

# R O M E

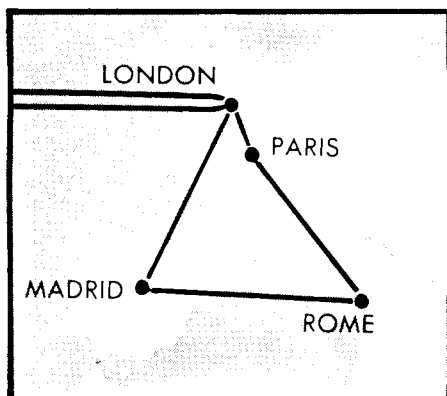
## the summer olympics

By HORACE SUTTON

NOT THE LEAST of the curiosities of this year's summer Olympiad in Rome will be the transport of the torch from the classic temple at Olympia in Greece to the doors of the Olympic Stadium, née the Stadium of 100,000, in Rome. When the torch-bearers set sail aboard the *Amerigo Vespucci*, the Italian midshipmen's vessel that will carry the flame across the Mediterranean to Syracuse, the ship will be following the route of the Grecian city-states' culture as it spread westward across the sea, first to Sicily, then northward along the Italian peninsula.

The *Amerigo Vespucci* will not—history shall not be forged!—pull up at the docks at Syracuse, but at the offshore Isola di Ortigia, where the Greeks first landed. From Syracuse, with its Greek theatre where Plato was once a spectator, and its famed cathedral refashioned from a Greek temple of twenty-five centuries ago, the torch goes north to Catania, then onward past the clifftop resort of Taormina, where the new society sits in the old Greek theatre and views Mount Etna through the proscenium. From Messina the torch travels to Reggio, then up the arch of the boot through the Ionian towns of Locri, Caulonia, Crotona, Siri, Meta, Ponto, and Taranto; past Paestum where the Greek temple of Neptune, a relic of the fourth century B.C., is still virtually intact. Onward and northward the runner will travel through Monte Circeo, Castelgondolfo, the summer home of the Popes, and into Rome. There he will climb the cobbles of the Clivo Capitolino, a portion of the old Roman road traversed by triumphal processions on their way from the Forum to the Capitol. Atop Capitoline Hill the relay runner will pause before trotting off on the last lap that will bring the torch to the stadium and 100,000 spectators to their feet.

History has not exactly been overlooked in the 1960 Olympiad. Indeed, the aura of heritage will hang heavy in the air, like the perfume of a garlic clove percolating in a pot in Trastevere. The winter edition of the games may have been played in a brash young Western valley upholstered for the occasion, but the summer session will unfold against a backdrop that is redolent of ancient civilization and Roman days of derring-do. Wrestling, a sport with a heritage of its own, will be staged in the Basilica of Maxentius, built by the Roman emperor who succumbed to the onslaughts of Constantine at the Battle of the Milvian Bridge in 312. Gymnastic competition will be held nearby in the Baths of Caracalla which, except perhaps for the Colosseum itself, is the largest mass of ruins in Rome. In the flower of its day the Baths of Caracalla comprised a giant clubhouse where Romans could be steamed, oiled, soaked, and regaled with gossip and politics. They could buy new clothes, new scents, new books, and could listen to readings of



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the latest poems. Women bathed separately in asses' milk, and slaves toiled silently in the tunnels under the brilliant mosaic floors. More than 1,600 bathers could be accommodated at one time, and the place was so large that Ammianus Marcellinus was moved to say it was itself as a province. Antonino Caracalla inaugurated the baths in 217, and they remained in use until the sixth century. But then came the Goths and ruin, and the baths, many centuries later, became the romantic setting of the summer opera.

Marathon runners will pad along the via dei Fiori Imperiale, the avenue that stretches from the Piazza Venezia to the Colosseum, splitting the forums in two. At the Colosseum the Romans tossed Christians to the lions; from the balcony above the Piazza Venezia, Mussolini tossed braggadocio to the crowds. Around the Colosseum the athletes will run, then past Caracalla to the via Appia Antica, still paved with the old stones installed by the Romans when they built it as a military highway to supply the legion then spread as far afield as England. Bits of statuary remain; columns and fragments of great stone faces lie in the shade of the spreading umbrella pines. Gypsies lead their wagons over the road and dreamers and lovers come on week-ends. Cushioned in the deep pile of a romantic heritage, they dream, drink Frascati, and dawdle away the idle spring and summer days.

There will, of course, be no dawdling

for the runners, who may enjoy naught but a fleeting sense of history as they stride over the hard, flat cobbles. Then they must turn and head back into central Rome for the finish at the 1,600-year-old Arch of Constantine, which lofts its graceful curves along side the Colosseum and provides shade during the siesta hours for snoozing carriage drivers. Built by the Roman Senate, the arch honors Constantine's Milvian Bridge victory over Maxentius, who was drowned in the Tiber.

**T**HE summoning of so many ancient amphitheaters for the Roman games is not to say that all events will be performed against the heavy cloak of bygone grandeur. Two Olympic centers of sport have been developed, one at the north end of town around the Foro Italico, which Mussolini began as the centerpiece of his own forum, and one at the south end of the city, where Il Duce had planned a world's fair for 1942. The athletes will live in an Olympic Village at the north end of the city, in 8,000 rooms built on stilts. A highway divides the sexes. Just in back of the village is the tiny new Palazzetto dello Sport, a flying saucer held down by concrete struts, which will be shared by the weightlifters and basketball teams. The Stadio Flaminio next door, with its rakish steep stands, is solely for football.

Crossing the Tiber by that historic Milvian Bridge will land one at Musso-

(Continued on page 65)



—From "Italy's Book of Days."

The old one-two was supposedly invented by Georges Carpentier, but the Italians have discovered the punch on this vase painting of twenty-five centuries ago.



**Sight-see your way to Europe on the Sunlane.** The man who took this picture was on his way to Paris by way of Gibraltar, Algeciras and Madrid, with Africa thrown in! On the Sunlane to Europe you see more than the sea. You sail through the green Azores. You stop at Cannes, then scoot up to Paris. Or sail on, to compare the Italian Riviera with the French. Then you sweep into Naples, and the captain says yes, that's Vesuvius! On the Sunlane, the air is warm, the ship is magnificent, the ocean is relaxed. Ask your travel agent. **CONSTITUTION & INDEPENDENCE ■ American Export Lines**

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world-at-sea into gentle darkness.

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Never once did you think of the ragged cares of your everyday  
world that only hours ago blocked  
your horizon so hugely.

You laughed. You stretched.

You reached out and tried all you  
could, but never touched the  
bounds of your new horizon-to-  
horizon world!

You reveled in the space that was  
yours to live in. The size of your  
ship. The very size of the air around you, ringing with laughter  
and fun as you've never known it.

And your evening, now, will be filled once again with the rich  
pleasures of a kingdom that belongs to you, generously shared  
with those who share your ship.

Soon, soon, your ship will slip into port.

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started here. All to be remembered as one—the going and the  
being there, the happiest trip of your life—to Europe by ship.

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# THE SPORTSWRITER'S ROME

**RED SMITH:** Within two hours of my first arrival in Rome my normal vague confusion—which I carry everywhere along with my dacron underwear—was complicated by an impression that by some error I had fetched up in the Catskills of New York. In the Excelsior lobby I had walked smack into the Biff Joneses and Jack Martins. Biff is the rugged old warrior who used to coach Army football, and Jack, who operates Bear Mountain Inn near West Point, is almost surely America's greatest host.

We dined that evening in the dovecote that Mussolini feathered for his lady friend. Jack's laughter rattled through the halls where Il Duce had whispered sweet Fascist nothings, sharpening the curious sensation of having got my continents mixed. Back at the hotel, Jack dropped the others off but asked me to ride on with him.

It was a soft night, with the lightest of misty rains. The driver parked and Jack led me to a balustrade. "Know where you are?" he asked, and then it hit me.

Chances are all visitors in Rome feel it—the immediate presence of the mighty past—but perhaps not always with such sudden impact, for there in the floodlit night I made out the columns of the Forum softened by the mist, the crumbling curve of the Colosseum.

That's when the love affair started, me and Rome. I've paid two hit-and-run calls on her and look forward to a longer stay for the Olympic Games, an admirable carnival because it gets me abroad on expense account every fourth year. I want to amble in Villa Borghese, sip Frascati in Via Veneto, and walk down, not up, the Spanish Stairs. More strenuous pursuits I'll leave to the marathon runners pounding along the Appian Way over the same pavements trod by Caesar's legions.

# THE NOVELIST'S ROME

**IRWIN SHAW:** It is dawn in Rome and here and there the sound of a Vespa, hammering against the sienna walls, is heard, and the bells of various churches, among them Sant'Andrea della Valle, Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, Santissima Trinità dei Monti, San Luigi de' Francesi, Santa Maria della Pace, salute the new day, after the nightmare night.

Mass is being celebrated in the church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, for five old women in black shawls, rheumatically bowed over on the cold and drafty stone floor, listening to the sleepy young priest saying, Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison, before going off to the day's work scrubbing floors in hospitals, office buildings, hotels. The market is being set up in the square near the Farnese Palace, flowers and artichokes from Sicily and the red oranges and the *sogliole* and the *cefali* and the *triglie* from the Mediterranean and the bricklike triangles of Parmesan cheese and the *mortadella* and salamis and the white, wet eggs of mozzarella piled on straw. The last, hilarious customers are coming up from the mulatto's basement night club on the Via Veneto, laughing loudly, speaking half a dozen languages, and starting their cars with a roar of motors on the bluish street. . . . The Tiber flows in its stone banks past the Castel Sant'Angelo and the Palace of Justice, flows under the stone bridges, a narrow, tamed stream to have flowed through all that history, on its way past Ostia toward the sea, past Ostia Antica, which has once been a thriving port of two hundred thousand souls, and is now only excavated ruins and a restored open theatre in the wintry green fields, spreading toward the black lava beaches.

The clear, wintry Mediterranean dawn, pale green and cold rose, touches the white jerry-built walls of Parioli, built by Mussolini's millionaires and added to by Marshall Plan millionaires, touches the dome of the Vatican, the tops of the willows in the Borghese gardens, touches Garibaldi's bared head on the great statue in the Janiculum with a peaceful, deceptive, hopeful light.

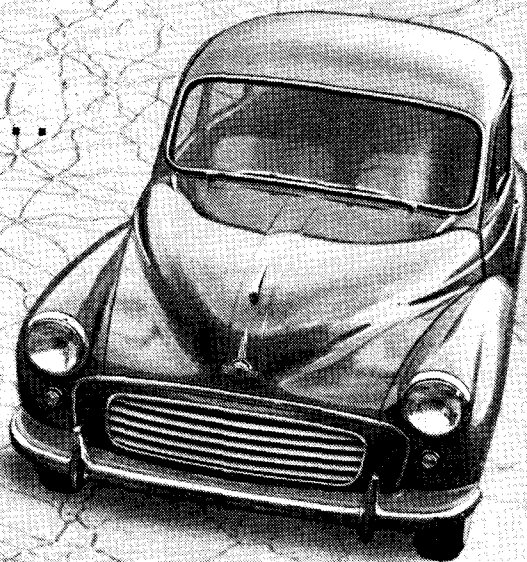
—From "Two Weeks in Another Town"  
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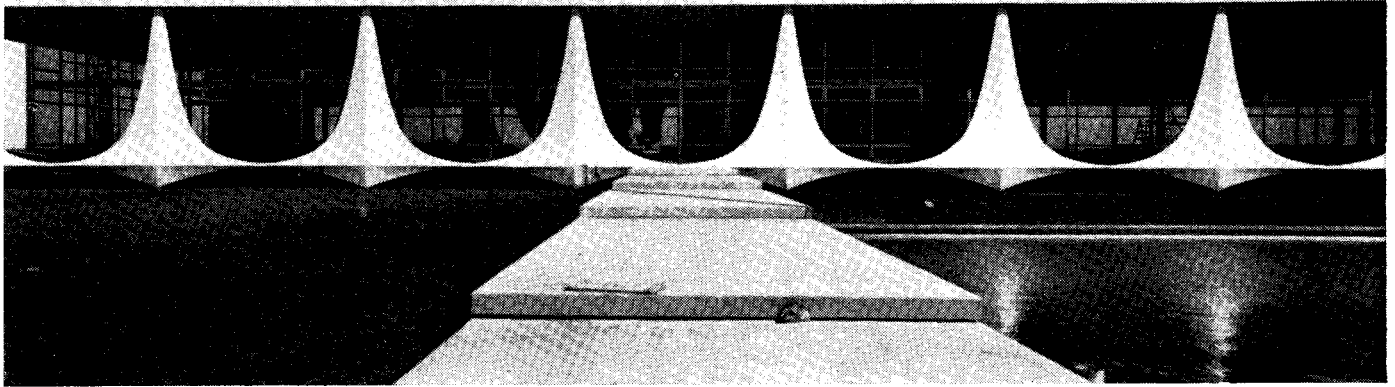


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# BRASILIA



## out of the trackless bush, a national capital

By GEORGE NELSON

### BRASILIA

**A**T SANTOS DUMONT Airport in Rio you get into a plane and fly north and west. You are on the last lap in a series of jet-powered leaps that have taken you from New York to the new capital, Brasilia, created out of the Brazilian bush. Coming south now on Varig Airlines Caravelles, the flight plan sounds like a cruise. New York to Nassau in three hours, then Nassau to Trinidad in three and a half. Another three to Belem, three more to Rio. Twice a week Varig brings its new jets into the new capital. On this last lap you fly for a scant two hours, almost all of it over land as empty as Monument Valley. Then, after some 600 miles, there is a stir of excitement in the plane; people lean over to the windows, press forward to the flight deck. Presently there appear up ahead great gashes in the red earth and, at closer range, huge clusters of ultra-modern buildings scattered over a spread of miles. Seen in the vast emptiness of the central plateau, the

sight is as shocking as a camel in the Antarctic.

In the little wooden terminal, a crowd jostles, drinks coffee, greets new arrivals, gets on planes. People are lean, brown, relaxed, dressed in jeans or chinos. Inevitably, images of our own West come to mind. Outside, Jeeps and VWs, the two cars which have taken over Brasilia, wheel in rust-colored dust and disappear. In the distance one sees the fantastic bunches of towers. It could be a movie set on a scale that would have pauperized even a De Mille, but it isn't. Even so, the fact of so much gleaming modernity in the middle of 250,000 square miles of nothing is too much to grasp. So you leave the airport for the capital-to-be. Through miles of scrub and scraggly trees goes a road laid out on the scale of a major superhighway.

Almost everything about Brasilia verges on the fantastic: the boldness of the concept, the scope of the planning, the truly incredible speed with which the city is going up. But there is nothing fantastic about the reasons for it. Here is a country as big as the U.S. with an extra Texas thrown in. Its

central regions are bursting with natural wealth while its population clusters in the old cities on or near the seacoast. Since the interior is empty there are no roads. Without roads the resources are inaccessible. The country craves rapid industrial development. What to do? Brasilia is one of the answers, and a very daring one. Far from the coast, in the heart of the region awaiting exploitation, a magnet is being constructed. A magnet for people, for roads, for money. To make sure the magnet works, it is designated the national capital. Brasilia is going up in extreme haste because in Brazilian politics it is almost a point of honor for a new administration to abandon the projects of its predecessors. President Kubitschek, who dreamed the dream and could not, by law, be reelected, had only three years in which to make the dream come true. When Kubitschek steps down from office, his successor will have to continue, for by then the functions of federal government will have been moved out of Rio.

What makes Brasilia so utterly remarkable is that the breathtaking sweep of Kubitschek's vision has been matched