May 28, 1960

THE NEW YORKER

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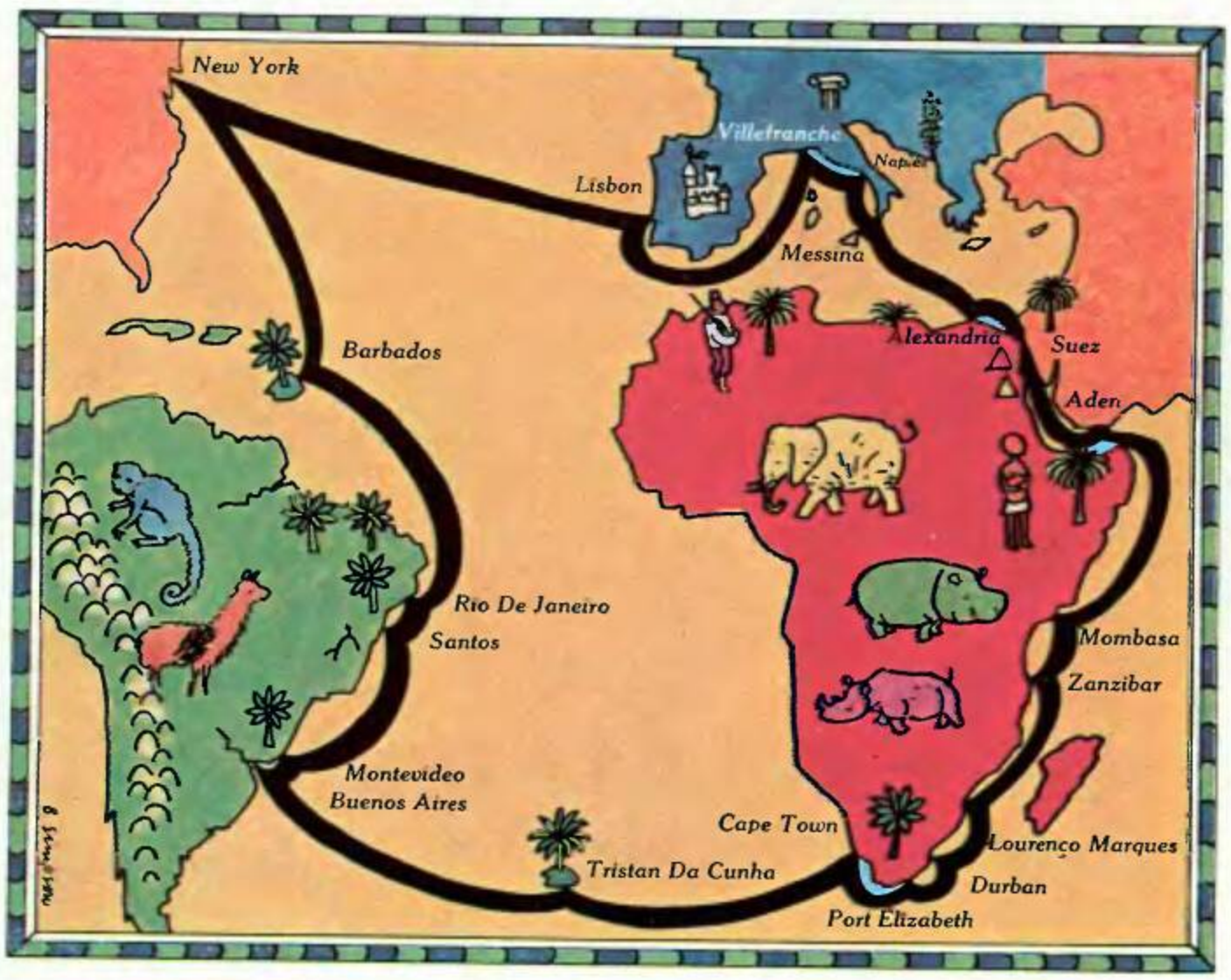

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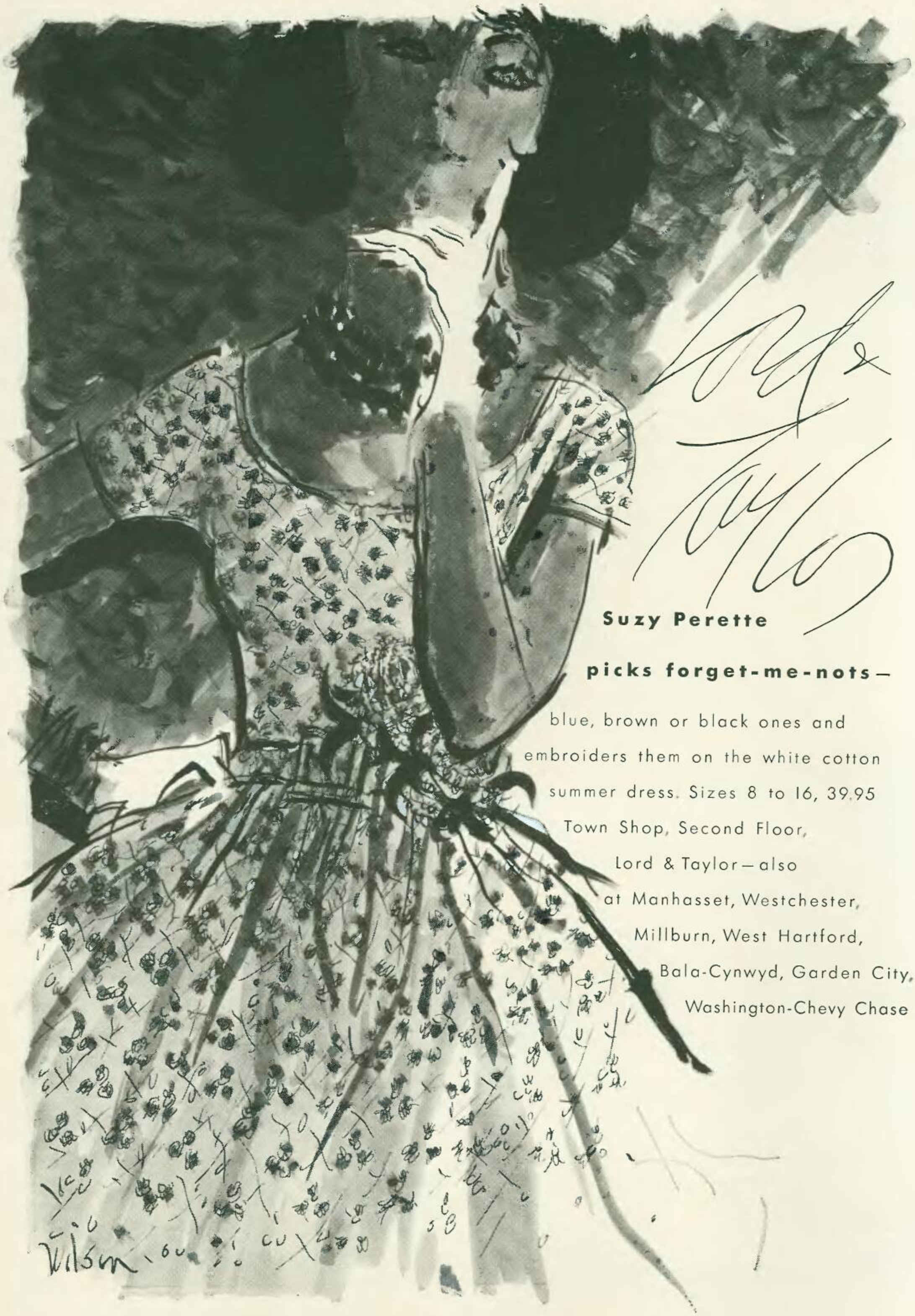

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Memorial Day, May 30. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Andersonville Trial—A tense, if not too penetrating, description of the trial of a Confederate officer charged with the maltreatment and murder of Northern prisoners. In the courtroom contest, Robert Burr and Albert Dekker battle strenuously to prove the guilt or innocence of the defendant, depicted skillfully by Herbert Berghof. Written by Saul Levitt, the drama was directed by José Ferrer. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:40.)

The Best Man—Melvyn Douglas, Frank Lovejoy, and Lee Tracy are the main participants in this lively *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at a forthcoming Presidential convention. Most of this year's candidates, declared or undeclared, could conceivably sue. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Duel of Angels—Adapted by Christopher Fry from Giraudoux's last play, this Victorian debate about the rival virtues of adultery and fidelity is full of soaring phrases. The best of them are operatically recited by Vivien Leigh and Mary Ure. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sunday, May 29, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Sunday evening, June 5, with a benefit for the Actors' Fund.)

Five Finger Exercise—This dazzling, though chilly, piece of work puts an English country house under the microscope and finds it loaded with emotional disturbances. Peter Shaffer wrote it, and the memorable cast includes Roland Culver, Jessica Tandy, Brian Bedford, and Michael Bryant. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

The Miracle Worker—Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players are Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. The theme, however, is much more impressive than the treatment. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tenth Man—A nihilistic young lawyer is restored to life and love by an exorcism ceremony performed on a Jewish girl who is thought to be possessed by a dybbuk. An old routine, galvanized into something like reality by the talents of Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. Words by Paddy Chayefsky, whose writing is better than his thinking. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except June 1, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

A Thurber Carnival—Burgess Meredith has directed this Thurber medley, which includes stories, drawings, captions, and fables, not to mention Tom Ewell and Paul Ford. In its quiet way, it couldn't be funnier. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except June 1, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:40.)

Toys in the Attic—Lillian Hellman's new play is a densely textured story about the ways in which sex and money undermine a genteel New Orleans family. Irene Worth, Maureen Stapleton, and Jason Robards, Jr., star in this fascinating, unsatisfactory piece of work. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

Long Runs—a majority of one: A comedy by Leonard Spigelgass that deals with the slow dawning of love between a Japanese millionaire and a Jewish widow. Cedric Hardwicke and Gertrude Berg are the unlikely lovers. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **a raisin in the sun:** A play by Lorraine Hansberry, having to do with the ups and downs of a Negro family in Chicago. Claudia McNeil, Ossie Davis, and Ruby Dee figure in the cast. Starting Memorial Day, Miss McNeil will be replaced by Frances Williams. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

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MUSICALS

Bye Bye Birdie—A bouncy and diverting introduction to some fresh, feckless, and beguiling people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are the leading characters, and Charles Strouse, Lee Adams, and Michael Stewart are responsible for music, lyrics, and book, respectively. The direction, by Gower Champion, is a triumph. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—Jeannie Carson in a revival of the E. Y. Harburg-Fred Saidy-Burton Lane musical. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiorello!—A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of a diminutive Italian lawyer named LaGuardia as Mayor of New York. George Abbott's direction shines like new paint, and Sheldon Harnick's lyrics match the gaiety of Jerry Bock's music. The second half droops, but Pat Stanley, Howard Da Silva, and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Greenwillow—Anthony Perkins gangling around in some sort of never-never land where whimsicality is rife and odd songs are the vogue. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 28.)

The Sound of Music—Rodgers and Hammerstein, awash with sentiment, tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. Mary Martin plays the stepmother of the little Trapps—there are seven in all—and Theodore Bikel plays the father. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, except June 4, at 2:30.)

Take Me Along—O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!," transformed into a musical by a number of sympathetic talents: Peter Glenville, the director; Bob Merrill, the composer; and Joseph Stein and Robert Russell, who wrote the book. The performers, able and loyal to a man, include Jackie Gleason, Walter Pidgeon, and Robert Morse, not to mention a woman, the versatile Eileen Herlie. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Allyn Ann McLerie in a return engagement of Leonard Bernstein's musical, with book by Arthur Laurents and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Directed by Jerome Robbins. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—destry rides again: A deputy sheriff with a distaste for firearms finally drills a little respect into some cowtown badmen. Prominently displayed are Dolores Gray and Andy Griffith. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except June 1, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.) . . . **gypsy:** Sandra Church is the young Gypsy Rose Lee, and Ethel Merman is her domineering momma. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7902. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the music man:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Eddie Albert. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Pamela Charles that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . ONCE UPON A MATTRESS: A musical version of the old fairy tale about a princess who detects an antisoporific pea through twenty mattresses. Carol Burnett plays the lass. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except June 1, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.). . . LA PLUME DE MA TANTE: A Parisian revue in which Robert Dhéry, assisted by Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, Jacques Legras, and several lively girls, explores the fringes of Surrealism. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except June 1, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—A revival of "The King and I," with Farley Granger and Barbara Cook, is the second of two productions by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, May 26-29: "The Yeomen of the Guard.". . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, June 2-5: "The Mikado." (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

THE BALCONY—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero, and it enlists the services of Nancy Marchand 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 Fabbri. (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.)

A BRIDE IN THE MORNING—A play by the Belgian dramatist Hugo Claus. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

CAMINO REAL—Tennessee Williams' play has Kilroy in it, and Casanova, Lord Byron, the Baron de Charlus, and many, many others. Perhaps that is why it seems such a confused piece of work. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE CONNECTION—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays, Fridays, and Thursday, June 2, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

A COUNTRY SCANDAL—An adaptation, by Alex Szogyi, of an early play by Anton Chekhov. Wildly funny but uncertainly Chekhovian. The cast, which is splendid, includes Mark Lenard, Conrad Bain, Ronald Weyand, and Beatrice Bakalyar. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 4 and 8.)

ERNEST IN LOVE—A musical adaptation of "The Importance of Being Earnest" that would not have been wished on Oscar Wilde by the Marquis of Queensberry. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-2766. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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the whimsey is as thick as *that*. Jerry Orbach, Kenneth Nelson, and Rita Gardner do superior work in the 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.)

THE IGNORANTS ABROAD—Philippa Bevans and Alice Pearce in a comedy by William Guthrie. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

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—Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Moves on Tuesday, May 31, to the Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St., GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; 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, Kathleen Murray, and Art Matthews. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. 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.)

MACHINAL—Sophie Treadwell's celebrated 1928 drama receives first-rate treatment at the hands of a large and disciplined cast, which includes Dolores Sutton, Vincent Gardenia, and Gerald O'Loughlin. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

OH, KAY!—Marti Stevens, David Daniels, and Murray Matheson in George Gershwin's 1926 musical, with book by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5776. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Special matinée Memorial Day at 2:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Two Shakespeare plays in repertory. "Henry IV, Part I": Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Henry IV, Part II": Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525.)

THE PRETENDER—A play by Lionel Abel with an all-Negro cast directed by Herbert Machiz. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; 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, and Tani Seitz. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

LA RONDE—Arthur Schnitzler's chronicle of ten consecutive seductions, neatly arranged to describe a complete circle. Some may take pleasure in the symmetry of the construction. Others may wish they had stayed home. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—Mack the grandfather. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

TONIGHT WE IMPROVISE—The Pirandello item. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Final performance Thursday, May 26, at 8:30.)

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. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

GRAND KABUKI—A selection of plays from the classic Japanese repertory, presented by a company of seventy from the Kabuki Theatre of Tokyo, appearing here for the first time. Three different programs will be given during a three-week engagement, which starts Thursday, June 2; the first will run through Wednesday, June 8. A simultaneous translation will accompany each performance; receivers may be rented. (City Genter, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Opening performance at 7:45, for the benefit of the Production Fund of the City Center. Thereafter nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

DRAKE, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—Mon Plaisir, Serge Obolensky's newest pleasure dome, is also the newest edition of *House Beautiful*. Irving Conn's piano starts at eight, his dance band starts at ten. Two o'clock is curfew on weekdays; nine to one are the Sunday dancing hours. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Unqualifiedly recommended to people who like life to be an open book. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's dance orchestra perform for anyone who gets tired of reading.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tet (Dolores Perry, Betty Madigan, Larry Douglas, and Felix Knight) sails into an industry-wide survey of the words-and-music business. Miss Perry is quite the little sailor. This happens at the dinner hour and, on Fridays and Saturdays, at the supper hour, too. On Tuesday, May 31, Bonnie Heller and Jack Russell will replace Miss Madigan and Mr. Douglas. Dancing to Joseph Ricardel's orchestra and Ted Simon's trio. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's followers are usually the dance musicians in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Ted Straeter's orchestra and male chorus, overflowing with well-being, and Mark Monte's peppery little assortment of music-makers do the dance tunes in the Persian Room. At dinner and supper, the floor is filled with the songs of Jane Morgan, a bed of roses ever so sweetly scented. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's gently gliding group plays for cocktails (four to seven) in the Palm Court, and for dinner in the Edwardian Room. No dancing. . . . ¶ The stilly night in the Rendez-Vous, a good-looking rest home, is mildly punctured now and then by the languid dance orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and the almost legendary Nicholas D'Amico. They start at eight-thirty.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, at dinner and for a while after the theatre, there's cavorting to the music of a band led by Leo Reisman, a hardy perennial in the days when New York was a twenty-four-hour town. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, lap of luxury, trots or waltzes until late at night to Milt Shaw's casual little band and the Walter Kay trio, but pauses at dinner and supper while Julie Wilson sashays picturesquely through some I'm-glad-I'm-a-girl balladry. She and the Maisonette call it a night on Wednesday, June 1; next evening, the Shaw band climbs the stairs to the Roof, a distinct addition to the beauty of the summer night. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Three Hours for Dinner-Dance Club meets regularly in the Columns, an excellent restoration job done on a Roman museum that's bathed in the very best moonlight. It is manned by the good-natured orchestras of Gunnar Hansen and Charles Holden. The footwork commences at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, specifically designed for crowned heads, whiles away the evening hours with dance music by the band of Chauncey Gray, an old family retainer, and by Quintero's rumba men. Nine is the zero hour. Across the way is the Knight Box, a pretty little Russian *dacha* with Jani Sarkozi's violin-and-piano team in attendance after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Bolger, who was once in love with Amy, is much more in love with dancing feet, of which he owns two winners. He appears in the Empire Room at ten o'clock during the week, and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Emil Coleman's orchestra, which is full of fine fettle, and Béla Babai's gypsy caravan sound off all evening for the benefit of the civilian population. The room begins its annual vacation on Saturday, May 28. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, June 1, the Starlight Roof will come to life, especially whenever Count Basie's boys get to the bandstand. The Hi-Lo's, very likely the best popular songbook now in print, will take their bows the same evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The bosky dell known as Peacock Alley has Michael Zarin's orchestra, a deviser of wedding-party dance tunes, and Ray Hartley's trio from eight-thirty to one every evening but Sunday, when the Babai boys do an eight-to-twelve session.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): The rostrum for the political colloquies of an Old Guard to whom Roosevelt is a raceway and Washington is where Presidents go to throw out the first ball. Budd Gregg's piano, which begins at eight, provides the counterpoint to all this. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The young at heart and the young in fact at play in a community meetinghouse. The order of the evening is this: Bob Printz's love-life piano from five to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a team. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Proof that Rome has come a long way since Ben-Hur. The music, which is string, is served piping hot right at your table by circumnavigating minstrels under the eye of Herman Honigsberg, a ranking master of revels, and by a triad of Latin guitars, also wandering. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter brings out the best in his Steinway, situate on the nineteenth green of a course where it's always fair weather. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Joel Forbes is the Sunday performer. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Florence in miniature. Aldo Bruschi, who fits perfectly into the landscape, is generous with Florentine voice, piano, and concertina the whole evening. Thursdays through Saturdays, he adds his oboe and a couple of pals to the formula, and there is dancing after ten. Wednesdays and Thursdays, segments of such as "L'Elisir d'Amore" are also hurled from the battlements. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A little-known and not entirely authenticated chapter of French history. The tableside violin of the timeless Norbert Faconi is the main event. He is on hand after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards at play, which is hard on the feet, vocal cords, and stringed instruments but generally easy on the ears. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): After ten o'clock, a mixed grill (all of it music) begins to unwind on the tiny bandstand. Joanie Sommers, a baby canary who just flew in from the Coast, gives her carefree ditties plenty of body English with the help of Lou Carter's cheery trio. Nino Silva, a Mason & Hamlin operator with an everlovin' touch, handles the rest periods. Until ten, the art gallery along the walls is the source of amusement. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Men's clothes by Bernard Weatherill, women's clothes by Dior, gin fizzes by the hour. George Feyer's piano makes the Lawrence Welkin ring from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-3775): Sitting halfway between bar and dining room

of this ornate social hall, Viviane Greene often laces her moonlight-and-roses piano with solid insertions of rhythm and blues. She performs from eight to two, except Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic portfolio, mostly British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the bar, which at times is a haven for social security analysts, Rudy Timfield, a safe-and-sane musician, scampers over the keyboard. He operates from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty. No notework Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): How to tell one chardas from another, which requires strict attention to perpetual instruction. Boarders also get meat and wine of the country, and song, some of it from Tibor Rakossy, a true "Merry Widow" major-domo. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Fernando Sirvent's guitar, softly mourning the glories of a Spain in which love was sweeping the country, is part of a commendable Iberian community. Everyone sits up fairly late. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, an excellently maintained real-estate development, serves Vincent Limoli's piano at dinner and again at supper every night but Sunday. . . . **DORSET,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): In the café-bar, as dignified as a cathedral close, Addison Bailey's piano does a quiet but firm run-through of the musical-comedy classics, beginning at six and ending at twelve. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Just a brief dash down the Appian Way from Rome. The chef and the rest of the staff, including a gentle bunch of wandering minstrels, all live in, so house guests will be accommodated as late as two in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **COAT OF ARMS,** 140 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1820): A walled garden in which Bill Halsey, who gets to the dining-room piano at seven, never lets his joy be unrefined. Closed Saturday through Monday, May 28-30. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Skillfully sidestepping the native girl who is giving away *leis* by the armful, you press on into the interior of Polynesia, where a native restaurant and native musicians (the Polynesians seem to have been the inventors of the electronic ukulele) await you every night of the week. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Anita Sheer, who could pass for flamenco even in the cafés of Seville, reports at nine-thirty, guitar in hand, to enliven this remarkably modern wayside pump room. She'll also slide into Russian and French at the drop of a chapeau. No music Mondays.

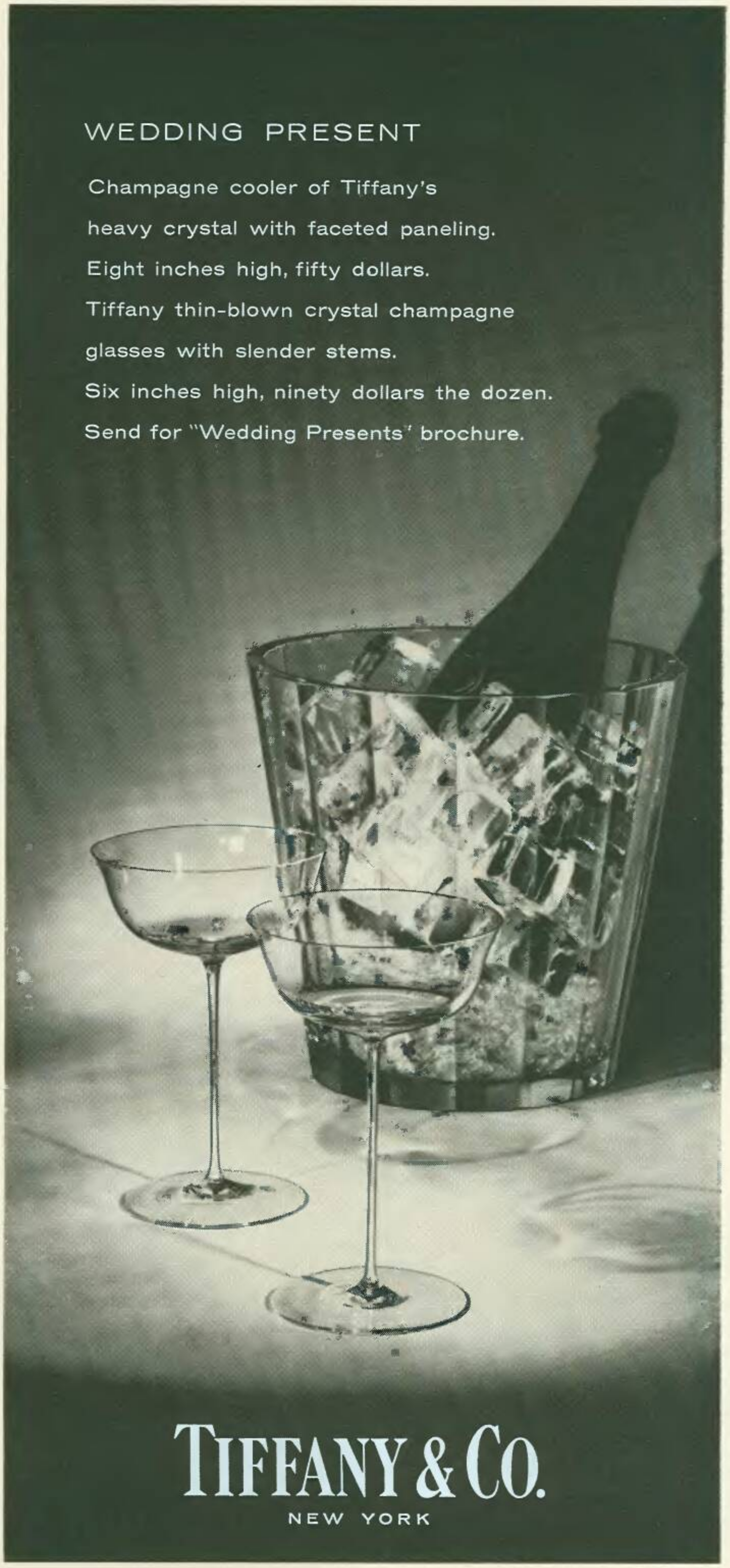
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Young woman's place, one glance at this coliseum tells us, is not the home. In fact, she's so eager to get away from it that she leaves half or sometimes just one-eighth dressed. There are interludes, though, in which mankind is involved, such as Billy Williams' group of jive singers and Phil Foster, who is giving jokes (some of them factory seconds) away. On Thursday, June 2, the principal girl becomes Kaye Ballard, a total eclipse of the *mens sana*. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): The American music hall in an uproarious state of mind. Among the personnel are Frances Faye, the biggest aspidistra of them all, not to say the most vocal, vehement, and victorious. Chubby Jackson's band does its best to stay with her on her non-scheduled flights of fancy; the Treniers, who are vaudeville clowns first and musicians ninety-eighth, do their best to break the peace. All hands quit on Wednesday, June 1; next evening, Benny Goodman, who knows that the best marmalade is made out of clarinet, brings swing back to town. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Well, there's June Ericson, whose voice should be law to all sopranos; and Don Adams, a doctor of the humanities who prescribes only bitter pills; and George Matson,



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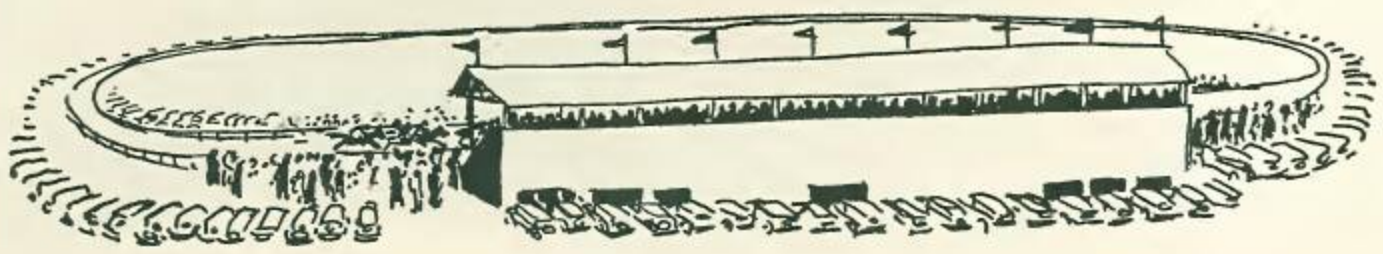
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who caricatures certain American types to the life (and even to the death); and the Limeliters, a trio of singers. The Jimmy Lyons trio, which includes Beverly Peer and Joe Puma, and the pianos of Bud McCreery and Otis Clements are their glowing stage set. . . . ¶ The lounge has Alex Fogarty thumbing his piano at cocktails and dinner every day but Saturday, and the Lyons group doing a 2-to-4 A.M. stint every night but Saturday and Monday. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The rule about mustn't point is honored only in the breach by Julius Monk's annual charade, which sticks its hot little finger right in the eye of a number of major and minor nuisances that beset us all. The finger-pointers are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Ellie Wood, Frank Buxton, and Mary Louise Wilson. The party occurs at nine-fifteen and midnight; the pianos of Carl Norman and William Roy are the orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The spirit of mischief, who makes a fine nighttime companion, is personified by Jenny Lou Law and Claiborne Cary, two girls who are given far more to arsenic than to old lace. Cy Young and George Furth, their brisk sidekicks, are the rest of this second Julius Monk charade. Lectures at nine-forty-five and twelve-fifteen. Robert Colston's and Paul Trueblood's keyboard soliloquies start at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BAG ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): Off-Broadway theatre at the easy-going rehearsal stage. The mistress of ceremonies is Janice Mars, whose songs of *Weltschmerz* are couched in well-turned phrases. The rest is catch-as-catch-can, intramural, and generally entertaining. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ARPEGGIO,** 144 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0077): The small and diverting planet of Bobby Short, minstrel boy of Mayfair. It's a conglomeration of torrential piano, upswept trio, jazz songs that are precious gems, and social songs that are rarely just precious. Horace Diaz and his small troupe make dance music now and then. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Rather than face a world she never made, Jorie Remus is offering her ideas on how to put the thing out of its misery; Jack Douglas, on the road to recovery after a bad case of television, is a fairly mordant wit, too. They're surrounded by old family retainers—Jimmie Daniels, *padrone,* boulevardier, and tenor; Peter Daniels, the interlude keyboard muse; and Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, whose favorite musical instrument is the buzz saw. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Spanish is the official language for performers, dance musicians, and guests. The onstage activity is Los Chavales de España, once again invigorated by Luis Tamayo, the Rossano Brazzi of Spain, and further fortified by a vivid duet of dancers who stamp their feet more in sorrow than in anger. Around ten, impassioned guitar and voice begin to well up in the tiny sitting room off the bar. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three to eight.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Bang, you're dead, is the burden of the cowboy-and-Indian games played by Cutty Cutshall, Buck Clayton, Herb Hall, Gene Schroeder, Leonard Gaskin, and Mousie Alexander. Their lord and master, Eddie Condon, sits in every so often, and the recess-hour pianist is Bob Corwin. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gerry Mulligan, an influential citizen in the arena of modern art, brings his big brass band to a halt on Sunday, May 29, which is when Ray Bryant's trio, a study in subdued progression, also moves away. On Tuesday, May 31, that splendid gust of wind called the Dave Lambert trio (Jon Hendricks and Annie Ross are Mr. L.'s aides) and Slide Hampton's octet will arrive. The place is open every day but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The Dukes of Dixieland, a husky and noisy bunch of boys, are keeping alive a famous old Southern custom; Peter Appleyard's group is demonstrating the important effect that present-day America has had on British jazz. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Way down upon the Swanee River, before chambers had echoes and guitars had electronics. Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk do the ensemble work, sometimes with injections of tomfoolery; Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join up with Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): At ten, Marian McPartland lays cool hands on her piano. Her trio takes turns with the intermission piano of Lucille Howard. No music Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; three batteries—Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays), Sol Yaged's foursome (off Wednesdays and Thursdays), and the Salt City Six handle the night shift, which goes on duty at eight. The Salt City Six stops work on Sunday, May 29; Louis Jordan's mob descends on Monday, May 30. It will perform every day but Tuesday. . . . ¶ In a bird cage one flight up, on Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, the Salt City Six will bounce from wall to wall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The young faithful at their devotions. The muezzins of the moment are Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (letters of fire), Johnny Smith's trio (soliloquies), and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis's trio. The Smiths sign off on Wednesday, June 1. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular army is out of action. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): *Les neiges d'antan* are anything but cool when Turk Murphy's willing band starts shovelling. On a clear night, the boys can easily be heard over the ringside conversation. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The big city seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt, where you'll find the quintet involving Zoot Sims and Al Cohn running wild. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Maxted's band, a returner to first principles, is using the bandstand of this ancient Village green. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry, shrilling with the rapaciousness of mosquitoes, head up a quartet that is capable of going in one ear, out the other, and leaving utter confusion in between. The foursome of Jimmy Giuffre, who's been a long time on the road, sits in a corner thinking its intricate thoughts, sometimes only to itself. The G.s are off Mondays, the C.s are off Tuesdays. The scene could have been painted by John Sloan or Reginald Marsh. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Business going on as usual while the establishment, living up to the last half of its name, hangs an art exhibit on the walls (mostly musicians who are big wheels of progress). On the stand are Al Hibbler, whose tricks with a ballad's melodic



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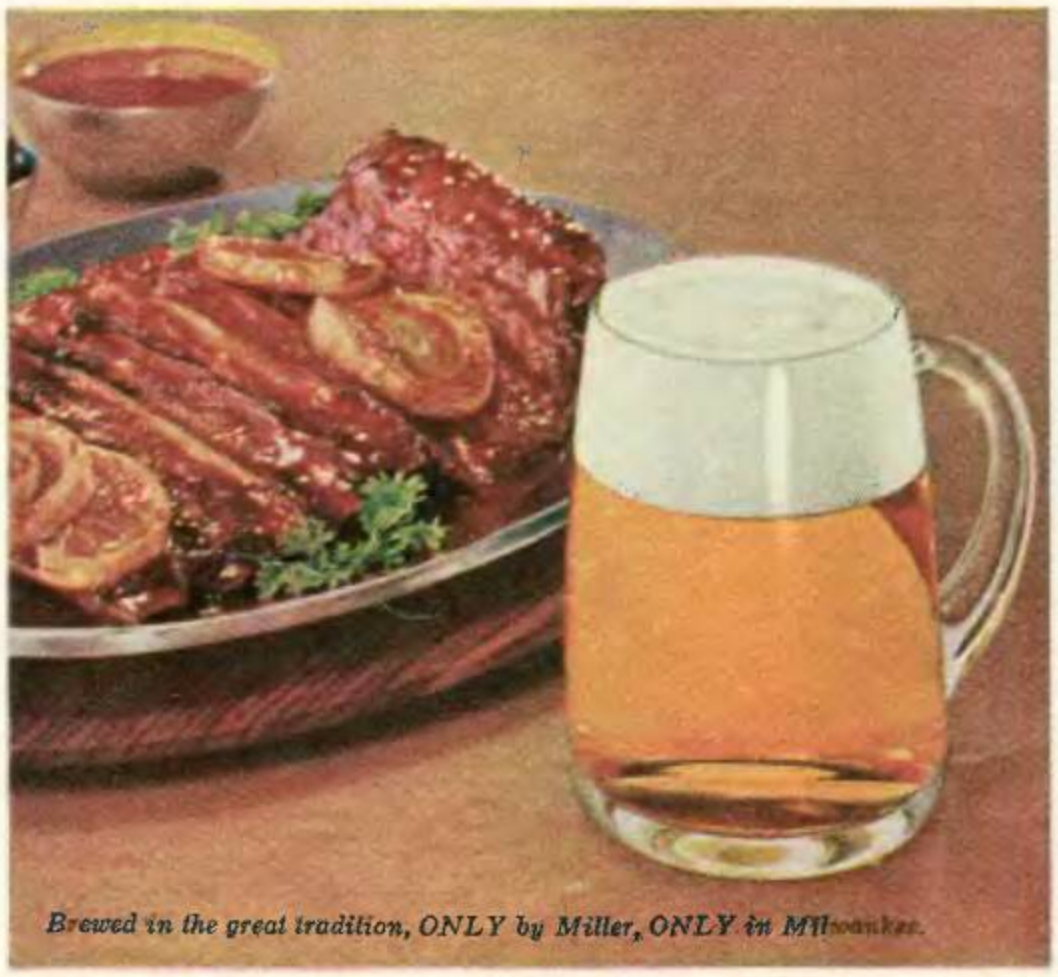

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

line can be very complex, and John Coltrane's quartet. Mr. Hibbler may call it a night on Sunday, May 29. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Around eight, in comes the Jazz Workshop Quintet of Charlie Mingus, from whose mighty bass spring all the hopes and aspirations of the new music. At the Sunday matinées, from four to seven, visitors are apt to sit in with the permanent party. Closed Mondays. . . . **TARTAN,** 146 E. 46th St. (OX 7-7888): Don Shirley's trio (Ken Fricker on bass, Juri Taht on cello, and himself on piano) delves into the gentler aspects of music, giving them the-world-well-lost-for-love treatment and making it sound good. The first sonata occurs at eleven, the last at two. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): What else but the Gateway Singers, a San Francisco bunch given to ambling down the old folk road. They begin at nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays and at ten the rest of the week. Closed Mondays. . . . **PRELUDE,** 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): A long day's journey into night will put the voyager in this small dim cave, at present the domicile of Roy Haynes, his drums, and his trio, which thinks modern. The first note is struck at eight-thirty. Late in the evening, Kenny Burrell's guitar, earlier involved in "Bye Bye Birdie," gets this far uptown, too. Their last night is Wednesday, June 1, after which Billy Taylor's trio, a nimble interpreter of the new vogue, takes possession.

ART

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

GALLERIES

Isabel Bishop—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 28. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Carroll Cloar—Realist landscapes and figures; through Friday, May 27. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Lucas Cranach—Paintings by the German Renaissance master Lucas Cranach the Elder and by his son; through Friday, May 27. (Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St.)

Salvador Dali—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings. For the benefit of the art gallery and library at Finch College. Through June 18. (Finch College Art Gallery and Museum, 62 E. 78th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

Stuart Davis—Ten of the abstract paintings used as color illustrations in the new book "Stuart Davis," by Rudi Blesh; through Friday, June 3. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Eugène de Kermadec—Abstract oils and a few water colors by a contemporary French artist; through Saturday, June 4. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Feeley—Abstract oils; through Saturday, June 4. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Herbert Ferber—A group of his abstract sculptures are on permanent exhibit in the garden of the Emmerich Gallery, 17 E. 64th St. (Closed Memorial Day.)

Joseph Foshko—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 28. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Stan Freborg—Abstract Expressionist paintings and abstract welded sculptures; through June 11. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lee Gatch—Oils and oil-and-collage combinations; through June 18. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Sidney Gordin—Abstract steel and bronze sculptures; through Saturday, May 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Childe Hassam—Impressionist water colors, pastels, and drawings (1882-1933); through June 11. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Milton Hebald—Semiabstract bronze models created for his Idlewild Airport sculpture-screen commission; through Saturday, May

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

28. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HARRY JACKSON—Bronze sculptures, drawings, and gouaches, all dealing with cowboy life; through Friday, June 3. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

BERTO LARDERA—Abstract gouaches and collages by a contemporary Italian; through Friday, June 3. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

LANDÈS LEWITIN—Abstract and semiabstract paintings; through Tuesday, May 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LILIAN MACKENDRICK—Impressionist oils and pastels, including figures, landscapes, interiors, and still-lifes; through Saturday, June 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

ATTILIO SALEMME—Geometrical abstract paintings by this artist, who died in 1955; through Saturday, May 28. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

MAURICE SIEVAN—Abstract Expressionist paintings, fluent in style; through Friday, May 27. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JANE WILSON—Landscapes; through Saturday, May 28. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—Their seventieth-anniversary exhibition, made up of oils, water colors, sculptures, graphics, and miniatures; through Sunday, May 29. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

AFRICAN ART—A show entitled "Animism in African Sculpture," containing masks and statues in wood, ivory, and bronze; through June 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the CAMINO, 92 E. 10th St.: Paintings by Ruth Abrams, John Cu Roi, Andrée Golbin, and Florence Weinstein; through Thursday, June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)... EMMERICH, 17 E. 64th St.: Paintings by the gallery artists, including Herbert Ferber, Helen Frankenthaler, and Theodoros Stamos; through June 30. (Closed Memorial Day.)... G GALLERY, 200 E. 59th St.: Oils by James Kearns and Daniel Newman, along with sculptures by Roger Prince; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)... GRAHAM, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Everett Shinn, Arthur B. Davies, and Louis Eilshemius are among the artists represented in a showing of paintings and drawings; through June 11. (Closed Mondays.)... JAMES, 70 E. 12th St.: The invitation annual, with paintings and sculptures by such artists as Elaine de Kooning, Earl Kerkam, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Thursday, June 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... KRASNER, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Arnold Blanch, Zygmunt Menkes, and William Pachner are three of the artists in a showing of small drawings, water colors, and gouaches; through Saturday, June 4. (Closed Memorial Day.)... KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and small sculptures by present-day and early-twentieth-century artists, including William Kienbusch, John Sloan, and Jane Wasey; through June 17. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)... MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Stephen Etnier, Ogden M. Pleissner, Leon Kroll, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through July 29. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)... PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Still-lifes by, among others, Fannie Hillsmith, Nell Blaine, and Lucien Day; through Saturday, May 28.... TANAGER, 90 E. 10th St.: Work by the gallery's founders—the painters Charles Cajori, Lois Dodd, Angelo Ippolito, and Fred Mitchell, and the sculptor William King; through Friday, June 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)... TERRAIN, 20 W. 16th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Al Blaustein, William King, Louise Kruger, and others; through Saturday, May 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 6; Thursday evenings, 8 to 11.)... WHITE, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints by (for instance) Lawrence Kupferman, Andre Racz, and Edward Renouf; through June 17. (Closed Memorial Day.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the HAHN, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Abstract and Impressionist paintings by artists ranging from Monet to Miró; through June 18.... KOOTZ, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Hans Hofmann, Georges Mathieu, Emil Schumacher, and other painters, together with the sculptor Ibram Lassaw; through Friday, May 27.... WALKER, 117 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Homer, Inness, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others, as well as Spanish seventeenth-century still-lifes; through Saturday, May 28.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Picasso, Rouault, Utrillo, and other modern French masters; through June 10. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)... ST. ETIENNE, 46 W. 57th St.: Drawings and water colors by Austrian artists (including Egon Schiele, Oskar Kokoschka, and Gustav Klimt), selected from the old *Dial* Magazine collection; through Saturday, May 28.... SLATKIN, 115 E. 92nd St.: A loan exhibition of eighteenth-century Italian drawings by, among others, Canaletto, Piranesi, and Pannini; through Saturday, May 28.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from 2 until dark, starting Friday, May 27, and continuing through Sunday, June 19.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Renaissance to present-day European and American paintings by Fiorentino, Greuze, Pissarro, Edward Hopper, and others, on loan from the Nate and Frances Spingold collection; through June 19....¶A new permanent exhibit, this one consisting of French eighteenth-century furniture and Sèvres porcelains (plus other objects of art), mostly from the celebrated Hillingdon Collection. A gift from the Samuel H. Kress Foundation. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Portraits—paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs—from the Museum's collections. Among the artists are Marc Chagall, Gaston Lachaise, and Edward Steichen. Through June 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Twelfth National Print Exhibition, containing examples by such contemporary artists as Leonard Baskin, Gabor Peterdi, and Karl Schrag; through July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and architecture by newly elected members and by recipients of this year's honors and awards, including Marcel Duchamp, Alexander Calder, and Eero Saarinen; through June 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Gandhara sculptures of the second through the fifth centuries, principally from Pakistani museums; through June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 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, Miró, and Arp; through Tuesday, May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sculptures (1934-59) in various mediums by Calvin Albert; through June 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Designer-Craftsmen U.S.A. 1960," an exhibit resulting from a competition on the theme "Designed and Handcrafted for Use." On display are tiles, murals, tapestries, furniture, tableware, fountains, fabrics for clothing, jewelry, and many other objects. Starting Friday, May 27. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Some eighty objects of primitive art (sculptures, masks, fetishes, bowls, helmets, figurines, toys, and weapons) from the Jacques Lipchitz collection; through Sept. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Retrospectives of the works of two figure sculptors—José de Creeft and Hugo Robus; through

June 12. (Daily, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

David and Frank Glazer—Clarinet and piano. A benefit for the Mannes College of Music orchestral scholarships. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. RE 7-4476. Thursday, May 26, at 8:30.)

Naumburg Symphony Orchestra—Emerson Buckley conducting, with Martina Arroyo, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Monday, May 30, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, June 2: Count Basie's orchestra, Joe Williams, Sarah Vaughan, Ahmad Jamal, Dizzy Gillespie, the Hi-Lo's, and the Dukes of Dixieland.... ¶ Friday, June 3: Louis Armstrong and his band, Dizzy Gillespie, Woody Herman, Gene Krupa, Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. For the benefit of the News Welfare Association. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Baltimore, Thursday, May 26, at 8, and Friday, May 27, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Saturday, May 28, at 8; Sunday, May 29, at 2; and Monday, May 30, at 1:30 (doubleheader).

Horse Show—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, May 28, and Monday through Saturday, May 30-June 4.)

Hunt Racing—Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the Boys Club of New York. (Purchase. Saturday, May 28.)

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, May 31. The Withers, Saturday, May 28, and the Metropolitan, Monday, May 30. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday, Friday, and Tuesday between 11 and 1:10; Saturday between 10:45 and 1:40; and Memorial Day between 10:15 and 1:40.)... **belmont park**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Wednesday, June 1, through Thursday, June 30. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, June 4. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:35 and 1, and Saturdays between 11:30 and 1:25.)... **garden state park**, Camden, N. J. Weekdays at 2:30; through Monday, May 30. The Jersey Derby, Monday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Sunday, May 29, at 2, and Monday, May 30, at 12:45.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:20; through Saturday, July 30.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 4-5.)

OTHER EVENTS

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

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 26, at 1:45: Garden and terrace furniture and sculptures, collected by Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., and others.... ¶ Tuesday, May 31, at 1.45: Old and modern prints, including works by Dürer, Rembrandt, Bonnard, and Toulouse-Lautrec; from the estate of Martin L. Strauss II, and from other sources. . ¶ Wednesday, June 1, at 1:45: Semiprecious-mineral carvings, ivories, porcelains, scroll paintings, and other Chinese art; the property of various collectors.

Commencement Dates—Barnard and Columbia, Wednesday, June 1.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Battle of the Sexes—Peter Sellers is enormously funny in this British comedy, distilled from a story by James Thurber, that deals with the efforts of the head accountant of an old-fashioned Scottish firm to eliminate a young female efficiency expert. Robert Morley and Constance Cummings are Mr. Sellers' capable aides. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Ben-Hur—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Time: three hours and thirty-two minutes. Charlton Heston is up in the climactic chariot heat. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Cranes Are Flying—This very worthwhile film has come to us as the initial Soviet offering in a cultural-exchange program between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. It has to do with the pathetic situation of a young woman whose emotions are twisted during the Russian war effort. She is played by Tatyana Samoilova, who is as handsome as anything that has appeared on the screen since the days of Garbo. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting June 1, tentative.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour—A fine French film, directed by Alain Resnais and written by Marguerite Duras, that makes a strong plea for peace as it describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Photographed in Japan, the picture has in its principal roles Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada, who are superb. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

I'm All Right, Jack—Peter Sellers once again—this time as a shop steward in an English plant that is at sixes and sevens because of a lunatic management and a working crew that is just as balmy. A very droll British film, in which Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, Liz Frazer, and Richard Attenborough also figure admirably. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Rosemary—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt who have in common a lust for a well-arranged tart. Based on a true story, this German film stars Nadja Tiller, a girl wasted on the cloddish and venal types who pursue her here. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Tiger Bay—Hayley Mills, a charming twelve-year-old English girl, makes the most of her moments (and they are many) in this British film about a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff and then is persuaded by the killer to accompany him on a flight into the hills of Wales. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

Anatomy of a Murder (1959)—An Army officer on trial for killing a man who raped his wife. With James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 31.)

The Crucible (1958)—Jean-Paul Sartre's version of Arthur Miller's drama about witchcraft and theocratic oppression in the Salem of 1692. With Mylène Demongeot and Simone Signoret. Formerly called "Witches of Salem." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 28.)

The Diary of Anne Frank (1950)—The girl in the Amsterdam attic. With Millie Perkins and Joseph Schildkraut. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 1.)

W. C. Fields Shorts—The great man in "The Pharmacist" and "The Barbershop." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 1.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 26.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of a Dostoevski novel. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 1, tentative.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189, through June 1.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Four programs in a series of ten postwar Polish films—May 26, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Five from Barska Street" (1953). . . . ¶ May 26, at 8:30: "Ashes and the Diamond" (1958). . . . ¶ May 27-29, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Partings" (1958). . . . ¶ May 30-June 1, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Answer to Violence" (1958). (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.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

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

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Fugitive Kind," Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, Joanne Woodward.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Rat Race," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Who Was That Lady?," Tony Curtis, Dean Martin.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Michael Strogoff," Curt Jurgens, Genevieve Page.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Man on a String," Ernest Borgnine, Kerwin Mathews.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Pollyanna," Hayley Mills, Jane Wyman.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Sergeant Rutledge," Jeffrey Hunter, Constance Towers.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Crack in the Mirror," Orson Welles, Juliette Greco.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

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

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Wild River," Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Pay or Die," Ernest Borgnine.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 31 (tentative): "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), Marpessa Dawn.
From June 1 (tentative): **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through May 31: "Flame Over India," Lauren Bacall, Kenneth More; and "A Dog of Flanders," David Ladd, Donald Crisp.
From June 1: "Tall Story," Anthony Perkins, Jane Fonda; and "Guns of the Timberland," Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 31 (tentative): "The Lovers" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.
From June 1 (tentative): "Suddenly, Last Summer," Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

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)
"Expresso Bongo," Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 31: "Flame Over India," Lauren Bacall, Kenneth More; and "A Dog of Flanders," David Ladd, Donald Crisp.
From June 1: "Tall Story," Anthony Perkins, Jane Fonda; and "Guns of the Timberland," Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"And Quiet Flows the Don" (in Russian).

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)
"Wild River," Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through May 31: "The Giant of Marathon," Steve Reeves, Mylène Demongeot; and "Platinum High School," Mickey Rooney, Terry Moore.
From June 1: "Five Branded Women," Van Heflin, Silvana Mangano; and "Prisoner of the Volga," John Derek, Elsa Martinelli.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 31 (tentative): "On the Beach," Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.
From June 1 (tentative): "Suddenly, Last Summer," Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 31 (tentative): "The Lovers" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.
From June 1 (tentative): "On the Beach," Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 31: "Flame Over India," Lauren Bacall, Kenneth More; and "A Dog of Flanders," David Ladd, Donald Crisp.
From June 1: "Tall Story," Anthony Perkins, Jane Fonda; and "Guns of the Timberland," Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 31: "The Giant of Marathon," Steve Reeves, Mylène Demongeot; and "Platinum High School," Mickey Rooney, Terry Moore.
From June 1: "Five Branded Women," Van Heflin, Silvana Mangano; and "Prisoner of the Volga," John Derek, Elsa Martinelli.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
"Come Back, Africa," a semi-documentary film.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through May 29: "On the Beach," Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.
May 30-31: "The Last Voyage," Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone; and "The Truth About Women," revival, Laurence Harvey, Julie Harris.
From June 1: "Suddenly, Last Summer," Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 31 (tentative): "The Lovers" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.
From June 1 (tentative): **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Rikisha Man" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune, Hideko Takamine.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 31: "The Giant of Marathon," Steve Reeves, Mylène Demongeot; and "Platinum High School," Mickey Rooney, Terry Moore.
From June 1: "Five Branded Women," Van Heflin, Silvana Mangano; and "Prisoner of the Volga," John Derek, Elsa Martinelli.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 28: **THE CRUCIBLE** (in French; formerly called "Witches of Salem"), revival; and "Passionate Summer" (in French), revival. Madeleine Robinson, Raf Vallone.
May 29-31: "The Barefoot Contessa," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner; and "The Marrying Kind," revival, Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray.
From June 1: **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**, revival; and "The Devil's Disciple," revival, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through May 31: "Flame Over India," Lauren Bacall, Kenneth More; and "A Dog of Flanders," David Ladd, Donald Crisp.
From June 1: "Tall Story," Anthony Perkins, Jane Fonda; and "Guns of the Timberland," Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Othello," Sergei Bondarchuk.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Crack in the Mirror," Orson Welles, Juliette Greco.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
May 26: "The Chasers" (in French), Jacques Charrier.
From May 27: "Next to No Time," Kenneth More, Betsy Drake.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Private Property," Kate Manx, Corey Allen.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 31: "Suddenly, Last Summer," Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.
From June 1: "Five Branded Women," Van Heflin, Silvana Mangano; and "Prisoner of the Volga," John Derek, Elsa Martinelli.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 1: **MODERN TIMES**, revival; and **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revivals.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 31: **ANATOMY OF A MURDER**, revival; and "The Last Angry Man," Paul Muni, David Wayne.
From June 1: "Tall Story," Anthony Perkins, Jane Fonda; and "Guns of the Timberland," Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 26: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, revival; and "Tobacco Road," revival, Charley Grapewin.
May 27-30: "The Cousins" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain; and "The Anatomy of Love" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.
From May 31: "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "The Doctor's Dilemma," revival, Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Flame Over India," Lauren Bacall, Kenneth More; and "A Dog of Flanders," David Ladd, Donald Crisp.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through June 1 (tentative): "The Lovers" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 31: "Suddenly, Last Summer," Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.
From June 1: "Five Branded Women," Van Heflin, Silvana Mangano; and "Prisoner of the Volga," John Derek, Elsa Martinelli.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through May 31: "Flame Over India," Lauren Bacall, Kenneth More; and "A Dog of Flanders," David Ladd, Donald Crisp.
From June 1: "Tall Story," Anthony Perkins, Jane Fonda; and "Guns of the Timberland," Alan Ladd, Jeanne Crain.

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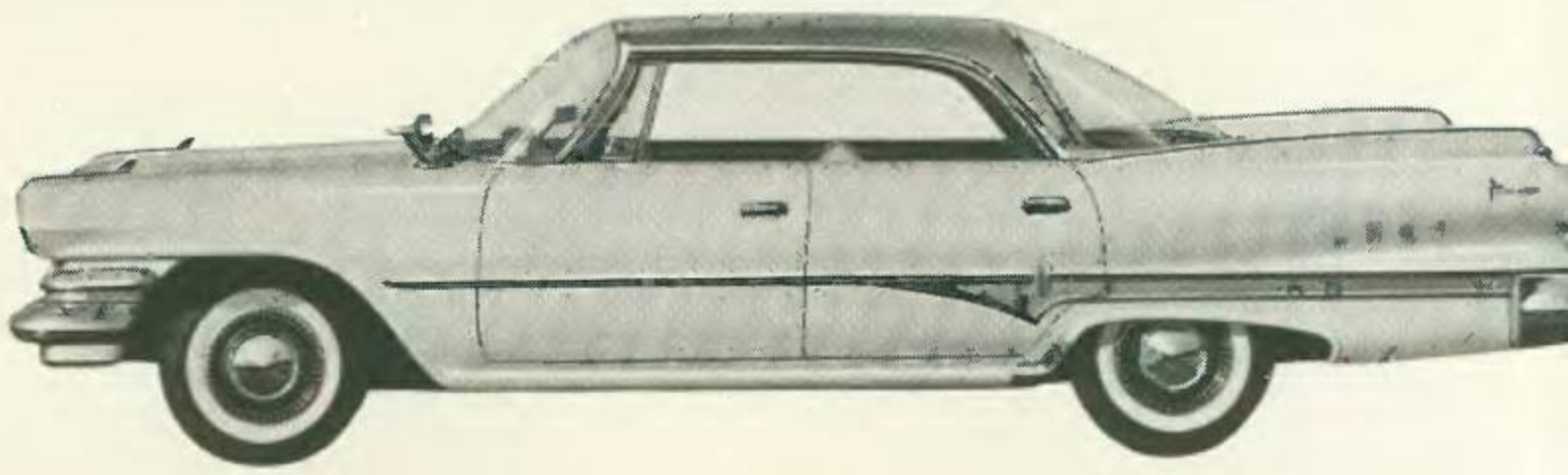

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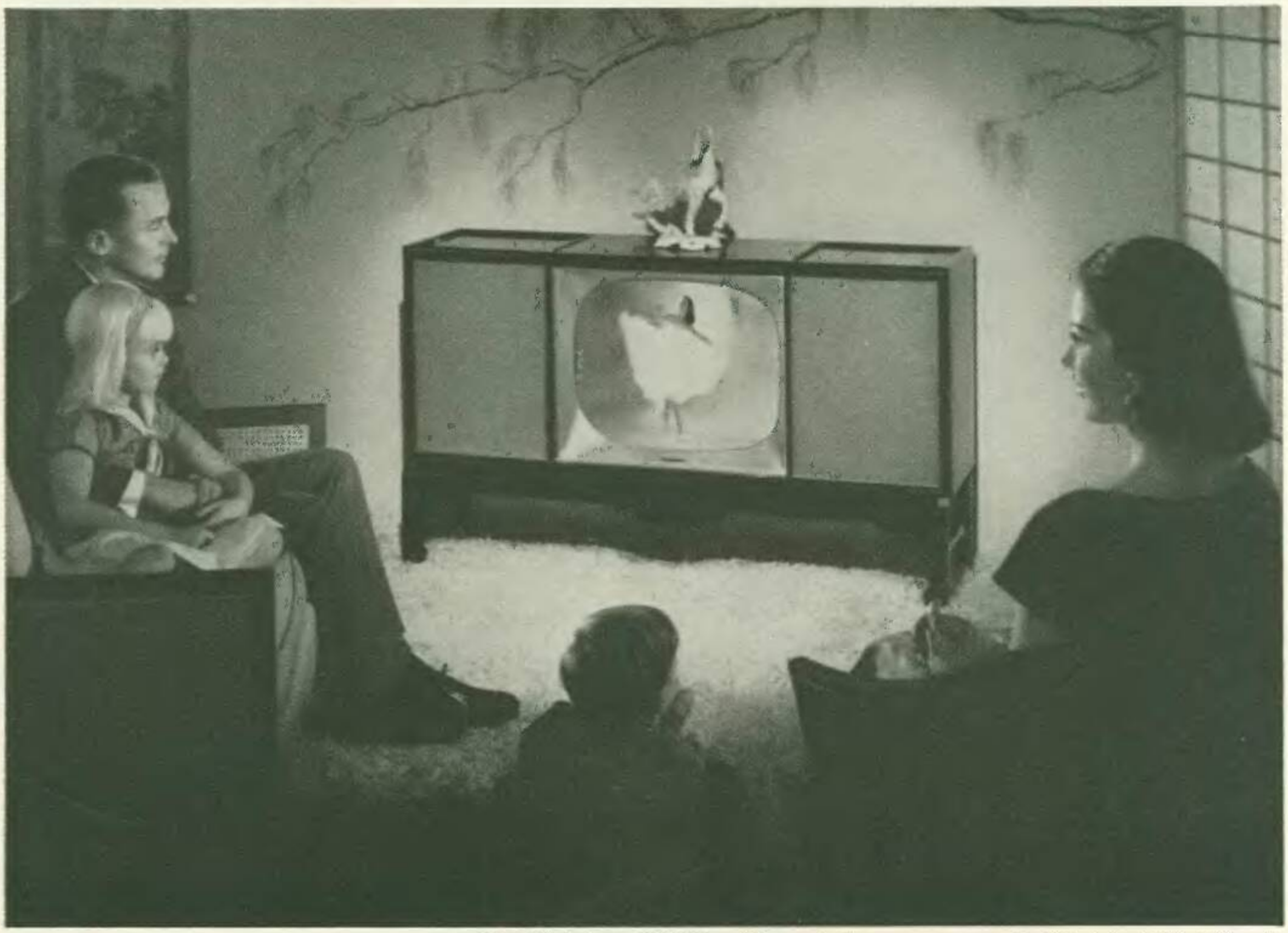

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THE DREAM of a home movie camera with sound is not new. Yet there were none—until the Fairchild Cinephonic. At last you can capture the *entire* picture—the actions and the sounds! Voices, laughter, music, noises. These didn't *make* a movie before. Now they do. Scenes take on incredible realism and beauty, when your camera hears all it sees. The really amazing

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CINEPHONIC CAMERA: *8mm, electronic sound synchronization, omni-directional microphone, volume control, headphone "monitor," rechargeable permanent battery, power drive (no winding), 100' film capacity, 3-lens turret. With 13mm Cinphar f/1.8 lens,* **$249**
Cinephonic Sound Film: 50 ft. double-8mm rolls (100 ft.) fine grain color, $7.50

All the sounds are picked up by a small, sensitive microphone. You can "plant" it in the scene, wear it round your neck, or tuck it in your shirt pocket. Sounds are recorded directly on the film—as faithfully as the action. Cinephonic sound film is edged with a permanent magnetic recording stripe. It is the equal of the finest color film you have ever used.

The Cinephonic *projector* is no less revolutionary than the camera. It plays back your new *sound* films with all the charm and warmth, all the drama, all the realism of sound. This remarkable projector can even add sound to your old *silent* films.

CINEPHONIC PROJECTOR: *shows sound and silent 8mm films. Adds sound to silent films. Removes sound, adds sound over sound. Self-contained in carrying case, with separate speaker which can be placed beneath screen. Complete with mike,* **$259**

Be among the first to see—and hear—the wonders of home movies with sound. (Careful, though! You'll never be satisfied with pantomimes again.)

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Germaine Monteil

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR mother, a former high-school valedictorian, used to powder her speech with didactic couplets applicable to the life of the young. One of her favorites was:

> Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
> When first we practice to deceive.

It is from "Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott, whom she had been reared to esteem highly. We thought of her when the *Times*, on May 16th, reported that the story issued by the State Department on May 5th, about the weather-observation pilot who might have blacked out and thereby inadvertently overshot a frontier, had been identified ten days later by George V. Allen, director of the United States Information Agency, as a " 'push-button reply' that had been prepared in advance." Nobody on our side had anticipated that a single prepackaged excuse might not fit all permutations of circumstance. This shows lack of imagination. The fact that Sverdlovsk, where Pilot Powers came down, is thirteen hundred miles from the nearest frontier made this yarn look bad enough. If Powers had met with his bad luck on the last leg of his projected flight, beyond the Arctic Circle, the "push-button reply" would have represented him as gliding, unconscious, for twenty-two hundred miles. At any rate, Mr. Allen's remarks should convince any unprejudiced observer that we are not accustomed to deception—we are so bad at it. In the course of the same statement, Mr. Allen praised Powers for telling the whole truth to the Russians when he came down, and then went on to deny that Secretary of State Herter had said what he clearly had when he affirmed our right to overfly Russia and our determination to continue the flights. The box score on turns and twists of the official line during the affair went this way, as we remember it: denial that there was a flight, admission that there was, denial that it had been authorized, admission that it had been, affirmation that flights would continue, denial of the affirmation, denial that the flights were continuing. It was like a game of crack-the-whip, with the press hanging on behind. The pitiful part of the whole performance was that it was voluntary. Spying is a necessary function of international political life as it is at present constituted. Talking about it isn't. From time to time there is a day when the Senate and House pages are allowed to take over Congress. A friend of ours has the quaint theory that something like this is what happened in the State Department.

IT couldn't have been easy for anybody—especially anybody in the United States Embassy in Moscow, or in the State Department—to try to see the funny side of things last week, but somebody in the former may have been doing just that, or so we like to imagine, for included among the many dispatches it sent to the latter was one asking what should be done with the boat that President Eisenhower was to have presented to Premier Khrushchev as a personal gift. The boat, a large hydrojet cabin cruiser, had been shipped over well in advance of the expected date of the President's arrival in Moscow on the visit that didn't materialize, and it sat last week on a trailer in the Embassy compound, covered with a tarpaulin. At this writing, the State Department hasn't replied to the request for instructions as to the boat's disposition. In fact, the situation hasn't received the attention it deserves, either from the State Department or from the press, partly because no amount of mere attention could ever measure up to the gigantic significance of that boat. When you get right down to it, what that boat deserves is the magic touch of a great humorist. Lewis Carroll might have had a go at it, Mark Twain might have taken it on and licked it, and Gogol might have got a whole novel out of it. Since the spiritual descendants of the great, and funny, Russian novelist are closest to the boat, perhaps the State Department could do worse than instruct our Embassy in Moscow to hand it over to them. If they accept it, and make something out of it, it won't be the first time in the world's history that humorists of their calibre have come up with the only possible solution to an intolerable problem.

AT a time last week when we were beginning to wonder whether anyone would ever again answer a public question with a statement of less than ten thousand words, we were much impressed by Mrs. Eisenhower's reaction to matters, as reported by the United Press International. "Oh," said Mrs. Eisenhower when she was asked to comment on the news that her husband's invitation to visit

Russia had been withdrawn. It was a good answer last week—prompt, terse, and ambiguous. Because it could be interpreted in so many ways and could serve as a response to each succeeding piece of bad news, it seemed to sum up very nicely what everyone here was saying and thinking.

•

OVERHEARD at a showing of "Ben-Hur," whispering lady to her husband as the great golden curtain of Loew's State slowly rose, gathering in dips and scallops as it travelled: "That's what I'd like to do with the dining room."

Silent

AS we've often made clear, nothing pleases us more than to recount tales of obscure individuals who act out the classic American dream by having an idea that is simple but impractical, pursuing the idea in the face of apparently insuperable difficulties, and winding up big businessmen, not only successful but rejoicing in their success. Our hero this week isn't *quite* in the classic mold—he was formerly a TV producer at C.B.S. and from our point of view was less obscure than a true Horatio Alger figure should be—but his idea was certainly simple, and it certainly looked impractical, and he is now on the verge of transforming it into triumphant reality. Name of hero, Douglas Whitney; hero's idea, a fleet of Rolls-Royce limousines for hire, in impressive contrast to the mere Fleetwood Cadillac limousines that Carey and most of the other big fleet owners use; date of fruition of dream, June 1st, when, under the deliberately high-toned alias of Buckingham Livery, Mr. Whitney will make twenty-eight Rolls-Royce Park Ward Phantom Vs available for hire here around the clock. (That desperate two-o'clock-in-the-morning yearning for a Rolls has never been properly catered to.) Ten more Phantoms will be going into service soon thereafter, and twenty-five more are on order. The mark of the business hero is the ability to anticipate, and though the first dollar has yet to roll in, Mr. Whitney is already plotting expansion.

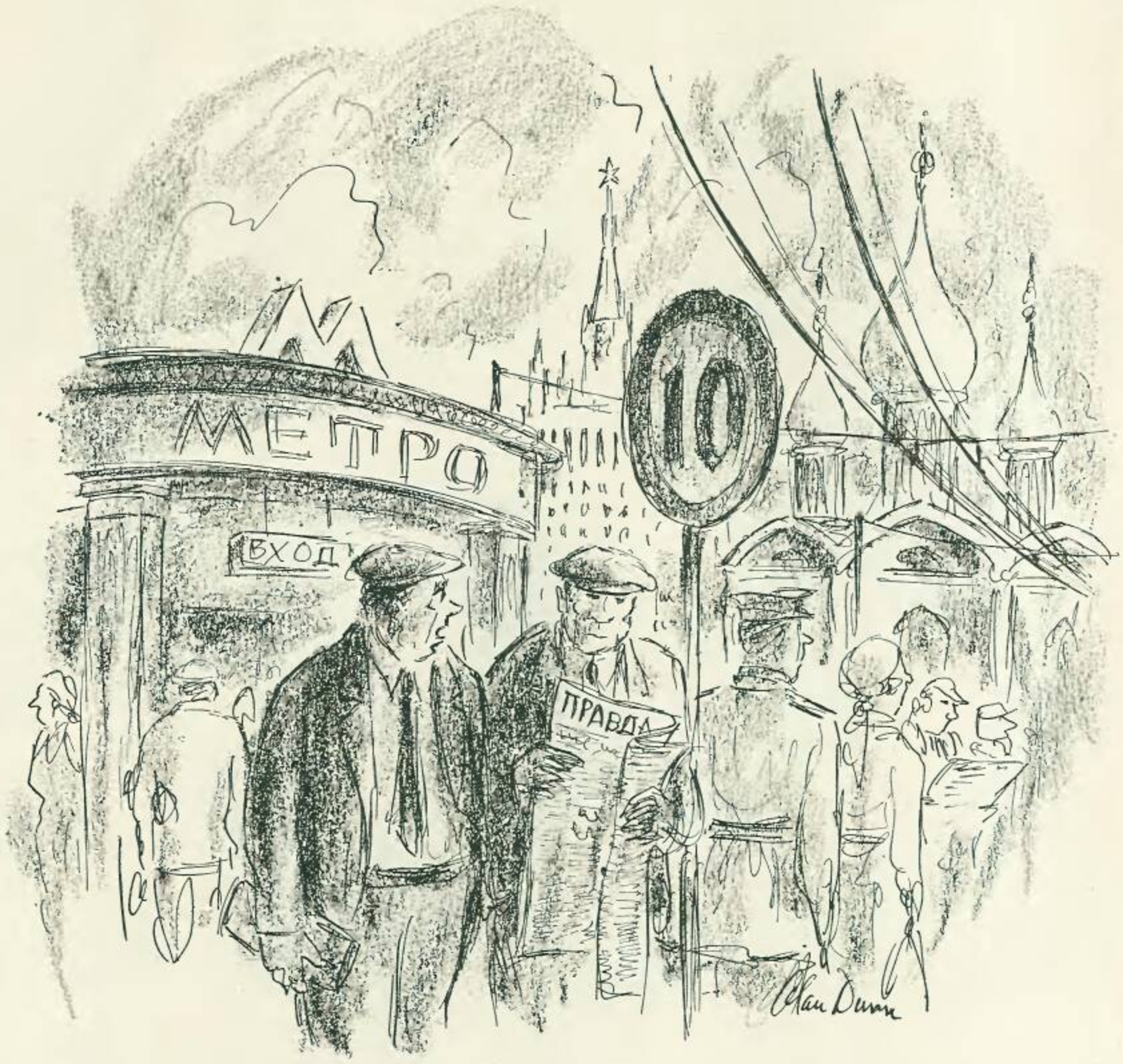
The prospective master of sixty-three Phantoms told us over coffee last week that the Rolls-Royce idea, like so many ideas, had sprung from personal dissatisfaction. "I'd had a number of irritating experiences with hired limousines," he said. "Drivers who failed to meet me at the airport on time or who didn't know their way around town, soiled seat cushions in the cars—that sort of thing. I thought, Why not go into the car-hiring business for myself and provide the very best service the world has ever seen? In that case, I thought, what kind of cars should I have? The answer, of course, was Rolls. When I got in touch with the Rolls people, they were very sticky, but I managed to convince them that my service would be such that it would maintain the Rolls reputation untarnished. Then the problem arose of accumulating enough Park Ward Phantoms to make a fleet. These Park Wards are the biggest and most luxurious limousines the Rolls people make, and have to be built to order. Incidentally, they cost me just over twenty-five thousand dollars apiece, compared to about ten thousand for a Fleetwood Cadillac. The difference is not as glaring as it looks. An ordinary fleet owner has to keep buying the latest-model Cadillacs, because they don't work as a status symbol unless they're right up to the minute, but Rollses are timeless. I plan to keep mine running for fifteen or twenty years, at least. It's taken me almost two years to get delivery on this many Rollses. The Rolls people themselves have never seen so many Rolls limousines all in one place before. I'm relieved to be able to say that I'm booked solid for the first two months."

Buckingham Livery's drivers know New York well, but to be on the safe side Mr. Whitney has prepared a booklet giving the addresses of all the places his clientele is apt to want to go. "If a man hires a Rolls to take him to the Voisin for dinner, he doesn't want the driver to ask him how to get there," Whitney said. "I am also insisting that my drivers never initiate a conversation. Too many limousine drivers in New York have heard that they are fascinating raconteurs, and they're not. Moreover, my drivers are to follow whatever road directions they're given, no matter how

"Poor Andy! He was turned down by the college of his choice."

eccentric they sound. If a client wishes to go to Sands Point by way of Cleveland, that's all right by me. It's one of the things he's paying nine dollars an hour for, instead of seven-fifty. And if the journey makes him feel a little out of touch, he can always telephone somebody; all my Phantoms will have mobile telephones."

If Buckingham Livery succeeds as Mr. Whitney expects, he will branch out into Washington, Chicago, and San Francisco. "We're filling a felt need," he said. "Our phones are ringing day and night."



"Is it still all right to like 'My Fair Lady'?"

Offbeat

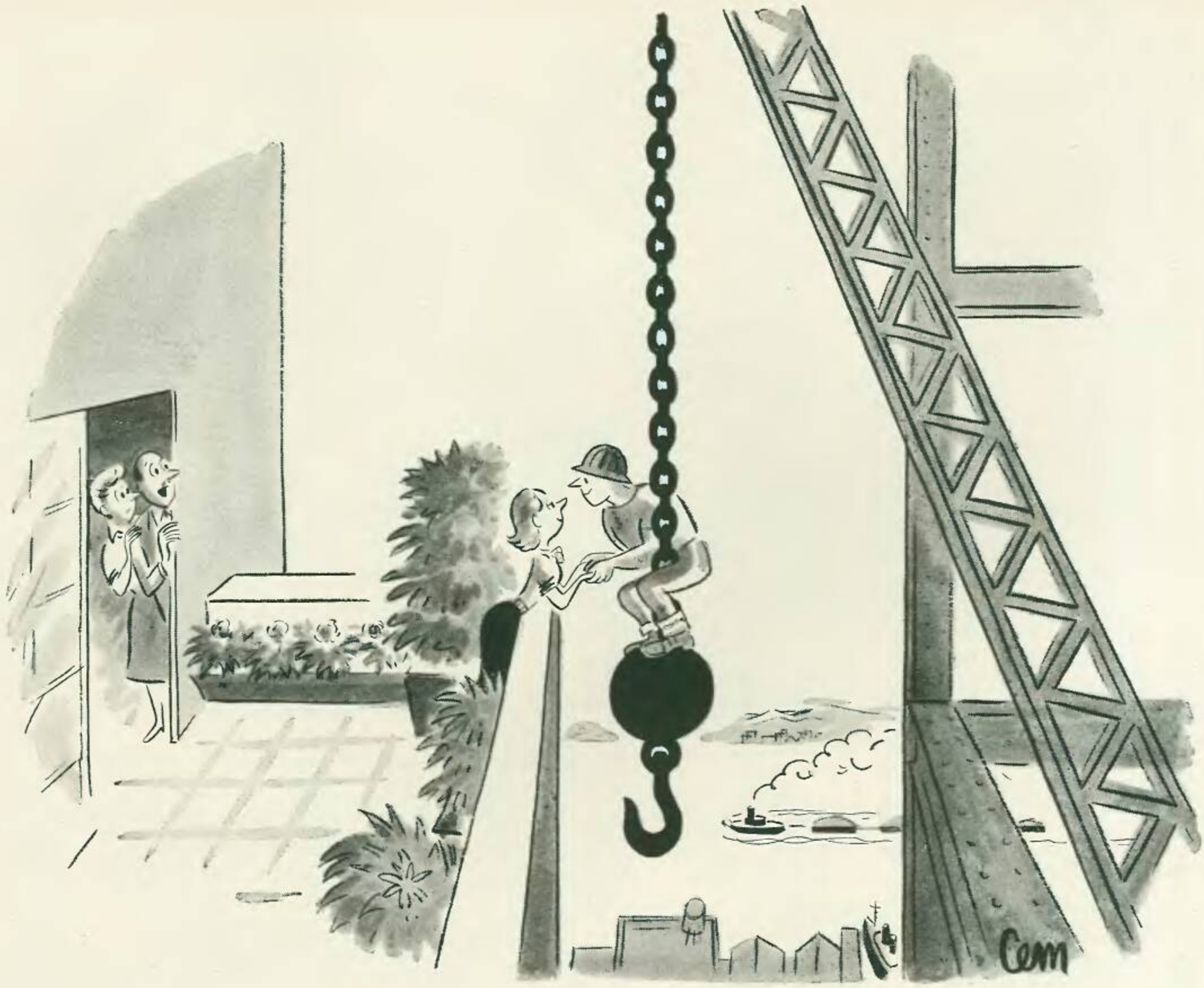
A Bearded man and a black-stockinged girl wandered into Mark Cross the other day and asked for a wineskin. The salesman on deck said that Mark Cross was out of wineskins just then, and recommended that they try a Mexican importing outfit down in the Village. "Reet," said the beard to the salesman, and the couple slouched away.

Dry

WE promised long ago to keep you abreast of the latest wonders in applied science, especially when they have to do with machines that resemble the human brain, but the closer this scary resemblance gets, the harder they are to understand, and to make anything of today's topic—something that has been nicknamed, for the benefit of the lay public, "chemical memory"—you will have to pay *very* careful attention. Chemical memory is one of the fortunate consequences of a process called "encapsulation," whereby infinitesimal droplets of liquid are wrapped in tough gelatin skins, to produce cells a scant millionth of an inch in diameter. This packaging of liquid in what amounts to a dry form is so new that nobody can yet estimate how many uses will be found for it; nasty liquids like castor oil can be rendered tasteless by it, and tasty liquids like whiskey can someday be eaten instead of drunk (a benefit to the producer and seller, not the consumer; dry goods are easier and cheaper to handle than wet ones).

The National Cash Register Company developed encapsulation in pursuit of another goal altogether, an N.C.R. man told us, prefacing his explanation with the usual corporate pat on the corporate back, to wit: "As part of our program to promote clean and efficient business methods, we spent many years developing a copying paper that would eliminate the need for carbons. A modest enough project, and a great success, I'm happy to say. N.C.R. paper—the initials stand for 'No Carbon Required,' as well as for what you'd expect—is coated on its top surface with a light film of clay, on its undersurface with a layer of extremely small cells containing oil. When pressure is exerted with pencil, pen, or typewriter, the capsules on the undersurface of the upper of two sheets are punctured, and the oil that is released reacts with the clay on the top surface of the sheet below, producing a bright-blue dye. Once that project was completed, our research staff started looking around for other uses for encapsulation. For years, scientists have been seeking to improve or replace the present electronic-memory systems of high-speed calculators. There is no one kind of electronic-memory system, whether it's a drum, a disc, or a tape, that satisfies the three crucial requirements—to be vast in content, speedy in recall, and small in size. Magnetic tape, for instance, can store an almost infinite quantity of information, but the poor computer may have to search through several miles of tape before finding the particular item of information it needs. What a waste of time and space! Since encapsulation enables us to get up to a million separate cells on a square sheet of paper, why couldn't these cells be used somehow as compact units for storing information? That was the question our staff asked itself."

After much experimentation, the N.C.R. question-askers found that the cells could serve as storage units if they were made into tiny reservoirs of a suitable light-sensitive dye, dissolved in oil. One such dye, colorless to begin with, turns bright blue when exposed to blue light, and will remain blue when the light is removed; when exposed to a certain yellow light, the dye is rendered colorless once more. "Arranged in vari-



"Don't worry about it. It can't last."

• •

ous patterns of blue and colorless dots, our oil-filled capsules represent units of computer information," the N.C.R. man said. "The capsules can be 'read' at any time by a special light-receptive unit, and can be erased at any time by being exposed to the yellow light. The use of visible wave lengths is, we admit, somewhat primitive, and has definite technical drawbacks. Soon we hope to perfect more refined dyes, sensitive only to invisible wave lengths, but even right now, what a wonder our chemical-memory system is! To give you some idea of its compactness, the entire Bible—more than seven hundred thousand words—can be encoded on three sheets of typewriter paper! Before we're through, we'll probably find a thousand other uses for encapsulation. Our men are talking of a printing process that will require neither ink nor metal, sunglasses that will automatically adjust their lenses to varying intensities of light, air-tight and contamination-free storage of food and drugs without refrigeration, instant coffee, and even instant cocktails. Water in capsule form feels like dry flour. Why should anyone want dry, floury water? All we know is that somebody will, sooner or later, and for a perfectly good reason."

All Fixed

A FRIEND of ours recently received a bill from his local gas company (he lives in Roxbury, Massachusetts) reading, "Heater makes loud humming noise when in operation—$4.00."

Statue of Liberty

ONE mild morning last week, on the sixth anniversary of the Supreme Court's school-segregation decision, we joined a group of students aboard a Circle Line boat for the short voyage from the foot of Manhattan to the Statue of Liberty. In a quiet, simple ceremony there, the group rededicated the Statue to its old ideals. As we participated, we were reminded that the need people feel to rededicate this sort of landmark shows whether it is a historic monument or a living inspiration; the only statues we can dedicate once and for all when we put them up are those that don't stand for anything that affects us. The ceremony was organized by the Committee to Defend Martin Luther King and the Struggle for Freedom in the South. The Reverend Dr. King is now on trial in Alabama, on a charge of perjuring himself in a state-income-tax report. His supporters believe that the charge is just another in a long line of official harassments visited on him by the authorities for being so presumptuous as to act on the belief that liberty, equality, and human dignity are for Negroes as well as for whites. About a hundred and fifty high-school and college students, white and colored,

were aboard as the boat left South Ferry at 9:30 A.M. More had been expected, we were told by one of the Committee members—a slim man named Dr. John Scott, who is head of the history department of the Fieldston School, in Riverdale—but a good many colleges are now holding final exams, and a number of students who had planned to attend had reluctantly decided that they had better stay home and dedicate themselves to their studies. As a teacher, Dr. Scott said, he could hardly blame them for this choice.

We walked about the upper deck among the young passengers and shortly found ourself in conversation with one student who didn't have to worry about studying for his exams, because he had just been expelled from college. A grave, sturdily built Negro in a neat brown suit, he told us that his name was Bernard Lee, that he was twenty-four years old, and that until his expulsion he had been a student in the department of business and economics of Alabama State College, in Montgomery. "I was one of thirty-five State College students who took part in a demonstration in a snack bar at the Montgomery Courthouse," he said. "We went in and asked for service—just as if we were human beings. The Governor was furious and recommended to the State Board of Education that we all be expelled. But the Board expelled just nine of us, whom it had singled out as ringleaders. I was supposed to be proof that this whole movement is being stirred up by Northern agitators, because I'm not from Alabama."

Where *was* he from, we asked.

"From Norfolk, Virginia," Lee replied, with a laugh. "That's way No'th as far as Montgomery is concerned. The struggle's really just beginning down there, and I'm afraid things will get worse before they get better. The segregationists in Montgomery took a beating in the bus boycott, and they're still sore about it."

We asked Lee what had prompted him to get involved in the demonstration.

"That's something I'm still trying to figure out," he replied rather wonderingly, looking out across the gray-green harbor waters. "Two days before it happened, if you'd told me what we were going to do I wouldn't have believed it. But we've started something now, and we have to go ahead."

A minute later, the boat docked at Liberty Island. The group debarked and walked in a long, loose column up the paved path to the base of the Statue, where they took their places in rows of seats that had been set up before a speaker's platform. Among the Committee members seated on the platform we recognized Harry Belafonte, Sidney Poitier, and the folk singer known simply as Odetta. As we waited for the ceremony to begin, we talked with another young Southerner, this one white—a lanky, bushy-haired fellow named Harlan Joye, who said he was from Orangeburg, South Carolina, and was now studying economics here in New York, at the New School for Social Research. Two years ago, he said, he had been one of the organizers of the Youth March on Washington on behalf of equal rights, and he had not been back in his home town since. "I don't think I'd be very welcome down there," he went on. "I'm the only integrationist in my family. They regard me about the way they would if I'd become a car thief. Many things gradually led me to this position. One that set me thinking, I remember, was an occasion when some Negro students asked permission to worship in our church, and the minister said yes, they could sit in the balcony. It's an old Lutheran church, and the balcony is where the slaves used to sit. Nowadays, the balcony isn't used, but when our minister gave the Negro students permission to come into the church and sit where their slave ancestors had sat, the congregation raised an awful fuss. At that point, I began to see that this segregation business had become too silly to endure. The purpose of this whole movement in the South that I'm taking part in now is to make other white people see that the system is too silly. By manifestations like the cafeteria sit-in strikes the Negroes are letting the whites know that they don't acquiesce in the segregation system, as the whites would comfortably prefer to think they do. The movement is an effort to put the Negro in the way of the white person down there, so that the white person will have to take a stand one way or another. We think there are a lot of white people in the South who will eventually come to feel that segregation is just more trouble than it's worth."

The ceremonies began with Belafonte singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Prayers were offered by Father George B. Ford, Rabbi Edward E. Klein, and the Reverend Dr. Thomas Kilgore. "The student movement in the South shows stirringly that America is the home of the brave," Dr. Kilgore said, "and now let us pray that it does, in fact, become the land of the free." The Negro student we had spoken with on the boat came forward and delivered a brief dedicatory address. Then the students filed up the steps to the ramp of the Statue of Liberty while Odetta—a large, solid, black woman with close-cropped hair, as imposing and monumental herself as a statue—sang "Oh, Freedom," a folk song that the Negro students in the South have been singing during their demonstrations. She stood with her eyes closed, singing very softly.

On the boat coming back to Manhattan, the students—white and colored, from North and South—gathered in a group and sang the same song: "I'm on my way / And I won't turn back."

Privileged

A HIPPOPHOBE of our acquaintance who has done much to support the works of a certain Roman Catholic religious order recently received word from Rome that he was to be granted all the secular rights and privileges due the highest-ranking member of the clerical band whose cause he had advanced. Curious about just what his rights and privileges might be, he called a monsignor at St. Patrick's Cathedral whom he knew to be conversant with such matters, and requested a rundown on his new prerogatives.

"Several of them are trifling," the monsignor informed him. "The main honor bestowed upon you is that you may enter Vatican City without dismounting."

"But I never go near a horse. I fear horses the way my wife fears mice," the hippophobe protested.

"The ways of God are inscrutable," said the monsignor, "but anyhow you can ride right in."

RADICOFANI

THE Via Cassia—the ancient highway from Rome to Siena and Florence, named after Cassius, the consul—reaches its highest point about halfway along its course, at the village of Radicofani, twenty-nine hundred and forty feet above sea level. The road twists between hillocks and ridges of clay, up and up, to the summit. To motorists, the name denotes, more than the village, the bleak and desolate mountain—steepness, and horseshoe curves, and screeching of tires, and remoteness.

Most of the land is barren, but here and there, where the mountain isn't too steep, it is plowed for wheat. The harvests are scanty, for the clay sheds the rain, and, with no trees to hold it, the water rushes to the valley, carrying seeds with it and carving great, gray, gutterlike channels. In some places, the clay is so pure that nothing will grow on it, and it looks poisonous. Under the strong sun, the clay bakes and cracks the way a statue that hasn't been hollowed cracks when it is fired and becomes terra cotta. Layer upon layer, wave after wave, crack over crack, the pale clay has molded itself into ridges and mounds. Looking at it, one is tempted to say that this isn't earth but a sort of white lava.

A few hundred feet from the village, on the very top of the mountain, is Radicofani's medieval castle, gray as the mountain it stands on. It has outer walls and a tower, both in a state of disrepair. The walls are especially dilapidated; one has the impression that they have been used more than once as a quarry. The door to the tower hangs open, because the wood is so warped it doesn't fit the jamb any more. Inside, the wooden staircase, hugging the four walls and leaving a great chasm in the middle, is missing several steps. At some risk, one can still climb it. Then, from the terrace at the top of the tower, one has an unobstructed view of the farthest horizon—to the north, one can see the hills of Siena, over forty miles away. Sheltered by the castle walls are a few trees—a pale olive tree, a stubby mulberry—overpruned, cut and recut, not given a chance. From the tower all that one sees of the village is the terra-cotta tiles. They cover two rows of about fifty houses. Between them is a narrow paved street—the Via Cassia as it originally went. Today, the through traffic doesn't enter the village but passes a little below it. Here on the bypass there are two gasoline stations and a couple of cafés. There is also an old, square, solid building with four open arches, a portico, and four large wooden doors. It is the old posthouse. Once, the stone floor of the portico must have rung with the sound of iron wheels and shod hoofs; now it is silent and the doors of the stables are shut. The gasoline stations, however, are quite busy, for this is still the main road between Florence and Rome.

OF all roads, the Via Cassia is the road I know best. It is the road of my childhood. From my home, near Siena, Radicofani could be seen as a blue, distant peak dominating the way to the south. Often I would point it out to travellers. "That's Radicofani. The road to Rome goes through it."

"You mean we have to go up there?"

"Yes, all the way up."

I knew it from having been there more than once. Every Christmas, my father would drive the whole family down to Rome for a visit. At various points along the way, Radicofani would be visible in the distance. It would become more and more awesome as we approached. It seemed almost incredible to me that a road should go like that to the top of what from a distance looked like a cone. Sometimes it was white with snow, and it was a question whether we would be able to get through. This made the trip very exciting. Once, the snow was so deep we had to drive back all the way to Siena and take the longer, coastal route through Grosseto. But even without snow the climb was dramatic—in those days the road was narrower and in some stretches steeper than it is now. When we reached the top, we usually gave my father a cheer.

I remember the Via Cassia just after the war, the sides of the road—especially at Radicofani—littered with the remains of German tanks. All along the way, the treads of war machines had left deep marks in the asphalt, and pits had formed where spilled gasoline had dissolved it.

But it was in the postwar years that I came to know the road best, and particularly the Radicofani part, for then I began to ride over it on a light motor scooter I had bought. I was studying at the University of Rome at the time, and one day in the winter of 1948, when I was going up to Siena for a holiday, the engine failed me about two miles below Radicofani. I had to push the scooter up to the village. There was no garage, and the men at the gasoline pumps directed me to a blacksmith, whose shop was at the northern end of the bypass, near where it was joined by the street that ran through the village. Even before I arrived there, the wind brought the sound of his hammering to me. From the open door I saw the blacksmith deep inside the shop, framed by red-spoked cart wheels, strings of horseshoes, tongs, and coils of wire—all hanging from the walls and ceiling. He was intently forging an iron. His hammer would not so much strike the iron he held in his tongs as heavily fall on it. After each fall, the hammer would

bounce and then fall on the iron again, very lightly, producing a musical sound and giving a moment of rest to his hand. I watched the incandescent iron in his tongs, blinked at each blow, listened to the hiss of the water, looked at his foot on the bellows, at the response of the brazier, at the iron resting in it becoming again incandescent, then reddening under the blows, then dimming as it lost more of its heat. I didn't want to interrupt. I wanted to see each step over and over. Pushing the motor scooter along, I went closer. There was a smell of rust and burning coal, rather than of oil and exhaust fumes as in garages. He seemed to belong to the time of coaches, not of automobiles, and I wondered whether he would even look at my scooter.

I expected him to pause or at least glance my way, but he continued in what looked like an effortless rhythm. At last, I decided to speak. "Excuse me," I said. "Coming up the mountain my motor scooter broke down and I wonder if you could repair it."

He didn't stop hammering right away but kept me waiting till the bright red iron became dull. Then he laid his tongs and hammer aside.

Slowly—his arms were more agile than the rest of his frame—he turned toward me and crouched to examine the engine. He rattled something. "This piece is broken," he said, pointing at a part of the transmission.

"I don't suppose I can get a new one in Radicofani," I said.

"No, but I can make you one," he said.

He disassembled the motor till he could free the broken piece, then took it and looked at it, turning it around and around in his hands.

"Can it be welded?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Not this," he said.

He took from a box a length of metal. Metal, the way he handled it, seemed full of possibilities—essence. But he discarded it. He took another piece. With the broken part in front of him for reference, he began forging the new one. Again I watched him, fascinated by the fire and his skill. After a few minutes, I asked him how long it would take him to finish. He seemed annoyed by my question—wasn't his work, no less than a work of art, full of imponderables? "An hour or two, maybe," he said.

I WALKED down to the posthouse. It looked massive. Beside it the gasoline stations seemed sheds. There it stood on the wayside—a relic, outmoded, used to store, not to shelter; perhaps not used at all. Inside the four wooden doors, there probably had been room for fifty horses. This must have been a very important posthouse indeed, I thought. The nearest villages—Acquapendente to the south and San Quirico to the north—were each nearly twenty miles away on the steep, winding road. In my mind I could see the teams of horses breathing hard up the mountain, the vaporous breath from their nostrils in winter, the sweat foaming on their haunches in summer, the passengers descending, stamping their feet, looking at the bleak mountainside below them, at the castle and at the rows of houses above them. Shelley had probably stopped here, and Byron, and in remoter times Milton. I thought of Stendhal, of Foscolo and Galileo; of Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael. I thought of Petrarch. Centuries before him, Charlemagne had probably stamped his feet here, and, two millenniums ago, Julius Caesar, and Cassius the consul, before Julius Caesar was born.

I wondered how long the stagecoaches stopped here. Just long enough to unhitch the old team and hitch on the new? Or did the passengers have time for a meal? I knew that stagecoaches travelled about fifty miles in one day, and that, important a relay station as Radicofani must have been, it was too close to Siena to be an overnight stop—on their way from Florence to Rome, passengers usually passed the first night in Siena and the second in Acquapendente. At Acquapendente there was a well-known inn, and many famous people had signed its register. Poets were asked to write a verse. An English poet wrote:

> I can think of *niente*
> To rhyme with Acquapendente.

And yet, in bad weather no coach could have reached Acquapendente from Siena in one day; it was a distance of nearly sixty miles. Of course bad weather, accidents, brigands, and other delays must have caused many travellers to stop here for the night. There was no question about it—many famous people of the past had slept in Radicofani, too.

I said to myself, "I have two hours; why don't I go and look for signatures at the local hotel? I might find something even better than what the English poet wrote at Acquapendente. Shakespeare's own signature might be in the attic!"

I don't know why I thought of Shakespeare—I didn't know whether Shakespeare had ever left England. Perhaps it was the extreme rarity of his signature that made me think of him. Or perhaps it was that so many of his plays are set in Italy. Anyway, the thought of Shakespeare's signature excited me. In my mind I was already in the attic in front of a pile of old registers that became older and older the nearer one got to the bottom. Already I was drawing out the very bottom book, opening it, and, after turning a few pages, seeing Shakespeare's signature staring at me—not the unsteady, tremulous hand that we know but a cursive,

JBModell

"Mother, am I poisonous?"

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impatient one, followed by his Stratford on Avon address and a verse that made the one written in the hotel at Acquapendente seem like prose.

I was hurrying now—almost running—up to the center of the village. I found the inn (it was the only one in Radicofani) halfway along the street. The building was old—as old as any in Radicofani, I thought. Not old, I corrected myself—ancient. Its travertine, hard stone though it is, had lost its sharp edge at the corners. It was smooth everywhere. Here and there it was glossy. "This house is as old as the castle," I said to myself. "Perhaps even older. The castle was probably built later to defend these two rows of houses."

The front door of the inn—two thick boards of dark wood—was open, and I went up a few steps to a glass-panelled door with the word "*Locanda*" across it in old-style italic. A good sign, I thought. I went in. There was a narrow hall with a door on either side and a staircase at the end. The door on the left led into the dining room, which had a few bare wooden tables and a big brown stove of glazed terra cotta. I chose a table near the stove and sat down. A woman peered in at me from the kitchen, withdrew, and soon a chubby waiter came in. He began setting the table.

"Is this an old hotel?" I said.

His hand spiralled up, describing the vortex of time. "Very old," he said. After his gesture, the words were an anticlimax.

"How old?" I asked. "Do you know?"

"The present owner— no, what am I saying? His *father* bought it in nineteen hundred; but it was a hotel before that. It has always been here."

"The guests it must have seen!" I said. "Famous people must have stopped here. Who knows, perhaps even Garibaldi."

"It could be," he said.

I asked for a plate of spaghetti. He disappeared, and twenty minutes passed before he came back with the dish. During that time, my thoughts hadn't veered from the idea of the poets and Old Masters who might have stayed here. In my mind the hotel registers had taken on the splendor of illuminated medieval manuscripts; I was quite outside this age of passports and identity cards.

"Do you have any of the old registers?" I asked him.

"Registers?" he said.

"Yes, with the names of the people who have stayed here in the past."

"You want to see them?"

"It would be interesting," I said.

He left in the direction of the kitchen. A few minutes later, he appeared at the hall door, accompanied by a stocky, elderly man. They both looked anxious. The elderly man led the way. "You want to see the registers?" he said. "Are you an inspector?"

"No, no," I said. "Nothing of the sort," and I laughed, then explained to him what I meant. "I'm interested in them purely from a historical point of view," I said.

He looked relieved and turned to scold the waiter for having alarmed him. "The gentleman speaks plainly enough," he said to him.

"I should have made myself clearer," I said.

"Old registers," he said, turning back to me. "We don't have any."

I could see that he wanted to end the matter. "I thought that perhaps in your attic or somewhere you might have some." I spoke with the feeling one puts into lost causes. "Just one famous signature and you'd be rich. I know a lady in Rome, a certain Signora Rossini, who was able to buy a house with a signature of Shelley."

"A whole house?" he said.

"Yes. Who knows, perhaps Shelley came by here and stopped in this very hotel."

"Shell . . ." he said.

"An English poet. Or Byron, or Leopardi, or Foscolo," I said. The names didn't seem to make an impression. "Or Milton," I went on. "Or Shakespeare."

"Shake-a-spear," he said, his face at last lighting up. "I have seen 'Giulietta e Romeo' in Acquapendente."

"With *his* signature you could buy the whole of Radicofani," I said. "Why don't we look? Perhaps you have some old books you've forgotten about. There may be a treasure in your attic."

"Really?" he said. "Up here in Radicofani?"

WATER COLOR OF GRANTCHESTER MEADOWS

(Cambridge, England)

There, spring lambs jam the sheepfold. In air
Stilled, silvered as water in a glass,
Nothing is big or far.
The small shrew chitters from its wilderness
Of grassheads and is heard.
Each thumb-size bird
Flits nimble-winged in thickets, and of good color.

Cloud rack and owl-hollowed willows slanting over
The bland Granta double their white-and-green
World under the sheer water
And ride that flux at anchor, upside down.
The punter sinks his pole.
In Byron's pool
Cattails part where the tame cygnets steer.

It is a country on a nursery plate.
Spotted cows revolve their jaws, and crop
Red clover or gnaw beetroot,
Bellied on a nimbus of sun-glazed buttercup.
Hedging meadows of benign
Arcadian green,
The blood-berried hawthorn hides its spines with white.

Droll, vegetarian, the water rat
Saws down a reed and swims from his limber grove,
While the students stroll or sit
Rapt in the moony indolence of love—
Black-gowned, but unaware
How in such mild air
The owl shall stoop from his turret, the rat cry out.

—Sylvia Plath

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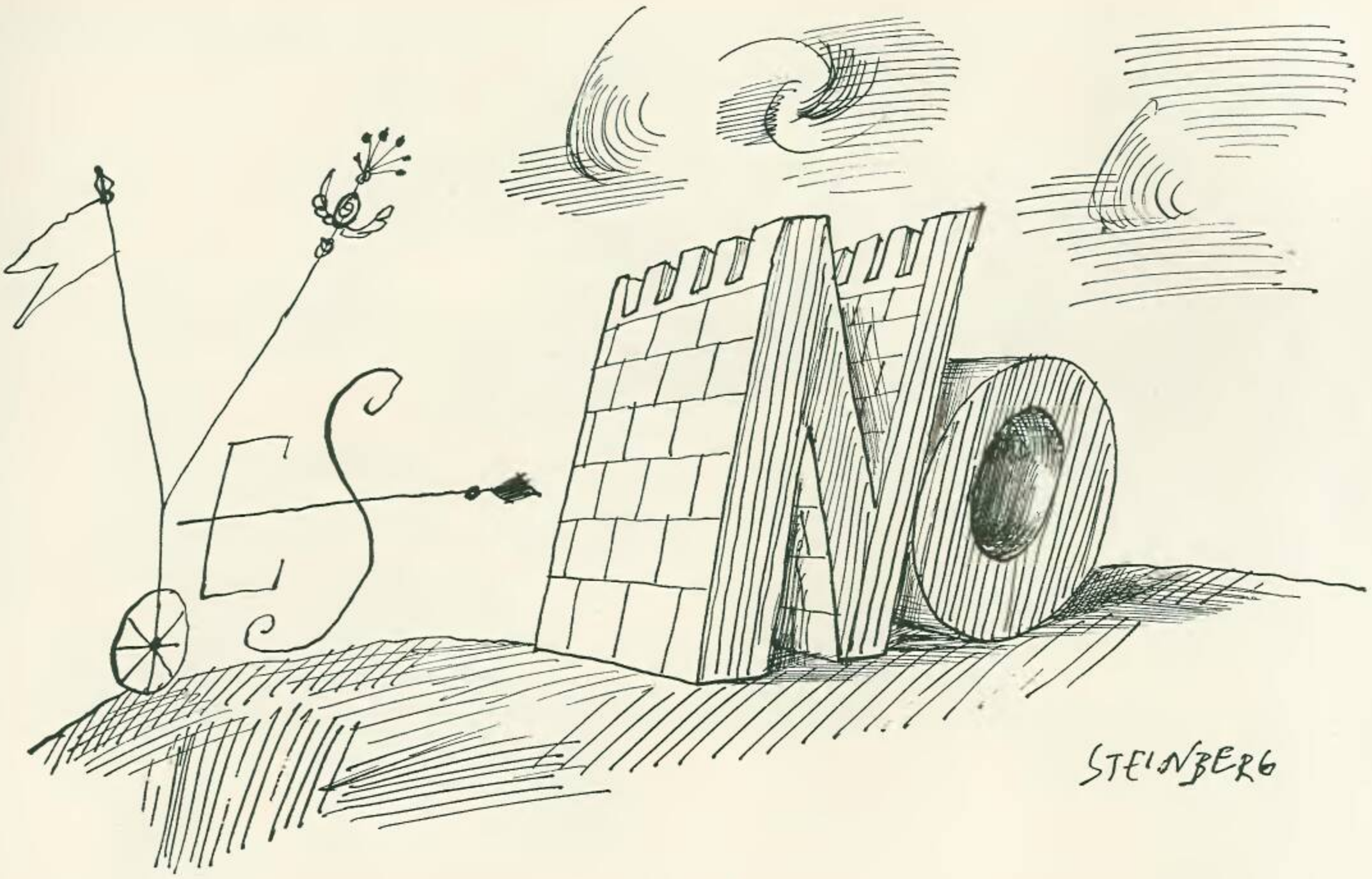

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"This is a great route," I said. "The great thoroughfare between Florence and Rome—the Via Cassia, not just another road."

He seemed impressed. He seemed so impressed that for a moment I was afraid I had said too much; he might become too jealous of his registers to want to show them to me, if indeed they did exist.

"I am not an expert," I said. "But if you have anything worthwhile, I think I would be able to tell you."

"I believe you," he said. He poured me another glass of wine. "You finish eating and then we'll go and see."

I ate the rest of the meal quickly and asked the waiter how much it was. But the owner laid his hand between us. He wouldn't let me pay. I was scarcely able to leave the waiter a tip.

The owner went into the kitchen for a candle; then I followed him up the stairs. At the third floor, the staircase became steep and narrow. At the top, he unlocked a door, lit the candle, and led the way into the attic.

It was a windowless room with a low ceiling, a water tank, and some broken furniture. I followed him, looking sharply at every object. He was already shaking his head when I saw under a table a pile of large, rather thin album-like books. There must have been a dozen of them. "There they are," I said.

We went over and opened the top one. Page after page of numbers—it was an account book. I opened another. The same—more figures. Halfway down the pile, I began finding names and dates, where guests had registered. I looked at the dates. They were much too recent. Nervously, I drew out the bottom book and opened it. There were names and addresses, each written in a different hand. I turned a few pages.

"Oh!" I said, with such excitement that the old man started and the candle almost went out. "I've found something! Here is the name of my father, my mother, and the names of my two brothers, and my own. December 23rd, 1928."

I closed the book. "My father used to drive us to Rome every Christmas. We must have stopped here that night. I was too small to remember. Perhaps you were here."

"Yes," he said. "I was here in 1928."

"We had a convertible—a blue Chevrolet."

I could see his eyes roving down the scale of the years. At last, they stopped roving—he couldn't remember.

We went downstairs.

"Let me pay you for my dinner," I said in the hall.

But he still wouldn't let me.

"I am sorry I couldn't find any valuable signatures for you," I said.

"You found yourself," he said. "What more do you want?"

AT the blacksmith's, the motor scooter was ready—reassembled, waiting for me, leaning against a wall. The blacksmith came over and started the engine. It roared. I was enthusiastic and praised him, but he turned away from my praise back to his work.

I went on. The long descent, the night air exhilarated me. It seemed I would never reach the foot of the mountain. It seemed I was descending the spiral of time that the waiter had described, down the years, to my childhood that I had found locked up there in the attic. Around a curve I skidded and fell. It brought me back to the present. Picking myself up, unhurt, and the scooter, undamaged, I said to myself, "Now I really know Radicofani well."

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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REPUBLICAN

JOHN R. HARRELL, LOUISVILLE

Springfield College and University of Arkansas; businessman and farmer. "The Lord, on April 20. 1959, told my wife and I I was to run. I could give numbers of other qualifications but it would not compare with the above."—*The Illinois Voter, published by the League of Women Voters of Illinois.*

You thought about the atheist vote? And the grammarians?

William Archibald knew it was to be a day different from all the others. A cuff-button was missing from his shirt; the "Times" hadn't been delivered; and the clocks had stopped during the night, owing to a power failure. Archibald said to his wife, Gloria, "I'll bet the damned trains won't run, either."

Edward R. Myers stood at the spot on the platform where the first car always stopped. His feeling of well-being, the result of having arrived five minutes early and parking in a good spot, began to dissipate. "Why doesn't somebody do something about this?" he thought. "Nobody gets mad any more."

Osgood Maddux thought that the trains had simply been permanently discontinued. But he was always thinking that the oil burner was leaking, or that he heard prowlers fiddling with the Mercedes in the garage, so he didn't say anything.

THE DAY THE TRAINS STOPPED

On the branch line, forty-seven people gathered between 7:47 and 10:39. When the fifth scheduled train failed to appear, Fred Fitzdyke, a commuter since 1945, said, "When I started using this line, they ran it like clockwork."

George Ward telephoned his assistant, Donald Chapman, at the office, and told him he didn't know when he would be able to get to the shop. "You'll have to carry the ball," he said to Chapman, who told him to go home and take it easy.

Baggagemaster Fred Folsom answered all questions by saying nobody told him anything, he didn't know anything, and he didn't know anybody who did know anything.

Ralph Miller, Ronald Smith, Gene Clifford, and Henry Thompson adjourned to the station luncheonette, where they played bridge until four o'clock in the afternoon.

Arthur Fenster was close to, but not actually a part of, a conversation between John Amster, Dick Burnside, Jr., and Tom Stanley, all golfers and members of the Chipowee Country Club. They were discussing their game. Fenster hoped they might start talking about the delay, so he could say something casual, like "You'd think they could make some sort of announcement. It wouldn't cost them anything."

Mrs. Lewis Fisher, member of the Republican Town Committee, said to her neighbor, Mrs. Lloyd Lefcourt, "There's more to this than meets the eye." Mrs. Lefcourt, who had matinée tickets to "The Sound of Music," said, "Be that as it may, discourtesy is certainly the order of the day."

At twelve o'clock noon, it became clear to Willis Palmer that the trains were not going to arrive. That, in fact, there never again would be an 8:47 to Grand Central. He thought of his family, in the neat board-and-batten split-level on the hill—of Francine, his wife; and Bill and Debby, his two young children. He knew he would have to give up his job in New York and try to find something in the country. Something close to home. Palmer folded his "Herald Tribune" neatly, dropped it in a litter basket, and walked slowly toward his Plymouth station wagon.

THE FALL

IT was the evening of the Annual Dinner. More than two hundred accountants were at that hour changing into evening clothes in the flats, villas, and hotel rooms of a large, wet city in the middle of England. At the Royal was Charles Peacock, slender in his shirt, balancing on one leg and gazing into the wardrobe mirror with frowns of affection at the other leg as he pulled his trousers on, and then with a smile of farewell as the second went in. Buttoned up, relieved of nakedness, he visited other mirrors—the one at the dressing table, the two in the bathroom—assembling the scattered aspects of the unsettled being called Peacock, who was, as he was apt to say, "doing no' so badly" in this city that smelled of coal, and where, thirty-eight years ago, he had been born. When he left his flat, there were mirrors in the hotel lift and down below in the foyer and even outside in the street. Certain shop windows were favorable and assuring. The love affair was taken up again at the Assembly Rooms by the mirrors in the tiled corridor leading toward the bullocky noise of two hundred-odd chartered accountants in black ties, taking their drinks under the chandeliers that seemed to weep above their heads.

Crowds or occasions frightened Peacock. They engaged him, at first sight, in the fundamental battle of his life: the struggle against nakedness, the panic of grabbing for clothes and becoming someone.

An acquaintance in a Scottish firm was standing near the door of the packed room as Peacock arrived. "Hullo, laddie," Peacock said, fitting himself out with a Scottish accent, as he went into the crowded, chocolate-colored buffet. "What's to do?" he said, passing on to a Yorkshireman. "Are you well, now?" he said in his Irish voice. And, gaining confidence, he said, "Evening, guv!," greeting a man up from London. Then he was shaking hands in the crowd with the President himself, who was leaning on a stick and had his foot in plaster.

"I hope this is not serious, sir," said Peacock in his best Southern English, nodding at the foot.

"Bloody serious," said the President, sticking out his peppery beard. "I caught my foot in a grating. Some damn fools here think I've got gout."

No one who saw Peacock in his office, in board rooms, on a committee, at meetings, knew the exhausting number of rough sketches that had to be made before the naked Peacock could become Peacock dressed for his part. Now, having spoken to several human beings, the fragments called Peacock closed up. And he had one more trick up his sleeve if he panicked again; he could drop into vaudeville Negro.

Peacock got a drink at the buffet table and pushed his way to a solitary island of carpet two feet square, in the guffawing corral. He was looking at the back of the President's neck. Almost at once, the President, on the crest of a successful joke he had told, turned round with appetite. "Hah!" he shouted. "Hah! Here's friend Peacock again."

Why "again," thought Peacock.

The President looked Peacock over. "I saw your brother this afternoon," he shouted.

Peacock's drink jumped and splashed his hand.

The President winked at his friends. "Hah!" he said. "That gave our friend Peacock a scare!"

"At the Odeon," explained a kinder man.

"Is Shelmerdine Peacock your brother? The actor?" another said, astonished, looking at Peacock from head to foot.

"Shelmerdine Peacock was born and bred in this city," said the President fervently.

"I saw him in 'Waste,'" someone said. And others recalled him in "The Gun Runner" and "Doctor Zut." Four or five men stood gazing at Peacock with admiration, waiting for him to speak.

"Where is he now?" said the President, stepping forward, beard first. "In Hollywood? Have you seen him lately?" They all moved forward to hear about the famous man.

Peacock wanted to do this properly. He lowered his head gravely and then looked up, shaking his head with sorrow. He brought out the old reliable Negro accent. "The last time I saw li'l ole brudder Shel," he said, "he was being thrown out of the Orchid Room. He was calling the waiters goatherds."

Peacock looked up at them all and stood, collected, assembled, whole at last, among their shouts of laughter. One man who did not laugh, and who asked what the Orchid Room was, was put in his place. And in a moment a voice bawled from the door, "Gentlemen! Dinner is served." The crowd moved through two anterooms into the Great Hall, where, from their portraits on the wall, mayors, presidents, and justices looked down with the complacent rosiness of those who have dined and died. It was gratifying to Peacock that the President rested his arm on his shoulder for a few steps as they went into the Hall.

SHEL often cropped up in Peacock's life, especially in clubs and at dinners. It was pleasing. There was always praise, there were always questions. He had seen the posters about Shel's new film during the week, on his way to his office. They pleased, but they also troubled. Now Peacock stood at his place at table in the Great Hall and paused to look around, in case there was one more glance of vicarious fame to be collected. He was enjoying one of those pauses of self-possession in which, for a few seconds, he could feel the sensations Shel must feel when he stepped before the curtain to receive the applause of some great audience in London or New York. Then Peacock sat down. More than two hundred soup spoons scraped.

"Sherry, sir?" said the waiter.

Peacock sipped.

He meant no harm to Shel, of course. But in a city like this, with Shel appearing in a big picture, with his name fifteen feet long on the hoardings, and talked about by girls in offices, the instinct of disparagement, the universal privilege of families, was naturally tickled into life. The President might laugh and the crowd admire, but it was not always agreeable for the family to have Shel roaming loose—and often very loose—in the world. One had to assert the modesty, the anonymous virtue of the ordinary, assiduous Peacocks. One way of doing this was to add a touch or two to famous scandals—to enlarge the drunken scrimmages, add to the divorces and breaches of contract, increase the overdoses taken by flighty girls. One was

entitled to a little rakeoff—an accountant's charges—from the fame that so often annoyed. One was entitled, above all, because one loved Shel.

"Hock, sir?" said the waiter.

Peacock drank. Yes, he loved Shel.

The man opposite him spoke across the table, a man with an amused mouth, who turned his sallow face sideways, so that one had the impression of being examined under a loose lock of black hair by one sharp, serious eye only. "An actor's life is a struggle," the man said.

Peacock recognized him; it was the man who had not laughed at his story and who had asked what the Orchid Room was, in a voice that had a sad and puncturing feeling for information sought for its own sake. Peacock knew this kind of admirer of Shel's and feared him. They were not content to admire; they wanted to advance into intimacy and collect facts on behalf of some general view of life's mysteriousness. As an accountant, Peacock rejected mystery.

"I don't think li'l ole brother Shel has struggled much," said Peacock, wagging his head from side to side carelessly.

"I mean he has to dedicate himself," said the man.

Peacock looked back mistrustfully.

"I remember some interview he gave about his schooldays—in this city," said the man. "It interested me. The theatre interests me. I do the books for the Hippodrome."

Peacock stopped wagging his head from side to side. He was alert. What Shel had said about his early life was damned tactless. "Shel had a good time," he said sharply. "He always got his own way." Peacock had put on his face of stone. He dared the man to say out loud, in that company, three simple English words. He dared him. The man smiled and did not say them.

"Volnay, sir?" said the waiter as the pheasant was brought.

Peacock drank.

"Fried-fish shop," Peacock said to himself as he drank. Those were the words. Shel could have kept his mouth shut about that. I'm not a snob, but why mention it? Why, after they were all doing well, bring ridicule upon the family? Why not say simply "shop"? Why not say, if he had to, "fishmonger"? Why mention frying? Why add, as Shel had, "*bankrupt* fried-fish shop"?

It was swinish, disloyal, ungrateful, Peacock thought, hectoring the pheasant on his plate. Bankrupt. All right, but some of that money had paid for Shel's years at dramatic school. It was unforgivable.

Peacock looked across at the man opposite, but the man had turned to talk to a neighbor. Peacock finished his glass and chatted with his own neighbor, the man sitting to his right, but he felt like telling the whole table a few facts about dedication.

"Dedication," he would have said. "Let us take a look at the figures. Let us look at an example of Shel's dedication in those fried-fish shop days he is so fond of remembering, to make fools of us. Saturday afternoon. Father asleep in the back room. Shel says, 'Come down the High Street with me, Charles. I want to get a record.' Classical record, of course. Usual swindle. When we get into the shop, he won't have the money and will try and borrow from me. 'No,' I say. 'I haven't got any money.' 'Well, let's get out of this stink of lard and fish.' He wears me down. He wore us all down, the whole family. He would be sixteen then, two years older than me. And so we go out, and at once I know there is going to be trouble. 'I saw the Devil in Cramer's,' he says. We go down the High Street to Cramer's—it's a music shop—and he goes up to the girl and asks if they sell bicycle pumps or rubber heels. When the girl says no, he makes a terrible face at her and shouts out 'Bah!' At Hook's, the stationers, he stands at the door and calls to the girl at the cash desk, 'You've got the Devil in here! I've reported it,' and slams the door. We go on to Bond's, the grocers, and he pretends to be sick when he sees the bacon. Goes out. 'Rehearsing,' he says. The Bonds are friends of Father's. There is a row later. Shel swears he was never anywhere near the place, and goes back the following Saturday and falls flat on the floor in front of the Bond daughter, groaning, 'I've been poisoned! I'm dying! Water! Water!' Falls flat on his back—"

"Caught his foot in a grating, he told me, and fell," the man opposite was saying. "Isn't that what he told you, Peacock?"

Peacock's imaginary speech came suddenly to an end. The man was smil-

ing as if he had heard every word of it.

"Who?" said Peacock.

"The President," said the man. "My friend Mr. McAlister is asking me what happened to the President. Did he fall in the street?"

Peacock collected himself quickly and became Scottish. "Aye, mon," he said, nodding across the table. "A wee bit of a tumble in the street." He took up his glass and drank.

"He's a heavy man to fall," said the man called McAlister.

"He carries a lot of weight," said the man opposite. Peacock eyed him. The impression was growing that this man knew too much, too quietly. It struck him that the man was one of those who ask what they know already, a deeply unbelieving man. They have to be crushed.

"Weight makes no difference," said Peacock firmly.

"It's weight and distance," said the man. "Look at children."

Peacock felt a smile coming over his body from the feet upward. "Weight and distance make no difference," he said.

"How can you say that?"

An enormous voice, hanging brutally on the air like a sergeant's, suddenly shouted in the Hall. It was odd to see the men in the portraits on the wall still sitting down when the voice sounded. It was the voice of the toastmaster. "Gen-tle-men!" it shouted. "I ask you. To rise to. The toast of Her. Maj-es-ty the Queen."

Two hundred or more accountants pushed back their chairs and stood up. "The Queen," they growled. And one or two, Peacock among them, fervently added, "God bless her." Two hundred or more accountants sat down. It was the moment Peacock loved. And he loved the Queen.

"Port or brandy, sir?" the waiter asked.

"Brandy," said Peacock.

"You were saying that weight and distance make no difference. How do you make that out?" the sidelong man opposite said in a sympathetic and curious voice that came softly and lazily out.

Peacock felt the brandy burn. The question floated by, answerable if seized as it went, and yet, suddenly, unanswerable for the moment. Peacock stared at the question keenly, as if it were a fly that he was waiting to swat when it came round again. Ah, there it came. Now! But no, it had gone by once more. It was answerable. He knew the answer. Peacock smiled loosely, biding his time. He felt the flame of authority, of absolute knowledge, burn in him.

There was a hammering at the President's table, there was handclapping. The President was on his feet and his beard had begun to move up and down.

"I'll tell you later," said Peacock curtly across the table. The interest went out of the man's eye.

"Once more . . ." the President's beard was saying. "Honor . . ." it said. "Privilege . . . old friends . . . speeches . . . brief . . . reminded of a story . . . shortest marriage service in the world . . ."

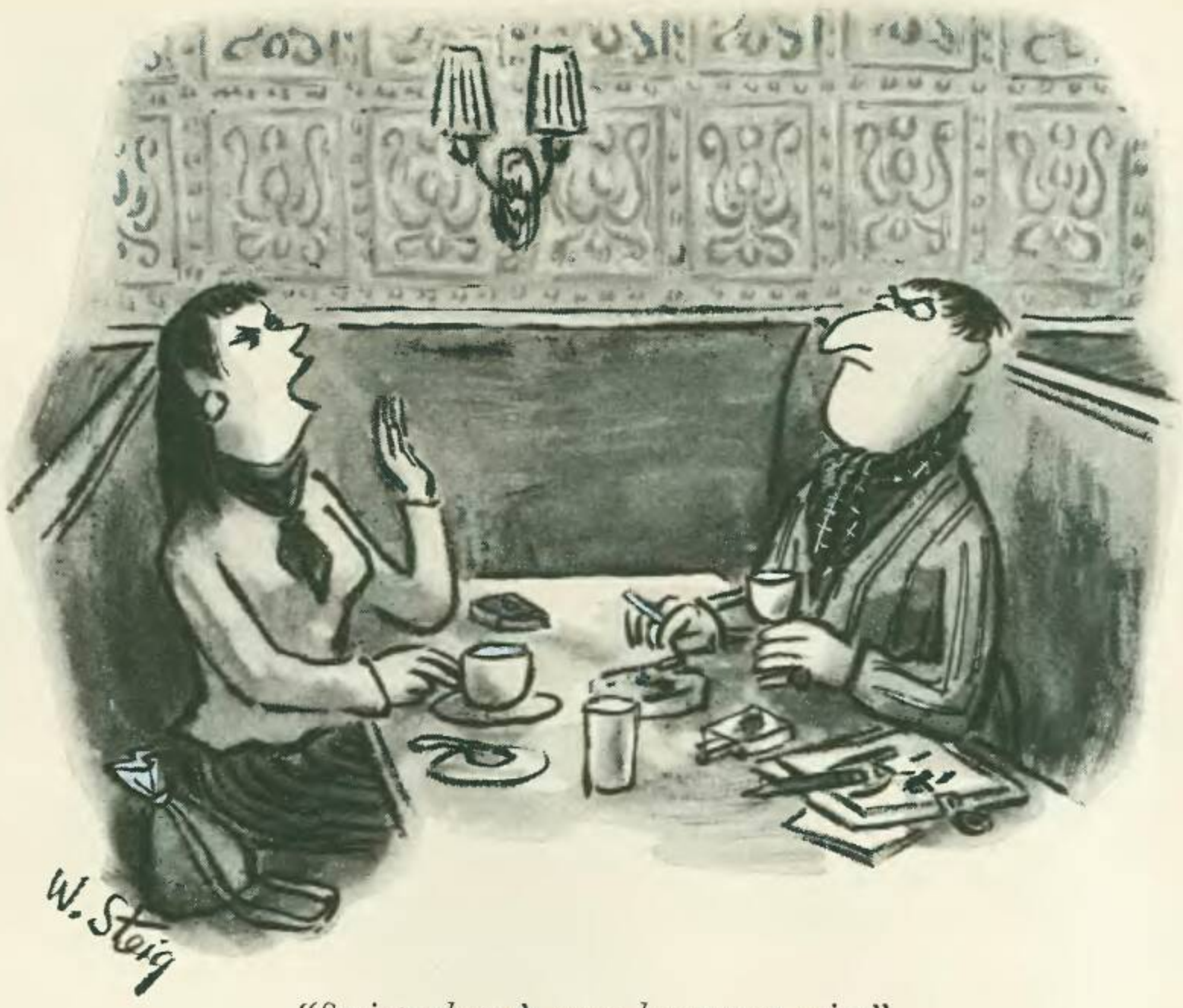
"Hah! Hah! Hah!" shouted a pack of wolves, hyenas, hounds in dinner jackets.

Peacock looked across at the unbeliever who sat opposite. The interest in weight and distance had died away in his face.

"Englishman . . . Irishman . . . Scotsman in a train . . . Englishman said . . . Scotsman said . . . 'Och,' says Paddy . . ."

"Hah! Hah! Hah!" from the pack.

Over the carnations in the silver-plated vases on the table, over the heads of the diners, the cigar smoke was rising sweetly, and the first level indigo shafts of it were tipping across the middle air and turning the portraits of the Past Masters into daydreams. Peacock gazed at it. And, in this peaceful moment, once more the answer to that question about the effect of weight and distance came round. Peacock leaned across to speak, but the man opposite was not sitting there. He was standing up, raising his glass. Peacock got up in confusion. They were drinking another toast. And immediately there was more hammering and another speaker. Peacock's opportunity had gone. The man opposite had moved his chair back and was sitting sideways to the table, listening, his interest in Peacock gone for good.



"Society doesn't even know you exist."

• •

Peacock became lonely. Sulkily, he played with matchsticks and arranged them in patterns on the tablecloth. There was a point at Annual Dinners when he always did this. It was the point when one saw that the function had become fixed in the flash and gloss of a photograph and everyone looked sickly and old. Eyes became hollow, temples sank, teeth loosened. Shortly, the diners would be carried out in coffins. Peacock waited restlessly for the thing to be over. Ten years of life went by, and then, it seemed, there were no more speeches. There was some business talk in groups; then twos and threes left the table. Several filed off

into a large chamber next door. Peacock's neighbors got up. He who feared occasions feared even more their dissolution. It was like that frightening ten minutes in a theatre when the audience slowly moves out, leaving a hollow stage and row after row, always increasing, of empty seats behind them. In a panic, Peacock got up. He was losing all acquaintance. He had even let the man opposite slip away, for that man was walking down the hall with some friends. Peacock hurried down his side of the long table to meet them at the bottom, and when he got there he turned and barred their way.

"What we were talking about," he challenged them. "It's an art. Simply a matter of letting the breath go, relaxing the muscles. Any actor can do it. It's the first thing they learn."

"I'm out of my depth," said one man.

"Falling," said Peacock. "The stage fall." He looked at them with dignity, then he let the expression die on his face. He fell quietly full length to the floor.

Before they could speak, he was up on his feet. "My brother weighs two hundred and twenty pounds," he said with condescension to the man who had sat opposite. "The ordinary person falls and breaks an arm or a foot, because he doesn't know. It's an art." His eyes conveyed the message that although the Peacocks might have kept a fried-fish shop years ago, they nonetheless had an art.

"Simple," Peacock declaimed in a loud voice. And down he went, thump, on the carpet again, and lying at their feet he said, "Painless. Nothing broken. Not a bruise. I said 'an art.' Really one might call it a science. Do you see how I'm lying, the position of the legs?"

"What's happened to Peacock?" asked two or three men, joining the group.

"He's showing us the stage fall."

"Nothing," said Peacock, getting up and brushing his coat sleeve and smoothing back his hair. "It is just a stage trick."

"*I* wouldn't do it," said a large man, patting his stomach.

"I've just been telling them weight is nothing. Look." Peacock fell down and got up at once. "You turn. You crumple. You can go flat on your back. I mean, that is what it looks like."

And Peacock fell. "Shel and I used to practice it in the bedroom," he said. "Father thought the ceiling was coming down."

"Good God, has Peacock passed out?" The call came across from a group standing by the fireplace in the Hall. Peacock got up and, brushing his jacket again, walked up to them. The group he had left watched him. There was a thump.

"He's done it again," the man who had been opposite said.

"Once more," another man said. "There he goes. Look, he's going to show the President. He's going after him. No, he's missed him. The old boy has slipped out of the door."

Peacock was staring with annoyance at the door. He looked at other groups of twos and threes.

"Who was the casualty over there?" someone asked him as he walked past.

Peacock went over to one of the groups and explained.

"Like judo," said a man.

"No!" said Peacock indignantly, even grandly. And in Shel's manner. Anyone who had seen Shelmerdine Peacock affronted knew what he looked like. That large white face trod on you. "Nothing to do with judo. This is the theatre."

"Shelmerdine Peacock's brother," a man whispered to a friend.

"Is that so?"

"It's in the blood," someone said.

To the man who had said "judo" Peacock said, "No throwing, no wrestling, no somersaulting or fancy tricks. That is not theatre. Just simply—" And crumpling, as Shel might have done in "Macbeth" or "Hamlet," or as some gangster shot in the stomach might, Peacock once more let his body go down with the cynicism of the skillful corpse. This time he did not get up at once. He looked up at their knees, their waists, at their goggling faces, saw under their double chins and under their hairy eyebrows. He grinned at their absurdity. He saw that he held them. They were obliged to look at him. Shel must always have had this sensation of hundreds of astonished eyes watching him lie, waiting for him to move. Their eyes would never leave the body. Peacock had never felt less at a loss, never felt more completely himself. Even the air was better at carpet level; it was certainly cooler, and he was glad of that. Then he saw two pairs of feet advancing from another group. He saw two faces peep over the shoulders of the others, and heard one of them say, "Not Peacock! Still at it, eh?"

He saw the two pairs of boots and trousers move off. Peacock got to his feet at once and resentfully stared after

PLEA FOR A CAPTIVE

Woman with the caught fox
By the scruff, you can drop your hopes;
It will not tame though you prove kind,
Though you entice it with fat ducks
Patiently to your fingertips
And in dulcet love enclose it,
Do not suppose it will turn friend,
Dog your heels, sleep at your feet,
Be happy in the house.

No,

It will only trot to and fro,
To and fro, with vacant eye;
Neither will its pelt improve
Nor its disposition, twisting
The raw song of its debasement
Through the long nights, and in your love,
In your delicate meats, tasting
Nothing but its own decay
(As at first hand I have learned).

Oh,

Kill it at once or let it go.

—W. S. Merwin

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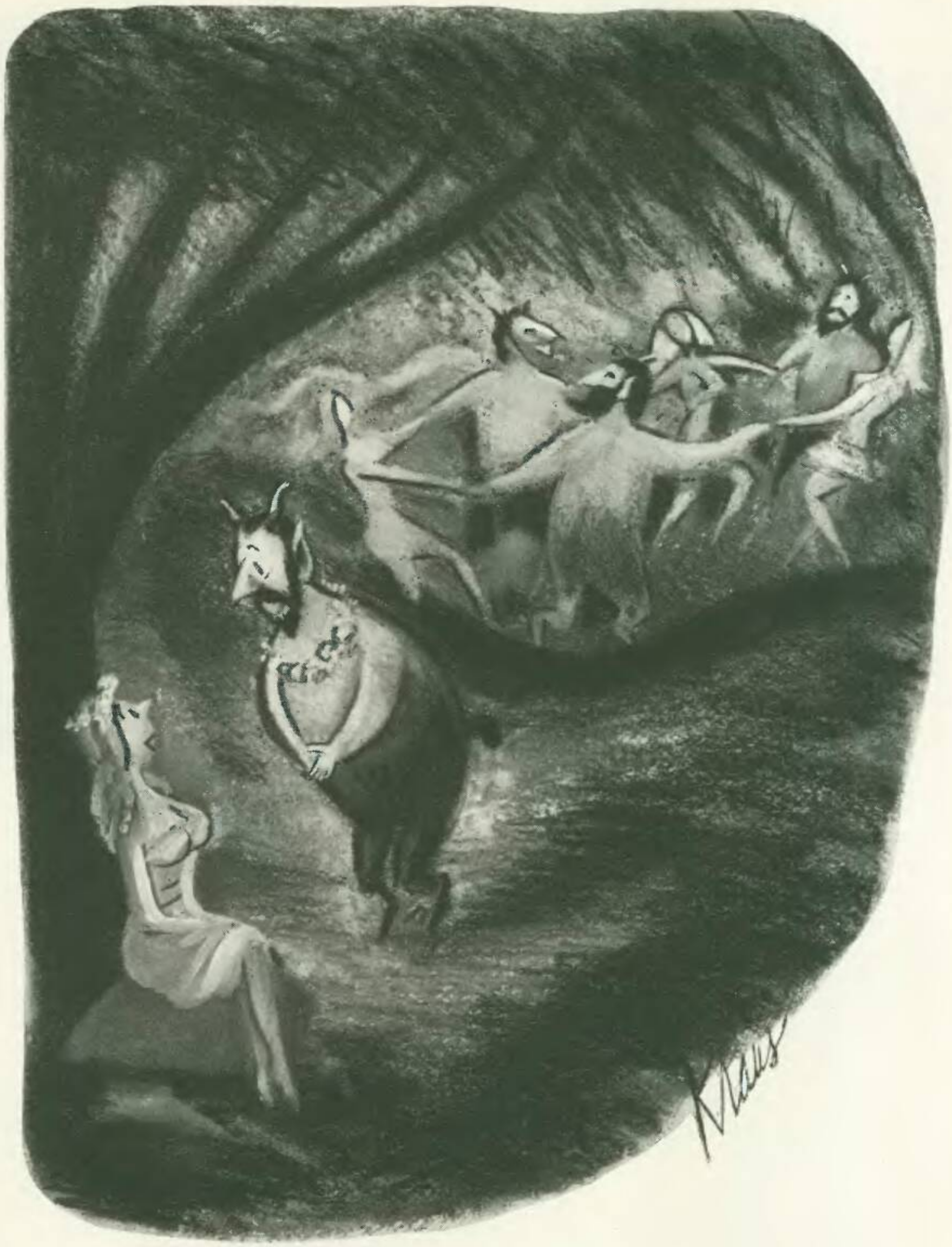

"Thank you, but I don't dance."

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them. He knew something, as they went, that Shel must have known: the desperation, the contempt for the audience that is thinning out. He was still brushing his sleeve and trouser legs when he saw everyone moving away out of the Hall. Peacock moved after them into the chamber.

A voice spoke behind him. It was the quiet, intimate voice of the man with the loose lock of black hair who had sat opposite him. "You need a drink," the man said, going off toward the bar.

The man had gone into the chamber, and clearly he had waited for Peacock. A question was going round as fast as a Catherine wheel in Peacock's head. He looked for someone to put it to, on the quiet, but there were only three men at a buffet table with their backs turned to him. Why (the question ran) at the end of a bloody good dinner is one always left with some awful drunk, a man one has never liked—an unbeliever?

Peacock mopped his face. The unbeliever was having a short disgusting laugh with the men at the bar and now was coming back with a glass of whiskey. "Sit down. You must be tired," said the unbeliever.

They sat down. The man spoke of the dinner and the speeches. Peacock did not listen. He had just noticed a door leading into a small anteroom and he was wondering how he could get into it.

"There was one thing I don't quite get," the man said. "Perhaps it was the quickness of the hand deceiving the eye. I should say feet. What I mean is, do you first take a step—I mean, like in dancing? I mean, is the art of falling really a paradox—the art of keeping your balance all the time?"

The word "paradox" sounded offensive to Peacock. The man looked too damn clever, in Peacock's opinion, and didn't sit still. Wearily, Peacock got up. "Hold my drink," he said. "You are standing like this, or facing sideways—on a level floor, of course. On a slope like this . . ."

The man nodded.

"I mean—well, now, watch carefully. Are you watching?"

"Yes," said the man.

"Look at my feet," said Peacock.

"No," said the man hastily, putting out a free hand and catching Peacock by the arm. "I see what you mean. I was just interested in the theory."

Peacock halted. He was offended. He shook the man's hand off. "Nothing theoretical about it—about it," he said, and, shaking his sleeves, added, "No paradox."

"No," said the man, standing up and grabbing Peacock so that he could not fall. "I've got the idea." He looked at his watch. "Which way are you going? Can I give you a lift?"

Peacock was greatly offended. To

"Are you expensive?"

•

be turned down! He nodded toward the door of the anteroom. "Thanks," he said. "The President's waiting for me."

"The President's gone," said the man. "Oh, well, good night." And he went away.

Peacock watched him go. Even the men at the bar had gone. He was alone. "But thanks!" he called after him. "Thanks."

CAUTIOUSLY, Peacock sketched a course into the anteroom. It was a small, high room, quite empty and yet (one would have said) packed with voices. They were chattering and laughing, and there was music. Some of the sound came from the panelled walls, but most of it from behind the heavy green velvet curtains that were drawn across the window at one end. There were no mirrors, but Peacock had no need of them. The effect of the room was ornate—gilded pillars at the corners, a small chandelier rising and falling gracefully from a carved ceiling. On one wall hung what at first sight seemed to be two large oil paintings of queens of England, but on going closer Peacock saw there was only one oil painting—of Queen Victoria. Peacock considered it. The opportunity was enormous. Loyally, his face went blank. He swayed, loyally fell, and loyally got to his feet. The Queen might or might not have clapped her little hands. So encouraged, he fell again and got up. She was still sitting there.

"Shel," said Peacock, aloud to the Queen, "has often acted before royalty. He's in Hollywood now, having left me to settle all his tax affairs."

She did not speak, but two or three other queens joined her, all crowding and gossiping together. The Royal Box! It was full. Cars hooting outside the window behind the velvet curtains had the effect of an orchestra, and then, inevitably, those heavy green curtains were drawn up. A dark, packed, and restless auditorium opened itself to him. There was dense applause.

Peacock stepped forward in awe and wholeness toward it. Not to fall, not to fall this time. To bow. One must bow and bow and bow, and not fall, to the applause. He set out. It was a strangely long uphill journey toward the footlights, and not until he got there did it occur to him that he did not know how to bow. Shel had never taught him. Indeed, at the first attempt, the floor came up and hit him in the face.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

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How do you get a man to bring you flowers after you're married to him? The last bouquet I had was for my wedding, ten months ago. How about a little collusion with your father? Explain the problem, and ask him to bring a floral offering the next time he comes to visit. Then make one of your better fusses over the blossoms, and just possibly your husband will get the idea. Also, you might try sending some flowers to yourself, anonymously.

—*McCall's.*

Anonymously, hell. From Jacques, with love.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE GREAT STATE

I—WAITING FOR THE IMAM

SOUTHERN political personalities, like sweet corn, travel badly. They lose flavor with every hundred yards they get from the patch. By the time they reach New York, they are like Golden Bantam that has been trucked up from Texas—stale and unprofitable. The consumer forgets that the corn tastes different where it grows. That, I suppose, is why for twenty-five years I underrated Huey Pierce Long. During the early thirties, as a feature writer for a New York evening paper, I interviewed him twice—once at the brand-new Waldorf and once at the brand-new Hotel New Yorker. The city desk showed what it thought of him by sending me instead of a regular political reporter; the idea was that he might say something funny but certainly nothing important. He said neither. Both times, he received me in his pajamas, lying on top of his bed and scratching himself. It was a routine he had made nationally famous in 1930, when, as Governor of Louisiana, he so received the official call of the commander of a German cruiser visiting New Orleans, causing the Weimar Republic to make diplomatic representations. New York reporters couldn't figure out how he expected to get space with the same gag every time he came to town, but now I think I understand. He was from a country that had not yet entered the era of mass communications. In Louisiana, a stump speaker still tells the same joke at every stop on a five-speech afternoon. He has a different audience each time, like an old vaudeville comic, and Huey just hadn't realized that when a gag gets national circulation it's spoiled.

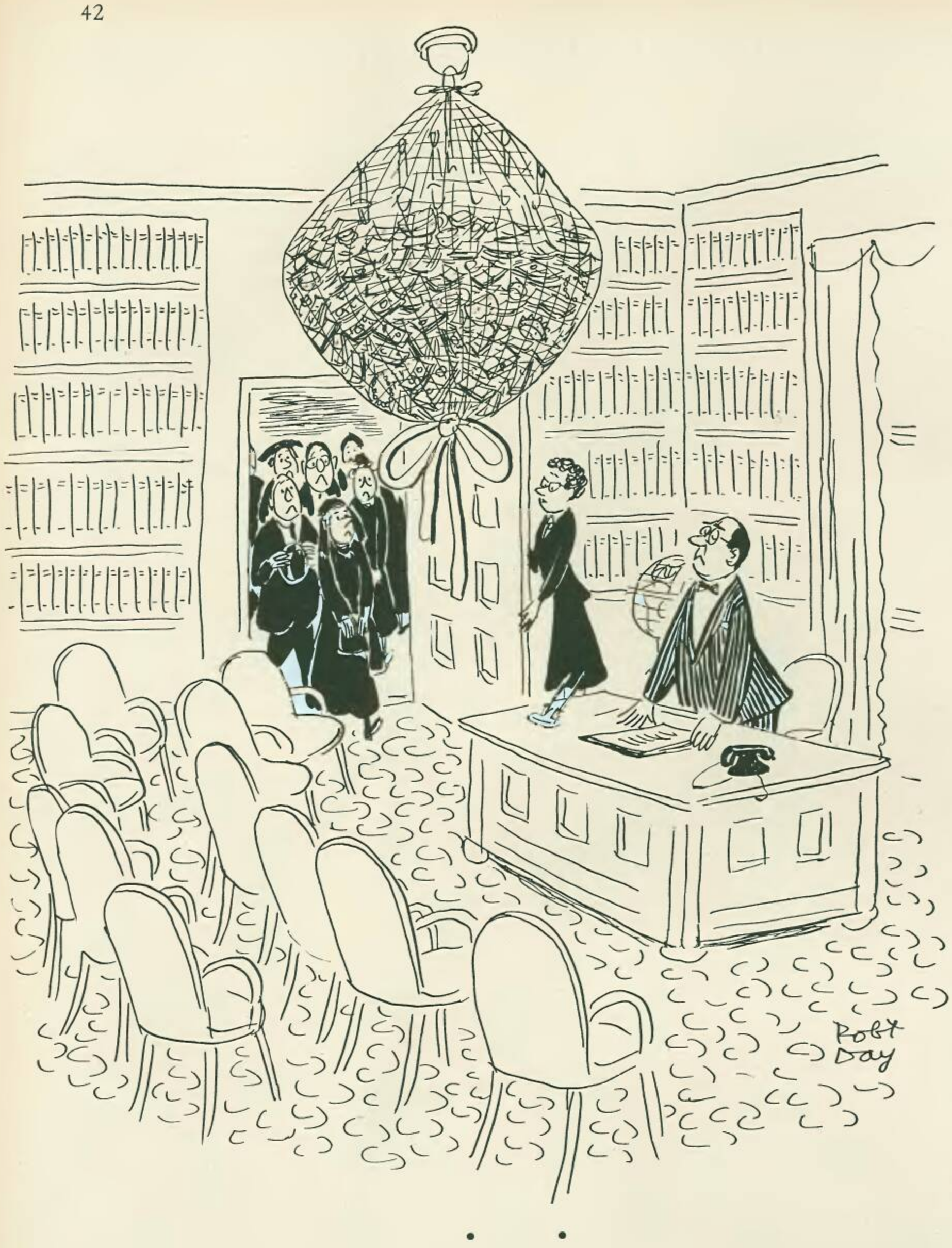
It was the same with his few remarks intended to be serious. He would boast of free schoolbooks, which we had had in New York since before he was born, and good roads, which ditto. Then, talking in the shadow of the new Empire State Building, he would brag about the thirty-four-story Capitol he had built in Baton Rouge. As for the eight bodyguards he brought with him, they seemed in New York an absurd affectation; didn't he know we had cops? And who would bother to shoot him anyway? It is hard to put yourself across as a buffoon and a potential martyr at the same time, and Huey did not convince us in either role. A chubby man, he had ginger hair, and tight skin that was the color of a sunburn coming on. It was an uneasy color combination, like an orange tie on a pink shirt. His face faintly suggested mumps, and he once tipped the theatre-ticket girl in the lobby of the Hotel New Yorker three cents for getting him four tickets to a show that was sold out for a month in advance.

Late last July, I was in Baton Rouge, and I took a taxi out to the Capitol, where he is buried. Standing by Huey's grave, I had him in a different perspective. A heroic, photographically literal statue of him stands on a high pedestal above his grave in the Capitol grounds. The face, impudent, porcine, and juvenile, is turned toward the building he put up—all thirty-four stories of it—in slightly more than a year, mostly with federal money. The bronze double-breasted jacket, tight over the plump belly, has already attained the dignity of a period costume, like Lincoln's frock coat. In bronze, Huey looks like all the waggish fellows from Asheville and Nashville, South Bend and Topeka who used to fill our costlier speakeasies in the late twenties and early thirties. He looks like a golf-score-and-dirty-joke man, anxious for the good opinion of everybody he encounters. Seeing him there made me feel sad and old. A marble Pegasus carved in bas-relief below his feet bears a scroll that says "Share Our Wealth." That was one of Huey's slogans; another was "Every Man a King."

I walked along well-tended paths between melancholy Southern trees to the entrance of the Capitol, which is reached by forty-eight granite steps, each bearing the name of a state, in order of admission to the Union; to include Alaska and Hawaii, Louisiana will have to raise the Capitol. My taxi-driver, a tall, prognathous type who was a small boy when Huey was killed, had parked his cab somewhere and now sociably rejoined me. "The newspapers gave old Huey hell when he built that for five mil-li-on," he said, waving toward the skyscraper. "You couldn't build it now for a hundred mil-li-on." He talked of Huey as a contemporary, the way some people in Springfield, Illinois, talk of Lincoln.

Inside the Capitol, which is air-cooled, I paused, breathless with gratitude. Outside, the heat was pushing a hundred. The interior of the building is faced with agate, porphyry, basalt, alabaster, and such—more than thirty kinds of stone, the *Louisiana Guide* says. It is the richest thing in its line after the barbershop in the St. Regis. The rotunda, as slick as mortuary slabs on end, reminded me pleasurably of Grant's and Napoleon's tombs, the shrines that early fixed my architectural tastes forever. Marble, high ceilings, and a reverential hush are the things I like inside a public building—they spell class. In addition to all this, and air-conditioning, the Capitol has its legend, and perhaps its ghost, hurrying along the corridor at the rear of the first floor. Looking around, I thought of what the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana had told me a day earlier about how Huey was shot in this monument he had erected to himself.

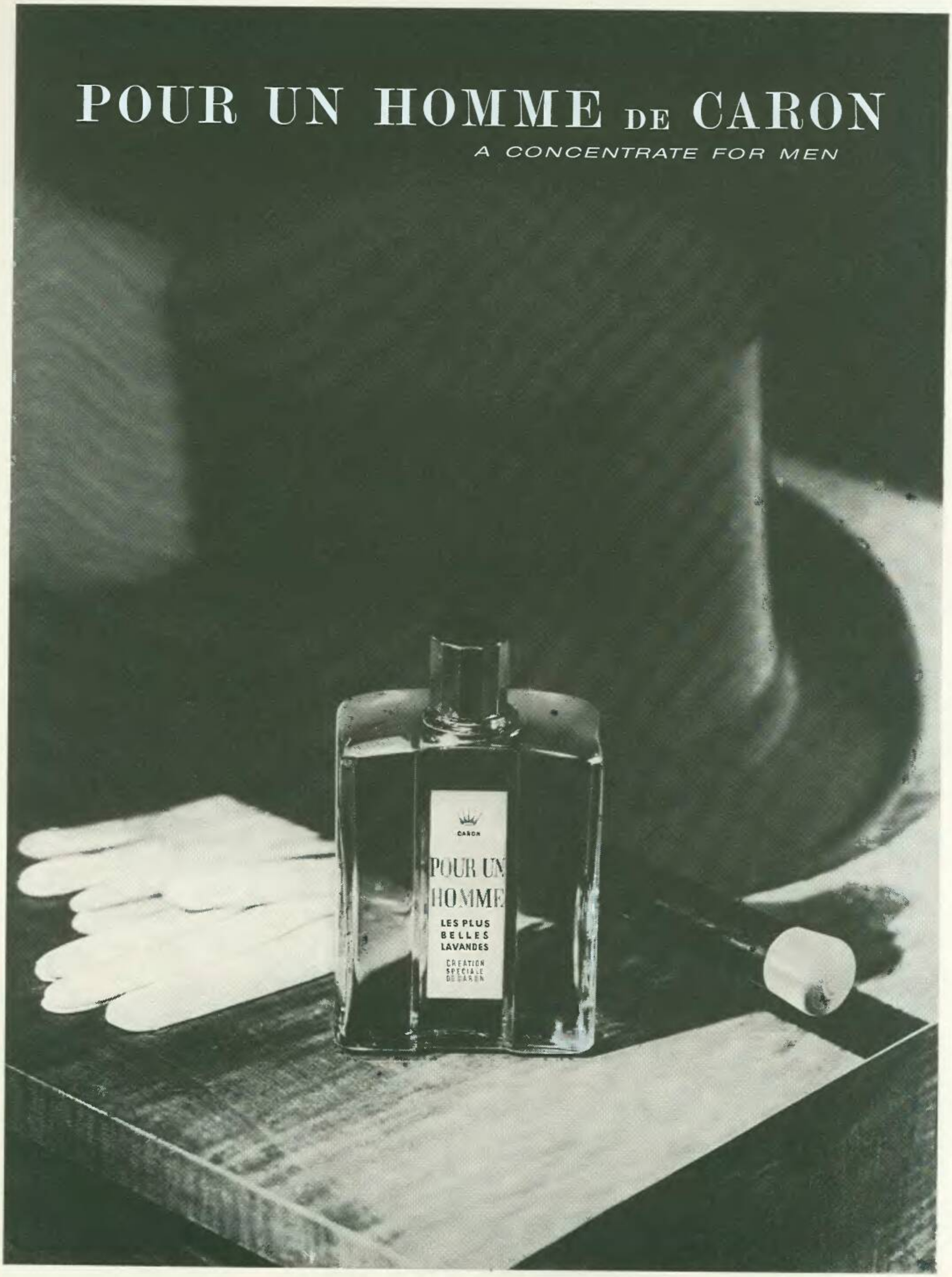
At sixty-four, the Chief Justice, the Honorable John Baptiste Fournet, is still a formidable figure of a man—tall and powerful, and presenting what might be considered in another state the outward appearance of a highly successful bookmaker. The suit he had on when I saw him, of rich, snuff-colored silk, was cut with the virtuosity that only subtropical tailors expend on hot-weather clothing. Summer clothes in the North are makeshifts, like seasonal slipcovers on furniture, and look it. The Chief Justice wore a diamond the size of a Colossal ripe olive on the ring finger of his left hand, and a triangle of flat diamonds as big as a trowel in his tie. His manner was imbued with a gracious warmth not commonly associated with the judiciary, and his voice reflected at a distance of three centuries the France from which his ancestors had migrated, although he pronounces his name "Fournett." (The pronunciation of French proper names in Louisiana would make a good monograph. There is, for example, a state senator named DeBlieux who is called simply "W.") I had gone to the Chief Justice to talk politics, but somehow he had got



around to telling me instead about the night of September 8, 1935, which has the same significance among Longites that St. Bartholomew's Day has for French Protestants.

Huey had come down from Washington, where he was serving as United States Senator, to run a special session of the Louisiana Legislature, Justice Fournet said. He controlled the state from Washington through a caretaker Governor named O. K. Allen, but whenever there was a bit of political hocus-pocus to be brought off that he thought was beyond Allen's limited competence, he would come home to put the legislators through their hoops himself. When Huey was in Baton Rouge, everybody called him Governor. Since he feared assassination, he had had a flat furnished for him on the thirty-fourth floor of the Capitol, and theoretically he would retire to it at the end of each legislative day, but, Fournet said, "he was the kind of man who was always running around, so they couldn't keep him in that apartment. He was a hard man to guard." Fournet himself had served as Speaker of the House—it was he who adjourned the legislature when Huey's enemies were about to impeach him—and, after that, as Lieutenant Governor under Allen. Huey had later looked after his old friend by pushing his election as an Associate Justice of the State Supreme Court. The Court was in the front line of conflict, because, as the Chief Justice explained to me, "There was hardly a piece of legislation that Huey introduced that the other side didn't carry to litigation. Huey had what he called a 'deeduct' system—ten per cent of the salary of every state employee for his political fund. It sounds raw, but he had to take the money where he could; the other side had all the money of Standard Oil to pay its attorneys. I was elected for a term of fourteen years, and on the day I took the oath of office I had to start thinking about my campaign for reëlection." On September 8, 1935, the Chief Justice said, he had had to see Huey personally about some friends who needed political help, so he drove up to Baton Rouge from New Orleans, where the Supreme Court sits, and arrived at the Capitol just before nine at night, when the legislature was to recess. Here he offered a slight digression. "People from out of state sometimes ask me why the Supreme Court sits in New Orleans when the capital is Baton Rouge, only eighty miles away," he said. "I tell them the truth—that there wasn't a road you could count on until Huey got in office, so the busy lawyers of New Orleans would have spent half their lives travelling back and forth. Now you can make it in an hour and a half, thanks to Huey, but the Court has stayed in New Orleans, mostly from habit."

When Fournet reached the Capitol, Huey was in the House chamber, on the second floor, coördinating the efforts of his legislators, and Fournet walked in


POUR UN HOMME DE CARON
A CONCENTRATE FOR MEN
CARON
POUR UN
HOMME
LES PLUS
BELLES
LAVANDES
CREATION
SPECIALE
DE CARON

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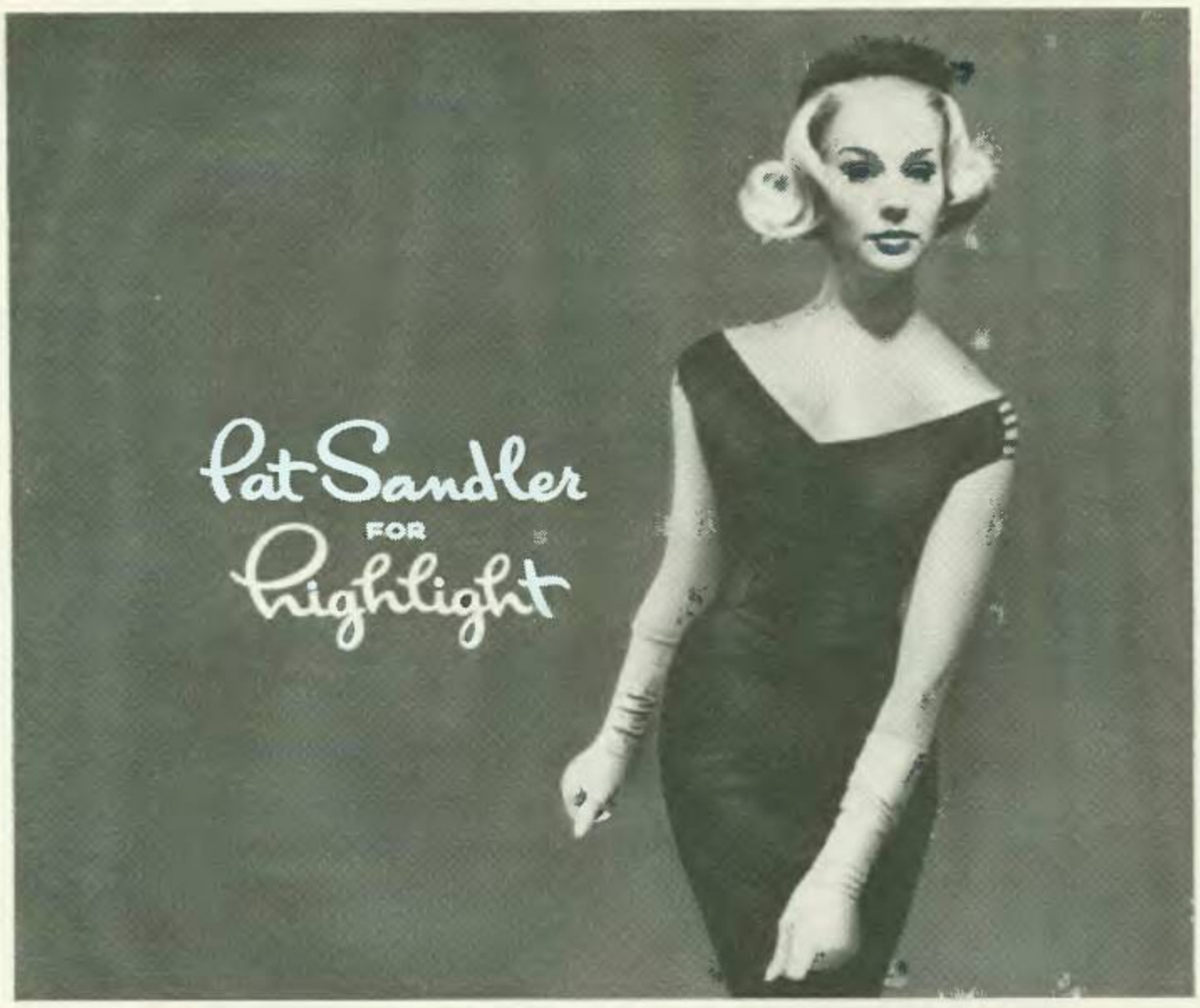

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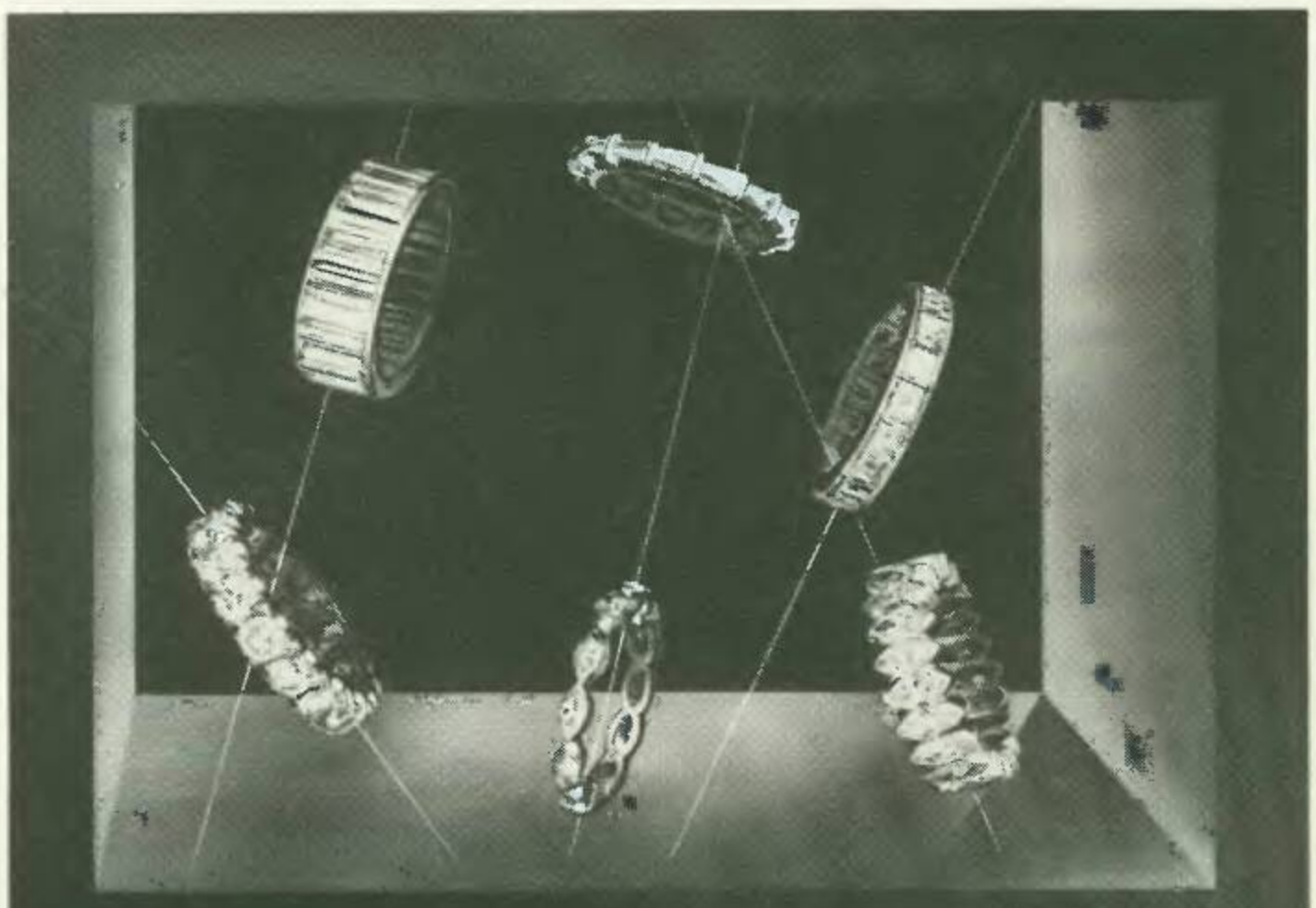

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and took a seat. He had the Senator under his eye, but when the session broke, there were a number of people between them, and Huey started out the door so fast that Fournet couldn't get to him. "That man never walked," he told me. Huey headed toward the corridor in the rear of the building that led to Governor Allen's office, and Fournet followed, content to catch Huey when he came out after leaving a few instructions with the titular Governor of Louisiana. There were bodyguards in platoon strength in front of the Senator and behind him as he walked. Entering the corridor, Fournet saw a couple of rich dilettante politicians who were always good for a campaign contribution. He stopped to talk to them and then went on. Huey had disappeared into Allen's office. Fournet, as he followed him, passed two or three men standing in a recess in the wall, talking. He paid them no heed, assuming that they had just emerged from the House chamber, as he had. Then Huey came out of Allen's door, turning, with the knob still in his hand, to shout an inquiry back into the room. Fournet heard the answer: "All of them have been notified, Governor." He started toward Huey, and as he did, a young man came up on his right side and passed him, walking fast. What attracted the Justice's attention was that he had a stubby black pistol in his right hand. "It was a hot night—before air-conditioning—and I perspire exceptionally," Justice Fournet said. "So I was holding my panama hat in my right hand while I wiped my head with a handkerchief in my left. Without thinking, I hit at the man with my hat, backhand. But he reached Huey and fired, and Murphy Roden, a bodyguard, grabbed his gun hand and got a finger inside the trigger guard, else he would have killed Murphy. Huey spun around, made one whoop, and ran down the hall like a hit deer. Murphy and the young man went to the floor, both holding that gun and Murphy trying to reach his own gun with his other hand. I was leaning over them, thinking to grab hold, and Elias Coleman, another guard, leaned, too, and fired two bullets that passed, by the mercy of God, between Murphy and me and killed the fellow. He let go his gun and lay there. He had black hair, combed down a little slick, as I remember it, and black-rimmed eyeglasses. Huey ran clear to the end of the hall and down a flight of stairs. Then the other guards pulled the body over to the wall and emptied their guns into it. It sounded like machine guns."

When Huey got to the lower hall,

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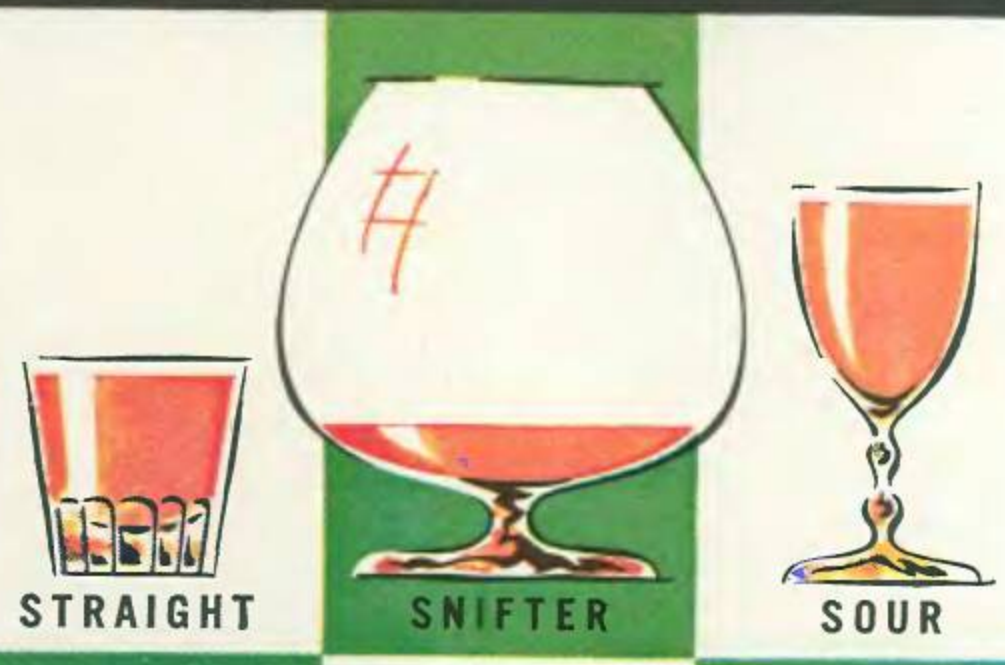

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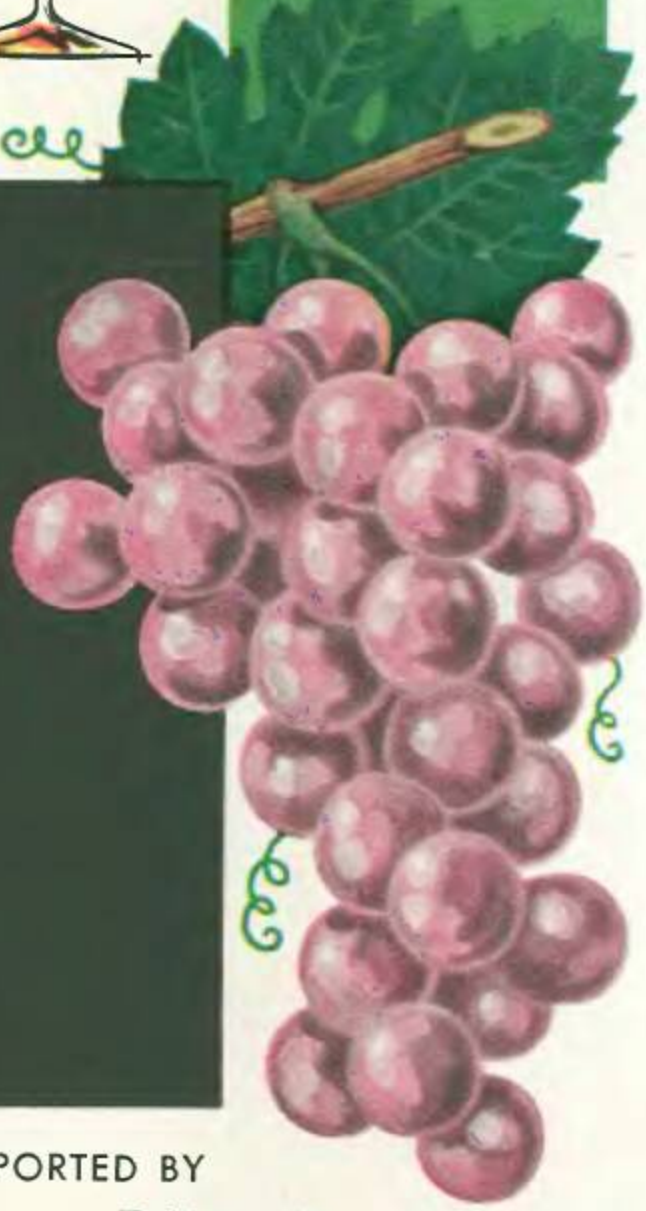

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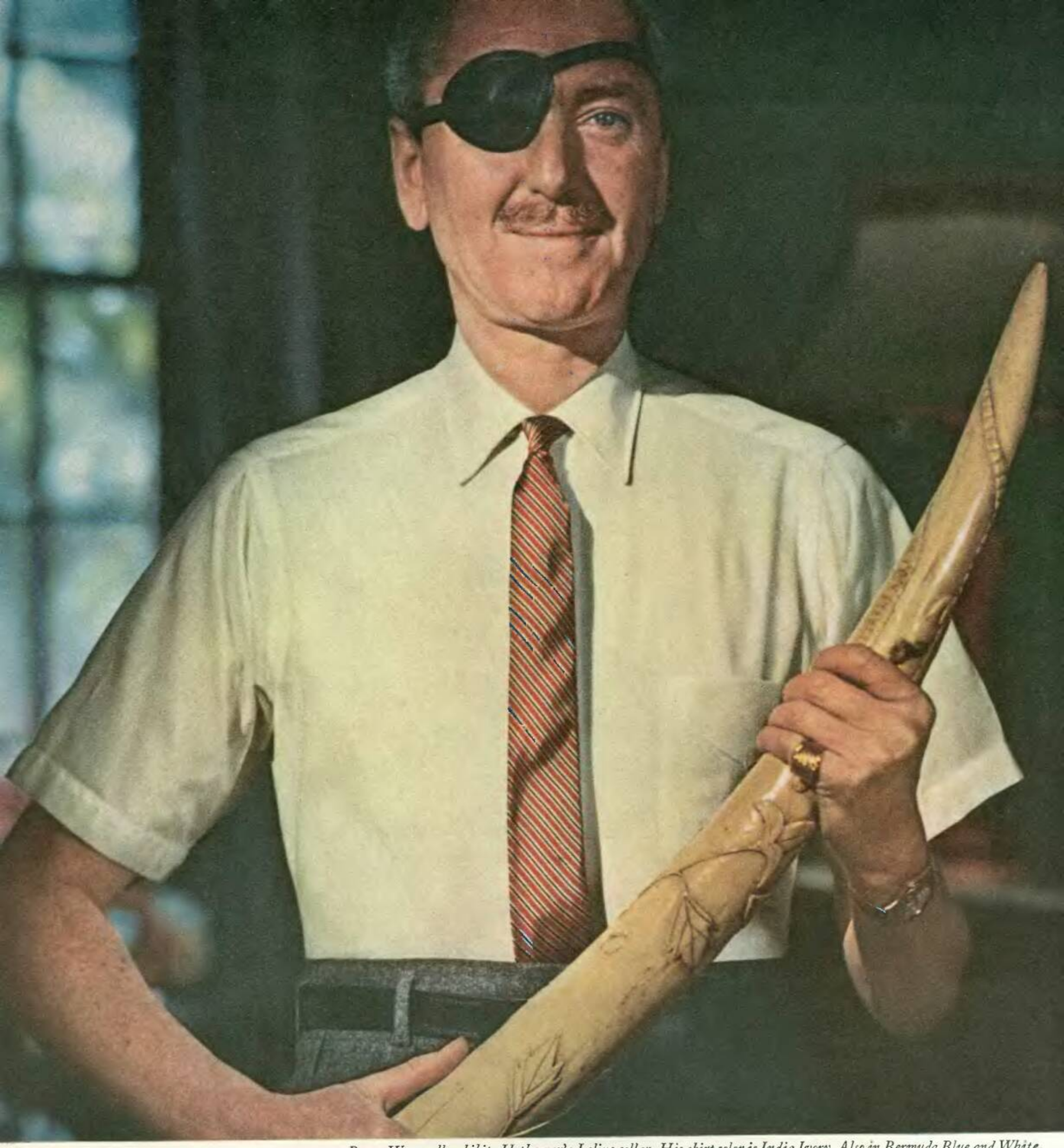

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a couple of fellows he knew stopped him. One said "Are you hit?" and he said "Yes." The other said "Are you hurt bad?" and Huey said "I don't know." They put him in their car and took him to the Our Lady of the Lake Hospital. There, the examining surgeon found that the bullet had perforated Huey's colon and part of one kidney. "I couldn't ride with Huey, because it was a two-seated car," the Chief Justice said, "so I went to get mine, parked not far away, and by the time I saw him again he was on the examining table at the hospital. He felt strong and didn't think he was going to die. 'I want you to be more charitable toward Wade Martin and Ellender,' he said." (Martin was the chairman of the Public Service Commission, and Allen Ellender is now the senior United States Senator from Louisiana.) "He knew that all three of us wanted to be Governor, but he wanted us to get along together." It reminded me of how an old friend of mine, Whitey Bimstein, described the death of Frankie Jerome, a boxer he was seconding in the Madison Square Garden ring. "He died in my arms, slipping punches," Whitey said. Huey, mortally shot, talked politics.

ALONE, except for the taxi-driver, in the rotunda of the Capitol, I thought I heard Huey make his one whoop, but the sound may have been a mere hallucination. In any case, I felt differently about Huey when I walked out into the heat. By that time, I had been in Louisiana about ten days, and I had also changed my mind about Earl Long, then Governor of the state. Earl is Huey's brother, his junior by two years and his survivor by a quarter of a century, and although Fournet had said that Earl "wouldn't make a patch on Huey's pants," it seemed to me that he was filling a pretty fair pair of country britches. I had left New York thinking of him as a Peckerwood Caligula. Dispatches in the New York papers had left small doubt that he had gone off his rocker during the May session of the legislature, and I wanted to see what happens to a state when its chief executive is in that sort of fix. The papers reported that he had cursed and hollered at the legislators, saying things that so embarrassed his wife, Miz Blanche, and his relatives that they had packed him off to Texas in a National Guard plane to get his brains repaired in an asylum. By late July, when I arrived in Louisiana, he had heaved himself back into power by arguing his way out of the Texas sanitarium, touching base at a

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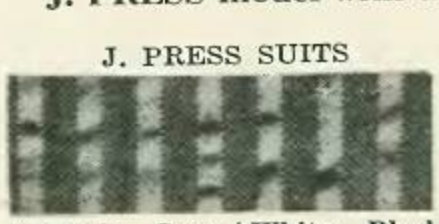

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New Orleans private hospital, and legalizing his way out of the Southeast Louisiana State Hospital, at Mandeville. Then he had departed on a long tour of recuperation at out-of-state Western race tracks that most of the lay public had never heard of before he hit them. Just after I disembarked from my plane in New Orleans, I read in the local *Times-Picayune* that the "ailing Governor" had got as far back toward home as Hot Springs, Arkansas, a resort famous for reconditioning old prizefighters and race horses. He had promised to be back in the state on August 1st, in time to begin stumping for renomination as Governor in the Democratic primary elections, four months away. "You know, I think ol' Earl will just about do it again," the taxi-driver said as we descended the Capitol's forty-eight states. The place had started him thinking about the Longs. "It don't set good how they done him like they done, y'unnerstand? Those doctors. And his wife. Saying he was crazy. It'll be like the last time he run, in '56. Two days before the primary, you couldn't find nobody to say he was going to vote for him. Then they all voted for him. And two days later you couldn't find nobody would admit to have voted that way."

With the Governor unavailable, I sat down in New Orleans to await his return and meanwhile try to build up a frame of reference, as the boys in the quarterly magazines would say. Politics is to the conversation of Louisiana what horse racing is to England's. In London, anybody from the Queen to a dustman will talk horses; in Louisiana, anyone from a society woman to a bellhop will talk politics. Louisiana politics is of an intensity and complexity that are matched, in my experience, only in the Republic of Lebanon. The balance between the Catholics in southern Louisiana and the Protestants in northern Louisiana is as delicate as that between the Moslems and the Christians in Lebanon, and is respected by the same convention of balanced tickets. In Louisiana, there is a substantial Negro vote—about a hundred and fifty thousand—that no candidate can afford to discourage privately or to solicit publicly. In the sister Arab republic, Moslem and Christian candidates alike need the Druse vote, although whoever gets it is suspected of revolutionary designs. The grand gimmick of Louisiana politics, however, providing it with a central mechanism as fascinating as a roulette wheel, is the double-primary system for gubernatorial nominations. The first primary is open to anyone who can get up the registration fee of two hundred

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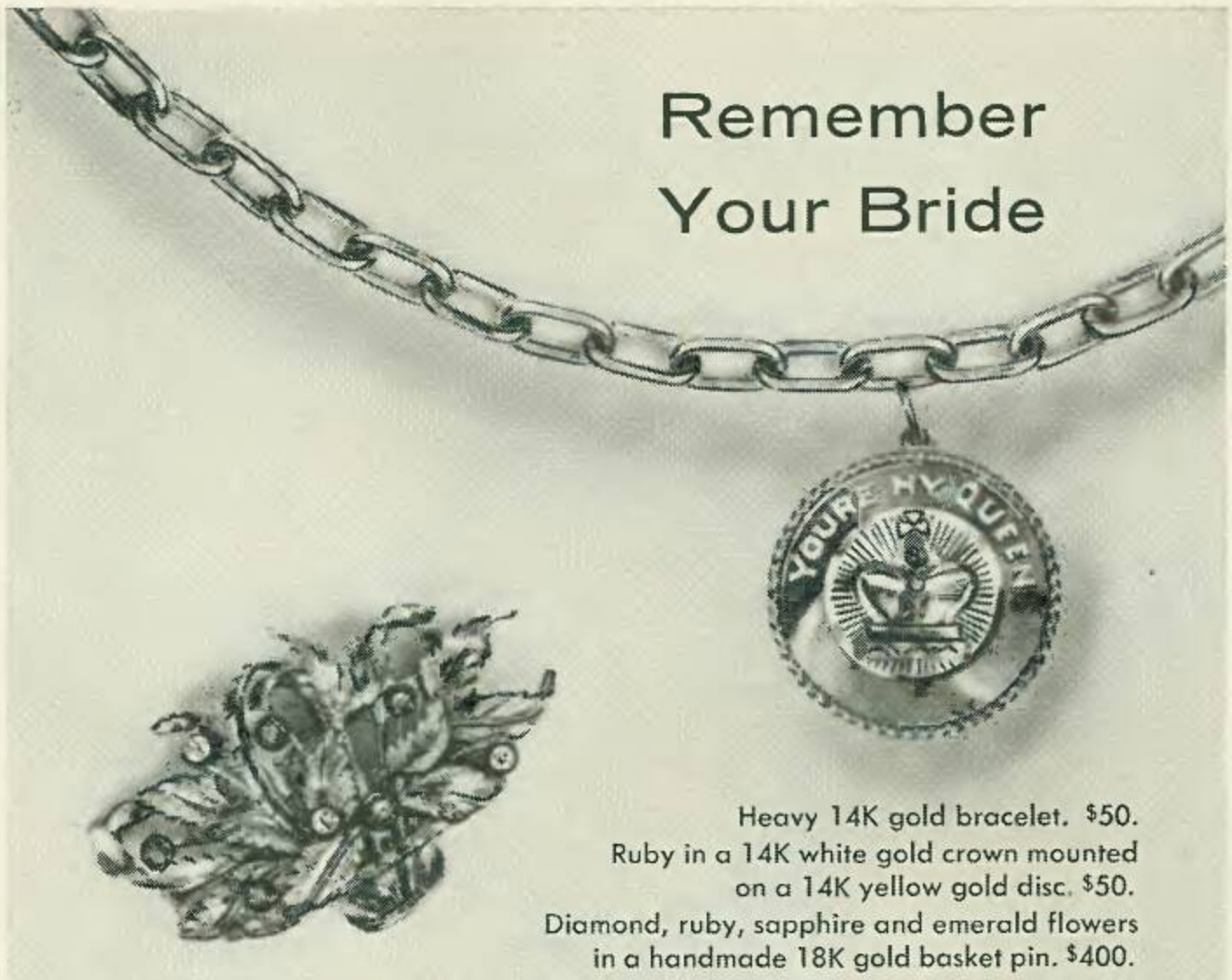

and ten dollars. This brings out as many entries as the Preakness or the Kentucky Derby. If any candidate has more than fifty per cent of the total votes, he wins the nomination, which means that he will automatically be elected, since Democratic nomination is a ticket to the Governor's Mansion. If no one has a clear majority, the two top men have a runoff in a second primary, held about a month later. It is unusual for a candidate to win first time around, and if one does, he arouses a certain amount of resentment as a spoilsport. After the first primary, each beaten candidate and his backers trade off their support to one of the two men who are still alive, in exchange for what he will bind himself to do for them in the way of legislation, patronage, or simple commercial advantage. Naturally, the runoff candidate who looks more likely to win can buy support at lower political prices than the other fellow, but by trying to drive too hard a bargain he may send the business to the underdog. Many a man has beaten himself that way. A Louisiana politician can't afford to let his animosities carry him away, and still less his principles, although there is seldom difficulty in that department. In the campaigning days before the first primary, topics of conversation are delightfully unlimited; the talkers guess at not only how many votes a candidate will get in the first primary but what he will trade them off for, and to whom, if he fails to make the second. It is like planning carom shots or four-horse parlays.

Last year, the date for the first Louisiana primary was December 5th, and in July conversation was already intense. The talk centered on Long and whether he would be able to get to the post. I found few people, even among Long's worst friends, who believed that he was "crazy," although there were some who said he had been at the time of his deportation. (This second position, however, was hard to defend in public discussion. "Crazy" and "not crazy," like "guilty" and "not guilty," are terms that, in popular usage, admit of no shading in between; being crazy or being not crazy is considered a permanent condition, like having one leg.) In New York, the stories of his conduct on his Western tour of convalescence may have seemed clear evidence that the old boy was mad—the phrenetic betting on horse races, the oddly assorted roadside purchases (forty-four cases of cantaloupes, seven hundred dollars' worth of cowboy boots, and such), the endless nocturnal telephone calls, the quarrels with his friends and guards—but seen from New Orleans they indicated a re-

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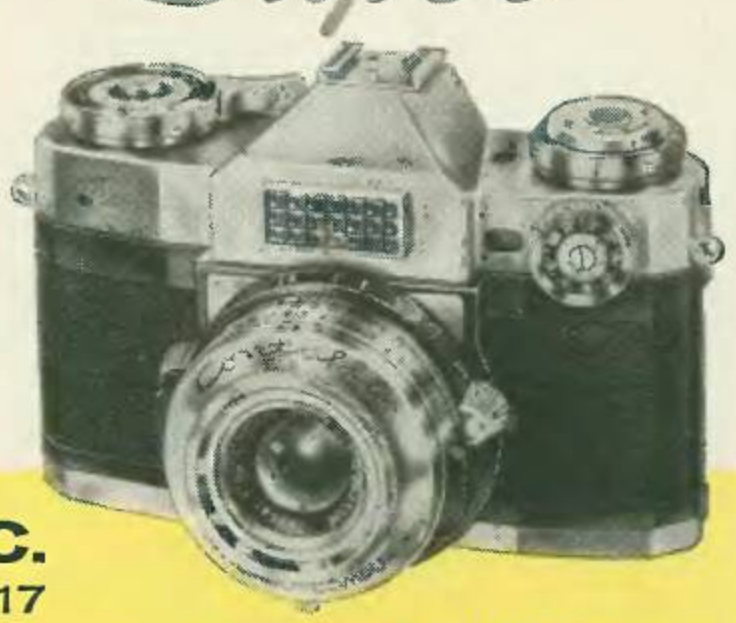

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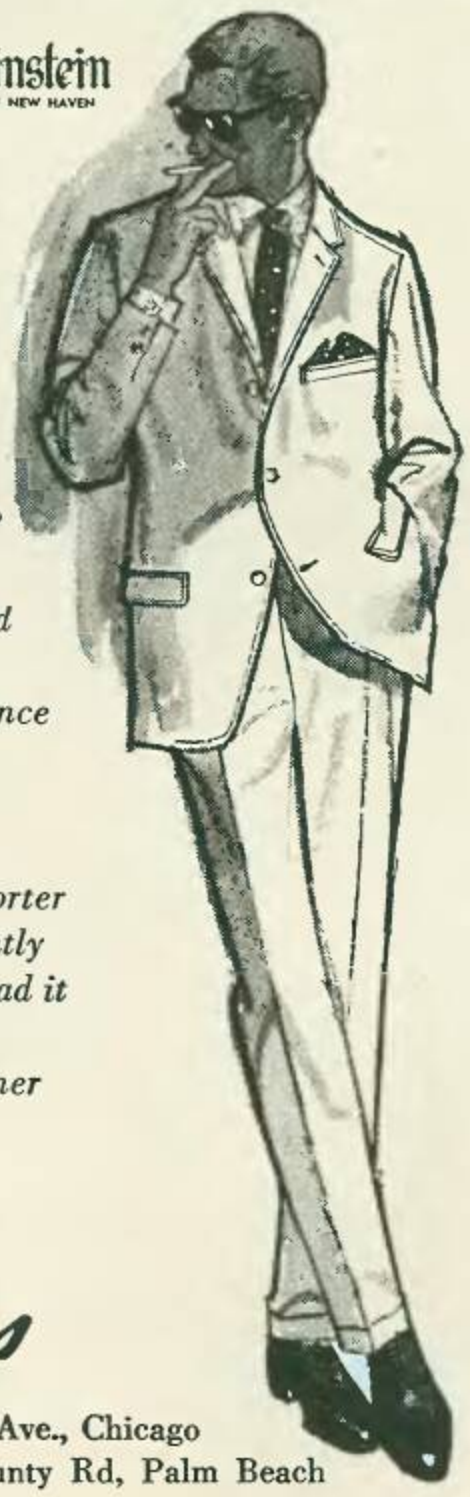

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turn to normal. Earl had always been like that, fellows who knew him said. A summary of his physical condition had been released to the press by the physicians who examined him after his discharge from the State Hospital at Mandeville on June 26th. The doctors' workup on the Governor looked dreadful to a layman—bum ticker, series of cerebral accidents, hardening of the arteries, and a not otherwise described condition called bronchiectasis. But there were lay experts who said that it was all a fake—that no doctor had been able to lay a hand on Earl to examine him. A Louisiana political tipster never expresses a reservation, and when politics extends over into the field of pathology, the positiveness extends with it. "I know a fella that Earl carries with him all the time, hear?, and he says Earl just playing mousy, y'unnerstand?" summed up one extreme position. The opposing view could be summarized as "I know a fella told me they gave him adrenalin right in his heart, hear?, and that means the old alligator is *in extremis*, y'unnerstand?" On my first evening in New Orleans, I received forty-two other prognoses in between.

Nor was there any agreement on the efficacy of the device whereby Earl, in entering the primaries, was challenging the Louisiana constitution, which provides that a Governor may not succeed himself directly. Earl, bowing to this law, had dropped out after his 1948-52 term, and then had returned in 1956. Now, however, he was raising the point that if he resigned before election—the formal, post-primary election, that is—his Lieutenant Governor would become Governor, and so he, coming in to begin a new term, would be succeeding not himself but the fellow who had succeeded him. Even Huey had not thought of that one. What I heard from Long men was that it was the way the law read that counted, hear?, and not what the framers had wanted it to signify. From the other side I heard that there wasn't a court in the country but would hold against a little fine-print loophole, and, yeah, you resigned, but, yeah, you can't get away with that. Another point in dispute was how near the Governor stood to federal prison. The income-tax people were reportedly on his trail, and apparently they were not being as hermetically secretive as they are supposed to be, or else the Natty Bumppos stalking Earl had stepped on a couple of dry twigs. The range of the opinion on this point lay between "They got it on him this time, hear?" and "Uncle Earl is just too smart to get caught so easy. Whatever he got, he'll say it was

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campaign contributions, same as Nixon in '52. That's why he's got to keep on campaigning, y'unnerstand?" (There is no statutory limit on campaign contributions in the State of Louisiana, and Earl Long has often said, like Brother Huey before him, that he is campaigning all the time.) Arranged in capsule form, all the areas of disagreement about the Governor, peacefully soaking his hide in the Arkansas vats, came to this: The perfect sour-on-Long man held that he was likely to die before the primaries, sure to get licked if he survived, certain to be thrown out by the state Supreme Court if nominated, and bound to be in jail before he could be inaugurated. The perfect Long man expressed faith that the Governor was as full of fight as a man twenty years younger, that he would probably win the first primary with seventy per cent of the vote, that he had the Louisiana Supreme Court in his pocket, and that if campaign contributions weren't income for a Republican like Nixon, they weren't income for a Democrat like Uncle Earl.

On my first night in town, before I had finished my third Sazerac at the little bar in Arnaud's Restaurant while waiting for a table, I was not only indoctrinated but willing to bet. An outsider, I had no feedbox information and less idea of the form, but I had an analogy, and nothing can seem more impressive to a man drinking on an empty stomach.

"When Pat McCarran was seventy-one," I said to the pair of home experts with me, "he had a heart attack so bad that they were laying eight to one against him in the Nevada Turf Club, but he recovered and lived seven years to ruin every politician who hopped off him when he was sick. He was tough. How old is Uncle Earl?"

"Sixty-three," said one expert.

"Is he tough?"

"Tough as hell," said the other.

"You see?" I said. "It's a lock." It was an insight that wouldn't have come to me if Arnaud's had not been doing such a good business, but we got a table just in time to prevent my laying money.

When we had ordered moderately—crabmeat Arnaud, filet mignon *marchand de vin*, and a bottle of Smith-Haut-Lafitte '47—we got back to politics. One of my convives, a lawyer, said that the Governor had deep pockets lined with fishhooks: "When you're with him and he picks up a newspaper, you lay down the nickel." The other man, a newspaperman and former Nieman Fellow at Harvard named Tom

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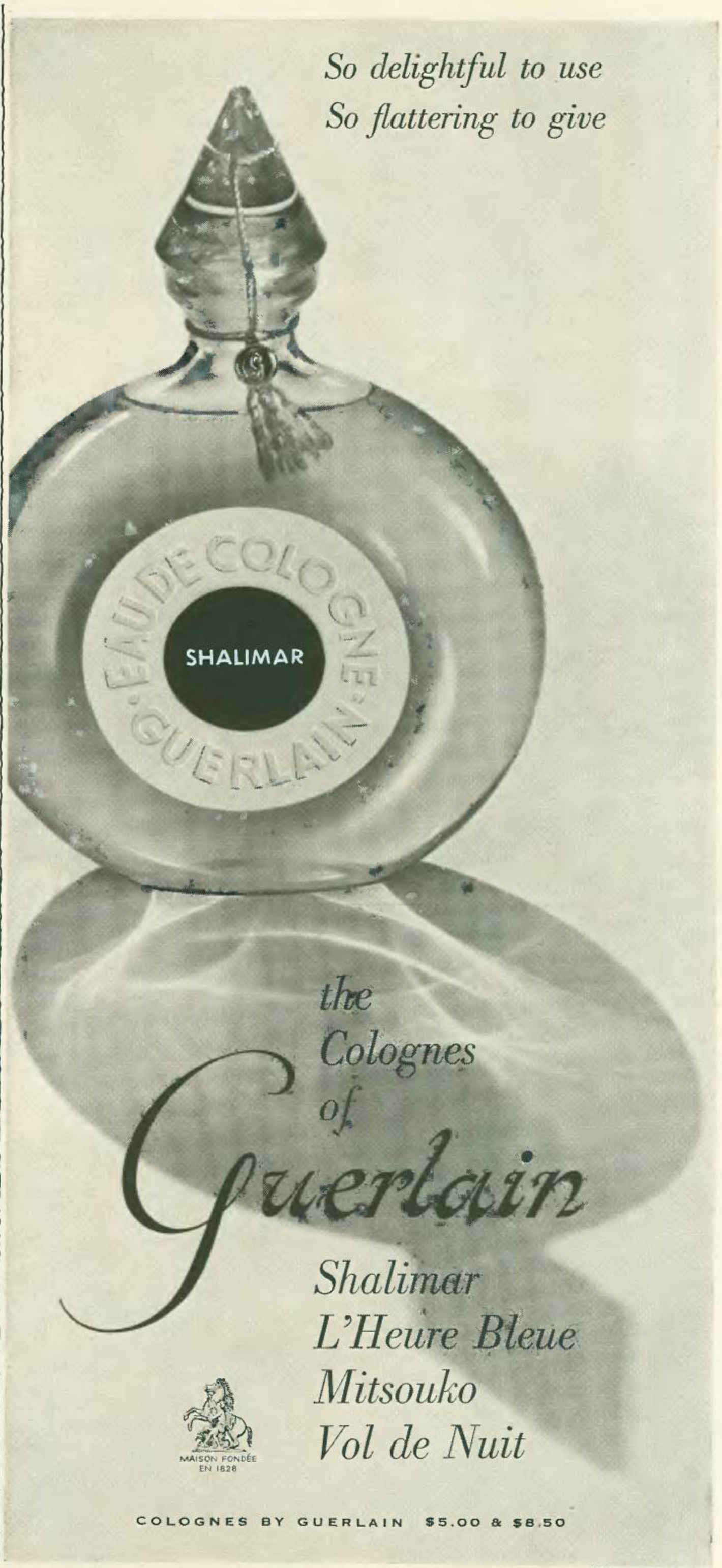
Sancton, whom I had known for some time, maintained that old Earl wasn't so bad. "He gives money to every kid he meets," he said. "'A quarter to whites and a nickel to niggers' is the way you hear it around here." The "nickel to niggers" is a key to the Long family's position on the Southern issue. "They do not favor the Negro," a Negro educator once told me, "but they are less inflexibly antagonistic than the others."

"Earl is like Huey on Negroes," Tom said. "When the new Charity Hospital was built here, some Negro politicians came to Huey and said it was a shame there were no Negro nurses, when more than half the patients were colored. Huey said he'd fix it for them, but they wouldn't like his method. He went around to visit the hospital and pretended to be surprised when he found white nurses waiting on colored men. He blew high as a buzzard can fly, saying it wasn't fit for white women to be so humiliated. It was the most racist talk you ever heard, but the result was he got the white nurses out and the colored nurses in, and they've had the jobs ever since."

SINCE the Governor was not available in the flesh, my friends took me after dinner to see and hear him on film. In the projection room of television station WDSU, which is off a handsome Creole courtyard in the French Quarter, they had arranged for a showing of a documentary composed of various television-newsreel shots, and from this encounter I date my acquaintance with Uncle Earl. The cameramen had covered all the great moments of that fulminating May session of the legislature, which began with the Governor riding high and ended, for him, when he was led from the floor, tired and incoherent, by Margaret Dixon, the managing editor of the Baton Rouge *Advocate*. A day later, he was under heavy sedation and on his way to Texas, where he arrived, he subsequently said, with "not enough clothes on me to cover a red bug, and a week later I was enjoying the same wardrobe." But within a fortnight he had talked a Texas judge into letting him return to Louisiana on his promise to matriculate at a private hospital in New Orleans. After signing himself in and out of the New Orleans hospital, the Governor had started for Baton Rouge to assume power, only to be stopped by sheriff's deputies at the behest of his wife, Miz Blanche, who had then committed him to the State Hospital at Mandeville. Thence he had been rescued by a faithful retainer,



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the lawyer Joe Arthur Sims, who sought a writ of habeas corpus. Once the Governor had regained temporary liberty, he completed the job by firing the director of the Department of Hospitals and the superintendent of the hospital, who, in the normal course of events, might have appeared against him to contend that he was insane.

In the opening newsreel shots, Long appeared a full-faced, portly, peppery, white-haired man, as full of *hubris* as a dog is of ticks in spring, sallying out on the floor of the legislature to wrest the microphone from the hands of opposition speakers. "Let him talk, Governor, let him talk," a man in the foreground of the picture—perhaps the Speaker—kept saying during these episodes, but the Governor never would. He would shake his finger in his subjects' faces, or grab the lectern with both hands and wag his bottom from side to side. He interrupted one astonished fellow to ask, "What's your name?"

"John Waggoner, from Plain Dealing." (This is the name of a town.)

"Well, well, you look like a fine man. Don't let nothing run over you."

Some of the newsreel clips were of the Governor's press conferences, and in one, when a reporter asked him whether he thought he could manage his legislators, he said, "You know, the Bible says that before the end of time billy goats, tigers, rabbits, and house cats all are going to sleep together. My gang looks like the Biblical proposition is here." This was the first good sample of his prose I had had a chance to evaluate, and I immediately put him on a level with my idol Colonel John R. Stingo, the Honest Rainmaker, who, at the age of eighty-five, is selling lots at Massena, New York, a community that he predicts will be the Pittsburgh of the future. The newsreel also included a sequence in which the Governor sounded off on Mayor deLesseps S. Morrison, of New Orleans, who for years had been his rival in Democratic primaries. "I hate to say this—I hate to boost old Dellasoups—but he'll be second again." (Long beat Morrison badly in the 1956 race for Governor. He always referred to him as "Dellasoups," and represented him as a city slicker.) "I'd rather beat Morrison than eat any blackberry, huckleberry pie my mama ever made. Oh, how I'm praying for that stump-wormer to get in there. I want him to roll up them cuffs, and get out that little old tuppy, and pull down them shades, and make himself up. He's the easiest man to make a nut out of I've

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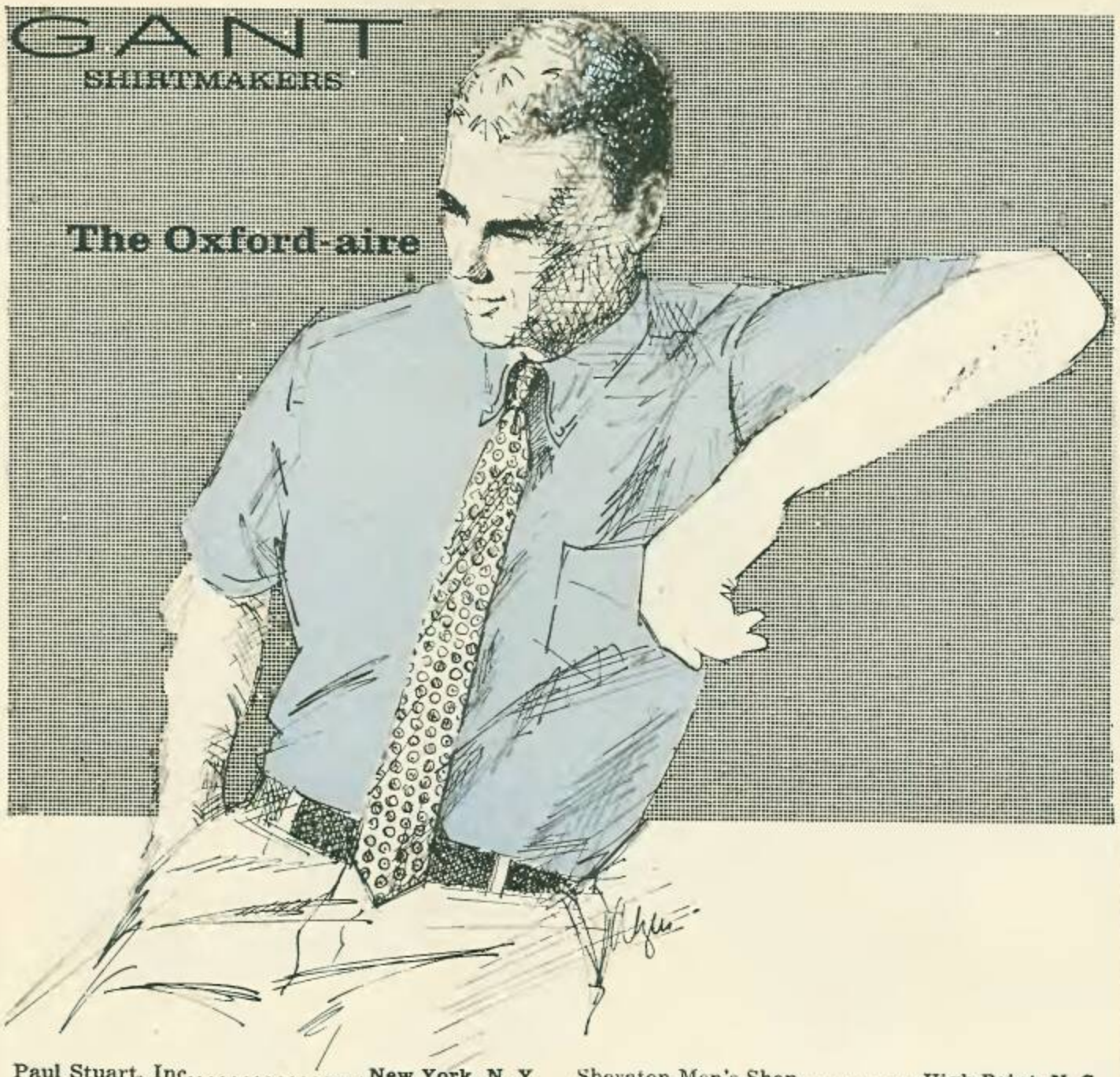

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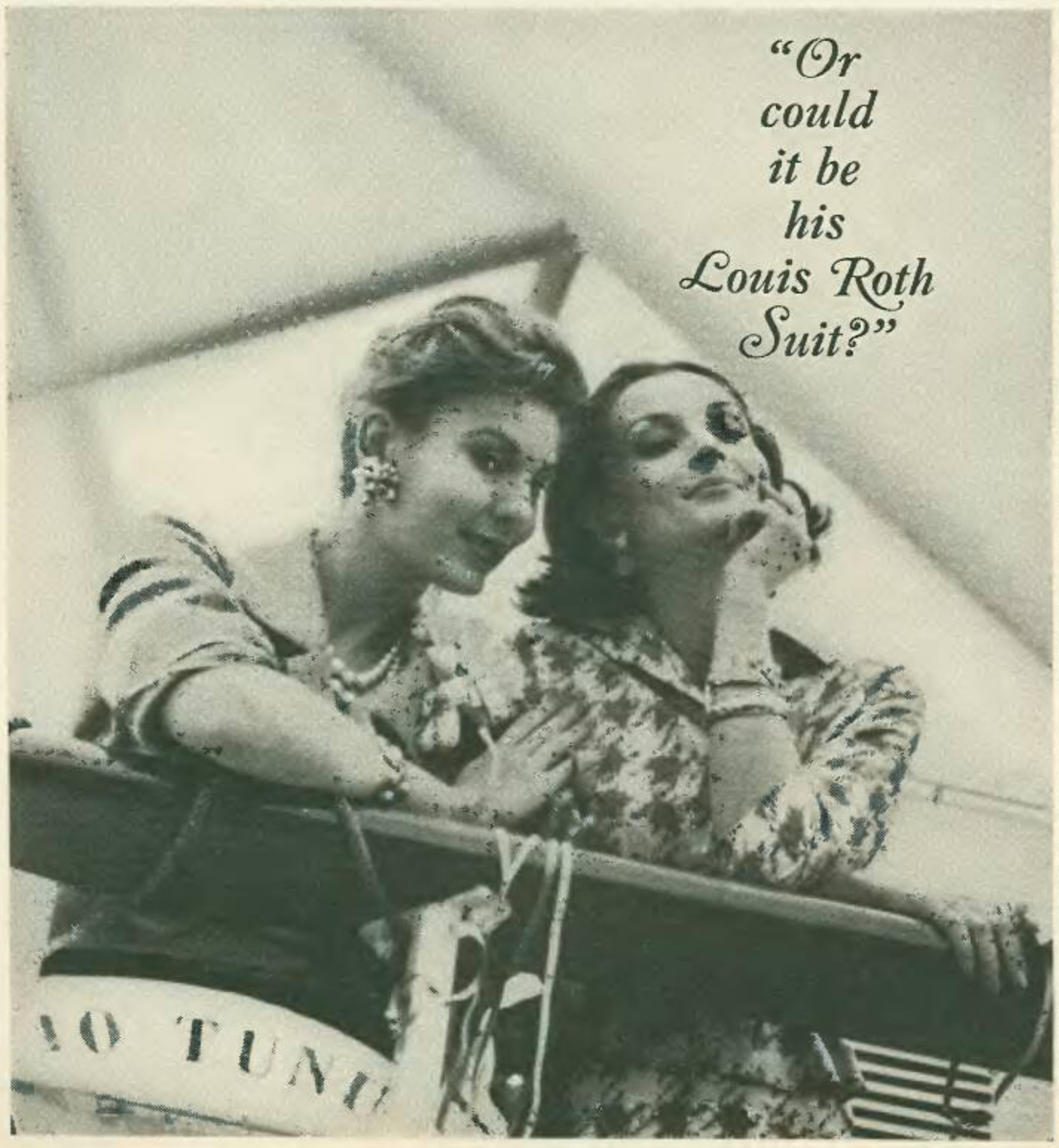
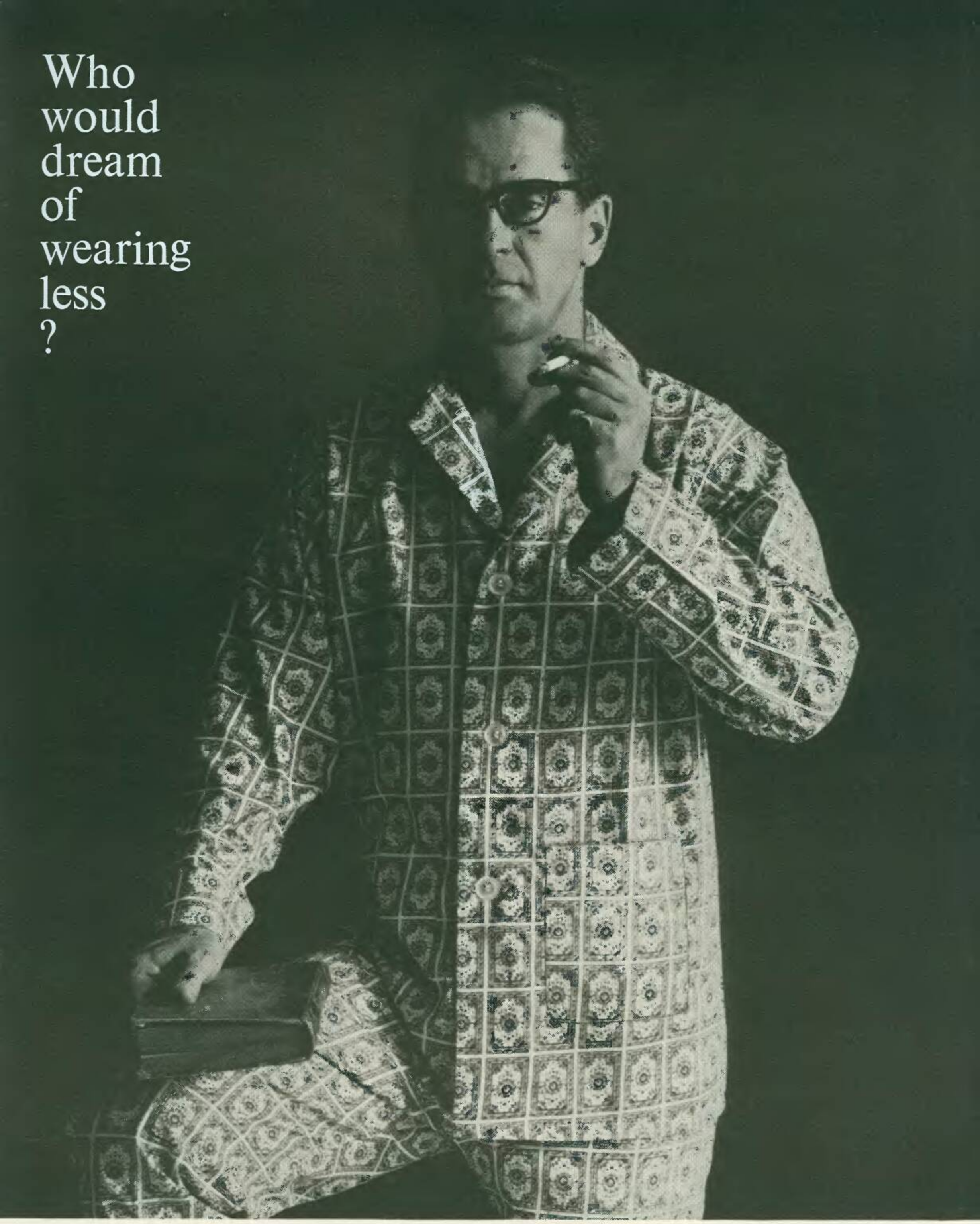


ever seen in my life." The "tuppy," for "toupee," was a slur on Morrison's hair, which is thinning, though only Long has ever accused him of wearing a wig. As for the makeup, Morrison occasionally used it for television. Earl's Morrison bit was a standard feature of his repertoire, and I could see from the mobile old face how he enjoyed it. And, as if to illustrate the old Long vote-getting method, which had worked in Louisiana ever since Huey took the stump in 1924, the newsreel anthologist had included part of a speech of the Governor's, evidently favoring a higher license fee for heavy (rich men's) vehicles: "Don't you think the people that use the roads ought to pay for building them? Take a man out in the country, on an old-age pension. He don't own an automobile, can't even drive one—do you think he should pay for highways for overloaded trucks that tear up the highway faster than you can build them? We got a coffee-ground formation in south Louisiana—it costs three times more to build a road in south Louisiana than it does in west Texas—but still the *Picayune* says they don't know, they can't understand. Well, there's a hell of a lot that they don't understand—that they *do* understand but they don't want *you* to understand. And you can say this, as long as I've got the breath and the life and the health, I've got the fortitude and the backbone to tell 'em, and dammit they know I'll tell 'em, and that's why they're against me. You can only judge the future by the past."

Almost all the elements of the Long appeal are there, starting with the pensions, which Huey conceived and sponsored, and on which a high proportion of the elderly people in Louisiana live—seventy-two dollars a month now, a fine sum in a low-income state. "But still the *Picayune* says they don't know, they can't understand" refers to the good roads whose high price the *Times-Picayune* constantly carps at, because, the Longs always imply, the *Picayune*, organ of the czarists, secretly wants *bad* roads. "They know I'll tell them, and that's why they're against me" means that the press—a monopoly press in New Orleans now—has always been against the Longs, the champions of the poor; when all the press consistently opposes one skillful man, he can turn its opposition into a backhanded testimony to his unique virtue. "You can only judge the future by the past" is a reminder that the past in Louisiana, before Huey, was painful for the small farmers in the northern hills and the southern bayous. It is not hard to select such



We hear that some men sleep in nothing at all. What a bare existence! And some sleep in ordinary pajamas. (Surely a threadbare way to do things.) The most knowledgeable men feel like proverbial kings in WELDON's Sudanaire * Pajamas—sleepwear with a silken touch that comes from imported yarns, and tailoring reminiscent of Savile Row. A truly fabulous gift for approximately nine dollars – at fine stores everywhere. Or write **WELDON PAJAMAS** 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York

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an all-inclusive passage from a Long speech; they recur constantly, the mixture as before.

Then followed clips showing the crucial scrimmages on the floor of the legislature. In the beginning, I could see, the Governor was as confident as Oedipus Tyrannus before he got the bad news. He felt a giant among pygmies, a pike among crappies, as he stood there among the legislators, most of whom owed him for favors—special bills passed for their law clients, state jobs for constituents, "contributions" for their personal campaign funds, and so on. But that day the Governor was rushing in where the dinner-party liberals who represent Southern states in Washington have steadily refused to tread. Old Earl was out to liberalize the registration law, passed in Reconstruction times, that gives parish (i.e., county) registrars the power to disqualify voters arbitrarily on "educational" grounds. Except in a few rural parishes, the effect of this law has been on the decline for decades, but now a white-supremacy group in the legislature had moved for its strict enforcement—against colored voters, of course. It took me a minute or two to realize that the old "demagogue" was actually making a civil-rights speech. "Now, this registration you're talking about," he said. "That was put through in carpetbag days, when colored people and scalawags were running rampant in our country. You got to interpret the Constitution. There ain't ten people looking at me, including myself, who, if properly approached or attacked, could properly qualify to vote. They say this a nigger bill—ain't no such." (The old law, if enforced impartially, would also have disqualified a number—large but hard to estimate—of older white men and women who had been on the rolls since they were twenty-one but were not Ph.Ds. Needless to say, the bill's proponents did not expect enforcement to be impartial.)

At this point, the camera focussed on a young man with slick black hair and a long upper lip who was wearing a broad necktie emblazoned with a Confederate flag and who addressed a microphone with gestures appropriate to mass meetings. "It's Willie Rainach, the Citizens Council boy," one of my mentors told me. Rainach, who is a state senator from Summerfield, in Claiborne Parish, pleaded with his colleagues not to let Long "sell Louisiana down the river." (I felt another concept crumbling; I had always thought it was Negroes who got sold down rivers.) Long, grabbing for a microphone—probably he had no legal

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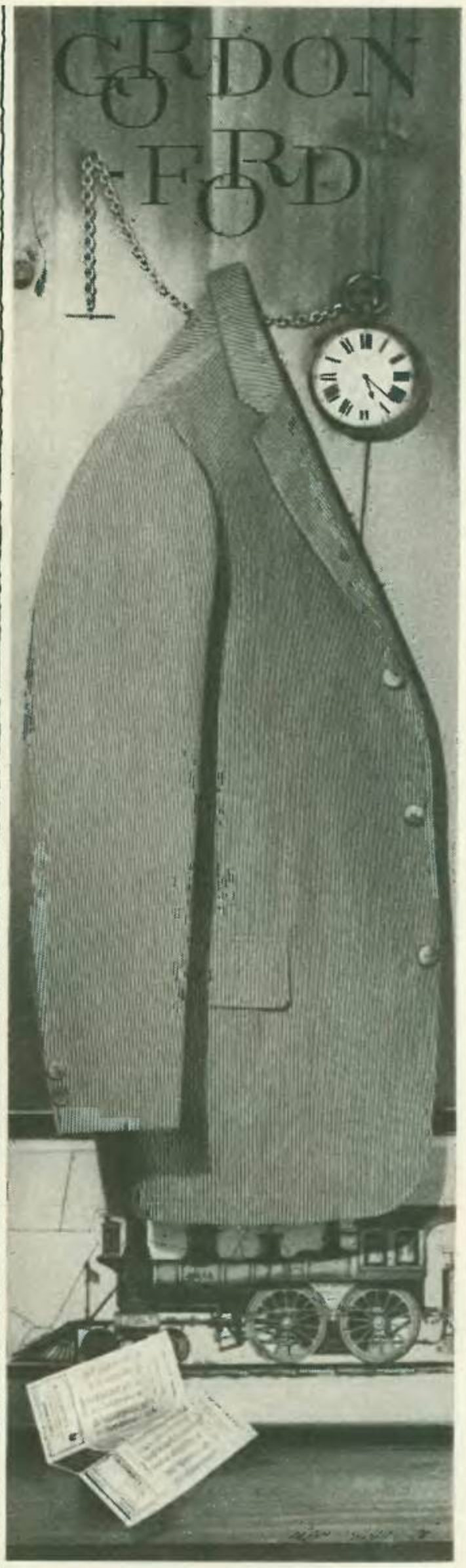
right to be in the argument at all—remonstrated, "I think there's such a thing as being overeducated. Scientists tell me there's enough wrinkles up there"—tapping his head—"to take care of all kinds of stuff. Maybe I'm getting old—I'm losing some of mine. I hope that don't happen to Rainach. After all this over, he'll probably go up there to Summerfield, get up on his front porch, take off his shoes, wash his feet, look at the moon, and get close to God." This was gross comedy, a piece of miming that recalled Jimmy Savo impersonating the Mississippi River. Then the old man, changing pace, shouted in Rainach's direction, "And when you *do*, you got to *rec*ognize that *niggers* is human beings!"

It was at this point that the legislators must have decided he'd gone off his crumpet. Old Earl, a Southern politician, was taking the Fourteenth Amendment's position that "no state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States . . . nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." So sporadic was my interest in Southern matters then that I did not know the federal Department of Justice had already taken action against Washington Parish, over near the Mississippi line, because the exponents of the law that Earl didn't like had scratched the names of 1,377 Negro voters, out of a total of 1,510, from the rolls. (When, in January, 1960, six months later, United States District Judge J. Skelly Wright, a Louisianian, ordered the Negroes' names put back on the rolls, no dispatch clapped old Earl on the back for having championed them. Nor, in February, when Louisiana appealed Judge Wright's decision and the Supreme Court sustained it, did anybody give the old battler credit for having battled. The main feature of the civil-rights bill passed by this Congress was, in fact, an affirmation of the Earl Long argument that led to his sojourn in Texas, but nobody recalled the trouble that his fight for civil rights had cost him.)

"There's no longer *slavery!*" Long shouted at Rainach. "There wasn't but two people in Winn Parish that was able to own slaves—one was my grandpa, the other was my uncle—and when they were freed, they stayed on" (here his voice went tenor and sentimental, then dropped again) "and two of those fine old colored women more or less died in my Christian mother's arms—Black Alice and Aunt Rose." He sounded like a blend of David Warfield and Morton Downey. "To



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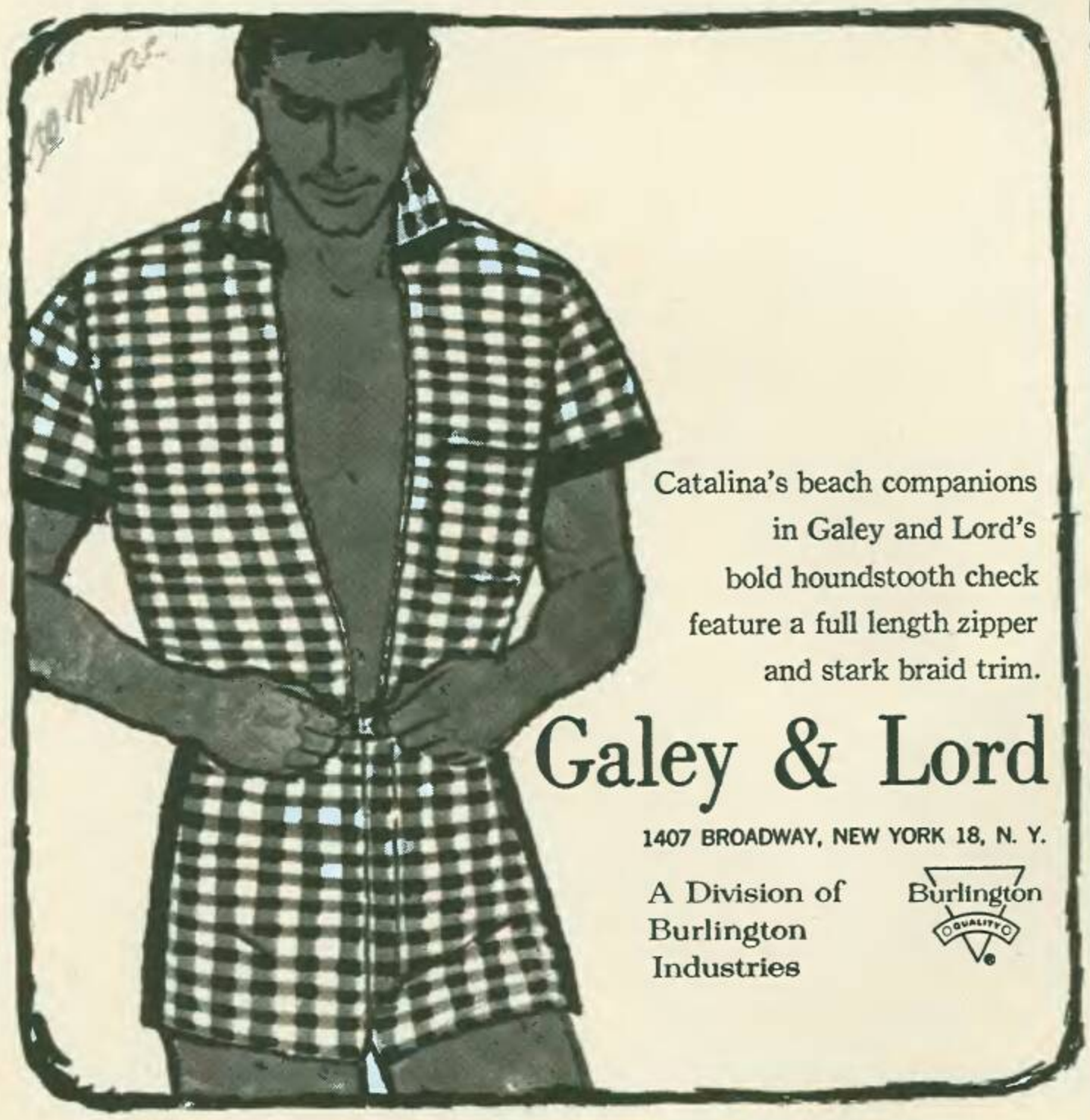

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keep fine, honorable, gray-headed men and women off the registration rolls, some of whom have been voting as much as sixty or sixty-five years— I plead with you in all candor. I'm a candidate for Governor. If it hurts me, it will just have to hurt." He didn't believe it would hurt, but it did. In any case, he was taking a chance, which put him in a class by himself among Southern public men.

This was the high point of the Governor's performance, an Elizabethan juxtaposition of comedy and pathos; weeks after witnessing it, I could still visualize Senator Rainach up on his porch in Summerfield, looking at the moon, foot in hand, and feeling integrated with his Creator. As the session continued, the old man, blundering into opposition he hadn't expected, became bitter and sometimes hardly coherent. The others snarled him down, and Mrs. Dixon led him from the floor.

THE light in the projection room went on, as if at the end of a first act, and there was a pause while the operator loaded a new reel. When the show went on again, I saw a shocking change. The Governor, between his exit from the screen and his reappearance, had made the tortuous journey to Texas and back. Extended on a pallet in a dusty little hotel at Covington, where he lay after winning his way to freedom by firing the hospital officials, he made me think of old newsreel shots of Mahatma Gandhi. His pale, emaciated arms and chest were showing over the top of a sheet that covered the rest of his body, and he addressed the reporters in a hoarse whisper that was hard to understand because he had mislaid his dentures. It was the beginning of the second chapter of the legend of Long-family martyrdom. "I'm very happy to be relieved from hijacking, kidnapping, punctures, needles, and everything they could use," he said, "and one of the first things I'm going to do is see that no person, colored or white or what, has to go through the same humiliation, the same intimidation, the same hurts and bruises that I did."

The next sequence was pastoral—on the veranda of Earl's old-fashioned farm at Winnfield, in his home parish, where it is politically inadvisable to paint the house too often. The horrors of Texas and Mandeville were beginning to recede. "Now I'm at my little ol' pea-patch farm in Winnfield, where I raise some billy goats, shoats, cows, got two or three old plug horses, but they suit me," he said. "I knew I was a little run down in the legislature. Only two weeks

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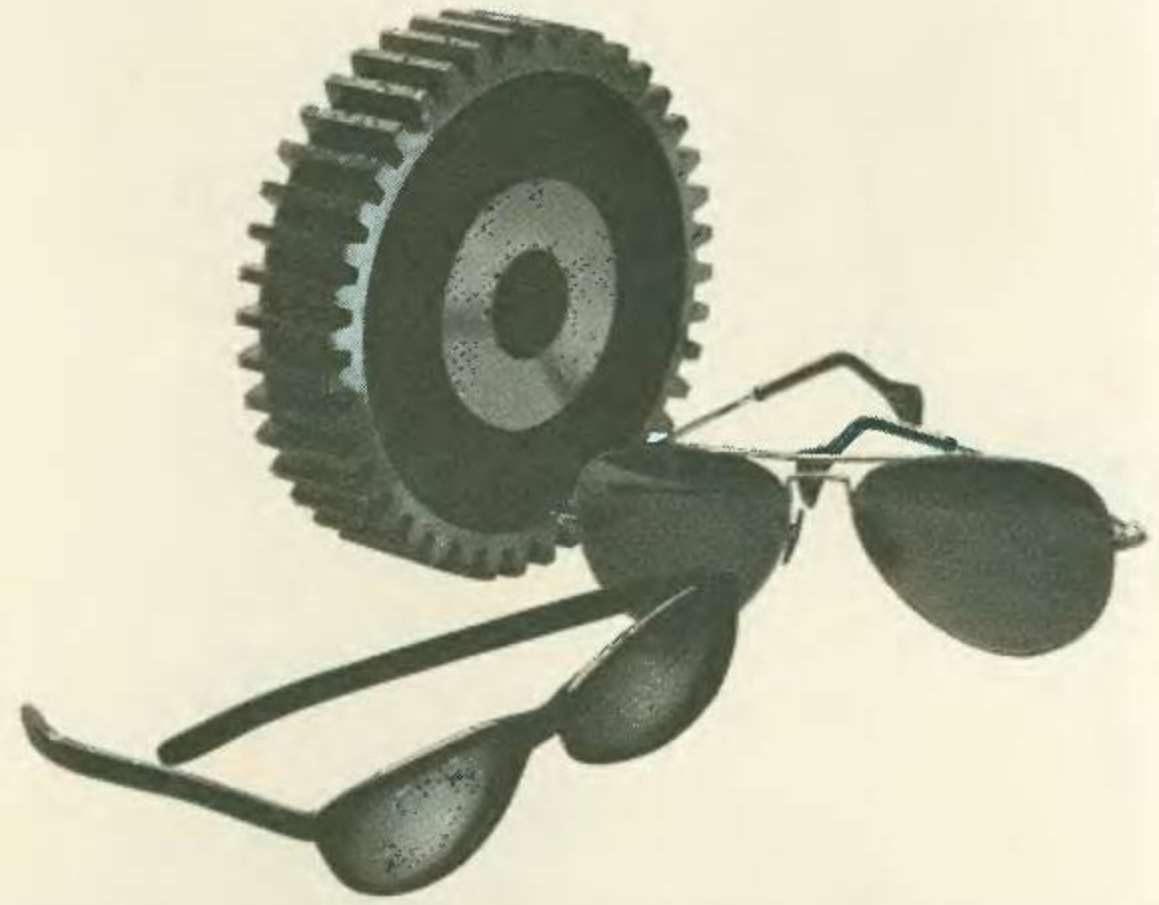

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to go, and I knew there was lots of important things that would fall if I wasn't there. When they kidnapped me, I lost the loan-shark bill." This was a bill to regulate rates of interest charged by small-loan companies, and the Governor's tone made me tremble for the small debtors of Louisiana, left naked to the exactions of the Shylocks.

The respite at Winnfield was brief, however—just a couple of days, while he prepared for a few nonpolitical, precampaign stump speeches. The screen showed one of these stump appearances, too. The Governor was weak, and had to be helped up some wooden steps set against the side of the flat-bodied truck from which he spoke. The sun, to judge from the sweaty faces of the crowd, must have been killing. He didn't say much; the main purpose of his appearances was to show the voters that Lazarus was in business at the old stand. Joe Arthur Sims, his disciple-at-law, made the principal speech. Mr. Sims is a big young man, about six feet four, with a big face windowed in tortoise shell, a big chin, and a big voice. His delivery is based on increasing volume, like the noise of an approaching subway train; when he reaches his climaxes, you feel almost irresistibly impelled to throw yourself flat between the rails and let the cars pass over you. "When our beloved friend, the *fine* Governor of the Gret Stet of Loosiana, sent for me in his need at Mandeville," Mr. Sims said, "his condition had been *so* MISREPRESENTED"—here he took the train around a loop and up to Seventy-second Street before he started down again—"that people I knew said to me, 'Don't you go up there, Joe Sims. That man is a *hyena*. He'll BITE YOU IN THE LAIG.' But I went. I went to Mandeville, and before I could reach my friend, *the armed guard had to open ten locked doors*, and lock each one of 'em again after us. And theah, *theah*, I found the FINE Governor, of the GRET Stet of Loosiana"—and here his shocked voice backed up way beyond Columbus Circle—"without SHOES, without a stitch of CLOTHES to put awn him, without a friend to counsel with. And he was just as rational as he has ever been in his life, or as you see him here today. He said, '*JOE SIMS, WHERE THE HELL YOU BEEN*?' "

WHEN Tom and the lawyer and I left the projection room, I felt that I had been introduced into a new world, and it gave me something to think about as we moved from cool WDSU through the wet heat toward Pete Herman's bar. The transitions be-

tween conditioned and unconditioned air are the new pattern of life in the summer South. This was a pilgrimage. Herman (his name in the prize ring), who has been blind for thirty-seven years, was the best infighter I have ever seen in my life, and I had to tell him so. (As I age, I grow more punctilious about my aesthetic debts.) I had watched him fight fifteen rounds against Midget Smith at the old Madison Square Garden during my college holidays in December of 1921. They were bantamweights—a hundred and eighteen pounds. Herman was already nearly blind, although he was not saying so. He fought by a system of feint and touch. Until he could make contact, he would move his head to draw Smith's punches to where he did not mean to be, and then, as soon as he felt a glove or an arm or a passing current of air, he knew where he was. If he had his glove on a man's right biceps, he knew where the man's left hand and belly and chin must be, as a touch typist knows where the letters are on the keyboard. He could anticipate moves, and lead and counter and put his combinations of blows together at a range of inches; I have heard it said that he could feint, and fool you, with both hands out of sight. At the Garden, I could see the beauty of what he was doing, but I couldn't understand why, when he hurt Smith, he didn't follow him up. And until he had established touch again, Herman was lost; Smith, a tough little slugger, caught him with some savage blows that Herman—inexplicably then—failed to see, although they were a long way coming. Smith got the decision, but I thought it unjust, and until Herman's manager announced his retirement because of blindness, I lacked the key to what I had witnessed. In the thirty-seven years since, I have never seen such a performance. "What Pete Herman done," an initiate once told me, with awe, "nobody could have learned him." My New Orleans companions, both of whom were children when Herman was fighting, could not fathom my compulsion to see him; they probably thought he was like what you see on television. To them he was only a hard little Italian named Gulotta, whose late brother, Gaspar, had been the official collector of the contributions to police and politicians that kept the sucker traps in the Quarter operating.

Pete's joint was a bar that had a back room with a floor show. The show was on when we arrived. There were only a couple of people in the bar, but the back room was packed. A Negro, who the master of ceremonies said was

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named Pork Chops, was dancing desultorily, and he and the m.c. were carrying on a dialogue:

M.C.: If you're so good, why aren't you on television?

P.C.: I'm waiting for *colored* television.

With this, everybody except us got up and left, in a disciplined, joyless group. I hadn't thought the joke was that bad, and I was almost glad the proprietor was blind, because otherwise the exodus might have hurt his feelings. But then I learned that such mass entrances and departures are routine, like the alternations of being too hot or too cold. The migrating audiences are tourists from Iowa, who sign up for rounds of the night clubs at their hotels and are carried from one joint to the next in buses. The deal apparently includes one soft drink at each stop.

When the sightseers had gone, we sent for the proprietor, who came over to us, walking briskly and only once or twice checking his course by touching a table. He has a big head and a welterweight's shoulders and thorax on short legs—a jockey's build. I told him I had seen him fight Midget Smith. "And I still think you should have had the decision," I said.

"I thought I win, too," he agreed. "I could see Smith was cut up bad." I assumed that his manager had told him Smith was cut up bad. Then he said happily, "Barney Ross was in here a couple of weeks ago with a fighter he's handling. Barney's thirteen years younger than me, and he looks older. He's gone all gray on top." Then I understood that he visualizes what people tell him, and that a minute later it's all a part of his past, as if he'd seen it himself. Pretty soon, he excused himself and went about his business, as a good saloonkeeper should. When he was gone, we had a round of beer and began talking about the Governor again.

"Don't let him con you," the lawyer said. "You hoid him talk about, yeah, Black Alice, and, yeah, Aunt Rose, but all he cares about is Uncle Oil." There is a New Orleans city accent (which I shall make no further attempt to reproduce) associated with downtown New Orleans, particularly with the German and Irish Third Ward, that is hard to distinguish from the accent of Hoboken, Jersey City, and Astoria, Long Island, where the Al Smith inflection, extinct in Manhattan, has taken refuge. The reason, as you might expect, is that the same stocks that brought the accent to Manhattan imposed it on New Orleans, between the eighteen-forties and

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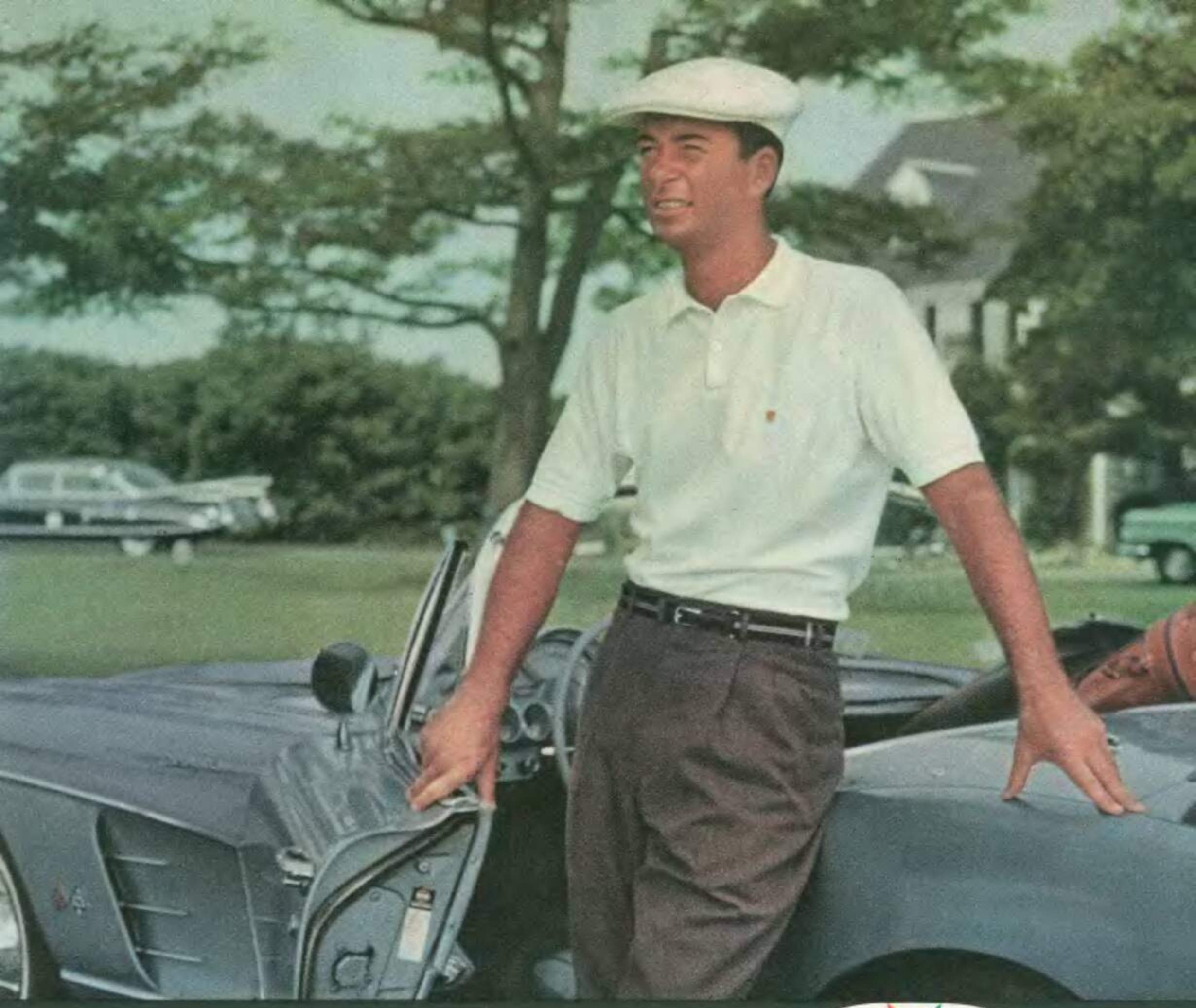

Ken Venturi, professional golfer; charter member of the Jantzen International Sports Club; *photos by Tom Kelley.*

Photos from "Let's analyze your golf swing" by Ken Venturi, a 24-page book free at men's stores and pro shops that carry Jantzen. A proper accompaniment to a Father's Day gift!

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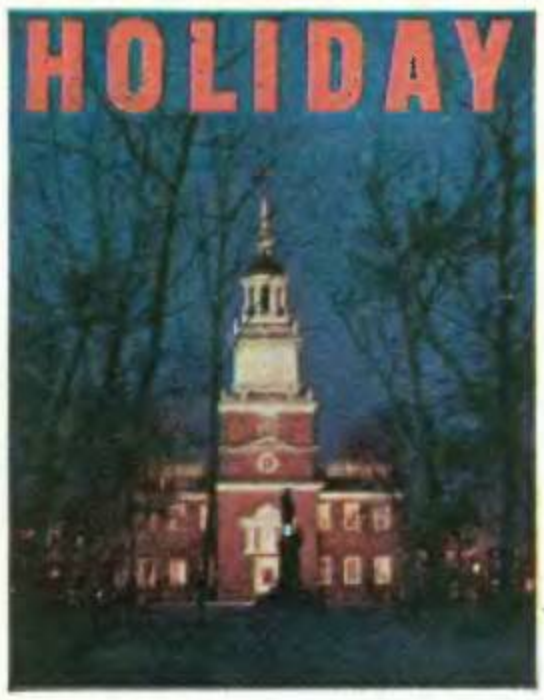
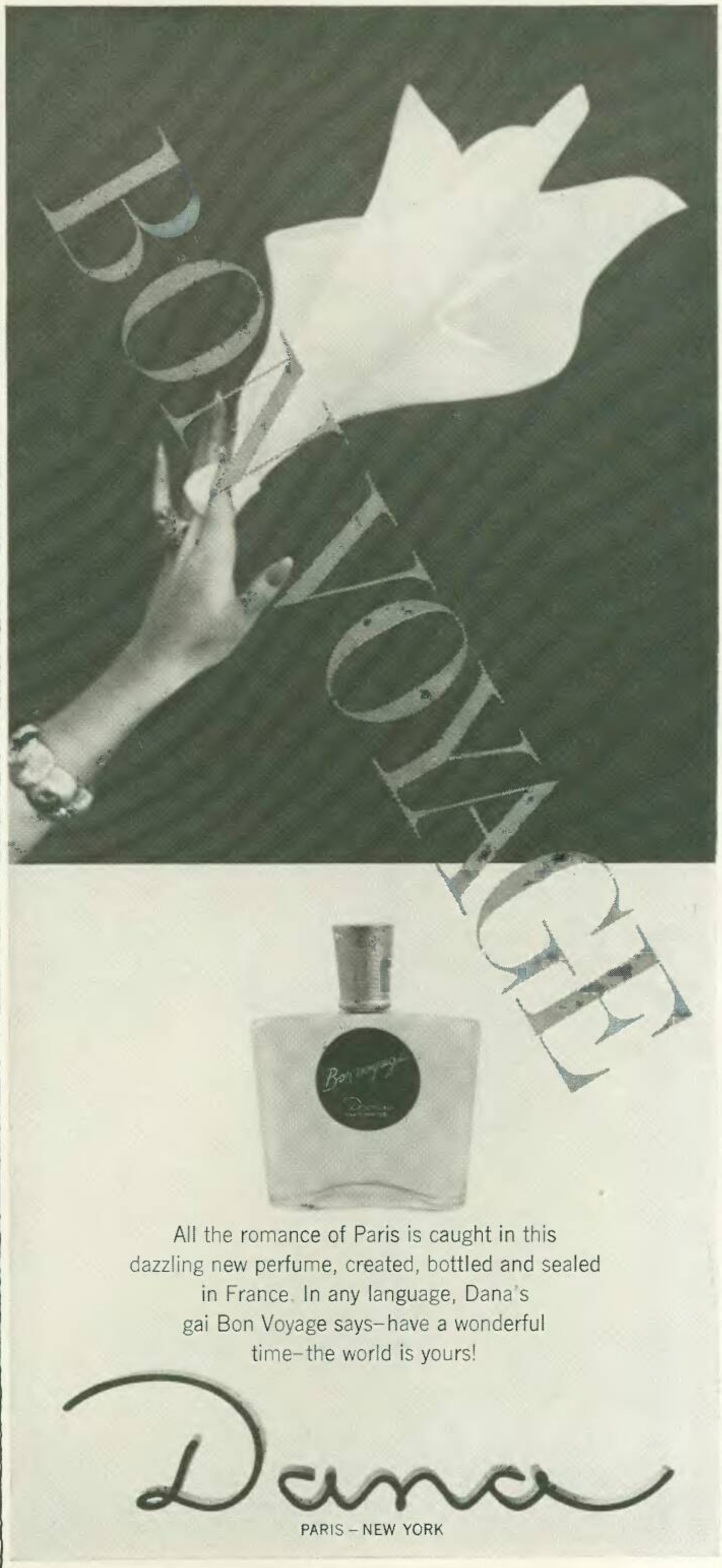


the Civil War. Irish immigrants, not Negro slaves, built the levees; the Negroes, bought at high prices to work cotton, were mostly too valuable to use on low-pay labor. "Earl doesn't care about the jigs," the lawyer went on. "He wants their votes. And he knows he'll get them if he can just make those other fellows keep their hands off the lists. They're just fakers anyway. They don't want to disfranchise all niggers—only his niggers. When they've got a nigger they can be sure of, they'll vote him every time. Uncle Earl makes sweet talk about keeping those old white people on the lists, too. He knows that any man or woman old enough to draw a pension will vote for a Long every time. And that loan-shark bill he talks about—hell, he just doesn't want to let that small-loan business out from under his thumb. It's too rich a source of revenue. The small-loan companies are licensed to lend sums up to a thousand now. The bill would have limited the interest on loans of under a thousand to three and a half per cent a month—that's forty-two per cent a year. But it would have given them the right to make loans of more than a thousand dollars at true loan-shark rates. The loan business of over a thousand is reserved for the banks now. So Earl's loan-shark bill would have helped the sharks more than it hurt them. I'll bet the sharks were *for* it, and the *banks* put up the money to fight it."

I said I couldn't understand the importance of the small-loan firms to a politician. We have them in New York, but they are not considered important sources of graft.

"It's because to get a license for a small-loan company you have to get a special bill passed through the legislature and signed by the Governor," the lawyer explained impatiently. "One Shylock, one bill. It's the surest way in the world to get rich. So a man wants a small-loan license, he goes to a politician from his home parish and gives him ten thousand dollars to take up to Baton Rouge. The fellow steers it through—he gives so much here and so much there, and maybe a good campaign contribution to whoever's Governor for signing. And what's left sticks to him for his trouble. There've been seventy-two special small-loan bills passed and signed in the last couple of sessions. So now comes a bill to change the statute itself—you can *imagine* the number of jackpots there are to be split up. What makes Uncle Earl sore is that they run him off to Texas before he could get into the act. He wants his leaders to be like those trained dogs you



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used to see in vaudeville—the ones that hold a pose until the trainer tells them to come and get their piece of meat."

"Earl likes to cut them down to size before they get too big and fresh," Tom Sancton said. "You heard what he did to the fellow from Alexandria who got a big retainer from the theatre owners to try to remove a two-per-cent tax on movie admissions? The fellow went to see Earl before the last campaign and came back and told his clients that it was in the bag. Then he went out and worked like a dog for Earl—speaking on television and radio, and stumping and conspiring and kissing babies and hustling votes—until Earl was elected Governor. One of the first things Earl did in the new legislature was to oppose removal of the tax. The fellow from Alexandria went to see him—he was afraid he would have to refund his fee, or the theatre owners would shoot him—and he said, 'I told my clients that you said you wanted their support and that you wouldn't block removal of the tax. What do I tell them now?' You know what old Earl said? He said, 'I'll tell you what to tell them. Tell them I lied.' "

"Why did he do that?" I asked. "Did somebody induce him to *keep* the tax on the movies?"

"Hell, no," said Tom. "He just didn't want the other fellow's clients to think the other fellow was that strong. He likes them to come straight to Uncle Earl."

"Oh, there's lots of ways of making money here," the lawyer said. "For instance, a law says that all state property must be insured at a rate set by a committee known as the Louisiana Insurance Rating and Fire Agency. That does away with competitive bidding, so placing insurance is just a matter of dealer's choice. The Federal Housing Authority has found that on public housing, built partly with federal and partly with state funds, the insurance rate here is the highest in the nation. And then there's the tax payable to the state on sulphur taken from the ground. It's set ridiculously low—twenty cents a ton—by a provision of the state constitution. There isn't a session of the legislature that somebody doesn't introduce a sulphur bill to amend the constitution. It's always beaten—but just. How much does it cost the sulphur companies to keep that twenty-cent limit on the books?"

"But old Earl is tight with his money," Sancton said. "The one thing he's never been tight about is horse betting. He can't stop. When he gets the papers

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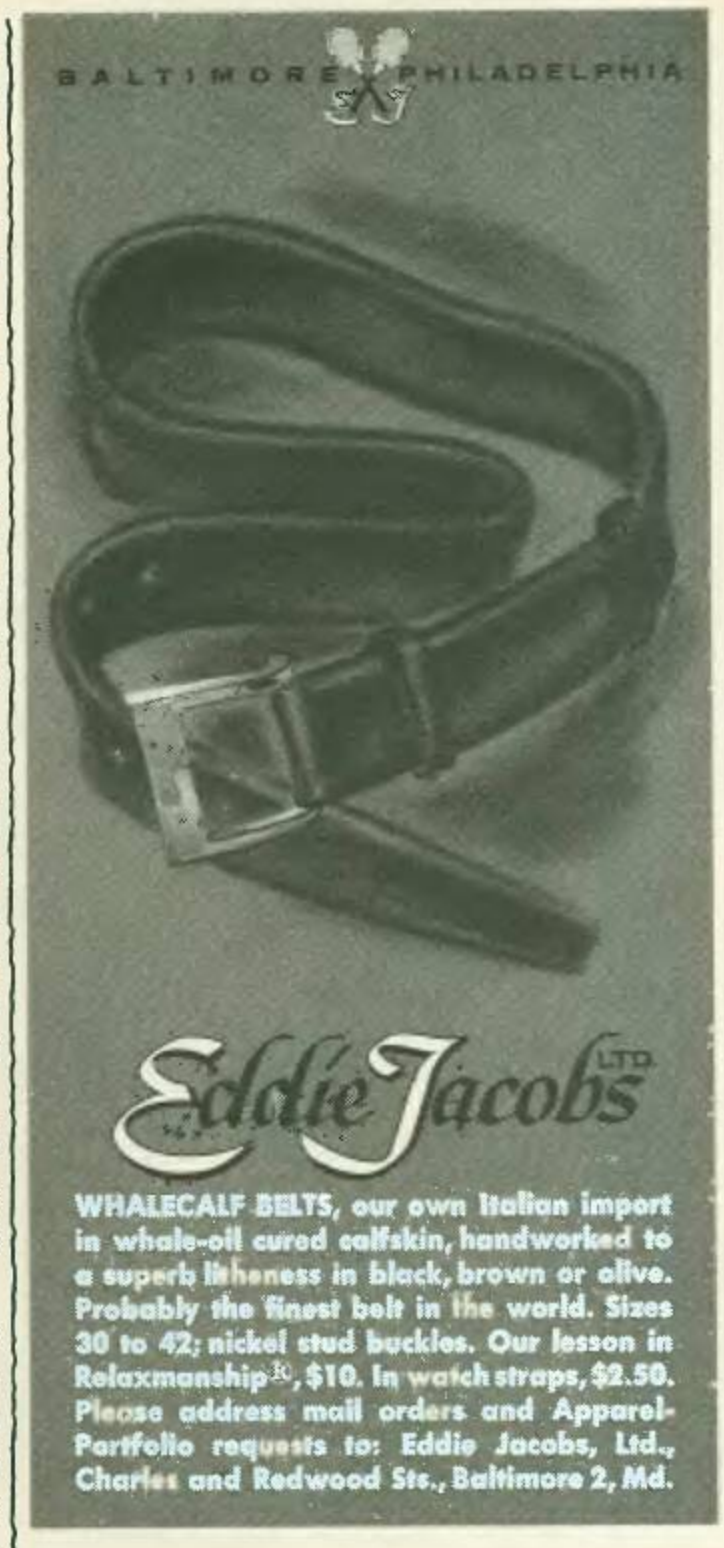
in the morning, he tears them open and goes straight to the hog quotations and the racing charts. After that, he gets a batch of *Daily Racing Forms* and *Morning Telegraphs* and lays out the entries and past performances at every track going—side by side, on a long table. It's too much trouble to use one paper and turn the pages. Then he goes to work with a red pencil and a blue one, and in an hour or so he begins calling up touts on long distance—Picklenosed Willie and The Owl and Stableboy and fellows like that. Next, he starts calling bookies to place his bets—a few dollars on each of three horses in practically every race in the country, unless one of the touts has given him something hot, and then he lays it in. If he's betting a book in Louisiana and he loses, he's been known to put it on the tab, but if he wins, he sometimes has a state trooper over at the joint within a half hour to collect."

This was the life I had always wanted to live, and I had a great fellow-feeling for Uncle Earl as the lawyer took up the refrain.

"After he makes his bets, the day's business can begin," the lawyer said. "First item is to turn to the supermarket ads. If he sees something in the ads that the price is right, he buys it regardless if he needs it at the moment or not. Like the morning he saw that Schwegmann's was selling potatoes for forty-nine cents a ten-pound sack. Schwegmann's is a string of three big supermarkets here that sell everything—furniture, automobile parts, grits, steak. Earl was a couple of days out of the State Hospital, and was staying here at the Roosevelt Hotel with ten state policemen, and there were a dozen politicians paying their respects. Earl says, 'Come on, boys, I can't afford to pass that up,' and he goes downstairs and gets into his eleven-thousand-dollar air-conditioned official Cadillac that he says he got for eighty-five hundred because he is always protecting the interests of the fine people of the Great State of Louisiana, and the state troopers get out in front on motorcycles to clear the way, and he sits in front, next to the chauffeur, the way he always does, and packs those politicians in the back, and they take off. They pull up in front of Schwegmann's—all the sirens blowing, frightening hell out of the other shoppers—and Earl gets out and heads straight for the vegetable department, and, yeah, there are the potato sacks, but they're marked fifty cents instead of forty-nine. Earl calls for the store manager and accuses him of misleading advertising, and shows him the ad, and the manager calls over all the



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clerks he can spare, and they change the price on the bags from fifty cents to forty-nine. That satisfies Earl, so he buys a hundred pounds of the potatoes and tells a state senator to pick them up and carry them to the car, and then he sees some alarm clocks on sale, and buys three hundred dollars' worth, and tells some representatives from upcountry to carry them. And eighty-seven dozen goldfish in individual plastic bags of water, and two cases of that sweet Mogen David wine, and he tells the new superintendent of state police to load up. By the time they come out, it looks like a safari, with all them politicians as native bearers. He must have had five thousand dollars' worth of junk."

"What did he think he was going to do with the stuff?" I asked.

"Damned if I know," the lawyer said. "It's just one of his ideas of pleasure. Well, when they get out there on the sidewalk, under about a hundred degrees of heat, the stuff won't all go in the trunk of the Cadillac. At least, the trunk won't close. So Uncle Earl sends a couple of senators and a judge into the store again to buy some rope, and they can't find any but the gold kind that women use to tie back drapes with, so they buy about a furlong of that, and then when they get outside, the Cadillac is so low-slung they can't pass the rope under the car. By that time, Uncle Earl is sitting in his air-cooled seat eating watermelon with salt, and he orders the chauffeur to get out and tell the judge to lie down under the car and get the rope around the best he can. The judge gets down on his knees, and as he does, he says, 'I wonder what the governors of the forty-nine other states are doing right this minute!' "

Louisianians often tell this story, and they never fail to laugh at it. It could be the subject of a Daumier lithograph, and they have a Daumier sense of humor.

"And who are the candidates who are going to run against Uncle Earl?" I asked, almost as an afterthought. All the conversation I had heard that evening sounded as if Uncle Earl were running against hardened arteries, cerebral accidents, his wife, exhaustion, and the investigative branch of the Internal Revenue Service.

"Well," Sancton said, "there's Chep Morrison, the Mayor of New Orleans—he's the one Uncle Earl calls Dellasoups. He's a brisk, nice-looking fellow, and his boosters say he gets things done, but he has two strikes against him out of town—he's a Catholic and he's a New Orleans man. As Mayor of New Orleans, he's made him-

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self an international figure, touring South America and Europe to get business for the port, and he's improved the city physically, but the kind of Mayor who looks right taking Zsa Zsa Gabor to tea looks all wrong to those rednecks up in the hill parishes. Being a Catholic doesn't hurt him downstate—our Cajuns are Catholics, too, of course—but being from New Orleans does hurt. And even in the city he beat Uncle Earl by only twenty-two hundred votes in 1956. Of course, if Earl was out, Chep would carry the city big, and he'd get all the Negro vote; Earl gets about two-thirds of it now, and Chep the rest. And he'd get the organized-labor vote, too—but only if Earl was out. He could have been Mayor for life, but in 1952 the legislature passed a law that no Mayor of New Orleans could succeed himself more than once. Chep backed the new law, and maybe he wishes now he hadn't, like the Republicans who pushed the no-third-term amendment for President.

"Then there's Bill Dodd, the state comptroller. Big Bad Bill Dodd, Uncle Earl calls him. Dodd is an old Long man. He was Lieutenant Governor with Earl from 1948 to 1952, and ran for comptroller on the same ticket with him in 1956, but they're enemies now. With Earl out, he'd get most of the steady Long vote. And there's Willie Rainach, the racist, but he won't get anybody but his own kind. The race issue isn't as hot in Louisiana as it is in Arkansas or Alabama or Mississippi. Nobody will say he's for integration in the schools, but as for letting Negroes vote or not vote, most people are for leaving things as they are—a kind of local option. Morrison and old Uncle Earl might lose some votes by being what people call a little 'soft on the niggers,' but those people wouldn't necessarily all go to Rainach—many would go to somebody in between."

"That's why a lot of people think Jimmie Davis is the best bet," the lawyer broke in. "Jimmie is a psalm-singing fellow from up in Shreveport, in the northwest corner of the state. He used to be a hillbilly singer and composer—he wrote 'You Are My Sunshine, My Only Sunshine'—and he was Governor from 1944 to 1948. He isn't a clown; he's smart. Lately he's been making a lot of religious records. That helps him with the church people, and when he was Governor he didn't have any trouble with the gamblers, either. His motto is 'I Never Done Nobody No Harm.' Davis is a country boy from a big city, but Shreveport doesn't frighten the rubes the way New Orleans does. If he

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could get into the second primary with either Earl or Chep, he might inherit the votes of all the candidates who lost out."

The one political element that neither of my mentors mentioned even once—nor did they need to—was the Republican Party. It is the smallest of all the political sects in Louisiana. In the statewide primaries of 1956, there were seven hundred and forty thousand Democratic voters and eighteen hundred and eighty-three Republican voters. There are no Republican watchers at most polling places on primary day, because there aren't enough Republicans to go around. Of the eighteen hundred and eighty-three Republicans, it is my impression that eighteen hundred and eighty-two are lawyers, and during a Republican administration in Washington at least three quarters of them have federal jobs. Aspirants to the order have to be of sober demeanor and sterling character, to live down the ripe odor left by the "Customhouse" Republican regime of Reconstruction days, so called because President Grant's brother-in-law, James F. Casey, was Collector of Customs for New Orleans. Known as the party of plunder when they were turned out in 1876, the Republicans have become the party of purity in state affairs. Louisiana Republicans must also have better than average education, because of the high incidence of office they must cope with when the wind off the Potomac is favorable. Barring protracted accidents like Roosevelt-Truman, a Louisiana Republican has three hundred and ninety-eight times the chances of a Louisiana Democrat to become a federal judge. Patience and self-denial are other necessary qualifications, since the novice renounces all hope of elective office when he takes the veil. His salvation can come only from outside the state, as Jupiter came to Danaë in a shower of gold. But it comes quite often. Since 1876, when Washington abandoned the Reconstruction, Republicans have held the White House and its appointive powers for forty-eight out of eighty-four years. I never learned the process of induction into the Louisiana Republican cult, but the ranks are always full, and the queue does not disperse when there are long waits between buses. Even during these spells of unemployment, the Republicans suffer no outrage. No Democrat in his right mind wants to incur the wrath of a man who will be a United States District Judge or a District Director of Internal Revenue the next time the Republicans win. Like the Parsees in India and the Mozabites in Algeria, they have won respect as clean, sober, and industrious people,

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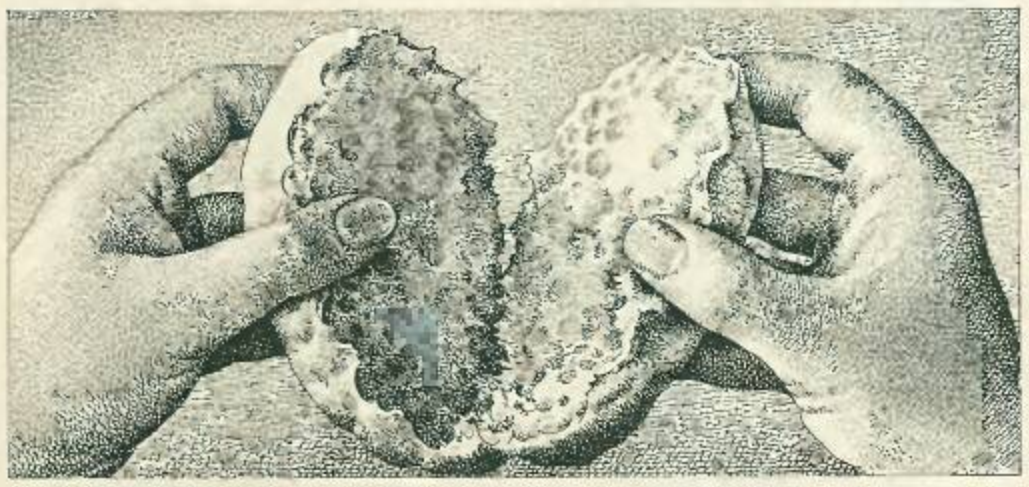

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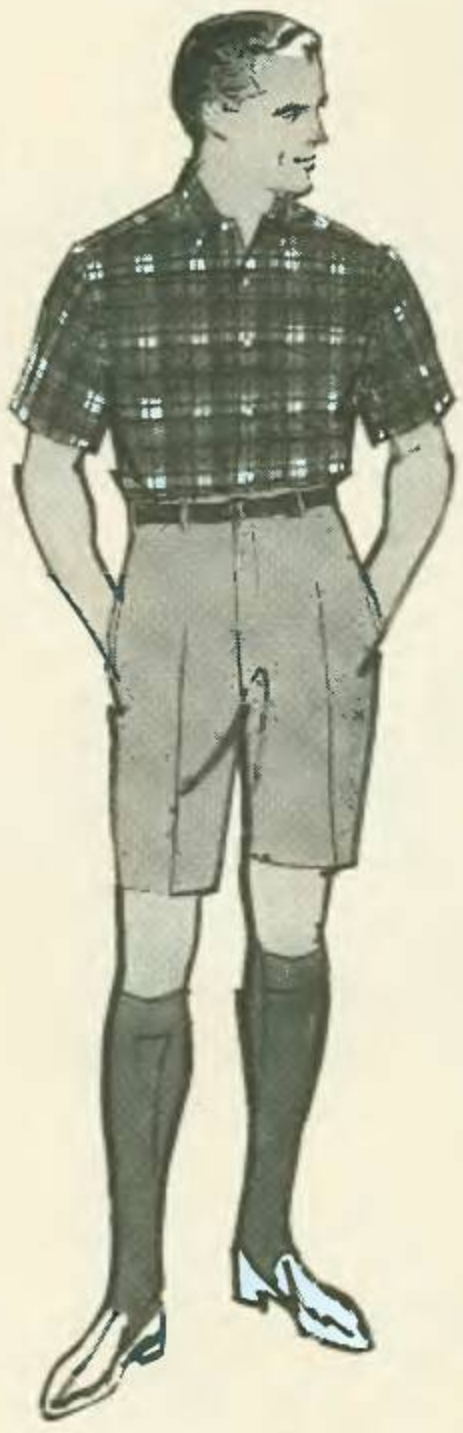

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and their attorneys get a full share of civil practice.

"And who is your man?" I asked my two mentors.

The lawyer, who had been knocking the Governor ever since I met him, said, as if there had never been any doubt of where he stood, "I'll stay with Uncle Earl unless he looks too sick to go the distance. They may say, yeah, he's crazy, and, yeah, he's got deep pockets, and, yeah, he'd cut his best friend's throat to keep him from getting elected, but how far do you think a man like me would have got in the Louisiana bar before Huey came along? Up from the bottom, ate my way free through college by playing football, studied law at night. Police-court cases. Any time I walked into court against one of those old-family boys from the big law firms that represented the banks and oil companies, I'd be dead." The lawyer is a member of the Regular Democratic Organization, the New Orleans machine that is the spiritual equivalent of old-fashioned Tammany Hall. The Old Regulars, as they are known, fought Huey Long until he broke their power in the thirties, and then joined him. "Before Huey," the lawyer went on, "the state was tight as a drum and crooked as a corkscrew; now it may still be crooked, but it's open to everybody. Maybe some judges do cut up jackpots, but they aren't working for a monopoly. In business it's the same—there's plenty of ex-wildcatters, oil-and-gas millionaires, who under the old house rules would have been crushed out before they got started. Huey was like the kid who comes along in a game of Chicago pool when all the balls are massed. He breaks them and runs a few, then misses and leaves the table full of shots for the other players. As long as the Longs are in, you have a chance."

"You got to remember that Earl carries the blood of Huey the Martyr," Sancton said. "He's an Imam. People up North see Huey's career from the wrong end. Here, a lot of voters remember him as the poor, friendless boy who stood up to the bully—the rich machine that had run Louisiana forever. He licked it. That put him in a favorable light. By the time the North's attention was attracted to Huey, he was sitting on the bully's chest. That made *him* look like the bully. The papers called for law and order, and when that fellow shot Huey in the Capitol, they said law and order had been vindicated." To get a closer look at the urban wellsprings of the Long family's power, Tom said, I should pay a visit to the Third Ward, and he suggested

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that sometime in the next couple of days we should drop in on Jim Comiskey, the ward leader and the chief of the Old Regulars. I said I was all for it.

THAT Wednesday evening, Tom picked me up at my hotel and drove me down to Comiskey's demesne. On the way, he explained that the Old Regulars had combined with Earl to bring about Morrison's downfall in the 1956 gubernatorial primary. They had held the Mayor nearly even in Orleans Parish, which is the city, and Earl had beaten him badly upstate and downstate. Consequently, while Morrison kept the municipal patronage out of the Old Regulars' hands by setting up a young-Turk organization called the Crescent City Democratic Club, the Old Regulars did well on the state patronage that Earl fed them. Jim Comiskey's sole public office was Assessor of Taxes for the Eighth District of New Orleans, which includes most of the big buildings. He told the property owners what they had to pay. "The Old Regulars can't go with Morrison," Sancton said. "They've got to go with somebody from upstate. Before Earl blew his top in the legislature, they were sitting pretty; all they had to do was stick with Earl and move in again. Now they don't know whether they've got a candidate." We were driving through ghostly streets of out-at-elbow one- and two-story white clapboard houses, the obscurity broken only by the bright signs of an occasional fried-chicken shack or one-story saloon. There were no lacy wrought-iron balconies and no scent of magnolias here. It was like a cross between Paterson, New Jersey, and Port-au-Prince. "Jim Comiskey and his brother Larry are tremendous wholesale liquor dealers," my friend said. "Each Wednesday night, Jim shows up at the ward clubhouse, and everybody in the ward with any troubles comes to see him."

The Third Ward clubhouse was a one-story clapboard building with a store front. Inside, there was a web of junk around the walls—ladders, lathes, Coke bottles, paint cans, ruptured Venetian blinds, tangles of electric wires, a water cooler. Down the middle of the room were two sections of undertaker's chairs, one block occupied by a score or so of dejected white men and the other by a lone Negro. At the front of the room were an iron stove and an ancient golden-oak writing desk, and behind the desk sat Mr. Comiskey, a tall, pink-faced, blue-eyed, white-haired man, benevolent of expression and

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dressed in sober but costly black shantung. After Comiskey had disposed of the petitioner who was at his desk when we entered—a limpy man carrying an old straw hat—Sancton and I approached the seat of power. Tom, who knew the ward leader, introduced me. He said that I was a New Yorker interested in Louisiana politics, and that, as such, I couldn't afford to pass up the leader of the Old Regulars. Mr. Comiskey clasped my hand and looked into my eyes with two of honest blue. He called for chairs for us, and we sat down, like visitors to a class in session. "They'll all have their turn," said the Assessor, with a wave of his hand toward the clients. "Everybody in the ward that has any trouble is here, and if they don't be here, they should be here. And anybody in Noo Wawlins is welcome. They all have somebody that they want to get into a hospital, or a job working for the Levee Board, or things of that nature and so forth. When I hear what they want, if it can be done, I process it to its final completion."

I could have closed my eyes and believed myself in Alderman Paddy Bauler's saloon in Chicago. There is neither Blue nor Gray when you get down to the American essentials.

I said, gently, that I had come to talk politics, and asked him what he thought of Governor Long's chances.

"I hear he's on the steady improve all the time," the Assessor said. "Fellas with him at Hot Springs tell me he's champin' at the bit to go. You can't never count a Long out. Look at the form! Morrison and Dodd are past losers. They've been at the post before and found lacking. You can't never tell what will happen, but if he run back to form, Earl got to win it all."

—A. J. LIEBLING

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

•

GWEN VERDON, star of "Redhead," and her director, Bob Fosse, were secretly married in Chicago six weeks ago.

RUMORS ARE HOT that Gwen Verdon, star of "Redhead" and her director, Bob Fosse, are secretly married.—*Louella Parsons in the San Francisco Examiner.*

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•

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

At first glance, the creation of a fantasy may appear to be an easy mode of authorship. The writer can give his imagination free play without regard to the laws of causation or the common experience of mankind. He may whisk his characters from place to place with a wave of his hand, enmesh them in outlandish perils, contrive their miraculous escapes, kill them off, restore them to life, and generally have everything his own way. Under the circumstances, one would expect to find our literature abounding in good fantasies. Yet such works are, in fact, rare, and it seems to follow that our first glance was insufficient. A closer view suggests that the truth of the matter lies with those literary analysts who argue that a successful fantast merely exchanges the familiar laws of reality for rules that, while different, are no less strict in their application. Beneath the extravagances of "Alice in Wonderland" lies the logic of the mathematician Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. The fantast's obligation to order his material is particularly strong when his extravaganza comes with a message in tow. Unless we can perceive some degree of necessary sequence in his story, we are unlikely to accept the significance of its moral. And thus we come, by a roundabout way, to Tennessee Williams' "Camino Real," which was revived last week at the St. Marks Playhouse, under the direction of José Quintero.

The printed title of the work conceals a bilingual pun. The author's Camino Real is not only the Royal Road of Spanish history but the Real Road of life, and consequently is pronounced "Camino Reel." The first travellers we see on it are Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. The fat squire, evidently appalled at the idea of confronting Mr. Williams' vision of reality, deserts his old master, who then announces his intention of selecting a new companion from among the wayfarers. He withdraws to observe. Soon a young man arrives, dying of thirst. He begs water of the police, and they beat him. He attempts to gain the terrace of a hotel, and is shot dead at the order of its proprietor, one Gutman, who appears to dominate the thoroughfare. The body of the young man is taken up and keened over by two characters known as the Dreamer and La Madrecita. Their lamentations stir the wayfarers to a listless semblance of revolt, but Gutman quickly quells the unrest by directing everyone's attention to the Gypsy, who dramatically announces the miraculous restoration of virginity to her daughter, Esmeralda.

By and by, Kilroy appears. He proves to be a young man with heart trouble. A pair of Golden Gloves slung around his neck indicate that he was once a champion in the ring. He is robbed by a peasant, beaten by the police, and made to wear a bizarre outfit, called a "patsy's uniform," by the brutal Gutman. He dreams of escape, but is informed by Jacques Casanova that there is no way out except over a desolate landscape that resembles the mountains of the moon. During a festival to celebrate Esmeralda's renewed virginity, Kilroy breaks free of the police and attempts the escape, only to return when Esmeralda softly calls him "champ." He becomes Esmeralda's chosen hero and lover, pawning his Golden Gloves in order to pay the requisite fee. But, alas, the consequences for his heart are fatal. His body is collected by a pair of sinister street-cleaners, who have appeared from time to time during the play in order to cart off, with maximum symbolism, the thirsty young man, a pervert called the Baron de Charlus, a magnate called Lord Mulligan, and so on. A doctor dissects Kilroy's body and discovers his heart to be pure gold. At this, Kilroy, or his ghost, leaps up, snatches the heart away, and ultimately takes it to the pawnshop, where he exchanges it for a rich garment to bestow on Esmeralda. She can perceive him only as a tomcat, however, so the gesture is wasted. And someone empties a slop jar on his head. Then Don Quixote chooses Kilroy for his new squire, and celebrates the triumph of life over the opposition of brute reality with the ringing cry "The violets in the mountains have broken the rocks!"

This is an elevating sentiment, and very prettily expressed, but it does not, unfortunately, have much to do with the drama that preceded it. In so erratic a fantasy, torment and disaster appear to arise not from the necessary order of things but merely from the whim

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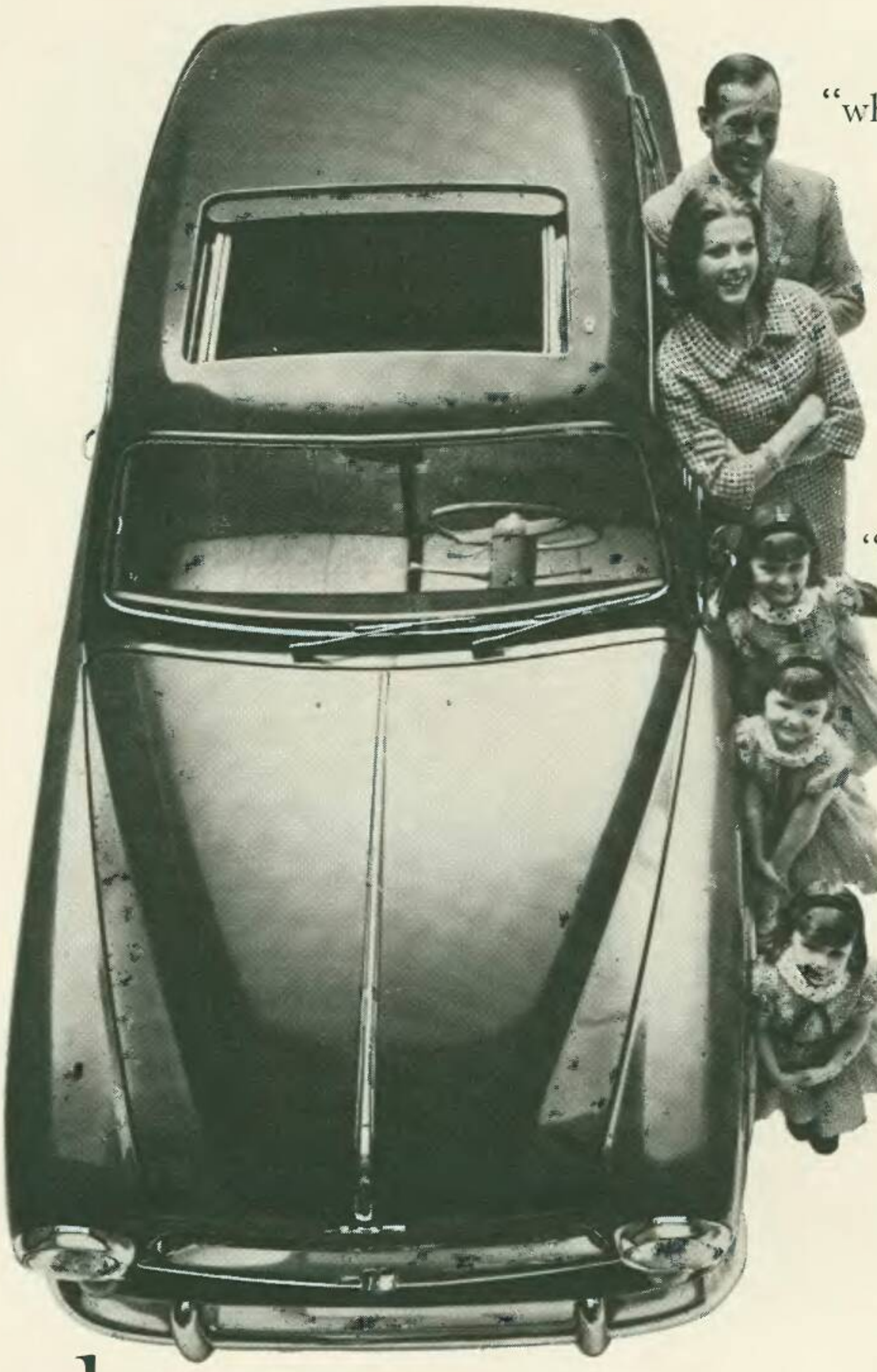

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of the dramatist, and death itself is shown to have no significance beyond the momentary inconvenience it causes the hero. It is true, of course, that one can extract particular meanings from particular episodes, but a random collection of meanings is not a theme, and a random collection of episodes is not a play. The plain fact is that Mr. Williams does not submit his fantasy to any order at all. To mention a minor but entirely typical instance, the dead Kilroy first appears to Esmeralda as a tomcat. Then he appears in his natural guise to the offstage pawnbroker, or so one must assume from the fact that he has no difficulty hocking his golden heart. Moments later, he appears not only to Esmeralda but to other onlookers as a tomcat. Now, if Mr. Williams is going to turn a corpse into a tomcat, he ought to leave him that way, it seems to me, and not swap his shape around for the sake of dramatic convenience. Similarly, if Kilroy is really bent on escape from the Camino Real, why—except for poetical reasons—does he return merely on being called "champ," and, given that he does return, why do the police immediately lose all interest in one who has hitherto been their special victim? I'm afraid Mr. Williams is not playing the game. And the consequence is that one cannot long remain interested in his fantasy, despite the exertions of a generally talented cast. —Donald Malcolm

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THE ACADEMIC LIFE

[*Announcement issued to the faculty by the principal, Steinway Junior High School 141, Queens*]

Ladies & Gentlemen:

1. Our General Faculty Conference will take place at noon, Monday, April 25, in Room 207. Bring your lunch.

2. At times, fortunately rarely, we have stones thrown into our rooms from the outside during the evening. To protect our shades will you please expose as little of the shades to the outside as possible after 3:00 P.M. In other words, if a window should be broken by a stone, the stone will not rip the shade.

•

Havana (NEA)—At the busy new Jose Marti airport, a tall, solemn woman and her two children stood in line for the Miami-bound flight.

"They must leave," an anti-Castro Cuban whispered. "I know the situation very well. The government has confiscated their property—an estate and business worth about $40,000,000. Day by day Castro is destroying the middle class.—*Fort Lauderdale (Fla.) News.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Money Talks

THE ease with which Bally Ache took the Preakness at Pimlico last weekend made it seem a rather tame affair. Leading from the start, he dominated the race completely, passing the winning post four lengths ahead of Victoria Park, with Celtic Ash coming in third, nearly two lengths farther back but well in front of Divine Comedy. Venetian Way, the favorite, was fifth, and T. V. Lark, the only other entry, was last. It was the smallest field in a decade for Maryland's classic for three-year-olds. In the saddling ring, Bally Ache, as sleek, cool, and unconcerned as ever, looked none the worse for all the racing he's had this season. On the other hand, Venetian Way, a pint-sized colt with front legs as rough as fence posts, was in more of a quiver than he'd been before the Kentucky Derby. Of the others, Victoria Park, a rangy fellow, caught my eye as looking fit and well turned out. There was no delay at the gate, and the starter, Eddie Blind, got the lot off in good style. When they settled down behind Bally Ache, who seemed to be merely galloping along, Venetian Way was in a perfect position in second place—a little ahead of Divine Comedy and Celtic Ash—and they raced in that order toward the far turn. A furlong farther on, Venetian Way moved up and tried to repeat the sudden burst of speed that brought him victory in the Kentucky Derby, but this time it fell flat. He not only couldn't pass Bally Ache, he couldn't approach him. Shortly after the race, Hartack, who rode Venetian Way, complained that his mount "backed up something terrible." Minutes later, Hartack and the Sunny Blue Farm, which owns Venetian Way, parted company. Victor Sovinski, the trainer of the stable, felt that the boy had used poor judgment—that with such a slow pace Hartack should have sent his mount to the front early in the running. Furthermore, it seems that the jockey told the trainer he thought Venetian Way might have broken down or something, whereupon Sovinski remarked to a bystander, "I'd like a barn full of broken-down horses like this one."

Bally Ache came through beautiful-

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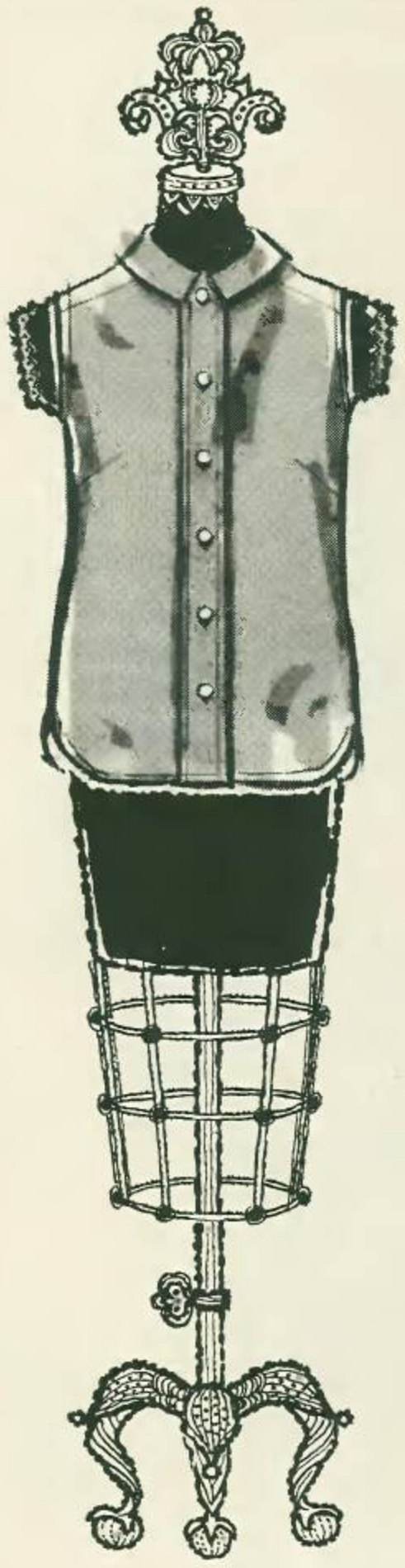

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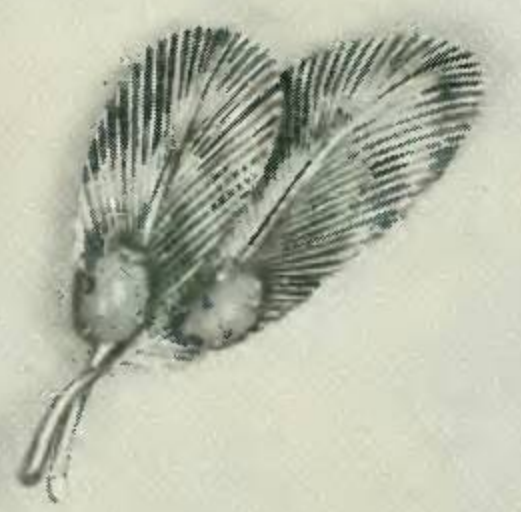
ly. Ussery had almost as much of a rocking-chair ride as he'd had in the Preakness Prep the previous Saturday. Nevertheless, he took no chances, and used his whip twice coming down the stretch. As one who has always thought Pimlico was Bally Ache's cup of tea, I was dumfounded when Jimmy Pitt, his trainer, declared a couple of days before the Preakness that the colt didn't like the track. If so, the colt kept his feelings to himself. Apparently, the talent felt as I did about Bally Ache, for they made him the hottest sort of second favorite in the betting, and cashed in at odds of 17–10. To be sure, Bally Ache set no course record in the Preakness; his time of 1:57⅗ for the mile and three-sixteenths was actually three seconds slower than Nashua's record, set five years ago, but his pace was remarkably even all the way. I suppose he could have run faster; he just didn't have to. For the record, his share of the purse was $121,000, or almost ten per cent of his purchase price a week before. As you probably know, he ran in the name and colors of Turfland, the *nom de course* registered by his new owners. Not Turfland Stable—just Turfland, like Dixiana. The Turfland racing jacket is white with a gold sash and green sleeves. It reminded me of the Republic of Ireland's flag.

As for Bally Ache's future, current plans for him include the Belmont Stakes on June 11th. Well, for a right smart spell this little colt has been a special fancy of mine, because he is the most willing runner I've seen in years, but I think—and I hope I'm wrong—that the mile and a half of the Belmont is beyond his powers. I don't suppose there will be any more starters for the Belmont than there were for the Preakness. Victoria Park will go, and since the Queen's Plate will be run off the same afternoon at the New Woodbine, in Toronto, I'm sure his owner, E. P. Taylor, will be torn between two interests. (I know I will be, for the Queen's Plate is one of my favorites.) Then there's Celtic Ash, and perhaps Venetian Way. Other runners? Your guess is as good as mine.

NEVER underestimate Jim Fitzsimmons when it comes to a race for fillies. I wasn't surprised when I heard that Irish Jay, one of his pets, had won the Acorn Stakes at Aqueduct on Saturday. After all, she was one of the top two-year-old fillies last season. However, according to my favorite observer, she had some difficulty bringing it off. She began slowly, as she usually

Good Luck Feathers in Her Graduation Cap



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does, and when she joined Airmans Guide, the pacemaker, the latter bore out, causing her to lose ground, but in spite of the interference she managed to win by a neck. Sister Antoine was third, nine lengths behind, and among the also-rans were My Dear Girl, who was voted best of her age and sex in 1959, and Make Sail, the winner of the Kentucky Oaks. The time was a fast 1:35⅘. Other smart performances at Belmont last weekend were by Irish Lancer, who ran seven furlongs in 1:22⅗, and Tooth and Nail, who won a mile race by sixteen lengths, doing it in 1:35. Both are three-year-olds. Aqueduct is fast these days—as fast as Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, Arlington Park, or Washington Park. Indeed, the clockers who time the morning training gallops out there can hardly believe their split-second watches. Be that as it may, the most impressive workout I've seen in a long, long time was by Bald Eagle the other afternoon. In preparation for the Metropolitan Handicap on Memorial Day, he stepped off the first quarter mile in 0:22⅖, the half in 0:45⅗, six furlongs in 1:10, and was eased up at the seven-furlong pole in 1:23⅕—and he showed a world of power doing it. He'll be a very short price for the Metropolitan.

WELL, it was fun to be at Pimlico again, and so different from Churchill Downs. You felt you were on a race track, not at a county fair.

—AUDAX MINOR

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So many of our short story writers are sending us incidents, underdone vignettes, and slices-of-life that have failed to make a point. All of these have to be extraordinarily good to sell. There you might be inclined to contradict us because, like us, you've seen some wretched things in the New Yorker, for example. But we are, nevertheless, right because these bits of mediocrity are freaks.—*Armed Forces Writer.*

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PIANIST MAKES HAPPY CHOICE IN TOGS

[*From the Montclair (N.J.) Times*]

Miss Lympany's figured white satin gown was particularly appropriate for her tones were clear and the singing themes, or voices, stood out in contrasting manner when desired, and her racing fingers were comparable to the pattern and colors of the figures blending into the folds of the lovely composition. An evening of beautiful music beautifully presented.

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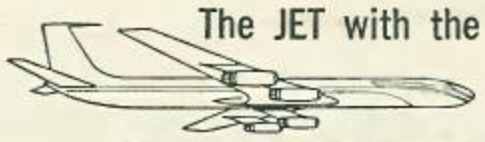

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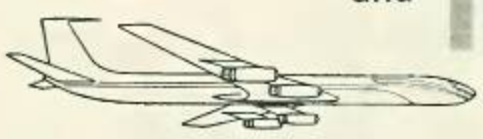

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LETTER FROM LONDON

May 18

THE first grim news that the summit appeared to be about to blow up in the world's face raced around London on Monday afternoon as the office crowds poured toward the Underground stations and the bus stops, snatching up their evening papers at the street corners from the newsboys' upturned soapboxes and staring blankly at the headlines as they walked. The shock was great—perhaps especially bitter in this capital, where it has always been felt with satisfaction that the idea of summit meetings grew principally from the dogged work and insistence of the English Prime Minister. Though nobody, to judge by the talk going around, had felt particularly optimistic about the Paris meeting's producing anything beyond, at best, one or two small, possibly useful steps toward safer ground for all, and though there had indeed been a good deal of pessimism over the possibility that the disastrous U-2 incident had queered even that much chance of success, the gloomiest estimates had not included the conference's coming to violent grief before it had even got going.

Mr. Macmillan, addressing the House of Commons last Thursday to wind up the restrained eve-of-summit debate on foreign affairs with which the M.P.s sped him and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd to Paris, gave it as his stout opinion that the wind usually blows hardest before a sudden drop. Now that this forecast has turned out to be incorrect, the press and ordinary anxious citizens are busy trying to answer a question that sounds like the title of one of those discursive Victorian novels (this one likely, alas, to be our required summer reading, with more startling chapters to come)—"Why did he do it?" If one of Mr. Khrushchev's inscrutable reasons for acting the way he has acted, after all his fair words only a week ago about easing international tensions at the summit, was to make trouble among the Western Allies, he has badly messed up his chance, which might have been a good one if he had played his hand well. In the past few weeks, a lot of the old criticisms and suspicions of Washington's handling of foreign pol-

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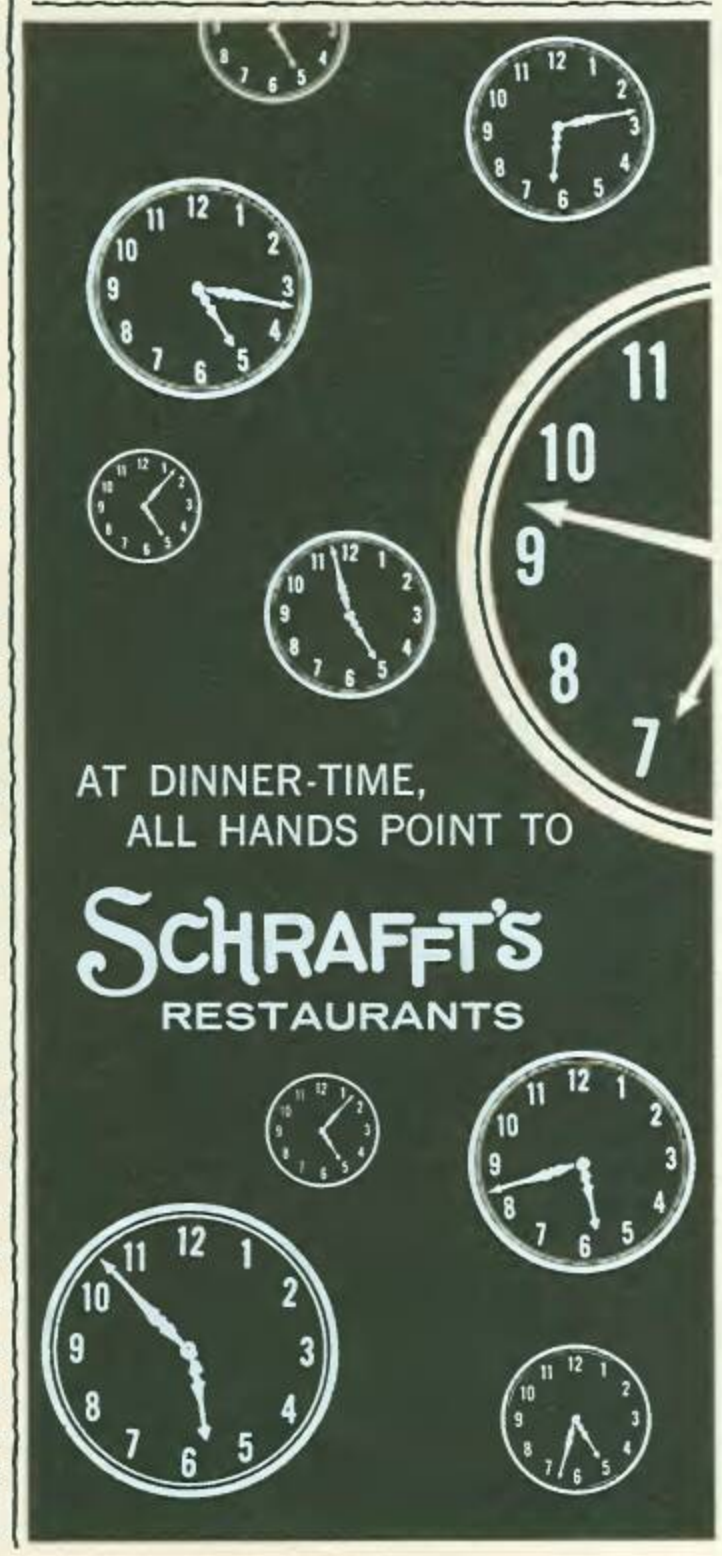

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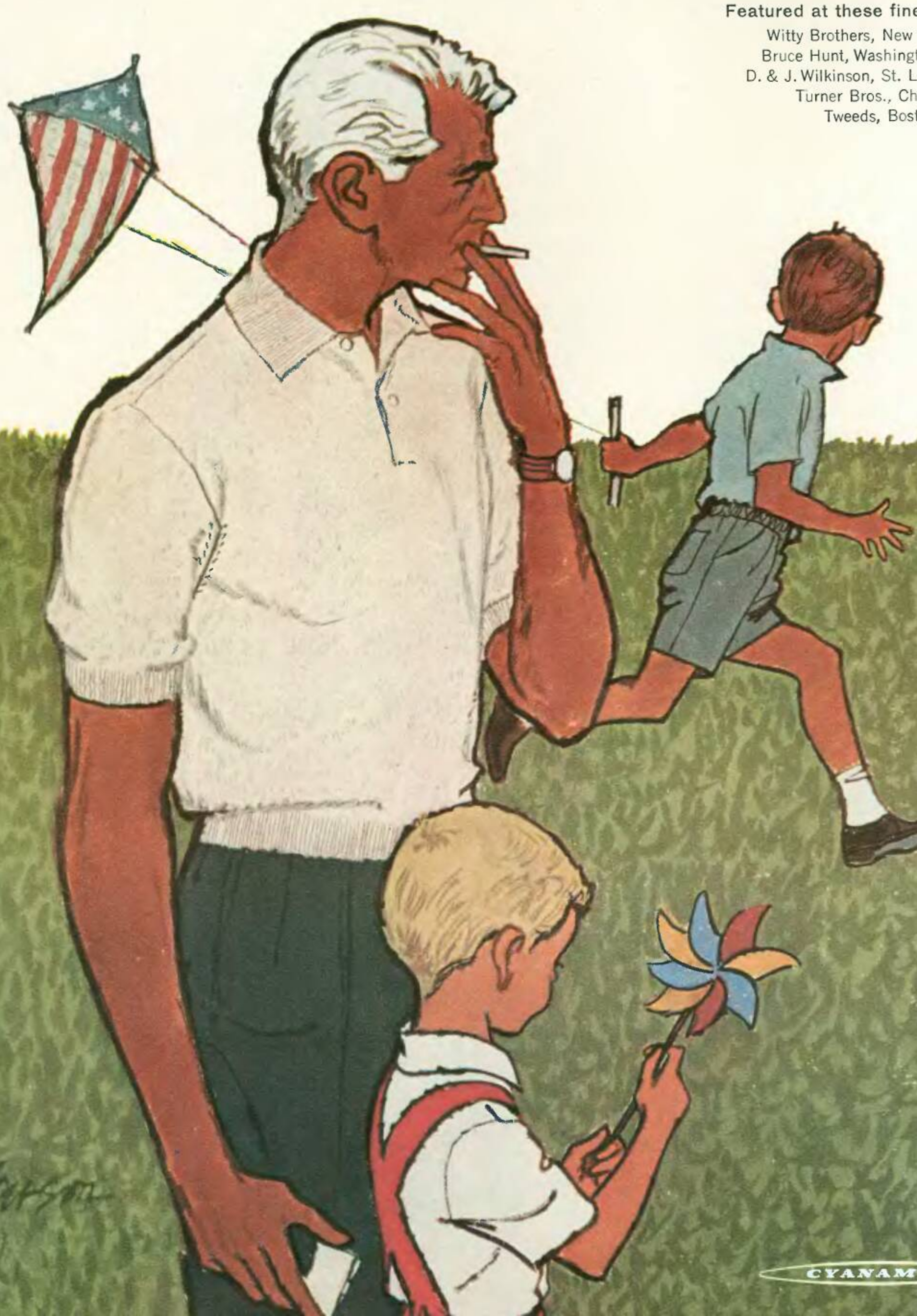

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This brimming package presents Bing Crosby, Rosemary Clooney, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Jimmy Driftwood, and many others in 44 rousing songs and ballads. Based on the famous LIFE magazine series, this treasure-trove of Americana features a booklet—in sparkling text and color pictures—that tells the stirring tale of the winning of the West!

Della Reese, possessor of an electrifying big-beat style, moves to the smoother, sweeter side in this album. With string orchestra backing, she glides beautifully through a dozen delectable refrains, and makes even the best—like "Embraceable You"—sound cozier than ever. It's most-happy Della!

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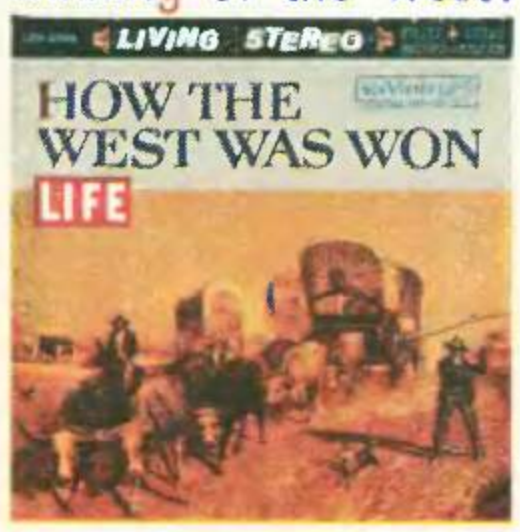

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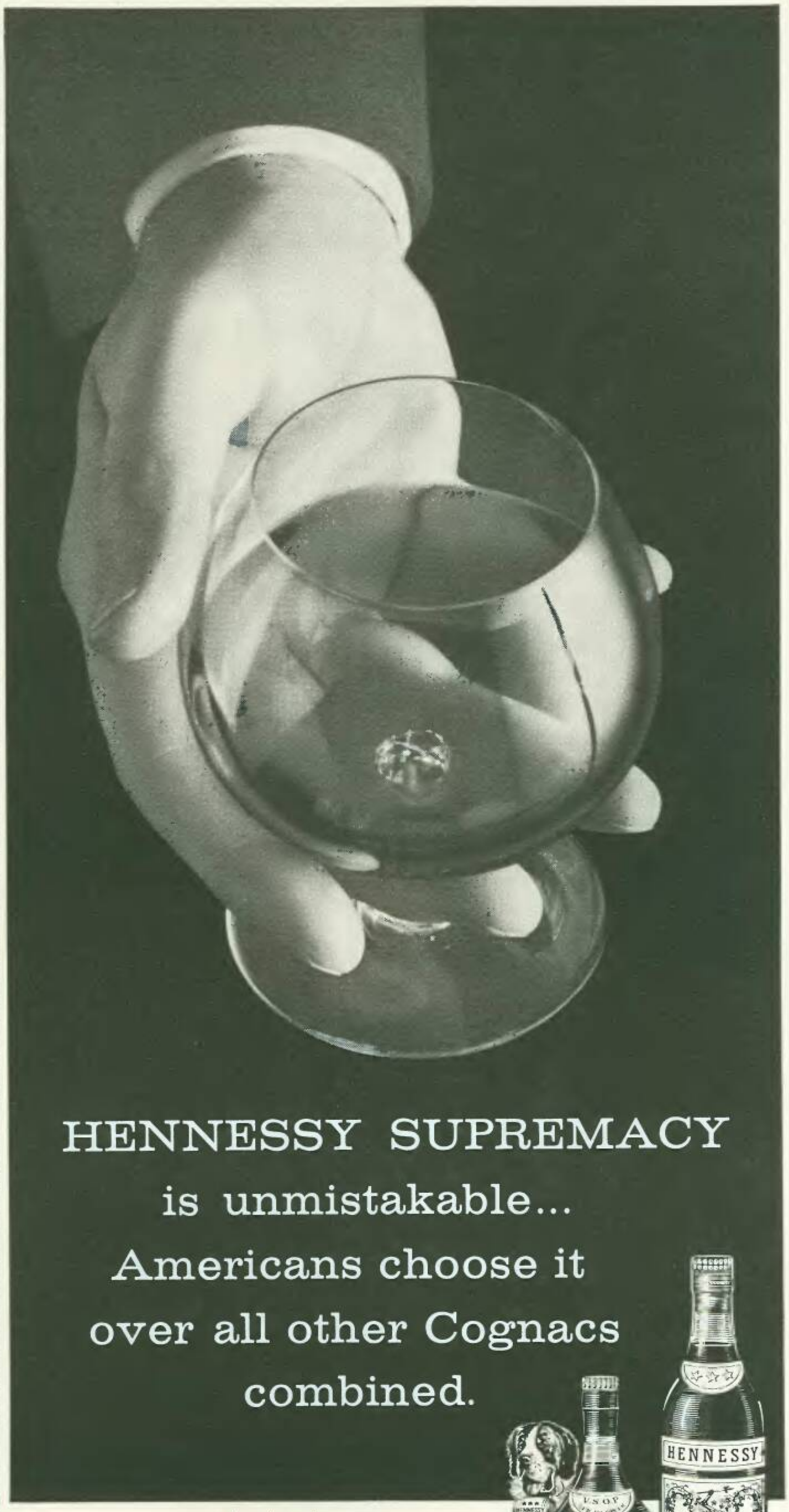
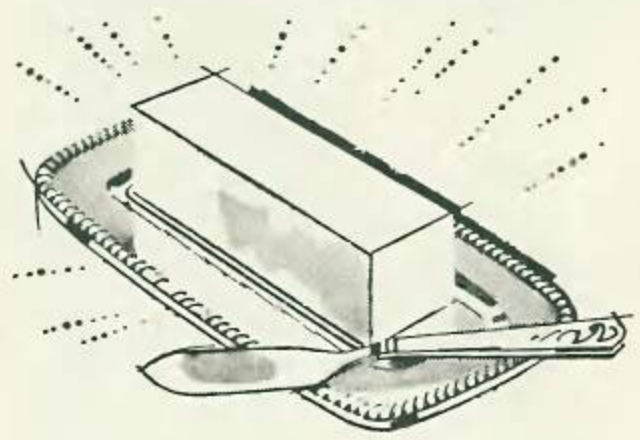
icy, and even doubts of the genuineness of its desire to search around for a new approach to peace, have once more been rumbling on many sides here. Now it seems that Khrushchev has pulled people up and out of this frame of mind by his big, brutal mistake of having come to Paris (or so it is being angrily said) simply to savage the conference, to humiliate the President, and to show his contempt for the hopes of millions by passing his time in tourist strolls and jolly chats with shopkeepers. It should be added that there is still much criticism here over the bungled timing, as it seems, of the President's announcement of the end of the espionage flights—and, indeed, criticism of the whole wretched U-2 affair. When it first became known, there was, of course, some superior squinting down noses (cleaner and holier than Washington's nose, it was implied) among those who appeared to have forgotten the unfortunate fate of Commander Crabbe, the British frogman spy who was detected by the Russians and perished in the act of examining their ship underwater while she was on a visit to a British port—an inhospitable episode in the annals of international dirty work that might have been thought to cancel all grounds for virtuous indignation over the Americans' being caught out this time. What seemed inexplicable to large numbers of bewildered Britons, though, was that with the summit close at hand no order had been given to suspend such flights, and further dangerous confusion was caused by Mr. Herter's saying flatly in Washington that they were to go on, though Mr. Eisenhower said immediately afterward in Paris that they had in fact been stopped. It must also be reported that many worried people feel that the United States' sudden decision to start up underground nuclear tests again at a moment when the statesmen were practically packing their bags for Paris was a curiously timed contribution, to say the least, toward working up the kind of diplomatic atmosphere in which tensions could be relaxed around a conference table. Londoners, gloomily studying this morning's unbelievably gloomy news, were further startled by the report that American military commands around the world had been ordered to combat stations on the summit eve—another peculiar piece of timing, it was critically remarked.

The House of Commons has so far said little, but is waiting grimly for the statement that Mr. Macmillan is to make when he returns this week. Earlier, before he went to Paris, the Op-



NO BUTS ABOUT BUTTER



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position showered some sharp questions on the Government front bench, asking whether American planes operating from English east-coast bases were taking part in reconnaissance flights over Soviet territory, which would make the bases liable to retaliatory action—a point on which citizens of Scarborough, Whitby, and other cozy Yorkshire townships might welcome some information. The Government said that it would assert or deny nothing, which the Labour and Liberal benches and lots of British of all parties next day found unreassuring. There is no doubt that the U-2 incident caused large numbers of shocked ordinary citizens to become uneasily aware of how mighty close the world has come to the nightmare point when, as has often been predicted, peace might be let slip by accident, or through fright, in the terrifying jostle of the nuclear powers. During these last serious days of waiting for a summit that suddenly was not there, people on this section of the surrounding plateau have seemed to feel for the first time that the ground has really quaked beneath them.

AFFECTING a purely local matter of life and death, an announcement has just been made that over the Whitsun bank-holiday weekend, an occasion when the inhabitants of London and every other city pour out to the countryside and the sea in their millions, a speed limit of fifty miles an hour is to be enforced on certain major roads. This is the latest effort to stop the holidaymakers from killing and maiming themselves, and often innocent bystanders, in quite such numbers as they did over the Easter weekend. If the tryout is successful in reducing the horrific casualties, it may be imposed permanently. The murderous state of the rolling English road, which, though it carries modern traffic in increased lethal density every year, is often as old-fashioned in its structure as when Chesterton's drunk rolled cheerfully along it, is at last coming in for agitated Parliamentary attention. There are more and more grumbles from critics in and out of Parliament, who say that the summer season of teeming traffic and mounting deaths is upon us, that the extensive program of modern highways that could ease the problem is not, and that the public tends to lapse into apathy between the jolts of published road casualties, such as the bumper Easter crop. It has been suggested recently that there should be some defini-

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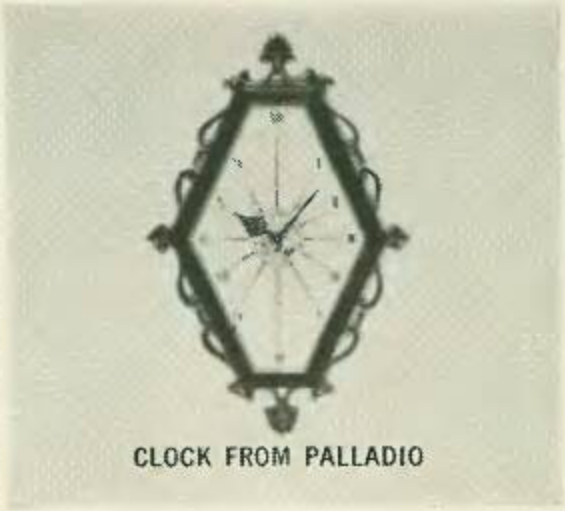
tion made of the amount of alcohol that motorists may legally imbibe before stepping into their little convertibles and speeding off maybe to eternity, and also that there should be legislation to impose tests on groggy cars as well as on plain bad drivers. Meanwhile, the lively *Daily Mirror* beat the Government to it in needling public apathy—at least among Londoners—by staging a gruesomely effective little exhibition called "Battle of the Roads" at the R.B.A. Gallery, in Suffolk Street, which usually houses more soothing art items. The *Mirror* show needed strong nerves, since it featured mostly blown-up photographs of horrible road smashes and a gallery of smiling faces of some of the army of men, women, and children who perished in this never-ending battle during the last twelve months, plus an unseen loudly ticking clock, which was halted every ninety-sixth second by a shattering scream of tires, ending in a sickening scrunch, to mark the fact that every ninety-six seconds someone is injured on British roads.

LONDON theatregoers, who used to revel in polite comedies that often began with the characters munching real toast and asking for the marmalade over a breakfast table in commuters' Surrey, seem to have shifted their tastes markedly to fantasy, to judge by the success of two of the current productions that set out to explore the outer suburbs of the mind's moonier reaches. Orson Welles' production of Eugene Ionesco's "Rhinoceros" is at the little Royal Court Theatre, in Sloane Square, for a four-week run, which could easily be extended to months, considering the stampede of snorting, squealing Londoners who are raising the dust around the box office in their efforts to secure seats to this controversial fable of the herd instinct triumphant. It has caught on (to the point of being serialized in story form for the man-in-the-herd reader by Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*) not only with the public who already know Ionesco—several of whose plays have had Royal Court productions—but also with the larger public, who have gone to see Sir Laurence Olivier in it and have not been disappointed, however addling they may have felt his chosen vehicle to be. As the little drunken, ineffectual Bérenger, the rogue man who alone remains human while all those around him in the French provincial town where the scene is laid are enthusiastically turning pachyderm (the yellings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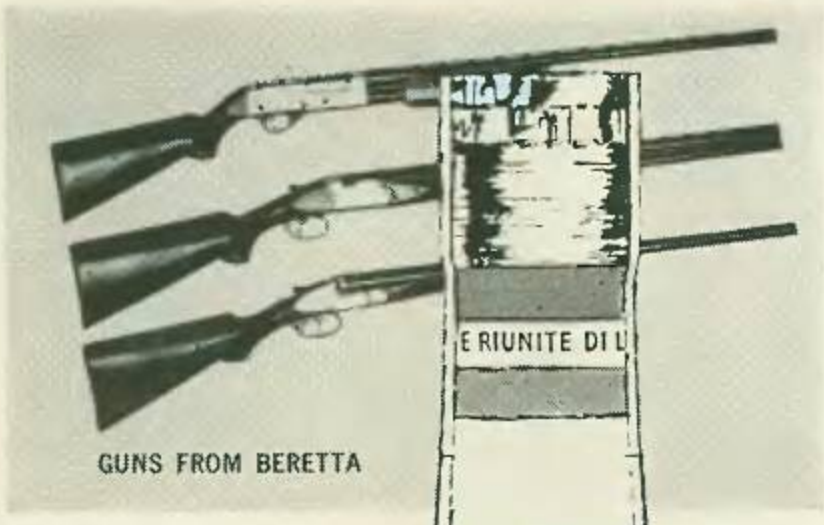
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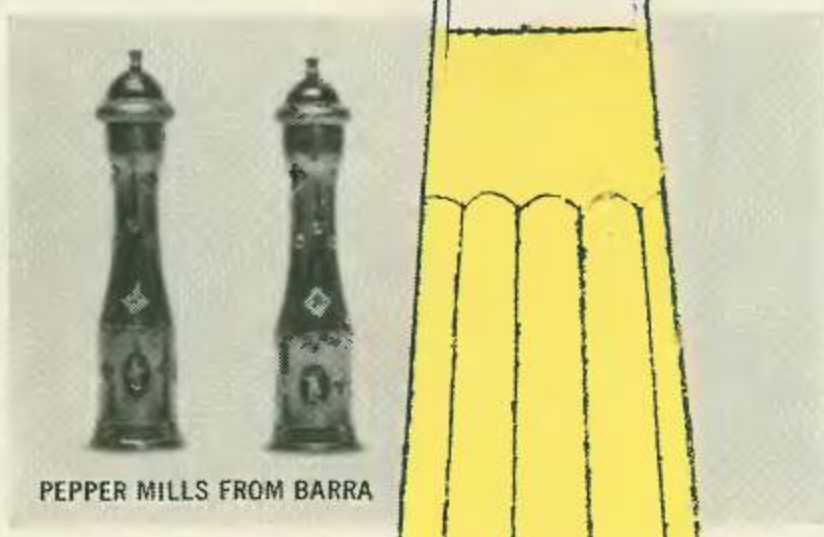
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and thunderings of the offstage rhinoceros citizens are deafening, incidentally), Sir Laurence appears to have miscast himself so daringly that his first entrance, hidden behind a timid mustache, drew no applause the other night from the audience, who obviously failed to spot him. Olivier gives a superb performance as Ionesco's unheroic little hero who does not go along with the furious charge of his friends and colleagues to plant the modish horn on their foreheads, not because he is stronger than they are but because he is really weaker. The play's obvious moral is that conformity is evil and that individuality is the true Kingdom of Heaven, but Ionesco adds the disturbing rider (as it seems to some of the arguing Londoners who have seen the play) that blessed are the poor in spirit, who alone shall inherit being left behind in the stampede of their stronger brethren, which they have not the brutish stamina or the spiritual armorplating to keep up with. Orson Welles' production has been less acclaimed by the critics, most of whom felt that it was too broad and galumphing in its horse, or maybe rhinoceros, play.

N. F. Simpson's "One Way Pendulum," now running at the Criterion Theatre, might have struck one as altogether too much for sober London audiences to take if one did not remember Lear and Lewis Carroll and the affectionate appreciation of eccentricity and large-scale dottiness that lies doggo in the stolid British breast. As far as it is possible to report, the action takes place in the humble home of the Groomkirbys, on the first floor of which the Groomkirby son is engaged in his life project of teaching a choir of weighing machines to sing the "Hallelujah Chorus." The maestro invariably has trouble with the largest weighing machine, another individualist, who stubbornly croaks "Ten stone, eleven pounds" when the baton gives its cue. Downstairs, Mrs. Groomkirby (Alison Leggatt) tries dispiritedly to minister to the other members of her unnerving family, including a husband (George Benson) whose mission in life is to build a full-scale replica of the Old Bailey in the living room, and a daughter who keeps a dear little skull on the mantelpiece and has moments of feeling sombrely that her nearest and dearest are unusual. In the second half of the play, Mr. Groomkirby's private dream has succeeded so admirably that the family are now camping out uneasily in the shadow of the judge's seat,

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hemmed in by witness boxes, counsel's tables, and other legal bric-a-brac, into which a red-robed judge, a clerk of the court, prosecuting and defense counsel, and a policeman suddenly amble, and the trial (of Mr. Groom-kirby) begins. It is a mad, hilariously funny play, which also started, like so much interesting London theatre, at the Royal Court before moving to the West End, where it has scored a hit.

AS a bit of pleasant visual news, last week London's gray buildings and new white cubes were bowered in a fuzz of brilliant spring greenery, the sun shone with June warmth, the fat Trafalgar Square pigeons pattered languidly among the alien corn being showered on them by some of the season's already swarming tourists, and the pretty girls came out all at once in their summer cottons. People say (they do every year) that the English countryside has never looked more lush and beautiful than it does this spring. The orchards are loaded with record blossoms, the hedgerows are purple with bluebells, and the cuckoos are going off like alarm clocks in the dawns, when early risers have been scanning the skies for a possible glimpse of the Russian spaceship speeding past on its ninety-one-minute circuit of the tiny globe.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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Shell friends were many in my heart.
And passed the years—5, 10, 15, and 20
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a-plenty
But with it all security,
Past, present and futurity.
So I've become a veteran—
Time it is to retire
With gratitude to everyone
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Though Shell will be
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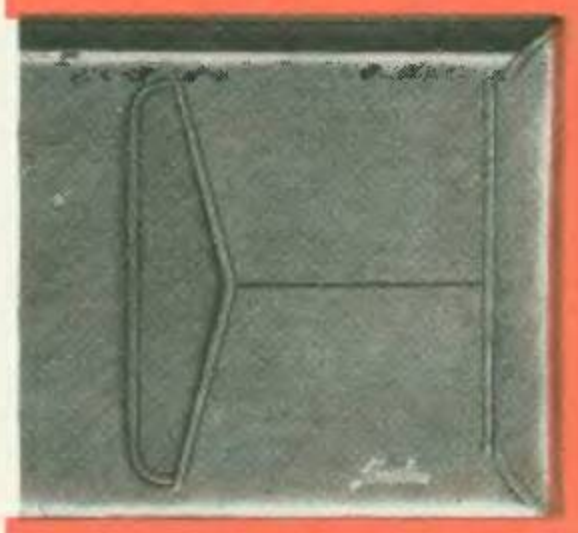

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

IF my guess is right—a poor bet at best—the family dining room is just about to disappear from the scene for what we recklessly call forever. Certainly it can't long survive the march of progress that is bringing us so many apartments whose living rooms include the feature that architectural planners have labelled the "dining area." I hope that someday the social historians will undertake an authoritative study of the ups and downs of the room once sacred to the once semi-sacred business of eating and drinking, for they could scarcely find a richer vein to tap in their studies of our domestic past than the pompous solidity of dining-room mahogany. For my part, I have no such ambitious project in mind, but before the last vestiges of the room have vanished and there is no way to turn back, I would like to consider the difficulties of furnishing, without seeming to be too obviously preoccupied with digestion, the living-room corner that is dedicated to three meals a day.

There are, of course, two ways of approaching the problem: either some sort of simple screening can give the dining section the suggestion of being another room or, without any pretense of separation, the table and other furnishings necessary to the function of the area can be made to fit in more or less harmoniously with the rest of the living room. If you take kindly to the first of these arrangements, you should head straight for the showrooms of Luten-Clarey-Stern, 50 East 64th Street, where there are a number of curtains, screens, transparencies, and grilles (ancient and modern) that would provide quite charmingly almost any desired degree of privacy short of an outright wall. It's hard to know which pieces to mention, since every item in this unusual collection has a distinction you won't find in the general run of those currently stylish but rather boring decorations known as room dividers. Among the most useful of the pieces on display, to my notion, are some twelve-inch squares of half-inch teak carved into exquisite fretwork patterns—geometric, floral, arabesque, and so on—which are designed to be assembled into a screen of whatever height and length is wanted. There are eight patterns to choose from, and they can be put together in any arrangement you please—a checkerboard of alternating patterns, say, or a single pattern repeated throughout, or all eight combined in one way or another. They cost $20 apiece and come from India, but I'm afraid that they offer no reliable promise of sweeping improvement in the notably undistinguished applied art being shipped to us from that country, since they were designed by, and executed under the direction of, a California artist.

In a very different sort of screening, which has a lot of dash and style, twelve- and eighteen-inch squares are made up, like a mosaic, of rounds of bamboo, of various sizes, that have been sliced straight across or on the diagonal. This interesting texture would be happily at home in an informal interior, and the price is $7 a square foot. A frame is necessary for these squares, whether they are to be used as a stationary screen or mounted for sliding along a track, but you'll have to find your own cabinetmaker to take care of that; Luten-Clarey-Stern merely provides the squares.

Just about the handsomest display that the gallery has to offer is a couple of antique Moroccan harem grilles, which I may have spoken of before. They are carved of Atlas Mountain cedar, and the firm will have them copied by hand, on order (three months), in the same valuable light-colored wood and in any size, at $30 the square foot. The reproductions I have seen, in a spool-and-square design, are quite successful, possessing much of the grace of the originals and fitting in surprisingly well with either modern or traditional furnishings.

THE Phoenix Pan American Shop, a recent and greatly improved reincarnation of the old Pan American Shop, at 793 Lexington Avenue (61st), is showing, along with many other charming and original specimens of Mexican folk art, some striking relief carvings in painted wood. This work, which, I am told, is a revival of a seventeenth-century Spanish-colonial art, is produced by a family somewhere in the State of Mexico, who turn out relief

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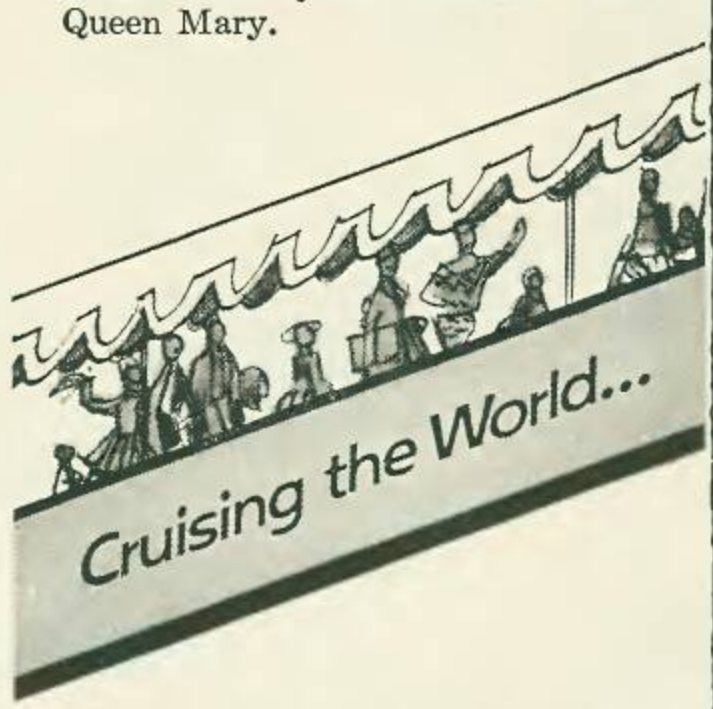

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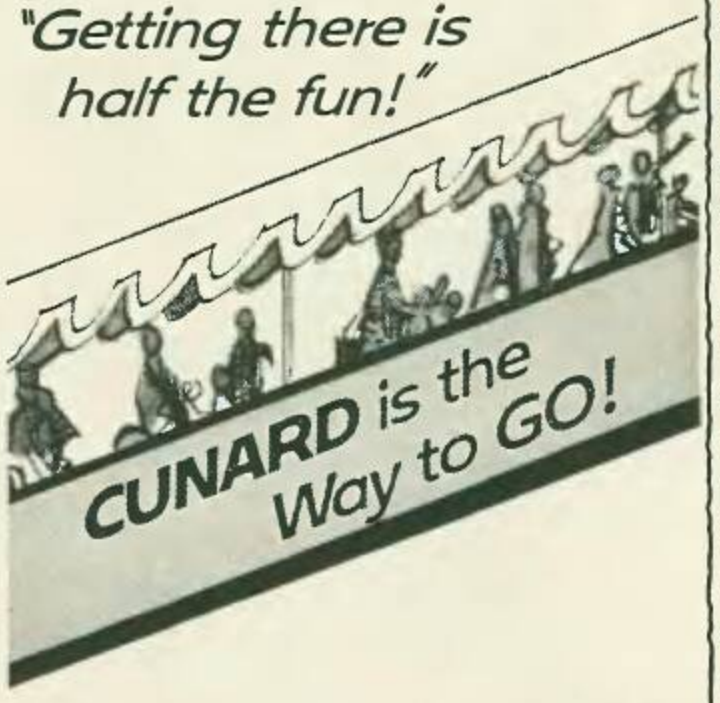

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figures carved from a solid piece of white cedar and painted in the clear, vivid colors the Mexicans love. A folding screen done in this interesting medium is on hand at the Phoenix, and it might well solve somebody's problem by fencing off a dinner table in a room where a bit of brilliant color is what's wanted. It consists of four tall panels, in each of which are a man and a woman dressed in approximations of seventeenth-century costume and seen, in bright blues, yellows, and oranges, against a strident-pink background. The screen is six feet high and four feet wide, and the price is $150.

Although I may be overdoing this business of partitions, I can't forbear to wind up the subject without mentioning one more such creation—this a fabric designed by Edward D. Stone that would serve splendidly on a screen or as a curtain. A heavy white (or beige) felt in which various patterns have been cut out, it doesn't look like much until one observes the exquisite artistry of the cut-out patterns—some geometric, some reminiscent of Asiatic religious symbols—which are far more subtly decorative in their effect than the simplicity of the medium would suggest. The stuff is to be had, at $12 a fifty-two-inch yard, in the decorating departments of Altman and W. & J. Sloane, or, through decorators, at S. M. Hexter, 509 Madison Avenue (53rd).

HANDSOME tables that fold to nothing at all and open up to party size are certainly no news. A few of them, however, so neatly reconcile Le Corbusier's grim dictum about the house as *une machine à habiter* and the young householder's obstinate insistence that the living room is primarily a setting for parties that I venture to report on them. The table that does the most remarkable extending and contracting I know of is the Bruno Mathsson design, from Sweden, that has been shown at Scandinavian Design, 20 East 58th Street, for a number of years. This splendid piece of cabinetmaking, which not only seats three cozily for breakfast and fourteen for a dinner party but can accommodate any number of people in between, is a self-contained unit whose extra leaves, folded out of sight when they aren't needed, drop one by one into place as the table is extended. And if that doesn't make its operation entirely clear (or even if it does), you should see for yourself this deceptively simple construction, which costs $258 in teak, walnut, or mahogany, and $230 in oak, elm, ash, or birch. Through decorators.

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A new table by the Norwegian designer Bendt Winge, available at Georg Jensen, will go along with no such ambitious and possibly mistaken project as a dinner party for fourteen, but its seating capacity can be expanded from two to six, and when the table is not in use, it can be folded up to become a side table a mere eight and a half inches wide and thirty-four inches long. Furthermore, this is one of the most graceful models that have recently been shown in these parts. It operates on a simple gate-leg principle, with a leaf hanging down on each side, and it comes in teak or walnut on a beech base. The example I saw at Jensen had an exceptionally fine teak top, whose impressively rich appearance was enhanced by a half-inch band of darker teak around the edge. (The walnut tops are edged with a band of darker walnut.) The price is $125.

For determined bargain hunters who have plenty of time and the strength to make it over to the Pottery Barn, at 231 Tenth Avenue (23rd), there is a folding teak (or walnut) table, seating from three to six, that may be several pegs down from the Jensen beauty but is a very nice-looking and extremely practical article nevertheless; $98.

WHAT really plagues any householder who serves the family's meals in a corner of the living room is the desperate problem of chairs. Obviously, nobody wants a full complement of empty dining-room chairs backed up gloomily against the wall in readiness for those guests that the folding tables are so obligingly prepared to open out for; on the other hand, it's not safe to count on rounding up enough stray side chairs for a whole dinner party. The ideal solution, I should think, would be to supplement the side chairs with a few folding seats that could be stored in some convenient closet between parties. Like so many ideal solutions, though, this one presents a difficulty all its own: there are almost no folding chairs to be had that are both passably comfortable and passably good-looking. True, the McGuire Company, 305 East 63rd Street, has a folding model as handsome as anyone could desire (and it had better be, at $130), but it takes up too much room at table to be very convenient. Actually, it is an elegant version of an old friend, the captain's chair, built to seat personages of too much consequence to be squeezed in three on a side. It will, however, serve admirably at the ends of the table, for the host and hostess—and whose com-

Strega is the bearer of a legend: when two people drink it together, they are forever united. The legend also says that beautiful maidens disguised as witches first mixed this haunting liqueur. Here, facts dispute fancy! For it is *known* that Giuseppe Alberti created this unique combination of more than 70 herbs and sunny citrus. Pick up a bottle (smartly gift-boxed) and ask for a *free* recipe booklet. Or write: Canada Dry Corp., Dept. N, 100 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. (85 proof)

IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY

AFTER SIX by Rudofker gives a practical new turn to their newest evening elegance, "Nite Magic." *This* dinner jacket washes. And dries, within hours. The answer: a 100% nylon lining by Skinner . . . like all Skinner fabrics, as functional as it is attractive. Available at: Hamburgers, Baltimore, Md.; Stix, Baer, & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.; Nudelman Bros., Portland, Ore. Remember, where all else appears equal . . .

THE MATERIAL DISTINCTION IS

T.M. SKINNER

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, 12 W. 40th ST., NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
QUALITY WEAVERS SINCE 1848
©1960, WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

fort, I'd like to know, is of more concern (to at least two people)? The frame is of oak, bound at every joint with rawhide and finished very smartly in a teak or gunmetal stain, and the seat and the back are of a leatherlike plastic that comes in practically any color. If you furnish your own fabric for the back and seat, the price is reduced by $15.

As for folding chairs of lesser elegance, dimensions, and cost, Bloomingdale has an unusually large assortment, some of which are comfortable, as such chairs go, and a few of which are not bad-looking. One, which I found particularly pleasing, has a walnut frame, a cane back, and a seat of black plastic that looks pretty much like leather. It folds up quite compactly and costs $29.95. You'll find it among the bridge chairs.

IF you are interested in saving steps (your own or somebody else's), you will, of course, see the importance of setting up some kind of cabinet for silver, linen, glass, and so on within strolling distance of your dining table. The householder dedicated to contemporary furnishings will surely find plenty of suitable storage units without any suggestions from me; Jensen, George Tanier, Herman Miller, and a lot more dealers have them, scrupulously executed from the drawings of topflight designers. However, the woman who is looking for an antique piece in which to keep her table paraphernalia will have no such easy time. Unquestionably, nobody wants that old horror the Victorian sideboard around, yet our forebears seem to have left us singularly little else that will house what it takes to set a table. An antique that will do just that and at the same time be a delight to the eye in any traditionally furnished room is the eighteenth-century French dining-room piece known as a *crédence*, which differs from the commode in having, instead of a bank of drawers, two doors closing off a generous storage space below a couple of *tiroirs*. Although examples of this elegant cabinetwork are rare hereabouts, a few very distinguished *crédences* are to be found at the French Antique Company, 957 Third Avenue (57th), among them a dark-walnut Louis XVI piece, with typical *normande* fluting on the drawers, at $395; a Louis XV specimen that has elaborate, beautifully chased steel hardware on the drawers and delicate carving around the doors, at $527; and one, from the same period, that is decorated with Louis XV molding and still has

Luxurious comfort millions enjoy

"touch'n'tingle"®

65% DACRON AND 35% IMPORTED COTTON
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SOCKS
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Camp HOSIERY ORIGINAL

It's hard to believe such luxurious softness possible for only $1.25. 65% Dacron for softness and long wear and 35% Imported Cotton for buoyant comfort. Washes easily, dries in a jiffy. At better stores everywhere.

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The Ultimate in Acapulco, Mexico !

Affiliated with Hotel Pierre, New York

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New York • Chicago • Wash., D. C.
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CUFF LINKS

BEE CUFF LINKS mounted in 14k gold handmade frames.
PICTURED BEE on hematite background. Bee set with oliviens and diamonds—also available with topaz, black onyx, or amethyst background. $125.00 pair
REAL SPANISH BEETLES (iridescent green) mounted in rolled gold frame.
CUFF LINKS $14.00 pair
SPANISH BEETLE TIE TACK 14k gold mounting $7.00

Old Buttons, Inc.
510 Madison Ave, Bet. 52 & 53 Sts., N. Y. C.

the original iron-ring drawer pulls. The price of this last, I regret to report, is $1,134.

SO many useful articles are being turned out in plastic these days that I daresay we ought all to be grateful for the practical, if not aesthetic, benefits it has given us. Just the same, and appreciative as I am of the fine kitchen and bathroom gadgets, I fear that I am sufficiently out of line with the prevailing thought on the subject to believe that plastic should stop short of the table, so it was with some surprise that I found myself admiring (with reservations, it's true) some plastic placemats at E. Braun, 717 Madison Avenue (63rd). It is, of course, the *feel* of plastic that counts most heavily against it, and the fact that mats, by their nature, don't have to be felt undoubtedly works in favor of the Braun collection. At any rate, it includes some strikingly skillful imitations of lace, wood, and embroidered linen, and they are extremely pretty—at least until they are compared with the shop's exquisite hand-embroidered linen mats from Vienna. Prices of the plastic articles run from a dollar, for what looks like a white linen rectangle bordered by delicate embroidery in various pale pastel shades, to $3.95, for a design with any three initials of brown simulated wood standing out smartly from a plain white ground. The mats are all backed with foam rubber and, naturally, can all be kept spick-and-span with nothing more than one flick of a damp cloth.
—S. H.

•

Historian Margaret Leech won her second Pulitzer prize in that field with her book "In the Days of McKinley." Her first Pulitzer was in 1942 for "Rev. Eille in Washington."—*Minneapolis Star.*

The Billy Graham of the early forties.

•

Residents set such store by the *Sun*papers that they accept the *Sun's* word as though coming from above, follow its paternal advice in running the city, and generally vote just the way the *Sun* tells them to, or, like disobedient children, just the opposite way.
—*Time.*

That about wraps it up.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Daily Iowan*]

On Friday evening, the Emeritus Club dinner will be in the south dining room and the all-alumni buffet supper will be in the north dining room of Burge Hall. The Old Gold singers will present a problem for both groups.

Your gin drinks are dry-er with Pot Still Milshire

Squire Milshire

Milshire Gin is distilled slowly by the old-world Pot Still method—like fine Scotch Whisky. Made in small batches, it is delightfully dry and gentle in flavor. That's why it makes your Martini or Collins a triumph. Try a bottle. You'll soon buy a case.

Milshire®
THE POT STILL GIN

MILSHIRE DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

15 DAY TOUR VACATIONS

Newest on AVIANCA: romantic tours with a week in colorfully Spanish Colombia, a week in the lively West Indies. Gay modern living, sightseeing from Bogota high in the Andes to Cartagena on the palm-fringed Caribbean, plus a luxury Jamaica holiday at Montego Bay or Ocho Rios, with golden beaches, Calypso, all-Island tour. 6 cities and RED RUANA air service all the way . . . it's South America's finest!

LOWEST COST EVER
roundtrip from New York, First Class hotels throughout, most meals, all transfers, air fares included as little as **$528**

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

AVIANCA

FIRST AIRLINE IN THE AMERICAS

6 West 49th St., New York 20 JU 6-6040
309 East Flagler St., Miami 32 FR 7-2336

OF PUDDINGS (YORKS.)

ONE of the minor disadvantages of being an exile from England, I have found, is an increasing sensitivity to remarks about one's native country that emanate from other exiles. Since being in America, for example, I have started to keep a wary eye on the advertisements of the British Travel Association, which are produced by a New York agency that is run by a Briton, and which have already aroused the ire of at least one non-exile, the London *Economist*. The B.T.A. seems dedicated to the proposition that the Revolutionary War, like many other wars, turned out much better for the losers than the winners. The reasoning behind this, of course, is that because the ex-colonists were cut off from the Old Country, they should be that much more inclined to dash back for a sentimental visit. A fairly plausible theory. For my part, I should say that at first the B.T.A. ads generally succeeded in bringing on an agreeable nostalgia. Although this nostalgia might seem focussed on an England that doesn't exist and never has existed, it was a harmless sort of thing and nothing for either me or the *Economist* to get worked up about. In fact, it was only with the appearance of an ad that showed a tweedy American couple sitting on a sunlit Welsh hillside, patting a Welsh sheepdog and being smiled upon by a Welsh shepherd, that I've had serious second thoughts. It's perhaps fair enough, in the interests of tourism, to show the sun shining on a Welsh mountain that eleven hours of the day and three hundred and sixty days of the year is covered with rain and snow, but every Englishman knows that Welsh sheepdogs are not to be patted unless they are firmly muzzled, and that any self-respecting Welsh shepherd would as soon take a twelve-gauge shotgun to a stranger as talk to him. Recently, coming on another B.T.A. ad, which perpetrated a singularly romantic conception about one of the mainstays of the British social order, I felt that my patience had been tried enough. The thatched-cottage treatment can go too far.

The advertisement in question was primarily a photograph of a roast beef, which came, judging by its size, from Wyoming via Chicago. Ranged around it were subsidiary dishes—carrots, peas, beans, potatoes, and a dish I wish to discuss. This dish was identified in the caption: "The Roast Beef of Old England usually comes with Yorkshire Pudding—a Patrician sort of popover." Now, as every Englishman knows, the roast beef of Old England usually comes

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THE **Westbury**
Madison Avenue
at 69th Street, New York

The fashionable East Side hotel of good taste and individuality.

Magnificent furnished suites of 1 to 6 rooms (with serving pantry and air conditioning available) . . . for permanent occupancy on lease or monthly rental.

ALSO a number of rooms and suites for transient guests.

Complete hotel services
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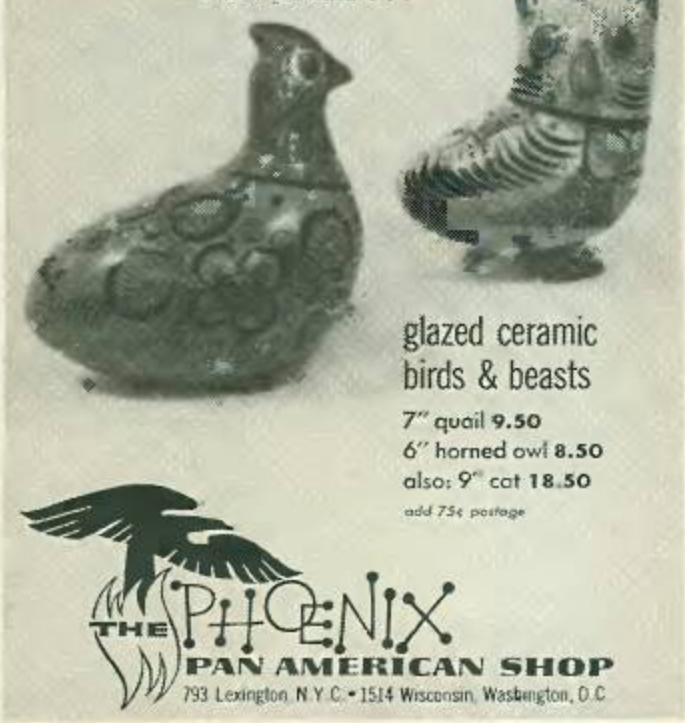

glazed ceramic birds & beasts
7" quail 9.50
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add 75¢ postage

THE PHOENIX
PAN AMERICAN SHOP
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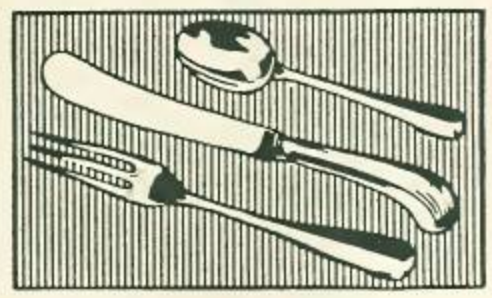
"Queen Anne"
ENGLISH SILVER
Six Piece Service $56.



ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

Main Street cash register ringers!

The best cash register ringers for Main Street merchants today are often farmers... buying more in supermarkets for bigger families, more hardware, tools, and paints, taking out larger insurance policies, shopping for furniture suites, or kids' bicycles.

Now national advertisers can concentrate on many Main Streets—through the 24 new State and Regional editions of SUCCESSFUL FARMING, added pluses to the regular National edition.

They give a powerful local merchandising tool. Opposite any four-color page of "national" advertising, the advertiser can have a facing "local" page tie-in ad, either in black and white or black plus one color, featuring price and listing dealers.

And they offer choices for copy testing, measuring costs of keyed returns, permit advertisers to vary copy to local conditions. Sellers can put more advertising effort in markets where potential is highest, concentrate where sales do, intensify push and drive wherever they wish!

Efficient and economical, the editions have circulations of 68,000 to 600,000, significant segments of SF's total circulation of 1,300,000, concentrated among the nation's best farmers—and enjoying all of SF's power, prestige, and *influence*... with long life, finer reproduction of product and message.

SUCCESSFUL FARMING farmers are major factors in the country's leading industry, agriculture—plant 58% of the nation's corn, 61% of all oats, 57% of all soybeans, and 46% of all wheat. They are big customers for anything aiding better living or better farm business.

Through 57 years of service, SUCCESSFUL FARMING has merited unusual loyalty, respect, and confidence of its readers. And SF farm families are high bracket, with estimated average annual cash farm income of around $10,000 for more than a decade.

Whether your message is in the SF State and Regionals, the National Edition, or a combination of both, you get the best buying power, brains, and profits!

Full facts, from the nearest SF office.

Meredith of Des Moines... America's biggest publisher of ideas for today's living and tomorrow's plans.

Successful Farming

... Des Moines, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco.

MUMM'S

the word for champagne

CORDON ROUGE AND EXTRA DRY
G. H. Mumm & Co. Ste. Vinicole De Champagne, Succr.
Sole U.S. Distributors, Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y.C.

in small hunks from New Zealand or Argentina, and although it may well be served with Yorkshire pudding, the said pudding is not a popover, patrician or otherwise. Indeed, as I hope to make clear, the pudding's *ambiance* is thoroughly plebeian.

The moment I had read the ad, I reached for the phone, although it was during business hours, and called my wife. She happens to come from Yorkshire, from the East Riding city and port of Hull (pronounced "Uhl" by the locals). It isn't Wuthering Heights by any means, but it's proper Yorkshire. Accordingly, my wife is by birth and upbringing a specialist in Yorkshire pudding; she creates a splendid one. (She is also an expert in many other dishes, such as steak-and-kidney pie and *salade niçoise*, a verdant notion she picked up from the wife of a night-club proprietor in, of all places, Juan-les-Pins.)

"Popover!" she cried when I had read the caption to her and asked her opinion of its accuracy. "Certainly not. Yorkshire pudding is quite different."

"Ah," I said encouragingly.

"A popover's a little bun," she explained. "It's cooked separately from the meat. Yorkshire pudding is made of the same kind of batter as a popover, but it's placed underneath the joint in the oven, so that the blood and drippings fall into it. At home we used to eat it before the meat, either by itself or with cucumber salad. And Grandma used to say that this was to fill us up so we couldn't eat so much meat."

Typical Yorkshire thriftiness, you might say. Anyway, my wife's statement should take care of the popover aspect of the situation, and I shall now try to take care of the patrician insinuation. For if Grandma had been of the landed gentry, or the nobs, as we call the patrician element in the Old Country, she certainly wouldn't have bothered to cram all that pudding into the stomachs of her brood merely to preserve a few slices of Argentine beef. No, indeed; and I often have reminded my wife how fortunate she is that I came along to rescue her from rural poverty. It is true, of course, that thrift and economy are prime requisites for a serious cuisine, as the Chinese and French well know, but this is a long way from making Yorkshire pudding a characteristic dish of the upper classes. Let me cite just one case from my own culinary experience.

WHEN last in London, I had the privilege of dining with Lady Curtain, as I shall call her, in her Curzon Street town house. I had wangled an introduction to her from Ronald

Boardwalk bound—

our Amalfi sandals from Italy wear dashing new buckles and stitched leather straps. Tan, natural, tobacco leaf, oyster. 12.95 On the Fourth Floor

Lord & Taylor, New York

THE FASHIONABLE
Drake Room
presents
CY WALTER
at the piano
during cocktails, dinner and supper.
THE Drake
PARK AVENUE AT 56TH STREET
PL 5-0600 • A ZECKENDORF HOTEL

CHINA LADY SHEATH
$9.95 ppd.
FINE IMPORTED COTTON
hand-made frogs, side slits
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Sea Blue
Black
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PURE SILK SHANTUNG
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$23.95 ppd.
Send for catalogue
JU 2-3622
Penthouse Gallery

Penthouse Gallery, 15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y-94, N. Y. 19

Bent, a London publisher I know, who was bringing out a cookbook in which Lady Curtain had a large hand. She very kindly invited me to one of her dinners, saying that she was also having some Americans in whom I might be interested. As it turned out, I *was* interested, at least in retrospect, but not because one of them was an industrialist and the other a lawyer, a cousin of hers by a first marriage, which was to an American. The main course that evening was beef—roast beef. As served by Carruthers, the butler, the meat came with fresh garden peas, Breton onions, and new potatoes, all of them quite succulent. It must have been simply to fill a momentary gap in the general conversation that Preston Burke, the lawyer cousin, said to his hostess, "Say, Emily, I thought you English always had Yorkshire pudding with roast beef."

Lady Curtain gave him a faint smile and, with an apology to the guest with whom she had been chatting, beckoned to Carruthers. He bent low beside her. After she had murmured some instructions into his ear, he said, "Yes, M'Lady," and stalked from the room.

The talk in my sector of the table was revolving on the likelihood of a horse called Palais Glide—a 30–1 outsider—winning the Cesarewitch when Carruthers reappeared, bearing before him a small, covered silver serving dish. He stooped by Burke and, lifting the cover, with visible reluctance placed a piece of golden-brown Yorkshire pudding on the fellow's plate. Burke uttered a cry of pleasure, not unmixed, I thought, with embarrassment, and proceeded to eat the pudding. The rest of the company, of course, was too well bred to express either scorn or surprise.

Later that evening, my curiosity got the better of me, and as I was leaving I quietly pressed my hostess to tell me how she had managed to provide Yorkshire pudding on such short notice. It was, I felt forced to say, a masterpiece of impromptu hospitality.

She smiled as if to indicate that, being English, I ought to have guessed her secret. "It wasn't terribly difficult," she said. "I understand that whenever I serve roast beef, Agatha, my cook, does a Yorkshire pudding with it. Apparently it finds favor in the servants' hall. In fact, I imagine that Carruthers was looking sulky just now because Mr. Burke consumed the last piece. Of course," she added, with a delicate toss of the head, "it does help the beef go further. So nice of you to come."

I would like to think, having brought my case to this point, that all will be well. However, only recently I observed

COOL SUMMER "MUSTS" FOR WOMEN

Our own make button-down collar shirts of zephyrweight oxford cloth in white, $6.50; in blue or stone, or blue, tan or grey stripes on white, $7... our cotton seersucker Bermuda shorts in olive plaids, $10; in blue-and-white or grey-and-white stripes, $9.50

Shirts, 10 to 18; shorts, 24 to 30

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers

346 MADISON AVE. COR. 44 ST • NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

LANCÔME

The beauty rule of France

Lovely women the world over credit their remarkably youthful complexions to this extraordinary regenerating cream by Lancome.

NUTRIX

Created, packaged and sealed in France

AVAILABLE AT BONWIT TELLER AND
LANCOME SALON AT JACY OF PARIS AT THE WALDORF

in the *Saturday Review* (a magazine not normally given to study of the fine art of cooking) that the British Travel Association's advertising had won a mention in the *Saturday Review's* eighth annual advertising contest. The ads of the B.T.A. were named among the twenty-eight most distinguished advertisements in the public interest last year. This will no doubt induce the Association to explain, in a further series, that toad-in-the-hole (which is Yorkshire pudding with entire pork sausages cooked in it) is "a Patrician sort of pizza." Neither my wife nor Lady Curtain will be of any use to me there.

—Anthony Bailey

•

CHILD OF ADAM

I

My beginning was small.
I live in Adam's fall.

I touch the living stone.
It has a heart—my own.

A bird hides in my heart;
Its speech tears me apart;

I listen to it sigh.
With all my being, I

Embrace the world I know
And go the way I go.

II

The rain sobs in the leaves.
And who else is it grieves?

The wind dries off the rain;
I hug the wind in pain.

The watery moon belies
The fog before my eyes.

It weeps not (I have wept),
Yet keeps as I have kept

Clear of the drag of cloud
Whiter than my own shroud.

III

I ask, Why am I here?
I face the eye of fear.

In mire the green rush grows;
Thorns serve and save the rose;

The brook sings, since its stones
Have music in their bones.

So have I, as I move
In a light wave of love

To end at no impasse.
All flesh is as the grass.

—I. L. Salomon

Created, bottled and sealed in France

Regency Room

. . . for gracious dining

An atmosphere of charming English gardens, impeccable service, French, Continental, American gourmet cuisine. Vintage wines. A la carte. Luncheon entrees from $2.10. Dinner entrees from $2.40.

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RHinelander 4-1600
Madison Avenue and 76th Street

EAT LIKE A NORSE

NEW YORK'S MOST DISTINCTIVE
SCANDINAVIAN RESTAURANT
SMÖRGÅSBORD
LUNCHEON • DINNER • SUPPER
EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY TOO!
THE SCANDIA
45th STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

Call NICK Circle 6-6500

IN THE HOTEL PICCADILLY
HOME OF THE CIRCUS LOUNGE

MALLORCA
SUMMER RENTAL
JUNE-JULY-AUGUST

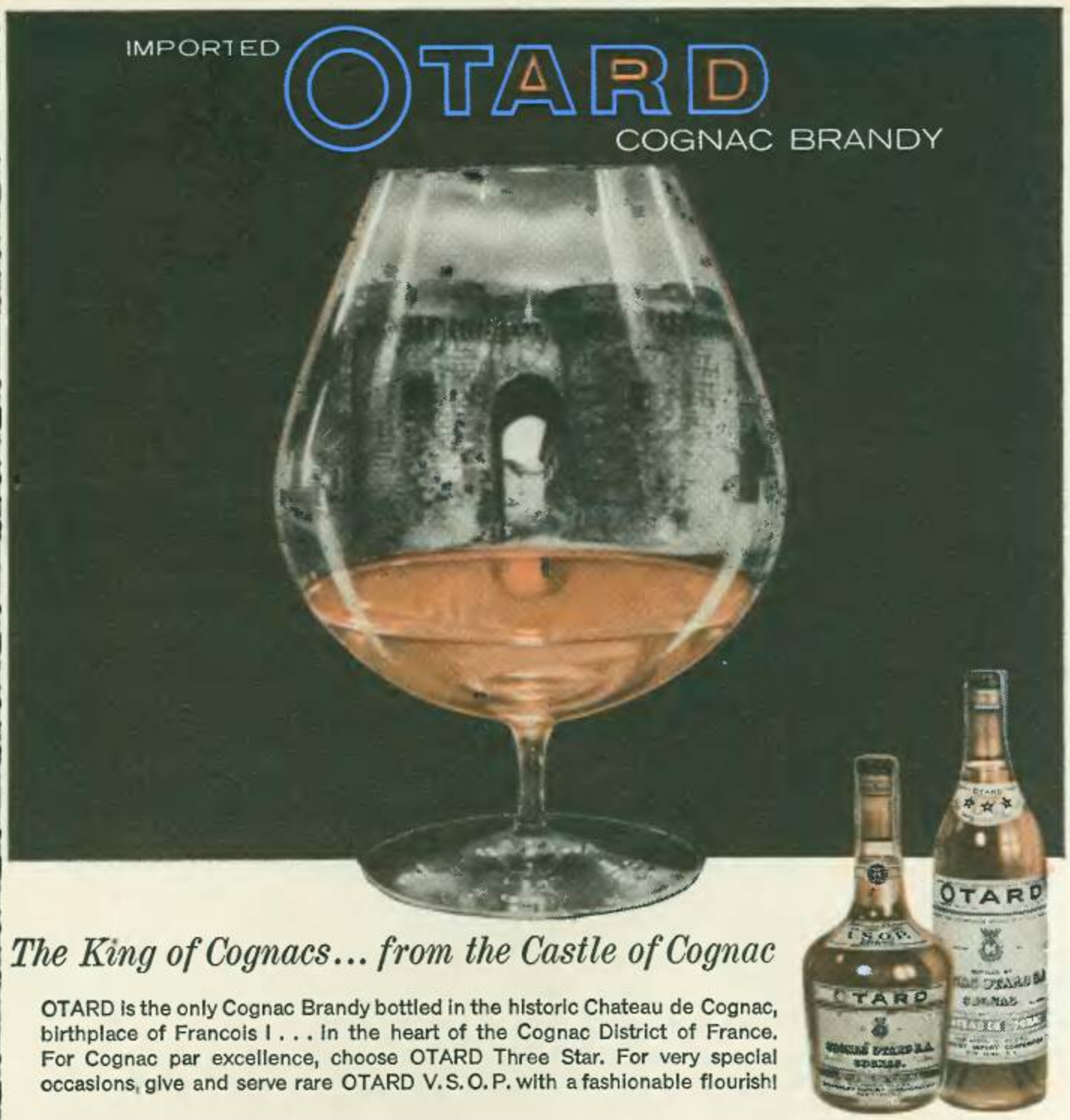
Beautiful estate with charmingly furnished house. Reception rooms. 8 bedrooms and baths. Separate pool house with sitting room 2 bedrooms and baths. Riding horses. Fully staffed; 8 excellent servants, separate quarters. Wages and utilities included in rent. One month twenty five hundred dollars, two months four thousand, three months five thousand. **Address Count de Queylar, La Capella, Santa Margarita.**

MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz

THOUGH jazz and classical music have been living side by side for forty years, until recently it was classical music—in the form of composers like Stravinsky, Milhaud, Ravel, Satie, Křenek, and Copland—that did all the running across the yard to borrow a cup of this and a pinch of that. These borrowings included rhythms, minor structural devices, improvisation, the blue note, and the all but inimitable timbres of jazz. During the past ten years or so, however, the practice has become two-way, for jazz has begun adopting the forms, the harmonies, and the instrumentation of classical music, and even its discipline. All this neighborliness has grown out of distinct needs. Much modern classical music has dry rot, and the exuberance and fearlessness of the best contemporary jazz offer a possible cure—on the presupposition, of course, that improvisation, the Con Edison of jazz, is a defensible musical form. (Perhaps the chief appeal of genuine jazz improvisation, which is extremely rare, lies in its ability to supply the listener in a matter of moments with an emotional and aesthetic sustenance comparable to that provided by the heavier arts—a peculiarly valuable ability in this split-second age.) At the same time, the enormously improved techniques of modern jazz musicians have forced them to look abroad for more challenging forms, harmonies, and rhythms. Nevertheless, it is obvious that the set designs of classical music cannot swallow the fluidity of jazz whole, and vice versa, or each will simply turn into the other. But there is a possible compromise—a new music consisting of the most durable elements of both—and it already has its first prophet. He is Gunther Schuller, a brilliant thirty-four-year-old classical composer and French-horn player with wide experience in modern jazz. For the past three or four years, Schuller has been vigorously stumping for his vision, and last week, at the season's final "Jazz Profiles" concert, held at the Circle in the Square, he presented the first program ever devoted entirely to this new music. It was a bold and exciting evening.

There were seven compositions, all



The King of Cognacs... from the Castle of Cognac

OTARD is the only Cognac Brandy bottled in the historic Chateau de Cognac, birthplace of Francois I . . . In the heart of the Cognac District of France. For Cognac par excellence, choose OTARD Three Star. For very special occasions, give and serve rare OTARD V.S.O.P. with a fashionable flourish!

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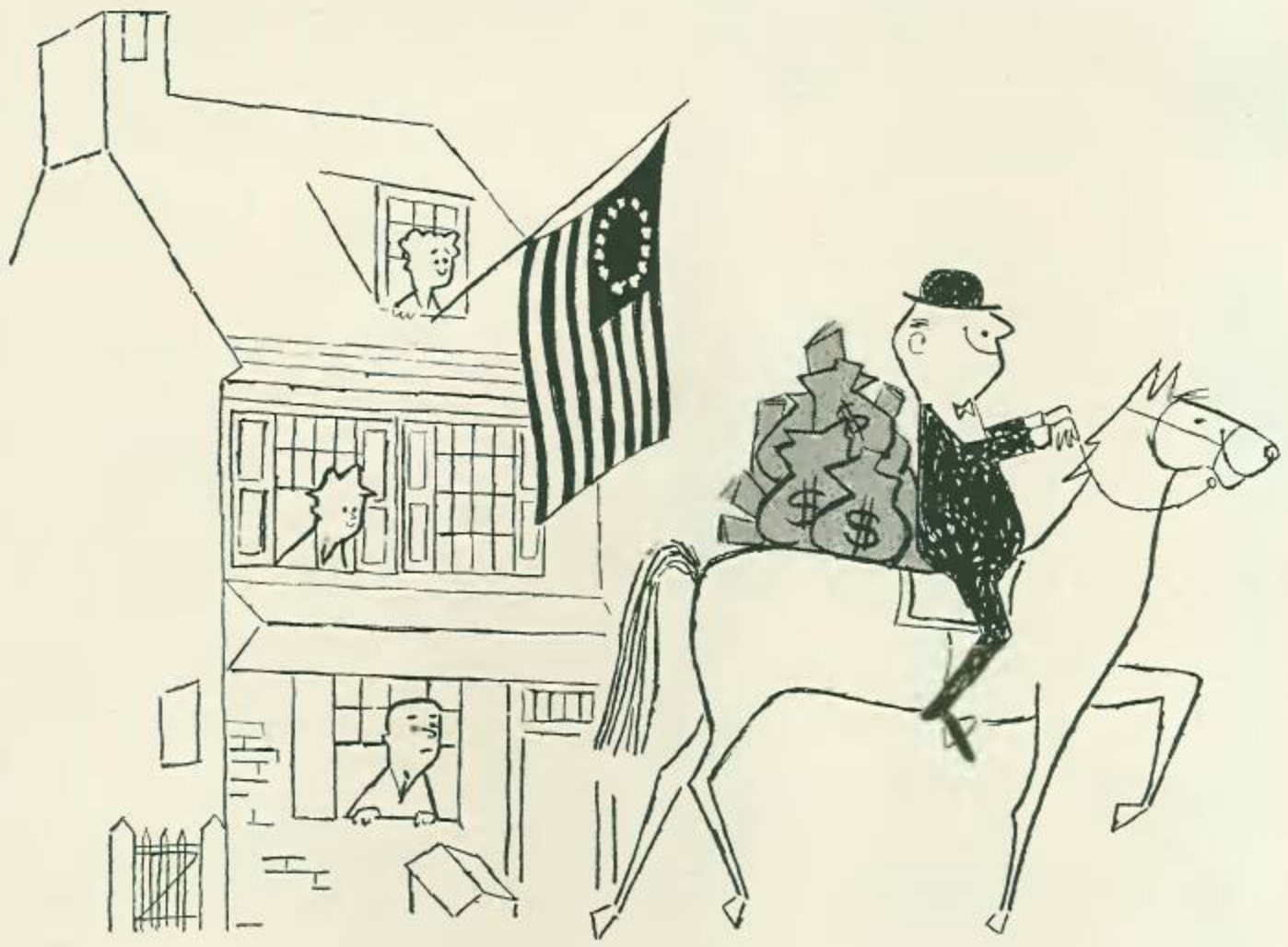

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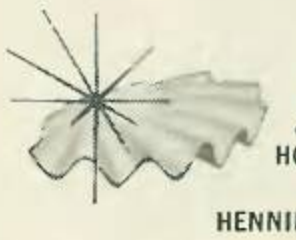
Take one **TROPICAL ISLAND** with gently waving palms, sun, and **SPANISH CHARM** . . . mix with happy people, **WARM BLUE OCEAN**, soft white beaches . . . add a generous bit of **LA CONCHA LUXURY LIVING** . . . spiced with a night club in an **ENCHANTING GIANT SHELL**, sprinkle with romantic moonlight, **TRADE WINDS** and tinkling guitars . . . all this served up only **3½ HOURS** from New York, **2½** from Miami. And best of all, **ONLY $15 PER DAY FOR TWO.** No visas, passports, or vaccinations necessary for U.S. citizens. William P. Wolfe, national representatives. **SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.**



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by Schuller, who conducted. The music was played jointly by three groups, which, give or take a few musicians, remained onstage throughout. Present were the Contemporary String Quartet (Charles Treger, Joseph Schor, John Garvey, and Joseph Tekula), the Bill Evans Trio (Bill Evans, piano; Scott Lafaro, bass; and Paul Cohen or Sticks Evans, drums), and six ringers (Ornette Coleman, alto saxophone; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone, flute, clarinet, or bass clarinet; Buell Neidlinger, bass; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Eddie Costa, vibraphone; and Robert DiDomenica, flute). The opening number, "Little Blue Devil"—part of a symphonic work that was given its première earlier this year—was hardly more than a cough-quieter and ear-regulator, in which patches of strings, a flute solo, and a regular beat were bandied about. But it readied one for the next piece, the new "Variants on a Theme of Thelonious Monk," which Schuller introduced as a set of four variations on Monk's "Criss-Cross." In the first part, taken at a medium tempo, Coleman and Dolphy, on alto saxophone, stated the melody, and then Coleman soloed, immediately delivering, in rapid succession, two fluttering, whimpering downward runs that totally disarmed one, and that dissolved into a typical tangle of squeaks, freshly coined notes, and rhythmic displacements. (It is hard to think of any jazz musician, alive or dead, who has ever exhibited as much naked emotion as Coleman.) Without warning, Dolphy, a young West Coast musician and one of Coleman's first apostles, chimed in with his bass clarinet, producing a tone that alternated frighteningly between black moos and an outsize hubble-bubble, and for several measures the two jostled each other noisily, dissonantly, and marvellously, providing a singular example of dual improvisation. The brief second section, which displayed some creamed, tempoless impressionistic spinach that was rudely swept aside by a terrific yawp from Coleman, gave way to a medium-tempo sequence in which Lafaro, an extraordinary bassist, and Dolphy, on bass clarinet again, played a double cadenza set off by the strings. The textural contrasts alone were memorable—high, rapid, spinsterish notes from the bass, the deep-blue-sea sounds of Dolphy in his lowest register, and the sympathetic background breezes of the quartet. The last section was a kind of decompression period. Then came "Conversations," a number first performed last winter, in which written and improvised sections succeed each other. This rendition, which included a

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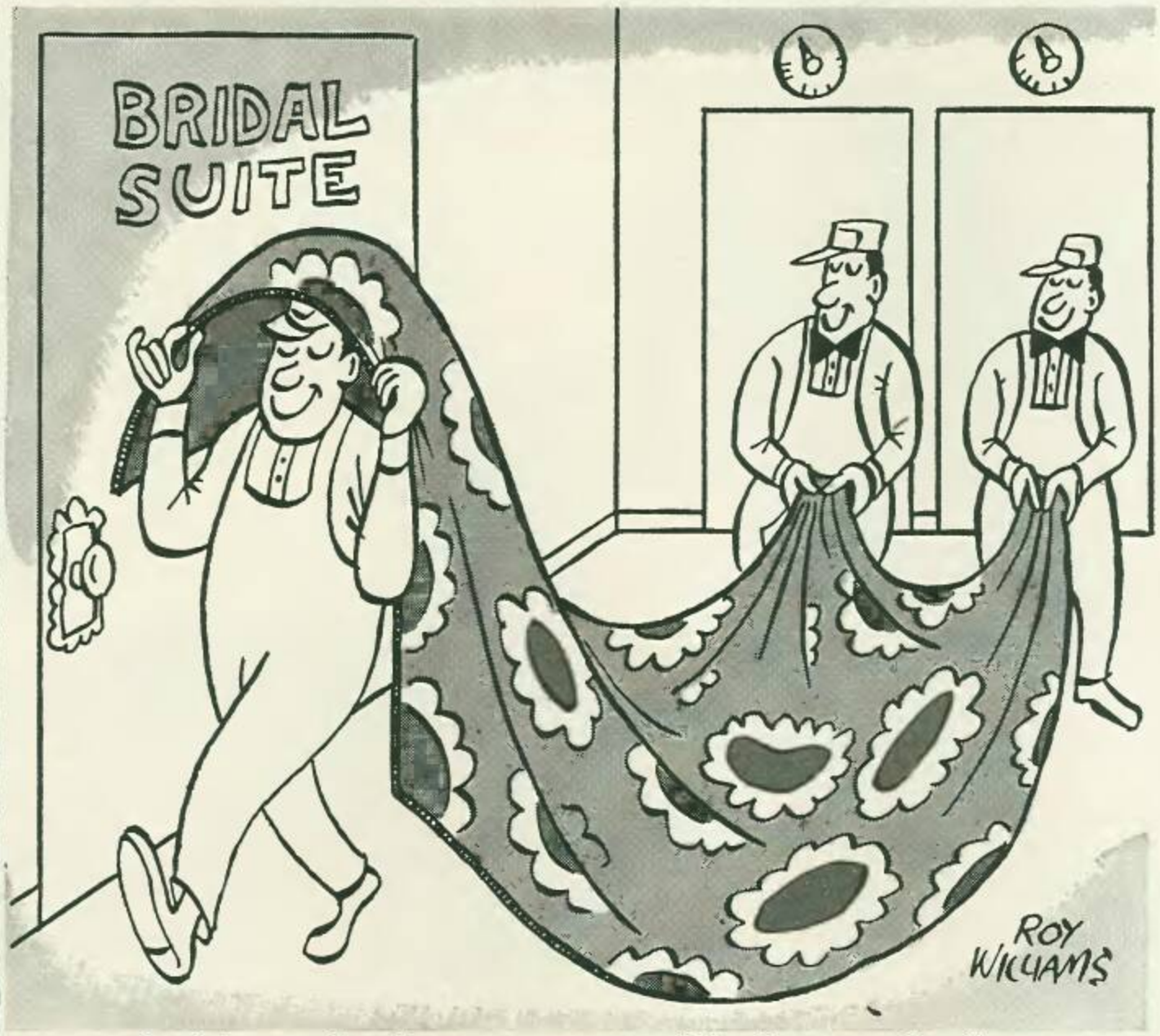
superb solo by Evans, was followed by the most striking effort of the evening—the atonal "Abstraction No. 1," written recently for Coleman. The composition, one of those rare artless pieces that seem to fashion themselves right on the spot, had a light resiliency that was the result of the written and improvised interplay between the string quartet and Coleman. The strings first struck off follow-the-leader chips of sound that appeared to have been extracted from old Coleman solos. Coleman jousted appreciatively with the strings, joined them briefly, and abruptly sailed into a remarkable, bucking solo that was underlined by the strings with an ecstasy of pushing, chanting sounds. Then Coleman sedately reëntered the ensemble for a further exchange of compliments, and the piece ended. Composition and improvisation had been organically and inextricably linked.

After the intermission, the number was refreshingly performed again, complete with a new segment of the Coleman canon, and next there was an impressive tour de force, "Transformation," which was originally unveiled a few years back. Here a "classical" passage is gradually coupled with a regular beat, diminishes, and is supplanted by an improvised section, which in this performance was played by the exceptional Evans. A ground swell, in the form of a riff, appears, and then two parts—written and improvised—pump away neck and neck to the finish line. A new work, "Variants on a Theme of John Lewis," followed, and it had much of the coherence of "Abstraction No. 1." Based on Lewis's lovely "Django"—a tribute to the late guitarist Django Reinhardt—it began with Galbraith, who played the melody in a sorrowing, bareheaded fashion. The rhythm section and the vibraphone entered; Lafaro soloed and then joined forces with Galbraith; Dolphy, on flute, and Lafaro collaborated handsomely; the quartet slipped in some Reinhardt tremolos; and the piece slowly assumed a glistening, spidery air, filling the room with guitarlike sounds. The closing section trailed off, gently pressing the last drops from Lewis's melody. It was tribute compounded. The finale was another fresh composition, "Progression in Tempo," a blues done as a rhythmic experiment, in which the tempo was gradually speeded up and then abruptly doubled. Fortunately, the number was anticlimactic, allowing one to settle peacefully back to earth, where Schuller, like William Blake, apparently spends very little time.

—Whitney Balliett



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LETTER FROM BELOW THE SUMMIT

PARIS, MAY 19

BECAUSE the Soviet Union is a closed society, President Eisenhower has maintained, the defense of freedom required the development and use of the U-2. Whatever else may be said about the U-2, it was a remarkable airplane, splendidly equipped; judged in terms of its special function, it was a huge success, and Western observers here can only wish that something half as good had come from the drafting boards of the political designers. The collapse of political intelligence has been almost complete, perhaps catastrophic, and possibly chastening. The nearest thing that diplomacy had to a Francis Gary Powers was Harold Macmillan, who last year penetrated the Soviet Union in a Comet and returned with the report that the defense of freedom required talks with Khrushchev, because no other Russian was worth talking to. This came to be regarded as a piece of intelligence as exact as a photographic survey, and for more than a year all Western diplomacy has been based upon it. In Paris today, the major activity of French, British, and American officials is explaining what was wrong with the Macmillan thesis (or what *went* wrong with it) to correspondents, of whom there are said to be more than three thousand at the press headquarters here in the Palais de Chaillot. Some officials are insisting that the lesson of the past week is that Khrushchev is almost the only Russian who is *not* worth talking to. Others say that he is worth talking to, but not just now; they speak knowingly—as if on the basis of knowledge gained from some very recent overflights—of dissension in the Party. (The American line at the moment appears to be that the really important Russians today are "two hundred and fifty thousand members of the officer corps," who were displeased by cuts in the Soviet military budget and threatened big trouble if Khrushchev sat down in the same room with Mr. Eisenhower and made a fifteen- or twenty-per-cent across-the-board cut in tensions.) Still others say that *no* Russians are worth talking to, but only Chinese; they say it was not Khrushchev, who is still basically not a bad sort, but Mao Tse-tung who torpedoed the conference, and as this line of reasoning is put forward, knots of American correspondents can be observed shaking and shuddering in anticipation of one day finding themselves accompanying Richard M. Nixon or John F. Kennedy to Bangkok or some such place for a conference with Chairman Mao that might just possibly be torpedoed by a Russian. At any rate, the almost universal opinion is that Mr. Macmillan was as wrong as he could be, and that not only the Paris summit but summitry itself has come to an end because of his miscalculation. Since this opinion is so nearly universal, it is probably wrong.

Khrushchev stayed off the summit, but he did talk a good deal with reporters, woodchoppers, farmhands, and priests, and now he is in East Berlin chatting with Walter Ulbricht, who may be the only East German worth talking to. In Paris, Khrushchev tended to repeat himself and to scream—to be terrifying but not very interesting most of the time. This could not be said about the lesser (unless they were greater) Russians in his party, and for anyone here who was not a head of state it was more rewarding, especially toward the end, to listen to these other Russians. They were, by and large, friendlier than might have been expected, and, as a matter of fact, rather consoling. Georgi A. Zhukov, whose title is Chairman of the State Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, and who is said to be a very big man, ventured into a Hospitality Room, where liquid payola was being poured by a well-known airline, to explain, after Khrushchev had blown his top on Monday, that the honorable men in the Kremlin would not think of pulling a fast one in Berlin. If he was understood properly, his point was that the Soviet Union intended to honor its pledge to issue no ultimatums on Berlin or Germany—none, at least, until a summit meeting had been held. This was the view advanced by most Russians not named Khrushchev, and, for all anyone knows just now, it was the view expounded by Khrushchev at yesterday's press conference in the Palais de Chaillot. (On occasion, Khrushchev's press-conference style is fully as opaque as President Eisenhower's.) Anyway, the Russians in

"I know what I like, but I get pooped."

Paris were peddling a surprisingly soft line on Berlin, and what may or may not be confirmation of it came from East Berlin itself, where, according to the Associated Press, the leading propagandist of the Communist Party, Horst Sinderman, announced on the government radio that there could be no peace treaty with the Soviet Union until "all countries in the anti-Hitler coalition are willing to conclude such a treaty with the German Democratic Republic." And he pointed out that "these negotiations have not even started." If there is any truth in some of the things being said about the insecurity of Khrushchev's position in the Kremlin, the East Germans may just possibly feel that a treaty with the Soviet Union wouldn't be worth the paper it was written on. Then again, it could be that some Russian and German Communists are rather slow on the pickup, as the French Communists so obviously are. It wasn't until the ascent of the summit had been abandoned by everyone that *L'Humanité*, the French Communist daily, really began to lash out at Mr. Eisenhower. Up to then, it had breathed the sweet spirit of Camp David, and had even, on the day the summit was to have been reached if all had gone according to schedule, published the full text of the only speech the President made here, which was an angry reply to the only speech that Khrushchev made in the presence of the summiteers.

A fact that deserves a small place in the chronicle of this tragic and hideous farce is that while Khrushchev was at his most insufferable, his associates were speaking rather quietly and making not altogether unpleasant sounds. Their message seemed to be that everything wasn't quite as bad as it looked, and some of them, too, seemed to be trying to cast light on the question of how and why it had all turned out this way. One concluded that, in their view, the whole show had come to nothing because some power entity to the east of Paris—possibly a very long way to the east of Paris—had decided that the basic idea of the summit meeting was a bad one and should be dropped. "Khrushchev had no mandate for a summit conference," one of them said, and left his auditors to figure out what that meant. It seemed to mean that people upon whom Khrushchev depended—in Moscow, in Peking, perhaps in both places, perhaps in other places as well—had made a decision that was binding on him. In the end, though, there was little clarification of who is in and who is out in Moscow and the Communist

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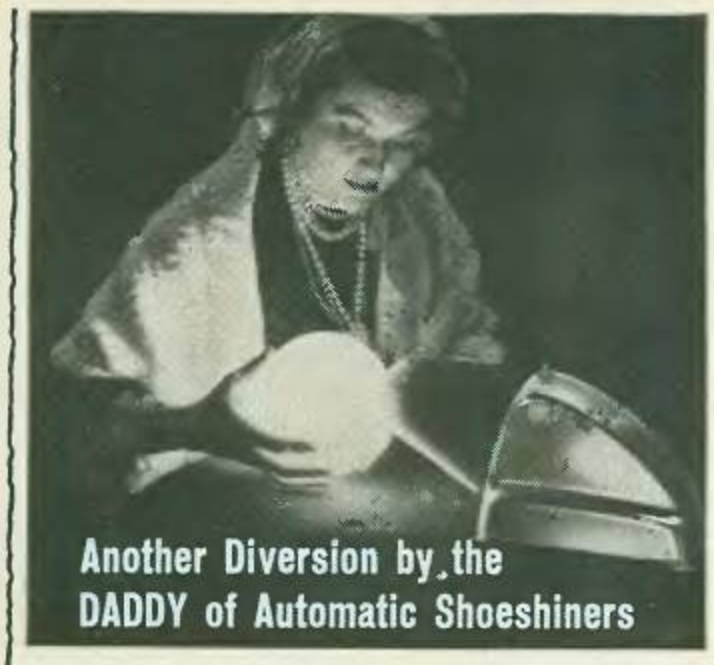
world. It is a rather suspicious circumstance that practically no one can be found in any quarter who is prepared to endorse what would seem to be the most obvious explanation, and the best one in the absence of knowledge to the contrary—that Khrushchev *is* the big man and that *he* decided against a summit conference. One can only say that in his final Paris appearance, at the press conference yesterday, he seemed to be a power and a law unto himself—a mighty power and a dreadful law. Gromyko sat at his right, Marshal Malinovsky at his left, both of them giving every evidence of subservience—clapping at every well-timed pause, chuckling at every brutal and sadistic joke. It was hard to believe that he was beholden to anyone, and easy to feel that at that moment this proud, vain, pudgy, irascible, and noisy tyrant was—by some demonic energy generated within himself—holding humanity for ransom.

CHAIRMAN KHRUSHCHEV obligingly took the heat off the President of the United States. When Mr. Eisenhower left Washington last week, it seemed altogether clear that the Russians, by the exercise of simple intelligence, could make him the goat for the certain failure of the conference to achieve anything more than a short-term extension of the *détente*. There would have been some injustice in this, of course, but justice, unlike reciprocity, is not a cardinal principle of diplomacy. And in any case there were few to deny that the State Department and the White House had turned in a wretched performance in the affair of the U-2, or that that affair was, in truth, a most disquieting one. Had Khrushchev said—bluntly but without screaming and without stories about bashing out the brains of cats—that, in the light of this incident, his government would have to rethink its position on such matters as arms control and inspection, he would have found considerable sympathy here, and he would have increased the annoyance of the British and the French over our series of *gaffes*. He could have wrecked the conference without leaving Moscow, or he could have come here to do the job; either way, newspapers around the world would have placed all the blame on Washington. But he chose a different course, and it is his performance of this week, rather than ours of last week, that carries off all the honors for offensiveness. His grew worse almost hourly, and the effect was cumulative. Even as recently as two days ago, when a spokesman who didn't



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want his name in print told American reporters that developments in Paris were proving a "net plus" for the United States, the thought of regarding them as anything but a mess made in America by Americans and for Americans was difficult to entertain. It seemed almost incredible that anyone could use a sales-conference term like that to describe such a week. But just last night, when another spokesman who didn't wish to be fingered said that the Russians had suffered a "net loss," the language seemed almost appropriate. If entries were being made in a ledger, more red ink would be needed on Chairman Khrushchev's page than on President Eisenhower's.

Still, the essential thing is that no black ink was required for either Americans or Russians, and few American onlookers could fail to conclude or afford to forget that we had served ourselves and our allies very badly indeed at a most critical moment. The government had told a preposterous story and been found out; trapped, it had sought a haven in the truth and found that there was no haven there. (To the President and the Secretary of State, the ultimate in irony must have been the outrage of the American press, which everlastingly demands the truth and professes to retail it at a nickel or a dime a day, when the two of them at last told it.) Then, in Paris, the government moved from truth and falsehood to baloney. Once it became apparent that there would be no meeting, our people began to say that they had known right along that Khrushchev was coming to Paris for the express purpose of wrecking the conference, and that they had made their plans in accordance with this knowledge. In the language of one of them, the Soviet position had been "frozen in concrete" back in Moscow. Was this, he was asked, a conclusion drawn after the fact in Paris, or was it a conclusion drawn in Washington before the President boarded his military jet liner? The response was that we had known it since well before the President emplaned. Why, then, were we all in Paris? And where was the strategy we had worked out for dealing with the inevitable breakdown? Was it our purpose to bring out the worst in Khrushchev? And, as if it were not enough to feign an intelligence we lacked, we kept compounding our blunders in the affair of the U-2. Khrushchev had been advised of the suspension of U-2 flights the day before the summit was to begin, our people said, and therefore his bluster

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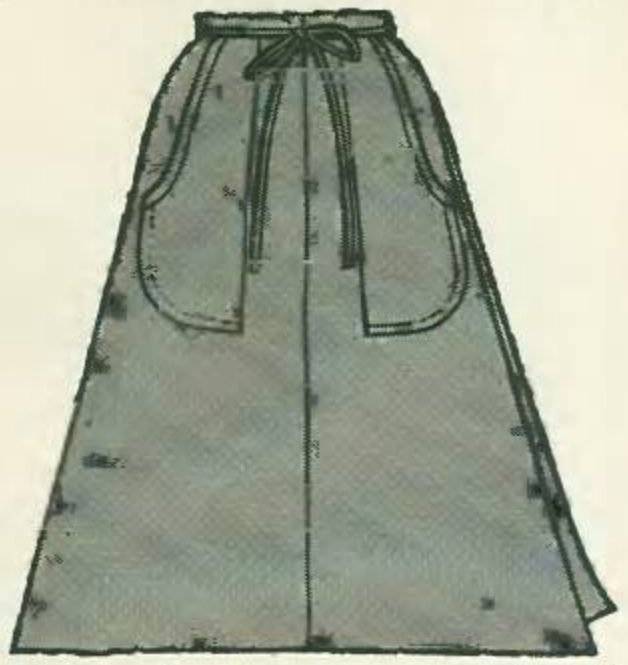
had been unpardonable. Well and good—but had it really taken that long to arrive at the decision on suspension? Certainly not, the reply went; indeed, anyone familiar with matters of this sort would have realized that once the Russians came out with the story about Pilot Powers, it was necessary to abandon overflights. Military intelligence is important, but allies are more important, and we could no longer compromise them by using their bases. How about Secretary Herter's statement that overflights would continue? The Secretary had been misunderstood. He had never actually said that the overflights would be continued but only that we would "take such measures as are possible unilaterally to . . . overcome this danger of surprise attack." No mention of "overflights." Well, then, when had we advised our allies of our decision? They knew it before the Russians did, our spokesman said. But surely not very long before, for a British spokesman had told the press that Her Majesty's Government had heard of the news only on Sunday, the day Khrushchev had been told. Quite so—but the British and French knew it *earlier* on Sunday than the Russians. One certainty was that everyone knew it before Vice-President Nixon, who is said to be in on all high-policy decisions and who endorsed the policy of reconnaissance flights on a television interview show on Sunday night, which was Monday morning Paris time. Not having told him of the suspension order was acknowledged to have been a regrettable oversight.

ALTHOUGH it is being said on every hand that further summit conferences are now unthinkable, no one knows, of course, whether they are unthinkable to Khrushchev—though his stated willingness to wait through several American administrations before holding another one seems to suggest that he, too, may be reconsidering. And if he were shortly to be empowered—by himself or whoever does the empowering—to behave as recklessly and menacingly as he talked this week, the chances are that he could play on the world's fears in such a way as to force an attempt at negotiation by almost any means he chose. But it is just about impossible to imagine any more initiatives coming from the West, and if there is any American or British diplomat who now thinks well of summitry, he has not succeeded in persuading any newspaper to report his views. Paris displayed all summitry's known dangers and some that had never been encountered before. (It had not, for example, been an-



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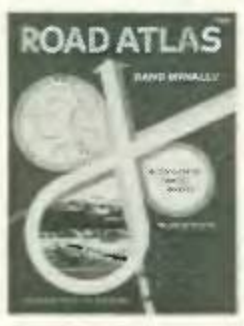

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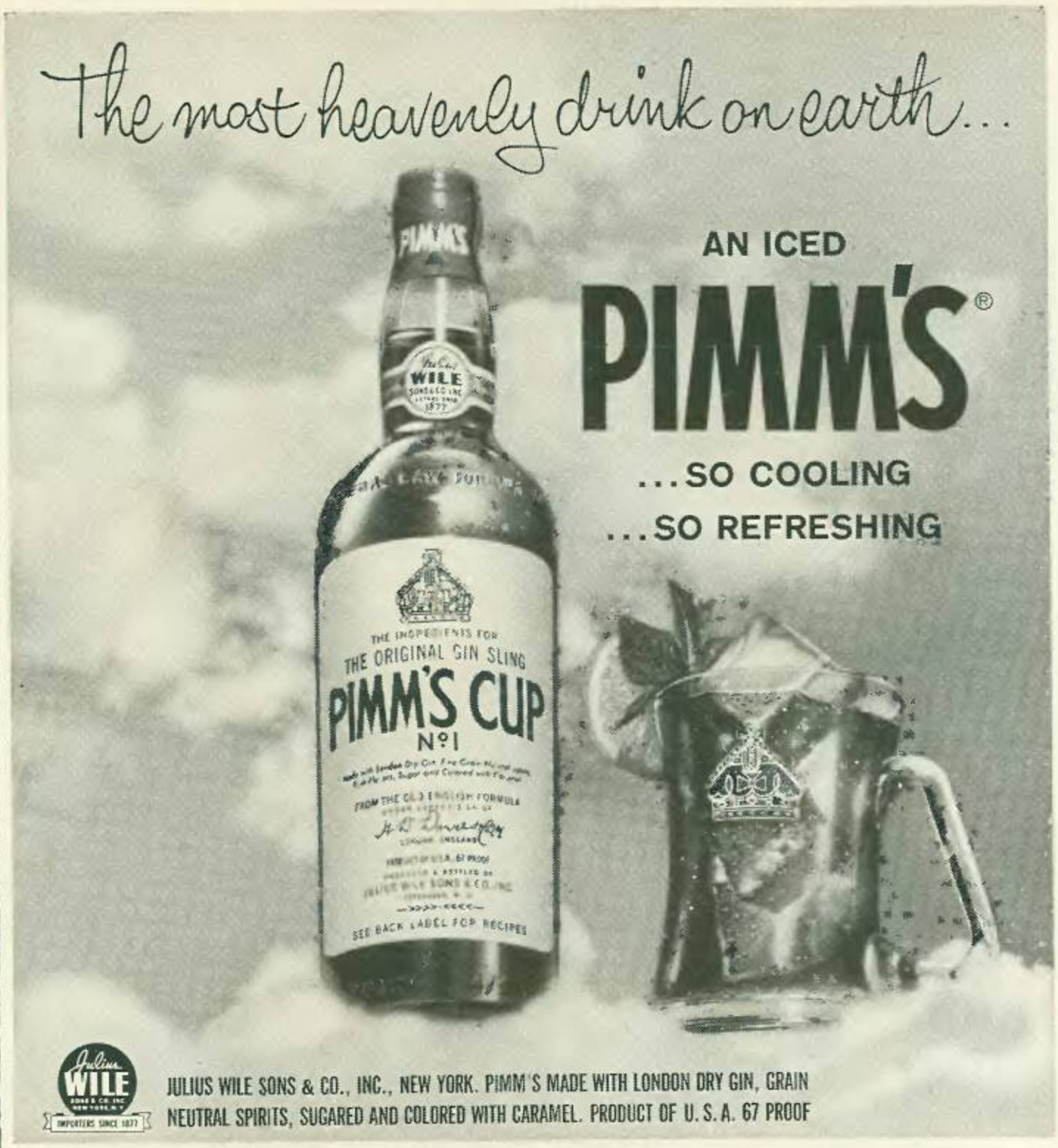
ticipated that the highlight of a gathering of four men would have been an ugly mob scene such as the one here in the Palais de Chaillot yesterday, when the tensions that once were to have been eased became positively kinetic, almost as palpable in the atmosphere as rain.) The head of a government is just about its most unsuitable negotiator in international affairs. In addition to his personal pride and vanity, he must carry, and never for a moment put aside, the pride and vanity of the nation. When he is offended or attacked, he must regard the injuries as falling upon all his people. Wherever he goes, he creates an atmosphere inimical to diplomacy. The newspapermen who everlastingly dog his steps remind him constantly of his accountability to whatever form public opinion takes in his country. Even when they are a responsible and restrained group, their mere presence tempts him to play domestic politics. In this respect, democratic statesmen are quite as vulnerable as totalitarian ones—perhaps at times more so. The busiest and most conspicuous member of the American delegation was the President's press secretary, James Hagerty. His job, at such a time as this, is to represent the President to the press of the world and to assist the President in stating our case to the world. But what he was doing most of the time was flashing back to the United States the administration's attempts to make its record of the past two weeks appear better than it was. This had no great bearing on anything that was happening here. Our allies' opinion of us and of our mistakes was fixed; it could matter only slightly on the Quai d'Orsay or in Whitehall how it happened that no one had remembered to tell Mr. Nixon what was going on. Khrushchev's opinion was not only fixed but as rigid as steel. The U-2, as the President and Mr. Hagerty kept saying, was not on the conference agenda. But it was on the agenda at home; the Eisenhower administration was under heavy attack by its critics, and in Paris the President and Mr. Hagerty had to defend their western as well as their eastern flank.

Heads-of-government diplomacy draws reporters by the trainload, and the most honorable, rather than the least honorable, of them are defeated in their purpose by their own numbers. When three thousand, or even three hundred, are on hand, only a few can be dealt with as individuals, and the rest must rely on the "briefing sessions" and "press conferences" staged by representatives of their own and other governments. Here, the only participant actually seen



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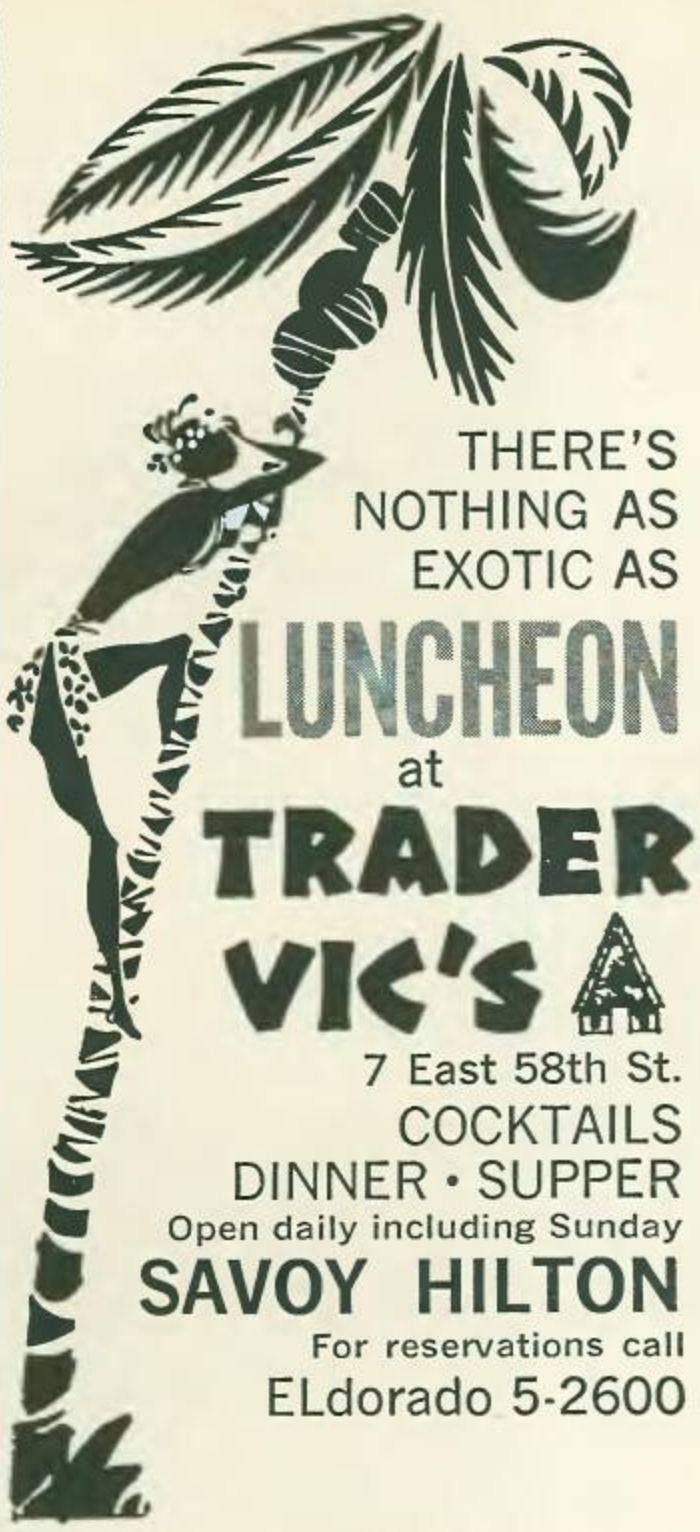
and heard by the majority of reporters was, of course, the non-participant Khrushchev, who felt not the slightest obligation to satisfy questioners with anything like the truth. Moreover, the mob was so immense and unruly that many correspondents abandoned the effort to see the spectacle by fixing their eyes upon the physical presence and retired to the back of the hall, where there were three television sets. Thus they could use electronic surrogates and still feel themselves on hand at a historic event.

Heads of government are often, by reason of their heavy responsibilities, unable to face the simplest of facts. It may be that Khrushchev simply had to make a great deal of the U-2 because it had genuinely frightened his country—by flying in Russian skies in the first place, and by revealing the weakness of Russian air defenses in the second. If this was a fact, it was one that Mr. Eisenhower could not face up to, for in doing so he would have placed a burden on the American conscience. In a reasonable discussion of the affair, such as might have taken place among professional diplomats, who would not have had to answer newspapermen's questions five minutes after they had stopped talking to one another, it might well have been conceded that there *is* quite a difference between an agent who is out to buy military secrets on the ground and an agent in an airplane flying overhead. Vast destruction can be visited by a single airplane. A single airplane, moreover, may be coming in ahead of a fleet. No one thinks that the panic button is likely to be pushed because a spy has been found in a café, but the world in 1960 is haunted by apocalyptic visions of alien aircraft being spotted by radar, and global devastation following this by minutes. The President of the United States, though, could not concede these points, even for the sake of argument, because he, almost as much as Khrushchev—and always when he is in Khrushchev's presence—cannot concede that any of his actions provide a basis for reproach.

There are facts of yet another order that heads of government are unable to mention publicly. Officials of every government involved in this attempt to get to the summit have realized right along that all the talk about the future of overflights was largely meaningless because of the development of satellites. A U-2 over Russia may breed grave Russian anxieties, just as a similar plane of Russian origin over the United States would be upsetting, but the truth—which both Russian and American of-



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ficials know perfectly well—is that such planes are just about obsolete. Even if Pilot Powers had not been shot down, his run on May Day would have been one of his last. In the near future, if not at this very moment, satellites can offer a far safer and better means of aerial reconnaissance, provided that either of the great powers wishes to use them, as one would imagine they both unquestionably will. It is said that we have today the ability to put in low orbit a satellite, of the Tiros I type, that will return perfect television pictures of any ground installations on earth, and that the Russians, with the space ship they launched last Sunday, have the ability to get the same intelligence. In other words, the skies could be opened almost right away, and without consideration of the matter by the United Nations. At such relatively quiet conferences as those still being held in Geneva on nuclear tests and general disarmament, developments of this sort can at least be mentioned without injury to the negotiators or serious political consequences of any sort, but although such topics are terribly relevant, they were not ripe for introduction among the heads of government here, and might have caused great trouble if they had been raised. Khrushchev would deny or denounce all human knowledge if he had to do so in order to cling to the precious issue of overflights, and the President, for his part, could not be happy to concede that his open-skies proposal, which has served him well for so long, is exactly as close to obsolescence as the U-2. If we had any sort of plan for the policing and controlling of satellite traffic, he might have been able to shift from open-skies to that, but no plan as yet exists.

THE most that anyone ever hoped for from the meetings that were to have taken place in the Élysée Palace was an understanding that the Berlin problem is an uncommonly tough one and may be quite insoluble by this generation of politicians. "By and large, we must live with our tensions," the London *Economist* said this week, and added that we must do what we can "to make them livable with." The summiteers might have contributed to this general aim by exchanging handclasps, flashing smiles at one another, and posing for official group pictures in General de Gaulle's office, but they could not have dealt with any of the substantive problems of disarmament or of Berlin. Even a Berlin settlement involves a horde of facts beyond the competence of heads of government. A seemingly acceptable

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political settlement, West German experts have said, could lead to the loss of the free city if it failed to contain detailed arrangements on such matters as barge rates and railroad timetables, for the West Berlin economy could be strangled through changes in these. From the Western point of view, to be sure, an agreement, in writing or otherwise, to do nothing about Berlin for a decent period would have been a most welcome thing, and there were moments in the last month when it seemed almost a sure one. These were, plainly, moments of illusion. (Some pretty hardheaded people were taken in. Late last week, French diplomats were saying that General de Gaulle had got Khrushchev to commit himself to the French, or let's-not-even-talk-about-it, view of Berlin. He had accomplished this, they maintained, by telling Khrushchev that he ought to be looking ahead to the day when France and Russia would be defending their common civilization against the Chinese.) What exists at the moment, though, may be pretty close to the same thing—a *détente* accompanied by angry rhetoric rather than one codified in the handclasps and the group photographs. If that is so, then it would seem that the chance is at hand to buck the hard problems down the line to some level where they can be dealt with, or at least discussed, without inflaming the entire world as the failure to discuss them here has done.

No one can be certain whether there is or is not a *détente* of any sort at the moment. The answer must come from Moscow; it may come within a few days or it may be a long time coming and, when it arrives, indecipherable. This, in any case, was the word for Khrushchev's press conference yesterday. The anger, real or feigned, and the vileness came through clearly enough; a distinguished Russian writer living in Paris said last night that he had never heard his native language used to convey quite that sort and degree of baseness, and he was a bit taken aback to learn that it could be so used. Yet the performance was doubly extraordinary, because it went in no time at all from madness, or what seemed to be madness, to what could only have been calculated political slickness and what passes among Communists for sweet talk. During the first hour or so, one was constantly expecting the man to be swept away, perhaps even destroyed, by his passions. One felt that at any instant he might simply lose control and commit himself to some awful program in the presence of what must surely have been the largest number of reporters

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ever gathered in one enclosure anywhere. But the rage could cool between sentences, as if dropped into a sea of ice water, and he would say something that had unmistakably been contrived with great craft. (An instance was his vote-seeker's compliment to "the great German people" that immediately followed his brutal assault on the West Germans.) And it must have required great craft for him to get through those tumultuous two and a half hours without actually saying anything of political substance, and without giving any sort of answer to the question that everyone was asking, which was whether or not the collapse of the summit would lead to a change of Soviet policy. All the cards that really counted he held right up against his chest. As of now, the question has no answer of any sort. Nor is there an answer to the question of whether this man is just a born political virtuoso or whether the emotion that seems to grip him at times is genuine, and therefore a dangerous fact of life today. Those diplomats and correspondents who have seen the most of Khrushchev are pretty well convinced that he is simply a performer of incredible range. They think that the Khrushchev who can come to an instantaneous boil coexists quite peacefully and understandingly with the Khrushchev who plays it cool. If this is a fact, the free world can take a certain amount of comfort from it—tempering that comfort with the realization that life sometimes imitates art and that actors sometimes come to live the parts they play.

LAST night, when the headline that caught one's eye on every kiosk was "TOUT LE MONDE S'EN VA," an American who has had wide experience in Russia but who had little responsibility for government decisions in the days just before Paris gave some of his personal views to members of the American press. He felt very much in the dark, he said, about what the immediate future might hold. No one with any amount of knowledge of Soviet affairs really understands how policy decisions are reached in the Kremlin. Much is known about the doctrines that underlie policy, and a few things are known about the structure of power, but how the Kremlin (which is a useful term for whatever the true power entity happens to be) weighs Soviet needs and interests can be understood only after the fact. Still, he said, he had a few thoughts on what had happened. He had read, several times over, every recorded word of Khrushchev's in

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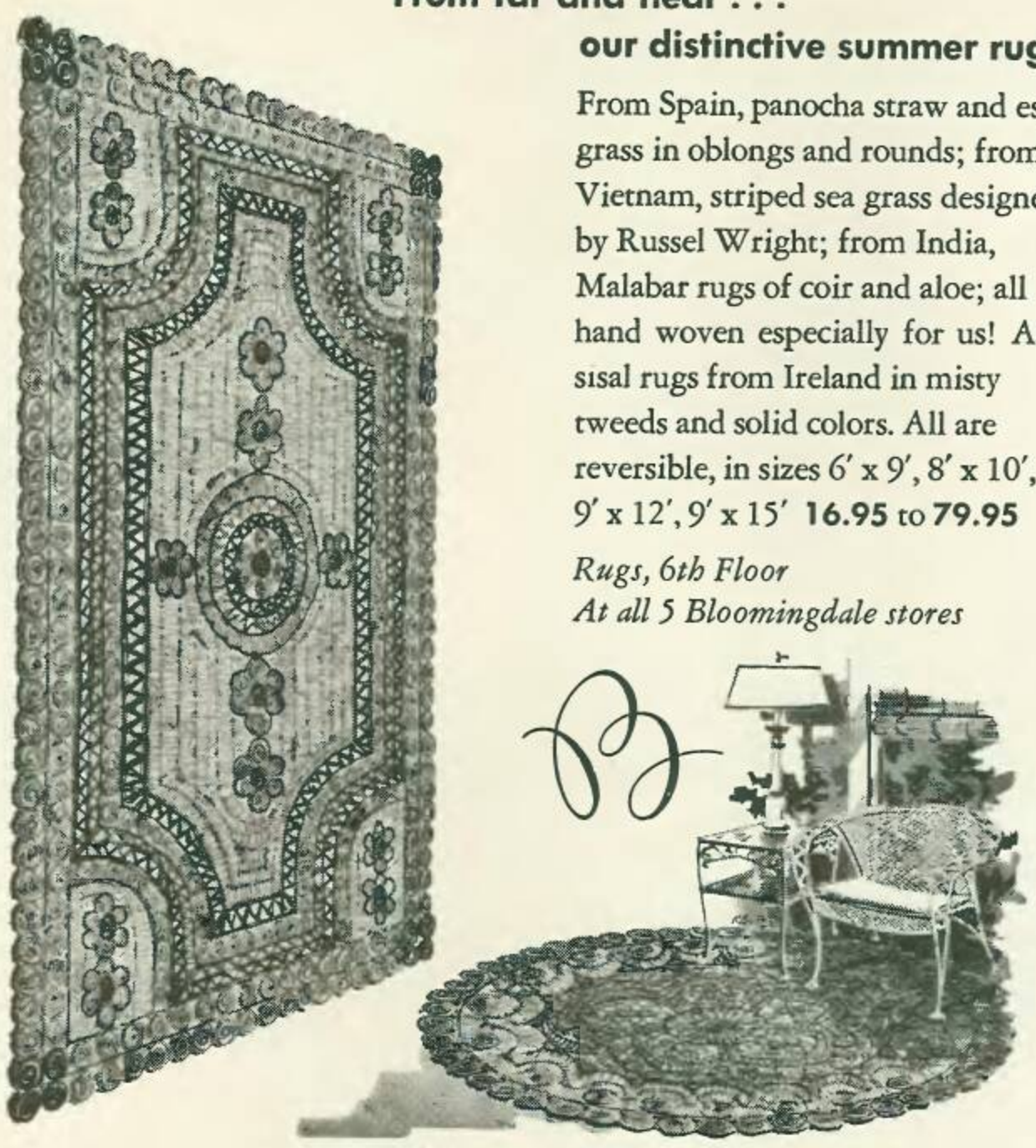

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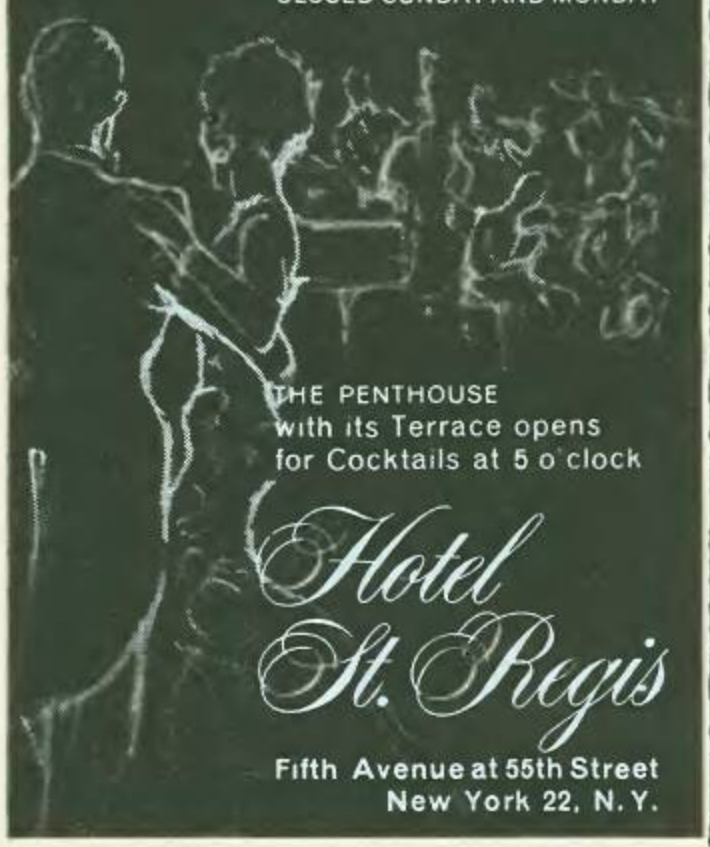

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Paris. Nowhere had he found a commitment to anything but the propositions that Khrushchev brought to Paris last Saturday and formally presented to the Western chiefs on Monday morning. The totality of known policy here, in other words, was that no talks with the West were to be held at the present time—that and nothing else. The demands that the President apologize and prosecute were devices for insuring the result sought. Khrushchev was known to have arrived in Paris with his tirade composed and rehearsed. He gave it to the French and British right after he got here. Could he have said or done more if the situation had somehow changed here—if he had not met with the situation he expected to find? This, the American expert said, was very unlikely. Khrushchev is accountable to the power entity. Every Communist leader except Stalin has been accountable to a ruling group in the Party, and even Stalin was, in a sense. Stalin, however, made the ruling group itself ultimately accountable to his instruments of terror. His critics, as Khrushchev once said, were lowered by a head. Khrushchev, having destroyed the instruments of terror in the upper reaches of Soviet life, is directly and personally accountable. His colleagues in the Kremlin doubtless wanted to know what went on when Khrushchev met alone with General de Gaulle and with his fishy friend in the White House and with all the other potentates he had been seeing. They got conflicting reports, and some of what they heard they did not like. Nothing was more striking to the American who was giving this analysis than the fact that Khrushchev was never seen, even on his delicatessen tours and country drives, without Marshal Malinovsky at his side. (Once, Khrushchev came down the steps of the Soviet Embassy alone, and found a group of reporters awaiting him. He pivoted, disappeared, and returned in half a minute, smiling, with Malinovsky on his right arm.) Could it be assumed from this, then, that the military was in power and was watching over him? Nothing of the sort should be assumed, the American said. A good guess, though, was that Malinovsky was a witness. He was on hand so that no one in Moscow would have to choose between Khrushchev's word and that of a bourgeois politician. Big Brother was being watched—probably by Little Brother. This was all personal opinion, the American emphasized, and beyond it he could not and would not go.

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Meeting of the Doomed Twain

WITH "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," Alain Resnais, a thirty-seven-year-old Frenchman, hitherto unheralded, emerges as one of the best movie-makers of our time. His film, developed from a screenplay by Marguerite Duras, tells the story of a brief, sad, hopeless love affair that is kindled between a Japanese architect and a French actress while the lady is employed on location in Hiroshima. This might sound like a twist on dear old "Madame Butterfly," but it is nothing of the sort, since M. Resnais and Mlle. Duras are seeking to project a good many problems more intricate than those involved in miscegenation. What we have here is a kind of tract for our atomic times, but never once in the course of making a case against the lunacies of the era does M. Resnais bog his drama down in preachments. He is a pacifist, all right, yet in his appeal for peace he sees to it that his camera, rather than his sound track, establishes his points. As a matter of fact, the pictorial aspects of this French film are so ingenious that the dialogue often seems almost superfluous, and if some of the ideas advanced are at times a little hard to follow, it must be remembered that the underlying theme of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" is one that has caused a lot of dizziness at the summit.

M. Resnais begins with his lovers entwined, and as they embrace, the actress talks of the things she has learned about Hiroshima while visiting a local museum where there are pictures and other exhibits having to do with the day the bomb fell upon the city. As her monologue goes on, M. Resnais introduces film clips of the actual devastation of Hiroshima, and they are terrifying indeed. But he is soon back with his lovers, and presently the heroine reveals that she was once the lover of a Nazi in the town of Nevers, in Occupied France, and that at the end of the war in Europe she was shorn and imprisoned in a cellar by her outraged family. As she relates this to the Japanese, whom she has somehow begun to identify with her German, he rejoices in the fact that she has never told this to anybody else, and it is on such subtleties that "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" de-

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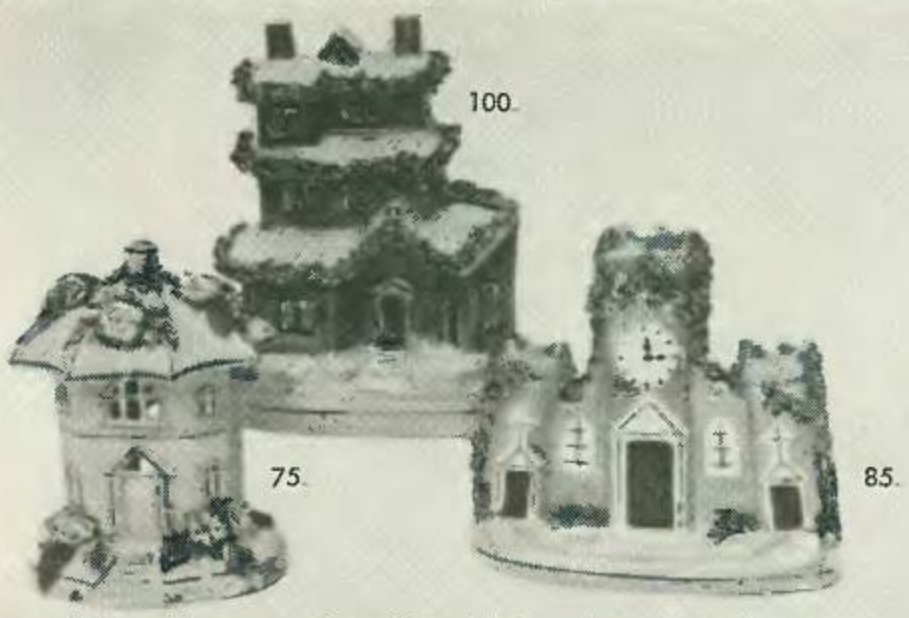

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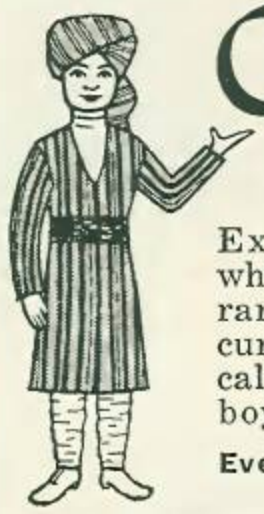

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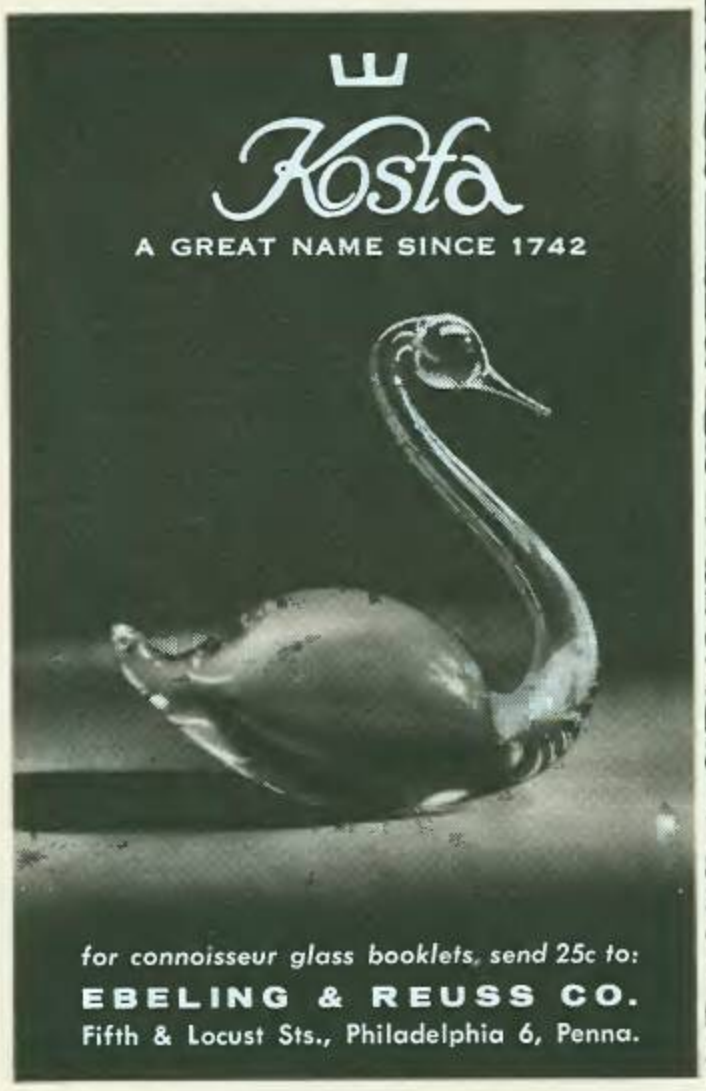

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pends. In his flashbacks depicting the heroine's infatuation with the Nazi, M. Resnais is swift and lyrical, and that is his manner throughout the film—a fairly necessary attribute, since the dominant love affair begins and ends within the compass of twenty-four hours. The poignancy of the situation of the enamored pair is tenderly developed as the film runs its course, and at the conclusion their only farewell is the heroine's murmur, "Hiroshima," and the hero's reply, "Nevers."

In the role of the heroine, Emmanuelle Riva makes her first appearance in the movies, and she is remarkable. Her part depends in large measure upon her ability to create a mood with facial expression alone, and the extraordinary mobility of her features enables her to do so magnificently. Her Japanese partner, Eiji Okada, is also commendable, and so are the various supporting players. "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" was photographed in Japan, and M. Resnais fully explores the city only lately risen from the ashes of the A-bomb.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

While I am on the subject of reform, having been a binarist from the word *bit*, let me suggest a simple method for saying the binary numbers. I say "saying" rather than "naming" because I do not really approve of naming numbers anyway, any more than I approve of gilding lilies. Even in the decimal system it seems to me foolish to *name* the perfectly good number one-nine-six-oh, or even, in a fit of centesimalism, nineteen-sixty, under the laborious title "one thousand nine hundred and sixty." Attempts to *name* the binary numbers end up in hopeless clumsiness and cacophony. On the other hand it is perfectly easy to *say* the binary numbers if we adopt one conventional symbol for "1" and another for "0." I have toyed with "Bim" for 1 and "Bam" for 0, in which case we would count: Bim, Bimbam, Bimbim, Bimbambam, Bimbambim, Bimbimbam, Bimbimbim, Bimbambambam, and so on. If this sounds too sonorous I am prepared to compromise on "Bit" (for 1) and "te" (for 0), in which case we count Bit, Bitte, Bitbit, Bittete, Bittebit, Bitbitte, Bitbitbit, Bittetete, and so on. I may point out that (to look a few years ahead) Bitbitbitbittebittebitbitbitbit has no more syllables in it than "one thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven."—*A letter in Science.*

Anyway, it's always fun to look ahead.

•

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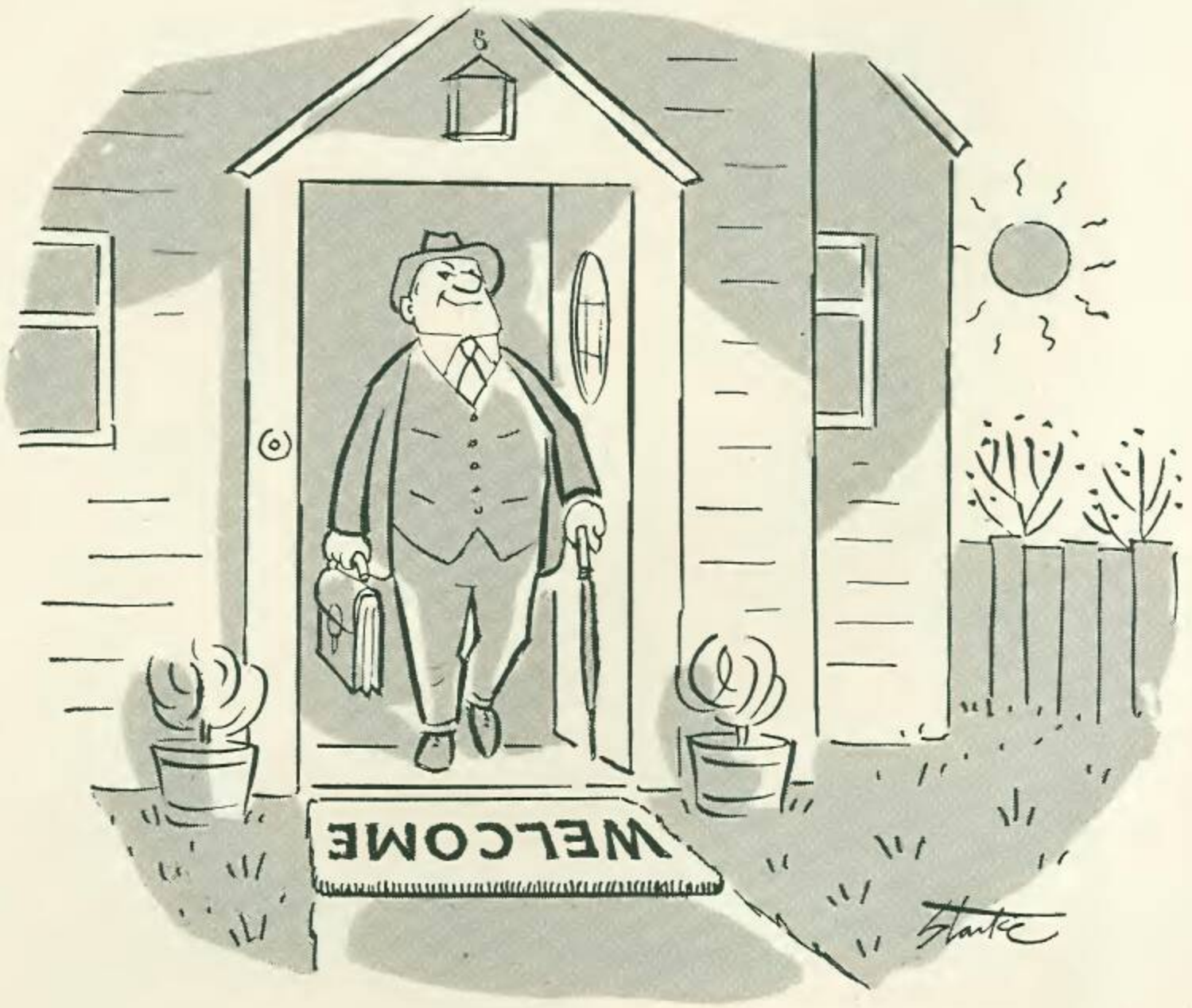
BOOKS

Through a Glass, Darkly

JOCELYN BAINES' "Joseph Conrad" (McGraw-Hill) is by way of being a model biography. This means not that it is either enjoyable to read or particularly informative about Conrad but that it is the sort of thing an up-and-coming critic with a care for his standing in academic circles has to turn out if he wants to keep coming. The short preface, "Acknowledgments and Note on the Text," is an adroit performance in itself, and the student of literary *Machtpolitik* who gives it his careful attention will have no doubt about Mr. Baines' chances of making good in his field. Everybody who is academically O.K. in the department of advanced Conrad criticism gets his little lump of sugar in this propitiatory offering, and Professor Albert J. Guerard, the bellwether of the flock, gets two obeisances, one for being kind enough to let Mr. Baines see the galley proofs of his critical study "Conrad the Novelist" and the other for being "particularly stimulating." Others "particularly stimulating" are Mr. Edward Crankshaw, Mr. Douglas Hewitt, and Dr. F. R. Leavis. Sir Harold Nicolson was helpful "in many ways" to Mr. Baines, who is also grateful to Mr. Benedict Nicolson, Mr. Oliver Warner, and Mr. Angus Wilson for reading the manuscript. In view of the author's evident care for the success of his book, and his readiness to take trouble, it is at first blush odd to see that he has precious few acknowledgments and thanks to spare for any of the surviving people who knew Conrad. Mr. David Garnett, for instance, could have told Mr. Baines a great deal about Conrad's important relationship with Mr. Garnett's father, Edward. But then Mr. Garnett, a writer of amusing and successful novels, was formally outlawed by none other than Dr. Leavis, the grand master of English academic criticism, for having his own opinion on D. H. Lawrence. He is clearly not a person for a coming man to waste acknowledgments or thanks upon. The same is true of Bertrand Russell. Dr. Leavis, speaking ex cathedra, has confirmed D. H. Lawrence's verdict that Russell and the group to which he belonged at Cambridge before the First World War were "dead, dead, dead." This pronouncement has stamped Russell as non-O.K. in the circles Mr. Baines frequents, and this would of itself secure an offhand treatment of his knowledge of Conrad. Another of Dr. Leavis's ex-cathedra pronouncements declares that Conrad is an absolutely O.K. writer, "among the very greatest novelists in the language—or any language." But O.K. Conrad was absolutely bowled over by the O.K.ness of "dead, dead, dead" Russell, and wrote him a passionate letter of commitment soon after their first meeting. The letter still exists, and any biographer could get permission to print it. It ends by saying that Russell had inspired in Conrad "a deep admiring affection which, if you were never to see me again and forget my existence tomorrow, would be unalterably yours *usque ad finem*." One would imagine that a biographer of Conrad would get hold of that letter, because it provides a clue to one of the hidden strands of his nature. Mr. Baines, however, skims over this most revealing meeting in nine lines of text and a seven-line quotation from Russell's recollection of the exchange. If a meeting with Russell could move Conrad to the depths of his being, the presumption is that Lawrence's opinion of Russell was unfounded and that the great Leavisian critical apparatus was functioning poorly when he accepted it. So the door that Russell could open into the recesses of Conrad's mind remains unopened.

By the time Mr. Baines is through with Conrad, he has become pretty good at passing rapidly at a great height over dangerous territory of this kind; Conrad kept, there is no denying it, plenty of company that was, from the academic point of view, unworthy indeed. What business, for instance, has an O.K. writer with a lifetime friendship for John Galsworthy? And a long friendship for Hugh Walpole? Mr. Baines' handling of this particular problem borders on the comic. In the neighborhood of page 150, he gives his readers a couple of quotations from a letter of June, 1916 (misdated 1918, through no fault of Mr. Baines's), in which Conrad rapped Walpole, whom he'd then never met, over the knuckles for writing a foolish little monograph about Conrad's work. Walpole then vanishes until page 412, where it is Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, and the two writers have inexplicably reached cozy terms of friendship. Then, on page 421, we are informed that Walpole "had been seeing a lot of Conrad in recent years." Next, on page 445, it appears that Conrad "did not rate very highly the literary work of his closest friends." We are allowed only a single glimpse of the sort of thing Conrad could say to Walpole,



and it is enlightening. "One can," he says, "learn something from Balzac, but what could one learn from Flaubert?" This is evidently upsetting to Mr. Baines, for he hurriedly produces a letter, in French, in which a much younger Conrad expresses a more acceptable respect for Flaubert, and then leaves the dangerous topic of Conrad's estimates of writers, and of writing, alone. He appears to be not in the least concerned to give the flavor of the exchanges between these two professional men. Reference to Walpole's diary may indicate why:

JUNE 2, 1918. Great and glorious day. Conrad simply superb. A child, nervous, excitable, affectionate, confidential, doesn't give you the idea anywhere of a strong man, but *real* genius that is absolutely *sui generis*. Said Green Mirror [a newly published novel of Walpole's] fine—no holes to be picked—but I need more resonance. Said only thing was to be a "glorious story teller." Said all "isms" were rot. . . .

JANUARY, 1919. Conrad said many wonderful things about the book ["The Secret City," the successor to "The Green Mirror"]: that he was astonished at its art, that it was wonderfully level, that it had true style, etc. I listened as in a dream. . . .

AUG. 10, 1919. . . . Conrad in great form, annoyed with the reviews of The Arrow of Gold, especially Lynd's. Said I was the only younger novelist who had drive and breadth enough to be a great one. Said the only thing to be in literature was a tramp. Said his favorite books to re-read were Hudson's Patagonia and Wallace's Malay Archipelago. Scoffed at Typee. . . .

JULY 19, 1920. More that Conrad said yesterday: that all this talk about technique was absurd, but that you must write just as well as you can and take every kind of trouble.

A mistake or misunderstanding, perhaps? But then Walpole suffered the same misunderstanding a bit earlier, when he reported that he heard O.K. Conrad saying "that he has never studied any technique, and doesn't think one should." This sort of thing is undeniably awkward to deal with, but one can only be suspicious of a biographer who seems to avoid embarrassing material. Baines is, in fact, shoving the information about Conrad in Walpole's diary under the rug, possibly because it doesn't support Mr. Baines' statement that "it seems clear that Conrad had carefully studied the craft of writing and that his masters were those who themselves excelled in technique." This is only one of many things that are clear to Mr. Baines and that were, strangely, not clear to Conrad. Conrad was of the opinion, for instance, that it was largely the influence of Edward Garnett that turned him into a professional writer. Mr. Baines knows better: Edward Gar-

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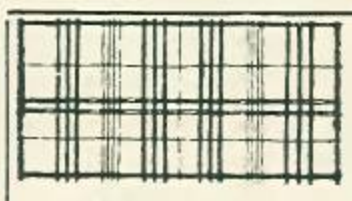

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nett's encouragement had its value, "but Garnett did not play as decisive a role as Conrad claimed."

It would be pleasant to be able to say that Mr. Baines atones for his weaknesses as a biographer by showing some acuteness as a critic, but while he is as solemn as an owl he has nothing much to say. Time and again we are led through one or another of Conrad's works, detail by detail, to reach the startling conclusion that what Conrad put into the story is still there and that the story means what he said it meant. A comparison of two passages, one from Mr. Baines and one from Conrad, will show what you can get away with in academic circles nowadays. Mr. Baines is supposedly adding something to our knowledge of "Heart of Darkness" in the following:

Kurtz had come to Africa armed, apparently, with grandiose ideals; in his paper written for the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs he had claimed that "we whites" "must necessarily appear to them (the Savages) in the nature of supernatural beings. . . . By the simple exercise of our will we can exert a power for good practically unbounded." But the "idea" which "redeems" had gone rotten because at the foot of this pamphlet Kurtz had scrawled "evidently much later," "Exterminate all the brutes." His actual conduct was more sophisticated than this would imply because "the wilderness had found him out early, and had taken on him a terrible vengeance for the fantastic invasion. I think it had whispered to him things about himself which he did not know, things of which he had no conception till he took counsel with his great solitude—and the whisper had proved irresistibly fascinating. It echoed loudly within him because he was hollow at the core."

Conrad is not specific about Kurtz's behavior. It appears that he had allowed himself to be deified; the natives "adored him," and he presided at "certain midnight dances ending with unspeakable rites, which . . . were offered up to him—do you understand? to Mr. Kurtz himself."

The passage from Conrad that contains most of this runs as follows, and it is hard to imagine how it could have been made more specific:

All Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz; and by and by I learned that, most appropriately, the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs had intrusted him with the making of a report, for its future guidance. And he had written it, too. I've seen it. I've read it. It was eloquent, vibrating with eloquence, but too high strung, I think. Seventeen pages of close writing he had found time for! But this must have been before his—let us say—nerves, went wrong, and caused him to preside at certain midnight dances ending with unspeakable rites, which—as far as I reluctantly gathered from what I heard at various times—were offered up to him—do you understand?—

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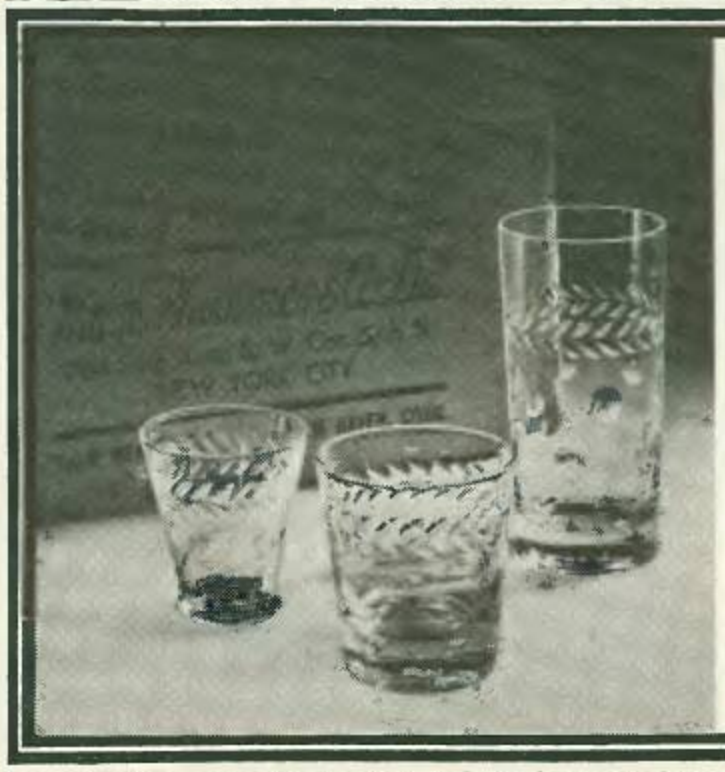

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to Mr. Kurtz himself. But it was a beautiful piece of writing. The opening paragraph, however, in the light of later information, strikes me now as ominous. He began with the argument that we whites, from the point of development we had arrived at, 'must necessarily appear to them (savages) in the nature of supernatural beings—we approach them with the might as of a deity' and so on, and so on. 'By the simple exercise of our will we can exert a power for good practically unbounded,' etc. From that point he soared and took me with him. The peroration was magnificent, though difficult to remember, you know. It gave me the notion of an exotic Immensity ruled by an august Benevolence. It made me tingle with enthusiasm. This was the unbounded power of eloquence—of words—of burning noble words. There were no practical hints to interrupt the magic current of phrases, unless a kind of note at the foot of the last page, scrawled evidently much later, in an unsteady hand, may be regarded as the exposition of a method. It was very simple, and at the end of that moving appeal to every altruistic sentiment it blazed at you, luminous and terrifying, like a flash of lightning in a serene sky: "Exterminate all the brutes."

It is evident that this passage, concerned with one aspect of Kurtz's degeneration, has a flowing unity. Every sentence is in its necessary place, and for that reason it requires no explanation. It says splendidly what it has to say, which is that Kurtz is guilty of *hubris*. The sentence about this wilderness and what it may have whispered to Kurtz is part of another line of thought altogether, and it belongs where Conrad put it—twelve pages later, in my edition. It is clear that Mr. Baines is simply scrambling the elements of Conrad's beautifully organized and extremely simple story, and creating difficulties where there are none. It is not necessary to labor the point. But Mr. Baines is of that school of critics whose work reflects the influence of Dr. Leavis and whose every published line reflects its lack of acquaintance with the actual processes of creation. To put the thing in plain language, these critics do not know how novels and stories are written, never having written anything except criticism themselves. Galsworthy, Walpole, and the other vulgarians who are so despised by Mr. Baines had experienced writing as a necessity, and for that reason they were closer to Conrad than Mr. Baines will ever be. They could understand, as he never will, the sense in which Conrad's remarks on the absurdity of talk about technique are true. Mr. Baines believes in the creative process as an act of will, as a business of choosing an idea, selecting material to fit it, polishing up symbols, shaping and ordering. He knows nothing of the story that presents itself as a necessity, of the

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material that chooses the form the story will take. His arty Conrad, the superior person, brushed up culturally, his life purged as far as possible of its philistine elements, and his work enriched by extra material worthy of consideration in the quarterlies, is a duller figure than the real man. Conrad was at once a much simpler writer and an infinitely more complex and interesting human being than Mr. Baines allows. What he thought about ethics and aesthetics is not what is interesting about his work. He was a mediocre thinker and his intellectual gropings were amateurish and obscure. What makes that defect in him unimportant is the thing Bertrand Russell instantly detected in him and has always remembered. "His intense and passionate nobility shines in my memory like a star seen from the bottom of a well. I wish I could make his light shine for others as it shone for me." It is the omnipresence of that nobility in his work, not its incidental subtlety and elaboration, that makes it indisputably and serenely great.

—Anthony West

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Affair, by C. P. Snow (Scribners). Mr. Snow's novel is about a crisis in the private life of a college of Cambridge University. Lewis Eliot, a successful London lawyer and a former Fellow of the college, tells the story. Eliot's voice is grave, and his manner is dedicated. In clear, dispassionate tones, he describes the crisis, which arises when new evidence is uncovered in the case of Donald Howard, a Junior Fellow who was found guilty of scientific fraud and dismissed from the college. The new evidence indicates that Howard may be innocent, and fair play demands that the case be reopened and tried again. If Howard's name is cleared, then the name of his collaborator, an old man now dead, must be blackened, and, in addition, there is a chance that another member of the college, who has not so far been implicated in the affair, may find himself in a questionable position. To complicate matters further, a college election is coming up, and the bitter differences of opinion in the Howard case are likely to embarrass many of the candidates for advancement. Mr. Snow's characterization is acute and authoritative, and the separate personalities of his men and women are impressed on the reader from their

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first introduction. His men, as a group, are very consciously *gentlemen*. His women, as a group, are aggressive, and inclined to speak up instead of just speaking. The scene is London and Cambridge, and the time is the present, wearing a definite aura of middle age. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

MOTHER WAS ALWAYS IN LOVE, by Philip Van Rensselaer (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). This extremely light, impressionistic novel, which hovers uneasily but with charm between caricature and pathos, tells of a transcendently lovely American woman, Violet Amory, who is at the zenith of her dazzling career—she is as triumphant in romance as she is high in society—during the twenties, just before the crash. After the crash, finding herself penniless, she allows a rich but not socially acceptable protector, Jules Richmond, to pay for her jewels, her furs, her Paris dresses, her maids, and her houses and apartments in Paris, Venice, and New York, and on the Riviera. Her story is told by her only son, Peter, who is a tiny boy when the account begins and a student at Princeton when it comes to an end.

GENERAL

LORD BURGHLEY AND QUEEN ELIZABETH, by Conyers Read (Knopf). The second of two monumental volumes that constitute not only the definitive biography of Elizabeth's most durable adviser but a thorough study of a tireless pair formulating policy, waging war, cajoling Parliament, and settling the everyday business of late Tudor England. Elizabeth was one of the few successful figures in history who had the courage to be indecisive; most of the men around her tried to push her into action, and so, in the first volume, did William Cecil, Lord Burghley. By 1570, when this book opens (it closes with Burghley's death, in 1598), he was fifty, and he had learned to appreciate Elizabeth's tactics of delay. He found something to say on several sides of nearly every question—in itself a good reason for stalling. (He acted fast once—when he helped speed Mary Stuart to the block in 1587—and his zeal nearly cost him his job.) Burghley has not had much attention from romantic biographers, because he was a sedentary, unsoldierly type—a civil servant and a family man who didn't flirt with the Queen. Conyers Read,

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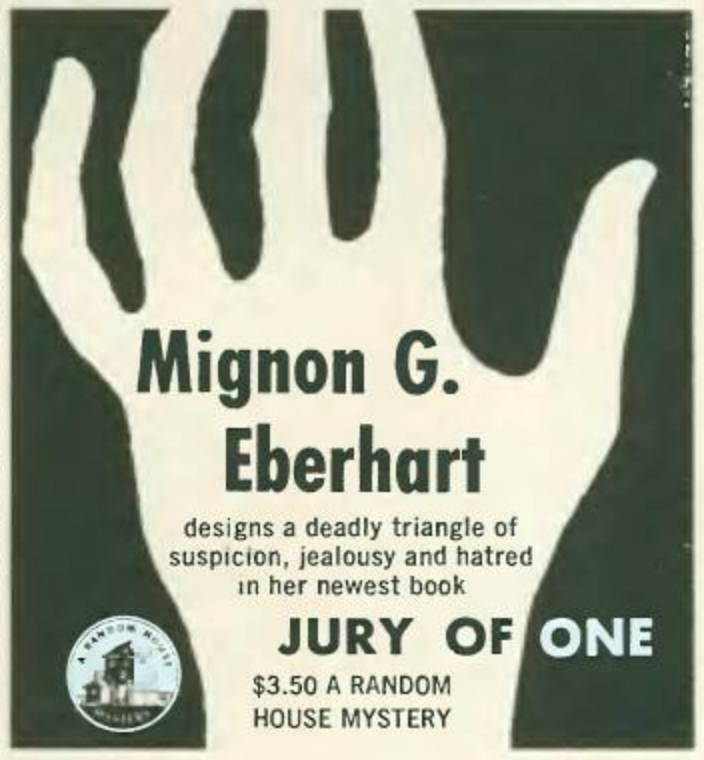

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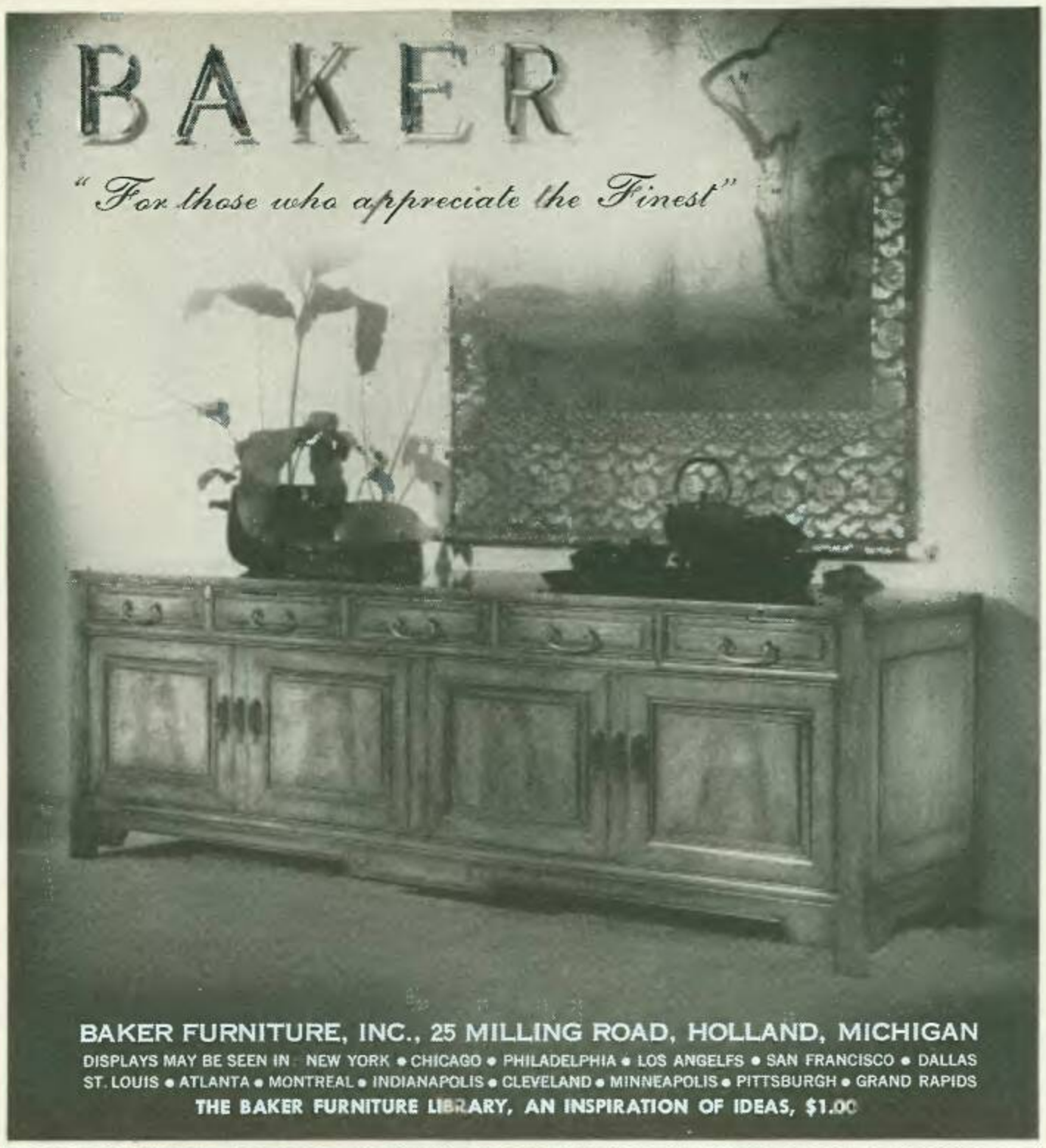
who died last December, was a meticulously unromantic biographer, and he has coped beautifully with their relationship, which was indispensable to them both, innocent, humdrum, and, in essence, loving. Ten dollars.

THE WESTERN MIND IN TRANSITION, by Franz Alexander (Random House). An autobiographical memoir. Dr. Alexander, who was born in Budapest and came to this country in 1930 as a flag-bearer for his great master and friend Sigmund Freud (and actually talked Robert Maynard Hutchins into founding a chair of psychoanalysis at the University of Chicago, with himself in the seat), is one of the world's most eminent and most untrammelled psychiatrists and social philosophers. He was a young officer-physician in the Austro-Hungarian Army when war broke out in 1914, and was in a position to witness not only the death of the old order but the death of the grand illusion that we are the masters of our fate. In the second part of his book, he discusses the advent of "statistical man" and its implications for the future of the human race (not very rosy, all things considered), examines the revolution in art (the only section in which he comes close to the shallows), and adds a most illuminating chapter on "retirement neurosis, or malignant boredom," which brings home to the reader the terrible depths of intellectual poverty that many successful Americans have sunk to. A memorable book.

ROME, by William Klein (Viking). An album of pictures, with textual comment, that amounts to a sort of photographic pastiche of Rome. Avoiding all the set pieces, Mr. Klein has focussed his attention and his lens on the Roman people—the *ragazzi* at play, the bourgeoisie taking its pleasures in its noisy and disorderly fashion, the honorable rubble that so much of the historic city has been reduced to, the procurers, the prostitutes, and the tooth-picking man-in-the-street. The book has considerable vitality, but it should not be taken as an introduction to Rome; it is, rather, for those who already know the city. The text, which is made up of excerpts from the writings of such people as Montaigne, Goethe, Stendhal, Edmond About, and Taine (but of surprisingly few Italians), has been cleverly edited to supplement, and sometimes supply, the captions. The photography is superb but, in re-



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MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GOLDEN DEED, by Andrew Garve (Harper). A nicely muted hair-raiser about a handsome stranger who insinuates himself into the bosom of a kindly English county family by saving the wife and one of her children from drowning, and then proceeds to behave in a manner so abominable, and yet so obviously artificial, that we sit through to the end as bewildered and spellbound as his victims. The scene is Bath and environs.

THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER, by Philip MacDonald (Doubleday). A man brings to an old friend of his, an official at Scotland Yard, a list of apparently unrelated names, and, before he can explain it, is killed in a plane crash. Urged on by Anthony Gethryn, the police start tracking down the men on the list, and slowly come to realize that they are also tracking down a murderer. If some readers find Mr. MacDonald's style a bit stiff and old-fashioned, they will also find that he provides such other old-fashioned elements as honest clues, characters who stick in the mind from page to page, an original idea, and, in Anthony Gethryn, a detective who inspires utter confidence.

THE V. I. P., by Elleston Trevor (Morrow). This story of thoroughgoing romance, suspense, and assassination involves an exiled king of Slavakia who has been kidnapped by his bitterest enemies; a pretty English girl who has adored him all her life because he is royal and handsome, and now loves him because he is hunted and needs her; several picturesque members of the king's staff who have been bundled into captivity with him; and a host of mysterious and articulate figures who are not sorted into their proper compartments (of good and bad) until the final chapter. The scene is London, and the weather is foggy.

•

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