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lack of bloodshed and the frequent armistices devoted to gallantry and gaiety. Two small hotels (fourth-class) offer excellent squid in season and a kind of *eroe* (hero) sandwich of boiled *anguilla* (eel). The local wine is worth tasting if only for the experience.

* * *

The Vicolo Giovanni Gabbia, on the left, leads to the charming Via San Luigi della Gamba Rotto and Casa Umido, the house where, we are told, Guido Gambarelli and his devoted mistress, Maria del Lungo Naso, spent their happiest days before his incarceration. The original house, a dark, forbidding hovel, has been restored many times, but a portion of the old wall may still be seen at the rear; in the kitchen, when the light is favorable, one may see the remnant of a fresco, greatly faded and now no more than a pink and brown blue, said to have been the work of Beppe Garafano, called the Elder. Admission. (See p. 24.)

* * *

On the west side, beyond Ponte Venti Oche, we come to a medieval ruin on a tufa hill. Steps (197) have been carved out of the precipitous cliff which leads to the top from which there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country. This was the delightfully situated site of Rocco Soccorso, a favorite of tired *pellegrini* (pilgrims). The town at the base, of which virtually nothing remains, was Pelasgic and prospered well into the first century when the last ruler, Mesquillius, was expelled by his subjects for reasons that still remain a mystery.

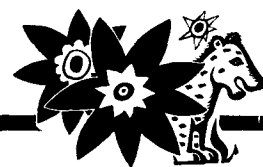
* * *

Velucci (38 inhab.), justly renowned in ancient times for the rugged beauty of its men and women, stands at the head of a valley that narrows to a gorge, and discharges the celebrated cascades that keep the town in perpetual mist except in the dry season. Many Roman and medieval monuments abound on the hillsides. Syphax and Zenobia sought refuge here. The town withstood a siege in the eleventh century. The grottoes, once popular with visitors, have been closed since a series of earth tremors in the 1870s.

* * *

From Tre Accattoni to Paganico, 42 m. there are two road routes: the main road (Highway 39; motor-bus not on Tues., Fri., or Sun., in five hours), and another via Tozzi (motor-bus in four hours Mon., Wed., Sat.) Roccaderighi is a typical town on the first route.

—JOHN FERRIS.



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Think of the last time that *you* were hungry. Really hungry. Was it because dinner was late? Or because you missed a lunch?

Can you imagine what it is to go through life never knowing what it is like *not* to be hungry? Subsisting day after day on a few greens around noon... and some pinto beans in the evening? Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that

It sounds incredible. And it is incredible. Because it's taking place right now... in the midst of the good life so many of us are now living in America.

But walk down the back roads of

most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers... and their children... with stomachs bloated,

eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as

\$12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have *no* income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund has begun a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just \$10.00 buys up to \$240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you. And may *your* next meal be a little more enjoyable.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Behold The Critic

THERE'S A CUTE gimmick used by certain Broadway producers with money invested in uncertain plays. Before opening night, they present a series of previews. Drama critics are not invited.

Previews usually run from a few days to a week, depending on how much doctoring is required to bring the play to a sitting-up position. After extensive transplants, the critics are permitted to see it at appropriate visiting hours, bearing baskets of flowers and bricks, whether to give it a hand or a thumb.

The last play of our theatrical season had previews for a long eight weeks before critical visitors were allowed. The bricks were thrown, and the flowers spelled out "Rest In Peace."

The play, *A Teaspoon Every Four Hours*, starred Jackie Mason, a nightclub comic. Mr. Mason was not only the star, he claimed part authorship. Claiming the ability to create literate

material is widespread among comics. One comic told me his ambition is to rewrite, revive, and star in *If I Was King*.

Mr. Mason's play officially closed the night it officially opened. And it deserved it. I can only imagine his or any actor's jaundiced view of a critic's opinion. Usually it's "What does he know? He was never on the stage."

Well, for his information, at age nineteen I was drama critic of the *Kansas City Journal-Post*. But I came into that exalted position with a background bristling with theatrical successes in high school, although I must admit my first stage appearance at sixteen left something to be desired.

The part was a walk-on. I was supposed to walk onstage into a setting purported to be a plush hotel lobby—actually it was the same set that was used in the play before to indicate an amphitheater in a hospital. By removing the operating table and scattering two pots of palms it was transformed into a hotel lobby.

I had one line, which would indicate

it was indeed a lobby: "This is the hotel lobby. I wonder where he can be. Oh, there he is," and walk off.

On my theatrical debut, I said: "This is the hotel lobby. Oh, there he is. I wonder where he can be."

When I showed up for casting of the next play—we did a play every month—the director was quite cool, and I use the word in the old frigid sense. But when one of his pet actors couldn't make the play because of a track-and-field commitment, he had no choice.

The play was *The Fortune Hunter*, in which I appeared in white tie and tails. I was resplendent. I have the picture in my scrapbook to prove it. I played the title role, a young gadabout seeking a rich wife. I don't recall if I found her. I don't remember much about the play except my resplendent white tie and tails, and that on my first entrance I tripped over the door-sill. Also when I exited.

My next success, nevertheless, was in *The Servant in the House*. Again I had the title role. I was Manson, the butler. Manson was in reality a bishop who was brought into a troubled household to spread peace and the brotherhood of man. Manson, in fact, was Son of Man. I remember that I wore a long white robe, sandals, and a Christ-like beard. I was again resplendent.

The fellow who played the head of the household was later to become a professional actor. His name is Ed Pawley, and he starred on Broadway in several plays and made a big hit with New York critics.

The director was impatient with Ed, because all through rehearsals he didn't know his lines. The director said I was the only member of the cast who knew his lines. I was proud of that. The day after, when the critic reviewed the play and ignored my long white robe and sandals, and gave a rave review only to Ed, I was comforted in remembering that at least I had known all my lines before Ed did. I phoned the critic and told him I knew all my lines before Ed did. Also my mother canceled our subscription.

My farewell appearance was as King Herod. I don't recall whether it was Herod the Great, ruler over Judea, or Herod Antipas, his son, who married his brother's wife Herodias, and who, at the request of his stepdaughter Salome, presented her with the head of John the Baptist on a platter. Since I don't remember any goings on like that, it must have been Herod the Great. And I thought I was too.

So don't go telling me I don't qualify as a critic. I don't care what our local Henry Hewes wrote about my Herod. He was never in a play in his life.



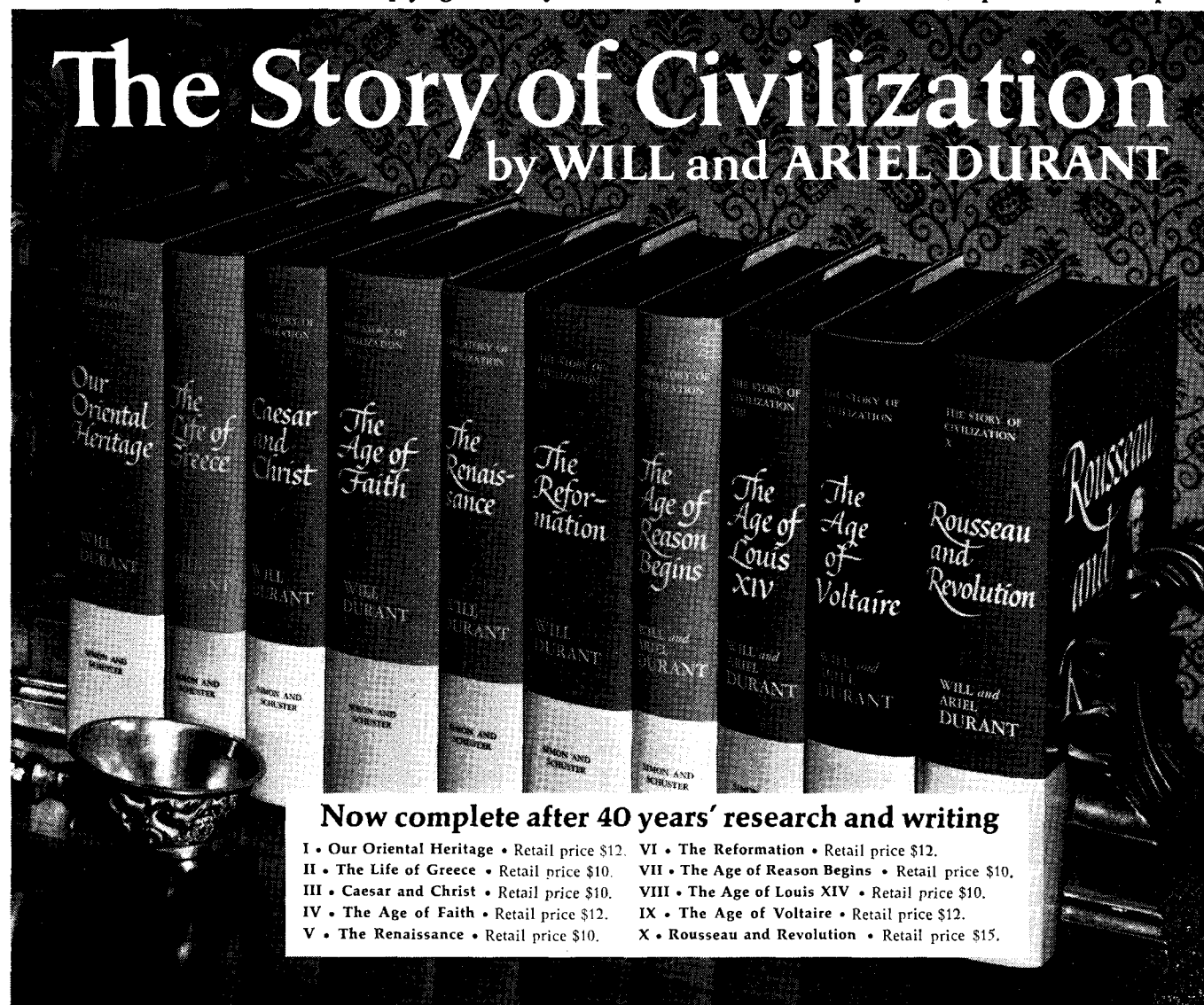
C. Barsootti

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

A Definition to Remember Us By—The ABM: The Maginot Line in the sky.

Title of the Week—Joe Namath's autobiography: *I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow . . . Because I Grow Better Looking Every Day*. The book's previous title, *My Spartan Life*, was rejected—because, we understand, someone decided that when the book was made into a movie, it would not be as good-looking on the marquee.

Letter of the Week—from Mrs. Endre Bohem in Hollywood, California:

Dear Mr. Amory,

In case you have been wondering about the state of the book trade, a recent experience my husband and I had may be of interest to you. Upon the completion of the film version of Molnar's *The Boys of Paul Street*, we offered the translation



rights of the original novel to various American book publishers. Among the answers expressing interest or refusal was a printed form from Rutledge Books, Inc. It was the usual: "Thank you for submitting the enclosed material which we regret has been found unsuited to our needs." What made us ponder whether we can blame our entire cultural decline on television was the way the envelope was addressed:

Ferenc Molnar
1629 No. Crescent Heights Blvd.,
Hollywood, California 90069

A sad story which lingered on was that of the late Bonny, the little space monkey whose journey was so ineptly handled by NASA and whose final demise was so cynically dismissed. Bonny's partisans, interestingly enough, cut sharply across all political lines. They varied, for example, from liberal James Wechsler, editor of the *New York Post*, to conservative Paul Harvey, news commentator. Wechsler, for his part, took dead aim at the ridiculous explanation of Charles Wilson, manager of the project, that "researchers at first were not too concerned" because the reactions of the "primate" were "not uncommon to *Macaca nemestrina* monkeys when placed in isolation." "I wonder," Wechsler wrote, "if Bonny ever thought of himself as a primate." Mr. Harvey, on the other hand, quoted Col. John "Shorty" Powers, prominent in

our early space program, as saying flatly, "The abortive flight of Bonny was a complete and total waste of \$92-million." And, Harvey himself added, "It could be that our calculated cruelty to lesser living things has contributed to our increasingly insensitive disregard of one another."

With all this, it remained for poet and playwright Gottfried Neuburger to memorialize Bonny in verse:

Just look at me, I am so small
I am but one foot tall
I've done my share and more
I've given you my very best
Please let me go and rest . . .

And they examined Bonny's heart and lungs and head
Until they noticed—to their surprise—that he was dead

Our column on women's rights and the Lucy Stone League brought us some well-deserved static from the left wing of women's rights—to wit:

Dear Mr. Amory,

I think in a few years the neo-women's rights movement will not be considered quite so funny as you make it in your column.

Like the black man, we're tired of the dumb jobs, too. We're tired of the low pay when one in ten families is headed by a woman. (Ever try to support five people on a bank teller's salary? A typist's? A salesclerk's?) We're tired of being told we can't do this, we can't do that. We're tired of living for and through others, and want to live for ourselves.

Is that *funny*?

Margot Champagne,
National Organization for
Women (NOW),
Hastings College of Law

Frankly, we never meant to make such broad fun—and, seriously, it was in the library of Miss Jane Grant, founder of the Lucy Stone League, that we learned for the first time that not the least of the weapons women used to get their rights was humor. In any case, we feel it would not be amiss, and might even make amends, for us to quote herewith two selections from *Are Women People?* by one of our favorite writers, the late Alice Duer Miller:

WHY WE OPPOSE VOTES FOR MEN

- 1) Because man's place is in the armory.
- 2) Because no really manly man wants to settle any question otherwise than by fighting about it.

- 3) Because if men should adopt peaceable methods, women will no longer look up to them.
- 4) Because men will lose their charm if they step out of their natural sphere and interest themselves in other matters than feats of arms, uniforms, and drums.
- 5) Because men are too emotional to vote. Their conduct at baseball games and political conventions shows this, while their innate tend-



ency to appeal to force renders them peculiarly unfit for the task of government.

WHY WE OPPOSE SCHOOLS FOR CHILDREN

- 1) Because education is a burden, not a right.
- 2) Because not one-tenth of 1 per cent of the children of this country have demanded education.
- 3) Because if we are educated, we should have to behave as if we were, and we don't want to.
- 4) Because it is essentially against the nature of a child to be educated.
- 5) Because we can't see that it has done so much for grownups, and there is no reason for thinking it will make children perfect.
- 6) Because the time of children is already sufficiently occupied without going to school.
- 7) Because it would make dissension between parent and child. Imagine the home life of a parent who turned out to be more ignorant than his (or her) child?
- 8) Because we believe in the indirect education of the theater, the baseball field, and the moving picture. We believe that schools would in a great measure deprive us of this.
- 9) Because our parents went to school. They love us, they take care of us, they tell us what to do. We are content that they should be educated for us.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1845)

C. R(OBERT) JENNINGS:
THAT'S THE CATCH
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Mike Nichols . . . surrounds himself with droll characters who enjoy instant rapport and an affection for ironic lines, sequitur and non- . . . Most . . . are . . . practitioners of *com-media del arte*, ever putting in question what is real and what is put-on.

From The Los Angeles Times, "West,"
May 18, 1969.