

Jean Shepherd on 'Bumblepuppyism'

10 CENTS

the village

Voice

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Voice: Gin Briggs
PV and FRIEND

Pax Returns

"Pax Vobiscum," erring totem of the Village Art Center, turned up at the old stand last Monday duly decorated with pine boughs for the holiday season and encased in a florist's box.

All 300, solid-wood, boxed pounds of him were found, leaning devil-may-care, against the front door of the center by Mrs. Renee Demianoff, executive director of the VAC. The prodigal had returned to within a few feet of the pedestal he had disappeared from the day after Halloween, 1956, in the company of carousers, so it is suspected.

Letter Appears

Since his return a letter has appeared at the center, from an unsigned sender, addressed to VAC president Mrs. Maximilian Elser, with Christmas greetings and a word of appreciation for having had use of "Pax."

"Paxy," as PV is known to his younger friends, such as Gary Fisher (above), is the work of sculptor Alfred Van Loen, who donated him to the art center. Before he unceremoniously abandoned his pedestal, over a year ago, plans were to sell "Pax," with the proceeds going to the non-profit VAC, at 39 Grove Street, and to St. Vincent's Hospital.

Ciardi Reads Own Poems At Cooper Union Monday

John Ciardi will read and discuss his own poems at Cooper Union on Monday, January 13, at 8.30 p. m. He is the second of five poets scheduled for succeeding Monday evenings in the school's Great Hall, 8th Street and Fourth Avenue. There is no admission charge.

What's Inside:

FLAVIA ANSWERS her critics, see "Voice Feminine," page 5.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS goes off-Broadway in the Garden District, page 7.

BLINKERY on the road, see "Hubcaps," page 10.

ONE MAN'S alternative to the "Big Ditch," see letter and map, page 12.

Doris Duke Gives NYU Mansion on 5th Avenue For Arts Institute

New York University yesterday was given the three-story Duke mansion at 78th Street and Fifth Avenue to house its Institute of Fine Arts. The gift was made by Doris Duke and her mother Nana-line H. Duke, widow of James B. Duke.

Completed in 1912, the building is an imposing limestone structure which in appearance resembles a museum rather than a residence. NYU will call it the James B. Duke House.

The Institute of Fine Arts, one of the foremost schools of its kind in the country, conducts research and offers graduate study in the history of art and archeology.



Burt Goldblatt

NAT HENTOFF, in this issue, initiates a regular series of columns in *The Voice*. Under the head "Second Chorus," Mr. Hentoff intends to comment on "various matters in the daily press and in magazines large and small." He will touch lightly, if at all, on the subject for which he is best known—jazz. A freelance writer of note, his articles frequently appear in the *Saturday Review*, *Esquire*, the *Reporter*, and the *Nation*. An editor, he oversees the jazz and folk-music section of the new *Hi-Fi and Music Review*. And a commentator, as well: he is now conducting, with Gunther Schuller, "The Scope of Jazz," a program which follows, at about 11 p. m., the Thursday-evening performances of the Chicago Symphony over WBAI-FM (99.5 mcs).



BERENICE ABBOTT in a light mood. One of America's foremost photographers and the camera-biographer of Greenwich Village, Miss Abbott currently has an exhibition of her portraits on view at the Limelight. See review by Saul Leiter, on page 6.

Second Chorus:

What Time Does the Next Balloon Go Up, Mr. K?

by Nat Hentoff

P. D. East, editor of the weekly *Petal Paper* in Petal, Mississippi (\$3 a year), and a happy skewer to the local White Citizens' Council, opened a recent editorial by recalling Satchel Paige's admonition: "Never look back . . . something may be gaining on you."

Having just read Dan Jacobson's "America's 'Angry Young Men'" in the December issue of *Commentary* and Dan Wakefield's review of Kerouac (\$4 minimum) at the *Village Vanguard* in the January 4 issue of the *Nation*, Paige's counsel brought me a Feiffer-like image of the beatified hipsters scurrying through "the American night" hoping that daylight can be postponed just a little bit longer.

Too Late

It's too late though; despite the imprimatur of the *New York Times* and the *Evergreen Review*, the present gig is nearly up. Jacobson breaks the San Francisco "poets'" balloon as well as Kerouac's ("I am obsessed by *Time* magazine," Mr. Ginsberg cries; and he speaks more truly than he perhaps knows); and Wakefield characteristically unimpressed by the canonized, adds: "... there are born each year a certain number of men and a certain number of boys . . . out of each era in our national history there come a few

poets and a few poor boys who wander with words . . . and no grand generalization can tie them together."

Jacobson does feel, as did Herbert Gold in what was easily the most oriented review of "On the Road" (the *Nation*, November 16), that Kerouac has the capacity to swing, but that he's going to have to cut down on his echo-lake rhetoric to make it. In some passages, notes Jacobson of the novel, "There is some factual resistance to the rhetoric, some hard social and physical circumstance to respond to and to be contended with; but for much the greater part of the book, the emptiness of Dean Moriarty—angel, bum, and saint—is matched by the emptiness of the social scene in which Moriarty declaims and postures." Like at the *Vanguard*, J. J. Johnson was hip without worrying about the word and poor Kerouac was the prototypical square trying feebly to be "in." "I could really work with a tenor sax," said Kerouac to J. J., as reported

Continued on page 3

NYU Gets OK On Evictions

New York University has been given a go-ahead signal to evict tenants of the 15-story building at 71 Washington Square South, in the last of a series of reversals dating back almost two years.

State Rent Administrator Robert C. Weaver last Monday accepted an affidavit from NYU asserting that it intended to demolish the building as soon as it was empty. In July Mr. Weaver had sided with the tenants in questioning the university's "good faith." The tenants had maintained that NYU intended to use the apartment house as a dormitory.

Title I

On the basis of plans submitted by the university for redevelopment of the area, the city had turned over the apartment house, under Title I, for a small fraction of its cost. Under the contract, however, demolition by August, 1958, is mandatory, and new construction must be completed within two years of that date.

The tenants intend to appeal the latest ruling of the Rent Administrator.

Passannante Asks Free Textbooks For Public Schools

Calling the textbook problem in public schools equally as serious as those arising from the shortage of schools and teachers, Assemblyman William F. Passannante announced last week that he would introduce a bill that would encourage school districts to "give new basic textbooks to school children to keep as their own." The bill would authorize the state to underwrite half the cost of the program.

'Loan System'

Mr. Passannante, who represents in Albany a district that takes in Greenwich Village, declared that "our so-called 'free' textbook system is actually a loan system. All too frequently," he said, "children are receiving worn, battered, second-hand books that are not conducive to learning."

New York State, the Assemblyman noted, ranks first in both teachers' salaries per public school pupil and in capital outlay per pupil, but ranks 34th in textbook expenditures per pupil.

He defined basic textbooks as "readers, histories and geographies, mathematics and science books, and social science books."

NOTICE
CLOSING TIME FOR VOICE
CLASSIFIEDS

Is Now 5 P. M. Mondays

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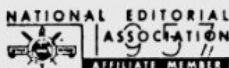
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NOTHING Is Impossible

What 10,000 people sending cards to City Hall could not do, one man succeeded in doing.

When Carmine DeSapio said that he supported the shutting off of Washington Square to traffic; minds that were heretofore closed up and certain voices that had been derisive became silent and talked about other subjects.

Now it seems there is a good chance that the Square will become a park in reality, and not a siding for a roadway. If this happens it will reverse a trend that appears, at the moment, irreversible. Summed up, it is the continuing readiness of city officials to consider the needs of cars prior to the needs of people.

A publicity campaign that calls on pedestrians to keep out of the way of cars is well and good, but how about keeping the car out of the way of the pedestrian?

Let us admit to the fact that the needs of traffic are insatiable. Give "traffic" a 30-foot roadway today, and tomorrow it will be back for 36, 48, or 60.

There is only one certain answer to the Washington Square traffic problem—take the Square off the traffic map. If you don't think this is possible, just look around and see how many streets have been taken off the traffic map when someone has a big project to put up.

THE ANTHOLOGIST IN THE KITCHEN

Oscar! Oscar! Sweet and sour
Preserving pickles by the hour
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame such odd asymmetry?

—C. A. Tergo

The Night People

by JEAN SHEPHERD

Bumblepuppy: Dynamic Passivism

BUMBLEPUPPY was described by E. M. Forster as a game in which tennis balls are lazily hit into the air in order to more or less strike a Mrs. Honeycutt. Some did and some didn't; however, it made little difference, as the players weren't really trying and Mrs. Honeycutt was bored.

Huxley referred to the sport fleetingly several years later in his "Brave New World." Oxford Unabridged describes Bumblepuppy as a poorly played game of whist, but then you know how the Oxford viewpoint is. There have been many times in the past century and a half when Bumblepuppyism has popped up in the literature of the Western world. It has always been a nebulous thing, sometimes treated contemptuously and snidely, but at others with a sort of respect, as though in the very slippery nature of the beast there lurked a hint of disrespect for the existing order of things in this best of all possible worlds.

Its Origins

Students of Bumblepuppyism have never agreed as to the actual origins of the game, but they are all certain that the seeds must have been sown shortly after Early Man lost his vestigial gill-covers and formed the first bowling team, and the institution of back-slapping became a major tenet of a philosophy of life.

The dark corridors of time are strewn with the whitened bones of forgotten Bumblepuppy players who pursued their lonely sport unsung and unrecorded. Bumblepuppy has taken many forms over the ages, and it is significant that nowhere can be found a precise statement of rules nor even a clear description of the phenomenon itself. Some evidence exists that most of the players were not even aware of their participation in the fugitive sport. It remained for the twentieth century and the advent of "togetherness" and numerous other assaults upon individualism to signal the actual flushing out into the open of Le Grande Sport. The times call for strong measures.

SOME WEEKS AGO a couple of students at the University of Con-

necticut felt the primeval urge come upon them to form a team. However, as is the case with many team-formers, they couldn't decide upon an objective for the team activity other than "teamism" itself. Everyone knows the soothing warm feeling of simply belonging; belonging to anything as long as there is an organization and it opens enfolding arms to the footsore wanderer in outer darkness. And as anyone can tell you, it is mighty cold out there in Outer Darkness in this day of "togetherness." Moreover, they felt that forming a team, with the resultant meetings, wrangling over ground rules, setting-up of schedules, appointing uniform committees, and all the hoopla and red tape of getting going, would be reason enough for creating a team. This is the true spirit of Bumble-

puppyism, where the object of a team is to merely be a team. Even the names of the team positions (and what value is there in an organization if there are no lovely sounding appointed titles?) are enough to make the old pulse pound with a desire to join. Left and Right Bumble, Center Centrifugal, Alternate Center Centrifugal, Doppler-Data Digitizer, Left and Right Scoffers, among others. I have suggested another position, that of Trailing Iconoclast, but the Rules Committee hasn't as yet settled upon the date of their first meeting, so that suggestion is still hanging fire, in the true spirit of pure Bumblepuppyism.

There is talk that a secondary organization is needed to include the women and children. These will be known as Jeer Leaders. Already there are over 150 teams in existence in as many secondary schools and colleges all over the country. Everywhere people who have never made a single team in their lives are being carried about the campus on the shoulders of wildly applauding fellow Bumbles.

THE GAME ITSELF is a true outgrowth of our times. It is the first
Continued on page 12

letters to the editor

Worse, Not Better

Dear Sir:

An examination of some of the traffic conditions prevailing in and around the Washington Square area and the city generally, and the exercise of common sense, would indicate that traffic conditions would deteriorate still further, rather than improve, if a main artery were to be continued through Washington Square Park.

Additional Jams

A very large percentage of those who work below Washington Square do not now, sensibly or out of iron necessity, drive their cars to and from work. Opening another artery through Washington Square might well induce additional thousands, for prestige purposes or because of the bad rapid-transit conditions, to take their cars into work every day. This would cause an additional area of traffic jams, and add to

those below the Square without relieving the situation over the present routes.

Improvement of rapid transit, by construction of the long-planned Second Avenue subway and otherwise, would assist in solving the existing traffic problem and probably some others.

Extending Fifth Avenue as a main artery, through and below Washington Square, would only aggravate the problem further.

—Saul Gross
East 5th Street

Shortcut

Dear Sir:

Here is a solution to the roadway-through-Washington-Square controversy that those concerned might consider: Instead of having a road to connect West Broadway with Fifth Avenue, build a roadway across the southeast corner of the park, connecting West
Continued on page 12

Sick, Sick, Sick by Jules Feiffer

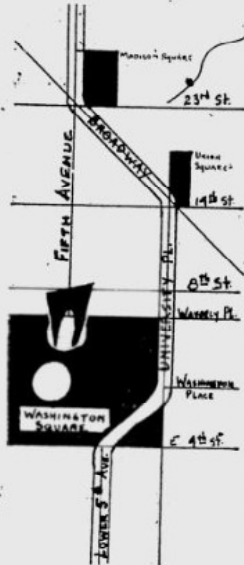


letters to the editor

Continued from page 4

Broadway with University Place at about Washington Place.

This arrangement would leave most of the park in one piece, cutting off only a corner. And traffic could move as freely on University Place as it would on



Lower Fifth Avenue. University is a through street, since it connects with Broadway at Union Square, and Broadway can be connected with Fifth Avenue at Madison Square, by an arrangement similar to that at Times Square where Seventh Avenue and Broadway interchange with one another. Furthermore, University Place could be widened with less protest than Lower Fifth Avenue.

—Robert Abbott
West 12th Street

The Reich Article: Irresponsible?

Dear Sir:

"Freedom in science" is always worthy of discussion; any breach deserves editorialization. Abuse of the editorial privilege is unpar-

donable, however, and when done solely to "get a rise" out of the public, perchance to increase circulation, it is a breach of responsibility of the free press to a free people. The touching Wilhelm Reich testimonial, "Epitaph for a Scientist," by Adam Margoshes in "The Press of Freedom" (Voice, November 13), is the article in question.

Has the Right

A scientific authority delegated by the people for its own security does have a right to set up some controls to protect the lay public from fraud. This is true freedom: a freedom which controls irresponsibility. These controls as used by the Food and Drug Administration do not pose a threat of overcentralization of power, but rather are based on a scientific, critical morality. They are not normally wanted or needed for the pen-and-paper scientist, but they are needed in the healing arts.

The amazing three-column eulogy to Dr. Wilhelm Reich used enough phrases like "he leaves behind no scientific heirs of comparable stature" and "a great man's enemies" to cause the unsuspecting reader to imagine him a Dreyfus. Since Mr. Margoshes states that neither the FDA nor Reich's other critics have read Reich's books, some quotes and information are here presented concerning the "orgone-energy accumulator." The FDA's injunction was against the sale or rental of this orgone accumulator.

Its Uses

The invention is a box the size of a small telephone booth, composed of iron and wood, steel and rock wool. It was supposed by Dr. Reich to collect and accumulate "orgone energy" in such a fashion as to cause the enclosed patient to redden, glow, and finally feel slightly dizzy and nauseous. This overcharging disappears when the patient enters the open air, and the symptoms strangely vanish. "In severe cases of burns, experience has revealed the amazing fact that no blisters appear, and that the initial redness slowly disappears." Other uses of the accumulator were for anemia, early cancer, colds, hay fever, arthritis, ulcers, migraine, sinusitis, and any wound. He writes in "The Cancer Biopathy" that can-

cer cells are but protozoa with tails and "move in the manner of fish." The complete sexual orgasm is, to Dr. Reich, in his "Function of the Orgasm," only found in the non-neurotic individual. Treatment with a rented or bought orgone accumulator will, however, aid the neurotic patient to achieve perfect orgasm.

Atomic Energy

Dr. Reich greeted FDA opposition in writing where he compares himself to Galileo, Copernicus, Lieuwenhook, Nietzsche, Pasteur, Freud, and their sufferings. In "Listen, Little Man" (1948) the by now totally incompetent biophysicist wrote: "Whatever you have done to me or will do to me in the future . . . sooner or later necessity will free you to comprehend that I have discovered the laws of living . . ." In "Cosmic Superimposition" (1951) he moved into astrophysics and described space as orgone energy, adding that the sun and planets move in an orgone stream "in the same plane and revolve in the same direction . . ." that the planets therefore do not revolve about the sun and that the sun has no attraction for the planets. Orgone energy, he said, was in fact atomic energy, but creative instead of destructive.

The Village Voice might more appropriately have mourned the death of Reich the early contributor to psychiatric theory, perhaps even Reich the vigorous opponent of German Fascism, and might certainly have lamented the loss of a great mind gone askew. Such articles as "Epitaph for a Scientist," good editor, may spur circulation, but certainly make ridiculous your "Press of Freedom"—a cheap trick for a basically fine paper. It even renders this letter, by its necessity, inane.

—Julian M. Firestone, D. D. S.
Lower Fifth Avenue

The Night People

Continued from page 4

game on record that plays the players, instead of the other way around.

A large chrome-plated machine is required. IBM, so we can be sure, has been commissioned to create the pilot model for the first game. The machine indiscriminately hurls balls in several decorative shades at the players of both teams, who are then required to duck. Points are scored for the opposition whenever a player is struck by a ball. Hence the only talent required in order to be a winner is the ability to get out of the way. It is easy to see how such a talent developed early in life can only lead to success in later years when the ex-player enters the structure of corporate life. It is well known that today the team is far more important than what the team produces, and in the long run is more fun if it produces nothing more important than red tape and a few titles.

Form Your Own

Actually, Bumblepuppyism is rampant everywhere under other names. For example, we have a Great Team in Washington, but no Sputnik. Well, no matter. You too can form your own Bumblepuppy Team and get in on the fun. Appoint committees, design uniforms, set up rules, even name a czar who will oversee playing if you ever get around to playing; make announcements, have high-level conferences, award medals to

outstanding retiring Bumbles. Try it, you'll find it fun, and everybody's doing it.

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REVERSE RITES

Broadway is the best university available to American students of the theatre, and many of its classes are interesting and informative. The latest exception is "MISS ISOBEL." The unnecessary lesson: No script equals no play, Q. E. D.

Shirley Booth is one of the university's best lecturers, but even she can't make this sleeper an eye-opening water-supper. Every one must know by now that the play concerns an old and tender-hearted lady who, because of her daughter's implacable bitterness toward her and everything else, goes tender-brained and reverts to childhood. Also assisting at the reverse puberty rites are a 10-year-old boy whose sole friend Miss Booth is, his determinedly widowed mother, a Scottish blind man, and a dubiously Chinese lady who aimed for and missed the stage door of "Auntie Mame."

First Is Worst

The first act is the worst. Miss Booth plays lovingkindness with lazy ease, and the other actors strain desperately and futilely to seem alive. The daughter is unpalatable, unbelievable, and uninteresting, and the audience soon learns to ignore her.

With much evident effort, things go slightly uphill through the acts, and by the end I had begun to begin to love Miss Booth's character. But the one-word final line destroys both the central figure and any possible point the evening's endeavor might have had.

Peter Larkin made the doomed crew a pretty set, and Audre dressed them decorously. Nancy Marchand plays the daughter bravely, but the odds are against her, and Peter Lazer is versatile

as the too-winning 10-year-old. Cedrick Hardwicke is listed as director, but seems only to have "blocked."

—Michael Smith

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Happy Hundred!

All of a sudden I feel much younger. I just read about a doctor who claims that people of the future will live to the ripe old age of 150.



Rather than be caught napping, greeting-card manufacturers should get busy sharpening up their rhymes for a booming business in birthday cards for folks 100 plus. For instance, "I think it's nifty that you're one hundred and fifty." Or, "The first hundred went fast, but you're built to last!"

Con Edison is actually 134 years old — but has young ideas. Planning for the future is one of them. Expert forecasters constantly study birth rates, population shifts, industry and residential growth and then figure out how much new equipment and plant capacity will be needed to produce enough electricity, gas and steam for New York of the future.

Over the next 5 years, they'll be investing about ¾ billion dollars on expansion.

Uncle Wethbee

See Uncle Wethbee and TV Action on TV
Sun, Mon, Fri, WED-THU CH 4, 11-12 p.m.

Con Edison

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Mademoiselle

for the intriguing story
in your January issue
about

the village Voice

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