

APRIL IN WASHINGTON

by Paulo DePaula

If you think this is going to be about Cherry Blossoms, forget it! ^{nor} Neither is this going to be an account of the Flower People who have been staging "Be-Ins" at Dupont Circle and P Street Beach. The title, however, was not meant to deceive you. It is really about April. April in Washington.

It so happens that April is a girl. That is not so unusual in itself, except that she was born in Zanzibar, and as long as I ^{remember} ~~have been in Washington~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ I have never met a girl named April who came from Zanzibar. As a matter of fact I ^{had} never met any ~~other~~ girl from Zanzibar. Funny that the first one should be April, and that it had to be Washington. Exotic girls just seem to stay in exotic places, but then, being April more than just an ordinary exotic girl, it is also feasible that Washington should be the place where I ^{should} meet her. After all, I have never been to Zanzibar, and chances are I won't be going there very soon either.

I am almost a confirmed Washingtonian. In the whirl of cocktail parties, send-offs and welcomes, some time is found for ~~xxxxxxx~~ indulging : theater, concerts, what have you. . .

It so happens that the National Press Club is always keen in knowing when to make a night of an evening which might be just another session of viewing re-runs on TV. The "blessed" Club struck it again the night it chose to pull us from our seats in front of the tube to watch some live action at the National Theater. If that were not enough, they (at the Club), went one step further. The cast of the lively musical "Wait a Minin' " an import from South

Africa, was to join us at the Club after the performance.

Of the performance I will say nothing. The critics have said all and more than I could say. I will only say that seldom in one's lifetime does one find a group of eight so talented people. Eight people who make you feel like you saw hundreds on ~~xxxxx~~ stage, who make you believe you traveled all over the world, that... Well, if you are really interested in that part of the evening, please read the columns of Mr. Coe, Mr. Beauchamps, etc. ~~xxxxxxx~~

What I wanted to say is that April Olrich, one of those eight ~~xxxxxxx~~ superb artists, got friendly with me. There I go again... I mean, I got friendly with her. That still doesn't sound right. Let me see:

At the after theater party, the party I mentioned before, at the Club, I saw the girl I had seen on the stage. From my ^{theater} seat I had visions of a dream but when I met her, I saw she was too real for dreams to be possible. She made dreams too unreal, is what I really mean. I guess.

"Zanzibar," she said. Her answer was correct. I had asked where she was from. But I thought she had misunderstood me and I promptly misunderstood her answer: "Then the bar", I thought she said.

My wife is very observing and, noticing my enthusiasm,