



*"I think the Republicans should find a place for Mr. Nixon that's every bit as nice as Hyannis Port."*

said he was Daniel O. Brand, six feet five, a wrestler from Bellevue, Nebraska. Then he introduced a teammate at the next table as William R. Kerslake, six feet three, two hundred and eighty-five pounds, and the recipient of size AA (very small) pajamas.

Kerslake told us that he is a research engineer on a recently declassified interplanetary-rocket project in Cleveland and that this will be his third Olympiad, and added, "It's the fourth Olympics for Wally Wolf, over there."

Wolf, in turn, told us that he is a water poloist, that he takes 48 extra-long when he can find it, and that his home town is "Manhattan—Beach, that is. Near Los Angeles."

Mr. Ross reappeared. A cameraman at his elbow pointed appreciatively at Mr. Kerslake's bulk, and Mr. Ross asked Mr. Kerslake, "Do you mind coming into the kitchen a minute, so this gentleman can shoot you in the meat locker?" Mr. Kerslake got up and left with them.

Some curtains at one end of the room parted, and a man with a stethoscope emerged. He introduced himself to us as Dr. Daniel Hanley, of Brunswick, Maine, and explained that the lady canoeists were dressing in the alcove where he was supposed to be administering shots to the athletes. "We should be so healthy! Boy!" he said. Health, he

went on, prevailed throughout all age groups, and in illustration he pointed out first Donna deVarona, a flax-haired thirteen-year-old California swimmer just arriving back with a group of neatly combed teen-agers from the Elizabeth Arden outing, and then a lady fencer named Maxine Mitchell, who he said is a grandmother.

A Mrs. Richmond Landon, of Lynbrook, New York, joined us, and said that in spite of what we might have heard, the uniforms fitted most of the Olympians splendidly. "Considering that they had to be ordered a year ago," she added, "and some of the teams weren't picked until last Saturday." We learned that she had been a swimmer in the 1920 Olympics, at Antwerp, that she had met her husband there, and that he had then been a high jumper and now is a public-relations man. Nowadays, she is on the Olympic supply-and-equipment committee. "In *my* day it was simpler," she said. "All they gave us was a jacket, a skirt, a straw hat, and no alterations."

A nearby athlete, poking through his new luggage, asked us fretfully, "Where's the razor supposed to be in here, buddy?"

We said we didn't know, and another athlete, similarly exploring, brought out a pair of sunglasses of the sort that fit over regular glasses, and,

with the disdain of the 20-20 perfectionist, asked, "How do I wear these?"

"On your eyebrows," the razor-seeker told him.

Mr. Ross came back from the meat locker, without Mr. Kerslake, and asked if we wanted to join the athletes for a lunch of bread and honey.

We said "No, thank you," and left.

**O**VERHEARD in the Scribner bookstore: "I really don't think I want to spend that much just on Buddhism."

### Second Phase

**A** WHILE back, we were saying how much we liked success stories, especially when they concern poor

young men who have not only the knack of making a fortune but the much rarer knack of having fun with a fortune. There's another sort of success story that we like even better, though—the sort in which a poor young man rises triumphantly in the world and yet pays almost no attention to money, regarding it as a substance, something like air, that is needed to support life but is everywhere in good supply, is in no danger of ever running out, and is therefore not worth accumulating. Just such a success as this is being enjoyed by a highly articulate young artist named Karl Mann, whom we wrote about some four years ago, when he was twenty-five and enjoying the first fruits of fame, and whom we saw the other day for a second time, knee-deep in the second fruits of fame and doing his level best to remain undollared.

The early Mann had come to our attention because he'd devised a way of painting with seeds—or, more properly, making mosaics of seeds, since he glued wheat, barley, sesame, and the like onto boards, in designs either representational or abstract. (Being as earnest a thinker as he is an artist, Mann had given up eating meat on principle, as well as for reasons of economy, and had been living largely on nuts, seeds, and cheap vegetables. It occurred to him one day to arrange his lunch in the form of a

painting on the kitchen table; such are the sources of art.) Mann was much praised for his curious seed pictures—their only drawback was a tendency to germinate, which he cured by fumigation—and on the occasion of our first interview he was already soberly weighing the awful hazards of success. He occupied a twenty-five-dollar-a-month apartment in an ancient tenement on Second Avenue and was able to live comfortably, he told us, on a thousand dollars a year. He wondered aloud, with misgivings, what life would be like if he had two thousand a year. "I'd probably move to the country," he said, looking thoroughly ashamed of himself.

Today, Mann is not only a successful artist but a successful maker of picture frames, with a workshop on West Nineteenth Street that employs a dozen artisans; a successful dealer in art objects gathered from all over the world and displayed in a showroom high above Fifth Avenue; and a successful hanger of pictures. (His specialty is arranging groups of pictures and assorted art objects as backgrounds for the display of furniture in manufacturers' showrooms, but he's also willing to hang pictures in private houses, at a rate of approximately a hundred dollars a wall. It appears that there are a great many people in New York who flinch from hanging their own pictures.) Despite his multiple triumphs, he has not moved to the country; he lives in an apartment on lower Lexington Avenue, which costs about six times as much as he was paying on Second Avenue, and he permits himself an annual income from the firm of Karl Mann Associates that is about five times the size of his 1956 income. What has this profound fiscal change done to the Mann soul, we asked, sure that Mann had already asked his soul this question. He shrugged, and patted the sleeve of his suit (dark and well tailored). "Look! I wear a suit now," he said. "Not a sweater and blue jeans. A nice suit—Italian material. I wear shirts of my own design. I have a tweed overcoat that was woven specially for me and dyed as I wanted it, with walnut shells. I dare treat myself to such luxuries—and why? Because I'm not afraid of money. I know now it can't intimidate me. I'm meeting a payroll—a big payroll. That makes me a businessman. So what? Not to be good at business would be an evasion for me. Not making money would be an evasion. Maybe all failure is an evasion. Anyhow, I don't have to worry about it any more—success or failure, having money or not having it. The responsibility of being a good businessman is like

the responsibility of being a good artist. Five thousand a year doesn't scare me at all. Neither would ten or fifteen. I don't think about it. I just celebrate myself." He hesitated, straightened his handmade tie in the collar of his handmade shirt, then added, "Whitman."

### Obliging

WE have heard from a middle-aged New York couple of our acquaintance that during a recent transatlantic crossing on an Italian liner they were both possessed by a sudden whim for potato pancakes. Their waiter, unfazed, promised that any culinary request would be granted, and rushed off to the galley. Presently, he reappeared proudly brandishing stacks of buttered wheatcakes stuffed with mashed potatoes.

### Anniversary

DURING the recent sultry weekend that marked the fifteenth anniversary of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, we went over to the United Nations Headquarters, where Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld, who had just flown back from the Congo, was calling the Security Council together to decide what to do about Katanga Premier Moïse Tshombe's Belgian-forces-in-and-U.N.-forces-out policy, Congo Premier Patrice Lumumba's U.N.-forces-in-and-Belgian-forces-out policy, Ghana Premier

Kwame Nkrumah's offer-of-independent-military-assistance-to-get-Belgian-forces-out policy, and other matters pertaining to the keep-another-bomb-from-going-off-anywhere-in-the-world policy.

With twenty-three hours to go before the Security Council met, we made our way to the fourth floor of the Secretariat Building, where a bulletin board was covered with notices of affairs that were being planned by U.N. personnel: an announcement of meetings of the U.N. Folk Dance Club on folk dances of France, with instruction by Mme. Olga Tarassova; an announcement of the U.N. Ski Club's charter flights to Zurich next February; invitations to join the U.N. Golf Club, the U.N. Gym Club, the U.N. Bowling League; and notices of an astonishing number of other extracurricular activities, future events, and future plans that reminded us of our college days. We stopped in at the cafeteria, where U.N. workers sat in groups of two and three talking quietly, or, carrying sandwich-and-black-coffee-laden trays, moved quickly out on their way to offices throughout the building. We grabbed a hamburger on roll with French fries, lettuce and tomato, strawberry jello, and black coffee, for seventy cents, and sat down at a table facing a picture window that looked out on slow-moving tugs, barges, and sightseeing boats on the East River. At a table near us, a young Indian was eating prune yoghurt from a white-



"For Pete's sake, Max, stop thinking of yourself. The crowd's loving it."