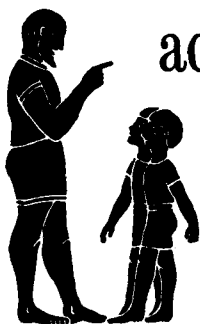


The Aesop that children-- and almost all



adults--
never
knew

Over the centuries, Aesop has grown in fame and diminished in meaning.

What was, in the original, potent and stimulating, has been watered down for the kindergarten set.

Now Lloyd W. Daly, scholar and classicist, returns to the original Aesop and gives us the fables with all their vitality, all their rich meaning, and even their frequently candid, Grecian forthrightness. These are the fables as the Greeks knew them; strong, frequently amoral rather than moralistic, crisp and readable. Here are all the fables, including many omitted from earlier volumes because they were considered improper or immoral. This is Aesop uncensored.

Here too, is a delightful life of Aesop, probably written in the First Century A.D. A fascinating and unique piece of ancient writing; lively, irreverent and unblushing.

"Vastly entertaining... 'The Life' belongs on the same shelf as Boccaccio's *Decameron* and Burton's translation of *The Arabian Nights*."—*N.Y. Times Book Review*. Richly illustrated. \$5.95

AESOP WITHOUT MORALS

Newly translated and
edited by Lloyd W. Daly

THOMAS YOSELOFF
11 E. 36 St., New York 16



Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

"ISN'T HE ADORABLE?" sighed a lady behind me in a Benefit voice. She was talking of Robert Morse in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, and he was: both adorable and succeeding. For a long time I have not seen a happier conjunction of talents than that among Abe Burrows (who with Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert adapted the show from Shepherd Mead's book), composer Frank Loesser, and this extraordinary young man who manages to make the most barefaced opportunism, the most doublefaced maneuvering, not only very funny but positively heart-warming. What he does with his short body and his guileless blue eyes and his boy features has to be seen to be believed. In his meteoric rise from window washer to chairman of the board of World Wide Wickets, the range of his gestures and expressions makes the Moiseyev Dancers look static, and it is no wonder at all that the ravishing Bonnie Scott as a company secretary hangs onto his ascending coattails.

But then, everything in this world of coffee breaks, buck passing, nepotism, and corridor kissing is just as it should be, including the resurrected Rudy Vallee as the company boss. Big Business has been taken for a ride, and so has the happy audience.

I SUSPECT that the early demise of *Do You Know the Milky Way?* after highly successful productions in Europe was due to the chasm that exists between the Teutonic intellectual idiom and the American one. The message of this expressionistic parable was not in itself obscure. And it even had the added virtue of being affirmative: if you accept responsibility and maintain integrity in the face of the world's corruption, you can return to the purity and innocence of your youthful star. To convey all this, playwright Karl Wittlinger has used a German soldier returned from the war and a psychi-

atrast in a mental institution to act out their interrelated psychodrama before an inmate-audience: us. In the many scenes that follow, on many provocative levels, the doctor plays all the faces of corruption, greed, and duplicity that confront the naked soul of man, and in these thirteen different parts George Voskovec proved his staggering virtuosity as an actor-satirist whom prewar Europe knew well and Broadway finds little expression for. Young Hal Holbrook as the sane soldier-patient was, in quite another way, just as gifted and often moving.

Yet to most of the audience, most of the critics, and myself, *Milky Way* failed to engage the emotions and only partially engaged the intellect. There was a block somewhere: the turgidity, the labor, the difficulty of the German mind, where even the light touch taps too hard.

THE AUDIENCES at *The Caretaker* are puzzled too. As I wrote last year from London, this play of two seedy brothers and a revolting old vagrant they harbor is consistently baffling. It appears to go nowhere and be about nothing, but the nowhere and the nothing are so absorbing, thanks to Harold Pinter's uncanny sense of theater and ear for speech, you find yourself engaged whether you want to be or not.

Milky Way tries to say more than *The Caretaker*. But Pinter, far out as he may seem, is closer to us.

"FAR OUT" brings me to Jerome Robbins's *Ballets: U.S.A.* and to trends in contemporary dance that I find unfortunate. They concern, quite simply, the removal of pleasure. First you take away music and compel your audience to watch spasmodic abstractions of movement for twenty minutes with no sound but the occasional thump or shuffle or hiss of feet. Then you take away illusions of costume or scene and allow your dancers only the sweat-

The Tribute Horse

A splendid white horse with rich trappings and a saddle covered by pale green damask embroidered with dragons in gold thread is escorted by a procession of Tartar horsemen in golden helmets and jackets of soft pink silk; each carries a staff with long pennons of red and white and black. The procession wends its way through a mountain gorge. The rocky road skirts the edge of a precipice; in the background great cliffs tower, touched by the gold and soft colors of an afternoon sun, and far below a broad river valley stretches toward a tumbling range of mountains. The horses, warriors, and the great thrusting rocks with their ancient trees shimmer in the deep golden-brown of silk a thousand years old.

Limited edition of nine hundred and fifty copies.

Available only from **The Metropolitan Museum of Art.**

40 x 29 inches. **\$24.00**

A SUGGESTION FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART:

A magnificent Chinese painting on silk from the Sung dynasty reproduced for the first time in a full color print for framing



The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28, New York

Please send to me at the address below **The Tribute Horse.**

- ☐ Unframed \$24.00, postpaid
- ☐ Framed (with narrow frame and fine-weave natural linen mat) \$65.00, shipping charges, express collect

My personal check in the amount of \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

shirts and leotards they practice in, and which in their bleakness have apparently become as mandatory for the choreographer as have heavy black strokes for the abstract-expressionist painter. Then you force them into the familiar attitudes of delinquents at rumbles: rumps out, arms splayed; ripe for aggression, not so much against each other as against those in the audience foolish enough to yearn for grace or joy or beauty, those far-out words.

THE GOOD NEWS on the television front is double: *David Brinkley's Journal* (NBC) and Intertel.

Brinkley's illustrated commentary on our world is astringent, funny, balanced, and guaranteed to irritate righteous Americans. He doesn't think much of people who hang around the fringe of Cape Canaveral, who publish Britain's tabloids, who pretend that crime doesn't pay, and who feed sacred cows with their own corn.

Intertel—International Television Federation—is not only a wonderful idea but a working fact: the union of five television broadcasters in the four major English-speaking nations to produce hour-long documentaries for viewing in prime time. These are Associated Rediffusion, Ltd., of Great Britain, the Australian Broadcasting Commission, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and, for the United States, the National Educational Television and Radio Center and the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company.

The last two did a first-rate job last month with "Postscript to Empire," a study of Britain in transition that was fresh and powerful and enormously revealing. Wholly free of clichés, it concentrated on life in a Thames community in London, the Isle of Dogs, and on the prefabricated city of Stevenage—ostensibly a paradise for the working class but by no means free of trouble. Light and air and cleanliness should be better environments for the family than decay and congestion. But they too exact a payment—the kind of homogenized living that leaves the young bored and restless, in the uprooting of long tradition.

If all the four countries see films as good as this, communications will have taken a long stride ahead.

BOOKS

Poor Old Red

ALFRED KAZIN

SINCLAIR LEWIS: AN AMERICAN LIFE, by Mark Schorer. McGraw-Hill. \$10.

Once in the middle 1930's I had the unforgettable experience of seeing Sinclair Lewis in action. It was a night when he was on the wagon. I did not know then why this was so significant an occasion for his friends, but I could see that the many glasses of iced coffee being served up to Lewis, and the many references to the fact that "Red" was very fond indeed of iced coffee, somehow helped to make the evening even more charged than it already was.

Sinclair Lewis sat glowering in that room like a caged lion; he looked as if he could not decide whether to amuse the spectators, or to roar at them or to commit an obscenity, or just to bite them. Like most "liberal" and well-meaning Americans, I had of course grown up on *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, *Elmer Gantry*, *Dodsworth*—these books were so intensely readable and rereadable, they were so brilliantly alive and recklessly critical, I was so fond of the jokes in them, the America in them, most of the people in them, that it was a shock to see in the flesh the venomous ugly man who had written them. His skin was pitted with the holes of some ferocious acne. Though he sat slumped in his chair with ostentatious boredom, his long thin bony figure lacked the touching awkwardness you sometimes associate with shy, pent-up, rustic-looking figures of the type. He was jack-in-the-box, and when he sprang up, it was right at you. I've never seen so much sustained unpleasantness in one evening. He grimaced, snapped, bit, and hushed only to take on more streams of iced coffee. Then he abruptly got up and declared that he had to go home "so that I can write in the morning, so that you [pointing to a reviewer] can review it, and you [pointing to a professor] can teach it, and you [pointing to a publisher] can sell it. . . ." On this he took himself off, whereupon the professor, an old

friend, said reflectively, "Poor old Red, he's certainly getting worse."

"Poor old Red" was to get much worse after the 1930's, and his novels were to become even unreadable. Yet while some decline after the 1920's was common among writers of Lewis's generation who had suddenly become famous (Dreiser's last good novel was 1925, Hergesheimer stopped writing, Cabell went virtually underground, Cather tried to escape the modern age entirely), somehow none of these people went to pieces in public the way Lewis did. For one thing, he never stopped writing novels—as he never stopped traveling, acting, quarreling, making speeches. Everybody had read his important books, everybody's picture of the country owed something to *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, to Gopher Prairie and *Zenith* and *Wheat-sylvania*; now the very intensity of Lewis's success and the extent of Lewis's popular influence were retained to document his steady decline as an artist and his extraordinary misery as a man.

FOR LEWIS was famous as only a famous American novelist can be. No poet in twentieth-century America, certainly no scholar, not even a successful playwright (the theater being all in New York), commands such wide influence and arouses such merciless curiosity. Mark Twain, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, now J. D. Salinger—each has tapped a public response which arouses the most bitter jealousy on the part of less successful novelists. And just as inevitably, each of these writers has been driven frantic trying to outwit the public and to live up to his reputation.

Until his first and surprising success with *Main Street*, Sinclair Lewis had been the very type of the moderately interesting novelist with the big output who has to make up in dependability what he lacks in genius. He was eager, terribly hard-