

MAUGHAM'S PACIFIC

By WILMON MENARD

READERS and literary critics are in unanimous agreement that Somerset Maugham's most fascinating short stories and novels are those about the lush green islands of the South Seas or about the exotic Orient. The entire Pacific area, which covers a third of the world, enchanted him, even in his early teens. Herman Melville's works, *Moby Dick*, *Typee*, and *Omoo*, had transported Maugham on paper wings to the romantic, adventuresome latitudes of the Pacific.

Once, speaking about his Pacific and Far East travels, he had flawlessly recited Melville's rhapsody on the Pacific, part of which was: "This mysterious, divine Pacific zones the world's whole bulk about; makes all coasts one bay to it; seems the tide-beating heart of earth." Later, Maugham, after his own extensive travels across the wide, shimmering expanse of the Pacific, wrote: "The billows, magnificently rolling, stretch widely on all sides of you, and you forget your vanished youth, with its memories, cruel and sweet, in a restless intolerable desire for life . . . You sail through an unimaginable silence upon a magic sea . . . On some days it offers all your fancy pictured. On the horizon are fleecy clouds and at sunset they take strange shapes so that it is almost impossible not to believe you see a range of mountains. The nights then are lovely, the stars very bright, and later when the moon rises, it is dazzling in its brilliancy."

Maugham once told me: "My sea travels by luxury liner, tramp-steamer, copra or pearling schooner, and primitive sailing-canoe, provided me with most of the characters and circumstances upon which I had to rely for my nonfiction and fiction writings. Aboard trans-Atlantic or Pacific vessels, I, in the guise of the offstage observer, always found that the salons and decks of the ships were excellent stages for the voyagers to act out the bits and pieces of their lives."

There were logical reasons.

"The moment that the vessel cast off her lines, the passengers were suddenly aware that ties binding them to the land

had been broken, that prosaic man-made laws were now vested solely in the skipper, usually a sociable and tolerant mariner of great charm and forbearance, who afforded the voyagers great latitude in deportment, just so they didn't become too boorish or objectionable. So many travelers, perhaps for the first time, stopped playing their landside games, dropped their petty pretenses, and basically revealed themselves in many unexpected ways; facets of personality, usually-latent, became clear-cut and brilliant as a diamond. So I made the most of my observations aboard ship and while in port. Those were the settings in which my real-life actors performed so well. All I had to do was to sit back quietly and observe."

I found that Maugham rarely spoke to anyone aboard ship, in a railway coach, in a hotel, bar, or dining-room, unless a person spoke to him first, and then he would perhaps reply only in monosyllables. One might wonder then how he was able to obtain in such detail and with such clarity his characters and plots. Maugham had the good fortune, not too late in his career, in acquiring as a secretary-companion an American by the name of Gerald Haxton, whom he had met in the Red Cross Ambulance Unit in Paris during World War I. Haxton was the extreme antithesis of Maugham. He was sociable, charming, a robust drinker, addicted to gambling and and midnight-to-dawn conversations, no matter where he found himself.

Maugham couldn't have acquired a more perfect amanuensis for a traveling-companion and secretary. Haxton listened to gossip aboard ships, in ports, and in hotel bars, particularly in the tropics, and he brought the details to the writer, who then brought the related person or persons into sharp focus. Maugham's alert, incisive eyes missed nothing; I always wondered if he were not also an expert lip-reader. He told me that he couldn't remember speaking at any length with the real-life characters whom he presented in such comprehensive detail in his tales of "fiction." Haxton supplied Maugham the nucleus for many of his famous short stories of the South Pacific and Orient.



—Bettmann Archive.

Somerset Maugham in his Pacific period.

Maugham's first trip in the Pacific with Gerald Haxton was in late 1916 aboard a large cruise-ship, the *Great Northern*, which made several trips a year to Hawaii from the California coast. Maugham was on a voyage convalescing from his rigorous duties in World War I as an intelligence agent for the British War Office. And now he was following the sea-trails of Melville, Conrad, Robert Louis Stevenson, and poet Rupert Brooke. He was fulfilling a long-cherished dream of seeing the Pacific for himself rather than through the eyes of admired authors.

WHEN I told Maugham that it was through his writings that my first interest had been awakened to the South Seas and Far East, he was visibly pleased. He said quietly: "Just about every decent thing that has ever happened to me has come about through reading and traveling."

Maugham was not disappointed in his first island landfall in the Pacific, which was Hawaii. He said: "Nothing had prepared me for Honolulu. It is so far away from Europe . . . so strange and so charming associations are attached to the name. . . . It is the meeting-place of East and West. . . ."

He saw here his first coconut palm, remembering that Mark Twain had described it as "a feather duster struck by lightning," and he was reminded of a bit of verse by Stevenson: "I heard the pulse of the besieging sea throb away all night. I heard the wind fly crying, and convulse tumultuous palms. . . ."

And he and Gerald Haxton sat on the wide verandah of the Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach and watched Hawaiian surfers riding their boards in on the crests of high combers; one of the surfers

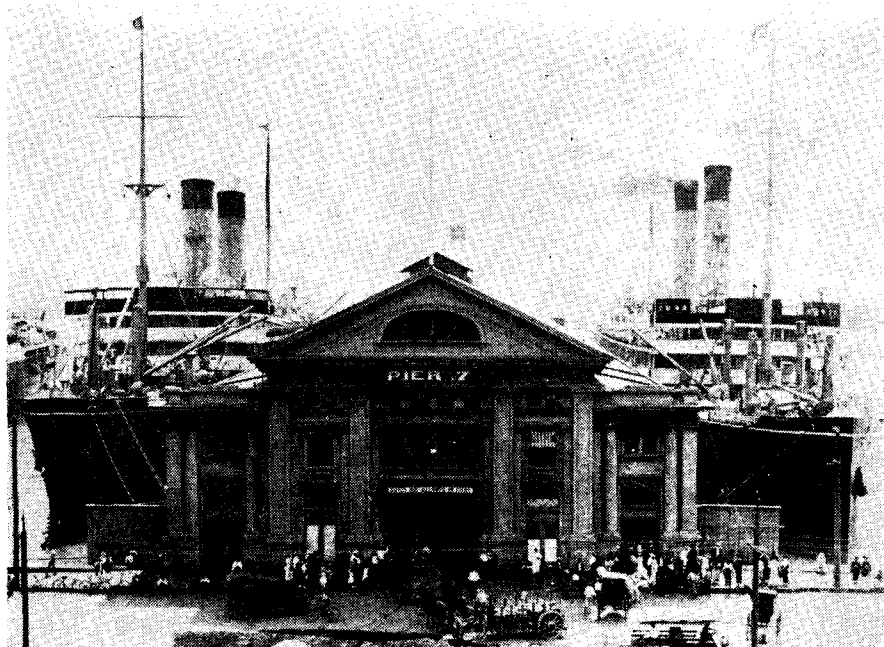


—Bernice P. Bishop Museum, Baker Collection.

Line of cottages in the Iwilei red light district of Honolulu from which Maugham's Sadie Thompson escaped 1916 vice raids.

<p>8 Mrs. Agnes, Portland, Oregon; Reiser, Miss 5 May, Honolulu; Riley, Miss Jessie, Salt 3 Lake City; Smith, Clifford M., San Mateo; 4 Thompson, Wm., San Francisco; 1 son, Mrs. Wm., San Francisco; 1 son, Mrs. Wm., San Francisco; 1 son, Mrs. Wm., San Francisco;</p>	<p>8 Mrs. Agnes, Portland, Oregon; Reiser, Miss 5 May, Honolulu; Riley, Miss Jessie, Salt 3 Lake City; Smith, Clifford M., San Mateo; 4 Thompson, Wm., San Francisco; 1 son, Mrs. Wm., San Francisco; 1 son, Mrs. Wm., San Francisco; 1 son, Mrs. Wm., San Francisco;</p>
<p>PASSENGERS DEPARTED</p> <p>By str. Sonoma for Sydney, Dec. 4— Somerset Maugham, Mr. Haxton, W. H. Collins, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mulqueen.</p> <p>By str. Maui for Kauai, Dec. 4— B. N. 7077</p>	
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Maugham denied he had used Miss Thompson's real name in "Rain," but passenger list shows Maugham and a "Miss Thompson" heading for Pago Pago. The dock from which the *Sonoma* sailed is shown below in the same period.



—Bernice P. Bishop Museum, Baker Collection.

was a youthful Duke Kahanamoku, named for the former Duke of Edinburgh, who had arrived here for a visit at the time the champion swimmer was born.

"Rupert Brooke had sat, a few years before me, on the same hotel verandah, and I remembered a bit of verse of his impression.

Warm perfumes like a breath from vine
 and tree
 Drift down the darkness . . .
 And dark scents whisper; and dim
 waves creep to me,
 Gleam like a woman's hair, stretch
 out, and rise;
 And new stars burn into the ancient
 skies,
 Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian
 sea."

Maugham had many fond memories of Hawaii: "Gerald and I found a charming small hotel on the opposite side of Oahu Island, run by a Swiss and his wife. He came from Berne, and she, a Belgian, from a small village called Namur. She played cards with Gerald and me, while her husband cooked us a special dish. They had come to the islands almost two decades ago, but they were not pining away for their homeland. 'How can anyone be homesick living in such a paradise,' he said to us, gesturing to his garden, the beach beyond, and the sea with white fleecy clouds piled on the horizon. 'Are we not living among the most attractive and friendly people on earth, the Hawaiians?'"

Maugham, apart from scenic interests, had visited the notorious red-light district of Iwilei on the outskirts of downtown Honolulu, doomed in November 1916 for effacement by vice cleanup committees, which ejected a blond inmate, whom he was to make famous all around the world — Sadie Thompson. Maugham, despite his denial to me in a letter sent in 1960 to Pago Pago, American Samoa, where I was researching his Pacific novels, did use this strumpet's real name. Proof of this, with documents and the photostatic copy of the passenger list of the steamer that took them from Honolulu to Pago Pago, can be found in my American-published biography-odyssey, *The Two Worlds of Somerset Maugham*.

"This blond runaway from Iwilei came running up the gangway just before the steamer left Honolulu for Pago Pago, American Samoa," said Maugham. "At sea, a day or so later, Gerald brought me shipboard gossip that she was a prostitute who had escaped the police raids on Iwilei. So she came under my scrutiny. She was about twenty-four, tall, bosomy, overpainted, and vulgar. She drove the other passengers to distraction with her portable gramophone, drinking, and carousings with the crew. There were two missionary couples aboard the

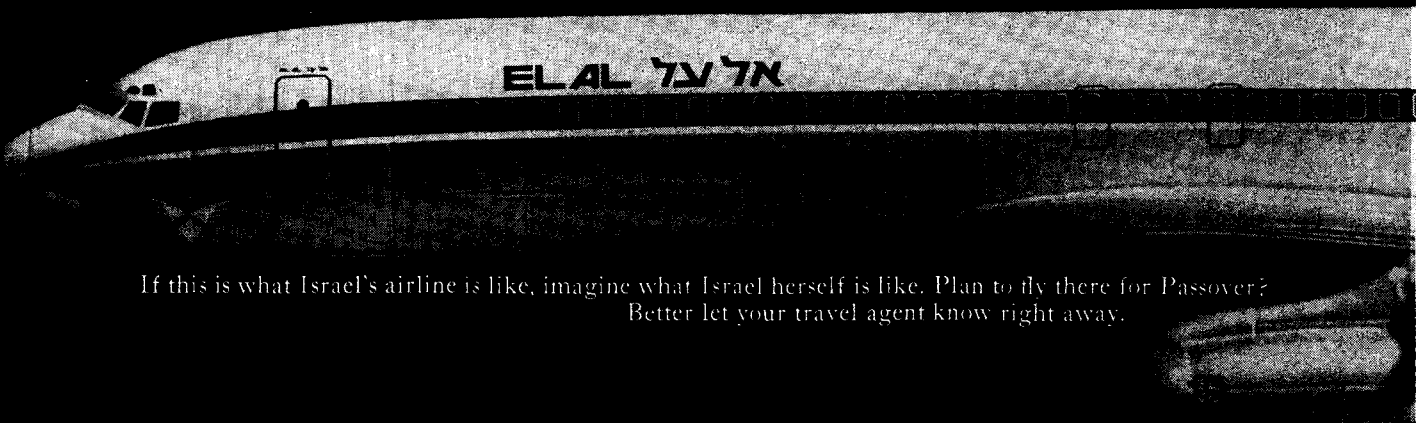
WHY IS THIS AIRLINE DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHER AIRLINES?

1. On all other airlines, you eventually get to Israel, after your plane has stopped in 2 or 3 other places. On this airline, you fly nonstop to Tel Aviv from New York. We're the only airline that flies nonstop to Tel Aviv. (Of course, we fly to 16 cities in Europe, Africa and Asia, too.)

2. On all other airlines, if you hanker for homemade chicken soup, chances are you may have to settle for bouillon. On this airline we serve only kosher food. Jennie Grossinger herself tells us how to make it delicious. What's so exciting about kosher food? Ever taste a kosher Medaillon de Veau Zingara with truffles?

3. On all other airlines, the stewardesses smile all the way to Europe. On this airline, our genuine Israeli stewardesses smile when it's meaningful. Like when they're describing the bounty in an antique shop in Jerusalem. Or singing a Hebrew lullaby to a little baby passenger. They're gifted young women. The kind you don't see every day.

4. On all other airlines, the passengers sit like strangers. On this airline, they talk to each other. Loosen up and break matzo, maybe for the first time. They laugh a lot. More like people than passengers. The minute they climb aboard, it's a universal wedding.



If this is what Israel's airline is like, imagine what Israel herself is like. Plan to fly there for Passover?
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Sonoma, and one of them fascinated me; he looked like an embalmer of cadavers. The more I watched the blond trollop and this Holy Henry, the more I became intrigued with the circumstances of them coming into emotional conflict.

"When we arrived in Pago Pago, then administered by the United States Navy, an embargo on travel, because of a measles epidemic and a tropical squall, tossed us all together in a mouldy hotel on the outskirts of the steamy port. Sadie was still in Pago Pago when Gerald and I left for Apia, in Western Samoa, but later I heard that the missionary had succeeded in having her deported back to Honolulu because of her shameless deportment in Pago Pago. One day, once back in Europe, I sat down and wrote my story about her. And for the first time perhaps, it was a prostitute who paid off. The royalties on my short story 'Miss Thompson,' from stage and film productions, amounted to over a million dollars."

Maugham and Gerald Haxton went from Pago Pago to the island of Upolu in Western Samoa, and while in Apia they made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson on Mount Vaea, by way of the "Road of the Loving Hearts," which the Samoans had built by hand for their admired and respected *Tusitala*, or Storyteller. And it was here in Western Samoa that Maugham was to find the real-life characters for his most dramatic and powerful short stories of the Pacific, "The Pool," "Red," and "Mackintosh." "Commercialism had placed a heavy hand on Apia by the traders, so I was anxious to see the island of Savai'i, a five-hour voyage northwest of Apia."

He and Gerald boarded a small schooner in Apia harbor after lunch one day, and at sunset they had crossed the twelve-mile strait and were off the reefs

of Salelologa, the safest cove on Savai'i's eastern point. Visiting the villages and walking along the picturesque beaches, traversing coconut groves, and exploring the valleys and slopes, Maugham found that this island had a wild beauty, not exactly of the ordered cultivation of Upolu, but of nature's own uncorrupted plan of primeval lavishness. The villages and natives were less influenced by European contact, and customs and traditions were more faithfully adhered to.

And at the former German trading post on Matautu Bay, at Fagamalo, Maugham was to find the Irishman, Dick Williams, the "Walker" for his short story "Mackintosh." Later, when "Mackintosh" was published, Williams, clearly identifying himself with the gross, bullying Walker who forced the natives of Savai'i to build a road around the island, was all for suing Maugham when he read the first parts of this powerful tale. But when he came to the final paragraphs, he changed his mind, when the surprise ending portrayed Walker as a true humanitarian who secretly loved his native work horses as he might his own children.

MAUGHAM and Gerald Haxton, after leaving Western Samoa, traveled by inter-island steamer to Auckland, New Zealand, by way of Fiji and Tonga. Their destination was Tahiti, where the author was to do research for his novel, *The Moon and Sixpence*, based on the life of the French neo-impressionist painter Paul Gauguin. His itinerary was precisely that of Rupert Brooke, who had preceded them by three years.

Comfortably installed in the then-famous Tiare Hotel in Papeete, Maugham was to spend the most delightful months of his life acquiring, at a leisurely pace, details of Paul Gauguin's misadventures in French Oceania. One of his chief informants was Louisa Chapman, the fat, rollicking proprietress, who was to become the "Tiare Johnson" of *Hôtel de la Fleur*, in his *Moon and Sixpence*, which most critics say is his best novel.

And he did not forget Rupert Brooke, whose poetry on Tahiti had so profoundly impressed him. "As you know," he told me, "I had been keenly interested in Brooke's verse and prose of the islands which he had visited a few years in advance of me. His reactions to the South Pacific were those of the romantic, idealistic, and youthfully lyrical poet. He saw only great beauty everywhere."

Poet Brooke, who in Tahiti had written "The Great Lover," "Tiare Tahiti," and "Retrospect," was not forgotten by the islanders. When Maugham traveled down to the district of Mataiea, on the south coast of Tahiti, the Tahitians pointed out his home, calling it "Fare Pupure," or The Blond One's Home, and the coconut grove behind it known

as "Pupure's Grove," where he had held his bacchanalian all-night parties.

"The Tahitians, as with the ancient Greeks, worshipped physical beauty, and, as Brooke was a veritable blond Greek God, this endeared him to them even more," said Maugham. In the literary and art circles of London, the poet had been called "The Golden Apollo."

When Maugham and Gerald left Tahiti, as a sentimental tribute to Rupert Brooke, they had a swim off the same jetty in Mataiea where the poet had dived and splashed. "It was a delightful place to swim, about twenty-five or thirty feet deep, very clear in the sunshine which was reflected from the white floor of sand and coral," said Maugham. "Tropical fishes swam rather boldly about us, of every shape and hue. Brooke, I remember, had written: 'Coloured fishes that swim between your toes. There also swim between your toes, more or less, scores of laughing brown babies from two years to fourteen.' I had never felt so relaxed and at peace with the world and man as floating on my back in the Mataiea lagoon, the sunshine warm on my face and limbs, and thinking of the island romanticist, Rupert Brooke."

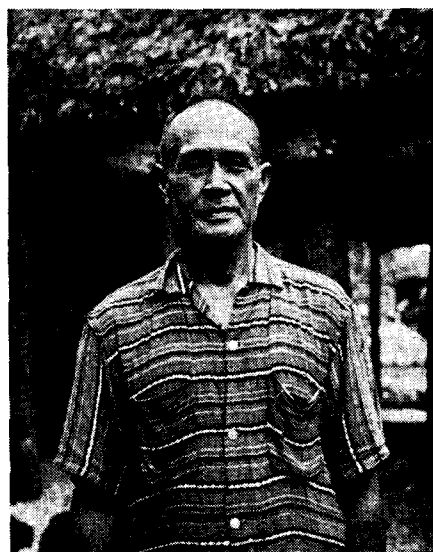
Maugham left Tahiti with all the material for his *Moon and Sixpence*, and he was never to return.

Not too long before his death in December of 1965, he had voiced the wish: "I would like once again to swim in the crystal-clear lagoon of Mataiea." What may have been his last lucid thoughts were of the islands of Polynesia. The South Pacific had taken him in, encompassed him, taken possession of him, and he was never quite the same again.

Although Maugham was not to immerse himself in the Mataiea lagoon, I, on a recent trip to Tahiti, made a sentimental pilgrimage down to the district of his cherished Mataiea. I found the site of the Anani home where he had found the famous Gauguin art painted on the upper six glass panes of one of its doors. I, also, wandered through the palm grove which had once been filled with the sounds of merriment and music of Rupert Brooke and his island revelers. Later I swam off its coral strand in the quiet lagoon. Not unlike Maugham on his earlier swim here, I found that lines of Brooke's verse out of the past came to mind:

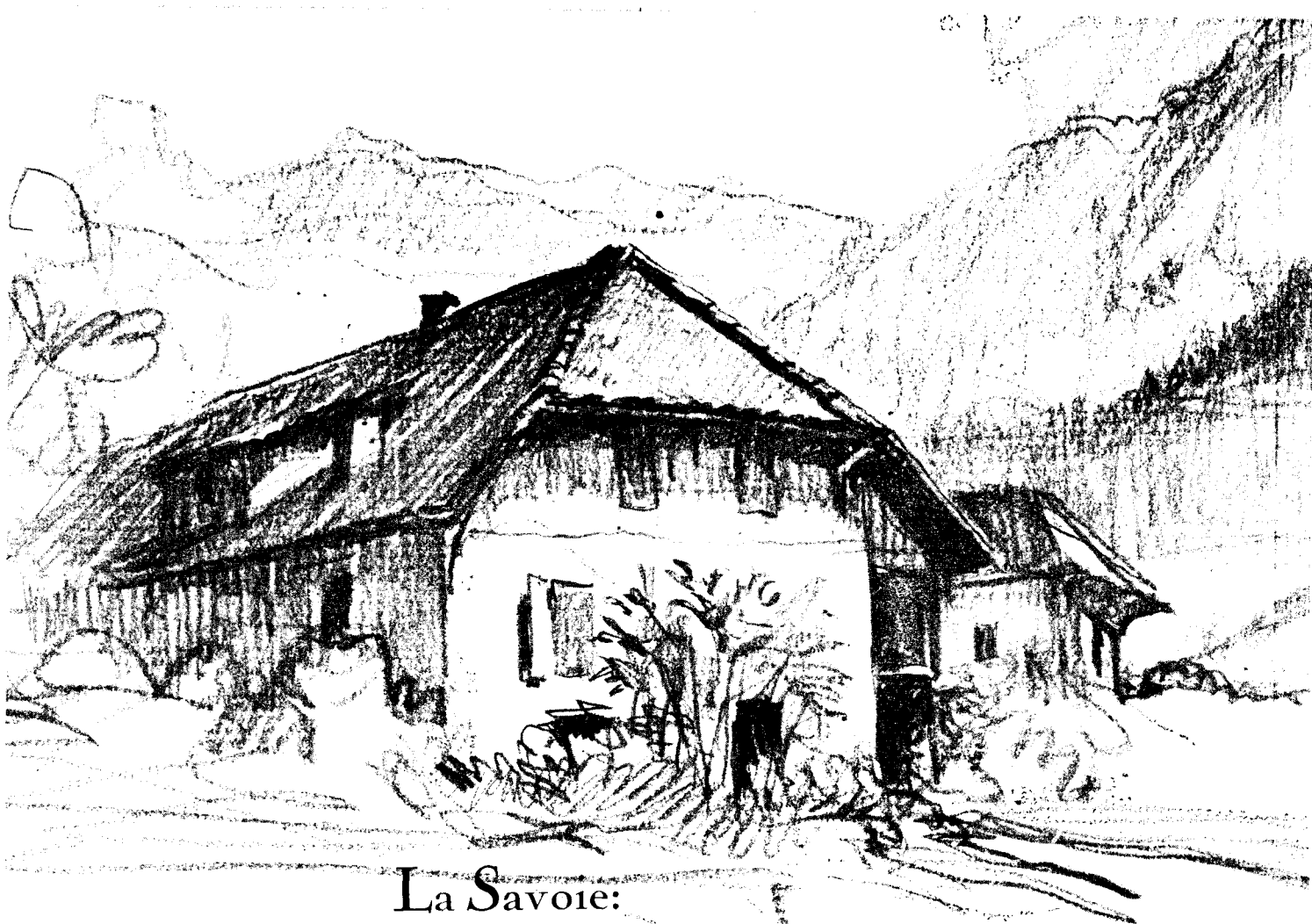
Crown the hair, and come away!
Hear the calling of the moon,
And the whispering scents that stray
About the idle warm lagoon. . . .

A pity, really, that Maugham did not return to Mataiea. He would have been pleased. There has been very little change since the time that Brooke and Maugham were there.



—Wilmon Menard.

Sadie's Samoan lover, Iosefo Suafo'a, still lives in American Samoa.



La Savoie: or how to vacation after a vacation in France



Paris was a whirl. Exhilarating, exhausting. The drive down through the Dordogne a parade of medieval sights and modern sounds. Provence a blur of Van Goghs. Cannes *too* swinging.

What you need is a breather. So turn the car around and run up Napoleon's Road to the Savoy country.

Loll on blue mountain lakes, mirror-polished under cloudless skies. Breathe a brand of air that must be added to the region's wines.

(If that's *too* relaxing, there's golf. On tricky courses that may make you homesick.)

An hour's walk from your civilized little hotel brings you to hillside farms that look like tilted rock gardens. On these slopes, forests sleep in a magic spell so still you can hear the proverbial pine needle drop.

It isn't France. It isn't anywhere, really.

Until you come down the slopes in time for a three-star dinner at an auberge on the shore of, let's say, Lake Annecy. Until you find yourself trying to make an agonizing choice between soufflé de truite à la sauce d'écrevisses and gratin de homard, sauce nantua.

Then you *know* you're in France. And nowhere else. After such feasting, we suggest an extra day at Annecy

—a lazy afternoon, sailing on the lake, castle-watching.

When you've recovered, take the short drive over to Chamonix. And the long look at the *real* stuff: Mt. Blanc and Rugged Company. Skiing that turns summer into winter. And vice versa.

Then wind it all up, if you must, by unwinding at Evian, the great spa on picture-book Lake Geneva.

A most unrugged spot, Evian, with its gambling casinos, its gambling beaches and, of course, its famous mineral waters—the only competition, it is said, for the French grape.

Try a thermal bath. That should put you in shape for homecoming. You'll look as if you've been goofing off for weeks. And you have been.

(For more on the goof-off country of France, write French Govt. Tourist Office, Dept. R3, 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10020. Other offices in Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Chicago, Montreal.)



FRANCE

Fitzgerald's Paris

Continued from page 50

heard of Zelda we expected perhaps a grand gesture, a rippling laugh, or some romantic absurdity. Instead, she sat with a little smile, studying us. They asked if we had seen the Hemingways. When we said indeed we had, Scott wanted to know when, and asked if we often saw Ernest. He got drinks for us. Then we all seemed to relax and grow animated, and I could see that Scott was a man of sudden quick enthusiasms who, after he had made up his mind that you were temperamentally akin to him, wasn't concerned about withholding anything of himself. I liked him immediately. In fact it was a joy to see that he was so much like the picture of him I had kept in my thoughts. . . .

St. Germain des Prés with its three cafés—Lipp's, The Flore, and the Deux Magots—is a focal point, the real Paris for illustrious intellectuals. Painters and actors from other capitals, and expensive women came to this neighborhood, too. André Gide might be having dinner at the Deux Magots. Picasso had often passed on the street. The Deux Magots while remaining a neighborhood café, was a center of international Paris life.

It was a warm night, not too hot, and the terrace of this old café was crowded. We had some difficulty getting a table. We had a drink. Scott's drink had a peculiar effect on him. In his nervous exhaustion he had thought the drink would cheer him up. Instead it seemed to numb him. Stiffening, he looked puzzled. Another drink might make him feel like himself, he said. My wife was watching him. She liked him, and I saw her eyes grow desolate. His face had turned ashen. He looked sick. People were gaping at him. We could see some Americans at a nearby table whispering. Suddenly it was as if he had been recognized; his name had been whispered along the terrace. Many other Americans were there. That year Paris was crawling with Americans wanting to see everything, and having the money to see it, not knowing that in a few months the stock market would crash and the year of Panic would begin. There at the café they could even see Scott Fitzgerald! He had become a legend in America. All that was reckless, prodigal, and extravagant, all the women who were beautiful and damned and golden, were associated with his name. Now there he was, just as they had heard, an alcoholic.

Having ordered the second drink, he agreed that he shouldn't have another one. He insisted on paying for the saucers. But his movements had become painfully slow. As he took bills from his wallet, some fluttered to the ground,

and I stooped and picked one up. A little later my wife picked one up. Our faces angry, we kept putting the bills in his hand while he sat there so pale and desperate, his shirt open, the elaborate white hat at too rakish an angle. The elegant Scott! When I saw a man at a nearby table whisper to his woman companion as they gaped, then smiled, I hated this man's face. I hated all the gaping, vacuous faces around me. I wanted to kick over all the tables. Finally Scott stood up. Carrying himself with all the stiff remnants of his dignity, he walked away with us. Little was said on the way back to his place. In fact, he seemed quite sober. I told him we would meet later the next afternoon, and as he rambled into his apartment I realized how fond I was of him.

That night at the Deux Magots, he had been in a false light. Apparently he had been making a public spectacle of himself; a living picture of all the belittling stories that were being told about him. No one could know he hadn't had any sleep for twenty-four hours. Yet he had managed to be seen in this light—the profligate abandoned sinner! How unlike Ernest he was, I thought. In those days Ernest would have never let himself be seen in this ridiculous light. For me, they were both extraordinarily attractive men. But men seem to have some secret built-in directional guide that governs their relationship with the other people; it has nothing to do with shrewdness, or cunning, or conscious calculation.

In those days, whenever Scott did something ridiculous, he was caught red-handed. But worse, he suffered for things he didn't do; he had a knack of making himself always look worse than he was. And having a generous open nature and great pride, he must have suffered. On the other hand, it was intolerable to Ernest to be in a bad light. Yet such was his nature, and his attractiveness, that he only needed to wait; in the course of time, no matter what he had done, he would manage to emerge in a good light. At the beginning of this story, back in Toronto, I mentioned that I had noticed that newspapermen had already begun to magnify everything he did, making it all into an attractive story. In the long run, his quality for moving others to make legends out of his life may have been as tragic a flaw as was Scott's instinct for courting humiliation from his inferiors.

On leaving him, feeling restless, depressed from knowing that commonplace people love watching a superior man making a spectacle of himself, we wandered up to the Coupole. McAlmon and the two boys, a Frenchman and the fabled artist model, the woman of so many lives in Montmartre and Montparnasse—Kiki—were there. She was still beautiful, but quite plump now, and there was



—Photos from UPI.

The twenties in Paris—Prohibition, puritanism, publicity, and philistinism seemed to be the triumphant causes in America. Paris was freedom to dress, write, and talk as they pleased, a continuous excitation of the senses. Harry's New York Bar (left) awaits customers. In the nightclub at the right they have already arrived.

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in just 9 hrs. 15 min.**

In France the trains are so fast you can go clear across the country in less than half a day. In either direction. On the other hand, France's railroad stations are so numerous you can also go clear out of your mind just trying to resist them. There are 4000 stations in France. Scattered over 25,000 miles of track. So with one station for every 6¼ miles, and trains that are virtually made of windows, you can easily see what you're up against. Between Lille and Marseille, for instance, you've got to keep yourself from being seduced by the cathedral city of Amiens, the wine city of Dijon, the gastronomical city of Lyon, the palace city of Avignon. Not to mention the irresistible city of Paris. Worse yet, you're dangerously close to several other typically French temptations. And even if you don't have a Eurailpass—the low-cost ticket that gives you unlimited first-class rail travel throughout all of Western Europe—it's next to impossible not to get yourself enticed into the chateau country of the Loire, the mountain country of the Alps, the Van Gogh country of Provence. Or into the hundreds of towns and villages that are so

completely different all they have in common is a railroad station. So you can see that for traveling in France the railway is the right way. Unless you're in a hurry—in which case it's the tough way. Because with the odds 4000 to 1 in France's favor, your one chance to make it all the way is to shut your eyes. For free folder, write French National Railroads, Dept. F 7, Box 191, Madison Square Station, New York 10010. For tickets and reservations, see your travel agent or French National Railroads, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20; 11 E. Adams Street, Chicago 3; 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills; 323 Geary Street, San Francisco. Also available in our Canadian office. Also North American representative for International Sleeping Car Company.

Lille
Paris
Marseille

**The odds are 4000 to 1
you'll never make it!**

something of the clown in her lovely face. In about an hour we all began to feel restless and mischievous. What could we do? Where could we go? It was after midnight, but someone suggested we should have a party in the Whidneys' elegant apartment. It was true that the Whidneys were not there with us and might, indeed, be sound asleep in their cozy home. Down the street we went, laughing and giggling, and on the stairs to the Whidneys' apartment house we began to make a lot of noise. Going up the stairs ahead of me was Kiki, and being the lovely clown she was, she began to go up the stairs on all fours. Whereupon I reached down, and threw her skirt up over her head. Undisturbed, she continued to go on up on all fours while I played a drumbeat with both hands on her plump behind.

When we rapped on the Whidney door they both answered in their dressing gowns, and although little Mrs. Whidney had her hair up in curlers, they invited us in for drinks with considerable aplomb. It put Scott out of my mind. Next time I saw him, in the afternoon, he was clear-eyed and smiling.

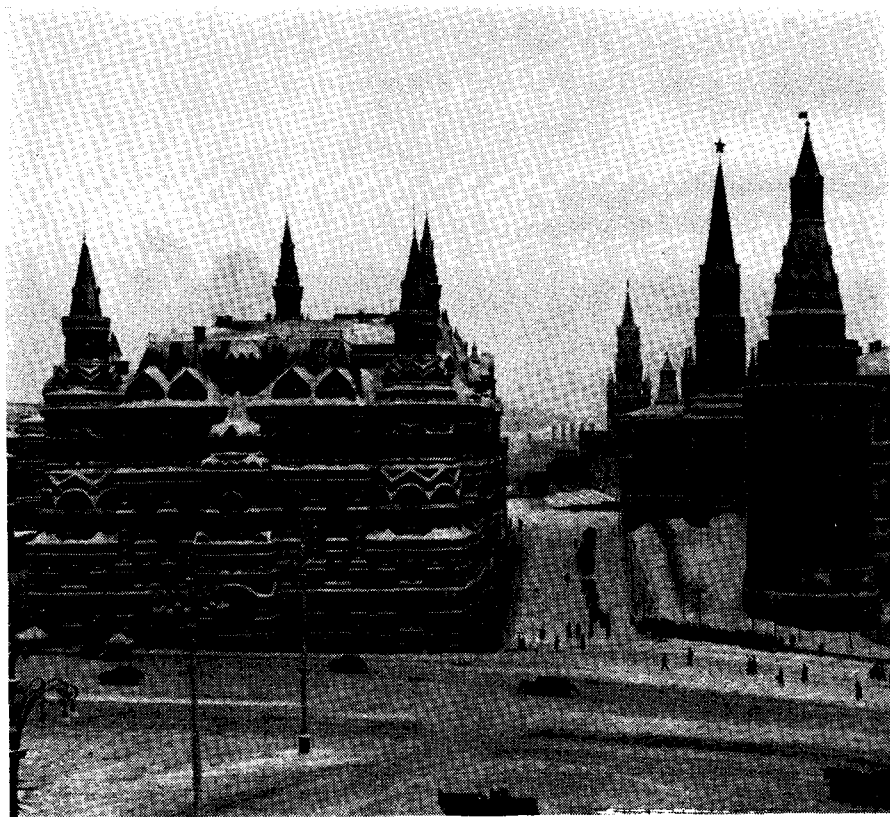
July was a hot month. In the strong afternoon sunlight the Dôme, the Coupole, and the Sélect, the whole corner, had a bright hard look. But too many summer soldiers had come to town. Visitors dropping off buses sat around for an evening, then disappeared. At night now Loretto and I would wander off with someone to other neighborhoods. There were the *bals musettes* down by the Bastille, the Pigalle bars, and the Hôtel du Caveau on the rue de la Huchette. . . . We moved to a little hotel on Raspail, and it was during that week that Scott told me that he and Zelda were going south to Nice.

The morning I met him at the Deux Magots, I remember that we talked quietly about our plans and about his hope

of getting time enough to finish the novel. It still wasn't going right for him. Now I remember that the conversation stuck in my mind, and when *Tender Is the Night* finally came out, I felt Scott never did get Dick Diver, his central character, in focus.

There at the café he didn't ask for Hemingway. Maybe Ernest was in our minds, for Scott that morning seemed to have a stiff dignity. He had been treated without respect in my presence, and he had taken it; a little thing like that could make him want to avoid me, I knew. We assumed that I would be in Paris when he returned. As we walked away from the café, talking easily, I suddenly felt great affection for him. He hoped I would quickly finish the book I was working on. I remember he said, "Try and get something from a child's point of view as a contrast. It opens up another world. It lightens all the material." Then it was time for us to part. Suddenly he pulled his wallet out of his pocket, took out the bills, thrust the wallet at me. "Here, Morley, keep this wallet. I'd like you to have something of mine." And I said, "All right. Write your name in it then." Neither one of us had a pen. He put the wallet against a lamppost, and taking out his knife he scratched his name on the leather. We shook hands and he was gone. . . .

Now I think that all of us in Montparnasse—McAlmon, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Titus, and even that Pernod poet—were Peer Gynts who knew in our hearts we would soon have to go home. No, not Ernest. Could he ever really go home? Or for him, committed as he was to the romantic enlargement of himself, did there have to be one adventure after another, until finally there was no home? And what could be left for Scott when the glamorous wandering was over? When "a primrose by a river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more."



—H.S.

The Kremlin in winter—"He enjoyed meandering along the embankment of the Moscow River, glancing often at the golden cupolas of the Kremlin churches or at the pastel mansions of Czarist noblemen."

Pasternak's Russia

Continued from page 72

the revolution as by the extremes of Stalinism. He was not really an introvert, as was the hero of his novel, but he could not bring himself to shun the deathbed injunction of Tolstoy and write about the glories of building socialism, or the brilliance of Stalin. He wrote poems about God and love and truth—and about Russia. It was hard for many Bolsheviks to understand, but, to Pasternak, the sight of a lonely white birch tree on a Russian field, or the sound of a barking dog racing after a squirrel through the orchard, or the smell of grain at harvest time, or the touch of mother earth, was infinitely dearer to him than any tractor or Sputnik. Not that he thought these advances unimportant or unimpressive; on the contrary he marveled at them. It was just that he could not write about them, no matter how great the Party's pressure that he do so.

Pasternak wrote about Russia, the mystical totality of his land. He loved Russia, he once said, more than his own life. When his mother and father left Russia after the revolution, their son refused to go along with them. When Khrushchev threatened him with perma-



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ment exile if he left for Stockholm to accept the Nobel Prize, Pasternak stayed in Peredelkino. There he was at home; there he was happy.

Rather than go into Moscow, which represented the confinement of Communism, he let Moscow come to him—at least, those in Moscow who shared Pasternak's love of art and freedom of spirit. There were many. The gate to his country *dacha* was always open. Young poets such as Yevtushenko, and old writers such as Paustovsky journeyed to Peredelkino, and, while eating slices of fresh cucumber soaked in vinegar and washed down with vodka, they read his poetry, argued about cubism and Communism, but, by late evening, always agreed on their common love for Russia.

There was always a magical bond between Pasternak and his country. The endless sweep of the land, so magnificently captured in the movie (though, ironically, much of *Doctor Zhivago* was filmed in Spain), is open to the tourist. Much of it, anyway. For example, it is now possible to take an eight-day ride

on the Trans-Siberian railway—all the way from Moscow in the West to Vladivostok in the East. Air service between Tokyo and Moscow by way of Siberia opens in the spring. To a foreigner, the flatness and remoteness of Siberia may seem prohibiting; to Pasternak, they were inviting. Little appealed to Pasternak as much as a slow train ride through Russia's rolling countryside.

It is also possible to journey, by train or plane, to the Caucasus, where Pasternak lived from 1930 to 1931, learning the Georgian language and then translating the classics of Tbilisi's masters into the Russian language. Finally, it is possible, with special permission, to visit Peredelkino, though it is not on the tourist routes. There, more than in any other spot in Russia, the spirit of Pasternak reigns; there, among the lilac bushes and the white birches, among the Russian peasants and the rolling fields, in miniature, is Pasternak's Russia.

There is, of course, one trouble. Pasternak saw his Russia with his heart. Others see Russia with their eyes.

Eliot's London

Continued from page 59

doomed to become a crowded, sensational discovery. A later generation of younger writers—Auden, Isherwood, and myself—used often to dine there without our realizing it was frequented by Eliot and his colleagues.

Herbert Read was an essential element of these luncheons, so when he obtained a post at the Victoria and Albert Museum, perforce they had to be moved to this neighborhood and they were transferred to a pub called The Grove, in Beauchamp Place, Kensington. As Read writes in the *Sewanee Review*: "The Grove became a Mermaid Tavern to which week by week . . . came not only some of the regular contributors to *The Criterion* but also any sympathizing critics or poets from abroad who might be visiting London. Kensington and Russell Square were the two poles of Eliot's London.

That Eliot was so supremely a Londoner is shown, I think, not just by the fact of his having lived in and visited so many parts of the metropolis, as by my picture of him, chameleon-like, acquiring the London local coloring. Wonderfully, with dark suit and furled umbrella, he fitted into the city. When in Bloomsbury, he resembles, in my mind's eye, an ambassador from a rather different country (traditionalist, royalist, catholic) having his embassy in the slightly foreign Russell Square and carrying on polite diplomatic relations with Gower Street and Fitzroy Square. Apart from Hammersmith, the area of London I can least fit him into is Hampstead, where, after the breakdown of his first marriage, in the late Twenties, he stayed intermittently as the guest of Geoffrey Faber at his house in Froggnal.

I DO not quite see him climbing those steep narrow streets with their arty antique shops and cafés with home-baked scones, and the natives—those tweedy, bearded free-living, free-wheeling Bohemians. He fits perfectly well, however, into Chelsea, where during the war and for some time afterward he shared an apartment with the distinguished scholar John Hayward, a cripple in a wheelchair to whose care Eliot devoted ten years of his life. There, in Carlyle mansions, with the view across the river which had been painted by Whistler, or bent grayly as he pushed John Hayward in his wheel chair along the Embankment, Eliot, who during the war years wrote *Four Quartets*, seemed a slightly Nineties-ish figure—"moving among the bric-a-brac," going to Mass—who might have made a cautious call on his scoffing neighbor Thomas Carlyle, or witnessed, with that enigmatic smile, the goings

Pasternak Writes on Russia

FOR two or three days at the end of September his road followed the steep bank of a river. The river flowing toward him was on his right. On his left the wide, unharvested fields stretched from the road to the clodbanks on the horizon. At long intervals they were interrupted by woods, for the most part oaks, maple, and elm. The woods ran to the river in deep gullies, which dropped precipitously and cut across the road.

In the unharvested fields the ripe grain spilled and trickled on the ground. Yuri Andreievich gathered it in handfuls, and at the worst, if he had no means of boiling it and making gruel, he stuffed it into his mouth and chewed it with great difficulty. The raw, half-chewed grain was almost indigestible. . . .

These flame-colored fields blazing without fire, these fields silently proclaiming their distress, were coldly bordered by the vast, quiet sky, its face already wintry and shadowed by ceaselessly moving, long, flaky snow-clouds with black centers and white flanks. . . .

The woods and the fields offered a complete contrast in those days. Deserted by man, the fields looked orphaned as if his absence had put them under a curse. The forest, however, well rid of him, flourished proudly in freedom as though released from captivity.

Usually the nuts are not allowed to ripen, as people, and particularly village children, pick them green, breaking off whole branches. But now the wooded sides of hills and gullies were thick with rough, golden foliage dusted and coarsened by the sun. Festive among it were bulging clusters of nuts, three or four, as if tied together, ripe and ready to fall from the branches. Yuri Andreievich cracked and crunched them in quantity. He stuffed his pockets and his bag full of them; for a whole week he fed on hazelnuts.

The fields appeared to him as something seen in the fever of a dangerous illness, and the woods, by contrast, in the lucidity of health regained. God, so it seemed to him, dwelled in the woods, while the fields echoed with the sardonic laughter of the devil.

—BORIS PASTERNAK,
from "*Doctor Zhivago*."

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on of his other neighbors, William Morris and Rosetti.

Eliot—Mrs. Eliot tells me—frequently changed his London address, particularly in the early days; and at nearly all his ports of call he wrote some work which makes literary history. In Chester Terrace, S.W.1, he wrote *A Song for Simeon*, and in St. Martin's Lane, W.C. 2, *Sweeney Agonistes*. His happiest London associations were with Kensington, where for twenty-five years he was Churchwarden at St. Stephens Gloucester Road. "He continued to be sidesman there, and was on the Parochial Church Council until his death," Mrs. Eliot relates. Perhaps as a result of his love of Kensington he originally planned calling the *Four Quartets* the *Kensington Quartets*, and *Burnt Norton* and *East Coker* were both written in the Royal Borough.

Kensington was also the scene of the crowning happiness of his life, his second marriage. Toward the end of his life Eliot took in another aspect of London—or perhaps it took him in. He was sometimes to be seen at Mayoral and Ambassadorial parties, in white tie and wearing his Order of Merit. In his seventies his life combined three circumstances which resulted in his exhibiting, it seemed, an attitude which I would characterize as one of acceptance: These were his great happiness in his marriage; illness, leading to a fatigue of his talent; and great and deserved fame. London, with its theaters at which his plays were performed, and its still grandiose receptions, did him honor, and he bowed gently and kindly back, doing it honor.

In the farewell of an Eliot travelogue, he should be pictured, though, not even at a royal banquet, but better at a London club, like the Oxford and Cambridge Club—which was where I first lunched with him in the early Thirties. This club, near Trafalgar Square, had at that time a singular musty air of faded grandeur. In it, Eliot had the look of himself playing the part of a club member in one of his own plays. Later, he resigned from it, and joined the Athenaeum. But of his clubs, perhaps he most preferred the Garrick, which has the grand style of the stage past and present (more past than present, though), with all its great rooms and its halls and staircases.

The last time I saw him was at the table in a corner of the Garrick's guest dining room, to which those weekly luncheons of old colleagues which began in Soho and Kensington had at last adjourned. There was Eliot, with Herbert Read, Bonamy Dobrée, Frank Morley, and perhaps one other. Beautiful to think that over more than forty years Eliot's London friends were gathered together in this ceremony of weekly conversation. Nothing is more London than a club, and I am glad that I first met him, and last saw him, in one.

Joyce's Dublin

Continued from page 57

But in 1894 the mortgages caught up with John Joyce, and the family found itself slipping through a bewildering series of homes each more humble than the previous one. Few of these remain.

But bricks and mortar are only passive symbols that sharpen the imagination. Tom Corkery is absolutely right when he says that if anyone is looking for the essence of Joycetown it is the ears and not the eyes that should be used. Joyce's entire work is about Dubliners rather than Dublin. In the shadow of Christchurch, tucked away off Bridge Street between two shops, you will find the Brazen Head, an ancient and remarkable pub where drinks are inexpensive and talk is free. It is exactly as it was when Joyce lived in Dublin and was so long before he was born. Order a pint of Guinness or "a small Irish," and sit back and listen to the authentic voices. If Bloom walks in don't be surprised. Take a stroll through St. Stephen's Green ("my Green") and, if the weather is fine, sit on one of the benches and talk to whoever happens to be near you. He may know nothing about *Ulysses*, but his conversation is already recorded somewhere in it with uncanny accuracy. Go out by the side exit opposite 86 St. Stephen's Green. This was Joyce's university and is used now for student recreation.

But, best of all, take the bus to Howth and climb the rough path up the hill. Here there are no monuments, no relics of the great. Instead you'll find the rugged beauty, the exquisite views that refreshed and inspired not only Joyce, but Yeats, Shaw, Gogarty, and almost every Irish writer you care to name.

Something About To Happen

By Jeannette Nichols

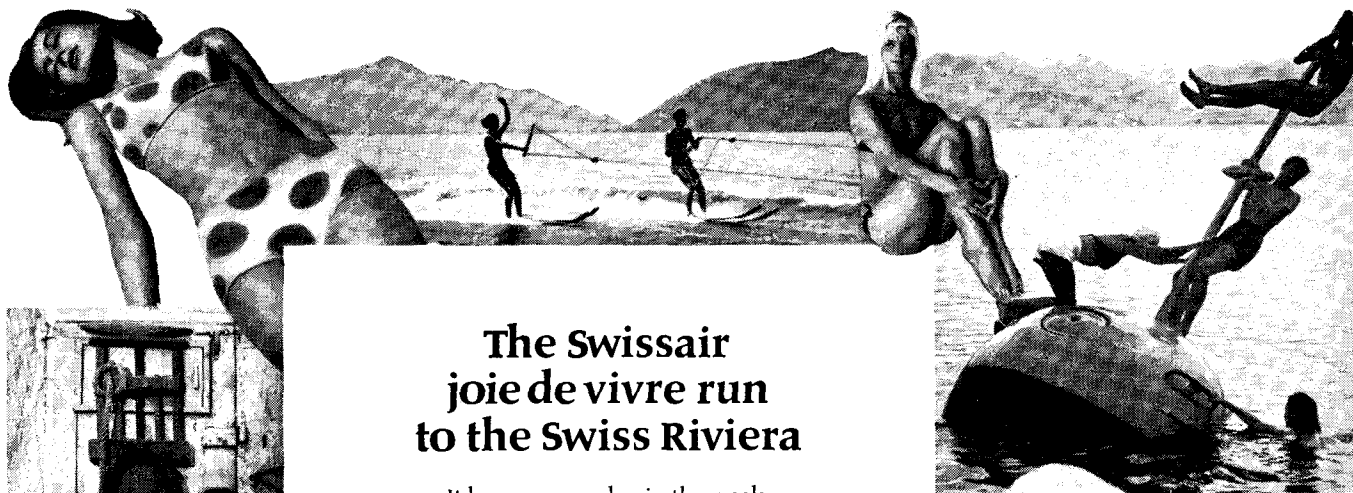
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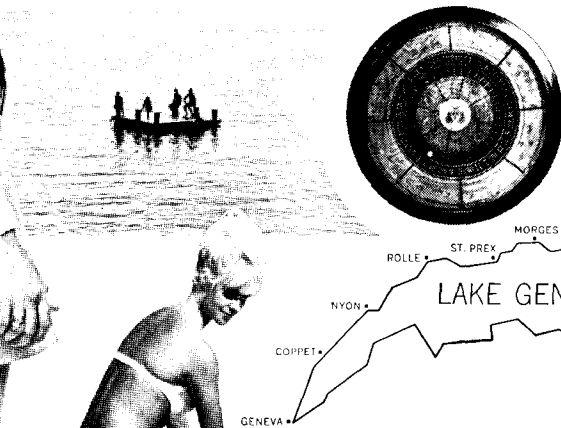
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Wolfe's Berlin

Continued from page 69

the late years of the war. The Romanisches Café, where Wolfe was lionized, exists today in an ultramodern building in the Europa Center, where it survives primarily as a collection of relics of its own past. The Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche stands now with its ruined tower incongruously linked to a very modern structure. If Wolfe could visit Berlin in 1967, not only the Wall but almost everything would be different.

But the Berlin that Wolfe loved, in fact, no longer truly existed when he was enchanted with it, for it had already fallen victim to Hitler's Third Reich. Although the restrictive Nazi monetary policies forced Wolfe to go to Berlin to spend the royalties that he could not otherwise receive, it took him a long time to see that the Germany he loved had fallen before the march of the Brown Shirts. But he came at last to see these soldiers not as the heroes which he first described them as but as "young barbarians dressed like soldiers," and he came at last to know that all the greenness, efficiency, color, and organization of Berlin was "a picture of the Dark Ages come again—shocking beyond belief, but true as

the hell that man forever creates for himself. When this knowledge came, he recognized that he must say farewell to his mistress-city, and he said it in sorrow and with a tremendous sense of loss, but still in Wagnerian terms: "... old master, wizard Faust, old father of the ancient and swarm-haunted mind of man, old earth, old German land with all the measure of your truth, your glory, beauty, magic, and your ruin; and dark Helen burning in our blood, great queen and mistress, sorceress—dark land, dark land, old ancient earth I love—farewell!"

The love affair thus ended, and the Germany that had given him the greatest measure of recognition and of joy that he had ever known was forever closed to him after he published his picture of the Nazis' inhumanity to man in the short novel, *I Have a Thing to Tell You*. For, with the novelist's sense of people and emotions, Wolfe finally saw beneath the world of green trees and lakes, beneath the breadth of clean streets and the ponderous grace of Gothic buildings, the darkness of the Nazi world.

Wolfe's love affair with Berlin was brief, ecstatic, tempestuous, overblown, and adolescent, and it ended in the sorrow of parting; but, like many adolescent love affairs, it was for him a major initiation into maturity.

Tennyson

Continued from page 61

My father worked at *Maud*, morning and evening, sitting in his hard high-backed wooden chair in his little room at the top of the house. His "sacred pipes," as he named them, were half an hour after breakfast, and half an hour after dinner when no one was allowed to be with him, for then his best thoughts came to him. . . .

During these "sacred half hours" and his other working hours and even climbing High Down, he would compose out loud as he walked, a habit that dated to his childhood. In Lincoln, at Louth, as a tiny child and before he could read, he would love on stormy days to spread his arms in the wind and shout: "I hear a voice that's crying in the wind." On High Down (now known as Tennyson Down) he would roar like King Lear against the elements, his "hollow oes and aes" echoing and reverberating. It was here he was suddenly inspired with the theme for "The Charge of the Light Brigade." It was a phrase reported in *The Times*—"someone had blundered"—that decided him on the meter.

The top of Tennyson Down is now marked by a stone cross that can be seen for miles, and is known as the Tennyson Monument. Moreover, the Down is now in the care of the National Trust, and from its summit on a fine day the Hampshire coastline is clearly visible.

If Tennyson disliked the curiosity and acclamation of an unknown public on his doorstep, his house was rarely empty of friends. As Emily, his wife, referring to the constant stream of visitors, said: "It was rather like running a small hotel." Today, Farringford is a well-run hotel, and one can still have tea in the drawing-room and look out, as Tennyson did, over a pastoral scene of meadows and sleepy cattle (the spring and summer tariff, including full board, runs from \$50 to \$90 per week). When I first went there seven years ago, there was a framed manuscript of one of Tennyson's poems on the fireplace in the drawing-room. Other items were also on show in the hall—letters, early editions of *The Idylls of the King* (most of which he wrote here), the poet's laurel wreath, and his nightcap. These have now been removed to the Tennyson Museum in Lincoln. However, in the Museum at Carisbrooke Castle near Newport, where Charles I was imprisoned during the Civil War, the poet's writing-table can be seen. (From March to September the castle is open from 9:30 to dusk on weekdays, and from 2:30 to dusk on Sundays.)

Farringford offered Tennyson sixteen unbroken years of "quiet and peace." But in the end the hordes of hero-wor-

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shippers, and the "brick boxes springing up all around" (an exaggerated piece of poetic license if ever there was one), became too much for him. If time had seemed to stand still on the island, on the mainland, in contrast, it seemed that everyone was becoming "more and more Time-Conscious." The effects of the Industrial Revolution were making their mark. Hardly a week passed without a new discovery in science being announced, while the railways were slowly spreading their network over all the land—even over the "nookshotten Isle of Wight." Yet in this rapidly changing world of the 1870s and 1880s, there were two strongholds in the island that held fast. The old Queen at Osborne clung to the memories of her dead husband, while her Poet Laureate in West Wight held fast to his unerring belief in words and the sense of the Divine that could be released through them.

In the last January of his life, he was brought down to the drawing-room at Farringford to sit on his favorite red velvet sofa. There, gazing out of the oriel window, he wrote:

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou
and in Thee;
We feel we are something—that also
has come from Thee;
We know we are nothing—but Thou
wilt help us to be.
Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah.

The gardens and grounds have altered little since Tennyson's time, and no account of Farringford would be complete that did not recall how in the late 1850s the poet's poor sight had led him to flee from a flock of sheep on High Down, believing them to be autograph-hunters. In front of the house is the Wellingtonia, the tree planted by Garibaldi in 1861; it is now more than eighty feet high. There is, too, the magnolia in which Emily took such pride, and from which blossoms were cut to give Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands when she came to visit them; but so many other guests also came that day for tea that Emily and Alfred were forced to hide her "in the summer house in the kitchen garden." Then there is the laburnum which still drops "wells of fire." A critic had challenged the description, and the poet had replied: "Not coal fire, certainly—but little golden flames of fire, or so at least it seems to me." Another critic had also challenged the remark that daisies had crimson marks on their under-petals. He was sent off to High Down—and came back contrite and full of apologies. Or, if you come to Farringford this month, when "the wreath of March has blossom'd," then the lawns (as Tennyson promised Hallam's godfather a century ago) will again be fresh with "crocus, anemone, violet."

Calabrian Days

Continued from page 61

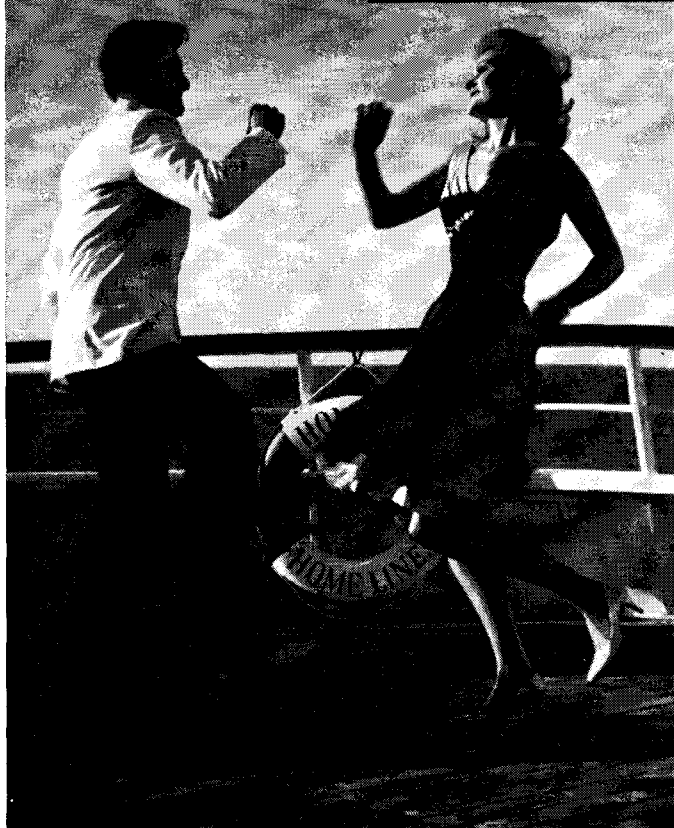
rectory of Italian hotels failed to list anything at all for Rossano. But the *Guide Michelin* indicated a quite simple one, perhaps the very hotel which Douglas had known. Our bed was not "already occupied"; we verified this as soon as we could shut the door, but we ought to have tried the hot water faucet before signing in. "On your entrance," Douglas warns here—his remarks are meant to be applied to any Calabrian hostelry—"nobody moves a step to inquire after your wants; you must begin by foraging for yourself, and thank God if any notice is taken of what you say. . . ." We carried our own bags, assisted by a small boy who had followed our car up from the piazza. Small boys who help out are a feature of the south's landscape.

The small boy at Rossano knew the hotel; his mother had worked there for a time, and he was able to tell us that the proprietor also ran the best restaurant in town. He was probably right; the *osteria*—a degree below *trattoria* level and two or three below the *ristorante*—was a welcome change from the Howard Johnson atmosphere of the Jolly Hotels which tempt the tired traveler in southern Italy. To begin, there was only spaghetti, and we had spaghetti; there was acceptable broiled chicken for me and an unidentifiable roasted fish for my wife, followed by good fresh fruit. Local wine, in liter bottles with caps, is cheap and excellent wherever one goes in Calabria, so unlike Rome, where the reputation of white Frascati has been ruined forever by the poor samples of it poured for indiscriminating diners by hundreds of self-satisfied innkeepers every day.

Later, in the homely café on the piazza at Rossano, several different customers told us within a very short time that *here* the pastry was made on the premises; the other cafés of the town imported theirs from Cosenza, the provincial capital sixty miles away over the mountains. We tasted the pastry, and agreed that its reputation was well founded. The boy who had helped us with our bags watched in fascination as we unfolded an Esso map to chart the next day's drive. "Have you noticed," he asked, "that Italy is in the form of a boot?" He laughed shyly at the absurdity of his observation. I regretted that I had discarded the photograph published in the newspapers a day or two earlier in which the entire Italian peninsula had been captured in a single photograph by a satellite, something I found more affecting than any other image I have ever seen taken from the air (the reaction of an Italophile).

Later, walking the narrow lanes of Rossano—always up or down—we were

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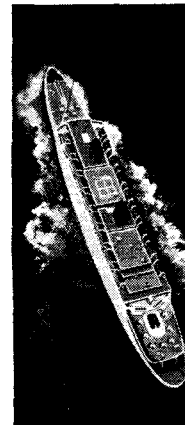
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hazed by a group of children, each demanding 10 lire for our deliverance. Ten lire is a sum which can have meaning only in the Italian Deep South in our day, where even a newspaper costs 50. We were leaving the San Marco church, a Byzantine relic of the eleventh century, similar in appearance to the diminutive Cattolica church at Stilo, hidden in the folds of a mountain. (In either Rossano or Stilo, one needs a good map, a sturdy automobile, and a stubborn determination to locate the monument of interest, then find the home of its guardian, and hope he can find the key.)

From San Marco in Rossano we walked uphill and down to the seldom opened Santa Panaghia church. Norman Douglas doesn't even mention it, and it is probable that it was inaccessible and in ruins when he passed this way. Today the baker's boy rushes out with a large key in his flour-caked fists to open the back gate which allows access to a courtyard, and another key for the still larger lock on the small church itself. Inside, only a few patches of fresco painting have been preserved from the intervening centuries when Byzantine memories and Byzantine style were dirty words, and the classicist mafia scoffed at its ruins.

The rest was white plaster. A small boy who became our guide hadn't known of the existence of the little church, for it cannot be seen from the street above, later centuries having baked a crust of buildings around it. But the sacristan at the cathedral who opened the diocesan museum to allow us to look at the sixteenth-century *Codex Purpureuse*, brought to Calabria by Byzantine monks fleeing from the East, knew that these hidden things were of interest to foreigners. It is the kind of discovery one can no longer make in Europe, except in Calabria.

Rossano, the southern capital of Italian Byzantium? In consequence, a center of the universe? Today there are 23,000 inhabitants, but the lack of motor traffic makes the town of even less importance. Or are census figures misleading? "All the men of the town are working in Germany, Switzerland, and France, where there are jobs," the small boy tells us. He introduces us to another *ragazzo*, one of a family of twelve, who sees his father only at Easter and for the August vacation. "On those holidays, when all the men return on special trains to visit their families, we really have a big population again."

What does Calabria have for the traveler? Certainly not much comfort, and one must use the most recent publications to plan the stages of a voyage, or night may find one without even the minimal opportunities for shelter. Lacking also are those conversational monuments which the tourist has learned to snatch as he rides by like rings plucked

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from a merry-go-round. But what is there is the stuff of fable and myth. That indifferent town of Scilla—half desolate beach and half fishing village whose houses dip into the sea, the two halves divided by a citadel now used as army barracks from which trashy music blares from the conscripts' radios—is also Homer's Scylla, the monster jutting into the straits of Messina, with that other monster Charybdis, a whirlpool off the Sicilian coast which one sees so clearly three miles away. Detours anywhere along the coast may lead down rutted roads to quiescent harbors, or up winding roads to medieval *castelli*.

On the Italian boot, Calabria is the toe, with a prominent skeletal bone, the snow-dappled Aspromonte chain. From the top one sees the littorals at either side, the bluest sky, the greenest sea, the least merciful sun, of all Italy. High in the hills above the coasts are nestled villages of ochre-tiled roofs one will never enter, remnants of medieval round towers on inaccessible promontories. Deep in the grass of the deserted coasts are white marble columns from the temples of Magna Graecia, colonies founded by the Greeks 2,700 years earlier. Locri, for example, is the antique city of Persephone; Crotone's Doric column is all that remains of a temple built before the Parthenon; somewhere along that bleached Ionian littoral is the colony of magnificent, annihilated Sybaris.

Calabrians in remote villages wear costumes, the women carry water jugs on their heads, not because they expect tourist buses, but because they don't. Above all, there is peace. Lack of automobile traffic means peace, although in two or three years Italy's fine Highway of the Sun will reach Reggio; lack of factories and jobs means peace of another kind; lack of a single resort worth mentioning in the most thorough of the guidebooks means peace.

"Nobody travels south of Rome," an Italian deputy told Norman Douglas. It was true at the turn of the century, and it is still largely the case. The Mezzogiorno is an underdeveloped region, and Italian legislation treats it as such. The Fund for the South, involving irrigation schemes, land reform, road building, and improvement of facilities for tourists, is exciting to behold as one penetrates deeper into the country. Often, indeed, the government's efforts have brought smoother roads and better organized archeological sites than might be found in northern Italy. Norman Douglas, of course, saw nothing of the New Calabria. When he walked or rode muleback over the dusty roads and into the "sordid filth" of the towns (thus he described Rossano), a large part of the Tyrrhenian coast had just been destroyed in the earthquake of 1908. "There seems to be some chance for the revival of Reg-

gio," he commented. Reggio was rebuilt, but its museum is closed again, as it is due for renovation. Fifty years ago the opposite coast, on the Ionian sea, was deadly for another reason: malaria.

Today Mt. Etna, just across the strait of Messina in northeastern Sicily, scatters hot ashes and occasionally alarms Calabrians; we can watch it from the balcony of our first-class hotel in Reggio di Calabria, capital of the region (population, 155,000). Stromboli throws out hot lava every two hours, but we see it without upset from Gioia Tauro, thirty-five miles to the north; it can even be visited by boat from northern Sicily.

"You will come across sporadic Germans immersed in Hohenstaufen records," Norman Douglas wrote, "or searching after Roman antiquities, butterflies, minerals, or landscapes to paint—you will meet them in the most unexpected places; but never an Englishman."

WE met no Englishmen. Nor did we see any Americans along the thousand miles of our road tour, although one garage attendant assured us that two American girls had come through on a Vespa only a day or so earlier. But the Germans are there. We passed their Volkswagens on the road. We saw their Mercedes parked alongside villas under construction at newly developed beaches such as Metaponto, which Norman Douglas visited during the struggle to reclaim the region from malarial swamp; today there are newly opened *alberghi* close to the water, one called the Hotel Kennedy. We were often taken for *tedeschi*. The Calabrian and Apulian coasts are all beach and all sun, the people are good and the cost of living is still lower than elsewhere in democratic Europe. Why would Germans not come? Why aren't others more adventurous?

Calabria is in a race against time. The Fund for the South will save some Italians from their poverty, and some of the vestiges of old Calabria as well. Classical scholars have only recently discovered villages near Reggio whose inhabitants speak a dialect seemingly based on ancient Greek; the villagers have untypical light hair and blue eyes. Yet even as I write new roads are bringing them newspapers and television sets, and the Greek dialect which has survived 2,500 years may not last another twenty-five.

Yet it is still possible, if you don't plan too well, to drive up to the so-called Albanian villages, peopled with refugees who fled to Calabria from fifteenth-century Turkish persecution, along a primitive dirt road which could not be much better than the one Norman Douglas traveled. Fewer people in the Albanian villages wear native dress now, and they all speak modern Italian, at least to strangers. Perhaps, if you try them, one or two may already speak German.

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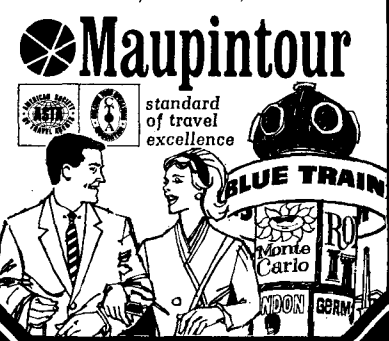
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SR 2

Montparnasse

Continued from page 55

once the dream city of German princelings, Russian grand dukes, Irish landlords, and Wallachian boyars. All these had disappeared after the war, partly giving place to strange new people, including Chinese warlords and cotton millionaires from Egypt, but the best and biggest spenders of the time were Americans. Some of the Parisian landmarks, for the latter group, were the Arc de Triomphe and the *hôtels de grand luxe* to be found in its neighborhood; then the nightclubs that clustered near the Place Blanche (in those days Zelli's was the most popular with Americans); then Brentano's Bookstore on the Avenue de l'Opéra; then the dressmakers near the rue de la Paix; and finally the great hotels, including the Ritz, and the two American banks on the Place Vendôme.

For some years Scott Fitzgerald served as an ambassador of literature in that Paris of the rich. Thus, in 1925, he and Zelda lived in an expensive but uncomfortable apartment at 14 rue de Tilsitt, on the north side of the Etoile, and took people to lunch at outdoor restaurants on the Champs-Élysées while their daughter, little Scottie, played quietly with a shoelace under the table. In the evening they sometimes made a round of the nightclubs that lasted till dawn. The end of one such round is described in an unfinished manuscript from which Arthur Mizener quotes at length in *The Far Side of Paradise*. "Then six of us," Fitzgerald says, "oh, the best the noblest relicts of the evening . . . were riding on top of thousands of carrots in a market wagon, the carrots smelling fragrant and sweet with earth in their beards—riding through the darkness to the Ritz Hotel and in and through the lobby—no, that couldn't have happened but we were in the lobby and the bought *concierge* had gone for a waiter for breakfast and champagne." On another occasion Scott didn't get home at all; instead he took a train for Brussels, though he didn't remember how or why, and woke the following day in a strange hotel.

Back in Paris, he spent a great deal of time at the Ritz bar, which was the center of his community. Until the crash in Wall Street it was always full of Princeton and Harvard men, their sisters, and their divorced wives, but these disappeared after the summer of 1930. When one of Fitzgerald's heroes—Charlie Wales, of "Babylon Revisited"—goes back to the bar in the following autumn, the stillness there impresses him as being "strange and portentous. It was not an American bar any more—he felt polite in it, and not as if he

owned it. It had gone back into France." Then Charlie takes a taxi to the Left Bank, where he had seldom ventured in the wild days before the crash, and thinks to himself that it has the look of a provincial town.

The Left Bank was the site of the other America-in-Paris, that of the mostly impecunious writers and artists. Geographically it was only a small portion of the French city, which is divided into twenty *arrondissements*. The American literary colony was largely confined to the Sixth, which extends from the river to the Boulevard Montparnasse, though the colony spilled over into sections of the Fourteenth Arrondissement, south of the Boulevard.

Scattered over the area were several landmarks for Americans. One was Sylvia Beach's bookstore and lending library at 12 rue de l'Odéon, where Joyce often appeared in the afternoon with his black glasses and his ashplant. Not far away was the Luxembourg Museum, where Cézanne, Manet, and Monet still hung on probation before being carried to the Right Bank and admitted to the Louvre. Behind the museum were the statue-haunted Luxembourg Gardens, locked at sundown, where Hemingway said that he used to kill pigeons with a slingshot when he was too poor to buy meat for the family.

He was living over a sawmill at 113 rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, not far from the south end of the gardens. Gertrude Stein lived east of them, in a *pavillon* or garden house at 27 rue de Fleurus. She, too, was a landmark of the neighborhood, at least for the young Americans she regarded as having promise: Hemingway, Robert Coates, Virgil Thomson, and Thornton Wilder, among others. Once Hemingway came to see her bringing Scott Fitzgerald, who flattered Miss Stein. She liked him and told everybody that Fitzgerald was the only one of the younger writers who wrote naturally in sentences. There were other private landmarks at the time, such as Ezra Pound's studio, but of course the great public landmarks were three cafés at the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail: the Dôme, the Rotonde, and the Sélect.

Life among the writers and artists has been commemorated in a long series of memoirs, at least fifteen by my incomplete count. Perhaps the best known are those by Gertrude Stein (*The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*), Sylvia Beach (*Shakespeare and Company*), Morley Callaghan (*That Summer in Paris*), Matthew Josephson (*Life among the Surrealists*), and Ernest Hemingway (*A Moveable Feast*). The best title is that of a hard-to-find book by Robert McAlmon, the cowboy of

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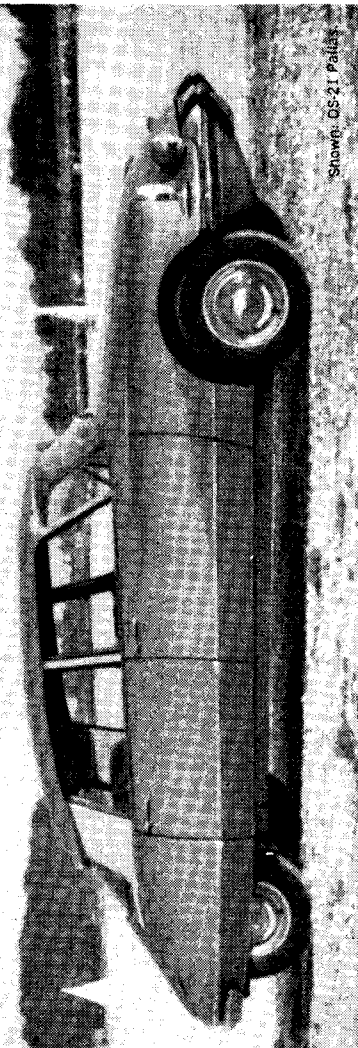
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Montparnasse: *Being Geniuses Together*. Hemingway's book is unsurpassed in rendering the atmosphere that prevailed among the serious young writers, with due attention to their jealousies and vendettas, though his judgments are those of forty years after. For the spirit of the time as felt at the time, one might best read some of E. E. Cummings's early poems:

make me a child, stout hurdy-sturdy-
gurdyman
waiter, make me a child. So this is
Paris.
i will sit in the corner and drink
thinks and think drinks,
in memory of the Grand and Old
days:
of Amy Sandburg
of Algernon Carl Swinburned.

Waiter a drink waiter two or three
drinks
what's become of Maeterlink
now that April's here?
(ask the man who owns one
ask Dad, He knows).

I can picture Cummings writing those high-spirited lines at a café table with a drink in front of him—and no fear of having it snatched away by a Prohibition agent—but it would not be in the Dôme or the Rotonde or the Sélect, for he seldom or never appeared in them. There were other young writers who thought that avoiding them was a mark of social distinction. Hemingway says contemptuously that "many people went to the cafés at the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail to be seen publicly and in a way such places anticipated the columnists as a daily substitute for immortality." He preferred the Café des Lilas, some blocks to the east, where he could write on cold days without being interrupted by make-believe artists. Nevertheless, those three cafés in Montparnasse, and the Dôme in particular, were something more than a paperback edition of the Ritz bar. They were the heart and nervous system of the American literary colony.

When young writers came to Paris, they dropped their luggage at a hotel on the Left Bank and went straight to the Dôme, in hope of meeting friends who had preceded them. Either they met the friends or else they made new ones. When they left for Brittany or the Mediterranean, in June, they went to the Dôme before their departure. A word dropped to acquaintances there was a more effective means of announcing their movements than a paragraph in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*. The Dôme created and disseminated gossip; Americans went there to see who was having breakfast with whom, or had quarreled with whom, or was invited to sit at whose

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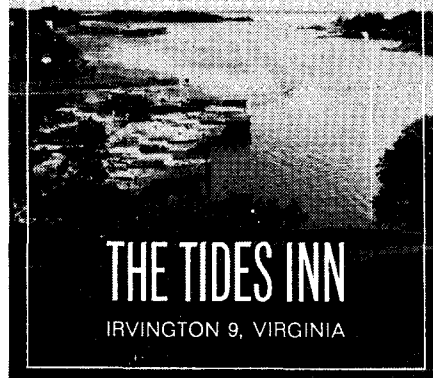
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table; it was their living newspaper.

Even before the war it had become an American café (just as the Rotonde across the Boulevard had attracted Russian revolutionists and international painters). There were stories of poker games that had lasted without intermission for several days, with fresh American players taking the places of those who dropped out. I saw no poker games in 1921 or later. The back room where they used to be played was then provided, or furnished with four dispirited prostitutes who never seemed to have clients; they wrote a great many letters. The front room contained the bar and another busy counter licensed by the state to sell tobacco and postage stamps. But most of the varied transactions that went on in those rooms or at the sidewalk tables yielded no profit to the management, except from the incidental sale of drinks.

In one of its many aspects, the Dôme served as an informal renting agency and guide to cheap hotels. For some it was a loan office where they might, if lucky, obtain funds to tide them over until the next check came from the States. For many it was the assembly point of parties that would end with onion soup in the Central Markets, perhaps with another party, composed of Right Bank Americans, roistering at the next table. Daybreak in the Central Markets was almost the only occasion when the two colonies mingled. The editors of little magazines went to the Dôme in search of contributors; it was easier than writing letters. Several American publishers went there to ask about young authors, for, in addition to its other functions, the Dôme was an over-the-counter market that traded in literary futures. I heard there in 1922 that a young man named Hemingway was writing a new sort of stories, which he showed to people in manuscript; some thought they were marvelous, some held their noses. There was a chattering about those early stories that preceded the later bidding and bargaining among the critics.

Celebrities like Sinclair Lewis made a point of appearing at the Dôme to impress the beginners. Tourists also appeared, as at the zoo, before taxiing off to the nightclubs near the Place Blanche. Fakes went there to prey on the tourists, and suckers to gather round the artists in little absorptive groups: "Please God, let some of their talent rub off on me." The artists themselves and the self-respecting writers would be frightened away long before the lack of dollars put an end to their happy exile. But every community needs a center, and the American colony on the Left Bank was no exception. For several years after the war, the Café du Dôme de Montparnasse was truly "the place."

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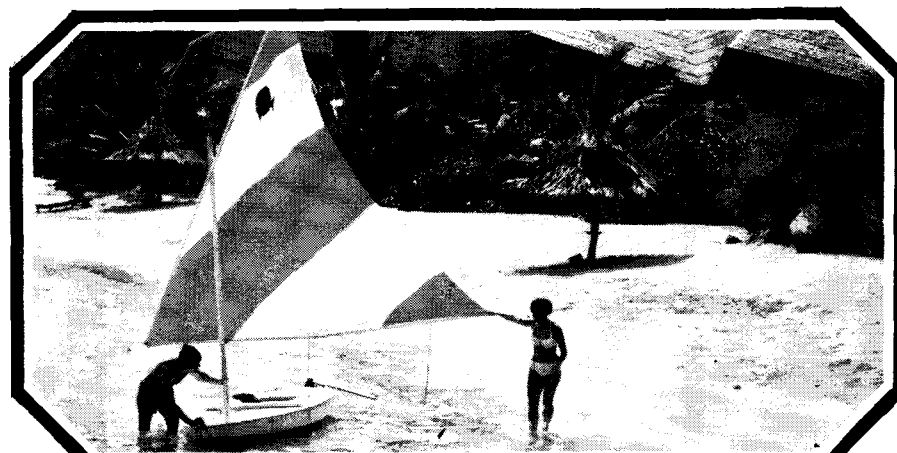
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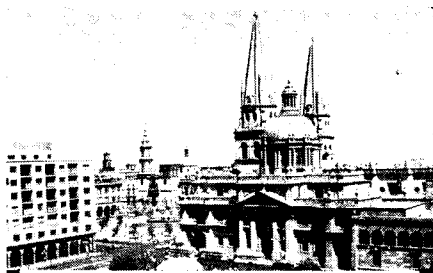


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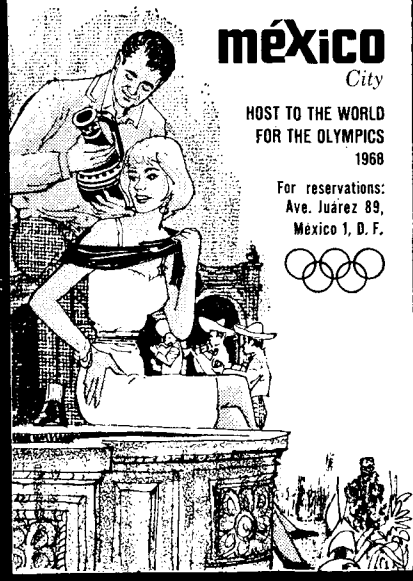
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Hemingway's Spain

Continued from page 49

ing, 'If you have a roast chicken.' The eighteenth-century Goya faces, harsh-boned under the *boinas* (berets) in the tavern, Marcialano's, where we broke fast. Gianfranco tying on his red scarf, singing in this fortress of anti-Communism, 'Avanti il Popolo,' Papa teaching me the song the boys sing after cathedral services on the last day of the festival, 'Pobre de mi.'

That night I wrote, "Peter Viertel, Bob and Kathy Parrish, that robust baritone, Lord Dudley—'Call me Eric'—and his brother, Eddie Ward and his statuesque blond bride, also Tommy Shevlin and Durie have all arrived and we move now in a mob. We lunched in riotous confusion this afternoon and then went to the Plaza de Castilla, the town square, to watch the pipe bands playing and dancing there, then to the bullring with its fretwork trellises, bright banners streaming from its rim, and Lombardy poplars towering behind."

The next day I wrote, "After the *encierro* our crowd walked around the town buying booze and trinkets, then down below the ancient brown ramparts built by the Roman, Pompeius, to the horse and mule fair by the river where the farmers of Navarra do their annual animal trading. It was utterly beautiful there, with the early morning light filtering like soft green rain through the leaves of the plane trees onto the shiny brown rumps of the horses and onto the black hair of gypsy women in their brash, bright skirts, who were moving around their cooking pots which gave out fine, garlicky smells. The mules were constantly talkative and the strong little mountain ponies milled about, but after the noise and excitement of the *encierro*, the fair with its muted voices seemed a harbor of tranquillity."

"It was a great bullfight today, stirring and emotional, with excellent bulls from the ranch of Don Atanasio Fernandez of Salamanca and Antonio Ordoñez, one of the matadors. He is the son of Niño de la Palma, who was the *torero* in *The Sun Also Rises*, and he was so skillful, valiant, and melodic that he lifted the afternoon from dangerous sport to poetry."

Five days later the party ended, our friends set off in all directions, and Ernest and I headed south with Adamo in the Lancia for Madrid. In Burgos, from which Spanish armies led by El Cid started to drive the Moors out of the country in the eleventh century, we stopped to inspect the inside of the immense pink-gray cathedral. The interior was dim after the sunshine in spite of acres of gilded screens, panels, inlays, and lamps, but we felt our way over the

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700-year-old stone floors to pay our respects at the tomb of El Cid, the great general, to the graceful Virgin on the high altar, and to the Jesus chapel with its Gothic lines rich with gilt and the figure of Christ in a cheerful green robe.

The next day, turning off the main road, we headed toward the town of Sepulveda, high on a tableland above the plain, and found our favorite sort of sightseeing. I wrote, "From the secondary gravel road we saw rooks, starlings, swallows, many storks, some forty partridges which flushed from a field of cut grain, a hawk, and two beautiful big silver-blue pigeons. Then we came upon a wolf cub trotting slowly away from us, his ears very pointed, his jaw wider for his size than a dog's jaw. Adamo nearly put us in the ditch.

"Papa has been talking about Rafael Hernandez, the bullfight critic and his old friend whom we met at Pamplona," I wrote as we rolled along. "Of Madrid on its high, dry plateau in the center of Spain, Hernandez once said complacently to Ernest, 'The only thing Madrid lacks is the sea.' When E. asked him what was his favorite winter sport, Hernandez replied, 'The stove.'"

WE lunched in the pretty town of San Ildefonso with its wide tree-shaded streets, green parks, and ancient, impeccable hotel and afterwards I wrote in the car, "We climbed high into the Guadarrama range of mountains, a wild country of granite rock and thick pine and hardwood forest with underbrush and bracken hiding unexpected caves. Below the road on our right a clear stream rushed under a small stone bridge. It was the forest of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Through the treetops we could glimpse the high barren hilltop where Papa made Sordo have his fight, and in the bridge we saw where dynamite had broken off the apex of the arch. Ernest murmured, 'Now I'm glad to see it is like how I wrote it.' Happy if ungrammatical. 'We held the tops of all this along here' he explained of the Civil War. 'They were about three-quarters of the way down on the road to the right. In some places the two lines were less than ten meters apart.'"

After we settled into our room at the Hotel Florida on July 16, we went out to explore Madrid on foot, hunting Ernest's former haunts, trying to find the rhythms of the city. His favorite bar near the Puerta del Sol had disappeared, but he had a consolation prize, knowing that Chicote's in the Gran Via still existed. We watched the twilight deepening above the handsome façades of the Plaza Major with its proportions of pure elegance and its history of the blood of the Inquisition, but except for the Castellana with its green and flowering parkway, I thought Madrid's exterior charms

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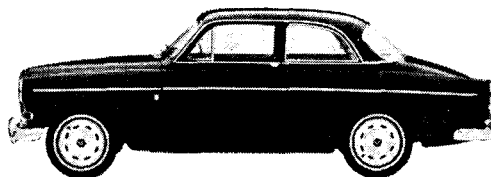
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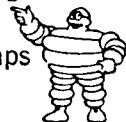


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not comparable to those of Paris, Venice, or London, and said so. Ernest replied, "It's the best city in the world," mystifying me. More moral? More charitable? More beautiful? Something or somebody must have turned up to detour the answer.

The next morning, we paid our initial visit to the Prado, Ernest busily seeking his old loves among its treasures, I breathlessly trying to absorb all at once all the wonders of the paintings—Goya and El Greco, Hieronymus Bosch and Patinir and Velázquez—overwhelmed by that treasury of painting. To compose ourselves after the excitement we walked up behind the Palace Hotel to the little green Plaza Santa Anna and in a small dark pub, the Cervezeria (beer bar) Aleman, sipped absinthe and munched cold boiled shrimp. Thereafter we spent an hour every morning at the Prado and one day also made a pilgrimage to the small chapel of San Antonio de la Florida near the railway station in which Goya painted the murals in the dome, and on the cornices produced the most beautiful, sexy, and gorgeously-dressed angels in Christendom.

Bull-ranchers, impresarios of the ring, matadors, and newspapermen made the Cervezeria Aleman their rendezvous, and we met the famous matador, Domingo Ortega, then retired; also the impresario, Dominguin, the father of Luis Miguel Dominguin, then Spain's No. 1 *torero*. We met John Marks, the London *Times's* man in Madrid, and Hudson Smith, who had a government job—both of them *aficionados*—and they invited us to lunch on Ernest's birthday, July 21.

Of all Ernest's birthdays, which at home in Cuba we customarily celebrated splendiferously with hills of presents, song, dance, champagne, luncheon lasting all afternoon, and the sometimes shooting of buzzards or doorknobs as a finale, our Madrid observance of the day was the most subdued. While we breakfasted in our hotel room he opened his few presents, saying sweetly, "I don't need presents. Madrid's a big present."

With Marks and Smith we went to an outdoor café in the park in front of

the Royal Palace and lunched in the shade of a tree, the conversation and wine coursing freely from 3 o'clock until 6. Ernest ordered hearts of artichoke in oil, a salad of cucumber and tomato, and, later, cheese.

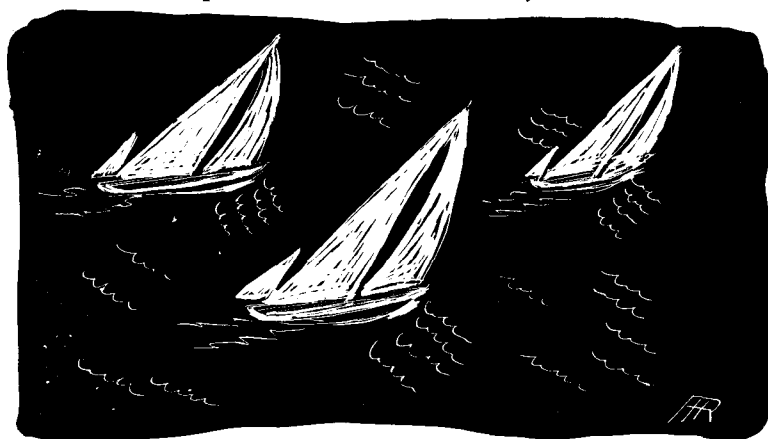
"Was it good?" I asked on our way back to the hotel.

"No."

Going through a poverty-blighted section on the eastern fringe of Madrid on our way to Valencia the next day, Ernest mentioned that the brilliant and popular matador of years before, Augustine Garcia Malla, had been born there and that it was a district where, during the Civil War, both sides had slaughtered violently. "The killing was limited only by the lack of bullets," he said. I reflected for the 2,700th time how helpful it is to travel with a vocal encyclopedia.

Not far southeast of the city we saw in the distance the Cerro de los Angeles, Aniceto Marinas's white marble statue of Christ, gleaming in the sunlight. It marks the geographical center of Spain.

ON July 24, 1953, at the Hotel Excelsior in Valencia, I wrote, "The *feria* here is less bucolic than that of Pamplona, but there are few noisy Americans, complaining French, or overbearing Germans in this old, soft-aired Baroque and hodgepodge city with its constantly sweet-singing bells. Juanito Quintana, who has come with us from Madrid, took me to the high-domed market with its vast assortment of smells, the stalls of the herb-venders a massive assault on the nose, the sausages almost as glorious in their variety as in Bologna, a wealth of fish and shellfish and the best eggs at 50 cents a dozen. Outside we stopped at a street vender's cart to sample Valencia's classic soft drink, *horchata*, an emulsion of melon or pumpkin seeds, refreshing in the sea-level heat, and fattening, then nearby looked into a tall-columned fifteenth-century building, La Lonja, where amber light filtered through windows 40 feet high in the walls. Long before Columbus sighted the Bahamian island he named San Salvador in October, 1492, the Moors of Valencia gathered at La Lonja to do business. Now the



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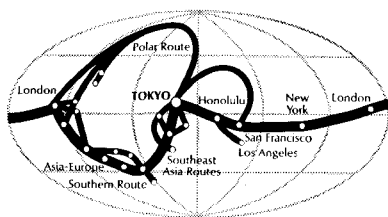
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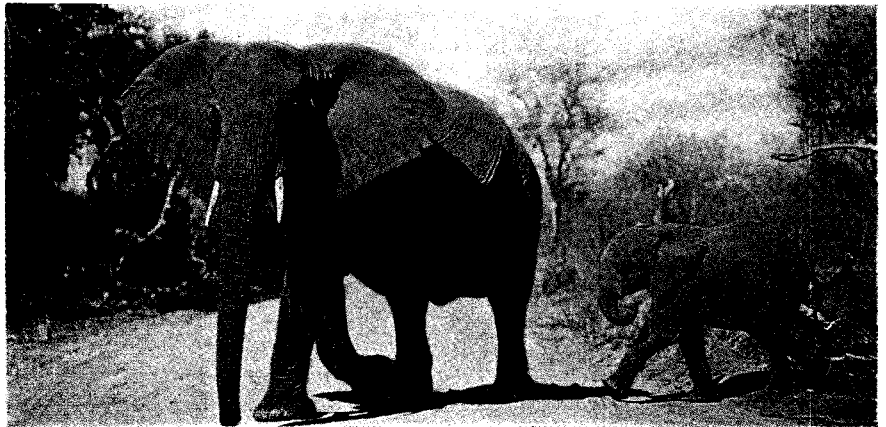
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building houses the produce-exchange market, the little wooden desks of the brokers neatly in line as in a schoolroom, looking incongruous and transient beneath the great dusky arches.

"At an indentation in the sidewalk near the door of the Cathedral we looked at the smooth, worn stones. Moorish slippers had rubbed them down during five or six centuries of weekly meetings of the *Tribunal de Aguas* (water court). The Moors designed and built the canals of this fertile country, and a court of seven judges decided all disputes between farmers seeking more canal water, their decisions being unappealable.

"Juanito and I found Ernest in the corrals behind the old rose-colored bullring, watching the bulls and the many cats which seemed to live there. 'Any Valencia cat is an authority on bulls,' said he. I photographed the grapevines climbing the ancient brick walls."

On Sunday, July 26, in Valencia, I wrote, "Papa comes in happy with the morning papers. They've signed the Korean armistice. His association with the Spanish press has been skillful throughout."

Later that day I described the Cave Towns of two suburbs of Valencia which I'd visited with Peter Buckley, our enormous new young friend from New York. Only the low walls above open patios and whitewashed conical chimneys protrude above the treeless, bushless, barren surfaces of the Cave Towns, and the foot traffic underground from house to house is a maze of tunnels. We chatted and photographed and when I asked one housewife how she managed to keep her home so clean, she said, "Whitewash the whole place twice a year, and between times the paintbrush never leaves the hand."

A few days later we were hustling back to Madrid and at 6:30 a.m. I was scribbling in my diary, "Adamo fished out of the car's glove pocket the last scrap of *chorizo*, dried and hardened but still pungent-smelling. Juanito sliced it and we shared it, lubricating it with wine from the *bota* just as we crossed the Jarama river. 'A *tapa*,' Ernest said. *Tapa* is the word in Spain for the tidbits of food bartenders offer their customers. I sent a silent apology down to my poor, defenseless stomach.

"Now, after the mountain pass, we are coming down into the scooped-out open plateau, meeting the first morning traffic, the high-wheeled carts drawn by mules in line, never abreast. We pass a family, a young woman holding a baby, riding sidesaddle on a mule, the man walking at the beast's head. Biblical. Even the folds of her cape fall like those of the Virgin in Renaissance paintings. They are ill-fed and probably ill-educated. They are a sorrow, but they touch the heart with their beauty."

Literary Past

(Continued from page 47)

miles from London, where Thomas Gray wrote his *Elegy* and where he is buried beside his mother.

A town rich with literary associations that does not seem to capitalize on them is Bath. Here, among others, came Tobias Smollett, Lord Chesterfield, Richard Steele, Joseph Addison, and much later Jane Austen and Charles Dickens to visit or live amid the fashionable world. As one walks up the steep streets to the Circus and the Crescent, with their gleaming Georgian houses made of yellow Bath stone, or crosses Pulteney Bridge—probably the handsomest bridge in England—one can see in his mind's eye the ornately dressed men and women of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, invalids and valetudinarians, being carried in their chairs to the Roman baths, the Pump Room, or the Assembly Rooms. There are plaques on some of the buildings which read, LORD CHESTERFIELD DIED HERE, HERE WAS BORN ELIZABETH LINLEY, WIFE OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, JANE AUSTEN LIVED HERE, and the like. Few Americans get to Bath.

As may be expected, hundreds of literary associations may be found in London, for since Chaucer's days it has been the literary capital of Great Britain. For a shilling you can buy a guidebook from London Railways that tells you how to reach them. The best known to Americans probably are Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, the Cheshire Cheese tavern, Old Curiosity Shop, Dickens's mansion, Gad's Hill, and the Keats House in Hampstead.

I always visit Dr. Johnson's house when I am in London, for it is a bit of the eighteenth-century literary world that has almost entirely vanished. Tucked away in a quadrangle off busy Fleet Street, this three-story Queen Anne building is the only one of his sixteen London residences that is still standing. Here Johnson lived from 1749 to 1759 when he compiled the Dictionary, edited the *Idler* and *Rambler*, and wrote *Rasselas*. It was saved from destruction through the generosity of Lord Harmsworth, the newspaper tycoon.

Incidentally, there is a likeness of Johnson, clumsily executed, outside the Church of St. Clement Danes on the Strand. But if you wish to see a likeness of Boswell you must go to Lichfield, the lexicographer's home town. In the marketplace stands a bronze statue of the little Scotsman, the only monument to him in the British Isles I know of.

The popularity of literary shrines seems to rise and fall with the reputations of the enshrined. Communities that profit from Shakespeare and Words-

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worth may count on continued pros-
perity but places dependent on more
fluctuating reputations cannot be so con-
fident. When Dickens's popularity be-
gan to wane, the various Dickensian
museums suffered a loss of visitors. The
only exception is the "Old Curiosity
Shop" near Lincoln's Inn Fields, which
is supposedly the locale for Dickens's
novel. This cluttered, dusty bric-a-brac
shop is visited by every tourist who takes
the Cook's tour of London, but if that
reliable Baedeker, Clunn's *The Face of
London*, is to be believed, the place is
of doubtful authenticity.

The homes of other Victorians whose
vogue has passed stand almost deserted.
The Carlyle House in Cheyne Walk,
Chelsea, for instance, where the Scot-
tish seer and his wife and their over-
worked and underpaid maids lived for
almost a half-century, and George Eliot's
house on the same street, see relatively
few visitors.

NO nation has been so careful to com-
memorate its literary past as Britain,
and none has cashed in so handsomely.
It is strange that the tourist-hungry
French, who never miss a trick, fail to
emulate the British in this respect—
except in Paris. The cemetery of Père-
Lachaise at the eastern end of the city
contains the remains of more eminent
writers and artists than any burial place
in the world except Westminster Abbey.
Here one may commune with the souls
of Héloïse and Abelard, Balzac, and
Alfred de Musset, as well as Chopin,
Delacroix, and Sarah Bernhardt.

The Panthéon, once a church, is a
stopping place on all tours of Paris. It
is the repository of the ashes of about
seventy of the French immortals, includ-
ing Voltaire. (At least, so the guide told
us on a recent visit.) But the truth is that
the remains of Voltaire are no longer
there. When he died in 1778 he could
not be buried in the regular fashion
because he refused to take the sacra-
ments, so his body was stealthily taken
out of the city by his nephew and in-
terred in a provincial churchyard. Dur-
ing the Revolution it was brought to



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Paris, and with great pomp and ceremony placed in the Panthéon. But one night in May 1814, Voltaire's bones were secretly removed from the lead coffin by a number of young reactionaries, thrown into a sack, and buried in a pit in the city dump.

Much more cheerful associations with Voltaire are available across the country, in Geneva, near the French border. His estate at Ferney, which lies but a few miles from the Geneva airport on the French side, is closed to the public. One can glimpse through the iron railing the lovely château, his favorite walks, and the rolling fields, and descry on the church he built the Latin inscription, ERECTED BY VOLTAIRE TO GOD—"two good names," as a wag said. In the heart of Geneva stands "Les Délices," where Voltaire wrote *Candide*. His estate has long since been cut up and divided into building lots, but the small château was meticulously restored and converted by the city of Geneva into a museum and library. Here the multimillionaire Englishman, Dr. Theodore Bestermann, and a small staff edited the hundred volumes of Voltaire's *Correspondence*. Visitors to "Les Délices" so far as I could tell during the month I worked there, are almost entirely scholars, from many lands.

AT Montreux on Lake Geneva stands the formidable Castle of Chillon immortalized by Byron. Thanks to his poem, translated into numerous languages and read in the schools, crowds of tourists come daily, at least in summer, to see the chains which supposedly held the Genevan patriot immovable for years. Byron was later sorry he had sensationalized the story but his supreme narrative skill put Montreux, an undistinguished lakeside resort, on the main tourist route. Hoteliers and restaurateurs are grateful to him.

One cannot visit Spain without becoming aware of its distinguished literary heritage. I think first of all of the small university town of Alcalá de Henares, twenty miles from Madrid, where Cervantes was born in 1547. It is still a lively educational center and the modest residence where the writer's father, an unsuccessful doctor, practiced for a few years, and then like a will o' the wisp moved on, is a national shrine. In Seville you can see a plaque on one of the houses where Cervantes, himself a shadowy figure lived during an unusually affluent period of his life. His grave is unknown.

A fascinating experience is to follow, as my wife and I did in our car, the itinerary of Don Quixote as outlined in our *Nagel Guide to Spain*. From Alcalá the road took us in the harsh and granite-like country to Loeches, Arganda, Morata de Tajuna, Chinchón, and Villobas to Quintanar de la Orden, a

distance of about ninety miles. It was a warm Sunday afternoon; the villages seemed asleep; few vehicles or animals were on the road. Not much has changed in this dusty part of Spain since Cervantes's day. Ahead of us, eminently real, were the lanky knight with his rusty helmet and armor, mounted on his skinny nag, Rosinante, followed by the short, squat Sancho Panza on his donkey. It was an illusion, of course, in the bright sunshine. At Quintanar we ate a hearty meal at the Don Quixote Albergó and then returned via El Toboso, home of Don Quixote's imaginary Dulcinea, to Aranjuez and Madrid.

ONE goes to Granada chiefly to see the Alhambra, the Moorish palace made famous by Washington Irving's *Tales of the Alhambra*. If one cannot obtain lodgings at the wonderful Parador San Francisco, which has only twelve rooms, one should stay at the Hotel Washington Irving, a good second-class hostelry. I must confess that I read Irving's *Tales*, purchased at the hotel, for the first time preparatory to spending a day at the Alhambra and the Generalife, and found myself seeing the finest example of Moorish residential architecture in Spain and the splendid gardens through the distorted angles of his characters. It was a thrilling experience.

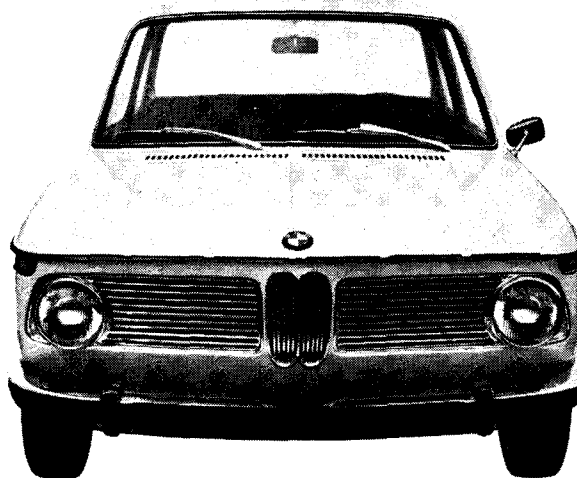
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The duPont Awards: Finis?

THE ALFRED I. duPONT Awards in Radio-Television, established in 1942, were somewhat erratic in quality until 1950. Commentators honored annually included Fulton Lewis, Jr., Raymond Gram Swing, and John Cameron Swayze. In 1951, however, almost two decades of quality consistency began with the award of the commentator prize to Joseph C. Harsch, who was then broadcasting on a Boston radio station. Awards, after that, were given to such notable television and radio commentators as Gerald W. Johnson, Eric Sevareid, Edward P. Morgan, and Louis M. Lyons. The awards committee skipped the commentator prize in 1964, rather than compromise its standards.

The rise in the stature of the awards was due to the appointment, in 1950, of Washington and Lee University as awards administrator, with O.W. Riegel as curator. (Prior to that, the awards had been administered by the Florida National Bank, of Jacksonville, Florida, a member of the duPont Trust.) The university attracted judges of independent mind, including Turner Catledge, managing editor of *The New York Times*; Clifford J. Durr, former member, Federal Communications Commission; Lawrence Laurent, radio-TV editor for the *Washington Post*; W. McNeil Lowry, vice president, the Ford Foundation; Erwin D. Canham, editor in chief of the

Christian Science Monitor; and Richard B. Hull, former chairman of the board, National Association of Educational Broadcasters.

Washington and Lee conducted the awards with integrity and considerable objectivity, stressing the total performances of small broadcasting stations, broadening the awards spectrum to include educational and noncommercial radio and television stations, and continuing to recognize courage and independence in broadcast editorializing and commentary. The awards never generated big-time publicity in the annual blizzard of promotional broadcasting honors, but they developed a steadily mounting respect among people concerned about the public affairs dimension of television and radio. Behind the scenes, however, a sixteen-year record was being written of conflict between the awards administration and the Florida National Bank of Jacksonville. The story came to light recently, upon the bank's unilateral termination of the university's administration of the awards.

When Mrs. Alfred I. duPont, who founded the awards in memory of her husband, asked Washington and Lee University to take over the administration of the prizes, the university had requested, and received, autonomy in making the awards. In 1963, the judges gave the commentator award to How-

ard K. Smith. A group of political extremists then picketed the award dinner, held in Washington. A new trust officer of the Florida bank ordered an investigation. Testimony critical of the university was sought from broadcasting circles. A public relations man was subsequently hired by the trust officer. He consulted regularly with broadcast industry executives in New York, one of whom, according to Professor Riegel, "became the de facto adviser of the Florida National Bank on the administration of the duPont Awards." These activities were carried out without notice to, or consultation with, the university committee of awards, or with Mrs. duPont, who has been inactive because of ill health.

In 1965, the public relations man, on behalf of the trust officer, continued "to suggest who would be, and who would not be, acceptable members of the committee of awards." The bank insisted on "joint participation in selection of the judges, selection of a speaker for the awards dinner, and selection of an assistant curator." The university took the position that "for a public relations man employed by a Florida bank to guide, direct, or influence Washington and Lee University in the execution of the awards program was an absurdity, inconsistent with the character of a reputable university, and a threat to the independence and integrity of the awards." The bank then terminated the awards arrangement.

The chemistry of the affair, of course, was unstable from the start. The university, in its academic innocence, was seriously trying to make honest, objective awards. The bank urged inclusion on the judges' panels of broadcasters who would understand the promotional necessities of the awards enterprise. It favored restricting awards to areas in which the broadcasters, and especially the networks, did relatively well, in news. That the romance lasted for as long as sixteen years is a tribute to both the patience of the university and the tolerance of the bankers. The duPont Trust reportedly is now seeking another educational institution to take over.

Washington and Lee University probably would wish to continue making its own awards, if the necessary supporting funds could be made available. Fred C. Cole, president of the university, and O.W. Riegel, are proud of their experience, which led, in the end, to self-extermination. "This may be noble," said the former curator, "but who really cares? Come spring the broadcasters will award themselves their Emmies with the usual fanfare, and everyone will be happy." Many people do care, and would join in granting the last authentic Alfred I. duPont Award in Radio-Television to Washington and Lee University.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



"They're biting half a mile up stream."