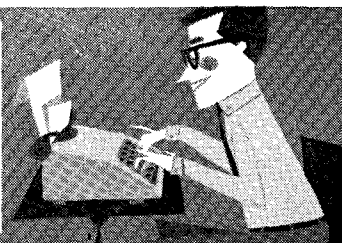


Top of My Head



Rest in Peace

THE *Late Show* has been a designation given a television program that appeared any time after the 11 o'clock newscast. However, as things seem to be going in the vast medium these days, the *Late Shows* are the late departed—the late *Mickey Rooney Program*, the late *Bristol Ninety*, the late *Reporter*, the late *Mr. Broadway*. Or, at the very least, the programs that are still with us but, according to Dr. Nielsen's bedside charts, will soon pass on to their just rewards—*Cara Williams*, the *Baileys of Balboa*, *My Living Doll*—and she loved life so. But for that beautiful automaton it's the junkpile.

These were some of the programs that were born of such high hopes, full of *joie de vivre* only last fall and suddenly, as it must to all low-rating shows, the inevitable has come after a brief thirteen weeks of suffering—for the viewers, that is. They never had a chance. No sooner had they begun life than the diagnosis was made by the network doctors. "Hypotension," they declared. Translated: "Low ratings." So low that the systolic was higher than the diastolic. No chance. Goodbye, Charlie. Make way for the next generation.

The next generation is now being incubated out in California. They will arrive with a fanfare of howls and screams, and will be slapped on their tender scripts to make them start breathing new life into our cobalt system for the season 1965-66. They're still wet behind the ears, but the cry already is "Wring out the old, bring on the new."

The three networks have had their new brain children on display out in Hollywood. NBC showed about thirty new pilots. ABC and CBS have had quite a number. And who do you think is viewing these arrivals? The advertising agencies, prospective sponsors, and the heads of the network program departments. But to what purpose? What does it matter what their judgment is when in the final analysis the Nielsen rating with its exclusive-club membership of 1,200 viewers will decide what programs live or die?

I think the networks would have been wiser had they packed these 1,200 into twenty-five buses and given them a two-week holiday in sunny California to look at these new programs. Their judgment would have been just as valid on

the coast as in their living rooms—even better if the networks threw in side trips to Disneyland, the Brown Derby, and Pickfair. The 1,200 could have indicated their preferences and the programs would have had built-in ratings before they even hit the air.

By this system it would be easier to indicate the ratings in the listings. Why bother with titles of shows? All programs will have large ratings—with certain notable exceptions when a network feels it has to sneak in some legally required program to keep up the pretense that the air belongs to the people. It'll look something like this:

8:30 (7) The 21.2 Program.

9:00 (4) The 26.5 Show.

9:30 (2) The 5.3 Documentary.

The dialogue on the commuters' special the next morning would be a little different, too:

"Hi, Joe. Did you watch the 21.2 program last night?"

"No, I tuned in that 5.3 documentary. I wanted to give 'em a play. Felt sorry for 'em."

And as long as it's their votes that count, what do we need with all those complicated curtained booths and handles to pull to vote in a new President? The anointed 1,200 are supposed to represent a cross-section of our populace and if they can do it for television they can certainly do it to any politician before he does it to us. Let the candidates rant and rave. We can go about our usual TV viewing and pass them up, assured that our 1,200 counterparts have the country's future well in hand. And 1,200 voters will be much easier to count. We may even get the results ahead of those two powerful electronic computers, Huntley and Brinkley.

Of course there's only one little hitch to this voting plan. The solid citizens of Mr. Nielsen's 1,200 club are renowned nonviewers of anything cerebral. If they watch the shows they are reputed to be watching we might wind up with 28.9 as our next President (Dr. Ben Casey). Or, even higher than that, and for the first time in our history, a woman for President—36.2 (Elizabeth Montgomery). Now wouldn't that be bewitching?

—GOODMAN ACE.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

VOWEL COMBINATIONS

The twenty-five vowel combinations shown below represent every possible arrangement of two vowels together in the English language. Norma Gleason of Emmett, Michigan, requires that you complete each word using only consonants and "y" in conformity with the definitions alongside. Answers on page 93.

1. — A A —

2. — A E —

3. — A I —

4. — A O —

5. — A U —

6. — E A —

7. — E E —

8. — E I —

9. — E O —

10. — E U —

11. — I A —

12. — I E —

13. — I I —

14. — I O —

15. — I U —

16. — O A —

17. — O E —

18. — O I —

19. — O O —

20. — O U —

21. — U A —

22. — U E —

23. — U I —

24. — U O —

25. — U U —

African village or enclosure

hillside

stone memorial

complete disorder

brisk and gay

3 greyhounds, foxes, bucks, or hares

Welsh floral emblem

granite-like rock

a villain

affected with catarrh

10,000

vehement

tenets held by certain Moslems

narrow inlet of the sea

success

dupe

young kangaroo

turbid

veneered sheets

horses that ruled the Yahoos

silica

decanter

association

said

void

Nehru: A Visual Biography

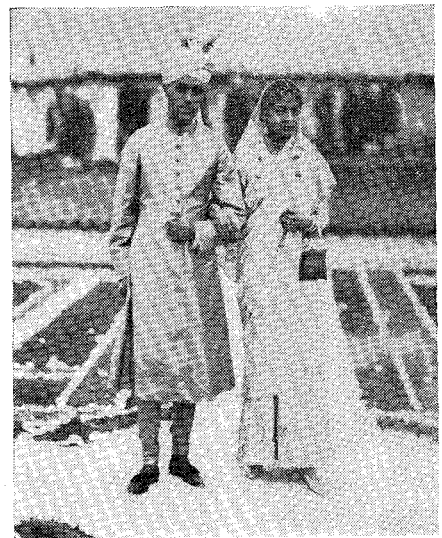
AN EXHIBITION titled "Nehru: His Life and His India," currently on view in New York's Union Carbide Building, offers persuasive proof that a visualized historical survey can do more than inform the viewer. It can emotionally involve and move him, provided its message is urgent and its methods are valid communicative tools rather than ends in themselves.

An exhibition sometimes becomes a work of art. Admittedly this happens only rarely and does not result from streamlined or eye-catching installation techniques. During the last half-century, in a reaction against fussy, crowded Victorian settings, we have sometimes sacrificed meaning to appearance. Stark, clean walls, dramatic lighting, asymmetrical groupings, and deliberate color and textural surprises have revolutionized public exhibitions. Originally these methods were a gratifying relief and a logical outcome of our century's art and technological experiments. Lately, however, modern installations, like much of modern art, are little more than repetitive clichés, too often unrelated to the material displayed. This was strikingly evident last summer at the World's Fair, where slick, commercialized techniques were as suffocating as they were stereotyped. A rare exception was the IBM building; here architecture, planting, displays, films, and even circulation were all integrated for the sole purpose of reaching the visitor on multiple civilized levels.

Both the Nehru exhibition and the IBM pavilion were designed by the same man, Charles Eames, who along with his wife, Ray, is responsible for turning what might have been routine chic displays into meaningful experiences, but experiences that demand close cooperation from the viewer. It is not only the profusion of well-chosen photographs (more than 1,200), the 30,000 words (mostly Nehru's and always poignantly human), the hundreds of artifacts, art objects, textiles, sculpture, furniture, clothing, personal belongings, and original documents that contribute to an understanding of India and its late Prime Minister, but above all it is the way this rich, disparate material has been interwoven. Invariably, meaning dictates method. And the meaning of Nehru's life goes far beyond external facts. The exhibition probes deeply into the national and international influences of this man, encompassing a period of unparal-

leled revolutionary turmoil. That India's late statesman is neither inflated by nor lost in this welter of objects is a compliment to the designers' sensitivity. Nehru emerges as a compelling leader but also as a contradictory and lovable figure.

WE are introduced first to the grandeur of Imperial India at the time of Nehru's birth, this idea symbolized by an ornate canopy used during a nineteenth-century royal tour of India. Under it stands an exact copy of the gold throne on which George V sat, ironic reminder of a past splendor totally unrelated to India's native life. Nearby is a comparative international chart visualizing the world's most important historic events from 1880 until the time of Nehru's death. Headlines, photographs, statements, quotations, documents, and art reproductions set the stage for a year-by-year progression. The story unfolds before our eyes, condensed, inexorable, sometimes glorious, more often frightening. Take, for example, 1917, when America entered the First World War, when the Bolsheviks came to power, when Nehru married Kamala and first met Gandhi, happenings that are simultaneously visualized, almost like a static motion picture. Our schools might well take note of this telescoped wall of history that at once vitalizes and clarifies the interrelationship of world events.



Nehru and his bride on their wedding day.

Repeatedly one is struck by the imprint of British culture on Nehru's aristocratic family and on his childhood, a fact made more significant by his subsequent passionate discovery of India. An entire section graphically dramatizes this recognition of his own roots. "As I grew up," he noted, "and became engaged in activities which promised to lead to India's freedom, I became obsessed with the thought of India."

The free-flowing exhibition moves from one area to another, each evoking an important period in Nehru's life, but always with larger implications. There is, for instance, a structure that recreates the pavilion in which Nehru was married. On an adjoining panel one sees contrasting reports on other Indian weddings, some fabulously extravagant princely affairs, others hauntingly deprived. A column, visualizing the Am-



Young Jawaharlal Nehru (third from right) at a family party.