THE WOMAN AT THE WASHINGTON ZOO

The cars go by me from the embassies.

Cloth from the moon. Cloth from another planet.
They look back at the leopard like the leopard.

And I . . .

This print of mine, that has kept its color
Alive through so many cleanings; this dull null
Navy I wear to work, and wear from work, and so
To my bed, so to my grave, with no
Complaints, no comment: neither from my chief,
The Deputy Chief Assistant, nor his chief—
Only I complain; this serviceable
Body that no sunlight dyes, no hand suffuses
But, dome-shadowed, withering among columns,
Wavy beneath fountains—small, far-off, shining
In the eyes of animals, these beings trapped
As I am trapped but not, themselves, the trap,
Aging, but without knowledge of their age,
Kept safe here, knowing not of death, for death
—Oh, bars of my own body, open, open!

The world goes by my cage and never sees me.
And there come not to me, as come to these,
The wild beasts, sparrows pecking the llamas' grain,
Pigeons settling on the bears' bread, buzzards
Tearing the meat the flies have clouded . . .

Vulture,
When you come for the white rat that the foxes left,
Take off the red helmet of your head, the black
Wings that have shadowed me, and step to me as man,
The wild brother at whose feet the white wolves run,
To whose hand of power the great lioness
Stalks, purring . . .

You know what I was,
You see what I am; change me, change me!
any color

My print, that has clung to its old colors
Through many washings; this dull null
Navy I wear to work, and wear from work, and so
And so to bed. To bed
With no complaint, no comment—neither from my
chief,

nor

The Deputy Chief Assistant, from his chief,
Nor

nor

Congressmen, from their constituents—

—Only I complain; this poor worn serviceable . . .

This print, that has kept the memory of color
Alive through many cleanings; this dull null
Navy I wear to work, and wear from work, and so
To bed (with no complaints, no comment: neither
from my chief,
The Deputy Chief Assistant, nor his chief,
Nor his, nor Congressmen, nor their constituents

—Only I complain); this—plain worn, serviceable
sunlight
Body that no mmeet-dyes, no hand suffuses
But, dome-shadowed, withering among columns,
Wavy beneath fountains—small, far-off, shining
—wild—

in the eyes of animals, these beings trapped
As I am trapped but not, themselves, the trap . . .

to be and never know I am when the vulture buzzard comes for the white rat that the foxes left. May be taken off his black wings, the red flesh of his head, and step to me as man—a man at whose brown feet the white wolves fawn—to whose hand of power, The lioness stalks, leaving her cubs playing, and rubs her head along the bars as he strokes it. Along the side of the page, between these lines, two or three words to a line, is written the animals who are trapped but are not themselves the trap black leopards spots, light and darkened, hidden except to the close eyes of love, in their life-long darkness, so I in decent black, navy blue.

yellow as October maples rosy, blood seen through flesh in summer, colors wild and easy natural—leaf-yellow cloud-rose leopard-yellow, cloth from another planet the leopards look back at their wearers, but for hue the women look back at the leopard.

And on the back of the vulture's page there is a flight of ideas, almost a daydream, coming out of these last phrases: we have never mistaken you for the others among the legations one of a different architecture women, sari of a different color envoy impressive clear bullet-proof glass lips, through the clear glass of a rose sedan color of blood you too are represented on this earth . . .

The saris go by me from the embassies.

Cloth from the moon, cloth from another planet. They look back at the leopard like the leopard.

And I . . . This print of mine, that has kept its color Alive through so many cleanings; this dull null Navy I wear to work, and wear from work, and so To my bed, to my grave, with no Complaints, no comment: neither from my chief,
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Only I complain); this plain, worn, serviceable sunlight
Body that no sun dyes, no hand suffuses
But, dome-shadowed, withering among columns,
Wavy beneath fountains—small, far-off, shining—wild—

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suck eggs. § [What we were saying when we (The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland) ran out of space last week is that it would be presumptuous of us to tell you how to drink fine whiskey. It'd be like teaching your grandmother to suck eggs, as they say. Whatever that means.] § Still, there’s no denying that, thanks to Irish Coffee, any number of the Americans have taken Irish Whiskey without having truly tasted of it and that’s a fact. What happens is the fragrant coffee and the sugar cube and the cool, frothy cream on top all but drown out the principal ingredient! At no monetary loss to us, mind. It has been a real treat to watch the dear sales curve soaring. § But Profit is not all in all; Pride has its innings. We are an enormously Prideful lot when it comes to the elegant, burnished, emphatic flavor of our whiskies. This is why we should like you to buy them, to drink them, to cherish them for themselves alone. § “Ah! but there are nine grand brands of Irish Whiskey,” you say, “Which to choose?” You’ve stated the problem well, we think, if floridly. Look, why don’t you ask the man at the whiskey store for his recommendation. He will be overjoyed at your humility. § Now you’ve grasped our dilemma you’ll no doubt be wishing to take your stand for Pride or Profit as the case may be. You’ll appreciate that we must remain neutral ourselves, can’t afford to do otherwise. But don’t let our shilly-shallying prevent you from being forthright. § To this end we are issuing badges which we trust you will wear openly and diligently. They are quite attractive and are sure to draw admiring glances from one and all. You may obtain either the Pride Badge or the Profit Badge at no cost to yourself, that is to say, absolutely free for the asking. Address your requests to: Pride, P. O. Box 186, Dublin, Ireland, or to Profit, P. O. Box 207, Dublin, Ireland, as the case may be. Air Mail is fifteen cents; surface mail, is eight cents; post cards, four cents. § The lovely stamp you’ll get on the return envelope is alone worth the effort, not to mention the brave badge. Perhaps you’d better write us via the air mail. It’s speedier for one thing, more flamboyant, and be-
In the following scenario, Dr. Paul Ehrlich predicts what our world will be like in ten years if the present course of environmental destruction is allowed to continue. Dr. Ehrlich is a prominent ecologist, a professor of biology at Stanford University, and author of The Population Bomb (Ballantine).

THE END OF THE OCEAN CAME late in the summer of 1979, and it came even more rapidly than the biologists had expected. There had been signs for more than a decade, commencing with the discovery in 1968 that DDT slows down photosynthesis in marine plant life. It was announced in a short paper in the technical journal, Science, but to ecologists it smacked of doomsday. They knew that all life in the sea depends on photosynthesis, the chemical process by which green plants bind the sun’s energy and make it available to living things. And they knew that DDT and similar chlorinated hydrocarbons had polluted the entire surface of the earth, including the sea.

But that was only the first of many signs. There had been the final gasp of the whaling industry in 1973, and the end of the Peruvian anchovy fishery in 1975. Indeed, a score of other fisheries had disappeared quietly from over-exploitation and various eco-catastrophes by 1977. The term “eco-catastrophe” was coined by a California ecologist in 1969 to describe the most spectacular of man’s attacks on the systems which sustain his life. He drew his inspiration from the Santa Barbara offshore oil disaster of that year, and from the news which spread among naturalists that virtually all of the Golden State’s seashore bird life was doomed because of chlorinated hydrocarbon interference with its reproduction. Eco-catastrophes in the sea became increasingly common in the early 1970’s. Mysterious “blooms” of previously rare microorganisms began to appear in offshore waters. Red tides—killer outbreaks of a minute single-celled plant—returned to the Florida Gulf coast and were sometimes accompanied by tides of other exotic hues.

It was clear by 1975 that the entire ecology of the ocean was changing. A few types of phytoplankton were becoming resistant to chlorinated hydrocarbons and were gaining the upper hand. Changes in the phytoplankton community led inevitably to changes in the community of zooplankton, the tiny animals which eat the phytoplankton. These changes were passed on up the chains of life in the ocean to the herring, plaice, cod and tuna. As the diversity of life in the ocean diminished, its stability also decreased.

Other changes had taken place by 1975. Most ocean fishes that returned to fresh water to breed, like the salmon, had become extinct, their breeding streams so dammed up and polluted that their powerful homing instinct only resulted in suicide. Many fishes and shellfishes that bred in restricted areas along the coasts followed them as onshore pollution escalated.

By 1977 the annual yield of fish from the sea was down to 30 million metric tons, less than one-half the per capita catch of a decade earlier. This helped malnutrition to escalate sharply in a world where an estimated 50 million people per year were already dying of starvation. The United Nations attempted to get all chlorinated hydrocarbon insecticides banned on a worldwide basis, but the move was defeated by the United States. This opposition was generated primarily by the American petrochemical industry, operating hand in glove with its subsidiary, the United States Department of Agriculture. Together they persuaded the government to oppose the U.N. move—which was not difficult since most Americans believed that Russia and China were more in need of fish products than was the United States. The United Nations also attempted to get fishing nations to adopt strict and enforced catch limits to preserve dwindling stocks. This move was blocked by Russia, who, with the most modern electronic equipment, was in the best position to glean what was left in the sea. It was, curiously, on the very day in 1977 when the Soviet Union announced its refusal that another ominous article appeared in Science. It announced that incident solar radiation had been so reduced by worldwide air pollution that serious effects on the world’s vegetation could be expected.

APARENTLY IT WAS A COMBINATION of ecosystem destabilization, sunlight reduction, and a rapid escalation in chlorinated hydrocarbon pollution from massive Thanodrin applications which triggered the ultimate

by Dr. Paul Ehrlich
Fewer still would forget that an equally distinguished Harvard economist added that they might be required to learn some economics, too. The overall message was clear: America's resource situation was bad and bound to get worse. The hearings had led to a bill requiring the Departments of State, Interior, and Commerce to set up a joint resource procurement council with the express purpose of "insuring that proper consideration of American resource needs be an integral part of American foreign policy."

Suddenly the United States discovered that it had a national consensus: population control was the only possible salvation of the underdeveloped world. But that same consensus led to heated debate. How could the UDCs be persuaded to limit their populations, and should not the United States lead the way by limiting its own? Members of the intellectual community wanted America to set an example. They pointed out that the United States was in the midst of a new baby boom; her birth rate, well over 20 per thousand per year, and her growth rate of over one per cent per annum were among the very highest of the developed countries. They detailed the deterioration of the American physical and psychic environments, the growing health threats, the impending food shortages, and the insufficiency of funds for desperately needed public works. They contended that the nation was clearly unable or unwilling to properly care for the people it already had. What possible reason could there be, they queried, for adding any more? Besides, who would listen to requests by the United States for population control when that nation did not control her own profligate reproduction?

Those who opposed population controls for the U.S. were equally vociferous. The military-industrial complex, with its all-too-human mixture of ignorance and avarice, still saw strength and prosperity in numbers. Baby food magnates, already worried by the growing nitrate pollution of their products, saw their market disappearing. Steel manufacturers saw a decrease in aggregate demand and slippage for that holy of holies, the Gross National Product. And military men, with a growing population-food-environmental crisis, a serious threat to their carefully nurtured Cold War. In the end, of course, economic arguments held sway, and the "inalienable right of every American couple to determine the size of its family," a freedom invented for the occasion in the early '70s, was not compromised.

The population control bill, which was passed by Congress early in 1974, was quite a document, nevertheless. On the domestic front, it authorized an increase from 100 to 150 million dollars in funds for "family planning" activities. This was made possible by a general feeling in the country that the growing army on welfare needed family planning. But the gist of the bill was a series of measures designed to impress the need for population control on the UDCs. All American aid to countries with overpopulation problems was required by law to consist in part of population control assistance. In order to receive any assistance each nation was required not only to accept the population control aid, but also to show progress in reducing birth rates. Every five years the status of the aid program for each nation was to be re-evaluated.

The reaction to the announcement of this program dwarfed the response to President Kennedy's speech. A coalition of UDCs attempted to get the U.N. General Assembly to condemn the United States as a "genetic aggressor." Most damaging of all to the American cause was the famous "25 Indians and a dog" speech by Mr. Shankarnarayan, Indian Ambassador to the U.N. Shankarnarayan pointed out that for several decades the United States, with less than six per cent of the people of the world had consumed roughly 50 per cent of the raw materials used every year. He described vividly America's contribution to worldwide environmental deterioration, and he scathingly denounced the miserly record of United States foreign aid as "unworthy of a fourth-rate power, let alone the most powerful nation on earth."

It was the climax of his speech, however, which most historians claim once and for all destroyed the image of the United States. Shankarnarayan informed the assembly that the average American family dog was fed more animal protein per week than the average Indian got in a month. "How do you justify taking fish from protein-starved Peruvians and feeding them to your animals?" he asked. "I contend," he concluded, "that the birth of an American baby is a greater disaster for the world than that of 25 Indian babies." When the applause had died away, Mr. Sorensen, the American representative, made a speech which said essentially that "other countries look after their own self-interest, too." When the vote came, the United States was condemned.

This condemnation set the tone of U.S.-UDC relations at the time the Russian Thanodrin proposal was made. The proposal seemed to offer the masses in the UDCs an opportunity to save themselves and human the United States at the same time; and in human affairs, as we all know, biological realities could never interfere with such an opportunity. The scientists were silenced, the politicians said yes, the Thanodrin plants were built, and the results were what any beginning ecology student could have predicted. At first Thanodrin seemed to offer excellent control of many pests. True, there was a rash of human fatalities from improper use of the lethal chemical, but, as Russian technical advisors were prone to note, these were more than compensated for by increased yields. Thanodrin use skyrocketed throughout the underdeveloped world. The Mikoyan design group developed a dependable, cheap agricultural aircraft which the Soviets donated to the effort in large numbers. MIG sprayes became even more common in UDCs than MIG interceptors.

Then the troubles began. Insect strains with cuticles resistant to Thanodrin penetration began to appear. And as streams, rivers, fish culture ponds and onshore waters became rich in Thanodrin, more fisheries began to disappear. Bird populations were decimated. The sequence of events was standard for broadcast use of a synthetic pesticide: great success at first, followed by removal of natural enemies and development of resistance by the pest. Populations of crop-eating insects in areas treated with Thanodrin made steady comebacks and soon became more abundant than ever. Yields plunged, while farmers in the desperation increased the Thanodrin dose and shortened the time between treatments. Death from Thanodrin poisoning became common. The first violent incident occurred...
in the Canete Valley of Peru, where farmers had suffered a similar chlorinated hydrocarbon disaster in the mid-’50s. A Russian advisor serving as an agricultural pilot was assualted and killed by a mob of enraged farmers in January, 1978. Trouble spread rapidly during 1978, especially after the word got out that two years earlier Russia herself had banned the use of Thanodrin at home because of its serious effects on ecological systems. Suddenly Russia, and not the United States, was the béte noir in the UDCs. “Thanodrin parties” became epidemic, with farmers, in their ignorance, dumping cargos of Thanodrin concentrate into the sea. Russian advisors fled, and four of the Thanodrin plants were leveled to the ground. Destruction of the plants in Rio and Calcutta led to hundreds of thousands of gallons of Thanodrin concentrate being dumped directly into the sea.

Mr. Shankarnarayan again rose to address the United Nations, who was on the hot seat. Mr. Potemkin heard his nation described as the greatest mass killer of all time as Shankarnarayan predicted at least 30 million deaths from crop failures due to overdependence on Thanodrin. Russia was accused of “chemical aggression,” and the General Assembly, after a weak reply by Potemkin, passed a vote of censure.

It was in January, 1979, that huge blooms of a previously unknown variety of diatom were reported off the coast of Peru. The blooms were accompanied by a massive die-off of sea life and of the pathetic remainder of the birds which had once feasted on the anchovies of the area. Almost immediately another huge bloom was reported in the Indian ocean, centering around the Seychelles, and then a third in the South Atlantic off the African coast. Both of these were accompanied by spectacular die-offs of marine animals. Even more ominous were growing reports of fish and bird kills at oceanic points where there were no spectacular blooms. Biologists were soon able to explain the phenomenon: the diatom had evolved an enzyme which broke down Thanodrin; that enzyme also produced a breakdown product which interfered with the transmission of nerve impulses, and was therefore lethal to animals. Unfortunately, the biologists could suggest no way of repressing the poisonous diatom bloom in time. By September, 1979, all important animal life in the sea was extinct. Large areas of coastline had to be evacuated, as windrows of dead fish created a monumental stench.

But stench was the least of man’s problems. Japan and China were faced with almost instant starvation from a total loss of the seafood on which they were so dependent. Both blamed Russia for their situation and demanded immediate mass shipments of food. Russia had none to send. On October 13, Chinese armies attacked Russia on a broad front.

[v.]

A PRETTY GRIM SCENARIO. Unfortunately, we’re a long way into it already. Everything mentioned as happening before 1970 has actually occurred; much of the rest is based on projections of trends already appearing. Evidence that pesticides have long-term lethal effects on human beings has started to accumulate, and recently Robert Finch, Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare expressed his extreme apprehension about the pesticide situation. Simultaneously the petrochemical industry continues its unconscionable poison-peddling. For instance, Shell Chemical has been carrying on a high-pressure campaign to sell the insecticide Azodrin to farmers as a killer of cotton pests. They continue their program even though they know that Azodrin is not only ineffective, but often increases the pest density. They’ve covered themselves nicely in an advertisement which states, “Even if an overpowering migration [sic] develops, the flexibility of Azodrin lets you regain control fast. Just increase the dosage according to label recommendations.” It’s a great game—get people to apply the poison and kill the natural enemies of the pests. Then blame the increased pests on “migration” and sell even more pesticide!

Right now fisheries are being wiped out by over-exploitation, made easy by modern electronic equipment. The companies producing the equipment know this. They even boast in advertising that only their equipment will keep fishermen in business until the final kill. Profits must obviously be maximized in the short run. Indeed, Western society is in the process of completing the rape and murder of the planet for economic gain. And, sadly, most of the rest of the world is eager for the opportunity to emulate our behavior. But the underdeveloped peoples will be denied that opportunity—the days of plunder are drawing inexorably to a close.

Most of the people who are going to die in the greatest cataclysm in the history of man have already been born. More than three and a half billion people already populate our moribund globe, and about half of them are hungry. Some 10 to 20 million will starve to death this year. In spite of this, the population of the earth will increase by 70 million souls in 1969. For mankind has artificially lowered the death rate of the human population, while in general birth rates have remained high. With the input side of the population system in high gear and the output side slowed down, our fragile planet has filled with people at an incredible rate. It took several million years for the population to reach a total of two billion people in 1930, while a second two billion will have been added by 1975! By that time some experts feel that food shortages will have escalated the present level of world hunger and starvation into famines of unbelievable proportions. Other experts, more optimistic, think the ultimate food-population collision will not occur until the decade of the 1980’s. Of course more massive famine may be avoided if other events cause a prior rise in the human death rate.

Both worldwide plague and thermonuclear war are made more probable as population growth continues. These, along with famine, make up the trio of potential “death rate solutions” to the population problem—solutions in which the birth rate-death rate imbalance is redressed by a rise in the death rate rather than by a lowering of the birth rate. Make no mistake about it, the imbalance will be redressed. The shape of the population growth curve is one familiar to the biologist. It is the outbreak part of an outbreak-crash sequence. A population grows rapidly in the presence of abundant resources, finally runs out of food or some other necessity, and crashes to a low level or extinction. Man is not only running out of food, he is also destroying the life support systems of the Spaceship Earth. The situation was recently summarized very succinctly: “It is the top of the ninth inning. Man, always a threat at the plate, has been hitting Nature hard. It is important to remember, however, that NATURE BATS LAST.”
California, community after community was forced to close its schools or curtail educational operations for lack of funds. Water supplies, already marginal in quality and quantity in many places by 1970, deteriorated quickly. Water rationing occurred in 1723 municipalities in the summer of 1974, and hepatitis and epidemic dysentery rates climbed about 500 per cent between 1970-1974.

Air pollution continued to be the most obvious manifestation of environmental deterioration. It was, by 1972, quite literally in the eyes of all Americans. The year 1973 saw not only the New York and Los Angeles smog disasters, but also the publication of the Surgeon General's massive report on air pollution and health. The public had been partially prepared for the worst by the publicity given to the U.N. pollution conference held in 1972. Deaths in the late '60s caused by smog were well known to scientists, but the public had ignored them because they mostly involved the early demise of the old and sick rather than people dropping dead on the freeways. But suddenly our citizens were faced with nearly 200,000 corpses and massive documentation that they could be the next to die from respiratory disease. They were not ready for that scale of disaster. After all, the U.N. conference had not predicted that accumulated air pollution would make the planet uninhabitable until almost 1990. The population was terrorized as TV screens became filled with scenes of horror from the disaster areas. Especially vivid was NBC's coverage of hundreds of unattended people choking out their lives outside of New York's hospitals. Terms like nitrogen oxide, acute bronchitis and cardiac arrest began to have real meaning for most Americans.

The ultimate horror was the announcement that chlorinated hydrocarbons were now a major constituent of air pollution in all American cities. Autopsies of smog disaster victims revealed an average chlorinated hydrocarbon load in fatty tissue equivalent to 26 parts per million of DDT. In October, 1973, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare announced studies which showed unequivocally that increasing death rates from hypertension, cirrhosis of the liver, liver cancer and a series of other diseases had resulted from the chlorinated hydrocarbon load. They estimated that Americans born since 1946 (when DDT usage began) now had a life expectancy of only 49 years, and predicted that if current patterns continued, this expectancy would reach 42 years by 1980, when it might level out. Plunging insurance stocks triggered a stock market panic. The president of Velsicol, Inc., a major pesticide producer, went on television to "publicly eat a teaspoonful of DDT" (it was really powdered milk) and announce that HEW had been infiltrated by Communists. Other giants of the petrochemical industry, attempting to dispute the indisputable evidence, launched a massive pressure campaign on Congress to force HEW to "get out of agriculture's business." They were aided by the agro-chemical journals, which had decades of experience in misleading the public about the benefits and dangers of pesticides. But by now the public realized that it had been duped. The Nobel Prize for medicine and physiology was given to Drs. J. L. Radomski and W. B. Deichmann, who in the late 1960's had pioneered in the documentation of the long-term lethal effects of chlorinated hydrocarbons. A Presidential Commission with unimpeachable credentials directly accused the agro-chemical complex of "condemning many millions of Americans to an early death."

The year 1973 was the year in which Americans finally came to understand the direct threat to their existence posed by environmental deterioration.

And 1973 was also the year in which most people finally comprehended the indirect threat. Even the president of Union Oil Company and several other industrialists publicly stated their concern over the reduction of bird populations which had resulted from pollution by DDT and other chlorinated hydrocarbons. Insect populations boomed because they were resistant to most pesticides and had been freed, by the incompetent use of those pesticides, from most of their natural enemies. Rodents swarmed over crops, multiplying rapidly in the absence of predatory birds. The effect of pests on the wheat crop was especially disastrous in the summer of 1973, since that was also the year of the great drought. Most of us can remember the shock which greeted the announcement by atmospheric physicists that the shift of the jet stream which had caused the drought was probably permanent. It signalled the birth of the Midwestern desert. Man's air-polluting activities had by then caused gross changes in climatic patterns. The news, of course, played hell with commodity and stock markets. Food prices skyrocketed, as savings were poured into hoarded canned goods. Official assurances that food supplies would remain ample fell on deaf ears, and even the government showed signs of nervousness when California migrant field workers went out on strike again in protest against the continued use of pesticides by growers. The strike burgeoned into farm burning and riots. The workers, calling themselves "The Walking Dead," demanded immediate compensation for their shortened lives, and crash research programs to attempt to lengthen them.

It was in the same speech in which President Edward Kennedy, after much delay, finally declared a national emergency and called out the National Guard to harvest California's crops, that the first mention of population control was made. Kennedy pointed out that the United States would no longer be able to offer any food aid to other nations and was likely to suffer food shortages herself. He suggested that, in view of the manifest failure of the Green Revolution, the only hope of the UDCs lay in population control. His statement, you will recall, created an uproar in the underdeveloped countries. Newspaper editorials accused the United States of wishing to prevent small countries from becoming large nations and thus threatening American hegemony. Politicians asserted that President Kennedy was a "creature of the giant drug combine" that wished to shove its pills down every woman's throat.

Among Americans, religious opposition to population control was very slight. Industry in general also hacked the idea. Increasing poverty in the UDCs was both destroying markets and threatening supplies of raw materials. The seriousness of the raw material situation had been brought home during the Congressional Hard Resources hearings in 1971. The exposure of the ignorance of the cornucopian economists had been quite a spectacle—a spectacle brought into virtually every American's home in living color. Few would forget the distinguished geologist from the University of California who suggested that economists be legally required to learn at least the most elementary facts of geology.
catastrophe. Seventeen huge Soviet-financed Thanodrin plants were operating in underdeveloped countries by 1978. They had been part of a massive Russian “aid offensive” designed to fill the gap caused by the collapse of America’s ballyhooed “Green Revolution.”

It became apparent in the early ’70s that the “Green Revolution” was more talk than substance. Distribution of high yield “miracle” grain seeds had caused temporary local spurts in agricultural production. Simultaneously, excellent weather had produced record harvests. The combination permitted bureaucrats, especially in the United States Department of Agriculture and the Agency for International Development (AID), to reverse their previous pessimism and indulge in an outburst of optimistic propaganda about staving off famine. They raved about the approaching transformation of agriculture in the underdeveloped countries (UDCs). The reason for the propaganda reversal was never made clear. Most historians agree that a combination of utter ignorance of ecology, a desire to justify past errors, and pressure from agro-industry (which was eager to sell pesticides, fertilizers, and farm machinery to the UDCs and agencies helping the UDCs) was behind the campaign. Whatever the motivation, the results were clear. Many concerned people, lacking the expertise to see through the Green Revolution drivel, relaxed. The population-food crisis was “solved.”

But reality was not long in showing itself. Local famine persisted in northern India even after good weather brought an end to the ghastly Bihar famine of the mid-’60s. East Pakistan was next, followed by a resurgence of general famine in northern India. Other foci of famine rapidly developed in Indonesia, the Philippines, Malawi, the Congo, Egypt, Colombia, Ecuador, Honduras, the Dominican Republic, and Mexico.

Everywhere hard realities destroyed the illusion of the Green Revolution. Yields dropped as the progressive farmers who had first accepted the new seeds found that their higher yields brought lower prices—effective demand (hunger plus cash) was not sufficient in poor countries to keep prices up. Less progressive farmers, observing this, refused to make the extra effort required to cultivate the “miracle” grains. Transport systems proved inadequate to bring the necessary fertilizer to the fields where the new and extremely fertilizer-sensitive grains were being grown. The same systems were also inadequate to move produce to markets. Fertilizer plants were not built fast enough, and most of the underdeveloped countries could not scrape together funds to purchase supplies, even on concessional terms. Finally, the inevitable happened, and pests began to reduce yields in even the most carefully cultivated fields. Among the first were the famous “miracle rats” which invaded Philippine “miracle rice” fields early in 1969. They were quickly followed by many insects and viruses, thriving on the relatively pest-susceptible new grains, encouraged by the vast and dense plantings, and rapidly acquiring resistance to the chemicals used against them. As chaos spread until even the most obdurate agriculturists and economists realized that the Green Revolution had turned brown, the Russians stepped in.

In retrospect it seems incredible that the Russians, with the American mistakes known to them, could launch an even more incompetent program of aid to the underdeveloped world. Indeed, in the early 1970’s there were cynics in the United States who claimed that outdoing the stupidity of American foreign aid would be physically impossible. Those critics were, however, obviously unaware that the Russians had been busily destroying their own environment for many years. The virtual disappearance of sturgeon from Russian rivers caused a great shortage of caviar by 1970. A standard joke among Russian scientists at that time was that they had created an artificial caviar which was indistinguishable from the real thing—except by taste. At any rate the Soviet Union, observing with interest the progressive deterioration of relations between the UDCs and the United States, came up with a solution. It had recently developed what it claimed was the ideal insecticide, a highly lethal chlorinated hydrocarbon complexed with a special agent for penetrating the external skeletal armor of insects. Announcing that the new pesticide, called Thanodrin, would truly produce a Green Revolution, the Soviets entered into negotiations with various UDCs for the construction of massive Thanodrin factories. The USSR would bear all the costs; all it wanted in return were certain trade and military concessions.

It is interesting now, with the perspective of years, to examine in some detail the reasons why the UDCs welcomed the Thanodrin plan with such open arms. Government officials in these countries ignored the protests of their own scientists that Thanodrin would not solve the problems which plagued them. The governments now knew that the basic cause of their problems was overpopulation, and that these problems had been exacerbated by the dullness, daydreaming, and population control and limited development aimed primarily at agriculture could have spared them the horrors they now faced. They knew it, but they were not about to admit it. How much easier it was simply to accuse the Americans of failing to give them proper aid; how much simpler to accept the Russian panacea.

And then there was the general worsening of relations between the United States and the UDCs. Many things had contributed to this. The situation in America in the first half of the 1970’s deserves our close scrutiny. Being more dependent on imports for raw materials than the Soviet Union, the United States had, in the early 1970’s, adopted more and more heavy-handed policies in order to insure continuing supplies. Military adventures in Asia and Latin America had further lessened the international credibility of the United States as a great defender of freedom—an image which had begun to deteriorate rapidly during the pointless and fruitless Viet-Nam conflict. At home, acceptance of the carefully manufactured image lessened dramatically, as even the more romantic and chauvinistic citizens began to understand the role of the military and the industrial system in what John Kenneth Galbraith had aptly named “The New Industrial State.”

At home in the USA the early ’70s were traumatic times. Racial violence grew and the habitability of the cities diminished, as nothing substantial was done to ameliorate either racial inequities or urban blight. Welfare rolls grew as automation and general technological progress forced more and more people into the category of “unemployable.” Simultaneously a taxpayers’ revolt occurred. Although there was not enough money to build the schools, roads, water systems, sewage systems, jails, hospitals, urban transit lines, and all the other amenities needed to support a burgeoning population, Americans refused to tax themselves more heavily. Starting in Youngstown, Ohio in 1969 and followed closely by Richmond,
"ADVERTISING IS NO BUSINESS FOR A GROWN MAN"

—Howard Gossage

He also said, "Freedom Of The Press must imply the public interest, otherwise why bother to guarantee it?" And, "It seems wrong to me that a newspaper (magazine) should go under while its readers still want it." In fact, he said a great deal about advertising's economic stranglehold on all forms of public communication and about the resulting loss regarding the public's rights and considerations—and he was in advertising.

On July 9, he died.

["STELLS YOUR WATCH"]

Gossage was really in the business of inventing people. He consistently maintained that his only genius was the ability to recognize and identify the talent of others and then to create an environment in which they could exercise it comfortably—"A rare ability indeed."

Nicholas Samstag, also recently deceased, once defined a consultant as one who "steals your watch and then tells you what time it is." It's been a bad year for good people.

[KICKBACK]

The advertising industry has long been operating under the illusion that its real business is purchasing space in the various mass media. Agencies make their money by buying the space from the publishers at a lower rate than you or I can, and then charging their clients the cent, the premise being that everyone should pay the same price for the same space whether he called himself an agency or not, and that the only criterion for acceptability should be the question of taste—the editor's analysis of the tolerance level of his readers. (The same applies to television.)

[ORIGINAL SIN]

"Newspapers (magazines) ought to belong to their readers." Gossage felt that once the reader paid less for a publication than it cost to produce, he had traded away his power to keep it alive—much less to voice his opinion of its policies—and that this practice is patently wrong and probably ultimately disastrous to any notions we may still have regarding a free press.

It's pretty difficult for an editor to keep his readers in mind when he is losing money on every copy he sells. Most magazines that go belly-up do so with their readership on the increase, simply because there aren't enough pages of advertising to pay for the difference in production costs.

And this is original sin: a publication loses its independence and its readers surrender their right to complain about that loss the moment those readers do not pay enough themselves to keep it alive. Make no mistake about it, the advertising industry is a most demanding mistress.

Gossage spent his life trying to reverse this trend. He felt that an advertisement appears only by permission of the editor and reader, that it should not insult, offend, or even interrupt the editorial flow; that it should be entertaining, informative, and never misleading. Advertising people called this approach "off-beat." (They are nothing if not trite—a weird bunch.)

["GROWN MAN"]

Some time ago RAMPARTS hired Gossage as a consultant and put him on the Board of Directors. One of the first things he did in this capacity was to drag me out of advertising to be RAMPARTS' Art Director, telling me at the time that I would have to take a pay cut, and that the magazine had about enough money to last four more months.

This issue marks the fourth year since then, and our survival is largely due to Gossage's efforts: raising investment capital, reorganizing the structure, and generally being a busy-body. (He was graceful when wrong, like the time he told us that the key to RAMPARTS' success was the retention of its Catholic origins—"Fortunately they ignored me.")

On the following pages appears part of a series of advertisements Howard wrote and designed for the Irish Whiskey Distillers. To my mind they are still some of the handsomest, best written, and most entertaining pages ever to appear anywhere in any publication.

Howard Gossage finally got out of advertising.

—DUGALD STERMER
HAS IRELAND BEEN LED FALSE BY A BAKED BRAZILIAN BERRY?

We'll not pretend that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] weren't the pleased ones when Irish Coffee became the darling of the Western World. We still are. There are few things more enjoyable than standing on the quay seeing the great ships off to America with golden cargoes of matchless Irish Whiskey. And yet, have we sold our birthright for a mess of coffee pottage? And money? It may well be. For while Irish Coffee is admittedly a luscious drink the fact remains that the Whiskey is somewhat obscured by the coffee, frothy cream, and the sugar cube. Do you begin to see the shape of this bittersweet quandary? There's much, much to be said. You will fathom how much when you recall that Joyce's *Ulysses* took over three-hundred-thousand words to deal with just twenty-four hours in a tiny corner of Dublin and not one of the very best tiny corners of Dublin at that. Our subject covers several years and a hundred and twenty degrees of longitude. So it's not likely this one page will do it justice. Still, advertising costs the earth and when we reach the bottom we'll just have to stop wherever we are and continue over to next week. Back to Irish Coffee and its popularity. The upshot is that thousands upon thousands of Americans have taken the Irish Whiskey without ever having fully known the goodness of it. Its emphatic, burnished flavor must (fortunately) be tasted to be appreciated]. Otherwise they'd be drinking it all the time; in other ways less darksome and exotic, to be sure, but equally satisfying. There's no need to tell you what these other ways of drinking fine whiskey are. It'd be like teaching your grandmother to
SELECTED POEMS
By John Montague.
189 pp. Chapel Hill, N.C.:
Wake Forest University Press/
University of North Carolina Press.
Cloth, $14.95. Paper, $7.95.

By CHRISTOPHER RICKS

JOHN MONTAGUE is very much the Irish poet. He has all the credentials: His middle name is Patrick, he was educated at St. Patrick's College, Armagh, he teaches in Cork, he edited “The Book of Irish Verse,” and he was born in Brooklyn. Fortunately, he is skeptical about the indomitable Irish. It is because his poems find love hard—whether it is the love of Ireland or of individuals—that they do find love.

There is a characteristic flicker in a sentence about his own work when he says that his larger concern is with “continually threatened love.” Threatened, not only as under threat, but as itself constituting a threat (like a threatened punishment). For love is a threat to all those simplifications in which one could luxuriate. “Irish Street Scene, With Lovers”—the very first poem (1952) sets the scene with an air of mild surprise, and the next poem reminds us what love is up against but can’t afford to cut free from—“Speech for an Ideal Irish Election.” Looking back on the heady pleasures of political anger, Bob Dylan once thought of his past self, “My Back Pages,” similarly: “Rip down all hate, I screamed.”

John Montague’s back pages here amount to 200 pages of “Selected Poems,” a quarter of a century after his first volume. The poems embody a principled resistance to easy forms of talk, whether low or high-flown. When Joyce’s Stephen Dedalus set forth, he put it to himself like this: “I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.” The trouble is that this esthetic young man wouldn’t have known how to begin to dirty his hands in a smithy. The reality of experience is just what his words haven’t got, so that forge sounds like a piece of forgery. Now hear what Mr. Montague makes of the word in his poem “Forge,” or rather lets the word make of him and us:

The whole shed smelt of dead iron:
the dented teeth of a harrow,
the feminine pathos of donkey’s shoes.

A labourer backed in a Clyde’sdale.
Hugely fretful, its nostrils dilated
while the smith viced a hoof
in his apron, wrestling it
to calmness, as he sheared the pith
like wood-chips, to a rough circle.

Then the bellows sang in the tall chimney
waking the sleeping metal, to leap
on the anvil. As I was slowly

Continued on Page 38

Christopher Ricks is the author of “Keats and Embarrassment” and other books.

"Alice Miller’s For Your Own Good expands on and drives home with ruthless ferocity the point of her already brilliant Prisoners of Childhood. This book can change your life.

FOR YOUR OWN GOOD

Hidden Cruelty in Child-Rearing and the Roots of Violence

by ALICE MILLER

author of Prisoners of Childhood

Translated by Hildegarde and Hunter H. Barnes

FARRAR · STRAUS · GIRDON
Montague
Continued from Page 15

beaten to a matching curve
the walls echoed the stress
of the verb to forge.

There the smithy does have the
reality of experience, alive in
the comedy, the poignancy and
the pleasure in craftsmanship.
Mr. Montague’s own craftsman­
ship is everywhere alive and no­
where obtrusive.

At the heart of the poem is
that convincing oddity, “wres­
tling it / to calmness,” where
what could so easily be aggres­
sion is really the blacksmith’s
attentive care, with “wres­
tling” carrying the suggestion
of an unviolent affectionate
wrestling. Like many of the best
Irish poems, this remembers
enmity but does not forget
amity. Or there is the play of
“smelt” against “iron,” where
the process of smelting is
un­
mistakably called up but fended
off in an act of nonv i o len ce. Mr.
Montague is at one with Robert
Lowell’s intuition of the anti­
pun, where a second meaning is
called up only to be held at arm’s length, so that there can
be no actual violent clash of the
two meanings. The anti-pun is
especially fertile for a poet like
Lowell or Mr. Montague, dedi­
cated to a true imagining of vio­
lence such as will excite our
sense of what violence is with­
out inciting us to it. “A yellow
bulldozer / raising the rub­
ble”: not razing it. “Content
was life in its easiest form”: 
THE title of Norman Spinrad’s latest novel is a tipoff. This is science fiction as self-conscious art — perhaps "artifice" would be a better word. On Mr. Spinrad’s Void Ships, interstellar travelers are kept alive by artifice — not just physically by life-support systems but also psychologically. A never-ending round of esthetic, intellectual and sexual diversissements guards both passengers and crew from a mind-shattering encounter with the reality of the Void through which they are passing. Only one person on board actually confronts the Void: the Void Pilot, a woman whose nervous system is plugged directly into the ship’s circuits. Each time the ship jumps instantaneously through light-years of space, the Void Pilot experiences an orgasm beside which normal fleshly delights pale. Like all such pleasures, it ends too soon — but under certain circumstances, so the rumor goes, the Pilot’s orgasm can become literally endless.

The Pilot in "The Void Captain’s Tale" seduces the Captain into betraying his trust with what might be described as the ultimate indecent proposal: pleasure everlasting. Mr. Spin-
con-TENT (contentment), not CON-tent (as against form).

Mr. Montague always writes well of calm and calmness. He has some of Shelley’s sense of how deep this appetite is. (“It is the unpastured sea hungering for calm.”) Mr. Montague particularly values the calm that must always acknowledge that it cannot last:

To be angry in the morning, calmed by midday, but brooding again in the evening was all in a day’s quirk.

That last pun in “Mount Eagle” does work, but it would be merely quirky if it weren’t held against such lovely imaginative simplicity as underlies a phrase like “calmed / by midday,” where “by” suggests not only “by the time it was midday” but an agent: “calmed by the loving force of midday.” In Mr. Montague’s fine, firm poems, such loving force is always made real by being felt as threatened by the angers of Ireland and of this Irishman.
handful of images, however, falls flat emotionally — a mawkishly wistful portrait, for example, of an Orthodox Jew shown receiving a greeting card ("Valentine") from his son. Another handful lacks the visual point and focus of the best work. For all the skill and good intentions evident in Miss Isadora’s “A to Z,” the pavement finally buckles under the weight of such unevenness.

class, boys are sacrificed to the blast furnaces as children of ancient Canaan were sacrificed to the fire-god Baal.

“Our parents don’t make us go into the mills,” Karl replies. “We go because we want to.”

Several of the incidents in “The Tempering” are taken from the boyhood of Mrs. Skurzynski’s father. With commendable evenhandedness she makes clear that gratitude for Andrew Carnegie’s libraries has to be
toms and often lack a common language. It also provides very satisfying portrayals of love, friendship and neighborly decency.

Joyce Milton’s new novel is “Save the Loonies.”

Leonard S. Marcus is at work on a biography of Margaret Wise Brown.

Martha Bennett Stiles is the author of “The Star in the For-
Great Daine's real name, she

Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horsman, pass by.

One of the most remarkable literary events of the last eight decades occurred in Ireland in the founding of The Abbey Theater in Dublin by poet William Butler Yeats and actress Eliza Joyce (née Augusta Gregory). It was much like the founding of any great art form in the context of its time, an act for the 20th century. During the next few years the site produced such remarkable plays as O'Casey's Juno and the Paycock, and further excursions into the present.

Two Irelands

There are two Irelands, though in many ways we are the same people. Ireland is depicted in books by William Butler Yeats, as a place for the 20th century. During the next few years the site produced such remarkable plays as O'Casey's Juno and the Paycock, and further excursions into the present.

Critic Michael Conant:

A COLD EYE: The Modern Irish Writers
By Hugh Kenner
Knopf, 301 pages, $16.95

Kenner notes that Irish literature in 1956 (Dublin's Joyce) and seems to have been enjoying the same renaissance of history started by a small band of people who trolls trace its Irish beginnings in Cro-cus's inva-

sion of the Irish, and the Catholic Irish, gen-

erally the poor women who wore their tradi-

tional clothing, and the English colonists with.

And seems to have been enjoying the same renaissance of history started by a small band of people who trolls trace its Irish beginnings in Cro-cus's inva-

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tional clothing, and the English colonists with.
Solution to last week's puzzle

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95 123 Hikes in the Cascades and Olympic Mountains
96 By Jane Estes, Self-Publisher
97 A comparison volume to the 86 Hikes guide cover- ing the northern Canadian Rockies and Washington's Cascades and Olympics, the 123 Hikes guide will tell you where to find the best trails in the area, from easy strolls to challenging adventures.

By Joel Connelly
98 The latest high country guide published by The Mountaineers, covering the southern Canadian Rockies and Montana's Greater Yellowstone area, the 123 Hikes guide will tell you where to find the best trails in the area, from easy strolls to challenging adventures.

By Ira Spring and Harvey Manning
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The 123 Hikes guide is in its third printing. The first edition appeared just in time for the Alpine lakes season, and the second printing was sold out. The third printing was sold out before the first edition was printed, and the fourth printing was sold out before the second edition was printed.

The 123 Hikes guide is available at bookstores and online. The price is $14.95, and it is available in both paperback and hardcover editions.

By Joe Urbick
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A glossary of 'sniglet' terms

**Aqueductorous** — adj. able to turn bathtub faucets on and off.

**Bulbar Syndrome** — obs. with opening with refrigerator door to catch it with the light off.

**Chews** — n. hard pieces of gum found under chairs and tables.

**Flagophobia** — fear that cashier will charge you for the magazine you've been sneaking readin' at the checkout.

**Flen** — n. black, crusty residue found on sides of old ketchup bottles.

**Grackle** n. straw wrappers that appear on body from staying in tub too long.

**Lobbettis** — mangled pieces of bread in front of bag that are passed over for fresher pieces.

**Lab** — n. any particle of food that becomes lodged in someone's teeth.

**Motspur** — n. the bulky fourth wheel on a supermarket cart that never moves in the same direction as the other three.

**Perpetia** v. to take an item off a supermarket shelf and place it in another shelf.

**Premblemalton** — adj. act of rechecking whether letter dropped into mailbox has actually gone down.

**Rampophobia** — n. fear of someone walking in on you in a public toilet.

**Schnicks** — n. dark grill marks on steaks.

**Sperrots** — n. star-marked shapes on ends of hot dogs.

**Sperrets** n. marks on face from sleeping on a chinelle bedspread.

**Nexumets** — n. the thin strands on a banana.

**Stroodle** — n. strand of pizza that gets left behind more than you need to break it.

**Thermalophobia** — n. fear of being scalded in the shower.

**Woggle** — v. to inform someone that he has food on his face by pointing to the same spot on your face.

**Chwards** are those hard pieces of gum that seem to be part of the furniture, at least they're frequently found under chairs and tables.

**Hall** says HBO's primary audience is males from 18-35, and that describes the kind of guy who's bound to have an old ketchup bottle around, he says.

The idea for sniglets came when Hall was mailing a letter, then checkin' and rechecking to make sure it went down the mailbox. He calls that "premblemalton," and says that's when the sniglets to HBO. Hall says about 10,000 suggestions have been received.

"Many of them are crude and dwell on bodily functions," says Hall. "One mailer even complained that his mailman' feet are scalded by the water." Hall was mailing a letter, then checkin' and rechecking to make sure it went down the mailbox. He calls that "premblemalton," and says that's when the sniglets to HBO. Hall says about 10,000 suggestions have been received.

"Many of them are crude and dwell on bodily functions," says Hall. "One mailer even complained that his mailman' feet are scalded by the water."
Eternal Quest for Perfect Cheeseburger

By ANDREW MALCOLM
Special to The New York Times

HARMONY, Minn. — One of the problems of looking for important things like Noah's Ark is that someday you might actually find it. What do you do then? That is why, ever since I discovered the difference between mustard and ketchup, I have dedicated myself to the search for the Perfect Cheeseburger. It is satisfying, fulfilling and cheap, and it justifies all sorts of overindulgence that might otherwise have to be avoided.

Since the quality of a cheeseburger depends on so many variables — the griddle, the cheese, the mustard, the bun, the table, the service, the view, the weather and, oh yes, the meat — you can always find something wrong with even a stupendous burger and guarantee yourself endless happy years of cheeseburger hunting.

Another thing: Cheeseburgers from corn-fed prairie beef that are covered with chemically processed American cheese are a patriotic food. When was the last time you ate sushi to celebrate July 4?

Cheeseburgers help skinny people gain enough weight to be able to join the diet fad. They also have important national-security implications: In times of crisis the cheeseburger can help identify aliens. Only real Americans and a few million reliable Canadians who winter in Florida are born with the instinctive ability to hold a bulging burger in two hands with the fingers spread precisely right, to open the mouth the correct amount, to lean over the plate just so and to bite into a cheeseburger without half of it sliding down the diner's front.

So far my drizzling tale of a quarter-century's search for quarter-pounders has taken me from Paris to Camranh Bay, with more recent stops in Chamberlain, S.D., and Hamilton, Mont., and here at B.J.'s Drive-in in Harmony, which recently switched from hot dogs to burgers. It has also taken me from 185 pounds to the 190-pound barrier, which wasn't as hard to crack as some people say.

A few words about standards for cheeseburgers. To meet them they should come from a stove that sizzles, not beeps. And the eating atmosphere must be just right. Soft music, candles, a clean tablecloth and well-dressed waiters can ruin a good cheeseburger quicker than the French.

I come from a time (the 1950's) and a place (Ohio) where cheeseburgers were just that — burgers with a square slice of cheese on top, preferably partly melted so the corners get a tad crisp on the griddle. The bun should be toasted and, perhaps, faintly buttered. And that's it.

If I wanted a ketchupburger drowning in red sauce or a relishburger tasting of sugar I would order it that way. But today our national will is being sapped by an insidious disease known as creeping condimentia; everything goes on every burger unless you specify otherwise. This is partly the fault of the fast-food chains, which assemble burgers on a production line. It is also the fault of the American public, which will demonstrate about such extraneous things as wars and politics but cannot move itself into the streets over something as serious as cheeseburgers.

A threat to cheeseburgers is also emerging from the West Coast. That area has given us some noteworthy innovations, but one of them is not mayonnaise on cheeseburgers. This revolting combination, which helps explain the weird things that seem to happen so often in California, is spreading like spruce budworm disease. It has now jumped the Missouri River, once considered a kind of mayo break, and spread as far east as Wisconsin, as I learned at the Foster Cafe in the Foster Standard Station in Foster, Wis.

"A Fosterburger," said Denise the waitress, "is really a Californiburger. It has cheese and mustard and ketchup and pickles and onions and mayonnaise." She was shocked to learn that anyone might object.

On the other hand, on the banks of the Missouri in Chamberlain, S.D., Casey's combination cafe-liquor store-pharmacy and jewelry stand will gladly tailor a broiled cheeseburger to specifications, even one with ground buffalo meat. Buffalo-cheeseburgers are delicious, tasting much like beefburgers but drier. And you can top one off with a piece of homemade butterscotch cream pie.

The Loose Caboose, in an actual caboose in Hamilton, Mont., serves a charcoal-broiled five-and-a-half-ounce Cabooseburger blessedly free of condiments and blissfully accompanied (on the side) by mushrooms sautéed in wine and Parmesan cheese. That cheeseburger rates 9 buns on my scale of 10 (if I ever find a 10 the top of the scale will change to 11).

The corrugated roof at Judd's Grub in Lander, Wy., is large enough to cast shade over a car full of drive-in diners and the bus was properly grilled. But the sound on the carside loudspeaker was scratchy.

Jack's Restaurant in Troy, Mont., upheld the soup corollary: there is a direct relationship between the quality of a cafe's homemade soup and its cheeseburgers. Good soup, good burger; canned soup, meat patty. Jack's also has a noisy ice-cream machine for entertainment.

The restaurant in the building in Mule Creek Junction, Wyo., wins the most buns for atmosphere. Mule Creek Junction is the kind of town where the waitress, when asked the population, counts everyone on one hand. Because all water must be trucked in, it is served only on request. But the establishment does have a noisy video game, champagne-label wallpaper in the men's room, enough off-color posters to occupy a diner until the cheeseburger arrives and a gift shop (hat pins, T-shirts, potato chips). Not to mention the view of the sunset behind the gasoline pumps.

I am sorry to report that in Sauk Centre, Minn., at the Fast Food Burger Hut on Sinclair Lewis's original Main Street, cheeseburger buns are not toasted and they all come with mayonnaise. But just down the road the guys at the Sacred Heart Volunteer Fire Department award themselves a charcoal barbecue featuring cheeseburgers that are not only huge and delicious but are also free. Admission for the event, on the third Friday night of the month, requires only a few funny stories and an ability to stand on cement while eating.

A rating of 8.5 buns goes to Hackney's in Lake Zurich, Ill. No mayonnaise, just half a pound of broiled beef covered with Swiss or American cheese on dark rye alongside shoestring French fries and a solid block of sizzling onion rings. I have assured my wife, Connie, that there is no connection whatsoever between Hackney's location and our purchase of a house just down the road.

Patriotic fare it may be, but real quality is elusive.
Surprising number of the world's best wine values are the same label.

Wines of Gran Condal, from one of the world's premium wine regions, Rioja. The Wine Investor—a prestigious California publication—had this to say about these remarkable wines, "For the first time in prices. Burati makes an entire family of Italian wines, including a Soave, Bardolino and Valpolicella we rate as excellent values which retail for about $3. Trakia Merlot, from Bulgaria, won first-place
Scathing reviews make actors cringe

Newsweek

It has happened to every actor — the brilliantly scathing review. Diana Rigg, British actress, has compiled many of the funniest, and the most cutting, in a new book, "No Turn Unstoned" (Elm Tree Books, $12), published recently in London.

"I began by writing to all the well-known actors in the business and asking if they would be willing to share their worst reviews," Rigg said.

Some did, but many — particularly Americans — did not. So she began to research. The job took two years and many actors and playwrights may wish she had never started at all. That doesn't bother Rigg.

"If any of the subjects are upset at rereading their worst reviews," she says, "let them pause and consider: We are in good company. We stand alongside the great of all ages. None have been demure."

Some examples of the pointed pen:

Dorothy Parker on an actor named Guido Natzo: "Guido Natzo was natzo guid." 

Clive James on Laurence Olivier in "The Merchant of Venice": "Any fan of Walt Disney comics could turn on the set and see that he had modeled his appearance on Scrooge McDuck ... producing a ducky look to go with his quacky sound."

James Mason Brown on Tallulah Bankhead in "Antony and Cleopatra": "Tallulah Bankhead barged down the Nile last night as Cleopatra and sank."

Walter Kerr on "I Am a Camera": "Me no Leica."

Robert Garland on Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya": "If you were to ask me what 'Uncle Vanya' is about, I would say about as much as I can take."

Robert Cushman in The Observer on Peter O'Toole as Macbeth: "His performance suggests that he is taking some kind of personal revenge on the play."

Bernard Levin, British critic, on the American musical "Flower Drum Song": "So bad that at times I longed for the boy-meets-tractor themes of Soviet drama."

Dorothy Parker on Katharine Hepburn in "The Lake," 1933: "Go to the Martin Beck Theater and watch Katharine Hepburn run the gamut of emotion from A to B."

Kenneth Tynan on John Neville: "Here at last, I felt, was the authentic Richard II: a lithe, sneering fellow, who curdled the milk of human kindness even as he dispensed it ... My excitement was marred, however, by the fact that the play ... was 'Henry V.'"

George Bernard Shaw on Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Fedora," May 1895: "It is greatly to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's credit that, bad as the play was, her acting was worse. It was a masterpiece of failure."

Newsweek on Edward Albee's "Counting the Ways": "The play sounds like George Burns and Gracie Allen trying to keep up a dinner conversation with Wittgenstein."

Hubert Griffith on Cedric Hardwicke as Dr. Faustus, 1948: "He conducted the soul-selling transaction with the thoughtful dignity of a grocer selling a pound of cheese."

Richard Findlater on Lillian Hellman's "Toys in the Attic": "It is curious how incest, impotence, nymphomania, religious mania and real-estate speculation can be so dull."

John Simon on Diana Rigg appearing nude in "Abelard and Heloise," 1970: "Diana Rigg is built like a brick mausoleum with insufficient flying buttresses."
is enormous, and class prejudice is very deep and hard to overcome."

Diegues is dedicated to "preserving the old ideas, the meaning of them. I can't imagine Brazil without the sensuality of its music, theater and daily life. Using our bodies as an expression comes from the deepest roots of our culture."

American companies now are co-producing Brazilian films. United Artists is backing Bruno Barreto, the director of "Dona Flor," and Columbia Pictures is helping Hector Babenco, the director of "Pixote," with his next project. "For the time being, we're keeping our independence," said Diegues. "I learned how to love cinema through American films, but Brazilian films are much more influenced by Brazilian culture. We're not about to be the South American Hollywood."

UCLA honors George Burns

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Comedian George Burns has received the annual Jack Benny Award for Excellence in Entertaining presented by UCLA's Campus Events Commission.

Linda Evans, star of television's "Dynasty," made the award on the UCLA campus.

Highlights of the 86-year-old Burns' long career in radio, television and motion pictures were shown, including several performances with his late wife, Gracie Allen, and Jack Benny.

Recent award recipients include Rodney Dangerfield, the late John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Steve Martin and Johnny Carson.

The Moore 1932

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Now through Nov. 21
Sol Saporta, who takes a liberal stance toward our changing language, sees no demonstrable proof that English is deteriorating.

Furthermore, the linguistics professor emeritus at the University of Washington strongly questions the motives of those he calls "The Linguistic Vigilantes."

They are, he argues, almost certainly "elitist" and at least subconsciously "racist."

Saporta leaps to the defense of the black child who says "he tired," instead of "he is tired."

Says Saporta, "He is exhibiting a rule for the deletion of a form of the verb 'to be' that is, in principle, no different from grammatical rules manifested in natural languages everywhere."

Despite the outcries of purists, Saporta says there is no evidence that those who blur the distinction between "disinterested" and "uninterested" are fuzzy thinkers, incapable of subtle and precise discriminations.

"It is not our language which has deteriorated, but our integrity and sense of outrage."

To further illustrate, Saporta tells of a teacher who taught in a New York school that was so rough it was referred to as "the last stop before jail."

"She used to begin her class by saying, 'I'm supposed to teach you to read. But let's get one thing straight. Hitler knew how to read, and my grandmother didn't. But I'll still take my grandmother any time."

"This is not a defense of illiteracy. But it is a justified attack on the pious equations of literacy and morality."

Saporta concedes that he often is regarded as a "linguistic liberal." His leanings, he says, do not extend to approving either incoherence or "linguistic chaos."

"What characterizes language is precisely the tension between freedom and rules," he says. "I believe in creativity within constraints."

Saporta contends that most English tests and college entrance exams are geared to those who speak high-prestige dialects of English, penalizing those who speak low-prestige dialects.

"As such," he says, "they deny admissions to people on the basis of a criterion which is intellectually irrelevant, namely the dialect of English they speak."

"Given the current political climate, we can be sure the vigilantes will be increasingly vocal. Their passion should not be allowed to obscure their lack of intellectual substance."
reception will follow at Pacific Lutheran University.

He has served as executive assistant to the bishop of the district since 1975. Bishop Clarence Solberg has retired.

A personal financial-planning seminar will be 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., November 21, at the West Seattle Fairmount United Church of Christ, 4320 S.W. Hill St.

Persons interested in founding a Pax Christi chapter in Seattle will meet from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., November 21, at Holy Names Academy, 728 21st Ave. E. Pax Christi, an international Catholic organization, has been active in the European peace movement.

A feminist worship service, on the theme "Harvest for Women," will be at 7:30 p.m. Thursday at the University Friends Center, 4001 Ninth Ave. N.E.

First service set Nov. 15 for new congregation

Cedar Cross United Methodist Church, a new congregation in South Snohomish County, will have its first worship service at 10 a.m. November 15 at its temporary meeting place, in the Everett Holiday Inn.

The Rev. Tom Eberle, pastor of the new church, has served congregations in Bonners Ferry, Idaho, and Pasco. A site for the new church has been purchased about a mile east of the Holiday Inn on 132nd Street Southeast.

Establishing a new United Methodist Church in South Snohomish County is part of a major undertaking by the Pacific Northwest Conference of the United Methodist Church to organize new churches.

Legislature to be picketed

State legislators arriving in Olympia Monday for the special session will be met by union pickets urging them to retain necessary state programs.

The informational pickets will be posted on the steps of the Capitol Building by members of the Washington Public Employees Association.

"The current trend to unilaterally slash state government activities, irrespective of needs, is a dangerous tactic. We will be there to remind the legislators that they must be responsible, even if it does not seem to be the popular course of action," said Mike Sayan, executive director.
mind would have borne him company—very much as Brownie did, since he hadn’t got complete control of either. But at times one has the impression of this faithful mind looking up at the man and saying, ‘Master, why are you so sad, all of a sudden?’

At the beginning of June he drove westward into Co. Mayo, where he looked at various shooting and fishing lodges he might rent, tried to get a young peregrine and inquired about possibilities of winter goose-shooting. The lodge he fell in love with was not available but he found another, called Sheskin, which would do. Erris, the desolate region of bog and mountain between Ballina and the sea, was a new Irish flavour—a heather ale. ‘Suddenly getting out of the car I rushed across a moor and, stripping myself naked, plunged into a small loch as warm as toast, to the surprise and embarrassment of F.B.’s travelling companion.’

June 10th, 1939. To Sydney Cockerell.

My next and third volume in my Arthurian cycle will have to be about Sir Lancelot. Lancelot was the Bradman of the day, and I think it is only decent that I should have a smattering of his tools. At present it is as if I were writing a history of Bradman, without knowing the shape of a cricket bat or a set of stumps. All I want to know is how to put armour on, how it articulated, what were its special problems, etc. I want to know how the stuff works. Perhaps I ought to add that I am following Malory in assuming that King Arthur lived at the same time as himself. He thought of the Round Table as a contemporary—just as Shakespeare dressed Caesar or Macbeth in armour—and so I am assuming the Arthur dates to be second half of 15th century. Why hasn’t somebody written a book which will tell me how such a knight put his stuff on, fought in it, etc., and what effect it had on his movements? Where did he get his blisters? What was his field of vision? What movement was the most difficult to make? What were his vulnerable points? You will see what my troubles are. If only there were some collection of armour in Dublin I would go there and ask to be dressed. Unfortunately I am over six foot. And anyway who would expect to find anything in Dublin? The whole of this country is kept together with bits of string.

Sydney Cockerell replied that White could not know anything about armour without seeing and handling it; and added: ‘I cannot fit Lancelot into the decadent 15th century.’

* * *

On June 25th White drew up one of his balance sheets:

**CREDIT**

1. I have written offering £45 a month for Sheskin Lodge, Co. Mayo, in September. This has two or three miles of the Owenmore and 10,000 bad acres of grouse, one living-room, 3 double bedrooms, 2 single bedrooms, bathroom, lavatory and kitchens, etc. We might get between 6 and 60 salmon, and between 20 and 50 brace of grouse, according to the weather and season.

2. I have written offering £4 for a pair of eyass peregrines, a falcon and a tiercel, and arranging for them to be sent by air to Baldonnel Airport.

3. I have been offered the mastership of the Kill Harriers and accepted them provisionally.

4. I go to the Trim schoolmaster every week for an evening, and do an hour’s prep every morning, at my Irish.

5. I have not drunk anything for a week, and hope to stay teetotal for three months, by which time I may have learned to drink in moderation.

**DEBIT**

The quenchless fear of war, which would smash all these
let me and my dogs sleep in one of his loose-boxes in order to meet you; (2) next autumn I am arranging for you to meet my wife in the Yorkshire dales.

After the paragraph dismissing the bombshell White continued with a request—and this can have been no surprise to Cockerell—for guidance about his gold watch:

a full hunter, repeater, stop-watch and timepiece with second hand, but it also tells the phase of the moon, the name of the month, the day of the month and the day of the week. As I am now penniless I want to sell it for £200—but I don’t know how to set about it. In the first place the machine has stopped.

The watch was not sold. Though he was no richer, he had prospects. Writing to Potts on January 25rd, after taking brisk exception to a recent Cambridge appointment he continued:

I am full of gin and news. The American Book of the Month Club is a touchy body which does not like to have its choices revealed in advance. Consequently, the only living person to whom T. H. White mentions that he is likely to earn £9,000 next summer is the debased and humiliated Potts, once his guru but now a mere university politician.


I shall get about £9,000 next summer, but the Americans will steal £5,000 and the English another £5,000, which seems a little unfair on a poor author. I am rather thinking of emigrating to America, to avoid double taxation.

Now that I am a plutocrat I would like to establish my lineage. My father, who was divorced by my atrocious mother, died last month. All I know about the paternal line, and I don’t care about the distaff side, is what sometimes dropped from my mother’s lips in unguarded moments, and she is an incurable liar. The romancing kind. From these hints I suppose him to have been an elder son in the direct line from Lamb’s friend who wrote ‘Falstaff’s Letters’ and hence from the publisher Benjamin White, and hence to my adored field-naturalist Gilbert White, who was Benjamin’s bachelor brother. There is also an admirable pirate knocking about in the 17th century whose name was Samuel and who became a mandarin of two buttons. I should much like to include him. Do you happen to know of anybody who undertakes these commissions at so much per grandfather?

I have written to Quaritch for a set of the O.E.D., that’s all I’ve done with my future so far.

On March 4th he confided that the novel was Mistress Masham’s Repose.

Now that I am getting the O.E.D. I think I may say that I shall have the beginnings of a reference library, as I already have the Enc. Brit. and the D.N.B. Some of my books have arrived already and here I sit most happy in Duke Mary’s kitchen in the middle of the Pennine Chain, with books all round the walls, 2 dogs asleep by the bright fire, and a snow blizzard outside. If I look out of the window I can see your friends the human race like small black fleas in the valley snow. How lovely to have them at such an arm’s length.

If I went to America it would not be to the parts frequented by you. It would be to some log cabin in the State of Washington, near the Columbia river, where I could catch fish and shoot pine grouse and be snowed up in winter or mosquito-bitten in summer. I should like to find a haven still remoter than this. The only thing I should miss would be the London Library.

April 19th, 1946.

Do you remember that I told you a couple of months
Doolistown

expensive form of suicide to do it with Irish whiskey. Can't you put aside the bundles of exact, nihil obstat, sciant presentes et futuri, excommunio, nolle prossequi, etc., and write to me sometimes? It would be a charity to me at any rate if we could only work up a correspondence about something that wasn't just gossip. What are you thinking about? Would it bore you to hear what I am thinking about? I sometimes feel like putting a message in a bottle and floating it down the Boyne: 'I am alive. T. White, 1944. Is anybody else?'

'Would it bore you to hear what I am thinking about?' It seems an idle question in this long friendship of kindred minds. But White, whose good conceit of himself was the protective deposit of his insecurity, had by now been forced to admit that people might not want to hear what he was thinking about. The years of exile during which he expanded so many provocative ideas had somehow rendered him parochial; the war had somehow imposed a corresponding parochialism on his friends, who disregarded his challenges; on his publisher, who jibbed at the new Arthur and begged him to write about nature; on the official experts who turned down his suggestions for a revolving Lewis gun, an improved method of laying smoke-screens. His instinct to renew a correspondence 'about something that wasn't just gossip' was sound, but came too late. He did not realize the cramping scuffle of daily life in England, nor that to Potts a vast barrack with no interruption except some rain through the roof must have sounded like the courts of heaven. If White sometimes seemed insultingly ignorant of what his friends were enduring it must be granted that he wasn't given much opportunity to know better. The double censorship of a country at war which would let nothing out and a country in neutrality which would let nothing in was reinforced by the munnness of correspondents who by now were so bored by their deprivations that they wouldn't mention them.

He consoled himself with the gossip of more leisureed minds. Thumbing the D.N.B., recalling Stowe and Blenheim for purposes of Malplaquet (the stately background of Mistress Masham's Repose) he planned a book about eighteenth-century characters and went to sales and Dublin bookshops for material. Among these purchases was a George Selwyn and his Contemporaries of 1844, in the fourth volume of which he noted: 'This volume uncut when I got it in 1944. Just a hundred years to lose its virginity.'

Another interest of this period was painting. He wrote to Garnett in September:

'I have been painting without stopping for breath since January, and am beginning to know my own mind about it. I am fixing glass eyes on my canvas with putty, and eyelashes made of salmon-fly silver tinsel.

His career as an artist (beginning with a Drawing Prize at Cheltenham) included the pen-and-ink drawings in Burke's Steerage and the head- and tail-pieces in The Sword in the Stone and The Witch in the Wood. The 1958-41 diaries contain many portraits of his hawks and of Brownie. I say portraits advisedly, for photographs of Brownie make it clear that he had a good eye for the individual as well as for the type. The 'Biography of Brownie' which he wrote in 1945 for his godson, William Potts, has a frontispiece of her, in coloured chalks, which is obviously a true likeness as well as a portrayal of the slight shabbiness, the relaxation and marks of wear, of an ageing animal in comfortable circumstances. [See Plate 15.]

All these drawings are orthodox and would not be out of place - though above the ordinary - in Field or Country Life. Not so the oil-paintings of 1944. Of one of these he wrote 'Guests scream when they see it.' A non-screaming guest was Maurice Craig, who recalls

his fantastic (and I think almost totally worthless) paintings, with glass eyes stuck into the oil paint, bits of silver
I found myself grinning at some joke on the wireless today (every syllable on it makes one jump nowadays, like a rifle shot — not for fear that the news will be bad or that I shall be shot, but from fear that it will be another murder of human integrity: I really do physically jump at every syllable, and have had to turn the wireless low), found myself grinning at the jokes about Hitler, and then found that I was not amused by them, but that it was a nervous grin. And it sank on my face, like an unattached garment, from grin to glare, from glare to grimace of agony. I could feel the muscles falling from one tension to another as if my trousers were coming down. ‘Berlin or Bust’ sings the wireless, and suddenly I find I am a madman. I am grinning like a comedian, then a wolf, then a lunatic, then a devil in hell.

The arrival of Siegfried Sassoon’s poems allayed his sense of isolation. He pulled himself together, blued some petrol, and drove into Dublin, where he spent £10 on books, bought a grand pipe and some bottles of champagne. The books were ‘mainly meaty Russians like Tolstoy and Turgenev’. Ray Garnett had told him he should read the Russian novelists. ‘Then I came home, put myself on a diet of biscuits, toast, fresh fruit, two raw eggs a day. Today I am practically safe, and with no convulsions.’

October 30th, 1959.
Autumn was on the night and the place Erin
Where I had paused in my pace to the grave faring.
Wheesht blew the winds as I walked the stairing,
Creaking the treads old and the candle casting
Melancholy movements of me on the mouldy ceiling.

The above was to be the beginning of a long didactic poem about Ireland, but Henry Hall’s band was turned on, and I had to stop. It is not that I am feeling insane any longer, but that you cannot very well write poetry to

Henry Hall. This evening a poem of mine (the one about Sheskin) won a competition on the Irish wireless! I feel great pleasure about it.

Among the bits and pieces written at Sheskin is a sonnet. It was White’s fatality to find nothing difficult; but he worked at the sonnet and in its first line: ‘Minds of less madness in more rural days’, ‘more rural’ was arrived at after half-a-dozen alternatives. During October and November he was writing poetry, mainly using lolling uncorseted lines held together by alliteration, of the same breed as the poem interrupted by Henry Hall but richer in language, as though he were moving towards some kind of bardic Parnassian. Then, as if the closing couplet of the sonnet had chimed on in his mind, he made a sudden turn:

This sooty grouse, yet tawny and touched with red
Weighs handsome on my hand, although he’s dead.
One wing reflects the sky. A steely light
Gleams from the primaries he oiled last night,
The twelve steel swords on which he wove his flight.
His crop of heather which my falcon spilt
In footing him, spills on my hand. Each bit
Is cleaner than cook’s salad, fresh and green
With lilac buds surprising to be seen.

All this without an erasure, only a marginal note against the ‘twelve steel swords’: ‘or is it ten?’

It is the characteristic glory of Dryden that his heroic couplet is authentically pedestrian — that it goes on its way through narrative and argument and parenthesis and polemic with its feet on the ground, whether with the gait of a deity or of a rational man. White had never achieved a walking prose — a reason why Siegfried Sassoon wished for a book by White which could be read slowly; he never even achieves pedestrian prose in the pejorative sense; when he writes badly, he writes like a lecturer. But in the last two months of 1959,
THE SNAKES ARE ABOUT AGAIN. LAST YEAR I USED TO go out with Hughesdon to catch them, and then turn them loose in the sitting-room. At one time I had about a dozen. There are four in the room just now.

Grass snakes are fascinating pets. It is impossible to impose upon them, or to steal their affections, or to degrade either party in any way. They are always inevitably themselves, and with a separate silurian beauty. The plates of the jaw are fixed in an antediluvian irony. They move with silence, unless in crackling grass or with a scaly rustle over a wooden floor, pouring themselves over obstacles and round them. They are inquisitive. They live loose in the room, except that I lock them up at nights so that the maids can clean in the mornings without being frightened. The big open fireplace is full of moss and ferns, and there is an aquarium full of water in which they can soak themselves if they wish. But mostly they prefer to lie under the hot pipes of the radiator, or to burrow inside the sofa. We had to perform a Casarian operation on the sofa last year, to get out a big male.

It is nice to come into the room and look quickly round it, to see what they are doing. Perhaps there is one behind Aldous Huxley on the book-shelves, and it is always worth moving the left-hand settle away from the wall. One of them has a passion for this place and generally falls out. Another meditates all day in the aquarium, and the fourth lives in the moss.
agreed. At tea afterwards he said: "Never mind. Young Tim wasn't so bad to-day. I haven't quite given him up for lost." It was lovely.

One of his better remarks in the air was: "Don't be so strong. No good being a strong man in the air. In bed, yes; but in the air, no good at all." Another: "If you land across wind like that on a windy day, you'll get a gust and go right over. Then where will you be? Where shall I be? Both of us: gone to——"

To-day it was the new club machine—AV or something like that. The exhaust leaks and is unpleasant. The cheese cutter could almost be left central all the time, and seems happiest when only used over one-third of its arc.

I am flying well.

7. vi. xxxiv.

Pets are almost always fatal, to oneself or to them. It is the curse of possession or motherhood. Mothers ruin their children, choke them like ivy. Dog-lovers steal the souls of their dogs and lose something in exchange. There is an essay on this subject by (I think) Stella Benson, called "A Firefly to Steer By." Everybody ought to read it.

On the other hand, I don't think there is anything wrong with independent alliance. A hedgehog which lives its own life in the garden, but will come for bread and milk when called, is a decent creature. He gets his milk, and I get the pleasure of watching his queer ways. It is a fair and irresponsible exchange. The unfledged sparrows, which I have tried to rear, fallen from spring nests, have always been a failure. For one thing, they invariably died. But it would have been worse if they had lived. I had a tame chicken
Now all this is backed by a close study of an out-of-date Encyclopædia Britannica, but as far as weather-wisdom is concerned, it can be put more succinctly. Safe clouds are high mare’s tails, lamb’s tails (“like flocks to feed in air”), soap-suds, or well defined solid loaves that have risen and boiled over a bit. Unsafe clouds are sea-rippled, curdled or cream-cheesy, and low, vague, misty puffs. A further and still simpler rule about the weather (like Street’s adage about rain coming when the wind is veering anti-clockwise) is that clouds which live separately in the sky mean dry weather, and clouds which extend, run into each other, or cover the sky, mean wet.

There are many other simple rules about the weather, for those who cannot rise to be connoisseurs of clouds. The easiest and the least fallible depends on dew. If there is a good dew in the summer there won’t be rain, and vice versa. Then there is the effect on the animal creation, the birds and beasts and plants. If the birds, the swifts, rooks and hawks particularly, fly high and far, then you can expect fine weather. It is as if things got lively in advance.* Bats and field-mice come out quickly after sunset: chickweed expands its leaves more fully.

On the other hand, if your own senses become sharpened it generally means wet. Thus country people should redouble their efforts at harvest if they can hear distant railways, smell extensively, or see clearly far.

Primed with all this wisdom I asked Tom Bourne how he predicted disaster during harvest, and he replied: “When the wind comes from Gorble Farm, it’s going to rain.”

*It even works on human beings. For instance, “Do business when the wind is in the north-west.” You will find your buyer more affable.
ENGLAND HAVE MY BONES

Now all this is backed by a close study of an out-of-date Encyclopædia Britannica, but as far as weather-wisdom is concerned, it can be put more succinctly. Safe clouds are high mare’s tails, lamb’s tails (“like flocks to feed in air”), soap-suds, or well defined solid loaves that have risen and boiled over a bit. Unsafe clouds are sea-rippled, curdled or cream-cheesy, and low, vague, misty puffs. A further and still simpler rule about the weather (like Street’s adage about rain coming when the wind is veering anti-clockwise) is that clouds which live separately in the sky mean dry weather, and clouds which extend, run into each other, or cover the sky, mean wet.

There are many other simple rules about the weather, for those who cannot rise to be connoisseurs of clouds. The easiest and the least fallible depends on dew. If there is a good dew in the summer there won’t be rain, and vice versa. Then there is the effect on the animal creation, the birds and beasts and plants. If the birds, the swifts, rooks and hawks particularly, fly high and far, then you can expect fine weather. It is as if things got lively in advance.*

Bats and field-mice come out quickly after sunset: chickweed expands its leaves more fully.

On the other hand, if your own senses become sharpened it generally means wet. Thus country people should redouble their efforts at harvest if they can hear distant railways, smell extensively, or see clearly far.

Primed with all this wisdom I asked Tom Bourne how he predicted disaster during harvest, and he replied: “When the wind comes from Gorble Farm, it’s going to rain.”

* It even works on human beings. For instance, “Do business when the wind is in the north-west.” You will find your buyer more affable.
Somebody or other in the Bible got crossed off for his direct drinking, one of the more notable examples of the wrong-headedness of Jehovah. But of course the main part would be devoted to intoxicants: of which the kings are gin and beer. Nobody can be surprised to learn from Jefferies that gin is the best unguent for the locks of guns—it is not too heavy, and doesn’t get solid with the cold. It is good for the kidneys, and probably for everything else. I shouldn’t be surprised if it were good for mixing with oil paints, or cleaning the windscreen of a car, or polishing buttons, or curing whooping cough, or mending china. The philosophers used gold medicinally, just as they did pearls. It comes to this, that all really valuable things are good for everything.

The encyclopedia would have to include several chapters on opening bottles without corkscrews, a feat which I am proud to be able to perform in two ways, and on the manufacture of love-potions from the root of the orchis.

21. ix. xxxiv.

I suppose one has to be desperate, to be a successful writer. One has to reach a rock-bottom at which one can afford to let everything go hang. One has got to damn the public, chance one’s living, say what one thinks, and be oneself. Then something may come out.

But I am afraid to do this. I haven’t the courage to chance starvation, and so I try to serve God and Mammon. I try to write “proper” books, which fizzle out for their propriety, when all the time there are other things that I should like to say and honester ways to say them. I was lamenting this to a friend of mine who is a burglar, but he
2. *xxxiv.*

The *curse of England is industry, as Cobbett* realised. But who reads Cobbett now? Who knows nowadays which way the wind was blowing when he got up, and whether it has changed since? We are mechanically introverted, unable to see the world about us, unable to cope with it with our hands, even unable to cope with ourselves. It is astonishing to see the intellectuals, who know all about communism and the European situation, trying to live their own lives, even indoors. They lean against the mantelpiece at the wrong angle, and the fender slips, and bang goes one of the candlesticks—broken. They can't cope even with their own centres of gravity. I saw a presumably “modern” boy the other day, who was so little conscious of the position of his own body that he fell backwards off a chair while thinking of something else.

All truly good and great men are interested in laying and lighting fires. With mature consideration, and plenty of time to examine the problem in all its aspects (scientific, architectural, thermal, physico-chemical and artistic) the noble man can light any fire with one match, so that it not only keeps burning, but begins to burn maturely quite soon. I lit a fire in a cartridge box in Lapland, inside a tent, using only the cores of dead branches, when the stunted forest had been soaked by a north-westerly rain for four hours.

Get your communist to light a fire in an English interior grate. He clumsily lumps on, criss-cross and anyhow, a few random logs and hunks, applies half a dozen matches, and finally has to go for the paraffin: if he has the sense to do
that. That a fire should be built like a house; that paraffin, or the modern industrial firefighters made of chemical flummery are an admission of failure; these are matters beyond his taste. I should like to have the salvation of all communists who are dear to me. I should begin with fires, and the course would take about six months.

First we should learn about trees—how to distinguish every possible sort at every season of the year, and which woods were best for what things. Kipling should teach them to use beech for cups, and to fear the elm. When they knew their trees thoroughly, and loved them for themselves, they should cut them up to discover their textures; which woods would light the soonest, which were more tindery, which more like blotting paper, which nearest to the solidity of coal, which heat-giving and which only light. Then there would be a short course in architecture (fires are mainly gothic rather than classical—the pointed arch burns best) and a brief sortie into the rising properties of heat. After that we should have to deal with philosophy, read Cobbett, go for long walks in the country, possibly shoot or fish in it, take a toss over timber, be psycho-analysed, clear up all the problems of life and death and gastronomy. At last we should be ready to approach the pentecost. The acolyte would take a pride in fetching his own coal from the cellar (without falling downstairs, stunning himself with the coal hammer, or losing his way) and in getting his hands properly black—no gloves, tongs or mush. He would light, with one match, his first real fire. How he would wait, with nervousness and trepidation, for those few seconds whilst the kindling fell in and the architecture reconstructed itself! But all would be well. The flames would falter, yellow and heatless, like little kittens;

would catch hold evenly and take heart with life. I should set him down before them in an easy-chair, with alcohol and tobacco. He should read me two poems: the one about the coal miners by Wilfred Owen, and Fifty Faggots by Edward Thomas.

3. x. xxxiv.

A good way of naming a day, is to call it by its wind. “Wednesday” is an impersonal thing, but days are individual. A great deal more than half their individuality depends upon the wind. A good hunting or fishing diary would do better to have a column in which one wrote, for instance: “A north-westerly day,” rather than the stupid date.

A north-westerly day in spring. The sun bright and the clear spaces of the sky a teeming blue; but ice in the quick air, and the clouds, which move rapidly, going from white at the blue-sky edge to a gravid indigo.

The easterly day is an individual, a relentless Borgia searching the townsman’s bones; but to those who can stand up to him, in a kind of country equality, a stimulus. He is a pirate; but if you can wear the knife between your teeth also, a boon companion.

So with the other winds, the blusterous, the snow-carrying, the corn-rippling, the becalmed. They make the day. My communist, when he has learnt to meditate upon a fire, shall learn to know the wind. I shall wake him at all hours of the day and night, asking the quarter. When he is a sailor I understand that he will learn not to spit against it; and on land he shall be taught to turn his back towards it when he leaves the country pub.
across a horse. The end of last season didn't go in the diary, because I was sick of writing books about hunting and I couldn't be bothered; besides, I had filled my book and was too lazy to get another. But to-day we are off again. To-day, I have put on my long pants, for the first time this winter. To-day Silver, with a pot belly (I could only afford to get him up on the 1st November) looked keen, kind, beautiful: shied when Peter cracked his whip; jumped three fences and a brook—the fences perfectly. I rode Sparks on the way home. He is the lazy horse that used to belong to a clergyman. A crop and a pair of spurs may make him go—if his wind is right. He whistles a bit. But if it is right then I believe I can make him go with the Duke's, and keep Silver for the Warden. The latter was not up to weight, but less sluggish. High hopes, therefore, for the season.

11. xi. xxxiv.

The Shire dialect is a pleasant and interesting one, which can be reduced to a few easy rules, like English Grammar. The first rule is to omit the common or garden "w" whilst supplying a few of your own. Thus a woman is an ooman, and your wife is your Wold ooman. The second, more curious, rule deals with the crushed past participle. For "frozen" we say "friz"; for "frightened," "frit"; for "written," "writ." The man who has been warped by his education can only rise to the abbreviation "isn't," but we extend this throughout the verb "to be." "Be'nt" is as good as "isn't." Thus, if I were asked for a short sentence illustrative of all that is best in the Shire, I should produce:

17. xi. xxxiv.

One sitting hare, to spite the beagles.
But a hare is always very much appreciated in the Shire. It seems that the actual flesh value of the hare and the pheasant makes up for the cold-blooded murder. It does not make it satisfactory, but it just makes up for it.

18. xi. xxxiv.

I have had to sit down under such a lot of guff in definition of the "gentleman," from the pulpit, the maternal lecture and the pure-bred snob, that I really don't see why I shouldn't begin defining him myself. I define him by his hospitality. The infallible test for a gentleman is to drop in upon him suddenly at an awkward hour, preferably at half-past nine o'clock in the evening, unfed, and see what he does about it. If he is too mean to do anything but pass it off as a breach of good manners, or if he rings for the butler and provides you with a caviare sandwich or some such flummery, then he is no friend of ours. But if his wife dives into the kitchen, and provides you there with the best in the house, even if it is only bread and butter (though there is sure to be some little relish), at a moment's notice, and if the kitchen is clean, then that person is a gentleman and God is with his house.
ing noise, across the spaces of the stars. Night has its beauties, to equal the day. The owl glides by, sauntering to its soft-feathered kill: the duck show up against the pricks in the vault of heaven. Even the weather is predictable. If the line between the horns of the crescent moon is vertical to the ground it will be fine: if there is a circle round the moon, you can be sure of rain in twenty-four hours.

5. ii. xxxv.

Now that it seems obvious that this book is going to be published, I am sorry that it is superficial. I am doing nothing because it is my living, but only to amuse myself. Read it beside the good books about the good things, Farmer's Glory, Corduroy, Morning Tide, Three Fevers, Cobbett, and it must be a mockery of the real England. It is a gentleman's book. Even if I learn to plough with horses, as I shall, I shall be ploughing for amusement.

To love England properly it is not sufficient to pursue one's sports in her, recognise her trees, cherish her fauna or even drink her beer. You have got to work for her. I do work, a great deal, but in the loveless realms of literature and intelligence. In this sense I can never be a true Englishman. Perhaps I ought to be keeping a diary about the writing of novels, instead of devoting it to my unrealities.

6. ii. xxxv.

I ought to have been a gamekeeper, and have wanted to be, as I have wanted to be a publican or a farmer. It is easy to fession. I am no-thing sea-a quest fifty pe-literature routine, I am to be or my affli-shadow. unemplo-
So the fixed to humiliated sion that can affo-who has "going I achieve ence bet-
This Shire. P-most hum-He is a stability yards on he stubb-back and the textu-brought
red star, like the sun’s reflection from a conservatory roof, but strontium coloured. In fact, I was looking down, from 2,500 feet, into the furnace of the boiler. As we came up to the train, and as we began to overtake it, there was nothing special to be seen. But just for these few seconds one was looking directly into the furnace, a door about two feet square, from a height of nearly half a mile.

20. ii. xxxv.

I used to ride a skew-bald pony, with a piggy eye. He was a pony with a strong appreciation of life, which he used to signify, on fine mornings, by making an extraordinary squeak. Eee, he used to say, and kick out his legs behind.

One evening in my first hunting season, when I knew I was going to hunt next day, I was suddenly filled with glee. I rolled over in bed, with my arms crossed over my chest as if I was going to hug my shoulders, and Eee came out, exactly like the pony.

I get this feeling now at the beginning of seasons, when it is a question of recollection. You have forgotten the stuffy feathery ball of a dead partridge turning over in the air, or the nuisance of keeping Silver into his bridle so that he will not forge. You think about to-morrow, and suddenly it is there before you in the full colours of life, and the pony’s reaction happens of its own accord. Something physical runs down your back.

It happens to me most with fishing. I bought a new rod from Hardy’s yesterday, and took it down to the lake.
tween them. Among other things, as Beddoes nearly said, with six years' hard work I might have been a decent painter.

The fascinating thing about painting, when you settle down to learn it technically, is that like all the arts it is not accomplished on genius. The "inspiration" fallacy looks pretty silly when you hand it a paint-box. What has been giving me much honest pleasure, has been the discovery of purely technical tricks, vocational knowledge like not putting two nails in the same grain. Another joy was to find that my first finger lost its skin rubbing pastels, and that my thumb ached at first from holding a palette. In fact, art is a trade. It has its muscles. The sculptor develops a big thumb, just as the roadman develops the small of his back, or the housemaid, I suppose, her knee.

22. ii. xxxv.

One of the best things about the sporting year is the way it fits into itself. You just have long enough at one thing to get accustomed to it, and then the next is upon you with a new surprise. It is an endless procession, a profusion which is sometimes embarrassing. Shooting and hunting seem to get themselves done with a minimum of distracting alternatives, or at least they get themselves begun. In the late winter the alternatives begin to perplex. The hunting is still going, and the fish are beginning to run up, and the aeroplanes sound fine.

23. ii. xxxv.

I paid my first genuine visit to an exhibition of paintings. I always had a sort of bogus flair for composition
I didn’t really resent the way the poets laughed and talked and ran around the room. If that was their way of writing so well, only a fool would call for silence and order. It was just that watching them from my seat at the back of the big sunny room made me feel delicate and dry, a burnt-out case compared to them. The fact that the oldest of the poets was 11 was no consolation at all.

I had encountered these poets a few weeks before when an anthology of their writings arrived in the mail from Chelsea House, a book called Wishes, Lies and Dreams. It began with a long essay by the poet Kenneth Koch on new methods of teaching children to write poetry, but I skipped on to the poems themselves and soon found myself lost in wonder at the secret places they revealed. A few of the poems were cute enough to let you off with a safe adult chuckle:

**Goodbye crawling hell walking**
**Goodbye diapers hello panties**
**Goodbye hairy hello baldy.**

And there were others that were exceedingly gentle as they drew you into the universe of imagination:

*I was born nowhere*
*I live in a tree*
*I never leave my tree*
*I am stacked right up against a bird...*

But then came feats of the child’s unhampered vision, the ability to imagine anything, to be anything at all. A first-grader named Andrea Dockery wrote:

**I used to be a fish**
**But now I am a nurse...**

and I began to perceive that my parental pleasure in these verses was tinged with professional envy. Then, in a poem by Eliza Bailey, a fifth-grader, I came upon the sailboat of sinking water.

**I have a dog of dreams...**
**I have a sailboat of sinking water...**

A sailboat of sinking water. An image as calm and mysterious as anything of the deep. What could she have meant by it? What did she see in her mind’s free eye? It was beyond my imaginative reach, and as a fellow writer I couldn’t help but experience further pangs and stirrings. Something in these poems reminded me very acutely of my own childhood and of sensibilities I’d forgotten I ever possessed. Remembering, I felt sabotaged by my education, crippled for life by all the rules and manners I’d learned. In such a mood, it did my confidence no good to come upon lines such as Eduar- do Diaz’s “The big bad pants lay faded on the chair.” Or Iris Torres’s “A breeze is like the sky is coming to you.” Or Argentina Wilker’s incredible “Wishes, Lies and Plans had motors that went rum bang zingo and would be streaming green at the sea.” Thinking it might serve me as a tonic, I made arrangements to visit the poets at their school, P.S. 61, on the Lower East Side of Manhattan.

Koch’s method was in fact no more than an attitude that began with the assumption that children are natural poets. Teaching them meant only encouraging them with enthusiasm, respect, ideas and a general amnesty on all the obstacles to free expression such as spelling, meter and rhyme. Koch had spent a year working at P.S. 61 and by experiment had discovered a variety of ways to elicit the best responses. He would tell children to be mean or crazy if they wished and give them plans for poems that left them completely free. The children differed greatly by age, he said, with the first- and second-graders “buoyant and bouncy, the third-graders wildly and crazily imaginative, the fourth-graders warmly sensuous and lyrical, the fifth-graders quietly sensuous and intellectual, and the sixth-graders bitter, secretive and emotional.” We chose a fifth-grade class to visit, and Miss Pitts, the teacher, took a seat to the side and let Koch take over the class. The children cheered and pounded their desks at the sight of him, and he responded excitedly, looking, as he waved, like Chico Marx, all hair and friendly smile.

Once he had got them started by suggesting they write about the months of the year, Koch came back to warn me not to count on today’s session producing anything inspired. Like all writers, the young poets had their days. There was a birthday party going on in the hallway outside, and the students were also disturbed by an article about Koch in Newsweek which referred to them as “slum children.” They had answered with poems to the editor drawing the distinction between a poor district and a slum, and they seemed happily avenged. “I know it looks like they’re just raising hell,” Koch said, “but that’s part of the approach. Children make a lot of noise when they’re excited, so it’s a good sign if poetry does that to them.”

Koch agreed that the catch in his method lay in finding teachers who could tolerate the anarchy of creation and could also face up to the fact that children are better poets than their teachers. To criticize or correct or single out the best were all out of the question if the children were to be free of inhibition. Koch spent the hour spelling out words when asked and offering advice to those few who were stuck. Ten minutes from the end of the hour, he told the poets to stop writing. “Who wants to read?” he asked. A dozen hands shot up.

One after the other, the children came up to the front of the class and read their work, with no trace of embarrassment or self-consciousness.

“...I was to be a lion but the skin tore...”

“March, in France, the gray tower falling...”

“I think of going ice skating in the sewers...”

I could have sat in that room forever without thinking of ice skating in the sewers. Writing, for me, has always been in the service of some demanding standard. I inch along, dreading inelegance and error, finding my words on a tightrope stretched over canyons of falsehood and illusion. There is no doubt a very good argument that even the most permissive and encouraging education might not be able to protect these poets’ access to their imaginations from all the other disciplines and conventions designed to brick them up. Perhaps you have to be 10 to think of sailboats of sinking water; at 11, your science teacher informs you that water doesn’t sink, and from then on it is inevitable that the boundaries of reason and fact will draw in on you, ensnaring your free inner life forever.

But there was a moment in the classroom, with the lovely chaos all around, when it seemed to me I could almost picture a sailboat of sinking water. It was one mind, one imagination, free and riding on the sky that comes to you with the breeze.
Crisis for Nixon

The Cambodian decision raises doubts about presidential leadership. By Hugh Sidey. Dissent leads to horror at Kent State. A boy who was "there to watch and make up his mind." By John Pekkanen. Why it didn't happen at Yale, by John K. Jessup

A World All Their Own

Retirement communities like Sun City are sheltered but lively places for the aged. "You make so many friends here," by Paul O'Neil. Photographed by Ralph Crane

A Sailor's Million-Dollar Gamble

Charley Morgan builds an America's Cup contender named Heritage

South Africa's Lonely Liberal

58C

Lloyd Bridges & Son

The actor and his actor son talk their way across the generation gap. By Joan Barthel

Puckers for Tucker

The famous tenor celebrates his 25th anniversary at the Met

Faces for the Best Places

Even fiber-glass mannequins must stay in fashion

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I assumed they were shooting in the air

Often, when big news breaks unexpectedly, we rely on amateur photographers for coverage. This week, for example, the cover and most of the photographs in the lead story are the work of three Kent State University students, all camera buffs, who were within a few yards of the Ohio National Guard when it opened fire on student demonstrators last week.

John Filo is 21 years old and a journalism senior at Kent State. On the day of the shootings he had borrowed a camera from the school yearbook, and when the gunfire began he was to the left and in front of the troops. "I was just standing there," he says, "taking pictures, watching things through the viewfinder. I thought they were firing blanks. Then I saw bullets smashing into a metal sculpture in front of me, and one guy just pumping away with a .45 pistol. A bullet whizzed right over my head and another hit a tree. That's when I dropped my camera." Filo took the big picture on pages 30, 31.

John Darnell, also 21 and a journalism senior, had an ancient camera, an expired press pass, and only one roll of film, but found he could move around easily, almost casually, to within 25 feet of the Guard lines. "Just before the shootings I saw a girl I knew, Sandy Scheuer, and I waved and she said 'Hi.' Then it started. I don't really remember being scared, it all happened so fast. I saw people lying on the ground, and then I realized they had been shot. Later I found out Sandy was dead." His picture appears on pages 32, 33.

Howard Ruffner, whose photographs are on the cover and on pages 34, 35, was actually on assignment for Life. That morning our Chicago bureau had telephoned the school newspaper and asked if anyone could cover the day's demonstrations. Ruffner, 24, who had learned photography during a four-year hitch in the Air Force, was available.

"I was standing to the right of the Guard when the shooting started," he recalls. "I assumed they were shooting in the air. I couldn't believe they'd shoot into a crowd. Suddenly I understood and dropped to the ground—right on top of my cameras. In a few seconds it was over and I began to photograph the wounded and dying. People kept saying, 'No pictures, don't take any pictures,' but I had to. I knew pictures were the only way to tell this story.'"
Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

When he came to look at the building, with a real-estate man hissing and oozing beside him, we lowered the blinds, muted or extinguished lights, threw newspapers and dirty clothes on the floor in piles, burned rubber bands in ashtrays, and played Buxtehude on the hi-fi—organ chords whose vibrations made the plaster falling from the ceiling fall faster. The new owner stood in profile, refusing to shake hands or even speak to us—a tall, thin young man suited in hop-sacking, with a large Manila envelope under one arm. We pointed to the plaster, to crevasses in the walls, to sag, to leaks. Nevertheless, he closed.

Soon he was slipping little rent bills into the mailboxes, slip slip slip slip slip. In sixteen years, we'd never had rent bills, but now we have rent bills. He's raised the rent, and lowered the heat. The new owner creeps into the house by night and takes heat away with him. He wants us out, out. If we were gone, the building would be decontrolled. The rents would climb into the air like steam.

Bicycles out of the halls, says the new owner. Shopping carts out of the halls, My halls.

The new owner stands in profile in the street in front of our building. He looks up the street, then down the street. This wondrous street where our friends and neighbors live in Christian, Jewish, and, in some instances, Islamic peace. The new owner is writing the Apartments Unfurn. ads of the future, in his head.

The new owner fires the old super, simply because the new super is a wholehearted, widowed, shot-up, black, Korean War-sixty-five-per-cent-disability-вет drunk. There is a shouting confrontation in the basement. The new owner promises the police. The old super is locked out. A new super is hired who does not put out the garbage, does not mop the halls, Roaches appear, because the new owner has stopped the exterminating service. The new owner wants us out.

We whisper to the new owner, through the walls: Go away! Own something else! Don't own this building! Try the Sun Belt! Try Alaska, Hawaii! Sail away, new owner, sail away!

The new owner arrives, takes out his keys, opens the locked basement. The new owner is standing in the basement, owning the basement, with its single dangling bare bulb and the slightly busted souvenirs of all our children's significant progress. He is taking away the heat, carrying it out with him under his coat, a few pounds at a time, and bringing in with him, a few hundred at a time, his hired roaches.

The new owner stands in the hall, his Manila envelope under his arm, owning the hall.

The new owner wants our apartment, and the one below, and the two above, and the one above them. He's a bachelor, a tall, thin young man in cheviot—no wife, no children, only buildings. He's covered the thermostat with a locked clear-plastic case. His Manila envelope contains estimates and floor plans and draft Apartments Unfurn. ads and documents from the Office of Rent and Housing Preservation which speak of Maximum Base Rents and Maximum Collectible Rents and under what circumstances a Senior Citizen Rent Increase Exemption Order may be voided.

Black handprints all over the green of the halls where the new owner has been feeling the building.

The new owner has informed the young cohabiting couple on the floor above us (rear) that they are illegally living in sin and that for this reason he will give them only a month-to-month lease, so that at the end of each and every month they must tremble.

The new owner has informed the old people in the apartment above us (front) that he is prepared to prove that they do not actually live in their apartment in that they are old and so do not, in any real sense, live, and are thus subject to a Maximum Real Life Estimate Revision, which, if allowed by the city, will award them their space. Levon and Priscilla tremble.

The new owner stands on the roof, where the tomato plants are, owning the roof. May a good wind blow him to Hell.

Backstage

MARY MCPADDEN, the forty-year-old American designer whose inventive, idiosyncratic creations have won her two Coty Awards in the six years she has been in business, showed her spring collection at the Plaza the other day. Nearly a thousand people jammed the Grand Ballroom for a look at the extraordinarily elegant and extraordinarily expensive clothes (dresses average two thousand dollars), in a dizzying twenty-minute blur of textures and colors. Here is what we saw: Narrow rhubarb-pleated, hip-wrapped, cowl-necked satin-backed rusty-silver polyester. Peach, celadon green and lemon, rose and turquiose, lemon and rose, celadon green and lemon again. Gold cords crisscrossing the torso. White Botticelli chiffon with vine leaves of gold and of twisted gold thread. Ivory China silk, burnt-gold macramé straps encrusted with rhodochrosite, turquoise, crystal. Line-quilted silk-ponyee bolero jackets splashed with Portuguese-tile designs, abstracted, and calligraphy from illuminated manuscripts, abstracted. Howard Johnson-ice-cream colors, palmettes, rondelles,
L. PREVINE  
VICE PRESIDENT  
MANQUE


We found Miss McFadden back-stage, smiling, accepting congratulations. "I had wanted to have sails on the stage—jobs—in motion, but that didn't work," she said. "Instead, we had to use them as a sort of sculptural idea. I spent ten hours on the taped music, the technicians a lot more. A lot of percussion, sea sounds, heartbeats, Mahler, the Albéniz Adagio for Strings and Organ—music to remind people of death, of marriage. It's meant to take you to a percussion peak every three minutes or so. You have to charge people up to keep them awake during the show, pace the show—a hundred and five garments in twenty minutes. If you don't, people start to yawn. We want the models to stand like princesses or goddesses, to hold their heads high. Every designer has an ideal type of beauty. The bigger the body, the bigger the proportions can be on the body, and the more arresting the colors. I do everything on myself and then enlarge the proportions, because my models are five inches taller than I am. From this collection, I wore five daytime outfits for five days in a row each, to see how they felt."

Born in New York City, Miss McFadden attended Columbus, and left without graduating to be public-relations director for Christian Dior in New York. In 1964, she went to work in South Africa as a journalist, first for Vogue South Africa and then for the Rand Daily Mail. In Rhodesia, reporting a story on its National Gallery's work with a community of Shona artists, she met the National Gallery's director, and she later married him. "My husband had been initiated into the tribe, and I lived in the community and helped with the work," she said. "They were sculpting serpentine, a very soft stone. Designers develop their own vocabularies, and I suppose that, seeing how the Shona used the spiral—a symbol of life and death—and how they used circles, stripes, stylized flowers, and so on, I was given an initial frame of reference. There were other influences, of course, but their symbols became part of my family of symbols, there to rework, to put my own fingerprint on."

She continued, "My clothes are simple but opulent. People have a need to see things being hand-crafted, so we use the macramé with jewels, I used pleating because nobody else was using it. It's always been something women have liked to drape themselves in. I can do pleating that stays, because I use a polyester fabric from Australia. It's ten-mm.–weight satin back—that's what they call it. You can spill wine on it and wash it right off with water. You can throw it into the bathtub and it jumps back up at you. During the show, I'm backstage tying knots and putting jewelry on. I can do half—don't get to all of them. A model can become hysterical; it happens, usually, when she has to make a change and can't get out of a garment and suddenly feels herself trapped. Back there, we know how the show is going by what the models say. They know. They'll say, 'They like it, Mary.'"

An Educated Person

Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences voted earlier this year to approve a proposal introduced by the faculty's dean, Henry Rosovsky—and developed and refined by a series of committees—to reform the undergraduate curriculum. The Dean had repeatedly pointed out, before the vote, that Harvard and other leading colleges and universities were graduating young people who were unable to think or write clearly, let alone appreciate the ways in which one gains knowledge and understanding of oneself, of society, and of the universe. The faculty's reforms, which immediately struck a responsive chord in liberal-arts colleges throughout the country—with reverberations in primary and secondary schools as well—set some clearly defined standards for what the Dean calls "an educated person."

The new program, which will gradually be put into effect for Harvard freshmen next fall, struck a responsive chord in us, too, so when Dean Rosovsky came to New York the other day to address the annual meeting, at the Waldorf-Astoria, of the College Entrance Examination Board, we sought him out. Shortly before he was scheduled to speak—at a luncheon of twelve hundred educators—on the subject of "The Core Curriculum," which is what the new program is called, we had a talk with him in a quiet corner of the Waldorf lobby. The
THEATRE: GLOMMING THROUGH LIFE

A play by Tom Hilt, produced by Pithy Plays, presented at the Little Theater, 181 Bleecker Street, through January 31. Directed by Charles Likar.

I didn’t get to see this play all the way through. A lapse of memory in the taxi strike brought me in at the beginning of the second scene (out of four), and, when I returned two nights later to catch it again, the lead actor didn’t show. Consequently, I feel I have no right to criticize either the play or its production.

However my conscience is not at all disturbed by the idea of offering a sample of the dialogue in lieu of judgment.

A young man has picked up a young girl in a bar. They are now in bed, having made love many times. She is attempting to seduce him into another round.

She: “Let’s make love.”
He: “My way?”
She: “No.”
He: “Why not?”
She: “It hurts my jaw.”
He: “Then let me go down on you.”

She: “No.”
He: “Why not?”
She: “It’s too . . . exciting.”

I’d recite some more, but it hurts my jaw.

A. D. C.
THEATRE: NIGHTHAWKS

A play by Alvin Aronson. Presented by Bill Yellin in association with the New Playwrights Co., Inc. at the Mermaid Theatre. Directed by the author.

“Nighthawks” is a rudimentary comedy-drama set in an unsuccessful Jewish delicatessen. Words cannot convey the depth of its banality.

—Julius Novick

Village Voice

Jan 4, '68
Two thousand years of persecution, and now this. The perpetrators of "How to Be a Jewish Mother" (at the Hudson Theatre) have taken Dan Greenburg's "Very Lovely Training Manual" and turned it into a little revue so witless that even the Hadassah theatre parties may have a hard time swallowing it. Are the songs in "How to Be a Jewish Mother" more execrable than the sketches, or are the sketches more execrable than the songs? It would take the wisdom of Solomon to decide. "Today," we are informed very early in the proceedings, "we're going to explore all the clichés of Jewish motherhood," and that's about the size of it.

The show's titular Jewish mother is played by Molly Picon, who is exactly like my grandmother (with maybe just a touch of my Aunt Eda Bess, Uncle-Bill-the-rabbi's wife in Chicago). But my grandmother doesn't charge an $8 top, and my grandmother has better material. (Once just before the dog died he was lying as usual in front of the refrigerator and I said to him, "Out of my way, small change," and my grandmother looked up and said, "See? That's the way they treat you when you get old.") Only in a solo wedding number, during which she briefly impersonates the bride's mother, the groom's mother, an uncle on the groom's side, the cantor, a five-year-old flower girl, and an octogenarian grandma, does Miss Picon get a chance to show what she can do.

The only other member of the cast is Godfrey Cambridge, who plays Miss Picon's son, her husband, the mother of her daughter's fiance (that's what I said) and a lot of other people. Obviously somebody thought it would be a marvelous idea to have a Negro in a show called "How to Be a Jewish Mother." Somebody was wrong.

"Child you are, but man you'll be," sing Miss Picon and Mr. Cambridge in one of their sentimental numbers, "If you give from your heart unreservedly." What I could give from my heart unreservedly about this show, they wouldn't want.

Julius Novick

TERRY PLAY ON NET

Megan Terry's "Home," commissioned by WNDT's television Theatre, presented on Fri. at 8:30 p.m. on WNDT is auth.
ENVIROMENTAL THEATRE, con," CHANGES, by Megan Totty, directed by Tom O'Horgan, presented (January 44) by La Mama Troupe at the Union Plaza Annex.

One relative of environmental theatre that I neglected in last week's column is of course the "psychedelic" concert or dance with common people's reactions to a music-and-light show-as opposed to the high-intensity effect to pellets, all the world's fair exhibits. It is the most powerful of the village dance hall- electric music plus a more or less ambivalent relationship to fall by the light of a giant strobe, literally turned me on. This audio-visual show. This audiovisual performance of last week's column is of course the world's fair exhibits. It is the most powerful of the village dance hall-electric music plus a more or less ambivalent relationship to fall by the light of a giant strobe, literally turned me on. In any case, he failed with the music (as performance, is a sense of form and structure in time). "CHANGES," as advertised by a play by Megan Totty presented by La Mama Troupe. When I managed to get a reservation was told to come to La Mama at a specific time. There he was met by an individual guide and, after an interval of minutes, he emerged, pulled up to the street and up to the third floor of the Central Park (an NYU classroom building). He was met by a friendly man, who held him to put on a floor-length shearless garment, with a woman's name lettered on it (it was Rhonda) and suggested he take off as many of his own as he thought he'd be comfortable with. After a time someone took him to another section, producing a "show." Here a young man was sitting on a throne-like raised chair in angular light. Flashed by loudspeakers, comments on evening was obviously not environmental art to make money. So why not?

The Electric Circle tried to incorporate theatrical, music theatre on New Year's Eve when it commissioned H. M. Koussevitzky to compose and realize a dramatic event. Koussevitzky is delectable, but it is the control is inadequate and the conductor evidently uninformed, and the place felt like a room without an audience. Turned up, as in a small side room with nearby curtains, floor and walls, this mood is carried over. You're alone in the world. The show's raison d'être is obviously not environmental art, but for some reason, it did not attract many customers. After the show he drew the spectactor to conversation, pleasant and straightforward, explaining that the purpose of what was happening was to involve the spectator. He offered to repeat the opening speech, but his manner was predominantly natural.

The conversation was interrupted by a courier who led the spectator into an antechamber with a flashing light, where he was blindfolded. He was led forward, turned about, suddenly surrounded by a group of people speaking to him and touching him, then pushed him to the brink and casting him as he fell when they pushed. Then he was picked up and carried some distance, and turned about and set down, and the veil was changed many ways sharply, friendly, intimate, sarcastic, mocking, seductive, thorny, menaced and occasionally, sometimes the blindfold was briefly lifted for a view of one or face close up or faces whirling past. Then a walk, and something of something surrounding him with glowing shadows, and blind again. Into a chair with wheels for a ride, then his fingers placed on a panel of four switches, blindfolded, and each switch controls a colored light held by someone behind it who moves and speaks only when it is on. Blind, blind up to enter the claustrophobic space between two folding fire doors closed before and behind.

After a moment the one before opens and there is a tiny room with a few chairs sat a man and a woman in "spectator" gowns. They say they have been writing a long time. They UV tailed a small unknowing conversation. Believing them to be actors, I try to pay them only detached attention. Wild noises from the next room. One by one we are blindfolded and led into it by a boy in a red hood.

You are instructed to lie on your back and unblinded looking straight up to roll through a tunnel of legs and faces. Blind. You are picked up, tossed in the air, carried about, turned over. His head is laid on your back. Unblinded, your head is in the lap of a woman and a man. You are blindfolded again."

ALBERT FINNEY and ZENA WALKER in "Joe Egg," an English comedy by Peter Nichols which opens on Thursday, 1 February, 1968 at the Astor Place Theatre.

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Page Thirty-three
So far as I know there is no precedent for this kind of event as theatre, as a performance by actors for an audience. It is much in common with amusements-park fun house andfortune initiations. But the fun house is a mechanical contraption that spins you around and puts a pinball game or a pilot-boat game on you, while the physicality of the piece is an installation that is victim. Alternative performance and spectator is a common concern of the new-theatre and the most radical gambit I've yet seen. In the context of classic acting, the solo actor construct anxiety, and the construct anxiety, the spectator is alone and the actors have become an ill-defined group. The construct contributes to this role reversal: he does not watch them, they watch him—and it is an extra jolt to reach the end, as if walking from a dream or regaining conscious awareness, to find oneself being watched by a group including not only actors and participants but also friends and mere onlookers. Although well-rehearsed, the construct performed the essential actions of the event, relying entirely on the audience as guides. Where a sentimental drama, maybe even a melodrama, the spectator undertakes the protagonist's emotions, "Changes" bad the actors manipulating his body and playing out the events unfolding, so that the intent was to put me through changes for delight. Reading this, I'm not sure how to relax and trust my guides, and the experience was exciting and remarkably comfortable. The gnom, name change, and script were not only a sense of something like invisibility, but also a way of opening up my body to feel myself hung up—sense of the physicality of the piece that is entirely individual and invidious irrelevant—and I enjoyed the occasion for yielding passively. Under the circumstances, the words of the "play," its liturgy, was almost a sense of more attention, and little attention. It was my impression the text had a peculiar, static, superhuman, and prototextual tone, and I blame Miss Terry for the play—very sometimes gratifying tendencies to Icar, utter pointless sarcasms, and play the scolding and conversely credit Tom O'Horgan, the director, with the imagination in the imaginative ability of bringing the event into being, script or not, so I'm not here to give you there about these matters. The play reaches many popular figures. It is clear the author's style was selected for freshness yet, in the absence of any other setting. Its various sexual incidents, for example, are written in the context of a social structure more than examples of it—and refers to the idea of shocking an audience by doing it so blatantly that no one can actually be shocked, because no one can hear it. My chief criticism is simply that the message turns out to be the most edifying component puts you through changes for changes' sake, without regard for their meaning or their personal impact. But the structure of the piece is based on a design of changing time and dynamics with the clarity and Gestalt abstraction of musical form, and the emotional and consistent quality of invention was flawless.

What "Changes" portends I can't imagine. Maybe nothing. Certainly it is dramatically imperious for a large theatre company to devote itself to one specific event or piece. Also (this) may be a medium better suited to athletes than to actors. I still hope Miss Terry will do something, La Mama Too, or somebody
Perspectives

Life Out Of Context

By Ira Kamin

Sitting in hotel lobbies, riding this earth in rooms full of people we don't know at all, the earth seems full of sparks, very few fires. You hear unfinished sentences and smell familiar perfumes you can’t place; music becomes an assault; faces pass in various phases of sorrow and forgetfulness.

I picked out hotel lobbies arbitrarily and I sat in them. They aren’t good places if you're concerned with time. Giant clocks abound. They’re good if you want to see what this earth is made of: hurrying people waiting a moment with hurrying people they don’t even know.

I started closest to my office and I wound my way around the city.

Hotel Pickwick, Fifth and Mission. Outside, a vacancy sign in red. Inside, a red and black carpet, a brown Naugahyde couch, Muzak, this day playing a John Lennon dirge up tempo and gay.

There are two lamps, one a sculpture of a woman spilling something from an urn. There is a radiator in grillwork. There are two pillars, a balcony, a chandelier with eight candle shaped bulbs.

The couch faces the windows, and outside the windows a great variety of souls pass back and forth. Across the street is a landmark, The Old Mint. On its steps this morning sits a woman wearing only a blouse. Watching her from the sidewalk are children out on a field trip.

There's a mezzanine partly visible from the hotel lobby. A man near the elevators tells me I can't sit up there.

Hotel Yerba Buena. Fifth near Mission. Young Europeans fill up the lobby. There is a welcome sign and a food & drink sign. Several

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California Living Magazine | June 18, 1978
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perspectives continued

palm, several floor ashtrays, and a half dozen maroon couch sections. Photographs of old San Francisco hang on the walls. The light from the chandeliers is soft. The carpet is woven into an orange-brown jigsaw pattern. The coffee tables are made of wood and glass.

"Do you know where Sean is?" a man asks a woman.

"He went to do his laundry."

Mark Twain, 345 Taylor. There's a big picture of a steamboat in this lobby, a black safe, couches, yellow flowers, classical music and a writing desk. I go to use the phone and pass an extraordinary looking woman in black. I do my business on the phone, the whole time having an imaginary conversation with the woman. I turn my back for one second, hang up, and she is gone. I run out to the street but I can't see her. She has suddenly become very important. It is totally crazy, running around a hotel chasing a ghost.

Hotel Zee, 141 Eddy. You have to press a white buzzer to get in here. Most Tenderloin hotels lock their doors. A firetruck sits outside. A man with purple hair passes and says, "Look at that, will ya."

I ring and a young man in a cowboy hat opens the door for me. It's a long skinny lobby with groupings of furniture scattered down to the check-in counter. White wicker chairs and corduroy couches and an oak writing table. I sit down, near the window, across from the man in the cowboy hat. We are the only people in the lobby.

"My father owns a hotel in Puerto Rico," he says.

I ask him what he is doing here.

"I'm waiting for my boys to come out. I have a band. They're coming out from New York. Jazz-rock. We're going to get a big apartment in the Fillmore, the five of us."

"My uncle was Alan Freed. He died when he was fifty-six years old. He was my father's older brother. My other uncle, Ronnie, was a drummer. (Alan Freed was a New York disc jockey in the 1950s; he's credited with inventing the term "rock and roll.")"

"My father was in the Harmonica Rascals. He was the guy who got bit in the leg by Johnny Puleo (part of the act)." Johnny Puleo was a midget.

"Here comes my baby," he says.

His girlfriend comes in with a tuna sandwich and an orange. Soon after, two painters come in with white buckets. They stare at a peeling wall. The young rock musician and his girlfriend talk for a few minutes. I am staring at a strange religious painting..."
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on the back wall. Then I hear her say to him, “People are phony.”

“You’re phony, too,” he says.

“People is just peoples,” she says.

William Penn, 160 Eddy Street.
The lobby is a long, wide staircase. There is a drunk standing at the bottom and a man with a cane at the top, looking down. A sign says no visitors after 10 p.m. Two men speak Greek outside. At the corner a computer explains how to park in its lot.

Ritz Hotel, 216 Eddy. This hotel says it gives serviceman’s rates. Inside there are two public telephones, a red and black carpet, a floor model television sitting crookedly in a portable television stand, a cigarette machine, nine vinyl chairs. Two big picture windows look onto the bright day. An old man in a chair yawns, over and over, loudly. A man in a wheelchair sleeps. On a round table by the windows several bike magazines are spread open. They show photographs of young couples pedaling through meadows. Lamps sit on coasters on tables. They are turned on, but the day is so bright they seem off.

San Francisco Hilton, Mason, Taylor, Ellis and O’Farrell. The sign on the glass door says, no advertising, no soliciting, no hawkers, no tresspassers, no peddlers.

I walk in, passing the doorman dressed in purple.

Something called the Golden Opportunity Convention is being held here this day. Young attractive men and women travel the lobby. The lobby is long, low lit and filled with chairs that look like upright telephone receivers. There are many shops here and many cashiers and a case full of good cigars and a bar right in the middle of the lobby. Well groomed people swarm the lobby. A woman approaches a man. “Ron?” she says. They hug. “I just got here myself,” he says.

Men in drab uniforms push luggage. The vanilla smell of cigarette tobacco mixes with the dark fragrance of cigars. People sit in these large chairs and light up. They look like tired birds in jewels.

A long cool hallway attaches the old Hilton to the new tower. The hallway is taken with round marble topped tables circled with four chairs. Several elderly people are having a discussion, at one of these tables, about Social Security. One says to another, “They want you to depend on your children.”

Glass boxes of clothes hang on walls, advertising nearby shops. The tower lobby is empty. On a pillar hangs a painting of Conrad N. Hilton, founder and chairman, painted by C.J. Fox. Behind the painting, at a bank of phones, a man picks up a receiver and says, “May I speak to one of your top men.”

In a room off the lobby four musicians are getting ready to entertain the convention. They are tuning up. One suddenly panics and says, “What did I do with my lunch? It was in a paper bag.” Nobody has seen it.

St. Francis, Powell & Geary, across from Union Square. You walk under an awning and around the revolving doors and you step onto a red and black carpet and you’re in. There are big chandeliers and maroon settees and plants and big mirrors that reflect the ceiling.

“Excuse me,” the man next to me says, “are you Mr. Lindquist?”

“No,” I say.

Many people walk with cameras over their shoulders. A group of Southerners gather around a marbled pillar.

“Oh, honey,” one says.

“Naw, naw,” the other says.

“I thought someone stole your coat,” the first says.

“I want to thank you very much for dinner,” a third thanks the first two.

Several women try on jewelry at a jeweler stand at the edge of the lobby. They turn their heads and straighten their hair in the mirrors.

There’s a lounge across from the cashiers. One man sits on the edge of his seat and tells another about a severe air pocket he experienced on his way to San Francisco. “Food was flying through the air,” he says. They both pick up their drinks.

Outside the hotel, just up Powell, a woman in a red coat lies flat on her back on the street. Ambulance attendants surround her. A crowd gathers on the sidewalk.

“Is this the woman’s dog?” a man asks.

“It’s mine,” a woman answers, angrily.

“Heart attack,” one person says.

“She fell off the street car,” another says.

“They really got her tied up,” someone says, referring to how the attendants are about to carry her off.

“Stiff as a board,” someone says.

“Everyone step back,” a policeman says.

A cop picks up the woman’s purse and puts it on her legs as the attendants carefully lift the stretcher onto the ambulance. The ambulance pulls quietly away. The woman’s form, in blue chalk, is left on the street. A man on the corner holds out a pamphlet entitled “Life is not a one-way street.”

Sir Francis Drake, Powell and Sutter. The doorman wears a uniform.

“What is it?” I ask.

“A Beefeater,” he says.

“It’s nice,” I say.

“It’s okay if you like it,” he says.

“I don’t.”

The uniform is made of red wool and white doilies and topped with a soft wool bowler. On warm days you could lose a few pounds in that uniform.

Two blue carpeted staircases lead to the lobby. It’s sort of a pre-lobby and resembles a bank vault.

“Where you going?” one man asks a woman who is fleeing down the stairs.

The lobby is on a leafy patterned carpet. Chairs and couches surround spicy chrysanthemums. There is no music. On the mezzanine a fireplace is loaded with unburned wood; there are plenty of couches and chairs and what look like tables all ready for gin games.

A convention is forming in a room off the mezzanine. Solid Liquid Separation is written in big red block letters on a posterboard. A portable coat rack, empty, awaits the wraps, outside the room.

I have a hamburger in the coffee shop downstairs. A man and woman next to me are quarreling over money. The man says, “You said you weren’t going to spend another ten cents. That’s typical of you.” The woman is in tears.

Hyatt Union Square, 345 Stockton, Union Square. At first there doesn’t seem to be a lobby here. The lobby, in a modern sense, is underplayed, around a corner from check-in and very un-lobbyish. The chairs, once you find them, are the kind you sink into for a long time. You feel swallowed up and very small. A cleaning man walks by singing “Drinking again.”

In the middle of the lobby, behind the accordion-like bank of elevators, Reuters clicks off the financial news and stock quotations. After a while it sounds like dying flies at a closed window.

The chandelier looks like a wedding cake. A vase of flowers freshens up the room. There are huge windows and endless gold drapes. The walls are white and have an unfinished plastered look, as if you were outside, not in. Young, well-dressed people pace around the elevators. “Nice to meet you,” one says. “Right,” the other says.

Outside the hotel seems like inside. There are terraced steps and brief enclosures. In one of these enclosures hangs a glass case filled with photos of employees of the month, eleven of them, and one employe of the year, Ying Shih. She holds a bouquet of roses.

Cliff Hotel, Geary and Taylor.
The lobby here is all closed up. It’s being remodeled. A sign on one of the temporary construction walls says, “Dear Guest, as part of our program to return the Cliff to the elegance of past years . . .”

I go into the Redwood Room, beyond the elevators. Here you can get continued
Perspectives continued

a cognac, "up to $8.50 a shot," the bartender says. I have the bar brandy.

**Stanford Court, 905 California.** This is like entering a garage. In fact, you're entering an enclosed loading and unloading station. The dome is made of colored glass. Rows of luggage sit awaiting their masters.

Inside, the ceiling is low. Ceiling, floor, pillars and walls seem to be made of marble. Four floral couches are placed symmetrically between the pillars. A small shop in one corner sells badges and buttons. A couple whose honeymoon seems about over kisses. His mustache rises in a snarl.

Adjacent to the lobby is a lounge with many mirrors. A woman is serving a couple drinks. The couple sit close to the table and listen to each other with concerned facial motions. "Sixth Avenue or Sixth Street?" he asks her. A moment later she says, "I enjoyed the two days."  

**Mark Hopkins, One Nob Hill.** The little cobbledstone curlicue for unloading and loading has one big car parked toward the street. Inside there is brown furniture and glass tables and print chairs. Piano music, live and rather grand for midday, comes from the bar behind the lobby. The pianist stops, takes a drag from a cigarette, and plays I'm in the Mood for Love.

On a lobby couch, a small girl tugs her father's pants leg as he talks business with another man. The father keeps saying, "Wait a minute, honey."

**Huntington Hotel, 1075 California.** My mother-in-law tells me Princess Margaret stops here. It's sandwiched by restaurants — L'Etoile and Big Four — and smells it. There are red flowered couches and stuffed chairs, a grandfather's clock, a glass case full of plates and books, live lamps and no chandelier. The walls are white; three somber portraits hang head high; the floors are covered with blush throw rugs. The lobby is the size of an average living room. A man in a uniform comes in and tells a woman in a uniform, "You just missed Tennessee Ernie Ford out there. Ernie says to say hello. 'Tell Mary hello, he said.'"

In the adjacent lobby of The Big Four, Bill Graham, rock promoter, and Boz Scaggs, singer, are having a passionate discussion. They are two well-dressed men, late afternoon, talking business in emotional whispers. After fifteen minutes, Boz Scaggs goes back into the restaurant and Bill Graham fetches his Mercedes and pulls away.

**Fairmont, California and Mason.** A Buick, a draw prize, is parked in this lobby. The lobby is rectangular with circular seating arrangements. It is teatime, and tea and sweets are being served in a section just off the lobby. A woman in red is doing the serving. A tired young couple comes through the lobby. He says, "Supper in room?" "I suppose," she says. They stop, all of a sudden, and he says, "Wait a minute, we're going the wrong way." They turn around.

Across from the cashier sits the assistant manager, at a desk, in the middle of a soft-lit path between elevators and lobby. It's as if he would have nothing to do with an office and ordered his desk to be carted out to the middle of the crowds, to keep him from being too lonely.

**Sheraton Palace, New Montgomery and Market.** The lobby seems to be a long hallway, running north and south, with high-backed chairs placed against the walls every few feet. Men, alone, sit reading papers.

But the Garden Court, past the lobby, is exquisite. It's a registered landmark, #18, of the city and county of San Francisco. It's a huge dining room, one flowing, open space divided by sixteen marbled pillars. The ceiling is colored glass. Tchaikovsky from speakers puts even more emotion into the room. You can sit here without eating. There is a grouping of couches and chairs outside the dining area. A passel of Japanese, some in Western dress, some in Eastern, gather by the chairs. Clouds pass and the room lightens up.

Down the lobby-hallway, at the end of the baby blue walls, a man picks up a phone and says, "What is the market still going up? Damn! Inflation doing it?"

**Hyatt Regency, 5 Embarcadero Center.** The doorman wears a derby. You have to take a series of escalators up the lobby, past levels of meeting rooms. A blackboard on the first level lists this notice: "Important change. Monday breakfast now in Embarcadero Room B. 9:30 a.m."

In the lobby I sit in a pit, three steps down from the floor, on one of fourteen brown sofa sections arranged in a circle around a square glass table filled with a circle of small light bulbs. The man next to me smokes and says, "It's like a public square. The intimacy of hotels is gone."

When you're inside this lobby it's very hard to realize you're not outside. Balconies, terraced up to the top, overlook the lobby. Elevators ascend inside, then disappear after sixteen floors and continue their journey outside. The man next to me starts laughing to himself. He stops, then yawns. He pokes his buddy and says, "Let's go find them," referring to their wives.

A couple of sidewalk cafes flank the lobby. In the middle of the lobby there is a large sculpture and a fountain that looks still but isn't.

The floor is tiled. Along the walkway of shops doves coo in cages and mums bloom. A hair stylist has filled his window with photo-

June 18, 1978/San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle
graphs, autographed, of people he's coiffed. Bobby Hull in a hockey uniform; Mel Brooks waving; Henny Youngman fiddling; Moshe Dayan; Louis Armstrong; Jim Nabors holding onto Danny Kaye's ear; Charles Pierce as Bette Davis. In the next window of the same shop stands a dead polar bear, taken by the owner in 1969, from Alaska.

Harbor Hotel, Embarcadero and Mission. A sign says, "No visitors between 10 p.m. and 10 a.m." I sit down facing the painting on the wall; a mural of someone painting a painting. The lobby is filled with people sitting quietly in front of the walls, facing the center. A man steps into the center and asks me what I want. He tells me it is a private lobby. "Go outside," he says.

El Drisco, Pacific and Broderick. A sign outside says you get "the best possible beds, the best possible sleep." It's on top of a hill. The door is hard to open. I think it is locked until I see two joggers just walk right in. I follow. There are two red chairs, wood bench, a couple of drab paintings, stained glass and a grandfather's clock not working. The room is small and musty. A woman in uniform comes down with cleaning utensils and says to another woman, "She can't hear the Coke machine. She thinks she hears everything." A study off the lobby is set up with tables, chairs and books.

The Mansion, 2220 Sacramento. Bufano sculptures sit in the gardens outside. Erskine Bufano, the sculptor's son, lives next door and is in the process of opening his house as a Bufano museum.

A designer I know calls the mansion interior ersatz. It has just about everything: a cabaret, wild animal wallpaper, a classical sawist four evenings a week, ornate chess pieces, lace, holes in the couch, a tiled fireplace, books, Bufanos, orchids, a wall of bead ed purses and laceless shoes, a large live bird named Sadie, a kitchen where a man serves me croissants, coffee and green pepper jelly. I came here once when my friend turned fifty. He and his wife stayed here for the night. We played the piano in the lobby (living room) and sang dirty songs until someone we had awakened asked us to stop.

Arlington, 480 Ellis. I came here because the bar on the corner is called the Kum Bak Klub. The hotel, like so many hotels, has a red and black carpet. A few people in the lobby are coughing, elderly, and smoking. One of them says to the other, "I was late. I was supposed to eat." The other says, "He took me off Valium and Percodan." A third takes some time pushing himself up from the couch, then walks into the men's room, and spits loudly.

Jack Tar, Van Ness and Geary. The doorman puts his toe out and the doors magically open. Couches on either side of the doors face the street. A sign says, "Kiwani meets here, Wednesday, 12:10." Muzak is playing. Stairs, right in front of the lobby, lead up to the mezzanine. The chairs in the lobby look like chairs by the sea. One woman in sunshades points to a man and explains to him, "There's six of us." The ashtray next to her is overflowing. She reclines, once again, as if giant ocean waves were putting her to sleep.

"On a lobby couch, a small girl tugs her father's pants leg as he talks business with another man."

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Reactions

What The Readers Are Thinking

Harold Davies

That ethereal laughter you hear is Harold Davies chuckling at Ezekiel Green's article (The Legacy of Harold Davies, 4/2/78). Green omits a close-up of the artist — his ideas, meaning, aesthetic humility. He didn't paint "saleables," which Davies himself explained: "My family doesn't understand, art is not dollars to me. It's my life and breath. I've got to paint! There's so much beauty everywhere and so little time!"

He lived and worked here in a tiny North Beach studio during the early 1950s, knew Benagnolo, Emmy Lou Packard, Kenneth Rexroad and shared local sketch/paint fieldtrips and workshops with students he encouraged, helped and inspired.

Eya Yellin
Oakland

Model Home

About the ecologically run household in Berkeley (A Different Kind Of Model Home, 4/9/78), the efforts of these people are truly formidable and to be commended. However, I have a serious concern about their use of human waste. Perhaps these people in Berkeley are cautious, but others less knowledgeable may copy them. Uninformed people may not realize the horrors of disease and epidemic that were eliminated by modern plumbing and municipal sewer systems. Cholera, typhoid, dysentery and other diseases were common even in the most civilized cities until modern methods of sanitation brought them under control.

Certainly it is possible that a more ecologically sound method of disposal of human waste can be found, but the danger is that isolated people will begin to abandon their plumbing without using proper precautions. It is not all right to eat strawberries that have been fertilized by human excrement!

Beth Bagnell
Oakland

Sutro Collection

The Adolph Sutro Collection (Treasures From A Trunk Of Books, 4/16/78) was not the only library of any size to survive the 1906 Earthquake and Fire. The Hubert Howe Bancroft collection that was stored in a brick warehouse on Valencia Street beyond the limits of the Fire was bought by the University of California on November 25, 1905 and was moved from the city to the newly constructed California Hall on the Berkeley campus in May of 1906. The collection, greatly augmented, is now housed in its own building at the University's Bancroft Library.

Clyde F. Trudell
Sausalito

According to Sutro librarian Richard Dillon, Sutro is the only major library in San Francisco to survive the catastrophe. Bancroft, of course, is now located in Berkeley.

Squadrancing

The article (Sparky And The Renegades, 4/23/78) is a real good piece on what happens at a square dance.

Some of your readers might get the idea that you have to go to Lake County to check out a square dance. Not so! There are many dances every Saturday night right here in the Bay Area and scores of clubs with classes on week nights.

Jim McCrane
Pacifica

Breaking The Water Barrier

Concerning your article (Breaking The Water Barrier, 4/2/78): It is true that water polo ranks among the three contact sports that girls are discouraged from competing in. But what your article failed to convey is that Dove Scherr isn't the only girl competing on the Berkeley High School water polo team.

There were four girls on the junior varsity team this year, and some of us received recognition for our performances. I received a black eye during the last game of the 1977 season, so even though we are J.V. girls, we play as hard and are as dedicated as anyone else competing.

Ann Diamond
Berkeley

I am a seventeen year old junior attending Half Moon Bay High School. I am an AAU Class AA swimmer, but I also competed for my high school team, although we did not do too well last season.

Recently the Jefferson High School District decided by a 5-3 vote to eliminate some after-school sports, including girls' swimming, girls' gymnastics, boys' water polo, sophomore baseball and freshman baseball and football. Many athletes were very upset and disappointed with this decision; many of them were working for scholarships.

What will happen? Well, the only option left for those girls who wanted to go out for swimming will be to go out for the boys' swim team, and, since the men are stronger than the women, many of the women going out for the team will not be able to compete as well as they would have been able to on the girls' swim team.

If I were Dove, I would take advantage of what her school offers before it is too late, as is the case here.

A.P.
Half Moon Bay

I'd like to make an important correction to your excerpt from Karen Folger Jacob's book, Girlsports. Contrary to what is stated in that article, four girls went out for the Berkeley High School water polo team the year after I did.

Dove Scherr
Berkeley
Canada's North: Great Future at 15 Below

(William W. Prochnau of The Times Washington Bureau spent a month traveling throughout the Northwest Territories. He studied the people, the economy, the politics and the resources of Canada's northern neighbor. This is the third of a series on his findings.)

BY WILLIAM W. PROCHNAU

Times Washington Bureau

Where the Duke of Edinburgh visited Yellowknife, or so the story goes, he was given a dinner befitting the husband of the Queen.

He also received a present from the Yellowknife taxi drivers:

"Save your fork, Duke," the waitress said sweetly, "Shangri-la, his plate. There's pie."

NOTHING could better describe the mood and flavor of Yellowknife. Huddled on the frozen northern shore of Great Slave Lake, the little gold-mining town is the hub of the capital of Canada's Northwest Territories.

It is more than twice as large as the city of Aska, Georgia, and it is still raining and snowing and ice covering a population less than half that of Everett.

Then you would have the Northwest Territories.

Imagine a town with two hotels, two bars, a downtown gold mine and a stagecoaching per capita capacity for alcohol.

Then you would have only part of Yellowknife.

Sure enough, you can still get into a thousand-dollar poker game, hear near Far North stories that would put Jack London to shame, or go to the Yellowknife to Arctic towns.

Imagine an area more than twice as large as Alaska with glaciers which could cover the entire state of Georgia and slip over into Alabama.

It has a population less than half that of Everett.

Then you would have the Northwest Territories.

And Yellowknife, with a population of 10,000, might be the smallest town in the world which is served regularly by DC-4 air lines.

There are daily flights from Edmonton, which is 462 miles due south.

But to judge Yellowknife, or its inhabitants, as ordinary, for example, about Ruby Young, who runs the Yellowknife Hotel, is to misunderstand the big heart and an iron hand.

Ruby, a handsome bronte with a Klondike Kate touch which were, in fact, a girl 29 years ago to the minute. She was 29 years old when Ruby Young was 31, and she lived in one small room there; and, so she says, still seeks that fortune occasioned by a thousand-dollar poker game.

QUAFFING beer in Ruby's euphoria is something like drinking at a gymnasium. The cavernous Yellowknife bar looks as if it could seat the yellowknife to Arctic towns.

A beer salesman decided to buy a round for the house one afternoon. Ruby went through three cans and thought it was a slow day. The 8,000 adults in the Northwest Territories spent $1.6 million on liquor in 1961.

Nor is Ruby's husband, Ray, cut out of an ordinary world. A square-jawed tachioed man, Ray Young has spent many a winter combing the tundra for the gold that made Yellowknife Famous. He has found enough of it to be a Best of Yellowknife taxi.

There is a story about Ray Young. He once paid a thousand-dollar bill. After a drink at the Yellowknife, Ray would pay the $500 bill and announce grandly, "I've bought a round for these fellers."

One day one of hisasperated friends announced solemnly, "Keep your pocket money, Ray."

And he flourished a $5,000 bill.

That is Yellowknife one-upmanship at its best.

THE FIRST freeze hits Yellowknife in August and November. Great Slave Lake, the tenth largest in the world, is frozen solid, with both poles dipping into the water as a landing field. The mean daily temperature this time of year is 15 below zero.

But it gets colder as you move north and east of Yellowknife.

Imagine an area more than twice as large as Alaska with glaciers which could cover the entire state of Georgia and slip over into Alabama.

The natives are a source of constant concern for the Government. Of Alaska's 800 Eskimos only in Canada. About 9,000 of them live in the Northwest Territories.

Of the estimated 23,000 inhabitants of the Northwest Territories, 5,000 are Eskimos or Indians. Most of them live in near poverty - but in Yellowknife, there is an alien culture which hasn't quite made room for them. They have a tricks of language which is losing its relevance in a modern world.

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Funerals | The Seattle Times

**Funeral Services**

**Ole Vangness, Ex-Mail Carrier**

Funeral services for Ole A. Vangness, 91, of 2004 N. W. 66th St., who died Friday in a hospital, will be at 2 o'clock Thursday in Wingen & Sons' chapel, with burial in Evergreen.

A native of Wisconsin, Mr. Vangness came here 20 years ago from Milwaukee. He was a rural mail carrier at Blended, N. D., from 1919 until retiring in 1933. He was the oldest charter member of the Rural Letter Carriers' Association.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Lilian Falk and Mrs. Esther Hanson, both of Seattle, and five sons, Carl, Seattle, LeRoy, Milwaukee, Kenedy, Korczak's, and Fredrick, Cudby, Wis., and Mrs. Vangness, Cotter, Ark.

**LIEUT. COMDR. STEARNS L. HAYWARD**

Commander Stearns Lyman Hayward, 39, of 1679 Magnolia Ave., died in a plane crash over San Diego.

Mr. Hayward, known as Terry, was a personnel officer of helicopter Squadron No. 1 at Ream Field, Imperial, Calif. Previously, he had stationed at Sand Point Naval Air Station, was among victims of the December 12 crash of a Navy helicopter about 30 miles at sea from San Diego.

Surviving are his wife, Mary, a son, and a daughter. Services will be held at 2:30 o'clock tomorrow at Wingen & Sons' chapel, with burial in Evergreen.

Lowen Z. Sterns, a son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Sterns of Idaho, died in a plane crash over San Diego.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. John Menzel of Seattle, and Mrs. Harry Haines of Portland, Ore., and a son, and a daughter. Services will be held at 2:30 o'clock tomorrow at Wingen & Sons' chapel, with burial in Evergreen.

Memorial services for Alexander McQuarrie, 61, of 100 Place Ave., will be at 2:30 o'clock tomorrow at the Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, in Edmonds. He was a member. Creation was directed by the Bleyt & Francis. Harris died last month in a newspaper office after a nine-month illness.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Wyo, McQuarrie had resided here since he was 8. He was a member of the Episcopal Church of the Epiphany and a member of the Masons and had been active in Boy Scout work. He played football and organized the first regular hockey team in Seattle.

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Mr. McQuarrie was a member of the Masons and had been active in Boy Scout work. He played football and organized the first regular hockey team in Seattle.

The family suggested remembrances to the Episcopal Church of the Epiphany memorial fund.

**LIEUT. BENNIE STARR**

Funeral services for Army 1st Lt. Bennie Starr, 27, of 233 Third Av., Edmonds, Wash., will be at 3 o'clock tomorrow at Beck's chapel, Edmonds, with burial in Woodside Park.

Mr. McQuarrie was a member of the Masons and had been active in Boy Scout work. He played football and organized the first regular hockey team in Seattle.

The family suggested remembrances to the Episcopal Church of the Epiphany memorial fund.

**MRS. JOHN H. BORG**

Mrs. Frances M. Borg, 64, of 225 Palatine Av. N., will be seated at 8 o'clock this evening in Holy Father's Fisher-Kilns chapel. Memorial Mass will be said at 10 o'clock tomorrow at the St. Benedict's Church, with burial in Holy Father's.

Mrs. Borg died yesterday in a hospital. Born in Old Forge, Pa., she came to Seattle 22 years ago from New York.

Surviving are her husband, John H., two sons,
As a politician, Lyndon Johnson has always been a master of surprise—but never has he made so much impact as he did last week with one single, simple sentence. Why did a man who loves power so much decide to quit? Does he really mean it? Why did he suddenly change direction on Vietnam? MICHAEL DAVIE reports on the man at the centre of a week that shook the world.

Washington, 6 April

LYNDON JOHNSON is a man who has spent 30 years in the political wilderness and has no other decision of his career, a snooker shot moved every ball on the table, without knowing, or thinking that he knew, what would be the consequences of his act. He had, and has, no other interest that

has seriously tried to force him to give up the job. True, he has been talking about retirement for a long time, but who doesn't? Two of the people who have spent most time with him since he became President, Jack Valenti and Bill Moyers, now both out of the president's service, were both sure he would not go. So why did he do it?

The picture one gets of Lyndon Johnson during the past year is very different from the earlier phases of his Presidency. First there was Lyndon Triumphant. Bills whisking through Congress, polls in the high sixties; then there was Lyndon Frustrated, Bills getting stuck in Congress, rising troubles in Vietnam and the American cities. Latterly there is Lyndon Besieged, like Philip II of Spain in the Escorial.

He had been looking more and more of his first-rate people in the Administration, many of them driven away by the war, feeling that Johnson was off on a course of his own from which no adviser could deflect him. He was left either with yes-men, such as Dean Rusk, or with people who expressed doubts, but whom he did not fully trust. There seems no doubt, for instance, that a bombing raid on Hanoi was proposed by the President last Sunday and was recommended by McNamara well over a year ago. (McNamara's reaction when he heard the news was to say, 'I feel 10 years younger.' There seems little doubt, too, that the military have been coming to have a bigger and bigger say in the conduct of the war.

O'Donnell—set up Kennedy-for-President offices in a brand new building within walking distance of the White House; and as the Kennedy clan, with their rich tans and their hair and East Coast manner of having just come back from the beaches of Acapulco, started campaigning under his very nose on the progressive causes for which he has been working (talking anyway) all his life.

So the pressures built up on Johnson. But, as often happens, with this unpredictable figure, people round him fed in the ideas and figures, but never saw them come out again. He set about his Sunday speech with unparalleled secrecy and duplicity, even for him. The speech-writers of the first half had no idea that there was any chance of the speech ending the way it did.

Even Lady Bird, apparently, was not quite sure that her mysterious husband was actually going to announce until he signalled to her while he was speaking:

Once he did it everything changed. All the week since then, the advantages to him have become more and more plain. He avoided a humiliation in Wisconsin. He has secured a gesture of sorts from Hanoi: 'The big man had his face saved.'

He has dramatically come back from the beaches of Acapulco, with their rich tans and long hair and the American cities. Latterly there is Lyndon Besieged, like Philip II of Spain in the Escorial.

The White House account is simply that Johnson had long been thinking of withdrawing, to promote unity at home and peace abroad, and that it was pure chance that he happened to announce his decision two days before he was due for a historic crowning in the Wisconsin primary election. Nobody believes that.

On the other hand, the notion that the President simply backed down because he is not a fighter and knew he was going to get beaten is not very convincing either. This theory, in any case, leaves out of account the offer to Hanoi which he had been making over and over again to negotiate with him as a private citizen.

The same, Johnson is not a man who would make the biggest decision of his career, a snooker shot moved every ball on the table, without knowing, or thinking what he knew, would be the consequences of his act. He had, and has, no other interest that

chosen to open his campaign with a series of snooker shots at the President, neatly tailored to the 1968 youthful audience, suddenly exten
ded a respectful olive branch to Hanoi, and the White House, as if he hadn't meant a word of anything had said in the two preceding weeks; McCarthy had based his campaign on the proposition that Johnson must go; when Johnson actually went, McCarthy looked quite naked, though still perfectly composed and, as the Washington Post put it, 'underwhelmed.'

Is it, then, possible that as he jumped Johnson discerned the faint outlines of a mistress underneath? For a man who is not running and therefore has no need for publicity his behaviour during the afternoon of his speech was mighty suspicious.

He made a sudden trip to the con
cellation of a Catholic Archbishop in New York, where there is an important Catholic vote, taking his Catholic daughter and grandson with him. He fixed up for this weekend an unnecessary conference in Madison, Wisconsin, flying there to ensure a headline and would have blanketed Bobby Kennedy's simultaneous tour of the Southern States.

Since the race crisis, the President has dominated the scene still. His situation, it is true, scarcely changed. He has been coming to have a bigger and bigger say in the conduct of the war.

Nixon facing all ways

And it is just conceivable that it also gives him one and only chance of being re-elected. All the week Washington has been specu
lating as to what might happen. The Prime Minister in London, who is the next President. Not many people here would agree. Mr. George Brown, former

leaders in radiotelephone technology

THE OBSERVER REVIEW

7 APRIL 1968

AMERICA IN CRISIS

'I shall not seek—and will not accept—the nomination of my party for another term as your President.'
Driven into a corner

A man of huge capacities, immense energy, and consequent restlessness was driven into a corner. The war was going badly. He knew he had to act. For decades, until every reporter and politician in Washington was tired of hearing it, Ole Lyndon had been expressing his personal philosophy to anyone who would listen: about consensus, about people having more in common than they realise (the starting point for most classic Lyndon deals), about ‘reasoning together.’ His whole Presidency has been based from the first day on the politics of consensus, on giving a bit to everyone, on satisfying all parties and satisfying all interests, for the benefit of all — and a rising poll for Lyndon Johnson.

Yet now he found himself presiding over a riven society split by deep and growing hatred, and himself, a man with as powerful a drive as he loved to be as powerful himself, hated worlds of all. America had not known such hatred of a President since Franklin Roosevelt; and Britain, perhaps, not since Lloyd George.

When the Johnsons first took over the White House they liked to pretend they were just folks, and the President would come out to chat to the tourists, on the spur of the moment, and recharge his batteries with their delight in seeing him. Now no one can remember when he last ventured near the railings. No one can remember the last time he had a scheduled public meeting. His speech-making trips out of Washington have become increasingly grotesque and humiliating-for all Americans, not only for Johnson—as hevmust have realised. possibly more clearly than Johnson himself, that he dare not undertake a planned speech-making trip out of Washington.

Now he found himself, having come to Washington with the largest personal following of any man in American history, unable to bring to the tourists, even if he tried it, would leave him uncomfortable. He has made a million deals to get where he is. He has shown every sign of enjoying the monstrous apparatus of visible power that a President of the United States commands. No one suggests he is too sick to go on. No one here believes that Lady Bird will succeed him. John Kennedy, a man of colossal pride, really going to be satisfied to bow out with his country in such a way after five years of his leadership?

So is Johnson, a man of colonial pride, really going to be satisfied to bow out with his country in such a way after five years of his leadership?

Perhaps the most memorable image of a memorable week is of the huge brocade hulk of the President, immediately after his historic TV appearance, walking into the yellow family drawing-room at the White House, dressed in that evening turtlenecked shirt with a zip-up back and snap pearl cowboy buttons on the front, still in his formal shoes, showing off in huge spoons of chocolate tapioca pudding and telling the asestruck reporter: ‘Ah, I haven’t done near enough.’ Now what did he mean by that?
ALISTAIR COOKLE has just published a book and dined in London in celebration. As a member of the BBC's music team, he has spent many hours discussing the music of the world with others. His book, "The Music of the World," is a comprehensive guide to the music of the world, from classical to pop. The book has been well received by critics and musicians alike.

Joan Carley, a renowned musician, is leading the charge in the world of music. Her extraordinary talent and hard work have earned her many accolades and admirers.

For more information, please refer to the article in the Observer Review, 7 April 1966.
Paperbacks

Flashback in love by Thomas Berger: Imaginatively wild tale of two very different American mothers who's passion fills their rather sagging affair. Titles have been somewhat overpowering with their involvement in the war. And it's a shame that he can't do the same for Americans who have so often underestimated them for all they are. (Academy)

RECENTLY OPENED

Bed & Breakfast (K): Anti-war mayhem, with Central Wides starting, producing and directing. Much self-questioning and personalize flashback as well as free and honest. Nothing. (London Pavillion)

A Dandy Affairs: Dandy agent thriller with Laurence Harries and Arabella Duff. Follows. (Columbia)

Virgin Queen Mary: Paradise in the English countryside. A young man in the twilight of his career is faced with the choice of leaving behind his past. Little Big Man by Thomas Berger: The fictional life story of a young American. This is a book of reading and thinking about the state of the world and the way we are always left with two choices, one of which is the impression that mankind was essentially decent and that reason would somehow return to it. (Crest)

In short, urbanism. Abilis

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Some of my best friends are poets. I would rather spend an afternoon with Keats than with most people of my acquaintance. I am far more excited by a sheaf of verse than a room full of people. Poetry takes the place of religion in my life. Instead of rushing to the Bible for comfort and inspiration I pick up a copy of Milton or Shakespeare.

I realise, however, it is a passion that lays me open to ridicule. I suppose that is why it is called powder-try. People consider it so very easy to be always reading poems or quoting quotations. My family, for example, used to send me up when I was a child.

One of my favourite sonnets was Keats On First Looking into Chapman's Homer. But my father pointed out the hubbub about some poor dog yawning and flattened beneath an over-weight and contemplative ponderer.

Not the sort of atmosphere where poetic natures flourished.

Unleashed

Despite this I have an aunt who has written a great deal of poetry and gets it published all over the place. There was considerable tut-tutting in the family circle many years ago when she circulated a poem to relations young and old, which began: I have raped the chambers of knowledge.

At school we got very excited over Horatius and Sir Lancelot with his coat black curls streaming almost like water. But we were deeply moved by Sir Richard Grenville and the little Revenge that was so perfectly managed that the hero came off in a fantastic appeal as Marion Cocles and Stroller.

Then at 15 we were unleashed on the romantic poets, and all our unidentifiable adolescent longings found an outlet. We weren't allowed much Byron—I think they were scared we might talk about life and death. But we adored Kuban Khan particularly the bit about: As if this earth in fact thick pants we would uproot the bush and remind us of our blue sorge gym knickers. And Shelley's Adonais affected us like a fever. He speaks of night, Envy and callumny and hate and pain.

Most of the poems we learned seemed to come from Palgrave not at all. The Golden Treasury contains far too much Thomas Campbell and other rubbish, but no Donne. I suppose Palgrave considered him too acid and tortuous.

When I reached my typing school in Oxford, however, Donne had suddenly become wildly popular. He was the graduate without fail would quote: Oh my America, my new founded land—before he panicked on one.

After leaving typing school, I worked on a local paper, and never went anywhere without clutching some volume of poetry which usually had to double up as a reporter's notebook. To this day I can remember the title page of my copy of The Wreck of the Deutichen from a shadily account of a scrap metal theft, while underneath Auden's poem about Dubia and Verity is scribbled a policeman's evidence during a court case: I was proceeding along the foreshore when I saw the defendant sitting in a gutter. He said: 'I am Humphry Dumpy. I bet you cannot put me together again.' And I formed the opinion he was drunk.

Hunting

But I suppose poetry ultimately appeals most when one is in love. One husband I know says he can always tell when his wife is having an affair, because all his poetry books are suddenly horizontal on top of the shelves.

I certainly read most voraciously during my adolescence and early twenties. I was hunting for a permanent mate and richly exchanging from one disastrous love affair to another. Only in poetry could I find appropriate expression for my ecstasy, or for my subsequent despair when things went wrong.

Oh, heart, on heart, if he'd but turn in his head You'd know the folly of being comforted.

Actually I must have been a pain in the neck. You write wonderful letters, Jill. I remember one stockbroker saying after receiving my lyrical outpourings: "but they're awfully hard to answer."

I confess I find it embarrassing to be myself when people start getting serious, and even worse when they give me one of their poems. There's that terrible moment when you get to the bottom of the page, and you're watching them and you don't know if the poem's finished or they're going on over the page. (You've got to know if you're going on over the page). So you turn over surreptitiously and find nothing, and have to pretend you're examining the quality of the paper.

I wish, too, I didn't always say: "Gosh yes, it's wonderfully moving." When I get to the end even if I think it's frightful, I wish I were like Ezra Pound, who when Yeats sent him a poem, merely sent back a postcard saying: "Putrid. E.P.".

I've always, too, been fascinated by the process of writing poetry. Does inspiration strike suddenly? How does reality ever break the overlay of powerful feeling? We know Shakespeare never blotted a line. But did Wordsworth go plodding around Lakeland Cottage, shouting: "What the bloody hell rhymes with daffodils? Fetch me the rhyming dictionary, Dorothy." I find it very edifying that Auden's secretary once typed the wrong adjective in a poem because she couldn't read his writing and Auden was so delighted with the improvement he left it in.

Homesick

The chief, if not the only, aim of poetry is to delight, wrote Dryden. And I think it's pretty much the same. It's good to encourage their children to read poetry. In fact I think children should be forcibly introduced to the chance of losing a night in the piano, or of having a brace on one's teeth when one is young, because it's so important for any advantage in later life, and it enables one to do The Times crossword much quicker.

And poetry does comfort and cheer. I remember another work one morning. I had just arrived in London, and, desperately homesick for Yorksire, I found myself feeling love, soaked to the skin, in the rain on the way to the Tube and buffeted by commuters, I was eventually discouraged on to the platform. Opposite me on the wall was a Whitbread poster, a painting of the countryside with a letter from Yorkshire. The address as a caption some of Wordsworth's loveliest lines: "Art thou the bird whom men love better than the scarlet breast. Our little English robin."

And suddenly the dark dismal morning seemed full of light.
Poker illegal
No distinction in law’s eyes

By MIKE ROYKO
Chicago Daily News

CHICAGO — The judge’s clerk called out: “Everyone who was arrested at 4825 N. Kedzie, please step forward.”

You could almost hear the bones creaking as they stood up and walked toward the front of the courtroom.

There was Sol Karsh, 72; Sol Rubin, 75 and Morris Sol, 77.

There was Sam Neurock, 82 and Sam Berns, 65; Harry Sternberg, 72 and Harry Winograd, 72.

And there was Leo Richman, 77 and Sid Lerner, 70, Max Feder, 60, and Louise Krundel, only 54.

They bunched together and looked up at Judge James Maher, who is about 40. With their bald heads and wrinkled faces, they looked like newborn birds.

“Is the arresting officer here?” the judge asked.

Detective Tony Derango said, “Yes, your honor.”

The Sols and Harrys turned and stared at him. Derango, a stylishly dressed young man, looked sheepish.

“Are you ready for trial?” the judge asked.

They looked at each other. Then said: “You want to proceed? Sam? Sol? Leo? Harry?”

“ARE YOU HOLDING a meeting of the club?” the judge asked.

Sol Karsh looked bewildered, but he smiled and said: “I plead guilty.” However, Harry Sternberg shook his head and said: “I’m not guilty.” So Sol Karsh said: “Then I’m not guilty, either.”

“Judge Maher seemed to slump. ‘The club is agreed that it will get a lawyer?’

Lerner looked at the members. They all nodded, except for Sam Neurock, at 82 the oldest and at 5-2 the shortest. Sam Neurock just smiled sweetly at the judge.

Lerner nodded. ‘We’ll get an attorney.”

“Fine,” the judge said with enthusiasm. “Then I’ll set the next hearing for Jan. 28. Is that agreeable to you?”

Lerner shrugged again. “Any day is OK. None of us are working. We’re old, retired. That’s vy vee go to the club.”

As they walked into the corridor, the judge was shaking his head.

The clerk began calling the next case from among the row upon row of policy runners, bookies and all-around hustlers.

In the hallway, Harry Winograd also was shaking his head. He still wasn’t sure how he happened to end up in rackets court.

“I volk in a vegetable store near the club and I went up there on my lunch hour to kibitz. I wasn’t even playing. So there’s a knock on the door and somebody outside says he is looking for a painter.”

“Your see, it’s called the painters club. Years ago it was for painters. Now it’s just us old guys. We play a little nickel-dime poker, some rummy. We drink coffee and have some cake.

“SOMEBODY OPENED the door and these two detectives walk in and say: ‘Don’t nobody move and leave the money on the table.’ Big money. I bet there was $12.

“So they put us in the wagon, take us to the station and everybody in the station is filling out papers and taking our fingerprints and I’m trying to tell them I was just kibitzing.

“Then they put us in two cells. And we were there until 8 o’clock. Then a policeman who knows us came and said: ‘Hey, what have you got these old guys locked up for?”

Then they let us out on bond.

Harry’s story was interrupted by Milton Kolman, an attorney, who walked over shaking his head and laughing. “Listen, I’ll take this case for nothing. Come on, maybe we can go back in there and get it over with today.”

Harry’s wife, Katie, said: “You will?”

Detective Derango, who had been standing nearby, looked almost as happy as Katie.

“Sure,” said Kolman. “It’s my day to do something nice. Where are the others?”

The others were gone. They had already taken an elevator. But Derango said: “Cmon, maybe we can catch them outside.” Harry, Katie and Derango jumped on an elevator.

They caught up with them on the sidewalk, where a heated debate was in progress, with everybody talking at once.

“TOLD YOU vee need an attorney ... vell, whose idea was it to plead guilty? ... listen, you shoulda told him how much vee give to den vy didn’t you say something, smart guy?”

Katie shouted: “Listen, we have a lawyer upstairs. He says he’ll take the case free.” Detective Derango nodded.

Sam Berns, was angry, jabbed a finger against his own chest and yelled: “I don’t need him. My son-in-law is an attorney. I’ll get my son-in-law. My son-in-law told me ...”

“Yeah, where was your son-in-law when we needed him?” somebody said. They went back inside.

On the ride back up, Sam Neurock, the oldest and smallest, stood, looking up at Derango and smiling at him.

Sam Berns pointed at Sam Neurock and said to Derango. “How would you feel if Sam dropped dead before January 28th, huh. How would you feel?”

Derango looked down at tiny Sam’s friendly face and slowly said: “I would feel terrible.”

Back on the 11th floor, the attorney, Kolman, gathered them at the end of the corridor and explained the situation: He had looked the file over and was almost certain that the case would be dismissed for lack of a warrant, reasonable cause to enter and so on. But they would have to come back on January 28 because he needed time to prepare motions.

They listened closely. Then someone whispered: “Is he Jewish?”

They got back on the elevator. On the way out of the building they were still debating.

Katie Winograd, walking a few steps behind, shook her head, sighed and said: “My husband’s buddies.”
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The Waterbury Tales

What that Junne with his Sunshyn soote
The Capitol hath dazzled to the roote
And blossoms bloome on the cherry,
Then folk break in and bugge Waterbury.

A good WYF as ther, Mr. Mitchell's owne,
Wel koude she carp upon hys telephone.
She lyst to tel the papers, quota-unquote:
"Dorest noon can mak myn housband a scapegoose."

The MITCHEL was a stout and placid type,
Ful byg he was, and suckyn on hys pype.
"The Whyt Hous Horrors had not my accordes,
But all was mese to respect Milord."

The CHAIRMAN oft wolde set hys brows to crymple,
He clept hynself a Country Lawyer Symple.
A badde man or fale wolde hyn mak syckyn,
Men koud hyn trust for used car or fryd chyckyn. 1

The BAKER was a faire and deep-voiced boye,
Had wed of roy Blood from Illinoye.
So certeynly didst Hovyn pleas the croud,
A star was born (lyk Lancelot of Lound).

A CLERK OF LAW was too, a John of DEANE,
He borrowed gold to wed the Mald Maureene.
Hys memory was full of dates koude answeyr,
"I warned Milord," quod he, "of Creepyng Cancyr."

The LIDDY had a mustache and bys chantyse
For kyndnappyngs and wyirstys and tartyse. 2

What tale koud tell? Is thys some kind of Nutte?
In gaol y-sits and keeps hys lipses shutte.

ULASEWICZ ther also was, forssooth,
Koud wel hide gold in any olde phone booth.
Koud gette Henny (shold watch hys steepeh)
From so much hevy laundry bags y-schleppen.

The LORD he reigned in Ovl 3 Ofys sphere,
Ful ofst straw he to mak thyngs perfait clere. 4
But wonder, though it get him legal scrapes,
He, verrayl, refus to cler The Tapyse.

A HALDEMAN ther came, a crew-cut oon,
Foks seyd he ran the Whyt Hous lik a Hun.
But strang. when he befor Committee sette,
So mild was he as any pussey catte.

The EHRLICHMAN explain the word "covertes,"
(He look lyk he eat babys for dessertes).
He trow, to say the Nation from the Pynkes,
"Milord hath Rights Divine to burgi Shrynkee." 5

Thus spak the PATRYK GRAY, a baldyng guyse,
"Ful wel I loved to serv the FB Ye,
But shame. I burn the fyls and sore hav symnd
And dizzy-grow from hangyn slow, slow in the wynd."

Thys was the merry crewe, on TV eache,
And who can say if cumen in impacthe?
Nor yet which man will answe to what cymes?
No oon can know, at Thysse Poynt in Tyme.

---

1 A holy bird thought to have first been discovered by the White Knight of Sanders. Even the simples peasants undertook frequent pilgrimages to its shrines, hoping to bring home enough bones for the whole family.
2 Lykckyrs.
3 In medieval times, a doctor thought to be of help in "getthy thy hed togethery."
For a city priest, and for a woman looking back, the Church endures

I am a Catholic. In case of accident please call a priest

by JOAN BARTHEL

You wore a medal on a chain around your neck, usually a Miraculous Medal of the Blessed Virgin Mary, with that inscription on the reverse side. If you were a Catholic and you had an accident, somebody would call a priest. If you were a priest, you would come. Roles were clear and definitions sharp, and in general it was easy in those days—those days being the 1940s and a good part of the '50s, the days of steadily growing up and unsteadily groping out—to be either a plain Catholic or a Catholic priest. In both cases you almost always knew exactly what to do, which almost always was what you were told to do. You didn't have much to figure out for yourself, so that when you did have something to figure out, it was hard. I remember that it was hard to think of enough sins to make a believable list when, every other week, we went from the school to the church to go to confession, marching two by two, in silence and in uniform (navy blue skirts

CONTINUED

The writer on her First Communion day, when she was 7, at home in St. Louis

Father James Gilhooley

Life

April 30'71
‘Gilhooley you are a contrary son of a bitch’

or pants, white long-sleeved cotton blouses or shirts; classes were coed until the eighth grade, when it was time to learn about sex, although not by that term). Earlier in the day, Sister tried to help us recall our sins with an “Examination of Conscious.” She pulled the shades down, to make the room more darkly solemn, and told us to close our eyes and fold our arms and put our heads down on the desk, as she rustled up and down the aisles among us, recalling the commandments.

“Remember that thou keep holy the Lord’s Day.” Which meant, I knew: had I missed mass on Sunday without a really good reason? (In 16 years of Catholic schooling, from first grade through college, I never did: I never dared.)

“You shall not steal.” I knew one boy who stole on a consistently grand scale—a pint of chocolate milk from the corner grocery nearly every weekday morning—but my own efforts were more modest. I had once tricked up a postage stamp from the dirty marble floor of the post office and kept it. I hadn’t used it, because I didn’t write letters to anybody, but I hadn’t turned it in, either, and the memory of that crummy little stamp, worth three cents then, maybe four, wouldn’t go away. I told it in confession many times. In my junior year of high school I was warned about the dangers of being scrupulous in confession, but by then it was too late. It was never, however, very funny.

“You shall not covet thy neighbor’s wife.”

No problem.

“You shall not covet thy neighbor’s goods.”

Still not much of a problem, although one girl in my class, a thin blonde splendidly named Patricia to our Joans and Marys and Margarets, had new Sunday dresses all year round, and that caused me some grief, though not as much as it would have if I hadn’t heard that her father got drunk a lot and didn’t come home some nights.

Considering that God had given us ten commandments, and the Church six more, it was surprisingly hard to come up with a sturdy list of sins every other week. All in all, the most reliable commandments were the eighth and the sixth. Telling lies and thinking impure thoughts were unquestioned, believable sins; even if you had to fall back on a time when you planned to tell a lie but didn’t actually have a chance to tell it, it had to be done, because an 8-year-old child who said she had not sinned in two weeks was, of course, not believable at all.

But in general, except for thinking of sins and for a few odds and ends, such as not being able to eat a hot dog if you went to a ball game on Friday, it was easy to be a Catholic, or a Catholic priest, in those days. In the confessional you said, “Bless me Father for I have sinned,” and when he had heard your whispered list he absolved you in Latin and told you in English to say for your penance three Hail Marys, and to pray for him, which you did. Then you returned to your classroom and he returned to his rectory, for in those days, where else would he go? If you were a Catholic priest you said mass and heard confessions and waited in the rectory to be called to the scene of an accident. If you were a plain Catholic you went to mass and to confession and were visited by a priest if you had an accident.

Now it is not so easy. Hardly anybody wears medals anymore.

The trouble with you, Gilhooley,” his first pastor told him, “is that you are a contrary son of a bitch.”

That was at Guardian Angel parish on New York’s West Side, near the docks, where Father James J. Gilhooley was sent as a newly ordained priest on his first parish assignment. Another priest in that area had figured largely in the book and movie On the Waterfront, and although those bloody days were mostly in the past, Father Gilhooley still found considerable local color. (“One of the reputed gangsters of the union used to come to mass every morning and say the stations of the cross every afternoon,” he recalls. “I couldn’t figure out who the good guys and who the bad guys were.”) He also found the parish life of a new curate restricting, and after a few confrontations with his pastor, he went uptown.

“The trouble with you, Gilhooley,” his second pastor told him, “is that you read the announcements too quickly and the Gospel too slowly.”

That was at St. Monica’s parish on New York’s Upper East Side, where Gilhooley called the announcements “a litany of endless trivia.” (He still dislikes reading announcements, especially those about bingo. “It’s marginally legal, it lives off the poor, and it makes our diocese look like Las Vegas East. For Christ’s sake, it has to go.”) There were many confrontations with his pastor, and eventually he went downtown.

At his third and last parish assignment, the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary on East 33rd Street, he preached a sermon one Sunday on nonviolence as a Christian (not just a Catholic) ideal, and as he stood at the church door after mass, one of the nicest and most respectable young men in the parish came up to him. “Lousy sermon,” the man murmured, as his wife tore up their weekly donation envelope and shoved it into his hands. On other Sundays he said that Catholics who do nothing about racial discrimination and other social evils are like German Catholics who cooperated with the Nazis simply by doing nothing, and that, in his opinion, if Jesus Christ came to visit New York City now, he would feel more at home among the hippies in the East Village than in a pew at Sacred Hearts Church. Although many parishioners were irked by these sayings, and although the pastor was sometimes dismayed as well, Father Gilhooley did not leave the Sacred Hearts last fall by popular demand, but at his own request.

He had just turned 40. Sometimes he looked older—his hair was thinning out, deep lines beginning to crease his forehead—but he still had a boyish smile, an Irish pug nose, and large, flickering blue-green eyes. He was tall, solidly built, and as he walked the neighborhood streets in winter, in his black overcoat, black shoes, black leather gloves, with a black fedora tilted down, he looked impressively somber, somewhat like a gunman from a 1930s movie; early Chester Morris. In fact, though, he had been a priest, or preparing to be a priest, nearly all his life. He was born in New York, in a tenement house in what was then a semi-slum and is now Harlem. His parents had immigrated from the west of Ireland; his father was a subvers and eventually the family saved enough money to buy a house in Queens and qualify as face-curtain Irish, which has been defined as having fruit on the table even when nobody is sick. Another classic middle-class Irish dream is a son in the priesthood, and James Gilhooley entered the seminary when he was 13. He took regular high school and college subjects, theology and scripture and six years of Latin, and when he was 25, he was ordained a priest in the Archdiocese of New York.

The man with the highest marks in the class was sent to Rome for a doctorate; most of the others, including Father Gilhooley, went directly into parish work. But what was supposed to be a solemn, steady process of earning a pastorate, a parish of his own someday, became a process, just as long and just as steady, of disillusionment—not merely with clerical politics but with the basic roles of the Church and the priesthood as he had been taught them. Toward the end of his tenure at Sacred Hearts he was comparing the priesthood today to civil service: “After 25 or 30 years, if you can walk, and talk reasonably intelligibly, they reward you with a parish, where you spend your time hiring and firing and checking on people, raising money and chasing leaky pipes.” He was joining demonstrations: a picket line at the post office, which owned some of the worst slum houses in the neighborhood; a “March on Gracie Mansion” to protest demolition of sound housing. He was becoming intrigued with the thesis of theologian John Baptist Metz, which said the role of the Church was to be the critic of social institutions, and he was studding the newsletter he wrote at Sacred Hearts with bristling quotations gleaned from his constant reading:

“... in the U.S. the Church has become the guardian of the status quo, investing in its businesses and blessing its helicopters.”

“Perhaps the chief effect of the organized Church has been to inoculate a great mass of Western society with a mild dose of Christianity as to make them immune to the real thing.”

He was, in short, demonstrating his discontent. It was a time of worldwide discontent within the Church, of course, as more and more priests were leaving, getting married, going underground. From Amsterdam to Chicago, priests’ councils were urging celibacy as an option, not an order. A conference of moral theologians (all Italians, yet) was applauding statements questioning the Church’s official teaching on confession, divorce, birth control, and even the supremacy of papal authority itself. Radical priests in Colombia, led by their bishop, were mingling with Marxists and preaching revolution.

In this country, Gilhooley was somewhere in
the mid-spectrum of colorful revolt. Priests were announcing for political office, with or without official permission. Father Groppi in Milwaukee had led rent strikes; the Berrigans had used homemade napalm to burn draft files; a Gallup poll declared that churchgoing had declined still further in 1970, with only 60% of the Roman Catholic adult population attending church in a typical week. One of Father Gilhooley’s seminary classmates, Father Robert Fox, had moved into Spanish Harlem, where he was helping rebuild gutted tenements, working and drinking beer with the people and sleeping on a mattress on the floor. About Father Groppi, Gilhooley spoke wistfully: “He’s a mighty genius. He has charisma. I don’t think I could develop such a following.” About the Berrigans, more critically: “They’re kamikaze pilots. I don’t want to be a kamikaze pilot; I think the value is in the long haul.” About Father Fox, with puzzled admiration: “I’ve heard his theology called ‘Christ in cockroach.’ He’s building a Walden Pond up there. He’s saving two blocks, which is fine, but I don’t want to spend my life in two blocks.”

His discontent was ignored at first, then evaded, then rather suddenly last summer, after much discussion and much red tape, after he had seen Cardinal Cooke (the first time in 14 years as a city priest he had seen the inside of the cardinal’s mansion; he had talked with Cardinal Spellman only at ordination) and after a bishop who knew him had personally vouched for him, Father Gilhooley was given permission to leave parish work and become an ombudsman for people with problems. Some strings were attached: he would live at a rectory and do his typing and telephoning at an office in the Catholic Charities building, and he would be on trial for six months. But basically he got what he wanted: successful rebellion within the Establishment, an appointment as the first priest in the United States to function officially as a “parish priest at large.” At Sacred Hearts he had set up a “Little City Hall” where people brought their problems—no heat, no hot water, roaches crawling on the walls by day and into babies’ ears at night—and his new job was an attempt to enlarge that project. But it was also an attempt to enlarge—even preserve—a priesthood that had begun to seem perilously empty.

The point of his story, and of all my memories of still another Catholic girlhood, is that if you are a Catholic today, or a Catholic priest, and you want to continue being that, you may have to make your own options.

I write this on Ash Wednesday, the day of smudged foreheads and somber feelings that launches another Lent, another six-week overture to the drama of Holy Week and Easter. In the most solemn sense: another opening, another show. Although we were repeatedly told in school that Easter Sunday was far more vital to the Church than Christmas Day, I don’t think I ever fully accept-
God was grim, mighty, and basically scary

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ed that. I understood that the Resurrection involved Christ’s divinity, not just his humanity, but I was committed to the blue-eyed baby in the crib in a way I never felt about the awesome figure looming tall beyond the grave. I could talk to the Infant Jesus as I could never talk to God (never mind that I knew they were the same: I also knew they were quite different); I could confide in him, confess to him, even chat with him, and to some extent, even after all these intervening years of some intellectual progress and some intellectual pretensions, I still can.

Part of it, of course, is sheer sentiment, because sentiment was always one side of the coin of my own particular schizo-Catholic realm, a sentiment reflected in the songs we sang; in the pictures we treasured of the Sacred Heart of Jesus dripping blood and surrounded by flames, like wounded valentines; in the way we translated our penny- and nickel donations to the foreign missions into “buying a Chinese baby” ($5 for a girl baby, $10 for a boy; we bought many more girls, not only because we could afford more, but because we understood that girl babies were less esteemed than boy babies in China and thus were more likely to be thrown into a river unless ransomed by children in St. Louis). The flip side of the coin was fear, reflected in an exaggerated sense of sin, in the way my heart pounded as I stood in line at the confessional, time after ghasly time. I know that. I was always taught so, of course—I accepted “the gift of faith” like a baby’s Christmas package, gaily ribboned and sweetly uneearned—but now I believe it.

But of course there is more involved than sentimentality and fear, although I had good, strong, unhealthy doses of both, or Ash Wednesday would mean nothing to me now. On one level, it means that I ordered haddock for lunch today instead of London broil, but that is almost entirely habit and circumstance, a kind of good-luck charm that has outlived its rationale. (The rationale, come to think of it, always seemed murky to me. As I understood it, if I had eaten a hot dog at the Friday ball game and died on the way home without repenting, I would now be sizzling in hell. Had I skipped the hot dog, but stopped on my way home for a platter of coquilles St. Jacques, with jumbo shrimp sauteed in herbed butter on the side, and then died, I would have been welcomed into heaven—all other things being equal—with a very joyful noise. We were fierce on the letter of the law; its spirit lagged at a considerable distance.)

What Ash Wednesday and Lent mean to me beyond habit and circumstance is harder to define—another beginning, another chance to shape up spiritually, a chance, we were told, “to get back on the right track,” and although I smile now at the simplicity of the slogan, I do not dismiss it. I do think there is a “right track” for me—a way of living, directed by love, that sounds like altruistic humanism except that this track, for all the lurchings and even derailments along the line, leads inexorably to God. I was always taught so, of course—I accepted “the gift of faith” like a baby’s Christmas package, gaily ribboned and sweetly uneearned—but now I believe it.

What we do is as simple, and as primitive, as prostitution.” Father Gilhooley said. “It’s just a matter of quid pro quo.” When a citizen comes or calls with a complaint, Gilhooley gets the facts and refers the problem—he calls it a “contract”—to a New York politician. In his periodic newsletter he rates the politicians on their willingness to help and the results they’ve had, from “Excellent” down to “Poor” (and, for the truly ineffectual, no mention at all. Democratic District Leader Stanley Egeth, once “good,” is no longer even named). When Gilhooley and his colleague, John Devaney, a lawyer, worked only at Sacred Hearts, only those parishioners read the letter. But as the word spread, other churches—not all of them Catholic—assembled a newsletter system of “rating”—at first not all of them Catholic—asked to join, and now that the project is called “Fifteen Churches United for a Better East Side,” ranging from 14th Street to 96th, the newsletter is circulated among 8,000 New Yorkers, which means—no one misunderstands—8,000 potential votes. “Not long ago a state assemblyman won his seat by 167 votes,” Gilhooley recalls happily. “This is why we have the political clout we do.”

Good deeds are one thing, but good deeds through politics something else. When St. Stephen’s parish seceded from the coalition soon after joining, they gave “politics” as the reason. (‘Oh, they’re so bloody naive if they think the Church isn’t involved in politics,” Gilhooley snapped. “What we’re doing now in the open, the Church has been doing behind barred doors for a generation or more.”) But the project was risky—some Catholic politicians are sturdy financial pillars of the Church—and the whole thing might have withered without the support of Bishop Edward D. Head, Gilhooley’s nominal boss at Catholic Charities. “I don’t know if I like that rating system of his,” Bishop Head admits, “but I’ll say this: he has given a voice to the needs of the people in a public way. If a politician ignores him, he is ignoring the muscle Father Gilhooley has developed. I like his honesty; he doesn’t sneak up on them.” Although Gilhooley usually lets an official know when a negative rating is looming, it still stings. When Councilwoman Carol Greitzer was called “Poor,” she told a reporter he was “vicious,” and the next time they met, she turned her back on him. (“I was lucky,” Gilhooley said. “From her I expected not only cold shoulder but hot tongue.”) When Councilman Carter Burden was rated “Disappointing,” he got mad too, but he handled it more elegantly, with a three-hour lunch at the Four Seasons, at which he accused Gilhooley of being “ultrasophisticated” and the priest recounted all Burden’s shortcomings. (But Mrs. Greitzer now answers Gilhooley’s phone calls, and Carter Burden was instrumental recently in getting police into 97th Street to keep drug pushers off grammar school children.)

Gilhooley enjoys these tensions. “I don’t want to have a love relationship with a politician,” he
I've heard it said that one would think Christ destroying possible. When he visited a shabby residential hotel and committed crucified. Sometimes the message is so muted going to wake up. And God's going to say God's going to throw me out.

...and committed suicide." Besides being tense, his relationships are nonpartisan (Democratic Congressmen Edward I. Koch, who suggested the original "Little City Hall" at Sacred Hearts, and Republican County Chairman Vincent F. Albano Jr., generally share "Excellent" marks) and nonsectarian. Indeed, the fact that Jews have supplanted Irish Catholics in New York political circles delights him. "Jewish politicians have never gotten over Going My Way, that hero image of the priest. I hope they never do." Still, there are obvious ironies. He wrote sharp letters to Assemblyman Andrew Stein and State Senator Roy Goodman when they voted "yes" on abortions ("An afternoon spent at Dachau has taught me to beware of people who would improve life by destroying it"), but he continues to send them contracts, and last fall he went to the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Dinner at the Waldorf, popularly known as "Cardinal Cooke's dinner," as Stein's guest. "I attended as the guest of Andrew Stein, who voted for the abortion bill, which the Church lobbied against," he mused. "Mrs. Rockefeller was on the dais, although we do not recognize her marriage. The Cardinal gave a check to Beth Israel Hospital, which does abortions."

His basic tactics are needling, name-calling, and, sometimes, a bit of ham acting. Slumlord Richard Maiman got the "Ebenezer Scrooge Award" in the newsletter because there was no heat in his houses in December, including Christmas Day, and his harassment of tenants called "brutal and unbelievable." When the Alcoa Corporation and Metropolitan Life refused to join the East Side Urban Coalition, he publicized them as "unenlightened" and their position "indestructible." When he visited a shabby residential hotel in midtown to ask that a crippled tenant's room be painted, and the manager declined, Gilhooley looked at him sadly. "One of these days," he told him, "you're going to go to sleep and you're not going to wake up. And God's going to say to you, 'A priest of mine asked you to paint a room once, and you wouldn't do it.' " When he got to the part about "not waking up," the manager grabbed the priest's hands and rolled his eyes up toward the ceiling. The room got painted.

In conversation he is wry and witty, with a tendency to veer from impulsive optimism to real melancholy in a very short time, with a flair for crisp dialogue and, sometimes, a crisp put-down. Last fall a candidate for state office visited him, asking for "Catholic support" in the election. Gilhooley smiled sardonically. "Let me disabuse you," he said. "We don't endorse candidates. I can't give you anything approaching 'Catholic support.' You may win and you may lose. Losers don't interest us, but if you win, I'll be on your doorstep the next day with a lot of contracts in my hand."

But with ordinary people he is kinder. "How can we help you?" he asks an old woman, about 80, wearing a long black coat and headscarf, trembling. "They going to throw me out," she says. 

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I saw limbo as a kind of kiddies’ zoo

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“I live in New York since 1921. If they throw me out on the street, how’s that gonna look?” “We cannot get you housing,” he tells her. “There is no housing. But we can protect your legal rights. If the landlord is harassing you in order to get you out, we can help you. We can get you heat and hot water.” “I’m so nervous,” she says. “I feel like drunk, or sick.” “I don’t blame you,” he says. “Do you know Mr. Goodman? He’s your state senator.” “I see his posters,” she says. “You think the landlord can throw me out?” “I don’t know,” he says, “we’ll see what can be done.” and when she has gone, he looks depressed. “The housing situation in this city is desperate. The people we help get helped for a time, but ultimately they lose.”

He often loses too, in the name of bureaucracy. One recent winter day, and Devaney and a handful of neighborhood group workers called on Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson, Rockefeller’s right-hand man, to talk of malnutrition among the elderly poor on Manhattan’s Upper East Side. The neighborhood group needed $40,000 for a program called “Meals on Wheels,” which carried two hot meals a day to old people in apartments. They had already raised $30,000; they asked the state for $10,000 more. Wilson listened, looking mournful.

“There are so many good causes clamoring for support,” he said softly, his voice trailing off. “This state has 62 counties, 62 cities, 830 towns, 450 villages.” He looked at them with sad, pale blue eyes. “The state government can’t get involved in charity.”

“This is a service to the state, in a way,” John Devaney said. “Some of these people are blind, or amputees, or cardiac cases. Without these meals, some might have to go into state institutions.”

Wilson looked more mournful. “Most of the money goes to Washington,” he murmured. “Ninety-one percent of the income tax goes to Washington. That’s where the money is. That’s where we have to turn.”

Gilhooley looked grim. “Are you saying that the responsibility does not rest with the city or the state?” he asked.

“No, Father,” Wilson said softly. “The city, the state and the federal government are all partners.”

“But the buck has to stop somewhere,” Gilhooley said. “Sometimes, you know, it seems the system isn’t working.”

Someone mentioned emergency funds; Wilson shook his head, and finally he stood up. “Thank you for coming,” he said. “It’s always a pleasure to meet people who are motivated.”

Outside on the sidewalk, Gilhooley stared at the crosstown traffic. “Two or three old people are carried out in that area every week. Found dead in their apartments. A priest friend of mine found one old gal with hair down to the calf, her leg. We ask Wilson for money and he refers us to Nixon. Nixon would probably say it should be handled by the Pope. And the Pope would probably refer us to God.”

He turned down the street, heading for Fifth Avenue. “I think if there is one person in this city who is hungry, it is a major scandal in a country that spends $74 billion on defense. Instead of saying prayers at Mr. Nixon’s White House, we should be telling him there’s starvation in New York. The Church has got to become more service-oriented. Washing the feet of the poor. The ‘theology of a gracious neighbor.’ Not the social gospel, which says that if you feed people, they will return to Jesus. The social gospel doesn’t work. I learned very early that the people won’t return to Jesus. And I say, ‘So what?’”

SO WHAT? Among my souvenirs, I still have a 10¢ pamphlet with a purple cover confidently titled You Can Win Converts. Convert-winning was a major, heady goal in my schooldays, but although I was always interested and usually available, I never won any, unless you count my mother, who was baptized in the Catholic Church when I was 8, and promptly remarried to my father at a nuptial mass. I was excused from class and sent over to church to attend the wedding that bright October morning, trailing clouds of envy from the third-graders I left behind to slave over improper fractions. I remember that my mother was beautiful, in a light blue dress with a corsage of orchids, and that the nuns smiled at me and one of them even hugged me. I suppose because now, in the eyes of the Church, I was legitimate. Catholics who complain now about the changes in the Church, the new freedoms and the new views of old doctrines that came with Vatican II, sometimes overlook, I think, the harshness—perhaps even the distortions—of those old judgments. When my mother was a Protestant she was a fervent churchgoer, a Sunday school teacher, and she and my father were originally married in her church with full Christian blessings. But had my father, who had been baptized Catholic, died before their remarriage, I would have had to accept that this dearest, kindest, most loving of men was condemned to everlasting torture in hell.

I didn’t worry much about my own death, which was lucky, considering my own uncertain status. When I was born I was baptized in my mother’s church, but I was sent to parochial school because the academic standards were higher, the discipline stricter than at the public school, and at age 7, the accepted “age of reason,” I was baptized in the Church. But had I died before then—perhaps during the critical case of measles I had when I was one year old—the Catholic teaching of the time, at least as conveyed to me, would have denied me God. Being too little to go to hell, but unqualified for heaven, I expect I would have ended up in limbo, a place never satisfactorily described to me, but which I imagined as a pleasant meadow, sunny and green, with lambs and bunnies frolicking about; a sort of metaphysical kiddies’ zoo where I would be very happy, but not completely happy, because I would not see God. God was a Catholic, and
"It takes all kinds of priests —and we have all kinds" CONTINUED

Limbo was a place for babies and children under 7 who were not.

"God is love," we recited from the catechism, but where was love in these teachings? Where was God?

Of course this sounds unfair. Times change, and the Church lives and grows; its pamphleteering days are over, I think (my booklet on converts is 20 years old). The idea of limbo has been consigned—well, to limbo, and God now displays all kinds—and now I am a Catholic by choice. (I expect I and the Church lives and grows; its pamphleteers who were not."

If you wanted to do social work," a young priest argued with him recently, "why did you become a priest? Our job is to preach the Good News."

But in this interim there seems hope for the Church, for the priests and people who are the Church. Unquestioning conformity is no longer enough, anarchy is a dead end, but a new option is succeeding, a new interpretation of that ancient message. "What is the Good News today?" Gilhooley muses. "And how does one preach it? Maybe by showing that Jesus can motivate a man to attempt to get hot water for people. If I get hot water for somebody, that is good news."

Most hopefully of all, the new option is succeeding with hierarchical blessing. The quest for a workable spiritual life-style in this Church, in this time—which, after all, is what this is all about—\ is not only being recognized, but encouraged. "The fact that the Church would appoint Jim to do this shows an awakening in the Church," Bishop Head says. "We're developing different roles for parish priests. We have to let priests feel they are mature, self-directing individuals. We have to realize that it takes all kinds—and we have all kinds."

Specifically, there are 990 diocesan priests—four of them black—in the Archdiocese of New York. Because their priesthood is their universally distinguishing mark, they tend to be summed up together, but in fact, they are not alike. They differ physically, psychologically, emotionally, even theologically. Their circumstances vary: some are very busy; some, in dwindling city parishes, find little to do. Father Gilhooley is paid $275 a month at Catholic Charities; most parish curates earn $150 a month, but priests in middle-class Irish parishes do better because of the stipends people give them for saying masses—rather like tips, which they hate. Some priests get money from their parents; others need money to support their parents. Some must moonlight: one priest in downtown Manhattan is said to drive a cab part time.

Some are very happy, others not, others sure. "You have to decide at some point," Father Gilhooley says. "Do you continue the charade? A lot of priests say yes, and a lot say no, and a lot say neither yes nor no, which is bad for them. You know, it's very easy to fall in love with the Church. You sign on with her as a beautiful woman; slender and young, with a shining complexion. After ordination you find that the Church is an aging woman: fat, losing her teeth, with acne, and now you're married to her. We're not celibate at all; we're married to the Church. This is not just a romantic notion. A woman can destroy a man by playing on a weakness, and the Church can be a rapacious woman. I've seen the Church destroy men, sometimes through rigidity, sometimes through a pastor who feels if he has eaten crow for 30 years, he has the right to make someone else do it. It's now being questioned whether the Church should be built on strict absolutist lines. Right now some of our better theologians are saying we are nothing more than Christian priests in the Roman Catholic tradition. It's not being taught yet, but it's coming."

One of Father Gilhooley's closest friends is Father Eugene Keane, a seminary classmate, who disagrees with him. They disagree on many things, especially on the value of certain new forms in the Church. Father Keane works in a suburban parish. He says mass in a traditional Catholic church; he cares about the children in the school, the lay council, the spiritual well-being of all his parishioners. Father Gilhooley has no parish. He says mass in various churches; he cares about parishioners. Father Gilhooley is paid $275 a month at Catholic Charities; most parish curates earn $150 a month, but priests in middle-class Irish parishes do better because of the stipends people give them for saying masses—rather like tips, which they hate. Some priests get money from their parents; others need money to support their parents. Some must moonlight: one priest in downtown Manhattan is said to drive a cab part time.

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Orwell’s Measure

by Laurence Graver

Orwell disliked monuments; they took up too much room. But now he has one: four volumes totaling 2,041 pages, reprinting 232 letters, 66 reviews, 28 long essays, and hundreds of occasional newspaper columns, broadcasts, diaries, and notes to editors. Carved entirely out of his own prose, it is an imposing memorial, allowing us to see clearly the personality and achievement of an enigmatic man and writer.

One source of Orwell’s power was in his refusal to stop finding bad things bad. To his mind, criticism was healthy and regenerative, a way of making people better; and he exercised his talent for it scrupulously throughout the two decades of his creative life. In the thirties, his insistent voice was heard for the English Socialist Tribune, allowing us to see clearly the shreds of evidence here to demonstrate that at times makes one-time friend, Rayner Heppenstall, said he was “ard, colorless, devoid of poetry, derisive, yet darkly obsessed.” Dour and seemingly unyielding, he was attacked by some critics as a self-appointed scoundrel and minister, a victim of spiritual pride giving violent expression to the convulsive traumas of his childhood and adolescence.

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For John Raymond, Orwell was at one moment “a belly-aching barracks-room lawyer, a nailer down of abuses and unfairness,” and at another, “a dreadful elder at a Kirk Session, hauling his subjects up to the penance stool and preaching over them, burning with the godly indignation of outraged human brotherhood.” Even an admiring observer like Conor Cruise O’Brien, quick to admit “how much we owe to him,” sees a peculiar “Tory pattern” emerging from Orwell’s work (insularity, distrust of foreigners, nostalgia for the Edwardian age) that at times makes him the very model of eccentric English conservatism. Yet it is hard not to agree with Philip Toynbee, who has argued that one reason for the attack on Orwell is that his detractors, like those Athenians voting for the ostracism of Aristides, were sick of hearing him called “the Just.”

Perhaps the most useful biographical function of The Collected Essays is to show Orwell both just and unjust, sage and silly, high-minded and trivial, cosmopolitan and parochial, right and wrong, writing well and writing lamely. The shreds of evidence are here to brand him as suspicious, cranky, and even illiberal, yet anyone with the slightest sense of proportion will see the negative qualities as shadings in the human portrait of a good man who was driven to criticism, not from neurotic self-hatred or hatred of his class, but from a powerful sense of injustice and a generous desire to make human life more decent, less unendurable.

Since many of the celebrated long essays have often been reprinted, the charm of discovery is provided by the letters and a series of short pieces Orwell wrote for the English Socialist weekly, Tribune, between 1945 and 1947. It is here that the most compel-
call election after a bomb exploded at the Governor’s mansion the day before the vote. He then ran for governor himself but lost and later dropped out of politics.

That Mooney stayed in jail for 20 years after his innocence was clearly established reveals law, as well as war, to be an extension of politics. The archaic system of post-conviction review in California precluded action through the courts. No procedure was available, the California courts said, to give Mooney a new trial on the basis of perjured testimony in his original conviction. The matter then fell into the hands of the successive governors of the state, who wrestled with the problem of pardon until 1939. One governor, C. C. Young, was sympathetic, but he had pardoned Anita Whitney, who had been convicted of violating the California Syndicalism Law, and could not afford another favor to the radicals. The other governors saw too much political risk in any concession to the left. Mooney, a vain, humptuous, suspicious man, insisted on directing all the efforts to free him, often meddled in his lawyers’ work and refused to ask for parole at a time when it might have been granted. The political backing for his cause shifted over the years, with the Communists supporting him vigorously in the 1930’s, (“Free Tom Mooney and the Scottsboro Boys”). Finally in 1939, Democratic Governor C. L. Olson gave Mooney a full and unconditional pardon five days after being sworn in. The State Advisory Pardon Board voted not to pardon Billings, with the new Attorney General, Earl Warren, casting the deciding vote against him. But 10 months later Billings was also released.

The history of the case showed the political capital to be gained by a law-and-order issue - given the public’s expectations about anarchists and radicals. The police had no difficulty finding and persuading eyewitnesses once the strategy of the case was set. Of course, this problem is still with us. Unfounded charges of rape have been laid at the doorstep of the Hell’s Angels. Woe to any Black Panther who is in the vicinity of an attack on a white policeman. Professor Frost has a novelist’s eye for the colorful cast of characters and a detective’s nose for the labyrinthian complexities of the affair. If any heroes emerge, Mooney, whose cause was greater than himself, is not among them. The list would include Fremont Older, a courageous newspaper editor; Mary Gallagher, a faithful and enthusiastic worker in Mooney’s cause; Judge Franklin Griffin, who presided over the trial but later became a leading advocate of freeing Mooney; and the ubiquitous Roger Baldwin of the ACLU. These and others move through an exciting narrative that is at the same time a thorough investigation into political justice.

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Collective bargaining has occupied a central position in national labor policy since the 1930’s, but major strikes and the terms of settlement have recently strained this method of solving problems. Mr. Wellington searches for theories to explain the relationship between the legal processes and the political, economic, and social forces that have placed collective bargaining in its present position. He offers penetrating and realistic comments on the roles of Congress, the courts, the Labor Board and the unions and presents a close-knit, well-sustained study that goes to the heart of the major issues of national labor policy. $10.00

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Finland’s electoral process is of particular interest because of the presence of a strong communist party. Mr. Pesonen brings a comparative approach to a wealth of data in a comprehensive approach to a wealth of data in a comprehensive examination of Finnish election and voting behavior. $12.50
ling new evidence for Orwell's essential sanity can be found. In these private communications and in the more relaxed of his public performances, we can see the prophet disarmed and at ease. "I have," he once told a friend, "a sort of belly-to-earth attitude and always feel uneasy when I get away from the ordinary world where grass is green, stones hard, etc." And in one of his earliest reviews (written at 26) he praises Melville for being full of "a native joy that made him embrace life even when he saw its cruelty." Meeting a mystic, Orwell is delighted to find the old man "flying back from Nirvana pretty rapidly when I said something against Carlyle (the chap is a Scotchman), so evidently the affairs of this world still have their claws on him." Returning one night from a pub where the barmaid had warned him not to flatten his beer by dipping his moustache in it, Orwell clips the moustache; but soon afterwards he records the entire incident in a notebook of fallacies taught in childhood.

His letters, filled with accounts of his writing and wide reading, are also crammed with details about neighborhood fishing, the progress of his garden, friends who forge medieval swords, shops that sell mandrakes, etc. Reflecting on the future of his four-year-old son, he writes:

"Something tells me he won't be one for booklearning and that his bent is for mechanics. I shan't try to influence him, but if he grew up with ambitions of being a farmer, I should be pleased."

No separation exists for Orwell between ideas and the mundane facts of the real world: a letter analyzing Vacandard's history of the Inquisition contains in the same paragraph an announcement that "our hedgehog has disappeared." In the winter of 1944, when a Tribune reader reproaches Orwell for being negative and always attacking things, he replies:

"The fact is that we live in a time when causes for rejoicing are not numerous. But I like praising things, when there is anything to praise, and I would like here to write a few lines—they have to be retrospective unfortunately—in praise of the Woolworth's rose."

And then he does. More relevant, however, than his balance, curiosity, and clearmindedness, is Orwell's capacity for self-criticism. It will be difficult, after the appearance of this new edition, to mount again the charge of self-righteous infallibility. From his earliest days, Orwell was an exceptionally shrewd analyst of his own (as well as other people's) motives and limitations, and he knew better than anyone else the modest scale of his own talent.

"[Reading Ulysses] gives me an inferiority complex. When I read a book like that and then come back to my own work, I feel like eunuch who has taken a course in voice production and can pass himself off fairly well as a bass or a baritone, but if you listen closely you can hear the good old squeak just the same as ever."

Again and again in the course of his career, Orwell would comment in letters, diaries, and public print on the nature of his earlier errors and lapses of judgment. After keeping a journal for a good part of 1940 and 1941, he concludes: "one way of feeling infallible is not to keep a diary. Looking back ... I find that I was usually wrong when it was possible to be wrong." In the tenth of a series of "London Letters" for Partisan Review, he conducts an investigation of his previous performances, cataloging mistakes of fact and prophecy and trying to explain why he made them. His summary statement is entirely characteristic of his self-critical rigor:

"I believe that it is possible to be more objective than most of us are, but that it involves a moral effort. One cannot get away from one's own subjective feelings, but at least one can know what they are and make allowances for them."

Yet this is only part of the story. Orwell's social and literary criticism will last not so much because of the comprehensiveness of his displeasure, or the magnanimity that motivated it, but because of the language in which he was able to give it expression.

Orwell has many times been praised as a master of a masculine, middle style in the tradition of Dryden, Swift, and Matthew Arnold. Like Swift, Orwell believed that a sound mind reveals itself in sound prose, and that a writer's duty is to guard the language and use it well. Here again, The Collected Essays demonstrates how alive he was to the responsibilities of his office. In addition to reprinting the classic "Politics and the English Language," the editors show Orwell compiling long lists of rhyming slang and burglars' argot, dissecting the relationship between fraudulent thinking and slovenly prose in an essay by J. D. Bernal (who drops "into
Latin when something unpleasant has to be said”), or announcing at the beginning of a Tribune article:

“With no power to put my decrees into operation, but with as much authority as most of the exile ‘governments’ now sheltering in various parts of the world, I pronounce sentence of death on the following words and expressions: Achilles’ heel, jackboot, hydraheaded, ride roughshod over, liquidate, iron heel, blood-stained oppressor, cynical betrayal, lackey, flunky, mad dog, jackal, hyena, blood-bath.”

Or, to choose from an essay published in 1946, a more immediate example:

“Defenceless villages are bombarded from the air, the inhabitants driven out into the countryside, the cattle machine-gunned, the huts set on fire with incendiary bullets: this is called pacification. Millions of peasants are robbed of their farms and sent trudging along the roads with no more than they can carry: this is called transfer of population or rectification of frontiers.”

Just as a reading of The Collected Essays complicates our sense of Orwell’s personality and the range of his subject matter, so it forces us to realize that he did not have only one style. The most obvious way to explain the effectiveness of his prose is to say that he combines the dramatic immediacy of a skilled novelist with the analytical and generalizing powers of an exceptional expository writer. A good many of Orwell’s most memorable essays rely on a fairly simple but time-respected pattern of organization, opening with a bold sense of the surface of things and then moving on to a more abstract statement of relevance or meaning. The best examples from “Shooting an Elephant” or “Such, Such Were the Joys” are too familiar to quote, but here is part of a previously uncollected early book review:

“Reading Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge’s brilliant and depressing book, The Thirties, I thought of a rather cruel trick I once played on a wasp. He was sucking jam on my plate, and I cut him in half. He paid no attention, merely went on with his meal, while a tiny stream of jam trickled out of his severed oesophagus. Only when he tried to fly away did he grasp the dreadful thing that had happened to him. It is the same with modern man. The thing that has been cut away is his soul, and there was a period – twenty years, perhaps – during which he did not notice it.”

Aside from the shock effect of using a tormented wasp to make a point about the absence of the human soul, this passage is characterized by a peculiar relationship between the brutal subject matter and the equable lucidity of Orwell’s prose. And here we have, I think, something close to Orwell’s distinctive signature as a writer. By examining the calamitous facts of modern life from the point of view of the good plain man driven to write criticism, he was able to suggest that for us the monstrous has become very much a part of the ordinary, and that if we wish to deal with it, only intelligence, clarity, and good nature can be our tools. The ability to suggest through the cadence of one’s prose the way human rationality can work on the materials of barbarism is in any generation an enviable gift. But at a time when so many American journalists have become masters of what Henry James once called “the science of beating the sense out of words,” the example of Orwell is nothing less than inspirational.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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A Valentine for CHICAGO

A young novelist finds that the much-maligned "Second City" can be lovable—if she's given half a chance.

I AM too old now to think that love has much to do with reciprocity, though that used to be what distinguished it from liking. "You love what can love you," said my father, "and anything else you like. Don't say you love Brown Betty." But I did love that roasted, sugary apple-stuff capped with the white hard sauce, and I love the unresponsive thing I write of now. Which is a difficulty.

My defense of Chicago bristles with the convert's paranoia, as my initial view of it—in June of 1952—was compromised by that disease called "new-yorkitis": "provincialism, proud ignorance of the rest of the nation, and lofty condescension toward cities of lesser note."

Like most Chicago visitors since Father Marquette made portage here in the seventeenth century, I was on my way to some other place. Chicago was for me a standard composite: reeking stockyards, Colonel McCormick, the Capone Syndicate, Seurat's "Grand Jatte" at the Art Institute (which in my sole art course was considered the goal toward which the nineteenth century moved), the University where Hutchins, Fermi, and the Oriental Institute were a bonfire in the menacing cold of the Midwest, and winds, physical and oratorical. But looking from my train window, fifteen or twenty miles out of the city, my eyes began to widen as we passed factory after huge factory. Even in that odd time of the steel strike, with the smokestacks of Gary and East Chicago looking as remote as the heads of Easter Island, the exhibition of power was astonishing. At Whiting, the monster even stirred: Standard Oil stacks breathed rainbow fires, fat white drums gurgled depletion, gondolas rattled coke back and forth, and over all whimpered the indolent sweet smell of sulphur and oil. Then our track tangled with fifty others, and we dove into the dark toward the La Salle Street Station.

I had something to do in Chicago between trains, and that was to call the father of a friend, who, like myself, had spent the last three years in Europe. I telephoned, and he said he'd come right over and take me to lunch.

He serves as well as anyone for my first notion of a Chicagoan: a devoted reader of the World's Greatest Newspaper, a Republican for whom Senator Taft meant thunder on the left. He arrived puffing, a two-hundred-pounder, took my elbow, and moved me out of the station under the elevated tracks toward State Street. There was something he wanted to show me. Past bars, chop suey and tamale joints, pawnbrokers, tattoo parlors, and what struck even my New York-trained senses as a remarkably diverse crowd, we came to State Street.

"There," he said, pointing. "What do you think of that?" "That" was the display window of a men's furnishings store where a sitting dummy sported a blue suit whose tag read $32.95 and a name something like Dacron. "Wash it, hang it up, and it looks as if the tailor had pressed it," said my guide, and as I acknowledged the wonder of this newest child of coal and soybean, his hand was at my elbow, and we were off for lunch at the Palmer House. Then we raced back for the station. My companion was seventy-three, but he insisted on carrying my bag and hoisting it onto the luggage rack before waving me off, happy, I think, to have shown me what a first visitor to Chicago should see.

A year before, a friend of mine in Iowa City had written that he'd gone into a clothing store there and asked for pants with a certain narrowed cuff he'd seen in a New Yorker ad. The salesman informed him that "That hasn't even hit Chicago yet." This occult instance of the cultural lag, which my new-yorkitized mind assumed without questioning, was confirmed by my guided tour of what counted in the city. A backwash of Eastern tides—that was Chicago; though perhaps when the factories were not on strike, it might be regarded as an arterial system for the Eastern heart.
A VALENTINE FOR CHICAGO

On the train, my seat neighbor advised me to get a drink before we crossed the Mississippi, as no liquor was served in Iowa. After the river, more than the liquor supply seemed to be cut off. The country was mortally ugly. It looked as if Chicago had drained the agricultural lands on which its monstrous, materialist innocence had fed, and I sympathized with Mrs. O'Leary's cow, that incarnation of pastoral revenge.

IN SEARCH OF A CONSTANT

VISITORS are apt to come to Chicago to see what it lacks. Indeed, from the time the Ojibway Indians turned their noses from the wild onion tracts whose skunky smell they called che-ca-gou, most transient assessments of the place have been heavy with distaste, with mortuary and elegiac notes.

The elegists are former inhabitants who mourn the vanished glories of the opera—Melba, Mary Garden, and Louis Sullivan's wonderful Auditorium—the great frame mansions of Prairie Avenue, the literary excitement and legitimate theatres of the 'twenties, the camaraderie of radical politics in the 'thirties, the energetic acquisitiveness of the 'eighties, the frontier culture of the 1830s, or anything else which can stand for the elegist's own vanished bliss.

The morticians were usually English visitors (Chesterton, Kipling, William T. Stead, author of If Christ Came to Chicago), but more and more frequently they have been, as I at first was, professional New Yorkers.

The best-known recent mortician is The New Yorker magazine's A. J. Liebling, who complained in 1952 about Chicago's slow horses, feeble baseball clubs, fatigued strip shows, third-rate bars, the absence of the long-planned St. Lawrence Seaway, and the Hutchins Children Crusade of twelve-year-old matriculants at the University of Chicago. Liebling concluded that the city had stopped around 1930 "as suddenly as a front-running horse with a poor man's last two dollars on his nose." His piece, which still rankles in those Chicago noses which sniff New York breezes for the local weather, was called "Second City." The name has since been taken over by the brilliant group of cabaret players who, from a remodeled Chinese laundry on North Wells Street, have spread their new version of topical satire from Los Angeles to Broadway's Royale Theatre.

Such sublimation is not uncharacteristic of Chicago. In fact, if cities have character—and have, therefore, what Nietzsche said men of character always have, a typical experience which recurs over and over again—then Chicago's experience might well be the brilliant recoup of disaster. The city made its greatest progress after the Fort Dearborn massacre, the Great Fire of 1871, the industrial sickness of the 'eighties and 'nineties (Haymarket Riot, Pullman Strike), and most recently in the reforms made by the aptly named new Police Commissioner, Orlando Wilson, after a cocky little burglar named Richard Morrison revealed that some of the guardians of Chicago's front doors were helping him filch rugs and television sets from the rear. The Chicago Police Department is becoming now what its Fire Department became after 1871—one of the most sensitive and efficient in the nation.

As for Liebling's complaints—those at least that could not be leveled at any megalopolis or were not indisputably matters of his taste—they now seem to have lost their point. The St. Lawrence Seaway is built and Chicago operates as a world, as well as a national, port; the White Sox won the pennant in '59; a Chicago horse won the Derby in '60 (and another shares the record for the world's fastest mile); and the University of Chicago has filtered the hysteria and simplistic abstraction—if also some useful excitement—from the Hutchins system.

Visitors come to Chicago with comparisons and blueprints; inhabitants feel for the city as they feel about their lives: Chicago is what happens to you here, and it is hard to separate what it is from what you are. Yet one looks for constants.

First, its history, though this doesn't go far. A list of arranged Chicago events tells as much about the quality of Chicago life as a furniture inventory would tell about the family which slouches in the chairs and snores in the beds. Fiction is more helpful, but, in a sense, it is too helpful. Chicago does have the longest line of fine realist writers in the country—from Mrs. Kinzie to Joseph Kirkland, Hamlin Garland, Dreiser, Farrell, Algren, and Saul Bellow (whose Augie March is perhaps the greatest of all Amer-

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Walker Evans, who has changed the course of modern photography and enriched it more than any man of his time, is an editor of "Fortune."
ican city novels), but fine fiction lives in its particulars, and Carrie Meeber’s Chicago is not Frankie Machine’s, nor Augie’s; one cannot distinguish the place from the artistic temperament that renders it.

Topography is more useful, but no constant. What counts here topographically, what affects life, has changed and changes now in every windy second. Like Amsterdam, Chicago—built on reclaimed lake bottom—built canals, reversed the course of its river (the opus classicus of modern sanitary engineering), built in the last seventy years the famous creations of Sullivan, Wright, Holabird, Root, and van der Rohe, and is now in the throes of building works of great scope and splendor like Goldberg’s sixty-story twin-cylinders, the Marina City Apartments.

One must, finally, stick with what one knows, and hope that in such indirection direction will be found out. For me it is a question of trying to square that first view of Chicago with those I’ve had of the city twenty-four hours a day for the past six years.

My first discovery is that the city’s become manageable for me. It’s not only that I can find my way around a twentieth of it, but I feel that in a small way I count for something here. In our time, everyone is at least numbered, but counting, the official version of loving, is an activity: one is not only counted, one counts.

One is, if not needed, at least potentially heeded, a minuscule but distinct existence on the roiled surface.

In a famous essay on cities, Georg Simmel wrote that Athens’ greatness was in part due to its being a group of small towns, as well as a metropolis. I think that such a division is characteristic of Chicago as well, and that this is what allows most of its individuals to count.

In the New York in which I grew up, neighborhood was a method of exclusion. Wandering around, you made your own. Now it is true that there are infernal neighborhoods of displacement and socio-economic exclusion in Chicago, great potholes of three-story wooden flats put up after the fire but before the brick-enjoining ordinances of the ’nineties, buildings which are strangled by crackling bars, roaring neons, hang-dog little factories advertising fifteen makes of rubber prophylactics on their windows, and terrorized by the governors of the policy wheel and heroin rackets. But most Chicago neighborhoods are geographic centers of power and flavor—Bohemian, Lithuanian, Italian, Chinese, Greek, Mexican—and they reveal themselves in distinct cuisines, architecture, speech, gesture, and physiognomy. It is their variety which points to what is crucial for a great city, the powerful suggestion of human possibilities.
The people in my own neighborhood, Hyde Park, came to realize some of these possibilities recently, as they pioneered a redevelopment program which has transformed a crime-pocked swamp into one of the great neighborhoods of the country.* The transformation involved more than $100 million of public and private funds and thousands of dwellings. It was conceived, planned, fought for, and is directed almost entirely by the neighborhood's own inhabitants. The result is more than improved visibility and safety. There is a sense here in Hyde Park of that "common life for a noble end" which is neither smug, cozy, nor intrusively collective, but which bespeaks the possibility of triumphant alteration and constitutes a psychological treasure for no small number of individual Hyde Parkers. This sense saturates the first-class neighborhood weekly (the *Hyde Park Herald*), a hundred Hyde Park charitable ventures, art centers, concerts, speeches, and an alderman's election which here is a contest second only to the Presidential one in partisan fury.

If neighborhood is a way of triggering variety and individual accomplishment for large numbers, it could easily become a fetishistic crippler of a major city. Even at best, there is a smack of provincial vanity in such local devotions and, worse, a straitening enclosure on more than space. Such feeling is opposed to the major general feeling I have about Chicago, and that is its openness—its apparent ability to grow unopposed west, south, north, and up (it was for Chicago that the skyscraper-hater Wright designed his fantasy of a mile-high building)—but always attached to the grandest sign of its openness, the lake.

That first day in Chicago I didn't see Lake Michigan, but there are few days since I've lived here that I haven't. No city that I know is so dependent for pleasure and usefulness on a body of water as Chicago is on the great lake which it amorousely receives into itself. The lake is an immense resort, a supplier of water, a re-

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*This despite the curious caviling of the latest New York visitor, Mrs. Jane Jacobs. See *Harper's*, September 1961.
ceiver of cargoes, a purifier of waste, and a
harbor for the searchers of solitude, fishermen,
sailors, artists, lovers. Chicago outlines the lake
with question-mark-shaped beaches pointed at
the tip with clumps of handsome museums and
apartment houses whose gorgeous reflections
seem the domestic translation of the outlying
factory fires whose profits are their source.

Behind this spectacular façade, the western
plain erupts into what for me is little-known
brush—small factories laced by antique tenements,
or new apartments rising high out of
treeless pavements, pretty homes grazing in small
lawns, or files of efficiency units which know
the lake largely by reputation. Yet the lake
counts for the west, if indirectly, for it mothered
the marsh in which Chicago rose. Unlike rock-
bottomed New York, Chicago's bottom is soft,
and the result is that she's green. Urbs in horto
is the city motto. For years she was known as
"the garden city," and her park system is studied
the world over. Even a slum, simming in ash,
sports its pair of cottonwood trees and plank of
grass.

To accommodate the green, Chicago built
its streets wide—unlike, say, Harlem, where in-
carcerated eyes glare ten yards across the street
to other locked eyes. Here, eyes are at least
veiled by leaves. (It was Nero who knew the
deadliness of propinquity, and decreed that
Roman streets must be twice as wide as their
houses' height.)

The Chicago green may be as important as
the famous $2.50 minimum wage which has
drawn a great migration from Kentucky hills
and Mississippi levees to the steel mills, although
now and then, a volley of automation sends
them right back, or into domestic service in the
new suburbs bubbling up continuously west and
south.

Chicago has always had strong Southern ties,
even after the building of the Erie Canal
changed it from a city dependent on New Or-
leans river trade to a northern link between the
East and West. It has employed Southern work-
ers, supplied Southern factories with machines,
money, and engineers, and, in my view, it has
some of the ease of Southern cities today. This
FLAVOR and openness, roses and peaches in the street. Not quite. If cities have typical experiences, they may have typical vices. Perhaps Chicago's vice is a blinding concentration on the immediate and the future, accompanied by merciless abuse of its past. It's been said that the city's only genuflexion to history is the turn that Michigan Avenue, Chicago's elegant showplace of the new, makes at the grotesque old Water Tower, the sole survivor of the Great Fire in the near Northside.

Recently, Sullivan's beautiful, sagging Garrick Theatre was ripped down, despite an agitation which should have raised a Lazarus, let alone the $200,000 needed to buy and restore it. What Wright called "the declaration of independence for American architecture"—his Robie House of 1909—almost went the same way, until a New York developer bought it as headquarters for the Hyde Park Redevelopment Project. The Indiana Dunes, Chicago's "playground," is being whittled away by the vicious rapacity of Indiana steel companies, despite the assiduous work of Hyde Park's former alderman, Senator Paul Douglas.

"Sweep away," says Chicago, confident in the fabulous metabolism which exploded it from the onion marshes into the prototypical city of industrialism in fifty years. But there are metropolitan sores which cannot be swept away. On the Southside, the Negro schools are sinking into a dark age of blank violence. The city's transportation founders as the Illinois legisla-

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the colors of face and clothes. The mayor was a flash of blue to me—eyes, tie, suit. He sat alone in a fine office—a stocky man whose features worked through a banquet luxury of flesh. Assured, patiently curious, extremely courteous, he waited for my questions.

I thought that I could relax him away from the manner of a public man by asking him about his childhood memories of the city, but very quickly, very naturally, these memories led into general talk about city problems. We chatted for thirty-five unbroken minutes about the city's growth pains and wounds, its apparatus of therapy and salvage, the pile of continuous and everyday problems in whose details he was soaked without being drowned.

Of the public men I've met, none has seemed more in command of his own concerns than Daley, and the sympathy which I felt for him was all the more remarkable in that he and I could scarcely be more different.

In time I began to feel that I was holding up the settlement of a strike or the approval of an appointment, and I got up. The mayor invited me to come back and talk things over as if he were a county JP lounging in front of a bellied stove, and I the first man he'd had a good talk with in years. Temporary or not, the decency and warmth were immensely winning, and walking out of the huge Corinthian-pillared fortress of City Hall, I felt that the mayor's emblematic quality was his essential highmindedness, as much beyond its crude origins as it is not yet up to the refinement of realization.

I crossed La Salle Street, went through an alley to the parking lot, surrendered a dollar, headed through downtown traffic to the Outer Drive, and shot home along the glistening lake. I drove past the great museums, the Illinois Central tracks and the statue of their originator, Stephen Douglas, the huge Donnelley Press, the highrises of the Prairie Shores apartments, the rickety, three-story brownstones, the queening hotels of the South Side. All seemed to be concretions of the abstract control at City Hall; and though forever resistant to the intentions of that control, they seemed protected rather than assaulted by it.

That afternoon, I took the children to the Point, a grassy Southside promontory, jutting into the lake not far from the University. The Point is coiffured now with three huge aluminum lollipops—missile guides—under which lounge Hyde Parkers of every age, shape, color, and language. They come each summer day to swim, sun, read, talk, play casino, fry hambur-
Almost unknown in this country, the overlord of the world's biggest press empire is now shopping for twenty American papers... and he may touch off a major upheaval in our "soft and unenterprising" journalism.

A rather chubby, rather square, ordinary-looking Canadian of sixty-seven, with pebble glasses and a tendency to call everyone he meets by his first name, who already controls ninety-one newspapers in eight countries and may justly be described as the first truly international magnate in newspaper history, is now preparing a substantial raid on United States territory. Negotiations, he tells me, are in progress with twenty American daily newspaper publishers. And he would be glad to know of anyone else who might consider an offer.

This wholesaler in journalism is Roy Thomson, who, until he was nearly forty, ran nothing more impressive than an auto accessories agency in a small Ontario town. He got into the really big money only four years ago when at the age of sixty-three he took over the Kemsley newspapers, the biggest press group in Britain. Today his publishing empire in the United Kingdom alone is valued at $120 million. In the next decade he expects to double his holdings in three continents, including Africa.

Thomson is, in his own words, a "chain store" publisher. Five years ago he told me that his only interest in newspapers is their balance sheets. It seemed implausible but I am now convinced that he does not crave the political and social influence that accrue to the millionaire publisher. He is, quite simply, fascinated by newspapers as business propositions.

His papers cover almost the entire spectrum of political views; he does not care, he says, whether they are Republican or Democratic, Conservative, Liberal, or Labor, so long as they serve their own markets soundly. As a Canadian citizen, he is a Conservative—because, he explains, "I am a rich man and rich men don't like anyone to take their money away from them. It has nothing to do with my newspapers." In many hours of conversation with him I have found him almost apolitical; he appears to have no interest in using his newspapers for political ends.

Some of his associates think he belittles himself by emphasizing that making money is his only goal. Despite his disclaimers, they say he has shrewd judgment of public affairs and a surprisingly wide fund of knowledge. They sometimes wish he would intervene more actively in matters of political policy. "I know plenty of publishers who like to edit their newspapers," he replies. "Only a fool would try to edit ninety."

I once asked him why, when he is already a millionaire several times over he still wants to make more money—particularly as he has few expensive tastes.

"Because it's what I can do," he said. "I suppose when you write a book you want people to think it's good. My test is money. If the things I like doing make me a profit, they're good. If they don't, they're bad. But you can't make money just because you like to be rich any more than, I suppose, you can write a good book just because you want to. You've got to work at it—all the time. It must come ahead of anything else."

It sounded like a dull life, I said. "Not to me," he replied. Once when we both left an evening party rather early I suggested that we go on elsewhere. But he went home to look through some
Messages from the head and heart

Surely a man's heart attack is his own business, and the most generous thing a bystander can do is sit back and let the lessons of it, as well as the benefits, accrue to the victim. After all, he has weathered a tremendously private interior event, and the messages it urges are painfully confidential, addressed right to him.

Still, I am greedy for messages about myself (and seek them in horoscopes, cloud formations, burning logs and the faces of friends), and when a good friend recently had a mild heart attack I was strangely affected by his illness—or at least by his responses to it. In short, my sympathy and concern were complicated by far less tender feelings: at first by fears for my own health and safety (for I am a somewhat more overripe candidate for such a happening than he) and later, when the immediate danger was over, by a feeling indistinguishable from envy. Here was a man ordinarily as disinclined as most in full, powerful mid-gallop to think much about spending himself carefully. Now he was suddenly engrossed with the proper disposition of his forces. More important, he appeared to be engaged in a reassessment of himself, in a cool look at his past and present with an eye cocked for his future. That seemed outrageously self-possessed to me, and it made me jealous.

I suppose this is all easily traced to one's need for new beginnings, to the recurring wish that one could finally get down to it, control it, straighten it out, work it through and start behaving in ways consistent with man's alleged rationality. These feelings float in and out of my consciousness all the time—the New Year and ice on the porch steps bring them on with greater frequency—and I am occasionally cheered by fantasies in which I am scrubbed up, swept out and, after emerging from a sort of car-wash for humans, am ready to proceed with a new dignity and a sure grip on the priorities. Of course, I never get much beyond this. Self-improvement is a drab preoccupation, and the long-range rewards of it tend to escape me shortly after the start of any program.

But this friend has been making it very hard. About a week after his attack I went to visit him in the hospital, and his appearance surprised me. Possibly I expected him to look as if he had survived something calamitous, with his face perhaps a little drawn, his eyes maybe just a bit haunted. Not at all. He looked fine, and the annoyance with which he spoke of having to give up cigarettes and hold to a strict diet was touched with a certain arrogance, as if he knew perfectly well he was going to be able to accomplish these puny goals. He had been reading, he said, and thinking a lot, and I speculated about the latter especially, wondering what marvels might be accomplished by a steady dose of thinking. Then, he advised grinning, he had been studying the routine at the hospital and had heard that when a patient dies in his room the staff simply dresses him in a surgical cap and mask and puts him on one of those rolling stretchers. They wheel him then openly through the halls, as if he were on the way to a tonsillectomy, into an elevator and thence to cold storage. This macabre observation struck me as showing a certain admirable defiance under the circumstances, an ease with the absurd aspects of death, and I, struggling with the image of myself rolling in cooling incubator through the corridors, envied him that, too.

After he had gone home from the hospital and was recuperating fast, his messages of enlightened self-indulgence kept bouncing back to me. In one telephone call he said that he had been going to bed very early and getting up very early—like three o'clock—to work on a writing project. On that particular cold morning he had gone outside for a while to watch his daughter skate at dawn, and the simple combination—the child, the faint light, the sound of skates on ice—seemed a distant miracle. On another occasion I went to his house and found him engulfed in old papers and photographs. A great litter of correspondence, notes, albums, sagging cardboard boxes filled with more of the same covered the floor, and he was squatting there, picking over his treasures with happy concentration. He was organizing it all, he said sometimes grandly, going through a collection that covered much of his life and deciding which things he would keep. This putting was turning out to be more revealing than an ordinary cleanup; he'd found things whose existence he'd forgotten, and old letters and pictures had brought back entire incidents, whole chunks of time he'd somehow lost or mislaid in the rush.

The rewards of such a detailed review appealed powerfully to me. It might, among other things, prompt a certain discovery of the self, at least a new view of the self as it looked or sounded in a different time, and that could indicate directions for whatever time was ahead. If I was like that then and am this now, what can I be? My friend didn't appear to be considering huge changes, but I had the feeling that in this sharp, short pause he had acquired a grip on his own reality and would not soon lose it.

This jealousy is going to work wonders for me. I will make a few small changes. I'll putter regularly, get up before dawn, drop some weight and prepare to give up smoking. I'll think a lot, too, and appreciate things, and I'll keep my mortality in mind. At least I will until I get too busy or forget or get bored with self-help. The noises of living drown out the unmistakable messages of the heart and head. This midcourse correction probably won't work for me, and it will be hard for my friend, but I wish us both well.
Sir: A good bad poet Ogden Nash
Writing about football
( "My Cells," Dec. 13),
Thoops, trash.
Not only on TV,
But now in Life.
That's double jealousy.
For the poor wife.
Baseball, football,
Oh how boring.
As a wife,
I'm improving.
Saturday TV
If they must.
But keep Life interesting
For the rest of us.
O. H. Rugg
Newmarket, N.H.

Sirs:
Say Hooray! for Ogden Nash:
The Father of the Metric Bush,
The snide allusion and array
Of multiclored, goosed cliché.
Richard Murray
Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:
OGDEN, OGDEN, you forgot!
Units is Johnny-on-the-spot.
Earl Morrall may do the throwing,
But Johnny's presence keeps the Colts going.
Wayne Scott
Boulder, Colo.

NEGRO HISTORY
Sirs:
John Loengard's color shots for "A Separate Path to Equality" (Dec. 13) are sheer poetry. And when one is familiar with the issues and recognizes the faces, text becomes superfluous.
Fumiko Kuwayama
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
One thing has saved me from being consumed with hate for whites. It is the realization that the notion of evil heaped upon us would have been possible if our own black fellow Africans had not first hunted us down, separated mothers, children, fathers and marched in chains to white slave traders.
I'm far from being able to love white people, but I refuse to allow the Black Panthers, KKK or anyone to use me to further the cause of hate. Given the opportunity, all men, all races are cruel to one another.
Marie Jordan
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:
I was appalled by the omission of the great poet Gwendolyn Brooks ("The Elaboration of Black Voices"), one of the finest female poets of the last 25 years.
After all, gentlemen, it was The Negro Woman with her great empathy, endurance and "mother wit" who nurtured this whole new breed of militant independents.
Carol Robinroore Moore
Jackson, Tenn.

DYING
Sirs: I am one of the 3% who watched the second segment of PBL's film Birth and Death ("A Lesson in Dying," Dec. 13). Hopefully, many more people will take advantage of the opportunity to see this film and learn firsthand the wisdom of living one day at a time with all we can give it.
Lor M. Carey
Malvern, Pa.

Sirs:
In mental agony and physical insuff than was finally wrapped in a shroud was all too graphic for me, a former cancer patient. I pray that when the hopelessness is complete an enlightened world will insist upon the grace of euthanasia. For this reason alone I regret there were so few viewers of this sickening, yet remarkable, film.
Virginia U. Potter
Greenwich, Conn.

FEMININE EYE
Sirs: I was particularly pleased to see Shuna Alexander's splendid article concerning Mrs. Johnson ("The Best First Lady," Dec. 1). She really deserves every word that Shuna has to say about her. I have known this remarkable woman for 20 years, and she is truly remarkable.
Hubert Humphrey
Washington, D.C.

$20,000 A YEAR
Sirs: In the midst of awe and unabashed patriotism at the adventures of Apollo 8, your article on the frenetic finances of six American families ("Almost All of Them End Up in the Red," Dec. 20) brought a sense of depression. I resent your implication that "twenty thou" a year does not stand for wealth to some of us and that these families represent "success" in our society.
Suzanne J. Sweeney
Chittenango, N.Y.

Sirs:
Charm school for 5-year-olds, 30 pairs of shoes and a pedal-driven surrey (with fringe on top) are not signs of influence but symptoms of lunacy!
Richard A. Kowaleski
Fort Collins, Colo.

Sirs:
The Ann Bayer's reportage of the "poor" is most perceptive and trenchant. Her irony provides a devastating foil for people like the Bakers and the Healy's, who complain while they enjoy luxuries the homeless and the hungry of the world would consider beyond belief.
Ralph C. Boettcher
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:
My wife and I have nine children, expecting the 10th—oldest 12 years. I'm always complaining about "where the money goes," but after reading this article I feel my wife should be named Secretary of the Treasury.
Martin J. Sammon
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:
I can sympathize with these families. As the offspring of college-educated, comfortably well-off parents who reared their children to appreciate and work for certain aspects of life: reading, music, education for their children, a comfortable home, I am "angry." It is heartbreaking to see so much of our work efforts going to taxes and inflation.
Gwendolyn Y. Fortune
Skokie, Ill.

MARK TWAIN
Sirs:
As a professor of American literature, I can agree with Twain scholar Walter Blair that Twain gave up on Huck and Tom Among the Indians (Dec. 20), in part, because of his Victorian hangup. Very likely there is another reason. Twain, as witness his remarks on the Chinese in Roughing It, was a bleeding-heart do-gooder regarding minority races. I feel certain that along about Chapter 9, Mark realized that he was painting the whites super-white and the Reds black.
L. W. Michaelson
Fort Collins, Colo.

Sirs:
Professor Blair described TWain as being "a hopeless prudish Victorian" and said that Twain "believed novelists should not write about sex." Would he explain Twain's Letters from the Earth? 
Dan Wellig
Costa Mesa, Calif.

[Letter cut off, so no response]

Sirs:
The real reason Sam never finished this thing was because he took a cold look at it and decided it was tripe.
Tom Weatherly
Stockton, N.J.

Sirs:
Perhaps it was laziness. "There may be lazier and more tiresome men than me," said Twain, "but they're dead men!" Cyril Clems
Editor, Mark Twain Journal
Kirwood, Mo.

Apology for a False Picasso 'Quote'

In its year-end issue on Picasso, Life printed the following statement attributed to the artist: "When I am alone with myself, I have not the courage to think of myself as an artist to the great and ancient sense of the term. Giotto, Titian, Rembrandt and Goya were great painters; I am only a public entertainer who has understood his times and has exhausted as best he could the imbecility, the vanity, the cupidity of his contemporaries. Mine is a bitter confession, more painful than it may appear, but it has the merit of being sincere."

Recognizing the greatness and accomplishment of Picasso, Life interpreted these words as reflecting a transient mood of self-deprecation, a poignant note of humility from a man who stands unquestionably among the outstanding artists of history. That Picasso is subject to self-doubt is attested by those who know him best. "What keeps him so eternally young," says his biographer Roland Penrose, "are his doubts... Picasso is never sure he's done the right thing, gone far enough in his search." In the same statement Lurt published was never made by Picasso. It was the fabrication of an Italian writer, Gianfranco De Mura, who published a work of fiction called Il Libro Nervo (The Black Book). Papin's book was presented in the form of a diary of an imaginary character named Gog, who reports his "interviews" with such notables as Hitler, Marconi, Franklin Roosevelt and Dalí, as well as Picasso. In the bogus visit with Picasso, the artist was made to express a critical view of modern art and of himself which was in fact the antagonistic attitude of Papini. Within a short time, excerpts from the fake Picasso interview were picked up and passed off as authentic by other publications. In the course of being translated, used and reused, the source of the original was obscured, its hopefulness and its credibility increased. Picasso—and others—repudiated the "interview," but the repudiations never reached their author and hence failed to put it out of circulation. Life regrets that it published the statement and hopes that this public airing will serve to prevent further appearances of the "confession," which proponents of modern art have been only too eager to use to discredit one of its greatest masters.
Nobel prizewinner James Watson of 'Double Helix' fame tangles with another enigma—cancer

Genius on the Prowl

"Talking makes you think," Watson says of lectures at the lab. "You try to explain something and then realize you don't understand it."

Nearly 20 years after helping discover the structure of DNA, James Dewey Watson is trying to solve an even more difficult problem—how cancer works.
He has a compulsion for saying exactly what he thinks.

Founded 80 years ago on the site of an old whaling station, Cold Spring lab gives visitors a chance to talk science on the grass or at the beach.

CONTINUED

life in each cell), is on the attack again. His target today is cancer, the impossibly complicated disease that will kill some 300,000 of us this year.

Watson, who became a Harvard professor at 33 and a Nobel laureate at 34, is 42 now. By his own admission he is mostly a textbook writer, teacher and administrator. And his corrosive genius for saying and writing exactly what he thinks is perhaps a bit more moderate than it was in his best-selling 1968 book, *The Double Helix*, which peeled the hide off the principal participants in the race to unravel DNA’s structure. But Watson remains special. He thinks in a special way, he has a special effect on other people and he is doing his thinking these days in a special place.

For Watson-watchers pro (he is brilliant, candid, bold and intuitive) and con (erratic, neurotic, egotistical and a manipulator), the attack on cancer began two and a half years ago when he took over the unsalaried directorship of a 90-acre research laboratory on the North Shore of Long Island, 40 miles from New York City. Known as the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory of Quantitative Biology, it is a kind of arcadian talk tank, world-famous among scientists for its summer symposia and meetings (molecular biology in a very real sense grew up in them) and almost totally unknown by anyone else, including many of its North Shore neighbors. It is a nonprofit organization with no endowment and a $1.3 million budget to meet. It is run by its director, Watson, and an administrator, both of whom must answer to a 23-member board of trustees. It is, Watson believes, a much better place to attack the intricacies of cancer than Harvard. “If, say, you wanted to work on tumor viruses at Harvard,” he says, “there was no way to do it within the confines of our building. Coming down here one could think some-
what bigger." The reason for this, in part, is that basic cancer research requires a massive and specific pooling of money and brains, a commitment that most teaching institutions simply cannot meet. Watson is, therefore, spending almost as much time at the lab these days as at the university.

What you learn first about Watson is that he is totally curious and likes little problems as well as big ones. When he sees a pair of young gardeners picking stems off the rhododendron bushes, he wants to know why they are doing it and if it will help the bushes. When a waitress suggests the homemade ice cream, he wants to know in whose home it was made, and when it turns out that it wasn't he finds out where it was made. What you learn next is that he is dedicated to the young and their ability to do really important things in science, and that his greatest worry is that science-funding cutbacks will wipe out the coming generation of young scientists. "It would be," he says, "much better to cut off all scientists over the age of 40." And then gradually you learn that he can be funny, in a slightly defensive way, about his family and early history, that he grew up on Chicago's South Side between the university and steel mills ("but slightly closer to the mills"), that he was tall and skinny and uncoordinated and found out at an early age that what he could do best was read (400-500 words a minute) and that what he had better do best was know more facts than anybody else. You learn that his father was a businessman and amateur naturalist and that young Watson wanted to be an ornithologist. And you learn that after the University of Chicago, which he attended on a scholarship, he went to Indiana University, also on a scholarship, and came under the influence of a man named Dr. Salvador Luria, who along with another scientist, Dr. Max Delbruck, helped form Watson's scientific personality. (Both Luria and Delbruck received Nobel prizes last year for their work on viruses, along with Dr. Alfred Hershey, a Cold Spring Harbor scientist for 20 years.) By treating Watson as an equal, or almost an equal, Luria and Delbruck gave him a sense of his own value as a scientist, and by being outspoken themselves they encouraged him to speak his mind—and be different. When he needed it they backed him up. "I think," says Watson, "that it is extraordinarily important that you have a scientific patron because there'll be times when you are bound to strike it bad, and you'll need somebody to convince people that you are not irresponsible."

What makes Cold Spring Harbor a special place for thinking bigger are its meetings, which bring the elite in molecular biology...
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Putting a man on the moon is easier

CONTINUED flooding across the lawns and into the lecture hall ("We really have everyone who's working in the field with the exception of a Russian they never let out"), its lack of academic structure and pretense, the absence of teaching and administrative duties for the permanent staff and, during the winter months, its almost total isolation. "You can stay inside for years," says one of its younger members, "if your wife will buy the groceries." "It is in the worst sense an ivory tower," says Dr. Hershey, "but in a good sense it is what the world needs and isn't supplying anymore."

Most important, it has given Watson a chance to create a new lab division, one devoted to the study of viruses and the cancers they cause in animals. To form it, he enticed three young scientists away from the Salk Institute and two from Switzerland. The task they and hundreds of other researchers around the world face is incredibly difficult, Watson admits, certainly more impossible than figuring out the form of the DNA molecule and infinitely more complicated than landing a man on the moon.

Yet important discoveries have been made in the last year. A single gene was isolated—and photographed—at Harvard, another synthesized at the University of Wisconsin. And a few months ago it was discovered that RNA (ribonucleic acid), which was thought to function only as a kind of slave to DNA, can in some cases actually boss it around. So much remains unknown, however, particularly in the cancer field, that some scientists think it foolish to attack the disease now. If it were not for viruses they would probably be right.

Still, viruses do cause cancer in dozens of different animals, and one of the things Watson and his team are doing is zeroing in on a single virus, known as SV 40 (simian virus number 40), which affects monkey and mouse cells. Because it is so small (about 10 million virus particles could be packed into a cell, Watson estimates), SV 40 has relatively few genes, perhaps no more than eight or 10 (a human cell contains about a million). The functions of two of these genes are already known and what the Cold Spring Harbor researchers are trying to find out is which one of those remaining launches the deadly, abnormally productive sequence known as cancer.

It is on this kind of intricate, complex and basically uncharted frontier that Watson's un-
Watson bats .900 on his predictions

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orthodox genius becomes most important. At the heart of it is a quality of mind that is not easy to define, but people who have worked with him refer to it as "guessing" or "intuitive thinking" or a special kind of human computing. "Jim seems to have the knack," Dr. Hershey says, "of picking out the important problem; then it only takes a hint to a bright young man. Maybe this is what an idea is: the recognition of possibilities." Watson bats at least in the '900s on his predictions and theories, one of his students estimates, and he is so good at sensing what is ahead that his textbook (Molecular Biology of the Gene) was still current a year after it came out. Watson takes longer than some scientists to understand a new idea, a former student remembers, but once he has it, he has it in a way that makes it part of all he understands. The end product, the cerebral distillate, seems to be a kind of sharply focused beam that picks out problems that are keys to other problems and picks them out at a time when it may be possible to solve them.

What makes a mind function that way? "I think the essence of most good science," Watson says, "is very deep curiosity with some way of knowing the comparative importance of the things you are curious about." Knowing everything you can know is a vital part of that, and reading is the most important part of knowing. Watson, in fact, has a reputation for waiting at the library for scientific journals to come in so that he can devour them. Talking to other people is next in importance, talking about what's going on and about the people who are involved in what's going on. And Watson is a master at asking questions, an art he has refined to a remarkable degree and is prepared to practice at any time and in any place, before the most august scientific gathering or at the drinking fountain. "What amazes me," says one of Watson's grad students, "is what he knows about the most incredible things." The kind of boldness or cockiness Watson has is also vital. So is a sense of time on your hands, something close to but not as numbing as boredom. "I always found when I was young," Watson says, "that I used to get depressed about 5 in the evening because I found I had nothing to do. If you could survive the meal, then you could go back and work. But if you had something to fill up your time, you would pick the least hard thing and
Virus cold? Only Dristan does it all!

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...because Dristan Tablets contain a full dose of aspirin, plus antihistamine and decongestant.

His words can bruise students for weeks

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not the difficult thing. I think that's why science is best done by younger people, because they are really bored.”

Over the last 10 years, Watson’s particular kind of thinking has had a remarkable effect on the section of the biology lab at Harvard that he directs with Dr. Walter Gilbert, and made it, many feel, the most productive in the country. Very few of his students, however, have had time for boredom. Few of them have been able to figure out or predict the machinations of the Watson teaching machine. Sometimes he can be very explicit, they say, and at other times vague and indecisive. He may prowl the halls for a week, then disappear behind his door and not come out for days at a time. He sometimes seems to ignore his students completely, and he sometimes says things to them with such candor and frankness that they may be bruised for weeks. “He is capable of telling you things,” one of his students says, “that coming from anybody else would stop any kind of communication.” He can banish people from seminars for missing one of them, order them not to take trips until a certain project is done and, if something seems hot, stalk a lab a half dozen times a day waiting for results, then stalk away when they are not forthcoming. Yet his students have tremendous respect for him as a scientist, for his ability to pick important avenues of investigation and for the confidence he has in himself and in them. “In the science we do,” says one, “the most difficult part is getting the data to prove that the theory you believe is right. You can work for a long time without success and it’s very important to have someone who’ll keep telling you, ‘I know this is right. Keep going.’”

Watson’s approach at Cold Spring Harbor is, of necessity, totally different. He can attract top scientists and hire them, but once at the lab they will work on those projects that excite them—and that is exactly what he wants them to do. Watson worries about improving their working and living conditions and keeping track of what is going on at the lab. One measure of his genius is that he does seem to know everything about everything and as a result can not only assemble good people but keep them working together. In one instance, in fact, he warned a particular scientist against hiring a certain lab assistant because he thought she wasn’t agreeable enough for the

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And in case you couldn't tell from the picture above, it still looks like a Beetle.
Never sit on a mattress.
And other tips on how to avoid a pain in the neck when buying one.

A lot of people never do any more than sit on a mattress in a store. But very few of these people go to sleep sitting up.

So they never know what it feels like until they get it home. Which is too late. The place to find out is the place where you buy it.

Lie down before you buy.
Try every mattress in sight. The soft ones. The hard ones. Everything in between.

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When "firm" is too hard.
Nobody wants a too-soft mattress. But don't talk yourself into the other extreme. Many a restless night has been spent in the name of firmness.

If you could look inside a mattress, you could see why so many don't conform to your body.

Most mattresses are made with coils that are all wired together. Push down on one coil and it pulls the others down. Lie down on one of these mattresses and it sags under you. Just like a hammock.

To make a wired-together mattress firm, they put in rigid coils. Then stretch stiffeners across the top. Which can make it stiff as a board. So firm it doesn't give under your hips and shoulders...and lets your back sag in between.

Too soft or too firm, it doesn't fit your curves. And you don't get the support you need.

Separate coils support best.
There's one mattress, though, that's made with coils that are not wired together. The Beautyrest®, made only by Simmons.

Each coil has its own individual pocket. So each coil works separately to support whichever part of the body it's under. They can give under the shoulders and hips. While others are free to firmly support the small of your back.

Will it stain?
You can't treat your mattress to a laundering. We treat it so you don't have to. With Scotchgard® Fabric Protector to resist spots and stains. So it stays fresh and clean-looking.

You can't get more from a mattress unless you buy more of a Beautyrest.

A standard double is too small.
Nobody sleeps like a log. In fact, you normally change position 20 to 45 times every night. So you can imagine what happens to two people on an old-fashioned double bed—where each one has less than the width of a baby's crib. We want you to sleep like a baby, but not on a baby-sized bed.

A Queen size is over half a foot wider and almost half a foot longer than the standard double. It fits beautifully in a small bedroom, yet gives you 20% more room to roam.

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You're close enough to touch whenever you want, yet far enough away to get a good night's rest.

Pick your firmness.
Simmons does offer you a choice. The normal-firm Beautyrest Supreme. Or, for people who need extra-firm support (or who just prefer it), the Beautyrest Back Care.

Because each one conforms to your shape, neither has to be hard to be firm, or soft to be comfortable.

Now that you know something about buying a mattress, shop around.

Ask a lot of questions.
Ask the salesmen how each one is made. How it's put together inside. That way, you can make sure you get individual coil construction. And, as we said before, lie down on everything in sight.

You might think it's a pain in the neck to spend so much time choosing a mattress. But it's a lot better than getting a pain in the neck sleeping on one.

Beautyrest by Simmons
It gives every part of your body a good night's rest.
Commanding, brisk, rugged—a cargo from the teakwood forests of the South Seas. One of a kind.
Burley Cologne, After Shave and Gift Sets.
From the men at Old Spice.

Failure has never been a worry

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ing with Watson, may make a big cancer breakthrough, if one is ever made. Watson agrees—but only up to a point, because he is competitive and he does, in a sense, need to attack impossible problems. Failure does not worry him. It never has, he says, because when he started he had nothing to lose, and once he got to DNA there was no way he could ("I was incredibly lucky being in a strong position young").

The job of running the lab is impossible, but Watson will do it because he cares about the lab. "I came down here," he says, "because no one else was going to take over this place and keep it the way I thought it should be kept." It is the one subject on which he will not be controversial—and will be tactful, diplomatic and gracious. For 20 years, the Cold Spring Harbor lab has been a kind of home base for him, first as a graduate student (he made his first major public lecture there in 1953), then as a professor and Nobel laureate. Two years ago, when it became impossible to convert one of the white clapboard houses on the grounds for his use, he had a new home built on its foundations (financed by the lab), one that obviously pleases him a great deal. He talks of moving into an office in the new lab rising on the hill so that he will be closer to the people doing science, of burying telephone lines to make the place more beautiful, and of the young people who will come there and how there is a chance to do something really important at the lab. "You have to build a momentum into the field," he says, "where the right questions are being asked by a large number of people. There has to be an awareness of which problems should be solved and what's the probability that you can solve the one that should be solved first. That's the sort of thing we can do here."

Sitting on the stairs of his new house at Cold Spring Harbor, Watson says: "If I weren't trying to do something difficult, I would cease to function."
Deep in thought, Dr. James A. Pike, former Episcopal Bishop of California, strolled often along the beaches near the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara, Calif. He went there in 1966 as a "worker bishop," leaving his post as bishop after his 22-year-old son, James Jr., had shot himself in a New York hotel. Pike was reared a Catholic, and for a while studied for the Catholic priesthood. He switched to law, became a government attorney, then started anew as an Episcopal priest. This year he quit the Episcopal Church—which had almost tried him for heresy—decrying it as "a sick—even dying—institution." He and his new wife began work on a book exploring the origins of Christianity. In the wilderness near Bethlehem, researching a book about Christ's life, he lost his way and died after a fall from a cliff he tried to climb.

The death of James A. Pike was extravagantly rich in symbolism—almost absurdly so. A screenwriter who devised such an end would be charged with theatrical excess, as Jim Pike himself often was during his years of fame. But life wrote the Pike script, and there is nothing to do now but accept the fact that here was a vibrant man, of perhaps no more than middling intellectual gifts, who had nature, history and fate working for him. Together they produced an extraordinary human being whose impact on the world of ideas far exceeded what might have been expected of him—a churchman who was neither scholar nor saint but the ordinary 20th Century Christian writ large.

Bishop Pike (the title was never formally withdrawn by the church, even after he repudiated it) died as he lived: a religious believer who challenged the certainty of the agnostic; an agnostic who upset the complacency of the devout by his ceaseless questioning; a man of faith who was never quite sure about what he believed; a secular man for whom the world was never quite enough. In short, a puzzlement to all, even his friends.

There may be a Jim Pike hidden in every man. Most of us are part believers in our own immortality, part doubters about our own significance, part men
of faith, part children of doubt. Bishop Pike became a towering figure in modern life for one reason above all others: he mirrored our weakness, our uncertainty, our desperate clinging to old beliefs and frightened acceptance of new realities. If at times he seemed almost clownish, it may have been because there is an absurdity in the ambiguity we all share. When he embarrassed us, it may have been because he dared to say in public what most of us are ashamed to think even in private—for the believer, that one might be the victim of myth; for the agnostic, that one just might be cutting oneself off from worlds that truly exist.

The Bishop, though alienated from his church, lived and worked within a Christian ambience until the last. Look, then, at his death through Christian eyes. When the end came, of all places in the Holy Land, where he had gone with his wife on a search for the “historical Jesus,” he was wandering, lost, in the very wilderness the Messiah chose when he wanted to withdraw from the affairs of men. In his final hours, the man who last April broke with the organized church found himself going it alone in an unknown terrain, cut off from human contact and wholly dependent on his own resources. He died finally of exhaustion, after a fall. And when they found his body, days later, it was in a kneeling posture. It was almost as if in death he was telling us—in the theatrical style which marked his career—that the believer had triumphed finally over the skeptic.

Jim Pike himself could not have imagined a more spectacular departure from this life—and that is saying something, for he seemed to have an insatiable thirst for the flamboyant. It is easy to believe that in the last earthly hours of Jim Pike the bizarre circumstances in which his life was coming to a close caught his fancy.

I can imagine him praying that the symbolic meaning of his lonely agony would not be lost on the world and that it would stand as the ultimate expression of a life devoted to asking, if not answering, the biggest questions of them all. Even in his misery Jim’s realism would not have failed him. He must have known that he was making headlines throughout the world. The realization that he was getting so much attention at the very end, one can believe, could have assuaged the misery.

Bishop Pike was at once the master and the victim of modern publicity techniques. He went about using them the way he did everything else, with candor, startling directness, and disarming simplicity. No Hollywood starlet cooperated more readily with reporters and cameramen. No Madison Avenue professional was more adept at packaging a product than he, whether he was selling Jesus-the-freedom-fighter, peace in Vietnam, or, his last enthusiasm, psychic research. He knew every trick in the bag, and he used them all impenitently—the facile phrase (“fewer beliefs, more belief”), the startling analogy (the rhythm method of birth control: “Vatican roulette”), the irreverent formulation (Muslims have one God and three wives; Christians have three Gods and one wife).

The press, for its part, generally cooperated obediently, reporting his latest reworking of an obscure theologian’s findings as if it had just been handed down to him from Mount Sinai, spreading his less-than-original theological insights and conventional doctrinal doubts before millions of readers as if they were the fruits of his own extraordinary scholarship.

Jim Pike was not an original thinker. His strength as well as his weakness was that he was an original man, who had an uncanny ability to make the secondhand look new. He could promote situational

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CONTINUED
ever have a
day like this?

You wake up feeling great. The sun's out, sky's blue and the sky's blue and the sun's shining. Wherever you're going, whatever you plan to do, you'll feel confident and secure. Wear what you choose; nothing form; no one can know. Just:

comfortable, convenient Tampax.

Keep Tampax at hand. Millions of women in 106 countries do. They use more Tampax tampons than all other tampons combined.

CONTINUED

In private he was still the Bishop

ethics as if he invented the idea. He could propound the new theology as if he had worked his way through it by immense intellectual effort. When he discovered psychic phenomena, it was as if it had never been heard of. In recent years he went about the study of Christian origins with the same air of fresh discovery, as if the scholars who have worked in this field for years were his research assistants. In earlier days, he was constantly credited with more scholarship, inventiveness, creativity and originality than he actually possessed. He was doomed, then, to be a disappointment to many who looked to him for what he could not give, if only because he was too busy for serious study or prolonged introspection. He finally gained a reputation for glibness and raw publicity-seeking. The result was that his most serious moves, like his trumpeted exit from the institutional church, were not taken very seriously. There had been too many controversies, the publicity releases had become too frequent. If he knew this, he never acknowledged it but carried on as if his latest project would be the greatest breakthrough yet.

The public Pike, especially in his latter days, was very much a man of the world, agnostic, irreligious, anti-clerical. But in his private dealings he remained the Bishop, full of pastoral concern, eager for ecclesiastical gossip, still looking through clerical eyes at the "world" he so rapturously embraced in public. His interest in church affairs never waned. He must have read a dozen denominational publications regularly and was always happy to discuss the latest developments in institutional religion with anyone who had enough interest to talk about them with him. After his formal break with the church, one of his colleagues at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions where he worked together with his friend in the hospital and in spite of all public denials of the Trinity and the self-laiization took the opportunity to anoint him with holy oils and pray over him "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." He acknowledged freely and frequently to his friends that he missed the grandeur of the old liturgy, even as he enthusiastically endorsed — out of some sense of duty, perhaps — the new style and the expense.

It always seemed to me that James Pike was happiest, and at his very best, when he was fulfilling some office proper to a priest or bishop. Certainly his past in the church was dear to him. He betrayed a nervous intensity about his restless free-lance ministry that was not altogether convincing.

It may not be going too far to say that it was the church that made James A. Pike. Without it, he communicated a sense of being lost at times. At other times, it seemed that even though he had taken off the ring of office and had shed his clerical Roman collar for a tie, his Episcopal cross for a peace medal, he brought a bit of the church with him wherever he went. His successor, Bishop Kilmer Myers of San Francisco, said after his death that Pike would occupy a front rank among the great bishops of the Episcopal Church. For all the iconoclastic headlines he made in recent years, I think that is how he will be remembered, as Bishop Pike. I think he would like it that way, too.
THE SMELL OF DEATH
WAS IN THE AIR

(*Sports Illustrated, July 27, '70*)

Old Karl Wallenda walked a wire 750 feet above a rocky Georgia gorge, with every step a giant leap for his kind of man by MARK KRAM

Night moused across the northern hills of Georgia, then quickly fell, and all that could be seen was the swirling dust in front of the headlights and a faraway flicker across an open field. The glimmer was the weak light of a tent meeting, a revival which, like the storied moonshine of the South, is believed to be in decline and quite inferior. It may be, but it hardly seemed so here in this tent, filled with frantic moths and wet, comatose faces nodding at a frail, agitated preacher whose hands whipped at unseen evil "out there on this Georgia night."

"God is swift!" cried the preacher. "Oh, yeahhh," the crowd agreed. "He is swift," he said again. "Oh, yeahhh. He is. He's got an extrawwordinary sense, that's what He has. That man, who's gonna go walkin' tomorrow, that man . . . he knows how swift the Lord is. Pray, brothers and sisters, pray for that man that the Lord won't be so swift tomorrow."

The man, the recipient of the reverend's spiritual largess, was Karl Wallenda, age 65, the most gifted high-wire artist in history. What Karl Wallenda was going to do seemed to cry for prayers, or perhaps a parachute. He was going to walk across Tallulah Gorge, close to a thousand feet wide and 750 feet in depth. It would be, aside from madness, the second greatest walk of all time; the moon, the promoters conceded reluctantly after lengthy debate, deserved top billing.

"When he falls off," a photographer asked an engineer, "what's the best way to get down to the bottom?"

"The same way he went," said the engineer.

One could reach out and feel the quiver of bad vibrations in this speck of a town. Death, like a giant shadow, has always been near the lives of the Wallendas. First there was the accident in Detroit in 1962, which put two of them in graves and one in a wheelchair for life. Then, there was Yetta, who fell in Omaha and lay there with that worried look of the Wallendas lining her face even in death.

"My brother Karl is insane," said Herman Wallenda, looking out over the ominous gorge. "He does not need this . . . but the applause, ah, the applause . . . It is his whole life . . . it is like a fine wine."

So, last Saturday afternoon, in front of 30,000 people and Governor Lester Maddox, who said that he, too, was praying real hard, Karl Wallenda took a walk in the 50th year of his career and made it look like a brisk evening constitutional. The sensitive life and wisdom in his size-seven feet carried him across the rock-studded gorge in 20 minutes and in 616 steps. For diversion he stood on his head twice. The striking aspect of it all, though, was not just spectacle. It was the portrait he presented, the towering physical strength and beautiful nerves under a pressure few ever feel.

This was, too, so human a thing, so movingly individualistic at a brutalizing period in history that finds men slipping deeper and deeper into the mold of mass man. The huge glistening machinery of our society seemed to come apart like a Tinker Toy with every step he took. He was alone, and it was truly staggering to imagine the amount of hard-rock assurance he must possess in his own power and invulnerability. The problems that confronted him were enormous; the thermal currents of the gorge, the 35-pound balancing pole that could suddenly seem like 200 pounds to an old man, and, finally, the deadly 821 feet of sloping downhill wire.

Yet he walked the wire (150ths of an inch in diameter) 20 minutes faster than he thought he would. He was quite cautious early in the walk, and then he seemed to pick up the pace. As his tiny figure began to emerge slowly out of that awful, hot sky, one could see through field glasses a smile grow larger and larger on his rubbery, almost
year I decided I would play a hook—even a duck hook, if necessary—in order to keep my ball in play whenever the wind blew across from my left. It must have worked, because I hit most fairways, and 69 of my first 72 putting surfaces in regulation.

We played off for the Open championship on Sunday. I started off well, and led Sanders by two strokes going to the 5th hole. The next few strokes probably won the Open for me, but it seemed like anything except a turning point at the time. I hit my drive at 5 to the right—and it landed in a bunker. I decided to play a pitching wedge out instead of a sand wedge, since there was no problem. But now I wanted to be certain to clear it. My explosion landed on the lip of that other bunker and kicked down a bank, so I had a bad lie, and my three-wood coming out carried too far left, stopping next to a nest of heather in calf-deep gorse. All I wanted to do was to get the ball onto the green and save my lead with a bogey. Somehow I made one of the luckiest and perhaps greatest recovery shots of my career. The ball landed on the green about 30 yards short and rolled up to within two feet of the hole. I made my par. Doug made a charge later, birdieing 14 and 15, while I bogeyed 16, so that saved stroke on 5 was the difference as we teed up at 18.

The wind here was directly behind us, blowing about 50 mph. Doug hit first and his drive stopped short of the green, 358 yards away. I debated between a driver and a three-wood, finally deciding on the driver. I removed one of my sweaters so I could make a freer swing at the ball and aimed my drive at the flagstaff left of the green. I hit it exactly as I wanted. The ball landed just short of the putting surface, rolled up, barely missed hitting the pin, then rolled off the green and stopped on a bank in some heavy grass.

Doug played a beautiful pitch-and-run shot with a four-iron to within five feet. If he sank his putt and I took a par (by no means assured at this point) we would go to sudden-death. I was lucky again to have a good lie in the rough, with the grass bending toward the green. I took out a sand wedge and, standing with both feet ahead of the ball, prepared to hit my shot. Suddenly I remembered having the same shot at Muirfield, where I won the British Open in 1966. That time I hit the ball three feet. This time I wanted to avoid that kind of disaster, yet I did not want to hit the ball past the hole and down into the Valley of Sin, from where I had three-putted the previous day. I had to land it short of the hole—and close if possible.

The ball came out just right, and rolled up eight feet short. My putt was the same putt Doug had on Saturday—only longer. I told myself to keep still over the ball. I knew it would break left to right, the way Doug's putt broke Saturday. The ball broke across the cup but caught the right side of the hole—and dropped in.

A birdie. The British Open at St. Andrews. My caddie, Jim Dickinson, and I both were almost in tears. I was so excited I jumped up and my putter flew 40 feet into the air. Doug ducked, but I told him, "You're all right." I had never acted like that before. It was not characteristic of me. But I had never won at St. Andrews before.

I was delighted, too, at the way this ended a long, long drought. I had an 0-for-12 record in major championships, as everyone had been reminding me. Some people go lifetimes without winning a major championship; I go three years and they all say "Nicklaus is finished." But breaks determine who wins a major golf tournament, and I got my share at St. Andrews. Doug and I played 90 holes. I took 355 shots, he took 356. One stroke is a lucky difference.

So, now I have won 10 major championships—three Masters, two U.S. Opens, two British Opens, two U.S. Amateurs and one PGA. I always have maintained that the only way one golfer can separate himself from all the other golfers is to win more major championships than Bobby Jones did. Bobby Jones won 13. I need three more to tie him—and four more to beat him. That is my goal. Fourteen Major Championships. I may never get there, but I'll try. END
clownlike face. His wife, who has refused to watch him perform for eight years, hid her face in her hands. Only occasionally would she look up, and then she would begin to sob. When he reached the end he was promptly placed on a stretcher where he could be examined by doctors who were interested in his heartbeat. He remained under this observation only briefly, then walked over to the grandstand, trailed by 200 reporters and photographers, some from Europe, where he partook of a mammoth martini. “I’ve had two a day for 20 years,” he says.

The crowd, there from all parts of the country and sensing tragedy, was visibly relieved that he survived. “You see, my friend,” said brother Herman, “death has become good business for the Wallendas.” Herman smiled ironically, and rightly so. The Wallendas have always been one of the great circus acts in the world, but even they never really made big money. The most they would make might be $2,500 a week, say, for one two-week stand, but there were seven of them in the act, their expenses were high and the playing dates quite uneven. Then came Detroit, and suddenly the name Wallenda took on a strange fascination. “I do not blame them, the people,” says Herman. “It is what our lives have been all about. The smell of death, that is what we are about.”

The memory of the accident trails Karl, the patriarch of the family, from day to day. He was and is the spirit of the family, a man admired and hated by many, yet always a man who commands genuine respect. He is a disciplined, mentally hard German with one of the great egos of the world, but not even his dedicated involvement with himself can chase the horror of Detroit. “I couldn’t look down,” he says. “There is a picture in my mind of the ring down there ... and the boys. They are broken and still, and around them there are the balance poles and bars and the chair ... just pieces. That picture is in my mind and I never lose it. If I look down once I know I will see it again ... those boys. If I look I go mad. I don’t look.

“We are about halfway through when I feel something is wrong,” continues Karl. “Then I see that Dieter is not steady and I listen close. I hear that he is talking to himself. I know there is trouble. He is so close to the platform. Then I see there is something wrong with his pole. And then there is that voice, that cry—‘Ich kann nicht mehr halten’ (I can’t hold it any longer).’ Then I see it drop. I know we are all going to go. I know this but I cannot believe it. Jana is at the top on the chair and she has no chance at all. I hit the wire hard and it feels as if it goes right through my crotch. Then Jana comes down on my back and she grabs me, and I hold on to her until I can drop her to safety. I went back up again two days later. You see, it has to be that way. If I go up I can concentrate on my work. Down here I see two people dead and one more almost dead.”

Wallenda talked freely of death last week in the hills of Georgia, and it even startled the stone-hard hillmen who admire iron in men. But, as one of them said, “Hit’s the damned scariest thing I ever did see.” The people and the region were a perfect backdrop for this event, which cost the promoters more than $60,000. The creation and construction of the wire alone cost $50,000, and Wallenda received $10,000. The admission was $5 per person. The money would go toward building an amphitheater where regional historical drama can be offered. The publicity, hopefully, would resurrect Tallulah as a summer resort. Whether any of this is ever realized, it still will always be remembered as an afternoon of strange charm.

Vaguely, it had the clamor of the Scopes trial in Dayton, Tenn., but a quality all its own and tableaus that stick in the mind: the old, old hill people looking emptily for hours out over the gorge and at the wire; the fine-looking women from downstate with their Zelda Fitzgerald faces or the plain Scotch-Irish faces, wearing big floppy hats and looking so deceptively fragile. And finally the hill talk: “the shine down here, hit ain’t no more good anymore. Ya find anything in it nowadays from Red Devil to parts of snakes and possums who get in the stuff at night.” Or “Guvnor Maddox, you say. Why, we got the only real honest guvnor in this country. He don’t steal a nickel. Why, Ole Lestah, he don’t have sense enough to steal nothin’.”

The event belonged in these hills, and it really belonged to a time that is no more. But most of all it had the character—even though it was just a fragment—of the old circus that made a dream a reality suddenly one morning in an empty corner of a vacant lot. In Tallulah there was once again the smell of poster paste, the mysterious dancers from the Middle East who (curiously) chewed gum and looked at their nails and, if you could sneak on the lot after dark, there was that ghostly, scary sight of canvas in the moonlight. That was the way it felt in Tallulah Gorge, Ga., and only a technocrat would call it all frivolous and useless.

“Useless?” asks Karl Wallenda. “Why, it cannot ever be useless. To perform is to live, and everything else is waiting.”
A SUBCULTURE of flaky speed freaks? Maybe it was once, but no more. It is organized drag racing now, all glossy with public relations and a growth image—crowds are up 30% over last year. Why, PTA presidents have been known to participate, openly and without shame. The top U.S. hot rod associations swear that more than 10 million spectators saw a million-plus entries in some 6,000 sanctioned events last year alone, numbers that are getting pretty cultural, and everything is up, up, up in 1970, including a record $5 million in prizes. Turn the pages for a James Drake photographic sampler of the scene, followed by expert testimony from the nation's hottest rodder of them all, Don (Big Daddy) Garlits.

BURNING OUT is dragster talk for spinning wide rear tires in puddles of bleach, as Chip Woodall does here, to improve the traction.
Boxing has a nobility similar to Count Dracula's. It is continually being buried, it shuns the daylight and flourishes only at night, and, of course, there is the blood. The critics of the sport usually are the practitioners of politics and pieties who would like to nail the whole gory game to the old rugged cross. It confounds these angels of mercy in a nation so civilized in mayhem ("We destroyed the village to save it") that boxing has maintained its crude bite.

What escapes boxing's detractors is that over the years the sport has acquired a modicum of sophistication, at least show biz sophistication—or chutzpah, if you please. It no longer is possible to fill a house by presenting a card whose only interest is that it pits black fighters against white (the days of Kid Chocolate vs. Milky Way are behind us). If the current rent box office till is to smell as if everything is really coming up roses, well, you can start that way, but you just gotta have a gimmick, too.

This especially holds true at New York's Madison Square Garden. Boxing thrives in California, because of a wealth of Mexican fighters. Without such indigenous talent to exploit, New York has to be more creative to keep the turnstiles whirring. Since Garden boxing is heavily populated with Blacks and Puerto Ricans, you still need the basic ingredient of a gringo (we just can't throw away all our cherished values), but not just any old gringo will do. Enter a new phenomenon—Caucasian Charisma!

Over the past two years the Garden has discovered three of these gypsy-blessed fighters. The first was a light-heavyweight named Frankie DePaula. You have to understand the economics of his division before Frankie strutted his brief moment on the Garden stage. Bob Foster was and still is champion, and his only real competition was Dick Tiger whom he resoundingly knocked out. A possible rematch? Both Foster and Tiger are black, and at the turnstiles that's a no-no. So the talent hunt was on.

DePaula, a sort of roundhouse Joe Namath, was discovered in Jersey City, a coup equal to Otto Preminger's finding his Joan of Arc in Ames, Iowa. Frankie was a street kid with a reformatory record who made his reputation as a bouncer in a go-go joint in the Garden State. (The other day he was badly shot up, incidentally, by an unidentified gunman in a Jersey City alley.) But this is an old repertory, and Rocky Graziano did it better. So Frankie was ballyhooed not only as a lion but as a lover, and to complete a zoological metaphor he proved a tiger at the gate.

His legs of ladies camped at ringside for every one of his fights, and they were a sight to behold. Their hairdos and breasts were stacked so high the Houston Astros could have played a doubleheader under their protection and felt at home. Frankie's bubble burst (pardon the expression) when he met Foster for the title and was put beddy-bye in the first round. But while his run lasted, it was a sexy proposition for all concerned.

The next import was the heavyweight, "Irish" Jerry Quarry, from Los Angeles. Muhammad Ali, who had lost his title when he refused a match with the Vietcong, was the only formidable threat to current black world champion Joe Frazier, and the heavyweight division needed a hype. Quarry's celtic ancestry hadn't proved much of a boon to his career in California, where the only pair-off that matters is Northern California (ethereal, sexually dubious, and political sympathizers of Asians beyond Hawaii) vs. Southern California (robust, no deviations beyond a man and his horse, sun worshippers, and under firm conviction that Congress should be composed entirely of members of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir).

But with his huge Irish and Irish-American population, New York instantly fell in love with Quarry. Supplications were sent heavenward for the second coming of Billy Conn and one waited to hear a "begorra" on Broadway. Quarry wore so much green he looked like a symbol for Earth Day. And when he ran out of green, there was his religious medal. So everyone from the American Legion to the Ancient Order of Hibernians to the Rosary Society showed up for his fight with black Buster Mathis, which Quarry won.

When Quarry fought Frazier for the crown, one expected Pat O'Brien clad in the cloth to be working his corner. But the "wee people" weren't fixing any miracles, and Quarry was troubled. It was the worst blow to the New York Irish since Mayor Lindsay refused to paint Fifth Avenue's center line green for St. Paddy's Day. But before Quarry's shamrocks withered, there was some lovely making of the green.

The latest search for star quality took on worldwide dimensions, ending in France. Now, there is only one smattering of Frenchmen in New York, so the logic of the promoters seemed fuzzy. But what they had found was no ordinary Frenchman. He was Marcel Cerdan Jr., the son of the great middleweight champion of the late '40s. Cerdan Sr. had stopped Tony Zale in a 1948 title fight and lost it to Jake LaMotta in '49 after pulling a muscle in his shoulder during their championship bout. In October of that year, flying to America for a return match, he was killed when his plane crashed in the Azores. Thus, a legend. The dream of godlike potential untapped. To add to the tragedy, his mistress was the Ariel-like chanteuse, Edith Piaf (La Vie en Rose).

So came the son, shackled to legend by name and emotion. The son who treasures his father's bloodstained trunks from the Zale fight, who cherishes the wristwatch his father was wearing when he died, who listens to Piaf records before a fight. "He is always with me," the gentle 26-year-old says. Sad. To some, but not to the promoters and the press. Only politicians and sports promoters feel that necrophia falls within the province of fun and games.

Pre-fight press releases read like purple obituaries. Every maudlin emotion was pandered to. You see, sometimes you have to dig for a gimmick, and when 11,000 people paid to get into the Garden the night of the fight you knew the promoters had dug deep enough.

Cerdan lost a close fight to Canadian welterweight champion Donato Paduano. His body possessed none of his father's animal vitality; indeed, it seemed he was fighting on spirituality alone. The boys in the back room were so moved they were on their knees—picking up the loose change.

Cerdan fought well enough for a return bout. But if that fails? Is there an ingenuity in the wings? Well, earlier on the card there was a brawling Frenchman in purple trunks whose face was that Belmondo-Bogey blend so well displayed in Godard's film. One could hear the registers ringing in the promoters' heads as Jean Josselin slugged his way to a 10-round victory. You can envision the campaign: An Existential Tough Guy. (Sam, that plays pretty well.) And how will the fans accept it, mes amis? Alors, "Breathless!"

by Joe Flaherty

Mr. Flaherty is a writer on sports and politics whose book, Managing Maitler, appeared last week.
Above right: built-in flash for 4-shot flashcubes. Top right: the rangefinder. The tiny red square covers a person’s head at 5 feet for ideal snapshot focus.

Top left: the 3 elements of the lens. The picture on the right was taken with this lens.

$29.95. And this Spring, we should have enough. You can even buy two.
Notes from the mountaintop underground

**SKIING TECHNIQUE**

There's this and that to be said for expertise, I tell my friends airily after returning from Jay Peak, but give me the simpler joys. Jay is a mountain away up in Vermont near the Canadian border. At Jay, as at all over the country, crowds carry on in outlandish and wonderful costume, someone may be yodeling, skiing maybe started out to be all about.

From Jay cram school which will make a parallel skier man insisted on the phone when I called. Just there is a manage to get away from the lifts and trails, there is the grinding throb of T-bars. Who wore an overcoat and open galoshes.

I snapped on my binding, stepped over a low, tiise, and made my way down the mountain. I like to ski off the trails, through the woods, slowly, and loosen up. We eyed each other warily: woods types guard their privacy. "This is the best skiing there is," he said.

"I'm not a skier," I said. I had made a discovery. I shared it. "I just like to mush around.

He raised a hand in a kind of benediction. He was delighted. "There's enough mountain for all kinds," he said.

I skied down to my car. I found my friend with the hatchet nose walking across the parking lot, galoshes flapping. I thought I'd let him in on my discovery. "I've thought about it," I said. "A thing worth doing is a thing worth doing badly." And that is the moral of this fable.

The mountain sage pondered on it, getting into his car. "That so? Where did you hear that?"

"That's what folks say where I come from."

"I don't feel sorry I don't come from there," he mused, and his face leaned from the window, smug as ever. "You mean it," he jeered. "You wouldn't give nothing to be a real good skier. Nothing at all."

"An arm and a leg," I said. "Yours." But he had his engine running and was gone.

by Stephen Mahoney

LIFE Associate Editor
TELEVISION: Thank God for Spock

THERE he was, the great pudding. All he had to do, standing between the flowering ranks of azaleas, was to smash a three wood into the heart of the green, down a 40-ft putt with a slight borrow on it and it was glory, glory all the way. What he did, of course, was to come off the green, fluff a simple chip—who says he had a bare lie, and even if he did, he's a professional, isn't he? Well, scuff the next shot and you shot then pin and miss the putt. Peter Oosterhuis, the Masters, Augusta, 1973.

Of course, I blame Harry Carpenter. There is was again, his midget little face. He's everywhere and I strongly suspect he's supposed to be us, the rabbits, no less, the little people who couldn't punch a hole in a rice pudding, hand-capped, not merely for golf, but for life. Well, he's not me. What I would have done would have been to have slammed that three-wood with a slight fade bang on to the stick, watched the ball land and settle like a green, fluff a simple chip....

Almost as bad, it was, as the sight of the clever little editor of the Manchester "Evening News" chairing a panel game of staggering stupidity. You pick a word, you see, and on each side of Brian Redhead there's one of these contestants, from the audience, and they're accompanied by a big celebrity, say Joan Bakewell and Harry Carpenter and me. I've never heard of and whose name I've forgotten already. Well now, this celebrity chooses another word associated with the selected word and if you guess right you get marks and then... no, don't watch it. It will damage your brain.

Thank God for Mr Spock. A red jelly from another galaxy landed on his back this week and in no time at all it had gone all over his nervous system. It was Jim who realised that all you had to do, because the phasers were no use against these jellyfish, was to blast them with light. You'd better believe it. But it was Spock, Spock all the way, rational, sentimental Spock who caught the eye and the emotions. I like it, watch it with a kind of childish delight.

As we swim through this immense, mysterious universe on our green space-platform it's nice to think of them out there, Uhura, Scotty, the communicator—where did they get that accent?—Bones, the medic, and Spock, all ready "to boldly go" split infinitive and all, where no man has been before.

Watching television you realise that the West and the East, and the North and the South as well, are probably going round the bend. Madness itself was the subject of a worthy Sunday Programme ("The Timeless Moment," BBC-2), and Dr Anthony Storr, the BBC's new resident know-all, was just a little bit evasive when asked what it was. Aberrant behaviour, I think he thought it was. Well, it isn't.

But even the experts are a bit embarrassed about madness nowadays. When you were a child life style is absurd, when the best lack all conviction and passionate intensity, which is akin to madness, is what claims our respect. When Enid Powell is backed by unnamed millionaires and David Frost lives well and uses race relations to get his programme going to the point almost of hysteria, it's no surprise that madness itself, the mind turned resolutely and needfully against the palpable truth, should seem to some a sort of sanity.

Two ladies who had been off their rockers were interviewed. One had been in contact with the source of all being and the other, now as sane as she was mad. She said, "I'm afraid I can't talk about it." They were pretending to be. Perhaps they knew the system.

And so does Carey Harrison for a script sharp with intelligence ("The New Life, BBC-2"). I don't like the genre, these plays that hinge around neurotic people saying bright, hurtful things to each other, terrified of Virginia Woolf, and bung full of insight. When drama lost its way it tried to find a route back through psychology, through Freud or anti-Freud; plays of psychological insight did, for a time, become the only serious sort of drama going. Probably these alleged insights are worthless. It's always tedious when the traumatic skeletons in the cupboards of memory are trotted out, when some twisted, bitter soul uses his neurosis to flog the world. They're still going strong in the West End and on television.

But Carey Harrison is sharper than most, and he knows the people he writes about, the ageing, dissatisfied, seeking, hopeless man, the precarious, clever girl, the weak wife with a curious, hidden strength. He knows them in the way in which a genuine writer should know his people. They live in the play. So here is a writer to welcome, a son of mini-Chekov who may do larger things.

And the actors, too, sought out and found the people they were pretending to be. Perhaps it was just a trifle smart, perhaps there was a slight West End whiff about it. I cannot say I care much whether such people live or die, but in a week like a desert any sort of thing that's alive has to be given its due. Like PS. Did you see them, a line of brown boxes? One hundred and four, to be exact. A man was kneeling beside one of them. He was crying. Did you see him cry? He mourned not just two people, said the commentator. Television can be obscene.
changes in their yearly exhibitions, for these mammoth and polyglot occasions are too cumbersome and unwieldy to present a corporate image that might be really new or significant. Yet, encouraged by the voracious media to believe that novelty, even for its own sake, is a vital and desirable attribute, we often feel cheated if we do not continually observe great changes on every hand. Those who are so conditioned will be inclined to dismiss the 174th Annual Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, which opens in Edinburgh today.

But I would expect the show to be like the last one more than anything else, and to be able to identify the authors of individual works quite easily from past experience—subjects and manners are hardly to be sloughed like skins 12-monthly. This is, in fact, the case, for only a few artists have naturally shifted ground and other minor changes tend to be shifts of emphasis—the increasing dominance of a younger group of painters in mid-career, the rising wave of new personalities, the absence of work from several young Associate members, or a system of hanging where pictures here and there seem more densely packed than we have seen them for some time.

The general impression among the oil paintings, which form the biggest part of the show, is one of liveliness—there certainly seems to be less dead wood and more good performances than usual—and if a Philipson, who is not only to the manner born but has already begun to streamline the antique machine to suit contemporary requirements.

His own paintings include two altarpiece themes which are peaceful but sonorous hymns, most richly wrought; though his aims are spiritual, he haunts these cathedral interiors as faithfully as Sickert attended the old music-halls, attracted by the opulent surfaces, the dramatic interplay of light and the exciting aura that pervades the theatrical setting. A few more senior members are particularly well represented, and we should be grateful to Sir William Gillies for a delightful marriage of still-life and landscape; to David Donaldson for a superbly relaxed and plummy study of Rabbi Jeremy Rosen, which is undoubtedly the best portrait of Sir William Gillies included as memorial tribute to Sir William Gillies; to Hugh Adam Crawford for his explosive essay in a post-Nash poetical vein entitled "Foreboding."

This year's academy is memorable in a number of personal ways. Happily so, because it marks the return of Charles Pulsford in two powerful symbols that explore geometrical forms (the circle and the sphere) and vibratory optical effects. But sadly so, in the two well-chosen groups of work included as memorial tributes to very different talents—the charming and delicate vision that was peculiarly Margaret Heslop's and the rugged strength with which...
Caught on the hop by Frost

MY arrival at Heathrow last weekend, after a fortnight's 
dispatch to Athens, was 
timed to miss the Frost show by just half an hour. It was 
the Eurovision Song 
Contest by a day.

The second part of the plan 
worked excellently. After an 
uninvited naffy switch, decamping 
from London to Luton Airport 
while your critic slept and 
setting off for Greece in the 
early morning, I arrived in 
Hellenic territory at 11 a.m. 
and a few jerry-cans of captured 
petrol he unaccountably chose 
the church contralto-how well 
that he brought back

Everyone's brain 
Frost was 
mediocrity ranges 
Continuing, was 
Great, and a few jerry-cans of captured 
Fortunately we'd decided to go to the 
while your critic 
Frost, a clutch of actors 
hastily-that it tended to 
and a clutch of acors 
hastily - that it tended to

The lack of training comes 
Lack of training comes 
and ear, and any 
and ear, and any

A director does not do. They put it, 
A director does not do. They put it, 
the sound of music.' The sharp 
the sound of music.' The sharp

One imagines Macnaughton 
One imagines an even bigger wig

Of course, and where she will 
Of course, and where she will 
that she wouldn't have got away

A director did

A director did 

Toilette of the 
Television

Of course, and where she will 
Of course, and where she will 

Monsieur Rimbaud? Monsieur

Monsieur Rimbaud? Monsieur

To t oal Eclipse (BBC-2) was a 

To t oal Eclipse (BBC-2) was a

The director did

and seconds into its full

and seconds into its full

One imagines Macnaughton 

One imagines Macnaughton

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A director did 

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A director did

A director did 

Toilette of the 

Toilette of the
RIGHTBEISEY

KINGSLEY

C. H. ROLPH has pulled off a feat which I once considered impossible. He has managed to write a book about Kingsley Martin which is uniformly effective, poetic and appreciative without being self-indulgent. The blandness is all there, even the worst, but the general impression created remains throughout friendly, lively, delightful, interesting, etc., etc., the temporary orthodoxy had no more subject as he really was and editing and pain. He apologised for exercising in contemporary oppressed peoples of the Empire; when it was necessary for help received, motivation. A kind of courage; hovering over each week's New Statesman to press in to slip in or take out a "not" word, to verify the facts, to adapt the words of an old soul, to get the facts, to get the facts. A kind of courage; hovering over the first move was to act on their behalf. This was what made him so successful an editor of the New Statesman. His instinctive handle was, for his readers, a kind of courage; hoverit11g over the prisoners, giving them a voice, of course. Kingsley Martin was incomparable.

Rolph takes us back to his origins. His father was a dissenting minister whose transatlantic faith gradually drained away. Like his station in life, he received appreciation of a fruitful professional achievement, which was important at the time, punctually looking at his solicitor, I suppose. Chesterton dusted himself—these are high qualities in a biographer. Rolph's book is a valuable contribution to the study of Kingsley Martin's life, with which I happen to be rather familiar, is on page 37 of this volume. The blemishes on the Left, on the Right, on the Left again, on the Right again, have gone any time into the book. It was a cry from the heart, with which I am sure, Rolph has pulled off a feat which I once considered impossible. He has managed to write a book about Kingsley Martin which is uniformly effective, poetic and appreciative without being self-indulgent. The blandness is all there, even the worst, but the general impression created remains throughout friendly, lively, delightful, interesting, etc., etc., the temporary orthodoxy had no more subject as he really was and editing and pain. He apologised for exercising in contemporary oppressed peoples of the Empire; when it was necessary for help received, motivation. A kind of courage; hovering over each week's New Statesman to press in to slip in or take out a "not" word, to verify the facts, to adapt the words of an old soul, to get the facts, to get the facts. A kind of courage; hovering over the first move was to act on their behalf. This was what made him so successful an editor of the New Statesman. His instinctive handle was, for his readers, a kind of courage; hovering over the prisoners, giving them a voice, of course. Kingsley Martin was incomparable.

This was largely due to his own faults and influence. Its integrity, advertising revenue, profits, have gone any time into the book. It was a cry from the heart, with which I am sure, Rolph has pulled off a feat which I once considered impossible. He has managed to write a book about Kingsley Martin which is uniformly effective, poetic and appreciative without being self-indulgent. The blandness is all there, even the worst, but the general impression created remains throughout friendly, lively, delightful, interesting, etc., etc., the temporary orthodoxy had no more subject as he really was and editing and pain. He apologised for exercising in contemporary oppressed peoples of the Empire; when it was necessary for help received, motivation. A kind of courage; hovering over each week's New Statesman to press in to slip in or take out a "not" word, to verify the facts, to adapt the words of an old soul, to get the facts, to get the facts. A kind of courage; hovering over the first move was to act on their behalf. This was what made him so successful an editor of the New Statesman. His instinctive handle was, for his readers, a kind of courage; hovering over the prisoners, giving them a voice, of course. Kingsley Martin was incomparable.
**Dawn Watch**

**Unless a man is up for the dawn and for the half hour or so of first light, he has missed the best of the day.**

The traffic has just started, not yet a roar and a stink. One car at a time goes by, the tires humming almost like the sound of a brook a half mile down in the crease of a mountain I know—a sound that carries not because it is loud but because everything else is still.

It isn’t exactly a mist that hangs in the thickets but more nearly the ghost of a mist—a phenomenon like side vision. Look hard and it isn’t there, but glance without focusing and something registers, an exhalation that will be gone three minutes after the sun comes over the treetops.

The lawns shine with a dew not exactly dew. There is a rabbit bobbing about on the lawn and then freezing. There is a rabbit who can’t get next to a girl but who likes to let on that they are hot for breakfast, after having scribbled the headlines of the morning-people. As soon as he has hopped the fence, he leav es no visible track. Yet, there is something in the dawn air?

Our cardinals know what time it is. They drop pure tones from the treetops. The black gang of grackles who can’t get next to a girl but red and yellow let it grate at every dark hour? They always make a dash into the puddle of birds, which splashes away from him. I have been waiting for and know the thunder has arrived. As usual, the news turns out to be another disaster count. The function of the wire services is to bring us tragedies faster than we can pity. In the end we shall all be insured, numb, and ready for emotionless program ming. I sit on the patio and read until the sun grows too bright on the page. The cardinals have stopped singing, and the grackles have flown off. It’s the end of bird song again.

Then suddenly—better than song for its instant—a hummingbird the color of green crushed velvet hovers in the throat of my favorite lily, a lovely high bloomer. I got the bulbs for but not the name. The lily is a crest of white horns with red dots and red velvet tongues along the insides of the petals and with an odor that drowns the patio. The hummingbird darts in and out of each horn in turn, then hovers an instant, and disappears.

Even without the sun, I have had enough of the paper. I’ll take that hummingbird as my news for this dawn. It is over now. I smoke one more cigarette too many and decide that, if I go to bed now, no one in the family need know I have stayed up for it again. Why do they insist on shaking their heads when they find me still up for breakfast, after having scribbled through the dark hours? They always do. They seem compelled to express pity for an old loony who can’t find his own way to bed. Why won’t they understand that this is the one hour of any day that must not be missed, as it is the one hour I couldn’t imagine getting up for, though I can still get to it by staying up? It makes sense to me. There comes a time when the windows lighten and the twittering starts. I look up and know it’s time to leave the papers in their mess. I could slip quietly into bed and avoid the family’s headshakes, but this stroll around first hour is too good to miss. Even my dog, still sniffing and circling, knows what hour this is.

Come on, boy. It’s time to go in. The rabbit won’t come back till tomorrow, and the birds have work to do. The dawn’s over. It’s time to call it a day.

---

**Manner of Speaking**

**John Ciardi**

full of white bells tinged pink by the first rays through the not quite mist. Only in earliest morning can they be seen. Come out two hours from now and there will be no morning-glories.

Dawn, too, is the hour of a weed I know only as day flower—a bright blue button that closes in full sunlight. I have weeded bales of it out of my flower beds, its one daytime virtue being the shallowness of its root system that allows it to be pulled out effortlessly in great handfuls. Yet, now it shines. Had it a few more hours of such shining in its cycle, I would cultivate it as a ground cover, but dawn is its one hour, and a garden is for whole days.

There is another blue morning weed whose name I do not know. This one grows from a bulb to pulpy stems and a bedraggled daytime sprawl. Only a shovel will dig it out. Try weeding it by hand and the stems will break off to be replaced by new ones and to sprawl over the chosen plants in the flower bed. Yet, now and for another hour it outshines its betters, its flowers about the size of a quarter and taller than those of the day flower but somehow more brilliant, perhaps because of the contrast of its paler foliage.

And now the sun is slanting in full. It is bright enough to make the leaves of the Japanese red maple seem a transparent red bronze when the tree is between me and the light. There must be others, but this is the only tree I know whose leaves let the sun through in this way—except, that is, when the fall colors start. Aspen leaves, when they first yellow and before they dry, are transparent in this way. I tell myself it must have something to do with the red-yellow range of the spectrum. Green takes sunlight and holds it, but red and yellow let it through.

The dammed crab grass is wrestling with the zinnias, and I stop to weed it out. The stuff weaves too close to the zinnias to make the iron claw usable. And it won’t do to pull at the stalks. Crab grass (at least in a mulched bed) can be weeded only with dirty fingers. Thumb and forefinger have to pincer into the dirt and grab the root-center, Weeding, of course, is an illusion of hope. Pulling out the root only stirs the soil and brings new crab grass seeds into germinating position. Take a walk around the block and a new chump will have sprouted by the time you get back. But I am not ready to walk around the block. I fill a small basket with the plucked clumps, and for the instant I look at them, the zinnias are weedy.

Don’t look back. I dump the weeds in the thicket where they will be smothered by the grass clippings I will pile on at the next cutting. On the way back I see the cardinals come down for the sunflower seeds, and the jays join them, and then the grackles start gangling in, gate-crashing the buffet and clattering all over it. The dog stops chewing his rawhide and makes a dash into the puddle of birds, which splashes away from him.

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In 50 trillion secret places in our bodies, cancer may start. At any moment, in any of our multitudinous microscopic cells, each shimmering with its translucent load of life, the chemical balance may snap, turning an orderly, rhythmic creature into a monster.

Then that one cell, at first indistinguishable from its brothers in the particular organ, begins to break the rules. It no longer stays hemmed in by its neighbors. It cuts itself in two, and again in two, and again and again, sliding over and pushing aside its fellows which it no longer recognizes.

Sometimes this new ball of flesh grows slowly with the years; sometimes with the rapidity of a patch of weeds in springtime. Ever increasing, this throbbing new thing crowds against blood vessels. It pinches nerves, it blocks the open alleyways of life, it pours its toxic wastes into the body’s sanitation system.

At some point in its aimless, self-destructive life—yes, it must die because it kills the biological world it needs for survival—this growing thing dispatches bits of itself to distant organs: to the lungs, brain, liver, spine and others—there to colonize and to crowd anew. It sends out wanderers... it metastasizes.

This year, doctors will discover such new colonies of cells in the bodies of 450,000 Americans. In some, the cancer will strangle the body quickly, bringing on death from anemia, pneumonia, pressure in the brain or a dozen other conditions. In others, the disease will march slowly from organ to organ, while the victim—often in ignorance—goes about his life and business.

Thus of the 47,000 new lung cancers, all but 10 per cent will destroy their victims in...
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KENNEDY TO HONOR CITIZEN CHURCHILL

From the Herald Tribune Bureau
WASHINGTON.

Americans who have known and worked with Sir Winston Churchill for a quarter century will gather at the White House today for the ceremony that will make official the honorary American citizenship voted him by Congress.

Among the 250 guests invited to watch President Kennedy sign the enabling resolution and issue an appropriate proclamation will be diplomats, soldiers and officials who served in London during Sir Winston's wartime leadership of Britain.

Unable to attend, however, will be the three living former Presidents of the U.S., all of whom were invited by Mr. Kennedy. Former Presidents Hoover, Truman and Eisenhower were all forced to decline the invitation “for a variety of reasons,” reporters were told by Pierre Salinger, White House news secretary.

Weather permitting, the ceremony will be held in the White House flower garden at 3 p.m.

WNBC-TV will broadcast the ceremony live via space satellite relay from 2:00 to 3:30 p.m. today. Portions of the program will be taped by CBS and ABC for broadcast during evening news telecasts.

It is planned for Mr. Kennedy to open the ceremony with a short speech, followed by issuance of the proclamation. Thereafter, a statement of appreciation written by Sir Winston will be presented by the British Ambassador, Sir David Ormsby Gore, and read by his son, Randolph Churchill.

The White House announced last night that invitations had been accepted by two former ambassadors to the Court of St. James's, Winthrop W. Aldrich and John Hay Whitney, editor in chief and publisher of the New York Herald Tribune.

Among others expected are General of the Army Omar N. Bradley; Bernard M. Baruch; Vannevar Bush; Benjamin V. Cohen; Gen. J. Lawton Collins; Gen. Carl A. Spaatz; and Averell Harriman, Under Secretary of State for political affairs.

Harriman Takes New U.S. Job — With Future

WASHINGTON. (AP)

W. Averell Harriman took on a new job yesterday at age 71 and was told: "you have a great future."

Mr. Harriman, the reigning Washington champion as a past holder of high government posts, quipped back as he was sworn in as Under Secretary of State:

This is the menu for Le Café Chambord:

This is the menu for La Côte Basque:
a year, while half of the 65,000 women with new breast cancer will still be alive five years from now. These are but two examples of the great variability of cancer's malignancy.

Against some of these cancers, the physician's hands can only grope—often futilely—toward lifesaving as in the rapidly fatal cancers of the blood, stomach, lung and food pipe. In others, he can block the advance of the disease with surgery, X-rays and even chemicals as he does in cancers of the skin, the rectum, the large bowel, the womb and certain rare cancers of the eye. Yet despite his best efforts, cancer will blot out 280,000 American lives this year, making it second to heart disease as a killer.

And at this moment in scientific history, we stand on the brink of learning the ultimate cause of cancer, of finding a way to control it and possibly how to prevent it. Since World War II, the tools of biology have reached a new peak of development and they may for the first time be equal to the mystery of cancer.

But another road leads down from that brink: Scientists may discover that cancer, like death itself, has been built into life, and that at best science may be able to fight only a delaying action. Is cancer part of the aging process? As we grow older, cancer claims more lives: At age 40, fewer than four persons in 10,000; by age 70, it is snuffing out 10 times as many.

Or does cancer strike merely because we constantly stand in the way of its causes, and the longer we survive, the greater chance we have of being hit: as if we crossed Times Square against the lights 100 times a day, increasing our chances of collision with a taxi. We don't know.

Practically no organ in our body has immunity to this invasion. More than 300 types of cancer can afflict our brains, lungs, blood, muscles, stomach, or any of the nature-fashioned machinery that makes a human body pulse with life. But cancer prefers some organs to others.

In both sexes, cancer moves in most frequently in the digestive system. There will be 73,000 new cases this year involving the colon and rectum alone, and another 25,000 in the stomach. For some mysterious reason, cancer of the stomach has been declining steadily: a 40 per cent drop in death rate in the last two decades.

Cancer often erupts in the skin: 68,000 new cases in 1963. Fortunately, it is completely curable, so “only” 4,000 persons will die from the disease.

In women, cancer especially seeks the breast and the womb; in men, it nestsles in the lung and the prostate glands. In children, cancer too often takes the form of leukemia, a disease in which the white blood cells multiply without check, clogging the blood stream, invading other organs.

more than 5,000 persons would have to submit to cancer examinations, at the end of which they would get a pat on the back and be told they did not have cancer. But would they believe it?

On the other hand, scientists have produced out of research an increasing number of tests for specific cancers. The Papanicalaou smear holds the center in this field. Originally developed by Dr. George N. Papanicalaou and Dr. Ephraim Shorr, both of Cornell Medical School, as a test for the ebb and flow of female hormones, the technique now is a primary cancer test.

Dr. Papanicalaou took washings from the uterus, smeared them on a glass plate, stained them with special chemicals and checked them with a microscope. There he could see the cells that had fallen away from the walls of the womb. Most were normal cells, but occasionally he found cancer cells stained purple with giant patches in the center.

Now, by examining such washings from hundreds of thousands of women, technicians can pick out the earliest signs of the disease, long before the cancer has invaded adjoining tissues. Other scientists extended the “Pap smear” to the stomach, lungs, mouth, throat and bladder. However, since human eyes must examine each slide, and attempts at automation have not lived up to their initial promise, the Pap smear faces a crisis of lack of technical help.

A Frightening Picture

Certain types of cancer, like multiple myeloma—a cancer of the lymph system, create special proteins, giant molecules that pour into the blood. A blood test shows them up. Recent research has indicated that other cancers also put special proteins in the blood, but it is not clear yet which cancers do what.

In leukemia, a drop of blood will identify the disease. Under the microscope, the drop teems with young white blood cells, and by the types of cells, the hematologist can tell whether leukemia has struck.

Examination of the blood in leukemia is really a form of the most widely used test for cancer: the biopsy. The doctor snips out a piece of the suspect organ and examines it under the microscope. By the order or disorder of the cells, he can tell if there is cancer or benign growth.

If doctors put all these methods to work, plus several others including direct visual examination of the internal organs, the chances are that many more lives would be prolonged. Dr. Emerson Day, director of the Strang Clinic
While the death rate from cancer of the stomach has plummeted, lung cancer in the men has risen sharply, largely, most scientists believe, from the increase of cigarette smoking. Cancer of the womb has declined; in the last quarter of a century, the death rate has dropped 50 per cent. Yet over the past 30 years, the occurrence and death rate from breast cancer has remained steady.

So it seems to scientists that cancer, in these various shifting guises, probably constitutes more than a single disease. Otherwise, why would it sometimes grow fast and other times slowly? Why would it strike one organ and not another? Why are the cancer rates changing?

It may be that in those 50 trillion secret places—the cells of our organs and our body—the same fundamental mistake occurs many times in different organs. After that, it depends on our heredity and our body's power to seek out the error and destroy it. Analogously, we react differently to invasions of tuberculosis germs: some of us will die quickly, others become severely ill, and most of us never realize that TB has visited our body.

The statisticians have worked out the odds of a cancer visitation. If you are a man, you have at birth one chance in four of getting cancer. A woman has one chance in five of getting it and one in seven of succumbing to it.

Danger Signals

How do you know if you have cancer? The American Cancer Society has spread the word about seven danger signals. They are good indicators of cancer:

Unusual bleeding or discharge from any body cavity.

A lump or thickening in the breast, skin, tongue or elsewhere.

A sore anywhere that does not heal.

A change in bowel or bladder habits.

Hoarseness or persistent cough.

Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.

A change of color or size in a wart or a mole.

Unfortunately, these signals may be “too good,” announcing to you that it may be too late to save your life. For example, if the difficulty in swallowing comes from cancer of the esophagus, your chances of surviving the year are about five in a hundred. Likewise, if a cough means lung cancer.

For some cancers, even the slightest suggestion of a sign may be too late. When that first chemical accident occurs in a normal cell and when that changeling spawns its first cancerous offspring, the daughter cell may cut loose to wander and colonize a distant organ. Some cancers metastasize very early.

Nevertheless, it pays to pay attention to the danger signals, with the realistic knowledge that they may be too late or may be signs of a harmless condition, mimicking cancer. Thus, there may be a relatively innocent affliction of the blood vessels in the region; or it may mean bowel cancer, which may be cured by surgery.

At the moment, the American Cancer Society wants all women to examine their own breasts periodically for lumps in the hope of detecting the disease early enough to do something about it. Again: the lumps may be relatively harmless cysts, but they may be cancer.

Needed: A Test

Cancerologists badly need a test for cancer that not only reveals its presence before it spreads but tells where in the body it may be hiding. Unfortunately, no single test fulfills this requirement. The scientific literature is littered with disproved reports of blood and urine tests for cancers, monuments to the wrecked careers of the scientists who proposed them.

Some blood tests for cancer do indicate the presence of cancer or severe disease of another kind. However, the tests also tell that there is cancer present when there really is none, and they miss real cancers. So scientists are loath to apply these on a community-wide scale.

For example, some scientists assert that the best of these tests falsely identify cancer in 5 per cent of normal healthy persons.

If 100,000 persons took such a test, 5,000 would learn they may have cancer when they don't. The test would find (at age 40) only 40 persons—perhaps 100—who did have cancer.

Since these tests don't tell where the cancer lurks,
Cancer: A Chemical Checks One Type

By Earl Ubell
Science Editor

LA JOLLA, Calif.

A significant day in the history of cancer treatment has arrived: in the control of one kind of early cancer, chemicals have for the first time taken precedence over surgery.

To be sure, the cancer is a rare one, but the achievement points to the possibility of treating other early cancers with drugs, rather than with drastic surgery.

The method is the extension of one developed eight years ago by Dr. Roy Hertz, of the National Cancer Institute, who told his story yesterday at the American Cancer Society's seminar for science writers.

At first Dr. Hertz used his chemicals on advanced cancer patients, those who had had surgery but whose cancer continued to spread and grow. But soon he began to realize that the chemicals could do more.

The cancer is called choriocarcinoma. It starts with a little bit of tissue left in the womb after the birth of the child. The tissue is placenta, the root connecting the mother's body and the baby's and through which the baby is fed.

The chemical is Methotrexate, a substance that interferes with the cancer's use of a certain vitamin, and thus stops its growth. By now more than 100 women with this particular cancer have received Methotrexate treatment. It arrests the tumor in 50 per cent of the cases. Some of the women are free from disease for seven years.

Recently, Dr. Hertz introduced another treatment for the illness, an antibiotic called Actinomycin D. With this substance, a derivative of a growing mold, another 25 per cent of the women responded, so that in all three out of four women with the advanced particular cancer have had the disease arrested.

But then, Dr. Hertz began to think about those women with early choriocarcinoma. Usually surgeons would remove the womb in the hope of removing the cancer with it. This was a shame, for many of the younger patients wanted to have more children. Furthermore, surgery sometimes carries danger with it.

This possibility of danger of surgery in cancer was reinforced yesterday by Drs. Bernard and Edwin Fisher, two brothers from the University of Pittsburgh, who showed with animal tests that simply cutting open the abdomen facilitates the spread of cancer. It has something to do with the irritation of the liver during surgery. Whether this applies to human cancer cannot be said at this time.

So Dr. Hertz decided to try chemicals before surgery. He treated 22 women with early choriocarcinoma, or its pre-cancerous stages. In all but two, the offending tissue disappeared, apparently permanently. In the other two, surgery was brought in to remove the remaining cancer.

Dr. Hertz said success may depend in part on the peculiar nature of the cancer, which is rarer than the occurrence of triplets, but not so rare as quadruplets. The cancer does not arise from the mother's tissue, but from the infant's. Thus, it is a foreign body unlike other ordinary cancers that arise from the body's own flesh. So once the chemicals suppress the choriocarcinoma, the body's natural defenses keep it away.

A happy ending to the story: Three of Dr. Hertz's patients have had children, all healthy.
Draft in Capital—Without His Blessing

A BANDWAGON FOR BARRY

By Robert J. Donovan
Chief Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON

A movement to draft Sen. Barry Goldwater, R., Ariz., for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1964 was launched here yesterday.

Sen. Goldwater, who has never put himself in the race or never taken himself altogether out of it either, was non-commital.

"I'm not taking any position on this draft movement," he told a reporter. "It's their time; they are going to have to get along and the United States Senate."

Last December conservatives met in Chicago to try to launch Goldwater as President next year. The Goldwater movement was generally regarded as the favorite. Mr. O'Donnell yesterday that growing Negro vote in the South dates, Mr. O'Connell replied. "We will accept support from the John Birch Society."

He predicted that as Republican nominee, Sen. Goldwater could take every Southern state from Mr. Kennedy. This belief is not shared by many political experts who think that the growing Negro vote in the South will swing most Southern states to the President, even if many white conservatives desert the Democratic party.

"What about a Rockefeller-Goldwater ticket?" A reporter asked.

"Who's on top?" the Texan retorted.

"Are you prepared to accept support from the John Birch Society?" he asked.

"I am not aware the John Birch Society endorses candidates," Mr. O'Connell replied. "We will accept support from people who back Republican principles, free enterprise, fiscal responsibility and a sound foreign policy."

"That's what Rocky says, too," a reporter observed.

DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

New York Herald Tribune

Tuesday, April 9, 1963
‘Where were you shot? We’re trying to save your life!’

by Thomas Thompson

It was a warm, heavy Houston night with thunder dancing across the 486 square miles of city, an intermittent light rain sending cars bouncing into one another, a full lemon moon exerting its inexplicable but powerful influence on small portions of the populace. All meshed to create and spill forth victims of violence into the emergency ward of the Ben Taub General Hospital.

As midnight neared, the suite of treatment rooms was jammed with serious but not critical cases. Despite the cries and moans of the pain, no one was close to death. A black baby had pulled a pot of boiling grease onto his head. A youth had broken his leg and crushed his body in a motorcycle crash; the moment his prosperous-looking in blood-flecked portions of the populace. All meshed to create and spill forth victims of violence into the emergency ward of the Ben Taub General Hospital.

A despondent woman staggered in with an empty pill bottle; she had taken 50 Valium tranquilizers. “You must be pretty relaxed by now,” said the examining doctor. A deputy sheriff was questioning a youth who had been hit in the groin with bird shot. “Who did it to you?” “My old man. He was gonna whip the old lady, so I whipped him instead and he shot me.” “You gonna file on him?” “Nah. I’m gonna kill him.”

All were being sewn up or pumped out or put on stretchers to wait their turn...
While a student (left) rushes to hook up a blood transfusion, Dr. Larry Walker, a surgical resident, probes the gunshot wound in the patient's chest (background).

Wishing she had a third hand during the crisis of a girl shot by her little brother, volunteer Shock Room worker Nancy Archie tucks a blood pressure cuff under her chin and readies the patient's arm.

Dr. Ralph Rohr grimaces as he threads a breathing tube (below) down a patient's windpipe. If the body's oxygen supply is interrupted, permanent brain damage will occur within five or six minutes.

His face showing the strain of eight Shock Room cases in one night, Dr. Pete Filippone, first-year resident, holds an intravenous tube in his teeth (above).
side; an ambulance was bringing in the prowler, who was rushed into Shock Room 2, immediately adjoining the room where the policeman was being treated. Putting metal clips on the policeman’s body to locate suspected bullet holes, so that they would show up on X-ray, Rohr ordered X-rays taken of the officer’s head, torso and arm, then raced next door. He yelled as he left the room, “Don’t let him crater on me!” “Crater” is Ben Taub slang. It means die.

The suspected prowler, a bearded former Vietnam medic, was bleeding at his chin, the blood caking his beard, and had bullet holes at the small of his back and his chest. As Rohr checked his blood pressure, which was satisfactory, and determined that the patient was alert and responsive, one of his assisting doctors yelled from Room 1: “Ralph!”

Rohr hurried back and discovered Willis was having difficulty breathing, had lost consciousness and was in severe shock. His pupils had started to dilate. His body was cold. Death was hovering over him, would claim him in a matter of moments unless something was done. Rohr grabbed an endotracheal tube and jammed it down the policeman’s windpipe. “Bag hell out of him!” he ordered one of the medical students, who took the black oxygen bag and began to squeeze it rhythmically, forcing air into the man’s straining lungs.

Ralph cried to a nurse: “Get hold of Dr. Fitzgerald up in surgery. Get him down here. There’s something wrong here neuro. STAT!” STAT is the hospital code for “emergency.”
CONTINUED

Within seconds, a semblance of color returned to Willis as oxygen reached his head. Rohr was concerned about possible brain damage. The bullet wound at the forehead did not seem to be a major one; he was not even sure it was a bullet wound. Taking a syringe full of ice water, he shot it directly into the officer's right ear, at the same time watching his eyes. The eyes shuddered and deviated, indicating that the brain stem was not destroyed.

An EKG technician who had been monitoring Willis' heart rate tore off the serpentine sheet and handed it to Rohr. "He's got tachycardia." That meant the heart was pumping furiously, inefficiently, to answer the call for blood going on throughout the body.

Dr. Fitzgerald, the neurosurgeon, arrived from surgery in his scrub greens and quickly examined the patient. One of the medical students said, "They said the prowler used a .22. Maybe it just bounced off his head."

"Yeah, but he almost zorked out on us," said Rohr.

"X-ray him and get him up to surgery," said Fitzgerald.

The immediate danger had passed. The Shock Room team had—for the time being—blocked every route that death by shock could take.

Later, in surgery, the officer's liver was sewed up where it had been perforated by a bullet. Another bullet had shattered Willis' arm; an orthopedic surgeon easily cleaned it up and put a cast on it. A third bullet had only bounced against the bone of the forehead but that, or perhaps the fall, had caused a blood clot to form within the skull. The clot was drained off and there was no brain damage.

Within three days the fortunate policeman—fortunate in that his shooting had not occurred five minutes farther out of town, fortunate that Houston's is one of the very few of America's 7,000 hospitals that has a Shock Room facility—was off the critical list and on his way to complete recovery.

The prowler went first to surgery, then to recovery and finally to the prison ward of the hospital to await his trial.

At the very moment Policeman Willis (far right) was being wheeled out of the Shock Room to surgery, a new patient, shredded in a knife fight, arrived, dazedly struggling. Cried Dr. Rohr: "Don't let him die on us in the hall!"
Goldwater echoes—8 years later

By RICHARD W. JARSEN
Political writer

It was a creme de menthe day, coming unexpectedly warm and sweet, bringing another spring onto the campus. A day for reverie.

We sat on the lawn in front of the HUB surrounded by a few hundred others, most of whom nibbled lunches or, eyes closed, lay in quiet, absorbing May sunshine.

Subdued conversations were interrupted every few moments by the amplified voice which bellowed: "The mines in Haiphong harbor were activated at 4 a.m. this morning."

"Let's protest this war. The rally starts in front of the HUB in 10 minutes."

My luncheon companion was a leggy blond co-ed in blue jeans—a pre-med student, my daughter. Lunch together had been planned a couple of days earlier and, hearing of the rally, we took our sandwiches and Cokes over onto the grassy area to watch.

The loudspeaker voice, now rising a little, obviously trying to kindle passions on this languid day, repeated: "The mines in Haiphong harbor were activated at 4 a.m. this morning.

The words carried me in thought back to a day long ago—a day, I suppose, when the blond was in a frilly dress and ponytail, sitting in some grade school classroom, and I, a then-more-youthful, crewcut newsman, sat in a press conference with an amazing man.

Barry Goldwater fared reporters down a long table. The handsome, jut-jawed senator and general always delivered his startling foreign policy views with certainty, calm and quotability.

I remember opening with a stock question: "What is your assessment today of the United States defense posture?"

Goldwater's reply flowed easily: Step by step, he said, Robert McNamara, the secretary of defense so unheeding of his military advisers, was dismantling this nation's defenses in those crucial cold war days.

The Soviet Union now was pushing ahead of us in many military areas—in bombers, in ground forces, in naval strength. Communist China was rising, a determined military menace, he went on.

Goldwater handled other questions from other reporters. And I raised another one—on Vietnam.

What would he do to end that war?

Bomb Hanoi if necessary, Goldwater replied. Hit industrial targets in the North. The Viet-Cong were determined, he said, to knock off the Saigon government, to place all of Vietnam under communist control.

THEY WERE determined. They would persist, persist, Goldwater went on. The only way to thwart the aggression in the South was to choke off the flow of supplies.

Mine Haiphong harbor, he added.

Mine Haiphong harbor.

But, I reminded him, you earlier said that this nation is now militarily inferior. And what if that kind of action—if a mine in Haiphong harbor blew up a Russian ship—provoked World War III? Wouldn't that be an illogical risk?

I don't remember his precise answer. Somehow, as I recall it, he never managed to satisfactorily tie up the loose ends of those answers. It didn't matter. He no longer was a candidate for the presidency.

Goldwater by that day of that press conference—already had faded away from public stage center. Voters of 1964—today's "establishment," today's senior liberals, parents of the cold war babies who became protesters—had said "no" to Goldwater's views.

Mine the harbor of Haiphong. It became a gag line with many variations. Over cocktails in Washington there was one about Goldwater planting mines in McNamara's bathtub.

By 1970 my blond was in high school, when the invasion of Cambodia was followed by the Kent State killings. Misunderstood and꾸

James Kilpatrick, the conservative newspaper columnist, mused almost clinically about that in a chat with some U. W. students Tuesday.

The excitement might be no greater than had been the response to the last month's renewed bombing targets in North Vietnam, he said.

Kilpatrick reasoned that the action would not arouse the young to the fever of 1970 because it was an impersonal act: So mechanical devices were afloat in the harbor.

Native villages were not being burned by American ground troops. There was no visual stimulus to cause the 1970 response.

There were other theories, too.

Perhaps those who got to their feet and marched quietly in the rear ranks of the Cambodia-Kent State demonstrations saw another stimulus this time: the old-style raw, World War II-type land invasion of South Vietnam—while Americans were withdrawing—had produced battle scenes of weeping refugees and frightened cities.

Sunday, May 14, 1972
The Seattle Times A17
Scientist finds history's secrets in mud in lake

(Tom Rigert, a graduate student at Seattle University, is a reporter intern at The Times.)

By TOM RIGERT

Deep in the mud of Hall Lake in Lynnwood, lie some disturbing historical secrets about the surrounding area.

But in 1923, the year when the Freeway was built, the amount of lead in the mud of the lake bottom had been lowered by about three years an inch.

TO MAKE sure that he gets undisturbed mud samples, Tsukada digs into the center of the 50-foot-deep lake. He lowers a plastic tube through the bottom of an altered rubber raft, forces the cylinder into the lake bottom, and draws the core sample back up. By digging repeatedly in the same hole he sometimes can go down 100 feet into the sediment.

So far he has studied only one foot of the mud of Hall Lake, but plans to analyze at least 40 feet more. That would take him back 13,000 years, to the time when the lake was carved out by a retreating glacier.

Tsukada is examining the mud samples from Lake Washington next to the Evergreen Point floating bridge has about the same amount of lead settling to the bottom as does Hall Lake. However, Lake Washington's size and depth make the lead less dangerous to humans.

WHAT'S MORE, the lead has lowered the time services such as providing emergency prescriptions and keeping patient-profile records.

Discounts to one class of patrons, usually elderly citizens, are allowed at the same time. But the board still has a handle on both listing and discounts.

No disclosure shall be permitted which creates or tends to create a demand for any prescription drug or other product which may interfere with the necessary discretion of physicians, the new rules say.

Another requirement says that any price-disclosure listing or drug-discount plan shall be submitted to the board prior to implementation for comment.

If the local druggist doesn't hear from the board within 30 days he can presume it is acting within the rules. If the board doesn't like the plans and the druggist won't comply, he is subject to disciplinary action.

Also tucked away in the new rules is a stiffer requirement for dealing with exempt narcotics—those that are purchased without a doctor's prescription.

Advising of exempt narcotics has long been prohibited but the new rules will also make it unlawful to display them where they can be seen by the public.

The board will meet Friday in Yakima in Room 420 of the County Courthouse at 1 p.m. Members include Sanford Thal of Bellingham, Donald Eusler of Snohomish, and the chairman, Claude Edgren, of Colfax.

Congress page selected

Mike Brady, 16, a Randall, Lewis County, youth has been selected by Senator Warren G. Magnuson as one of 30 congressional pages in Washington, in the summer.
WASHINGTON—The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts opened here last week. And opened and opened and opened. A review preview last Sunday night for an audience that included a select group of Catholic priests, a dress rehearsal Monday, a preview Tuesday, the gala opening Wednesday (which Mrs. Aristotle Onassis intended to dominate as much by her absence as she could, have by her presence), etc. etc. Amid the excitement, a few answers began to emerge about what the center is, what it may become and what effect it may have on humdrum Washington culture.

All of these openings were for Leonard Bernstein's Mass and the Opera House as well as for the center. On Thursday, the National Symphony, with Conductor Antal Dorati and President Richard Nixon, opened the second principal component of the center, the Concert Hall. Next month, the third, the Eisenhower Theater, will open and—sometime in the sweet by and—by will come the fourth, a film theater. In the meantime, an auxiliary service, the Founding Artists, opened their own contribution last night with a program by the indefatigable Isaac Stern as leader of the first of a series by these founders who will work without fee and contribute the proceeds to the cause of providing free tickets for various groups of citizens not often to be found at high class, high priced events of the stage.

For months, even years, Washingtonians had worried about the center. They worried about the architecture and were confirmed in their worries just before the opening when Ada Louise Huxtable, architecture critic of The New York Times, pronounced the building a "trevail of architecture lies buried." They worried about the location, overlooking the Potomac instead of downtown, where they wished the action was. When the theater opens next month, patrons may have to take to car pools or even to demand an adequate system of public transportation from a Congress always reluctant to do much for the District of Columbia.

They worried, too, about the Bernstein Mass which was rush printed so that people could leave humming the tune of the Gloria or the Our Father. Interpretations began at once and divided easily into four main groups: The protagonist, or "Celebrant," is John F. Ken...
Nixon's Appeal:

He Calls On All Sides for Voluntary Restraint

WASHINGTON — In times of national crisis or political travail, Presidents have found there is no better method to achieve national unity and support than to appear before a joint session of Congress — the tactic employed last week by President Nixon in an appeal for bipartisan support "in achieving a great new goal: a new prosperity without war and without inflation."

In the mysticism that overlies joint sessions, partisan differences tend to be submerged, and so a suntanned, smiling President, who had received his share of Democratic darts in recent months, was greeted by a two-minute standing ovation that was as enthusiastic from the Democratic side as it was from the Republican. By the time the President had finished his 25-minute speech, however, the applause was coming primarily from the Republican side. The contrast was not lost upon Mr. Nixon as he walked down the aisle and gave a quick shake of the hand to a surprised Senator J. W. Fulbright.

But for all his pleas for Congressional cooperation in meeting the economic problems confronting the nation, the President was not talking to Congress. Rather, with a joint
The point, for some observers, was simply that because the event had taken place in Washington it had to be good, even when it was bad. That cheerful attitude of restrained boosterism is nonmetropolitan to say the least and probably accurately reflects the more general situation here.

John F. Kennedy himself once remarked that the town had all the charm of the North and all the efficiency of the South. Historically, foreign diplomats posted here have received hardship pay, partly because of the pre-air conditioned summertime heat, but partly also because of the cultural desert widely assumed to dominate the landscape. There are Washingtonians who believe the Kennedy center will make all the difference and turn the place into an Athens, a Rome, a London. They'll even settle for New York.

It won't. The area has acquired some substantial art facilities—a favorite word of center chief Roger L. Stevens—while the center has been building these 14 years. But the new Wolftrap Farms music center in Virginia and the new Columbia music center in Maryland are both miles out in the country, good things for culturally deprived suburbanites but about as far by car as New York is by plane. The Arena Stage is one theater—two, actually, since the opening of the Kreeger Annex. But still.

The favorite art form of the classes which, in other capitals, make up the audience for the arts, remains the dinner party, a sometimes exquisitely balanced mix of arts, politics and beauty, but not one that leads to the box office every night.

The Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, like most of the similarly titled institutions that have come into being in the last decade, opened with no clear idea at all of what it may mean to be a center for the performing arts. It would seem to mean permanent resident companies—and permanent repertories as well. It may mean, too, schools or academies for the arts. But such are few and far between, and nowhere to be seen at the Kennedy center.

Thus the Kennedy opens as a kind of super booking office for attractions of various kinds and no clear idea at all of what its centrist role may be. But when you have a building this big, something has to happen in it and that necessity is the best hope of the new Potomac palace.

—FRANK GETLEIN

Mr. Getlein is the art critic of The Washington Evening Star.
about. His administrative and military machines are quite adequate to bring forth almost any given percentage.

His opponents will have to be content with trying to determine whether attempts to show their disaffection at the polls would be worth the effort.

The Thieu plan, announced last night, is to allow antigovernment voters to vote "no" by invalidating their Thieu ballots—that is, mutilating them or throwing them away. There will be no blank ballots to slip into the envelopes, no "yes or no" ballots that might genuinely help turn the voting into a true plebiscite. There will be only the "democracy ticket" of Mr. Thieu and it will be designated, not surprisingly, as No. 1.

In other words, if voters want to express dissent, they will have to vote in a manner that would render the Thieu ballot as void. That vote, in turn, would be counted as a vote cast and would help in computing the percentage of those opposed to the Government.

The formalities will be set soon, but the uncertainties surrounding the one-man candidacy will remain. President Thieu is laughing off the possibility of a coup, but is going ahead with promotions for nearly 30 generals in a gesture hardly likely to anger them against their...
Pilot Bede's Venerable Goal

Around the World Solo and Nonstop

CLEVELAND.

We take you now to the tense scene at nearby Cuyahoga County Airport, where James Bede, the 34-year-old aviator and engineer who plans to fly around the world alone, nonstop, in a single-engine plane, is making final preparations for the flight. Working intently, with the seriousness of a skillful engineer, Mr. Bede exhorts his mechanic. That's Mr. Bede over there—the rather pudgy little man who is not well, he seems to be jumping over a 50-gallon fuel drum.

"I win again, Mike," says Mr. Bede as he lands not so lightly on his feet. He bounces around with a clap of his hands, like the star of a tumbling act, takes a few steps across the grass, and slips to the ground on his back, raising his legs. "Let's try this one. Take hold of my feet, and when I kick, jump back and turn a flip. Don't hit the plane."

Ah yes, the plane. It sits nearby, bright orange, sparkling in the sunlight on the asphalt runway. A strange craft indeed. It is at once graceful yet out of balance with itself. The wings are very narrow, yet very long. They span 63 feet, while the fuselage is only 23 feet long. The cockpit is very small. The engine is very small. The propeller is very small. Is there really enough plane here to cruise 24,800 miles around the globe without stopping or refueling in the air?

Supremely Confident

James Bede (as in beady eyes, which he has) is supremely confident that there is enough plane and more to make the 6½-day flight. And when you're around him the confidence rubs off. It's not an artificial confidence born purely of Mr. Bede's own ebullience. It's a confidence in sound engineering and—as out of place as the word may seem—practicality, born of the plane itself and the meticulous planning it represents. It's a confidence that has brought the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Ohio State University Aeromedical Center, and many companies interested in aviation to his side.

What reward all this confidence will

Please Turn to Page 16, Column 2

The BD-2, something of a poor man's U-2, rolls out on the runway. Its goal is the long-distance record.
The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association contends, however, that even if the generics were identical with the brand-name drugs, price differentials are justified because the brand-name companies maintain more exacting quality standards and spend large sums for research into needed new remedies.

Moreover, the industry insists there can be significant differences in the disease-fighting value of varying formulations of the same drug. Even though the active ingredients are identical, binders, coatings, fillers, and other inert components may differ. Many drug specialists agree that these substances can affect drug action but they say further research is required to prove whether the effect is significant.

Is New Legislation Needed?
As long as the controversy persists over the effectiveness of generic and brand-name drugs, Congress is unlikely to enact any drastic legislation requiring Federal and state agencies to shun brand-name medicine.

Perhaps new legislation won't be needed anyway. Many agencies, including the Defense Department, already buy drugs solely under generic specifications. Too, generic prescribing is spreading outside Government agencies. Many hospitals

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Pilot Bede's Venerable Goal
An Around-the-World Flight Solo, With One Engine and No Landings

Continued From Page One

brings crisis management payment within the next weeks-on the day Jim Bede nestled his Toddle Bear frame into the tiny wings. Jim Bede's flight is a record-breaking venture, for he will fly the 5,000 miles of runway to get his orange prorocacly of a plane into the air. Then as he flies into the wind, he'll be looking toward New York City. "Actually I plan to hide with the plane down in the Good-year blimp hangar for 10 days, then make a big appearance over Cleveland."

Mr. Bede, who is an aircraft designer, seriously looks off his face with a chuckle.

From New York, he will fly across the Atlantic Ocean, make a stop at Paris-Le Bourget, reach Madrid. There he will rise to 40,000 feet to cruise over North Africa, Aden, the Indian Ocean to Australia, then across the Pacifics to Okahandala and Hawaii, to Los Angeles and finally back to Cleveland, for a slow belly-landing.

If he completes the flight he will be the first civilian pilot since the early 1900s to establish a major distance record in aviation. Jim Bede has already broken the present world's record for maximum distance in a straight line - 12,332 miles.

Mr. Bede's navigation problems are handled by the roll of laughter he has found in his instrument panel. Situated between "Master" and "Work" is a little button labeled "Anti-Cravity." Mr. Bede remarks casually, "If nothing else works I press that button."

More than anything else, it is this leaner of humor that makes Jim Bede, already recognized as an aeronautic engineer, stand out. He breaks the boredom of long, working sessions with the plane, and keeps Jim and his grease-covered entourage relaxed. It also serves as a buffer against the press and the specialists from aviation magazines, who first disagreed on the feasibility of the scheme, but now are perhaps a little too serious. Jim Bede held a luncheon for the press and the specialists from companies like American Oil and Champion Spark Plugs, who have donated equipment to his project. He keeps everyone on his toes.

A gray-haired gentleman asked him about the elaborate procedures taken before a flight of this type, to ensure against fraud. Jim string everything, then took the pencils were scribbling at a goodly pace, then he deadpanned his way with a flourish.

"Of course this means that we've had to project the building of a duplic- at plane in Australia to make the final hop. I told the guy to scratch that."

An Astronaut's Survival Kit

There was some nervous laughter and some of the reporters got a bit excited with erasers.

At the luncheon, Jim showed everyone his survival kit, which by NASA. It is an astronaut's survival kit, with condemned foods, and a canister of dry ice, a compass, flying gear, diving suits, and other compactly made equipment to his project. He keeps everyone on his toes.

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A Cue Bid Controls the Hand

Every once in a while a hand comes up that gives a player a chance to use his imagination by making a bid or play that absolutely controls the destiny of the hand. This week's hand is an example. Such opportunities may rarely appear, but when they do, keep this hand in mind and take advantage of the principle.

North-South are vulnerable. South is the dealer.

**NORTH**
- ♠ 10 4
- ♥ A K Q 6 5
- ♦ Q 8 4 2
- ♣ 7

**WEST**
- ♠ J 9 3
- ♥ J
- ♦ J 7 5
- ♣ A Q J 9 5 4

**SOUTH**
- ♠ A Q 8
- ♥ 10 9 4
- ♦ A K 10 6 3
- ♣ K 6

The bidding:

**South**
- ♠ 1 ♦ 3 ♣ Pass
- ♤ 3 ♥ 3 ♦ 4 ♤
- ♤ Pass 4 NT ♣ 5 ♤
- ♤ Pass 6 ♤ Pass

Opening lead: Club ace.

**The Bidding**

Once South opened the bidding with one diamond (rather than the superior call of one no-trump) and West pre-empted clubs, North-South for all practical purposes had lost the hand. True, they could bid and make a small slam in diamonds, but the better match-point contract of six hearts could never be bid without a sure loss. Though South could have pulled the fat from the fire by bidding six no-trump, such a wild last-minute stab has little to recommend it except desperation.

As for South's response to his partner's Blackwood over East's interference, it worked like this: A pass would show either no aces or the inadvisability of showing aces, and a double would tell partner that five clubs doubled is the most profitable place to play the hand. Five hearts showed two aces, one for each suit above the overcall.

**The Play**

When West opened the club ace, South rolled home his six-diamond contract without a problem. Against a six-heart contract, however, West would win the opening club from East and return a diamond, and North would go down before he got his breath. The moral: Whenever you hold a good run-out suit with which you intend to sacrifice, bid a void suit if you can for a direct contract.

A further word on the North-South contract. Six diamonds is the perfect rubber-bridge spot: It can't be touched with any defense and it can be played straight out. In match-point play, six hearts appears to be the best spot and most of the field played the contract there. Had South opened with one no-trump, there is strong likelihood that East could never have made the diamond cue bid, since the suit probably would never have been bid. Six no-trump then would be a match-point candidate, though six hearts seems a better spot with a diamond switch unlikely. Six no-trump is cold with a club opening, and with a diamond or heart lead the contract is safe because the spade finesse is on side.

---

**Better Bridge**

The first such trial was held in Dayton, Tenn., in 1925 in a classic courtroom drama pitting famed trial-lawyer Clarence Darrow against four-time Presidential candidate William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Darrow, a founder of the American Civil Liberties Union, defended John T. Scopes, a Dayton teacher who instructed his students in Darwin's theory that man evolved from a lower form of animal life. Mr. Scopes was fined $100. The state Supreme Court later set aside the conviction on a technicality.

Arkansas and Mississippi are the only other states with anti-Darwin laws still on the books. The Arkansas law, for all practical purposes, is dead. A Little Rock judge declared the law unconstitutional a year ago, and the state Supreme Court is expected to uphold the ruling.

The real secrets to Mr. Bede's hoped-for success are the long wings and the tuning of the Continental engine. The wings are based on the design of a sailplane wing (which has led many to the erroneous belief that Mr. Bede will shut his engine off and glide most of the way). The secret, essentially, is that the wings give the plane a high lift-to-drag ratio—33 to 1. In other words, they will impart 33 pounds of lift for every pound of drag, the force working against a plane's speed and altitude.

**A Minimum of Fuel**

The secret of the engine is that it has been tuned to operate with great efficiency and reliability at speeds as low as 9 per cent of its potential. Thus the BD-2 will cruise along with adequate power to maintain its altitude and an average speed of 185 miles per hour, while using a minimum of fuel.

"We've engineered everything down to the last point," says Mr. Bede. "On the first leg of my trip, I'll be getting about 22 miles to the gallon, but toward the end, when consumed fuel lightens the plane, I'll be getting around 75 miles to the gallon. That beats a Volkswagen, and my plane's much handsomer than a beetle."

Out by the plane again, Jim sees Mrs. Mock smile, gazes down at the runway, and said, "I'm pretty sure it's round now."

Mrs. Mock smiled, gazed down at the runway, and said, "I don't know. Some-
Grandeur, Glory... Campaign Provides the Memories

By DAVID S. BRODER
Washington Post

WASHINGTON - Another campaign year is ending - far more than most in its cost in lives, in anguish and in frustration - and yet who a touch of grandeur and even of glory to the process of picking a President.

As you remember Bob Kennedy, the loosed, sleeves rolled up, pacing his office, that will be called - once again - Ruthless Jack 1968. Kennedy gave us a smile and a shrug that conceit - what?

You remember that chilly Saturday afternoon in Milwaukee when Eugene McCarthy, eyeing the White House, said to a reporter: "How do we win, Bill?"

You remember the electric moment the next night when, watching television, you realized - too late - that the master politician in the White House is actually reenacting his political future and stepping down to effectively end the war that has become the core of his administration.

You remember the exhilaration of November 3, a day of speeches that first week in April, when he suddenly realized, his long legs eating up the ground. The actreses and authors who went to share his triumph are soon winded and slip away into caves and care.

The reporters, puzzled always by what drives McCarthy, keep probing him and admiring him, too.

You remember the electric moment the next night when, watching television, you realize - too late - two or three seconds before he utters the words that the master politician in the White House has actually reenacting his political future and stepping down to effectively end the war that has become the core of his administration.

MILE AFTER mile he was moving, his long legs eating up the ground. The actresses and authors who went to share his triumph are soon winded and slip away into caves and care.

You remember the electric moment the next night when, watching television, you realize - too late - two or three seconds before he utters the words that the master politician in the White House has actually reenacting his political future and stepping down to effectively end the war that has become the core of his administration.

You remember the moment of triumph that Kennedy announced at the Fairmont Hotel in Portland, when McCarthy and Kennedy and Nixon took their Oregan campaigns to a close a combination of bipartisan mini-convention and college reunion, in an atmosphere of live-and-let-live familiarity between political rivals that is never to be recapured this year.

And you remember Richard Nixon, flying from Pendleton, Oregon, back to Portland, taking his mind for a moment from the mechanics of his campaign to gaze out the cabin windows at the inconsiderable people that he was confronting.

You shut your eyes and see the candlelight procession of peace delegations moving down Michigan Avenue to the encampment of demonstrators in front of The Conrad Hilton, the voices mingling and joining in song, "We Shall Overcome," "Give Me Some More," "Deep in my Heart, I do believe. We shall overcome one day..."

To all of these, the celebrities and the unknown, the living and the dead, the victors and the victims, who made this year what it was, our memories darkened.

Chicago, the madness that sometimes involved a man called Carl Albert to gavel down "the Battle Hymn of the Republic." Nothing but a contribution to Kennedy, what you remember, is another, quieter moment.

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State-Wide Voting

12 Initiatives Apparently Passed

All but two of the 14 state-wide measures on yesterday's ballot apparently have been approved by voters.

Initiative 32, which would restrict the export of logs cut from state-owned lands, received a substantial and defeating "no" vote, as did Senate Joint Resolution 22, which would have permitted residents of school and other taxing districts to vote special levies for two-year periods.

Initiative 243, a labor-sponsored measure cutting the maximum retail service charge from 15 per cent a month to 1 per cent, appeared to be a winner by only a narrow margin. The proposition was one of the most controversial on the ballot, with the debate centered on the implied-consent measure, which was winning by nearly a 2-to-1 majority. The law provides that a motorists, in securing a driver's license, gives her consent to a breath test to determine intoxication if considered necessary by a police officer.

Initiative 245, a labor-sponsored measure cutting the maximum retail service charge from 15 per cent a month to 1 per cent, appeared to be a winner by only a narrow margin. The proposition was one of the most controversial on the ballot, with the debate centered on the implied-consent measure, which was winning by nearly a 2-to-1 majority. The law provides that a motorists, in securing a driver's license, gives her consent to a breath test to determine intoxication if considered necessary by a police officer.

Referendum 18, providing $40 million in bonds to finance the purchase and development of additional outdoor-recreation facilities. Half the funds will be used by the state, the rest will be distributed to cities and counties to assist in similar local programs.

Senate Joint Resolution 24, which requires county commissioners to make appointments to vacant legislative seats from the party of the former legislator.

House Joint Resolution 1, authorizing the assessment of farm lands, forests and open space on the basis of present use, rather than on the basis of the highest and best use.

Senate Joint Resolution 17, which would provide $25 million in state bonds to aid public bodies in water-pollution-control projects.

Senate Joint Resolution 26, providing for nondiscrimination by real-estate brokers and salesmen, apparently was a winner, with only slightly more than 50 per cent of the vote supporting the measure.

Other winners were: Referendum 17, which would provide $25 million in state bonds to aid public bodies in water-pollution-control projects.

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Senator John Connally, a state court of appeals in an effort to ease the load on the State Supreme Court.

Everett Electorate Picks

Supporters of Richard A. C. Greene, notorious Republican candidate for state commissioner of

The Seattle Times 25

Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1968
There Is No News From Auschwitz

In Israel the trial of Adolf Eichmann, the man chosen by Hiiler to "solve the Jewish problem," is under way, thus reviving memories of Nazi Germany and its extermination camps. On Aug. 31, 1958, The Times Magazine published an article by A. M. Rosenthal, a Times correspondent, describing a visit to Auschwitz. Because of its poignancy and because it is once again pertinent, it is here reprinted as it first appeared under the original title.

By A. M. ROSENTHAL

BRZEZINKA, Poland.

The most terrible thing of all, somehow, was that at Brzezinka the sun was bright and warm, the rows of graceful poplars were lovely to look upon and on the grass near the gates children played.

It all seemed frighteningly wrong, as in a nightmare, that at Brzezinka the sun never shone and the grass withered, because this is a place of unutterable terror.

And yet, every day, from all over the world, people come to Brzezinka, quite possibly the most grisly tourist center on earth. They come for a variety of reasons—to see if it could really have been true, to remind themselves not to forget, to pay homage to the dead by the simple act of looking upon their place of suffering.

Brzezinka is a couple of miles from the better-known southern Polish town of Oswiecim. Oswiecim has about 12,000 inhabitants, is situated about 171 miles from Warsaw and lies in a damp, marshy area at the eastern end of the pass called the Moravian Gate.

Brzezinka and Oswiecim together formed part of that minutely organized factory of torture and death that the Nazis called Konzentrationslager Auschwitz.

By now, fourteen years after the last batch of prisoners was herded naked into the gas chambers by dogs and guards, the story of Auschwitz has been told a great many times. Some of the inmates have written of those memories of which sane men cannot conceive. Rudolf Franz Ferdinand Hoess, the superintendent of the camp, before he was executed wrote his detailed memoirs of mass exterminations and the experiments on living bodies. Four million people died here, the Poles say.

And so there is no news to report about Auschwitz. There is merely the compulsion to write something about it, a compulsion that grows out of a restless feeling that to have visited Auschwitz and then turned away without having said or written anything would somehow be a most grievous act of discourtesy to those who died here.

Brzezinka and Oswiecim are very quiet places now; the screams can no longer be heard. The tourist walks silently, quickly at first to get it over with and then, as his mind peoples the barracks and the chambers and the dungeons and flogging posts, he walks draggingly. The guide does not say much either, because there is nothing much for him to say after he has pointed.

For every visitor, there is one particular bit of horror that he knows he will never forget. For some it is seeing the rebuilt gas chamber at Oswiecim and being told that this is the "small one." For others it is the fact that at Brzezinka, in the ruins of the gas chambers and the crematoria the Germans blew up when they retreated, there are daisies growing.

There are visitors who gaze blankly at the gas chambers and the furnaces because their minds simply cannot encompass them, but stand shivering before the great mounds of human hair behind the plate glass window or the piles of babies' shoes or the brick cells where men sentenced to death by suffocation were walled up.

One visitor opened his mouth in a silent scream simply at the sight of boxes—great stretches of three-tiered wooden boxes in the women's barracks. They were about six feet wide, about three feet high, and into them from five to ten prisoners were shoved for the night. The guide walks quickly through the barracks. Nothing more to see here.

A brick building where sterilization experiments were carried out on women prisoners. The guide tries the door—it's locked. The visitor is grateful that he does not have to go in, and then flushes with shame.

A LONG corridor where rows of faces stare from the walls. Thousands of pictures, the photographs of prisoners. They are all dead now, the men and women who stood before the cameras, and they all knew they were to die.

They all stare blank-faced, but one picture, in the middle of a row, seizes the eye and wrenches the mind. A girl, 22 years old, plumply pretty, blonde. She is smiling gently, as at a sweet, treasured thought. What was the thought that passed through her young mind and is now her memorial on the wall of the dead at Auschwitz?

Into the suffocation dungeons the visitor is taken for a moment and feels himself strangling. Another visitor goes in, stumbles out and crosses herself. There is no place to pray at Auschwitz.

The visitors look pleadingly at each other and say to the guide, "Enough." There is nothing new to report about Auschwitz. It was a sunny day and the trees were green and at the gates the children played.
Six outstanding tourist attractions of the U. S., chosen by Senator Magnuson.

15,000 soldiers down this slope (background) in 1863, but failed to break the Yankee line.

Mount Rainier—Always snow-crusted, it rises to a height of 14,408 feet southeast of Tacoma.

New York—A city of lights and magnetism, one of the man-made wonders of the world. The view is of downtown Manhattan, seen across the East River from Brooklyn near the famous bridge.

California-Nevada border. The desolate region was made a National Monument in 1933.

The Bridge at Concord—The setting for the first engagement of the American Revolution.


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**Last Call**

Hush Puppies

by Walter Troy Spencer

News events of recent weeks seem to have eroded an even greater than usual number of Mr. Bones routines around the lion's hearth.

What was Teddy really doing diving in the pond on Channel 5's "Richard Hunt House for the Fallen Kennedy standard?" Who is the person responsible for the Sharon Tate murders, Mr. Polanski? Well, then on an unanswerable urge, jumped in and swam the Atlantic suggestion during time spans in the process.

My favorite was someone's suggestion that the "Woodstock," Festival weekend that a helicopter be used to fly over the 400,000 bandmates with a megaphone, a la Gary Group, rhyming, "What's Up? What's up?"

And the night of the astronaut's state dinner, Joe Appenzeller said, "That's the only time I've ever seen the man died in space—been dead with Nixon the night before he left Miss America.

While Wes can infrequently be besotted in breaking out the television set for a major world event, such as the moon landing or a Moon-Cubs series, I couldn't interest anyone in the bar in watching that nutty astronaut, even though I promised that Neil Armstrong would probably have to cut up Nixon's steak, fowl, and that wild lady, 1,600-person guest list, Mr. Agnew, had no interest in the mission.

Joan Crawford for Charles Lindbergh, or vice versa.

What with the Apollo 11 celebrations and the military/industrial complex victory in the ABM battle, I found a toast of my own to propose to men, technology and engineers, and the Lion's Head's was a particularly appropriate place. So I guess it is figured in an incident which caused many of my fears about what those thousands of unem people are doing to really change the course of our over—form/infant to softball doey—while most of us continue standing around everything about such old problems that the Black Panthers, Northern Ireland, and getting help.

I observed the astronauts' state dinner by offering a toast in commemoration of Donald D. Williams and proposing that a fund be started to send gift subscriptions of Screw to everyone who worked on the Apollo program.

Donald D. Williams, whom I discovered in a newspaper the other day a bright young scientist on the staff of the Co-operative Laboratory for the Study of Mammals, who was even named one of the United States Chamber Commerce's 10 outstanding young men of 1963. Then one night he had a loaded revolver stepped into a bar of his Los Angeles apartment, and blew his 24-year-old chest out of wife, an ex-policewoman 11 years older than he (ah, California), talked at him.

So far as I know, he is the only eventment moment of such an eventment moment of our space team to have strung himself, thus proving at least one among those thousand is capable of saying well to tell it.

Screwed—I am stumped by district attorneys or swamped by militia seems to

---

Eisenhower's warning about the dangers of the military/industrial complex about as far behind the present nodels of guilt over the possible consequences from his invention of dynamics.

---

Voice Display Advertising

**WA 4-7880**

**NOW—Nightly at 8:30**

**ELVIN JONES**

*His* first band and *his* orchestra before he was with *our* 1155 YEAR WHITE HOUSE.

By Walter Troy Spencer

Voice Display Advertising

**WA 4-7880**

**THIS SUN. (5-9 P.M.)**

Jazz Interactions, Inc.

HAROLD MAEBURN

Quintet

**SOUTHBAYON**

**DIXIE,
HAM,
CLAMBAKE,
JAZZ BAND**

**CELEBRATIONS AND THE MILITARY/INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX VICTORY IN THE ABM BATTLE. I FOUND A TOAST OF MY OWN TO PROPOSE TO MEN, TECHNOLOGY AND ENGINEERS, AND THE LION'S HEAD'S WAS A PARTICULARLY APPROPRIATE PLACE. SO I GUESS IT IS FIGURED IN AN INCIDENT WHICH CAUSED MANY OF MY FEARS ABOUT WHAT THOSE THOUSANDS OF UNEMPLOYED PEOPLE ARE DOING TO REALLY CHANGE THE COURSE OF OUR "OVER-"FORM/INFANT TO SOFTBALL DOEY—WHILE MOST OF US CONTINUE STANDING AROUND EVERYTHING ABOUT SUCH OLD PROBLEMS THAT THE BLACK PANTHERS, NORTHERN IRELAND, AND GETTING HELP. I OBSERVED THE ASTRONAUTS' STATE DINNER BY OFFERING A TOAST IN COMMEMORATION OF DONALD D. WILLIAMS AND PROPOSING THAT A FUND BE STARTED TO SEND GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS OF SCREW TO EVERYONE WHO WORKED ON THE APOLLO PROGRAM. DONALD D. WILLIAMS, WHOM I DISCOVERED IN A NEWSPAPER THE OTHER DAY A BRIGHT YOUNG SCIENTIST ON THE STAFF OF THE CO-OPERATIVE LABORATORY FOR THE STUDY OF MAMMALS, WHO WAS EVEN NAMED ONE OF THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER COMMERCE'S 10 OUTSTANDING YOUNG MEN OF 1963. THEN ONE NIGHT HE HAD A LOADED RE-VOLVER STEPPED INTO A BAR OF HIS LOS ANGELES APARTMENT, AND BLOWED HIS 24-YEAR-OLD CHEST OUT OF WIFE, AN EX-POLICE-WOMAN 11 YEARS OLDER THAN HE (AH, CALIFORNIA), TALKED AT HIM. SO FAR AS I KNOW, HE IS THE ONLY EVENTMENT MOMENT OF SUCH AN EVENTMENT MOMENT OF OUR SPACE TEAM TO HAVE STRUNG HIMSELF, THUS PROVING AT LEAST ONE AMONG THOSE THOUSANDS IS CAPABLE OF SAYING WELL TO TELL IT. SCREWED—I AM STUMPED BY DISTRICT ATTORNEYS OR SWAMPED BY MILITIA SEEMS TO

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**McSORLEY'S OLD AVE HOUSE**

*We Were There When You Were Born*

**OUR 1155 YEAR WHITE HOUSE**

HARRY AND HIS ORCHESTRA

ON THE AIR

SUNDAY

1-7 P.M.

**AUTHENTIC NEW ORLEANS JAZZ BY THE SOUTHBAYON**

**DIXIE,
HAM,
CLAMBAKE,
JAZZ BAND**

**YOUR FATHER'S DAY**

**7TH AT 106TH ST.**

PREREADING WITH THIS AD

---

**top of the gate**

from 5:00 to 7:00

**only**

MARIAN TAYLOR

DAVE AINSK TRIO

---

**ELEPHANTS MEMORY**

at Herb Jacoby's WHEELS

1591 Second Ave. at 82nd St.

---

**RICK NELSON**

DECCA RECORDING ARTIST

Cameo: Sept. 1st N.Y. Rock & Roll Ensemble • Sept. 17th John Sebastian

RED WEINTRAUB & PAUL COLLINS

147 BLEEKER STREET, GREENWICH VILLAGE, N.Y.

BUTTER END

---

**voice display advertising**

**wa 4-7880**

**On this Sun. (5-9 P.M.)**

Jazz Interactions, Inc.

Harold Maeburn

Quintet

Featuring

Hubbert

George Coleman

Les Major

Danny's Restaurant

122 No. Cairo. 6th Avenue, 11th Street, New York, N.Y.

Milky Bar

Every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday 9 PM

Kenny's Pub

211 E. 84th St. 734-9892

Dancing Nightly No Cover

 Appearing this Week

Gary Burton Quartet

Mitford Room

Duke Pearson

& Felix Big Band

Opening Tues. Sept. 2nd

Roland Kirk

Village Vanguard

7th Ave. S. at 11th St. A L. 5-0237

Carmen McRae

Young-Holt Unlimited

Jazz at the Village Gate

Every Thursday

110 MacDougal St. N.Y.C. TEL. 212-746

In the tradition of Village cafes of yesteryear

• EXPERIMENTAL FILMS
• LIVE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS-SUNDAYS 3 P.M
• CHESS, GO, ET C.
• OPEN 3 PM-1 AM (SUNDAYS)
• ALWAYS FREE ADMISSION

Jazz Nightly

Aug 26 to 31

Pharoah Sanders Quartet

Sept. 2 to 7

Betty Carter

Sept. 9 to 14

Don Cherry Quartet

---

**Just opened!**

Menachem Dworkman's Olive Tree Cafe

179 MacDougal St. Tel: 212-746

In the tradition of Village cafes of yesteryear

**• EXPERIMENTAL FILMS**
**• LIVE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS-SUNDAYS 3 P.M**
**• CHESS, GO, ETC.**
**• OPEN 3 PM-1 AM (SUNDAYS)**
**• ALWAYS FREE ADMISSION**

Cafe Telephone

212-633-7727

Cafe Telephone

212-633-7727
Hush Puppies

Continued from preceding page

Each plastic pocket pencil protector from the Galabruner and Supply Company secretary. He opened a pastelode shipping carton filled with a gross of those transparent plastic paper clip, money slanters and grocery checkout collectors always have in their breast pockets containing a flock of ballpoint pens.

"These guys are harmless," my friend said. "The reason most of them are here is to hunt for a better job. In the trade this convention is known as The Slave Market. I know who has the most successful booth here!" A Hong Kong tailor down on the first floor. It's making fashion taking orders from these guys."

I bought a copy of Swear to get me out of a certain cultural decompensation as I headed into a Bolivian Hareidan square that evening, and by the time a couple more days of the convention went by, it appeared even my friend could have used a similar cushion against the new breed of American hero. He called at 2 o'clock in the morning to announce that he and a co-worker were about to be through with their New York Athletic Club for conduct unbecoming a scientist following seeing some real Greenwich Village. I was a Ray Brownie came down behind the bar and discreetly asked if I could keep him quiet. Since I had the disadvantage of being sober, I had to agree with Nick about how terrible it was, and even had winds of a sudden attack from the Clancy Brothers, maddened by the public degradation.

With considerable effort, I convinced Good Old Herbie and my friend that only Irish folk songs were allowed in the Lion's Head and we should go somewhere else.

"Yeah, fuck these soupsauce," said Good Old Herbie. "Let's go see some real Greenwich Village action."

When we got to the corner of Seventh Avenue, it turned out Good Old Herbie's idea of real Greenwich Village action was a visit to Your Father's Mustache. It struck me that if I was going to get outside of myself, I'd run drunked salesman, it might as well be where I was sure no one I knew would see me.

So, here, just as the staggering scientific changes of

The village VOICE. August 28, 1969

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Miami Beach—In Penthouse
One of the Hotel Doral George McGovern puts down the phone
and turns to Teddy White. Opposite the Doral, at Indian Creek,
that's Frank Mankiewicz jumping into a motorboat to churn past all
the traffic jams down to Convention Hall. Just south of the Doral,
under a palm tree, Maverro Jivoio sits on the grass in an
ancient artisan posture—thighs parallel, one calf extended, the
other doubled back—barefoot, in
black faded cotton against the
greeness of the grass; with a
handleless knife he carves a hors
out of jacaranda wood. And in
Flamingo Park, Shel—no last
name—lies on a hammock and
tries to bore a hole into a sandal
sole.

Four separate marvels. The
Senator in the penthouse is a good
man, an honest-to-goodness really
good man actually nominated by
a great party, a miracle and a
Methodist Launcelot. But the
pseudo-Bourbon chair from which
he watches Walter Cronkite is as
relentlessly hotel-colored as the
hundreds such chairs that pre-
ceded it on the nomination trail,
the coffee poured for him tastes
of room service, and the windows
of the suite look out on both the
bay and the ocean but not, not yet,
on the White House rose
garden. In Flamingo Park Shel
rides that hammock like a surf-
board, he whistles “Bridge
Over Troubled Waters,” he's pure
enough not to notice Jerry Rubin

Who is looking? Everybody
tides back and forth on Collins Av-
ue, hustling from caucus to
cocktail meeting, from rumor to
hot tip to special angle, shifting
their camera cases as they run,
lugging their sweat-wet notepads
and their steamed five-color
pencils, the crocodile-leather at-
tache cases filled with press
releases and insiders' numbers,
and way at the back of their over-
heated heads (I know because on
occasion I am one of them) a cer-
tain idyll flickers: one day, when
they've made a dent and put their
man over, or raised their show
high on the Nielsen or booted their
book to the top of the list, one day
when they'll have licked the
system by changing it or making
it—one day they'll get out of all
this muck and there'll be world
enough and time to sit under the
shade of a palm tree and do well
the thing one loves best, like write
a poem or whittle a horse out of
jacaranda wood.

Meanwhile there's no time to
see the man who sits under the
shade of the palm tree, whistling
jacaranda wood. And he, does he
see them?

“Oh, this guy has his eyes
open,” the daisy shirt says. “This
is his first week in civilization.

Continued on next page

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wrapped around his sideburns, hairy naked above his jeans but smooth-tanned thanks perhaps to Sea-and-Ski, and he says "Shit!" because the hole he's finally made into the leather sole is still too small for the thong. "Fuck it, I'll make it bigger, that's all!" He stabs harder with the scissors tip. Gotheamn Sue, my ex-hag, greatest thing I ever did was walk out on her, every time she bought a sandal you better believe it $60 up and up! So here I'm making my own, four hours flat. Isn't that a kick? That's a high, man! That's what counts! Not George McMesiah, I'm not here for him. Know why I'm here? 'Cause the toilets are great. Very important. The chicks are groovy. Beats systems analysis any time, fucking boss picking his nose into my in -tercom. I think the scissors is too blunt. Hey, that's what it is. I need a new scissors! Hey, you got a sharp scissors, man? Anybody got something really sharp, a watcha -extended, the other doubled back, and got up

Up by the Doral, Maverro has one. With a single twist Maverro could put a hole in Shel's sandal. But he could never carve Shel. They are too far apart. Maverro still sits in the shade under the palm tree and lets his knife breathe motion into the horse's tail. And still nobody sees him from the crowded sidewalk because Larry O'Brien has scheduled a press briefing at the Fontainebleau. Nobody has time because this is America, the super-tribe paniting to save itself on a tropical beach in one gigantic power-weighed media-ridden con- vulsion, with Jesus Freaks reading Jeremiah through a bullhorn and Jesse Jackson bounding to the rostrum in sneak- ers and Germaine Greer talking masturbation with Abbie Hoffman in the Pink Poodle Bar and George McGovern ordering maple- walnut ice cream to watch Walter Cronkite by and Frank Mankiewicz orchestrating the phones in a cramped trailer. And Maverro at one end of the cycle wanting in, and Shel at the other end with his dull scissors trying to hack his way.

Of course, in is easier than out. One of the untold stories of the 36th Democratic National Convention is the civilizing of Mav erro Jivojo. Shortly after a burly sweaty dashiki'd redhead with a necklace of three Leicas stopped before Maverro's palm. "Great lil' horse," he said.

"Twenty-five bucks? Okay, long as it wasn't made in Japan." He pulled out five perspored-on bills. "How long y'all been here?"

"All day," the daisy shirt said. "He's an Indian from the jungle-"

"You're the first sale," said I.

"Can't nobody see him under that tree," said the dashiki, off to Larry O'Brien.

"Aba juki woja jumipu joha gu," said the daisy shirt to Maverro.

And Maverro gathered his three handleless knives and the two small lovely horses that were finished but yet unsold, and got up and three feet to the east sat down again, again in an immemorial stance, thighs parallel, one calf extended, the other doubled back, but now it was no longer black faded cotton against green because now he sat on asphalt in the sun, and while Frank Mankiewicz phoned George McGovern and Shel still hacked at the sandal, Maverro continued to carve out the grace of a fetlock. Only now he had begun to sweat. Just like the rest of us.
It is Sunday, a beautiful day, but nothing pleases me except the tree closest to this window, my new electric typewriter, and "Hey Jude." Wow! Do I dig that. I have a hangover. My self-indulgence isn’t limited to what I put on paper. Basically, what I really want to do is to descend again into the hell that is the Cafe Au Gogo and renew myself in Blood, Sweat, and Tears. I heard them last night with someone who liked them a lot, but 10 years ago would have called their sound squawking. It’s jazz and it was too new for him then. Now it’s familiar, but too old-fashioned for a lot of people who are the age he was then.

I wonder if BS&T know what they’ve got themselves into. It hardly pays to be that good. A few people even walked out toward the end, when some of the best riffs of the evening were going down during solos on an extended "Somethin’ Goin’ On." They were so beautiful, up there blowing straight-ahead jazz in the best of all possible syntheses. I can’t tell you how good it sounds. They are eight, four brass, electric guitar and bass, and what they have going for them is, first of all, direction, but also the drive of rock, the excitement of big band jazz, and the versatility to be a small combo when they want to be.

Blood, Sweat, and Tears accomplished what none of the other brass-rock bands has been able to: they’ve got it together. Seemingly unlike the others, they know what they want to sound like and have achieved that sound. I saw the Electric Flag once, and I’ve seen the current Butterfield Blues Band once. It was the Flag’s last time together, but I wondered if they had ever been together. A lot of separate trips were being taken on stage by a lot of good musicians that night. Paul Butterfield’s good intentions are unmistakeable, but so is his inability to sing blues or assemble a band that can play it. He makes
When I worked on my high school newspaper I didn't have much use for the editor. It had something to do with sibling rivalry since I had a crush on the teacher who taught us both what we do or don't know about style in writing and Bill, after all, was the editor. He didn't bother me too much when he was the editor of our college newspaper because I didn't have time for that paper or anything else except parties. But he's at it again. One William Kenneth Stevens is now telling us on the front page of the New York Times (that was inevitable) that frequent exposure to a high decible count may REALLY destroy—for good—vital cells in our ears. The premise is based on experiments done with guinea pigs at the University of Kentucky and Steve Paul said if any guinea pigs ever come to the Scene he will certainly give them due consideration. I can't help but take the issue seriously, however, since I have on a couple of occasions had ringing ears for two days after sitting too near there on purpose because that's the way I like to hear a lot of groups. It's something like the smoking cancer thing. Time was when that correlation was just a suspicion. And Con Edison may parade around in blue and white trucks forever, but just as my lungs tell me blue and white isn't pure in Smog City, I know something's amiss when my ears ring for two days. My brother is a sound engineer and he won't go near such output: he places a high value on his hearing. I do too, although I don't depend on it for a living, but because I love music. But I often love it loud. What a drag. I could say Bill Stevens Go Home, but that's not really where it's at, and we'd better be aware of it if we value our hearing for any reason. Until these cigarettes do finish me off I want to hear everything I possibly can.

—Annie Fisher

Aikido Demonstration

Y. Yarmada, sixth degree black belt, will give a demonstration of the principles and philosophy of Aikido on Friday, September 13, at 7:30 p.m. at the New York Aikikai, 142 West 18th Street. Admission is free.
ENDURE THE NIGHT by Loren Eiseley

A leading anthropologist, who has managed to combine distinguished academic and literary careers, Loren Eiseley has been provost of the University of Pennsylvania since 1959. In this article he discusses the thoughts and fears which besiege him in the sleepless solitude of the night.

There is always a soft radiance beyond the bedroom door from a night-light behind my chair. I have lived this way for many years now. I sleep or I do not sleep, and the light makes no difference except if I wake. Then, as I awaken, the dim forms of objects sustain my grip on reality. The familiar chair, the walls of the book-lined study reassert my own existence.

I do not lie and toss with doubt any longer, as I did in earlier years. I get up and write, as I am writing now, or I read in the old chair that is as worn as I am. I read philosophy, metaphysics, difficult works that sometime, soon or late, draw a veil over my eyes so that I drowse in my chair.

It is not that I fail to learn from these midnight examinations of the world. It is merely that I choose that examination to remain as remote and abstruse as possible. Even so, I cannot always prophesy the result. An obscure line may whirl me into a wide-awake, ferocious concentration in which ideas like animals leap at me out of the dark, in which sudden odd trains of thought drive me inexorably to my desk and paper. I am, in short, a victim of insomnia—sporadic, wearing, violent, and melancholic. In the words of Shakespeare, for me the world "does murder sleep." It has been so since my twentieth year.

In that year my father died — a man well loved, the mainstay of a small afflicted family. He died slowly in severe bodily torture. My mother was stone-deaf. I, his son, saw and heard him die. We lived in a place and time not free with the pain-alleviating drugs of later decades. When this episode of many weeks' duration was over, a curious thing happened: I could no longer bear the ticking of the alarm clock in my own bedroom.

At first I smothered it with an extra blanket in a box beside my cot, but the ticking persisted as though it came from my own head. I used to lie for hours staring into the dark of the sleeping house, feeling the loneliness that only the sleepless know when the queer feeling comes that it is the sleeping who are alive and that those awake are disembodied ghosts. Finally, in desperation, I gave up the attempt to sleep and turned to reading, though it was difficult to concentrate.

It was then that human help appeared. My grandmother saw the light burning through the curtains of my door and came to sit with me. A few years later, when I touched her hair in farewell at the beginning of a journey from which I would not return to see her alive, I knew she had saved my sanity. Into that lonely room at midnight she had come, abandoning her own sleep, in order to sit with one in trouble. We had not talked much, but we had sat together by the lamp, reasserting our common humanity before the great empty dark that is the universe.

It did not matter that she knew nothing of psychiatry. She had not re-established my sleep.
patterns, but she had done something more important. She had brought me out of a dark room and retied my thread of life to the living world. Henceforward, by night or day, though I have been subject to the moods of depression or gaiety which are a part of the lives of all of us, I have been able not merely to endure but to make the best of what many regard as an unbearable affliction.

It is true that as an educational administrator I can occasionally be caught nodding in lengthy committee meetings, but so, I have observed, can men who come from sound nights on their pillows. Strangely, I, who frequently grow round-eyed and alert as an owl at the stroke of midnight, find it pleasant to nap in daylight among friends. I can roll up on a couch and sleep peacefully while my wife and chatting friends who know my peculiarities keep the daytime universe safely under control. Or so it seems. For, deep-seated in my subconscious is perhaps the idea that the black bedroom door is the gateway to the tomb.

I try in that bedroom to sleep high on two pillows, to have ears and eyes alert. Something shadowy has to be held in place and controlled. At night one has to sustain reality without help. One has to hear lest hearing be lost, see lest sight not return to follow moonbeams across the floor, touch lest the sense of objects vanish. Oh, sleeping, soundlessly sleeping ones, do you ever think who knits your universe together safely from one day’s memory to the next? It is the insomniacs, not the night policeman on his beat.

Many will challenge this point of view. They will say that electric power does the trick, that many a roisterer stumbles down the long street at dawn, after having served his purpose of holding the links of the gay world together. There are parts of the nighttime world, men say to me, that it is just as well I do not know. Go home and sleep, man. Others will keep your giddy world together. Let the thief pass quickly in the shadow, he is awake. Let the juvenile gangs which side like bands of evil crabs up from the dark waters of poverty into prosperous streets pass without finding you at midnight.

The advice is good, but in the city or the country, small things important to our lives have no reporter except as he who does not sleep may observe them. And that man must be disencumbered of reality. He must have no commitments to the dark, as do the murderer and thief. Only he must see, though what he sees may come from the night side of the planet that no man knows well. For even in the early dawn, while men lie unstirring in their sleep or stumble sleepy-eyed to work, some single episode may turn the whole world for a moment into the place of marvel that it is, but that we grow too day-worn to accept.

For example, I call the place where I am writing now the bay of broken things. In the February storms, spume wraiths climb the hundred-foot cliff to fight and fall like bitter rain in the moonlight upon the cabin roof. The earth shakes from the drum roll of the surf. I lie awake and watch through the window beyond my bed. This is no ticking in my brain; this is the elemental night of chaos. This is the sea chewing its million-year way into the heart of the continent.

The caves beneath the cliff resound with thunder. Again those warring wraiths shoot high over the house. Impelled as though I were a part of all those leaping ghosts, I dress in the dark and come forth. With my back against the door, like an ancient necromancer, I hurl my mind into the white spray and try to summon back, among those leaping forms, the faces and features of the dead I know. The shapes rise endlessly, but pass inland before the wind, indifferent to my mortal voice.

I walk a half mile to a pathway that descends upon a little beach. Below me is a stretch of white sand. No shell is ever found unbroken, even on quiet days upon that shore. Everything comes over the rocks to seaward. Wood is riven into splinters; the bones of seamen and of sea lions are pounded equally into white and shining sand. Throughout the night the long black rollers, like lines of frothing cavalry, form ranks, drum towering forward, and fall, fall till the mind is dizzy with the spume that fills it. I wait in the shelter of a rock for daybreak. At last the sea cases a trifle. The tide is going out.

I stroll shivering along the shore, and there, exposed in inescapable nakedness, I see the elemental cruelty of the natural world. A broken-winged gull, hurled by the wind against the cliff, runs before me wearily along the beach. It will starve or, mercifully, the dogs will find it. I try not to hurry it, and walk on. A little later in a quieter bend of the shore, I see ahead of me a bleeding, bedraggled blot on the edge of the white surf. As I approach, it starts warily to its feet. We look at each other. It is a wild duck, also with a shattered wing. It does not run ahead of me like the longer-limbed gull. Before I can cut off its retreat it waddles painfully from its brief refuge into the water.

The sea continues to fall heavily. The duck dives awkwardly, but with long knowledge and instinctive skill, under the fall of the first two inshore waves. I see its head working seaward. A long green roller, far taller than my head, rises and crashes forward. The black head of the waterlogged duck disappears. This is the way wild
things die, without question, without knowledge of mercy in the universe, knowing only themselves and their own pathway to the end. I wonder, walking further up the beach, if the man who shot that bird will die as well.

We say that this is the old chaos before man came, before sages imbued with pity walked the earth. Indeed it is true, and in my faraway study my hands have often touched with affection the backs of the volumes which line my shelves. Nevertheless, I have endured the nights and mornings of the city. I have seen old homeless men who have slept for hours sitting upright on ledges along the outer hallway of one of the great Eastern stations straighten stiffly in the dawn and limp away with feigned businesslike aloofness before the approach of the policeman on his rounds. I know that on these cold winter mornings sometimes a man, like the pigeons I have seen roosting as closely as possible over warm hotel air vents, will fall stiffly and not awaken. It is not that there are not shelters for the homeless; it is that some men, like their Ice Age forebears, prefer their independence to the end.

But the loneliness of the city was brought home to me one early sleepless morning, not by men like me tossing in lonely rooms, not by poverty and degradation, not by old men trying with desperate futility to be out among others in the great roaring hive, but by a single one of those same pigeons which I had seen from my hotel window, looking down at midnight upon the smoking air vents and chimneys.

The pigeon, Columba livia, is the city bird par excellence. He is a descendant of the rock pigeon that in the Old World lived among the cliffs and crevices above the caves that early man inhabited. He has been with us since our beginning and has adapted as readily as ourselves to the artificial cliffs of man’s first cities. He has known the Roman palaces and the cities of Byzantium. His little flat feet, suited to high and precarious walking, have sauntered in the temples of vanished gods as readily as in New York’s Pennsylvania Station. In my dim morning strolls, waiting for the restaurants to open, I have seen him march quickly into the back end of a delivery truck while the driver was inside a store engaged in his orders with the proprietor. Yet for all its apparent tolerance of these highly adapted and often comic birds, New York also has a beach of broken things more merciless than the reefs and rollers of the ocean shore.

One morning, strolling sleepless as usual toward early breakfast time in Manhattan, I saw a sick pigeon huddled at an uncomfortable slant against a building wall on a street corner. I felt worry for the bird but I had no box, no instrument of help, and had learned long ago that pursuing wounded birds on city streets is a hopeless, dangerous activity. Pigeons, like men, die in scores every day in New York. As I hesitantly walked on, however, I wondered why the doomed bird was assuming such a desperately contorted position under the cornice that projected slightly over it.

At this moment I grew aware of something I had heard more loudly in European streets as the factory whistles blew, but never in such intensity as here, even though American shoes are built of softer materials. All around me the march of people was intensifying. It was New York on the way to work. Space was shrinking before my eyes. The tread of innumerable feet from an echo passed to the steady murmuring of a stream, then to a drumming. A dreadful robot rhythm began to rack my head, a sound like the boots of Nazis in their heyday of power. I was carried along in an irresistible surge of bodies.

A block away, jamming myself between a waste-disposal basket and a lightpost, I managed to look back. No one hesitated at that corner. The human tide pressed on, jostling and pushing. My bird had vanished under that crunching, multifooted current as remorselessly as the wounded duck under the indifferent combers of the sea. I watched this human ocean, of which I was an unwilling droplet, rolling past, its individual faces like whitecaps passing on a night of storm, fixed, merciless, indifferent; man in the mass marching like the machinery of which he is already a replaceable part, toward desks, computers, missiles, and machines, marching like the waves toward his own death with a conscious ruthlessness no watery shore could ever duplicate. I have never returned to search in that particular street for the face of humanity. I prefer the endlessly rolling pebbles of the tide, the moonstones polished by the pulling moon.

And yet, plunged as I am in dire memories and midnight reading, I have said that it is the sufferer from insomnia who knits the torn edges of men’s dreams together in the hour before dawn. It is he from his hidden, winter vantage point who sees the desperate high-hearted bird fly through the doorway of the grand hotel while the sleepy doorman nods, a deed equivalent in human terms to that of some starving wretch evading Peter at heaven’s gate, and an act, I think, very likely to be forgiven.

It is a night more mystical, however, that haunts my memory. Around me I see again the parchment of old books and remember how, on one rare evening, I sat in the shadows while a firefly flew...
from volume to volume lighting its small flame, as if in literate curiosity, on the backs of my books. Picking up the last volume whose title it had illuminated, I came immediately upon these words from St. Paul: "Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." In this final episode I shall ask you to bear with me and also to believe.

I sat, once more in the late hours of darkness, in the airport of a foreign city. I was tired as only both the sufferer from insomnia and the traveler can be tired. I had missed a plane and had almost a whole night's wait before me. I could not sleep. The long corridor was deserted. Even the cleaning women had passed by.

In that white efficient glare I grew ever more depressed and weary. I was tired of the endless comings and goings of my profession; I was tired of customs officers and police. I was lonely for home. My eyes hurt. I was, unconsciously perhaps, looking for that warm stone, that hawthorn leaf where, in the words of the poet, man trades in at last his wife and friend. I had an ocean to cross; the effort seemed unbearable. I rested my aching head upon my hand.

Later, beginning at the far end of that desolate corridor, I saw a man moving slowly toward me. In a small corner of my eye I merely noted him. He limped, painfully and grotesquely, upon a heavy cane. He was far away, and it was no matter to me. I shifted the unpleasant mote out of my eye.

But, after a time, I could still feel him approaching, and in one of those white moments of penetration which are so dreadful, my eyes were drawn back to him as he came on. With an anatomist's eye I saw this amazing conglomeration of sticks and broken, misshapen pulleys which make up the body of man. Here was an apt subject, and I flew to a raging mental dissection. How could anyone, I contended, trapped in this mechanical thing of joints and sliding wires expect the acts it performed to go other than awry?

The man limped on, relentlessly.

How, oh God, I entreated, did we become trapped within this substance out of which we stare so hopelessly upon our own eventual dissolution? How for a single minute could we dream or imagine that thought would save us, children deliver us from the body of this death? Not in time, my mind rang with my despair; not in mortal time, not in this place, not anywhere in the world would blood be stanched, or the dark wrong be forever righted, or the parted be rejoined. Not in this time, not mortal time. The substance was too gross, our utopias bought with too much pain.

The man was almost upon me, breathing heavily, lunging and shuffling upon his cane. Though an odor emanated from him, I did not draw backward. I had lived with death too many years. And then this strange thing happened, which I do not mean physically, and cannot explain. The man entered me. From that moment I saw him no more. For a moment I was contorted within his shape, and then out of this body— those bodies, rather— there arose some inexplicable sweetness of union, some understanding between spirit and body which I had never before experienced. Was it I, the joints and pulleys only, who desired this peace so much?

I limped with growing age as I gathered up my luggage. Something of that terrible passer lingered in my bones, yet I was released, the very room had dilated. As I went toward my plane the words the firefly had found for me came automatically to my lips. "Beareth all things," believe, believe. It is thus that one day and the next are welded together, that one night's dying becomes tomorrow's birth. I, who do not sleep, can tell you this.

THE YOUNG MAN'S LAMENT

by DeWITT BELL

Night was on the town, when I
Found the hydrangea wet and white.
— And those streets, those streets
I walk alone, the peace
like a maple tree —
Ah! blossom white, I look at you,
and sadness shines on me.

The streetlights fade in the maple leaves,
The hydrangea cool and bare;
The lantern-man the meadow lights,
And aloneness stalks the air.

O raven town I walk alone,
Where summer hangs like a bloom,
And the good girls sleep
in their linen beds,
And I alone in my room.

Ah! lantern-man, I curse your light,
and the night that follows you there —
Alone is my love in her linen bed
Like hydrangea
white and bare.
excerpts from It Seems to Me, by Heywood Broun

p 101 (Bill Bolitho):

Bolitho's dead at Avignon. There has passed, I think, the most brilliant journalist of our time. This is not the overstatement of one who mourns a friend. While he flourished I expressed the opinion that Bolitho's best was far and away beyond the topmost reach of any newspaper competitor.

It was pleasant to praise him because he lent some of his glory and achievement to all the rest. I think that there is no reporter or critic or columnist who does not smart under the popular and snobbish assumption that anybody who sets his stuff down day by day is of necessity a hack. All men live under the hope that one day they may touch greatness, and it is essential for them to feel that when they drive home the thrust the medium in which they live and labor shall be sufficient for their purpose.

It is not inevitable that today's strip of news print should be no more than tattered scraps in tomorrow's dust bin. The man who writes well enough and thinks through the thing before him can win his immortality, even though his piece appears obscurely in a Wall Street edition. Most of us on papers, for all our swagger, are at least five and a half times too humble. We are apt to say, "Oh, I'm just a newspaperman." When called upon to justify ourselves we smirk and behave as if the thing we did were really of but small importance.

We know better than that. There is no reason why a first rate man on any newspaper should yield precedence to every novelist and minor poet and little essayist. In city rooms I've known the whole crowd to gape at some member of the staff in considerable awe and whisper behind his back, "He's written a book."

There's no special magic in getting between boards. Last year's novel is just as dead as last year's paper. Indeed, I know few sights morehorrible than second-hand book stalls on which dead volumes are exposed to wind and weather, completely dead and lacking only decent burial.
Bolitho (cont)

...News must be a deeper and more significant thing than a mere recital of names, addresses and the doctor's diagnosis. Causes, however far beneath the surface they may lie, are distinctly within the province of journalism. That is, if journalism is to be a kingdom and not a little province.

###

p 191 (They Will Come Back)

Of all inconstant allies history is fickle beyond the rest. It follows the call of a silver trumpet which may sound suddenly at night, and on that instant the forces of destiny, the horsemen and the footmen, gray as cats and big beyond belief, change sides, with banners flying.

###

p 163 (He Had It Once)

The captains and the kings depart, but Rudyard Kipling remains to pipe his lay. He has the honor of being not only the first but also the last minstrel of the empire.

How could this sullen, crotchety, war-struck, middle-class little man ever have reached the heights which he attained? I haven't the slightest idea. All I know is that he did it.

###

p 213 (The Arts of Inactivity)

Some people say we are having a revolution, and others deny it with either bitterness or gratitude.

###

p 227 (Tex and the Coolidge Gold Rush)

The jazz age was wicked and monstrous and silly. Unfortunately, I had a good time.

###

p 243 (The Tribune's Goblin Editor)

Mr. Sullivan is convinced that the revolution is not only here but almost consummated. And as I understand it, he has two major complaints. He maintains that the upheaval is being carried on secretly and that it is practically painless. When he shakes his head at night and finds that it doesn't roll on the floor you can bet that he is pretty sore about it.
I think it was Sherwood Anderson, in his story "Want to Know Why," who first aroused my interest in what goes on at a race track in the early morning. Anderson has a feeling for color and form which is far beyond me, and I can't possibly make you see the horses galloping along the rim of the sun before the mist has lifted. The best I can do is to advise you to get some trainer to ask you down. I doubt if there is any more lovely sight in the world.

A race with your own horse on top, or thereabouts, provides a stirring picture, but, as in the theater, I like the rehearsal better than the performance. In the dawn the horses let their hair down. They are more natural and twice as articulate in the early morning. Seemingly they do not feel that it is necessary to put on airs for the trainers, stable boys and clockers. They snort at each other as they pass by, and I presume it is a language.

For years I have been under the impression that race horses were beautiful but dumb. When I mentioned this opinion to Max Hirsch he was shocked and quickly put me in my place. But he was kind enough to ask me to come around to his barn and look for myself.

But I am not the type ever to get very chummy with a horse. The smallest wager which I put on the back of any of the noble animals is treated as if it were a load of lead. Even the finest of the topnotchers stops to a walk when he feels the pressure of my $2 upon his neck. Even the simple matter of handing out sugar to the colts and fillies is marred by me. I almost lost two fingers from my better hand in passing around the sweets in Saratoga. Horses realize instinctively that I have only the slightest knowledge of what it is all about, and they treat me contemptuously.

But Maxie Hirsch knows the language. You could have knocked me over with a selling-plater as I watched him discuss a weighty problem with one of his two-year-olds this morning. He was schooling some of his young horses in the use of the starting gate. One of them insisted upon kicking at the padded sides of the stall and rearing up on his hind legs. Hirsch walked quickly to the horse's head, but he never touched the bridle. With complete
unconsciousness and great earnestness he said: "What's the matter with you? You're three years old; haven't you got any sense at all?"

It would probably be an exaggeration to say that the horse hung his head in shame. But he did pay attention and he stopped his prancing on the instant. Maxie walked some ten or twelve feet away from the gate and said: "Come on out, slowly." The horse walked to him with all the alacrity and precision of a well-trained dog.

"Now go back," said Hirsch; "back into the stall," and the horse did exactly that. I had an uneasy feeling that I was watching black magic and that if Hirsch had said: "Go over to my cottage and chew Walter Lippmann's column out of the paper," the horse would have done it.

To be sure, I'll admit that Hirsch would have to tell the horse what Lippmann was talking about. But what would be fairer than that? Mr. Lippmann is a sort of mild medical missionary to the men of Wall Street. They worship together at the shrine of the unknown God. Or, possibly, it would be a nicer use of English to say "the unidentified God."

But my point is that after several years of preaching to bankers and brokers, Mr. Lippmann has begun to look like a banker and broker. And certainly in the early morning Maxie Hirsch distinctly suggests a horse.

Naturally I mean this in the best sense of the word. During the training period Mr. Hirsch seems to be constantly motivated by the feeling, "Now what would I do if I were that horse?"

It seems to me that in following this formula Maxie Hirsch is by at least a couple lengths more severe than Walter Lippmann. The mere fact that you understand the psychology of a banker or a race horse should not inevitably commit you to approval.

Maxie Hirsch remains a sentimentalist. Even when confronted by sheer fractiousness he cannot quite forget that he knew the culprit's sire and once won a bet on his dam.
Horsemen, as a rule, are too much overawed by a sense of greatness and prestige. The get of Galahad or Man O' War tend to be placed upon a pedestal before they actually have won the right. All the trainers I know ignore the behaviorism of John Watson and string along with Charles Darwin. And they make mistakes. As a husband and father the great Man O' War has been no more than a moderate success. I believe with Jefferson that all horses are created free and equal.

But, good or bad or non-winners, any one of them looks of stake quality all over when he starts to run through the mist and up to the morning sun. These are steeds worthy of the young Greek lad Apollo.

Others may have lain on the roof, the noise of distant surf or a cricket on the hearth, but give me the drumming beat of hoofs against the dirt in the early workout.

Never again will I complain of bets which go astray. Even the poor horse merits more than I can ever afford to lay upon him. I do not like to hear racing referred to as the sport of kings. It's much too good for them. On the contrary, from horse to visiting columnist we are all equal upon the turf or under it.

xxx
I'm not Jack Paar, but I'm not a dog either. They can't kick me around. I'm modest, for a plain little writer that makes $20,000 a day, but I'm sensitive to my fingertips (I think I've got nice fingertips); and I'm game. (I've got a kind of thing about gameness.) Last month Newsweek printed a long, objective piece about Jack Paar (why should they do a brutal thing like that?), and Jack answered them right back for a week. (It seemed like a week.) If Paar can defend himself, so can Jack Larkin. (I'm Jack Larkin—a humble but gallant kind of guy.)

I'm not the monster they say I am, dear hearts. They said: "Jack has talent and clean teeth." Wasn't that a cruel thing to say? It was given to them by somebody I fired; and you know I've never fired anybody except Joe, Sam, Lavinia, Toodles, Al, Fingers, Sheila, that kid from Philadelphia, and the Three Songbirds. The Three Songbirds lied to me. They told me they'd never been on the cover of Sports Illustrated and it turned out they were on the cover of Sports Illustrated (front and back) for two years. (So now they're back in Duluth, and you never hear about them any more. I'm gentle, but I want loyalty. I've got a thing about loyalty.)

WHY THEY DID IT

You see, they write about me for circulation. It's a circulation-war kind of thing. The Saturday Evening Post is catching up on them, and so is the Brooklyn telephone book. (You want to know a trade secret, dear hearts? That telephone book is the fastest-growing thing in the country. Except me.) They put me on the cover, but I've had that cover thing. They wanted to use me for circulation, like the Police Gazette used Lincoln.

What's wrong with having clean teeth? Wasn't that a wicked, slanted thing to say? George Washington had teeth. That great man and I had three big things in common, and I say this with a little catch in my throat because I'm basically emotional—honor, integrity, and teeth. But they put it out of context.

It's not important that an entertainer was attacked. I say amusingly, it happened to Barrymore. It happened to Booth, the man who shot Jim Bishop. They thought they could do it to me because I'm so easily hurt. That's an important thing about me. I'm easily hurt. But when they attack my honor, I get excited. That's an interesting thing about me—I get excited, and I hit some pretty big targets. Look at that girl soprano. She's back in Philadelphia. Look at Winnie. He's back in New York.

WHY THEY LIKE ME

Mr. Kintner said to me, "Jack, you've discovered more talent than any three shows." Amusingly he said: "Where are we going to put all the money you bring us—in the gents' room?" That's an interesting thing about me, I bring them a lot of money and I have a very clean mind, like Joan of Arc's. There's no bigger man in the industry than Mr. Kintner. He has clean teeth. And every night, I go straight home. I'm so tired.

That's another thing they said about me. They said I live in Bronxville. Wasn't that a vicious, twisted thing to say? What's wrong with living in Bronxville? That's where I live. But they don't care what they say. It's for circulation. And they said it out of context. I deserve a lot of things, but not that. Ask anyone who knows me—ask Billy Graham—and they'll tell you I'm never out of context. And when I'm home, I'm never out of the house, I'm so domestic. I mean, I'm not imported. That's an interesting thing about me. I'm just about the least imported entertainer this country has had since Mark Twain. I'm a shy person, essentially; quiet, shy, and lovely. But I'll say this for myself—nobody had to bring me here. I came from Ohio, and I bought my own ticket. Ask Mr. Sarnoff. They went around and they talked to about 25 of the people who know and like me best. President Eisenbower, Casey Stengel, Dr. Schweitzer, Pat Suzuki, de Gaulle, Floyd Patterson. And my little girls and my little boy, who just touch my heart so when I look at them. But they didn't want to hear good things. They said: "What do you know that's bad about Jack?"

They don't care what they do.
story was blown out of all proportion

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eral Eisenhower.

and

Julie on one night as I turned out the lamp.

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ally resented the way I exposed Alger

campaign fund in 1952. The whole

can't other men be more like you,

often smile indulgently over the artless

comments of Julie and Tricia. “Why
can't other men be more like you,

Daddy?” asked Julie once as I put her
to bed. I had to tell her my hay fever
was bothering me as I wiped my eyes
with a handkerchief.

It is good to look back over my years
in Washington with the realization that
while I have not always been right
I have been right, say, 99.98 percent
of the time. There have been crises, it is
true. These are often caused by men
who let ambitions dominate their
principles. I have seen this in Latin America
and Moscow, but in only half a dozen
or so cases in America where, oddly
enough, they included all the people
who have opposed me. We must remem-
ber in their behalf that they naturally
resented the way I exposed Alger
Hiss, something which my opponents
- I will not call them enemies - have
never forgiven.

Alger Hiss, no doubt, was at the bot-
tom of the absurd controversy over my
campaign fund in 1952. The whole
story was blown out of all proportion
because of the delay and indecision of
the amateurs around dear, good Gen-
eral Eisenhower.

“But wasn't I to blame for the delay
and indecision?” asked guileless little
Julie one night as I turned out the lamp.
It is heartening to have adorable little
girls who get confused over these big,
difficult questions!

Looking back serenely at the Wash-
ington days I often chuckle over
struggles that seemed so important at
the time. After all, impartial critics
agree that I had the better of three of
the four TV debates in 1960 and that I
did so while preserving my self-respect
and sense of duty.

I am often asked about the Cuban epi-
sode. In our fourth debate my opponent
somehow squared it with his conscience
to advocate intervention which he
either did (or didn't) know was then
in preparation. By this he either did (or
didn't) grossly jeopardize national safety.
Naturally I was shocked; for the first
time in the campaign I got mad
at him personally. As one of the plan-
ners of the pending invasion I had no
other patriotic course - wrench my bet-
ter feelings as it did - than to denounce
anyone who would even dream of such
an un-American act. What greater sac-
fifice can a man of principle make
than to tell what Tricia would call an
eenie-weenie little fib?

I have always been friendly with the
press. I completely reject the theory
that I might have received better treat-
ment in 1960 had I “courted” them
more, or had Herb provided them with
the more elaborate facilities for enter-
tainment that Salinger - with greater
funds at his disposal - was able to pro-
vide.

Willard Edwards of the Chicago Tri-
bune was particularly indignant at the
unfair treatment which he argued I had
received. I cannot accept this. Person-
ally I believe most of the correspond-
ents are just as fair-minded as Edwards
himself, who, besides being impartial,
writes for a paper which leans over
backward to prevent any hint of bias
from appearing in its columns. Where
some reporters were critical of me it
generally stemmed from the Hiss case;
I never complained to their publishers
as some people did. I love the press and
when Checkers bites a reporter I always
explain that it is just one of his cute
tricks. The other night when I was put-
ing Tricia to bed the sleepy little girl
murmured, “But Daddy, why are all
reporters such bums and stinkers?”

I wonder where in the world our
children pick up such language, even
though it is funny!

Rural Veto

★ The Supreme Court in its historic
6-2 reapportionment decision said that
the avenue of judicial redress is not
closed to cheated city voters. It didn't
say much more - though that was a lot
considering past precedents. But the
real battle hasn't started yet and the
citizen's right to an equal vote may be
little nearer than before. Tennessee is
an extreme case. The state constitution
is arrogant ly defied.

Our guess is that the entrenched rural
forces will simply fall back now and
regroup. They will try to write into
state constitutions “area provisions,”
bas ing apportionment on geography
rather than population. Most common
form of this is to give counties a flat
number of seats, irrespective of people.
“This is fair, isn't it?” they argue -
“look at the US Senate!”

This is the most dangerous kind of
sophistry because it sounds so plaus-
able. The difference is that counties
aren't, and never were, sovereign. No-
body ever offered to die for a county!
Yet in Michigan, for example, Demo-
crats elected Mennen Williams gover-
nor six times but never once captured
the gerrymandered Senate (elected on
an area basis). It simply sat back and
vetoed his fiscal reforms, reducing the
state to near bankruptcy. New Jersey
has this device; so does Illinois and
California. In fact 50 state Senates and
52 state Houses now base apportion-
ment on criteria other than population.
It seems a nice compromise: make one
house representative by population and
the other representative by area (or
cows, if you want to put it that way).
But never forget this: that rural-domi-
nated state Senate has a veto power
that can wreck modern government.

The Phony Filibuster

★ Last week the Senate passed, 77-16,
a constitutional amendment resolution
to ban poll taxes. We think it is a
phony. We think the Southern “fili-
buster” against it was make-believe.
Only two states, Mississippi and Ala-
abama, now make much use of poll
taxes to bar Negroes and we don't think
a constitutional amendment, with a
possible seven-year wait, is the way
to deal with them. We believe 13 of the
rural-dominated state legislatures will
veto the proposal in any case. And fi-
nally, we think the use of the amend-
ment route here threatens a precedent
that more important civil rights re-
forms must follow the same procedure.
As Averell Harriman was about to board his plane in Laos on March 25 after a futile mission to prod Defense Minister Phoumi Nosavan into joining a neutralist coalition regime, General Phoumi drove up to the Vientiane airport bearing a conciliatory message for the angry Assistant Secretary of State. A face-saver had been contrived. It would be possible after all for the Royal Lao Government to make the first move toward the resumption of talks with Prince Souvanna Phouma. Prince Souvanna would be invited to Vientiane for a reception in honor of the visiting ex-President of France, Mr. Vincent Auriol, offering an occasion for some unacknowledged informal negotiations concerning the allocation of Cabinet portfolios. The invitation was extended, but to the surprise of all concerned, Souvanna responded that he was not feeling well. The delicate task of ascertaining why it was that a Laotian settlement which for a moment seemed so near had suddenly faded so fast fell to Harriman's trusted deputy during the Geneva negotiations on Laos, William Sullivan, who flew behind rebel lines to Pathet Lao headquarters at Khang Khay. Suspicions of a diplomatic illness were not borne out. Returning to Washington, Harriman found cables solemnly informing him that Souvanna Phouma had eaten too much of the Laotian delicacy som tab-khouang (marinated raw deer's liver) at a wedding the night before the invitation from Vientiane and was suffering from diarrhea. By the time he had recovered, Mr. Auriol had left Laos; the Royal Government thereupon conveniently forgot its invitation, and Prince Souvanna departed in disgust for a two-month holiday in the Swiss Alps. Although this is not the first time the projected Laos coalition has fallen apart at the last minute for one improbable reason or another, the present impasse holds peculiar dangers be-

(Continued on page 3)
Pregame scrimmage

By Roderick Nordell

“In the spring the leaves fall,” said the three-year-old. We were driving through New England streets filled with the bright carnage of autumn.

“No, this is the fall,” said the five-year-old pedantically.

“You can remember, because the leaves fall when it is fall,” I said, pausing in fatherly self-appreciation.

They laughed. Even then those boys knew which side their bread was buttered on.

All this occurred a few years ago, but it is as vivid in my mind as the notes I took at the time. For football season has come around again. And the boys may no longer be content to partake of this great American spectator sport without actually going to the game.

We used to get to the practice fields at nearby Harvard Stadium well before game time. We’d enjoy band rehearsals, hot dogs, and other preliminary events. At the kickoff we’d go home—along with various other families, some with blankets, picnic baskets, and vacuum jugs.

No traffic. No boredom for small children sitting in a grandstand. No exhaustion for parents. Leaving aside the merits of the Harvard team, aren’t there any number of events that would seem better if we didn’t go to them?

At any rate, confronted by the possibility of a whole afternoon-cum-children at the stadium, I take refuge in recalling that gridiron children’s hour of the past.

Leaving the car, we walked past a soccer game in a field behind the Harvard Business School.

“Why is he hitting the ball with his head?” asked Five.

I gave him an evasive answer.

When the band appeared on a practice field, I felt on safer ground.

“See how the drummer holds his sticks,” I said. “One way in the right hand and another in the left.”

“Daddy, when you were in college did you play football?” asked Three.

“Now the band men are forming the shape of a big football on the field,” I said. “Listen to them hissing. They’re letting the air out of the football.” I laughed heartily and I hoped compellingly.

“Where did that boy get that little tiny football?” asked Five.

Eight schoolboys were having a game of tackle, barely missing the slides of the trombones. “That kid can run!” said a bystander to a policeman. “Harvard could use him today.”

“Let’s go over by those blue people,” said Three.

On another practice field a blue-uniformed team was playing Harvard’s junior varsity.

“Why is that man lying there?” asked Five.

“I think the wind was knocked out of him.”

“The wind was knocked out of him?”

“Yes, I mean his breath—you know what breath is—it seemed to be stopped for a moment.”

“His breath was stopped?”

“It’s not as bad as it sounds, uh, how about going back and watching the band again?”

How do you explain to children that, while grownups deplore violence in general, some forms of it are encouraged by the schools and paid for by the public?

“I’m hungry,” said Three.

It seemed to take forever to get the hot dogs.

“Did you think I was lost?” I asked.

“No,” said Five. “were you lost?”

Somehow Five wound up with two long strips of roll left over. “I forgot to eat it from the end.” He had carefully nibbled the dog like an ear of corn. “And I’ve got crusts left and I’m not going to eat them.” There was no trash can near. Since I’ve tried to train the boys not to litter, I put the crusts in my pocket with the wax paper from the hot dogs.

Meanwhile, the young couples were arriving for the game. There is something about college girls on a brilliant fall day that warms the heart of a husband and father who is three children beyond the college-girl stage.

Half the time I imagined my year-old daughter in the glowing faces of those girls, wondering if she’d latch onto that sterling young man with the leather elbow patches, hoping she’d never fall for the red-haired lout with the silver cocktail shaker under his arm.

The other half of the time I saw the girls in the image of the daughter’s mother, steaming wallpaper, wiping noses, maneuvering car pools, all without losing that October sparkle.

But if girl-watching was a fringe benefit of baby-sitting for the gridiron children’s hour, it was nothing to coming home and hearing Five and Three tell their mother and sister all they had done.

“We saw a boy with a little tiny football,” said Five.

“I ate two hot dogs,” said Three.

On the late-news broadcast that night I heard that Harvard lost to Holy Cross 34-20. As I hung up my jacket, I found in the pocket two long strips of crust.
Bob Smith of Darien, Conn., was at the helm of the United States challenger, Sealion, last year. This year he observed the Australian endeavors.

"This new Quest is a very changed craft from her predecessor," he said. "The hulls, made from glass fiber and plywood, have been moved two feet further apart to increase speed, and this narrow mainsail set on a 37-foot high mast is revolutionary. Boy, if those Australians got that trophy to Melbourne it would really have taken us something to get it away."

The predecessor to which Smith referred won the 1963 Australian championships. Like the current edition it was designed by Charles Cunningham, father of the Quest's helmsman.
By Paul Molloy

"Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts," the children said as they started grace at dinner not long ago. Because she was standing near little Lisa at the time, my wife caught her odd interpretation of the prayer. "Bless us, O Lord," Lisa trilled, "and be my guest..."

Because the invitation sounded so inappropriate, I guess I shall always remember Lisa's fluff. For all of us, there are sounds that will remain, and most of them are echoes from the distant past. Why do they keep returning? It can't be because we wish to return to that past—because not all of those sounds are happy ones.

I remember so vividly, for instance, the voice of the doctor outside my hospital room one night when I was 16. He was telling my father: "It's rheumatic fever, all right. He'll have to stay here quite a while." It must have been the stern tone of his voice, because I recall little else from my stay.

And what man can forget his first real job? "You can start Monday," the editor said, "at $19.50 a week."

Memories Of A Funeral

I REMEMBER the very first funeral I was taken to. It must have been someone close because my mother and I, and my parents, because I was so young—my parents' bed and my father's parents' bed—we were all there.

I remember waking in my parents' bed and my father saying: "Look at my shoelaces!"

I remember running into the living room, shrieking: "Look at my shoelaces! I tied them—alone!"

I guess I had expected a heroic hero—big brother perhaps. All that happened was my brother grunting: "It's all right. The shoelaces are out, now." (In those days the operation was performed on the kitchen table.)

A Rock That Fell Silently

FROM MY DAYS AS A MINER I remember the rock that fell swiftly and silently as we sat for lunch, and the sound of the airliner that plunged so near my plane on my first flight.

I remember being sent on my first interview—a fellow miner—because I was good by the grace with my parents, and I remember — to the point where I often hear it again—the strange whirring noise in the morning sun as the casket slid slowly downward.

I remember — perhaps because it was so often—my voice saying, "You'd better call the doctor..." I think it's time." And a few hours later, the doctor saying: "You have another girl (good grief—again)!

A long time ago I remember running into the living room, shrieking: "Look at my shoelaces! I tied them—alone!"

I guess I had expected a heroine—small, but all that happened was my brother grunting: "It's about time!"

I remember waking in my parents' bed and my father saying: "It's all right. The tomatoes are out, now."

(Memories as the operation was performed on the kitchen table.) And don't the sounds of the tomatoes in the schoolyard come back to you too?

A Rock That Fell Silently

In the stillness of the night, do you remember the sound of the airliner that plunged so near my plane on my first flight. The rock, sharp as a sword's edge, had sliced off half his leg.

Then he passed out. The rock, sharp as a sword's edge, had sliced off half his leg.

And who can forget the voice of the child who called Lawrence Tibbett at the airport (who was Lawrence Tibbett) and told the man next to me looking up and saying: "Look, what he's saying, because we wish to return to that past—because not all of those sounds are happy ones.

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A Rock That Fell Silently

FROM MY DAYS AS A MINER I remember the rock that fell swiftly and silently as we sat for lunch, and the man next to me looking up and saying: "That was close." Then he passed out. The rock, sharp as a sword's edge, had sliced off half his leg.

I remember, still in dread, the awesome noise of the little plane on my first flight. I was alone with a bush pilot over the far Canadian North and below us, as if waiting, was the white wilderness... And much more recently, I remember being sent on my first interview—a fellow miner—because I was good by the grace with my parents, and I remember — to the point where I often hear it again—the strange whirring noise in the morning sun as the casket slid slowly downward.

I remember — perhaps because it was so often—my voice saying, "You'd better call the doctor..." I think it's time." And a few hours later, the doctor saying: "You have another girl (good grief—again)!

A long time ago I remember running into the living room, shrieking: "Look at my shoelaces! I tied them—alone!"

I guess I had expected a heroine—small, but all that happened was my brother grunting: "It's about time!"

I remember waking in my parents' bed and my father saying: "It's all right. The tomatoes are out, now."

(Memories as the operation was performed on the kitchen table.) And don't the sounds of the tomatoes in the schoolyard come back to you too?
"Our Town" on Pork Chop Hill

Pork Chop Hill, Korea, Jan. 3 -- Our Town atop Pork Chop Hill is in a world of its own.

Its contacts with the outside world are few -- but imperative. Its immediate concern is the enemy on the next ridge. That's "His Town." To "His Town" Our Town gives grudging respect.

But if possible, "His Town" is going to be wiped out.

Our Town's business is war. It produces nothing but death. To exist, it must therefore, it must rely on others. Food, mail, clothing -- even the weapons of destruction -- are shipped in.

These items are sent in from that part of the outside world which the men of Our Town call "rear." As often -- and far more passionately -- they are at war with "rear" as they are with the enemy. "Rear," which includes anything beyond the foot of Pork Chop, is populated, Our Town is convinced, by idiots and stumblebums.

Physically, Our Town -- while hardly attractive -- is not uncomfortable. Much municipal planning went into it.

The streets are six to eight feet deep. At times after dark, Our Town's streets are invaded by men from His Town. The citizens of Our Town invariably expel these interlopers. To assist in maintaining law and order on such occasions, the shelves along the streets of Our Town are liberally stocked with hand grenades.

Chinese suddenly appeared at our door. There was no unanimous decision.

(more)
Our Town has its own bunker -- Warrant Officer James W. Charter.

There are thirty to fifty houses in Our Town. They are referred to as bunkers. Each street and each bunker is numbered. After a few days it's comparatively easy to find one's way.

Half of Our Town's bunkers are living quarters. The others are stores -- storage bunkers, that is. From these you can obtain a wide assortment of ammunition, sandbags, candles, charcoal, or canned rations.

Our Town's buildings are sturdy. The typical building is at least six feet underground. It is made of four-by-ten-inch logs to which are added many sandbags. It's almost impervious to enemy shelling.

Our Town is not without its social life. I went visiting this morning at 19 Third Street in Our Town. Entering No. 19, one gets down on his hands and knees. The front door is low.

My hosts were first Lieutenant Pat Smith of Hollywood, Calif., Corporal Joe Siena of Portland, Conn., Private First Class Eddie Williams of Brooklyn, and Private Don Coan of Anadarko, Okla.

Don had coffee brewing in old ration can. He opened a canned can of sardines. Eddie was heading for the rear on a shopping trip. His list included candles, a coffee pot (which he'd had on order for a month already), and a reel of communications wire. He also was taking a field telephone for repairs.

Our Town, like others, enjoys small talk. Over coffee, the group discussed what a man should do if a grenade-wielding Chinese suddenly appeared at the door. There was no unanimous decision.

(more)
Our Town has its own banker -- Warrant Officer James W. Cherry of Jackson, Tenn. He came up the other afternoon. Within 300 yards of the enemy, he distributed $23,411. Many men didn't want their money really. Money is an almost valueless commodity up here. Three days from now, the postal officer will come up the hill, selling money orders.

If money has no value, other things do. Things like candles, fuel, toilet tissue. There's never enough charcoal for the stoves which heat the bunkers. To stay warm you can climb into your sleeping bag -- if you're a fool. The men refer to sleeping bags as "coffins." Too many soldiers have been killed before they could unzip their sleeping bags.

Our Town's Mayor is a tall, gangling Texan -- Captain Jack Conn of Houston. He's company commander. The Vice Mayor is his executive officer -- First Lieutenant Bill Gerald, also of Houston. Bill Gerald is a Negro.

The Battalion Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Seymour Goldberg of Washington, D.C., is convinced Our Town is a pigsty. Our Town's residents think Colonel Goldberg is a martinet.

Colonel Goldberg always arrives in a foul mood, to be expected, since high-up officials usually are blind to local problems. The Colonel expects miracles overnight. (Privately, he concedes this is an act -- "If I didn't raise hell, they wouldn't take me seriously.

(more)
Our Town endures this outsider stoically. The Colonel says the men need haircuts. "When would they have time to get haircuts?" says Our Town's citizens. He says the bunkers need cleaning. "They look all right to us," fume Our Towners. "We live here." He says ammunition isn't stored properly. "Let up on these all-night patrols and we'll store it right," retorts Our Town -- not to the Colonel's face, of course.

Invariably, the Colonel corrals a hapless private and demands he be court-martialed for one thing or another. Our Town's Mayor dutifully notes the boy's name and then throws away the notes when the Colonel leaves.

But the Colonel expects this.

There was much glee the other day when the Colonel issued an order that any man found outside a bunker without bullet-proof vest on be punished. A moment later, the Colonel left the bunker -- and forgot his vest.

There's a method in the Colonel's madness. He deliberately sets out to make Our Town hate him. "If I didn't," he says, "it would go to pot."

You see, the Colonel once was a company commander who hated "rear". But on Bloody Triangle Hill, he won a promotion. Now he's part of "rear." He knows he must prod the men up front, so that their outfit will remain -- despite the presence of death itself -- a proud, disciplined, organized Army fighting unit.
The Silent Peace of Tokyo Bay

Aboard U.S.S. Missouri, Tokyo Bay, Sept. 2 -- Japan, paying for her desperate throw of the d6 dice at Pearl Harbor, passed from the ranks of the major powers at 9:05 a.m. today, when Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu signed the document of unconditional surrender.

If the memories of the bestialities of the Japanese prison camps were not so fresh in mind, one might have felt sorry for Shigemitsu as he hobbled on his wooden leg toward the green baize covering table where the papers lay waiting.

He leaned heavily on his cane and had difficulty seating himself. The cane, which he rested against the table, dropped to the deck of this battleship as he signed.

No word passed between him and General Douglas MacArthur who motioned curtly to the table when he had finished his opening remarks.

Lieutenant-General Jonathan M. Wainwright, who surrendered Corregidor, haggard from his long imprisonment, and Lieutenant-General A.E. Percival, who surrendered Singapore on another black day of the war, stood at MacArthur's side as the Allied Supreme Commander signed for all the powers warring against Japan.

Their presence was a sobering reminder of how desperately close to defeat our nation had fallen during the early months of 1942.

(more)
The Japanese delegation of eleven looked appropriately trim and sad. Shigemitsu was wearing morning clothes -- frock coat, striped pants, silk hat, and yellow gloves. None of the party exchanged a single word of salute while on board, except the foreign minister's aide, who had to be shown where to place the Japanese texts of the surrender document.

Shigemitsu, however, doffed his silk hat as he reached the top of the starboard gangway and stepped aboard the broad deck of the Missouri.

The case, which he rested against the table, dropped to the deck of this battleship as he signed.

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Their presence was a sobering reminder of how desperately close to defeat our nation had fallen during the early months of 1942.
The Warrior's Requiem

Washington, Nov. 11 (AP) -- Under the wide and starry skies of his own homeland America's unknown dead from France sleeps tonight, a soldier home from the wars.

Alone, he lies in the narrow cell of stone that guards his body; but his soul has entered into the spirit that is America. Wherever liberty is held close in men's hearts, the honor and the glory and the pledge of high endeavor poured out over this nameless one of fame will be told and sung by Americans for all time.

Scrollled across the marble arch of the memorial raised to American soldier and sailor dead, everywhere, which stands like a monument behind his tomb, runs this legend: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

The words were spoken by the martyred Lincoln over the dead at Gettysburg. And today with voice strong with determination and ringing with deep emotion, another President echoes that high resolve over the coffin of the soldier who died for the flag in France.

Great men in the world's affairs heard that high purpose reiterated by the men who stand at the head of the American people. Tomorrow they will gather in the city that stands almost in the shadow of the new American shrine of liberty dedicated today. They will talk of peace; of the curbing of the havoc of war....
tion of eighteen articles and transcripts composed between 1964 and the author's death. All the articles have been previously published except "North Vietnam Between Peking and Moscow," "U.S. Policies in Indochina: 1940-1960," "Street Without Joy Revisited," and "There Is Going to Be a Silence . . ." subtitled "A Way to End Revolutionary Wars." Included also are the tape recording fall was making during the last three days of his life and an interview on the WABC program "Celebrity's Choice."

Dorothy Fall, Bernard Fall's widow, chose the selections for this book and wrote the preface. She reports that her husband had been in ill health and had a foreboding that he might never return from this, his sixth trip to Vietnam. The tape recording of his last three days in Vietnam concludes with the words "Could it be an amb-."

In late 1966 Bernard Fall had already concluded "what happened there [during the first Indochina war], in contrast with what is taking place there today, reveals the very definite progress that has been made toward defeating the insurgents who have long infested the area."

The best unpublished article in Last Reflections on a War is "U.S. Policies in Indochina: 1940-1960," a paper Fall presented at the University of Hong Kong in September 1964. Actually, the period covered in depth is from 1940-54. Fall carefully traces the tortuous course of events during those years, reflecting considerable research on the subject. It is unfortunate that he did not annotate the article; he probably would have done so before publication had he lived.

Up Front in Vietnam and The Face of South Vietnam offer vivid illustrations of the war. David Reed's book consists of anecdotes, carefully selected and skillfully written, which for the most part reveal the experiences of the individual combatant. Dean Breisl, a correspondent for NBC News, and Jill Krementz, a free-lance photographer, have combined their talents to depict the experiences of both soldiers and civilians and the effects of the war on the land and the people.

Though Reed does not deal explicitly with the domestic or international implications of the Vietnam conflict, they emerge in his skillful account of individual incidents. Breisl, on the other hand, discusses matters of policy. On balance, Reed is more effective. The two writers are on a par when they focus on the same subject—the experiences of the individual combatant; and Jill Krementz's photographs are excellent. The American who wants a better understanding of Vietnam in terms of human beings and their experiences can profit from both books.

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**Tales of the Unhairy**

**The Naked Ape: A Zoologist's Study of the Human Animal, by Desmond Morris (McGraw-Hill, 252 pp., $5.95), looks to the societies of lesser Primates for explanations of Homo sapiens's behavior. Morton Fried is the editor of "Readings in Anthropology."**

**By MORTON FRIED**

This is the kind of book that makes an anthropologist—let alone this anthropologist—run into a colleague's office crying, with hilarity or incredulity or at times even rage. "Listen to this!"

Although the publisher would like to believe this evidences the provocative and controversial nature of The Naked Ape, none of these reactions flatters the author, zoologist Desmond Morris, who has simply given us a naive and scientifically reactionary book.

So many better studies on essentially the same topic are available, such as Alexander Alland Jr.'s recent Evolution and Human Behavior, that what's really interesting about The Naked Ape is the attention it is receiving: Life treatment, book club selection, wide reviewing, and even news coverage. Anticipating negative reaction among concerned scientists, the publisher asserts that Morris's book will be found stimulating and delightful by the general reader. Presumably the general reader wishes above all to be entertained even at the risk of being fed nonsense.

A generation ago The Naked Ape would have offered titillation, but it is difficult to see what prurient kicks can be found in a volume of this kind while we have access to the excellent list of Grove Press. If Peter Farb was able to cause the Chicago Tribune to discard its entire purchased run—over one million copies—of the supplement Book World because of his indiscreetly worded review of The Naked Ape would be a great mystery to me had I not once had the misfortune of reading the Tribune. Undoubtedly the Tribune's self-censorship had something to do with Morris's emphasis on the relative hairlessness of our genus Homo, which means that unclad, and with our peculiar upright posture, our plumbing is presented for all the world to see. (Will the Saturday Review permit me to say that, unclad, our penises and, less extent, our vulvas show?) Whence readers can be excited by this sort of thing, deserve this book.

Certainly what I must somewhat heroically refer to as the "serious" part of the volume is trivial, old-fashioned, or simply wrong. Leaving to his zoological peers the task of criticizing the author's handling of the materials in his own discipline, I must comment on Morris's anthropology. Clearly, he never took even a freshman course in the subject, or he flunked it. Probably the latter, which would account for the addition of nastiness to his ignorance.

That brings me back to one of those times I ran into a colleague's office. "Get this!" I ejaculated, reading from page 10 of The Naked Ape, where Morris says that anthropologists have made a fantastic mistake because of their mad desire to rush off to unlikely corners of the world where insignificant bunches of weirdos populate one or another "cultural blind alley." Morris doesn't hesitate to tell anthropologists what they should have been doing: "examining the common behavior patterns that are shared by all the ordinary, successful members of the major cultures . . . ."

Put away Powdemaker and pick up Podhoretz!

How easy and regular anthropology is when we follow Morris instead of Murawski, Murphey, or Mead. Human nature and English national character become one and the same thing. Isn't that what so many have been trying to tell us for so long? We can even magnanimously enlarge the pigeonhole to include data from the United States. Basically these are the "successful cultures" seen by Morris. Through his eyes we can appreciate how removed we are from the exotic alien societies that reveal "just how far from the normal our behavior patterns can stray without a complete social collapse."

So we learn from Morris that human adolescents will automatically reject the parental home-base, dominated and "owned" by the mother and father, and set off to establish a new breeding base. In the face of impressive documentation to the contrary, Morris concludes that neolocality is basic to human— he would prefer "naked ape"—nature. He also tells us that the human female has a hymen because "By making the first copulation attempt difficult and even painful, the
book, McCabe writes at times in excessive detail about these men and their policies. But error in this direction is preferable to glittering generalities on subjects where emotion too often supersedes fact.

The author's conclusions will not be acceptable to most of the doves or to many of the hawks. He may place too much emphasis on the possibilities in the past for peace negotiations between Hanoi and Washington, and he may overstate the flexibility of the relations between Peking and Washington in the post-Mao era. But emphasis on the significance of Asian nationalism—"the single most important key to what makes Asia tick"—is sound. Also valid is his placing of the conflict in Southeast Asia in the context of the confrontation between Communist China and the United States. McCabe's opinion is forthright:

American involvement in Asia, to me at least, is both necessary and inevitable. Necessary because only the United States has enough scope and interest to help Asia to progress; inevitable because we are, in truth, a Pacific nation, and a stable, self-sufficient, and progressive Asia is clearly in the best interests of the nations of Asia and the United States as well. For the Pacific, after all, is our last frontier on earth: it is up to us to try to help make it truly Pacific.

Louis E. Lomax had been invited by Ho Chi Minh to visit North Vietnam, but the invitation was withdrawn by the time he had reached Cambodia. Instead, he went to "Thailand, where the action is." Thailand: The War That Is, The War That Will Be is indicative of much of the writing that will appear if the American role in the Thai kingdom grows larger. The book purports to be "a first-hand report of another Vietnam in the making." The subject is certainly timely, and merits consideration. Only the future can tell whether Thailand will actually become another Vietnam. The answer may well be found in the outcome of the second Indochina war.

Since Lomax frankly states that he is writing for the general reader, his book must not be evaluated as a contribution to the specialist literature. The author has traveled widely in Thailand and has talked with a number of Thai in both high and low places. His contacts with the American community covered a wide spectrum, reflecting the extent and diversity of the U.S. presence in Thailand today. A three-hour lunch with Ambassador Graham Martin in Bangkok and a two-hour conversation with Assistant Secretary of State William P. Bundy in Washington marked the zenith of his contacts with American officials.

The author predicts that one day Thailand "like the one-horse shay... will fall apart." Buddhism, the Thai villages, and the schools in the countryside are divisive forces, while the monarchy does not contribute to national unity. The insurgency problem in the northeast is potentially less serious than that in the south. Lomax believes the current Thai government is a "tyrannical military junta," and that "the people have no legal rights whatsoever." He is also convinced that the "Washington-Bangkok axis is a nefarious alliance and the Rusk-Thanat Memorandum that undergirds it is an exercise in diplomatic treachery."

More often than not Lomax is apt to view Thailand and Southeast Asia in terms of black or white, neglecting the shades in between. His writing is frequently emotional, in contrast to the chapter on Thailand in McCabe's book. Errors have crept in, some of them minor; Ho Chi Minh's current title is President, not Premier. Others are more serious, as when the author asserts that in the Rusk-Thanat Memorandum "the United States and Thailand agreed that Article II of the SEATO treaty allows them to make a bilateral agreement that will then become binding upon all members of the treaty organization."

The book does, however, call attention to the growing American engagement in Thailand. Lomax is certainly entitled to his own negative evaluation of the developing situation. At the same time, one can hope that the positive side of the engagement will soon be better presented.

It was always interesting to participate in conferences with Bernard Fall. His strong opinions, his deep enthusiasm, and his boundless energy quickly became apparent. The more involved the United States grew in Indochina, the more Fall's writings on the first Indochina war (1946-1954) were studied and the more his viewpoints on the second Indochina war were sought. He had his friends and his critics, and their attitudes toward him often fluctuated. His death in Vietnam on February 21, 1967, while covering a military operation on his "Street Without Joy" was reported on the front page of The New York Times.

Last Reflections on a War is a collec-
lymen ensures that it will not be indulged in lightly." Thus has evolution labored diligently, as the nineteenth century so well knew, to support the overt, but not the covert, moral system of Victorian England. And, to give just one more example of this rot (Get this! Get this!), Morris believes that the basic psychological, social, and sexual condition of man is expressed in monogamy. Holy Westermack! Is Morris serious? Ralph Linton, who argued until his death that legal hypocrisy about monogamy was one of the flagrant absurdities of our culture, identified our marital system as serial monogamy (one official spouse at a time, but as many as you can afford). Actually, even Desmond Morris has to admit that the "pair-bond" (monogamous affinal unit) "often collapses under... strain." Even he admits that a quarter of American married females and half of all married males "have experienced extra-marital copulation by the age of forty."

It's foolish of me to get angry about this book. After all, Fried's 23rd Law states: "Ideas endure and prosper in inverse proportion to their soundness and validity." To which the corollary is: "You can't kill a bad idea." The basic bad idea in the Morris book is known as premature (or unsupported) reductionism. The goal of science is certainly reductionistic. It attempts to explain complex phenomena in terms of elegant formulae that utilize the simplest concepts and unify the most diversified data. For example, to explain life in terms of biochemical processes is superb reductionism and infinitely more useful than are explanations couched in terms of "clan vital" or "the spark of life." But to explain religion on the basis of "naked ape" reorganization of a predicated universal primate experience of submission to a single male-centered dominance hierarchy, is to confuse science with satire.

Curiously, Desmond Morris does not display one common trait of the zoologists who have recently taken to the interpretation of man. Unlike Lorenz and others, he does not regard man as the result of an evolutionary process that inclines him to be a killer of his own kind. Instead, he argues that "Defeat is what an animal wants, not murder; domination... not destruction." On the other hand, Morris is disturbed by the ample ethnological evidence showing that animals respond to overcrowding with mounting, uncontrollable aggression. Like others, he expresses concern about the world problem of overpopulation. Believing, on a general level, of argument he shows us how to cope with this staggering situation: "The only sound biological solution to the dilemma is massive de-population..." With scientists like this, who needs politicians?

The Spice of Variety

Gluttons and Libertines: Human Problems of Being Natural, by Marston Bates (Random House. 244 pp. $8.95), suggests that man alone among the animals has allowed custom and culture to dominate his life. Nicholas Samstag's latest book is "Bomboozled."

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

This is a book for muses. I kept it at my bedside, read a chapter a night, enjoyed every one, and fell asleep musing. Each chapter is about sixteen pages long, and never was I tempted to read on into the following one. Maybe I am saying that sixteen pages of Marston Bates at a time are enough; if so, lots of worse things have been said about authors.

It is not really a book about gluttons and libertines (ten Henry the Eighths, for example, and ten Casanovas), although it does have one chapter on gluttony and another on libertinage. Mr. Bates declares his subject to be the diversity of life, adding that "serious subjects should be treated lightly." His treatment has a lightness that both illumines and charms. I found myself going off to sleep wondering, with the author, why we won't eat plump, milk-fed puppy dogs while we will eat big-eyed, long-lashed baby bulls—why mankind alone among the animals has always permitted custom and culture to dominate his behavior like a pair of Fascist bullies; and why we kill each other so numerous and in such horrible ways, while other animals, even when fighting, seldom do each other any harm.

It seems, for instance, that when gorillas come into conflict they just try to stare each other down, eyeball to eyeball, until one of them backs away. And did you know that the wilder the animal, the less important sex seems to be in his life? I didn't, but it may be another piece of evidence that violence is some sort of substitute for sex, as in Bonnie and Clyde. One night, after eating too much barbecued steak, I pondered the author's statement that spoiled meat is easier to digest than fresh (a half-hour after you've eaten it, it seems, your digestive juices have got it into about the same condition it would have achieved after a day in the sun), and that we are not born with any built-in disgusts—these must all be learned. Another amusing period was profitably filled by contemplating the possibility that you can learn a lot about how a person makes love by watching how he or she eats.

There is a chapter on the various ways in which people are "mean" to one another. "Anthropoktony" (man-murder) is the neologism coined by Mr. Bates to describe "lethal meanness" to your own kind, as distinguished from sub-lethal meannesses like racial intolerance and hazing. "The addiction to lethal meanness is as peculiar a characteristic of the human species as is its continuous sexuality," says the author, thus balancing neatly the bitter with the better; and then he points out that man is the only animal that seems able to afford auto-poktony (self-murder).

The book makes a fine case for incest; it tells how male baboons mount moving jeeps in the great unconfined zoos of Africa and work themselves into orgasms while riding the hood; and it describes how the author tried to teach his young son to use four-letter words in describing four-letter phenomena until his wife brought proceedings to a halt. These and other matters of an unexpected sort are discussed by Mr. Bates with the detachment and discipline of a trained biologist and in the style of one who, by his own confession, "has long had a not-very-secret desire to be a humorist." I think he's very funny when he wants to be, and very interesting almost all the time. In short, any dish of Bates's (especially terrines, which he calls "the richest of foods") is a dish for me—when ever, that is, I can get a nice, heaping tureenful.

But what is such a fine book doing with such an ugly jacket, such an ugly binding, and such an ugly and misleading title? It should have been called "Vive la Différence, or the Spice of Variety." And almost any combination of colors would have been better for Gluttons and Libertines than the red and tan that disfigure the jacket.

But just open the book and you'll forget it. You'll be astonished right from the start, unlike the author whose urbanity makes him sound as if he hasn't been surprised since he learned at some tender age that pulling a kitten's tail can get you scratched. He's been a puller of pets ever since, I suspect, an activity he pursues with great aptitude and generous dividends of amusement and information for all his pullees.
PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Most first novels are said to be autobiographical, but Mary Ellin Barrett insists that hers isn’t. A best-seller in hardcover and now released in paperback, Castle Ugly (Fawcett/Crest, 75¢) recalls the rich and privileged of Long Island and the south of France during the 1930s. Mrs. Barrett knew them, the vintage jet-setters; but then, as the eldest of Irving Berlin and novelist Ellin Mackay Berlin’s daughters, she grew up knowing lots of people. A slender, dark-haired, elegant woman, she looks as though she had been graduated from the Brearley School and Barnard College and gone on to work as an editor at Glamour and Vogue—all of which she did. She and her husband, Marvin Barrett, editor of Atlas, live in a Greenwich Village brownstone with their four children—three daughters (the eldest of whom is fourteen) and a son named Irving.

“My mother was less oblivious about her writing than I am, much more of a lady. She did it all so quietly while I stir up lots of Sturn und Drang, growing more frantic as I get closer to the big scenes. Then I close my door.” Her novel records adult action, often fairly illicit, through the tricky point of view of an eleven-year-old girl. “That was tough. I soon found out certain things helped. You could use eavesdropping, once, and peeping, once; after that you had to write so that what the adults were up to was clear to the reader even if the child couldn’t puzzle it out.” Reviewers liked her book, and a book club selected it, but the critics cared most about were her parents, “They read it in manuscript and they were cool and detached, I was the one who was nervous. My father has a very professional way of viewing things. So I felt I had received the best of all praise when he said, ‘It’s a professional job.’”

Just to set the record straight, the State Department has released previously classified material on the years when Communism took over China. The China White Paper, August 1949, published by Stanford University Press in two volumes ($5.95 set), summarizes the critical political events and backs up speculation with on-the-scene government reports. Sinologist John K. Fairbank says, “This represents our last realistic view of the Chinese scene; everything since then has been indirect.” . . . Ring Lardner, Jr.’s The Ecstasy of Owen Muir (Parallax, 75¢) was published in England back in the early Fifties, but not here. The novel has just come out for the first time in the U.S. and in paperback. It’s a black mischief, comic, absurd, about love and the Church, almost as if Evelyn Waugh and Bruce Jay Friedman had combined talents. . . . A promising new series is Bantam’s highly touted Modern Classics. Most of the major literary works scheduled have long been unavailable in this country. Surprisingly, André Malraux’s Man’s Hope ($1.25) has been out of print for more than fifteen years, five less than Nobel Prize-winner Roger Martin du Gard’s The Thibaults ($1.65) with its Albert Camus introduction. Anyone about to foment a little guerrilla war might want to look into Régis Debray’s Revolution in the Revolution (Evergreen, 95¢). A handbook on underbrush activities, it suggests ways to inflame the peasantry and means to demolish the government by attacking the army’s elite corps, which, says the twenty-six-year-old author, is what happened to the French at Dienbienphu.

—Rolleene W. Saal

On Literature

Céline to writers less well known in the U.S. like Greek poet Cavafy and French novelist Michel Butor, newest of the group are Walter Kerr’s Harold Pinter, as poppy as it is sagacious, Howard T. Young’s Juan Ramón Jiménez, Robert S. By’s Henry Green, and Claudio Cam bon’s Giuseppe Ungaretti. Dorothy Van Ghent’s The English Novel (Harper & Row/Perennial Library, $1.45) considers with great seriousness and lucidity the form and function of fiction. By focusing upon exemplary books—Adam Bede, Pride and Prejudice, Vanity Fair—Miss Van Ghent, who draws heavily on the nineteenth century, illuminates the entire body of each author’s work. In Francis Steegmuller’s Flaubert and Madame Bovary (Noonday, $2.45), a double portrait emerges of the reclusive, eccentric writer and his misbegotten heroine. The relationship between author and character was subtle, complex; and Steegmuller understands them both. Once asked who Emma Bovary really was, Flaubert exclaimed, “Emma Bovary! C’est mon!”

In Language of Fiction (Columbia, $2.95) British critic David Lodge first reflects upon the precise use of words in poetry and prose. He then applies his ideas about language to various major works. Lodge himself likes to play around with words—to wit, his chapter titles: “Fire and Eyre: Charlotte Brontë’s War of Earthly Elements” and “The Modern, the Contemporary, and the Importance of Being Ambigu.”

The new, expanded version of Carlos Baker’s Hemingway: The Writer as Artist (Princeton, $2.95) offers sidelights on the final tortuous decade, which included the near-fatal African plane crash, the Nobel Prize (“that Swedish thing”), and the conclusive shotgun blast on July 2, 1961.

Fiction

Anyone who began the New Year with bold resolutions about going back to some good, old-fashioned fiction gets a headstart with the Penguin English Library. The selection is choice, the print is clear, and even the covers are splendid. How about starting off with Anthony Trollope’s The Last Chronicle of Barset ($1.95) or Laurence Sterne’s A Sentimental Journey (95¢) or Charles Dickens’s Little Dorrit ($1.95) complete with “Phiz” drawings and a map of Victorian London? A nice companion piece to Dickens is William Cobbett’s Rural
Hitchcock pursed his lips. "Reminds me," he said, "of 'Marie,' of course, which was about a man who wanted to go to bed with a thief.

Hitchcock smiled, and it was a warm and benign smile. You had the feeling he would helpfully have assisted the woman with her wish.

"If I had not been what I am," he said, "I think I would have preferred to have been a secretary. That would have been fascinating, finding out about criminals and their crimes, being a ham actor in court."

"I have such a dread of the law, you know. Of policemen. I did not drive a car for 11 years after coming to this country for fear of being stopped and given a ticket. Psychiatrists tell me my phobia can be cured, but I doubt it. So many of my pictures, I have been accused of wrongly accused men on the run. He shuddered. 'That's the most dreadful thing of all.'"

Hitchcock was in Chicago to promote his latest picture, "Psycho." "You'll only like it the second time... that's what I think. My pictures become classics, m'gallic, with age. The critics never like them first time around."

"I remember when 'Psycho' first came out, one of the London critics called it a bit of an honorable career. And Time magazine panned it so badly that I was surprised, a year later, to find them referring to someone else's thriller as being 'in the classic 'Psycho' tradition.'"

"Still, some of my pictures have never quite been cut, I'm told. To this day I'm disappointed by the reception for 'The Trouble With Harry.' It was an English-style comedy of the macabre, which I made in 1955."

"All about a body that gets dug up and buried about four times. I shot it in Vermont, during the fall, to get all the autumn colors: Yellow, red, there was beauty in the trees. And then a French intellectual asked me why I shot it in the fall. His theory was that I was using the season of decay as a counterpart to poor Harry's own decay."

Hitchcock sniffed to show how ridiculous that was. "The only message in the picture," he said, "was that you should never mess around with a dead body--you may be yourself someday."

Hitchcock said his own primary crime was that a film occurs while the script is being written. "Once the screenplay's been finished," he said, "I'd just as soon not make the film at all. The fun is over. I have a strongly visual temperament. I visualize a picture right down to the final cuts. I write all this out in detail in the script, and then I don't look at the script while I'm shooting."

"I know it all by heart, as just an orchestra conductor needs not look at the score. It's melancholy to shoot a picture. When you finish the script, the film is perfect. But in shooting it you lose perhaps 40 per cent of your original conception."
Voltaire said about God, and the same thing appears to be true at rather lower levels of counseling. When things get this mixed-up, we invent somebody to tell us what to do, in order not to have to blame ourselves for the mess. E. R. Dodds, in The Greeks and the Irrational, is at pains to show how the post-Homeric Hellenes did exactly this during the bad times of the Archaic Age, setting up an oracle at Delphi to give them “the assurance that behind the seeming chaos there was knowledge and purpose.”

So perhaps, to be serious, we can’t do anything to stamp out horoscopes, and should simply take the current wave as a Sign from Somewhere that times are bad. Hardly news, that. And yet it is always news, in a way, that the human mind can stretch to include so much; that sense and nonsense are so intimately bonded; and that on the day when Armstrong and Aldrin stepped out onto the moon a newspaper column on astrology advised “Moon Children” that there could be “no better day than this to do those thoughtful things that will please your family and keep them happy.”

On the other hand, if you want to regard the two space-travelers as being under the influence of Gemini, the Twins, and if you look in another newspaper, you will find that “this should be a rather successful Sunday, with your managing to touch everything planned.” O dear nutty human race! By the time the computers take over, we shall certainly have programmed enough illogic-plus-will-to-believe into them so that the change will hardly be noticeable.

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**Pygmy Patriotism**

By Isaac Asimov

The Oppenheimer Case: Security on Trial

By Philip M. Stern

Harper & Row, $10.00

Once, when I was serving my stint as a buck private in the Army of the United States, I sat about a convivial table at a U.S.O. On the jukebox in the background a recording of “God Bless America” began to play. Everyone stood up.

Well, not everyone. The song is not our country’s national anthem. It is, in my opinion, an embarrassing collection of mawkish phrases set to abominably poor music. I was in a contrary mood, and I remained seated.

I was promptly berated by one of the soldiers present for my lack of patriotism.

On another occasion, the conversation in the barracks turned upon the various means and stratagems for getting Army property back home to the profit of the individual soldier.

I listened with gathering disapproval as it became apparent that I was the only one in the barracks not doing this. Virtuously, I expressed my opinion that this was theft and that stealing from the government was stealing from the American people.

I was promptly berated by one of the soldiers present for my lack of intelligence.

You are right. Same soldier.

What is patriotism, anyway, to the average man? I have long been puzzled, for I have a naive mind that is easily confused.

During the war, for instance, we were all urged to buy war bonds as a matter of patriotism. In the period when I was a civilian, I therefore bought war bonds regularly. I was bothered, though, by the fact that the bonds carried interest and that we were therefore making a profit out of patriotism. Should we not have donated our money without interest?

I asked someone that and was told that hardly anyone would be patriotic enough to buy, without interest promised in return.

We were also told that the war bonds were needed to buy war matériel. My own personal bonds, I was given to understand, would go toward a tank to fight the enemy?

But, I asked, suppose the government ran short of bond money with which to buy tanks? Would the tank manufacturer then refuse to sell a
of nature, working on astrologers as well as locusts, that brings them swarming out once a generation? It’s a possible explanation. The people who relied on Evangeline Adams for market tips forty years ago must now be either dead or retired, with trust officers and other conservative types firmly in charge of their funds. Immunized to the plague they may be, but they are off in Sunny Senile Senior Citizenland, and their children and grandchildren who are left behind have not been exposed before. Just as the I Ching has risen where the Ouija board sank from sight, so the readers of the stars appear again, and every day another newspaper carries their wisdom. “Invest your money carefully and spend it wisely,” they advise. “Show appreciation to well-informed persons who have helped you in the past.” “Patience is now essential.” “With a bit of luck, added income is possible from some special skill.” “Show others that you have practical sense and you will gain their respect.” One begins to wonder, after a while, whether Poor Richard’s Almanack was not, in fact, a crypto-astrological work.

Ecological cycles, however, don’t explain everything. To say that a new generation of potential believers has been born merely indicates that an opportunity exists. Why are they so easily infected with astrological hoopla, and why does it spread so fast? Within the week, my friendly neighborhood bank has filled two windows with a display of signs of the zodiac, and the Manchester Guardian has begun advertising for intelligent readers on the grounds that it does not run daily horoscopes, thus setting itself off from the common run of British journals. The explanation for the phenomenon, if one there be, must lie somewhere in the rather marshy field of social psychology. Perhaps we can approach it best by recalling a pertinent quotation from that well-known social psychologist, W. Shakespeare: “The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings.”

You will remember the context: Julius Caesar, Act I, Scene II. Brutus and Cassius are on stage chatting about political trends, while Caesar, off, is refusing the crown before the shouting populace. Neither is happy with the prospect of tyranny revived under King Caesar, and Cassius is urging Brutus toward action, on the grounds that men should be masters of their fate. Very well. The theme—or, rather, the question, Are they and should they be?—is central to Shakespeare’s thought. So does Lady Macbeth prod her husband to action, so does Hamlet debate whether to take up arms against a sea of troubles. The Renaissance, the Reformation, the physical fact of the New World—all these unthinkable realities have confronted the times with the challenge of individual action counter to traditional patterns of behavior and thought. Meanwhile, the creaking machinery of custom has begun to exhibit severe malfunctioning, and it appears that something will have to be done. But by whom? By you and me, says Cassius to Brutus, in historical analogy. It happens that Cassius is selling Brutus on assassination, but his sales talk is formidabley pertinent to Elizabethan thinking.

Its reverse is formidabley pertinent today, Assassination is still prevalent, but Shakespeare’s conclusion—that in the end it doesn’t make much difference; scratch Caesar from the race, and Octavian makes it first to the winning post—has got mixed up with the antecedents. Not only does assassination produce irrational results today; it occurs for irrational causes. Shakespeare’s question about the working of fate has been answered over and over again by the theater of Beckett and Ionesco and Pinter, Hochhuth and Weiss. Individual action will land you in Charenton or a dustbin, strip you of eye-glasses, hope, clothes, wife, and sanity, until it gives way to total passivity before the final nonsensical possibility that Godot may turn up before the curtain comes down.

And so, the astrologers. For here we sit, underlings all, buffeted and bounced about by manic demons with a genius for practical jokes. It’s all very well for those superior persons, Brutus and Cassius, to declare that they are masters of their fate, but what about the rest of us? How can we agree that we have arrived at the madhouse in Charenton by our own design? That we are not only underlings (which we know) but underlings intentionally, through our own fault? It’s too much. No, no; the fault, dear Brutus, is not in ourselves, But in the stars, that we are underlings. We all know what...
link to the United States on a promise to pay later? Where was his patriotism?

Someone explained, when I asked this, that all that stuff about buying tanks and planes was just a sales pitch. Actually, the important thing was to buy bonds and withdraw money from circulation, thus preventing wartime inflation.

So I asked why the income taxes weren't simply raised sufficiently to make such inflation impossible. That way, money would be withdrawn in due proportion from all, instead of only from those who lacked sales resistance where war bonds were concerned. Furthermore, if inflation were fought by income tax alone, all the effort put into war bond promotion could be put directly into the war itself. And besides, bond money would have to be returned after the war, with interest added, and it would then contribute to postwar inflation, while income tax money, nonreturnable, would do no harm afterward.

No answer was even considered necessary to that one. The person I questioned simply walked away.

I have gathered since that paying income taxes is not considered an effective way of demonstrating patriotism by most people. Nor is evading income taxes considered unpatriotic.

Can it be, then, that that which counts as patriotism to most of us is not a foolish refusal to steal from the government, but a wicked refusal to stand when Kate Smith sings "God Bless America"?

Is it the little touches that cost nothing that make the average patriot: a salute, a song, a cheer, a sneer at foreigners and dissenters? Nothing more?

And what about the more than average? What about the policymakers within government? What defines patriotism for them?

I have noticed, for instance, that Air Force officials, in their totally sincere desire to serve America best, fight hard for an increased role, money, and power for the Air Force at the expense of the Navy. Navy officials, equally patriotic, do the same in reverse.

The heads of each department of the executive branch, eachcommittee of the legislature, fight for increased shares of the public pie for the segment of the government they head, out of an undoubtedly firm conviction that in so acting they are doing their patriotic best for their country.

It is inconceivable that they would want this power if they thought it was to the harm of the country, yet how is it they always come to the conclusion that it is precisely increased power for themselves that is for the public good? I can only marvel at the Divine Providence (nothing else will account for the coincidence) which gives each person in the government a sincere concern for the commonweal that just happens to parallel the aggrandizement of his own role.

If, as in my case, you have the unsettling habit of thinking of these things, Philip Stern's powerful volume will give you no solace. Rather, it will deprive you of sleep, as it did me.

The book centers upon the security hearings of J. Robert Oppenheimer, a man who, according to the common admission of all who worked with him, did more than any other man to gain for the United States possession of the fission bomb, and without whom, many are quite sure, the Soviet Union would have had it first.

To be "father of the A-bomb" might be considered worth the gratitude of the nation (given the situation of the early 1940's), but such deeds, apparently, are equivalent to filing a reasonably honest income tax return. They are not considered a satisfactory measure of patriotism.

Never mind Oppenheimer's deeds; how did he feel about "God Bless America"? Oppenheimer had leftist associations prior to the war, and during and after the war he refused to throw his friends to the wolves. No one ever proved, in the hearings or elsewhere, that his friendships and associations ever led to a single act that could be interpreted as being against the interest of the United States: indeed, all his acts, insofar as their effects could be measured, worked to the country's enormous benefit and never to its harm.

The suspicions against Oppenheimer were alive from the start. The points against him were well known to the government all through World War II, and he was employed nevertheless. He was bugged and shadowed to exhaus-

tion, and no act of his was ever demonstrated to be treasonable.

What happened after the war, then, to make it necessary to bring up the suspicions of his thoughts, opinions, and associations, as though they had been freshly discovered, and to reward him for the fission bomb by destroying him?

There was another bomb in prospect after the war, you see—a fusion bomb, a hydrogen bomb. Oppenheimer was somewhat opposed to this. In the opinions of some, he delayed action upon it, influenced others against it. He had, indeed, on various occasions supported the research but with what was considered to be lack of enthusiasm.

In short, Oppenheimer did (in effect) stand up when "God Bless America" was played, but not rapidly enough.

Yet why Oppenheimer? There were other physicists who were more confirmed and more open in their opposition to the hydrogen bomb. There were others who had had leftist associations in their youth. There were others whose devotion to the nation was not so notoriously deserving of reward. Why, then, Oppenheimer?

Well, Oppenheimer was a demigod, not a man. It was not merely ordinary men who felt, when with him, that they were in the presence of an intellectual superior. Nobel Prize winners felt the same way. His lucidity, his insight, his intellectual power, put him in a class by himself—and not everyone liked that.

What's more, Oppenheimer, far too often, felt himself the demigod and, with a flick of lightning, would demolish a lesser being in public. He made enemies in this way; enemies who would not and could not forget; and in the fullness of time, they patriotically clawed him down.

For the mid-fifties came, the era of McCarthyism, when, in the name of patriotism, any deed could be done; any deed at all, however damaging to America.

In The Oppenheimer Case, Stern tells the story in single-minded concentration on the hearings. Oppenheimer's biography is given in a series of flashes that illuminate just those events which were later to play a part in the hearings. The background of others, and of national events, are also given sparingly.
The world today may seem smaller to some of you—but not to us. The all new maps in Rand McNally's International Atlas are unusually large in scale because the events of each year demand more detailed geographic knowledge. They were created by a team of cartographers from many nations, each contributing his special knowledge. Only six different scales are used to facilitate direct visual comparison of continents, regions, countries and even most of the world's major metropolitan areas. To publish such an atlas required new skills and a unique creative approach. It's available wherever fine books are sold. Rand McNally, publishers, book manufacturers, mapmakers.

small world? large maps!
and only to the extent that they contributed.

The effect is of a straightforward undeviating slide, slow at first, then rapid and more rapid, toward catastrophe. That catastrophe looms from the start, visible, horrifying, inevitable. The matter is superbly handled.

The author, who is plainly and emphatically on the side of Oppenheimer, does not bother to pillory individuals as villains. It is the system of “security” that he opposes; it is the climate of pygmy patriotism that horrifies him.

The hearings, as he painstakingly and abundantly (even achingly) makes clear, were a grimly unfair travesty of traditional American justice. It was a case where the prosecution was given all the weapons, and where the defense was bound hand and foot and then (when the knots were tested and found tight) kicked in the head. Oppenheimer himself, bludgeoned mercilessly, without any of the safeguards that are set about a prisoner in a court of law, broke, and was never less the demigod than at his hearings.

In that dark time there were many others who suffered as Oppenheimer had done, and worse (though few deserved it less at the hands of an ungrateful nation), and the liberties of Americans generally were eroded in consequence.

And all in the name of patriotism. For as long as patriotism is, for most people, a thing of show rather than reality, and a vehicle for rewarding oneself and punishing one’s enemies, the darkness can never pass. Insofar as pygmy patriotism remains, this book should be read for its application to today, and if it keeps you awake nights (and it should), let it be not over Oppenheimer’s tragedy, but over the continuing danger to America’s liberties and the possible tragedy of us all.
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a close friend, advisor, and speechwriter
for all three Kennedy brothers reveals their
ideas and ideals, their goals and accom-
plishments, the programs they instituted and
the guidelines they set forth for the future.
$6.95

BETWEEN PARENT AND TEENAGER
ASK NOT WHAT TED SORENSEN CAN DO FOR YOU...

The Chutzpa Cup, sponsored by this magazine, has not been easily awarded this year. In a country so affluent and full of contradictions as ours, the competition has been intense, and many worthy competitors come to mind. Mr. Richard Nixon of San Clemente, California, Key Biscayne, Florida, and Washington, D.C., who told us that Vietnam is our finest hour while holding his job precisely because it is not, ran well in the early rounds but, as a previous winner on many other occasions, the judges eliminated him. Mr. Joe Willie Namath of Beaver Falls and 62nd Street, while pleading innocence and purity and yet taking his ghost writer into a final private showdown with Mr. Pete Rozelle of the National Football League, also had a fine year. Mr. Robert S. McNamara, who published a book about his policies as Defense Secretary which devoted one single sentence to the subject of Vietnam, also showed well. Unfortunately Mr. McNamara is likewise a previous winner, and the judges held this against him.

Mr. Theodore C. Sorensen also had a full and productive year, having participated in some of the nation’s worst decision making in Hyannis Port on the question of Chappaquiddick, then having helped write one of the nation’s worst speeches since 1952, and then having gone on television in search of his own candidacy and criticized the speech. Well done Mr. Sorensen! The judges were not impressed, and you went right to the top of the competition. In addition to his fine television appearances mixing in a little Kennedy accent and style with some vintage coyness about his speech-writing, denying his role in a way which at once implied that it was far greater (“... all President Kennedy’s speeches, as far as I’m concerned, were his speeches. I worked with him; I assisted him; I did drafts; but he had the final responsibility as to what he said and what he did not say. They reflected his policy, his sentiments. I think that we should let history credit him with all of those speeches and all of those phrases.... [applause]”), Mr. Sorensen has written a book, and it is that act which has won him our coveted Chutzpa award.

The name of the book is The Kennedy Legacy* and the point is that there is a Kennedy legacy, and though Mr. Sorensen is not terribly good at defining it, he holds it as a standard against which all men and acts are viewed: “It will be hard to measure objectively Dean Rusk’s contribution to the Kennedy legacy until the harsh judgments of his critics can be weighed in historical perspective. . . . Rusk served President Kennedy with complete self-effacing loyalty, more as a channel to and from the State Department than as a creative leader or bold originator of ideas. This was not altogether bad. Among the items not originated were any more mutual-defense commitments reminiscent of the John Foster Dulles era, or any nuclear wars, or the loss of any free nations. We survived, as the Secretary liked to boast, and there are worse boasts.” I copied that passage correctly, and did not even take it out of context. You can’t dream up sentences like that, but there it is and it will give you an idea of what the general intellectual and literary level of this atrocious book is. The book starts with the basic Sorensenian gambit—not this but this: the first sentence reads, “I write not out of sadness, but out of hope.” It closes with perhaps the most fraudulent, mawkish peroration in recent political literary history: “Perhaps I am an idealist in believing that these principles of the Kennedy legacy can be carried out. But like John Kennedy I am an ‘idealist without illusions’; and I have no illusions about man’s eagerness to make sacrifices for the common good, only faith in his ability to change our society radically, swiftly, and peacefully, if he would only try. Try we must for our own sake and for the sake of our brothers. For if ever a man loved his younger brothers, that man was John Kennedy. If ever a man loved his older brother that man was Robert Kennedy. If ever two men taught us all to love each other like brothers it was John and Robert Kennedy. That is the heart of the Kennedy legacy.”

The book is written for a genuinely terrible reason. It is to be a campaign tract aimed at the young, connecting Mr. Sorensen with the Kennedy name and legend so that he can run for the Senate from New York State; it is in part aimed at undoing some of the damage Mr. Sorensen suffered at his own hand last year. He had a bad 1968, missing out on the antiwar aspects of that campaign, and unlike

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*Macmillan, $6.95.
laughter and noisy talking could be heard.

The little girl began to toss and turn from the noise; maybe she wasn't sleeping but only afraid to take her head out from under the blanket, afraid of the night and of the dead old woman.

The oldest son was talking about hollow metal propellers with enthusiasm and with the pleasure of deep conviction; his voice had a satisfied and powerful sound, and one could imagine his healthy teeth, which had been taken care of in good time, and his full red throat. The sailors were telling stories of foreign ports, and giggling because their father had given them old blankets they had used to cover themselves in childhood and adolescence.

White pieces of coarse calico had been sewed onto the tops and bottoms of these blankets with the words "head" and "feet," so the blankets could be spread correctly, without covering your face with the dirty, sweaty part where your feet had been. Then one of the sailors started to wrestle with the actor, and they rolled on the floor as they had when they were boys and all lived together. The youngest son egged them on, promising to take them both spread correctly, without covering your face with the dirty, sweaty part. The sailors were telling stories of foreign ports, and giggling because their father had given them old blankets they had used to cover themselves in childhood and adolescence. White pieces of coarse calico had been sewed onto the tops and bottoms of these blankets with the words "head" and "feet," so the blankets could be spread correctly, without covering your face with the dirty, sweaty part where your feet had been.

The five brothers in their underclothes ran in to the room and threw blankets on the floor as they had when they were boys and all lived together. The youngest son egged them on, promising to take them both spread correctly, without covering your face with the dirty, sweaty part. The sailors were telling stories of foreign ports, and giggling because their father had given them old blankets they had used to cover themselves in childhood and adolescence. White pieces of coarse calico had been sewed onto the tops and bottoms of these blankets with the words "head" and "feet," so the blankets could be spread correctly, without covering your face with the dirty, sweaty part where your feet had been.

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Richard Goodwin, a once comparable intellectual in the Kennedy camp, who had a very good 1968 as far as the opponents of the war and the young are concerned, Mr. Sorensen is aiming at making up some lost ground and reputation.

The first public evidence of his intellectual and spiritual decay came when he represented General Motors against Ralph Nader in 1967, a Bad Day on the New Frontier; the second came when he consistently and strenuously objected to Robert Kennedy’s making the 1968 race against Johnson, forgetting apparently that a great part of the Kennedys’ mystique had been the idealism they invited and the moral judgments they offered on the society and not realizing that if Kennedy failed to run in 1968 he could run in 1972—as a hack. There is a considerable effort in this book to justify all that, first to show that Kennedy and Sorensen had the same objections to the race at the same time—which was not entirely true, Kennedy was edging closer to the starting line all the time. Sorensen finally rationalizes the decision: “It was not because I failed to feel deeply about the war and other issues but because I did feel deeply about them—and about him. [Italics mine.] As much as I shared his distress at the Administration’s blind reaction to the Tet offensive, I feared only that RFK and other doves would lose influence if he entered the primaries against Johnson, and win or lose, tear the Democratic party apart. I saw no chance of his changing policy before 1972 if he entered the race, but some chance if he waited further developments. . . .” Well, one must wonder what further developments Sorensen was waiting for: Johnson to make Kennedy Secretary of State? One can only wonder about someone who writes like that: tear the Democratic party apart? It was already torn apart, as any schoolchild knew, and even if it wasn’t and the way to preserve it was to support Johnson and the war, then it damn well deserved to be torn apart, and the quicker the better.

The young, of course, are a good deal smarter than Mr. Sorensen thinks and this book is not likely to make him a new pop culture hero; one cannot tell if the sogginess results because the ideas are soggy or the writing is soggy, or perhaps a little of both. At any rate Mr. Sorensen lays to rest once and for all any possibility or suggestion that he might have written Profiles in Courage. He doesn’t write well enough for that.

Mr. Sorensen is curiously weak at defining what the Kennedys were in American politics. It has always struck me that the answer is a relatively simple one, and that indeed foreigners have tended to understand it somewhat better than Americans, and often serious lay Americans have understood it better than many in the Kennedy inner circle (particularly those who have stayed there too long). I think foreigners knew that the Kennedys, given the difficulties of our society, stood for what was by and large the best in us, fresh, unprejudiced, modern and contemporary, that they brought to politics a candor, a lack of cant, and a sense of reality. In addition, they represented the bringing of moral responses to difficult issues.

Where the Kennedy circle—and Sorensen in this book—make a big mistake is in believing that this is all something that started in 1960, that it is a personal family thing (as if the torch started with Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr.). Rather what the Kennedys came to dominate in the Sixties was something evolving in society, and particularly the Democratic party; much of what took place in 1968 began in the 1952 campaign of Adlai Stevenson. The Kennedys and their supporters have always been noticeably ungenerous in admitting their intellectual and political debt to Stevenson. That is, that much of what they later espoused he had stood for, and stood for at a particularly difficult time. Nineteen fifty-two, after all, was the height of McCarthyism, and it was the end of twenty years of Democratic reign, and Dwight Eisenhower was about as much a hero as you can buy, and no Democrat was going to be elected. Stevenson ran knowing full well what he was getting into; he took the Democratic party, which might have completely come apart in post-New Deal lethargy and corruption, and gave it new issues, new faces, and indeed a new style. The kind of people he attracted were to prove invaluable to the Kennedys a decade later (some of them, like Fred Dutton, would be idealists with infinitely more professional experience, but their idealism would still be intact). Indeed a good deal of what was discussed in 1968 was more derivative from Stevenson in 1952 than from Jack Kennedy in 1960, much as this might have annoyed Robert Kennedy, who, while espousing liberal ideas, hated to be thought of as a liberal (since there was something still quite deep in him which viewed liberals as being soft).

There is no reason at all why Sorensen should have to write a book extolling Adlai Stevenson, except that if he is going to talk about a particular legend he ought to trace it. Stevenson barely appears at all, a fuzzy little man (“weak and indecisive in the convention and preconvention maneuvering”) who would not have made a good Secretary of State. “He [Kennedy] also thought Stevenson, like Chester Bowles, was too likely to become a prima donna as Secretary of State. . . . At no time did JFK regret appointing Stevenson U.N. Ambassador or not appointing him Secretary of State. This was a judgment in which RFK fully joined and which Stevenson’s own performance during the Cuban missile crisis—as a wavering adviser in the National Security Council, but as an articulate advocate in the U.N. Security Council—fully confirmed.” Well maybe Sorensen and the Kennedys never had any regrets about not naming Stevenson Secretary of State, but some of the rest of us would like to reconsider that one.

I remember last fall, after it was all over—the campaign, the assassinations, the whole painful year—some of my friends in the Kennedy camp

“The Kennedy Legacy was written for a genuinely terrible reason.”
IN THE BADLANDS
by David Wagoner

When we fell apart in the Badlands and lay still
As naked as sunlight
On the level claybed among the broken buttes,
We were ready for nothing—
The end of the day or the end of our quick breathing,
The abolishment of hearts—
And saw in the sky a dozen vultures sailing
With our love as the pivot.
They had come in our honor, invited by what could pass
In their reckoning
For the threshold and crux and sprawled languor of death,
Too much pale skin
In that burning bed where we lay at our own banquet,
Being taken in
As thoroughly as the fossils under us
When they lay down;
And the sea that once was there welled up in our eyes
For the sake of the sun.

were talking about Teddy and his future. And one
of them, a man known for his detachment, said that
the vital thing was to get Teddy (whose own
political instincts are cautious and conservative, he
is politically more like Bob’s older brother than his
younger one; Bob was more a high-risk man than
Ted; Ted was better with the Boston pols) with the
younger people from the Kennedy circle, and away
from the 1960 people; that the older advisers had
been ill-informed in 1968 and by 1972 they would
have been around too long; and that many of them
would begin to smell like fish who had been around
all summer. Their advice would almost surely be
low-risk, self-promoting (as it had been in 1968)
and indeed the country would look at those faces,
Sorensen, Salinger, O’Brien, and think, oh my God,
it’s like those New Deal faces. They, of course,
were moving in on Ted with the ferocity of sharks,
not about to give up their connections with the
dynasty (Arthur Schlesinger, jr. has always been
a notable exception; he has proffered good advice,
kept himself in the background, and pushed younger
men forward). There were many fine things about
the Kennedys in politics, my friend was saying, but
one of the less attractive things was what they did to
some of the people around them.

These bright young men like Sorensen and others
were swept up by the powerful pull of the Kennedy
world and it often proved too much. They had been
brought in because of their beliefs and their par-
ticular talents which the Kennedys so ably utilized.
But then they stayed on and became a part of the
machinery, blending in, losing their particular dis-
tinctiveness, losing their sharp edges in their very
success. What would become important finally was
not any given issue, not how they felt, but their
relationship to the Kennedys, and the protection of
that (under the alleged title of protecting the Ken-
dey’s). Their main hold in life—indeed their
identity—became their relationship with the Ken-
dey’s: what became important when a great crisis
arose, was not so much the question itself but
whether or not they were summoned to Hyannis
Port, photographed entering the compound, inter-
viewed for their No Comments. This gave them a
prominence and an identity they had never had be-
fore, but finally an identity which was not entirely
their own, for it existed at the whim of the family;
thus a tendency toward self-serving and cautious ad-
dvice. Sorensen would become a classic example.
Finally in the end he was neither a Sorensen nor a
Kennedy. He had lost the sense of himself—was it
in trying to imitate their toughness? Now he would
recite on his own the same prose which he had
written for them, but it sounded peculiarly empty
from his mouth. (I remember once in the post-as-
sassination days hearing Adam Walinsky give a
speech that he might have written for Bob Kennedy
about feeding hungry children and ending the kill-
ing in Vietnam. It might have sounded impressive
from a Kennedy, there was something poignant
about words like these being spoken by someone
with a rough Irish background, but it sounded
odd and truistic from Walinsky. Of course he
should feel this way—what else was new?)

The young Kennedy brothers of course accepted
the hand-me-down intellectuals gratefully: each
Kennedy after all replaced a fallen brother he ad-
mired and thought worthier intellectually; unsure
of his own credentials, he was glad to have his
brother’s intellectual. But the advice he received
tended too often to reflect the lowest common de-
nominator—advisers trying to preserve the Ken-
dey’s instead of risking the public that
which had made them special in the first place.

So that Chappaquiddick would become a classic
example. It was handled from the start along the
lines of the Cuban missile crisis, with all the great
men of 1963 scurrying to the compound with their
attaché cases. It was, after all, an affair which raised
questions of simple human decency, and the occa-
sion demanded candor, honesty and simplicity, not
lots of lawyers who told him—and he listened—not
to talk. Finally he would break too long a silence to
read a statement for television on his own terms—
the very kind of thing which Kennedy enthusiasts dis-
liked so much in Nixon. The statement itself was of
such cheapness and bathos as to be a rejection of
everything the Kennedys had stood for in candor
and style. It was as if these men had forgotten every-
thing which made the Kennedys distinctive in
American politics and simply told the youngest
brother that he could get away with whatever he
wanted because he was a Kennedy in Massachu-
setts. One knew, when one heard that speech, that
Sorensen had written it.
The Brothers Dorsey

by RICHARD GEHMAN

One night at the famous old Glen Island Casino, the two brothers had a fist fight on the stand. Another night, Jimmy stood there playing his clarinet while Tommy played the trombone with his arm around his brother's neck. Jimmy lifted up his clarinet, Benny Goodman-style, and joggled Tommy's born, causing the mouthpiece to chip one of Tommy's front teeth and cut his lip slightly. As I recall, they were playing something called "Hollywood Pastimes," even though they were in Westchester County, New York. Both men put down their instruments and had another fist fight, right there on the stage, for the astonishment and edification of the audience, which was not large that night because it was raining.

Although outweighed by his brother, Jimmy was quicker than Tommy, but he always held off going to his brother's mouth with his left. Musicians always are protective of each other's booches. One night in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, the cornettist Bunny Berigan, then playing both lead and solo in Tommy's band, leaned back to take a chorus. He went too far back, and the flimsy chair under him collapsed. He dropped eighteen feet to the floor (the brass section had to work up high at that ballroom), and the combination of the booze he had been drinking and the fall put him out. Tommy put down his trombone and rushed around to the back of the stand, where cops, janitors, and others were examining the prostrate form. "Never mind his ribs," Tommy said. "See if his lip's cut." Berigan's lip was not cut, and he was back on the stand, acting a little in the head, for the next set.

Tommy Dorsey looked like a stern schoolmaster; he wore steel-rimmed spectacles that often fell off, so much of a sweat did he work up as he played his trombone. Jimmy Dorsey was smaller and less disheveled; he never seemed to sweat at all when he played his alto saxophone and doubled on the clarinet. Musically, Jimmy was the more ambitious; one time he recorded "The Wren" with his full band (then twelve pieces) behind Josephine Tuminia, the coloratura soprano from San Francisco, who made it all the way to the Metropolitan Opera.

To the shame of Milton Gabler and all those jolly pitchmen over at Decca Records, this memorable twelve-inch 78 record, which provoked this hobo excursion into the caves and recesses of my childhood, has never been reissued. I don't know why. I was listening to it the other day. My copy is just about worn out, for I have had it since I was a boy of seventeen—from about the time I first saw Jimmy Dorsey at the old Rocky Springs Park Ballroom in my home town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. I had not heard the record before that time, but when I heard Jimmy's band I rushed back to my father's music store and said, "Order everything you can get of The Dorsey Brothers' orchestra, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, and Tommy's." He had most of them in stock. My father had only one eccentricity—ordering records. He could not stand to have a customer come in and ask for a record he could not pull out. He knew the numbers of all the records on all the labels, and still remembers them.

Apologizing for this sentimental digression, I now return to the Dorseys. The records they made as The Dorsey Brothers were superior to those they made under their separate names, I contend. Most of the arrangements were made by trombonist Glenn Miller. At that time he was working as a sideman for the Dorseys for $75 a week, and sometimes, with that preacherish demeanor of his, acting as referee for the Dorsey's fights.

Many of these fights were prompted by liquor. Both brothers drank heavily, in and out of both jazz and fistic action. Jimmy was the better drinker; he never did those outlandish things that many drunks do, not even after putting away a quart in an evening. Tommy, the soul of geniality in the early stages of his own buzz, and a wonderful host at his place in New Jersey, would turn mean about 10 o'clock at night. If Jimmy was not handy, he would pick on someone else.

Jimmy was the more agile of the two, musically speaking; he worked his way in and out of choruses like a young pickpocket dodging cops in a crowd. Tommy just seemed to walk down the street, the boss of everyone and everything. Jimmy was more experimental; Tommy was smoother. Together, when they were not trying to act like the main event in Madison Square Garden, they made a superb combination.

The Dorsey: Tommy (left) with Jimmy (right) and Mother Dorsey at a birthday party for Tommy in the mid-Fifties.

The drinking was unusual, considering the brothers' background. They were born in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, Jimmy in 1904, Tommy in 1905. Most people thought that Tommy was older, possibly because his musical ability overshadowed Jimmy's. Their father was a music teacher who set Jimmy to the cornet when the boy was about six. At eight, Jimmy was playing the instrument in his father's parading brass band. He later switched to alto saxophone and then, logically enough, took up clarinet. Tommy also started off on cornet, switched to trombone, and decided he liked that instrument better. Certainly he was better at it; I heard him play cornet once, and it was a thrill of real listening horror. The point of all this is that the Brothers Dorsey came out of a strict background that had them in proper Sunday school suits, white collars and all (rather coal dust-stained), and that they did not exactly come out, they exploded.

The two of them were legends before they were old enough to vote. They got to New York before they had shaken that Shenandoah soot off. Jimmy, who first was with a band called The Scranton Sirens, was seventeen. He was hired by the Jean Goldkette band and toured with it. He played with Bix Beiderbecke in that band and then went back to Shenandoah to form, with Bruv, as he always called Tommy, The Dorsey Novelty Orchestra. When Tommy reached seventeen, he also took off from Shenandoah and rapidly became known to radio station and recording executives as a trombonist who was always a reliable purveyor of whatever it was he had on his musical mind.

The boys made money too fast, some...
reach the degree of perfection needed by the commanders to win in action. This spectacular defeat was sustained by a man who had already been cast as something of a folk hero—General Westmoreland.

—Frankfurter Allgemeine.

MOSCOW: Against the Military-Industrial Complex

The mass campaign, launched in the United States last year for the first time in the post-war period against the Pentagon’s plans of imposing costly armament programs on the country, revealed the increased consciousness of broad sections of the population, their opposition to not merely the Pentagon but to the military-industrial complex as a whole, which was making a fortune on the unrestrained arms race. At the same time, demands are growing louder that the United States should in a positive way respond to the initiative of the Soviet Union and other socialist countries in the disarmament sphere.

An important landmark has been achieved in international relations. Success in the solution of vital disarmament problems will determine to a large extent whether the foundation of world peace and security will be consolidated and the threat of a devastating conflict will diminish, or whether tension will continue in the world preventing the use of its material and manpower resources for creation and progress.

—Izvestia.

WARSAW: Sharon Tate and Songmy

MURDER is not uncommon in the United States. Thousands of people are being murdered every year, 75 per cent of them by young people between 14 and 25. That Sharon Tate’s murder has evoked so much commotion can be largely attributed to the fact that her killers are most typical representatives of the hippie population, representatives of hippie ideology, which is the ideology of many American youngsters.

The so-called middle-class, conservative part of the American people does not like flower people... Sharon Tate’s murder has scared the American population. It has shown that, regardless of who their parents are, flower people can easily enter the road of senseless murders. It has also shown that there exists in the United States a political atmosphere conducive to such murders: the atmosphere in which the soldiers who pacified the Vietnamese village of Songmy had been brought up.

—Zycie Warszawy.

Letters to the World’s Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Bawling Out for Conrad

The second trip to the moon could have been much more than it was. Although its importance may have been less, the Apollo 12 mission was more risky, and for this reason it should not have been presented with so many little jokes. I believe that Charles Conrad, commander of the mission, deserves a strong reprimand for the way he handled himself during this important trip... He could have been less infantile. Neil Armstrong, the true conqueror of the moon, treated his mission with the seriousness it deserved.

Conrad ruined the TV camera, and besides this he fell on the surface of the moon, surely because he was doing one of his pirouettes. One last question: how much money did the U.S. lose when the roll of film was left behind? And what if these were the most important of the pictures?

—R. J. P., El Tiempo, Bogotá.

Genocide in Biafra

The cynicism of the official British attitude toward the Nigerian war and the sufferings of the Biafran people is clearly outlined by Walter Schwarz.

Would it not be pertinent to inquire whether the government is in breach of its own Genocide Act of 1969? This act followed (belatedly) upon a resolution of the General Assembly of the United Nations in 1948, by which genocide was declared to be a punishable crime under international law.

The act says, and I quote: “Deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part.”


The True Revolutionary

I was most displeased to find in one of your articles an insidious comparison between drug-consuming youth and revolutionary youth. It is only this: that an adolescent in a revolt of desperation (an “addict,” if you prefer) is not exactly a revolutionary.

An authentic revolutionary cannot take drugs without living in a fundamental contradiction: the goal of revolution is in effect the abolition of capitalism and, as a consequence, the evils it engenders such as drug-mania, excessive delinquency, etc.

If you absolutely insist on finding common bonds between Leftists and addicts, you might come up with this: both are refusing integration into our hypocritical, materialist society. The remaining divergence is that, for a revolutionary, the solution is a fight to the end; for a drug addict, it is a flight from society, from oneself, and from oneself as situated in this society.


Racial Prejudice

Mr. Abraham’s conclusion that racial prejudice is “appreciably less widespread among young people” is doubtless true, but it may give less cause for optimism than he imagines. There is one very obvious explanation for the greater intolerance among the middle-aged. This group falls into two categories: those who feel they have succeeded, and those who feel they have failed. The latter, in seeking a cause of their failure outside themselves, find a necessary hate-object in the colored immigrant. Will many of those young people, who show tolerance now, show the same tolerance in ten or twenty years’ time, or will they not react in precisely the same way as their elders have reacted?


Safeguards for Marriage

Is there something to be said for the old-fashioned view of marriage as a lifelong and fruitful affair, based firmly on sacraments and promises, and not merely on the shifting sands of poor human feeling and chaotic human impulse?

Adults can tire so rapidly of each other, and today’s educated women come to “see through” men so quickly that surely the old safeguards are more necessary than ever.

—Dr. Margaret Maison, The Observer, London.

Fact vs. Fiction on Abortion

Bob Cohen’s story on neonaticide—the killing of newborn babies—reads more like science fiction than science reporting. He notes Dr. Phillip Resnick’s gratuitous claim that there are “hundreds and possibly thousands” of such deaths each year in the United States. But we are offered no evidence to support it.

Even Dr. Resnick’s limited study fails to show how more “liberal” laws would cut down infant deaths, for it suggests that women who kill their babies do not seek abortions. Significantly, moreover, Britain’s new abortion laws have not reduced the number of illegitimate births.

When Mr. Cohen suggests that opposition to wider abortion laws might increase neonaticide, his own irrational bias shows through. On the contrary, permissive attitudes toward abortion and infanticide have historically gone together—as in ancient Greece and Rome.

—Mrs. Mary Cooper, The Ottawa Citizen.

—Compiled by Nicholas G. Balint.
The Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra broke up in 1935 when, after the customary fistfight, Tommy left Jimmy to form his own band. The pair had uncovered more talent during their days together than most men of their time: Tommy had found a kid from Hoboken named Sinatra, whom he hired to sing for his band, and Jimmy had picked up Helen O'Connell, the queen of band singers. Miss O'Connell, after several years of retirement and domesticity, is still going strong. Mr. Sinatra is still going.

Eventually the brothers were invited to Hollywood for various jobs with their separate bands. They were not happy there, Jimmy later told me. Hollywood was happy with them, though, and in the film was made about their lives. It was called The Fabulous Dorseys. It did not make them seem fabulous, as any late-night television watcher can attest. Today, when I see Helen O'Connell and happen to mention this film, she shudders. Miss O'Connell, whose personal life has been as turbulent as those of the Dorsey boys, is not easily shaken. But what the filmmakers did to the Dorsey boys almost defies description.

Thomas Dorsey passed away many years ago. As far as that estimable repository of obits, The New York Times, knows, Mrs. Theresa Dorsey is still alive. There is no record of her passing. She would be in her nineties. However, from sources closer to home, it has been determined that she did indeed die in February 1968 at the age of ninety. Jimmy died in 1957, a year after Tommy died. Most of us thought Tommy would outlast Jimmy, if only because he was younger, but neither boy was younger or tougher than his mother.

It usually is the case with talented brothers that the younger is the more experimental. In this case, it was Jimmy who was more adventurous. Early in Jimmy's career as a bandleader, Bing Crosby hired him and his band for a radio show sponsored by a company that made cheap cheese. At that time, both Crosby and Jimmy had been struck all but earless by the talents of Josephine Tuminia. Jimmy thought it would be fun to have his band play behind her. She would sing a song in straight operatic tones, and he would play in straight swing cadences. Jack Kapp, of Decca, thought this would be a good idea. It is not known, even by Miss Tuminia, to whom I spoke on the telephone not long ago, who it was who first decided upon "The Wren," a composition from the extensive library heaved upon the musical world by Sir Julius Benedict (1804-1885). All she remembers is that Toots Camarata arranged the Dorsey half and she stood on an orange crate to trill out her part. The recording was made in one take, which was unprecedented in those days. After this unlikely team finished, the question arose as to what the reverse side would be. "I'd like to sing 'The Blue Danube,'" she said.

The always reliable Camarata thereupon sat down and wrote out the Dorsey part, and she got up on her crate again and sang it. This one took two takes. It is not quite as good as "The Wren," but then hardly anything is. This was, as far as I know, the first meeting of classical and jazz talents ever to go on record. After it, the two kinds of music gradually began to draw closer and closer together.

So, strangely enough, did the Dorseys. Once they agreed to go their separate ways, they became fonder and fonder of each other. In 1953, Jimmy gave up his own band to join Tommy's orchestra. The Dorseys were reunited again, and after Tommy's death, in 1956, Jimmy went on playing and fronting it until he himself died in 1957.

One night in Columbus, Ohio, Jimmy was leading the Dorsey Brothers' band and welcoming old friends into the backstage area. Jimmy was expansive that night, telling Tommy stories. This was early in 1957. He had recovered from his grief over his little brother's death, and—possibly because he knew he was going to follow him out soon—was able to talk. "I never got as far as Bruv did, and maybe it was a good thing," Jimmy said. "I never had to go through the stuff he had to go through. I just had a place-to-place band. True, I made a hell of a lot of records, and I had good people working for me, but I was always 'Tommy Dorsey's brother,' more or less. He was the celebrity, and in those days of the big bands all the fans thought they owned him. I guess maybe this was reasonable enough. Anybody—you take, for example, Benny Goodman or the rest—can't do much in public without having some guy coming up and acting like he owns him. I did have it myself, a couple of times, but Bruv got it the worst. After (Continued on page 89)
Ray Bryant: Sound Ray, Bryant, piano; James "Rover" Johnson, bass; George Lewis, clarinet; Harold White, drums. Cadet stereo, LP-830, $4.98.

If only because there are no brassy echoes from Tijuana, this is much better than Bryant's previous Cadet albums. The first side is rhythmically heavy-handed in accordance with the tenets of rock and soul merchandising. Ugly recording and White's generally stolid drumming do not help matters, but "Broadway" and "Lil Darlin'" on the second side redeem everything. Here for ten minutes Bryant seems to be himself, or his old self—musicianly, assured, inventive.

Magic Sam: Black Magic. Magic Sam (Maghett), guitar and vocal; Eddie Shaw, tenor saxophone; Lafayette Leake, piano; Mighty Joe Young, guitar; Mack Thompson, bass; Otie Payne, Jr., drums. Delmark stereo, DS-620, $4.98.

Magic Sam's tragic death in Chicago last month at the age of thirty-two robbed the contemporary blues scene of one of the more vital of the younger players. This set, though uneven, evokes him justly and he had professed himself well satisfied with it. Like most of today's bluesmen, he was strongly influenced by B. B. King, but he shouts and cries here with an easy authority, his guitar complementing the vocals admirably in solo and accompaniment. Delmark has another excellent album, belonging to an earlier blues tradition, by Bud Powell (In Europe, DS-616). As a pianist, he once exerted a wide influence, and he still sings and plays with virile conviction.

Marian McPartland: Interplay. Marian McPartland, piano; Linc Millman, bass. Halcyon stereo, 1203, $5.98. (Halcyon Records, P.O. Box 4255, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.)

This set seems to mark a step forward in Marian McPartland's recording career. It has a slightly more tense quality than its predecessors, sounding as though she no longer felt a need to prove her ability. In place of the bright, relentlessly aggressive spirit that characterized most "modern" piano playing, there is a poised sensitivity. The intelligent and varied program includes a couple of originals, the second of which, "Illusion," would not be unworthy of John Lewis.

Phineas Newborn: Please Send Me Someone to Love. Phineas Newborn, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Contemporary stereo, S-7622, $5.98.

It has been a long time since this phenomenon made another appearance. In the meantime, according to annotator Leonard Feather, he has been practicing "six or seven hours a day," with the result that he can, on this evidence, sound like the most technically adroit pianist in jazz. Brown and Jones are masters, too, in their respective spheres, and they contribute tastefully, yet one is left wondering whether a musician with such remarkable control and feeling really needed them. The eight performances together represent a challenge to Oscar Peterson in terms of brilliance and power, but Newborn's virtuosity does not yet incorporate the imagination, swing, and felicity of touch that made Art Tatum unforgettable.

Jack Teagarden: In Concert. Teagarden, trombone and vocal; Dick Oakley, cornet; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Don Ewell, piano; Stan Pulch, bass; Ronnie Greb, drums. Sounds stereo, 1203, $5.00. (Sounds Records, 1349 Carmen Drive, Glendale, Calif. 91207.)

In these clearly recorded 1958 performances, Teagarden sings, plays, and announces the numbers with the unaffected, drooling charm that won him so many admirers throughout the world. His trombone, with its memorably melodic tone and relaxed phrasing, provides the high spots, but the accompanying group backs him well. Ewell and Fuller are impressive on "Beale Street Blues," and the pianist has a strong feature in "Handful of Keys." Apart from this Fats Waller composition, all the numbers are standards in the Dixieland repertoire.


Blue Note, which has survived as a jazz label with singular little compromise, has commemorated its thirtieth anniversary by releasing three two-record sets of unusual value. 1939 was in many ways an unpromising year for the beginning of any artistic enterprise, but it was then that Alfred Lion laid the foundations of the company. That there was a great deal happening in jazz at the time is shown in the first set, which is astonishing in its variety and overall quality. Boogie-woogie is represented by two of the better exponents (Pete Johnson is unaccountably absent), while two of the greatest jazz pianists, Earl Hines and James P. Johnson, offer dazzling performances in contrasting styles. More illuminating contrasts are afforded in the playing of Sidney Bechet, Barney Bigard, and Edmond Hall, three highly individualistic clarinet exports from New Orleans. The revival of interest in that city's basic product is recognized in recordings by George Lewis and Bunk Johnson. There is refreshing guitar playing by Charlie Christian, Teddy Bunn, and the underrated Jimmy Shirley, and very moving trumpet by Sidney DeParis and Frank Newton. What the programming scarcely prepares the listener for is the onset of bop. When the needle moves suddenly from Bunk Johnson to Fats Navarro, Thelonious Monk, Milt Jackson, and James Moody, the sense of outrage felt by older enthusiasts at the time is not inexplicable. In the other sets, Blue Note moves with the musical tide. 1949-1959 (BST-89903) introduces, among others, Bud Powell, J. J. Johnson, Clifford Brown, Miles Davis, Horace Silver, Jimmy Smith, John Coltrane, and Sonny Rollins, while 1959-1969 (BST-89904) brings Kenny Burrell, Donald Byrd, Eric Dolphy, Stanley Turrentine, and Ornette Coleman. The concise, pithy expression found throughout the first set gives way in these to the often repetitive verbiety that the LP encouraged. As an economical survey of developments in small-band jazz since 1939, the three sets will be hard to beat, but do not forget the all-important counterpoint Ellington and Basie were playing.

Paul Whiteman: Paul Whiteman, Vol. II. Whiteman, conductor, with orchestra featuring Bix Beiderbecke, Red Nichols, Bunny Berigan, trumpet; Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden, trombone; Frankie Trumbauer, Jimmy Dorsey, alto saxophone; Mildred Bailey, Bing Crosby, vocal. RCA mono, LPV-570, $4.98.

Unlike the earlier Whiteman collection in the Vintage Series (LPV-555), this is not without jazz interest. A comic "Wang Wang Wang" is included; otherwise all the material was recorded between 1927 and 1935 when Whiteman bore the title of "King of Jazz." The contrast between jazz solos and stodgy ensembles is often hilarious, but arranger Bill Challis was clearly ahead of his time. That he had thoroughly digested the phonology of Bix Beiderbecke and Trumbauer, and took pleasure in translating it, is evident in several passages for the brass and reed sections.

—STANLEY DANCE.
he found Sinatra it was even worse. You know the terrible Sinatra commotion."

He paused. "Tommy's kid was on the Princeton football team. Tommy'd been booked all over the place on those goddamned one-nighters we had to play, but one Saturday afternoon Bruv had off and he went down to the game to see the boy play. The boy was second string. There was old Bruv, sitting in those awful stands, waiting for the kid to come on.

"Right next to him was an Old Grad. The blanket, the Tiger pennant, the Thermos jug of gin. Tommy was leaning forward, trying to pick out the kid, my nephew, on the bench. Three quarters went by and no Dorsey in the game. By now Tommy's beginning to sweat. Finally, about the middle of the fourth quarter, the loudspeaker said, 'And now, going in at halfback, Thomas Dorsey, Jr.' The Old Grad was not too bagged to hear this. He took a hard squint at Bruv. He said, 'What fraternity do you belong to? I mean your son. What fraternity he's pledged to?'"

"I don't know," Jimmy quoted Tommy as replying.

"What do you mean, 'I don't know'?
the Old Grad asked, testily.
"I just don't know," Tommy said.
"Come on, what fraternity is he in?"
"Look," said Tommy, trying to keep his eyes on Thomas III, on the field, eagerly watching his boy's performance, "I just don't know. What's it to you? Why should I know?"

The Old Grad then became the Permanent Established Old Grad of All Time. He was indignant. Indeed, he was incensed. "I've got all your records," he said.

Tommy broke up, and Jimmy used to break up when telling this story about Bruv. It must have been Mrs. Theresa Dorsey who gave them the spirit they had. Or perhaps it was the original Thomas, the father. I do not know. I knew both boys, and I knew their mother. I cannot think of three people outside my family I ever felt warmer toward. I cannot think of two brothers who gave more to American jazz, and extended it more, than the two men from Shenandoah. On the telephone, Josephine Tuminia, who is now working as manager of a dress shop in San Mateo, California, summed it up. "Those two men did a lot to bridge the gap," she said. —RICHARD GEHMAN.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 60: eras, ares, ears, sear.
Governing Buckley by the Numbers

A Fantasy in 2,000 Digits by Lawrence A. Benenson

William F. Buckley, Jr., editor-in-chief of the weekly, National Review, says [in Rumbles Left and Right] that he would rather be governed by the first 2,000 people in the Boston telephone book than by the Harvard faculty. —The New York Times

The meeting was called to order at 9:10 P.M. by Mrs. Charlotte Adam who made a short welcoming speech and thanked everyone for the fine turnout. She explained that it was she who had sent the requests to the first 2,000 names in the Boston telephone book. We had a number of unusual problems, she continued, and in order to expedite matters, parliamentary procedure would be used. She then asked for a motion that a chairman pro tem be chosen, pending formal elections later.

Mr. Charles Abel said that Mrs. Adam should certainly be chairman pro tem because she called the meeting, and seemed to know what this was all about. Mrs. Adam asked for a second, nominations were closed, and she was elected chairman pro tem unanimously. She then took a gavel out of her coat.

Mrs. Adam asked if anyone had any experience in shorthand and typing, because no matter what A-C Electric Supply said, we really needed minutes of each meeting or what would Mr. Buckley think? I said I represented the Aberdeen Typing Service and had already been taking notes. I said I had worked on minutes at trade school, but was marked down in spelling. The chairman pro tem then called for a voice vote on the election of Aberdeen Typing Service and I was seconded and elected unanimously.

Mr. Alan Abend then rose to ask how in a nation business firms were included. He said he didn’t object to the election of Aberdeen Typing as secretary pro tem but he’d like to know whether all business firms would be represented. After all, Mr. Buckley distinctly said people. Mr. Adano said it had to be the first 2,000 names in the telephone book because otherwise it wasn’t a true cross section. Mrs. Acacia, who had a copy of the telephone book, asked how many votes would the A & P Food Stores have? Fourteen A & P telephone numbers are in the Boston phone book and would there be fourteen representatives or one? A man on the aisle said he was a buyer for the A & P and listed as such in the phone book. He said he hadn’t checked with his district office, but he would be happy to send in a memorandum if that was the mood of the meeting.

Mr. Abend said Holy Smoke, the A & P—Mr. Buckley wants people!
And the difficulties had only begun.

In January, in the midst of the negotiations among U.S. officials, various Brazilian agencies, and Bertholet, 120 tons of food were brought by the colony from the port of Maceio to Pindorama. On the first day of March of this year the food was still not distributed, and some of the seventy tons of wheat flour and twenty tons of corn flour were beginning to spoil.

Was the cause of the delays primarily Brazilian? I asked in a letter to an official in the Embassy.

“To the contrary,” he wrote back, “almost all of the delay has been caused by our bureaucracy. Somehow we had better develop a method of speeding up decision-making in the U.S. government... but please don’t quote me; I have to eat.”

On March 2, Bertholet writes, agreements between all parties had, finally, been worked out. “But all was stopped... when Mr. Jim Maher [a Food for Peace official] returned from Rio de Janeiro with the news that Mr. [John] Diefenderfer [AID director in the northeast] had given orders for even more modifications. With this news Sudene [the Brazilian agency in charge of developing the northeast], understandably, left the office of USAID.”

So did Bertholet. The document concludes:

Since the month of January, Pindorama has given proof of tremendous patience and discipline, having respected all agreements with all parties. The Cooperative is faced with the food spoiling and is in a period when the associates [colonists] need credits for agriculture work which was promised in the course of this program. This Cooperative is no longer ready to live in this expectation, having only the smell of food...

This Cooperative regrets that... in this case the Alliance for Progress has meant nothing to the colony but regression. We hope for your good, our good, and the good of South America that this is not the case throughout your program. We are sure of the good intentions of the USAID, but good intentions are not enough. Good intentions do not feed starving people. What is needed is a... realistic will to face the harsh problems of the northeast, which we are facing here at Pindorama in a direct and concrete manner.

Who is to blame? Jim Maher? He was as anxious to get food to Pindorama as Bertholet was to get it. Diefenderfer? I spent only a short time with him, but I had the impression that he is a man of energy and dedication.

Nobody’s to blame; there are no villains and—clearly—no heroes. We have made big promises in Brazil; we have carried out almost none of them.

Is Bertholet on our side? Don’t be silly. He is on the side of whoever can do the most for Pindorama and do it first.

So far our track record is unimpressive.

Americans Would Like to Be Poets

A few contradictory observations about Brazil and the American program there:

René Bertholet said, “I shall never again as long as I live believe a promise made by an American.”

Carlos Roberto said, “Americans would like to be poets, but they don’t know how. One must, however, respect the wish.”

An American stationed in Recife said, “Brizola told us to go home, and, by God, I’m going. Let’s spend the money helping the starving miners in West Virginia.”

Hans Mann said, “Twenty years ago São Paulo was a provincial city; now it is as industrialized as Pittsburgh. It is the fastest-growing city in South America... About ten years ago there wasn’t a car factory in Brazil; now there are many. Brazil is expanding the way the United States did a hundred years ago.”

Johnny Bradford, an American Negro entertainer who has lived in Rio for several years, said, “Brazilians tell you their life stories over the first drink. How can a people like that ever become Communists?”

Brazilians are proud of Varig, the national airline, and they have every right to be. The Varig jet flights from New York to Rio and back—I’ve made the round trip twice now—are the most luxurious, comfortable, and satisfying I’ve ever made anywhere.

In addition to two chefs, a wine steward, waiters, and stewardesses, there is an Executive Hostess dressed in basic black and invariably beautiful. Her job is to help you relax, which she does with charm and finesse. On the way back to New York the last time I asked the Executive Hostess what she thought were the chances of Brazil going Communist.

“Good Heavens,” she said, “not the slightest chance. We have never been fanatics. Why, we didn’t even fight the Indians the way...”

She paused, and I could see she felt she had gone too far. At that point the wine steward came by and suggested that I have a second glass of champagne, which I did.

Harper’s Magazine, October 1963
In the Valley

A story by Hugh Nissenson

6th Day

... Nothing. So far we have found nothing to indicate that they are here—but not so much as a gnawed bone, or ashes from a fire, either in what the Fourth Expedition numbered Cave Three, where I am writing this now, or in any other limestone cave in what will eventually come to be known as the Valley of the Vézère.

"Maybe we've come too soon," says Lise!, in a voice that echoes in the elongated axial hall which resembles a rotunda, with a vaulted dome.

Her husband Irwin shakes his head, and I'd stake my reputation on it: somewhere, outside, above us in the valley at this very moment, Europe's, and as far as we know, the world's first Cro-Magnon community has already established itself, and with the coming of the winter is preparing to move into this cave which will serve them as a kind of temple for their hunting magic rites.

"Look. How beautiful," says Lise!, leafing through her portfolio of photographs of the frieze of cattle they will paint on the wall of the lateral gallery to our right. "Marvelous, aren't they? The bulls, particularly. Look at this one done in ocher. A perfect representation of Bos primigenius. It'll be extinct by the seventeenth century."

"Brenner, what do you really think? Are we wrong?" her husband asks me. "Maybe we've miscalculated. There are hundreds of Neanderthals in the valley. Where are the Cro-Magnons? It doesn't make sense."

"Never mind. McIver and Williams will be back in a day or so. They'll have found something."

"You really think so? I hope so," he says, clearing his hoarse throat, and spitting into his handkerchief. The damp caves have given him a bad cold. . . .
ANOTHER DAY; ANOTHER HOSPITAL SCENE

Kennedys Take New Grief In Stride

By Jimmy Breslin
N.Y. Herald Tribune Special
NORTHAMPTON, Mass. —

Robert F. Kennedy walked in the hot sun with his jacket under his arm and the school children watching him sat on their bikes in T-shirts and denim shorts and drank pop. And this was a summer day, but it had just come across the street to the Robert F. Kennedy walked in hospital, he was too straight the hot sun with his jacket and his walk was too careful under his arm and the school and he was too nice to the people who tried to get him to sign autographs, and this terrible job of being a Kennedy was on him and all of them again.

"I was in bed," he was saying, "and then somebody came in and told me and I just came and then, well, I just came." He talked quickly. He did not want to be bothered remembering details.

A woman ran up to him with her hand out. "I'm sorry," she said.

"Thank you," he said. He kept walking.

He wore sunglasses. His slate-gray suit was rumpled. He had been sitting on the ground in the park for an hour, pulling at the grass and thinking. Now he went into the hospital and walked through double doors leading to his brother's room.

A few minutes later, they all came out and went into the small, narrow, wood-paneled hospital coffee shop.

Patricia Lawford, in a pink dress and pink kerchief, had sunglasses pushed up on her head. She sat across from her sister, Jean Smith, who was in a black checked dress. Bobby sat with them.

Wife Is There

The senator's wife, Joan Kennedy, blond and in a pink dress, sat at another table with Lem Billings, a family friend. Stephen Smith, in a blue pin-striped suit, stood at the counter.

They said hello and talked easily and no one lapsed into silence or let the face show what was inside. Kennedys do not do that. Kennedys are people who stand up when there is trouble.

"Is it ever going to end for you people?" he was asked.

"I guess the only reason we've survived is that there are too many of us," he said.

"There are more of us than there is trouble." He put the glass down and looked at the counter.

"I was just thinking before," he said. "If my mother did not have any more children after her first four, she would have nothing now. My brother Joe and Jack are dead and Kathleen is dead and Rose..."

Lem Billings, a family friend...
Kennedys At Hospital Take Their New Grief In Stride

Continued from Page 5

mary is in the nursing home. She would be left with nothing if she only had four."
"How is your mother?"
He nodded.
"Does the father know?"
"I just spoke to him." His voice was grim.
Ted Kennedy was down the hall. The doctors say it will be six to 10 months before he will get over this crash.

When he was taken into the hospital Friday night, his pulse was varying a great deal and his blood pressure was almost nothing. A friend of the family, Dr. Thomas F. Corriden, waited for him. Dr. Corriden had Ted Kennedy taken up to Isolation Room No. 1.

Even the numbers of the hospital rooms were the same. John F. Kennedy died with a bullet in his head in Emergency Room No. 1 at a hospital in Dallas.

Saturday, Ted Kennedy tried to get rid of it all with quips.
"How are you, Bobby?" he said when his brother first came in. When his sister Pat, who does not like flying, arrived, he said, "You've got the right idea, Pat." Then he told a story about another relative who didn't want to fly with him.

2 Others Die
But the plane's pilot, Edward J. Zimny, was dead. So was Edward Moss, one of the senator's aides. Sen. and Mrs. Birch Bayh of Indiana were in the hospital, too. They were not seriously hurt, but they had been around death.

And everyplace, there was this chill and all the people in the hospital and most of the ones standing outside it were quiet because this plane crash and this hospital brought them all back to a day last November and nobody mentioned it, but it was with everybody Saturday.
"How much do these people have to give?" the woman behind the counter in the coffee shop said.
Robert Kennedy did not hear her say it. He talked about other things. He talked about someplace in New York where he had stopped for a drink and then he got on to something else, and you could see that none of it meant anything to him because he had too much on his mind. There was the pilot, and Moss, and Sen. Bayh and his wife and his brother and his parents. And there was Jacqueline Kennedy, who was at Hyannis Port and everybody made a point of not mentioning her name or what the crash did to her Friday night.

Mrs. Edward Moss (center, white blouse) is assisted down a corridor of the hospital at Northampton, Mass., where her husband died of injuries received in plane crash. (UPI)
BILLY'S DESIGN

AWFUL PROUD, MRS. LOWERY, HIS THIRD-GRADE TEACHER, HAD TAKEN IT AROUND AND SHOWN IT TO EVERYBODY RIGHT UP THROUGH THE ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL. I CONGRATULATED BILLY, AND ASKED HIM A FEW QUESTIONS (I WAS PUZZLED BY THE PART WHERE IT SAYS "NEW GAS WITH THE OTHER THING MAKE THE FUMES"), BUT BILLY JUST SORT OF SHRUGGED. AFTER A BIG HUNT FOR THE SCOTCH TAPE, WE STUCK THE DRAWING UP ON THE MIRROR BY THE FRONT DOOR. BY THE TIME I GOT CRONKITE, IT WAS "GUNSMOKE" ALREADY.

APRIL 13: A NEW MILKMAN DELIVERED TODAY. DIDN'T HEAR HIM COME IN; DISCOVERED HIM STANDING IN THE FRONT HALL STARING AT THE DESIGN. SHOWED HIM WHERE THE KITCHEN WAS, AND WHEN HE'D LEFT I SAID TO DOLORES, "THAT IS A STRANGE MILKMAN."

"YEAH," SAID DOLORES, LOOKING IN THE FRIDGE. "HE LEFT SIX YOGURT AND AN EGGNOG STAMPED DECEMBER 20TH."

"HMM," I SAID.

to discuss with you 'the other thing'?

"'Other thing'? I said.

"You know," GEORGE SAID, "what you mix with 'new gas'—as in 'New gas with the other thing make the fumes.'"

I SAID I HAD ASKED BILLY BUT WE DIDN'T GET ANYWHERE.

"Nice talking to you," he said. "Be seeing you," Hung up.

APRIL 18: WE WERE HAVING A SATURDAY-AFTERNOON LlAN^ IN THE BACK YARD, DOLORES AND ME AND THE RACKERS FROM DOWN THE BLOCK (HARRY WAS BRAGGING ABOUT SOMETHING, AS USUAL) WHEN THIS HELICOPTER ROARED DOWN PRACTICALLY ON TOP OF DOLORES' S BEGONIAS, SCATTERING RED-HOT BRIQUETTES AND PINEAPPLE SLICES ALL OVER THE YARD. IT LANDS, AND OUT JUMPS GEORGE, FROM DEFENSE. "WHERE'S BILLY?" HE ASKS. WELL, BILLY'S AT A DEN MEETING, GEORGE SAYS THAT'S ALL RIGHT, AND ASKS ME TO SIGN SOME PAPERS. THEN HE GIVES ME A CHECK FOR BILLY FOR SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. "THIS IS ALL WE CAN AUTHORIZE," HE SAYS, "UNTIL FEASIBILITY STUDIES ARE FINALIZED AND PRODUCTION IS FUNDED AND ONGOING. O.K.?"

"O.K.,” I SAID.

GEORGE WAVES GOODBYE, CLIMBS INTO THE CHOPPER, AND IT TAKES OFF. WELL, HARRY RACKER—NO MATTER HOW HE TRIED TO HIDE IT—WAS IMPRESSED.

APRIL 21: DOLORES AND I HAVE THIS ARGUMENT. SHE SAYS BILLY HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW HE HAS THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION DOLLARS; I SAY WE SHOULD BREAK IT TO HIM GRADUALLY. WE DECIDE WE'LL SHOOT HIS WEEKLY ALLOWANCE UP TO THIRTY-FIVE CENTS RIGHT AWAY, SEE HOW HE REACTS, THEN PLAY IT BY EAR.

APRIL 23: FISTFIGHT OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR BETWEEN REPRESENTATIVES OF LOCKHEED AND GENERAL DYNAMICS. LOCKHEED HAS A STRANGLED HOLD ON GENERAL DYNAMICS AND THEY'RE ROLLING ACROSS THE ZONIA WHEN AN ADMIRAL AND A CONGRESSMAN FROM SOUTH CAROLINA ARRIVE AND BREAK IT UP. EVERYBODY COMES IN FOR COFFEE AND APPLE TURNOVERS. VERY PLEASANT. CONGRESSMAN RECITES A NICE POEM. I KEEP EXPLAINING I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH AWARDING THE CONTRACT—I'M STRICTLY IN FELT—BUT BY THE TIME THEY ALL LEAVE DOLORES AND I HAVE BEEN PRIVATELY PROMISED A NEW FOUR-DOOR IMPERIAL, A DEHUMIDIFIER FOR THE GAME ROOM, AND A TWO-WEEK ALL-EXPENSES TRIP TO VEGAS.

APRIL 25: DELEGATION FROM THE SIERRA CLUB, MAD AS HORNETS, WAVING A XEROX OF BILLY'S DESIGN. WANT TO KNOW ABOUT "FUMES" AND "LOTS OF STUFF." PRECISELY WHAT IS "STUFF," THEY DEMAND. THEY HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE "STUFF" AFFECTS THE HOUSELY, WHICH IN TURN—SUDDENLY VISITING COLONEL, WHO HAS BEEN STAYING IN BACK YARD IN OWN SLEEPING BAG, ENTERS, POLITELY TELLS SIERRA CLUB DELEGATION THAT "STUFF" IS CLASSIFIED INFORMATION. CLUB GOES AWAY, MAD.

APRIL 27: BILLY'S DESIGN IS NOW OFFICIALY KNOWN AS VJ-J-R (VERY FLANIBLE/ジェット/ROCKETS); THEY'VE MODIFIED IT TO CARRY SIX NUCLEAR WEAPONS, AND BILLY HAS BEEN INVITED TO GO TO WASHINGTON AND MEET THE PRESIDENT. DOLORES IS IN A TIZZY. CAN BILLY WEAR SHORTS TO THE WHITE HOUSE??

APRIL 29: WATCHED BILLY ON CRONKITE. DIDN'T ACTUALLY SHOW THE PRESIDENT, BUT THERE WAS A GOOD PICTURE OF BILLY STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO RON ZIEGLER.

MAY 4: BATTLE IN CONGRESS OVER VJ-J-R. KISSINGER TESTIFIES IN COMMITTEE, SAYS EVERY U.S. CITY NEEDS MINIMUM OF SIX, PLUS NATO SHOULD GET A HANDFUL. HENRY (SCOOP) JACKSON SAYS EVERY CITY NEEDS TWELVE. SECRETARY OF STATE
Wellington, Texas, when I was six years old, my mother sent me to my first piano lesson. I rode my bike and I took my dog, and thereafter she forced me to a music lesson from time to time. In Oklahoma City, I had the opportunity of working with a real fine musician, a Mrs. Goddard, who was a fine church accompanist, and she first taught me to improvise hymns for offertories. I started writing my first songs—my first, like, primitive efforts—when I was about fourteen. And it was a shock to my family when I started playing piano in rock-and-roll bands, and things like that. They thought that I should really use my talent more in the church. But in 1964 my dad took a pastorate at the First Southern Baptist Church in Colton, California. A big change came into my life at that point, because I was suddenly deluged with information—infor mation about life in general. I just mean that there was a lot more going on in the world than I was aware of when I left Laverne, Oklahoma, at the age of eighteen."

Webb told us that he had enrolled in San Bernardino Valley College, as a music major, but had dropped out after his freshman year and moved to Los Angeles, where he soon began working for music publishers and record companies. The Motown Record Corporation accepted two of his early songs, one of which was recorded by the Supremes and the other by Billy Eckstine. In 1967, while he was under contract as a songwriter to Johnny Rivers Music, he was asked to help plan an album for a group that had recently changed its name from the Versatiles to the Fifth Dimension. One of the songs he arranged for the group was his "Up, Up and Away," which had been shown to a number of record companies and singers over the previous year or so without eliciting much interest.

We asked him how he had come to write "Up, Up and Away." He smiled, and said, "I sat down at the piano one day, and I went dana ta-dana da-ta-dana. That's the truth. I mean, I can't explain it any simpler than that. I wrote that song as a lark. It was just—I enjoyed writing it as much as it sounds I did. You know what I mean? It was just fun. I just went right through it. It took me about thirty-five minutes. "By the Time I Get to Phoenix" is a song I wrote about two years before it became popular. It's just a very real song about a situation that was going on in my life in high school. I was in love with a girl, and I was having some—Well, the typical adolescent problems. It wasn't a fast song. It kind of evolved, and I changed it a couple of times. "By the Time I Get to Phoenix" was shown to Jobete—that's Motown's publishing firm—a year or so before Glen Campbell recorded it, but Jobete didn't want it. They said to me, "Look, we can't use that song unless you put a chorus after each verse." He grinned, and we helped ourselves to a cup of coffee from a large pot on a table in front of us.

We asked Webb how he felt about his nascent career as a singer. He sat back and crossed his legs, saying, "I just feel that, to make creative music interesting, I have to make it a more personal experience. Less clinical, less removed—less commercial, in a word. And I feel that, certainly, the future of the composer lies in communicating his music directly to people. That's why the songwriter-singer phenomenon has occurred, where almost overnight we suddenly have dozens of people who are performing their own songs rather than somebody else's. But in my case—Well, after the enormous success of 'Up, Up and Away' and some of my other songs, I was caught up in a whirl of publicity. And until this last year I was so busy—I did so much production, I rushed from one thing to another so fast—that I never took time to learn a lot of the things I should have learned. I always had the urge to do this sort of thing, but I didn't know what my capabilities were. So I spent the last year learning a lot more about the recording studio and practicing the piano and working on my singing. Now I'm beginning to see that I am capable of singing my songs for people. I know that I'm not a great technical singer, but all that I'm trying to offer is my music and my words, in my own way. If I squeak a note every now and then, or something, to me that's not the most important thing. The communication that's been taking place has been so inspiring to me that I feel like—I feel like if I don't ever really learn to sing, and I communicate as much as I've been communicating, I'll be happy."
Rogers hasn't made up his mind, or hasn't heard of it—I forget which. I got another check yesterday—this one for seven million dollars. Had some trouble depositing it in Billy's Christmas Club account: the check was from a bank in Ecuador. (The Defense guy explained that it was simpler that way. The money was from the sale of two hundred VF-J-Rs to a bunch of Latin-American countries, but I'm not supposed to tell Billy. Or anybody else, either.)


May 14: VF-J-R is bogged down in committee. The Navy wants it for their new carrier, and unless the swablies get it they're going to block everybody else. Big hassle. One of the Joint Chiefs has resigned for reasons of health, and the President has left for another working vacation.

May 20: Oh-oh, Billy said something bad on Merv Griffin. (He's back but not home—he's staying at the Waldorf, with Defense paying the bills, Junior Achievement providing supervision, and the William Morris Agency handling his bookings.) What Billy said was—well, he said the President is surrounded by left-wing Commie sympathizers. Billy said otherwise every city would have the VF-J-R by now, and as for our allies overseas... (Where does he get that talk? Not from me or Dolores. We tried to raise him right.)

May 25: Billy called home last night. Wants to go touring with George Wallace. I said definitely no.

May 28: According to the Daily News, the President sent Billy Graham to have a real heart-to-heart with our Billy. Cute picture of them teeing off together at Augusta.

June 2: Billy's been missing for five days. Seems he vanished from the Graham foursome when he shanked one into the woods on the thirteenth hole. The National Guard searched the entire back nine, while Graham held a prayer vigil at the pro shack. So far, nothing.

June 12: Good news! Billy's O.K. Called from Washington last night. Asked us to send him his blanket. I said, "Where have you been?" but Billy said it was still classified. "Watch Cronkite," he said.

June 16: Billy told his story on Cronkite last night. It was wild. A Russian intelligence headquarters in the Georgia woods (the Reds electronically eavesdropped on the nation's leaders whenever they play Augusta). Billy held captive. Attempted brainwash. It didn't take, of course. (I could have told them—Billy just doesn't have the attention span.) Then he escaped in a golf cart. It was a hair-raising story. Dolores believed more of it than I did.

Anyway, Billy has gone full circle on the VF-J-R. "That experience in the woods gave me time to think," he said. "It made everything kind of clear. I realized that we must overcome our differences in this nation and support our President wholeheartedly. The way I look at it now, he has more information than the rest of us, and we must follow his judgment. As for the VF-J-R, it is only a small part of our general defense posture. Whatever the President decides, I'm with him."

June 17: Life came out with telephoto pictures of Bebe Rebozo's beach house at Key Biscayne taken during the time when Billy was supposedly a captive of the Russians. The pictures show a kid romping on the sand, playing with an aquatling, and devouring ice-cream cones. Well, it does look like Billy. Dolores says it's Billy, and she ought to know. As for me, I admit it resembles Billy a hundred per cent, but—well, maybe we're wrong. I mean, the President has more information, like they say. Rebozo says the kid is definitely not Billy—Rebozo recently joined the Big Brother movement, and this kid is what they gave him.

June 22: Lovely ceremony at the White House: Billy was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, and was appointed Assistant Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare for Youth. As the President described it, Billy will study the causes of student unrest in grade schools and kindergartens. He'll seek out legitimate grievances through the sixth grade and help avert violence on the playgrounds. "If we can reach the kids early enough," said the President, "they'll be on the team by high school."

June 24: Dolores and I are Parents of the Year! Wow! Next week, we attend the on-site dedication at Cleveland of the first VF-J-R. Billy will be there, and it will be real nice to see him. It's been a while. Dolores has splurged on a beige wig for the occasion. I think I'll invite Harry Racker along, too, just to watch him turn green.

—JAMES STEVENSON

Freed communicates the dilemma of urban man, his loneliness and loss of identity in an increasingly depersonalized society. Converting familiar scenes into distinct patterns of life Freed's work reflects the individual's bewilderment and anxiety as he is engulfed in a maze of highway interchanges, housing developments or stereotyped cocktail parties.

The public is invited to the opening. Cocktails will be served.—Mexico City News.

And so it goes.
A mason times his mallet
to a lark's twitter... 
till the stone spells a name
naming none,
a man abolished.

—Basil Bunting.

I. "ON A SUMMER'S DAY IN THE MONTH OF MAY,
A JOCKER COME A-HIKING
DOWN A SHADY LANE IN THE SUGAR CANE,
A-LOOKING FOR HIS LIKING..."

The land was theirs after we were the land's,
The visionaries with prehensile hands—
The Wobbles, Okies, wetbacks—driven and drawn
To cross the transient at length.

A tree to lie out under: a Pound Sweet,
A Cox's Orange Pippin, a pecan,
Persimmon, Bartlett, quince, Bing, freestone, fig,
Grapefruit, Valencia. The trundling trains That took their superfurgo free are gone,
And so are they; a thousand circling camps
Down by the freight yards are dispersed, watch fires
Burnt out, inhabitants transshipped
To death or terminal respectability
In cold wards of the state, where their last rites Are levid on the people, ritual
Gravediggers of the past, ratepayers for
A lot in potter's field.
Bedight with morbid branches, shelter no
Transients at length. Our suburbs saw them go.

II. "AS HE ROAMED ALONG, HE SANG A SONG
OF THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY,
WHERE A BUM CAN STAY FOR MANY A DAY
AND HE WONT NEED ANY MONEY..."

Uninterest in progress was their crime,
Short-circuited ambition. They came out
On a Traverse County hilltop one late-May
Morning and gave an involuntary shout
At those square miles of cherry blossom on
The slopes above the lake; exclaimed at wheat,
Fat in the ear and staggered in the wind,
In Hillsdale County; up in Washtenaw,
Spoke to the plough mules and the meadowlark
A little after dawn; in Lenawee,
Laughed at a fool's first grounding in the art
Of standing in the grass. Too tentative,
Too deferent to put down roots beside
Us in our towns, outcast, outcaste, they rode
Out of our sight into the sheltering storm
Of their irrelevant reality:
Those leagues of fields out there beyond the pale
Fretting of cities, where, in prison clothes,
We cultivate our gardens for the rose
Of self reddoubled, for the florid green
Of money succulent as cabbage leaves.
They have gone out to pasture. No one grieves.

III. "OH, THE BUZZING OF THE BEES IN THE CIGARETTE TREES,
THE SODA-WATER FOUNTAIN,
THE LEMONADE SPRINGS WHERE THE BLUEBIRD SINGS
IN THE BIG ROCK-CANDY MOUNTAIN..."

A young man on a Harley-Davidson
(An old one painted olive drab, with long-
Horn handlebars and a slab-sided tank),
You pushed your blond hair back one-handed when
You stopped and lit a Camel cigarette.
You laughed and showed white teeth; you had a blond
Mustache; wore cardigans and knickerbockers; wowed
The farm-town girls; drank beer; drew gracefully;
Fell, frothing at the mouth, in a grand-mal
Seizure from time to time. In your small room
In Grandpa's house, you kept your goods: pastels,
A sketching block, a superheterodyne
Kit radio, a tin can full of parts,
A stack of Popular Mechanics, three
Kaywoodie pipes, an old Antonio
Y Cleopatra box for letters and
Receipts, a Rexall calendar with fat
Full moons controlling 1933.

IV. "OH, THE FARMER AND HIS SON, THEY WERE ON THE RUN,
TO THE HAYFIELD THEY WERE BOUNDING,
SAID THE BUM TO THE SON, 'WHY DON'T YOU COME
TO THAT BIG ROCK-CANDY MOUNTAIN?..."

When Grandpa died and your employer died,
And the widow sold off his tax-loss horse farm
(Those Morgans being auctioned, going meek
To new rooms less deht-handed than you were,
To new frame stables and new riding rings),
You hit the road at fifty and alone
Struck out cross-country famil-y, too damned old
To keep up with the kids or keep out cold
Except with whiskey, cheap and strong. Too long
You hiked from job to picking job, and when
Snow plastered stubble laths, you holed up in
The Myers Hotel for winter; did odd jobs
To keep in nips of Richmond Rye; dozed through
The night till spring; fared forward once again
To summer's manufactury, a mill
Of insect tickings on a field of gold,
And fall's great remnant store. Last winter, you
Spent your last winter in a cof fining
Dead room on Third Street in Ann Arbor, where
Only the landlady climbed up your stair
And passed your unknocked door in sixteen mules.

V. "SO THE VERY NEXT DAY THEY HIRED AWAY;
THE MILEPOSTS THEY KEPT COUNTING,
BUT THEY NEVER ARRIVED AT THE LEMONADE TIDE
ON THE BIG ROCK-CANDY MOUNTAIN..."

In Goebel's Funeral Home, where row on row
Of coffins lie at anchor, burning dark
Hulls (walnut, rosewood) on a light-blue tide
Of broadloom, we select Economy—
Gray fibre glass with a white rayon shroud
And mainsheets—and stand out into the street,
Becalmcd already in the April heat
That conjures greenness out of earthen fields,
Tips black twigs pink on trees, starts habit's sweat
Out of Midwestern browns. In Winfield's room,
A cave of unstirred air kept in the dark
By pinholed shades, we shift his transient
Things in a fordoomed hunt for permanent
Memorials. No photograph, no ring,
No watch, no diary, no effects. Nothing—
Dispassionate View of Presidency Given

By Philip D. Carter

Mr. Carter, who recently resigned from the Washington bureau of Newsweek, is a free-lance writer.

THE IMPORTANT fact about Lyndon Johnson's Presidency is that Hugh Sidey has survived it (this will not be a "fair" review). He is still Time-Life's number one expert on the White House, functioning with all his original skills intact. He is still a decent fellow, fair-minded and tolerant, willing to take a relaxed view of this trying world, reluctant to make hard moral judgments. He still does his job very well.

He is ever-remissive, in fact, of that stock figure of science fiction films, Dr. Middle Mind (that modern everyman) whom we first see out walking on the beach. He has degrees from somewhere and he smokes a pipe, but what really strikes the viewer is the scene begins to fade, safe also but still unaccountably afraid, we gather our jackets and handbags, and we walk with him.

By Hugh Sidey (Atheneum, 305 pp., $5.95).

Mind knows that the Monster is trying to tell us something; wouldn't we, too, be frightened, cast up on an alien beach? He takes extensive notes on the beast's behavior and as narrator of the film—ever comments on his own reactions and the actions of those, the generals and the politicians, truly in charge of coping with the Monster. He never seems surprised by what happens next, and through it all he maintains the kind of scrupulous objectivity that not even Johnson's Presidency is that Hugh Sidey has met the Monster, and bested him in his fashion; sizzling and thrashing, the great hulk disappears beneath the waves, and once again Dr. Middle Mind says and sees. There are times, of course, when his tolerance does seem strained. He does not, for instance, like being lied to.

"It is a singular experience," he says, almost in irritation, "to be told by the President of the United States—the most powerful man in the world—that something you know is not so."

Such moods do not last, however, and he makes up for them with occasional comic relief—jokes and stories of the kind that circulate almost daily in the West Wing lobby of the White House, but which cannot be quoted in a family newspaper. Be assured that Sidey draws engagingly from the general scatological repertoire of those in the beast-watching business. The Monster, his point would seem, has his crude moments—but when you get down to it, don't we all?

Hugh Sidey, in short, is just as reassuring as Dr. Middle Mind. He is alive. He is still doing his job. There is still hope for the world. And as for the beast—why, he is little more than a dream now, however lingering. Sidey has met the Monster, and bested him in his fashion; sizzling and thrashing, the great hulk disappears beneath the waves, and once again Dr. Middle Mind was the beach. Stirring in to seats now as the scene begins to fade, safe also but still unaccountably afraid, we gather our jackets and handbags, and we walk with him.

This is a dreadful book.

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Delegate Slippage From Nixon Camp
Stemmed by Leak on the Gallup Poll

MIAMI BEACH—The incalculable importance of the Gallup Poll showing Richard M. Nixon a surer winner than Gov. Nelson Rockefeller can be seen in the way it ended an alarmingly rapid deterioration in Nixon's strength.

Prior to the Miami Herald's early release Monday morning of Dr. George Gallup's last preconvention sampling, Nixon's strategists had good reason to worry. Gov. Ronald Reagan's gains in the South were steady and real, particularly in North Carolina, Alabama and Louisiana.

To counteract this, Nixon forces were pushing a hard line on the decision of Richard Ogilvie, Republican nominee for Governor of Illinois, to announce for Nixon. Ogilvie, a thorough pragmatist, had hinted to friends that if his own polls showed Rockefeller the best vote-getter in Illinois, he would back Rockefeller. Instead, Ogilvie's just-completed polls indicated both could carry the state with Nixon slightly stronger.

OGILVIE'S endorsement Tuesday was not unexpected but came four days earlier than planned—fitting the bandwagon strategy of the Nixon camp (which had urged Ogilvie to announce on Sunday).

Novak Evans

Following Sunday night's climate here of hotel-lobby conversations about Nixon slipping, publication of the Gallup Poll was a precious and unexpected windfall (so surprising to Nixon forces that Press Secretary Herb called Gallup head Mike Grady to tell him so).

GRIN AND BEAR IT

BY LICHTY

he has rightly pointed out that such a move would be considered "tricky."

As it happens, however, the 43 electoral votes from New York would become absolutely vital only under very special conditions—only if the Republicans carried New York and won a national majority in the electoral college by 20 votes or less.

Otherwise, the problem could be solved simply by an advance statement that the New York Republican electors would split their vote, with 22 going for Nixon as President, and 21 for Lind­say as Vice President. And that course, which is now being urged on Mr. Nixon, looks to me like a sensible one.
As the sun and the moon embraced, a man and his child watched in wonder.

ECLIPSE

By JOHN UPDIKE

I went out into the backyard and the usually roundish spots of dappled sunlight underneath the trees were all shaped like feathers, crescent in the same direction, from left to right. Though it was five o'clock on a summer afternoon, the birds were singing good-bye to the day, and their merged song seemed to soak the strange air in an additional strangeness. A kind of silence prevailed. Few cars were moving on the streets of the town. Of my children only the baby dared come into the yard with me. She wore only underpants, and as she stood beneath a tree, bulging her belly toward me in the mood of jolly flirtation she has grown into at the age of two, her bare skin was awash with pale crescents. 

It crossed my mind that she might be harmed, but I couldn't think how. Cancer?

The eclipse was to be over 90 percent in our latitude and the newspapers and television for days had been warning us not to look at it. I looked up, a split-second Prometheus, and looked away. The bitten silhouette of the sun lingered redly on my retinas. The day was half-cloudy, and my impression had been of the sun struggling, amid a furious knotted huddle of black and silver clouds, with an enemy too dreadful to be seen, with an eater as ghostly and hungry as time. Every blade of grass cast a long bluish-brown shadow, as at dawn.

My wife shouted from behind the kitchen screen door that as long as I was out there I might as well burn the wastepaper. She darted from the house, eyes downcast, with the wastebasket, and darted back again, leaving the naked baby and me to wander up through the strained sunlight to the wire trash barrel. After my forbidden peek at the sun, the flames dancing transparently from the blackening paper—yesterday's Boston Globe, a milk carton, a Hi-Ho cracker box—seemed dimmer than shadows, and in the teeth of all the warnings I looked up again. The clouds seemed bunched and twirled as if to plug a hole in the sky, and the burning afterimage was the shape of a near-new moon, horns pointed down. It was gigantically unnatural, and I lingered in the yard under the vague apprehension that in some future life I might be called before a cosmic court to testify to this assault. I seemed to be the sole witness. The town around my yard was hushed, all but the singing of the birds, who were invisible. The feathers under the trees had changed direction, and curved from right to left.

Then I saw my neighbor sitting on her porch. My neighbor is a widow, with white hair and brown skin; she has in her yard an aluminum-and-nylon-net chaise longue on which she lies at every opportunity, head back, arms spread, prostrate under the sun. Now she hunched dismally on her porch steps in the shade, which was scarcely darker than the light. I walked toward her and hailed her as a visitor to the moon might salute a survivor of a previous expedition. "How do you like the eclipse?" I called over the fence that distinguished our holdings on this suddenly lunar earth.

"I don't like it," she answered, shading her face with a hand. "They say you shouldn't look at it."

"I thought it was just you shouldn't look at it."

"There's something in the rays," she explained, in a voice far louder than it needed to be, for silence framed us. "I shut all the windows on that side of the house and had to come out for some air."

"I think it'll pass," I told her.

"Don't let the baby look up," she warned, and turned away from talking to me, as if the open use of her voice exposed her more fatally to the rays.

Superstition, I thought, walking back through my yard, clutching my child's hand as tightly as a good-luck token. There was no question in her touch. Day, night, twilight, noon were all wonders to her, unscheduled, free from all bondage of prediction. The sun was being restored to itself and soon would radiate influence as brazenly as ever—and in this sense my daughter's blind trust was vindicated. Nevertheless, I was glad that the eclipse had passed, as it were, over her head; for in my own life I felt a certain assurance evaporate forever under the reality of the sun's disgrace.

THE END
General Electric Mobile Maid gives you lift-top rack and 3-level washing.

No messy screens to clean in this dishwasher. General Electric's special action pre-scrapes and pre-rinses dishes, then washes soft particles down the Flushaway Drain. Just tilt off large scraps and Mobile Maid® does all the rest.

General Electric's exclusive 3-level action features Power Shower. It washes down while Power Tower washes up, Power Arm washes dishes all around.

This 12-lb. capacity washer has exclusive MINI-BASKET. It is a washer for all your washables—giant 12-pound capacity for big family loads, and exclusive MINI-BASKET® for delicate "handwashables," nuisance loads, last-minute loads. Filter-Flo® System works for both. Model shown: WA-1250Y.

Mobile Maid rolls right up to the sink, washes 15 full table-settings (NEMA standards). Gets them sparkling clean and dry.

And notice Mobile-Maid's new Faucet-Flo®: lets you draw hot or cold water from the tap while dishes are washing. Ask your General Electric dealer for Mobile Maid SM-600. (Ask about his easy payment plan, too.)

High-speed dryer has 12-pound capacity, matches the Filter-Flo® washer in quality and dependability. This model (DA-1220Y) has an extremely sensitive Compensated Control which automatically determines right time and temperature for fabrics being dried. Also variable time control for special fabrics.
In 1965, the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation signed a contract with the Pentagon, agreeing to build 120 C-5A jumbo jet transport planes for the Air Force. The cost: $3.3 billion. In the autumn of 1970, five inflationary years later, the Air Force cut the order to 81 planes. The price of those, owing to "unexpected production costs," would be $4.5 billion.

Also, since other Lockheed programs had run into trouble—the Army canceled a production contract for the Cheyenne helicopter, the Navy was disputing increased costs of four destroyer escorts—the company was on the brink of bankruptcy. To save the nation's largest military contractor from collapse, the Pentagon proposed a settlement: the government would pick up the extra tab for about two thirds of the "overrun" costs, while Lockheed swallowed only one third as a loss. For a time, Lockheed threatened to fight it out in court. But last week the company finally agreed to accept $781,000,000—plus that original $3.3 billion.

When the government approached me in 1969 to write a brochure which would explain in laymen's terms its experimental new program in thermal moxology, I was confident that I could do the job and keep it within a tight budget. An official from the Defense Department called on me at home to see if I had the proper equipment. I showed him my typewriter, my chair, my desk, my light, my paper, my pencils and my Roget's Thesaurus. He said that it looked "fine."

He told me that only one other writer was being considered for the contract, a man named Buchwald in Joplin, Mo., who had done a brilliant monograph on wire brads in the late 1950s. I gathered, however, that Buchwald's typewriter was quite old and that his only working light was a 23-watt bulb.

I asked if Buchwald knew anything about thermal moxology. "Quite a lot," the Pentagon man replied. "On the other hand, he doesn't have your overview vis-à-vis the international picture." He was referring to the time when I went along on the expedition led by the great moxologist Klaus Politzer up the Sepik River in New Guinea, where pockets of head-hunting still survived. It was I who found Dr. Politzer's notes on that day when the expedition so unexpectedly ended. How I wish I had found Dr. Politzer instead!

Those notes became the theoretical basis for the project that the government had now launched, which the Pentagon man said was in a new field called "fertilizer munitions." He told me to submit an estimated budget within seven days. "Whatever you do," he added, "watch out for overruns—that's what shoots your costs up."

I sat down and worked out a budget that would shave every nickel. It was a juicy contract and I wanted it badly. I was determined that Washington wouldn't find any "fat" in my figures.

I estimated that the brochure would run to 14,210 words and would require nine weeks, the first four being devoted to interviews with scientists who, as I then believed, all lived in the Northeast, none farther from New York than Professor Sylvan Blau at MIT. I did not know that Professor Blau had been granted a sabbatical and was spending it in an attempt to extract a nutrient from coral in American Samoa.

The costs that I projected, not including my writer's fee, were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Cost</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 ream manila second sheets</td>
<td>$1.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 doz. #1 pencils</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 pkg. carbon paper</td>
<td>$0.79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 typewriter ribbons</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 75-watt bulb</td>
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<td>telephone toll calls</td>
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<tr>
<td>duplicating (Xerox copies)</td>
<td>$6.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>travel and entertainment</td>
<td>$83.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**TOTAL** $103.70

I sent this projected budget to the Defense Department and was soon notified that my bid was lower than Buchwald's and that the contract was mine. I agreed to deliver a 14,210-word manuscript to the Pentagon nine weeks later.

Looking back now, it is hard to realize that nine weeks can go by so swiftly. I began by placing a telephone call to Dr. Harvey Bryce-Hooper, whose formula $x + n = \frac{4}{5}$ was the break-
through that moxologists had so long awaited, at his home in Saratoga.

Dr. Bryce-Hooper dismissed my offer to drive up and visit him. He said that he would come to New York the following day and that he wanted to have dinner at "21" and then see Promises, Promises. He pointed out that we could talk about moxology while we ate and during intermission.

The resultant evening, while not unpleasant, was my first indication that I would not be able to adhere to my careful budget. Dr. Bryce-Hooper, who was anxious to see my collection of articles, strolled off the train, had three martinis at "21," followed by oysters Rockefeller, pheasant under glass, artichoke hearts and zabaglione. Our bill came to $48.75. This, added to the $36 that I had paid a "scalper" for theater tickets, brought the night's expenses to $84.75, or $1.75 more than I had allotted for entertaining during the entire nine weeks.

Most disappointing of all, however, was that I never did succeed in turning the conversation to the subject of moxology. Indeed, Dr. Bryce-Hooper had difficulty keeping his mind fastened on any subject at all, and I was surprised the next morning when he telephoned from his hotel to ask if I "had everything." I could only say that I would need to see him again.

He readily assented and said that he would get his wife down from Saratoga. Evelyn turned out to be one of those vivacious women who never seem to get tired. After four nights with them, frankly, Marjorie and I were exhausted, and my expenses totaled $1,317.22.

As to the research value of the week, it was not until Friday—over cocktails at the Four Seasons—that I finally pinned Dr. Bryce-Hooper down to the topic of his latest work. "Actually I'm not much good at talking about it," he replied. "It's all down in a paper I wrote for the Journal of Mineral Nucleonics last July. You'll find it in the New York Public Library."

I wish I could say that the other interviews were conducted with an efficiency which compensated for this initial overrun. One, in fact, did go rather well: Dr. Terry Feldspar allowed me to take him to a Holiday Inn near Trenton for a Wednesday night luau ("All you can eat for $3.95"). But my talks with Dr. Anna Laszlo in Providence, for example, stretched over several days—it was my bad luck to arrive at the time of the Hungarian vintage festival in nearby Pawtucket—and of course my visit to Dr. Blau in American Samoa was particularly costly, the round-trip fare coming to $952, economy class. All in all, the interviews consumed eight weeks, not four, and my outlays for this phase came to $9,673.42, an increase of some 11.555% over the $83 that I had budgeted for "travel and entertainment."

On Monday morning of the ninth week I bought a copying machine to make copies of the scientific papers that I had checked out of the library. That afternoon I attempted to make a copy of page 16 of Professor Trillin's superb treatise, "Bauxite: An Enquiry." Unfortunately, the copying machine jammed in some manner that I do not yet understand—I am no good at these things—and made 4,620 copies of the page before I thought of pulling out the plug. This overrun of 4,619 copies left me "trilled.

I had to hire two neighborhood boys to help me haul the paper away and clear a path to my typewriter. The work went slowly, as the extra copies were intermingled with my own research, and it was not until Thursday that I could take the copying machine back to have the malfunction repaired. My warranty had become lost in the debris, so I was obliged to pay for the damage, which was extensive. The dealer, in fact, said he had never heard of an overrun of such magnitude.

On the following day, Friday, the Defense Department telephoned to ask if my brochure would be delivered that afternoon, as per our contract. I said that I needed more time and also $12,000 to meet "unexpected production costs" incurred to date. The Pentagon man replied with an epiphany which I took to be some kind of Army slang. Nor Monday I was visited by an inspector from the General Accounting Office in Washington.

What a fussbudget that inspector turned out to be! When he even questioned the cost of paper clips, I felt that twinge in my stomach which told me that my ulcer was acting up. Perhaps it could be argued now that I shouldn't have gone to so expensive a gastroenterologist as Dr. Schwarzbrod, but my personal philosophy is that you don't fool around when it comes to health. Nor did I know, of course, that Dr. Schwarzbrod would recommend three weeks of "absolute rest" in Jamaica.

In any event, the cost of the plane, the resort hotel, X rays and the doctor's fee added up to $3,617, plus $232 for Mrs. McManus, the babysitter who looked after Tim and Pammy while we were gone. This necessitated borrowing another $4,000 from the bank, bringing my overextension to $17,522.42. Three months had now passed and, as I had not produced a single word, I sat down on Monday of the 14th week determined to write the brochure at top speed.

Someday, I suppose, psychiatry will come up with a satisfactory explanation of "writer's block." In my case even a layman would adduce certain obvious causal factors—fatigue, guilt, fear of bankruptcy and the like—though undoubtedly the roots go far deeper into the recesses of childhood. What layman, for instance, would know that my mother put a typewriter in my crib?

Be that as it may, in the next 11 weeks I was able to put onto paper only the following words: "The unfolding adventure of moxology deserves to find a far wider audience. Indeed, in this age when science and the humanities stand poised together on the"

On Friday of the 11th week I realized that my production would not exceed those one and a half sentences and I mailed them to the Pentagon, along with a voucher for $19,822.42—an amount comprising the previously mentioned $17,522.42, plus $2,200 for my psychoanalyst, Dr. Ablaut, and another $100 for tranquilizers and Tums. I felt badly that I had exceeded my budget by $19,718.72—a cost overrun of some 19,000%—and had produced only 26 words instead of 14,210. Worst of all, I was hopelessly in debt.

Eight months of litigation with the government ensued, which I shall summarize only briefly.

I filed for bankruptcy, pleading unrecoverable indebtedness of $20,000. The Defense Department replied that I could "rot in hell" as far as they were concerned. I pointed out through my attorneys that the government could not afford to let a writer go bankrupt simply because of a few unfortunate overruns on one project, for this would put him out of business and unavailable for future projects important to the national effort. In reply the Defense Department noted that to rescue me from bankruptcy would set a bad precedent and that it would end up having to "bail out every lousy writer in the country."

I thereupon had no choice but to sue the government for $20,000. After several months of court hearings the government counterproposed a settlement of $14,500, the remainder to be borne by me, it being the Pentagon's belief that part of the loss was due to my own mismanagement. By then, however, my legal fees had raised my indebtedness to $21,500 and I pleaded that I would need $17,000 to avert the immediate dissolution of my business. Finally the government agreed to settle for that amount, and, reluctantly, I gave in. Probably I was a chump to let the government off so easy; I guess maybe I was just feeling patriotic.

Several days later I received a certified check for $17,000, of which I paid the bank $16,000 to stave off bankruptcy. Marjorie and I took the other thousand and went to Bermuda. Dr. Ablaut said it would do us good.
I
wheatgerm from
Swelling ·
12
cases gives hours of relif from
the sufferer. But there's an exclu­
sive formulation which in many
swelling exist in hemorrhoidal
acts so gently and is so soothing
When inflammation, infection and
the burning itch and pain in hemor­
 rhoidal tissues.

Hops suilpy the nutrition you need. Among
people who want energy and stamina, Kret­
schmer Wheat Germ is practically contagious.
Isn't it time you caught on?

Doctors’ Tests Show How You
Can Actually Help Shrink
Swelling of Hemorrhoidal Tissues

...Due to Inflammation and Infection.
Also Get Prompt, Temporary Relief in Many Cases
from Rectal Itching and Pain in Such Tissues.

When inflammation, infection and
swelling exist in hemorrhoidal
tissues—it can be very painful for
the sufferer. But there's an exclu­
sive formulation which in many
cases gives hours of relief from
the burning itch and pain in hemor­
rhoidal tissues. It also helps shrink
the swelling of such tissues. Suf­erers are delighted at the way it
acts so gently and is so soothing
to sensitive tissues.
Tests by doctors on hundreds of
patients reported similar suc­
cessful results in many cases. And
it was all done without the use of
narcotics, anesthetics or sting­
ing, smarting astringents of any
kind.
You can obtain this same medica­
tion used in these tests at any drug
counter. Its name in Preparation H®;
Preparation H also lubricates to pro­
tect the inflamed, irritated surface
area to help make bowel movements
more comfortable. Be sure and try
Preparation H. In ointment or sup­
pository form.

LIFE COMMENT

Irving’s lust for agony

Ever since Irving Stone had learned
that his publisher planned to adver­
tise his forthcoming biographical
novel of Sigmund Freud as “Irving
Stone’s masterpiece,” his work on it
had been hampered by the fear that
somebody might write a biographical
novel about him, Irving Stone, creator
of a masterpiece. Having exposed all
of the innermost thoughts of master­
piece-creators like Michelangelo and
Vincent Van Gogh, he knew that the
methods of a biographical novelist left
a genius naked. (“The Naked Ge­
nius,” he noted on a pad, realizing that
it might not be a bad idea to write a
biographical novel of Adam.) Once,
late at night, on the wall of the 28th
Street station of the Seventh Avenue
IRT subway, he had scrawled “Irving
Stone is the greatest of all the Ir­
ings.” He was certain no one had
seen him, and he had never told a liv­
ing soul, but something like that was
bound to come out in a biographical
novel. The whole world would know
his secrets—that he danced the Lin­
dy when alone in self-service eleva­
tors, that he had once thought Van
Gogh was the one who did the ceil­
ing and Michelangelo the one who cut
off his ear. He tried to concentrate on
the scene he was writing—the first
time Freud was called “Sigi” by his
future wife. Stone typed a sentence of
dialogue for Freud: “Martha, did you
receive my letter?” He read it over to
himself, pleased beyond measure; it
was undoubtedly the brightest bit of
dialogue in the book so far. But did
he have the research to back it up?
Could Freud have expected Martha
to have received the letter? Stone
started rummaging through his
research, which he kept next to his desk
in three railroad boxcars.

“Where the hell is that 200-page re­
search report on the Vienna postal
system of 1884?” he shouted to his
wife Dorothy, who was in the kitch­
en counting their money.

“You have it,” Dorothy said, “It’s
chapter five.”

Quickly going through the report,
Stone found that Martha would
have indeed received the letter if the
correct postage had been applied.
Stone was relieved; he knew from re­
search that Freud always applied the
correct postage. That was chapter
eight. Stone started to type the reply­
line for Martha: “Yes...” But yes
who? Stone couldn’t seem to bring
himself to write “Sigi.” The research
definitely pointed in that direction.
An analysis of 258,000 personal let­
ters, most of which had been includ­
ed in the manuscript verbatim, indi­
cated that Sigi would be the appro­
priate diminutive—at least if the book
were in German. But what kind of
masterpiece had a name like Sigi in it?
Sigi sounded like somebody at the
bottom of the pyramid in an acrobat
act. Stone knew, in his innermost
thoughts, that he had always had trouble with pet names. It didn’t seem
intimate enough to have Michelange­
lo’s closest friends call him Michel­
angelo, but Mike or Sigi sounded
so informal for a masterpiece-creator.

All through the biographical novel
on Van Gogh, Stone kept thinking that
Vincent sounded too Italian.

“My God, have I so much trouble
with the pet names people are called?”
Stone shouted to his wife.

“I can’t imagine, Poopsey,” she
didn’t seem to have received the let­
ter; she had used the diminutive of his
name. But what would Freud’s reac­
tion be? Stone knew that he was
searching for the kind of sentence that
separates the biographical novelist
from the mere biographer—the kind
that requires the novelist’s insight into
human experience.

“Poopsey!” his wife shouted from
the kitchen. “I don’t hear any typ­
ing.”
A tremor ran through him.

Are you writing, Poopsey?”
Stone turned back to the typewriter,
and this passage of The Passions of
the Mind, a biographical novel of
Sigmund Freud, was completed:

“Martha, did you receive my let­
ter?”

“Yes, Sigi, but not until this
morning.”

“It was the first time she had used
the diminutive of his name. A tremor
ran through him.”

by Calvin Trillin

Mr. Trillin is presently writing a biog­
raphical novel on Mrs. Calpurnia
Caesar and her late husband Juli.
We Canadians love pageantry, tradition, historical re-creations. It's not that we're expecting an attack. It's just that we love a parade. Old Fort Henry at Kingston, Ontario is so authentically restored, it looks ready to fight the War of 1812 all over again. Especially when the Fort Henry Guard performs the evening Retreat Ceremony with ancient artillery and cannon blazing. (The only retaliation from invading tourists — popping flashbulbs!)

We've tried to preserve our blood and thunder history wherever we could. Nova Scotia's Fortress Louisbourg is a good example. Two hundred and fifty years ago it was the most powerful citadel in North America. Today it's restored to much of its 18th century grandeur.

How did we win our West? Deep in British Columbia, parts of the Trans-Canada highway follow the old Cariboo Wagon Road built by British Army engineers over a century ago. The road leads to Barkerville, a resurrected mining camp town that recalls the bad old days of warring tribes, traders and adventurers.

Canada is fun to visit because most people are kids when it comes to chocolate soldiers, picturebook battlefields, and wars that are over.

---

Canadian Government Travel Bureau
Ottawa, Canada

Please send the Kit to:
Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

Address:

City:

State:

Zip Code:
Dear N:

Thanks for your letter and poem. It's good to hear that Mary is radiant and that the baby, having had a look at the human race, can't stop howling. Once any of us has had a look, it's only reasonable to want to go back. "Back out of all this now too much for us." That's Frost's line, and I take it as one of the great opening lines of twentieth-century poetry. Your new fatherhood seems to have filled you with an urgency to get back out of all this now too much and to start a new sort of life. I recommend every soul risk a man can take. When you hint, however, that you are going to drop all else and make your way as a poet, I worry, and not because the baby's milk may have to be supplied by the welfare department. I worry because I think your enthusiasm is deluding you.

I have read the poem. Suppose I told you it is great, that you are a genius, and that the literate world has been waiting for your coming. Would you believe me? If you have the least thought of answering "yes," you're a hopeless case. Yet the fact is every writer wants to be told something like that. There is this ego facet to us all, and when a poet says, "Tell me what you think of this poem I have written," he means, "Oh, praise me! Praise me!"

Ego is a basic animal attachment and no more to be apologized for than one's legs. It takes a humping lump of ego for any man to assume he can write a poem toward something like mortal consequence, and your poem, God knows, strains not only to the limits of mankind but into outer space.

The initial arrogance of taking oneself seriously enough to write such a poem can be sublimated and made useful only by finding in the act of the writing something more important than one's ego. The medium—form and language—is that more important thing. Even great poets, when they are away from the medium—out of it, so to speak—can become cantankerous and egotistical asses. But when a poet is absorbed by the medium, it is as if he is waiting for it to speak. He listens the poem into being—from form and language into form and language. He is less the originator of the process than an attendant upon it.

You don't know what I'm talking about, do you? You have had a child—a miracle to your house—and you have been moved by the miracle of your feelings. Yet you not only hint at changing your whole way of life but offer me a sample justification for the change and ask me to approve your plans by praising the poem. And you do ask for praise. You say, "I really haven't tried much poetry before, but I've worked hard at this poem and it feels right!"

Yes, the italics and exclamation point are yours. So is that lie about how hard you have worked. The baby was born ten days ago. Allowing one day for dizzily joy and two for mail delivery, you just possibly might have worked hard for a full week (meaning at few hours a day) at finding emotional equivalents for something like the entire universe.

Son of man, what you are talking about is not work but only excitement. Good. Let life throb. But what you have written cannot possibly justify a decision to chuck all and to remake your life as a poet. What you have written is obviously bad, and how can I explain its badness to you, as I must if I am to keep you from making a life-size mistake? If I say that, having chosen to write metrically you have failed by your metrics—will that mean anything?

If I say that, having chosen to rhyme, you rhyme not your lines but only their last words, straining those words into place for the sake of the rhyme rather than letting them fall into idiomatic place within the line's own tension—will that mean anything?

If I tell you that your words do not knit their overtones into one another, or that your metaphorical structure has no sequence, or that when you try a metaphor you show your distrust of it by immediately restating your metaphorical intent in overt prose—will any of that make sense?

Or look at some specific phrasings: spinning void, acheing loneliness, life's fruition, echoing infinites, the confines of my heart, in love forever new. Were I your freshman English instructor and were you to use such phrases in a theme, I would certainly underline them and write "trite" or "inflated" (or both) in the margin.

I am not talking about the validity of your feelings. I am saying poetry not only must start from feelings but must then communicate those feelings by translating them into equivalents. All men feel. Poets not only feel but communicate. Let me go a step further and say that the joy of your new fatherhood is important to the poem only when you have made it important not within yourself but within the poem.

Vergil's Fourth Eclogue is about the birth of a child. By now the child, the father, the occasion, and the poet as well have disappeared from every-thing but the poem. Today, only the poem itself exists, and nothing that called it into being has an importance except as the poem gives it. I do not say you must outdo Vergil. I do say you must write what is fit to be on the same bookshelf, if only in its darkest inch. I also say that even that darkest inch belongs, properly, only to a person who accepts the poem's authority as equal to the authority of his unfomed human feelings, who is language-sensitive, and who puts a lifetime of joyously difficult devotion into developing his starting talent.

I have to tell you that you do not qualify. You are not a poet. You are not even a listener to poetry. It is not possible to listen to Mozart responsively and later to imagine that one can make music on an ocarina. It is not possible to have read the English poets responsively and to assume that your phrasing is an equivalent of true feeling.

Don't think badly of me. I am trying to warn you away from a disastrous gamble. Or I am some sort of theologian with a duty to tell you that you have sinned, but with no hope of redemption to offer you. Not in poetry. It isn't for you. Try clay. Try stone. Try wood. Try paint. Try dance. Try acting.

Every man, I think, could find some medium within which he is wiser and better ordered than he is outside it. Yours must be somewhere. It just happens not to be poetry.

The urge to look for a medium that will equal his feelings may be the best of any man. I don't want you to stop looking—only to stop looking here because there is nothing here to look for.

Long life and good finding to the child, the father, and the mother.

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WIT TWISTER #255

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The route of his—

obscured by cloud,
Great Moses takes his—

— far from the crowd
And with his God—

timeless rite
To make his people from their lawless night.

John Pryor

(Answer on page 76)
IN EUROPE, WHERE THEY'VE BEEN BUYING SMALL CARS FOR THREE GENERATIONS, THEY BUY MORE FIATS THAN ANYTHING ELSE.

For every Volkswagen sold in Italy, 6 Fiats are sold in Germany.
For every Renault sold in Italy, 2 Fiats are sold in France.
For every Volvo sold in Italy, 9 Fiats are sold in Sweden.
All this becomes even more meaningful when you consider that, over there, they have fifty different kinds of cars to choose from.

And that their choice is based on sixty years of driving these various cars under conditions that run all the way from the sub-zero winters of Sweden to the Alpine roads of northern Italy to the traffic jams of Paris to the no speed limit driving of the German autobahn.

Now, if you've been trying to decide between the dozen or so small cars sold here in the States, the above facts should make your decision easier.
After all, when it comes to small cars, you can't fool a European.

FIAT
The biggest selling car in Europe.
contracted again and the moth's wings vanished in a fine, foul smoke. At the same time, her six legs clawed, curled, blackened, and ceased, disappearing utterly. And her head jerked in spasms, making a spattering noise; her antennae crisped and burnt away and her heaving mouthparts cracked like pistol fire. When it was all over, her head was, so far as I could determine, gone, gone the long way of her wings and legs. Her head was a hole lost to time. All that was left was the glowing horn shell of her abdomen and thorax—a fraying, partially collapsed gold tube jammed upright in the candle's round pool.

And then this moth-essence, this spectacular skeleton, began to act as a wick. She kept burning. The wax rose in the moth's body from her soaking abdomen to her thorax to the shattered hole where her head should have been, and widened into flame, a saffron-yellow flame that robed her to the ground like an immolating monk. That candle had two wicks, two winding flames of identical light, side by side. The moth's head was fire. She burned for two hours, until I blew her out.

She burned for two hours without changing, without swaying or kneeling—only glowing within, like a building fire glimpsed through silhouetted walls, like a hollow saint, like a flame-faced virgin gone to God, while I read by her light, kindled, while Rimbaud in Paris burnt out his brain in a thousand poems, while night pooled wetly at my feet.

SO, THAT IS WHY I think those hollow shreds on the bathroom floor are moths. I believe I know what moths look like, in any state.

I have three candles here on the table which I disentangle from the plants and light when visitors come. The cats avoid them, although Small's tail caught fire once; I rubbed it out before she noticed. I don't mind living alone. I like eating alone and reading. I don't mind sleeping alone. The only time I mind being alone is when something is funny; then, when I am laughing at something funny, I wish someone were around. Sometimes I think it is pretty funny that I sleep alone.

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CONVENTION FEVER IN KANSAS CITY

Prime-time bacchanalia

by Richard Rhodes

AFTER RiOTS in Chicago and scandal in San Diego, after unpaid hotel bills and exhausted city treasuries and overworked police, after kickbacks and crime and the turpitude of Watergate, national political conventions ought to be about as welcome in American cities as nuclear reactor wastes. Not so. Eager for commerce and seemingly indifferent to consequences, a few cities still crave them. Kansas City, Missouri, a place of vigorous seasons and moderate rents, a metropolis of the second or possibly the third rank, sought both the Democratic and the Republican National Conventions to enliven it in this Bicentennial year. Because of that innocent enthusiasm (and with a little help from Gerald Ford, who knows a safe turf when he sees one), the Republicans will convene in Kansas City in August in a diminutive arena smack in the middle of the city's famous and decaying stockyards, an arena where the year's most celebrated event has traditionally been a livestock and horse show known as the American Royal. It will be Kansas City's first Presidential nominating convention in forty-seven years, and why the city desired it and what the results of its acquisition are likely to be makes a tale pregnant with admonitions for other cities that in the future might consider a course similarly rash.

Kansas City is a pleasant town. Set on rolling hills and high bluffs above the wide channel of the Missouri River where the river bends eastward to approach the Mississippi, it ought to be a serene and unpretentious place. It isn't, because its leading citizens believe its virtues misunderstood. They believe that tastemakers jeer at it; they believe that disdainful Easterners and Westerners alike contrive to give it wide berth. Perhaps in compensation, they conceive an admiration for royalty, of which the Presidency, the tarnished, meretricious Presidency, is still taken to be the premier American representative.

So the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show decorates its stationery and the streets of its annual parades with crowns. Hallmark Cards, the city's largest family-owned business, makes a crown its symbol, as does the city's major-league baseball team, which, after an extensive contest—thousands of imaginative entries submitted and perused—chrestened itself the Kansas City Royals. Kansas City has Crown Cleaners and Crown Drugs, Royal Ceramics and Royal Seeds, Crown Life Insurance and Crown Tires and even—erected by Hallmark Cards as the (crown) jewel of a tiara of new shops and businesses called Crown Center—a Crown Center Hotel, where President Ford, that man of the people, is likely to stay at convention time.

Kansas City endured its sense of inferiority for as long as it could bear. Then it turned aggressive. A wave of new construction, some of it felicitous, had swept the city in recent years—a new airport, the Crown Center development, a sports complex with separate baseball and football stadiums (the baseball stadium scoreboard topped by a crown three stories high), new hospitals and new office buildings—and the total public and private investment, someone figured out one day, came to more than $1 billion. That looked like a good case; hiring a New York public-relations firm and borrowing from the jargon of television, Kansas City businessmen put together a national publicity campaign, announcing at a New York press conference that the city was enjoying its “prime time” and coining a new slogan to blunt big-city scorn, “Kansas City,” the slogan goes: “One of the few livable cities left.”

The boosters were understandably angry when an important and objective national urban study conducted by the city's Midwest Research Institute located Kansas City rather far down the line of “livable” cities, citing, among other areas of neglect, its continuing de facto segregation in housing and schools. They were understandably proud when Kansas City was chosen, along with only Washington and San Francisco, to display the celebrated Exhibition of Archeological Finds of the People's Republic of China. Through anger and pride, the prime-time campaign worked on.

Inevitably, the city decided it needed a major convention center. Currently that center nears completion, a monumental structure of 25,000 seats and 303,000 square feet of exhibition space that fills an entire city block in the heart of the downtown. And, burdened with such a center, whose maintenance will run to thousands of dollars a day, what else could Kansas City do but seek the national political conven-
Transfiguration in a candle flame

by Annie Dillard

I live alone with two cats, who sleep on my legs. There is a yellow one, and a black one whose name is Small. In the morning I joke to the black one, Do you remember last night? Do you remember? I throw them both out before breakfast, so I can eat.

There is a spider, too, in the bathroom, of uncertain lineage, bulbous at the abdomen and drab, whose six-inch mess of web works, works somehow, works miraculously, to keep her alive and me amazed. The web is in a corner behind the toilet, connecting tile wall to tile wall. The house is new, the bathroom immaculate, save for the spider, her web, and the sixteen or so corpses she's tossed to the floor.

The corpses appear to be mostly sow bugs, those little armadillo creatures who live to travel flat out in houses, and die round. In addition to sow-bug husks, hollow and sipped empty of color, there are what seem to be two or three wingless moth bodies, one new flake of earwig, and three spider carcasses crinkled and clenched.

I wonder on what fool's errand an earwig, or a moth, or a sow bug, would visit that clean corner of the house behind the toilet; I have not noticed any blind parades of sow bugs blundering into corners. Yet they do hazard there, at a rate of more than one a week, and the spider thrives. Yesterday she was working on the earwig, mouth on gut; today he's on the floor. It must take a certain genius to throw things away from there, to find a straight line through that sticky tangle to the floor.

Today the earwig shines darkly, and gleams, what there is of him: a dorsal curve of thorax and abdomen, and a smooth pair of pincers by which I knew his name. Next week, if the other bodies are any indication, he'll be shrunk and gray,webbed to the floor with dust. The sow bugs beside him are curled and empty, fragile, a breath away from brittle fluff. The spiders lie on their sides, translucent and ragged, their legs drying in knots. The moths stagger against each other, headless, in a confusion of arcing strips of chitin like peeling varnish, like a jumble of buttresses for cathedral vaults, like nothing resembling moths, so that I would hesitate to call them moths, except that I have had some experience with the figure Moth reduced to a nub.

Two summers ago I was camped alone in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. I had hauled myself and gear up there to read, among other things, The Day on Fire, by James Ullman, a novel about Rimbaud that had made me want to be a writer when I was sixteen; I was hoping it would do it again. So I read every day sitting under a tree by my tent, while warblers sang in the leaves overhead and bristle worms trailed their inches over the twiggy dirt at my feet; and I read every night by candlelight, while barred owls called in the forest and pale moths seeking mates massed round my head in the clearing, where my light made a ring.

Moths kept flying into the candle. They would hiss and recoil, reeling upside down in the shadows among my cooking pans. Or they would singe their wings and fall, and their hot wings, as if melted, would stick to the first thing they touched—a pan, a lid, a spoon—so that the snagged moths could struggle only in tiny arcs, unable to flutter free. These I could release by a quick flip with a stick; in the morning I would find my cooking stuff decorated with torn flecks of moth wings, ghostly triangles of shiny dust here and there on the aluminum. So I read, and boiled water, and replenished candles, and read on.

One night a moth flew into the candle, was caught, burnt dry, and held. I must have been staring at the candle, or maybe I looked up when a shadow crossed my page; at any rate, I saw it all. A golden female moth, a bighiss one with a two-inch wingspread, flapped into the fire, dropped abdomen into the wet wax, stuck, flamed, and frazzled in a second. Her moving wings ignited like tissue paper, like angels' wings, enlarging the circle of light in the clearing and creating out of the darkness the sudden blue sleeves of my sweater, the green leaves of jeweled by my side, the ragged red trunk of a pine; at once the light

Annie Dillard, a contributing editor of Harper's, is scholar in residence at Western Washington State College in Bellingham.
Is Europe only 7 hours ahead of us?

In Britain, television watchers will soon be tuning in to an electronic newspaper which will allow them to read the news on their TV screens.

In France, the government now has a Secretary of State for the Condition of Women.

In Germany, there's a plan to place workers at the center of economic decision making by requiring that labor is represented on the boards of industrial corporations.

In Denmark, the ballet is so well subsidized that it is said the "artists and staff positively bask in tax money."

In Sweden, there are no slums, no one is poverty stricken or without assistance in times of illness or accident, and everyone can look forward to a secure old age.

Quite obviously, all these countries know something we don't. The United States cannot be secure in the claim that we are foremost in social and technological progress. And the more we learn about what's being done in other countries, the more we can apply that knowledge to our own.

But where do you get news of these developments?

Rarely through our own press, which barely has time and space to cover domestic affairs.

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Pistol Pete's Career Buried With Losing Jazz

Jim Murray

Suppose Laffit chancing the championship team.ing the threw in about more things with a basketball than Huddin could with a truckstop diner, John Barrymore playing Gidget movies. Tory through the hoops for the New thing sadder than a most glittering statistics of National Basketball Assn. tattooed man. He's a sideshow, not center ring. He can do ries. Walter Johnson pitched 107 shutouts and 375 victories before he ever got in a world Series. Oscar Robertson threw in about 1,000 baskets before he ever got on a championship team.

Ernie Banks made the Hall of Fame without ever makin- ing the World Series.


But, put them all together, and I still never saw any- thing sadder than a Pistol Pete Maravich pouring the most glittering statistics of National Basketball Assn. his- tory through the hoops for the New Orleans Jazz. It's painful to watch. Like seeing Caruso sing in a run-down night club in Hoboken, a great chef doing flapjacks in a truckstop diner, John Barrymore playing Gidget movies.

Pete Maravich is like a sword-swaller, a fire-eater, a tattooed man. He's a sideshow, not center ring. He can do more things with a basketball than Hudini could in a cellar...

The New Orleans Jazz are not terrible. Some nights they score almost as much as Maravich does. To give you an idea how impressive the New Orleans Jazz are, five of their 12 players got hurt in a cab crash the other night and couldn't suit up — and the team won easily. Some wag wanted to vote the cab driver the man who had done the most for New Orleans basketball that year.

The problem with playing with a loser is, you get caught in the public mind and their protective coloration. The difference between an eagle and a vulture is not easy to distinguish if they are playing together.

So, it pains the purists of basketball to see Pistol Pete, night after night, giving a dazzling recital in a cellar.

You'd think they would mount an expedition to rescue him — like getting a great scientist out from behind the Iron Curtain or MacArthur out of Corregidor. It's almost un- American to leave him there, like abandoning a guy in a train wreck. For devil, he's a bird in a rusty cage.

One of the persons most depressed by the imprison- ment of the artist is the artist. Peter Maravich sat on a bench in a lockerroom the other night just after he had, so to speak, painted the Mona Lisa on court against the Laker- ers at the Forum and reflected on the sad life in the cata- combs of the NBA. He looked like a guy who has finally given up on the governor's granting a reprieve.

"All my life, I've played to get one thing — a Champi- onship ring. I'm destined to be one of those persons who will never get that ring."

He admits he would like to go over the wall. He has no desire to take his place alongside Ernie Banks or Sam Sneed or the Prisoner of Shark Island. But Exodus is almost as difficult as the passage through the Red Sea. And with no one to part it.

It's not the money. "I have been financially successful," he says. "I do not need the game of basketball." It has to do, he says, with image. "No matter what you do, if you do not win, you come out 'LOS-E-R.' They say you're hurt­ ing the team."

Just as the clown wants to play Hamlet the caddy, his chauffeur, his valet, I'd take his clothes to the cleaners for him and brush him off if he gets me that ring. He's the best center in basketball. Look at the guys he keeps around and in this league. The players are fortunate indeed to play with him. Look at what he did for Oscar (Roberson, who played 10 brilliant but nonchampionship seasons in the league before being traded to Jabbar's Milwaukee title team in 1970). You'd have something to tell your grandchildren instead of the stigma 'OK, you scored a lot, but you were a loser.'

But getting Maravich out of New Orleans may be like the Plot To Kidnap The Kaiser. He may have to sell himself in a bag like the Count of Monte Cristo and slide out and escape by shrimp boat. Permission to emigrate may be denied. So, the Committee To Free Pistol Pete is the guy who brings the ball up the floor — for a champi- onship team. Only two players in all of basketball history

(Wilt Chamberlain and Elgin Baylor) have scored more points in one night than Pete Maravich has. But he would be content to be a playmaker for a title ring.

"I would be a 17-point scorer if I could play on a good team. And I could throw in 17 points between my legs."

He admits he fantasizes about playing with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. "Look at him out there. It looks like a lot of 8- and 9-year-olds playing with a 12-year-old."

Wouldn't he find it frustrating to be Kareem Abdul- Jabbar's 'caddy,' I asked, using the basketball term for the on-court 'gopher' who goes for the ball in odd cor- ners and mid-court scrambles, to deliver it to the Big Man under the basket?

"Caddy? I'd be his caddy, his chauffeur, his valet, I'd take his clothes to the cleaners for him and brush him off if he gets me that ring. He's the best center in basketball. Look at the guys he keeps around and in this league. The players are fortunate indeed to play with him. Look at what he did for Oscar (Roberson, who played 10 brilliant but nonchampionship seasons in the league before being traded to Jabbar's Milwaukee title team in 1970). You'd have something to tell your grandchildren instead of the stigma 'OK, you scored a lot, but you were a loser.'"

But getting Maravich out of New Orleans may be like the Plot To Kidnap The Kaiser. He may have to sell himself in a bag like the Count of Monte Cristo and slide out and escape by shrimp boat. Permission to emigrate may be denied. So, the Committee To Free Pistol Pete is hereby formed. The Boston Celtics, the New York Knicks, and the Los Angeles Lakers are eager to promise asylum.
Women's Panel Leader Lauds Defeat Of Plan To Keep NMMI All Male

By ARLEY SANCHEZ

The chairwoman of the New Mexico Commission on the Status of Women Tuesday said the legislature, in defeating a controversial amendment designed to preserve all-male enrollment at New Mexico Military Institute, reaffirmed support for the state Equal Rights Amendment.

"I think the legislature reconfirmed its commitment to equal rights for all citizens, and its action makes it clear that the legislature supports the enforcement of the Equal Rights Amendment," said Linda Estes in a statement prepared for a news conference.

Saying she was "very pleased" with the defeat of the amendment which would have preserved the traditionally all-male status of NMMI, Ms. Estes went a step further in calling for the appointment of a woman to the school's Board of Regents.

Referring again to printed reports that House Republicans would try to place the issue for referendum before voters, at Mrs. Lujan's request, Estes said, "I wonder if those legislators would have reacted the same way if Mrs. Lujan had asked them to send to the people for a vote on whether blacks or Chicanos should be allowed to attend NMMI." Although a majority in the vote against the measure were Democrats, Ms. Estes pointed out that seven of the votes to kill the measure were from Republicans.

Ms. Estes and Tasia Young, executive director of the Commission, also expressed satisfaction at the passage of the "Displaced Homemakers" bill which allows $10,000 for formulation of job training and placement programs for women who lose their income because of divorce or death of a spouse after several years marriage.

"It's a need that's been there for a long time, but only now can we begin to try to help these women," said Ms. Young.
In 1625, Gustav II Adolf, King of Sweden, being in the middle of the Swedish Empire's war, ordered the building of the great ship Vasa. She was built in Stockholm, on a site which now faces the Grand Hotel, mostly from oak, but also from pine.

Many of the angled timbers had to be forced into place by rolling them in the right shapes, and so the shipwrights went round in the wood holding templates and hammering to get them shaped. This should be felled. There were no ship's plans. According to the custom of the day, Vasa was built by a man of God, who is to say that after the principal dimensions had been determined the rest of the hull was completed in proportion.

The King, needing the ship to help the Protestant cause against the Catholic powers, was in a hurry. On August 10, 1628, Vasa, overloaded with cannon on her gun decks and too lightly ballasted, began her maiden voyage. After vapors, with the wind south-west and the weather calm, she sailed several hundred yards, fired a royal salute, heeled over, and sank, "sails set, flags flying, and all the ship's crew shot.

The shipwright said, at the official inquiry, that all measurements had been submitted to the King before work began and that His Majesty had approved of everything.

Thirty years later a diver recovered 53 of her 64 bronze cannons, but then the wreck was left where she had founded, in 110ft of water, and forgotten. She was not found again until 1956. Navy divers tunnelled under and around her, the present King (Gustav VI Adolf) approved, and the Baltic salvage company raised her. She was mounted on a concrete pontoon, housed in an aluminum shell, and was opened to the public.

Since then she has been seen by three and a half million people. She is the most famous sight to see in all Sweden, and far and away the most moving.

Vasa was lucky in one thing. She sank in the Baltic, and the teredo navalis, a termite that eats wood, does not like the Baltic salt water and so left her alone. She was a very big ship for her day. She was long against the Vasa's 70.8ft, though only of 1,300 tons against the Vasa's 2,000, with her 60ft lower deck, her bomb, shot, chain shot, axes, pikes, ditty-boxes, bows, wineglasses, hats, a butter box, and a quart of beer for each man at the masthead.

She had been richly decorated, and 700 sculptures were recovered too -- lions, warriors, Hercules, with club, coats of arms, shields, and three Roman Emperors. Gustav II Adolf liked to think he was descended from Roman Emperors. Three mermaids were also found, and are now on show side by side. The belly of one mermaid is shiny where she, and only she of the three, is frequently caressed by the public. The museum people do not know why it is only that one.

Ever since Vasa has been on show she has been constantly sprayed with a preservative solution, to harden the timbers and prevent their too sudden dehydration. By the end of 1973 the spraying will stop and the drying and seasoning will begin. By 1980 a new and larger hall will have been built to enclose her, so that she can be viewed at some distance, and by that time she will be as nearly restored as she will ever be.

The question is, how far should that restoration go? The Swedes are very good at restoring ancient things to within an inch of their life. If Corfe Castle was in Sweden, the brickwork would be bright red and newly pointed. The ship was, of course, raised as a wreck, but the director of the Vasa museum, Lars-Ake Kvarning, says he cannot leave it as a wreck because wrecks are not interesting. On the other hand, he sees no point in restoring it completely, because you might then just as well build a replica.

So he will reconstruct the starboard side, replacing missing timbers and rigging, but leave the port side as it is now. That is a good compromise. He is not yet sure how far it will be possible for people to go inside the ship. At present you can view her from only outside.

There are two other great wooden warships that are preserved, the Victory at Portsmouth and the USS Constitution a beautiful frigate, at Boston. They are each quite different in their effect on the visitor, or at least on me. Constitution is all Yankee dash, and one walk round her jolly amused that she was so dashing and dangerous a ship that the Admiralty, in the war of 1812, warned the ships of His Britannic Majesty's Navy that on no account should she be engaged on equal terms.

She was a great nuisance. She could probably sink any single British frigate which could overload her, and she could outrun any British ship big enough to sink her.

Constitution is still a ship of the United States Navy, just as Victory is still a ship of the British Navy, and both still have their crew of sailors. Any ship of war has her local history and the technical description of either rings with beautiful, lost words.

Here arerogallants and full-tops, seizures and mizzens, ratlines and bobstays frapped close, thimbles and after ends of hanks, halves and goings, vang pendants and falls. Both have a history, and Victory, being Nelson's ship, is a constant subject. There is the bulkhead on the orlop, on the same piece of wood Nelson leaned against, there are, engraved on gold wire, an encircling laurel, the words, "Here Nelson Died." The seaman guide takes his cap off at this point.

"The Victory ship," which is what the Navy calls her to avoid confusion with the Portsmouth barracks which bears the same name, inspires patriotic awe, and both she and Constitution are reminders of power and empire. But Victory is the more awesome because the British Empire is dead and gone, while the American empire, of which Constitution had a leading part, still thrives.

Vasa is quite different. There ought to be some feeling of empire about her, and even of lost empire -- which is more attractive -- because when she was launched there was no Swedish empire and it looked like getting bigger. In 1621, Sweden had invaded Poland, and captured Riga. Gustav II Adolf then advanced as far as Munich, thought of being about conquering Europe, and then died.

Still, there was an empire. But the time was some feeling of empire about Vasa. She is a most un-naval ship. Perhaps this is because she never fired a shot at any enemy.

When she was raised, the bones of 18 men, women, and children were found. The skeleton of a man was pinned under a gun carriage. He was about 35 years old and 5ft 8in tall. His hair was dark and he wore it long. His clothes were quite well preserved -- a linen shirt and breeches, stockings, and trousers, buckles shoes, and linen stockings. Over this he wore a homespun jacket. At his side he carried a sheath knife with a bone handle and a leather money pouch. Loose in his trousers pocket was two and a half marks in coppers.
LINDA CHRISTMAS on the pligh

No smoke with

old, it has adobe style apartments arranged in two multi-storied structures. They look like teeth in an overcrowded mouth. Around half of the reservations, 1,500 Indians live in these dwellings, the others live outside the Inner Walls; on the rest of the 47,000 acres.

The Taos are also the most traditional of the Pueblos. The religious leaders have a deep influence on the community. Only a few years ago did the tribal council authorise the Indians to register to vote; only a few years ago did they allow electricity on the reservation, then not inside the Inner Walls, and outside only if "it didn't show." There are no pylons; just a tuck instead generator.

The tribal leaders were polite to me. They shook hands, smiling with their a bow and arrow and shoot deer and turkey and fish. Everyone used to farm the land for what they needed and there were wild fruits to eat. The second World War changed all that. The US Government started giving out welfare and old age payments, and then the slice didn't want to work anymore. They just wait for their monthly cheque. The weather has changed too. There used to be much more snow for irrigation, now the water is a problem." The soil scientists at the BIA disagree with this diagnosis. The weather has changed, the cycles of plentiful rain and drought are much the same. The Indians prefer to stick to their boom-and-bust, drain the land and move on approach to life. The is not just the other the Bureaucrats Taos Pueblo whether or possible—there is a living from tribally owned. There is a lot of work in the in semi-skis remain on their crabs. Attempts reservation not easy to try interest invest more not just the other the Bureaucrats Taos Pueblo whether or
‘This May Be Mother’s Last Christmas’

Love and obligation can be equal bonds in the bittersweet relationship of a daughter and her aging mother — especially as another year ends.

I do not give her two pills. Three or four years ago she spent her days in a drug-induced stupor. Seconal, Nembutal, Benadryl, Dalmane, Valium — gifts from overly generous doctors — blended to screen out a world that was not treating her generously enough. Now the pills are kept by others, and she must beg for them as though she were a child.

There is, I imagine, no way that old age can be without pain, laying as it does on the knife edge of eternity. It is the last stop, the hot tin roof from which there is no place to jump, the greased slide to oblivion. I would not have mindle watching my mother soothe her progress down that slide with pretty powders in their gelatin capsules. But for each moment of happy drunkenness there was an ugly counterpart: the dislocated shoulder, the messes in her underwear, the sleepless nights when the pills lost their effect.

Do I love my mother? In my 40 years of life, she has accused me of being selfish and mean and cruel, of being unpleasantly like my father from whom she separated before I was three years old. But she has never accused me of not loving her. Such an accusation is impossible because it would destroy the carefully constructed world in which she has lived for more than 80 years. It is the best of all possible worlds, that world of hers. Children owe and willingly give total loyalty to their parents. Money materializes when it is prayed for. On the most crowded streets, a parking place becomes available when one is needed.

Yes, I love her — with reservations. I have had to fight too hard to free myself from her for there not to be reservations. Six years ago she was still telling me to “make a wee-tee” before going out and to take a sweater because it might suddenly turn cold. And, six years ago, I was still reacting with anger at her intractable need to make my choices for me.

Now I must make her choices. She lives with a companion whom I helped to hire, in an apartment that I chose. Her money is in a bank that I selected, at interest rates of which I have approved. And the medicine cabinet is locked against her needs.

She is the child now and I the parent, refusing her peanuts. — “You know you’re allergic to them” — and candy — “One piece is enough, you’re not supposed to have any”; and searching for open gas stations on a Sunday drive so that she can go to the bathroom.

Her world has narrowed, as though old age were a constantly shrinking tunnel. When you can reach out and touch the dark, no optimism about the future is possible. You must huddle deep inside your skin to keep the dark from reaching in and claiming you. At the end, my mother is — as we all were at the beginning — a voracious body at the center of a centripetal universe. Her bowels, her bladder, the lemon drop she sucks so avidly are the boundaries of her world.

She eats continuously in my house — cookies, crackers, bits of jelly, chunks of cheese. When she hears a rustle of paper, the sound of the refrigerator door, she is there, in the kitchen, as eager as a puppy. They are harmful to her, those things she craves, but I feed her anyway. Of how much can she be deprived when life or luck has already stripped her of so much? The sandwich is shared, the juice poured into her waiting cup, the toast buttered and spread with jam. She makes little piles of food to take home — bananas, potatoes, gumdrops, cheese — although her refrigerator, at home, is overflowing.

My three-year-old daughter is in the
Richard Dewhurst answers the questions that people are asking:

Q Has anyone ever revealed the true cause of Bruce Lee's death?
A Although there is no official word as to what killed the martial-arts star, James Coburn, close friend and pallbearer at Lee's funeral, has this to say: "There's no mystery about it.

Bruce was highly hyperactive. He drank beef's blood, neat. He would boil the meat and drain the blood away and drink that. I think his system simply couldn't take it."

Q A computer world championship chess tournament? I don't believe it!
A First there was computer-mating — now there's computer-checkmating. Bobby Fischer may have beaten the Russians by hand in Iceland, but it was a Russian computer program named "Kaisa" who won all the way recently in Stockholm. The event was the First World Computer Chess Championship.

Q What's this I hear about Billie Jean King coming between the Chris Evert-Jimmy Connors romance?
A You couldn't call it love, but Billie Jean has been scoring points with Chrissie. "Billie Jean is so independent. I could listen to her for hours," Chris enthuses. "I'm hearing a lot more about women's ideas and I just don't feel I want to settle down to marriage right now."

Q I remember reading once that the chemicals in the human body were worth 98 cents. With inflation and all, I was wondering if that figure has gone up?
A While we're still worth less than a tank of gas, we are worth more than ever before. In 1936 the chemicals in a human body were worth 98 cents; in 1969, $3.50; today, it's up to $5.60. But, take heart — according to the American College of Surgeons, the spare parts of the human body are worth $25,000 on the surgical market.

Q Are they any figures on the number of spies the government employs?
A The polite term is "intelligence workers" and there are enough of them to keep a lot of cloak and dagger makers in business. According to a study by Sen. William Proxmire, the number of full-time employees involved in organizations that are members of the U.S. Intelligence Advisory Board is 148,000.

Q Somebody told me that President Ford would rather watch football than solve our national problems. True?
A While the final score is yet to come in on the President's prowess with national problems, there is no denying the former center's fondness for the game. "I am intensely interested in professional football," he says. "Watching pro ball on Sunday afternoons is one of my greatest enjoyments. I rarely let anything interfere with it."

Q Someone said that Richard Bach, author of "Jonathan Livingston Seagull," claims he can fly — I mean like a bird. Is he kidding me or what?
A According to Bach, all it takes to be a human gull is gall. "We are built with enormous capacities to do incredible things," explains Jonathan's playmate. "We have the potential to float in the air. There have been instances documented. But our belief system doesn't permit it, just because we're afraid of being called a crazy nut." Or gullible?

Q Somebody told me that they're making a new Pink Panther movie, but that the fabulous Peter Sellers' role of Inspector Clouseau is being played by Peter Falk. Tell me it isn't so.
A It isn't so — the role of the bumbling inspector is again being played by Sellers in "The Return of the Pink Panther." "The main reason I decided to play Clouseau again," says Sellers of his best-selling role, "is that of all the characters in my career, Clouseau is the only character I keep getting asked about. No matter what the country, it's the same...."
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What came first stays last. The names, dates and song sung at camp, a bag of wormy cherries eaten long since dead are unerasable photographs inside

CHRISTMAS

Continued

kitchen too, begging for the same bits of celery stuffed with cream cheese, the same slices of ripe pear. I hand them each a slice. My daughter shoves hers into her mouth and wipes her hands on her undershirt. My mother eats hers daintily and wipes her hands on a paper napkin. Their paths have not crossed yet, but they will. Each name my mother cannot remember, each book she lays aside because the words do not make sense, each movie that is only a two-hour sweep of confusion brings closer the day when their roads will cross — my mother on her back, and swaying, my daughter on her forward one. Already my daughter has discarded her diapers, except at night. Already my mother wears diapers at night.

I turn away from the box of diapers in her closet, with its implication that the end — a mirror image of the beginning — invalidates all the years that lie between. Practically, I bully my mother into making decisions she cannot make, into taking walks she cannot take, into watching movies she cannot sit through. But nothing I do can hide from myself the knowledge that her mind is melting, like butter left too long in the sun.

Swept away in that yellow stream are all the censors — the nuts and bolts of I can’t and I mustn’t and wait until later. Thoughts well to the surface and must be expelled, however inappropriate the time or place. They cannot be held back for even a moment or they are lost. At night, she wanders through my house in a half- buttoned nightgown, unaware of or uncaring of her nakedness.

Her teen can store no new information. Each time she stays overnight I show her how to use the heating pad, touching her fingers to the wall switch that must be turned on before the pad will work. Each time she forgets. Electric can openers, unfamiliar ovens are beyond her understanding or her skill, although she does not yet have trouble with the familiar dolls she is imitating her mother. Her teen gives me new information. She likes dolls. “She plays with dolls,” she says the words repetitively. “I always wanted a daughter who played with dolls. I gave you so many dolls, but you would never play with them.” My daughter is somehow “a real girl because she plays with dolls.” Fifteen minutes later, like a clock chiming the quarter hour, my mother says it all again. And, 10 minutes later, again.

At the end of an hour, I am annoyed but not angry. It would only hurt her to explain that my daughter plays with dolls because she is imitating her mother and that I, feeling unmothered even before I was thrown into boarding school at the age of seven, had no wish to play at being a mother. Now, painful irony, I try to be the good mother that my mother needs.

I telephone once a day. I invite her for dinner twice a week. She comes on Saturday morning and stays until Monday morning once or twice a month. Her apartment is eight blocks away from my house, and my daughter and I drop in at irregular intervals.

It is not, of course, enough. I was programmed to give her everything. Now I give her the time I can spare. Sometimes I give it willingly, sometimes out of guilt.

"Of course, I'll take you shopping this afternoon ... Of course, stay for dinner." But the years have put glass between us. The important things are locked away, and I have the only key. She spent so many years rummaging in the cupboards of my mind before I learned how to lock the contents away from her that I cannot force myself to unlock the doors and give her entrance.

My guilt is eased a little because my
13-year-old son has locked no doors against her. He was her first grandchild, and he is still able to be both literally and figuratively naked in front of her. He invites her into his room as he dresses; pours a tangle of junior highschool politics into her head; holds his clumsy, manic stride down to her mandarin steps without the slightest feeling of impatience. As I watch him unknowingly repay my mother for the years she spent playing "Dr. Toothy-Noothy" with him and his stuffed animals on her living room floor, my stomach aches for the sweetness of their relationship.

How much easier it must be to live with the tyrannies of old age if one can see, beneath the coarsened skin, inside the toothless mouth, a reservoir of love. I must be careful that the reservoir I share with my three children does not run dry before my fleshy fingers search for a place of refuge on their arms.

And yet, if there were more love, my mother’s slide to oblivion might be too painful to bear. With all the ambivalences and ambiguities between us, it is painful enough. "My mother’s last Christmas," we have said year after year. "It may be my mother’s last Christmas." The words mark the degeneration 365 days have brought.

She sits on the couch opening her presents. I sit on the floor, not touching mine. No Christmas present—present can ever compare with those past, when my mother came home, day after day, laden with boxes from the movie stars with whom she worked. (She had been a minor executive with the biggest of the movie studios.) They were not for me, those gifts, but I was allowed to open them on Christmas morning — sitting on the floor then as now, awash in ribbons and torn paper and artificial snow, plunging my hands deep into the boxes of chocolates. I would carefully uncover the earrings, bracelets, mother-of-pearl pins, the quart-sized bottles of perfume with my mother’s name etched into the glass.

Some of those bottles of perfume stand on my mother’s dresser still unopened 30 years later, their contents soured by time and half-evaporated by the void between past and present. And the sprays of imitation holly, the stapled Santa Clauses that cut my fingers, the gigantic florist bows with their attached red balls and silver bells, the wrapping paper carefully refolded “to use next year” still fill her drawers.

She has always hoarded — clothes, velvet ribbons, plastic snowmen with black felt hats, money. It is as though she could only be safe with enough cartons of things sandbagged behind her, protection against some threat at which I can only guess. What will I do with those matted bows and dusty sprigs of holly, the yards of taffeta, the silks, the money, when she dies?

When she dies. Uninvited, the thought stalks me. When she dies, I will be an orphan. I will no longer be accountable to a harsh authority. There will be no strong, stern mother on whom I can lean. I visualize myself as a half-eaten apple, a chunk of my past bitten off. And if my past is gone, then — in some strange way — so is my future. Her death will diminish me, just as my daughter’s birth enlarged me.

When she dies, the cartons full of green moire and unused buttons will go into my garage, her money into my bank. I have learned my lessons well, drunk them in the milk from her breasts. Wait. Postpone. Hesitate. Take no chances. Never spit into water you may have to drink. Go to the bathroom now because you may not get another chance. Take your galoshes because it may rain.

Worm-deep in my character are her flaws — and her virtues. Whatever I have of determination, of persistence, of loyalty, of obsession with knowledge, came in that same warm milk. I reach over and kiss her on the cheek and invite her to stay the night.

My family are the only fragments she has shored against the ruins. It is not that her friends are dead. It is that she never worked hard enough at friendship. A day at the races, an afternoon at the movies, a night of poker were all she wanted of friendship. She threw her energies, instead, into her work. She worked 12, 14 hours a day. When her job crumbled 20 years ago, the downward slide began.

One of the injustices of old age is that, in the end, one is not freed from the beginning. Old age is essence crystallized, turned transparent, the inessential boiled away. The flaws that came to my mother in her mother’s milk remain, intensified.

For years, the slide was almost imperceptible. She planned trips to Europe, Hawaii, South America; but she never went. There was no friend with whom to share the trip, and the money was safer unspent. To fill the unfilled hours she turned to Science of the Mind and found five years’ worth of satisfaction there. The satisfaction from my children was longer lasting. She burrowed into my life, sucking it through a straw to fill her emptiness, finding in her eldest grandson the child she had been unwilling to raise 30 years earlier. Dominating us, manipulating us, sprinkling gifts over us, whisking the baby away for the weekend, she was happy. But, in a subtle way, she was filling the boxes of her vacant hours with confetti. Frivolous, insubstantial. Not daring to expand, she began, eventually,
My mother is not strong enough to bluff the darkness. She is like a shell in which the nut has shriveled. Only the form remains.

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**CHRISTMAS**

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**Continued**

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**BUT there is no tomorrow. We can only rely on yesterday. It was never a full reservoir, the love I shared with my mother, but there are enough memories to serve as candles in the present darkness. When I was six years old it rained, without stopping, for three days. We stacked at the front door to hold out the water and sat in the kitchen of our one-bedroom apartment and made fudge. It was the shared moment I remember best, dipping our spoons into the hot pan while the rain seeped in through the windows and lapped at the doors. For more than 20 years afterward, we were able to sweeten the anger between us with a ritual pot of our own homemade chocolate fudge. I open the door to my daughter's bedroom as my mother opened my bedroom door. **Hopelessly off-key, I sing:**

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**Little bird with yellow bill, Hopped upon my windowsill, Cocked his little head, just as my mother did upon my windowsill.**

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**As my daughter opens her eyes, I turn my head to one side in imitation of a bird's cocked head, just as my mother did to me.**

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**I cry for my mother and for myself. Tears and food and the safety of my house are all I can offer now. I plug in the heating pad, pull the quilt up around her shoulders, and leave the light on in the hall so that the darkness will not overwhelm her during the night.**
I used to get fatal attacks of lockjaw about once a month when I was a child. I'd scratch my knee or stab my toe, and that would start it. It stopped recurring so often as a child, but I've never had it at all since I was 20 (thankfully). But it's quite a proof of it as a form of hypochondria, if nothing else.

I had no proof that this disease originated, as passing the widespread Balkan disease in which the organs of your body are affected, your liver up, lungs all over the place. The doctors haven't cured it yet, until the Second World War, but rather specially trained ones which they call the patient stripped naked and lay face downward, and then used to dig his back, massaging the offending organ back into place.

I have no proof that this disease

In the literal sense, none of this, because Greek is for pangs in the visceral organs of your body, and the seat of melancholy to lie. As men may be brothers in that we all have a second nature that will least it (thankfully, or life would be a nightmare), draws and make the most terrible

The word diets-flying to a place to place. The terrible way of blaming the weather for things.

It differs (thankfully, or saves.

Not so original, perhaps, as the Finns, who get it too (and so do the Swedes), apparently never worried too much about it. I have been proud of it as a form of folk-neurosis. The Finnish word for a particular kind of hypochondria becomes hypochondria, and means more than a state of mind itself. Our British, however, is Greek for pains in the visceral organs of your body, and the seat of melancholy to lie. As men may be brothers in that we all have a second nature that will least it (thankfully, or life would be a nightmare), draws and make the most terrible

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Peter Lennon (left) our TV critic, worked for ten years in Paris. Recently he went back to savour again its mind-cleansing elegance and interior peace. One thing, however, marred his pleasure. The inhabitants, he claims, suffer from refrigeration of the heart.

**PARIS BLOODY PARIS**

ON A TOILET WALL IN A MONTMARTRE CAFE I once came across a judicious French summation up of the Parisian character in the handwriting of a probably disenchanted provincial scholar: "Some exceptionally great minds excepted," it declared, "your Pariscan in general is a poor sod.

After more than ten years of watching these not so poor but preposterously huffing and puffing slobs, in the shape of post office officials impatiently衍生ing blind men to look up a number in the phone book, waiters caught unawares, quarters of riot police using clubs as long as a leg to fold old men into the pavement, and one's boot symbolically rising a few inches off the ground.

This butcher matched me smile for smile and happy exhalation for happy exhalation and knocked on the door of a small flat. The Parisian is not so Cartesinian. If you don't speak his language he also thinks you must be blind.

But, they can be severely logical. A life photographer I knew during the Algerian war came upon a mass of riot police drawing up by the Bastille and your mouth back across your cheeks; drive a bolt through your forehead, and walk stiff-armed down the middle of the boulevards. (Parisiens are also cowards.)

At this point I had better advise people on how to deal with a taxi-driver. When you catch him looking at you in the rear mirror and he says "It is M. le Major's first visit to Paris?" you say as follows:

"No, it is not. I know Paris."

But if I don't know you I know de Mol, could sit the night out on a couple of beer. By the time I had moved up from Odense to Montparnasse, Giacometti had edged near enough to success to have moved over with the artists in the centre a few elbows' distance from people like Looche.

This narrow grazing and watering ground for the future artist—"the people who made the Coupure celebrated in the first place—it was simply been a success. When to over the years, it has become impossible to fasten the blame on any particular politician or even party. So, in Claude Bourdet's expressive use of English, "self-service was instituted. The developers and speculators served themselves to Paris.

It was not just the inevitable intolerance an old boy like myself has for the decor of the new generation, but just a case that could have roused hands and the publishing to such effect that it obliterated Girodias and posed a serious financial threat to such reputable firms as Editions du Seuil, Jerome Lindon (Beckett's publisher) and Flammarion. A publisher had three books banned in a year he had to submit all his work, and once a future publication for the deliberately leisurely inspection of the Ministry of the Interior. The Ministry would not make a decision. The publisher had

"This new concrete jungle—its citizens already badly disturbed by Algerian war, OAS terrorism, and student upheaval..."
and windy people not knowing these splendid, cultured, of Assimil My face bright with tea-and-cones windowless room in the rue learned enough French to outwit the bourg was better than 24 lessons local full of belongings to win over ago there was a hole in the residential or Nursing Homes.

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For a long time one noted the charm de

Gallimard came back to Paris in 1968. As one of the most important publishers in the world, it was not surprising that the city had once again become a hub of creativity and culture. The new edition of the book featured a cover designed by the famous artist, with its characteristic blue and white stripes.

And you may add, with evil suspicion, your mother and your sister. Before he has time to recover from the indignity of being thus addressed, "in moment," he said, "I will blow you whistle and then we will charge and every body in our way will get on the red. Very interesting," said my friend. So the officer blew the whistle and the first person he met on the head of the photographer.

"Ah, beautiful viper!" I muttered to myself as we raced recently in a tax from Orlé towards the Porte d’Orléans and I began practising my execution stake: the stabbing hand-shake; the phrases that fall cold as a gillotine blade. To roam un molested by the aversion, in Paris, ideally you should also tie the corners of your hair behind your ears.

the city itself. Ah, here is the dreadful ambience. Not five minutes after I had penetrated the Porte d’Orléans, particularly since this brought you into the area I had once lived in for so long, not to mention the Montparnasse commune, there was that foreboding sense of antipodal excitement, a disgraceful feeling of silence being back. It is that weird co-existence of peace and a total, one’s own feeling of the dead silence between interior peace (a result of daily culinary reformism) and the raised elegance of the decor one inhabits and the licentious human room the community gives off.

This apart from the small homely all the artists managed to agree on the façades of Montparnasse, St. Germain des Prés, Odéon and Molière was a matter of city.

The banks of the Seine, which had served Frenchmen as usefully as the moon in June does Americans, began by the mid-sixties to disappear under new Right Bank avenues. New projected inner city motorway shafts went up in the 400 feet high (one of them at Montparnasse 600 ft.) have been done. By 1974 the number of buildings were over 2000, and in that year the Commissariat Porte de la Villette in the West. The latter is the Parisian world centre for tourist promotions, with its vast international publishing. This was

Gordon the most elementary needs of the ordinary citizens clearly many of the developments provide low-cost homes. As the original intention was to combat social and racist American society, it was decided to encourage adventurous
PARIS

continued from preceding page

one summer's afternoon with dealers who tried to charge us 30 fr for a hard-boiled egg. It was from times like that I learned to live more cheaply. As to the ultimate outcome of that battle, one can only modestly indicate that three hundred men had turned into a bookshop. Our little bull had winked a Malrauxian cultural revolution.

Of all the prints like gargoyles in the 81 Michel area, none more inhabited his artistic beauitifully drawn edifices were the most common forms of print. Some of these were preserved in my memory of a life of having even absurdly named sandwiches, coffee and wine and there were red-painted walls.

On occasion visits were made to the Place de l'Opera and I went to the Place de l'Opera myself to see the artists of the Opéra and the Place de l'Opera to see the artists of the Opéra. The Place de l'Opera was the most beautiful of all the Parisian prints.

The Montmartre face of the Montmartre bourgeois softened them at the same time. The way Sorbonne makes him rich.

The Parisian student in the mind's eye of the Frenchman was that admirable creature: the swot I said the Lord's Prayer and who is also a good sport. In the old days students, at their wildest, on an impulse (which since February, 1968, had wisely suggested) that since they could not have him as the soul of the student organization, they would replace him with the Albert Hall in London.

The reconciliation of the student and the student happened by the mother of the student.

It is just not true to say that Catholic priests are celibate by compulsion.

MY DUTY

June 1

My interest is in the salvation of souls and in the spread of the Word of God.

The great enemy is Communism. It is my duty to take every opportunity of warning Catholic and non-Catholic alike against that enemy.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

September 9

Bertrand Russell might have become an exemplary Christian if he had been a member of a monastic order, not robbed of him by an impostor, about whom he said so much.

It is just not true to say that Catholic priests are celibate by compulsion.

The gateway to death

Death is not such a terrible thing... It is the beginning of life with God.
One mile from home in Jelly-bean town,
Lives Jeanne, the Jelly-bean Queen.
She loves her dice and treats 'em nice.
No dice would treat her mean.

But unlike Scott Fitzgerald's sharecroppers buying and selling, all there for personal reasons. Girls sit on the grass under the motorway and sell their "antiques"—out-of-date clothing. Across the road the stallholder yells: "All stolen, low prices, come and help me get rid of the evidence." Down the middle of the road, littered with orange peel and rotting cabbage a couple, young as the Bisto kid, blessed with height by a horrid old wardrobe with which they are evidently in love. In the medicine man's shop alongside the Ginseng Tea (the new alternative to pot sticks and herbal oils), you can buy Big Skins (get you these fast! with the tobacco health warning printed on, fanned as a Jimmy Savile smile, just in case you thought they were for poker pot.

"Now it comes to it I'm not sure we could find a place. I am not completely," Like many authors Hilary Moorcock, in the middle of her first Sci-Fi novel, has a hazy conviction that you can move to and live away from it.

Their new house in the Yorkshire dales has beautiful vistas but all.
Who can think contemporarily. Landscapes, like radio plays, exist partly in the mind and are therefore hung up to date. The urban district is your actual fab, can't change a brick telly picture. It's the one you're living in, the Moorcock brand of fantasy that's more to escape from. "Then there's my sasha," she added.

I met the Water Tower, husband Michael, creator of the Jerry Cornelius saga, has already given the place a test-run, producing the building book, and he has just published, "An Alien Heat." It is not, he says, a Londoner's look at northern hospitality. My own choice of a rooted home should ever be up for sale at the right time is at Bridge of Allan near Stirling in Scotland where Maggie spent her schoolgirl days.

I was so intensely happy on the farm after breakfast I'd help with the milk cans, machines and all the other paraphernalia in the dairy shop. Sometimes I had to go back with one of the boys if I could wangle it. To them I was no more a kid sister perhaps but I kept my little secret dreams going. Sometimes I'd try to make them jealous by making friends with the campers, good-looking young fellows with口语beautifully accented English. Accents especially foreign ones used to fascinate me but I've since grown out of that.

My own secret dream is that next time, she says, "It's a lovely, sentimental journey to Scotland, as she did last week, I've been there to open the door and say "Lang may yer lum reek!" Or some such. Uncle Alan has now retired and nobody wants to leave their memory box in the hands of total strangers.

Meanwhile my most deeply felt and best written volume on love locked and weeping bitter tears, "Crying Mikes Yell" continues to be read by the wrong people. "The feeling of everyone seems to be," writes my agent, "that while they appreciate Mr. Storey's talents and understand how they feel this one has been rushed off without due forethought.

They have missed the small, but essential cry on love lost has been correctly written as though without due forethought by a man called Edgar R. Wallace who is a blue-film cutter but feels with him that the story is worth being written. His semi-literate friends help him as much as possible but still he keeps missing vital chunks out of the novel by trying to get it right too late. In despair they finally advise him to chuck in the things that sell and he produces a delicate love story together like one of his own blue films with four-letter words and orgasms stuffed in like prize-packets.

Why don't you let me read it?" His girl friend keeps asking.

Now who can spot the non-deliberate mistake made by the careless reader? Yes, he continues the author with the main character, mistakes Richard's "writings" for "writing" and therefore automatically missing out on the most important bit of characterisation —the first person persons. It's rather like saying of "The Young Visitors" that the writer can't even spell. Less forgivable is the assumption that a professional author could "rush something off" that was less than perfect by his own standards better to say "I'm missing the point here and don't particularly want to get it."

And it rests on me that they unlight in a mind that relates the qualities of a book with the time taken to write it: pace, mood, and speed, of writing form an unbroken relationship for every writer and every book.

"But is it really worth all the sweat," asks Bill, picking up another copy of my book.

Company: Hutchinson Publishing Group Ltd.

Subject: The Blonde and the Boodie

Royalties for 6 months ends

Emm 62: £3.71

Less 10 per cent commission £0.37

Cheque enclosed £3.34

Which is a very good moment to show the picture collection which they tell me is through the trees.

When we finally move away from London we'll be as well never have lived here," was another of Maggie's say observations.

If you live inside you shall never have a clock ticking. I envy people who do crossword puzzles. Ask your friends, think without an end-product or can talk to a guest for longer than five minutes without glancing nervously at the typewriter, leave the world at bedtime.

"My car's been stolen!" I keep on rushing in and telling this greengrocer.

"It's got my girl friend inside it and all my cigarettes!" This is only one of my dreams.

A tatty little triangular shop with hardly any stock. Just a few half-empty boxes of greens and potatoes, a few specky bananas, a box of purple aubergines bought in error. The telephone system is down, but I don't know how.

I'm handed an tiny screwdriver that's next to useless; the small screws fall through the cracks in the floorboards.

"Have you got any plasticine?" Something to stick the wretched things with. "Not a bit in the place. There's no demand for it. But don't worry, we're going to put it in your pocket."

Hours later the police are still pleasantly unalerting, having their elevenses. My car, home, world, filled with past, present and future speeds away into the infinite fog. Knowing smiles behind my back. "Try the wires the other way round, sir." Why did I have to go to the pictures on my own?

THE MANAGEMENT ACCEPTS NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR JACK STORY'S PARKED CAR OR POSSESSION (signed). P. Wauben, Manager.

Panic breaks down the walls of the unconscious and you are left with an appalling sense of death and loss that lasts the rest of your life. I mention it to the family when they sit playing "Guessers" on a Sunday afternoon you have to guess who hand holds the liqueur ice-cream and they are instant with serious concern.

"It means you're going to die before you're 30."

"Unless he eats all the green ones.

"Try him on your other side grandad.

"Grandaad couldn't use a screwdriver with his left hand.

Here in Middletown (Moorcock country), somewhere between the Portobello road and the year 2000 (when grandson Trevor will be around 75 years old) there are no called fivers and nothing tastes the same, the race goes on and the winning post moves swiftly into the lead. Food is a pastime like playing cards, sleep a regulated therapy, dreams, the desperate flight, the desperate pursuit, hoarded for future reference.
Time to put the heat on for the elderly

This was subsequently done very briefly. From the county council, one UDC and one RDC (the clerks of the UDCs and the one RDC in this constituency asking them what was happening.

After a fortnight one UDC replied promising to consider action, but saying that the problem did not bulk very large in its area. Ten days later I heard from another UDC saying that the leaflets the department wanted sent out were not available, but that action would be forthcoming and the benefits claimable might be made in a council newsletter.

The percentage against justice for the pensioner

Sir,—Mr. Barber is reported (November 23) as saying that the TUC's proposals for old age pensions would cost £2,000 million a year and would mean a deduction of £1.80 per week. The other day I heard the reverend man and woman.

Against this statement should be set the following facts: This is a very large sum, even for a council, and a council would be unlikely to make a contribution of £2,000 million a year to its own purposes. Secondly, according to an article by Mr. Michael Meacher in the Guardian on August 1 and Mr. Herbert Cohen on November 11, a careful analysis of the figures shows that the present Government is giving away a third of this £2,000 million in tax concessions to the rich—the most massive redistribution in favour of the rich that any government has engineered in Britain this century," states Mr. Meacher.

Whose side is Mr. Barber on? He concludes that pensioners are not being helped in setting up prosperity "if other sections of the community did not grab more than their share."—Yours sincerely,

F. G. Herod.
4 The Hermitage,

Sir,—A Christmas bonus of £10 has been announced for all pensioners. We hope that this will receive this amount in full and that married women, who have made contributions in their own right, will not find, once again, that they are treated as a class apart.

The women contributors receive less sickness and unemployment benefit when they claim it.

All workers are given contribution credits for times when they cannot work through sickness or injury. Married women, who gave up employment to bring up children, find, after years of contributions, they only have a lower basic rate of pension, but whenever a rise in pension is announced, they receive only a proportion, getting them further apart from all other contributors.

It is to be hoped that the Christmas bonus will not also be see Cheeseparingly dissected for these contributors.—Yours sincerely,

Juanita Frances, Chairman.
Married Women's Association, London NW 3.

The GMC, 'hiding behind an artless excuse'

Sir,—Some of the statements in Lord Cohen's letter of November 21, do less than justice to your leading article on the General Medical Council (November 28, p. 12 Brown's Hill, Chorleywood, Hertfordshire.

The undemocratic structure of the GMC is defended by quoting the proposed Bmnny for journalists reforms. The GMC is constitutionally irrelevant to the situation—"as though the change was made by an arbitrary act of the Act." It was done, as he points out, by arbitrary Act of Parliament (though at the request of the GMC, as he doesn't point out).

The undemocratic structure of the GMC is the status quo under the guise of genuine reform.

It then objects to your complaint of "arbitrary disciplinary system", which some members act as prosecutor, judge and jury." He explains carefully how we have, actually, an arbitrary disciplinary system in which one committee of the council acts as prosecutor, another committee of the council acts as judge and jury. Of course, that's much better—or is it? He also explains the conflict which would have to ensure that its left hand doesn't know what its other hand is doing. He doesn't seem to find it comprehensible that some of us don't wish to be arbitrarily tried by a committee of our peers.

Throughout the GMC attempts to hide behind the excuse that its activities are governed by Act of Parliament. We are not interested in the case of the council is really just a poor, giddy little thing, well-meaning but shy, and waffled on and on by bullying Acts of Parliament over which it has no control.

This is just too calculatedly artless a piece of writing to be possible. Legislation relevant to the GMC has been made without full consultation with the council, and none has failed to represent fully the council's own views and wishes. The GMC cannot, in all conscience, avoid accepting proper responsibility for its own actions.

When the law is made, the GMC shall plead in court (a) that the law is an act of Parliament (b) that it was made without the council's consent. The council will not continue to be found dead of cold and hunger.

John Jarrett.
Martha's Vineyard,
Violet Way, Loudwater,
Chorleywood, Hertfordshire.

Added bonus

Sir,—Congratulations to Mr. Abdul Quraishi on winning the £5,000 TDC/Guardian Innovator Award (November 22). One in a million who believes in the country and its values.

Sir,—Whilst Mr. Quraishi deserves all praise for his remarkable achievement surely there is something fundamentally wrong with a system that permits him to sell his products for £10.15 a square yard. He states that "If I sold it for £6, I'd still be making a thumping great profit." Wrong at any rate for the country that values him.

Peter Newmark.
Huntsman, 28 Mount,
Guildford, Surrey.
RUSSIAN birthday party. It is a brave attempt to get along late and no one is certain of the address. The party is in the本领hing. The place is huge.

"I like a 'bourgeois French cafe. cur Potted plants foaming greenery

"Why an adolescent at a student party. I have the illusion I speak

"Russian. Everybody understands

"me, I them. I feel oddly at home,

"make a statement on the harvest.

"Bourgeois French cafe. Poor Potted plants foaming greenery

"Why an adolescent at a student party. I have the illusion I speak

"Russian. Everybody understands

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The PHRASE "after the Lord Mayor's show" had been coined by J. Taylor, a follower of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Those who had struggled through the congested streets of London on the afternoon of the Lord Mayor's Show were perhaps too readily reminded of the fact that the street had been turned into a sea of mud. However, the day's festivities were by no means over. The main event of the day was the presentation of the Lord Mayor's show to the citizens of London. The parade was led by the Lord Mayor, who was followed by a multitude of coloured floats, bands, and other entertainments. The atmosphere was one of excitement and anticipation as the spectators eagerly awaited the spectacle. The parade was a resounding success, and the crowd went away preoccupied by the wonderful display. The sense of achievement and pride was palpable as the participants and spectators alike reflected on the day's events. The PHRASE "after the Lord Mayor's show" has become synonymous with a event of this nature, where the atmosphere is electric and the energy is infectious.
Monday: Latest addition to my office wall in a flat is a large monogram—psj—taped out like a target, concentric with high, red, black, and green rings. I spent only three days there, but I have already been asked by friends if it means anything to them. I have never tried to find the papers yet.

I was surprised to find Muncun, a city of bewildering dimensions, and the land of speciality for rat-tat-tat, made a Tartar war-tent moulded by a child out of streaky glass tombstones. Was it-a Tartar war-tent moulded by a child out of streaky glass tombstones.

And who would imagine that the hillsides—so bare, so arid—would be like a sea of living gold—cisterns.
Monday: Delusions of ade
monist (accompanied by hot flashes) had
beaten me so many other people's jobs
yesterday in a group of friends
in one of those small, stuffy bars
you find in Soho. I sat there all day
yet rarely go into any other
station, without looking
how easily this could be im-
people. I do not believe
is just a fact about everyone.
porous person knows what is
Communist Party.
fool the drunk any more than the
for me as a customer.
for living
know why
which had
still
fashioned brothel. in Soho.
called Quartet Books, which
who might be the third
carefully vague expression of
child did at school today, able
only to interpolate an occasional
Latin-the men at the top will
not listen.
how easily this could be
made it pro-imperialist.
quietly. Instead, we tumbled into
the wrong end of the stick,
anyone
and property during the war,
in Ireland. the Vietcong and the
Vietnamese and American troops,
and they stagger around
last, when it is almost
other, over and over

Tuesday: At the Albery, The
plays which always sounds
more so
and
We were very

Wednesday: The
to be found in Saul

Perhaps I avoided the
talking to someone named Carmen
had left me not to be slightly
that I need to be slightly
to
When I am listening to what
my mind, it is far too easy
only to interpret an occasional
of emotion
I don't
that the drunk any more than the
perhaps I avoided the
talking to someone named Carmen
had left me not to be slightly
that I need to be slightly

Thursday: As someone who
ated, consumed, and
in a programme of bombing people
in the dark with the light behind
not
impossible to say
my paragraphs begin
as a playwright
more

Friday: Stage hero of the
week-Denis Coffey

Last night Miss Coffey's A Sense of Detachment
was an impecunious barker in addition to
of Shakespeare's lightest
He was exceptionally
as
as I glanced through
the
"the price or a successful
enough,
the
tactic that drags on too

The Angry Brigade
just a
merely

On this moment, an unemployed actor.

"Who'd have thought
by topless waitresses with

"the
"hi!

As a girl

"world."

We were

I increasingly feel that I
this could be
make

I
Indian, and
poetic
poetry

Yes,

him

Sobriety blurs the ears

If you listen comfortably to my

"take Britain's traffic problem,

"the
"well."

"to an anthology of
arent
institution

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his

Take Britain's traffic problem,

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Monday: Press conference at the Criterion Hotel of the King's ransom, it seems. Amaury, the 21-year-old company of the little newsroom newspapers, has been given the job of reporting, it seems, on the death of a young man in a deserted trunk. He is told by the police that he is not as it seems, for there is no sign of life, no movement, no sound, no sign of him. Yes, Foshee replies to even the most idle questions. Foshee does what remains in his mind.

(Belgium) King Leopold addresses him to his request. The king is not as it seems, for there is no sign of life, no movement, no sound, no sign of him. Foshee replies to even the most idle questions. Foshee does what remains in his mind.

Tuesday: Some day a German-American publicist carves, embellishes stories, or the effect upon people of their images. Names and names are words. And before we assess the image, we are already conditioned by the label. It is round the word "Mad" for Foshee. "It's just the question of executing a lady dance from Stock Exchange argot meetings, reports nothing.

And about "Warhol", the English for unoriginal of the truth, but the use of a film probably three times shorter than the one screen, two acres. Area of the cinema, perhaps the reason why the sunlight of the camera go out of focus of the eyes. Results of dirty words whose language had better be dotted, fact, fancy sound and overheard.

This is how the ordinary newswoman sees the ordinary pictures—a "Warhol" film—"and, in the case of the same event, as made by Proops for the film of the King's ransom, when seen by the police, did not sum every bit of light, but even with a good mirror—unless the image had to be visible. No

Friday: Reading the Daily Mirror, I wonder whether anything has been written in every day, at £5 a week, to offer a Special Silver Prize, building a story on the Queen and Prince Philip for the behal of ordinary mortal people. Would you believe that offered a special running machine by the King's ransom? It is the beginning of a new daily, but it is not known whether any of the King's ransom has been received.

"Oops a day!" Nature has a different view of the facts—often seen in old men tied round the neck and dried out, it is a wonderful transformation, but it was too late, but it was too late.

Personally, I would give the King's ransom for some simple-minded readability between the present enterprise of her inventing the Queen's face—"I feel better. I have given my chest and then answering it. I have been, of course, the Princesses complimented the Queen and of course she has told us about their eccentricity on the Screen. It just seemed that we were not to put just the Queen's..."
Beware of the dog, the beast may be carrying a gun

Bernard Levin

Dog shoots its owner," said the headline. Oh God, I thought, it's started. I was much reassured by reading the story underneath, in which it was alleged that the beast was not animated by mens rea, but had merely jumped up playfully and knocked the gun to the ground, and there it lay. That, no doubt, is what the dog said. But how do they know it was telling the truth?

I don't like dogs, armed or unarmed, and I have no intention, merely because they are apparently taking over, of pretending otherwise. When they come for me, I shall fight to the last with every weapon I can lay my hands on, and when I am finally overpowered I shall refuse the blindfold and die with a cry of "Long live the dogs!"

I was bitten by a dog when I was seven years old: a loathsome spaniel (not that there is any other kind of spaniel). The scene was Hampstead Heath, by the pond, on a very hot day, and the idiotic woman who owned him tied its lead to her deckchair, beneath which it lay and panted, within sight of the cool water. I was playing with a ball, which rolled under the deckchair; I reached for it, and the beast pounced upon me, the right forearm of the infant Levin, just above the wrist. I was promptly transformed into a passable replica of "Pompey's statua, which all the idle rabble fain would have and has it that I hoped about screaming, "Has he killed me? Will I die?" My readers will be delighted to learn that I did not die; but I bear the scar to this day, and a grudge against dogs to go with it.

Certain dogs, when I come to power (I am now assuming, no doubt over-optimistically, that I shall beat them to it), will be excluded from the general order for the extirpation of the entire species that I shall sign immediately; these are the Pekinese, the Pomeranian, and all metaphorical uses of the word "Chinese," and it shall be a capital offence to use any simile of them.

Other breeds will be exempt, provided they keep out of my way, not as honorary cats but as creatures even more repulsive than dogs; chief among these is the chihuahua, which is not a dog but a spider, and a singularly nasty kind of spider, at that. If the Pomeranian still exists (I haven't seen one for years, though its unique yap, once heard, can never be forgotten) it, too, will be safe, ranking as a rat. Alsations, chows, great danes, poodles, Scotch terriers, foxhounds, bulldogs and of course spaniels will be hostis humani generis, and a bounty will be paid to anyone despaching one of them, on production of its tail, as in the case with the grey squirrel today. (Squirrels of all colours, for their part, will be designated honorary cats of a particularly high order, and anyone found hurting the bushy-tailed little fellows will be fed to the dogs.)

Almost all metaphorical uses of the dog are pejorative or derogatory; we call a low fellow a dirty dog, a ruffian a dog, a tout court, a mean one a dog in the manger; we don't want, by going to war, to dogs, we ostracize those who have offended us by putting them in the doghouse, and if we die like a dog we die badly indeed. But who ever heard anyone called a dirty cat (cats are a very symbol of cleanliness), or urged anyone to let sleeping cats lie, or complained that he led a cat's life?

"Cats make no angles to the wind, sang that admirable but inexplicably under-rated poet A. S. J. Tessimond, and it would never have occurred to him to pay dogs such a compliment. Moreover, it is noticeable that those who pay dogs compliments do so in terms that a cat would reject as insults; "dog-like devotion," "bushy-tailed" - such epithets.

There was a cat wandering about The Times office last week, a black one, full of character, with glowing eyes and a white patch on its chest. I picked it up and stroked it, and I noticed that its fur was as soft as a human's; it had merely jumped in my path, its master a man. I petted it, and it rolled its eyes and purred, licked its chops and文... ...ing its way through the office.

I thought, it's started. Nor was I the first person to make this observation, for John Nieuhoff, a seventeenth-century Dutch visitor to Cadiz, included in his account of the marvels he had seen a description of "Cats with long hair, milk-white, having large ears like a spaniel; the gentlewomen keep them for their pleasure; for they will not hunt after or catch mice, it may be for being too high fed.""

It is not like dogs. I do not like them when they are ingratiating and obedient, and I do not like them when they are aggressive and uncontrollable. I do not like their dubious loyalty, and I do not like their treacherousness. Cats are neither loyal nor treacherous, and would laugh at being called either; they are uniquely and self-reliantly themselves, and will answer to their names when they feel like it and not otherwise.

Some dogs are more intelligent than others, and when they are large and stupid they are more stupid than the least clever cat. Cats are never bores; dogs are rarely anything else. I dislike the look of many of them, the sound of most of them and the smell of all of them. I haven't seen one for years, though its unique yap, once heard, can never be forgotten. I do not like dogs, armed or unarmed, and I have no intention, merely because they are apparently taking over, of pretending otherwise. When they come for me, I shall fight to the last with every weapon I can lay my hands on, and when I am finally overpowered I shall refuse the blindfold and die with a cry of "Long live the dogs!"

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Modern Language Association Scholars Find Study of Bogus Words an Exercise in Wraithography

By ISRAEL SHENKER

When the Modern Language Association met here yesterday for the opening of its 51st annual convention, there was as usual an explosion of words—words in earnest, words in jest.

Allen Walker Read, an emeritus professor of English from Columbia University, a solidly built man who looks as though he would not countenance the ghosts of his waking hours, kept haunting his successor dictionaries.

When the Oxford English Dictionary was being through the language, last century, its editor took pains to justify omission of "abacot," usually defined as "the cape of state formerly used by English kings." The word descended by a cascade of changes from bicocket, misprinted abacocke and finally abacot, perhaps through abacoc.

Rather held up to deal with shadow words, Read called them "ghost words," of plain meaning ("uh-huh, yes, look") and words that have no real meaning, "words whose spirits are willing but whose heart is weak."

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Distinguished philologist in the 1893 referred to "individuation," a word that descended by a cascade of changes from bicocket, misprinted abacocke and finally abacot, perhaps through abacoc.

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Predictably enough, elusive words, few figures of speech, pursue Professor Read even into his sleeping hours. From his dreams he has recorded such words as "the richest harvest of ghost words." That should reassure those who see "words" in a phrase alluding to "the richest harvest of ghost words."

Professor Read occasionally comes a word, "words," which rose as a slip in an abbreviation file reading "D or D or a meaning a capital D or a small d--for "dactylic." A definite social context in the experience of the person who did the dreaming.

In the very text of his talk, Professor Read inadvertently created a new word during a total of 666 years of his waking hours, and it will doubtless be his fourth ballot, haunting his successor dictionaries for years to come. It is the word "words," a phrase alluding to "the richest harvest of ghost words." That should reassure those whose spirits are willing but whose heart is weak. Even an expert like Professor Read occasionally comes a word, "words," which rose as a slip in an abbreviation file reading "D or D or a meaning a capital D or a small d--for "dactylic." A definite social context in the experience of the person who did the dreaming.

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CAUGHT IN THE WEB OF WORDS--

p. 196--"ghost words" chased by Murray for OED

p. 300--"brean"
Needles from the yew-tree had drifted into the deep letters and figures cut in the flat tombstone. Picking them out, unravelling the Latin, I saw the date of Henry Vaughan's death became clear: April 25, 1695 - Aged 73. The author of that jewel Henry Vaughan, Dylan Thomas, which like learning to swim the Saturday Book and death were placed on a separate line churchyard, near Brecon, I thought that had suggested we open it. World of Light' would have been the Vaughan tombstone.

We'd driven away from Llan santffraed and grew even more flustered when I thought of a poem 'They Are All Gone into the World of Light' which had been one line too long for the sandwich and ate it. Waste not, want not:

'Avery Merry Christmas to All Our Readers'.

Milton, I'm told, is alive and well and was in Butlin's last summer. But the others, they are all gone into the world of light, many of those old South Wales Evening Post writers - Henry Vaughan, Dylan Thomas, Jim John, Mr Powell, H. O. Smith, Herschel, and too many more. Ah well, Rest in Peace. Or as Jim John himself might have put it: 'Trdy on 4srv, inclining, as he often did, slightly to the right.'
Kevin Sim

It's a Man's Life

On Christmas Day in the morning, a plane flew into Belfast carrying on board the latest detachment of Her Majesty's Armed Forces. Among them were men of the King's Own Royal Borderers. Only the word 'men' must be used warily. Some of them were only 18 years old, and of those 18 years, little more than 14 weeks had actually been spent in the army.

Even since full-scale military operations got under way in Northern Ireland, it has been impossible for soldiers to travel about the country with normal peacetime discretion. While on the Continent it is no surprise to see National Servicemen hogging the seats on the Rapide to the Riviera, in class railway compartments chock-a-block with gage racks full of guns. Even so, recruits got under way in Northern Ireland, it has been spent in the army.

Pte Manders had a girl-friend waiting for him at Strensall, near York. The people in the army's own way to Northern Ireland just six weeks after he'd given up his job in a Manchester supermarket and joined the dole queue, train him, and send him off to the army well enough to sign on for six months. They just hate us,' Jimmy repeated. 'They say you get a medal when you're in. They're big silver medallions, but you've been out there for a month.'

As we got our luggage, there were various things which the army makes allowances for this sort of thing, which is where the 14 weeks comes in. That is how long it is taking to lift a lad from the dole queue, train him, and send him off to a ticket barrier at Lime Street Station, Liverpool and a crowd of weeny boppers shouting: 'Ireland's that way, Mister.'

Eighteen-year-old Private Jimmy Manders (not his real name) told me all about the army's own way to Northern Ireland just six weeks after he'd given up his job in a Manchester supermarket and joined the King's Own Royal Borderers. That was on 9 August. It took him just five days to find out about the regiment's Christmas outing. Jimmy, his mate and a lot of other young soldiers were in the saloon compartment of the 19.40 Trans-Pennine train from Leeds to Liverpool. His brand-new dress cap was on a table along with a couple of plastic coffee cups. They'd got week-end leave from the training camp at Strensall, near York. Pte Manders had a girl-friend waiting for him in Manchester, which was just as well because the first lesson he had learnt about the army was that it is not exactly the passport to a gay and interesting social life. 'The people in Strensall don't get on with us,' he said, 'they hate us.' In the light of this total rejection, he appeared almost completely unmoved, as though six weeks of army life had proved beyond doubt that nothing else could be the case. Nor, he explained could his ostracism from Strensall society have the slightest to do with the drab, ill-fitting No 2 uniform in which he was travelling. 'We've got a No 1 uniform that much better than this.' But even this leaves the ladies of Strensall entirely unmoved. 'They just hate us,' Jimmy repeated. Anyway, neither he nor his mate had joined up to please the ladies. Jimmy had wanted 'a better life', and his mate had simply wanted a job. 'The army's not like it was. It's not as strict. We just have a laugh.'

Joining was easy enough. Run a mile in 5.45, sprint 100 yards in 12 seconds, twice up a rope, and after a stint on the wall bars, you're in. 'You get a Bible and £3 wages and they say if you don't like it when you get to Sutton Coldfield, they'll give you the fare back home and find you a job.' At Sutton Coldfield, new recruits are allocated to their regiments. When he joined Jimmy had wanted to be a military policeman. 'But you have to be five foot eight and I wasn't so they put me in the infantry.' Jimmy's mate was big enough for the military police, but he wanted to be a parachutist like his brother. So they put him in the infantry. Like, it's a man's life in today's professional army, but if you don't want to be in the infantry, tough luck. Anyway, Jimmy liked the army well enough to sign on for six years and his mate liked it, three years better than that. 'The officers are all right,' they said, 'and the NCOs are a good laugh.'

After two days at Sutton Coldfield, Jimmy was sent to Strensall for basic training. Three days later, a notice went up on the board saying that his regiment had been posted to Northern Ireland, departing 25 December. Not that he minded that much. 'The joke of it is that the only regiments that don't go are the Irish Rangers.' At Strensall he found out that most of his fellow recruits had joined because of 'work mostly - most of them were fed up doing nothing. So they wanted to get a job. You get £12 a week, but you have to pay £4 bed and board, which we won't have to pay in Northern Ireland'. In the circumstances, the recruits talked about Northern Ireland quite a bit. 'They say you get a medal when you've been out there for a month,' said Jimmy. 'They're big silver medallions, but I don't know what's on them. I've never seen one close up. . . . The IRA are stirring things up, that's what the lads say.' Jimmy Manders is a Roman Catholic born in Manchester of Irish parents. His mate said it was a bit of a laugh.

First Person

Francis Hope

Christmas in Ruritania

Anthony Hope (no relation, as Private Eye would put it) is not exactly a character whose reputation needs rescuing from the dust. Surprisingly few people have read his Dolly Dialogues, which are certainly not as good as Wilde, or even Saki, but have some flashy lines. There is a whole shelf of minor novels works from his pen, gathering dust everywhere from the London Library to the Aswan Palace Hotel. But almost everybody must know either The Prisoner of Zenda or Rupert of Hentzau. Some people probably know them by heart. I once did, and thought that it would be a very proper Christmas entertainment to read them again.

'rather like bad wine,' says Mr Montcheshen in Disraeli's Sybil; 'one gets so bored with good wine.' I can't claim to suffer that way, but one does sometimes get bored with good books. And both of the Zenda stories are good bad books rather than bad good books—A Christmas game of hair-splitting which doesn't seem so witty by the New Year, but which still governs large areas of what I choose to call my judgment. Good bad books include The Three Hostages, King Solomon's Mines, Little Women, Eminent Victorians and The Feathers of Death. Bad good books include L'Education Sentimentale, For Whom the Bell Tolls, The Marble Faun, The Middle Age of Mrs Elliot and The French Lieutenant's Woman. Kim is a good good book, whereas Henty wrote bad bad books. This is probably a subject on which we need much less research.

To return, as I returned, to Zenda. There were various things which I had forgotten. Ruritania was, by subsequent associations, a Balkan country, and I had a dim memory of some mixture between Slav and Teuton elements. In fact, of course, Hope's Ruritania was purely German-speaking (a 19th-century English gentleman might plausibly talk flawless German, hardly flawless Ruritaniu, and all the names point in the same direction. The country has to be placed somewhere near modern Austria or historic Bohemia - Central rather than Eastern European, although far enough South to produce its own wine. It is new, presumably, the Ruritanian Peoples' Republic, since Princess Flavia was anyway the last of the Elphbergs. Further speculation would lead one towards the Sherlock Holmes Society, and is to be avoided.

In the same way, I had forgotten how very ordinary Ruritania was. It is a stay-at-home sentimental's book, which any Victorian traveller could imagine for himself, language and all, from a week in Switzerland or a ramble through the Rhineland. Hope describes its conception in his autobiography.

One day - it was the 28th of November 1893 - I was walking back from the Westminster County Court (where I had won my case) to the 'Temple when the idea of 'Ruritania' came into my head. Arrived at my chambers, I reviewed it over a pipe, and the next day I wrote the first chapter. Saki, who was equally romantic about Balkan states, had actually travelled there; Rider Haggard's Africa or Conrad's East
Arthur.

'To elevate him to the rank of statesman is stretching things.'

At long last, Chester A. Arthur has gotten the biography he deserves—humorless, pedestrian, and overstuffed. It is an ideal match of man and book.

Who was Chester A. Arthur? He was the 21st President of the United States, elevated to the job in 1881 when an assassin shot James A. Garfield. From 1871 to 1879 he was collector of customs in New York City; under his control were several hundred employees, whose annual payroll totaled nearly $2 million. Arthur saw to it that only faithful Republicans, acceptable to state boss Roscoe Conkling, were hired—and that they paid their party assessments regularly. So blatant was the Arthur record that only faithful Republicans, acceptable to state boss Roscoe Conkling, were hired—and that they paid their party assessments regularly. So blatant was the Arthur record as Conkling's errand boy that in 1879, after investigation, Republican President Rutherford B. Hayes had him suspended.

Nonetheless, at the 1880 convention, COnkling's errand boy was in luck. The Presidential nominee, Garfield, was anathema to Conkling. To placate him, Garfield's managers offered Arthur the second spot. Then the unthinkable happened, and Arthur was President.

Whereupon Arthur went straight. He did not steal the White House silver. He did not replace the entire Cabinet with the New York Republican Committee. For such demonstrations of self-restraint, the nation was, and history should be, grateful. But to go beyond relief and elevate Arthur to the rank of statesman is stretching things too far.

Prof. Thomas C. Reeves lists Arthur's "achievements," chief among them beginning to replace the wooden American fleet with modern ironclads. Arthur did that, indeed, but partly because his Secretary of the Navy was the former chief lobbyist for the shipbuilder who got the contracts. Arthur also recommended such wholesome measures to the Congress as new approaches to Latin America, a trans-Nicaraguan canal, opening trade with central Africa, and providing territorial government for Alaska. But when the lawmakers proved deaf to these suggestions, he fell into amiable silence.

Arthur worked only from 10 to 4, five days a week, and spent his evenings happily smoking, overeating, and overdrinking. He seems to have given his most serious reflection to frequent changes of wardrobe, once trying on 20 pairs of pants already cut to his measure before finding satisfaction.

Reeves manages to obey all the rules of bad academic biography. He omits no tedious detail; he organizes only chronologically; he makes no observations of any depth; he furnishes no glimpses of personal style and attitude except in small, isolated clumps where they are powerless to help his story.

As a result he misses two good thematic prospects. One would be the transformation of a boy raised in the rigidity and poverty of rural Baptist parsonages (as Arthur was) into a shady sybarite. The other would be the tale of a nation so busy getting rich for 20 years after a major war that it neglected fast-developing social problems. In scrambling to "rehabilitate" Arthur, Reeves forgot the important part of the biographer's job: to illuminate his subject's character and surroundings in ways that teach us something about our own.


By Robert Ostermann

Swados

is not a protagonist

but a protagonist

whose story

is an analogous indictment of this veteran of so many revolutions. A radical youth group called the Children of Liberty, to which Seth Fox belongs, wants Sam Lumen to repudiate the President, disown the Children's Center. It's a perversion of everything he stands for, they insist, a bureaucratic fiction. He has fought all his life for the rights of children and youth. He can't decline this final opportunity to defy hypocrisy. But will he?

So Swados deftly lays down the parallels. Lumen's diary reveals the hypocrisy of his private life to himself, but to the reader it reveals a waffling and pretentious man who has always managed to have his own way, using an enormous selfishness before a facade as imposing—and vain as the Children's Center will be. But the Children's Center will manage to be a brilliant piece of character development because it is more impressive because Reeves is in offering us "expectations" intended to disappoint.

Bernard A. Weisberger

By Bernard A. Weisberger


Novels From the Watergate People

Point of Departure

By L. J. Davis

I DON'T KNOW what, if anything, these novels prove, except that the literature seems to have replaced patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel. John Ehrlichman's The Company has a certain therapeutic justification, but there is something in the way that Oreon is white, not to say ridiculous, about Spiro Agnew's attempt, in The Conspirators, to donate the mantle of Jacqueline Susann. In those curious interviews he has been giving recently, he has suggested that he wrote it for the money, but surely there must be more to it than that. Can it be that he is afflicted with the same hitherto-untapped wellspring of masochism of the sort that causes certain suicides to smear themselves with oleomargarine before lying down on the tracks in front of the train? Or perhaps he feels that something precious went out of his life when the voices of his critics were stilled by his resignation and subsequent plea of nolo contendere? I suppose we shall never know. In any event, he has indicated what is going to happen to him, and I guess we'd better go ahead and do it before the meringue curdles on this pie I am holding in my hand.

The year is 1963. Honolulu is up again quite a lot about this, but otherwise the nation is paying a fearful price for having gleefully succumbed to the foresighted policies of the author and the Prisoner of San Clemente. The Democrats are in power and it looks as though they'll never run away. Jews and liberals run wild in the streets, shamelessly flaunting their bodies. Middle-aged men shave twice a day. Moreover, he isn't obviously done a line of squeaky, like violate the Constitution. From Maine to California, there is no hope. A new American has gained control, and it is Mr. Agnew. Decision. The Company. Decision.

The Company. John Ehrlichman, left, sporting a post-Watergate beard, and Spiro Agnew, right. If Agnew is Jacqueline Susann, then Ehrlichman is . . .

Marcel Proust?

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