

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 2, 1997

Ms. Patricia Falk
Government and Community Relations Officer
Brooklyn Museum of Art
200 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn, NY 11238-6052

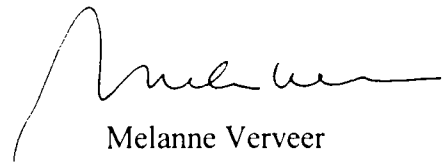
Dear Ms. Falk:

Thank you very much for your letter and invitation to the First Lady to the gala celebrating *Monet and the Mediterranean* and for your catalogue on the exhibit, which is so impressive.

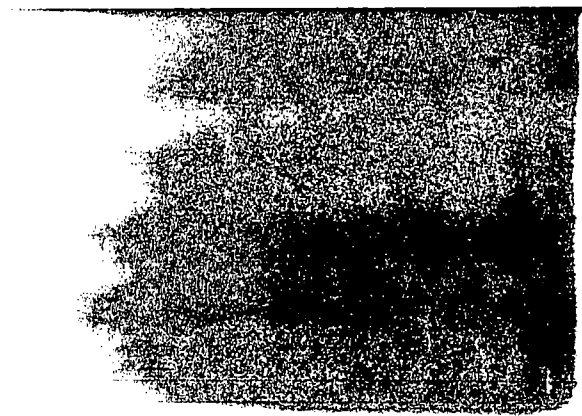
We very much regret that the First Lady will not be able to attend the gala because she is scheduled to be in Latin America at that time.

Thanks for writing and best wishes for a successful gala and exhibition.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Melanne Verveer', with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff to
the First Lady



Copy to
Patti
by

Ms. Melanne Verveer
Deputy Chief of Staff to the First Lady
Office of the First Lady
The White House, Room 100 OE0B
Washington, DC 20500

May 22, 1997

Patricia Falk
*Government and
Community Relations
Officer*

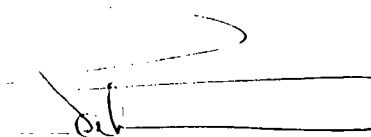
Dear Ms. Verveer:

I have enclosed a letter sent to the Social Secretary to the White House from our incoming Director, Arnold Lehman. We thought our October 9th gala celebrating the exhibition, *Monet and the Mediterranean*, would be both a wonderful art event as well as a diplomatically valuable one for the First Lady.

We understand there is a good chance Madame Chirac will attend. When we get a response we will, of course, let you know.

Also enclosed is a copy of the exhibition catalogue.

Sincerely,





Brooklyn Museum of Art

Ms. Ann Stock
Social Secretary to the White House
East Wing Suite 200
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW
Washington, DC 20500

May 22, 1997

Arnold L. Lehman
Director

Dear Ms. Stock:

I am very pleased to write to you at the suggestion of Marvin Traub and Iris Cantor, a Trustee of the Brooklyn Museum of Art, to invite Mrs. Clinton to be an honorary guest at a benefit gala for the exhibition, *Monet and the Mediterranean* on Thursday evening, October 9, 1997 at the Brooklyn Museum of Art. The French Embassy in New York has been kind enough to also extend invitations on our behalf to Madame Chirac and Francois Bujon de l'Estang, Ambassador of France to the United States.

It is my hope that Mrs. Clinton will join us as we bring together the French business community and New York's leading corporations and art patrons in support of the Museum, and the first major exhibition of Claude Monet in New York City in 20 years. As one of the oldest and largest art museums in the United States, the Brooklyn Museum of Art has the distinction of being located in New York's most populated and ethnically diverse borough. The Museum was the first to begin an organized museum education program for children, and it continues to be a recognized and innovative leader in education programming.

The Brooklyn Museum of Art is pleased to present *Monet and the Mediterranean* during the celebration of its 175th anniversary. It is my hope that Mrs. Clinton will be able to honor us with her presence in celebration of Brooklyn's presentation of one of the world's great artists. Enclosed is a catalogue of the exhibition.

I look forward to your reply.

Sincerely,

Arnold Lehman

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Overview

Among the oldest and largest art museums in the United States, the Brooklyn Museum of Art attracts over 250,000 visitors annually. Housed in a beaux-arts landmark building designed in 1893 by McKim, Mead and White, the Museum contains approximately 1.5 million objects. Its collection represents virtually the entire history of art, ranging from one of the world's premier Egyptian collections to its comprehensive holdings of American paintings and sculpture. The Museum's curatorial departments include:

- The Arts of Africa, the Pacific and the Americas
- Asian Art
- Decorative Arts
- Egyptian, Classical and Ancient Middle Eastern Art
- Painting and Sculpture
- Prints, Drawings and Photographs

Audience

According to a 1995 audience survey, 76% of the Museum's adult visitors live in NYC and 24% are tourists. Half of the visitors report incomes of \$50,000+ and 79% indicate that they have at least a college degree. The following is a breakdown of Museum visitors by residence, ethnicity/race and age:

Adult Visitors

		<u>Residence</u>	
Caucasian	59%	Brooklyn	51%
African-American & Caribbean	20%	Manhattan	15%
Hispanic	4%	Queens	8%
Asian	3%	Bronx	1%
Middle Eastern	2%	Staten Island	1%
Native American	<2%	Greater NY Metro	9%
Other	10%	Out of State	12%
		International	3%

Sex

Female	60%	<u>Age</u>	
Male	40%	18-24	8%
		25-34	21%
		35-44	24%

Education

Some College	16%	45-54	18%
Undergrad Degree	33%	55-64	11%
Postgraduate Degree	46%	Over 65	15%

Household Income

Under \$30,000	26%
30-49,999	26%
50-69,999	17%
70-99,999	16%
Over 100,000	15%

School, Youth & Family Programs

Recognized as a pioneer in Museum Education since the 1950's, the Brooklyn Museum of Art serves over 45,000 school children annually through a range of school and weekend programs. In 1994, the Museum was instrumental in establishing The New York City Museum School, a new alternative 6-12th grade public school in which students spend 3 days/week studying at the Museum. The model for the NYC Museum School is based on the Museum's successful experience in centering learning around the observation and study of art objects. In addition to The NYC Museum School, the Museum has established school partnerships with seven elementary schools throughout Brooklyn. The Museum also serves over 3,000 teachers through staff development workshops, Open House previews and a Teacher's Summer Institute.

Families from throughout New York City take advantage of the Museum's free drop-in workshops on weekends for children as well as its Holiday and School Vacation Programs. The Museum's popular Gallery/Studio Program enrolls over 500 children in art classes throughout the year.

Public Programs

The Museum's Public Programs for adults attract over 25,000 visitors annually. The Museum's programs include daily gallery talks, academic symposia, lectures and performances. As Brooklyn's major cultural institution, the Museum also promotes the performing arts and has become a major venue in Brooklyn for independent film and jazz.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 20, 1997

Ms. Betsy Frampton
Glen Eagles Foundation
1400 Sixteenth Street, NW
Suite 430
Washington, DC 20036-2217

Dear Betsy:

Thank you very much for your letter on the importance of early intervention to meet the needs of homeless children and your suggestion that the early childhood development policy agenda be responsive. I have shared your views with others in the administration.

Thank you for writing and best wishes in the important work you support.

Sincerely,



Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff to
the First Lady

May 8, 1997

Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff to the First Lady
O.E.O.B.
Room 100
Washington DC 20500

R
Copy to Nickle

Dear Melanne:

I am writing to urge that the White House include the developmental needs of homeless children in its national campaign emphasizing the importance of positive early childhood experiences in brain development.

Without early intervention, children suffer life-long, irreversible consequences. In the case of homeless children these consequences have already been documented. Research has shown that this population experiences significant developmental delays, educational underachievement, behavioral disorders and heightened risks to health and safety.

An organization with whose work I am very familiar, The National Law Center on Homelessness and Poverty, is a leading advocate on behalf people who are homeless. Maria Foscarinis, the center's Founder and Executive Director was a primary architect of the landmark Stewart B. McKinney Homeless Assistance Act, the major federal legislation addressing the needs of homeless people, including special provisions addressing the needs of homeless children. The Law Center has also published four reports on the needs of homeless children and the barriers that they face in the public education system.

With the support of the Glen Eagles Foundation, the Law Center has set an important precedent establishing that homeless children have a legal right to equal access to public education. Currently, sponsored by the Kellogg Foundation, the Law Center is researching the participation of homeless children in public early education programs, such as Head Start. Preliminary results indicate that eligible homeless children encounter barriers to their participation in these programs

I urge that the needs of these most vulnerable citizens be placed prominently on the early childhood development agenda, and that organizations such as the National Law Center on Homelessness and Poverty be brought to the table to offer leadership and insight on this important issue.

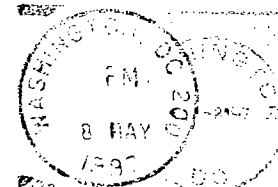
If you need any additional information, please feel free to call me at 202-939-3399. And thank you for all the good work that you're doing!

Sincerely,

Betsy
Betsy K. Frampton

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Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff to the First Lady
O.E.O.B.
Room 100
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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 20, 1997

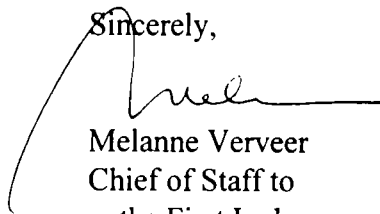
Mr. Charles Fenyvesi
U.S. News & World Report
2400 N Street, NW
Washington, DC 20037

Dear Charlie:

Thank you very much for your thoughtful letter and the clips which I did enjoy reading. I am so glad to have had a chance to chat with you at the White House Correspondents Dinner and again at the Romanian Embassy.

I greatly appreciate your thoughtfulness.

Sincerely,



Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff to
the First Lady



②

Dear Helaine, April 29

it was a pleasure to sit
next to you Saturday
night.

I hope you'll enjoy
reading the enclosed.
The Gypsy article^{is} on p 42-43.

all the best,
Charlie Taylor

955-2334

Thank
you

FENYVESI

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 1, 1997

Mr. Charles Fenyvesi
U.S. News & World Report
2400 N Street, NW
Washington, DC 20037

Dear Charles:

Thank you so much for your letter and for Splendor in Exile which I look forward to reading (I have already skimmed the chapter on the Romanian royals!). Thank you for your thoughtfulness. It is most appreciated.

Best wishes.

Sincerely,



Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff to
the First Lady



2400 N Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20037 • (202) 955-2334

CHARLES FENYVESI

R
Dumas
Splendor
in Exile

~~Dear Madam,~~ 5/22/97

It was nice running into
you at the Roussier
embassy. I hope you'll
enjoy reading my book.
(It was my first.)

Ch. Fenyvesi

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 10, 1997

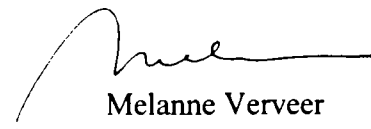
Mr. Donald Fowler
2725 Devine Street
Box 50627
Columbia, SC 29250

Dear Don:

Thank you very much for your letter and for forwarding Father Phelps' invitation. We have also acknowledged his letter directly.

Thanks for writing and best wishes. *hope all is well.*

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Melanne', with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff to
the First Lady

©

to for in
advance
in for
requester

Donald L. Fowler

+ to
Fowler
also

June 2, 1997

Dear Melanne:

Hope things are going well for you.

Attached is a letter from Life Directions, a worthy organization that sponsors programs to counteract gangs in middle schools and high schools. It is an invitation for the First Lady to speak in Detroit in December 1998. I told Father John Phelps that you would not commit this far in advance, but that he should send you the letter and follow up later.

This is a fine program that has been immensely successful in five cities. It is one that deserves our support.

Thank you for your interest. Best wishes to you and the First Lady.

Dan

attachment

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 13, 1997

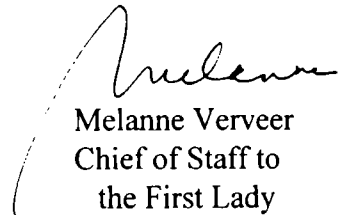
Ms. Shelley Feist
713 Hart Senate Office Building
Washington, DC 20510-3405

Dear Shelley:

Congratulations on your new position in Congressman Dorgan's office! It was so wonderful to hear your good news. I wish you all the best in your future endeavors and challenges.

Best wishes.

Sincerely,



Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff to
the First Lady

*Melanne ~ it has been my pleasure to work
with you while at the Kennedy Center.*

I am pleased to inform you of my new position
and work address as of June 9.

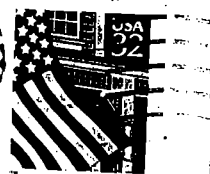
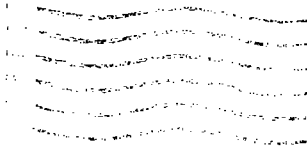
*(R)
C. Feist*

Shelley Feist
senior policy advisor
Office of the Honorable Byron Dorgan (D-ND)
713 Hart Senate Office Building
Washington, DC 20510-3405

E-mail:
shelley_feist@dorgan.senate.gov

ph.) 202/224-2551
fax) 202/224-1193

*A.
G.*



*Melanne S. Verueer
Chief of Staff to the First Lady
The White House
Washington, DC 20500*



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 10, 1997

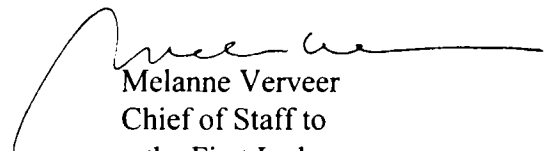
Ms. Leslie Gottlieb
Director of Communications
The League of Treatment Center
30 Washington Street
Brooklyn, NY 11201

Dear Ms. Gottlieb:

Thank you very much for your thoughtful letter and wonderful card from the children. Please tell them we are grateful. We are glad that Hannah Kim was able to participate with us in the White House Conference on Early Childhood Development and Learning.

Again, thank you for your thoughtfulness and best wishes.

Sincerely,



Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff to
the First Lady

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 20, 1997

Ms. Marian A. Godfrey
The Pew Charitable Trusts
One Commerce Square
2005 Market Street, Suite 1700
Philadelphia, PA 19103-7017

Dear Marian:

Thank you very much for your thoughtful letter and good wishes. It means a great deal coming from you. Thanks for all you do.

Best wishes.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Melanne', with a long, sweeping horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff to
the First Lady

THE PEW CHARITABLE TRUSTS

*One Commerce Square
2003 Market Street, Suite 1700
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103-7017*

*Marian A. Godfrey
Director
Culture Program*

*Direct Telephone: 215, 575, 4870
Facsimile: 215, 575, 4939*

②

May 12, 1997

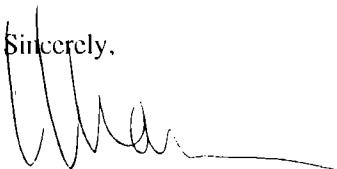
Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff
Office of the First Lady
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Melanne:

I write with warm congratulations on your promotion to Chief of Staff, and on your hiring Ellen McCulloch-Lovell to be your Deputy Chief of Staff, in the Office of the First Lady. It has been a pleasure to work with both of you over the past years and I look forward to continuing opportunities to work together. I hope you will both feel free to call on me in the future as you find it appropriate.

Belatedly, thanks and congratulations as well on your great success in repositioning the federal cultural agencies and the whole issue of the federal government's support for culture, resulting in President Clinton's acknowledgment of the important role of the arts and humanities in his State of the Union address and his recommendation for budget increases for the agencies in the upcoming budget. I also gather from a recent phone conversation with Ellen that planning for a Millennium celebration of American culture is underway with the blessing of the White House. I do believe that the arts have a special role to play in helping us appreciate the best our country has to offer, and thank you for your commitment to that belief as well.

Sincerely,



Marian A. Godfrey

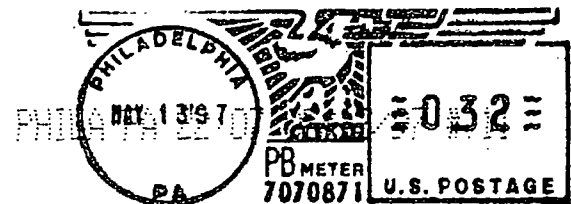
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The Medical Trust*

*The Mary Anderson Trust
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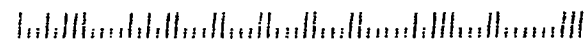
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*One Commerce Square
2005 Market Street, Suite 1700
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103-7017*



Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff
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The White House
Washington, D.C.

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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 20, 1997

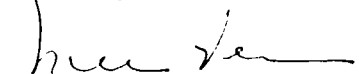
Mr. Barry Goldberg
Executive Director
New York Youth Symphony
850 7th Avenue
Suite 505
New York, NY 10019

Dear Mr. Goldberg:

I received your letter forwarded by Bruce Lindsey inviting the First Lady to present The Theodore L. Kesselman Award for Arts education at the opening of your gala season on December 14, 1997.

Regrettably, Mrs. Clinton will be unable to accept your kind invitation because of schedule conflicts. Best wishes to you and all who are involved in this most commendable program.

Sincerely,



Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff to
the First Lady

850 Seventh Avenue
Suite 505
New York, New York 10019
(212) 581-5933
(212) 582-6927 (fax)

Anna -
pls do a
request



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11 April 1997

Mr. Bruce Lindsey
Deputy Counsel to the President
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Bruce:

It's been a few years since our *Sou'wester* and English Lit. class days together at Rhodes. I've hesitated renewing communication since it's clear you've been pretty busy, and I didn't want to write until I had something useful to discuss.

I have managed this modest but extraordinary orchestra for young people for the past 14 years, and the experience has given me some of the most fulfilling times of my life. Each year, the New York Youth Symphony provides about 100 gifted musicians, ages 12 to 22, with unparalleled training in orchestral experience, culminating three times seasonally in capacity-filled concerts in Carnegie Hall. The program is tuition-free for these students, many of whom participate as a way to determine career direction.

Almost \$500,000 is raised annually from the general public to support this program, and our opening concert each season serves as a fund-raising benefit. We are about to open our 35th gala season in Carnegie Hall on Sunday, December 14, 1997, at 2pm, and we would like to approach our former conductor, Leonard Slatkin, to accept The Theodore L. Kesselman Award for Arts Education, given each year to a person who, like himself, has demonstrated remarkable support for programs nurturing young people in the arts.

Maureen
This might
be something
HRC might like
to do
Bruce

0414.01

Mr. Bruce Lindsey
page two

As Mr. Slatkin has recently assumed his new post as music director of the National Symphony Orchestra at the Kennedy Center and since this would be the beginning of our 35th year of operation as a not-for-profit organization, it seemed fitting to have someone of importance in our government to present the award. We would be honored, of course, to have that award presented by The President or First Lady.



I won't belabor the obvious that The President has an interest in the welfare of our young people and the possibilities in their development provided by their participation in the arts in addition to a renewed support of the importance of our nation's cultural well-being. The recognition of an exemplary organization such as the New York Youth Symphony, having operated successfully for 35 years through volunteer support and donated funds with the only governmental support coming through New York City's Department of Cultural Affairs serves as an effective opportunity to demonstrate several points currently being made by this Administration.

The New York Times offered a glowing review last month of our program, saying that the musicians' "level of technical and musical accomplishment is remarkable" and that "all the playing lacked was several million dollars worth of top-quality instruments." I am certain that you would hear radiant reports of our program from officials of the American Symphony Orchestra League, Commissioner Schuyler Chapin of the NYC Cultural Affairs Department, Maestro Kurt Masur of the New York Philharmonic, pianist André Watts, and any number of individuals with personal knowledge of our good works.

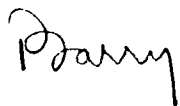
Mr. Bruce Lindsey
page three

On a personal note I shall add my pride in the extraordinary accomplishments of this President and his Administration. I have been an inveterate partisan of his vision for the reorientation of our economy, the cause of civil rights and racial justice, and a successful foreign policy during a most difficult time. History, I believe, will see this as a remarkable period of accomplishment under the trickiest set of circumstances in our history.

My first and only foray into politics was my work immediately after graduating on the campaign of Senator Albert Gore, Sr. Although that experience was not one which would provide me with a career, it gave me the tiniest inkling of the inordinate pressures which you must face daily. I applaud you for what you are trying to accomplish and thank you for succeeding in many ways and in behalf of so many Americans.

Meanwhile, I hope to hear back from you regarding the feasibility of the proposal and any further suggestions you might have. Despite our two careers having gone in very different directions, I recall fondly our good feelings during our school days and take pride in your impressive accomplishment.

Best regards,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Barry", written in dark ink.

Barry Goldberg
Executive Director

The New York Times

Tuesday, March 11, 1997

MUSIC REVIEW

When the Warhorses Were Young

By ANTHONY TOMMASINI

The New York Youth Symphony, now in its 34th season, seldom has trouble filling Carnegie Hall for its concerts. Sunday afternoon's was no exception. Naturally, there were many families of orchestra players in attendance, who were fairly easy to spot: you see children pointing excitedly to brothers and sisters on-stage, and alert parents nudging each other during a clarinet solo or a timpani outburst.

But these concerts have always attracted listeners who simply want to hear exciting, unjaded music making, and this one provided it. Nothing makes an overplayed repertory work seem fresher than a performance by musicians just discovering it.

Such was the case with Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet." The youths in the orchestra range in age from 12 to 22, and their level of technical and musical accomplishment is remarkable. Their conductor, Miguel Harth-Bedoya, had some trouble getting his players to keep the intensity alive in the ruminative

Tempestuous Tchaikovsky from musicians at the age of discovery.

introductory phrases of the Tchaikovsky. But the musicians tore into the tempestuous episodes with abandon, and the famous love motif was archingly shaped. All the playing lacked was several million dollars worth of top-quality instruments.

There was also the world premiere of a piece commissioned by the orchestra, "Tongues of Melting Light," a seven-minute tone poem by Jason Uechi, a 28-year-old composer completing a doctorate at Columbia. The work, which evokes sunsets in the composer's native Hawaii, tries to express opposing forces of day and night in music of unstable harmony and stark contrasts: skittish repetitive figurations are cut off by thwacking percussion volleys, which

lead into shimmeringly quiet sustained harmonies, and so forth. I can't say I envisioned sunsets. The real inspiration seemed to be a roster of composers from Debussy to Ligeti. But the piece is richly colored and skillfully orchestrated.

The main work was the Dvorak Cello Concerto with Alisa Weilerstein, a 14-year-old cellist from Cleveland, as soloist. My qualms about the exploitation of prodigies vanish when I hear an enormously talented musician like Miss Weilerstein playing with an orchestra of peers. The performance was a nothing-to-lose adventure. Miss Weilerstein played this touchstone work with boldness, assured technique and vibrant tone. And the orchestra under Mr. Harth-Bedoya was with her all the way.

Miss Weilerstein has also performed with the Cleveland Orchestra, which is more worrisome. But for now, she is full of promise. The New York Youth Symphony has a good track record of presenting young talent. At its very first concert a 17-year-old violinist named Itzhak Perlman was the soloist.



Oni Muhammad/The New York Times
Alisa Weilerstein, 14, performing
Dvorak's Cello Concerto

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New York Youth Symphony: 34th
Season in Carnegie Hall

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The 1996-97
Carnegie
Hall season



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Music Director

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The New York Youth Symphony, celebrating its 34th consecutive season in Carnegie Hall, 1996-97, is nationally recognized as a preeminent institution in the nurturing and development of gifted young conductors, composers, instrumentalists, and soloists. It is often called "the nation's youth orchestra," and it is where the music begins. Regarded widely for its innovative and dynamic programming, the New York Youth Symphony has been the recipient of twelve awards since 1985 from ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers), the first citation "for excellence in performance and education" from BMI (Broadcast Music, Inc.) and an Encore Award from the Arts and Business Council "for outstanding service to New York and its citizens."

The New York Youth Symphony operates independently as a not-for-profit organization supported by voluntary contributions.

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BERNSTEIN Overture to "Candide"
THEODORE SHAPIRO "Ophelia" for Flute and Orchestra
Premiere
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JASON UECHI Tongues of Melting Light, Premiere
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New York Youth Symphony: The Most
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Miguel Harth-Bedoya

Music Director

Now in his fourth season as music director, Miguel Harth-Bedoya serves as conductor of the 100-member orchestra. Mr. Harth-Bedoya serves concurrently as a cover conductor for the New York Philharmonic and as Music Director of the New Opera Company of Peru and the Orquesta Filarmonica de Lima. He holds conducting degrees from the Curtis Institute of Music and The Juilliard School, where he is currently a member of the faculty.

ARMANDO J. LAYAN

At-Last

"My experiences with the New York Youth Symphony have been invaluable. Sundays have been the part of the week I look forward to and I would recommend it to any serious young musician. Thank you for everything!"
—New York Youth Symphony musician, 1995-96



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■ **FIRST OF THREE.** Kicking off the 13th season of world premieres in its FIRST MUSIC program, the New York Youth Symphony will perform Theodore Shapiro's *Ophelia* at Carnegie Hall on December 15. The composer is pictured here with NYYS Music Director Miguel Harth-Bedoya (right) and guest artist Eugenia Zukerman, who will be featured as flute soloist in the work. FIRST MUSIC continues with Jason Uechi's *Tongues of Melting Light* on March 2 and Michael Nathaniel Hersch's *Movement for Orchestra* on May 18.



NEW YORK POST

METRO EDITION

Tuesday, December 17, 1996

--the orchestra's opening concert of its 34th season in Carnegie Hall, 12/15/96

Yet another triumph of youth at Carnegie Hall

THE New York Youth Symphony, at Carnegie Hall on Sunday afternoon, gave a fine exhibition of what it is all about -- the care and nurturing of young performers and composers, a task that has occupied it for 34 years.

While the decline of interest in classical music has been a gnawing subject of late, the level of

featured soloist, skillful and committed. Shapiro, a former student of David Diamond's at Juilliard, has clearly got a keen ear for orchestral colors, both delicate and robust, and his 10-minute "Ophelia" accomplishes very nicely the difficult job of creating a dramatic concerto scenario for a basically fragile solo instrument.

Drawing on Shakespeare, the work raises the usual question about music-with-a-story: Would you sense the narrative without reading the program? In Shapiro's case, a qualified yes: A delicate spirit is obviously thrown into conflict with a powerful force, violence ensues, distress is evident, quiet prevails in the end.

Shapiro's instrumentation is sensitive and telling. "Ophelia" opens with a misty shimmer and the flute proceeds with a gentle melody while the harp adds touches of color. Many precisely scored passages have an impressionistic delicacy, and the big orchestral outbursts make their point. The symmetry of the piece is satisfying, and the flute is treated well.

The program book notes that Shapiro has written music for a new film called "Hurricane." I await its release with interest.

Classical review

By Shirley Fleming

competence among young players seems almost to demand that they be heard. So much talent just won't be buried.

The talent on display this time, under the spirited direction of the orchestra's music director, Miguel Harth-Bedoya, focused principally on a newly commissioned work for flute and orchestra by 25-year-old Theodore Shapiro and on Saint-Saens' flamboyant "Organ" Symphony.

Bernstein's "Candide" overture opened the concert, and a movement from one of Mozart's flute concertos was tucked in the middle. Eugenia Zukerman was the

The World of Chamber Music

BY ROBERT FRELLY

Barry Goldberg



Acclaimed clarinetist
Richard Stoltzman
coaches three members
of the New York Youth
Symphony's Chamber
Music Program

Commitment...teamwork...camaraderie. Terms associated with sports? Certainly. But they barely scratch the surface in describing the world of chamber music.

Professional musicians and music educators have long stressed the benefits of chamber music activity as an integral component of a young musician's musical development.

Thanks to the support of Amateur Chamber Music Players, young musicians across the country are given the opportunity to heighten their awareness of musical dependence and interdependence through a small-ensemble experience.

The ACMP Foundation was established in 1993 to support the aims and purposes of Amateur Chamber Music Players, fostering the playing and singing of chamber music by people of all ages and skill levels. Funded through a bequest from Clinton B. Ford, an avid amateur violist and member of the Advisory Council of ACMP, the Foundation has made awards in three categories: fellowships to existing adult workshops to encourage participatory classical chamber music playing; grants to weekend workshops for amateur players; and grants to community music schools and youth orchestras for programs that encourage and create opportunities for chamber music activity.

For some orchestras, the support of the ACMP has assisted in the expansion of existing chamber music activities, while for others, it has provided essential funds for the beginnings of a structured chamber music program. "The generous grant of the ACMP has assisted us in bringing in world-class artists to work with our musicians," states Barry Goldberg, executive director of the New York Youth Symphony. The NYYS's chamber music program, established in 1984, has featured master classes by such musical luminaries as Pamela Frank and the Emerson String Quartet. Sixty-five students, aged 12 to 22, rehearse weekly under the guidance of coaches drawn from the wealth of professional musicians and teachers living in the communities surrounding New York. Performance opportunities include recitals and a Chamber Music Day, an all-day event featuring NYYS's chamber ensembles and invited guest artists. Goldberg believes that the rigorous training offered through chamber music provides a good foundation for young musicians.

Carolyn Phillips, executive director of the Norwalk (Conn.) Youth Symphony, agrees. "The added dimension of chamber music is vital to rounding out the musicians' orchestral experience. The individual responsibility [placed on each musician] expands their ability enormously." The focus on the individual in chamber music necessitates a complete commitment from each member of the ensemble. "The logistics of maintaining a chamber

continued on page 2

UPBEAT
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The New York Times

December 14, 1993

Classical Music in Review

■ Young orchestra offers a premiere

New York Youth Symphony

Carnegie Hall

In case free tickets were not a sufficient lure, the New York Youth Symphony offered more enticements to the opening concert of its 31st season on Sunday afternoon. Miguel Harth-Bedoya, a 25-year-old Peruvian conductor, was making his debut as the orchestra's director, and given the organization's track record (former directors include Leonard Slatkin and Gerard Schwarz), listeners who keep tabs on musical careers were naturally curious. The orchestra's First Music commissioning program has also been successful, and the program on Sunday included the latest work in the series, Sean Anthony Varah's "Burning." And for good measure, there was Tchaikovsky: the First Piano Concerto with Misha

Dichter, and the Fifth Symphony to end the program.

The combination worked: Carnegie Hall was filled to capacity. Mr. Harth-Bedoya seemed a capable, often eloquent conductor. His gestures are balletic but specific, and he got his players, who are between 12 and 22, to produce both the grandeur and lyricism of the Tchaikovsky works. Mr. Dichter contributed an outgoing and sometimes electrifying performance.

In "Burning," Mr. Varah favored percussion and winds, leaving the strings in a supporting role, to produce a concise, vivid evocation of a flame. His language is eclectic, tonally ambiguous and mildly dissonant — that is, very much in the current mainstream — and in "Burning" he handled it with assurance.

ALLAN KOZINN

The Register-Guard

July 28, 1996
Eugene, Oregon

Conductor 'a dream to work with'

COMMENTARY

By KELLY McIVER
The Register-Guard

PSSST . . . I know why the Eugene Symphony wanted to keep new conductor Miguel Harth-Bedoya under wraps: He's an alien.

No, not because he was born in Lima, Peru, or even because he's from New York City. He's one of those aliens from Star Trek who are so mentally advanced that they don't need to speak, except he doesn't have an oversized, vein-lined cranium. And he speaks quite well. Six languages, in fact.

We've all heard a lot of hyperbole about the Eugene Symphony's new 28-year-old conductor and musical director, but I'm here to tell you it's true. *I seen 'im myself.*

So has Barry Goldberg, the executive director of the New York Youth Symphony, where Harth-Bedoya has been the conductor and musical director for the past three years while also teaching at Juilliard and flying all over the world to be a guest conductor.

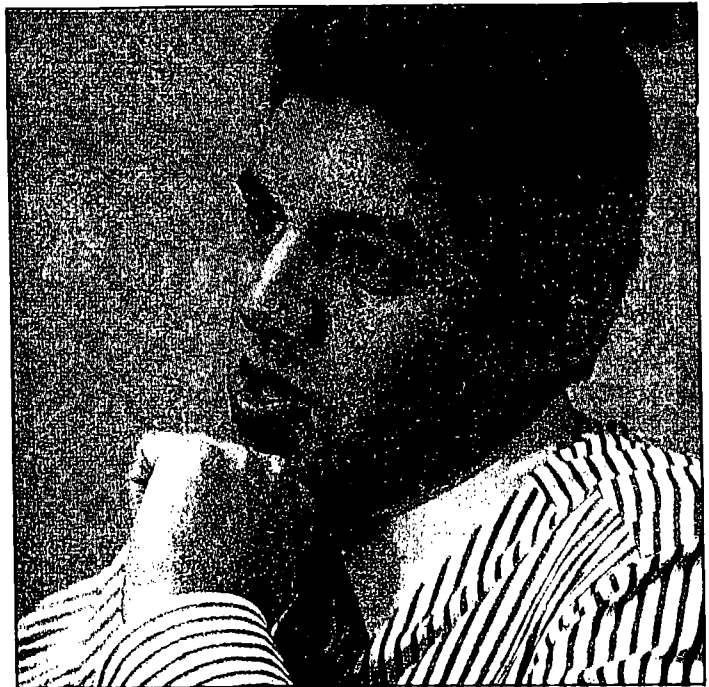
At the Youth Symphony podium, Goldberg has also seen Leonard Slatkin and a host of other conductors who went on to be stars.

"He's a dream to work with," Goldberg said. "If you have a conductor who's a true leader on the podium, constantly inspiring, then you have musicians who want to play music. Not just the notes, but music. He seems to bring that out in people."

"Everything the man touches turns to musical gold."

Harth-Bedoya seemed to use advanced mind-melding techniques on the Eugene Symphony when he visited in May. Players raved about the way he seemed to understand them, and to inspire them with lively, provocative stick work.

He did the same for the Youth Symphony, but with an orchestra that averages 16 years old. This



WAYNE EASTBURN / The Register-Guard

Miguel Harth-Bedoya is Eugene Symphony's new conductor.

year, he closed out the season with Beethoven's complex Ninth Symphony. Not only did he prepare the musicians and guide them successfully through the piece, but he fired them to an outstanding performance.

"The sound coming out was so amazing," Goldberg said. "He lifted the level of the orchestra. To carry it off, to understand the musicians, to have that kind of self-assuredness is amazing."

A combination of limitless confidence with fierce intelligence has guided Harth-Bedoya in his short but fiery career, one that launched without the typical background of in-utero classical music training.

Either that, or his mother ship just dropped him down here, baton in hand, ready to go.

He grew up with his mother, sister and grandmother in Lima, a city of 7 million people. His mother played piano, not much classical, and

conducted a Latin music choir. They had no stereo, so he never heard classical recordings before he came to the United States. He played piano, but just enough to get by, he said. He never wanted to be a musician.

"I played very basic things," he said. "I was never a good performer."

His mother organized her chorus for a visiting opera production (he recalls it was *Madame Butterfly*), and while doing grunt work backstage, he fell in love with the music. He also kept a close eye on the orchestra's conductor. After hanging around long enough, Harth-Bedoya would take up the baton when the conductor would take a break.

Because he had no formal music training, this would seem odd to many of us. For instance, I could watch brain surgery after brain surgery, and still not want to pick up the scalpel. But for Harth-Bedoya it worked.

"I conducted a few rehearsals," he said. "The conductors needed

some help, and I was good at organizing things, so I was looked at as a leader, somebody who could always figure out things.

"That got me hooked," he said. "When I was at the opera company around 15 or 16, I knew then."

Again, totally lacking the intense musical upbringing that classical

arship to each. So he did his undergraduate work at Curtis (which he completed in three years) and then his graduate work at Juilliard. He also started teaching at Juilliard soon after he arrived.

Nothing seems to intimidate him, and his ability to deal with pressure seems unearthly. Earlier this year, a

"He trusts his musicians . . . All he wants to do is bring them together in a team effort."

BARRY GOLDBERG

Executive director of the New York Youth Symphony

performers and conductors usually have, he decided to become a conductor. Not a musician — a conductor.

No school in Peru taught conducting, so he ended up applying to two U.S. schools, Juilliard in New York and Curtis in Philadelphia.

Then he spent a year immersed in music study, trying to make up what he had missed the rest of his life.

"Every day, all day," he said. "It was very intense."

Without transcripts, without referrals, not only did he get into each elite school, he was offered a schol-

day after the blizzard that ground normally hardy New York to a standstill, Harth-Bedoya got a call asking if he could conduct the New York Philharmonic. Leonard Slatkin was slated to conduct, but had been delayed by the snow. Harth-Bedoya wasn't told until 30 minutes before the performance that yes, he would be conducting. On top of that, it was a new piece, unfamiliar to him and the orchestra.

"They needed guidance from the podium, and he had never even stood in front of these musicians before," Goldberg said. "But he got up there as if he'd conducted that piece

before . . . to be able to conduct with the kind of verve and excitement he showed was incredible. At the end, the musicians put their instruments down and applauded him."

Harth-Bedoya dismisses the feat.

"There was no pressure," he said. "There was no time to think about it."

Goldberg has no doubt that Harth-Bedoya will succeed in his first appointment to work with professional adults on an extended basis.

"I think he'll just be better," Goldberg said. "It's very easy for professional musicians to become a bit jaded, but the response of professional musicians here, they just find him very musical and terribly inspiring. They respect him enormously and it's because he respects them a great deal. He trusts his musicians . . . all he wants to do is bring them together in a team effort."

Harth-Bedoya reduces his gift for rapport to a simple, intuitive formula

"I want to be treated as a person, so I do the same for others," he said. "In conducting you can accomplish the same thing in two different ways. You can give the order, and somebody will do it, or you can teach them. By teaching, I learn more, because I have to prepare myself. And I think the person gets something out of it. I like to work with people, so those things about conducting were always appealing to me, more than the repertoire or the compositions."

He is so relaxed, so matter-of-fact in talking about his gifts, it's intimidating. You wonder how anyone so successful and promising can be so low-key. He reduces his relentless drive to this:

"I hate being bored," he said. "I won't do something for very long if it's tedious. I don't like to change things for the sake of changing them, but to do something interesting. Of course, then you are never happy with what you are doing, you always see how you can improve it, so it's a cycle you can't get out of. But it's worked for me so far."

UP **BEAT** . . .

VOLUME 12 NUMBER 2 • FALL 2000

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE YOUTH ORCHESTRAL LEAGUE OF THE AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA LEAGUE

ORCHESTRA NOTES

••• The New York Youth Symphony writes that John Corigliano, internationally celebrated as one of the leading composers of his generation, will serve as chair of the orchestra's commissioning program for young American composers. The series, known as *First Music*, includes performances in Carnegie Hall with the NYYS. The first concert, on December 15, will feature a performance by flutist Eugenia Zukerman and the presentation of the annual Theodore Kesselman Award for Arts Education to New York Philharmonic and American Symphony Orchestra League Board Member Phyllis Mills. •••



BARRY GOLDBERG

First Music composers Theodore Shapiro, Jason Uechi, and Michael Nathaniel Hersch

THE COMMUNITY OF HELPING HANDS

By Norman Rubin

When conductor Miguel Harth-Bedoya raises his baton in Carnegie Hall Sunday at 3 p.m., the New York Youth Symphony will begin its 31st season of free performances.

Formed in 1963, the symphony provides tuition-free rehearsal and performance opportunities in orchestra and chamber music for gifted students ages 12 to 22.

Several hundred music students compete in September in rigorous auditions for the 108 positions available in the orchestra and the 77 positions in chamber music. Once accepted, everything — from coaching sessions with the New York Philharmonic as well as workshops with professional therapists on the prevention and treatment of various ailments affecting musicians — is free.

Students in the chamber music program are placed in trios, quartets and quintets. They are given individualized, weekly ensemble instruction. They also attend master classes taught by, for example, Andre Watts, members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, and the Tokyo String Quartet and various other performing groups. They perform recitals in the city and, at season's end, at Carnegie Hall's Weill Recital Hall.

Alumni of the program include Myung-Whun Chung, Pamela Frank, Kenneth Jean, David Lang, Itzhak Perlman, Leonard Slatkin and Michael Torke. However, not all alumni go on to careers in music; some learn it is not for them — a valid lesson.

Conductor Harth-Bedoya is making his debut this year after a rigorous selection process. A native of Lima, Peru, he is a graduate of The Curtis Institute of Music and holds a master's degree from the Juilliard School. Past musical directors now are conducting the Chicago, Cincinnati, New Jersey and St. Louis Symphonies as well as the Bastille Opera of Paris.

One of the distinguishing features of the Youth Symphony is its First Music program, supported by the Mary Flagler Cary Charitable Trust. Now in its 11th year, First Music invites composers to apply. Professional composers review submissions and make recommendations to the orchestra's music director, who chooses the final three. These composers, who receive \$1,500 each, are invited to create new musical pieces for the next season. Those chosen in the current competition will have their compositions played in the 1994-95 season; applications for that season must be postmarked by Dec. 31.

The upcoming concert will include the premier Carnegie Hall performance of "Burning," composed by Sean Anthony Varah, one of the winners of last year's competition. Deniz Ince will hear her composition, "Iron Earth," played at Carnegie Hall Feb. 27 and Keith Fitch's "Totem" will be performed there May 22. Since the competition was started 10 years ago, 30 orchestral works and five chamber works have been commissioned.

Sunday's program also includes Tchaikovsky's "Symphony No. 5," and "Danzas Populares Andinas" by Celso Garrido-Lecca. Misha Dichter is the soloist for the Tchaikovsky "Piano Concerto No. 1."

A unique feature of the Youth Symphony's performances is that each is played in advance at the Queens College Colden Center for the Performing Arts, though not necessarily with the same soloists. The next two are scheduled for Feb. 19 and May 8. Free recitals also are performed at other sites, such as centers for people with disabilities — a rationale for the growth of its budget from \$78,000 10 years ago to about \$410,000 now. If the projection for this year is accurate, says Barry Goldberg, the Youth Symphony's executive director, the privately funded orchestra will have a \$20,000 deficit.

The New York Youth Symphony's performances have attracted glowing reviews. The New Yorker magazine's critic, Andrew Porter, reviewing the orchestra's December, 1990, concert, wrote "the prowess of (the) young players is something one now takes almost for granted. Their fresh, unforced tones waken fresh responses to even the most familiar works." It has received ASCAP Awards each year since 1985 for "adventurous programming of contemporary music" and a BMI citation "for excellence in performance and education."

Free tickets for the Dec. 12 concert may be obtained by calling (212) 903-9460 or (212) 581-5933.



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BERNSTEIN Overture to "Candide"
THEODORE SHAPIRO "Ophelia" for Flute and Orchestra
world premiere
MOZART Andante for Flute and Orchestra
SAINT-SAËNS Symphony No. 3, "Organ"

MIGUEL HARTH-BEDOYA, *Conductor*
EUGENIA ZUKERMAN, *Flute*

PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION

Eugenia Zukerman is an extraordinary flutist whose gifts of communication also include her work as a published novelist and television commentator. As a soloist she appears with many of the finest orchestras of our time, and she performs chamber music regularly with Emanuel Ax, Yo-Yo Ma, and Anthony Newman, among others. Since 1980, Ms. Zukerman has been a discerning observer of the arts for *CBS Sunday Morning*, and she has written two novels, *Deceptive Cadence* and *Taking the Heat*.

This season marks the second presentation of **The Theodore L. Kesselman Award for Arts Education**, the formal recognition of an individual or institution whose contributions have nurtured young people in the arts.

Phyllis J. Mills is the Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors of the New York Philharmonic, where she serves on the Education Committee. She is a Trustee of the Mary Flagler Cary Charitable Trust and a member of the boards of the Marlboro Music Festival, the American Symphony Orchestra League, and the Visiting Nurse Service of New York. Her dedication to the development of young people in the arts and to music education demonstrates her unique qualities as the second recipient of the Kesselman Award for Arts Education.



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The Music Begins Here.

The New York Youth Symphony, celebrating its 34th consecutive season in Carnegie Hall, 1996-97, is nationally recognized as a preeminent institution in the nurturing and development of gifted young conductors, composers, instrumentalists, and soloists. It is often called "the nation's youth orchestra," and it is where the music begins.

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The New York Youth Symphony operates independently as a not-for-profit organization supported by voluntary contributions.



850 Seventh Avenue, Suite 505
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Sample: 1996 Benefit
Invitation



34th Anniversary Season Benefit in Carnegie Hall

*honoring Phyllis J. Mills with the presentation of
The Theodore L. Kesselman Award for Arts Education*

- | | | |
|--------------------------|---|----------------|
| ☐ | Conductor's Circle | \$5,000 |
| | Patron Box Seating for eight in 1st Tier, Reserved Table at Reception,
and limited edition (Artist's Proof) woodblock print, signed by artist Will Barnet (value \$2,000). | |
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| ☐ | Patron Box | \$1,500 |
| | Patron Box Seating for eight and Reception Tickets. | |
| ☐ | Patron | \$300 |
| | Patron Reserved Seating and Reception Ticket. | |
| ☐ | Reserved Seating and Reception Ticket | \$150 |
| | (under 35 years of age: \$75) | |

Enclosed is my check for \$ _____ for _____ seats at \$ _____ each.

Contributions are tax-deductible less \$50 per ticket and the value of the woodblock print, above.

Patrons will be acknowledged in a special Benefit Program at the concert.

Make checks payable to the New York Youth Symphony.

Please fill out both sides of this card.

- ☐ I am unable to attend, but I wish to support the Symphony's tuition-free programs for gifted young musicians during the 34th Anniversary Season with my tax-deductible gift of \$ _____.

M

NAME

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DAYTIME TELEPHONE (IMPORTANT)

Tickets will be mailed December 2nd. Seating is limited.

My guests will be

*All concert and reception tickets will be sent to you at the address above,
unless otherwise indicated.*

PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION

Mr. Julian A. Jadow
Mr. Edward S. Cohen

New York Youth Symphony
850 Seventh Avenue, Suite 505
New York, New York 10019

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 13, 1997

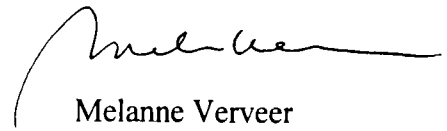
Mr. Bernard Goss
1710 Deerfield Drive
Austin, TX 78741-3705

Dear Mr. Goss:

Thank you very much for so thoughtfully sending a copy of "A Visit to Camelot" by Diana Trilling which I have given to the First Lady. I know she greatly appreciates your kindness. It is such a delightful article.

Thanks and best wishes.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Melanne Verveer', with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

Melanne Verveer
Chief of Staff to
the First Lady

Melanne Verveer

(R)

Blanca Boss
1710 Duffield Dr
Crest
78741-3705

Personally For Hillary. Hillary. A charming article. Enjoy. Bernard Goss



Mrs. Kennedy said, "Oh," as if to ask where I had materialized from. What was I doing in her conversation with Lionel?

WASHINGTON MEMOIR

A VISIT TO CAMELOT

The author was a guest at the legendary dinner that the Kennedys gave for the Nobel laureates in 1962—and at the private party that followed. Just before her death, she came across the account she had made of that night more than thirty years earlier.

BY DIANA TRILLING

HERE was Camelot as I saw it and described it to my friends. At breakfast one morning in April of 1962 I read in the *Times* that there was to be a dinner for the Nobel Prize winners. I said to my husband, Lionel, "Here we go again. Lenny Bernstein." The story indicated that there were going to be guests in addition to the Nobel laureates. I concluded that that meant Lenny Bernstein and Julie Harris. What I was having, of course, was a terrible pang of jealousy, because these were the people who would be invited, and we would not. But, even as I was saying it, a quick wonderful thought ran through my head that perhaps we were going to be invited. I said nothing to Lionel about wishing that we had an invitation, and if he was suffering from a similar jealousy he hid it from me, too. And then one morning when the mail arrived, and Lionel asked me to come out to the hall, I could tell from his voice what was in the mail: a large square envelope marked in the corner "The White House."

Actually, I was worried about the expense, but there was no question that we were going to accept. I had a strong, simple feeling about the invitation, and it struck a sympathetic chord in Lionel. My father had come to America from Poland when he was a boy of eighteen, without a penny, and knowing no English. He peddled macaroons on the Staten Island Ferry while he learned the language, and now for his daughter to be invited to the White House—well, I owed him the acceptance of that invitation.

The invitation was for a Sunday night, April 29th, and it said black tie. This made it perfectly clear what Lionel would wear, but what would I wear? With our old-fashioned notions, we decided that I should wear the simplest possible short evening dress, black, if I could find one, and covered up, not bare. I set out to find

it, and there wasn't a short black evening dress in all New York. Then I called a salesgirl I knew at Hartie Carnegie and asked her what I could do. She was awfully pleasant and told me that she knew someone, Mac Weiss, who might have something for me at his shop. I went there, and I found not a short black evening dress at all but a black matte jersey dress with long tight sleeves. It was full-length, but I was shown how the trains could be cut off and it could be made into a short dress, which I could wear with short white kid gloves. The problem seemed to entrance them. In fact, at one point the salesgirl whispered, "Mrs. Auchincloss is right in the next fitting room at this moment." Jackie's mother, of course.

The dress was a slinky tight thing, very theatrical, and something told me not to buy it without consulting Lionel. So I asked them to hold it, and the next day I took Lionel down to look at it. He didn't think it was at all the right thing. This troubled Mr. Weiss very badly, and he said, "I think I have one other dress that you didn't see," and he brought out a simple black crêpe dress (that all my friends would be seeing for the next five years), with a little scarf attached to the shoulder which I could drop over my arms if I wanted them to be covered. And it made me look so thin—it was marvellous. It looked as if it had cost all of nineteen ninety-five, if you weren't aware of the cut. It was two hundred and fifty dollars. Mr. Weiss kept telling me how absolutely perfect it was, superb. Lionel was beaming, too. So this was how it was done, and I thought that I was all set and now all I had to worry about were the accessories.

And then that evening I picked up the *Times*, which I hadn't had a chance to read because I had been downtown shopping, and my eye lit on the social

calendar of the Kennedys, and I saw that they were on their way to Palm Beach. They're going to Palm Beach, I thought furiously, and I'm going to their party, and they won't even be there. This impelled me to read the whole story, which said that they were going to be gone for ten days and then they would be back for the Nobel Prize winners' dinner on the twenty-ninth. And included in the news story were two sentences that, miraculously, I read: a directive had just that day been issued by the social office of the White House that although the party was to be on the black-tie level for men it was on the white-tie level for ladies. The women guests, that is, were to wear long gowns and long white gloves. I had just taken my new dress out of its box and cut off the price tag. Hung it in the closet. Made it mine. But what I had bought was dead wrong.

We had just one week left before the party when my then sister-in-law Edna dragged me to a shop on Forty-eighth Street. A nasty, vulgar saleswoman came forward to ask what I wanted. I said I was looking for a long evening dress, and she said that all the shop's clothes were made to order. I hadn't even the strength to say thank you when I heard Edna say, "Yes, of course, but we thought that perhaps at this time of year you might have some of your model dresses left which you'd be willing to sell." The saleswoman examined her appraisingly. "Yes, we do," she admitted. She disappeared for a few minutes and then brought out just the dress I had been looking for—an all-seasons dress, champagne-colored, made of moiré taffeta printed in soft orange and green flowers. I forced myself to ask "How much?" before trying it on. It was three hundred and ninety-five dollars, the saleswoman said, but since it was a model she might be able to do a little better on the price. Meanwhile,

Edna was making gestures at me behind her back, and I knew just what she was trying to say, so I took a large gulp and murmured, "I hope you'll be able to give me a special price on this, because I'm going to wear it at the White House." The salesgirl didn't blink an eye. She said, "Oh, then I'm sure we can do even better. Just try it on first." I tried it on, and there were a few little things that needed altering. She disappeared for a few minutes and when she returned she said patriotically that the price would be two hundred and fifty dollars, including the alterations.

All I had left to do was to have some slippers dyed to match. Edna had a lovely old evening bag that she lent me. She also lent me a mink stole. And I bought long white kid gloves that cost twenty-two dollars.

When Lionel first got our invitation, we had thought we might spend the whole weekend in Washington and stay at a hotel or motel. But our friend Thelma Anderson reminded us that she had a sister who lived just outside Washington, and who would be delighted to have us use her house to dress in. We welcomed that money-saving suggestion.

THE twenty-ninth at last arrived, and we went down to Washington on the eleven-o'clock train. Dinner was scheduled for eight o'clock that evening, and we figured that that would give us plenty of time to get to Thelma's sister's house to dress without a rush. On our way down to Penn Station, we stopped at the Tip Toe Inn to buy sandwiches, to avoid the expense of the dining car. Lionel wanted to buy chairs in the club car, but I wouldn't let him. I was adamant: we would have a sleeper to come back in that night, but we would go down in a coach. So there we were, standing with a great big suitcase, in which were packed our evening clothes, and waiting for the gate to open, when suddenly a very seedy-looking man carrying a suitcase and a large raggedy bulging briefcase came up and asked, "Do you know where you get the eleven-o'clock train to Washington?" All of us did a doubletake. It was James Farrell.

Could there have been a more extraordinary sight? I thought of Yeats's "Fifteen apparitions have I seen; / The worst a coat upon a coat-hanger." He was

wearing a suit that I think was supposed to be brown, but it was so shabby that you could no longer tell its color. His necktie was under his ear and a button was missing from his shirtfront. Also, the shirt was filthy; he'd been wearing it for a week. I may be exaggerating a little, but I think his jacket was torn on the sleeve and that its buttons were hanging by a thread. He looked wild. We hadn't seen him for ages, and it flashed through both our minds: My God, has he been invited to the White House, too? But an even worse thought was that we were going to have to ride all the way down to Washington with him, and it was going to be terrible. In fact, he'd already started to talk while we stood at the gate, and he was telling us that he'd begun Volume 19 in a series of twenty-five novels, not one of which had been published, and he quoted passages to us from the one he had just completed. In his bulging briefcase, he explained, he had all the royalty statements from his publishers. He felt that he was being very much cheated by the income-tax people, and he was going to Washington to take up the matter. I could hear Lionel heave a sigh of relief: he wasn't going to the White House; he was going to the Treasury Department.

He looked insane, sober but insane, but he couldn't have been sweeter. Well, this was what I got for not allowing Lionel to buy chairs in the club car. We were going to have to ride all the way to Washington with Jim Farrell! The gates finally opened, and Lionel and I started down the platform. We

hadn't, of course, said anything about where we were going in Washington. When we got to the first coach car, we turned toward it, and he looked at us, surprised. "Oh, don't you have chairs?" Embarrassed, he explained that he was terribly sorry but he hadn't been sleeping well lately and was very tired. He had taken a chair because it would give him a chance to rest. I could feel humiliation racing through every inch of my husband's body. He was riding in a coach while this poor, bedraggled devil who looked as if he had not had a bed to sleep in for a year or a change in underwear for a month was travelling in a chair. But it was also a great relief; we wouldn't have to talk to him.

On the train, I'd begun to have a head-

ache. I was well fortified with pills: aspirin, Bufferin, codeine, and also some pink pills that had been given me by the English novelist Pamela Hansford Johnson, the wife of C. P. Snow. We'd met at a dinner party, where I'd suddenly become ill and had to leave. She had followed me to the door and said, "You're having an attack of migraine, aren't you? I can tell. I'm vice-president of the British Migraine Association. Here!" And she thrust a couple of pills into my hand. Of course, only in England could there be a migraine association. I asked what the pills were, and she said that when you have the aura of a migraine you take the first pill and, twenty minutes later, if you're not better you take a second pill. She had only two to spare. But they were marvellous, and really worked, and I had written to ask her to send me more. So on the train, when I got the aura, as she put it, I took one of them. As soon as I'd swallowed it, I got nervous: suppose I passed out in the middle of the dinner party? My headache was becoming quite severe, and I was alarmed because, if it followed its usual pattern, by eight o'clock I'd be very sick, and by nine I'd be throwing up. I dressed in agony. I was beginning to feel so sick and nervous that I couldn't bear the idea of trying to get through a party.

I had learned from an acquaintance that protocol required us to arrive at the White House by ten minutes to eight. At Thelma's sister Marilyn's house, Lionel asked where he could call for a hired car. But Marilyn and her husband wouldn't dream of letting us hire a car; they insisted that they themselves would drive us to the White House. It would be a forty-five-minute drive, and we protested vehemently, but they assured us that it would be fun for them, so at precisely ten minutes after seven we all piled into their station wagon, our host in his shirtsleeves, Marilyn in a housedress, the baby in the dirty play clothes she'd been wearing. The three of them got in the front of the car while Lionel and I arranged ourselves elegantly in the back. And I looked at Lionel and Lionel looked at me, and it was perfectly clear that the two of us were thinking the same thing: Arriving like this, we wouldn't be allowed through the gate. Why couldn't our driver at least put on a jacket?

Still, we sat back and relaxed, and it suddenly came to me that my headache



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was all gone, and almost for the first time that day it occurred to me that I might even enjoy the evening. It was dusk, the fountains were playing, with lights on them. It had been a warm week in Washington, and flowers had burst into bloom on the White House grounds, so that you saw masses of color in the lowering light. People were beginning to gather to watch what was going on. It was like nothing I had ever witnessed, and it made my heart pound with excitement.

WE drove up to the gate, and there was a row of Army and Navy people. Lionel handed his pass to a guard, and he received it without the slightest flicker of expression. He just checked off our names on a list and said, turning to Marilyn's husband, "Drive right up to the door." There we said, "Thank you so much for everything," and off they drove.

I took Lionel's arm. It was plainly indicated what we were supposed to do; nobody needed to tell us. Very slowly we walked through the portico. The entrance was lined on both sides with functionaries. There were also a great many military people in attendance, in their beautiful uniforms, and heaps of photographers taking pictures of the guests as they arrived, not asking their names; the sorting out would be done later. They took everybody's picture.

As we walked in, an aide came up and said, "The gentlemen please enter in that room, the ladies go to the dressing room, around to the right." In the dressing room, there were several maids and racks and racks of clothes, the women's wraps, and lavatories with mirrors, not unlike the dressing room on the mezzanine level of the Plaza Hotel, in New York, but bigger. The moment I got in there, I knew it was going to be a wonderful party. There were two or three elderly women fixing their hair in front of the mirrors, and they beamed at me. One of them said, "Have you come far?" and I said, "From New York. Have you come far?" She replied that she had driven in the rain from Baltimore; I suppose it was from Johns Hopkins. They were wearing the most marvellous antique dresses, this little group of old ladies. One of them might have been eighty. She had on a taffeta dress with ruching around the neck and puffed sleeves. She looked exquisite, with beautiful jewelry



"My bedroom? You're sitting on it."

that had probably been in her family forever. Nothing could have been a more wonderful introduction to the party than these women: they weren't young, they weren't smart—they were just lovely.

I came out of the dressing room, and there was Lionel, waiting for me. Immediately an aide came up, introduced himself, and inquired, "May I ask your name?" When Lionel said, "Mr. and Mrs. Trilling," he said promptly, "Of course. Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Trilling." Obviously, he had memorized the entire guest list—I think there were about a hundred and eighty of us altogether—and he couldn't have known in advance who was going to fall to him. Then he said to me, "Would you take my arm?" and held out his arm while Lionel fell back and walked two or three paces behind us. As we moved along, he asked me, "Does your husband prefer to be introduced as Mr., Dr., or Professor?" "He

prefers to be called Mr. Trilling," I said. "Good," he said, and added, "I'll be your aide for the early part of the evening. You'll be told everything you have to do, so you needn't feel any constraint at all."

While he was talking to me, I saw that perhaps five yards ahead of us another couple was being ministered to in the same comforting fashion. There must have been eighteen or twenty such aides, each in charge of eight to ten people. But there was no pressure of any kind. Just the contrary.

He led me to a table, and an attendant checked a list and handed him a little envelope, saying, "Mr. Trilling will be seated at Table 2. You, Mrs. Trilling, will be seated at Table 6. You're both in the main dining room. This evening, we're going to be using both dining rooms, the State Dining Room and the Blue Room. President Kennedy will be in the State Dining Room, where your



tables are. Mrs. Kennedy will be in the Blue Room." The pre-dinner reception was being held in the East Room, and at the door stood another attendant, with a microphone. Our aide went up to him and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Trilling," and the aide at the door repeated into the microphone, "Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Trilling." From then on, I kept catching the names of people who were arriving and being announced. I'd have loved to be standing quietly by myself, listening to the names and trying to put them together with the faces to which they belonged, but that wasn't possible. My aide had returned and deposited us where Lionel and I belonged alphabetically, or near enough to it for easy correction. He took me up to Fredric March and introduced us. Like many accomplished actors, March had very smooth manners. He greeted me warmly. Then a kind of chain reaction got started in the reception room. One didn't speak to anyone without introducing him or her to the person with whom one had just been speaking. It just seemed to happen automatically: we caught the procedure from the aides and carried it forward without being told to. It was the most enchanting performance, everybody introducing somebody to somebody else in the most charming way.

Immediately the room began to fill

with waiters carrying huge trays loaded with everything that one could possibly desire to drink: Manhattans, Martinis, highballs, sherry, tomato juice, orange juice. There were no canapés—just drinks.

The room was now filling up with familiar names. Not familiar faces. I soon heard the attendant announce, "Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schlesinger." Arthur saw me and waved and came over. He greeted me and introduced his wife, but he didn't seem relaxed and friendly, like everyone else. He appeared to be self-conscious, as if borne down by his official White House connection.

Meanwhile, out of the corner of my eye I had spotted Colonel John Glenn. He was talking to, of all people, Robert Frost, and there must have been six people huddled around them, trying to hear what they were saying. And then a little lady, just a wee thing, and the most enchanting-looking person, was being introduced to me—she looked to be about eighty-five, and her name was Mrs. Waterman. Later, I found out that her husband was in charge of the National Science Foundation. She said to me, "Oh, Mrs. Trilling, you're literary. Is there anyone here I'm supposed to know?"

She had a charming birdlike way of speaking, and I said, "Well, I haven't seen many writers, but that's Katherine Anne Porter over there in the white

brocade dress and the white hair and the white pearls."

"Am I supposed to know her?" Mrs. Waterman inquired. "Because I don't want to."

I was dying for a cigarette, but I didn't see any woman smoking, and very few men were smoking. My headache was gone, but I was still afraid to drink, because that might bring it back. I held a cocktail in my hand, but I didn't dare touch it. A stupendous amount of liquor was flowing around. People felt so much at home that they were drinking just as they might at a cocktail party at the home of their closest friends. Bill Styron lit a cigarette, but I didn't myself dare to, so he kept giving me puffs of his.

Then suddenly I heard over the loudspeaker the name of Mr. James Farrell, and, sure

enough, there he was. I don't know in whose charge he had been in those intervening hours since we had last seen him, but he was transformed. He had on an absolutely clean shirt, his suit was pressed and sparkling clean, every shirt stud was in place. He looked dreamy, and I felt horribly ashamed of us for not having wanted to tell him that we were going to the White House and asking whether that was where he was going, too. What was amazing was that he had had the delicacy not to ask us, for fear that we hadn't been invited and would feel bad.

Jimmy Baldwin looked elegant in his evening clothes, and we just waved to each other across the room. I caught a glimpse of John Dos Passos in the reception room, but I didn't see him again through the rest of the evening. With Frost, that about made up the literary contingent. I took note that Lionel was drinking an awful lot of Martinis. But he was obviously enjoying himself. Long before we were put into the receiving line and the President made his appearance, everybody was saying to everybody else, "Isn't this a wonderful party?"

By now it must have been half past eight. Our aide explained that the President and Mrs. Kennedy were about to come in, and as soon as they did the receiving line would start moving forward.

Everyone would be in alphabetical order, with the Nobel Prize winners first, and then the other guests. "Please don't lose your places," he urged. "That's very important. The gentleman goes in front of the lady in the receiving line." He turned to Lionel. "We mean that."

At that moment, there was a great fanfare of trumpets—quite literally—and the band played "Hail to the Chief." Then in marched the color guard, and I heard a voice say, "The President and Mrs. Kennedy," and in they came, into the sudden stillness. They didn't come in slowly, or in any way regally. They moved almost hastily, as if they didn't want to be specially noticed. It's true that there had been the big fanfare for the entrance, but then, as individuals, they comported themselves with great modesty.

They had just come back from the Palm Beach vacation, and they were very suntanned. Jackie was a deep cocoa brown and she was wearing a sea-green chiffon dress, to the floor, but cut very simply except that it had one bare shoulder. She wore green slippers to match her dress and no jewelry at all except some earrings, which were the most beautiful shade of green. She was a hundred times more beautiful than any photograph had ever indicated.

In photographs, her head always looked too large. But it wasn't at all that large when you saw her in real life. She didn't have as bouffant a hairdo as I thought from her pictures, and she had a long and perfectly beautiful neck. Her dress really wasn't cut very elaborately, but it had millions of pleats. Hers was a charming figure rather than a perfect one, and she carried her clothes exquisitely. The President was handsome and exuded energy—I could feel it even at my distance from him. And one thing I noticed right away: among the Nobel Prize winners he had apparently changed the alphabetical order, so that the line was headed by Mrs. George Marshall, the widow of General Marshall—of the Marshall Plan. She was followed by Mrs. Ernest Hemingway, who had on what I thought was the most

beautiful and appropriate dress at the party. After all, it was less than a year since Hemingway's death. She knew that she was going to be very much in the public eye. It was a black sheath, very tight to below her knees, where it went out in a flare, and the flared part had large crimson roses appliquéd on it—she was essentially in black but not in mourning. I should perhaps say here that I'd often seen pictures of her and had always thought she looked like a lady buyer, hard-bitten. But, actually, there was more tenderness in her face than I had expected; more pain. Her eyes were softer, more appealing, and the whole outline of her face was more blurred than was suggested in photographs.

The line began to move quite rapidly now, but people didn't stop drinking until they came to within a few feet of the President. Then they set down their drinks—there were lots of shelves and little tables around the sides of the room. There were a few chairs scattered about, but nobody used them; everyone was in motion. By the time Lionel and I got to the President, the room was, of course, almost empty. Lionel moved out ahead of me. He had already put out his hand while his name was being announced, so that he had the President's hand in his and the President was say-

ing, "It's very nice to see you, sir," when Lionel's name fully got through to him.

"Oh, it's you," the President exclaimed. "I'm so glad to see you." Lionel beamed, of course, and said, "Thank you." By this time, Mrs. Kennedy had her hand out and Lionel was taking it. And she said, "You know, I have a stepsister who won't have one idea in her head unless you tell her it's all right to have it. She never says anything unless you say it's all right for her to say it."

Lionel inquired who the stepsister was.

"Nina Auchincloss," Mrs. Kennedy replied. "She was a student of yours."

Lionel couldn't place Nina Auchincloss, but he said, "That's very nice of her." But he didn't stop there. I could see that he wasn't being his usual shy self—he had had six Martinis, I'd been counting. And I thought, Oh, my God, what's coming next? He was still holding Mrs. Kennedy's hand. "Wait till I tell you what they said about you at Vassar," he said, smiling at her.

She began to laugh. "What?"

"Never mind," said Lionel. "Later, I'll tell you later."

At this point, the President dropped my hand and inquired of Lionel, "What did they say at Vassar?"

"Later," Lionel repeated. I had myself now been moved on to Mrs. Kennedy, but I saw that both the President and



"Hickory smoke—that's what gives it that hearty Western flavor."

Mrs. Kennedy were grinning; they were amused by Lionel.

I said, "Don't worry. What they said was very nice."

Mrs. Kennedy said, "Oh," but she looked at me as if to ask where I had materialized from. What was I doing in her conversation with Lionel? Lionel and I moved together toward the dining room, and he said, "I'm going to die—I've never been so flattered in my whole life."

IN the dining room, we separated. I went to my Table 6, Lionel went to his Table 2. The tables were round, quite close to each other. The President's table was in the center, and he had Mrs. Marshall on his right and Mrs. Hemingway on his left. Frost was at the President's table, and so was Mrs. Smith, the President's sister. While people were coming into the dining room, I had been able to look at the place cards at my table. I had Pierre Salinger on my right. On my left was a Dr. Stanley. On the other side of Dr. Stanley was a woman I'd been talking to in the reception room, a very charming and handsome woman with a great deal of social poise. Her name was Mrs. Stratton, and I think she was the wife of the president of M.I.T. I asked her if she had any idea who Dr. Stanley was, and she told me that he had done important work on viruses. She added that Mrs. Kerr, whose husband was president of the University of California, and who was also sitting at our table, would be able to tell me all about him. I looked at the cards and saw that sitting on the other side of Mrs. Kerr would be James Baldwin. That was a relief to me and apparently to him, too, because when he got to the table and saw me there he said, "Oh, you're here. Thank God, a familiar face."

The first thing Jimmy did was to look at the card next to him. The place was still empty. "Who is Mrs. Kerr?" he asked me. "Didn't she write a book, 'Please Don't Eat the Daisies'?" I shook my head. "Wife of the president of the University of California."

Soon Salinger came in, and Dr. Stanley, and we all sat until the President came in, and then we all stood up again. It was plain that he was trying not to draw too much attention to himself: he walked in rapidly and sat down right away, no airs about it.

Dr. Stanley picked up my card. I said,

"You haven't the vaguest idea who I am. You scientists don't read." He loved my introducing myself that way. He spent the entire dinner trying to persuade me to stop smoking, telling me in horrendous detail about the cancer I was heading into, and how I was going to rot inch by inch. It was so relaxed in the dining room that I was able to smoke through the entire meal. Nearly everybody was smoking, including most of the women. But Dr. Stanley kept taking my cigarette out of my mouth.

At one moment, he said, "What am I doing this for? I haven't been able to stop my own wife from smoking. Why am I trying to stop you? She's so nervous it's probably better for her to smoke than not to." Of course, we were all tight. Everybody was tight.

Everybody at the table was having fun except the two of us on either side of Salinger. I must have launched fifty topics of talk, all of which fizzled out. Nothing we said to each other involved more than two sentences: my remark, his answer. Then we'd have to start all over again. Eventually, I found it interesting that it was so dull with him.

The dinner was delicious. The meal had been much delayed, yet the beef was absolutely perfect. The wines were French, and there was no end to the amount you could drink: you had barely set down your glass before it was filled again. With the dessert came champagne.

When the champagne was served, the President rose at his place and knocked on his glass. The dining room became instantly quiet while he made the tiniest bit of a speech. He said, "This is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever gathered together at the White House, with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone."

He at once had the place in his hands; everyone adored it. He added a few other words and sat down. Coffee was served right at the table, and suddenly even Pierre Salinger became human. He said to me, "Cigars are moving slowly. If the President rises before they get to me, I won't have one. But I know all these waiters, and I'm not worried—they'll bring me a cigar."

The President rose, and everyone else rose, too. He moved out of the room, stopping as he went to shake hands with friends as he chanced to see them. And

then the old fraternization started all over again. People moved around talking to one another as they left the dining room, moving into the corridors, where strolling strings were playing. We had been instructed that there would be a short interval after the dinner, and that, after that, there would be a reading by Fredric March. But now we had about a half hour in which President and Mrs. Kennedy had retired—he had to catch his breath, and I guess she needed some time to herself as well. But the party continued on its own momentum.

Coming into the dining room we had run into Dr. and Mrs. J. Robert Oppenheimer. They were just ahead of us, and he turned and said, "You don't know my wife, do you?" She was a lovely-looking woman. Lovely but agonized-looking. My heart ached for the two of them. It was such a nice gesture on the part of President Kennedy, wanting publicly to rehabilitate Oppenheimer after he had been treated as a security risk for nearly a decade. But his appearance was like that of a spectre, a memento mori. He carried himself with great dignity, but that only made it worse. I remembered having heard that his wife was an acute alcoholic and drug addict. What a strain it must have been for her, with so much

HAIRPIN CURVES

The formal contours in Chuck Agro's new portraits call to mind the Russian Constructivists' early, clunky paintings of peasants, pieced together from cones and rhomboids. Yet the tranquillity is deceptive: the curves of the woman in "Turning Away," at first glance so pure and decorative, are actually the outlines of turbulent emotion. Agro, a young painter from upstate New York, recently found himself in love again after a period of desolation, and these new paintings (on exhibit at the Earl McGrath Gallery, through June 11th) are the result. Here he has rendered the subject's flesh as a familiar landscape, one contemplated so often and so intently that it begins to seem alien, even threatening. What would this woman say—what would her face show us—if we reached out and tapped that shell-like shoulder?

riding on the evening for him and all that liquor around.

Everywhere I looked there were enormous vases of flowers. The White House was like a fairyland—everything so elegant, easy, and gay, and the colors soft and varied. Wherever there was a table or a shelf or a fireplace, there were magnificent flowers in soft arrangements.

My aide gave me his arm and said, "Wouldn't you like to come into the East Room now and take your place? There's to be a reading. I want you to have a good seat, so let's go in now." He seated us plunk in the center of the third row. The President and Mrs. Kennedy had already come in and were seated right in front of us, where we could see them. They were in armchairs; we were in little gold chairs. And there was Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Hemingway and Robert Frost and Vice-President and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, all in the row in front of us with the President. Throughout the evening, no notice had been taken of Johnson's entrance or his presence. I'd seen them, of course. Mrs. Johnson looked old and tired in that lively company. And Johnson himself had on the most awful dinner jacket. I think it was gray, and I don't know

what it was made of, but it seemed to shimmer, as if he were a master of ceremonies in some cheap night club. Bobby Kennedy and his wife and the President's sister, Mrs. Smith, were also sitting in the front row just ahead of us. One of the things that struck me was Bobby Kennedy's good looks. He was infinitely better-looking than the President, but he didn't exude anything like his brother's power. Everything in his appearance was more delicate, and he looked very young, like an undergraduate. The President's face, on the other hand, radiated strength, power so compressed that you felt it was about to explode.

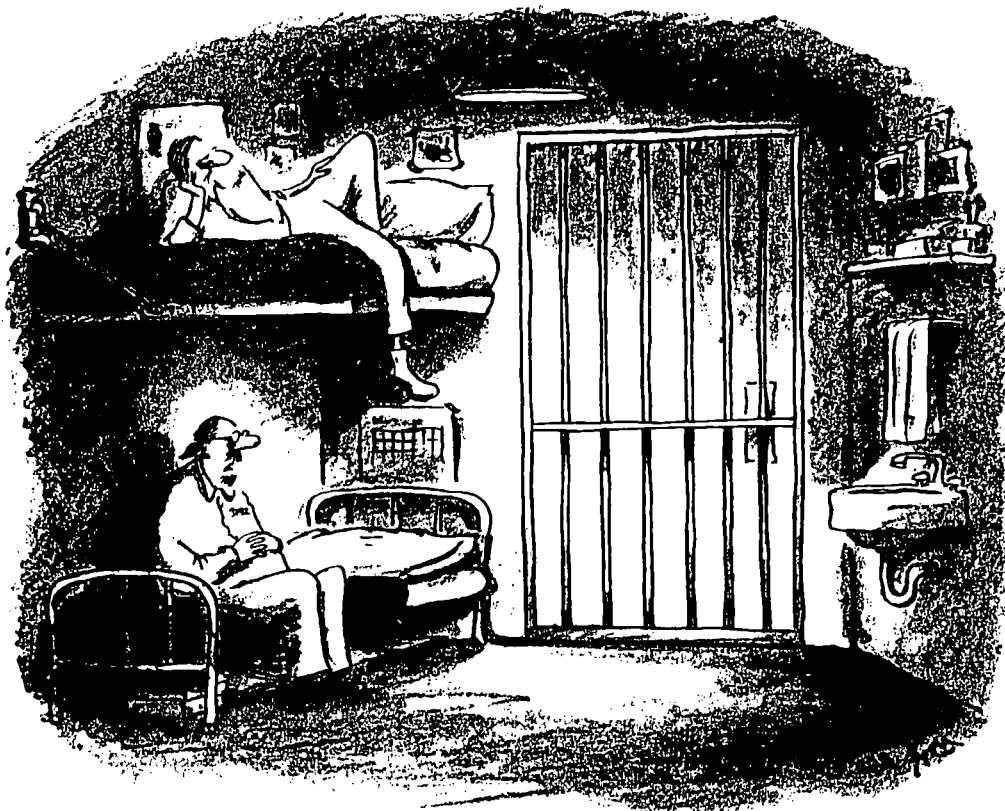
Fredric March read from three dead Nobel Prize winners, beginning with the introduction to Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street." Next came some excerpts from Marshall's outline for what was to become his famous plan. Very handsome, very traditionally worded. The final reading was from Hemingway. March said, "I was going to read Ernest Hemingway's 'The Killers,' but Mrs. Hemingway felt that we were all of us too familiar with that, and that perhaps you would like to hear something that had been unpublished, so she went through her

husband's unpublished works and selected a chapter from an unpublished novel."

This was intriguing, and he read it very well. But the chapter itself was so poor that one was pained for the man who had written it. When March finished, the President rose from his chair and walked over to Mrs. Hemingway; he virtually lifted her out of her seat and had her bow to the audience. She was having a tough time, poor woman, and I saw the President do something so nice. He squeezed her arm comfortingly. Then he went back to sit in his own place again.

During the reading, I had been sitting next to Katherine Anne Porter. She acted in the most annoying fashion. She fussed with her necklace, she fussed with her earrings, she fussed with every curl in her beautiful white hair. She had apparently spotted a woman who had kept her long gloves on, so she again put her own gloves on. Then she spotted a woman whose gloves were off and once more removed her own gloves. Then she saw someone who had only one glove on, and she copied that. In the meanwhile, she was telling me how her life was being ruined by success—she was so hounded by newspaper people that she couldn't get any work done. What she needed that evening was the undeviating attention of a naval aide. She was used to being made much of by men; she must have felt rather frighteningly alone.

EVERYBODY now stood up. No one actually rushed to the exit, but everyone sort of started to move in that direction. Lionel went over to talk to Robert Frost, but Lyndon Johnson moved in ahead of him, so Lionel waited. I stood at his side, waiting with him until Johnson had finished. After Lionel and Frost had talked for a moment, we moved toward the door. But just then I saw our aide approaching. "The President would like it very much if you and Mr. Trilling would join him upstairs," he said. By this time, I felt as if anything could happen, and I was scarcely surprised. Hadn't Lionel said that he'd tell him about Jackie



"If the jury had been sequestered in a nicer hotel, this would probably never have happened."

DREAMS EROTIC, DREAMS NOT

The sheet was pulled tight
across, each corner snapped
in a steel crease. The light
bounced on the pasty
afternoon and drenched the ceiling.

It was a theological dream.
Each perceptible languor
each conciliatory bark
each visitation
was implied in the sheet
and its contour
like a desert with a bowl of fire at
the center.

The going was rough:
back and forth
or simply incontestable balking.

—NED O'GORMAN

→ of Kyle TEXAS

Born 1890, Brown
County, TEXAS.

"Pale Horse, Pale Rider" 1939
"Ship of Fools" 1961

at Vassar later? And it was only eleven
o'clock—why should we go home? The
party was just beginning.

Actually, I've never been a less impor-
tant feature in our shared social life. I
had nothing to do with this occasion ex-
cept as Lionel's wife. Obviously, the Pres-
ident and Mrs. Kennedy knew who Li-
onel was. Most educated people were
acquainted with Lionel's name, just as
they knew the names of Katherine Anne
Porter and James Baldwin. These were
literary celebrities. But did they read the
serious intellectual journals and know
that I was a writer, too? I didn't have
to ponder the answer. It was no. The
Styrons knew my work. So did Kather-
ine Anne Porter and Farrell and Jimmy
Baldwin. But neither of the Kennedys
had ever heard of me, of that I'm almost
certain. But I didn't let myself dwell
on that aspect of the evening. I was de-
lighted for Lionel, and I was enjoying
myself thoroughly.

As my migraine had disappeared, I
had drunk several glasses of champagne.
I had even sipped some of the wines at
dinner. I hadn't had six Martinis, like
Lionel—Lionel couldn't have been more
pleasantly looped, perfect. Pretty soon,
we were led into a large empty room, and
the aide said, "This is the Oval Room.
President Eisenhower worked here. The
Kennedys don't use it that way; they use
it for informal entertaining." There was
a sofa in the middle of the room and an-

other at right angles to it, and there were
lots of occasional chairs grouped around
the sofas very attractively, with little
tables and lamps. There were flowers
everywhere. The aide who led me in
picked out a chair for me. He said that
I ought to sit in that chair because it was
the color of my dress. I asked if I could
smoke. He said, "Of course," and he
brought me an ashtray.

Immediately there sprang up before us,
as if out of the ground, a waiter with a
tray of full champagne glasses.
I took a glass and then my
aide said, "Just make yourself
at home. The President will be
here as soon as he's free down-
stairs. Have a good time." Li-
onel and I were now alone,
sitting in the Oval Room of
the White House, and we just looked
at each other as though to say, "What
in the world are we doing here?" We
could scarcely talk to each other. We
felt as if we were in a daydream.

At that moment, an aide came in with
Rose Styron; a few paces behind them
was Bill. They had the same mixed look
of pleasure and bewilderment that we
did. Rose and Bill struck me as being
far more relaxed people than Lionel and
I, but they weren't finding it much eas-
ier to talk; the whole situation was so
extraordinary.

Then suddenly several people were
led in. Robert Frost came in with Mrs.

Smith, Bobby Kennedy came in with his
wife, Ethel. Then Mrs. Kennedy came
in in a bit of a bustle. She was holding
a glass of champagne in her left hand
and she said, "Oh, hello." Lionel had sat
down on one of the sofas, and I was sit-
ting in a velvet chair next to it. Totally
ignoring the Kennedys, Mrs. Kennedy
came straight across the room to Lionel.
They didn't count in *her* life, and she
didn't care who knew it. The men had
of course risen when she came into the
room, and Rose Styron and I got up as
well. There was a wooden chair, sort of
in back of the sofa, and she pulled it
out—it was a little wooden armchair—
and she said, "Every time Lyndon John-
son sits on this chair, he breaks it. He's
broken it three times so far. Now watch
me. I'm going to sit on it, and, you'll
see, it won't break under me. He doesn't
know how to sit." She had brought the
chair right next to Lionel and now she
sat down in it, next to him.

"Now," she looked up at Lionel as he
sat down once more. "What did they say
about me at Vassar?"

Lionel laughed and replied, "They
said that you were a serious student. A
very devoted student. And quite shy."

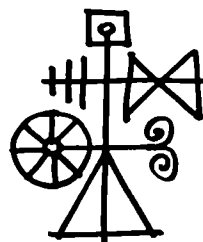
Jackie repeated after him, "Shy. Yes,
I am shy."

Lionel said, "I'm shy, too." She looked
at him, and they both burst out laugh-
ing. She knew that he was teasing her,
and she liked it. I heard her say then,

"Do you know who was here
tonight?" And they began
talking, and the conversa-
tion between them continued
for the rest of the evening.
Jackie's basic courtesy is sharply
developed, and until a man
came and sat down to talk

specifically to me she was careful to try
to guide some of her conversation with
Lionel to include me. It's learned cour-
tesy, totally conscious, not imperilled by
champagne. But, once I was engaged in
a conversation of my own, she fully di-
rected herself to Lionel and never once
gave a sign of having any interest in
anyone else.

Not long after Jackie came in, the
President came in, and with him were
the Under-Secretary of Defense and the
Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for
Inter-American Affairs. We were four-
teen or fifteen people altogether, and
I began to understand that having this



gathering in the Oval Room, although it included the President's family and some government people, was really Jackie's personal part of the evening. She had done her duty as a hostess, gone through the whole official occasion, and now it was her turn to have fun. In fact, I somehow had the impression that these little gatherings upstairs had become a kind of routine after large formal dinners, the price she demanded for having played her public part as conscientiously as she did.

And I felt the Kennedys had to accept Jackie's terms, because they realized that, for instance, the whole occasion we were having and the way the White House looked and how it ran were her doing—and this was not to mention the response of the public to her charm. She was their billion-dollar asset, and they were far too clever not to recognize it.

When Jackie first came into the room, she had pointed to a wooden rocker and said, "There's one in every room in the house. They're eyesores, aren't they?" She was referring to the rocker that was ordered for the President by his woman physician for his bad back. Jackie called it the President's health rocker and she said, "Do you know how much money is being made out of this? Do you know how many thousands of these rockers have been sold?"

At one moment, when there was a lull in the room and I thought that somebody ought to say something, I asked Jackie, "Did you have a good time on your trip?" I didn't mean her Palm Beach trip, and she understood that I meant a previous tour that she had been on. She looked at me and began a little smile, her eyes twinkling. She said, "I had a lovely time," and she said it in a tone that made it plain to me that she was repeating an official statement and that she hadn't had a good time at all.

At another point, she said something fairly startling about Khrushchev. In Vienna, a year earlier, she sat next to him at a state banquet. "I was sick with nervousness," she said. "I didn't know what I could talk about with him, and I kept asking Jack, 'What shall I say to him? What do I talk about?' I kept sitting there wondering what would be an innocent subject of conversation, and I decided to talk about animals. I said, 'I just love Russian dogs.' I asked him to send me one, and he did. Jack was fur-

ous with me for giving him such a diplomatic advantage." It was a marvellous story, but if it had got to the newspapers it would have been embarrassing for the President. "I still have that dog," she said. "It's around the White House grounds. But the problem is what to do with him. I want to mate him, but I haven't another Russian dog to mate him with, so I'd have to mate him with an American dog. I've been working on it, and I've been told that it won't take: a Russian dog and an American dog won't mate."

The President approached Lionel and pulled his chair—rocker—so close to him that they were really knee to knee.

"Well, what did they say about her at Vassar?" he asked Lionel.

Not at all awed, Lionel replied quietly, "They said that she was serious, a devoted student, a good student, shy." Jackie was just sitting there, watching Lionel's face.

"Shy, hmm," said the President. Nobody laughed; they were speaking quietly. I had the impression that the President was not thinking at all about Jackie or whether she had been shy at Vassar. He was looking at Lionel very sharply indeed. In teasing the President's wife, was he being impertinent to the President? Was he, in fact, that self-assured, and, if so, why? Was his report a literal report of what had been said to him about Jackie? From the answer to these questions the President would know how to place Lionel. All he said was "Linus Pauling was a lot of trouble today. He kept Caroline awake." And he told the famous story about how Caroline couldn't take her nap because of the noise on the picket line. "I don't mind his picketing the White House, but why does he have to picket right under the nursery window and keep the children awake?"

Then he got up from his rocker. He'd had his conversation with the Trillings, and now he moved on to

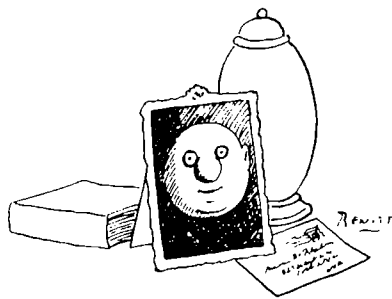
somebody else. He joined the group around Frost, where the members of his family were seated. Then, sure enough, he went to a corner with Bobby and Salinger and the Inter-American Affairs man. It was plain that they were talking shop, and that for him the party was over. Jackie, however, was still having her party.

I could hear that Jackie had started to talk to Lionel about D. H. Lawrence. She said, "Is it true that 'The Rainbow' is Lawrence's best book?"

Lionel said, "Some people may think so. Myself, I think 'Women in Love' is better. What makes you think it's 'The Rainbow'?"

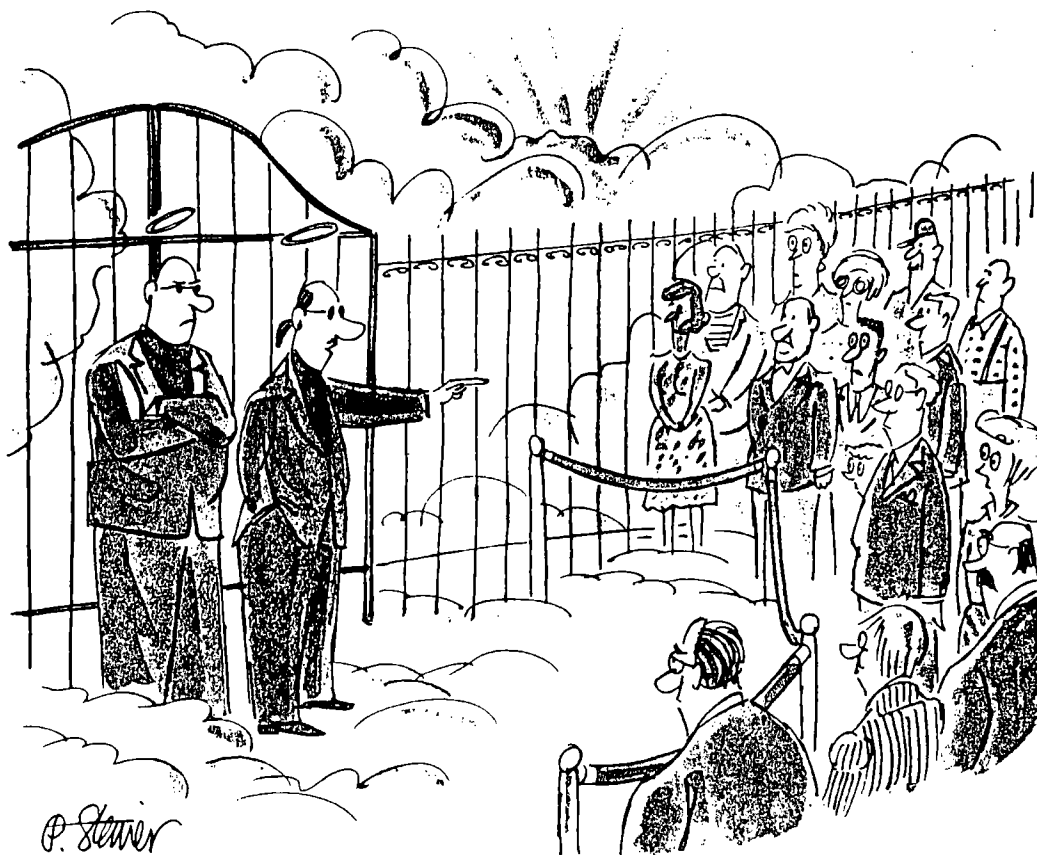
"I was reading Compton Mackenzie's memoirs. He knew all of Lawrence's work, and he said that he thought 'The Rainbow' was his best book." She added quickly, "Oh, I'm not sure I have that right. I think he said it was 'The Rainbow.' Wait a minute." She jumped up and ran to the next room, which seemed to be a library, returning with the book in her hand. She leafed through it and quickly found the place—she knew how to handle books, how to find what she wanted in them. "Here it is," she said, and she read it aloud, and it was "The Rainbow" that Mackenzie had been praising. Lionel repeated that although he preferred "Women in Love" "The Rainbow" was a great novel, and they kept on talking about Lawrence and about other writers. Jackie spoke very openly and unpretentiously, including her stepsister Nina in her conversation—Lionel had said he hadn't remembered her and wanted to be reminded. She spoke very charmingly, and said that she herself had wanted to audit one of Lionel's classes. She said Nina had been so insistent about being a student of Lionel's that she had almost made the family move to New York for just that reason. But Nina hadn't been accepted as a student; she had just audited his classes. She had been getting more and more pregnant. As soon as the baby was born, she had it in mind to go to Columbia and audit courses with Lionel three times a week.

I think it was here that I asked her in what way they were stepsisters. She assured me that she could never explain to anybody how her family worked, that everybody in it was a



stepsister or stepbrother to everybody else. "There have been so many marriages in every part of the family—at Christmas it's a shambles. You don't know whom you have to send a card to, you don't know who your relatives really are."

Through all of this she was very open, in a crisp, modern manner: very sure of herself and reliant on her own wit. But she must have made reference to her husband no fewer than a dozen times—how Jack had been very angry at her, how Jack had told her to stop reading in bed and put out the light. While Lionel was telling the President what they had said about Jackie at Vassar, Jackie herself kept looking at her husband, but with a deliberately blank expression.



"You. You. And you."

WE somehow knew that the party was over. She wanted it to continue, you could see that. She and

Lionel were getting on so splendidly—Lionel really liked her, and she really liked him. It was now twelve-thirty.

The President was standing, and we all rose to leave. We all went over to him and shook hands with him, and I found myself saying what a lovely party it had been, and thank you very much, just as I would to any ordinary host. I had already said good night to Mrs. Kennedy and told her what a charming party it had been. I heard Lionel say to her, "I think you deserve great credit for this evening, everybody had such a wonderful time." She said, "You see, we used to have to come to the White House when Jack was a senator and the Eisenhowers were here. It was just unbearable. There would be Mamie in one chair and Ike in another. And on Mamie's right side would be the guest of honor, male, and on Ike's right side would be the guest of honor, female, and everybody stood, and there was nothing to drink. During that regime, there was never anything served to drink, and we made up our minds, when we came to the White House,

that nobody was ever going to be as bored as that. We do try to make it a good party."

So there we said good night at the door. When we told the President what a wonderful party it had been, he replied that it had been very lovely to have us. He said that in a very warm and personal way, but he was actually looking out the door. Jackie was at the party every moment of it, at least the upstairs part of it, and dying to go on some more. But he was tired and wanted to get to business. Or bed.

Bobby Kennedy led us to an elevator—I guess it was a private family elevator, very large but not very sturdy-looking, and we all trooped into it. Bobby started to close the door, when suddenly Jackie and Jack Kennedy came down the hall to see us off. It was a bit of a squeeze with so many of us, but Bobby stayed at his post to run it. Jackie said, "Oh, Bob, you can't crowd this many people into this elevator. Think of the headlines tomorrow morning, with all these distinguished people dead at the bottom of the shaft!" "It's all right, it's all right," Bobby re-

plied. "Hold on, Mr. Frost!" He closed the gate. At our last sight of Jackie, she was waving to us. The car went down, and when we got downstairs we were led by Bobby to another portico, where our wraps were waiting for us. They'd been put there while we were upstairs.

"Are you staying at a hotel in Washington?" Bobby asked me. I said that we were going back to New York by the late-night train. He looked confounded. "The train?" he repeated, as if I had just told him that we were journeying to New York by tandem bicycle. I assured him that I loved night trains, but he shook his head, unbelieving.

I don't know how we got to the train station—I suppose they had a car waiting for us. We could have danced our way, Lionel and I were so giddy. In fact, we did dance into the train station—I remember that. I had my left arm raised, Lionel had his right arm raised, and he was holding my hand while my mink stole trailed from our enfolded fingers. It was a kind of minuet we performed the length of the Union Station all the way to our train and our compartment. ♦