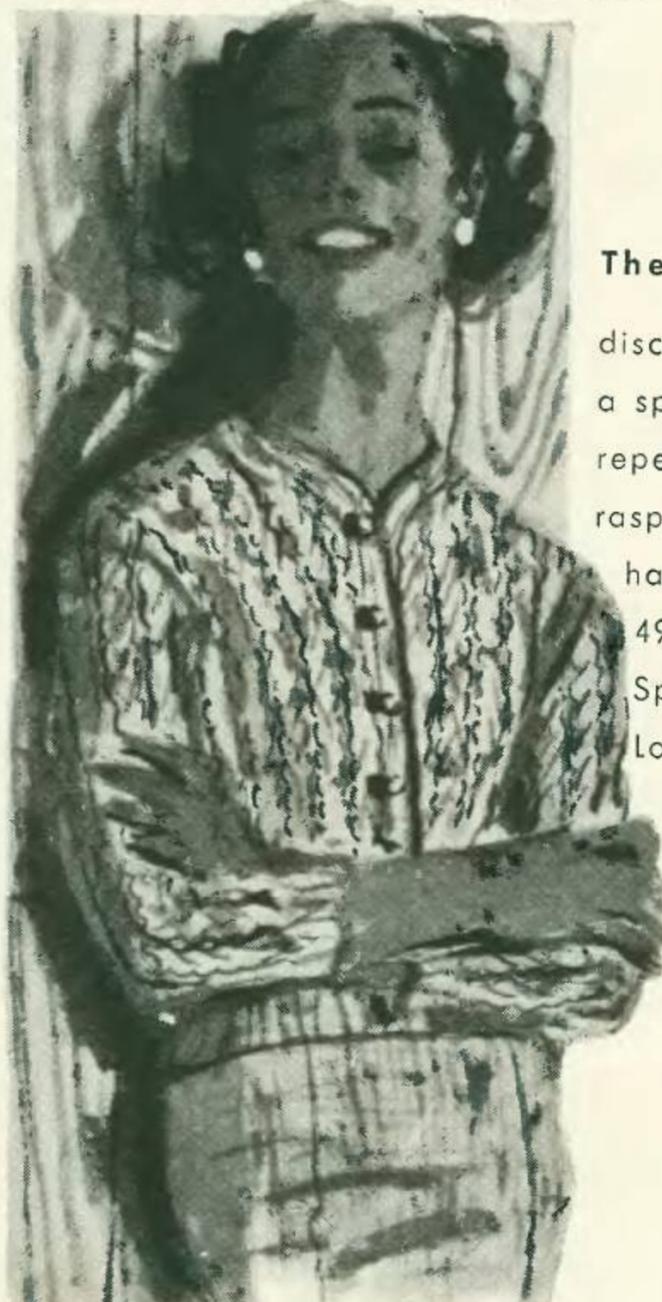
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the road; the Swinburne tree was leaning far backward, and beyond it stretched the same old sea.

THREE weeks later, on the twentieth of May, Max died. That day, the Old Self could safely have taken off the mask of the character that the Young Self had created—the character of Max Beerbohm. The discrepancy between the man and the mask was always slighter in Max than in most people, and by that time the two had become indistinguishable. Under the Maxian mask was, ultimately, Max.

—S. N. BEHRMAN

(This is the last of a series of articles. The caricatures, all by Max Beerbohm, are reproduced here through the courtesy of the Executors of his estate and William Heinemann, Ltd.)

#### REPUBLICANS WORK BOTH ENDS OF STREET AND ALL PARTS OF BODY

[From the St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times]

CLEARWATER—The prettiest legs in the Republican Party were on display yesterday—some say even slimmer than Pat Nixon's.

Tall, blonde and never-out-of-breath Mrs. Clare Williams worked both ends of the political street during a press conference and a luncheon in Clearwater.

She talked of peace and plenty and homey things that kept some 350 dressed-for-Sunday-best women clapping, grinning—and daubing an eye here and there.

And at a press conference for male reporters, she talked political turkey, machined-gunned political facts—and crossed her legs with the know-how of Marlene Dietrich.

Altogether, the assistant chairman of the National Republican Committee left this county seat city with the impression that Republicanism is in good hands this year.

At one point in her luncheon talk before the Clearwater Republican Women's Club, the slender blonde in the blue silk print dress told how a blind child had once touched the face of Mrs. Vice President Nixon.

"I want to know how the face of the wife of the next president 'looks,'" Mrs. Williams quoted the child as saying.

An elderly woman at a front table daubed her eyes, saying, "Isn't she wonderful, so gentle, and yet so wise?"

With the calm assessing eyes of women everywhere, the luncheon guests took in Mrs. Williams' appearance—and seemed to like what they saw:

A pert blue hat of flowers and feathers perched at a tilt over her forehead. A corsage of red, white and pink clung to her left shoulder and on the right was a silver pin in the design of an elephant, the party symbol.

Black pointed-toe pumps, a four strand choker of pearls—and a smile to convert a Democrat—completed the outfit of the lady they call "Our Clare."

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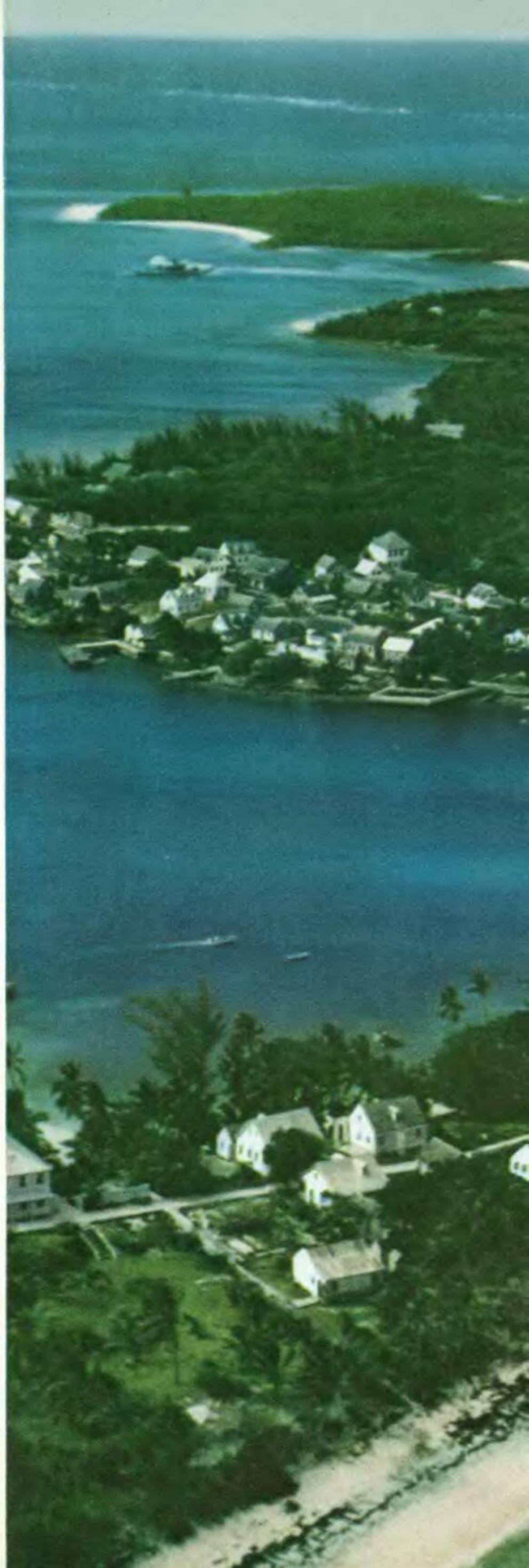
Life moves easily along that curving road. There are no trucks to avoid, taxis to dodge. Those pastel homes are unchanged from the time when they were built two centuries ago.

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## NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS, GO AWAY

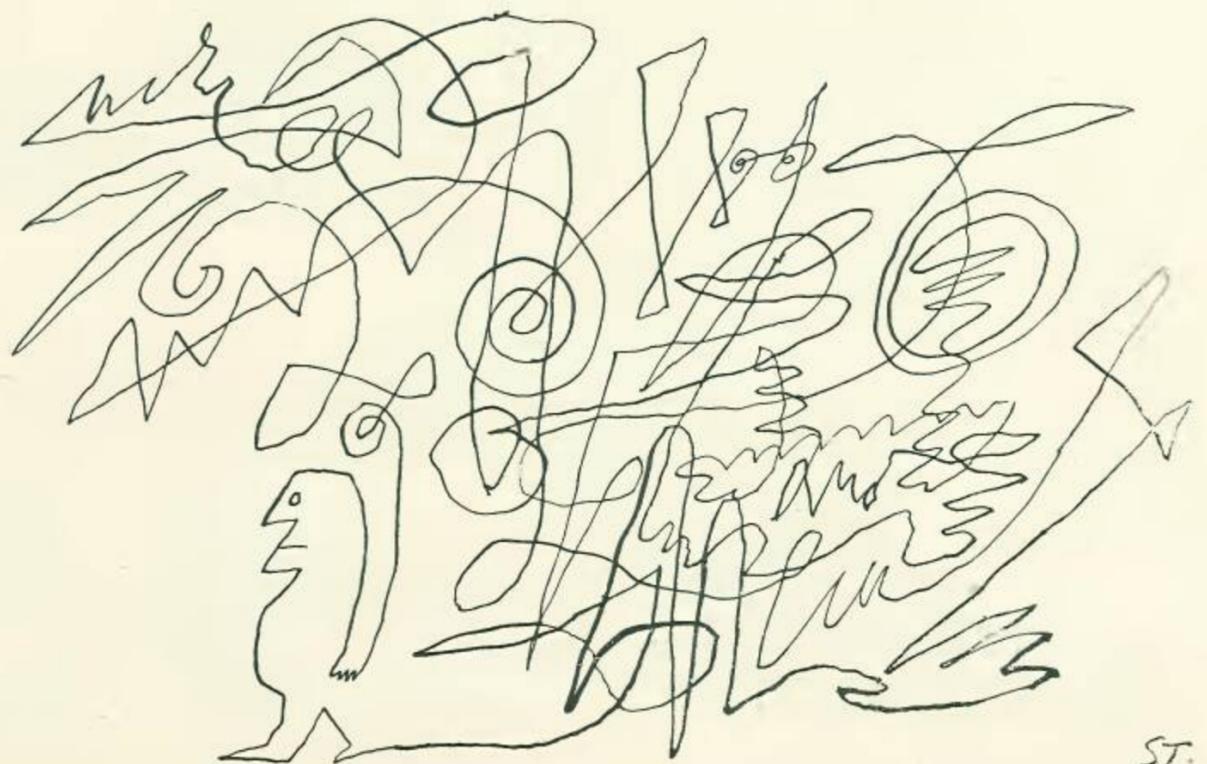
**H**ALFWAY through "Greenwillow," at the Alvin, a newborn calf is baptized. This is God's truth. I wouldn't joke about such things. The animal is then trundled around the stage in a sort of wheelbarrow while Gideon, Gramma, Martha, Micah, Sheby, and Jabez sing a jubilant roundelay entitled "Clang Dang the Bell." Jabez is a small boy whose pants keep falling down. Like the others, he belongs to a farming family, name of Briggs. Amos, the head of the household, is not on hand for the purification ceremony, since he suffers from a yearning in the blood that forces him to spend as much time away from home as possible. His son Gideon fears that he may be cursed with the same disease, though why he regards it as a curse it is hard to say, considering what is going on at home. At all events, Gideon believes that he is in imminent peril of succumbing to wanderlust, and for this reason he refuses to marry Dorrie Whitbred, the girl he loves. She loves him, too, as she explains with crystal clarity in a song called "Gideon Briggs, I Love You."

These honest rustics, with whom the hell, inhabit the hamlet of Greenwillow, which is an imaginary pastoral paradise that even Sir James Barrie might have found a little on the quaint side. You may get some notion of the rarefied atmosphere of the place when I tell you that it makes Glocca Morra look like a teeming slum. To put it another way, Brigadoon could be the Latin Quarter of Greenwillow. Fancifully, I picture the village cutups trooping into the corner apothecary's, where they linger disconsolately over their sugar muffins and dock-leaf cordials. Evening service is over, and there is nothing to do until milking time except sing madrigals. "'Tis a handy-dandy night, and the moon rides high," says one of them, in the local patois. "Let's go over to Brigadoon and pick up some broads." Unfortunately, no such scamps as these are on view at the Alvin. All the same, I don't want you to go away with the idea that everyone in Greenwillow is a model of virtue; no, by Jimmy-go-jerkins and rum-tickle-ree—to coin an oath that the townsfolk themselves might have coined if any of them had

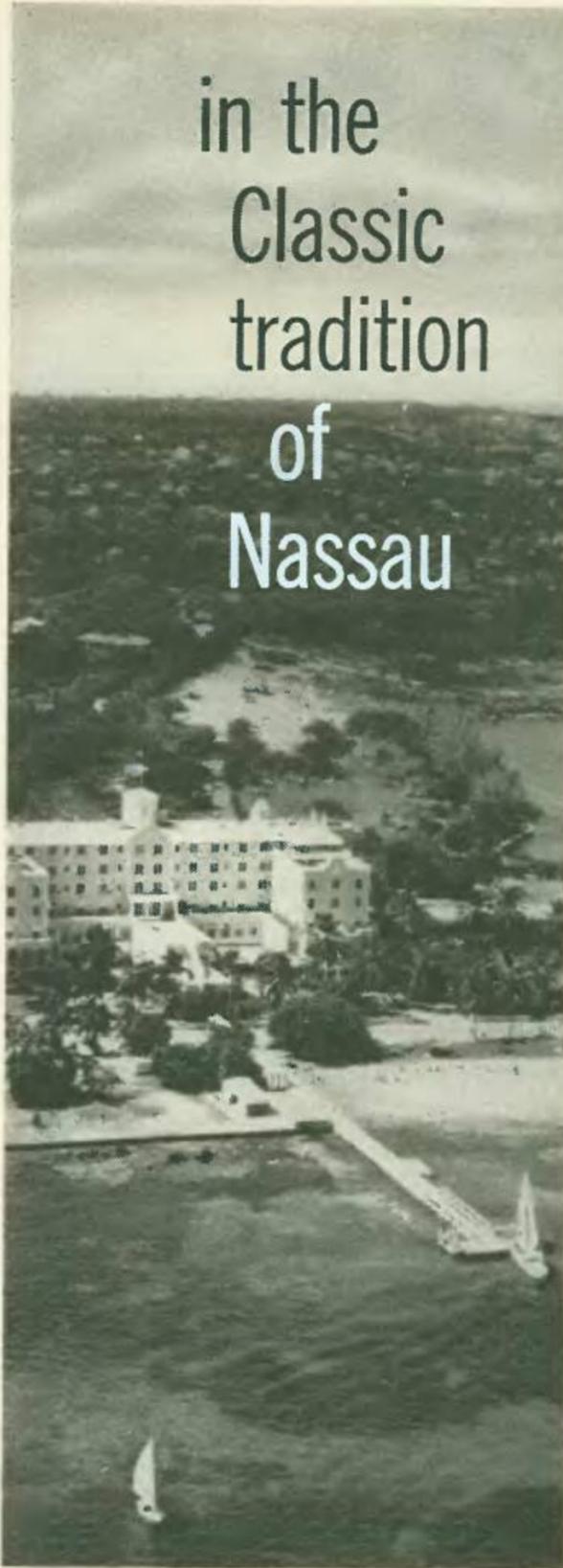
ever got around to using foul language. Among the assembled peasantry there is at least one heavy, whom it is almost impossible to describe without exhuming the phrase "old curmudgeon." He hobbles about on a stick of spiral design, cheating his neighbors and sneering at young love, and he is stricken in the second half by a mortal attack of something called "the shrivelly fever." (As he expired, I had a sudden flash of revelation. If "Greenwillow" were to be rewritten, with the characters transformed into animals or dwarfs, it would make a wonderful subject for Walt Disney at his worst.) Owing to an episcopal error, the tiny parish church has two ministers, one of whom preaches hellfire and damnation, while the other—a far more representative citizen—believes that the key to the good life lies in bonhomous glee-singing, gambolling on the green, and wolfing as much glutinous confectionery as you can get your hands on. The name of this amiable simpleton is the Reverend Birdsong. He carries flowers in his umbrella and keeps kittens in his pulpit, and if that doesn't give you the flavor of Greenwillow, I doubt whether anything will. I can't think what else to say about the place, except that it is elaborately bugged—the stage bristles with microphones—and that it slightly resembles Al Capp's Dogpatch, minus the satire and the sex. It is also intensely religious; the script is packed with refer-

ences to sin and salvation. After Paddy Chayefsky's rabbis and Rodgers and Hammerstein's nuns, we now have Frank Loesser's curates.

Frank Loesser wrote it. That is the astounding fact, and that is why I have dwelt on the show so long. It was he who chose the novel (by B. J. Chute) on which it is based, he who collaborated with Lesser Samuels on the book, and he, unaided, who composed the music and lyrics. Occasionally, in numbers like "Summertime Love" and the rowdy "Could've Been a Ring," the words and the melody seem inseparable, as if matched by a master, but on the whole it is barely credible that this simple-minded extravaganza is the work of the man who created "Guys and Dolls." In the last ten years, Mr. Loesser has travelled from urban ingenuity to grassroots ingenuousness; with "Greenwillow" he has reached the end of the line, and we must all wish him a rapid recovery, followed by a speedy return to the asphalt jungle. His cast, smartly directed by George Roy Hill, behaves as well as can be expected in the circumstances, which are profoundly daunting. Pert Kelton, in the role of a breezy matriarch, performs with the kind of jovial pawkiness that never fails to turn me into a temporary misogynist. As the rival clergymen, Cecil Kellaway and William Chapman are respectively puckish and grim, and Ellen McCown makes a wistful, nondescript heroine. Joe Layton's choreography includes a lively Halloween ballet, whose infant protagonist is John Megna, and the pretty, kaleidoscopic settings move hither and thither at the clever behest of their designer, Peter Larkin. There is also a cow, unassumingly played by a cow. The hero is Anthony Perkins, who has acquired a splendid singing voice to



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back up his usual—but nonetheless effective—portrait of distraught young manhood. Mr. Perkins has to cope with several of Mr. Loesser's unhappiest lyrics, including a line that runs, "I hear the teakettle sing away, a-wee!" The teakettle, of course, sings nothing of the sort, and the man who says it does is either a liar or the slave of self-conscious naïveté. For a polite epitome of my feelings about "Greenwillow," I must go to the great English critic C. E. Montague, who once remarked that "the way to do big things in an art, as it is to get into the other parts of the Kingdom of Heaven, is to become as a little child, so long as you do it without thinking all the time what an engaging child you are." The italics are mine, and in them my judgment is implicit. And with that we'll drop the subject, since I don't wish to twist the knife in the wound. As one of Mr. Loesser's characters says, "Suppose we all tippy-toe out for a biscuit and broth?"

AFTER a taxing national tour, the Lunts have come home to New York with their celebrated production of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's "The Visit." It closes on Sunday at the City Center, and I urge you not to miss it, for there is nothing on Broadway of comparable power or penetration. The plot by now must be well known: A flamboyant, much-married millionairess returns to the Middle European town where she was born and offers the inhabitants a free gift of a billion marks if they will consent to murder the man who, many years ago, seduced and jilted her. (Her birthplace is named Gullen. Like Greenwillow, it is meant to be a symbolic community of microcosmic significance. The difference between the two is that Greenwillow exists in a timeless nowhere, ruled only by romantic love, while Gullen belongs to the modern, industrial world and is subject to financial pressures that we can all understand and recognize.) Eventually, and chillingly, her chosen victim is slaughtered, but I quarrel with those who see the play merely as a satire on greed. It is really a satire on bourgeois democracy. The citizens of Gullen vote to decide whether the hero shall live or die, and he agrees to abide by their decision. Swayed by the dangled promise of prosperity, they pronounce him guilty. The verdict is at once monstrously unjust and entirely democratic. When the curtain falls, the question that Herr Duerrenmatt intends to leave in our minds is this: At what point does economic necessity turn democracy into a hoax? Miss Fontanne plays the super-

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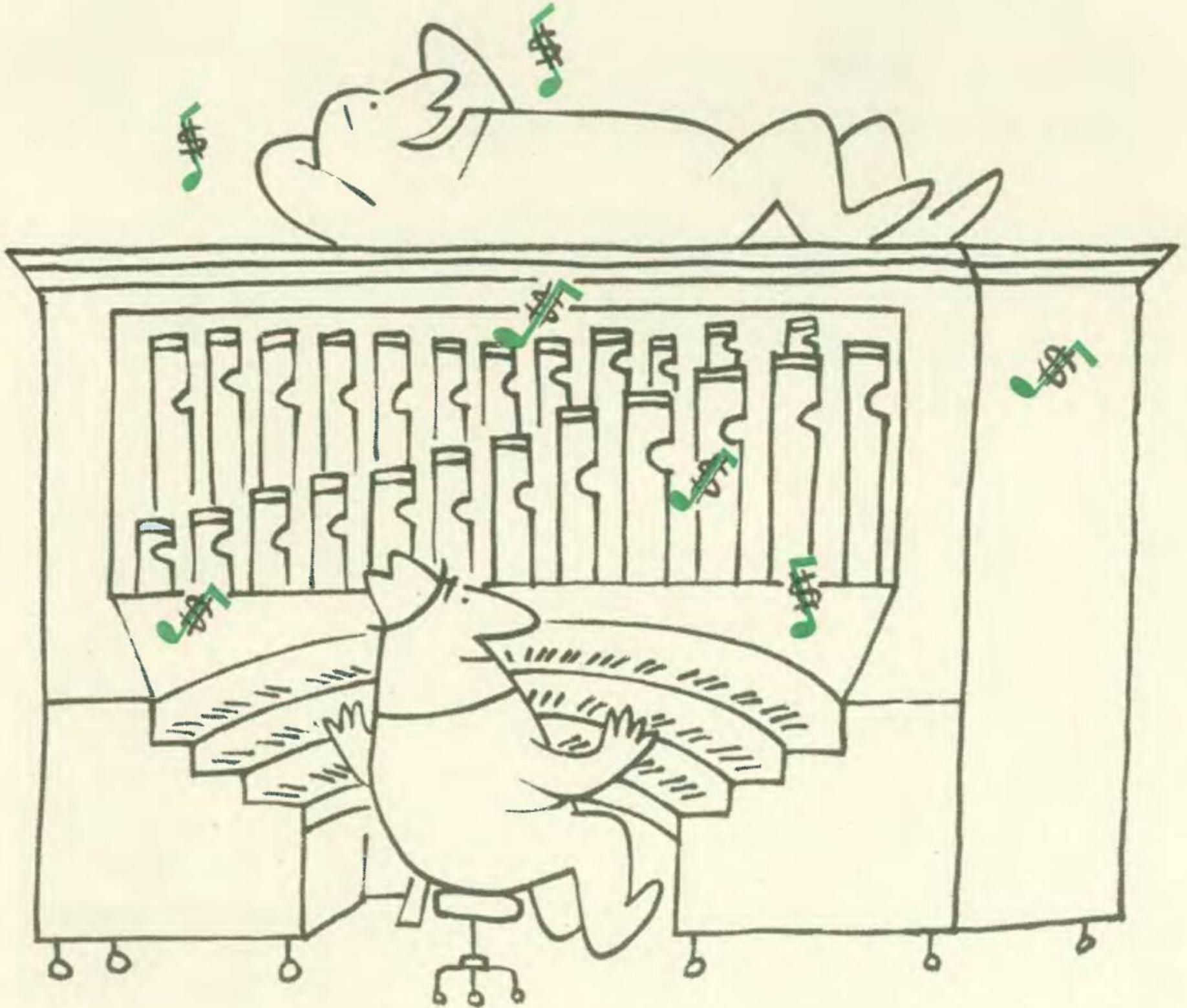
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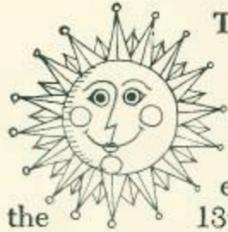
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Only a short hop from the bulls of Portugal are the film stars at the International Locarno Film Festival in Switzerland. From the 21st to 31st of July, outdoors, the great celluloids of the world flicker on: some to make you roar, some to strike a deep chord. And near Zurich, for the mere pittance of less than \$7 a day (including meals), you can live in a genuine, stouthearted castle from an ancient day and tell your friends how you played the part of a beribboned baron.

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capitalist with bloodcurdling aplomb, and Mr. Lunt, as her sacrifice, makes memorable use of his defeated shoulders, his beseeching hands, and the operatic bleat of his voice. With these unique performers, not a syllable is lost or a gesture wasted. They are nobly assisted by Thomas Gomez, Glenn Anders, and the astute direction of Peter Brook.

FOR the most part, drama criticism can be defined as the art of distinguishing between good, bad, and mediocre flops. "Semi-Detached," by Patricia Joudry, was a mediocre one, which is notoriously the hardest kind to write about. In construction, it was as symmetrical as the bisected suburban house in which it took place. On the right-hand side of the dividing wall there lived a family of artistic French-speaking Catholics, on the left-hand side a family of materialistic English-speaking "don't knows." Could they coexist in peace? You and I, who do not habitually elbow Catholics into the gutter or go out at night looking for Frenchmen to beat up, may think this a rather absurd question, but it seems that in Montreal, where the play was set, there is constant covert friction between the French-Canadians and the Anglo-Saxons. (Miss Joudry appeared to blame this state of affairs exclusively on differences of language and religion, whereas I would have guessed that class distinctions were at the root of it. However, as a Canadian, she is more entitled to her opinion than I am to mine.) The plot was crowded with predictable incident. The daughter of the left-hand family fell in love with a married Catholic, who got her with child; her bigoted father erected a fence in the garden to keep out the adjacent Papists; and two small boys, one from each household, showed the path to sanity by befriending each other and building a boat. But before long—as commonly happens in parables about the futility of prejudice—they, too, were drawn into the parental feud, and one of them had to die to bring the old folks to their senses. (I don't know what became of the pregnant daughter, whose problem was abruptly shelved about halfway through and remained unsolved to the end.) Frank Silvera played the volatile French papa with a great many grins, to which Ed Begley, as the Francophobe next door, riposted with an equal number of scowls. The whole cast worked like beavers to put across Miss Joudry's ideas; the only trouble was that they were ideas with which nobody in the audience had ever disagreed. It was as if a battering ram had been used to break



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down an open door. After four performances at the Martin Beck, the play admitted defeat. It was paved with good intentions, and, like most pavements, it was trodden underfoot.

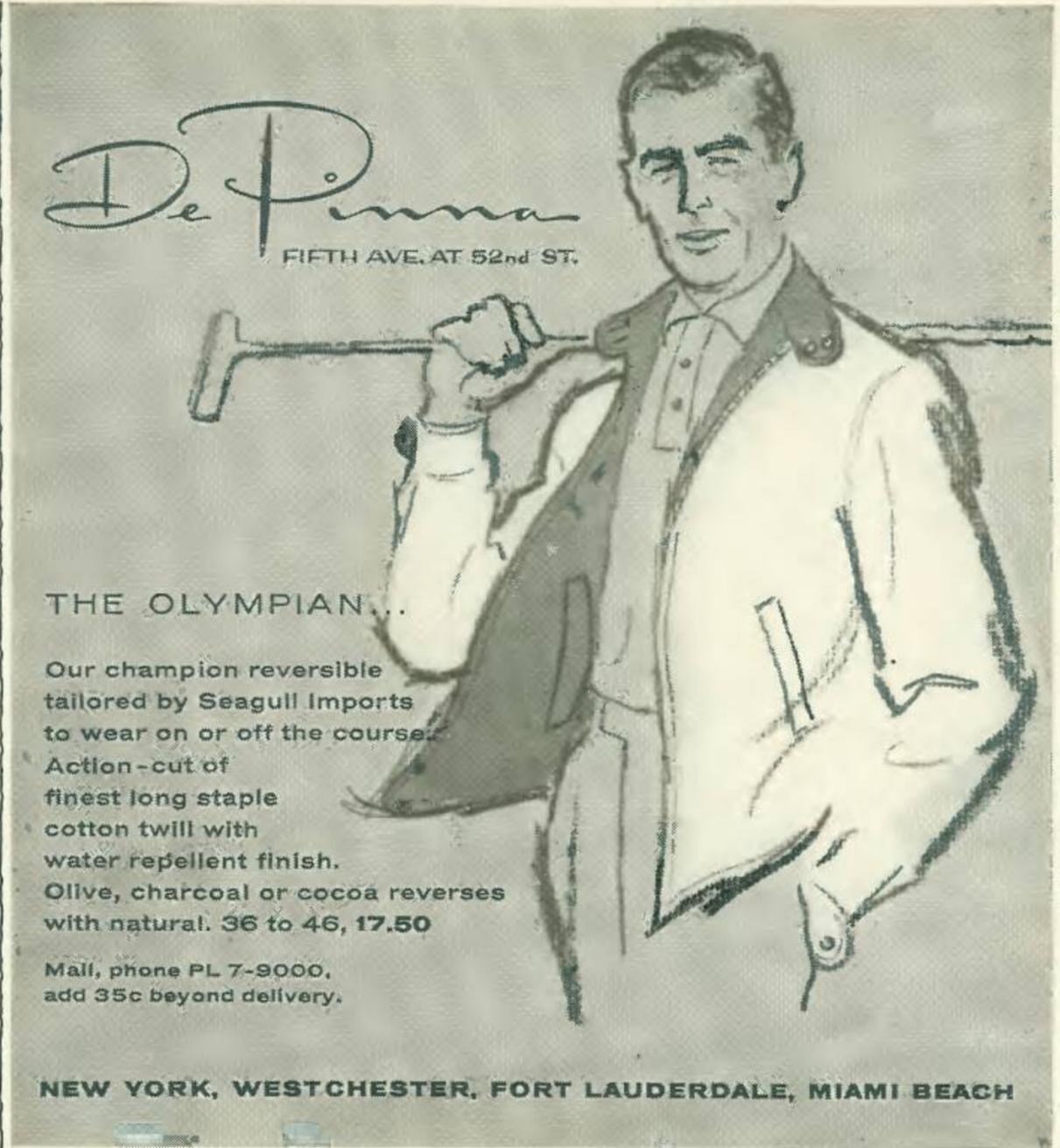
—KENNETH TYNAN

OFF BROADWAY

*Ant Heap*

PERHAPS the follies of our species have been derided by keener satirists than Sam Spewack, but surely by none more polite. His new comedy, "Under the Sycamore Tree," which opened last week at the Cricket, is a perfect monument to his tact. The shafts of his satire resemble nothing so much as the arrows made for little children, which are carefully tipped with rubber to insure that they do not penetrate.

The play is set in a formicary, and the characters all are ants. We see the queen greeting her chief scientist on his return from a foray with the army. This scientist has been studying the ways of human beings, it seems, and has equipped the queen's forces with an ultimate weapon—DDT—which has won an easy victory over an opposing anthill. One expects, momentarily, that the author means to make an obvious but salubrious point about the horror of mass annihilation, but this is to reckon without his sunny good nature. For, as the scientist goes on to explain to the queen, observation of humanity has taught him that a species can "emerge from each catastrophe stronger than ever." His investigations have further informed him that "man feels for others" and that love is the secret power of the human race. In order that the ants may enjoy a glimpse of this power, he has tried to tutor a young ant of each sex in the courtship behavior of humanity. The couple enters and, at a word from the scientist, proceeds to mimic, with an evident lack of enthusiasm, the airs and murmurs of necking adolescents. The scientist throws a honeycomb at the feet of the male ant. "What do you do with it?" he prompts. "I eat it," replies the young male, pouncing and gnawing. The scientist snatches the morsel back and explains that, like humans, the young ant must conquer selfishness with love and share his goodies. Glumly, the subject complies. And another thing, the scientist continues; ants must henceforth abandon the practice of eating their enemies, for such things are not done by human beings. Thus it goes. At every turn, the manners and morals of the formicary are compared most unfavorably with the practice of humanity. At



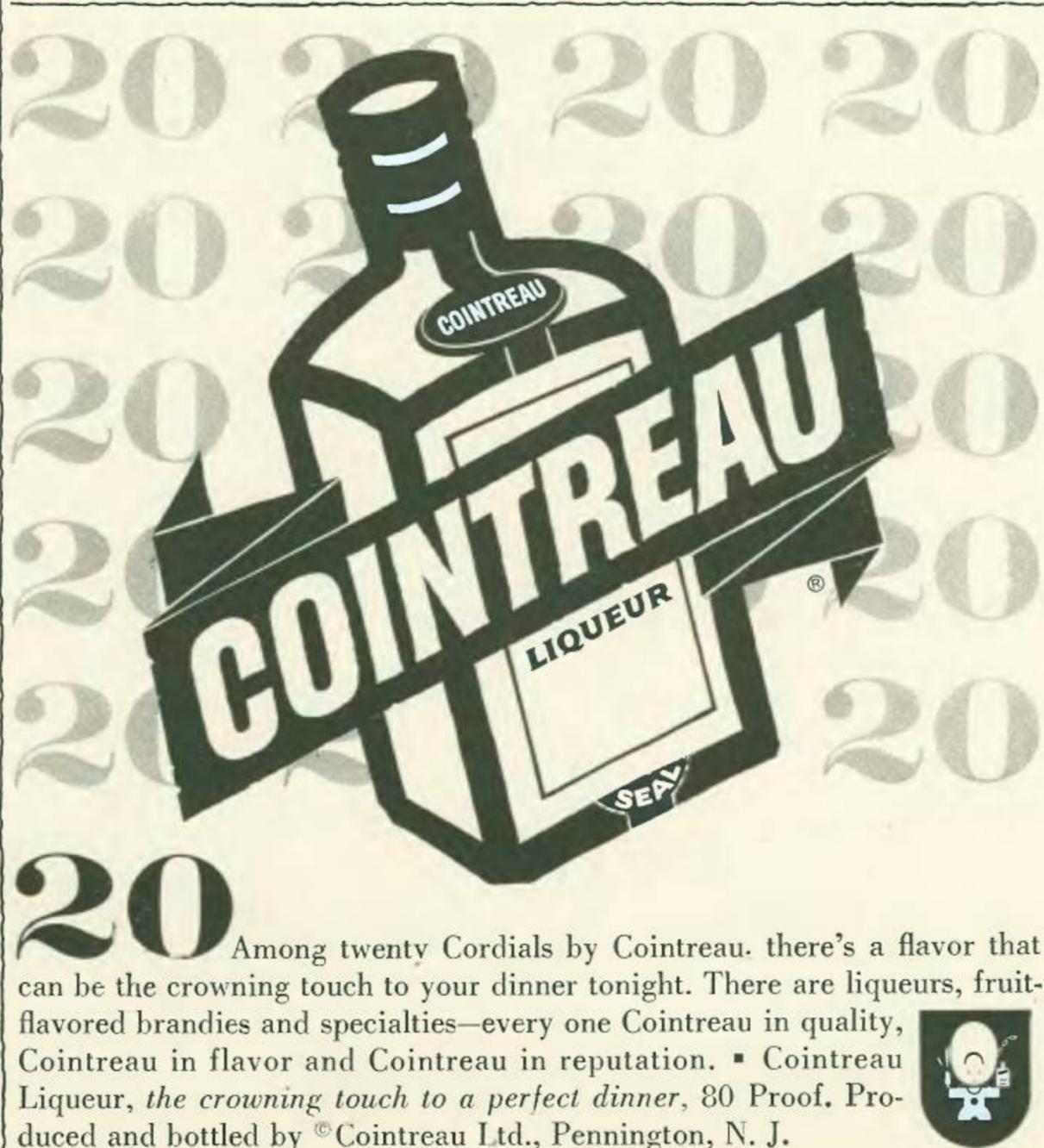
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length, one begins to realize that Mr. Spewack does not mean to chastise our race at all. Quite the contrary. His play is a satire on ants.

Since no human spectator can derive much profitable instruction from this comedy, the question of its merit comes to this: Will it appeal to an intelligent ant? Entomological problems are not in my line, but I will try to work out an answer. Let me consult Maurice Maeterlinck's "Life of the Ant." On page 151, I find this statement: "The ant, showing more restraint than human cannibals, does not eat even the bodies of her enemies." So much for cannibalism. Now, what of the charge of selfishness and gluttony? Well, Maeterlinck reports that "today it is accepted as proven that the ant is incontestably one of the noblest, most courageous, most charitable, most devoted, most generous, and most altruistic creatures on earth." This insect, he continues, is equipped with a crop, or "social pouch," the collected contents of which it shares with all its fellow-citizens and even, on occasion, with its enemies. "She gives without reckoning," writes Maeterlinck, "and she never asks for repayment." I think that an ant in attendance at the Cricket Theatre might be justified in pointing out that humans, who can find no better use for their surplus food than to let it rot in costly storage, are in no position to criticize the ants for a lack of generosity. I also think that such an ant might be forgiven if it chose to tiptoe out before the final curtain.

Human spectators, on the other hand, may prefer to see the production through, in order to enjoy the efforts of a generally charming cast. As the queen, Margaret Phillips brings a redeeming touch of regal comedy to bear on a number of scenes—such as one in which she is obliged to lay eggs—that might otherwise be wholly puerile. David Hurst, as the scientist, and Wayne Tippit, as the voracious young ant, are considerably more effective than their lines would lead one to expect. But the particular pleasure of the evening is Gaby Rodgers, who plays the young female ant, and whose response to Mr. Tippit's mechanical love-making reaches a pitch of almost transcendental distaste.

—DONALD MALCOLM

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# THE RACE TRACK

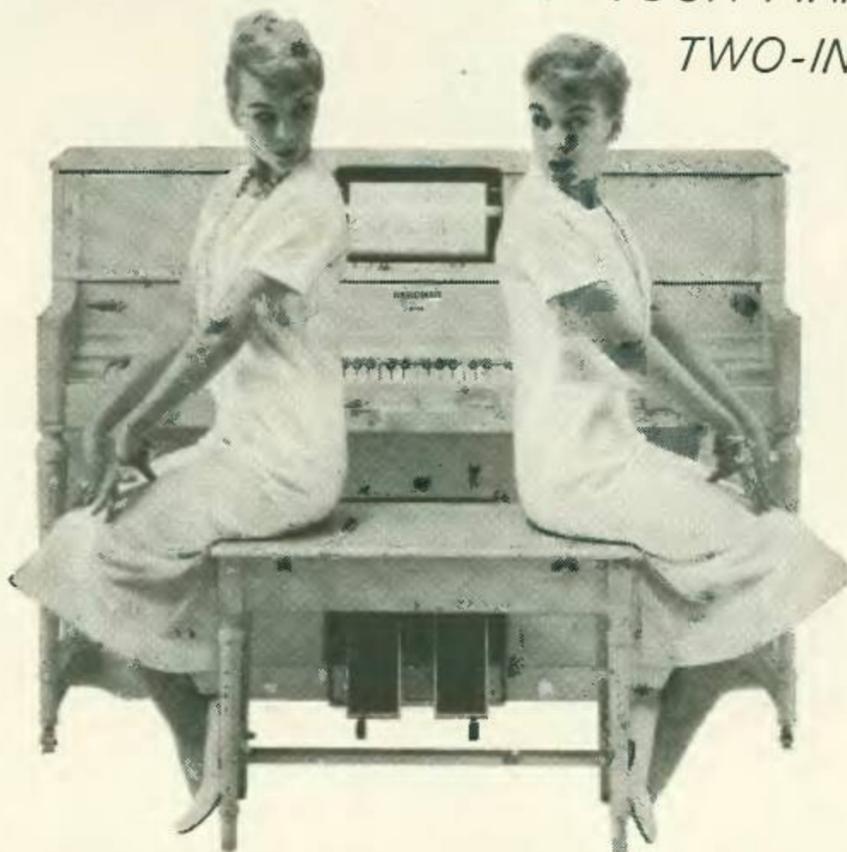
*Amerigo Out West*



QUITE the most interesting development of the waning winter season is the rise of Amerigo. After winning the Hialeah Turf Cup in Florida a month or so ago, he was shipped to California to run in the San Juan Capistrano Handicap last weekend. While waiting for that event, he took part in the Santa Anita Handicap, and finished third, behind Linmold, who won by a head, and Fleet Nasrullah, who was second by a nose; observers say that if Amerigo had not lost a lot of ground on the turn into the stretch, where he was carried wide by How Now, he would have won. Well, he had smoother sailing in the San Juan Capistrano, though he didn't find it as easy as you might expect, considering that he was an even-money favorite. In fact, he beat King O' Turf, one of the long shots, only by a nose after the two had raced stride for stride over the last half mile. Amerigo's behavior at saddling time had been rambunctious, and perhaps it took more out of him than anybody realized. By all accounts, the race—a mile-and-three-quarters gallop over Santa Anita's grass course—was just the sort of show to finish off a meeting with. Incidentally, while Amerigo is not the first horse who has been flown West for a particular race, he is the first to have brought the venture off successfully. The winner's share of the San Juan Capistrano purse was \$73,800, and third money in the Santa Anita Handicap was \$15,000. Not bad for a few weeks' work.

I don't suppose Amerigo will run in the Gulfstream Park Handicap in Florida this weekend (he finished second to Vertex in it last year), but he is going to Argentina during the spring. Last month, Mrs. Tilyou Christopher, his owner, was invited by the management of the San Isidro track, in Buenos Aires, to enter him in the Gran Premio Internacional 25 de Mayo (to be run, as it happens, on May 29th), and she accepted. The race is for three-year-olds and up, weight for age, and it covers twenty-four hundred metres, which comes to roughly a mile and a half. It is one of the richest events in South America, with ten million pesos (about \$122,000) for the winner and

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with prize money even for the horses who come in fifth and sixth. Also, it is on the turf, which is just Amerigo's dish.

**T**UDOR ERA, one of Amerigo's rivals last summer, didn't fare very well in the Appleton Handicap at Gulfstream last Saturday, being beaten by Oligarchy and Stratmat in what amounted to a public trial for the Gulfstream Park Handicap. Oligarchy paid a \$30.20 mutuel. No doubt horseplayers had brushed him off as just an old trial horse and pacemaker for Sword Dancer, and not a very good one at that, forgetting that two years ago he beat Iron Liege, Hoop Band, and other first-class racers in the Widener Handicap. Horseplayers do forget.

**T**HEY were running again at Bowie last Saturday after another couple of days of idleness enforced by snow. The management put on an extra race (it was the first time ever that there had been ten races of an afternoon in Maryland), and despite the bitterly cold weather a crowd of 17,913 turned out. It bet \$1,820,193 in the mutuels, and the racing was lively—too lively, in fact. Perhaps the horses were feeling their oats a bit, or perhaps the riders were in a hurry to get back to the warmth of the jockey room. At any rate, there were three claims of foul in the course of the afternoon. The most serious was in the Bowie Handicap, which brought out eight of the better runners, and in which Yes You Will, a double winner early in the meeting, swerved sharply in the stretch, slammed Open View, the favorite, and Mystic II, and then came in first. Yes You Will's number was taken down, with Charlesgate moving into first place, Open View into second, and Mystic II into third. Charlesgate paid \$77.80. . . . The New England season opened last weekend at Lincoln Downs, a half-miler near Providence, and 22,287 racegoers turned up. A hardy lot.

—AUDAX MINOR

Los Angeles: Please pronounce the words "maritime" and "nuptial."—H. D. H.

Answer: In standard American speech the "a" of maritime has the flat "a" sound as heard in "carrot, arrogant;" the third syllable has the long "i" sound as in "time, line," thus: MAIR-i-time. The word nuptial is frequently mispronounced "NUP-shoo-ull," as if it were spelled "nuptial." Avoid it. Better say: "NUP-sh'l.—Washington (D.C.) Star.

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Well, last Tuesday came the denouement! E.G. was joyously introduced to a brand-new member of the Medaglia d'Oro Espresso family—i.e.: new *Instant* Medaglia d'Oro Espresso...*the* correct after-dinner coffee for people who want to be correct in a hurry. There, in a 3 ounce glass jar was the same internationally famous espresso...every bit as black, aromatic, vigorous and satisfying as regular Medaglia d'Oro! Moreover, he discovered that new Instant Medaglia d'Oro Espresso

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To celebrate the occasion, our friendly psychiatrist added a jar of new Instant Medaglia d'Oro Espresso to the happy little display on his marble-topped table...but alas, too late to meet the exacting deadline of this journal of significant human affairs. Should you wish to *see* the jar, it is now on your grocer's shelf, right beside the breakfast coffees.

*You may even purchase one...though we must admit, people are snapping up Instant Medaglia d'Oro as fast as we can make it. If you don't see any around, mention it softly to your grocer.*

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS



THOUGH the four seasons were abolished, by Providential decree, some time ago in this town, women (who, too, are Nature's creatures) still begin to respond around about this time of year to the unquenchable universal urge to renew oneself. Since they are also urban creatures, the first indication of this response is a yearning to give new animation to their wardrobes. The weather (if that's the word for it) that we get here nowadays has nothing to do with the situation. New York has cold weather and spells of hot weather, with any number of temperature vagaries interspersed. If a woman doesn't feel like travelling to find demented changes of climate, she can stay right here and let unpredictable climate come to *her*. And if Nature doesn't provide enough variety, our central heating and cooling systems will do it for her. The result is that for nine months of the year New Yorkers wear just about the same type of clothes, using coats and jackets and wraps to provide the extra degrees of warmth that are needed. All these toppers have in turn resulted in an all-day-long costume that, once the jacket or coat is removed, gives the wearer a somewhat décolleté theatre or dinner dress. From now until we get one of those really hot spells, the dress of this costume is increasingly likely to be made of wool or wool jersey. Never before, on both sides of the Atlantic, have basic dresses been so—well, basic. That is, they are not only short, to show a lot of leg, but whittled down, to show lots of arm, too. Better brush up, come to think of it, on those elbows of yours. The sleeveless dress, even in tweeds, is everywhere in Paris and New York. This doesn't necessarily mean a stark, round armhole, though. Many examples of the new bounty of ready-to-wear clothes (the predominant subject of this week's thesis) are very wide on the shoulders, even if they are open under the arms; others may have a very deep band of

fabric surrounding the open armholes. One of Galanos's deeply, widely bloused dresses with a deep hip yoke has sleeves open to the waist, necessitating patches, for modesty, under the arms. (Bonwit is one customer for this.) The cape sleeve is all around, too. A successful use of it is apparent in a Trigrère sheath of gingham-checked sheer wool with the sleeves starting at the sides of a plastron down the front and attached in back almost at the waistline (Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord & Taylor, and so on). Most suits and coats also go in for very short and flaring sleeves. Necklines of dresses, by contrast, can be modest indeed—prim round collarless ones or bateau effects—and plenty of them (this applies to collarless suits and coats as well as dresses) stay away from the throat but stand up at a distance around it, causing your swanlike neck to become a sprouting stalk surrounded by the rim of a flowerpot. And a swanlike neck is what you should have. I remember when Monte Sano

started making suits with those deep V necks encircled by giant revers (he's still doing them beautifully, by the way) and you were supposed to fill them in with enormous bead bibs. No bibs any more. No pearls, even. Nothing.

As for line, both New York and Paris afford many choices. The long waist is back (many instances of what used to be called the "long-torso" look are at hand, high under the bust and smooth down as far as the hips), but except for a few deplorable slimpsy evening chiffons that remind one of the biannual visit of the home dressmaker to Grandma's, the new long lines don't suggest the old *débutante* slouch. Except, that is, for some Galanos sleeveless sheaths of black wool with camisole necks and self belts resting loosely on the hipbones. I saw a model wandering around Hattie Carnegie in one and thought at first that she was in her slip, waiting to change into something else. This is not the case, though, with other



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dresses by Galanos or those by Traina-Norell and Paul Whitney of California. Norell's crisp triumphs for dancing are likely to come in a black silk Staron fabric called Alaskine and to have bateau necks and elbow sleeves (at Lord & Taylor, Bergdorf, Bendel, Bonwit; you name it). They curve easily down the body without hugging it, then burst into full, on-the-hips gathers; they're reinforced by petticoats and petticoats and petticoats. The Galanos philosophy is expressed in a similar gently curved but elongated line. Bendel has two of his black-and-white costumes, with sash belts at the natural waistline of the dresses, if you choose. The dresses, in black-and-white print, have armholes cut in a jagged line into the bodice (Trigère likewise admires this type of cut), and the coats are of black Alaskine. A welt seam goes around one widely flaring coat at the level of the low waistline of the dress beneath. Paul Whitney (Lord & Taylor and Bendel love his work) is a devotee of hip yokes on full-skirted dance dresses that pull softly over to a big buckle or other detail below one hipbone. He and Galanos also favor, below bloused tops for any time of day, belts whose straight top edge is at the normal waistline. They then perform contour antics for three inches or more below it.

From Paris comes great talk about the "new" princesse line, and there was even a base canard that St. Laurent of Dior had gone and flattened bosoms. Well, the high bateau necks of many dresses, both domestic and French, create a line that can make you look flat-chested from the front, but you'll find that in profile these clothes mold in under the bosom to produce a Tanagra type of high-busted look before they descend to a circular swirl. It all goes to show that you can't fight evolution. When Dior introduced the so-called trapeze line some seasons ago—you know, an easy drop that ends short of the waist and then an easy flare—it was unjustifiably hooted down. I thought it a fine idea, particularly for small-waisted, hippy women. Last season, Givenchy brought it back in a sly new form, and here we are again. This device also haunts the thoughts of our very best ready-to-wear designers, such as Zuckerman and Trigère. Still another point of view is presented by Dior in good, easygoing middy suits that fall casually to the hipbone or even farther down; below there are bunched skirts that narrow at the hem.

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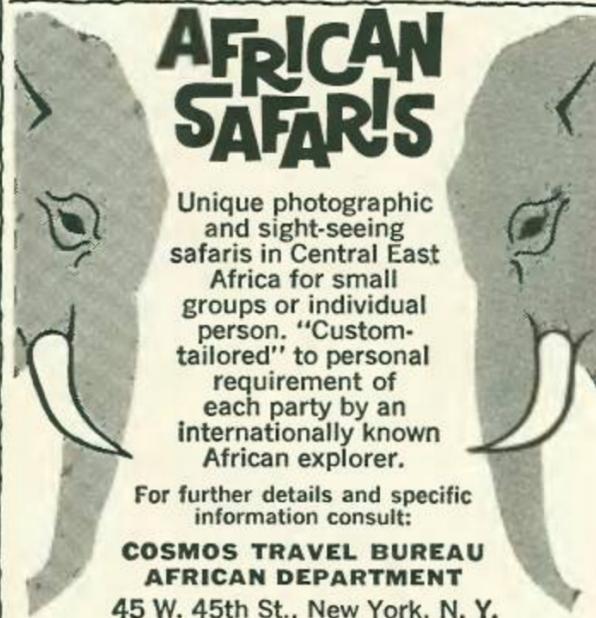
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and the designers in Paris is so much of a kind that it would be impossible to say who copies whom; ideas are as free as air and as volatile, let us say. The stores here are already full of frank American copies of stuff turned out by the top couture houses of Paris, ranging upward in price from the extensive Ohrbach and Macy collections to the clothes made to American sizes and in the original fabrics by the likes of Mr. Zuckerman. There is also a spate of ready-to-wear dresses from France, many of them bearing great names. In inspecting a French dress in the \$100-\$200 category, one rule of thumb is advisable—thumb the fabric. Then turn the dress inside out and look for the hand finishing, the silk lining, and the other things we have become accustomed to because of the manufacturing skill of Estevez (\$90), Harvey Berin (\$100), Larry Aldrich (\$110), and many, many others between them and the \$200 mark. Then try the dress on. This routine is better than simply believing in French labels just because they are French labels. A bit of comparison shopping is the ticket.

WHEN it comes to the unadulterated, unaltered clothes that have been imported from the major houses of Paris by Bergdorf and Bonwit for custom copying, I can only say that I was simply knocked out by their grace. No matter how often and how handsomely (or how badly) they may be copied elsewhere, and no matter how much others may change them, I'll remember them the way I saw them in these two salons last week. The colors are pure primavera. Wisterias and rosy pinks and new-leaf greens are involved in some loose-jacketed little suits of nubby wool at Bergdorf. I was especially taken by Givenchy's and Dior's versions, though a black-and-white checked Laroche with a high, corseted midriff had charm of a trimmer sort. Bergdorf has also invested in Chanel's new departure from the cardigan—of tan-and-white checked wool, with a waist-length jacket outlined in gold braid and box pleats swinging wide below a long, irregular hipline. Some of Dior's most clean-cut princess offerings are here, too. The noblest of them all is Éléante (and it's exactly that). Its black silk coat, very high-breasted, narrows down the ribs, then curves out smoothly over the hips, melon style, before narrowing again toward the hem, and it's shown over a white silk dress of similar persuasion. Another Dior dress, of black silk covered with white polka dots, de-

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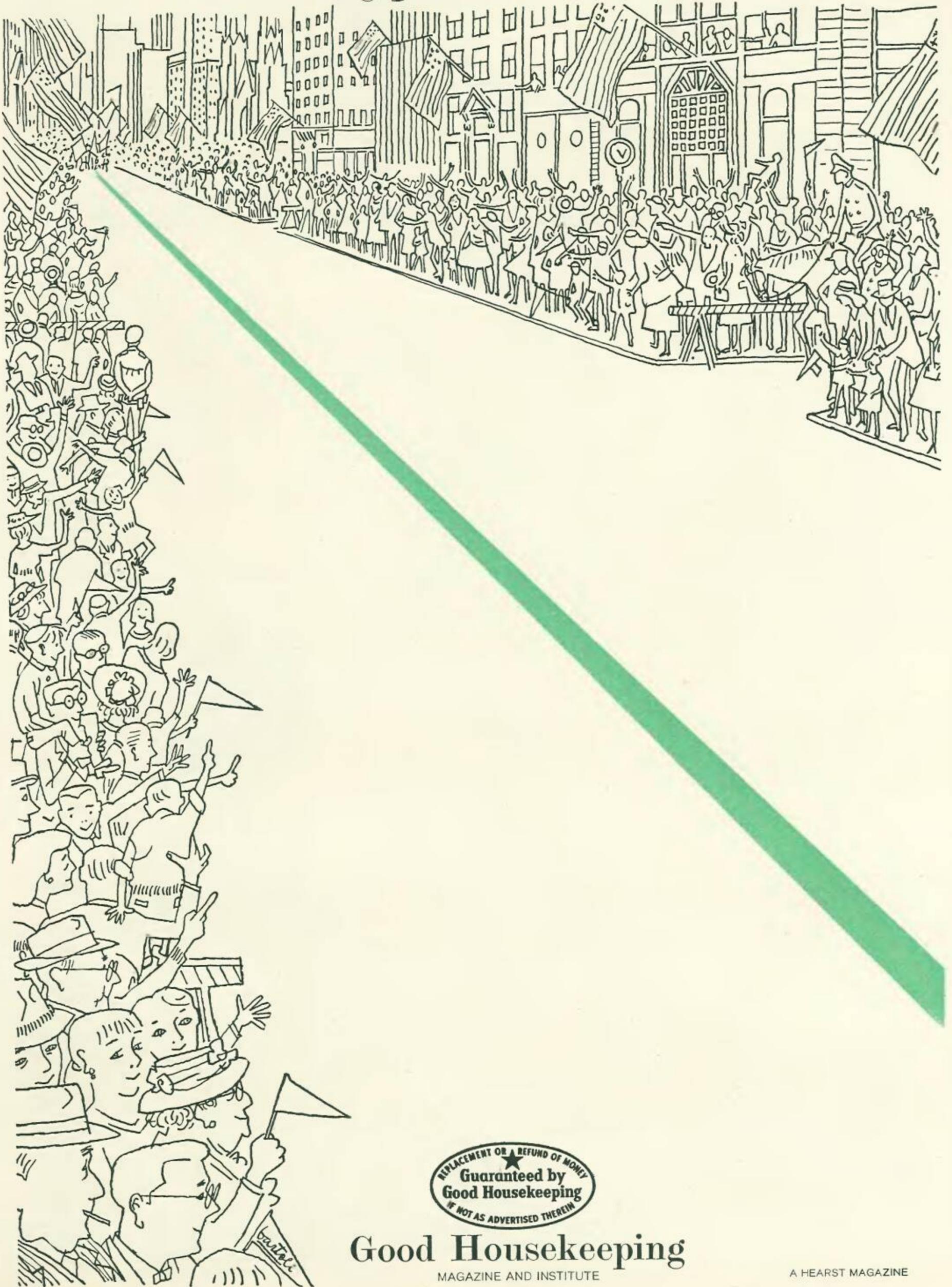
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scends from this high breastline to a loose belt tied above the hipbones. (This is kin to the Galanos sheaths aforementioned.) In sum, Bergdorf's Miss Ethel Frankau has skimmed the heavy cream of the Paris, the Italian, and even the English offerings. The English have always loved pastels, and lo! pastels are now fashionable; Hardy Amies contributes to the Bergdorf parade a high-style loose-jacketed suit of raspberry-and-white checked wool that measures up to the best of them.

THE Mesdames Park and Shonard, of Bonwit Teller's custom salon, have been unerring, too, in their entirely French choices. There are few suits in this assortment, but two of the prettiest coats in a long time are on hand—a Balenciaga, which hints at a princesse cut, made of coral cotton ottoman, with three buttons just below the small, casual revers, and a Nina Ricci, which is a de-luxe schoolgirl one of navy wool, with a tiny white-stitched pointed collar and a tie, plus short, flaring cape sleeves that build out of the slim body and go along the arms. Of the evening clothes, my particular favorites are the long dresses with simple tops and crushed normal waistbands; the skirts, which are gathered, fall full and straight to the floor. If *they* do any hinting, it refers to the Empress Josephine. Lanvin-Castillo makes an evening dress of deeply crinkled soft-blue chiffon arranged in four layers, short in front and trailing in back. Lanvin is also the designer of a flame satin organza whose full overskirt is split at the sides to show a narrow white underskirt with a four-inch band of crystal embroidery at the base. Then there's a real Lanvin whiz. Black satin organza serves for the U-necked, V-backed, short-sleeved top, the soft cummerbund, and the flaring schoolgirl bow at the back of the waist. The skirt is of white organdie, and the two panels of cartridge-pleated black organza that go down the back trail out when the wearer moves. There are two dresses of the same genre by Balenciaga: one of pink cotton ottoman, with the horizontal band at the top of the strapless décolletage looped casually in front, and extra gathers at the waistline in back to give a slight bustle touch; the other of pale-blue satin shantung, and so breathtakingly simple that it would take the eyes off every head and sequin in anybody's grand ballroom.

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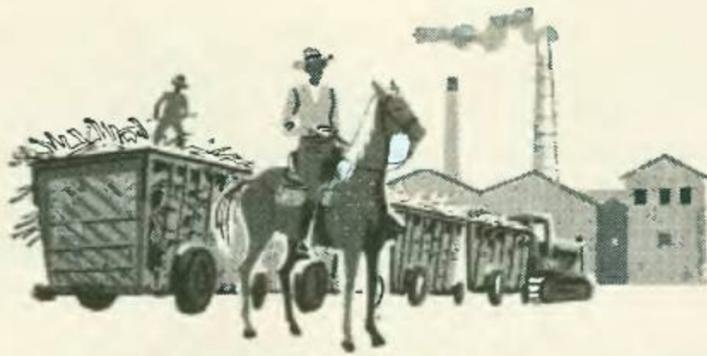
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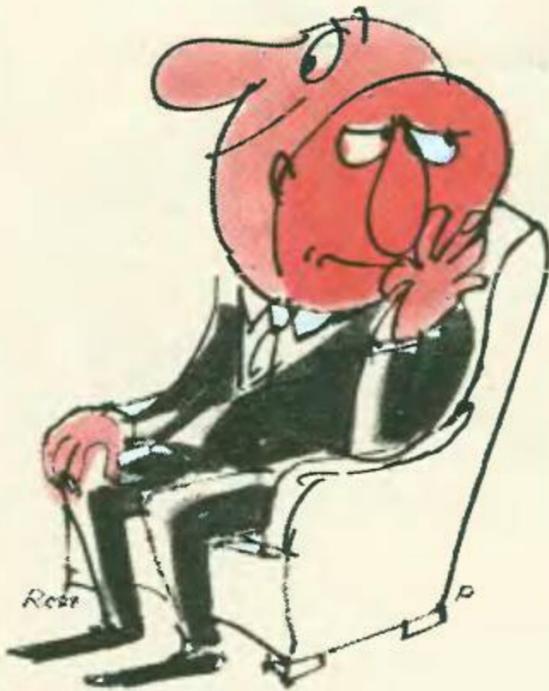
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and with reason. Her own imported sheer wools, almost like voile in weight, include some with one-and-a-half-inch checks in shades of gray combined with black and white. She works these wools so that the checks fall into fancy diagonal patterns, and the results are willowy sheaths with a crushed band of the fabric across the front of a leather belt (Lord & Taylor and plenty of other places). Her intricately cut but simple wools are celebrated. A dress of sheer gray flannel is all holes, like a player-piano roll (Jay Thorpe, for one). Trigrère also adores striped wool and black faille with a woven white chalk stripe, and she manages to alternate vertical and horizontal stripes in any number of ways. (Lord & Taylor has a large assortment of her work.) And she's responsible for one of the most smashing dress-and-coat ensembles I've seen in ever so long. It starts with a sleeveless dress of red French wool jersey that involves a round neck and buttons across wide shoulders. This lissome thing goes down the body to a long, narrow V well below the waist; deep triangular pockets start at the sides of this V and jut slightly forward (Bergdorf and Lord & Taylor, to name two). You can have the dress by itself, but a flaring collarless coat lined by red-or navy-and-white striped surah with the biggest patch pockets in the entire world accompanies it. A gentle ensemble starts with a cowl-necked, sleeveless dress of sheer gray wool; the three-quarter cocoon coat is lined with polka-dotted surah (four sizes of dots appear in the patchwork print), and the surah makes a crushed band across the front of the leather belt (Lord & Taylor).

The long-waisted Galanos efforts often suggest, at the top, a mildly curved middy. This is the case with one that is executed in a streaky off-white silk-and-wool fabric with black bindings. The short sleeves are set jaggedly into the bodice, which goes below the normal waistline in front and curves even farther down on the hips before gathers take over. De Pinna is one admirer. I've spoken of the deeply bloused Galanos tops over deep hip yokes. Sometimes these arrangements end in straight, narrow skirts, and sometimes knife pleats flare below, as in a geometric silk print (Bonwit Teller). Pleats also enhance a real flapper Galanos dance dress of black taffeta. This droops to a bow in front beneath each hipbone and then bursts into cluster pleats. Bonwit and Bendel are hot for it. Bergdorf treasures a trim Galanos costume of natural raw silk. The coat has a square

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of buttons low on the stomach, and cape sleeves start out at the level of the top button; the sleeveless sheath beneath gets a similarly placed square of buttons.

If you think the chemise dress is finished, you haven't reckoned with Traina-Norell, which for several years now has been quietly making samples that have become classics with the customers of Bendel, Bergdorf, Lord & Taylor, et al. There are some of French jersey with batwing sleeves emerging from the bodice, and patch pockets like the ones on a golf dress; others, of black crêpe, have a round Johnny collar and the same patch pockets. T.-N.'s long-waisted middy dress of off-white raw silk was taken by the best shops, too. Its earmarks are a Johnny collar, bone buttons below, and small pleats starting at the hipline.

**I** DON'T know what frightened me in my childhood (ectoplasm, maybe), but chiffon is usually an ough! subject with me unless hundreds (well, dozens, anyway) of yards are involved or the stuff is backed by some other fabric to give it body. Otherwise, it can look awfully bedraggled, and many good designers are being too sparing with it. But in their extravagant use of it two designers have committed masterpieces—Sarmi's beautiful evening things at De Pinna, for one, and Sonia's clothes at Mimi Tuthill, combining flowered chiffon and two shades of plain chiffon in whatever print is wanted (two weeks to order). Backed with fabric is a Scaasi dress of black chiffon over brown China silk, with a little round neck, gathers beside the bosom to make the flaring short sleeves flare extra wide, and a full skirt that is flat front and back. The waistline is normal. This I saw at Bendel. . . . Bergdorf Goodman is, like everyone else, Zuckerman-crazy, particularly because of his subtle skill with "little" black dresses of the finest French crêpe. The short jacket of one dips a bit in back over a small and sleeveless Nothing. Some Zuckerman dresses are made from the products of Guillemin, the accomplished Parisian scarf-maker. Not a thing peasanty or overbordered about them, I can assure you; the narrow scarf edges of one charcoal-and-white scratchily printed dress merely go down the center-front and side seams. The skirt is lightly gathered on a waistline that dips on the hips. . . . Lord & Taylor has a passion for everybody creative, and Paul Whitney is a fairly new crush. Among his deep-hip-yoke dresses is a notably nice one of Honan

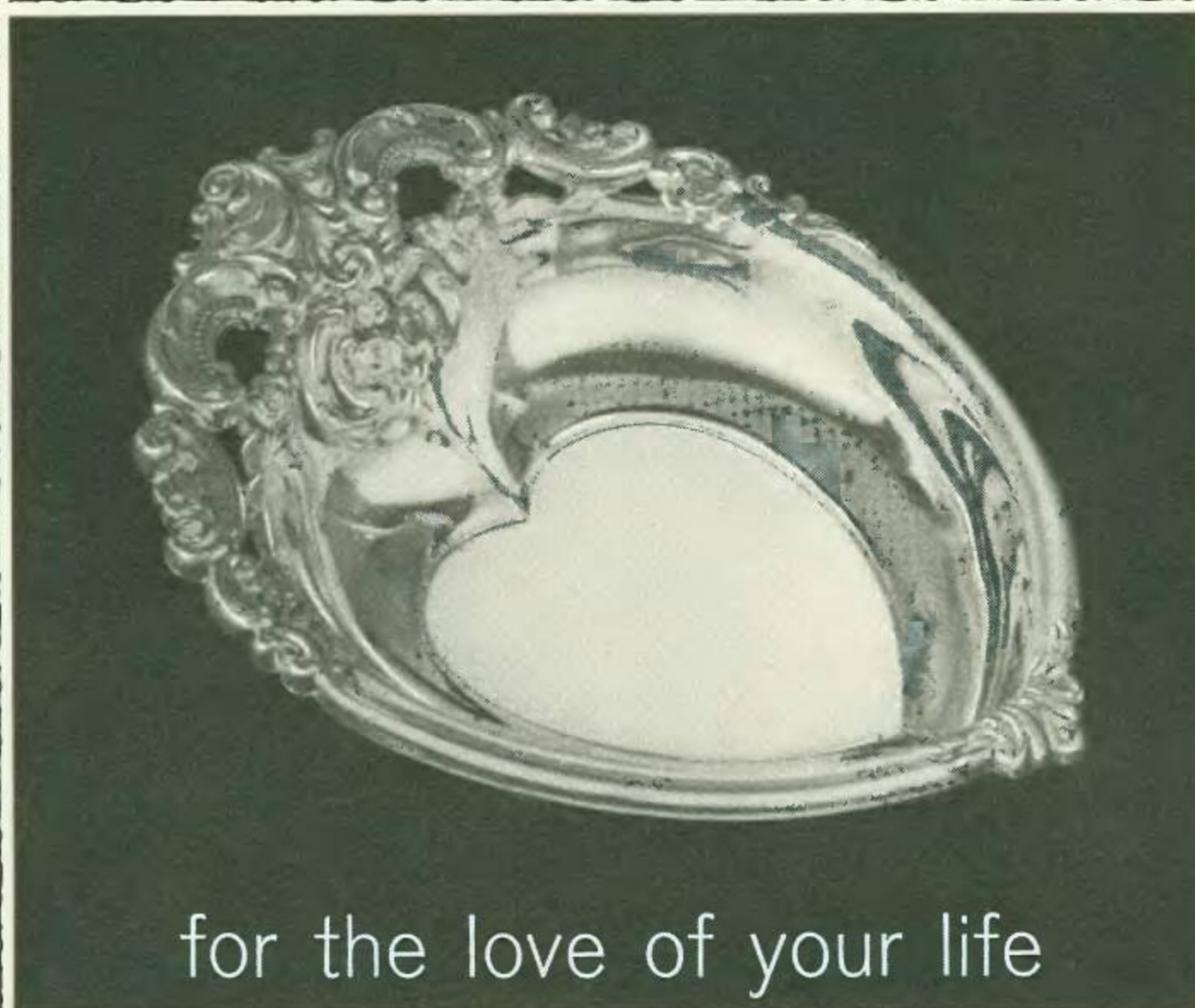
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wild silk, with a prim collar and short sleeves. The wide fold below the waist in front curves down to the hips and then buttons on behind them; the skirt is full. On his long-torso dance dress of crêpe printed in blues and vivid greens, the midsection reminds one of the hour-glass figure, and this reminder is emphasized by a crumb-catcher fold at the hips. The dress is sleeveless and low-backed, and the skirt is a wraparound, for a change. If slithering down the figure is the desideratum, a pet with all shops is a Traina-Norell offering in this line—a dress of heavy faille with a white chalk stripe. The top is, surprisingly, in shirtwaist style, with a string tie and short sleeves. The rest of it glides down the figure like a mermaid's scales until it bursts into a fifteen-inch gathered flounce, reinforced with petticoats and a hoop. Stripes are vertical on the dress and horizontal on the flounce. It's Something, all right. The Zuckerman pleasures at Lord & Taylor include an ensemble that anticipated the current princesse revival in Paris. The dress and the full-length coat are of Staron's black silk Alaskine. The dress has a bateau neck and deep open armholes (if you're getting tired of this, you'd better get used to it), and a curve inward under the bosom before an easy flare; the coat has similar lines.

At Rosette Pennington (and elsewhere) there is a growing interest in coats made of two-faced wools, because they are both light and warm, and therefore most useful for travel. (A coat of mine, by Trigère, which is collarless and has elbow cape sleeves, is two-faced, too, and reversible as well. It's now going on six years old. Could it be that Miss T. can foretell the future?) Pennington is showing a Zuckerman bell-sleeved beauty of gray tweed backed by off-white basketweave wool (it's *not* reversible), with pearl buttons in a single-breasted line. R. P. likewise treasures a suit by the same Mr. Zed—a black wool serge that has a little-boy, two-button, curved-away jacket with long, narrow revers; an anything-but-little-boy black-and-white surah blouse with a flaring bow at the neck is its companion. . . . Mr. Zuckerman flourishes at De Pinna, too. Part of his handiwork there is a tailored costume of tan Glenlaid wool—a short jacket and a dress with that ubiquitous oval neck, brief sleeves, and a waistline that descends to the hips before little gathers take over. Another of his two-faced wool coats is here, big and boxy in order to go over suits. This is shown in tan and oyster wool. There's sailor-collar welt detail



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on the back, to which he gives a slight barrel shape. . . . At Saks Fifth Avenue (you see how that Zuckerman gets around?), he still favors mid-thigh tunic suits. If you still do, Saks can muster up one of gray flannel or checked wool with wide revers, a welt seam that goes around the top to emphasize the dropped shoulder line, and an elasticized waistband under the leather belt.

Bonwit Teller owns a nice Paul Whitney cocktail dress in black peau de soie that is skinny in the skirt, for once. It's garnished by one of those deep contour belts of white kid that extend from the normal waistline to three inches or so below. Here, too, is Scaasi's version of the umbrella-gored skirt, the seams pressed outward with a small-tuck look. It is part of a bateau-necked dance dress with extra-wide, flaring short sleeves, and the fabric is one of the nicest prints I've found—huge tan, brown, and blue zinnias massed on a white silk-and-linen ground.

**T**HIS is by no means the whole story of the tides of March. Lots of other sensitive, creative, and even impractical artists are waiting in the wings to make their bows, but they'll have to wait a bit more. —LOIS LONG

THIS AND THAT  
*Matrimonial News*

**R**OSETTE PENNINGTON's Bridal Salon, at 20 East 56th Street, has put together a collection of lighthearted ready-to-wear wedding dresses. White Brussels lace in a floral pattern on which matching butterflies are appliquéd outlines the scoop necks of dresses executed in frosty-white organza and drifts over the hips of their bell skirts. The bodices are fitted and the sleeves are brief. The same organza is employed for princess dresses with short shirred sleeves; an icing of white organdie embroidered with pink tulips and leaves appears on the low, round necks, which dip into Vs in back, and cutout medallions of the embroidery appear low on the skirts. The stiffened skirt of a white silk-and-rayon peau de soie is garlanded in a sort of apron outline by fat white rosebuds and leaves edged with pale-blue embroidery. A ribbon half sash in delft blue ties at the back in a trim bow. More elaborate are the princess dresses of white satin studded with white velvet bowknots—two at the top of the short sleeves, one at the base of the V décolletage, and a dozen on the bouffant skirt. Medieval princess dresses of white satin are dusted with



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VOL. III N° III

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teardrops of pearl beads. Even more regal are the princess dresses of ivory satin outlined at the square necks, down the sides, and along the hems with satin ropes twisted into scrolls dotted by rows of make-believe seed pearls. All the dresses have trains, sizes run from 8 to 20 and prices from \$125 to \$495, and orders take anywhere from ten days to six weeks.

Pennington's bridesmaids' dresses, which run to the same sizes, are three to four weeks in the making. Simple ones of honey shantung with five small self bows down a prim bodice are \$50, the top price of the assortment. (The lowest is \$30.) Dresses of white organza in green ombré candy stripes have gathered skirts and wide grass-green silk midriffs that end in floppy bows at the waist in back; other dresses have slender bodices of yellow silk-and-cotton and gathered skirts of yellow chiffon; dramatic dresses that hint at Brigitte Bardot are of orchid organza over jade rayon taffeta. These last include short balloon sleeves and immense contour belts that combine the two fabrics. (Only for girls who are slim through the middle.) Bandeaux or picture hats that correspond to the bridesmaids' dresses are less than \$10, and matching headgear for brides—such as satin rope coronets, velvet bowknots, and caps of colored embroidery, all of them attached to short or long veils of silk illusion—ranges from \$50 to \$150.

**N**EXT stop is the ready-to-wear bridal salon of Saks Fifth Avenue. Among the dresses on view are some of white organza over white rayon taffeta. Small roses bloom at the front of the low, round necks, and their stems extend part way down the Empire bodices; long-stemmed cabbage roses climb from the hem to the hips. Princess gowns of the same organza are lined at the top and below the knees with broad bands of pale-blue taffeta ribbon, and pale-blue and white roses and leaves with pearl and crystal-bead stems wander over them. Sprays of embroidered white forget-me-nots on spiky stems decorate the bodices and skirts of white organza dresses lined with pink rayon taffeta. These are tied with vast bowknots of white embroidery and crystal beads. The pink ribbon sash rises high at the center front, then drops to the waist in back, where it ends in a bow. Young but stately dresses of white taffeta with childlike round-necked bodices and short sleeves are adorned only with long horizontal sprays of rosebuds and crystal-bead leaves just above the hem in front; both

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wide and narrow unpressed pleats flow from the waist to the train. White tafeta dresses that would have been as pleasing to Civil War brides as they are to their descendants are draped into panniers and poufs above small bows and clusters of berries. Prices begin at \$150 and go up to \$500; the gamut in size is 5 to 20, and the dresses can be supplied with or without trains.

**G**EORGE COTHRAN, whose flower shop is at 1027 Third Avenue (61st), is building bridal bouquets to dangle from one hand, so they won't spoil the line of the dress. A cascade all in green is made up of nine echeveria plants, miniature ivy, juniper, and Boston fern; eight little orchids as tightly massed as a bunch of violets are tied with ribbon streamers; white tulips suspended on long ribbons trail beneath a giant cabbage rose that is really an amalgamation of white tulip petals. For garden weddings, Cothran attaches roses made of bronze galex leaves to a few long branches of forsythia or quince blossoms. Among the fancier events are double hoops covered with white daisies and sprengeri, which is a feathery fern, and small bird cages wrapped with white velvet and filled with white geraniums or carnations and miniature ivy leaves. Cothran stands ready to add a small white feather bird or two. For bridesmaids, the bride's bouquet is repeated in matching or contrasting colors.

**L**ORD & TAYLOR's lingerie department goes in for flowers, too. Five-piece sets in white chiffon and silk twill are printed with moss roses and green foliage, not to mention pink butterflies. These include short and long plunging-neckline chiffon nightgowns tied with drawstrings at the Empire waists; twill sleeping pajamas with boxer shorts and button-in-back overblouses; slender half slips edged with white Valenciennes-type lace; and short peignoirs with stand-away collars and loose, below-elbow sleeves to wear over everything. The pajamas are \$22.50, the long gowns are \$29.95. White Dacron that resembles silk crêpe and bears a muted blue-and-mauve floral design makes two-piece sleeping pajamas with round-necked pullovers and three-quarter tapered trousers; it also makes short robes. Both are edged at the top and/or bottom with permanently pleated ruffles. Drip-dry cotton-nylon-and-Dacron that could pass as batiste appears in several forms. In a print of full-blown pervenche-blue roses and green leaves on a white ground and embroidered with

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pale-blue scallops, it winds up as two-piece pajamas with button-in-front tops and calf-length trousers, waltz-length nightgowns (for sleepwaltzers), and short double-breasted robes that *could* be worn as dresses. The pajamas are \$6, the robes are \$8. Beautifully made bargains, all of them. In bonbon pink, the stuff winds up as ensembles frothing with rows of matching ruffles edged by American Beauty scallop embroidery—Victorian peignoirs and Empire nightgowns suspended from spaghetti shoulder straps, as well as frivolous baby-doll outfits involving two-piece décolleté pajamas with bikini shorts and hip-length jackets to hide the bareness. Petalled wig caps to hide pin curls fly string bows at the summit.

**FANCY FREE**, a reasonably recent arrival at 920 Park Avenue (80th), deals in sprightly ready-to-wear clothes, sizes 8 to 16. Among the gaieties that are made on the premises are high-waisted pinafores with a wide overlap in back. These things, which can double as dresses, are shown in white polished cotton with a splashy green, gold, Shocking-pink, and red flower print, and in black polished cotton covered with turquoise, pistachio, chartreuse, taupe, and bronze jungle flowers and butterflies; \$17.95 either way. Sleeveless sheaths with bateau necks are of dull-gold linen in a sort of Gauguin floral print (orange, turquoise, chartreuse, mauve, deep pink); \$30. Collarless burlap boleros with below-elbow raglan sleeves complete the composition. These are in pistachio green lined with turquoise polished cotton, and in Shocking pink lined with orange polished cotton. Both are \$15. For dinner at home or the country-club dance, we arrive at white linenlike cotton in a grass-green or raspberry print that suggests Early American wallpaper or toile designs; the sleeveless dresses that come of this have plunging V necks and long, slinky skirts, and the \$60 they cost also takes care of Dolly Varden sashes of green or black velvet, or else green or raspberry shantung cummerbunds. Separate skirts are sleek through the body despite the pleating. The short ones, with unpressed pleats all the way around, are of white cotton satin on which pink, turquoise, and chartreuse flowers and mustard leaves are visible; chartreuse cotton cummerbunds conceal the fairly wide waistbands. The long skirts, with inverted pleats front and back and broad pleats in between, appear either in white rayon upholstery satin printed with branches, green and black leaves, and



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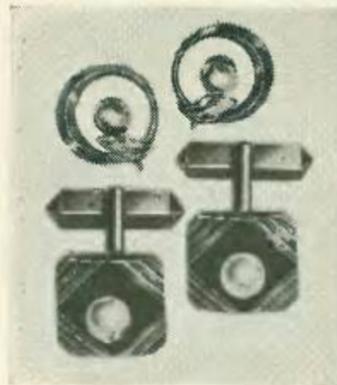
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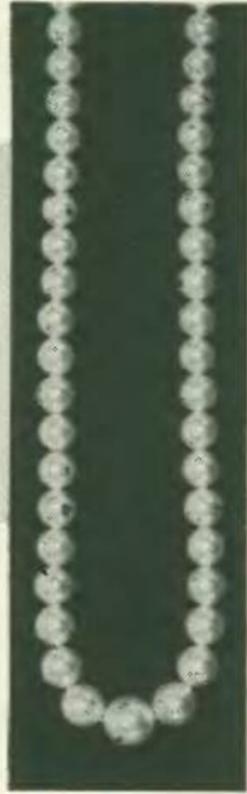
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small gold blossoms or else in that Gauguin print. (No cummerbunds.)

**B**ONWIT TELLER's sixth-floor millinery salon is now stocked with ready-to-wear hats from the Mr. John boutique collection, at \$25 to \$50. Some of the large, square-crowned cloches in white pebbly straw, with let-down canopy brims, have broad hatbands of black grosgrain surmounted by immense field flowers (yellow daisies, white daisies, bachelor's-buttons, poppies, and bluets) interspersed with long wisps of green ostrich flues that look like Easter-basket grass. Similar versions in burnt balibunt straw are so pliable that the brims can be rolled up or down. Conical turbans of interlaced strands of lightweight black straw that makes one think of wood shavings support a long-stemmed matching rose that quivers above the brows. These particular hats may sound sedate, but you're supposed to slap them in a carefree way on the back of the head just the same. Beehives of white silk chiffon sprinkled with black coin dots, and designed to cover beehive hairdos, flaunt a pert crimson velvet bow above the right temple.

The Miss Bonwit Shop, on the first floor, has been collecting Mr. John, Jr., hats. Here are burnt-straw cloches encircled at the small brims and the deep, round crowns with white daisies and bits of Christmas-tree branches. Yellow straw ones, mostly round crown and very little brim, are dotted with white daisies and clusters of strawberries. Leaf-covered cloches dotted with white daisies and yellow mimosa, and turbans dotted with wild roses in two tones of pink, are as pretty as can be. The steepest price is \$19.

**F**IORENTINA, at 789 Madison Avenue (67th), deals in slender shoes handmade in Italy. The toes of most are long and pointed, but a couple of tapered square ones have crept in. Classic pumps arrive in a diversity of leathers and fabrics: white, off-white, or black calf; camel, gray, taupe, or black llama calf; black or white crêpe. The minimum fee is \$40. Pumps of red calf sometimes wear black patent-leather cutout buckles at the throat, or strips of black patent leather shooting out like flames at the sides of the foot. The vamps of some black calf walking pumps are practically hidden by triangular inserts of black lizard; editions of a dressier order run to camel calf trimmed with white calf. Closed sandals whose latticework sides are a combination of black lizard and black calf have heel backs of the calf

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and vamps of the lizard; closed sandals of beige lizard are thinly piped with white kid, and broad self straps high on the instep do the fastening. Slippers of white or black crêpe are embroidered with flowers and leaves. Bridal slippers of white crêpe have tapered square toes (with crystal-bead medallions spilling over the flat silk bows there) and low square heels. *Not* for weddings are the duplicates of these slippers in garnet or black crêpe plastered with jet beads. Whichever of these slippers you choose, it will take four to five weeks, but everything else is on the shelves. Sizes roam from 3 to 10, widths from AAA to B. Heels are usually slim and two and a half to three and a half inches tall.

**B**ERGDORF GOODMAN'S B & G Department (it stands for "boys and girls," it's not a sandwich bar) clothes young men from birth up to the age of five and little girls up to eleven. Infants' handmade coat dresses of pale-pink cotton broadcloth with partly stitched-down pleats in front and plain backs are ornamented along the hem with embroidered rabbits; \$15. Diminutive white scallop embroidery edges the turnover collars, the closings, and the short puffed sleeves. Infants' adaptations of Spanish children's coats in washable white Lanella flannel (half wool, half Egyptian cotton) are graced with pointed smocked yokes and buttons part way down the back; the price, \$28, includes matching smocked bonnets. Trapeze sun dresses of cotton horizontally striped in yellow and white are banded with rows of white eyelet embroidery from the high, square necks to the bottom of the stiffened skirts, and more embroidery borders the hem of the shorts that go along with them; \$20 in all. Matching parasols of the same cotton, at \$12, are as much for swank as for protection. Mack Sennett sun dresses of basketweave cotton in cornflower-and-white horizontal stripes are worn over Jamaica shorts of cornflower cotton broadcloth; \$18 for everything. One-piece bloomer suits, as full as balloons, are made of white piqué, and there are clusters of embroidered cherries and leaves around the legs; \$9. A collarless coat, a coat dress with a Peter Pan collar, and a cap, all of white piqué in a splashy rosebud print, add up to \$35. Coats of sage-green linen with bows on the patch pockets are shown over white linen dresses (glowing with small pink and red blossoms and green leaves) whose high, collarless necks are cut almost to the waist in back. These are for tea parties, not the beach. The deal is

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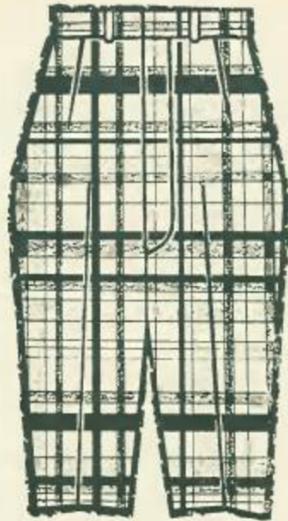
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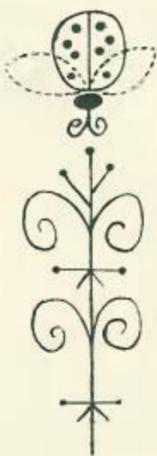
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\$45 in sizes 3 to 6X, \$55 in sizes 7 to 12. Very young men-about-town might do very well for themselves in beige-and-greige suits made of a blend of rayon and flax that can be washed. Their shorts are attached to suspenders, and their Eton jackets are lined with mustard cotton in a print of maroon-and-black ships and lighthouses. The young men should likewise admire the plaid madras Eton jackets that fasten with dummy coins and are lined with two-tone striped rayon in harmonizing shades. With them go madras suspender shorts in solid tones. Both suits are \$18.

AMONG the clothes done by John Weitz for little girls, sizes 7 to 14, in Altman's children's department are raincoats that look like long shirts. The material is natural, red, or black water-repellent cotton poplin lined with polished cotton striped in hyacinth, turquoise, coral, and olive; \$11. Water-repellent chesterfields of black-and-white checked cotton twill with black cotton-velvet collars and red rayon-taffeta linings are \$15. Rain hats to match are \$2 more. Hacking jackets of black-and-white hound's-tooth-check cotton twill lined with red rayon taffeta are really for bicycling to school. They're \$11, and there are ample black leatherette patches at the elbows. Separates of lightweight drip-dry faded-blue denim trimmed with white stitching include circular skirts, shorts, pedal pushers, box jackets lined with red cotton bandanna prints, and short-sleeved shirts to match the linings. Natural straw coolie hats with bandanna cotton snoods and ties can top them off. For nautical projects, drip-dry white Arnel sharkskin decorated with brass buttons makes full-length bell-bottom trousers and shorts, box-pleated skirts, and short midly blouses with sail-or ties of navy sharkskin. Sleeveless tops of navy Arnel are bound with white sharkskin, and white sharkskin cardigans are bound with navy sharkskin. Rolled sailor hats of white Arnel have flat crowns and bands of navy grosgrain ending in long streamers. —M. M.

PHOENIX, Feb. 28—Except for Orlando Cepeda, who doesn't want to peda, who doesn't want to Monzant, who does, but is lost, approximately 50 Giants will officially open full-squad spring training tomorrow.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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## The Old Songs



IT is often said these days that we are living in an artistic vacuum. "Where are the new novelists?" and "Where are the new playwrights?" David Susskind, the most plaintive thinker on television, keeps

asking, despondently, on his program "Open End" (Channel 13). "Can the mainstream of American creativity be running dry?" Mr. Susskind's art thirst wrings my heart. But I know that there is not much I can do to help him, short of writing the needed novels and plays, which he would almost certainly be too busy to read, and besides, my attention has been distracted lately by another question, which some critics are asking even more desperately: "Where are the new popular-song writers?" This question is urgent because in the three or four months since rock 'n' roll began to disappear from the air great new songwriters have been expected hourly. The purge of rock 'n' roll got under way at just about the time Congress began to investigate disc jockeys and payola. Broadcasters have attributed this circumstance to chance. "We were starting to taper off on rock 'n' roll anyway," they have said nonchalantly, "and go back to the grand old 'standards.'" And they *have* gone back. That is what irritates the critics—the fact that broadcasters have had to go *back* to find good popular songs. "Where are the *new* songwriters?" the protest goes. "Where are the heirs of Gershwin, Kern, Berlin, Schwartz, Porter, Youmans, Henderson, Rodgers, and Donaldson, the men who wrote the grand old standards?" The question is usually stated like that, in one long nostalgic breath. (For some reason, it usually omits any mention of Harry Von Tilzer, who wrote more standards than anyone except, perhaps, Berlin.)

Left to my own inclinations, I would be glad to settle—for a while at least—for a steady flow of standards. During the rock-'n'-roll, or big-beat, epidemic, it was almost shockingly pleasant to hear a performance of a song by one of the masters listed above, or of such other tunes from the golden age (roughly, 1900-30) as "Hindustan" and "Under the Bamboo Tree" and "Rock-a-bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody." (In



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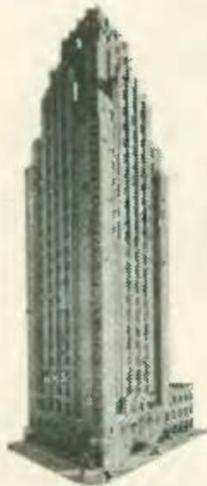
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the lyric of the last-named, incidentally, I have found another example of broadcast censorship. The words "Old Black Joe," in the latter part of the chorus, have been replaced for aerial purposes by "soft and low.") But because alarmists continue to clamor for new writers, I have felt obliged to study the possibilities in that direction. For that matter, there is one new composer, the resourceful Jackie Gleason, who practically demands study.

When Mr. Gleason conducts his own music on television, he collects enough musicians to invade Suez, though this, it soon becomes clear, is not his purpose. All the performers, including the conductor, wear formal dress. I saw a Gleason concert on Channel 2 a little more than a year ago in which tiers of musicians rose from a black marble floor as wide as Nebraska, and intimate combos were formed of twenty-three string players and a concertinist. It was hard, in the circumstances, to detach Gleason the songwriter from his background and to analyze him. When "The Kate Smith Show" (Channel 2, 7:30-8 P.M., Mondays) advertised an evening of Gleason music for last week, I thought the view might be plainer. Miss Smith's program is pretty modest and simple, as a rule. However, as it happened, Mr. Gleason appeared in his dress suit again, with what a program note called "a specially augmented sixty-piece orchestra" that looked like an audience at the Horse Show, and all I can tell you about certain Gleason pieces that were performed that night, such as "Bear Mountain Blast" and "Toll Gate Treat," is that I think they derive from Duke Ellington, who is a fine composer but no more a songwriter, generally speaking, than Proust was. If Mr. Gleason pursues this vein, he should soon be giving us "Mood Thruway," "Taconic Revery," and "Saw Mill River Stomp."

Aside from the instrumental stuff, the show did offer a few Gleason songs, which were sung by Miss Smith, and in one of these, "All Are Wondrous Things," I thought I detected, through the ponderous contemporary overtones, a favorite idea of George Whiting, who, thirty-odd years ago, wrote the lyric of "My Blue Heaven." "Just Mollie and me," Mr. Whiting wrote, "And baby makes three,/We're happy in my blue heaven." Mr. Gleason has written, "Joys of wedded bliss,/Baby's tender kiss,/Knowing that you care,/Answers every prayer,/My love, my love,/All are wondrous things." The contemporary overtones of Mr. Gleason

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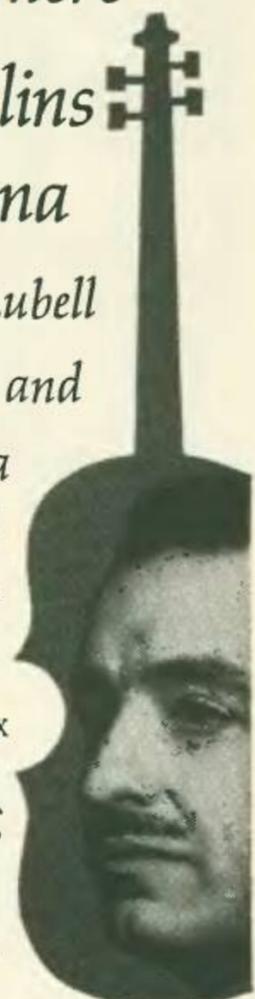
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son's song are noticeable in the phrase "wondrous things" and in the stately rhetoric of his variation on the baby-makes-three motif. How does a good comedian come to write like that? I would put it down to the influence of the times on all songwriters. One of the great hits of the last few years, "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," is another such pool of pretentious nonsense. The lyricists of songs like "My Blue Heaven" made their points, sentimental or otherwise, in the brisk, bald style of the nineteen-twenties. They were lucky, it should be added, in having tunewriters like Walter Donaldson, who could write clear, easy, first-rate tunes.

During Miss Smith's investigation of Mr. Gleason's work, she remarked to her guest that he seemed to take his music pretty seriously. Considering the majestic nature of the rites, this sounded like a fair statement, and Mr. Gleason did not contradict it. Personally, I don't hold his musical seriousness against him. He has been a bold, original comic and a splendid all-around entertainer. He is the man who introduced hooch and intelligent conversation on an Arthur Godfrey program. If he wants to fool around, on the side, with music in the current idioms, it's all right with me. In a way, the Gleason music is a useful illustration of what I think are the main differences between present-day songs and the songs of the golden age. Today's songs tend to be sweet and heavily rhythmic; in many cases, they are imitations of forms that were popular in the last century. The tone of most of them is solemn, like the life around them; even those that are meant to be funny have a worried, self-conscious quality, like actors trying to speak comic lines as guest stars on television programs. It's possible that good songs will be written in the nineteen-sixties, after the writers become better accustomed to the conditions in which we live nowadays. If so, they will be nothing like the sharp, gay, hardheaded, neatly flippant or neatly romantic songs of the 1900-30 period. The standards were the special products of those years. If you like that kind of music, you must go back for it. It cannot be artificially recreated.

Television, in the last few months, has been going back with commendable (and maybe guilty) energy. On a Bing Crosby special a couple of weeks ago, Mr. Crosby and his guest, Perry Como, sang a medley that included "Rosie," "Dinah," "Ida," "Million Dollar Baby," "Manhattan," "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans," "Avalon,"

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and "Chicago." A medley on television can be an unsatisfactory business. Some singers—Miss Smith among them—indulge occasionally in a tricky, teasing form of medley work that consists of singing a few bars of the chorus of a number, pumping the audience for cheers of recognition, and then moving on to the next short measure of song and the next ovation. Mr. Crosby and Mr. Como are expert medleyists who manage to give each song something like its full value without skimping but without lingering. From the viewpoint of old-song enthusiasts like me, of course, it is better when a first-class standard is sung in its entirety—including the verse, if it is good, as verses often used to be. On a revue show, "Four for Tonight," that appeared on Channel 4 last month, Tammy Grimes was given fifteen remarkable minutes in which she sang, more or less in full, "Robin Adair," "Tobacco's But an Indian Weed," "She Wears a Yeller Ribbon," "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon," "Gaby Glide," "Rose of Washington Square," "Blow, Gabriel, Blow," "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard," "I've Never Been in Love Before," and "Melancholy Baby." I recite this catalogue with the utmost relish; it contains some rarities that are not standards, strictly speaking, but should be. I have only one complaint about Miss Grimes' performance. If she was going to sing the possibly too well-worn "Melancholy Baby" at all, I wish that she had sung the verse, which is better than the chorus.

"Four for Tonight," incidentally, though it was an excellent revue, was not quite as good a show in some respects as "The Fabulous Fifties," an impressionistic recapitulation that was produced on Channel 2 at the end of January. "The Fabulous Fifties," if not a revue in the orthodox Broadway sense, was a magnificent review. It made use, as "Four for Tonight" did not, of available factors of time, space, and movement in ways that suited it superbly to television. It lacked only one thing—good songs. I wondered about this for a while. Then I began to think about the popular music of the fifties, and stopped wondering. —JOHN LARDNER

pinochle (pē nuk-l), n. a game of cards resembling bezique.—*Webster's Tower Dictionary, page 208.*

bezique (be-zēk'), n. a game of cards somewhat similar to pinochle.—*Ibid., page 35.*

Hearts, anyone?



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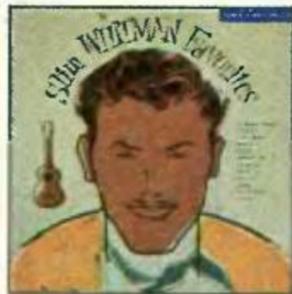
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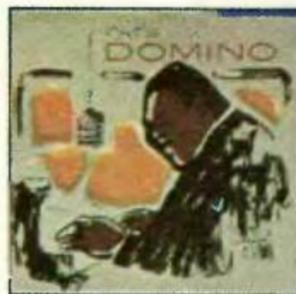
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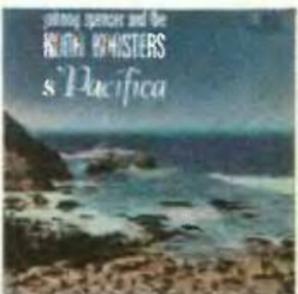
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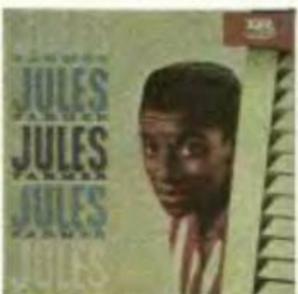
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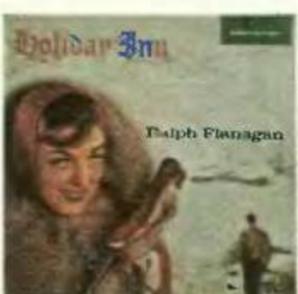
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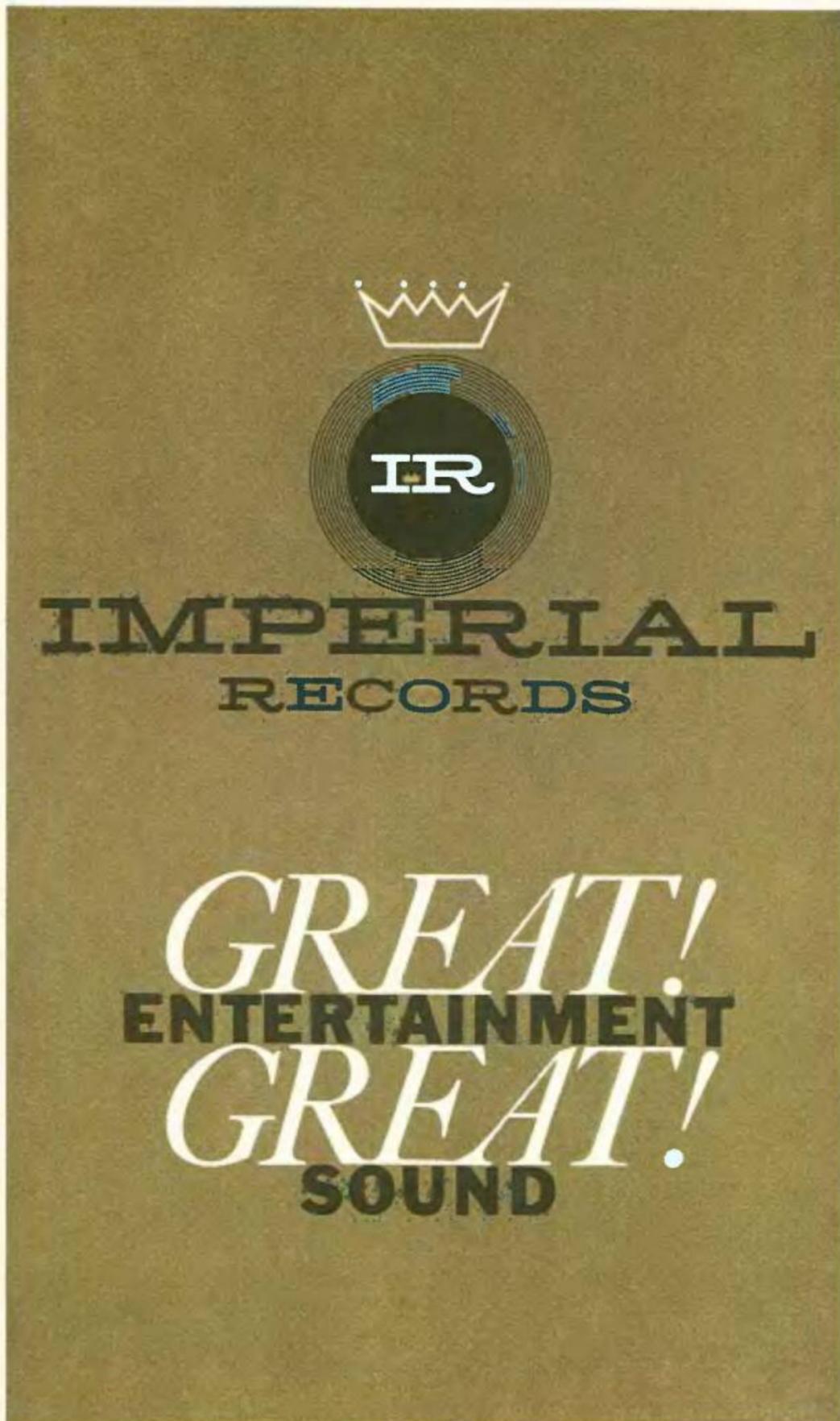
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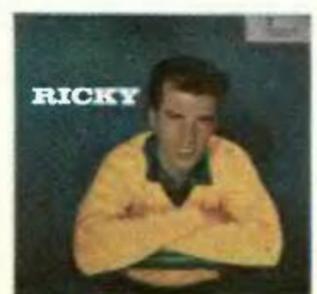
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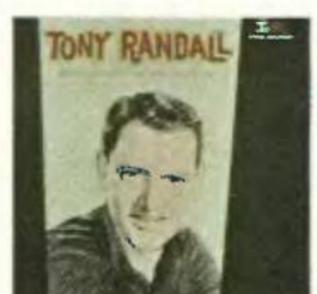
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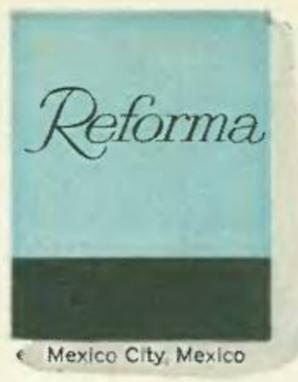


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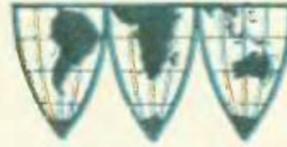
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**THE ART GALLERIES**  
Claude Monet



ORDINARILY, a vogue for an artist is a long time developing, and it takes even longer for interest to be re-awakened in a man who has fallen into disfavor. There are exceptions, though, as the current exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art indicates. Only two years ago, the Museum suffered its almost disastrous fire, and among the fortunately few paintings that were destroyed was one of Claude Monet's water-lily studies, hanging in the upper stairwell, where it went pretty much disregarded by the majority of the Museum visitors. I was interested to note how great was the public's relief that "only a Monet" had taken a beating, which presumably reduced the loss to posterity to fairly minimal proportions. Now the same institution (in collaboration with the Los Angeles County Museum) has opened a large and sumptuous loan exhibition of works by the same artist. I don't know whether the move was prompted by a realization, possibly brought on by the public reaction after the fire, of how unjustifiably low the artist's standing had sunk. But the idea in any case was a good one, and I shouldn't be surprised if it provided the impetus for a complete reversal of the situation and a new appreciation of Monet's importance in the modern movement, particularly in its most recent manifestations.

Monet, like many another artist, was accustomed to such ups and downs in the course of his lifetime. Born in 1840, of fairly well-to-do parents, he grew up in Le Havre, where he came for a time under the influence of the considerably older and already well-established marine artist Eugène Boudin. By his early twenties, however, he was living and working in Paris, and, indeed, with a couple of acceptances by the Salon to his credit, seemed to be on the verge of success. By that time, though, he'd been drawn to the Impressionist movement, then in its earliest formative stages. In fact, even more than his co-workers Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, and the now less well-remembered Gustave Caillebotte and Jean-Frédéric Bazille, Monet was the Impressionist movement. It

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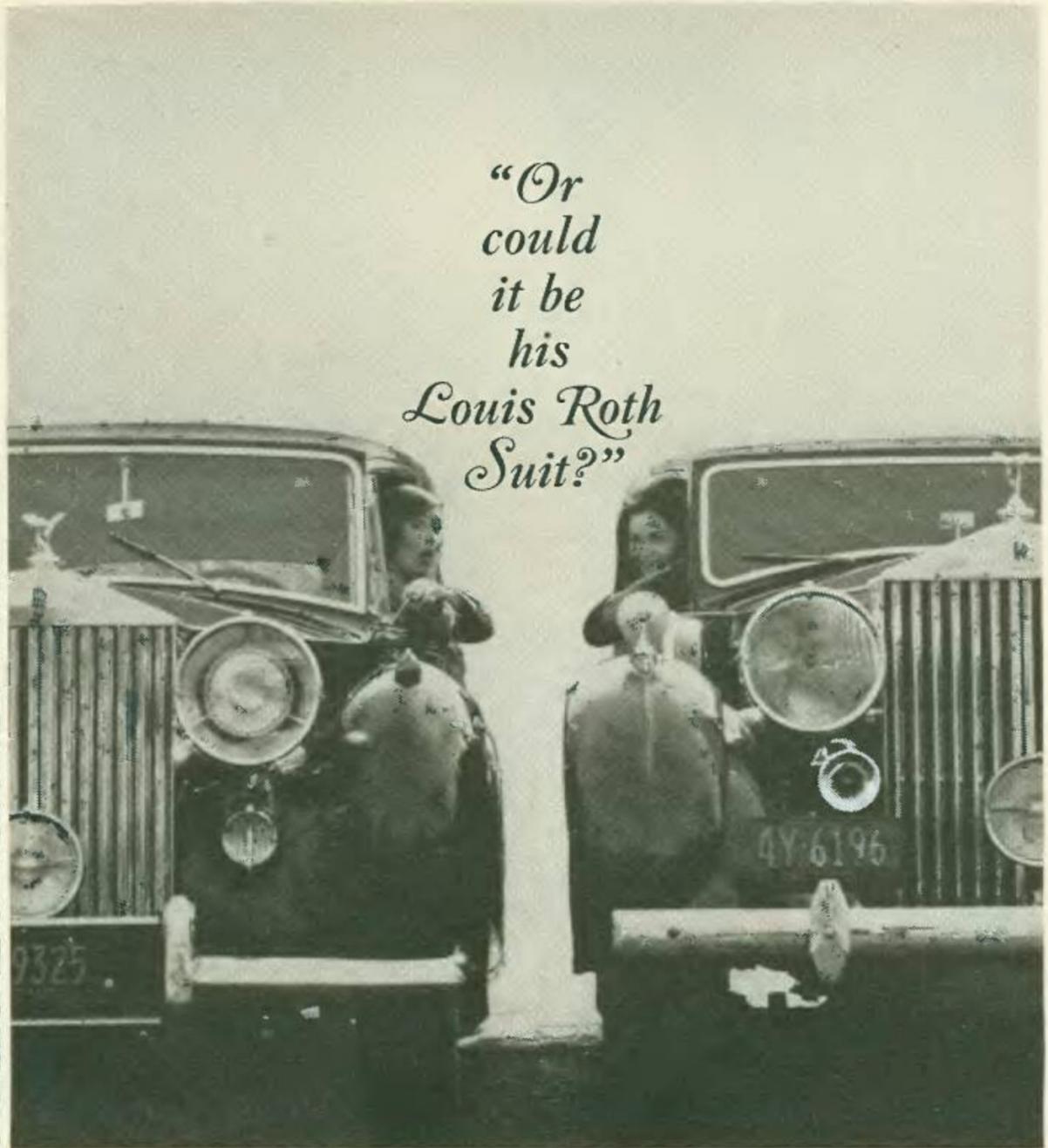
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was one of his canvases, a river scene, done in 1872, which he called "Impression—Lever du Soleil," that is credited with suggesting a name for the school, and as he was the most daring and inventive experimenter with its techniques, so he was the most stubborn in clinging to them. This, in the controversial atmosphere of the times, meant the end of all possibility of contemporary recognition, at the Salon or elsewhere. He had broken with his parents, too, or they with him, and his middle years were spent almost entirely in conditions that varied from hand-to-mouth to complete poverty; not till he was well into his forties did any degree of material success come to him, and only because he had the good fortune to live on considerably longer (he died in 1926, at the age of eighty-six) was he able to enjoy it.

In view of all this, it is remarkable how consistently warm, cheerful, and spontaneous Monet's painting remained throughout his career. The earliest paintings in the show ("The Beach at Sainte-Adresse," "The Beach at Honfleur," and so on, all done along the Normandy coast in the vicinity of Le Havre and dated around 1865) are clearly tinged with the influence of Boudin and tend toward his rather steely, grayish-blue tonalities. Yet even these have a certain sparkle, while "The Seine at Bougival," only slightly later, has a sunny clarity that, a little reminiscent of Corot's early landscapes, makes it enormously attractive. "Snow Effect at Argenteuil," painted around 1875, is looser in treatment and more spontaneous in feeling. But it isn't till one gets to the studies of the Gare Saint-Lazare that one feels the Impressionist style really beginning to flower. Only two of the several paintings he did on this theme are included, but both are excellent examples—the one numbered 17 in the catalogue, with its engines billowing steam, its sharp contrasts of light and shadow, and its general sense of the urgency of imminent departure, providing an almost perfect illustration of that quality of of-the-moment immediacy that Impressionism alone was capable of.

There is a slight lapse into a more mannered, more cautious style during the few years when Monet was living at Vétheuil, down the Seine from Paris. But it's only temporary, and in the paintings he did along the coast near Étretat in the middle eighteen-eighties one finds him returning to the broken color and rapid brushwork of the true Impressionist manner—and using it



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with more authority than ever. Here, too, one notes a growing tendency to paint pictures in "series," for these pieces are all done from more or less the same vantage point, overlooking the sea from the chalk cliffs, the only differences in the treatment being due to the changes in weather and lighting. This practice of painting a scene over and over, using its physical characteristics almost like a mirror in which the hourly variations in atmosphere can be reflected, was one that he'd begun at Vétheuil, and he continued it throughout most of the rest of his life—to the point where eventually he made a habit of carrying a half-dozen prepared canvases on his painting excursions, stored in the famous slotted box he'd had made for the purpose, and switching from one to another as the day progressed and the light grew or faded. This may seem an odd mixture of the planned and the impromptu, and a pushing of the Impressionist emphasis on fleeting effects very nearly to absurdity. But it is also evidence of the seriousness with which Monet embraced the doctrine, and in such groups as the "Haystacks" and "Rouen Cathedral" series, along with the others he did in London and Venice, it certainly proved its value.

What was required to carry so many separate paintings to completion at once was an unerringly receptive eye, together with a sure sense of the compositional factors involved, and in this respect it is worth noting how closely Monet adhered, in his basic design, to the actual structure of the subject before him. Whether at dawn, at sunset, or in fog, and however "impressionistic" the treatment may seem, the Rouen Cathedral is still the Rouen Cathedral, its architectural details always disposed in their proper relations; and to one who was lucky enough, as I was, to have lived in the little Seine-side town of Giverny, where Monet spent the latter part of his life, it is astonishing how faithful he was to actuality in all his paintings of the locality.

The "Haystacks" series and the one of Rouen Cathedral represent Monet's highest achievement as an Impressionist, the first of these being especially remarkable for its happy mingling of the serenely commonplace and the quintessentially bucolic (what could be simpler than a couple of haystacks in a field?) with the subtlest gradations of light, shade, and color as the hours of the day and the days of the seasons progressed. I'd recommend most of all the sunset-tinted "Haystacks at Giverny" and the rosy-dawn "Two Haystacks," num-

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bered 49, as well as—in the Rouen group—the cathedral at early morning, numbered 66, and the one in mist, numbered 64.

In popular opinion, it's the earlier canvases, in which the naturalistic elements are more stressed, that are the best regarded. Younger artists, though, have in recent years been turning more and more to his last paintings, done after the turn of the century and mainly revolving around the scenes in the so-called "water garden," with its pools of water lilies, little Japanese bridges, and lush flowering growths, which was one of the most charming features of his home at Giverny. As free and vivid in treatment as they are concentrated in subject (often a whole canvas will be focussed on a mere corner of a pool), these go beyond Impressionism to the borders of abstraction. Here at last the image nearly vanishes in the play of light upon it, and it is easy to see how a number of modernists, from the Tachistes in France to such Abstract Expressionists as Philip Guston and Hyde Solomon in this country, faced with much the same problems themselves have found inspiration in the works of this period. The big, forty-two-foot-long "Water Lilies" (No. 118), done only a few years before his death and as essentially abstract in concept as anything being done today, is the highlight of this section. But I'd cite, too, such others as the shimmeringly blue "Water Lilies" of 1905, "The Japanese Footbridge and the Water Lily Pool," and the tapestry-like "The Japanese Footbridge" of 1920-22. —ROBERT M. COATES

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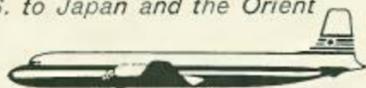


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## NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XII~SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

ALT., 100. Pop., 162,399. In 1898, Mr. Daniel B. Wesson, who was one of the founders of the Smith & Wesson small-arms company, built a huge, chateaulike house for himself and his family at 50 Maple Street, in downtown Springfield. All over the country, policemen not only wore blue uniforms but carried Smith & Wesson revolvers, and enough revolvers had been sold to policemen, and others, to permit Mr. Wesson to invest a million dollars, painlessly, in his chateaulike house. With his million, Mr. Wesson imported Japanese marble, white mahogany, Siena marble, Mexican onyx, San Domingo mahogany, and satinwood, and stuck them around the house in the form of noble staircases, fireplaces, and walls. Mr. Wesson imported an Italian, too, to paint the fruit-wood panelling in the Louis XIV Room and to exercise his talents *avec carte blanche* on the ceiling. Like Michelangelo, the Italian lay on his back, in the heart of Springfield, and painted fluffy, bulbous white clouds and chubby pink cherubim, and, to top off a scene of blissful contentment, painted a young girl, dead center, with no clothes on. Mrs. Wesson had different ideas. The Louis XIV Room was a work of art, all right, and none better in Springfield, but she wanted clothes painted on that young woman. It was disconcerting to have one's friends in for tea and to have them, in the midst of oh-ing and ah-ing over the woodwork and the handsome furniture, stop, aghast, when their eyes came to rest on the young lady with no clothes on. The Italian had returned to his native village, but he was summoned back to Springfield, where, with a shrug, he lay down on his back and painted a pink skirt and a white blouse on the young lady. He then returned home once more, and happily lived out his days smiling enigmatically. In his native village, his smile was known as the Springfield Smile. The exterior of Mr. Wesson's house was of Milford pink granite, and the interior included some copper ceilings and a room for the refrigeration of vegetables. Mr. Wesson also put up a hand-wrought iron fence around his house, which cost a hundred dollars a foot. Old-time residents of Springfield still have a healthy respect for Mr. Wesson. "Mr. Wesson thought as much of his horses as of his family," they will say. This is a tribute to the ele-

gant, fortresslike stables, with brick walls three feet thick, behind the house. He constructed tunnels between the house and the stables. Since 1915, the Wesson house has been the home of the Colony Club, a private club that is the gathering place for the business elite of Springfield. The Louis XIV Room is a ladies' cocktail lounge; sipping their cocktails, the ladies have nothing to fear from above.

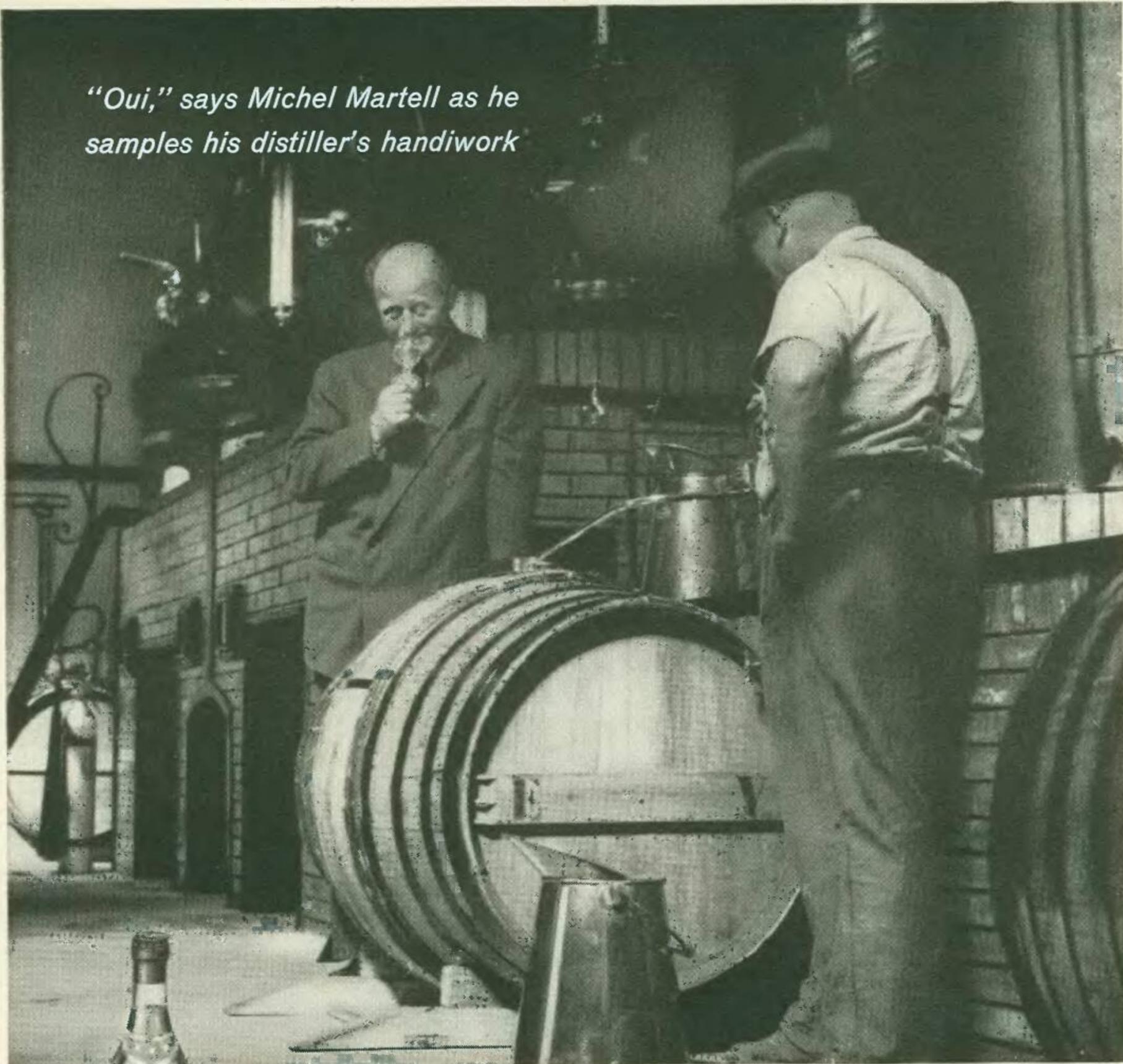
Visitors approaching Springfield from the south have been known to stop their cars on a high bluff overlooking the city and the peaceful Connecticut River winding through the Connecticut River Valley, and remark, "Why, this is like a Rhineland town!" Others have been known to stop their cars on the bluff and consult road maps for a route that will avoid Springfield traffic. Springfield is known to the people of Springfield as the Crossroads of New England, and also as the City of Homes and the Rifle City. The last refers to the presence in the city, since the end of the eighteenth century, of the Springfield Armory. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow once toured the Armory and wrote, "This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling, / Like a huge organ, rise the burnish'd arms." Land for industrial sites in Springfield is unflat; it is nevertheless both expensive and hard to come by. Forest Park, on the outskirts of town, is a rolling natural wonderland, with a fine zoo and some dinosaur footprints, but within the city itself there are only odd, unexpected, sad-looking little parks—small grass areas with some benches and trees—here and there downtown, between rows



of business buildings, or in pie-shaped areas that serve as traffic islands. Weather permitting, gloomy elderly gentlemen sit in these urban retreats at night—sometimes till long past midnight—and, growing more and more articulate as the hours pass, shout out their discontent with the world in general. A statue of Miles Morgan, a Pilgrim who died in 1699, stands in one of these parks, near the white Old First Church (Congregational, 1637) and across the street from a tall municipal campanile (1913), which strikes the hour; the campanile is flanked by massive Greco-Roman structures (1913)—a municipal auditorium and a city hall. Sometimes, at night, when the old men watch the shadows play on Miles Morgan's Pilgrim hat and the Greco-Roman structures, and hear the

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mournful tolling of the campanile, they howl.

MILTON BRADLEY, the children's-game man, came to Springfield from Hartford, Connecticut, in 1857, and founded the Milton Bradley Company. He is said to have made the first lithograph of Abraham Lincoln without a beard—from a photograph brought to him by Samuel Bowles direct from Springfield, Illinois, just after the national convention in Chicago had nominated Lincoln for the Presidency. There wasn't much future for pictures of Abraham Lincoln without a beard, and in 1860 Mr. Bradley, perhaps to express his feelings concerning the vagaries of existence, entered the game market with his first board game, The Checkered Game of Life. Any number could play. The object was to proceed on the board, in a series of moves determined by spins of a wheel, from a square marked "Infancy" to a square marked "Happy Old Age." Few journeys through life have been so fraught with unforeseen events. Many of the little squares were as unexpected as the odd and disturbing little squares of Springfield. A man could be rolling along, all smiles and contentment, having gone from "School" to "College" and having jumped onto "Ambition," subsided on "Cupid" (a short hop to "Matrimony"), and hit "Congress," via "Perseverance" and "Truth" (picture of man and boy standing by apple tree), and suddenly find himself plunked down on "Ruin" (picture of man seated at table with bottle, and pre-Smith & Wesson policeman at door), or stuck on "Disgrace" or in "Jail" (cadaverous-looking man peering out from behind bars), or squatting on "Poverty" (tumbledown shack, approached by man wearing top hat but carrying that bottle), or deep in "Gambling" or "Idleness" or "Intemperance." Sometimes, a turn of the wheel landed a man on "Suicide" (man hanging from branch of tree outside tumbledown shack), but in close proximity to "Suicide" he might easily have lit on "Fame" or "Influence" or "Fat Office." It just goes to show. Mr. Bradley had a strict rule about Suicide: Out of the game. As Mr. Bradley said in his rules, in a frank revelation of his innate Yankee horse sense, "How can any person continue to travel towards Happy Old Age after committing suicide?" Today, the Bradley works, behind the Colony Club, are an entire block long. They are red brick and look no more frolicsome than a woollen mill. Every once in a while, however, the Bradley Company tickles its stockholders

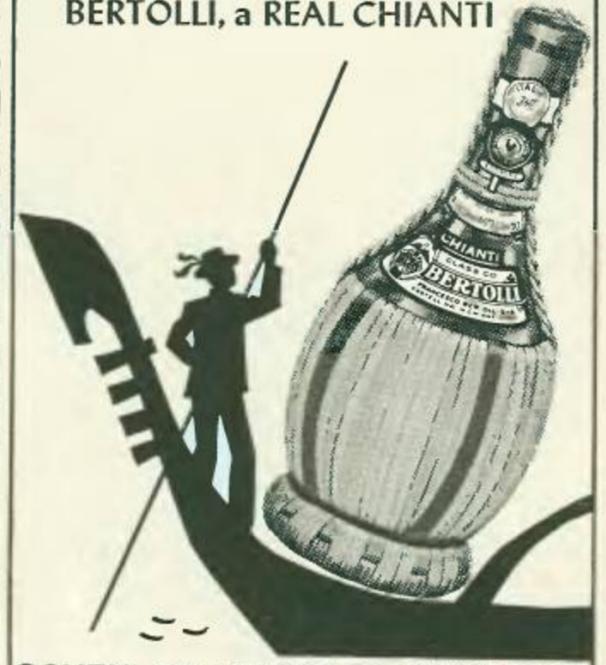
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by putting a pop-up in its annual report. The stockholders are reading along about accounts receivable and accrued liabilities and sinking-fund assets, and suddenly up pops a whole group of little paper buildings, representing such things as the United States Treasury, the New England Mutual Life, and the Bradley Paymaster's Office, to demonstrate the distribution of the sales dollar. This makes the stockholders feel like kids again, almost as though they were playing Uncle Wiggily or Little Milkman. Mr. James J. Shea, the current president of the Milton Bradley Company, is a New England industrialist of the old school—shirtsleeves, jutting jaw, and no nonsense during working hours, game business or no game business. The squares he recognizes in the checkered game of life are "Perseverance," "Industry," and "Success." He loathes "Idleness," which leads to "Disgrace," and entertains a good deal at the Colony Club.

Scholarly word masters at the G. & C. Merriam Company—down the street from the Springfield Armory and across the street from a motel—toil on, year in and year out, tracking down new words for their dictionary, dusting off old words, and privately fighting a desperate, losing battle against colloquialisms. The Merriam-Webster people, with their thousands upon thousands upon thousands of words in cabinets, take a long view of life and language. Springfield to them is "Spring'field (sprīng'fēld) . . . city, S cen. Mass. on Conn. riv." They have no quarrel with a word if it is in "Hamlet," but a word like "piscicide" sends an almost audible shiver throughout the establishment when it first turns up on a slip of paper, and the lexicographers smile faintly as they prepare themselves for the long, arduous search to determine whether "piscicide" will "make it;" i.e., will be included in the next edition of the dictionary. It is said that when a new word "makes it," a United States Flintlock Musket Model 1795 is fired from the main steps of the Armory.

The Mayor of Springfield is reviving the art of playing marbles, as part of his fight against juvenile delinquency. The squares he recognizes in the checkered game of life, and even in a game of marbles, are "Perseverance," "Industry," and "Success." Everyone in the Connecticut River Valley wishes him well.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK  
[Headline in the Pittsburgh Press]  
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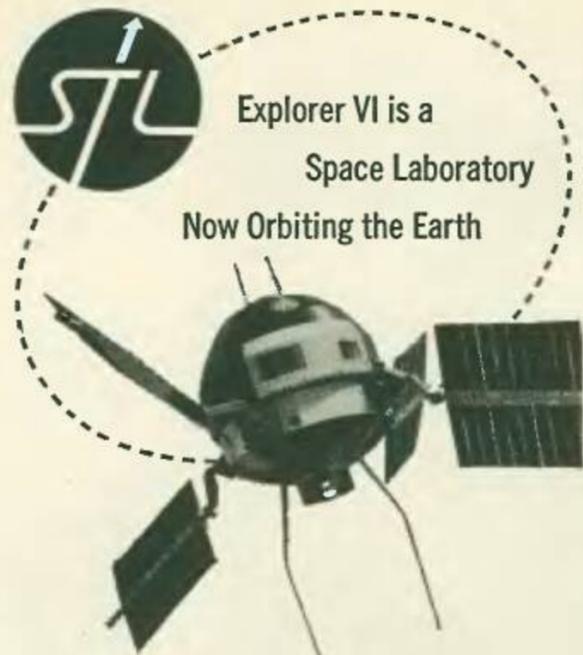
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**MUSICAL EVENTS**

*La Différence*



**T**HE French are, as everybody knows, a highly individualistic people, who cherish their own way of doing things in every area from plumbing to politics. This individualism extends to the French symphony orchestra, a mechanism that is entirely different from its counterparts in America, England, and other places. The difference stems partly from the nature of French brass instruments, which are of much smaller calibre than those used in orchestras elsewhere and do not provide the same richness of tone, but it is also partly attributable to the woodwinds and strings, which the French are inclined to play with delicacy and understatement and without the virtuoso brilliance that we are accustomed to. With regard to the brass instruments, the French feel that their little horns, trumpets, and trombones (which, by the way, are undoubtedly easier than ours to play) compensate for a lack of noble sonority by lightness and grace of articulation. While that may be so, they do give French orchestras a rather tinny quality, suited only to certain types of music. This peculiarity has long bedevilled the performance of non-French music by French orchestras, and the performance of French music by non-French orchestras as well. Music written for French ensembles (the ballet scores of Delibes, for example, and Ravel's "Bolero") sometimes has a way of sounding heavy and unduly martial—occasionally even clumsy—when played by German or American symphonic organizations. And many of the masterpieces of German and Austrian music (those of Brahms and Wagner, for example) are apt to sound trivial when done by French orchestras. There seems to be no remedy for this situation. It has led many people to the conclusion that French orchestral performance is generally poor, and my impression is that this is true as far as the bulk of the symphonic repertoire is concerned. Moreover, the great orchestras of other nations have a distinct edge over the French ones in that, with sufficient care, they can manage French music acceptably, and, in addition, can play every other type of music much better.



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Last week, the Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris visited Carnegie Hall, and wisely devoted itself to a program consisting entirely of French music. It was, as far as I know, the first appearance of a French symphony orchestra on this side of the Atlantic—certainly it was the first I have ever attended. The conductor was Igor Markevitch, a maestro of obvious musicality, with a precise beat and an authoritative, if slightly flashy, manner. Within the frame imposed by the program, the performances had a number of admirable points. The woodwinds played with exemplary delicacy (that French specialty), and the strings, though they nowhere matched the eloquence and virtuosity of those in our own finest orchestras, performed with the neat kind of craftsmanship characteristic of the excellent Parisian school of violin and cello playing—a school that has long stressed agility and subtle control of the bow. The brasses were typically French—that is to say, light, flexible, and somewhat thin in tone quality. All this served beautifully for Ravel's Second "Daphnis et Chloé" Suite, which earned the performers a large ovation, and for Gounod's rather academic and featherweight Second Symphony. But it did not quite suffice for Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," an essay in overromanticized fustian that has never appealed to me but that can surely be more brilliantly performed than it was the other night. The most modern work on the program was something called "Hymne," a fairly tedious bit of latter-day impressionism by Olivier Messiaen. In a remarkably fanciful program note, the composer says of this composition, "Two developments are undertaken. They employ modal sonorities, which are colored so that they are either allied or opposed to each other: orange to blue, violet to purple and gold. The dominant color: orange." Well, to me there seemed to be too much orange.

WHAT with a performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra at Carnegie Hall under the great Pierre Monteux, who is approaching his eighty-fifth birthday, and a Town Hall recital by the soprano Denise Duval, accompanied by Francis Poulenc, we have had quite a French week. I was not on hand for the former event, but I was for the latter, which took place on Thursday evening. Mlle. Duval does not have what I would call a great voice; it is a trifle shrill in the upper register and not evenly produced. But she does have immaculate enunciation, along with quite

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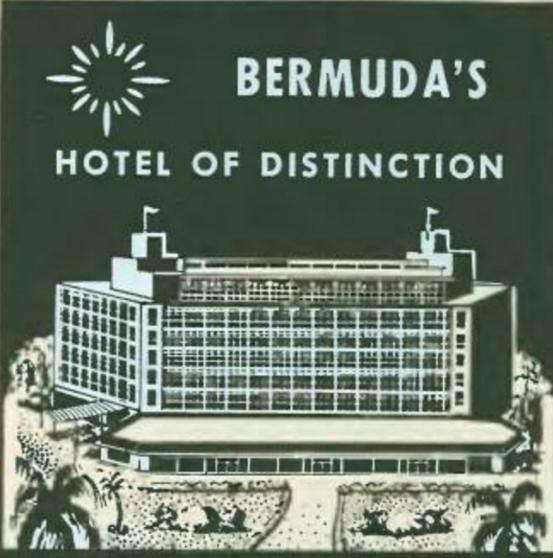
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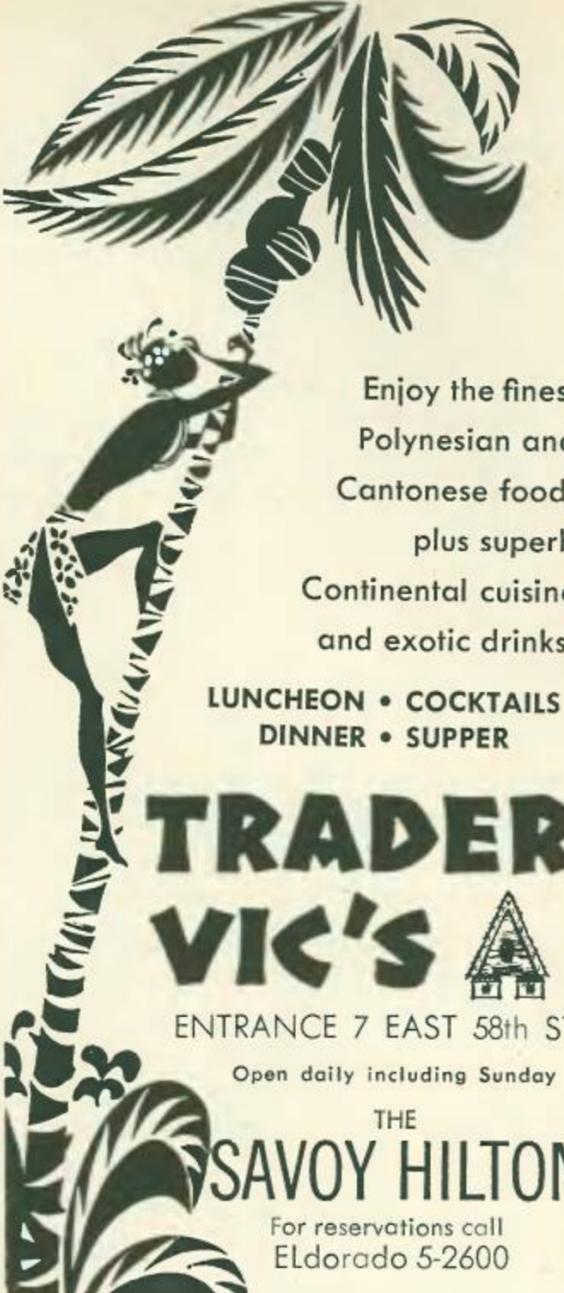
a flair for singing French songs in a persuasive and dramatic manner, and though she was out of her depth in some Gounod operatic arias, she was admirable in her handling of a number of intimate little items by Debussy, Ravel, and M. Poulenc, singing them with agreeable simplicity and a great deal of charm. M. Poulenc, a gray-haired, rather craggy man who bears a faint resemblance to Fernandel, did not turn out to be much of a pianist, but he is too fine a composer for one to quibble over his somewhat fumbling accompaniments.

FRIDAY afternoon's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall was conducted by Fritz Reiner, a familiar maestro hereabouts, and one whose thoroughly professional approach and economical gestures have often resulted in memorable performances. In keeping with the week's prevailing nationalism, Mr. Reiner, a Hungarian, devoted the first half of his program to Hungarian music, presenting Zoltán Kodály's "Peacock" Variations and Béla Bartók's "Miraculous Mandarin" Suite. Though neither of these works holds a place among my favorite symphonic compositions, the first is at least a lively bit of sublimated and elaborately developed folk music, and the second is an intricate tour de force demanding an immense amount of orchestral virtuosity. Both were done with great éclat and technical finish. I wish I could say as much for Mr. Reiner's reading of Brahms' Second Symphony, which followed them. But despite a leisureliness of pace that I found an agreeable contrast to some of the tight and hurried tempos with which Brahms is now fashionably performed, the interpretation seemed to me somewhat tired and perfunctory, and, in the work of the brasses and woodwinds, not entirely scrupulous.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

**CONCERT RECORDS**  
*Two Sides of the Coin*

THERE is a rousing performance of Arrigo Boito's opera "Mefistofele" in a new London stereophonic recording—with Cesare Siepi, Mario Del Monaco, and Renata Tebaldi doing some powerful singing in the roles of the Devil, Faust, and Marguerite, respectively, and Tullio Serafin conducting with a sure hand—and it has made me wish that the work hadn't dropped completely out of sight here since 1925, when it was last performed at the Metropolitan. As it happens,



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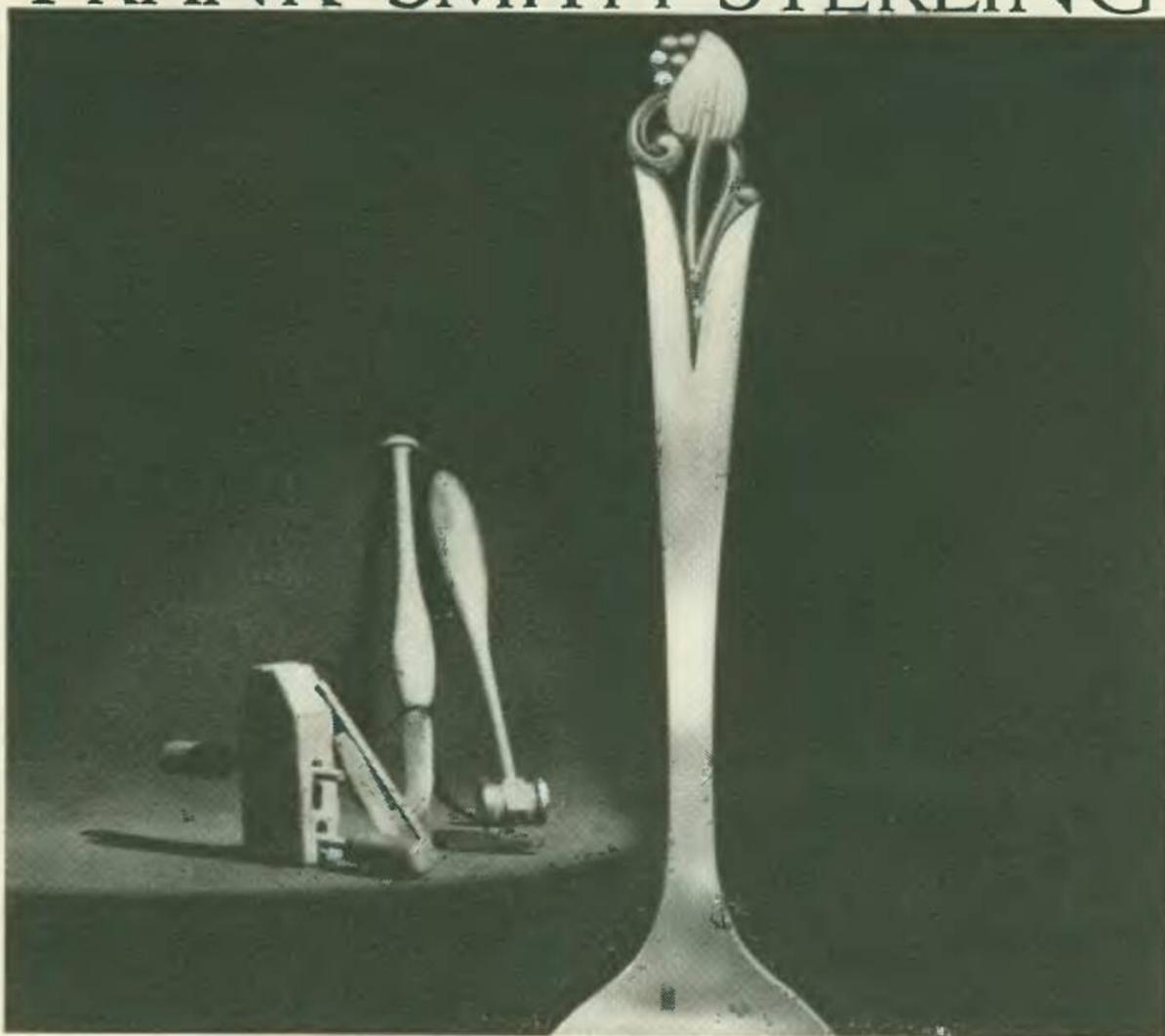
EL 5-4774

Gounod's "Faust" has turned up in another new stereophonic recording (Capitol), and since both works are, of course, derived from Goethe's epic poem, it is fascinating to compare the two. "Mefistofele," partly to its peril, presents a much more comprehensive version of Goethe's work than the French opera does, for Boito, who was in his mid-twenties when he completed "Mefistofele," lyrics and all, in 1868, had set himself the impossible task of doing full justice to the vast German creation. Gounod, who was pushing forty at the time he finished his masterpieces, in 1859, had merely been intent on producing a hit, and, along with Jules Barbier, the more important of the two librettists who worked on the opera (Michel Carré was the other), had concentrated on the flamboyant affair between Faust and Marguerite, which is over and done with halfway through Goethe's poem.

"Mefistofele" opens with an impressive prologue, set in Heaven during one of the Devil's occasional friendly visits to twit his competitor and talk shop. Faust's name comes up more or less casually in the course of the conversation, and Mefistofele proposes the wager by which either he or God is to get the old scholar's soul. The fact that God is represented by the Celestial Host makes the occasion somewhat less chummy than it might have been, but, on the other hand, it provides Boito with a chance for a good deal of sonorous choral music, and he takes full advantage of the opportunity. After the prologue, the opera is undeniably spotty—or perhaps "ill-balanced" is the word—yet the musical treatment is apt and adroit throughout, and, as I say, it is fascinating to see how "Mefistofele" differs from the familiar "Faust." Take the title. Mefistofele does dominate Boito's opera, and not just as a melodramatic chap who knows some splendid tricks but as a mettlesome character who sincerely believes in his work. Boito gives him an excellent buildup, and he commands attention right from the start—both in the prologue and immediately afterward, when, before calling on Faust in his study, he makes a disturbing appearance in the guise of a shifty old friar just as night is overtaking a scene of outdoor revelry that Faust and his disciple, Wagner, have been watching. In the study, by the way, the elderly scholar accords his showy visitor a kind of amused tolerance that is disarming.

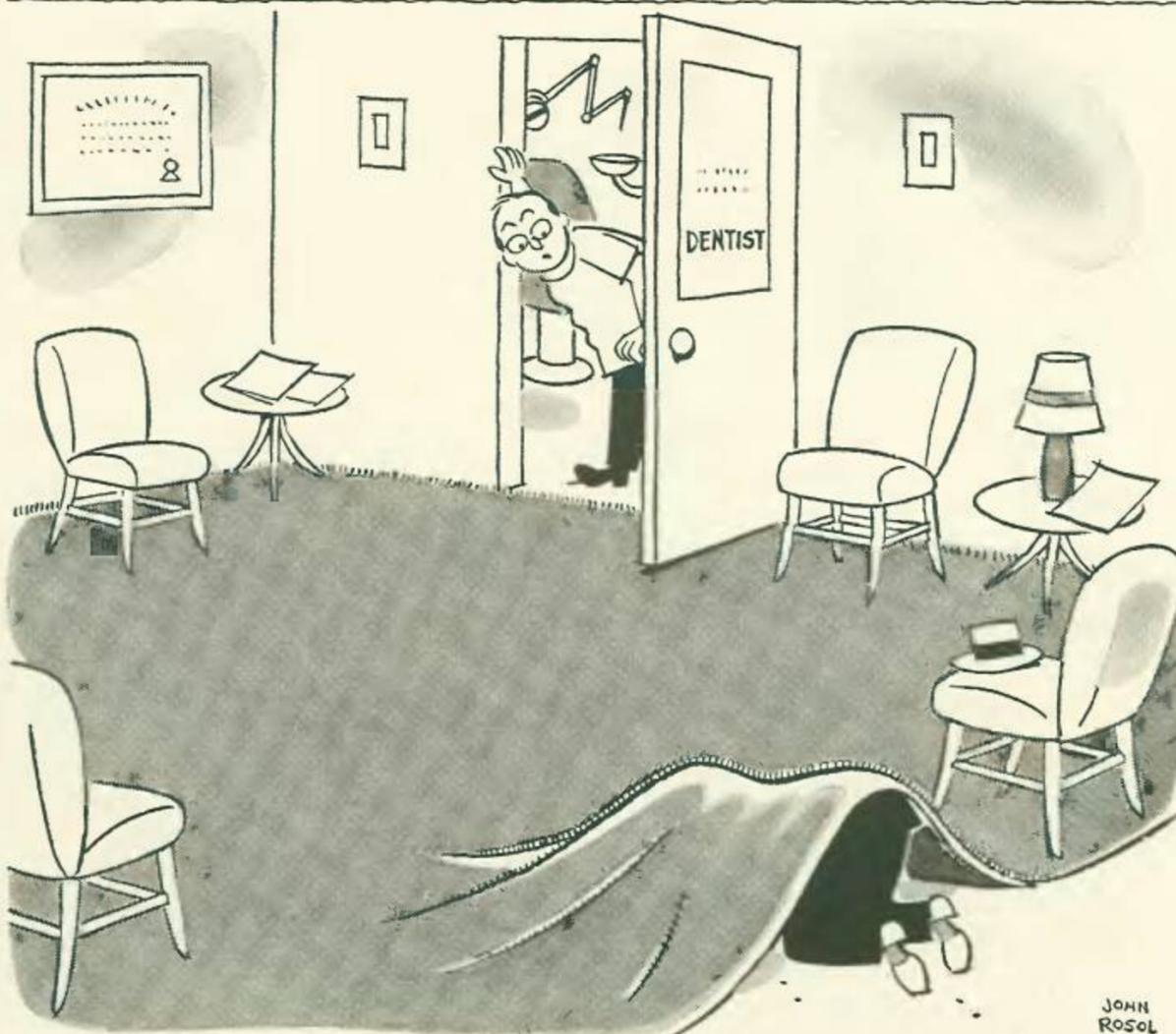
The Marguerite business, which is concluded about two-thirds of the way

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through "Mefistofele," is interrupted at one point by a witches'-Sabbath scene, and this is far more dramatic than its equivalent in "Faust"—the Walpurgis Night scene, which Gounod interpolated into the 1869 Paris Opéra production for ballet purposes. The last part of "Mefistofele" concerns Faust's dalliance with Helen (here called "Elena"), which is handled in a cool, classical, and musically charming fashion, and, finally, the death of Faust and his redemption, when Mefistofele, outwitted, is overwhelmed by the voices of the Celestial Host and the cherubim, rising in intensity to a smash ending.

"Mefistofele" was Boito's only complete opera (he gained fame later as the master librettist of Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff"), and in it he displays a great deal of skill and originality, but it is weakened by his inability to cut Goethe's huge enterprise down to size and by the fact that his score, full of fine flourishes though it is, has no distinct character of its own. Even so, "Mefistofele" is apparently popular in Europe (France excepted, of course), and particularly in Italy, where the present recording was made. In addition to the principals, we have Floriana Cavalli, a sweet-sounding soprano, in the part of Elena; Piero di Palma, a competent tenor, doubling as Wagner and an attendant called Nereo; and Lucia Danieli, a contralto, as Pantalio, Elena's companion. The orchestra and chorus are those of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, in Rome.

THE new "Faust" offers first-rate work by Victoria de los Angeles, as Marguerite, and Nicolai Gedda, as Faust, and the role of the heavy is handled reasonably well by the Russian bass Boris Christoff, who sounds as if he had been moved up closer to the mike than is usual. There is also a serviceable Valentine, by a baritone named Ernest Blanc, and an attractive Siebel, by a lyric soprano named Liliane Berton, while the conductor André Cluytens, with the aid of the chorus and orchestra of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra, presents an artful reading of the music. Nevertheless, the recording itself lacks the lifelike quality of "Mefistofele." The set runs to four records—one more than most "Faust"s require—because the Walpurgis Night scene, ordinarily omitted as lengthy and irrelevant, is included. The greater part of this scene consists of the pretty but pallid dance suite that is sometimes heard as an item on symphonic programs. Incidentally, the 1869

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production for which the Walpurgis Night scene was written also marked the emergence of "Faust" as the completely orchestrated opera we are accustomed to. The "Faust" that Paris had greeted at its première, a decade earlier, was an *opéra comique*—a series of musical numbers joined by spoken dialogue. (A similar thing happened to "Carmen," which was also written for the popular theatre, and which remained an *opéra comique* throughout Bizet's lifetime, the musical setting for its dialogue being a later addition, by Ernest Guiraud. As a matter of fact, although "Faust" and "Carmen" are both tragedies, they are characterized by the same surprising buoyancy, and it is not impossible to imagine that they were composed by the same man.) It is "Faust's" succession of tunes, varied, stylistically unified, and irresistible, plus such imaginative strokes as the conclusion of the festival scene—the long waltz, with snatches of dialogue riding its crest—that is the main basis of its reputation as the most popular opera of all time. The libretto is an extremely effective piece of theatre, too, no matter how justifiably enraged the Germans of that day may have been with its cavalier treatment of Goethe's poem, and the tunes and the words together provide a treatment of the Faust legend that holds its listeners as no other version has ever been able to do.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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Who lived on lithia water  
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Said he beneath a lithy tree  
When she'd reached litholysis,  
"It's time you thought of lithomarge,  
And even . . . lithophthisis."

She blushed, the lovely lithoglyph,  
And said, "I love a lithsman.\*  
I feel so litholyte when I'm,"  
She smiled, eliding, "wi' th's man."

"Go fetch this lithofellic fellow!"  
Her father boomed, with laughter.  
She did. They lived in Lithgow, Aus.,  
Litherly\*\* ever after.

—JOHN UPDIKE

\*An unfortunately obsolete word meaning a sailor in the navy under the Danish kings of England.

\*\*Another, meaning mischievous, wicked, or lazy.

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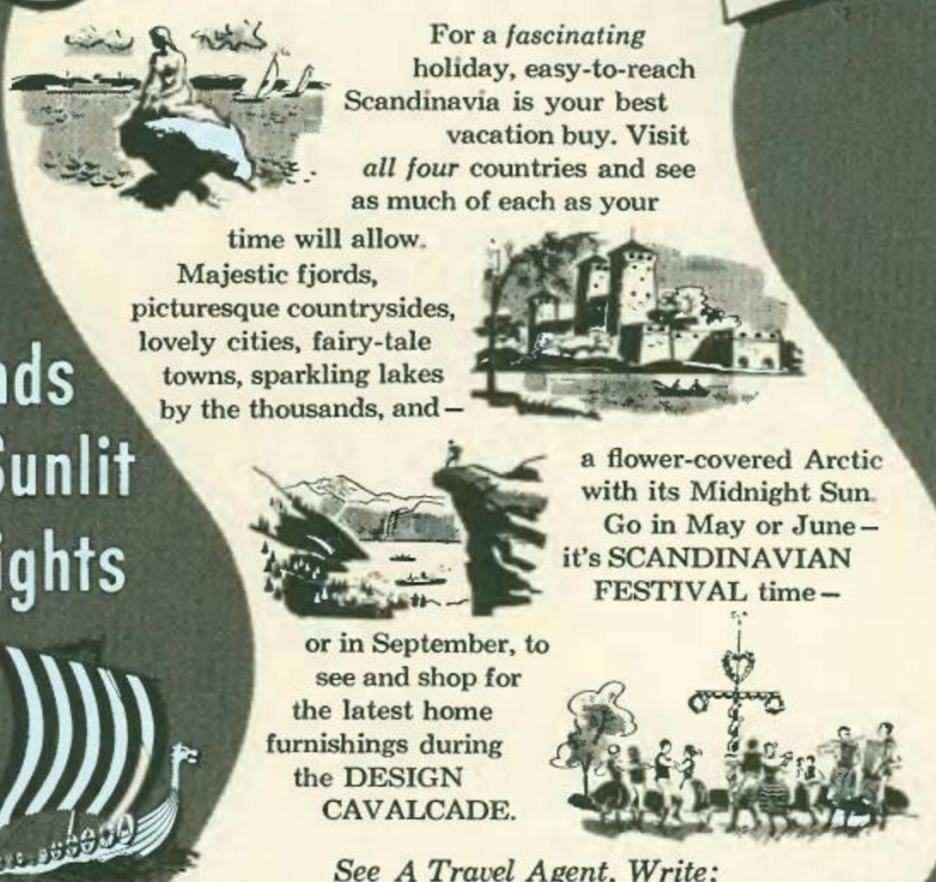
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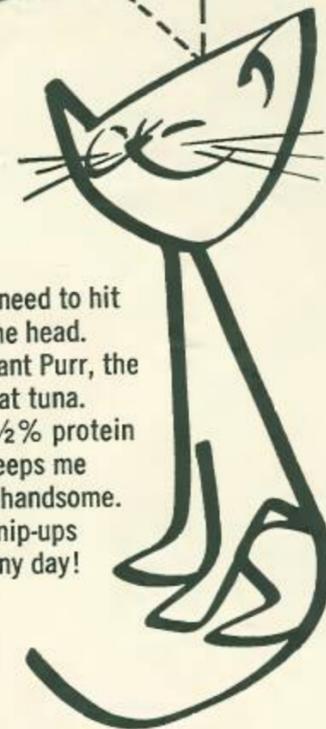
DO you dream of the gay Patee inhabited by Toulouse-Lautrec and all those bouncy girls in lacy petticoats that he fancied? If so, you'd do well to duck "Can-Can,"

the movie version of the 1953 Cole Porter-Abe Burrows musical comedy. As interpreted here by Dorothy Kingsley and Charles Lederer, the Burrows book becomes stale and foolish, and the Porter tunes—some of them non-"Can-Can" ringers, such as "Let's Do It," "You Do Something to Me," and "Just One of Those Things"—are dispensed without any particular verve. It's possible that the original "Can-Can" was no great shakes, but it did have the remarkable services of the iron-lunged chanteuse Lilo and the incredibly agile Gwen Verdon. Unhappily, the likes of these ladies are not included among the performers on view in celluloid.

Let us be mercifully brief with the plot of "Can-Can," which, after all, is no better and no worse than that of any run-of-the-mill musical. The heroine (Shirley MacLaine) is the proprietress of a Parisian cabaret that is constantly being bothered by the cops, who are convinced that too much emphasis is placed on the writhings of the dancers. Trying to keep the gendarmes at a proper distance is the hero (Frank Sinatra), a carefree barrister. And also on hand, more or less to complicate matters, are a pair of judges, one young (Louis Jourdan) and one old (Maurice Chevalier), who are confused about just what attitude they should take toward the cabaret owner. Miss MacLaine and Mr. Sinatra make little effort to establish themselves as indigenes of Montmartre, and although M. Jourdan and M. Chevalier fit more plausibly into their surroundings, neither of them seems too excited about the proceedings. The big windup, as you can imagine, is a fervent dance number in which the possibilities of the can-can are fully, if none too deftly, exploited.

The picture was directed by Walter Lang, and the dances were arranged by Hermes Pan. Mr. Pan's efforts would be utterly wasted were it not for a girl named Juliet Prowse. In a ballet about

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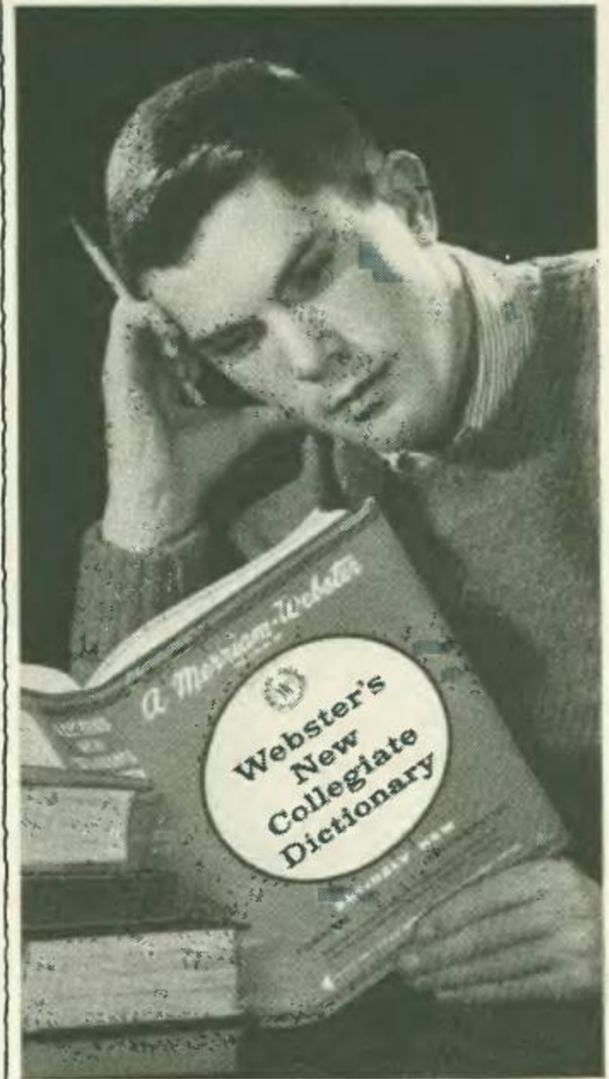
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Adam and Eve, she turns up as the serpent in Eden, and she is certainly a marvellously sinuous sort.

A COUPLE of characters cut from the cloth of the principals in "Double Indemnity" are featured in "The Third Voice." One is the mistress of a Northwestern millionaire; the other is a low-lifer whom she hires to impersonate her sugar daddy after she has put a few lethal slugs into him while vacationing south of the Rio Grande. Her idea is that by having her accomplice constantly call the late-lamented's home office in Seattle and demand bundles of cash, she can pick up a quarter of a million dollars or so before anybody is the wiser. As you might expect, this kind of naughtiness does not rebound to anyone's advantage. The desperate lady in the case is played by Laraine Day, and her wicked associate by Edmond O'Brien. The latter is the most noteworthy actor on view, but although he is very menacing at times, he gets as boring as Cohen on the telephone while he keeps in touch with Seattle.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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"Institutional goals must be encoded so that when decoded, or filtered, through the frame of reference of those who must understand, they will decode and leave the idea which was intended," he explained. —Pride, a publication of the American College Public Relations Association.

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## BOOKS

*Green Trees Waving*

"THE GOOD LIGHT," the second volume of the autobiography of Karl Bjarnhof, a sixty-two-year-old Danish cellist, journalist, short-story writer, and novelist, has now been published by Knopf. Together with its companion volume, "The Stars Grow Pale"—brought out two years ago by the same publisher—it forms an indelibly affecting piece of work. Among other things, good autobiography is a discreet and indissoluble mixture of confession, biography, and fiction, and Mr. Bjarnhof knows this. Thus, he bares his soul only enough to prove he *has* a soul, never indulging in the deceptive, seemingly painful luxury of self-purging. His portraits of his family, friends, and acquaintances, to say nothing of himself, never swell, as the case might warrant, into merely sentimental or nasty caricatures—another method of autobiographical self-indulgence. And his two books depend heavily on beautifully constructed dialogue, which avoids altogether the papier-mâché effect of supposed total recall, and on the sort of novelistic selectivity that points up the exhilarations and depressions that make a life worth the telling. Mr. Bjarnhof is also a natural and marvellously unself-conscious writer. He is infectiously fearless about such brocaded words as "glorious," "joyous," and "golden." He is capable of deft, pinpoint vignettes of his associates, which tend to lie permanently in the mind:

He was . . . no bigger than a child, but when he came near enough we saw that he had the face of an old man. His mouth was sunken, his cheeks thin. He had no eyes, only pale lids. They hung down and hid his empty eye sockets like thin curtains with a fine fringe of hairs at the bottom—no more than a pen-and-ink line. It was a face on which nothingness had breathed. He had a hump

too, and deformed feet. But he marched along as well as he could . . . holding a man's arm—holding with a hand that was a monkey's hand onto an arm like a branch.

He ladles out passages of lyrical fancy that are never verbal flower arrangements but only the spontaneous exhalations of an imaginative and untrammelled man:

It's raining in the poplars. . . . Or perhaps it isn't rain at all. It may be the morning breeze. It may be the light—nothing but the light rippling through the leaves. . . . When the wind blows there is a roaring in their tops. . . . When the air is still there's a rippling through the leaves and a crackling as of light and silk. Sunshine and silk perhaps I should rather say. And so I do say it: sunshine and silk.

The most remarkable thing about Mr. Bjarnhof's autobiography, however, is its successful handling of almost overwhelming subject matter. For although Mr. Bjarnhof is recounting the Horatio Alger pains of a youth who becomes an accomplished artist, he is also reconstructing how it felt, between the ages

of eight and eighteen, to go gradually and totally blind.

It would have been excusable for Mr. Bjarnhof to be either sentimental or bitter about such an experience. But there is not a sliver of either attitude in his books. Instead, he manages the near impossible in "The Stars Grow Pale," which begins when he is eight and ends five or six years later, by setting fifty years aside and comfortably reassuming the identity of his nameless narrator. (Mr. Bjarnhof's reversion is so sustained that both books appear to exist almost in a vacuum—the vacuum of childhood. Not a single date is given, and the settings—the small Danish village of Vejle and Copenhagen—are rigidly limited to the child's, and not the author's, knowledge of them.) The narrator is an intelligent, patient, shy boy who lives in a small, shabby apartment in Vejle with stolid, poor parents. His mother, first from necessity and then from habit, has become a compulsive worker and his father, from ineptness and slow-mindedness, a compulsive idler. The parents are not unkind,



"All I know is that they haven't had any wild parties in Cos Cob in the six years we've lived here."

but they do not understand the boy, who pains them because he is not like other boys. He cannot read figures off the blackboard at school. He bumps stupidly into lampposts. He is no good at sports because he cannot focus his eyes for any length of time. He is teased because he is cross-eyed. Nonetheless, the narrator examines his parents with the steady, unjudging vision of the child, and the result is a triumphant portrait of the most elusive subject there is—ordinary, humble, good-bad human beings. When the boy is told that he may eventually be totally blind, he accepts the knowledge as one more piece of bad news from the adult world, and, already accustomed to his own devices, continues eating scorched potatoes and drinking *braendevin* with a slightly disreputable handyman who lives in a nearby hut, visiting with the polite, gray-faced girls in L. Pode's Home for Blind Women, trying to get his eyes on the stars framed in the skylight over his bed, stumbling through the thick "fogs" that shut down before him when he is overtired, and absorbing the melancholy, almost palpable silences that fall, sometimes for days on end, between his parents. At the same time the narrator is busy chipping out an unbroken frieze of sharp, visual imagery—the blank, blind faces in the windows of L. Pode's Home, the snow-choked woods, the red roofs seen from the kitchen window, the green trees that wave their hands at him. It is not until we are well into "The Good Light," which deals with the narrator's four years at the Royal Institute for the Blind, in Copenhagen, where he studies music, that we realize that this frieze has been subtly changing. As the narrator's eyesight grows slowly worse, the visual images begin to vanish and finally are replaced with images of touch, smell, and sound. The narrator has begun his retreat from the "seen" world into his mind:

Most of us spent the greater part of our time in fantasies and imaginings. We began something that we were supposed to work at, something that we were supposed to be able to play. But no one taught us how to work. We had to discover that for ourselves, and we never did. Or we forgot, because we were taken up with something else; we fell to musing over some theme and went on with that instead, and then branched off into something quite different. Our playing would turn into symphonies and operas that were like all other symphonies and operas—all the ones we had heard in the concert hall and the theater. They were never written down anywhere but in the air. They sprang from the moment and vanished again, without trace. We

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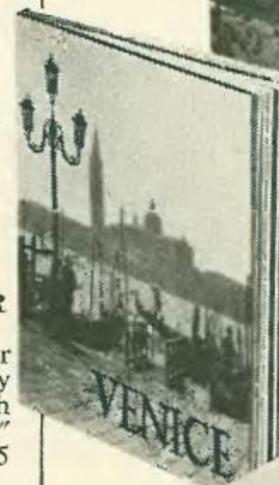
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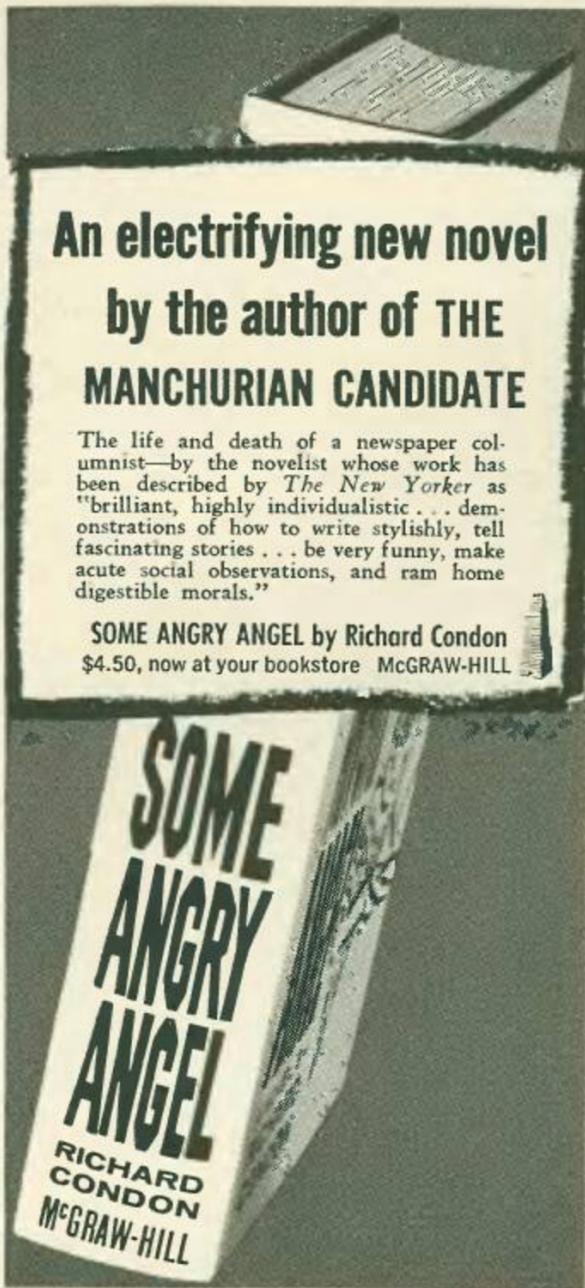
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remembered a little and made up more, and turned off into quite other paths. We practiced being dreamers. We were suffering from imagination.

And soon it is a mind full of the thump and scrape of furniture being moved in: the suicide of Thomas, a friend at the Institute, who hurls himself from his rooming-house window, breaking his back and fracturing his skull, and then, simply out of shame at littering a public place, crawls up five flights and dies on his bed; the narrator's own shame after being seduced by a powdered, almond-scented woman friend of his uncle (a stunningly handled scene, particularly in this time of dirty, graffiti novels); a disappointing love affair with a girl who skims infuriatingly around on the surface of her mind, like a waterbug; and the first frightening knowledge of the limitlessness of his own ignorance. Then, the furnishings well installed, his sight abruptly vanishes, invoking the cruel but blessed hand of reality:

When I was alone again I went over to the switch and put the light out, and on again, and out. And on again. . . . It made no difference at all. The world . . . didn't exist. I looked at my feet. I had no feet. My legs. I had no legs. My body. I didn't exist. It wasn't my sight that was wrong. If anyone had asked me I should have said that I could see as well as ever. It was the objects around me that were wrong: they had effaced themselves, wiped themselves out. . . . I had taken a step sideways, or forward—farther to the side or farther forward than I should, and this one step had carried me over the boundary—the boundary of nothingness.

There "The Good Light" ends. Mr. Bjarnhof has told us about only a fraction of his life, but what else need we know? No one really living in darkness could have written "The Stars Grow Pale" and "The Good Light." Both volumes have been translated from the Danish by Naomi Walford, whose admiration for Mr. Bjarnhof shines in every line.

"THE BABY DODDS STORY" (Contemporary Press) is a short autobiographical account of the life of the great New Orleans drummer that was taken down on a tape recorder by an ardent admirer named Larry Gara five or six years before Dodds' death, last year, at the age of sixty-four. Most spoken autobiographies are an uneasy union of prattle and editorial thumbprints. Moreover, the handful of such books done by jazz musicians have, with one or two exceptions, been garish, unreliable, and peculiarly boastful. Dodds' book is none of these things. He

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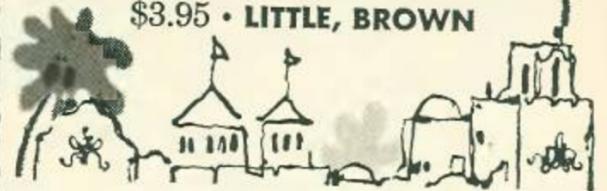


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was a good and occasionally eloquent speaker, and Mr. Gara's hand is never visible in the smooth, tidy flow of the narrative. Dodds was also a humble and dedicated man. Indeed, he epitomized the almost altruistic-seeming obeisance to their music of the best jazz musicians, who often even now are forced to plumb their imaginations in return for poor working conditions, poor pay, inadequate recognition, and an unstable social status. But jazz musicians, by and large, are hardheaded professionals, too, and these things don't appear to have bothered Dodds much, despite his heavy drinking, which he approached not with a martyred air but as though it were a comic inconvenience that lost him jobs. Dodds reached his peak in Chicago in the twenties as a member of a couple of justly celebrated jazz groups—King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band and Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers—and his experiences with them are the most vivid part of the book. Musical fashion began to pass him by after that, a fact that he records with a rueful grace. But the days with Oliver and Morton justified his steadily uphill life—a life no less hobbled, in fact, than Mr. Bjarnhof's. How many of us know how to simultaneously give pleasure to ourselves and others?

We had the sort of band that, when we played a number, we all put our hearts in it. Of course that's why we could play so well. And it wasn't work for us, in those days, to play. Nobody took the job as work. We took it as play, and we loved it. I used to hate when it was time to knock off. I would drum all night till about three o'clock, and when I went home I would dream all night of drumming. . . . We worked to make music, and we played music to make people like it. The Oliver band played for the comfort of the people. . . . Sometimes the band played so softly you could hardly hear it, but still you knew the music was going. We played so soft that you could often hear the people's feet dancing. . . and then when we put a little jump into it the patrons just had to dance.

Oh, lucky patrons!

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ROSEMARIE, by Erich Kuby (Knopf). Rosemarie, an extremely pretty but perfectly commonplace country girl, is making a very poor living as a street-walker in Frankfurt when, through a small, almost trivial accident, she finds herself securely embarked on the career of a valued and highly paid courtesan. She becomes the mistress first of one, then of two, and then of

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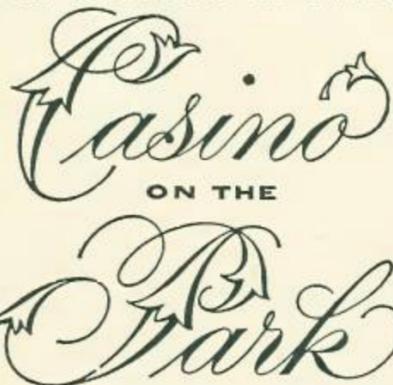


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a crowd of men who are among the most financially important in post-war Germany. She does a little spying, a little blackmailing, and some discreet investing of her rapidly increasing wealth, but her essential stupidity (and her lack of a clever adviser) trips her up and she is found strangled to death one day. Mr. Kuby succeeds in making Rosemarie unappealing—a born pawn, with a tiny, grasping mind—without divesting her of her humanity, but he does not make the most of the comic situation that develops when her rich suitors begin to maneuver for her favors in much the same spirit of competitiveness that they bring to their business affairs. The novel is based on a real-life situation, and was recently made into a film. Mr. Kuby's writing is even, good-humored, and bland. He has been very fortunate in his translator, R. C. J. Muller.

THE CURTAIN FALLS, by Maurice Druon, translated from the French by Humphrey Hare (Scribner). A tedious and depressing account of two outstanding French families, from 1916 until just before the Second World War. The de La Monneries are wealthy aristocrats, celebrated in the history of their country, in literature, and in the Church. The Schoudlers are powerful bankers, much newer as public figures than the de La Monneries, with whom they are linked by marriage. M. Druon traces the history of every living member of both families, and describes the deathbed of many of them. He gives very much the same detailed attention to elderly bachelor uncles and unimportant cousins, to servants and doctors and lovers, and to mistresses and family hangers-on as he does to his main characters. This method, which produces a huge book, might have resulted in a lively, crowded account of life in Paris between the two great wars, but what actually lies before us is a carelessly connected series of episodes centering on one or another of the de La Monnerie-Schoudler circle—all of them showy, ineffectual people who appear to be as incapable of tears as they are of laughter. The only really vivid scene in the book is one in which Simon Lachaume, an opportunistic farm boy who climbs to political eminence across the shoulders of the de La Monneries and the Schoudlers, evicts his ancient mother from her humble cottage and consigns her treasure,



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his idiot brother, to an asylum for the insane.

**THE VIOLENT BEAR IT AWAY**, by Flannery O'Connor (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). A dark, ingrown Gothic tale about a monosyllabic teen-age boy from the Tennessee backwoods who, inspired by his majestic, half-mad great-uncle, sets out to become a religious prophet. Miss O'Connor's writing, which is packed with "trembling" pink moons and people who have "crushed" shadows, fits her material perfectly.

GENERAL

**FULL CIRCLE: THE MEMOIRS OF ANTHONY EDEN** (Houghton Mifflin). This book opens in the fall of 1951, when a Conservative victory returned Sir Anthony to the Foreign Office, and closes in 1957, when illness compelled him to resign as Prime Minister. As Churchill's Foreign Secretary, Eden employed his formidable talents as a negotiator to help settle coveys of international crises, and the first part of this book is an object lesson in the use of patience, persuasiveness, tact, and unvarying, moderate optimism. As Churchill's successor, Eden suffered the cruellest international defeat of his career: the opposition of the United States to the Anglo-French landings around the Suez Canal in 1956. Eden says flatly that both Dulles and Eisenhower knew in general—and asked not to be told in detail—of English and French plans for military action, and that neither man gave any warning of American disapproval. (Sir Anthony is so thoroughly a diplomat that he never attacks anybody, but he conveys the impression that he found Dulles uncongenial.) He also explains quite clearly why he believes that America's condemnation of her Allies benefited the Russians, who used it to divert the world's attention from their invasion of Hungary. His views are undoubtedly partisan, but they are nonetheless disturbing, if only because they are likely to be widely shared in England. In his foreword, Sir Anthony writes that his book will "expose wounds," and adds the hope that "by doing so it could help to heal them." At the very least, it will help its American readers to understand how deep some of those wounds are.

**THE LONG WAY TO FREEDOM**, by James T. Shotwell (Bobbs-Merrill). A monumental survey of human history considered as a record of man-

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The observation was probably never so true as it is now and never so applicable as it is to the stock market today. A few years ago, most stocks sold at prices from five to twenty times their annual earnings per share, with established companies that paid liberal dividends usually at the lower end of the scale and growth companies that were engaged in developing new products and markets at the higher end of the scale. Now there are numerous stocks selling at 30, 40, 50 times earnings.

Does that mean that if you're not an investor already, you should stay out of the market? Not necessarily. But it does mean that you should do your buying with your eyes wide open, avoiding over-priced issues and concentrating on companies with promising potentials. And after you buy, you'll want to keep a watchful eye on your stocks and get rid of any that fail to measure up to reasonable expectations.

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kind's attempts to create a just society. The author, a historian who has served as president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, writes in a scholarly, graceful manner. Like a sage, he treats all sorts of human efforts with understanding and appreciation, and has tolerance for the good tries that have failed. Dr. Shotwell's optimism about the future of mankind is uncommon nowadays, but in the long perspective he provides, it does not appear unwarranted; his work makes hopefulness seem wise.

MY WICKED, WICKED WAYS, by Errol Flynn (Putnam). An obstinately unabashed report on what it was like to think of oneself as a phallic symbol for some fifty years, and live accordingly. When Mr. Flynn is not editorializing about other people's hypocrisy, or his own polygamy, or his first wife's alimony, he can be very entertaining—coarse and crapulous, certainly, but never dull—and there are plenty of anecdotes about Hollywood and its Olympians, including a particularly pathetic one about the corpse of John Barrymore. Where the ladies are concerned, however, Mr. Flynn names names and specifies talents with a bland caddishness that makes him seem a little ridiculous.

MEYER BERGER'S NEW YORK (Random House). A selection of the columns the late Meyer Berger wrote for the *Times* between 1953 and 1959. They ran, as many readers will recall, under the heading "About New York," and cheerfully and chattily reported on the very old and the brand-new, the strange and the commonplace, the biggest, smallest, or most medium-sized anything—person, animal, fact, place, event, artifact, or structure—that had any connection with any of the five boroughs. Placed side by side between hard covers, the columns make an impressive book. If, when they appeared, they seemed just a bright relief from the national and international news, they now quite evidently constitute a body of work with a beguiling point of view, open-minded and open-hearted, that offers a panorama of the world's most interesting city.

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