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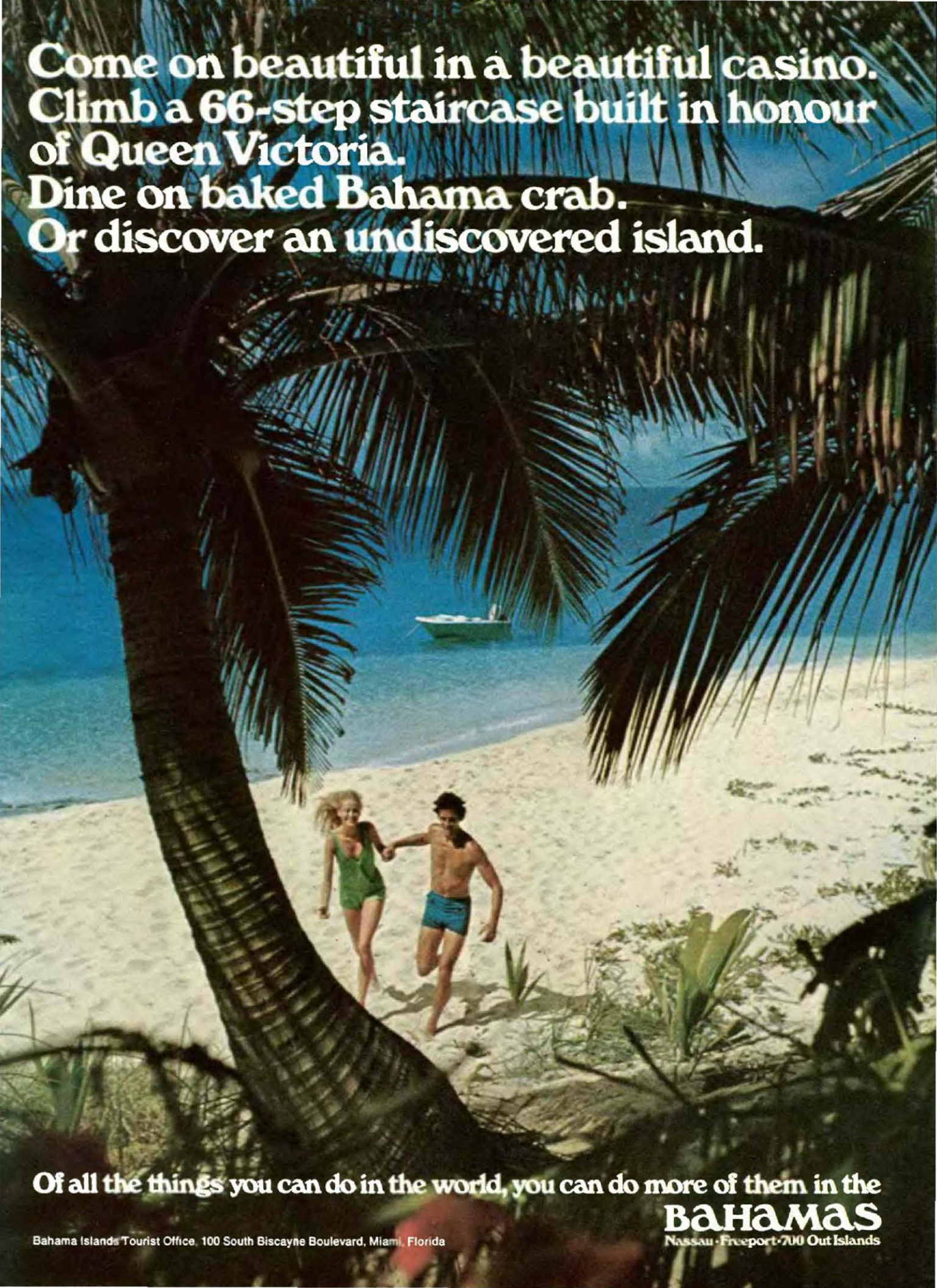
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans... ♀E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AND PUPPY DOG TAILS—An obsolete little comedy—all trilling laughter and hurt feelings—with the difference that everybody is a boy and naked much of the time. Iddiotic. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3; special matinee New Year's Day.)

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE—A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with sure-fire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Well acted by Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

FIVE ON THE BLACK HAND SIDE—A play by Charlie L. Russell. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2.)

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FRONT PAGE—A Stutz bearcat of a play, driven at breakneck speed by half a dozen fine actors, under the direction of Harold J. Kennedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE HARANGUES—Two one-act plays by Joseph A. Walker, the first in this season's series of three offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (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 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

INDIANS—Arthur Kopit uses Buffalo Bill Cody and his Wild West Show as a court in which to indict our ancestors for their brutal mistreatment of the Indian. Stacy Keach plays Buffalo Bill with splendid verve. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8:40; New Year's Day at 2:40; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:40; and final performances Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS—A four-character comedy by Neil Simon, with James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. Robert Moore is the director. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LOVE YOUR CROOKED NEIGHBOR—A comedy by Harold J. Chapler. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MACBETH—A strenuous exercise with moments of ingenuity here and there. All in all, pretty wearing; any resemblance to the Shakespearean original is purely accidental. Jerry Rojo's setting is a marvel. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 925-8712. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8:30.)

MIRELE EFROS—Final performances of a two-week revival of Jacob Gordin's play, in Yiddish, starring Ida Kaminska. Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (Roosevelt, 100 E. 17th St. 533-8820. New Year's Eve at 8:30; New Year's Day at 3; Friday, Jan. 2,

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at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3 and 7:30.)

MRS. SNOW AND CRUISING SPEED 600 MPH—A pair of plays by Kenneth Pressman and Anna Marie Barlow, respectively. Presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the fourth program in this season's Matinee Series (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Jan. 5, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 2.)

THE MOON DREAMERS—An elaborate put-on by Julie Bovasso. There are a few entertaining moments, but the unbroken facetiousness grows very tiresome. (Ellen Stewart Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick

Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 10.)

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE COMPANY—The last five in a series of performances of TWELFTH NIGHT, directed by Jonathan Miller (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 3-4, at 2 and 8:30.)

PASSING THROUGH FROM EXOTIC PLACES—A trio of cardboard one-acters, but with a funny performance by Oliver Clark as a dishevelled Peace Corps volunteer. Ronald Rihman is the playwright. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PRIVATE LIVES—A very successful revival of Noël Coward's sleight-of-hand comedy about four people, three marriages, and a divorce that refuses to take. With Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, directed by Stephen Porter. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 047-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SEVEN DAYS OF MORNING—A self-designated fable about a poor, bedevilled Jewish family

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

forbidden to mourn an idiot girl who has committed suicide, and about the exorcism of their demons by an insistent little fellow who calls himself "the Doctor." The situation is grim, and the references are Talmudic and special, but there is much more humor in the play than you might expect. Seymour Simckes is the dramatist. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays—except New Year's Day—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SLAVE SHIP—LeRoi Jones' graphic and horrifying demonstration of life aboard a slaver. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday Jan. 4.)

SUMMERTREE—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 MacDougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—The John Cecil Holm-George Abbott comedy of thirty-five years ago is still very funny. Directed by Mr. Abbott. (Lyceum, 45th St., E JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Friday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

A WHISTLE IN THE DARK—A play by Thomas Murphy that, with all its ups and downs, is consistently interesting. It deals with an Irish father and the effects of his blustering tyranny on his five grown sons. The performances, under Arvin Brown's direction, are exceptionally good. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2052. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ADAPTATION AND NEXT: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN:** A play, by Lonnie Elder III, about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. With Richard Mason. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for Julie Harris, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. Starting Monday, Jan. 5, June Allyson will replace Miss Harris. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee New Year's Day at 2:30.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** Yaphet Kotto in a pageant-like play loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee New Year's Day at 2:30.)... **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen and decorated with girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee New Year's Day at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. Peggy Cass will take over from Miss Stapleton starting Monday, Jan. 5. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly,



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except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee New Year's Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

COCO—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. It purports to be about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris and turns out to be about the great Katharine Hepburn of Hartford. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JIMMY—A big musical comedy that keeps bumping along the ground, unable to take off. Frank Gorshin impersonates Mayor Walker, and others in the cast are Anita Gillette, as his sweetheart, and Julie Wilson, as his wife. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PROMENADE—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3; special matinee New Year's Day at 2:30.)

SALVATION—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 4:30.)

SAMBO—This "black opera with white spots" has a rich and appealing score by Ron Steward and Neal Tate. Mr. Steward also wrote the libretto and plays the leading role. Many of the numbers, considered separately, come off well, but the show as a whole is confusing and the acting rather weak. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

GERTRUDE STEIN'S FIRST READER—A revue adapted by Herbert Machiz from Miss Stein's work of the same name, with a score by Ann Sternberg. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7; Sundays at 7:30; and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

TOMP—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 4.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinee New Year's Day.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a choline named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30, and Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICS:** Buck Mulligan wiped again his razor-blade. —Ah, poor dogsbody, he said in a kind voice. I must give you a shirt and few noserags. How are the secondhand breeks? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and New Year's Eve at 6:30 and 9:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. Jerry Jarrett will play the leading role for two weeks starting Monday, Jan. 5. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee New Year's Day at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!** With a new cast headed by Phyllis Diller. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee New Year's Day at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller is the antic aunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Keith Michell plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdou substitutes for Mr. Michell at the matinee performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee New Year's Day at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanut to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40. and Fridays, Saturdays, and New Year's Eve at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Final performances of **THE NUTCRACKER**, after which the company will go into repertory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2:15 and 8:15; Friday, Jan. 2, at 6:15; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Jan. 4, at 1:15 and 5:15; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 6-9, at 6:15; Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 1:15 and 5:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Friday, Jan. 16—Monday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Canfield," "Tread" (premiere), and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run." . . . ♪ Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30: "Scramble," "Crises," and "Tread." . . . ♪ Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30: "Canfield," "Crises," and "Tread." . . . ♪ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30: "Walkaround Time" and "Second Hand" (premiere) . . . ♪ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30: "RainForest," "Crises," and "Second Hand." . . . ♪ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30: "Canfield," "Winterbranch," and "Tread." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

PEARL LANG—With her dance company (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-2116.)

LEON JAMES AND AL MINNS—Jazz dancers. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Wolfgang Schwarz. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 6, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 18. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

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

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Rhinoceros makes most of the sounds through Sunday, Jan. 4. On Thursday, Jan. 8, Doug Kershaw and the Fifth Avenue Band will start a gig. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Al Cohn-Zoot Sims quintet, with Moussey Alexander on drums, provides the music six nights a week in this careful spot. Fridays through Sundays, and New Year's Eve. Anita O'Day sings some old songs, some new. On Tuesday, Jan. 6, the Brew Moore quartet will replace the Cohn-Sims five. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed New Year's Day.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, George Reed, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has



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even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

SLUGS, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the audience knows pretty much where it's at. On Wednesday, Dec. 31, the Freddie Hubbard quintet will perform. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 1-4, patrons will absorb the remarkable sounds of the Elvin Jones trio. Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 6, the Pharoah Sanders quintet, with singer Leon Thomas, will be around. Starting time is about nine. Closed Mondays.

TONY PARENTI'S CLUB, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—As it was in the beginning, farther east on the same street—catch-as-catch-can surroundings and basic early jazz. The makers are Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Freddie Moore, and Graham Stewart. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to the Junior Mance trio or—beginning Thursday, Jan. 1—the Mose Allison trio. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned. . . . ♪ Downstairs: On Wednesday, Dec. 31, the Herbie Mann octet alternates with a group called Brute Force. Fridays and Saturdays, Jan. 2-3 and 9-10, Miles Davis's quintet will play some intricate stuff.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz. Roland Kirk's sextet plays through Wednesday, Dec. 31. On Friday, Jan. 2, another band will move in. Starting time is approximately nine-thirty. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed New Year's Day.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collar greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the din-

ners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a *tout-petit* dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of rock records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic sort of carousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live music will come from Sha-Na-Na (through Wednesday, Dec. 31) and Chelsea Beige (through Sunday, Jan. 4). Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CL 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes even the Danube. Between record sets, What Four does some singing and playing. On Monday, Jan. 5, the Witnesses, an Ulsterite outfit, will take over. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, cafe tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose youthful patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. The live sounds of the Silver Caboose will alternate with high-powered records through Saturday, Jan. 3. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The celebrated old conference room—a room for improvement these last few years—is improving under the care of Billy Reed, its new and experienced *hôte*. The music (George Cort's band) runs from eight-thirty until three. No action on Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and means of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): A place to let bygones be bygones, for Ray McKinley's orchestra, looming up out of the past, is doing most of the music. The remainder of the music is just remainders. Six until two, in general, but one to eight on Sundays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at three-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

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

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A quick look, and not a discouraging

one, at Las Vegas. Music and song and stuff, but the point of it all is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace. His earthy eruptions take place every night, beginning at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Felicia Sanders, who is all by herself a veritable drama club, sings her swan song (a trumpeter-swan one) on Saturday, Jan. 3. On Thursday, Jan. 8, Joan Rivers will resume her very special pleading on behalf of women's rights to practically everything.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Visiting hours on the Eastern seaboard—but of the Mediterranean, where Israeli lion and Grecian lamb lie down together, and other nations follow suit. The lion (and humorist) is Avram Grobard. The music, which is practically perpetual, is also wily, and winning. Oriental, except when an inappropriately electronic foursome takes the floor. Home cooking, often Israeli. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the incumbent mixed-triples revue (three boys, three girls), is quite aware of what has gang a-gley in the world, and more than half the time it expresses its feelings in the matter wisely and even wittily. The cast is largely without guile, but Pam Myers nevertheless shows promises, promises. At nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are Bavarian, like the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers, the architecture is beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box goes on holiday after a nine-to-three session New Year's Eve, thus putting Tony Sandler, a knowledgeable and personable song-and-patter import from Europe, at liberty. The artful Lee Evans orchestra, a benefit performance for every listener, retires the same night. Until then, Mr. S. appears during both dinner and supper.

CHATEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, those jolly larkers and singers, finish up on New Year's Eve, and 1970 begins with the cavortings of Rafael de Cordova and his Ballet Español. The merrymaking happens during dinner and supper night after night.

¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Leo Rivera) and voice (Domingo Alvarado). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Rock-and-roll, heart-and-soul, and other new pep pills flavor the arias set forth twice a night by Oliver, a pet of the recording industry. On Thursday, Jan. 8, he'll be succeeded by harder rock—Little Anthony and the Imperials. ¶ In the lounge, the music and the listeners are sort of home-on-the-range, out at that big ranch in Nevada.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The pastoral pursuits of Bobby Hackett's solid-silver horn turn listeners lightly to thoughts of love; its bolder moments drive his henchmen (Vic Dickenson, John Ulrich, Jimmy Madison, Franklyn Skeete) to doxy duty. Not much chance of trumping these aces, but Teddy Wilson and trio have a lusty go at it anyway. Six-thirty until two is the schedule. They end target practice on Thursday, Jan. 8. No Sundays, and no dancing.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, out of the goodness of its heart is allowing Roslyn Kind to sing (on an earn-while-you-learn basis) during dinner and supper. Oh, well, there are always ambience and aura in amplitude, not to mention the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. New Year's Eve, one show only, and late, and black-tie. On Wednesday, Jan. 7, Gisele MacKenzie replaces Miss Kind as singer of the evening. Closed Sundays. ¶ In PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ, more ambience, more aura, this because the Newport Jazz All-Stars are in residence. They are George Wein, Red Norvo, Ruby Braff,

Barney Kessel, Larry Ridley, and Lenny McLowre. Their music is solely for eyes and ears; dancing occurs only when Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio is in motion. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark. ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday, dancing until two on New Year's Eve. ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano, eight to one, except Sundays and New Year's Day. Dancing from ten until two on New Year's Eve.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The current Jupiter on Olympus is Jonah Jones, who can hurl real thunderbolts from his horn when he feels that there is not enough electricity in the air. His quartet hangs around until one. Dance music, by other hands, begins at eight. New Year's Eve, dancing from nine until three. The Jones boys move out on Saturday, Jan. 3, and on Monday, Jan. 5, Morgana King begins to sing. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band is shorthand for Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, Carl Fontana, and Gus Johnson, Jr. Their jazz represents not a murky subconscious but a forthright unself-conscious, and it ranges as far back as the chanteys of the old Tenderloin, as far forward as Burt Bacharach. Further sound comes from Joe Venuti, now nearly four-score years on this earth, but as spry on the fiddle as an infant prodigy. His sidekicks are Jack Lesberg, Lou Stein, and Cliff Leeman. Dancing as well. The hours are seven to one (two on Saturdays). Closed Sundays, Mondays, and New Year's Day.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Thelma Carpenter, whose affection for her songs is a highly contagious emotion, winds up her dinner and supper festivals in the Maisonette on New Year's Eve. On Friday, Jan. 2, the place resumes business with Luisito Rey, an import from Andalusia, as the singer. Quintero's Latin scholars and Hal Turner's new, and first-rate, band will continue to do all the other honors. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. ¶ In La Boite, the next-door woodland glade, Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano discourse peacefully from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

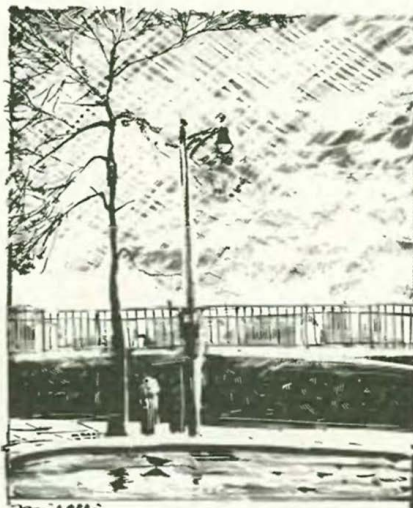
CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Triple plays, and ploys, are an every-night occurrence as Bobby Short uplifts his lyrics and piano to the background of Beverly Peer's bass and Dick Sheridan's tympany. Their last night is New Year's Eve. Friday, Jan. 2, brings about the arrival of Mabel Mercer, getting her wisdom teeth into the best-ever ballads about the best-ever emotion (the one that makes the world go round), assisted by the piano of Jimmy Lyons. Closed

Sundays and New Year's Day. ¶ **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 60th St. (YU 8-5850): The set is right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. No singers Sundays; closed New Year's Day. ¶ **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): College reunion, continual, educational, and convivial. The bar is straight and narrow; the dining room is as broad as it is long, and frequently filled by the music of a duo, which is in service every night but Sunday. Closed New Year's Day. ¶ **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before—Tibor Rakossy for *régisseur*, Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. ¶ **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette*, which serves also as her *pied-à-piano*, from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and New Year's Day. ¶ **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). Part of the ground swell is Muriel Roberts, whose muted jazz piano and voice carry on from cocktails until nine-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays; part is Scott Reed, whose voice and milder piano carry on from nine-thirty until three, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. Closed New Year's Day. ¶ **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fairgrounds. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day. ¶ **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2060): Lynn Richards is in firm command of the piano in the bar. When matching lyrics occur to her, she lays them on, too. Nine until two, but not on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHATEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Feudal life as it always was—knights and their ladies dining at their leisure in the refectory; a bit of jousting in the outer court, or bar. George Cardini and his faithful violin, and Herman Arminski with his faithful piano, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. ¶ **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and postprandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. ¶ **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in decor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. ¶ **PERBOLE**, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's newest concept of Imperial Rome is architecturally Mod on the surface, but the architects in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by Enrico Pianori's Roman voice and guitar, from seven until one every night. ¶ **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. ¶ **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. ¶ **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 40th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. ¶ **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, a musician to whom the Ring means not Bayreuth but Vienna, plays indigenous piano from eight-thirty until half past one. No music Sundays or New Year's Day. ¶ **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Dinner



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and supper to the tune of Ray Hartley's piano, whose felicities would be hard to top. Six to midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Jacques Kayal's voice and piano, both of which speak more than one tongue, do it softly and intelligently. Seven to nine, every night but Sunday, and then a reprise (ten to one) among the bottled goods in the ornate Gotham Gate. . . . **MICALPIN GRILL**, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, whose piano makes Christmas cheer everlasting, is on duty (after a lifetime at the late Goldie's New York) from five to eleven every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): *Faubourg* existence, and a well-fed one, in an Old, Old World. The favorite tippie of the musicians, who are led by Elemer Horvath, is Romany Rye. They sound off from seven-thirty until three, night after night. . . . **SEPO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion, Joe Miles is as quiet as the night before Christmas when he tends piano, which he does from nine until twelve-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day.)

GALLERIES

PAT ADAMS—Lyrical abstractions; starting Tuesday, Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

ELMER BISCHOFF—Figure paintings and drawings by this West Coast artist; starting Saturday, Jan. 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RONALD BLADEN—One large painted wood sculpture that fills the gallery; starting Saturday, Jan. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYDNEY BUTCHKES—Shaped canvases; through Jan. 15. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

LEONARD DELONGA—Sculptures in steel; starting Monday, Jan. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—A small retrospective of his paintings and sculptures, together with works by artists—Oldenburg, Christo, Tinguely, Yves Klein, and George Cohen—related to or influenced by the French "anti-cultivist;" through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

LUCIO FONTANA (1899-1968)—About a dozen of this leading Italian artist's slashed or perforated canvases; starting Saturday, Jan. 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS HOFMANN—Ten paintings by the late Action painter; starting Saturday, Jan. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL KNATHS—Paintings done between 1950 and 1960; through Feb. 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

RODGER A. MACK—The artist's first one-man show of Abstract bronzes; starting Tuesday, Jan. 6. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE—Eight sculptures by the Belgian Surrealist; through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRY MARINSKY—Bronzes and watercolors in which everyday objects are made to seem strange; starting Tuesday, Jan. 6. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

ROBERT NATKIN—Lyrical abstractions emphasizing color; starting Saturday, Jan. 3. (Poin-dexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Landscapes of upper New York State; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

CÉSAR PATERNOSTO—Structures of canvas and plywood painted on the front and sides; starting Tuesday, Jan. 6. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ATTILIO SALEMMI (1911-55)—Oils, drawings, and watercolors of Abstract fantasies; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

RICHARD SERRA—Large objects made of lead; through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Castelli Warehouse, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

JOSEPH STELLA (1877-1946)—Paintings, collages, and drawings by a well-known American; starting Saturday, Jan. 3. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

CLYFFORD STILL—The first show in twenty years of paintings (these done between 1947 and 1966) by this leading Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ (1878-1965)—Watercolors of New York skyscrapers by an important American modernist; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by about twenty-five artists, among them Ernest Briggs, Charles E. Martin and Sybil Wilson; through Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . **CARAVAN**, 132 E. 65th St.: Puerto Rican *santos*; through Friday, Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Four Latin-American artists, working in advanced modes; through Jan. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Transmogrification of the hat block—sculptures and objects by Arman, Man Ray, Steinberg Ossorio, Bearden, Warhol, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays and Wednesday, Dec. 31.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Dada and Surrealist drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: An exhibition of folk art inaugurates the new Americana section of the gallery; through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Recent drawings by Picasso, together with drawings by Gonzalez, Gris, Klee, and Léger; starting Tuesday, Jan. 6. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Art produced by light effects, gas pressures, motions, and sounds; through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 1. Except on Mondays, admission is \$1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 4.)

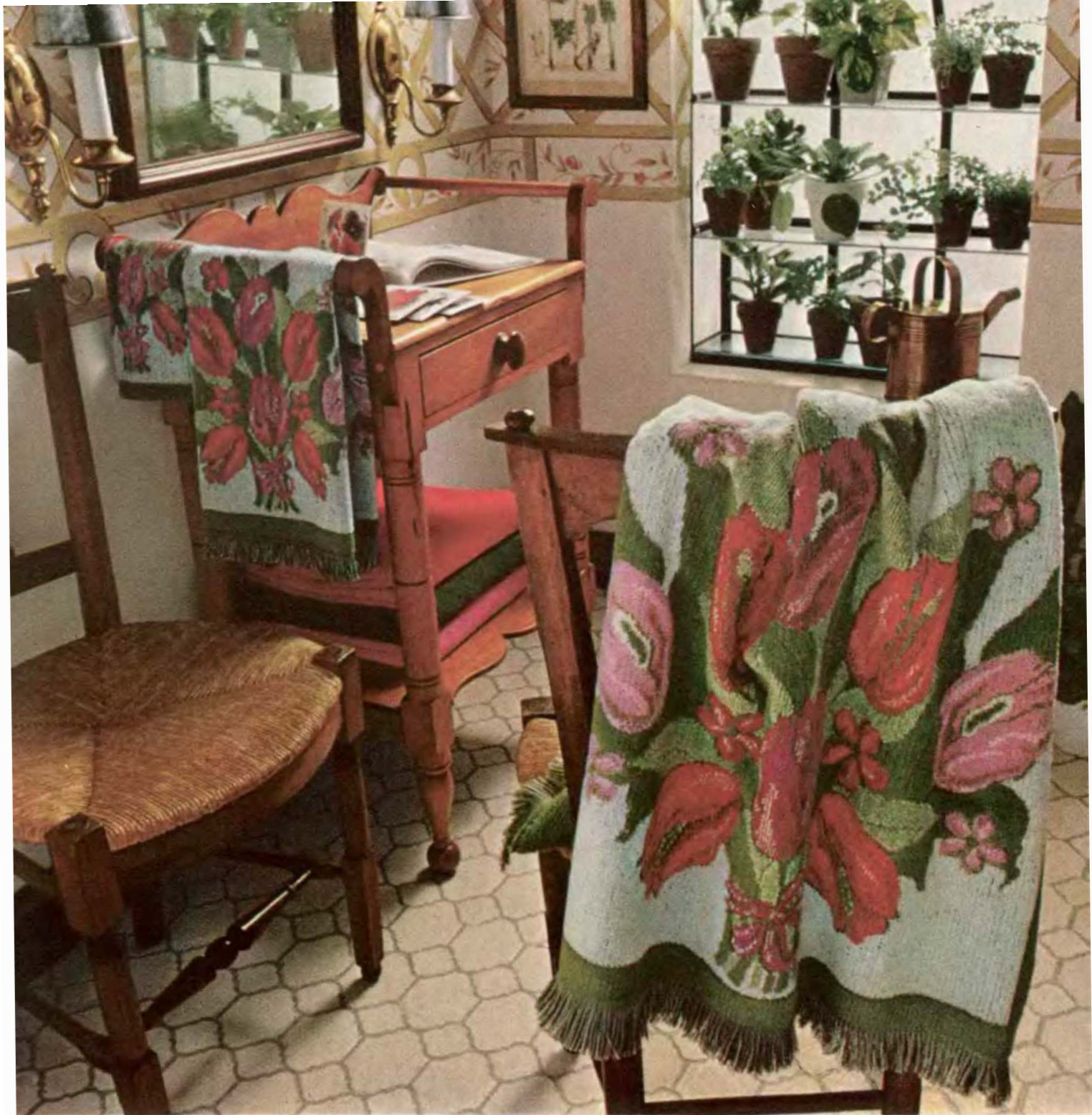
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Thirty sculptures and constructions in wire and wood, some free-moving or electrified, plus drawings, prints, illustrated books, and jewelry, by Alexander Calder; through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Environmental situations, to be dismantled at the end of the exhibition, by five individual artists and a group of research artists working with electronic technology; through March 1. . . . ¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1856-1927); through March 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Jan. 8, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and twenty-three drawings by Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957); through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and forty-three painters, more than half of them under thirty-five, represented by one work each in this thirty-eighth Whitney Annual; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Geometric abstractions and shaped canvases by Alvin D. Loving, Jr., a Detroit artist who has been shown in Afro-American exhibitions; through Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of drawings by selected members of the Hudson River School, among them Church, Cole, Durand, and Kensett; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School



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VANITY FAIR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

LEO BAECK INSTITUTE, 129 E. 73rd St.—An exhibit of manuscripts and photographs devoted to the life of Franz Kafka; through Jan. 15. (Daily, except Saturdays, 11 to 4, and Wednesday, Jan. 7, until 9.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese painted enamels, mostly from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM OF DESIGN, Third Ave. at 7th St.—A Rembrandt anniversary-celebration exhibition of etchings from all periods of the artist's printmaking, and running concurrently with his show at the Morgan Library; through Jan. 20. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—The fourth in a series of exhibits presenting the processes by which contemporary works are created; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Sixty-six anonymous paintings from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth; through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Books and manuscripts from Oxford University's Bodleian Library, illustrating the history of that ancient storehouse and the generosity of its benefactors; through Feb. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—One work each in plastic materials by forty-nine artists, among them Louise Nevelson, Frank Gallo, Les Levine, and Rockne Krebs; through Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Landscape drawings by Anna Ticho, an Israeli octogenarian who works exclusively in this medium; through Jan. 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—"Terpsichore's Progress" (umm—that would be the Muse of Dancing), a show of prints tracing the evolution of dance from social pastime to theatrical art; through Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and fifteen etchings by Rembrandt being shown on the three-hundredth anniversary of his death and running concurrently with a similar exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design; through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5. Closes Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 3.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 40 W. 53rd St.—A handsome display, with room settings, of handicrafts of the Shaker sect, designed to portray the Shaker "order of Christmas;" through Sunday, Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures that create sound, among other sound-creating mediums; through Sunday, Jan. 4. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Two hundred objects, mostly from Africa, including ivory figures and fetishes; through Feb. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A family Christmas scene of 1850, complete with furnishings, Christmas-tree ornaments, toys, and mannequins dressed in costumes of the period; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Ninety paintings and drawings by Oscar Bluemner (1876-1938), prominent American colorist; through March 8. . . . ¶ A private collector's hundred and forty drawings, watercolors, and pastels of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ The story in images, sounds, and words of the migration of child refugees to Israel and of their life there; through Jan. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A gallimaufry of items collected by the Society in the last decade. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1

to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5. Closed New Year's Day.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—From the Berg Collection: Drawings, pen-and-ink sketches, and marginalia by some forty writers, Thackeray in the main; through May 30. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings, by six artists, based on photographs and photographic reproductions; through Feb. 15. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 2 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A series of paintings by Jacob Lawrence on the subject of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the Haitian revolutionist; through Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Fourteen black artists from Boston; through Jan. 11. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays, except New Year's Day, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Dec. 31: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, and Cornell MacNeil. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Martina Arroyo, Marcia Baldwin, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 2: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Nicolai Gedda, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 3: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 3: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 5: "Madame Butterfly," with Martina Arroyo, Marcia Baldwin, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 6: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Ion Buzea, Mario Sereni, Giorgio Tozzi, and Robert Goodloe. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 7: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 8: A new production of "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Nedda Casei, Franco Corelli, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, William Walker, and Andrea Velis. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 9: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, Robert Merrill, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 10: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 10: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Lucia Popp, Nicolai Gedda, Hermann Prey, Jerome Hines, and William Dooley. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

HELP, HELP, THE GLOBOLINKS! and AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS—Final performances of a two-week engagement of a double bill by Gian Carlo Menotti. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8980, Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30 and 8; New Year's Day at 2:30; Friday, Jan. 2, at 10:30 and 3:30; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting—Wednesday, Dec. 31, and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8:30, and Monday, Jan. 5, at 7:30 (all with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, and Norma Lerer, contralto); Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8:30, and Friday, Jan. 2, at 2 (both with Nelson Freire, piano, and Miss Lerer); and Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 9, at 2; and Monday, Jan. 12, at 7:30 (no soloists).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Claudio Abbado conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; A varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30; An all-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mahler program, with Helen Watts, contralto.

MOSCOW PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—The first two in a series of eight concerts—Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with David Oistrakh, violin. (Philharmonic Hall, Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.) . . . ♪ Yuri Temirkanov conducting, with Mr. Oistrakh. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waklman directing. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 3-4, at 8:30, with Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; and the Musica Aeterna Chorus. All seats have been sold for the first concert, and only standing room is left. . . . ♪ Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30, with Isidore Cohen, violin; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and John Solum, flute.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3, and Monday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

AMATI ENSEMBLE BERLIN—Eleven string instruments. (Alice Tully Hall, Monday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Albert Anglberger directing the final performances of a holiday program. (Philharmonic Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 3-4, at 2.)

TEMPLE UNIVERSITY CONCERT CHOIR—Robert Page directing. (Alice Tully Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

GARRICK OHLSSON—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Monday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

WALTER BERRY—Baritone. in a lieder recital. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, the first in a series of three concerts with a symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. . . . ♪ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30, with the Guarneri Quartet.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of music of the Italian Courts at the end of the Renaissance. (Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

CHRISTA LUDWIG—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

JANE CARLSON—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall, Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—The Bartók Quartet, from Hungary. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougall St. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

ZINO FRANCESCATTI and ROBERT CASADESUS—A recital of Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Jan. 10, at 9.)

JULLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NOTE—The Beaux Arts Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 5, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

JIMI HENDRIX, BUDDY MILES, BILLY COX, AND THE VOICES OF EAST HARLEM—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7:30 and 10:30, and Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8 and 11:30.

GRATEFUL DEAD, THE LIGHTHOUSE, AND COLD BLOOD—Fillmore East, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 8 and 11:30.

AL KOOPER SHOW AND DAVID ACKLES—Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30 and 11.

IKE AND TINA TURNER, MONGO SANTAMARIA, AND

FATS DOMINO—Fillmore East, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ♪ Sunday, Jan. 4, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Oakland.

RACING—At Laurel, Md.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 3.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Saturday, Jan. 3, through Wednesday, March 4. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—The Vienna Choir Boys, directed by Albert Anglberger. (Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 3-4, at 2. . . . ♪ "Help, Help, the Globolinks!" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors," two one-act operas by Gian Carlo Menotti. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30 and 8; New Year's Day at 2:30; Friday, Jan. 2, at 10:30 and 3:30; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2.) . . . ♪ "The Barber of Seville," in English, performed by singers from the Metropolitan Opera Studio and members of the Brooklyn Philharmonia, directed by Siegfried Landau. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 2-4, at 2:30.) . . . ♪ Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. (Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

BALLET—The Children's Ballet Theatre presenting "Little Women." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 3-4, at 2:30. For tickets, call MU 5-7754.)

STAGE SHOWS—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES**: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 31-Jan. 4, at 1 and 3:30; Wednesday, Jan. 7, and Friday, Jan. 9, at 3:30; and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**: "Moon Walk at the Electric Circus." (23 St. Marks Pl. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 2-4, at 1 and 3:30. For tickets, call 777-4466, Wednesday through Friday.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ♪ "The Magical Red Fan," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 10th St. 673-0291.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ♪ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "Group Soup," (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center, 362-1911. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 2-4, at 2 and 4.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Wednesday, Dec. 31, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE**: "Alice Through the Looking Glass," Wednesday, Dec. 31, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 1:30 and 3:30. . . . ♪ "Pinocchio," New Year's Day at 3:30, and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 1:30 and 3:30. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.) . . . **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS**: "Mother Goose Go-Go." (Helen Hayes Theatre, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, at 12:30 and 3; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 12:30, 3, and 6; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 12:30 and 3.) . . . **PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION**: "The Taming of the Shrew." (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 3, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE**: "The Wizard of Oz," Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 1. . . . ♪ "Tom Sawyer," Friday, Jan. 2, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Art

ist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)...
 ☞ "Christmas in My Country," a display of paintings done by forty-five children from various countries around the world; through Jan. 11. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Sky at Christmas." Starting Tuesday, Jan. 6, there will be a new show, "Eclipse Chase, Yucatan to Nantucket." (Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4. Thereafter, Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 3, and Saturday, Jan. 10, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

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 each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions on New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ☞ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except New Year's Day.

POETRY READINGS—Marvin Bell and Diane Wakoski reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours, Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 2... ☞ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2: English and Continental furniture and decorations, together with Oriental rugs; from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 3.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Dec. 31 at 2: "The Love Parade" (1929), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald... ☞ Jan. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by Francois Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Leaud... ☞ Jan. 2 at 2 and 5:30: "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni... ☞ Jan. 3 at 11:30: "The Wind" (1928), directed by Victor Sjöström, with Lillian Gish... ☞ Jan. 3 at 3 and 5:30: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais... ☞ Jan. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni... ☞ Jan. 5 at 2: "The Chelsea Girls" (1966), an Andy Warhol film... ☞ Jan. 6 at 2: "Scorpio Rising" (1963), a Kenneth Anger film and "Easy Rider" (1969), with Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper... ☞ Jan. 6 at 5:30: A program of films by James Herbert... ☞ Jan. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lodger" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock... ☞ Jan. 8 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "A Place in the Sun" (1951), with Montgomery Clift and Elizabeth Taylor. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle—Dec. 31-Jan. 1: Six Road Runner cartoons... ☞ Jan. 2: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), with Carole Lombard and Fredric March... ☞ Jan. 3-4: "A Star Is Born" (1937), with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March... ☞ Jan. 7: "The Paradine Case" (1947), with Gregory Peck and Ann Todd... ☞ Jan. 8: "Notorious" (1946), with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

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January's partial schedule below is just the beginning. So fasten your seat belts—Here we go!

Discovery. Reptiles and Amphibians; While the City Sleeps; Foraging Nature's Supermarket; Five Days to Flight Time. Sundays, Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25 (11:30-12 Noon).

Directions. Conversation with Malcolm Muggeridge; Two Songs in Dance; Changing Face of London's East End; The Long Prayer of Abraham Rattner. Sundays, Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25 (1-1:30 pm).

Wild Kingdom. Experiment on the Ocean Floor; Wolf Pack; Voyage of the Golden Dolphin; Rulers of the Kalahari. Sundays, Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25 (7-7:30 pm).

The West of Charles Russell. Project 20—A fresh look at the cowboy-painter of Western life. Wednesday, Jan. 7 (10-11 pm).

A Last Laugh at the Sixties. Humor that expressed the decade, with Bob Newhart, Godfrey Cambridge, Dick Benjamin, Don Rickles, Mort Sahl, The Committee. Thursday, Jan. 8 (9-10 pm).

Dinner at Howard K. Smith's. ABC correspondents Frank Reynolds, John Scali, Bill Lawrence and others review events of 1969 and discuss prospects for 1970. Thursday, Jan. 8 (10-11 pm).

The Golden Age of the Automobile. Development of auto industry from horseless carriage to today. Tuesday, Jan. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm)

Wall of Respect. Who, What, When, Where, Why—The wall in a Chicago ghetto where protesters, revolutionaries, etc. graphically display their grievances. Tuesday, Jan. 13 (10-10:30 pm).

Married Alive. Prudential's On Stage—Canadian returns to England to claim his place and his wife. Starring Robert Culp and Diana Rigg. Friday, Jan. 23 (10-11 pm).

The Mirror and The Mirage. Study of contemporary artist Graham Sutherland, the man and his art. Sunday, Jan. 25 (4-5 pm).

Highlights of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. Centennial of The Greatest Show on Earth. Tuesday, Jan. 27 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Decline and Fall of the Public School. Study of financial crisis in public school systems. Tuesday, Jan. 27 (10-11 pm).

Lowell Thomas in New Guinea: Patrol Into The Unknown. Twin expeditions into a primitive country. Thursday, Jan. 29 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The World of the Beaver. The life of a beaver from birth through maturity. Friday, Jan. 30 (7:30-8:30 pm).

A Children's Festival at Lincoln Center. American Rainbow—Behind the scenes at cultural center, with Lorne Greene, Julie Harris. Saturday, Jan. 31 (11:30 am-12:30 pm).

New Year's Events, January 1
Sugar Bowl Parade (11 am).
Tournament of Roses Parade (11:30 am & 1:30 pm).
Sugar Bowl football (1:30 pm).
Cotton Bowl football (1:45 pm).
Rose Bowl football (4:45 pm).
Orange Bowl football (7:45 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/ABC's Wide World of Sports/G-E College Bowl

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Discovery/Guideline/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

ALICE'S RESTAURANT—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record. "The Alice's Restaurant Massacre." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

THE ARRANGEMENT—Eli Kazan probably really believes that people can't hear unless they're shouted at, and since he wants to be heard he shouts. He mistakes the noise for having something to say. Kirk Douglas is a suicidal advertising man, Deborah Kerr and Faye Dunaway his wife and his mistress. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (1965)—An account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 2-8.)

BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE—Dyan Cannon (who has the smallest nose since Jane Wyman) and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage in this lively, deft comedy by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, who wrote last year's "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" and who may just be the best new comedy team in Hollywood. With Natalie Wood and Robert Culp. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

BRINK OF LIFE (1957)—Ingmar Bergman directed this study of women in a maternity hospital—and a gory, dreary film it is. With Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin, and Bibi Andersson. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 4-5.)

CACTUS FLOWER—A movie derived from the kind of Broadway play that drives us to the movies. Full of those unnaturally fast, commercial quips that one might, in a state of extreme exhaustion, find fairly funny. With Walter Matthau as the dentist, Ingrid Bergman as his assistant, and Goldie Hawn as his mistress—talking, talking, talking. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

LES CARABINIERS (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candido reckoning. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th AC 2-3370; Jan. 2-8.)

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (1968)—Tony Richardson's satirical epic on the Crimean War—and on the English. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 1.)

THE CIRCUS (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Some good things, but not top-drawer Chaplin. Not that that makes it bad. With Merna Kennedy. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

A COLD WIND IN AUGUST (1961)—The story concerns a tough stripper (Lola Albright) and a hitherto virtuous boy (Scott Marlowe) who fall in love. (Charles, Ave B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 7.)

COMING APART—A psychiatrist (Rip Torn) who has taken the name Glastman cracks up, and you get to see it all reflected in a mirror. This sex-exploitation movie is (briefly) funny, until it begins to take its theme seriously. Then it becomes a lot of whimpering and screaming and shattered glass. Milton Moses Ginsberg wrote and directed. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 50th 759-4630.)

CONTEMPT (1964)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot and Jack Palance. In French. (New Yorker B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 8.)

DOWNHILL RACER—How Robert Redford wins the Olympic downhill race. The story is pretty awful, but Gene Hackman is a great coach, the ski footage is exciting, and the film has a lot of zip. Michael Ritchie, who, at six foot six, is the tallest new young American director, has some talent, besides. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

EASY RIDER—Dennis Hopper's important first piece of direction—a moving, simply stated film. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper play two motorcycle riders, journeying east across America from an easy calm into the eye of the country's storm. Jack Nicholson gives a wonderful performance as a humorous Southern liberal. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350.)

FUNNY GIRL—The triumphant debut of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Wednes-



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day through Sunday, Dec. 31-Jan. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 5-6, at 8:30; Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

GAILY, GAILY—Norman Jewison's frenzied version of Ben Hecht's reminiscences of Chicago yellow journalism. The richness of the material may still be glimpsed under the over-elaborate, cluttered production. With likable young Beau Bridges and not-so-young but even more likable Brian Keith, and Melina Mercouri as a harlot whose flashing eyes are rivalled only by her flashing teeth. (Loew's Cine, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS (1966)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS—More pleasant than might have been expected, though inflated and unduly prolonged. Peter O'Toole gives a romantic performance of great distinction, and Petula Clark, as his wife, has a fine glow. The director, Herbert Ross, tries his best to conquer the Leslie Bricusse score. Really, it's immoral to write such bad music. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 11, 2:30, 8, and midnight; New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 11, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 4, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 5-6, at 8:30; Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30 and Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

HELLO, DOLLY!—The incredible Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-raising musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 10, 2:30, 8:30, and midnight; New Year's Day at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 4, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 5-6, at 8:30; Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

HENRY V (1944)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 1-7.)

HORSEFEATHERS (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 1-7.)

HOOR OF THE WOLF (1968)—An Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter and Liv Ullmann

his wife. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 31.)

IF ... (1969)—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

JOHN AND MARY—Clever and dexterous, but a perfect little nothing of a romance. When Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow are in bed together, you just naturally assume they're playing with Teddy bears. Directed by Peter Yates. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

KING KONG (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Dec. 31.)

THE LION IN WINTER—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660. ... R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through Jan. 6.)

THE MAGICIAN (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met ..." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 4-5.)

MAROOINED—It's dull out there in space, though not as depressing as listening to the astronauts' wives back home. John Sturges directed the bland cast—Gregory Peck, James Franciscus, Richard Crenna, David Janssen, and others. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 1-3, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 5-6, at 8:30; Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

MEET JOHN DOE (1941)—An odd, socially conscious picture, directed by Frank Capra and starring Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck, about a man who tries to commit suicide in order to call attention to a right-wing plot. For the sake of a happy ending that would keep Gary Cooper alive, the meanings were so distorted that the original authors sued. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 31.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman give fine performances as the cowboy and his seedy pal Ratsy in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

MONIKA (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 1-3.)

OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR—The history of the First World War evoked in songs and sketches. An anti-war musical with John Mills, Laurence Olivier, Maggie Smith, Michael and Vanessa Redgrave, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, et al.; if a bomb had fallen on the set, the English theatre would have been wiped out. Which is rather odd, considering how little this great cast does for the movie. Richard Attenborough directed. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445.)

ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE—A good new cliffhanger, and a worthy addition to the James Bond series. Less sex and sadism in this one, and more action, with a great ski chase. With George Lazenby (dull) and Diana Rigg (sly and charming). Directed by Peter Hunt, who stages action sequences terrifyingly well (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

PAINT YOUR WAGON—On the strange supposition that musicals will do better without singers, the producers have put a fairly pleasant score in the hands of Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood, and Jean Seberg. The results are what you might expect. Still, at times, it has a certain cornball charm, and when a picture costs

twenty million dollars, you may want to see where all the money went. Joshua Logan directed. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 1-3, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 4, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 5-6, at 8:30; Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

PERSONA (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 31.)

PORT OF CALL (1948)—Very early Bergman—an opportunity to see the formation of his style. With Bengt Eklund. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 6-7.)

PSYCHO (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th TR 4-9180; Dec. 31.)

PUTNEY SWOPE—Robert Downey's cockahoop farce about an advertising agency taken over by a black who never meant to be in power—of this sort or any other. Some of the jokes hackfic and seem boorish, but a lot of the film is pretty funny. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

THE REIVERS—Tall tales and affectionate Southern Americana out of Faulkner. With Steve McQueen and Rupert Crosse. Too "beguiling" at times, but awfully pleasant. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750.)

THE SECRET OF SANTA VICTORIA—Anthony Quinn and Anna Magnani are Italo Bonholini and his wife Rosa; he's a buffoon and she's a virago. If you want to know more, you deserve everything you get. Remember. Stanley Kramer directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

SECRETS OF WOMEN (1952)—Eva Dahlbeck,

Anita Björk, and Maj-Britt Nilsson tell the stories of their marriages, in this early Ingmar Bergman comedy-melodrama. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Jan. 8.)

THE SEVENTH SEAL (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; his atheist squire is played by Gunnar Björnstrand. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Jan. 8.)

SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boulevard farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 1-3.)

THE STERILE CUCKOO—The title is unfortunate, but it's a good, modest movie with two memorable characters—a desperate, funny, imaginative girl (Liza Minnelli) having an affair with an ordinary, nice boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed. from Alvin Sargent's impeccable script. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. No afternoon performances Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 31-Jan. 4.)

SUMMER INTERLUDE (1951)—This rapturous study of a ruined summer romance was Ingmar Bergman's first great breakthrough. Maj-Britt Nilsson plays the tired ballerina who has been emotionally dead since her adolescence. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 6-7.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and a handwriting for holdup notes that no one can read. Directed and written by him. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE—Writer-director Abraham Polonsky sets out to demonstrate that we are a nation with corrupted instincts. With Robert Blake as the Indian, Willie, be-

ing chased by sheriff Robert Redford, and everyone coming to a bad end (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?—Jane Fonda as Gloria, the hard, funny, knowing girl who expects nothing and gets it, in Sydney Pollack's deliberately lacerating version of Horace McCoy's thirties novel. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD (1940)—The sort of magical adventure the movies can do so well but do so rarely. With Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and, as the Djinni, the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Dec. 31.)

TOM JONES (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 1.)

ULYSSES (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9180; starting Jan. 8.)

WEEKEND (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 6.)

WEST SIDE STORY (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 6.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE (1968)—The Beatles' Pop Art animation feature, with hippie heroes fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 6.)

Z—A political thriller with a purpose. "Z" demonstrates how Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Pappas. In French (Beckman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

PUTNEY SWOPE.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)

"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

COMING APART.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)

Through Jan. 6: "Battle of Britain;" and "Support Your Local Sheriff" (1969), James Garner, Joan Hackett.

From Jan. 7: A COLD WIND IN AUGUST; and "It Won't Rub Off, Baby!" (1967), Dick Gregory, Don Murray.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

THE LION IN WINTER.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (J.E 2-6668)

"Three," Charlotte Rampling.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

THE REIVERS.

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

JOHN AND MARY.

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

THE ARRANGEMENT.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th (755-6030)

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

"The Happy Ending," Jean Simmons, John Forsythe.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

DOWNHILL RACER.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (1688-0750)

THE REIVERS.

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)

"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

CINE MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

COMING APART.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)

BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)

"A Dream of Kinks," Anthony Quinn, Irene Pappas.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

Z (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st (TR 9-1313)

THE STERILE CUCKOO. (Evening performances

only Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 31-Jan. 4; in the afternoons there will be showings of "My Side of the Mountain," with Ted Eccles and Theodore Bikel.)

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

THE CIRCUS.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

THE SECRET OF SANTA VICTORIA.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

CACTUS FLOWER.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)

GAILY, GAILY.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)

Through Jan. 6: WEEKEND (in French); and "The Queen" (1968), a film of a transvestite pageant.

From Jan. 7: "Passages from Finnegans Wake" (1967), Martin J. Kelley.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.

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

ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

To be announced.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

EASY RIDER.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Dec. 31: KING KONG; and THE THIEF OF BAGDAD. Jan. 1-3: SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT and MONIKA (both in Swedish)

Jan. 4-5: THE MAGICIAN and BRINK OF LIFE (both in Swedish).

Jan. 6-7: SUMMER INTERLUDE and PORT OF CALL (both in Swedish).

From Jan. 8: THE SEVENTH SEAL and SECRETS OF WOMEN (both in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)

Through Jan. 6: THE LION IN WINTER.

From Jan. 7: "Don't Drink the Water," Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th (JU 2-1796)

FUNNY GIRL.

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

PAINT YOUR WAGON.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)

"Topaz," Frederick Stafford

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th (247-1633)

HELLO, DOLLY!

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

"The Ten Commandments" (1956), Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)

"A Boy Named Charlie Brown," a full-length cartoon.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

MAROONED.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)

"The Damned," Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

"Hamlet," Nicol Williamson.

LITTLE CARNegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

CARNegie HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)

"Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)

"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

IF . . . ; and GOODYBY, COLUMBUS.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th (TR 4-8445)

OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 6: "All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden.

From Jan. 7: To be announced

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9180)

Dec. 31: MEET JOHN DOE; and PSYCHO.

Jan. 1-7: HENRY V; and HORSEFEATHERS.

From Jan. 8: ULYSSES; and CONTEMPT (in French).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through Jan. 6: WEST SIDE STORY; and YELLOW SUBMARINE.

From Jan. 7: "The Producers" (1968), Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder; and "Isabel" (1968), Genevieve Bujold.

THALIA, B'way at 95th (AC 2-3370)

Dec. 31: HOUR OF THE WOLF and PERSONA (both in Swedish)

Jan. 1: THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE; and TOM JONES.

Jan. 2-8: THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic); and LES CARABINIERS (in French).

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)

PUTNEY SWOPE.



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS we read, these days, one sour decade-wrapup after another, we wonder if it is the desperate thirties or the murderous forties that are being comparatively cherished, or if the frightened fifties are the focus of so much nostalgia. Certainly the sixties had their miseries—their assassinations and their massacres, their unsolved (though not unrecognized) problems of race, pollution, arms, poverty, and power. It was a bad decade for sacred cows, for deans, for policemen, and for the Pentagon; it was a very bad decade, in America, for the Appalachian poor, the urban blacks, the Indians, the Mexicans, and all the others who found themselves left behind by the boom; it was a horrendous decade for the Vietnamese, for the Biafrans, and for hundreds of thousands of American servicemen. And this by no means completes the list. Egyptian soldiers, Soviet writers, Rhodesian natives, Calcutta untouchables, Indonesian Communists, Czech patriots, Andean peons—all suffered, in a world where hunger and homicide, at least, should be anachronisms. No accounting can counterbalance or eradicate these abysmal debits in the human record.

Yet this was also a decade in which millions were allowed to die peacefully in their beds, in which millions were born into a world freer of contagious diseases than before, in which billions were allowed to roughhew their professional and erotic destinies under something like stable conditions. The great powers, though they did not sacrifice enough of their pride and private designs, did avoid clashing; the nuclear dragon slumbered on. Technology continued to roll up its enigmatic triumphs, challenging men to use it wisely. And a number of illusions noisily fell. The last, eroded suspicion that war is glamorous and tolerable may have crumbled during the decade, and the middle-aged white

males who run this country found their minority rule interestingly questioned by the young, the black, and the female. Much of the protest, however unseemly in its incidentals, however ominous in its contempt for traditional restraints, was pushing healthily toward revised assumptions and broadened franchises.

The American decade most like the nineteen-sixties was perhaps the eighteen-fifties, a strident and polarized period in which extremists, for a fatal interval, seized leadership and made disruption fashionable. President Buchanan used to speak of "the conservative mass," much as President Nixon speaks of "the silent majority." The paradox of the eighteen-fifties is that its stresses—and its holocaustal dénouement of civil war—were the outcome of growth; its miscalculations were the fruit of optimism. Except for one brief panic, the trend was upward: our crops flourished, our industries prospered, our literature came to maturity. Similarly, this past decade saw much positive good, even in the unfashionable areas of congressional legislation and international negotiation. A dinner partner of ours the other night, a

woman with some experience of political persecution and exile, ventured the startling thought that our children, or their children, may look back upon this winter of so much discontent as a golden age. All of us inevitably have a better eye for the plagues upon us than for the plagues we have avoided or forestalled. The sixties should not be allowed to slip into history without some grateful acknowledgment of the new joyousness they brought to the texture of daily life. A new latitude in costume and manners, a new willingness to "dig" instead of judge, a new tenderness, whose symbol everywhere is the flower; the joyousness of the Beatles and of the slogan "Black Is Beautiful," of Pop Art and of male hair; the joyous politics of the tragic Kennedys, and the joyous technology of the Apollo moon shots: may these scattered stars light us into the future.

Cats

WE'RE happy to report that the First International Cat Film Festival, which we attended the other afternoon, was one heck of a nice film festival. Intercat '69, as the festival was also called (inevitably), took place at the Elgin Theatre, on Eighth Avenue at Nineteenth Street, and it consisted of four solid hours of cat movies—professional and amateur, underground and overground, happy and sad, ranging in length from ninety seconds to twenty-eight minutes and in style from traditionally cute animation to paw-held *auteur* cinema.

One doesn't just walk into an event of this kind without some background information, and before the show we had a word with its organizer, Pola Chapelle. Miss Chapelle, a pretty brunette who used to be a night-club singer, told us she had put the festival together because she loves cats and because she herself had made a cat movie and wanted to show it before an audience capable of appreciating it. "My



original idea was that this would separate the real cat lovers from the fair-weather friends," she said. "After four hours, I figured, there wouldn't be anybody left but the hard core. But the other day a friend of mine called and said, 'Pola, how can you do this? You know I can't leave my cats alone for four hours.' So now I'm not sure."

We asked Miss Chapelle what she planned to do with the box-office receipts.

"Intercat '69 is a benefit for needy cats," she said. "We're going to give the money to free-lancers, though—not to organizations. For instance, there's a man who lives across from me who must spend ten dollars a week on cat food. He's an unsentimental-seeming fellow—rather gruff, actually—but he feeds all the stray cats in the neighborhood. And there's a lady on a Hundred and Third Street who has something like two dozen formerly homeless cats living in her apartment. If you hear of anybody like that, by the way, let me know."

We said we would, and headed for the balcony, where we sat for the next four hours. (We're hard-core, and our cat doesn't mind being left alone for a while.) The theatre was nearly full, and the audience included plenty of old folks and families with small children,

in addition to the young and unattached who generally frequent film festivals. A lady on our right, in a spirit of self-reliance that was almost feline, had brought along a thermos of coffee, and two girls on our left seemed continually amazed at how closely this or that cat on the screen resembled their own. We had been foolish enough to imagine that the cat movie, as a genre, would prove to be rather limited. We were soon relieved of this notion. The influence of the great directors was emphatically there. James Langlois's "Fore-Footage," for example, depicted a Vermont-bred cat giving himself a bath with unrelenting, Rossellini-like realism. The birth scene in Maya Deren's and Alexander Hammid's "The Private Life of a Cat" recalled Ingmar Bergman's little-known but excellent "Brink of Life," and Peter Knuppel's "Oma," in which an old woman plays with her kitten in a cemetery, muttering to herself in German the while, brought to mind the Swedish master's darker visions. Joyce Wieland's "Catfood," in which a tabby cat eats five large fish in succession, was as uncompromisingly didactic as anything by Godard. "Sausalito Cat," by Viva, represented the Warhol school; it consisted of painfully out-of-focus shots of the Sausalito

waterfront interspersed with footage of a black cat standing in a doorway. Miss Chapelle's film, dramatically titled "Fishes in Screaming Water," showed a marmalade-colored cat working to get some rosebuds out of its water dish with all the oblivious determination of Chaplin's little tramp. The film's star, an animal named Mamacat, wrote the music herself by walking around on a piano, and we remembered with approval that Chaplin, too, had scored his own movies. Elsie Esposito's "Tony" featured a series of kittens in thirties-style getups performing in Busby Berkeley fashion, and Walter Gutman's "Orpheus and Vikanna," in which a cat is petted by a scantily clad exotic dancer, owed much to the sensitivity of Russ Meyer. Carroll Ballard's "The Perils of Priscilla," a thriller about a Siamese left home alone, makes ample use of the low camera angles pioneered by Welles. The documentary short "Hickory Hill," in which George Plimpton leads the viewer on a tour of a pet show on the grounds of Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy's home, had the grainy authenticity of a Leacock Pennebaker film. In fact, as we discovered when the credits were shown, it was a Leacock Pennebaker film.

Our favorite, though, was a classic (1941) "instructional film for the primary grades" called "Fluffy the Kitten," which had been lent by the Museum of Modern Art Film Library. In it a very small kitten goes through its daily routine of fun and mischief. Title cards saying things like "I am looking for a little mouse" and "Yum, yum, yum!" more than made up for the lack of a sound track. When the final title ("Now I will look pretty to say goodbye. I hope you liked me") flashed on the screen, the audience cheered. Even the Supreme Soviet has never applauded more stormily.

Bodleian Show

THANKS to the initiative of Mrs. Donald F. Hyde, the widow of the celebrated Johnsonian scholar and collector, and a celebrated Johnsonian collector in her own right, Oxford University's Bodleian Library, founded in 1598 by Sir Thomas Bodley, is



"I said, 'Dinner's ready.'"

having its first extraterritorial show, at the Grolier Club, of which Mr. Hyde used to be president. There, in the company of Dr. Robert Shackleton, the Bodleian's present librarian, we inspected an attractive medley of a hundred and fifty-six items, chosen less for rarity and value ("There seemed no point in sending over a Gutenberg Bible," Dr. Shackleton said) than to illustrate the history of the Library and the generosity of its benefactors, many of them American. (Its new, supplementary building, put up in 1939, was financed largely by the Rockefeller Foundation, and the great painted ceiling of its old one was restored in 1963 by Mr. Hyde.) The selections range chronologically from an Aramaic document, written on leather, of the fifth century B.C. to a print-out from a contemporary Library computer catalogue. We learned that the first exhibit to meet our eyes, a 1566 drawing of the Oxford Divinity School, with Duke Humfrey's Library above it, shows the Bodleian's fifteenth-century predecessor, which housed a collection of manuscripts given by Humphrey (Webster and the Encyclopædia Britannica favor that spelling, but the Library doesn't), Duke of Gloucester, a younger brother of Henry V. This collection was dispersed, pre-Bodley, but three of its treasures were returned to Oxford. Two of them are at the Grolier—a fifteenth-century Milanese manuscript of the letters of the younger Pliny, and an assemblage of earlier Latin scientific treatises. We went on from these to a black-and-blue miniature of Bodley, a 1579 Chinese medical treatise, a 1675 engraving of the Library (in which Dr. Shackleton pointed out the windows of his sequestered courtyard office), the draft for the Library's first printed catalogue, and a Bodleian book chain—eight metal links fixed to a circular hasp. "All folio books in the Library were chained until 1757," Dr. S. said. "Th's is really half a chain. We sometimes think we should put chains on the readers."

We proceeded to "Tom Thumbe, His Life and Death" (1630); a 1641 Milton "Of Reformation Touching Church-Discipline in England," inscribed by the author; a Mexican codex, painted in muted reds, tans, and olive greens on deerskin; a 1663 Indian Bible (the first Bible to be printed in North America), originally presented by the Overseers of Harvard College to a Harvard benefactor; a letter from Alexander Pope describing the Bodleian as a place "where it is always an Honour to be read;" a 1613 London



"Lindsay's done it again!"

marine-insurance policy; and a 1759 historical review of the Constitution and Government of Pennsylvania, printed in London and given to the Library by Benjamin Franklin in 1762, when Oxford gave *him* an honorary LL.D.

"We've tried to emphasize in our selection how much the Library has owed to American friends, and how, here and there, it reflects your country," Dr. Shackleton said, and we noted, elsewhere in the room, a Harvard broadside listing 1,193 graduates between 1642 and 1733; "Adventures of Franklin," an 1808 juvenile; first editions of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pamela" given by Bodley's American Friends, a hands-across-the-sea group; and a signed typescript message to Oxford from Franklin D. Roosevelt, delivered in 1941, when Oxford gave him an honorary Doctorate of Civil Law. In the absence of the Presi-

dent, the message was read by his envoy, General Edwin M. Watson. "At this point in the proceedings," a typed parenthesis at its bottom notes, "General Watson will sing 'Carry me back to Ole Virginny.'" Another parenthesis, inserted in black ink in F.D.R.'s handwriting next to his signature, adds, "This is the original Watson baritone score." Ole Virginny, as it happens, was not so very far away, for the degree was conferred at a special Oxford Convocation at Harvard.

The insurance policy reminded us of insurance, and we asked our guide how about that in respect to the show.

"We moved everything by air," he said. "It was interesting to discover that insurance premiums are lower for air travel than for sea travel, by a ratio of three to one. The show will go to the Newberry Library, in Chicago, after New York, and then to the

University of California at Los Angeles."

Two items brought out the jotter in us—a first edition of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" and an 1852 "Ballad on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

The "Angler" was opened to a cut of a pike and a passage that read:

His feeding is usually *fish* or *frogs*, and sometime a weed of his owne, called *Pikrel-weed*, of which I told you some think some *Pikes* are bred; for they have observed, that where no *Pikes* have been put into a Pond, yet that there they have been found, and that there has been plenty of that weed in that Pond, and that that weed both breeds and feeds them; but whether those *Pikes* so bred will ever breed by generation as the others do, I shall leave to the disquisitions of men of more curiosity and leisure then [*sic*] I profess my self to have.

"The author made substantial changes in the 'Angler' in later editions," Dr. Shackleton said.

The Ballad started out:

O Britons give ear to these lines I relate,
There was never a General more bolder
The leader in war. the pilot in state,
A noble and gallant old soldier.

An engraved couple pointing to an engraved urn surmounted this tribute, which, we learned, was from the Bodleian's John Johnson Collection of Ephemeral Printing. This was additionally represented at the Grolier, whose show is open to the public, by a ticket for Sir Joshua Reynolds' funeral—engraved by Bartolozzi with a tombside woman and child—and four 1847 Austrian banknotes. Other exhibition surprises were Percy Bysshe Shelley's rattle, with a gilt whistle at one end and a coral handle at the other, and an undated letter, in childish script, from the boy who became King George V to Dr. (later Sir) Henry Acland, a noted Oxford professor of medicine, to wit:

dear doctoracland

I can not write a long letter because I am too young but hope when I get older i shall write well.

George

"We sometimes show this at the Library," Dr. S. said. "It's a very popular item. Our more austere colleagues thoroughly disapproved of putting the rattle in the show. We also have Shelley's guitar and pocket watch."

We wound up our tour with an appreciative look at the original manuscript of Kenneth Grahame's "The

Wind in the Willows," which was opened to the first page of "Toad's Adventures." The author's only son, for whom the book was written, died while at Oxford, and his father made the Bodleian his ultimate heir. "Our royalties from 'The Wind in the Willows' come to eight or ten thousand pounds a year," Dr. Shackleton said. "Quite remarkable."

Cozy

THE following form letter was received by a friend in the Middle West from a large department store with which he has been doing business for years: "We have just changed our accounting system. Monthly statements will be produced by a friendly computer. In an effort to keep our system as personal as possible and to prevent our customers from becoming mere numbers, we have designed our accounting system around *your* social security number."

Farewell

THE Dixie Kitchen, which closed down the other day, was a cafeteria in the basement of an office building on the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. It lasted forty-six years, and during all that time it served excellent food and charged very little—what its two proprietors, Mrs. Margaret Deane and Miss Ethel Dilman, liked to call "reasonable prices." The bill of fare featured real American home cooking, with an emphasis on real Southern home cooking. There were dishes like smothered chicken, creamed sweet-

breads on toast, creamed chipped beef on toast, roast pork with gravy and apple sauce, stuffed veal, roast lamb with mint jelly, baked eggs with broiled tomatoes, corn fritters with bacon (seventy cents at lunch), fresh string beans, fresh Swiss chard, okra and tomatoes, stewed corn, apple pie, cherry pie, rhubarb-and-strawberry pie, pecan pie, floating island, brown betty, tipsy pudding, Lady Baltimore cake, cornbread, and sweet rolls. Every Friday, there was spoonbread. Usually, there was cider to drink. In the course of a number of years, we ate a great many lunches there, and we will miss the place very much.

The Dixie Kitchen never advertised, except in the *Christian Science Monitor*, and Mrs. Deane once said that it "didn't even have a decent sign" out in front of its only entrance, a door on Forty-eighth Street. But it was always crowded anyway, and the businesslike bustle of its lunchtime patrons preserved it from ever acquiring any of the mannerisms of a tearoom. The Dixie Kitchen was the kind of place you took friends to, so that they would know about it, and that *they* then took friends to. It was an aunt of ours, a vigorous woman who had a job in midtown, who first took us there. She had been a regular there for years. She introduced us to Mrs. Deane, who usually sat in front of the food counter giving out checks, and thereafter, whenever we came in for lunch, Mrs. Deane would make a point of saying something like "Your aunt was in yesterday," or "Your aunt just came in, and she's sitting at a table over in the corner." Mrs. Deane comes from the South. She grew up in Virginia, and attended the Randolph-Macon Woman's College, in Lynchburg—a college founded in 1891 by the Methodist Church. Miss Dilman is a Northerner, from the Finger Lakes country, north of Ithaca; she's a Vassar graduate. Miss Dilman always took on the job of baking the Dixie Kitchen's pies when the pastry chef didn't come in, and she sometimes used to remark, apropos of Mrs. Deane, "She's Dixie and I'm Kitchen." A man once praised Miss Dilman's pecan pie. She said later, "He came up to me and said, 'You know how to make it. You put salt in it.' You do, too."

On one wall of the Dixie Kitchen there was a mural of the American countryside by an artist named Edwin Deming, who also painted murals for hotels in Glacier National Park. Mr. Deming was hired to do the mural for the Dixie Kitchen by the





"I'll grant you it's got artistic integrity. But I'm not booking you into the Helen Hayes, and that's final."

• •

Great Northern Railroad, which once had a ticket office above the restaurant, and which fixed up the basement for Mrs. Deane and Miss Dilman when they moved in, in 1926. The mural got darker and darker over the years; it got so dark that it was hard to make out just what part of America it depicted. We once had a long argument with a friend about whether some lumps represented the Rockies or the Palisades. The best-known work of art in the Dixie Kitchen was a signed reproduction of Edward Hopper's painting of an all-night lunch counter. Mr. Hopper frequented the Dixie Kitchen, and he modelled the coffee urns in his painting after the coffee urns there. Almost every day except in the dead of winter, there was a vase of fresh tea roses on the cashier's desk, where Mrs. Deane's husband, a courtly man, often helped out with the bookkeeping. The roses were brought in by a black countererman named Bert North, who lived in New Rochelle and raised flowers in

his garden. Bert North was known for his smile, and he always served very generous portions of meat and vegetables.

Last month, Mrs. Deane and Miss Dilman decided that it was time for them to retire, and about two weeks ago they put up a hand-lettered sign on the wall behind the cashier's desk which read, "We regret to announce that the Dixie Kitchen will close permanently Friday evening. We shall miss our friends and loyal customers. Merry Christmas!" When we heard about it, we went over to say goodbye to the two ladies—goodbye and thank you. We found Mrs. Deane and Miss Dilman seated at a table up near the front of the restaurant. Most of the customers had already gone home, and Miss Dilman was eating a bowl of bread and milk. We said what we wanted to say, and Mrs. Deane said, "Thank you very much. It seems as though people had just poured in to say farewell. We have made lots of nice friends, and it's

flattering and comforting to have them all so distressed."

Miss Dilman said, "It always amuses me that at Vassar I majored in math and German, and I ended up making apple pies. What a career!"

We said that we had always wanted to know what led the two ladies to go into the restaurant business.

"Well, I was in Paris after the First World War, and I had the foolish idea of opening an American restaurant there," Mrs. Deane said. "So I came home thinking about it, and in Washington I ran into Ethel in the Allies Inn and got her interested, too. We gave up the idea very soon, however, and decided to open an American restaurant in New York instead."

Miss Dilman said, "I don't know how we ever had the nerve to start. Now we are going to retire, and maybe we will get around to writing our book someday. We have always wanted to write one, you know. It will be called 'Forty Years Under Fifth Avenue.' "

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE BAD NEWS FROM GHENT (N.Y.) TO AIX (KANS.)

(NOTE: A FULL TRANSCRIPT OF THIS NIGHTMARE, RECENTLY DREAMED BY A SOURCE CLOSE TO THE WHITE HOUSE, WAS DELIVERED IN ADVANCE TO THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION.)

SCENE: P. J. Contumely's, an un-savory, deplorably elite dive somewhere on the East Side of a totally unrepresentative large city on the East Coast, possibly Media, Pa. The lighting is crepuscular and unoptimistic, the ambience (by Ming Cho Lee) intellectual and confining, the decor French Provincial. A few un-elected network executives are hunched at the bar, occasionally adjusting their dominoes as they knock back absinthe Gibsons in anonymous silence. Three television sets are in operation over the bar, each tuned permanently to a different major network; each is bringing us the identical commercial at this moment—a scene depicting stomach acids eating away the moral fibre of a typical American family. In the darkest corner of the room, five men are discovered in whispered converse at a round table, which is illuminated by a single gutter-

ing candle. Somehow, they all look familiar to us, although each one reflects nothing beyond an urbane and assured presence that is seemingly well informed on every important matter. From their caustic, irrational chitchat, delivered in heavily inflected voices, we learn that they are hiding behind such unlikely pseudonyms as HOWARD K. SMITH, ROGER MUDD, FRANK REYNOLDS, WALTER CRONKITE, and ERIC SEVAREID. It is after five in the afternoon (E.S.T.), less than two hours before the Hour of the Wolf.

SMITH (lifting his glass): Well, Roger, here's Mudd in your eye.

MUDD (urbanely): Har-har! Gosh, Howard, that's rich! (They all chuckle appreciatively.)

CRONKITE: Hey, where are the others? (He looks at his watch.) A hundred and two minutes to go and I'm

absolutely dry tonight. I couldn't lift a thing from today's papers.

REYNOLDS: Same here. This holiday season is from Dragsville. All upbeat and . . . you know, *credible*.

CRONKITE: Yes. It's a good thing we can get together like this, *comme d'habitude*, and provide reinforcement for our shared parochial viewpoints.

THE OTHERS (sevrally): Right. . . . Yep. . . . Keerect. . . . Exactly what I was thinking.

SEVAREID: By the way, Howard, that was a lovely bit you had last night on the Pentagon's continuing silence about the cranberry-sauce scandal at Fort Riley last week. That blew my mind.

SMITH: Why, shucks, Eric, I sure do appreciate that. Coming from you. I mean, you handled the same news so beautifully yourself—I caught you on tape. The way you bore down on the fact that at least one of the culpable mess sergeants was a *Republican*—out of sight! And I really grooved on that quotation from Irma Rombauer.

REYNOLDS (thunderstruck): Irma Rombauer! I thought we'd all agreed to throw in a quote by *Rimbaud!* Where's my head at? No wonder I got all those puzzled phone calls from the heartland.

CRONKITE: Oh, well, it could have happened to any of us, Frank. Unanimity's a hard taskmaster. I only wish we hadn't used up that story last night, though. I tell you, I'm worried.

MUDD: What about giving 'em some year-end musings? You know—a think piece, but with mood. I read something this morning that I liked. An editorial somewhere. Let's see. . . . I think it begins (he quotes from memory): "Now, as the lowering sun lies somnolent in nether circlet of the ancient solstices, and full winter taughtens the taproots of the humble back-yard dandelion in its frigid fist, the heart grows sombre. It is still five weeks until Groundhog Day, eight before the first brave sugar maple (*Acer saccharum*) secretly—"

SMITH (quoting with him in chorus): "--opens its subterranean dendroid faucets. Only the gaily bedight chipmunk—"

THE OTHERS (joining in): "--and the brash, Boreus-defying chickadee (*Penthestes atricapillus*) remain to keep us morning company in this dark season—" (They break off, laughing in surprise.)

MUDD: Golly, we must have read the same editorial!

SEVAREID: Talk about coincidence!



SMITH: Now, I wonder where we all might have read that. (*He ponders.*) For the life of me, I can't remember. (*They all try to remember.*)

MUDD: I think it was some paper with a short name. Like *Trim* or *Tide*. Something like that.

CRONKITE: I've got it! The *Times!* The *New York Times*.

REYNOLDS: Right you are, Walter. Imagine all of us happening to see that one paper on the very same morning!

SMITH: Anyway, it's too cornball for us. I won't touch it.

SEVAREID: Me neither. It's *Kusch*.

REYNOLDS: Pap.

MUDD: Actually, I *hated* it.

CRONKITE: Me, too.

(*Enter two men who look very much like DAVID BRINKLEY and CHET HUNTLEY. They are greeted effusively.*)

SEVAREID: Good evening, Chet. Good evening, David.

BRINKLEY: Ho, ho, ho! Cut it out, Eric.

REYNOLDS: What's the bad news, Chet?

HUNTLEY (*wiping his eyes*): You guys are too much!

SMITH: What'll it be, boys? Bourbon and branch water?

BRINKLEY: What a hunch of kid-ders. (*To the waiter*) The usual, Giuseppe. (*The waiter returns, bringing glasses of Madeira.*)

CRONKITE: I don't want to spoil the fun, gang, but it's only ninety-eight minutes till air time. You want to handle the rundown tonight, Chet?

HUNTLEY (*taking a folder of news clippings and wire-service teletypes from his pocket*): O.K., but I tell you, it looks damn thin to me tonight, boys. Nothing here but sunshine. (*He riffles through his papers.*) Let's see . . . employment is up 1.3—2.9 in the Middle West. Seasonal hiring in the stores, mostly, but it's there. The biggest hominy crop in fifty years has been harvested in Mississippi. Cost of living down .02, coast to coast, thanks mostly to the White House switching to the less expensive spread for the hols. No riots, no tornadoes, no campus busts—vacation times there, too. Operation Intercept reported picking up thirty-seven bushels of pot in a Yippie-owned minibus, but it turned out to be Christmas wreaths for families of the Chicago police. A big, fat zero.

SMITH: It's hard to believe. Just no news at all.

MUDD (*grimly*): What about foreign news?

HUNTLEY: Zip. Wilson, Pompidou,



"Oh, I don't know. I guess maybe increased service to others, more generosity and less selfishness, full participation in public affairs on the state and local levels, greater dedication to my work and my family. What are your New Year's resolutions?"

Nasser, and Golda Meir are all skiing at Kitzbühel. President Thieu read "A Child's Christmas in Wales" aloud to Buddhist orphans. More troops are coming home. Bob Hope entertained the principals at the Paris peace talks. Willy Brandt is ice-skating on the Volga with the Russian General Staff. See what I mean?

CRONKITE: Any major speeches? Anywhere?

HUNTLEY: Last night? Only Governor Reagan, Eric Hoffer, Attorney General Mitchell, Roy Wilkins, Bud Wilkinson, and Billy Graham. And David Eisenhower talked to the National Barbers' Convention.

REYNOLDS: Cripes. A bunch of nobodies.

SMITH (*dispiritedly*): What did David talk about?

HUNTLEY (*riffing papers*): Uh . . . "Nape—Challenge to Our Times."

BRINKLEY (*brightening*): Napalm?

HUNTLEY: No. He means kids should keep their hair off their necks.

BRINKLEY: Ugh. Anything in sports?

HUNTLEY: Just those twenty-one upcoming bowl games, college and pro. And the President rolled a 134 on the White House bowling alleys last night, his highest score ever. (*A prolonged silence descends.*)

HUNTLEY: Oh, there is one little item here. Seems there's this weirdo commune out in Iowa, and last week some of the members happened to read the President's Christmas Proclamation. It really zapped them. The whole outfit reported themselves to the local Junior Chamber of Commerce and made a public recantation and confession of error. They cut their hair, bought new clothes, took out credit cards—the whole bit. Fourteen of them have applied for mid-term admission to the state aggie school. Several couples have gotten married and taken out ranch-house mortgages, and three former heads are buying a Pontiac distributorship. Some of the chicks are opening

a school for baton twirlers, and nine ex-freaks have enlisted in the Marines. The kids are going to reenact the whole thing, along with a ceremonial burning of their love beads, on the Ed Sullivan show this Sunday. This is front-page stuff in the boondocks, of course.

MUDD (*gloomily*): It does almost sound like news.

CRONKITE: I just don't see how we can skip it. Unless it's a put-on.

BRINKLEY: No, Walter. Face it: it's arrant normalcy.

SMITH (*bitterly*): I just don't know what's happening to this country anymore!

HUNTLEY: Wait, wait! We're off the hook, fellows. I just noticed. This all happened in *Des Moines*!

SMITH: So what?

REYNOLDS: Don't you see, Howard? We mentioned Des Moines only last month, when what's-his-name—oh, you know, the Vice-President—made some speech there. We can't go back to the same old dateline so soon. It wouldn't give a balanced, representative picture of these United States. I don't think we can risk giving the impression that *all* the news is being made in that little strip of land that lies between the Hudson and the Rio Grande. I don't know about the rest of you, but I won't touch it. Call it prejudice or narrowness, but I think your program has to reflect what your basic feelings are. I'll plead guilty to that.

SMITH (*tearing up his notes*): You're right, Frank, of course. I feel exactly the same way, now that you've made it clear to me.

CRONKITE (*relieved*): Whee-ew! That was a close one.

HUNTLEY: The trouble is, this still leaves us with nothing for tonight. (*Another gloomy silence. It is broken by SEVAREID, who clears his throat.*)

THE OTHERS (*hopefully*): Yes, Eric?

SEVAREID (*a patient, exhausted father*): Well, fellows, I don't know how to say this. Frankly, I'm disappointed. This is not the kind of hardened-newspaperman's attitude I expected of you. Back when I left Velve, N.D., and headed for the provincial East, I never believed I'd hear this kind of dispirited Corn Belt belly-aching and—yes, I'll say it—this utter failure of cynicism, when we're only faced with a little bitty patch of good news. Now, shall we give up and settle for three evening news programs of nothing but Gelusil, or shall we knuckle down, pull up our socks, and just plain go to work?

NEW YEAR'S EVE

The year is boarding
a clipper ship with frozen sails.
Soon it will depart through the terrible
refraction of water, carrying
dust in its mouth.

It had nothing particular
to recommend it,
no Halley's comet, no two-headed calf.
It leaves no watermark on the wallpaper.
Yet it was sweet, it was sweet to us.

It was built from the raw
materials of small disasters and a summer
when the birds ate all the peaches.
We feel as if we have been telling
stories to which no one listened.

And it leaves behind a display case
from which each of us chooses his own dead
hands. The hands fit us
like gloves and we slip them on.
We stand on the dock
clutching our dead gods and old
poets while it lingers like the afterbirth
of sound, the silent bombast
at the terminal of memory.

—RICHARD SHELTON

HUNTLEY: We're with you, Eric!

SMITH: Lead on, chief!

SEVAREID: I knew I could count on you all. O.K., Frank, you hustle out to the phone and find what Averell Harriman's up to. Tell him the spot we're in. And say hello from me to Marie. (*REYNOLDS exits on the run.*) The rest of you, get out your pencils. First of all, who sets up the bowling pins when the President goes bowling?

MUDD: Why, it's one of those mechanical gismos. Over in the Executive Office Building—I rolled a couple of lines there only last week. You know, one of those machines that sweeps up the leftover pins and sets 'em down automatically.

SEVAREID: I thought so! And before that how were the pins set up?

SMITH (*puzzled*): By hand, I guess. The old way.

SEVAREID: Right. By that forgotten American, the pinsetter. And pinsetters in Washington must have been . . .

MUDD: I don't get it.

CRONKITE: Got it! They must have been blacks! So the President, in the act of encouraging physical fitness, has fired some faithful, septuagenarian, lifetime federal black employee—

MUDD (*scribbling furiously*): —thus abetting the omnipresent manufacturing interests while adding to the burden of technological unemployment—

BRINKLEY: —in our racially troubled capital! Zowie, what a twist! Wait until I get to Milt Galamison and Bobby Scale for quotes!

SEVAREID: Let's move along. About that bumper hominy crop. This morning, I got on the horn to Secretary Finch, just on a hunch, and asked him whether habitual ingestion of large portions of hominy might not have deleterious effects on the American stomach lining. He said he'd put the Food and Drug people right on it and then call me back.

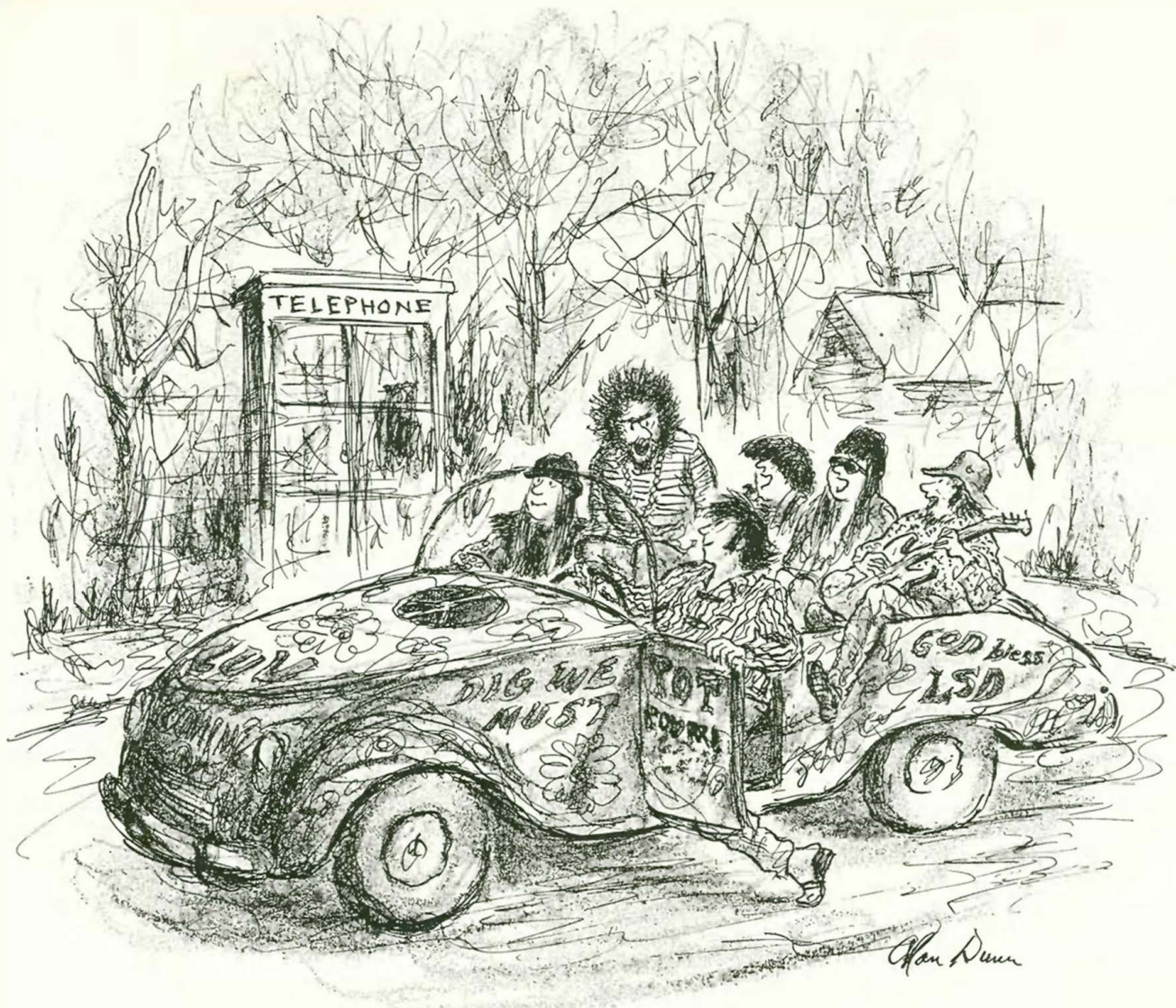
HUNTLEY (*licking his lips*): And?

SEVAREID: And he called back and denied it.

CRONKITE: Whoopee!

MUDD (*puzzled*): I'm just a li'l ole Washington stringer, but I'm sure





"Why phone ahead? Why don't we just show up?"

learning a lot tonight. If he denied it, why—

HUNTLEY: Show him, David.

SMITH: Do your thing, Dave.

BRINKLEY (*blushing*): Oh dear. It's just this gift I have. It isn't *skill*. Oh, all right. (*He assumes a seven-o'clock tone.*) "Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Finch today denied that habitual ingestion of that favorite rural foodstuff, hominy, might be a cause of endemic gastro-intestinal trouble in the Deep South belly." (*He pauses for two seconds and then slowly raises his left eyebrow.*)

SEVAREID: Beautiful, *cher confrère*.

HUNTLEY: There goes the hominy market!

MUDD (*holding down his right eyebrow with one hand*): I just can't get the hang of it.

SMITH: Now you, Walter.

CRONKITE: Well—if you insist.

"Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Finch today hotly denied . . . buzz, buzz, buzz." (*He pauses for two seconds and then clears his throat.*) "Harrumpphh!"

SMITH: And hominy goes the way of old Tab and the passenger pigeon!

REYNOLDS (*entering excitedly*): Bingo, Eric! Averell Harriman is away for the New Year's holiday. He's—get this!—he's skiing at Sun Valley.

MUDD: I've got it, I've got it this time! Like, this weekend, while seventy million members of the silent majority lie back on their duffs drinking beer as they watch forty-eight consecutive hours of football on the boob tube, the eminent East Coast Democratic elder statesman and peacemaker—

SMITH:—a charter member of the effete Establishmentarian snobs—

MUDD:—returns to the American frontier to restore mind and spirit in

lonely communion with mountain majesties—

HUNTLEY:—pitting the skill of his seventy-eight-year-old legs against icy defiles undreamed of in the fetid and housebound imagination of Mr. John Q. Vicarious.

(*They all burst into spontaneous applause.*)

SEVAREID (*rising*): Well, gentlemen, I think we're back in business. I'm proud of you all.

CRONKITE: Nothing to it.

BRINKLEY: As simple as A.B.C.

SMITH: Hee, hee, hee! David, you kill me.

(*Bound for their three studios, they exit together, MUDD still experimenting with his eyebrow and the others assuming their customary evening expressions of barely contained despair, as the curtain falls.*)

—ROGER ANGELL

FURNIVALL'S HOOPOE

WHEN Mrs. Otter came into the Abbey Antique Galleries that morning, Mr. Edom, the proprietor, saw with concern that her hat was straight, her hair tidy, her handbag clasped. Something must be very wrong.

"Oh, Mr. Edom, I am so thankful to get you to myself." She broke off, trying to recover her breath. "You know, it's my positive belief that St. John Street gets steeper every day. I should not be in the least surprised to find myself picking edelweiss there. Not that I like edelweiss; it's such a coldhearted flower, though it meant a great deal to our great-grandparents, plunging into crevasses to snatch it for their Louisas. I'm sure it can't be only my increasing years which make me so out of breath by the time I get here—though at the moment I am feeling dreadfully old."

She sat down, holding her bag upright on her knee like a person applying for a situation. Her glance strayed over the Dresden shepherd playing the flute to his dog, the pewter tankards on the mule chest, the Nailsea birds poised on their crystal branch, the wig stand, the three Portuguese reliquaries, the satin-wood bonheur du jour as though in one or other of these she might find reassurance. But nothing supplied it, and the glance returned to Mr. Edom and rested on him so disconsolately that he began to feel that he too must fail her.

"The trouble is, all your things are so beautiful, so tip-top. I've got nothing you could conceivably want."

Remembrance of past transactions with Mrs. Otter told him that this might well be true. At the far end of the room, the reflection of Mr. Collins' face, encompassed by the blue plaster bows of a rococo mirror, repeated the same tale, and in sterner accents. He had bought a great deal of rubbish from the dear lady. On the other hand, she

had sometimes brought off a winner.

"Don't say that, Mrs. Otter. Have you forgotten those duelling pistols you found in the attic which Mrs. Vibart carried off for her collection? George sold her two of his kittens at the same time." This should settle George Collins.

"Yes, wasn't it glorious? But I have no more duelling pistols. Nothing but assegais and baby clothes."

And he'll buy them, thought Mr. Collins. Undoubtedly there must be something about Mrs. Otter, since Mr. Edom felt whatever it was so strongly. For himself, Mr. Collins felt nothing except a loyal resignation. He went on looking in a bible of china marks for TBZ, with "Patmos" in a crowned lozenge.

Mrs. Otter enlarged. "All the same, I think I'm going to ask you to come and look, just in case you should find something I've missed. You see, the pistol money went to my idiot boy to help buy an enormous Edwardian car because he wanted to drive to Brighton. Well, that was all right, and he was towed back, and when it was repaired he took it out to show to a friend who

rather thought of buying it, which would have paid for the repairs, which had come to more than he expected, because apparently when you have an Edwardian car its inside bits are period pieces too. So he was on his way to the friend, who shares a flat in Chelsea, when he saw another friend who was marching in a peaceful demonstration or perhaps it was a counter-demonstration—anyway, it was peaceful—and the friend said join in, so Toby joined in, going as slow as he could and then waiting for them to catch up, and it gave new life to the demonstration, and whole busloads cheered, and everything was perfectly all right till they got to the Embassy; but by then the car had overheated from going so slow, and it skidded and rushed halfway up the Embassy steps. No one was hurt, but the Embassy people were very prim about it, and Toby was arrested; and as his license is endorsed up to the hilt he'll either have to pay a fine or go to prison. Personally, I would welcome a term in prison, prison sounds so calm. But the young don't want calm."

"It will be a pleasure," said Mr. Edom, putting his foot firmly on the further end of Mrs. Otter's statement. "I'll come at once, if that would be convenient."

"Perhaps not quite at once. I ought to do a little tidying first."

"Shall we say, this afternoon, at three?"

"At quarter to four. Then I can give you tea." She was already looking more like herself. Her hat had drifted to the back of her head and a ringlet had escaped and hung engagingly over her nose.

It is the doom of man to love what he is not constructed for. Mrs. Otter was too often tipsy. She dressed like a tinker, and if by chance she was driven into respectable new clothes she instantly got them into bad ways. Her reactions were incalculable. She combined being vague with being arbitrary. In terms of cabinetmaking, silverware, ceramics, Mr. Edom would never have admitted her into his Galleries. But from the hour he



"His last words, poor fellow, were 'You can take Salem out of the country, but . . . you can't take the country out of Salem.'"

first set eyes on her (a horse had fallen down in St. John Street and she was sitting on its head), he had loved her against all his principles, and fatalistically, as fathers love. So—but without impediment of principles—did every errand boy, every street hawk-er, and all the town's crusted bad characters. He wasn't much among so many, and probably at their various times they had all had tea with her. But today it was his turn.

Her Lapsang soochong was exquisite, but he felt a traitor as he drank it. There was treachery in allowing her to foist such rubbish on him: alphabet mugs without handles, souvenirs from Jerusalem, that hatbox with associations (he had avoided it till now, but it had got him at last); worst of all, ruins of what had once been splendors. He was packing the sorry assortment in the hatbox when she remembered what it was she had been meaning to say ever since he arrived: Would he like a scrap screen?

The scrap screen was in her bedroom. Its eight-fold span glorified half a wall with the colors of a hothouse, the richness of a plum pudding, the glow and multiplicity of the Last Judgment window in the Minster. And even to his trained and anxious eye it seemed in quite remarkably good condition. Mistaking his silence, she said propitiatingly, "It's done on the other side too. But it's not so lively, as by then they had to fall back on engravings."

"Who were 'they,' Mrs. Otter?"

"My first husband's great-aunts. Eight of them, and each did a leaf. They lived in a rectory in north Norfolk and were always in quarantine for something or other. Would you like to see the other side?"

He answered that he would take the other side on trust and send packers and a van in the morning. Meanwhile, he would put a check in the post—a provisional check—for he hoped to do considerably better.

He was so elated by the prospect of enriching Mrs. Otter that not till he was on the threshold of the Galleries and saw Mr. Collins at the telephone did he remember that he did not go in for large Victoriana.



*"The new calendar year doesn't cut any ice with him.
It's the fiscal year that's his baby."*

"That was Mr. Grimshaw," said Mr. Collins, putting back the receiver.

"Domes, I suppose?" Mr. Grimshaw was the curator of the stuffed birds in the town museum.

"I told him you had no unoccupied domes, but he saw the dome of the Naisea birds through the window, and he's coming tomorrow to measure it and make an offer."

"He can offer," said Mr. Edom.

"And Mrs. Harington may be coming too. She wants to try if the harp stool is comfortable."

"Quite a party."

"Why, who else?"

"Mrs. Otter's scrap screen. We must think about placing it. It's six foot high, and to be seen to advantage it will need twelve-foot-by-four-foot floor space."

Forty minutes later Mr. Collins, putting on his coat again, remarked that Mr. Edom ought to have been a general.

THE van came punctually next morning. Mrs. Otter came too, sitting beside the driver and holding the hatbox. The screen was carried in.

Freed from its wrappings and expanded in its resting place, it looked imposingly spectacular and totally out of keeping with its surroundings. But Mr. Grimshaw, single-hearted in his devotion to British birds and their post-mortem preservation, walked in without paying it the slightest attention.

"I've come about that dome. But I don't see it, though it was here yesterday. You seem to have moved everything. What's the object— Oh, there it is." He produced his pocket rule and made careful, censorious measurements. "It's a bit cramped, but it will have to do. I'll take it. I must say, I wonder what in God's name these flimflam objects were meant for? How could any bird fly with wings like ballet girls' skirts, I'd like to know."

"You will take the group?"

"The group? Good God, no! It's the dome I want."

Mrs. Harington had now come in, carrying an opossum muff. Leaving Mr. Collins to explain to Mr. Grimshaw that the dome could not be sold without its denizens (a routine matter but wrongheadedness sprang eter-

nal in Mr. Grimshaw), Mr. Edom went to greet her. He was too late. She had gone straight to the screen and had eyes for nothing else. She was always lovely, but never before had he seen her look like this: enfranchised by pleasure at the brilliant paper mosaic.

"And there's so much of it!" she exclaimed.

Her intent gaze travelled from seedsman's-catalogue carrots to giraffes, copper kettles, smirking blond children in pinafores, Grace Darling, marrow-fat peas, Indian braves, Goody Two-shoes, the Taj Mahal, dahlias, chest expanders, guardian angels, trophies of grapes, peaches and nectarines, foxhunters, cauliflowers, steam engines, illuminated texts, gorillas, Persian kittens, hip baths, crocodiles, robins, General Gordon, Eno's Fruit Salts, camellias, pineapples, sewing machines—their irrefutable fortuity firmly pasted on and guarded by the splendid varnish of the period. The travelling gaze reached the edge of the screen, flicked inattentively over the shabby human figure standing by it, went back to the solemn raptures of discovery. Mr. Edom stole a congratulatory glance at Mrs. Otter—and realized that in another moment she would be giving the screen away.

"Mrs. Harington, do you know Mrs. Otter? We are selling the screen for her."

"How do you do? I'm afraid I've been rude, thinking of nothing but your screen. Please forgive me and tell me about it. What's this queer thing, next to the lobster?"

"A mangle; for squeezing wet washing in before you hang it on the line."

"What a good idea! And this?"

"A bonnet."

Their voices mingled. Of the two voices, Mrs. Otter's sounded the younger. Presently, they were down on their knees, studying the base of the screen.

"The bull, Mrs. Otter! Look at the bull!"

Below the bull a hand in the Norfolk rectory had stuck an illuminated text: *He shall be called Wonderful.*

"Do you think it was his real name? It's the sort of name people give bulls. Or was it a coincidence?"

"I wish I knew. I've often wondered about it." Mrs. Otter was stroking the opossum muff.

Meanwhile Mr. Grimshaw, who had paused before a small ivory Annunciation to comment injuriously on the angel's deficiency in pectoral

muscles—how did Mr. Collins suppose it would ever get off the ground again?—was slowly making his way out from behind the screen. An engraving caught his eye. As if the bull called Wonderful had materialized, a strangled yell rang through the Galleries.

"Furnivall's hoopoe! Furnivall's hoopoe! I say, Edom, do you know you've got a Furnivall's hoopoe here?"

"And begonias!" murmured Mrs. Harington.

"Jammed in among all these tomfool foreign cathedrals. It's a marvel I saw it. Furnivall's hoopoe, by Wilkins. What a find—and I daresay you hadn't even noticed it. Do you know, the last Furnivall's hoopoe in this country was shot in 1852? By a clergyman, needless to say. Pity nobody shoots clergymen."

Mr. Edom made a deprecatory noise.

"I tell you, the Church of England has wiped out ninety per cent of the rare birds in this country. All those country parsons, they all had guns, they all fancied themselves as naturalists, they all had six days of the week to do nothing in. So whenever they saw a rare bird, they shot it. Go into any ornithological museum and read the tickets. Shot by the Reverend Mr. So-and-So. Shot by the Reverend Mr. So-and-So. What a pack!"

Mrs. Otter from her side of the screen took up the challenge. "Fiddlesticks, Mr. Grimshaw. Both my husbands were Church of England clergymen and neither of them shot as much as a canary."

"Why should they? Canaries are as common as sparrows. They left canaries to their wives and went out to extirpate siskins and choughs and avocets and rare migrants like Furnivall's hoopoe. It makes my blood boil."

"And the stuffed birds in the museum," retorted Mrs. Otter, "those

which weren't shot by clergymen. Do you suppose they all died a natural death?"

"Madam, you stray from the point. The purpose of an ornithological museum—"

"Ornithological shrike's larder," interposed Mrs. Otter.

"If you are referring to *Lanius collurio*, I will admit that I hold no brief for the bird, but—"

"I do. At least shrikes have the decency to eat what they've killed, which is more than ornithologists do."

While the contest raged from either side of the screen and a customer came in only to say she would be calling later and hurry out, Mrs. Harington went on enumerating toads, volcanoes, turkeys, etc. Maddened by this incessant cooing, harassed by Mrs. Otter's agility in straying from the point, Mr. Grimshaw broke off and went back to his first purpose. "Edom. I will take the engraving of Furnivall's hoopoe. How much do you want for it?"

Mrs. Harington sprang to her feet. "If you think you are going to have my screen—"

"There, there, don't get excited. Of course he shan't," and "I understand the screen is already under offer," said Mrs. Otter and Mr. Edom, speaking simultaneously.

"Nothing would induce me to buy it," said Mr. Grimshaw. "All I need is the engraving of Furnivall's hoopoe. I presume it can be peeled off."

"I doubt it. I very much doubt it," said Mr. Edom. "Mid-nineteenth-century paste is very tenacious."

"And as it happens, I want Furnivall's hoopoe too," Mrs. Harington declared. "I'm very fond of hoopoes."

Mr. Grimshaw's sardonic laughter behind the screen sounded quite devilish. The screen itself trembled. The tip of a penknife appeared in the center of Grace Darling.

"You old beast, you sneaking old beast!" exclaimed Mrs. Harington; and with great force and accuracy she hurled the opossum muff over the screen in a line with Grace Darling. There was the sound of a strong man struggling with a mouthful of fur. The penknife made another slash.

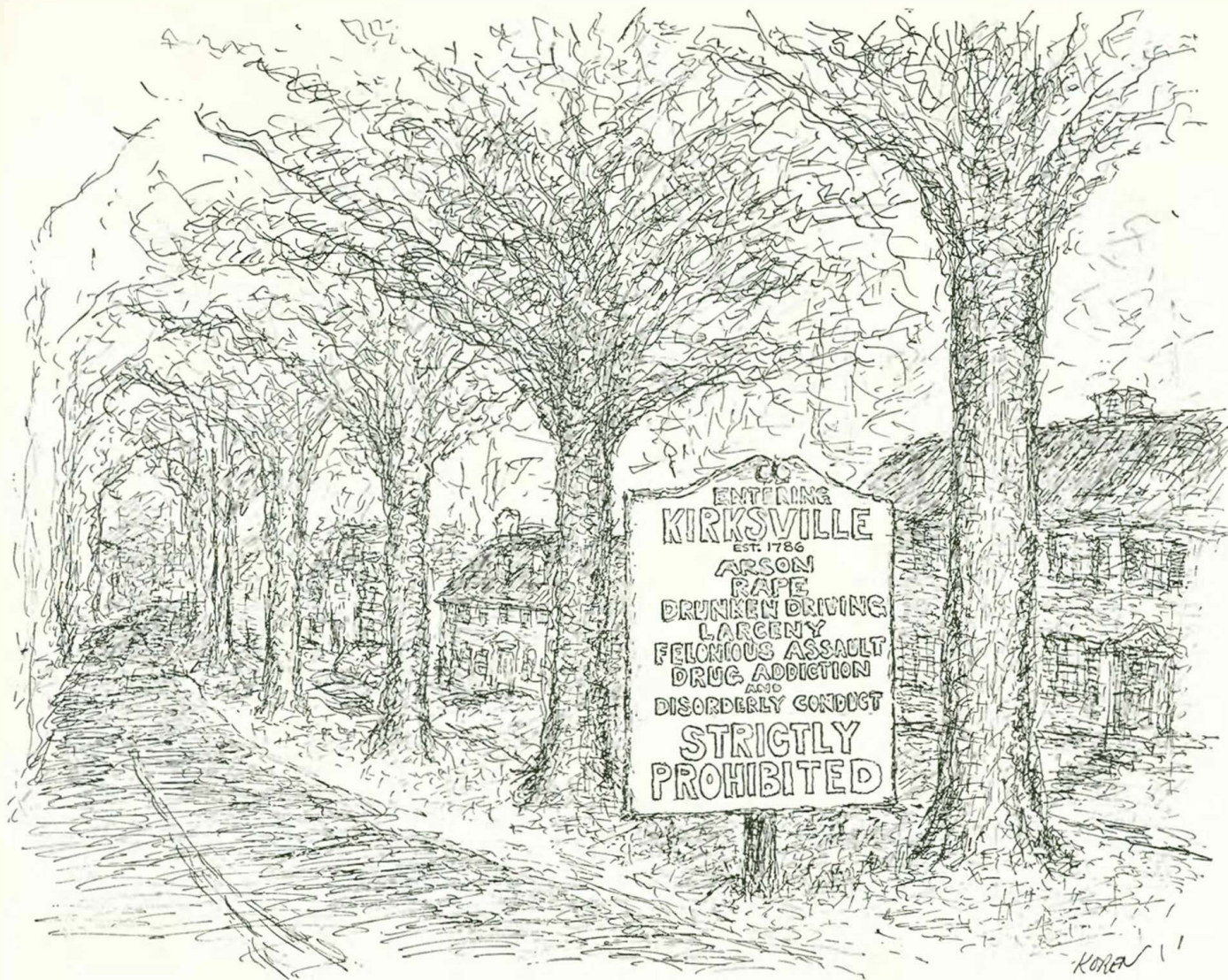
Mr. Edom said, "George."

Mr. Collins stepped forward, and inexpressively, like a force of nature, conveyed Mr. Grimshaw into the street.

Saying, "You were marvellous," Mrs. Harington threw herself into Mrs. Otter's arms.

"So were you," replied Mrs. Otter. "Avenging and bright. Now shall we





all sit down? Do sit down, Mr. Collins."

Mr. Collins sat down and smoothed the muff, which Mr. Grimshaw had used as a boxing glove. Mrs. Otter advised him to pretend he was in the Salvation Army and give it a good shake. He did so.

There was a long silence spent in getting over it. Mrs. Harington was the first to speak.

"Now I must buy it, mustn't I? What's so extremely grand is that I can. Richard gave me a hundred pounds yesterday, to buy myself a present. Will that be enough?" Before Mrs. Otter could get her word in, Mr. Edom said, "It would have been handsome, Mrs. Harington, but now it's excessive. The screen is no longer in mint condition. I think it can be repaired, but I can't in conscience ask more than ninety. George. Did you happen to notice what it's like at the back?"

"The bird's all right. He took care

of that. But the Tower of London's a bit knocked about."

The two men went off to consider the damage. Mrs. Harington moved closer to Mrs. Otter. "I wonder if I ought to give him his bird. I'm afraid he was rather set on it."

"It would be a kind thing to do—if you could manage it without putting his back up."

"I wasn't thinking of being kind. I was thinking about being on the safe side. For suppose he decided to steal it? Suppose I woke up one night and heard the magnolia creaking and saw his face glaring in at my bedroom window and it came out on the baby as a port-wine hoopoe."

"If I were you, I wouldn't give it another thought. For one thing, he's respectable at heart and would never climb up someone else's magnolia. For another, speaking as an experienced matron, all this talk about birthmarks is bugaboo."

Mrs. Harington opened her lovely

mouth, then closed it again. When the screen had been settled, the two ladies left together, as Mrs. Otter was being given a lift home. Mr. Edom watched their departure with satisfaction. It had all turned out very nicely: Toby Otter would not go to prison and his mother would be left with a comfortable remainder. Yet it seemed to him that despite this happy ending a sudden cloud had shadowed her, a resignation, a tremor of regret for something precious and irrecoverable, not to do with the screen.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

ROSWELL (AP)—Roswell will become Monday the first city in New Mexico with an all-purpose emergency number, Mountain Bell Co. said Thursday.

The number, 911, may be mailed by Roswell citizens to report any kind of emergency.—*Albuquerque (N. M.) Journal*.

Better not use a mail chute—things sometimes get stuck.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE MORATORIUM AND THE NEW MOBE

ONE morning shortly after the Vietnam Moratorium demonstrations around the country last October, three of the young coordinators of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee—Sam Brown, David Mixner, and David Hawk—sat down at a table behind a bank of microphones in a room at the Ambassador Hotel in Washington and held a press conference for more than a hundred newsmen. The three young men belonged to the generation of activists who had played a role in forcing a President into retirement, thereby acquiring a strong sense of their own political power, and the success of their first Moratorium had exceeded all their hopes; they had an air of shy earnestness that morning, the self-conscious candor of men trying to handle sudden fame with modesty. To the right of the microphones was David Mixner, twenty-four, a hefty young man with a ready smile, who had organized caucuses in non-primary states for Eugene McCarthy's Presidential campaign in 1968; he had been on crutches for three months after the police threw him through a hotel window during the Chicago Convention, and he later suffered a heart attack, partly from the sheer exhaustion of his campaign work. At the left was David Hawk, twenty-six, a former divinity student with a pale, handsomely chiselled face, who had worked for McCarthy in New Hampshire and was facing trial in the near future for resisting the draft. In the center was Sam Brown, twenty-six, a slight, elegant man with a cinnamon-colored mustache, also a former divinity student, who had been chief student coordinator for the McCarthy campaign. Although Brown, Mixner, and Hawk were unusually poised for their age, they fidgeted

uneasily before the microphones, looking uncomfortable over what they had to say. For one of the reasons they had called the conference was to announce the Moratorium Committee's endorsement of a vastly more controversial group, called the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam—a coalition of some sixty organizations, ranging in ideology from the Episcopal Peace Fellowship to the Socialist Workers' Party, which was proposing to bring several hundred thousand Americans to Washington in November for another large protest against the Vietnam war. The Moratorium was backed by many cautious liberals who regarded mass demonstrations as both too radical and rather obsolete and preferred quiet grass-roots organization. It may be for this reason that each of the three young leaders looked somewhat sheepish that day, as if he was about to an-

nounce his marriage to an older woman of doubtful reputation.

The television cameras started whirring, and Brown, the official spokesman for the group, rose and began to read in a soft voice from a prepared text: "The second series of activities of the Vietnam Moratorium is scheduled for November 13th and 14th. On these dates, local committees around the country will be continuing the efforts which got off to such a tremendous start on October 15th." Brown enumerated the various local activities planned for the November Moratorium: educational programs, such as canvassing and meetings with congressional leaders; community referendums and resolutions on immediate-withdrawal plans; symbolic activities, such as reading the names of the war dead, the wearing of black armbands, and church memorial services. But there was a distinct note of uneasiness in his

voice as he began to read the last part of his text: "On November 13th and 14th, the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam is sponsoring a March Against Death—a Vietnam memorial. Many supporters of the Moratorium will be participating in this solemn event. . . . On November 15th, the New Mobilization is sponsoring a peaceful and legal mass march and Rally in Washington, D.C. The four coordinators of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee, as well as many Moratorium supporters from around the country, plan to march. We will provide support for local Moratorium groups who will be coming to Washington and encourage others to join the March in Washington."

Brown sat down with an air of relief, and fielded the newsmen's questions in careful sociologist.



"I've done it! I've written the great American bumper sticker!"

"Our November activities will be of higher intensity and lower visibility. . . . The general term of response is that last month we had a significant new segment of the American community joining us. . . . We view our actions as complementary, not contradictory, to those of the New Mobilization."

The Moratorium's press conference ended a little before eleven o'clock, at which time a press conference called by the co-chairmen of the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam—known as the New Mobe—was scheduled to take place in the same room. The next group of individuals who settled before the microphones were considerably older than the Moratorium leaders, and they had the weighty self-assurance of men who were veterans rather than newcomers in the business of demanding peace. At the table this time were Stewart Meacham, an imposing silver-haired former Presbyterian minister and union official, who was at present the Peace Education Secretary of the American Friends Service Committee; the Reverend Richard Fernandez, a minister of the United Church of Christ, who was director of Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam; Sidney Peck, swarthy and intense, a professor of sociology at Case Western Reserve University, in Cleveland; Cora Weiss, a handsome Riverdale housewife, who was a leader of Women Strike for Peace; Ron Young, a pacifist and draft-resister; and Sidney Lens, pacifist, trade-unionist, and prolific historian of the labor movement. Two other New Mobe co-chairmen were unable to attend the meeting—Douglas Dowd, a professor of economics at Cornell University, and David Dellinger, a pacifist who began his career by studying for the ministry at Union Theological Seminary, and who was standing trial in Chicago on a charge of conspiring to incite riot at the Democratic Convention of 1968.

The New Mobe leaders had a much more pronounced taste for political analysis than the preceding group, and they expounded it as from a pulpit or a union-meeting platform. "The present war strategy includes three distinct elements," Sidney Lens declaimed in a powerful voice. "One: U.S. military and economic aid to the Thieu-Ky government. Two: U.S. combat forces, which do the actual fighting. Three: U.S. bombing and logistical support. The Nixon strategy proposes to eliminate only the ground combat troops supplied by the United States and continue the other two elements of the



"Movies? You're not old enough to go to the movies."

strategy unchanged. Mr. Nixon has no intention of ending the war but merely of changing assignments between the United States and its puppet allies. . . . Unfortunately for Mr. Nixon, as for Mr. Johnson, the American people want to get out of Vietnam. They are sick of the deaths, sick of the inflation, sick of the cut in living standards, sick of the tension, sick of confronting the danger of an enlarged war. To appease the American people, therefore, Nixon is seeking to reduce casualties by disengaging from ground combat. But he has no intention to disengage from the war itself unless and until he wins the political objectives the American ruling circles have demanded from the beginning—military bases, spheres of influence and trade, the continued presence of puppet regimes—in short, an iron ring around China." Lens ended with a demand for a cease-fire accompanied by withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam "as soon as boats and planes can take them out."

A reporter asked whether the speech that President Nixon had scheduled for November 3rd might not negate the purpose of the November demonstrations.

"Just as the deception of Nixon's policy as announced on his election platform created the Moratorium," Lens replied, "so the deception we anticipate on November 3rd will be an incentive for larger groups in Washington on November 15th."

The reporters pressed the New Mobe leaders much harder than they had the coördinators of the Moratorium.

"If this war could be won by either side, which side would you be on?" one newsman asked.

"We're on the side of the American people winning honor by getting out!" Lens roared.

"Is there not a member of the Communist Party on your steering committee?" asked another newsman.

Stewart Meacham answered, "We are a broad coalition of individuals connected with some sixty organizations, and one of the members of our coalition is Mr. Arnold Johnson, peace secretary of the American Communist Party. The only two principles at work in the composition of Mobe are: one, the principle of non-violence; two, the principle of non-exclusion, which we believe essential to a rich, free society."

But the principle of non-exclusion was far from settled, and was to come up repeatedly as the two groups cooperated in preparing for the November demonstrations.

THE Moratorium, which represents a tradition of political centrism, is made up largely of Americans who are against the war but are still determined to work within the two-party system. The New Mobe is in the tradition of American radicalism which—whether practiced by Thoreau, by William Lloyd Garrison, or by Eugene

Debs—has been forced by the very nature of our two-party system to operate outside of the political mainstream. Considering the long-standing distrust between the two traditions, the alliance worked out between the left and the center of the peace movement for the November demonstrations was a remarkable achievement.

The origins of the Moratorium are recent and relatively uncomplicated. In the spring of 1969, Jerome Grossman, a fifty-two-year-old Massachusetts envelope manufacturer who had been active in the McCarthy campaign, suggested to Sam Brown that a series of nationwide strikes, increasing by one day a month, should be organized in protest against the war. The word "strike" seemed too radical to Brown, but he adapted Grossman's ideas to a program under which peaceful pauses in "business as usual" would be coordinated across the nation as long as the Vietnam war continued. Brown pulled into the program some friends who had been active in the Presidential campaigns of both McCarthy and Robert Kennedy, Grossman helped in raising seed money for the project, and the Moratorium began operations in mid-summer, in offices on the eighth floor of the building at 1029 Vermont Avenue, four blocks from the White House. Right from the start, the Moratorium was marked by the same romantic improvisation and youthful enthusiasm that had characterized the McCarthy campaign. Its October 15th success was as unexpected and exhilarating as that of the New Hampshire primary, and its later deflation proved again that charm and idealism are not enough to keep a nationwide political movement successful.

The origins of the New Mobe, which has always stayed aloof from electoral campaigning, are older and more complex. They are rooted in the work of the great American pacifist A. J. Muste, a Protestant minister, who died early in 1967, six months after laying the groundwork of the Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam. Muste—to cite only a few of his activities—was the leader of the textile workers' strike in Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1919, an official of the Brookwood Labor College in the nineteen-twenties, and a founder in the nineteen-thirties of the Trotskyites' American Workers Party. In the nineteen-forties, Muste was a pioneer in the agitation for nuclear disarmament and for repeal of the draft laws. In the nineteen-fifties, he played a crucial role in various civil-rights organizations,

ON QUAKING BOG

When the walkers-on-water went under,
the bog-walkers came out of the barberry
thickets, booted in gum to their hips,
in a corona of midges, their ears electric
with sound, beating the stale of the swamp
with their whips and flailing the ground
for the itch under the frond, the fern's
demonology, the mosquito's decibel.

Night-sweat clotted their palms. They tasted
their gall. The sumac flickered a swatch
of its leaves in the lichens and venoms,
a dazzle was seen in the fog
as a vegetal world gave way to a uterine;
pitch pulled at their heels and blackened
their knuckles, the bog-laurel's fan
opened its uttermost decimal and showed them the Bog.

Paradise, beyond purpose or menace, dewed
like the flesh of an apple with the damp
of creation, the disk of the pond glowed
under the dragonfly's bosses, where a faulting
of glaciers had left it—vaults of bog-rosemary,
buckbean, and Labrador tea, a dapple
of leavening mosses soaking in ice-water, peat-wicks
feeding their gas to the cranberry braziers.

They entered the bonfire together. The moss
took their weight like a trampoline;
they walked on the sponge and bitumen without
leaving a footprint. In between,
in the vats of mat-roses where the waterline
closed like a skin, the ambiguous
world of imbalance—non-being, the prehuman
and tentative—was one with the ludicrous.

The quaking began—under their boot soles
at first, like a whale under ambergris,
then cramming their wrists with a drummer's
vibrations, knocking their ribs and their knees
as all sagged and rebounded. They lurched on the wet
as though tracing a profile of breakers,
or displacing the cords and the voids of a net,
and staggered back into their childhoods

till their feet touched the granite again.
The Bog tossed them over the threshold
that opened a path in the spruce toward the opposite
edges. The leaves closed behind them. They walked
an unyielding and tangible world like strangers, remembering
only the hovering glare where the pitcher-plant's
hammer closed on the fly—the light shaking and shaking—
as a pulse touched their feet from below, and passed over.

—BEN BELITT

particularly in the direction of CORE, and had a large influence in the formation of Martin Luther King's and Bayard Rustin's philosophies of non-violence. Throughout these decades, Muste was also an active leader in the Fellowship of Reconciliation, an international pacifist organization founded during the First World War. Although he went through a two-year Marxist

period in the nineteen-thirties with the American Workers Party, he came to believe, in the last two decades of his life, that in a nuclear age it was the peace movement, not the working class or any political grouping, that would be the most important force in reforming society. But Muste argued that pacifism could only attract a sizable number of converts if a commit-

ted minority called dramatic attention to its principles. It was his contention that the peace movement could only affect the uncommitted by "mobilizing" people, by getting them out into the street to confront authority, and that only men "acting with their bodies" in non-violent demonstrations could create enough radical change in individuals' consciences to bring about a just and warless society. Muste's politics of the street, which blended the techniques of labor protest with the principles of non-violence advocated by Tolstoy and Gandhi, had already been widely and effectively used in the civil-rights movement when the United States became heavily involved in the Vietnam war in 1965, and hundreds of Americans turned to Muste for leadership. It was a motley group that sought him out, for throughout his career Muste had been stern in his assertion that peace groups must remain non-exclusive, that any man who wished to work for peace—be he a conservative Episcopal minister, a Communist,

or a student activist—must be admitted into the peace movement as long as he was willing to abide by the rules of non-violence. "If what we believe is not strong enough to absorb all these people," Muste said, "then it is not entirely real."

The first Mobilization meeting, which Muste presided over in Cleveland in July, 1966, was attended by Quakers and Trotskyites, liberal academics and campus rebels, morally-outraged Methodist ministers, and glandular leftists rooting for the Vietcong. Cleveland had been chosen as a meeting place because some of the nation's first anti-Vietnam teach-ins had been held there, at Case Western Reserve University, in the spring of 1965, and also because two prominent members of the University's teach-in committee—Sidney Peck, of the Sociology Department, and Benjamin Spock, of the Medical School—were eager to have it meet there. The peace movement was badly split at that time over the problems of whether to include the far left in its activities and whether to demand immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. Indeed, these two issues di-

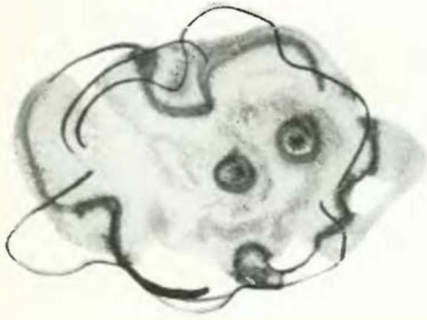


"Try to get some sleep, dear. I'm sure the pool isn't cracking."

vided and almost destroyed SANE in 1966. Under Muste's guidance, the first Mobilization convention dealt forthrightly with both problems, affirming his principle of non-exclusion and setting forth more strongly than ever the thesis that Vietnam was not an accident or a miscalculation but a symptom of a deep sickness in American foreign policy.

Muste died, at the age of eighty-two, in February of 1967, after returning from a trip to Hanoi. He had gone there with David Dellinger, leading a delegation of pacifists. And after Muste's death it was Dellinger who became the moving spirit of the Mobilization, and a chief tactician for the increasingly turbulent peace demonstrations of the next two years: the New York rally of April, 1967, the March on the Pentagon in the following fall, and the demonstrations at the Chicago Convention in the summer of 1968. The violence that occurred in Chicago alienated a great many Americans from peace demonstrations, and, largely because of this new national mood, Sidney Peck in-

vited a number of people who had been associated with the Mobilization to meet in Cleveland in July, 1969, to discuss which way the peace movement should go next. It was decided that all future protests were to be both legal and non-violent in nature, and great emphasis was placed on drawing new support from four groups in which anti-war sentiment had been growing: the labor movement, the armed forces, high-school students, and the religious community. The New Mobe of 1969 was an infinitely broader and less radical coalition than the first Mobe of 1966 had been. There was still a motley variety of Old and New Leftists on the New Mobe's national steering committee, notably half a dozen Trotskyites, who got on it by packing the convention with their followers. But it also incorporated a wide variety of middle-of-the-road religious, pacifist, political, and labor groups, including the National Council of Churches, the United Methodist Church, the New Democratic Coalition, and District 65 of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Workers' Union. The



*"Before you start knocking the Administration, don't forget
who cut the funds for medical research."*

only significant New Left groups not included were those which refused to pledge themselves to legal and non-violent tactics, such as the Yippies and the Weatherman faction of S.D.S. (which had announced that its slogan was not "End the War" anymore but "Bring the War Home"). One member of the New Mobe's steering committee, Irwin Bock, who posed as a representative of the Veterans for Peace group, later surfaced at the Chicago conspiracy trial as an undercover policeman, which prompted Sidney Lens to say, "We're a *really* broad coalition. We range from the Trots to the Chicago police."

The New Mobe met in Cleveland just four days after the Vietnam Moratorium Committee made the first public announcement of its existence. Right from the start, there was at least one link between the two groups in the person of David Hawk, a coordinator of the Moratorium, who attended the New Mobe convention, received its enthusiastic backing of the Moratorium, and was elected to the New Mobe's steering committee. But in the months that followed the relationship between the two organizations, whose headquarters were only a floor apart at 1029 Vermont Avenue, were often strained. The powerful and distinguished company of Americans who had expressed their support of the Moratorium by the end of September—including John Kenneth Galbraith, Richard Goodwin, Walter Reuther, Republican Party Chairman Representative Rogers Morton, and Democratic Party Chairman Senator Fred Harris, along with some forty other members of Congress—made it difficult for the Moratorium to be officially affiliated with a group that contained a sizable sprinkling of the Old and New Left and that denounced

the imperialist nature of American foreign policy in its entirety.

A typical example of the Moratorium backers' uneasiness about the New Mobe was a phone call made early in October by Adam Walinsky, a former Kennedy aide who was directing Moratorium activities in New York City, to Richard Fernandez, a member of the executive committee of the New Mobe. Walinsky suggested that if Arnold Johnson, the one Communist Party member on the New Mobe's steering committee, would "step down," the New Mobe would be "more acceptable" to the Moratorium. "Wisdom might indicate that to retain your following this might be necessary," Walinsky said. Fernandez reacted to this pressure against Johnson, a sixty-five-year-old graduate of the Union Theological Seminary who had been a close friend of Muste's, with a burst of quixotic humor. "My inclination," Fernandez said, "would be to add ten C.P.s to the steering committee, to provide a front for Arnold Johnson." According to Fernandez, Walinsky was not amused. Some leaders of the New Mobe have said they find it symptomatic that one member of the American Communist Party, a conservative and impotent organization of a few thousand members (a fifth of whom are estimated to be F.B.I. men), which preaches peaceful coexistence and whose radical potential is about that of the Salvation Army, still elicits panic from some of the highly educated men who have endorsed the Moratorium. The issue produced friction between the two groups. And many New Mobe people accused the Moratorium backers of encouraging Red-baiting by the right-wing press—which has often referred to the New Mobe as "Communist-led" and "Communist-inspired"—and of fur-

ther aggravating the Red-baiting tendencies of the Nixon Administration.

It could be argued that the Moratorium's original program of coordinating nationwide walkouts and shut-downs, augmented by a day a month until the war came to an end, was actually much more revolutionary than the New Mobe's plan to assemble half a million Americans in Washington for one peaceful afternoon. Like most under-thirty activists, the young men and women who devised the Moratorium's low-keyed style of selling peace tend to regard the warmed-up Marxist rhetoric of the Old Left not with fear but with a mixture of humor and disdain. The Moratorium leaders are convinced that strident demonstrations can only alienate the broad middle-class constituency from which they hope to win a symbolic vote for peace. Although the young Moratorium leaders come from vastly different backgrounds, they are all advocates of what they call the "politics of low visibility," which is the direct opposite of the high-visibility politics that A. J. Muste had hoped would change the consciences of men. Sam Brown, whose father runs a chain of shoe stores in the Midwest, who speaks constantly of the need to maintain close liaison with "the Hill," and who is said to have congressional ambitions himself, is extremely sensitive to what people will think back in his home town of Council Bluffs, Iowa. "The very people whom the movement is trying to bring in have become wary of demonstrations," he says. "We have to go back to a slow, tough building operation." David Mixner, the son of a warehouse worker, started organizing migratory farm workers at the age of fifteen, and specializes in getting labor backing for the Moratorium. "We are trying to create a non-partisan base in every congressional district," he says. "We're going to a broader coalition with new and different entry levels. For my father, who is a member of the Teamsters' Union, wearing a black armband to work on October 15th was a major event. He debated it for days. He's not ready to march in Washington." David Hawk, son of a Pennsylvania electronics salesman, was an all-American diver at Cornell and describes himself as having been brought up in a "Nixon-Billy Graham sort of home." The fourth coordinator of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee, Marge Sklencar, daughter of a Chicago research chemist, spent a year in a convent of Franciscan nuns before going to Mundelein College, in Chicago, where she was president both

of the student body and of the S.D.S. chapter. Like the others, she is convinced that the Moratorium's grass-roots tactics are "more difficult, radical, and effective" than any demonstration.

The atmosphere of the Moratorium offices is characterized by collegiate cheerfulness and miniskirted volunteers wearing shiny buttons that say "Mc-Government" and "You're a Good Man, Charlie Goodell." Larry Kudlow, one of the Moratorium's fifteen regional organizers, is typical of the young Moratorium activists searching for a new style in politics. Kudlow, who is twenty-five, worked for McCarthy in the early months of his campaign, became disillusioned, switched to the Kennedy campaign, and, after the assassination, "freaked out" and joined the S.D.S., because it seemed to be "the only ballgame in town." He dropped out of S.D.S. when the most violent splinter group in that organization—the Revolutionary Youth Movement I, or RYM I, now known as the Weatherman faction—took over the national S.D.S. office. Kudlow spent the summer of 1969 doing odd chores in Representative Allard Lowenstein's office, but became disillusioned there, too, and joined the Moratorium staff after a brief stint at the office of Senator Goodell. Despite the many disappointments he has suffered, Kudlow's criticism of the New Mobe is based on a kind of buoyant optimism that seems to be shared by many young activists who found state-primary politics surprisingly easy and enjoyable. "Demonstrations were a minority tactic that that were good for '66 and '67," Kudlow said recently. "We have a majority now, and have to do grass-roots organizing on that assumption. The days of symbolism are over." He is also wary of the broad coalition composing the New Mobe. "It includes too much of the Old Left to attract the middle ground," he explained. "I'm a history major, and I know how hopelessly conservative the American C.P. and Trotskyites are, but the American people and lots of congressmen are not ready to hear it. Our only hope is with a centrist movement, rather than with the New Mobe's popular front." As an example of how cautiously the Moratorium handles its constituents, Kudlow cited a controversial group in a conservative area of the country which, although it is most enthusiastic

about the Moratorium, has organized under the name Committee for the Celebration of Peace and Life, because the Moratorium is considered too controversial for that area. "In a few months, they'll surface as Moratorium," Kudlow said, with parental pride, "and then I'll send them pins and bumper stickers."

The atmosphere of the New Mobe headquarters, one floor above the Moratorium offices, had the helter-skelter austerity of an emergency-relief station. In this setting, Stewart Meacham, managing to look like an affable bank president, explained why he had taken to the politics of the street at the age of fifty-nine. "We at Mobe are more disillusioned with electoral politics than the Moratorium kids," he said. "We believe that we're in a deep Constitutional crisis, and we're wondering whether our system of government is elastic enough to allow the voice of the people to be effective. I campaigned for Eugene McCarthy and ended up voting for Dick Gregory. To carve out a distinction between Nixon and Humphrey was meaningless. Our Constitutional system not only failed us last year in Chicago—it also failed us when our courts refused to hear evidence on issues raised by young resisters claiming Nuremberg principles to not go to war and commit crimes against humanity in Vietnam. How do you deal with structures that violate the legal authority of our society? Street politics is the last Constitutional means we have left—our assertion of the rights of free speech

and assembly. I have been lecturing to businessmen's clubs all over the country recently, saying, 'The most conservative thing you can do is to engage in the politics of the street—it is the only way to conserve our Constitutional system.'" Meacham, who became a pacifist and a Quaker in 1950, holds firmly to the Muste principle of non-exclusion. "Non-exclusionism is not only morally right from the pacifist point of view, it also has pragmatic validity. I believe that the most dynamic periods of our country's history were the periods when all sections of the political spectrum were working together—the years when the C.I.O. was founded, the first two decades of our century when the greatest humanitarian advances were gained by the workers, the years when Eugene Debs got six percent of the Presidential vote and there were seventy-nine Socialist mayors in our country, the early years of the New Deal when a very wide variety of political ideologies were represented in Roosevelt's Cabinet. Once you start excluding, you have to start setting standards for purity, and you end up in an emasculated left or centrist segment." Meacham gave a sly smile and added, "The only trouble I have with the Trotskyites and the Communist member of our coalition is that they advocate more strongly than any other groups that demonstrations be kept not only non-violent but legal. That gives me trouble because we Quakers do not link non-violence with legality. On the contrary, we believe



that we often have to make our moral points by going to jail. Non-violence needs civil disobedience, and any Communist or Trots sees red at the mention of civil disobedience. They don't want to alienate the middle and lower classes. In terms of public image, it's often easier to accommodate to the Trots than to the Quakers."

IN the first weeks of October, while the Moratorium was still hedging on its endorsement of the New Mobe, some New Mobe leaders were practicing their own brand of exclusionism toward the Moratorium. For several of the New Mobe leaders exhibited a holier-than-thou attitude about having come out against the war in 1965, which was as divisive as the Moratorium's prudent centrism. The congressmen and academics who turned out in large numbers to back the Moratorium in the second week of October were referred to by some New Mobe leaders as "Johnny-come-latelies hitching on to the peace bandwagon" and "Kennedy liberals responsible for the Vietnam war." "Forty-five thousand dead later they come out against the war," some New Mobe people muttered. And many of them were worried that the Moratorium's pending endorsement of the November demonstrations would sully the radical purity of their own program. "I'd feel bad if Walter Reuther spoke at our November rally, even if he asked for immediate withdrawal," Dellinger said at one of the New Mohe's executive-committee meetings. "Some people come in so soiled and opportunistic they have no right to be with us. If we fly with Reuther, it's like supporting Humphrey—we'll convince students that we are bourgeois and coöpted, and they will increasingly go toward the Weathermen."

"The New Mobe thinks that the congressmen and other leaders who have recently come out against the war are traitors because they have not opposed it since 1965," Sam Brown remarked that same week, "whereas we at Moratorium are looking for just that kind of congressmen." Throughout the country, there were Moratorium organizers who feared that the New Mobe's uncompromising rhetoric and the possibility of violence at the November rally would undo all the Moratorium's cautious grass-roots work. "We are trying to reach out to little people in the little towns of Iowa," one New England Moratorium organizer said. "We believe in soft, persuasive rhetoric for the heartland of

America. Moratorium kids don't want to be responsible for November. They're scared. Every peace freak in America is going to be there. Dellinger, and even Coretta King, are going to put people off. I know the New Mobe people are pure, hut purity can mean bringing the whole thing down on your head."

A New Mobe organizer holding the opposite point of view replied, "If the Moratorium can't adjust itself to people who were against the war in 1965, and has to adjust itself to those late-comers who are making political hay out of the peace issue in 1969, then the Moratorium is not morally supportable."

IT has been said that the New Mobe leaders have the arrogance of prophets and the Moratorium leaders have the cautiousness of politicians. It took a housewife and a clergyman—both members of the New Mohe—to fuse the two organizations into a united front. The first was Cora Weiss, a thirty-six-year-old mother of three, a woman of remarkable energy and uncompromising candor. The second was Richard Fernandez, thirty-five and also the parent of three, a short, powerful man who attributes his own remarkable energy to a passion for basketball. (Wherever he travels, Fernandez packs an uninflated basketball in his suitcase and plays on the nearest court he can find.) Mrs. Weiss, whose visceral views on peace transcend all political ideology, was less adamant than most of her colleagues in the New Mobe about preserving radical purity, and was more sympathetic toward the Moratorium's problems. As for Fernandez, he insists, as did A. J. Muste, that "a radical change in society will not come from the political system hut from a change in the moral consciousness of men." And, like Muste, Fernandez has the ability to push a program through against embattled opposition while retaining the affection of all his opponents. For five weeks before the Moratorium endorsed the New Mobe, Cora Weiss and Richard Fernandez worked unceasingly at healing divisions between the two groups, by stressing to other New Mobe leaders the absolute folly of not coöperating with the Moratorium, and by con-

vincing the Moratorium that the November rally would be legal, respectable, and non-violent. "We've got to discuss this a bit more among ourselves," Sam Brown, the most political and cautious of the four Moratorium leaders, would say when Mrs. Weiss phoned with her daily plea for endorsement. "Hurry up, cookie," she would answer. "The nation is ahead of you." ("They're just the victims of liberal Red-baiting," she would explain. "Congressmen should know that it's not chic to Red-bait anymore.") Actually, Brown and his colleagues had been planning all along to make an alliance with the New Mobe, but they wanted to make sure it was done without antagonizing their supporters. The success of the October Moratorium may have made the endorsement easier.

The two camps finally came together on the evening of October 20th—the night before the press conferences—and the meeting went much more smoothly than either side expected. The Moratorium agreed easily to the New Mobe's two basic principles: there was to be a demand for immediate withdrawal, and the peace coalition was to be kept non-exclusive. The New Mobe invited the four Moratorium coördinators to be on its executive committee, and offered them ten seats on its national steering committee. The Moratorium asked that two senators, one from each party, be invited to speak at the November 15th rally in order to make it a bipartisan program. There was some tension when the Reverend Joseph Duffey, chairman of the A.D.A. and one of the Moratorium's "adult advisers," objected to the rhetoric of the anti-imperialist position paper put forward by the New Mohe. "We can't support *this* awful stuff," Duffey said. "It's just a lot of radical noise. Who wrote it?" "I wrote it," Sidney Lens roared, "and I think *your* stuff is awful. We show it to our kids and they vomit." But the alliance had been formed by the time the meeting broke up at 1 A.M.

The agreement still had to be ratified by the New Mohe's national steering committee, and its next meeting—the first to include the Moratorium—was held in Chicago on November 2nd, two weeks before the rally. This meeting can only be described as a valiant exercise in participatory anarchy. What else could be expected from a caucus attended by representatives of the Unitarian Universalist Association, the Liberation News Service, the RYM 11 faction of S.D.S., District 65 of the





"Holy cow! That guy owns everything out here!"

Department Store Workers' Union, and sixty other groups, each claiming a constituency of thousands and wanting to speak his piece? The mayhem was aggravated by the sectarian quibbling of the Old Left and the totalitarian self-righteousness of the New Left campus radicals. Little progress would have been made without Fernandez, who, as chairman, handled the tempestuous crowd with the authority and skill of a lion tamer. ("Sit down and shut up, RYM II. We're going to listen to the sister from the Ohio Peace Council.") The first order of business was to win approval of the new alliance with the Moratorium from the clamoring group, half of whom were muttering about being "coöpted by the liberals." Sidney Lens, who was chosen for the task because of the respect he commanded with wide sections of the left, said, "We woke up on October 16th lyrically elated, with a historically new situation. No anti-war action in history has had the impact that Moratorium has had." But his motion to seat the four Moratorium coördinators on the New Mobe's executive committee was followed by pandemonium. Phil Hutchins, a former leader of the Student National Coordinating Committee, accused the New Mobe chairmen of having made a deal with right-wing liberals. The editor of the radical weekly *Guardian* spoke angrily of "bourgeois

coöptation." "You're ending up with the left wing of the Democratic party!" a campus activist shouted. At that point, the women's-liberation groups and several of the New Mobe's co-chairmen threatened to resign if the Moratorium was not immediately seated. Dellinger offered a motion that four "more radical" members of the coalition be picked for the executive committee to "balance out" the Moratorium four. The Moratorium, which was represented at the meeting by Marge Sklencar and David Hawk—Brown and Mixner having shied away—threatened to walk out if Dellinger's motion was passed. "We're playing games trying to be ideologically pure while people are dying!" shouted Terrence Hallinan, a young San Francisco lawyer who was co-chairman of the New Mobe for the West Coast. "Our task is not to go to meetings we dig but to get peace, and for that we've got to unite with the Moratorium!" There were cries of "Right on!" from some members of the caucus, boos and hisses from others. "The last thing we want is a walkout by the Moratorium," warned the Trotskyite leader Fred Halstead, who had been a chief marshal for many of the peaceful protest marches of past years and was again chief marshal of the November 15th rally. "The real problem we want to concentrate on is how to avoid any

civil disobedience, any politics of confrontation." Finally, after three hours of debate, the alliance with the Moratorium was approved by a small margin.

The next order of business was to persuade the national committee to accept the speakers' list that had been drawn up for the November 15th rally. The most prominent names on it were Senator McGovern, Senator Goodell, Coretta King, George Wald, David Dellinger, Teamsters' International Vice-President Harold Gibbons, and former Under-Secretary of Commerce Howard Samuels.

"You've become the imperialist, elitist Mobe!" a RYM II girl shouted from the back of the hall after Cora Weiss had finished reading the list. "Those congressmen and businessmen are war criminals!"

"Right on, sister!" some campus radicals yelled.

"I want none of that!" Cora Weiss bellowed in the voice of an angry schoolmarm. "Keep quiet or get out of here!"

"Those who want a RYM II show are the worst exclusionists of all!" Lens cried out. "If I'm not going to be coöpted by McGovern, I'm not going to be coöpted by the S.D.S., either!"

But there were still dozens of complaints to be heard—protests that there were no Puerto Rican or Asian-Amer-

ican speakers on the list, demands that "multi-issues of imperialism" be proclaimed from the platform by Trotskyite anti-war G.I.s, accusations that the platform was "male chauvinistic" because only four out of the twelve speakers were women. Before the vote was taken, a last, passionate plea that the list of speakers be accepted without modifications was made by a benign, grandfatherly man with pink cheeks and a tuft of silvery hair, who was generally considered the most conservative member of the New Mobe coalition. "You guys get moving instead of bickering!" he pleaded. "How can November 15th surpass October 15th? What a tremendous task! Senator Goodell had a hundred thousand in Boston! Our job is to create a massive political movement and force our government out of war!" This was Arnold Johnson, the gentleman from the Communist Party.

Toward the end of the meeting, which lasted ten hours, Abbie Hoffman, the Yippie leader, came to the front of the room to speak. A man with a disproportionately long torso, short bowed legs, and a wild head of coarse black hair tied at the nape, which looked

like a periwig worn askew, Hoffman had jotted down some notes with a ballpoint pen, in minuscule script, on the very small, pudgy palm of his left hand. Referring to these notes, he asked the New Mobe to endorse an action he was planning in support of the Chicago conspiracy-trial defendants at "the Department of Injustice" on the evening of the November 15th rally.

There was a groan of displeasure from all over the hall, and Arnold Johnson said over and over, "Oh, no, no, no, no."

Hoffman leered and said, "Well, it's going to happen whether Mobe and Agnew endorse it or not."

Harry Ring, the aging gray eminence of the Socialist Workers' Party, rose to say, "This is just what we don't want. The government is looking for every reason it can find to propagandize this as a violent demonstration. It is the most effective weapon the ruling class has."

A motion to the effect that there would be no announcement from the platform at the November 15th rally of any event not endorsed by the New Mobe was carried by a bizarre alli-

ance for law and order that included the Socialists, the Trotskyites, Arnold Johnson, various middle-of-the-road groups such as SANE and the National Council of Churches, and the new right wing of the New Mobe—the clean-for-Gene Moratorium kids who shared with the Old Left a horror of confrontation politics. Abbie Hoffman was to stage his demonstration at the Justice Department without the New Mobe's official endorsement, thus providing just about the only evidence Attorney General Mitchell was able to cite when he claimed that the November 15th rally could not be "characterized as peaceful."

DURING the days that preceded the Washington demonstrations, the Justice Department refused to approve a permit for a march down Pennsylvania Avenue, predicting violence on November 15th, and made vigorous attempts to divide the alliance that had been worked out between the Moratorium and the New Mobe. The New Mobe alone was in charge of negotiating for the march permit. Yet right in the middle of the negotiations John W. Dean III, a Justice Department official who was referred to by demonstration leaders as "a very pleasant Humphrey-Lindsay type of liberal" but was obviously following orders from less friendly superiors, invited Sam Brown and David Hawk to the Department to discuss the route of the march. The New Mobe's negotiating team—composed of Richard Fernandez, Stewart Meacham, and Ron Young—had an appointment at the Justice Department just afterward and arrived a little early. When Dean heard that the New Mobe delegation was outside, he asked the Moratorium leaders if they wouldn't prefer to go out his side door, so that they wouldn't be seen. But the Moratorium people chose to go out by the front door, pausing to shake hands with the New Mobe leaders, and later that afternoon Brown and Fernandez agreed that the Moratorium leaders should not accept any further invitations to the Justice Department. Four days later, Brown and Hawk were again invited to go there and discuss the permit issue, this time with Deputy Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst. They declined.

The Monday morning before the November 15th rally, the New Mobe's negotiating team had its only face-to-face meeting with Kleindienst. The march permit still had not been granted and time was running out for both sides; according to Fernandez, Klein-



"You know, you're the only person I know who laughs with the corners of his mouth down."



Estée is the
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could have created it.

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dienst's language was rough as he made his last attempt to have the New Mobe accept Constitution Avenue instead of Pennsylvania. "I don't want to have to shoot any demonstrators on the White House lawn," Kleindienst told Fernandez. "I'll have to line both sides of Pennsylvania Avenue with American soldiers shoulder to shoulder." But that afternoon the District's Mayor, Walter Washington, intervened directly with President Nixon, and the following day a march permit for Pennsylvania Avenue was granted. Fernandez' explanation of the Justice Department's tactics is that "Kleindienst tried to gain a personal victory by scaring us before being overruled by his bosses. But we're not the kind who scare quickly."

Preparations went smoothly after that, although one potentially divisive issue had to be resolved at the last minute. Late in October, Senator McCarthy had been invited to speak at the New Mobe's California rally and declined. However, he had let it be known, partly through remarks he made to people in the peace movement, that he was intending to speak at the Washington rally. Since Senators Goodell and McGovern had been approved as speakers by the New Mobe's national steering committee only after turbulent debate, adding a third senator to the afternoon program was clearly out of the question. But it was evident that a special spot had to be devised for McCarthy in some other part of the program. The final decision was to schedule him for nine-thirty in the morning, at the very beginning of the march. He would be getting, as some New Mobe leaders put it acidly, "prime visibility time." Richard Fernandez and Stewart Meacham went to see McCarthy on Thursday to offer him the nine-thirty spot, and after reading them some of his new poetry McCarthy readily agreed to speak at nine-thirty on the Mall below the Capitol, where the march was to begin.

A crowd of some twenty-five thousand had gathered when McCarthy arrived, hatless and with his coat open in the sun-drenched but freezing morning. The demonstrators' placards, bobbing against the sky like sails on a blue bay, were exceedingly cheerful. "Free Kim Agnew," "Young Hegelian Society for Peace," "Snobs for Peace," "Jesus Christ Did Not Carry a Draft Card," "Support Your Local Planet." In the pleasant, flat voice that always sounds as if he were about to come down with a cold, McCarthy spoke of "the cases in which political leaders,

out of misjudgment or ambition, in ancient times and in modern times, basing their action on the loyalty of their people, have done great harm to their own countries and to the world." At the end, he quoted some Gide. "Last year, it was Péguy," a girl in the crowd said. "Next year, St. John Perse." After the applause, the crowd began to chant "Peace now! Peace now!"—at first slowly, but accelerating in tempo and volume like a football cheer. McCarthy gave his cold, wide smile, and the largest peace march in the history of the nation began.

Later that afternoon, the colorful carpet of humanity that stretched up the gentle greensward of the Mall would grow to at least half a million. Some of the New Mobe leaders said they regretted that Muste had not lived to see all this humanity asking for peace together; it was the apotheosis of everything he had preached for sixty years. And many of the demonstrators regretted the passing of an era—a decade of marching had come to an end. Given the way the nation's present leaders were polarizing Americans' emotions, some found it doubtful whether such huge and visible expressions of conscience could remain peaceful in the future.

THE Moratorium activities across the nation in December were extremely quiet compared to the October turnouts. As it enters the sixth month of its existence, the Moratorium is carefully evaluating its original tactics. For the time being, the original plan calling for nationwide shutdowns to be expanded by one day each month has been abandoned. In January, February, and March, one "peace day" a month is to be dedicated to grass-roots educational campaigns, stressing the impact of the war on taxes and inflation, and the dangers of a possible recession. "If we can demonstrate to Americans that nineteen cents out of their every tax dollar goes into the Vietnam war and fifty-four cents of it into military expenditure, we can have a real taxpayers' revolt," David Hawk has predicted. A good deal of effort will also be concentrated on getting peace candidates elected in the 1970 congressional elections.

The Moratorium coordinators have various explanations as to why they have been unable to carry out their original, more radical program. "We peaked too early," Sam Brown says. "October was too big for our own good, because the nation had not had

a chance to demonstrate its anti-war sentiment for a whole year. It would have been healthier and simpler for us to start slowly and grow month by month." Marge Sklencar believes that the Moratorium overestimated the country's activist potential. "We were using our own five-year committedness as a standard for the nation, and too many people are still indifferent," she says. "The obstacle to getting peace is not the silent majority but the indifferent majority." David Hawk stresses the placating effects of Nixon's November 3rd speech. "Nixon's speech was a moral disaster, but it was very brilliant, and it will make us lie low for a few months," Hawk says. "However, in the long run it will help us, because the peace movement had not taken Nixon's politics serious until November 3rd. Now we know that his true intention is to continue a pro-Western state in Vietnam, and we can fight back more accurately." The Moratorium leaders estimate that it will take the nation three or four months to realize that Nixon's November 3rd speech was "a public-relations coverup for a continued war." On the basis of this prediction, the Moratorium plans to hold its next round of substantial, high-visibility activities on April 15th, with demonstrations at Internal Revenue Service centers in dozens of cities throughout the nation. In April, it will also support three-day fasts on university campuses, and thousands of non-students are expected to join. "The self-denial involved in fasting will stress the immorality of the war," David Hawk says. "And the immorality of this war is one thing that cannot be co-opted."

The New Mobe has also selected April as the time for new demonstrations across the country. Whatever their ideological differences may be, the Moratorium and the New Mobe agree that the peace movement in 1970 will tend strongly toward local actions rather than huge rallies in Washington, Los Angeles, or New York. "The new phenomenon of the movement is decentralized demonstration," says Ron Young, of the New Mobe, "and that's an evidence of the enormous growth of anti-war sentiment. A year or two ago, you could never have pulled anything off outside of the major cities." And Sam Brown adds, "Thirty people meeting in a church basement in Peoria to protest the war for the first time may be infinitely more important than thirty thousand people converging on Washington."

—FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY



Here Lies

"LOVE IS A TIME OF DAY"

by

John Patrick

December 22, 1969

December 27, 1969

One of the worst plays

of this or any season.

Its subject was sex among the young,
and as to this its middle-aged author

plainly

hadn't a clue.

R.I.P.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Speak It Again, Sam

THE score for "Sambo," at the Public, is rich and varied and tuneful and prodigal; there are twenty-four numbers listed, and many little songs within each one of them. The composers are Ron Steward and Neal Tate. The young company that sings and dances is, for the most part, enthusiastic and attractive, and includes that merry little beauty Hattie Winston, formerly of the Negro Ensemble Company, and Henry Baker, a large and imposing man whom you may remember as the ballet-struck chef in "No Place to Be Somebody." Mr. Steward, who also wrote the lyrics, appears in the title role. He is an intense, mercurial fellow with a pleasant voice. The words are another matter. "Sambo" is billed as "A Black Opera with White Spots," and folded into the program is a synopsis of a story. This story, which is extremely complex, and the ideas that go with it are available only from the synopsis. They are not available from the stage, partly because the acting is weak and partly because the words are so badly pronounced—especially by Mr. Steward himself but also by many of his colleagues—that it is im-

possible to understand them. It is only by reading that we find out even that Mr. Steward, a black man, is meant to represent Black Man, and that the script tells of his efforts to be himself on his own terms in America today.

Considered just as a series of numbers, the evening is entertaining. I particularly liked a soft and dreamy ballad called "Pretty Flower," a song that starts "All Sally wants is love, love, love," and a lot of jazz and rock songs. Along with Miss Winston (who pronounces her words clearly) and Mr. Baker, I admired Janice Lynne Montgomery and Kenneth Carr, a pair of bright white spots, and a pretty girl named Gerri Dean, as just the right kind of steadfast, loving ingénue (for all the good it does her, what with Sambo's unresolved identity crisis). Ming Cho Lee's setting—a collage of Americana, with suspended dummies of a hanged man and a naked blonde, a couple of war posters, and lighted beer signs blinking on and off—is a bit too conventional for my taste, though no doubt appropriate to the text. The direction is by Gerald Freedman, and the choreography is by Tommy Jonsen; one or the other of them must be congratulated for an ingenious wedding scene in which streamers from the bridal veil become the streamers in a kind of maypole dance, with Mr. Steward as the entrapped maypole.

—EDITH OLIVER

Anson Parris, a successful young publisher, has just brought off the major coup of his career. Already unsettled, already coming unstuck from the ordered world of an outwardly happy marriage, he finds the celebration of his success plunging him into a world that first repels him, then irresistibly attracts him, forcing him to recognize shattering truths about himself.

His ordeal of pleasure—as he tests himself in bouts of liberated sexuality, in orgies, in a terrifying homosexual experience, in the use of hallucinogenic drugs—and his regeneration form the spine of Edmund Schiddel's vivid and daring novel.—*Simon & Schuster adv. in the Times.*

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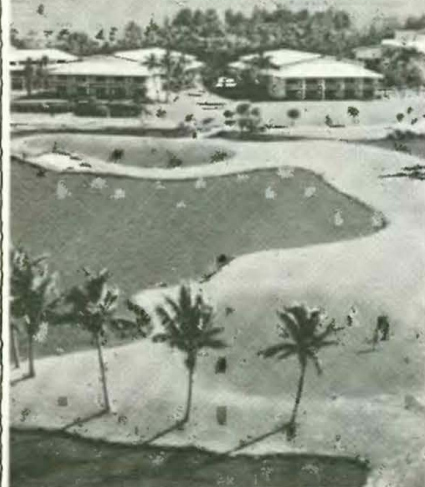
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MUSICAL EVENTS

To the Rescue

IF courage is to be attributed to any contemporary composer, Gian Carlo Menotti is one who deserves the attribution. He has consistently set himself against the stream of musical fashion. The composers' Mafia, with its dedication to atonality and the production of new noises, holds no terrors for him. He writes his music in the traditional language that served Mozart, Verdi, and Puccini. He considers it an honor to be compared with the last, even if the comparison is derogatory to himself. While nearly everybody else has taken an anti-audience position, Menotti continues to write music for the purpose of giving his audiences pleasure. He is even not afraid to be charming—a cardinal sin by current standards.

And audiences have shown a tendency to go back to his music again and again, just because they like it. He is probably the most popular "serious" composer at work today. Like most great composers of the past, he makes money from his compositions. Critics may fulminate against him and composers may denounce him, but, more than any other contemporary figure, Menotti seems to fit the image of a composer of the golden age. Not that he is really a "great" composer, in the sense that the word is applied to Bach and Beethoven. His talents are modest. But they are genuine. Only two or three other composers nowadays know how to write for the voice as well as Menotti does. (One calls to mind Benjamin Britten and Samuel Barber.) Nobody else living knows how to write an opera with such skill—that is to say, nobody else has such a keen theatrical instinct for the sort of libretto that is suitable to the operatic form, or for dealing with the problem of where and how to organize arias and ensembles for the greatest effect. It is just possible that Menotti is one of the few composers of the twentieth century who are going to be remembered in the twenty-first.

Is there a moral here? Can it possibly be that the fads of the past fifty years are all sterile intellectual experiments, and that the real basis of music is the diatonic scale and those old do-

mi-sol chords? Is it conceivable that music does not progress like a science, and that people a hundred years hence will be singing (with some small modifications) the same old kind of tune they sang a hundred years ago? Only time will tell. But there is one straw in the wind that indicates a positive answer.

The fact is that twentieth-century audiences do not like what so widely purports to be twentieth-century serious music. And if this twentieth-century music is not getting across to them, it seems to me that there is not much chance of its getting across to their great-grandchildren.

Last Monday night, Menotti's latest opera, "Help, Help, the Globolinks!" had its New York première at the City Center of Music and Drama. It turned out to be a satirical fantasy about several things—the flying-saucer cult, electronic music, and the power of music to scare the savage breast. Its plot involves the arrival on earth of an interplanetary horde called the Globolinks, their attacks on a group of elementary students in a small-town school, and their utter rout by a courageous and somewhat stogy lady who teaches music. The Globolinks have one peculiarity. They cannot stand the sound of classical music. Their own music is electronic, and it accompanies them wherever they go. Only traditional music will stop them in their tracks. And so, after a number of episodes (in one of which the dean of the school is struck dumb by them), a call to action by the music teacher, who mobilizes a small army of other teachers armed with musical instruments, finally puts them to flight. The idea is a bit cute, but it enables Menotti to show about as much virtuosity with electronic music as he shows with the conventional type. The staging has all the features of a mixed-media entertainment, with a light show added to voices and conventional scenery—and it is lots of fun.

A good deal of this fun arises from the Globolinks' costumes, designed by Alwin Nikolais—tights and puppet strings for the females and, for the

males, rubber outfits that look something like accordions pleated horizontally, which make the actors look like men in top hats imprisoned in rubber casing. The choreography for the Globolinks, who move but do not sing, is also by Mr. Nikolais, and it is quite effective. The lighting is by Hans Sondheimer, who did the memorable prologue to the New York City Opera's "Mefistofele," and it is even more imaginative than that effort. The scenery—a school interior, a forest background, and a multitude of scrims on which light is focussed—is the work of Ming Cho Lee. And the direction, of course, is by Menotti himself. Among the singers who stand out are Raymond Gibbs, the driver of the school bus; Judith Blegen, who plays a heroic schoolgirl; Gene Boucher, as Dr. Stone, the school's dean; and Ellen Faull, as Mme. Euterpova, the music teacher. Miss Blegen appears both as a singer and as a violinist, scaring the Globolinks to death with her violin playing until one of them breaks her violin to pieces while she is asleep—an event that thickens the climax of the battle. Altogether, "Help, Help, the Globolinks!" which is described by Menotti as an opera for children, is just the thing to take them to, as well as to attend for your own pleasure. It is not a great opera, but it is an amusing show.

It is preceded on the program by "Amahl and the Night Visitors," an item that the unsentimental cannot stand but one that is so popular among the sentimental that it has taken the place at Christmas once occupied by Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." The performance was excellent, with Robert Puleo as Amahl, Joy Davidson as his mother, and Nico Castel, Leslie Guinn, and Edward Pierson as the three kings. Both productions were ably conducted by Charles Wilson.

—WINTHROP SARCEANT

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LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

THE Manned Spacecraft Center, in Houston, was a good deal quieter after the recent Apollo 12 flight than after Apollo 11 last July. There were fewer reporters, so the museum in Building No. 1, the Public Affairs Building, didn't have to be moved into tents outdoors to make room for television equipment, as it had to be in July. There were also fewer tourists, and some of them had the leisure to look at an art exhibition, "The NASA Collection," which hangs in a mezzanine overlooking the museum's display of rockets and spacecraft. "A number of contemporary American artists have been asked by NASA to record the peaceful exploration of space," a sign describing the art show said. "Unlike the explorers of the 17th century, the magazine editors of the Civil War, and the official historians of both world wars, NASA has the significant advantage of being able to pinpoint when and where history will be made." The NASA view of history included a watercolor of a launching pad with an orange tower under a blue sky; an oil painting of a missile rising into the air, gushing orange flames, while a group of soldiers watch in awe; and an oil of some astronauts stepping out of a helicopter onto a red mat spread on the deck of an aircraft carrier.

The flight of Apollo 12 went well from lift-off to splashdown. The people who work at the Space Center were more relaxed than before, too. After the flight, I ran into David Reed, the Flight Dynamics Officer, who was in charge of the trajectory of the lunar module during its landing on the moon. "Well, we did it!" Reed said cheerfully. "We said we'd do it, and we really did!" What he had done was to set the LM down within six hundred feet of Surveyor III, the unmanned spacecraft that landed on the Oceanus Procellarum almost three years ago. In fact, Reed and the other flight engineers had been too accurate in plotting their trajectory, for Commander (now Captain) Charles Conrad, Jr., who was at the controls, had to change the LM's landing point at the last minute. "He was afraid he'd land right on top of the Surveyor if he kept on going according to plan, and later, when we fed the data from the LM into a computer, we found that if he'd gone on in the way he was, he *would* have hit it," Reed told me.

As for the geologists, Dr. William Greenwood, a wiry young man from Idaho who was in charge of opening one of the two boxes of rocks the astronauts brought back, said, "Last time, there was a real *animal* excitement about opening the boxes. This time, the excitement was more scientific, because we had a pretty good notion of what to expect, and some of us had ideas we wanted to test out."

Dr. Daniel H. Anderson, the curator of the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, who was in charge of opening the other rock box, said, "There haven't been as many newsmen around, which means there is less pressure on us, and that is kind of nice. We can be excited without being tense. Maybe we can get some work done." There was so little tension, in fact, that when Dr. Anderson and a technician got to work on their rock box they spent the afternoon washing the box and unlatching its straps, and went out to dinner before bothering to look inside. After dinner, the technician threw back the lid, and Dr. Anderson saw a shiny aluminum core tube and two milky-white Teflon bags. "I could see a small tear in one of the bags, so I asked the technician to rip it open," Dr. Anderson told me later. "I could immediately see two very large rocks. I wanted to get one of them for the radioactive counting laboratory right away—before its isotopes decayed further—but as we pulled it out of the bag it got bigger and bigger, like an iceberg. It was much too big for the vacuum can that the radioactive laboratory had designed to hold any rocks to be examined. We pulled out two more rocks, and *they* were both too big. The fourth rock—from the smaller bag—was a beautiful rock, just the right size, and under the dust on it I could see crystals sparkling." The larger of the two Teflon bags contained the three large gray rocks the size of cobbles and several kilograms of fine particles, which were a dusty charcoal gray. The second bag contained seventeen rocks, all smaller than those in the first batch. One of the rocks from the second bag was coated with a substance like glass. Commander Conrad had described by radio, when he was on the moon, a good-sized glass sphere, like a big marble. "Every time I see Captain Conrad he says, 'Have you found my glass marble yet?' So far, it hasn't turned up," Dr. Anderson said.



Outside the Receiving Laboratory, two flags drooped from a pole: a yellow quarantine flag and, above it, a red-white-and-blue banner—an international biohazard flag. Even though no germs were found in the samples brought back by the Apollo 11 crew last July, the quarantine precautions will probably continue through the return of the Apollo 13 crew, next March. The morning I arrived at the Space Center, I spotted a headline in the *Houston Post* which read, "GLOVE TEAR AT MOON DUST LAB PUTS 11 MEN IN QUARANTINE." Three of the eleven were men I had come to see—Dr. Clifford Frondel, the senior member of the Preliminary Examination Team, or PET, and Dr. Robin Brett and Dr. Edward Chao, two other members of the team. I telephoned Dr. Brett, in the quarantine quarters, to ask him what had happened. He said that he and nine other men had been standing in a laboratory where an assistant was working with a pair of rubber gloves set into a glass cabinet that had contained moon dust. The assistant, noticing what looked like a hole in one of the gloves, turned both of them inside out and tied off the damaged glove, thus squirting air from inside the cabinet out into the room. The most exasperating part of it, Dr. Brett said, was that there was reason to believe that the glove hadn't been penetrated all the way through until the technician had pulled it out. Dr. Brett was gloomy. "It's a terrible feeling, being incarcerated just as you're beginning to look at the moon rocks," he said. "I couldn't believe it was happening to me."

A couple of days later, Dr. Brett was beginning to find life in quarantine somewhat better than he had thought it might be. Microscopes and moon rocks were sent into the quarantine quarters, and the scientists there (six of them in all) dumped the rocks on tables. They didn't examine them with their bare hands, but they were able to use their rock-handling tools without being encumbered by rubber gloves. Dr. Brett and the others chatted about the moon with the astronauts and had dinner with them every night. They saw a good deal more of them than any scientist did of the Apollo 11 astronauts. Dr. Anderson, who remained outside the quarantine quarters, came to envy the geologists on the inside, and he now wonders whether a few geologists shouldn't be locked up with all astronauts returning from the moon. Dr. Brett, however, doesn't want to be quarantined more than once. One reason is that while he was in the

quarantine quarters he received some get-well cards, one of which read, "We hope you recover soon from whatever it is you've got."

BEFORE I went down to Houston, Thomas Gold, an astrophysicist I met last summer at the Space Center, had invited me to join him at an A.B.C. studio in New York at 5:30 one morning—about half an hour before the first lunar walk of the Apollo 12 mission was scheduled to begin. The studio, a black, cavernous loft on West Sixty-sixth Street, was a much more moonlike place than the Space Center, for at one end of it was a gravelly moonscape with a life-size LM perched on it; in one corner was a miniature moonscape with tiny silver-foil copies of the scientific instruments the astronauts were to set up on the moon; and against one wall was the moon itself—a rotating globe about six feet in diameter, above which, hanging by a wire, an LM surveyed its craters. Cameras spotted about the room could zoom in on any of the sets. As I walked in, I passed a full-size, cross-section model of an LM, with a man dressed in a space suit sleeping inside. There were a couple of dozen men in the studio, and most of them had been up all night. Mr. Gold, who was sitting at a rickety table watching a portable television set, said he had been there since two-thirty that morning. He was to comment from time to time on the astronauts' activities. A determined-looking man in his late forties, he is a professor of astronomy at Cornell University and the director of its Center for Radiophysics and Space Research—in which capacity he is in charge of a huge radio telescope that Cornell has situated at Arecibo, Puerto Rico, where a great deal of work on quasars and pulsars has been done. Being an astrophysicist, Mr. Gold regards the moon as something of a sideline. He considers the pulsars—tiny stars so dense that one cubic centimetre of their matter would weigh a billion tons—one of the greater success stories in science, because a good deal of major work has been done on them in the two years since their discovery. "The pulsar study wasn't at all like the moon, which we've known about for eons, and the study of which is still unresolved," Mr. Gold said. He is the originator of a theory that the moon is covered with a blanket of dust so fine that its particles can be carried—imperceptibly slowly—along an electrostatic current. He was hoping that the Apollo 12 astronauts



"Good heavens! Hindemith's *Kleine Kammermusik*, Opus 24, Number 2. You don't hear that very often."

would bring back evidence supporting this idea. Mr. Gold was the Principal Investigator, or scientist in charge, for one piece of equipment the astronauts had with them—a camera for taking extreme closeups of the moon's surface. It was a silvery box with a long handle outside and a strobe light inside; to use it, the astronauts merely pressed it against the ground and pulled a trigger. Mr. Gold complained that during the Apollo 11 mission Neil Armstrong had tended to use the camera as a walking stick. Armstrong took seventeen pictures, and these turned out so well that Armstrong said later that it wasn't until he had got back to the Space Center and seen Mr. Gold's pictures that he had any idea what the glassy material he saw on the moon was like. Mr. Gold had high hopes for the Apollo 12 photographs. Before the astronauts stepped out onto the moon, he telephoned Houston to speak with Frederick Pierce, the co-investigator in the Lunar Surface Closeup Photography project, who was in the Science Staff Support Room at the Mission Control Center. Mr. Gold

learned from him that the astronauts were scheduled to unload the camera from the LM after they had been out on the moon's surface for about ninety minutes, and he gave Mr. Pierce his telephone number at A.B.C. in case the astronauts had any questions.

When Commander Conrad stepped onto the moon, Mr. Gold sat forward to get a better look at the television picture, and he broke into a smile as Commander Conrad commented on the abundance of dust. He said the dust flew up in the air as he walked through it, and a minute or so later he said his boots were digging into the soil quite a bit. Moments after that, he was saying, "Man, did I get dirt all over myself! This is what is known as *dirt dirt*." He told Commander (now Captain) Alan L. Bean, who was still inside the LM, that before they were through they were going to be "a couple of dirty boogers." Mr. Gold took a little glass phial from his pocket and rolled it about in his hands. It contained a black-brown substance—imitation moon dust, which he had made several years ago, and which his laboratory assistants were



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unable to tell from the real stuff that he had got from the Space Center last fall. The grains were so fine they were hard to see, and as he rolled the phial in his hands, the dust tumbled about like dark water. Soon, Commander Bean joined Commander Conrad on the ground and announced that he saw some shiny glass in the rocks at his feet, adding, "You can also see some pure glass if you look around." Mr. Gold put his moon dust down and began paying close attention, for, he told me, what Commander Bean had described sounded to him like a glazed patch on the surface (as opposed to the spherules of glass found in the Apollo 11 moon dust), and he was anxious to find out whether or not the patch was in a crater. Commander Bean did not say, and Mr. Gold sat back with a frown. He had recently published a paper in which he suggested that glazed patches on the moon might have resulted from a solar heat flash. If so, the patches were more likely to be in craters—whose concavity would intensify the flash—than on the flat ground. Armstrong had said he thought the glass tended to be in craters. The last time I had seen Mr. Gold, he had mentioned the possibility that the flash had taken place within historical times, and now he told me of a Greek myth, from Ovid, concerning a tremendous burst of heat that had set the mountaintops ablaze.

After about three-quarters of an hour, the television camera Commander Conrad was setting up on the moon failed when he inadvertently aimed it at the sun, and Mr. Gold was called up before the studio cameras by an A.B.C. producer, to help fill in for the astronauts. A TV technician seated him in a chair next to the rotating moon and tucked a microphone under his lapel. I strolled over to talk with the space-suited man who had been asleep inside the LM cross-section, and he turned out to be Richard Sprague, a consulting pilot for the Grumman Aerospace Corporation. He was watching a television monitor high on one wall of the studio; it was showing a man dressed as an astronaut carrying lunar experiments past some imitation craters, and Mr. Sprague said, "Hey, that's me—on tape! Right afterward, I fell on my head and lost my air hose. I bet they don't show that part." The studio stage manager, a large man in a yellow shirt, called Mr. Sprague to take his place on the moonscape, where he and another man in a space suit were to

set up the experiments—live, this time. On television, Mr. Gold was saying that it sounded to him as if the dust was fluffy, and then the cameras switched to Mr. Sprague, who began setting up a seismometer.

A few minutes later, Mr. Gold came back to the table, where he tried to listen to what the astronauts were saying. Their voices were sometimes hard to make out, though at one point he distinctly heard them describe a couple of mounds with holes in their tops as looking like midget volcanoes. "I wish people would stop describing every hole in the ground as a volcano!" Mr. Gold said irritably. The dust was becoming more of a problem. Some of it was getting on the experiments, where it might cause overheating by blanketing the white reflective paint, and at one point one of the astronauts commented, "We are really getting dirty out here! There's no way to handle all this equipment without getting dust on it. Every time you move something, the dust flies, and in this low gravity it really takes off—goes way up in the air and comes in and lands on you." After these remarks, Mr. Gold said, "I've been telling NASA for years that there was dust on the moon and that they ought to prepare the astronauts for it, but they never paid any attention."

During a lull in the activities on the moon, I asked Mr. Gold how he accounted for the presence of so much more dust at the Apollo 12 site than at the Apollo 11 site, and he answered that he didn't think there *was* much more dust there; rather, the dust at the Apollo 12 site was fluffier, and

consequently more noticeable.

The fluffiness might have to do with how recently the dust had settled down, for the longer it had lain in one place, the more tightly compacted it would be. It was the compacting of the surface

dust that explained why astronauts and lunar modules didn't sink into it, though even the Apollo 11 site had not been as firm as NASA liked to think, for at one time an astronaut, walking on a crater rim, had sunk in about five inches. (On earth, he would have sunk into the same kind of dust much farther.) The fact that the dust at the Apollo 12 site was fluffier than that encountered by the Apollo 11 crew made sense, Mr. Gold said, because the site was nearer the highlands, which is where he believes the dust originates. On earth, soil, which is the result of the eroding of mountains, is transport-



ed to the lowlands by wind and water, but on the moon (if Mr. Gold is right) the particles of dust are transported down mountainsides and out onto the *maria* by electrostatic currents. Mr. Gold calculates that in the past four billion years or so the *maria* could have been filled with up to two kilometres of dust—depending on the degree of compacting. “If the astronauts should find bedrock on the *maria*, that would make me quite unhappy,” Mr. Gold said. Not long afterward, one of the astronauts said he thought he saw bedrock, but Mr. Gold was not convinced.

On the other hand, most of the geologists at the Space Center are not at all convinced of Mr. Gold’s theory of electrostatic transportation, and at the moment the argument centers around whether moon dust is fine enough to be lifted by an electrostatic current. Some geologists at the Receiving Laboratory have poured the dust through a series of graded sieves as a means of measuring its fineness, and these men say the particles are far too large to be moved electrostatically. Mr. Gold, for his part, says that the sieves aren’t fine enough to measure the particles, which clump together and don’t go through the holes, or if they do they come through in strings. Some of the scientists concede Mr. Gold’s point to an extent, though they still say the particles aren’t as fine as he thinks they are. “If they bought themselves pocket microscopes, they could see how fine the particles are,” Mr. Gold said to me. He was eager for the Apollo 12 astronauts to take his camera with them to Surveyor III during their second excursion, later that day, for when the Surveyor had landed on the moon it had bounced and left ripples in the dust; the Surveyor’s camera had photographed the ripples at the time—a series of intersecting ridges forty microns high—and Mr. Gold felt that a photograph taken now would reveal microscopic changes in the ripples resulting from electrostatic transportation.

Through a crackle of static, one of the astronauts remarked upon an “iridescent coating” on a rock. “The geologists probably think it’s just another piece of glass, but the iridescence could also be the product of vacuum-plating,” said Mr. Gold, who doesn’t think much of most geologists’ knowledge of physics. “Vacuum-plating is a simple process—I can do it in my laboratory. You vaporize a metal in one place and make it form a thin film in another, as in aluminized plastics. ‘Iridescent’ is

exactly the way a thin layer of metal on a glassy rock *would* look! Oh, we need more physicists studying the moon!” Mr. Gold believes that moon dust results from evaporation and recondensation, as in vacuum-plating. Geologists tend to believe that the particles of moon dust were ground down from larger rocks by a mechanical process, such as the abrasive action of micrometeorites. “Supposing I look through my microscope and find particles that are shaped like antlers,” Mr. Gold said. “You wouldn’t expect *them* to have been eroded from a rock, because antlers don’t pack into a solid shape.”



When the astronauts were back inside the LM, Mr. Gold telephoned Mr. Pierce in Houston. “What?” he said angrily after Mr. Pierce had spoken for a while. “They’ve not used our camera at all yet? . . . Do you think they’ll take it to the Surveyor? It’s absolutely essential that they photograph the ripple pattern. . . . I hope they got some photographs inside the so-called volcanoes, too. . . . I trust we will have descriptions of the location of the glassy materials, whether they’re inside the craters or not. . . . It’s a shame they don’t have the prodding rods along. They could have poked ten or fifteen feet down into the dust.”

A FEW days after the Apollo 12 flight, I visited the Science Staff Support Room, a long, white room with a high ceiling that is just a few feet from the Mission Control Room, in Houston. It is divided in half by a glass partition, and during the moon walks the scientists whose instruments were being put on the moon were in the back half, keeping an eye on a bank of machines that recorded their data, while the geologists and Mr. Pierce sat at two square gray tables in the front. Dr. David Carrier, a civil engineer, who had been at one of the tables, said later, “We had simulated the mission so many times that it was like a recurring dream. The room was semi-dark and crowded. Everyone was watching television and listening through earphones. You had to listen to four different things at once—what the astronauts on the moon were saying, what the engineers in the Mission Control Room were saying, the conversation of the medics, in the room next door. You had to learn to filter things out—such as the doctor next door asking about the astronauts’ heartbeats while you were trying to talk to the

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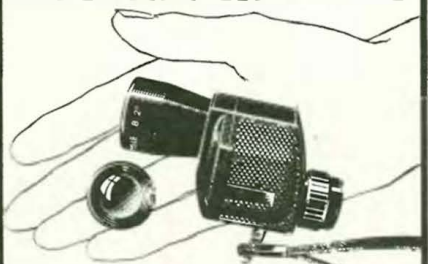
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person on your right. Our job was to answer any questions the astronauts had, but we also thought up questions of our own to ask them. Our questions were filtered through so many people that not many got to the moon. Once, I asked the depth of penetration of the flagpole into the ground, but I never got any answer. One of my questions did go up, but I can't remember what it was, because the whole experience was so like our rehearsals that they and the mission are all mixed up together in my mind."

The Apollo 12 astronauts had more difficulty with their equipment than the Apollo 11 crew—which was a surprise, considering the effort that the aerospace industry had made to remove problems beforehand. To Ray Zedekar, who is an engineer and chief of the Lunar

Surface Operations Office, the most serious of the minor difficulties was the loss of a nut on one of the two Hasselblad cameras. The camera couldn't be used anymore, for the nut was on a bolt that screwed the camera to a bracket attached to the astronaut's space suit. A pin on the flagpole snapped, causing the flag to droop. Later, when the astronauts were attempting to use a scale inside the LM, a nut fell off the top of the scale, and Commander Conrad commented that he would like to rap it on the head of whoever was responsible. "That wasn't me," Mr. Zedekar told me. "We're only responsible for lunar *surface* activities." One problem caused by the cold was that when the astronauts tried to hammer a core tube into the ground, fragments of aluminum coating on the hammer flew off at high speeds. "We already have a fix for that," Mr. Zedekar said. Some other problems were caused by the cold; for instance, when the astronauts were putting their smaller sample bags of rocks into the Teflon tote bags, some of the tote bags cracked open. While on the moon, Commander Bean had said that he thought the lunar equipment, which had been made with an eye to saving weight, should be a little sturdier. When I inquired about this, Mr. Zedekar shook his head dubiously and said, "If we put more heft into the equipment, we couldn't send as much to the moon."

The scientists in the back of the Science Staff Support Room had their most anxious moment during the Apollo 12 flight when the astronauts seemed unable to remove a foot-long cylinder of radioactive fuel—to power the scientists' instruments—from the side of the LM. "We thought we were done for

right there," one scientist said later. The astronauts also had some trouble setting up the experiments, because the wires that connected them to the central station kept trying to roll up again, almost pulling over at least one experiment. The experiment package had been sitting on top of the Saturn rocket at Cape Kennedy for five months, and coils had become set into the wires. The metallic layers making up the skirt around the seismometer (to reflect the sun's heat and so lessen expansion and contraction of the ground, which could tilt the instrument) began to separate, and someone suggested that the astronauts pile a little moon dust on the edge of the skirt. The magnetometer, a sort of upside-down three-legged stool, was set up without a hitch. Dr. Palmer Dyal, the co-investigator for the



magnetometer, said that the astronauts had taken quite a shine to the experiment. "It's an odd instrument—a little package that unfolds to make a big one," he said. "They *enjoyed* working with it. They did a better job levelling it on the moon than they'd ever done on earth." The scientists remained quiet as their instruments were set up, but they couldn't suppress a shout when the central station was turned on. Then each group of scientists gave a cheer as the data from their particular instrument began coming in.

Most of the recording machines in the room were in a row. From the right, there were four tall, dull-green cabinets, each containing two metal drums holding sheets of paper on which pens attached to mechanical arms were scratching out the seismic data; there was a low table with a long sheet of paper unrolling slowly across it, on which other pens jotted data from the magnetometer; and then came a series of consoles, with chairs in front of them, which were for monitoring the central station. Information from the solar-wind experiment clattered out of an electronic printing machine. Another machine recorded the data from the cold-cathode-gauge experiment and the suprathreshold-ion detector.

Dr. Gary Latham, the Principal Investigator for the seismometer, was watching a square box at the end of his row of drum recorders. A pen was hurrying back and forth across a piece of graph paper and drawing four curves—one for the instrument's temperature (one hundred and twenty-seven degrees and falling); one for the changing tug of gravity on the seismometer; and two to show the changing tilt of the seismometer as it sat on

the moon. The tilt was caused both by changes in temperature (which made the ground beneath the instrument expand and contract somewhat, in spite of the skirt) and by changes in the gravitational field at the lunar surface. By studying the four curving lines, Dr. Latham thought he could sort out the temperature tilts from the gravitational ones, and that the curves would tell him how rigid the moon was.

The pens on the drum recorders were scribbling feverishly, and Dr. Latham hastened to say that the wiggly lines being made were caused by background noise, most of it due to the transmitter inside the seismometer. The moon was turning out to be a very quiet place, and Apollo 12's seismometer had recorded only one natural seismic event. (There had been an unnatural one, too, for the astronauts had crashed the empty ascent stage of the LM into the moon about forty miles from the seismometer.) The pens' jottings went round and round the drums; a full turn of the drums took one hour, and only a few inches of the squiggles were visible at any one time. Dr. Latham couldn't step away for more than a few minutes without running the risk of missing an event and having to wait for it to pop up to the top of the drum again, an hour later. He apparently had stepped away an hour before, for now he shouted, "Here's one! It's only the second one!" An hour previously, the moon had rumbled for twenty minutes, during which the pens' squiggles had increased slowly, reached a climax, and then tapered off again, even more slowly. This profile was similar to those of the other seismic events on the moon. The first time, Dr. Latham had thought that the only way to account for the long duration of the signal was to postulate volcanic activity, which can continue for some time. However, when the LM stage crashed into the moon, the noise lasted for fifty minutes, reaching its peak in eight minutes, and Dr. Latham realized that he had probably been observing impact events all along. Why the moon should ring so strangely is still a mystery. Dr. Maurice Ewing, the director of the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, whose staff includes Dr. Latham, believes the ringing means the Oceanus Procellarum is underlain with layers of rock—possibly separated by rubble—and between these layers shocks resonate, like sound waves inside a bell. Dr. Latham thinks this is entirely possible, though he thinks the buildup of the waves to their peak was too slow,

and, accordingly, he prefers the theory of a rubbly substratum—no layers. He can't say whether the rubble goes all the way to the center of the moon. However, he is looking forward to the time, next March, when NASA will impact a Saturn IV B rocket booster into the moon two hundred kilometres from a seismometer. The Saturn's waves would go far deeper into the moon, and make a far more resonant bong. Dr. Latham said he has no idea how long the moon would ring afterward.

Dr. Dyal was leaning over the table where data were coming in from his magnetometer—exactly as he had been standing, he said, when the magnetometer had been turned on. "Before we flicked the switch, numbers were pouring out of the machine—all zeros," he said. "Then we turned the magnetometer on, and *immediately* we began getting a magnetic field. We quickly switched to a more sensitive range in order to verify that we really had a field, and we still did." Dr. Dyal and his associates hadn't been at all sure they would measure anything, because Explorer 35, an unmanned satellite that orbited the moon with a magnetometer aboard, had picked up only the slightest detectable field. The field Dr. Dyal was picking up now was ten times as strong as the field the Explorer had predicted for the lunar surface. And the explanations Dr. Dyal and his associate, Dr. Arthur Sonett, had were that the solar wind—atomic particles streaming from the sun—had compacted the moon's magnetic field onto the lunar surface, or perhaps that it was a local phenomenon caused by a large meteorite or some subsurface anomaly.



The solar wind complicates the interpretation of data from the magnetometer, because it also pushes the *earth's* magnetic field into a sort of comet tail that streams beyond the lunar orbit, increasing the total magnetic field on the moon by about twenty-five per cent when the moon is passing through it. Dr. Dyal would be a lot better off without the solar wind, for as it streams by the earth the earth sets up currents in it like the waves a bridge pier cuts in a fast river, and every time the moon crosses the earth's wake the total magnetic field fluctuates wildly. So that he will know what is going on, Dr. Dyal has pasted to his table a diagram showing the earth and all the currents it causes in the solar wind. The moon's magnetic field is extremely weak (only one-tenth of one per cent as strong as the earth's), but the fact

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that it exists at all excites Dr. Dyal, because, he says, it could mean that the moon—regardless of whether it was ever hot—was at least warm at one time. The moon could have picked up its magnetic field from the sun or from the earth when the moon was warm, and then retained the field after it had cooled below what is called the Curie point. Since the moon presumably had been cool for a long time after it acquired a magnetic field, the field it had trapped was a very old one, and if it had been trapped from the earth we might be able to learn something about the earth's early magnetic field. The moon's field might be from the sun or another source, however, and Dr. Dyal will know much more about that when he finds how the field is oriented. Learning the field's direction will require having four magnetometers on the moon (the present one is the first), so that he will be able to see where on the moon the magnetic directions intersect.

Dr. Dyal said that all the experiments that have been left on the moon are interrelated. A day or so before, when the moon passed through the earth's waves, he and Dr. Conway Snyder, the Principal Investigator of the solar-wind experiment, had been running back and forth between each other's recorders, both of which were fluctuating wildly. Whenever Dr. Latham detects a tremor on the moon, he is apt to glance at Dr. Dyal's recorder, for on earth volcanic tremors are apt to cause magnetic fluctuations. (So far, Dr. Latham has seen no significant corresponding jumps on Dr. Dyal's machine.) As soon as the seismometer picked up the vibrations after the empty ascent stage of the LM crashed into the moon, Dr. Latham hurried over to the console where data were coming in from the suprathemal-ion detector, which detects gas particles. The LM had about four hundred pounds of fuel in its tanks, and after the impact the fuel expanded as a cloud of gas, and even though the impact—and the center of the gas cloud—was forty miles away, the suprathemal-ion detector registered the traces.



snapped on the moon. All three men had had a hand in the astronauts' geological training, so their interest was somewhat professorial. The pictures, mostly black and white but with some color transparencies, were on a long roll that Dr. McEwen was just beginning to unwind across a white glass table illuminated from below. Dr. Dietrich urged Dr. McEwen to unwind the pictures a little faster, in order to get through a sequence of diminishing earths and increasing moons and let the geologists get down among the craters. Soon the blacks of space gave way to the browns of the Oceanus Procellarum. Because there had been so little television, this was their first good look at the Apollo 12 site. "The ground has more waves and ripples—more of a ground swell than the Apollo 11 site," Dr. Dietrich commented. "Look at this string of materials! It looks like a ray—dust splashed from a crater." Dr. McEwen thought the ground had a slightly different texture from that of the Apollo 11 site; it seemed more pitted. He rolled the pictures on, slowly. Dr. Foss thought the marks the LM's landing probes made in the ground were more clearly visible than those at the Apollo 11 site, possibly because there was more dust. Farther on, he found some scratches in the dust that Commander Conrad had made when he scraped a hoop across the ground to gather the contingency sample. "There's where they pounded in the core tube," Dr. McEwen said. "Look at the knees of those britches," Dr. Dietrich remarked as an astronaut, coated in brown dust, flashed across the white table. Dr. McEwen quickly unwound some footage that Commander (now Captain) Richard F. Gordon, Jr., had taken from the orbiting command module. (Houston had radioed to him that a mysterious red spot, possibly a volcanic fulmination, had been seen by telescope in the crater Alphonsus, but when he got there he saw nothing significant.) Dr. Dietrich said, "Well, I'll be darned!" and stopped Dr. McEwen at a transparency of one of the mounds the astronauts had called midget volcanoes. All three geologists stopped for a better look. "It doesn't look like a volcano to me," Dr. Foss grumbled. "It looks like a clump of material that was ejected from a crater and didn't break up after it hit the ground." Farther on, there was a shot of a crater the astronauts had seen on top of the mound. Inside the crater

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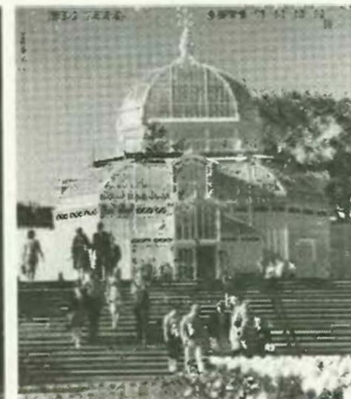
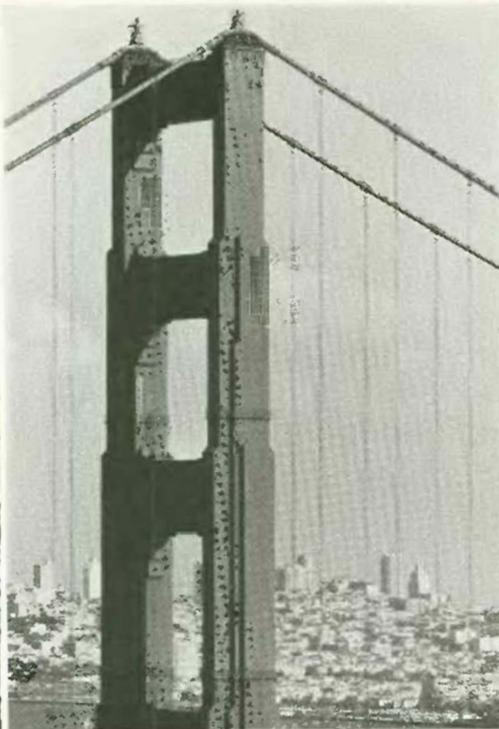
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OVER in Building No. 31, next door to the Receiving Laboratory, a number of geologists—including Dr. Ted H. Foss, the head of the Geology Branch, and Dr. Michael McEwen—had crowded into Dr. John W. Dietrich's office to take their first look at the photographs the astronauts had

was a rock, and Dr. McEwen, who produced a magnifying glass, said it looked as if the crater had been made by the rock's hitting the mound. Dr. Dietrich said he had had hopes that the mound was a midget volcano. (He was to leave the following week for Hawaii to show the Apollo 13 astronauts some real volcanoes, so that there would be no such confusion next time.) Dr. McEwen stopped again at two almost identical photographs of the same rock that were taken just a few feet apart so they could be viewed stereoscopically. Dr. McEwen nodded approvingly and placed a stereoscopic viewer over the white table so that the moonscape suddenly became three-dimensional, small craters yawning down into the dust. A gnomon—a shadow-casting device—had been placed over the rock to indicate its orientation, and presumably this was one of the rocks that the astronauts had collected and that were now in the Receiving Laboratory. Sure enough, the next picture showed the same scene—only without the rock, which had been snagged by a pair of tongs and dropped into a Teflon bag. The geologists said the astronauts had done a good job of documenting their sample-collecting.

As the astronauts walked along, taking snapshots as they went, the Surveyor loomed larger and larger. Dr. McEwen stopped at a snapshot of the ripple pattern Mr. Gold had spoken of back in New York. It was still there, though any alterations caused by electrostatic transportation were too microscopic to appear in the snapshot, and the astronauts hadn't taken Mr. Gold's closeup camera with them. "Too bad about that," one of the geologists said. (When Mr. Gold found out about this later, he was aghast. "They carried those heavy clippers to cut chunks off the Surveyor, but not my camera!" he exclaimed incredulously. "Here they travel a quarter of a million miles and four and one half billion years into the past, and what do they do? They bring back a piece of man's own technology!")

THE astronauts brought back about seventy-five pounds of rocks and dust from the moon. The Apollo 12 rocks differed from the Apollo 11 rocks chiefly in that there were relatively few breccias, which are pebbles compacted into a matrix (one-third of the Apollo 11 rocks were breccias), and a higher proportion of crystalline igneous rocks. The crystals in these rocks were frequently larger than in the igneous rocks from the Apollo 11



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flight. Also, the titanium content of the rocks was about half as much as in the first batch. The Australian geochemist Dr. Ross Taylor, who has been in Houston doing the initial chemical analysis on both batches, says that the rocks from the Mare Tranquillitatis last summer and the rocks from the Oceanus Procellarum this fall "are not brothers, exactly, but they are members of the same family—*cousins*, perhaps." Dr. Brett, who had been pondering over several rocks in the quarantine quarters, told me, "The rocks couldn't be better! If they were the *same* as the Apollo 11 rocks, that would be boring. If they were wildly different, that would be like having two pieces from the opposite sides of a jigsaw puzzle. These rocks definitely come from the same part of the puzzle, and we may get some idea of how they fit together."

When I was talking to Dr. Anderson at the Receiving Laboratory, I asked him what the implication of the larger crystals might be. Before he could answer, a fire-alarm bell rang and everyone in the building moved outdoors. (I asked him if the astronauts and Dr. Brett and the others in quarantine would be let out in the event of a fire, and he said that that posed a nice problem.) Coarse grains, Dr. Anderson explained as we sat on a grassy bank at one side of the Receiving Laboratory, may be produced when melted rock cools slowly, and since cooling occurs most rapidly near the surface of any body, coarse-grained rocks may come from deeper underground than fine-grained rocks. I asked whether igneous rocks deep underground implied volcanism, and he said you could argue either way, depending on which way you were predisposed: Either the coarse rocks had been brought to the surface by lava flows, or a large meteor upon impact had melted enough rock to make a deep pool of lava and, after the pool had cooled, another impact had blasted coarse-grained rocks from the interior of the pool (which might be a couple of kilometres deep) up to the surface. The fire proved to be a false alarm, happily for the people in quarantine, and Dr. Anderson returned to the moon rocks.

There seemed to be something of a truce between the hot-mooners and the cold-mooners (as they are called at the Space Center). There was a tentative area of accord between them on one point: regardless of whether the

moon had ever been hot, it had been cold for a very long time. I asked Dr. Dietrich, a hot-mooner, whether his ideas were changing, and he said, "Yes, of course. I've come to accept the idea that the surface is more extensively scarred by meteorites than I had thought. But I'm still convinced that the rocks at one time melted, flowed, and solidified. And that type of rock means igneous activity. I'm no less a volcanist than I used to be; volcanism is just shoved farther back in history, that's all."

What had shoved the hypothetical period of volcanism farther back in history was the discovery, by a radioactive dating process, that the Apollo 11 rocks are between 3.8 and 4.6 billion years old. Since the moon and the planets are thought to be 4.6 billion years old, the

rocks may date back to the origins of the solar system. This made the new situation look less like a *détente* than a defeat for the hot-moon men, some of whom were thrown into a state of disarray by the discovery. Dr. Greenwood, who last summer had been a strong advocate of the hot-moon theory, said, "At first, I was skeptical of the evidence, but we had the best people in the world doing the radioactive dating. Their results meant there had been no major thermal event on that part of the moon in over 3.8 billion years." He was very much puzzled, for that dating made it all but impossible to account for what he had taken as evidence of a long sequence of igneous events on the moon, with what appeared to be craters and lava flows superimposed one upon another. "You need *time* for a sequence like that, and so I had thought the moon had been volcanically active until relatively recently," he said. Because of the Apollo 11 rocks, both hot-mooners and cold-mooners were beginning to think in terms of a brief, cataclysmic period, just after the moon was formed, when all the major features were made—leaving up in the air the question of *how* the features came into being. Cold-mooners were politely conceding the possibility that the moon may have been hot briefly at its birth, and hot-mooners were acknowledging that an early cataclysmic period somewhat favored the idea of impact as the cause of the moon's features. Everyone was waiting anxiously to see if the Apollo 12 rocks would prove to be as old as the Apollo 11 ones.

While the age of the Apollo 12 rocks was being determined, I looked up Dr.



Taylor, who had found that there was only half as much titanium in the Apollo 12 rocks as in the earlier batch. He said that he had had a narrow escape—that he had been in the laboratory with Dr. Brett minutes before the leak. “Quarantine would have been a disaster for me,” he explained. “The others have their microscopes back there in quarantine, but I work with an emission spectrograph, which is too big to move.” I wanted to know whether the smaller quantity of titanium affected a theory of the moon’s origin that Dr. Taylor had mentioned to me last summer—the Opik-Ringwood theory. This theory holds that the earth and moon were formed at the same time out of the same condensing cloud of dust. As the earth formed at the center of the cloud, the particles at the outside became extremely hot, burning off elements with lower melting points, until a big proportion of elements with high melting points remained—a process called fractionating—and later these particles, which formed a ring around the newborn earth, collected to form the moon. Dr. Taylor had said he liked the theory because it explained the presence of the titanium and several other metals that have exceedingly high melting points. I asked him now whether the amount of titanium in the new rocks made the Opik-Ringwood theory less likely, and he said no. “There’s still a high concentration of other refractory metals, and even with the titanium cut in half, it’s a very high concentration,” he said. “Anyway, any theory of the moon’s formation would have to take into account the high concentrations in the samples from the first site.”

Surprisingly, Dr. Harold C. Urey, a professor of chemistry at the University of California and a leading cold-mooner, whom Dr. Taylor had visited in California last August on his way back to Australia, had not been enthusiastic about the Opik-Ringwood theory. I had thought he would be, because it provided a way of accounting for the titanium while keeping a cold moon—a problem of some concern to Dr. Urey last summer. Dr. Taylor said that Dr. Urey still hoped to prove that the moon was formed elsewhere in the solar system and then was captured in the earth’s field of gravity. Mr. Gold had mentioned a theory that seemed to lend credence to this. Possibly the entire solar system had condensed out of a single hot cloud of gas and dust, with the sun at the center; eventually, the rest of the cloud formed a series of concentric rings around the sun, and



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the planets later formed from the rings. In that case, Mr. Gold went on to suggest, perhaps the moon had condensed out of an inner ring nearer the sun, where the temperatures might have been hotter than in the vicinity of the earth. (At the time the planets were forming out of the rings, orbits would have been extremely irregular, making Dr. Urey's capture theory plausible.) "That's a fascinating idea," Dr. Taylor said. "In order to get the concentration of titanium we found in the Apollo 11 rocks you have to cook away the equivalent of fifty or a hundred moons. I think my way of doing it is simpler. I'd fractionate just the earth-moon system, but he'd fractionate the whole solar nebula." Dr. Taylor, who had talked by telephone to Dr. Urey the day before, went on, "The moon is going to be very interesting from his point of view. It looks as if the moon has been sitting there just as it is now through all geological time, during the whole evolution of the earth. It's a remarkably primitive place. The dinosaurs probably saw the same moon we do."

The dating of the Apollo 12 rocks was reported a few days later. On the basis of the tests made up till then, they were thought to be about 2.5 billion years old, or more than a billion years younger than the few Apollo 11 rocks that had been tested. Dr. Greenwood, naturally, was delighted, for these findings gave him another billion years in which his sequence of events could have taken place. The fact that rocks had been formed over a span of more than two billion years made volcanism somewhat more likely than before, and Dr. Taylor, anticipating confirmation of the age of the rocks by the Principal Investigators, was revising his model of the moon to include a period of volcanic activity from perhaps four billion years ago to two billion years ago. Dr. Greenwood, who had once been a hot-mooner, was more cautious about volcanism. Much of the moon was nevertheless very ancient, as the Apollo 11 rocks had shown. In March, Apollo 13 will land in the highlands, which most selenologists agree are even older than the *maria*. "Things may look muddled now, but science has a way of sorting things out," Dr. Taylor said.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

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THE size of "Hello, Dolly!" has a primitive appeal, like the rocket going off onstage in the Christmas show at the Radio City Music Hall. The picture cost

over twenty million dollars, and you can see it all; it took gigantic effort, and you can see all of that, too. Like that rocket onstage, it makes one hold one's head and say, "I don't believe it!" It really is hard to believe that people have gone to all this staggeringly unimaginative effort and expense to bring you the biggest movie musical yet. After a noisy hour of amorphous music, frenetic dance, broad acting, and flat dialogue featuring "roguish" humor, Dolly—Barbra Streisand—is alone on a park bench singing "Before the Parade Passes By;" then, standing by a tree, she speaks to her dead husband, Ephraim, and, still alone, she begins to sing again, walking, then running toward us. At that point, with a person on the screen expressing some human feelings, the giant circus comes to life, and in the second half of the movie she energizes and transforms the prancing rubbish.

In "Hello, Dolly!" Streisand has almost nothing to work with. It's a star role, of course—a role that seems to release something triumphant in an actress—but the songs are dismal affairs, with lyrics that make one's teeth ache, and the smirky dialogue might pass for wit among not too bright children. (When Mr. Vandergelder—Walter Matthau—insults Dolly, her snappy retort is "Oh, Mr. Vandergelder, that's the nicest thing you've ever said to me.") The movie is full of that fake, mechanical exhilaration of big Broadway shows—the gut-busting, muscle-straining dance that is meant to wow you. This dancing, like the choral singing, is asexual and unromantic, and goes against the spirit of the little farce plot about the matching up of several pairs of lovers. At the center of all the asexuality, impersonality, and noisy mediocrity, there is Streisand, an actress who uses song as an intensification of emotion. She's not like the singers who are sometimes passable actresses if you don't push them beyond a small range. She opens up such abundance of emotion that it dissolves the coarseness

of the role. There's no telling what she *can't* do. Almost unbelievably, she turns this star role back into a woman, so that the show seems to be about something.

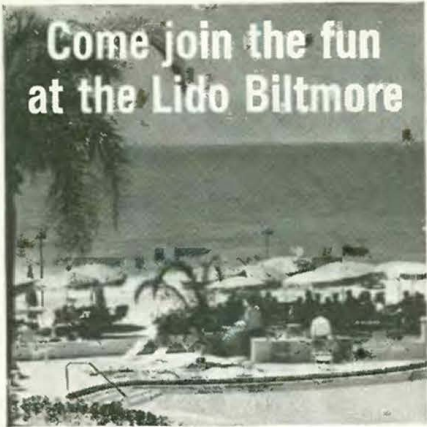
Barbra Streisand has a protean, volatile talent that calls for a new era in movie musicals, and burial without rites for these routines designed to work up an audience to such a pitch that the arrival of the glorified-to-paralysis star will "kill them." It's a typical movie-career joke that she should be cast in "Hello, Dolly!" which is a consummation of the old traditions. When the waiters sing "It's so nice to have you back where you belong" as she enters the Harmonia Gardens of 1890, they could not be more wrong. Streisand is a fine clotheshorse and she enters superbly; she makes this place her own. But she also explodes it. In "Hello, Dolly!" the whole archaic, structured production is surrounding a Hap-pening. When, a moment after the big entrance number, she moves over to the leader of the band, Louis Armstrong, and they sing a duet, it's the true love match of the movie. There they are—immortals—and the "wow-wow-wow" scat sounds that come out of her throat are cries of relief from the restraints of the dumb, unsophisticated show and all those tight, square chorus sounds. Except for this one great scene, Streisand totally dominates the screen whenever she's on. She doesn't seem to have any limitations, but this dominance could become one. It's impossible to tell from her first two movies whether she can act *with* people, because that hasn't yet been required. Great personalities often don't have the gift that sometimes explains the staying power of lesser personalities—the gift of making others look better. Few have it to the degree of Dean Martin, whose ability to give himself over to bringing out the best in his partners is uncanny. Without it, stars operate in a vacuum and risk becoming domineering monsters. It's a good omen that Streisand works with Armstrong with pure love.

The use of the screen as a giant stage in "Hello, Dolly!" is an effective solution to the technical problems of transferring this property to the movies. And the exterior sets, in all their hugeness, are attractive. But the interior of the Harmonia Gardens is a gratuitously, vulgarly opulent set in beer-barrel rococo—full of upholstery and statues and fountains and chandeliers, like a

storeroom of all the garbage left over from the Alice Faye-Don Ameche musicals. This set, redolent of every bad operetta ever written, makes all the action in it look unnecessarily ugly—and the director, Gene Kelly, and the choreographer, Michael Kidd, perhaps inspired by the set, have staged in it their most tasteless "show-stopping" dance. There were big, terrible production numbers in thirties movies, too, but they had redeeming qualities—a grandiose, crazy frivolity in the Piccolino and the Continental, and sometimes, as with Busby Berkeley's ambitious, strange ideas, a native American eccentric's invented form of surrealism, as perplexing in its way as the Watts Towers. It's apparent why Kelly and Kidd decided to avoid trick camera effects and the bird's-eye views that infatuated the thirties choreographers, and stay within the giant-stage concept, but the dancing itself needs some freedom and folly. The excesses of the thirties choreographers were naïve and funny (even at the time); the excess here is of anxiety and strain, and it's rather painful. The dances are monstrous feats of precision; they seem to have been choreographed by engineers with computer memories. This musical, with more dance than I've seen on the screen in years, has no real solos; it's as if a musical this size were considered too important for individual performers.

So much effort has been expended on the gut-busting things that don't *mean* anything, that have no feeling attached to them—the drilled dancers; the whopping parade; the sad imitations of Comden and Green ideas (and of "A Couple of Swells," from "Easter Parade") in the number "Elegance"—and so little care has been given to the dialogue or to those supine lyrics, or to the characters. "Hello, Dolly!" is not just a farce about matchmaking; as a musical, it must be a celebration of an end to loneliness. But the three minor pairs matched up don't have any romantic chemistry; there is nothing to link them, and when Michael Crawford, his arms pinched tight to his scarecrow body, sings, in his adolescent-whose-voice-is-changing quaver, "My arms feel sure and strong," you expect his vis-à-vis, Marianne McAndrew, to laugh in his face. And Walter Matthau hasn't been given a hint of sexuality or charm—nothing to explain how Dolly perceives that there is a man for her to bring out from inside that rich miser. In the scene where Dolly arrives at the Harmonia Gardens and stands poised at the top of the stairs—in this entrance that she has planned as the moment to

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dazzle him, when even the children in the theatre are crying out, "Isn't she beautiful!"—the movie fails to show us Matthau's *response*. Even in terms of their own dumb material, the script-writer (the producer, Ernest Lehman) and the director fell asleep at the controls. Couldn't Streisand have been allowed more songs? Kelly is trying so hard for zest and verve; he tries to force it in every production number. But Streisand has it: her energy and exuberance aren't forced; one feels that she's in a straitjacket through most of the dialogue, trying to hold herself down. And when she's given a chance to let her energy out, she's great. She's a very sexy lady, which is what keeps this show from withering away on the screen.

Now that the studios are collapsing, the movie industry has finally recognized what everybody has been telling it for fifteen years—that big, expensive productions are insane, because the hits don't make enough to pay for the blockbuster flops. But now it has decided that since big, expensive movies are "dead" (there's no financing for future ones), the musical as a movie form is dead. Darryl F. Zanuck says you can't make little musicals, and the rest of the industry seems to concur. I think they're dead wrong. I love musicals, but I hate big, expensive musicals, because I have to wade through all the filler of production values to get to what I want to see, and I suspect there are millions of people who feel the same way. Do the movie-makers think we go to musicals for the *sets*? Or for those big orchestral arrangements? The great moments in this movie are not the big production numbers, and they rarely have been in other musicals. Big, expensive chorus lines serve mainly a Camp function, and even this can be managed with a few performers, as the

choreographer Danny Daniels demonstrated in "The Night They Raided Minsky's." What we enjoy in "Hello, Dolly!" are the solo in the park; Streisand's "Hello, Dolly!" solo and the moments with Armstrong; her blazing, raucous "So Long, Dearie" song to Matthau, when she satirizes her own energy; and the lovely seconds near the end when they dance. In these moments, she makes you believe that she could bring warmth and life into a dull existence, because she does it for this Barnum and Bailey movie. And

for these we endure the rest—to see her even in a bad role. We know that this bossy, overbearing woman, a role that has to be overdone to be done at all, is not what she should play—that, in fact, it feeds into what's rather unpleasing in her personality. It's obvious that she should have more delicately conceived roles, but then we've almost always had to settle for the great movie personalities in bad roles and be grateful for that much.

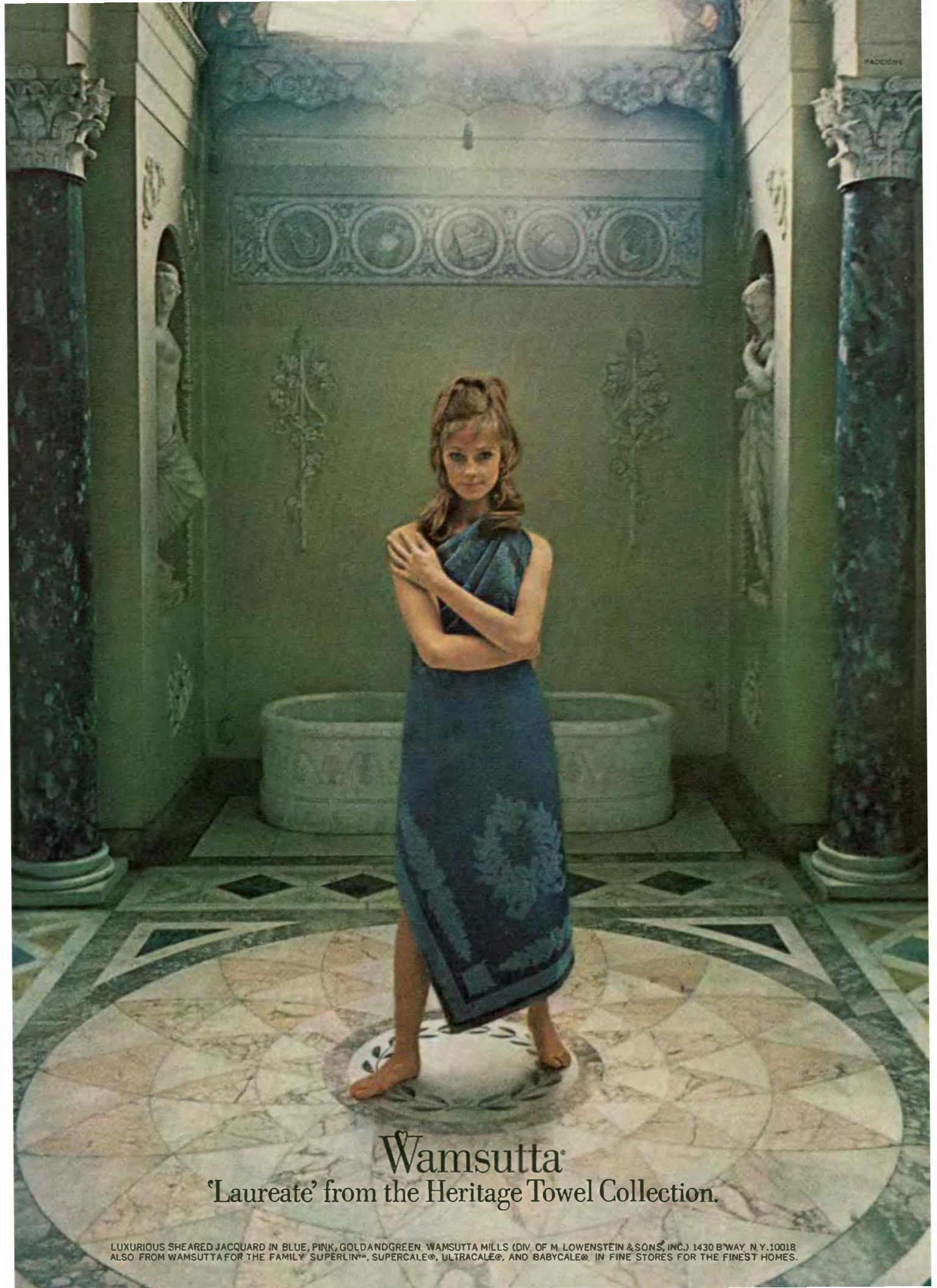
Somewhere along the line, Hollywood got the idea that musicals were "family entertainment" and had to be wholesome and overproduced and full of mugging actors and cloying ingénues and a processed plot and all the rest of the paraphernalia that has made so many people say, "I can't stand musicals." And, as the years went on, the big musicals drew more and more upon just what we liked least in the old ones. (The choreography in "Hello, Dolly!" imitates and draws upon what was worst in "An American in Paris"—the big ballet, which was what I enjoyed that movie *in spite of*.) What is great in musicals is to see talented people doing what they do best, as they used to do in those Paramount musicals in the thirties that cost about fifty cents—as any group of talented people can do on a tiny budget.

When Hollywood gets the kind of "impetuous, overwhelming, absorbing personality" (as Shaw described Ellen Terry) who brings audiences into theatres because she has so much to

give, the studios just want her to apply artificial respiration to old Broadway properties. It's a bad joke for these moguls who star Barbra Streisand in a big musical to tell us that a small musical can't be made, when it's her kind of energy and vitality—what she brings to their decaying movies—that are the basic ingredients of the modern renaissance in pop

music and rock and blues. Now, at the time when modern classical music, like much of modern theatre, has become enervated, but popular songs are alive, and the whole country is alive to their force—at just the time for great new movie musicals—the moguls who can't see any farther than the end of their cigars tell us that the form is dead. For them, a musical is something with a score by Leslie Bricusse or Jerry Herman. This should be the best time for movie musicals since the early thirties, when the talkies took





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up the great revue stars of the stage—Fanny Brice, Astaire, and the Marx Brothers and all the rest. But while the studios that tried to imitate "The Sound of Music" are preparing to destroy themselves again by imitating exploitation films and "wheelers" ("Easy Rider" and the Westerns on motorcycles, like "The Wild Angels," that "Easy Rider" grew out of), the personalities and talents that could restore American movies are not available on film. Don't the studios know that there is an audience ready and waiting for Aretha Franklin and Grace Slick and Janis Joplin and Flip Wilson and dozens of others? American movies did less with Ray Charles in the fifties and sixties than they did with Fats Waller in the first years of talkies. College students keep going to old W. C. Fields films that cost less than fifty cents, and Jonathan Winters, maybe the most wildly imaginative comedian who ever lived, has yet to be really unleashed in a movie so that he can show what he can do. Of course, he'll be hard to use, but so was Fields; they had to let him take off and improvise.

Barbra Streisand needs to be liberated from period clothes and big-studio musical arrangements, so that her modern, urban, unpretentious humor can be fully let out. Obviously, she's already too big a star for shoestring movies, but a musical can cost two or three million instead of twenty plus. Streisand could inaugurate a new kind of musical, because she uses song as Astaire used dance, expressively, to complete a role and make it a myth. I can't think of any single greater waste of screen talent than there would be if, because of the new economic calculations about musicals, this actress-singer decided to turn to straight acting roles. She would be abandoning her true singularity—her ability to extend a character in song. Inexpensive musicals could use her talent and the talents of comedians, singers, and dancers—and, please God, new scenarists and new songwriters—and allow them some freedom, in a way that a blockbuster like "Hello, Dolly!" doesn't. When Louis Armstrong sings to Streisand, "You're still glowin', you're still crownin', you're still goin' strong," one wants them to dump the movie and just keep going. And that's what people could do in a small musical.

THE latest episode in the super-serial of the sixties, the new James Bond thriller, "On Her Majesty's Secret Service," is set mainly in Switzer-

land, and it's marvellous fun. It introduces a new Bond, George Lazenby, who's quite a dull fellow, and the script isn't much, either, but the movie is exciting anyway. The director, Peter Hunt, is a wizard at action sequences, particularly an ethereal ski chase that you know is a classic while you're goggling at it, and a mean, fast bobsled chase that is shot and edited like nothing I've ever seen before. I know that on one level it's not worth doing, but it sure has been done brilliantly. Diana Rigg is a tall, amusing Mrs. Bond; it's a shame they kill her off (in a bad "sincere" ending). A wife never hurt Nick Charles, and the Bond figure is beginning to need all the help he can get. Gabriele Ferzetti (the hero of "L'Avventura," who is aging to look like Olivier) is an amiable gangster-tycoon; he and Ilse Steppat, the indefatigable villainess, help give the picture some tone.

"Marooned," on the other hand, a sci-fi space epic, is total, straight Dullsville. John Sturges is becoming the most sedate director in the business; working with a script that sounds as if the author had never met a human being, he's out there in space, walking heavy. Who in his right mind would cast the three leads with Gregory Peck, Richard Crenna, and David Janssen, when anybody can see they're all the same man? At times, this picture seems like a straight-faced parody of nice-guy, concerned-American stereotypes, and the dummies in space have left dum-dum wives below. The sanctimonious chitchat of these ladies gets the only laughs in the movie—horselaughs. The final few minutes, with a rescue operation somewhere in space, are fairly tense, but the picture has already died.

I HAVE rarely seen a picture I enjoyed less than "The Damned," a ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti. There are, of course, people for whom anything to do with Nazi decadence pushes a button marked "True and Great," but still these rotten, scheming degenerates who look like werewolves talking politics while green lights play on their faces are rather much. When the young hero's impersonation of Marlene Dietrich is interrupted by the news that "in Berlin, the Reichstag is burning," he goes into a snit. Visconti is grimly serious about all this curling-lip-and-thin-eyebrow decadence. He has everything he needs for his centerpiece—the orgy and massacre of Roehm's homosexual Brown Shirts—including the gorgeous naked boys in black lace

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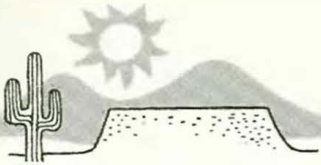
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panties, but he can't seem to make up his mind why he's showing it all to us. My candidate for silliest lurid sequence of the year is the Krupp-Borgia Baroness (Ingrid Thulin) lying in bed with her lover (Dirk Bogarde), her face green and her eyes deeply shadowed in blue, while she talks rapturously of power—"all the power"—and the camera prowls around her body and settles on a giant closeup of her breast.

But I'm making "The Damned" sound like fun, and it isn't, though the depravity is borderline, and if the picture were speeded up a trifle it could be a Camp horror film. Visconti is a major director who likes to work on a large scale, synthesizing ideas from the classics, but his work is frequently cold and flawed, and ambitious in ambiguous ways. It's easy to say that the decadence in this movie is a metaphor for Nazism, but it's a dubious metaphor, and I think people take it not as a metaphor but as an *explanation*; I think they really want to believe that German perversions and moral decay were what caused the Second World War. They want to believe in villains who shave their eyebrows and leer a lot—like humorless, Wagnerian Little Foxes. (They can always say that there *were* perverts and psychopaths—and of course there were, just as there are in situations that don't resemble Hitler's Germany.) Anyway, whatever Visconti's intentions are, I think he's not using decadence as a metaphor for Nazism but the reverse: he's using Nazism as a metaphor for decadence and homosexuality. The movie is being sold by a great ad campaign featuring a picture of Martin (Helmut Berger), the transvestite in Dietrich drag, and the words "He was soon to become the second most powerful man in Nazi Germany," but, despite the character given Martin and the fact that he is *played* as a homosexual, he does just about everything except sleep with a man. And the homosexual orgy and massacre are staged immaculately and reverentially, without comment. The movie never deals explicitly with any homosexual relationship, yet, for all the parallels with German history that the mad dynasty in this film goes through, the basic impulse and spirit of the film seem more closely allied to the use of Nazi emblems in "Scorpio Rising" and the wheelers than to political events. It seems to be not so much a political movie as a homosexual fantasy.

"The Damned" could be ludicrous politically (as I think it is), and a mixture of hatred of the Nazis and fasci-

nation with them, and still be emotionally effective. But Visconti, though drawn to excess, lacks the gifts of an F. W. Murnau or a Fritz Lang; he's *carefully* flamboyant. And when you don't have a talent for the grotesque but are nevertheless determined to tell the story of a fag-hag mother (Thulin) who turns her son into a dope-addicted transvestite who molests little girls and eventually beds down with mother—which is too much even for her and turns her into a zombie—it's grotesque, all right. To add to it, the sound and the dialogue are a complete disaster; though some of the actors speak their own English, "The Damned" has all the disadvantages of a dubbed movie—everything sounds stilted and slightly off. The characters are dressed and made up for the thirties, but they talk in a language that belongs to no period or country and sounds like translated subtitles. After the Baroness writhes around in bed, she persuades Bogarde to kill yet another member of her family. "Complicity," he announces, in his usual anguish. Visconti punctuates rapes and murders with dialogue like "I beg you, Konstantin" and "Keep calm, Konstantin, the coup d'état has failed." Martin, the creepy psychopath with two sets of eyebrows (his own and the painted thin ones), complains to his mother of "your will to subjugate me at all costs." It's really a story about a good boy who loves his wicked mother, and how she emasculates him and makes him decadent—the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag.

—PAULINE KAELE

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[From the Los Angeles Times]

"Their amendments are attention-getting gimmicks which ignore the painstaking work of the Mills committee (the House Ways and Means Committee) and the exhaustive efforts of the Administration to achieve tax reform in a time of inflation," Agnew declared. "They resemble children playing with power tools but I believe their grandstanding is going to backfire. They are about to gore their own oxen."

BRISTOL.—(Special)—The Jolly Jest-ers will meet at the Bristol Center Nov. 22 at 7 p.m. to see a sex education film shown by Robert Garrou of Starksboro, entitled "Innocents Defiled." The public is invited.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald*.

Come one, come all, in jollity and jest!

BOOKS

The Way of the Transgressor

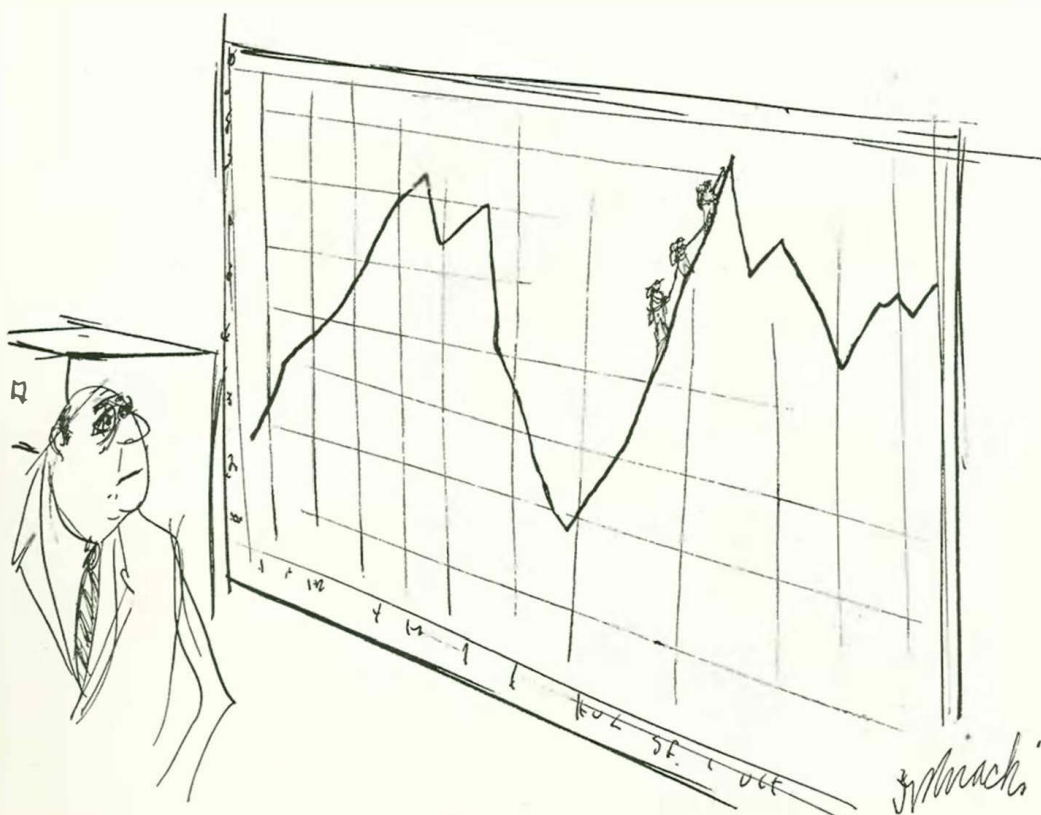


IN March of 1528, John Calvin left Paris for Orléans, where he would study law under the great Pierre Taisan de l'Estoile. Calvin's father was a low-grade lawyer—a "notary-apostolic," a "procurator-fiscal"—and he wanted his son to become a legal authority. Four centuries later, the wish is still being realized, because we still fall back on his son's brilliant mind, so adept at handing down laws for men and judgments about men, all in the name of God's will. To Calvin, God is our only hope. Without His nod, we are guilty and corrupt; Adam's fall is a disaster to be felt by man until time ends. After his fall, we became heir to malice and corruption, and because of that fall—i.e., man's fall—we all deserve to be condemned before God and sentenced to Hell. Calvin spared no one. Unlike Luther, he was given neither to sentiment nor to bursts of passionate and merciful generosity. His mind was a logician's, a stern judge's. In the second book of his "Institutes of the Christian Religion," even little children do not escape, for at the moment of birth we are already evil, "and therefore infants themselves, as they bring their condemnation into the world with them, are rendered liable to punishment by their own sinfulness, not by the sinfulness of another. For though they have not yet produced the fruits of their iniquity, yet they have the seed of it within them; even their whole nature is as it were a seed of sin, and therefore cannot but be odious and abominable to God." Yet Calvin's icy logic and breathtaking gloom yield to Christ, though only partly. God became incarnate in order to redeem us. The man Jesus became a prophet, a king, a leader, but he died the death of an outlaw, only to be resurrected as the Christ, who now could be a redeemer because he had waged an earthly struggle, had sacrificed himself the mortal to become part of a mysterious, ineffable trinitarian Godhead. In a way, to Calvin, Christ was a man who

was tested, who remained obedient and trusting, who earned God's forgiveness and His sanction to forgive others, but within limits, for God has predestined some to eternal life and some to eternal death, some to salvation and some to punishment. Calvin's unyielding fatalism survives today in the West's religious and philosophical tradition. Puritan England (and New England) took his teachings to heart, and even people who have little desire or claim to be called Calvinists have unwittingly felt the influence of a man who was not only a theologian but a determined lawgiver and a shrewd observer of men. (He makes what he calls "connections" between the knowledge we have of God and the knowledge we gain of ourselves, and, in doing this, manages to describe men and their motives with candor and subtlety.)

For Karl Menninger, the author of "The Crime of Punishment" (Viking), a discussion of Calvin's ideas and principles is no senseless indulgence. To Menninger, John Calvin is very much alive in contemporary America, however sectarian and anti-religious our culture may appear. Underneath all the libertine gloss and shine, underneath the worship of the mind's knowledge and the body's comfort, we have remained loyal to our

past—to John Calvin and John Knox and Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards, who, for all their differences, shared a view of the world perhaps best described by Perry Miller: "The Puritan mind was one of the toughest the world has ever had to deal with. It is inconceivable to conceive of a disillusioned Puritan; no matter what misfortune befell him, no matter how often or how tragically his fellow-men failed him, he would have been prepared for the worst, and would have expected no better." Yet, for all their uncompromising morality, the Puritans had a willingness to see in themselves what they condemned in others. They saw faith as elusive and never really won for keeps. They saw sin everywhere, in saints as in the most obvious criminals. But the Puritans were far more generous to their criminals than we are to ours. In Scotland and in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, they put liars and crooks in stocks and punished blasphemy with the pillory and the whip; they punished their neighbors—and, indeed, themselves—severely, but they never condemned anyone to a *life* of punishment. Swift pain, administered in public and accompanied by outright scorn, was followed by nervous forgiveness; the next man to be condemned might be a





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judge, a minister, an avowedly righteous man. The Puritans knew they were sinners, and a community like theirs can generate its own paradoxical democracy—the kind that ultimately rests on Christ's challenge to the scribes, to the Pharisees, and, indeed, to all of us: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

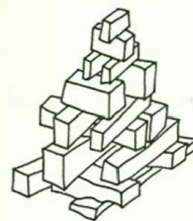
In contrast, we set our outlaws apart in such a way that only a few ever return to live among us for very long. We punish and punish and punish them, and worry not that they continue in their wrongful ways.

They are criminals—born to be, driven to be—and they deserve everything we give them: a sentence to the life our prisons offer, an existence thoroughly apart from us. They deserve confinement, without the sustained company of their wives, husbands, children, friends, neighbors, and lovers, and without privacy, good medical care, a chance to learn and be more than a member of a constantly guarded road gang. "We derive an innate depravity from our very birth," said Calvin, but for "we" and "our" we use "they" and "their" in dealing with criminals—to make it clear that they deserve *on this earth* a pitiless exile that might anger even the fervered Calvinists. It is one thing to use the whipping post, to rap knuckles and box ears, to apply the rack and the gallows; it is another to confine people, year after year, in the hope that they will become good citizens.

Fifteen hundred years ago, Justinian I, the Roman emperor who codified Roman law, insisted, even though he was a barbarian from the Balkans, that "a prison is for confinement, not for punishment." For centuries, high-court judges in England worked "to deliver the gaols"—to empty them, not fill them. In the Middle Ages, jails were meant only to hold prisoners awaiting trial. The tower of a castle, a gatehouse, the cellar of an inn would do until the prisoners had their day in court. At first, prisoners were simply fined. Later, capital punishment became popular for a number of "serious offenses," and after that came what to Menninger is the cruellest and most ironic hoax: extended committal—in the past to mines and kitchens and workhouses, in our time to jails—all to further "correction." It is as if "progress" meant a refinement of cruelty, an absolute distinction between those who more or less obey most laws and those who at one point or another

don't. Though we consider ourselves more enlightened than our ancestors, many prisoners might gladly take their chances on Justinian, or even John Calvin, rather than on some of the men in charge of the Cook County jail or the prison farms of Arkansas—to mention two that gained notoriety recently.

"The Crime of Punishment" is an enlargement of three lectures by Dr. Menninger after he received the Isaac Ray Award, which is presented annually to a physician or a jurist whose concerns are of interest to students and teachers of both medicine and law. Menninger has given years of his life to the study of criminals (and judges and prosecutors and defense attorneys), so making the award—a distinguished one—to him was a logical move. The book is not a



shrill one, and its argument is not a reckless one. The author marshals reason against irrationality, compassion against the spirit of vengeance, and pragmatism against what I suppose can be called legalism and a sort of moralistic absolutism. He reminds us that there are crimes and crimes, criminals and criminals. In 1967, a billion dollars was embezzled by employees so deftly that no one could even be accused, and "one hotel in New York lost over seventy-five thousand finger bowls, demitasse spoons, and other objects in its first ten months of operation." Then, there are income-tax statements that don't include everything. And "the Claims Bureau of the American Insurance Association estimates that seventy-five per cent of all claims are dishonest in some respect, and the amount of overpayment [is] more than three hundred and fifty million dollars a year." Many of us go about our transgressions unnoticed, but most of those who are accused of crime are quickly convicted and punished. Ninety per cent of all defendants plead guilty without a trial; of the other ten per cent, more than half are convicted. People who worry about coddling and about "law and order" simply do not know those percentages. Nor do many of us know what prisons are like. Dr. Menninger presents an unnerving description of prison life in this country, though he has no hope that yet another account will bring an end to the awful things a twentieth-century democracy still permits, because exposés and investigations have not substantially changed conditions. We still put young first offenders beside hardened criminals. We still fail to sort out the dangerous and brutal

and bloodthirsty from the confused and mentally retarded. We still mix ignorant and thoughtless men with confidence men. The "recidivists" are soon back in court, to be sentenced by judges who have little more choice than the prisoners:

The judge undoubtedly hopes that the prisoner whom he is sentencing will undergo a change in his personality. But from what influences? No judge wants him changed in the direction of the features of prison life. How will the character structure of the offender, his particular strengths and weaknesses, be ascertained? And were this possible, let us say by some diagnostic setup, to what agencies will the judge refer the man for carrying out a program of induced change? Some judges do strive to accomplish these things in spite of the lack of facilities, the lack of time available to them, the lack of precedent in many jurisdictions.

The director of the federal Bureau of Prisons, Myrl E. Alexander, remarked in an interview recently:

Simply removing an offender to an institution as punishment often only compounds the problem of reintegrating him into the community as a law-abiding citizen. All too frequently it costs him his job, severs his family ties and pins on him a label that makes all of his problems more difficult to overcome. So, as a means of punishment and as an instrument with which to change criminal behavior, imprisonment is still a failure.

We persist in our ways, though. Mr. Alexander says that two-thirds of our prisoners could be paroled at once without making our streets any more dangerous. Dr. Menninger says that a prison brands a man as hopeless, as a leper, and destroys what good judgment and common sense and sanity he may have. Mr. Alexander says that prisons do not offer the education and training so many convicts need to become law-abiding. Dr. Menninger points out what prisons *do* offer: bitterness, loneliness, hate, vengeance, sexual frustration, sexual perversion, futility. But we build larger prisons; we continue to believe that we will secure order and justice by locking up more of the poor, the marginal, the badly educated, the sick, the weak and bewildered human beings—the majority of those who are caught and imprisoned. Meanwhile, crime flourishes, and will flourish if we build five hundred jails a year and fill them: "And while an army of men across the country tries to serve our interests and safety by turning the wheels of this infernal machine for the grinding up of a minority of the easily caught offenders and administering to them the futile ritual of punishment, a horde of known but immune predatory criminals grows fat and famous in front of



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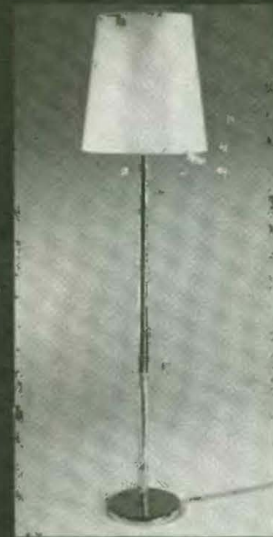


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our eyes." Those are the criminals—Menninger's "professional" ones—who have lawyers, who have money to spend on politicians, sheriffs, legislators, judges, and jurors. If such criminals ever go to jail, they go to the few "good" prisons, where they are still privileged and are soon released on parole or pardoned. Money influences the law, and so do the psychiatric experts who advise judges and juries about insanity, "mental status," and "motives." Dr. Menninger says that some of his colleagues use "obscurantist, pejorative designations" and "pompous fraternity jargon," and that the American Psychiatric Association holds "eighteenth- and nineteenth-century notions." He will have none of their labels. Psychiatrists, he declares, can be—to use an old-fashioned word—disedifying. They wrangle with one another, and use words like "sick" or "pathological" or "abnormal" with flagrant imprecision, with condescension, with malice; any disagreement with their findings is evidence of "sickness," for which, of course, the disserter needs something called "treatment." In a way, psychiatrists can become bulwarks for the evils, the caprices, the irrationality of the law. There is always the psychiatric "out": the prisoner is "ill," therefore he must be sent for "observation." Some psychoanalysts, Dr. Menninger points out, have even come up with this kind of thinking: People "need" to see a certain number of criminals severely and arbitrarily punished; inside us, Nemesis lives and will not be denied; we believe in an eye for an eye. So psychiatric and psychoanalytic theory can be used to defend the status quo: What exists in a society expresses what is emotionally "needed." Implacable instinct is everything, and all the social, political, economic, cultural, and historical forces that shape our ideas and desires are mere reflections of the one great given, however variously and confusingly it is interpreted, that goes under the name of "human nature." But to Menninger people respond enormously to the world they live in. If they are poor and hungry, they turn on themselves, or they strike out at others and try to take things away from them. If they have been brutalized at home and at school and in their neighborhood, they feel brutal toward themselves and they go after others brutally. None of which means that crime and violence are inevitable. We learn by example, and Menninger says that the two great examples of violence are a nation's willingness to wage war abroad and at the same time to herd many of its own

citizens together, give them wretched food, heat them, flog them, set up conditions that encourage them to assault, rape, kill.

We seem haunted by "crime on the streets," and many of us believe in longer sentences and more prisoners, so, in a sense, Dr. Menninger's timing is poor. A large number of us don't want to hear his sane voice asking its unsettling questions, its tone of reason and compassion and forgiveness, of concern for both the violated and the violent, whose own sense of violation will not disappear, however solid and dark and bare and cold our dungeons are. What we presumably want to know, he says, is "how to identify, detect, and detain potentially dangerous citizens." Yet the best of our doctors can't be sure which of today's troubled (or, to all appearances, untroubled) children will be tomorrow's killers or thieves. Psychiatrists—and I am one of them—can offer a coherent and reasonable explanation of why a person is driven to break the law, but we cannot always do much to change him. There are only a few of us, and a good amount of our time is given over to (purchased by) people whose crimes are often imaginary. Moreover, as we keep saying in all those journals, even the most intact of personalities respond uncertainly to the best of psychiatric care. But the matter of crime does not give us reason only for gloom and despair. Prisoners (among others) do not have to be psychoanalyzed to be rehabilitated. The Bureau of Prisons, which runs far better programs than most of our state prisons, has achieved many notable successes. Myrl Alexander told his interviewer:

Correction is a continuous and closely interwoven process, no one element of which can be successfully isolated from the others. Juvenile detention, the jail, the court, probation, halfway houses, juvenile institutions, penitentiaries, parole, work-release and pre-release programs, academic education, vocational training, group therapy—all are inseparable in their total impact on delinquent and criminal behavior.

We still do not know why one man falls sick and another stays reasonably well, why one person's violence becomes a disaster for all of us and another's can be channelled into useful forms of expression. In fact, the very way we define what is "normal" and "abnormal" and "good" and "bad" will continue to trouble us. (In the British psychoanalyst R. D. Laing's unforgettable words, "A man who prefers to be dead rather than Red is normal. A man who says he has lost his soul

is mad. A man who says that men are machines may be a great scientist. A man who says he *is* a machine is 'depersonalized,' in psychiatric jargon.") What matters is that, despite all those riddles and dilemmas, men have always shown themselves capable of transformation, of growth, for reasons no social scientist may ever be able to specify. The ironic title of Dr. Menninger's book brings to mind Dostoevski. Raskolnikov and Sonia would hardly be considered good "treatment risks" by many of our psychiatrists, nor would many of us find much mercy in our hearts for them. To Dostoevski, however, punishment is absurd and worthless unless it leads to a new beginning:

They wanted to speak, but could not; tears stood in their eyes. They were both pale and thin; but those sick, pale faces were bright with the dawn of a new future, of a full resurrection into a new life. They were renewed by love; the heart of each held infinite sources of life for the heart of the other.

I suppose such words can be dismissed as embarrassing sentiment, the prerogative of soft, muddleheaded visionaries—which brings to mind an added embarrassment. We are fast approaching the year 2000, which will again remind us how long ago it was that a child was born whom others eventually scorned, arraigned, and punished with the harshest penalty, only to find the man revealed as God Himself. —ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED
GENERAL

NISEI: THE QUIET AMERICANS, by Bill Hosokawa (Morrow). One of the editors of the *Denver Post* has here produced an engrossing history of Japanese-Americans, relying partly on the archives of the Japanese-American Research Project at U.C.L.A., partly on reporting, and partly on his own experiences as a Seattle-born American of Japanese parentage. Mr. Hosokawa deals with his ethnic group as a group, but its numbers are so tiny that he has plenty of space to describe the fortunes of many individuals and their adaptations to the United States. Unlike some historians of minorities, Mr. Hosokawa does not pretend that his ethnic brothers were a spotless band of angels. In fact, he sometimes seems to be searching for a few naughty fellows for contrast, since most Japanese-Americans, though suffering from poverty and racial discrimination, have been hardworking, law-abiding, trust-

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MEN IN PRISON, by Victor Serge, translated from the French by Richard Greeman (Doubleday). Victor Serge, who died in 1947 in Mexico, was born in 1890 in Brussels, the child of émigré Russian intellectuals who had fled Russia after the assassination of Alexander II. In 1912, as an editor of a little anarchist weekly in Paris, he was arrested and sent to prison for five years. This book, written in 1929, is the fruit of those years in the French penal system, one of the harshest and most regressive in the world. It is called a novel, but it is hardly that: names have been changed and identities shuffled, but the author's subjective observations, his acute portraits of fellow-inmates and the guards, and his reflections on prison as a logical extension of a corrupt and feral society are real and immediate. Novel or autobiography, the book is literature, for Serge was a wonderful writer—a fact that has long been recognized in Europe, has been only reluctantly acknowledged in Soviet Russia, and is just emerging over here.

FROM THE CRASH TO THE BLITZ, 1929-39, by Cabell Phillips (Macmillan). This book, in effect, promises that it will be superficial and keeps its promise, thereby doing very well indeed for its reader. Instead of offering theoretical or speculative explanations of historical significance—the history behind the history, so dear to professional historians nowadays—Mr. Phillips, a newspaperman, briskly and accurately narrates the terrible events that came tumbling over one another during what may have been America's most anxious decade. The illustrations are excellent. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

SELF-PORTRAIT: U.S.A., by David Douglas Duncan (Abrams). One of the greatest photographers takes a good, sharp, fascinating, horrifying, and loving look at the texture and substance of our country these days, in terms of the 1968 political conventions that gave us President Nixon. Mr. Duncan's only point of view—and it comes through in complete focus—is his old Yankee Nomad feeling for people and things American, as well as his old Yankee Nomad passion over what is right and what is wrong about all of us today. From the first of his amazing

photographs, of Nelson and Happy Rockefeller arriving in Miami to make a try for the Presidential nomination—Rockefeller beaming meaninglessly, Happy valiantly trying to reflect all his jolly-good-fellowitis, while the cold-eyed Secret Serviceman regarding the camera reminds us of the awful, murderous background against which these cavalier events are played—Duncan's Yankee point of view is there. One of his most appealing qualities is the all-out enthusiasm with which he tries to share what he sees with others. His own text, accompanying the photographs, has this quality, too. Eighteen dollars and fifty cents.

THE DECORATIVE TWENTIES, by Martin Battersby (Walker). A survey of the arts of decoration in France, England, and the United States in the period bracketed by the end of the First World War and the market crash of 1929; it centers on the great Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs, held in Paris in 1925, which celebrated, and wrote finis to, the style known in retrospect as Art Déco, which had supplanted the Art Nouveau of the nineties and the early Edwardian years, and ushered in the style that is loosely known as "modern." Mr. Battersby, a painter and interior designer, covers the field—from interior decoration and furniture to glass manufacture, textile design, and book production—with his emphasis, justifiably, on the accelerated activity in these arts and crafts in France in the twenties. Two hundred illustrations, many of them in color, show examples of such things as the glass vases and clocks of René Lalique; interiors by such arbiters as Jacques Ruhlmann, Edgar Brandt, Joseph Urban, and Raymond Hood; and the fashions of such designers as Poiret, Louiseboulanger, Jenny, and Lanvin. The book is good for browsing, and some of it is funny, but it is fundamentally a solid work of history. Twenty dollars.

Article 1. Construction and Definitions
 40600. TENSES, GENDER AND NUMBER.
 As used in this subchapter, the present tense includes the past and future tenses, and the future, the present; the masculine gender includes the feminine, and the feminine, the masculine; and the singular number includes the plural, and the plural, the singular.—*California Administrative Code, Title 5, Education.*

And for "no" read "yes." Throughout.



—The secluded waterfall
at Rose Hall Plantation,
Rose Hall, Jamaica, W. I.



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