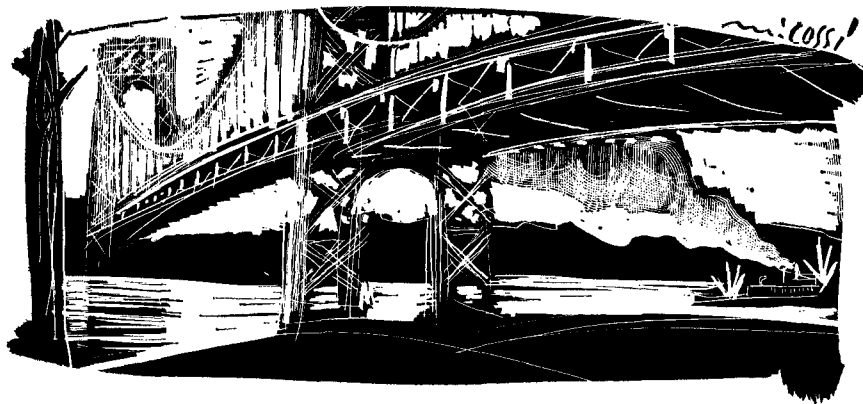


illiterate or semi-literate, and only six per cent have high-school diplomas; the southern provinces haven't yet escaped from an almost Oriental poverty.

WITH EVERY postponement of these urgent reforms, the cracks in the party have grown wider and its strength has further diminished: a third of the party's 1,600,000 enrolled members failed to renew their memberships this year. The two months of crisis haven't reversed the trend. The cabinet is still dependent on the Fascists but committed to doing absolutely nothing until October 31 except get the budget through parliament and fulfill Italy's international obligations. For a multitude of Christian Democrats, therefore, its existence is not only scandalous but useless. As Political Secretary Aldo Moro says, the shock of this government has left his party prostrate. But it has also pushed men like Moro himself toward Fanfani's position. The Center having dropped out of Italian politics for the foreseeable future, those who have hesitated to make a decisive choice in some other direction feel that they can't wait much longer; and since the choice evidently must be made, a majority of the Christian Democratic directorate is still determined to conclude arrangements with Nenni as soon as the unhappy Tambroni interlude is over.

Whether this will actually be done, however, is very much open to question, since the right-wing threat of secession hasn't been withdrawn and isn't likely to be. No doubt millions of Catholic voters would be relieved to have a choice between two parties, but there's no doubt either about which of these two would have the campaign funds, the electoral apparatus, and the larger measure of ecclesiastical support. At best, this might mean a numerically weakened government party, far more in need of Nenni than it is now. At worst, the prospects would be first a right-wing Sacred Union and, in the end, almost fatally, a Popular Front. This prospect is frightening to a large number of liberal-minded Italians in and out of the Christian Democratic Party. But these same men do not quite know what they can do to avoid it.



## THE NEW YORK I KNOW:

# IV. The Waterways

MARYA MANNES

FOUR WATERWAYS embrace Manhattan, each one wholly different from the other, yet all serving to unify that central diversity of stone and human life pointing—like a long crude stake—toward the open sea. From the North River, the Lower Bay, the East River, and the Harlem River, the island has that purity of identity which only distance and the obliteration of the human speck can give it. From the air above, this purity is attained by the shape of the island itself in its girdling water and by the grid pattern that neatly and evenly divides its length and width and by the long green rectangle of park in its central core. You look down on a miracle of aspiration, where man has somehow re-created on a giant scale the crystalline system of matter. Without sight of man himself or the ant which the city reduces him to, the long shadows and shafts and slabs and pinnacles have a permanent and rooted majesty belying accident. Plan is there, but what so excites the spirit from above is the feeling of natural growth, as if this city were inevitable.

So too, yet with more disorder and intimacy, is Manhattan from the rivers and harbor. Or, if you will, from a boat in the waterways, for this is the only way to skirt the island with the detachment that

accurate vision demands. From the moment you leave the pier in midtown for the broad strong reaches of the Hudson River, pointing south, the eye, freed from the fragmenting pressure of people and the nagging distractions of detail, opens wide to the fact of Manhattan.

The first fact, of course, is the port. Here lie the giant liners at their berths, their sterns held high, their hulls a swooping trajectory, and their funnels raked with that air of gallantry—like the heads of Directoire dandies—which only ships possess. The red Cunard funnels of the great *Elizabeth*, taller and more restrained in their slant than the low fat teardrop stacks of the *United States*; the jaunty air of the French ships and—imagination perhaps—a faint whiff of seasoning from the galley; the whiteness and neatness of the Scandinavian vessels—all this nestled along wharves where the pilings are green with moss and the water brown with pollution, shielded from the river current by piers that range from fairly new featureless functionalism backward in time to the piers I knew as a child: green pagoda shapes that the architects of the El stations seemed to fancy, Oriental-municipal and quite incongruous. But they give a feeling nevertheless of coffee beans and fish and exotic shipments, with



no pressures of time, and when they finally crumble I shall be sad.

As you churn down the Hudson you are conscious of the flatness of the city between the high cluster of midtown and the high cluster of downtown, and you remember that this valley of glacial deposit between the rock outcrops is the older city and Greenwich Village, where low houses still face each other and leave room for sky. And between them and the river are still those warehouses, dark red or old yellow, with blind-bricked windows, that on any waterfront spell the movement of goods and produce, ship chandlers, and the smell of hemp and iron.

On the opposite shore, in Jersey, the letters of commerce are written out more boldly in huge signs: Todd Shipyards, the building for Lipton Tea, with two freighters warped in the pier, the building for Maxwell House Coffee, and suddenly on the wind, the marvelous smell of roasting beans. And only two minutes later the smell of a man shaving (another morning echo) is born on the breeze from Colgate's Soaps and Perfumes.

Between the trade of Jersey and the luxury shipping of New York the few old ferries still go from shore to shore; dark red or green with their upright virtuous funnels and air of purpose. And always the tugs—four hundred of them work this port—pulling the barges of sand and gravel and freight cars, pushing the giant liners with their matted snouts, breasting the current with that special posture of impudence which their smallness, their tilt, and their bustle confer on them. By this ceaseless bustle they flaunt their independence of New York, that captive, stationary mammoth.

The widening of the Hudson and the soaring of Manhattan converge, and it is hard to tell which is the more elating: the arrival of destination of a mighty river or the final statement of a mighty city. You look ahead and the roar and smell of ocean assail you, the wild liberty of three thousand miles of water beyond a statue and an island or two. You look left and you see this pointed massing of stone where the

power of man resides: tower behind tower, shaft against shaft, and no conflict between the outmoded fretwork of the Woolworth Building and the white austerity of the new giant Chase Manhattan slab. Even the lower older buildings down on the Battery hold their own, their windows peering seawards under the raised eyebrows of curved cornices.

Round the tip, then, but out far enough to see the Lady of Liberty hold her torch and feel the strong damp Atlantic wind and hear gulls screaming and pass a freighter outward bound under a grove of dericks. And look with distaste at the



abandoned buildings on Ellis Island where so many frightened, ignorant foreigners first met America, helpless in the bureaucracy of freedom.

Then turning east and north and pointing into the East River and under that still most beautiful of its spans, the Brooklyn Bridge, the wired web of delicacy, that cat's cradle of tension, inconceivably supporting a great weight of traffic. And under, gliding oceanward, comes the long gray guided-missile cruiser *Topeka*, her full complement of men lining her decks, face outward at attention, her small orange darts pointing skyward aft, and her radar intricacies listening for sonic images. There she was, translating in steel the desperate speeches of Pentagon admirals committed to a navy without a future: beautiful, armed, and obsolete.

THE EAST RIVER is a strange river because it has such an ugly beauty. Ugly, that is, in its lack of verge or greenery except on Welfare Island

and the leafy lawn of Sutton Place. The waterfronts of industrial cities all share the shabby clutter of business, but abroad a river bank is an excuse for beauty too, a place where the city man can rest and breathe, bending his gaze on the strong or placid current. On the East River these pleasures are reserved mostly for apartment dwellers, at a remove of many paces and feet. The only people who can get close enough for intimacy must choose between a rotting pier or a few parks separated from the actual bank by the East Side Highway, a rival and distracting current of cars. Only from the United Nations and Carl Schurz Park is there no such interposition.

Yet the East River is made romantic by its shipping, which ranges from barges and excursion boats to ponderous tankers and polished yachts, by its procession of bridges, and by its magnificent Manhattan shore, far different from the profile it turns to the Hudson. For it is a shore of extremes in living, making the eye jump its entire length from the doomed tenements of the lower East Side to the serene thin slab of the Secretariat, a marble mirror for light; from grimy coal chutes and power stations to the new white serated luxury apartment buildings at Beekman and Sutton Places and at Gracie Square. All these disparate elements—even the factory chimneys, even the Pepsi-Cola sign on the Brooklyn shore—contribute to a mysterious and exciting whole, the natural rhythm of a useful river. Only one element obtrudes and spoils: the public housing units. These are grim cities within themselves, cities—since the living are invisible—of the dead. Utility and economy need not be companions of ugliness, but here they are. These are premature tombs in which the human spirit is confined in a rigid and graceless coffin of convenience, identically ventilated by identical windows with its legion of neighbors, refused the small benedictions of decoration or difference. One argues that this is better than decaying slums, that people have light and air and plumbing and the sweep of the river, that children have space for play. But there is still something not only wrong but sinister in these arbitrary groupings of human life,



and the wiser city planners are troubled by it. To the river traveler, certainly, they are depressants, casting a chill on the mind.

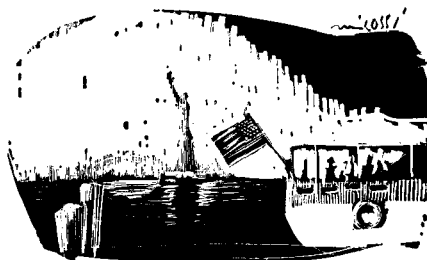
In my childhood, the chill was cast by Welfare Island, or Blackwell's as it was called then, that quarantine of the ill and insane between two tines of water. The original hospitals can still be seen behind the lawns and trees: Gothic and dark and sad, hiding (those years ago) unmentionable things and incurable troubles. A few are still used, but most are deserted, and one—with breached walls and shattered windows—is a training ground for rookie firemen, the object of required abuse. New buildings are on the island now, light and modern; and although they too house suffering, they cast no similar shadow as you pass by. Pity is substituted for horror, and also relief that society has abandoned the architecture of despair. Only the new big yellow buildings for the insane on Ward's Island have an institutional cruelty, but at least they are light and spacious, though thickly barred.

UNLIKE THE HUDSON, it is the little intimacies that make the East River absorbing: the tiny huddle of Georgian brick houses on Sutton Place with their common garden, overwhelmed by surrounding apartment heights; the little girls playing basketball on the roof of the Brearley School over a tunnel of traffic; the squat anachronism of what used to be a serene and lordly landmark on the river shore, Gracie Mansion; the signs on pilings, "Swimmers Keep Off," in the heat of summer, unread and unheeded as thin boys plunge in the dirty current. And as the East River turns westward and narrows into the Harlem River, these intimacies multiply to the total exclusion of grandeur. The shores of the Harlem River are messy fringes, the neglected back yards of the poor. Only at the tip of Harlem at "Sugar Hill" do the apartments of the well-to-do Negroes display ordered living; and on the Bronx side, much further back, a residential ridge of propriety. The rest is broken piers, mud flats, and old boathouses, sagging into the river; mountainous heaps of junked cars, a pattern of twisted fenders;

a disused railroad bridge with the center span swung—and fixed forever—in midstream.

But then, gradually, the banks of the Harlem River prepare themselves for the future: rocks appear, and cliffs, and trees, and the eye turns upwards to the playing grounds of Columbia, to Baker Field, to parkland and more rocks and cliffs. Then down to the river again and stalwart young men on the dock of the university boathouse, and further on to other young men in sculls, resting on their oars, their legs at ease. The hint of freedom is there even before the iron railroad bridge at the mouth of the Harlem opens to let you by. And then, with a rush of wind and a great expansion of focus, the Hudson River rides past. Two miles ahead to the West the Palisades rear up, a wall of vertical stone folds with a crest of woods. To the north, the winding, converging, rolling shores suggest the far-hidden mountain source in the heart of the state. To the south, the widening water hurries to its assignation with greater water. And once you have flowed with it under the splendor of the George Washington span, the meaning of rivers rushes over you. So too does the feel of an earlier America with broader, more venturesome men, the feel of original wildness and hazard, and the feel of conquest. Rather than shrink in comparison, the nature of man reassumes its stature.

As for the city itself, south of this bridge, it is a clean and fairly un-



broken line of highway and park and residence, built high. Riverside Drive has long given the Hudson its due as a great prospect for dwellers, and here Manhattan assumes a consistent if unexciting face: a hundred and thirty blocks or about eight miles of apartment buildings facing it and the setting sun behind Jer-

sey; the homes of the middle class who pay for their privilege with the biting gales of winter, a certain inconvenience of transit, and the knowledge that their address confers no social benefits. They know too that behind them are blighted streets and dubious neighborhoods, but the river is compensation and daily solace.

Yet, after all, and when the river voyage is done, the sight from the Lower Bay still remains the dream, and a self-perpetuating one at that. It is no less valid now than it was thirty journeys ago from Europe, a child returning home from summer abroad at the prow of a ship.

THERE WERE differences then: the decks below me were filled with steerage passengers, a huddle of immigrants in kerchiefs, holding bundles. They smelled, they were ragged, they had been seasick most of the way, they were cold, they were afraid. To a child without compassion, they were as repellent as they were pitiable. I did not want to be near them. But at this moment as the ship approached New York, even I saw the look in their eyes as they saw the Statue of Liberty and the first stand of towers. The children were transfixed. The parents wept, some aloud, some wiping their tears away with stiffened hands, some letting them run down. Even the youths were quiet. I had read about the promised land, I had been told what immigrants were, I knew that my grandparents had pulled their lives out of Europe too for this same dream. Now I knew what it meant.

And somehow, the things I have learned since then make no difference now. Bartholdi's statue is not great art, not even impressive art, but the Lady is invested with greatness by each new eye. The vision of New York as the promised land can be turned into a sour joke, so cruel can the city be, so qualified its welcome. From this distance corruption cannot be smelt, nor decay, nor venality. The bungling and stuttering of little men in capitals of state or nation cannot be perceived from the Lower Bay, nor the sound of broken illusions.

This is the port of America, these are the heralding towers of the New World.





## Our Gamble in Morocco

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS  
 "SOMEHOW we always seem to get ourselves into the damndest mix-ups in Africa."

This unofficial but heartfelt outburst summed up the reaction among American diplomats here when it was revealed at the end of April that Morocco, by special agreement with the U.S. government, had started using the powerful Voice of America short-wave transmitter in Tangier to broadcast its own foreign propaganda programs. The French government bitterly resents our radio accord with Morocco, but its impact on Franco-American relations—which inspired my friend's anguished generalization—is only one, and perhaps not the gravest, of its far-reaching implications. The new arrangement gives the United States the right to continue relaying voa broadcasts to Africa and the Middle East from its own transmitter in Tangier until the end of 1963. In return, overriding formal French protest, it obliges us to make voa technical services and installations in Morocco available to the Moroccans eighty hours a week for any broadcasting use they want to make of them. We thereby furnish the Moroccan nationalist leadership with the most advanced modern instruments for projecting its doctrines, ambitions, and prejudices thousands of miles beyond Morocco's borders into Africa. To anyone who has recently observed at first hand the mounting political

turmoil in Morocco or who has studied the peculiar contradictions and complexes of Moroccan nationalism, this situation has a number of disquieting features.

### Transmitting Confusion

To start with, there are the obvious international complications. One of the Moroccan programs carried by the voa transmitter is called the Voice of Algeria and it is beamed there in Arabic twice a week. In French eyes these broadcasts are "straight F.L.N. war propaganda"—as a government spokesman in Paris put it to me. "We do not feel that your radio agreement with Morocco is promoting peace in Africa," the French spokesman commented dryly.

Another Moroccan program called the Voice of the Sahara is beamed south from Tangier over the voa transmitter. It reflects, and seeks to further, what the French consider the "fantastic dreams of territorial expansion" of Moroccan nationalism. Morocco's desert frontiers have never been exactly surveyed and it is possible that some Moroccan territorial claims have a reasonable historic or ethnic basis. As voiced, however, by Mohammed Allal el Fassi, the veteran leader of the Istiqlal Party, and other extreme nationalists, Moroccan irredentist objectives include huge chunks of the Spanish and French Sahara, bites out of the Federation of Mali in the Senegal basin, and the whole of the Repub-

lic of Mauretania, which by what seems to have been a free vote of its population is a member of the French Community.

Official expressions of Morocco's intentions about Mauretania were given and—thanks to voa transmitter—extensively disseminated during the visit to Morocco early in May of Indonesia's President Sukarno, a doughty irredentist in his own part of the world. "The two chiefs of state affirm the Moroccan character of Mauretania," said the communiqué that closed Mr. Sukarno's stay in Rabat, "and they grant their support to the Mauretanians in their struggle for liberation and in their freely expressed desire to rejoin the Moroccan community."

Our radio pact with Morocco is a risky gamble right now because at almost any time domestic upheavals might sweep into power extremist Moroccan leaders who would put our equipment to still more harmful uses. I have visited Morocco three times in the last four years—most recently in February and March of this year—and each time I have been impressed by the steady deterioration of the economic and political situation.

"The visionaries of the Left have proved just as demagogic and tyrannical as the fanatics of the Right," a prosperous Moroccan businessman remarked to me early in March. "Between them they have ruined this country."

THERE HAS BEEN a latent political crisis in Morocco since the beginning of 1959, when the largest and most important nationalist party, the Istiqlal, split apart. Toward the end of April a new and particularly explosive element was injected by a clique of senior army officers, civil servants, and police officials, allied with conservative business and landowning interests; they hoped to exploit the present public weariness with partisan strife to throw out the left-wing nationalist government of Abdallah Ibrahim and set up a more authoritarian, ostensibly apolitical régime. The real if not the nominal head of the proposed régime, modeled largely on that of Jordan's King Hussein, would be the chief of staff of the Moroccan Army—ambitious, energetic, intelligent young Crown