

## Mummy Slept Here

My daughter was born in Los Angeles but has been raised in England. One of my hopes in her upbringing was that she should know something of her homeland, how we did things in America, particularly California—Southern California, that is, well, let's face it, Los Angeles!

At last we did go home on a visit. A dear school friend of mine understood my great concern and shepherded us around. She was anxious that Patty should see "our" Los Angeles, where we went to school and where we lived as children.

Well, neighborhoods change, you know. I do not know whose used to be worse, my chum's or mine. We easily found my old home. A little house, it had been even smaller when we bought it years ago. We had added the bathroom. There had been a young camphor tree out front in the "parkway."

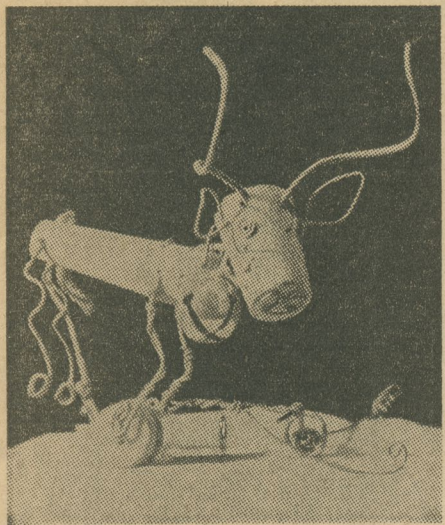
The owners before us must have been farmers. Although it was only in the suburbs, never have I seen anything like the farm produce that was on that place when we took it over. Kentucky Wonders towered—oh, I have just thought, I was quite a bit smaller then, but I still think they must have towered. Cabbages—huge ones—turnips, beets, everything that grows in a vegetable garden we had luxuriating over frames, trellises, or in regimented rows and simply enormous. The peach tree on the left in the back yard gave peaches the size of grapefruit but with no taste; none whatsoever. I can remember the peach gum or resin that was on the fruit near the stem as if I had had it in my hand today before lunch. Also I climbed that tree.

I recalled all this and my friend understood. My daughter, however, was not impressed. She saw merely the shack that was there in front of her.

Then we went to my friend's house. There was no front step, and one of the attic windows looked as though it had been kicked out. There was a television aerial. I had never seen the place before, but I could see it through my friend's eyes and I loved it. We both sighed as she described what it was like when they were children, the round sprinkler going on the lawn, everybody ducking in and out, having a shower; the gleaming white paint, the prim starched curtains. My daughter just looked. Poker face is an understatement.

I had a hankering to see the next house we moved to. Every one in the block had a lawn and a fat palm tree on each side of the front walk up to the big open porch. Many people had a deep settee sort of swing hung from the ceiling, and each house had a porch light. That was San Julian Street, between Thirty-Sixth and Thirty-Seventh. What would have been Thirty-Eighth Street was called Santa Barbara Avenue. We drove around and around, and nothing looked remotely like it.

I knew Central Avenue was quite a few blocks to the East out here; in town it was the next one over. I said as much. The next thing I knew my hat was blown off by our speeding straight to the center of the city in order to find out where we wanted to go, then sticking to the avenue for miles all the way back to where we had just come from. There were streets between that blocked our way and we were lost in confusion again.



"CIRCUS TOY": Wire and Wood by Alexander Calder

We stopped a postman in the neighborhood. "Can you tell us where San Julian Street is?"

"Nowhere near here," he said.

"But it must be," I insisted. "It was only one block from the streetcar line."

"Well, I've been delivering mail around here for fifteen years and I've never heard of it."

"Oh," I said, "this was thirty-five years ago."

We left him laughing and gave up that quest of a neighborhood and name long since changed.

"I know," said my friend, "let's take her to L.A. the old L.A., before it moved from town. That's where we went to high school, your mother and I. Up on a hill. Right in the middle of the city." Ah, this was more like something that Pat could appreciate. It was the way she had gone to school, in the middle of London.

I pre-dated my friend and school-mates as far as this district was concerned, because when I was very little I had gone to California Street Grammar School almost in the same block. Before the tunnel at the end of Hill or Broadway—though we lived there, I cannot remember which—you turned sharp left with the streetcar line up a steep incline. That was California. L.A. High was off right of it and my school was in the street itself.

I used to play in some shallow trenches around on the steep side of the hill looking out to the North and East. There were a few trees, straggly ones, and back the first way down by the carline, some vacant lots where fennel grew. We called it dog fennel and used to peel it. (Did we carry knives? I don't remember.) There were also "cheeses"—minute, round, flat, cheese-shaped pods growing on a weed. I don't recall its name. We ate all these. Wouldn't my mother have been pleased!

We lived on the same side of the street as the old Court House, a block nearer the Tunnel. My mother had a small restaurant and we had a room upstairs. The Court House was a big, old-fashioned building of red brick or stone, with a great spreading palm on the lawn before it. The palm was removed and a statue erected to someone. The grounds had a strong retaining wall that sloped down to the street below. This was so much lower than the front that there was an elevator to the rear entrance.

In High School we were privileged to have had Loy Galpin as one of our teachers. She had beautiful hands and fingernails and came from an old Spanish family and spoke of early Los Angeles as easily as she breathed and taught. She told us with disdain that Broadway should be known by its original name, Fort Street, so called because it led up to the hill where we were in class and that hill had once been a fort. This explained my childhood trenches to me.

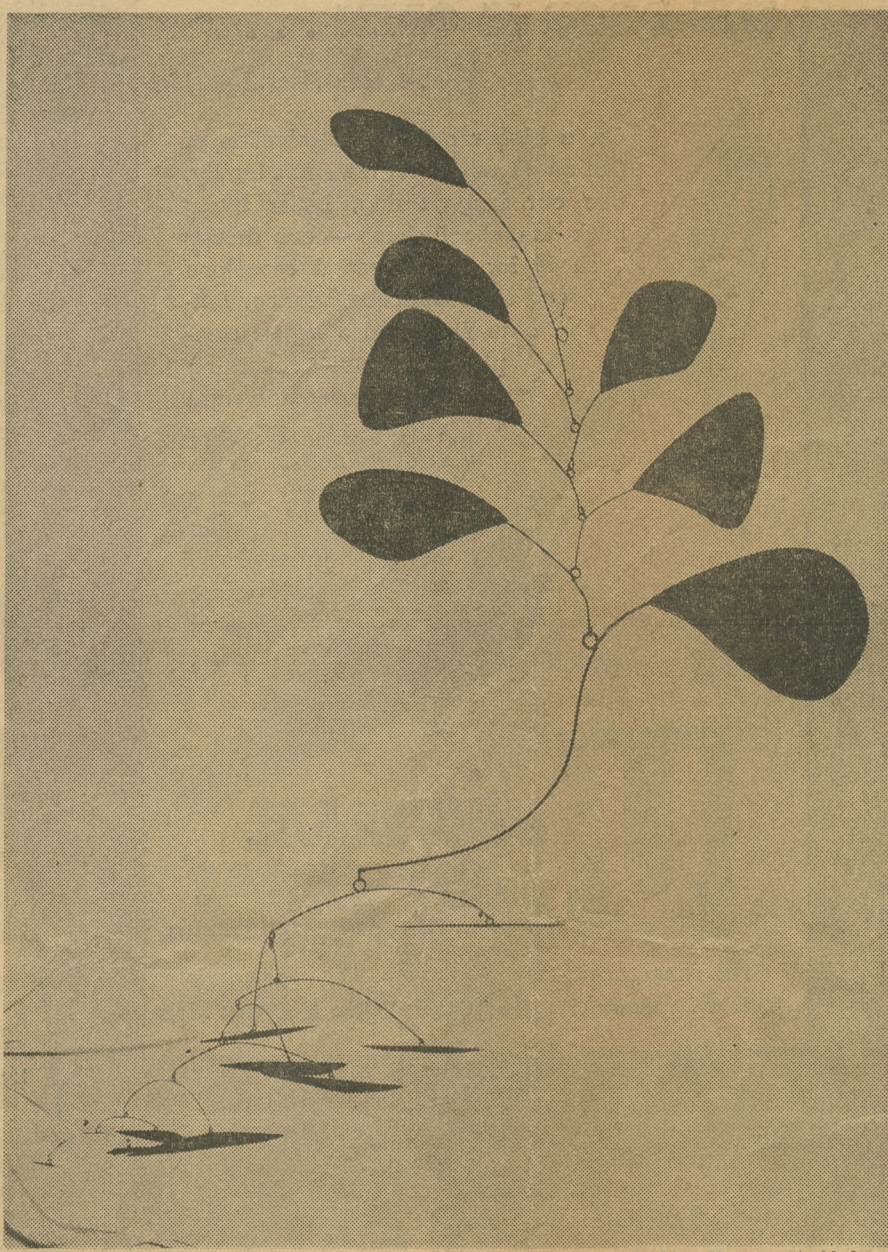
Both my friend and I were wondering what might be different about our Alma Mater. At least we knew where to find it. They would not have changed the name of this street—well, not again! If you know Los Angeles you know what is coming; if not you will think I am exaggerating; but it is absolutely true.

As we neared our old haunts and drove up Broadway my friend nearly drove up a lamppost. There was a diversion because, believe it or not, they were cutting off the hill and carrying it away. Literally before our very eyes earth-moving apparatus, cranes, bulldozers, and trucks were turning our history into a legend. And California Street Grammar School, higher up on the left? That had gone already. Disappeared. Flattened.

There was a builders' hut with a wire fence around it. It was just as if we were dreaming. I would not have cared had it not belonged to me, but it was so much a part of me! My friend and I were aghast. And Pat? She was in heaven. She looked like a cherub, smiling, gurgling, taking in the whole scene. This is what they do in America? California—at least, Southern California? Her Los Angeles!

So although my daughter did not learn very much about her mother's childhood, or her mother's friend's childhood for that matter, she did see some of the things that are done in the land of her birth.

BESSIE LOVE



"THE FOREST IS THE BEST PLACE": A Hanging Mobile by Alexander Calder

There are wit and gaiety as well as beauty in Alexander Calder's mobiles at present on view at the Tate Gallery in London. This is an important exhibition which will remain open until the middle of August and so can be enjoyed by school-children on holiday as well as by adults.

Alexander Calder is an American born in Philadelphia and this is the first opportunity the British people have had to see a comprehensive exhibition of his work. His parents were both artists; his mother painted, his father was a sculptor. But young Alexander preferred tools to either paint or clay and for a time studied engineering. The knowledge he gained of strains and stresses, of the way metals behave, stood him in good stead in his later experimental work.

After he had turned to art and had attended an art school the young artist was commissioned by a magazine to provide a half-page spread of drawings of animals at a local circus. He was so fascinated by what he saw that he continued to visit the circus daily after the work was delivered. Then, with bits of articulated wire for legs, a cork or a cotton spool for a body, he fashioned a series of circus animals in miniature. He was able to manipulate these and to give such amusing and lifelike representations of the animals' movements that his friends were delighted with his performing toy circus.

The fame of it spread. He had also used wire to make some of the heads and when he was asked if it would be possible to construct a complete human figure he made a wire sculpture of Josephine Baker. This sculpture is in the exhibition. By combining draftsmanship with metal construction Alexander had succeeded, by accident it seemed, in opening the way for a new art form.

An exhibition of wood and wire sculpture followed; he still found it easier to work with wire than with paint. Then came a goldfish bowl made from wire, through which the fish moved

### What You Want

(Answer to a Request for News of Home)

I send you what you want by this poem:

Home—How It Is Tonight: The fireflies flitting against the dark of the woods, and me sitting in the swing on the porch and talking of roads and cars in that last light before the coming of stars.

I send you heat broken by a breeze thin as a butterfly's wing, and, from the trees, the sound of locusts constant in their singing. The dog rests on the grass. The shadows are bringing the cattle up the bottomland. Mist fills several thickets and space between the hills.

Back of us beginnings of a moon redden the sky; and, to importune our company, the horse comes to the gate. All of us draw close together and wait, but nothing happens at all except we see, from the vantage point of memory, you coming in as you used to do to hang the bridle up and—without comment—sit on the lounge and smile and be content.

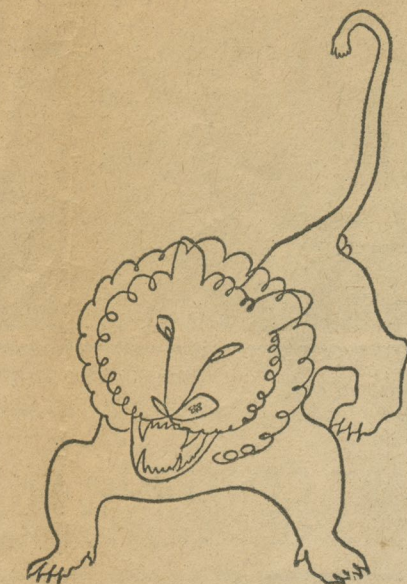
I send what you want. I send your old self to you. Not only the present seized and held secure, past change, past riddance, past loss and forfeiture, but the perennial, dear reality of things as they were, you as you used to be!

HELEN HARRINGTON

backwards and forwards with the aid of a tiny crank. He was now combining rhythm with a three-dimensional space on a fixed base. This, together with various other experiences, provided the jumping-off point for the mobiles which followed and which Calder was to bring to such perfection.

In the meantime he was also experimenting with stationary abstract metal sculptures which became known as "stabiles," and of which there are a number in the present exhibition. Two of the most interesting, perhaps, are "The Crab," powerfully reminiscent of a crustacean creeping across the sand, and "The Fountain," both made from steel plates.

But it is the mobiles which are so fascinating. These are also made from steel plates in varying weights and sizes, some painted in bright colors, and suspended on wires from flexible steel rods. When there is a breeze or the rod is moved, the plates, especially the small light ones, dip, sway and perform elegant dance-like movements. One is reminded of birch leaves fluttering on their slender stems. The heavier plates gyrate with a stately and sometimes comical dignity.



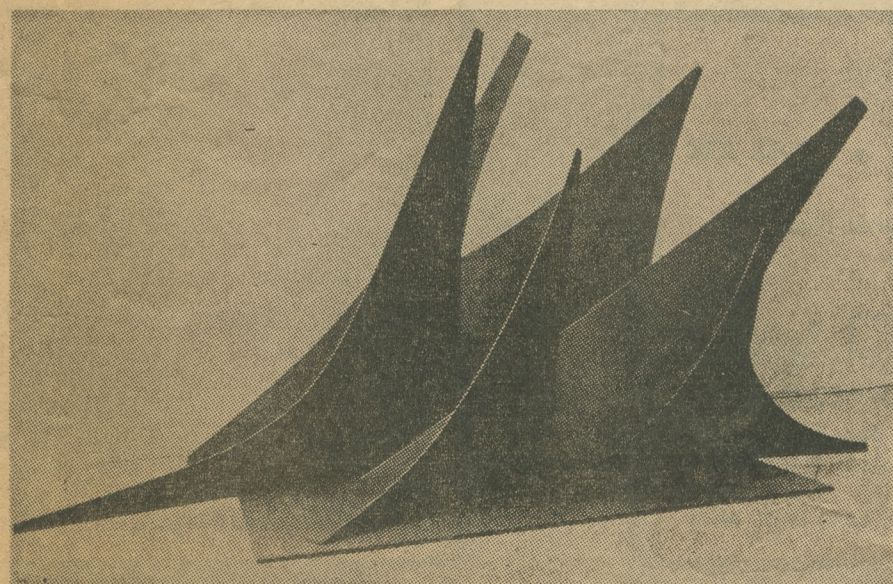
DRAWING FOR AESOP'S FABLES: by Alexander Calder

Calder's love for animals and his skill in representing them are shown in several illustrations, among them Sir Roger L'Estrange's Fables of Aesop, and Jean de la Fontaine's Fables. Copies of these books are on view.

The Arts Council of Great Britain is much indebted to Mr. James Johnson Sweeney for assembling this collection from many countries and also to those who have so kindly lent the various items. The exhibition will remain open until August 12th.

MARJORIE BRUCE-MILNE

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"THE FOUNTAIN": A Stabile by Alexander Calder

## Love Always Heals Sorrow

Written for The Christian Science Monitor

EACH year, according to statistics, millions of new individuals are born; but even so millions of others pass from sight, and the world appears to be more or less in a state of perpetual mourning. Surely there must be an end to this experience of sorrow!

Christ Jesus, through his deep spiritual understanding of God, Spirit, understood life better than anyone else who ever walked this earth. He knew that as his own disciples gained a clearer concept of God, they would gain a clearer view of spiritual life and of man's relationship to the heavenly Father. He told them they would experience sorrow, but also assured them (John 16:20), "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

Through Jesus' realization that infinite Spirit was the real Life of all, he healed the sick and raised the dead. He never made a reality of sorrow. On the contrary, he revealed God as ever-present Life and Love who meets our every need. In speaking of Life, the Master said (John 17:3), "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

Through the study of Christian Science, which explains the Bible and the teachings of the Master, one learns that since divine Love is the only Life one can never lose his real Life, for he can never lose God, divine Love. Each individual in his true spiritual identity is God's perfect child, His eternal idea. Man's spiritual nature can never be touched by birth, sin, sickness, sorrow, or death. Man lives in divine Mind. He reflects and expresses Soul, Spirit, forever. Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, says in "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" (p. 69), "Spiritually to understand that there is but one creator, God, unfolds all

creation, confirms the Scriptures, brings the sweet assurance of no parting, no pain, and of man deathless and perfect and eternal."

One who desires to learn more of the creator and His creation will awaken out of this mortal dream instead of dwelling in the pit of sorrow. Victory is assured to him who knows that Love always heals sorrow. The healing of sorrow is at least a partial awakening to Love's allness and to man as Love's perfect manifestation. To this state of thought, loss or separation is impossible.

The writer remembers that when his mother passed away, he was instant in knowing that God was her Life, that she was safe in His all-loving care. He knew that her true individuality could never be lost since she was God's perfect, spiritual idea, always living in Mind. He realized that Love was meeting her need and his need then and there. He was aware that man, God's image, could no more be erased than the heavenly Father could be destroyed or lost. This so sustained him that the next morning, which was Sunday, he was able to teach his Sunday School class with greater conviction than ever of God's all-inclusiveness.

One of the comforting hymns in the Christian Science Hymnal (No. 40) reads:

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Here health and peace are found,  
Life, Truth, and Love;  
Here bring your wounded hearts,  
Here tell your anguish;  
Earth has no sorrow but Love can remove.

Through the Christ, Truth, each individual, sooner or later, will claim his own spiritual freedom. Mrs. Eddy assures us in Science and Health (pp. 218, 219), "When we wake to the truth of being, all disease, pain, weakness, weariness, sorrow, sin, death, will be unknown, and the mortal dream will forever cease."

## Inside Lloyd's of London

You are walking through the City of London on a weekday between one and two in the afternoon. At the Bank of England crossing there will doubtless be an exhibition in the Royal Exchange and an exhibition in the Royal Exchange and you will see crowds of people going in and out. A few people will be gathered in the little church opening on to the square to sing hymns or listen to the lunch-time sermon. This little church is St. Mary Woolnoth, where William Phips, the most famous and successful of treasure hunters, is buried. It hardly seems the place for thinking of the sea and adventure.

Yet if you go down Cornhill you will soon come out on Leadenhall Street, in front of the world center of shipping news, Lloyd's Building, where every storm resounds, every shipwreck finds its echo, on the very spot where the East India Company had its seat.

Go through the entrance door with the employees returning to work. Follow this majestic corridor. Right at the bottom you perceive a narrower passage, richer too, with its gleaming woodwork. There is the holy of holies, the famous "Underwriting Room."

But a notice stops you: "This Room is private and for the use of Members, Subscribers, Associates and Substitutes only." The temptation to cross the threshold and peep into this room is even stronger.

But an inflexible door-keeper in a brilliant red coat with a black collar and a top hat bars your way. If you wish to go farther you must be accompanied by someone in authority.

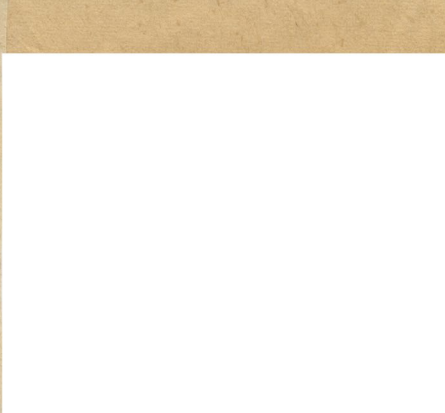
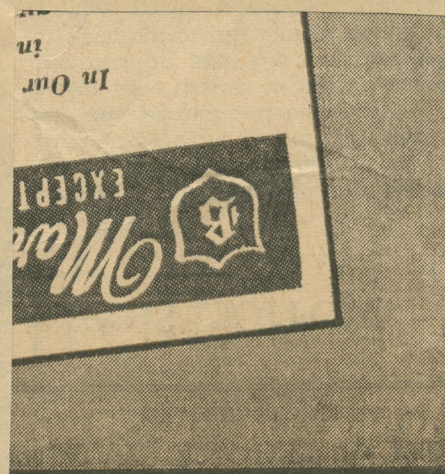
An immense room, in no particular style, hums with voices. There are several hundred underwriters, most of with brokers just as at the end of the seventeenth century in Edward Lloyd's coffee house. Since its modest beginnings Lloyd's has gained worldwide authority in every branch of insurance and particularly maritime insurance. Most of the merchant ships that thread the seas are insured, directly or indirectly, with Lloyd's.

In the center of the room a strange edifice of woodwork carries a bronze bell, like a church bell. This is the famous Lutine Bell, which symbolizes Lloyd's maritime mission.

Everyone believes that this bell is rung

every time a ship is sunk. This has been written a hundred times if it has been written once. But this is a legend which must be contradicted. The Lutine Bell has never rung for shipwrecks, but on the contrary is joyfully rung on the return to port of ships that were thought lost. So nowadays it rarely sounds, when radio keeps the world informed of all the news from the sea.

Why this bell? Because it belonged to a ship, because for a long time it sounded the watches from the bridge, because this ship was herself wrecked and, long afterwards, saved from the waters.—From "Sunken Treasure," by PIERRE DE LATIL and JEAN RIVOIRE. Copyright, 1959, by Librairie Plon. English translation copyright, 1962, by Hill and Wang, Inc. Used with the permission of Hill and Wang.



Peris Galleries, New York