

# Classic Campari Recipes

## for the Adventuressome!

### AMERICANO

½ Campari  
½ Italian Vermouth

Pour over cracked ice. Add twist of lemon. For a long drink, add sparkling water.

### NEGRONI

#### (CAMPARI COCKTAIL)

½ Campari  
½ Gin  
½ Italian Vermouth

Shake with ice. Strain into chilled glass.

### CARDINAL COCKTAIL

Same as Negroni but with Dry Vermouth and twist of lemon

### CAMPARI COOLERS

Pour 2 or more ounces of Campari over ice. Fill with choice of SPARKLING WATER, QUININE WATER, or BITTER LEMON

### ROMAN CANDLE

½ Campari  
½ Cranberry juice  
Juice of ¼ lemon  
Twist of lemon

Pour over ice into an Old Fashioned glass and stir. Add twist of lemon.

### SOUTHWEST ONE

½ Campari  
½ Pure Orange Juice  
½ Vodka

Shake well and serve in cocktail glass.

### CAMPARI GIMLET

¾ Campari  
¼ Lime juice

Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into chilled glass.

A swinging gold booklet of recipes comes with every bottle of Campari. But if you want more suggestions for Campari out of this world mixtures, short and long, hot and cold, write Austin, Nichols, Dept. CSR, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

## SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

### Variations on a Western Theme

LOOMING BEFORE US is one of the year's great controversies: whether the better film is *The Wild Bunch* or *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Both, as it happens, make use of the same basic material: the more or less true adventures of Butch Cassidy's "Wild Bunch" gang that operated in the West of the turn-of-the-century times. However, they are far apart (could hardly be farther) in terms of treatment. Sam Peckinpah's wild ones are meanly violent types, increasingly hemmed in by a closing frontier, and finally giving up their ghosts in an orgy of splattering blood and guts as has never before been seen on the screen. In the other, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid are blown apart, too, but as an absurd conclusion to a largely funny tale.

Other differences: in *The Wild Bunch* there is no Butch Cassidy, and we may presumably identify him in the person of William Holden, a tough codger with his own peculiar ethical code. On the other hand, in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, they and their cohorts are given the name of the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang—not exactly a historical inaccuracy, since the real Wild Bunch operated out of a place called Hole-in-the-Wall and were sometimes so identified. Also: Mr. Peckinpah is deadly serious, whereas George Roy Hill, following the plain lead of William Goldman's fine screenplay, is all fun and games.

If I don't exactly belong to that group meant by the late Robert Warshaw when he termed the Western "an art form for connoisseurs," I do agree with his dictum that the Westerner (as type and archetype) is one of the most successful creations of American movies.

However, I have tended to prefer less the ritualistic examples, lauded by Warshaw and others, than the "impure" variations represented by such films as *High Noon*, *Shane*, and *Gunfight at the OK Corral*. In fact, I like them precisely because they are variations; they tend to lead away from convention and cliché.

Last week, Roland Gelatt questioned here whether the Western film was beginning to wear out its long welcome. The question is certainly valid for those who have grown up with Westerns and can no longer see the movie for the cliché. A newer audience, on the other hand, looks at the compendium

of clichés strung together by a Sergio Leone (in Spain, in Spain!) for such films as *A Fistful of Dollars* and lo!, a television cast-off, Clint Eastwood, becomes one of the few genuine stars left in a sadly depleted galaxy. Leone makes his gunplay a dream of violence, but Peckinpah makes it sickening and, to judge by early returns, the audience is turning away.

*Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* is another matter. When Butch and Sundance finally do blast away at some Bolivian cutthroat bandits, both are shocked (and so are we) at the horror they precipitate. The film does wonderful things, with mood and atmosphere. The touches are fleeting, but they are there. When the camera passes over the faces of women in a Western town, their hard life is written all over their dour faces. Best of all is what is done with the great chase. A "super-posse" has been formed by E. H. Harriman, a tycoon weary of having his trains robbed, to rid the land of Butch and his gang. The super-posse never tires. It rides on night and day. We hear the distant thunder of hooves. We see their distant torches at night. It cannot be shaken off, no matter how much the resourceful Butch and Sundance twist and turn. It is fate following hard on their heels, but it is also humor.

The super-posse chases after Holden and company in *The Wild Bunch*, too, but, more realistically, and, cinematically speaking, less effectively. Both Peckinpah and Hill are first-rate technicians as directors; oddly, both go after a kind of filmic poetry now and then. And both work for style. So have others before them: Ford, and Hawks, and Zinneman, and Stevens. Our best American directors have been attracted to the Western, because it affords them opportunities for the cultivation of style. Also like others before him, Goldman came up with a sophisticated variation on the form. When the corpse kicks like this, surely it must still have some life in it.

### WORLD'S MOST ACCLAIMED MUSICAL

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MAJESTIC THEATRE, 245 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.

# Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

## Concord and Cambridge Confidential

AMONG THE MORE plausible reasons to "See America First" are Cambridge and Concord, Massachusetts, just down the Freedom Trail from Boston. Proud in their faded crinolines, these doughty grandes dames sit mute in their wainscoted studies, their legends as irreversible as a Yankee trade. It is impossible, as Henry James said of Venice, to have an original idea of them. Their poetry and monuments have said it all.

If they pose no threat to the Luxembourg Gardens for splashy elegance, Cambridge and Concord have an interior grandeur of their own. The challenge is to find it. Any guidebook will tell you, for example, not to miss the University Museum's celebrated glass flowers. It will be hard to avoid dowdy old Cambridge Common, where Washington took command of his sullen colonial troops, itching almost to a man to return to their homes and farms. And bronzed old John Harvard beckons inescapably in serene (at this writing) Harvard Yard.

It takes a bit of knowing, though, to corner a sound knockwurst and frosty *Berliner Weisse* at Harvard Square's Wursthaus, New England's first and last word in imported *Gemütlichkeit*. An utterly satisfying duck à l'orange is to be had at Chez Dreyfus. And the Window Shop, next to the once legitimate Brattle Theater (now a movie house given to Bogart festivals and corporate undergraduate hissing), is a comely little sidewalk restau-

rant, offering continental lunch and pastries, cold Tuborg, good talk.

The Square's environs are filled with pleasant surprises. The Fogg Museum's stunning collection of Chinese ritual bronzes of the Shang and Chou dynasties has few rivals. Shops rich in esoterica abound: the Mandrake Bookshop, well stocked with often out-of-print hardbacks and rare prints; Bernheimer's always astonishing Antique Shop on Brattle Street, where one shuttles from pre-Columbian artifacts to medieval chasubles and antique gems. Way-in emporiums offer everything from origami to Marimekko originals and the farthest out in hi-fi equipment. Beyond the precincts of commerce, the Friends' Meeting House in Longfellow Park stands in architectural purity to welcome all visitors, urging one to "walk cheerfully over the world answering that of God in every one." And, as the afternoon wanes, it is pleasant to stroll down Boylston Street, past Harvard's ivy-covered, proud "houses," for a walk along what Thomas Wolfe called "the blue ribbon" of the Charles River, where the shouted rhythms and slapping oars of sculls offer unlikely counterpoint to the bells of the Anglican monastery of the Cowley Fathers on Memorial Drive.

Among the most satisfying attractions of Cambridge, however, is perhaps its most obvious: the Longfellow House on Brattle Street. The poetry of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, to be sure ("Life is real, life is earnest"), strikes most modern ears as only more irrelevant than impertinent. The cloying romanticism of "The Wreck of the Hesperus" or "Evangeline" are embarrassing in the age of computerized war and Marshall McLuhan. Critics have learned a new appreciation for Longfellow's craftsmanship. But the prevailing image of Longfellow as a benign, bearded patriarch inflicted on unwilling school children and given to abrasive Victorian platitudes resists even the scholarship of a Newton Arvin and Edward Wagenknecht.

Longfellow's home discourages this pious popular image. "I think it exquisite," wrote this poet of the masses, "to read good novels in bed with wax lights and silver candlesticks." We know, too, that the poet of *Hiawatha* loved his creature comforts with an epicurean passion, downing his portion of game pie, Stilton cheese, and Madeira with the best of the Boston and Cambridge Brahmins. As great

houses go, his home is more cozy than elegant, but it displays irrefutable evidence of the esteem in which his readers held him in his day. His works, then, were treasured with an almost liturgical reverence, so that criticizing Longfellow, as one wag put it, was "like carrying a rifle into a national park." And public adulation took most tangible form. In the year 1868 alone, while America staggered through the Industrial Revolution, mass immigration, and postwar trauma, Longfellow's income stood at an astonishing \$48,000. For one short poem alone, *Harper's Magazine* paid the village blacksmith's champion \$4,000.

The house itself was a wedding gift from the poet's wealthy father-in-law, Boston merchant Nathan Appleton. The visitor is greeted at the door by Houdon's bust of Washington, who used the mansion as his headquarters in the Revolution. Carrara marble pieces, delicate *chinoiserie*s, and serviceably elegant period furniture—including Sheratons, Hepplewhites, and a massive Oriental red lacquer altar table—grace the house. Longfellow's study, though, is more homey than opulent. In addition to books, which abound through the house, it contains the poet's two desks: a folding writing table topped by the quill with which Coleridge wrote the *Ancient Mariner*, and a standing desk near the front study window from which the poet could look directly down to the Charles River, then a boundary of his estate. Throughout the house portraits and busts of the poet's favorite authors and friends pay mute witness to his interests as a versifier and linguist: Dante, whose *Divine Comedy* Longfellow translated and taught at Harvard; and Goethe, whom Longfellow, as Harvard's second professor of modern languages, introduced to American colleges. His cameo of Dante (it is in the library) is treasured by Dante adepts, and not to be missed. In the study are portraits of Emerson and Hawthorne, frequent visitors to Longfellow's hearth and table, as was his neighbor and Harvard successor, the poet, linguist, and reformer, James Russell Lowell.

Longfellow's capacious library is graced by a Raphael, and is somewhat haunted by the desk at which the poet's wife, the lovely Fanny, met death on a summer day. As she sat by an open window preserving locks of her children's hair in packets with sealing wax, Fanny's dress burst into flames when hot wax or a lighted taper fell on her. In terror she ran for help through the door that connects the Longfellow library and study; the poet tried vainly to save her by smothering the flames in a rug. Only a long beard, by which he would be identified ever after, could



Harvard Yard—"serene (at this writing)."