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the village Voice

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

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Vol. II, No. 28 • New York, N. Y. • Wednesday, May 8, 1957



Village Likely to Lose Its J. H. S. Gain Playground

The City Planning Commission met at City Hall last Wednesday, the first day of May, and quietly adopted the site between 14th and 28th Streets and Seventh and Ninth Avenues for the location of Junior High School 70, the proposed replacement for J. H. S. 3. This action signalized a major defeat for a large segment of the Village community, which at public hearings on April 10 had requested the commission to place the school on seventh Avenue between 12th and 13th Streets.

The arguments of the Board of Education, which originally proposed the adopted site, undoubtedly loomed large in the commission's decision. The commission's site-choice now goes to the Board of Estimate for final action.

Gain Playground

On the plus side for Village forces, the commission voted to authorize the Borough President to acquire title to a playground bounded by Thompson, Spring, and Sullivan streets, and to approve a map-change in the City Plan which would show this playground. Thus the Thompson Street playground, for which the Village has long battled, was pushed along toward realization. Construction now waits on the Board of Estimate's action on the commission's recommendations.

The following Villagers spoke before the City Planning Commission to expedite action on the playground: Anthony Dapolito, chairman of the Village Planning Board's Parks and Playgrounds Committee; Elsa Steinert, Secretary of the Washington Square Association; Philip Lombardo, head of the Greenwich Village Association; Charles Pagella, of the Lower West Side Civic League; Joseph Latino, president of the Village Businessmen's Association; and John Lawrence, Council for the Improvement of Village Internal Conditions.

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Jean Shepherd's Rally:

The Art of Milling. Or Go Fly a Kite

by Alan Bodian

Dawn broke innocently over Washington Square last Saturday. It was a gray, quiet day until 1.30, when several hundred young people, mostly in their teens, filled the circle yelling to one another cryptic slogans like "Excelsior! . . . They're only engineers! . . . Let's mill!"

Tension filled the circle by 2 o'clock. It was now very clammy, and rain seemed imminent. Some of the more adventurous raced through the restive crowd with small kites about 3 by 5 inches in size, but nature refused to cooperate and the kites hung limp. "EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!" The chant gained momentum.

A red-faced young man mounted the fountain in the center of the circle and raised his hands for attention. He managed to gain a small cluster, but most stayed on the outer edges of the circle.

"Get down from there!" "We're not supposed to talk!" "Let's mill!" "Lynch that guy!" "What do you expect from engineers?" "Excelsior!"

Finally Jean Shepherd, in sports coat and open collar, appeared and mounted the ledge, and the throng, at least a thousand strong, closed in on him. Shepherd raised his hands and exhorted his followers to calm down. It soon became apparent that Shepherd has two kinds of admirers: the "Let's-mill-quietly" clan and the "Let's-mill-at-any-price" clan. As in a medieval passion play, the satanic "Let's-mill-at-any-price" faction gained the upper hand in this first act. The pacifist clan, mostly in crepe-bottomed shoes, played the game according to the rules. This clash of the clans soon reached a cacophonous crescendo, comparing favorably with European student riots.

A police radio car came screaming into the Square and a police sergeant approached Shepherd. The mob moved in, and now there were at least 2000 people, many

drawn by the drama surrounding Shepherd, the police sergeant, and a few of the more articulate kite flyers who were serving as interpreters.

Cries of "EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!" soared over the crowd. "Why don't you find who shot Castella instead?"

A stray drunk was pushed forward by the crowd and growled glassy-eyed: "You should have been in the Big One!"

Shepherd tried to explain, but in vain. The sergeant led him to

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Quintero, Herridge Named 'Obie' Judges



Voice: Gene Dauter

The judges for this year's "Obies" are to be Jose Quintero, Frances Herridge, and Jerry Tallmer, it was yesterday announced by The Village Voice, originator of the Voice Off-Broadway Awards.

The 2nd annual "Obies" are to be given out at a special invitation ceremony on the afternoon of Monday, May 27, once again in the Limelight Coffee House, where last year Shelley Winters presented the coveted parchments to 20 prize-winners including Jason Robards, Jr., George Voskovec, Julie Bovasso, and—for his direction of "The Iceman Cometh"—the same Mr. Quintero who will be one of the judges on this occasion.

Jose Quintero (above) hardly needs introduction to Villagers, or theatre-goers, anywhere. For his current staging of "Long Day's Journey into Night" he has carried off almost every honor in sight. A resident of Commerce Street, he has staged 13 noteworthy productions at the Circle in the Square during the past half-decade.

Miss Herridge (left), drama editor of the New York Post, succeeded to that position upon the death of Vernon Rice in 1954. Once Max Lerner's secretary on PM, she came with him to the Post some eight years ago, and went into off-Broadway and ballet reviewing after serving a stint on the feature desk and women's pages. She and Mr. Quintero replace Earle Hyman and Richard Hayes as the "outside" members of the judging panel who, rotating annually, serve with one representative of The Voice.



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TV PRO. The young man from Waverly Place whose erudition almost (or nearly almost) reversed the trend toward comic books among the younger set, turned "pro" on TV last Sunday. Charles Van Doren very ably handled his first assignment as a staff member of NBC. He acted as commentator on "Call to Freedom," which featured a film on Austria's struggle for independence.

BAZAAR. A collection of ceramic pieces, made by students of Greenwich House Pottery, 16 Jones Street, will go on sale tomorrow (Thursday) at 6 p. m., and continue through Friday and Saturday between the hours of 1 and 9. All the pottery is handmade and priced very low. The proceeds will go toward the school's budget.

VILLAGERS. Ex - newspaperwoman Susan McMahon, Morton Street, has just taken over the public-relations desk at the New York Historical Society. A Hunter graduate, Miss McMahon worked on the Albany Times-Union . . . Dr. Curt Sachs,

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REV. JOHN B. MACNAB

SUNDAY, MAY 12

9:45 A.M.—Upper Church School
10:45 A.M.—Lower Church School
11 A.M.—MR. MACNAB
8 P.M.—MR. MELLIN

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NVU musicologist and one-time refugee from the Hitler regime, has been appointed professor-emeritus in Germany by the West German government . . . Two Villagers, senior **George F. Hollander**, East 11th Street, and freshman **Roderick W. Nash**, East 10th Street, were among those just reported on the Harvard College Dean's List . . . Greenwich House Head **Maxwell Powers** has been appointed to membership on the National Panel of Arbitrators by the American Arbitration Association. Mr. Powers was also made a member by Governor Harriman of the board of commissioners of the New York Commission for the Blind.

MENACE OF BOOKS. A Greenwich Village couple, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hennefeld, of 5 Cornelia Street, were evicted from their apartment last Monday because their landlord, backed up by the Department of Buildings and the Municipal Court, considered their 1000-book library a safety hazard. "Too heavy," the authorities agreed.

The Art of Milling Or Go Fly a Kite

Continued from page 1

the southern end of the Square, and for a fleeting moment, shielded by buses making their turn for the uptown run, Shepherd was able to speak to the policeman. But the crowd was not to be denied, and soon Shepherd and the sergeant were surrounded again. Shepherd raised his arms for silence, and for a brief period the "Let's-mill-quietly" clan prevailed.

'Let's Start'

"Now I told you that all we were going to do was gather here in Washington Square, mill around a little bit, and fly our kites. Now let's start to mill."

The sergeant, seizing this mo-

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village calendar

WEDNESDAY (today)

Talk, Earl D. Hoeth, Ph.D., Center for Self-Defense on the Highway, NYU (rm. 131 24 Waverly Place), 8 p. m. (free);

THURSDAY:

Concert, NYU School of Education Chorus, Schubert's "Mass in G Major No. 2," Jean Naley, soprano; Aaron Beigle, tenor; and Joseph Schaeffer, baritone; conductor: Prof. Luther W. Goodhart, NYU (25 West 4th Street), 8:15 p. m. (free);

FRIDAY:

Nesle, Marlon Bauer, Concert, chamber music, unpublished American compositions, NYU (25 West 4th Street), 8:30 p. m. (free);

SATURDAY:

Films for younger children, "We Explore the Waterways," American Museum of Natural History, 2 p. m. (free);

SUNDAY:

Opera, works of Ger. Shwin, Montali, Copland, and Britten: Soloists: Marjorie Milton and Jeanette Seymour, soprano; Dale Brown, bass, New School, 2 p. m. (22.35);

ment of silence, shouted coarsely:

"All right, break it up!"

He was greeted by a roar of boos.

"If Shep says to mill, I think it's only fair to do what he says," a boy about 15 yelled earnestly.

"Cremate that kid!" a tall boy shouted.

"Let's strip the police car!" another shouted.

"Let's strip the sergeant!"

A Phalanx

Shepherd started to walk rapidly across the circle and turned west on Washington Square North. A phalanx of the faithful followed. At the corner of MacDougal Street, Shepherd stopped next to a flaming red Isotta, and in a farewell address told his disciples that he had promised the police to disband the meeting.

"NO! NO!" the faithful shouted. Shepherd opened the plastic front of the Isetta and pleaded for sanity. He and an unidentified lady—a total stranger to him, Shepherd later told The Voice—disappeared under the plastic bubble.

"Let's lift the car!" A few of his muscular followers straddled the plastic-turreted car and started to lift it. Shepherd and his unwitting hitchhiker sat rigid and pale. The police car was seen coming down the street. Finally Shepherd started the motor and squirmed through the crowd. As the Isetta disappeared southward down MacDougal Street the faithful began to scatter.

"The art of milling is dead," said one, and sadly put his kite to rest in a briefcase.

THE village square

Washington, D. C., April 29

After announcing my impending departure for Quebec and then turning up in the nation's capital, it's pardonable for you to think my sense of direction is suspect. Truth of the matter is that the north-bound flight was canceled and I didn't feel like going home and unpacking my briefcase.

Not having been educated at an American high school or college, I've never been on a trip here before, which is my loss. I don't remember when I saw more beautiful green grass, trees, and illuminated fountains. Or less people. Plenty of cabs though, a disproportionate number—13,000—seemingly against the city's one million population. (N. Y. has only 15,000). As you may know, D. C. cabs don't have meters and you take the driver's word for how many "zones" you've negotiated. A more annoying trait is the way many of the cabbies leave their rooflights on, even when booked. (Thereby reminding me of Victor Borge's crack that "everytime you find an empty cab there's somebody in it.")

More on transport. The streetcars and buses, surprisingly labeled "affiliate of Trans-Caribbean Airways," charge a

standard 20-cent fare but allow transfers to and from any route in the same general direction. At the front of the streetcars are two doors—one for entering, one for exit. Saves no end of pushing and shoving.

I visited one of the two-score "off-B'way"-style theatres to see Saroyan's "My Heart's in the Highlands," performed by an enterprising part-time group called Theatre Lobby. Previously this season they've been represented by "Exiles," "Three Sisters," and "Ring Around the Moon," and have proved themselves the most successful (though not financially) of the D. C. groups. I was as delighted by the theatre itself as by their performance. An attractive three-story building, for which they pay \$200 rent a month, it is located at the end of a picturesque mews where studio apartments, with garages, are going a-begging at \$60 a month. But at Theatre Lobby's cast party after the show, a part-time actor was bemoaning his lot. He was "trapped," he averred, in a well-paying government job in a city that bored him.

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