

AFRICA



The New Continent: 1. Jambo

THERE is no visible reason for the establishment, or much less for the flowering, of Nairobi, a city located on the Athi Plain of Kenya, eighty-seven miles from the Equator, 300 miles from the coastal fringe of the Indian Ocean, and more than a mile high in the sky. It has no heavy industry that would require the import of fuel, nor does it adjoin any raw material for which the world cries out. When Stanley was tramping through the bush looking for Livingstone, Nairobi was still an unmarked tract of thornbush and dustland overrun with wild beasts, somewhere near the dividing line between the lands of the noble, blood-drinking Masai and the tribe of Kikuyus, some of whose brethren, many years later, were to erupt in the chilling Mau-Mau insurrection.

But the British, who committed themselves to the colonization of East Africa, notably Uganda, which this fall obtained its independence, decided to build a railway from Lake Victoria, which borders on Tanganyika, Uganda, and Kenya, clear to Mombasa, the old Arab center on the coast. By May of 1889 the troupe of traders, adventurers, engineers, workers, settlers, and camp followers had followed the line as far as Nairobi, a Masai name which means "the place of the cold water." At this railhead the caterpillar, crawling east-

ward across Africa, paused. The tents pitched there that spring were the origins of a city which has become the largest settlement between Cairo and Johannesburg.

I was, I must say, quite unprepared for the likes of Nairobi when I landed there the other sunny morning on the short night leap from Athens, coursing from the Parthenon to the game plains in six jet hours. I had expected perhaps, Port of Spain, or Port-au-Prince, or San Juan 1946. What I found was a bright airport of glass and functional line. Beyond it, on the first turn around the city, lay flowered traffic islands and flowered squares. Rakish new buildings rose handsomely on Coronation Avenue and along the broad boulevard called Government Road, which in 1916 had been little more than a dirt trail through shanty town. The Royal College was a sweep of glass, the Ministry of Works building soared in a fifteen-story square-cut shaft, and the trim lines of City Hall might have evoked a sigh, or, were they capable of it, a blush, from the members of the municipal brain trust in America's largest city.

Only at the market, covered and proper, where we stopped to look at

the Mkamba wood carvers, the Indian sellers of zebra drums, the Kisii soapstone carvers, and the Kikuyu gardeners, did one feel the presence of an African civilization in the image in which it is traditionally presented. Here were the Africans, solicitous and, outwardly, anyway, friendly. "Jambo," they said, which is Swahili for "hello," and bade us linger and shop. "Jambo," said the Englishman with me, and somehow it had a London ring, as if he had sounded the two notes, the first one high, the second lower, of "Righto!" or "Good Show" or that other rejoinder used here, "First Class." (You'll be there at seven? Oh, first class.)

In front of the New Stanley Hotel, hunters in from safari in their baggy green bush clothes and broad-brimmed hats, turned up on the side like an Aussie campaign hat, were unloading a safari wagon. Prim English secretaries and businessmen

in dark suits were having a coffee break at The Thorn Tree, the New Stanley's sidewalk café that is attended by waiters in fezzes and white robes caught at the waist by a broad sash. You can see every imaginable type walking past if you sit



long enough at The Thorn Tree, a lady African buff from the States once told me exultantly. Her portfolio of memories of many afternoons there included the young African who paraded past in a trim suit of Ivy cut, button-down shirt, striped tie, and no shoes.

The New Stanley has a coffee shop which turns out sodas of a sort, but it also has an upstairs breakfast room where a range of things from Rice Krispies to kippers comes with the price of a room, about \$7 a day. Its grill room is among the smart places of the

In the evening one can repair to the elaborate Equator Club, which imports a band and, as the English like to call it, a cabaret, from Europe. Visitors are supposed to be members but, as with the bottle clubs in Europe, anyone willing to be relieved of a two-dollar tithe at the door will be admitted. The bar is swathed with zebra skins and the walls glow with tinted glass windows of African scenes. The talent the night I was there would hardly have been held over in Biloxi, but the two white hunters in our party, both of them just

Italians representing Alitalia, which flies down from Rome three times a week, and Ethiopian Airlines, which comes twice weekly from Addis Ababa; an English journalist from a local paper who was at considerable pains to know whether I had been subjected to any African rancor; Mr. Tozzi's mother-in-law, who speaks only Italian; and his daughter, who speaks everything and who, on parental demand, puts on boots and leads parties into the bush. The wine was chianti and the food was, blisteringly, Ethiopian.

Besides all these community pleasures Nairobi was about to be endowed with television, and the papers were alive with news about the great coming, including the inevitable series of American Westerns. Then, too, the city had just gotten its own drive-in theatre, the Belle Vue, which, since it was built in the suburbs alongside the Nairobi Royal National Park, had to be walled in to keep the animals from distracting the customers.

In the last ten years \$168 million has been spent on construction in Nairobi. Its population has jumped from 149,000 to more than a quarter of a million, among them 130,000 Africans, 96,000 Asians, and 24,800 Europeans. The Asians, primarily Indians, were brought here to lay the railroad tracks, a job for which the Africans were, in 1897, considered too uncivilized. Now, of course, as the Africans push for an independent Kenya, the future of the Asians is very nearly as uncertain as the destiny of the Europeans. Only the other day Tom Mboya, the young Kenya leader, dampened the Uganda independence day ceremonies by cautioning his listeners against wholesale ecstasy until his country too had been delivered. "How can you hold up your heads and talk about your own Uganda freedom when British imperialists con-

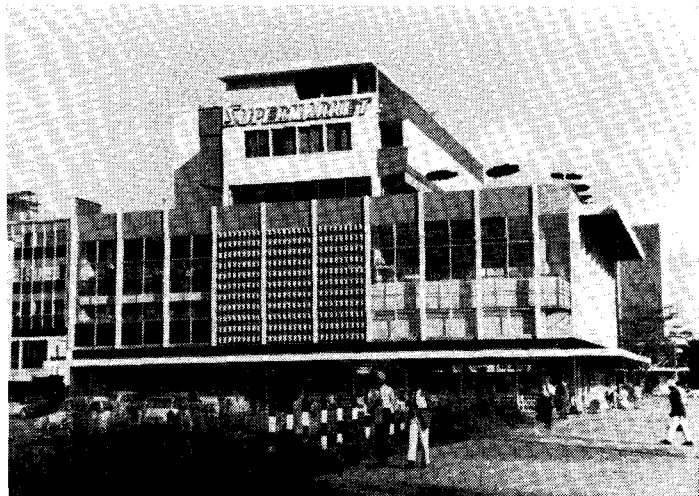


city, and its white-gloved waiters proffer warmed dinner plates held between a fork and spoon, as a Swiss waiter would serve a *médaille de veau*. There is Dover sole and Scotch salmon, and all the wines of France and Germany, and almost anything a traveler could ask for except a reasonably priced bottle of mineral water. A modest flask of Vichy is nearly a dollar.

One can lunch outdoors on the terrace of the Norfolk Hotel or have a swim in its pool or lunch on the open-air deck of the rakish new supermarket.

back from a five-week safari and about to leave on another the following morning, thought it all vastly amusing.

A private party given one night by the Domenico Tozzis, Italian travel agents who have moved their business here from Ethiopia, turned up an amazing assortment of people, among them Kenya's tourist minister, an Indian; the East African tourist director, Mr. Denis Mathews, a suave and amiable Englishman; a young representative of an American shipping company and his wife, just arrived from New Orleans;



Supermarket in Nairobi



Sidewalk cafe at the New Stanley



Strange new vistas and odd new faces await the traveler who journeys to the New Continent. Among the fascinations are these Coptic Christians, above, celebrating a holy day in Addis Ababa, and the Moslem women gossiping at the waterfront in Zanzibar while Arab dhows with their lateen sails sail the horizon line. The Chuka drummers below, cavorting at the Mt. Kenya Safari Club, come from the eastern slopes of the giant peak. The game plains and the Masai warrior on page 31 and the herd of elephants on page 32 were photographed at the Amboseli Game Preserve in Kenya; the lion on page 34 was honeymooning at the Nairobi Royal National Park when he was disturbed by an intruding giraffe.

—All photos by Horace Sutton



tinue to oppress us in Kenya?" he demanded. And Apollo Milton Obote, the herd boy who became premier of Uganda, seconded the motion. There have been some African extremists who, after they run out all the Europeans and the Asians, would shoot all the game and turn the lands over to Africans for agriculture.

It would seem unlikely, barring the development of an anarchic situation along Congolese lines, that any sensible African authority would imperil East Africa's game, any more than Tshombe is about to blow up his copper mines. The game is an enormous natural deposit, not particularly because of the big-spending big game hunter who comes to shoot it, but to the masses of adventuresome travelers who will be swarming to see it. The emergence of this new continent has generated an enormity of publicity, and the publicity has stirred a huge curiosity. Tourism, if the political clouds are not seeded beyond control, will be the big pay-off, and no place on the continent is better adapted for it than East Africa with its myriad races, its pristine bushlands, its experience in innkeeping, its resort hotels strung along the Indian Ocean beaches, its overtones of Araby in Zanzibar and Mombasa, its fascinating tribes who have only peeked at civilization, its air routes, its jet-sprung near-

ness to Europe, and, always, its game.

One has only to venture as far as three miles from the center of Nairobi to pass through the rustic gates of the Royal National Park. Here one afternoon, barely five minutes through the entranceway, my guide, Lieutenant-Colonel Mervyn Cowie, had driven the Land Rover within four feet of three lazy lionesses drowsy in the grass. They seemed so barely aware of our presence, so indolent and uncaring, that we rolled on, passing plains of wildebeest and hartebeest, past jackals who run in pairs and lurk near lion kills, and fat, sleek zebras fearful as a bird in catland. How ugly is the wildebeest, the gnu of the crossword puzzle, who is an antelope by heredity though not by grace, a cow that seemed about to become a buffalo and then changed its mind. Marabou storks, unkempt and unattractive, sat on the Athi Plain and others perched in the branches of the flat-topped thorn trees. Then suddenly there was a giraffe and two more stalking about a gully. One put a hoof into the underbrush, then reared back abruptly, retreated several steps, and

turned around to look back. Cowie sent the Rover cross country, jouncing straight into the high grass of the *donga*. Out stalked a shaggy lion, and he and the giraffe watched each other in a stand-off. The lion had been honeymooning in the brush with his wife, who made no appearance. With one

casual look at the giraffe, the lion stretched out for an unconcerned nap.

Now we moved out of the depression called Lion Valley and up to a drift where a party of red-bottomed baboons paused long enough in their constant search for scorpions under rocks to have a look at us. They are the Yellowstone bears of Kenya's parks, and soon one presumptuous male was perched on our

hood. Cowie reached through an air vent and tweaked the baboon's paw. It stamped and raged in furious temper and was shortly off to bounce on another car containing, perhaps, more appreciative occupants.

We rolled home in the fading light, past a posse of bush pigs. Near the gate seven cars had found our three lionesses, who were up now and sniffing the air for signs of the evening kill. As they moved off, the cars followed to see the action that would soon develop—turbaned Sikhs and a half a dozen kids in a Volkswagen, a swain and his lady out for an afternoon's excursion, a travel agency's trim white bus full of tourists, a lone businessman out for a breath of Africa after a day in the office, and a ranger to troupe after all of them to make sure the lions would enjoy a quiet supper.

A hyena, waiting for the night's scavenging, stood with its kid near the gate watching us drive out. I half expected them to wave goodbye. Back at the New Stanley, my fez-topped room boy had already turned down the bed and closed the glass doors to the balcony. I opened them and left them that way as I changed for dinner, pausing while I buttoned a shirt to watch for the first time how the night came down over Africa. Ahead of me lay the adventures of Kilimanjaro and Mt. Kenya, the Aberdares where the Mau-Mau hid, then the Sultan's palmland of Zanzibar, and ultimately the mystique of Ethiopia. Tomorrow comes slowly for me when uncharted lands await, and no matter what diversions Nairobi had to offer, I knew it was going to be a long night before the sun soared out of Sumatra, crossed the Indian Ocean and wakened me there on the Plain.

—HORACE SUTT

(First of a series.)



HAPPY TRIP TO ANY LAND...



EVERY DETAIL ASTA-PLANNED!

Whether you're thinking of a brief vacation or business trip, or a trip around the world, depend on the expert services of your ASTA travel agent! For he's the *professional* of travel—and a great traveler himself, eager to give you the benefit of his experienced counsel.

As a member of ASTA, he identifies himself as a responsible businessman who meets the high ethical standards of this world-famous organization. Note: He charges standard steamship and air fares everywhere.

look
for
this
emblem...



Established 1931



This is a tiny town on Mt. Parnassus, 100 miles from Athens. Fly KLM to Athens and you can visit 10 other countries for no extra fare.

Fly reliable KLM to Greece—KLM jets have 7 navigation systems to get you there on schedule

(For more news about reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch—read on)

HERE are some facts that may surprise you—about KLM's weather radar, persnickety technicians, and wine tasters. Plus several other reasons many experienced travelers consider KLM the most *reliable* of all airlines.

(You'll also find out how you can visit 10 extra countries for just the fare to Greece.)

1. Your KLM captain uses special radar to see cloud formations 150 miles ahead. He also gets continual forecasts from weather ships strung out across the Atlantic. This way, he can steer clear of bumpy weather without losing precious time.

2. KLM technicians check 166 points on every jet after it flies from New York to Amsterdam. All 166 points are then *double-checked* by a government-licensed inspector. *Just to be sure.*

3. Not one speck of dust is allowed in KLM's gyro workroom. This is where persnickety technicians inspect super-sensitive instruments. Anyone who enters must wear a special lint-free suit and hat—and take off his shoes.

4. KLM pursers spend 5 years training for their jobs. They even take a special course to help you with official forms before you land in Europe.

They also must all be able to speak English, French, Dutch, and German flawlessly. And you may meet one who is actually fluent in *seven* languages.

5. A permanent wine-tasting committee chooses KLM's wine. It meets 3 times a year to judge the finest wines that European chateaux can offer. Only the committee's *first* choices qualify for KLM's cellar. Each year, KLM planes are stocked with a total of 85,000 bottles of champagne, liqueurs, and vintage wines.

Visit 10 extra countries —at no extra fare

KLM flies to 40 cities and 22 countries in Europe alone. If you're flying from New York to Athens, you can stop off at 10 additional countries, including some of the world's favorite skiing chalets: Austria, Italy, Germany, France, and Switzerland.

land. *All for no extra fare.*

Ask your travel agent for other KLM stopover plans that take you to as many as *twenty-nine* extra cities for no extra fare. Or mail the coupon below.

Free booklet of European, Mediterranean, and Caribbean tours

Have you seen KLM's new "Bag Full of Miracles"? It's a giant-sized booklet of color photographs and useful facts about KLM tours that start as low as \$290. Mail this coupon for a copy ↓

For information, see your travel agent, call KLM, or mail coupon.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
609 Fifth Ave., New York 17. Tel: PLaza 9-3600

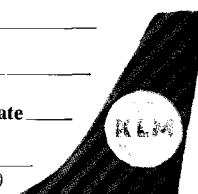
Please send me KLM's new booklet of thrift-season tours, "A Bag Full of Miracles."

Mr/Mrs/Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Name of your travel agent)



LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART



—The Art Institute of Chicago.

"The Horse," by Raymond Duchamp-Villon, 1914

COMBINING elements of modern machinery with the anatomy of a horse, Raymond Duchamp-Villon integrated the two so ingeniously as to invent a new species. Replete with wheels and pistons, his mechanized animal of 1914 saluted the power of industrialization, a theme that has engrossed artists during much of the present century. Some regard the machine naturalistically; others use it as a point of departure to interpret contemporary life with at once biting satire and amused compassion, but the majority seem to view it as a macabre threat. "The Horse," long considered a pivotal modern landmark, is a cubist sculpture that goes beyond rigid orthodoxy to suggest more than formal relationships. Recalling the dynamics of a mighty locomotive, it aptly paraphrases the image of the so-called "iron horse." A brother of the two noted French artists, Jacques Villon and Marcel Duchamp, Duchamp-Villon died in 1918 at the age of forty-two.

—K.K.

No Holiday for Stringers

They work for us just one night every two years...but this Tuesday night's the night.

They're the 1,650 "stringers" whose behind-the-scenes phone reports from the nation's polling places help make NBC's election coverage the very best in America.



NBC's "one-night-standers" every two years—all far more anonymous than either Chet Huntley or David Brinkley—include newspapermen, broadcasters, teachers and students.

Their "posts" for the evening run the gamut from a bank building in Honolulu to an Albuquerque High School cafeteria (where, presumably, they're handed the voting tabulations on a tray).

Non-Party Lines

In a great many cases, we have special phones installed for the stringers' exclusive use.

(Two years ago, one such phone—destined for a Manhattan school—was delivered in error to a fish market across the street. "I don't know why NBC wants a phone here," said the puzzled proprietor, "but it's O.K. with me.")

There's nothing remotely fishy, however, about the contribution made by stringers to our over-all election coverage.

Despite television's electronic magic, on Tuesday it will be the human effort that makes the big difference.

That effort will begin with the stringers' first phone calls and end with the public "good-nights" or "good-mornings" of such newsmen as Huntley, Brinkley, Frank McGee, Merrill Mueller, Ed Newman and Sander Vanocur.

In between those times, NBC viewers will have had a superb hat-in-the-ring-side seat at a most significant off-year election.

Certainly there's no shortage of marquee attractiveness among the candidates. Kennedy, Lodge, Nixon, Brown, Dirksen, Yates, Romney, Swainson, Rockefeller, Morgenthau, Ribicoff, Seely-Brown, Jr....they've been



making news all year. A good bet for the day? That more people will watch the returns on NBC than on any other network.

The fact is we draw the largest audiences for just about every news event covered simultaneously by the three networks. In the last national election—and again, when all the networks were covering Astronaut Schirra's flight last month—more people did their

watching on NBC than on the other two networks combined.

If we again outdraw the opposition this Tuesday night, it will be partly because our balloting totals in previous elections have been consistently ahead of the other networks. Exactly two Novembers ago, we even had a call from a press-association man asking us to keep our figures on the screen a bit longer so he could copy them.

But there's more to covering an election than accuracy and speed. There's the obligation to help the viewer *understand* the running totals; to let him know *why* an early lead may be misleading; and to spot a trend before it's much larger than a spot on the horizon.

Finished Business

The election-night viewer knows he'll be getting that kind of service on NBC. He knows, too, that we won't conclude our night's work until every important contest has been resolved.

Such persistence is no mere caprice. It is simply the way NBC believes journalism should be practiced. Like a family living in earshot of a rumbling Vesuvius, we hate to go to bed until everything is settled.



This is NBC, the largest single source of news, entertainment and information in the free world.

JUST OUT—ONLY \$1.95


Double Crostics by Fans

SERIES 2

Here is the second collection of D-C's by fans, containing 55 brand new puzzles constructed by accomplished amateurs from Maine to Oregon, Vermont to Brazil, Nebraska to Texas, edited by Doris Nash Wortman.

Aficionados from all over the United States (and one now living in Rio) have turned their D-C solving talents to D-C making. Some of the contributors appeared in the *Series 1 by Fans*, many are newcomers.

The flat, spiral-bound volume will be a perfect companion through the frosty fall and the freezing winter. However you choose to spend these days: walking through a magnificent autumnal country scene, riding on ski lifts, waiting at half-time, or just sitting in front of a fireplace, you'll want to take your new D-C book along. Order your copy (or copies) today.

 *Note to anybody who is about to try a Double-Crostic puzzle for the first time: we promise you'll enjoy it. You'll feel a little like a detective, a little like a poet, a little like the fellow who solved the message on the Rosetta stone. All the equipment you need, in addition to the book (which contains quick, simple instructions for solving) is a pencil and a mind not overstuffed but nicely furnished*

To your bookseller, or

SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Send me copies of Double-Crostics by Fans, Series 2. Price \$1.50 each.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(New York City residents add 3% city sales tax)



A Wagner-worthy "Meistersinger"—Mravinsky

LET us all give a hearty cheer, make a glad sound of welcome home for the real Rudolf Bing, the one who presented his credentials as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera a dozen years ago with a memorable production by Gerard of "Don Carlo" and has periodically renewed them with the Berman "Don Giovanni," the Gerard "Arabella," the Beaton "Vanessa" and "Turandot," and the Oliver Messell "Figaro," among others. Clearly he is, in person, again minding the store, for the sumptuous new "Meistersinger" created by Robert O'Hearn is close to Bing's best ever, and a sample of operatic production that would improve the look of any stage in the world.

Working in a spirit of elegant traditionalism, O'Hearn has set a stage which Nathaniel Merrill has peopled with the most convincing company of guildsmen and apprentices, townspeople and burgers, seen in decades.

Without exception these residents of Nuernberg are models of taste in clothing, household furnishing, and general well-being, qualified to personify the images of Wagner's richest fantasy. A splendid cast of mostly young (or, at least, mostly fresh-voiced) singers is equal, every one of them, to the minimum responsibility put upon them, and in several instances achieves close to the maximum.

Where O'Hearn has succeeded particularly well is in accommodating the amplitude of Wagner's accomplishment to the magnitude of the Metropolitan's stage without dwarfing the humans who must, after all, make real and meaningful this act of homage (underwritten by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.). Nuernberg probably never saw a St. Katherine's Church with the vaulted height of the one currently serving the needs of Act I, but it is not excessive for the rising eloquence of the first-act chorale or the soaring spirit of Walther's trial song. The interior for Scene I of Act III is more a study for Sachs the poet than a workshop for his cobbling, but it evokes a warmth and serenity beautifully suited to its purpose.

It is in the gabled dwellings of the masters and their fellow Nuernbergers for Act II, however, that O'Hearn casts a spell of poetic sorcery without which a "Meistersinger" production is an exercise in futility. It interprets the composer-librettist's stage directions with a certain liberty but always purposefully. Its principal elements are curving

flights of street-steps to left and right, between which Sachs's dwelling, with its crucial part in the action, forms a kind of island. The important consequence is to permit a circulation of traffic around this vital point of the drama, enabling Merrill to make the scene of the climax riotous rather than merely chaotic.

Fortunately, too, for his finale O'Hearn has not felt himself bound to the purely realistic. Rather, there is a finely conceived forecurtain to bridge the music from the end of the workshop scene. When it rises on the gaily festive "bowl" which has been erected on the Metropolitan stage, the same perspective of Nuernberg is carried from front scrim to painted backdrop, as a cohesive factor.

Holiday attire is provided for all, from the Meistersingers in ankle-length robes and broad-brimmed hats to the other guilds in the party attire of their craft. A central platform serves musical as well as dramatic purposes when time

comes for Beckmesser's fiasco and Walther's triumph.

So much has been expended on the visual side of this "Meistersinger" for the clear reason that it does, throughout, serve musical as well as dramatic purposes, and will continue to do so throughout many changes of personnel and musical direction (the last new "Meistersinger" at the Met would date a present critical "Dean's" debut). But it would take an unlikely benefaction of talent to give future audiences a better-sounding, more picturesque Walther than Sandor Konya, a more attractive, musically valid Eva than Ingrid Bjoner, a livelier, better routined David than Murray Dickie (his debut), a Beckmesser of more pith and honest ire than Karl Doench, or a more mellifluous Pogner than the New York-born Ezio Flagello.

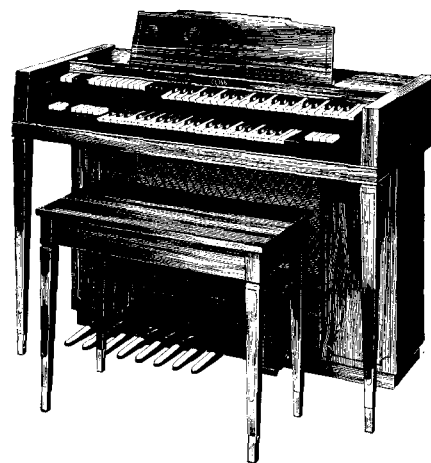
Unlike some Pogners of memory, Flagello's is a pliable rather than an imposing voice which fits him well, however, for vocal palship with his neighbor and crony Hans Sachs as interpreted by Otto Wiener of Vienna. This is a characterization that builds steadily from Act I to "Verachtet Mir die Meister Nicht," by contrast with some weightier voices which reach an earlier peak and taper off thereafter. It will take another performance or two to

DON'T BUY ONE UNLESS YOU LIKE PEOPLE

This thinly-veiled threat is not to be poo-pooed. Man is by nature a social animal, but it can be overdone. We know of one exasperated gentleman who bought a Conn Organ to indulge his secret yen to make music. Before the instrument had been in his living room one full day he found himself waiting in line to sit at the keyboard. And that was just with his own family. When his friends and neighbors discovered the Conn, the poor fellow had to set up a priority system like the numbers in a butcher shop. So, take heed. If you are going to give serious thought to a Conn Organ, you must first accept the fact that people cannot resist playing it. Then you go joyously on from there!

The start is easy. Thanks to Conn's remarkable new learning method, "Instant Music," you can play any one of 39 popular songs in a matter of minutes! No endless scales and tiresome exercises. If you know your alphabet from "A" to "G," you can play with both keyboards, with exciting band effects, and with foot pedals, too.

You play the way a professional organist does—*naturally*, with true human expression. No gimmicks, gadgets, push-buttons, or one-finger chord makers. You are playing on a professional-quality instrument created by C. G. Conn, Ltd., world's largest manufacturer of band instruments. The Conn has such tonal



versatility, such tremendous musical potential, that you will never outgrow it, no matter how skilled you become.

There are seven beautifully-crafted models, starting from \$995. Your Conn dealer can arrange easy payments. But remember our warning—don't buy one unless you like people! For helpful free booklet, "How to Choose an Organ," plus free "Caprice Capers" LP record, just write today to Dept. SR-4, Conn Organ Corporation, Elkhart, Indiana.

CONN ORGAN