Oct. 28, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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BONWIT TELLER

NEW YORK MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS SHORT HILLS CHICAGO CLEVELAND BOSTON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole—In his first Broadway role, Peter Fonda, as a private who teaches a class of master sergeants how to pass exams, not only promises but delivers. The play is a farce, sometimes funny but more often just active. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caretaker—Donald Pleasence, Alan Bates, and Robert Shaw are the entire remarkable cast of Harold Pinter's London hit about a bum and two young brothers. The play, by turns mysterious, frightening, and funny, is altogether remarkable, too. Alex Davion will succeed Mr. Bates on Monday, Oct. 30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's rather weak comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Cook for Mr. General—Strange carryings-on at a U.S. rehabilitation center in the South Pacific. Screwballs abound, but there isn't much method in their madness, and the play, by Steven Gethers, is stretched awfully thin before it establishes the fact that a Greek cook and a former National Guard general can be brothers under the skin. Bill Travers is appealing as the cook, and Roland Winters is in fine form as the general. John McGiver, who plays another general, is also first-rate. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Do You Know the Milky Way?—A blurred enterprise that relates, in mystic parable, the tale, by Karl Wittlinger, of a German youth aglow with innocence who goes to war and then finds it necessary to assume the identity of a dead man. Hal Holbrook plays the youth with a lot of verve, and George Voskovec, who plays all the characters Mr. Holbrook meets on his wanderings, is certainly a splendid quick-change artist. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Everybody Loves Opal—Eileen Heckart romping about as a daft spinster whom a trio of clumsy crooks are eager to dispatch in order to collect on an insurance policy they've taken on her life. The play, written by John Patrick, is rather flimsy, but Miss Heckart and her associates, among them Stubby Kaye, Brenda Vaccaro, and Donald Harron, scare up a laugh or two as they go along. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Far Country—Kim Stanley and Steven Hill are impressive in this play by Henry Denker, which deals with Freud's first experiment in psychoanalysis, but the element of suspense is sorely lacking. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—Very funny dialogue superimposed on the old theme of an estranged couple who are trying to get back together. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell do this comedy by Jean Kerr proud. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Purlie Victorious—Some of the scenes and lines in this farce about a Negro preacher who changes the old rules on the old plantation are uproarious, and some are a bit heavy-handed. Ossie Davis, who wrote the play, appears in it as the preacher, and Ruby Dee and Godfrey M. Cambridge are very funny indeed in supporting roles. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Shot in the Dark—Harry Kurnitz's adaptation of Marcel Achard's "L'Idiote," which relates quite loquaciously the circumstances that attended the murder of a Spanish chauffeur in the course of an assignation with a steamy maid. The acting of the play is confined to the chambers of an examining magistrate in Paris, and the question-and-answer business has a lulling effect at times. Julie Harris is the wanton maid, William Shatner is the magistrate, and Walter Matthau and Louise Troy are Miss Harris's employers. When they get a chance, they do some pretty droll turns. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Look: We've Come Through—Hugh Wheeler's comedy, with Collin Wilcox in a cast directed by José Quintero. Produced by Saint Subber. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Carnival—The plot of this adaptation of the movie "Lili" is a little slow in getting under way, but once it hits its stride, there are plenty of stimulating doings, including a freewheeling tent show where everything from puppets to jugglers is on display. Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard give plenty of lift to the proceedings, which were directed by Gower Champion. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

From the Second City—Each of the sketches in this revue was originally improvised by one or another of the bright young Chicagoans who appear in it. A few of the entries are a little dated, but there are no other signs of strain and many signs of wit and high spirits. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser, and a couple of other collaborators are responsible for this funny show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world no matter how many people he has to push around on the way up. Robert Morse gives a galvanic performance as this ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is hilarious as the president of the World Wide Wickets Company, which employs Mr. Morse. The comedy also has some diverting performances by Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, Paul Reed, Ruth Kobart, and Sammy Smith. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Let It Ride!—An adaptation of the twenty-five-year-old comedy "Three Men on a Horse" that is nowhere near as lively as the original. George Gobel plays the greeting-card writer with a knack for picking horses, and Sam Levene and Barbara Nichols, portraying a gambler and his doxy, make a comical team. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. Their adventures aren't very compelling, but there is a lot of boisterous folk dancing by the natives. The book was written by Don Appell, and the music and lyrics, which are nicely rendered by a cast headed by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon, were created by Jerry Herman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sail Away—Noël Coward's musical about a bunch of Americans aboard a cruise ship is not as buoyant as one would expect of the Master, but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are some sprightly songs and dances, and the comic performance of Alice Pearce as a lady novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—camelot: An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. William Squire, Helena Scott (substituting for Julie Andrews), John Cullum, and Rob-

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)... DO RE MI: Several underworldly specimens try to horn in on the jukebox business. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker have the leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... FIORELLO!: The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. With Tom Bosley and Marty May. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 28.)... IRMA LA DOUCE: A French item involving some very seamy characters. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Moves on Monday, Oct. 30, to the Alvin, 52nd St., W., CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... MY FAIR LADY: Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... THE SOUND OF MUSIC: Martha Wright in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN: Tammy Grimes as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. The score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

AN EVENING WITH YVES MONTAND—The French singer and actor in a limited solo engagement. Presented by Norman Granz, in association with Jacques Canetti and Alexander H. Cohen. (Golden. 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

KWAMINA—Sally Ann Howes and Terry Carter in a musical with a book by Robert Alan Aurthur and music and lyrics by Richard Adler. Robert Lewis is the director and Alfred de Liagre, Jr., the producer. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

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

WRITE ME A MURDER—A new play by Frederick Knott, with James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies. A presentation of Compass Productions, directed by George Schaefer. Opens Thursday, Oct. 26. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:50. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE GARDEN OF SWEETS—A play by Waldemar Hansen, starring Katina Paxinou. Staged by Milton Katselas and produced by Ben Frye and Irving Squires. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 31. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE COMPLAISANT LOVER—Graham Greene's comedy, imported from London, with Michael Redgrave, Googie Withers, and Richard Johnson in a cast directed by Glen Byam Shaw. Presented by Irene Mayer Selznick, in association with H. M. Tennent, Ltd., Donald Albery, and F.E.S. Plays, Ltd. Preview Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 8:40. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 1. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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KEAN—Alfred Drake in a musical with a book that Peter Stone adapted from a comedy by Jean-Paul Sartre, which, in turn, was based on a play by Alexandre Dumas. Robert Wright and George Forrest wrote the lyrics and music. The producer is Robert Lantz, the director Jack Cole. Opens Thursday, Nov. 2. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

THE AMERICAN DREAM and THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—"The Merry Widow," the first offering in a twenty-four-week season of operettas. Opens Thursday, Oct. 26. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Thursdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

ANOTHER EVENING WITH HARRY STOONES—A revue by Jeff Harris. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE BALCONY—Life in a gaudy bordello as reflected in the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE BUSKERS—A London play by Kenneth Jupp. Previews Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 26-29, at 8:40. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 30. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 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. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 26-27, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:30.)

DIFF'RENT—Marian Seldes in the Eugene O'Neill drama. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-3646. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:45.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (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.)

GHOSTS—Leueen MacGrath, fascinating as Mrs. Alving, heads a generally fine cast in David Ross's lively production of Ibsen's eighty-year-old problem play. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

GO SHOW ME A DRAGON—A play by Gene Feldman. Preview Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:40. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 27. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

HAPPY DAYS—Samuel Beckett's monologue with interruptions is mysterious, funny, and moving. The production is a triple tour de force—by the playwright, by Alan Schneider, the director, and by Ruth White, who delivers the monologue as she lies, first half buried and then seven-eighths buried, in a mound of earth. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40. Closes Friday, Nov. 3.)

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. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

MISALLIANCE—A breezy revival of Shaw's comedy about a busy weekend at the country house of Mr. Tarleton, the underwear mogul. Among the actors who best respond to Philip Minor's nimble direction are Donald Moffat, Emery Battis, and Lidia Prochnicka. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

O MARRY ME!—A musical based on Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," with book and lyrics by Lola Pergament and music by Robert Kessler. Preview Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:40. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 27. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

RED EYE OF LOVE—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Jane Romano. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE SAP OF LIFE—A musical with book and lyrics by Richard Maltby, Jr., and a score by David Shire. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—Marked down from fourpence. In the cast are Marion Brash and Mitchel Jayson. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

2 BY SAROYAN—A brace of Saroyan plays: "Talking to You" and "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning." (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

NOTE—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET

JEROME ROBBINS' BALLETS: U.S.A.—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: Program I ("Moves," "Afternoon of a Faun," "N. Y. Export, op. Jazz," and "The Concert").... ¶ Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30: Program II ("Events," "Interplay," "The Cage," and "Afternoon of a Faun"). (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. CI 6-6270.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Unqualifiedly recommended to people who like life to be an open book. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who gets tired of reading.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Sardonicism is the stated intent of "Steppin' in Society," a revue that is presented at nine-thirty and twelve-fifteen in the Cotillion Room, but it is frequently sardonicism gang agley. Pat Bright, Jack Haskell, and Patricia Marand are the best known of the inmates. Stanley Melba's orchestra and a trio do tons of dance music. Closed Mondays.... ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's minuscule group of musicians offers invitations to the dance all week long.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Emil Coleman, who runs an orchestra of command decision, is calling many of the dance tunes in the Persian Room. The rest are called by Mark Monte's eager-beaver troupe. With dinner and supper goes Katyna Ranieri, who's a fashion show as well as an admirer of Italian pop tunes, which she handles by a sort of remote control. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Tea-for-two piano, whose author is Kurt Maier, is performed in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and reprised in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine.... ¶ The pomp-and-circumstance Rendez-Vous is a playground for the small dance bands of Charles Holden and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—There are dinner and supper recitals in the Maisonette by Colette Renard, the night-blooming flower of the original, or Paris,

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"Irma la Douce." Other times, these stately walls ring gently to the whirligig breathings of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba swizzlers. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The noble Columns offers sailing along on Moonlight Bay (which in this case could easily be the Bay of Naples) to the music of Gunnar Hansen's circumspect orchestra, with dance privileges after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite arias in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tomorrow-we-fly set, which is definitely not open stock, infiltrates the Embassy Club (where Lazaro Quintero's orchestra speaks with a Latin accent from eight-thirty until two) and the Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi's violin begins a vigil at eight). Both *plaisances* are closed on Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Lisa Kirk, who ornaments the Empire Room at dinner and supper, is an unusual Excalibur (slim, supple, and sharp), in that she's always sheathed in satin or velvet. The songs she sings and dances, sometimes with the useful aid of Dick Barclay, are mostly sheathed in pure flame. Milt Shaw's and Emery Deutsch's orchestras play for the guests' getting-up exercises. Closed Sundays.

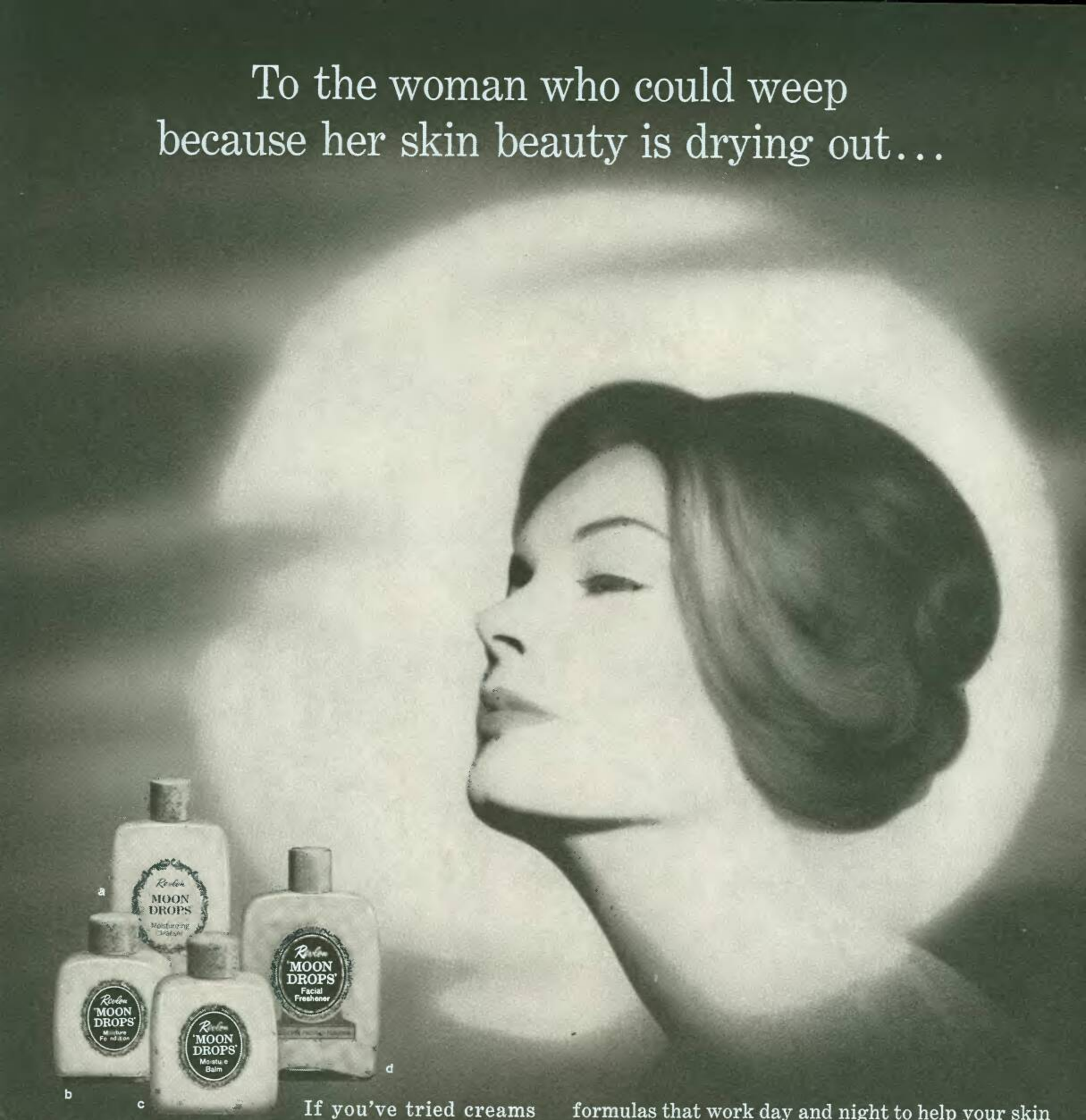
NOTE—A captain's walk at the top of midtown Manhattan's mainmast can be found in the Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Drinking-and-dining music drifts mildly from a trio and a solo piano that start at four-thirty and continue through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder at bar and table. Budd Gregg's piano, which gets under way at eight, sets the pace. The Plush Room, a cosy afterthought to the rear, doesn't get under way until ten-thirty, when Gwen Bari, a girl who's thinking of taking up singing, goes to work on her ballads. Closed Mondays.... GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Dear old golden school-of-life days. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight, and from then on Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders share the evening stint—lovelorn single and strike-me-pink double piano. Closed Sundays.... DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman.... IN BOBOLI, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini, Leoncavallo, and the rest of their mob dined here and wrote down tunes on the tablecloth, which is now ensconced on the music rack. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. He guides a minute opera company Tuesdays through Saturdays and a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays.... EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The patter of tiny feet, all of them imported from Seville, is setting innumerable little stamps of disapproval on everything that's wrong with life and love life. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays.... CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Cast out the moat in the eye of the beholder as he crosses the drawbridge into this toyland, and you have an up-to-date restaurant, whose tables are circumnavigated by Norbert Faconi's Casanova violin every night but Sunday.... WALLDORFKELLER, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol, staffed by a chef who believes that calories can be fun, by Hermann Primus's zither from six to ten, and thereafter by Greta Keller, whose chatelaine manner and indigenous songs thrive might ily in the mountain air. No music Sundays. ... MALMAISON, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays.... CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Midsummer nights in a long-lost but awfully happy Budapest, where silence is a vacuum abhorred by the tenor of Tibor Rakossy, the fluttery soprano of Laureanne Lemay, and the deeper voicings of fiddles and zimbalons. Dancing. Closed Mondays. ... LEFT BANK, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Some of the pleasantries, done in oil, are on the walls of this art gallery; the rest, on display after ten, are the remarks of Paul Dooley, a student wit but a promising one. Cal Bostic's trio, which is burbly and happy-go-lucky, also takes the stand around ten. Closed Sundays.... CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A seat of the mighty, and suitably upholstered. The Cinzano-with-lemon-peel is interlaced, between eight-thirty and maybe two, with the piano of George Feyer, which is all Venetian glass. Closed Sundays.... BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Somewhere within a forest of Moorish arches and columns is a piano that's casually addressed by Conrad Monjoy. In addition, on Fridays and Saturdays, Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing from ten until one. No music Sundays.... VIENNESE LANTERN, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A good deal of this particular Vienna is simply travelogue. Its saving grace is the guilelessness with which its song and instrumental music are set forth. At the moment, this is done by both Viennese and Israeli voices and strictly Viennese musicians. Closed Mondays.... MONSIGNORE, 61 E. 55th St. (PL 5-2070): Appian as the day—or, rather, the night—is long. Up and down the Way wanders a stream of earnest violinists belonging to Herman Honigsberg, often trailed (at a respectful distance) by an accordion. Closed Sundays.... WAVERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country.... ROMA DI NOTTE, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The eighth hill of a famous city on the Tiber. The music, which (like the cuisine) is wholly regional, comes from a closely knit group of melodists who operate from six until two. Closed Sundays.... ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The vast acreage embraced by the Casino-on-the-Park offers, between cocktails and supper, piano by Steven Weltner, a judicious mixture of sentiment and science. His night off is Sunday.... LA ZAMBRA, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hard-core but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life

To the woman who could weep because her skin beauty is drying out...



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A quartet of flamenco singers and dancers shows up now and then to blow their little Spanish tops. The rest of the time, a piano muses in a corner. No flamenco on Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A South Sea Islands resort where one cannot help suspecting that half the lovely indigenes are vacationing airline hostesses. The proper stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through supper every night of the week; Jorge Rios, the pianist, guitarist, and singer in the bar, fries other fish on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Thirty or forty splendid sisters under the skin, which is just about all they wear, take part in the immense new pageant that winds its luxurious and leisured way across the stage, accompanied by Rafael de Cordova's breathless young ballet troupe, the Wallendas' dizzying aerial ballet, the mummery of the Arnaut Brothers, and lots and lots of flummery. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Nat King Cole, latter-day Ariel, is coiling his ballads in bittersweet convolutions; Ford and Reynolds are firmly laying down the jokes. Eight lovely handmaidens do their choreography in look-Ma-I'm-dancing fashion. The onlookers are also permitted the use of the floor.

SUPPER CLUBS

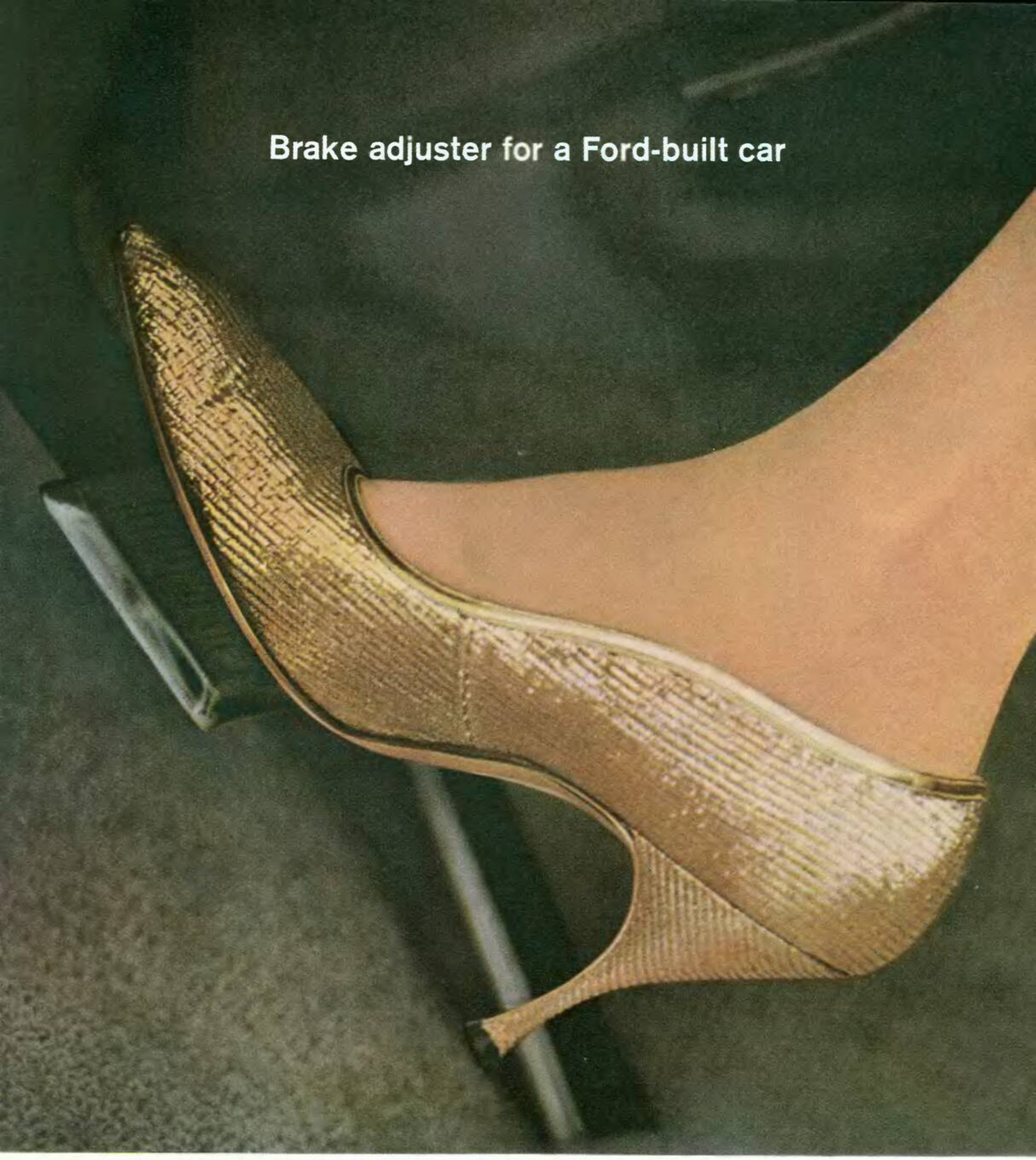
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Jackie Mason's purpose is (in the words of the prophet) to make the Catskill Mountains come to Manhattan, and this he does with a good deal of merriment. The Travellers Three, the latest group off the hillbilly assembly line, is rather special because it includes a Japanese folk singer; Gérard Sety, a mimic from Paris, is a quick-change artist so rapid that he may collapse into exhaustion at any moment. The piano of Otis Clements and Harold Fonville anoints the interludes. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's dinnertime piano is *mis en bouteille au château.* Saturday is his holiday. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's newest report to the nation, the revue christened "Seven Come Eleven," covers a multitude of sins, human and inhuman, in the course of what may be the merriest ninety minutes in the town's night life. The chief crusaders are two long-term inhabitants of the Monk household (Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson); they're assisted by two former Yalies (Rex Robbins and Philip Bruns) and two recent graduates of "Do Re Mi" (Donna Sanders and Steve Roland). It goes on at nine-fifteen and midnight. William Roy and Carl Norman are the life-giving piano accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dressed to the Nines" is Julius Monk's left hand, which knows perfectly well what his right hand is doing. This smaller revue, now a year old but still young in spirit, happens twice a night, too. The central heating is the work of a girl pinwheel named Freddie Weber; the touch of Venus is the work of a fawn named Lovelady Powell; the efficient male hustle-and-bustle comes from Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon. Double piano is set forth by Robert Colston and Robert Milrad betweentimes. This music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Another revue in miniature, in this instance a very, very social history written by the impious R. G. Brown, who also serves as half of the extremely satisfactory cast. Marian Mercer, as a free-as-air social butterfly, is the other half. The score, by Baldwin Bergersen, whose piano is the orchestra, is *premier cru.* Weekdays at eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): It looks like any of a dozen Village *boîtes,* but it happens to house Phil Leeds, with his personally conducted tour through the picturesque byways of his mind, and Felicia Sanders, whose skillful voice can at times almost overwhelm audience and song alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): Well-remembered and almost forgotten Rodgers and Hart, reverently left in its pristine state, is the notion behind the revue called "Too Good for the Average Man," in which Buster Davis, the musical-comedy conductor who did the archeological research, and Jack Bunch, author of the choreography, have assembled a neat little hit parade. Helen Gallagher and Bobby Van, the principals, show that they know the exact meaning of all the wonderful words. The hours of operation are ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and ten, twelve, and two on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, a nomadic group of musicians and multilingual choristers, turn the main room into a playing field of Spain whenever they take it over. The dancing of the customers, which is practically compulsory when the band really warms up, is an extra dividend. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's tense voice does flamenco songs so persuasive that half the audience joins in. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, a cannon of ear-crashing size, is singing the songs that remind us what fun it is to be young, foolish, and able to stay up all night. There is, in addition, a revue operating on the assumption that the audience is easily amused. The music is by Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Pee Wee Russell's clarinet, sometimes a cloud no bigger than a man's hand and sometimes an electrical storm, keeps this countryside green. Ruby Braff, Buzzy Drootin, Marshall Brown, and the innkeeper himself, Mr. Condon, are heard from, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Ada Lee, who is down-to-earth pepper and salt, is getting in some good licks on her lyrics; John Coltrane's quartet is reducing modern jazz to practically improper fractions; Mal Waldron's trio is rolling out introvert music. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): To begin with, there's Billy Eckstine, turning each ballad into a passion play that testifies to the fact that he's in love, in love, in love. And there's Quincy Jones, with his amply stocked band, playing take-it-easy jazz. Also, unaccountably, there's Don Rickles, whose idea of addressing the audience is to be nothing less than insolent. Billy Eckstine and Don Rickles check out on Saturday, Oct. 28, and the house will be dark next evening. On Monday, Oct. 30, Peggy Lee, queen of the night larks, will arrive for a private, by-subscription-only picnic, and a day later she'll start singing for her public. The Jones boys will be her supporting cast. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): A survivor on a street that has fainted almost dead away. Here Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Garvin Bushell—are carrying on in blampety-blamp style the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Johnny Windhurst and his Sheridan Squares—Cutty Cutshall and Cliff Leeman are two of them—are upholding the faith of our forefathers with great emphasis. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The quintet of Cecil Taylor, whose piano can suggest the throes of Earth in the process of creation, is setting forth its views of the new music. Jackie Byard, who controls a trio, is quieter but just as unorthodox. The Byards lay off Mondays, the Taylors lay off Tuesdays. . . . **HICKORY**



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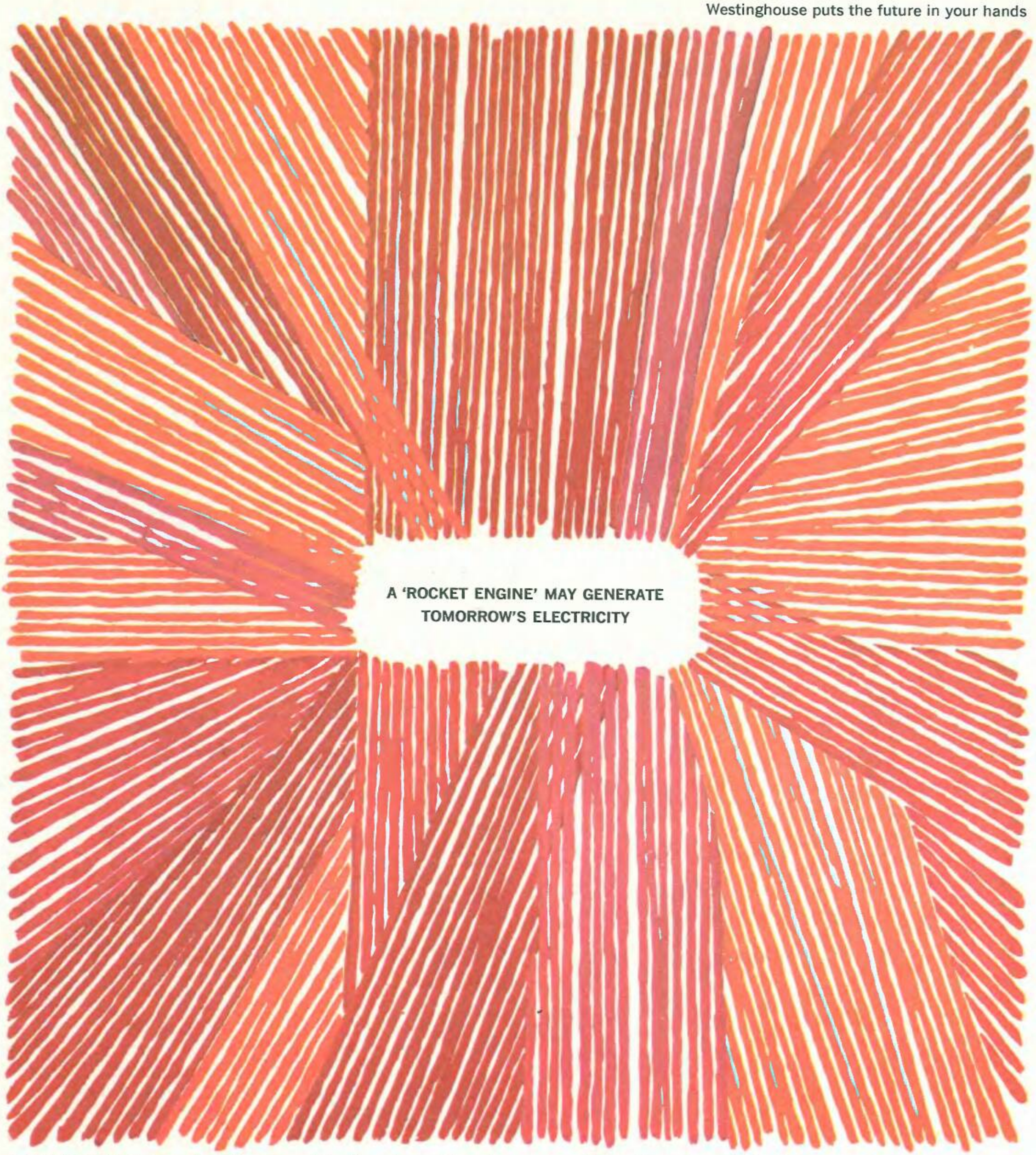

Today's electricity is produced in some of the biggest, most ingenious and precise equipment ever built. One part... the turbine... is as big as a locomotive, revolves at the speed of sound, is so hot it glows a cherry red, and its parts fit together like a fine watch. That's today's best method, and it's gone about as far as it can go. And so Westinghouse, which builds this equipment, is experimenting with completely new methods of producing electricity. Some of them are rather exotic. One method produces electricity by shooting a stream of gas between a set of magnets. Sounds simple, but this is like handling the roaring exhaust of a rocket. The gas travels 2,000 miles an hour at 5,000 degrees F. This method has a jawbreaker of a name... magnetohydrodynamics. Called MHD for short. It is a jawbreaker of a problem. But companies like Westinghouse are nearing a solution. A Westinghouse MHD generator has produced electricity for 52 minutes. That's five times as long as any other has ever run. If MHD "works," we will be in a new world of electric power. You can be sure... if it's **Westinghouse**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): What comes from the carefully thought-out Don Shirley trio, which is inside the oval bar every night but Monday, is practically *risorgimento* jazz. Frances Thompson, who does the intermission piano, gives an excellent account of herself, too.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Where all performers lead from strength. Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins head up one quintet and Cozy Cole heads up another. Sundays are devoted to other musicians.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie, that fun-loving Rover Boy, is amusing himself, his cohorts, and his customers with both word and note. Olatunji, on the other hand, takes his drums, his African firing squad, and his rhythms with the utmost seriousness. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' quartet, which is apt to shoot before it even sees the whites of the customers' eyes, is the main bout here. Sundays are potluck bouts between extra hands.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Herbie Mann's sextet, a flute-and-drum corps that is majoring in African folklore, and Aretha Franklin, one of the more personable new singers, occupy as much as they can of the enormous stage. Mondays are devoted to jam sessions by visiting musicians.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Not much further out of town than the music it affords. Right now, the sound comes from the quartet led by Lennie Tristano and Lee Konitz. Closed Mondays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A manual for the instruction of the young in the ways of traditional thinking and playing. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 27-28, the crew of instructors should include the French import named André Persiany, as well as a motley crew of locals, such as Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Kenny Davern, Tyree Glenn, Cliff Jackson, and Panama Francis.

ART

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

JOSEF ALBERS—New abstractions, strict in pattern, glowing in color; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ALBERT ALCALAY—Semi-abstract canvases; through Nov. 9. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

SONDRA BEAL—Abstract wooden sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

EDWARD BETTS—Paintings, gouaches, and collages; through Nov. 11. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE BIDDLE—A fifty-year retrospective of oils, water colors, and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BRODERSON—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

BERNARD BUFFET—Paintings, 1950 to the present, none of which has been shown here before; through Tuesday, Oct. 31. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JAMES BYARS—Black ink paintings on white linen paper, through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—Relief paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Paintings by this Paris abstractionist, in her first New York showing in five years; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

JEAN DUFY—Seascapes and street and circus scenes, oils for the most part; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

APELLES FENOSA—Bronzes by a Spanish sculptor; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

ADOLPH FLEISCHMANN—Non-objective paintings

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by a German-born American artist; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Parma, 1111 Lexington Ave., at 77th St.)

Robert Freimark—Water colors and drawings of figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Roger Gillet—Paintings by a contemporary artist of the Paris Tachiste school. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

Edward Giobbi—Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Sidney Gordin—Abstract steel sculptures; through Nov. 11. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Hebald—Bronze sculptures; through Nov. 11. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Bernhard Heiliger—Bronzes derived from nature and the human figure by a West Berlin sculptor; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hoffer—Stone sculptures; through Thursday, Nov. 2. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Robert Kabak—Paintings; through Nov. 11. (Angeleski, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Robert Keyser—Abstract paper collages and water colors; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Irving Kriesberg—Expressionist paintings, multiple panels, and drawings, in an exhibit that coincides with his show at the Jewish Museum; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Lekakis—Abstract wood sculptures; through Nov. 18. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

René Magritte—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist, on loan from private New York collections; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St.)

William Pachner—Semi-abstract canvases; through Nov. 11. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings; through Nov. 11. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Reder—A retrospective of drawings and prints that is running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney Museum; through Nov. 18. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

George Rickey—Kinetic sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Abe Satoru—Abstract sculptures by a Hawaiian-born artist; through Nov. 11. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Ben Shahn—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

David Shapiro—Highly stylized paintings, mystical in mood; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

David Smith—New sculptures, in which he experiments with polychrome effects; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Pierre Soulages—Abstractions by one of the leading Paris moderns; through Nov. 11. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abram Tromka—A small memorial exhibition of oils and other works by this American social-realist, who died in 1954; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Abstract Expressionist paintings, dark in tonality; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

John von Wicht and Robert Cronbach—New abstractions by the first, very colorful; stylized ritual Menorah candlesticks, in bronze-gilt, by the second; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Sculptors Guild—Their twenty-first annual, containing about seventy pieces (by Jane Wasey, Nathaniel Kaz, Helena Simkhovitch, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 12. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **babcock**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Recent paintings by Richard Florsheim, George Ratkai, Sol Wilson, and others of the gallery group; through Nov. 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **caravan**, 132 E. 65th St.: Paintings by De Hirsh Margules, Jeanne Edwards Schloss, David Weber, and Jean Davidson; through Friday, Nov. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—"500 Years of Still-Life," an exhibition of Old Master and contemporary paintings by Abraham Teniers, J. B. Oudry, and Henry Schnakenberg (to mention a few). For the benefit of the Girls' Club of New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Brandt, 11 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **bayer**, 51 E. 80th St.: German and Austrian Expressionist paintings and drawings by (for instance) Klimt, Kokoschka, and Baumeister; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **hahn**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by French masters—Rouault, de Staël, Monet, and others; through Nov. 11. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Painters at Pont-Aven," a showing of works by artists who painted in Brittany during the last decade and a half of the nineteenth century, including Paul Gauguin, Emile Bernard, and Paul Sérusier; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by such French artists as Vivin, Peyronnet, and Utrillo; through Nov. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **seligmann**, 5 E. 57th St.: Ingres, David, and Rousseau are among the artists represented in a showing of drawings from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries; through Nov. 11.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Chinese Art Treasures," consisting of more than two hundred and fifty items once in the national museums of Peking and Nanking. In the show are paintings, porcelains, bronzes, silk tapestries, jades, and lacquer ware, some of them dating back to the eleventh century B.C. Through Wednesday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Newly on display are paintings and drawings (by Cézanne, Renoir, El Greco, and others) from the Stephen C. Clark bequest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of Assemblage," a showing of collages and other varieties of art put together from paper, cloth, wood, metal, manufactured objects, and whatnot. Some of the artists are Picasso, Duchamp, Severini, de Kooning, and Motherwell. Through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ An exhibition of about forty of the large-scale cut-and-pasted gouaches (nudes, dancers, leaves, and flowers) to which Henri Matisse devoted his last years; through Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Nude in American Painting," a survey of eighteenth- to twentieth-century pictures, on loan from museums and private collections, by artists ranging from James Peale and Samuel Morse to Jack Levine and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through Dec. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Art and Life in Old Peru," an exhibition tracing the pre-Columbian history of the country for several thousand years through fabrics, utensils, pottery, gold ornaments, architectural rubbings, and the like; through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Peasant and Nomad Rugs of Asia," an exhibit com-

posed of thirty-five examples from the Near East, the Caucasus, and Central Asia, principally; through Nov. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by de Kooning, Guston, Hofmann, Motherwell, and others are on view in the current show, "American Abstract Expressionists and Imagists, 1961;" through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9: Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Expressionist paintings, drawings, multiple panels, revolving discs. and an animated film by Irving Kriesberg; through Dec. 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Kriesberg showing at the Graham Gallery, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Unusual Books, 1450-1555," an exhibition containing books selected for their uncommon features (books printed in exotic alphabets, manuscript copies of printed books, and so forth). Included are the Constance Missal and the Gutenberg Bible. Through Nov. 18. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Contemporary Craftsmen of the Far West," a display of jewelry, fabrics, wall hangings, ceramic sculptures, and other objects, from Alaska, Arizona, California, Hawaii, and so on; through Nov. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Previously unexhibited works of art (stone sculpture, terra-cotta figurines, ritual vessels, and ornamental goldwork) from the several rich and varied civilizations of ancient Mexico; through Nov. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—An exhibition, in the Courtyard, of sculptures depicting the relationship between man and machine, by Saul Baizerman, Alicia Penalba, David Smith, and others; through Friday, Oct. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Portraits of presidents, statesmen, writers, and entertainers by the late Enit Kaufman; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The forty-fourth annual of the Brooklyn Society of Artists, with works by, among others, John von Wicht, Anna Walinska, and Lily Ente; through Nov. 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

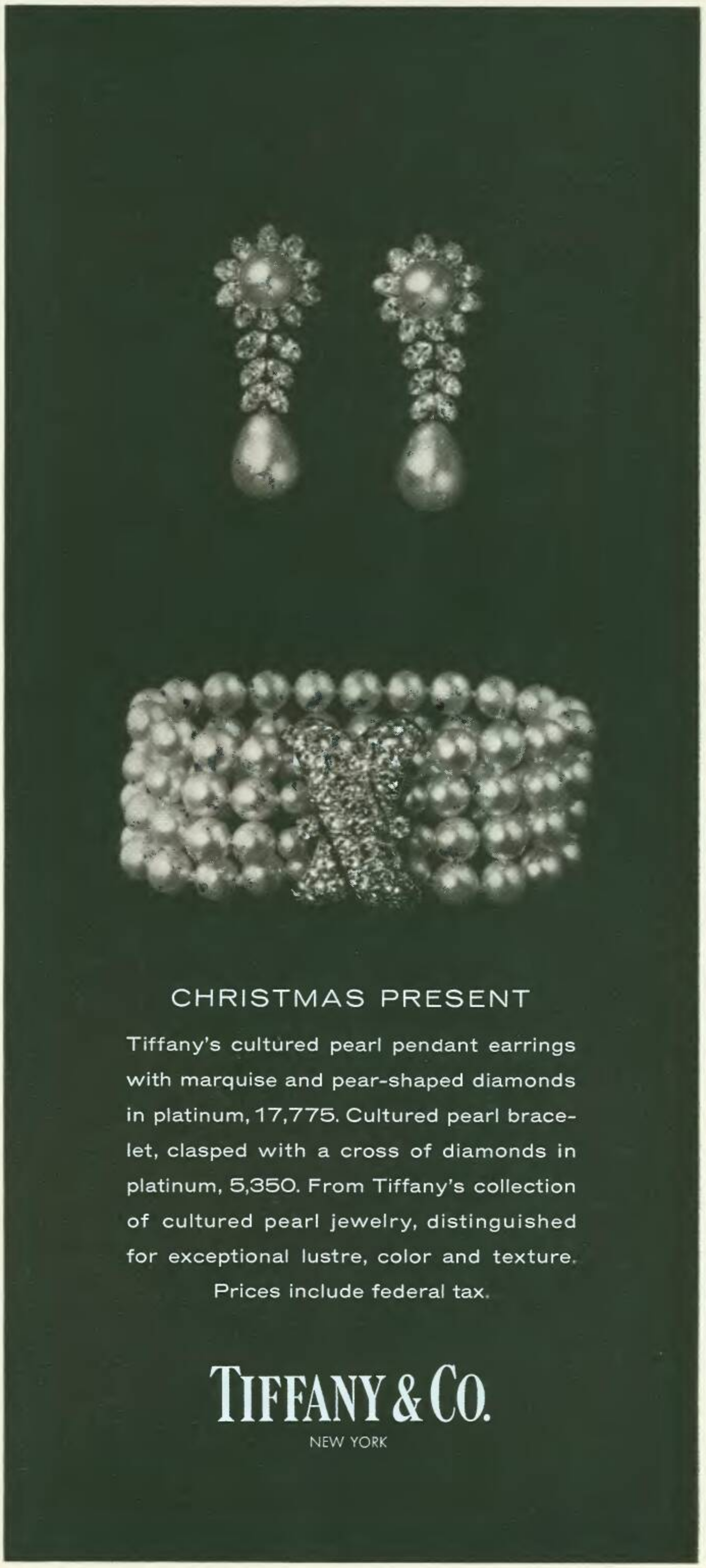
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A Bernard Reder retrospective, made up of sculptures in stone and bronze, drawings, woodcuts, and architectural models; through Nov. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Reder showing at World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.

MUSIC

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

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 26: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Heidi Krall, Barry Morell, Lorenzo Testi, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 27: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, and George London.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 28: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 28: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Irene Dalis, Sandor Konya, Walter Cassel, Jerome Hines, and Norman Mittelmann.... ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Dorothy Coulter, Dino Formichini, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 31: "La Fanciulla del West," with Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 1: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Heidi Krall, Barry Morell, Lorenzo Testi,



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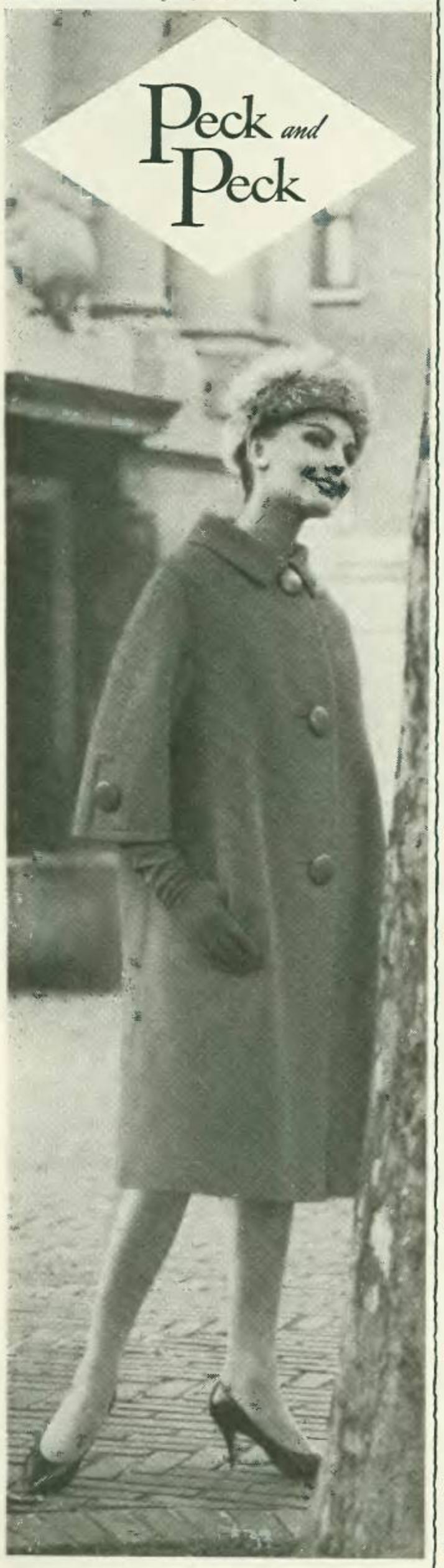

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 2: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Daniele Barioni, and George London. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 3: "Madame Butterfly," with Leontyne Price, Margaret Roggero, William Olvis, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 4: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Phyllis Curtin, Rosalind Elias, Roberta Peters, Charles Anthony, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 4: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, and Ezio Flagello. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8: The première of Robert Ward's "The Crucible," with a libretto by Bernard Stambler. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2:30: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 29, at 2:30: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 31, at 8:15: "The Crucible." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8:15: "The Wings of the Dove." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:15: "Il Trittico" ("Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi."). . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2:30: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 27, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 29, at 3 (all with Robert Casadesus, piano); and Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 3, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 5, at 3 (all with Zara Nelsova, cello, and the Choral Art Society).

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Herbert von Karajan conducting the first two in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30, no soloists; and Sunday, Oct. 29, at 8:30, with Leontyne Price, soprano.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Marcel Grandjany, harp. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Albert Fuller and Robert Gerle—In a program of Bach and Mozart sonatas for harpsichord and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Composers' Showcase—Roger Sessions directing a program of his own works, performed by, among others, Janice Harsanyi, soprano; the Galimir Quartet; Paul Jacobs, piano; and the American Concert Choir. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—In the first two in a series of three all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30, a program played on the harpsichord, clavichord, and piano; and Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30, a piano recital.)

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

The Limeliters—Folk singers. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Will Holt—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Camilla Williams—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call AU 6-6880.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the first three in a series of ten recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 30; Wednesday, Nov. 1; and Friday, Nov. 3, all at 8:40.)

Albeneri Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Geza Anda—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Loewenguth Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Shoshana Damari—Israeli folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Yaffa Yarkoni—Israeli folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Operas-in-Brief—"The Magic Flute," the first in this season's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Company. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2:30.)

SPORTS

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

Professional Basketball—Syracuse vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Cincinnati. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 7.)

Boxing—Farid Salim vs. Teddy Wright, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—Saturday, Oct. 28: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Army vs. West Virginia University, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lehigh, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Rutgers, at Philadelphia, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **Saturday, Nov. 4:** Army vs. University of Detroit, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Lafayette vs. Rutgers, at Easton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 29, at 7.)

Horse Shows—Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Through Sunday, Oct. 29.). . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 31, through Tuesday, Nov. 7. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 28.). . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 4.)

Racing—Belmont-at-Aqueduct: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 28. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 28. . . . **Aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Oct. 30, through Thursday, Nov. 30. The Interborough Handicap, Monday, Oct. 30, and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 4. . . . **Garden State Park,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 11. Post time will be 1:30 through Saturday, Oct. 28, after that it will be 1. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 28, and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 4. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.). . . **Laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 11.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Opening children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, with Ruth and Naomi Segal, pianos, and the Baird Marionettes. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Stage Shows—By the **American Theatre for Children:** "The Inside Out Adventure." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan

Sq. Saturdays at 1 and 3. For tickets, call GR 7-7768.)... **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Chingling and the Magic Peach." (Phoenix East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.)... **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sunday, Oct. 29, at 2 and 3:30.)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Clown Face." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 11, for the benefit of the Gardens Nursery School-Kindergarten. For tickets, call UN 5-2680 Thursday and Friday, 9 to 4:30.... ¶ Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2:30, and Sunday, Oct. 29, at 1.)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Peter and the Wolf," Saturday, Oct. 28.... ¶ "Coppélia," Saturday, Nov. 4. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 11.)... ¶ "Rumpelstiltskin." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2:30.)... **GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Candy Princess" and "Punch and Judy," Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 28-29. ... ¶ "Cinderella," Saturday, Nov. 4. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Afternoons at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—Little ones who wish to escape the gross realities of the Central Park Zoo—elephants, hippos, lions, and that sort of thing—can now retreat next door into the familiar realm of Mother Goose. There's a Noah's Ark, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a story-book castle, and so on, plus an assortment of affable animals. (Central Park. Daily 10 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)... ¶ A miniature menagerie, where lambs, kids, ducklings, chickens, and other tame animals can be admired and even patted. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, daily 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Man in Space," explores the problems of putting a man into orbit and getting him safely back to earth. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

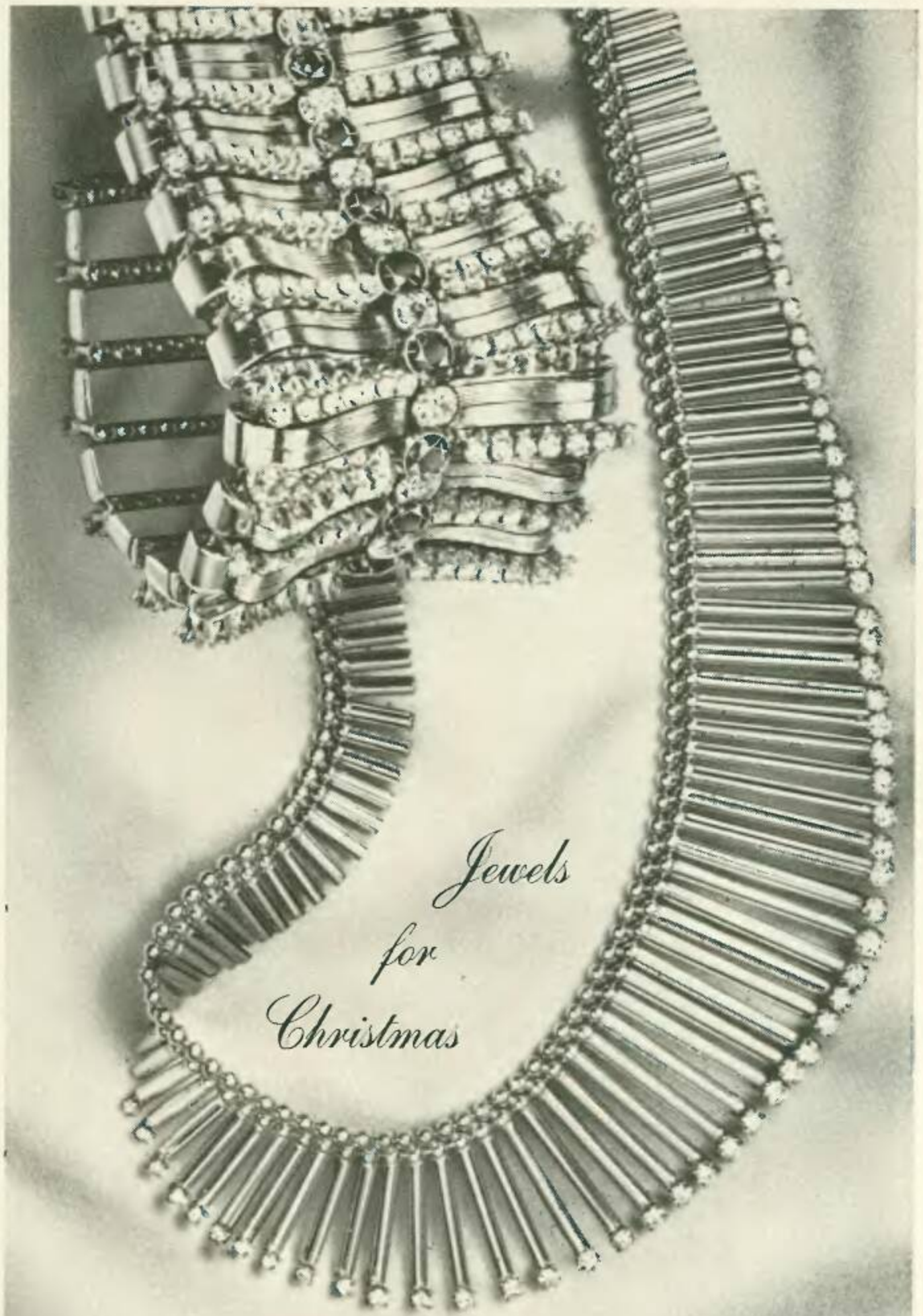
NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

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.)—Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 1:45: Modern French illustrated books and prints, autograph letters, musicians' manuscripts, first French editions of American authors, and other literary material; the property of a New England collector.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 29, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A rich, richly colored, hollow, and occasionally very funny picture, derived from, but not in the least resembling, the famous Capote *novella*. Audrey Hepburn is beautiful, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, and Martin Balsam are some of the people she quaintly flutters among. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Days of Thrills and Laughter—Charlie Chaplin in prisoner's stripes, Douglas Fairbanks in a cowboy suit, and Pearl White in peril are just three of the many delights in this collection of samples from antique movies, some of them over forty years old. Robert Youngson prepared the sampler and an amusing, informative narration to go with it. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Nov. 1.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is good to look at and exciting from start almost to finish. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Fate of a Man—A very strong and often painful account of what befalls an ordinary Russian soldier in the Second World War. Despite its grimness, this picture is not *all* black—it even provides, without trickery, a happy ending—and deserves your attention. It was produced and directed by Sergei Bondarchuk, who plays the lead in compelling fashion. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 1.)

From a Roman Balcony—An artless-seeming and therefore highly artful survey of the hard lot of the poor young people of Rome. Jean Sorel is the handsomest of impoverished lovers, and his victims are all grateful. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Green Mare—A French bedroom-and-barnyard comedy about making love, though love has practically nothing to do with it. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Hustler—Though not a success as a whole, this picture provides some of the best scenes you are likely to see all season. Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason are utterly convincing as the world's two greatest pool sharks, and George C. Scott is superb as the gangster-gambler who profits from both. Also on hand are Piper Laurie and Myron McCormick. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304. . . . ¶ Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Nov. 1.)

Macario—A dreamy Mexican story that may well be only a dream, in which it appears that a starving peasant makes a rash deal with Death and pays the usual outrageous price. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 31.)

The Mark—An unsparing account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a fearful crime against a child. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture is heartening as well as grim, thanks in part to superior performances by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Purple Noon—The French have notions about Americans that are as rum as American notions about the French, and in this thriller we are given their concept of some rich young Yankee playboys on the loose in Italy. One is a murderer and two others are murderees. Tagging along after them is a delightful girl, who suffers. Alain Delon and Maurice Ronet are the leading men, and Marie Laforet is *la jeune fille souffrante*. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry has adapted her own play about the effect of an insurance check for ten thousand dollars on a Negro matriarch and her family in a Chicago tenement. It has lost something on its way from the stage to the screen, but its spirit and vitality have survived the trip. Daniel Petrie is the director, and the cast, which includes Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, and Ruby Dee, is substantially the same one that opened on Broadway. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 31.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city, Alan Sillitoe has provided the actors with some of the most pungent dialogue to be heard in any movie in years. Albert Finney, who plays the leading role, is a fine embodiment of the Bronx cheer. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 1, tentative.)

Town Without Pity—Four drunken G.I.s stationed in a small town in Germany rape a pretty girl and face the death penalty in a public court-martial. In essence, still another courtroom drama, but the superlative acting of Kirk Douglas, Christine Kaufmann, and Hans Nielsen gives it unexpected power. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Two Women—The director is Vittorio De Sica. The stars are Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. The story (from a novel by Alberto Moravia) is about a woman who takes her young daughter to a mountain village in order to escape the bombing of Rome, and starts back home too soon. The result of the combination is a lovely movie that is also, in an odd sort of way, a reassuring one. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 31, tentative.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 31.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 27-30.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 1.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Oct. 27-30.)

Letter from My Windmill (1955)—Marcel Pagnol's treatment of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which deal with life in Provence and, in particular, with the comical dilemmas a number of priests get themselves into. A French film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 31, tentative.)

Private's Progress (1956)—An English comedy dealing with some military incompetents in the Second World War. Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, and Dennis Price. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 27-30.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 31, tentative.)

Tunes of Glory (1960)—A peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. Alec Guinness and John Mills are the adversaries. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 31.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Four programs in a series of recent Yugoslav films—Oct. 26: "Moments of Decision" (1956), directed by Frantisek Cap. . . . ¶ Oct. 27-28: "Train Without a Time Table" (1959), directed by Veljka Bulajic. . . . ¶ Oct. 29-30: "Five Minutes of Paradise" (1959), directed by Igor Pretnar. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 31: A group of animated and experimental short films. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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

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

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOWN WITHOUT PITY.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Back Street," Susan Hayward, John Gavin.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Devil at 4 O'Clock," Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Blood and Roses," Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Bridge to the Sun," Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.

HENRY MILLER, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Nov. 1 (tentative): "Razzia" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Magali Noel; and "The Naked Eye," revival, a documentary film on photography, narrated by Raymond Massey.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through Oct. 31: THE HUSTLER.
From Nov. 1: "Seven Women from Hell," Patricia Owens, Denise Darcel.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"King of Kings," Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Oct. 26: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 27: "The Mask," Paul Stevens, Claudette Nevins.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 1 (tentative): SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 31 (tentative): TWO WOMEN (in Italian).
From Nov. 1 (tentative): THE HUSTLER.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Call Me Genius," Tony Hancock, George Sanders.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Splendor in the Grass," Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE MARK.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 28: TWO WOMEN; and "Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.
Oct. 29-31: "The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara; and "Secret of Deep Harbor," Ron Foster.
From Nov. 1: THE HUSTLER; and DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
TOWN WITHOUT PITY.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Pure Hell of St. Trinian's," Cecil Parker, George Cole.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Devil's Eye" (in Swedish), Jarl Kulle, Bibi Andersson.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Bridge to the Sun," Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE HUSTLER.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Back Street," Susan Hayward, John Gavin.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 31: TWO WOMEN; and "Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.
From Nov. 1: THE HUSTLER; and DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 31: "The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara; and "Secret of Deep Harbor," Ron Foster.
From Nov. 1: "White Christmas," revival, Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye; and "The Seven Little Foys," revival, Bob Hope.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 26: "The Would-Be Gentlemen" (in French), revival, performed by the Comédie-Française; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.
Oct. 27-30: I AM A CAMERA, revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.
From Oct. 31: ARSENIC AND OLD LACE, revival; and "The Curse of the Cat People," revival, Simone Simon, Kent Smith.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 31: TWO WOMEN (in Italian).
From Nov. 1: THE HUSTLER; and DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 31 (tentative): THE SPANISH EARTH, revival; and LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL (in French), revival.
From Nov. 1 (tentative): FATE OF A MAN (in Russian); and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 31: MACARIO (in Spanish).
From Nov. 1: "The Kitchen," Carl Mohner, Mary Yeomans.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 31: "The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara; and "Secret of Deep Harbor," Ron Foster.
From Nov. 1: "White Christmas," revival, Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye; and "The Seven Little Foys," revival, Bob Hope.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 31: "Frantic" (in French), Jeanne Moreau; and "Leda" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Nov. 1: "Please Turn Over," Ted Ray, Jean Kent; and "A Question of Adultery," Julie London, Anthony Steel.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Question 7," Michael Gwynn, Christian de Bresson.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Oct. 31: "Roses for the Prosecutor" (in German), Walter Giller, Ingrid Van Bergen.
From Nov. 1: "The Kitchen," Carl Mohner, Mary Yeomans.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE GREEN MARE (in French).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
PURPLE NOON (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Neapolitan Carousel" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Paolo Stoppa.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
FROM A ROMAN BALCONY (in Italian). The last showing on Tuesday, Oct. 31, will begin at 6:30.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 31: "The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara; and "Secret of Deep Harbor," Ron Foster.
From Nov. 1: "White Christmas," revival, Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye; and "The Seven Little Foys," revival, Bob Hope.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 1: HORSEFEATHERS, revival; and "I'm No Angel," revival, Mae West, Cary Grant.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 31: A RAISIN IN THE SUN; and TUNES OF GLORY, revival.
From Nov. 1: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and another feature, to be announced.

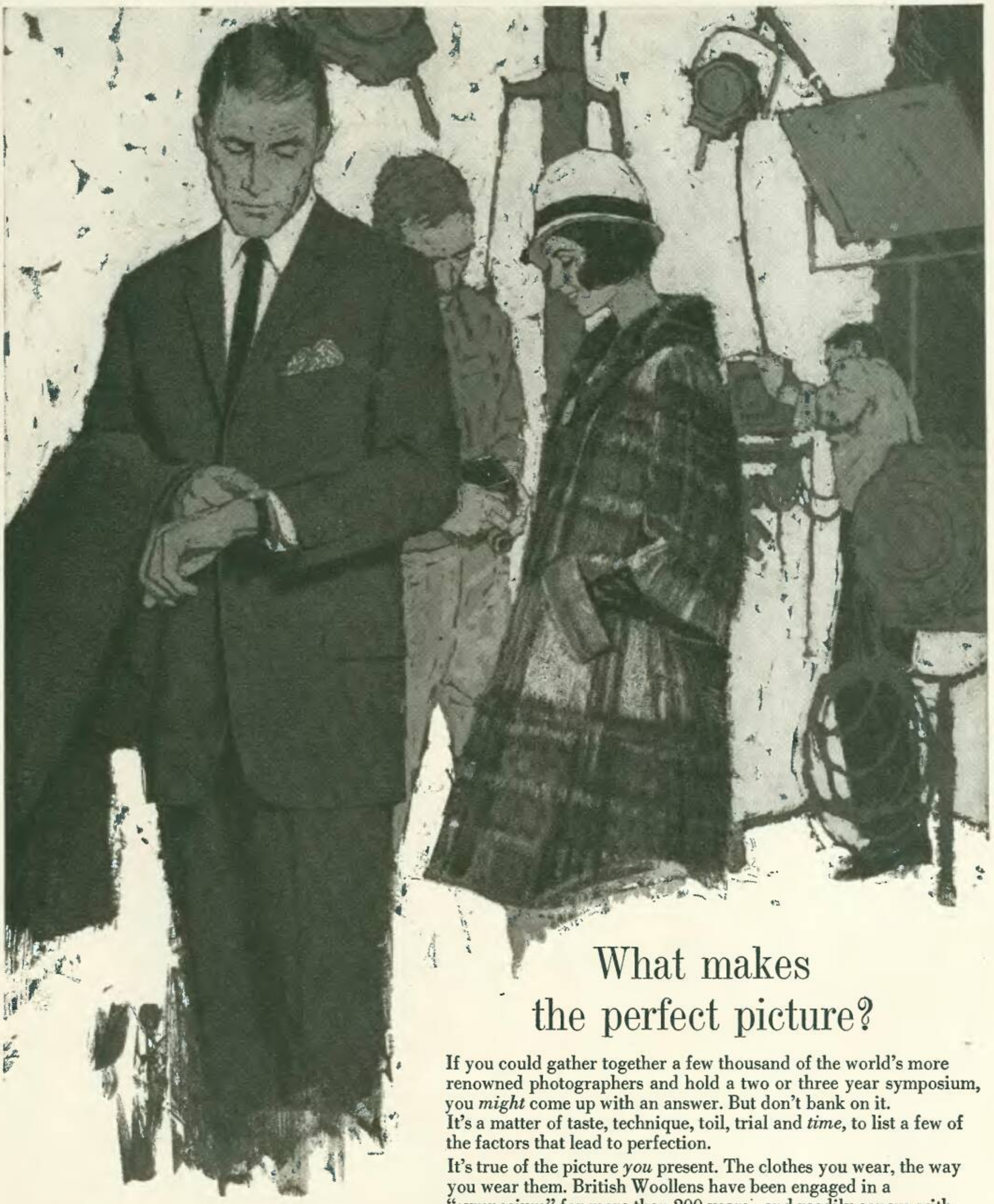
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 26: "Topaze," revival, John Barrymore, Myrna Loy; and "Fric-Frac" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
Oct. 27-30: PRIVATE'S PROGRESS, revival; and THE GREEN MAN, revival.
From Oct. 31: "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms; and "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 31: TWO WOMEN; and "Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.
From Nov. 1: THE HUSTLER; and DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 31: "Frantic" (in French), Jeanne Moreau; and "Leda" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Nov. 1: "Please Turn Over," Ted Ray, Jean Kent; and "A Question of Adultery," Julie London, Anthony Steel.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 31: "The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara; and "Secret of Deep Harbor," Ron Foster.
From Nov. 1: "White Christmas," revival, Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye; and "The Seven Little Foys," revival, Bob Hope.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 31: TWO WOMEN; and "Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.
From Nov. 1: THE HUSTLER; and DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER.



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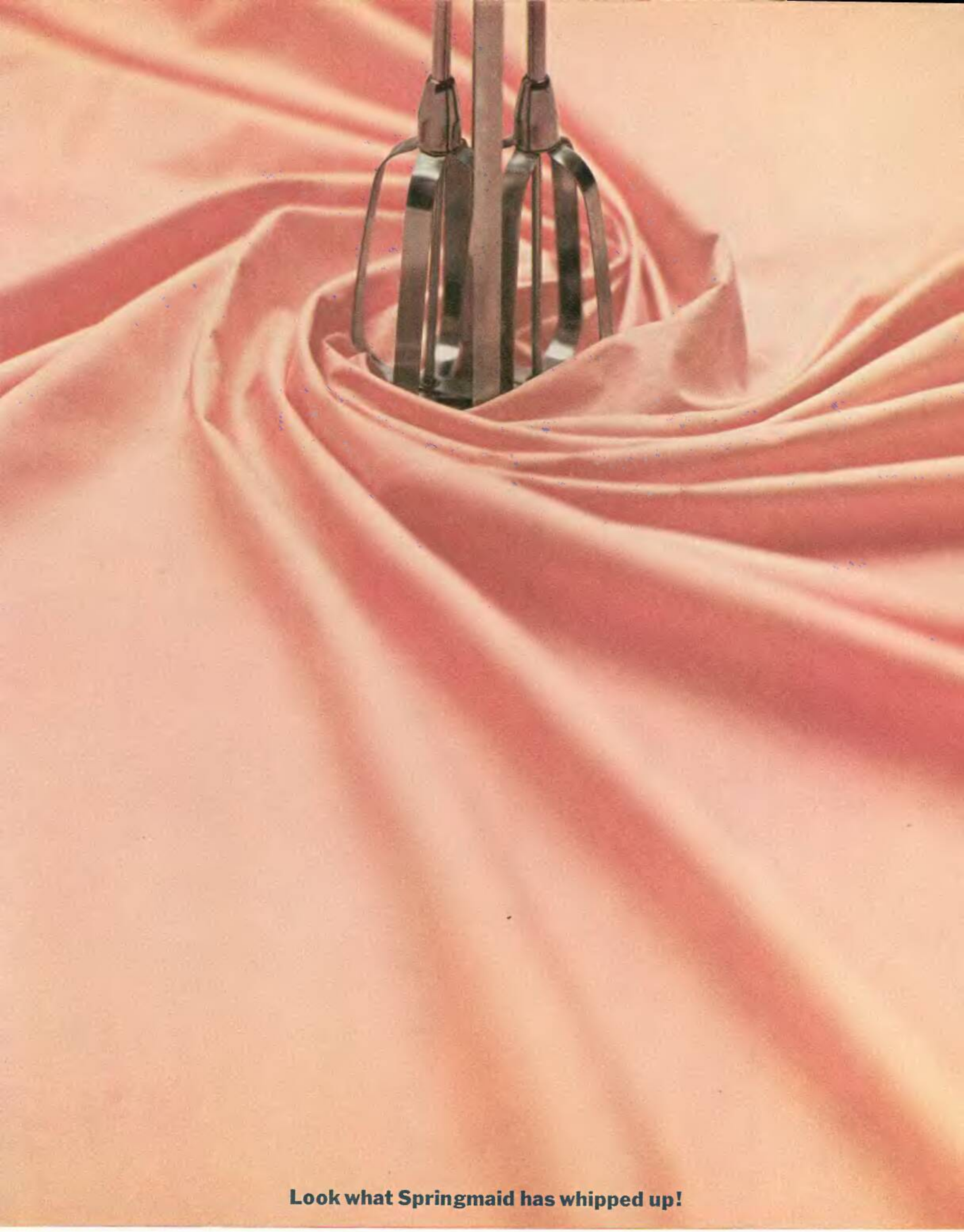

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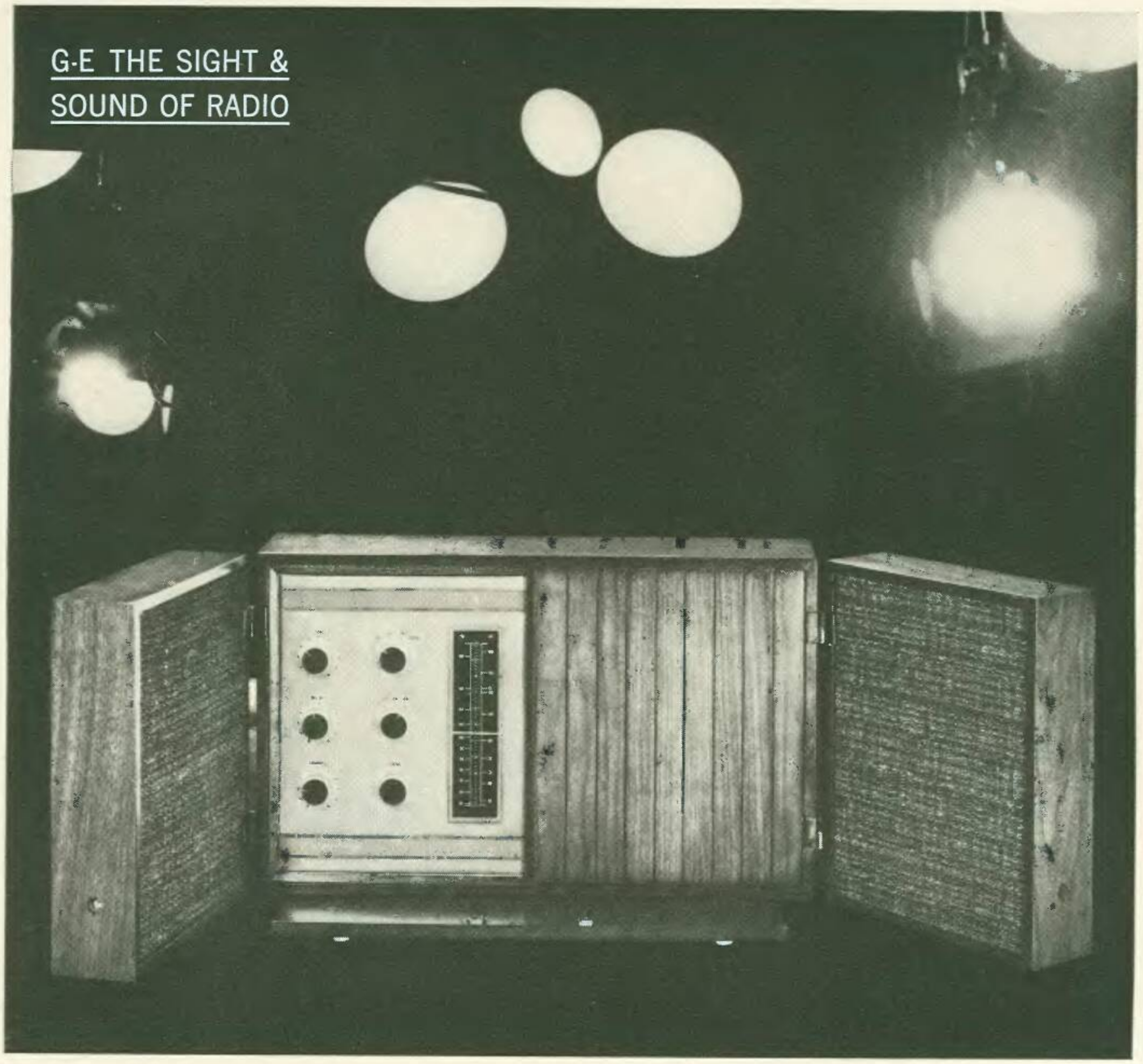
STINGER ¾ oz. Hiram Walker's White Creme de Menthe. 1¼ oz. Hiram Walker's Brandy. Shake forcefully with cracked ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass.

TWO-STRIPER ¾ oz. Hiram Walker's Brown Creme de Cacao, ¾ oz. Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe. Pour Creme de Cacao first. Then add Creme de Menthe, pouring it gently down the inside of glass. The specific gravities will separate the two layers.

MERRY WIDOW 1½ oz. Hiram Walker's Cherry Flavored Brandy. ½ oz. Maraschino. Shake lightly with ice. Strain into small glass and serve with a cocktail cherry.

ANGEL'S TIP Fill a liqueur glass ⅔ full of Hiram Walker's Brown Creme de Cacao. Then add fresh cream slowly, pouring over the back of a teaspoon so that cream will float on top of liqueur.



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TOVARICH, THIS TROIKA ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US . . .

In the scene above, what seemed to be a successful Berlitz solution to one problem is rapidly turning into a crushing problem of *mammoth* proportions. With the reader's permission and the help of the ever-popular flashback, let's see how this weighty impasse came about.

"In the near future, I'm flying to Russia on business", the motion picture executive told the Berlitz School Director. "It would be much easier to sell our latest epic if I knew how to say 'colossal' in Russian. I'd love to learn to speak Russian at Berlitz. My problem is that I'm constantly driving around visiting theatres and I have no time."

As fast as you can say "samovar" the Berlitz Director suggested a solution. Arrangements would be made to have a Berlitz instructor drive around with the movie man and teach him Russian right in his car.

—And the plan would have worked—but for one small miscalculation—the movie man's auto. As you can see above, you can't fit a king size Berlitz instructor into a pint size car.

Tragedy? Failure? "NYET!" Because, before a single tear could be shed into a single glass of Vodka, Berlitz rushed in a streamlined instructor and the executive soon flew off to Russia, a model Muscovite movie mogul.

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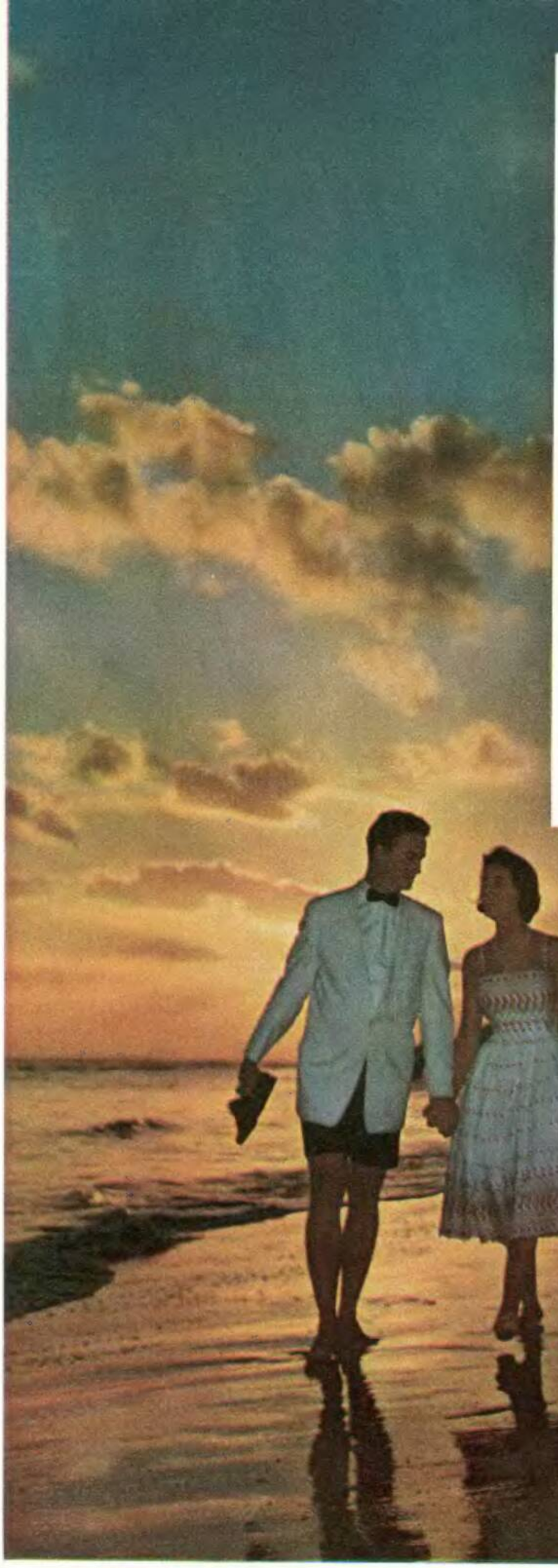

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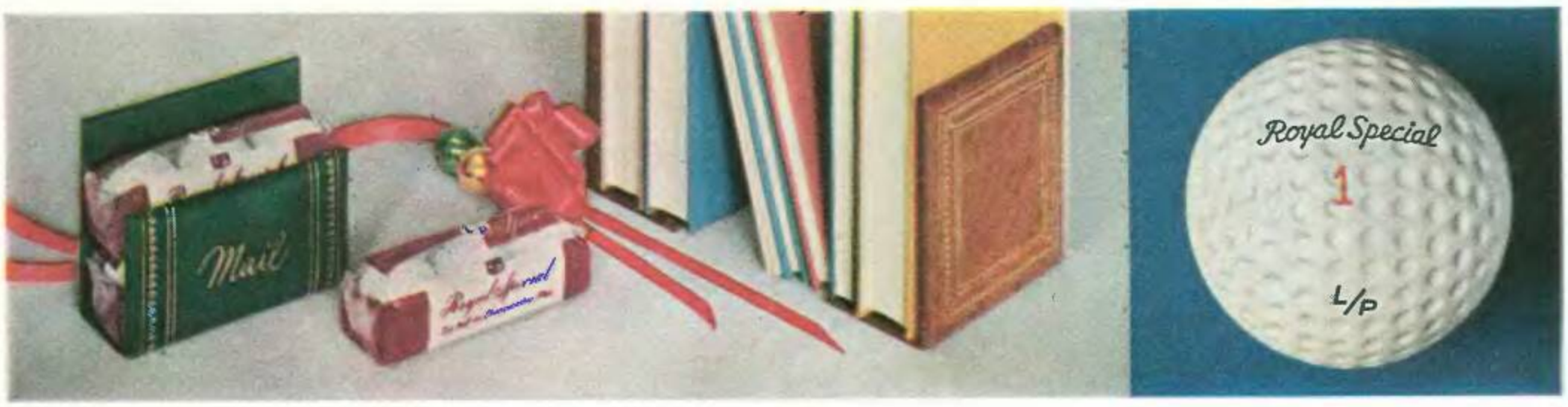

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Unless you sneak up on a parked one, or take unfair advantage like above, you'll find Valiant about as hard to catch as a rabbit with a hotfoot.

Valiant's 101-horsepower engine probably has something to do with it. That, plus Torsion-Aire suspension. Put 'em together and you have a compact that delights in thumbing its tail lights at other compacts. And if you want still more push under the pedal—there's Valiant's Super 225 optional engine.

Now don't think that a car as quick as Valiant has to be a gas gobbler. Nothing of the sort. Unless you want a clean windshield, you can ignore gas stations for maybe 250 miles. (100 tankfuls could take you around the world, if you're in a vagabond mood.)

And Valiant is built like a Roman aqueduct. To stand up to the years, we mean. A Valiant may not last 2000 years, but you'd probably want to trade it in before then anyway.

There's only one thing the matter with the picture above. You really can't see how dashingly handsome Valiant is this year. You'll just have to do like the rabbit and hotfoot over to a Plymouth-Valiant dealer's showroom. He'll show you the compact you can't pass up!

That's Valiant for you—there's no getting around it.

Nobody beats VALIANT for value!

Quality-engineered by Chrysler Corporation

HERBAL DETAIL OF LATE 15TH CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY, COMMEMORATING LEGEND: THE UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, THE CLOISTERS COLLECTION. GIFT OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR. THE UNICORN IS A MYTHICAL ANIMAL, SOUGHT IN LEGEND FOR HIS DISTINCTIVE HORN WHICH HELD MAGIC POWERS. ONLY A MAIDEN COULD CHARM HIM INTO CAPTIVITY. THE UNICORN HAS COME DOWN TO US IN MODERN TIMES AS A SYMBOL OF THE MAGIC OF LOVE.

Now legendary beauty is yours with Helena Rubinstein's new masterpiece THE HERBESSENCE COLLECTION

From nature's herbs, fabled storehouses of beautifying essences, Helena Rubinstein creates a new promise of dewy, natural radiance. Each HERBESSENCE™ preparation in the Collection plays an essential part in revealing the miracle of beauty...to help replace dryness with bud-like softness...to brighten, smooth...to make another of your beauty dreams come true. And each preparation is accompanied by a complete yet simple guide to the Helena Rubinstein Salon method of application. Your most beautiful years are ahead with her new HERBESSENCE COLLECTION. Highlighted are just three from the Collection:

HERBESSENCE SKIN LIFE® CREAM is a unique combination of rare herbals and other ingredients—with our exclusive bio-natural extracts imported from France—and blended in the United States. Helps smooth and soften while you sleep. 10.00, 17.50. **HERBESSENCE SKIN LIFE EMULSION.** Another remarkable blend of rare herbals and other ingredients. This rich moisturizer is instantly absorbed to help beautify all day and to form a perfect foundation for make-up. 10.00, 17.50. **HERBESSENCE CREAM CLEANSER** gives skin a finer-textured look as it frees it of dust, make-up! 2.50, 4.00.

Helena Rubinstein®

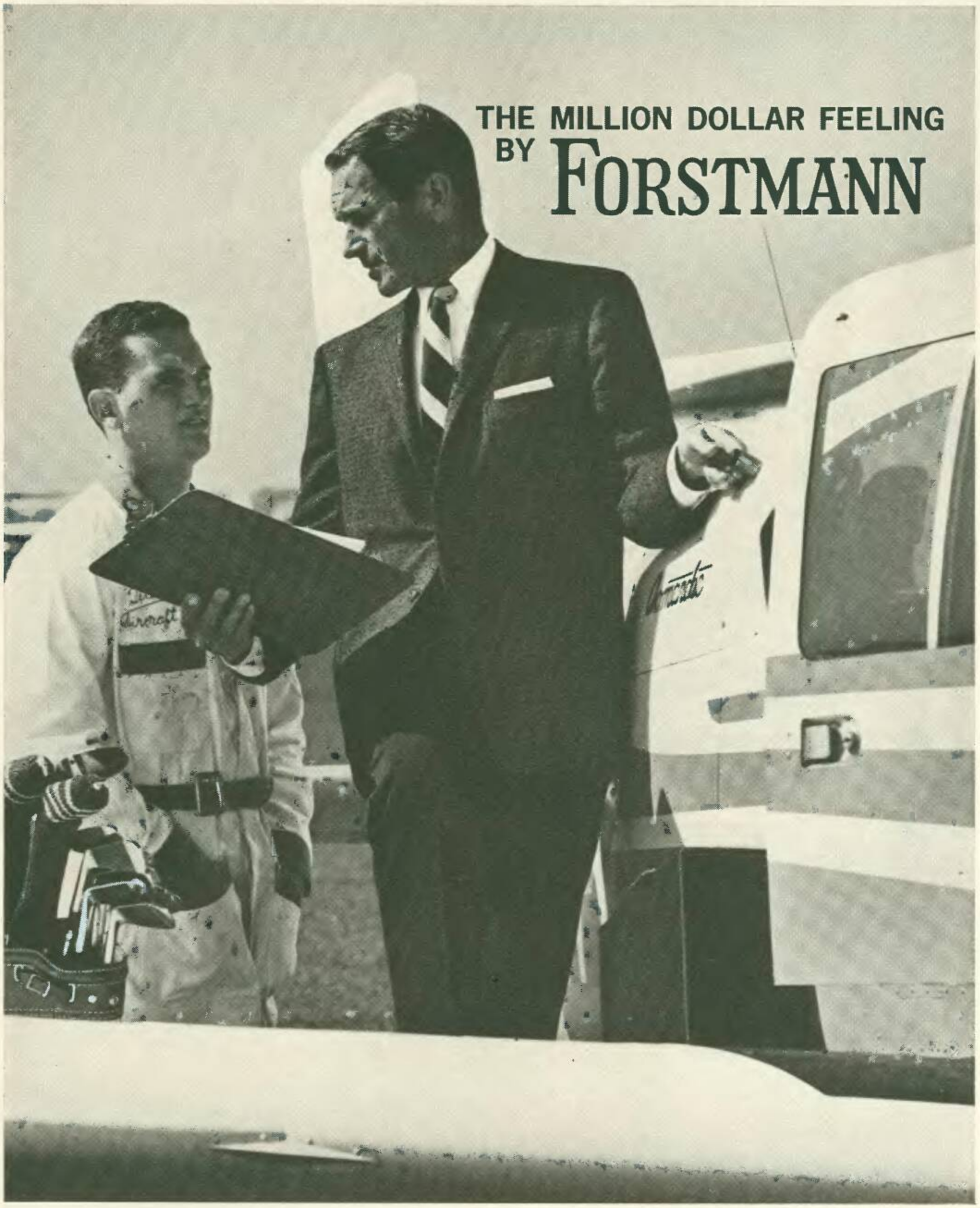
© 1961, HELENA RUBINSTEIN, INC.
PRICES PLUS TAX. 29161

Lawrence of London®

Flair... rain or fair!

"Crocodile"—exclusive French fabric embossed to simulate alligator.

BERGDORF GOODMAN • MONTALDO'S • NEIMAN MARCUS • I. MAGNIN



The happy result of wearing clothes fashioned from the finest woolens in the world — Forstmann. Here, a sports jacket handsomely tailored of cross-dyed Boucle, and slacks of Charmeen gabardine by George W. Heller. Available at Marshall Field, Chicago; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh.

Stevens FORSTMANN Fabrics

FORSTMANN MEN'S WEAR DIVISION

J. P. STEVENS & CO., INC., N. Y. 36, N. Y./FINE FABRICS MADE IN AMERICA SINCE 1813

*Waterproof, dustproof, provided seal is restored if opened. Aquatel **Electric**† (top), $110; Accumatic A-600, $85. Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pa. †Patented

Weatherproof* watches that don't look it! These Hamiltons are much too smart-looking for getting drenched or dusty. More the watch for dining out, or wearing to meetings, or placing casually on a speaker's stand. Consequently, you might not dare to expose such precision to surf, sand and sports car rallies. But you can—without a worry!

HAMILTON

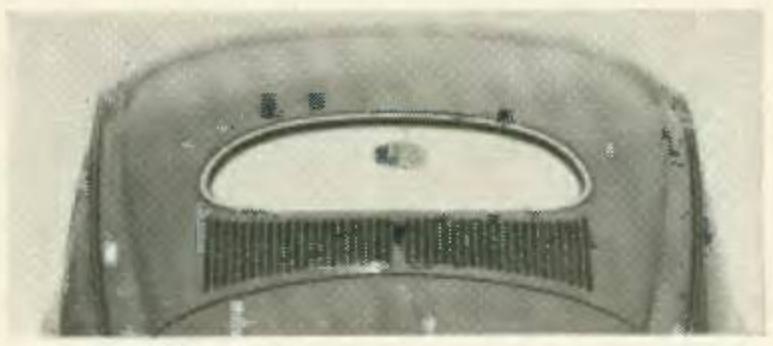
How to tell the year of a Volkswagen.

(It isn't easy. We never change it to make it look different; only to make it work better.)

1952-1955. '52 was the last year we split the rear window. In '53, the VW sprouted front window vents. And by '55, flashing directional signals replaced those funny-looking little arms.

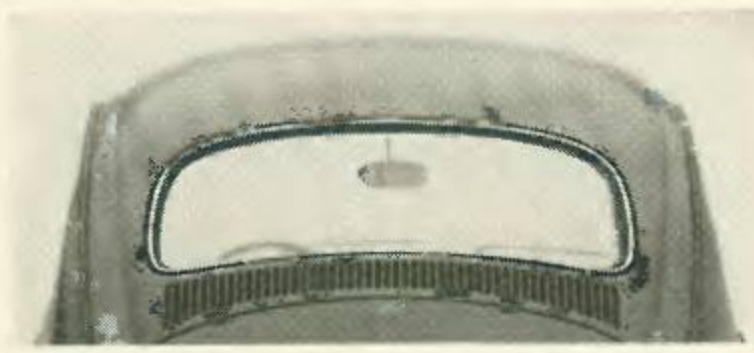
1956 Or is it a '57? This one's tricky. Look for twin exhausts *plus* an oval rear window.

1957 No visible change.



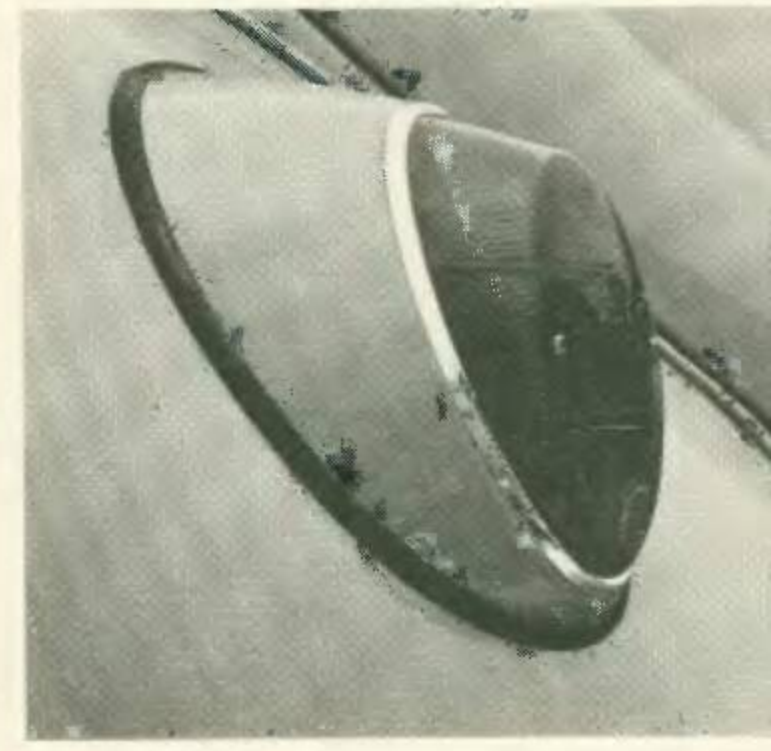
1958 A famous Italian designer suggested we make the rear window bigger. We did.

1959 We changed the door handles from the pull type to the new push-button type.



1960 Look for the new medallion design on the front. (You may need your glasses.)

1961 Your clue is the windshield washer nozzle on the hood. (Standard equipment.)

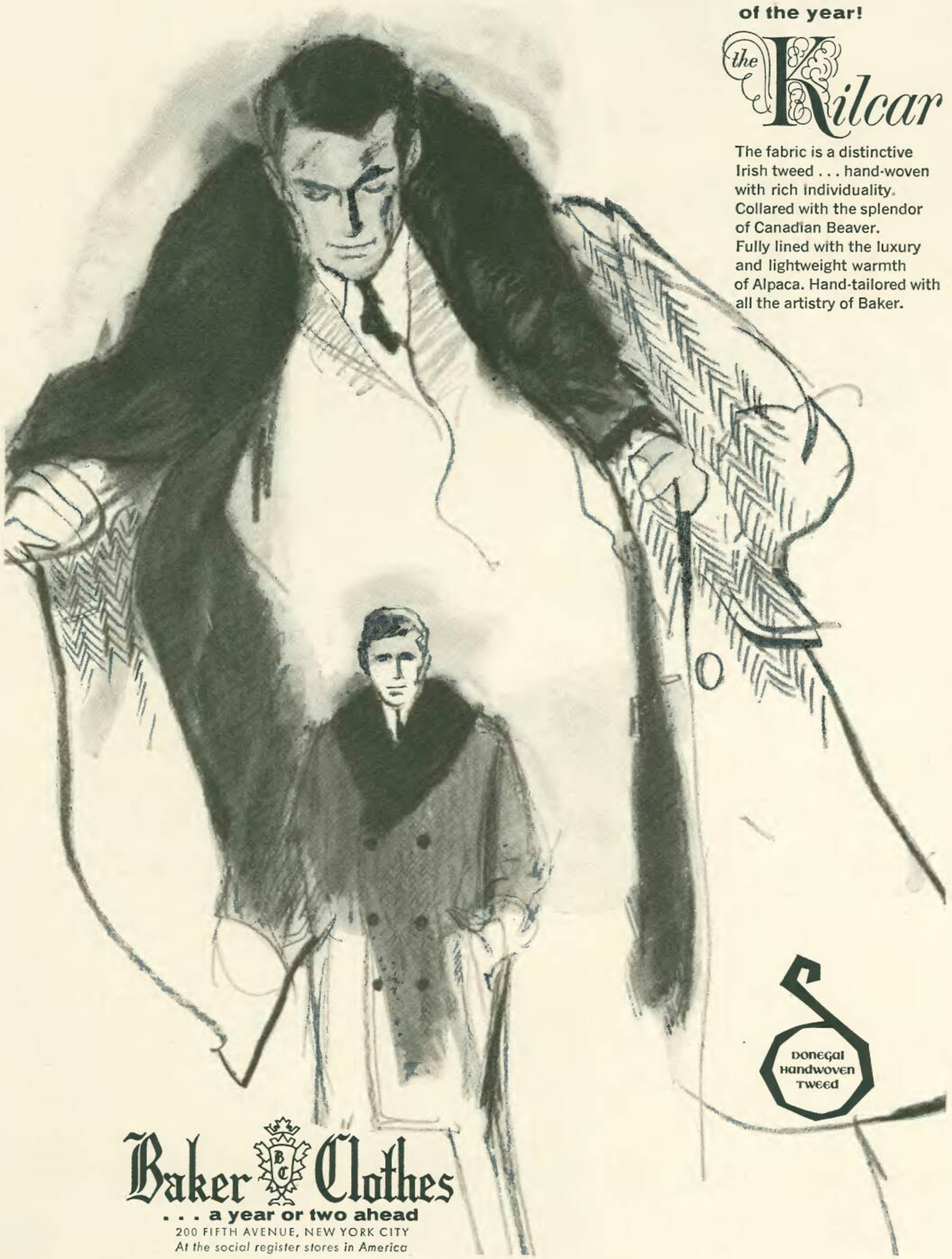


1962 Bigger tail lights. (Final proof: Peek inside. Only the '62s have a gas gauge.)

Baker hand-tailors Irish tweed into the great coat of the year!

the Kilcar

The fabric is a distinctive Irish tweed . . . hand-woven with rich individuality. Collared with the splendor of Canadian Beaver. Fully lined with the luxury and lightweight warmth of Alpaca. Hand-tailored with all the artistry of Baker.



DONEGAL HANDWOVEN TWEED

Baker Clothes

. . . a year or two ahead

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

At the social register stores in America

another in a series about Douglas, Theodore and Elaine Cooper—extraordinary third-generation Philadelphia jewelers

Why do we call Theodore Cooper "Mr. Clock"?

Theodore Cooper, of Tic-Toc Farm, is shown here with a few of his clocks. When he isn't winding them, he's lecturing about them. And when he isn't lecturing about them, he's taking them apart and putting them back together again. He has a most unusual collection.

See the French Empire Dome Clock on the right? It's over 260 years old. It was found on a buying trip to France. And over on the left, just under the cuckoo (every collector has a favorite cuckoo), is a rare Bracket Clock. It was made in London in 1681 by John Norcott.

Mr. Cooper is as much at home with precious gems and exquisite jewelry as he is with gears, chimes and mainsprings. It is his heritage. He is a Cooper. And the Coopers *are* F. J. Cooper—the Philadelphia jewelry shop that is the choice of discriminating persons the world over who insist upon owning only the finest gems and jewelry.

Are you planning to visit our shop soon?

Our patrons insist we include several selections from our collection in these announcements. There's nothing we would rather do. Here are three imposingly magnificent and quite rare offerings.

A Marquise-Cut canary diamond ring, forty-four hundred dollars.
A Ceylonese canary sapphire ring, twenty-nine hundred dollars.
A pair of teardrop diamond earrings, with surrounding baguettes, twenty-two hundred dollars.

F·J·COOPER INC.

jewelers by birth . . . since 1883
1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania
and F.R. Cooper, Colchester, England

P.S. F.J. Cooper does not buy or sell antique clocks or watches. We pride ourselves, however, in our bountiful selection of the most tasteful and most complimentary foreign and domestic timepieces. When corresponding with us about our clocks and watches, please direct your inquiries to our Mr. Clock. He loves to answer letters.

Federal Tax included on all the opposite treasures.

W E
W E
W E

Viyella is spun in England's Robin Hood country—of 55 per cent lamb's wool and 45 per cent cotton.

Now Hathaway is knitting shirts in English Viyella®

HATHAWAY has always marveled at Viyella. It is the super-British fabric that no copycat has ever been able to imitate.

And now we've had a brainwave. We are importing the Viyella yarn itself and knitting it up into sumptuous sport shirts.

The yarn is a genius blend of lamb's wool and long-staple cotton. The cotton makes it strong. The wool makes it soft. And the whole mixture floats off the loom as a *warm*, *weightless*, and *washable* knit with indomitable outdoor qualities.

Rain cannot shrink it. Sun cannot fade it. And Viyella never prickles—however hot and bothered you get. The tailoring is done by men who know the ins and outs of a sportsman's torso. Snug in all the proper places. But loose enough for your golf swing.

The shirt above costs about $14, and also comes in Turkey red, marled blue, loden green, beige, navy, and black.

For store names and a dictionary of shirts and shirtings, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or telephone OXford 7-5566 in New York.

SKIN DRY? | FACE IRRITATED? | HANDS CHAPPED?

New! Old Spice Outdoor Lotion "weather-guards" your skin—ends all three problems!

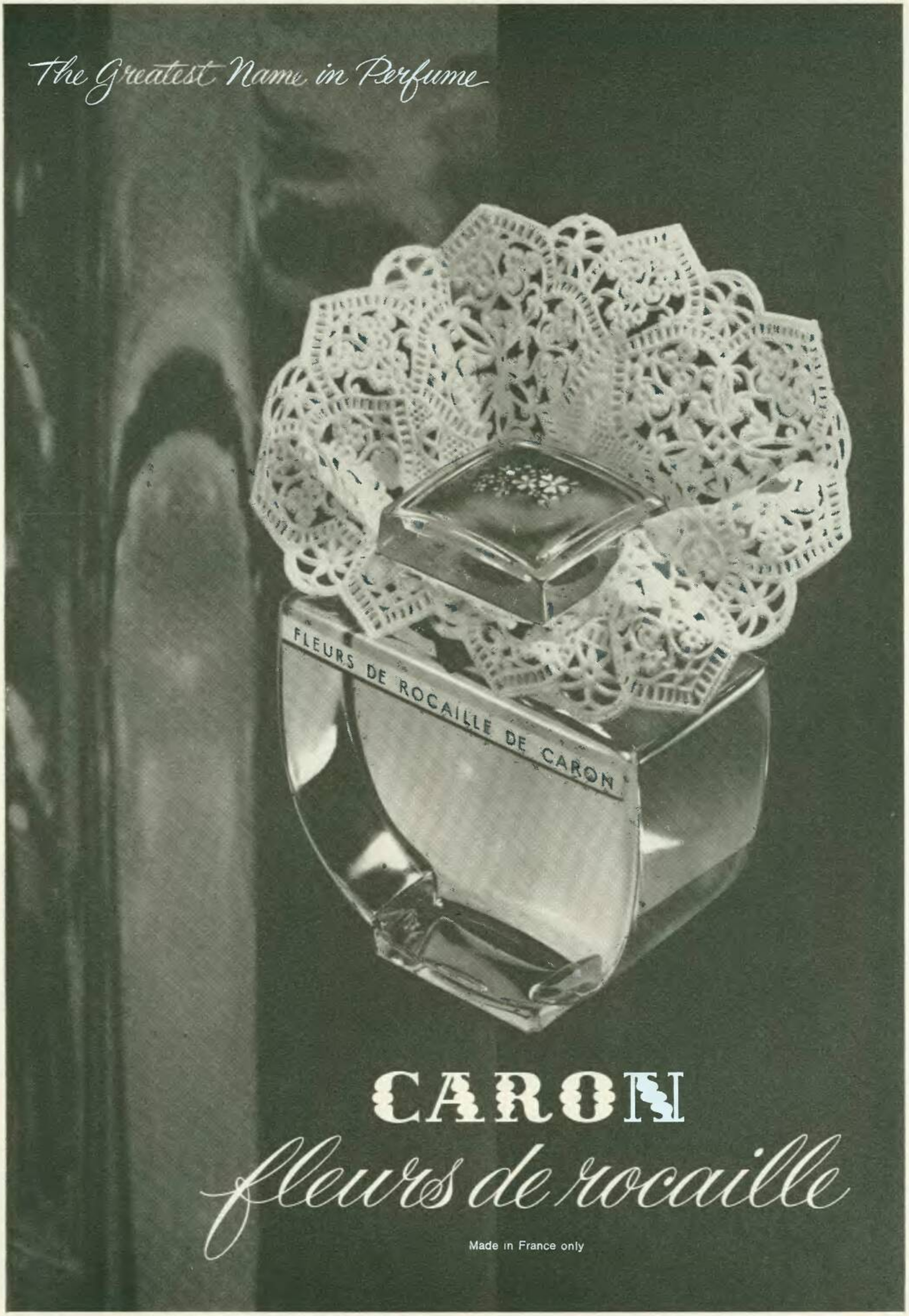
PROTECTS! New scientific formula "weather-guards" your face and hands, sets up a protective barrier against wind, sun, rugged weather. Prevents dryness, keeps your skin comfortable.

SOOTHES! Brings quick relief whenever weather or shaving cause skin irritation. Eliminates chapping, chafing fast. Formulated to soothe irritating cuts, nicks, rashes, razor burn.

CONDITIONS! Combats cracking and roughness with Lanolin and five special skin conditioners. Smooths and softens, cools and refreshes; disappears instantly into your skin, never feels sticky.

Old Spice
OUTDOOR
LOTION

1.00 plus tax. Also available in Canada • SHULTON


The Greatest Name in Perfume
FLEURS DE ROCAILLE DE CARON
CARON
fleurs de rocaille
Made in France only

© Caron, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE strange case of Miss Margery Michelmore, whose unmailed postcard precipitated an anti-American rally at Ibadan University College, in Nigeria, does not, unlike most of what we read in the papers these days, move us to remorse. As Americans, we have a patriotic duty to feel guilty about almost everything—Asia's misery, Africa's confusion, Europe's apprehension, Russia's efficiency, and fall-out everywhere. Wherever the world is out of joint, we seem born to set it right, and it makes the headlines heavy reading. It affords us some relief, therefore, to encounter a story in which America's cause is just. We rest our case securely on the international right of postal privacy. Miss Michelmore did not sin in saying in a personal missive that she was momentarily startled, coming fresh from Foxboro, Massachusetts, to find the citizens of Ibadan cooking in

the streets, if cook in the streets they do—and no one has suggested that they do not. And the fellow-student who picked up the dropped card and, instead of mailing it, handed it in to the local mimeographers seems guilty of, to put it mildly, a failure of gallantry. One may or may not cook in the street, but one does not read other people's mail and then demonstrate because it is insufficiently flattering. The African nations are welcome to the international party, but there cannot be perfect tact at a party so crowded, and they must learn to distinguish, by touch, between an accidental elbow and a loaded gun. Equal status cuts two ways; we suggest that the Ibadan University College Press, to verify its nation's credentials, publish a book entitled "The Ugly Nigerian."

IT has always interested us to observe the lexicographic side effects of historical events. The Second World War introduced a flood of new words ("blitz," "jeep," "quisling"), and no sooner had the atomic bomb been invented than it began to give old words new meanings; parties were suddenly known as "blasts," and what had once been called a failure became a "bomb." As a by-product of the hydrogen bomb, we have the now tiresome profusion of "explosions." In 1953, the term "population explosion" was used for the first time, and at present there is practically nothing we deal with that isn't described as exploding or explosive. The trouble is that words get used up all too easily, and, thanks to our abundance of communications, they are getting used up faster and faster. "Population explosion" was a vivid phrase when it was first used; today it's a bore, and, indeed, some of the people who helped launch it now eagerly disown it. At a recent International Population Conference, the term was carefully shunned, for as one population expert remarked, "After all, it is not biologically possible for the world's population growth for long to exceed three per cent a year. In what field of endeavor would you call a three-per-cent rate an 'explosion'? The term is unfortunate and would not be used at a scientific meeting such as this. We are a scientific society, and not a social movement." As "explosion" has gained in popularity, it has lost in appropriateness. After the population explosion came the home-run explosion, the rental explosion, and the many value explosions at our friendly neighborhood dealers', and in the past few weeks we've had our attention called to a piety explosion, a culture explosion, a reading explosion, a paperback explosion, a stock-owner explosion, and a ballet explosion. Even the supposed guardians of language, the lexicographers themselves, are guilty of this travesty of meaning. A couple of weeks ago, in the G. & C. Merriam Co.'s announcement of Webster's Third New International Dictionary, Mr. Gordon J. Gallan, Merriam's president, was quoted as saying, "The recent explosion of language has forced into everyday usage an avalanche of bewildering new verbal concepts." The moment of supreme vulgarization nearly always marks the beginning of the end for a word, and in the case of "explosion" we think this moment may have occurred the other day in the real-estate section of the *Herald Tribune*. There, in an article about the spread of highways and housing developments from cities to former farmland, we

came upon a reference to "the rurban explosion." It's bad enough for "explosion" to be used in connection with words that we know the meaning of, but it's worse to have it used in connection with a word that we've never heard of, and that, as far as we are aware, doesn't exist. Now that "explosion" has reached this point, we feel that it has nowhere to go but down and out. As for "rurban," we suspect that in no time at all we will be reading about the rurban population, rurban rentals, and a rurban ballet.

Dinner

THE serious wining-and-dining season got under way the other day with the fifty-seventh dinner of the Lucullus Circle, an eleven-year-old group of dedicated men, in the Embassy Ballroom of The Summit. There—at a bar boasting four modest white wines; trays of oysters ticketed Long Island

Sound, Shelter Island Bay, Gardiners Bay, Great South Bay, Chesapeake Bay, and Malpeque, Canada; and clams labelled Rhode Island, Narragansett Bay, Sakonnet River, Great South Bay, Tuckerton Bay, and Hempstead Bay—we gained the side of Richard de Rochemont, the motion-picture and television producer, and George J. Nelson, the head of an investment trust.

"We're working on the annual dinner of the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin," Mr. de Rochemont was saying to Mr. Nelson. "The wine people want the classic dishes, which show off the wines, and some of the food people want the provincial and more plebeian dishes. These have more flavor and tend to put the wine back," he added, for our benefit. "Well, all this will be straightened out long before December 4th, when the dinner takes place, at the St. Regis."

"I'm working up a small dinner for twenty Chevaliers at the Lutèce on November 6th," Mr. Nelson told Mr. de Rochemont.

Presently, strolling into the dining section of the room with Mr. de R., who has just finished writing, with Waverley Root, a book on contemporary French cooking for Random House, we asked whether he belonged to any eating-and-drinking clubs besides the Lucullus and the Confrérie.

"The T.N.T., in Paris," he said, "and a sort of refugee branch of it here—the Paris American Club, of which Gregory Thomas, who is head of Chanel in New York, is president and I am a vice-president. It meets mostly at the Pierre, for lunch in the French manner. I'm also a member, in Paris, of the Société des Amis des Bouviers des Flandres. A *bouvier* is a dog that looks like a schnauzer. My dog, who is dead now, got me into it. He was very intelligent; he could add, subtract, and count up to ten."

Seated between Valentino Sarra, the photographer, and Jules Glaenzer, vice-president of Cartier's, we fell upon some Russian caviar, which was accompanied by a vodka called Zubrovka.

"I had dinner with Dick and Dorothy Rodgers the other night," Mr. Glaenzer said. "Just the three of us, and we had a *pound* of caviar. It was excellent. Oh, the *mousse au sole* one gets at the Pavillon! Marvellous! And the service!"

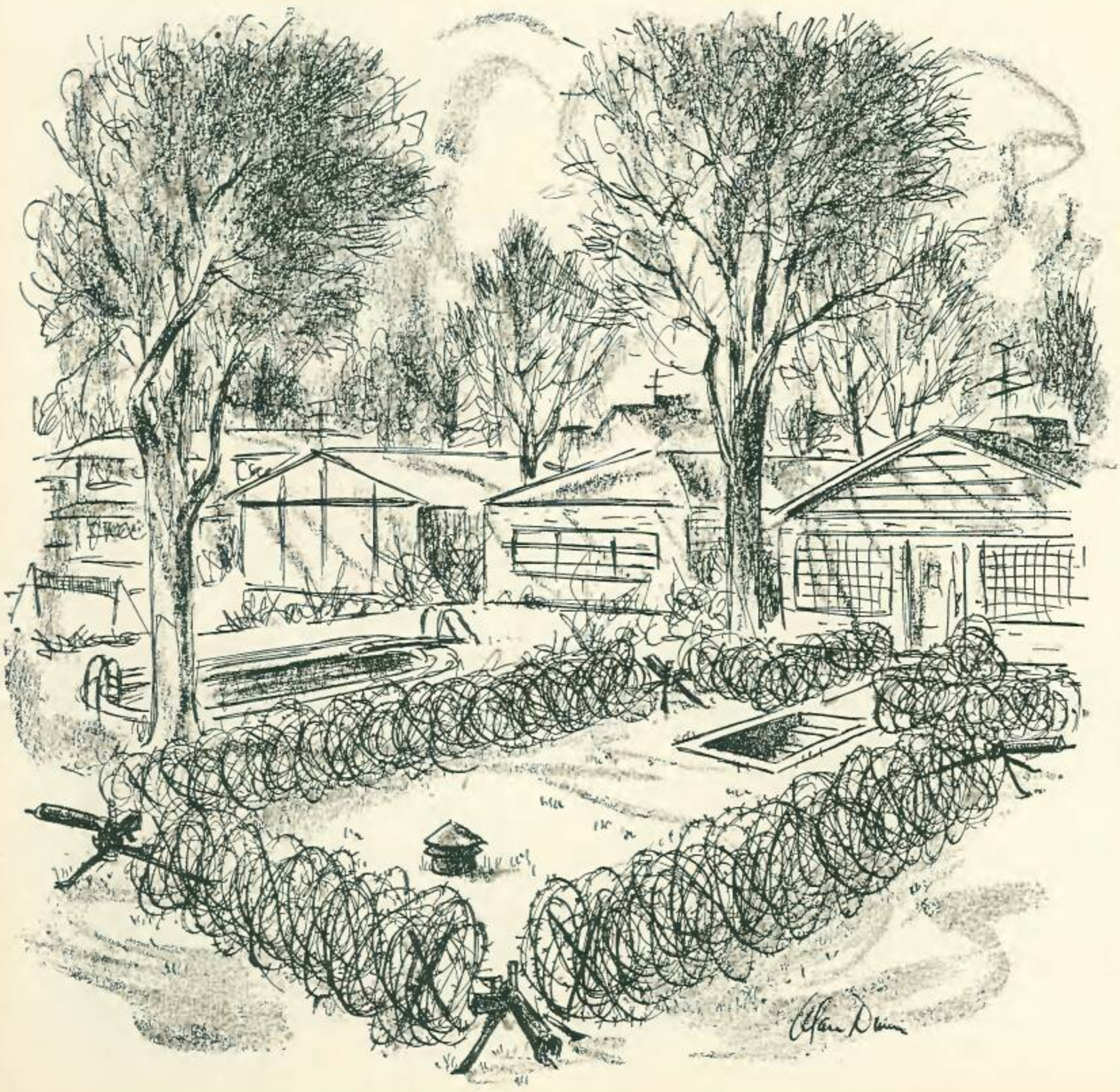
"My wife and I had dinner with Blanche and Alfred Knopf at The Four Seasons last month, on Alfred's birthday," Mr. Sarra said. "The man at the table next to us ordered a good wine and then lit his pipe. Alfred had us moved to another table. He said it wouldn't have been quite as bad if the man hadn't ordered a *good* wine."

We started on the consommé. It was accompanied by an 1818 Madeira, about which Robert Huyot, who recently left the Carlyle to become vice-president and general manager of The Summit, said, "Three years before Napoleon died, on May 5, 1821. I have a memory for dates."

"Want to make some money?" Mr. Sarra asked him. "Go to France, take one dish from each restaurant, and open a restaurant here."

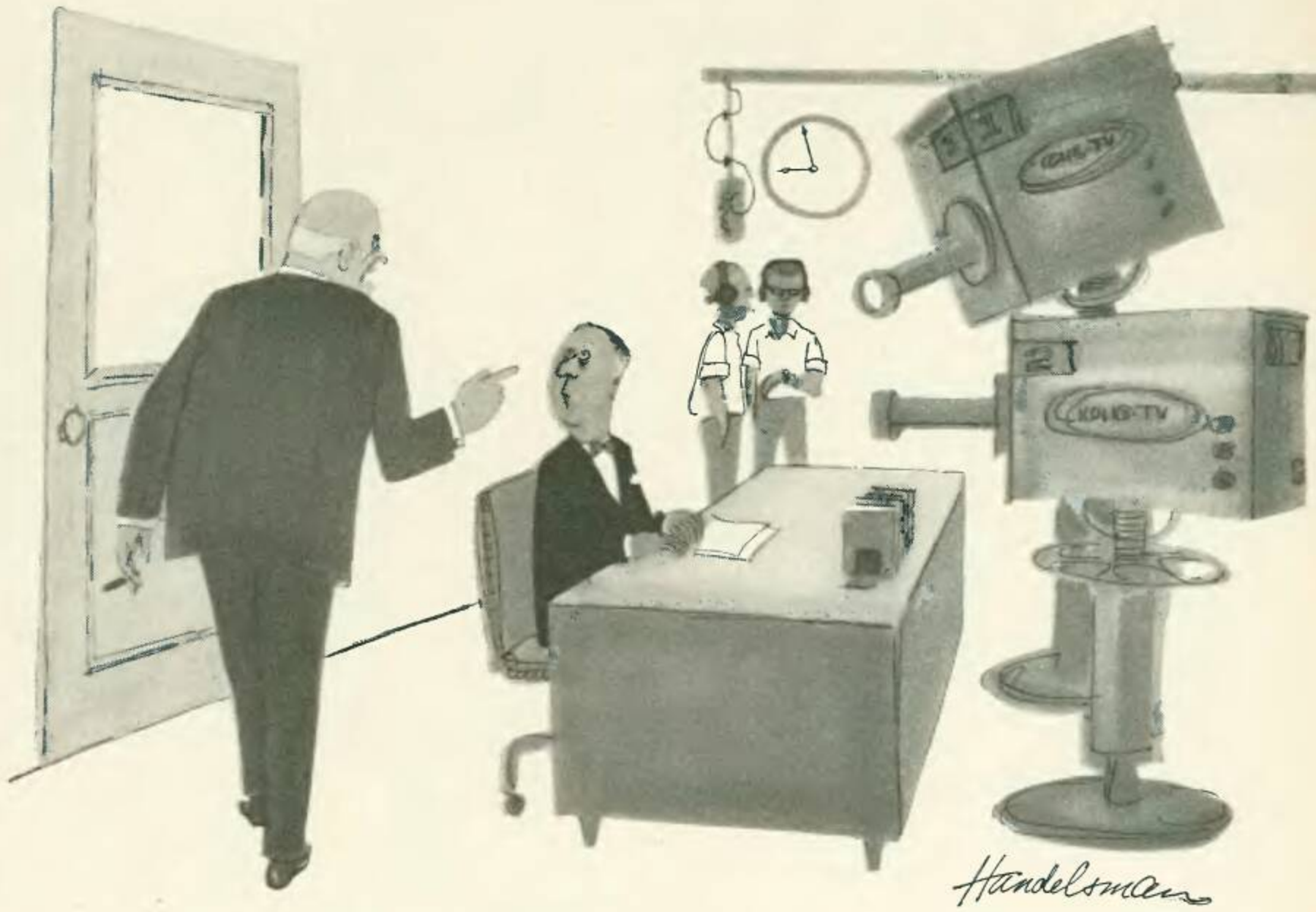
"You're at a disadvantage here," Mr. Huyot said. "You're not working with the same products as in France—the rich cream, the little peas, the *fraises des bois*."

We tackled the *langouste des côtes de France cuite au four et dorée à la crème*, which was accompanied by magnums of Chablis Les Preuses '47 and Chablis Blanchots '49, and heard Mr. Glaenzer say to C. C. Philippe, founder and secretary of the Lucullus Circle, "My cellar's never been the same since I gave a dinner for twelve in honor of Henri Soulé, of the Pavillon, and Gene Cavallero, of the Colony. We drank twenty-nine bottles, mostly '29s that I'd bought for seventy cents a bottle in 1931. I asked Gene to tell me the most extraordinary thing that had ever happened to him, and he said, 'A man came in the Colony, rather rough in appearance, and said, "I want a roast cat." ' "



We lost the rest of this as Mr. Sarra turned to us and said, "Want to make some money? Go into the fruit business with me. Our fruit is getting worse and worse. The owners of restaurants and fruit shops used to go to the Washington Market at four in the morning and buy fruit. Now everything is delivered by truck. The fruit may have been refrigerated for two weeks. Grapes have no taste. I want to have freshly picked fruit flown in from California and sell it to the fifty best restaurants in town. Take over a small grower in Salinas, say. It would cost a little more, but not much."

Mr. Philippe called attention to the fact that the Chablis



"Now, remember. You hate bossism. You hate it. Got that straight?"

was served in magnums, and said that these were among the last such magnums in existence, even in France. "Very little Chablis Blanchots and Chablis Les Preuses was bottled in magnums in 1949 and 1947," he said.

We plunged into *le perdreau rôti sur canapé à la façon du Summit*, accompanied by a Château Lafite and a Château Beychevelle, both 1956, and Mr. Glaenzer said of the Lafite, "It's a little sharp, that first wine, I find." He then sampled the Beychevelle and said, "They're *both* very sharp, I find. I find them a little curt. I like to taste velvet, you know."

A breather of sherbet was succeeded by cold duck and another brace of red wines—a Château Margaux and a Château Latour, both 1947, and both decanted into carafes. At Mr. Huyot's right, Leon Leonidoff, vice-president and senior producer of the Radio City Music Hall, pronounced the Margaux too dry, but Mr. Glaenzer said, "How much rounder it is than the '56s!"

Two courses, four wines, and two brandies later, the chef, Ernest Didier, was brought in, congratulated, and given a glass of wine, and Mr. de Rochemont was called on to criticize the evening's wines.

"We should be delighted to have even the memory of the '29s," he said, in part, referring to some wines that had been served with the cheese. "A great stroke for the publicity of the Burgundy wines, a great symbolic presentation, but we won't ask to have it repeated too often."

"The *langouste* should have been hotter, but the sauce was lovely," Gregory Thomas said in the course of a critique of the food. "I personally think it quite shocking that caviar should be served in such small portions at table, and the blinis, though excellent, unfortunately curved at the ends, because they weren't hot. The trip from the kitchen to the table is the problem. And the *perdreau* wasn't tender; it must have been flown on the end of a string before it was cooked. But the *caneton* was a triumph, the dessert magnificent, the coffee delicious, and I think that, on the whole, the dinner rose like a diapason."

"I wish Leonidoff would bring some dancing girls to these dinners," Mr. Sarra said as we rose.

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SIGN observed above a pencil sharpener in a midtown office: "PLEASE REFRAIN FROM SHARPENING YOUR EYEBROW PENCILS HERE."

The First One

LAST week, we went to the new Children's Zoo, in Central Park, with a four-and-a-half-year-old from Brooklyn Heights named Victor, who showed up for the occasion in a tan windbreaker (with six pockets), blue corduroy overalls, red sandals, and a Davy Crockett coonskin cap. Under one arm he carried a plastic giraffe. The new zoo, which was donated by Governor and Mrs. Herbert H. Lehman to the children of the city, instantly had a soothing effect on us—ten-cent admission (the only ten-cent admission to anything we know of in town), highly comforting yellow ducklings to greet us at the entrance, fairy-tale structures, and occupants that were, like most of the visitors, very small and very easy to look at. So we looked, dreaming, mouth shut; followed Victor; and let him do the talking. He said:

"Hold the giraffe. I go to Prospect Park. I feed peanuts to the squirrels in Prospect Park. I never went to Central Park before. This is the first time I've been this close, in fact. Where are the squirrels? Look at that white swan! I want a drink of water, in fact. Look at the mouse! Look at the other mouse! Look at that goat! That's a mountain goat. Be careful of the puddle. You get crackers for the animals out of the machine. Let's look at the rooster. Boo! Maybe I could scare the duck. Nothing is in this house. A monkey used to live here. We have coyotes up in the country, in fact. Let's get some crackers. Llamas won't eat. Hey, look! A pony! Ponies won't eat. Could I go in here? Down the Rabbit Hole. Let's get some ice cream. Let's get some peanuts. Where are the squirrels? Look! Ducks! Swimming! If I was a grownup, I could dive in that water if it was a lake. Now let's go in here. Smell the hay! Is that a real cow? Moo. Is that a real calf? Could we touch the calf? Pigs! Pigs won't eat. Let's touch the rabbit. I touched him! Look at the waterfall! We have coyotes up in the country. Hänsel and Gretel's house! It's made of gingerbread. They were safe. I like other stories better. We've got to go out this way. This is where the witch burned. I want a drink of water, in

fact. The pigs are sleeping. The llama doesn't eat. That's not a swan. They're geese. Coo, coo. I'm the first one here to feed them. Don't fall in this water. The whale isn't spouting. Let's get some crackers. I fed the rabbit from my palm. He ate a little bit. Hey, look! Penguins! One penguin blinked. Let's get some candy. Let's get some ice cream. Let's get some peanuts. Can we get some later? The pigs woke up. I fed the pig. He ate a little bit. Let's go up here. It's a boat. Will this really move? Ducks! I'll throw a piece of cracker down. I'm the first one here to feed them. I want to hold the rabbit.

"They don't sell candy here. They have things here. Turtle. You wind it up. I don't want it. Spouting whale. I don't want it. Alligator. It creeps. Ducks. Bear. Piano. I like these two guns. Do they shoot real bullets? I don't want guns with real bullets. I want that other gun. Junior burp gun. It shoots missiles. I like this gun. I want that horse. The black one. I can ride on the stick. I want the gun and the horse. Maybe I could scare the animals with this burp gun. Hold this. Let's go down here. Look at the reindeer! Maybe I could scare the girl. I hate girls, so I scare them. I might scare some fish. I see some clams. I shot a clam. I scared some rabbits. These are missiles. Could I shoot the cow? Where are the squirrels? Where are the peanuts? These are missiles, in fact. Maybe I could scare the duck. Maybe I could scare the mountain goat. He moved. I shot him. Where are the squirrels? Where are the peanuts? Did you bring the peanuts? Did you bring the Tootsie Rolls? I want chocolate ice cream, in fact. I'll take these Tootsie Rolls. I'll take these peanuts. You want some Tootsie Rolls? These Tootsie Rolls are cute. I'll put them in my pockets. There's a squirrel. The squirrel is on the grass. Hold this. Hold this. And hold this. I want to feed the peanuts to the squirrel."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The costumes of the Aztec Indians who dance at church festivals in San Luis Potosí, Mexico, bear blue shields with the legend, in Spanish, "Union of Aztec Dancers, San Luis Potosí Local."

Artist from Arles

LUCIEN CLERGUE, a twenty-seven-year-old photographer from Arles, in Provence, is showing some of his work in the auditorium gallery of the Museum of Modern Art, and we've had an informative lunch with him in the Museum's garden. Unlike the cuisine, which ran to a domestic tuna-fish salad, the conversation was French; to the best of our comprehension, M. Clergue, who is thin, bespectacled, animated, serious, and curly-haired, comes of a commercial family, was influenced by his mother to take violin lessons at seven, and at ten saw his family's house largely destroyed, along with half of the rest of the town, by British and American bombs.

"I lived in the ruins of the house with a number of bombed-out neighbors' children," he said. "We dressed up and put on theatricals. *Nous avons inventé un monde à nous.* I sold newspapers in the streets, and when I was fourteen I took my first photographs. Very bad. When I was twenty, Jean Renoir, the theatre and movie director, came to Arles to put on Shakespeare, and I was fascinated by his staging of the death of Julius Caesar. I took photographs of the murder and its consequences, and sent them to Renoir, who said I had talent. This gave me confidence. Still living in the ruins, I took pictures of a little girl—fifteen years old—who danced in them wearing her tutu; Jean Marie Magnan, a poet and a friend of mine, asked me for a hundred photographs like them, and I went on to take fifteen hundred pictures of children dancing and playing in the streets and in the rubble of the buildings. *Le pays est brûlé de soleil*, but for a time I did everything in the shade. In July, 1955, when I was twenty-one, I discovered the sun. Arles is in the delta of the Rhône, which deposits the cadavers of drowned animals on a spit of land two hundred metres long, and for two years I photographed its dead cats, dogs, sheep, chickens, flamingos, and other creatures in varying stages of metamorphosis. I wanted to explore the *divers domaines de la mort.* It was like a dream. The birds were transformed into flowers; *le délire de la nature* joined *le délire de l'artiste.*

"I also wanted to show the *grand repos de la mort*," he went on. "Arles is known for its Roman necropolis, and there are some twelfth-century cemeteries nearby. I photographed the broken tombs, full of baroque objects and portrayals of the Crucifixion—and Christ martyrized after the Crucifixion, since in many of them the limbs were broken—and showed these to a friend of mine, a doctor. '*Tu n'es vraiment pas gai*,' he said, and he traced my bent to the events of my youth—the damage of the war, my life in damp cellars, and then the divorce of my parents, my father's remarriage, the death of my mother when I was eighteen, after four years when she lay dying and when I felt that death was pinching her nose. Well, in 1956 I turned to the sea and to my first nudes—woman emerging from water. Water is the symbol of maternity. In 1959, I discovered *paysage* and started my first series of dead trees, reeds, grass, vines, and cornstalks reflected in winter ponds. At the same time, my taste for dead animals came back, but now I concentrated on bulls—Arles has a second-century Roman arena, used for bullfights—which I caught at the instant of the killing, and just after death. My work has been compared to painting; Cocteau calls me the poet-photographer."

Clergue met Cocteau, who has written a foreword to and a poem for two of his books, through Picasso, who did the covers for them, and he met Picasso after sending him some photographs. "I decided to go to Cannes and try to meet him," he told us. "I was earning a living by working in the bookkeeping department of the Arles headquarters of a chain of stores at the time—I kept track of cheeses and wines—and the girls in the office gave me a talisman for the trip, an envelope containing feathers, rouge, locks of their hair, and so forth. I put it in my inside coat pocket. The morning I got to Picasso's house, I reached for this, just before ringing the bell, in order to touch it. It was gone! A man opened the door and said Picasso was busy. I was desolated. I identified myself as the person who had sent the photographs, and was told to come back at two-thirty. Picasso received me with open arms. '*Je n'ai jamais vu ça!*' he kept saying as we went over the pictures, and when he came to

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the pond-reflection ones, he said, '*C'est la nature prise en flagrant délit.*' Of the nudes, he said, '*On pourrait signer Renoir.*' I stayed with him five hours."

Mme. Clergue had joined us a couple of minutes before, and now she said, "Did you tell what Cocteau said when *he* saw the nudes? 'You are the sole witness of the birth of Aphrodite.' "

We learned that she was born in Paris, had been an Air France hostess before her marriage, and now lived with her husband in an old house on a narrow street in Arles, surrounded by Spanish gypsies.

"What surprises me here is the light," said M. Clergue, who is in America for the first time. "It's very good, as in Arles. Much better than in Paris. I also like the kind of dream in which some of your glass buildings on Park Avenue reflect those opposite to them. The jazz music here is very impressive. And the enormous cemeteries in Flushing, where we're staying with a friend! Marvellous against the background of skyscrapers! I saw Picasso just before we left, and he warned me not to become corrupted by America. I asked him why he'd never visited New York, and he said, 'I would never fly. I don't like air hostesses—they're too blond, and they wear uniforms.' "

Mme. C., a brunette, smiled and said, "You know what André Masson said when he first saw Lucien's pictures? '*Vous allez rendre jaloux les peintres.*' Max Ernst was the first to buy his series of *flamants morts*. There's an old man in Arles who knew van Gogh. He's ninety-three. According to him, the local boys threw cabbages at van Gogh. The men in New York are better-looking than the women, and better-looking than Frenchmen, but I think that Frenchwomen are better-looking than Americans of either sex."

"The moon is so big here," her husband said while we were figuring this one out. "You see the moon and the stars better here than in Paris."

"*La lune se voit partout à New York!*" Mme. Clergue said, and we went inside to look at the photographs, which are better-looking than most.

Vade Mecum

TAKING a train to Washington recently, a friend of ours was just beaten to a window seat by a neatly garbed, precisely combed young man, who proceeded to perform the following actions:

Took off a thin raincoat, folded it to manila-envelope size, and put it in an attaché case.

Extracted a back rest from the attaché case.

Took off his suit jacket and folded it several times, until it was the same size as the raincoat.

Removed the raincoat from the attaché case and, squaring it off with the jacket, put both on the luggage rack.

Set up the back rest on the seat.

Removed the back rest and put it on the luggage rack.

Raised the window curtain.

Lowered the window curtain.

Raised the window curtain.

Wiggled and twitched.

Removed his shoes.

Opened the attaché case and took out a book, a steel ruler, and a red-ink ballpoint pen.

Neatly underlined certain sentences in the book and, in a minuscule hand, jotted comments in the margin.

At this point, our friend, who could stand it no longer, peeked at the title of the book. It was "Curable and Incurable Neurotics."

THE FATHER

MILES J. BERRY, forty-two, assistant foreman and head mechanic at the Clinton Motor Company, Trenton, New Jersey, entered the kitchen of his home on the outskirts of Trenton, took a can of beer out of the refrigerator, put the can and a glass on the kitchen table, pushed his cap to the back of his head, and let go with a long sigh. From the second story came his wife's voice. "Is that you, Miles?"

"Yes, that's me, Miles. Who the hell'd she expect?"

"Wha'?"

"I said yes it was me."

"There's a letter for you, I put it on top of the TV. It looks like it was from one of your sisters."

"Which one?"

"I do' know. I didn't open it."

"But you're sure it's from one of my sisters."

"Wha'?"

"How'd you know it was from one of my sisters?"

"I seen the postmark on the envelope. Nyack, New York, and it isn't in your mother's handwriting."

Miles Berry sipped his beer and lit a cigarette. Slowly he reached down and untied his right shoelace, then untied his left shoelace. He had another sip of the beer, then pulled the laces out of the top eight eyelets of both shoes, took the shoes off and pulled his socks away where they were stuck to his feet. He sighed again. "Ah, Christ," he said.

"What are you beefing about now?"

He had not heard his wife, in her canvas wedgies, coming downstairs, and now she stood at the dining-alcove door, with a bundle of dirty laundry in her arms. "I wasn't beefing," he said. "Where's Ava?"

"She's out, I guess."

"She's out you guess? We don't have all that big a house. She's out or she's in."

"She's out," said Vilma Berry.

"Where, out?"

"Where? At a friend's, maybe. Or down at Al's. The kid's young, she has to have some relaxation."

"You ought to keep her out of that Al's. I know that Al. I knew him ever since I was a kid and any joint he runs I don't want my kid hanging around."

"Then you tell her. What's the harm in having a Coke and maybe smoking a couple cigarettes?"

"You look inside of one of those cigarettes and maybe you won't find any tobacco."

"What are you, inferring they get reefers at Al's?"

"Not inferring anything."

"Well, if you want to give her an order to stay out of Al's you do it. But Ben Lightner the cop's daughter goes there, and if there was reefers for sale Ben ought to know about it."

"Ben is a traffic cop. What does he know where they sell reefers?"

"All right, all right, all right. If you got information you ought to report it."

"I didn't say I have any information. I just said I know Al. I went through school with him and I was in the Army with him."

"Whenever your feet hurt you start getting strict with Ava. Why don't you buy a new pair of shoes instead of torturing your feet with those clod-hoppers? Then we'd have a little more peace around here."

"Wuddia want me to do? Wear loafers to work? I gotta wear shoes that keep my feet dry. It might inarrest you to know we *wash cars* at the garage, not to mention oil and grease on the floor. I can't wear any other kind of shoes and keep my feet dry."

"Well, I just wish you'd find some solution. You got your bad feet from the Army. Make them give you the right shoes."

"It's too much red tape."

"You got anything you want to put in the laundry?"

"No."

"You want to wear what you got on to work tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"It wouldn't hurt you to wear a clean shirt and pants."

"What's wrong with what I got on?"

"Because this is the day I put them in the laundry, otherwise you'll be short next week. You'll want clean next Monday, and I won't have them for you. You got two clean pants in your drawer and two clean shirts, but you'll need clean next Monday to start the week in. Wednesday you'll want clean, Friday you'll want clean, Monday you'll want clean, but you'll only have dirty. How'd you get those so dirty today?"

"I thought you were suppose to wash on Monday? My mother always did her washing on Monday."

"Listen, I got a system worked out, so don't start screwing it up after all these years. The least you can do is go to work with a clean shirt and pants, and nobody can say I'm not a good housewife. This washer isn't big enough for all the laundry I have to do."

"Three people and this house? Wuddia want, the Stacy-Trent washing machine? We only got three people and the sheets and towels. What's so big about that?"

"Because I send my daughter to school clean and my husband to work clean and I do the marketing clean, and anybody comes to this house don't see a lot of dirty towels—you know how many towels you use up in a week? And since you took to wearing that long underwear."

"You rather I got pneumonia?"

"Oh, you're just beefing about anything and everything. Why don't you go read your letter from your sister?"

"Curiosity killed the cat."

"Well, what's *she* writing you a letter for? If she has anything to say why doesn't she say it over the phone, those Friday night calls from Nyack. Collect. God Almighty, you'd think you were living in South Dakota somewhere, and they never saw their brother Miles."

"Well, they don't hardly."

"There's nothing stopping you from taking the car and driving up to Nyack any Sunday you want to."

"Nothing but fifty thousand cars on the Turnpike. I don't get any pleasure out of driving that way."

"Go read your letter."

"When I finished my beer," he said, finishing it.

The letter was leaning against a light-blue, temporarily empty flowerpot on top of the television apparatus. The handwriting was that of Dot Berry, Miles Berry's older sister. The envelope almost matched the color of the flowerpot, and Berry held it up to the light because he could tell it contained two items—one besides the notepaper. Good old Dot.

He tore open the end of the envelope and took out the contents, the notepaper and an old newspaper clipping. Whenever Dot wrote him she always enclosed a newspaper clipping or something like that. The clipping seemed to be from the *Daily News*, although he

was not sure. It was a photograph taken in 1943, and it showed four and a half teen-age girls, some grinning, some in the midst of rolling their eyes, huddled together behind a sign that said, "Frankie Boy Is the Most—The Sinatra Swooners, Trenton, N.J." The caption gave the names of four of the girls, and the second girl from the left was Vilma Schrock, 17, Trenton.

"For God's sake," said Miles Berry. He read the caption again. The girls, it read, had been waiting outside the Paramount Theatre in New York City since seven o'clock in the morning, and at the time the picture was taken they had been waiting four hours and probably would have to wait four more, because the kids who were already in the theatre were refusing to leave when the show was over. Vilma Schrock, 17. And he knew the others, too. Mary D'Isernia, 16; Carmen Quisenberry, 17; Rosemary McEntegart, 17; and Betty Dougherty, 16. They were all married, all living in or near Trenton, with their husbands and a total of about fifteen or sixteen children. He read Dot's note:

DEAR MILO:

I came across this old paper underneath a pile of stuff in the attic. I guess it was when Mom used to save up Dick Tracy to send you before you went over seas. She does not remember why she saved it altho we looked all thru the paper to see if there was some article in it. You were over seas when this picture was taken & did not know Vilma then. Therefore we did not save the paper on acc't of Vilma being in it. Just a coincidents. I bet you she gets a big laugh out of it today.

Mom is better. Will phone Fri.

Sincerely,

DOT

There she was, the way she was at seventeen, looking as though she were about to charge the photographer and bite him. She had better teeth than the other girls in the picture, but did she have to look like a charging tigress? The photographer probably had said something disparaging about Frankie Boy, to get her reaction.

The kitchen door swung open and Ava came through. "Hi," she said.

"Hi," he said.

"What are you reading?"

"I got a letter from your Aunt Dot."

"Aunt Dot? What does *she* want?"

"She doesn't want anything. She isn't like some people, the only time you—"

"I know, I know, I know. The only time you hear from them is if they want something. I know. What's the matter with the TV?"

"Who said anything's the matter with it?"

"Would you care to step outside and disallow that?"

"Well, turn it on, then. Gee, Pop. Wuddia, just sitting here?"

"What channel do you want?"

"Six."

"What's on Six?"

" 'Clutch Cargo.' "

" 'Clutch Cargo'? What's that?"

"Oh, here we go again. You say it in that tone of voice and I know what's next. Why don't I watch Hunkley Hinkley Brinkley. Pop, I got all the homework I need, without watching Hinkley Hunkley Brinkley."

"This is the time when you ought to be learning something, instead of hanging around Al's all afternoon. I don't like you hanging around Al's."

"Where else do you *want* me to go? I suppose Jimmy's."

"What's Jimmy's?"

"See, you don't even know which places are all right."

"What's Jimmy's?"

"It's another candy store two squares up past Al's. It's where the Emperors hang out. Johnny D'Isernia and Chip Quisenberry. Them."

"I know all about them all right. You stay away from them."

"Then how do you know so much about them if you never heard of Jimmy's?"

"I know enough."

She appeared about to say something, but she kept silent and proceeded to the front hall and up to her room. He could tell when she reached her room: her record-player began to broadcast the melancholy, despairing music that her generation loved, and soon her thin little voice, thin but true, joined in the tune. She could not be thinking of the words she was singing along with the boy vocalist—something about his little sweetheart, his little dove, lying dead on the highway. But her voice went along with the music, and Berry found that there were tears in his eyes, for Ava and for Vilma Schrock, 17, but mostly for Ava. And for every father, too, but mostly for Ava and the years ahead.

—JOHN O'HARA

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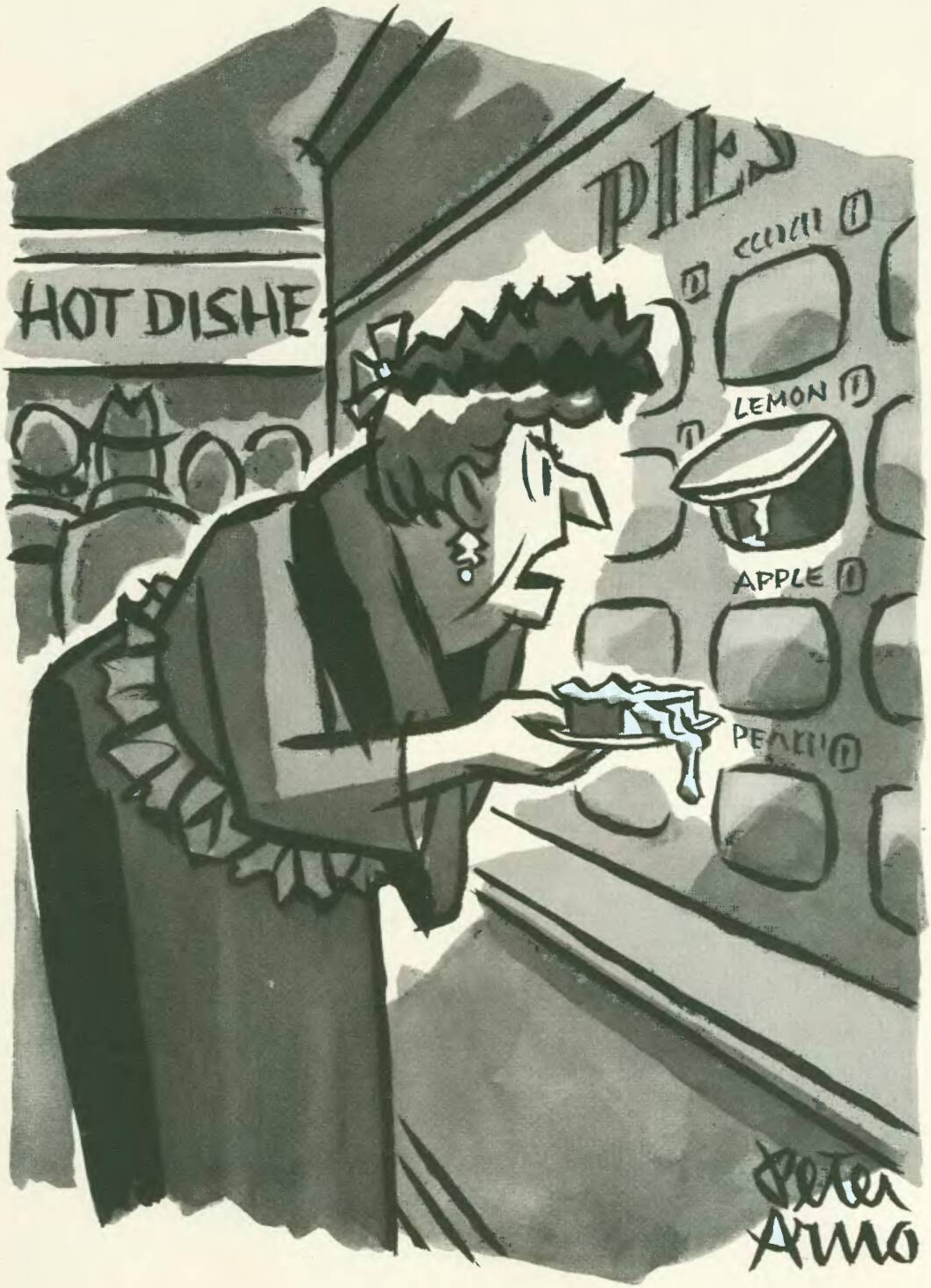
Can you hit the waste-paper basket at a distance of 10 feet?—*Letter from a Ford distributor in Rhodesia.*

Wait a minute.



"I said the lid snapped my meringue off!"

IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT

THE boat brought people and took others away. In summer it came three times a week to the island, and the sisters, sitting outside a waterfront café, would watch it appearing round the point. It came with the most beautiful inevitability—however late. Quayside life would begin to stir and, as the deep sound of the ship's hooter came across the bay, little boats would put out from the shore. They were low in the water, with packed and standing people holding aloft baskets, trying to wave goodbye. The same boats, on their return journey, were watched more critically. Exposed and bewildered, and perhaps sick and tired as well, the newcomers stepped onto the broken marble of the waterfront and looked about them, shading their eyes from the sun and the fierce brightness of the white buildings. Their baggage would be seized by old men or young boys with handcarts and donkeys, and they would follow it on foot as if dazed with the suddenness of their arrival, wiping away sweat and trying to smack down flies.

After a time, the scene was peaceful again, the empty boats hardly moving on the water, and, looking out to sea, Jane and Barbara would watch the ship making its wide curve before disappearing round the headland.

Then sometimes they would go to a *taverna* and choose the fish for their lunch, and when it was cooked and eaten, they would walk slowly up the hillside track, through the herb-scented scrub, to Jane's cottage.

"I shall never go home to England now. I feel it in my bones," Jane said once. "Every time the boat goes back to Athens, I think that."

"But you still say 'home,' " her sister said.

"I didn't mean to. *This* is home. The other's Blighty—I can't imagine it any more. Do they still have those double-decker buses?"

Her husband—an expatriate painter, as Barbara's husband, Leonard, always referred to him—had died that spring and Barbara had come from England to be with her sister for a time and eventually to take her home; for she believed that what Jane had written in letters could soon be reasoned away, and so she had sent the children to their grandmother, drawn all her savings from the bank, and had arrived on the island ready to clasp her younger sister in her arms and restore her to her proper place.

"There is nothing to keep you," she had pleaded on her first evening on the island. There had been a sudden, brilliant sunset and afterward it was dark and warm. The streets smelled of honeysuckle and carnations. Their sandals slapped quietly on the flagstones. They spoke in low voices and were greeted softly by passersby. "There is nothing to keep you," Barbara repeated.

The next day, they climbed the hillside to Alan's grave in the cluttered little cemetery above the sea; but even standing there, Jane did not weep or seem particularly moved. She turned, instead, to look downward at the sea and she took a deep breath—almost a satisfied, a triumphant breath, thought Barbara.

"I'm afraid I have come all this way for nothing," she wrote to Leonard. "But I will stay on a little as you suggest."

Day by day, she lost her usual pallor and became almost as brown as Jane, and she slept long and deeply at night. Her letters were insincere, for she could only write of how much money she had wasted on the journey and how many people she had inconvenienced at home.

On one of their usual mornings at the café, they waited to see the boat come in from Athens. They had bought a basket of artichokes and some paraffin oil and now sat under a bamboo awning drinking coffee. The boat appeared far out; it rounded the headland and they watched it curving in toward the harbor. A few people collected by the water's edge with their baggage—baskets of cheeses, dead chickens, and bunches of flowers.

Barbara sipped her glass of ice-cold water to take away the bitter taste the coffee had.

"The flowers are always dead by the time they get to Athens," Jane said.

Two rowboats put out across the water toward the anchored ship, and later, when they were returning, Jane said, "I never watch them without thinking of the day Alan and I came. The houses seemed to rise higher and higher as we rowed into the harbor, and I felt alien and self-conscious when I stepped ashore—all the village out watching, taking note of my London clothes. My shirt was far too bright for here, but luckily it soon faded." (She had worn it ever since Barbara's arrival, washing it sometimes at night, but never ironing it and never mending the tear in the sleeve. "In London, I couldn't have just one shirt," she had said. "And that is all I care to have.") "When we came ashore that day, I had no idea what impression we were making. We were the only visitors—which is how we thought of ourselves then, not knowing that we were here forever."

"What will you live on?" Barbara asked. She had given up persuasion at last, convinced now of her sister's obstinacy, of her determination to stay exactly where she was, among people whose language she spoke indifferently, wearing her one shirt till it was threadbare.

"I've got Mother's money."

"It isn't enough. Mine hardly keeps me in cigarettes."

Jane put on her sunglasses and turned in her chair to look across the bright water at the approaching boats. She said, "Don't fuss so much. I can always take summer visitors. You could send them out to me from Blighty. I should like some nice, bewildered-looking visitors like this one. I would take them under my wing."

There was only one bewildered-looking person in the first rowboat. He was dressed in khaki drill and carried a rucksack, which—when he had jumped ashore—he set down so that he could give his hand to an old woman, who was swathed in black and proudly carried a Pan American travel bag. When he had her safely on land, he bowed and said "*Khérete.*" She drew her head veil across her mouth and nodded.

"One of our fellow-countrymen," said Jane, glancing at him without enthusiasm.

He stood looking about him, smilingly refusing to hire a donkey or rent a room or have his rucksack taken from him. Then he appeared to make a great decision and he came over to the café and sat down.

"*Kali méra,*" he said self-consciously.

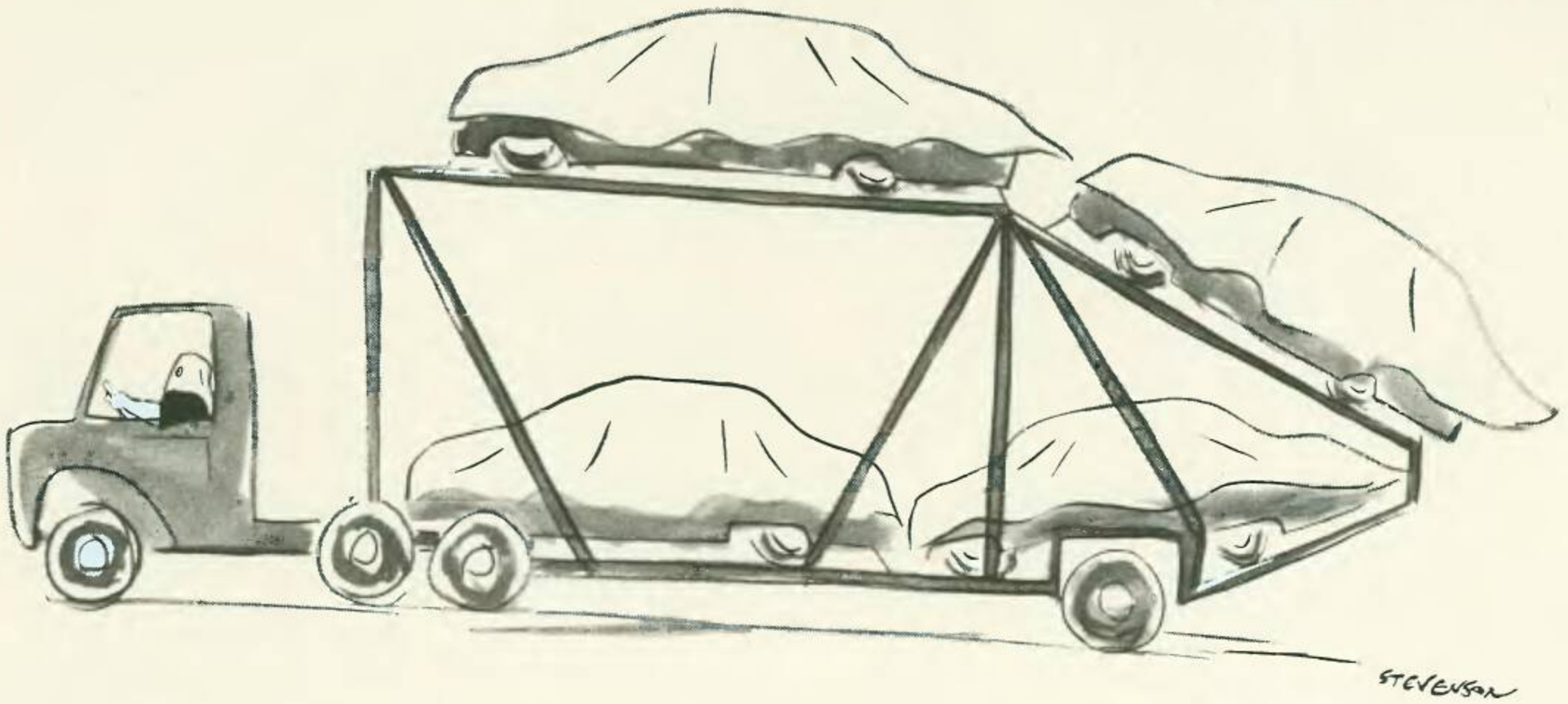
"Good morning," the waiter replied. That, however, was the extent of his English, and confusion arose about what sort of coffee he should fetch. Jane, over her shoulder, offhandedly explained to the Englishman how to ask for what he wanted.

"You wouldn't *like* having visitors," Barbara said softly. "And you wouldn't take them under your wing."

"I should like their money. That is what would appeal to me about them."

"You would resent them."

"Let's go." Jane jumped up and



went inside the café to pay; then she took up the oilcan and handed the artichokes to her sister. As they were passing the Englishman's table, she relented. She stopped to ask him when he had left home.

"A fortnight ago," he said, pushing the table as he stood up, slopping his glass of water.

"And it was raining, I suppose?"

"Pouring down. It was like another world. And still is, my wife writes to say."

"You are badly sunburned," Jane said in a stern voice. "Spyros will give you some yoghurt to soothe it if you ask." She nodded toward the café. Then she said, "Are you staying at the Amphitryon?"

There was only one hotel on the island—on the other side of the bay from her cottage. She pointed it out to him and gave careful instructions how to reach it, up flights of steps and between orchards of lemon trees.

He watched them walking away, carrying the artichokes and the oilcan, marked out by these as inhabitants, he thought. It was not the kind of shopping that visitors would do.

When Spyros came outside again, the Englishman asked him for yoghurt, but was not understood. He shouldered his rucksack and made for the hotel, soon taking a wrong flight of steps and getting lost between the close-packed houses. The sun beat down and the whitewashed walls dazzled him; his shirt, under the rucksack, was soaked with sweat. He took a map from his pocket and unfolded it and held it up as a screen between the blazing sun and his peeling face. From dark doorways shy children stared at him; old women, shelling peas or spinning, inclined their heads graciously toward him. "*Kali méra*," he repeated gallantly as he passed the open doorways. "*Kali méra sas*." The children smiled and turned aside their heads.

"It is quite wonderful," he told himself. "I am here. It is true." His wife was miles away in a dark world underneath the clouds. He was sorry for her; he told himself he missed her; he forgot her. "Hibiscus," he murmured, looking up at a wall. He recognized it from pictures. When he reached the hotel, he would describe everything in his diary—the sea, the boat, the two Englishwomen at the café, the flowers. He had climbed to one of the higher streets and could look down through the leaves of some lemon trees at the harbor. The waterfront was deserted now, for everyone had gone in out of the heat, and there was complete human silence over the island—bees buzzed, crickets chirped, a church bell chimed, but there were no voices. At the end of one of the deserted streets, he saw the word "Amphitryon" written on a board over a doorway, and he went toward it in triumph.

JANE and Barbara, at lunch, discussed him—Jane with an almost Greek sharpness of curiosity and detachment, her sister thought. It was very much like the way she was eating her artichoke—the deft stripping away of leaves, the certainty of the hidden heart being there for the reaching. Licking oil from her fingers, Jane said, "So his wife writes to tell him about the rain. Complainingly, I daresay. He thinks he is glad to get her letters, but he is gladder to put them out of his mind."

"This you know," said Barbara.

"This I know. And he also thinks he is glad to be in Greece. He has to be. I expect he has waited twenty years or more to come here, and how can he afford now that he's here to dwell on his sunburn and his blistered feet and mosquito bites. I bet he gets frightful diarrhoea, too, poor old thing."

"Is everyone who comes on the boat such a matter of conjecture?"

"Everyone. Luckily, one doesn't know till later, or who could dare to brave it? You noticed the crowds when *you* arrived? Although you were expected and known about, so there was a more critical turnout for you."

"I thought they were meeting people off the boat, or going back in it themselves."

"Well, you know better now."

In the afternoon—as on every afternoon—Jane lay down on the big brass bedstead in her room and went to sleep. Barbara, unused to this habit and scorning it, wrote to her children and then took the track down the hillside to the village to post her letter. In the hot, quiet afternoon the smell of wild sage was overpowering as she brushed against it along the path.

The post office was dark and cool and inside it sat the Englishman. He had come to buy stamps and had been requested to draw up a chair and have some conversation with the clerk, who had a married sister living in Bermondsey. A boy came in from the café, carrying a swinging tray with coffee and glasses of water. Barbara stood by while the Englishman was handed his cup and glass. He had risen when she entered, but the clerk, who got up to tear off stamps for Barbara and give her change, curtly motioned for him to sit down.

"Roland Bagueley," the Englishman said slowly and loudly in answer to an earlier question. He took the pad he was offered and wrote his name in capitals.

"From London? Swindon? Falmouth?" asked the clerk.

Barbara, sticking on stamps, lingered. The buckle of her sandal was given some attention.

"London," said Roland Bagueley. "A part of London."

Hampstead, for instance, Barbara thought. She picked up her change, put it in her purse, and, smiling in his direction, went out. As he once more jumped to his feet, she heard him shouting, "Hampstead—a part of London called Hampstead."

She stopped at the café for cigarettes and on her way home printed his name on the packet lest she should forget it. "Roland Bagueley from Hampstead," she would tell Jane. She wondered if in the end her sister would go mad, living alone, nourished on such trifles.

In the evening, they met him again. He was sitting outside a waterside *taverna* where they went for dinner. Jane looked disconcerted when he stood up and offered them chairs. She liked conjecture about strangers rather than facts about acquaintances.

They sat down and ordered drinks. "So you're not visitors here," he said to Barbara, as Jane was speaking in Greek to the waiter.

"I am, but my sister lives here—Jane Bailey. And I am Barbara Fennell."

To know their names seemed to gratify him enormously.

"I heard it in the post office this afternoon," Barbara said when he had introduced himself.

"The clerk knows a little English and hoped to practice it on me. His sister lives in Bermondsey and he supposed that I must know her."

"And you live in Hampstead. I heard that, too."

"Yes. I am an architect."

Jane, returning her attention, nodded as if this much she had already guessed. "And have you been to Greece before?" she asked.

"No. It is a dream realized after many, many years."

She put out her foot and tapped Barbara's. "And are you disappointed in it?" Her questions were peremptory and put him out. She was a small, dark, darting person, often intimidating—even to her sister.

He shook his head, looking puzzled; but what he was puzzled about was not his reactions to Greece, Barbara realized suddenly, but the sight of his name written on the cigarette packet, which was lying on the table. Unlike Jane, she was liable to blush and, doing so, puzzled him more.

"*Yassoo*," he said painstakingly, lifting his glass.

"Oh, good luck," said Jane, who had just put hers down.

Barbara took the cigarette packet and in rather an affected voice said, "How amusing! When I heard your name in the post office I wrote it down on this so that I could remember to tell Jane."

"But why?"

"I thought she would admire my sharpness. No one arrives on this island without being scrutinized, you see; and I am falling into the habit."

"Wasn't it your wife's lifelong ambition to come to Greece, too?" asked Jane.

"No, Iris likes to spend her holidays with her sister in Buxton."

"Well, I expect that's very nice, too."

They went into the *taverna* to choose their fish, and when they came outside again the sun was dropping fast into the pinkish water. They watched it go, and it was suddenly dark and the air seemed warmer and more still. I really wanted to be alone here, Roland was thinking. The brisk, dark little woman was in no way part of what he had come all this distance for and awaited so long, and about the place itself she seemed imperious and possessive, describing to him how she had chosen it for life. She had traded it for a great deal, he thought—for she was a young woman to make such a decision—and under the influence of *ouzo* he began to make a list for her of what she lacked.

"But I have friends here," she said, dropping a fish's head to a pleading cat and wiping her fingers on a piece of bread.

"Not your own kind."

"I never found my own kind anywhere—only in my husband."

"Even everyday things—comforts we take for granted."

"Like the Underground at rush

"You whinnied?"

hours; fog and rain; cocktail parties; wearing hats."

"There is no water at my hotel—one carafe in my room for drinking, which I'm too nervous to do. I have paid extra for a shower, but nothing comes out of it."

"Oh, well, the sea is warm now."

"I wasn't complaining," he said quickly, wondering if there had been impatience in her voice—even, perhaps, contempt. In fact, he had wanted—and still wanted—everything to be quite different from at home, and had already written almost boastingly to tell his wife about the shower.

"I know that the man who understands how to work the pumps has gone to Athens to have his chest X-rayed," Jane said. "He will be back on the boat the day after tomorrow and then you'll be all right."

"I wasn't complaining," he said again, thinking, Two more days!

"Can't you imagine England now?" Barbara asked. "A long light evening and the sound of mowing machines." The children would be going to bed; she tried to visualize them—pink faces, fair hair, blue dressing gowns—and they remained unreal. A barefooted boy, no older than her son, was driving a donkey along the sea front, whacking its rump and making kissing noises at it. Other children were playing in boats under the harbor wall, their voices conspiratorial above the sound of the water peacefully slapping the stone wall.

"I could *sleep*. . . . I could sleep," she said, and covered her face with her hands and yawned. But Jane was perfectly alert—had hardly begun the second half of her waking day.

"It's the air, perhaps," said Roland, trying not to yawn, too.

"It's trying to keep going all day in the heat," said Jane. "The air is perfectly invigorating."

When they had said good night to Roland and seen him going off in the opposite direction to his waterless hotel, the sisters began the steep climb up the hillside. Pausing for breath and looking back at the harbor lights, Barbara said, "I'll have to go home soon, I suppose. Next week, perhaps."

"Well, you are not to think of me. I'm quite all right now. You must do whatever you must. I expect you are missing the children."

"A little." All the way along the track, she was treading on the thyme or brushing against sage bushes, freeing the scent of the herbs upon the air. I don't really miss the children, she thought. Each day, I miss them less, not more.

IN THE MOUNTAIN TENT

I am hearing the shape of the rain
Take the shape of the tent and believe it,
Laying down all around where I lie
A profound, unspeakable law.
I obey, and am free-falling slowly

Through the thought-out leaves of the wood
Into the minds of animals.
I am there in the shining of water
Like dark, like light, out of Heaven.

I am there like the dead, or the beast
Itself, which thinks of a poem—
Green, plausible, living, and holy—
And cannot speak, but hears,
Called forth from the waiting of things,

A vast, proper, reinforced crying
With the sifted, harmonious pause,
The sustained intake of all breath
Before the first word of the Bible.

At midnight, water dawns
Upon the held skulls of the foxes
And weasels and tousled hares
On the eastern side of the mountain.
Their light is the image I make

As I wait, as if recently killed,
Receptive, fragile, half smiling,
My brow watermarked with the mark
On the wing of a moth

And the tent taking shape on my body
Like ill-fitting Heavenly clothes.
From holes in the ground comes my voice
In the God-silenced tongue of the beasts.
"I shall rise from the dead," I am saying.

—JAMES DICKEY

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When they reached the cottage, Jane lit two oil lamps. She gave one to Barbara to take upstairs to bed with her, and sat beside the other to read until two or three o'clock. As she kicked off her sandals and settled down, she said, "In the morning, I might get out Alan's paints and make a start. I'll teach myself and surprise you all." Although she had said this before, and in a tone of great decision and determination, nothing had been done.

Barbara went to her bedroom and leaned out of the window, breathing the scented air. She was beginning to understand her sister and even to foresee difficulties for herself lying ahead, and imagined herself back home, unsettled by her experience, deprived of the dazzling sky and the deep silence.

There were fewer boats now down in the harbor. She got into bed. Her sunburnt body was fiery between the coarse sheets; she felt wonderfully lulled and, turning her cheek at once to the pillow, she let out a long breath like a contented sigh and fell asleep.

THEY saw a great deal of Roland, as it was natural to do in that small village—meeting at the *taverna*, the café, the bathing place below the rocks. Sometimes, on afternoons when Jane was sleeping, Barbara went on excursions with him—to one of the bays to swim, and once, by mules, to a con-

"Hey! That's our last son!"

vent at the highest point on the island. There, among lemon trees, they tied up their mules and Roland sat down on the hillside while Barbara went into the courtyard. It was filled with stocks and roses and the sound of bees. The Reverend Mother came to meet her. She led her into a cool dark room and gave her a spoonful of jam and a glass of water on a tray. She was a plump lively woman with gold teeth and a great smell of garlic. Although they had no words in common, they had plenty of nods and smiles, and Barbara had admiring sounds as well—at the icons in the ugly little chapel, at a piece of sacred bone in a box, at the view, and the arum lilies in the courtyard. She bought a lace-edged handkerchief and was given a bunch of stocks. When she took the old nun's hand, it was as hard as leather, and creased; for she had worked in the fields like any peasant. As Barbara left, she heard whispering and giggling above her and, looking up, glimpsed two nuns peeping from a high window. She lifted her flowers to wave to them, but they had drawn back out of sight.

Under a lemon tree lay Roland, fast asleep. Not liking to wake him, she sat down a little way off, smelled her bunch of stocks, gazed down at the dark sea, with the pale outlines of other islands circling it. He slept on and soon she felt drowsy, too, and stretched herself out among the rock roses and wild larkspur and dozed a little.

When they awoke, both suddenly stirring at the same moment, it seemed much later, but they had no idea of the time. They pumped some water for the mules in the convent yard and mounted them. It was an odd, holiday companionship they shared, founded on nothing but what had happened in the last few days—the mistakes they had made from not understanding the language, their delight in their new experience, and, now, the hazards of riding their mules down a rocky, dried-up river bed. Halfway down it, with a guilty backward glance toward the now hidden convent, Barbara threw away the stocks, which had died already in the sun.

When they reached the cottage, they found Jane rummaging among some canvases, as if about to make a start at last. She had washed her hair and it hung straight and wet close to her head and dripped onto her shoulders. She smiled when Barbara told her that they had fallen asleep up on the hillside.

The next afternoon, as soon as lunch in the *taverna* was over, the three of them separated. They went back to their rooms, drew the shutters together, and lay down on their beds. And this they continued to do for the rest of their time on the island.

BARBARA and Roland began to count the days they had left. She had chosen a date haphazardly and despairingly. She knew that she ought to go early and she wanted to go later, and between conscience and desire must find a compromise. Roland's return to England was already arranged, and as it grew nearer he began to sacrifice other projects he had had in mind—Mycenae, Delphi, Perachora. "I shall go to Perachora next time," he explained. "Perhaps in two years." He wondered if his wife had been happy with her sister in Buxton and hoped devoutly that she had been.

Meanwhile, he stayed on the island, sitting lingeringly outside the café talking to the sisters, who could not help wondering, when they were alone, how it was that they could find him both amiable and boring. One day, he brought a photograph of his wife to show them, and they looked at it carefully and said "Awfully pretty." An insipid face, they decided.

"You must miss her," Barbara said.

"She would love it here," he said, and then added, "Yes, in many ways she'd love it. Then things go wrong and I'm glad, after all, that I'm on my own. The frustrations and misunderstandings about the language. And sometimes the food . . . and having no water all that time."

"Well, it's all put right now," said Jane. She was really making a start that morning and had brought a sketching block and a box of water colors down to the café and was now washing in a gray sky above the tiers of white houses. For the first day, there was no sun. It was hot, though, and a glare came off the sea.

Spyros, bringing them more coffee, looked over Jane's shoulder and said something angrily and rapidly in Greek. She shrugged and pointed at the sky with her brush. He protested, set down their coffee, slopped water over the table, then shrugged, too—but crossly, not indifferently—and pushed

"I think he's trying to tell us something!"

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his way back through the chairs, banging the tray angrily against his knee as he went.

"What was that about?" asked Barbara.

Still washing in gray, Jane said, "He wanted me to paint a blue sky. Over this island, he says, the sky is always blue. When I pointed out that today it was not and it was today's sky I was painting, he said that people from other islands would misunderstand."

"Day after day, there are the same illogical arguments," Barbara said.

"Trivial, silly things happen in Blighty, too."

Roland, who had been fidgeting with his wife's photograph, flipping it to and fro, glanced at it again and slipped it into his pocket. He was leaving the next day. His holiday was almost over and he felt lost and disconsolate. Dreams had come true, but merely to give birth to others. He had overcome discomfort, his skin was now at terms with the sun as his digestion was with the food, and he had formed new habits, such as sleeping in the afternoons and eating late at night. It was life in Hampstead that had the look of strangeness about it now—the little dinner parties with the lace mats set out on the polished table, coming back from his office to those, or to an evening's gardening, or listening to records while he stuck his holiday photographs in an album. He was an intensely patriotic man and dearly loved the English landscape. "I could never live anywhere else," he told himself. He thought it very strange that Jane could, but there was almost nothing about her that he could understand. She was hard, he thought—unlike her sister, whom he found rather girlish and sentimental. He was not greatly drawn to either of them; but they had been part of his holiday and because of that he must feel disturbed at saying goodbye to them.

The cloud at last drifted out to sea and the sun shone in a clear blue sky. Spyros ran out from the café, pointing upward, smiling triumphantly at Jane.

"Now I can finish my spool of photographs," Roland said. He took out his camera and began fussing with it. "If I may; if you will both look up." He studied the light meter. "My wife's the photographer, I'm afraid. She has endless patience over everything. I don't understand the gadget."

So his wife took a positive role occasionally, Barbara thought. From her photograph this was not to be guessed.

"There. . . . And now if you would . . ."

Obediently, they took off their sunglasses and looked up at him and smiled—Jane holding a paintbrush and Barbara a coffee cup.

HE left next day on the morning boat. They waited for it at the café. He thought of it as an enemy vessel, coming malignly round the headland; making directly for him, he felt.

He and Barbara had exchanged addresses, for they would meet in England—husbands and wives would be introduced and, in her case, children. There would also be the photographs to send on.

They stood on the waterside and watched him stepping into the rowboat. He had his rucksack and a large sponge as a present for Iris. Barbara had tears in her eyes—for she could not bear any goodbyes, and departures by boat were especially poignant to her. She was also reminded of her own going away in two days' time.

Roland, steadying himself, standing up in the crowded boat, turned to wave. They waved back and called goodbye as he was rowed out across the harbor. To him, the shape of the island changed as he went farther from it—the hills spread out and the coastline was seen to be dotted with windmills.

"Well," Jane began, as they turned away. "You may be invited once to Hampstead; then you'll have to ask them back, and you'll wish you hadn't to—and Leonard will, even more. 'My friend I met in Greece,' " she said mockingly. "After that, you'll send Christmas cards for a year or two—especially if you can find any with a Greek flavor, which I should think would be unlikely."

"I know all that. People are different in different surroundings." Barbara, under her sunglasses, wiped her eyes. "I cry too easily," she explained. "Just as I'm sick too easily."

"It's a good thing to be easily sick," said Jane.

IT was another kind of poignancy Barbara felt when it was time to go herself. As she left the harbor, she was surprised to see Jane turn and walk away almost at once. She was not the type to stand waving until the boat was out of sight, but her turning away seemed impatient and abrupt. She was soon too far away to be seen and the whole of that little world where she was seemed to lock itself closer and closer together until the expansive

waterfront life, with its comings and goings, its landings of fish and sponges, its trotting donkeys, its desultory spectators, could hardly be imagined any more.

Leaning on the rail, Barbara watched until all she could see was the little village against the golden hills and a white speck at the summit of one of them—which was the convent to which she and Roland had ridden on the mules.

Soon the whole island was lost on the horizon, but all the time other islands were coming up on either side—some close, so that she could see more white villages, more blue-domed churches; some distant, misty shapes.

This journey to Athens was the first stage of her journey, which would end next day in England. Blighty! she thought, and she leaned over the rail and stared down into the brilliant, wrinkled sea, feeling very strange, both sick and tearful.

JANE went for a walk along the cliffs and after a while noticed a strange dog pacing along with her—sometimes a little in front as if to guide her, and then at her heels as if to comfort her. He had an air of obedience about him, and might have been ordered to keep her company now that her sister had gone. When she sat down to rest, he sat down in front of her and gave her anxious looks.

She felt painfully unsettled. Barbara's visit had made her first loss so much worse. She had come too soon and her departure added the second loss to the earlier one, a second kind of silence to grow used to. Which can be done, she thought.

She looked out to sea, but the boat was out of sight and nothing was left but its faint trail across the water. She made her way back to the cottage and when she reached it she thanked the dog for his company and shut the door on him. Then she went and lay down on her bed, for it was siesta time.

SOMETIMES there were holes in the clouds and through these Barbara could peer down from the plane and see a green landscape crossed by slate-gray roads. It looked neat and dark and alienating. She had no feeling of coming home and could not believe that she was here. They flew over reservoirs and gravel pits filled with milky water, and then over the Thames itself—a broad reach lined with houseboats and launches and fringed with willows, a very sedate-looking river. Coming in to land, she saw the houses tip suddenly sidewise and the fields scudding past, and she imagined her husband somewhere down there, waiting for her.

When at last she saw him, standing outside the customs office—looking pale, she thought—his pleasure at having her back affected her deeply. They drove home slowly and from time to time he took her hand, as if to reassure himself that she was with him again.

"So Jane decided to stay?" he asked.

"I went all that way for nothing."

"You had to go. And it has done you good."

"Is everything all right at home?"

"There have been one or two upsets, but never mind now."

"But I *must* know."

Gradually she learned the list of calamities—the children with chicken pox at their grandmother's, the cat who had disappeared (from loneliness? from neglect? she wondered), the tree that had blown down in a gale, and the daily help who had given in her notice. She was filled with despair and guilt. "You should have told me," she said again and again.

"I wanted you to have your holiday. And I wish I hadn't to tell you now."

It was a dull, warm night. While she had been away, the summer had come and the trees had grown dark and weighty. All along the lanes was a bitter smell of dusty leaves. They turned into their own drive and she looked about her with a despondent curiosity. The lilac had bloomed and faded in her absence. As they went into the hall together, she put her arms round him, blinded again with tears. "Oh, thank you, my darling, for managing," she said.

NO letter came from Jane, although Barbara, after her first letter, wrote a second, then a third. Her tan faded in the mild, dark weather, but images of the island stayed vividly in her mind. She fretted for some word from it and about it, feeling—where she now was—less than half alive. Jane's water-color sketch of the harbor and the gray sky, which she had brought home with her, was propped up on her desk—a lacklustre little painting, but all she had.

Her home seemed lacklustre, too, and she could no longer see what strangers exclaiming at its beauty must see, and the gentle view from upstairs windows—the blue and green Thames Valley that she had always loved—was tame and vapid now.

Leonard thought her merely unsettled by travelling, or else worried about Jane. The children—returning spoiled by their grandmother's indulgence—sensed her inattentiveness and continued their misbehavior. Serena, who had never lived up to her name, gave way to even more spectacular tantrums. Robert, her brother, simply did damage. Each day he left the mark of destruction on the house. "It is like having a poltergeist among us," Bar-

bara said, gathering up the fragments of a Sunderland jug.

She wondered why she had the strange belief that if only Jane would write, she could find her old contentment and see the island in the right perspective—as merely a place where dwelling was primitive, the weather fairer than at home, and life uncluttered, with no fine china to be broken, no cupboards full of clothes to be looked after, and no telephone to keep on ringing. Jane's letter, when it came, would reconcile her, she felt, to all these frustrations and annoyances. Serena would stop casting herself down on the floor howling; Robert would go more carefully about the house; and she would find herself once more enchanted with her surroundings. How any letter could accomplish all this she did not ask herself; but she knew that without it she was left in the air, her visit abroad was not finally rounded off. And then the letter came at last and there was news of the island but no reference to Barbara's ever having been on it. This made it seem more remote to her—a different place.

Sometimes, increasingly, she wondered about Roland Bagueley and how he was faring in Hampstead. His association with the island, the fact of his coming so much into her recollections of it, began to give him an illusory charm; but he, too, was lost in silence—had failed even to send the promised photographs. On an impulse, she wrote to invite him and his wife to lunch on Sunday. This she very soon regretted having done and she began to await their arrival in a state of nervous agitation.

"I wish I hadn't asked them," she told Leonard at breakfast. "I don't know why I did. He's boring, really."

"They won't be here forever," he said.

"But why on earth should I inflict such tedium on you?"

"An hour or two of tedium can't hurt anybody."

He was so equable, she thought; so good-natured. However disastrous things turned out to be, he would never blame her.

ON Sunday, Roland and Iris got out of their car at a quarter to one, just as Robert had shut Serena's fingers in a door and was shouting guilty disclaimers while she was hysterical on the floor. Barbara, with her face hot from the oven and from embarrassment, too, opened the front door as Leonard carried the shrieking child to the bathroom.

At first, there was too much to say all at once—introductions, greetings, explanations, apologies—and then, suddenly, standing in the hall with the door shut, there was nothing at all.

"Poor little girl," said Roland, glancing upstairs.

Only her curiosity quietened Serena. Feeling that she was missing something, she allowed her screams to die down into a tremulous whimpering; she freed herself from her father and appeared on the staircase, with tears over her face and her lips quivering.

"Poor little girl," Roland said again—and he held out his arms to her as she descended the stairs slowly and suspiciously. She was far from being a shy child, but decided to feign timidity. She skirted the visitors widely and hid her face against Barbara, refusing to be coaxed away from her.

Leonard came downstairs, wearing a jovial and anticipatory look, which even Iris Bagueley's gushing voice did not diminish. "Delightful!" she kept exclaiming. "Your *garden*. 'Oh,' I said to Rollo, 'the garden, Rollo! The irises. What a *show*.'. . . Oh, she's a *shy* girl, is she? Who's lost her tongue?"

I hope she won't talk like this to Robert, Barbara thought fearfully.

"Have you any animals?" Iris suddenly asked in a low and confidential voice.

"Only guinea pigs," Barbara said hesitantly.

"Then, have you any objection if Chummy comes in? We take him everywhere and he's such an unhappy boy when he's left in the car. Girlie see doggie?"

Chummy was an evil-looking chow with a curled tail, a rather matted coat, and tongue hanging loose in a wicked wolf's mouth. He was brought through the hall, looking balefully about him. He panted, his ears pricked at every sound, claws pitter-pattered on the parquet floor as he restlessly and scornfully explored the room. Serena clung closer to her mother and her whimpering gathered force.

"Aren't you a mummy's girl!" said Iris brightly, tapping her on the head with her gloves.

"Go away!" Serena muttered angrily into her mother's skirt.

Robert, who had been comforting himself with a long drink, sidled in, his face stained with purple juice.

"And here's the son and heir," said Iris.

She seemed to twinkle at him—her spectacles, earrings, necklace, and her shiny straw hat—and Robert backed away, scowling.

So far, Roland had said very little, except to demur about the dog's being brought in, and this was ignored. Now, with a glass of sherry in his hand, he looked across at Barbara and said, "*Yassoo!*"

She smiled self-consciously and glanced at him—for the first time, she realized—and saw how utterly unfamiliar he looked in his dark suit: a different person, a different *kind* of person.

"Oh, Rollo and his Greek," said Iris, laughingly. "Cheers, my dears. You see, *I* can only say it in English. Before he went away, I thought I should go mad. He was everlastingly going about the house practicing sentences out of his phrase book, quite determined to be able to talk to the natives when he got there. Weren't you, Rollo?"

The nickname, thought Barbara, did not seem to attach itself to him, however constantly it was used; it glanced off him.

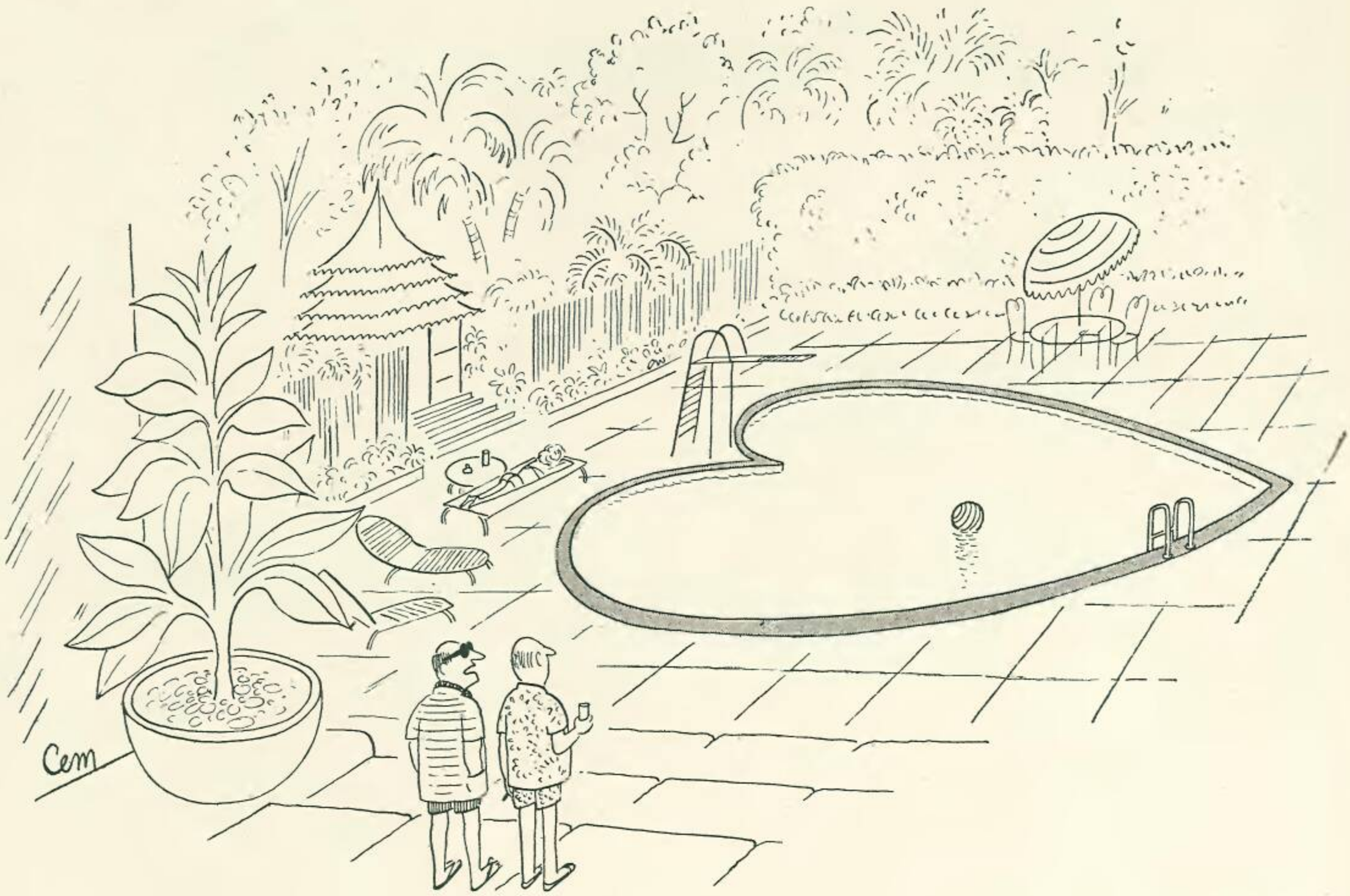
He blushed when his wife spoke of his attempts to learn Greek, and said that he had simply wasted his time, and Barbara—with Serena still clinging to her skirt—went on one of her little trips to the kitchen to lift saucepan lids and look into the oven. She had been drinking rather hastily, from nervousness, and felt hot and confused. The thought of finishing off the cooking, dishing up, the gathering together of them all at the table oppressed her unbearably.

"*You* didn't feel drawn toward Greece?" Leonard asked Iris when they were in the dining room at last. It was late. The potatoes had taken so long to brown that Barbara despaired, and several times Iris had peeped at her watch. She had refused a second drink. Then, just when everything was ready, Chummy wanted to go out and had to be taken and waited for.

Leonard now clashed the carving knife against the steel and Barbara watched anxiously as he cut off the first slice of beef and, from habit, laid it aside on the dish for himself.

"No," said Iris. "I was never taken with the idea. An aunt of mine went deaf from typhoid on the island of Rhodes."

"A long time ago," said Roland.



"Because I love her very much, that's why."

• •

" 'Don't drink the water and don't eat the salads,' I told Rollo before he went. . . . No, *do* serve the kiddies first, I implore you."

"Stop kicking your chair," said Barbara to Robert, who took no notice. She blushed, hearing in her mind what Iris must be thinking—Such behavior! What spoiled kiddies!

"You lost your tan," she said to Roland.

"And you."

"No, I think 'abroad,' as I call it, is terribly overrated," Iris told them. "Perhaps we haven't been awfully lucky. Goodness, don't you remember when we went to the Costa Brava, Rollo? The people there. They really were rather . . . well . . ."

"Mixed," Roland said quickly. It was the best he could think of in a hurry and doubtless had staved off worse.

"Yes, *mixed*." She smiled at him gratefully. "And the *food*." She closed her eyes.

When she opened them, she seemed encouraged to see the plate of decent English food in front of her, even though she could not have felt proud of the potatoes if *she* had cooked them. "Delicious," she said, in a faint and trailing-off voice as she took up her knife and fork.

She may have been pretty when she was younger, Barbara thought. In her mind, she brightened the hair, took off the spectacles, smoothed out the lines of discontent and eyestrain, and was just able to imagine Roland—a shy and unpracticed young man—allowing himself to be carried away. In Greece, she had known that he had nothing but solid worth to commend him. He had been dogged—even about his holiday, until, staying on the island, out of the world, out of context, he had achieved an undreamed-of air of negligence. They had ridden up to the convent, she reminded herself. Sweating, sunburned, untidy, he had stretched himself out under a tree and fallen asleep, spread-eagled in the dappled light. It was a different man, she thought, glancing at the trim, anxious one who was listening to his wife with an attentiveness he must have wisely acquired to make up for everyone else's lack of it.

These weeks, since his return from the island, must have been worse than hers, she realized—as the rest of his life would be worse. His experience must have been deeper, his brief escape desperately planned and wearily paid for. It was something for her—for Iris—to deride along with the other things. Once he had liked music, he had told Jane in answer to one of her offhand inquiries; later the sisters had laughed about it, but Barbara could not have laughed now. She could see too clearly the history of discarded interests.

It would have been better to have asked them to dinner, with the children safely in bed, she thought, slipping a clean plate under the wine-stained tablecloth. Robert had knocked over the glass of wine and water, which plainly Iris thought he should not have been given.

"And who is a little bit tipsy?" she was saying.

"Are you?" Robert asked.

Her laughter, her effusive ways with them, revealed her hatred of all children—and these particularly. They were what she did not want to be reminded of.

"Robert!" said Leonard, warningly.

Ignoring his father, staring at Iris, Robert said, with contempt in his voice, "You aren't really laughing. I know."

"I am," said Serena. She threw

back her head and half closed her eyes and gave a passable imitation of Iris's trilling laugh.

Affecting not to notice exactly what the child was doing, Barbara said, "Any more silliness from either of you and you will be sent upstairs to rest until you're sensible again."

"*You* would *like* that, wouldn't you?" Robert said in a low voice, with a glance at Iris.

"Well, then, it is no use," Barbara said. "You must go upstairs this minute, Robert." She was very nervous lest he should refuse to, and wondered how she would deal with so much loss of face if he did. To her relief, he slid down at once from his chair, walked round the table, and as he went out of the door was heard to say how glad he was to go. "Horrible old gooseberry tart," he chanted loudly, as he stamped upstairs. "Horrible, beastly old cream."

"I'm sorry," Barbara said.

"Goodness, only a very silly person would take offense at anything a child says," said Iris.

And that is what we are all afraid of one's doing, Leonard thought.

WHEN they had finished lunch, Roland gave Barbara his holiday photographs. "They're really no good," he apologized. "I think the light was too strong."

"I told you to allow for that," said Iris. "You had the meter."

Barbara's hands trembled with eagerness when she took the photographs from him, and her disappointment was great as she looked at one after another. She and Jane—standing beside donkeys or lemon trees or the masts of fishing boats—were blurred albino figures, their pale lips parted; or marble statues bleached in moonlight. The curving waterfront, the white village was like a heap of tripe.

"I think the light was far too strong," he said again.

She could distinguish the café with all the chairs outside, and Spyros's apron like a trail of ectoplasm among them. "Don't you remember . . ." she began. She looked up from the photograph and saw that his expression, though gentle, was forbidding.

He was right, of course, she realized. There could be no resurrection of those days—even the photographs had failed.

"Would you like to walk round the garden?" Leonard suggested.

Watched malignly from an upstairs window by Robert, Iris and Roland were shown the garden, flowers were picked for them, Chummy was called off the herbaceous border and shooed away from the guinea pigs. Soon after three they went away.

"Oh dear," said Iris, as they drove through the Sunday-afternoon traffic. "My *head*." She pressed her hands to her forehead. Chummy, sitting up in the back of the car, panted loudly, his tongue lolling out of his mouth. "Those *children*," Iris said.

"I must admit they were rather out of hand. What did you think of Barbara?"

"Quite frankly," said Iris, "I wasn't terribly impressed."

BARBARA took tea onto the lawn. There was no sun, but it was warm. Robert, having been freed and forgiven, lovingly ate cold gooseberry tart and cream. It was a peaceful teatime. At the end, Serena, getting up from the grass, asked, "Can we get down?"

For a little while, she and Robert played amicably together and Barbara and Leonard watched them contentedly.

"I wonder if they're back in Hampstead yet," she said. "I'd like to know what they are doing at this moment. They must have finished talking about us by now. I'm sorry about the awful fiasco. I let you in for it."

"He was quite a decent sort of fellow."

"But *she!*"

"Yes, she certainly *was* rather . . ."

"Mixed."

They laughed, and the children, swinging in a hammock, looked across at them. To hear their parents laughing together was a sound they loved very much. Hearing it, they thought they would be good forever, so that it would never stop. The world then became a settled, a serene place to be in.

"Oh, darling! I'm so glad I have you," Barbara told Leonard.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

"It's our only chance, Wilensky. It means the game."

•

The meeting was attended by one person and a representative of the press.—*Shelter Island (N.Y.) Reporter.*

No vivid writing, please.

PROFILES

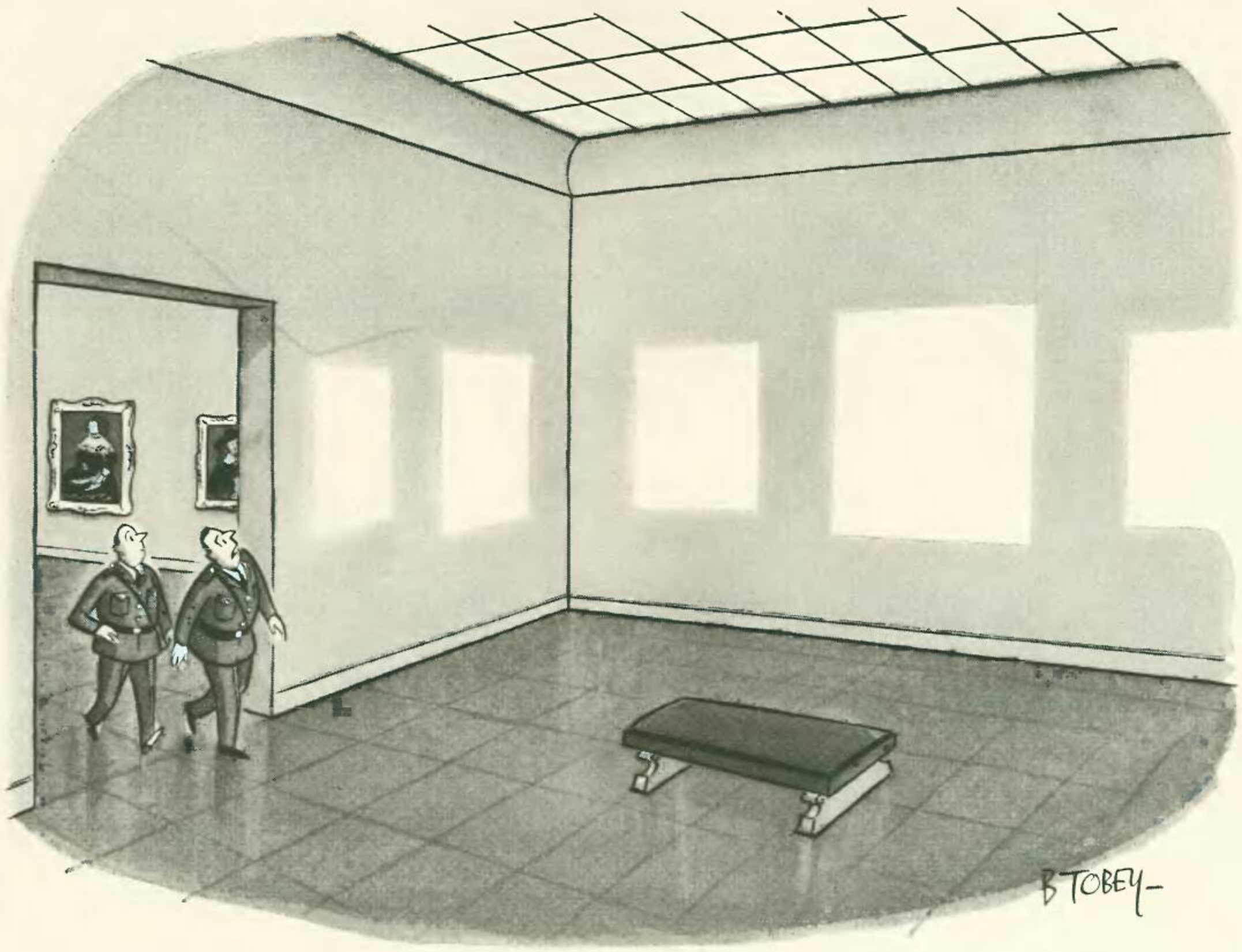
THE PLAYER—II

Henry Fonda | *Maureen Stapleton* | *Rod Steiger* | *Katharine Cornell* | *Zero Mostel* | *Maria Schell* | *Cedric Hardwicke*

HENRY FONDA: *Acting is putting on a mask. The worst torture that can happen to me is not having a mask to get in back of.*

I was born on May 16, 1905, in Grand Island, Nebraska, just west of Omaha. I'm the oldest of three. My sisters, Harriet and Jayne, are married to businessmen and live in Omaha and in Pasadena, California, respectively. My father, William Brace Fonda, owned a printing company in Omaha, where I was raised. He died in 1935. My mother, an angelic woman, died the year before. I look like my father. To this day, when I walk past a mirror and see my reflection in it, my first impression is: That's my father. There is a strong Fonda look. It's in my sisters, in their children, in my children. The name Fonda is Italian in origin. There were Fondas in the Apennine Valley near Genoa who migrated to Holland around 1400 during a religious revolution. Around 1628, Fondas were among the Dutch settlers who settled in upper New York State, where, in a town called Fonda, both my father's mother and father were born. Omaha has never ceased being my home. I always stop in Omaha when I'm going from one coast to the other. As a child, I lived in four different houses in Omaha, and went to three different grade schools. Then, when I was thirteen or fourteen, we settled down in a big wooden clapboard house in Omaha, and I attended Omaha Central High School. I didn't get my full growth until I was a senior in high school. My son Pete grew in the same way. He stands six feet two—an inch taller than I am. I had what I regard as a normal youth. My close friends today are the friends I grew up with: Bill Reed, an insurance man in Omaha; Charles Dox, a banker in Chicago; Bill Johnson, a California businessman. We swam naked in sand pits and built shacks out of lumber we stole off construction jobs. As a kid, I'd go downtown on the streetcar to my father's office, and he'd give me a nickel to go to the nickelodeon, where I saw the early Charlie Chaplin and William S. Hart pictures. Starting when I was twelve, I worked in my father's printshop in the summers, at two dollars a week. When I was going to high school, I always worked in the summers. It never occurred to me to question it; I just assumed I'd have to work. My mother was a Christian Scientist. My grandmother was a Second Reader in the church. Dorothy Brando, Marlon's mother, an amateur actress, was a close friend of Mother's in and out of the church.

I started out wanting to be a writer. At ten, I wrote a story called "The Mouse," which was told from a mouse's point of view. We were living in a suburb of Omaha called Dundee and the story was published in the Dundee newspaper. I took up journalism at college, at the University of Minnesota, and I worked at two jobs while studying—trouble-shooter for the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, and director of various sports and other activities at a settlement house in town. I'd take the streetcar from the campus to the settlement house, on the other side of town, in temperatures that went as low as thirty below zero, and in the basketball season I'd play on the team as well as coach it. For all that I got thirty dollars a month, plus room and board. Dad sent me ten bucks a week. It was exhausting. I did it for a year, and then I went home for a rest. While I was home, I got a message from Do Brando to call Gregory Foley, the director of the Omaha Community Playhouse. She knew that I was at loose ends, and that I was the right age and type to play a juvenile lead they were looking for. I called Foley, and was told to come over to his headquarters—a studio with a skylight, which was kind of bohemian for Omaha. Foley, a short, red-headed Irishman, handed me the published version of "You and I," by Philip Barry, and asked me to read the part of Ricky, the juvenile lead. First thing I knew, I was cast in the play. I was sure I didn't want to do it. At rehearsals, I found myself in another world. It was a nightmare. I didn't dare look up. I was the kind of guy who thinks everybody is looking at *him*. I was very reluctant. I had no ambition to be an actor. But it was summer, and I had nothing else to do, so I joined the company. I stayed as an actor with the Playhouse for two nine-month seasons and did four principal roles. I practically lived at the theatre. I painted scenery, soaked up the sight of the lines of rope that go up to the grid, smelled greasepaint, smelled smells I had never smelled before. My parents weren't particularly for it, but they accepted it. After the first season, in the summer of 1926, I answered an ad for the job of office boy with the Retail Credit Company. I got the job—filing and cross-filing. I was just learning the system when Foley called me to ask if I would play the lead in George Kaufman and Marc Connelly's "Merton of the Movies"—the part Glenn Hunter had played on Broadway. I said yes, but when I came home with the news, I was greeted by ice. Dad said it wasn't a good idea to quit my Retail Credit job. However,



"Oh, no!"

• •

I was twenty-one and stubborn, and I said I was going to leave home. My mother tried to straighten things out diplomatically, but Dad wouldn't speak to me for a month. The upshot was I did both; I went to work at Retail Credit at seven in the morning and rehearsed for the play at night and on Sundays. On opening night, I got my first feeling of what acting was all about. I liked the whole idea of getting up there and being Merton. I was given an ovation. When I got home, Dad was sitting in the living room behind his newspaper, and one of my sisters started criticizing my performance when, from behind the newspaper, Dad said, "Shut up. He was perfect." One of the reviews of the play said, "Who needs Glenn Hunter? We have Henry." I played Merton for one wonderful week.

I might easily have become a credit manager in Omaha and done community theatre for kicks, but then, in the spring of 1927, I suddenly had an offer to spend a week in New York seeing all the shows, as a present from the mother of a local Princeton boy. I was supposed to pick him up and drive him home for Easter. When I told the manager of the credit office, he was shocked. He had big plans to send me to the home office in Atlanta for managerial training. But I made the trip to New York, and saw nine plays in six days, including "The Constant Wife," with Ethel Barrymore. I loved every minute. When I got back from New York, Foley offered me a job at the Playhouse as assistant director, at a salary of five hundred dollars for the next season. It seemed fine to me. I did a lot of things, including acting and designing scenery. Ever since kindergarten, I'd been able to draw. My main acting assignment was to play opposite Do Brando in Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon." I was living at home, and I was beginning to think there was such a thing as making a living in the theatre. By the end of the season, I knew I wanted to go to New York.

For three months in the summer of 1927, I did some one-night stands throughout Iowa and Illinois promoting a new movie about Abraham Lincoln; I had written a sketch for an actor named George Billings, who hired me to assist him in his act, which consisted of his doing an impersonation of Lincoln while the orchestra played "Hearts and Flowers." Then I went back to the Playhouse. In June, 1928, a friend of the family drove me to Cape Cod, where I wanted to get a job with the Provincetown Players. I was apple-cheeked, and I looked like a farm boy. I had about a hundred dollars saved up. I walked into the theatre, was told they had nothing, and walked out. I took the train over to Dennis, and, in the middle of the afternoon, walked into the Cape Playhouse, where the company was rehearsing. I stood around, too scared to ask anybody anything, and then I went to a nearby boarding house to arrange to spend the night. It turned out that all the company were staying there—Laura Hope Crews, Peggy Wood, Minor Watson, Romney Brent. I told them my name, and they were all

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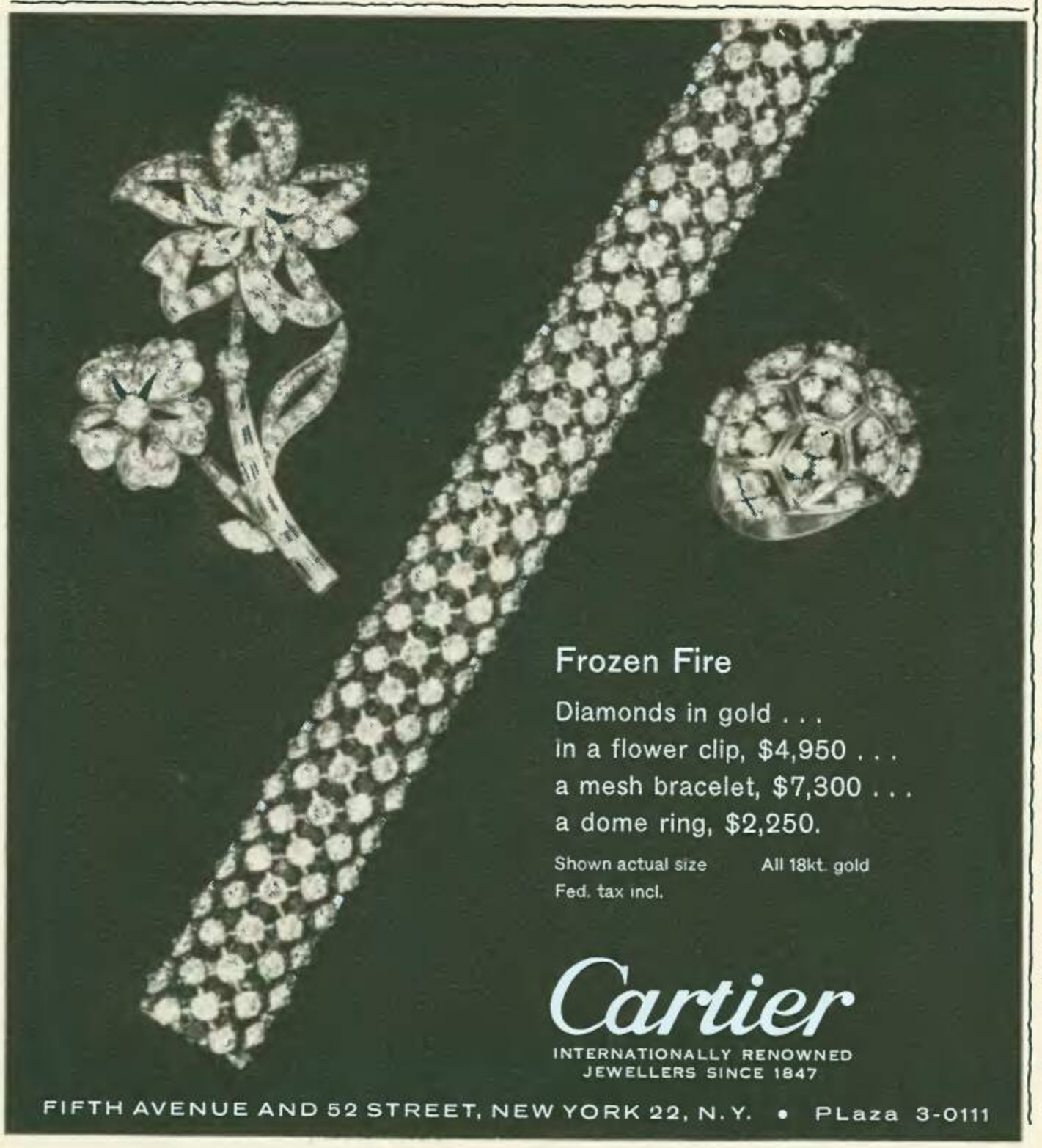

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very kind, all terribly nice people. It never occurred to me to ask if I could join the company, but there must have been something in my face, because they asked me if I'd like to stick around, as third assistant stage manager, at no salary. I stayed. They gave me a bit part in "The Barker," and I was as unprofessional as possible—stood in a corner learning my lines while the others were rehearsing. The mark of an amateur. I was a really naïve guy. Then the actor who was going to play the juvenile lead dropped out, and the part was given to me. A friend of mine came to see me in the play, and he invited me to drive with him to Falmouth, where a group he knew called the University Players Guild had just founded a summer theatre, with John Swope, Bretaigne Windust, Joshua Logan, Charles Leatherbee, and Kent Smith. All of us loved each other at first blush. Margaret Sullavan came to Falmouth in the second year, and Jimmy Stewart in the third. I moved to Falmouth, and in the next four summers was in about twenty plays. Everybody did everything—box-office work, ushering, painting scenery. The first summer, I had my first lead, in "Is Zat So?" I felt I was now in the world of the theatre. I was committed to it.

At the end of that summer, everybody else went back to college, and I went to New York. I was excited. I was nothing but optimistic. I hardly had anything to eat for weeks. It never occurred to me to be discouraged. I wasn't terribly smart. If I'd been smart, I would have given up and gone home. Bretaigne Windust had told me, "Let's face it, Hank. You're a scenic designer." But I wanted to be an actor. I was making myself a little dizzy. I was damn sure I was a good actor, and sure that eventually I was going to prove it. My first season in New York, I became the best-known unknown actor in town. All the offices knew me. All the agents knew me. I lived on 114th Street in a ten-dollar-a-week room. I joined Equity. I learned that Equity listed all plays in production on its bulletin board. I didn't present myself well to producers, but I knew I was good. I had learned I was good when I played Merton in Omaha. Thirty-five years later, I can still remember the way I felt as Merton. There was a kind of breathless feeling I couldn't ever recapture. It was like being ten years old and playing cops and robbers.

Practically everything that has ever happened to me has been the result of the long arm of coincidence. It's been a

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matter of getting the lucky break, of being in the right place at the right time. For the next few years, I took odd jobs, such as doing plays for children, including plays of Shakespeare's that I not only hadn't ever acted in before but hadn't even read. I had a walk-on part in "The Game of Love and Death," a Theatre Guild production about the French Revolution. On Christmas Day, 1931, during a winter season I spent with the University Players Guild in Baltimore, I was married to Margaret Sullavan. It was a first marriage for both of us, and it didn't last long. She was established, and I had to find a job. I went back, in the spring of 1932, to Omaha and played at the Community Playhouse in "A Kiss for Cinderella," in which Dorothy McGuire, then fourteen, played Cinderella. I worked as a backstage helper with the Surry Theatre, in Maine, in the summer of 1932. I moved actors' trunks, and so on, until the scenic designer quit halfway through the season. Then I became the scenic designer. In the summer of 1933, I designed scenery for the Westchester Players in Mount Kisco, and played some parts. Any summer theatre would have hired me as a scenic designer. In the spring of 1934, I was in Leonard Sillman's "New Faces," in which I did comedy skits with Imogene Coca. Leland Hayward, an old friend, saw me in that show, and I signed with him as my manager-agent. That summer I went back to the Westchester Players as the star in leading parts. I knew then that the door was going to open. I could smell it coming. The graph had been in that direction. Leland Hayward wired me to come to Hollywood, but I wasn't interested. The theatre was my first love. It was. It is. But I went out anyway, and when Leland asked me to sign up with Walter Wanger, I asked for what I thought was the impossible amount of a thousand dollars a week. But Wanger said yes, so I signed a contract to do two pictures a year, with provisions for my going back to the legitimate theatre, and the next day went right back to Mount Kisco. June Walker, who had seen me as the tutor in Molnar's "The Swan," at Mount Kisco, told Marc Connelly to get hold of me for a new play he had written with Frank B. Elser, "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Connelly borrowed me for it from Wanger. I did it first as a play and then as a movie.

It was easy to make the transition to movies. I started to act in the film version of "The Farmer Takes a Wife" the way I always did for a play, and Victor Fleming, the director, told me I

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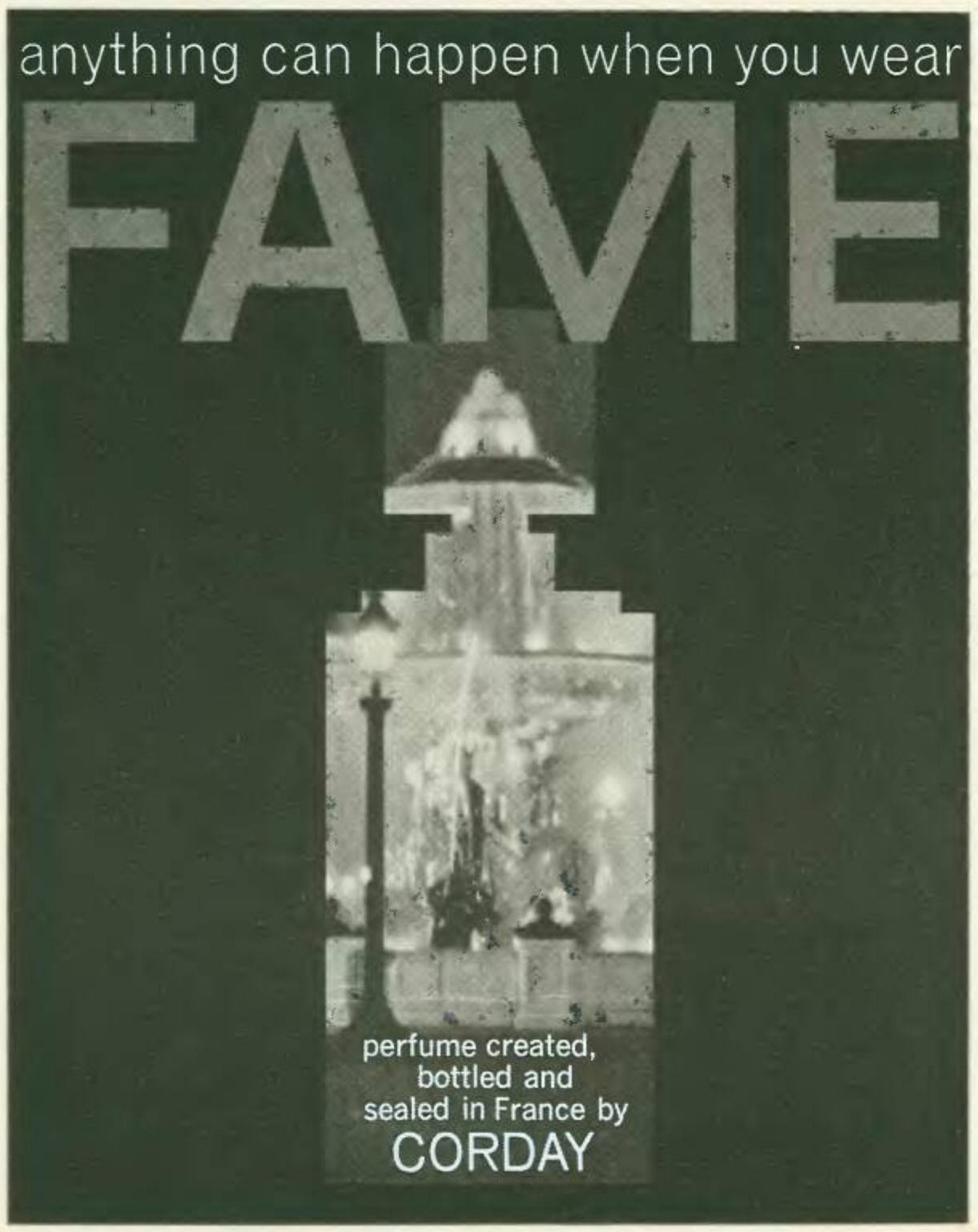

was mugging. And that's all it took. I just pulled it down to reality. You don't project anything for movies. You do it as you would in your own home. Because of all the experience back of me in the same part, it didn't bother me to work out of continuity, the way you do in making a movie. Of course, there's very little personal satisfaction in doing those bits and pieces for a movie. You don't really have any recollection of having created a role. But the money in the beginning made it pretty attractive. After doing "The Farmer Takes a Wife," I made two movies for Wanger—"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with Sylvia Sidney, and "The Moon's Our Home," with Margaret Sullavan—but, even though I wanted to get my feet back on the boards, I wasn't getting any plays submitted to me, and I kept making more movies, including "Jezebel," with Bette Davis, "Jesse James," with Tyrone Power, and "Young Mr. Lincoln," in which I played the title role. One movie I was eager to do was "The Grapes of Wrath"—the part of Tom Joad—and I had to sign a seven-year contract with Fox to get the part. I regretted it, but signed. Then I couldn't get out of the contract. I made all kinds of movies I hated. My gorge rises when I remember them. I did make a few I liked, though, including "The Lady Eve" and "The Male Animal."

In 1942, I was thirty-seven. I enlisted in the Navy and served as quartermaster third class on a destroyer in the Pacific. Later, the Executive Officer on the destroyer recommended me for a commission; I was flown to 90 Church Street and discharged, was then immediately commissioned as a Lieutenant J.G., and joined Air Combat Intelligence. At that time, I wasn't eager to go back to movies, but after the war I did go back. I made a John Ford picture, "My Darling Clementine," and other pictures, and then I went into Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan's "Mister Roberts" on Broadway. I'd never been in a long run before, except for a hundred and four performances in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." "Mister Roberts" was a love story backstage. We were all just crazy about the play. If anybody let down, he had thirty other guys on him. It was like being in love. You had this good feeling in the guts practically all the time. I love to act, and in this play I always knew everything I was going to do but could make it look like not acting at all. It was so wonderful acting with a guy like Robert Keith, who played Doc. It was the most fun I've ever had to be on the stage with this

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man. I'd still be in my dressing room waiting to go onstage and I could feel the hackles rising in anticipation, the skin tingling. One of my joys was for Josh Logan, who had directed the play, to come to a performance and say, "Fonda, you son of a bitch!" To have him recognize the way the part got better all the time. It never got static. The pitfall you get into in most long runs is you stop listening. It's a subtle thing. It never happened in "Mister Roberts." The thing I try to do onstage is to create the illusion that it's happening for the first time. In two years, not a performance got by of all the performances we did that the audience didn't get what it came for; for them it was happening for the first time. I never got tired of it.

I'm suspicious of anything that happens too fast or too soon. When you have the part you are playing under control, it seems to be effortless, but it's not. I baby up on a part. I get the feeling gradually. I learn the lines gradually. You feel your way in every instance. You find your way onstage. You get closer to your lines, then begin to find ways of doing them. I always know when it feels real to me. My daughter Jane and my son Pete both have stage presence. You're not aware that you've got it. It's just the magic thing you can see when the actor walks out on the stage. There are a lot who have *only* presence. If you've got it, you thank your lucky stars, because you don't have to work so hard. It's wonderful to know you can get your audience just by walking out on the stage, because of your good voice, other physical things, and a lot more that are absolutely intangible. But in addition to having stage presence you have to know what you are doing. I was surprised and delighted when I found that my children knew. In fact, I was absolutely floored. Recently, Jane told me that something had happened to her in a play she was in. She said, "Dad, I felt that my real emotion had taken over." When my emotion takes over in a part, it's like a seaplane taking off on the water. I feel as if I were soaring. If five times out of eight a week the emotions take over, you've got magic. But you hold them back just enough. It's just like holding a horse back. It's got to be thought out, and you've got to listen to the others, or you start blubbering all over the place. Normally, when I start working on a play, by the second week I don't have the script in my hand any more and I can feel the character coming to life. I get frantic when it's not happening, because it means to me that the words, the scenes are not right. When it's difficult, it's awful. When

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it begins to be less difficult, I begin to find the blood, the breath of the part and I'm less myself.

The theatre is where I really get my kicks. When you make a movie, and people say you're great, you like to hear them say it, but you don't have the feeling you've lived your character or built your emotions one on top of another. In movies, you hit emotion maybe once in a scene. Live television is like the theatre. You're on and you're committed to it, the way you are on the stage. Film television is like movies. You do television movies to make a buck and save a buck. I was damn lucky I became an actor. Theatre is the only thing I understand. I can't really talk about anything else. In company, I don't have small talk. It's pretty silly to begin with, and I don't know how to do it at all. When you've exhausted the weather, and where you've been, and where they've been, you're stuck. When I get stuck, I feel everybody is looking at me and I want to hide. I like to be the observer.

I've had practical problems to face as an actor. On the practical side, I recently appeared in a television series called "The Deputy," which is now bringing me an income from reruns. My first reaction was to resist it, because I still feel I have a future and I didn't want to be identified with one character. But we found a way for me to limit my appearances in the weekly films; in some of them I appeared in just one scene. I did it because the show is something I produced and partly own. If I didn't do things like that, I wouldn't be able to live the way I do and make enough money to raise a family, put the children through college, dress well, have a town house in New York, have a villa on the Riviera, go to Cape Cod, travel when I feel like it, and do a play once a year. This is what being an actor has given me, and I say, Thank God that's what I am. But what I get out of acting is worth more than any money. I'm happiest and most relaxed when I'm onstage. I look forward to it. It's terribly important to me to be good. When strangers come up to me, wherever I am, and say, "Mr. Fonda, I hope you don't mind, but thank you," I am very pleased. They're not just fans who want to say they saw a movie star. They have had pleasure, and you've given it to them.

ZERO MOSTEL: *The theatre is like a cathedral—I mean a* shul. *At the end of it, there's a cup of hot tea.*

I was born on February 28, 1915, in Brownsville, Brooklyn. I am the next-

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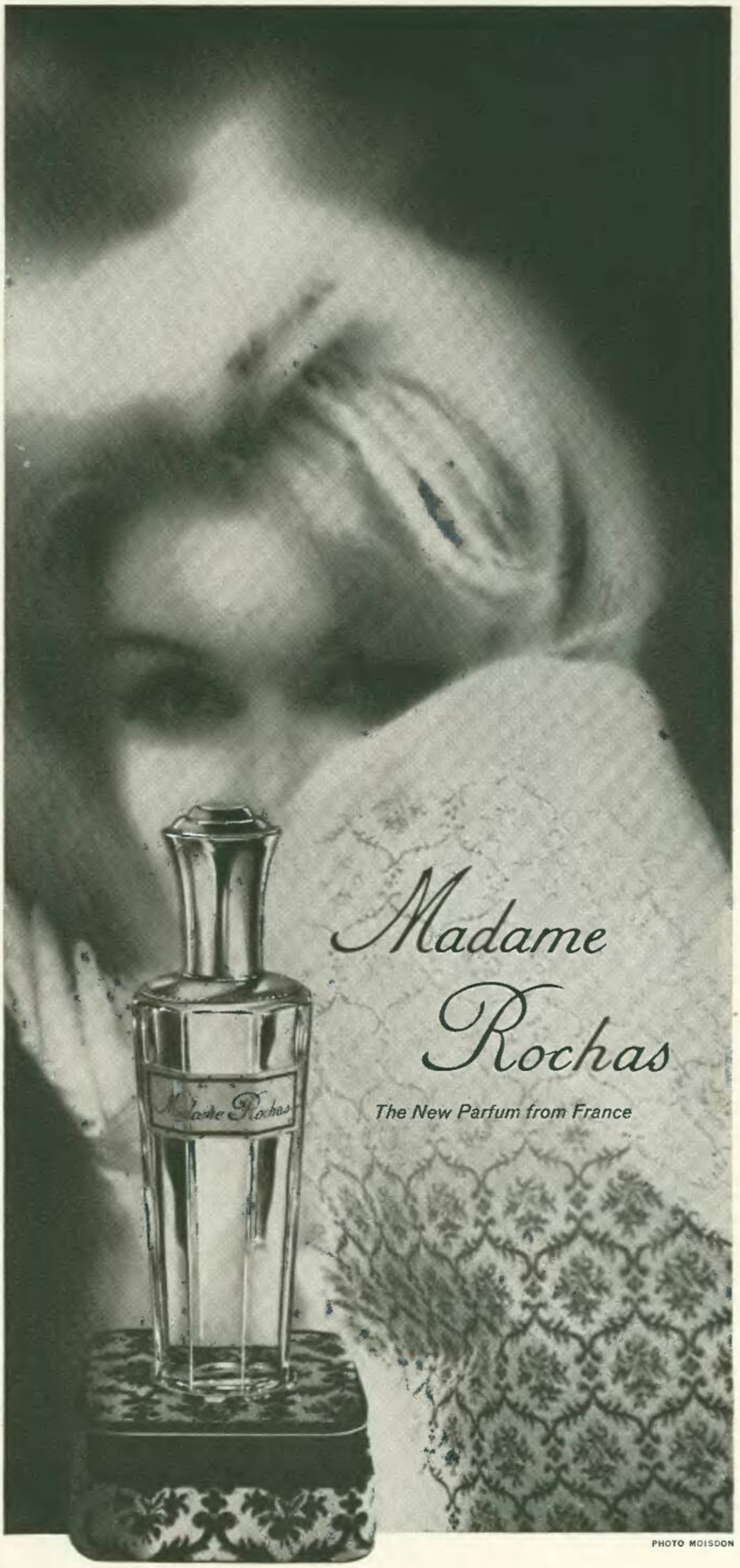
to-the-youngest child of my father's second set of children; he had four children by his first wife, spaced three years apart, and four children by his second wife, also spaced three years apart. One brother is in philanthropic work, and my other brothers are in various kinds of manufacturing or accounting. All but two of us are boys. My father was a very good-natured man, who moved us from Brownsville to the lower East Side to Moodus, Connecticut, where he was in charge of a kosher slaughterhouse, and then to the Bronx, where he made sacramental wine. I went to P.S. 188, on the lower East Side, and I graduated from Seward Park High School, in Manhattan. My real name is Samuel Joel Mostel. The kids in school started calling me Zero, because I was always cutting up in class and appeared to be a hopeless student. I weigh two hundred and thirty-five pounds now; as a kid, I was terribly skinny. When I was seven, I played the part of a Red Cross nurse in a school pageant. I loved doing imitations and getting laughs from the other kids. My family always frowned on acting. My father, who died in 1945, never came to see me on the stage, or when I worked in night clubs or in movies. Being an entertainer of that kind came under the heading of making fun of human beings, which is objectionable in the orthodox Jewish religion. Both my parents had great humor. My mother was a wit, but never a sentimental one. Once, when somebody in our house stepped on our cat's paw, she turned to the cat and said sternly, "I *told* you not to go around barefoot!" About all the occupations I chose, my mother had one word: "Bum!" When I kept asking my father to give in and come to see me entertain, he always said, "I don't want the publicity."

In school, I found that I was very good at drawing and painting. I've never stopped painting. I've always had a studio to go to; even while I'm in a play, I try to go every day to my studio, which is now on West Twenty-eighth Street. I was married in 1944 to my wife, Kathryn, who was a Rockette and a ballet dancer. We have two children—Joshua, who was born in 1946, and Tobias, born two years later. Both my sons are musical and are good chess players. I graduated with a B.A. from C.C.N.Y. in 1935 and went on to N.Y.U. to study art at night. During the day, I went to work, turning sleeves in an overcoat shop belonging to one of my brothers-in-law. I quit after four weeks. Then I got on the W.P.A., and moved into a hundred-square-foot room



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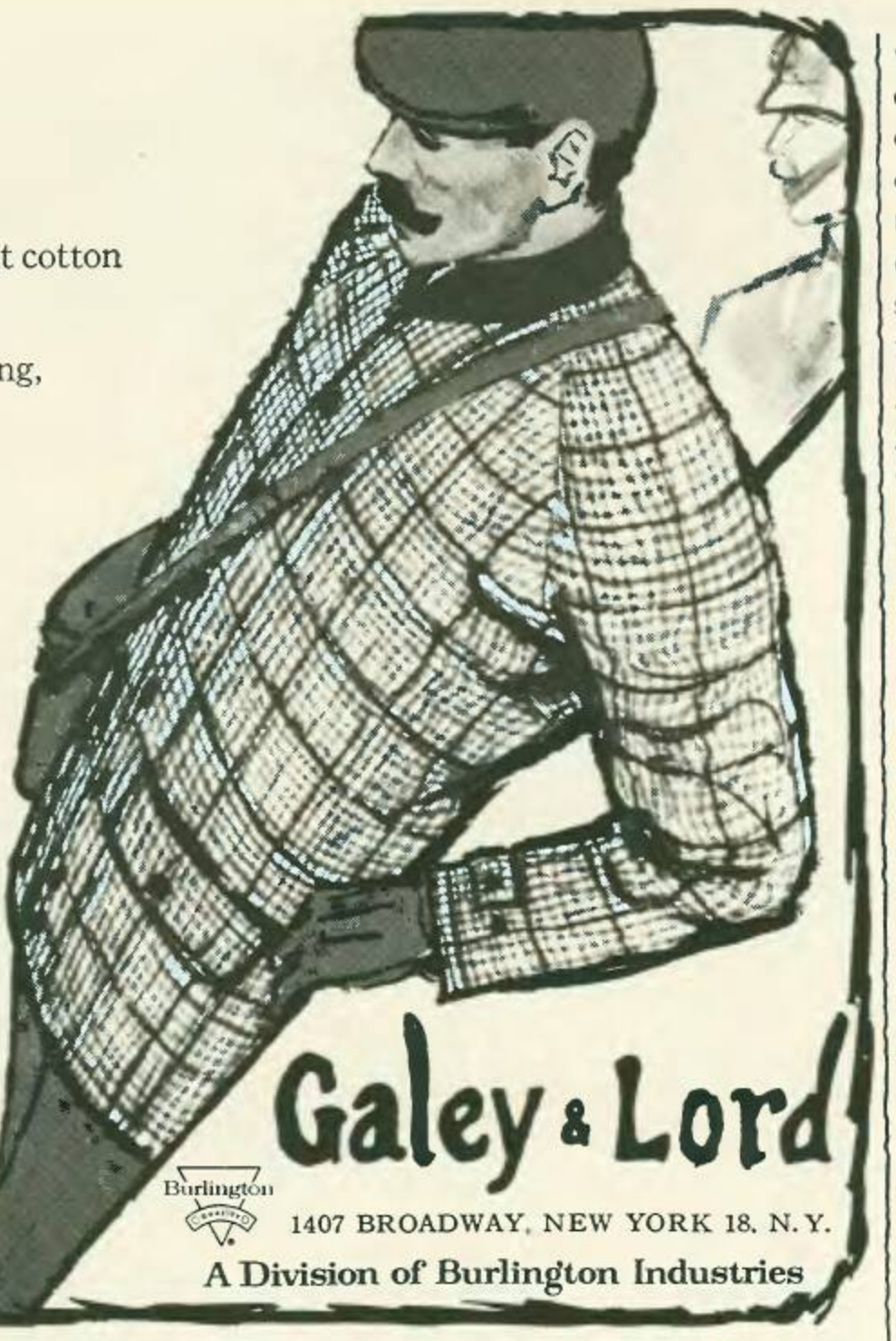

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with another artist. The W.P.A. had classes in many branches of art—life drawing, painting, industrial arts. Most of the good artists were on the project, teaching and working. I taught life drawing and painting at the Ninety-second Street Y.M.H.A. We gave Artists' Balls, at which I would get up and joke and deliver chalk talks. Barney Josephson, who was running Café Society Downtown and Café Society Uptown at the time, heard me at one of the Artists' Balls and, in 1942, hired me to do an act at Café Society Downtown, at a salary of forty dollars a week. Then I moved to the Uptown, at a salary of a hundred dollars a week. Here I was a big night-club star, and yet when I had a date, all I knew to offer was, "Let's go for a bite at Rudley's." A year later, I was booked into the Martinique at a salary of thirty-seven hundred and fifty dollars a week.

By this time I knew that I wanted to be an actor. I was a comic. Most comics never bother to equip themselves as actors. Most of the young comics today have the misconception that if they do a series of gags in a certain pose, that's enough. But the best comics are also good actors. Chaplin is a wonderful actor. W. C. Fields and Willie Howard and Bobby Clark were real actors, and so are Bert Lahr and Joey Adams and Shelley Berman. In France, the word "*comédien*" actually means both "comedian" and "actor." I wanted to play in the classic comic literature. I wanted to act in plays by Molière, the daddy of all comic invention. I felt that I had to study everything if I wanted to act. I felt that an actor was better if he knew what was going on, if he was aware of the literary stage tradition. I wanted to know how to do Lear and Toby Belch and Falstaff. I had read all of Shaw and Molière by the time I was nineteen. In college, when my English professor was writing "You can't beat Thomas Wolfe" on the blackboard, I was reading "Ulysses" out loud in the alcove with other rebels. Years after, when I was going to play Leopold Bloom in the Off Broadway production of "Ulysses in Nighttown," I found that I knew whole sections of it by heart. I was also fascinated by Molière, and when I read "The Miser" and "The Imaginary Invalid" and "The Bourgeois Gentleman," I automatically imagined what funny things you could do at this point or that point while playing the parts. I wasn't even thinking of acting then myself, though. In 1949, I went up to the Brattle Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and played

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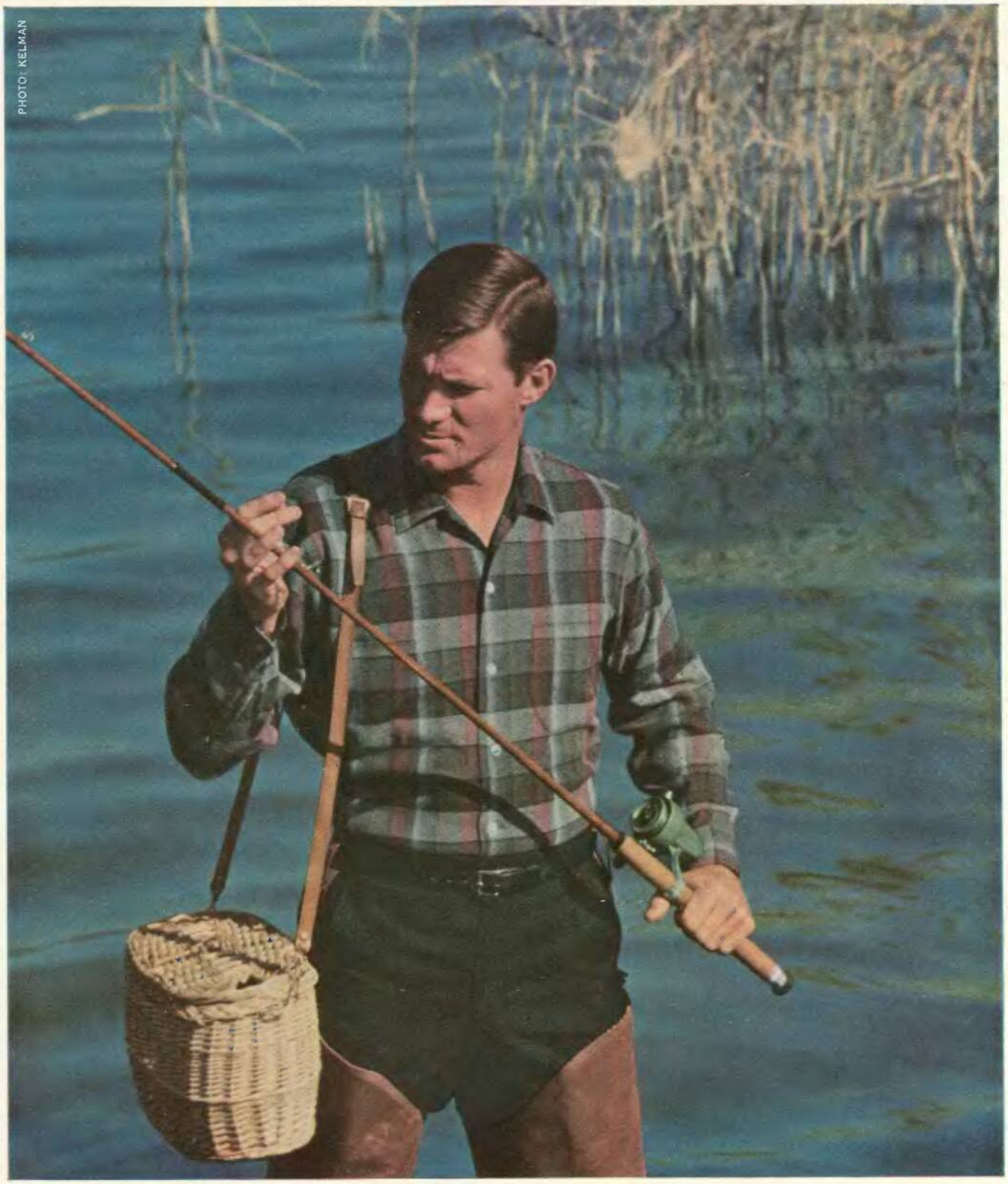

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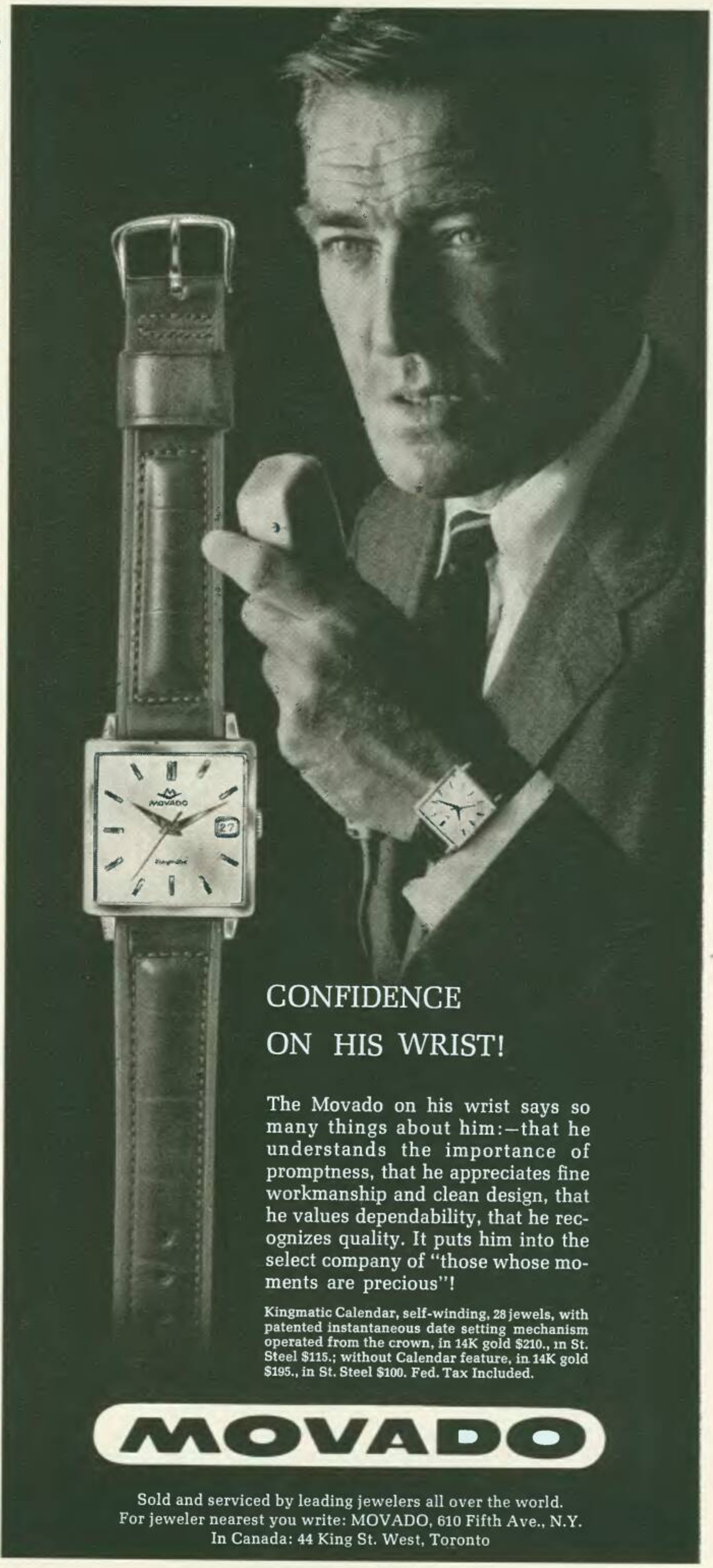
Argan in my own adaptation of "The Imaginary Invalid." A couple of years later, I went back there again and played Sganarelle in "The Doctor in Spite of Himself." The part of Argan offers the finest of comic material. I'd never worked in a play until then, and I found it exciting, playing with an ensemble and in a part that offered the opportunity for me to do so much—acting, comedy, singing, and dancing, as well as a complete character. The part utilized what I felt I had. And I didn't have to work with a microphone or wear a blue suit and a tie. Bloom in "Ulysses in Nighttown" was another very rich part, and I enjoyed playing it. I wish I could play in "The Imaginary Invalid" on Broadway, but producers go wild when they hear the name "Molière." They immediately start figuring out the cost of the costumes.

I was in the Army for a while, and served in the infantry at Camp Croft and Fort Meade. Then I played all the big night clubs as a comic, was in the Duke Ellington musical "Beggar's Holiday," on Broadway, and played the London Palladium for three weeks. In the summer, I'd try to go where I could play Molière. In 1950, I moved my family out to Hollywood to live while I made some movies. I played in "Panic in the Streets," directed by Elia Kazan, and in "The Enforcer," "Sirocco," and other pictures. I took a studio on Santa Monica Boulevard and spent a lot of time painting. But I hated Hollywood. Everything about it—the people, the climate, the business. Everything. My wife hated it. The kids hated it. We were all happy to get back to New York.

I've always been very choosy. I turned down the part of the peddler in "Oklahoma!," which the producers wanted to build up for me. The idea, they told me, was to get into a musical and make nineteen million dollars. I didn't want that. I wanted to be free to act and to paint. I'm constantly trying new things in painting. After I'd done one thing, I'd go on to try something new. In the early forties, I painted socially satiric things, and later on I did more abstract painting. Lately, I've been working with mixed media—oils, crayon, pastels. Only a monomaniac does the same thing in all the arts. What I do in acting is something different. A guy's painting, if it's true, is of himself, always. Painting is a much more creative field than acting. You take up an empty canvas; you fill it. In acting, you've got something to start with. You're not always satisfied with



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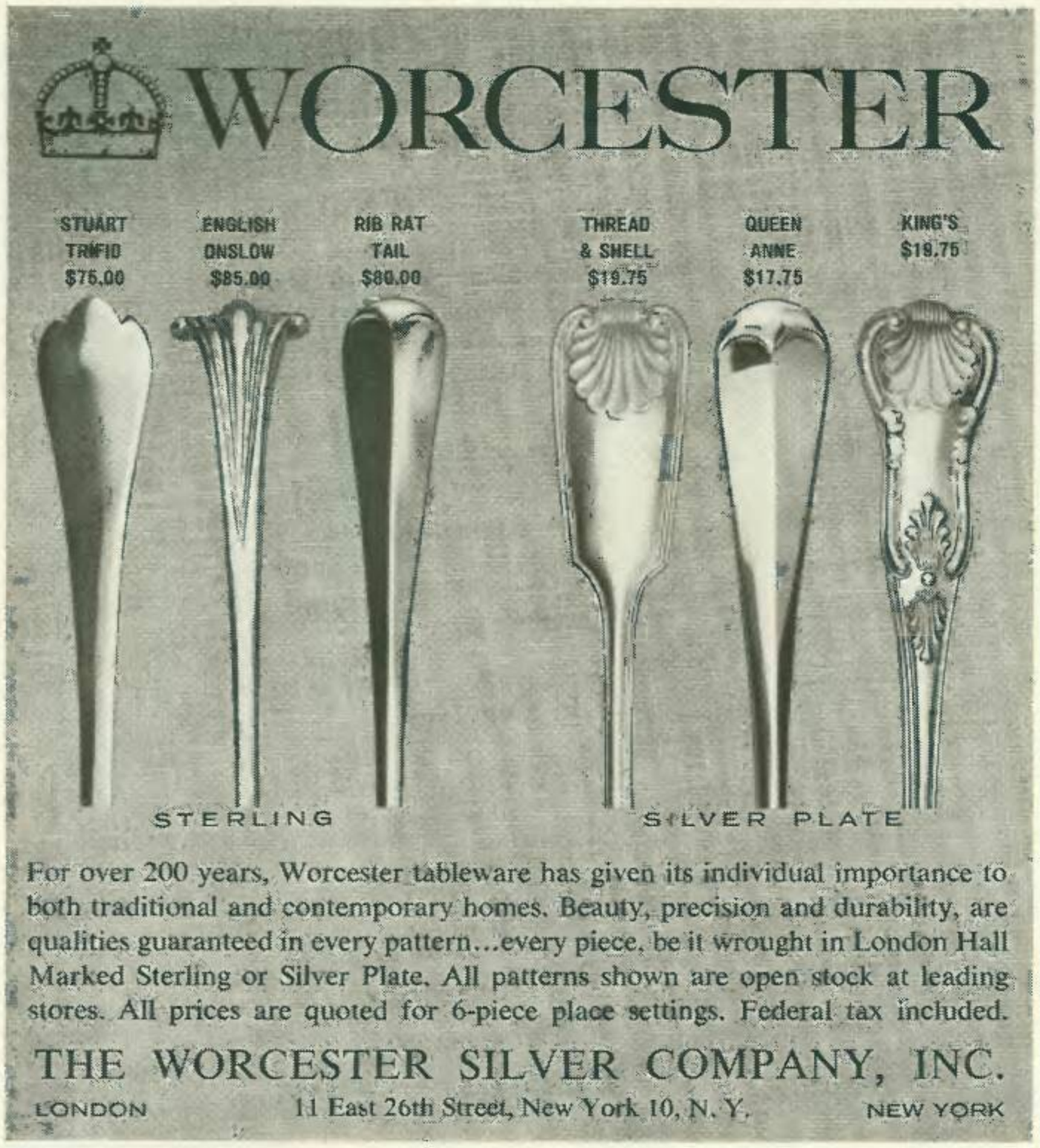
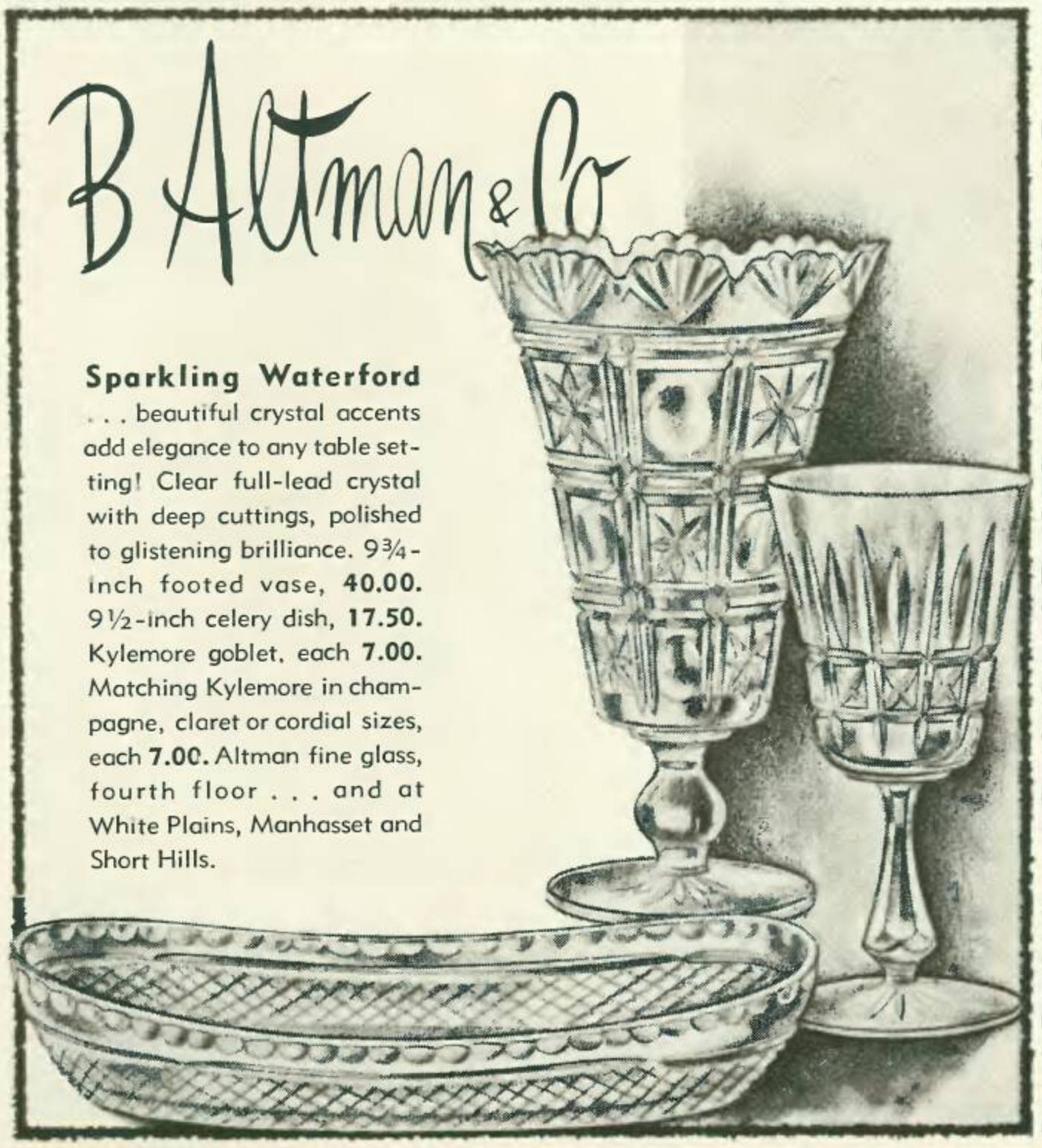
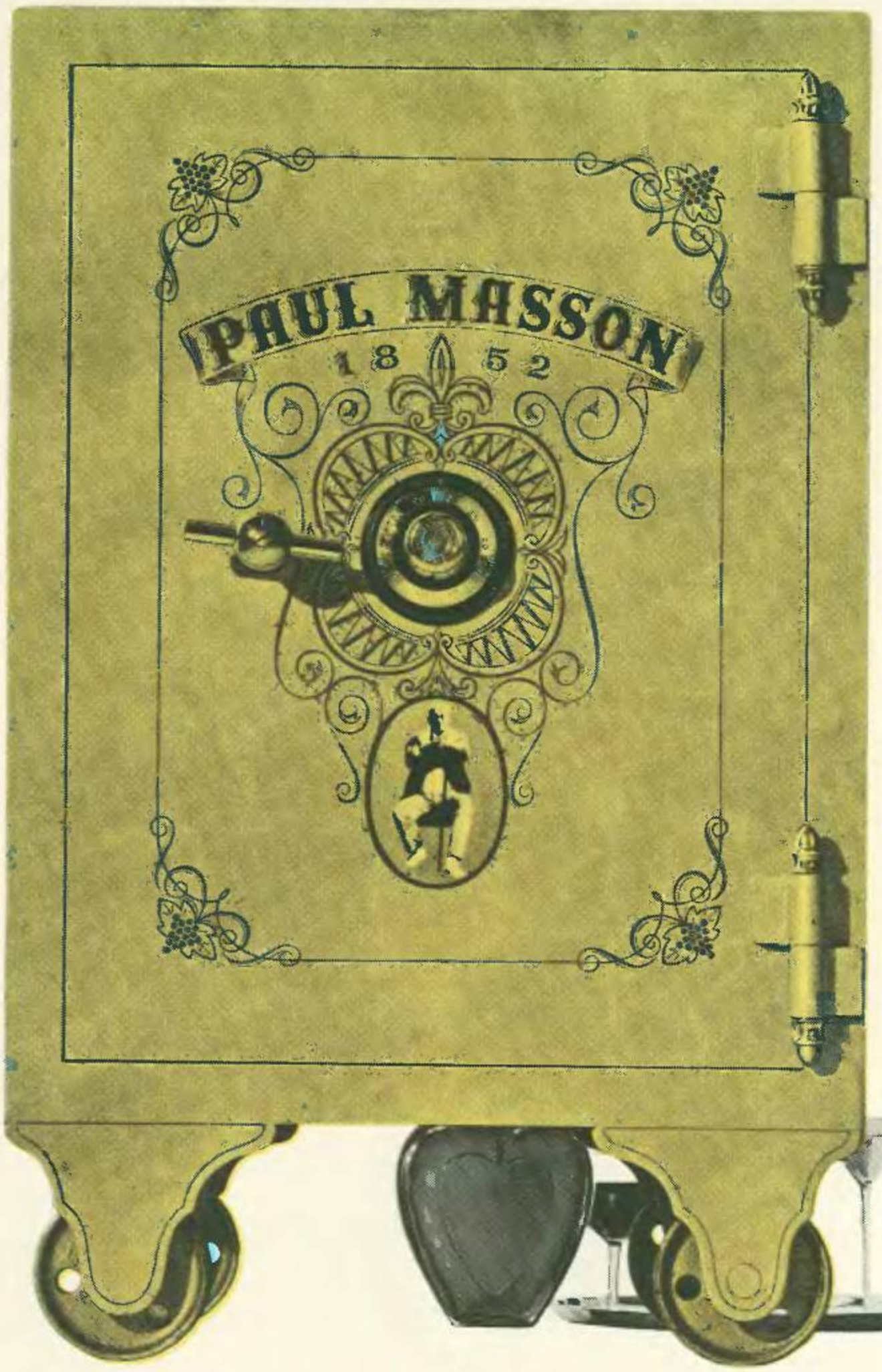




what you put on the blank canvas, and, as in acting on the stage, you have a chance the next day or night to do it over. Painting comes from color, not from drawing. I'm a colorist. I never stop painting. You can't do it by fits and starts. If you paint, you've got to paint every day. Otherwise, the simple mixing of the colors becomes a terrific problem. I'm not unusual in wanting to act as well as paint. During the Renaissance, they did everything—jewelry, painting, dam-building, sculpture. There's no way of knowing which I need more, painting or acting. It's just that I have a need to do both.

I don't like to do a lot of things you have to do to become a success as an actor. I was the same way in painting. I never got into the social life of being a painter. When I finally succumbed and got myself an agent as a painter, only recently, he died. As an actor or anything else, I don't go to ladies' clubs. I'm not willing to make a business out of myself. If an actor gets that involved with himself, he's doing photographs in the morning, then the meeting with the publicity man, then the session with his psychoanalyst, then the hot lunch at Sardi's. If you do a lot of that kind of thing as an actor, you get farther, but then you don't have time to paint if you want to go to your studio and paint. I'm particular about what I give my time to as an actor. I hate all plays with mothers and fathers in them. If I had to play the father of one of those terrible families, I'd flip my lid. I don't like acting when I have to do John loves Mary. I'm just as antagonistic to an Andy Wyeth painting or anything else I don't like. I like to do what I like, even if it's a commercial flop. I don't care what the theatre critics say. Critics don't know anything about acting. They slaughtered "Beggar's Holiday," and it didn't touch me.

I have an inclination to do wild things in plays. That's why I loved playing Bloom in "Ulysses in Nighttown." I started going to the Actors' Studio in 1950. The only part of it I like is where you get up and act. I like working from time to time at the Studio, but I haven't won any certificates for best attendance. I like to be with actors, to see what they do. But I'm suspicious of ambitious people; I'm suspicious of too much conversation. I've worked with all kinds of directors. Some of the big-name directors destroy the most wonderful thing an actor has. Just because he has power and importance, the destructive director tries to bend you to what he calls his sense of production instead of letting you



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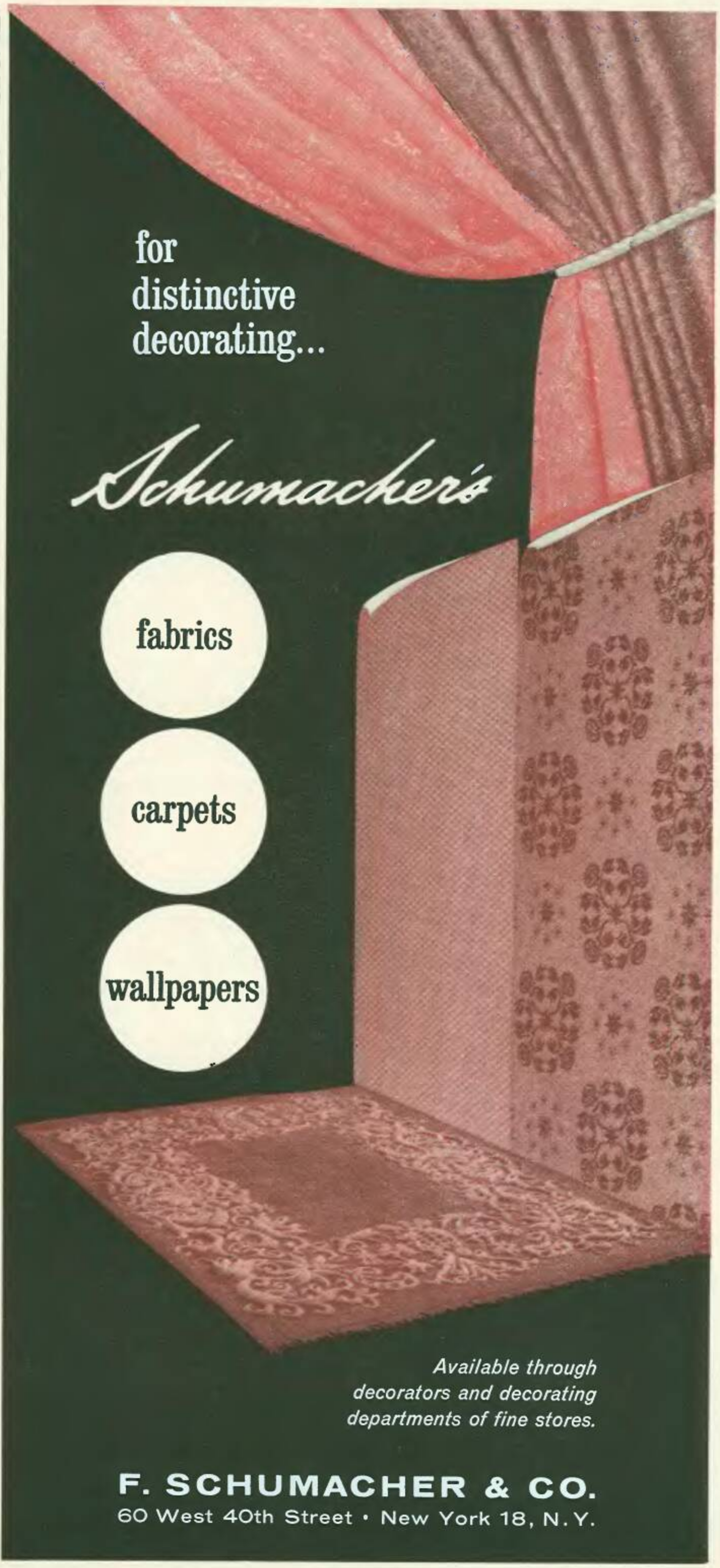
use your own configuration, your own way of merging your own personality with the character you're playing. A good director knows how to bring out your own talent. One of the best directors I've ever worked with is Burgess Meredith, who directed me in "Ulysses in Nighttown." He's a wonderful actor himself—very inventive and very creative—so he can do a lot of the things he wants you to do on the stage. Sometimes he can make a single little gesture when he steps into a part, and it rubs off on you. He sees things a cut above realism. He has a conception of what a thing is, what it means. He knows how to make use of you as an actor, but always in good taste. It's very stimulating. And I don't feel the breath of ambition on him, which is always disturbing to an actor. I feel that his concern is for the play. Joseph Anthony is one of the most wonderful directors, a guy with a world of patience, who knows exactly what you can do. He lets you do what you can do, and he's a marvel to work with. A bad director comes to a decision, and it's wrong, and what is primarily important to him is to prove that it is right. The best guide to acting is Bernard Shaw's phrase "the life force." When all the elements of art enter into it—the distortion, the reality, the naïveté—you have the life force. "Ulysses in Nighttown" is larger than life, and my role was more than an adequate one in it. Working on a role like Bloom requires the exercise of your own taste in large measure. I played in "Ulysses in Nighttown" on and off for two years in New York, London, Paris, and Amsterdam, and never got bored; there was always something new to do, something interesting, something alive. I suppose because I'm a painter I am automatically guided in acting by things that influence my painting. When I played in "Rhinoceros" and was supposed to turn into a rhinoceros, at first the director wanted me to run offstage, stick a horn on my forehead, and become a rhinoceros that way. I preferred to do it all in front of the audience. That's a painterly thing to do.

For me, the greatest actor in history was Raimu. There's never been an American playwright who conveyed a corner of American life the way Marcel Pagnol conveyed a corner of French life in his film trilogy "Marius," "Fanny," and "César," starring Raimu. Raimu captured life for me. He did everything full-scale, without an arid moment and with no tricks. The greatest actress was Laurette Taylor. I saw her eleven times in "The Glass Menagerie" on



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KATHARINE CORNELL: *I love the pretending, but I've never been terribly happy on the stage. I never found it easy to act; acting to me is agony.*

I was born on February 16, 1898, of American parentage, in Berlin, Germany, where my father, Dr. Peter C. Cornell, was taking a postgraduate course in surgery. I was an only child. At the age of three months, I was taken to Buffalo, where my father settled and started to practice medicine. He was a martinet. I had a very disciplined childhood. In those days, I wanted to be a trained nurse. When I was eight, my father gave up medicine to become manager of the Majestic Theatre in Buffalo. He booked all kinds of touring attractions there. He died in 1948, at the age of eighty-three. My mother, who died at forty-three, was an amazingly lovely creature and very outgoing. Both my father and his father were amateur actors. Grandfather Cornell was a friend of John Drew. My mother was frightened of acting. As a child, I was gawky and not attractive, and a tomboy. At boarding school—the Oaksmere School, in Mamaroneck—I coached tennis, basketball, and drama. I was also the amateur swimming champion of Buffalo. I love to swim, and do a lot of it these days at my place on Martha's Vineyard. I first went to the Vineyard with my maternal grandmother, and fell in love with it immediately—with the sweet smell of fern by the sandy road. I adored my grandmother. I always felt I had a completely theatrical background. Not that I took to the stage as a child. One of the vaudeville acts at my father's theatre consisted of bringing children out onstage at the end of an elephant act to feed an elephant. Once, I was supposed to go on and give the elephant a bun, but when the moment came to do it I was afraid. My father said I *was* going to do it, and so I was thrust shrieking onstage holding a bag of buns. I threw the buns at the elephant and ran screaming from the stage.

At boarding school, I had a feeling that I wanted to be a director. I wrote plays for the school, designed the sets, and acted in the plays as well as directed. The late Theresa Helburn came to the school to coach the cast of "Twelfth Night," in which I played Malvolio, and then she coached "Play," which I wrote. After that, I felt I must go on acting. When Edward Goodman,

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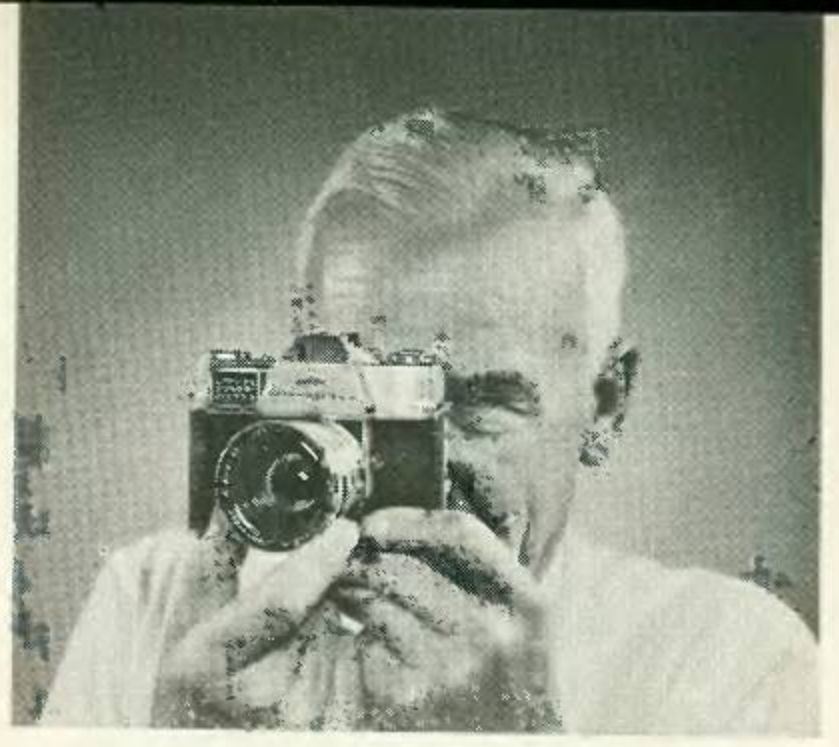

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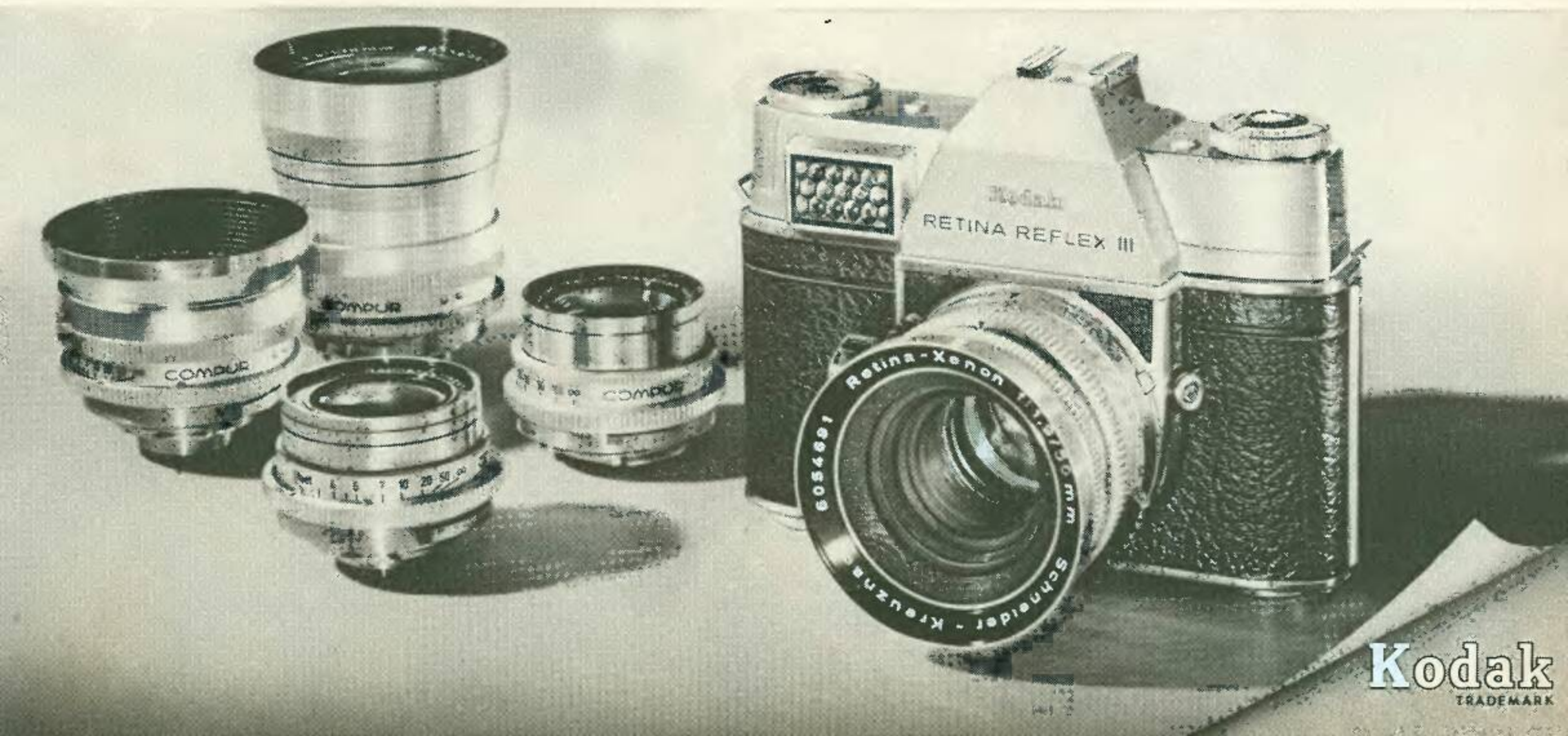

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the director of the Washington Square Players, came to the school to help coach one of my plays, he suggested that I try out for the Players. I moved with my aunt to New York in 1917 and lived in Miss Pennybacker's Boarding House, at 15 East Thirty-eighth Street. I got along on an inheritance from my mother, and earned about forty dollars over a period of two years, while playing bit parts with the Players. The biggest day of my life was when I got a one-line part in a Japanese *no* drama, "Bushido," without pay. I played a Japanese mother, and spoke four words—"My son, my son." I was so nervous I didn't know how to read a part. But I knew the stoicism of that woman, and knew I had to say that line without overdoing it. I grew with this part and made it something of my own. By then, I was talking easily with actors, and I loved them.

During the summer of 1919, I played small roles in Detroit and Buffalo in a touring stock company owned by the late Jessie Bonstelle, a friend of my family's. Stock is fantastic training for an actor. You have to prepare so quickly to do things. You learn a lot of tricks. The difficult side is that sometimes a stock actor learns the tricks and is never able to get rid of them. I had a pride about what I was doing. Also in 1919, I played Jo in "Little Women," in London, in a production Miss Bonstelle put on there. I felt I was becoming abler as an actress but didn't talk to anybody about it. I had the feeling for it, the knack and the instinct. In 1921, I made my Broadway début in "Nice People," by Rachel Crothers. I had met Guthrie McClintic a few years before, while I was in stock, and had fallen in love with him. At that time, he had been a talent scout for Winthrop Ames and wrote opposite my name on the program, "Interesting. Monotonous. Watch." We were married in 1921, and today live a quiet life. I'm a farmer, basically. I love the early morning. I usually have breakfast at eight, even when I'm working. I have dogs, read a great deal, walk, scrape and refinish wood. Guthrie says I'm always either putting paint on or taking it off. I cook—mostly spaghetti à la marinara. We don't entertain much. After I've finished a long tour, like the one with "Dear Liar," Jerome Kilty's adaptation of the Shaw-Campbell correspondence—sixty-seven cities and twenty-seven thousand miles—I just want to do nothing. That mood may last quite a long while. Guthrie has been a wonderful help to me, has believed very much in me. When I work, I love to work with him. As an actress, what I've had has been the instinct to be somebody else, just as some women have an instinct for doing their own hair. I've never had the instinct for doing my own hair, and I have no instinct about clothes. But I knew I had the acting instinct.

My first big part on Broadway was in "A Bill of Divorcement," in 1921, and then I played the title role in "Candida" in 1924, and in 1925 I became strongly identified with Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." What you try to do in the theatre is to give a universal picture, through your own eyes and feelings, of the person you play. You try to be, in your own way, what that person would be. You have a feeling about the thing. If you don't feel strongly about a part, or if it doesn't appeal to you, it's a mistake to do it. I loved Candida, but when I read what Shaw said about Candida I didn't think it was anything like the woman I acted. I felt the *maternal* quality of the woman. The only time I met Shaw, he said he wished he'd seen me as Candida and Joan, and I told him I didn't think he would have liked the way I played them. You have to play a part in your own way. It's always a struggle to do it. You have to keep on struggling through. Sometimes you accomplish it, and sometimes you don't, but you have to keep on trying to get through, through, through. There are three ways of doing it, in general; you might call them auditory, tactual, and visual. I think I do it in a tactual way. I always have in mind a lovely thing Willa Cather wrote about art's being "a mould in which to imprison for a moment the shining, elusive element which is life itself." It's so wonderful when it happens in acting. When it does happen, a bell rings, but it's very rare. It happened once when I was playing Elizabeth Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" for the men overseas in the Second World War. It's a tiny little thing that happens. You then say to yourself, "That was right." Sometimes you can be wrong about it, but when it happens it's wonderful, and usually you're not wrong. Flagstad can do it again and again when she sings. Myra Hess can do it when she

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plays. As an actress, when it happens, I make you confident of me as a human being on that stage. I get a wonderful sense of accomplishment doing that. In the beginning, I didn't want to play Elizabeth Barrett. I thought she was a dreary girl, always lying on that couch. Elizabeth Barrett bored me. I had never read any of her poetry except "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Guthrie, however, thought it was a wonderful part and read the play aloud to me, and then I began reading about the family. I read six books about the Barretts and Robert Browning, became interested in the father-daughter psychology, and ended up fascinated by Elizabeth.

Sometimes you read a part over and over, and you get lost in many things you think about it. You flounder around, struggling with it. Little by little, some line emerges, and you've got it. The audience never gets half of what you've thought in your mind. Guthrie thought that Iris March in "The Green Hat" was not at all in my vein, but I always felt I had an understanding of her as a woman. She had a kind of burned-up quality about her. Her whole set had that quality, even though I didn't know the set and never belonged to it. The play had a seduction scene with Leslie Howard and me. He played it beautifully. My husband directed, and at the point where Leslie Howard said to me, "Iris, Iris, what do you want?," I replied, "You *baby*." And I turned out the lights. My husband said that Howard should turn out the lights and that I should say, "*You*, baby." I said no; I said I had to turn out the lights myself, and I knew it was more natural for me to take the comma out and say, "You *baby*." To me it was an extremely interesting part. She was a disillusioned woman. You had to underplay it and distort it so that people wouldn't laugh at it. You do what is the right thing for you to do in any kind of acting. No two people play the same character in the same way.

You can emasculate a part with *too* much thought. I know that some of the Method actors are fine actors, but sometimes they do think a little too much and I don't understand them. We have a prescribed movement on the stage, and what you do must not interfere with somebody else. You have an obligation to your fellow-actors. Some of these Method youngsters are a deadly bore. It's so exhausting to play with these people who have to talk to their analysts all the time and then come back and tell you what the character is all

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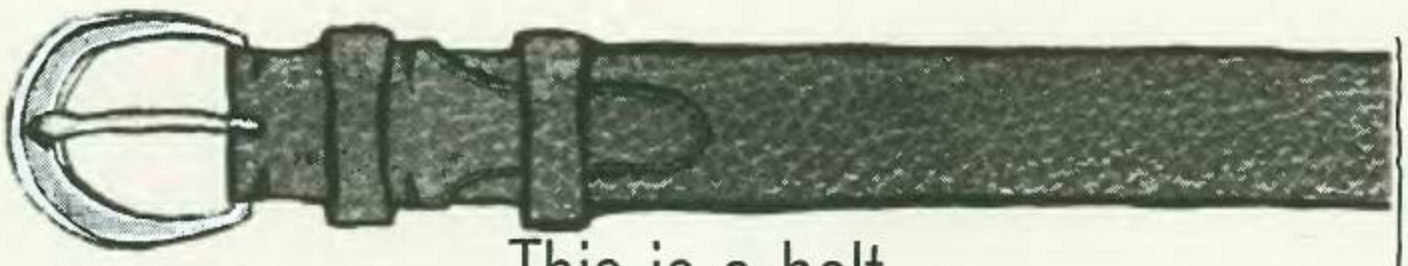

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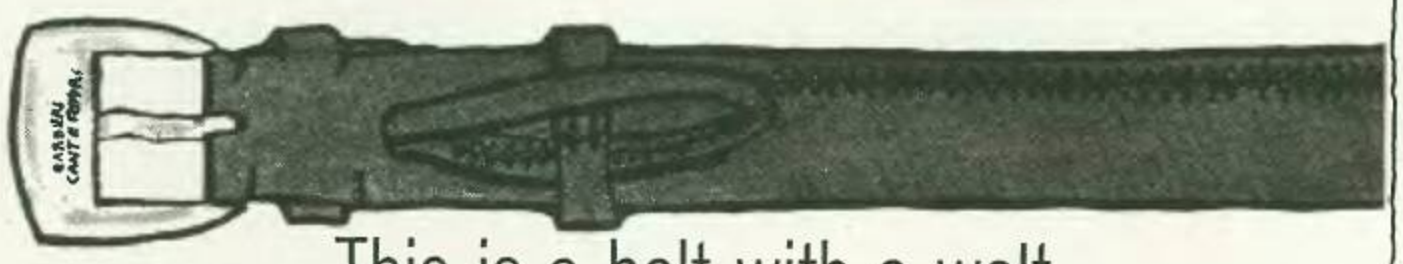

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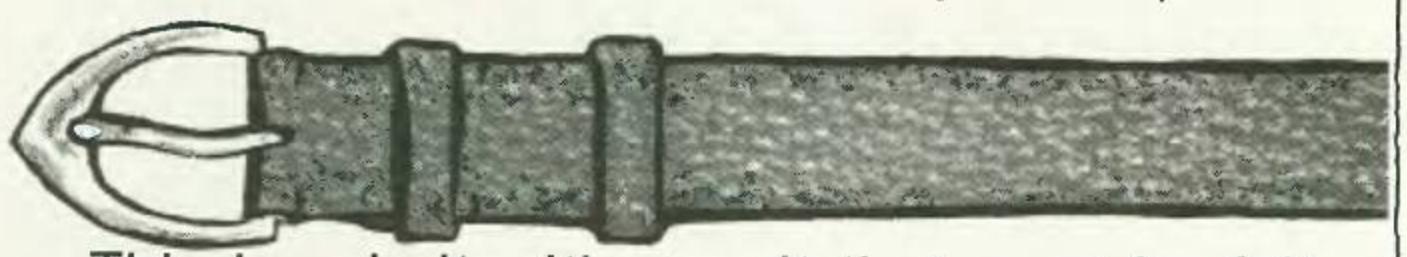

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about. One never knows where they're going to be on the stage. You can't be willful on the stage. You can't be arbitrary. You have to belong to the team. But there are good ones among them, and some are among the best we have. And the art goes around and around, and actors do have to explore. It gets harder to act as you go on. There's more responsibility, not less. You can't ride along on anything you've had. You must always take a part and make it your own. And when you're playing on the stage, every night is an opening night for an audience. Often you try too hard. It isn't easy for it to come through. You always try to be fresh. I'm still frightened of acting. It's that egotistical thing that makes you want to be so good that turns around and frightens you.

The star thing is utterly indefinable. It's there or it isn't there. Sometimes a star isn't a very good actor, but he has that peculiar quality that makes him a star. It's almost a chemical thing. I know that some great actors have some moments that are so electrifying that they are absolutely delirious for them. I can't say exactly that for myself, but I do know that some of my moments have been wonderful for me. I worked on preparing "Dear Liar" for five months. It was terrible torture, because I couldn't get that woman. The letters didn't give me the bitchiness of Mrs. Campbell. When you're not good, you just know it. And that is what I call suffering. But I worked on it and worked on it, and I thought, I'm going through with it even if I never act again. I had to find a way of using those letters to bring out what I wanted, and finally I had the feeling that I had done what I wanted. I had done the job as far as it was possible for me to do it. I like to do a job as well as I can.

ROD STEIGER: *The actor reminds people of the poetry of being alive.*

I was born on April 14, 1925, in Westhampton, Long Island. My full name is Rodney Stephen Steiger, and I'm an only child. As far as I know, I've never seen my father. My parents were divorced when I was about a year old. They had worked together as a song-and-dance team in roadhouse shows. I have no idea what my father looks like, and I wouldn't recognize him if we were in the same room together. My background is French, Scotch, and German, and I was brought up as a Lutheran. When I was grown, my mother remarried. Whenever I was in

a play or a movie, she and my stepfather would come to see me at least half a dozen times. I grew up in various New Jersey towns—Irvington, Bloomfield, and Newark, among others—where my mother did odd salesclerk jobs to support herself and me. In the evenings at home, she would entertain me by singing and accompanying herself on an upright piano—songs like "Roses of Picardy" and "Shine On, Harvest Moon." My stage experience in grade school included playing the roles of Santa Claus and George Washington in classroom productions. I attended Newark's West Side High School for one year, and then, at the end of 1941, when I was sixteen, I managed to enlist in the United States Navy. I served as a torpedoman first class on a destroyer in the South Pacific, and in four years I participated in most of the major operations of the Third and Fifth Fleets. I loved the Navy. I was stupid enough to think I was being heroic. I had always been a popular guy with other guys. I was a good softball player in school, and I was the best storyteller in my school gang, and the leader. In the Navy, and for some time afterward, I was in a very disconnected period of my life. I got along fine with the guys, and I didn't worry about anything, but my connection with the world in general was not clear. As long as I could eat and sleep, I didn't think about anything much.

I got out of the Navy with a medical discharge the day after Japan surrendered. I went back to Newark and got a job in the Office of Dependents and Beneficiaries, oiling the check-signing machines and carrying boxes of checks around the office. I got paid twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents a week, take-home pay. After eight months of it, I found it tedious. We had a social group in the office which put on plays. Somehow or other, I sort of got pushed into playing the lead in "Curse You, Jack Dalton." We had a lady director, who told me that I should take acting seriously, and that I had four years of school coming to me under the G.I. Bill of Rights. For the next two years, I studied acting at the New School for Social Research. Then I went to the American Theatre Wing, and later was invited by Daniel Mann to come to the Actors' Studio. I lived on the G.I. Bill—seventy-five dollars a month, plus thirty per cent for disability. In 1947, I got my Equity card and a bit part in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," by Bayard Veiller.

My first Broadway appearance was

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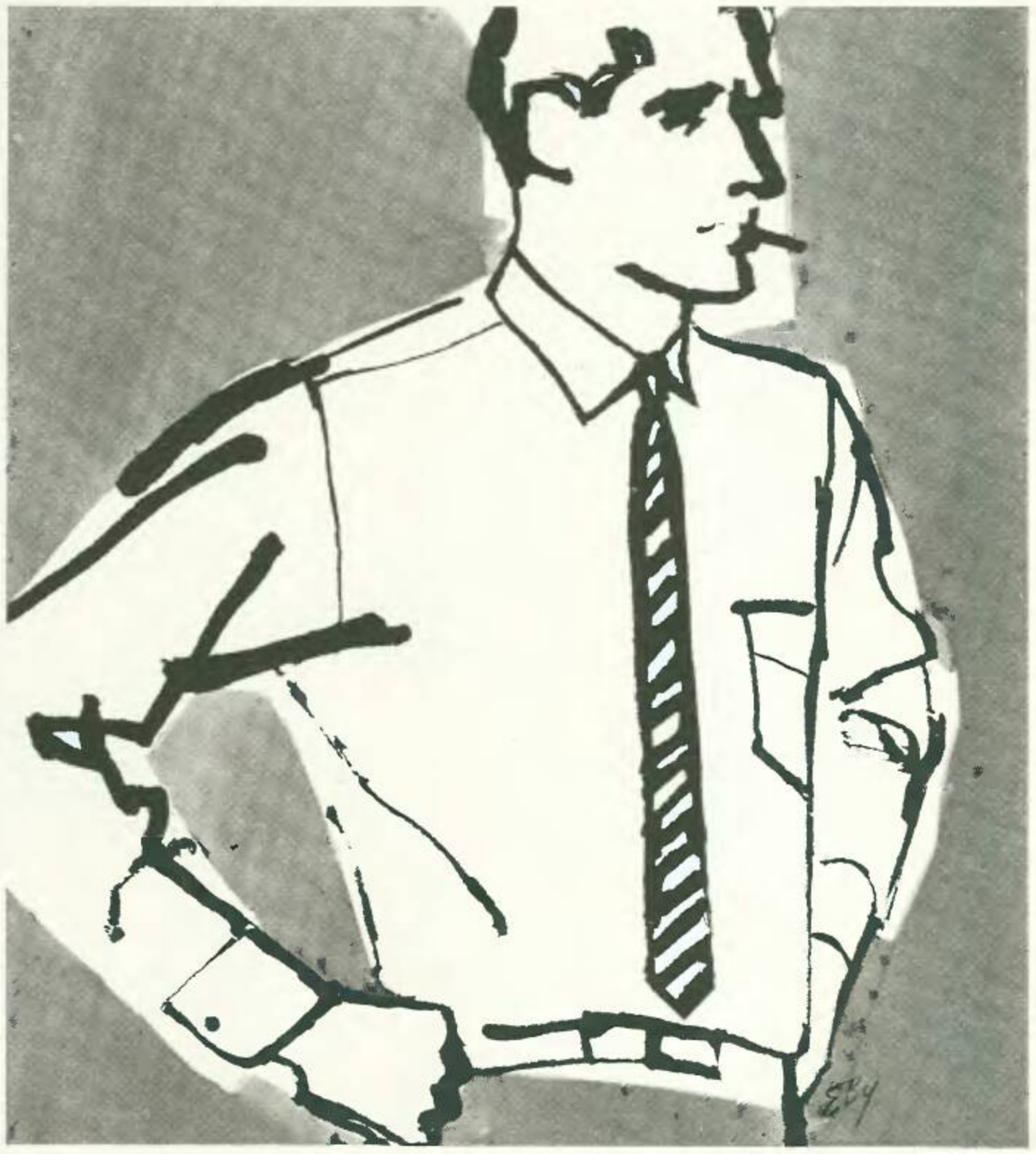

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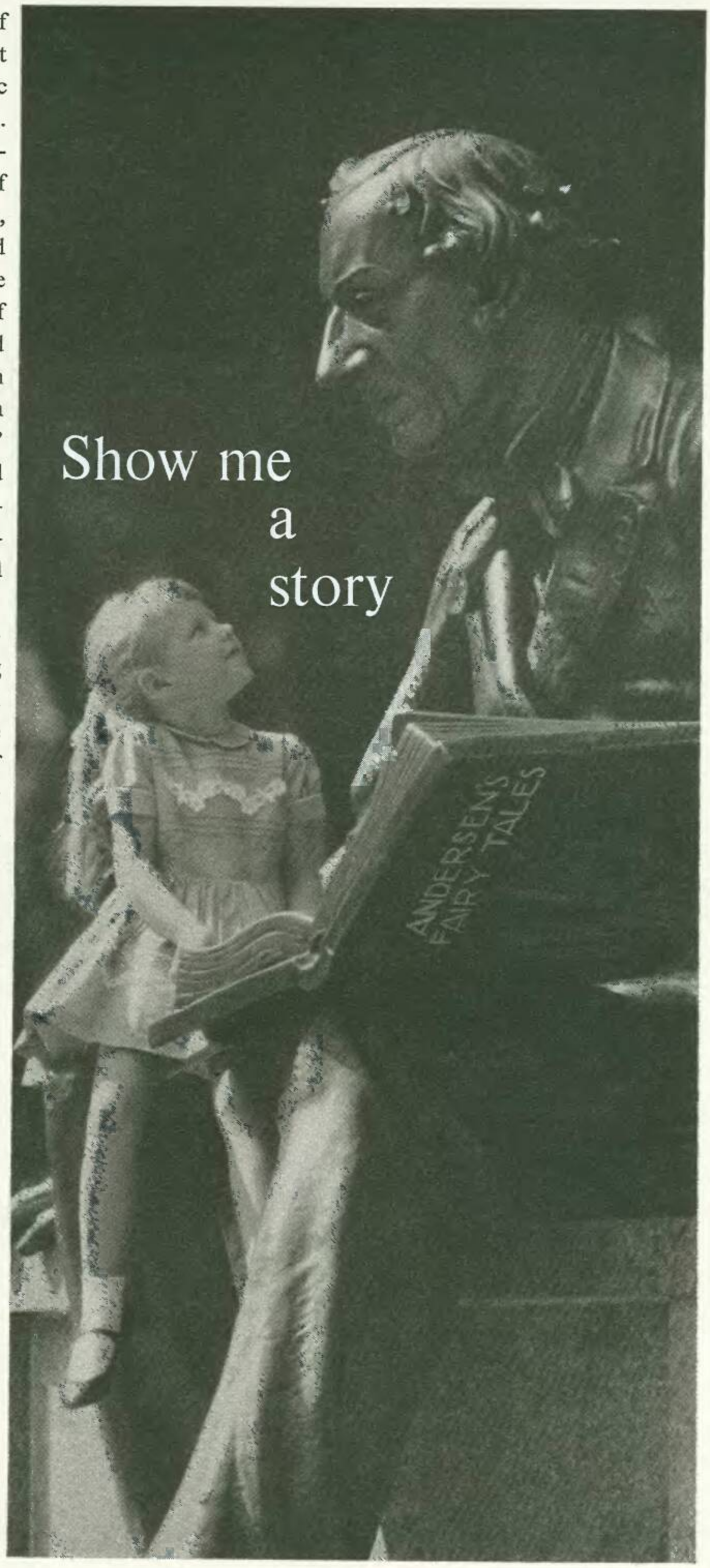

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Some Television Programs of Special Interest . . . In November

"Little Lost Sheep"
Hans Conried and Arlene Francis in an original comedy.
Wednesday, November 1 (10-11 PM)

"Al Smith"
Biographical study of The Happy Warrior.
Sunday, November 5 (6-6:30 PM)

"Danny Kaye Show"
Monday, November 6 (9-10 PM)

"Moment of Decision"
Fred Astaire and Maureen O'Sullivan in a drama of suspense.
Tuesday, November 7 (10-11 PM)

"The Charity Bandit"
Documentary drama on fraudulent charities.
Wednesday, November 8 (10-11 PM)

"Anima e Corpo"
Cavalieri's oratorio. St. Cecelia choir and orchestra from Rome's Chiesa Nuova.
Sunday, November 12 (10-10:30 AM)

"The Face of Spain"
Chet Huntley reports on life in Spain.
Tuesday, November 14 (10-11 PM)

"Close-Up!"
Two-part study of Berlin and East Germany.
Tuesday, November 14, 28. (10:30-11 PM)

"Vincent Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait"
Paintings, drawings, and *mises en scène* from Van Gogh's life.
Friday, November 17 (9:30-10:30 PM)

"Valley of Shangri-La"
Isolated mountain kingdom in Kashmir.
Monday, November 20 (7-7:30 PM)

"An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving"
Holiday moods of past times recalled in music, dance, and literature.
Tuesday, November 21 (10-11 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parades
Thursday, November 23 (10:30 AM-12)

"General Ulysses S. Grant"
A PROJECT 20 historical essay.
Friday, November 24 (8:30-9 PM)

"Crossing the Threshold"
Diary of a hypothetical flight in orbit.
Friday, November 24, (9-10:30 PM)

"Victoria Regina"
Julie Harris and James Donald star.
Thursday, November 30 (9:30-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.:	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM: Modern Algebra; American Government
	COLLEGE OF THE AIR: The New Biology
Mondays:	EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays:	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	EYEWITNESS
	FRANK MCGEE'S HERE & NOW
Saturdays:	UPDATE
	ACCENT
	ASK WASHINGTON
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE
	WASHINGTON CONVERSATION
	DIRECTIONS '62
	ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ ISSUES AND ANSWERS
	PATTERNS IN MUSIC
	WISDOM
	CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
	THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
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in the Equity Library Theatre revival of Clifford Odets' "Night Music," in 1951, in which I played the part of a fifty-five-year-old detective. I played in over two hundred and fifty live television productions between 1948 and 1953. The climactic point was reached in 1953, when I played the title role in "Marty." Then I went on to playing in movies, including "On the Waterfront," "Teresa," "The Big Knife," "The Harder They Fall," "Cry Terror," "Al Capone," and "Oklahoma!" In 1959, I played the role of the Bandit in the Broadway production of "Rashomon," with Claire Bloom, Oscar Homolka, and Akim Tamiroff. If an actor stays on one level and doesn't challenge himself constantly, he will die. That's why I was eager to do "Rashomon." I like to be a gangster, then play in a Western, then go to Shakespeare. I look to the public to find out how I am in a part. I have great respect for the public. In playing for them, I've been lucky in my selection of parts.

There's no one way of acting. A lot of actors present rehearsals, not performances. They are imitating, not creating. So their acting looks like a bad suit of clothes. Then, a lot of young actors think they're doing Method acting when all they're doing is murdering it. Method is anything that gets you involved personally in the part, so that you can communicate in human terms with the audience. The essence of any art is communication. The need of the actor is to say hello to the audience. I get irritated with some audiences the same as I do with some people, but I haven't lost my faith in their intelligence. Otherwise, I'd be bouncing a ball off a brick wall. The best actors I know are those who try to talk to the audience, make the audience feel and discover feelings—actors who understand their audience and excite it. I find that actors of this kind will be the same offstage as on; they will attempt to do the same thing with anybody.

Actors may be the purest of all artists, because we attempt to give something to other people, and to reach other people, through ourselves only. The painter can lean on his canvas, the musician on his violin or piano. The actor has no instrument but himself. The actor is different from other artists inasmuch as his material is intangible. I like to think of the art of acting as an immediate reward and an immediate death. The greater the moment on the stage, the longer the mourning. How the actor achieves his inspired moments is only about three-fourths known; one-

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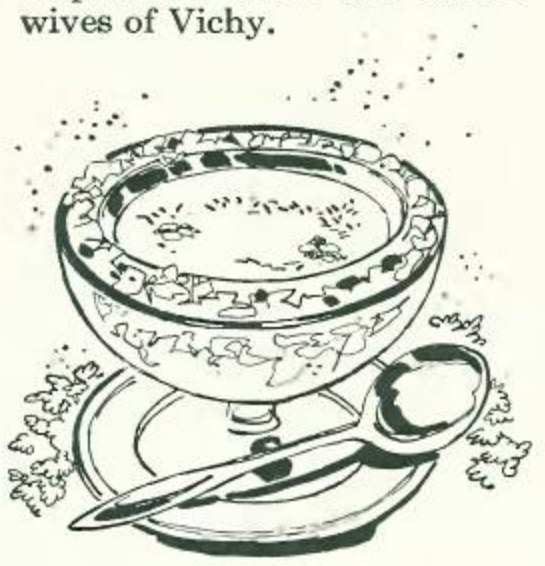

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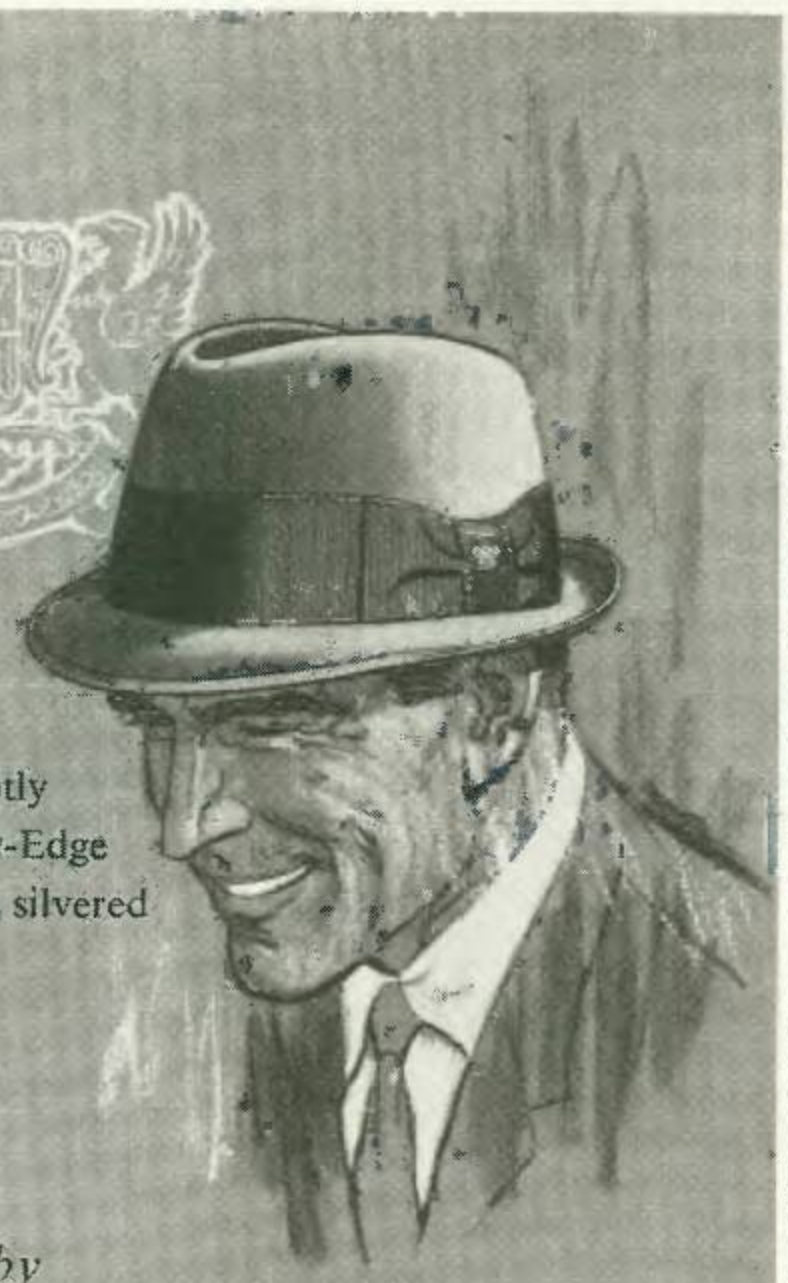

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fourth is completely unknown. That's one of the things that keep acting so exciting and so uncertain. I've become interested in the way a man can live so beautifully in the fantasy of his art even when he can hardly live at all in the reality of his own life. The actor's highest moments come when his instincts and his intellect meet and together communicate something to someone else. No word means exactly the same thing to every person; an actor must say what the word means to *him*. If he doesn't know, he must find out, or die in a puddle of narcissism. I believe in what I do. In the social structure that exists today, it's so difficult for a person to work at what he believes in and loves and still make a living. If you want to act for no other reason than to be among the happy few who are able to be beautiful in their art, then learn to be honest with yourself and act. For the first twenty-one years of my life, I never thought of actors as being anything but golden people from another world; I didn't know they were really alive. When I was told that people *study* acting, it came as a great surprise to me. I have my own credo for acting. I believe the actor can, through the medium of acting, exchange his discoveries about himself and his beliefs with his fellow-man. I believe that any actor who disregards this responsibility, that of truthfully *attempting* to communicate, and "acts for a living," ceases to exist as a creative artist. I know that all of us fail over and over again when we attempt to communicate, but we must always insist on attempting it. If an actor has one inspired moment in a performance, I'd say he's good. If he has two inspired moments, he's great. If he has none, he's going to bore himself to death. The actor really lives for those inspired moments.

I enjoy working in television and in movies as much as I do in the theatre. Each medium has its drawbacks. Live television is the most difficult to do, because you have all the pressure of an opening night in the theatre, and no second chance to correct or change what you do. An actor can develop tremendously in live television if he has some background and training. I used to do two or three shows a month, with only five days of rehearsal for a half-hour drama. It was wonderful training and discipline. Unfortunately, live television plays became a thing of the past. Big money got into television in 1954 and flattened it. But live television is still the closest thing to a repertory theatre, which is the best kind of training in the

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development of an actor. The essence of playing in a movie is remembering that it's always the picture that is important, not the words. In the theatre, as in live television, you must have the training to sustain your performance. In movies, you can get away with a lot, because you don't have to sustain your performance for more than two or three minutes at a time. If you're only a personality, without talent, and you're photographed right, you can look like an actor in the movies, but the beauty of humanness is always sacrificed for surface appearances. In New York, you're in competition with other actors. In Hollywood, there is always the possibility that you may have to compete with anybody who can be photographed effectively. Wherever an actor is and whatever he's doing, he must maintain his discipline. When your mind is alert, your performance is alert. When you're disturbed or tired, your performance suffers. That's why I'll never stay in a play for longer than six months. There's too much chance that you may start to play it automatically.

The more honest you are in preparing what you're going to present, the more honest you are in playing it. There's a great difference in me when I'm working. I keep more to myself. I get very intense. For the stage, I don't let anybody talk to me for an hour before curtain time. I happen to be what I regard as the nervous type. Sometimes I play tricks on myself to get myself up to the right level. I might come to the theatre early and walk figure eights by myself onstage. After the curtain comes down, it takes me an hour and a half to two hours to unwind. There's always tremendous tension. The trick is to keep interested. If something comes into your mind, your discipline says, "Out—maybe later." You have a responsibility to fulfill at the moment. Once, doing "Rashomon," I was sick with flu, with a temperature of a hundred and two, and I did the part on a pill, and everything was cockeyed. It took everything I had to stay concentrated, but I managed it. For a couple of weeks after that, concentration was easy for me. An actor can't base his art on making pretty poses. Although there's no one way of acting, you have to have talent and you have to be involved. If I had something more important, humanly, to do than acting, I would do it. On one occasion, during a fight with another actor in "Rashomon," I cut his hand and he started to bleed. I looked down and saw another human being's blood on my hands, and I thought, This is

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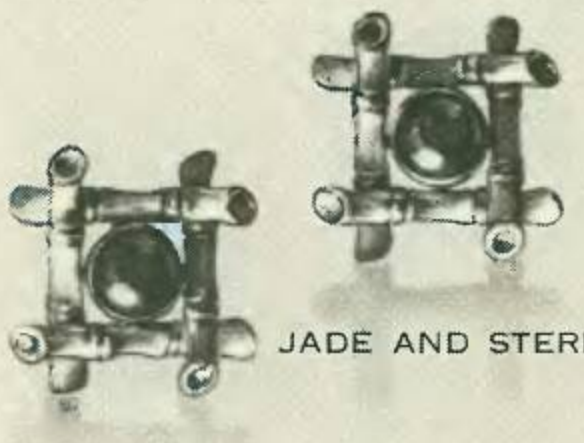
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a childish way to make a living. I still think that occasionally, but, fortunately, the feeling doesn't last long.

I don't make decisions on how to play a part. I start off feeling wide open to the person I'm playing and to the people I'm playing with. I don't like to intellectualize about it. I try to feel my way. I try to react as well as act. When I was going to play Al Capone, I read his autobiography and the newspapers of his time. I asked myself, "What did this man want?" I decided he wanted to be respected. But there wasn't just one thing that made him be the way he was. He was, to me, a showman, an actor. He wanted recognition. Sometimes my imagination comes into play before I start getting the part, sometimes after. Usually, the way it works, I read the script and reread it, and somewhere inside me it clicks, and there's an "Oh, yes" in a secret place. Sometimes it takes a lot of labor. For one thing, I may not always want the world to see me in a certain guise. I play a game with myself if I get stuck. I walk through a five-and-ten-cent store and associate objects with the part. Say I see a toothbrush; I'll think, How does he brush his teeth? For "The Big Knife," I took a walk and saw a silver tie-pin with a question mark on it. In my role of the producer, I wore it throughout the picture. Only *I* knew what it meant—the kid from the other side of the tracks who was always asking himself how to get where he wanted to be. One thing I did for Al Capone was to take out all small gestures. I played it pretty big—I wore my coat draped over my shoulders, and my hatbrim angled—because one thing I felt he wanted was to be big. I wanted the man's natural actions to declare themselves.

One of the troubles with acting is that the more successful you get, the more you have to keep an eye on the business aspects of it. I try not to forget the source of creativity. I'll listen to anybody who wants to talk to me, but after twenty minutes I know I'm going to say, "You're entitled to your opinions, but don't exhaust my life." When the curtain comes down on a play you're in, there's discipline, too, in knowing how to relax. I'm always aware of the danger of being an artist—of making art *all* of life instead of an important part of life. It's the responsibility of every artist to search for new stimuli. You need another person—at least one. I wrote a poem when I was about seventeen or eighteen that expressed the idea that another person, in becoming part of oneself, makes one more completely

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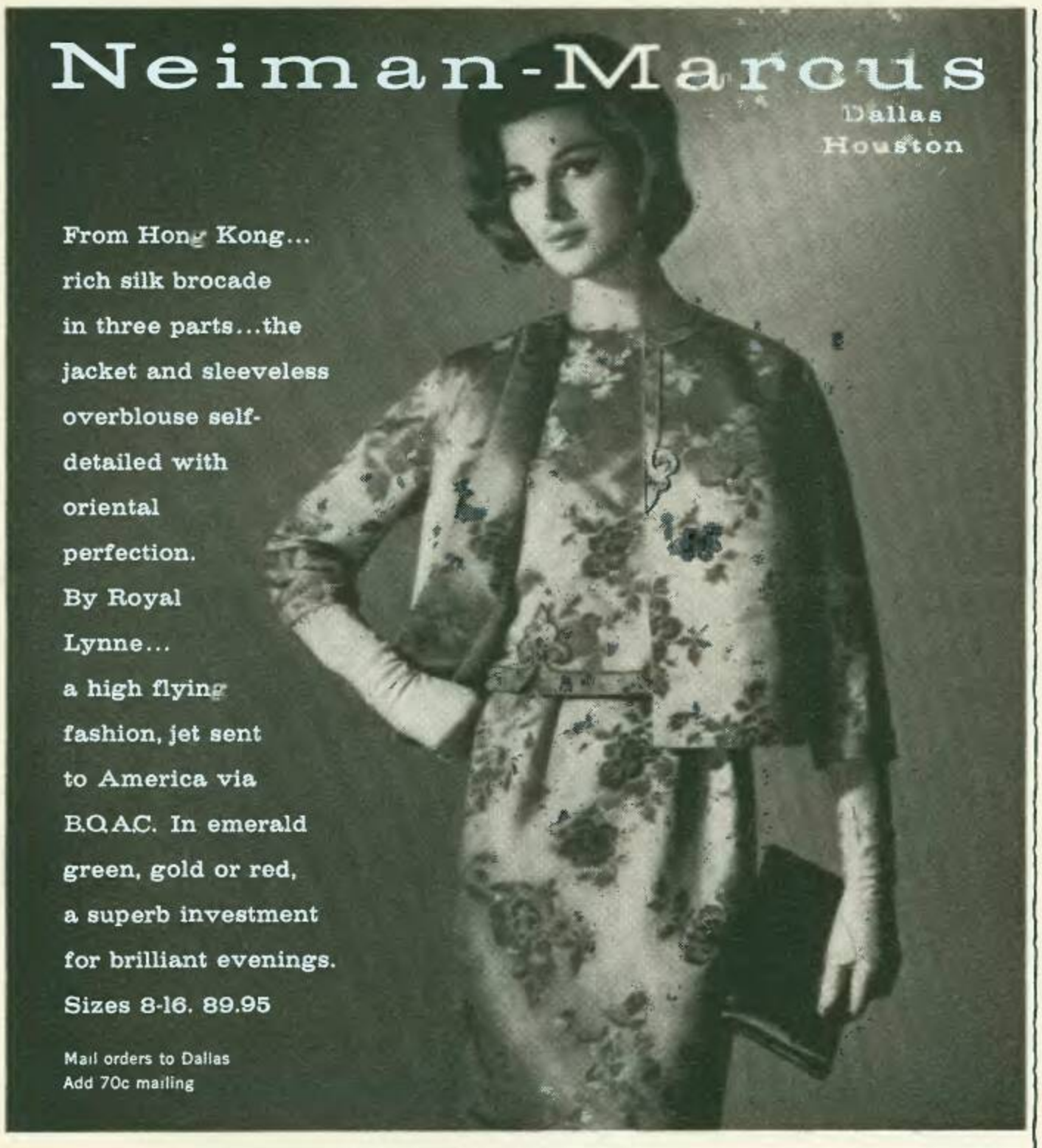

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himself. I believe you've got to be human to act. I don't want my personal life ever to be one of agony, like John Barrymore's. I was married for the first time in 1952, to an actress named Sally Gracie. We were together two years and then we were divorced. I was married again in 1959, to the actress Claire Bloom. We have an eighteen-month-old child, Anna Justine.

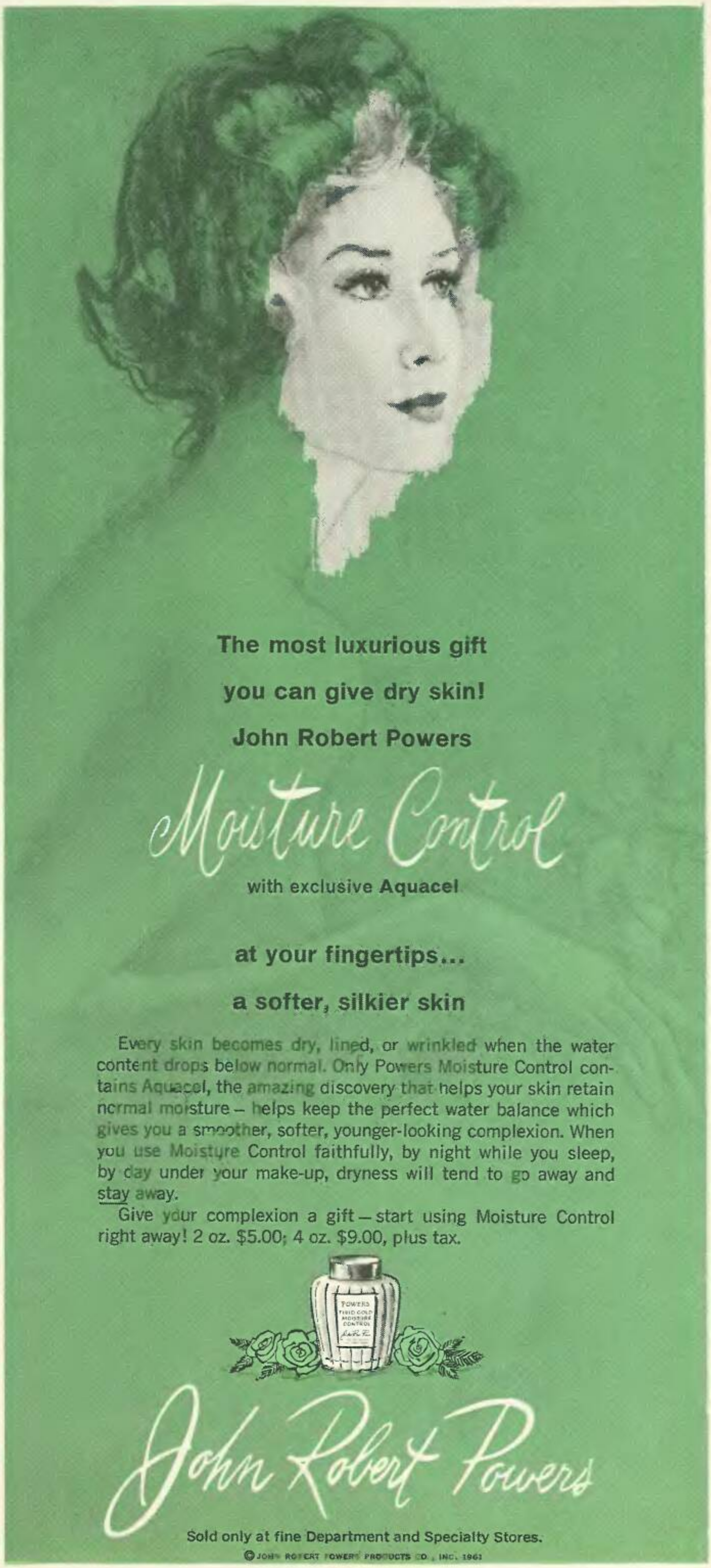
All artists have the one quality that is priceless—eternal childhood. The day I walk onstage and don't feel nervous, I'll know my ego has got ahead of my heart. I don't ever want that to happen. I have always done some writing, and I still do as much as I can. I believe that anybody who has in him one sentence that can mean something to somebody else should write it down. I've written two movie scripts. One, "In Time of War," has been sold to Allied Artists. I wrote it with Stanley Schpetner, and will star in it. It tells the story of six soldiers who are destroyed by the Second World War. The other, "The Untold Story," is not commercial, but I hope to make it anyway. The main character in "The Untold Story" is an actor. It takes place in Sicily. The theme has to do with my belief that if a man creates more beauty than he destroys, you must classify him as good; if he destroys more beauty than he creates, you must classify him as evil.

MARIA SCHELL: *There is a powerful drive in any artist to transmit something, to give it form. In the actor, it is the urge to show moments of human existence in their essentiality.*

I was born on January 15, 1926, in Vienna, as Maria Margarethe Anna Schell. I am the eldest of four children. My father, Hermann Ferdinand Schell, is Swiss and a Catholic; my mother is Viennese and a Catholic. My father is a fairly successful novelist, playwright, and poet. My mother, Margarethe Schell von Noé, is a former actress who now runs the acting school of the Conservatory of Arts in Berne, Switzerland. Her father was a well-known Viennese psychiatrist named Karl Noé von Nordberg. I have two brothers, Karl and Maximilian, and a sister, Edith, and all of them are engaged one way or another in acting. My parents met and were married when my mother was eighteen and a very promising actress, and they lived with Dr. von Nordberg in his apartment, in the heart of Vienna, on the top floor of what used to be the palace of Maria Theresa. In 1938, to get away from Hitler, my father took all the family

but me to Zurich. I was placed in the Convent of St. Odilia in Colmar, Alsace, for a year before joining the others in Zurich. Then I attended the *Gymnasium* in Zurich, but quit at the age of fourteen and went to work as a *Stift*, or apprentice, in a bookdealer's office to learn secretarial routine, including parcel-tying. My father wanted me to have something to fall back on in case I could not get work as an actress. He has always been a very pure, idealistic man, but in this respect he was practical. I have a very sweet family. As children, we were brought up to be independent. When people asked my brother Max as a child what he wanted to be when he grew up, he always said, "Pope." I am religious now in a very private way. My father always taught me that you must try to be appealing by what you are inside, more than by what you put on from the outside. My mother tried to give me acting lessons, but it was impossible. A child somehow goes outside for idols. But my mother did give me the foundation of my self-discipline. From her I learned that what you undertake you must complete to the best of your ability. When I was eight, my parents took me to a hospital, where my grandmother was lying ill, to hear a recital they were giving for the patients. During the intermission, my mother looked in on Grandmother, just in time to see her die. Mother told me of how she closed Grandmother's eyes and then came back and finished the recital. It was my mother who gave me the courage not to be afraid of a powerful dramatic style. In the Greek plays, with her old-fashioned style, she was a wonderful actress. She is now a very good director.

As a child, I saw many plays based on fairy tales. At the age of eight, I starred in one, called "The Princess Searching for a Good Human Being." I played the part of a fool who accompanies the princess to Fairyland, called *Schlaraffenland*, where rivers are of milk, birds fly into your mouth, and apple strudel grows forever. My mother tells me that I stopped acting in the middle of the play and started eating apple strudel. I never attended a formal acting school. I do not like being taught. I like to learn by myself. All my life, from the time I was a small child, I felt a desire to experience life as deeply as possible. What made me go ahead in acting was that urge. Today, I have learned that I can go only as far as my body will materialize my thoughts. During the Second World War, when I was fifteen, I had my



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first professional acting job, the leading role in a movie called "Steinbruch," made by the producer Karl Stapenhorst in Zurich. I played a twelve-year-old girl. The next year, I was given my first stage role, the part of Clärchen in Goethe's "Egmont." I created an uproar in the theatre. I stood in the wings trying to *feel* my part, and then I came onstage, opened my mouth, and said, "I'm sorry, but I can't get the feeling," and rushed off the stage in tears. After this fiasco, the manager of the theatre assured me that I was a great comedienne and gave me a comic role in a play called "Drunter und Drüber," meaning "All Upside Down." Right after that, I had my first real success as a comedienne in "Scàmplo," by Dario Niccodemi, in which I played the part of a nature professor's daughter. I was seventeen, and I came to the theatre on the eve of the opening and saw my name being posted up in big letters. I then had the very strange experience of becoming paralyzed. I suddenly grew aware that I was expected to be very good. I became like the centipede with the fly in an old German story. The fly says to the centipede, "I have six legs, and I know how to walk, but you have a *thousand* legs—how do *you* walk?" So the centipede starts to think, and then he becomes paralyzed and cannot walk. I was so afraid. On opening night, I had a temperature, and I wanted to stay home in bed. My mother made me get up and go to the theatre. She told me something I never forgot: "An actress never fails her audience. If you cannot be good, then you must have the courage to be bad."

From Zurich, I went on to a theatre in Solothurn, Switzerland, where I spent two years, off and on, at a salary of fifty dollars a month, playing in Shakespearean dramas and other classics. Then I found a job in the State Theatre of Berne, at a hundred and fifty dollars a month, and I played in dramas by Shakespeare, Shaw, and Molière. In 1949, I played my first grown-up film role, in a German production of "The Angel with the Trumpet," starring Paula Wessely. That led me to the Viennese theatre, and while I was playing the lead in Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" in Vienna, Alexander Korda asked me to fly over to London for a couple of days to see him about going into films in England. I visited Korda in his flat at the top of Claridge's, and he asked me to sign a seven-year contract with him, but I said no. I told him I did not want to leave Vienna. He said he would give me four months off each year to be on the stage there. Still I did not want to do it. As I was ready to go back, he said he wanted to give me a few words of advice. We were speaking in German, and he said, "I like your idealism, Maria, but the day will come when you are forty-five, and you will look back, and see that all your hopes and expectations did not turn out the way you thought. And you will wonder, 'Did I miss my chance, even if it was only a chance to *learn to speak English*?'" It was that last question that convinced me, so I signed the contract. In London, I learned to speak English in three months. I played in an English film version of "The Angel with the Trumpet," and then in "The Magic Box," with Robert Donat; "So Little Time," with Marius Goring; and "The Heart of the Matter," with Trevor Howard. I took time off from making these movies to go on several long theatre tours in Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, playing Gretchen in "Faust," with the late Albert Basserman, and Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." In 1953, I made a movie in Yugoslavia, "The Last Bridge," and in 1955, in Paris, I made "Gervaise," directed by René Clément. I have made movies in Hollywood, including "The Brothers Karamazov," "The Hanging Tree," and "Cimarron," and I have been in Playhouse 90 television dramas—"Word from a Sealed-Off Box" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls"—taped in New York. I speak smoothly in English and in French as well as in German. In acting, I can think and feel in whichever language is called for. I was married in 1957 to Horst Hächler, a young German film director who had worked as assistant director of "The Last Bridge." We are expecting our first child. We live twenty-eight miles outside of Munich, in a newly completed house of natural stone, with a swimming pool, a fireplace, and verandas overlooking the lovely Bavarian hills and the town of Wasserberg, which is a thousand years old.

There is a point in life when one has to make a very clear decision about one's life and sources of life—whether to accept life with all its chaos and disorder or whether to attempt to find harmony in it; whether to take life as it comes or to try to guide it. I think I'm capable of living either way, but the second way

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Kiss me."

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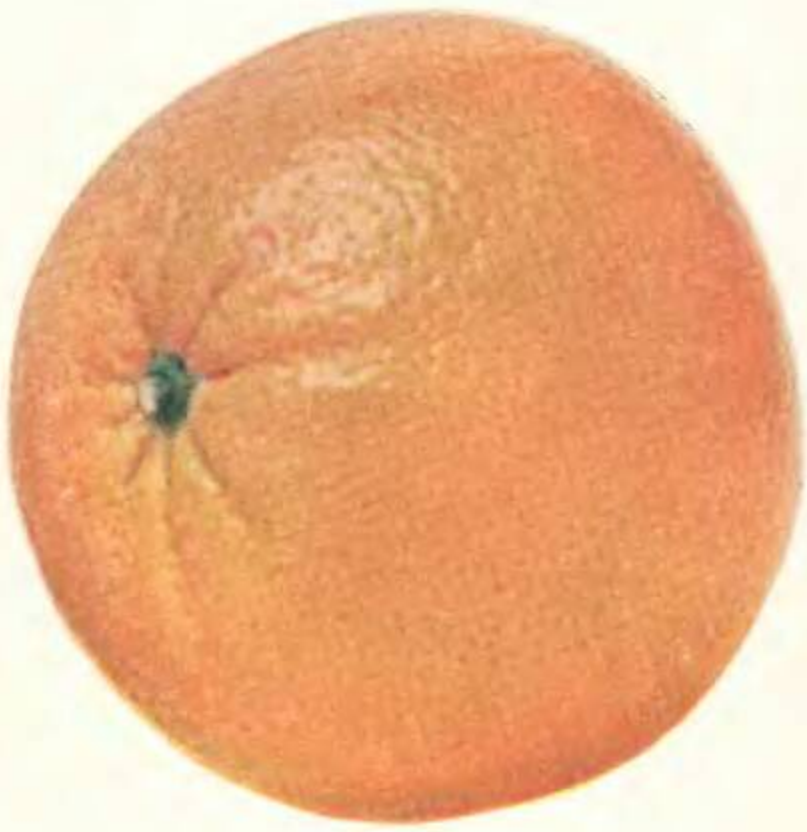

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is more important to me. For example, when I got married, I decided, This will now have to be part of my own life. Strangely enough, I never *decided* to become an actress. It was always completely natural to me. I want to be part of all of life, of the world, of the universe, and it is in acting that I find a way of being part of all three. That is why I love acting. It guides me to all experience and to all feeling. There is a certain moment in life when you must free yourself from all others. I have now reached that plateau in my life, and I am free of everyone else. It developed this way step by step. In Zurich, when I first got to know the theatre, which was built up mostly by refugees from Hitler, I was moved by what I saw—by their fantastic teamwork. I admired four actresses—Elisabeth Bergner, Käthe Dorsch, Paula Wessely, and Käthe Gold. Käthe Gold was my idol for many years. In Zurich, too, I had my first experience, in a childish way, of trying to bring some truth to the part I was playing, which was a laundry girl. I knew about Stanislavski, but I had not absorbed his ideas. I devised my own little ways. I went around with a laundry basket in the old town of Zurich, trying to find streets that corresponded to my images. Whatever I had in my head I tried to find, so that I could touch it. I wanted to make it real. The process of forming and shaping had started. Today I don't need so many tangible things to help. It was also in Zurich that I had my very first feeling that I was another person, not myself. I was in a small part, but I was onstage most of the time during the play. For the first time, the stage became for me another world. Now I have the capacity for concentration, for losing myself, for believing I am someone else. There's not even a second mind that tells me I'm on the stage, only an awareness that tells me where I am going.

It was on the "Faust" tour with Basserman, however, that I had, for the first time, strange and wonderful experiences of the mystical sort. Before the play, I used to sit for an hour, trying to concentrate away from myself. I tried not to think, so that everything that was worrying me would go away—all my fears, all my ambitions—so that the confidence that I *was* the girl I was supposed to play would grow within me. Then, one night, I had the feeling that the girl was alive, even though she was only a thought of a poet. And the girl spoke to me. She said, "Oh, I loved him much more." And I knew that for me the girl was alive. I didn't talk to anyone about my experience. All I thought

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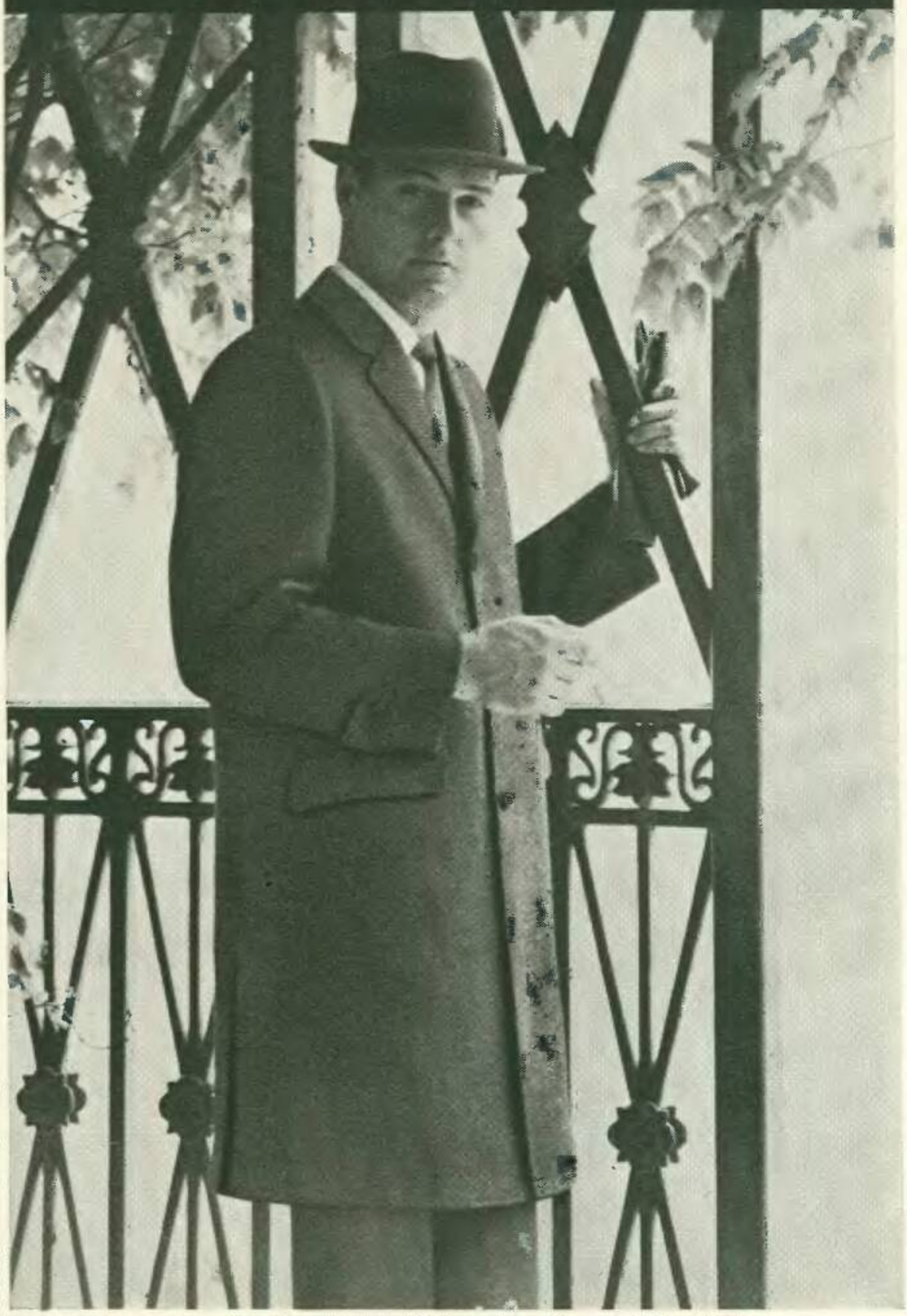

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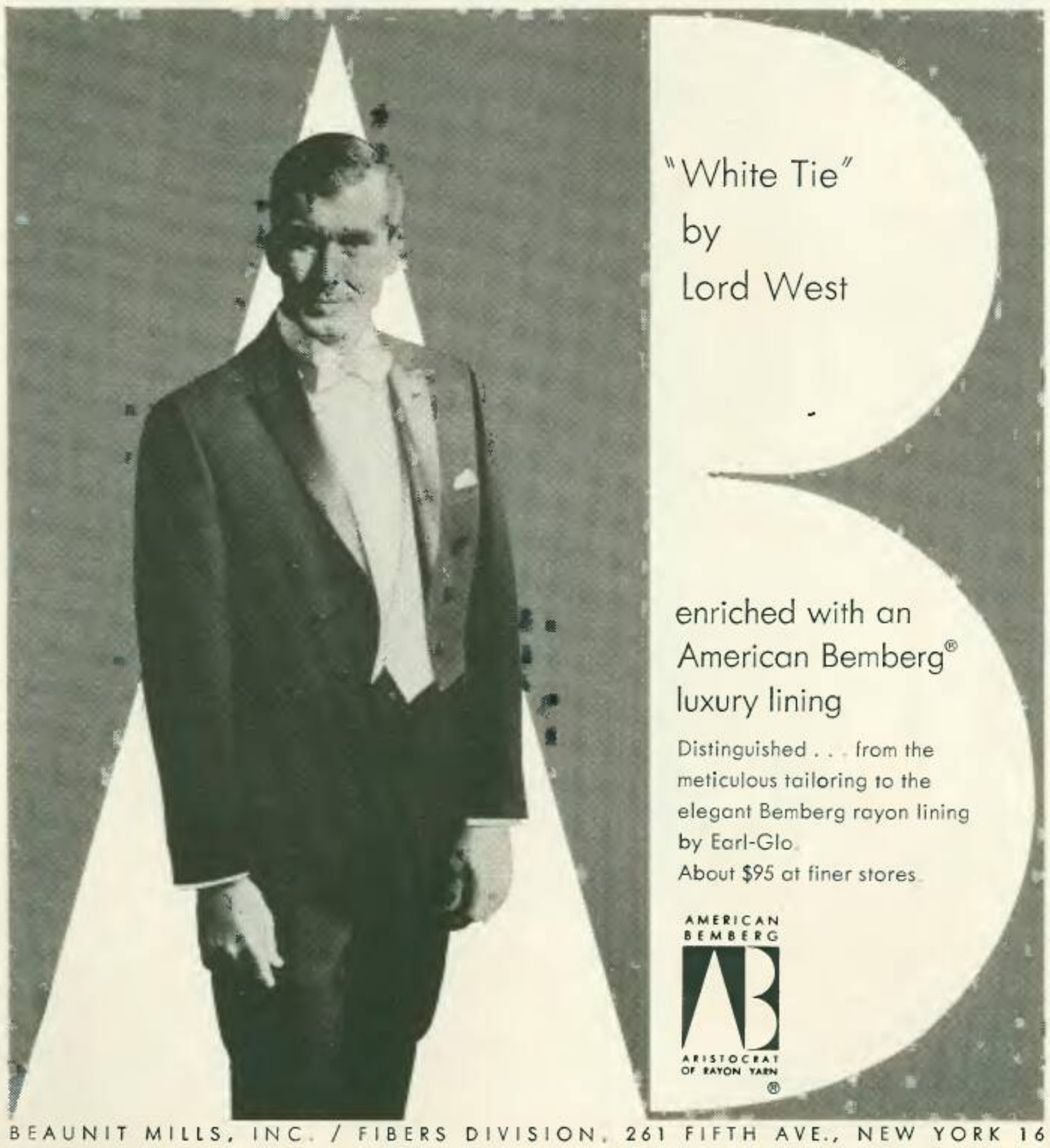

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about was how I could transform myself completely into another being's truth. Stanislavski's ideas worked within me. I found my own way of constructing another being out of what I consist of myself—my past, my present, and the circle of my presence. Three girls, German, French, and American, with the same capacity for feeling, will expect and give different things; they will be made profoundly happy, or profoundly unhappy, by different things. Everyone has an inner nationality. I think that I am very German in my urge to make things deeper, in the way small things are large to me. When I am working, all that I think and feel and want, and all that I have learned and experienced, concentrates itself within the limits of the character I am playing. When I read a script, I receive an image corresponding to what I have gone through in life. With what I call my talent, I try to make this image strong—with my heart, my body, my thoughts. My thoughts test it, doubt it, and build it within myself. Then I put this image together with my ability, and the image and the final result get closer and closer together, until they are one. Once in a scene, I try, by remaining as empty as I possibly can, to come to this identification with the character I'm playing. I try then to *avoid* thought. I try to be nothing but the result of what has happened before. I try to live this person. On the stage, there is the advantage of working step by step, growing and developing together with the other actors. In television, there is still a chance for some development, even though the atmosphere is very hectic. In films, you are alone. For the first two or three days, in making a movie, my body still hasn't experienced all the thoughts, feelings, and images, and I am slow and awkward, but then it begins to happen, and I can make the image live. Movies are a wonderful medium. Through a closeup, you can say something with your own heart that is the equivalent of the monologue on the stage. However, in films the image is very fragile; it can be easily disturbed if you don't work toward giving it form. The way I have found to strengthen the image for a movie is to write on the script what the author did not write about the character. In films, I cannot rely on my intuitive feelings of the moment, which may misguide me. I can't talk to myself. I can't rehearse with myself. So I write out my thoughts until the image becomes more and more clear. I like movies, possibly because I have such an urge to make things last. I have learned that good results can come from tension and argu-

ment as well as from harmony. Sometimes I disagree with a director. In "Gervaise," I wanted to bring out what there is in the character that touches us today, while René Clément wanted to show life the way it was in those days. I wanted to show how the little things, not the big things, can destroy us, how the small daily failures lead to catastrophe. Clément wanted to show the drama and social life of the time. So we argued, and I learned, and began to understand it in his terms. And now I'd go with blind eyes to work with Clément again. He opened the way for me in so many respects.

Today, I am capable of bending my talent to what the subject calls for. I know how to find the true meaning and structure of a play. I now have the courage to give, to open myself. Actors are artists. I believe that acting is a small manifestation of life. On the stage, we create a concentrated form of life, but it is on a small scale. I don't consider acting essential to life. We are re-creative rather than creative artists. The painter or the writer is dependent only on himself, while the actor is always dependent on others. But each actor has a little workshop inside himself that is his own, and there is something important going on inside actors who really love their profession. Even though every individual is different from the next, I think that human feelings can be conveyed. When the artist gives his feeling form, it is a bridge. Art can transmit something that even people who are close to each other cannot communicate directly. We actors are the very poor artists; still, there is a little space for us. In my own self as an actress, I keep to myself, but I sense the worlds of other people. Each person has his own world. My inner world is the most important thing I have. I try as much as I can to respect people. The world of another person may be a big circle or a small one. What is important is to explore each circle, whatever the size, to the outermost edge. When I am in another person's circle, I am quiet—quieter than I used to be when I was very young. When the moment comes, I can be open. I like to communicate with people, but I need time by myself. Alone, I take in new strength; then I can give it out. It is very much like breathing—in and out.

CEDRIC HARDWICKE: *I do not regard the theatre as a place for literature; it is for the art of acting.*

I was born on February 19, 1893, in Lye, Stourbridge, Worcestershire,

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which is ten miles from Birmingham. I'm the eldest of three children; the others, both girls, are married and lead conventional middle-class lives, one in Ireland and the other, a widow, in Canada. My father was a physician, and wanted me to study medicine. At the age of twelve months, I won first prize—a guinea—in a beauty contest sponsored by a paper called *The Baby*. At four, I was taken to a Wild West Show, and I immediately afterward set about putting on my own version of it, with one of my sisters as a bareback rider on a donkey. I wanted to be an actor from the time I was ten. I never wanted to do anything else. I was fascinated by acting. I'm the only actor I know who never wanted to do anything else. Acting is a wonderful profession, if it is properly pursued. It's far more enjoyable *pretending* to be a doctor than actually being one. I attended day school at Stourbridge, a couple of miles from home. I had a makeup box at home, and after school I'd constantly experiment with various kinds of disguises. I used to lead excursions of my classmates to the Prince of Wales's and the Theatre Royal in Birmingham and to the Alhambra in Stourbridge, the last wooden theatre in England, where I saw such classics as "East Lynne," "The Fatal Wedding," and "The Grip of Iron." To get me away from the Alhambra, my father sent me to a small boarding school, Bridgnorth School, in Shropshire. I was a strong student in English, history, and geography, and a shockingly weak one in mathematics. My parents liked the theatre and opera, and took me to see some of the great actors of the time, including Duse, Bernhardt, Coquelin, Ellen Terry, and Lucien Guitry, father of the late Sacha. I was seven or eight when I saw Coquelin as Cyrano, but I never forgot his impressive performance and his power of suggestion. Coquelin at that time used a long false nose in the first act of the play, and a shorter nose in Act Two, and no false nose at all in Act Three, and nobody—including myself—ever noticed it. The elder Guitry still seems to me, in many ways, the most magnificent actor I've ever seen. He was tremendously economical in his use of gesture, and when he raised his hand you would shudder. One barely perceptible gesture, and a thrill would go through the audience. All the great actors then had the same thing that great actors have today—the power to rivet your attention on them. However, many actors of the past were real spellbinders. John Barrymore was the

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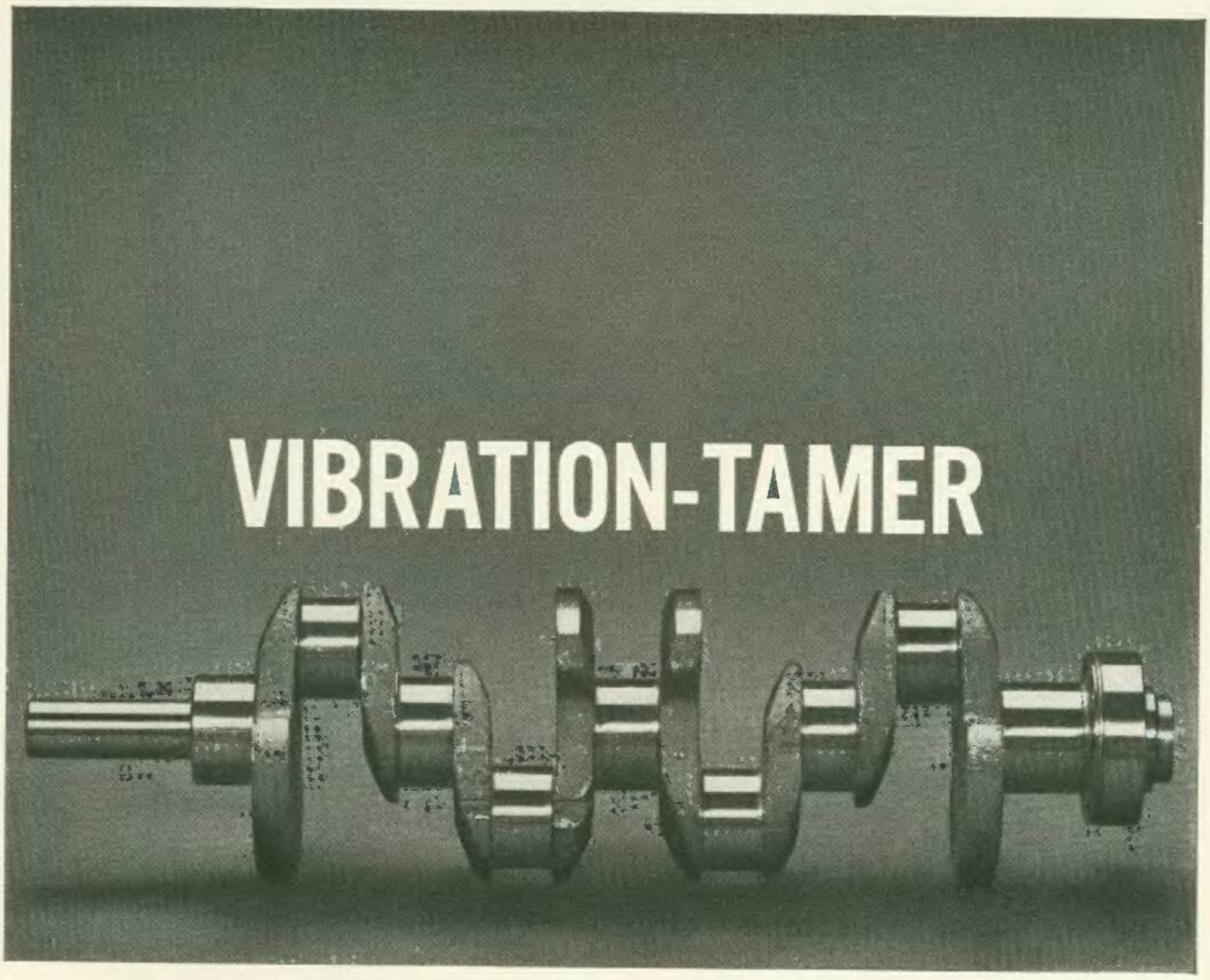

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last of them. They couldn't fit into the theatre today. Life was *thundering* away for them, not going off in little pops. If Henry Irving and Edmund Kean were alive today, they would probably be in business as executives or tycoons. The theatre wouldn't be big enough to hold them. Laurence Olivier and John Gielgud are the last of the great romantic actors. But even they are mild compared to the great actors of the past. You hear actors today being described as great actors, but they are not great actors until they are tested in a great part, like Macbeth or Hamlet—a part that challenges greatness, that demands a tremendous range and ability to express the great emotions. The misfortune of the theatre today is that it is denied its masterpieces. Producers don't find commercial success in "Hamlet." The great parts as they were played by the great actors called for a suspension of disbelief. They destroyed one's critical faculties. Of course, it's entirely possible that in the old days acting by candlelight permitted the actor to get away with more than when he acted by gaslight, when the audience could see more of what was going on on the stage. What is known as the ham actor was discouraged by gaslight. Long before my time, there was no way to dim the candles in the "house," and the audience sat in a lighted auditorium during the play. These days, the theatre is dark and the light is fully on the actors. The audience does not have to work so hard to see the actors. The microphone has ruined the ears of the audience and made lazy listeners of them. All this has had its effect on acting. When I started acting, it was behind gas footlights. I remember the intense heat they gave off, and I remember how different acting in electric light felt at first. Fortunately, I was young enough to be plastic in the face of the change.

At twelve, I was organizing Shakespearean productions in the kitchen of our home, where I played Antonio in "The Merchant of Venice." At fourteen, I first played Hamlet, with a forty-three-year-old friend of my mother's playing Ophelia. My father regarded my theatrical ambitions with alarm. In England, actors were and still are classed as rogues and vagabonds. Bernard Shaw fought as nobody else did for recognition of the actor as an intelligent member of the community. Henry Irving was the first actor to be knighted—that was in 1895—and since then the actor has had to be given some recognition. Once I had definitely decided to become a professional actor,

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my father wanted me to have the best available training. So I went to the Academy of Dramatic Art, originally known as Tree's Academy, which had been founded by Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Roland Young and Carlotta Monterey, who later married Eugene O'Neill, were a couple of my classmates. I got very impatient with the Academy. It didn't take me long to learn that you can't really *learn* to act; you've got to get out and do it. Like most successful actors, I was atrocious as a young actor. Most good actors start by being very bad ones. I remember Olivier as a young actor. He was very noisy. He had no trace of subtlety. He shouted every part. Yet I knew instinctively he'd be a great actor. I was unorthodox, and had I been unorthodox in a manner that arrested attention, it might not have been so bad, but I could hardly be compared to any other living thing on earth. I fancied myself as an actor of character parts. All this sort of thing—the determination to be different—is good in a young actor. But what I liked in myself I did badly. One of the first lessons I learned was the tremendous sense of discipline one needs in acting in order to share one's experience with an audience. Today, so many young actors don't want to share anything with the audience, although sometimes I think that the inarticulate actor of today is perhaps the most merciful one. In the beginning, I never felt I had any personality of my own. I was happy only when I transformed myself with putty noses, moles, and all sorts of things I'd stick on. Then, as I began to work, the nonsense was beaten out of me. Development is something you're unaware of. Gradually, you discard the young rubbish, the overacting, the exaggeration—anything that diverts the attention of the audience from the important to the unimportant. Acting is a profession with no rules. But the actor must be creative, or else he's no good. It's an interpretive art, but only when it ceases to be simply interpretive and becomes creative is it any good.

I got on the stage in my first professional role in 1912, in London's West End; it was a walk-on part as a gentleman of the court in "The Monk and the Woman." My first speaking part was in "Find the Woman," doubling as a hotel lift operator and a butler, replacing my friend Roland Young, who was going to America. I had little to do in the play, but I was never bored. I'd stand in the wings, night after night, watching the other players—Arthur Bourchier, Violet Vanbrugh, A. E. Matthews,

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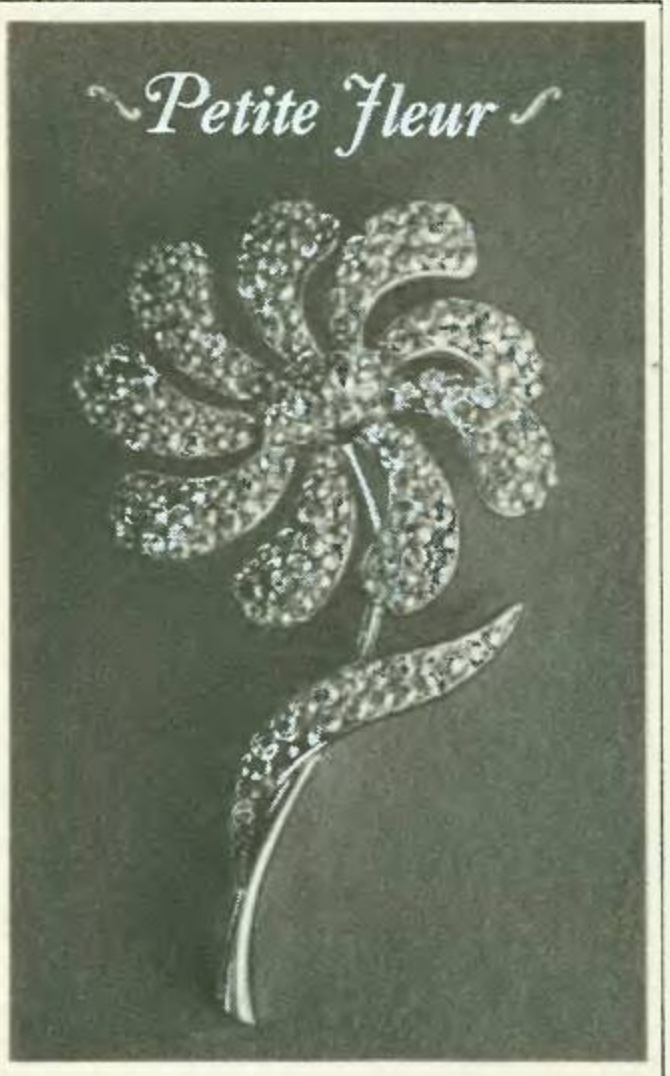

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and James Carew, who had married Ellen Terry. Seventeen years later, I played with Carew again, in Shaw's "The Apple Cart." In 1913, I joined a touring company called the Benson North Company and toured South Africa and Rhodesia, and when I returned to London the next year, I played small parts in Shakespearean productions with the recently launched Old Vic Shakespeare Company, with Sybil Thorndike and William Stack and Estelle Stead. Then I enrolled for officer's training in the Army. I started with the infantry, was switched to the cavalry, and then to the Royal Army Service Corps Horse Transport. I landed in France in January, 1916. I saw front-line action, and about half a dozen times during the next few years I organized concert parties for the troops in France. I was discharged from the Army in the fall of 1921, and while I was spending some time at home, I joined the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in nearby Birmingham. I returned to the stage to find the theatre changed. The cardboard theatre was gone. The play of ideas had come along to stay. Bernard Shaw, almost singlehanded, destroyed the old romantic theatre with his plays. Shaw taught me the social importance of the theatre. He dealt with the outstanding social and economic problems of the time. From him I learned that there is not much humor in truth but a hell of a lot of truth in humor. I came to know Shaw, and Shaw was a sort of godfather to me. After the war, the theatre was taken over by the playwrights, and away from the actors, and Shaw taught me the importance of the theatre critic, and the effect of the theatre on the times. It was the beginning of a long and marvellous friendship. While I was with the Birmingham Rep, I played many Shaw parts, including Captain Shotover in "Heartbreak House" and the He-Ancient in "Back to Methuselah," which was put on in London. It was my first leading role in London since I had started acting, twelve years earlier. Shaw directed the production—not officially, but he came around about a week before the opening and took over the direction. I not only learned about theatre from Shaw; he gave me significant and extremely helpful advice. One thing he always insisted on was that I not direct myself as an actor, because he believed you couldn't divide your attention. And early in 1950, when I was going to be in a charity performance of Shaw's "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," Shaw wrote me and said that I must positively not play the Beefeater—

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that I must play the part of Shakespeare or nothing. He wrote me that Burbage did not play Bernardo or Marcellus in "Hamlet." Anybody could play the Beefeater, he said, just as anybody could produce. He was against my taking on what he called "tuppenyhapeny jobs."

The year 1925 was for me the beginning of over a quarter century of playing leading parts in many great and good plays—"Caesar and Cleopatra," "Othello," "The Apple Cart," and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." In 1936, I came to Broadway, where I've appeared in over thirty plays, including "Antigone," "Candida," and "Don Juan in Hell." I've acted in about a hundred movies, some of which were "The Winslow Boy," "Becky Sharp," "On Borrowed Time," "I Remember Mama," "The Moon Is Down," "The Ten Commandments," and "Around the World in Eighty Days." I've been married twice and have a son by each marriage; Edward, the elder, is an actor in London and Michael, the younger, is at Menlo School, in Menlo Park, California. While I was playing a Japanese businessman in the play "A Majority of One," I began writing my autobiography, which I wanted to call "Fifty Years Without Being Found Out." It was published as "A Victorian in Orbit."

I've reached an age where I feel I don't have to prove I can act. If I haven't proved it by now, I never will. Every actor goes through periods when he has to earn a living in a routine way. Your greatest reward comes when you do exactly what you enjoy most. *My* greatest reward came when I was able to do the role of the Statue in "Don Juan in Hell." There have been—and are—times when I have felt that what I would like most is to be a circus clown, a part in which I could rely entirely on my own sense of invention. I may do it still. Acting in the theatre requires that you sustain a performance, and I find it harder work than acting in movies. In a film, when all is said and done, good cutting can make a good actor out of a donkey. I never go to see myself in the movies—thanks to Bernard Shaw, really. I once said to him that it might be a good idea to go and see yourself, as a way of seeing what you do and learning to correct your faults. You're more likely, he told me, to destroy your virtues. If you watch yourself in the movies, you become terribly self-conscious and begin trying to make yourself like other people, when the one thing you have that counts as an actor is whatever you have that makes you dif-

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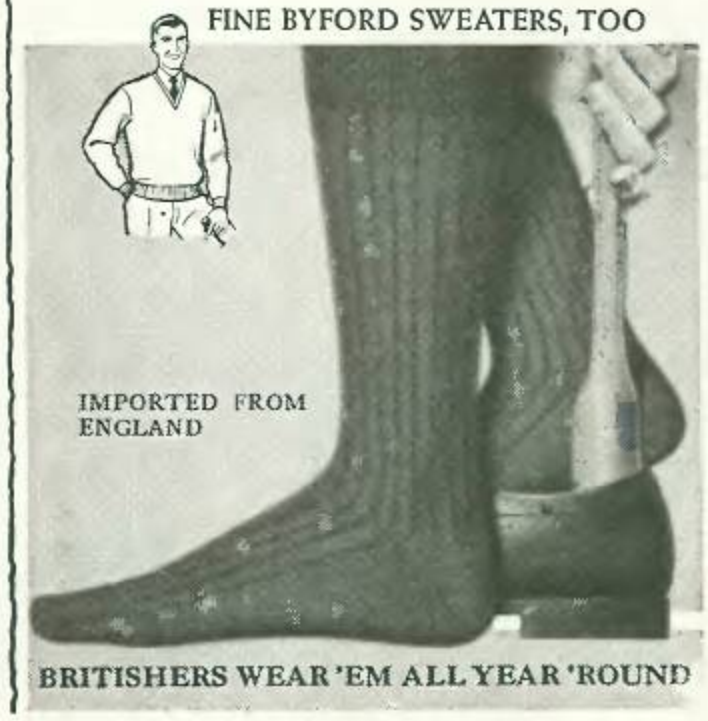

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ferent. You don't ever want to destroy that individuality. Theatre acting gives you a rehearsal period of three weeks. The movies don't allow time. During rehearsals for the stage, you adapt the character to yourself just as much as you adapt yourself to the character. You begin to feel it's right when you feel one little bit of it is right. The rest of it will then fall into place. You have an awareness of what you're doing, but it's instinctive. The best effects are the ones you are not conscious of. Actors began to decay when they began to *understand* what they were saying. All this playing around with psychoanalysis, all this looking deep within yourself, is ruining actors. It's ruining everybody, for that matter. The great Shakespearean actors didn't have the vaguest idea what the hell they were saying. Ellen Terry didn't know what it was all about, but she never made a mistake. I once saw her when she was quite old. She forgot her lines, stepped out of the play and said something to the audience, then stepped back into her part. I've always remembered one piece of advice Herbert Beerbohm Tree gave to an actor who was inclined to underact. He told him, "When an actor in my beautiful theatre carries onto the stage a candle, I tell the electrician to turn on two limelights, two whole battens of lights, and twenty lamps in the footlights, representing in all some six thousand candle power. In my beautiful theatre, one candle is represented by six thousand. Remember that when you act here." The theatre is for big dramatic effects. Unless the audience gets it immediately, the audience doesn't get it at all. Acting is a physical thing. You're always part of the picture. You suggest physically as well as with your voice. Actually, the low point of acting is when you are using your voice. Ellen Terry, who had a most destructive charm, gave me her best advice when she told me, "My boy, act in your pauses."

The more I see of life, the more I prefer the world of the theatre to the real world. Strangely enough, the world has become more theatrical, while the theatre has become more drab. Good acting is good faking, really. You start to become the person you play only at the moment you start to play. When I wash my makeup off, I wash the part out of myself. For many people, a fake life is more interesting than a real one. The art of acting has always been the art of faking your own life and faking life for other people. You act for the audience. The amateur acts for

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his own pleasure; the professional acts for the pleasure of other people. Actors today have power. They go into every home by way of television. They give pleasure to millions. When I started out in the theatre, only a few people came to see actors act in the theatre. Today, because actors have power, a great many of them kid themselves into thinking that what they do is important. The attention they get and their publicity are way out of proportion to their real importance. I'm always embarrassed when I'm stopped on the street because I'm an actor. After all, what are we doing? We are the fakers of the world.

We live in an impatient age today. An actor wants to make a lot of money in a short time. When I started out, it took me twelve years to get an important part to play in London. But I was willing to wait. Acting was an obsession with me. It still is. Your only true guide is "I want to be an actor, and I cannot be anything else." If you ask, "*Should* I be?," you should keep away from the theatre and not go into it at all.

MAUREEN STAPLETON: *Actors are a much hardier breed of people than any other people. We have to be clever as rats to survive.*

I was born on June 21, 1925, in Troy, New York. I have one brother, John, who is three years younger than I am. My parents, both of whom are Irish-Americans and strict Roman Catholics, were separated when I was five, and my brother and I went to live with my mother, together with my maternal grandmother and three aunts and two uncles. My mother worked as a clerk in the New York State Department of Unemployment Insurance, in Albany—a twenty-minute drive from Troy. She still works there, and now my brother does, too. I made my decision to act when I was five years old, when I saw my first Jean Harlow movie. I went to movies all the time. Jean Harlow was so beautiful, and everybody loved her. What the hell, what could be better? I didn't dare tell anybody about my decision. I minded my own business. In the parochial school I went to, I would go through all the expected motions. I happened to be fatter than any other kid on our block. At the age of twelve, I weighed a hundred and forty pounds; at thirteen, a hundred and sixty pounds; at fourteen, a hundred and eighty pounds. I had a nice fat, unhappy teenhood. When I was twelve, I informed my mother for the first time that I was going to become an

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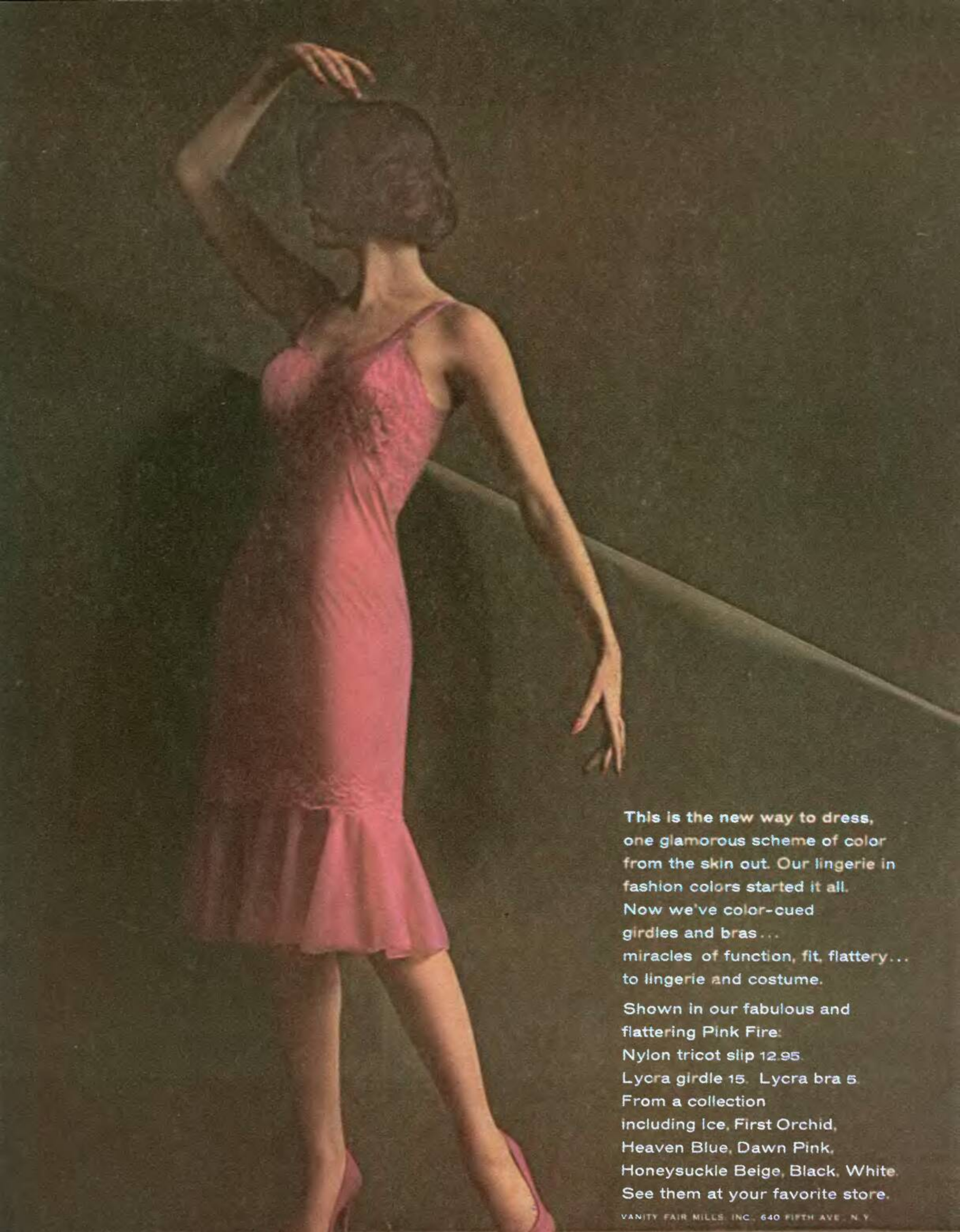

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actress. She said, "Sure. Sure." She didn't know that I wasn't asking her, I was *telling* her. I wanted to become an actress because that was the way to be beautiful and rich and to have all the fellows love you. The desire was so strong that it sustained me. I always took it for granted that if you want to be anything badly enough, you just are—that it's simply a matter of enduring. There's a certain time in your life when you have one friend who sheds some light on life for you. For me, that one friend was my Uncle Vincent. When I told him that I wanted to become an actress, he encouraged me. I could tell him anything in the world. I wasn't afraid to say anything to him. Nothing had to be hidden. When I was around him, I always forgot, for some reason, to feel that I was the kid who was fat. He always told the truth, no matter how shattering it was. He was the kind of person who gets very excited about a book. He joined the Navy when he was fifteen, and he died at the age of thirty-one. I was in two plays in high school—"Anne of Green Gables," and "Murder on a Ferris Wheel." In both plays, I took the part of an old lady who was out of breath; or maybe I was out of breath. I saw my first real play when I was fourteen—a stock-company production in Albany of "A Bill of Divorcement." I went crazy. They weren't puppets. They weren't on the screen. They were real people, being kind to each other, alive. I loved it.

After graduating from high school in 1942, I worked for the Unemployment Insurance Department in Albany as a clerk for eighteen seventy-five a week. Then I switched to a better-paying clerical job, at twenty-eight dollars a week, at the Watervliet Arsenal, near Troy. By September, 1943, I had saved up a hundred dollars, and came to New York, determined to become an actress. After two weeks in New York, my hundred dollars was gone, so I got a job, operating a billing machine for the Hotel New Yorker. I had the name of a drama teacher in New York—Frances Robinson-Duff—whose name I had seen in a theatre magazine, so I took lessons from Frances Robinson-Duff for a few months and spent five hundred dollars learning the Delsarte system, where everything is supposed to be divided into mental, emotional, and physical categories, with charts under each heading. There were an awful lot of charts. But I was young, and everything was lovely. Then a friend of one of my aunts told me about the drama courses at the New School for Social Research, where Herbert Berg-

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hof was teaching night classes, so I registered there. It turned out to be heaven. I roomed with two other girls taking the course. In the summer of 1945, I followed Herbert and twenty other actors and actresses into the Greenbush Summer Theatre, in Blauvelt, New York. What unbelievable chaos! Twenty-two democratic voices with equal voting power and equal say about doing a different play every week for eight weeks! We acted everything and did everything. Anybody who had time to wash her hair was ostracized. We didn't even have time to eat. Not that we had much to eat. After a couple of weeks, Herbert said to me, "Your work is improving. What are you doing, Maureen?" I said, "I'm washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning toilets." But the question scared me. I asked myself, What *am* I doing? The improvement couldn't be from cleaning toilets. I decided it was because I didn't have time to think. I was beginning to feel my way through a role. I was just *doing* it.

I had the usual couple of years of living off odd jobs, taking lessons, talking acting all the time, day and night, with other actors, making the rounds, and smiling, smiling, smiling. Then, in the fall of 1946, I called up Guthrie McClintic's office to find out who was going to play the part of the lead, Pegeen Mike, in "The Playboy of the Western World." By chance, McClintic answered the telephone himself. I asked my question politely, and he gave me a rude answer, saying that it was none of my damn business. This set me off. Among other things, I told him that I didn't give a damn who was playing it. That did the trick. He turned polite. He asked me to come see him at three the next afternoon. I wound up with the part of one of the village girls and understudy to the lead. It was my first Broadway play. My grandmother, mother, brother, and three aunts came to the opening. For eight performances, in the last week of the play's run, I played the lead. At the beginning of my first performance, I was so terrified I couldn't look up, and when I stood up I had to hold on to a piece of furniture to keep my legs from buckling. It was my happiest terror.

In 1947, I played Katharine Cornell's maid in the touring version of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," directed by Guthrie McClintic. It was the best time of my life, going across the country, seeing all the big cities, and working with Miss Cornell and Mr. McClintic. I felt intoxicated all the time just being with the company. The actor who played the father made it

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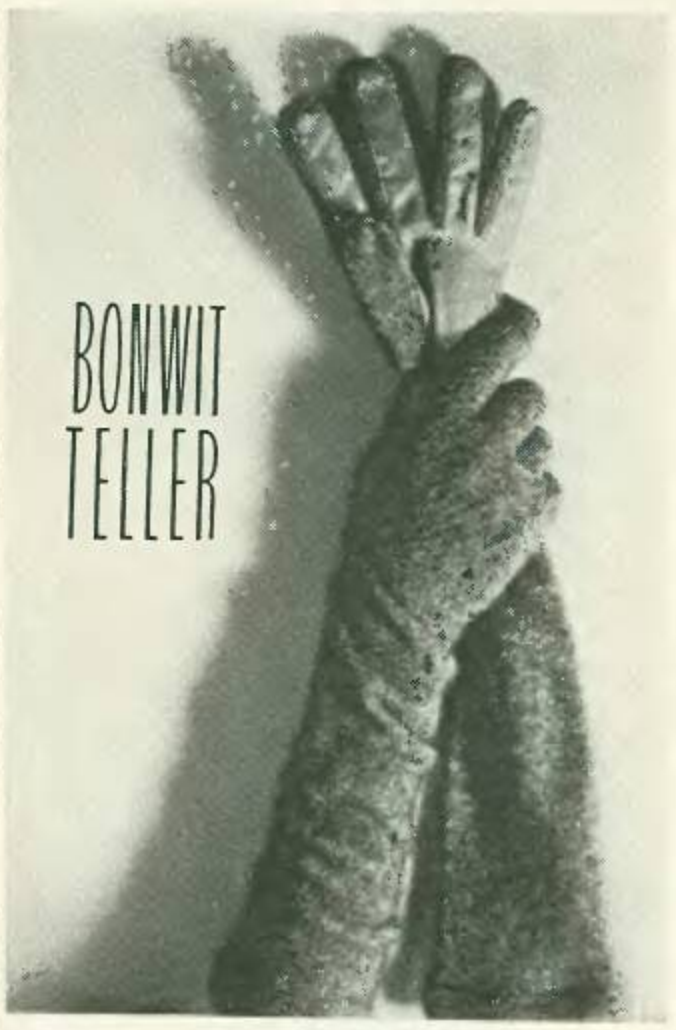
easy for all the rest of us, including Miss Cornell, to believe in him. He was Wilfrid Lawson, one of the greatest actors in the world, and all he had to do was just show up and everybody else could get going. Miss Cornell and Mr. McClintic did things in a way that was always considerate, always kind, and always thoughtful. Sort of old-fashioned ways that you don't see too much of around these days. I was impressed by them then, and I've found out since—after considerable comparison shopping—that I was right. They treat actors like people. Later on that same year, I played with Miss Cornell again, this time as one of the handmaidens, Iras, in "Antony and Cleopatra." One day, I overslept before a performance, was awakened at home by the stage manager, rushed to a taxi, got dressed as we drove, and arrived at the theatre just as another actress was stepping into my dress and the others were taking their places. As I joined them, Miss Cornell said to me, "I was so worried about you, because I knew how awful you'd feel when you woke up." There may not be another lady like her in all the rest of the theatre.

Around then, I enrolled in the Actors' Studio for study in Bobby Lewis's class, with Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, David Wayne, Tom Ewell, Thelma Schnee, Karl Malden, Eli Wallach, and Kevin McCarthy. We were one of the first classes in the Actors' Studio's existence. In the spring of 1949, I played a small part in Sidney Kingsley's "Detective Story," and that July I was married, at the Municipal Building, to Max Allentuck, the general manager for Kermit Bloomgarden. We had a festive dinner at the Longchamps Restaurant near City Hall, and I just made it to the theatre for the curtain. In 1951, I played the leading role, Serafina delle Rose, in Tennessee Williams' "The Rose Tattoo." I took on the part three months after having my first child, Daniel Vincent. In 1953, I replaced Beatrice Straight in the role of Elizabeth Proctor for the last seven weeks of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." The following year, in my fifth month of pregnancy with my second child, Cathy, I played Masha in the Phoenix Theatre production of "The Sea Gull." The year after that, I played one Tennessee Williams role—Flora Meighan in "Twenty-seven Wagons Full of Cotton"—and in 1957 another, Lady Torrance in "Orpheus Descending." I've played in two movies, "Lonelyhearts" and "The Fugitive Kind," and I didn't like the experience. I'm now divorced,



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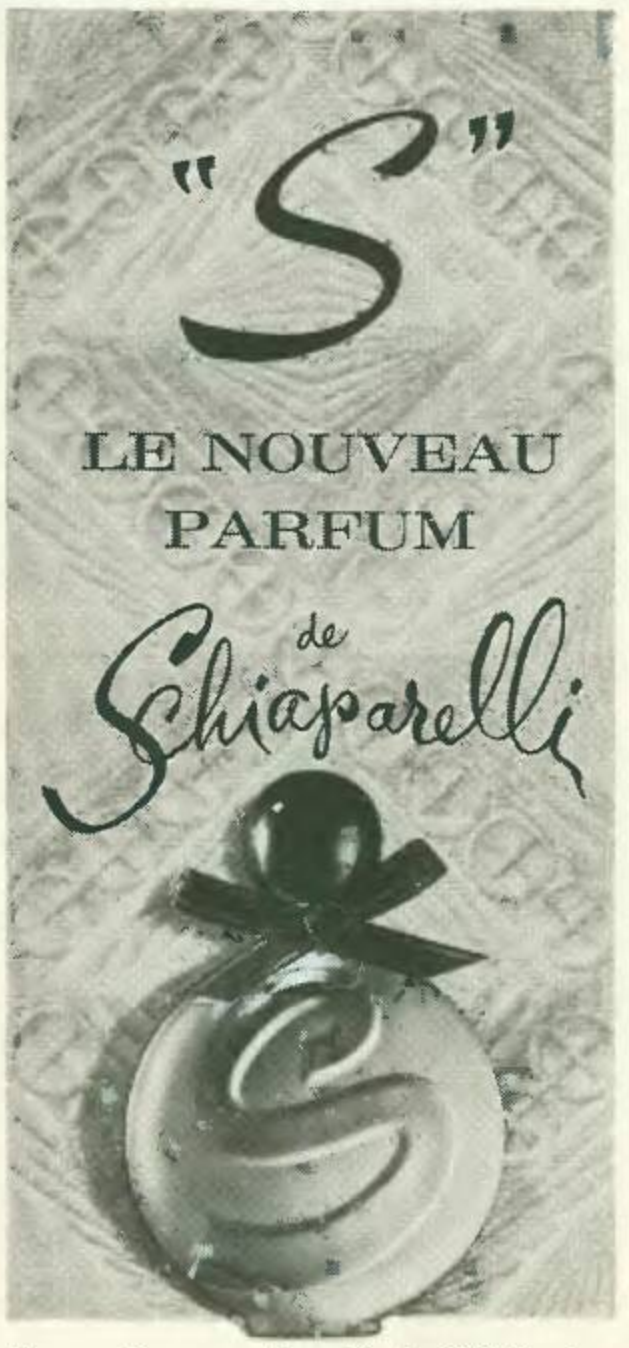

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and I live with my children in an old brownstone, half of which I own, on West Seventieth Street. When I'm working, I go home directly from the play, have a drink and a late supper, and watch the Late and Late Late Shows on television. I try to get eight hours sleep, because it's necessary for your nerves. Your damn nerves have to be in good condition for this work. I get up at noon. There's always something doing with the kids in the afternoon—taking them to the doctor or talking to their teachers. Whenever I can, I love to play poker. It's very relaxing, like making hooked rugs. I read poetry and other things, but I don't ever broaden. I've been reading the same things over and over since my English Lit. course in high school.

When you have an especially demanding part, emotionally—whatever the hell that means—your own day-to-day living becomes less well integrated. When I work, I get dirty and sloppy offstage. I don't take as much care of myself personally. It could be plain, old-fashioned laziness, but I think it's almost a moral tendency. I feel I don't have to bother as much about matters I don't really care about. Everything is geared to the moment of the eight-forty curtain. In the theatre, I never have to ask myself, Am I *living* the role? There's usually a certain emotional holdover from the stage to your own life, and it can become a physical thing, but you don't have to think about it. The main thing is, you're disciplined, and at eight-forty you're oriented to being somebody else. It's different in making a movie. I found it somewhat demoralizing, not being able to act the way I felt I must act. There are so many reasons for that. For one thing, you sit around for hours, and then, suddenly, you're told you're on. I was never ready. I was too accustomed to the discipline of going on at eight-forty. In the theatre, when you don't have to do one of those guts-away parts, it makes it much easier on your private, away-from-the-stage life. In S. N. Behrman's "The Cold Wind and the Warm," my role, Ida, was easier than the others I've played, because Ida wasn't in turmoil. She wasn't interlocked with the feelings of the other characters. I didn't have to break my neck. In the Tennessee Williams roles I've played, the emotional problems were so great I was living under great tension and terrible pressures. That's when you have to call on all that interior jazz. After six months of that kind of thing, you tend to get a little nutty. I got a little nutty in "The Rose Tattoo." I felt anxious *all* the time. After all, just *one* of the things I had to do in that play

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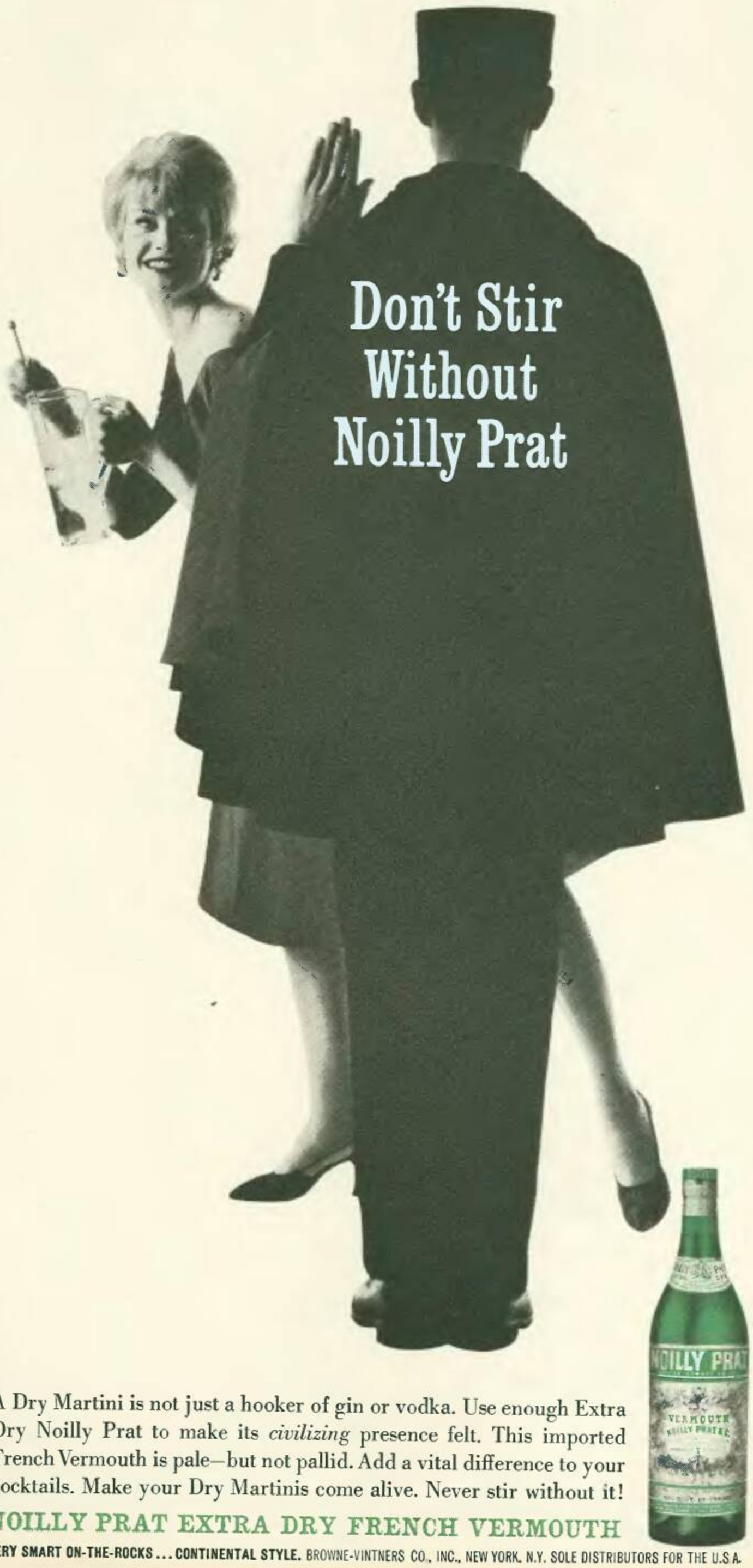
was the scene with the priest, where I claw at him, tear at his clothes, scream, and carry on. Something like that in one *day* of anyone's life is quite enough to happen. You do that, among other things, every night, over and over again, it's bound to take a hell of a lot out of you. It forces you to keep yourself on an emotional track full time.

The prospect of becoming stale in a part is quite frightening. You mustn't let yourself become like a record. Yet, at the same time, you've got to be sure that that other person you become is going to be finished at the end of the play. Everybody, after all, wants to be something and somebody. In acting, it's yourself becoming something else and somebody else. It's making believe all your life, and who says there's anything wrong with *that*? If you're lucky, you *become* the person you're playing. Every performance, you do new things, just as you do things differently all the time in real life, where you never do anything exactly the same way twice. Someone like Marlon Brando is so complete a talent he can draw on things inside himself and fill in with what he needs. He has more equipment for doing that than most people. If it isn't there, the director has to find something to help you put it there. The assumption is that emotionally people are all alike, so that nothing you do is really alien to anybody else.

I like to read a play not knowing what part I'm up for. When I do know, I can't focus on my own part at all. There's something that almost blinds me. The part is like a blank space. Fear sets in right away, and I then read the play over several times. In certain plays, when you start work you can make a strong emotional identification right away, or get some sort of over-all picture of the characterization. Then it's like a construction job. I often draw on other people or on experiences that illuminate some part of the character. Then I add things as I go along. I once worked with a woman who turned to me suddenly, in the middle of a rehearsal, and cried, "Now we're getting the pants on!" It *is* like getting dressed. After a while, as you go along, you find that all things dovetail. The director is a guide. If I don't trust a director, I pretend to listen to him but I muddle through by myself. Once you set the things you do and make them mean certain things, you then respond to the stimuli you yourself have set up. Then you *feel*. You might set it up as a combination of mind and feeling, but the feeling usually takes over. Crying is easy. I watch "Lassie" on television and I cry. I watch an old man carrying an



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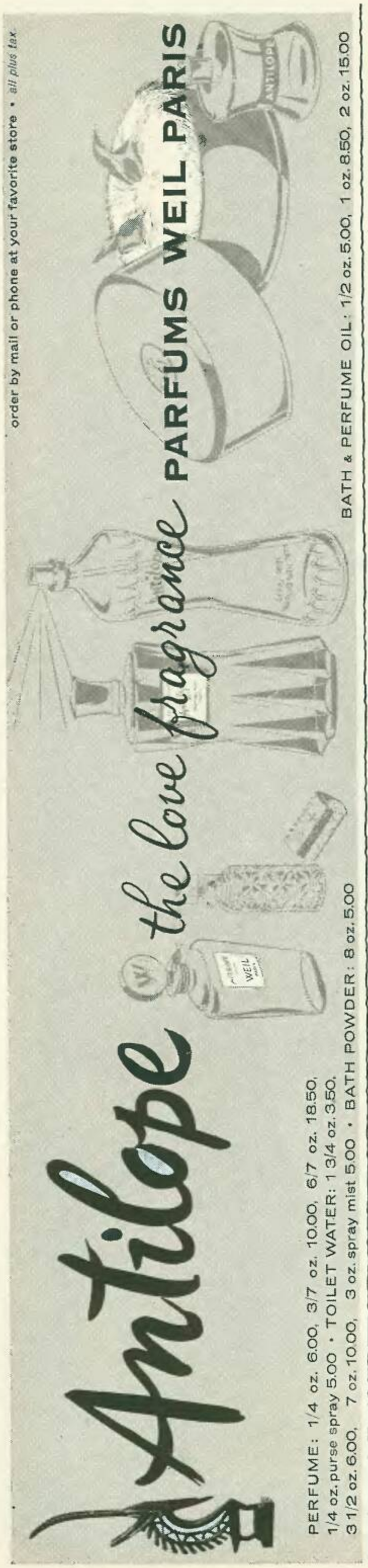

icebox up two flights of stairs and I cry. Bobby Lewis says, "If crying were acting, my Aunt Rifke would be Duse." All you have to do to cry is set up the right stimulus that will trigger the mechanism, and off you go. Laughing is much more difficult. On the whole, it's very, very hard to do a true laugh. It's that way in life, too. You hear a lot of laughter but very little real laughter. The usual laugh is more like a nervous mannerism. A real laugh is so real you have no control over it. It's quite beautiful.

I believe in the toughness of actors. I have a feeling of genuine pride in actors as my people. We're called egomaniacs; we're thought of as children. The people in front of the curtain are regarded as heads of state, but actors are supposed to be irresponsible, stupid, unaware, and a kind of joke. They're accused of having big egos. Well, the actor's ego is no different in size because he's an *actor*. Actors don't need half as much of that flattery malarkey as some people think they need, and they need much less than a lot of other artists. A writer or a painter or a musician can go off into a corner and lick his wounds, but an actor stands out in front of the crowd and takes it. Actors are up for exposure night after night. Yet actors are expendable, like cattle, because so few jobs are available. Actors spend years and years being treated like dirt. They're constantly in a state of debasement, making the rounds of casting directors and having to look happy and great. I made the rounds for years, but I wasn't good at it. But then *nobody* is. You need a very strong stomach. You need a sense of the business as a whole, so that you don't get lacerated every time somebody tells you you're lousy. You need strength, and no matter how strong you get, you always need to get stronger. There's never a guarantee you'll go on working. A show will always close, sooner or later. If I'm not working, I just consider myself somebody who is waiting to go on working. It's the only thing you can do. Your aspiration to act is so great, so deep, so complete, that you give yourself not ten years, not twenty, but your whole lifetime to realize it. —Lillian Ross

(*This is the second of a series of three articles, based on interviews by the author.*)

•

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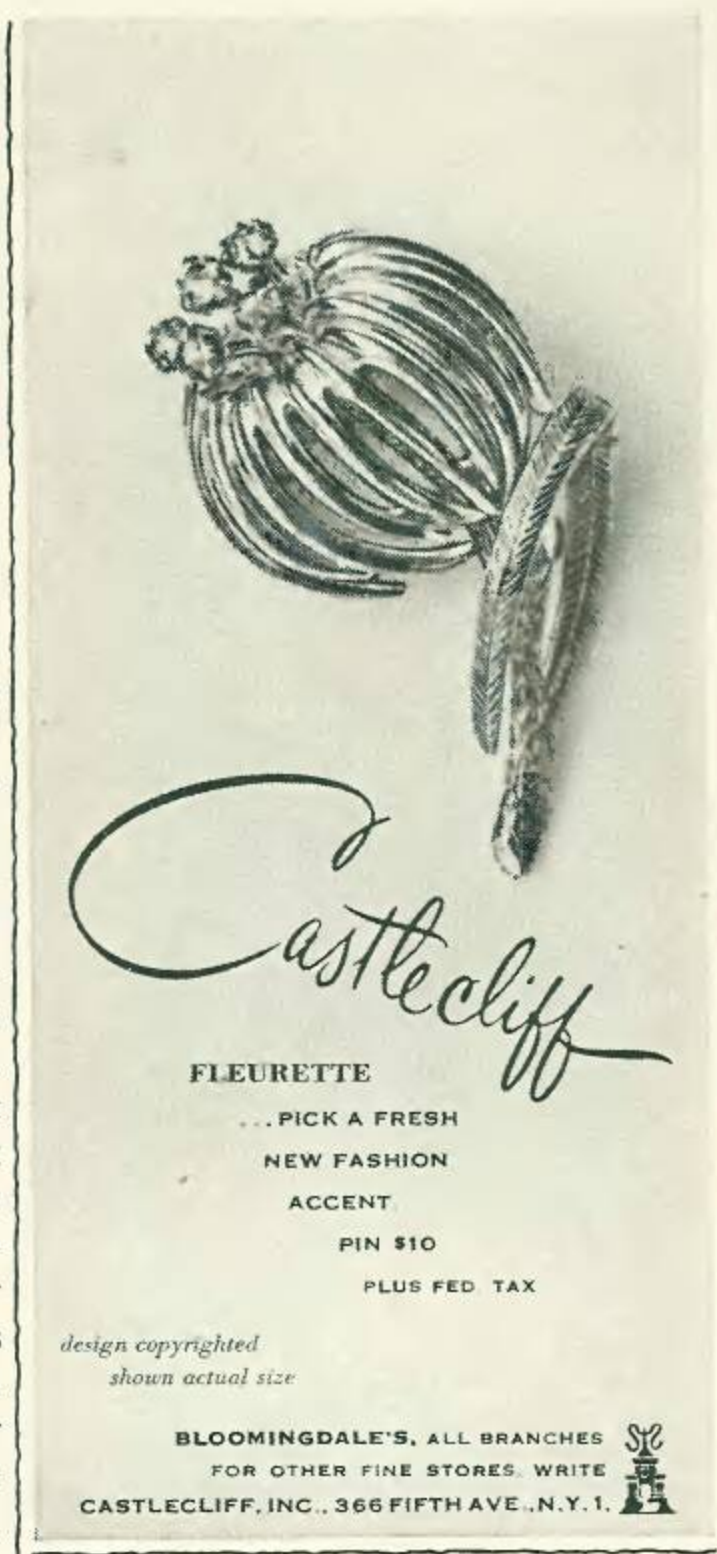

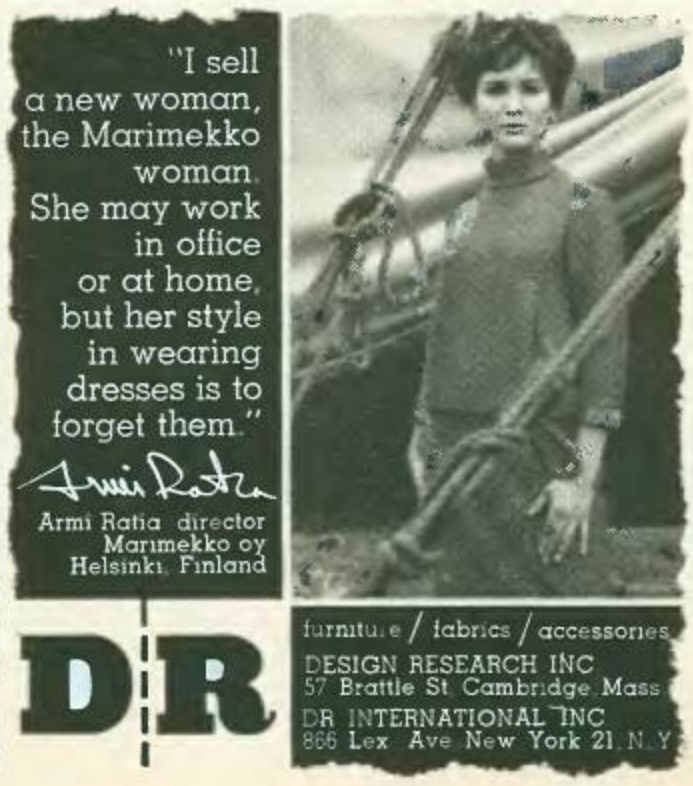

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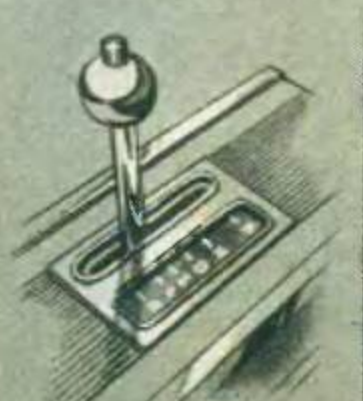

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THE THEATRE

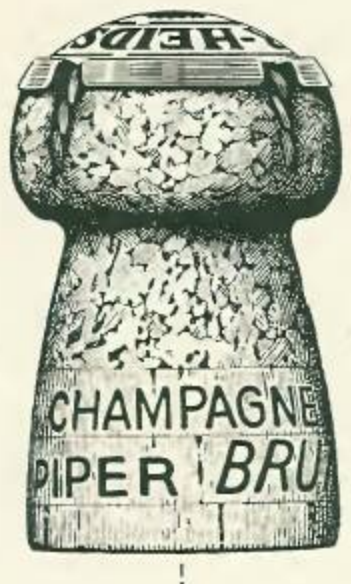
UP IN JOSEFA'S ROOM

Josefa, the heroine of "A Shot in the Dark," at the Booth, is a giddy young maidservant employed by M. and Mme. Beaurevers, one of the richest families in France. After a hard day of dusting and tidying up, either in the Beaurevers country place outside Paris or in the couple's urban establishment, Josefa likes nothing better than to patter off to her tiny digs under the mansard and take to her bed with any available male for a spot of relaxing dalliance. One disenchanted evening, her beloved of the moment—the family's Spanish chauffeur—is done in by a person or persons unknown while visiting her town-house quarters. Our girl insists that she isn't the killer, but the *gendarmerie* are inclined to discount her protests of innocence, since on the evening of the murder she was found lying—naked, in a faint, and clutching a revolver—close to the Spaniard's corpse. And so Josefa is hauled off to the seedy, cluttered, and possibly mildewed office of an examining magistrate for a pre-trial chat. This office (aptly designed by Ben Edwards), where we first encounter Josefa, serves as the locale of all the onstage action of the play. But it is the offstage doings of the characters that are supposed to tease our interest, and occasionally, when the actors are running on about some of the high old times they've lived through, they sound more like professional raconteurs than participants in a drama.

In its detective-story aspects, "A Shot in the Dark," which Harry Kurnitz adapted from "L'Idiote," by Marcel Achard, is short on suspense, and at times the Gallic spices seem to have been tossed into the pot with a heavy hand. From the minute Julie Harris, who plays Josefa with a self-conscious appreciation of her own devilishness, meets William Shatner, who plays the youthful and engaging examining magistrate, it is evident that there's a lot of rapport between the accused and the examiner, and that the examiner, having grave intuitive doubts about the maid's guilt, will move heaven, earth, and even the public prosecutor to prove her innocence, and challenge any Beaurevers to say him nay. It happens that to say nay to the Beaurevers pair isn't so risky, since M. Beaurevers has been having a fling with Josefa, and Mme. Beaurevers has been grappling betimes with her husband's best friend. Walter Matthau gives a solid comic performance as the lecherous head of the Beaurevers house, and Louise Troy is haughty and stylish as his accessible spouse. As you can see, it's hard to focus sympathetically on anybody in "A Shot in the Dark," but Harold Clurman has directed it with a nice understanding of its commercial possibilities.

Although I dote on military rumpuses in the theatre, I wasn't sure at the outset of "A Cook for Mr. General," at the Playhouse, that the actors on view were going to be as diverting as the usual crowd of wacky warriors who turn up in these things. This uncertain feeling continued until "A Cook for Mr. General" was well

"Deal me in."



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into the second act, but then things began to look up a little, and in the third act the author, Steven Gethers, introduced a court-martial scene that proved to make a wonderful slapstick mockery of all those descriptions of military justice we've had urged upon us by men more serious than Mr. Gethers. The playwright first put together "A Cook for Mr. General" as a television show, and its success was such that he was induced to expand it into a full-fledged legitimate drama. I doubt whether he was well advised in so doing. Stretching one of these TV efforts always seems to make for thinness somewhere along the line, and in "A Cook for Mr. General" the attenuation is most apparent when the author is trying amiably to introduce us to his people; namely, the strange lot who make up the Army personnel of a psychological rehabilitation center in the South Pacific, which is supervised by a former National Guard general who dreams desperate dreams of leaping into the cannon's mouth at the head of a combat force and also of eating a square and savory meal before plunging for the first time into the fray. For the most part, the general's rehabilitation charges are a disheartening lot, but one of them is a stalwart Greek-American youth whose only difficulty with the military establishment lies in the fact that he is always prepared to knock anybody cold who makes physical contact with him when his back is turned. (He keeps thinking that bad Greek policemen are sneaking up on him.) He can also cook. And so, after all kinds of complications we won't go into here, he and the general become pals. When the general gets word that the area commander is about to inspect the rehabilitation center, he takes the suggestion of his cook and bribes his men to shine up the place by throwing a Greek festival, complete with fireworks and a big old-country spread of lamb-goat-and-octopus stew, whereupon his little dream of heroic combat comes tumbling down, for the No. 1 brass hat rolls in a day ahead of time and finds all hands in the midst of the saturnalia. Just to make sure everything is really loused up, the big brass's aide makes physical contact with the Greek, and is, of course, laid out. And so we come to the court-martial, which, I assure you again, is very funny stuff.

As the Greek, Bill Travers is at once droll and pathetic, and as his high-ranking chum at the rehabilitation center, Roland Winters is amusing. So, for that matter, is John McGiver, as the sourpuss who outranks Mr. Winters. Other diverting types are represented by Thomas Carlin, Alan Bunce, Rob-

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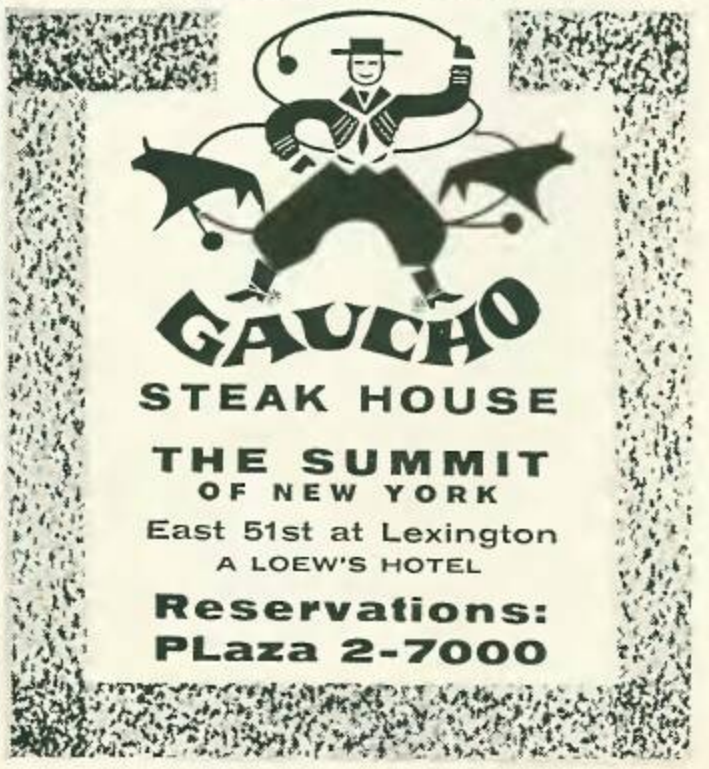


erts Blossom, Gerald O'Loughlin, and Paul Sparer.

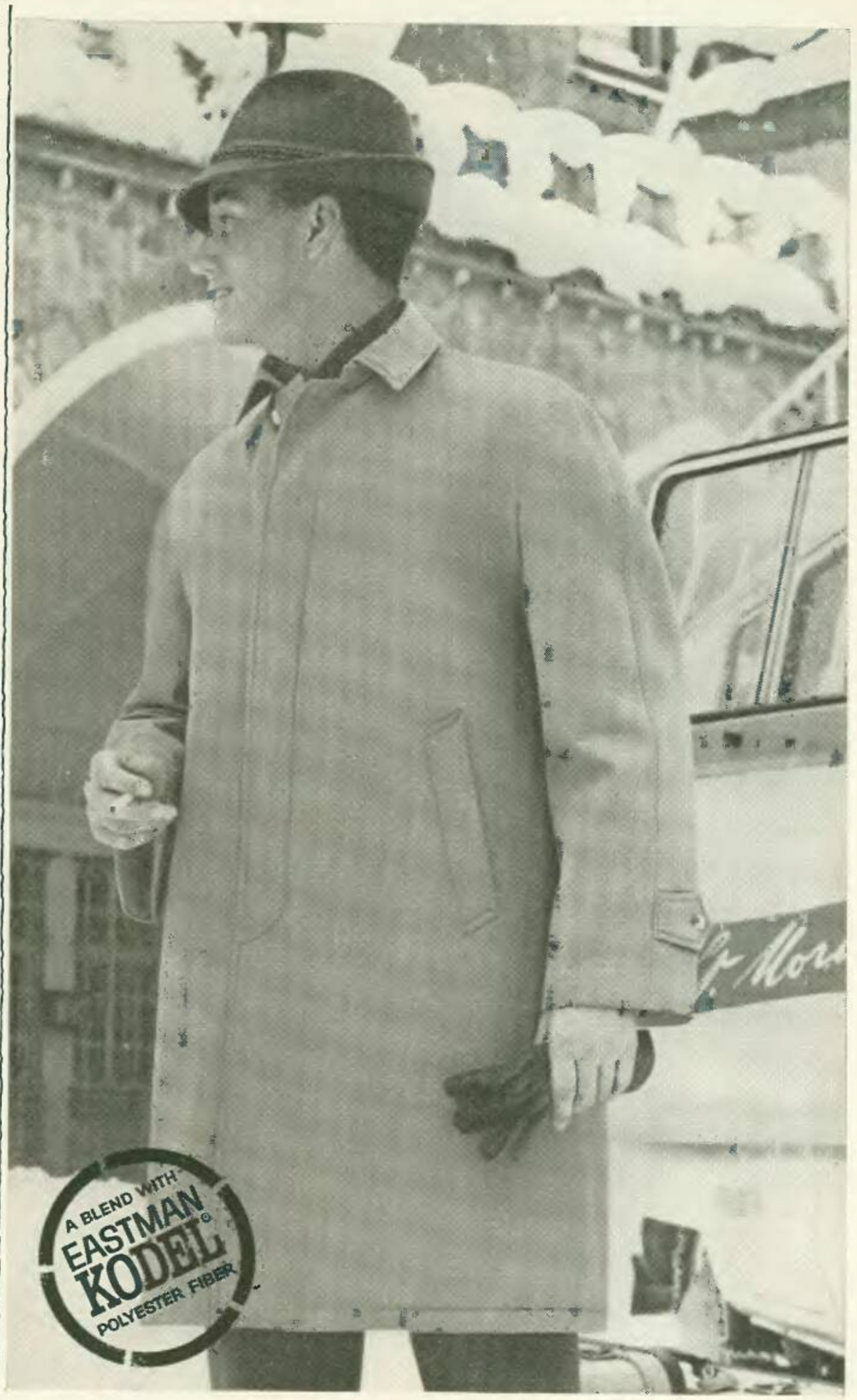
"Do You Know the Milky Way?," by Karl Wittlinger, tries to demonstrate, I think, that the innocent as well as the wicked must atone for guilt. As the thesis is developed in this drama at the Billy Rose, it never emerges very clearly, and while Hal Holbrook and George Voskovec, who make up the entire cast, are most capable, neither one of them really establishes himself as the catalyst needed to step up our reaction to Mr. Wittlinger's ideas. Paradoxically, Mr. Voskovec is such a fine performer that he constitutes a handicap to the piece, for as he goes about representing all kinds of people Mr. Holbrook has met in his short, unhappy life as a German soldier and citizen, he gets us so interested in what he is going to do in the way of quick change from minute to minute that we lose sight of any philosophical overtones and just sit back to watch a vaudeville performance. It's a good one, all right. It takes place in an insane asylum, where Mr. Voskovec is supposed to be a resident psychiatrist and Mr. Holbrook a patient who delivers milk, has assumed a false identity, is certain he originated on a faraway star, and is also dead. All most confusing. —John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

Second Runs

"Diff'rent," at the Mermaid, is a godawful early melodrama by Eugene O'Neill about a girl in a New England town who, having broken her engagement to an upright young whaling captain (Act I, 1890) upon finding out that he had had a brief, almost accidental affair during a two-year voyage to the South Seas (she'd thought he was diff'rent, and he turned out to be the same), winds up as a sexually ravenous flapper (Act II, 1920) and an easy mark for a conniving young soldier, the nephew of her ex-fiancé. The skipper, in rather rigid shape after thirty years of self-enforced celibacy, finds out what has been going on and, disgusted and disillusioned, hangs himself in his barn. The heroine, after the soldier has contemptuously exposed his hand, spends considerable time having gibbering hysterics and then, when she is told about the suicide, goes off to *her* barn.

As the foolishly righteous girl of Act I, Marian Seldes, who has done good work in the past, is sporadically believable, and also just charming enough to justify her fiancé's warning that she is not cut out for spinsterhood. As the



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cracked, funnypaper vamp of Act II, she is not convincing for one moment. Robert Drivas, as the unscrupulous doughboy, makes a plausible villain. The rest of the parts are as one-dimensional as those in a medieval morality, and there is not much that the actors, some of whom are skillful and experienced, can do with them. At the preview I saw, all the Down East accents kept slipping, but perhaps they were in place by opening night. The vehement tone of the play is so schoolboyish and the irony is so gawky that it is hard to realize that O'Neill's next play was "The Emperor Jones."

WILLIAM SAROYAN's "The Cave Dwellers," which opened and closed last week at the Greenwich Mews, is a dim, sentimental work that has something to do with charity or universal love and is set (as you may remember from the Broadway production) in an abandoned theatre where an old actress, an old clown, a broken-down boxer, a wispy girl, and a bear trainer with bear, wife, and infant (who is born during the intermission) are holed up. Occasionally, a bright line or a quirky bit of action that could only be Saroyan's penetrates the fog, and every once in a while Geraldine Fitzgerald, as the old actress, managed to pull a scene into focus. The other members of the cast seemed to be fairly new to acting, and, unfortunately, their inexperience rather overexposed the skimpiness of the script. —EDITH OLIVER

•

NEW YORK (AP)—Jorge Fernandez of Argentina, blood spurting from a fierce cut over his right eye, stopped Cecil Shorts of Cleveland in 2:43 of the sixth of a scheduled 10-round bout in Madison Square Garden Saturday night.

Fernandez thus ran his winning streak to six and after piling up 15 first downs and 279 yards from scrimmage at the half.—*Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman.*

We demand an investigation.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The American," by Henry James*]

Newman uttered an imprecation which, though brief—it consisted simply of the interjection "Oh!" followed by a geographical, or more correctly, perhaps, a theological noun in four letters—had better not be transferred to these pages.

FOOTBALL

Standstill

WHAT had been a fairly brisk autumn for the Ivy League turned, last weekend, into a very mild fall indeed. Dartmouth, which on its home grounds had been making its League competitors look neophyte, ventured into the outside world—as far as Worcester, Massachusetts, anyway—and was beaten for its pains by Holy Cross, though only at the last moment and by no more than 17–13. Princeton, on its second venture into the world, was roundly beaten, 15–0, by a Colgate team of not much more than medium grade. Yale, though it is beginning to make better use of its important sophomore backs (notably Egloff and Hinojosa) and an important sophomore end (who bears the completely Old Blue name of Strachan Donnelley), just managed to stave off a Cornell team that had some of its backs in the repair shop and some of its linemen in the doldrums, and that must depend this year largely on the fervor imparted to it by its new coach. Yale 12, Cornell 0 was the net result. Only Columbia, gaily bowling over Harvard by a score of 26–14, looked as though it really belonged in the League. There were, to be sure, signs of renaissance in Philadelphia, where Pennsylvania, overcoming rain, mud, an inability to pass the ball, and a listless Brown squad, at last managed to win a League match, 7–0. It was not so much the victory that mattered, though, as the fact that Penn is commencing to understand the single-wing mode of offense, transplanted from Princeton last season, and to make it work. (There is, naturally, the possibility that anything would work against Brown these days.) But the single-wing method, which for the spectator has the fascination of a murder mystery as each play majestically unravels on the way to its startling dénouement, needs passers and catchers as well as runners. At that, single-wing was doing better for Penn than it was for Princeton, the team that single-wing made famous. Eighty-six yards on the ground and fourteen in the air were all Princeton could collect against Colgate. Again, rain, mud, and doldrum linemen must have contributed to the undernourished statistics, but rain and mud didn't, on the other hand, ever trouble Colgate. As matters

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stand, Columbia, which puts its faith in coördination and accuracy more than it does in trickery when it is moving the ball, is right now doing better than anyone else in the League. If matters stand this way a month from now, it may be that there will be a movement toward a return to first principles, until the time when Ivy League teams again have in their possession the sort of performers who can make complexity work. A return to first principles should also involve a study of such basic tenets as not knocking down the receiver of a punt after he has signalled that he wishes to make a fair catch. So far this fall, knowledge of this rule has come as a not especially delightful surprise to both Yale and Brown. The epitaph for Brown is brief: it is the Columbia team of the past seven lean years, with an uncertain running attack and a good pitcher of passes (Rohrbach), who, like all pitchers when their running attack fails them, has to go to the well too often.

IT'S not just the Ivy League that has gone into a state of trance. Army appears satisfied to lead a country-gentleman life in its parlor up the Hudson, trapping an occasional fly. Last Saturday, it trapped Idaho. The match ran the standard pattern at West Point. In the first round, the sparring was good enough to permit the onlooker to think that the fly had an outside chance of winning on points; in the second round, the trap snapped. Army was able to exercise all four of its teams, and Army's statistics were splendid (such as making good on thirteen out of fourteen passes), but it does seem that a game in which a third-string player can dash through the enemy lines, steal the ball from the player who is trying to pass it, and run sixty-odd yards for a touchdown may not be a game (Army 51, Idaho 7) worth playing. Navy, too, is acting strangely, wandering about the countryside playing games on Friday nights, just as though it were a high-school team or a semi-professional one. Its nighttime match with Detroit might as well have been professional, not semi-professional, Detroit throwing no less than forty-four passes and Navy throwing twenty-two. The time, one can presume, is not very far off when the annual meeting of Army and Navy will be a Friday-night affair. Since it presumably won't end until after eleven, all the people who have come to Philadelphia to see it will have to trundle across the bridge into Camden afterward to get a drink.

—J. W. L.

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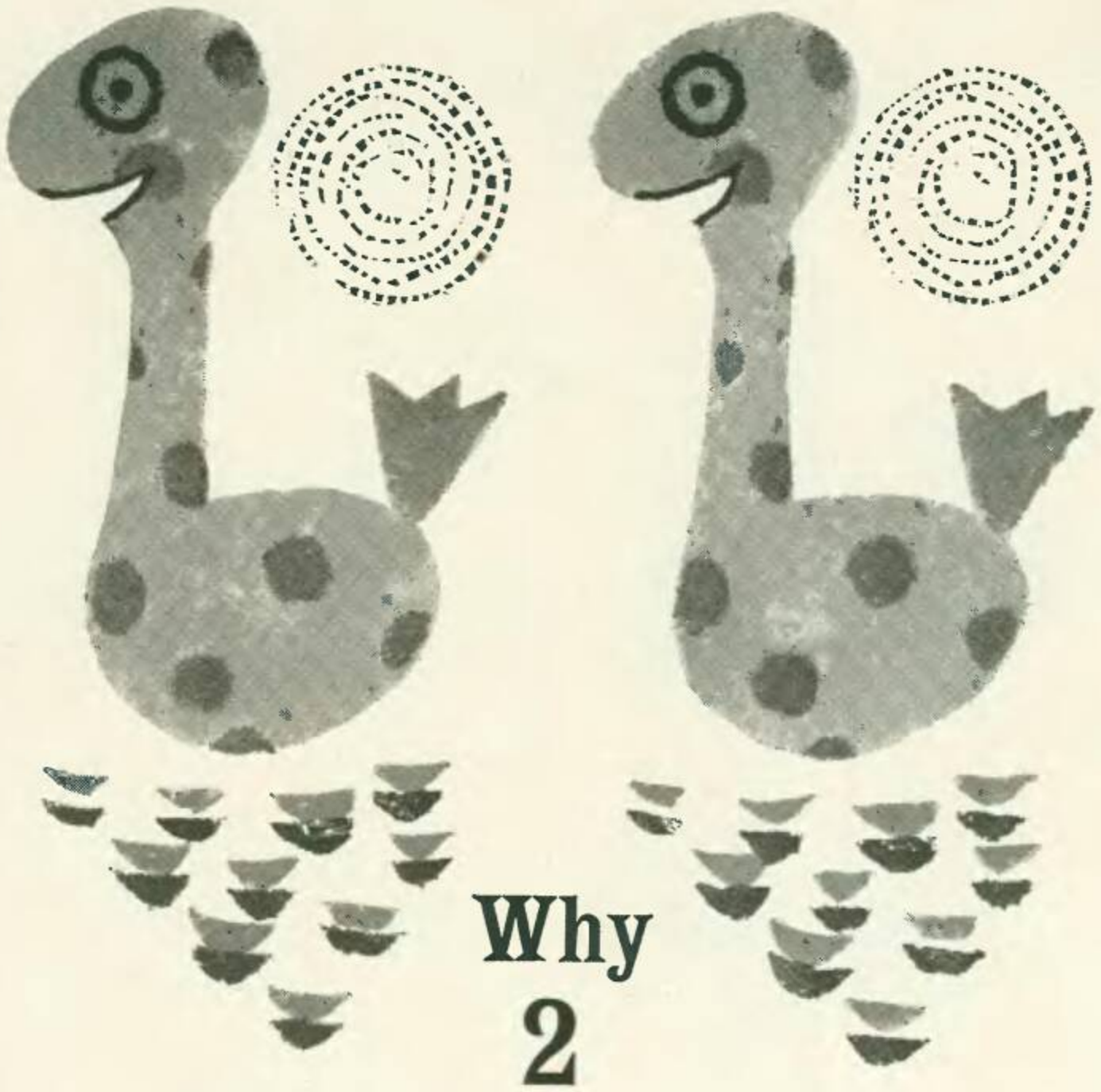
THE RACE TRACK

Attaboy, Kelso!

AS was expected, Kelso dominated the running of the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct last Saturday. Asked for a burst of speed at the head of the stretch, he gave it readily and won by five lengths from Hillsborough. Peace Isle and Diehard II, the only other starters, were down the course. It was Kelso's seventh victory in eight tries, and it is a good bet, if you can get it, that he'll be Horse of the Year again this season. Though far from a thriller, the Jockey Club Gold Cup was interesting to watch. Diehard II, a powerful dark-bay four-year-old from the Argentine who was making his début in this country, led for the first of the two miles, with Kelso, as cool and unconcerned as ever, not far behind, and when Diehard weakened, Kelso galloped on in splendid isolation toward the last turn. Here, Hillsborough moved up so fast that there was a note of alarm in the shouts of the crowd. The threat was momentary, for Kelso, handled with skill and assurance by Arcaro, who had ridden him to a convincing victory in the same race last year, drew away and won it again—even more easily this time. Incidentally, it was the tenth time Arcaro has scored in the Gold Cup. Kelso was 1–10 in the betting, and if you care for more statistics, he has earned $707,255 in prize money—$410,565 of it this season and $68,770 of it last weekend. His next start, if all goes well, will be in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on November 11th. Since he's never raced on the grass, he's going to the Maryland track this week to get accustomed to the course. This department wishes him all the best.

YOUR correspondent is no daily-double player, having lost his copy of "The Old Gypsy Dream Book and Fortune Teller," with its list of lucky numbers, but there was a double at Aqueduct one day last week worth mentioning. After Weatherscope, No. 9 on the program (inveterate daily-double players never call a horse by name, always by his number), romped off with the first race by eight lengths, at a shade better than 25–1, the odds board



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showed that if either No. 5 or No. 7 won the second race, the daily-double payoff would come to exactly the same figure—$555.50. The reason, of course, was that exactly the same amount—$668—had been bet on the two combinations. Diogenes Checkpoints says that such a thing won't happen again for fifty years. Well, Corusca (I should say No. 7) won the second. Next day, the 9-and-7 combination got a big play, and wasn't in the money.

CICADA is again the heroine of the week. From all accounts, and to judge by what I saw on my television set, the Gardenia Stakes at Garden State Park last Saturday was just play for her. Beginning slowly and taking the lead about three furlongs from home, she won by ten lengths. Narola was second and Tamarona third, far ahead of the five other two-year-old fillies. Although the track was muddy, Cicada did the mile and a sixteenth in 1:44⅘ and never seemed extended. Her time was two-fifths of a second better than the mark for the event set by Quill in 1958, over a fast track. Cicada has certainly done well since she came to the races in Florida last February, winning eleven of her sixteen starts and $384,676 in purses and stakes. Now she's through for the season; C. T. Chenery, who owns her, thinks she's earned a rest. Indeed she has.

THE notable thing about the Spinster Stakes, the classic for fillies and mares at Keeneland, in Kentucky, last week, was the comeback of Bowl of Flowers. By beating Primonetta, her long-time rival, and Airmans Guide, who is rated the best of the older members of her sex, she landed herself right back in the front rank, where she was this time last year, and apparently with no effort at all. Returning travellers were impressed by the way she raced Primonetta down in the stretch. She's in the Ladies Handicap at Aqueduct this weekend, and we shall see how she goes in that. As for Primonetta, she resents being whipped. Perhaps Shoemaker will remember that the next time he rides her.

ANOTHER race last weekend that I'm sorry to have missed was the Canadian Championship at Toronto, for it's always a pleasure to go to the New Woodbine. It must have been a good show, what with Our Jeep beating Wolfram in a photo finish. Next year, I may be lucky and get up there for the race.

—AUDAX MINOR

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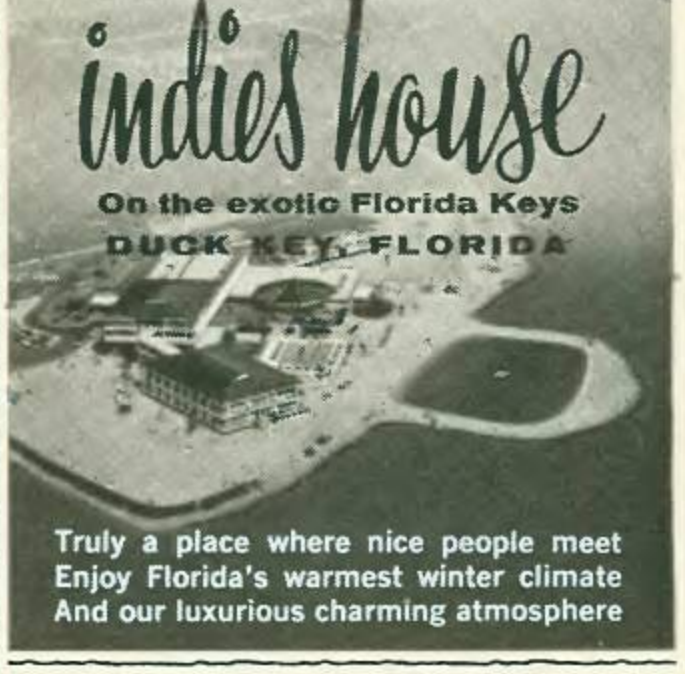

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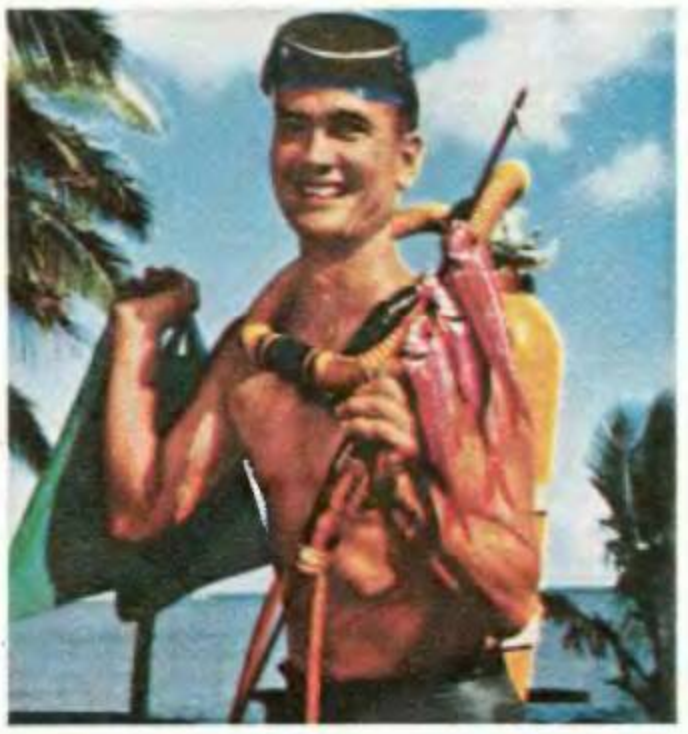

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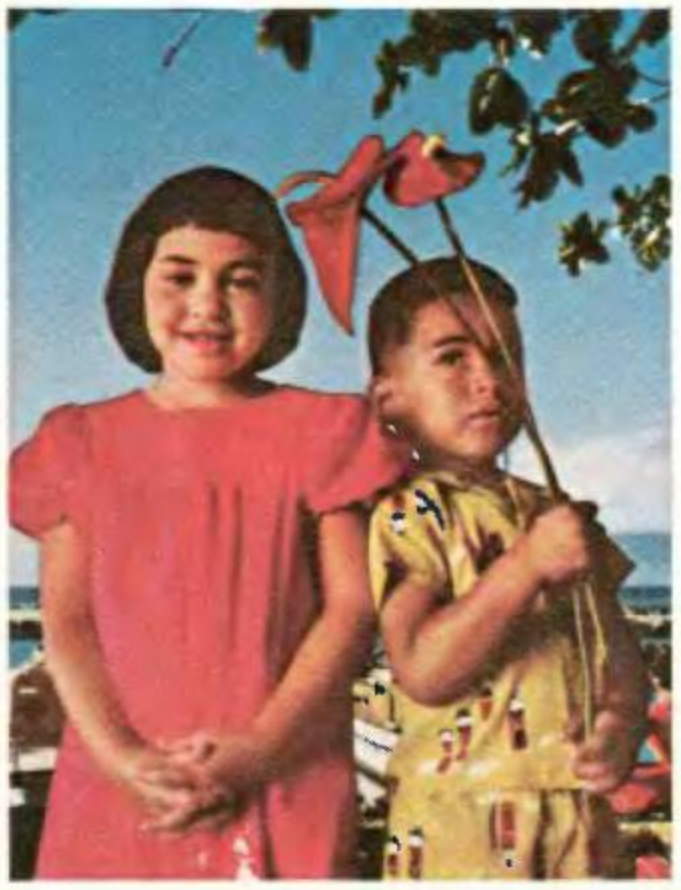

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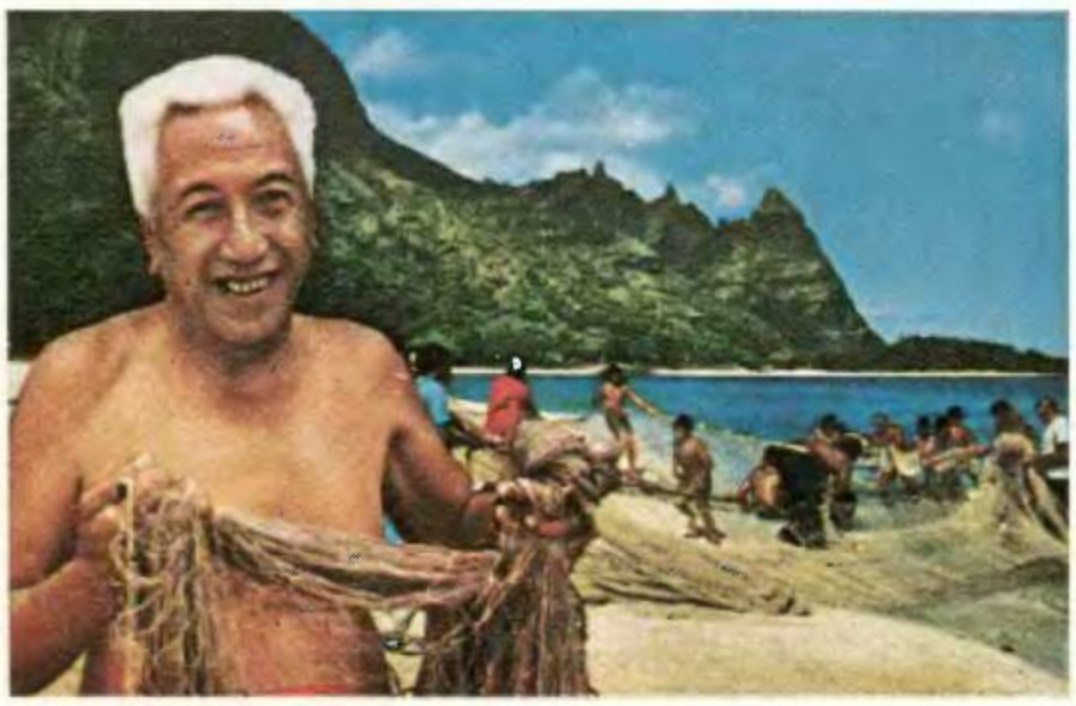

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DON'T QUOTE ME

THE first indication I had that quotation marks were getting out of hand was a sign I saw recently reading "KEEP OFF THE GRASS"—just like that, with quotation marks around it. Now, I'd always considered KEEP OFF THE GRASS as firmly in the public domain as NO SMOKING or STAMP OUT OBSCENE MAIL. So why the quotes? A quick look in the punctuation section of my dictionary informed me that, besides setting off what someone has actually said, and occasionally titles, ships, and "words used as words," the only other legitimate uses of quotation marks are to enclose technical terms and "words used in an unusual sense; or coined words . . . for which the author offers slight apology." And yet, they're everywhere these days. People have taken to using quotation marks for wrong purposes only because there aren't any suitable punctuation marks available, and I mean to remedy this situation. That sign painter was simply a victim of what I've come to call the quotation-mark epidemic. George Sokolsky is another. Take these lines of his:

And they, the American People, do not limit their judgment to politics and economics, but they are very jealous of a President's conduct in office, his habits, his manners, his courtesies, his "good conduct," as the phrase goes.

Or consider this abstract from a letter sent to a friend of mine last spring by her courtly, somewhat reserved father:

. . . and we "sure miss you," as they say, so do try and take an extra two weeks off this summer if you can for a visit. Let us know.

"Love, Daddy"

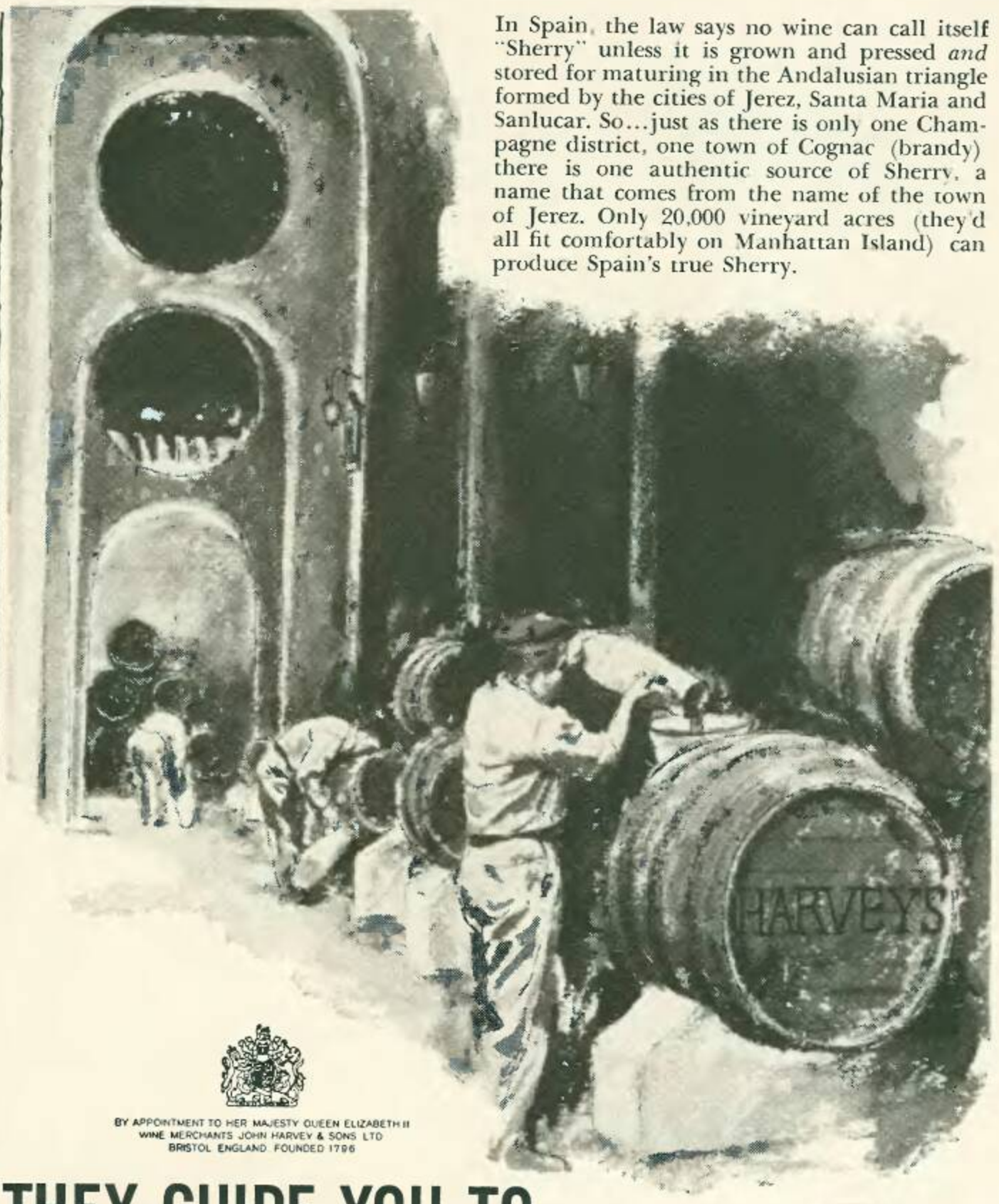
In both cases the authors clearly felt compelled to offer slight apology for what they considered pretty racy writing. But "good conduct" and "sure miss you" and "Love, Daddy" don't exactly come under the heading of Mr. Webster's "unusual sense." They aren't what you'd call coined words; they aren't even (unless you're Mr. Sokolsky, I guess) what you'd call phrases that go. So what to do with them? Set them off with my new punctuation mark for such occasions, the Punctilio!

. . . his ^good conduct^

or

. . . and we ^sure miss you,^ so do try . . .
^Love, Daddy^

The Punctilio tells the reader that here is a writer whose diction is so pristine that he insists on surrounding even slightly suspect phrases with raised eyebrows. And, besides giving a hitherto



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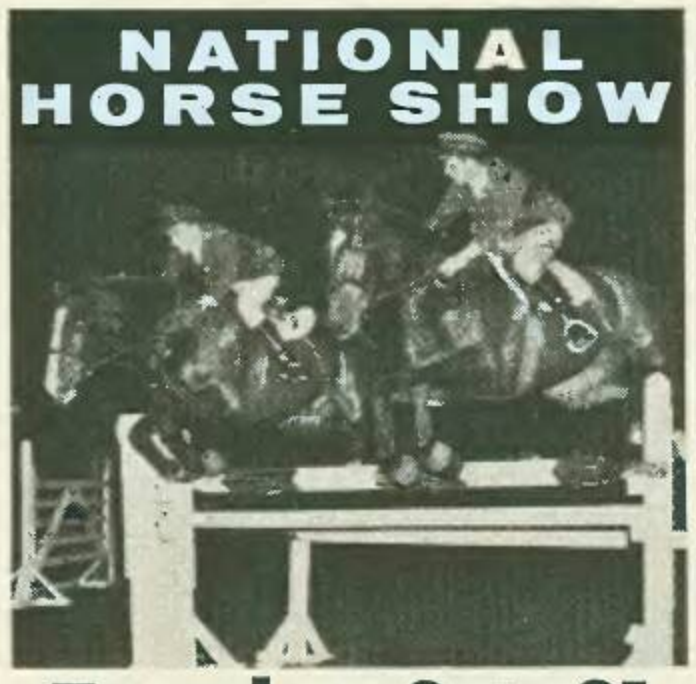

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impossibly high tone to a passage, the Punctilio saves space. Where once prissy, skirt-gathering lines like "as the phrase goes" and "as they say" were needed, now a simple pair of raised eyebrows tells the story.

IT'S the political writers who have really felt the pinch of the quotation-mark gap, especially the fairly conservative ones, like Arthur Krock, of the *Times*. Look at what he was driven to in the way of punctuation:

> The Senator whose leadership has been largely responsible for the two Senate ordinances which the "liberals" once more will seek to remove tomorrow is Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas.

And farther on in the same column:

> The outgoing majority leader was never more eloquent than in his attack on the Nixon holding and the "liberal" effort to sustain it.

What in the world does he mean by the quotation marks? That they aren't really and truly liberal? That the senators in question, who included men of the political complexion of Humphrey, Douglas, and Monroney, are actually crypto-conservatives? Maybe so. But what I *think* he's doing is trying to use the obviously inadequate quotation marks to excoriate the liberals. Regular quotes are so overused for less high purposes that they simply don't convey the proper measure of scorn. One conservative writer, William F. Buckley, Jr., just gave up. It was in a work of his political nonage called "God and Man at Yale." He had been having at that radical New Haven bunch, dutifully encasing "liberal" in quotes, when he came to the chapter called (as was the subtitle of his book) "The Superstitions of 'Academic Freedom.'" Naturally, he mentioned "academic freedom" almost right off the bat, but enough was enough, and at the first mention he appended an asterisk and said in a footnote:

> The reader is no doubt weary of seeing quotation marks around "academic freedom." Hereafter, I shall mostly dispense with them, except occasionally, so that they may serve as a reminder that I am at sword's point with the common usage of that term, as I shall explain later.

Do you wonder he's sore? Here's a fellow building up a real head of rancor, and what's he got to set it off with? "'," that's what. How frail a craft to bear the vast Buckleyan scorn!

My next new mark is what's needed here. It's the Comrade. Here's more Mr. Krock, this time fellow-travelling with the Comrade in use:

> If the Speaker's proposal, now threat-

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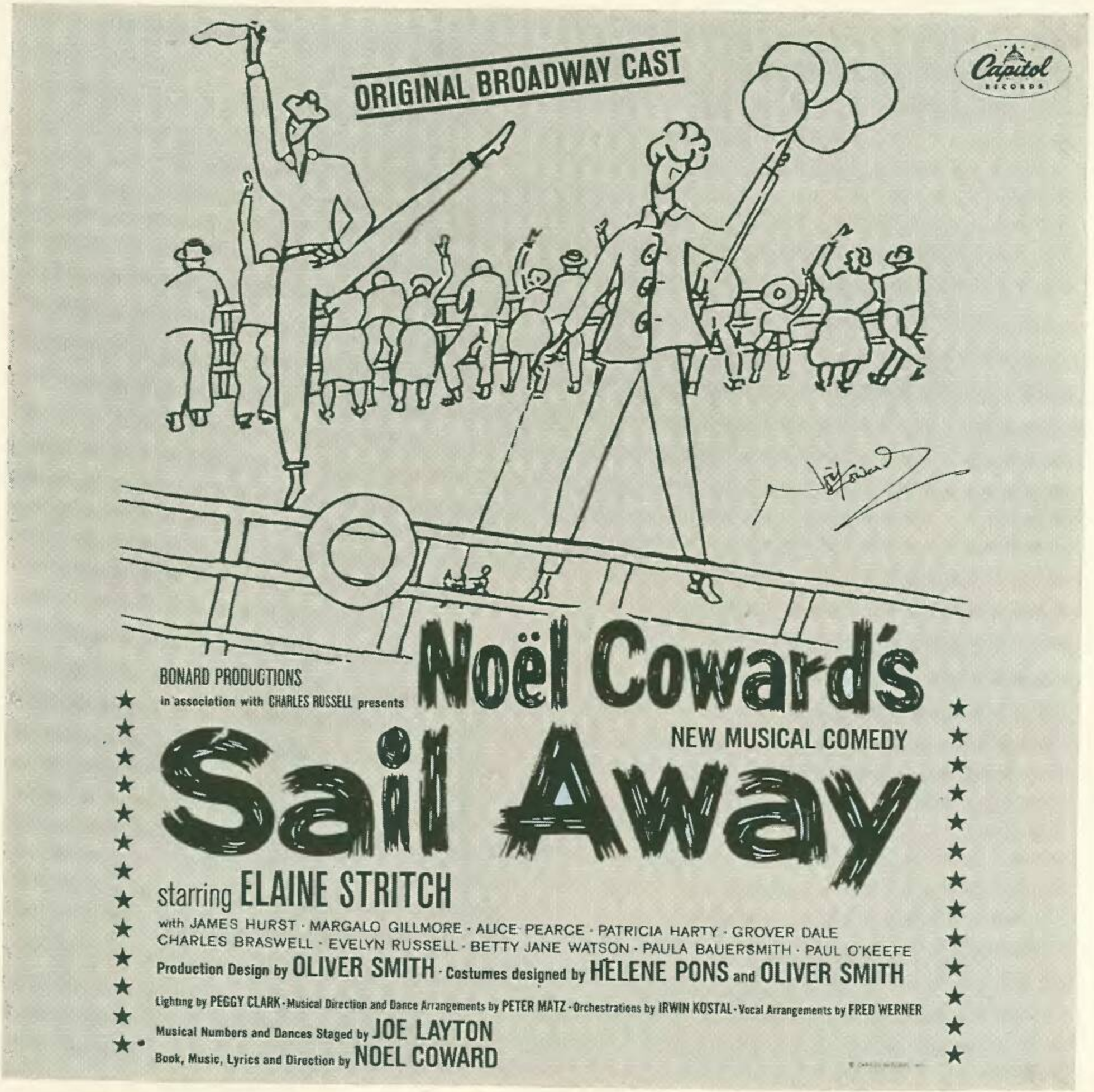

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BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

After hours. A subscriber of ours who works for the Atomic Energy Division of the Navy in Washington was taking a night course in economics at the University of Maryland. He wrote to us, attaching the following assignment, required for completion of his course:

(*a*) Identify the farm problem. (*b*) Having done so, recommend a solution. (*c*) What are administered prices? (*d*) What are the merits of a system that has administered prices, and what are the problems? (*e*) How can the problems be solved without destroying the system?

The subscriber asked if we could supply or recommend source material. In a trice, our library whisked him some clippings from Business Week. He passed the course with an A.

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ened with failure, is successful, House procedure next Tuesday will be returned to the control of the Speaker and of the current Administration that was taken from both by the ☭ liberal ☭ reformers of 1910 under the leadership of George W. Norris of Nebraska.

At last, the meaning is clear. You might object to a certain want of nicety in asking Mr. Krock to use the same mark that Mr. Buckley uses. For one thing, Mr. Krock probably isn't in such a sweat about the Domestic Peril. Especially in the case above, the Comrade is *too* strong, its meaning maybe a little *too* clear. After all, that's Norris, La Follette, and Borah he's talking about, not Schlesinger and Galbraith (although, in practically all cases, Mr. Buckley would find the Comrade just dandy). Well, there's a second-degree Comrade, the Ingenuous. Here's how it would look for Mr. Krock:

> That provision has enabled a determined minority . . . to retain the power of successful filibuster against legislation it opposes, a power principally employed by the Southern minority to kill equal rights bills long sought by Senate °liberals,° both Democratic and Republican, and also by Presidents Truman and Eisenhower.

You see how useful the Ingenuous will be. Flanking the offending word with a mark of wide-eyed credulity gives the author's meaning an exactness that the Comrade lacks, especially for broad, sweeping groups like the one above.

But even with the addition of the Ingenuous the new political punctuation isn't complete, because it isn't altogether fair. Here we've armed the Right without giving the Left separate-but-equal scorn marks. So I propose the Horstwessel. With it, liberals can write about

卐 conservatives 卐

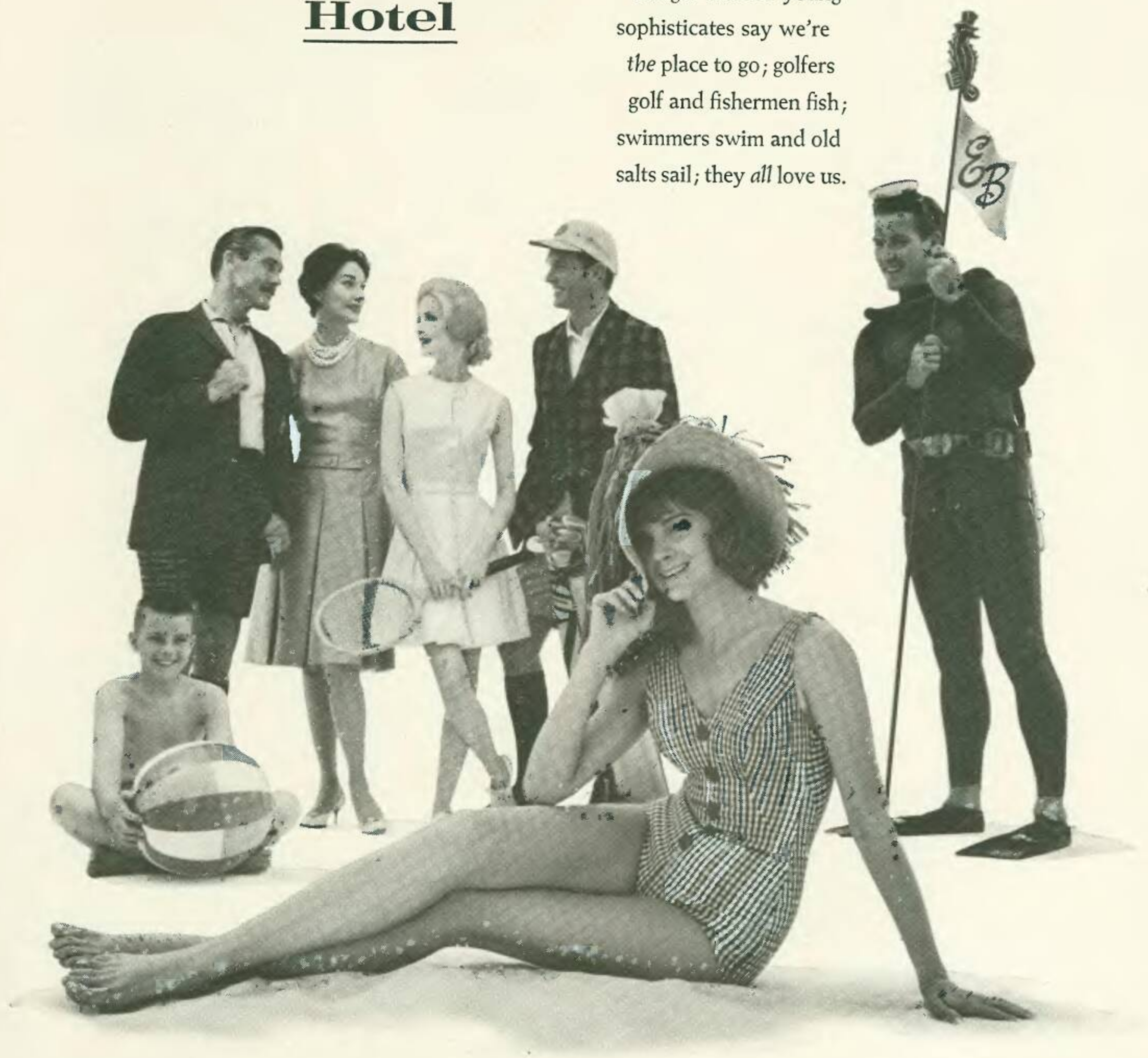
and make it perfectly clear, even to anyone who's never *heard* of the *National Review*, just what they have in mind. I'd also suggest a played-down version, analogous to the Ingenuous, to be called the Rotarian. Less fervent liberals can use it with a show of expansive fair-mindedness when explaining that, actually, some of their best friends are □conservatives.□

As for *my* best ☭ °friends□ 卐 (when it comes to choosing friends, my political bias is as lighthearted as the Vicar of Bray's), they all think the new punctuation marks are ˆjust dandy.ˆ With proper support, they're sure to replace quotes, which, in turn, will revert to their original functions of indicating speech and setting off the wild, the comical, and the somewhat improbable. —"ROBERT J. SCHOENBERG"

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Bermuda's Famous Oceanside Hotel

Sun worshippers claim we're Nirvana; honeymooners get sentimental about us; big-city financiers and their wives like our tone; we're Greatsville to the college crowd; Zsa Zsa adores the pink sand; budget-minded young sophisticates say we're *the* place to go; golfers golf and fishermen fish; swimmers swim and old salts sail; they *all* love us.



Elbow Beach Surf Club

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THERE may be something unreasonably contrary in my hostility to the campaign, so successfully launched by our gift-shop aesthetes, to turn us away from what now appears to be an outdated affection for natural flora and convert us to an ardent enthusiasm for the new silk or plastic kind. As long as these wondrously wrought imitations confined themselves to the department stores and to studied arrangements before picture windows, there seemed nothing to disturb those of us who still hold that half the charm of a flower is its evanescence, but now that these indestructible blossoms are appearing in the shops of our best florists, and are filling vases and *cachepots* in living rooms where one would least expect vulgarity, I feel obliged to raise what I know only too well will be an ineffectual protest.

This preamble is by way of invitation to diehard indoor gardeners to follow me to a new shop, called The Planters, at 385 Bleecker Street (near Perry), where there is for sale a large and remarkably varied collection of potted greenery that is not only real but excitingly unfamiliar. What makes a visit to the shop especially rewarding is that the owner of the concern—an expert horticulturist who has lived (and gardened) many years in the tropics—stands ready to explain the difficulties that come up in the cultivation of certain exotics and also to give encouraging advice about plants that are easily coped with in a Manhattan apartment. He will, for example, warn that the luxuriant edible-fig tree (*Ficus carica*) is deciduous, and so not for indoor planting (it does very well in New York back yards, though); that neither the handsome, broad-leaved West Indian sea grape (*Coccolobis uvifera*), which is almost sure to catch the admiring attention of the customer, nor the enchantingly decorative pineapple plant (the one I saw was complete with a half-matured fruit) will thrive unless it has lots of sunlight; and that success with any of a number of beautiful varieties of pteris fern depends upon whether plenty of humidity can be provided. Our man is, in fact, a horticultural realist, who (if he can help it) won't let his customers indulge in any decorative fantasies that he feels are doomed to failure.

On the other hand, this expert (his name is Hollis Mitchell, by the way) is most optimistic about such plants as the *Cissus voinieriana*, from Puerto Rico, which is very rare (there's some doubt that the present supply can be replaced) but can be more or less counted on to take care of itself and grow prodigiously, even under a north window; the *Spathiphyllum clevelandii*, which, with its two-inch-long blossoms and an unfolding leaf that looks like the bloom of a calla lily, doesn't hold out for full sunlight; and the *Pandanus utilis*, from the South Pacific, which requires very little attention to make a splendid decoration nearly four feet high, and can be left shut up in an empty office over weekends.

To give some idea of the prices for all this esoteric indoor flora, a three-foot specimen of an evergreen variety of fig, called *Ficus religiosa*, because Buddha, they say, meditated under its beautiful leaves, is $37.50; a large, flourishing ginger bush from India is $10; a three-and-a-half-foot coffee plant (*Coffea arabica*) is $25; a two-foot stenocarpus (an Australian forest plant with a serrated leaf, like an oak's) is $7; and the pineapple plant I so admire is $15. There are foot-high maidenhair ferns at $1.50, and numerous seedlings—Japanese yew, *Pittosporum tobira*, coffee plants, and so on—that range from fifty cents to a dollar. More or less segregated, and looking rather dowdy in the midst of such cosmopolitan company, are the old standbys—the rubber plants, the aspidistras, the Boston ferns—that sprouted so stylishly for our grandparents before cactus made its daring entry into the living room, and that, given the mysterious workings of horticultural fashion, may again become the correct thing with the revival of Victorian decoration. The Planters keeps conventional Greenwich Village hours—from noon to 10 P.M. five days a week and from

"No, no, children! Private homes, only private homes!"

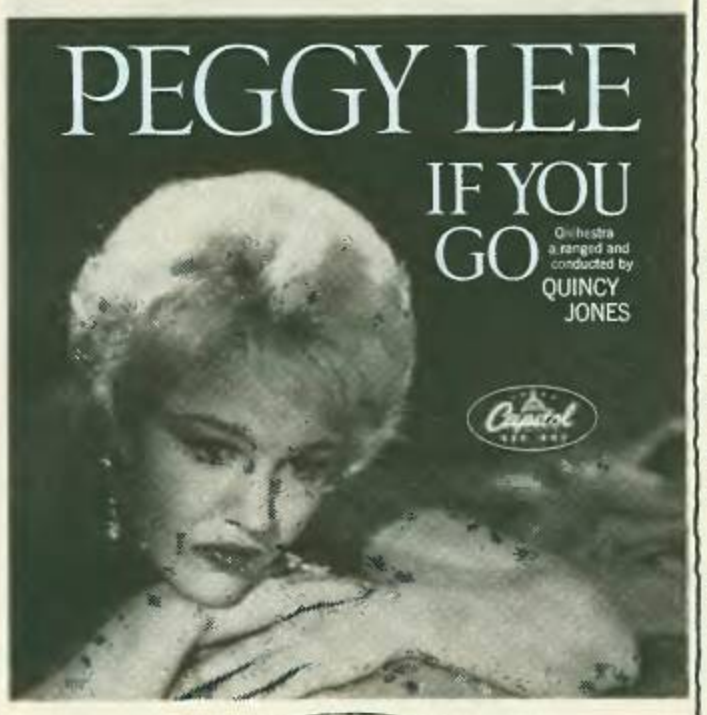
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

...he loves me not.

When your love goes wrong, it's painful, and it's tearful, and it's lonely. And it's the source of some of the best ballads ever written. Peggy Lee sings them. Touchingly and tenderly with that special throaty quality that's so inimitably Peggy Lee. Songs like "As Time Goes By; Say It Isn't So; Smile; I Get Along Without You Very Well; I Wish I Didn't Love You So; Oh Love, Hast Thou Forsaken Me?; If You Go."

If it has ever happened to you, this album will stir deep memories. If it has never happened ... how lucky. But how sad.



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one to eight o'clock on Saturdays and Sundays.

THERE are unquestionably too many dogs in this town, and I rather suspect that even the owners of these superfluous animals have by this time come to the same conclusion. However that may be, it is surely in answer to an urgent demand that there have lately sprung up a record number of agencies dedicated in one way or another to taking these cherished pets off their owners' hands. I have previously reported on quite a few establishments (some of them admirably run) where dogs are taken as long-term or transient boarders, but it has remained for a new service, which calls itself Andiamo (the phone number is Rhinelander 4-8709), to enter the—as far as I know—hitherto unexplored field of pet service in the home.

Miriam Trone, the young woman who runs this concern—which, incidentally, takes care of cats and birds as well as dogs—feels that animals are happiest in their own environment, and on that theory she, or at least her male assistants, will attend to all the needs of household pets *chez eux*. Anything the owner is too busy or for some other reason unable to do for an animal, Miss Trone will undertake. In the case of a dog, this usually means preparing his breakfast, washing his dishes, and so on, and later taking him on two walks of about twenty-five minutes each, all for $1.50 a visit, which comes to $4.50 a day. If the owner insists that the evening walk be taken after ten-thirty, there is an extra charge of fifty cents. After breakfast, which is usually served somewhere between seven-thirty and nine-thirty, and which the handler will cook but not shop for, the handler sticks around for some twenty minutes to go through whatever social interchange the owner feels is desirable.

Whereas the routine for a grown dog includes only one meal a day, a cat, it seems, requires two—or that's the way Andiamo generally works it. On each of the handler's two visits, the cat is fed according to instructions given by the owner, his water is changed, his bowls are washed, fresh gravel or other litter is put out, and there is twenty minutes or so of play. The two visits come to $3 a day.

Making a bird comfortable doesn't really amount to much. In terms of cash outlay, it amounts to just $1.50 a day, for which the feathered pet gets his cage cleaned out and the containers washed, and a fresh supply of grain and water, all in a single daily visit. In this case, too, the handler stays with his

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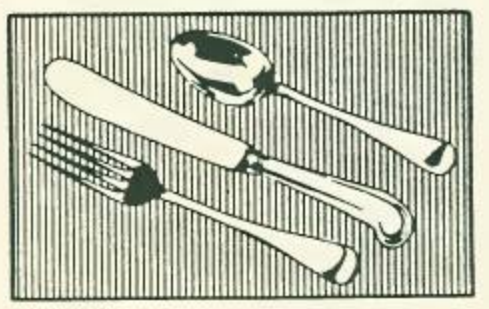
Six Piece Service $57.40



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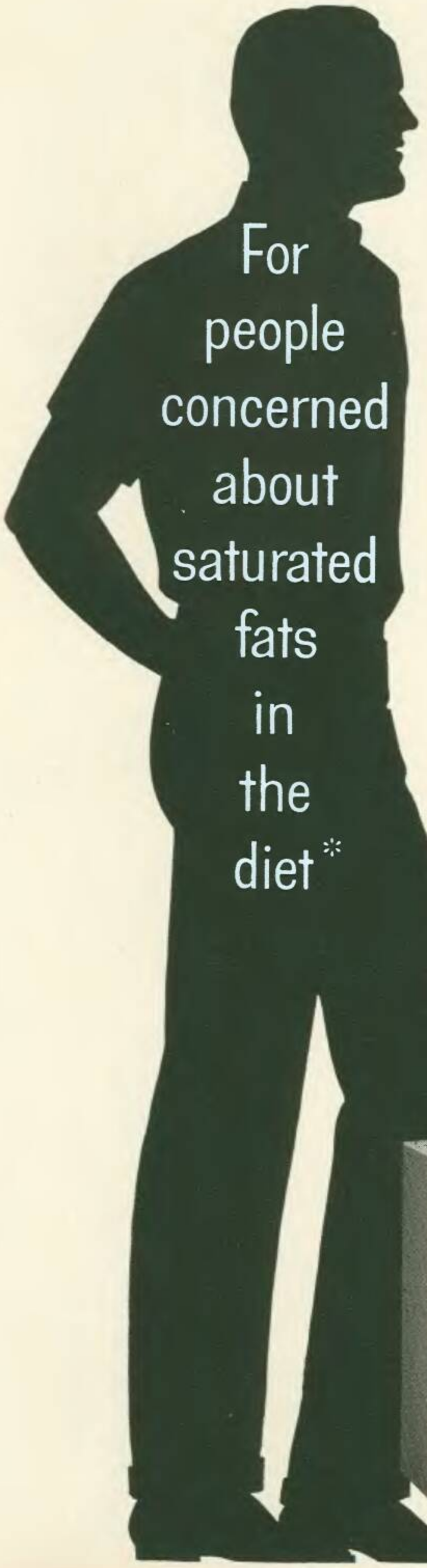

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Mazola Margarine is the *right kind* of margarine for people concerned about saturated fats, because it contains liquid Mazola Corn Oil as a major ingredient. And this corn oil is never robbed of its natural polyunsaturates because it is never treated with hydrogen. Mazola Margarine contains twice the natural polyunsaturates of ordinary (hydrogenated) corn oil margarines.

You can't buy a better spread than new Mazola Margarine. It spreads like a dream . . . melts in a burst of delicate golden flavor . . . adds the golden touch of luxury to anything you serve it on. Switch to Mazola Margarine.

**Your doctor is the one to advise you on the matter of saturated fats in your diet and whether or not you should be concerned.*

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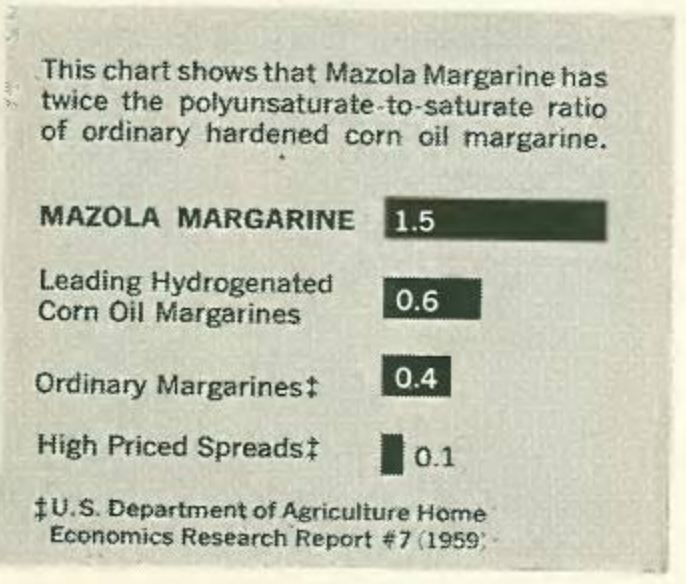

‡U.S. Department of Agriculture Home Economics Research Report #7 (1959)

Isn't the **"n"** missing?

No.

You mean its name is actually **Ski Cream.**

Yes.

Why?

Because it's a fabulous **beauty** cream that does so much... so beautifully.

Oh!

SKI CREAM

Now available in cosmetic departments of fine stores everywhere

2.00, 3.00, 5.00, 8.50

(plus tax)

COSMETICS by Antoine

charge for a brief social period. (I had better mention that the service, whose management feels that her staff is quite competent to take on any bird or housebroken animal, does not function in the suburbs.)

Arrangements for the visits go something like this: Miss Trone and the helper who is to be assigned to the job (all handlers are, of course, bonded) call, by appointment, to become acquainted with the animal, to learn his personal idiosyncrasies (not to mention those of his owner), and to receive from the latter detailed instructions regarding diet, the animal's preferences in the way of walking areas, and the desired hours for feeding and exercise. After this introduction and cataloguing of vital statistics, the handler and the pet are on their own. To eliminate entirely any visit to pet shop or kennel, where Miss Trone feels that germs are frequently picked up, Andiamo will arrange to have an expert do trimming, plucking, and shampooing in the home. The price of an ordinary clip and shampoo, regardless of the size of the dog, is $15; an especially elaborate trim, with bath, runs to $20.

A NEWLY established travel service called the Compleat Traveller seems to make so much sense that I could wish it weren't quite so brand-new, so that more of its clients would have returned from the travels it has arranged for them, enabling me to learn first-hand how things went. The aim of this enterprising outfit is to take over where the conventional travel agencies leave off, and to this end the two widely travelled young women who run the show (they have had extensive experience in well-established bureaus) will undertake—operating on a modest fee-plus-expense system, rather than on the usual percentage—tasks that most firms won't be bothered with.

Unfortunately, I have been able to talk with only one returned traveller who had had her trip planned for her by the new agency, but this young lady's report makes me believe that the Compleat Traveller is something well worth looking into. Her problem was the familiar one of having not much money and a desire to see practically the whole of Europe without sticking too close to the well-trodden paths of the guidebook. According to her enthusiastic account, she got exactly what she wanted. In London the agency arranged for her to stay with a likable young English couple, who steered her to sights she might easily have missed, such as visits to a court of law and to private art collec-

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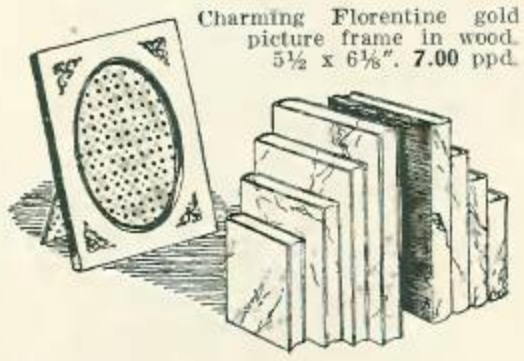
Charming Florentine gold picture frame in wood. 5½ x 6⅛". **7.00** ppd.



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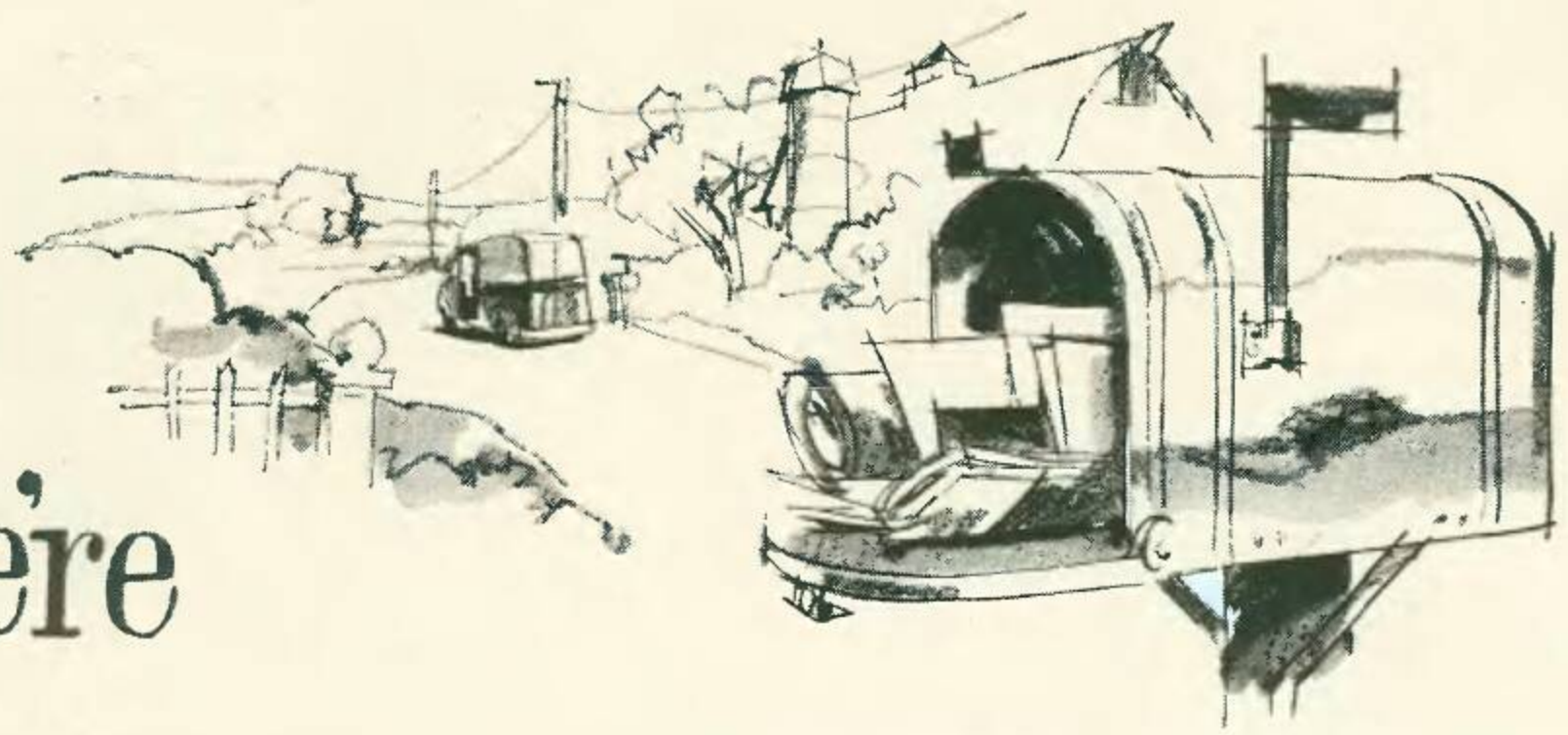

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Sure you are! SUCCESSFUL FARMING subscribers read general magazines and newspapers, own television and radio sets. *But reaching isn't selling!* Mere circulation is no substitute for influence. The medium has much to do with the effectiveness of your advertising.

General media afford information and entertainment. But SUCCESSFUL FARMING means business—farm business. Every issue has news of new discoveries, methods, machinery—case histories and actual instances of planting, fertilizer application, pest controls, livestock, automatic feeding, materials handling, marketing methods and futures—that save work, increase yields and income. SF has been helping farm families make more money, live better for fifty-eight years—has earned a respect and response not many media can match.

General media are edited for urban families, SF for farm families, whose needs are quite different. SF recipes have larger portions, for larger families, engaged in outdoor work. SF housewives cook three meals a day, entertain more at home, wash every day, plan their buying in advance; need different kitchen layouts and facilities, and every labor saving device they can find. They are more interested in their husbands' businesses—in the midst of which they live. And SF articles are clipped, filed, consulted again and again.

SF subscribers number only 1,300,000 —but their estimated average farm cash has been 70% above the national farm average for more than a decade!

If your advertising is not as resultful as it should be, try SUCCESSFUL FARMING. Any SF office can give you the details.

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

Our distinguished camel hair sweater imported from England

The first thing that strikes you about our sweater is its wonderfully soft texture, the result of using only the finest camel hair. Next you marvel at how superbly Alan Paine has fashioned this camel's hair into a high "V" neck pullover with smooth fitting saddle shoulders. Finally, you'll decide you need one. In natural camel color only. Sizes 38-46. **24.50**

Mail and phone orders filled. Outside delivery area add 60¢.

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

New York • Bergen County
Fresh Meadows • New Rochelle
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Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

tions; in Amsterdam she was put up by a family who shared her interest in antiques and took her to out-of-the-way dealers and to auctions; in Rome she was met by an English-speaking Italian lady who guided her to a comfortable *pensione;* and so it went, in one European city after another. Always, the Compleat Traveller's arrangements were scrupulously carried out according to schedule. The agency's fee for planning the itinerary, and working out plane connections and reservations with the client's travel agency, was $75.

On a far grander scale is a tour of all the Caribbean countries that the Compleat Traveller has planned for a retired man and his wife. This ambitious project is complicated by the couple's unwillingness either to take any planes at all or to use any boat service that doesn't offer first-class accommodations. Wherever such accommodations are not available, C.T. is having these high-toned travellers met by yacht—an operation that involves four different chartered boats. Unfortunately for my own project of checking on the success of the Compleat Traveller's arrangements, these travellers not only haven't returned but haven't even started. Still, the hotel reservations have been made, the yachts have been chartered, and half the Compleat Traveller's fee of $350 has been paid.

Less luxurious tours, such as getting a man and his car from somewhere in the Caribbean to Australia by freighter, with a change of boats at Panama and stopovers in Tahiti and other South Pacific islands, and planning a motor trip across the United States for a woman with three children—providing detailed information about roads, stopovers, trailer-park sites, and motel reservations—and mapping a different route for the return trip, have been accomplished, I am assured, most satisfactorily. In each case, the fee was $50. The service's offices are at 249 East 48th Street, the telephone number is Plaza 3-8441, and consultations are given by appointment.

EVEN in New England, it seems, the supply of authentic antique corner cupboards, blanket chests, candlestands, spoon holders, and similar treasures, which year after year have appeared, with predictable regularity, at well-attended summer auctions, shows signs of running low. This distressing situation gives special importance to the Blue Hill Industries, an organization for which skilled Maine carpenters—working in the winter, when their regular duties are at a standstill—produce re-

EAST BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56th Street, New York

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

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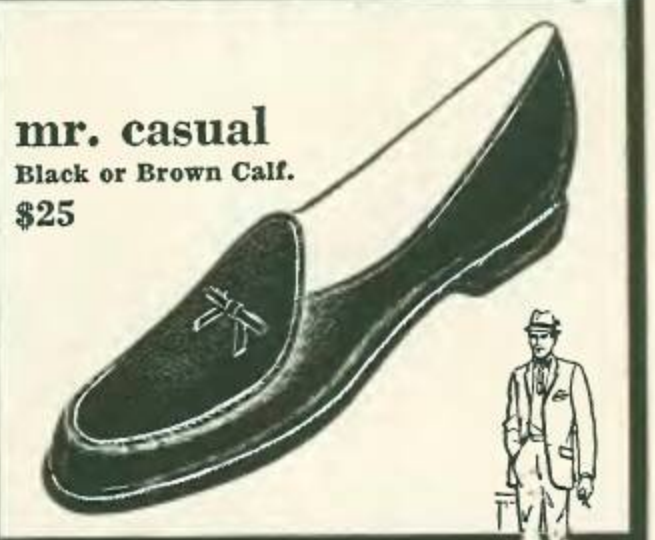

mr. casual
Black or Brown Calf.
$25

For men—Barefoot freedom in this hand-sewn, hand-turned, soft-soled casual. Order card on request.

Under direct ownership of **MR. H. BENDEL**

WEST I. MAGNIN & Co.
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Imported Bavarian BEER

It is 1643 when you drink

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Unchanged for over 300 years

Original Beer Imp.& Dist.Co Inc., New York 16, N.Y.

LEGENDARY, OPULENT

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RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
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We park your car at dinner

markably fine replicas of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century furniture, a lot of it copied from pieces in the Blue Hill Museum.

What seems particularly interesting about this enterprise is that the cabinetmakers engaged in it are prepared to take orders for pieces according to the specifications of the customer. If you have set your heart on a certain type of blanket chest, not to be found in the antique shops, or if you are grieving over not having inherited your great-grandmother's candlestand, you can, by sending exact measurements and a sketch, have either of these pieces made with the same careful handworkmanship that was bestowed on the originals. The wood used is mostly pine that is well over a hundred years old, there being still in Maine enough abandoned farmhouses to furnish seasoned lumber for this purpose even after all the summer writers and lady artists have had their pick.

As for prices, I saw a beautiful corner cupboard of old pine, with four panes of old glass set in a delicate beaded molding, that had been copied to make a pair with the original, from which—to an unprofessional observer, at least—it was indistinguishable, and its price was $250. Among the non-custom pieces, a blanket chest in old pine, with two drawers below a lift-up top, costs $175; a graceful *guéridon*-type table (what in old New England was called a candlestand) in walnut-stained birch is priced at $75; a hanging spoon rack of old pine is $10; and copies of old sewing boxes in mahogany or walnut are $37. Outside the field of reproductions, the Blue Hill group makes some quite fetching chests of drawers scaled down to half size, to serve as end tables by a sofa; they are priced at $130 in walnut, $120 in old pine, and $115 in new wood. The address is Blue Hill Industries, Blue Hill, Maine. —S. H.

•

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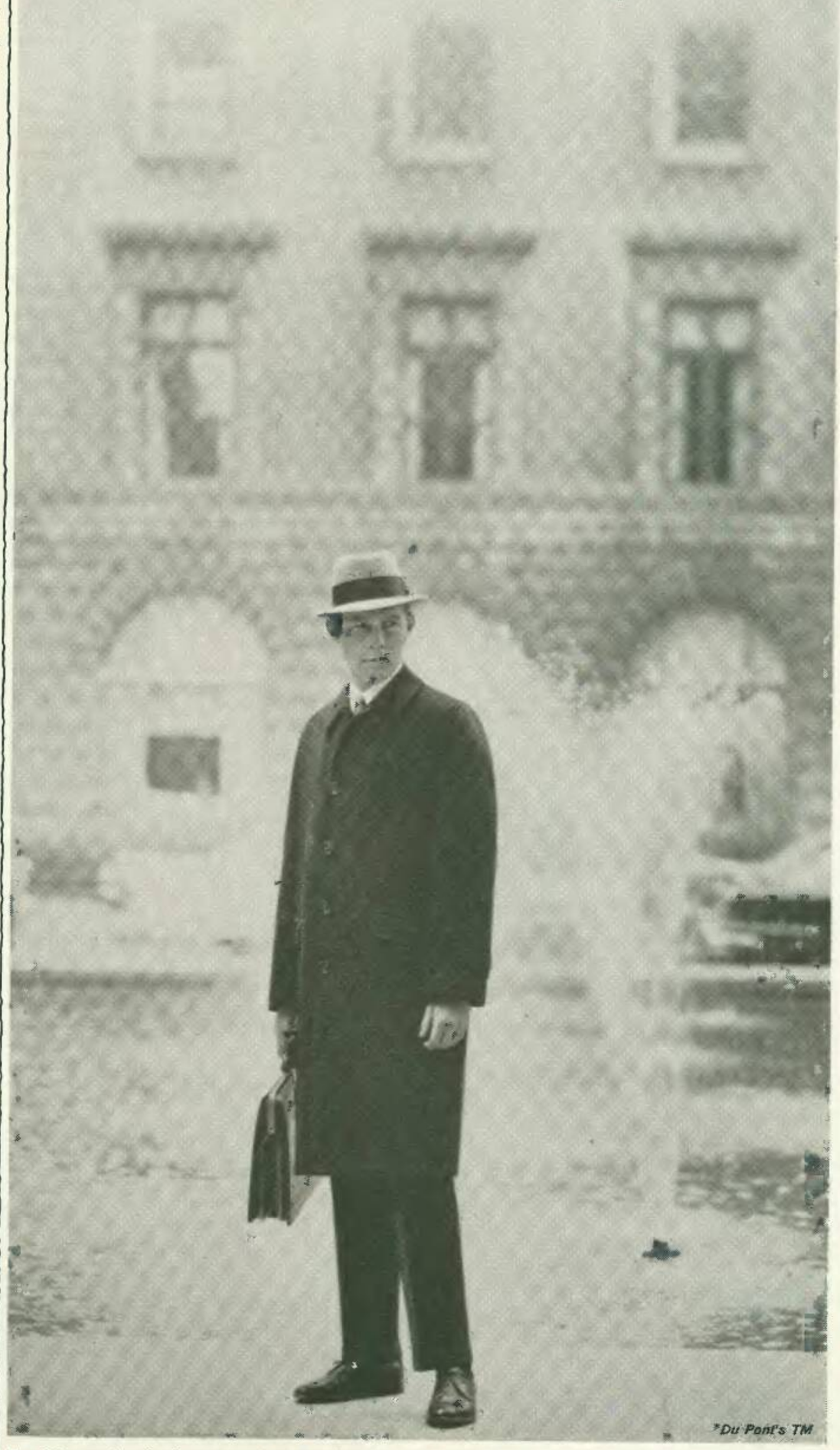
Never changed habits;
Still impure from the source,
It lives off the land,
Like a guerrilla force
Marauding, dragging away
Earth and the color of earth,
Brandishing cottonwood snags
Snatched from assaulted banks,
Shambling in muddy rags
On the way, without ranks,
Its baggage stolen debris—
A guerrilla force on the way
To a war with the sea.

—Ernest Kroll

RIGHT AS RAIN . . . and fashion-right rain or shine! Never before could you have an all-weather coat like this, but now that foam can be laminated to fabric, it's possible! More versatile than an ordinary raincoat, it keeps you comfortable with weightless warmth. All-wool worsted jersey in black, blue, loden or camel shades, with "split" shoulder, bal collar, hacking pockets and multi-color plaid lining. At fine stores everywhere. $39.95
Also available in smart laminated cotton checks, $35.00

Gleneagles



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Don't deny
your skin
the air to breathe

LET your skin breathe like a child's—through Invisible Veil. And never again stifle it beneath a blanket of make-up. At a single diaphanous touch of Invisible Veil face powder, every line and blemish seems to vanish and the most marvelous change comes over your complexion. It appears under a spell, not a powder. For all you see is beauty. Invisible Veil powder will neither mist nor fly about. In twelve irradiant shades blended for you by Elizabeth Arden. *French Bouquet Box 5.00 and 3.00; Napoleonic Compact of compressed powder 5.00 and 2.50.*

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Elizabeth Arden

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

THETFORD CENTER, VT.,
OCTOBER 10, 1961

The Editors, *The New Yorker*
DEAR SIRS:

THE recent discussion, in your pages, of superlatives ("What to See in America," September 9th, and Department of Amplification, September 30th) has gripped my attention. I particularly admired the list of qualified superlatives (such as "the world's longest indoor escalator" and "the largest single storage space on one level") sent in by your correspondent, Miss Kitty C. Margulies. But, in all modesty, I think I know some better ones.

In Vermont, hedged superlatives, as I prefer to call them, are common as blackberries. There's hardly any other kind. I explain it partly by my adoptive state's being so small (forty-third in size, forty-seventh in population, world's only New England state where cows outnumber people) and partly by a certain Vermont caution that still clings to cows and men alike.

So far as I know, the only true superlative in the whole state is the World's Largest Basket Store, down in Putney, and, frankly, *it* isn't very big. The rest of the basket stores in the world must be midgets. Well, there's also L. Gould, in Montpelier, who identifies himself as the Dean of All Junk Dealers. But I suspect that if you confronted Mr. Gould, he'd admit that all he really claims to be is the dean of Vermont junk dealers. "Dean" is a good weasel word anyway. It doesn't commit you to being the biggest or the best or the richest junk dealer, and not even quite to being the longest-established.

Even so, Mr. Gould is being un-Vermonty. A much more typical Vermont superlative would be the one used by some people named Hathorn, in White River Junction. They run an overnight place named Shady Lawn, and they call it the Valley's Newest Modern Motel. In one of your New York canyons, that might be quite a claim. Here, where most of the new motels are old-fashioned as all getout (I know one, opened last year, that lists its big attractions as steam heat and running water), it's like claiming to have the neighborhood's shadiest lawn that still gets at least five hours of sunlight a day.

The real honors in hedged superlatives, though, go to Burlington, which is our biggest city (pop. 35,531; home of Vermont's largest newspaper, circulation 32,549). For example, there's a

classic corduroy dress

The changeless favorite . . . our full-skirted corduroy shirtdress with its roll sleeves, pan collar, ocean pearl buttons. Corduroy gives this great classic a richness and soft grace in the fall of its deep unpressed pleats. Old Gold, Loden Green, Peacock Blue, Emerald Green, Antelope Taupe. Sizes 6 to 16. $22.95

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Ladybug
264 S. Nineteenth St., Philadelphia 3,

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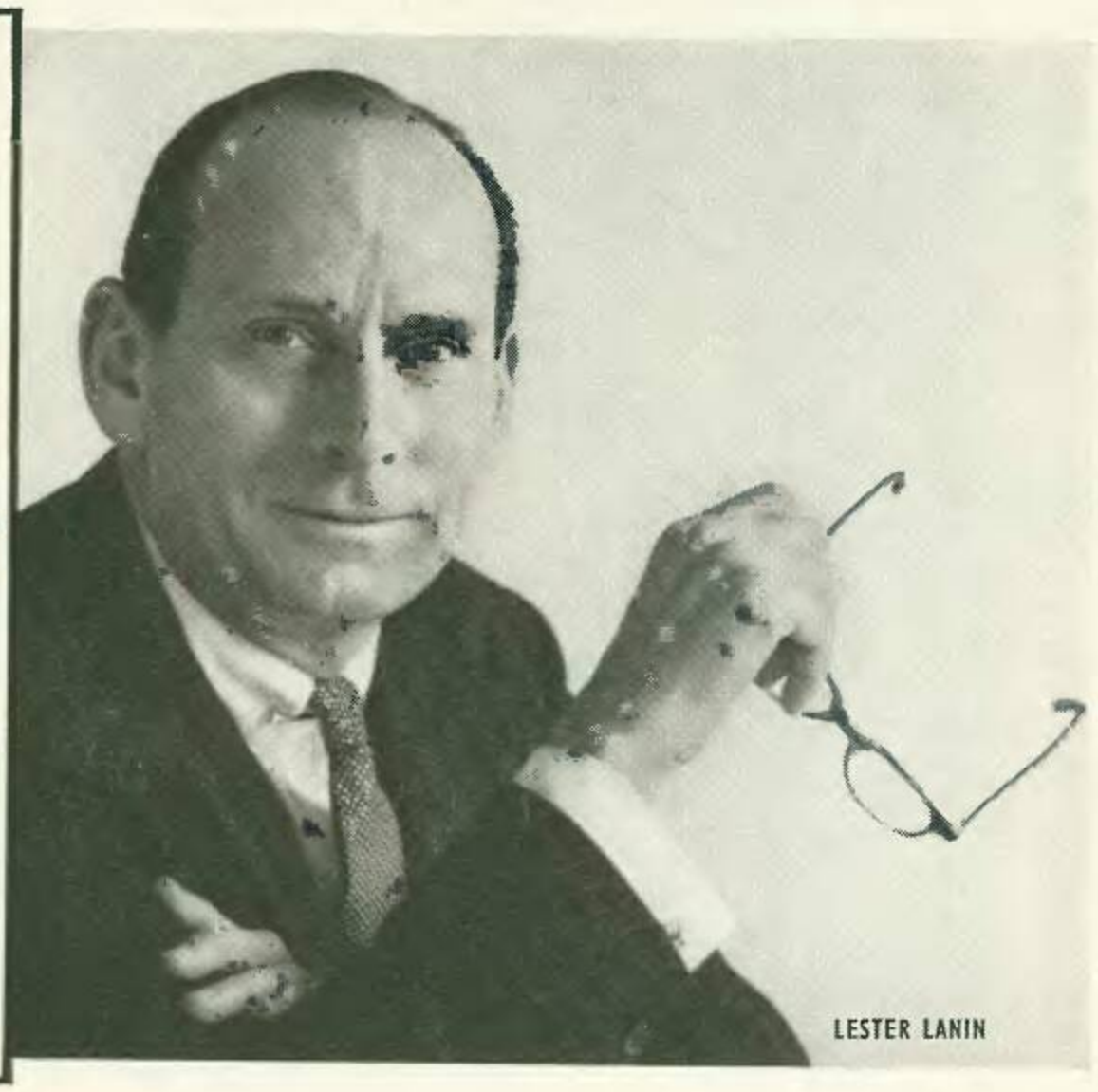

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big old department store in Burlington called Abernethy Clarkson Wright, Inc. In most of its advertising, Abernethy's calls itself Vermont's Foremost Department Store. Like Mr. Gould, they don't claim anything you can pin a fact to, but if you study the advertising of the other stores in town, you realize that "foremost" probably also means "biggest." At any rate, the Sears, Roebuck retail store in Burlington seems to think so. It carefully calls itself Vermont's Largest Air-Conditioned Department Store. That, in turn, complicates life for Agel-Corman Furniture. Agel-Corman has the nicely hedged motto "Largest Single Floor Completely Air-Conditioned Store in Vermont." I should add that in Burlington you need air-conditioning about five weeks a year.

For the best-hedged superlative I've ever seen, I'm going to have to leave Vermont. In New Rochelle, New York, stand the handsome buildings of the College of New Rochelle. Pointing the way to them from the main street, there is a sign that says, "First Catholic College for Women in New York State. Founded in 1904." "First" is the superlative here, and all the rest is hedge. A friend and I once did a little rough figuring of what would happen if you took the hedge down. The sign would then have to read something like this: "In the United States, This Is the 923rd College, 81st Catholic College, 76th Women's College, 58th College in New York State, 10th Catholic College in New York State, and 5th Women's College in New York State." Even then, before you finally worked up to a true superlative you would have to glide over Manhattanville and Mount St. Vincent. Manhattanville is a Catholic women's college in New York State founded in 1841—but it admits male day students to study music education and the Gregorian chant. Mount St. Vincent is a Catholic women's college in New York State founded in 1847—but it started as an academy, and didn't become a proper college until 1910, six years after New Rochelle. These two must be ruled out on technicalities. Then, and only then, may the College of New Rochelle be called the first anything.

Miss Margulies, on the other hand, may without hesitation be called the world's first authority on hedged, modified, and ambiguous superlatives to have published a letter on them in *The New Yorker* issue of September 30, 1961. Permit me, as a fellow superlative lover, to salute her achievement.

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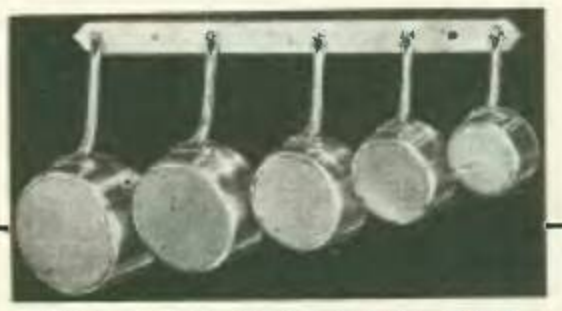

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MUSICAL EVENTS

M. Poulenc

IT is becoming increasingly evident to me that Francis Poulenc is by far the finest French composer of his era—an era that, in general, has been one of the most cynical and culturally destructive in the history of French music. His preëminence lies in what, for want of a better term, I must describe as his unfailing musicality. He has long been thoroughly aware of the noble traditions of his craft, and when he violates them, as he occasionally does, he does it not arbitrarily but with a clearly understandable purpose. He has never been an exponent of any particular aesthetic theory, and as a rule his compositions respect the conventions of consonance and dissonance on which the language of Western music has always rested. His music is invariably elegant, polished, and meaningful, and even when he has been called upon for satire, as in the extravaganza "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," it never descends to mere buffoonery or fashionable trickery. He is responsible for a large number of the loveliest songs written since the time of Debussy, for several operas of more than passing interest, and for a quantity of instrumental music, some of it witty, some of it profound, and all of it reflecting great talent and a high degree of professional schooling.

I was reminded of all this when Leonard Bernstein revived Poulenc's early Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra at last week's concerts by the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall. The concerto is not a pretentious work. It plays delightfully and affectionately with the grand traditions of keyboard music, echoing Mozart and Chopin here and there but containing the unmistakable Poulenc imprint, which shows in its suavity and refinement as well as in some gently humorous touches applied with exquisite taste. It is not the sort of thing that sets out to save the artistic world with a new venture into untrodden territory, and it is a good deal better music than most of the compositions that do. Mr. Bernstein conducted it admirably, and Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale played the piano parts with the most finished artistry imaginable. I

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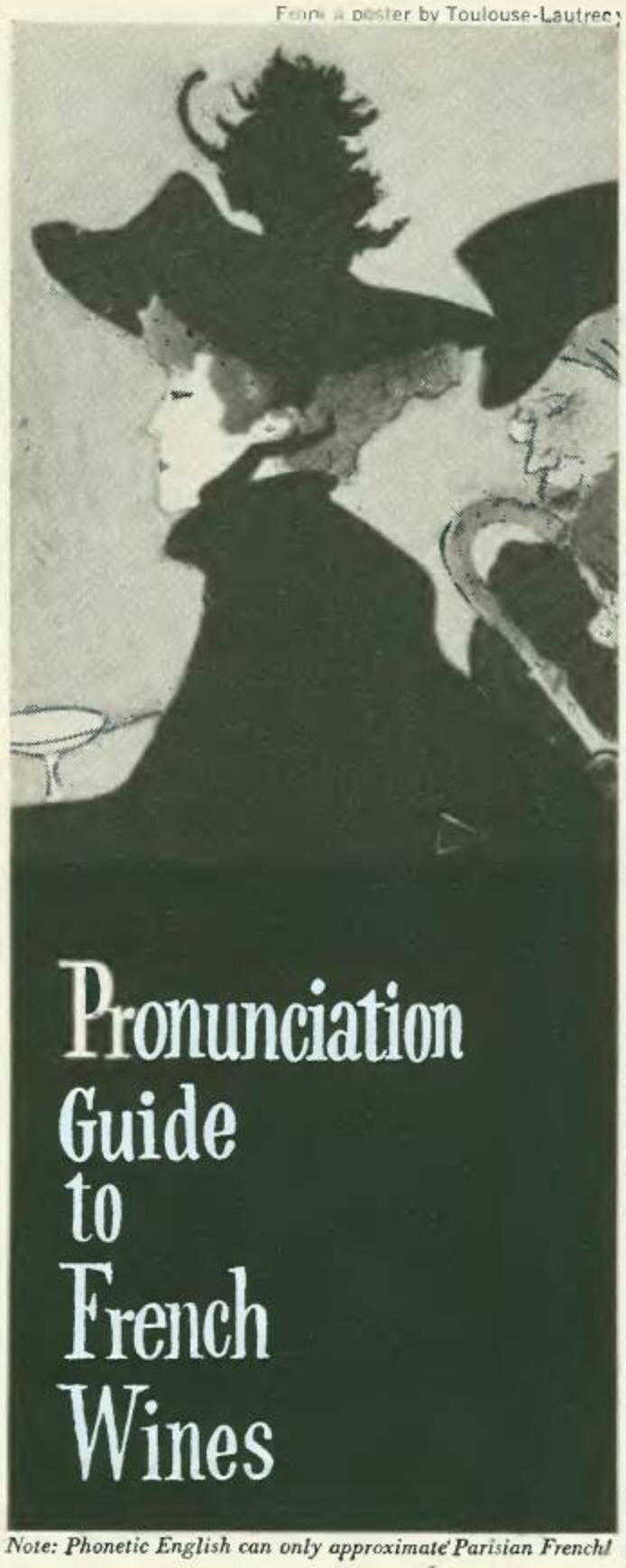

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais *Bow Joe Lay*
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attended the Friday matinée, and at the close of the concerto the Friday-matinée audience, whose applause often reminds me of the drooling of Pavlov's famous dog, in that it seems automatically conditioned rather than genuinely impulsive, broke into a real demonstration of the heartiest pleasure.

As for the rest of the program, I found it distinctly disappointing. Roy Harris's Seventh Symphony, which *does* set out to save the world ("In this work," the program notes quote him as writing by way of preface, "I have hoped to communicate the spirit of affirmation as a declaration of faith in Mankind"), struck me as the epitome of pretentious dullness. To my mind, it has the featureless quality of so much concrete poured into a theme-and-variations mold. At any rate, there is nothing in it that I would describe as a musical idea, and I am beginning to find Mr. Harris's sententious, Whitmanesque comments on his own music extremely tiresome, mainly because the music never lives up to them.

The closing number on the program, Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," is, of course, familiar. Berlioz enthusiasts notwithstanding, I am not particularly fond of it, for it seems to me to contain that combination of melodic banality and orchestral overelaborateness that characterizes all but a few of this composer's very finest works.

THE New York City Opera has acquired two new conductors, both of outstanding brilliance and skill. I checked up on them last week, attending Wednesday evening's "The Marriage of Figaro," in which the Czech Walter Susskind made his local début, and Thursday evening's "Aïda," in which the Italian Franco Patane (pronounced as if it were French and had an acute accent over the "e") made his second appearance of the season. Each of them, in his chosen field, seemed to me a maestro of unusual abilities gauged by any standards, including those of the Metropolitan, which has lately been rather hard up for distinguished conducting talent. Mr. Susskind's Mozart style turned out to be crisp, as light as a feather, and extremely fastidious as to detail, and Mr. Patane's Verdi style to be not only boilingly passionate where passion is called for but delicately revealing in "Aïda's" more subdued and intimate moments.

The two performances had other virtues as well. As is customary at the City Center, "The Marriage of Fig-

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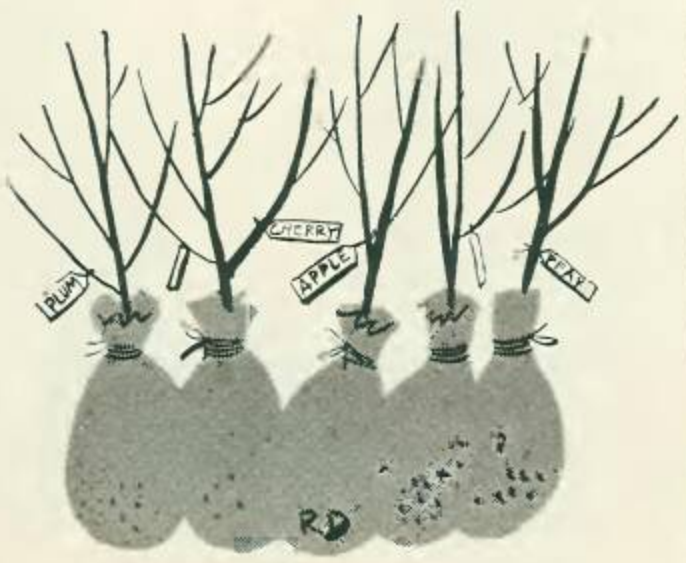
aro" was sung in English, in the wonderfully adroit translation by Ruth and Thomas Martin, which makes the witty dialogue as understandable as a W. S. Gilbert libretto, and which, I confess, I am beginning to prefer to the Italian original. The cast, moreover, was generally top-flight. I have never encountered a Cherubino superior to Frances Bible's beautifully phrased and acted version of the role, and though I have encountered performances surpassing Judith Raskin's Susanna and Norman Treigle's Figaro, such encounters have not been frequent. William Chapman's Count Almaviva may have been a little lacking in pure vocal sensuousness, but it was notably convincing from the dramatic standpoint; Doris Jung's Countess was, barring some rather indistinct enunciation, statuesque and pleasing; and the lesser roles (a special bravo for Maurice Stern's Don Basilio) were done with great spirit.

"Aïda," which calls for an altogether different sort of treatment, with the accent on lusty vocalism, was almost equally well cast, though here the contrast with world-famous star performers in other opera houses offered a somewhat greater challenge. Giulia Barrera, as Aïda, showed a voice of lovely physical quality but one not as yet controlled with all the dramatic sophistication it may someday command. Carol Smith was a first-rate Amneris, looking the part of the haughty Egyptian princess and singing and acting with conviction. Giovanni Gibin's voice is a little light for Rhadames, and he is not much of an actor, but he provided some nice moments in his solo arias. John Macurdy and Chester Ludgin, as Ramphis and Amonasro, were especially effective, and the other roles were at least adequately done. Thanks to some inspired choreography by Robert Joffrey, which provided a couple of tumblers in Act I, Scene 2 and a striking solo by Françoise Martinet in the triumphal scene, these ballet episodes were gracefully geared to the City Center's small stage, and caused none of the embarrassment that one sometimes feels in watching



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more pretentious "Aïda" ballets in grander houses. For me, however, the hero of the evening was Mr. Patane, who conducted everything with apparent ease, achieved exactly the proper give-and-take between himself and the singers, and several times—notably in the almost whispered choruses in the first scene—brought out dramatic values I have often missed.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Abstract (Continued)

FOLK music, like Spode china and Hitchcock chairs, is a practical art. The great body of European balladry both carried and ornamented the news. The American blues chronicle the sorrows of the Negro. The Indian *ragas* (the most refined and complex of all folk musics) celebrate certain seasons or times of day. Until the mid-forties, jazz, which since then has more or less been forced into the fine arts, was primarily a dance music. However, there's a winsome notion, which can be neither proved nor disproved, that it was also, and is, a handy reflector of its times. New Orleans and Chicago jazz embody the cheerful ingenuousness of the First World War and the twenties. The post-depression era can be found in miniature in the bureaucratic big bands of the late thirties. (Only the blues had the stamina to record the depression.) Bebop—lyric, nervous, *furioso*—symbolizes the Second World War, while its first cousin, cool jazz, mirrors the fake euphoria that set in soon after. The newest revolution in jazz—the abstract music of Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Charlie Mingus, and George Russell—is uncannily topical. A largely free music, which turns its back on most of the traditional methods of jazz, it eerily reflects the mad, undecided temper of the present. This is sensationally clear in two new recordings—"The World of Cecil Taylor" (Candid 8006), which was discussed here last week, and "Free Jazz: A Collective Improvisation by the Ornette Coleman Double Quartet" (Atlantic 1364). Despite their occasional shortcomings, these recordings indicate the rather frightening direction in which jazz is to go.

Taylor and Coleman, the unofficial leaders of abstract jazz, are working toward the same goal but from opposite quarters. Taylor is a well-schooled classical pianist whose use of atonality and free improvisation is conscious and academic; Coleman is a self-taught alto

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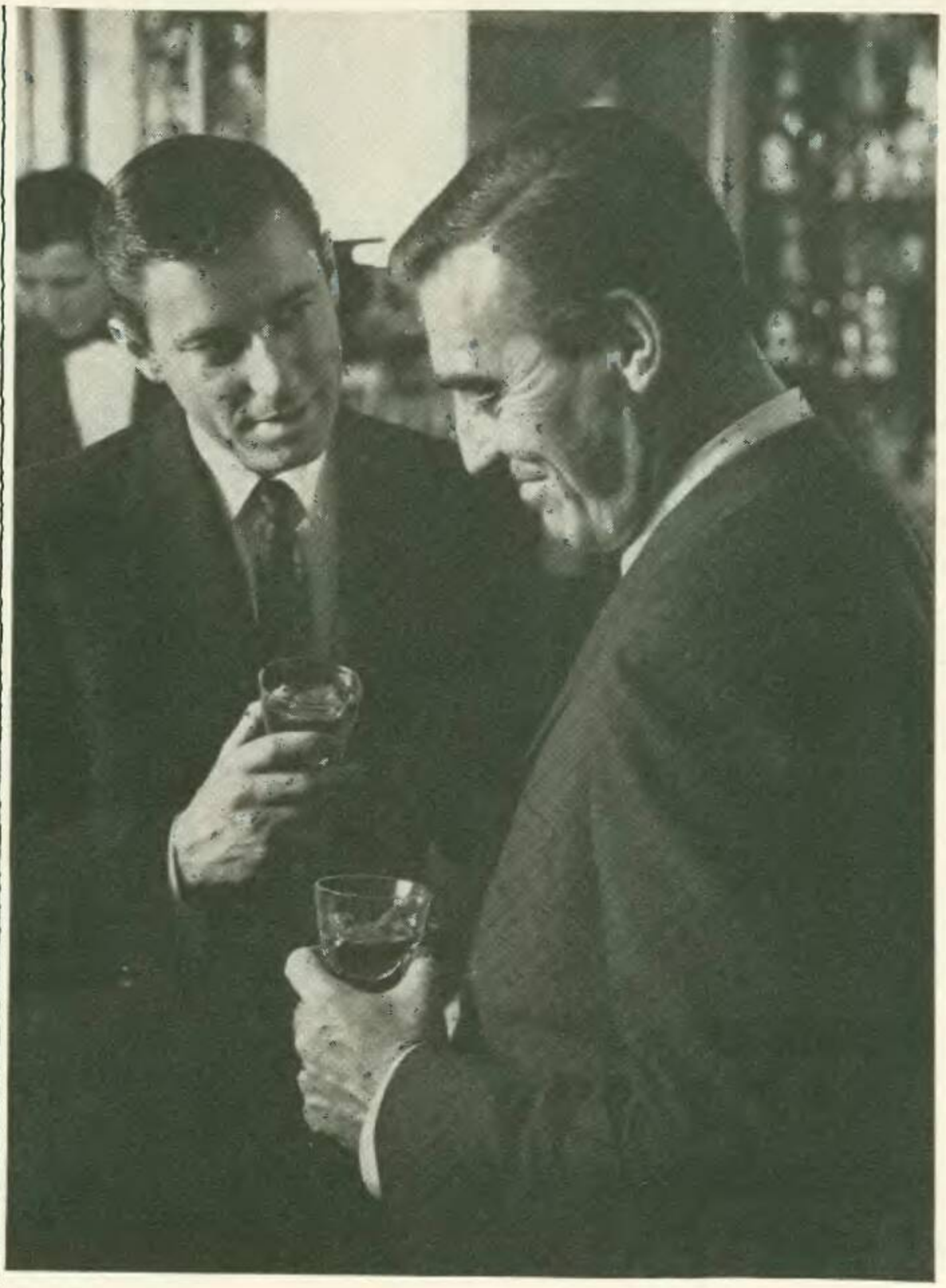
saxophonist whose methods are mostly intuitive. In fact, Coleman considers such devices as the thirty-two-bar chorus, the old-fashioned beat, and chord-based improvisation artificial. He does not merely improvise on a tune, he improvises on what he regards as its *essence*—rhythmic, melodic, tonal, or lyric. He writes most of his materials (they begin roughly where Thelonious Monk's stop), and, putting the cart before the horse, designs each number to provoke a specific attack. Some of Coleman's works are pure rhythmic exercises, constructed of many-noted figures that move rapidly up and down the scale. In performance, Coleman may handle one of these by exaggerating its rhythmic structure, by playing it backward, by distilling it within a single phrase, or by pressing the entire composition into a rhythmless legato statement. Other Coleman numbers consist of long, graceful melodic lines based on the blues. He will rummage mercilessly through the emotions inherent in such numbers, so that we get a lament on loneliness or racial injustice or plain Sunday melancholy. Still other Coleman compositions are hinged on tonal aberrations or peculiarities of pitch, which he investigates—no matter how unearthly the sounds—to *their* limits. In short, Coleman thinks of a number not as a melody sewn to a set of chords but as a specific musical state of mind. At first hearing, he sounds inflexible, crude, and even brutish. His tone appears thick-thumbed and heavy. He squeaks, he shrills, he blats. He plays insane and seemingly purposeless runs. His intensity is apoplectic. But once Coleman's ground rules have been absorbed—he is an articulate man with an Ancient Mariner need to explain his music—the strange timbres and dervish rhythms become less imperious and even tend to point up the blueslike passages and snatches of often beautiful melody that occur more frequently than one had first thought. Most important, Coleman's work is bound tightly together by a passion associated more with the Romantic composers than with jazz. However, his music is not soft and Lisztian, nor is it bearded and Wagnerian; it falls between, in that zone where compassion is levelheaded and sound of heart.

Unlike the great prima donnas of swing and bebop, who are basically soloists, Coleman belongs with Mingus, John Lewis, Jimmy Giuffre, and George Russell, all of whom place equal emphasis on collective interplay and soloing. As a result, Coleman has sanded down his various quartets (himself,



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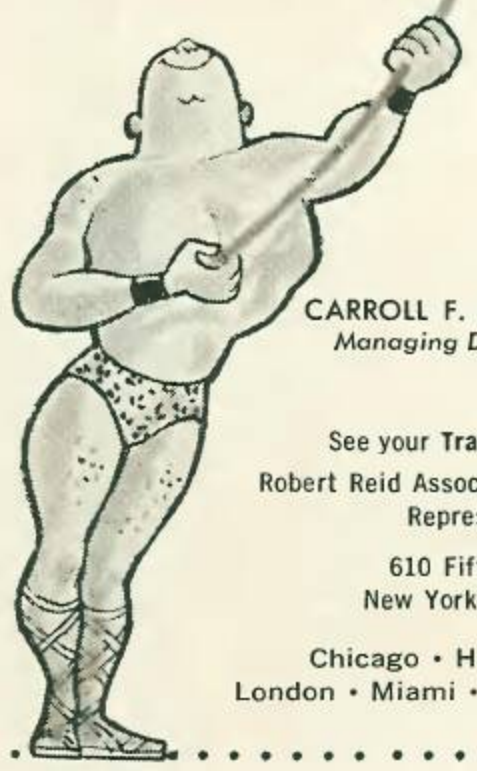

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a trumpeter, a bassist, and a drummer) into indivisible units that nonetheless sport an individual daring comparable to that of most Mingus groups. His dissonant "unison" ensemble figures are treated with startling aplomb, and during the solos the accompanists simultaneously counterpoise and interpret what the soloist does. Coleman's new recording is an attempt to magnify these achievements. Its instrumentation includes two trumpeters (Don Cherry and Freddie Hubbard), two reeds (Coleman and Eric Dolphy on bass clarinet), two bassists (Charlie Haden and the late Scott LaFaro), and two drummers (Billy Higgins and Eddie Blackwell). Moreover, it consists entirely of a single, unbroken free improvisation (no key, no chords, no theme, no time limits) that lasts just over thirty-six minutes. The result, the longest jazz recording ever made, is astonishing. Like Cecil Taylor's improvisations, which ignore choruses and bars, the number is a seamless whole, and it goes like this: brief introductory ensemble; Dolphy's solo (five minutes); ensemble; Hubbard (five minutes); ensemble; Coleman (ten minutes); ensemble; Cherry (five minutes); ensemble; Haden (two and a half minutes); ensemble; LaFaro (two and a half minutes); ensemble; Blackwell (two and a half minutes); ensemble; Higgins (two and a half minutes); closing ensemble. The tempo is roughly medium—roughly because Blackwell and Higgins, who, like the bassists, play together throughout, do not keep a level four-four beat but revolve arbitrarily around a kind of rolling, overlapping de-dat-de-dat-de-dat-de-dat shuffle rhythm. The only written parts of the number are the ensembles, which vary from typical Coleman patterns (roller coaster emptying into sleepy lagoon) to short, declamatory bursts. But there are other collective passages. During the solos, the remaining horns occasionally move in behind for group improvisations that may increase in intensity and volume until the soloist becomes totally enmeshed, or that may simply reach a loud mutter and fade away, returning the soloist to the rhythm section. These marvellous collective outbursts operate both as helpmeets for the faltering (Cherry is the only one who gets into difficulty, and the resulting assistance is so warm it almost sends him under for good) and as celebrations (these occur half a dozen times during Coleman's memorable statement) for the superior. They also go directly back to King

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The contour of the "Improvisation," though largely accidental, is just about right. The first ensemble opens with an avalanche of staccato scales, which are quickly ironed out into a soaring legato figure, which, in turn, is followed by Dolphy's solo. Dolphy maintains this uplands feeling remarkably well (he gets a riven tone on the instrument, which he covers with bewildering agility); Hubbard, pretending here and there that he is Miles Davis, dissipates it somewhat; and Coleman gradually and casually brings it to the highest point on the record. Cherry follows, rather fumblingly, and the elevation slowly decreases through the bass and drum solos before being momentarily heightened in the brief final ensemble. (A longer and more complex closing ensemble, which might have been improvised rather than written, would have tied the entire number together more satisfactorily; its ending has a disquieting midair quality, as if everyone had suddenly run out of energy at once.) Coleman's solo is by far the best he has recorded. Barring a few dicty arpeggios and "Night on Bald Mountain" screeches, it is mainly a series of extremely affecting blues phrases, some of them reminiscent of the plow-and-mule alto-saxophone playing you used to hear in the thirties on "city" blues records. These phrases disarmingly develop an emotional momentum that becomes nearly unbearable by the time the releasing connective ensemble comes along. But the bassists come close to Coleman, and together attain a lyricism rarely surpassed on jazz recordings. (LaFaro, a brilliant bassist, was killed in an automobile accident not long ago, at the age of twenty-five. His solo, and Haden's, are perfect epitaphs.) Haden begins with pendulous half-time

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single notes (LaFaro runs up and down in the high register behind him), to which he adds a sitarlike vibrato. He pauses, and, strumming his instrument like a guitar, shifts into flowing tremolo chords (the drummers hustle into a kind of oblique double time, with brushes on their snares), which gradually separate until the chords fall on the beat, behind the beat, and finally are barely sounded, while LaFaro and the drummers imperceptibly allow *their* lines to dissolve. An abrupt ensemble discord restores order, and LaFaro opens his solo with high, rapid single notes (Haden plays harplike figures behind), which are slowly transposed into beautiful, sea-motion flamenco chords. A poignant Django Reinhardt single-note passage follows (Haden is now in a straight four-four beat, and the contrast is stunning), culminating in fast, ascending runs that are so explicit they take your breath away. The drummers' solos (each man backs the other) are almost as good, and Higgins is particularly impressive in a statement made up wholly of rising and falling cymbal splashes dotted with snare offbeats.

A warning: "Improvisation" causes earache the first time through, especially for those new to Coleman's music. The second time, its cacophony lessens and its complex balances and counterbalances begin to take effect. The third time, layer upon layer of pleasing configurations—rhythmic, melodic, contrapuntal, tonal—becomes visible. The fourth or fifth listening, one swims readily along, about ten feet down, breathing the music like air.

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LETTER FROM EUZKADI

THE chances of encountering one's double in this life must be fairly slim. Nevertheless, I have begun to believe that even the most oddly shaped of us has a double—unsuspected and unsuspecting, working away quietly in some unlikely context—for I recently had the curious experience not of meeting mine but of passing an impressionable night and day in his natural habitat, in the Basque province of Vizcaya, on the northern coast of Spain. My double is a Basque sea captain who lives, between voyages, on the fringes of the town of Guernica, and I have made a tentative promise to return there when he gets back from his current voyage. I doubt if I shall go. If we confront one another, the differences between us will become obvious; as it was, in his absence, his friends all swore to our absolute duplication of one another, with much exclamation and headshaking.

I made the pilgrimage to Guernica for a concentration of reasons, after travelling about in the Basque country, from village to village, between the mountains and the sea. The name reverberates familiarly mainly through the agency of Picasso's painting, but Picasso was only underlining the infamy of the town's complete annihilation by German bombers during the Spanish Civil War—an act of such ruthless vindictiveness that the mere mention of the name still stops conversations in Spain. But beyond that, Guernica has a much greater importance—an importance, in fact, that led to its being selected for annihilation. It was and is the symbolic capital of the Basque race, the old seat of government, where oaths were taken and laws made under its venerable oak tree, the Tree of Guernica. Here, traditionally, the elder Basque statesmen met on all matters concerning the land that Basques call Euzkadi—a mythical entity that now exists more vividly in my awareness than do many more politically established countries.

There are four Basque provinces in the north of Spain—Vizcaya, Guipúzcoa, Alava, and Navarra—which extend along the Bay of Biscay to the French border, and which, together with the three French districts of Soule, Labourde, and Basse-Navarre, form the seven provinces of Euzkadi. Although politically the Basques are Spaniards or Frenchmen (or Argentines, Venezuelans, Americans, or Australians, since they emigrate readily and always with distinction), Euzkadi is the country they continue to inhabit in the back of their minds, and while they fulfill the formalities of what they regard as their second citizenship with energy and responsibility, they look on themselves first as Basques. The respect with which they are universally regarded is a respect for those qualities of responsibility and independence, which are ruggedly Basque and which resist without difficulty all varieties of national influence.

Guernica sits squarely in a broad green valley on the river Mundaca, and to get to it I had to catch a miniature train that connected with the main line between Bilbao and San Sebastián. The train, flying through the green fields, was full of chickens in hampers and chattering passengers who waved to solitary figures working in the landscape and called to them by name. I had no ticket for this stage of the journey, which perplexed the conductor. I would have to pay six pesetas, which was fifty centimos more than if I had bought my ticket beforehand. It hurt him. Borrowing a pencil from me, he wrote out a long, patient receipt. Had I been before in Guernica? No, never, but I wanted both to visit the Tree and to see how the town had been rebuilt. Then I knew about the happenings? Yes, I did. He shook his head for a long time. I would be staying in Guernica at least overnight? Yes, indeed. He wagged his finger, and went off to talk with an old man at the other end of the car, jerking his head from time to time in my direction. When he came back, he handed me a paper. This was the name of the inn where I would be most comfortable, and this was the café where I would meet the old ones of the town, those who had been there *before;* here was the proprietor's name, and here was the name of someone who would show me the Tree and the archives. I thanked him, and he apologized that he could not be there himself. The train drew in to Guernica, and he shook my hand and went off, my pencil still behind his ear.

At Guernica, the train practically emptied. Most of the people were being met—but then Spaniards scarcely ever undertake journeys of any kind without being seen off or welcomed by throngs of relatives and children. The air in Spanish airports and railroad stations throbs steadily with emotion. I took my bag and walked through the town, which had the square, cemented anonymity of all new buildings in Spain, serving their purpose but no more, unworn, unfinished, built out of an uninspired necessity but with no affection. Spain gives the impression of having been dragged unwillingly into the technological age; its heart is not there. Instead, sullenly resentful of modernity, it contrives successfully to make all instances of it seem cold, drab, and forlorn.

I found room at the inn without any difficulty—tourists in Guernica, I discovered, are mainly expatriate Basques who come in high summer to visit the Tree—and eventually made my way to the café suggested by the conductor. Conversation stopped as I entered, and the small knots of men at the bar looked at me cautiously. I nodded to them, and addressed the landlord, who surprised me by speaking English—he had gone to school in England, he told me, while his father, a Basque, was first mate with an English shipping line. As time passed, I began to be aware that the

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men in the bar were still talking about me, but since they were speaking in the sharp, swift cadences of Basque, I could gather nothing of what they said. Just then, two other men entered, and one of them, catching sight of me, came over, thumped me on the shoulders, and welcomed me back with great enthusiasm. I told him that he must be mistaking me for someone else, since I had never before been in Guernica. His face stiffened in astonishment, and at that point four or five of the other men in the bar came across quickly and surrounded us, all talking at once. One of them took me aside to explain in Spanish. "You must forgive us our rudeness in staring at you," he said, "but the truth is you resemble exactly a man who lives in this valley—but exactly!—and when you came in we all believed you to be him, except for the fact that you are not wearing a beret and are not dressed as he would be. He is captain of a ship out of Pasajes, and we expect him home any time now. We cannot get over the likeness." The others pressed forward to assure me that I was in every respect the double of the captain, who was called Lorenzo. I must be Basque? No. Then of Basque ancestry? I did not think so. One of the men, short, thick-shouldered, and merry-eyed, asked if I would mind helping him win a bet, to prove how absolute was the resemblance. I concurred, and he asked me to sit on a particular stool facing the door, and to remove my tie and put on his beret. A farmer from down the valley, a cousin of Lorenzo's, was due in the bar at any moment, and my friend had laid a wager with the landlord that the farmer would take me for Lorenzo within a minute of entering the café, now that I was properly dressed. I had barely sat myself down, bereted and tieless, when the door creaked open and two men came in, blinking in the light. The taller of the two looked around the bar, nodding here and there; then, catching sight of me, he started suddenly. "Lorenzo!" he called out. "But you are back too soon!" Everyone in the bar roared, and the short man rushed over to explain the wager to him. I took off the beret and put on my tie. Wryly, the landlord lined the bar with wineglasses. By now, the conversation was all conjecture over the ultimate encounter between Lorenzo and myself, which I agreed would have to take place. We were all in a high good humor.

The Basques are anything but taciturn, but while they cut swaths of talk

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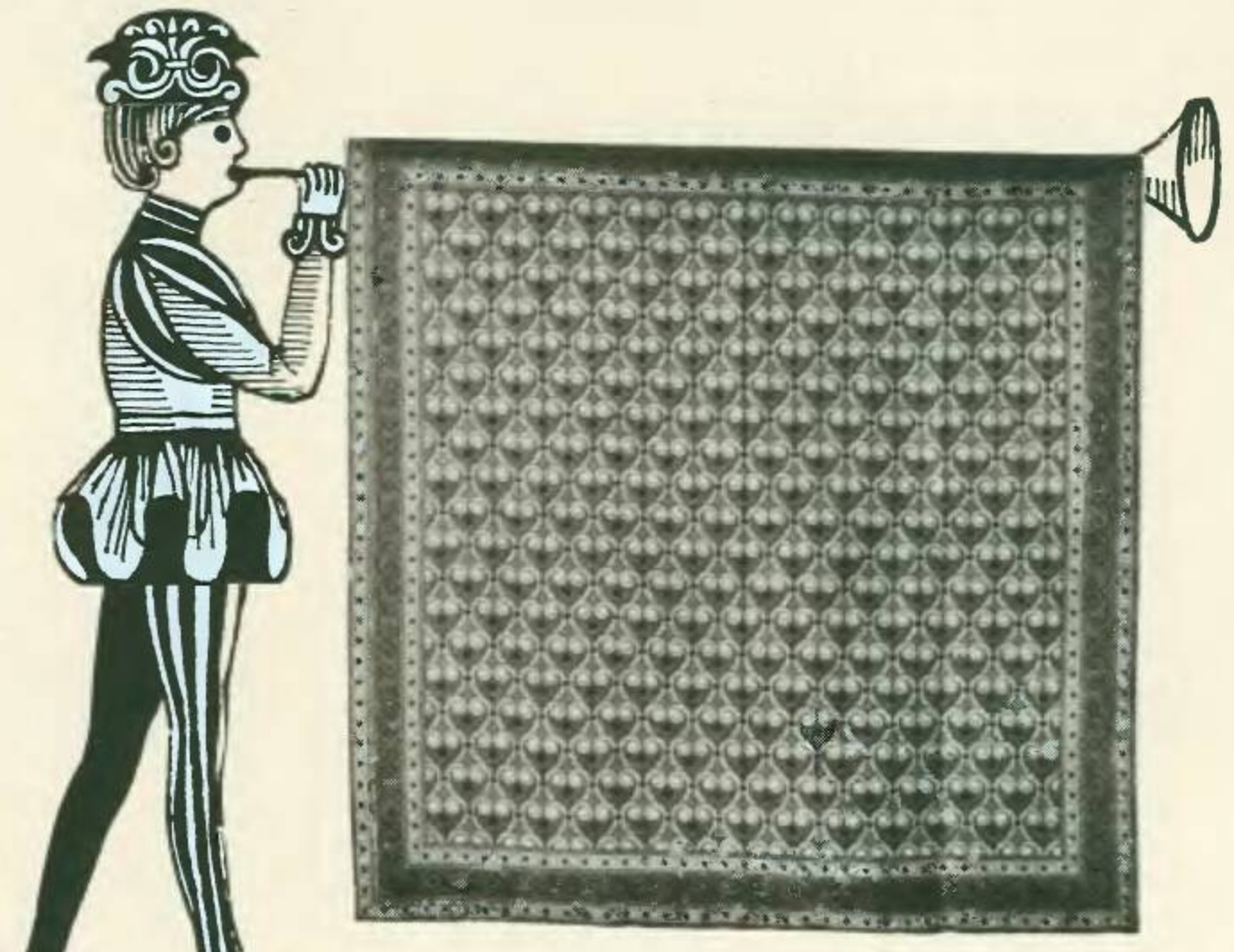
around any subject at all—playfully, without ever seeming to take a sharp point of view—their convictions, I have found, are deep and firm, always lying under the surface and remaining for the most part unspoken. Humor runs away with them wildly. Their conversations are full of glee—extravagant exercises in preposterousness. At bottom, they are the proudest and most serious people in the world, yet they are constantly making fun of their own pride. I listened one evening in Saint-Jean-de-Luz to a long, straight-faced discourse proving that the mother of Yuri Gagarin was a Basque; the man who advanced the claim did so with such vehemence that he all but convinced himself, I felt. To the Basques, being born a Basque is nothing short of a miracle, yet at the same time they are free from the steady self-preoccupation that marks other small, more uncertain minor races.

That evening in Guernica became a cascade of talk, once my companions got over the impulse to goggle at me and referred to me simply as "Lorenzo." Most of the company were farmers or seafaring men, natives of Guernica, yet in one another's company the subject of the past scarcely ever came up. They had no particular reluctance to talk about it, and did so with me in the most matter-of-fact way, but among themselves it was emphatically over and gone. "Don't forget how it is with us Basques," one of them said. "We were here in our small corner of Europe before anyone else, and we're still holding on to the same bit of country—no bigger, no smaller—that we had then. By the accident of time, we're counted as Spaniards, but we still work and live here in our own way; the more they plague us from the outside, the more Basque we become." At that moment, two newcomers entered the café, and I noticed that the company switched from Spanish, which they had been speaking for my benefit, to Basque. The two men drank uncomfortably and left quickly. "Foreigners!" growled the short man. "After the Civil War, when we were rebuilding Guernica—with no help from the government—Franco thought he would water us down by shipping a lot of Andalusians up here. He should have known better—that in our own country we don't mix. He might as well have sent us Eskimos."

GUERNICA was destroyed on the afternoon of April 26, 1937, after the Spanish Civil War had been



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raging for eleven months, and nothing that General Franco did in the course of the whole war caused such universal waves of horror and alarm. At that time in history, the Basques had newly gained their independence, for which they had been pressing strongly during the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera and the years of the Spanish Republic. Progress had been slow, since first Primo de Rivera and later the Republicans were loath to give way to separatist groups, their main aim being to draw Spain together. When the Civil War did break out, however, the Republicans, to make sure of the support of the Basques, granted them autonomy, and in October, 1936, the first president of the new Basque Republic, José Antonio de Aguirre, was sworn in under the Tree of Guernica. The fighting in the Basque provinces was markedly bitter; the accounts of the bombing of Guernica that I heard that evening, however, were, if anything, laconic—the memory was clear enough, but the strong feeling was suppressed and the vision cold.

"I had gone that afternoon up the valley to Amorebeita to ask my uncle, who lives there to this day, if he could lay hands on a sack or two of ground meal for me, for at that time we were just beginning to feel the food shortage," one man said. "As I was saying goodbye to him, we saw a plane with Nationalist markings circling slowly over the valley, but we thought little of it—stray planes often used to pass over to take a look at us. But as I was riding my bicycle back to Guernica, the bombers began to overtake me, flying very low. I heard some explosions, but could not believe they had anything to do with us, until I caught sight of flames in the distance. It was a Monday afternoon, and Monday, by tradition, is our market day; many people had come in to town from round about, and had gone, as usual, to the *frontón* to watch a game of pelota. From behind me the planes kept coming and coming, and I could make out not only the German markings but the men in the cockpits. They drove into Guernica like buses, and by the time I reached the edge of town, pedalling furiously, the whole center was on fire from the showers of incendiary bombs they dropped. I left my bicycle and climbed the hill above our house, which already I could see was half burned. On the way, I ran into my wife and two children, with a group of people who had left home at the first sign of the bombing. We knew nothing of what was happening, or why; there was little we could do but watch. I sent

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my wife and children to my cousin's house, across the valley. A group of us stayed, almost in a trance, scarcely feeling. The bombardment lasted barely three hours, but Guernica burned all night and well into the next day. I went at evening to see that my family was all right and then came back, to watch and wait. Most of those who escaped made their way either to Bilbao or to the houses of friends and neighbors in the countryside. There were a few of us who waited for the fires to go down, saying nothing. Next day, we went back into what was left of the town. Five buildings still stood; the Tree was unharmed. I found a cellar, which I occupied for a time with four others. We got together some supplies and began to work on the ruins, with shovels. Bit by bit, the people came back, and now, twenty-four years later, we have a new town. We built it ourselves, to wipe out that one day from our memory, and I suppose that if you question us now, all we will say is that the new town is more comfortable than the old one was. Once, I thought I would never forget all that, but now I find it is no more than a happening in the memory."

Later, when I left the café, I walked through the moonlit town with the cousin of my double. As we passed various buildings, he would pat an occasional buttress or wall and say, "These stones were there before; I remember building on top of them," or "That house there did not burn"—as though he carried in his head a complete map of the place as it once was, stone by stone.

THE next morning, the short, bright-eyed man, whose name, I had discovered, was the name on my piece of paper, called early to take me to the Tree. Together, we climbed a broad flight of steps to the chapel at the top of the town, which contains a small, crowded library of writings on the Basques. The original oak tree had been retired in 1860, he explained, after it had attained its legendary thousand years; its trunk is preserved there in a kind of Greek portico. We walked out into the sunlit courtyard to inspect its successor, a healthy young tree of a hundred and one, and my companion removed his beret. "We used to have trouble with tourists who wanted a leaf or piece of bark from the Tree—Basques who came back from abroad. As it is, there is a flourishing descendant of the old tree in Buenos Aires, but in autumn I generally collect a few of the fallen leaves and send them to our people abroad." We sat down on a stone

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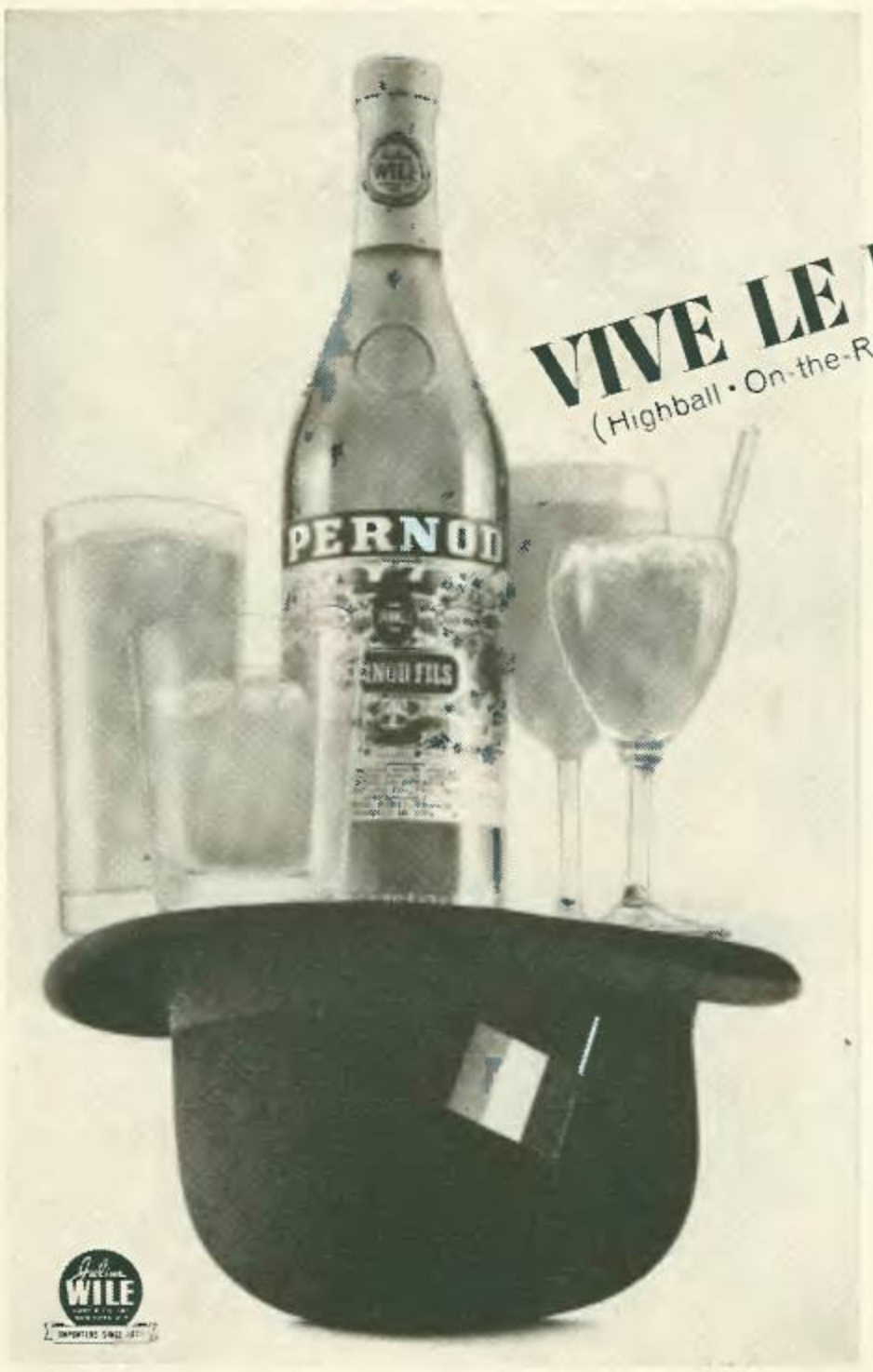

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bench in the sun while the little man regaled me with some of the endless mass of history and legend concerning the Basques and which, later, in the library, I began to explore for myself. "Don't worry too much about facts," he said to me as he left me in the reading room. "There are hardly any facts about us. We say that, like a good woman, we have no history. We're as old as the Pyrenees, and we're likely to last as long, without changing very much. That's all there is to it."

I became increasingly thankful for that piece of counsel as I read my way into the morass of writings that have accumulated around the mystery of the Basques. There is little question in anyone's mind but that they are the oldest surviving race in Europe, and were in all likelihood comfortably settled in their corner before the barbarian invasions; yet they have no ascertainable history—not, at least, until the twelfth century, and even then contemporary historians complained about the haze that obscured their origins. The Basque language provides the most tangible evidence of their oddness; structurally very curious, it has no firm similarity to any other existing language, and has been the main basis for the wilder suppositions that have been made about the Basques. Life in the Basque provinces, whether on the inland farms or in the fishing villages, has changed very little with time and still has a muscular, handmade tang; the songs, the tempestuous folk dances, the games, and the myths keep cropping up in spontaneous joy, with nothing of the aura of the museum. For all these reasons, ethnologists and philologists and mythologists and anthropologists have descended, and still descend, on the Basques with whoops of astonished delight, and go quickly to work hacking, chiselling, and surmising. By now, I have read so many improbable hypotheses on the origins and affinities of the Basque race that I have grown quite prepared to accept some of the more fanciful explanations, which, characteristically, are preferred by the Basques themselves. In an eighteenth-century pamphlet, the Abbé Lahetjuzan took pains to derive all the names in the Book of Genesis from Basque roots; the name of Eve, he explained, came from "*ezbai*," a conjunction of the Basque words "*ez*," meaning "no," and "*bai*," meaning "yes," and standing for the dual nature of all women. The question that divides scholars is whether the Basques are in fact Iberians or whether they are directly descended from a paleolithic race that inhabited the Pyrenees before the Iberians arrived.

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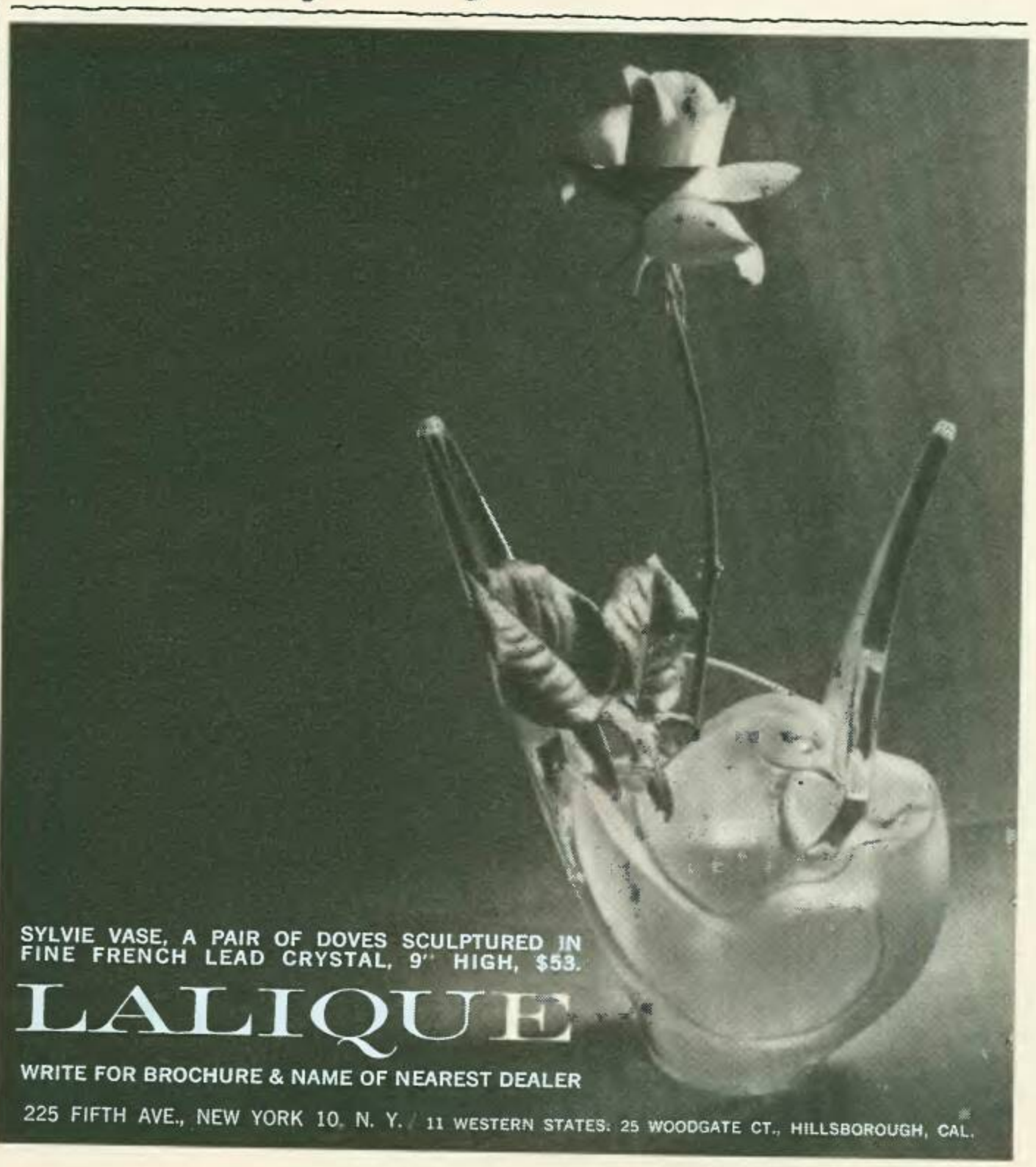
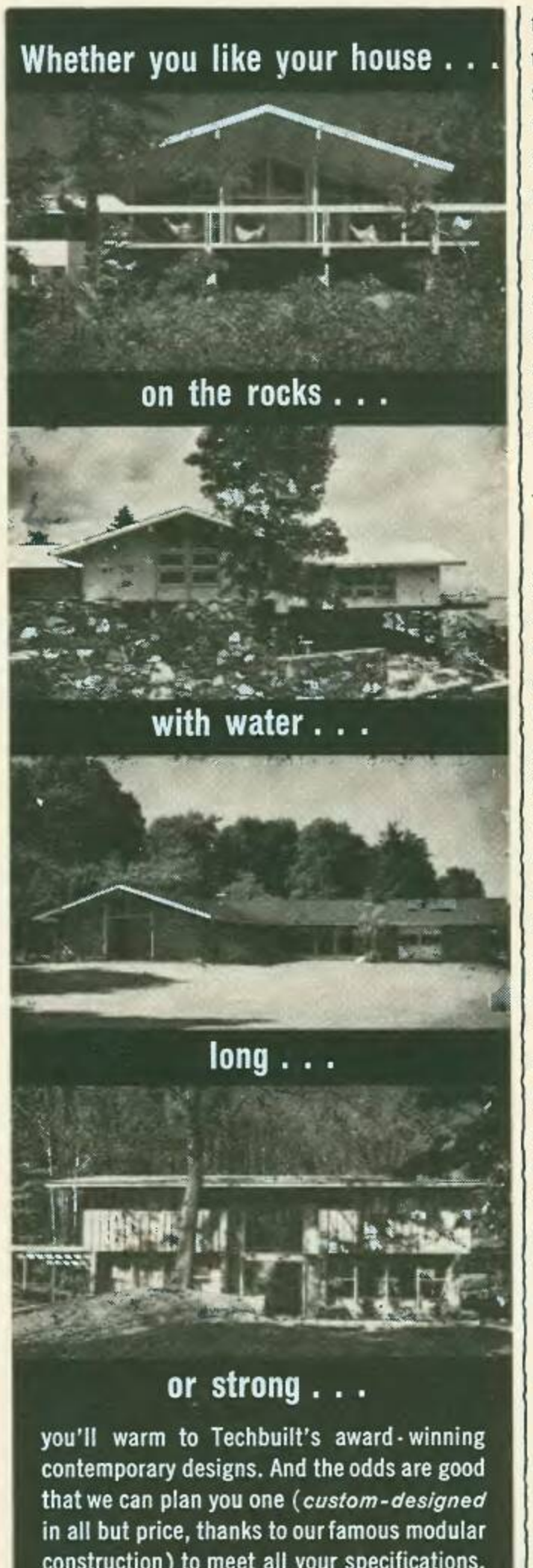
From what I could glean with any certainty out of the violent pro-and-con, they are now allowed to be descended from a prehistoric Pyrenean race, but modified and influenced by the Iberian invasions. Scholarly argument bases itself mostly on the discovery of ingenious linguistic parallels; freed from the onus of facts, the scholars have ranged about with abandon and, more recently, have taken to linking the Basque language with Caucasus Mountain dialects—a thesis that has a higher degree of probability than some of their earlier venturings.

Characteristically, the Basques remain utterly unperturbed by the mystery of their origins; on the contrary, they are delighted by their own inexplicability. One Sunday afternoon in San Sebastián, I went with a Basque friend to the *frontón* to watch a game of *chistera*—pelota played with long, banana-shaped baskets. The game was magnificently exciting, the betting raucous, the spectators exuberant. During the intermission, we ran into a local doctor at the bar. "If you are mistaken enough to be interested," he said to me, "I have in the house a learned treatise written by a German folklorist on the forms and variations of pelota, or handball, or whatever you want to call it, proving it to be the oldest known game and full of strange implications that no Basque has ever dreamed of. This German came to see me once, but we did not get very far. He kept pressing me to tell him what I thought the game *meant*, and I told him it didn't mean anything at all; it simply *was*. Around here, as soon as we can walk we begin to hit a ball against a wall, just for the pleasure of it, and it seems to me a singularly uncomplicated fact that we have been doing so for hundreds of years. Pleasure does not alter very much, and when we get old and short of breath we come to the *frontón* to watch others do it better. I honestly fail to see the point of his treatise—it's of no interest to us Basques, whereas the game itself is. I took him to a game or two, but he never enjoyed a single moment; instead, he kept asking me questions about the height of the wall and the shape of the *chistera*—things like that. The game is just as old as the first wall or the first ball, I told him. You may have the book, if you want it. I'm afraid it would only spoil my pleasure."

We all sat down together as the game began again, my friend and the doctor betting furiously against one another, catching the cutaway tennis balls that





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the bookies tossed up to them and extracting the red and blue betting slips stuffed inside. "I'll tell you one thing, though," said the doctor, leaning across to me. "The *chistera* you see the players using came about quite by accident, when someone used a fruit basket to play pelota with. Now, in the souvenir shops, you can buy *chisteras* to use once again as fruit baskets. Everything, you see, straightens out with the passing of time. I wish I had remembered to tell that to the German."

WHILE the Basque country forms a small, neat geographical unit fitting tidily into the right angle of the Bay of Biscay, it is no longer quite the entity it was, and the old Basque war cry "*Zazpiak Bat!*" ("The Seven Are One!") is something of an anachronism. In the past, when France and Spain happened to be at war, the seven Basque provinces bound themselves by *traités de bonne correspondance* to remain neutral; in the course of this century, however, the diverging political paths of France and Spain have split Euzkadi in two. The unity does survive in a purely local sense; the fishermen of the Spanish Basque coast have the same preoccupations as the fishermen of the French Basque coast, and they meet and talk together as Basques, although the Frenchmen may know no Spanish and the Spaniards no French. The Basque dialects vary slightly, but the fishing remains much the same. "We Basques have two selves," one fisherman in Saint-Jean-de-Luz put it. "If you ask us suddenly what we are, we will naturally reply that we are Basques. But, over and above that, we are Frenchmen, and we have fought as Frenchmen in two wars; in a moment we can become Frenchmen, pure and simple, like slipping on another coat. It's more difficult for the Spanish Basques. While France has been a kindly mother to us, Spain has been a cruel stepmother to them, and as a result they are more belligerently Basque than we want to be. For us, there is no contradiction; we're quite happy to think of ourselves as Frenchmen."

The differences, however, go much further than that. To reach the Basque country from southern Spain, one travels north across the endless spreading plains of Castile, parched in summer, slow and indolent, without a sign of water or life. After them, the small, green, humped hills and, eventually, the craggy, moist Atlantic coast are a relief—the frequent *chirimiri*, the light Basque rain, falls like a benison; the towns have

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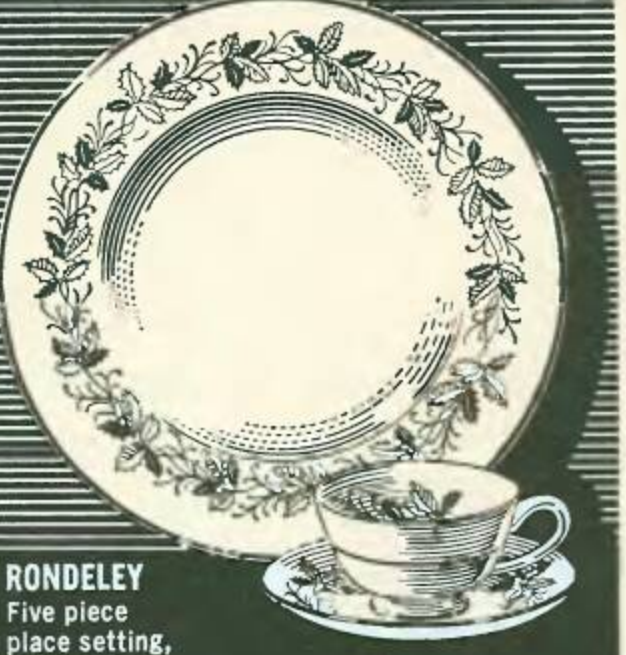

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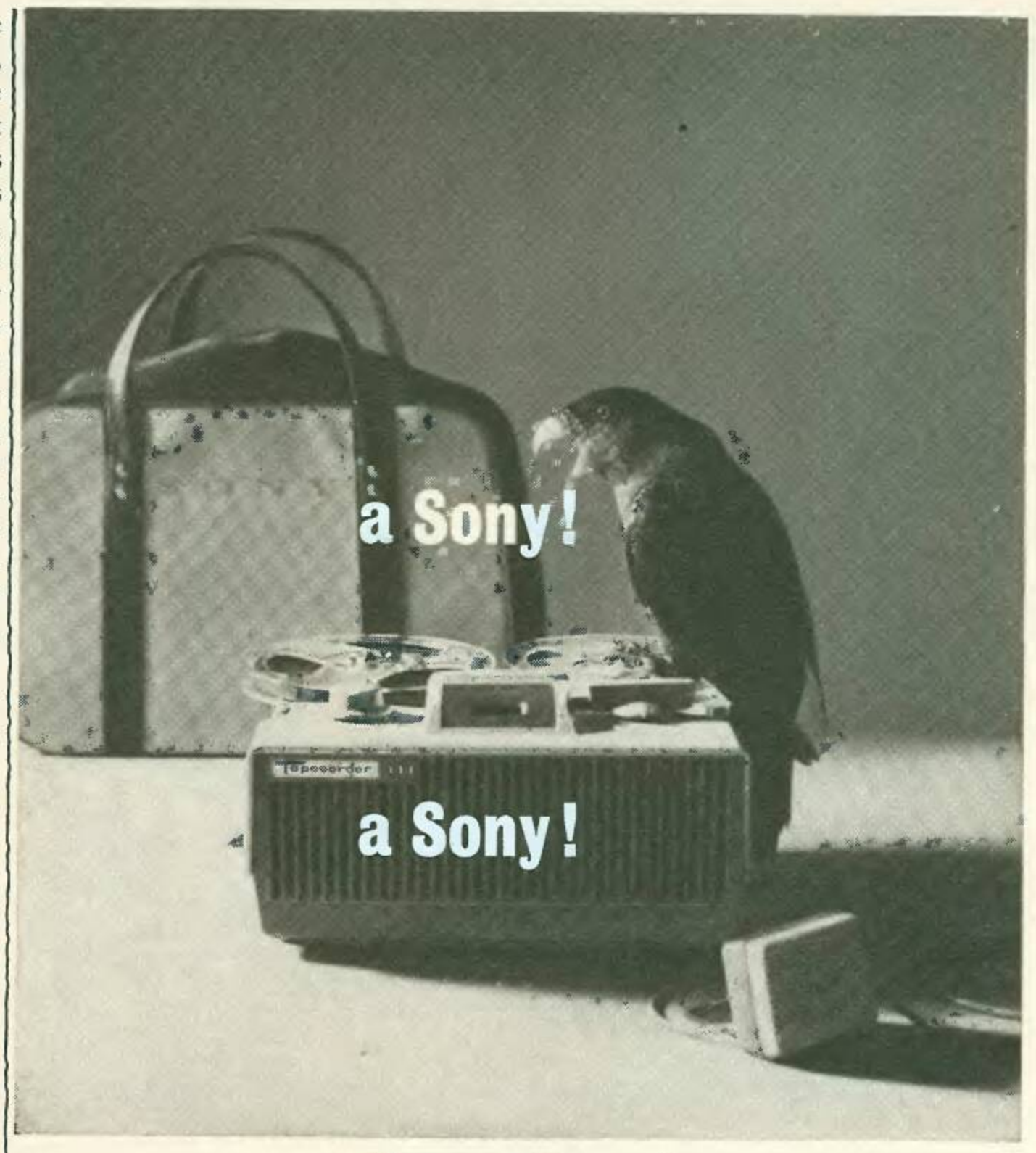
a good-humored bustle about them; the people are inquisitive, active, decisive, and mean business. But to make the brief journey across the frontier, at Irún, into France, although it amounts to going farther north geographically, is in fact to cross over into the laconic, easygoing air of the French Midi, where the day unwinds at a markedly slower pace under a hot, restraining sun, where work keeps stopping and starting, where the berets flop limply over the eyes. The French Basque provinces are very much of the south, and take their pulse from that, far more than from the exuberance of the Basque temperament. For this reason, they appear more theatrically Basque, and the decorative side of Basque life—the fêtes and folk dances, the pageants, the pastorales, the folk singing—is staged more self-consciously in the French villages. The same things happen in Spain, but in the natural context of Basque life. As might also be expected, it is in France that one comes across the souvenir shops, the thirsty Basque-hunting tourists, and anomalies like Le Motel Basque, no less horrifying for their inevitability. The old whaling ports of Saint-Jean-de-Luz and Biarritz have taken on new, luxurious, well-tailored identities, although the fishermen still fish; prosperity has dulled the sharp edge. I was chiding a French Basque I know for this one day when he stopped me short. "Don't be altogether deceived by all the paraphernalia," he said. "You'll see plenty of prosperity now on both sides of the border, and you'll probably conclude that it comes from our success at selling Basque matchboxes to the tourists. That's not all of it, by any means. Remember, for us Basques there is no border—France and Spain put it up comparatively recently, in the seventeenth century, and so gave us a new profession. Basque free trade, we call it. Why shouldn't our Spanish kin have some of the things we enjoy in France, and why shouldn't we have an occasional taste of what they have? We're all Basques, aren't we? Mutual benefit, that's what it is. We've always claimed the right to move freely across the frontier, and if it requires any ingenuity for us to take our luggage along, too—well, we have plenty."

The Basques smuggle not only with ingenuity but, more, with gusto, although I would consider it immoral to go into detail. Enough to say that among the frontier Basques smuggling is practiced with an intense devotion that makes it almost rank with the two classic activities of Basques—sheepherding and



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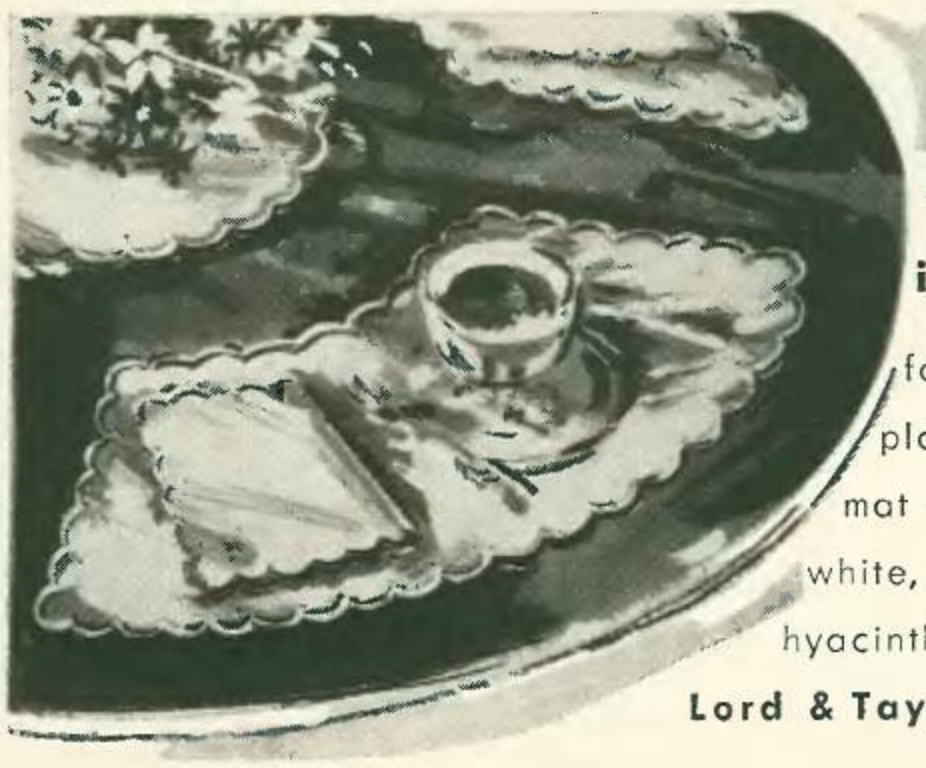

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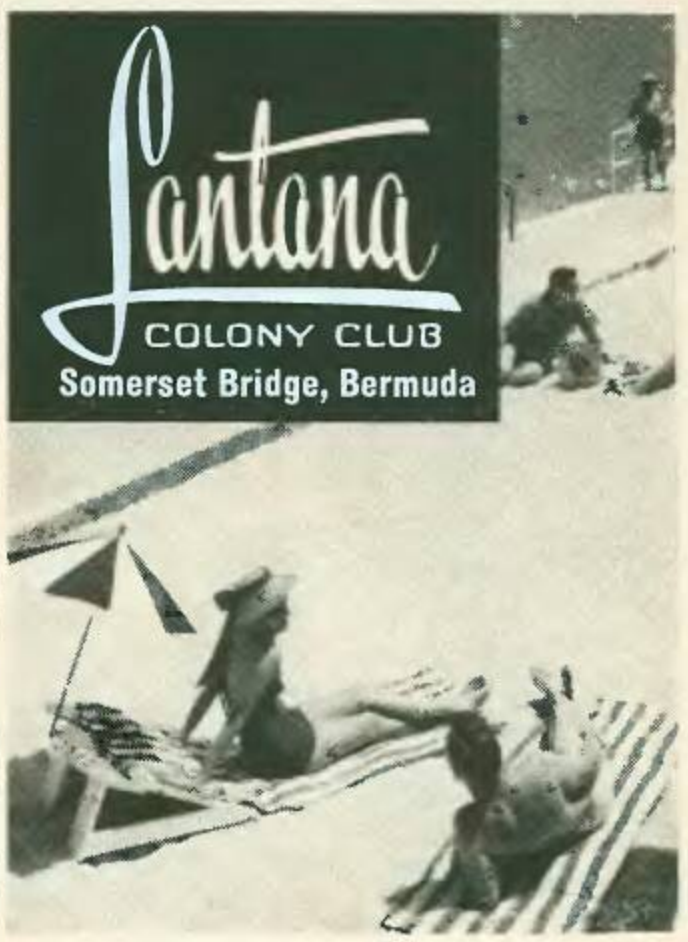
seafaring. Basques believe quite confidently that they discovered America long before Columbus but came home again to Euzkadi, not bothering to mention the discovery; at any rate, their temperament has always taken easily and naturally to the sea. They were the first fishermen who dared to put out after whales in longboats, along the Biscay coast; watchtowers still punctuate the headlands. In the eighteenth century, inclined, as usual, to be on no one's side but their own, they took lucratively to piracy, and made handsome reputations as corsairs. Predictably, however, they came home with their spoils to the Basque country, married Basque girls, and settled in their native villages. Even though the coastal fishermen complain about the steady decline of the fishing, Basque seamen are still as indigenous to the sea lanes of the world as are Scottish engineers. A truck driver who gave me a lift one day told me that he signs on with a Norwegian line for a six-month voyage every two or three years, whenever he wants to buy a new truck.

As for sheepherding, the Basques are so renowned for that solitary occupation that they are nowadays in great demand, particularly in the sheep-raising regions of the United States. An average of about two hundred "alien sheepherders," as the Immigration Service has it, cross annually for a three-year stint. (They share the privilege with a rash of Basque pelota players, who spend the winter jai-alai season in Florida.) Most of the sheepherders return to the Basque country, generally with the scantiest knowledge of English, unperturbed by the experience. Sheep, after all, are sheep the world over.

WHEN I came to the Spanish Basque country, it was with one very specific query in mind. After living for some time in Spain, I was well aware of how, in the twenty-fifth year of political paralysis under Generalissimo Franco, a despairing disquiet hovered not far from the surface of every conversation. In Madrid, the concern has grown cynical, but I knew that among the two strongest separatist groups—the Catalans and the Basques—it still seethed with hope. "You won't have to bother with questions," said an acquaintance in Madrid. "The Basques will answer them before you have time to ask."

In our present climate of incipient internationalism, with new countries taking shape almost overnight and the large power blocs choosing up sides, the separatist tendencies of small, contrary



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racial groups have come to seem more and more unrealistic, if not downright comic. The Irish got in under the wire—their cause was just, and they had behind them a history of persecution and stubbornness—but the nationalist parties in Wales and Scotland, for example, have become more or less a refuge for grousers and crackpots. While I was growing up in Scotland, the clishmaclaver of aggressive nationalism rang continuously in my ears, but when I had exhausted the roles of terrorist, martyr, agitator, and cold logician, I found that, after all, it was possible to live quite fruitfully under what we used to call "the English yoke," and that the persecution we suffered was either statistically hypothetical or romantically imagined. I was at first disinclined to take Basque nationalism any more seriously, particularly since, in argument, I often surprised on the faces of my Basque friends the same wistful, faraway expression that I was well used to seeing in Scotland, and also since history shows the Basques to have been defensively, rather than aggressively, nationalistic. By now, however, I have changed my mind. One day I found, tucked into my notebook, a small card. I had no idea how it got there. On one side of it was printed the Basque national hymn and the legend "*Euzkadi Es la Patria de los Vascos*," and on the other a very specific Basque Doctrine, some of the main points of which are worthy of note:

The land of the Basques is Euzkadi.

Politically, some Basques are Spanish citizens, the rest French citizens, but originally and by natural law they are neither French nor Spanish. All are, quite simply, Basque.

The French and Spanish languages have their common origin in the breakup of Latin. The true language of the Basque race is Euzkera, or Basque, utterly distinct in grammar and vocabulary from French and Spanish.

Political and social organization amongst the Basques was determined by their own laws, drawn up by and for themselves, without interference from any foreign power.

Our country has since lost its ancient right to self-government. The results have been disastrous. The purity of the language has been corrupted by Latin influence. The body and soul of the Basque race are in danger of dying out.

The remedy is for all Basques to unite in faith behind their ancient theme of "GOD AND THE OLD LAWS;" that is, to practice their religion faithfully and without corruption, and to reunite in recovering their ancient sovereignty, in a free confederation of the race and of a sovereign Euzkadi.

I showed the card to my friends, and they smiled mysteriously. "That will

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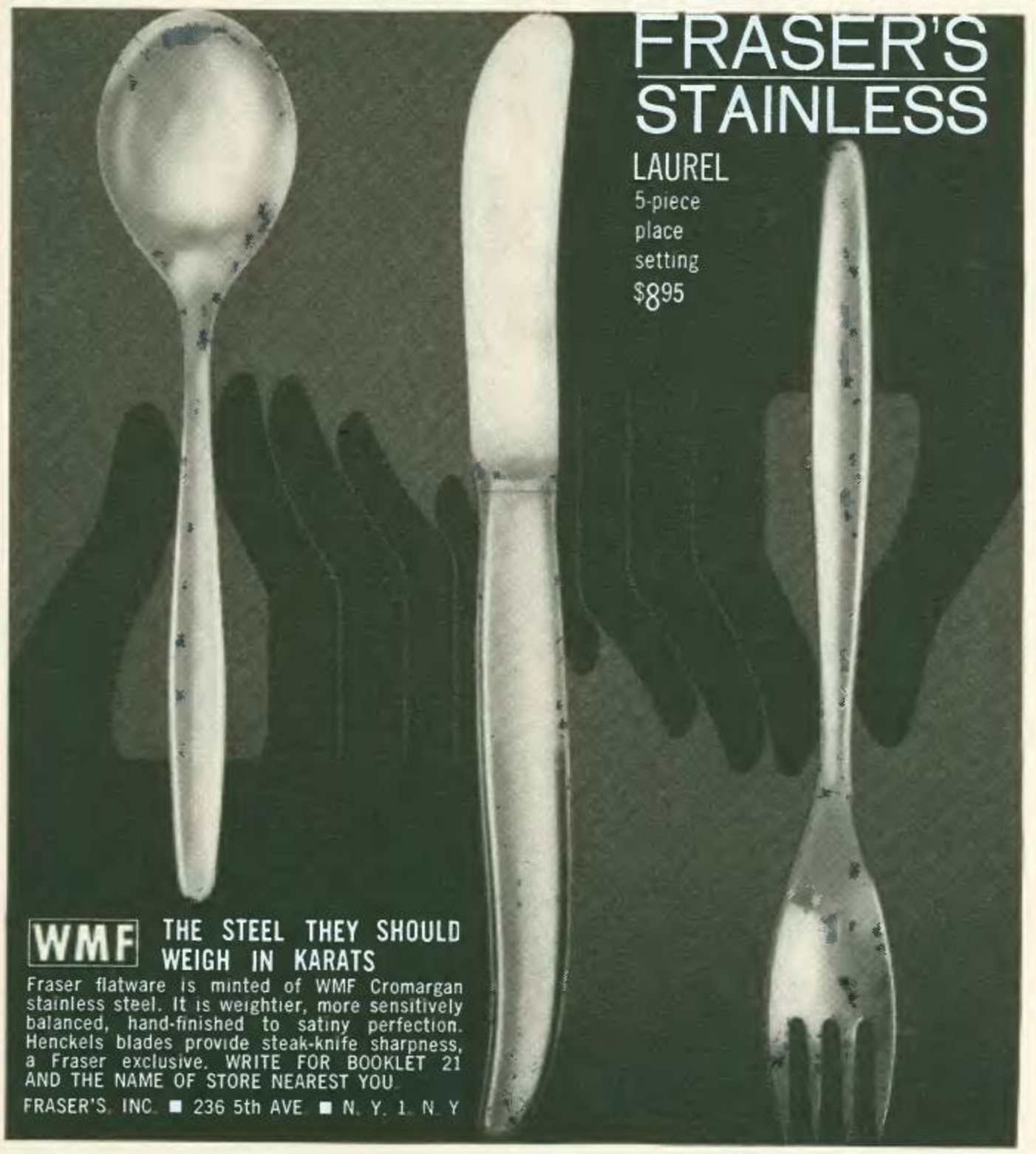

do as your passport while you are here," they said. "Only, don't show it to the Guardia Civil, or it will get you into trouble." (Basques have a sharp animosity toward the Spanish Civil Guard, whom they regard as foreign troops on their soil. By tacit agreement, no Basque ever joins them, just as few Basques ever serve as career soldiers in the Spanish Army, for that would be to give official Spain a recognition that Basques withhold as far as they can.) Traditionally, all Basques subscribe to the spirit of the Basque Doctrine; to them it is part and parcel of being Basque. The Old Laws constantly invoked in all Basque documents were local *fueros*, or charters, granted in the course of the Middle Ages to particular provinces, or even to small districts, allowing them a complete local autonomy of law and custom, in exchange for which they would lend a judicious allegiance to the Kings of France and Castile. The rights granted by these *fueros* were gradually formalized and codified, and the Basques put all their energies into defending them vigorously. With the French Revolution, the *fueros* of the French Basques disappeared; in Spain they lasted much longer—until after the Carlist Wars of the nineteenth century, when the Basques made the grave mistake of backing the losing side and in the wake of which they seemed to have lost all chance of ever recovering their separate privileges. Nationalism, however, is likely to survive most strongly in the face of persecution and apparent hopelessness; besides, the Basques had too long a tradition of self-esteem ever to allow themselves to subside or to blend easily into any other racial or political circumstance. This history is not peculiar to the Basques, but what interested me most was to discover how the spirit of the *fueros* stood up to the tangled present in Spain.

Generalissimo Franco came away from the agonies of the Civil War with Spain in his pocket—a narrow, dark place, where he has been content enough to let it lie, safe from fresh air. His rule has been marked by a nimble political ingenuity and, at the same time, by an extremely sharp sense of the Spanish character; he has played systematically on the insecurities and self-doubts of Spaniards in the wake of the Civil War, and has kept them so much at the mercy of their own impotence that, with typical two-mindedness, they regard his implacable face on stamps and coins and in public places with explosive hatred and secret relief. Over the years, however, he has been unable to conceal

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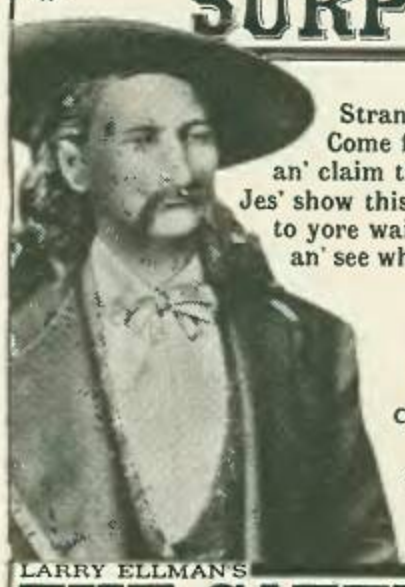

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a particularly vituperative hatred of the Basques; his local administration—in the province of Vizcaya in particular—has been brutally repressive. Guernica remains as vivid in his memory as it does in that of the inhabitants.

The main reason for this hatred is that if it were not for the Basques, Franco's slate would look a lot cleaner than it does. His moral justification for the campaign that sparked the Civil War was that he was undertaking a religious crusade as Defender of the Faith; an obvious flaw in his argument was the fact that his bitterest opponents were the Basques, the most devoutly and naturally religious of all Spaniards. If he had in fact been defending the Faith, the Basques would have been likely to be the first to join him. In remaining to this day his bitterest opponents, they flaw even his self-justification.

Since the war, Franco has been able to maintain an uneasy but unbroken alliance with the Spanish Church, out of a mutual need, but at the same time the Basque priests, ruthlessly and sincerely Catholic, and closely concerned with the well-being of their own people, have consistently shaken off his patronage. In May, 1960, a letter signed by three hundred and forty-two of them was presented to the bishops of Vitoria, San Sebastián, Bilbao, and Pomplona, in the four Spanish Basque provinces. The letter was a noble document of conscience, clear, sincere, and to the point. It denounced, bitterly and outspokenly, all forms of social injustice under the Franco regime, coming down heavily on the continuing political imprisonment without trial, the repression of truth and information, and the censorship of the written word, and toward the end it added, on a characteristic note, "We also denounce, before Spaniards and before the rest of the world, the current policy in Spain, whereby, either through neglect or by downright persecution, those ethnic, social, and linguistic characteristics that God granted to the Basques are brushed aside." Franco is well versed in dealing with all forms of political opposition, but such a blunt piece of denunciation coming from priests—and especially from Basque priests—must have stung not only the General but the conscience of the Spanish Church, his uncomfortable ally.

I have listened to countless diatribes against Franco in Madrid, waiting for them to end, as they always do, in a despairing shrug of helplessness. The Basques scarcely bother to mention Franco's name; their contempt is cold,

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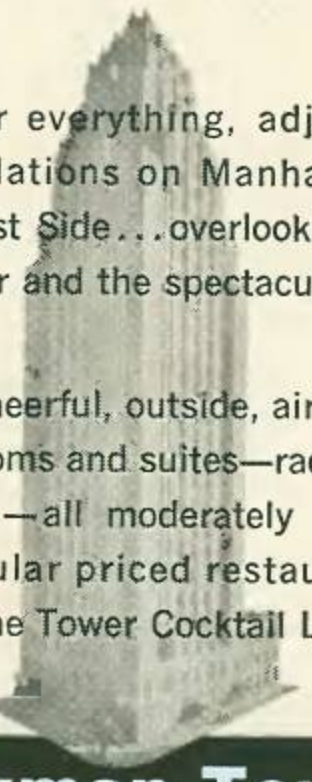

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silent, final. "What if the little acorn lives to be a hundred and fifty?" they say. "We'll live longer." The present state of Spain, the Basques feel, is in no sense their fault, nor is it their doom. Being Basque allows them to remain aloof from it, especially since being Basque means to them that they are natural aristocrats, more industrious, more durable, more genuinely religious, more single-minded, less peninsular, and less easily cowed than the rest of Spain.

Nationalists are often their own worst enemies—they are wont to quarrel amongst themselves over the crumbs while neglecting to verify whether or not the loaf is still there. The Basques are not immune from such squabblings. Ever since Basque independence was recognized by the Republic in 1936, an official Basque government-in-exile has maintained itself, first in the United States and now in Paris, and immediately across the Spanish frontier, in Saint-Jean-de-Luz and Biarritz, small clusters of exiles gather to plot, to hope, and to argue. Spanish exiles, as a rule, are like characters in an outdated play—unhappy, remote, and unnaturally wishful. For them, Spain as a reality ended with the Civil War, and they are incapable of understanding that the country has somehow emerged and gone on, however haltingly. They maintain a doubtful aristocracy of memory; beneath it, they are uneasily aware of their own historical pointlessness, and inhabit either a lost past or an improbable future. The Basque exiles with whom I spoke are in a happier position; many of them are able to live freely in France, among Basques, on the very edge of Spain. "We are much more in touch with what is going on in Bilbao and San Sebastián now than when we actually lived there," one of them told me. "As a result, we are much more respectful of the realities of the situation."

What these realities are is not so easy to discover—the Basques are argumentatively fractious and violently extreme in their political gestures. I was invited one evening in Bilbao to a meeting of "influential Basques," and climbed with some trepidation to the top floor of a crumbling old apartment building, where I found a group of about a dozen people sitting around a fire. The apartment was sumptuously furnished, and looked out across the yellow, muddied waters of the Nervión River, which flows from the city to the sea. My host, a member of a prominent industrial family, took me to the window to show me the glare in the sky from the enormous ovens of the Altos Hornos steel-

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works, downriver. At first sight, Bilbao is memorably ugly, cramped, dirty, and unplanned, but after one has spent some time in it the ugliness gives way to the feel of its sheer force, a kind of seething undercurrent of brawny vigor. Although it is less purely Basque than San Sebastián, it stands as the Goliath of the Basque provinces, and gives the economic backing to all their separatist arguments. My host waved an arm at the murky river. "If we weren't Basques, we'd be Communists," he said, "because all that you see, and don't see, between Bilbao and the sea is a grotesque injustice—steelworks, shipyards, factories owned by a handful of people, their ludicrous mansions occupied a few weeks out of the year, and the workers cramped in dingy tenements, underemployed, desperate. Bilbao ought to make us feel more uncomfortable than we do, for, as Basques, we have always claimed to be equally endowed with nobility and humanity. But we're very much aware of the power we have, and of the fear that Franco has of us. When the time comes, we'll be ready."

The conversation I listened to was charged with high excitement and had nothing of the despairing languor I was used to in Madrid. Politically, the points of view varied to the level of anarchy, but they had in common an assured confidence—the Basque conviction of the inevitability of events, the long, patient perspective. At one point, an old, white-haired man sat down beside me to explain the company, his sharp chin thrusting forward as he spoke. (The prominent Basque nose is famous, but it is the hooked chin, leading forward and jerking up in emphasis, that I find distinguishes the Basques as they talk. On the medallions sold in the souvenir shops, the tilting beret, the long nose, and the curling chin of the profiles seem to be converging to a single point.) "Perhaps, if you're not used to us, you shouldn't listen too closely," said the old man. "Me, I've been a Basque nationalist all my life—only now we talk not of nationalism or separatism but of autodetermination. But it's all the same—and I'm accustomed to these escapes of steam, for we Basques have plenty of it. Among the Basques in San Sebastián you'll have found the romantics, the dreamers; here in Bilbao we are the hardheaded ones. Oh, we have Communists and Socialists and Republicans, and even a few monarchists; our politics are as mixed as you'll find anywhere in Spain. The difference is that we are Basques, and you can be sure of this—that if anything begins to happen

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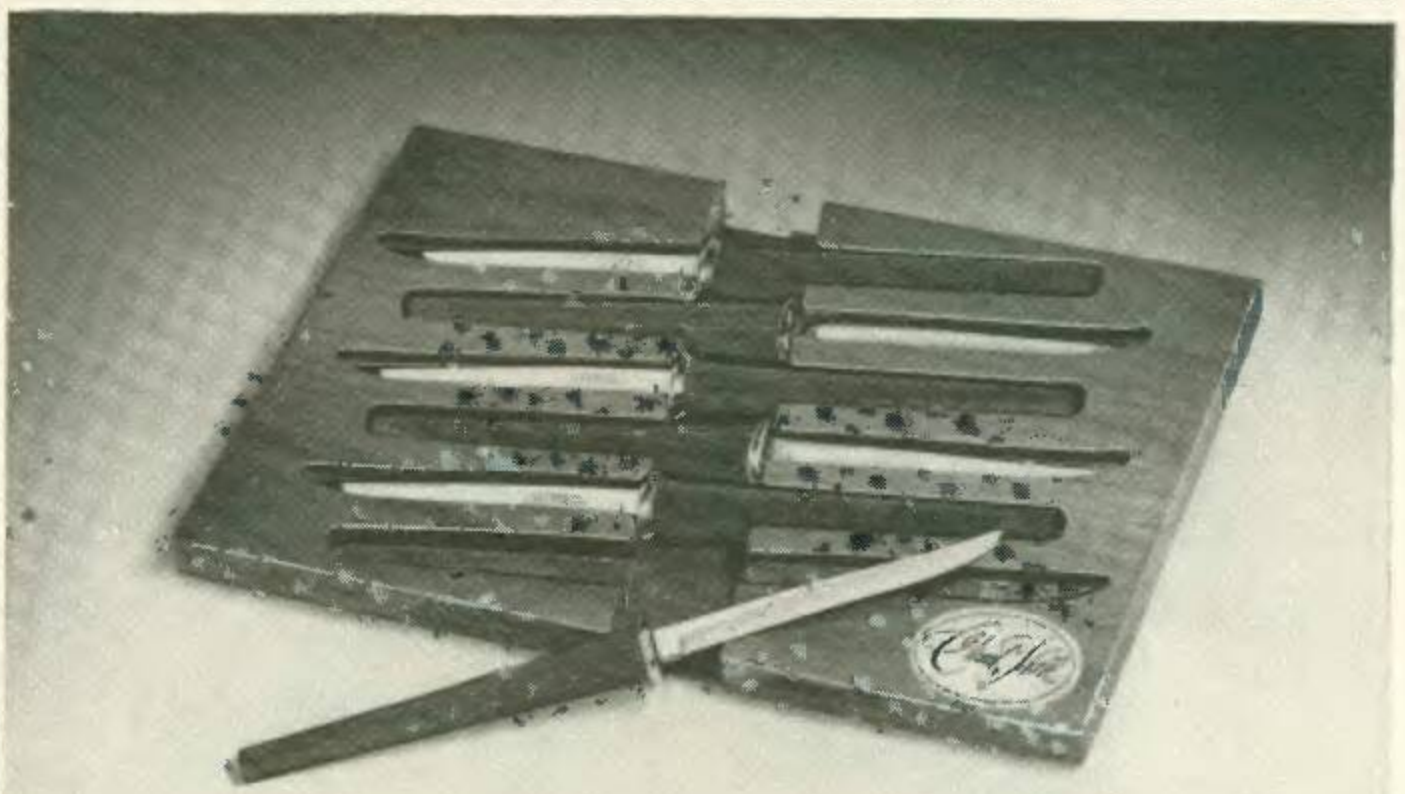

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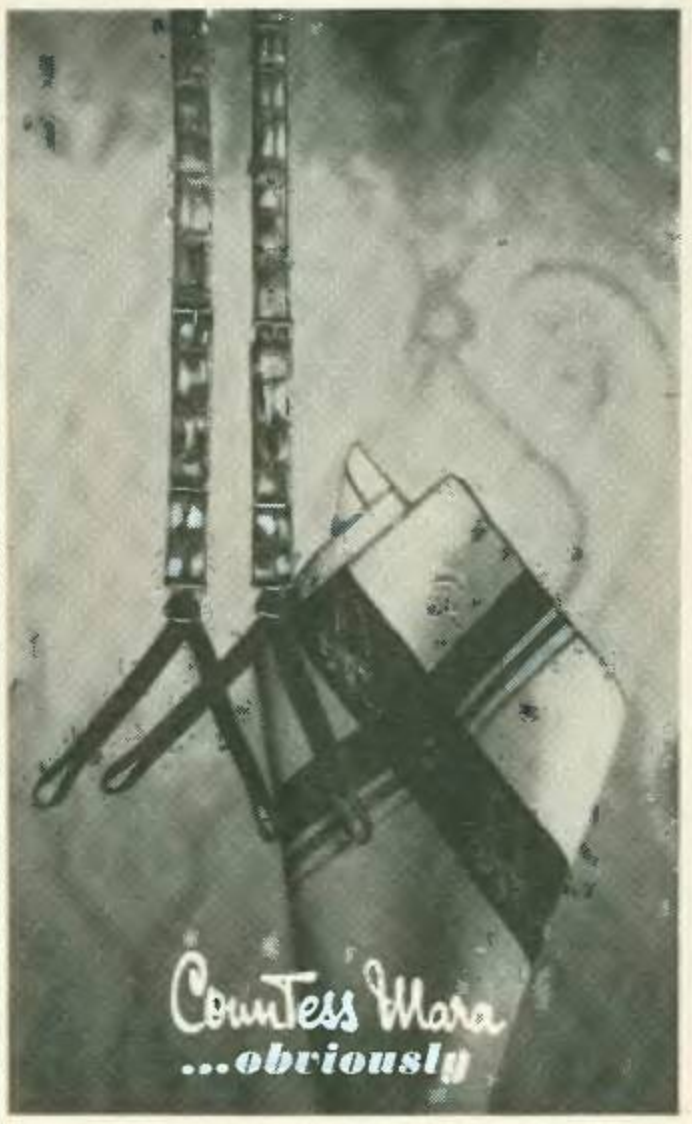
in Spain, if there appears the least crack in the surface, we'll all become Basques at once, and we'll *take* our independence this time, firmly, with both hands. We have power, we have money, we work hard, and we have no lack of confidence. If Spain had treated us as France has treated the French Basques, we might have stayed Spaniards. But we've had our share of persecution—Franco has done everything possible to keep us from speaking our own language, for instance—and the consequences are inevitable, and not very far away. If it were not for Franco, the Basque country might be nothing more than a museum by now. Well, we're far from being moth-eaten. You'll see us independent before very long."

When we returned to the conversation, it had lost its serious edge and become more normally ludicrous. A Madrid-born architect who had settled in Bilbao was declaring himself a firm anti-Basque and was threatening to found a society for the suppression of Basques, to the delight of the others. "Living here, I've grown sick of everything Basque," he was telling them. "If I had my way, I'd ban the beret, change all the names, make it a punishable offense to speak that impossible language, forbid folk dancing and pelota, and try to get you all back to a semblance of ordinary human life. You're all blood-mad. You wouldn't marry Brigitte Bardot unless you found at least five Basques in her family tree. I wish you would get your independence, because then we could fence off the Basque country as a kind of zoo for tourists. As it is, I'll never move forward one step in Bilbao unless I change my name to Machimbarrena or Zulizarreta."

The others applauded him enthusiastically.

"The thing is, he's quite right," the old man said. "If you aren't a Basque and happen to live among us, we'll drive you mad. We have a racial superiority complex, if you like. Perhaps we are no more than relics and freaks to the outside eye, but we haven't just preserved the trappings and manners of a race; we've kept alive a whole way of being. We don't really need to write out the Basque Doctrine and the Old Laws. We know them all in our bones. It's how we are, and I can tell you that we are very far from being dead. The stupidest thing that Spain does is to tell us repeatedly that Euzkadi doesn't exist."

Now an easy humor predominated; the rest of the conversation was quick and witty, and brimmed over with the



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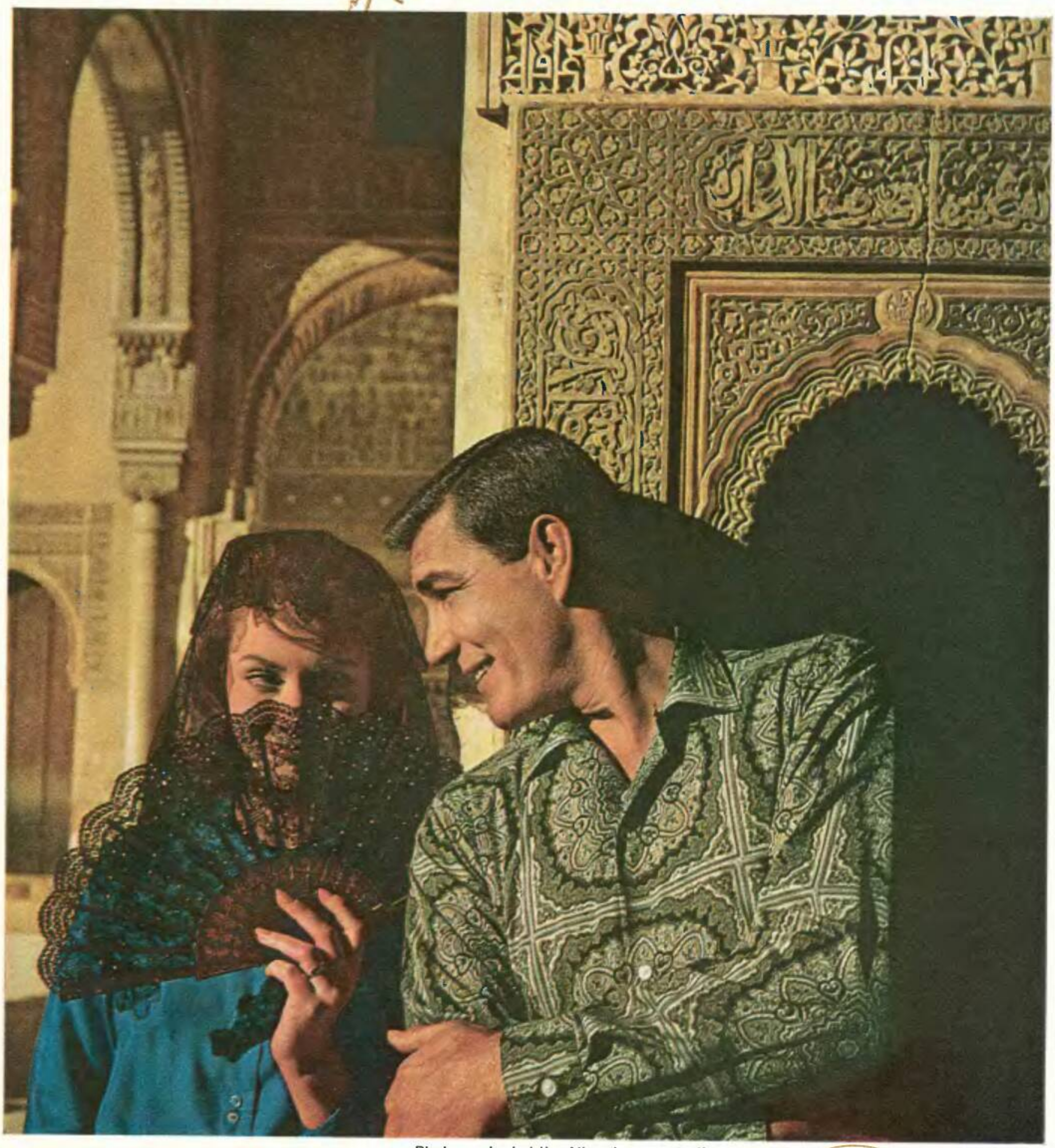

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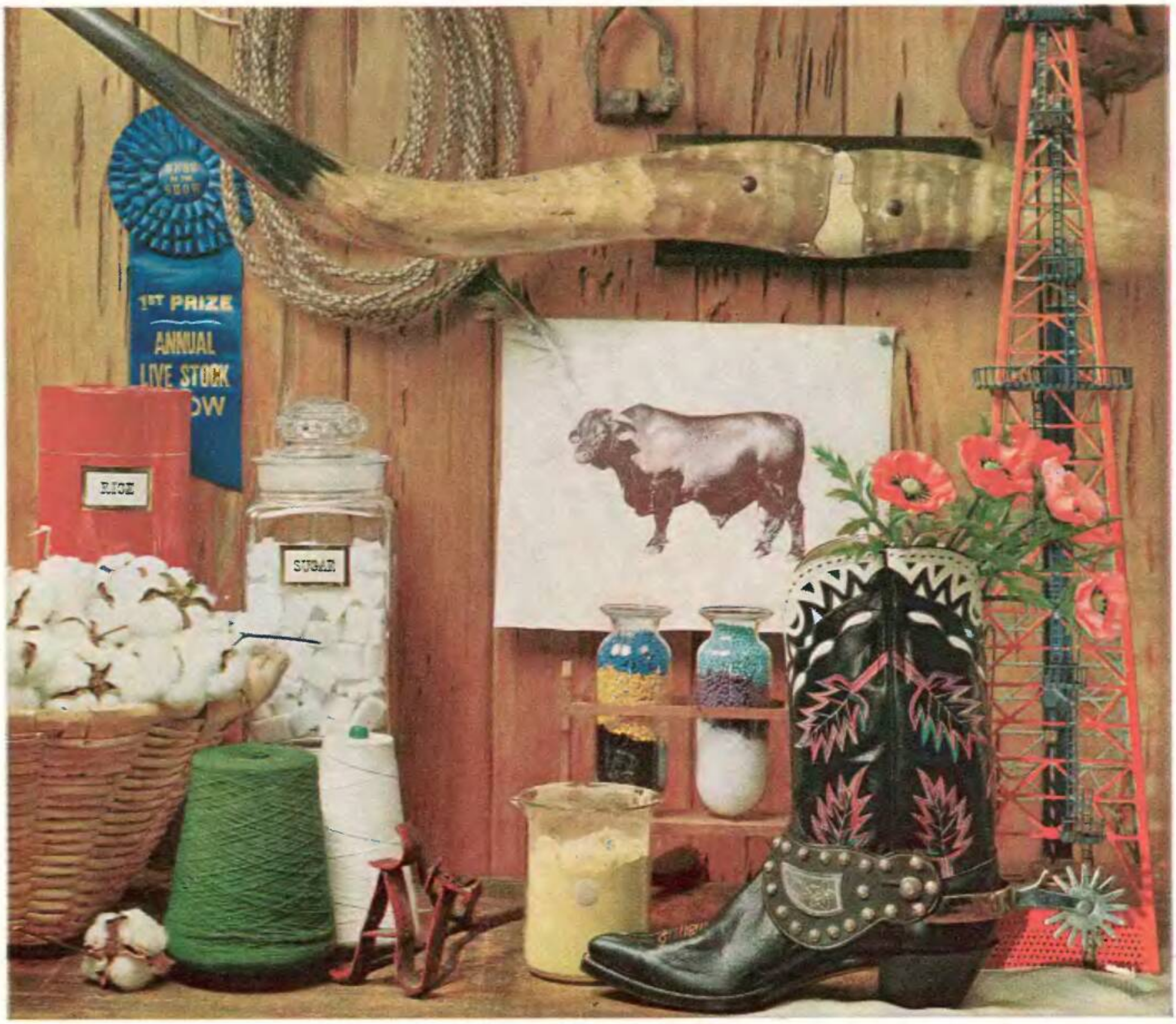

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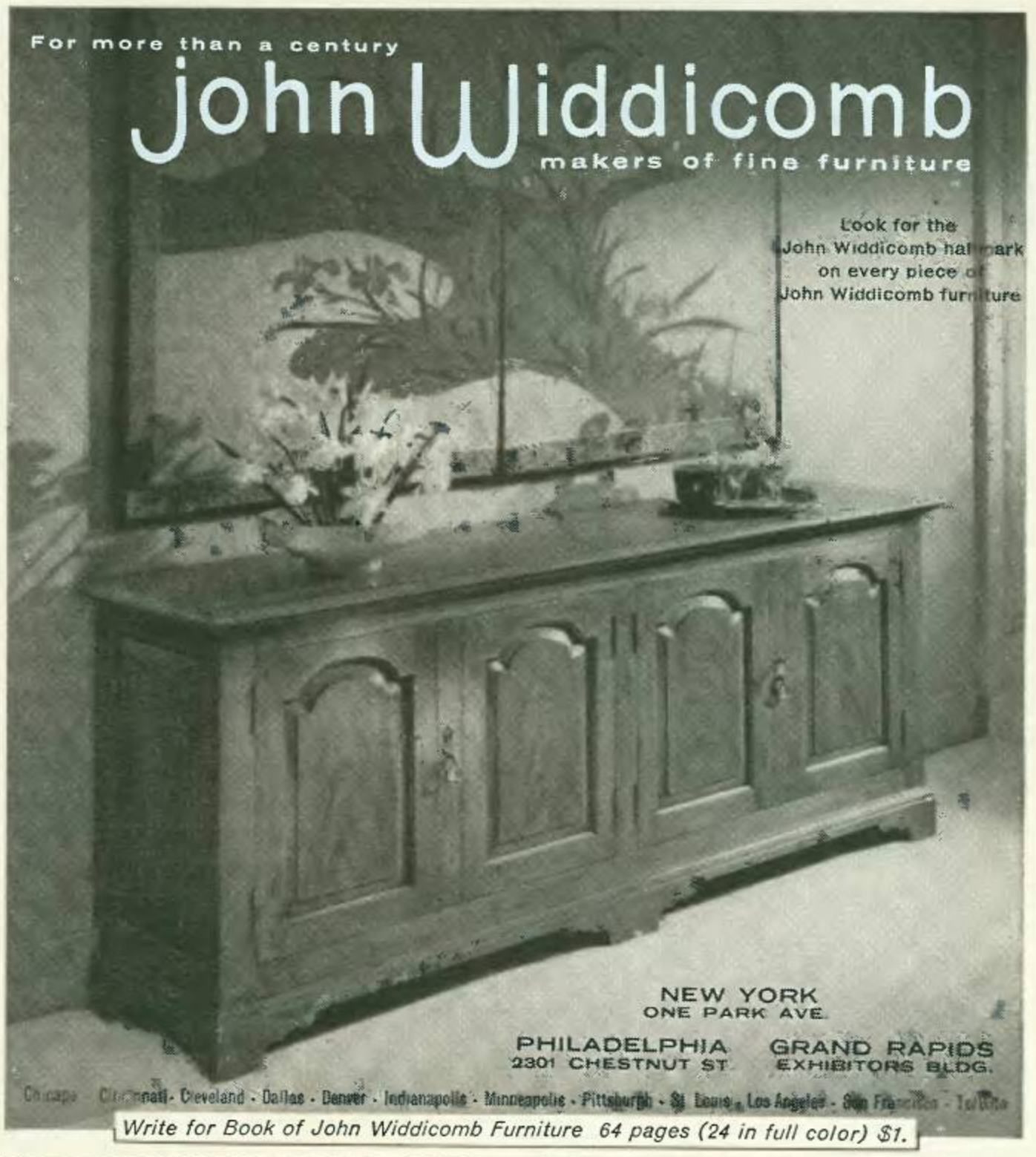
restless, glancing energy that can keep a Basque talking all night without noticing it.

IN a sharp essay on the Basque character, Ortega y Gasset went after this very self-confidence. "The Basque thinks that the mere fact of having been born and of being a human individual gives him all the value that it is possible for one to have in this world," he wrote. "All the superior qualities and perfections rising above the level of the elementally human are for the Basque poor, negligible excrescences. The great, the valuable in man is what is most lowly and aboriginal, the subterranean, that which keeps him tied to the earth. Since history is above all a competition and a dispute and rivalry to acquire those superfluous and superficial perfections—knowledge, art, political dominion—it is not surprising that the Basque race has taken so little interest in history."

With all due respect to Ortega, he measured the Basques against the wrong scale—and not surprisingly, because they can be measured against no scale but the one they themselves set. In truth, they are not so much nationalists or separatists as localists; they have no large, cohesive political ambitions to equal the one desire they are born with—to remain utterly local, individual, and particular. I doubt very much whether the Basque Republic, should it come to pass again, would ever bother about being represented on the international scene. As long as each village was allowed its distinctness, each individual his mannerisms, Basques would feel little need for constituent assemblies. This utter particularity is what makes them unaccountable, and can make them exasperating. They are quite happy to defy analysis, since analysis, they feel, might begin to infringe on their oddness.

The proof of all this is in that famous language, unapproachable though it is even to anyone with a good ear and a healthy grounding in the civilized languages of the world. It is pleasant to listen to as sheer sound, but there is not even a very occasional tinkle of resemblance to allow one to catch a thread of the sense; for anyone not born and bred a Basque, it remains pretty finally out of reach. Basque is almost entirely devoid of abstract terms; it is structurally agglutinative, forming concepts by an accretion of particular elements. Its few abstract nouns are all late borrowings from Latin; while it has a separate noun for every kind of tree found in the Basque provinces, the word for



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"tree" itself is comparatively recent. Its prevalent "k"s and "x"s and "z"s give it a bizarre look on the page; the street signs in the fishing village of Deva, enamelled in both Basque and Spanish, gave me an awesome sense of the gulf between the two languages. I have waited patiently in small village inns while old men pawed through their tattered Basque-Spanish dictionaries to find a word that might put us even faintly in touch with one another, and in all my time in the Basque country I think I have learned to say no more than nine Basque words—hardly an encouraging beginning. After a time, however, it is the surnames that first become familiar—Barandiarán, Etcheverría, Arantzazu—and the strange place names. I came one morning upon a village with the odd name of Ea, and when I stopped there for some food, it was to discover that in Basque, as happens often enough, the village had a different name entirely. Its Basque name was Ie. It is the language, finally, that leaves non-Basques forever on the outside of the mystery. A few incursions are possible, for Basque is thickly onomatopoeic ("*bimbi-bimbaka*" refers to the pealing of bells, "*gili-gili*" means "tickling," "*irrintzi*" is the noun for the neighing of horses), but beyond the physical pleasure of these words the stranger must stay mumchance and dumfounded.

Even so, it is not the oddness of the language, or even the careful avoidance of the abstract, that accounts for the aura of mystery that Basques seem to wear about them. Once I had stopped attempting to recognize Euzkadi either as part of France or as part of Spain, it began to seem to me like a curious nowhere, to which neither time nor judgment could ever apply. Often, at evening, when the sun laid a reddish-gold light on the small deep-green fists of hills, on the tidy fields and farmyards, all beautifully touched by human hand, and when the quick, soft talk started up in the inns, I found myself wondering where on the map I could possibly be—if, indeed, I was traceable on any map at all. I began to notice, a long way off, the clop of horses, the cries of goosegirls gathering up the geese with their long, hand-carved crooks, the screech of winches in the fishing villages; and the sounds, recurring and recurring, gradually began to pry me loose from all contexts other than this small nutshell of leftover life. My friends there often amused themselves by telling me wild, improbable tales of the *lamiñak*, the race of ghostly night visi-

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tors whom Basques charge with the responsibility for all strange happenings. Bit by bit, I found myself easily believing every word. Even in as urbane a setting as San Sebastián, the summer capital of Spain, fringed with the international set and the shades of touring royalty (Queen Victoria visited San Sebastián in 1889, and complained to her diary that she found the tea served her by the Queen Regent of Spain "quite undrinkable")—even there, in the ham-hung, shell-strewn bars by the harbor, a song is likely to arise suddenly and spontaneously from a small knot of fishermen, a song so rare, so eerily remote, that it entirely obliterates the bar, the evening, and the listening ears. More than once, listening to the wailing of the weird, flutelike *tchirula*, I have shivered involuntarily. The longer I have stayed, the less like Spain it has all become; instead of the cheerful, shrugging carelessness of the Spaniards, I keep surprising a remote, ancestral look on the carved Basque faces. The next instant, however, it has disappeared, and the silence has given way to a torrent of comic preposterousness.

BY now, my double, Lorenzo, has probably gone back to sea. I remember the remark of the old man in Guernica about the Pyrenees. From my window I am just able to see them, scribbled jaggedly along the skyline. At this moment, they may even be alive with Basques, moving nimbly and unhampered between the two halves of Euzkadi. From here, on this hazy evening, the mountains look not only implacably durable but very, very old.

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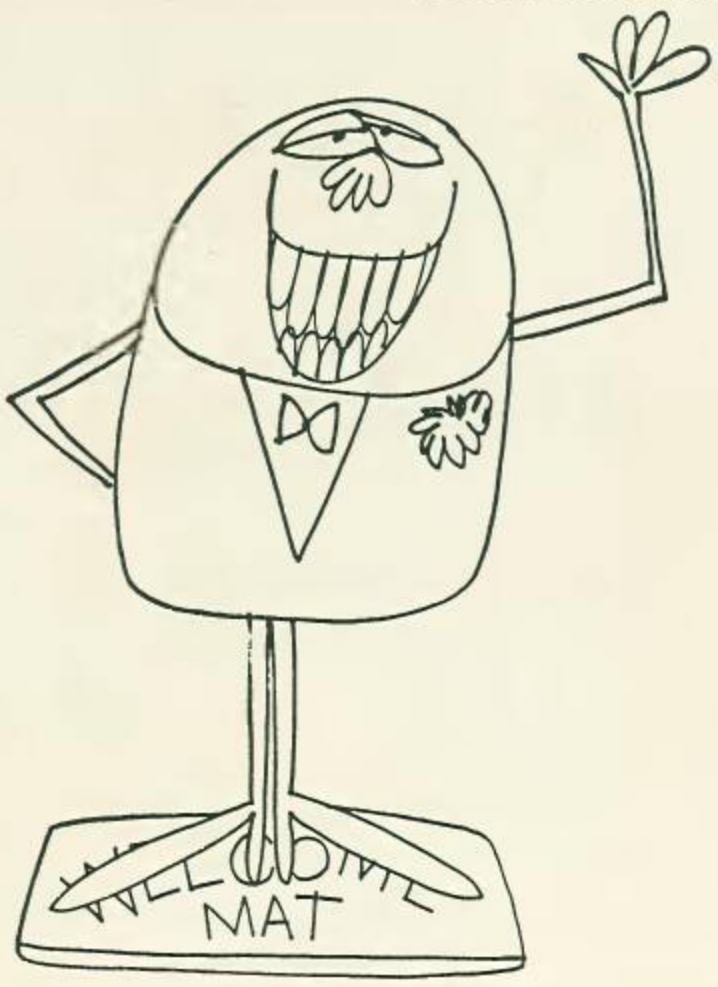

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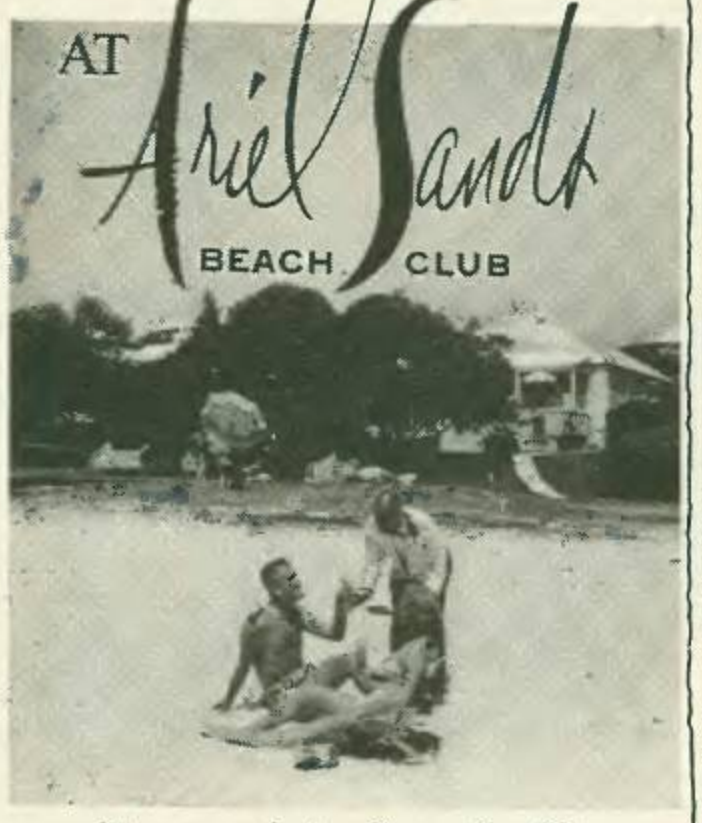

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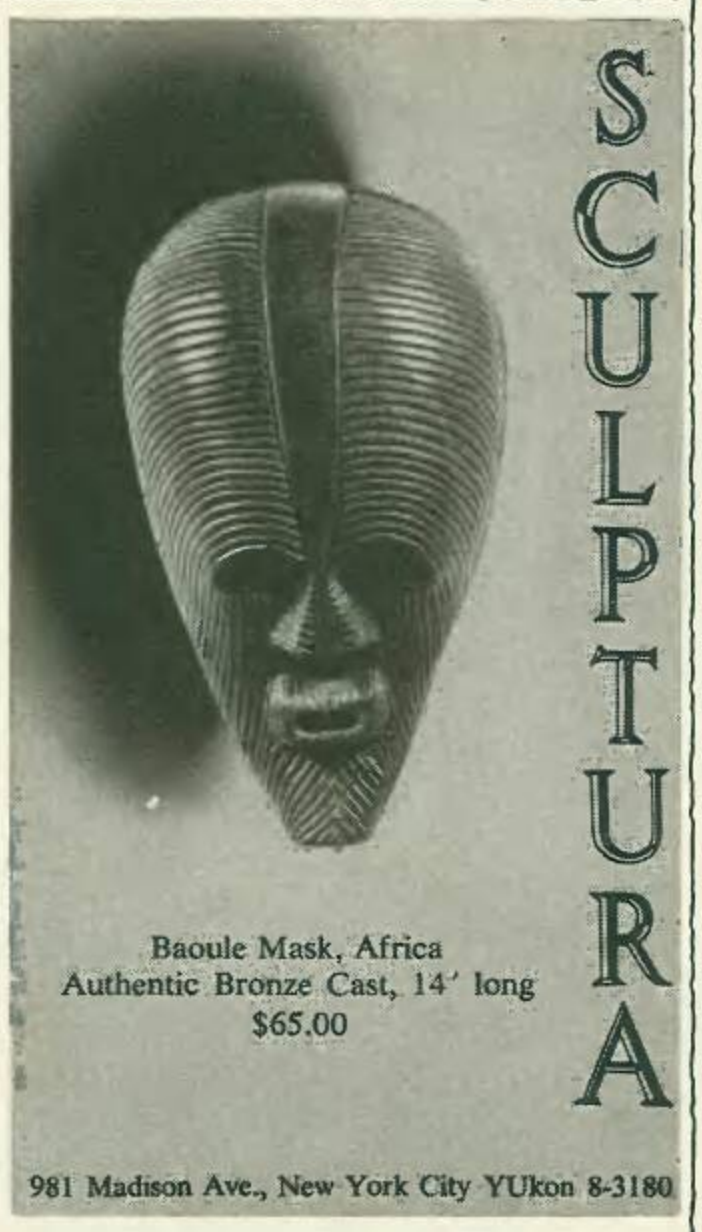

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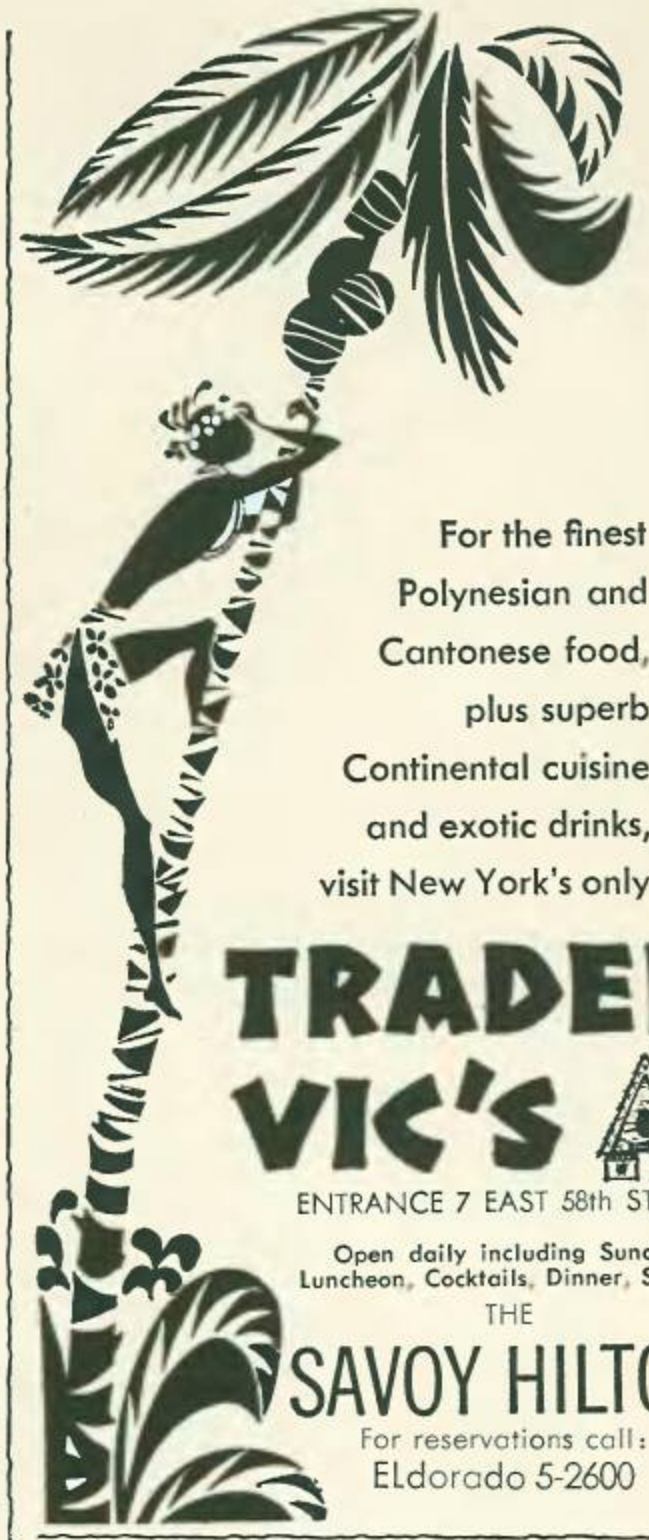
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Modestamente

"From a Roman Balcony" is what passes for a short picture nowadays—eighty-four minutes. It is filmed in old-fashioned black-and-white. It has a cast of eight. The lighting is mostly by the sun, and the setting is mostly Rome: tenements, side streets, offices, apartments, rooftops, parks, trolley cars, markets. But Rome is neither the hero nor the villain of the picture; it is only the background. The time covered is perhaps fifteen hours. The plot consists of the adventures that befall an unimportant twenty-year-old as he tries to find a job. He will never become important, but the thought doesn't enter his handsome head. He seeks work not in order to succeed, and scarcely in order to survive—up to now, he has enjoyed the good-looking young man's usual confidence that the world will provide—but only in order to satisfy certain demands that have been made on him. He recognizes the justice of the demands but wishes they didn't have to be faced. They have made him feel mortal and ordinary. A girl who loves him and whom he will probably never love, though he may marry her, has had a child by him. The child must be baptized, baptisms cost money, money must be found somehow, yet wherever he turns, the possessors of money prove to have gained it corruptly and to be ready to defend it in the same way. If one must learn to be a thief, obviously it is safer to begin by stealing from the dead. By good luck, a dead man is available. In life he was a venal politician; in death he is just so much carelessly embalmed flesh. On one of his fat white fingers glitters a ring. Courageously the young man bends forward and takes the first step along the horizontal ladder of merely holding one's own.

That, in brief, is the story of "From a Roman Balcony." It is a picture blessedly economical in means and, I'm glad to say, blessedly rich in effect, and I offer herewith my grateful salutations to the heroes of the occasion—to those brave men who have flown in the face of fashion by choosing modesty over grandiloquence and who, ignoring all



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the huge, noisy tricks of contemporary movie-making, have performed the one small trick that is bigger than any: breathing life into the proverbial handful of dust. The screenplay is by Alberto Moravia and Pier Paolo Pasolini, and is drawn from some short stories by Signor Moravia; the producer of the picture is Paul Graetz; and the director is Mauro Bolognini. Nearly equal credit should go to the remarkable cast. Jean Sorel plays the young man as if his undeniable handsomeness were a requirement of the role, and not something that was his to exploit, while Jeanne Valerie plays a pretty ex-girl friend who, in the most natural and charming way in the world, turns out to be not all that ex. Lea Massari is marvellous as a crook's mistress for whom an attractive boy can be only prey, and then only for the time being. There's a lot of strenuous lovemaking in the picture, but, to paraphrase a famous decision by Judge Woolsey, we must remember that the locale is Latin and the season summer. The suspense of "From a Roman Balcony" lies not in its plot but in the manipulation of our feelings in respect to the characters, most of whom, I warn you, appear at first glance to be a fairly repellent crew. The change of heart we are made to undergo is adroitly summed up in our reaction to the picture's beginning and end. It opens with an extraordinary panning shot of the courtyard of a Roman tenement, which we see, and flinch from, as the quintessence of squalor; is closes with the same shot, and, to our astonishment, we can find nothing squalid in it. It is alive and ugly-beautiful and part of us.

"The Green Mare," a French film produced and directed by Claude Autant-Lara, is based on a novel by Marcel Aymé, but I suspect that M. Aymé had more to say about the green mare than the movie has. Here we are concerned exclusively with the high-spirited carnal friskings and marital-political-agricultural bickerings of a set of French peasants of a century ago—a period that we're all prepared to pretend was far happier than our own. The plot of the picture is deplorably complex and trivial, and at any point a common-sense word or two would send the whole ramshackle structure crashing to the ground. No matter. It is M. Autant-Lara's relentless comic assault on the act of love that really counts, and I must say that the erotic jiggery-pokery of "The Green Mare" often had me in snickers, if not in stitches. A scandalous picture, but, to

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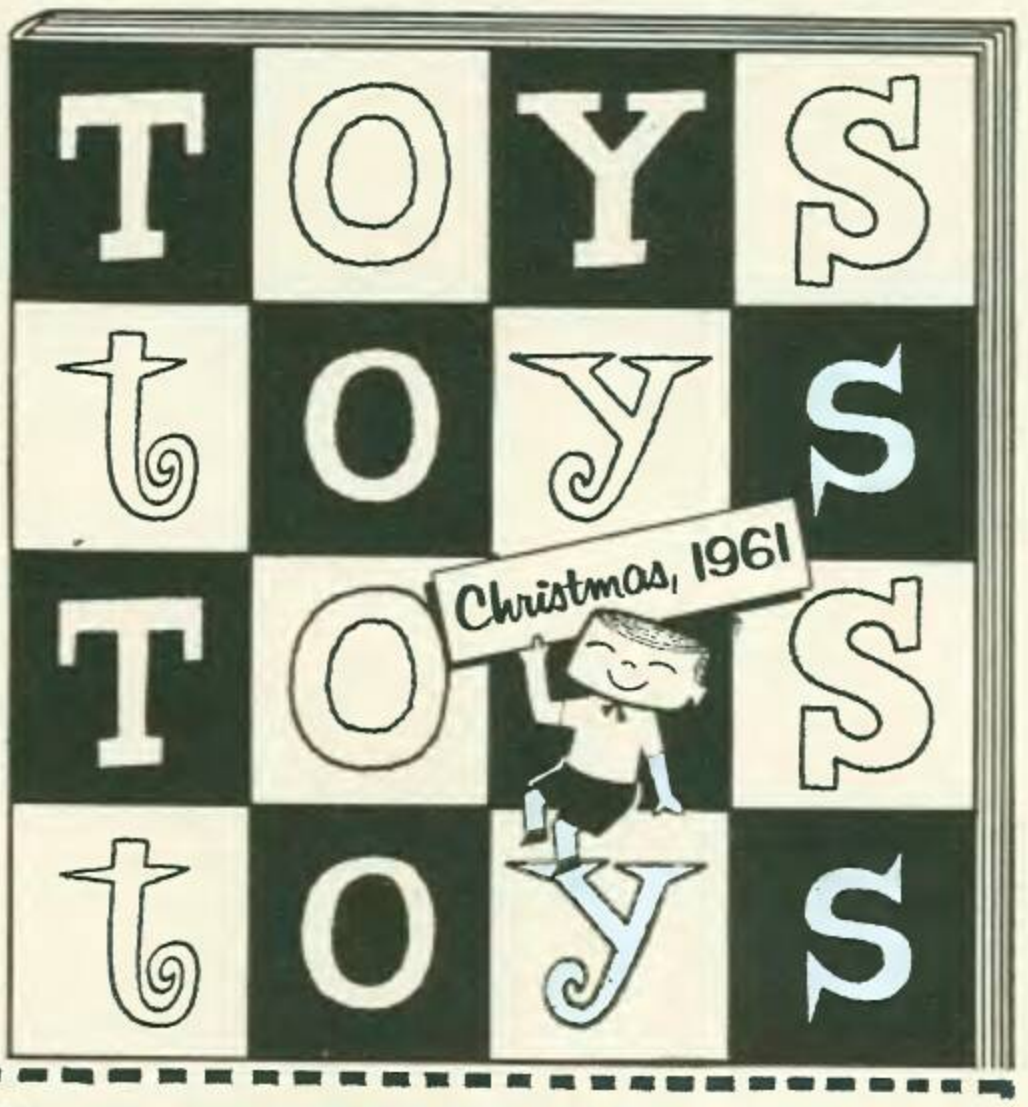

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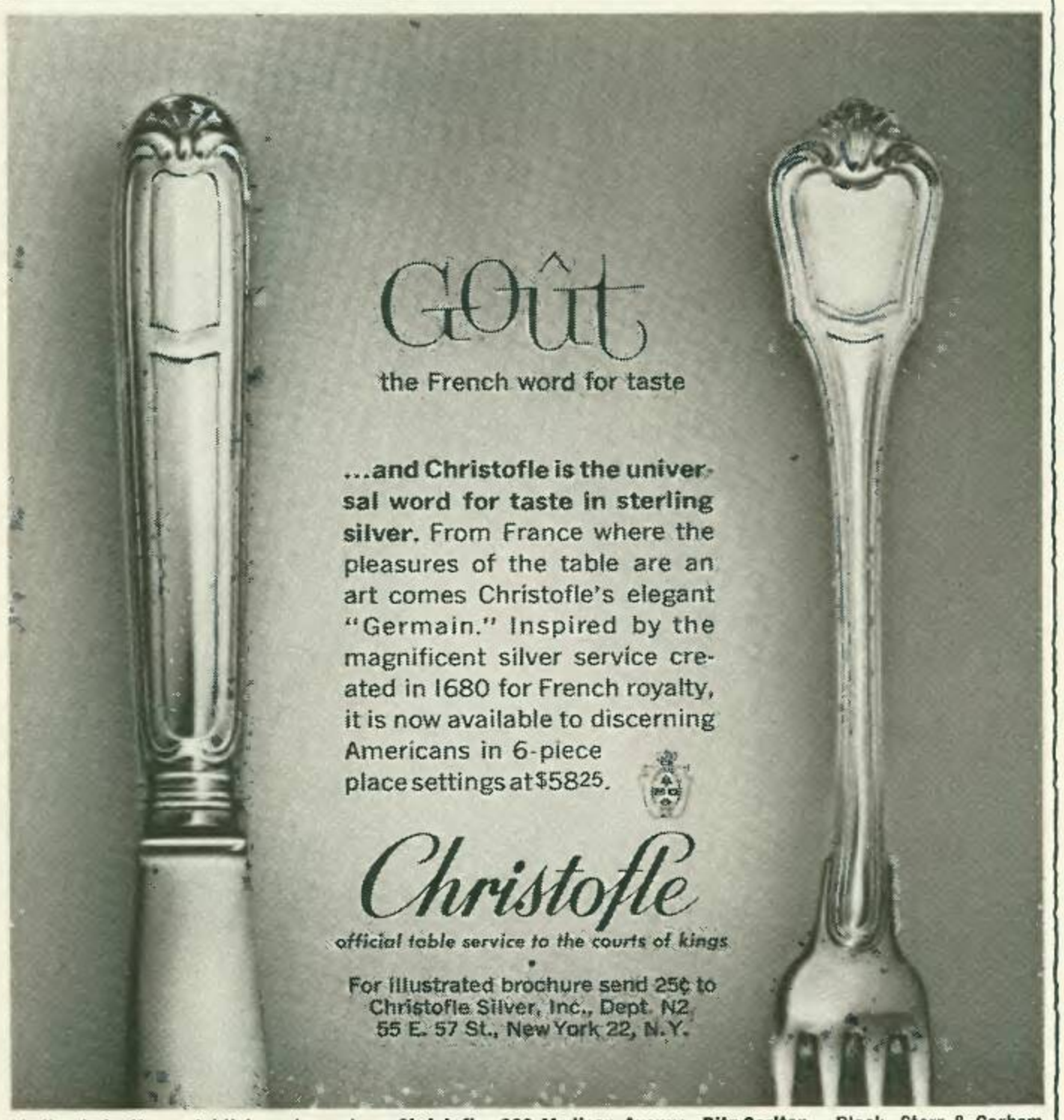

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paraphrase a famous decision by Judge Woolsey, we must remember that the frantic farmers are French and the seasons summer, autumn, winter, and spring.

THE Church of Rome is ancient and powerful, and little did I suppose that I would ever feel inclined to pity it, but "The Devil at 4 o'Clock" prompts me to express condolences. The leading figure in this ridiculous movie is a drunken and irascible priest who has lost his faith, his congregation, and even his desire to keep his cassock properly buttoned. I am old enough to remember when only *nice* priests were shown on the screen (and then only if they were Bing Crosby); false as that situation assuredly was, I guess I prefer it to seeing Spencer Tracy, of all people, hitting the bottle and failing to say Mass. Let me add that, this being a highly moral picture, everything comes right in the end, through a series of ghastly misadventures and bloody deaths; the finale, if I may use a not inappropriate musical-comedy term, consists of a volcanic eruption that blows a whole South Sea island sky-high, to the greater glory of God. In the role of a cheap crook who, at the moment of truth, chooses to give up his life in order to save the lives of a band of little native children suffering from leprosy, Frank Sinatra is perhaps the farthest-at-sea actor of our time.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

THE CREATIVE LIFE

[*From New York State Education*]

Large paper bags, each containing three objects, were given to the teachers who had formed into groups of four. The assignment: "Use any or all of these materials as an inspiration, a motivation, or starting point to produce something creative. There are no limits. You may work in any language arts or other subject area. but be unusual, be different, be original! Forget yourself and know the satisfactions of creating." Various bags contained:

A Peruvian poncho, a Japanese parasol and a conch shell.

A hand puppet, a hand mirror and a small china rabbit.

A long-spouted brass teapot, a large piece of light blue chiffon and a turquoise blue plume.

YOU, the reader, may now be motivated to do something creative; therefore only one of the workshop results will be presented. A still-life was planned by three people; an arrangement of a teapot, plume. turquoise blue material, and in addition, a pen. This was *civilization* symbolized by the cloth flowing from the spout of the teapot. The plume representing the Egyptian contribution of *writing*. Rockets were a result of the contemporary pen.

BOOKS

Cavalier and Yankee

THE literature produced in the American South before the Civil War is a field that few have explored, and even among specialists in Americana few people have any idea of how much of this literature there is. It is true that the literate class was small, that writing was not much encouraged, and that the ban on the discussion of slavery in the period just before the war had a further discouraging effect, yet the Southerners were far more articulate than one could learn from the old-fashioned literary histories, which were almost invariably written by Northerners. One knows about John C. Calhoun on account of his importance as a political figure, but how many have heard of George Fitzhugh or Hinton R. Helper, once famous and influential writers on politico-social subjects? A handful of readers of American fiction have heard of William Gilmore Simms as a sort of Southern counterpart of Cooper, but how many know even the names of those prewar Southern novelists George Tucker, Beverley Tucker, John P. Kennedy, William A. Caruthers, and John Esten Cooke? It has even been rather difficult to find out about some of these writers; their books are mostly out of print, and though there have recently been biographies of a few of them, the events of their lives have been sometimes obscure. Vernon L. Parrington, in his "Main Currents in American Thought," though he tried to do justice to the South, seems to have picked out his subjects a little at random. Jay B. Hubbell's "The South in American Literature, 1607-1900" has so far, I believe, gone further to cover this body of writing than any other work, and even it, as the author explains, is not meant to be comprehensive.

There is, however, from the point of view of the literary merit of these writers, good reason for this neglect: the mediocrity of most of their work. The reviewer, in connection with a book of his own, has recently had to read a certain amount of this literature, and he can testify that the irritation aroused by the crankiness of the publicists is only surpassed by the ennui produced by the insipidity of the novelists. Even Van Wyck Brooks, that alchemical transmuter of base or dull metals, hardly deigning to mention the publicists (he puts Helper and Fitzhugh in a footnote), is not able to do much for the novelists. When he tells us that Simms's "Woodcraft" is "certainly the best historical novel that was written in the South, or anywhere else, for that matter, at the time" or that Cooke's "The Virginia Comedians" "was a very good book indeed of the romantic type," the words have a hollow ring and scarcely disguise the fact that the romances are unreadable for anyone who is not under a scholar's obligation to allow himself to be steadily bored.

"Please, dear, don't you start in about fallout. I've had enough of that already!"

Yet these works have another kind of value: they reflect the mind of the South, its anxieties and consolations, its questionings and self-justifications, its reactions to social change. It is only from a historical point of view that this literature can be made at all interesting, and the most successful exploit as yet in turning it to historical account is undoubtedly "Cavalier and Yankee: The Old South and American National Character," by William R. Taylor (George Braziller). Mr. Taylor has here tried to trace, by following the images that appear in this literature and the careers of the writers who created them, the early beginnings, the rapid growth, and the finally more or less fixed identities of the two myths suggested by his title. For this purpose he has laid under contribution any document that throws light on his subject, but he has especially studied the work of the novelists mentioned above, and—since the vividly contrasting figures of the Yankee and the Cavalier were the result of a kind of collaboration between the North and the South—he has examined with equal interest the works and lives of three Northern novelists: Sarah Josepha Hale, the editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, James Kirke Paulding, the friend and colleague of Washington Irving, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. He has explored this uninviting material with the thoroughness of a scholar and interpreted it with inspired insight; his presentation of his findings is so luminous that the book can be read by anyone not accustomed to systematic historical reading. Only rarely does he allow himself allusions that will not be readily understood by anyone not well acquainted with the details of American history—as when he refers,

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without explaining, to "the instruction of Senators" or to "the events at the end of [Patrick] Henry's life" that "had scarred his reputation." The style is quite free from the standard clichés of academic historical writing—though Mr. Taylor's vocabulary has its occasional ineptitudes, as when he evidently misuses "jejune" on page 233 and certainly misuses "transpire" on page 282, or when, on page 317, in speaking of two things, he says that one is "the least attractive." Let me say here that "Cavalier and Yankee" seems to me in its field an extremely important book, a brilliant and original contribution to America's understanding of itself.

THE real theme of "Cavalier and Yankee" is the effort of the liberated Americans, after the Revolution, which had united them in a common aim, to decide what an American was, how he ought to think of himself, what image he should present to the world. Mr. Taylor begins with the correspondence between Jefferson and John Adams. They are wondering how their new democracy can be sure of producing men who will be able and intelligent enough to govern it. Jefferson thinks that merit, regardless of social origins, will inevitably rise to the top and assume the responsibility of government; Adams is rather dubious and inclines to believe that there is something in maintaining, through family tradition, a high standard of public spirit and education. An early attempt to project an image of the ideal post-Revolutionary American was William Wirt's "Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry," published in 1817. Neither Jefferson nor Adams approved of this book, for the reason, apparently, that the real Patrick Henry was entirely unlike themselves and did not at all represent what they thought a superior American should be. Jefferson declared that Wirt had suppressed Patrick Henry's ignorance, his avarice, and his vulgarity; Adams deplored Wirt's inaccuracy but said that he had enjoyed the book as he enjoyed romantic novels. That Wirt had falsified deliberately is shown by a letter to Jefferson in which he complains of Henry that "there are some ugly traits in [his] character" and that he was "verily as hopeless a subject as man could well desire." But the book made a great impression; it had run through twenty-five editions by 1871. What "Wirt wished to show," says Mr. Taylor, was "that during the early stages of the Revolution an epic struggle for preëminence had taken place between

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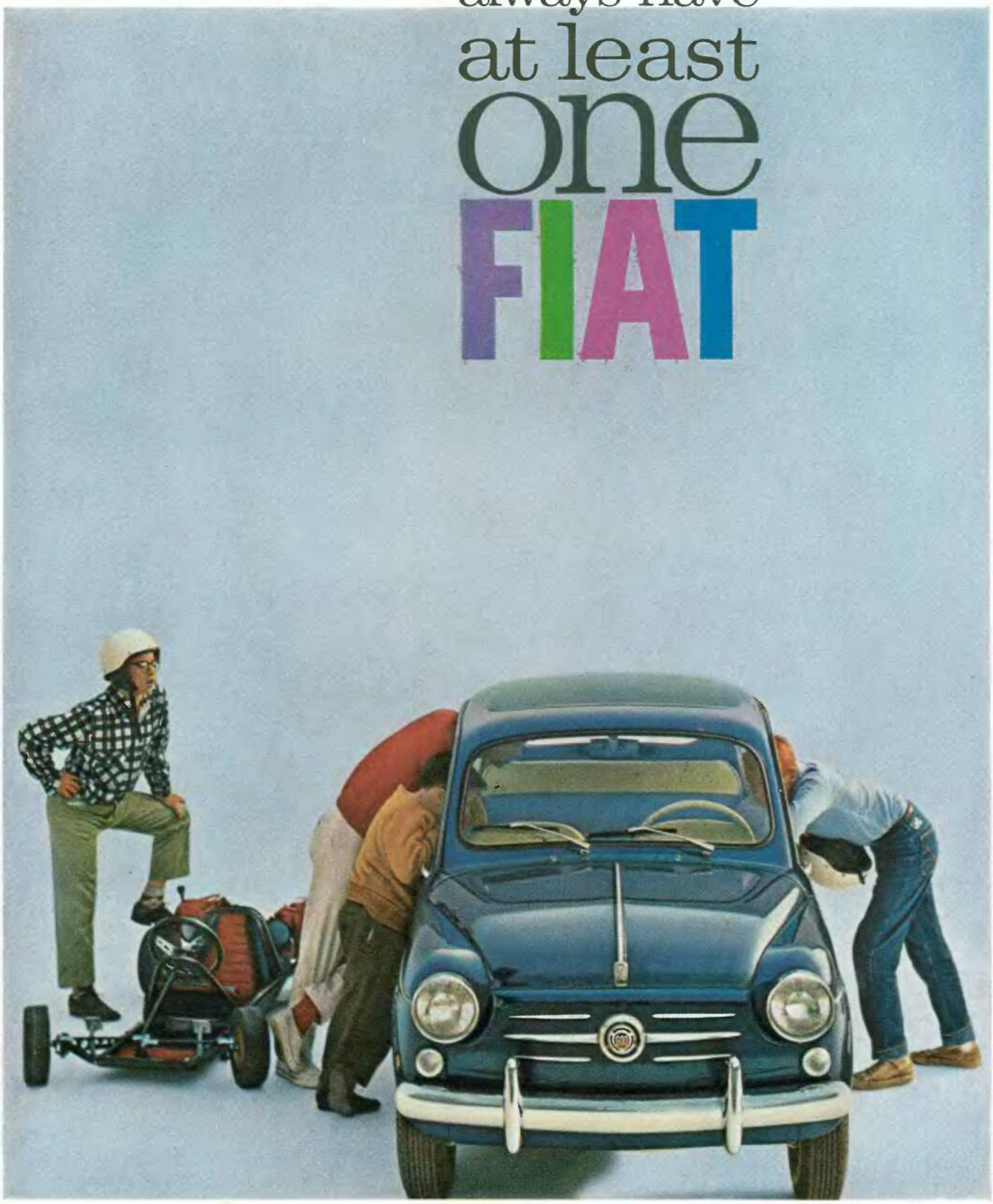

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the old ideal of an aristocracy of birth and wealth and a new ideal of natural leadership." He believed that "the classical ideal was fading out of American life along with an aristocracy of birth" and that natural vitality was taking its place and would "emerge as a dominant cultural force."

But by the time of the deaths of these founding fathers who had been thinking in terms of America as a whole, the Northern and the Southern groups of states were already somewhat pulling apart. Instead of producing an American type, imagining an American ideal that would be valid all over the country, they created two reciprocal myths, the Yankee and the Cavalier, which complemented one another. Mr. Taylor shows step by step how the dominating images were cultivated. He believes that the beginnings of the Southern one are to be found in Wirt's life of Henry—in its disparagement of acquisitive values and its idealization of old Virginia. There was nothing of the idealized plantation here, but this was not long in coming. It appeared in the eighteen-thirties, with the novels of the writers I have mentioned. The myth of the Cavalier was the myth of the old plantation South. The Southerners had come to believe that the "ideals of the Revolutionary generation had been eroded away by a half century of democratic change and territorial expansion," and they "grasped for symbols of stability and order to stem their feelings of drift and uncertainty and to quiet their uneasiness about the inequities within Southern society." These symbols were usually drawn from the imagined conditions of plantation life before the Revolution. The serious rural depression that had lasted by 1830 for almost thirty years had depleted Tidewater Virginia by making its old families move West. It has been estimated that by 1830 "close to a third of those born in Virginia and Maryland around the turn of the century had crossed the Alleghenies. . . . The decline of plantation prosperity in the Carolinas came somewhat later, after the opening up of the Southwest." The literature of this period is nostalgic but also critical. The planters may be represented as bad managers or reckless wastrels who are failing through their own ineptitude.

In the meantime, the conception of natural vitality that appeared in Wirt's life of Henry was developing in an entirely non-classical way. We now have the crafty spy, the woodsman who is almost an Indian, the loyal down-to-earth retainer, more practical and slier

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than his master, who can come to his master's rescue. Mr. Taylor believes that this character first becomes conspicuous and clearly defined in Cooper's early novel "The Spy" in the person of Harvey Birch, "shrewd, acquisitive and mysterious in his movements," and of course Natty Bumppo followed. The rough and uneducated man who is, however, full of courage and virtue and almost supernaturally skilled in all the arts of the hunter and the pathfinder was common to the novels of the North and the South, but he eventually emerges in the North as the Yankee par excellence. He will, at last, rather more literate, arrive in King Arthur's court, and he will come to seem as alien to the Southerners as Mark Twain's hero was to the knights. The Southerners were living in a dream of chivalry, and the Yankee had become the enemy—the materialist, the smart-aleck, the cheat, the boor. Wirt's ideal of natural vitality had by this time quite parted company with the gentlemanly ideal of the Old South.

In the creation of these two opposed figures, each group, as has been said, had a hand. The New Englanders, on their side, too, had misgivings about their Yankee. There was an element in the North—and it included a good many writers—who felt that, with the rapid growth of industry and the spreading ramifications of commerce, the Puritan stock was deteriorating. These people began to admire the South, not in its pre-Revolutionary phase but, without knowing it well, in its present one. James Kirke Paulding, who did visit Virginia and found it on the whole delightful, embodied in his "Letters from the South" of 1817, by way of contrast to the life that he found there, a nightmare of a mechanized country in which men constructed by machines were replacing "anatomical men." He regarded Andrew Jackson, a Tennesseean, as a triumphant example of the tough and vital American, who, on the one hand, owed nothing to Europe, and, on the other, represented "a kind of success which had nothing to do with commerce and progress." He came to believe that the best hope for America would be a blending of the North and the South. "A mixture of the Cavalier and the Yankee," writes Mr. Taylor, "he appears to say [by implication in one of his novels], has produced a sturdy and tolerant race of men without the weaknesses of the former and the narrowness and bigotry of the latter."

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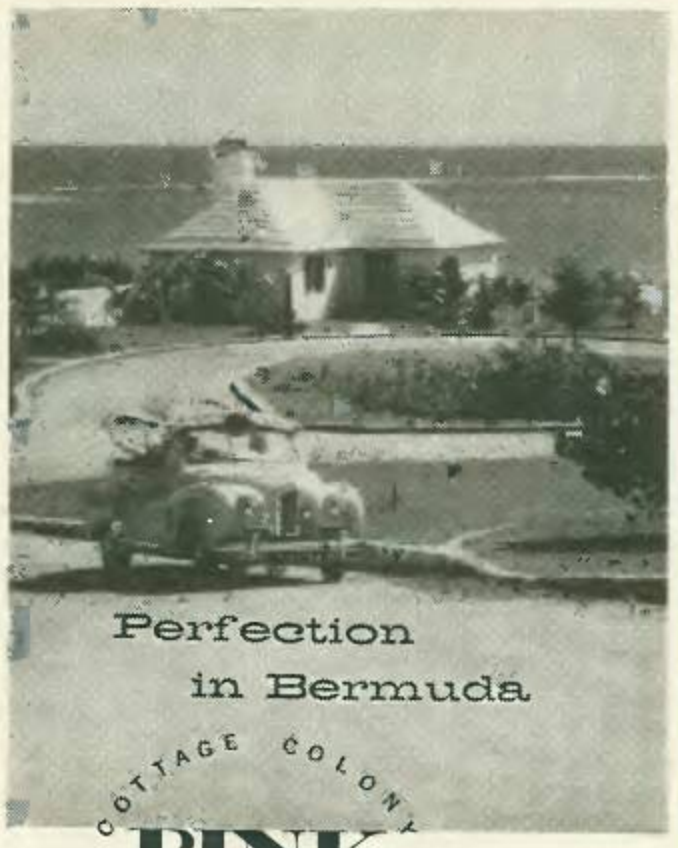

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hoped—that by the second quarter of the century the American North and South were not so different as they thought they were. The Northerners as well as the Southerners were worried about the direction that "progress" was taking, about the restlessness and instability of the new American society, and about the unscrupulousness and crassness of the self-made American man; and the Southerners and the Northerners both were speculating and engaging in trade; they were voting for the same national parties and pursuing the same social and political objectives. But from the time that the use of the cotton gin gave the cotton-growing states of the South a strong economic interest in slavery, the polarization of the opposite conceptions of the Cavalier and the Yankee became more and more extreme, till, at the time of the Civil War, they were exploited as the villain and the hero of reciprocal melodramas in which these roles were simply reversed. Mr. Taylor drops the story on the eve of secession, but one should mention that after the war the idealized Old South was moved up from before the Revolution, where the Southerners had originally located it, to before the Civil War, and that the Northerners, after defeating and ruining the South, feeling again the need for something in America to offset the by then for many even uglier industrial world, were again by the eighteen-nineties coming also to encourage this idealization.

IT is a gift of certain historians to be able to put the reader back into the moment of the past they are dealing with, and to make him accept its assumptions, experience its fears and confusions, respond with its irrational impulses, and follow its rational gropings, as if he did not know what was going to happen, had not yet heard the rest of the story. Mr. Taylor possesses this gift, and "Cavalier and Yankee" owes much of its effectiveness to this. One feels the strange void of the early Republic, in which the successfully revolted but now somewhat battered ex-colonists have not really found themselves. What is going to take shape in that void? We are uncomfortable and self-assertive. We are supposed to have principles and purposes in common, but these principles and purposes are strained by the constantly intensifying conflict between differing social forms that are governed by different conceptions. To state the situation, however, in such an abstract and general way is really to misrepresent the effect of "Cavalier and

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Yankee." The subject is here examined in terms of particular books and the people who wrote these books. It is lived through the lives of these individuals, and this leads one to realize more sharply how our national story has continued since the point at which Taylor leaves us. Have we not always to some extent felt the blank of the void about us? Have we not always been subjected to strain, which is always taking different forms and arising from new directions? Have we ever really known what we wanted to be? Have we not always been rather nervous about what we might be becoming? In our early post-Revolutionary boasts, in our later gigantic triumphs in technological and commercial achievement, in our present huffings and puffings in competition with a supposed potential enemy, have we not always been fearful of our future?

This is what has made life in the United States—no matter what one may have been doing: making money or working in the laboratory or trying to promote the humanities—become always, in the span of a lifetime, eventually so fatiguing. The Republic has always to be saved, the wars for democracy have recurrently to be won, the standard of living has always to be rescued or maintained or raised; and although we have always been as ready with official national slogans as any advertising agency, we have never been entirely clear as to why all these things must be done, any more than the founding fathers could be clear about what they were founding. Mr. Taylor's "Cavalier and Yankee," in refusing to deal in large generalizations and in showing the special pressures that the slogans have been meant to relieve, applies a fluoroscopic scrutiny to those early and effortful days of the inharmonious organism of the United States in which we all still squirm and struggle.

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Bethnal Green, by Michael Fisher (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Out of the blue, or wherever it is that good novels come from, there has appeared this story of working-class Londoners living in cheerful rage on a small, run-down street that is just next door to being a slum and is only a breath away from being condemned by the mortal enemy of this cozy community—the well-meaning, clean-sweeping Borough Council. The family we meet here,

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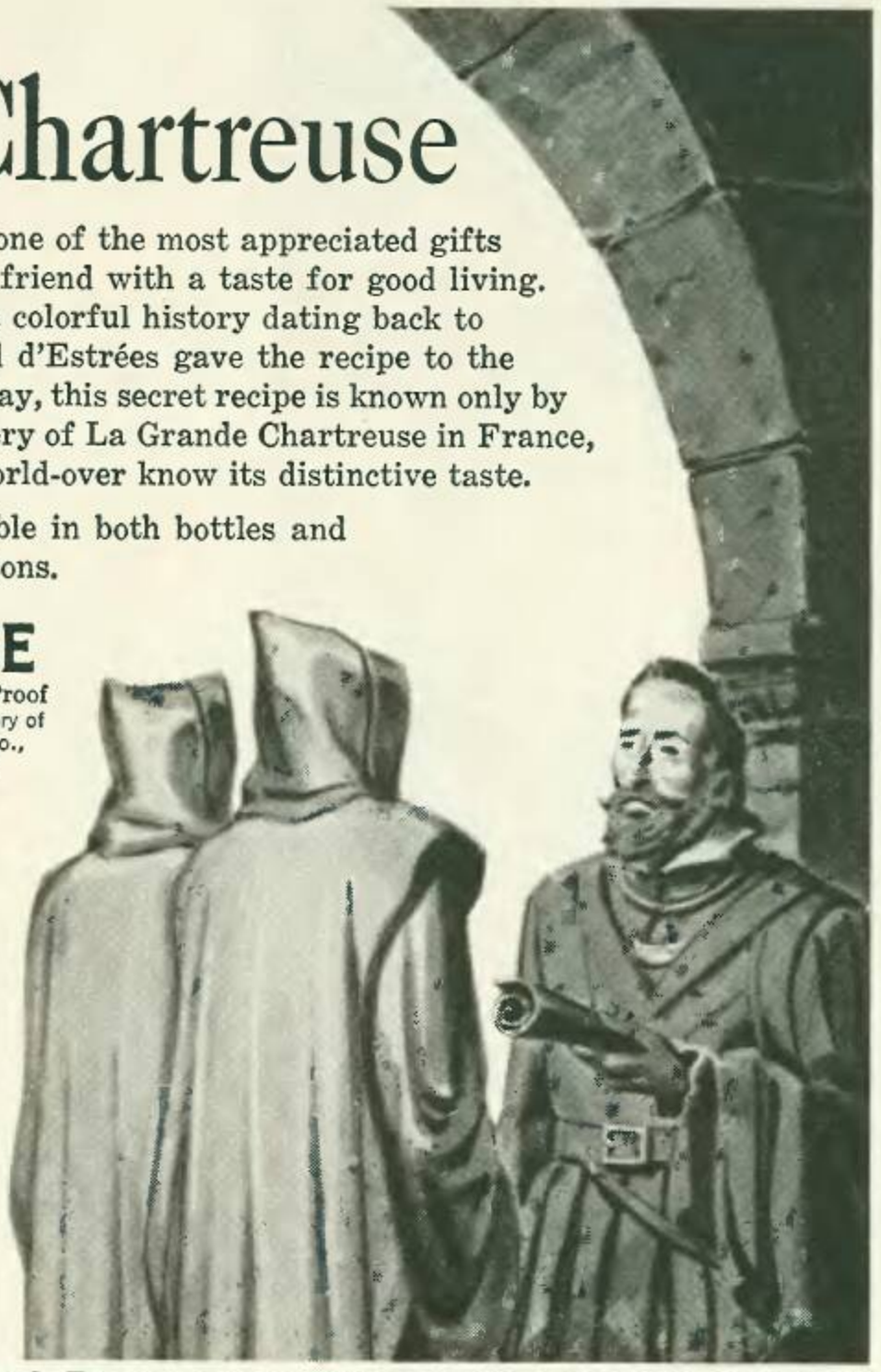

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the Flints, are all types. There is nothing original in the character of any one of them—mother or father, son or daughter—but while we are reading about them we never think of them as types, because we *know* them. The father, Matt, going on sixty, is a good-humored man, a dock worker, thickset and quick-tempered, who has always been proud of the physical strength that is now deserting him. Lil, his wife, a massive woman with a forbidding visage and a heart of gold, has always had to struggle to make ends meet, and the struggle shows in her face and manner. Ricky, the son, twenty-one years old, is thin, contentious, wild, and affectionate, and he is seriously considering a life of crime, because crime, as he sees it, leads to money, and he likes money. Betsy, the daughter, twenty-four years old, is married, pretty, soft, sweet, yielding, and possessed by a steely determination to force her adoring truck-driver husband to do right by her and her child. Then there is Ricky's girl, the only person in the book who can be accused of acting, and there are Ricky's companions, an assortment of bad lots. Mr. Fisher has a pleasant, inconspicuous style, but his strength comes from his clear, admirably balanced perspective.

DANGERFIELD, by Barnaby Conrad (Harper). Writing with a grim intensity that seems a bit overdone, Mr. Conrad describes the next-to-last chapter in the life of a famous American novelist whose twenty-fourth book, anticipated as a masterpiece, turns out to be a gruesome flop. The novelist, whose work has always been of the fiercely angry class, is tall and red-haired and craggily unprepossessing, and his troubles are complicated by the fact that his beautiful mistress, several decades younger than he is, does not want to marry him. The novelist's son, a nice boy only four years younger than the mistress, is also on the scene, and, between one thing and another, disaster is piled steadily upon disaster. It all happens in Santa Barbara, in a big house that has a swimming pool.

GENERAL

BRANWELL BRONTË, by Winifred Gérin (Nelson). A careful, just biography of a nineteenth-century neurotic whose memory survives because his sisters are famous. According to Miss Gérin, Branwell was as good as licked before he started: he

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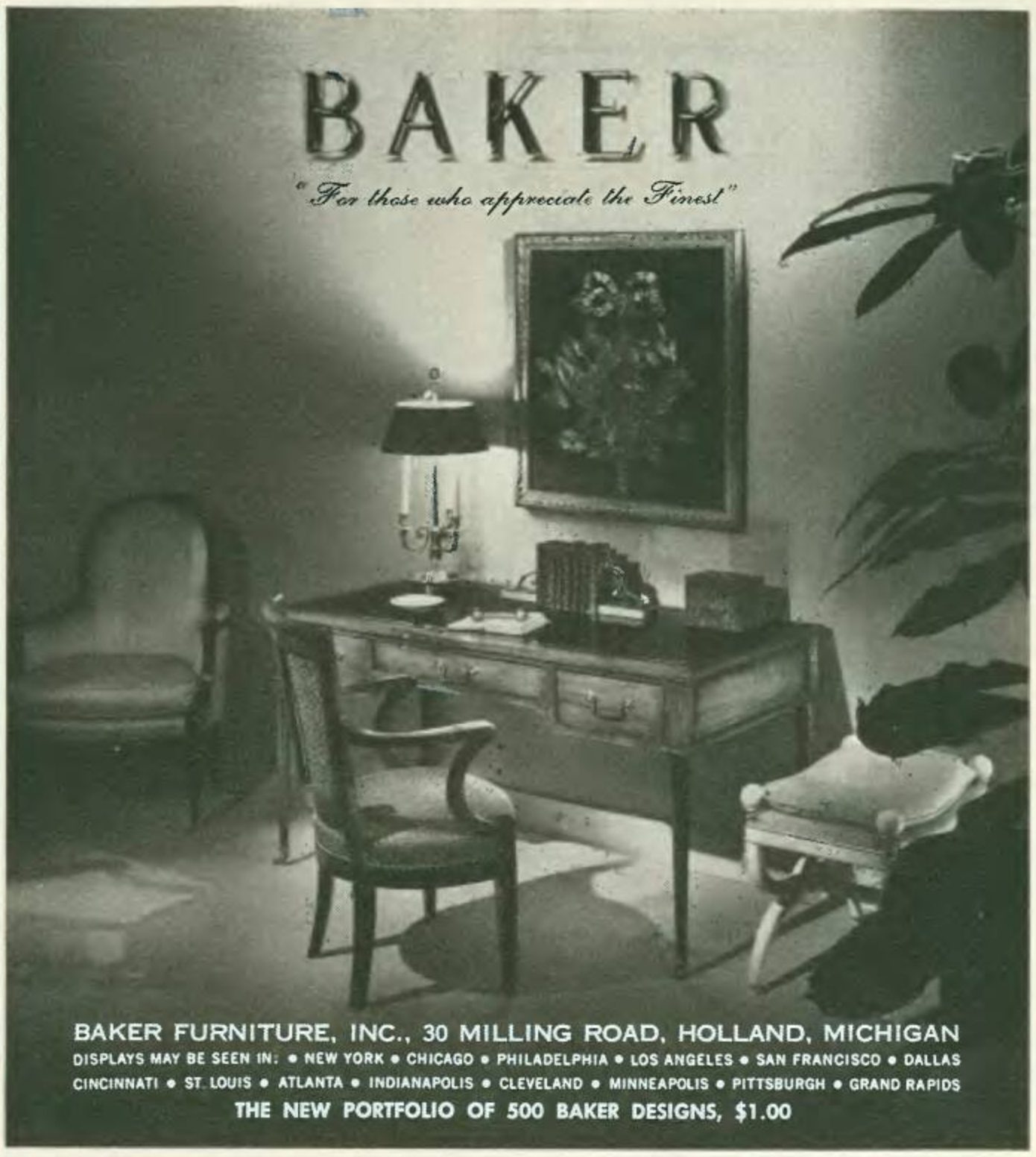
was a high-strung boy; his mother died when he was young, and so did the older sister who mothered him; his surviving sisters worshipped him uncritically; and his doting father, who probably overestimated his talents, failed to teach him self-discipline. The youth was not prepared to meet the world realistically; when he encountered difficulties, they unnerved him, and so he ran into more difficulties. There was one factor in his decline for which neither he nor his family was to blame—the price of opium. In England in the eighteen-thirties, it was cheaper than liquor, and Branwell, invariably broke, became an addict. He died at thirty. The Brontës were intense—their writings as well as their lives testify to that—and, except in degree, Branwell's dejections and explosions of passion were not altogether unlike his sisters'. Miss Gérin's attitude is just right. She neither judges her subject nor begs pity for him; she records his shame, his suffering, his bright days, and his occasional small successes, and when she has done, we see not only a tragedy but a man.

SINCLAIR LEWIS: AN AMERICAN LIFE, by Mark Schorer (McGraw-Hill). A long biography, written with the coöperation of the executors of Mr. Lewis's estate, who made the writer's personal papers available to Mr. Schorer. It portrays Lewis as an unloved child, an unlovable adolescent, an unkind husband, an indifferent father, an unamusing drunk, and an unfocussed writer. And it is laborious—not a labor of love, just a labor. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Ten dollars.

RED PLUSH AND BLACK VELVET: THE STORY OF MELBA AND HER TIMES, by Joseph Wechsberg (Little, Brown). Nellie Melba, the prima donna of Edwardian opera, was a shrewd, rich, robust, egocentric Australian. She got to the top fast, stayed there long, and kept quiet about her romances. A life as lacking as hers in suffering, struggle, and scandal offers slim pickings for a biographer. Mr. Wechsberg's happy solution is to stray from his subject. He entertains us with his musical memories, musical opinions, and all kinds of anecdotes. His book seems improvised rather than composed—and it couldn't be more delightful.

MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING, by Simone Beck, Louisette Bertholle, and Julia Child (Knopf). This is almost the great work it ob-



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viously aims to be. The authors have set down a lot of invaluable rules, given some extremely lucid rundowns on technique, presented a collection of impeccable recipes, and, on the whole, have provided rather more exact information than might reasonably be expected of any kitchen guide. They will, though, meet justified criticism in such matters (of no little importance to serious cooks) as their having apparently swallowed the myth that the making of a simple bouillon is beyond the powers of an American cook—a myth they do their part to perpetuate by giving their blessing to the use of the canned variety—and their leading the unsuspecting beginner to believe that a splendid salmon dish can be achieved with canned fish. If the neophyte uses these and many other such short cuts, she may turn out an acceptable meal, but she won't get very far along the road to mastering the art of French cooking. Fine cookery (in any language) being a mixture of exact science and inspired impulse, the authors' lack of a certain intuitive connection with the subject may not be entirely compensated for by the reliability of the rules. Ten dollars.

NOTE: "Advice to a Prophet," a volume of thirty-one poems by Richard Wilbur, of which about half first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Harcourt, Brace & World. . . . Holt, Rinehart & Winston has published "The Dedini Gallery," an album of cartoons by Eldon Dedini, most of which were originally printed in this magazine.

•

Sharon's main outside interests include art work, horseback riding and music. Her future plans include college, commercial art work and eventually marriage. But, she laughingly points out, "I wouldn't even date a boy who couldn't beat me Indian wrestling."

The saluki, a slim dog of the Near East, running easily at speeds up to 40 miles an hour, can tire a gazelle.—*New Haven Register*.

All right, how is he at Indian wrestling?

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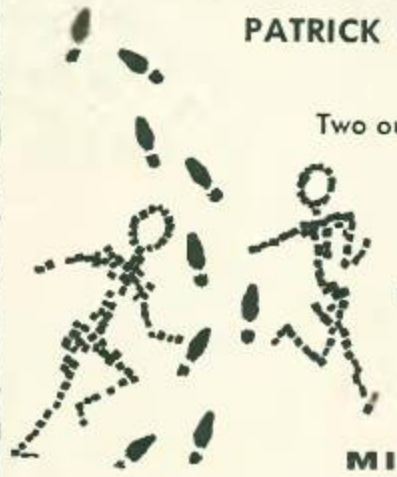

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