Mar. 28, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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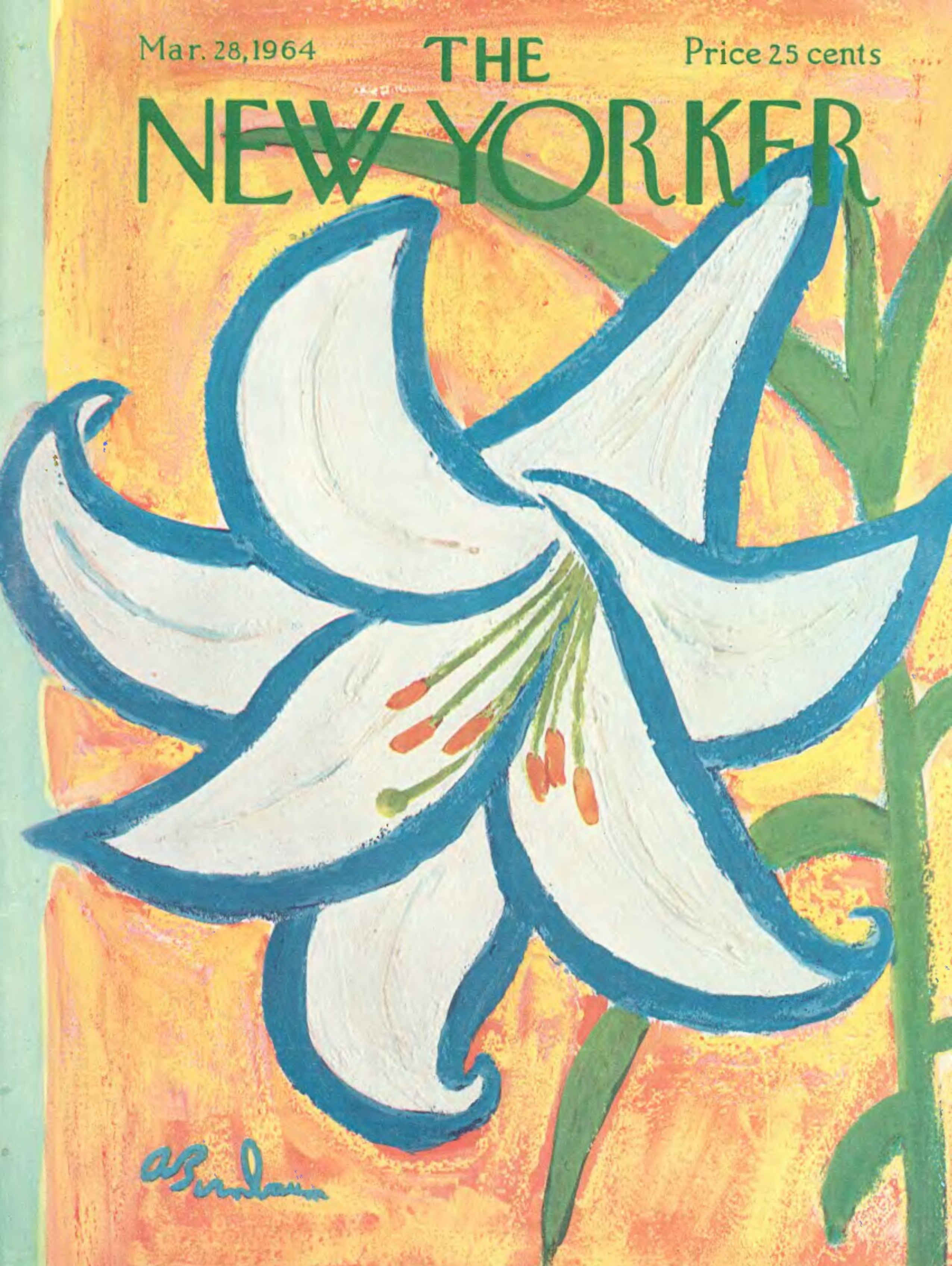

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the trials and tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl in question, and she gets fine support from Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. The play was directed by Henry Kaplan and has a pleasant set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's aimless but agreeable little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walk-up apartment with few conveniences. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those happily involved. Mike Nichols did the direction. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Case of Libel—An episode from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer, as dramatized by Henry Denker. It is concerned with the libel suit that Quentin Reynolds brought against Westbrook Pegler, and it makes interesting courtroom drama. Van Heflin is fine as the plaintiff's lawyer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chinese Prime Minister—Enid Bagnold's endorsement of senescence has plenty of wit but not much dramatic substance. Margaret Leighton, as the seventy-year-old heroine, never looked lovelier, or, for that matter, never less like a septuagenarian. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 4.)

The Deputy—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich, in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. The work has been cut down from five acts to two, but even in its shortened form it is compelling. Jeremy Brett heads the large and, for the most part, competent cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—Sir Alec Guinness turns in a virtuoso performance as the poor sad bad glad mad Welsh poet on the loose in America. A thoroughly satisfactory play, written by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Friday, March 27, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, March 26, at 2.)

Luther—A puissant drama by John Osborne that details excitingly the high points in the life of the German reformer. John Heffernan now plays the title role. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly at 8:20. Matinée Saturday at 2:20. Closes Saturday, March 28.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston bounces around engagingly in this comedy about the way things go in West Coast TV circles. It was written by Ronald Alexander, and it benefits mightily from the lively direction of Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—beyond the fringe 1964: A diversion, now revised and with new material added, in which four wits—Paxton Whitehead, Patrick Carter, William Christopher, and Patrick Horgan—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **mary, mary**: Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Tom Helmore are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **never too late**: Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **who's afraid of virginia woolf?**: Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Murderer Among Us—A comedy adapted by George White from a French original by Yves Jamiaque. Tom Bosley, Pierre Olaf, and Loring Smith head a cast under the direction of Sam Wanamaker. Presented by Jeff Britton. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Foxy—A freewheeling adaptation of Ben Jonson's "Volpone"—the scene of the action is now Alaska—in which Bert Lahr cavorts hilariously. The book was written by Ian McLellan Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., and the amiable lyrics and music are the work of Johnny Mercer and Robert Emmett Dolan. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving along in reasonable style. The redoubtable Gower Champion is responsible for the direction and choreography. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson, who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

110 in the Shade—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Inga Swenson is triumphant as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—a funny thing happened on the way to the forum: Dick Shawn and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying**: About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!**: An entertainment based on George Eliot's "Silas Marner." The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays 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.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand and Sydney Chaplin in a musical about Fanny Brice, with music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Bob Merrill, and a book by Isobel Lennart. The director is Garson Kanin, the producer Ray Stark. Opens Thursday, March 26. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Never Live Over a Pretzel Factory—Jerry Devine's comedy, starring Dennis O'Keefe. Produced by Paul Vroom, Buff Cobb, and Albert Marre, who is also the director. Previews Thursday and Friday, March 26-27, at 8:40. Opens officially on Saturday, March 28. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sponono—A play by Alan Paton and Krishna Shah, with the original South African cast under the direction of Mr. Shah. Presented by Mary K. Frank. Previews through Sunday, March 29. Opens officially on Monday, March 30. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, April 2, at 8:30 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Anyone Can Whistle—Lee Remick, Angela Lansbury, and Harry Guardino in a musical with a book by Arthur Laurents and a score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Staged by Mr. Laurents and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden and Diana Krasny. Previews through Tuesday, March 31. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 1. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

Lincoln Center Repertory—"Marco Millions," Eugene O'Neill's satire, now thirty-six years old, which contrasts the mercenary values of a Western wheeler-dealer with the placid values of the philosophic East. A fine big spectacle in which Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman figure to good purpose. Performance Thursday, March 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below Mr. Miller's best work. Performances Friday, March 27, at 8; Saturday, March 28, at 2 and 8; and Tuesday through Thursday, March 31-April 2, at 8. . . . ¶ "But for Whom Charlie." S. N. Behrman's seriocomic drama about a noble philanthropist who employs a very tricky character to help him operate a foundation aimed at improving the lot of literary types. The play is certainly not top-drawer Behrman, but it has one large redeeming feature—David Wayne in the role of a sprightly seventy-year-old author full of iconoclastic opinion. Performances Sunday, March 29, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, April 3, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—Final performances of the season; matinées are primarily for children—"Patience": Thursday, March 26, at 8:30; Sunday, March 29, at 1; and Sunday, April 5, at 5:30. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers": Friday, March 27, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance": Saturday, March 28, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Tuesday, March 31, at 12:30 and 5:30. . . . ¶ "The Yeomen of the Guard": Sunday, March 29, at 5:30. . . . ¶ "The Mikado": Wednesday, April 1, at 12:30 and 5:30; Saturday, April 4, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 5, at 1. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore": Thursday, April 2, at 12:30 and 5:30. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe": Friday, April 3, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturday, April 4, at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

APA at the Phoenix—Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths." Previews Thursday and Friday, March 26-27, at 8:30; Saturday and Sunday, March 28-29, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Wednesday, April 1, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, April 2, at 6:30. Additional performances Saturday, April 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are," Tuesday, March 31, at 8:40. . . . ¶ A Molière twin-bill, "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles," Friday, April 3, at 8:40. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

The Amorous Flea—A modest and chipper little musical adapted from Molière's "School for Wives," with Lew Parker, properly creaky and comical, as the old bachelor who plans to marry his young ward, and Imelda de Martin, properly slyboots, as the object of

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his affections. The songs—words and tunes—are by a promising newcomer named Bruce Montgomery. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—James Earl Jones gives a fine performance and J. D. Cannon a good one in this rather mechanical drama about a pair of South African half brothers, one of them a full Negro and the other part white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Caretaker—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with Leonardo Cimino, Donald Moffat, and Norman Bowler serving as the entire cast. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. The music and words are agreeable enough, but it is the singing and dancing of the refreshing young cast that give the show its charm. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In the Summer House—Leora Dana and Estelle Parsons in a revival of the Jane Bowles play. (Little Fox Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. SP 7-3810. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six able performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Jerico-Jim Crow—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 5:30.)

Jo—This wispy musical concoction adapted from "Little Women" does no justice to its lively original, but the score and dancing are occasionally rather pleasant. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Thursday, March 26, at 8:40; Friday, March 27, at 4 and 8:40; Saturday, March 28, at 2:30 and 8:40; Sunday, March 29, at 3; Tuesday through Thursday, March 31-April 2, at 2:30; Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 2:30 and 8:40; and final performance Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

Life Is a Dream (La Vida Es Sueño)—Pedro Calderón de la Barca's seventeenth-century play, being presented in both English and Spanish. Performances in English on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, Fridays at 10, Saturdays at 7, and Sundays at 8:30. Performances in Spanish on Mondays and Wednesdays at 8:30, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 10, and Sundays at 3. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240.)

Little Eyolf—An inept production of an understandably neglected work by Henrik Ibsen. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Two dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 29.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Squat Betty and **The Sponge Room**—Two one-acters, imported from London. They are full of bright, quirky lines and notions, but the production lets them down. Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall are the collaborating dramatists. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:30.)

Three at the Cherry Lane—A triple bill of one-act plays: "Play," by Samuel Beckett; "The Two Executioners," by Fernando Arrabal (translated by Richard Howard); and "Dutchman," by Le Roi Jones. No one under eighteen

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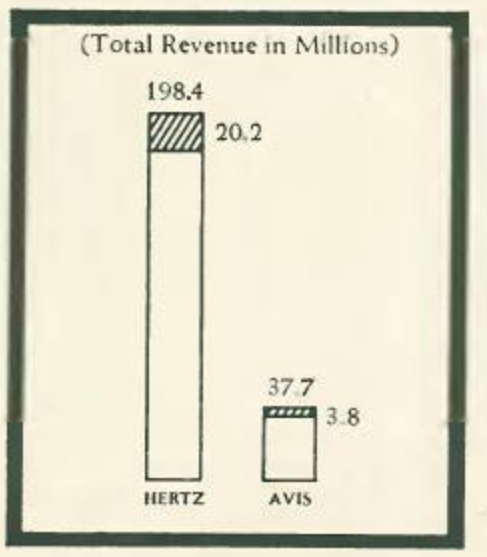
the tiger and the cat

One day a tiger and a cat chanced to meet
at a service station deep in the heart of
the jungle. "Hey," said the cat,
"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?
I've got it. You look just like me!"
"In a way," said the tiger.
"I've got a long tail, just like you do,"
said the cat. "And whiskers.
And four paws. And fur. And my eyes
shine in the dark." "Yes," said the tiger,
"but the overall effect is
somewhat different."
"Well, anyway," said the cat,
"I'm the next best thing to you."
And so the cat drove wildly away,
telling the whole world that
next to the tiger, he was best.

And that someday, he would grow up
to be bigger and stronger than the
tiger. And he always finished by saying,
"And you should like me, because I'm
trying so hard to catch up."
A whole year passed in this way, and
the tiger and the cat chanced to meet
again. The cat jumped out of his car and
rushed over to the tiger. "Look," he said,
flexing all four legs and his tail.
"Look at how I've grown!" "As a
matter of fact," said the tiger
not unkindly, "you have grown a little,
but haven't you noticed? I've grown a lot!"
MORAL: TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN A TIGER AND A CAT,
TAKE A LOOK AT THE KITTY



(Note: Figures obtained from 1963 annual reports Hertz fiscal year ending December 31, Avis fiscal year ending August 31. Shaded area indicates revenue change from previous year.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TRUMPETS OF THE LORD—A musical adaptation of "God's Trombones"—a series of poems in the form of sermons by the late James Weldon Johnson—which is by turns (and at times simultaneously) jubilant, witty, moving, and fervent. The all-Negro cast is made up of three good actors and six good singers. The music is made up of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs. Vinnette Carroll is the adapter. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WHITE ROSE AND THE RED—The story of England's Wars of the Roses in an arrangement of scenes from a batch of Shakespeare's historical plays. The scenes are performed by thirteen actors, most of whom play several parts, and some of whom do pretty well. In the solo part of Henry VI, Nicholas Kepros does extremely well. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 5.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

OLÉ OLÉ!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CONTEMPORARY DANCE PRODUCTIONS—Jean Erdman's "The Coach with the Six Insides," the second in a series of three programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, March 29, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Whatever happened to Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy? (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2; on Saturday, April 4, at 10:30 and 3. Through Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

A HOMAGE TO SHAKESPEARE—Dame Edith Evans, Sir John Gielgud, and Margaret Leighton in the second of two performances of a program of scenes, songs, and sonnets, directed by William Ball. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Sunday, March 29, at 8:30.)

JOSEPHINE BAKER—With her company of dancers (including Carmen de Lavallade and Geoffrey Holder), plus an orchestra, in a limited return engagement presented by Sherman S. Krellberg. Opens Tuesday, March 31. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 4, at 2:30. For tickets, call YU 8-1498, weekdays, 9:30 to 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Revivalist meetings full of glee and

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gusto are held in the Royal Box every night by a reasonable facsimile of the Glenn Miller orchestra, now in the hands of Tex Beneke, and by Ray Eberle, Paula Kelly, and a fleet of co-singers. They disappear on Saturday, March 28, and on Monday, March 30, Julie London, a most artful lady of sorrows, starts carolling. Twice a night is the rule of thumb; there's dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A Park Avenue showplace (or almost showoff place, such is its ornamentation), with digestive music from eight to ten and dancing music thereafter, all of it created by George Anaya's Latinos. There's also tea dancing Sundays from one to three; no dancing Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A theatre-in-the-round expressly designed for talented (and perhaps a few untalented) amateurs. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Renato Rossini, an unfailing romanticist when he takes to his guitar, graces the Café Pierre every night but Monday, and a handful of Bea Cutler's liveliest musicmakers do a hand gallop every night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Kessler Twins, a German invention, are doing the walking, talking, and singing in the Persian Room during the first visit to America of this brace of young ladies. They are on hand at dinner and supper. The Colemans and Mark Monte's cheerful little earfuls do the dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He does this every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is the home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group. . . . ¶ In La Boite, small and tranquil, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-

thirty weekdays, and from tea-dance time (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—There's Egypt in your dreamy eyes the moment you set foot in this freehand reconstruction of the celebrated Cairo hostelry; there's music in your ears (the simultaneous doings of recordings and a brace of trios); there's also an aura of pie in the sky and goose hangs high. Eight to four, every night of the week, is the house rule.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club is at its old tricks—dinner and supper garnished with dancing. Milt Shaw's band is the wherewithal, from eight to one during the week and from nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room comes to life again on Monday, March 30, to provide a forum for Edie Adams, who undoubtedly has a lot of song and story for us all. She'll show up at dinner and supper; the music—the best of the three million Meyer Davis orchestras, plus Horace Diaz's band—will go on practically all the time. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Obviously a habit-forming sort of country-club life, for the same group is gathered around the nineteenth hole night after night. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *spiedini*, Puccini, and *vini*. The Puccini portion of the week runs from Thursday through Saturday, and so does an easy-does-it dance band, but there is song, piano, concertina, and whatnot the rest of the time. The leader of the whole thing is Aldo Bruschi, basso profundo and man of the opera world. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **ARCHIE'S**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): In the middle of this social occasion, Hugh Shannon deals out piano constructed of bonhomie and barroom bounce, and lyrics full of the quip that cheers. Michael Burr is his bassist; nine to three is the daily-except-Sunday stint. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Forrest Perrin has the run of the piano in this state apartment for cocktails, dinner, and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A not very forbidding medieval walled town, whose drawbridge is always lowered. At the inner end of it is Norbert Faconi and his soulful violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music 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): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists. . . . CAFÉ RENAISSANCE, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. . . . CHUCKS' COMPOSITE, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced by a jazz trio that never takes an evening off. . . . REGENCY, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Another time, another place is the atmosphere of this quondam town house, now a restaurant with a bar in which—from five to seven-thirty and again from nine to two—there is piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Sundays. . . . MICHELANGELO, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived up in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There's dream-life piano as early as five, and there's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after nine-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. . . . CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano of George Feyer, which observes all the conventions, is the square of the social circle that operates here from dinner on through supper. He begins a brief holiday on Saturday, March 28. Karl Inwald will be his stand-in. Closed Sundays. . . . CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion in favor of the good old days in Budapest emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Tibor Rakossy, the Hungarian Rossano Brazzi, is the best of the crooners. Closed Mondays. . . . PETROUSHKA, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The White Queen of this miniature White Russia is its *doyenne*. Marina Fedorovskaya, whose songs of passion are largely (and appropriately) Slavic and French. When she is not proclaiming them in her clear and dulcet voice, violin and piano brood away in one corner. Seven-thirty until two is the time span. Closed Mondays. . . . ASTI, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody from busboy to chef wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closed Mondays. . . . LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's nightlifers, who are at table until ten-thirty and then at exercise on a dance floor of the most modest dimensions. Closed Mondays. . . . BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty, is the curriculum of Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this small-scale Alhambra. . . . MALMAISON, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State of grace is the mood, and three hours at dinner is par for the courses, which can run to six or seven. Jules Kuti, whose piano knows its way around our town and the European capitals, is in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop, becomingly assuming the role of chatelaine in the Palm Court, which at times is the ninth member of the Ivy League, lets her dulcet piano run from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who occupies the cool landscaping of the Casino-on-the-Park, does judicious but joyous piano from five-thirty to midnight every night but Sunday. . . . NANDO'S MIRAMAR, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Straightforward, sans-serif piano is the lot of those who dine; the same piano, often with lyrics, is the diet for those who sup. Closed Sundays. . . . LA CHANSONNETTE, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not to be taken very seriously is the bayadere performance of Rita Dimitri, the proprietress of this small restaurant, when she moves onto the floor in full battle array to do her brash songs; her real spirit is evidenced by her cooing duets with her pianist and guitarist, Stanley Brilliant. She shows up at dinner every night, and also at supper Fridays and Saturdays. Leisurely dancing, too, to a pair of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar, a limber Latin named Mimmo del Sud bounds from pillar to post as he fingers a guitar and launches ballads of passion. Nine-thirty until one-thirty every night but Sunday is his beat.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Extravaganza by the mile, bouncy and beautiful, populated by agile young men in full fig and noble young women in full fig leaf. On the outskirts of this Never-Never Land live several acrobatic European variety and slapstick acts; another event is Eddie Albert, who, long retired from the Broadway stage, now contents himself with bits of inconsequential song and monologue, but he's such an old smoothie that the whole thing comes off. Dancing. . . . BASIN STREET EAST, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Pat O'Brien, another seasoned hand, is recalling his days as urchin, altar boy, and the movie version of Knute Rockne in a brogue as smooth as a shot of Bushmill's; Sarah Vaughan is tea ing songs into shapes that might astound their composers. They depart on Saturday, March 28; the establishment opens again on Thursday, April 2, as a curiosity shop housing Pat Collins, a girl whose arcane specialty is putting people into trances—a trick she's been playing in some of our large Western *boîtes*, where trances are possibly easier to come by. . . . COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0000): The manly art of making tenor solos big and solid, no matter how sentimental, is practiced by Sergio Franchi, just about the noblest Roman of all the ones we've had so far. Parochial humor of the kind that is expected at the Copa is dispensed by Joey Forman, and a cluster of ballerinas kick up clusters of heels, more or less in unison. Dancing for the diners, too. . . . INTERNATIONAL, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Once in a generation comes a captain of the chorus with the high kicks, good looks, sass, and impudence of Jeanie Stevens, who is up in the front lines with her troops, a fine set of girl athletes, in "Vive Les Girls," the best-turned-out and liveliest track meet ever put on in this gymnasium.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world is so full of a number of things (that's one of its big troubles), and "Baker's Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, picks on the ones that nobody else does anything about. The picking is firm, fast, and funny; the pickers—especially Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason—are deft and daft. Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood are the pianists. Twice a night, except Sundays, is the pattern. . . . BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th

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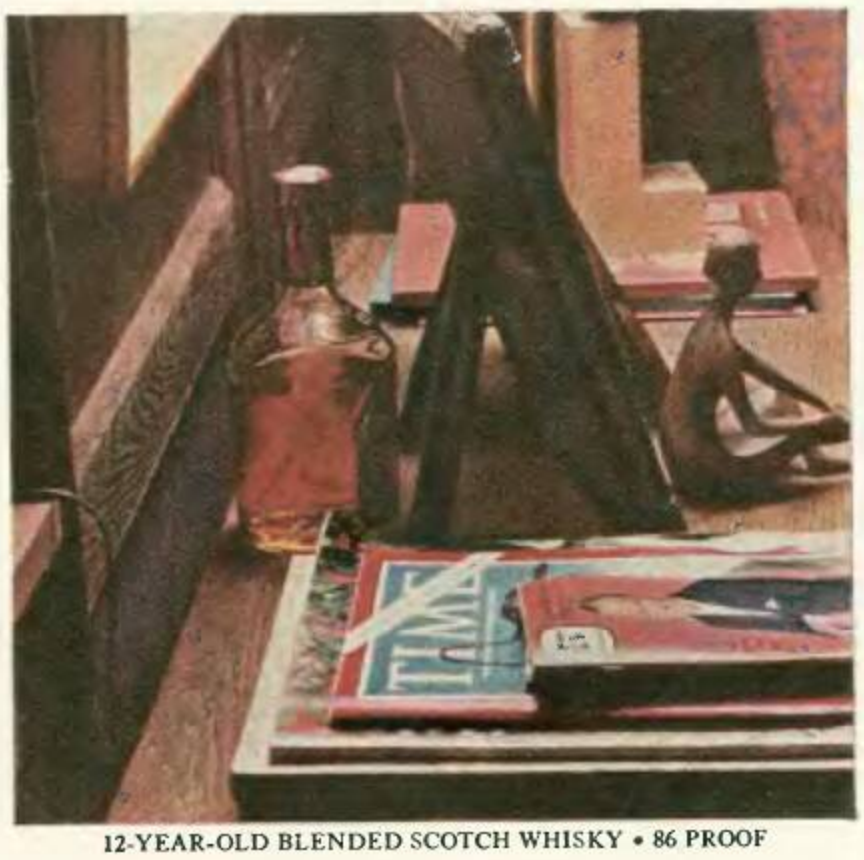

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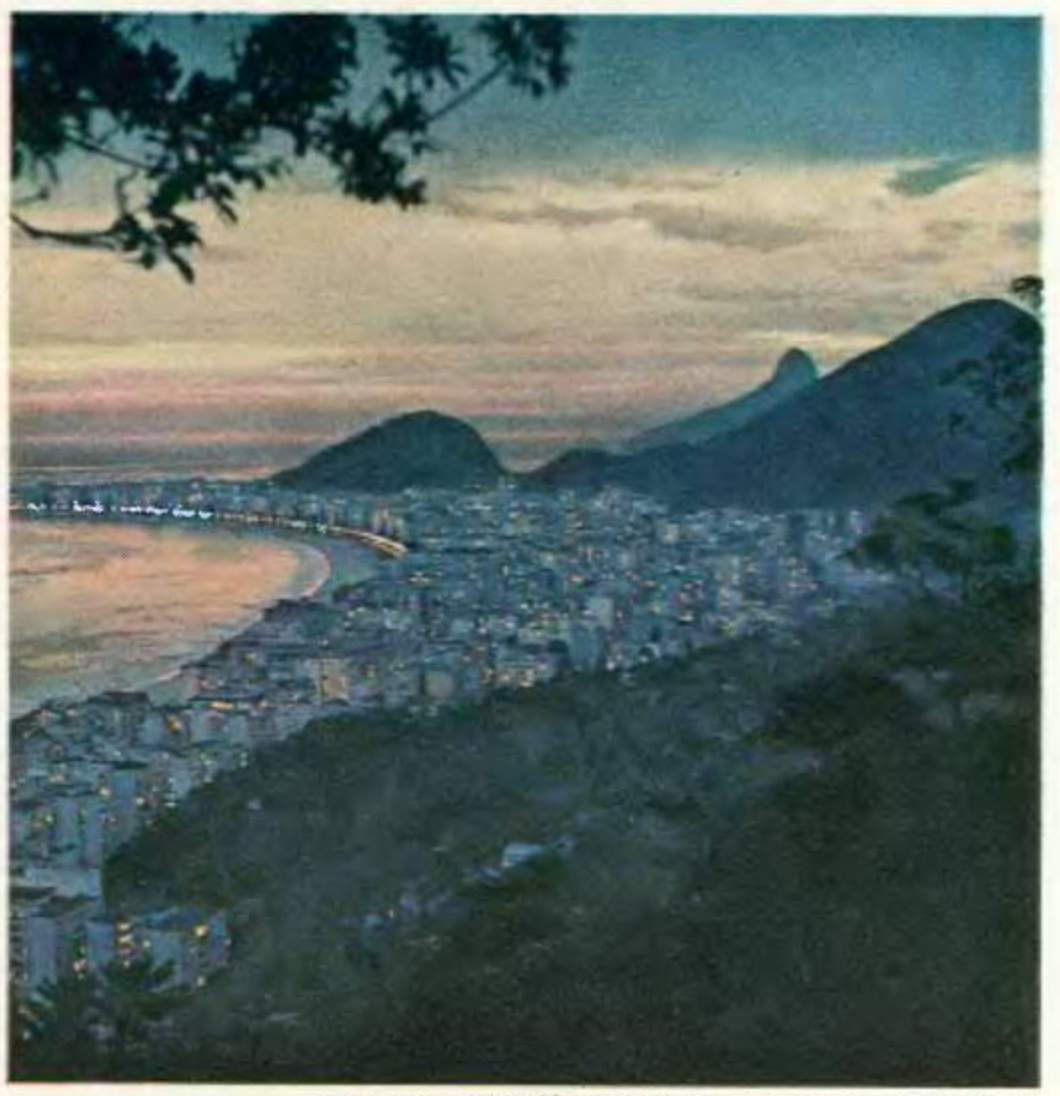

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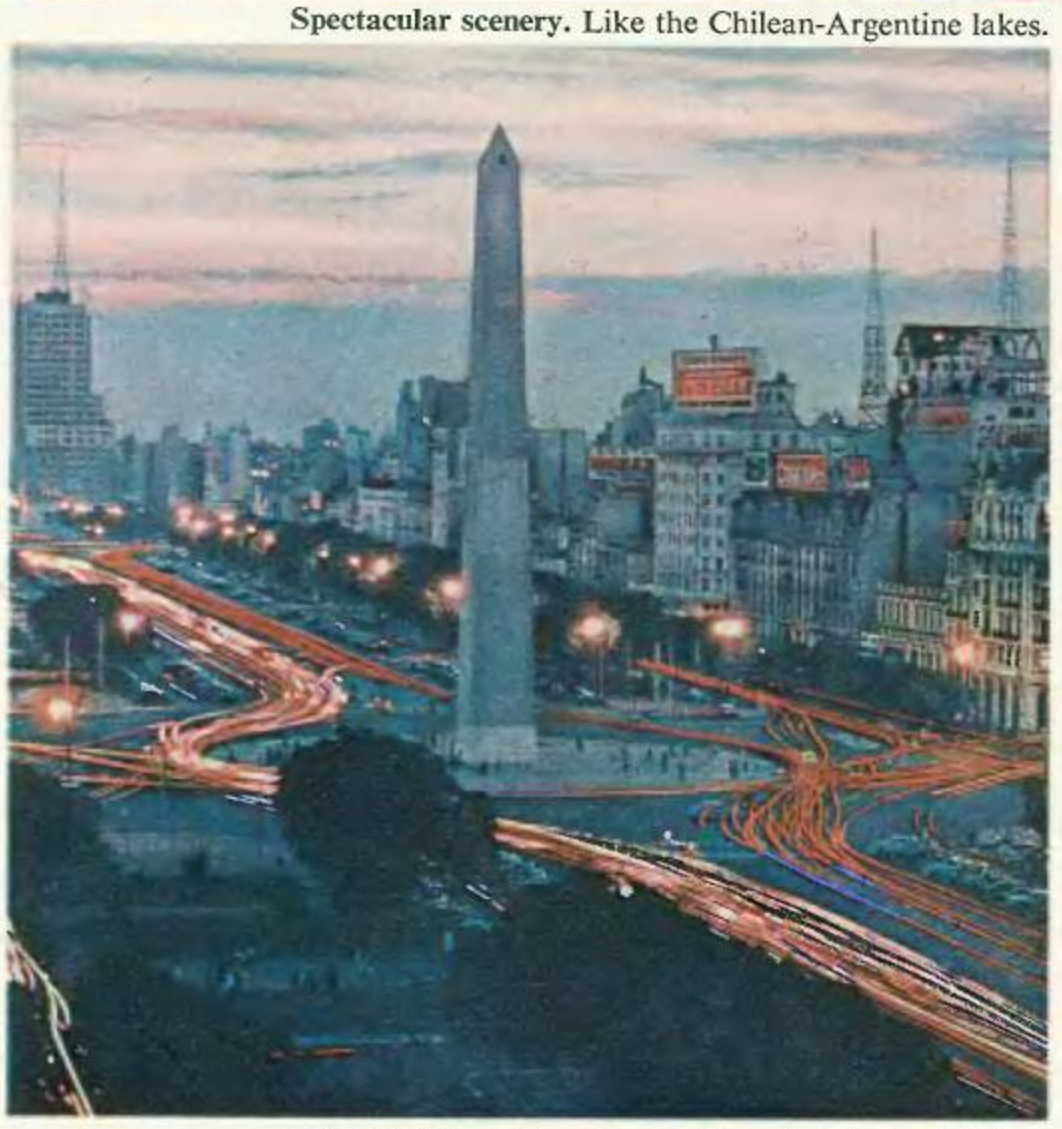

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PAN AM PANAGRA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (PL 3-5998): Rolf Harris, a real old-school music-hall turn, applies a rough-and-ready Australian wit to that song of his about the kangaroo, not to mention other nonsense; Ketty Lester gives noteworthy and neglected arias a fine outing. Dinner and supper are part and parcel. . . . ¶ A trio gyrates in the lounge from two until closing every night but Sunday. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Sunday, March 29, is the end of the road for the second edition of The Establishment, an impolitic commentary on the British and American body politic. Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, and Roddy Maude-Roxby, who speak most of its shrewd and shrewish lines, depart with it, but Carole Simpson stays on for No. 3 in the series, which begins the next night. John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, and Eleanor Bron, the memorable triad of No. 1, will return to duty that evening. Marian McPartland's progressive jazz trio will continue on as the American leavening. Steak-and-kidney pie and that sort of thing go along with the fun. The regimen: Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty; Sundays at four and eight; Mondays not at all. The McPartland trio plays in the bar after the second show. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, out for an evening's turn around the plaza, simply can't help bursting into song (do or die for dear old love) and music (brass-bound). They are accompanied on their stroll by Isabella and Miguel, bent on dancing their hot little Spanish feet off. Twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at ten-thirty on Sundays is the program. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . . ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the waywardness of Spanish love life. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): There's a touch of only-for-Americans about part of the minute floor show that gallops along a couple of times a night, but there's also Tito Guizar, venerable but still vocal, and he makes this Latin restaurant Latin indeed. Sunday, March 29, is his last night. Dancing for the guests; in addition, they get the floor to themselves from two to seven every Sunday afternoon.

! OSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Dudley Moore has popped out of "Beyond the Fringe" and into this frying pan, where he so obviously loves his ideas about frying-pan music that it is impossible for anyone else not to love them. His trio is here every night but Monday, and on Sundays, as well, from four-thirty to seven. Jon Hendricks, the free-style harmonizer of the dissolved Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan, now goes his own way with the Gildo Mahones trio as backing. They keep the same days and hours. Dancing. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. The current shifts in the cast are too numerous to mention, though. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Cannon to the right of them, cannon to the left of them are what confront the listeners here. Hully and gully are the melodic lines early in the evening; later, Lionel Hampton's flying trapezists and Marty Napoleon's old-timers take over. On Monday, March 30, a herd of Woody Herman acolytes will succeed the Hamptons. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Herbie Mann's seven-man cruise of the Caribbean provides the music; the chanting, which is vigorous, issues from the Tarriers, who are folksters. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Brass that's big and bold is the chief ingredient of Gerry Mulligan's purposeful band of followers. Jam sessions on Mondays, when Mr. M.'s group is absent. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. John Coltrane, who is sliding up and down the scale at the head of his foursome, ends his visit on Thursday, April 2; next evening, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn and their quintet will start cooling it. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Hot mulled jazz, made from an old, old recipe, is dispensed through the night by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Dave Frishberg, Benny Moten, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, a force so apocalyptic that on occasion his bass fiddle seems to turn into a sword of Damocles, leads a sextet into the fray. Walter Bishop's trio is also there. On Mondays, the Upper Bohemia Six play, but only after a fashion, for browsing and dancing, and David Amram's quartet alternates with them. There are, in addition, Sunday-afternoon sessions, from four to eight, by guest artists. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Not exactly what you'd call a listeners' post, but Joe Bushkin is in residence with such able aides as Milt Hinton, Chuck Wayne, and Ed Shaughnessy. They sign off on Saturday, March 28. On Monday, March 30, the group led by Dizzy Gillespie, our foremost Druid, comes aboard. Sundays, someone else always has the use of the room. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, an education to many a pianist and many a public, is persuading the piano inside the bar into many a mood. Two sidemen help out. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's riverboat piano is audible throughout the week. Mondays through Wednesdays, Marshall Brown augments Mr. Jackson; Thursdays through Saturdays, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as his running mates. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night but Monday and Tuesday, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. On Mondays and Tuesdays, a set of banjoists called the Red Onion Minstrels takes over.

ART

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

GALLERIES

DARREL AUSTIN—Figures, beasts, and landscapes; through Saturday, April 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY BOTKIN—Abstract paintings and collages; through Saturday, March 28. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

BENNETT BRADBURY—Marine paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

BYRON BROWNE (1907-61)—Paintings; through April 14. (Gallery 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERTO BURRI—Plastica (overlapping sheets of transparent plastic) by a leading Italian abstractionist; through Saturday, April 4. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

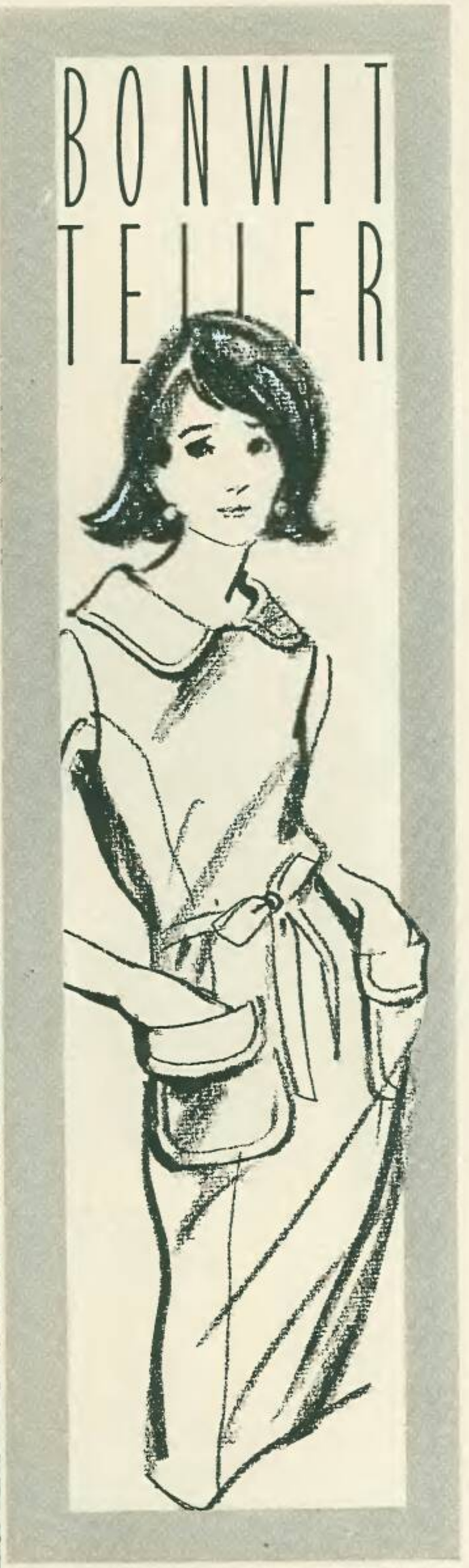
DORIS CAESAR—Bronze nudes; through Saturday, April 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

SALLY COOK—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 4. (Feiner, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD CORBETT—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CORNEILLE—Paintings; through April 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEON DABO (1868-1960)—Watercolors and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

drawings; through Saturday, March 28. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

ADOLF DEHN—Lithographs, 1920-63; through Saturday, March 28. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

LÉON DE LEEUW—Expressionistic landscapes of Tuscany; through Saturday, March 28. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

JOSEPH DE MARTINI—Figures and seascapes; through April 9. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

ROSALYN DREXLER—Paintings; through Saturday, April 4. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Paintings, assemblages, and ink drawings by this Paris modern; through April 11. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—An exhibition of oils, watercolors, drawings, and memorabilia commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Saturday, March 28. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St.)

PERLE FINE—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ELISABETH FRINK—Bronze figures and related drawings by a young English sculptor; through April 11. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—Paintings; through April 11. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LÉON HARTL—Still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, March 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

JEAN IPOUSTEGUY—Bronzes; through April 18. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 60th St.)

BUFFIE JOHNSON—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Granville, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

W. H. D. KOERNER (1878-1938)—Paintings of the Old West; through Tuesday, March 31. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

RICHARD LINDNER—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, March 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

BERTA MARGOULIES—Figure sculptures; through Saturday, April 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARYAN—Large brush drawings; through Saturday, March 28. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

I. RICE PEREIRA—Geometrical abstractions; through Saturday, April 4. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

PICASSO—Paintings executed during the past three years; through Saturday, April 4. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER—Interiors, landscapes, seascapes, portraits, and figures; through April 11. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER—Paintings, 1961-63; through Saturday, March 28. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

JEANNE REYNAL—Mosaics; through April 11. (PVI Gallery, 173 E. 73rd St.)

ANTONIO SAURA—Paintings and collages by a young Spaniard; through Saturday, April 4. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Plaster-cast people in environments; through Saturday, April 4. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN SLOAN AND REGINALD MARSH—Four decades of graphics make up a show entitled "The Sidewalks of New York;" through April 15. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Welded-metal sculptures; through April 18. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS STEARNS—Silk-hung forms; through April 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

KUMI SUGAÏ—Paintings by a Japanese abstractionist who lives in Paris; through Saturday, March 28. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Abstract sculptures in painted laminated wood; through Saturday, April 4. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM THON—Seascapes and landscapes; through April 11. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

CY TWOMBLY—Abstractions; through April 9. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACQUES VILLON (1875-1963)—Paintings (1909-60) by the French artist; through April 18. (Thaw, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUIS R. WILLIAMS—Paintings of nudes and bathers; through Sunday, March 29. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30.)

FRITZ WOTRUBA—Stone and bronze figures, plus watercolors, drawings, and etchings, by this Austrian sculptor; through Saturday, April 4. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Peter Agostini, Robert Mallary, David Weinrib, and seven other sculptors who represented the United States at the São Paulo Bienal; through Saturday, March 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the IBM GALLERY, 16 E. 57th St.: "Art of the Western Frontier," composed of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by such nineteenth-century artists as Frederic Remington, George Catlin, and Charles Russell; through April 18. (Closed Friday and Saturday, March 27-28.)... MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Watercolors by Childe Hassam, Ogden M. Pleissner, and Gari Melchers (to mention a few); through April 11. (Closed Mondays.)... NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: "The American Conscience," an exhibit of paintings reflecting historical and social scenes, by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Mark Tobey, and others; through Saturday, April 4. (Mondays through Fridays, except March 27, noon to 8.)... PARSONS, 24 W. 57th St.: "The Painter's Eye," a show demonstrating how still-lifes, landscapes, or collages may serve as points of departure for abstract paintings. Hedda Sterne, Ellsworth Kelly, and Richard Pousett-Dart are three of the seven participants. Through Saturday, March 28.... SLOAN, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through May 2.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: "2 Generations: Picasso to Pollock," an exhibition bringing together works by twentieth-century French artists, from Fauvism to Surrealism, with examples by leading American Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, April 4.... SCHWEITZER, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Still-lifes by, among others, William Merritt Chase, John Singer Sargent, and Max Pechstein; through Saturday, March 28.... VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Joseph Glasco, Peter Lanyon, Luciano Minguzzi, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, March 28.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the DURLACHER, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Lord Leighton, James McNeill Whistler, Albert Moore, and Charles Conder are the exhibitors in a show of English art called "Painters of the Beautiful;" through Saturday, March 28. ... HAHN, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Delacroix, Gauguin, Renoir, and other nineteenth-century French masters; through Saturday, March 28.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"World's Fairs—The Architecture of Fantasy," an exhibit of prints and photographs covering sixteen expositions and focussing on such structures as London's Crystal Palace in 1851, the Eiffel Tower for the Paris Fair in 1889, and the 1939 New York World's Fair Trylon and Perisphere; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Fourteenth National Print Exhibition, comprising a hundred and sixty-five works by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam

Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Mughal India," containing examples of the arts of the Mughal dynasty (1526-1858)—book and album paintings; vessels of jade, glass, and crystal; arms and armor; fabrics of gold tissue; and rugs. Through Sunday, March 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Venetian Baroque Painters," a loan show of works by (for instance) Bernardo Strozzi, Domenico Fetti, and della Vecchia; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Huntington Hartford's new museum has just opened with a permanent exhibition of paintings and sculptures from Mr. Hartford's own collection, including works by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein, plus an exhibit (ending April 22) of three hundred paintings and drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew, who died in 1957. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Fourth Guggenheim International Award Exhibition, consisting of a painting apiece by eighty-two artists, including Alberto Giacometti, whose "Large Nude" won first prize. Twenty-four countries are represented. Through Sunday, March 29. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by Vincent van Gogh (1853-90), selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh, of Laren, the Netherlands; starting Thursday, April 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A ten-year retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Jasper Johns, a leading member of the New York School; through April 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Designed for Production: The Craftsman's Approach," an exhibit of two hundred and twenty-five items, chiefly in the home-furnishings field; through May 3. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A show entitled "Seafarers of New Guinea: Art of the Massim Area" (carved canoe prows and paddles, dance shields, and the like), together with a showing of paintings of primitive sculptures by Miguel Covarrubias; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of the works of twenty-three American painters and sculptors who are candidates for awards. Among the artists invited to participate are Robert Goodnough, Sarai Sherman, and Noel W. Jutte; through Sunday, March 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

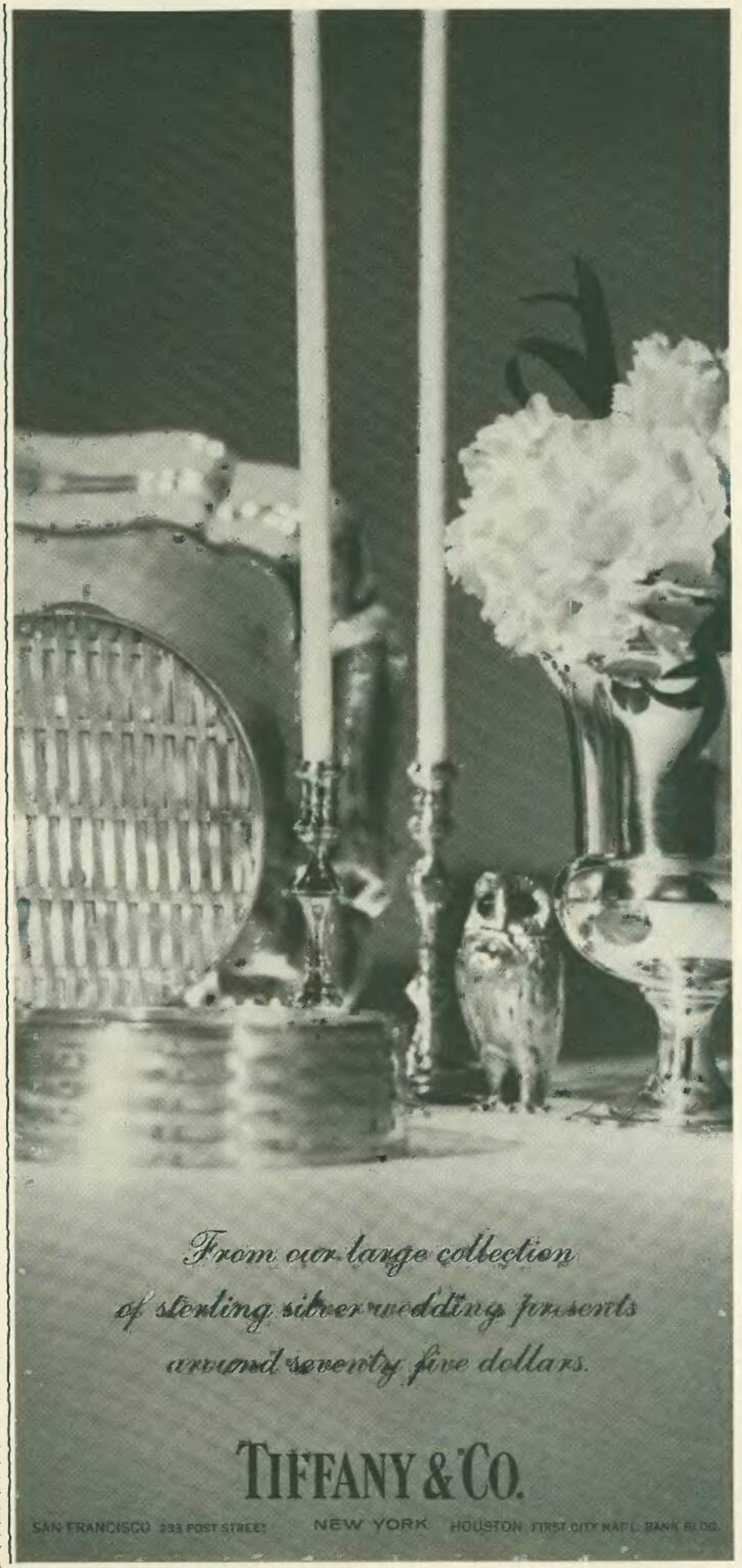
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of figures in bronze, marble, lead, and alabaster, and drawings, by the French-born American sculptor Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935); through April 5. . . . ¶ Paintings by the Abstract Expressionist Jack Tworkov; through May 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall 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, March 26: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Barry Morell, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 27, and Saturday matinée, March 28: The first scene from Act III of "Parsifal" in concert form, with Jess Thomas and Jerome Hines; and Verdi's Requiem, with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Carlo Bergonzi, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 28: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Irene Dalis, Janis Martin, Franco Corelli, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and Nicolae Herlea. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 30: "Tosca," with Renata



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tebaldi, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 31: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, Frank Guarrera, Jess Thomas, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 1: "Macbeth," with Irene Dalis, Cornell MacNeil, Barry Morell, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Janis Martin, Franco Corelli, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Arturo Sergi, Robert Merrill, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 3: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Judith Raskin, Fernando Corena, Mario Sereni, and Luigi Alva. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 4: "Macbeth," with Birgit Nilsson, Cornell MacNeil, Barry Morell, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 4: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Janis Martin, James McCracken, Anselmo Colzani, and Robert Nagy. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, George Szell conducting—A Wagner-Bruckner program on Thursday, March 26, at 8:30; Friday, March 27, at 2:15; Saturday, March 28, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 29, at 3 (no soloists); and a varied program on Thursday, April 2, at 8:30; Friday, April 3, at 2:15; Saturday, April 4, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 5, at 3 (all with Tamás Vásáry, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Berlioz's Requiem, with Cesare Valletti, tenor, and the Temple University Choirs. The final concert of the regular season here. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, April 1, at 8:30, with Van Cliburn, piano; and Friday, April 3, at 8:30, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 2, at 8:30, with Joseph Silverstein, violin.)

Festival Orchestra—Thomas Dunn conducting Haydn's "The Seven Last Words," with Mark Van Doren, narrator, plus Vivaldi's "Al Santo Sepolcro." (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 27, at 8:40.)

American Opera Society—Robert La Marchina directing a performance of Virgil Thomson's "The Mother of Us All" in concert form, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Paul, bass; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 31, at 8.)

Oberlin Orchestra—Franz Bibo conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale—Johannes Somary directing an all-Schütz program, with Gérard Souzay and Raymond Murcell, baritones; Harriet Wingreen, organ; and others. (Town Hall. Friday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Little Singers of Tokyo—S. Hasegawa directing a chorus of thirty boys and girls in its first appearance here. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, March 30, at 8:40.)

Note—On Easter, at 12:45, the Men's Glee Club of Michigan State University, directed by Loren Jones, will present a concert in the lower plaza at Rockefeller Center. Robert Rounseville, tenor, will be the soloist.

RECITALS

Rudolf Schock—Tenor. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 26, at 8:30.)

E. Power Biggs—Organ, in an all-Bach program. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, March 28, at 3.)

Dorian Quintet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Monday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Samuel Baron—Flute, with Robert Conant, harpsichord; Alexander Kouguell, cello; and a chamber orchestra. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Tuesday, March 31, at 8:45. For tickets, call PL 5-1612.)

Philadelphia String Quartet—The last in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Catherine Crozier—Organ, in a program of French music. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 4, at 3.)

Van Cliburn—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Elizabethan music. The final concert of the series. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Charles Aznavour—French pop singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 29, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Saturday, April 4.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 4.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 30. The Gotham, Saturday, April 4. . . . **laurel**, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:30; through Saturday, April 25.

Trapshooting—Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 4, at 11 and 1, and Sunday, April 5, at 9:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operetta—By the **city center gilbert & sullivan company**: "The Gondoliers," Friday, March 27, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, March 28, at 2:30, and Tuesday, March 31, at 12:30 and 5:30. . . . ¶ "Patience," Sunday, March 29, at 1, and Sunday, April 5, at 5:30. . . . ¶ "The Yeomen of the Guard," Sunday, March 29, at 5:30. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Wednesday, April 1, at 12:30 and 5:30, and Sunday, April 5, at 1. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Thursday, April 2, at 12:30 and 5:30. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.) . . . **amato opera company**: An abbreviated version of "Rigoletto," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 28, at 2:30.) . . . **blue hill troupe**: A benefit performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 4, at 2:30. For tickets, call YU 8-1498, weekdays, 9:30 to 1.)

Stage Shows—By the **children's repertory group**: "Persephone." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 4, at 3.) . . . **children's theatre wing**: "Peter Rabbit." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday, March 28, through Saturday, April 4, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **rose lynch productions**: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **merri-mimes**: "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, March 28, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **musical theatre for children**: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall. 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.

Saturday, March 28, through Saturday, April 4, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, at 2; Easter at 1; and Monday through Saturday, March 30-April 4, at 2.) . . . ¶ "Ali Baba and the Thieves." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 28, at 11.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **STILLING-COVER PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday through Thursday, March 31-April 2, at 2:30.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Wizard of Oz," Monday, March 30, at 11. . . . ¶ "Rumpelstiltskin," Tuesday, March 31, at 11. . . . ¶ "Pied Piper," Thursday, April 2, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Year of the Quiet Sun," studies the sun and its influences on earth at a time when solar activity is at a minimum. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, March 26, at 12, 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, March 28, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, March 30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday through Friday, March 31-April 3, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 4, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, a Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairytale world, and the resident animals include mice, kids, monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Bunnies, lambs, a llama, a myna bird, and various other charmers will be ready to greet the first tiny visitors of the season on Saturday, March 28. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every weekday, starting on Good Friday, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (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.

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show of spring flowers in the main conservatory, with the traditional cross of lilies and a Dutch bulb exhibit, featuring a tulip field and canal. (Daily, 10 to 4:30; through Sunday, April 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 26, and Saturday, March 28, at 1:45: American and English furniture; St. Louis, Clichy, and Baccarat paperweights; Oriental Lowestoft, Chelsea, and other porcelains; Early American glass; Historical Blue Staffordshire ware; silver; Chinese decorative porcelains; paintings; and hooked and Oriental rugs. From the estate of Richard C. Young and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 31, at 1:45: Manuscripts, autographs, and maps, including a copy of the Emancipation Proclamation signed by Lincoln, literary material by English and American authors, and Albert Einstein correspondence; from several collectors, among them the late Philip Ward, Jr.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A beautiful and touching act of family piety by Elia Kazan, whose Greek ancestors appear to have been a determined and attractive lot. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Friday through Tuesday, March 27-31, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, staring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Good Friday at 2; Saturday, March 28, at 10 and 2; Easter at 2; and Monday through Wednesday, March 30-April 1, at 10 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

Knife in the Water—A clever young director named Roman Polanski takes an ironic look at life and love in contemporary Poland, which seems not unlike Long Island. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through March 31.)

Point of Order!—A powerful documentary of the Army-McCarthy hearings, as fresh and dreadful as the day they started. (Art. 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Seven Days in May—As thrilling a melodrama as you could hope to see, in which the country is nearly kidnapped by a Fascist-minded military cabal. Starring Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner, and directed by John Frankenheimer. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Silence—Ingmar Bergman sketches his dark notion of how we all fail to connect, possibly because God has given us up as a bad job. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Stray Dog—A Kurosawa film that dates back to 1949 and has as its hero a very youthful Toshiro Mifune is interesting in itself and perhaps still more interesting as a souvenir and signpost. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

The Suitor—An exemplary young man, having no interest in girls, is at last prodded into turning over a new leaf, with highly comic consequences. Pierre Etaix is the young French star. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 31.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—A pleasing Italian comedy, not at all like its title. With the great comedian Alberto Sordi. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting April 1.)

Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The World of Henry Orient—Peter Sellers in a picture, much of it filmed locally, that is ideal for children and that senior citizens will find bearable. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 31.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 31.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 31.)

Chaplin Comedies—All mementos from the silent past—Group A: "Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and "The Pilgrim." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.) . . . ¶ Group B: "Dough and Dynamite," "Caught in a Cabaret," "His Trysting Place," and "His Prehistoric Past." (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through March 31.)

Fanny (1961)—Life among the passionate Marseillais. With Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer, Leslie Caron, and Horst Buchholz. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 1.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 31.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 31. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Charlie Chaplin telling off the dictators. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 27-30.)

Macario (1961)—A Mexican fable about a hungry peasant and the bargain he makes with Death. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 26.)

Le Million (1931)—A René Clair farce. In French, with Annabella. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting March 27.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting April 1.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting March 27.)

Psycosissimo (1962)—The adventures of a pair of scamps mistakenly hired to do in the spendthrift wife of a pork baron. With Ugo Tognazzi and Raimondo Vianello. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 26.)

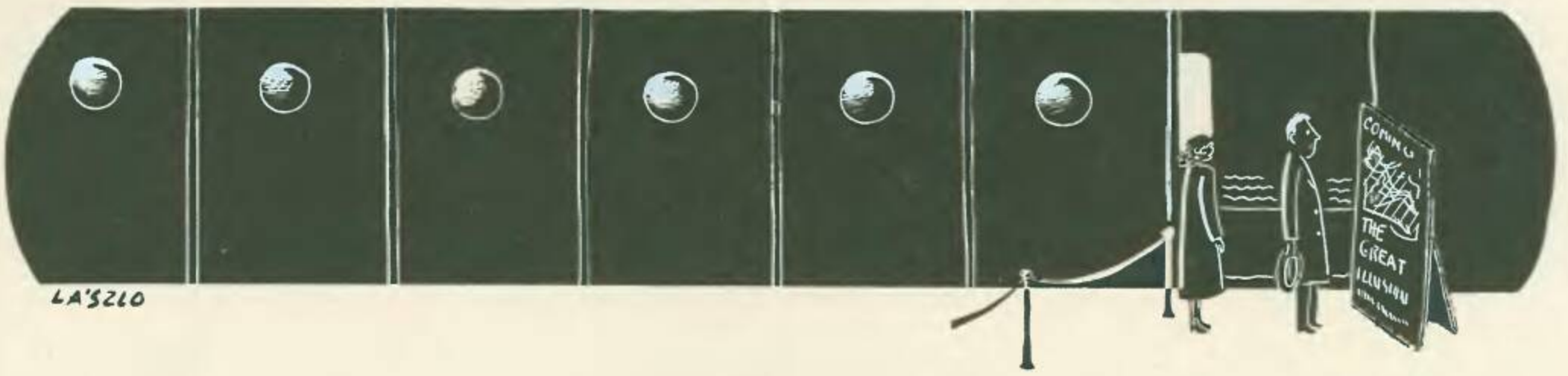
Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 27-30.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; March 26.)

Zazie (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 26.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Incredible Mr. Limpet," Don Knotts.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
From March 26, at 8:30: "The Fall of the Roman Empire," Sophia Loren, Stephen Boyd. (Opening night by invitation only. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday through Tuesday, March 27-31, at 2:30, and Wednesday, April 1, at 10:30 and 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

LOEW'S CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
March 26: "Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.
From March 27: "No, My Darling Daughter," Michael Redgrave, Michael Craig.

RIALTO, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
STRAY DOG (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
POINT OF ORDER!

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
March 26: "Women of the World," revival, a documentary film; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.
March 27-30: "My Life to Live" (in French), Anna Karina; and "An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy.
From March 31: GATE OF HELL (in Japanese), revival; and "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 31: KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish); and CHAPLIN COMEDIES (Group B).
From April 1: TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish).

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 31 (tentative): "Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.
From April 1 (tentative): "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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29	30	31	1			

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

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"The Incredible Mr. Limpet," Don Knotts.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE GREAT DICTATOR, revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"They All Died Laughing," Leo McKern, Janet Munro.

CINEMA I (PL 3-6022) and **CINEMA II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
TOM JONES.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Given Word" (in Portuguese).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 31 (tentative): "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From April 1: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Misadventures of Merlin Jones," Annette, Tommy Kirk.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
March 26: ZAZIE (in French), revival; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
March 27-30: JULES AND JIM and SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (both in French and both revivals).
From March 31: À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 31: THE SUITOR (in French); and "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From April 1: "Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
AMERICA AMERICA.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 31: BEAT THE DEVIL, revival.
From April 1: "Open the Door and See All the People," Maybelle Nash.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 31: "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.
From April 1: "Kissin' Cousins," Elvis Presley; and "The Day Mars Invaded Earth," Kent Taylor.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 31: KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish); and CHAPLIN COMEDIES (Group B).
From April 1: TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish); and "The French Game" (in French), Françoise Brion.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through March 31: "4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Dr. Crippen," Donald Pleasence.
From April 1: THE MIRACLE WORKER, revival; and "One Man's Way," Don Murray, Diana Hyland.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
March 26: WEST SIDE STORY, revival.
From March 27: "A Mistress for the Summer" (in French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
March 26: "The Devil's Envoys" (in French; also known as "Les Visiteurs du Soir"), revival; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French; also known as "Drôle de Drame"), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.
From March 27: LE MILLION and PORT OF SHADOWS (both in French and both revivals).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE SERVANT.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Dimka" (in Russian).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Of Wayward Love" (in Italian), Lilli Palmer.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
CHAPLIN COMEDIES (Group A).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 31: "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda; and "Boys' Night Out," revival, Kim Novak, James Garner
From April 1: FANNY, revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 26: MACARIO (in Spanish), revival; and PSYCOSISSIMO (in Italian), revival.
March 27-30: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival.
From March 31: BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian), revival; and THE 400 BLOWS (in French), revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 31: KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish); and CHAPLIN COMEDIES (Group B).
From April 1: TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish); and "The Third Lover" (in French), revival, Jacques Charrier.

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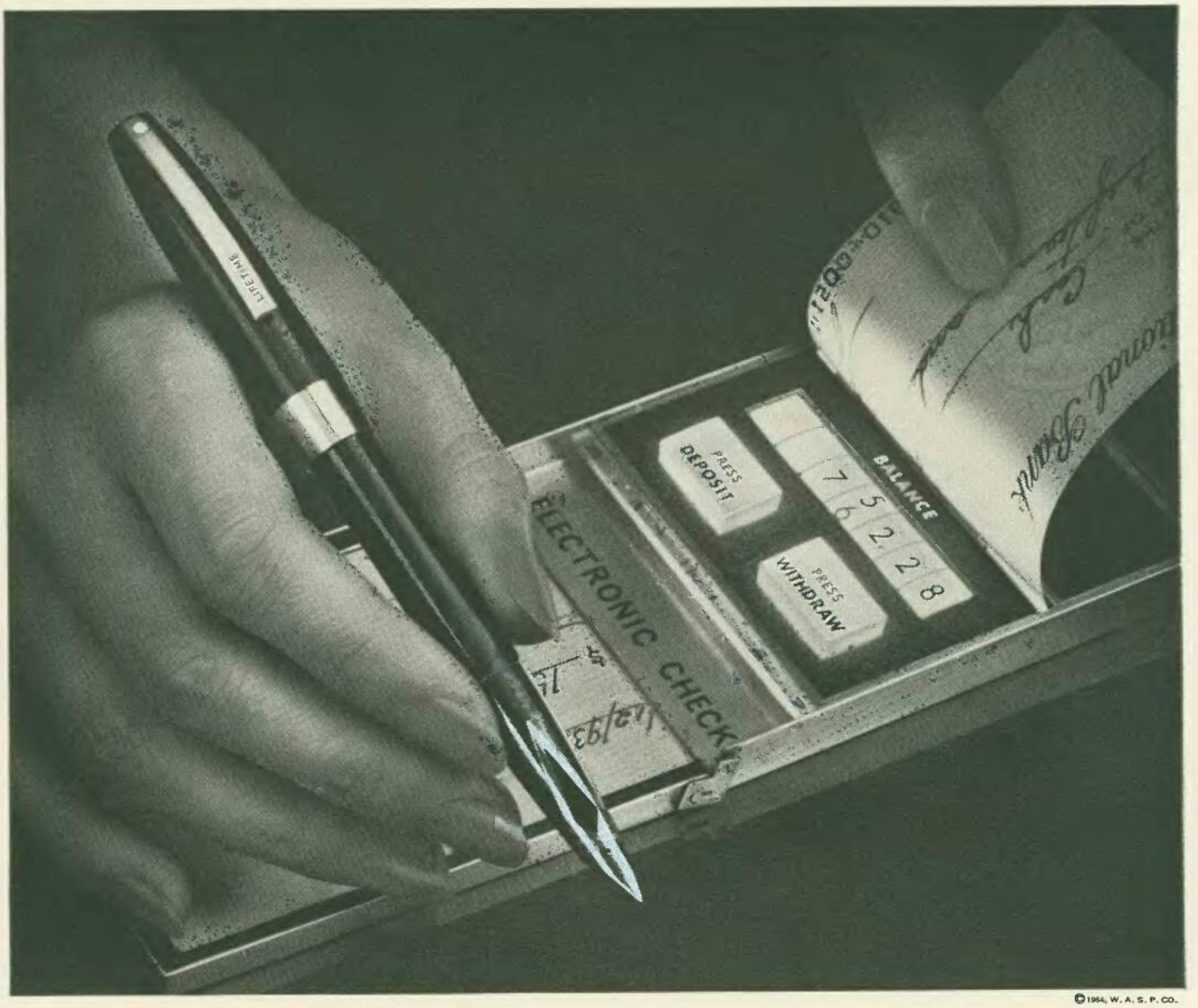

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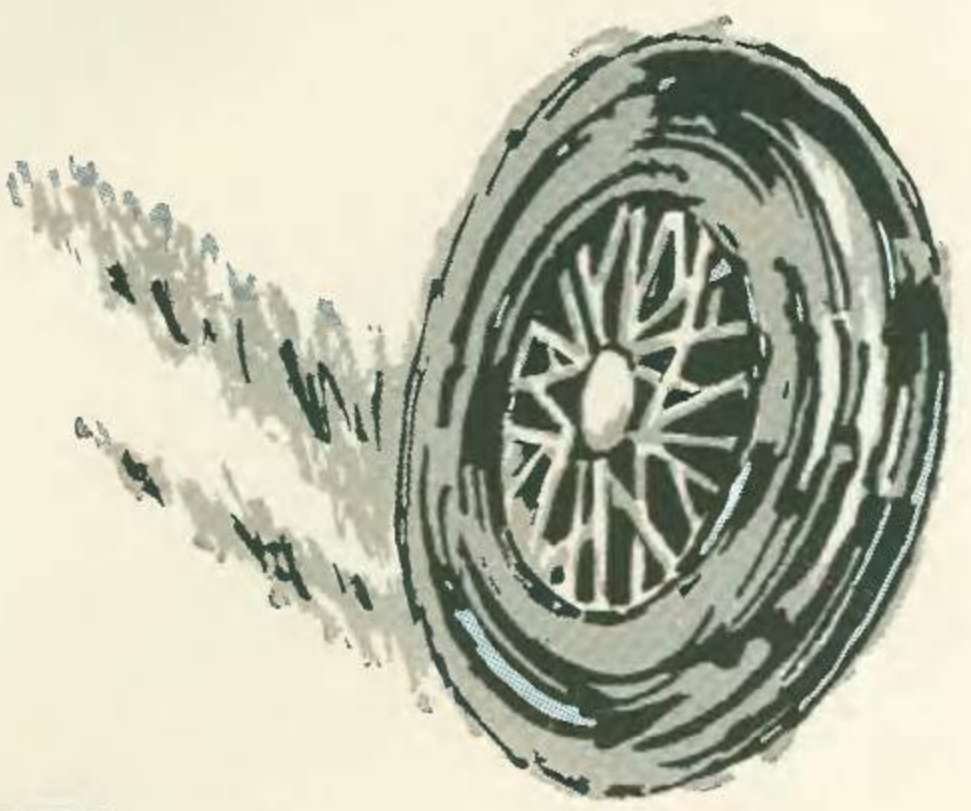

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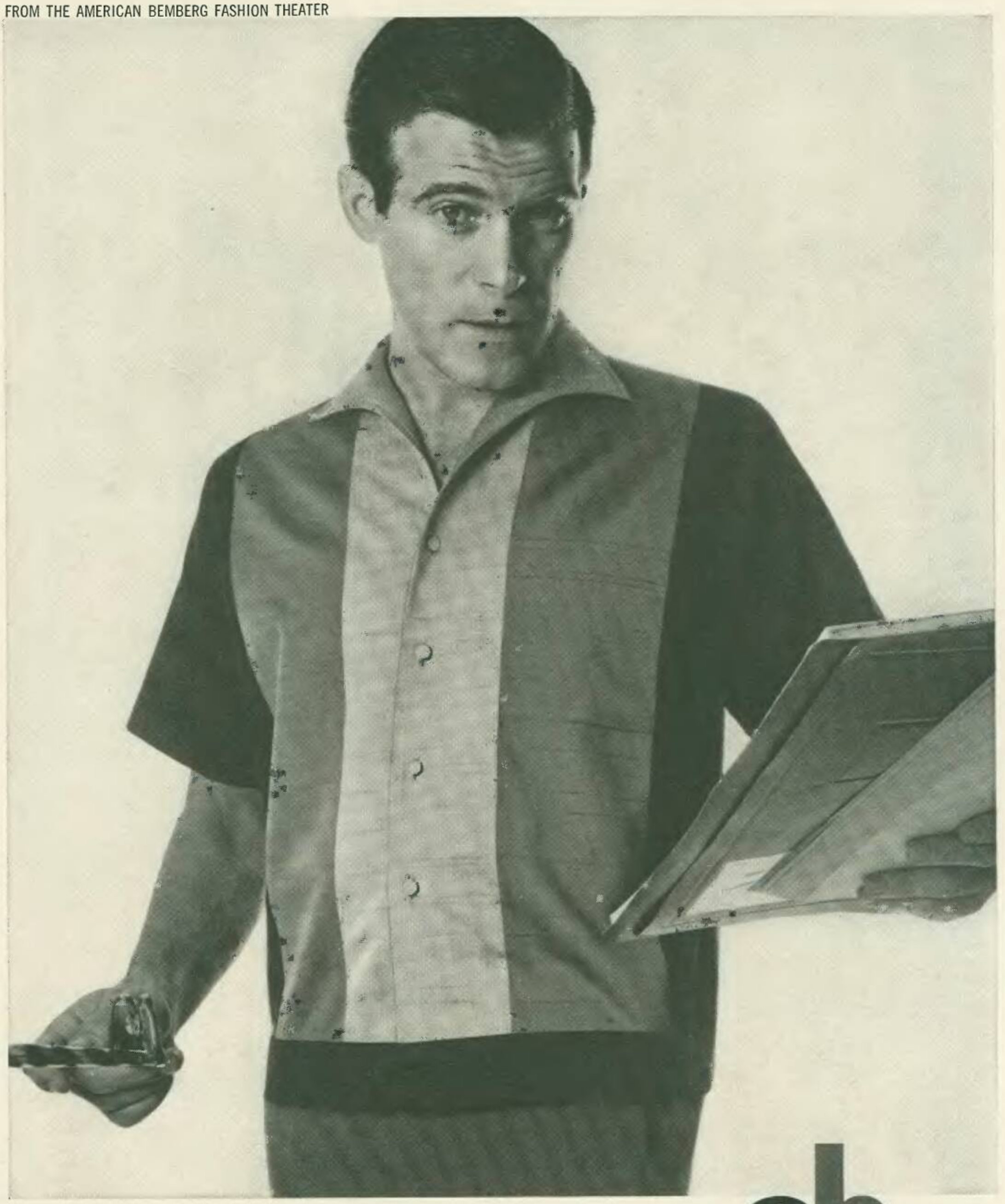

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Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS, the season of the vernal equinox, seems the proper moment to take note of an urban socio-solar phenomenon that peculiarly distinguished the winter that died last week. We became aware of this manifestation well before Christmas, and we compiled a body of symptomatological data on city field trips during the gray, shivery weeks that followed. With our research in hand, we can now announce that this was the Winter of the Dark Glasses; that is, the year when the wearing of shaded spectacles in our town ceased to be seasonal, ceased to be functional—ceased, in fact, to have anything much to do with sunshine, or even with daylight itself. This transformation of a useful defensive contrivance into a nonutilitarian and yet aggressive weapon of the personality is—well, it's passing strange.

We began studying sunglasses during lunch-hour walks on Fifth Avenue last October and November, when it became evident to us that the slow daily enfeeblement of the southbound sun was not, this time, being accompanied by any progressive lifting of the shades. The faces of passing models, matrons, businessmen, tourists, taxi-drivers, and

delivery boys remained black-eyed, glittery, and anonymous, and there were moments in the midtown crowds when we felt ourself surrounded by colonies of hurrying raccoons. Then, during a driving afternoon snowstorm in December, we noticed that a good half dozen of the pedestrians who sloshed past us in the space of three blocks were wearing their sunglasses against a light no brighter than that in a hall closet, and we understood at last that functionalism was dead. A random sampling of our notes since that time illustrates the rich variety of contemporary city moledom:

Item: A handsome female guest in her thirties who wore dark glasses, along with a mink stole and white gloves, throughout a wedding service in a stylish, sepulchral midtown church.

Item: Among the crowds at the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery one afternoon, two women and one man studying the bright whorls and splashes of Jackson Pollock through their own private filters.

Item: No dark glasses observed among movie audiences at the large chain nabes. At the East Side art houses, however, intermission time often revealed from one to three spectators who liked to watch Bergman, Antonioni, et al. through gloom-deepeners.

Item: The secretary who frequently passes us in the hall wearing her shades pushed up just above her bangs, thus giving herself the anxious, upward-staring expression of a flounder floating over a mudbank.

Attuned as we are to the dark omens of Freud and to the significant tiny indices of Riesman and Toynbee, we have studied our findings earnestly in a search for meanings. What does the Winter of the Dark Glasses portend? A fear of our world and our time so intense that we must figuratively clap our hands over our eyes in terror? An urban detachment and claustrophobia so severe that we must pull blinds over the windows of our souls in order to save our lonely privacy? A persistent conviction (in the case of the forehead-proppers) that we must forever look upward, in guarded preparation for some holocaust overhead? The answer to all these questions, we are happy to state, is no. Try as we may, the only final word we can draw from our complex discovery is *vanitas;* people *like* themselves in dark glasses. The newfanglement permits the nearsighted, behind green lenses, to look like sportsmen; it permits the clear-eyed, behind plain green glass, to look like movie stars. In the coming weeks, we plan to take off our own shades, at last, only because we will be looking for the first green of springtime.

Audition

ABOUT fifty teen-agers turned up the other evening at the offices of Station WNDT (Channel 13), at 1657 Broadway, to audition for "The Comers," a new television program that features a permanent panel of four boys and two girls sitting around informally and talking about anything they like. Waiting to select the best combination of talkers for the panel were Charles Schultz, a scholarly-looking young man who is the director of programming for the station; Lee Polk, the producer-director of "The Comers;" Frank Leicht, its executive producer; and Mr. Polk's staff: Michael Kerr, assistant to the producer; Dick Christian, who will take over in a couple of weeks as the director; and Peter Davis, who presides onstage when the boys and girls perform. He is called the host. The men had assembled in a badly ventilated conference room to look at and listen to several prospective Comers at a time, around a rectangular

table loaded with cookies and soft drinks. At the head of the table, wearing a red bow tie and a brown corduroy suit, sat Mr. Davis, who has a turned-up nose, a perpetual expression of innocence, and a voice that is somewhat cracked, as though it had only recently changed. He is, however, twenty-seven. "This will be a program of, by, and for teen-agers," he said to the first group of

applicants when they had seated themselves around the table. They included a girl named Judy, from the Dalton Schools, who, outdoing the secretary in the hall, wore tortoise-shell-rimmed sunglasses pushed up on the top of her head; a high-school boy named Tom, from Summit, who was wearing a navy-blue blazer and a shirt with a tab collar, and was holding a paperback edition of "Seven Days in May;" a prim and pretty girl named Joyce, with hair falling to her shoulders, who came from the School of Performing Arts; a tall, skinny boy named Tim, whose hair repeatedly fell over his forehead, and who also came from the School of Performing Arts; a very proper, neatly suited young man named Philip, from George Washington High, in upper Manhattan; and a couple of watchful girls named Barbara and Andrea, both of whom came from a new high school in Westchester. The teen-agers eyed both the soft drinks and the men from Channel 13 with cool interest.

Mr. Polk, who had been sitting over near one wall, stood up, grinned at the teen-agers in a wry, knowing manner, and said, "We want you to be as free with your language as you feel. Have no respect for *anyone*." His listeners, including the ones from Channel 13, gave little laughs. Mr. Polk gave the final little laugh, and said, "We want this to be a program in which teen-agers can talk to *teen*-agers. He"—Mr. Polk grinned in the direction of Mr. Davis—"is not the usual sort of moderator, so don't expect a David Susskind act of him."

Everybody laughed again, and Mr. Davis cleared his throat and said, sounding almost puzzled, "We don't want you to be a Youth Forum kind of thing, talking about Should-Communist-China-be-admitted-to-the-U.N., although it's an important problem. We don't want pontifical statements—that kind of thing. You know?" He looked in a friendly way at the group around the table, and they looked back at him evenly.

With considerable urging from Mr. Davis, the talkers got off, rather haltingly, on a consideration of the problems of vandalism, cheating, and stealing in their schools.

Judy, in the manner of a practiced and never-rejected talker, pushed her sunglasses up a bit higher on the top of her head and told the others that the approach in *their* schools to the matter of books swiped from the school library was probably quite different from what it was at Dalton. "At Dalton, the teacher just stands up in front of everybody and says, 'Now, dear ones, we all love you, and you know we all love you, and all we want you to do is sneak back and put the book back, and no one will know and no one will criticize you, and everybody will love you just as much as before,' " Judy said. "That's the way it is at *Dalton*."

The other teen-agers around the table began to stir, a few smiling with forced compassion.

"Nobody likes our school, so at basketball games the kids throw things at the other kids," Andrea said.

"Does this happen *often*?" Tom asked, sitting up straight.

"They don't care about athletics at our school," Barbara said, glancing at her schoolmate for reassurance. "They don't care about who wins the game. They just want to throw things. It's a brand-new school, and we have no school spirit."

Joyce put in quickly that Performing Arts was very old. "Every time we do a *plié* in dance class, the plaster falls down on us," she said, with calm self-appreciation. "The whole school is falling apart, but everybody takes our school spirit for granted."

"The whole question of school spirit baffles me," Judy said. "Everybody at Dalton acts as though it's not chic to have school spirit. Like who needs it?"

"I can't agree with this," Tom said. "I was at Harvard this summer. At Harvard, it's fashionable to pretend that you have no school spirit. You don't find this at Yale. I like Yale much better. I don't mean to knock Harvard. It just didn't appeal to *me*."

"I think we ought to define school spirit," Tim said. "How open or verbose are you about your spirit? That's what we ought to understand. It has always been and will always be fashionable to knock your school."

Mr. Davis looked at Philip, who had been quietly attentive, turning from one to another of the teen-agers as they spoke but saying nothing himself. "What about your school, Philip?" Mr. Davis asked. "Do you have school spirit at your school?"

"Well, if we have a basketball game, everybody is going to go," Philip said.

Philip started to open his mouth again, but Judy was talking, with indignation. "That's not *true* about Harvard," she said. "A lot of young men who are taking me out are running the houses at Harvard and working on the *Crimson* and are involved in a lot of activities at Harvard, and I know from my own personal experience, by going with Harvard men, that they have a *lot* of school spirit."

As Andrea tried to bring the talk back to how it was hip at her school to hate the school, Mr. Polk passed a note to Mr. Schultz. It read, "We have new ones to bring in. Maybe we can keep a couple of these to provide security."

The changing of teen-agers was accomplished deftly. Tom and Barbara were held over to provide security, and the others were replaced by a group who immediately shook everybody up with their noticeably different attitudes. They wore bright-colored heavy sweaters or windbreakers, and they were smoking, kidding around, laughing, and looking at the men from Channel 13 with keen observation and an air of fun. They came from a West 147th Street neighborhood social center. Their names were Bernard, Winton, Valerie, John, and Willie.

"We have been talking about vandalism," Mr. Davis said, in his cracked, puzzled voice. "I don't know if you have those problems in the center. Is the center as important as your school? Valerie, what do you do in the center?"

"We have sewing, photography—things like that," said Valerie. She shrugged and looked across the table at John.

"We don't have a center in Summit," Tom said stiffly and deferentially. "What is it, exactly?"

"You know, you *go* there," John said. "You play basketball, pool, checkers—you go to dances. You know?"

"I don't go much," Willie said. "It's boring. They don't want you to dance here, to dance there. They don't want you, when you're dancing, to have the lights low."

"When hootenanny beckons us, we're ready."

"Let me ask you," Mr. Davis said. "Why do girls seem to like the Beatles?"

"Why, all their publicity," Willie said. "All that publicity on WINS, C.B.S.—that would make anybody like them."

"I don't see why the girls flip over them," Winton said. "I think a lot go to see them because they want to see their haircuts."

"They're O.K. for a rock-'n'-roll group, although I don't care for rock 'n' roll myself," Barbara said.

"I hate them," Willie said. "I think more of Elvis than I do of the Beatles. Because Elvis made it himself. The Beatles made it with all that publicity."

Mr. Schultz and Mr. Polk left the room for a brief conference. "You can tell right away," Mr. Schultz said. "It'll be Tom. He can be counted on always to say the right thing, the proper thing, the accepted thing."

"And Willie," Mr. Polk said, grinning. "The combination of Tom and Willie. Right?"

"Right," Mr. Schultz said, looking delighted.

"Keep in mind who will be the catalyst, who will make lots of enemies, who can draw the others out, who can lecture each one," Mr. Polk said. "And do we have the luxury of having kids who will argue for argument's sake? No."

"I agree," Mr. Schultz said.

"And we need real kids," Mr. Polk said. "Kids who will reveal themselves."

"Right," Mr. Schultz said. "I agree."

The two men returned to the conference room.

The next batch—very mixed—consisted of Maria, Carlos, Bob, Ed, Charlie, Roderick, Hiram, Louis, Elizabeth, Diane, and Joan.

In response to prompting from Mr. Davis, Roderick, who looked like an even handsomer Cassius Clay, informed the group that he didn't go to school but, when he wasn't sleeping, spent a lot of his time working, even though he somehow had more money when he *wasn't* working.

"Don't you get bored?" asked Diane, a pretty, theatrical-looking girl from James Madison High, in Brooklyn, who had told Mr. Davis that she wanted to be an actress.

"Uh-uh," Roderick said. "Go to par-

"Miss Payson, send in someone—anyone—who's falling down on the job."

•

ties. You don't get bored going to parties."

"But don't you want to go to school?" Diane asked.

"Why? What for?" Roderick said.

"Well, to learn a trade, or something. Don't you want to get married?" Diane said.

"Uh-uh," Roderick said. "I got enough trouble by myself."

There followed a discussion of how Roderick and Hiram spent their time—a discussion that involved definitions of words in their special vocabulary, such as "Jitterbugging is when a group of guys fight to protect your territory," and "Bluebellies, they pick you up and take you to the station, they're cops."

"You just stand on *corners*?" Elizabeth asked. "Why stand on a corner?"

"Because we got no place else to go," Hiram said.

"You have fights?" Diane asked. "Why do you get into fights?"

"It's like this," Roderick said. "When you get a reputation, everybody wants to take it away from you."

"Isn't it frustrating, just fighting every day?" Elizabeth asked.

"No," Hiram said. "Every day we got a *different* fight."

Mr. Polk and Mr. Schultz turned to each other. Both of them looked triumphant.

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THE production called "Homage to Shakespeare" on its printed programs is called "A Homage to Shakespeare" in its *Herald Tribune* advertisements and "An Homage to Shakespeare" on its tickets.

Braque Festival

ENCOURAGED by the success of its nine-gallery, twenty-five-dollar-a-head opening-night Picasso benefit of the spring before last, which raised eighty-two thousand dollars, the Public Education Association, whose aim is to improve public education in the city, is now about to launch a similar enterprise—the exhibition at four galleries, from April 8th to May 2nd, of a hundred and sixty oils, collages, gouaches, watercolors, pastels, and chalk drawings, plus twenty-eight sculptures, by the late Georges Braque. "Major works, many of them never seen by the general public before," Mrs. Victor W. Ganz, a P.E.A. vice-president and a co-chairman of the show, said to us when we called on her at her apartment, on Park Avenue, the other afternoon to inquire about the project. Mrs. Ganz introduced us to Mrs. Bertram Smith, another co-chairman, who had just entered the sitting room (its walls were covered with Picassos), and went on, "We've had great luck with the hundred and twenty-five private collectors and museums we approached for loans. We got very few turndowns. Sixteen museums and art institutes, all over the country, have contributed, besides the galleries—Saidenberg, Perls, Rosenberg, and Knoedler—that are showing the works. The selection was made by John Richardson, the British art critic. He did the catalogue for our Picasso show, and now he has compiled the Braque catalogue, which will reproduce every one of the exhibits, eight of them in color. Many of our lenders are former lenders to the Picasso benefit."

We recalled that Mrs. Ganz and her husband had been such lenders, and we asked whether they had provided any P.E.A. Braques.

"We don't have any Braques," she said. "Mrs. Smith has lent a beautiful one, though—'The Guéridon.' A marvellous huge picture."

"It has been shown only once since it was painted, in 1921," Mrs. Smith said. "Count Etienne de Beaumont bought it from Braque, or his dealer, and left it to his niece, Princess Poniatowska. I got it through Knoedler. I knew Braque slightly. In Paris four years ago, he asked me to come to tea. He was very frail—he was confined to his atelier, on the top floor of his house—and he had courtly manners. He was wearing a beautiful tweed jacket, and had a silk scarf around his neck."

"He loved fabrics," Mrs. Ganz said. "Unlike Picasso, he was austere and reserved. He was an elegant man with the quality of gentleness. The last major Braque show here was in 1949, at the Museum of Modern Art. It's going to be an absolutely beautiful show."

"We set New York on its ear with the Picasso benefit, and I hope we'll do the same thing with the Braque," Mrs. Smith said, and a few minutes later we wished the ladies good luck and took our leave.

It pays to circulate. Whom should we run into that evening, at a reception for a British publisher, but Mr. Richardson? "I'm kind of a free-lance exhibition organizer," he said. "I feel that Braque is underestimated. Too many people think of him as a latter-day Chardin, a purveyor of tasteful still-lifes. What I hope the exhibition will show is that

he was a great inventor, a great creative figure, in every phase of his career. He was a hero of the First World War, in which he was badly wounded, and he was always withdrawn, somewhat detached from life, something of a hermit. He was very conscious of his marvellous looks. He had fifty pairs of shoes made by Hellstern, and a great collection of caps, like Picasso. He had a passion for expensive English tweeds, which he alternated with very simple seamen's clothes. And he had a passion for motorcars; he had Alfa Romeos and Bugattis in the twenties and thirties, and later on he had a Rolls-Royce. He was an excellent mechanic. He had a country house built to his specifications in Varengeville-sur-Mer, in Normandy. At the end of the summer, he'd pile his whole summer's work on the top of his car and tie it up with one loop of rope. It never came to grief."

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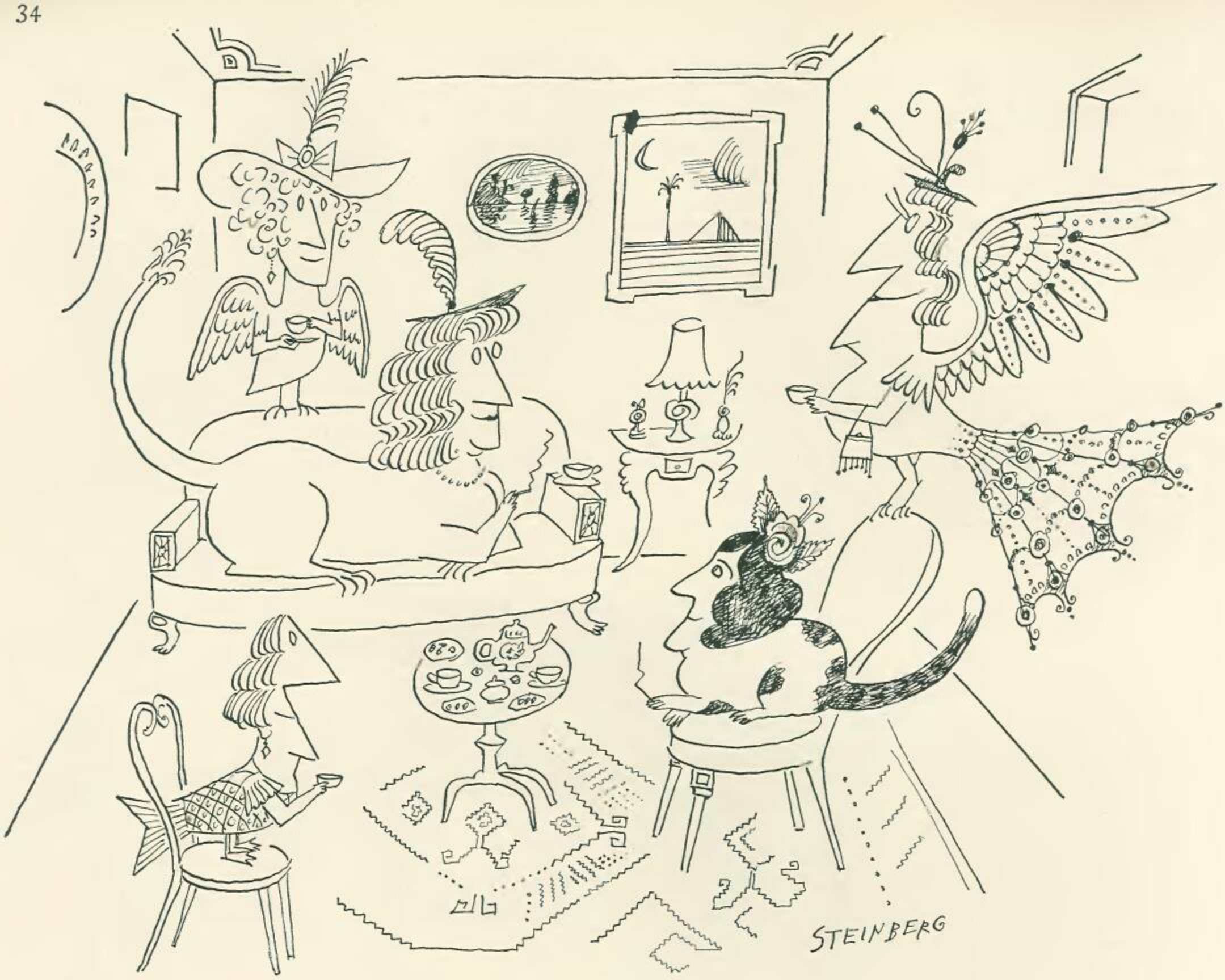
THE Hidden Snack Shop, on Green Bay Road, in Winnetka, Illinois, has gone out of business.

Preliminaries

WE don't know what Robert Moses has been up to lately, but we do know quite a lot about a number of New York World's Fair exhibitors, with whom we've had a series of breakfasts, lunches, and drinks bountiful beyond our wildest dreams. Naturally, many of the facts with which we were generously presented have slipped our mind, but we do remember a few. We remember being told at breakfast at the Waldorf-Astoria that the Du Pont Pavilion show, written, directed, and produced by Michael Brown, will be performed forty times a day for the duration of the Fair, or fourteen thousand six hundred times altogether, and will include exchanges of roses and bags of groceries between live actors and life-size actors on film. Another part of the show, we recall, will be a series of chemical experiments thought up by Dr. Jonathan Karas, who won a citation from the War Department in 1945 for his work on the atomic bomb. A demonstrator will freeze a flower in Freon and then smash it to bits, and later in the show, he will put out a candle forty feet away with a vortex gun—a drum with a hole in it, which emits a concentrated stream of air when it is struck. "The Germans experimented with the same principle for shooting down planes in the First World War," Dr. Karas told us. When we talked with him at the Waldorf, he had decided against an experiment indicating the resistance of Teflon to a mixture of tar and hair, because it seemed slightly repulsive, and an experiment in which small elephant-shaped sponges would be immersed in water. ("What could we do with a lot of big wet elephants after the show?" he asked.)

Mr. Lawrence H. M. Vineburgh, who graduated from the School of Foreign Service at Georgetown University, then spent a year at Harvard, and was until recently a management consultant for the Corporation for Economic Industrial Research, explained to us during lunch at the Yale Club that his contribution to the Fair was an authentic reproduction of the Santa Maria, which had got tangled in a tree at a Flushing street corner and stuck in Flushing Meadow mud on the way to its site in Lake Pond. Inspired by Christopher Columbus, whom he thinks of as the Spaceman, or John Glenn, of 1492, and by the expectation that seventy million people will visit the Fair, and having discovered, in the course of journeys to Barcelona and to the naval-and-transportation section of

"All we ever seem to do together any more is prepare a joint return."



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the Smithsonian Institution, that no authentic reproduction of the Santa Maria existed, Mr. Vineburgh told Robert Moses that he would produce one, and upon getting Mr. Moses's O.K. he did. It was still in the mud at the water's edge the last we heard, but Mr. Vineburgh is confident that it will be afloat by April 22nd, when the Fair opens. The original Santa Maria, Mr. Vineburgh told us, sank off Cap Haitien on Christmas Day, 1492.

We remember trudging through pouring rain one afternoon to a party given at the City Squire Motor Inn in honor of an integrated minstrel show that is being produced at the Fair by Michael Todd, Jr., and will be performed in his Theatre Café, in the Louisiana Pavilion. Furthermore, we remember enjoying ourself at the party, sitting under an umbrella at one end of a large swimming pool, sipping a mint julep, and smoking a long, thin cigar. A week later, over drinks at the Algonquin, the chairman of the American Machine & Foundry Co., a cheerful man from Virginia named Carter Burgess, described to us the glories of monorail transportation, which will be demonstrated by a monorailroad that his company is setting up in Flushing Meadow. Just as Mr. Vineburgh has been troubled by the mud at the Fairgrounds, Mr. Burgess has had to overcome shifting sand. "We've put down the most intricate system of pilings known to man," he told us. Soon afterward, we found ourself having breakfast at the Plaza Hotel with two hundred travel agents from Asia, Africa, and Europe, who had been imported by the Hotel Corporation of America, Pan American Airways, and American Express in the hope that once they'd had a look at New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Flushing Meadow, they would return home to encourage hordes of their fellow-countrymen to come over. While several hotel, airline, New York City, and New York State officials apologized for the fact that it happened to be snowing that day, the travel agents sat eating, looking serious, and applauding politely from time to time. We left them as they were about to embark on a bus for a trip to the Fair.

Most recently, *we* took a bus trip to the Fair to see what we were told was the first public demonstration of controlled nuclear fusion—an exhibit suggested by Walt Disney to the General Electric Company, which had been performing the experiment privately. Standing next to a man in a Glen-plaid raincoat who kept saying "Zap," we stared at some mysterious-looking apparatus under a plastic dome in the center of the General Electric Pavilion, waiting for deuterium atoms to collide, fuse, and produce more than five million neutrons—energy equivalent to one hundred million degrees Fahrenheit, it was explained. We heard a loud bang, saw a flash of light, and concluded that the experiment had been successful. When we left, a series of Pinkerton guards in yellow raincoats directed our bus over bumps and through mud on our way out of the Fairgrounds, and as we rolled down Roosevelt Avenue and passed a stand selling nineteen-cent hamburgers, we wondered what Robert Moses was up to.

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THE Coos County *Democrat*, a newspaper published in Lancaster, New Hampshire, is unabashedly Republican.

ADD HOT WATER; SERVES FOURTEEN MILLION

UNTIL about one-fifteen of a recent weekday morning, when I found a cure for my long torment, I was abysmally hooked, an addict. Erratic, perpetually exhausted, filled with self-loathing, and vilely short-tempered, I was in danger of losing my job, my friends, even my marriage. "Either you say goodbye to the habit or you can say goodbye to *me!*" my wife cried one night. I started to plead with her, but at that moment my bloodshot eyes strayed to our bedroom clock and I saw that it was That Time again. I shrugged and scuttled into the living room and turned on. I was, to admit the ugly truth, a late-night television-movie addict.

In my case, at least, the addiction was localized—I went only for Hollywood movies of the late nineteen-thirties. It is to this circumstance that I can attribute the suddenness with which I was able to kick the habit. Others, hooked on everything from "Hell's Angels" to "Platinum High School," may, I'm afraid, have a more difficult time with their cold turkey, but, if my case is any indication, there's hope for them, too.

Like a drug addict who will sniff only cocaine, I was interested only in the pure pre-1940 stuff, but careful conning of newspaper TV listings and some deft channel-switching enabled me to get all of the junk I needed to feed my habit. Four or five evenings each week, I would awaken at dawn from a confused dream involving Richard Arlen, Rochelle Hudson, and Bonita Granville to find myself sprawled, still fully clothed, in my living-room chair, with a heap of cigarette butts and apple cores before me and only the taunting eye of the empty screen to witness my shame and degradation.

I had no warning that an escape from my torture was at hand. On the night in question, I had already taken in a Deanna Durbin musical and had just settled down miserably to a 1938 Warner Brothers gangster movie called "Angels with Dirty Faces." Then it happened. Midway through the first reel, one of the supporting players snarled, "Them rotten coppers will never get Rocky Sullivan—he's too smart for them," and at that instant I knew, as if by magic, everything that was going to take place during the rest of the movie, right down to that final scene when Rocky Sullivan would be dragged screaming to the electric chair. I rose at once, strode to the television set and snapped it off, and went straight to bed.

Not until I awoke in the morning, refreshed by the longest sleep I'd had in months, did I fully understand the liberating significance of that scrap of dialogue. Thinking about "Angels with Dirty Faces," and about the vast, tawdry repertory of thirties films that I knew so well, it suddenly dawned on me that the early scenes of virtually every Hollywood movie of that era contained a similar moment of précis—a brief exchange of dialogue, or in some instances merely one line, that gave away the entire film and made further viewing unnecessary. This scrap of dramaturgy, I realized, was the distilled essence, the Nescafé, of the film, and once the experienced viewer extracted this essence he could switch off his set and go to bed, where simply by adding a generous amount of mental hot water he could turn it into a full-length feature, creating what I've lately come to think of as the Instant Movie, a potion that can be consumed in two or three fast gulps just before sleep.

NOW that I've kicked the habit, I feel that the very least I can do is to help pry the monkey off the backs of my erstwhile fellow-addicts, and I have therefore cooked up the makings of a handful of Instant Movies. As an example, consider a 1938 horse-racing picture. In this imaginary film, the quintessential line of dialogue comes early in the second reel, in a scene that takes place outside a rustic stable. A freckle-faced eleven-year-old tomboy named Cindy (Marcia Mae Jones) is looking pleadingly up into the moist blue eyes of an old white-haired Southern gent (Walter Brennan).

CINDY: They won't have to shoot Firefly, will they, Gramps?

Now, adding hot water to this line, we immediately have a ninety-seven-minute feature entitled "Kentucky Sunshine." And who among us, viewing "Kentucky Sunshine," would be able to blink back the tears when Gramps experiences a painless but garrulous death halfway through the sixth reel, or, indeed, would be able to repress a grin at the endearing high jinks of Jazzbo (Stepin Fetchit), the good-natured but bumbling Negro stable hand? What's more, would we not all feel a sudden warm glow (something akin to heartburn) when, in the closing moments of the film, Peggy (Ann Rutherford), Cindy's wind-blown older sister, at last gets together with Jim Crankshaw (Dick Foran), the idealistic young veterinarian from down the road, as Cindy and Jazzbo chuckle on the back porch and, in the final fadeout, Firefly sticks his head out of his stall and whinnies playfully? Which reminds me. No, Cindy, they won't have to shoot Firefly. In fact, in the last reel, in the running-of-the-Derby sequence, guess which 95–1 shot is going to win the race by a nose?

I suppose the addicts in the audience have got the idea by now, but as a further guide toward their salvation I

"How's your fat little boy friend?"

have cooked up ten other prototypical Instant Movies, all from the powerful 1938 crop, of which I shall pass along only the Nescafé; for these flickers, the reader will have to supply his own hot water.

1. The Instant 1938 High-Class Musical Biography Movie.

SCENE: *A candlelit garret in a squalid corner of Vienna in 1843. On a narrow cot, a pale, lovely dying young woman* (Anita Louise) *is whispering huskily to a sensitive-looking young man* (Richard Greene), *whose hair is even longer than hers.*

DYING YOUNG WOMAN (*in a heavy Vienna accent*): You must forget me, Franz. The vorld is vaiting for your beaudiful melodies.

2. The Instant 1938 Spoiled Débutante Movie.

SCENE: *An outsize white-on-white bedroom in a North Shore Long Island mansion. Midge* (Jane Bryan), *a wide-eyed, saccharine young thing, is talking with Cynthia Marlowe* (Bette Davis), *a chain-smoking, hyperthyroid, but madly attractive heiress of twenty-four.*

MIDGE: But gee whizz, Cynthia, Polly is your own identical twin sister!

CYNTHIA: Polly is a sentimental little fool. Gordon Hughes is the most fascinating man I've ever met, and I'm going to have him.

MIDGE: But Gordon is taking Polly to the Harbor Club dance tonight.

CYNTHIA: That's what he thinks. Aunt Agatha's had another one of her attacks, and Polly left unexpectedly this morning for California to be at her bedside. Isn't that *sweet* of Polly? Gordon will never know the difference.

MIDGE: But, Cynthia, you wouldn't . . .

3. The Instant 1938 Naval Academy Movie.

SCENE: *A dormitory room at Annapolis on the Friday evening before the crucial annual weekend maneuvers. A veteran chief petty officer* (Wallace Beery) *is addressing a handsome but insolent young midshipman* (Robert Taylor), *who is lounging on his cot with an infuriating half smile on his lips.*

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER (*angrily*): Look, playboy, this isn't a country club, it's the *U*-nited States Navy. Your dad stood for something at this Academy, and I'm not going to let you ruin his good name.

MIDSHIPMAN: If you're quite through with the hearts and flowers, Clancy, I still have that date with Brenda at the Kit Kat Club in half an hour, and Flotilla C won't lose the Academy flag unless you decide to turn me in. So actually it's up to you, isn't it?

4. The Instant 1938 Newspaperman Movie.

SCENE: *The cluttered City Room of the New York* Daily Chronicle. *The managing editor* (William Frawley) *is having a heated argument with his star reporter* (Edmund Lowe).

MANAGING EDITOR: Listen, O'Brien, you've spent enough of the paper's time on that wild-goose chase. Drop that story or consider yourself fired!

STAR REPORTER: O.K., Chief, I admit it—all the evidence says no. But somehow I think that poor guy in the death house, Stragella, is telling the truth. Give me just three hours more. I've got a hunch.

5. The Instant 1938 College Football Movie.

SCENE: *The campus of Cantwell College, somewhere in the Middle West. A coed* (Patsy Kelly) *is talking excitedly with the captain of the football team* (Jack Oakie).

COED: Gee whizz, Windy, if Blinky Walinkowitz can't play on Saturday we haven't got a chance against State. And he'll never pass Professor Gottsegen's botany exam.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN: I wouldn't be so sure of that, Glenda. Remember how Blinky was able to remember, for exactly twenty-four hours, every single word of the songs you sang when we were all riding the merry-go-round at the student carnival last week?

COED: Yes, but what's that got to do with—

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN: Plenty. The

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET

(UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON)

Mr. Jeremy Bentham sits, nearly complete,
inside a booth in the University College hall,
a skeleton, dressed in neat,
sad clothes—all
but his head. That lies, boiled, in a box at his feet.

Thus, on those occasions
when the closet, labelled "Jeremy Bentham," is laid
open to view, while preparations
for a directors' meeting are made,
a head of wax stares down our grisliest patience.

Jeremy's bones wear the neat
costume since he was dissected
in the presence of his friends, and all meat
removed. So he directed.
Now his remains sit with the academic élite.

Pedestrian, utilitarian, debonair,
dreamless, dispassionately kind,
his logic is philosophy's despair.
It cracks the metaphysics of the mind.
The system crumbles, but the sense is there.

But if so, what sense
dedicated his bones to play this part
in the teeth of omnivorous, immense
death? A contemptuous or clinging human heart?
Be that as it may. At all events,

when the last angels bugle, from their stones
and holes, all such fossils, scraps of shell,
hairhanks, forlorn bits of skeletons
as comprise us, you will be most ready to answer the bell,
Mr. Bones.

—RICHMOND LATTIMORE

• •

exam is tomorrow morning, and you're a straight-A student in botany. Right? Now, here's my plan. You bring Blinky here after lights-out, and I'll get my sax, and we'll . . .

6. The Instant 1938 African Safari Movie.

SCENE: *A clearing in a notably phony-looking bit of backlot jungle. Captain Jack Clifton* (Bruce Cabot), *a world-famous African explorer, and Bob Thayer* (John Payne), *an earnest young anthropologist, are questioning a frightened native messenger* (Sam Jaffe).

NATIVE MESSENGER: Uga wamba bonga tonga. Wamba munga tbaga kwumba sbimba mboga.

BOB: What is he saying?

CAPTAIN JACK: He says that it is still two days' march to the Valley of the Lost Elephants, through Umphalombi Swamp and over Jackal's Tooth Range. Sleeping sickness has decimated the bearers we hoped to meet at the watering hole. And he says between here and the Valley there is a fierce tribe of headhunters that is holding prisoner a bearded old man and a beautiful young blond woman.

BOB: Gosh, then . . .

CAPTAIN JACK: Yes, Bob, I'm afraid it's just as we feared. The Ugwambas have captured Janet and Professor Bartelstone.

7. The Instant 1938 Mysterious Fatal Disease Movie.

SCENE: *The office of James Hartwell, M.D. Dr. Hartwell* (Henry O'Neill), *a silver-haired gentleman, is talking privately with Sally Forsythe* (Loretta Young), *a beautiful young wife and mother, who has lately been having the most painful headaches.*

DR. HARTWELL (*gravely*): I'd say six months, Sally . . . if you're careful.

SALLY: I see. Dr. Jim, promise you won't say a word about this to Jeff. He's been working so hard these last six years on his arthritis experiments. This trip to Sweden for the Nobel Prize was to have been our second honeymoon.

8. The Instant 1938 Lower East Side Movie.

SCENE: *The roof of a tenement on an oppressively hot and humid New York summer's night. A moody young slum dweller* (John Garfield) *is looking out on the lights of the city, as his best girl* (Priscilla Lane) *stands adoringly at his side.*

YOUNG SLUM DWELLER: You wait and see, Lois, I'm going to do just like Ma wanted me to. I'm going to write a symphony of the city. And there's gonna be everything in it—the lights, the rattle of the subways at night, the taxicabs honking, Mrs. Callaghan yelling at her kids.

BEST GIRL: Gee, that's swell, Danny. Then you're . . . you're going to give up boxing for good?

9. The Instant 1938 Sophisticated Romance Movie.

SCENE: *The private New York office of Chris Baxter, the president of Amalgamated, Inc. Tim Roderick* (Melvyn Douglas), *a handsome corporation lawyer in his mid-thirties, has just burst unannounced into the room and is speaking angrily to a trim, beautiful young woman* (Rosalind Russell), *who is seated behind an enormous mahogany desk.*

TIM: All right, Miss whatever your name is, I want to see your boss, Chris Baxter, right away. Right away, you hear?

YOUNG WOMAN: If you'll please calm down, perhaps you can tell me what it is you want. I'm Chris Baxter.

TIM: You're Chris Baxter? But you're . . . you're a woman.

YOUNG WOMAN (*coolly lighting a cigarette*): And is there anything so unusual about that?

10. The Instant 1938 Big House Movie.

SCENE: *A cellblock at State Penitentiary. A soft-spoken Irish-American priest* (Pat O'Brien) *is reasoning quietly with an escaping convict* (James Cagney), *who is wildly waving a loaded revolver.*

PRIEST: Hand over that gun, my son.

CONVICT: Stand back, Father Jerry, or I'll drill you! I swear I'll drill you! (*Click!*)

No, that wasn't the revolver misfiring—it was me turning off my television set. Good night.

—THOMAS MEEHAN

"You know, I never thought I'd live to see the day the Dow-Jones industrial average broke eight hundred."

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LOVELY TO LOOK AT, DELIGHTFUL TO HOLD

Mrs. Farley was sitting in a bus when she first saw it. She spotted the price as the bus swerved round the corner, and she wondered if it could be possible. A three-piece suite for nine pounds! Perhaps it was nineteen? Or ninety? All day, she thought about it.

Next morning, she walked past the place on her way to work. Nine pounds it was. Quite a good three-piece, covered in dark-green tapestry. Second-hand, of course, but not so shabby that you'd know. After all, it could be one that she'd had in her house for years, ever since she married. She'd buy it. Luckily, she had a pound in her bag, which served as a deposit. While the long-nosed shop assistant wrote out a receipt, she sat on the armchairs, then on the couch, moving along the seat to make sure it was not thoroughly sprung. How well it would fit into her front room! In the evenings, she and Mr. Farley would have an armchair each. When Mr. Farley went on the boiler-makers' outing, she and her boy friend would share the couch. It would be perfect. May—the sun through the windows shining on the castor-oil plant, and the couch a darker shade of green, with antimacassars to protect it from sun and greasy arms. There would be a cushion for behind his back, and with a bit of luck the wisteria would be in bloom, disguising the creosote-soaked fence. He would see what a good gardener she was.

"Certainly, Madam," the shop assistant was saying in answer to her question about delivery. They would deliver anything, and she could pay as and when she liked. "Have a look around at other things," he said. The shop sold new as well as second-hand furniture.

"I'd love one of those." She pointed to a display of cut-glass vases on a glass-topped table. Even without sun, the chips of cut glass gleamed with rainbow colors. Wisteria would go lovely in a tall vase like that. Light blue, weepy wisteria. It reminded her of her girlhood. "When I win the pools," she said, and went off to work smiling to herself.

It was a shocking day. The snow had been on the ground now for eight whole weeks. When it first fell, and at each new fall, it was downy white, but in between it was an ugly soot gray. No fresh vegetables, either, and talk of coal and paraffin oil being rationed. London was never able to cope with crises—no planning.

She was doing two houses that morning. In all, she cleaned six houses a week, two each on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. She devoted the other days to her own home, and consequently it was a little palace. Even her husband admitted it. He saw a lot of houses, because he installed boilers. He knew how dirty the average London house was. Soot on the window sashes, wainscotings never wiped, television knobs never dusted.

"Well, I got a bargain at last," she said to Mrs. Captain Hagerty, her first employer that morning. Mrs. Captain Hagerty was on the telephone, complaining about a blanket she'd bought that had shrunk. "It's my lucky year," Mrs. Farley said, taking off her coat, her outside cardigan, and her boots.

There was no doubt, Mrs. Captain Hagerty thought, but that Mrs. Farley was looking more spry. She was still plump, but her face was different—the lines softer, the look in her eye not so heartlessly blue. Could Mrs. Farley have found another man?

Mrs. Captain Hagerty thought not, but she was wrong. Mrs. Farley had indeed found a man in her forty-sixth year. They had known each other slightly for years—he lived nearby—had chatted at bus stops, and once he had let her take his turn in the butcher's. Just before Christmas, she realized that she had not seen him for weeks, and for several more weeks she searched for him. She would think of his face, especially at night, when she was tired—his thin, sallow face, and his eye sockets outlined with crow's-feet. He worked in a furniture factory and probably had to keep his eyes constantly screwed up so as not to get sawdust in them. That was the thing about hard work—it showed on your hands, or face, or some part of you.

She'd given up hope of ever seeing him again, when they met in a snowfall one day and she rushed to shake hands with him. His face was as white as the falling snow. He'd got thin, and the crow's-feet were more pronounced—as if someone had etched them at needle-point. He'd been sick with his heart. Nearly died, he said. Suddenly, before she knew what she was doing, she had her hands on his shoulders, saying, "Don't die on me," and then he had his arm in hers and they pulled off gloves and gripped hands like two people who'd never gripped hands before. They went for a walk down a side street.

"I saw something about a snowflake on television," she said to him. "It's a perfect crystal."

"I saw that, too," he said, and squeezed her hand tighter. The snow brushed her cheeks, but softly, like petals, and warm tears filled her eyes. The two of them were in the same predicament—married to people they didn't care for, working all day, home at night: television, bed, alarm clock set for six. She thought it a coincidence that they should both be bordering on forty-six and be keen gardeners. Before a half hour was spent, they were in love, and, like all clandestine lovers, they were already conscious of

the risks. It was her dry eyes, he said, that first drew her to him, that day in the butcher's. She admitted that she'd had plenty of occasion to cry, in her time.

"Even now," he said. Through the film of tears, she saw him smile at her, and she told him how happy they were going to be.

"Yes, I've had a lot of good fortune lately," she said to Mrs. Captain Hagerty as she reached under the radiator to mop up the pool of water that her boots had caused.

Mrs. Captain Hagerty was saying in her splendidly authoritative voice into the telephone, "Is that the manager? Well, this is Mrs. Captain Hagerty. Yes, it *is* a blanket. Strawberry-colored. It shrunk shockingly, I can't tell you—I mean, it's hardly adequate for a single bed now." She listened for a second or two, smiled at the mouthpiece, and in a changed voice said, "Oh, but how kind, how terribly kind. And you'll collect it. . . . Thank *you*." Mrs. Captain Hagerty had had her way. A blue van would be sent to collect the blanket, which she had boiled by mistake in the copper. She was even willing to listen to Mrs. Farley's troubles for a few seconds.

"It's a lovely shop," Mrs. Farley was saying. "It's on the No. 93 bus route, right at the corner. I spotted this bargain yesterday, off the bus. . . ."

Mrs. Captain Hagerty decided that they might as well have coffee. If she had to listen to some story, it was as well to be comfortable. Mrs. Farley could make up the time later. "Green matches everything," Mrs. Captain Hagerty said as she stirred saccharine into her coffee. One had to say something to these people.

"And lovely vases," Mrs. Farley went on. "Lovely cut-glass ones—they'd shimmer in the sun. And they had ever such a funny card printed on the counter in front of the vases," Mrs. Farley said, and then blushed as she recited it, the way a child would recite:

> "Lovely to look at,
> Delightful to hold,
> But if you break me,
> Consider me sold."

"Quite," Mrs. Captain Hagerty said. Enough was enough. She stood up to make some more telephone calls. Mrs. Farley had to drink down the last of her coffee hurriedly.

THAT night, in her small front room, Mrs. Farley looked at her husband's face in the faint blue glow from the television screen and decided she would ask him when he wakened. Even in dim light, her husband was plain. Fat, with round, piglike cheeks and a paunch. Awake or asleep, he tried to disguise the paunch by placing his folded hands across it, and, as far as she was concerned, merely drew attention to it. Yes, she'd ask him. She'd done everything to please him all evening. He'd had steak-and-kidney pie, a pint of Director's bitter from the pub, and the right television channel going. He only tolerated the channel that carried advertisements, insisting that the other lot were snobs. It seemed foolish, because he slept through it anyhow, but he was a stubborn man and had to have his way.

"Dan," she said when she saw him stir, "d'you know what I was just thinking about? D'you remember the winter of the big freeze and you found a lump of coal on the road and brought it home and it turned out to be ice that was black with soot?"

"I remember it," he said. It was the only happy memory they ever resorted to. The ice had melted in the grate, ruining the chopped sticks that Mrs. Farley had put there. In the end, they'd gone out to a pub to get warm. It was 1947, the year of her first miscarriage. They often went to pubs then, and had beer and salt-beef sandwiches.

"Yes, I was just thinking about it when I was looking at you there asleep," she said. "Funny how you think of things for no reason."

"I remember it," he said. "It was in Hartfield Terrace, just beyond the railway bridge. I was coming along—very cold it was. . . ."

From a distance she heard his voice receding into the story and she lowered the television. "Dan," she said when he had finished, "I did something reckless today—I couldn't help it."

"What reckless?" He was wide awake now, his tongue dampening the corners of his mouth.

"I put a pound down on a three-piece suite."

"We have all the furniture we need," he said. "Still paying for those damn beds I am." A year before, Mrs. Farley had implored him to get single divan beds. She wasn't well, she said, and would be happier in a single bed. She needed privacy. It inconvenienced him no end.

"A three-piece suite for only four pounds," she said. "It is a most beautiful olive green."

"It must be worm-eaten—you wouldn't get anything now for four pounds."

"I beat him down," she said. "They were asking eight, but I beat him down. I think it was my eyes that did it." The

"This is his answering service."

long-nosed salesman hadn't even noticed her.

"I'm not buying it," he said. "You can take that for definite."

"You remember," she said, "that you said you might get me an umbrella for my birthday. Well, if you're getting me anything, I'd rather have the money."

If he gave her three pounds, and if she did an hour extra for Mrs. Captain Hagerty and skimped on the food for herself, she might have the eight pounds' balance by May 10th, which was the day Mr. Farley was going on the outing to Brighton. She'd invited her friend to come to the house. They had nowhere to meet except on the street, and they couldn't do much there except each take off a glove and walk hand in hand down a road and up again. Once or twice, they'd taken a bus ride and had a cup of coffee a few miles away in Chelsea, but it didn't feel natural.

They met on Saturdays, and by coincidence Mr. Farley's outing was planned for a Saturday, too. Her friend had promised to spend the whole afternoon with her; for once, he would defy his wife and say he was going to a football match. If she had the three-piece suite by then, they could sit next to each other on the couch.

"I made no promises about birthdays or anything else," Mr. Farley was saying. Sulky old pig.

"Oh, forget it," she said, turning up the television sound. "If being married for seventeen years means nothing to you, I can't help it—I can only feel that there's something the matter somewhere." She clattered off toward the kitchen in her old bedroom slippers, mumbling.

"Just a minute now!" he called, but she went into the kitchen and worked her temper out by tidying the cutlery drawer.

That night, when he asked for his rights, Mrs. Farley was gratified to be able to say no.

"YOU look well," her friend said when they met the following Saturday. Each time, she looked younger. Her cheeks were a hearty red—like an apple—and her eyes shone. There was no telling, of course, about her figure, because in winter clothes she was shapeless, like everyone else.

"It's my hair," she said. She'd given herself a home perm and put a little peroxide in the water. If Mr. Farley knew, he'd kill her, so at home she had to sit well out of the light. "Yes," she said. "I've been told I have hair the texture of a baby's."

He touched the permed ends with his finger and asked how her week had been.

"I love you more than ever."

"I love *you* more than ever," he said.

"How's your wife?" she asked.

His wife was attending a National Health psychiatrist, learning after seventeen years of marriage how to be a married woman. "Not that it matters now to me," he said, squeezing Mrs. Farley's fingers. Her hands were coarse from all the washing and scrubbing, but she'd bought rubber gloves and was taking more care.

"Is she nice-looking?" Mrs. Farley asked.

"Not as nice as you," he said. "She's nothing to you."

His wife had been a nurse, and Mrs. Farley reckoned that she would look down on her, who did for people. At least, they'd never meet.

"She's bitter," he said. "You know, bitter—always getting a rub at me through my friends."

Mrs. Farley knew it well. Mr. Farley did that. Insulted her through other people.

"Don't remind me of her," he said.

They had arrived at the brick arch under the railway bridge, and she stood with her back to the wall, waiting for him to kiss her. The thick, jagged icicles that hung from one corner of the arch were dripping down the wall, and, underneath, the pool of water was freezing. She'd taken off one of her jerseys so as not to look too bulky for him. "I've decided what we'll have the day you come in," she said as she kissed his cold nose. The poor man had bad circulation.

"What?" he said.

"Pork chops and applesauce," she said, "and bread-and-butter pudding to follow."

"That will be lovely."

"You'll see the garden," she said. She heard herself describe the garden as it would be—wisteria on the fence, peonies in the heart-shaped bed, lily of the valley under the gooseberry bush. And then, as he opened her coat and put his arms around her, she heard herself describe her front room, and in her description the olive-green, three-piece suite figured prominently.

There was nothing, he said, he liked better than a house-proud woman. His wife wouldn't even transfer tea from the packet into a biscuit tin that they used as a caddy.

Mrs. Farley said a woman like that didn't deserve a home.

"It's time," he said, kissing her mouth, then her chin, then her neck, which had got crêpy with the years.

They began to walk, her hand in his pocket. Sometimes their hips touched. His body was very thin—his hipbone probably stuck out like a knife! "We'll have the time of our lives," she said. She didn't know quite what would happen the day he visited her, but it would be the deciding one in their lives.

"You'll give me pork chops," he said.

"Two for you and one for me."

"And a cuddle?" he said.

"I might." Her feet were melting in her suède boots. She felt glowing all over; even her toes were no longer numb. "Oh!" she said. It had begun to snow again. She put out her hand to make sure. Her perm would be ruined.

"Just a minute," he said, and ran into a paper shop. He came back with a newspaper for her head.

"A new one," she said, "that we haven't even read."

He held it over her as they walked along, keeping step.

"It's extravagant," she said.

They stopped and kissed, using the paper as a shield to hide the world. That's what being in love meant.

FOUR days before Mr. Farley's summer outing, Mrs. Farley celebrated her forty-sixth birthday. A day like any other—she cleaned two houses and hurried home to put on the dinner. Mr. Farley hadn't mentioned the birthday that morning, but then he was unbearable in the mornings. She bought a cake, just to make the meal into a little occasion. The antimacassars were made, she had paid five pounds on the three-piece suite, and if he gave her money instead of an umbrella she could pay the balance by Saturday. She would have it delivered that day, and when he came home from his outing he would be too tired to complain. There was one thing she would have to be careful about—her friend's pipe. Mr. Farley had a sensitive nose, as he didn't smoke himself. She'd have to get her friend out of the house by five and prop the door back as well as open the window.

"Is that you, Dad?" She was upstairs when she heard Mr. Farley come in. The "Dad" was an affectionate word

dating from one of the three times that Mr. Farley had almost become a father.

"It's me," he said.

She came down in a flowered summer dress, her face newly freckled, because she'd done a bit of gardening while the dinner was cooking. The sun had been so hot that she stretched her arms toward the garden water spray and held them there until she saw a neighbor looking. Ever since she had met her friend, she found a new pleasure in the use of her limbs and surveying herself naked in the wardrobe mirror. If the neighbors knew, they'd have her put away. "Dinner's ready," she said to Mr. Farley, as she got his slippers from under the stairs.

He put them on, then walked across to the laid table and put three pound notes on her side plate.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"Well, I got enough hints," he said.

"No, you didn't," she said. "And not even a card with it." She sulked a bit. If she looked too happy, he might take the money back. Happiness was the one thing he could not stand.

"What use is a card?" he said.

"I may be sentimental, but don't forget I'm a woman," she said. The three-piece suite was hers, and she could hardly contain herself with excitement.

After dinner, he went out and got a card that had "To my dear wife" on the outside.

"I suppose I have a lot of the schoolgirl in me," she said, putting it on the mantel. She was doing everything to humor him. They discussed what shirt he'd wear on the outing, and she said she'd make sandwiches, in case he got peckish on the journey. There would be a posh lunch, of course, in Brighton. "Don't fall for any young girl in a bathing suit," she said.

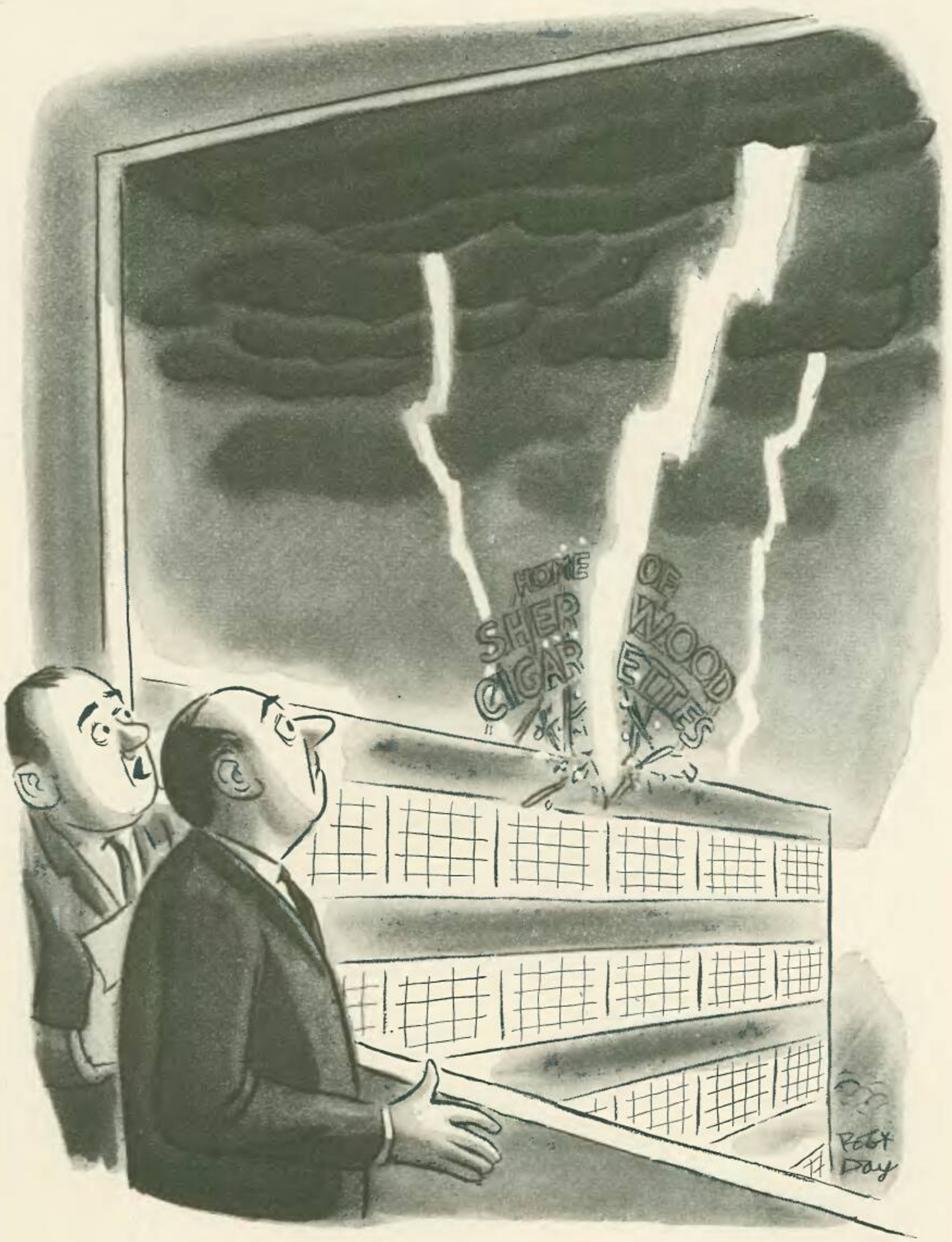
"Is that what you think I'll be doing," he said.

"Well, who knows? A handsome man, fancy-free."

That pleased him. He offered her some of his beer, and that night she couldn't very well refuse him his rights—but it was her friend's face she imagined was on the pillow.

NEXT day, when Mrs. Captain Hagerty was shopping, Mrs. Farley took the opportunity to telephone the furniture shop. She arranged to call in Saturday to pay the balance on the suite, and asked if it could be delivered the same morning. The man—she recognized him as the limp one who took her money each week—said certainly.

On the Friday night, she slept badly. For one thing, Mr. Farley had to be up early to catch the coach at Victoria Station. Also, she was in a tremor over her friend's visit. Would he like the lounge? Would the pork chops be greasy? What would she wear? She'd offer him a sherry when he first arrived, to break the ice. She thought of the doorbell ringing, of a kiss in the hallway,



"Research and statistics are one thing, but <u>this</u> is something else again."

then walking ahead into the room, where the three-piece suite would instantly catch his eye. Thinking of these things, she fell fast asleep.

"No, no, no!" She wakened from a nightmare with tears streaming down her face. She'd been dreaming that she met him at a bus stop and his face was whiter than ever. He couldn't come, he said. His wife had found out and threatened to kill herself. He had to promise never to see Mrs. Farley again. In the dream, Mrs. Farley said she would go to his wife and beg her to show some mercy. She ran to his house, although he called after her not to. His wife turned out to have the long, coarse face of one of the women Mrs. Farley worked for. "If you let me see your husband every Saturday for an hour, I'll scrub your house from top to bottom," Mrs. Farley said. The coarse-faced woman, who was seated on a chair, nodded yes to this proposal, and from nowhere a bucket of water and a scrubbing brush appeared. Mrs. Farley knelt in that small room and began to scrub the linoleum, which had some sort of pattern. She scrubbed with all her might, knowing that it was bringing her back to her friend. Just when she had scrubbed the last corner, a wall receded and the room grew larger, and the more she scrubbed the greater the room became—until finally she was scrubbing a multitude of limitless rooms with cold marble floors. She turned to protest, but the coarse-faced woman had vanished and all she heard was an echo of her own voice screaming to be let free. She knew that her friend was at the bus stop waiting for her to come back, and greater than the pain of losing him was the terror that he would think she had betrayed him. It was then she cried "No, no, no!" in her dream, and wakened to find herself in a sweat.

She got up and took an aspirin. At least it was a relief to know it was a dream. Her legs quaked as she stood at the window and looked out at the garden, which was gray in the oncoming dawn. Sometimes she turned to glance at Mr. Farley, in case he should be awake. The sheet rose and fell over his paunch—he had thrown off the blanket. He was snoring slightly. This morning, he was going away, far away, to the seaside, on an outing with thirty other men. Thirty wives would have a day's peace. And it came to her again, the conviction that he would die in exactly four years, when he was sixty-six. A man in the flat downstairs had died at sixty-six, and because he, too, had been fat and grumpy and had had a paunch, Mrs. Farley believed that a similar fate awaited her husband. She would be fifty—not young, but not too old. The widow downstairs had bloomed in the last few months and had begun to wear loud colors and sing when she was tidying her kitchen. Guiltily, Mrs. Farley got back into bed and prayed for sleep. Without sleep, her face would look pinched, and by afternoon she had to look radiant for her friend. She still shook. That dream had really unnerved her.

In the morning, the sun shone and she had composed herself. She cooked a big breakfast for Mr. Farley and stood at the gate while he walked out of sight toward the main road. Then she dashed back into the house, washed up, dusted the lounge, made a shopping list. By nine o'clock, she was at the furniture shop. The assistant smiled limply as she came forward with the money. When she had paid, he murmured something about not being at all sure that the furniture could be delivered that day.

"But you promised, you promised," she said. "You've got to deliver it! Where's the manager?"

Being easily intimidated, the limp man fled to find the manager. She walked back and forth, hit her clenched fists together, and finally, to distract herself, she went across to look at the cut-glass vases. Her face in the mirror of the display table was red and ugly. Bad temper played havoc with her. She held a vase in her hand and with her thumb felt the sharp, cut edges. Her eyes were fixed on the door through which the shop assistant had disappeared. If only he'd hurry. The vase

she held in her hand cost nine pounds, and, shivering, she put it down. "Lovely to look at, delightful to hold, but if you break me, consider me sold." An accident like that could wreck her plans for weeks. To think that the vase cost as much as the three-piece suite! To think there were people who could afford to buy such a thing and run the risk of breaking it!

"Madam, I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid we can't." He had appeared from nowhere, like the sly, limp person he was.

"You can't," she said. "You can't let me down."

"It's not me, Madam. I'd be only too glad. The manager has got on to the delivery people now and they say they simply can't."

"Where is he?" Mrs. Farley asked, and instinctively she went toward his office door. She'd get that suite delivered if she had to carry it on her back.

The manager met her halfway across the shop. He wore thick, blue-tinted spectacles, and she could not be sure what his attitude was, but he sounded sorry enough. "Is it very urgent, Madam?"

"It's my whole life," she said, not knowing why she said such a rash thing—and then she heard herself telling him an elaborate lie about how her son was graduating as a doctor that day and how his friends were coming in to tea and she wanted something for them to sit on.

As a father himself, the manager said, he understood how she felt, and he would have to do something. "We can't disappoint your boy on a day like this, can we?"

Mrs. Farley thought it the saddest thing anyone had ever said to her. If Mr. Farley was listening, or her friend, she'd die!

The upshot was that the manager got another van from a removal firm that was willing to deliver the suite. There would be an extra charge of a pound. Mrs. Farley protested. The manager said she could either wait until Monday and have it delivered free in the shop van or pay for the removers. She gave in, of course.

The movers arrived at twelve, in an enormous pantechnicon, and she was worried that some of the neighbors might mention it to Mr. Farley and ask if he was moving house or something. That was why, when they carried in the armchair, she asked them could they move their van down the street a little, as it was blocking a motorcar entrance. They were very nice about it.

The men put the three pieces of furniture where she told them, and then, halfheartedly, she offered them a cup of tea. That delayed her another twenty minutes. When they were gone, she went into the front room to reaffirm what she already knew. The three-piece suite was not sumptuous; it did nothing for the room. It was dark and dusty, and Mr. Farley would be right in thinking that it was full of woodworm. It certainly was thick with dust and frayed threads and the wreckage of someone else's life. What had she been thinking the day she chose it? Of him, her friend, the man she was going to see in a couple of hours. She got a clothesbrush and began to brush the couch carefully, hoping that, with the dust off, it would look bright and plush. She came on a ludo button stuck down in one of the corners, and for a minute she thought it was a shilling. After she had brushed the couch carefully, she got out the vacuum cleaner and cleaned it thoroughly all over.

JUST in case anything went wrong, Mrs. Farley and her friend had arranged to meet outside the pub. When he saw her come toward him, he knew there was something amiss. She held her head down and wore her flat canvas shoes. "Hello." He came forward to greet her.

"He didn't go," she said. "He got suspicious at the last minute."

For two hours, Mrs. Farley had debated what she should say to her friend. One thing was sure: she could not have him in the front room, because he would catch her out in her boasting. Always

when she described that room, she described the three-piece suite, and she had made it appear elegant. What he would see was drab furniture in a drab room where brown paint prevailed. Mr. Farley did his own decorating and insisted on brown, because it did not have to be renewed so often. She could not let her friend see it. He would say she was no better than his improvident wife.

"Don't worry," he said. "Come and have a drink."

"You're all dressed up," she said. He wore a dark suit, a white shirt, and a lovely striped tie. He looked posh. He looked like the sort of man who would have a walletful of fivers, and a nice home with easy chairs and a grand piano. "I'm sorry," she was saying to his disappointed face.

"We'll have a nice day anyhow," he told her. He worried if the pound he had would see them through. He had not counted on spending any money other than for a drink in the pub when they met and a small bottle of liqueur as a gift to her. His wife controlled the money, and squeezing the pound had been a war in itself.

"What will you have?" He'd brought her into the lounge bar and sat her on the upholstered couch that circled the wall.

"Anything," she said.

"Cheers," he said, and pushed her cheeks upward with his hand until she appeared to be smiling.

"I dreamt about you last night," she said.

"A nice dream?" He smiled so gently.

"A lovely dream." She couldn't disappoint him any more.

Mrs. Farley insisted on buying lunch. They ate in the restaurant that adjoined the pub, and they talked in whispers. It was a lovely place, with embossed wallpaper, and candlesticks on the tables. Everywhere she looked, she saw wall couches and easy, comfortable chairs. He wondered if there were candles in the candlesticks at night, and she said there probably weren't, because there wasn't a trace of candle grease. They gripped hands under the table every few minutes and looked into each other's eyes, desperate to say something.

The lunch cost over a pound—the amount she had set aside to get the pork chops and sherry and things. While she was in the ladies' room, he debated whether he should propose pictures, or a bus ride around London, or a short boat trip up the Thames. With his money, it had to be one thing or another.

They settled on the pictures. They were both thinking that they could snuggle down and have a taste of the comfort they might have had in Mrs. Farley's front room. The picture turned out to be an English comedy about crooks, and though the handful of people in the cinema laughed, Mrs. Farley and her friend did not find it funny at all. It bore no relation to their own lives; it had nothing to do with their predicament. They said when they came out that it was a pity they'd stayed inside so long, as the day was scorching.

"Do I look a show?" she asked. Her mouth was swollen from kisses.

"You look lovely."

What to do next?

"Let's have a walk by the river and then tea," he said. He knew a cheap café up that way.

"Are you superstitious?" she asked. He said not very. She said she'd broken something that day and was afraid she'd break two other things. The splinters from a kitchen cup had cut her finger.

"I'd like that black one," he said. He'd been admiring boats that were moored to the riverside. He'd rather have a boat than a car, he told her. They would sail together under arched bridges, through locks, out to a changeless blue sea.

"Is it true that the Blue Lagoon isn't blue?" she asked.

"We'll go there and see, when I get my boat," he said.

She would wear trousers and a raincoat on the boat, but when they came ashore to Monte Carlo and such places she would have starched blouses. "You never asked me what I broke," she said.

"Oh, tell me."

"A cup."

"A cup."

Possibly he thought it was silly, but it worried her.

"I'll tell you," he said. "Get a couple of old cracked ones and break them, and then you won't have anything to worry about."

The cups reminded them both of their homes and their duties. He would have to go shortly.

By five-thirty, they had talked and walked for an hour. But they had said nothing. He apologized for the bad picture; she said she was sorry she couldn't bring him into her home. "Still, we had a grand time," she said.

"No, we hadn't," he said. "I should have thought of something special."

"What do other people do?" she asked.

"Oh, they go to the seaside, they go to hotels, they go to places," he said.

She was sorry now that she hadn't risked it and told him. He would have understood; it might have brought them closer together. She looked at him with regret, with love. She looked intently, to keep his image more distinctly in her mind. She might not see him dressed up again for ages.

They kissed and made their arrangements for the following Saturday, at their usual place.

As she walked away, she did not turn round to wave, in case he might expect a smile. Anyhow, he was occupied himself, with taking off his tie and rolling it up neatly. His wife had not seen him go out with it on.

She walked, deep in thought. She'd lost her chance. Her husband would live forever. She and her friend were fated to walk up and down streets toward a railway bridge, and in the end they would grow tired of walking and they would return, each to a makeshift home.

—Edna O'Brien

•

SEA KNELL

Pulsating Tones in Ocean
Laid to Whale Heartbeats
—*The Times.*

There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar . . .
—Byron.

I wandered to the surfy marge
  To eavesdrop on the surge;
The ocean's pulse was slow and large
  And solemn as a dirge.

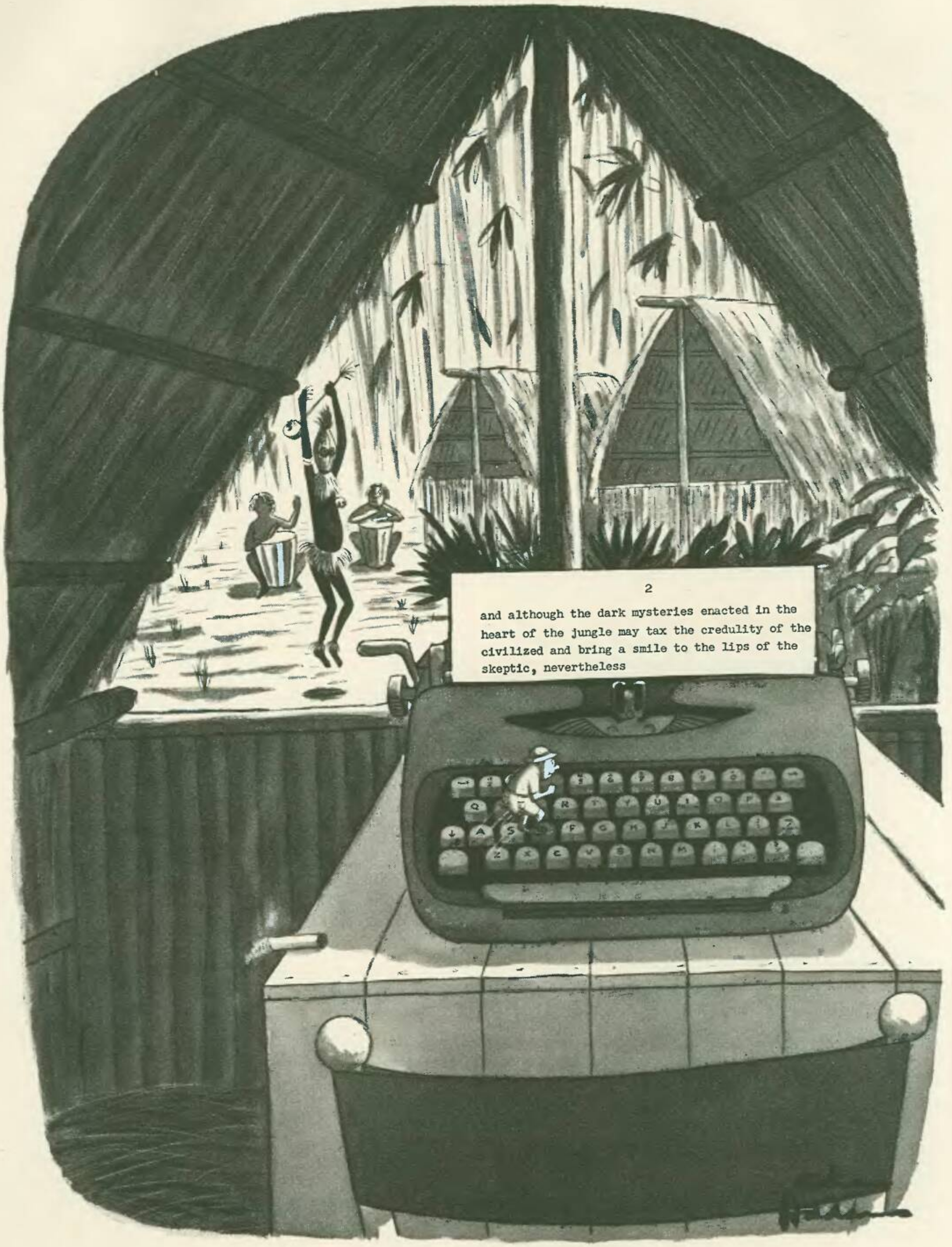
"Aha," mused I, "the beat of Time,
  Eternally sonorous,
Entombed forever in the brine,
  A fatal warning for us."

"Not so!" bespoke a jolly whale
  Who spouted into view,
"That pulsing merely proves I'm hale
  And hearty, matey, too!

"Rejoice, my lad—my health is sound,
  The very deeps attest!
It permeates the blue profound
  And makes the wavelets crest!"

With that, he plunged in sheer excess
  Of spirits. On the shore,
I harkened with an ear much less
  Byronic than before.

—John Updike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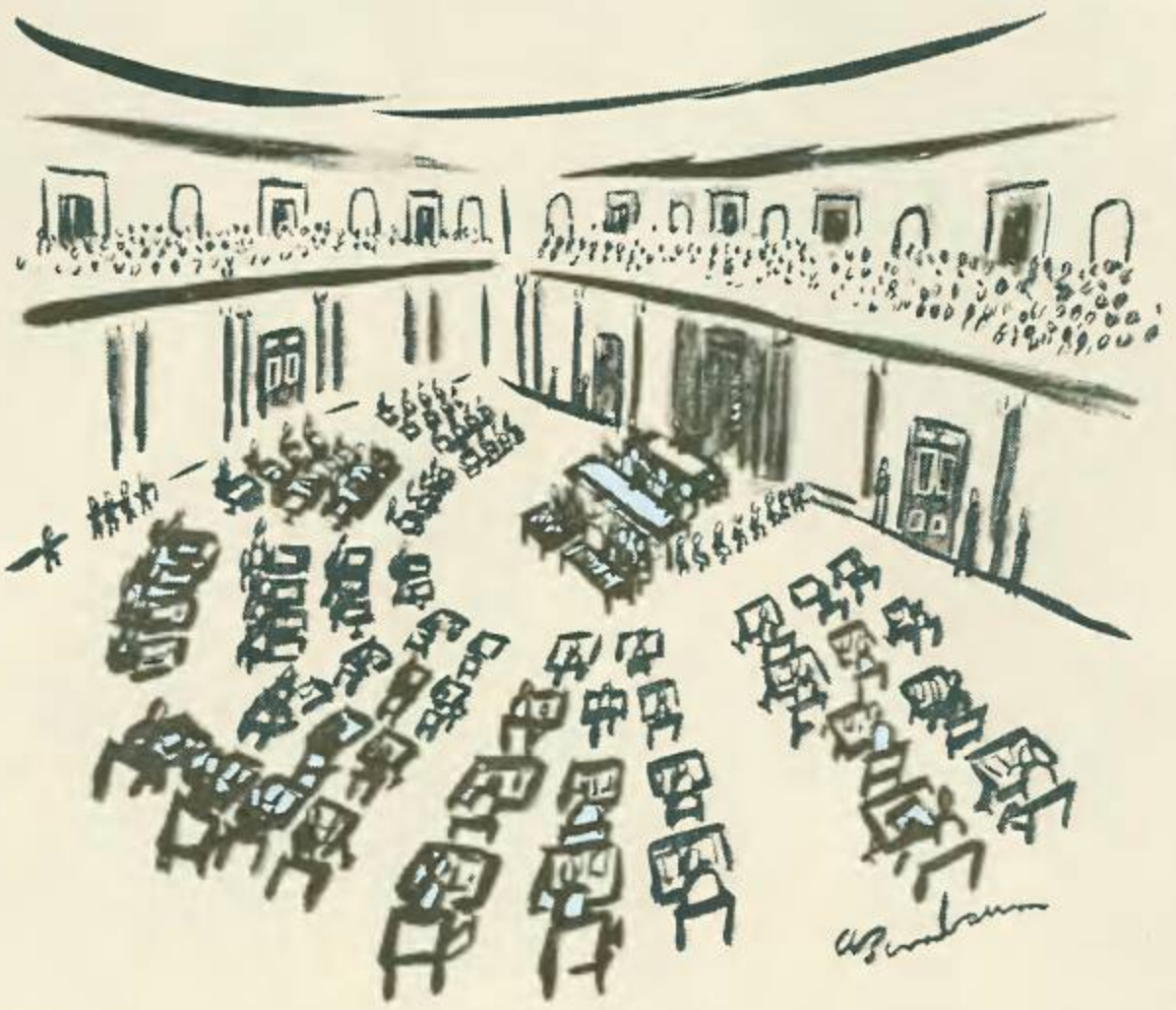
and although the dark mysteries enacted in the heart of the jungle may tax the credulity of the civilized and bring a smile to the lips of the skeptic, nevertheless

ANNALS OF LEGISLATION

THE REAL VOICE—III



TOO many lawmakers on Capitol Hill, it often seems, nothing is more unsettling than the prospect of making a law—at any rate, a law involving the least trace of controversy. The passage of almost any piece of legislation is bound to offend someone, and in politics it is not so much the good will of one's friends that counts as the wrath of one's enemies. The members of Congress who have laid down its parliamentary rules over the years appear to have been well aware of the advantages of legislative stalemate; in fact, as Professor Daniel M. Berman, a political scientist at American University, in Washington, has written, "The procedures that follow the introduction of a bill and its reference to committee are so formidable that they might well have been devised by men who hated the thought that legislation would ever be enacted." It often happens that the strongest opponent of new legislation is a special-interest group, such as business, labor, the farmers, or the professions—a group of the sort that James Madison described in "The Federalist Papers" as being "actuated by some common impulse of passion, or of interest, adverse to the rights of other citizens, or to the permanent and aggregate interests of the community." Yet if many politicians ignore the community's interests much of the time, all politicians know that to ignore them altogether will sooner or later mean answering for it at the polls. Accordingly, for a conservative legislator with a sizable bloc of liberal constituents the most prudent course may be to praise a progressive measure both on the floor and in speeches back home, and then, in the privacy of an executive-committee meeting, to vote against it, or at least to pierce it with a few loopholes, while a liberal with a good many conservative constituents may find it prudent to reverse the strategy.

Now and then, the sponsor of a controversial public-interest bill can overcome routine political hypocrisy of this sort. He must, however, have the support both of the administration in power and of the people, and, as many government men have discovered, it is no simple matter to determine what the people want or will accept. As President Woodrow Wilson said during his second term, "Things get very lonely in Washington sometimes. The real voice of the great people of America sometimes sounds faint and distant in that strange city." At other times, though, it sounds clear, perhaps because of the work of a particular senator or representative. Undoubtedly the most striking recent battle to put through a bill in the public interest was the one waged by the late Senator George W. Norris, of Nebraska, an independent Republican, to set up the Tennessee Valley Authority. For twelve years, starting in 1921, he fought for the project against the opposition of three Presidents, several powerful colleagues, many powerful lobbyists, and the first Henry Ford (who had his own realty scheme for the area), and then, in 1933, after the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt, he won.

In March, 1962, the late Senator Estes Kefauver, of Tennessee, a Democrat, was attempting to put through another piece of liberal legislation, and, unlike the Norris of 1921, he had every reason to think that his chances were good. As chairman of the Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly of the Senate Judiciary Committee, he had presided over a series of hearings, lasting from December, 1959, to October, 1960, on the pricing, patenting, and promotional practices of the American drug industry, and after the hearings were concluded, he and his staff had drafted a bill to correct what they considered the industry's major abuses. On April 12, 1961, he had filed the bill in the Senate, where it was designated S. 1552, and Representative Emanuel Celler, of New York, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee and of its Antitrust Subcommittee, who had often worked with Kefauver on antitrust matters, had filed an identical bill in the House. In July, 1961, Kefauver's subcommittee began hearing testimony for and against the bill—a process that lasted eight months. Then the Senator and his staff sat down and rewrote portions of the bill, and finally, on March 4, 1962, he submitted it again, under the same number. At that time, he believed that he had the backing of both the public and the administration. In his twenty-three years in Congress, he had never received letters on any other subject in anything approaching the numbers of those he had received approving of his drug investigation. As for the administration, President Kennedy had said in his 1962 State of the Union Message, "To protect our consumers from the careless and the unscrupulous, I shall recommend improvements in the food and drug laws." Moreover, Kennedy was about to issue a Consumer Message—reportedly the first to be issued by any President since 1906, when Theodore Roosevelt signed the original Pure Food and Drug Act—and it was rumored that the Message would press some of the 1960 Democratic platform promises, one of which was to do something about "flagrant profiteering" in the drug industry.

Much of S. 1552 was concerned with the pricing of drugs. During the hearings, Kefauver and the members of his staff—most notably, Dr. John M. Blair, the subcommittee's chief economist—had compared the production costs of various drugs to their retail prices; the markups—1,118 per cent and 7,079 per cent, to mention just two—had made headlines throughout the country. Time and again, spokesmen for the industry had attempted to justify such markups by citing the cost

of research, and time and again Kefauver and Blair had pointed out that the industry's research expenditures were only a fourth as much as its promotion expenditures and, moreover, were tax-deductible. The industry's profits, Kefauver had noted, had been running twice as high as those of the rest of American industry, and for some drug companies annual gross profits before taxes had come to as much as seventy-five per cent of sales. A number of pharmaceutical companies, Kefauver found, had been able to keep their prices high through patent monopolies, and in many cases a large company would license several other large companies to produce or sell a patented drug in return for payment of a royalty on sales—usually something under five per cent. It appeared that the licensees adopted the price set by the licensor, and that the licensor refrained from licensing companies that would have been satisfied with smaller profits. In the course of later hearings, Dr. Vannevar Bush, who until shortly before had been chairman of the board of Merck & Co., one of the largest and most reputable drug firms, was asked, "Is it your belief that in the realm of patented drugs the competition has tended to take the form of price competition?" He answered, "No, sir, I do not. I think it has mostly taken the form of quality competition."

It was principally in order to inject some price competition into the industry that Kefauver drew up his bill, which, in the main, was a series of amendments to the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act of 1938. The version of S. 1552 that went to the Senate in March, 1962, contained a compulsory-licensing scheme of a kind that had been used abroad under similar circumstances. This provided that instead of retaining exclusive patent rights for seventeen years, a manufacturer would retain them for three, and in the course of the remaining fourteen would be required to license any qualified applicant to produce the drug, at a royalty not to exceed eight per cent of sales. Secondly, Kefauver proposed an amendment to the Sherman Antitrust Act whereby all licensing agreements entered into while a patent was pending would have to be filed with the Commissioner of Patents and with the Federal Trade Commission, and would be available as evidence in antitrust cases. A third provision dealt with a special problem that had come to light during the hearings. Once a particular company had developed a new drug, some competing houses were likely to modify its structure, patent the result (or at least give it a new trade name), and put it on the market. The same thing could happen if a company simply combined two old drugs. "This plethora of poor compounds and of new mixtures of old agents that appears each year confuses physicians," Dr. Louis Lasagna, head of the division of clinical pharmacology of Johns Hopkins, had testified before the subcommittee. "It raises the cost of drugs, I would think, and may harm patients, either through keeping them from adequate therapy or by causing them serious side effects." The solution proposed by Kefauver was that combinations and modifications of existing drugs be patentable only if their effects had been proved to be therapeutically better than the effects of the old drugs.

Originally, of course, the themes of antitrust and monopoly had brought the drug situation within the jurisdiction of Kefauver's subcommittee. However, the hearings had indicated that high drug prices could often be attributed to marketing practices that, under the law, were not strictly monopoly or antitrust matters. Among these practices was one whereby larger firms managed to corner the market on unpatented drugs, even though they charged eight or ten times as much as their small competitors did. This happened because the large firms nearly always merchandised their drugs under trade names, whereas their small competitors sold the products under generic names—semi-official designations that were supposed to indicate a compound's general chemical structure and active ingredients. "Why is it that the great majority of physicians write out their prescriptions in terms of trade names?" Kefauver once asked. "First,

"If you start talking to him about 'Pooly-Foossy,' I'll walk right out."

the large companies have been remarkably successful in persuading physicians through vast amounts of promotional material that if they were to prescribe in terms of generic names, their patients might receive drugs of inferior, or even harmful, quality. Second, the large drug companies have often coined long, complex, unpronounceable generic names that the physician can't remember even if he wants to." The federal government and many state and municipal governments, however, customarily supplied their hospitals with inexpensive generic-named drugs bought in quantity from small companies, and in order that private doctors might feel free to prescribe these same drugs, Kefauver proposed to make certain that every drug on the market could be relied on. To accomplish this, S. 1552 stipulated that all pharmaceutical firms must register with the Food and Drug Administration, which could suspend their registration if they failed to meet established standards of quality control, and, further, that they would be subject to periodic inspection by the F.D.A. In addition, the bill required the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to review all current generic names; to revise them, where necessary, in the interests of "usefulness and simplicity;" and to establish all new ones. Then, to help the physician learn what they were, S. 1552 called for all labels and promotional material to carry generic names in the same type size as the trade names.

Another section of S. 1552 dealt specifically with antibiotics. Under a series of amendments to the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act, none of the antibiotics that were on the market in 1950—there were just five of them—could be sold until their strength, quality, and purity had been certified by the F.D.A. Between 1950 and 1962, however, dozens of new antibiotics had appeared, and S. 1552 made certification of all antibiotics mandatory. Moreover, while the earlier law had stated that applications to put new drugs on the market would be automatically approved if the F.D.A. failed to act on them within sixty days, S. 1552 simply cancelled the time limit.

The hearings had revealed that a good deal of drug promotion was misleading, particularly in playing down the possibility of harmful side effects, and S. 1552 required that all advertisements and other material promoting ethical (or prescription) drugs contain an accurate statement of their dangers. This amendment also empowered the government to publish an annual list of drugs that experience had shown to be particularly toxic, and another one required the F.D.A. to send to every one of the nation's two hundred thousand doctors certain descriptive folders concerning new drugs—known as package inserts—that because of the vagueness of existing law were being sent only to pharmacists, and not by the F.D.A. but by the drug companies. "The package insert is the one document about a drug that has to be approved by the F.D.A., and it is the only one that has to describe the bad as well as the good points about the drug," Kefauver explained. "In order to send out their vast quantities of advertising, the drug companies use mailing lists of physicians, broken down in detail by specialty, by geographic area, and so forth. For some reason, they have not seen fit to use these same mailing lists to send to physi-

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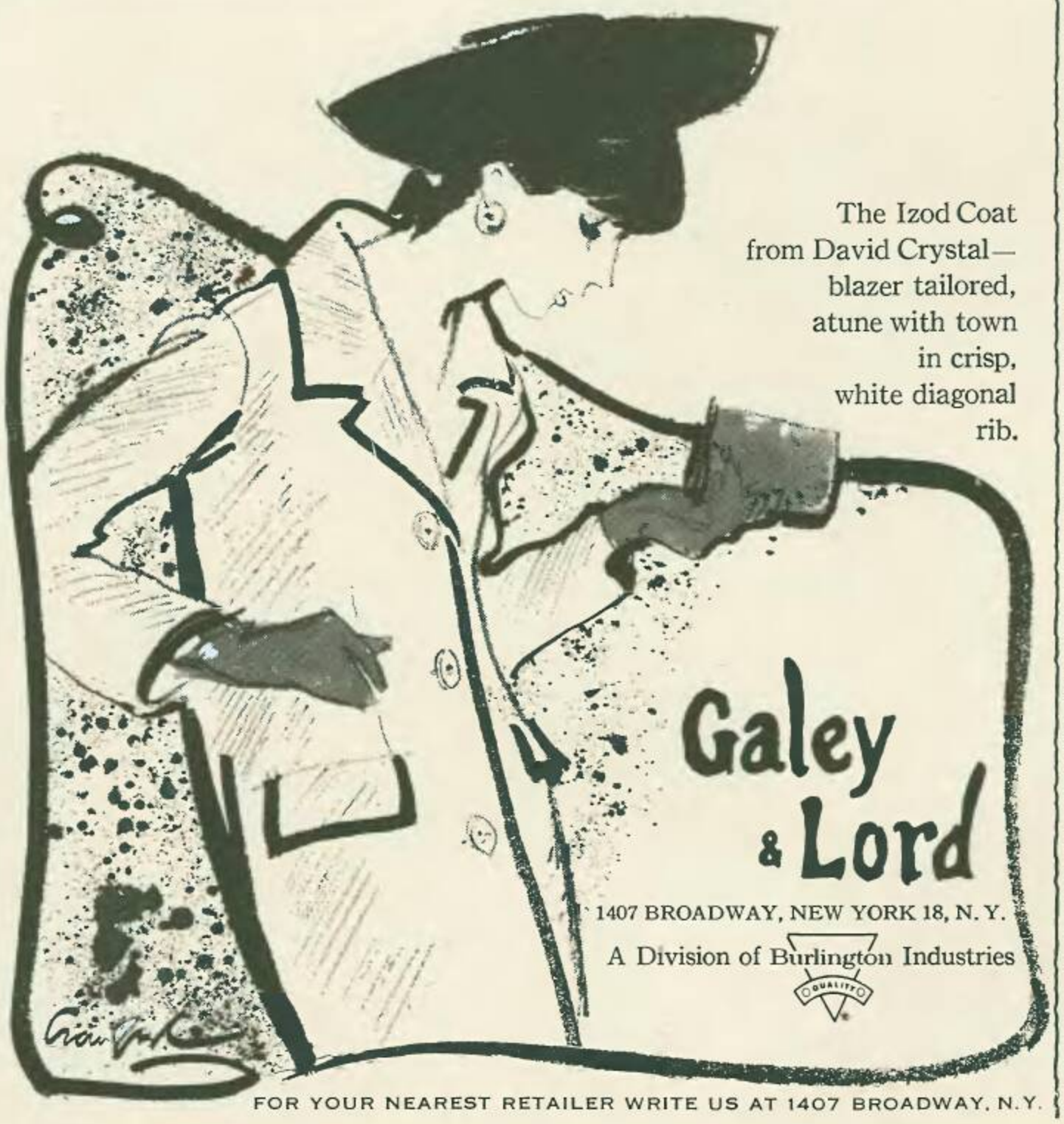

The Izod Coat from David Crystal—blazer tailored, atune with town in crisp, white diagonal rib.

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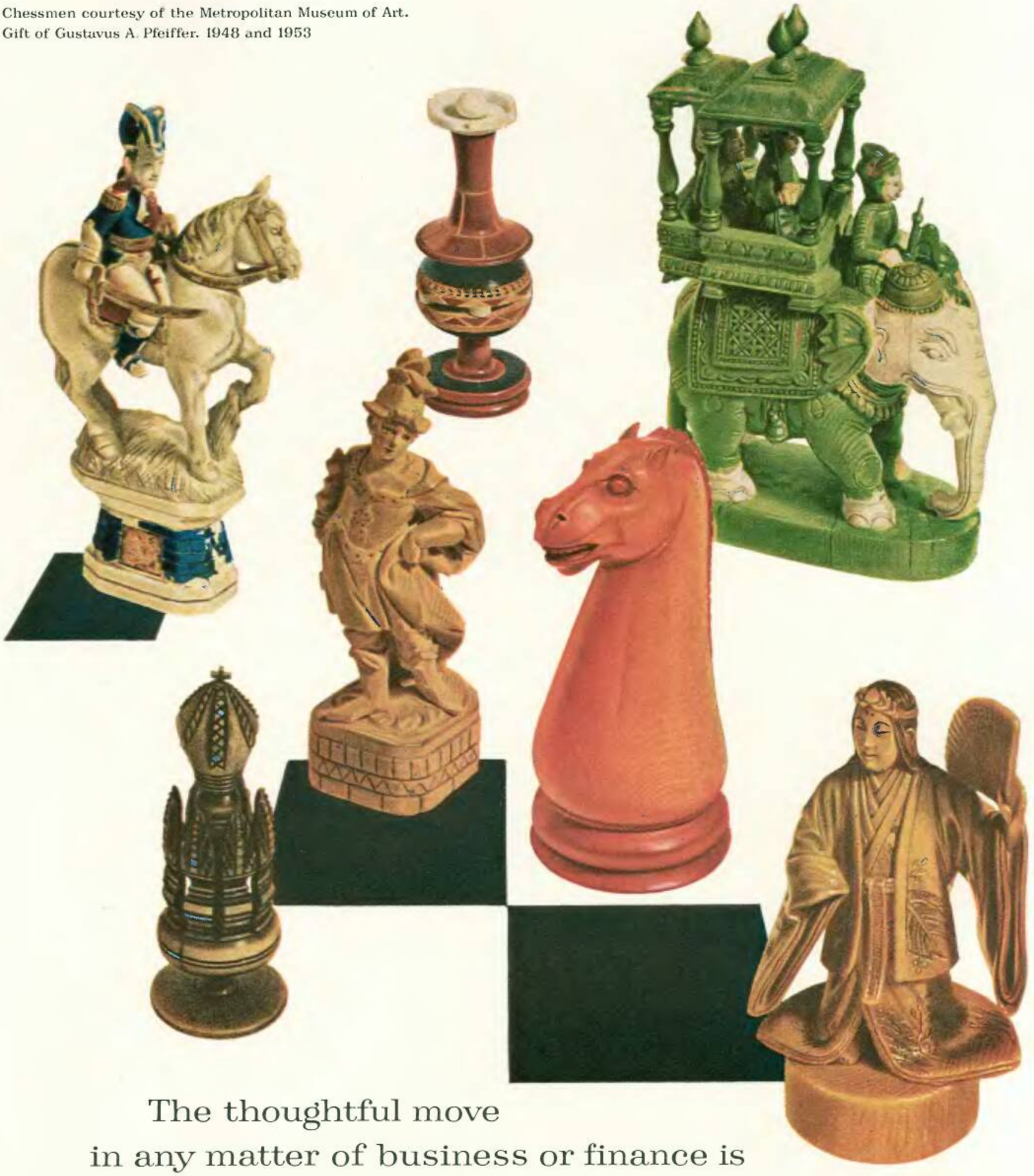
cians copies of the only document approved by the government."

Finally, the bill provided that before the F.D.A. could approve a new drug, the manufacturer must show that it would accomplish what it was supposed to accomplish. Under the existing law, the F.D.A. was obliged to approve any new drug as long as it was safe; its efficacy was irrelevant. In effect, this meant that anyone could (and some people did) sell harmless but ineffective drugs as cures for extremely serious illnesses. The government could do little about such drugs unless they were falsely advertised to the lay public; then it could take the offender to court. Owing to these restrictions, it had taken ten years to ban Hoxey's Cancer Cure—a worthless concoction that sick people spent three to four hundred dollars per treatment for, when they might have been saved by surgery or X-ray therapy.

FOR the most part, the drug industry dealt with the threat of restrictive legislation through the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, which represented a hundred and forty drug companies—companies that accounted for more than nine-tenths of the nation's drug business. The P.M.A. had a divided reaction to Kefauver's first bill, according to a lobbyist who participated in the industry's deliberations. There was a hard-line group that wanted to employ statehouse tactics—to sweep into Washington and buy up the necessary votes—and there was a more liberal group, led by John T. Connor, president of Merck, and Eugene N. Beesley, president of Eli Lilly & Co., another of the most reputable concerns in the field. Like Merck, Lilly had long been observing many of the rules that Kefauver hoped to establish formally, and it had nevertheless been making a profit of over thirteen per cent on its sales. Lilly's scientists, it appears, had become uneasy about the practices of some other drug companies, and they strongly urged Beesley to support a good part of the proposed legislation. Lilly's public-relations men were of the same mind, if for somewhat less elevated reasons. The Kefauver hearings had all but indelibly besmirched the pharmaceutical business, they felt, and they held that the best countermeasure would be to encourage a certain amount of remedial legislation. Perhaps their most compelling argument was that history had shown drug legislation to have a way of getting stronger the longer it lay around Capitol Hill, so the chances were that if the companies succeeded in blocking Kefauver's bill, they would

Chessmen courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
Gift of Gustavus A. Pfeiffer. 1948 and 1953



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sooner or later get something worse. The proponents of this view—backed up by Edward H. Foley, a former New Dealer who was serving as the P.M.A.'s legislative strategist, and Lloyd N. Cutler, the P.M.A.'s special counsel—finally prevailed, and a majority of the P.M.A. members voted to endorse about two-thirds of the original bill, including the F.D.A. provisions having to do with efficacy, inspection, quality controls, and registration. The line was drawn where the money lay—at the compulsory-licensing provision, and, to a lesser extent, the advertising amendment, both of which, according to one of the industry's leaders, "we mean to fight to the death."

Meanwhile, Kefauver was lining up support for his bill. Up to the time he filed the amended version, he had held off from approaching the President for an outright endorsement. For one thing, he knew that his compulsory-licensing provision would undoubtedly be attacked by the business world at large as an attempt to destroy our patent system. For another, he was only too familiar with the congressional maxim that nothing is more difficult than getting a consumer-protection bill passed. And, for a third, various executive agencies whose help Kefauver had asked before and during the hearings—among them the F.D.A., the Patent Office, and the National Institutes of Health, a division of the Public Health Service—had received his requests either with indifference or with outright hostility. He feared that these reactions might have penetrated to the White House, since even the most independent administration is greatly influenced by the entrenched bureaucracy under it.

In any event, upon learning, early in March of 1962, that President Kennedy was going to issue his Consumer Message within a couple of weeks, Kefauver decided to make his pitch. On the evening of March 7th, accompanied by three members of his staff—Charles Caldwell, his administrative assistant; Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., the staff director of the subcommittee; and Blair—he went to the White House for a conference with Myer Feldman, the President's deputy special counsel and one of his overseers of legislative matters. "I told Kefauver that I'd like his views on the Consumer Message," Feldman said afterward. "He gave them to me, and we incorporated some of them." Kefauver's primary suggestion was that the Message include a direct endorsement of S. 1552, but he also asked the administration to refrain from sending a drug bill of its own to Congress along with

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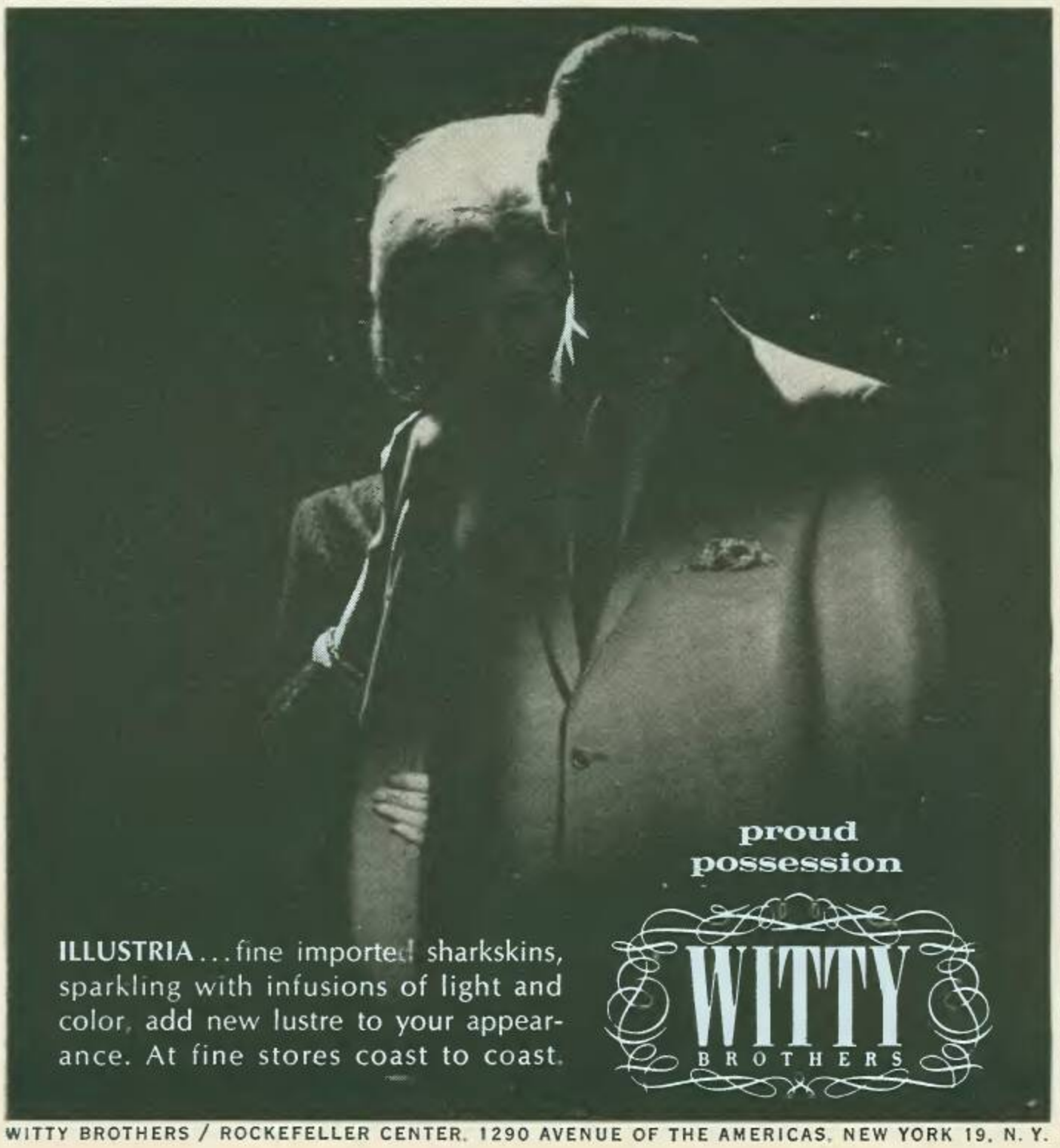

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the Message, since that would necessitate further hearings, and they might prevent passage of any bill that session. Feldman promised to pass both requests on to the President.

Kefauver had been hoping for a decision—at least on the question of endorsement—that same night, for the subcommittee was scheduled to meet the following morning to vote on S. 1552, and he was by no means certain of the outcome. Although he could count on the support of the four other Democratic members—John A. Carroll, of Colorado; Philip A. Hart, of Michigan; Thomas J. Dodd, of Connecticut; and Edward V. Long, of Missouri—two of them were out of town. The three Republican members—Everett McKinley Dirksen, of Illinois, the Minority Leader; Alexander Wiley, of Wisconsin; and Roman L. Hruska, of Nebraska—had opposed him at every turn. By ten-thirty the next morning, when the subcommittee was scheduled to convene in Dirksen's office, Kefauver had received no word from the White House, so he set out for the meeting, accompanied by Blair and Caldwell. Dirksen, Hruska, and Long were there when he arrived, making it a two-to-two standoff. Kefauver sat down and slowly began shuffling through his papers, in the hope that Carroll, who was in town, would turn up before he was forced to call for a vote.

After a few minutes, Dirksen smiled and said, "Shall we proceed, Mr. Chairman?"

Caldwell got up, hurried out to a telephone, and called Carroll's administrative assistant, Harry Schnibbe. "For God's sake, get John over here!" he cried. "We're lost without him."

When Caldwell returned to the office, he found Kefauver still playing for time. Five minutes later, when he had just about exhausted all possible devices for delay, the door flew open and Carroll burst in. Now it was Kefauver's turn to smile. "All right, gentlemen, shall we proceed?" he asked crisply. On amendment after amendment, the votes clicked off on party lines, and S. 1552 was reported out unaltered.

Although Kefauver naturally was gratified, he was hardly confident about the bill's ultimate chances. "It next goes to the parent Senate Judiciary Committee, where its future is clouded," the *Wall Street Journal* noted, and went on to say, "The full committee is conservative-tinged and seldom sees eye-to-eye with its antitrust subcommittee." The chairman of the full committee was Senator James O. Eastland, of Mississippi, and it had six members besides the

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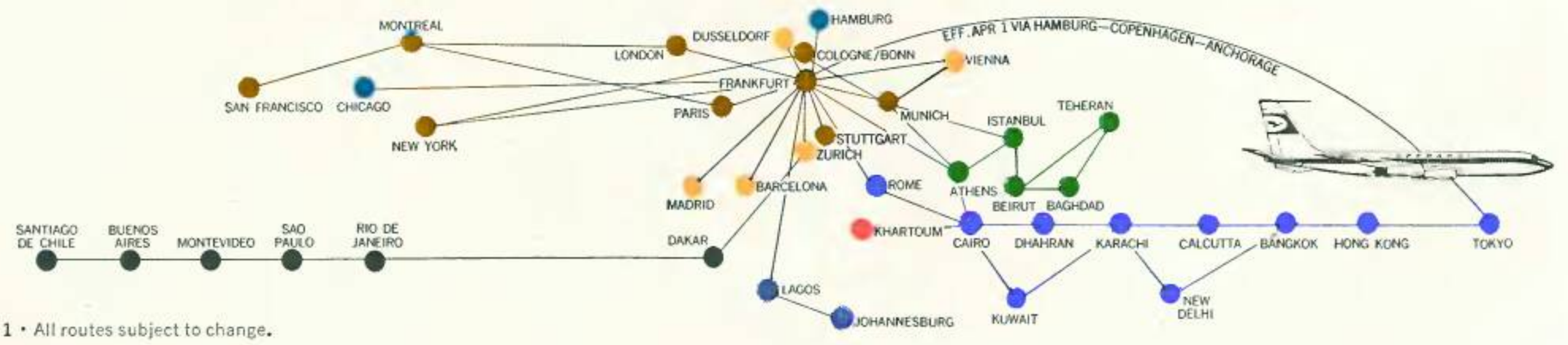

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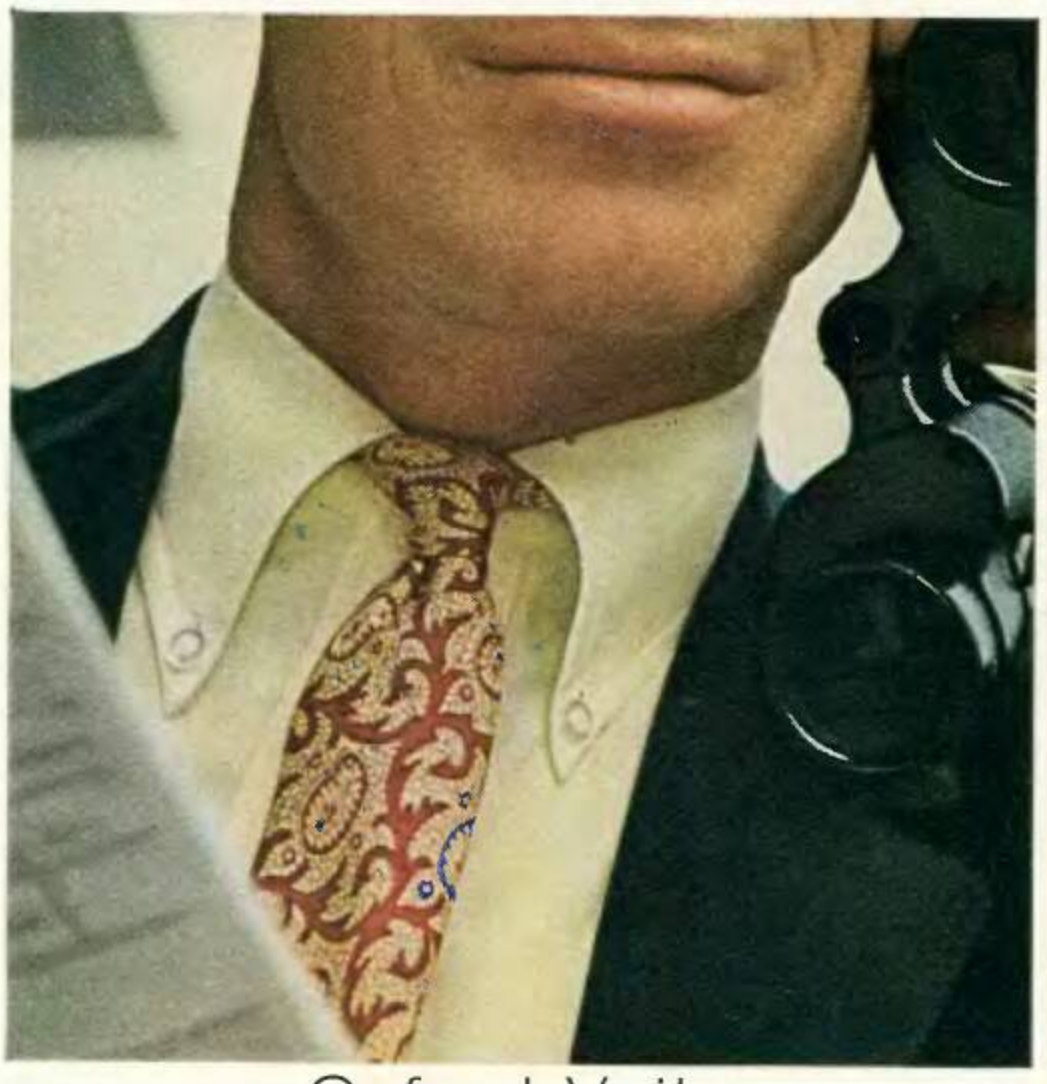

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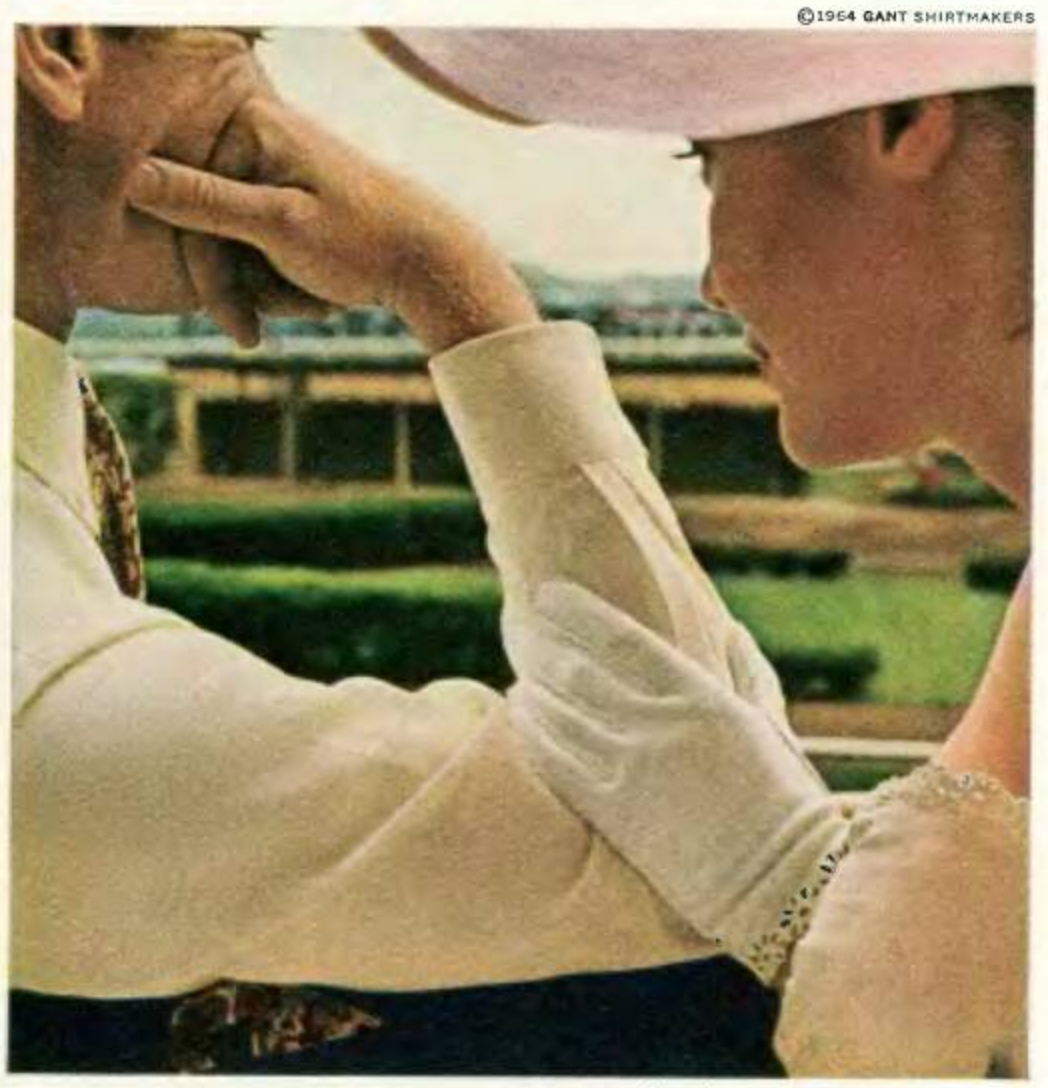

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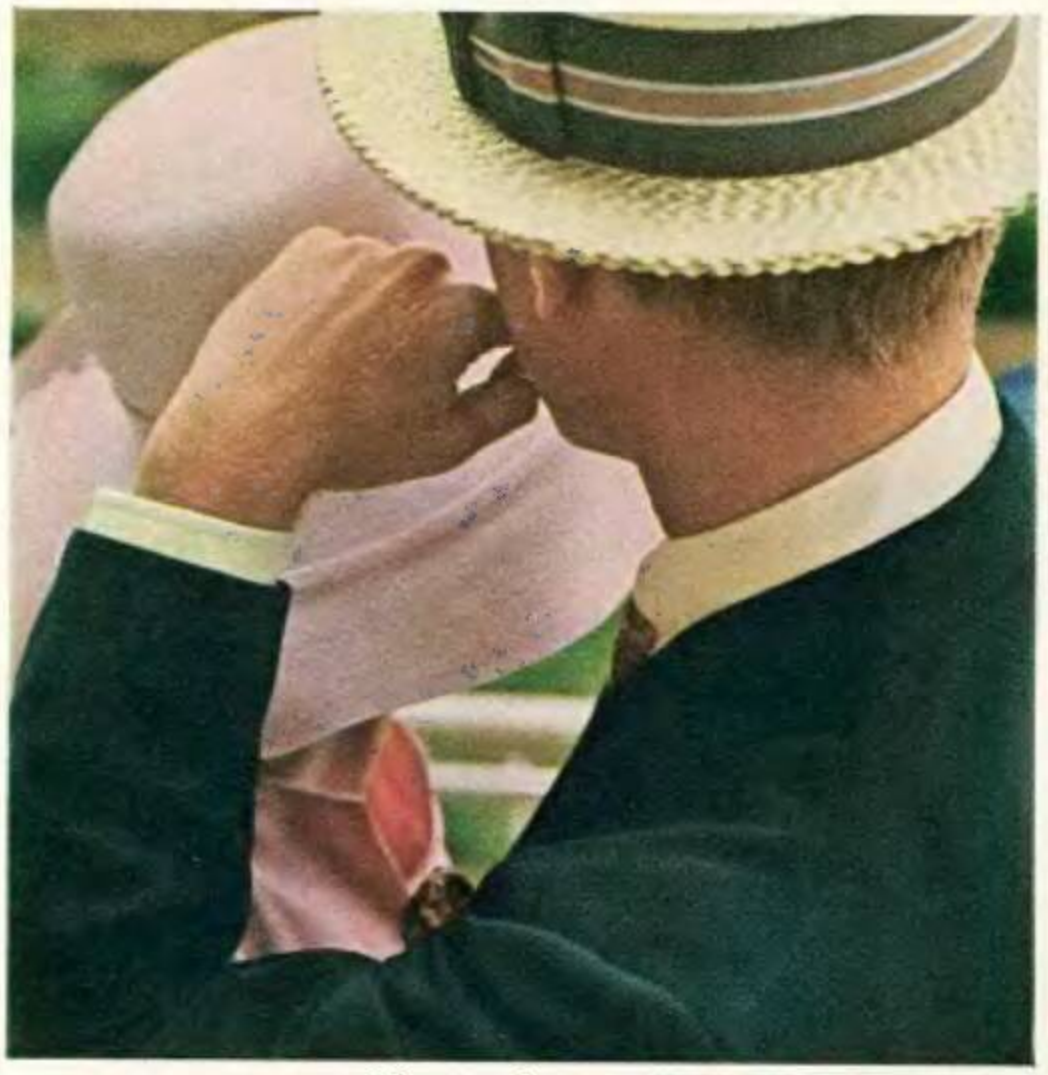

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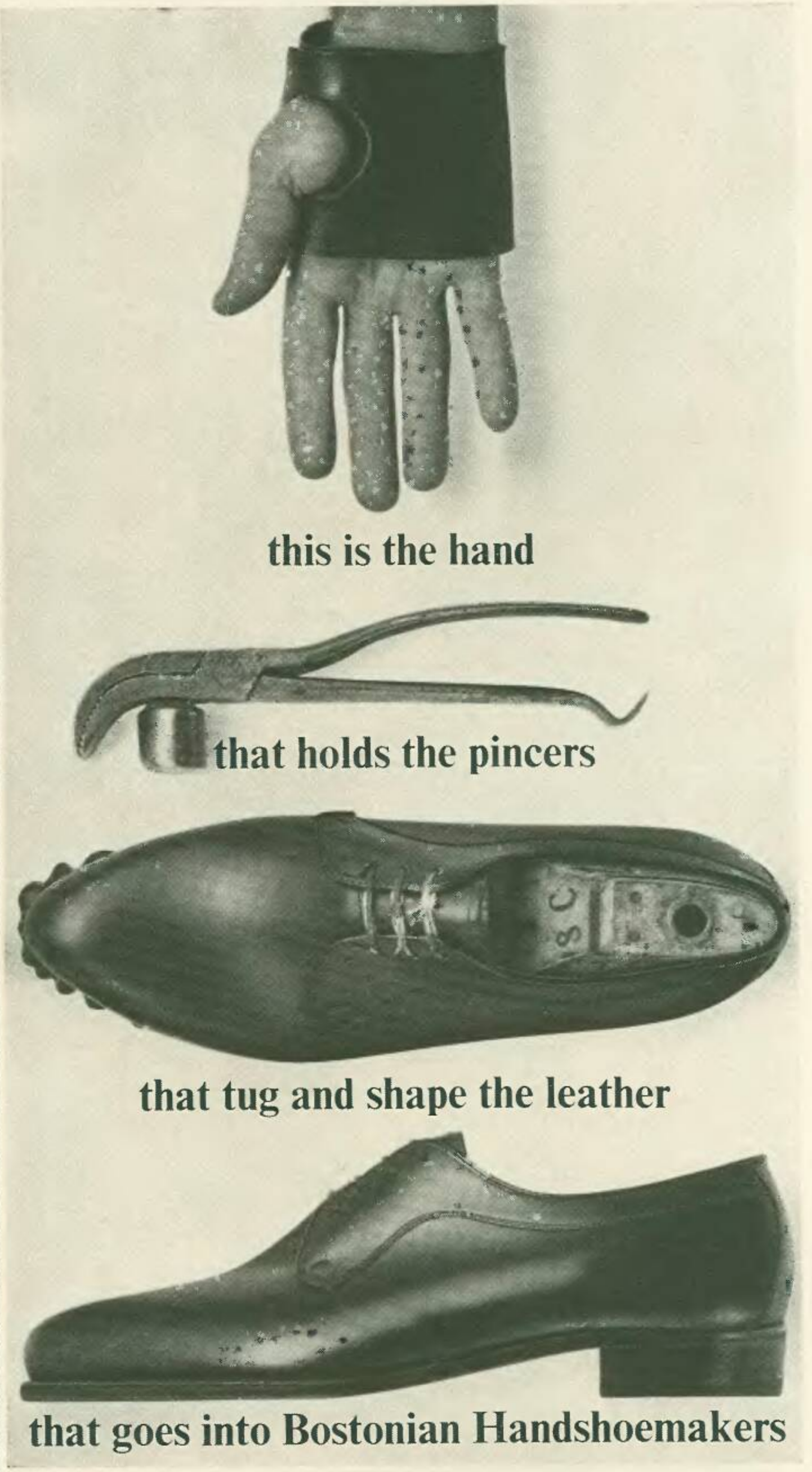
eight on the subcommittee, three of them Southern Democrats (Olin D. Johnston, of South Carolina; John L. McClellan, of Arkansas; and Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina), and three conservative-to-moderate Republicans (Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania; Hiram L. Fong, of Hawaii; and Kenneth B. Keating, of New York). Kefauver could scarcely hope that the majority of the committee would see eye to eye with the subcommittee unless the President spoke out for S. 1552. As he saw it, the Southern Democrats ordinarily followed the Party leadership when they didn't feel that a matter of principle was at stake; moreover, if the administration were to make a popular issue of drugs, a Republican or two could be counted on to join in.

On March 15th, a week after the subcommittee reported the bill out, President Kennedy released the text of his Consumer Message. While the administration did not send Congress its own drug bill, little else that the Senator had asked for had been granted. The Message recommended several of Kefauver's amendments (though none of the ones dealing with prices), but it did so without attributing them to Kefauver, and it said nothing whatever about S. 1552.

That afternoon, Kefauver telephoned Feldman and said he was especially upset by the fact that the Message had contained nothing about cutting drug prices. Feldman assured him that the administration stood behind the principles embodied in S. 1552 all the way. "I wish to hell you'd made that clear in the Message," Kefauver said, and hung up.

The following morning, the Judiciary Committee met, and right after Eastland had called the meeting to order, Dirksen moved that S. 1552 be referred to Senator McClellan's Subcommittee on Patents and Trademarks for further consideration. Kefauver objected, pointing out that when he originally filed the bill, McClellan had agreed to let him handle the whole thing, including the patent provisions. Moreover, he added, the subject had been fully aired during the hearings. McClellan acknowledged both points, but said he now believed that the patent provisions needed further study after all. Then Dirksen took the floor to argue that whenever a bill reported out by one subcommittee covered material that another subcommittee traditionally had jurisdiction over, the latter had both a right and a duty to examine it. As Dirksen spoke, Kefauver looked around the table and realized that he had lost. "I



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figured they'd win if they made such a motion," he said afterward. "First of all, the administration's failure to support me left the committee members free to vote as they pleased. Some of them were opposed to *any* bill, some respected the jurisdictional rights of McClellan's subcommittee, and some were glad to have an excuse not to have to take sides. The jurisdiction issue got them all off the hook." He had not anticipated how badly he would be defeated, however; as it turned out, only Senator Hart, who was co-sponsor of the bill, voted with him.

When Kefauver emerged from the conference, he paused just long enough to give the reporters on hand a curt account of what had taken place, and then he walked down the hall alone—a tall, heavy figure with a slightly rolling gait. McClellan assured the reporters that he had not sought jurisdiction over the bill merely to kill it. "I know some others who want to, though," he added. As for Dirksen, he came out of the conference room with what one trade paper called "a victory smile."

Leaks to the press about executive sessions, which some senators deplore, are certainly no more common than leaks to special-interest representatives, who often learn who did what at such meetings within minutes of their conclusion. In fact, it would appear that some committee decisions are revealed even before they are made. The day that the Judiciary Committee voted to send S. 1552 to McClellan's subcommittee, the Washington *Post* listed the previous day's stock-market quotations under the headline "MIXED MART TURNS HIGHER ON LATE RALLY. DRUGS, STEELS LEAD RISE." One senator, a man experienced in such matters, attributed the market rise to a leak. "That's exactly the way it happens," he said. (Kefauver agreed. Not long afterward, he decided that he had been thwarted by special-interest groups and their supporters in Congress once too often, and took the politically hazardous step of telling this reporter, who had been studying the drug situation for more than a year, what was happening as it happened—on the record.)

On April 2nd, in a column entitled "President Skips Drug Prices," Drew Pearson wrote that the White House staff had advised President Kennedy to sidestep the drug bill, because the compulsory-licensing provision was too controversial. Sooner or later, however, the administration would face a showdown on the drug issue, Pearson declared, and added, "A few discreet phone calls from the White House unquestionably could

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now push the drug bill through the Senate." Extremely sensitive to adverse comment of this sort, the White House, in the person of Feldman, did make some phone calls—to Blair and to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare—and Kefauver was assured that the President would write to Eastland urging action on S. 1552.

Early in April, McClellan rounded up the members of his subcommittee—Kefauver, Johnston, Hart, Wiley, and Scott—for several meetings to consider the bill's patent sections. Then, on April 9th, he moved that the subcommittee vote on the bill. Some people, who had suspected that he meant to delay matters indefinitely, were bewildered by this action, but the vote itself made everything clear; by a vote of four-to-two, with Kefauver and Hart opposed, the bill was sent back to the full committee shorn of its compulsory-licensing and Sherman Act amendments. Kefauver declared that he would reintroduce the excluded amendments when the bill got to the floor, but it was generally thought that this would be futile, since both the administration and the full committee had repudiated them.

The day after the vote in McClellan's subcommittee, the President sent his letter to Eastland. Though Kefauver was dismayed at the timing and at certain omissions, he was pleased by a couple of new provisions that the letter recommended—a requirement that drug manufacturers keep records of adverse reactions to the use of their products, for the government's perusal, and an amendment giving the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare the power to withdraw approval of a drug "on the basis of a substantial doubt of its efficacy, or safety." The letter concluded, "With the above changes, S. 1552 adequately deals with the most pressing problems in the drug field, and it is my sincere wish that it be enacted during the current session of the Congress."

IF, as one senator has said, confusion is the clearest thing about the government, probably the most compelling thing, for good or ill, is accident. The day after the President's letter reached Eastland, while Blair was studying a copy of it in his office, his secretary, a Tennessean by the name of Jo Anne Youngblood, hurried in with that morning's *Times* and showed him an article about a speech that Dr. Helen B. Taussig, a professor of pediatrics at Johns Hopkins, had delivered before a Philadelphia meeting of the American College of Physicians. In her speech, Dr.

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Taussig reported that the widespread use by women during early pregnancy of a presumably harmless sleeping pill, generically known as thalidomide, had resulted in the birth of between thirty-five hundred and five thousand hopelessly deformed babies. (Subsequent figures raised the estimate to more than seven thousand.) Most of the cases had occurred in West Germany, where thalidomide was first marketed, but some had been scattered around the globe. "This compound could have passed our drug laws," Dr. Taussig told her audience. "There is no question but what we must strengthen our food-and-drug regulations." She went on to say that the only reason thalidomide had not been sold here was that the Wm. S. Merrell Company, a hundred-and-thirty-four-year-old pharmaceutical house in Cincinnati that was its American licensee, had submitted what the F.D.A. considered insufficient data in its application to market the drug. As soon as Blair had read the story, he called in another member of Kefauver's staff—Mrs. Lucile Burd Wendt, a lawyer, bacteriologist, and chemist on loan from the Patent Office—and asked her to see what she could find out about thalidomide.

On April 23rd, the administration came up with another legislative surprise for the Kefauver forces: It sent a drug bill of its own to Capitol Hill. Technically, Kefauver's earlier request was honored, for the President sent the measure only to the House—by way of Representative Oren Harris, of Arkansas, the chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. As Kefauver saw it, the Harris bill, as it came to be called, was generally much weaker than his S. 1552, largely because it contained no patent provisions or anything else to help lower drug prices. According to *F.D.C. Reports*, a trade periodical serving the food, drug, and cosmetic industries, which is more commonly known as the Pink Sheet, "Everybody concerned with drug controls . . . was cooking up some sort of legislative strategy last week, and the atmosphere in Washington drug circles was heavy with secret intrigues." Feldman was quick to justify the administration's move. "We're backing Senator Kefauver," he told a reporter. "In the Senate we're using his bill as our vehicle, and in the House we're using the Harris bill." Kefauver was deeply disappointed. "It makes it a lot more difficult to get a good bill passed," he said. "When Senate and House bills are different, you're likely to wind up with the weakest parts of each. Besides, if the administration is

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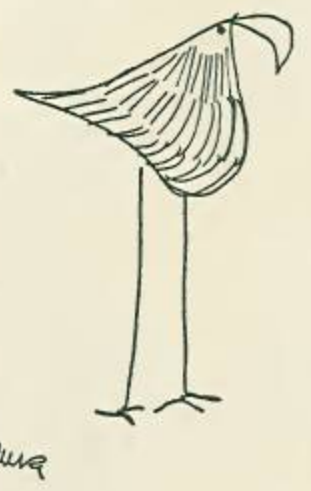
really supporting me, why introduce another bill in the House? Why not use Celler's companion measure?"

Although the Harris bill was designed to supersede the Celler bill, the latter was by no means dead, and Kefauver prevailed upon Celler to stir up matters by going ahead with some further drug hearings. Celler, who is known as a faithful party man, was able to justify his alliance with Kefauver by assuming that the President's letter to Eastland meant what it said when it asked for action on the Kefauver drug bill. The Celler hearings, which began on May 17th, occupied only four days, and involved only twenty-one witnesses—two-thirds of them speaking on behalf of the drug industry—were actually more trenchant than those conducted by Kefauver. In contrast to Kefauver, who was a courteous, and even deferential, questioner, Celler approached his witnesses in a peppery, no-nonsense way. The difference in style and approach was nowhere more clear than in the way the two men handled Vannevar Bush. At the Kefauver hearings, Dr. Bush consistently met with fairly gentle treatment, and upon the conclusion of his testimony the audience, which was made up almost entirely of industry people, rose to its feet and broke into wild applause. Celler was less deeply impressed than Kefauver by the witness's age and career, possibly because he himself was older than Bush and had been a member of Congress for forty years. At both hearings, Bush praised the industry at some length, and attacked all government attempts to regulate it further. During the House hearings, however, Celler eventually broke in. "Don't try to be an apologist for everything," he said gruffly. "I am afraid your whole testimony has been one grand, great, big apology, and it does not sit well, Dr. Bush. It really does not. You are too honest a man for that."



At the Celler hearings, the side effects of certain drugs were dealt with by several witnesses, among them Dr. Taussig. She told of going to West Germany earlier in the year to study the epidemic of babies who were afflicted with a theretofore rare malady known as phocomelia—from the Greek words "*phoko*" and "*melos*," meaning "seal" and "limb." After describing the physical effects of thalidomide and remarking that few of the infants crippled by it also suffered mental damage, Dr. Taussig projected slides to show what the children looked like.

When Dr. Taussig had finished, Representative Peter W. Rodino, Jr., of New Jersey, asked, "You say, Doctor, that . . . the children are born with a normal mentality?"

Dr. Taussig replied that ninety-nine out of a hundred of them were, and went on, "Let me assure you, there is nothing you see in the pictures that is as terrible as seeing the children. Most of these children, of course, have been born within the last year and are not walking around. But [I realized] that they were going to be unable to dress themselves, unable to feed themselves, unable to bathe themselves without a great deal of help. Bathe and dress they certainly cannot. Prosthesis will help, but if they have no arms or legs, it looks pretty hopeless."

To the astonishment of those who attended the hearings, not a word about Dr. Taussig's testimony appeared in the newspapers. There were some dark mutterings about a press blackout, but actually nothing so sinister had occurred. It was simply that Celler's staff had not announced that a witness was about to say something important. Several weeks later, when the thalidomide story suddenly hit the front pages of every newspaper in the country, a wire-service reporter assigned to the Hill complained about the failure of Celler's staff to alert him to Dr. Taussig's appearance. "I don't know what's wrong with those guys over there," he said. "The biggest story of the year, and they just sat on it."

Blair, for one, was not displeased by the news gap. "I tried to talk Celler's people out of using Dr. Taussig," he explained at the time. "It's too early to spring this kind of story. All the various bills are still far from reaching the floor of either house, and it's clear that the thalidomide story, or something like it, is just what we need to ram through some legislation. In a situation like this, timing is vital."

COMPROMISE is like rain—too much of it too soon, and the crop washes away. As the congressional session progressed, there were increasingly loud complaints from Democrats in both houses about the administration's haste to barter. "In some cases, administration lobbying has been inept," Karl E. Meyer, a Washington *Post* editorial writer, observed in an article that appeared in the *New Statesman*. "In others, according to qualified observers, the White House has followed what has been called 'a policy of anticipatory sur-

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Elizabeth Arden

render,' as in federal aid to education and Medicare. 'These matters are often delegated to mechanics who wind up asking for little and getting nothing,' remarks someone close to the cockpit. 'It is a case of the uncommitted haggling with the uncommitted.' " Toward the end of May, it became clear that despite the President's letter to Eastland, the administration was not eager to tangle with the opponents of the Kefauver drug bill, for Congressman Harris announced that he intended to begin holding hearings on *his* bill on June 19th. This played directly into the hands of those opposed to S. 1552, for Harris's committee had no Kefauver to fight attempts to weaken its bill, and if that bill should be reported out in what the drug industry considered an inoffensive form, the Senate Judiciary Committee would probably alter its version to more or less conform, on the ground that nothing stronger would be acceptable to the House.

Meanwhile, the Senate Judiciary Committee convened on Wednesday, June 6th, and the entire session was devoted to consideration of Kefauver's amendment on granting patents for combinations and modifications of existing drugs. Dirksen and Hruska proposed that instead of having to have "greater therapeutic effect," as S. 1552 stipulated, in order to be patented, a drug be required to have only a "substantial" advantage over its predecessors. This wording seemed imprecise to Kefauver, and he was insistent that the original wording be preserved, pointing out that the Commissioner of Patents, David L. Ladd, had approved it during the hearings. Dirksen and Hruska insisted that Ladd hadn't approved it, and Kefauver said he would get a statement from Ladd on the subject and present it at the next meeting, scheduled for the following Monday. To Kefauver, the point was crucial; he suspected that if his opponents succeeded in watering down the amendment, their next move would be to dispense with it altogether. Then, since the bill would contain no patent provisions at all, they could argue that it was no longer a matter for the Judiciary Committee but should be passed on to the Labor and Public Welfare Committee, which would hold new hearings, and all this might well mean the end of the bill. That afternoon, Kefauver went to see Ladd, who readily agreed to write a letter supporting his position.

The letter was duly written, but, as it turned out, was to no purpose, for the White House had moved to resolve the conflict over the entire bill in its own

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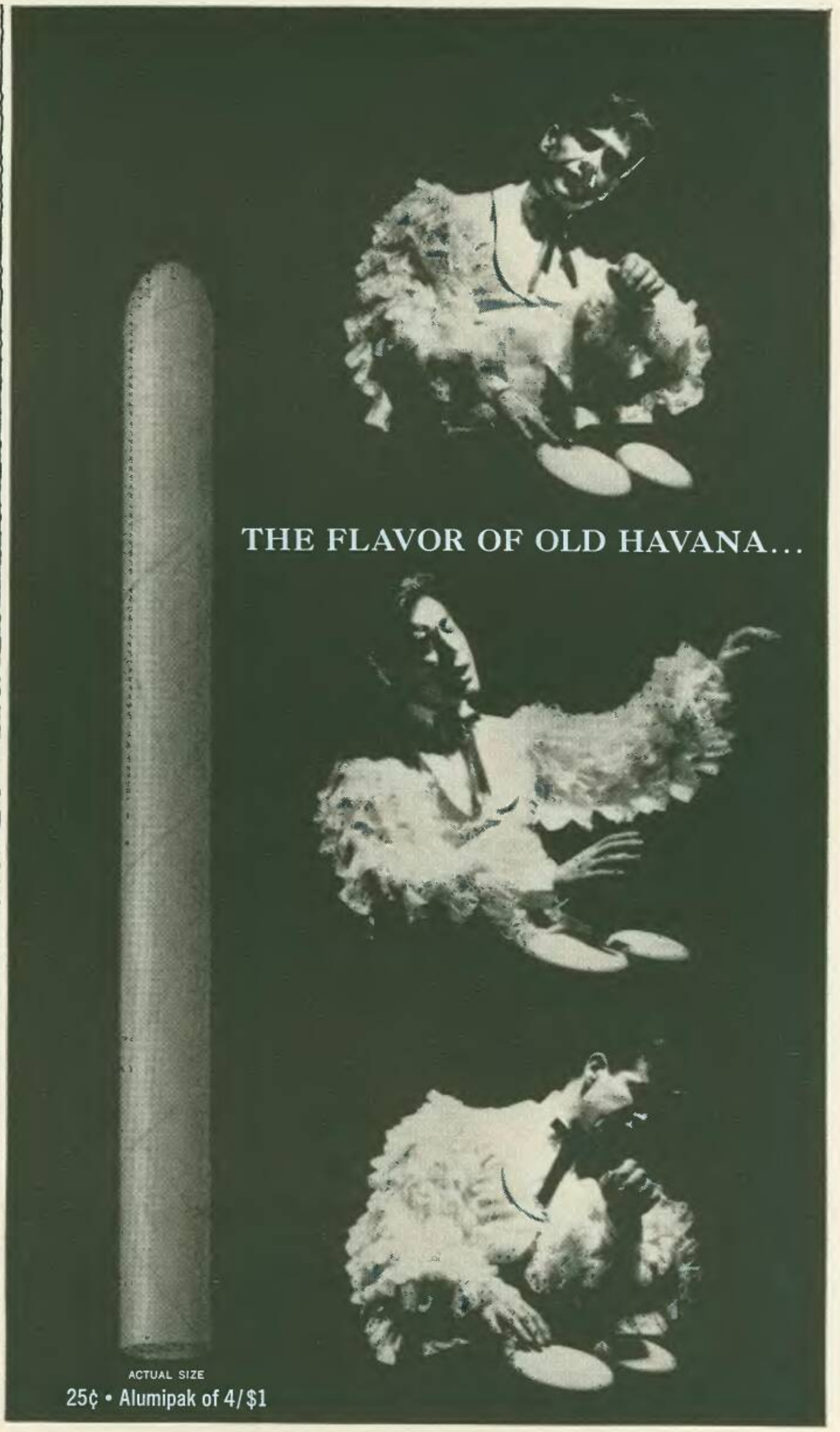
way. One of the industry men involved explained it later on by saying, "The administration didn't want to antagonize Kefauver, the man on the white horse, but they wanted some kind of a bill and whatever credit for it they could get. Of course, they had to deal with Eastland, who, as chairman of Judiciary, would ultimately run the show. Some time earlier, the right-wingers in the industry had given Senator Eastland a terribly weak drug bill as a substitute for Kefauver's, but he had refused to go along with it, on the ground that if he took a bill like that to the floor, Kefauver would murder him. Well, when the White House decided to move, Feldman told Eastland that the President would like to see the drug bill reported out. Eastland was perfectly willing to coöperate, and the upshot was that one of Eastland's men, one of Dirksen's, one of Hruska's, and a couple of people from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare would meet and settle things. Feldman asked whether he really meant to omit Kefauver, and Eastland replied that this omission was necessary if the committee was to get some kind of bill out." In any case, later that day Feldman called Wilbur Cohen, H.E.W.'s assistant secretary for legislation. After outlining the situation, he asked Cohen to send a couple of technical advisers over to Eastland's office to work out a suitable compromise. Cohen assigned the task to Jerome Sonosky, who had drawn up the Harris bill, and to Theodore Ellenbogen, the F.D.A.'s legislative draftsman.

Although Sonosky had a fair idea of the purpose of Eastland's get-together, which later came to be known as "the secret meeting," he was not quite prepared for the participants in it. He and Ellenbogen arrived at the conference room of the Judiciary Committee at ten-thirty on the morning of June 8th to find no senators on hand. Those present, however, included not only Thomas Collins, Eastland's staff director, and Peter Chumbris and Ronald Raitt, minority counsels of the subcommittee, but also two men from the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Foley and Cutler, plus Cutler's partner Marshall Hornblower. (The presence of special-interest representatives in such a meeting is, if not unique, rare, for ordinarily everyone prefers a little more discretion when it comes to suggesting where the power lies. "It must be recognized that Congress does not lead in settling questions of public, political, or economic policy," the Legislative Committee of the American Legion reported at an annual convention



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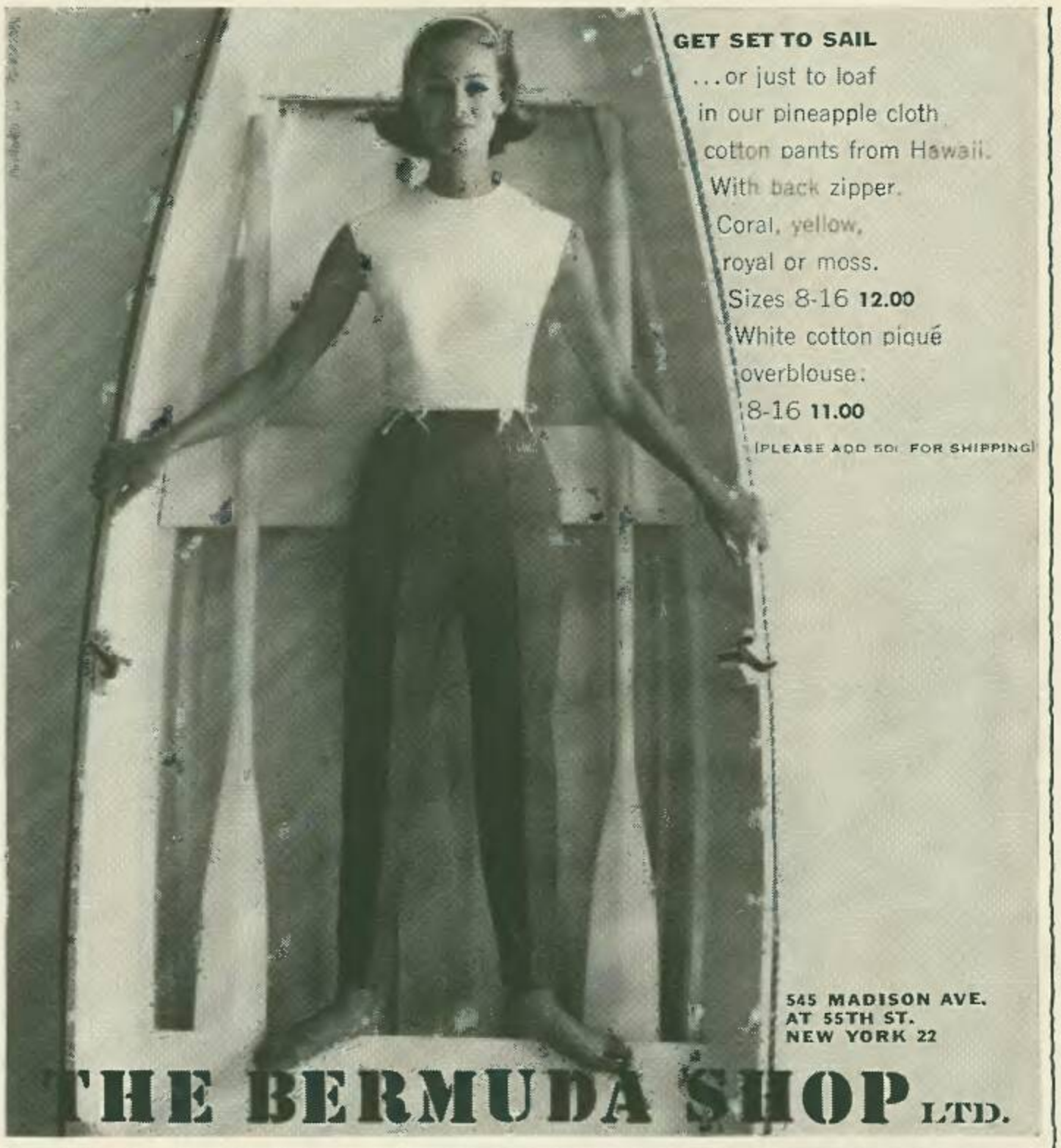

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some years ago. "Legislation is literally made outside the halls of Congress by groups of persons interested in legislation, mainly with economic motives, and the deliberative process within Congress constitutes a sort of formal ratification.") As soon as Sonosky glanced over the amendments this group proposed, he knew he was in for a bad day. "During the Kefauver hearings, the industry kept agreeing that some corrective measures were needed," he remarked afterward, "but when I saw their amendments, I realized just how far they meant to go toward remedying the abuses—not an inch!" His duty, as he saw it, was to bring the P.M.A. provisions into line with the President's Consumer Message—no small matter. "We battled back and forth and yelled and swore at each other, but still there was a good deal of give and take," he said. "By the time we finished, I had managed to get some good things added to the bill. At least, there were no steps backward."

About the best that could be said for the new bill, Kefauver remarked later, was that it didn't repeal the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act of 1938. In place of S. 1552's registration provision was one stating merely that all drug manufacturers were required to file their names and addresses with the F.D.A., and though another provision called for drug companies to be inspected at least once every two years, it set no inspection standards beyond stipulating that quality-control measures meet "current good manufacturing practice"—a phrase so vague as to cloud any attempt at juridical interpretation. The F.D.A. was not required to extend its certification of antibiotics to the newer antibiotics. There was an efficacy provision, but, unlike Kefauver's, it would not prevent a product that had been approved as effective for one purpose from being sold for any number of other purposes, with no need to furnish proof of its efficacy in the new fields. The problem of generic names was left entirely up to the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, putting him in an awkward position, for with nothing set down in the bill to guide him, he would be subject to endless pressure from the industry. Finally, there was nothing at all on drug advertising.

A MEETING of the Judiciary Committee was scheduled for the morning of Monday, June 11th, and as Kefauver, knowing nothing about the secret meeting and the secret bill, headed for the conference room, he felt quite confident about his chances of getting

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S. 1552 reported out that day—minus, of course, its compulsory-licensing and antitrust provisions. He expected the four Democrats on his subcommittee to stand by him; he thought it far from unlikely that at least two of his opponents would be absent, since that often happened; and he believed that in that event he could probably pick up the two votes necessary to swing the balance. He was particularly hopeful about getting his way in the matter of limiting patents for modifications and combinations of drugs. "I have McClellan's support, since he voted for it in his subcommittee," he said at the time. "I have Ladd's letter, and I understand that Eastland will go along with me. I've asked him two or three times if he meant to vote with me, and he said he did." When Kefauver entered the conference room, he was surprised to find all the senators there, except Johnston. He was also surprised to see that Sonosky was present, but Eastland explained that he had asked H.E.W. to send over a technical adviser. As soon as the meeting was called to order, Kefauver presented Ladd's letter and asked for a vote on the question of retaining his original wording on the amendment on patenting modifications and combinations. To his amazement, both Eastland and McClellan joined the opposition, making it nine strong and leaving only Hart, Dodd, Carroll, and Long on his side. The moment the original wording was voted down, Dirksen moved to replace the amendment with one stipulating that H.E.W. be permitted to supply information on modified or combined drugs if the Patent Office asked for it. On this, the vote was ten to three in favor, for Dodd had left to attend to other matters, and Long had defected. This left the bill with that one slim patent amendment, which was the only thing that preserved the committee's jurisdiction over it. If this jurisdiction was now a bit shaky, however, Kefauver's opponents had no intention of trying to refer the whole question of drugs to another committee; they were doing splendidly in the Judiciary Committee.

When the second vote had been tallied, Dirksen casually put mimeographed copies of the new S. 1552—the Eastland-Dirksen bill, as it came to be known—on the table and explained that it contained some revisions of Kefauver's F.D.A. amendments. Kefauver was stunned. He demanded time to study the new bill. Eastland granted him time, and Kefauver went into a huddle with Hart and Carroll. Now and then, as they read through the bill, Carroll asked Sonosky whether he spoke

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for the administration. Each time, Sonosky replied that he represented H.E.W., and that he had attended the meeting solely as a technical adviser. This answer satisfied no one, and finally Kefauver insisted on a yes or no, whereupon Sonosky told him that his superiors in H.E.W. had directed him to attend the secret meeting but that they had not seen the resulting bill.

Kefauver went out into an adjoining office, telephoned Feldman, and asked what part he had had in the secret meeting. "He said that he knew nothing about it, and that the White House backed me to the letter," Kefauver said later. "Then I phoned Cohen, and he said that he'd been asked to send someone to the meeting but that he knew nothing about the amendments. I told him, 'It looks to me as though you were working both sides of the street. This is the first time in my twenty-three years in Congress that an administration has emasculated a bill without letting its sponsor and chairman know.' "

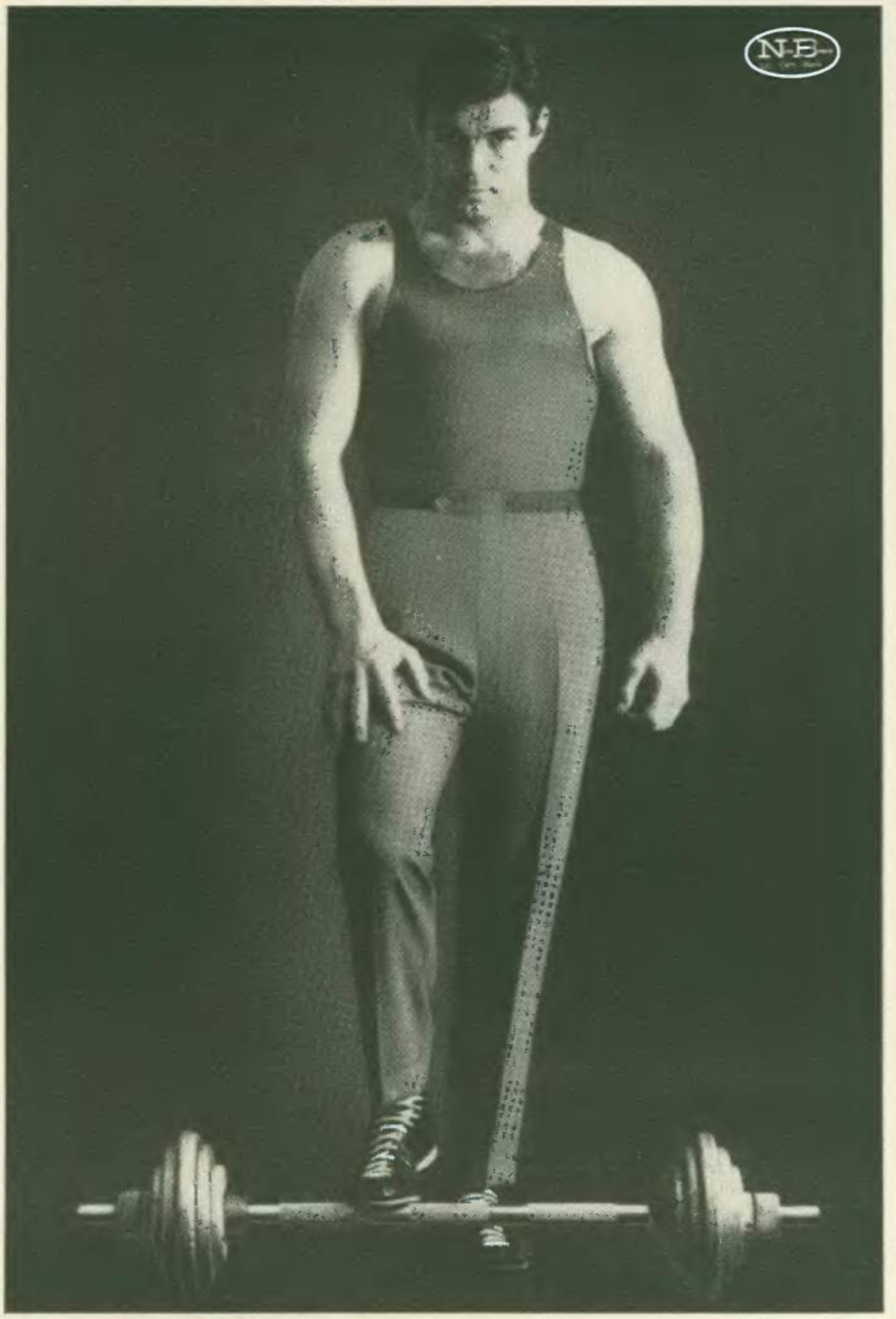
Back in the conference room, Kefauver asked Sonosky if he spoke for Cohen. Sonosky answered that he had shown the amendments to Cohen but not in their final form. "How can that be true?" Kefauver demanded. "I just talked to Cohen, and he said he knew nothing about the amendments." Sonosky shrugged, and said nothing.

Soon afterward, Eastland indicated that he was ready to move for a vote on the bill, and at that Carroll, who had been on the Judiciary Committee long enough to learn something about filibustering, took the floor; he held forth until noon, when the Senate was officially in session, and then, as the Senate rules permit a committee member to do in that situation, he objected to the continuation of the meeting.

Back in his office, Kefauver sat down heavily in the red leather armchair behind his desk and stared at the wall. He had sent Blair and Horace Flurry, the subcommittee's senior counsel, off to study the new bill, but Fensterwald, his staff director, was with him, sitting in silence in a club chair opposite. For several minutes, Kefauver didn't speak. Then he said, "I'm going to the floor and have this out."

He started to get up, but Fensterwald said, "You'd better cool off first, boss. Anyway, we should have whatever you're going to say down on paper."

Kefauver thought for a few moments more, and then nodded. "O.K., let's put something together," he said, and phoned Caldwell, who was having



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lunch at the home of a friend nearby.

"How soon can you get back here, Charlie?" Kefauver asked.

"Practically immediately," Caldwell answered. "What happened?"

"They just chopped up the drug bill," Kefauver said.

Fensterwald went back to his office, a few doors down the hall, and started work on a speech. After a few minutes, he called Blair and asked if the bill was as bad as they had thought.

"It's worse," Blair replied.

Shortly afterward, Caldwell arrived, and he and Fensterwald completed a first draft. When they had finished it, they took it to Kefauver's office, and the Senator made a number of changes in it and added some new points. Then, at about two o'clock, as the three men left the Senator's office to take the subway to the Capitol, a buzzer rang twice, signifying a quorum call on the Senate floor. As staff members, Caldwell and Fensterwald had floor passes, and they took seats in the rear of the chamber. The chamber was beginning to fill up, and Kefauver told Senator Mike Mansfield, the Majority Leader, that he wanted to make a brief speech. Mansfield replied that a vote on the Interior Department's annual appropriation was just about to come up, and asked him to wait until it was over. "No," Kefauver said. "I want to do it now." More than fifty senators were present, and he wanted them to hear what he had to say.

When a senator is scheduled to make a speech, his name is put on a list, and the White House is immediately notified by ticker. A few minutes after Kefauver had spoken to Mansfield, a page informed Kefauver that he had a telephone call from the White House. The caller was Feldman, and he wanted to know what the Senator intended to say. When Kefauver gave him a general outline, Feldman said that the speech would put him in an embarrassing position in relation to the President. Kefauver politely heard him out, then retorted, "I haven't been so shoddily treated in twenty-three years in Congress," and hung up. Upon his return to the chamber, Robert G. Baker, secretary to the majority, hurried over to him and urged him to postpone his speech. Again Kefauver refused.

Ordinarily, whenever enough senators are on hand in the chamber to create a hubbub, there is one. There was one on this occasion, too, but as soon as Kefauver was recognized by the chair and began, "Mr. President, today a severe blow to the public interest was delivered in the Senate Judiciary Committee," his

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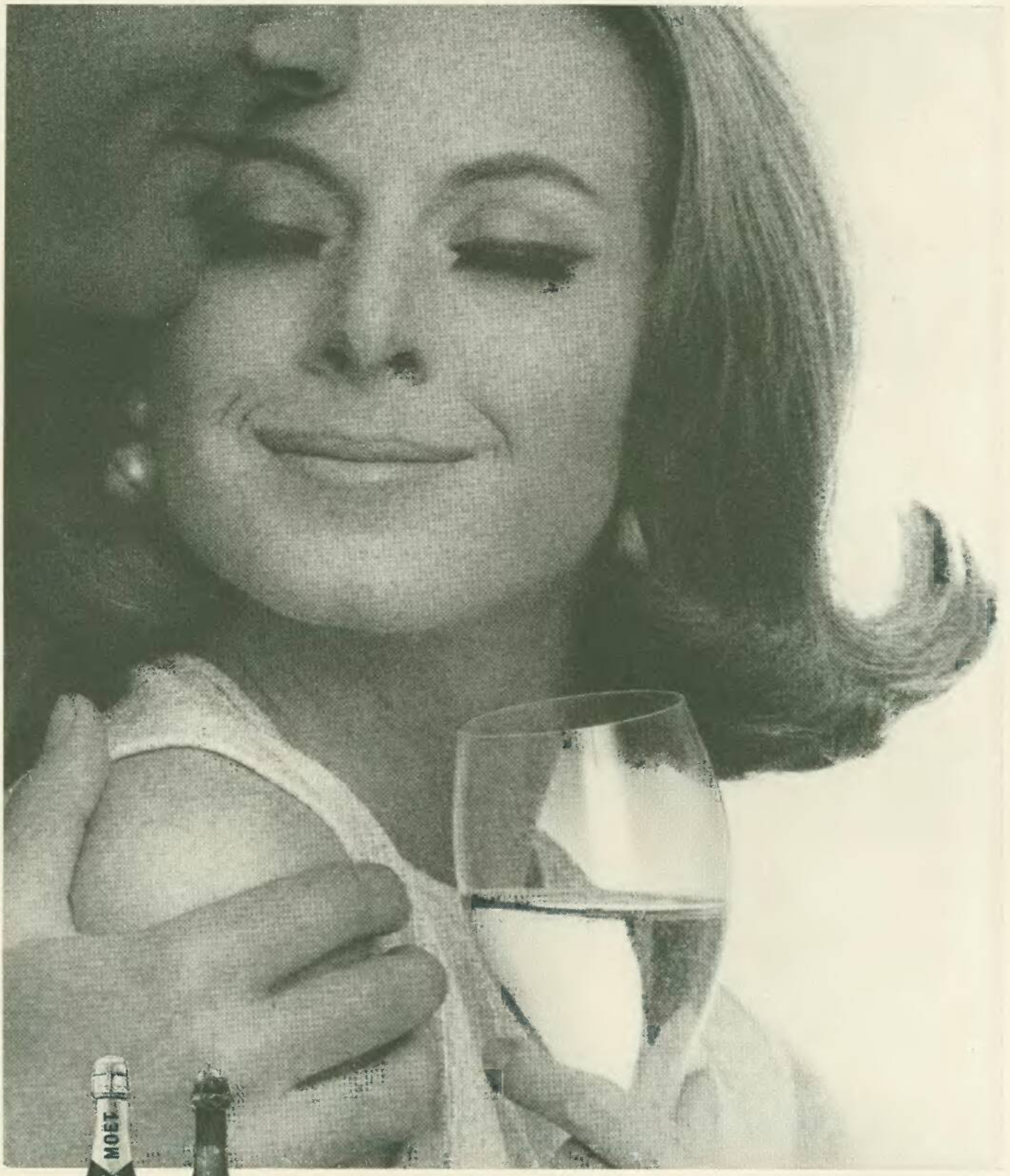

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colleagues began to quiet down. "Most of the drug-manufacturing industry and its acolytes have been punching away for some time at S. 1552, which is designed to make vital prescription drugs available to the people at reasonable prices," he continued. "Today, they swung a haymaker and just about knocked this bill right out of the ring." At the word "acolyte," Hruska picked up a pencil and jotted a note on a pad before him at his desk on the extreme right of the Republican side. Kefauver went on, "I think the time has come for the spotlight to be turned on so that the people of this country can see who is on which side." After an account of his two-and-a-half-year struggle to get effective regulation of the drug industry, Kefauver inserted into the record both President Kennedy's letter to Eastland and Ladd's letter to Kefauver. "Having received this endorsement of the Commissioner of Patents, I felt that this provision would cause no more controversy," Kefauver said. "Much to my amazement, at a meeting of the Judiciary Committee this morning, I discovered that there had been a secret meeting between representatives of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare—just how much authority the representatives there had I do not know—and staff members of the Antitrust Subcommittee representing the Senator from Mississippi [Eastland] and staff members of the Antitrust Subcommittee representing the Senator from Illinois [Dirksen] and the Senator from Nebraska [Hruska], of which I knew nothing. . . . Not only had there been an agreement to eliminate the remaining patent provision endorsed by Commissioner Ladd, but there had also been an agreement to water down virtually every remaining feature of the bill. . . . I was surprised and put out that I, as chief sponsor of the bill, had neither been invited to the meeting nor knew anything about it. The bill which now remains is a mere shadow of the one approved by the Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee only a few months ago. I have had many inquiries as to what is happening about drugs—when prices are going down, when we are going to have more accurate advertising, when we are going to have safer drugs. I want the people to know what has been happening and what the situation is. The bill as it stands is admittedly agreeable to the Senator from Illinois and the Senator from Nebraska. They have generally, and I think admittedly, taken the position on these issues set forth by the pharmaceutical manufacturing industry." Kefauver went on to say that he couldn't believe that there had been "any backing away on the part of the President of the United States"—though he certainly had implied that there might have been—and concluded, "In view of the fact that representatives of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare participated in secret meetings to damage this bill seriously, I think the people are now entitled to know just how they happened to be there and what the administration's present position is."

A few days later, the columnist Murray Kempton, who had read Kefauver's speech in the *Congressional Record*, wrote in the New York *Post*, "The passion of his grievance was unprecedented, both in a man so mild and in a loyal Democrat." Other people who read the speech pointed out that it was also unprecedented for a senator to attack both the leader of his party and the chairman of a committee that he himself belonged to, and that the second break with precedent was all the more astonishing because the chairman concerned was Eastland, who had acquired such influence and prestige that he had more than once been called the king of kings among committee chairmen. Kefauver's attack was received by most of his colleagues with surprise, and by some with a good deal of pleasure. Senator Paul Douglas said, "I don't remember anything quite like it happening in the Senate before. And, if you ask me, it was about time."

As soon as Kefauver sat down, Eastland rose. "I accept full responsibility for the alleged secret meeting which the Senator from Tennessee describes," he said. "The truth is that the administration designated certain individuals to handle the drug bill. The Senator from Tennessee would offer amendments, and would get two or three votes, out of a committee of fifteen members. It was my obligation to do what I think was needed to get a realistic drug program, so I asked those who represented the administration to meet with the staff of the Judiciary Committee and to meet with the staffs of senators who opposed the bill or who opposed parts of the bill, to see if, within the President's letter to me, we could arrive at a drug bill both healthy and wholesome, which would be a step forward. That was done. It was agreed on. I admit that I did not call in my friend from Tennessee for consulta-

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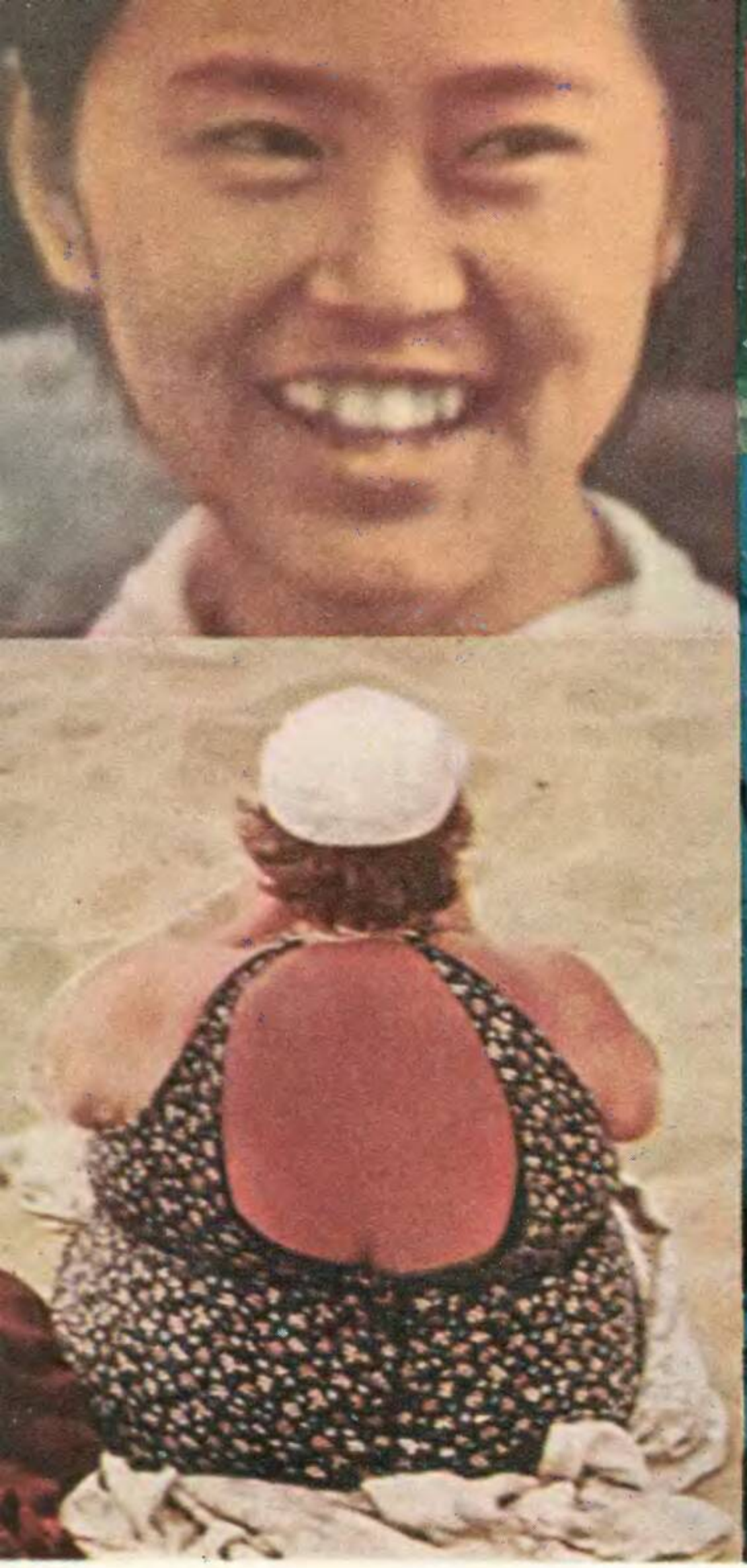

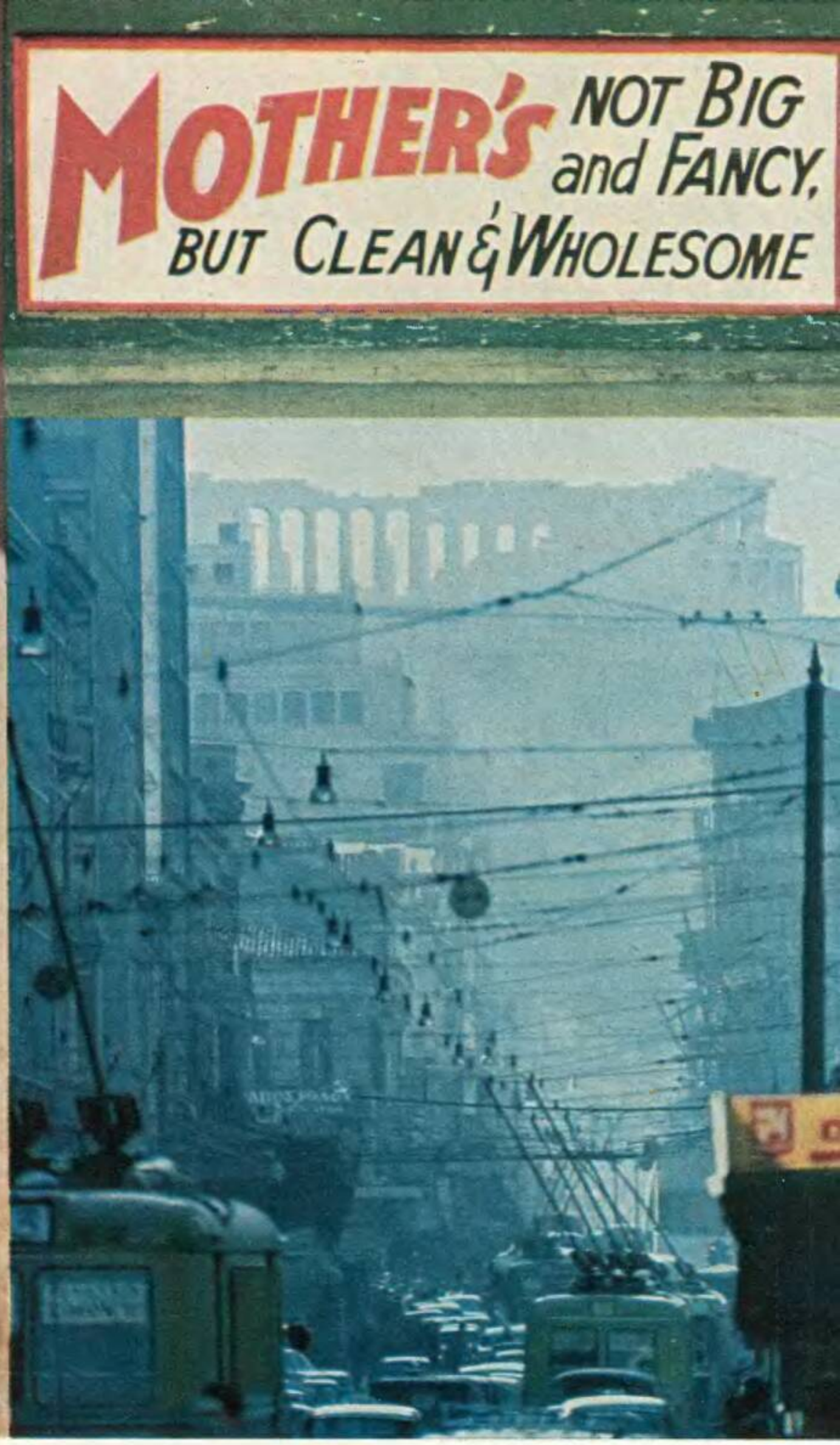

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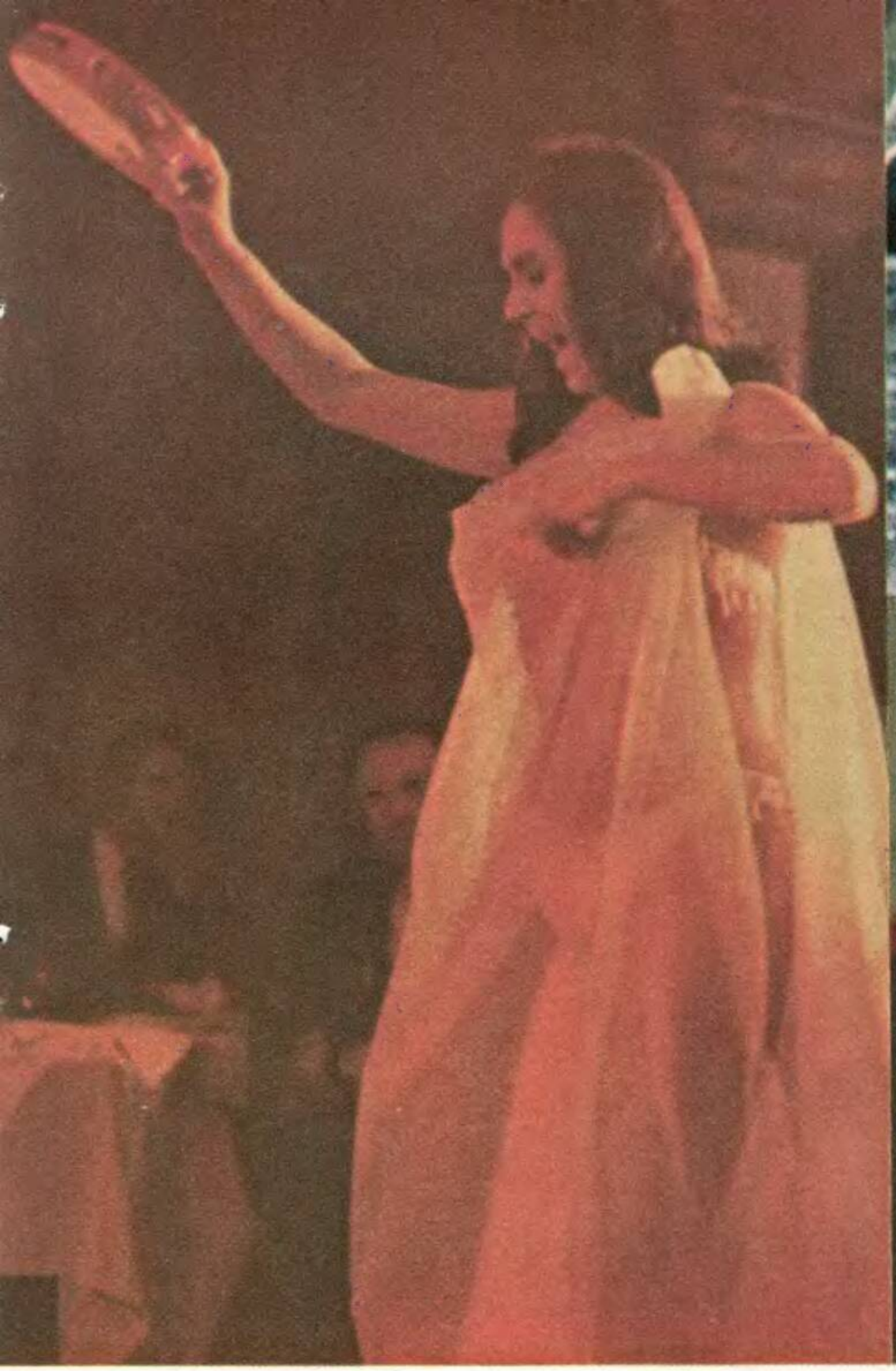

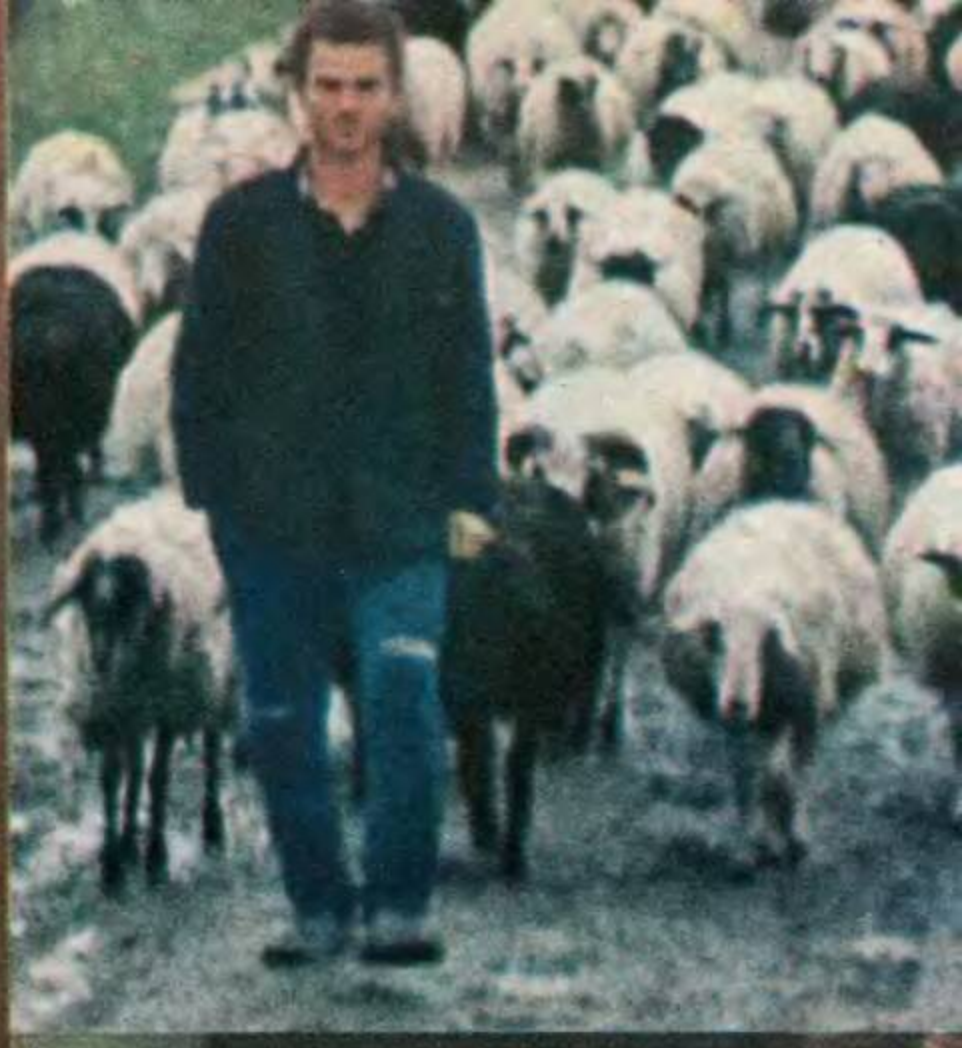

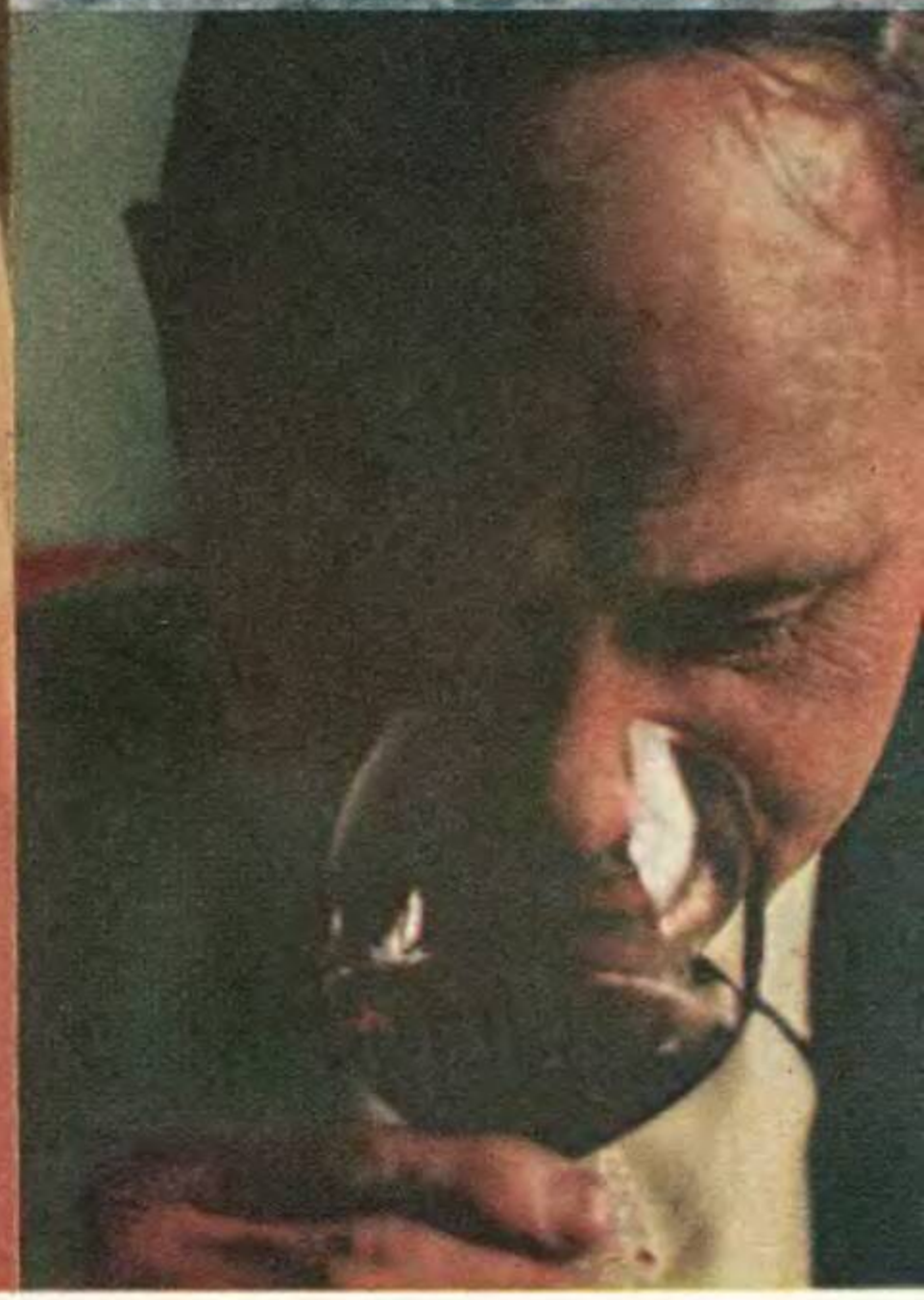

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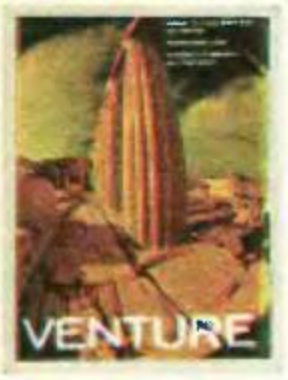

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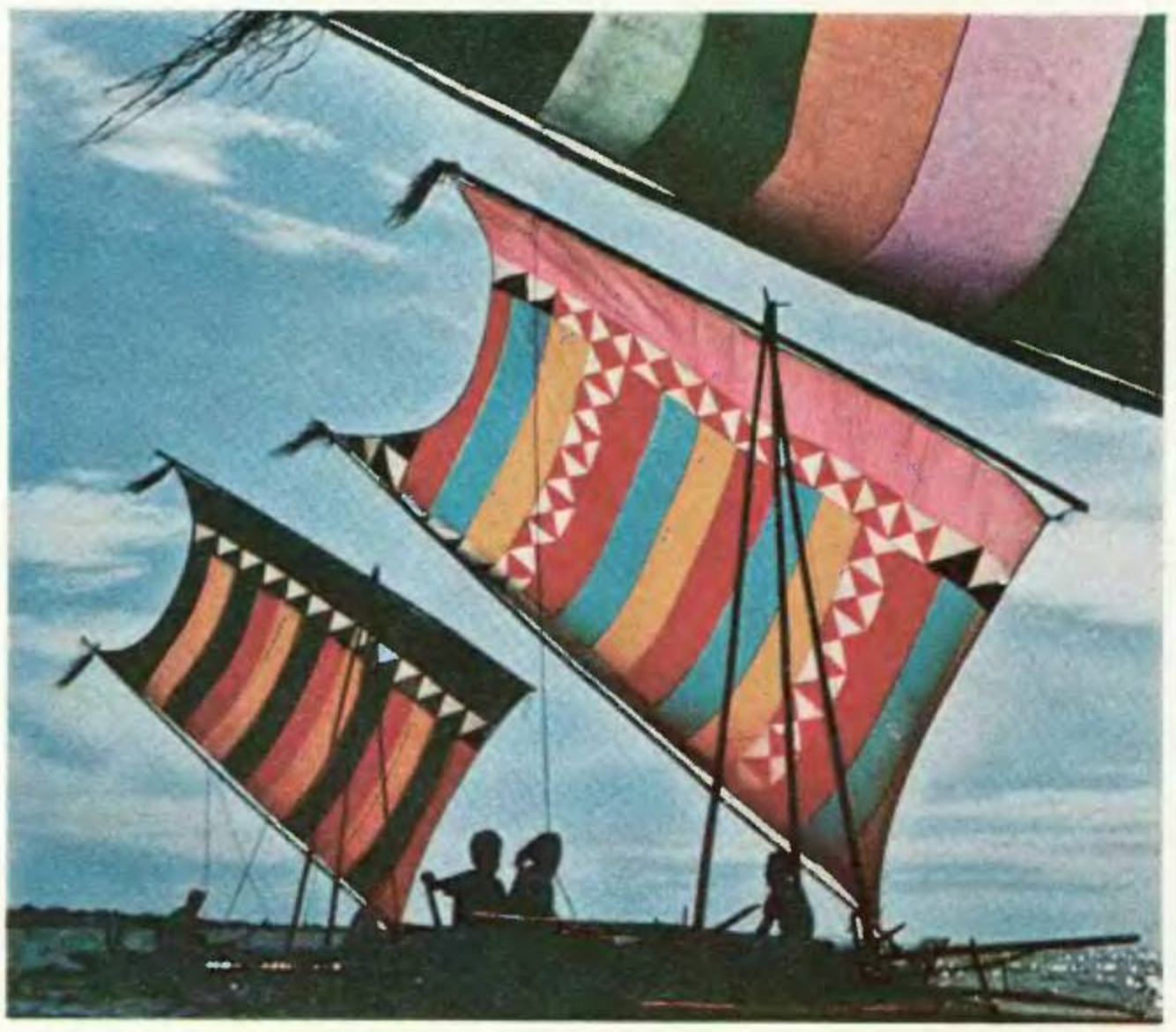

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tion, because I thought it would be a futile act. I did not think he would make any agreement with respect to anything."

Soon afterward, Carroll jumped to his feet and, not waiting for recognition from the chair, went to Kefauver's aid. "I believe the Senator from Tennessee is fully justified in asking the President where he stands and asking H.E.W. where they stand," he said angrily, "and to find out if a couple of ribbon clerks [from H.E.W.] who have no real technical knowledge of the bill can draw up a bill without having had any kind of knowledge of this kind of work!"

Hruska tried to interrupt him, but Carroll refused to yield the floor he didn't have, though he did calm down a bit. "I wish to say a word for the senior Senator from Mississippi, the Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary," he went on. "I believe he was acting in good faith. . . . I think he wants to get a bill . . . and it is my feeling now that he thought . . . he would have to do it in this fashion. I think that was an error of judgment. He was not malicious. He wanted to get a bill out of committee. I believe the White House had been pressing him to report a bill on medical legislation. . . . We must not blame it all on the Republicans. Most of the Democrats voted that way, too. I did not question their motivation at all. We have enough experience to know that from time to time little coalitions are at work. . . . We are experienced enough to know the pitfalls of this type of legislation. We are hitting into one of the biggest industries of the nation—one with the highest prices, and one that is subject to the least regulation."

Apparently, someone had gone out to the cloakroom to let Eastland know what Carroll had said about him, for Eastland hurried back into the chamber and demanded, "Did the Senator from Colorado say that my judgment was bad in the matter?"

"I said the judgment of the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee was bad in not conferring with the Senator from Tennessee, and in not conferring with the other Democratic members of the committee," Carroll answered.

"I think I used good judgment, because we have a bill which, as I understand, the administration favors," Eastland said. "What is wrong with an accomplishment? I had no interest in the bill."

"If this is the President's method of operating . . . I think we are entitled to know it!" Carroll shouted.

"It is not the President's method of

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operating," Eastland replied. "I have assumed full responsibility for the way the situation was handled, because the responsibility was placed upon me to get a bill."

Kefauver rose and said, "This morning, I called Mr. Cohen, the Undersecretary of Health, Education, and Welfare; but no official of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare seemed to know anything about someone's being up here and working out amendments to the bill."

With a bland smile, Eastland retorted, "This afternoon, a high official of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare told me—and I think that before this is over they will speak for themselves—that they favor it."

Kefauver wanted to know who had said this, but Eastland refused to divulge the person's name, and went on to accuse Kefauver of mere "grandstand stuff for votes."

As Kefauver was about to protest, Carroll broke in again. "If the White House is telling the Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee one thing and is telling the Senator from Tennessee another," he shouted, waving his arms, "it is a helluva way to run a railroad!"

Then Senator Hart, a wryly articulate man who had been in the Senate for only three years, took the floor and said, "Mr. President, as the holder of parking license plate number eighty-five, my remarks will not reflect any sensitivity about failure to have consultation. I think I have not yet reached the stage where this situation affects my judgment." He went on to suggest that the bill offered that morning be inserted in the record, so that his colleagues would understand "the apprehension of some of us about the forthrightness with which it was proposed that we act," and finally he said, "It has been suggested that in the Judiciary Committee one of the reasons why we cannot get out of committee bills in a certain area is that we have a very able Chairman. The converse is being demonstrated—that if the Chairman rules it, we can get other bills out. This also is a moral."

At about four o'clock, when, after nearly two hours, the debate was on the verge of expiring, Dirksen got up and said, "Mr. President, I hope my distinguished friend from Tennessee will do me the honor to give me a little attention. I have great affection for him. I like his relentlessness. He is as single-purposed as an Apache Indian. He is as gracious as a Victorian lady. There is a rare diligence about him, and a rare con-

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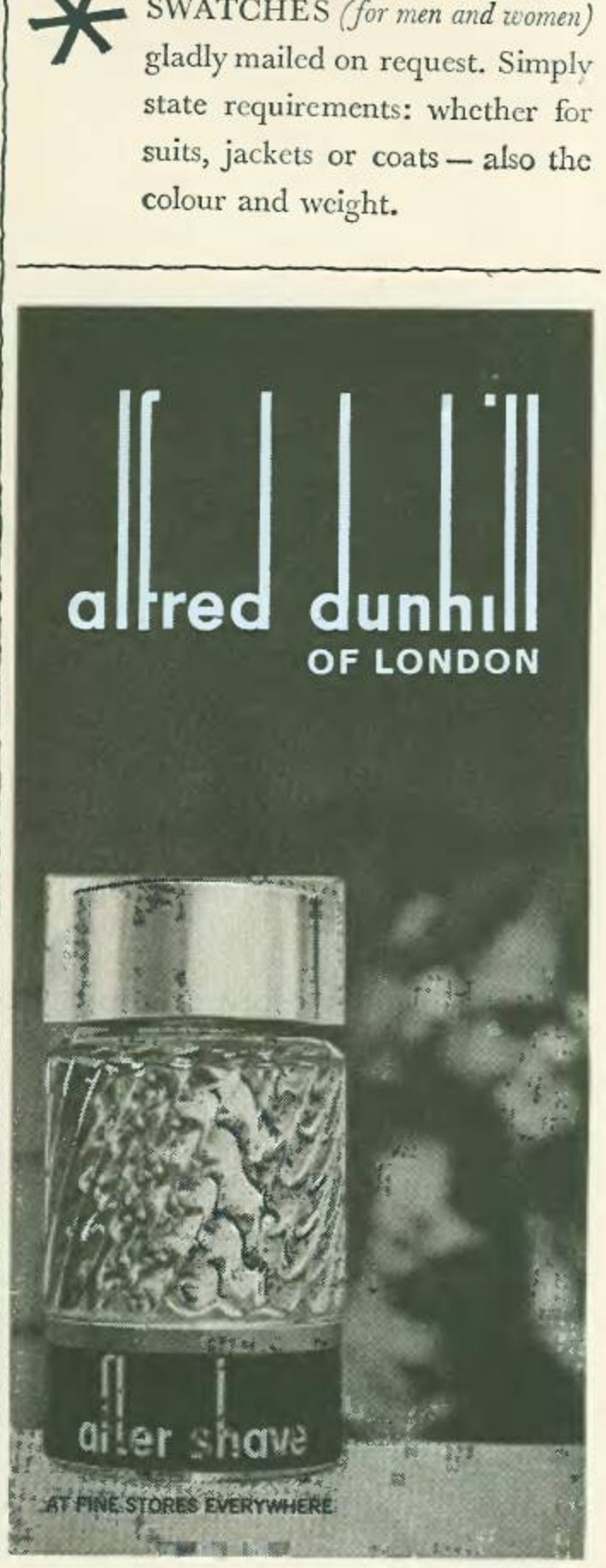

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sistency also. The difficulty is that we do not agree on the fundamental thesis. I am glad he is a patient man when he essays to change the result. His patience is certainly equal to that of Job. I think he makes Job look a little like an amateur."

FOR a time, it appeared that Kefauver's denunciation of the secret meeting would do him more harm than good, for he had not been willing to wait for his staff to prepare a press release, and when he delivered his speech, there were few reporters in the press gallery. Accordingly, the debate—which was generally considered to be one of the bitterest debates in the Senate in some years—did not immediately become known to the public, although the New York *Post* picked it up, in a story by Barbara Yuncker, which quoted a high official of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare as saying that the administration could "live with" the new bill. Within a few days, however, word of the secret meeting began to spread, and eventually a number of other papers mentioned it, including the *Times*. In an editorial on the secret meeting, which it called "a bizarre method of revision," the *Times* said, "The President has plenty of problems to occupy him these days, but this is a matter of sufficient moment to justify a clear statement from the White House as to which version meets the President's tests as outlined in his April letter [to Eastland]." No such statement was forthcoming, but on June 19th, when the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee began holding its hearings on the Harris bill, the opening witness, H.E.W. Secretary Abraham Ribicoff, confessed that the administration couldn't live with the Eastland-Dirksen bill after all. "I do not think that these amendments conform with the President's recommendations," he said when he was questioned about them.

"Do they substantially differ from what you have recommended here today?" Harris asked.

"I think they differ substantially enough to make us quite unhappy about them," Ribicoff answered.

In his column, Murray Kempton had written, "The Administration may, in the end, find itself with no bill at all. Kefauver remains a powerful figure, and he is a patient, although never malicious, enemy. If the bill which Health, Education, and Welfare has accepted seems to him maimed beyond recovery, he is strong enough to put it out of its misery if he chooses." As it turned out, Kefauver did not so choose. He voted for it

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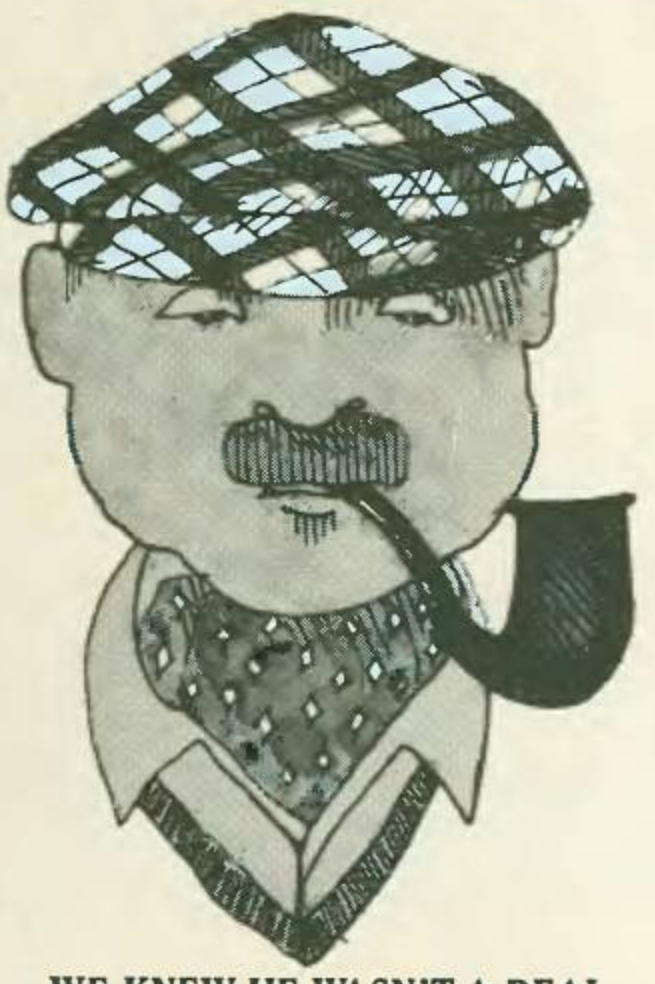

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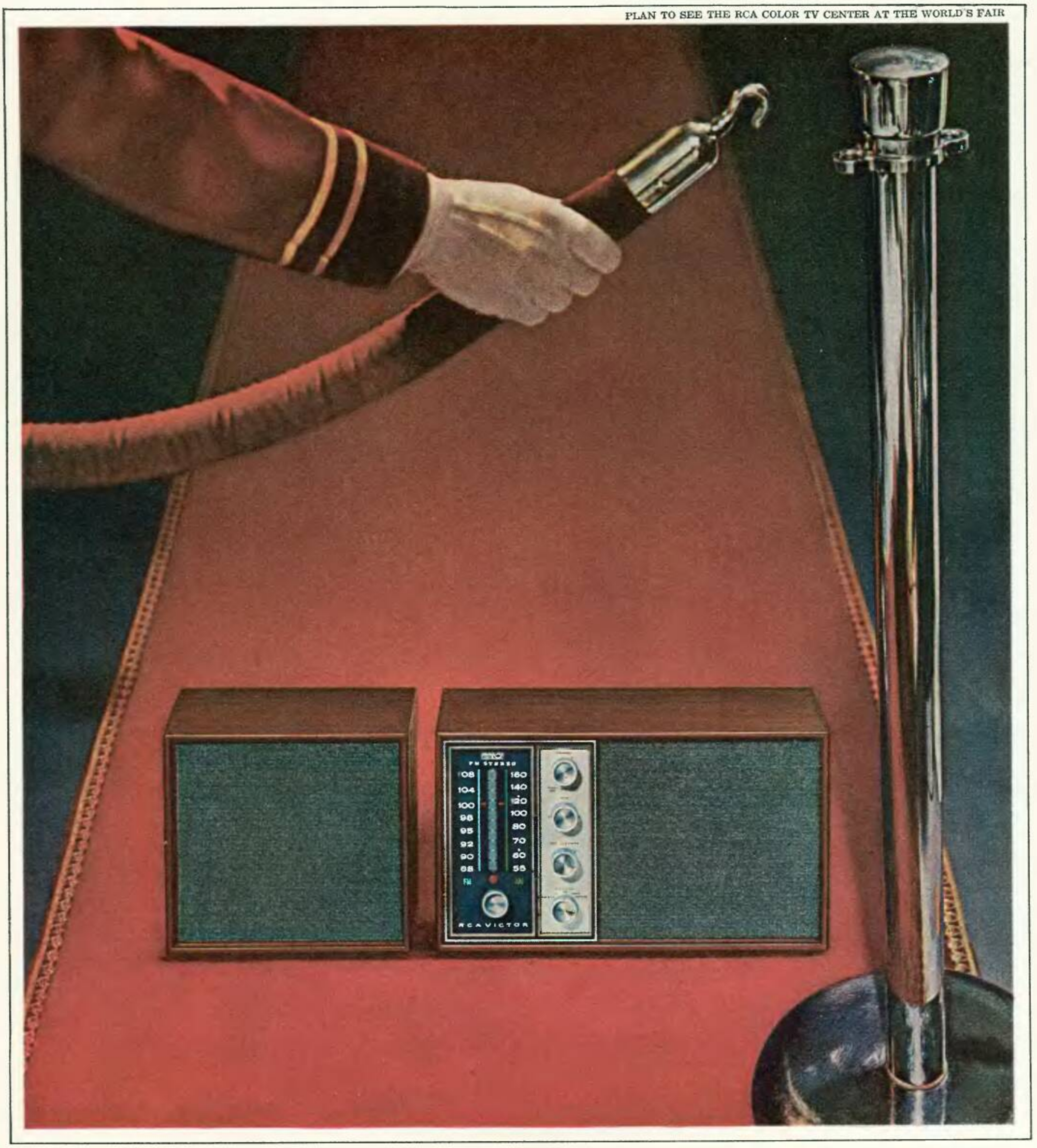

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in committee, with the warning that he meant to do his best to strengthen it when it came up for a vote in the Senate. "It's strange how differently some people act in the dark privacy of a committee meeting and the public glare of the Senate floor," he explained.

On July 12th, Eastland convened the committee to take what he assumed was a final vote on the revised S. 1552. All fifteen members were on hand, and when the tally was in, the only vote against the bill was Eastland's. Kefauver quickly grasped Eastland's purpose in voting against the bill, which was to avoid serving as its floor manager, with the probable result that Kefauver himself, as sponsor of the original measure, would have to; if he was its manager, he saw, he would be effectually restrained from attacking the bill. Accordingly, he pointed out to the committee that only fifty-five lines of his bill remained in S. 1552 as it stood, and that therefore he would have to refuse any offer to manage it on the floor. Eastland then called for another vote, and this time it was unanimous. On July 19th, the bill was officially reported out.

The general feeling in Washington now was that S. 1552 was dead for that session. In the face of Kefauver's vocal opposition, the administration was not disposed to press for passage of the weakened bill, nor, it seemed, could the White House gracefully get behind Kefauver's original measure now, even if it wanted to. The only hope Kefauver had was that Celler would be able to pry his version of S. 1552 out of his committee, and that possibility seemed extremely remote, because a majority of the committee's members were unwilling to antagonize Harris, who traditionally had jurisdiction over all F.D.A. matters. "It would be very difficult to get that bill out of my committee right now," Celler admitted. "I'm waiting to see what happens on the Senate side. Kefauver's bill has been very watered down over there, and I'm not interested in pushing through bad legislation. If S. 1552 is strengthened on the floor, then I'll try to get my bill out of committee. But the chances of strong action in the Senate don't look good. Without the support of the administration, it's hopeless, and the administration hasn't been supporting the Kefauver bill."

IN mid-July, Dr. Robert P. Fischelis, a columnist for the *American Druggist*, who had attended every session of the Kefauver drug hearings, wrote, "It took a catastrophe to put the teeth into the present Food, Drug, and Cos-

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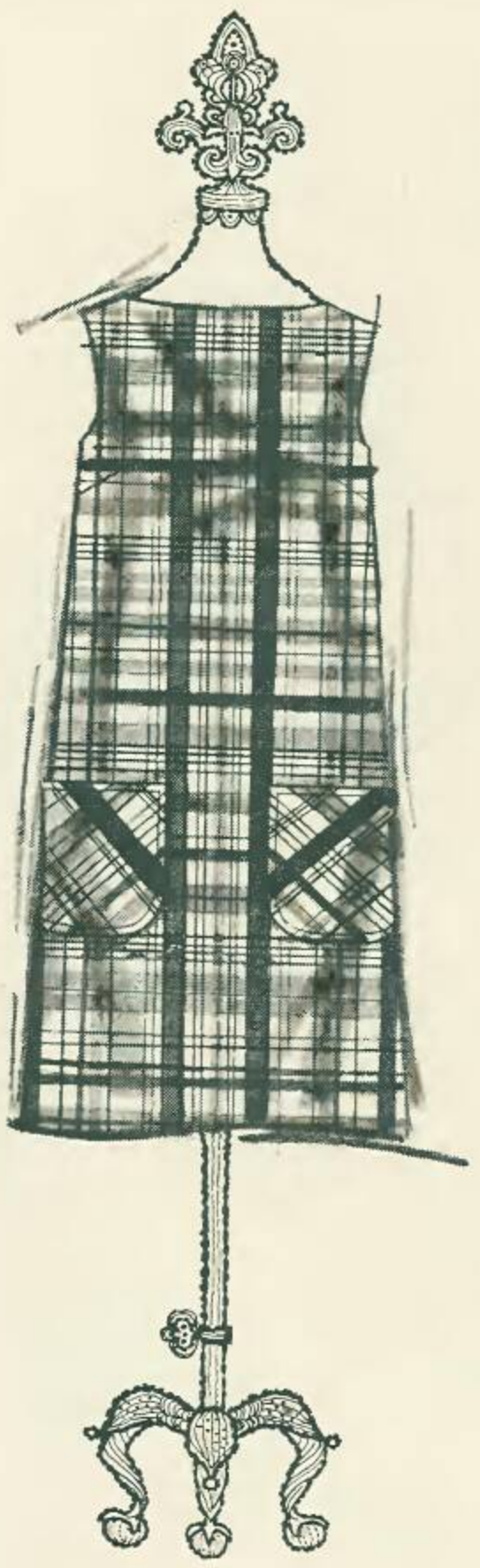

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metic Act and it begins to look as though something like this may have to happen again before consumer pressure will be exerted in sufficient intensity to move Congress to take necessary action." The catastrophe he was referring to occurred in 1937—four years after Senator Royal S. Copeland, a physician and former Commissioner of Health in New York City, had introduced a strong drug bill, which had been lying around Congress ever since. It was in mid-1937 that sulfanilamide hit the market, and within a few months of that event a salesman for one of the companies that produced it happened to tell a chemist at the company's plant that he could sell a great deal more of the drug if it could be made available in a liquid form, for patients who were unable to take capsules. The chemist went to work on the problem, and before long he came up with a solvent that did the trick—diethylene glycol, a glycerine-like by-product of petroleum refining. In September, he mixed up fifty-eight and a half pounds of sulfanilamide, sixty gallons of diethylene glycol, and eighty gallons of water, and added some sweetening, which he tested by taking a sip or two, and some coloring. He put the mixture up in small brown bottles, labelled them "Elixir Sulfanilamide," and shipped them out to his distributors. On October 11th, while the company was preparing more of the concoction, the deaths of six people in Tulsa were traced to the diethylene glycol that had been used as a solvent for sulfanilamide. Soon, several more people died after using the "elixir," and the company began trying to collect all the bottles of it that were on the market. At that point, the government moved in, assigning all its food-and-drug inspectors to round up the deadly stuff. Under the existing law, the Food and Drug Administration had no control over even the safety of drugs, but, as it happened, the use of the word "elixir" technically implied that the solvent involved was alcohol, rather than diethylene glycol, and the government did have something to say about misbranding. When it was all over, a hundred and eight people were dead—a hundred and seven patients, who had taken the "elixir," and the chemist, who had killed himself. Shortly afterward, the Department of Agriculture, of which the F.D.A. was then a part, issued a report on the calamity to Congress, concluding, "A few simple and inexpensive tests on experimental animals would have quickly demonstrated the toxic properties of both diethylene glycol and the 'elixir.' " The public was outraged, and so, finally, were its repre-

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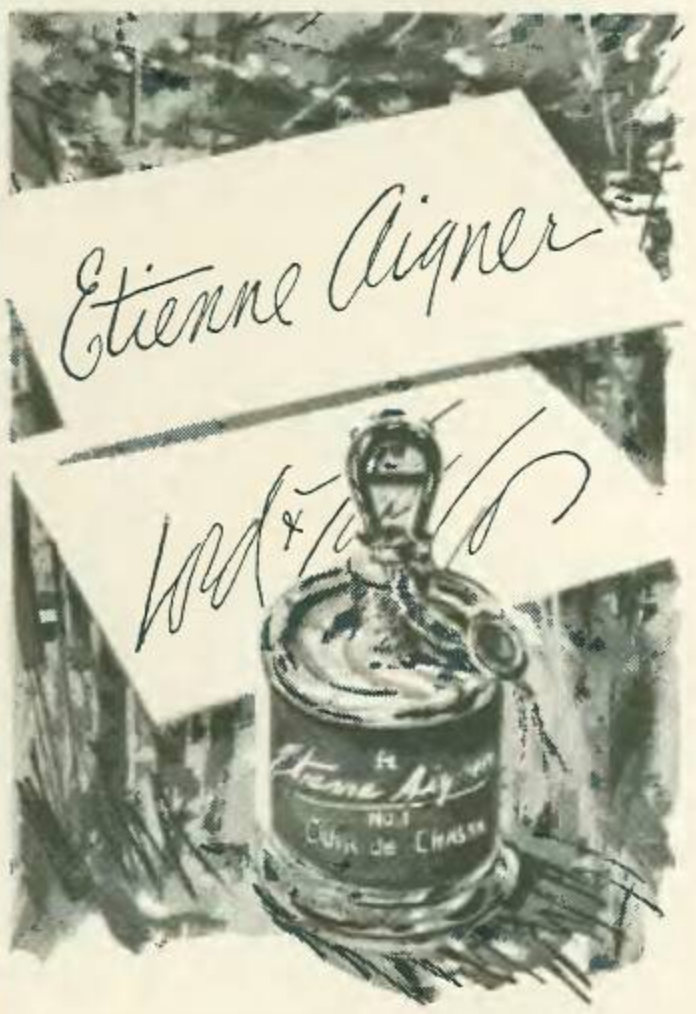

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sentatives; in June of 1938 they passed a good part of what Copeland had asked for.

A few days before Dr. Fischelis's article appeared, Bernard Nossiter, the chief economics writer for the Washington *Post*, stopped off at Blair's office to commiserate with him on the demise of the drug bill. "Don't be too sure," Blair told him. By this time, Mrs. Wendt had completed her dossier on thalidomide, and Blair told Nossiter about some of the things she had found out. Her most striking discovery was that the drug would almost certainly have been approved if it had not been for a woman physician, Frances O. Kelsey, who was a medical officer on the staff of the F.D.A. Dr. Kelsey, it appeared, had steadfastly refused to approve thalidomide on the ground that it hadn't been properly tested. "If it hadn't been for Dr. Kelsey," Blair said, "thalidomide would have been selling here for the past year, and we'd now have a medical disaster of major proportions on our hands."

When Nossiter got back to his office, he mentioned the incident to Seymour Fishbein, an assistant city editor, and the next day Fishbein asked Morton Mintz, one of the *Post's* top reporters, to look into it. Mintz went to see Dr. Kelsey, who answered his questions in a forthright and undramatic manner. She and her husband had been professors at the University of South Dakota School of Medicine, she said, and had moved to Washington in 1960—she to take up her present job, and he to become a special assistant to the Surgeon General. On September 12, 1960, she had got her first big assignment—Merrell's application to market thalidomide, under the trade name Kevadon. The data accompanying the application—based largely on experience with the drug in West Germany, where it had been widely used without apparent ill effects for a couple of years—did not impress her, because she had often seen a drug acclaimed for a comparable period, only to learn later that it had harmful side effects. Her doubts about thalidomide increased when she discovered from Merrell's data that although the drug made human beings exceedingly sleepy, it had no observable effect of any sort on animals, even in huge doses. Under the existing law—and this, of course, was one of Kefauver's big objections to it—the F.D.A. was required to hand down its decision on a new drug within sixty days; otherwise its approval was automatic. There was one loophole, though—the F.D.A. medical officer could tell the manufacturer that his ap-

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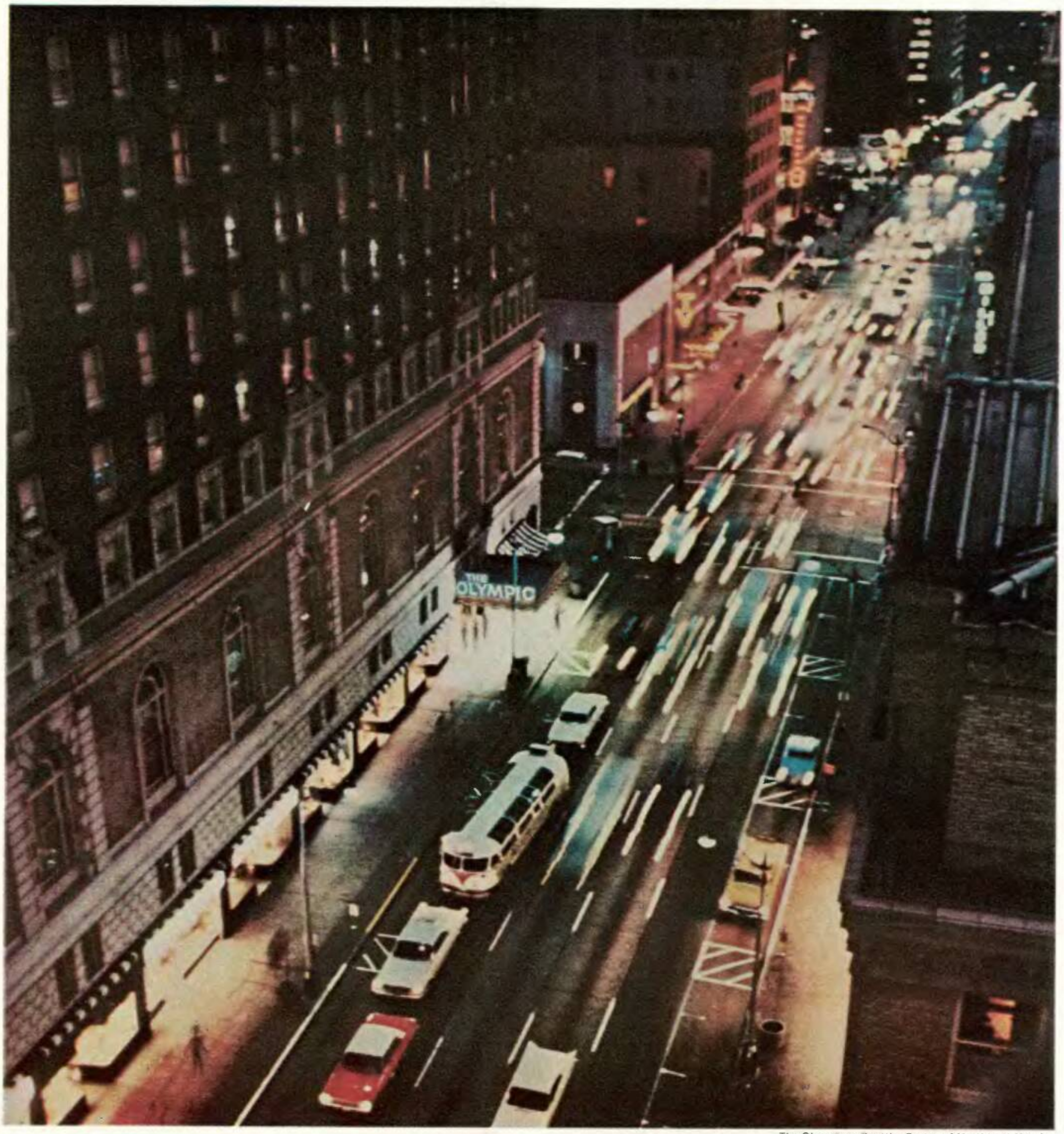

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plication was incomplete, and ask for more details. Each time the sixty-day deadline came up, Dr. Kelsey did just that in order to look into thalidomide further. Then, in February of 1961, she read, in a two-month-old issue of the *British Medical Journal*, a letter from a doctor suggesting that some recent cases of peripheral neuritis—a tingling sensation in the extremities—might have been caused by thalidomide. During the Second World War, Dr. Kelsey, in the course of doing extensive research on the effects of quinine on rabbits, had discovered that drugs that irritated adult nerves could cause paralysis, stunted growth, and deformity in the fetus, so the possible relationship between thalidomide and peripheral neuritis struck her as ominous. She immediately called this news to the attention of the Merrell people, and they reported that they had conducted tests that showed cases of peripheral neuritis resulting from the use of thalidomide to be extremely rare—roughly one in every three hundred thousand patients—and that also showed that the effect was reversible once the drug was discontinued. In April, Merrell's application to sell Kevadon in Canada was approved by the Canadian equivalent of the F.D.A., and the company stepped up its appeals to Dr. Kelsey. However, late in November of 1961, a German pediatrician named Dr. Widukind Lenz traced the European outbreak of phocomelia to thalidomide. He informed the West German manufacturer, Chemie Grünenthal, which quickly withdrew the drug from the German market. Although it was withdrawn from the British market on December 2, 1961, Merrell did not withdraw it from the Canadian market until three months later, on March 2, 1962. Six days after that, on March 8th, the firm withdrew its F.D.A. application.

Mintz's story appeared on the front page of the Washington *Post* for Sunday, July 15th, under the headline "HEROINE OF FDA KEEPS BAD DRUG OFF MARKET." On July 16th, Kefauver released Mrs. Wendt's dossier on thalidomide to the press, and on July 18th, speaking in the Senate, he recommended that Dr. Kelsey be awarded the gold medal for Distinguished Federal Civilian Service, and went on to remind his listeners of measures to protect the American people against just such disasters that had been included in S. 1552 before Eastland and Dirksen honed it down. (Although Kefauver was ultimately successful in linking his bill and the thalidomide scare in the public mind, S. 1552 actually did

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nothing to facilitate the F.D.A.'s efforts to obtain information about new drugs. On the other hand, it did give the F.D.A. open-end authority; that is, it abolished the time limit after which approval became automatic.) The press buildup was accelerated on July 25th, when a Phoenix housewife, Mrs. Robert Finkbine, who was then pregnant and who discovered that she had been taking thalidomide in the form of Distaval, bought in England by her husband, announced that she would try to get a legal abortion. Ultimately she did—not here, but in Sweden—and the doctor who performed the operation announced that the fetus was, indeed, deformed.

On July 27th, a news story distributed by United Press International revealed that, according to George P. Larrick, Commissioner of the F.D.A., Merrell had sent thalidomide to more than twelve hundred doctors for testing, and it later turned out that not all the supplies had been recovered. In a follow-up story, the Associated Press pointed out that such testing could be carried on with almost no government supervision; a drug company was required only to keep records of its shipments of experimental drugs, and to label them "Caution, New Drug Limited by Federal Law to Investigative Use." As for a physician who received one of these shipments, he was required to do nothing beyond sending the company a statement, signed by him, to the effect that he was qualified to test the drug; no standards existed for determining whether his opinion was justified. Nor, it turned out, was the physician required to inform patients to whom he gave the drug that the drug was experimental. No amount of detective work at the time—or today, for that matter—could show how many deformed infants were born as a result of the experimental use of thalidomide in this country, for neither hospitals nor individual doctors have ever been required to report the birth of malformed children. Besides, many physicians, it was eventually learned, had kept incomplete records of the women to whom they had given thalidomide, and those whose records were impeccable could scarcely be expected to notify the press that they had been instrumental in causing phocomelia.

ON July 24th, Kefauver made public a letter he had sent to President Kennedy urging him to award Dr. Kelsey a gold medal for her services. Then, three days later, he went off on a tangent that was to end up in a heated wrangle with the administration over

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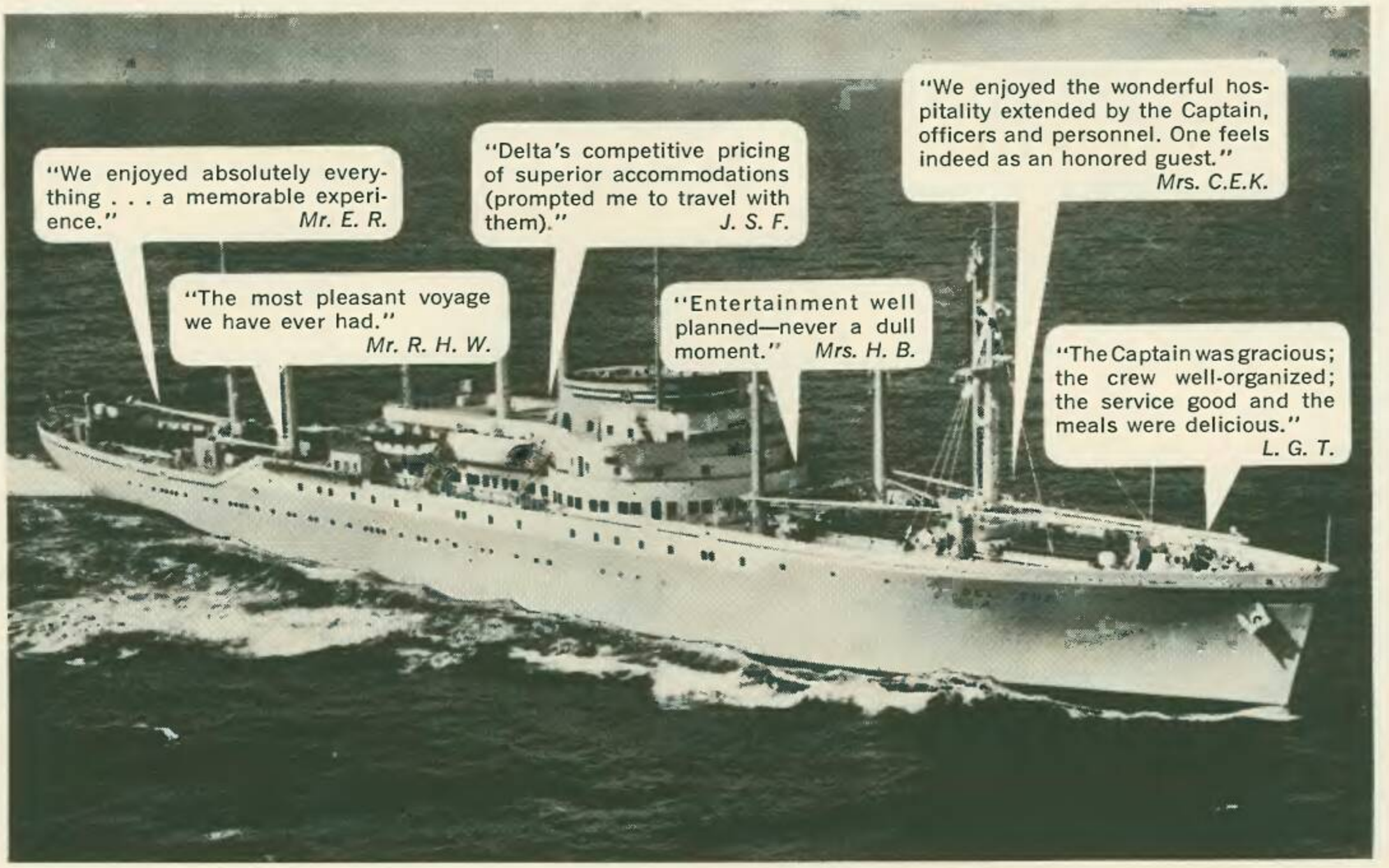

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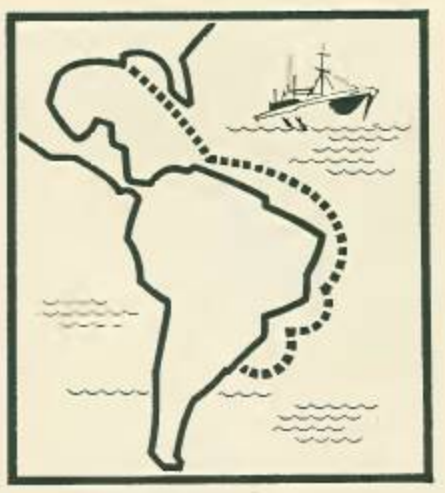

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its so-called satellite bill—a measure to allow a private corporation, of which the government would own only half the stock, the other half being held by private communications companies, to operate a global communications system, based on relaying devices such as Telstar. By late July, when the administration was ready to call for a vote on the bill, there had been little debate over it in Congress or anywhere else. Kefauver and several other senators resolved to filibuster against the bill, in an effort to bring their case to the public. For five days, beginning July 27th, they did filibuster, and at the close of the fifth day, by unanimous consent of the Senate, the bill was sent to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for public hearings.

On August 1st, those who had been behind the Kefauver drug bill got another jolt. At a press conference that afternoon, President Kennedy made a statement to the effect that the version of S. 1552 that had been reported out by the Judiciary Committee did not go far enough toward fulfilling the recommendations contained in the Consumer Message. "I hope the members of Congress will adopt those more careful provisions contained in the administration bill, introduced by Congressman Oren Harris, of Arkansas, in the House," the President said. "The administration bill, for example, unlike the Senate Judiciary bill, will allow for immediate removal from the market of a new drug where there is an immediate hazard to public health, which cannot be done now, and contains with it many other very essential safeguards which I hope the Congress will act on this year."

Kefauver had gone to Tennessee to vote in the Democratic primary, and when members of his staff heard about the press conference, they quickly got together to discuss the kind of statement the Senator should make when he returned. As they saw it, the President's remarks amounted to a rejection of Kefauver's efforts. For one thing, the so-called Senate Judiciary bill had been approved by the administration, and, for another, taking a new drug off the market was by no means the same as preventing a drug that wasn't on the market from getting there. On the other hand, the Harris bill failed to abolish the automatic-approval provision of the law, and this, Blair felt, was of pivotal importance in giving medical officers sufficient time to evaluate new drug applications.

When Kefauver got back to Washington, he joined several of his staff members in his office to wait for the primary returns to be phoned in from Tennessee. When he was told about the press conference, he shook his head, lit a cigarette, and said, "Isn't that a hell of a thing—after all these years of work to get a slap in the face like that?" His aides suggested three different strategies: to attack the administration directly; to try to strengthen the Eastland-Dirksen bill on the floor; or to avoid antagonizing the President no matter what happened. Kefauver listened, asked a few questions, and then, toward midnight, got up and left without announcing any decision.

Unknown to the Kefauver camp, lights were also burning late over in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. On orders from the White House, Sonosky, Ellenbogen, and Winton B. Rankin, assistant commissioner of the F.D.A., were preparing still another drug bill for submission to the Senate. From one o'clock in the afternoon until three in the morning, they strengthened the Harris bill by adding parts of the Kefauver bill and some odds and ends of their own, and then they drew up a rough draft, consisting of seven amendments in all. Finally, they went home to get some sleep. They were up early the next morning, though, going over the draft, and at nine o'clock Sonosky hurried to the White House to see Theodore Sorensen, the President's special counsel, who examined the bill and gave it his approval. After that, Sorensen and Sonosky took a limousine over to the New Senate Office Building and went up to Eastland's office. Sorensen stayed around just long enough to make it clear that the President wanted the bill pushed through. Since the amendments brought the measure back fairly close to the one his committee had rejected, Eastland was left in the unhappy position of repudiating either his committee's handiwork or the President's. In view of the public's interest in the issue, he reluctantly decided that he must repudiate the committee's. With Sonosky and Hruska, he examined the bill in detail, and then Sonosky returned to his office, where he found Cohen waiting with word that the White House wanted them to draft explanations of the amendments, plus a covering letter to Eastland to be signed by the President. Both had to be ready by four-thirty that afternoon, Cohen said, because the President was due to leave for Hyannis Port at five. By a quarter after four, Sonosky and Cohen

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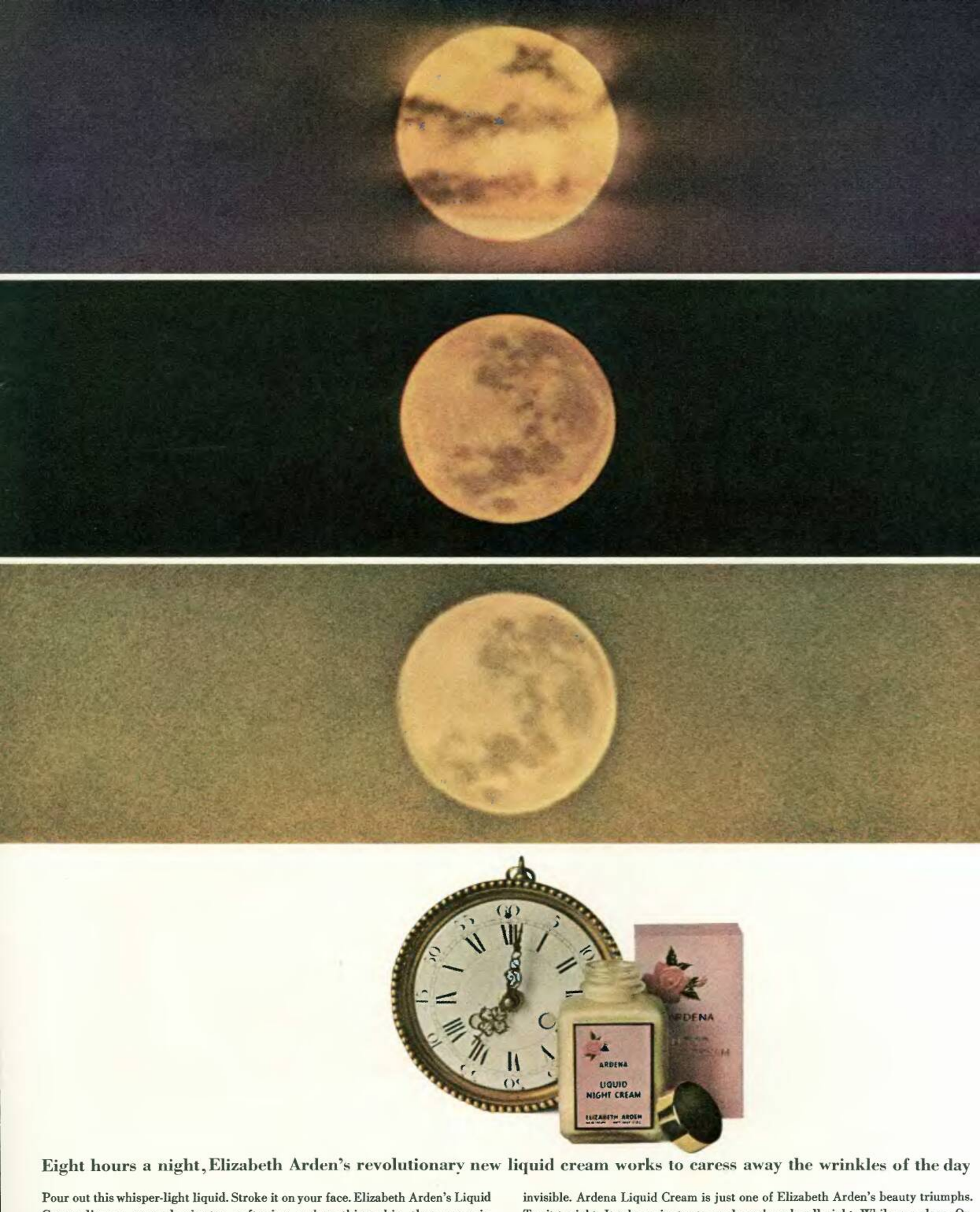

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had a fairly complete draft of the explanations ready, along with the last paragraph of a two-paragraph letter, typed in position on a piece of White House stationery. They took a taxi to the White House, and during the short ride Cohen hastily wrote down a first paragraph on a scratch pad, finishing it just as they pulled up at the West Wing. They were ushered at once into the Oval Room, where President Kennedy greeted them and sat down to look over the two paragraphs of the letter. Without a word, he scribbled his signature below the typed paragraph, and then, looking up, said that it was imperative to finish up the rest at once. The public expected action, he added, and it had to be taken. Cohen explained that both the amendments and their explanations were still a bit rough and had to be rewritten. With a nod, the President said he would like all the work done by the following morning, so that it could be sent to him in Hyannis Port.

At about the same time, Kefauver decided on his strategy. A long talk with Mansfield and with Hubert H. Humphrey, Majority Whip, had convinced him that the administration meant to support him, so he resolved not to challenge it either directly or indirectly. Humphrey had promised to help him push through some of his strengthening amendments, and Mansfield had said that the Democratic Policy Committee—the next obstacle in the legislative maze—would report out S. 1552 when it met the following Tuesday, August 7th, and that, with luck, the bill would get to the floor for a vote on Wednesday. Moreover, Kefauver had learned that Celler had convened his committee to see if he could get *his* version of the drug bill moving. Something that he didn't learn until later was that Harris, that same afternoon, had told an A.P. reporter that he had no intention of pushing for quick action on drug legislation. After remarking that the Senate had been considering the problem for three years, he concluded, "If they can't work anything out, I don't see why we should rack our brains."

That night, Sonosky, Ellenbogen, and three secretaries from the F.D.A. racked *their* brains in an effort to do all that the President had requested. They finished shortly after one o'clock, and Sonosky sent the results by messenger to the White House. At nine o'clock, after a few hours' sleep, he called the White House and dictated a press release to accompany the amendments. Apparently, someone decided that it might be unwise to keep Kefauver entirely in the dark again, so later that morning Mike N.

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Manatos, an administration legislative liaison man, telephoned him to say that some strong amendments to the Eastland-Dirksen bill were in the works. Kefauver, having no idea they were already completed, didn't ask to see them.

Since S. 1552 was already on the Senate calendar, Kefauver assumed that he and the other senators who had worked for strong drug legislation would be asked to offer the new amendments on the floor. As things turned out, however, the situation gave birth to a unique parliamentary tactic. On Sunday, August 5th, the President, in Hyannis Port, released the text both of the new amendments and of his letter to Eastland requesting that the Judiciary Committee recall the drug bill that it had reported out and incorporate the new amendments in it. In effect, this made it the President's bill. Kefauver's name was nowhere mentioned.

At ten-thirty on the following Tuesday morning, the Judiciary Committee met to have a look at the President's amendments, as the collage came to be called. On hand, besides the members and their aides, were Dr. Kelsey, Commissioner Larrick, Rankin, Sonosky, and Ellenbogen, all of them in the capacity of technical advisers. One of the amendments abolished automatic F.D.A. approval of new-drug applications, an idea that the committee had rejected out of hand only three weeks before; now it was quickly approved. Another amendment gave the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare the power to take a drug off the market without even a preliminary hearing if evidence showed it to be an imminent danger to the public health. Then, suddenly, several voices said at once that this took care of thalidomide, whereupon Eastland got up and indicated that the meeting was over. Sonosky jumped to his feet. "No, gentlemen, this doesn't take care of thalidomide!" he said sternly. Everyone stared at him in astonishment, but he stood his ground, adding, "We have *not* finished, gentlemen." After a sharp but confused exchange of words, Eastland said that the committee would resume its study of the amendments the next day, and adjourned the meeting.

The next afternoon, Mansfield announced in the Senate that the order of business would be the satellite bill, followed by the farm bill and the drug bill. On hearing the news, a Kefauver aide who was working on the satellite measure said, "If they think Estes is going to give up the satellite fight to get the drug bill through, they're crazy." A few minutes later, he sent the Senator a memorandum saying that he felt it was

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about time to blow the whistle on the administration, and suggesting that Kefauver take the floor and announce that he had no intention of making the trade implicitly offered but would fight against the first bill and for the other. Kefauver made his protest privately to Mansfield and Humphrey, saying to them, "This is a hell of a thing—putting monopoly welfare before the public welfare."

Over the next few days, the Judiciary Committee went on with its study of the new bill. It was slow, finicky work. Dirksen said later, "We argued about the touch of a word, the emphasis of a phrase, the striking out of a line, the replacing of a semicolon, and whether a comma was in the right place or whether a period ought to take its place." Kefauver began to despair of their ever getting anywhere, but then he was heartened by word from Celler that his committee was actually making some progress with its bill. Eventually, though, the conservatives there proved as balky as their Senate counterparts. (One of them, Representative George Meader, a Republican from Michigan, expressed a rather original view on the patent provision. "If patents are restricted as Kefauver wants, all drugs, including dangerous ones, will be cheaper and more widely available," he speculated. "That can only mean that more people will be harmed.") There was another complication, too. On the very day that Celler got his committee together, Harris unexpectedly announced that he would conduct further hearings on his bill, beginning on August 20th. Harris had just had a ten-minute telephone conversation with the President, he said later, who urged him to report out his bill.

By noon on Friday, August 10th, the Senate Judiciary Committee had accepted four of the new amendments more or less intact, so as soon as that day's meeting was over, Kefauver made his way to the Senate chamber, where the filibuster was due to be resumed. Obtaining the floor, he proceeded to test the leadership's position on the satellite bill versus the drug bill by pointing out that S. 1552 was already on the calendar and that only three of the President's amendments remained to be voted on, and asking for unanimous consent to consider the bill then and there. Mansfield quickly objected, and the filibuster continued.

The following week, the Judiciary Committee, meeting only in the mornings, considered the remaining amendments. Owing to an official objection by Senator Wayne Morse, of Oregon, one of the leaders of the filibuster, no committee sessions could be held while the

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Senate was in session, but this, naturally, did not prevent staff members from getting together to prepare a compromise for their bosses' consideration. Accordingly, Blair, Flurry, Collins, Chumbris, and Raitt met regularly with Sonosky and Ellenbogen, and also with Cutler and Foley, who by this time had come out into the open. Toward the end of their deliberations, the drug industry also sent in its first-stringer; this was Thomas Corcoran, who had been one of the chief architects of the New Deal and was now a private, and highly successful, lawyer. Meanwhile, the thalidomide story was receding, and the industry's resistance to the new amendments was stiffening.

On August 7th, the President awarded Dr. Kelsey a gold medal for distinguished government service, as Kefauver had suggested, but the White House press release made no mention of Kefauver, declaring instead that the award had been made on the recommendation of Anthony J. Celebrezze, the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare—who, as it happened, wasn't in town at the time and knew nothing about the whole matter until afterward. On August 11th, Mansfield moved to cut off the filibuster, then in its sixth day, by filing a cloture petition—a parliamentary device, requiring a two-thirds majority, that hadn't been used successfully for thirty-five years. On August 14th, the cloture motion passed, and, a couple of days later, so did the satellite bill. On August 20th, the members of the Judiciary Committee held their last meeting to consider the President's amendments, and, having approved them, voted out the fourth version of S. 1552 unanimously. Immeasurably stronger than the Eastland-Dirksen bill, it called for strict factory inspection; improved standards of quality controls in manufacturing; the abolition of automatic approval of new-drug applications after a fixed period; proof of efficacy in all new drugs and old drugs; the rejection of new-drug applications and the withdrawal of approved drugs in cases of false labelling; the use on all labels and in all advertising and promotional material of generic names in letters at least half as large as the trade names; a requirement that the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare review all existing generic names and establish new and simpler ones where they were needed; distribution by the F.D.A. of package inserts to all doctors, hospitals, and medical facilities; the keeping of records by drug companies on the side effects of all their drugs; the certification of all antibiotics; and descriptions in all drug advertising of a drug's effi-

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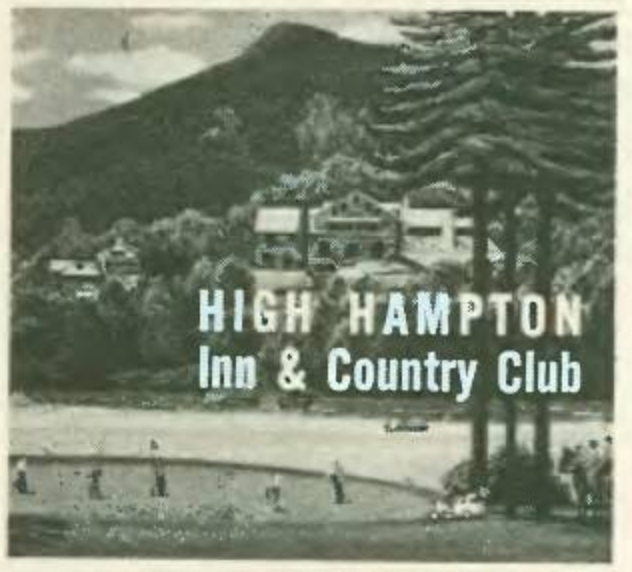

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cacy and adverse side effects. About all that remained of the Eastland-Dirksen bill was the stipulation that the Patent Office had the right to ask for information on drugs from the F.D.A. and the provision that the name and address of every pharmaceutical company be listed with the government. When the meeting broke up, Kefauver was first out of the room. "This is a very good drug bill," he told a group of reporters waiting outside. "I think it will give a great deal of added protection to the American people."

AT 11 A.M. on August 23rd, the Senate took up S. 1552. First, Eastland outlined the bill's legislative history; that is, the intent of Congress as it is expressed in the views of a bill's supporters, which later helps the courts interpret the law. He read a lengthy description of what S. 1552 set out to do and how it meant to do it, and when he had finished and headed for the cloakroom, cigar in hand, Kefauver got up to retrace some of the steps, fill in a few missing points, and object to certain parts of the bill, which he felt had been weakened in committee. As usual, he was not audible more than a dozen feet away, so Hruska and Keating, the only senators who stayed in the chamber throughout his speech, moved over to the Democratic side of the aisle to hear him better. After Kefauver sat down, both Keating and Hruska spoke up for the bill, which they had both voted against a few weeks earlier, and Hruska brought up the question of compulsory licensing before Kefauver could. "To charge that prices are too high and to promise a reduction by legislation leads many a demagogic politician into a wonderful dream world," he stated. "Sometimes it goes so far that he even convinces himself of his own virtue and prowess as a 'friend and deliverer of the people.' "

Then Kefauver and Humphrey offered an amendment requiring that all prescription drugs be tested on animals before being used on human beings, which was accepted by unanimous consent. After that, Senator Jacob Javits, of New York, proposed an amendment making it mandatory for a doctor to get a patient's permission before treating him with an experimental drug. Although the suggestion appeared sound enough, just about everyone except Carroll and Javits himself was against it. Kefauver was, for one, because he feared that the A.M.A., considering the amendment an infringement of the physician's rights, would oppose it with the considerable force that the

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Around that time, in the corridor behind the Senate gallery, Ellenbogen, who was standing by to offer technical assistance, showed Sonosky a copy of a press release that the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare had put out that morning. "Tablets of thalidomide, unidentified by name and which may be mistaken for other drugs, are still at large in family medicine cabinets," it began, and went on to say that the manufacturer (Merrell) had distributed 2,528,412 thalidomide tablets, in a variety of colors and sizes, to twelve hundred and sixty-seven doctors, who had given them to some twenty thousand patients, in containers that bore nothing more than directions for use. The F.D.A. had been unable to track down ninety-nine of the physicians, the release said, and of the rest four hundred and ten had made no effort to get in touch with the patients to whom they had given thalidomide—in many cases because they had kept no record of doing so. The F.D.A., the release continued, had no idea how many tablets were still around. Most of the doctors had received the manufacturer's warning to stop using the drug in March, 1962, but eighty-five of them said they had not been notified of the product's side effects, and forty-two others said that they had received no warning at all. The F.D.A. had asked the doctors whether they had signed statements that they were qualified to test the drug; six hundred and forty had said they had, two hundred and forty-seven had said they had not, and the rest couldn't remember or didn't answer the question.

When Sonosky finished reading the release, he asked Ellenbogen to have the department send twenty copies of it to the Senate press gallery at once. Then he hurried off to look for Eastland. He finally found him in the Senate reception room, just outside the chamber. He was talking to Cutler. Sonosky handed the Senator the release. After glancing through it, Eastland said, "That does it, gentlemen!" His meaning wasn't quite clear, but he gave the release to Cutler and returned to the Senate chamber.

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a modified amendment, stating simply that "the interests of patients" should be considered when the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare issued regulations to cover the use of experimental drugs. Although the provision was weaker than Javits liked, he and most of the other senators felt that it would, in effect, put doctors on notice that malpractice suits over the use of experimental drugs would now be more likely to be sustained by the courts. A voice vote was taken, and the modified amendment passed unanimously.

The only remaining matter to be considered was Kefauver's old compulsory-licensing provision, which had fared so badly in committee. When he got up to propose restoring it to the bill, he spoke, for once, loudly and clearly. This was fortunate, for close to fifty senators were in the chamber, milling about and chatting in small groups, and within a matter of seconds they had quieted down to listen. One of them explained their interest by saying, "First of all, I'd never heard Estes make so much noise, and, second, I knew that this was the heart of his whole fight for lower prices." To a number of those on hand, the amendment that Kefauver offered was something of a surprise, for it was not his original proposal—that after three years a patent holder would be obliged to license any qualified applicant at a royalty rate of up to eight per cent. Instead, he now moved that a patent holder be obliged to license any qualified applicant, up to the same royalty rate, on any drug that the F.T.C. found to be selling for more than five hundred per cent of its production cost—including the cost of materials, labor, royalties, and research.

Blair had set up several charts on metal easels at the rear of the chamber, and now Kefauver moved over to one of them, which showed price figures for a cortisone derivative generically named prednisone. After explaining that the patent on the substance was being contested in the Patent Office by five large companies and that for the time being any firm could produce and sell it, Kefauver pointed out that several of the companies that claimed to have discovered it—Schering, Merck, and others—sold it to druggists at precisely $170 per thousand tablets, although according to an estimate drawn up by the subcommittee staff it cost these companies no more than $13.61 to produce and package a thousand tablets. McKesson & Robbins, however, he went on, holding up a bottle of prednisone, had also been selling the drug and had informed him that its costs were $8.99 a thousand tablets and that it sold a thousand to druggists for $20.95. "If any one of these large companies gets the patent, it will only license other large companies," Kefauver said. "The arthritics and old people will be denied the right to buy prednisone made by McKesson & Robbins . . . at two or three cents a tablet. They will have to pay nearly thirty cents a tablet, as they do now when they buy prednisone under a trade name."

Senator Frank J. Lausche, a conservative Democrat from Ohio, got to his feet and stared at the chart in disbelief for several minutes. Finally, he turned to Kefauver and asked, "Is there any dispute about the fact the Senator from Tennessee has just pointed out?"

Kefauver assured him that there wasn't, and Lausche sat down again.

A moment later, Senator Jack Miller, a Republican from Iowa, rose and said, "This does not concern me very much, because it seems to me that if the product is the same and there is such a differential in price, people naturally will buy the twenty-dollar bottle of pills instead of the hundred-and-seventy-dollar bottle of pills."

Kefauver replied that if a doctor wrote, say, "Meticorten" (Schering's trade name for prednisone) on a prescription blank for an arthritic patient, the patient had to buy Meticorten or nothing. Miller resumed his seat.

Another antagonist was Eastland, who had been conferring with Hruska and Dirksen. "The Senator is not going to put a noose around the drug industry's neck and still get research!" he shouted.

Kefauver turned to another chart, and read off a list of major drugs that had been discovered abroad and were being sold here by licensees. Fifty pills of chlorpromazine, he noted, were sold by Rhône-Poulenc, its discoverer, in France for fifty-one cents and by Smith, Kline & French in the United States for $3.03, while a hundred pills of reserpine were sold by CIBA in Germany for $1.05 and by its subsidiary here for $4.50, and fifty pills of tolbutamide were sold in Germany by Hoechst for $1.85 and by Upjohn here for $4.17. After pointing out that the research for all these drugs had been done abroad, Kefauver said, "Mr. President, that is not right."

Again Lausche got up and stared at the chart. After a moment, he asked what explanation Smith, Kline & French

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had given of the price they charged for chlorpromazine.

Kefauver turned to still another chart, which showed drug-company profits. Pointing out the Smith, Kline & French data, he said, "[Their net profit] after taxes was twenty-two and seven-tenths per cent, up until 1954, when Thorazine [the trade name for chlorpromazine] was introduced. As the Senator knows, it is a very potent tranquillizer. After taxes, the net profit on investment [that year] was thirty-seven per cent. It reached up to fifty per cent in 1955. In other words, that rate of profit would almost pay for the company in two years."

Throughout these exchanges, Senator John O. Pastore, a Democrat from Rhode Island, had been pacing near his desk, in the front row. Since he had led the fight for the satellite bill, the general assumption was that it would be a long time before he went to Kefauver's aid. Now he asked Kefauver, "Would any of the evidence which was adduced before the subcommittee indicate that drugs developed in the United States are sold at higher prices to Americans [than] to persons who live in other countries?"

Kefauver assured him that there was indeed evidence of this, and that, in fact, some of the drugs that sold more cheaply abroad were not only developed but manufactured here.

Hruska rose and asked, "Is it not true that in most European countries there are price-fixing statutes which control the prices of drugs?"

This question suggested not only that other countries had seen fit to limit runaway drug prices but that American firms were able to sell abroad at a profit even so.

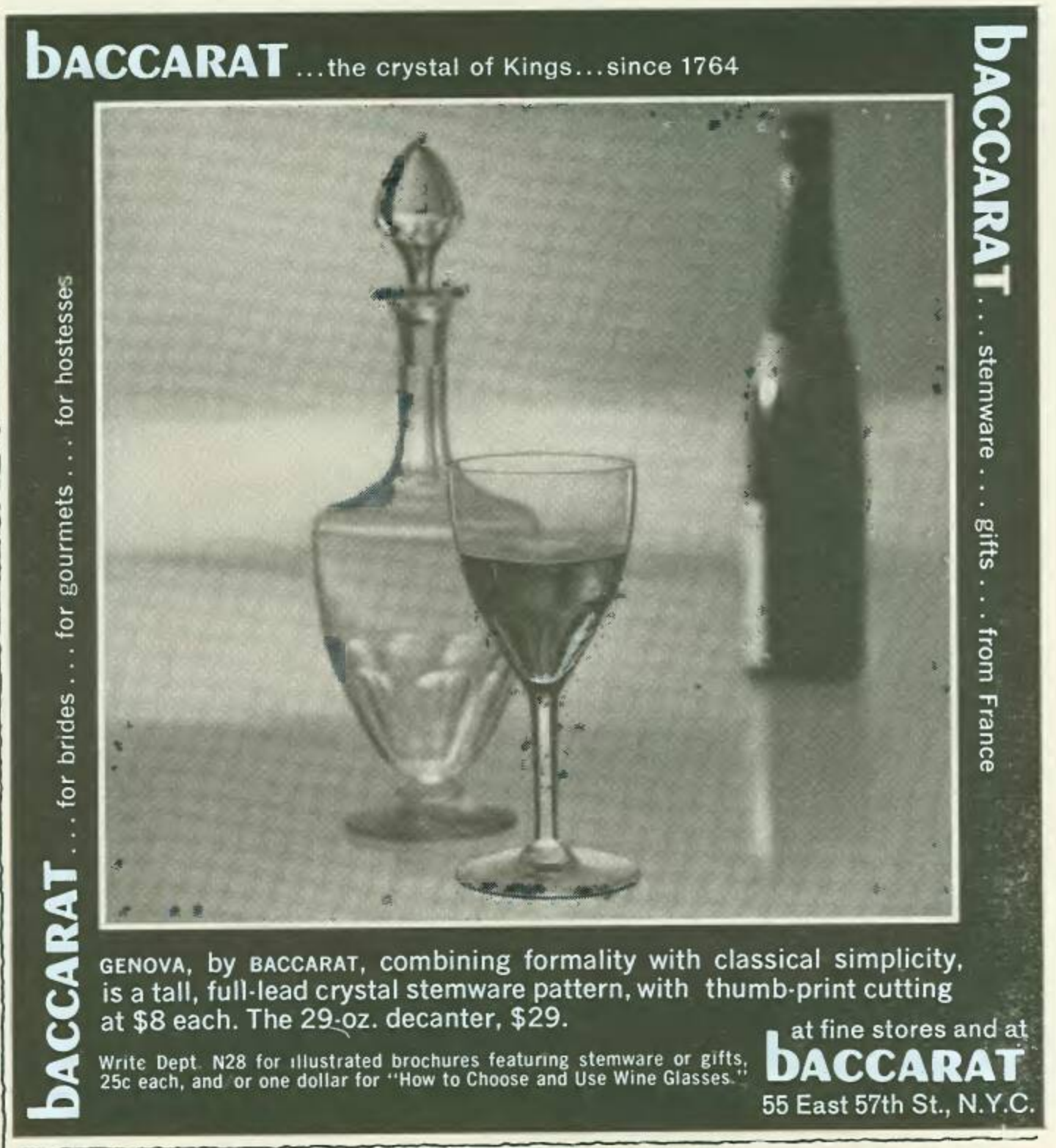
Facing the chamber, Pastore cried, "I say it is immoral!"

Kefauver nodded. "It is immoral," he said quietly. "There is no doubt about it."

A few minutes later, to Kefauver's surprise, Mansfield moved simply to table the patent-licensing amendment—a motion that, under the Senate's rules, is not subject to debate.

Kefauver hurried over to Mansfield's desk. "Hell, Mike, if anybody's going to do that, let it be Dirksen," he said. "Why not let us vote on the merits of it?"

Mansfield dismissed the suggestion, explaining that the White House had instructed him to make the motion. A buzzer rang twice, for a quorum call, and as soon as enough members had assembled, it rang three times, for a



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vote. Fifty-three senators voted in favor of Mansfield's motion. Twenty-eight—three times as many as Kefauver had expected—voted against it. Of the latter, all but one (Margaret Chase Smith, of Maine) were Democrats. Even Humphrey voted with Kefauver. "I hate to go against the leadership," he told a colleague at the time, adding, with a nod toward the charts, "but, my God, you can't ignore those." According to several other senators, the amendment would have got far more votes—perhaps enough to win—if the administration had not implicitly opposed it.

Shortly before seven that evening, a roll-call vote was taken on the entire bill. It was seventy-eight to nothing in favor. Afterward, Senator Douglas rose to praise Kefauver for his efforts, and while he spoke, Kefauver sat with downcast eyes, looking rather embarrassed.

"The Senator from Tennessee has waged a long and lonely fight for an adequate drug bill," Douglas said. "He has been attacked by the powerful drug industry, and . . . he has not received a great deal of coöperation from some of his colleagues. . . . But now, Mr. President, because of the many terrible tragedies which have occurred in European countries from the use of the drug thalidomide and the cases which have occurred in this country, it has been proved that the Senator was right all the time. . . . Men who had openly and secretly fought him now flock to get on the bandwagon and pretend that they were always his supporters. As a humble American citizen, I wish to commend the Senator from Tennessee, and all those who helped him, for fighting all these months and years for this great reform. Certainly, the American people will eternally be grateful to him. Mr. President, can we learn from this lesson, or can mankind educate itself only by disaster and tragedy?"

ON the day the Senate approved S. 1552, the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce completed its hearings on the Harris bill. The chairman, Oren Harris, who had represented the Fourth District of Arkansas for twenty-two years, was generally considered one of the ablest men in the House and also one of the business world's staunchest allies. In his committee, which was made up of twenty Democrats—eight of them Southerners—and thirteen Republicans, the conservatives of both parties had a two-to-one margin of control. The administration could have bypassed Harris, it was pointed out, simply by sending S. 1552 over to the House after it passed

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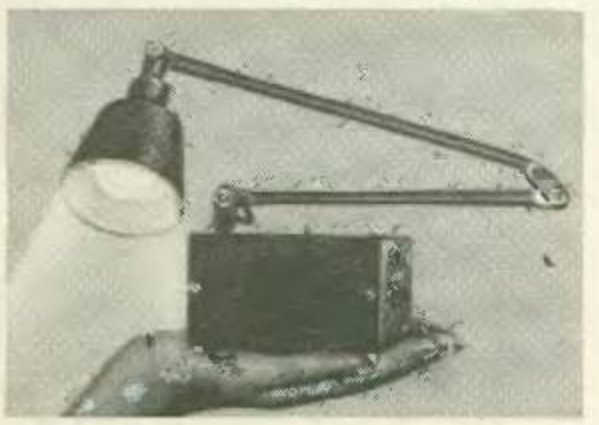

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the Senate, but the President was apparently unwilling to do so. Those who had pressed for a strong bill thought the chances of getting one were slim, though just about everyone was confident that some kind of bill would go through. "Harris knows there's no way to stop a drug bill from being passed," one of Harris's committee colleagues remarked. "The people demand it, and the White House has gone along with them. It's too loaded to fight." Besides, Celler was lurking in the wings with his bill, and it seemed likely that if Harris failed to move, the members of Celler's committee might decide to yield to public pressure and then reap the applause. Perhaps the most compelling reason for believing that a drug bill would be enacted in that session, though, was that opposition within the industry had weakened. Since March, the value of shares in the twenty-two largest pharmaceutical companies studied during the drug hearings had fallen anywhere from ten per cent to as much as sixty per cent, with an average drop of about a third. Surveys showed that people were reducing their consumption of drugs; even sales of aspirin had dropped. Some elements within the industry actually wanted a bill—though not a strong bill—to help assure consumers about the safety of drugs.

It wasn't until September 13th, however, twenty-one days after S. 1552 passed the Senate, that the administration made any approach to the Harris committee. On that day, Sonosky met with two of the liberal Democratic committee members—John E. Moss, of California, and John D. Dingell, of Michigan—to discuss the drug bill's prospects. Because the two congressmen were far too busy at the time with end-of-the-session matters to familiarize themselves with the Senate measure, both believed the Harris bill to be the stronger; in fact, Moss was under the impression that S. 1552 was the Eastland-Dirksen bill. Sonosky did not try to persuade them otherwise; indeed, when Moss asked him whether the administration preferred S. 1552 or the Harris bill, he replied that they were both acceptable. "It's not my business to tell members of Congress how to vote," he told a reporter later.

On September 19th, the Harris committee met to vote on the House drug bill. The drug lobbyists had remained quite inconspicuous during the equivalent proceedings in the Senate, but it appeared that they considered members of the House more approachable, for when the committee members got to the door of the conference room that

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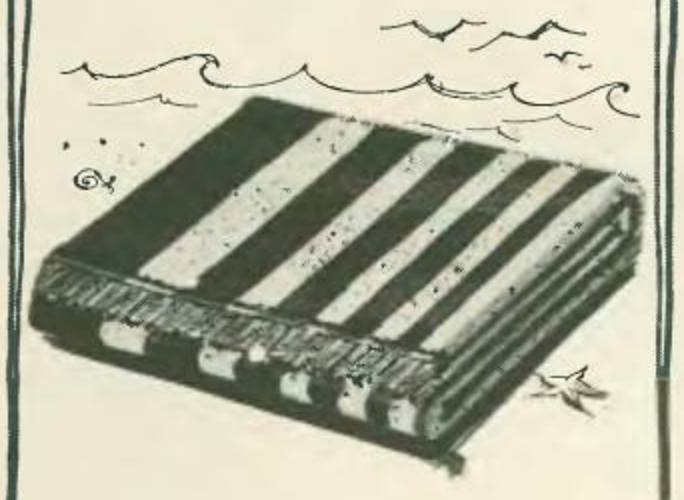

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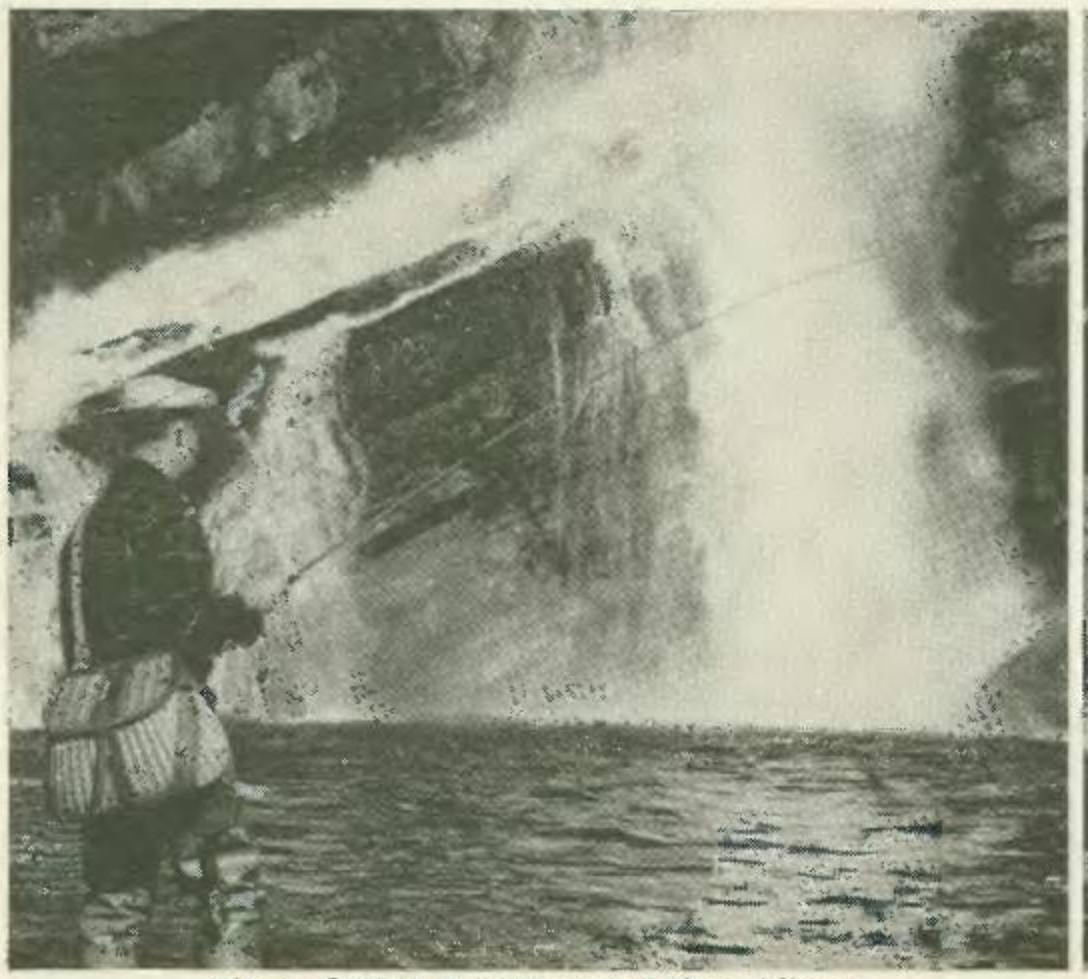

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day, they found twenty industry men on hand. Among them were two former congressmen—Joseph P. O'Hara, who had been the second-ranking Republican on the Harris committee and now was in private law practice in Washington, and Harry L. Towe, who was now secretary and general counsel for Medical Economics, one of the country's largest medical publishing houses. Off to one side, the members of the general staff—Foley, Cutler, and Corcoran—were conferring.

According to a lobbyist for one of the large drug firms, Cutler had done a masterly job on the Senate side but had been somewhat inattentive to the ins and outs of procedure in the House. "The one big error he made was that just before the Harris committee met he handed each member a fifty-page rewrite of the bill to bring it in line with what the P.M.A. wanted," the man explained. "Congressmen simply don't have the time or the staff help to get through a document like that. The way we ordinarily do it is to type up amendments—a sentence here, a paragraph there—on separate pieces of paper. We parcel them out among the different congressmen who are friendly toward us, and when the time comes, it's a simple matter for them to take the slips out of their pockets and offer them." As it happened, the P.M.A. rewrite was essentially identical with the Eastland-Dirksen bill.

Moss and Dingell, who had by now had a chance to study S. 1552 and had found it much stronger than they expected, hoped to substitute it for the Harris bill, but at that first meeting of the committee they found that so many of the other liberals had already gone home to campaign that the votes simply weren't there. In time, though, they also found that Harris was fighting most of the P.M.A. amendments; he had promised the White House to bring the bill pretty much in line with S. 1552, it was reported—a report leading to more speculation about why the administration hadn't sent the Senate bill intact to the House. During the first meeting, the committee adopted the Senate amendment on efficacy and strengthened the amendments on quality controls and experimental-drug testing, going as far as to require the consent of the patient in the latter.

At seven o'clock on the evening of September 21st, the Harris committee reported out its bill. Dingell told a reporter at the time that it was much stronger than he had expected, explaining, "The chairman fought hard and did a real public service," but he added,

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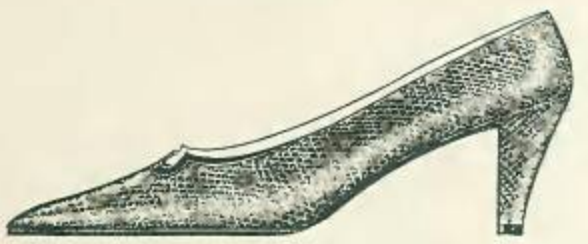

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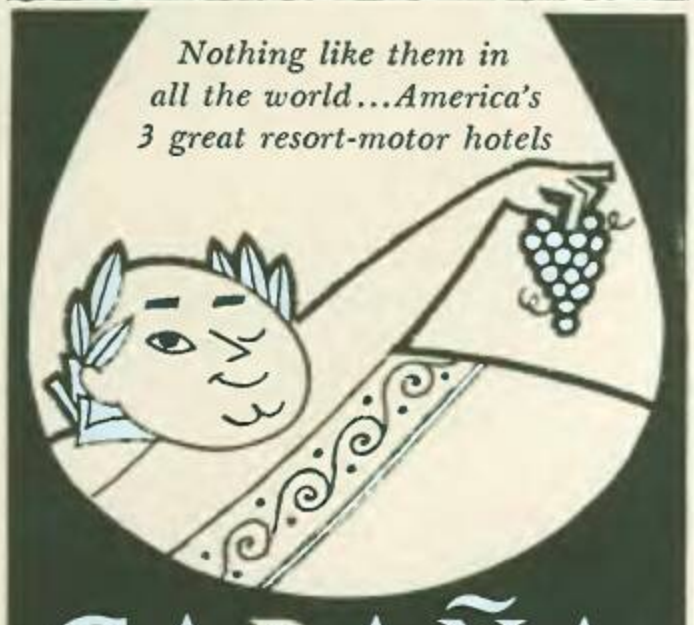

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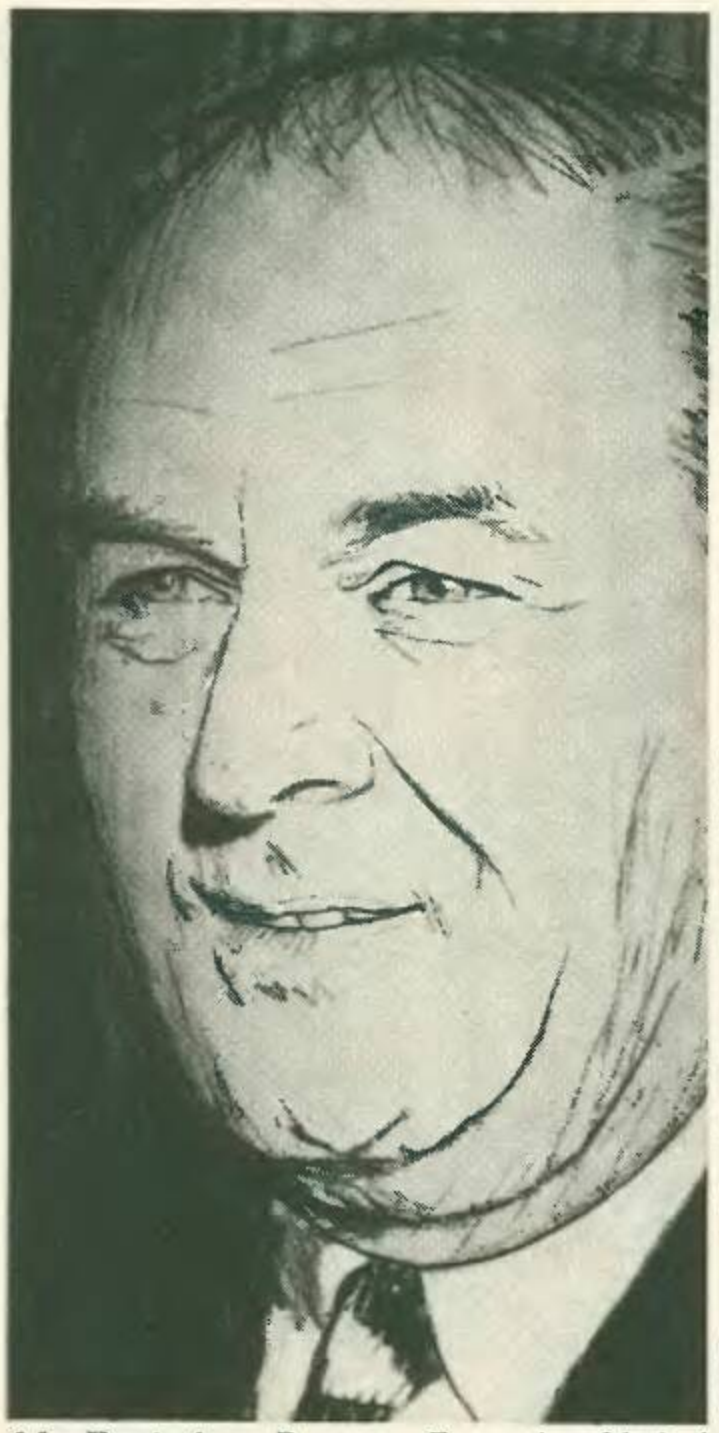

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In Kefauver's view, the House measure was woefully inadequate. Although the efficacy amendment and the amendments on quality controls and drug testing had been strengthened along lines that he approved of, and so had the provision on factory inspection, his amendments on registration of all manufacturers with the government, on animal testing, on F.D.A. consultation with the Patent Office, on the certification of antibiotics used in animal feed, and on the distribution of package inserts to all physicians had been dropped. Worst of all, the committee had adopted the S. 1552 advertising amendment and then rendered it ineffective by adding a clause stating that it didn't apply as long as advertisements carried a note informing the reader that a full description of the drug, including its side effects, could be obtained by writing to the manufacturer. According to the Pink Sheet, "The biggest job of all was done by former Rep. Harry Towe, a NJ GOP-er, who represented Medical Economics and was credited with the House cmte. language taking Rx drug advertising off the Senate hook." However that may be, the job was done in the time-tested fashion; that is, a one-paragraph amendment was given to a sympathetic congressman—in this case, J. Arthur Younger, a Republican from California—and he distributed copies of it to his colleagues. As for Harris, though he opposed the P.M.A. on most of what it wanted, he supported it on this amendment.

Back in early August, Sonosky had included the advertising provision from the original S. 1552 in the so-called President's bill, and he was determined to have it restored in the House, so he called Cohen to suggest that they take the fight to the floor. Cohen promised to think about the suggestion, and the following Monday morning he told Sonosky that he had talked it over with Feldman and that the White House had given the project its blessing. The next step, Cohen added, was to find the man to lead the fight, and Sonosky at once suggested Congressman John A. Blatnik, a Democrat from Minnesota. Before joining the New Frontier, Sonosky, who was a Minnesotan himself, had served as associate counsel on Blatnik's Subcommittee on Legal and Monetary Affairs. Blatnik had almost perfect qualifications. For one thing, having conducted hearings on false and misleading advertising of tranquillizers in 1958, he was more familiar with the subject than anyone else in the House.

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For another, he was chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Subcommittee of the House Committee on Public Works, one of the chief sources of pork-barrel funds, which no congressman can ignore. And, for a third, he was widely respected as a hard-working, levelheaded liberal.

While Sonosky and Cohen were planning their strategy, Dingell decided independently to fight the new advertising amendment on the floor, and got in touch with Kefauver to ask his help. Kefauver said Blair would do anything he could, and Dingell was just preparing to round up fellow-members whom he thought he could count on when his telephone rang. It was Sonosky, to tell him about the new plan and ask for his coöperation. Dingell called Blair to find out how Kefauver would feel about this, and was told that the Senator would be glad to help out. Actually, Kefauver had already done so, having got in touch with Feldman, Speaker of the House John W. McCormack, and House Majority Leader Carl Albert about the advertising amendment, and having extracted from each of them a promise to support it.

On Monday, September 24th, Sonosky asked Blatnik whether he was interested in managing things on the floor. Blatnik said he was, and early the next morning he began rounding up support among fellow-congressmen, the Democratic Study Group, an aggregation of a hundred and twenty-five liberal congressmen, of which he was the head, and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Committee on Health Legislation. Then, from three o'clock that afternoon until seven that evening, Blatnik, Dingell, Blair, Sonosky, and Stuart H. Johnson, Jr., the chief counsel for Celler's committee (Celler had been summoned home because his wife was ill) met in Dingell's office to map their strategy.

The following day, a number of things happened. Various staff members began whipping up two- and three-minute speeches citing examples of misleading advertising, which various representatives were to deliver. A letter arrived for Blatnik from Secretary Celebrezze, strongly supporting his move to eliminate the Younger amendment. Blatnik forwarded the letter to Dingell, whose office had become the group's command center, and a large number of copies were made. At Dingell's request, Blair wrote a letter on the evils of the Younger amendment, which was signed by Dingell, Blatnik, and half a dozen other interested congressmen and was copied to be distributed through the House, along with Celebrezze's letter. Din-

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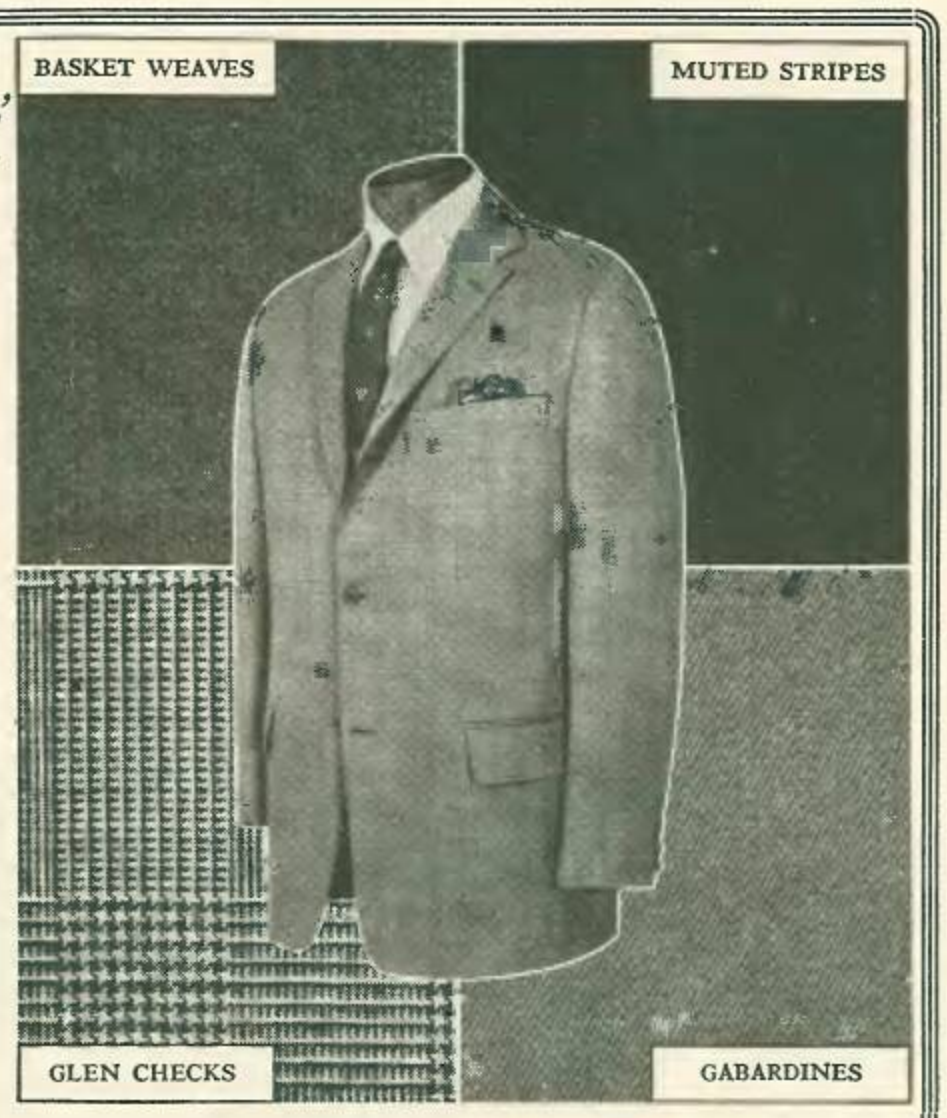

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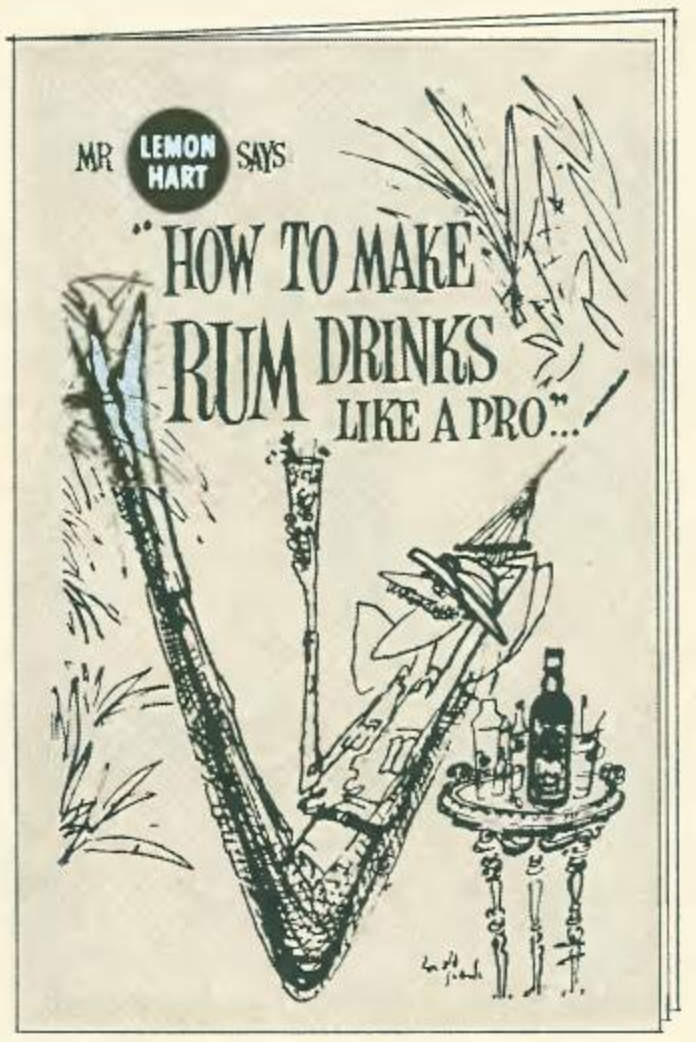

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gell called several friendly reporters and asked them for some coverage in the next morning's papers, so that congressmen could read of the fight at breakfast. (The Washington *Post* ran a seven-column news story, under the heading "Celebrezze Joins Fight Against Drug Bill Loophole," and an editorial that concluded, "A simple matter of truthful labeling is involved in an area where a mistake can have tragic results. The House ought to restore the language proposed by President Kennedy to the drug bill.") Around five o'clock in the afternoon, Dingell hurried over to the House chamber for a roll-call vote, and when he got back, he telephoned Sonosky, and said, "Boy, I don't know what you've been doing, but they're on the run! They're caving in all over the place!" Younger had disowned his own amendment, Dingell went on, and Sonosky interrupted to explain how this had come about. As it happened, Younger was conducting a campaign for reëlection out in San Mateo County, California, and someone had relayed the facts on his amendment to his opponent, William Keller, with the result that Keller had been using the information in his speeches, which were receiving a big play by the press. "If he's as scared as all that, we've got it made," Dingell said. He felt that they ought to get together with Younger and work out some kind of compromise, though, he went on, adding, "There's no point in chopping him up on the floor if we don't have to."

However, if Younger appeared to be on the run that night, he was standing stock-still the next morning and looked as if he meant to hold fast. The House convened at noon that day, and an hour later the Harris bill came up for debate, under a three-hour limit set by the Rules Committee. Such time limits apply only to actual debate. Harris was allotted half the time, and the ranking Republican on the committee, John B. Bennett, of Michigan, was given the other half. They then doled it out to members of their parties. Harris used part of his time to describe H.R. 11581 point by point. "This bill is very much in the public interest," he concluded. Representative Bennett spoke next, taking issue with a number of provisions—mainly for the record, it appeared, because in the end he said, "I shall vote for the bill, and I hope it will pass."

Ordinarily, what is said about a bill on the floor of the House has little effect on its fate; speeches are made for the record, usually by congressmen who feel that they need to justify their vote. Far more important than speeches are quick, whispered agreements made by groups of two or three men, on the floor and off. Throughout the early speeches, Dingell and Blatnik were busy lining up support, and so were the drug-industry lobbyists. Corcoran, Foley, and Cutler were sitting in a row in the gallery. Most of the time, they listened to the proceedings, but now and then one of them whispered something to the others and left for a few minutes. Most noticeable among the lobbyists were Towe and O'Hara, who, as former congressmen, had floor privileges, and who did not hesitate to use them. At one point, Dingell turned to a colleague and said, "Look at those two! They're covering this place like a carpet!" Sonosky and a couple of his co-workers from Health, Education, and Welfare were buttonholing congressmen in the corridors and anterooms, and so were Kenneth Meiklejohn and John Curran, two representatives of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

At a little before three o'clock, Dingell was given the floor, and he proceeded to insert in the record a couple of cases of misleading advertising from the Senate subcommittee's hearings. The first dealt with claims made for Pfizer's oral antidiabetic, Diabinese—claims that ignored evidence submitted by the company's own clinical investigator to its president and showing that the drug had a twenty-seven-per-cent incidence of side effects. The second case concerned Medrol, a cortical steroid sold by Upjohn for the treatment of a wide variety of ailments. According to one advertisement, embellished with what appeared to be before-and-after X-rays, Medrol was highly effective in the treatment of ulcerative colitis. Dingell, displaying enlarged photostats of the X-rays, pointed out that the X-rays were of two different people, neither of whom had taken Medrol. In conclusion, he quoted an A.M.A. study, which had found that "perhaps the largest source of information to practitioners was the advertisements they received in the several medical journals."

At a little before four o'clock, by which time around two hundred congressmen were present, the Clerk of the House began reading the bill, and Blatnik, who had been busy behind the scenes most of the day, telephoned William Phillips, the staff director of the

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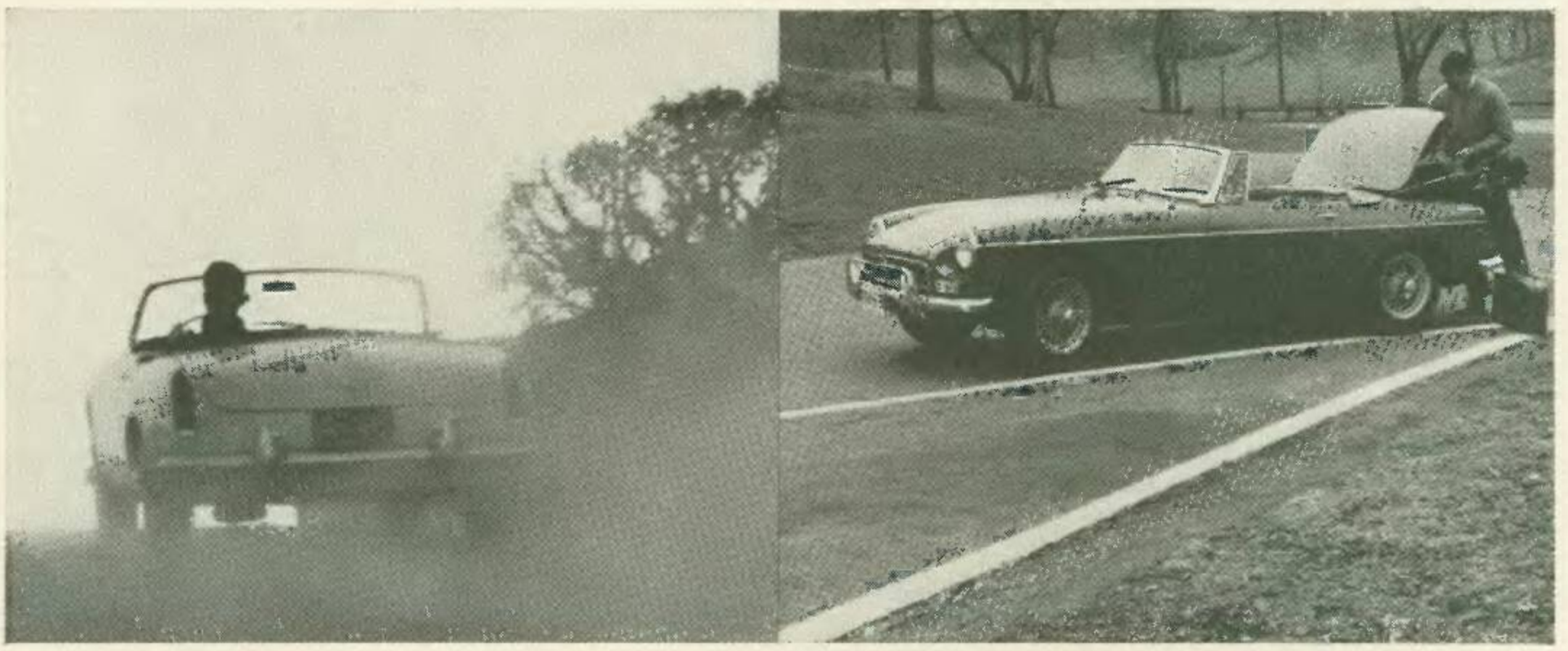

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Democratic Study Group, and told him to make the first of two whip calls. Phillips and his staff at once telephoned four regional whips, each of whom called six others, and then all twenty-four called from four to six members apiece. Within twelve minutes, every available member of the group had been asked to hurry to the floor for a vote. Half an hour later, Blatnik got the floor to offer his amendment, which merely erased Younger's.

In the end, Blatnik's speech was more effective than the work of all the lobbyists put together. Like Dingell, he cited several deceptive drug advertisements, but far more important was his simple repetition, at several points, of the phrase "the Younger amendment;" each time the words were spoken, Younger flinched, and glanced up at the press gallery, where a couple of dozen reporters were taking notes. Then, when Blatnik had finished his speech, Younger got up, unhesitatingly denied that the amendment was his, and added, "Therefore, I have no objection whatsoever to the amendment which the gentleman from Minnesota offers." (Later that day, Younger asked Blatnik to edit his name out of the record, because of the trouble he was having back home, and Blatnik obliged him to the extent of eliminating all but one reference. A few weeks later, Younger was reëlected by the largest margin he had had in six contests.)

Normally, when the sponsor of an amendment disowns it, that is the end of it. In this instance, however, to everyone's surprise, Harris rose to his feet and objected to Younger's retraction. It is most uncommon for a member of Congress to back down as Younger had done without first informing his committee chairman, so that the chairman can retrench all around. For some reason, though, Younger had neglected to inform Harris. Harris afterward admitted that he was put out by what had happened, and there were those who thought it would be a long time before Younger reëstablished his credit with him. Acting very much like a man who had made a promise that *he* meant to keep, Harris immediately took the floor. "Are we going to take the position, shall we say, that a doctor is going to practice medicine and determine what drugs to prescribe for anyone by reading an advertisement in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association or a state medical journal or magazine?" he demanded. "Is that what you are going to say to the people of this country?"

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Jumping up, he quoted an A.M.A. study to the effect that doctors were greatly alarmed by "a company knowingly misleading the doctor through bad advertising." Dingell continued, "According to the survey, this is accomplished in three ways. First, by 'exaggerated product claims.' Second, by 'releasing news on a drug to the medical profession before it has been fully tested.' And, third—the worst of all—'advertising the advantages of a drug without mentioning its side effects.' On this last point, the survey had found, ninety per cent of the doctors consider it 'the most heinous crime a pharmaceutical company can commit.' " In conclusion, he drew attention to another specific drug. "You have all heard about Norlutin," he said. "It was a substance which was marketed and made available to mothers. This substance created male hermaphroditism in female infants. Three months after this fact was found and was reported on in a circular to the medical profession, the manufacturer's ads were still proclaiming the safety of Norlutin."

As Dingell took his seat, Harris happened to look around, and he saw that the chamber had almost filled up, largely with members of the Democratic Study Group, a hundred of whom had responded to the two whip calls—an unprecedented turnout. "You could see Harris cave in physically," said one congressman who had been sitting near him. "His eyes flickered back and forth over the audience, and then, when he realized who most of the newcomers were, his shoulders sagged. He knew that he'd had it." Just then a cluster of liberals who wanted to make the most of the opportune moment began chanting "Vote! Vote! Vote! Vote!" and at that Harris agreed to accept Blatnik's amendment, provided one change was made—the addition of a statement that side effects could be described in advertisements "in brief summary." This was a change that Dingell had proposed to him as a face-saving way out. A few minutes later, a voice vote was taken on Blatnik's amendment, and it won resoundingly.

The rest of the bill took little time to consider, and at ten minutes after five the House, by another voice vote, approved it unanimously, whereupon the members burst into spontaneous applause—an unusual demonstration that led a veteran member of the House press corps to remark, "I guess they must be applauding themselves. It's not often they're able to do something for the people." As Albert Jay Nock wrote of legislative bodies in general, "They some-

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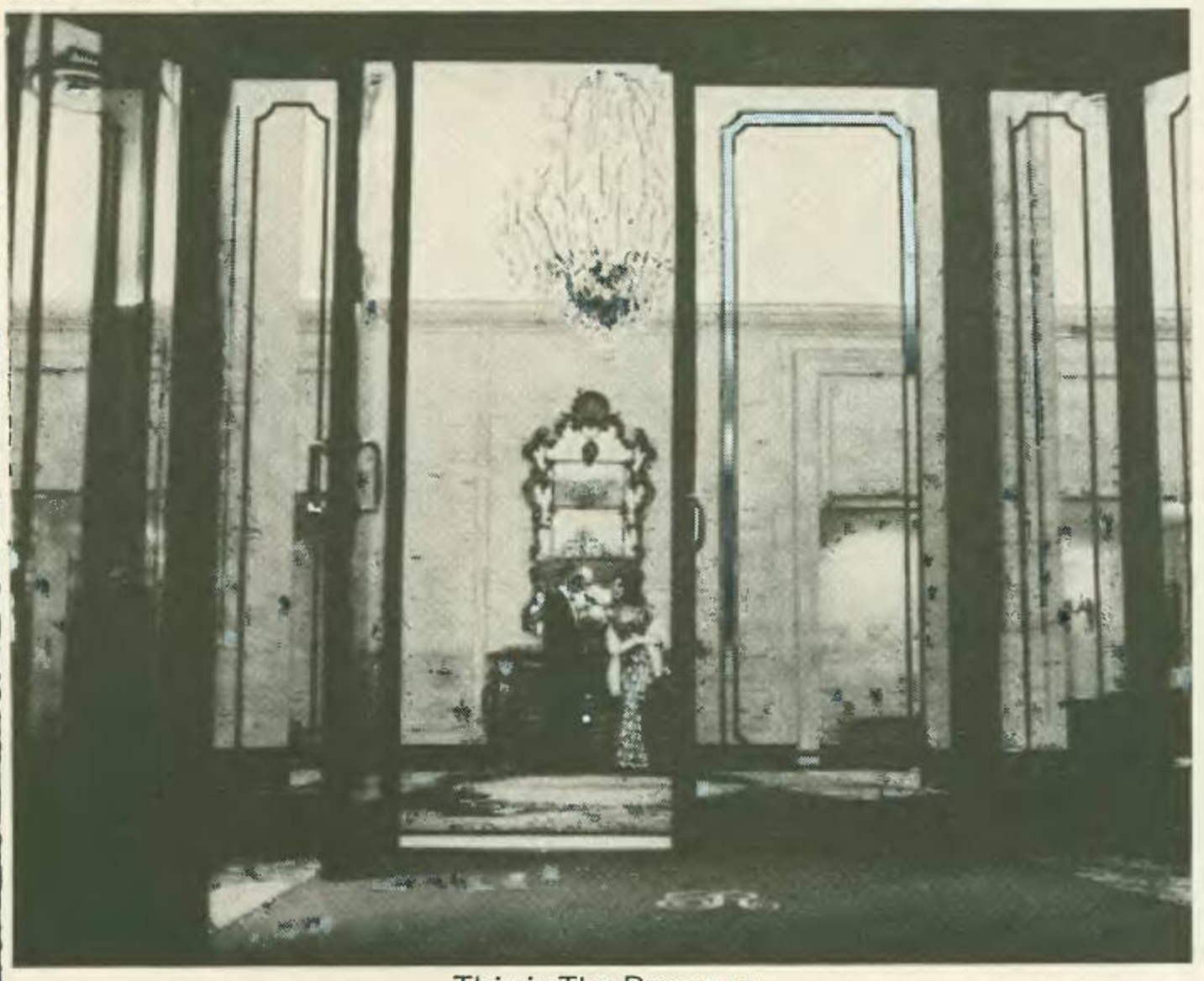

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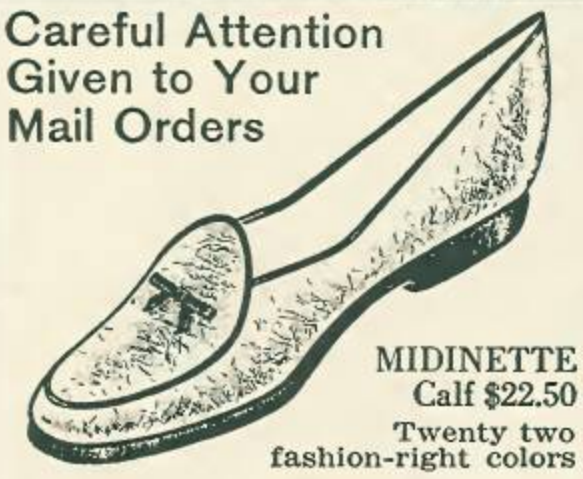

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times do a good thing, but never do one merely because it is a good thing."

THE penultimate act in the legislative process is the Senate-House conference to adjust differences between bills on the same matter that have been passed by both. The Speaker of the House appoints the House conferees—or the bill's managers, as they are officially referred to—and the presiding officer of the Senate appoints the Senate conferees, but in practice they merely accept recommendations made by the chairmen of the committees that have considered the two bills. The proponents of a strong drug bill feared that Harris might appoint a battery of conservatives from his committee, for it was reported that the industry still had hopes of getting its way in conference. However, he followed tradition by choosing as conferees, in addition to himself, members of his committee's Subcommittee on Health and Safety: Democrats Kenneth A. Roberts, Leo W. O'Brien, and Paul G. Rogers, of Alabama, New York, and Florida, respectively, and Republicans Bennett, Paul F. Schenck, of Ohio, and Ancher Nelsen, of Minnesota. Eastland also followed seniority in picking his fellow-conferees, but with a significant difference: He followed seniority in the full committee rather than in the Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, with the result that Dirksen and Hruska were selected to represent the Republicans, while he picked Kefauver (who was outranked only by Eastland) and Johnston (who was not even on the subcommittee), thus passing over Hart, the bill's co-sponsor, and Carroll, both of whom had attended more of the drug hearings than any other members of the subcommittee except Kefauver and Hruska.

At two-thirty on the afternoon of October 1st, the conferees met in a room in the newly extended East Front of the Capitol, halfway between the Senate and House chambers. Because Harris had been taken to the hospital that morning for an operation, he had turned over his position as head of the committee to Roberts, the chairman of the Subcommittee on Health and Safety, who was a fairly consistent liberal. Johnston was also absent, and had given his proxy to Eastland. Throughout the day, the corridor outside was populated by most of the lobbyists, a few Senate staff members, and Sonosky, Ellenbogen, and Rankin. Their wait did them no good, for when the meeting broke up at dinnertime, nothing was announced; it was known only that the conferees had not

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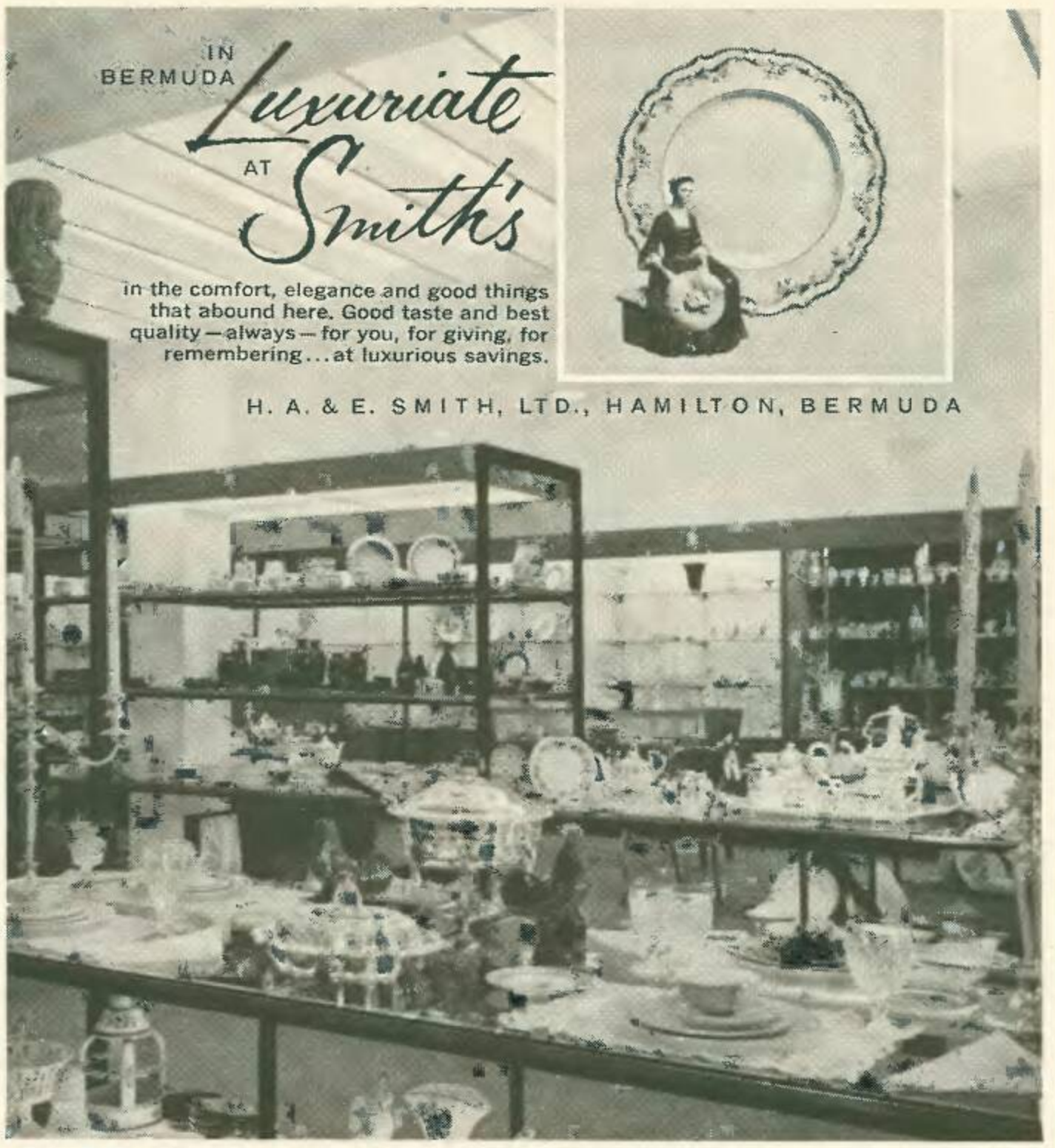
yet got to the advertising amendment.

That night, Dingell received word that the industry had prepared a new version of the advertising amendment, which was almost identical to Younger's. The next morning, he hurried over to the conference room before the meeting convened, and told the House members who had arrived that if they reneged on the Blatnik amendment, he would take the House floor and make Blatnik's job on Younger look like a compliment.

The conference resumed at ten o'clock, without Eastland, Dirksen, and Johnston. The riots at the University of Mississippi, which had broken out on September 30th, were occupying Eastland, and he had told Kefauver the evening before that neither he nor Johnston, who was also busy, would be present at the next day's session, and had added, "I trust that you'll look after our interests." To Kefauver, this seemed an unexpected break, giving him two votes that he might not otherwise have been able to count on. Dirksen, whose duties as Minority Leader kept him away, had given his vote to Hruska. The first item on the agenda was the new advertising amendment. It was offered by Hruska, and provoked a long and bitter debate. Because the House members, for the most part, were unfamiliar with the intricacies of the two bills, Hruska was able to develop a number of arguments in favor of the new amendment, but Kefauver quickly countered each of them with facts and figures that brought the representatives around to his point of view.

"When you first sit down with Kefauver, you think you're dealing with a pushover," Congressman O'Brien said later that day. "At the start, I thought that Hruska, who is an incisive, aggressive fellow, would murder him, but it just didn't happen that way. Kefauver was extremely knowledgeable, and, in his own quiet way, extremely tough. He picked a good position and stayed there—as if his feet were planted in the ground. That made Hruska jump all over the place."

Sonosky and Rankin, who had seen the new amendment and realized that Hruska would win if he could swing a couple of House votes to his side, went to work on a compromise proposal to avert this. When they had finished it, Sonosky sent a note into the conference room asking Blair to step outside for a moment. A minute later, Blair appeared, read the substitute quickly, shook his head in curt dismissal, and, without a word, walked back to the door. A little later, Sonosky, despite



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Blair's opposition, showed the substitute to Cutler, who thereupon called out Raitt, Hruska's assistant. These two studied the proposal and discussed it at some length, and then went over to Sonosky.

"Can we say that this compromise is acceptable to H.E.W.?" Raitt asked.

"Well, I wouldn't put it that way," Sonosky answered after some thought. "If it's acceptable to Kefauver and the House, we won't oppose it. After all, as the original sponsor, Kefauver deserves *some* consideration."

Once Raitt had returned to the conference room, Sonosky dashed off a note on legal paper to Kefauver, saying, in part, "This is a reasonable amendment that F.D.A. says would not restrict their enforcement powers in any respect. As a retreat position from Senator Hruska's amendment it could be termed 'acceptable' without weakening the bill."

A moment later, Fensterwald came out of the conference room and walked over to Sonosky. "What in the name of God do you think you're doing?" he demanded. "Don't you realize that your readiness to compromise, no matter how you phrase it, weakens Kefauver's hand? Why should we back down before we have to?"

Twice that morning, Hruska proposed the P.M.A. amendment, only to be beaten off by Kefauver and the House members, who, though they wavered from time to time, ultimately held fast. In each instance, the situation was not entirely clear, so Hruska, apparently not wanting to risk anything until he was more certain of the outcome, held off from calling for a vote, and the conferees went on to other matters. In the course of these deliberations, Kefauver managed to get approval for several provisions that had been left out of the House bill, including a requirement that new drugs be tested on animals before they were tested on human beings, a requirement that Health, Education, and Welfare review and be authorized to simplify generic names, a requirement that all drug manufacturers register with the government, and permission for Health, Education, and Welfare to furnish information on new drugs to the Patent Office. Also, he took the initiative in changing the so-called patient-consent provision so that it was no longer mandatory, as it had been in the House bill, for a doctor to get a release from a patient before treating him with a new, unapproved drug, provided that, in the physician's best judgment, securing a release would not be in the patient's best interest or was not feasible. However, Kefauver failed

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to get amendments providing that package inserts on all drugs be sent to doctors throughout the country, and that animal antibiotics be included under the certification rule. (This failure, he said later, would mean that inferior antibiotics could now be dumped in animal feed.) Kefauver employed his usual strategy; that is, when he did not accomplish what he wanted on a first try, he would go on to something else and then come back, time and again, to the matter in question.

Finally, Hruska complained, "If we go on this way, we'll be here until Christmas. I think that may be what Senator Kefauver wants anyway."

Kefauver turned to him, smiled, and said calmly, "Why, Roman, that's ridiculous." However, realizing that his opponents would like nothing better than to see the bill stalled under conditions that could be blamed on him, he did then agree to a couple of minor compromises.

After a break for lunch, Hruska brought up the new advertising amendment for a third time, having meanwhile obtained the support of Congressman Schenck. Although Kefauver did not care for the phrase "in brief summary," which constituted the one difference between the Senate and House advertising amendments, he decided, now that one House member had championed the P.M.A. amendment, to accept the House version. Saying as much, he faced the congressmen across the table and asked, "How can you reject your own bill?"

Hruska argued that they could if they found its language unsuitable. A moment later, Hruska proposed still another advertising amendment, and when Kefauver fought that, too, objecting that in reality it was the same as the other, Hruska stopped him with a wave of the hand. "This is the wish of the Senate," he said. With a surprised look, Kefauver said, "Wait a minute. It's not *my* wish as a member of the Senate."

Hruska then played his trump card: he had all three proxies—Dirksen's, Eastland's, and Johnston's—and therefore, by a vote of four to one, it was the wish of the Senate.

Kefauver stared at him open-mouthed for a moment, and then said that Eastland had given him his and Johnston's proxies the night before, whereupon Hruska smiled once more and replied that Eastland had given *him* their proxies that morning. Kefauver, still dazed by Eastland's move, sat stunned.

At that moment, Congressman Rob-

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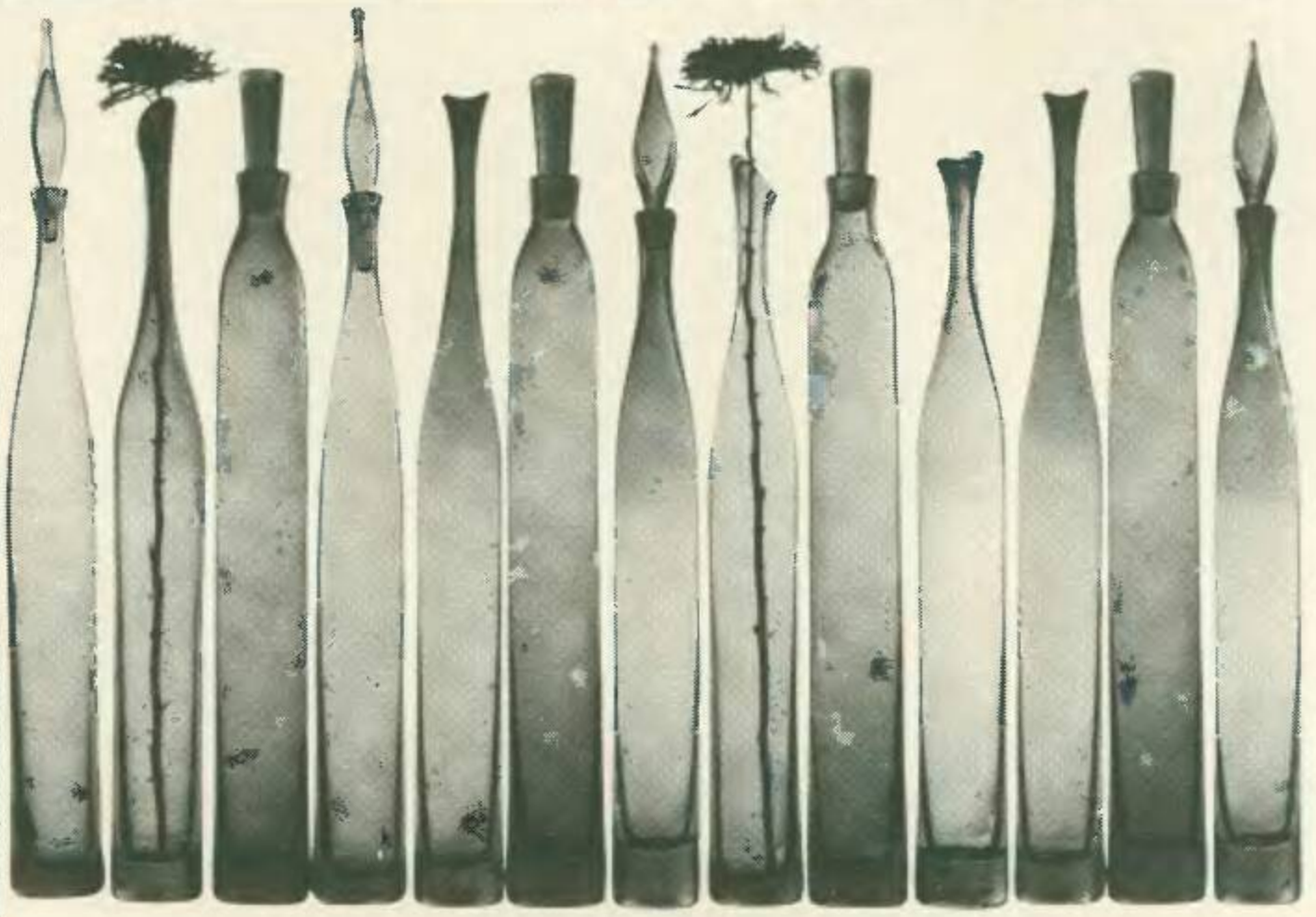

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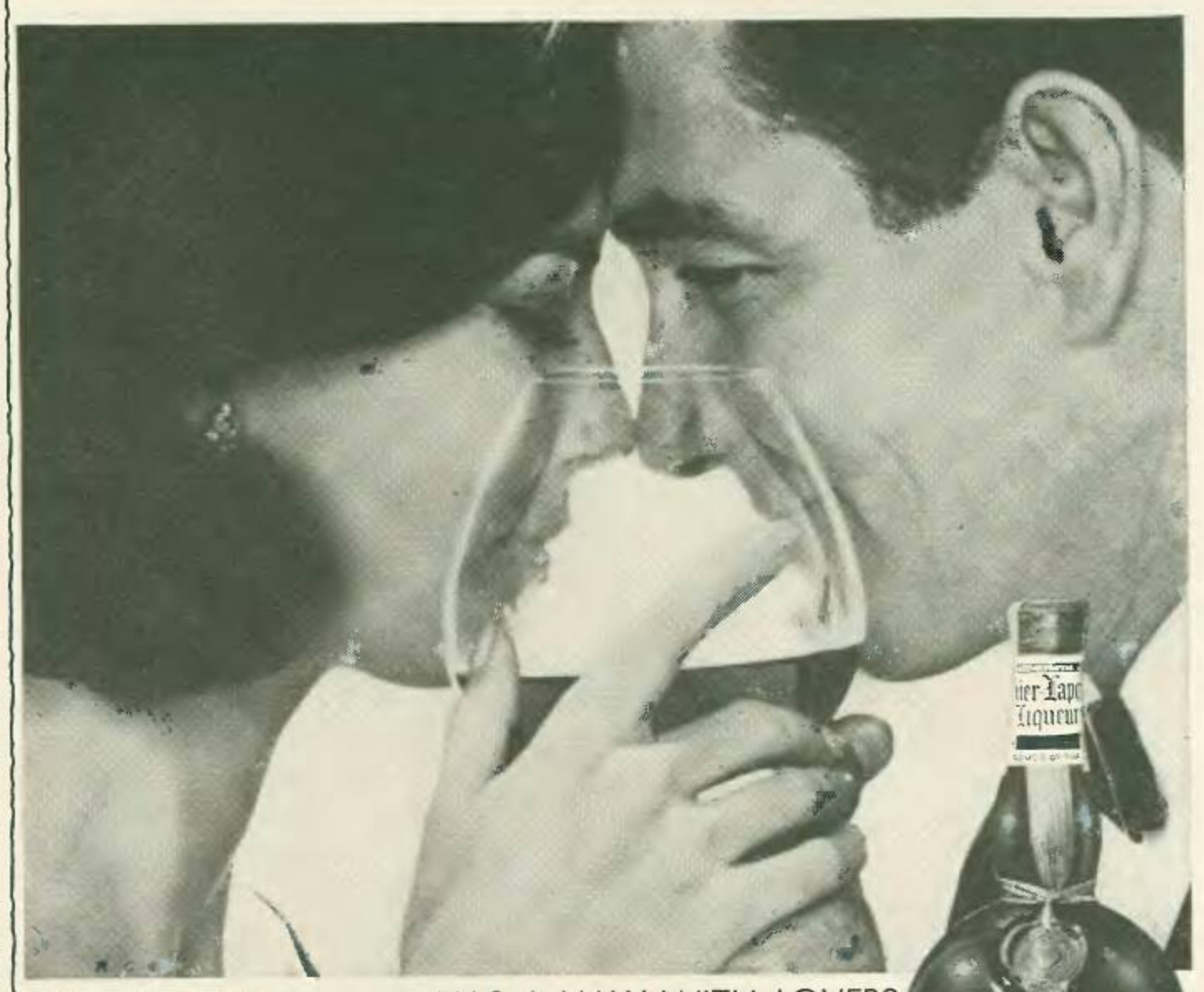

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erts spoke up. "Senator Hruska, what you ask is impossible," he said. "We simply cannot go back to the House with a different amendment. We *know* what would happen to us on the floor. It's out of the question to even consider it."

Hruska looked inquiringly at Schenck, but Schenck averted his eyes. It was now clear to Hruska that even with the three proxies he didn't have the necessary support, and he conceded without bothering to call for a vote. Shortly afterward, the conference came to an end.

Although Kefauver was still outraged by the proxy deal—and later told Eastland as much—he was delighted with the outcome. "We've come up with a good strong bill," he told reporters. Actually, it was a far better and stronger bill than he had hoped for—even at the start.

IN an election year, Congress looks forward to adjournment in much the same way that mailmen, around the first of December, look forward to the day after Christmas. In both lines of work, the end of the rush means getting back down to one's real business. During the second session of the Eighty-seventh Congress, the administration had dropped so many bills into the congressional mailbox that it looked for a time as if the members might have to remain in Washington right up to Election Eve. More often than not in such years, Congress adjourns in August, but in 1962 the session dragged on into October. Increasingly, those who had to face their constituents at the polls the following month talked about decamping whether or not their work was finished, and Kefauver was particularly unsettled by such remarks, for, of course, no uncompleted bill survives the Congress in which it is introduced. Although he was confident that enough time remained to get the drug bill through the Senate, he was not at all sure about its fate in the House. First, he had to wait while the conference report was printed up, and then he faced a delay created by a rule of Congress stipulating that one house could not vote on a conference report until forty-eight hours after it had been approved by the other. Since all the members of the House were up for reëlection, the restiveness there over the inordinate length of the session was far more ominous than anything to be encountered in the Senate, where only a third of the members had campaigns to wage. Moreover, Kefauver remembered that in 1954 the House had got so tired of waiting for

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the Senate to adjourn that it had simply packed up and gone home. To expedite matters, Kefauver first prevailed on the Government Printing Office to prepare the conference report overnight, then persuaded Mansfield to put it on the agenda for the next day, and, finally, got him to arrange for a suspension of the forty-eight-hour rule.

Eastland, who was still preoccupied with the University of Mississippi riots, turned the job of managing the conference report, which included delivering a speech about the bill on the floor, over to Kefauver. Kefauver was delighted at this, for it gave him an opportunity to contribute further to the legislative history of the bill. At four-thirty on the morning of October 3rd, Blair went to work on the Senator's speech. As each page was typed, it was taken in to Kefauver, who made corrections and revisions. It was ready by midafternoon, and Kefauver and Blair went over to the Senate. As they sat in the Senate chamber waiting for Mansfield to give the signal that it was time for Kefauver to take the floor, Blair mulled over the speech, which was a highly detailed document, without a dash of either drama or political philosophy, and finally said to Kefauver, "You know, Estes, this is a pretty dry way of ending things after all these years and all this struggle. You really ought to have something a little grander to wind it up." Kefauver agreed, but after Mansfield gave him the nod, he got up and droned on for an hour about the specific purposes of the bill. Then, in conclusion, he said, "The moral of the drug bill is that even on an exceedingly complex issue the legislative branch can perform in the manner originally intended [by the framers of the Constitution]. With only a small staff of competent professional personnel, the Congress can prove itself to be just as able as the vast bureaucracy of the executive branch, if not more so, to assume leadership in the legislative process."

A few minutes later, the conference report was approved by the Senate without dissent. Soon after that, Hruska rose to have his final say. Addressing the chair, which was then occupied by Senator Maurine Neuberger, he smiled and said, "Madam President, this is an instance in which we can well apply the old proverb or classical saying that 'all's well that ends well.' The bill before us is a good bill. It is sound and workable. It is acceptable to those who will be in charge of its administration and enforcement, and it is acceptable to industry. Most of all, it is very acceptable to the public, which has the greatest

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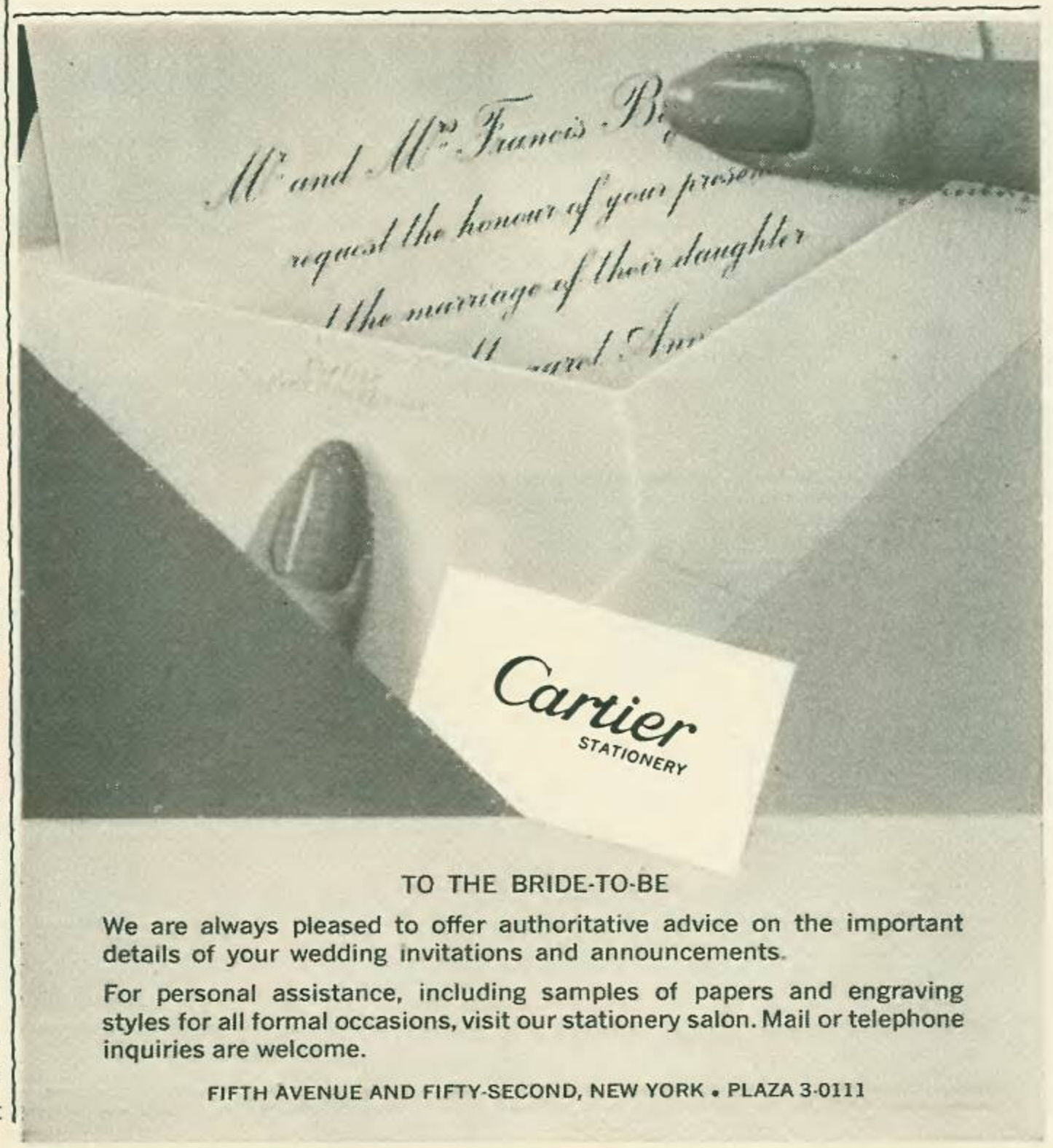

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stake of all." However, he went on, just to keep the record straight, he wanted to point out that, "with one exception and some small refinements," the bill was little different from the Eastland-Dirksen bill of July 19th. "The efforts leading up to the introduction in this chamber of the bill of July 19th were of no small moment," he continued. "They were in keeping with the highest legislative traditions." Then, taking one last pot shot at Kefauver, he said, "On several occasions, it appeared that no bill would be forthcoming. At those critical times, the efforts of the Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary and of the Senator from Illinois were a particularly steadying influence. Had it not been for them, progress might have come to a standstill, and success not been attained."

Across the aisle, Senator Dodd rose to speak his piece. "I have an idea that the Senator from Tennessee will be remembered long after all of us in this chamber at this hour are gone for the many great things he has accomplished," he said. "I cannot think of anything better I would wish to have said about me in this body than . . . that I was at his side in this battle, and in others as well."

Shortly after one-thirty the following afternoon, the House approved the conference report unanimously. "The hero of this victory," the *Times* noted in an editorial, "is Senator Kefauver of Tennessee, who doggedly continued to push for this needed legislation despite widespread public apathy, lack of Administration interest and bitter opposition from some industry and Congressional sources."

President Kennedy was scheduled to sign the act on October 10th, but the morning of the ninth came and went without Kefauver's receiving an invitation to attend the signing. That afternoon, his staff urged him to force the issue by calling Feldman, but Kefauver refused. They continued to press the matter, though, and finally the Senator put down a dog-eared copy of "How to Win Friends and Influence People," which he had been rereading after several years, and put through a call to Feldman. Upon being put through, he asked who was going to be at the ceremony. Feldman quickly invited him, and went on to say that so far no one had been asked but that the plans were to include a number of members of Congress, including Dirksen. Kefauver said, "My God, the Republicans fought us every inch of the way. Why give them public praise? I'd rather there was no ceremony at all."

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Upon entering the White House the next morning, Kefauver found that his objection had been heeded. On hand, besides the President and Kefauver himself, were Dr. Kelsey, Commissioner Larrick, Senators Hart, Humphrey, and Johnston, and Representatives Roberts and O'Brien. The ceremony got under way at a little before ten o'clock and lasted only a few minutes. President Kennedy put the first pen (an Esterbrook, inscribed "The President—The White House") to the document, now designated Public Law 781; he wrote part of his signature, and then stopped and looked around. After a brief pause, he handed the pen to Kefauver. "Here, you played the most important part, Estes, so you get the first pen," he said. With an embarrassed smile, Senator Kefauver took the pen and looked at it as if he were slightly surprised. A moment later, collecting himself, he said, "Thank you, Mr. President."

—Richard Harris

(This is the last of a series of articles on the background and history of Senate Bill 1552.)

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THE PUBLISHING LIFE

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•

Richmond—Cherie Mintz, art student at Huguenot high school here, is engraving her own tombstone. She is a senior and head majorette. "I am going to carve all the necessary information—my birth date, my name, etc.," she said. A number of stones were given to the art department by a tombstone mason. Now, in a dirty white smock, Cherie chisels away daily. She plans to make her masterpiece decorative by carving on its borders symbols of her high school life, such as a baton and dancing shoes.—*Alexandria (Va.) Journal-Tribune.*

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE performers, and especially the young performers, who make up the cast of "Cindy," a new musical variation on an ancient theme, certainly are a lively bunch, and Johnny Brandon (score and lyrics), Joe Sauter and Mike Sawyer (book), and Marvin Gordon (direction and choreography) certainly have provided them with a great many entertaining things to do. The background of the show at the Gate is Kreller's delicatessen, near Gramercy Park, where Cindy Kreller, the prettiest member of a not very decorative family, is a sort of slavey for her father, her stepmother, and her two stepsisters. The ball in this instance is a charity affair ("Keep Israel Green") that a Mrs. David Rosenfeld is throwing at the Plaza. The role of Fairy Godmother has been switched to the delivery boy at the delicatessen, a fellow called Lucky, who borrows a party dress for Cindy from the dress factory where his aunt works. The pumpkin coach is his cousin's taxi. Prince Charming is young Charles Rosenfeld, a medical student. ("You dance divinely, Charles." "Thank you, Mother.") When it is tart, the humor is amusing, but when it becomes chickensoupy or arch, it gets quite annoying.

In addition to the players, there is a chorus of three—Thelma Oliver, Tommy Karaty, and Mark Stone—billed as the Storytellers. They comment on the plot and keep it moving—singing, setting up bits of scenery, participating in the action, doing some bracing jazz dancing—and Miss Oliver's flashing, sparkling impudence and all-round proficiency add a lot to the mood of the show. Cindy is played by an attractive girl named Jacqueline Mayro, who seems aware of her own strength, technically speaking, and her capacity for comedy, but totally unaware of her ingenuousness and charm. She is quite good, and could be even better if she played with just a touch more gentleness. Johnny Harmon's Lucky is Puck himself; he sings and dances well, and he is a natural actor. Of the older generation, I admired Mike Sawyer and Lizabeth Pritchett, as Mr. and Mrs. Rosenfeld. As for the rest of the company, even those who appear to have gone just a step or two beyond amateur make up in exuberance what they lack in finesse. The set, by Robert T. Williams—a double-decker wooden structure with a break-neck flight of steps down one side—is effective enough, I suppose, but terribly dangerous, and could be responsible for more replacements in the cast than the management reckoned on. Martin Aronstein's lighting is particularly good.

THERE is surprising spirit in the English version of Calderón's Spanish classic, "Life Is a Dream," at the Astor Place—surprising to me, at any rate, as one who read it once, long ago, in a totally dreary translation. The present translation, by Roy Campbell, is anything but dreary, and that good actor, Michael Higgins, plays the leading role with nobility, passion, and any wit that opportunity affords him, which is not a great deal. Even so, it is not my favorite kind of drama, since its plotty plot appears at times to be just an elaborate structure on which to drape philosophical speculations, and its characters spend less time acting it out than they do discoursing on predestination and free will, illusion and actuality, pride and humility, liberty and bondage, honor, revenge, and other abstract matters, and tossing around such wisecracks as "Misfortunes reproduce themselves, are born, and live by dying." Much of this discourse, by the way, along with many asides, is spoken directly to the audience. The plot, to sketch it in broadly and get it over with, concerns a prince, heir to the throne of Poland, who has been kept hidden in a dungeon all his life, because his birth, which killed his mother, was accompanied by grave meteorological portents. His father, the King, decides to abdicate and give him a chance at the throne. If he can manage it and himself, he will be allowed to keep it. If not, he will be sent back to the dungeon, and his two cousins—a Duke of Muscovy and a princess named Stella—will rule jointly in his place. Lest the Prince be shattered if he doesn't measure up, the King persuades him to think that his change in fortunes is all a dream. There is also a subplot dealing with a Muscovite girl who has been jilted by the Duke of Muscovy and comes to Poland to avenge her honor.

The production, under Jay Broad's direction, makes a quite successful attempt at stylization. The play, which was written in 1635, is performed on an open wooden platform that is probably meant to resemble an outdoor stage at a fair; it begins with a long roll on a drum, as the actors, in seventeenth-century mummers' costumes (I guess), come out separately and bow to the audience; the backdrop is made of wide hanging strips of cloth, through which the characters enter; two actors sit, one at each side of the stage, serving when needed as courtiers, loyal subjects, and soldiers but mostly as prop and sound-effects

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men. Mr. Broad has added several comic touches, and the actors are coöperative. The support afforded Mr. Higgins ranges from fair to all right. I was particularly impressed by Sally Kemp Gossage (Hal Kemp's daughter), as the Muscovite girl, who handles her you-think-*you've*-got-troubles part with lightness and grace, and by David Margulies, as her servant, who is as funny as he is meant to be. A Spanish version of the play, which was well received by the press but about which you will get no word from me, alternates with the English version, and it is done by a Spanish cast. The schedules of both companies are listed in our Goings On About Town department.

IBSEN's "Little Eyolf," as presented at Actors Playhouse, is like a parody of Ibsen by Ibsen—portentous, cloudy, and surprisingly sentimental, with many lines seeming to signify more than they state, and with words like "fiord" and "retribution" dropped into the dialogue from time to time just to let everybody know who's doing the writing around here. It is about a couple whose nine-year-old son—the Eyolf of the title—has been lamed by an accident that occurred in his infancy, when his parents were making love instead of looking after him. He is drowned at the end of Act I, having been lured into the water by a ghoulish old creature called the Rat-Wife—a lady exterminator whose like I hope never to have to see or listen to again as long as I live. The play, one of Ibsen's later ones, was obviously written at a time when his inventive power, to say nothing of his dramatic technique, must have been at a low ebb. Great chunks of exposition are wedged into conversation; people are always being told what they are bound to know already; the plot is clumsy with foreshadowing and mechanics, and full of sit-down-I-have-something-to-tell-you dialogue, with the revelations more often soulful than informative; and, as in old radio daytime serials, everyone calls everyone else by name all the time. Nevertheless, when the couple, who have been having their troubles anyway, turn on each other after the child's death, the guilt and jealousy and selfishness and recriminations that curdle their grief could have been so acutely examined and so boldly set forth only by the Old Master himself. That examination is not quite enough, though. What is required is more fire and less steam. The members of the cast don't bring much to the characters, but they don't seem to get in the way of the play, either.

—EDITH OLIVER

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SHIRT SHRIFT

THERE is a lot of talk about whether you marry a person's family when you marry the person, and not all of it, I guess, is cheerful. Having been married some months, I'm inclined to think that you do, and I'm very cheerful about it. There is little talk about whether you marry your husband's laundryman when you marry your husband, but I find that profoundly true, too.

Before Ray and I were married, I lived on Lexington Avenue in the Eighties and patronized a laundry run by a Chinese who was dour almost to the point of speechlessness. It was wonderful. I went in with my laundry, and he took it; I went in to pick it up, and he gave it to me. Aside from my always saying "Hello," it was a wordless exchange. After I had been going there for two years, he wished me a Merry Christmas—the first sentence he had ever addressed to me. It was followed not by a torrent of other sentences but by the same greeting when the season rolled around the next year. Four years later, he asked me where I got my coat cleaned; he said his wife had one just like it. I replied that mine was new and I hadn't had it cleaned yet. It turned out that his wife's was new, too. And that was our entire conversation during six years of commerce.

When I moved into my husband's apartment in the East Forties, he introduced me to *his* laundry, which I shall call the Bluebird of Happiness Laundry. When I first went to the Bluebird, I saw a big box on the counter with a sign on it saying "Put name in box and win new Thunderbird," and behind the counter a beaming, pink-and-white Occidental laundryman—*talking*. I slouched dejectedly in a corner with my pillowcaseful of laundry while a man who looked as if he might be an ambassador to the United Nations tried to extract six shirts from the pink-and-white laundryman. Ten minutes later, the laundryman was still saying that although he was eager to be of service, the ambassador had no right to expect his shirts to be ready, and the ambassador was still saying, between clenched teeth, that they must be ready. I didn't want to take a pillowcaseful of laundry to my office, and I was already late for work, so I was clenching my teeth, too. At the end of another ten minutes, the laundryman found the shirts, the ambassador all but ran out with them, and it was my turn. Since this laundryman doesn't take your name and address before he has talked

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himself out, it wasn't until he had described to me in detail the scene I had just witnessed that I was able to escape.

The following week, I was entangled by a long monologue about the shabby condition of the raincoat that a man ahead of me had left to be dry-cleaned. The next week, it was a dissertation on people who didn't pay their laundry bills. And so it went. Last week, I was cowardly and didn't take any laundry to the Bluebird of Happiness, so this week I had to lug in two pillowcasefuls.

The laundryman was on the telephone. After listening for some time, I deduced that he was talking to a woman who had been billed for two tablecloths that she hadn't had laundered, and that she had been sent a bathmat that didn't belong to her. He hung up, finally, chuckling. "Oh, well," he said. "Some people are a little fussy. You have to know how to handle them. I was just talking to a lady—"

"Yes," I said hastily, "I heard you."

"Did you?" the laundryman said. "Oh, yes. Well, you folks don't know how lucky you are to be with Bluebird. It's a good, careful outfit, and we do good, careful work. Now, I'm new in the organization—relatively new, that is—but I'm doing my best to make things run smoothly. In fact, I've invented a new system of arranging the laundry boxes in here so that it doesn't take any time at all to find one when a customer calls for it. Why, a man from the central Bluebird office was in the other day, looking for a box of laundry that was missing from another branch, and I tell you, when he called up that other branch he told them what a good system I had. That missing laundry was *right here*, and he had put his hand on it in no time flat. Now, let's see, your name is Roberts, right, and it's 205 East Fortieth."

"Guth," I said, with my hand on the door. "321." I had the door open, but I couldn't help myself. "What's the system?" I asked.

"Alphabetical!" he said triumphantly. "I put all the boxes in alphabetical order!"

"Ah!" I said. "I've got to catch a bus."

I GOT a seat in the very back of an almost empty crosstown bus, and from Second Avenue to the Public Library I practiced saying, in a low voice and in various casual intonations, "Dear, if you're going to be passing Bluebird this morning, would you mind . . ."

—DOROTHY L. GUTH

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Tampering

I HAD a grandaunt by marriage twice removed who used to say, "Seldom comes a better," meaning that most improvements have a way of turning out to be disimprovements, and this is precisely the case with "Night Must Fall," the latest version of Emlyn Williams' play of that name. Aunt Jane died ninety-odd years ago, sparing herself by a perhaps unnecessarily wide margin of time this sorry proof of her adage; as for the rest of us, we may study it as a classic example of how to spoil a good thing by complicating it. Mr. Williams wrote a rather simple-minded, creepy play, which was brought to the screen over a quarter of a century ago with Robert Montgomery in the role that Mr. Williams himself had played on the stage—that of a mild, eerie houseboy who tends an invalidical old lady in a cottage in the English countryside. I remember Mr. Montgomery to this day for the suavely ominous fashion in which he pushed Dame May Whitty about in her wheelchair and for the mystery of an old hatbox that was evidently very precious to him, containing—well, what? At first we could only guess, and then we *knew*, and gor! what a horror! For in the garden back of the cottage the police had rummaged about and uncovered a corpse and the corpse was headless, and with our flesh creeping in fine style we longed to call out to Dame May to take care, but by then it was too late; the greedy houseboy had done her in as well.

In the present version, tiresomely overwritten by Clive Exton and still more tiresomely overdirected by Karel Reisz, there's a deliberate absence of mystery; we begin with the killer at his butchery and we end with the killer at his butchery, and in the interim the only puzzle is what anyone finds appealingly unbutcherlike about him. For Mr. Exton's tampering with the original consists largely of adding gross sexual and psychiatric overtones to a script that didn't need them; the old lady of the house falls all too vividly in love with the young man, the moody daughter of the house grows sick with desire for him, and the slatternly maid of the house is already pregnant by him, but as Albert Finney plays the creature he is obviously as nutty as they come and nothing much to look at. Mr. Exton has also taken the trouble to invent a tangled, witless climax, in the course of which the daughter thrashes her way through a series of misadventures whose purpose is solely to keep her and the police from preventing the final crime—not cricket, and not very entertaining, either.

Besides Mr. Finney, who makes the error of successfully imitating a person who is truly insane in a movie that should only pretend to be about an insane person, the cast includes Mona Washbourne, as the old lady, and Susan Hampshire, as the daughter. They come off well under the circumstances, as does the cottage, which boasts a nineteenth-century greenhouse that is at once Greek Revival and Gothic and can be highly recommended to all members of the Society of Architectural Historians.

NORA JOHNSON, Brearley ex-'50, and her father, Nunnally Johnson, who went to school elsewhere, have made a funny screenplay out of Miss Johnson's novel "The World of Henry Orient," and under the debonair direction of George Roy Hill it emerges as a movie that I make bold to think will suit the milkshake set and—miraculously—will not give offense to oldsters of twenty or thirty. It concerns a couple of soulful teen-agers who attend a certain private school on the East River in uptown Manhattan and who make a career of innocently but ardently pursuing a celebrated pianist named Henry Orient. The fact is that Orient is a terrible pianist and a dedicated if not very successful womanizer, and to have a pair of silent moppets constantly on his trail proves distinctly unnerving for him. It is also unnerving for the moppets' parents, who, like all parents, never quite understand what is going on but instinctively fear the worst. Their fears are happily confounded by twists of plotting far too knotty to be picked at here, and the picture closes on a note as sweet as an Almond Joy. The giggly girls are played full tilt by Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth—is it too late to tell these young actresses that they will someday be sorry they ever consented to be publicly identified as "Tippy" and "Merrie"?—and Henry Orient is played by Peter Sellers, who, though he often appears to have his mind on other things, runs through a couple of genuinely comic scenes with Paula Prentiss, a sub-

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Girls in pretty dresses ride their bicycles to work. Everybody does, in Rotterdam. Its people are busy, energetic, cheerful and polite. They work hard but they know when to stop and have fun.

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urban housewife taking her first gingerly crack at urban adultery. Also on hand are Angela Lansbury, as a wicked mother, and Tom Bosley, as a kindly, helpless father. Much of the picture was shot in Manhattan, and the directors of photography, Boris Kaufman and Arthur J. Ornitz, deserve our thanks for portraying the island as the beautiful impossibility that, on its best days, it manifestly is.

"La Bonne Soupe" faithfully reproduces the play by Félicien Marceau that ran for I forget how many years in Paris. Its plot is the racy life story of a woman of the easiest possible virtue, told by her with the aid of innumerable flashbacks. We see her as a girl learning a single precious rule of conduct from her mother—that life without a maid isn't worth living. Armed with this truth, the young thing slips with calculating wantonness from lover to lover, and would almost certainly have wound up with a regiment of dutiful servitors indoors and out but for the fact that on one occasion her usual discipline in respect to importunate men fails her; she consents to make love to her son-in-law, and they are interrupted by her husband and daughter. As the worn but unwearied strumpet recounting her past, Marie Bell plays with gusto the role she created on the stage, and as the strumpet-in-the-making Annie Girardot is wonderfully fresh and beguiling. Between them, they make "La Bonne Soupe" seem a lot more attractive than it really is, and in this deception they are helped by a host of hovering males, including Gérard Blain, Bernard Blier, Jean-Claude Brialy, Sacha Distel, Daniel Gélin, Christian Marquand, and even Franchot Tone, who totters about the edges of the picture as an American millionaire with schoolboy French and a schoolboy's dreams of amorous conquest.

—Brendan Gill

•

Children should also be taught, again by parental example, that daily exercise is an important element in building and maintaining good health. The time has come to expand the slogan "Families that pray together stay together" to read: "Families that walk together to pray together stay together." Surely, families that learn to eat wisely together also have greater opportunities to live longer and happier lives.—*Adv. of the American Dairy Association in the Atlantic.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Bright Shadow

WHILE fantasy is apt to be lighthearted and not to be taken too seriously among the British, the French, and ourselves, the Germans are apt to make it deadly serious and express it in monumental, pseudo-religious terms. They ally fantasy with metaphysics, and often consider it profound in direct ratio to the elaborateness of its symbolism. This frequently irritates people to the west of them (the ponderous machinery of the Wagnerian opera is an example of the German approach, and so is Goethe's "Faust"), but the trait is part of the Germanic mind; it explains a good deal about German political behavior, and it sometimes produces remarkable works of art, though such works usually require considerable sympathetic study if they are to be fully understood.

When I first heard Richard Strauss's "Die Frau ohne Schatten," a fantasy of this sort, a number of years ago in Europe, I was convinced that it was the least exportable of all Strauss operas, and, to judge by the attitude of our leading opera impresarios, my theory was widely held. (There has been one conspicuous exception, however; Kurt Herbert Adler, of the San Francisco Opera, put it on a few years ago with great success, scooping New York with a major première.) The opera's music is elaborate, requiring both a huge orchestra and singers of altogether unusual abilities. Its symbolism, created in collaboration with Hugo von Hofmannsthal, is also elaborate—and, as might be expected, deadly serious. The shadow, I understand, is an ancient symbol of fertility, and the woman without one is a woman bereft of the desire to bear children. This is the case with a beautiful, spoiled empress, the daughter of a supernatural being who wants her to be a good mortal wife and bear children to her husband. In fact, the supernatural being (somebody called Keikobad, who does not appear in the opera except as a *deus ex machina*) decrees that unless the empress acquires a shadow, her husband will be slowly turned to stone. The emperor is well on his way toward petrifaction when his wife, encouraged by her unscrupulous nurse, tries to buy a shadow from the wife

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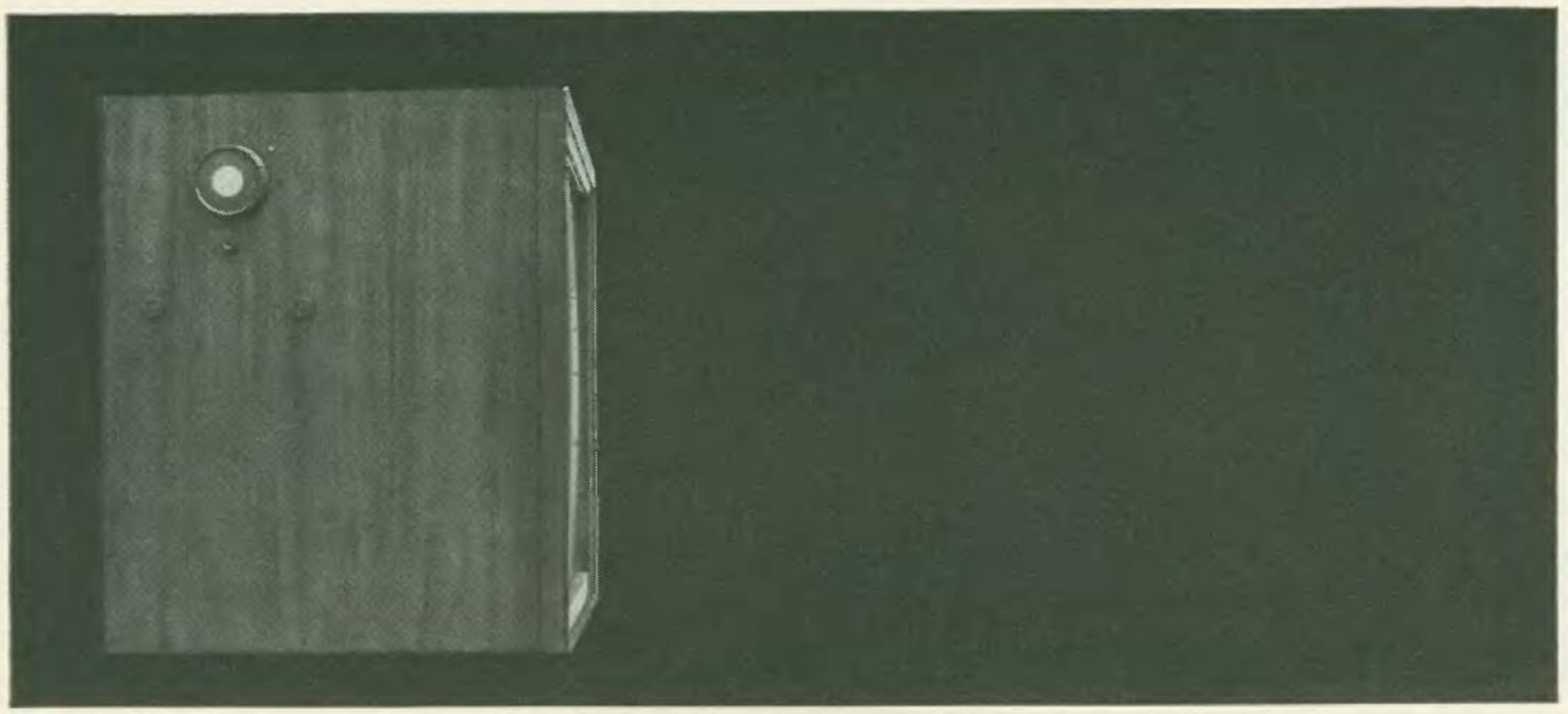

Inside this box you'll find a ticket to the World's Fair opening night, a front row seat at the "Oscar" presentations, a critic's-eye view of Vietnam, a look at the West that is, a free pass to the Moscow State Circus, a 400th birthday tribute to Wm. Shakespeare, and all kinds of other interesting things:

Some Television Programs of Special Interest in April

Vietnam: The Deadly Decision
Comprehensive examination of our position.
Wednesday, April 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Daniel Boone
Dramatized story of the pioneer efforts to open the West to settlement.
Fridays, April 3 & 10 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Cowboys That Are
The workaday life at an Arizona ranch.
Sunday, April 5 (1-1:30 PM)

Johann Gutenberg
"Printing" from Stone Age to the present.
Saturday, April 11 (1-2 PM)

Issues and Answers
April 12: George Romney; April 19: Adlai Stevenson; April 26: John Glenn.
Sundays (1:30-2 PM)

The Church's Role in World Affairs
Viewpoint of the National Council of churches.
Sundays, April 12 & 19 (2-2:30 PM)

Moscow State Circus
1st TV appearance of U. S. touring company.
Sunday, April 12 (8-9 PM)

Carny
The story of the American carnival business.
Hostess: Sally Rand.
Sunday, April 12 (10-11 PM)

The "Oscar" Award Presentations
Host: Jack Lemmon. Presenters include: Anne Bancroft, Patty Duke, Gregory Peck.
Monday, April 13 (Beginning at 10 PM)

Opening Night of the N.Y. World's Fair
Host: Henry Fonda. Guides: Carol Channing Lorne Greene, Fred MacMurray.
Wednesday, April 22 (7:30-9 PM)

Profile of Huntington Hartford
Wednesday, April 22 (7:30-8 PM)

A Manual of Arms
Drama of affirmation of faith by three soldiers in battle.
Sunday, April 26 (2-3 PM)

Cameras Aloft, Secrets Below
Aerial photography in war and peace.
Sunday, April 26 (6:00-6:30 PM)

Shakespeare: Soul of an Age
Evocation of the Elizabethan era, with Michael Redgrave and Ralph Richardson.
Sunday, April 26 (10-11 PM)

Brinkley on Boxing
An inquiry into the state of the sport.
Monday, April 27 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Thursdays: ABC News Reports

Fridays: The Great Adventure/That Was The Week That Was

Saturdays: Do you Know?/Exploring/ Watch Mr. Wizard

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of a poor but kindly dyer named Barak. By offering jewels, the empress nearly succeeds in bribing Barak's wife to give up her shadow—not without a certain amount of premature wailing on the part of the unborn Barak children. Naturally, both the emperor and Barak are considerably upset, but, as it turns out, both ladies, coming to realize that all this business of shadow-bartering is a sin, take pity on their husbands. By this time, though, the emperor has turned to stone, and Barak has attempted to murder his wife. Now all four stand in judgment before Keikobad, who finally tempers justice with mercy, gives his daughter a shadow, de-petrifies the emperor, and thus solves all problems. There is much more to the complicated libretto than I have presented here, but even this rough outline, you will probably agree, is an outline of a fairly heavy-handed fantasy. However, under the spell of Strauss's extraordinary musical scoring—which to my mind is scarcely equalled even in "Der Rosenkavalier"—it takes on a magical quality that transports one, willingly or not, into the libretto's realm of fairy-tale doings.

Productions of "Die Frau ohne Schatten" are seldom completely satisfactory, because ordinary scenery and ordinary opera singers are apt to appear as intrusions into its dream world. The stagings that I have seen in Europe have all been less than ideal. I did not attend the San Francisco Opera's American première of the opera, so I cannot report on it. But on Monday night of last week, in Philharmonic Hall, the indomitable Thomas Scherman and his Concert Opera Association gave "Die Frau" a concert performance, and, to judge by the reactions of the audience, made a considerable success of it. The opera struck me again as one of Strauss's most eloquent creations, and since I consider Strauss far and away the greatest of twentieth-century composers, I was delighted to see this remarkable work so thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Scherman conducted with the zeal of an apostle and succeeded in converting most of the unbelievably complex orchestral score into clear and lovely sound. Moreover, he had chosen his soloists wisely, managing, among other things, to obtain the services of the great Marianne Schech for the role of Barak's wife—one that she has sung repeatedly in Europe and does with what seems almost an inborn feeling for the Strauss vocal style. The other members of the cast were

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not, perhaps, as widely known as Miss Schech, but they sang very well indeed. The Egyptian basso Mino Yahia was a perfect Barak, singing with tenderness and in a voice of much natural velvety quality. William Lewis was properly imposing, though a bit harsh-voiced, as the emperor, and a newcomer named Maria Dornya brought a fairylike grace and beauty to the role of the empress, although a few very difficult high notes gave her a little trouble. Mary Davenport, an excellent singer, as I know from many past encounters, was not exactly right for the scheming nurse, having neither the dark color of voice nor the capacity for portraying malignance that is called for by this Satanesque role. The many lesser parts were all at least conscientiously done, including those assigned to the members of the numerous offstage choruses. "Die Frau ohne Schatten" had been waiting since 1919 for a New York performance; I hope it will not have to wait much longer for a fully staged one. I can imagine one with scenery by Beni Montresor, for example. But I am getting ahead of things. The opera is, at any rate, a beauty; it was pretty well performed the other night, and people seemed to love it. The Metropolitan should get cracking on a full-scale production. It might well find that it had a hit on its hands. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Microorganisms have vast potentialities; in the vernacular of the adventurer, there are unexplored territories of microbiology where the hand of man has not yet set foot!—*Robert L. Starkey in "Bacteriological Reviews," Vol. 27, No. 3.*

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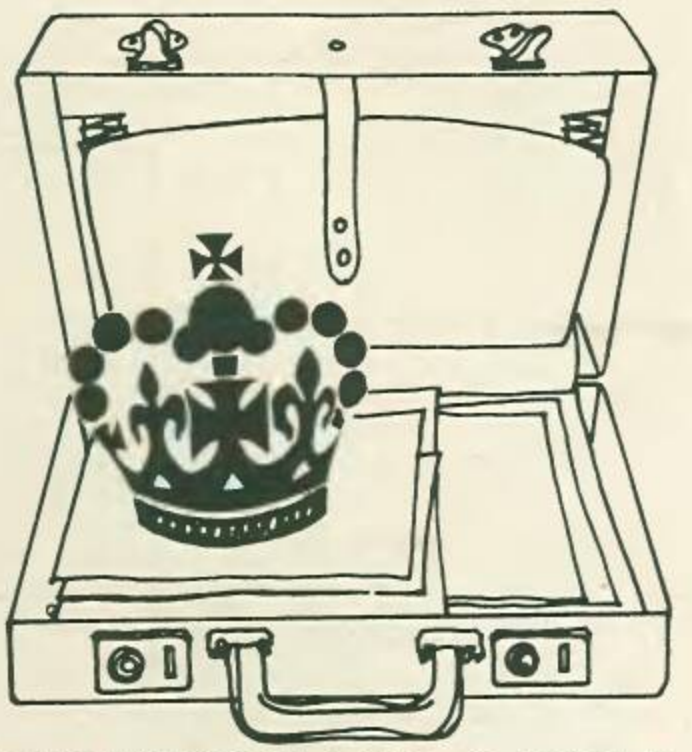
THE RACE TRACK

Repeater

HISTORY repeats itself in racing, too. A year ago, in his first start of the season, Ahoy galloped off with the Swift Stakes at Aqueduct. Last Saturday, although he hadn't been out since October, he won the Paumonok Handicap there by five lengths or so from seasoned horses. Giving from five to fifteen pounds to the half-dozen other runners, he took the lead quickly, and never left the result in doubt. Bonjour, an arrival from Santa Anita by way of Bowie, came in for second money comfortably ahead of Rainy Lake, who had won his last three races at Hialeah. Near Man, second to Ahoy in the Swift and holder of the track record for six furlongs at the Big A, was fourth. In his present form, Ahoy is one of our top sprinters—and he looks the part.

This year's Swift Stakes, which had its sixty-third running the day before the Paumonok, was a dull affair. Only four three-year-olds went to the post (a number of the eligibles were waiting for the Governor's Gold Cup, at Bowie, next day), and Black Mountain, who, you may remember, finished second in the Futurity last autumn, had no trouble winning handily. For the record, Alphabet, one of the Claiborne Farm entries, was second, and Irvkup was third; Duel, the other Claiborne colt, seems to have lost his form. Earlier in the afternoon, a three-year-old who might be worth remembering caught my eye. His name is Irish Whiskey, and he's by Ballymoss, that remarkable Irish racer who was handled so badly in the 1958 Washington, D. C., International. Irish Whiskey is the sort of colt you'd look at twice anyway, but what I liked about him was the zest with which he ran. Despite the fact that it was his very first race, he seemed to know exactly what to do, and after fighting it out with the leaders through the last quarter he was beaten a short nose.

Never in my memory—and I have a long one—has the New York season had such an opening day as the one at Aqueduct a week ago Monday. Although it was the earliest ever, a crowd of more than forty-eight thousand trooped through the gates, and although the horses on the program were mediocre, to say the least, four million dollars was bet on them in the tote. It is said



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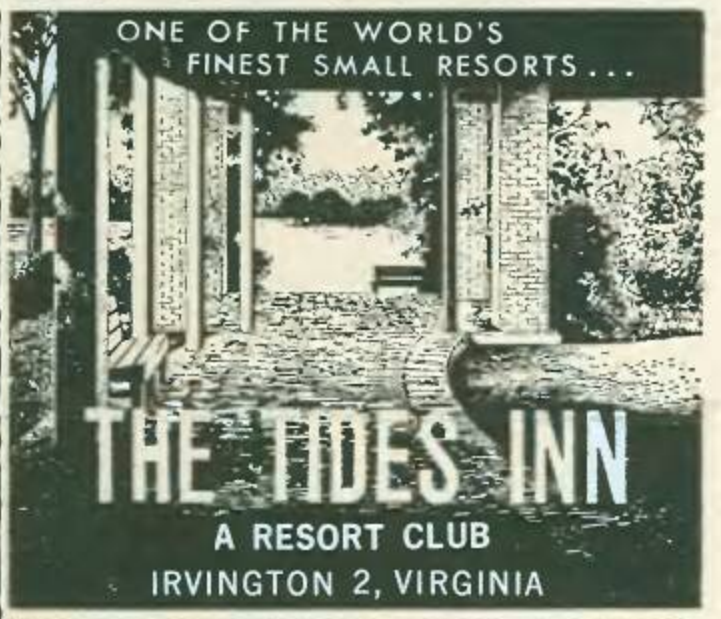

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that weather makes a big difference on an occasion of this sort. I daresay it does, for spring sunshine warmed us and buoyed our spirits that afternoon, but last Saturday was bitterly cold and windy and the attendance was still more than fifty thousand, with a mutuel handle of $4,385,943.

THE best race of the week, of course, was Gun Bow's in the Gulfstream Handicap at Gulfstream Park last Saturday. Once more he showed what a good horse he really is, leading throughout the mile and a quarter over a sloppy track—footing to which he's unaccustomed. As I watched the race on TV, I thought he was under some pressure but had a bit left when Admiral Vic challenged in the stretch. (After the finish, Admiral Vic was placed third, as punishment for bumping Garwol.) By the way, things might not have turned out so well for Gun Bow if it hadn't been noticed at saddling time that one of his shoes was loose. (You'd be surprised how many races have been lost by the casting of a plate.) But a blacksmith was found at the last minute. Now Gun Bow is going to have a rest; his stable thinks he has earned one, what with four firsts out of six tries and $247,805 in prize money. His next start will be in the Metropolitan, at Aqueduct on Memorial Day.

BOWIE's longest and most successful meeting came to an end in a snowstorm last Saturday, and my favorite observer reports that Chieftain had to do his best to win the Governor's Gold Cup. It was a performance that made him plenty of friends, however, for he carried top weight of 124 pounds and, running over a track that was ankle deep in mud, wore down National, to whom he gave twelve pounds, and won going away. Royal Rascal was third and Bupers fourth. Chances are we'll see Chieftain in the Gotham at Aqueduct a week from Saturday.

WELL, as almost everybody expected, that bill to legalize off-track betting in New York was left at the post again. Which is all right with me. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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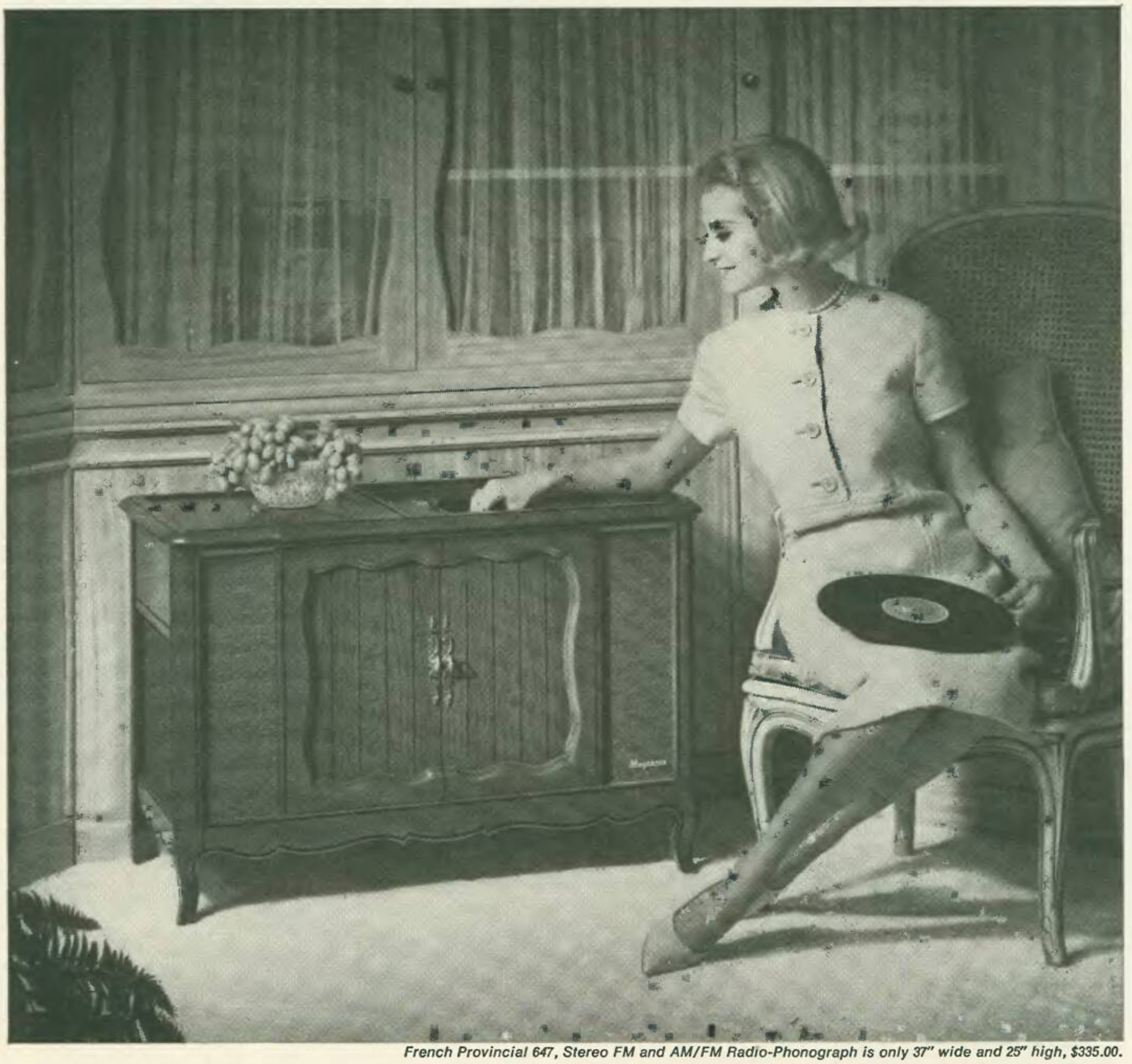
BOOKS

Angels and Devils

ALTHOUGH it was written forty years ago, and in a style, then advanced, that has dated, "El Señor Presidente" (Atheneum), a novel by the Guatemalan writer Miguel Angel Asturias, is a work of astonishing immediacy and force. It begins on what seems a light note of fantasy, and at first acquaintance the unnamed South American republic over which El Señor Presidente rules has the air of being a place from a fairy tale, or the setting for a ballet, and it appears to be inhabited by a population made up of caricatures and grotesques. When its hero comes on the scene, Señor Asturias establishes the fact that he is good-looking by having a man of the people who has had the privilege of an encounter with him tell his wife that he has had a meeting with an angel. The hero is thereafter referred to as Angel Face, and he not infrequently makes his appearances wearing—much as maximum-security prisoners used to wear a ball and chain—the encumbrance of the bracketed phrase "(He was as beautiful and as wicked as Satan)." Such posturings suggest that Señor Asturias is playing the fool with his readers as Max Beerbohm was when he wrote that elegant bit of swindling (neither good-hearted nor well-intentioned), "The Happy Hypocrite." And this impression is strengthened when the plot begins to move and Angel Face is sent off by El Señor Presidente to warn a certain General Canales that he would be well advised to leave the country at once, for the secret police are about to arrest and kill him. It will save the dictator embarrassment if the General gets away and the regime isn't saddled with the responsibility for his death. When Angel Face has managed to persuade General Canales to forget his honor as a soldier and to do a bolt, he discovers that the streets around the General's house are already alive with the regime's gunmen. El Señor Presidente has lied to Angel Face; he has no intention of letting the General escape. He has decided to have him shot down in the hope that his attempt to evade arrest will indicate that he has guilty knowledge of some unknown crime against the state. The dictator has simply used Angel Face to spring the trap that has been set for the General. This is wicked of him, yet it is an almost irritatingly conventional piece of wickedness, and if the book were to turn on that alone, it would indeed be an excursion into the shallowest of waters. But the kindling of Angel Face's moral sensibility has another cause, and his feeling that he has been wronged shows that the ethical landscape he inhabits is not an altogether straightforward one. The General has a daughter, and Angel Face's calculation has been that when he has saved her father's life he will have acquired what amounts to a moral right to seduce her—a proceeding to which he has been looking forward with much eagerness and for which he has made extensive preparations. What disturbs him now is that by making him a party to the plot to murder her father, El Señor Presidente has changed his relationship with the girl—at any rate, to the extent of making him aware that it has an ethical dimension.

What follows is a remarkable feat of writing in which the caricatures of the book's opening pages are shown to be real men and women who have been twisted and deformed into grotesques by the horror of life in the dictator's shadow. El Señor Presidente's wickedness is a matter not of the crimes he commits but of his skill in using terror to make his victims the willing agents of their own brutalization and degradation. Angel Face has no chance of withdrawing into a world of private happiness with the General's daughter when he has come to love her, because, as one of the dictator's instruments, he has had a hand in the destruction of all private worlds. He made a bargain with evil when he consented to serve it in order to avoid becoming one of its victims, and there is no escape from the contract. He lives in a community in which terror has forced everyone to make a similar bargain, and in which each man is a Judas whose current hour of immunity is the thirty pieces of silver he has received for consenting to some grievous wrong done to no matter whom, just as long as the victim is someone else. Señor Asturias tells the story of Angel Face's descent into the lowest depths with a steadily mounting intensity and vigor, and his

"Wipe your feet."



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performance is all the more remarkable for its consistent undertone of human warmth and sympathy. His observations of his doomed young pair are not only psychologically acute but also extremely touching; they love each other credibly and affectingly, and their relationship attains real beauty before evil closes in upon them. It is a supreme irony that this book, which goes so deeply into the essence of the experience of the European generation that grew up in the presence of Fascism, was apparently unpublishable when it was written, in the twenties, seemingly because its subject matter appeared to be a form of barbarism that could exist only in a provincial backwater well out of the main stream of world affairs. If Europeans had been enabled to read it, they not only would have had a warning of what Fascism would be like to live with but might even have understood the moral price that those who survived it would have to pay for their survival. It is hard enough for human beings to live with each other at the best of times, but it is much more so when each man has learned by his experience what his neighbor is willing to sell to persuade death, or the Storm Trooper, or whoever it may be, to pass him by.

Piotr Rawicz's "Blood from the Sky" (Harcourt, Brace & World) and Anna Langfus's "The Lost Shore" (Pantheon) are novels that count the cost of survival, describing, from the masculine and feminine points of view, the agonies of the living ghosts who have been haunting themselves ever since so many others were done to death twenty years ago. Rawicz's novel is about a Polish Jew, in exile in Paris today, who is endlessly reliving the experiences of the Nazi occupation of the Ukraine, forever approaching the terms of the bargain he had to strike with evil in order to survive but never quite confronting them. He keeps the question at arm's length by maintaining the fiction that he is mulling over the adventures of a friend who was able to survive because he managed to get hold of papers showing that he was a Ukrainian. But the adventures all come back to one crucial point; wherever he is and whatever the circumstances when he is challenged, he always has to tell the same lie—"I am not one of them." This involves the denial of his identity and of all the identifications that give his life meaning. Not only that, but his survival has also been personal. He was neither a hero of the underground nor one who endured in the camps; he lied his way, alone, out of the common fate of his people. The

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penalty he has had to pay for escaping as a loner is solitary confinement for life enclosed in his own sense of guilt, and his prison wall is the conviction that life has no meaning.

Rawicz's intense and absorbing book intersects Anna Langfus's in an interesting way. His impostor is hiding out with a girl who quarrels with him. He is perfectly happy in the solitude and isolation of concealment, in which he can toy with such marvellous and genuinely meaningless thoughts as "In its quintessence, the concept 'window' constitutes the negation of the concept 'house.' " The girl, with reason, loathes this sort of thing as a form of intellectual masturbation and will have none of it. "When I would treat Naomi to these reflections," Rawicz's fugitive says, "in my most earnest manner, they simply made her furious. The woman in her hankered after a more outdoor, public existence. She would have liked to show off our status as a couple, to exhibit the bond between us." She was, in fact, anxious to live the healthy, normal life of a human being. Anna Langfus's heroine has the same desire, but she is aware that her experiences in Poland under the Nazis have destroyed her capacity for living that way. She is not quite mad, but she is not altogether sane, and the thought of being a woman and of trusting another human being to the extent of becoming part of a couple and of bearing children is beyond her. The world of human relationships is the lost shore of the title, and the novel describes her vain efforts to return to it and to escape her torturing conviction that she has betrayed the dead by remaining alive. Read without sympathy, it might be taken for a somewhat bland and sentimental account of an unhappy young girl's affair with an older man, but under its misleadingly smooth surface there is a fairly tough rendering of the account that has to be paid sooner or later by a mind that has consciously entertained the thought "Take anyone you like, take them all, but spare me" even for an instant. It was her brother and her parents who were taken, and it is this that stands between her and the life of generosity and warmth she would so much like to live, and that makes the thought of living it seem poisonous.

"The Better Song" (Pantheon), written by a M. Luc Estang, is a bucket full of dry sand and religiosity from that desolate part of the French countryside, populated by lascivious women and sere, withered little men, in which François Mauriac has spent most of his literary life. It is the

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usual thing: The sensual freebooting female animal carries the frail man—the father of a family and a true believer, naturally—off to her lair and has her wicked way with him. Because he enjoys his seduction, and because the guilty pair are physically happy together for a while, *le Bon Dieu* is affronted and arranges for the roof to fall in on them. When the male sinner runs out of money and goes back to Paris to get a job, at the end of his tainted seaside honeymoon, he finds that vice has stamped its mark upon him so firmly that even the personnel managers of insurance companies can see at a glance that he is an adulterer and therefore unemployable. Recognizing that his weakness has doomed him to become one of that vast army of fallen men whose efforts to piece out a pitiful existence in the gutters of Paris are one of the most terrible features of life in that great, heartless city, he sinks into a gloomy frame of mind. To cheer him up and to give him a chance to win back his respectability, his paramour cuts her throat. The novel is sanctimonious fudge, not made any easier to endure by M. Estang's device of occasionally assuming the role of the hero's queasy conscience and preaching at him: "But you had forgotten, Octave Coltenceau, you had forgotten you were violating the Law. Until your own words reminded you that whatever you do you are not a 'pagan' . . ." His description of the poor woman lying in a pool of her own blood is not very pleasant, either, and the strong whiff of sadism it exudes prompts the reflection that the school of fiction that makes such a parade of having a solid foundation in a living faith sometimes seems to require the general reader to accept a Creator who loves his creation much as El Señor Presidente may be said to love his country and its people.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BLUE MAX, by Jack D. Hunter (Dutton). This story of the First World War centers on the personality of Bruno Stachel, an ace German fighter pilot who is truly himself only when he is in the air. Stachel, very young and hostile and abnormally uneasy, gets into the Air Force during the closing months of the war and builds up an impressive record by Armistice Day. He is tall, handsome, brave, fatalistic, cold-blooded, and inclined to alcoholism, but more than anything else he is viciously ambi-

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tious. Mr. Hunter's writing is not distinguished, but his portrait of Stachel has a grotesque fascination. A first novel.

MARTHA, ERIC AND GEORGE, by Margery Sharp (Little, Brown). As the story begins, Eric, a stuffy but good-hearted young Englishman employed in the Paris branch of a London bank, receives from his delighted concierge a portable cot containing a tiny baby boy. Eric is appalled, for the foundling infant looks exactly like him, but his mother, a sweetly possessive old lady, is enchanted to have a grandson all to herself, with no silly daughter-in-law to get in the way. They name the baby George. Ten years pass before George meets his mother—Martha, a strong, statuesque painter, now twenty-eight and celebrated for her great talent in most of the capitals of Europe. This amiable short novel is set in Paris, but it ends, on a magnificent note, in London.

NOTE: Obolensky has published "Miss Leonora When Last Seen," a volume of sixteen short stories by Peter Taylor. Nine of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

PARIS IN THE TERROR: JUNE, 1793-JULY, 1794, by Stanley Loomis (Lippincott). Mr. Loomis's account of this tragic, bloody year is long on trivia (Robespierre wore green-tinted eyeglasses; Mme. Roland was a good housekeeper) and full of the author's literary opinions ("Voltaire . . . is today almost unreadable"). It lacks coherence, for the job that Mr. Loomis assigned himself—to study the Terror "on its human rather than its economic, political, or military level"—reduces history to disconnected anecdotes. He assumes that his readers know next to nothing of French history, and he teaches them precious little. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE KAISER, by Virginia Cowles (Harper & Row). In this plump, chatty, informative biography of Wilhelm II, Miss Cowles portrays a complicated and unstable man who seems to have had several incompatible characters—he was a bigoted showoff who gloried in the martial virtues, for one thing, yet he enjoyed watching the chief of his military cabinet dress up as a ballerina and dance before the court. None of the Kaiser's personalities was appropriate to a man who exercised power, and he "never really ruled," Miss Cowles says, "only interfered." She holds us

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awestruck as she traces his succession of disastrous interferences, from firing Bismarck to letting the German Navy go ahead with unrestricted submarine warfare. She accepts Winston Churchill's verdict on the Kaiser's professional career—"It was not his fault, it was his fate"—but even during his involuntary retirement the old man was full of unexpectednesses. As the second Anglo-German conflict approached, Wilhelm rediscovered that he was Queen Victoria's grandson, and spoke English constantly, wore English tweeds, and read aloud the works of P. G. Wodehouse to his German staff in Holland.

ROAD TO NINEVEH, by Nora Benjamin Kubie (Doubleday). Sir Austen Henry Layard, the discoverer of Nineveh, was one of those superhuman explorers who were a major British export in the nineteenth century. He found and excavated Nineveh because he was fearless, intelligent, imaginative, stubborn, and lucky. Every feature of his life is perfect Victorian fiction: his wife, for example, overcame her parents' objections to her marrying him by threatening to go into a decline. Such material is a natural for any biographer, and Mrs. Kubie is an exceptionally well-qualified biographer; she has extensive archeological experience, she is in love with her subject, and she writes very well. Her book, mostly based on Layard's own accounts, is divided into two parts, "Adventures" and "Excavations," and it is hard to say which is more engrossing. Illustrations and end-paper maps.

NOTE: "Reporting," by Lillian Ross, a collection of Profiles and other reports that Miss Ross has written for this magazine, has been published by Simon & Schuster.

•

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