



A Slight Case of Transplant

THOSE of you who have faithfully followed the story thus far will recall leaving me just after my bus had pulled into the terminal at Victoria, British Columbia, and I had climbed the hill to seek shelter at the Empress Hotel. You have been so patient about standing the suspense that I rush to tell you that my reservation was indeed on file at the reception desk, although the décor of the room

in which the management stored me led me to believe that the empress they had in mind when they named the place was doubtless the bride of King Canute.

By the time I was installed, the whole encampment had apparently bedded down for the night. I except the young ladies who occupied the dwellings adjoining mine, and who had invaded the Canadian wilderness

equipped with a portable radio that could bring in Zanzibar loud and clear, and did. One of my special delights on the road is a big breakfast in a big hotel dining room—I think it dates from some childhood wonderment at the bright silvery pitchers of cream, the smell of fresh table linen, and a chance of having a stack of hot cakes which for some reason we never had at home—and I descended the next morning full of anticipation. A headwaiter, who, if they gave them for length of service, would doubtless have had service stripes up to his collar bone, toddled over to take my name. “There is a wait,” he explained, “I’ll put you down on the list.” Reacting as benevolently as a grizzly upon finding an empty picnic hamper, I fled downstairs to the coffee shop where things were less formal. There was a sizable line, but no one was on hand to take names. I went back to make my peace with the headwaiter, submitted my name to his list, and settled down to eat crow which, as any epicure will tell you, is no dish for breakfast.

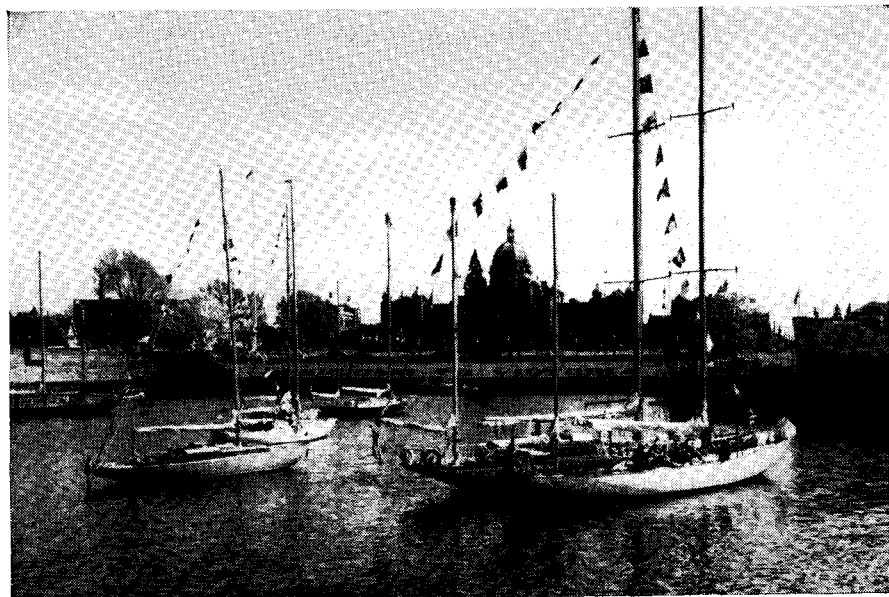
Victoria, a flowery city on Vancouver Island, where flower pots hang from the lamp posts and roses grow at Christmas time, is celebrating its one-hundredth anniversary this year. Although giant candles have been erected in the streets, the crowd in town did not come out here only to celebrate a civic centennial. The Seattle Fair lies just over the water, and Victoria, with its precious British ways, is one of the traditional places of pilgrimage in the Northwest. (If you’re a Canadian make that *Southwest*.)

I journeyed first up to Beacon Hill Park, and from the heights looked across the Straits of Juan de Fuca to the snow-capped Olympics in the distance. The Space Needle was not immediately apparent, but the S.S. *Yarmouth* was, steaming into the harbor on its way from San Francisco. In Victoria, it would unload its passengers destined for Seattle, who—coastal shipping regulations being what they are—would travel to the fair by ferry and bus, and later return to Victoria to reboard the ship for the trip down the Pacific Coast. Since it flies the Panamanian flag, the *Yarmouth* is not permitted to carry passengers between two American ports, which would be a sin akin to permitting Air France, say, to carry passengers between Chicago and New York.

Ah, but I digress. Beacon Hill Park is called Beacon Hill Park because beacons once occupied the heights to light the entranceway to Victoria harbor. Among other maritime endeavors, Victoria once operated a sealing fleet, staffing it with sailors shanghaied from dens of doubtful repute along Johnson Street. Nowadays it is just a park with



Anne Hathaway’s cottage (above) and Victoria Harbor—“enough to make a displaced Englishman whistle ‘God Save the Queen.’”





Before you pack for a
southern vacation

RA HOTEL • MADRID

GA HOTEL • ROME

CE HOTEL • LONDON

FI HOTEL • TEL AVIV

EL HOTEL • ATHENS

consider our side
of the case

Alitalia offers a sunny holiday in Europe for the price of a southern vacation

17 DAYS TO ISRAEL, ITALY, GREECE

An Alitalia Super DC-8 Rolls-Royce Jet whisks you direct to Italy, where you'll see Venice or Naples. Then sail on a luxurious Mediterranean Cruise (via Athens and Cyprus!) for a whole week in Israel—Tel Aviv, Jerusalem and Haifa. The grand finale is Rome!

Jet and cruise fare, 1st class hotels and meals from **\$865**

17 DAYS TO THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT, ROME

See the Bible brought to life — the ancient setting of the Old Testament and all the sacred places of the New: Grotto of Nativity, Room of the Last Supper, Holy Sepulchre, Place of Ascension, much more. All topped off by a Mediterranean Cruise.

Jet and cruise fare, 1st class hotels and meals from **\$867**

17 DAYS TO THE CANARY ISLANDS, LONDON, MADRID, ROME

Combine the sights of three of the world's most interesting cities with the most delightful island vacation under the sun. The Canaries are a prime European playground with lush green golf courses, palatial hotels, boating . . . plus "free port" gift bargains.

Jet fare, 1st class hotels and meals **\$648**

FREE COLOR BOOKLETS with a complete description of each Sunny European Holiday. Check the trips that intrigue you most and fill in your name and address.

ALITALIA AIRLINES

666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y., Dept. 'SR-818

- ☐ Holy Land (\$867 min.) ☐ London, Madrid, Canary Islands (\$648) ☐ Western Mediterranean (\$759 min.)
☐ Around the World (\$1980 Grp.) ☐ Southern Italy (\$583)
☐ Israel, Italy, Greece (\$865 min.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

ALITALIA 
AIRLINES

PRICES BASED ON 17 DAY ROUND-TRIP JET ECONOMY FARES FROM N. Y. EFF. OCT. 1. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT



COMPLETE FACTS AND COSTS ON CARS IN EUROPE

Auto-Europe's "ABC's of European Auto Travel" is required reading if you plan to drive in Europe. Packed with indispensable facts about renting, leasing and buying to ship home, the "ABC's" offer you the **most information, best service, greatest possible savings.** Give coupon to your Auto-Europe travel agent, or mail to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

CAR(S) _____

Write Dept. H11

auto @ europe

New York, N. Y.: 25 West 58 Street, PL 2-2424
Chicago, Ill.: 153 East Ohio Street, MI 2-3211
Beverly Hills, Cal.: 268 S. Beverly Dr., BR 2-3149
San Francisco, Cal.: 233 Sansome, EX 2-7894
Seattle, Wash.: White-Henry Stuart Bldg., MA 2-3456
Toronto, Ont.: 88 Eglinton Ave. East, HU 7-0173

FALL-WINTER HOLIDAYS

"OPEN HOUSE IN EUROPE"

EXCELLENT VALUES

SAMPLE TRIPS AVAILABLE

including air fares from New York

- \$630 . . . 17 Days England — Wales
- \$724 . . . 17 Days England — France
- \$749 . . . 17 Days England — Switzerland — Belgium — Italy — France
- \$956 . . . 15 Days — All Israel — Greece
- \$1033 . . . 15 Days — Syria — Jordan — Israel — Greece
- \$1040 . . . 17 Days — Greece — Greek Island Cruise — Israel — Rome — Paris

Many other Fine Escorted and Independent Trips Available

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Write or call for booklet SR-18

"Our 23rd Year in Travel"

EMBASSY TOURS, INC.

147 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Oxford 5-2121



SEA AND SUN

Mediterranean Aegean Sea 17 Day Cruise

VISITING GREECE, RHODES, CYPRUS, ISRAEL AND ITALY

From New York via SAS jet to Italy, then sail from Venice to cruise aboard the famous ATHINAI or ACROPOLIS of Typaldos Lines. Departures every two weeks October through March. FIRST CLASS CRUISE AND HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS. All meals and shore excursions included. For folder and reservations, see your SAS/Maupintour Travel Agent, or Joseph Ilan, Regional Manager, MAUPINTOUR, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Maupintour



stunning views across to Washington, and a lake of its own, the home of a covey of swans descended from Her Majesty's Swannery in Cookham-on-Thames in the old country. And as if that weren't enough to make a displaced Englishman whistle "God Save the Queen," there is the further matter of cricket, which has been played on the Beacon Hill pitch for 100 years.

A pair of English persons called Rosina and Sam Lane, who came here from England some fifteen years ago, got so carried away by the atmosphere in Victoria that they bought three acres of English-type territory and set about creating an English village. First they transformed an inn to look like an old baronial home, a feat in which they were aided by foresight. They had brought along with them seven tons of antiques. The place they decorated has become the Olde England Inn, which is staffed by costumed serving wenches and offers rooms, roast beef, Devon cider, steak and kidney pie, and real English trifle made of eighteen ingredients, recipe secret. Now in addition to the inn the Lanes have built replicas of Shakespeare's birthplace and Anne Hathaway's thatched cottage. Will's place is authentic on the outside, but Anne's is faithful outside and in, right down to the courting settle and the gooseberry bush in the garden.

The Lane's latest creation is Chaucer Lane, a street in an English village bordered with Elizabethan houses, among them the Garrick Inn and the Old Curiosity Shop. Tucked away behind the façade are rooms for guests with canopy-covered beds, leaded glass windows, antique tiles in the bath, and a daily price tag of \$16 for two. Buses disgorge sightseers by the score here in transplanted Blighty, and there is a chappie at the gate dressed up like a bobby; a bit scrawny perhaps for a genuine constable, but authoritative enough to relieve rubber-necks of 75 cents a head for looking.

While you might not run so readily upon the ghost of Dickens or Garrick, I might also recommend you to the Oak Bay Beach Hotel, an unassuming inn which gazes eastward across the bay to Mount Baker, supreme in the distance, and which graces its interior with antique chairs, paintings, and lovely glass. Its saloon is called The Snug, and it serves ale in pewter mugs. It would only take a couple of pints to have you believing you're inhaling mild and bitter at the Dog and Goose in Upper Glockenbury-on-Thames. Oak Bay, I ought to add, is a suburban residential community of some charm and wealth which was laid out as early as 1912 with the stipulation that no clothes lines and no electric wires could be strung in the public view. It holds to this day, and you'll have to admit it

IT'S SMART TO GO...

Fielding!

FIELDING'S
TRAVEL GUIDE

TO EUROPE: 1962-63 Edition

15th ANNIVERSARY EDITION!

Based on the Fielding's own personal experiences — the book every traveler must have! \$6.95

The Temple Fieldings' Selective Shopping Guide to Europe: 1962 Edition \$1.95

Both now at all bookstores

WM. SLOANE ASSOCIATES

WORLD TRAVEL ON A BUDGET

DITTMANN TOURS, Europe, Orient, Around-the-World in Comfort and Economy.

17 days IBERIAN HOLIDAY\$535
October through March

1963 Tours

AROUND-the-WORLD by ship, 100 days \$1775

AROUND-the-WORLD by air, 60 days \$2735

EUROPE, 35 to 55 days, 12 to 18 countries, \$1155 to \$1595

ORIENT, 32 days by air, 10 countries \$1995

Rates complete based on escorted travel and include ocean passage by ship or air.

See your travel agent or

Dittmann Travel Organization

DITTMANN BUILDING, NORTHFIELD, MINN.

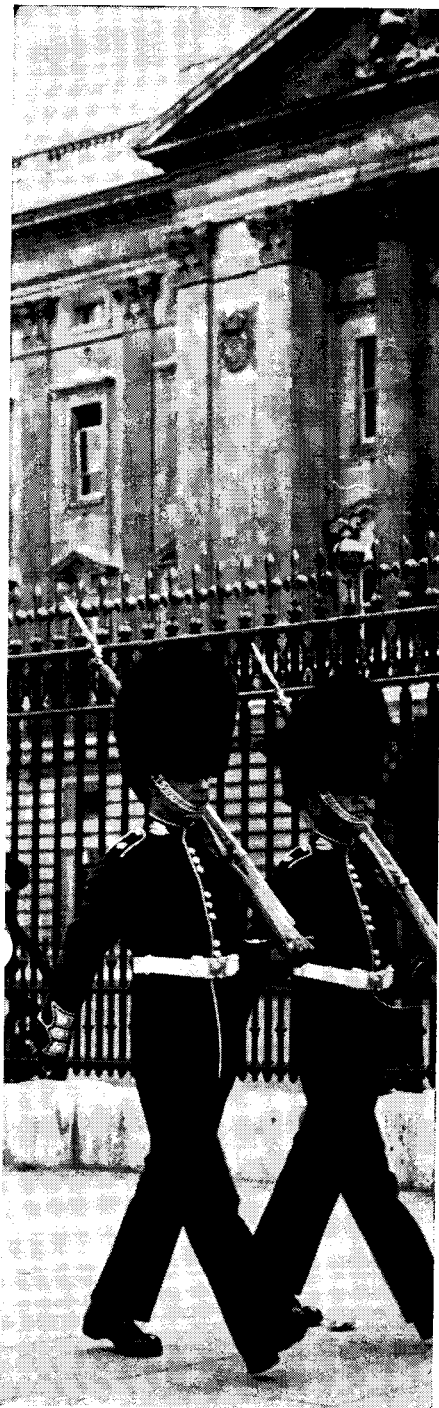
TAKE FODOR'S 1962 JET AGE GUIDE TO EUROPE

Illus., maps, 860 pages • \$5.95 • McKay

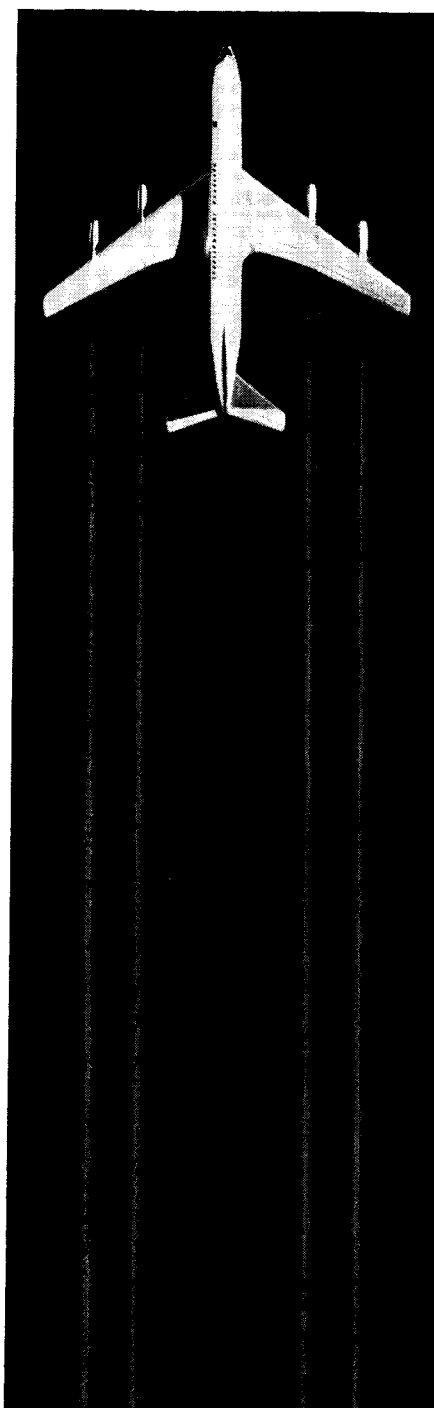
WIN A TRIP — TO LONDON OR TO TOKYO

Saturday Review readers may now enter SR's tenth annual World Travel Photo Contest. Deadline for entries: October 15, 1962.

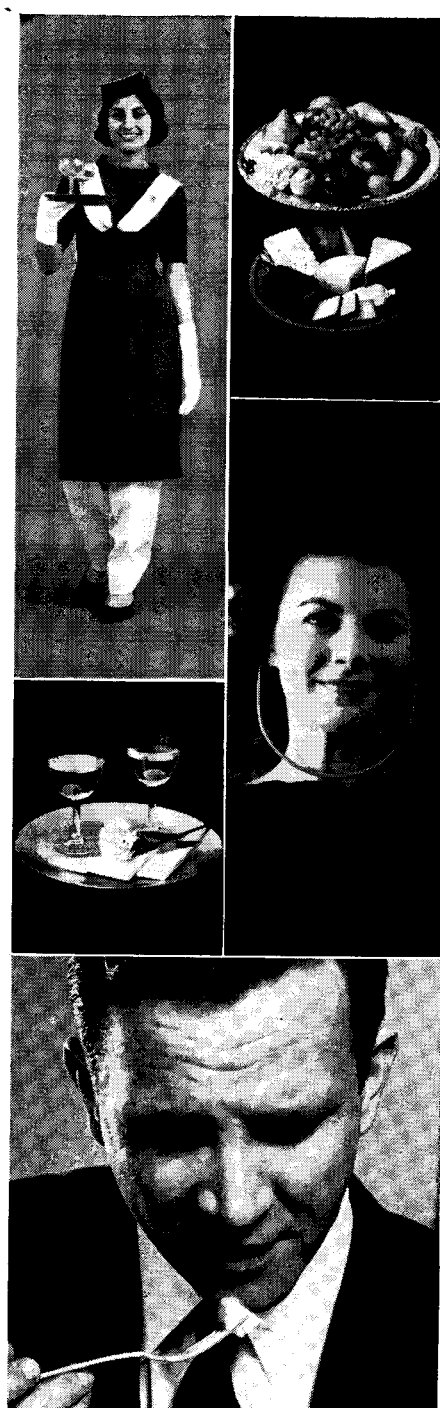
For details, write to Photo Awards Dept., Saturday Review.



**London
already?**



**Time certainly
whooshes by**



**on the world's
most interesting airline**

Time goes fast on PIA because flying with us is **different**. Our Pakistani hostesses believe serving guests beautifully is a pleasure. An unusual viewpoint. Equally unusual, the food. Unusually good. During dinner, sip wines with a French accent. Afterwards, wipe your hands with a towel dipped in rose water. Then settle back and watch a new Broadway movie. Flying to London, Rome, Frankfurt, Geneva, Beirut, Teheran or Karachi? Have your travel agent book you aboard one of our Boeing 707 jet flights. Economy class low group fares available to qualified groups of 25 or more. PIA, 608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York. Phone: LT 1-0600.



PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES / GREAT PEOPLE TO FLY WITH



OLE! Now is the time to spend a Maharajah Holiday in Spain!

17 days—all expenses paid
including economy jet excursion fare
only \$559
from New York

Magnifico! (Also incredible!) This exclusive AIR-INDIA tour includes two days each in London and Paris, plus 11 sun-drenched days in Spain—Madrid, Toledo, Cordoba, Granada, Malaga, Algeciras, Cadiz, Caceres, and Sevilla—all for just \$559 including not only air fare but meals,* hotels, all transportation, and even baggage tips!

En route, you're pampered like a Maharajah on AIR-INDIA's sleek Boeing 707 Jets . . . and you're escorted on every step of your tour like a visiting potentate! TOURS LEAVE EVERY FRIDAY FROM OCTOBER 5 THROUGH MARCH 15. Send coupon now for full details—or see your travel agent.

*All meals in Spain; Continental breakfast in London and Paris.

*Special rates available
for eligible groups of 25 or more.*

AIR-INDIA SR-6

410 Park Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

Ole! Please send me FREE brochure on your 17-day "Maharajah Holiday in Spain." Hasta la vista!

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES.

was a pretty visionary concept fifty years ago.

One place that isn't English at all—well now there's a relief, chaps—is the Imperial, which is perhaps the most elegant place to stay in town. A motor hotel, which is refined terminology for a handsome motel, the Imperial was, I suspect, inspired by the hotel of the same name in Tokyo. At any rate it reeks of Japanese atmosphere with hanging beaded curtains, suspended lanterns and little minty gardens in the style so dear to the Nipponese. Located in downtown Victoria, it is not exactly near the tourist center of the city, and for that matter I'm not sure what it is near, except City Hall and the Princess Mary restaurant. The Princess Mary is the dining room of the old Canadian Pacific liner of the same name, which was lifted bodily out of the ship's hold and marooned on dry land. High and dry in Victoria, the old salon does a rushing business in Sooke oysters, smoked Alaska black cod, and "fresh trolled red spring salmon," among other delights fetched from surrounding waters.

As for the Empress Hotel, it does have a prime location overlooking the wharves where the ferries come in, not to mention the parliament buildings—Victoria is the capital of British Columbia—which are outlined with lighted bulbs each evening at dusk. Hotel guests may use the Crystal Gardens, an enormous glass-roofed swimming pool dripping with that fern-and-rattan decor so popular early this century. Also on the grounds, next door to the bowling greens, is a local branch of the Royal London Wax Museum which is guaranteed to be "direct from England," where they have a great penchant for such things, and it is operated by its parent company, London Wax Museums, Ltd.

Quite another culture is on view across the street in Thunderbird Park, where the Indians have left their own graven images, a fine stand of totem



poles with such fanciful effigies as an eagle riding a whale, grizzly bears in animal and human form, and thunderbirds flying *über alles*.

I would, I suppose, be stoned by the garden-club people were I to take leave of merrie olde Victoria without mentioning Butchart's Gardens, a twenty-five acre expanse of flowers located some thirteen miles from town. Only the airport is more remote. The gardens were laid out fifty years ago in an old quarry by Robert Pim Butchart, a cement tycoon, and his wife. Begun as a hobby to cover the worked-out quarry, the place is maintained today by a grandson. Flower watchers can spend the day roaming over the English Rose Garden, the Japanese Garden, the formal Italian garden, and a famed sunken garden where, on occasion, choral groups are brought in to serenade the flowers and the customers. There is a restaurant on the premises, a seed shop in case you want to breed similar strains, and a free anchorage is provided for flower watchers who arrive in their own yachts.

—HORACE SUTTON.

EUROPE by CAR

FREE

The most complete folder on:

- All Car plans (includes Renting, Leasing, Purchase, Repurchase)
- Europe by Car "trip-kit" information and shipping home costs.
- European Car Licenses, Insurance, Documents
- Free European Automobile Membership

MAIL COUPON OR PRESENT TO YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

EUROPE BY CAR • One Rockefeller Plaza (at 49th St.) N.Y. 20 • TEL. LT 1-3040

SIMCA

MERCEDES

CITROEN

RENAULT

HILLMAN

VOLKSWAGEN

JAGUAR

PEUGEOT

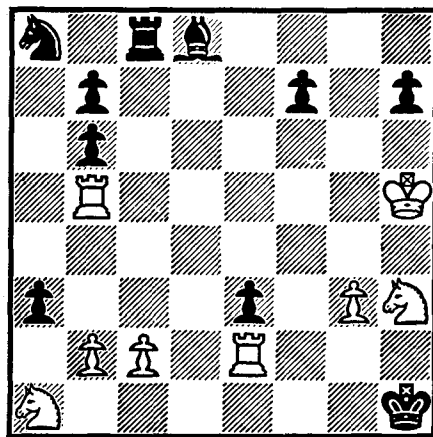
MG, etc.

SR-18

Chess Corner—No. 75

THE ART of composing and the enjoyment of solving chess problems are distinct from over-the-board contests. However, chess problems do contribute to the perfection of technique in over-the-board play.

The kingpin of problem chess was the American Sam Loyd. His brain-teasers have fascinated, stumped, and even harassed the top echelon of problem solvers. A fine solver once told Mr. Loyd that he could name the unit that delivers the final mate in any problem that Loyd showed him, within a reasonable time, of course. For this person, Loyd composed and presented the following masterpiece.



WHITE TO MATE IN FIVE

Upon seeing the problem, the solver for whom it was composed stated: "One thing is certain, the Pawn at N2 does not deliver the final mate." And yet, that Pawn does!

1 P-QN4!

White now threatens 2 R-KB5, followed by R-B1 mate. 1 R-KB5 will not do because of . . . R-B4, pinning the White Rook. This the key move is meant to prevent.

1 R-B4 ch

This defense is forced. Otherwise White will continue with R-KB5, etc.

2 PxR

Now White threatens 3 R-N1 mate.

2 P-R7

To prevent the threat.

3 P-B6

Again reinstating the threat of R-KB5, etc.

3 B-B2

So that if now 4 R-KB5, then B-B5 and White will be unable to mate on the fifth move, which is the condition of the problem. But the Bishop has preempted a square needed for the Black Knight.

4 PxP

The threat is 5 PxN(Q) mate. And Black is defenseless against it. Note that if Black's Bishop were not on B2, the Black Knight could move, and there would be no mate.

5 PxN(Q) mate!!

—AL HOROWITZ.

WHERE DO EUROPEANS GO FOR THEIR VACATION?

To a cultivated European, superb food, excellent service, exciting cities, great works of art are part of his way of life—they are to be found all over Europe. If that was all he wanted from a vacation, he probably could stay home. But he doesn't stay home. He takes vacations—and often in Switzerland.

Why Switzerland? Because it satisfies his most cosmopolitan tastes for refinement and luxury and provides the most perfect atmosphere in Europe for a vacation. The natural grandeur and beauty of the country...the contentment and warm hospitality of its people have an extraordinary effect on the spirit. Subtly, surely, one feels again the joy of harmony with nature and man.

The European understands that the experience of deep relaxation and oneness with the world is the best vacation...and that Switzerland can give him such an experience as no other place can. No wonder that for more than two hundred years the most popular vacationland for Europeans has been Switzerland. Ask your travel agent about the attractions Switzerland offers to Europeans...and to you. Or write to Swiss National Tourist Office, Department H-12, 10 West 49th Street, New York 20, N. Y. or 661 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.



buy him his life

Tran Dien, Vietnamese, age 5. Father ill. Cannot work. Mother tea-picker. Losing sight. Unable choose good leaves from bad. Lost job. Five children in family. "Home" is thatch hut. Earthen floors. Dien has almost no clothes. No trousers. Shown in photo with borrowed pants for sake of dignity. No decent food. Nothing. Poverty extreme. Parents despairing for children. Help to Dien means help to entire family. Need acute.

You or your group can become a Foster Parent of a needy child. You will be sent the case history and photo of your "adopted" child and letters from the child himself. Correspondence is translated by Plan. The child knows who you are. At once he is touched by love and a sense of belonging. Your pledge provides new clothing, blankets, food packages, education and medical care, as well as a cash grant of \$8.00 every month. Each child receives full measure of material aid from your contribution. Distribution of goods is supervised by Plan staff and is insured against loss in every country where Plan operates. Help in the responsible way. "Adopt" a child through Foster Parents' Plan. Let some child love you.

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved independent relief organization, registered under No. VFA109 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. We eagerly offer our financial statement on request because we are so proud of the handling of our funds. Plan helps children in France, Italy, Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, Hong Kong, and the Philippines.

©1962 FPP, Inc.

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK 10, N. Y. • Founded 1937

MRS. JOHN F. KENNEDY, Honorary Chairman 25th Anniversary Campaign

PARTIAL LIST of SPONSORS and FOSTER PARENTS

Steve Allen
Bing Crosby
K. C. Gifford
Helen Hayes
Dr. John Haynes Holmes
Charles R. Hook
C. D. Jackson
Gov. & Mrs. Walter Kohler
Garry Moore
Edward R. Murrow
Mary Pickford
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Mr. and Mrs.
Robert W. Sarnoff

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC.

SR-8-62

352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex....., age....., nationality.....
I will pay \$15 a month for one year or more (\$180 per year).
Payment will be monthly (), quarterly (), semi-annually (),
yearly ().
I enclose herewith my first payment \$.....

B. I can "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing \$.....

Name

Address

City Zone State

Date Contributions are Income Tax deductible.

Phoenix Nest

Continued from page 8

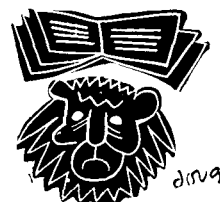
as though he had to make himself heard in heaven: "Don't nobody give a bloody sixpence?" With his tattered sleeve, he'd wipe at his red-rimmed eyes. . . .

Now, with maturity, I can see that it is probably foolish to worry about Cornforth. Why *should* I write, after all? For one thing, my interests have changed since I made out the list of them so long ago. I no longer do card tricks or play a Sousaphone, and I haven't been on a Scout hike for some time now. Cornforth's interests have probably changed, too. Come to think of it, how can I be sure that if I wrote now he'd even get the letter? Unless he is retarded he may no longer be at the Darlington Training School. And what kind of school is that? For all I know, it may be some sort of reformatory, in which case, if I initiated correspondence, Cornforth would start pestering me for stamps, socks, cigarettes, transistor radios, and brownies. Or, if he has served his sentence, and if my letter should be forwarded to him at his home, he might get ideas about visiting the United States. Would I want him to come over, bringing his tweed-suited wife and a great pack of pals, chattering, bare-kneed English children, all wanting to go to the top of the Empire State Building? As a matter of cold fact, I have great difficulty talking with the English, even though I majored in them in college. It is as though we didn't speak the same language at all. I recently met a young woman newly arrived from London, and we soon found ourselves alone while our host went to get ice. From the set of her spectacles I guessed she might have literary interests, so I swung the conversation toward the subject of writers. "Tell me," I said, "what did you people in England think of Evelyn Waugh?"

"Well to be perfectly *frank* with you," she said, eyes fluttering, "we didn't think much about the good or the bad of it; all we thought about was how to get it over with as quickly as possible."

I have decided it is probably best for all of us to have as little as possible to do with the English, and from now on I shall stop worrying about Cornforth.

—HAYES B. JACOBS.





Stravinsky in Santa Fe

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.
AS WELL as having an atmosphere all its own, Santa Fe has an opera enterprise with some ideas all its own—such as the attractive one of putting on, in this year of Igor Stravinsky's assumption of eighty, his stage works which are not ballets. This brought forth, as a point of departure, a triple bill of "Mavra," "Renard," and "Le Rossignol," in which the little amphitheatre high on the point of a wind-swept hill had the honor of welcoming Stravinsky not only as an attendant, but as a participant in the pit to direct the performance of "Renard."

Together they made a lesson in musical history—which is something worth even a long journey to learn. Perhaps the pedagogical purpose would have been better served had the sequence related to chronology rather than convenience. But, even so, one could assort the values and isolate the occurrences which altered Stravinsky from the pure Russian traditionalist of "Le Rossignol" (begun in 1909 before any of his ballets).

Perhaps "pure" is an excessive word to describe the Russian traditionalism of "Le Rossignol," for already there is the intimation of the composer's awareness of Debussy and related masters. But the spirit that surges through its pages runs a course and pursues a path determined by the impulse of many, many predecessors fed by the same springs of melody and harmony. Birds and beasts have always played a substantive part in Russian music, and Stravinsky's nightingale ("Rossignol") is kin not only to such magic creatures as Rimsky's "Coq d'Or," but also to Liadov's "Kikimora" and some phases of Glière's "Ilya Murometz"—at least, that is, in the early portion of the creation. When he returned to finish it, five or so years later, Stravinsky was a different man musically, and the music he created was dryer, more sparing in the use of color, in a word, abstemious.

That the performance by the Santa Fe Opera stimulated such thoughts as these is a tribute, in the first place, to the influence that flowed from the presence of the composer, and through that presence to Robert Craft, who conducted. But no performance of "Rossignol" can approach success without a human throat to approximate the nightingale Stravinsky imagined in his intricate writing. Fortunately the young

American soprano Jeanette Scovotti has both the means and the musical intelligence to achieve the desired ends. A true lyric soprano with a flair for the florid, Miss Scovotti's lovely sense of line and detail gave every reason to anticipate her Metropolitan Opera debut next fall.

However, this was far from a one-part performance. In addition to bringing together such excellent artists as Donald Gramm for the role of the Emperor (whose life is saved by the return of his beloved nightingale after it had been displaced by a mechanical one), John McCollum as the Fisherman, and Maria di Gerlando as the Cook, the friends of Stravinsky in Santa Fe earned compliments for the well-varied and colorful decor of Henry Heymann, the purposeful stage direction of Bliss Hebert and the lighting supervised by Louise Guthman. Together they made clear their answer to Rudolf Bing's question of a few years back: "Where is Santa Fe?" The answer is: "Where they do more varied works of Stravinsky in weeks than the Metropolitan has done in decades."

Some of the same qualities were apparent in the performances of "Mavra" and "Renard," but, as these inhabit a different world of expression and means than "Le Rossignol," so, too, the results. Here it is clear (at least to me), Stravinsky had lost contact with the soil of Russia, and was already beginning to see his native land through the less than rose-colored glasses acquired in his illusioning experiences in Paris, with the Diaghilev ballet. Now he was responding less as the subjective voice of a people among whom he had grown to the young manhood of "Rossignol," and more as an objective observer of its customs and lore. Thus, in "Mavra," there is an ironic undertone to the brief tale derived from Pushkin's tale of a maiden who seeks to circumvent her mother's strictures by smuggling her sweetheart into the house in the guise of a maid, with foreseeable consequences (including detection), and, in "Renard," a sample of the caustic wit which would soon manifest itself in a variety of other works.

If irony is among the more difficult moods for performers to convey, caustic wit must rank even higher among the less than negotiable. "Renard" began bravely with the dryly ceremonial open-

ing promenade for the players (dancers for the action, vocalists for the text) appropriately intoned under the composer's demanding beat. Thomas Andrew's choreography was rather more literal, less suggestive than descriptions of the original would suggest, but it was performed with admirable physical acrobatics by Vincent Warren (as the Rooster) and Ron Sequoia (as Renard, the Fox, who pursues him). Indeed, Sequoia possesses a rare skill, among male dancers, for performing on point, a resource of much advantage in the female impersonation implicit in this assignment. The side-stage vocal quartet of Stanley Kolk, John McCollum, William Murphy, and Donald Gramm clucked, chanted, and exclaimed in proper disaccord.

IT was a pleasure to hear "Mavra" after a lapse of many years, though its vein of irony was probed at rather than truly struck in this performance. The Metropolitan's Paul Franke made a professional's pass at the role of the "maid" who comes a-wooing, but neither Doris Yarick as his receptive sweetheart, nor Elaine Bonazzi as her mother found the accent this work requires. Robert Baustian, who conducted, didn't give me—or the singers, I suspect—a sense of certainty in his knowledge of this score.

Summing up Santa Fe, in the light of its Stravinsky service, range would go from valuable, in the instance of "Le Rossignol," to the merely precious in "Mavra," with "Renard" somewhere in between. A recommendation to music lovers far and wide that Santa Fe commands their attention must be qualified by how and when and where. It has a pretty surrounding and a plant well designed for everything but protection from the elements, which can, on occasion, be fairly elemental. Certainly it should be possible to shield it from unwanted winds, even if an overhead cover against occasional showers is more expensive and of debatable necessity. But its "Rossignol" shows that it can assume a respectable professional standard, when the problems and the persons to deal with them are available. Given a higher uniformity in the choice of performers, and a spirited conductor or two, Santa Fe could memorialize not only Stravinsky in his eightieth year but many other composers with birthdays to come or those whose birthdays are no more. But some serious thought to a new, broader base of talent is imperative if the kind of plateau on which Santa Fe is founded can also be identified in the work of its opera company.

—IRVING KOLODIN.