

## PROCRUSTES FRUSTRATED

Ever since Adam and Eve left Eden to raise Cain, garden tours have titillated the curiosity and developed the callouses of an ever-increasing number of devotees. Garden clubs, guilds, and federations have multiplied at a rate equalling their enemies the weeds and in so doing have evolved a complexity of regulations and tables of organization that would make the Director of Internal Revenue's mouth water. Curiosity, intellectual as well as personal, is currently being stimulated for profit or charity by impecunious owners of historic estates, directors of charitable institutions, travel agencies, and garden clubs through the organization of tours. These tours may last an hour, a day, a week, or a month; they may be free or expensive; they may be limited to a radius of one city block or cover a state or a continent; their objective may be gardens, houses, art collections, corporation offices, historic monuments, or narrow-gauge railways; they may have guide-books, tour directors, seminars and official receptions or they may have the informality of a chivaree.

Glimpses of domiciles neglected by previous horticultural or architectural safaris may not add to the world's store of knowledge but, even for the arm-chair traveller, a trip must have as an object either to get to or to get away from a place or a situation so I propose a brief garden tour to see how the

other halves live. Since our magic carpet is supersonic, it would be impossible to hear the tour director's spiel in transit. Therefore it will be omitted and each visit will be made with an open, if not uninformed mind. Tickets, passports and tranquilizers being presumed to be ready, let us embark.

Many dwellings of imposing appearance are built to advertise their inhabitants' wealth or social prestige by the grandeur of the structure, the prominence of the location, or an air of stability. However, from the Nevsky Prospekt to Diamond Head there are probably no addresses which confer greater notability by reason of the impressiveness of the facade or the durability of the structure than the first stop on our tour. Neither the Social Register nor the Real Estate Board consider it a choice location but its costly appointments and the exclusiveness so obvious in its entrance lend an undeniable distinction. It is the Cook County Jail.

After passing the oral examination in the dreary steel and concrete lobby, one is thoroughly frisked and grudgingly admitted through heavy steel doors with elaborate locking devices whence the tour starts in the company of an assistant warden. At intervals in the single, long, wide, and light corridor are emergency gates to close off any section. Except for this corridor all communication is vertical and, being a maximum security unit, difficult. Each five-story cell-block is served by an elevator, a stairway, and a dumb-waiter. Entering a typical unit, the vestibule door is locked behind us and we find the guard's cage-like cubicle in one corner. This contains all the switches, automatic locks, etc., but is

empty as one guard is in charge of several units and can only inspect each about every twenty minutes. On the other side of the door are three booths of heavy steel plate with a small bullet-proof glass window for visitors. The tiny apertures make the conversation audible to the guards but almost inaudible to the participants. From the vestibule another door opens to a gallery completely encircling the unit.

As we pass the endless row of cells let's look into one. All cells were originally designed to be so small that it would be impossible to accommodate more than one person. They now contain three -- one in the original cot, one in an upper berth, and one on the floor whose head must hit either the seatless toilet at one end or the bars at the other where if he sits up suddenly, it will hit the faucetless wash bowl. Mattresses, pillows and blankets must often be used in turns if the population takes a spurt. The three steel walls and the outer barred wall of each cell are painted gray -- a durable color in harmony with the drabness of the inmates' lives and the neutral light which filters in through the detention windows. Since the inmates, who may be there for as long as 5 years, have only the clothes they happened to be wearing when committed which they must wear day and night, the little heaps of dirty clothes in a corner or the tattle-tale gray bits of washing festooned on the bars are pathetic. It is, then, a joy and a relief to come upon an interior-decorated cell -- newspaper or magazine pictures pasted on the wall, colored paper chains hanging across the bars, or shades for the single bare light bulb made from the foil and cellophane of cigarette packages.

Having circled the rows of cells we again pass the day room in the darkest part of the unit and nearest to the guard's cubicle and the entrance. The scene here is reminiscent of the hold of a troop transport, and, I might say, redolent of one. The same gray-painted steel, the same lack of seating, the same half-light, the same card games with three kibitzers to every player, the same comic books, the same rumors and the same speculation on the absurdities being contemplated by authority. At one end of the room is the dumb-waiter which brings three meals a day. This creates starvation corner on the top floor since the men on the lower floors pick the food off as it goes by. The Day Room is also the class room and laboratory of the county's most effective educational institution for here seasoned professionals instruct young recruits in all the skills and techniques of larceny, dope-peddling, white slavery, man-slaughter, black-mail, and getting out 110% of the vote or compare their achievements in rape and other less gainful forms of crime. Segregation is unheard of -- first offenders are integrated with habitual criminals, contagious tuberculars, with the still healthy, the hardened with those not yet proven guilty. As Filippo Strozzi said, "I will take care of my enemies if God will protect me from my friends."

The basement contains what hope there is in a jail and it contains the end of all hope in the form of its most famous article of furniture. One big room with rows of cots houses the trustees. Their quarters are neat and clean though crowded



for they have voluntarily given up half their space for the creation of class rooms and a prison library. These are indeed the fortunate ones for their days are filled with work instead of hopeless, helpless boredom. They are cooks, bakers, cobblers, laundry men, painters -- whatever trade necessary to the operation of the jail for which tools and materials can be provided from a miserly budget.

The fresh air -- even the noise and fumes of city traffic -- the sunshine, and the limitless sky are such a relief as to be almost a shock as we leave the first dwelling on our tour. Boarding the magic carpet, we head west, across the broad Pacific to Guadalcanal.

Perilously skirting the edge of a bomb-crater the jeep comes to a screeching stop and scatters its passengers in a small clearing in the jungle. By clearing is meant a few square yards of sword grass that could be cleared with only a machete. A dim, religious light penetrating the tangle of leaves and vines high overhead, reveals white orchids among the dark branches of mahogany trees, and suggests wierd and mysterious possibilities beyond the immediate limits of visibility. A twisting green tunnel becomes a track in which one alternately trips on the criss-crossing roots or fights the low-slung branches. Unlike the laissez-faire policy of northern woods where brambles, burrs, and gopher-holes may elicit a mild expletive, the gruesome jungle is ferocious. To stop is fatal -- armies of ants immediately crawl up your trouser legs while

mosquitoes attack from above to carry their scorched earth policy to the enemy's heartland. The log you rest on has poisonous bark. The breathless, steaming heat does not refresh.

As tracks converge to form a path and the sun occasionally breaks through to glint on improbable banana leaves, the inevitable signs of human habitation (whether in Keokuk or the Ross ice shelf) begin to appear -- empty tins, bottles, and cigarette butts. Suddenly a turn in the path brings us to a murky little stream, almost stagnant between steep banks, across which a single, slippery log leads to the center of a native settlement. Since the hard, dusty ground has not been covered with gravel for the inconvenience of bare feet it is obvious that the benevolent despotism of plantation manager or missionary has not yet brought the blessings of civilization. The cluster of huts are all alike in their lack of pretention and in their harmony with unspoiled nature. The one on our tour has been picked at random.

The open plan, so much touted in current housing journals, finds its apogee in the simplicity of this one room house in a land where architects are unknown. In Chicago, the birthplace of modern architecture and the very Mt. Sinai of its commandments to honor structural honesty, purely ornamental structural steel is applied to concrete encased beams and columns to suggest a building's skeleton. Such architectural dogma notwithstanding, the native house displays its forthright frame of saplings tied together with tendrils supporting a palm-thatched roof. Green cocoanut fronds are slit down the center and their leaves

braided to form mats about 6'-0" long and 1'-0" wide which are tied to the sapling poles like clapboards to keep out the torrential rains but let in air and lizards. The major portion of the house is occupied by the family bedstead which is a rectangular frame of logs supported on four posts driven into the ground and laced across with liana vines.

The toughness of liana vines was proven to me when I was detailed to camouflage latrines which required posts and beams. Seizing an axe, I selected a tree that rose 50 feet straight as an arrow before the first branches, and the chips began to fly. When I had cut half way through I yelled "timber" and waited for the tree to fall where I had calculated it would as they always do in the movies. Nothing happened except a few remarks in rather poor taste from my mates so I fell to again and cut a notch from the other side. Still no results, so I finally cut completely through leaving a gap of several inches between stump and trunk. The giant of the forest hung motionless in its network of vines and only some months later did the nervous occupants of a neighboring tent hire a native boy to climb the surrounding trees and cut the vines.

To get back to the villa on the Tenaru: No other furniture than the bed exists for one stands or squats on the dirt floor. Closets or bureaus are unnecessary as the children have no clothes, the adults sleep on their lava-lavas at night and the women hang their formal grass skirts on the framing poles when not wearing them. Bath rooms are unnecessary as the nearby river is in constant use for ablutions as well as children's

recreation. Other natural functions are dealt with in the jungle in accordance with the most rigid taboos for hygiene. Cooking is done in a separate hut over a kind of picnic stove of rocks.

Presently our melanesian host and his family overcome their shyness and emerge from the jungle. They are as black as it is possible for a human to be, short but well-built, and with tremendously wide and thick feet covered with bruises and scratches. The lady of the house is dressed in her finest, which means a grass skirt inferior in quality only to those made by the Seabees to sell to the Marines and in our honor she has added a Tee-shirt recently acquired from a sailor in trade for papayas. Since she is unaccustomed to so confining a garment and since her children have accepted Dr. Spock's rule of demand feeding, she has cut two holes in the front for her own comfort and her offsprings' convenience. Her sharp little teeth are black but her lips and gums are orange from chewing betel-nut. Her thick and kinky black hair stands out to form a bushy halo of perfect symmetry, apparently never growing longer and never matting down. Her lord and master tries to look fierce but cannot conceal his kindly expression. He wears only his green baize lava-lava which looks like a bath towel wrapped around his middle. His most striking feature is a magnificent bush of platinum blonde hair, bleached with lime to liquidate its denizens. They greet us with great dignity but few words and those few, spoken only by men, are in a basic-pidgin-biblical English. At a discreet distance a clutch of children stare wide-eyed at such

tall visitors with so many clothes. They are, of course, black and have spindly legs and large stomachs. Among them, but somewhat aloof because of wearing a loin-cloth (as important a sign of maturity as the change from knickerbockers to long pants used to be) it is astonishing to find a polynesian with copper-colored skin, silky black hair, large almond-shaped eyes, white teeth and in each pierced ear a gorgeous pink hibiscus. A visiting cousin? Unlikely in a world whose radius rarely exceeds 20 miles. Ship-wreck survivor? Even the great Maori migration had not ventured so far. Miscegenation? Throwback? Stowaway? Who knows?

After a ceremonious exchange of gifts -- papayas and bananas for soap and spam -- we point the magic carpet into the setting sun, to a time and place on which the sun is setting.

Stretching from Leningrad to near the Arctic circle, lies Ladoga, the largest and the coldest lake in Europe. In the years between the wars an excursion boat bearing a silver orb and cross on its mast ploughed its brilliant blue surface manned entirely by monks wearing great loose black cassocks, crucifixes on heavy silver chains, tall black brimless stove-pipe hats, and flowing beards since heaven, according to orthodox belief, is denied to the clean-shaven. The crew is distinguished from the officers because the skirts of their cassocks are gathered up and tucked into their rope girdles for greater mobility -- proving that monks do wear trousers. When the shore has faded from sight the sun suddenly picks out a gold orb and cross in the sky which is soon discovered to be

the cupola surmounting the vast blue dome of the Church of the Transfiguration of the Russian monastery of Valamo. As the boat enters a fiord of the rocky, wooded island, buildings of every shape, size, and condition appear, from a lonely hermitage on a distant point to huge granaries and storehouses, all leading the eye up to the great white towers and blue onion domes of the church and its dependencies. Landing at the antique jetty is accomplished in complete silence, the monks heaving and tugging hawsers with agility and yet with such aplomb that not a rosary swings askew. From the pier a flight of sixty-two steps winds past an unkempt graveyard to join the wagon tracks from the fields at the gates of the monastery quadrangle -- an expanse of uncut crabgrass surrounded by bleak, three story, whitewashed buildings with red roofs. A monk leads the way into one of these and, at the end of a long and dimly lit corridor, opens the door to our bivouac. This turns out to be a stone-floored, stone-vaulted cell about six feet by twelve with a tile stove built into one wall so that heat may be shared with one's neighbor (a virtue that in this case is abstract since no firewood is provided until the snow flies). The furnishings consist of a chair, a table, and a cot in which pine planks have been substituted for springs and mattress. The solitary blanket can be rolled up as a pillow, spread double for padding, or used as a cover during the brisk October nights of the north land -- in any shape it serves as a reminder that the soul is elevated through mortification of the flesh. The complete lack of candles or lamps allows ample time for reflection on the ascetic versus the sybaritic life.

Since common or garden tourists, like an army, travel on their stomachs the victualling of a pilgrimage takes on an importance to which the men of God seem blissfully oblivious. Russian is the lingua franca of the monastery, so there are inherent difficulties in asking for food -- it is hard enough to find the more basic facilities, let alone the refectory. A bar of chocolate or a crust of bread concealed about the person is indispensable contraband. When dusk makes the solemn black-robed monks indistinguishable from the shadows it is a pleasant shock to have one appear in the cell bringing a bubbling samovar -- what visions of lavish buffet tables it conjures -- but it contains boiling water, neat. There being no alternative, the unravelled sleeve of care is soon knit.

Long before daybreak the bells ring out solemnly, joyously, mystically, in an unfamiliar minor key. In the sombre crypt chapel of the great church the muffled peals reverberate as a dimly heard accompaniment to the chanting of the litany. The air is heavy with incense. A single candle flickers on the lectern, suggesting rather than illuminating the gilt intricacies of the iconostasis with its age-darkened icons and gradually, as the eye becomes accustomed, discovering isolated figures as rigid as caryatids -- monks in ample, black robes with black veils flowing from their tall, black hats. Each stands alone, in solitary retreat, and yet they worship in perfect unison, kneeling, rising or prostrating themselves as one man. At intervals the clear chant of the priest is dramatically interrupted by the vigorous and magnificent harmonies of the unseen choir. When daylight has almost stealthily penetrated the

massive vaults, the singing suddenly stops and the majestic and deliberate recessional of the monks winds toward the door. In the happy belief that the procession is heading for breakfast, the starving pilgrim falls into line. As they pass the darkest recess of the furthest bay the monks pause to kneel and kiss an object which is hidden from view by the procession. When in Rome, do as the Romans do -- when in Valamo, monk business is the order of the day. Only when lips are pursed and moistened does one discover that looking up from the glass-topped coffin to be kissed, are the embalmed remains of Herman the hermit, founder of the monastery in the fourteenth century. Before appetite returns the procession has been lost.

As national consciousness dawned in the middle ages the merchants of Novgorod used any means available, including the church, to expand their economic sphere of influence. A militant Christianity was as good business then as it later proved to be for the Spaniards in the new world or the Americans in Hawaii. As Junipero Serra's missions extended from Mexico up the California coast, so a chain of monasteries gradually extended from Novgorod and Kiev to Petsamo, the ice-free harbor beyond the north cape. The piety of the merchants thus enabled to compete with the Hanseatic towns must have equaled their acumen for the monasteries prospered so that in the sixteenth century the estates, salt monopolies, mines and other holdings of Valamo extended from the White Sea to the Baltic. Ever since the founding hermit, Herman, was joined by Sergei, Valamo has been self-sustaining, self-regenerating, but necessarily not self-perpetuating. Its miniature archipelago contains dairy



farms, orchards, fields of grain, flower gardens, fisheries, smithys, and all the maintenance shops required for them, besides schools for the training not only of monks but of boys in their orphanage and a summer camp where boys from the cities can enjoy healthy farm work. When the lake freezes over the monks put on their skates or skis to bring succour to the hermits tending lonely shrines on outlying islands or to fish through the ice. Through the bitter cold of a long arctic night during the Winter War of 1940, a solemn procession of chanting monks dragged sledges carrying the infirm across the ice, lead by the aged abbot holding high a gold crucifix -- the first evacuation of Valamo in its five centuries of straddling the border between east and west.

Upstairs in one of the buildings facing the quadrangle is the museum containing religious and historic mementoes, all neatly catalogued in a fine cyrillic hand. Among portraits of patriarchs, lay benefactors, and former abbots, one stands out -- a sentimental, kindly and, perhaps, idealized portrait of Nicholas II, last Czar of all the Russias and the first to return the church to its Patriarchs by separating church and state.

Leaving the quadrangle by a path skirting fields where monks and boys are gathering in the last of the harvest one comes upon occasional rude peasant huts resembling north woods cabins. In one of these two monks are mending fish nets; in another coarse linen is being woven for the smocks worn over their cassocks while they work. In all of them one is warmly welcomed by signs and broad grins even though verbal communication

is impossible. The path ends at a rocky promontory from which the Holy Island with its ancient miniature wooden church can be seen tended by a solitary monk.

Women and girls in billowing homespun skirts and gaily colored kerchiefs are not an uncommon sight outside the quadrangle. They are the wives and daughters of parish priests who are taking refresher courses or looking to the advancement of their sons. Orthodox bishops must be celibate, so they are largely recruited from monasteries, but the monasteries rely on the married priests to beget or recruit new monks, so a more worldly atmosphere exists than is commonly associated with the cenobitic life.

The bells are tolling again but above them comes the sound of the magic carpet revving up so we'd better embark before local trickery gets it into orbit. Go West, Young Men, to the land of the fee-simple.

Leaving the superhighway, we enter suburbia -- a grid iron of orderly streets lined with telephone poles and identical houses, each set in a nest of juniper. The village is deserted because the men are at work, the children at school or play club and the women at committee meetings. From this daytime ghost town a new "improved" road leads past signs announcing the availability of "homes" (never houses) to a scene of desolation that would have fired the imagination of Scipio. On every hand bull dozers and steam shovels battle nature, cutting down trees, changing natural contours, building roads without relation to the terrain and then criss-crossing them with utility trenches.

The birds and the squirrels have departed to seek refuge in city parks or in the hedgerows of unreconstructed farms. Passing piles of lumber, contractors' signs, gaping excavations, union locals' signs, piles of sewer tile, material company signs, piles of gravel or top-soil imported from great distance, and signs extolling the prospective shopping center, we come to a cul-de-sac. The top brass of suburbia live on dead-end streets. They have the snob-appeal of a private road and insurance policies require less planning than the convenience of snow plows or fire engines. Split level ranch houses in reversible plan, 3 different veneers, and 5 different color schemes are widely spaced (it is axiomatic to build initially on every other lot and leave the boundaries only vaguely defined). Just behind a cast aluminum reproduction of a gas street lamp and a token picket fence that a dachshund could jump from a standing start a girl wearing a garden club badge is sitting beneath a gaily colored umbrella so we present our tickets and head for the door.

Two mammals are thought to exist which have never been seen by the naked eye: the Yeti or Abominable Snow Man of the high Himalayas and the Common Man. They are equally elusive and yet the spoor of the latter has yielded the most precise information about his family structure, weight, size, health, feeding habits, sexual behaviour, sources of livelihood, and recreational habits, as well as a wealth of conjecture concerning his ambitions, intellectual stimuli, reactions to situations of danger or positions of trust, and emotions. Since a Common Man is the owner of the last dwelling on our tour it is not surprising that he is

invisible, having taken the kiddies to the beach so Mom could tidy up for the invasion.

Finding no door bell beneath the carriage lanterns which flank the entrance, we lift the brass knocker which produces a merry tune from the chimes concealed behind the copy of a crank-operated telephone with ivy growing from its battery box (the ivy is as fresh and verdant as the rarest specimen since the lack of sunlight requires that it be made of vinyl). The door is opened to reveal a hall from which stairways without railings ascend or descend on all sides. Next to the entrance a small door stands ajar giving a glimpse of the very apotheosis of the home-maker's art -- the Powder Room, from which powder and perukes have happily disappeared. Instead of wigs there are wags. The wall-paper depicts cartoons of vintage plumbing with arch little captions and on the ceiling are stenciled the names of perfumes such as "My Sin", "Midnight in Paris", "Arpege", "Bond Street". The toilet paper, on a scented musical roller of course, is printed with subtle, double-entendre witticisms in three colors, the back-ground matching the chenille slip cover on the principal fixture as well as the shaggy mat on the floor. The miniscule towels are marked "His" and "Hers" or are printed with lipstick smudges in bold patterns. Since only a boor would use a guest towel it becomes necessary to search out the paper towels, but they are cleverly concealed under the mirrored Kleenex box and by the time you need them your hands are wet and your eyes full of soap so using your pocket handkerchief is easier.

Contemplation of the grandeur of modern bath rooms brings to mind assorted trivia in the progress of plumbing over the centuries:

In the Rome of Julius Caesar water consumption averaged 198 gallons per person per day; this figure rose to 300 in the heyday of the empire and dropped to 150 in 1936. In the same year of 1936 the City of New York used 120 gallons per person per day. Seventy-five years ago in Chicago the rule of thumb for determining pipe sizes was to provide 15 gallons per day per person and 16 gallons per horse.

Quantity and quality of plumbing may be the basis on which we advertise our standard of living but improvements were accepted slowly as, in 1878, a New York plumber named O'Grady lamented: "The Plumber has to contend with no more formidable enemy than the downright meanness of the people who employ him." At the same time in England water-hammer in pipes was thought to be spirit tapping.

Now, however, mechanical perfection has reached such a peak that our only worry is that a college graduate must work three hours in a bank to earn enough to pay a plumber's helper for the 15 minutes labor required to remove a diaper from a stopped up toilet.

Returning to the hall we choose the shortest and broadest flight of steps and find ourselves embarked on a sea of wall-to-wall carpeting harmonizing so perfectly with the "decorator colors" of the walls that only the symmetrical arrangements of flower prints in enormous white mats provide an horizon. To the left a picture window measuring two hundred combined inches frames an entrancing view of the identical picture window across the street except that its ruffled lampshade has not yet had the cellophane removed. Centered on the far wall is an ample

fireplace protected by glass doors so that no escaping heat might upset the balance of the air-conditioning. On its marbleized mantel shelf a pair of brass candlesticks flank a colored photograph of Old Ironsides. The book cases contain polished driftwood from Florida, 2 Danish porcelain cats, a year's file of the Readers Digest and a monogrammed dictionary received as a wedding present. No family picture, no child's artifact, no sentimental heirloom, no item of pure convenience is allowed to desecrate the studied decor of this room which meets in every particular the exacting standards laid down by the magazines found in the pediatricians waiting room. Down a few steps, the scenic wall-paper of the Dining Ell fits snugly around the bleached maple "suite" and indirect lighting highlights the tureen in which book matches, pencil stubs, shopping lists and sitter-money are kept.

The gleaming efficiency of the Kitchen is a tribute to Madison Avenue. Everything is built-in, two-toned, power-operated, and, if possible, concealed. Even the oven with its self-basting rotisserie is bi-level. Only the usual polished copper salad moulds, the clock in the shape of a teapot and three apothecary jars are allowed to be seen. The fragrant pans of rising bread covered with a towel and resting on the radiator are gone with the snows of yesteryear as are the coffee mill and the fly-paper. Behind cupboard doors of synthetic wood more perfect in grain and color than the real thing are the appliances bought on the installment plan which create income on which to pay taxes with which to buy intercontinental ballistic missiles.

A breakfast bar surrounded by war-surplus bucket seats made into stools divides the kitchen from the focal point of the house -- a room that has weathered the successive titles of back parlor, rumpus room, space for indoor living, activities area, multi-purpose room, hobby shop, and currently, family room. It might be described as a noun become a verb -- the walls are textured, the curtains are hand-loomed, the braided rugs are crafted, even the Hi-Fi is customized. Were the family room not unnaturally cleaned up, we would see, beside the contour chairs, the barbecue and the planter an exhilarating confusion of airplane models, sewing machine, dart game, P.T.A. files, baseball mitts, comic books, write your own list! In other words it is lived in -- abundantly. Based on intensity of use this is the largest room in the house and so, logically, opens with huge sliding doors onto the patio which today displays a chaste arrangement of wrought iron and glass furniture, hurricane lamps, portable barbecue and portable bar. For the less dedicated gardeners a peak at the impeccable lawn with its single specimen thorn tree (all native trees were cut down by the developer) and its clump of evergreens almost concealing the trash burner with suffice. In we go, and up a few steps to the Hall, having eschewed the lowest level which is the haunt of meter-readers, cub scouts, and boat-builders, the sanctum of do-it-yourself. More steps take us to the bed room area where a game is in progress. The game is, in fact, a deadly scrimmage, the object of which is to get the opponent to distract the hostess long enough to enable the protagonist to inventory the bureau drawers.

But time is fleeting and feet are hurting so we must leave the development house and head for home, the return trip lasting just long enough to peruse a brochure we pinched while the group admired a cobbler's bench used as a coffee table.

Lest anyone think that the ingenuity which has changed the landscape from prairie to subdivision is exhausted or that the imagination which has transformed tepee to log cabin to salt-box to shirt-front to split-level ranch is dimmed let me quote from this prospectus of a house to be marketed in 1970:

"If you would like a nice thick steak, just pick up the televiewer and the butcher lets you pick out the one you want. Minutes after it enters the electronic stove, the sizzling steak is ready for the table. Even the table is lighted from beneath for fuller aesthetic enjoyment of the food.

Somebody at the door? Without leaving the comfort of her irradiated food center, the lady of the house can pick up her televiewer phone, flick a switch, and know immediately who is at her door. When dinner is over, her dishes go into the ultrasonic dishwasher where high speed sound waves shake off the dirt.

Are you longing for ocean breezes, the breath of spring or the smell of the piney woods? Just touch a switch and you have the selected fragrance.

In the House of the Future are two bathrooms, one for adults and one for children. A wave of the hand before an electronic eye turns the water on or off. The lavatory can be positioned electronically at any height from 24 to 31 inches. Toothbrush, toothpaste, shaving lather, and the like, are dispensed automatically."



Our final visit reveals a room decorated with great simplicity if little distinction. The lighting is neither subtle nor dramatic, the colors do not distract, the accoustics preclude the alibi of not being heard, the chairs are less comfortable than the arms of Morpheus but more comfortable than the arms of the law, the ash-trays are elusive. At the rear of the room tables are laden with restoratives for the consumption of which we are now mercifully released.