

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

When in Rome Do as a Tourist

ROME.

IT WAS a lovely spring night and along the boulevards of Messina, which nestles in the corner of Sicily nearest to the mainland, the banners of the Communist Party flapped in the winds that blew up from Africa. With the baggage lashed to the roof, we drove in an early-model gasmobile that I would recommend to curators of the Smithsonian on the short but perilous run from the Jolly Hotel, which commands the waterfront, to the railroad station. En route we registered vocal but unavailing protests over the number of extras that had inflated a bill which was originally \$14 to more than \$18. Service charges, or the so-called automatic tip, are now up to 20 per cent in Sicily, although it is holding the line at 18 per cent in some quarters of Italy. On top of that there will be a *tassa di soggiorno*, which is a levy for having been there, and then a *bollo* or stamp tax, just to make it all legal.

Having been warned by Italians to keep a sharp eye when giving porters our baggage in Naples and in Sicily, we followed the truck as far as the tracks until we were turned back by the *carabinieri*. Passengers must use the underground passageways to the sidings, but baggage crosses the rails and with any luck meets you in front of your railway carriage. I must say I have wondered how we could follow these instructions handed down by natives of the land when passenger and valise always end up in a tearful parting at the tracks. Moreover, I wonder how it is managed by these prudent Italians who gave us this advice in the first place. It was, I must say, a photo finish there at the tracks in Messina, with a porter in mufti tossing up the bags to a well-dressed young man, who suddenly materialized in front of our compartment and caught the forward passes through the window. I was prepared to thank him profusely for his generous aid as soon as we were under sail, but as he edged toward the door and shifted back and forth on his pointed shoes it suddenly came to me that he was just a lad who came down to the tracks at night when the best trains leave for the north, albeit in a handsome tweed jacket and flannel slacks, to augment his income smashing the tourist baggage.

The sleeper for Rome was a model of cleanliness and comfort, and al-

though there were no private toilets, an amenity with which the better American sleepers are equipped, the beds were singularly comfortable. An attendant in a natty chocolate brown suit and cap to match fetched a bottle of San Pellegrino, the slightly carbonated mineral water that is a favorite of the Italian table. Faithful tourists in Italy, who gulp San Pellegrino as drinking water, may be astonished as I was, to read the label. Maybe you were just slaking your thirst, but the stuff, attested by its label is:

Unrivalled for curing the Uric Diathesis; gout, gravel, stones of the bladder; Congestion and Swelling of the Liver from diseases of the stomach, intestines, infectious fevers, malaria and alcoholism; The diseases of the Kidneys and the Albuminuria in uric acid diathesis; The gouty manifestations of the skin. Excellent cooling aperient hygienic drink.

Swearing off water, we slept in moderate peace as the rattler made its way by ferry across the straits of Messina, then north through Naples and on to Rome. The man in the chocolate brown suit appeared with coffee at eight o'clock, and, hoping it was good for nothing except opening one's eyes, we drank it. It carried us through until we had landed in Rome and established ourselves at Doney's, the sidewalk cafe on the via Veneto that specializes in magnificent morning pastries, large tanks of allegedly American coffee, and a front-rank seat at the passing parade of Romans and tourists who, mornings and evenings, ankle under its blue and white umbrellas. Afternoons in Rome are for sleeping.

We lunched under the awning at Capriccio's, where a tree that grows in a boutique on the ground floor bores through the restaurant and expands into leafy green somewhere out of sight overhead. Trays of shining olives and artichokes in oil were rolled up and we drank *verdicchio*, which is a light and dry wine that comes in the Marilyn Monroe shaped bottle. It was a church holiday and all Rome was closed so we boarded our friendly Fiat and rolled out for twenty miles through the Roman countryside to Tivoli, a bustling little



Hadrian's Villa—"in a bustling little suburb famous for its villas and fountains, a sumptuous resting place for an aging emperor."

to **SEE** more of

Spain



SEE AMERICAN EXPRESS

American Express knows the hows and wherefores of travel: how much it will cost (and Spain costs so little) . . . where you can go in the time you have . . . arrange for tours, hotels and transportation . . . meet you on arrival. Be off to lovely Spain . . . *you* have all the fun, the work has all been done! See your Travel Agent or

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL SERVICE

65 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y. • Offices and Correspondents Throughout the World

Freighter Voyages

Travel leisurely and comfortably. Delight in the fascinating life of the sea without crowds or starched formality. Make your trip abroad one of adventure and romance.

Travel by modern spotless freighters. Plan a freighter voyage to the exotic Far East. Visit the Philippine Islands, shop in Hongkong and Japan or cruise southward to romantic Brazil and the Argentine.

Enjoy luxurious single and double cabins all with private bath or showers. Sunny broad decks. Cheerful lounges. Superb food.

For genuine satisfaction, nothing equals freighter travel. Enjoy the best.

PHILIPPINE NATIONAL LINES—Philippine Service with a smile.

IVARAN LINES—True Norwegian hospitality.

New York via the Panama Canal and Los Angeles. San Francisco to Manila, Hongkong and Japan.

IVARAN LINES—Freighter yachts New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

See your travel agent or write

Stockard Steamship Corp.

17 Battery Place
New York 4, N. Y.

"So You're Going"

A small, select and personally conducted group will fly on Air France to Paris on August 26, for a thirty-five day tour. The highlights will be three weeks in Czechoslovakia, Poland and Russia. The tour will finish with a few days in Vienna and London before flying home. All expense \$1900.

Write for details

THE CLARA

Laughlin

TRAVEL SERVICES, INC.

667 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y. • TE 8-8770

"MR. DULLES WAS a gallant man; but if he had died of drink, rather than of cancer, we would not honor him less: for his distinctive public achievement was to be active in a weary world, to stand up against the empty, fatigued, jaded relativism of the revolted masses. He declared, simply, that the West would be free, or would die; and that if his policy left him looking like Billy Graham at the Institute for Advanced Studies, that was the way it would have to be."

From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y., for a complimentary copy.

suburb famous for its villas, its waterfalls, and its fountains. To the old Romans it was called Tibur and they built a thruway called the via Tiburtina to make it handy for excursions. It was a town before Rome, and among those who had villas here were Hadrian and Trajan, Catullus and Horace. Hadrian's Villa is still an archaeological wonder, a sumptuous resting place where the failing emperor surrounded himself with models of the most memorable places he had seen during his many campaigns—the canal that leads from the Nile to Alexandria, a theatre in Athens.

That razzle-dazzle Renaissance wonder, the Villa d'Este, was crawling with Romans on holiday. They squinted at the portraits in the gallery, climbed down the great stairways, licked popsicles and Roman-type Eskimo pies, and had their pictures taken under the sprays of the fountains. Here was the summer retreat of Ippolito Cardinal d'Este, son of Lucrezia Borgia, who brought in architects and artists to convert the thirteenth-century convent into an awesome, if not very tasteful palace. A French inventor was imported to make an Organ Fountain—one which would make its own music when water flowed through reeds. Bernini, responsible for so many of the works of wonder in Rome, designed the Bicchierone Fountain. Perhaps all of them are humbled by the jets of the Hundred Fountains that spew a hundred streams side by side.

Last mistress of the family was Maria Beatrice d'Este and when she died the deed was willed to her husband, who was the Duke of Hapsburg. Franz Liszt once stayed here, and for a time its landlord was Archduke Francis Ferdinand who was killed at Sarajevo in the assassination that touched off the First World War. The Italian Government bought the villa at war's end, and before new hostilities broke out again in 1939 it was a music school for foreign students. Bombs burst its pipes during the Second World War, but all that has been repaired now and the 2,000 fountains, all gravity powered, play once more to remind all Romans of the splendors of the Borgias and the d'Estes, those fruity days of the Renaissance.

We drove the friendly Fiat to the Villa Gregoriana to watch the waters of the Aniene tumble over the famous falls unharnessed and untamed unlike the waters at Villa d'Este. A great vantage point is the venerable restaurant called Sibilla, where the tables are set under Roman ruins and the view gives out to the gorge and the falls. It is an eating house for kings and each time a royal personage dines there a plaque is imbedded

into the wall. The earliest royalty were Frederick Wilhelm III and the Prussian princes who came in 1822, and the most recent were the kings and queens of Denmark and Sweden, who followed the tradition and came in 1957. Peasants at heart, we drove back to town, and dined instead at Giggi Fazi's, which is a frantic den set in an arbor alongside the American Embassy. The management, it seemed to me, was charged with more frenzy than finesse, but the surroundings were a pleasure to behold nonetheless and we spied that queen from North America, Betty Furness.

There is none of the high-pressure café-society atmosphere down in Trastevere, where luncheon on the cobbles at Galeassi is an adjunct to the running floor show in the open square of Santa Maria. Strolling musicians come and go with such ease that one is impelled to think of the little irony that forbids such a pleasant practice back home. There, where the music comes tinned, it was one of the lads from the old country who made such freedom of musicians impossible. After the *ziegeuners* comes the old music hall performer with his trick dog. Elaborately, he spreads a short piece of carpet over the cobblestones. Then from a suitcase he pulls out a venerable uniform jacket. Now in costume, the stage set, he calls to the dog, which dutifully turns somersaults and flies through hoops. He garners a few coins but the dogs are paid off in morsels from Galeassi's kitchen. Then he strikes the set, takes off the old uniform jacket, and moves across the square to give the second show at Alfredo's.

There was no holiday the next day, and, the shops being open, I can report from the poor house as follows: on the via Sistina at No. 137, Bottega has a handsome assortment of buttery leather bags at prices a whopping cut

below Gucci's, that frosty establishment on the via Condotti, the Rue de la Paix of Rome. Cravanzola on the Corso has silver compacts (\$20), silver cigarette cases (\$30), silver-fitted evening cases for ladies (\$80 to \$100), all about a third less than the splendid jewelers on the Condotti. Fontana, that eminent couturière, has a boutique on the main floor of her shop not far from the Piazza di Spagna, and the prices rise with the stairway that leads to the gowns on the second floor. Going price for afternoon dresses is a shade this side of \$300. Myrica, which has a shop on the via Frattina and another on the via del Babuino, both in the general Condotti shopping area, has a welter of handicrafts from huge straw roosters that hold flowers and are wall hangings, to rather different leather handbags all of them appliqued with bas reliefs of jute made by the artisans of Sardinia.

Open-neck, heavy-glass wine bottles with glass seals of various provinces affixed thereon, a great vogue in the States these days, are for sale at a restaurant-supply store on the Piazza Navona. Twenty cents for little pitchers and less than fifty cents for a full liter beaker.

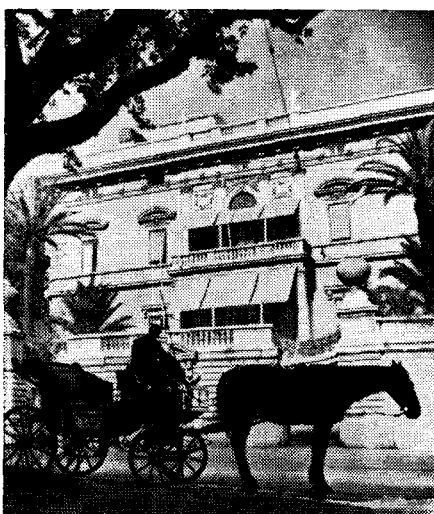
By the greatest good fortune it was at last one o'clock, and the shops banged shut. Gathering the last of the red-hot lire, we tip-toed around the corner to Ranieri, that famed old den begun by the chef to the Emperor Maximilian who was stranded in Mexico by the untoward attitudes of the local populace towards their imported ruler. With Max dead, Rauieri returned to Rome, and opened a restaurant that has been running ever since. Seated within its mellowed walls, we ordered a bottle of San Pellegrino from which we drank deep drafts hoping it was unrivalled for curing Swelling of the Feet, shrinking of the wallet, and gouty manifestations of overspending. —HORACE SUTTON.

The Thrush Returns To Find a Subdivision

By Ernest Kroll

A WOODLAND bell kept ringing by
Wind in the leaves, a thrush con-
dition;
The bough it would be clinging by,
Grounded in the demolition.

It cannot make the landscape out,
And, circling, seeks for what has gone,
Its anguish like a knell about
The desolation, ringing on.



Rome—"Afternoons are for sleeping."



"Tünnes"—Rhineland folk-character

Discover the excitement of Europe in the Fall!

Harvest's gathered in. Madding crowds have thinned. It's mellow Autumn, marvelous time to see the *real* Europe!

Fall is the *party* season in London, Paris and Rome. And it's the *Festival* season all over. Wine festivals. Beer festivals. Music festivals. Dancing festivals. Everybody in Europe has a great time! And *you* are invited to join in the fun.

TRAVEL NOW—PAY LATER

You pay as little as 10% down. Budget your *whole* vacation, including airfare and hotel expenses. Twenty months to pay the balance. **NOTE:** Specially reduced Family Fares effective after October 15th.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT:

He'll advise you on prices of escorted and *independent* tours. Send direct for free folders if you prefer. Mail coupon below.

The Most Experienced Jet Airline in the World

B.O.A.C

British Overseas Airways Corporation

530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y. MU 7-8900
Dept. BE-61

- ☐ Independent European Tour Folder
☐ Escorted Tour Folders

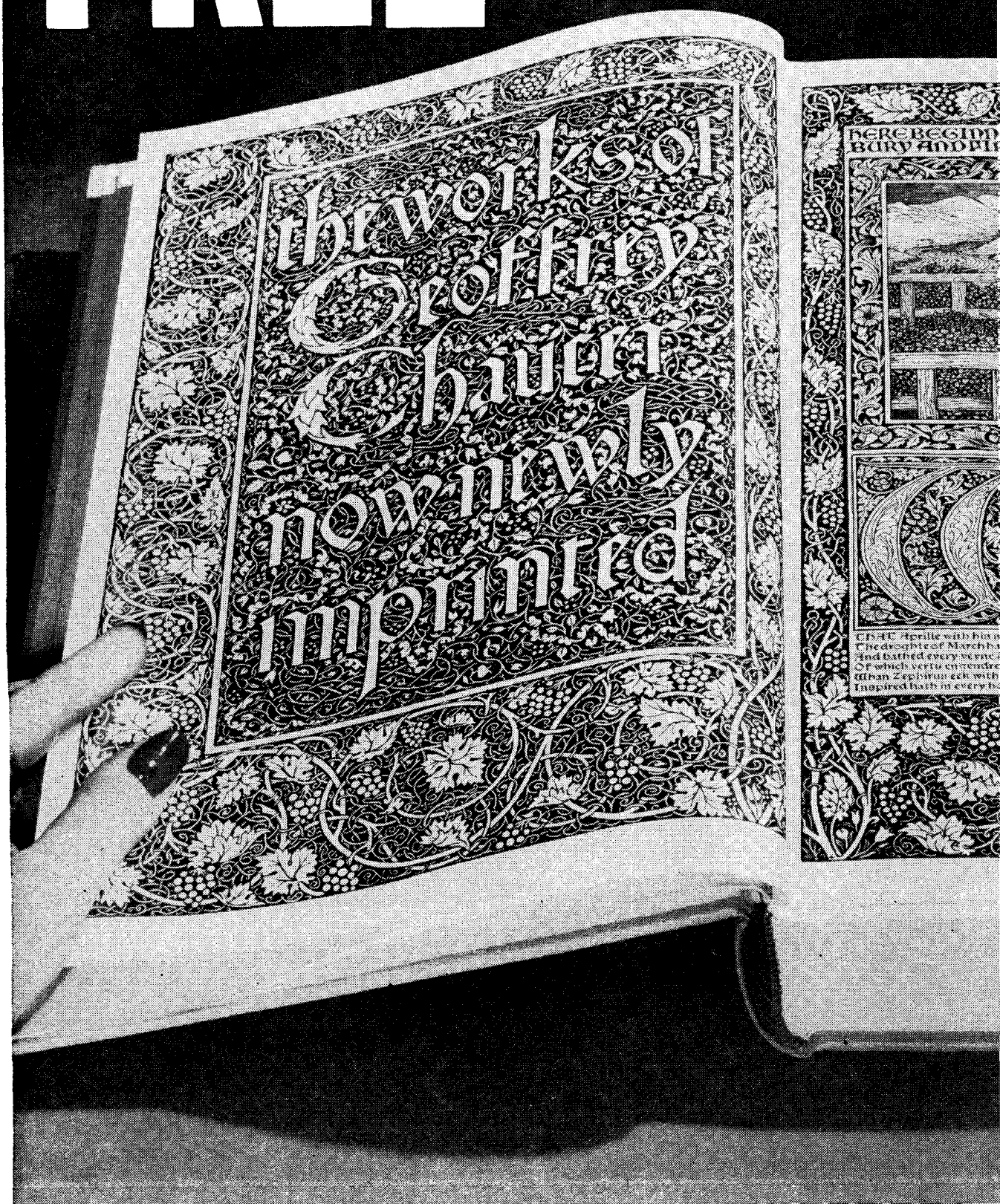
Name _____

Street _____

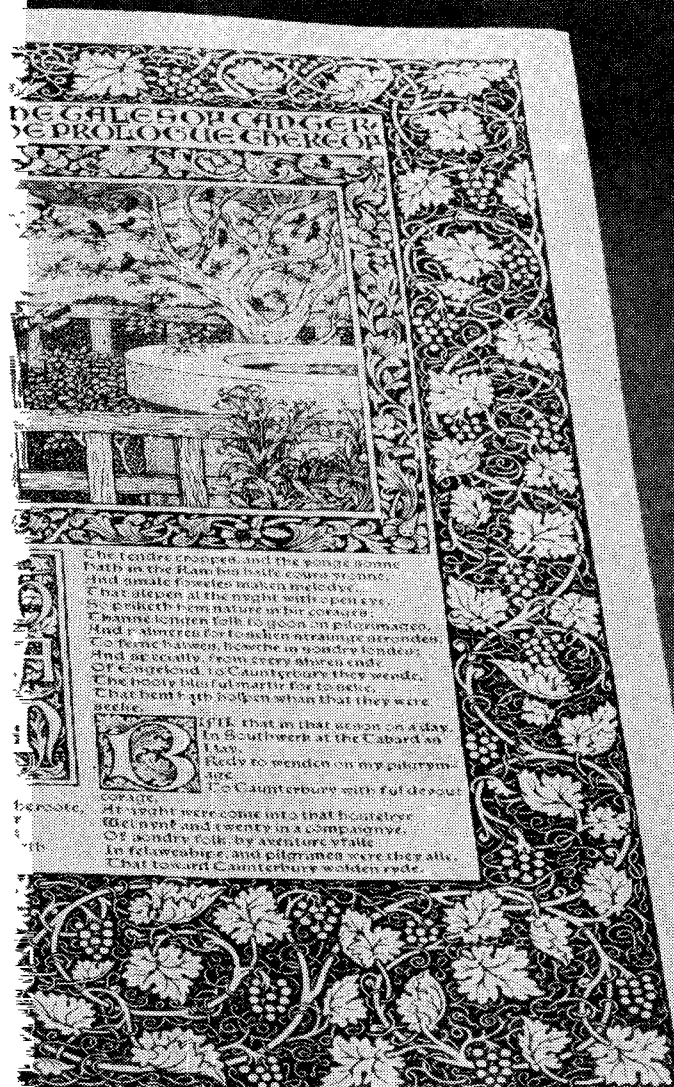
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

FREE

The fabulous \$17⁵⁰ facsimile
edition of the enormous



Kelmscott Chaucer



Ranked next to the Gutenberg Bible as the outstanding typographical achievement of all time. FREE to the first 900 book-lovers who accept this once-in-a-lifetime offer from the Marboro Book Club.

The Kelmscott edition of the Works of Chaucer is a legend among books. And to turn its massive and matchlessly beautiful pages—to examine its supreme treasures of illustration, decoration and typography—is to understand why copies on vellum (of which only thirteen were made) are valued at about \$15,000 each.

This world-famous Facsimile Edition (only slightly smaller than the enormous and long-unobtainable original) contains every page, every word, every magnificent decoration of the Kelmscott Chaucer exactly as produced by William Morris in his historic Limited Edition. And it includes every one of the 87 fabled original illustrations by Edward Burne-Jones.

\$17.50 EVERYWHERE—YOURS FREE. No expense has been spared to make this magnificent Facsimile Edition worthy to stand beside the priceless original. Even the size is impressive. It measures more than thirteen inches high. It is thicker than three ordinary volumes. It is a giant of a book, bound in an exact fabric replica of the original White Pigskin Binding, and worthy of being displayed in a place of honor among your most valued works of art. It contains, of course, all the writings of Chaucer—including the complete *Canterbury Tales*—and an informative Introduction by J. T. Winterich as well as a Glossary for the Modern Reader.

Book lovers and collectors throughout America are paying \$17.50 for the privilege of acquiring a copy of this great book. But while this Limited Offer lasts, you are invited to get your own copy free of charge with a Trial Membership in the Marboro Book Club.

TRIAL MEMBERSHIP IS CANCELLABLE. If you are not delighted with your free Kelmscott Chaucer, simply return it together with your first selection, and your membership will be cancelled without obligation. The Club takes all the risk. Why? Because we believe you'll want to keep this Free Gift and continue your membership. You see, this is no ordinary book and this is no ordinary book club.

THE MARBORO BOOK CLUB pools your buying power with that of others who share your tastes, and saves you an average of 50% on the books you would otherwise purchase at full price. With each four selections (or alternates) accepted at Special Members' Prices, you receive a free bonus volume of your choice.

Send for your free KELMSCOTT CHAUCER today while copies are still available.

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS COUPON

Marboro Book Club, 131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.

Please issue me a cancellable Trial Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB and send, as my free gift for joining, a copy of the Facsimile KELMSCOTT CHAUCER, plus the book I have indicated below as my first Selection at the low Members' Price. If not delighted I may return both books within 10 days and my Trial Membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. If I elect to keep the books and remain a member, I agree to order at least 5 more Selections during the next 12 months. I will receive advance notice of each book offered by the Club, and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I will receive a free BONUS book for every four selections or alternates I accept.

Begin your Membership with any one of these important books:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> LOLITA. By Vladimir Nabokov. List Price \$5.00. Members' Price \$3.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> THE GREEK EXPERIENCE. By Sir Maurice Bowra. List Price \$6.00. Members' Price \$3.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VAN GOGH. By Frank Elgar. List Price \$5.75. Members' Price \$3.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> MORE LIGHT ON THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS. By Millar Burrows. List Price \$6.50. Members' Price \$3.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> OF LOVE AND LUST. By Theodor Reik. List Price \$7.50. Members' Price \$3.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> MADISON AVENUE, U.S.A. By Martin Mayer. List Price \$1.95. Members' Price \$3.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE THEATRE. By Sheldon Cheney. List Price \$8.50. Members' Price \$4.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> BORSTAL BOY. By Brendan Behan. List Price \$4.50. Members' Price \$3.25 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE LIVELIEST ART. By Arthur Knight. List Price \$7.50. Members' Price \$3.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> MASS CULTURE. Ed. by B. Rosenberg and D. M. White. List Price \$6.50. Members' Price \$3.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GREAT COMPANIONS. By Max Eastman. List Price \$4.75. Members' Price \$3.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> FREUD: THE MIND OF THE MORALIST. By Philip Rieff. List Price \$6.00. Members' Price \$3.95 |

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Many Things Have Gone Into the Making of America

From Daniel Boone to Biggy Muldoon the Excitement and Vitality of a Growing Land are Reflected in an Increasing Number of University Press Books.

By RYCHARD FINK, *Professor of Philosophy, Newark State College*

AFTER reading a half-dozen books on American history in a matter of days, one ends up thinking differently about familiar matters. These six books tell of many things that have gone into the making of Americans. Read as a group, they ably demonstrate the excitement and the vitality we have come to expect from American historical writing ever since the end of World War II. Together, they illuminate many problems, but each deserves a few words before they are dealt with as a group.

In "The Frontier Mind: A Cultural Analysis of the Kentucky Frontiersman" (University of Kentucky Press, \$5) Arthur K. Moore has written a critique of Frederick Jackson Turner's famous theory that the frontier, that unique American environment, rather than our European heritage, best explains the differences between European and American society. Choosing the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky for the setting, Moore argues that the factual frontiersman must be sharply differentiated from the mythological frontiersman. What the living frontiersman produced, he insists, was

not a collection of democratic virtues, but tendencies toward cheap politics, crude individualism, and unenlightened materialism, a bigoted sectarianism and, worse than all, militant anti-intellectualism. It was Eastern intellectuals, tongue-in-cheek journalists, and the novelists of the genteel tradition who framed a frontier image of man and stirred others with it. This is the frontiersman with cultural influence, half-alligator and half-horse, but shrewd, wise, and innately dignified beneath it all; a crude man, perhaps, but dedicated to the propositions of the democratic dogma. Since this myth was the product of men steeped in the heritage of European civilization, and since the nation has, by and large, made it part of its nonrational structure of social belief, it is Moore's contention that what is best in American society is actually part of the more generous and humane elements of classical European civilization. The real frontiersman, Moore concludes, denied this tradition. He was "... a man, culturally speaking, without a home. His progress westward from Kentucky was accompanied by a further loss of traditional references and by an increased distortion of vision." Thus, what is unique in America has no

special promise and that with promise is not unique.

In terms of the mythology surrounding Daniel Boone, Leatherstocking, and Davy Crockett, not to mention Billy the Kid and more recent heroes like Dillinger and Capone, Moore is a heretic. His thesis cannot be lightly dismissed, however, and I shall return to it.

In "The American Way" (Cornell University Press, Paper, \$1.45) Dexter Perkins explains what he has learned from a lifetime of research into American history. With the urbanity of an elder statesman—which, of course, he is—he describes the essential characteristics of the conservative, the liberal, and the radical. It is likely that the person who conceives himself to be dead-center in one of these positions will feel somewhat distressed by Perkins's calm way of pointing out how each of these orientations stimulates the others. In the long run, he says, the radical destroys complacency, the liberal urges optimism in the face of frustration, and the conservative compels us to be sedate in our ambitiousness. Working together, these interests have created "... the most unprincipled political organizations ... in any one of the great democratic states. ... This is the way Americans like it." Neither the Beatnik, the college student, nor the Westport commuter will enjoy being reminded that he needs the others, but that is only to say that this little book could be the springboard for a mighty fine conversation.

In 1957, as part of the 350th anniversary of the settlement at Jamestown, a Symposium on Seventeenth-Century Colonial History was held in Williamsburg under the sponsorship of the Institute of Early American History and Culture. The papers in "Seventeenth-Century America," edited by James Morton Smith (University of North Carolina Press, \$5)—written by Oscar Handlin and others—are a product of this symposium. They have well-known themes: the legal arguments used to dispossess the Indians, the cultural adjustments made by the Indians to the colonists, problems of social origins, politics, and social structure, religion in Virginia and in New England, and the history of early



—From "Frontier America" (Scribners).

Ultimate understanding of all frontiers calls for understanding the urban frontier.