

like? Did someone else live there before, like Douglas Fairbanks?

Another problem is that the time frame is very difficult to follow. It's very hard to figure out how old people are and what year it is. There are references in some scenes that throw the reader off, e.g., Cher did not have tattoos on her butt when "Stayin' Alive" was playing in discos. In fact, during that time, most people did not even remember Cher.

In fact, I have a real problem with the Jo Jo's scene overall. It seems very contrived and out of place for St. Moritz. Even in L.A. or New York it would be difficult to find a place where everybody was dressed in drag. I would just alter it so that every type is there and lots of drugs are present.

Some other problems, which are small:

I wouldn't use the words "nigger lips" in your novel.

One does not put a Cadillac into first gear. You would have to go back many, many years to find a Caddy with a stick shift.

I hope this helps you to some extent. If I can help you any further, please let me know.

My best regards,
Alan Nevins

[Poem]

DAVY CRICKET

By David Hayward. From the Spring issue of ZYZZYVA. Hayward lives in San Francisco.

I did what I did for Lubbock and the Crickets
and me. The headline they gave this,
MINOR LEAGUE MASCOT EJECTED IN BRAWL,
is funny, I know—over-ardent loyalty,
ha-ha, the furious blue insect impervious
in his padded suit and by the same cushion
disabled. Still, it hurts. They boo joy
when they boo me, and the players who held
me back
might think harder about whose adamant image
they wear on their caps. For as long as I'm in
him,
Davy Cricket won't be among the buccaneers
or bears or Indians who have at their center
something alien, some actor. I am what I look
like
and want the things I shout for. Foam lips
are lips. The costume makes me nakeder.

[Screenplay]

A (VERY STRANGE) DAY AT THE RACES

From a previously unpublished film script by Salvador Dali, written in 1937 for the Marx Brothers. Dali, who was a fan of the comedians, had befriended Harpo Marx the year before. The film, titled *Giraffes on Horseback Salads*, was never made, reportedly because MGM, which had an exclusive contract with the Marx Brothers, felt it was too surreal. The script, which Dali wrote in English, was recently discovered among Dali's papers; it is owned and was made available by the Fundació Gala-Salvador Dalí in Figueres, Spain. Apart from roles for the Marx Brothers, the script includes a character called the "Surrealist woman" and a Spanish businessman named Jimmy.

The "Surrealist woman" is lying in the middle of a great bed, sixty feet long, with the rest of the guests seated around each side. Along the bed, as decorations, are a group of dwarfs caught by Harpo. Each is supported on a crystal base, decorated with climbing flowers. The dwarfs stay as still as statues, holding lighted candelabras, and change their positions every few minutes. The rest of the bed supports the food, glasses, etc.

While love tears at Jimmy's heart, Groucho tries to crack a nut on the bald head of the dwarf in front of him. The dwarf, far from looking surprised, smiles at Groucho in the most amiable way possible. Suddenly in the middle of dinner, thunder and lightning begin inside the room. A squall of wind blows the things over on the table and brings in a whirl of dry leaves, which stick to everything. As Groucho opens his umbrella, it begins to rain slowly.

Although the guests show surprise, they try for a time to continue their meal, which is, however, brought to an end by showers of rain. In a panic, the guests rush in all directions, while from the hall a torrent of water washes in, bringing with it all sorts of debris, including a drowned ox. A shepherd makes a desperate effort to collect his flock of sheep, which climb up on the sofas and the bed in an effort to avoid being carried away by the water. A cradle is carried in on the flood containing a baby crying piteously, followed by the mother, hair streaming behind her.

The "Surrealist woman" crosses several rooms—rain falling more and more heavily—but stops in front of a door and hesitates. She goes in, followed by Jimmy, who has never left her side. On the other side of the door, there is no more rain and everything changes. It is the childhood room of the "Surrealist woman," where by her orders nothing has been touched



"Mobile Home (Arcadia)," "Mobile Home (Split-level)," and "Mobile Home (Dusk)," by Peter Garfield, a Brooklyn, New York, photographer, on display in February at the Barbara Mathes Gallery in New York City.

since she was ten. Overcome by emotion, she sits down in front of a mirror at a child's table.

Meanwhile, the Marx Brothers announce that a great fête is going to take place. For this, large preparations have to be made. Four acres of desert are cleared of cacti and of all vegetation and flattened out like a tennis court. The undergrowth that is cleared away is piled around the field to make a barrier, behind which stands are erected for spectators.

There is a competition for the person who can ride a bicycle the slowest with a stone balanced on his head. All the participants have to grow beards. In the middle is a tower in the form of a boat's prow to be used as a judge's box.

Before the spectacle begins, the vegetation around the field is set alight. This prevents the spectators in the stands from seeing anything at all. From the top of the tower the sight is wonderful, with columns of smoke going up vertically, surrounding hundreds of cyclists—each balancing a rock on his head—threading their way with the sun setting behind.

In the tower, Harpo is playing his harp ecstatically, like a modern Nero. By his side, his back to the spectacle, Groucho is lying, smoking lazily. Nearby, the "Surrealist woman" and Jimmy watch the spectacle, lying side by side. Behind them, Chico, dressed in a diving suit, accompanies Harpo on the piano. Scattered along the gangway leading to the tower, an orchestra plays the theme song with Wagnerian intensity as the sun sinks under the horizon.

[Invention]

UNEASY LISTENING

From "Tone Poem," by Bernard Cooper, in *Truth Serum*, a collection of his memoirs to be published this month by Houghton Mifflin. "Tone Poem" originally appeared in *The Paris Review*. Cooper's essay "The Sigh" appeared in the January issue of *Harper's Magazine*.

I wish I had one of those electronic keyboards where you can plug in prerecorded sounds that correspond to different keys. I'd compose an homage to insomnia: barking dogs and hammer blows and car alarms played over and over, the inverse of a lullaby, a score without a shred of respite. Try and get that tune out of your head. Or how about a nocturne for the aging body: the rumble of digestive juices, the suction of shoes that are pried from tired feet, the barely audible crackle of static as a brush is drawn through thinning hair. If only I'd had the foresight to tape-record every interesting snippet of conversation I've overheard in my long lifetime, by now I would have accumulated enough cryptic remarks, brilliant quips, and pretentious asides to pound out symphonic octaves of talk. I could pepper the punch line to my father's favorite joke—"... and the third