

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

**DORIS DAY
STEPHEN BOYD
JIMMY DURANTE
MARTHA RAYE**
IN BILLY ROSE'S
"JUMBO"

Produced by Joe Pasternak
and Martin Melcher
Directed by Charles Walters
Music and Lyrics by
RICHARD RODGERS
AND LORENZ HART
An M-G-M Picture in
Panavision and MetroColor

THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT
CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW
"The Nativity"—Far-famed
pageant of the First Christmas,
and . . .
"HAPPY HOLIDAYS"—
Merry new extravaganza with
celebrated Rockettes, Ballet Com-
pany, Vocal Ensemble, soloists,
specialty acts and Symphony
Orchestra.



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in LERNER & LOEWE'S

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**"RICHARD RODGERS IS A MAGICIAN OF THE
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Music and Lyrics by
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Eves: 8:30; Mats. Wed. 2:00 & Sat. 2:30

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THE UNITED WAY**



BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Winter Pinter

HAROLD PINTER, whose "The Caretaker" was last season's best Broadway play, is back this winter at Off-Broadway's Cherry Lane with an interesting double bill. The first of the two short pieces, "The Dumbwaiter," is an early work and constitutes a portrait of men in limbo, waiting not for salvation as in "Godot," but for an impersonal act of violence. In it two thugs are holed up in a shabby room beneath an abandoned restaurant in preparation for "a job," in which both victim and commissioning party remain nameless and faceless. The play merely provides material manifestations of this pair's subconscious anxieties. Since their forthcoming act of professional homicide is absurd, the instructions they receive via a dumbwaiter and a "blower" are amusingly fantastic as they are asked to send up a variety of exotic dishes. And the mystifying violent ending is not to be analyzed but simply to be accepted and appreciated as an essentially true nightmare.

Such a play requires that the performers also avoid logical clarity, and give us instead intense concentration on their emotional fears and concerns. As of opening night, neither director Alan Schneider nor actors Dana Elcar and John C. Becher had quite achieved this sort of performance, with the result that the audience felt encouraged—as they had not been in "The Caretaker"—to try to unravel the play's deliberate inexplicabilities.

The second and newer piece, "The Collection," is considerably more effective. Again Mr. Pinter is purposely avoiding making clear the literal event, and is instead attempting to describe the anxiety it evokes. In this case the event is a reported one-night love affair between a married woman and a young man, who is permanently attached to a sophisticated, older male benefactor with whom he lives. And the aim of the play seems to be to make the exact details of this supposed casual adultery of minor importance. What Mr. Pinter is interested in is exploring the reactions of his four characters to the aftermath, as the action moves fascinatingly back and forth between the four locations designer William Ritman has so beautifully combined in one multiple set on the tiny Cherry Lane stage.

As the young man, Bill, James Patterson is remarkably vital as he portrays a physical coward exploiting his temporary advantages over stronger op-

ponents. His protector, Harry, is nicely portrayed by Henderson Forsythe, who catches the utter ruthlessness of a man defending his carefully constructed domination of Bill. And James Ray as the wronged husband, stronger than Bill, but weaker than Harry or his wife, displays a high degree of sensitivity and discipline. The shorter role of the wife is the most difficult of all, and for some reason Mr. Schneider has allowed Patricia Roe, who plays it, to end the play with a Cheshire Cat smile in response to her husband's question about her infidelity. Thus she gives a false final accent to a play that is otherwise masterfully true in both writing and performance.

Indeed "The Collection" proves that Pinter is not confined to writing so-called "kitchen drama," and suggests that his technique and sense of construction would easily qualify him to write a modern masterpiece involving the private anxieties of public figures.

SPACE does not permit discussion at this point of other new offerings. "Lord Pengo" turns S. N. Behrman's portrait of Duveen into a sentimental and monotonous study of a compulsive art dealer who keeps throwing away the valuable part of his life for the empty pleasure of selling paintings to rich clients, who buy them for the wrong reason. "Never Too Late" is a thin and not very well written domestic comedy by Sumner Arthur Long that will make you laugh, primarily because of Paul Ford's



Thurber-like performance as a tightwad husband, and Orson Bean's yelping resentment of finding himself in the indefensible position of being the underpaid employee obliged to live with his father-in-law employer. And Orson Welles's adaptation of Melville's "Moby Dick" is worth seeing just for the sheer theatricality of a scene in which actors and simple props are manipulated to create a storm at sea; but the too-unrelieved, declamatory style of production tends to drown out the most interesting elements of the story.

—HENRY HEWES.



BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The New Continent—5. Sheba Slept Here

IT SEEMS only a short time ago that Ethiopian tribesmen were defending themselves from the grandeur of Mussolini's legions with spears, yet the other day I saw in the paper that Ethiopian Airlines had taken delivery of a pair of jetliners and was about to fly them home to Addis Ababa.

I'm not at all sure that Ethiopia has made quite the progress that the delivery of the jets would on the face of it imply, nor am I convinced that the land offers all the travel comforts and excitements that one might read into the rather spirited campaign that has been generated by its newly organized office of travel promotion. Addis Ababa, when I was there this fall, seemed to me to be a city with certain isolated fascinations, but with no character which I could either grasp or define. Even if I make allowances for the gloom of the autumn rains, the city is a non-descript settlement perched at such an inordinate height that the evolution of an idea leaves one panting. The city's saving grace is its people, dark-skinned, fine-featured descendants of a Semitic-Sabaeen civilization on whose genealogy one could ruminate for endless days. Perhaps three thousand years before Christ, Semitic peoples moved south to intermarry with the Hamitic population.

And then there is the romantic story of the royal lineage of Haile Selassie, whose lines are said to be traceable to Menelik I, first king of Ethiopia, who was born of a liaison between the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon, to whom she paid a state visit.

The people ruled by this Solomonian dynasty speak Amharic, a language which bears certain similarities to Hebrew, and surrounded as the nation is by Moslem influences, they worship as Christians in the Coptic Rite. The Ecumenical Conference in Rome was somewhat startled recently when the mass celebrated by the visiting Archbishop of Addis Ababa was enriched with drumbeats, hand clapping, bell ringing and chants. St. Peter's, a theologian reported, "was jumping in a solemn sort of way."

I happened to have been in Addis Ababa not long ago when the whole city jumped in honor of St. Tekle Haimanot, a day, though I had not previously been acquainted with Tekle Haimanot, I shall not soon forget. An enormous crush of people surged over the muddy grounds where the cere-

mony was being held, and while I tried to follow behind an Ethiopian friend who was knifing his way through the phalanx of humanity, I was trying, with equal difficulty, to maintain my footing in the ooze. The women wore the *shama*, a garment of cotton gauze, loosely woven as a bandage and just as white. As a headdress, many of them affected a netted snood. Iridescent colors in brilliant red and shocking green were the favorites. When we finally worked our way to the small clearing where the heart of the religious ceremony was already underway, I was, I must admit, somewhat startled to find two rows of priests in white robes and turbans dancing back and forth, towards each other and then backing away like a file of folk dancers. The priests themselves shook small instruments of loosely tied metal pieces that one might find at a carnival, but the beat was maintained by a cadre of drummers. Among the ecclesiastical personages, several carried bright, red velvet, gold-fringed umbrellas. Clustered on the steps of the church were bearded, dark-skinned priests in brilliant robes and bright turbans standing under canopies heavily draped with rich fabrics of gold, maroon and turquoise.

When the dancing was done and the drums quiet, the archbishop appeared, severe in black, and began a recitation of the life history of the saint, who had lived ninety-nine years, ten months and ten days, who was a great monk, who had prayed standing in one place for seven years, a feat which caused him to lose a leg. The recitation was delivered in Geez, the liturgical language from which Amharic is derived, and when the archbishop reached the high points in the career of Tekle Haimanot, the women erupted in their high-pitched wail, beating their tongues against their palettes and emitting a shrill *la-la-la-la-la*, like the sound of soprano crickets breaking the silence of a thicket at night. It stirred me then, no less than it had when I had heard it come swirling off the tongues of Arab women in the North African cemeteries on memorial days.

When the ceremony was over and the drums packed, the crowd surged out again, flooding the narrow gates and carrying us with it. But suddenly spaces would open up before us and there in the clearing I would see a footless or armless beggar with horrendous lesions on his remaining limbs. Without thinking, I fought to keep my footing in the muck lest the crowd send me sliding into the arms of these diseased persons. Only later did I find out they were lepers.

ADDIS, as the city is loosely called by its English-speaking colony, does have one reasonably stately quarter, where the new Africa Hall faces the Jubilee Palace. Some modern apartment houses are scattered nearby and the view sweeps off to the mountains and the surrounding stands of eucalyptus with pockets of fog stored in their tree-tops. Africa Hall, a sort of UN of the New Continent, would seem to be Haile



—H.S.
Arusi Galla Woman—Skin skirts,
plaited hair, bandoleers of beads.

Selassie's own bid for leadership among the myriad of new nations that now interlock across the face of Africa. Designed, ironically enough, by an Italian—the memories of the massacres are still green here—it is easily the best building in Ethiopia. Its main hall is dominated by a huge block of stained glass showing an African in white tunic and white trousers holding aloft—what else?—the flaming torch of freedom, behind him the broken shackles of colonialism. The