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NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR

1939

NEW YORK
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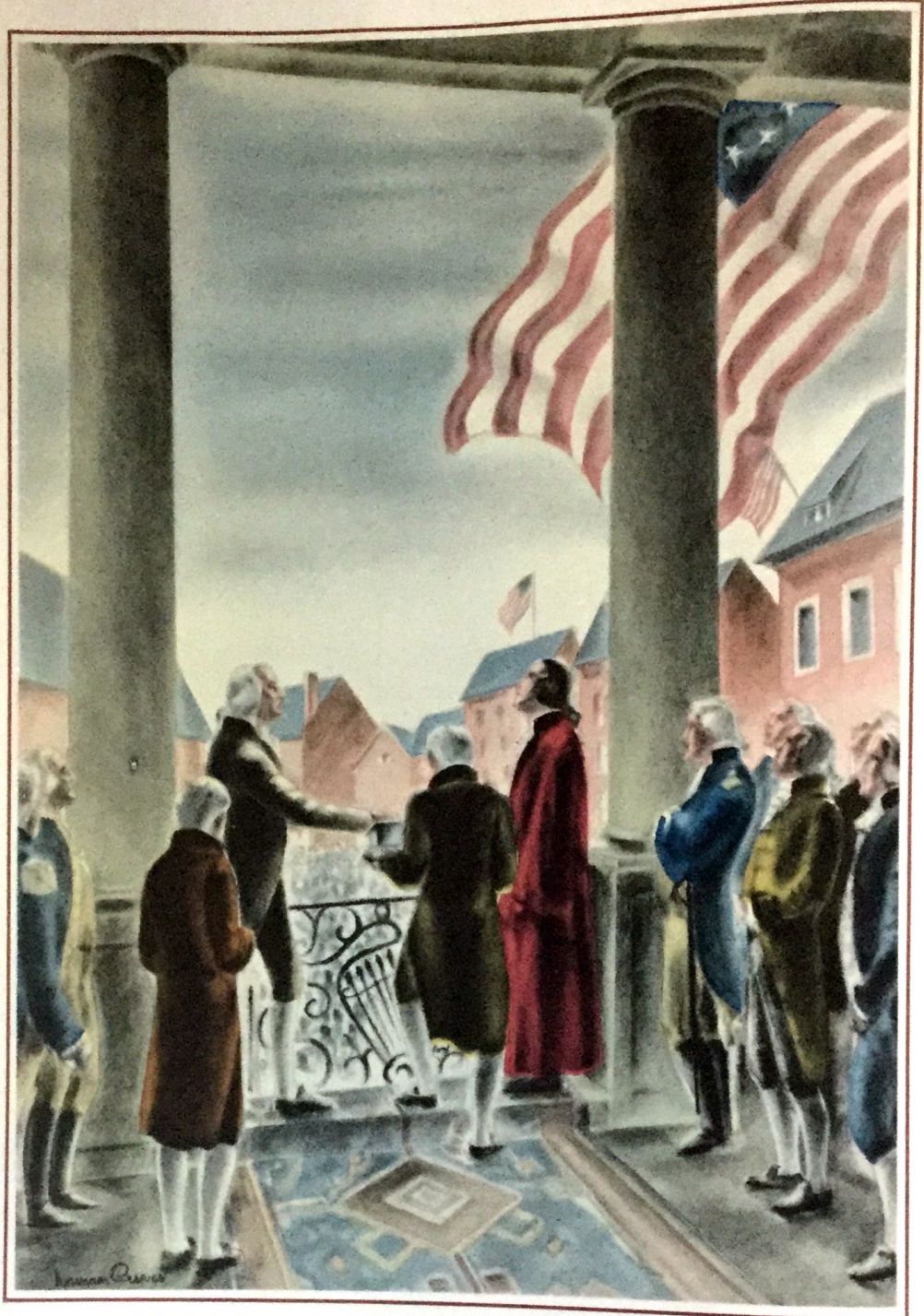
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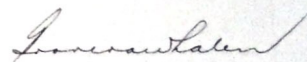
INAUGURATION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AS FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Building the World of Tomorrow

 **T**HE New York World's Fair of 1939 will appropriately celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the launching of the Government of the United States under the Federal Constitution and the inauguration of George Washington as President in New York City, the first capital of the new nation, on April 30, 1789.

The New York World's Fair will be a fair for "everyman"—today, tomorrow and a century hence. It will present a clear, unified and comprehensive picture of the epochal achievements of a century and a half of modern civilization in the fields of art and literature, of science and industry, of government and the social services. The past will be depicted to give an understanding of the richer and more complicated present, with all its seriousness and gaiety, its varied colors, and rhythms and movements. By showing how the present has evolved out of the past—by giving a clear and orderly interpretation of our own age, the Fair will project the average man into the World of Tomorrow.

By setting forth what has been beside what is, the Fair of 1939 will predict, may even dictate, the shape of things to come. For it will exhibit the most promising developments of ideas, products, services and social factors of the present day in such a fashion that the visitor may, in the midst of a rich and colorful festival, gain a vision of what he might attain for himself and for his community by intelligent, coöperative planning toward the better life of the future; and it will emphasize the vital interdependence of communities, peoples and nations. It will give a compelling impetus to that to which President Washington exhorted his inaugural audience: "The discernment and pursuit of the public good."



PRESIDENT



PROPOSED THEME CENTER

A WORLD'S FAIR ON NEW LINES

THE Founders of the New York World's Fair early understood that they would not be justified in building merely another world's fair—even to commemorate the significant events whose anniversary the Fair of 1939 will celebrate. Therefore, they resolved to build a fair on new lines, or none at all.

The contemporaries of George Washington were able to see life clearly and to see it whole because they lived the simple and uncomplicated existence of a community predominantly agricultural. But his own era saw the first beginnings of our modern scientific and industrial civilization. Science, in revolutionizing industry, enriched and complicated every phase of living.

In 1851 thousands thronged London's Crystal Palace, the first international exposition, to gaze upon the unfamiliar wonders of a McCormick reaper and a Colt pistol. There was no need for entertainment, for nothing could compete with the gripping fascination of machinery itself. Invention has infinitely multiplied the number and the wonders of machines. But the average person of today, accustomed to radios, airplanes and super-liners, has exhausted what once seemed an unlimited capacity for astonishment. In the midst of the bewildering complexity of modern life, he has also lost his ability to understand the relationship and the significance of the many gifts that science has showered upon him.

Those who have planned the New York World's

Fair are convinced that it would not be enough merely to pile up the technical marvels of the age—not enough to introduce stunts and side-shows. The Crystal Palace is long since closed; the era of Barnum is past.

The Founders conceived a fair on revolutionary and inspiring lines. The New York World's Fair will present the most brilliant achievements of modern art, science and industry, but it will present them in a way that will make clear their meaning and significance to the average man. It will show not merely manufactures and merchandise, but their social consequences and implications. It will portray the significance of the materials, ideas and forces which affect his life and his wellbeing. It will demonstrate the necessity of enlightened coöperation to a world in which scientific progress has made obsolete the old mosaic of isolated communities and interests.

Once more, as in the days before our industrial era, man will see life clearly and see it whole. He will understand the rôle of government and of industry as the good servants of society. He will see how he might utilize the increased opportunities and the marvellously developed technical processes of the twentieth century toward better living and greater human happiness. He will understand that the future betterment of modern life depends upon the combined, harmonious efforts of science, industry, art and the crafts. The Fair, by portraying an integrated pattern of modern

life, will inspire him to an appreciation of the great possibilities which he already possesses and of the great potentialities, both material and spiritual, of tomorrow.

How give so inspiring a theme concrete and effective expression? How clothe so daring a concept with tangible form? Men and women of vision, rising to the challenge, provide the answer.

The entire Fair will set forth a clear and striking pattern of modern life: an interpretative picture of the World of Tomorrow. At the very heart of the Fair a spectacular and imposing building, the Theme Center, is planned to dominate, to give meaning and direction to the whole. It will dramatize, in clear and simple fashion, the interdependence and the significance of the fundamental factors of twentieth-century society and will include an appropriate tribute to the genius and the foresight of George Washington and his notable contemporaries.

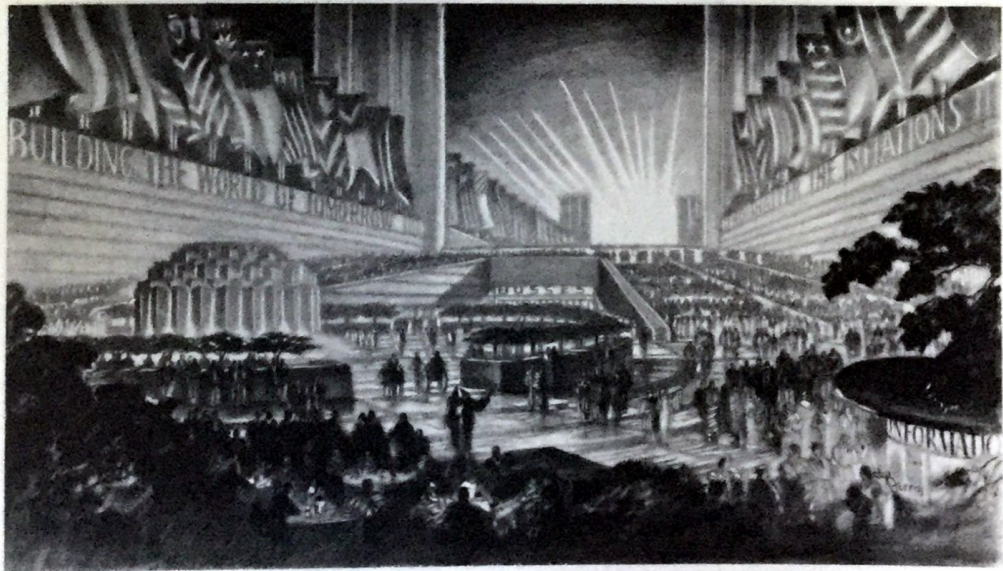
Radiating from this Theme Center will be a

number of separate yet related areas, or zones, devoted to the interpretation and the exposition of man's basic interests and activities. The various exhibit areas include:

Government, Means of Production, Means of Transportation, Means of Communication, Means of Distribution, Business Administration, Shelter, Clothing and Cosmetics, Sustenance, Health and Public Welfare, Education, Recreation, Arts, and Religion.

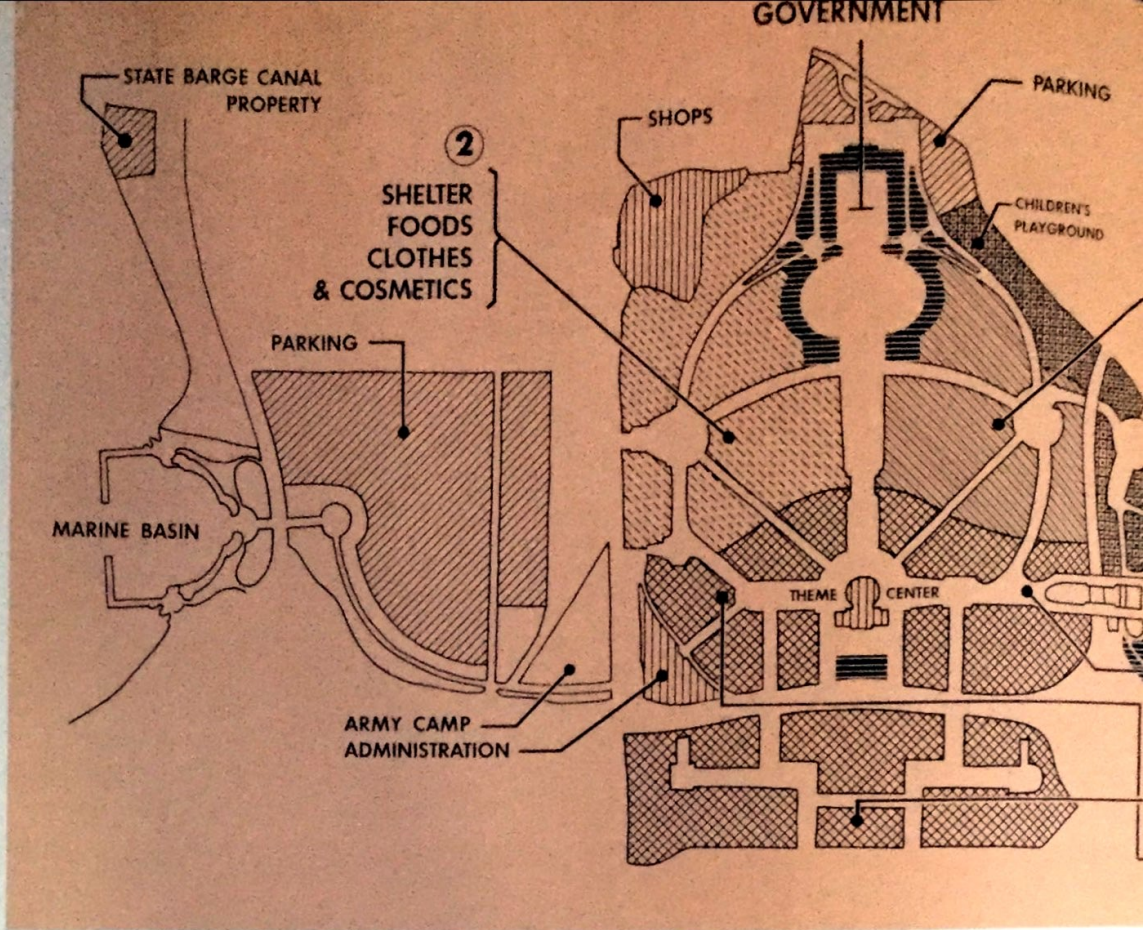
In addition to the Theme Center, the Fair is designing focal exhibits which will strikingly summarize the achievements of today and their meaning for tomorrow. The Theme Center will give unity and direction to the whole; the focal exhibits will give meaning and coherence to the various zones or areas.

The great fairs of the past have all had a theme, but none has had so significant and so exhilarating a purpose. It is truly a world's fair conceived on new and meaningful lines.





ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE FAIR



Zoning the Fair

THE development of exhibit zones will enable the visitor to escape, for the first time, the mental confusion and the physical exhaustion which has heretofore hindered his attempts to see a world's fair.

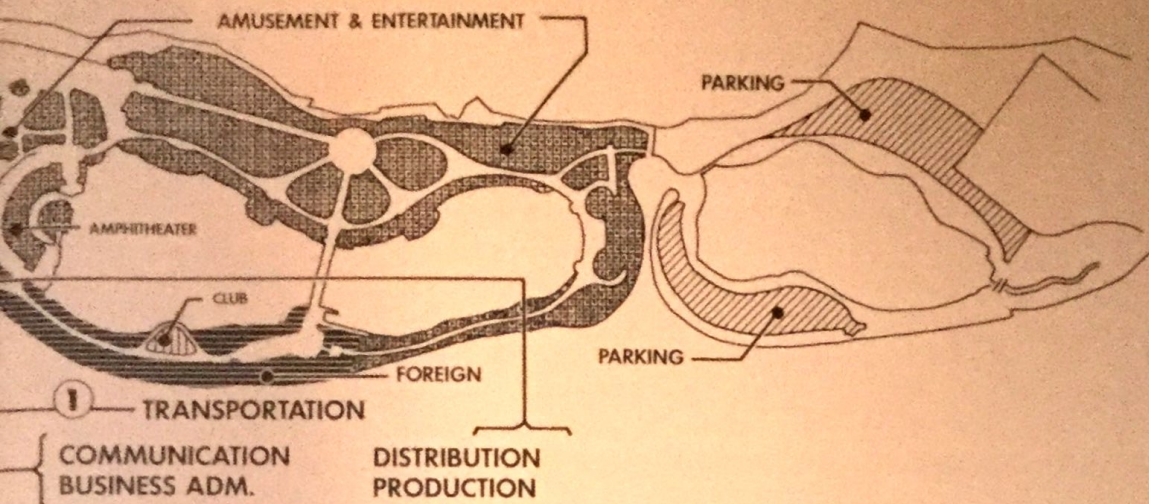
The exhibits will be planned for their respective zones or areas instead of merely being thrown together. Expanding from the focal exhibit in a given zone and closely related to it will be the private exhibits of industrial enterprises which make their certain contribution to, and find their principal market in, each particular phase of life. Over these commercial exhibits the administration of the Fair will exercise sufficient control to insure the unity and harmony of the major plan, but will allow sufficient freedom to encourage

originality and enterprise. To exhibitors will be suggested the desirability of demonstrating the actual and potential contributions to society of their particular activity.

Thus with this conception of orderly arrangement, a food exhibit, for example, will no longer nestle against an exhibit of automobiles, nor will the next booth display false teeth. The Transportation Area will be devoted primarily to land, sea and air transportation. Shelter will include only housing and the related activities which stem from it. The Communications Area will be dedicated to such achievements of man as the telephone, telegraph and radio rather than to a medley of diamond mines, dairy farms and dominoes. And so with each of the other zones.

3

EDUCATION & RELIGION
HEALTH
RECREATION
ARTS



Thus, every exhibit, whether of a government, an institution or a business house, will be located in the zone in which it logically belongs. This governing principle applies whether the exhibit is to be housed in a structure erected by the Fair itself or by an exhibitor.

The activities of many exhibitors, however, cut across a number of fields and consequently fall into several zones. Some of these exhibitors will choose to develop a single composite exhibit reflecting all of their activities, to be located in the appropriate area. Others will prefer to have a main exhibit with subordinate displays distributed among various zones.

The desirability of such an arrangement from the standpoint of the exhibitor is obvious. He will be able to tell his story in its proper setting, reinforced by the coordinated focal exhibit and the exhibits of related industries. The direct con-

nection of his business to the phase of living to which it contributes will be stressed, as will be the part he can play in the World of Tomorrow.

This dramatic coordination of exhibits, with its emphasis on the needs of the individual citizen, will have enormous appeal. The effectively simple arrangement of exhibit areas will permit consumers to concentrate their attention on those areas of particular interest to them. And the exhibitor is assured of a consumer audience especially receptive to his message. Moreover, by being grouped with other exhibitors in related industries, his exhibit will also attract that highly specialized group of purchasing agents and other executives who buy billions of dollars of products and services and who, as a matter of good business, must and will attend the Fair. This grouping of related exhibits will be mutually advantageous to visitors and to exhibitors.

The Sovereign States of the Federal Union

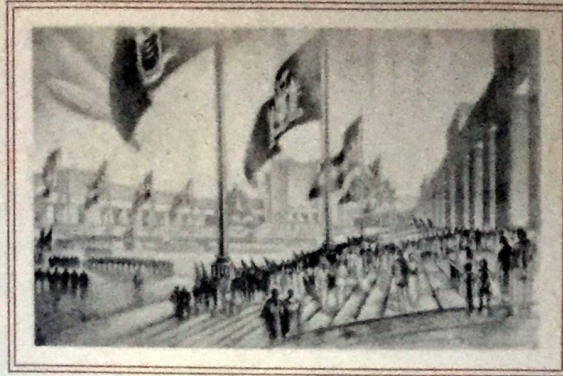
GEORGE WASHINGTON, in declaring that the public felicity and prosperity of America depend upon the firm union and the unceasing coöperation of the sovereign American States, divined the future. The prosperity and the greatness of these United States have arisen from the free and unimpeded circulation of ideas and products in the world's greatest consumer market.

The Fair gives to each State the appropriate setting and opportunity to announce to the world its unique and indispensable contribution to America's rich and colorful civilization. The Fair contemplates a Hall of States, in the imposing Government group and flanking the structure which the Fair looks to the United States to build, to house the exhibits of the forty-eight States, and the Territories. Those wishing to participate more extensively will, in addition to their exhibits in the Hall of States, either erect their own buildings or obtain space to display their products and attractions in one or more of the exhibit zones.

The State of New York has naturally taken the leadership in the participation of the sovereign States of the Federal Union. Its total appropriations for Fair purposes may exceed \$5,600,000; and the New York State World's Fair Commission, appointed by the Governor, has been active for some time. Other States already are beginning to express enthusiastic interest in participating more extensively than at previous world's fairs.

The many visitors will find a fresh cause for pride and enthusiasm in the revealing exhibits of their respective States. But beyond this, the exhibits will enable the States to make a persuasive presentation to all visitors of what they have to offer to the consumer and to the tourist.





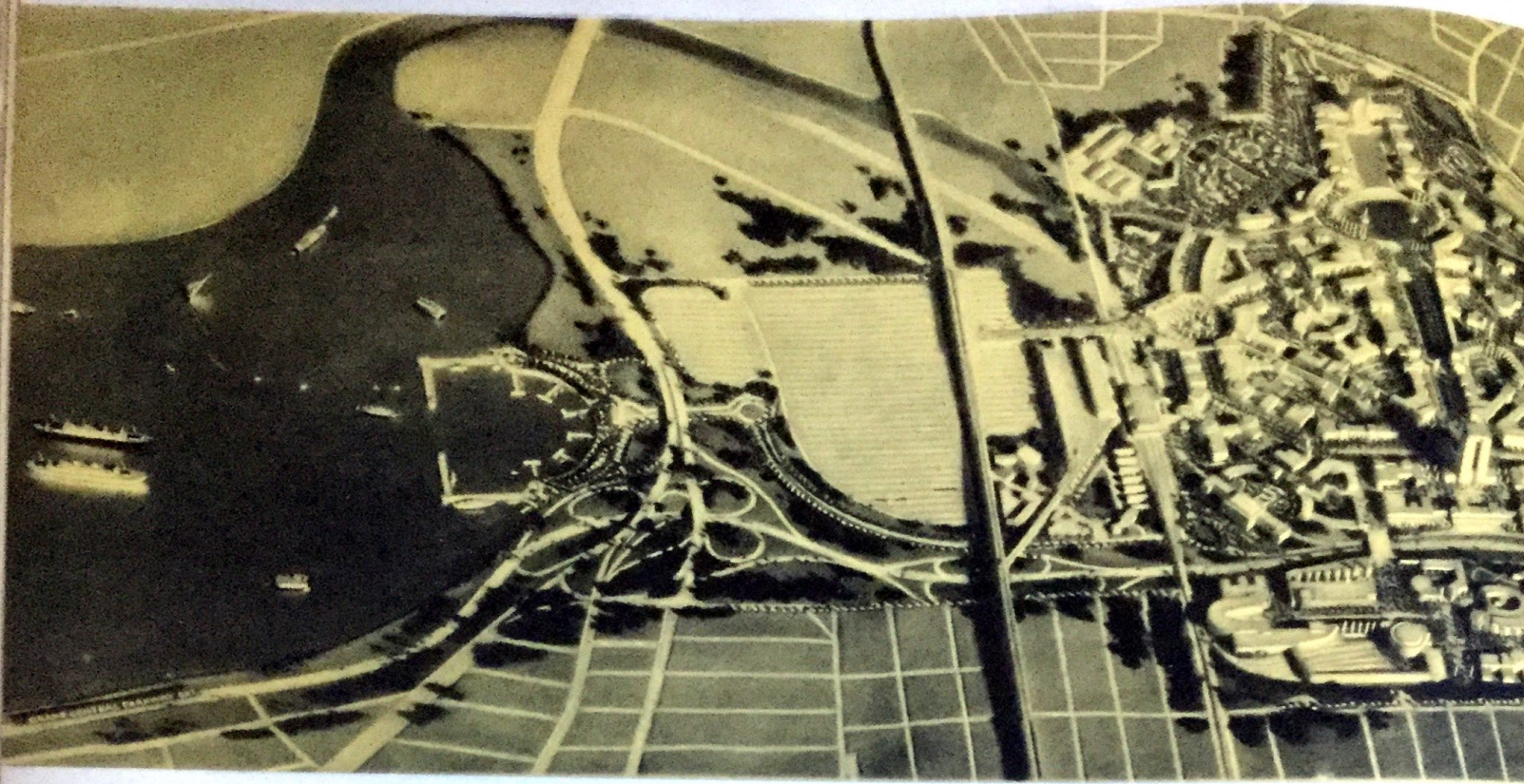
The Great Nations of the World

ON June 15, 1936, the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States authorized and requested the President to invite the nations of the world to participate in the New York World's Fair. Even before the issuance of the President's invitation thirty-seven nations had informally indicated their high interest and their intention to exhibit at the Fair upon which the State of New York and the City of New York are projecting the expenditure of many millions of dollars.

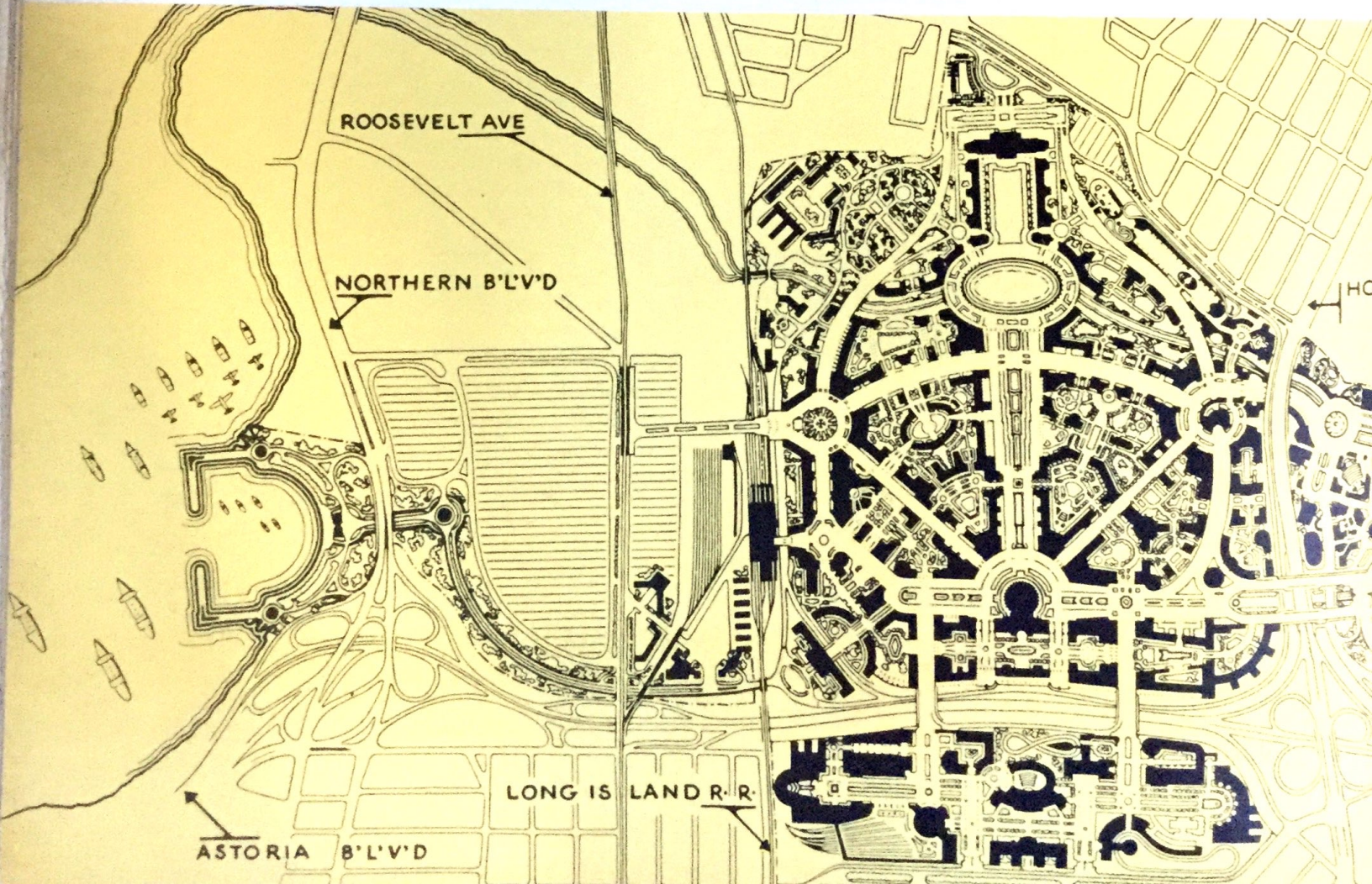
In the Government area and close to the strategic site allocated to the Federal Government the Fair will provide accommodations appropriate to the dignity and the importance of the great nations of the world. Those wishing to participate more extensively will supplement their exhibits, either by erecting their own buildings or by obtaining space for a representative display of their products and attractions in one or more of the exhibit zones.

Because of the theme and the plan of the Fair, because of its careful organization and its serious purpose, and because of its location in the heart of a great port that is the gateway to the western world, the Fair offers to foreign governments and exhibitors an unprecedented opportunity of establishing direct contact with an audience which, in quality and in number, has seldom been assembled in the history of the world. The Fair provides not only a rich market in which to sell products, but also encourages the establishment of broad foundations of improved trade relations. Steps have been taken to obtain legislation for the establishment of a free port at the Fair for the entrance of foreign products free of duty.

Beyond important commercial consequences arising from the Fair the presence of the friendly competition of many nations will be a powerful contribution to the cause of international understanding and world peace—essential factors in the Building of the World of Tomorrow.

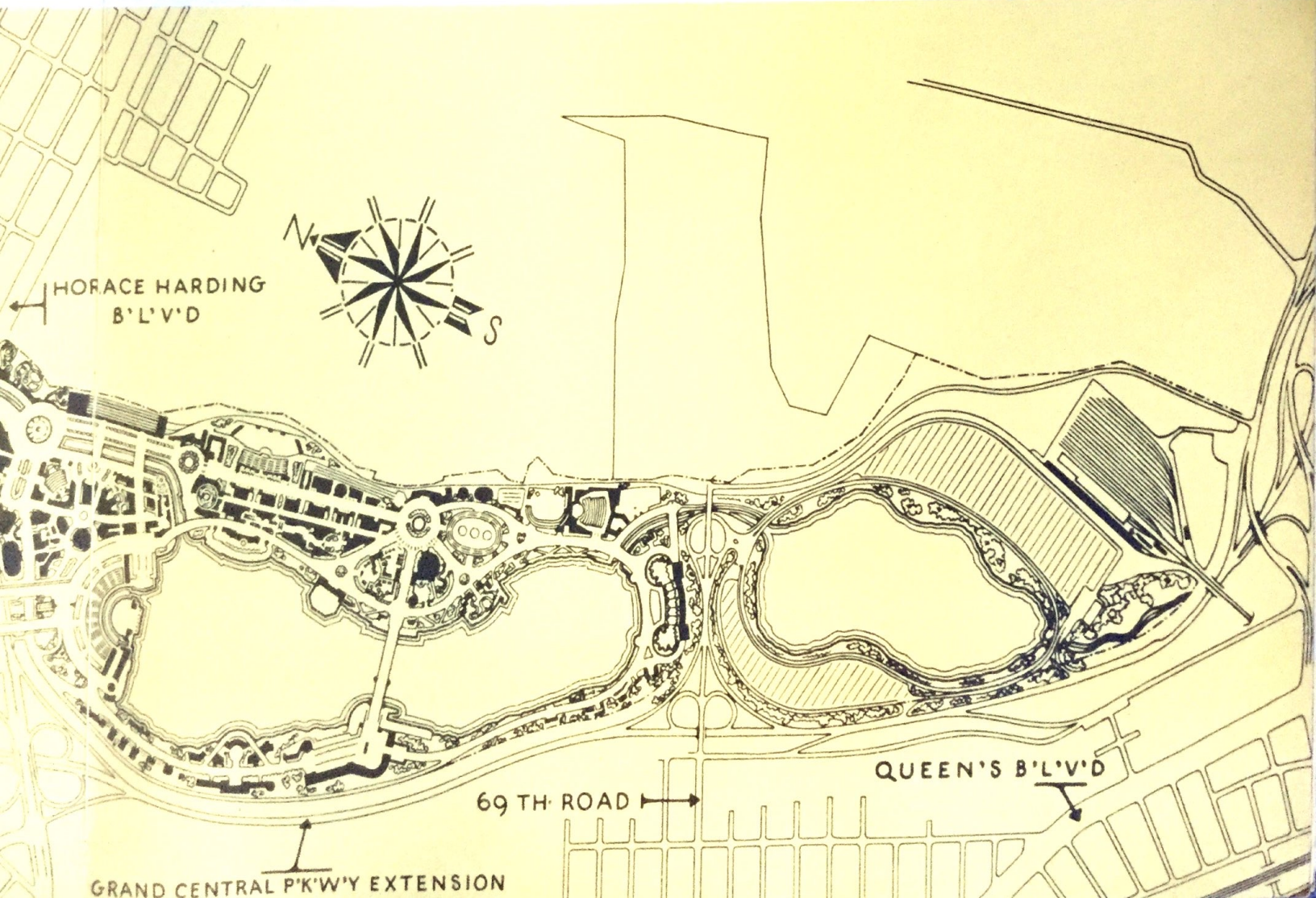


Above: Photo of model of the Fair shows proximity of site to Flushing Bay, and rapid transit lines and roads leading to grounds. Note projected Theme Tower and location of Amphitheatre on lake





Below: The flat plan shows suggested arrangement of buildings and main traffic arteries which enables development of efficient intramural transportation system to carry visitors to all parts of grounds





FLUSHING

CORONA

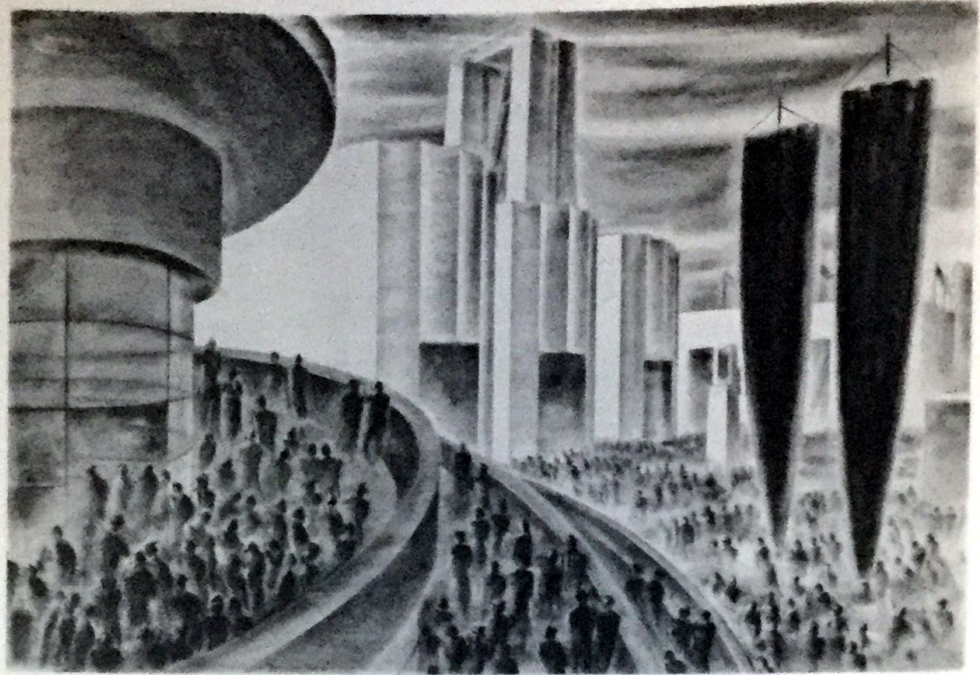
FIRE ISLAND

JONES BEACH

LONG BEACH

FOREST HILLS





Who will attend the Fair Where will they come from How many will there be?

FFIFTY million persons are expected to attend the New York World's Fair! This number exceeds the combined circulation of all daily newspapers in the United States. It is two and a half times the attendance at Chicago's A Century of Progress Exposition during 1933; it exceeds by

eleven million Chicago's combined total attendance for 1933 and 1934. This number is greater than the combined population of the British Isles, including the Irish Free State, and is thirteen times the total population of the United States in 1789, the year of Washington's first inauguration.

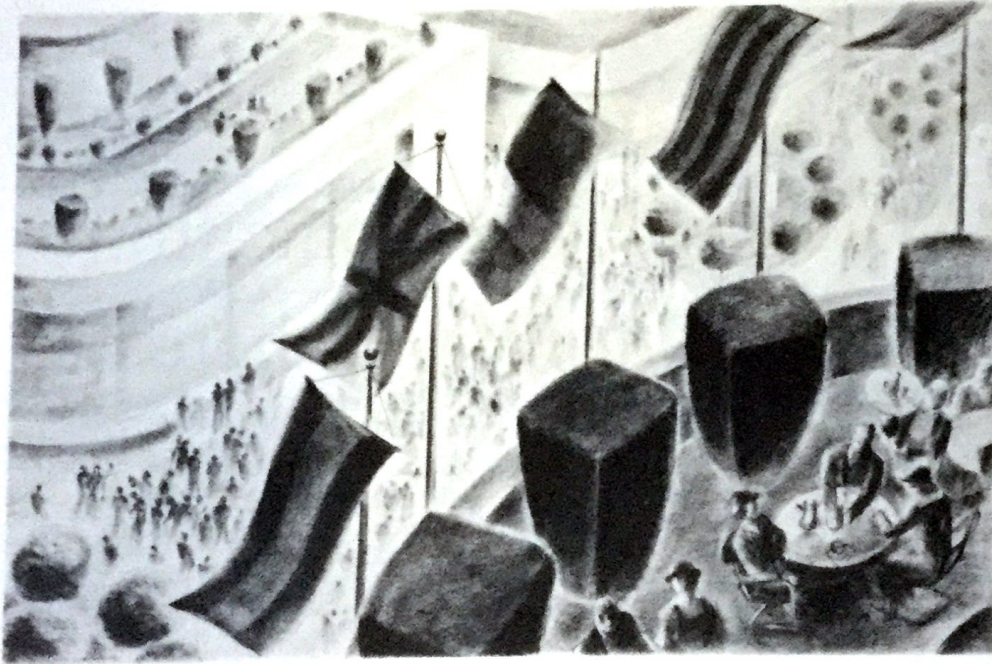
These fifty million visitors represent the great American market with its tremendous consumer purchasing power. They represent Mr. and Mrs. America, who, during their visit to the Fair, will be exposed to the exhibitor's message; and who, in their turn, will exert an enormous influence upon those who remain at home.

People from every walk of life will stream into New York to see this \$125,000,000 spectacle and to see a city for which the Fair itself will be a great focal exhibit. They will come from Main Street and Park Avenue, from Maine and California, from Washington and Florida. They will come from foreign lands and distant cities—from Johannesburg and Winnipeg, from London, from Paris and from Rome. They will come to see a brilliant panorama of American life; they will come to see what New York offers as its first world's fair since the "Crystal Palace" Exhibition of 1853.

The Fair of 1939 is located in the approximate geographical Center of the City. Within the metropolitan area live nine million people, while the tributary population doubles the number of the neighbors of the Fair. For them and for the other millions from everywhere to whom a trip to New York is a memorable event, the Fair will provide a dynamic and dramatic addition to the manifold attractions of the City of New York.

The visitors will represent people of high purchasing power, and people of low purchasing power, but in general they will represent that group to which all industry must look for its real customers; namely, self-respecting citizens of moderate circumstances who have employment, who live comfortably, who desire to live more comfortably and who, having attained a given level, are ambitious for better things for their children.

The Fair is being built around this careful esti-





mate of a paid attendance of 50,000,000. On Saturdays and Sundays during July and August it is anticipated that more than 500,000 persons a day will pass through the gates; this is approximately the total population of New York City in 1853 when the Crystal Palace Exhibition, the first world's fair in America, opened its doors. The New York World's Fair can comfortably accommodate a capacity attendance of 800,000.

The 1,216½-acre Fair site is among the largest areas ever applied to the purposes of an international exposition; but, because considerations of human comfort were uppermost in the development of the plan, every provision is made for transportation to the Fair and for circulation within the Fair grounds of the peak traffic loads.

Arrangements are being made with railroads, steamship lines, airplane and bus companies, to facilitate transport of visitors to New York during 1939. Once in the city, they will experience no difficulty in reaching the site, for transportation to the grounds is convenient, rapid and inexpensive. The visitor can make the trip by railroad in fourteen minutes from the heart of Manhattan; in eighteen minutes by motor from the Triborough Bridge—not a red light on the way; in twenty-four minutes from Times Square by subway—at a five-cent fare. Normal bus services will be greatly augmented to accommodate additional thousands not only from New York but also from the rest of the surrounding metropolitan area.

The three subways that connect Flushing Meadow with the heart of Manhattan can deliver 80,000 persons an hour to the gates of the Fair; 18,000 can arrive each hour by the Long Island Railroad; 15,000 by three street car lines. Boats, buses, and automobiles can bring another 45,000 an hour to the Fair. Airports are within close proximity. Speedboats will bring additional visitors in-

to Flushing Bay, to the very gates of the Fair; there, too, other types of water craft will be able to discharge their passengers. This eager multitude of 160,000 visitors an hour can easily be handled at the entrances to the Fair grounds.

The problem of the circulation of traffic within the Fair grounds has been brilliantly and ingeniously solved by the architects and engineers who have planned this magic city within the great City of New York. There will be no *one* principal entrance to the Fair; there will be ten gates, each capable of accommodating from five to forty thousand persons an hour. Within the grounds the boulevards, avenues and bridges have been so designed that there will be no congestion or massing of traffic. Throughout all parts of the Fair the flow of traffic will be uniform, free and unimpeded, thus assuring the visitor a maximum of comfort and each exhibitor a numerous, a constant and a highly-interested audience.

From the viewpoint of the exhibitor, the anticipated attendance and flow of traffic at the Fair are of primary importance. A record attendance is indicated by the excellence of the Fair—by its inspiring theme which will find physical fulfillment and by its superlative attractions. An even distribution of traffic to all sections of the exhibit area is a feature of the layout of the Fair itself. To most exhibitors, the readiest method of gauging the value of their investment is the cost per capita of attracting visitors to their particular exhibit. Obviously it is impossible to set up any definite figure of this sort, as the factors involved are too numerous and too variable. But it is apparent that exhibitors will attract attendance at less cost per capita than has ever been possible at any previous world's fair.

A great multitude that deserves the Fair will see a great Fair that deserves the multitude.





The Realm of Amusement

A GREAT FAIR must always be a popular fête; a great fair must be a thrilling spectacle of mass, motion, color, light and sound.

The New York World's Fair meets, even surpasses, this exacting conception not only in the demonstration of the wonders of contemporary life and in the projection of the World of Tomorrow, but also in providing with the utmost completeness and variety the means by which *Everyman* may be entertained and amused.

The miracles of today's existence which the industries,

the arts, the sciences and the crafts have created—unfolded before the visitor in logical and organic sequence—will provide the freshness and originality which constitute the Fair's most exciting

feature. In addition, however, the Fair's facilities for recreation, entertainment and amusement will be so wide in scope, so varied in character, so daring in conception, that only seeing will be believing; the experience alone will be proof that the unattainable has been attained.

As the entire world is tapped of every possibility, the tedious



mediocrity of stunts and side shows—the stock-in-trade relics of the amusement world of yesterday—will give way to a new and modern standard of excellence. This great diversity and quality of entertainment will please the most discerning and satisfy every purse.

Seldom, if ever, have the planners of previous world's fairs made adequate provision, in terms of ground area and indoor space, for the staging of special events and ceremonies; but the plan of the New York World's Fair has anticipated these requirements and has provided accordingly. It would have been a comparatively simple matter to clutter the spacious Fair site with buildings, but the architects, in creating the plan of the Fair, decided that architectural effect could be achieved only by architectural unity—the over-all effect created not only by building façades, but also by lagoons and pools, landscaping, lighting, open ground areas and embellishments. The entertainment aspects of the Fair become part of the general scheme, rather than a necessary appendage added only as an afterthought.

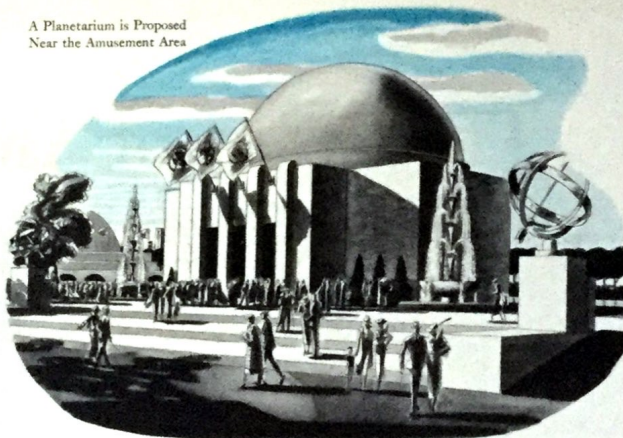
Strategically located throughout the Fair grounds—in the midst of the exhibit zones—will be an endless variety of entertainment: theatres, museums, playgrounds, cinemas, sophisticated night clubs—at the visitor's disposal wherever he may happen to be. In the very heart of this broad, spectacular panorama the visitor will find himself at all times within easy reach of a recreational activity of his own choice.

But this is by no means all. A large self-contained area, bordering the lake and close by one or more of the main Fair entrances, will be devoted

solely to amusement. In addition, a modern amphitheatre, its stage set upon the lake itself, is being designed to provide for colorful pageants, water sports, and dramatic and musical open-air performances in broad daylight and under the stars. Spectacles which involve the movement of huge masses—parades, military maneuvers, calisthenic drills by thousands of school children, sports events, exhibitions of horsemanship by such renowned groups as the Northwest Mounted Police—will have more than ample opportunity for extraordinary display on a parade ground large enough easily to accommodate many thousands of men, women and children.

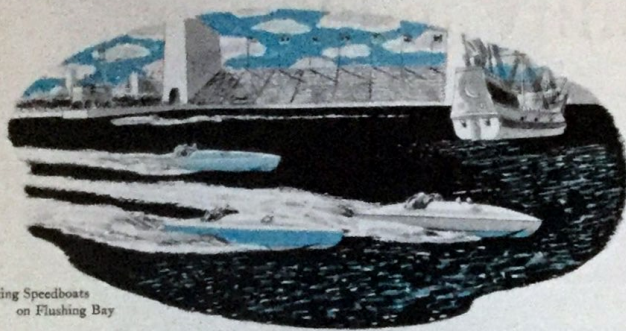
The children will not be overlooked. Their world of amusement, so refreshing in its gaiety and naïveté, will be housed in a playground reserved exclusively for their own use. Here, in their own

A Planetarium is Proposed
Near the Amusement Area



delightful fashion, they will amuse themselves to their hearts' delight while their fathers and mothers, and older brothers and sisters, absorb their share of the more mature thrills and pleasures.

The Fair has already begun to plan a series of special events and ceremonies to provide new interests every day of the Fair, and to attract persons



Racing Speedboats
on Flushing Bay

from every city, state and country. The variety and range of these planned features can be measured only by pointing out extremes: football games and choral singing, soap-box derbies and spectacular receptions for distinguished visitors, canoe races and military parades. Groups having identical interests will find special days dedicated to them; and they will find every facility for celebrating their activities and ideals. National groups, on given days, will display on a large scale their folk music and dancing. Boat races will be held in Flushing Bay; all manner of sporting events—many of them not usually seen by the average person—will take place in the stadium; exciting contests will be arranged in which visitors themselves may participate. And in all cases, the Fair will furnish the best of resources and facilities to enable groups and individuals to demonstrate before a great public their special talents and activities.

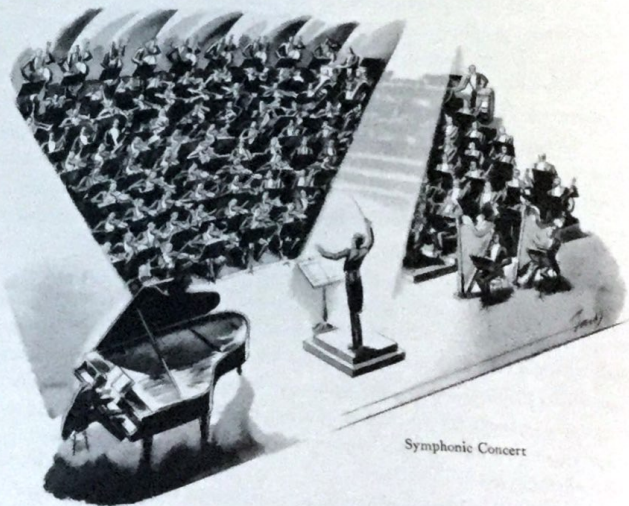
Sight and sound, mass and motion, will combine to form a festive pattern of recreation and amusement. The spectator will be entranced by the magic of the variable combinations of music, water and light in the huge amphitheatre. He will thrill to the brilliant shower of

myriad lights, to the sight of the yachts' billowing sails as they strain to cross the finish line in Flushing Bay. He will find, within the Fairgrounds, a concentration of the amusements of the world, an array so diverse that he will have but to choose to be amused.

Fairs of the recent past have learned from experience that visitors expect to be entertained.

The Fair and its concessionaires, therefore, provide amusement devices, spectacles and other type performances to meet this demand. Exhibitors, too, have profited by their experience in other fairs. However dynamic and fascinating their displays, they know that visitors flock in greater numbers to those exhibits which offer entertainment as an added attraction; consequently, greater emphasis is being laid on this aspect of participation.

The Fair, aware of the excellence of entertainment provided in the City of New York, proposes to scale new heights which will reveal hitherto unseen vistas in the realm of amusement.



Symphonic Concert

"Principality and Power"

by Christopher Morley

"City too large for books, too beautiful for poets, too true for testimony."

—Felix Rosenbergs *East Side, West Side*

A MILE from where I sit (in a pinewood cabin on Long Island) the road rises to a hill. From that wide ridge, a twenty-mile glimpse, I see in clear weather the blue and opal sierra of Manhattan. I say to myself: I wonder what the Colossians are doing today? Once, like St. Paul, I wrote an Epistle to the Colossians; and, like him, got no reply. But it was Paul who best expressed my subtle feeling when the car whirls up the slope and I see those distant splinters glitter toward morning. "I am with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order.... the head of all principality and power."

Only a mile away. Three minutes in the car and I could pause on that open belvedere this bright October morning and puzzle my skull with wonders. As I see that spiry outline cut against pale distance I imagine the whole human mountain-range spread open in strata for my joy. I visualize publishers publishing, brokers broking, bus conductors snapping up fares with the little jingling dime-gadget, newspapers finding some sensation for this afternoon, tugboat hands in the galley at their enormous early lunch. I see elevators, taxis, subway trains careering in yellow light, people answering telephones, people thick on the broad, sunny pavements at Fifth Avenue and 42nd. (There are pavements along the Avenue where by some accident of silica or quartz the sidewalk spangles beneath your feet, scintillates and twinkles.) Are all these things real and I not there to see? Principality and power are there, people and palaver; all her marvelous edges and verticals, waiting for the smallest change of my volition. Now, as I sit here, they are only phantom; the green grape arbor, the yellow woodland, the whispering fire on the hearth, are my reality. By the miserable irony of all the arts, I deny myself the actual to summon up the dream. And New York lies back on her haunches—like the proud lions at the Public Library—just waiting to be signalled. Waiting to perform for me; waiting to thrill, dazzle, terrify, enchant; for who (it is the cry of every true lover)—who knows her as I.

A ring on the telephone—forty minutes on the train—

and I could change her whole pattern for the day. And if, on the sudden impulse, I *did* take the Long Island train, I know what I would think. As the cars come rocketing nearer those looming tiers of height, before we plunge into the cellar of Manhattan, I would vaguely remember a grand passage in De Quincey (a journalist who was not afraid of his finest feelings.) Carried in "The English Mail Coach" a hundred years ago he made swifter prose of its fifteen miles an hour than some of us can do at ten times the speed. In the Dream Fugue of that extraordinary essay he saw a city of trance, of opium if you will, which was the Manhattan men will see from the Fair:—

In the first minute it lay like a purple stain upon the horizon. In the second minute it trembled through many changes, growing into terraces and towers of wondrous altitude. In the third minute, already we were entering its suburbs. On every side, towers and turrets that strode forward with haughty intrusion, that ran back with mighty shadows into answering recesses.

But this quiet day I hold her at a distance. I turn her this way and that, to see her clear. What is *her* Theme Center? Wasteful of the past, she gambles Futurity. Day, how can I hold you? Already last night's news has gone blaze up my chimney to light this morning's fire. Coming outdoors early I found a fallen dragonfly cold on a garden stone, numb with the first night's frost. I put him on the sun-dial to study those crystal wings, and hoped meridian would revive him. At lunch he was gone, like my eager morning light. So with New York. As we draw breath she alters. By the hour these words are in print they seem elderly in sentiment. Even her daylight changes faster than elsewhere. It jets a thousand slopes and angles on every piebald street. Her sunset, prised through such perpendiculars, has almost Andes tint. The crosstown byways, cut so deep, are shadowed soonest; yet her summits later than all others hold the slipping sun. Light is her monogram; she signs it again with brilliance all her own. "How great a bonfire the savages of New York kindle for their evening meal!"

But brief is traffic's golden wink 'twixt red and green.

Carbon monoxide, they tell me, is deadliest, because it has no odor, color, taste. It is impalpable and unguessed until too late. And so is Time, the monoxide of the mind. Is the city unwittingly poisoned with that euthanasia? If so, it is peace. In New York all sense of time seems wiped away. The city has never stood still long enough—in my learning of her—to give any feeling of haste by contrast. As in an airplane, we float. She is synchronized with the flow of the age. Easy, easy, swims the great liner up our olive-silvered river. Obedient and thick, our treacling flow of traffic. If excess of Time fell on us, like some dim soft blizzard, we would bend every municipal thew to clear the ways. I can see the ingenious tractors, knifing and scooping great drifts of it up endless belting. Into the river, that melts all! But say what you will, I find no trace of hurry. The stream that nears Niagara runs deep and deadly. It is too late to hurry now.

Once I visited a watch factory. I brought away with me a box of tiny assorted parts—minuscule cogs and wheels and spindles, starry spores and germs of Time. I felt that in this prickly debris, pawnbroken jewelries of the moment, was something mortal. A lesson, surely, if I were nimble enough to guess it. But I am always at the foot of my own

class. It was an Inside Job for the mind; too far in. I couldn't put them together, even mentally, into one conscious tick.

I was wondering how—equally impossible—I could reassemble some of the delicate fractured moments New York has given me, into one integer of homage. Moments broken and irregular: I have been mostly her lover, not her spouse. Nothing, you would have said, either in me or her, fitted us for each other. But we have our secrets.

Where would I go this champion afternoon, if someone gave me a walletful of hours; hours of guilt October, so dear because so brief. Over Brooklyn Bridge, very likely—starting from the Brooklyn end so as to see the first glamors of the dusk. Pausing, before the Bridge, at the grotesquely ugly tablet on the house where New York's greatest poet with his own inkstained hands set type for *Leaves of Grass*. On the Bridge itself would be a good place to read Walt Whitman's "Song of the Exposition" written for another World's Fair in 1876—one of the oddest of his outbursts; showing not only some of his seldom humor but saying the wise word:—

Come Muse migrate from Greece and Ionia,

Cross out please those immensely overpaid accounts.





Would it not be thrilling to have Old Walt with us on the Bridge? To show him (whether in building or bookshop) that the Muse *did* forsake the classic theme and on our own soil start something of our own. There's no one I'd rather see that sight with; there's no one whose nerve and blood so earned it. To read that poem carefully, smiling here and there but putting yourself into the mood of 1876, is one way of getting ready for 1939.

But the private jokes that New York and I have together would make queer reading. She gets weary of being gaped at; of being hustled with superlatives. Friendly and communicable she is if you turn upon her what our South American friends call the *Ojo Clínico*, the clinical eye—that is, the examining, diagnosing, eye. She gets a lot of tall talk, and her stature deserves it, but not enough intimate lounging and chaff. In the very small sightseeing bus that I imagine, our itinerary would surprise you. We'd begin at the top of the map, in the Bronx Botanical Garden, where they have a Hemlock Forest; just the place to read the Death of Socrates. Then Trinity cemetery at 155th and Broadway to see the graves of Audubon the bird-painter and Clement Moore, the professor of Hebrew who wrote *The Night Before Christmas*. Nowhere is better to reflect the oddities of destiny. Audubon's best known memorial is not a bird-sanctuary but a telephone ex-

change, and his grave is visited only by sparrows. But far overhead you sometimes spy the Hudson sea-gulls which patrol the uptown sky. Next I think we'd pick up some visiting Englishman, take him near Barnard College and buy him a stack of buckwheat cakes; a courteous reprisal because a lot of unlucky redcoats, a long way from home, perished there (and just about lunch-time, September 16, 1776) when Barnard was a buckwheat field. To emphasize the horrors of war, we'd have a look at Grant's Tomb; and then its humble neighbor, the grave of the Amiable Child. Grant, whom history forced to be unamiable on a vast scale, got much the bigger monument. While in that neighborhood and of historical mind, we'd go to the Claremont to eat a Napoleon, because Napoleon's brother, Joseph Bonaparte, once lived there.

Of course, I'm not suggesting that anyone should try to follow my own secret and preposterous itinerary. The important thing is not to ensue other people's sights but to see one's own. I'm only trying to suggest the astonishing emanations of comedy and surprise that rise from this rectangular gridiron of streets. How is it, I often ask myself, that she always has waiting for me, and for everyone, just the chance vision we need? At this time of year when I come to town I emerge from the subway beneath the Public Library. The thought of all those books in their

orderly vaults vaguely occupies my mind as I trudge up the stairs to 42d Street. Then, suddenly, I am lifted far above books into the unwritten and the unwritable. For the morning sun is just at that moment glazing crystal fire on the edge of the Empire State Building. "Euclidean paradise of solids, veined with parallels of silver," my friend Mistletoe once called it. Just at that ten o'clock moment, the rising light is exactly at an oblique that catches the great perpendicular on tangent. The dazzle seems to bulge the rigid vertical into a burning curve, clear out of plumb. A suggestion for dogmatists, I say to myself: the rising light of the Future may show many of our right-angled ideas in a new slope. Such is the vision of the Fair: a new kind of poetry if you like. New York herself has always been too subtle for word-fanciers. The architects and engineers have been her poets. Their rhymes have been up-ended into space.

Chance will make the best choices for the visitor. It might be on the corner of 98th Street and West End Avenue which happens to amuse me because just about there stood the Tree the Woodman was asked to Spare, in the poem (exactly a hundred years ago), and once when I paused there to think about that I got the best idea for a story I ever had. The thought you need may be in a second-hand bookstore on Fourth Avenue, or in the nave of the great unfinished Cathedral of St. John, or in discovering the architect's little joke on the Bride's Door of St. Thomas's, where he wove the \$ into the true-lover's knot. It might be on the proud aeries of Rockefeller Center, or in the old peaceable Grover Cleveland atmosphere of the Murray Hill Hotel. Our own small bus would undoubtedly go all the way down to the Battery to point out Staten Island, largely because it has a village that was once called Cuckoldstown—the husbands, going to Manhattan for business, were away from home so long. Thence to the Joseph Conrad Memorial Library at the Seaman's Institute; and the afternoon light we might spend on a bench in Madison Square, in honor of O. Henry. As theme for contemplation, what would he have said to hear that Dr. Parkhurst's Church, when it was removed from Madison Square, was taken down piece by piece and reerected as a newspaper office in Hartford, Conn.

You see, New York and I know, and enjoy each other for knowing, that when a town gets big—really grown up and sure of itself—it doesn't exist simply to stun the tourist with the fatigues of magnificence. In the handsomest hotel lobbies, in the most stainless steel elevators, the universal human passwords are still current. Under her noble vertices and behind her shining front move the interwoven mirth and grievance of an ancient kindly



town. "After all not to create only," said Walt in that same poem, "but to give it our own identity." New York, incomparably the most paradoxical of cities, is ill portrayed in most tourist "literature." How terrifying—and how expensive—they love to misrepresent her. Principality and power have not dehumanized her, nor is she all a radio program where everything moves on peremptory rote. I remember that Robert Louis Stevenson once uttered an anguished plea for Gas Lamps. He feared that electric lights, coming on all at once, would rob evening of its slowly kindling beauty. I wish he could see Rockefeller Center at dusk. In economics as in aesthetics, it's often the things we worry about that don't happen. Americans, a hysterical race, have been busy for several years with all sorts of forebodings and anxieties. If I understand the purpose of this project, it hopes to look toward the Future, and to take a hack at Fear.

And that, perhaps, is New York's own Theme Center: the instinctive embrace of Futurity. In her grammar the participles are active, not passive. If, in suggesting some favorite glimpses of my own, I have seemed to dwell on overtones from the past, it is only because they make Now more entertaining. Our control of the future is dubious, but looking from this window, I see the grape arbor which provides the symbol I need. We can always build a trellis for the wild grape vines of possibility. They will ornament our bare scheme with pattern and profusion still unguessable. But the framework must be built. In the handsome

city of Santiago de Chile last Summer, the first thing I saw was a building marked *Departamento de Prevision Social*, Department of Social Foresight. That, surely, is the function of the 1939 World's Fair: in Tennyson's familiar words, to "dip into the Future, far as human eye could see." It isn't far, on astronomical scale, but it's vastly important.

And I think it a happy circumstance that the Fair will be placed just in the right perspective, with the morning light behind it and the mountains of Manhattan where they can best be seen. From the East toward the West is always (I don't know just why) mankind's happiest view. From that vantage we shall see New York clearer than she has ever been seen before. Visions, tentative and murky still, will come clearer to some. Perhaps, to quote Walt Whitman again, the feelings may be

"Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune,

Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more."

I was greatly impressed when an engineer in Peru gave me a chunk of smelted bismuth. That ore, when cooked, crystallizes in cubes and terraces, condenses in sharp angles like a miniature model of Manhattan. O geometry of the future, I said to myself. The tough ore and slag of the unknowable, purged in the fires of our burning economics, has the instinct of perfect form. Fear, as individual and momentary seizure, will always be with us; but it can never be tolerated in a community. What is the name of our most famous road on Long Island?—the Sunrise Highway.

So the Fair looks toward Future, its new shapes and shows, and we try to visualize the changing opal of New York—as we have known her and as we hope to know. There is no way to synthesize so huge a phenomenon save by adding up in one's mind the various citizens one knows, and then adding one's own private memories, and superpose on these some notion of the common dream, the general dumb vision of this fantastic whole. But there is something more still, some oversoul, some symbol needed. Memory gives off aspect and episode, as the tree sheds its brilliant autumn leaves; but the tree itself remains. And then, sitting a few paragraphs ago (in imagination) on the bench in Madison Square, I realized what I miss. It is the statue of Diana the Huntress that used to top the graceful turret of old Madison Square Garden. Here I suppose I run counter to Walt, who would say Diana came "from Greece and Ionia" and that we were well rid of her. But after all Diana, as goddess and virgin (was she not twin sister of Apollo, Lord of the deepest arts?), was the oracle of our boyhood; dear symbol of the impossible, to a whole generation of this town. We saw her small far figure against a green-blue dusk, and were ourselves emboldened to aim

arrows at the moon. I have not forgotten the day (1925, wasn't it?) when they put ropes about her beautiful bronze waist and brought her unchivalrously down. Am I the only one who remembers that outrage? And it is not even the fact that she's gone that burns me still—it is the strange rumor I sometimes hear that they have her in Philadelphia. What have she and broadbrimmed Penn to say to one another? Might we not have her back for the Fair? Forever beautiful, forever young, forever taunting the muddy heart of man, she is the symbol of our indomitable city.

I've been informal, but I don't want anyone to misunderstand. I'll close by quoting a poem I wrote some years ago. There are many thoughts about New York that go easier in verse than in prose.

SKY LINE

Under what star was granted me
To live immersed where I can see
Her terrible tall majesty?
Who fated it
That I should squander youth and wit
To see her blaze and ride so high
On peacock sky?

Wind of what hazard came to sow
My mortal dust where I could know
Her comedy, both high and low,
Her evenings lit
With pride and lustre infinite;
Servant of all her changing moods
And magnitudes.

Town of all towns earth ever knew,
Sierra man-made on the blue
Miraculous to thought and view,
I only ask
To make your madrigal my task
Where rhyming perpendiculars
Reach toward the stars.

Sorceress beyond compare,
City of glory and despair
So terraced on the Western air,
Your music pour
Over and round me evermore,
Symphony fatal and divine
City of mine.

