



BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

On a C-Note

PORTLAND.

IT seemed only the other day that we were listening to the Belgians explain the detailed plans for housing everybody who wanted to visit the Brussels Exposition. Then we were buzzing off ourselves for the preview and then stopping by again for a midsummer look when the fair and the crowds were in full flower. Hardly was another season upon us before the Russians came to New York like a battalion of hard-riding Cossacks bringing an exhibit of culture and progress. Simultaneously, it seemed everyone we knew was off to Moscow to help bring our exhibits to them. Having made our Moscow trip this year, back when the snow was on the onion domes of St. Basil's, and having tramped through the New York Colosseum to see what the Russians had brought over for us to look at, we headed off in the opposite direction the other Sunday morning, soaring off to a giant fair in Oregon, a state which is spending the summer celebrating its first hundred years of statehood.

In Portland, city of the roses, big medallions circled with garlands of metal roses were hanging from the lamp posts, taxi drivers were all wearing short, stubby ties advertising the Centennial, and a few store windows were decorated with some leftover signs reading: Mustache Wax. So many citizens had taken to growing Centennial beards and handlebars to match, that the city suffered a severe shortage of pomade. We went to Jake's to mangle our hands over a pile of crayfish soaked in a spicy sauce, tumbled unexpectedly into the opening of a new Trader Vic's, bringing Vic's special brand of dark-rum exotica to the new wing of the Benson Hotel, and those pleasant duties dispensed with, went off to the fair.

If you will take the word of the local drum beaters, the Oregon Centennial Exposition, mounted on a trim riverbank plot of some sixty-five acres, is the largest exposition to be held in the U.S. in 1959, the greatest fair held in the West since the San Francisco World's Fair of 1939, and the first world-wide fair ever held on the Pacific Coast. The trade fair is sort of a separate entity, which is housed in an eleven-acre shack, the largest single-level exposition building in the United States. Twenty-three foreign nations are exhibited in

the trade-fair section, and among the least expected entrants are Ghana, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia. The Ghanians are entered in their very first exposition. The Bulgarians have brought over Bulgar wines, Bulgar paprika ("a pleasant, scarlet-colored vitamin C-rich condiment"), Bulgar tourist propaganda (including an exhortation to visit the annual Plovdiv International Fair), all of it perfumed with rosewater sprayed by a perpetual fountain. Morocco, another new nation, has, for reasons that seem to confound even the fair's management, established a huge exhibit in the form of a Moorish house. On sale are the traditional pointed toe, no-heel slippers; stuffable ottomans; and pungent leather billfolds. So many things are being offered for sale by foreign exhibitors that United States Customs has set up a temporary bureau at the fair, and taking advantage of the space gets in one fast unexpected plug for itself: "Rest Your Weary Feet," says its sign, "Courtesy U.S. Customs."

Even more effective than this gallant diversion by U.S. Customs, once the bain and the bugaboo of the travelers' existence, are the merchants of those overstuffed relaxing chairs. Scattered throughout the trade-fair building, they woo the footsore fairgoers with offers of comforting restful interlude, sit them down, lean them back, tilt them upward, send heat wafting through their tired muscles, set hidden vibrators gently to rattling the bones. Then with the client supine and nearly hypnotized, they move in for the gentle sell. Frequently the footsore fairgoer is so near nirvana that the words fall on ears long since lost in ecstasy.

One of the most entrancing exhibits within the large trade-fair building is the Cameo Home of Ideas. Not constructed as an integrated home, but rather as a collection of notions, the Cameo Home gives some startling prophetic views about how Oregon, and for that matter the rest of the Northwest, might be living in the first part of the second hundred years. For one thing the house contains a two-car, one-boat garage, in deference to the nation's booming interest in small boats. The phone of the future has push-button dialing, and comes complete with a small screen for a simultaneous look and listen at the caller. The charcoal grill has moved inside the kitchen and living rooms

may have—as this one does—a carpeted ceiling with neon tubes making lighted squiggles overhead. TV has been squeezed almost flat, and many of the cumbersome intestines of the machine have been placed in a separate box below the screen. There may be a return to conversation: the Cameo Home shows a sunken "Conversation Well," a big, carpeted rectangle sunk three feet below the level of the floor. Conversationalists reach it via a short stairway, sit along its carpeted benches, loll on pillows on the floor. Off in the corner of the room, on the main level, is a gas fireplace burning a functional, clean-line, fifteen-jet flame.

TOMORROW'S house has an eight-sided step-in bath with toilet facilities in a separate cabinet where better European hotels have been putting them for years. The bed is round and TV hangs from a wall bracket. Tailored to the Northwest climates, the outdoor swimming pool is encased in a huge plastic bubble that is kept inflated by a hot-air blower. Bathers enter and leave through a see-through zippered curtain. In the yard, on its own pedestal, is an extension phone sheathed in a clear plastic cover.

Transparency being the order of tomorrow, the Centennial Exposition is also displaying a transparent lady on loan from the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry. This see-through sister talks and turns and lights up on command. Cloaked in nothing more modest than a clear plastic skin, the lady was made in Cologne, Germany, at a cost of \$12,500, and is one of five in the country. She was cast from the mould of a twenty-eight-year-old woman, whose identity, for propriety's sake, is being kept secret. The lady's nerves are yellow, her arteries are red, and her veins are



The Fair's Hall of Religious History

blue. She contains hundreds of feet of lighting wire and thirty tiny bulbs. Her conversation is all very clinical, starting on a note of restrained familiarity with, "Hello there," and ending with a daring, "As we say at the Museum, 'Sizzling Satellites, but Science is Fun!'"

Among the unscientific displays that are fun, too, are the romping seals, which have been imported from Oregon's "400 miles of air-conditioned coast," and the trout pool, where anyone can latch onto a fourteen-inch fish at fifty cents the catch. Cowboys and Indians, both of which figured largely in the early days of Oregon, have been rounded up in force. The cowboys inhabit a large preserve known as Frontier Village complete with banks, trains, saloons, and girlie shows. Flap Jack House flaps jacks made of real sourdough, stage coaches rumble through town at a quarter a ride, the Can-Can girls whoop and wiggle at the Golden Nugget, the pantywaist Pink Garter sells pink lemonade, and signs on the houses advertise "Hanging Tonight," "No Horses Inside," and other news and blandishments of the day. There has been a real wedding at the make-believe church (one of the itinerant cowhands got lonely and sent for his

sweetheart), and there was a near crisis when some of the youngsters took to swilling some of the near beer. It all ends in a boisterous shoot-out every hour or so with the villain trying to rob the train, the marshal coming to the rescue, and some Dastardly Dan winding up in the clink. During the shootings the U.S. Army 1st Cavalry, Oregon Territory, which has an oldtime outpost in Frontier Town, never looks up from its main business, which is recruiting.

AS FOR the Indians they are Umatillas, and they have pitched twenty tents or so not far from the cowboys, where they walk about in blue jeans, hanging their wash to dry on clothes lines strung between tepees, and performing tribal dances twice each day. Just before the opening time the other day, they were gathered in the Indian museum under portraits of some of their ancestors, who I presume answered to their labeled names: Fish Hawk, Willie Wokatsie, and Poker Jim, to mention merely three, deeply engrossed in the machinations of Amos and Andy, who were occupying morning time on a portable television set stashed among the totems.

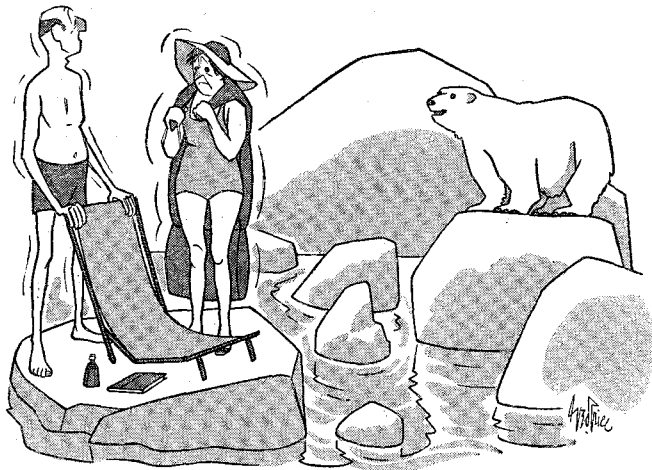
While munching a waffle dog on a stick or "bar b q" beef sticks or wun

tuns, or even green cotton candy, visitors can prow through a portable log house built inside a California redwood, gawk at and consider buying a Finnish sauna (\$980), or watch a pioneer sawmill brought around the Horn in 1865 at work. Lumber being the biggest payroll in the state it is small wonder that the centerpiece of the fair is the Forest Products Pavilion, a startling wooden winged bird that is seven hyperbolic paraballoids hooked together. Its most startling occupant is a free-wood sculpture called The Monarch, by Manuel Izquierdo, a towering pile put together of thousands of free-shaped wood pieces. A model of the same sculpture—it surprised me that Mr. Izquierdo could duplicate it, much less copy it to scale—is in the Portland Art Museum.

While Centennial visitors have been working their way to the fairgrounds by special bus and by the old Centennial Queen, which cruises out from Portland down the Willamette River, an elaborate cavalcade of covered wagons has been trundling across the States on its way home. The carefully chosen cast of characters who man it moved out from Independence, Mo., in April, with Harry Truman throwing out the first tally ho, or whatever it is they say on television to get a covered wagon rolling. Following the route of the original homesteaders, the wagons were due in Independence, Oregon, the middle of August.

THE old Oregon Territory was organized on August 14, 1848. Abraham Lincoln was asked to be governor of the Territory but he declined, as some historians say, because he felt the remoteness of the area would not suit his political ambitions. But long, long before, in 1579, Sir Francis Drake had sailed the southern part of the state and had named it New Albion. Spaniards landed in the northwest 200 years later, and then came the omnipresent Captain James Cook, busy with the sea otter fur trade with China. The first American came the next year, in 1779, landed by ship. And a year after Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase came Lewis and Clark forging ahead from St. Louis clear to the mouth of the Columbia. Congress ratified the Oregon State Constitution on February 14, 1859, and by June 3rd, the Congressional proposal to admit Oregon to the Union was accepted by the state.

Now to celebrate the first hundred years Pony Express riders are carrying the Oregon mail within the state borders all summer long. Fish fries, cattle drives, gold pannings, pageants, and boat trips are being held all over the state. A lady of seventy years and then some is walking the Oregon Trail



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too; having started after them, she was at last look ahead of the wagons. The township of Banks is holding an International Muzzle Loading Turkey Shoot and Buffalo Barbecue, and by way of celebrating, over in Fossil, Ore., there is to be an International Porcupine Race. The Portland Centennial had invited a whole posse of French cowboys over, but that fell through and visitors will have to be satisfied with the Takarazuka Review, Harry Belafonte, and Lawrence Welk.

Lest anyone be left out of the birthday party, a Centennial Van of History is touring the state, stopping at every town with 2,000 population or more. The thing is stuffed with all sorts of things to thrill an Oregonian and to give the kids a sense of their pioneering heritage. Among the van's items is the actual tomahawk that killed Marcus Whitman, an early-day missionary who helped open the territory. At the edge of a new hundred years Oregonians could reflect that one century's tomahawks were another century's strontium. If you could survive the perils of tomorrow there would be carpeted ceilings, sunken conversation wells, and a swimming pool covered by a heated balloon just alongside the two-car, one-boat garage.

—HORACE SUTTON.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 4, 16, 2, 10, 8, 14, 7, 9, 12, 17, 6, 3, 15, 13, 11, 1.

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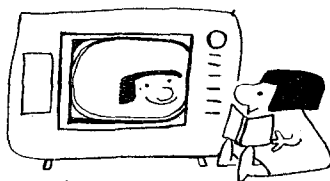


TV AND RADIO

The Corporate Private Eye

THE CHARM of the private eye on radio and television (as in the other popular fiction forms) has traditionally been his rugged individualism. In a world of growing institutional self-aggrandizement (police bureaucracy or crime syndicate) the lone man with the gun, battling against overwhelming odds, has represented to audiences, consciously or unconsciously, the unconquerable identity of man in society. Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer put it primitively but eloquently to Police Captain Pat Chambers in the book "I, the Jury," when he said: "You're a cop, Pat. You're tied down by rules and regulations. There's someone over you. I'm alone. . ." Alas, even this doubtful lone-wolf charm in the murder and mayhem department seems destined to surrender eventually to the corporate state of things. "77 Sunset Strip," ABC's popular crime-jazz program, and "21 Beacon Street," NBC's new imitation, are the trend-setters.

Take the "Strip." This hour-long



program follows the weekly business adventures of Bailey and Spencer, a pair of private investigators who are associated in a partnership. Sherlock Holmes, I believe, was an amateur in crime, in the true sense of the word: he was a man of independent means. Before television, contemporary private eyes hardly ever had more than two suits to their name and their offices were mere holes in office-building walls. Bailey and Spencer have a suite and a switchboard operator with a Continental accent. They are always "handling" more than one case at a time, and their cars are expensive. In a recent episode Bailey was seen studying a spectroscope and dictating a letter to his secretary. He informed a client in impeccable businessese that "the documents have been tampered with, and I recommend an investigation as soon as my partner returns from San Francisco."

The junior-executive private eye image in Bailey's case is complete with a girl friend who is "an advertising copy-writer."

In "21 Beacon Street," the organization private eye arrives in all its twentieth-century capitalistic fluorescence. Private eye Dennis Morgan's establishment is a posh contemporary-Colonial mansion.

Dennis is the corporate brain-pow-er, but his team covers the waterfront of hierarchical support. The sex in "21 Beacon Street" is provided by a brunette with a Ph.D. The legal department is a graduate of Yale's Law School. The muscle-man is *practical*: he knows how to dummy up bullets and slip knockout drops into liquor bottles. In their first performance, the team held a brain-storming session around a polished conference table. Their problem-solving know-how was applied to the desperate situation of a witness marked for "rub-out" by a mob. The solution was to make the mob *believe* that their executioner had accomplished his mission, whereas the victim actually lived on, in Arizona, under an assumed name. Such sound thinking required careful team-work, however, which was beautifully delivered. The Ph.D. decoyed the imported killer to her elegant apartment. The muscle-man's drops knocked him out. The brain and the lawyer watched while the truth-serum was administered to the gunman, and he revealed the tactics of his murder-plan under the influence of the drug.

THE police were there all the time, of course. Actually, the D.A. had *appealed* to "21 Beacon Street" to furnish the protection to the witness, which the machinery of the law was unable to provide. With good corporate grace, the team left the climactic shooting of the hired mobster to a representative of the D.A.'s office. Not for "21 Beacon Street" is the brand of antagonistic cooperation exhibited by Perry Mason to Hamilton Burger, District Attorney. Here was the management revolution at its best manners, displaying corporate power with social responsibility. If the new corporate private eye image proves as "cool" to teen-ager viewers as "77 Sunset Strip," then I'm afraid the individualist is through on TV. For, with imitation following success, this revolution will not stop at private eyes. Ultimately, even the Western must fall. In the end—"Have Gun—Will Travel, Inc."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.