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HORIZON

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HORIZON

JULY, 1977 • VOLUME XIX, NUMBER 4

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The Prevailing City

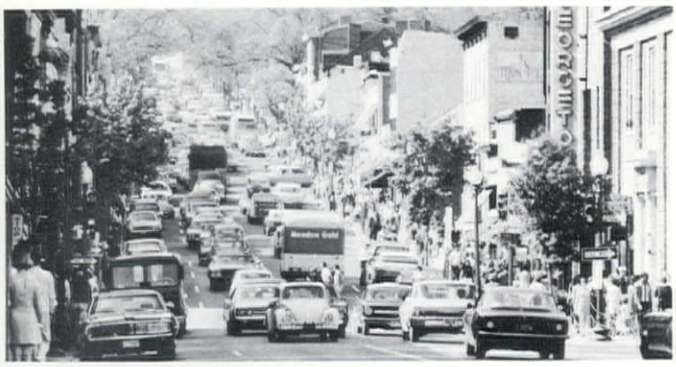
This issue opens with an article about Georgetown, a suburban community in the heart of a city struggling to maintain its unique way of life. A massive commercial development has been proposed for its waterfront; taxes are soaring along with real estate values. Just like their counterparts in other select urban neighborhoods, Georgetowners fear that modern office buildings will bring an increase in peculiarly modern problems: traffic to already clogged streets, out-of-town shoppers to already crowded stores, and an influx of undesirable commercial enterprises (Georgetown already has a porno shop). Can the debate be settled amicably?

Further on in this issue, Paris's new cultural center, known as Beaubourg, is pictured in all its multicolored, tubular splendor. As everyone knows, Parisians have been sharply critical of the center ever since its erector-set façade first arose from a hole near the site of Les Halles. But Beaubourg's reputation seems destined to follow that of another notorious Parisian monument, the Eiffel Tower, which was decried as a "loathsome tin construction" at the time it was built in the 1880's. Of course, the tower soon became the symbol of Paris, and no one can imagine the skyline without it. Now, with six million visitors expected at Beaubourg in its first year, Parisians are beginning to take pride in their latest eyesore.

On page 60 the issue moves back across the Atlantic to where one of the largest governmental construction projects in American history is nearing completion. The Albany Mall has been chastised from the first as a grandiose, overinflated plan, fueled chiefly by the ambition and power of former governor Nelson Rockefeller. But now Rocky's Folly exists; people work in it, stroll around its buildings, enjoy ice-skating and band concerts in its plaza. As architecture it may fail to inspire, but it has transformed the lives of the people who use it and who—generally speaking—approve of it.

Progress—if that's the right word—is always traumatic; much of it is ill-conceived and better left on the drawing board. But somehow cities have a life that transcends the latest concrete monstrosity, the worst jammed street, the least-tasteful commercial enterprise. Rome, for example, where foreigners and Italians alike mix shopping with a host of other pleasures (page 38), has undergone more decay, more urban blight, more destruction, more large-scale construction than any other city of the Western world—and yet its character remains. Having survived the attacks of barbarians without and within, the Eternal City is a symbol of urban continuity for the modern age.

How cities deal with change and how they prevail will be a major theme in future issues of HORIZON.



Georgetown: Wisconsin Avenue



Paris: Beaubourg escalator



Albany: Rocky at the mall



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COVER: Mikhail Baryshnikov and Christine Sarry in Eliot Feld's *Variations on "America."* BACK COVER (soft-cover edition): Baryshnikov in flight. Photographs by Herb Migdoll.

Ferment in Georgetown

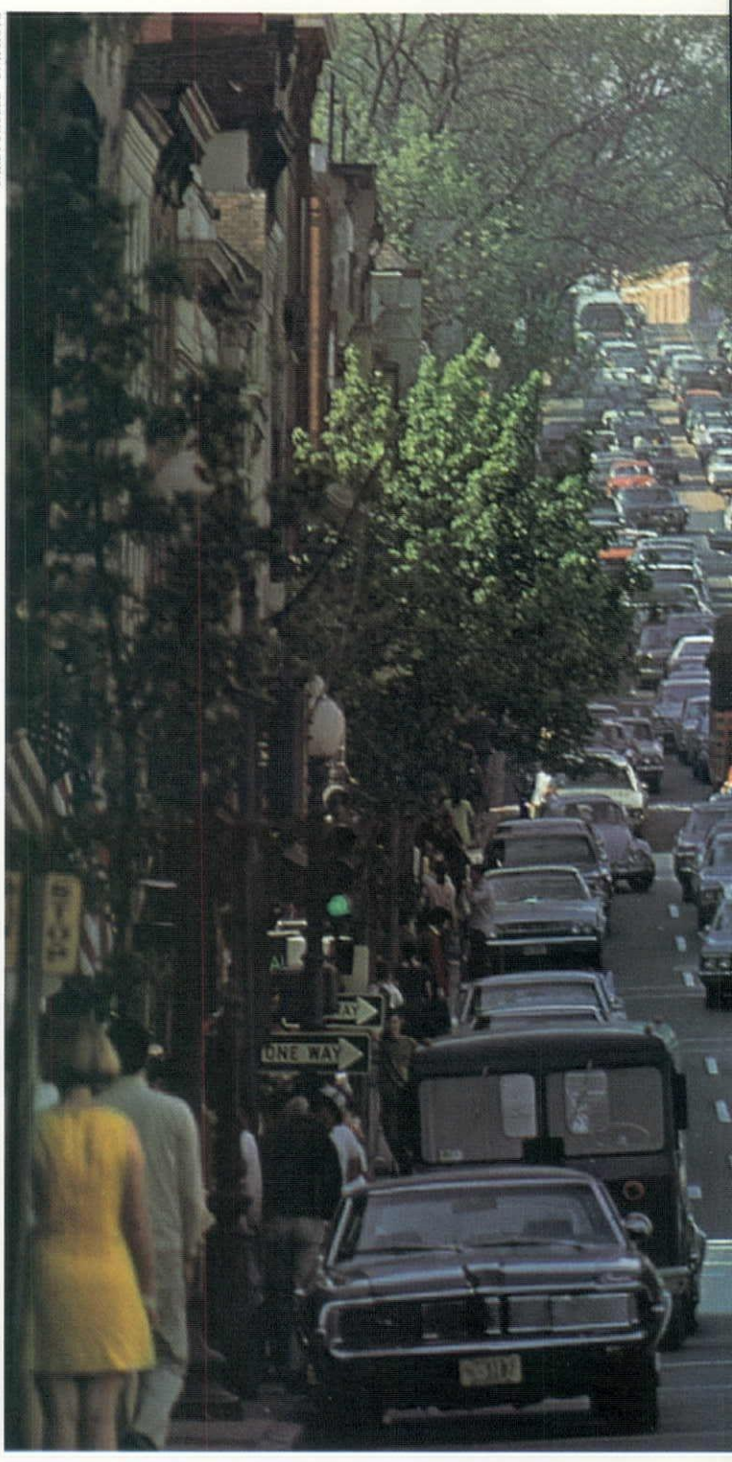
Can an enclave of graceful homes tolerate a commercial invasion? In dealing with that problem, Georgetown may set an example for the nation

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR, EXCEPT WHERE NOTED



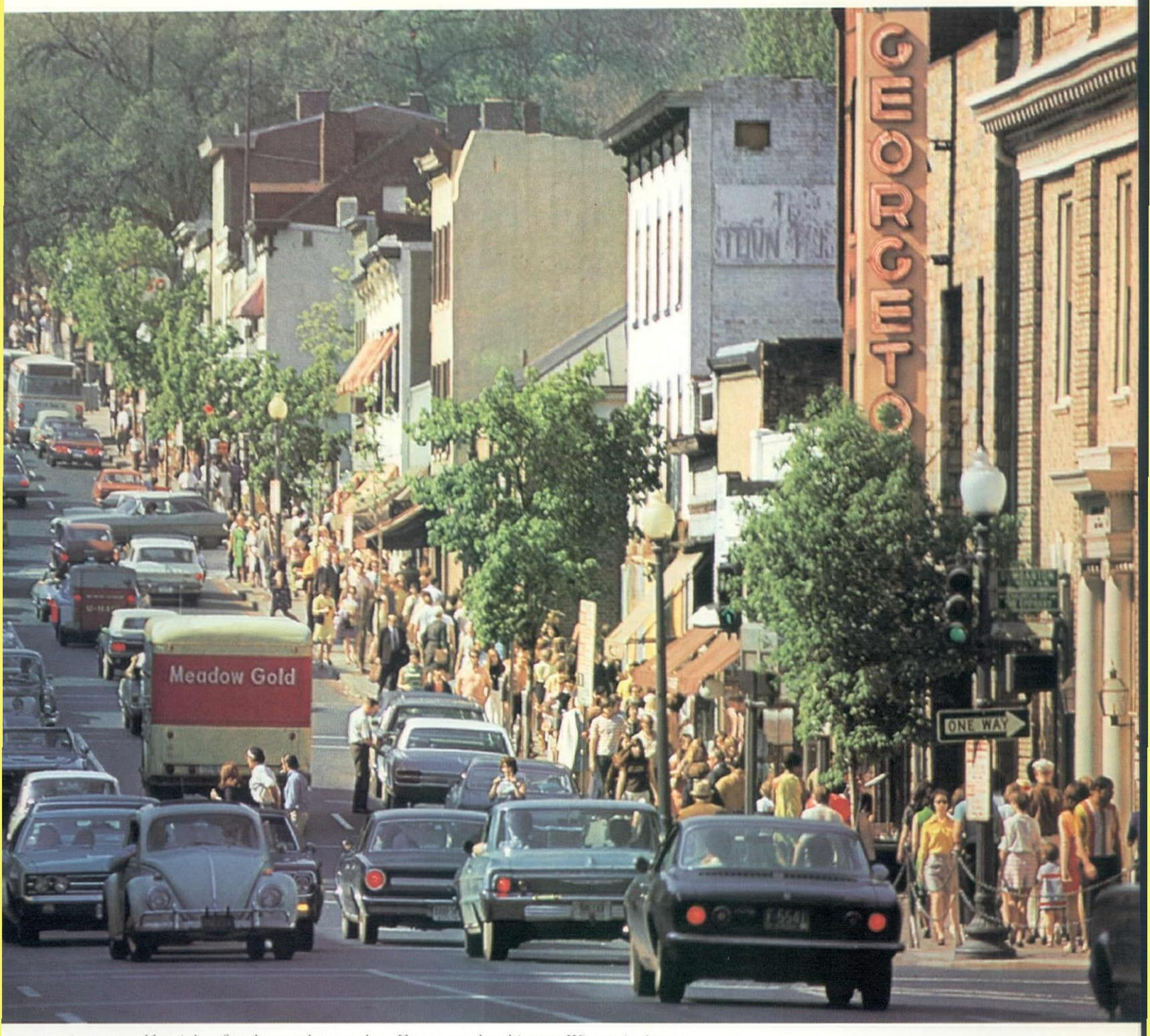
Elder statesman Averell Harriman and his wife, Pamela, in the garden of the N Street home he rented briefly to Jackie Kennedy after JFK's assassination.

CARL PURCELL—UNIPHOTO



Eight-tenths of a square mile in area, with seven thousand residents,

Georgetown, a symbol of sophisticated, expensive living amidst the workaday political world of Washington, D.C., has in recent years been touched by trouble—small and subtle, perhaps, but as worrisome as a chronic itch. Long valued as a choice residential area of Federal houses and cobblestoned streets, and protected by law as a historic district, Georgetown today is threatened by commercial developments it is not at all sure it wants. And, like other special neighborhoods within urban America—



orgetown is traversed by eighty-five thousand cars a day. Here, a weekend jam on Wisconsin Avenue.

the Connecticut suburbs of New York, or the cities within the city of Los Angeles—it is encountering changes that suggest it is not at a total remove from the more nagging urban problems.

Georgetown eminently deserves its reputation for easy ambiance and pleasant living. Meticulously maintained row houses, interspersed with large Victorian mansions, follow one after another along quiet, tree-lined streets. Its residents take obvious pride in their surroundings; Saturday mornings they spruce up their yards, prune bushes, and sweep walkways. Firewood is carefully piled by front stoops; cleaned clothes are delivered and left hanging on front doors; houses easily visible from the street and furnished with rare antiques are left unlocked at night. All of which are indications of trust and neighborhood cohesion—rare today in any urban community.

The hippies who overran Georgetown during the sixties are gone now. Its residents—white, bright, and ever so certain of their particular destinies—have reclaimed the sidewalks, at least five days a week. (There are hordes of tourists on weekends.) Even poverty, so prevalent in other parts of Washington, is a remote abstraction: when police looked for poor kids to invite to a Christmas party a few years ago, the only ones who qualified were students bused into Georgetown schools from other parts of the city.

But the symptoms of change in Georgetown are telling reminders of the problems of American society as a

By WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG



DAVID C. COX

City within a city: an aerial view of Georgetown, looking east toward the heart of Washington

Lying along the Potomac, Georgetown is just ten minutes by car from the Capitol and the Washington Monument (top). Wisconsin Avenue (foreground) runs through Georgetown, terminating at the waterfront beneath the Whitehurst Freeway. At the bend in the river is the Watergate complex and, just beyond, the gleaming marble Kennedy Center. Across the river and out of view is the National Airport.

whole. Go into Clyde's, a favorite watering place on M Street. At twilight, the cocktail-hour chatter is quick, urgent, and intelligent, the clientele well-dressed and relaxed. But the fern-shrouded skylight above is bordered by a fence topped with barbed wire.

Or walk along M Street in the high heat of a summer's noon until you come to 3255: the sign in the window reads Erotic Art. It is Georgetown's first porno shop. It is not so much a signal of new tastes in Georgetown as a sign of changing costs. "Who else," explained John Dashfari, the owner of the building, "will pay me five thousand dollars a month for that property?"

Or trudge up Thirty-fourth Street, past the Georgetown Playground, where Jack Kennedy used to play softball, to the corner grocery at Dent Place. It is the last bastion of Georgetown Past, when the people of the community could walk down the block—almost any block—and buy their groceries at the corner store. Today they must go to the supermarket—though they are vocally hostile about this. The reason is suggested by Mrs. Rosen's grocery on Dent Place: the door is locked and the customer is not admitted until Mrs. Rosen pushes a button to release the lock. "She's been beaten—pistol-whipped—three times and robbed I-don't-know-how-many times," says Grosvenor Chapman, an architect who lives around the corner.

Change has never been a stranger to Georgetown. But in the past it occurred over epochs, not in months—it was a leisurely, consecutive process.

Located at the head of the Potomac's navigable waters, Georgetown started out as a port in 1751, became the terminus for a canal after the Potomac silted up, and settled into an agreeable senescence in the mid-nineteenth century, when the railroads quickly outstripped canals as freight ways. Georgetown slipped and skidded while the nation, and the city, was growing up around it; in 1871 the town, its charter and self-government abolished, was annexed by Washington. This was a traumatic experience, for the central fact of the relationship between Georgetown and Washington is that Georgetown was there first.

It was in Georgetown that President Washington met with planners to pick the site for the nation's capital, and it was there that the developers and workers lived while building Washington. Thus developed one of the most persistent attitudes of the Georgetowner: one could *work* in Washington, if one chose



The beauty of Georgetown lies in its blocks of restored Federal houses. Here, on N Street, at the corner, is novelist Herman Wouk's home.

to do that sort of thing, but if one wanted to *live*, one had to go to Georgetown.

Nobody took this more to heart than the liberals of the Roosevelt era and their followers. They first came to town in 1933, and when they began looking for a place at a remove from the city, they found Georgetown, then a run-down neighborhood—sleepy and forgotten. It didn't bother them—as it did a lot of other people of the time—that many of the townspeople were black. "When we first moved here forty years ago, there wasn't a white neighbor in two blocks around us," says Jean Friendly, whose husband, Alfred, later became managing editor of the Washington *Post*.

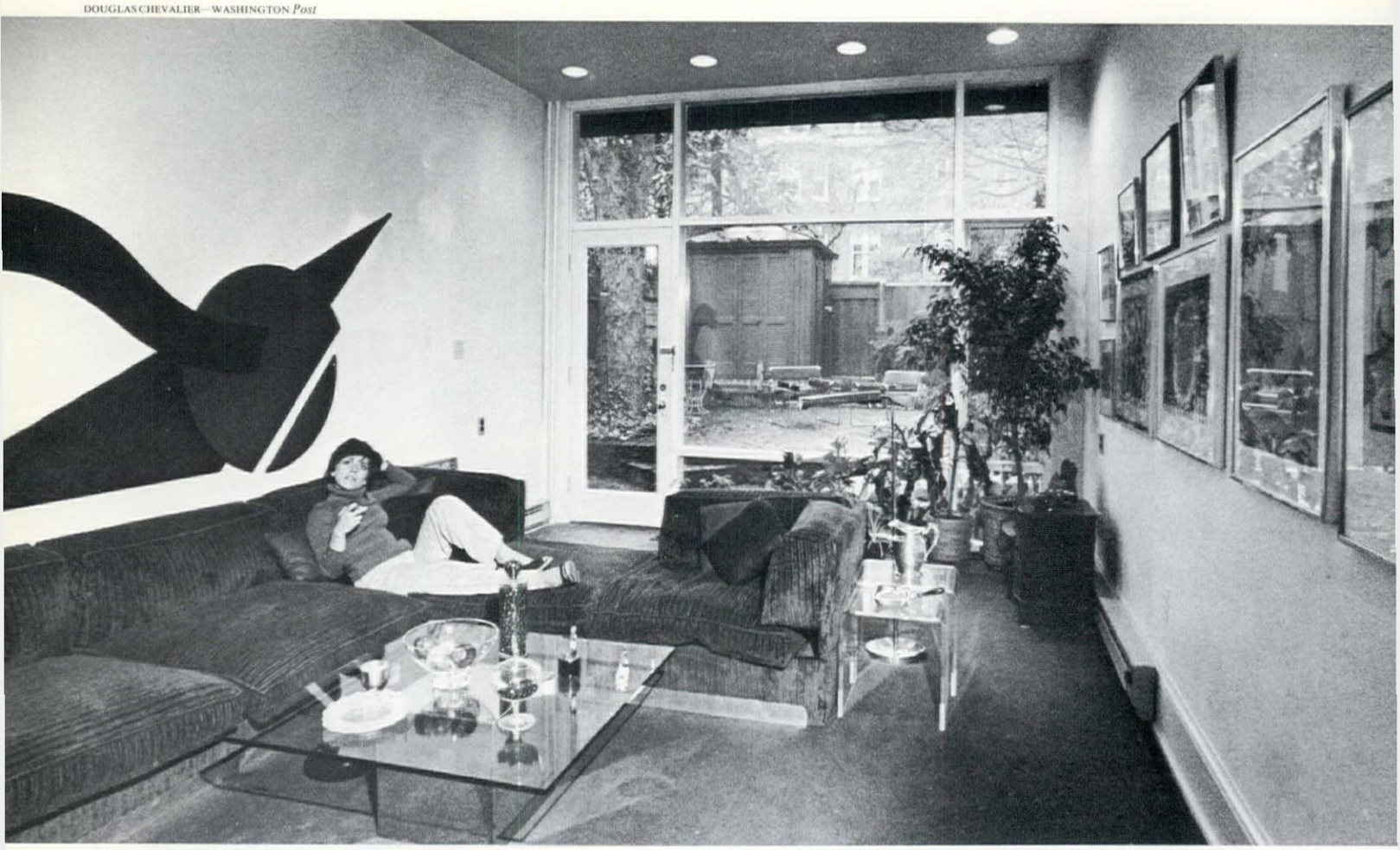
What the newcomers saw was not the color of people but the grace of living. "It was a countrified little place," says Jean Friendly. "You could have a yard and a garden and yet you were only five to seven minutes away from the office." Many homes could be bought for one thousand to three thousand dollars. Of course, the buildings were old—mostly from the Federal and Victorian eras—and dilapidated. But the newcomers felt that they could remodel and restore them quite attractively. "It was a place," says Mrs. Friendly, "for people with more taste than money." Today some people in Georgetown wonder whether the reverse is not true.

In the Roosevelt years, Georgetown became established as a special place, with qualities in common with other fashionable enclaves that grew up in other American cities: it was in touch with history, and there was a major effort within the community to preserve and restore some of the very old structures; and it had a commercial shopping district that attracted a great many outsiders. Most of the blacks who lived in Georgetown forty years ago are gone today, although a few black families—themselves well-to-do—live at the eastern end of Georgetown, near the border with the city. Georgetown may be politically Democratic and philosophically liberal, but it is anything but racially or economically integrated.

In the earliest days of its cachet, Georgetown had very much the feeling of a village. The pace was calm and deliberate, though not exactly slow. You could walk to places—along the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, for example, or to the corner grocery. People waved to their friends and neighbors passing by in cars, and they gathered in drugstores on Sunday mornings to gossip and read the papers without paying for them. Even a few of the better shops closed on Saturday because they didn't want to cater to the out-of-town riffraff.

Indeed, the pace was so deliberate that some financiers did not think Georgetown could survive its first taste of development. Sam Levy, now sixty-four, who has lived and worked all his life in Georgetown, remembers trying to get a loan during the 1940's to build his first men's clothing store. "They wouldn't

DOUGLAS CHEVALIER—WASHINGTON *Post*



Modern décor: Sheila Weidenfeld, formerly Betty Ford's press secretary, and her husband, Edward, an attorney, designed and built the graphics (corduroy-covered wallboard) for their Q Street living room.

give me a twenty-year mortgage. They only wanted to give me fifteen years to pay off." Why? "They told me they knew, very confidentially, that a big freeway was going to be built across Georgetown and that it would divert all the traffic away from us," he says. "They said that Georgetown would be a ghost town after the freeway opened."

Well, the Whitehurst Freeway was built, right over the Georgetown waterfront. It is still there—one of the Seven Great Eyesores of the World—and it has no exits or entrances for Georgetown. Yet eighty-five thousand cars a day still move through the streets of Georgetown—which has a total area of only eight-tenths of a square mile—and in rush hours the traffic has been timed at four miles per hour.

Today the automobile is one of the really transcendent problems of Georgetown. The problem is not just traffic but also parking. And it is not just visitors' cars but also those of commuting suburbanites who park every morning on the already overcrowded streets of Georgetown because they don't want to pay downtown parking-lot prices.

Ben Bradlee, the executive editor of the Washington *Post*, who used to live in Georgetown, found his own solution. He was frustrated not only at the difficulty of finding a parking space in the evening, but also at not being able to remember the next morning where he'd left the car. So he got a board, painted a rough map of Georgetown on it, divided the map into quarters, and screwed small brass hooks into each quarter. When he or any member of his family came home late at night, they hung the car keys in the proper sector. "That eliminated seventy-five per cent of the hunt," he says.

Certainly people in Georgetown still walk, and the residential streets—even on a Saturday—are ideal for a peaceful stroll. The canal, which runs parallel to the Potomac, has been spruced up, and its towpath is a favorite spot for joggers and dog walkers. But a Georgetown woman was murdered along the canal in 1964, and there have been a few rapes since then, so people walk along the canal less casually than before.

On the two commercial streets, M Street and Wisconsin Avenue, many of the specialty shops selling fine women's clothes and antiques have been replaced by cheap little boutiques, shoe stores, and fast-food counters. Not only are the newer shops less elegant, but they have changed the former purpose of the commercial strip: it is largely for outsiders now and not for the people who live in Georgetown. They have to get in their cars (if they can find them) and drive elsewhere to do their shopping. "You can't even get buried out of Georgetown today," says Don Shannon, chairman of the local Advisory Neighborhood Commission, "because all the old-time funeral parlors that once served the community have been forced out by the high rents."

A massive eruption of bars and restaurants has occurred in recent years, and is overflowing onto the residential side

streets. According to a count taken last spring by the Citizens Association, there were sixty bars and restaurants in Georgetown, with at least six more due to open by the summer. Grosvenor Chapman, who has lived in Georgetown for thirty-five years, likes to count up the permanent population of Georgetown—perhaps seven thousand plus another four thousand Georgetown University students and other transients—and measure it against the capacity of the bars and restaurants. "There are more barstools in town now than there are people," he asserts. And yet the people of Georgetown don't often go out to eat. "They're more inclined to eat at home."

Another dramatic change is the breathtaking rise in real-estate values. Arthur Cotton Moore, an architect who has designed a number of new buildings in town, comments, "Almost every year, people say that Georgetown is overpriced, and every year the prices go up."

One of the top real-estate brokers in Georgetown remembers that she bought a house for $11,500 when she moved to Georgetown in 1947. She lived in it for five years and sold it for $29,000. It went on the market a number of times over the years. "Ten years ago, it was sold for $70,000 cash"—no mortgage. "If it was mine again today," she says, "I wouldn't sell it for less than $225,000."

Almost anybody who's been in Georgetown for a few years can cite similar cases. Twenty years ago, Sam Levy recalls, he and a friend risked $35,000 on a series of five row houses. "Little dollhouses," he says. "Combined living room and dining room. Pullman kitchen. Two small bedrooms. An attic. Now each of them would bring $125,000 to $135,000 on the open market."



Traditional setting: President Carter's friends Smith and Vicki Bagley brought a Rembrandt to their N Street mansion.

These figures reflect the enduring appeal of Georgetown, but as market values go up, so do rents and taxes. In 1976 Georgetown assessments ran at an average of 89.9 per cent of the market price, compared with 66.8 per cent for the year before. The soaring rate has caused pronounced discomfort. On M Street one day, Don Shannon, a longtime homeowner in Georgetown, pointed out an elderly man who was taking a walk through the warm, drizzly rain. "He was one of the first New Deal liberals to move in here. He just got his new assessment notice and now he's become a raving reactionary."

The reasons are understandable. "Our assessed valuation went up 153.2 per cent this year," says Jean Friendly. "And we're paying more than $6,000 a year in taxes already." Another man, a government worker, bought a small house for himself for $84,000 a year ago; in the most recent notice, its assessed valuation had been upped to $109,000.

For his part, the assessor of Georgetown, George Altoft, points out that the average sale price of a home in Georgetown in 1971 was $69,300. In 1976 it was $133,260. In 1971, one home was sold for $175,000 or more. In 1976, twenty-three homes were sold for that price or higher. Georgetowners don't squawk about the reality of these figures, of course. They wince about the fact that the assessor sets his figures by them.



Washington Post *reporter Bob Woodward paid $255,000 last year for his Victorian house, second from left, part of Cooke's Row on Q Street.*



A bite between boutiques on Wisconsin Avenue

Nor is the change in costs confined to the residential areas. "There are shops here in Georgetown, you couldn't get rid of them for fifty dollars a month during the Depression," says an owner of a commercial building downtown. "Now they bring three thousand to five thousand dollars a month." For a pinball arcade or a massage parlor, "you can name your own price." But nobody in Georgetown real estate will make a deal like that. Yet.

Thus the ever-tightening noose around Georgetown's neck: market values push the assessed valuation of a property up, which sends taxes and rents soaring, which forces some people to move out and others to sell at the inflated market values, which in turn sends the assessed valuation up, and so on.

As the residents of Georgetown have had to face increased costs, they have also had to confront their collective loss of influence on the affairs of the nation. For several presidential administrations Georgetown was said to have a unique hold on the pulse of government. From the days of the Roosevelt administration, Georgetown was the home of the movers and the shakers. Georgetown sent men to the cabinet, and in 1960, a senator from Massachusetts who lived at 3307 N Street went to the White House.

To be sure, there was always the possibility that Georgetowners were never speaking to the world so much as talking to themselves. But a tradition rose about the "Georgetown set" and the "Georgetown dinner party," and it didn't hurt the columnists or the presidential appointees who lived there to propagate it.

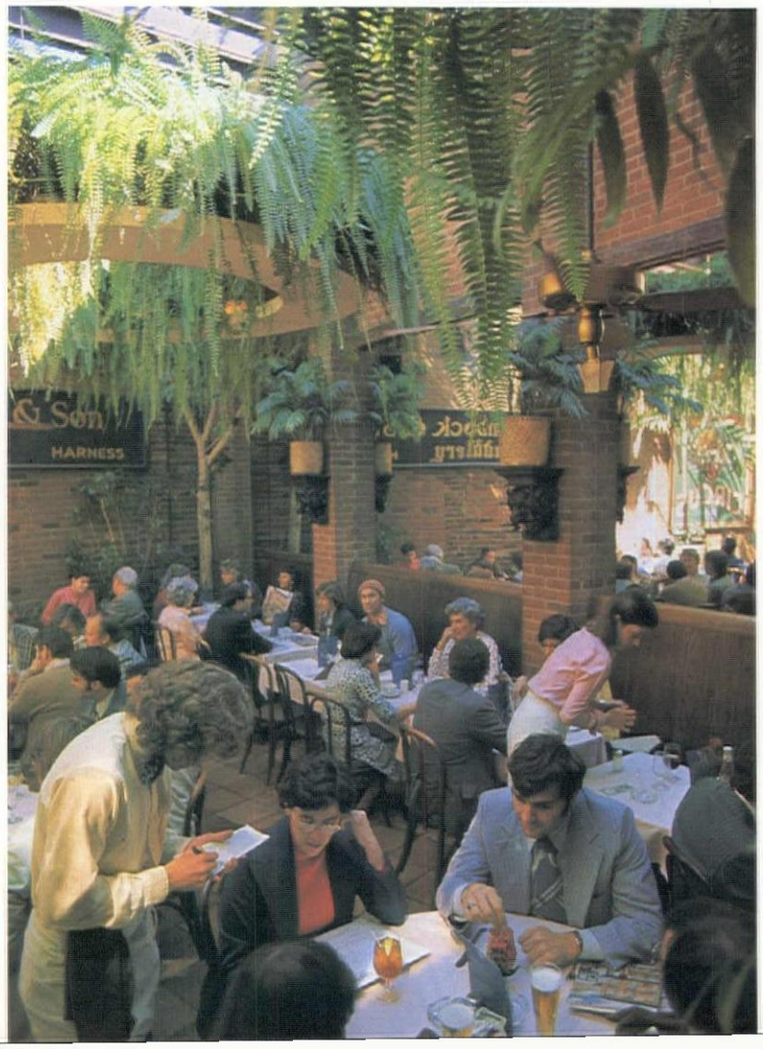
The days of that legend seem to be numbered, although many persons of standing and wealth still live there. Among the old guard are Averell Harriman, one-time ambassador David K. E. Bruce, and former senator John Sherman Cooper. Current senators include Illinois's Charles Percy, Ohio's Howard Metzenbaum, and Rhode Island's Claiborne Pell.

But the notion that matters of high policy or shrewd politics are decided in Georgetown is dying. It flickered to life briefly in the late spring of 1976, when columnist Clayton Fritchey invited Jimmy Carter—who was running furiously "against Washington"—to his Georgetown home to meet such Democratic elder statesmen as Averell Harriman and Clark Clifford, whom Carter had pointedly ignored up to that time.

So far the only high-level members of the Carter administration to settle in Georgetown are Lance & Vance—Budget Director Bert Lance and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance—and there is some doubt as to just how much influence the latter has.

Meanwhile, the media mix is also changing. Washington *Post* owner Katharine Graham occupies a stately house on R Street and retired columnist Joe Alsop still sends thunderbolts from his N Street apartment. But younger journalists are taking over: syndicated columnist Joseph Kraft, *Post* investigator Bob Woodward, and high-flying photographer David Kennerly (until his boss lost the White House).

Druggist Harry "Doc" Dalinsky, who has run his store on Wisconsin Avenue for thirty-six years, holds a well-publicized brunch there every Sunday morn-



The skylit atrium at Clyde's restaurant

Regulars for Sunday brunch at Dalinsky's drugstore include executive editor Ben Bradlee, czar of the Washington Post *(right, facing camera), and David Kennerly, President Ford's favorite photographer (far left).*

ing by way of preserving something of the village feeling of Georgetown. This is where some of the media's inner circle—Art Buchwald, Ben Bradlee, Sally Quinn, Phil Geyelin (editorial page editor of the Washington *Post*)—gather to eat caviar, gossip, buy the papers, and sneak a look at the current magazines. Gather they do, but they come from elsewhere to do it. Art Buchwald doesn't live in Georgetown; he lives in Wesley Heights. Ben Bradlee, Sally Quinn, and Phil Geyelin don't live in Georgetown either. In fact, not even Doc Dalinsky lives in Georgetown. So it turns out that some of Georgetown's most visible people merely treat the place as visitable. They wouldn't want to live there.

Georgetown is likely to grow bigger—and perhaps taller—in the future, and this has raised a brisk, bitter dispute. The site of the struggle is the waterfront, the area of so-called lower Georgetown, between M Street and the river. For decades this was the industrial part of Georgetown, which boasted, among other businesses, a flour mill, a sewage-disposal plant, and a cement factory. Most are closed now, and above them runs the symbol of blight itself: the Whitehurst Freeway.



Window sign in porno shop on M Street

In the early 1970's the waterfront began to attract developers, encouraged by the tax-revenue people in the District administration. They calculated that just one development in lower Georgetown would raise the city's real-estate taxes hundreds of thousands of dollars. And so development proposals grew like crabgrass: there have been plans for three luxury hotels, two or three shopping malls, a number of condominiums, apartment buildings, and office buildings, a marina, a park, a dinner theatre (to be built in the old sewage-disposal plant), and even a restaurant con-

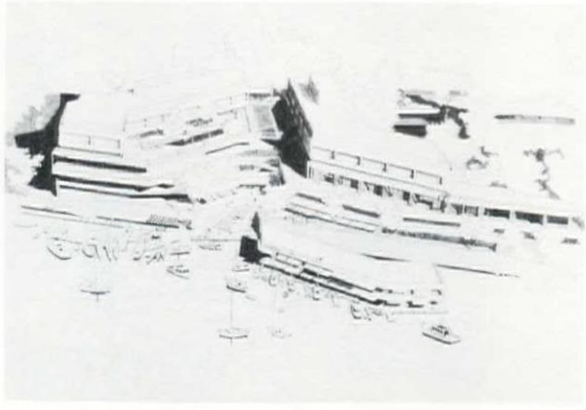


The Foundry: offices and shopping mall on the C&O Canal

Completed in 1976, the attractive Foundry Building, above, was designed by Arthur Cotton Moore and Associates as part of Inland Steel's $80 million development plan for lower Georgetown. Further construction of a marina, hotel, and other commercial buildings (see drawing at right) has been held up by litigation.



Architect Moore and project model



COURTESY ARTHUR COTTON MOORE AND ASSOCIATES

The original Inland Steel waterfront development concept

structed out of old dining cars.

Many Georgetown residents reacted to these plans like quail to the sound of gunshot. All they could foresee was more traffic, more shops, more parking problems, office workers crowding the sidewalks, and buildings that would be bigger—and uglier, they were sure—than anything else in Georgetown. So they decided to dig in and fight. Arrayed against them were the city, the zoning commission, the mayor, the federal highway planners, the developers, and the Washington *Post*, which dubbed the community "snobbish Georgetown."

The bloodletting has been going on for six years now, and sometimes the Georgetown Citizens Association has trouble keeping track of the lawsuits—one decision alone by the zoning commission inspired six suits and countersuits within forty-eight hours. A few developments have actually been built in lower Georgetown. Among the most notable are: the Dodge Center, a multiuse commercial building that looks very much like a command post absent without leave from the Siegfried Line, or a ziggurat; the Foundry, designed by Arthur Cotton Moore and a California architectural firm, also a multiuse structure along the canal, which incorporates a nineteenth-century brick building in a modern design; and Canal Square, a shopping complex also designed by Moore, which runs between M Street and the canal. All of these had to be approved by the federal Fine Arts Commission, which has to pass on any renovation, addition, or new construction in Georgetown. Most people agree that at least the Foundry and Canal Square are consistent with the scale of old Georgetown.

Scale, in fact, is at the heart of the dispute between the Georgetowners and the developers. The Citizens Association wants human-scale buildings, while the developers want buildings large and varied enough to insure a profit. One developer, Inland Steel, came to Georgetown with an eighty-million-dollar plan, which included a hotel, a park, an office building, a marina, and the Foundry, in what Inland Steel felt was a considerately designed package. Because the Citizens Association flatly opposes the overall plan, now, after six years, only the Foundry has been constructed.

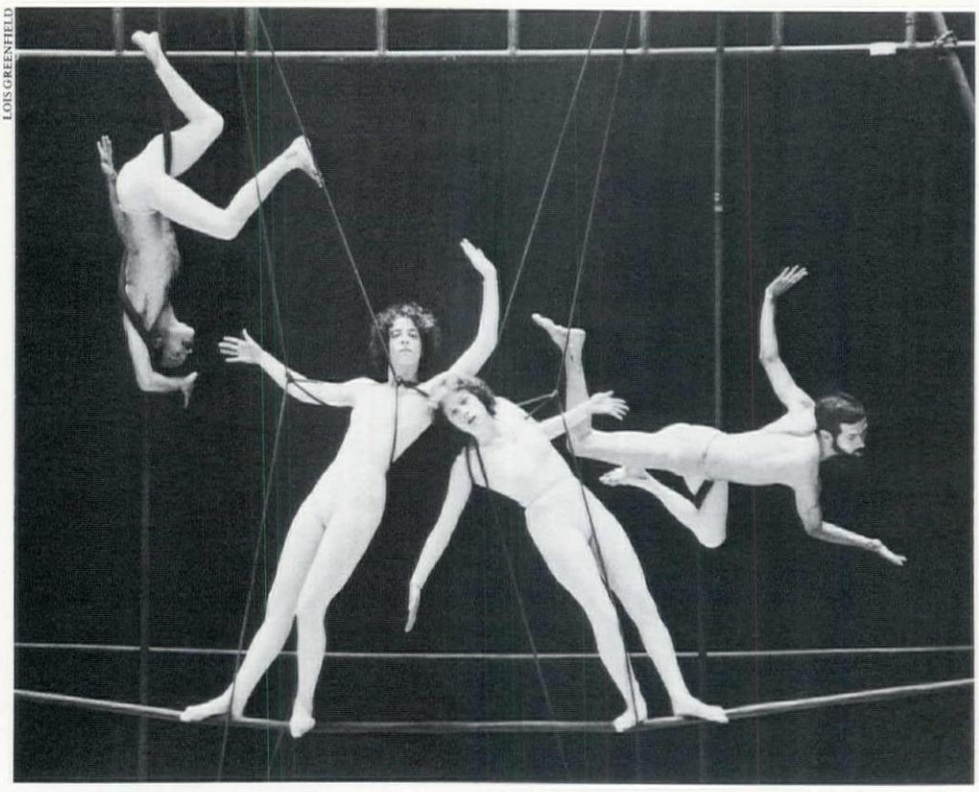
Arthur Cotton Moore, one of the team of architects responsible for the design of the Inland Steel project, says that the citizens are not realistic: they will not be able to find a developer more cooperative than Inland Steel, and the most they can hope for is a park along the waterfront, "which some people see as an attraction for trouble."

In the end, the waterfront will change, the developers will build, and the Georgetown citizens may have an extraordinary opportunity to set an example of small-scale development for other, similarly challenged communities across the land. The way in which Georgetown meets this test, and perhaps survives it with its quality of life intact, may turn out to be the most influential idea it has ever offered the nation. □

William Barry Furlong is a free-lance writer and a consultant for the Washington Post.

Waterfront eyesores: the newly built Dodge Center and the Whitehurst Freeway





LOIS GREENFIELD

Multigravitational Aerodance Group's Buff Her Blind*—sixteen feet above the stage*

The Liveliest Art

Dance has never been more vital—or more varied—than it is today, and here's the proof

Young men and women populate a bare, polished floor. They are dressed in tights, sweat shirts, leg warmers and knee pads, headbands. They assume odd poses; they are limbering up. In a moment, someone will lead them, singly and in a group, in a prescribed movement. Music is on the upbeat. A dance is about to be choreographed.

Hundreds of dancers, members of dozens of American dance companies, are now at work on stages and in studios. Some are in last-minute rehearsal for summer festivals here and abroad. Others are already preparing their fall programs. Together they represent a world of dance as heterodox and vital as any ever known; their performances are awaited by an audience as eager and knowledgeable as any in the world.

The popularity of dance is not new; it has been growing steadily for years. Entries in *Dance Magazine Annual*—a listing of instructors, lighting technicians, and agents, as well as mime, ballet, modern, folk, and flamenco groups—have swelled from 309 in 1958 to more than 11,500 this year. Dance has grown in many directions at once, so that today there are more varieties than have coexisted in any culture before.

The person who led the way in contemporary dance is George Balanchine, the seventy-three-year-old maestro of the New York City Ballet. His company is trained, as he was, in the techniques of classical ballet, which they preserve in their repertoire. But Balanchine's particular genius is in the dozens of modern classics he has choreographed for his company. For the quirky stops and starts of a contemporary score, or the razzle-dazzle of a John Philip Sousa march, or the elegant strains of a classical suite, Balanchine has found the fresh and "right" movements. His dancers write a calligraphy that is formal and intricate, but the message is clear: dance is a living art.

When the choreographer is Alwin Nikolais, the dance is lively in a way that may not be recognizably human at all. Trapped within tubes of silver stretch fabric, his dancers will look like abstract sculptures growing pseudopods, only to lose them a minute later, gaining height only to shrink, widening only to lengthen—all against a backdrop of projected slides and accompanied by a tape of electronic chatter and recited verse.

If the performers belong to the Merce Cunningham troupe, the dancers can be as surprised as the audience on opening night

Judith Jamison dances Cry, *a solo ballet choreographed for her by Alvin Ailey*



HERB MIGDOLL

by the décor and the music. Cunningham builds chance into his work by designing dances for commissioned music he has not yet heard and sets he is yet to see. "The order of things can be changed," he has said of one of his compositions. "We can stop and start at any point . . . it's taking its own shape and life."

For some dance groups, the choreographer is not an individual, but the whole company. The six members of Pilobolus Dance Theatre—two women and four men—call themselves an "energy circus," which is as good a name as any for their synthesis of mime, gymnastics, living sculpture, and idiosyncratic dance. Pilobolus was founded in 1971 by two Dartmouth College undergraduates, both gymnasts, and their acrobatic and original work, though perhaps the newest branch of dance, is already in demand not only at home but also in Europe and the Far East.

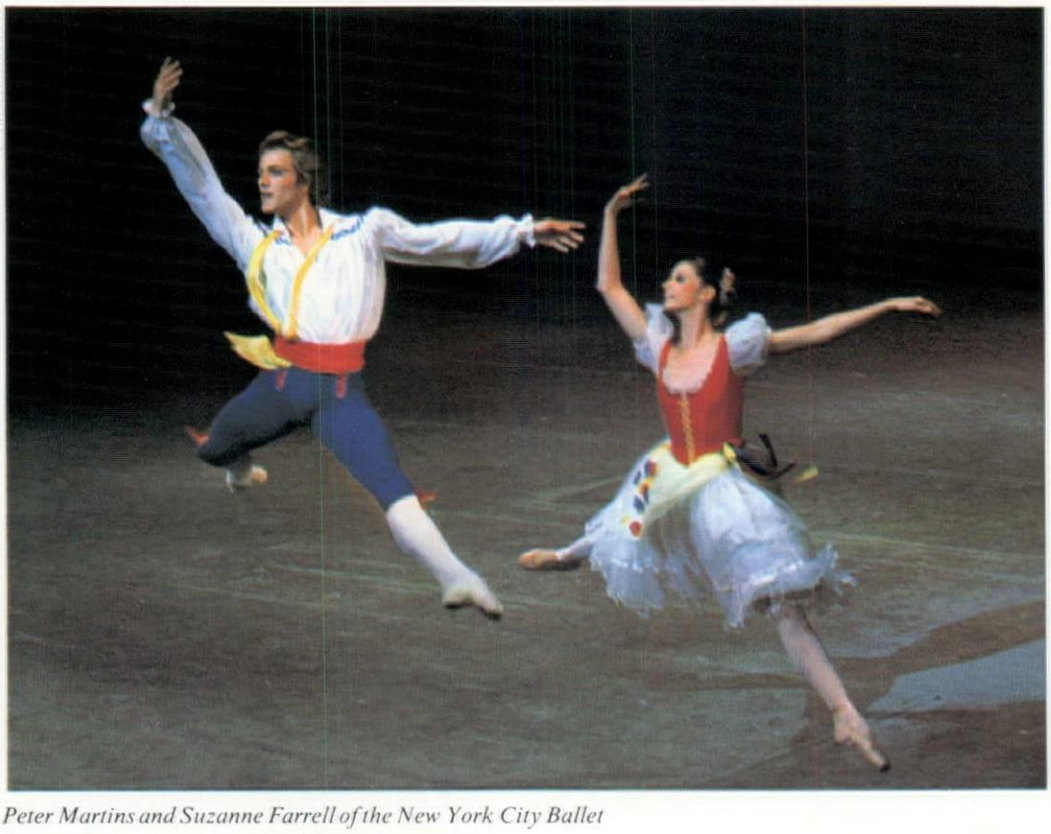
Like Pilobolus, many other American companies travel abroad, some of them regularly. In turn, foreign groups by the score tour the United States. Any Russian company is a sellout wherever it appears. Britain's Royal Ballet is a key entry in the national dance calendar. Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century (from Brussels) has a faithful following in America, and so does the Stuttgart Ballet, which brings a tradition all its own. The home scene is enriched spectacularly by visits from dancers representing every dance tradition in the world.

As in the theatre and the concert hall, the main draw in dance is—as it always has been—the star. Since Margot Fonteyn retired, no dancer has occupied the pre-eminent position at the top she held for so long. But that may only be because so many superb dancers crowd the stage: Carla Fracci, Natalia Makarova,. Cynthia Gregory, Gelsey Kirkland, Suzanne Farrell, Patricia McBride. Among the men, the Russian stars stand out. In fact, Rudolf Nureyev may be the most famous dancer of his time. But in only three years in the West, Mikhail Baryshnikov has already made himself indispensable to audiences in his appearances with companies as different as the American Ballet Theatre and Twyla Tharp and Dancers.

The vitality of the dance scene is not just a matter of big names. It is also the result of the buzzing cross-fertilization of modern dance and ballet. Martha Graham, the mother of modern dance, has designed works for Nureyev. Alvin Ailey has made use of everything that works for his dancers, from disco to Graham. As the boundaries between classical and popular have been blurred, what Balanchine began has come far, and dance has been firmly but elegantly lifted down from its pedestal. Most recently, Tharp and Eliot Feld have brought into their work a robust humor that is pure American.

The next best thing to seeing dance in the theatre or on television is enjoying its high moments in photographs. In them its deepest appeal, the beauty of the body itself, can easily be appreciated. Here are the dancers in graceful and harmonious—if sometimes unexpected—motion, performing their art with their own limbs and torsos. They wear beautiful costumes, their faces are carefully drawn, but what they do may be as athletic as basketball, as abstract as painting, and more theatrical than anything in the theatre. The art they enact is as new and accelerated as the space age they live in. □

BOTH: MARTHA SWOPE



Peter Martins and Suzanne Farrell of the New York City Ballet in a pas de deux from Bournonville Divertissements

Mikhail Baryshnikov's fiery Franz from the American Ballet Theatre's Coppelia







ALL: HERB MIGDOLL

Sue's Leg, *by Twyla Tharp (second from right) and members of her company*

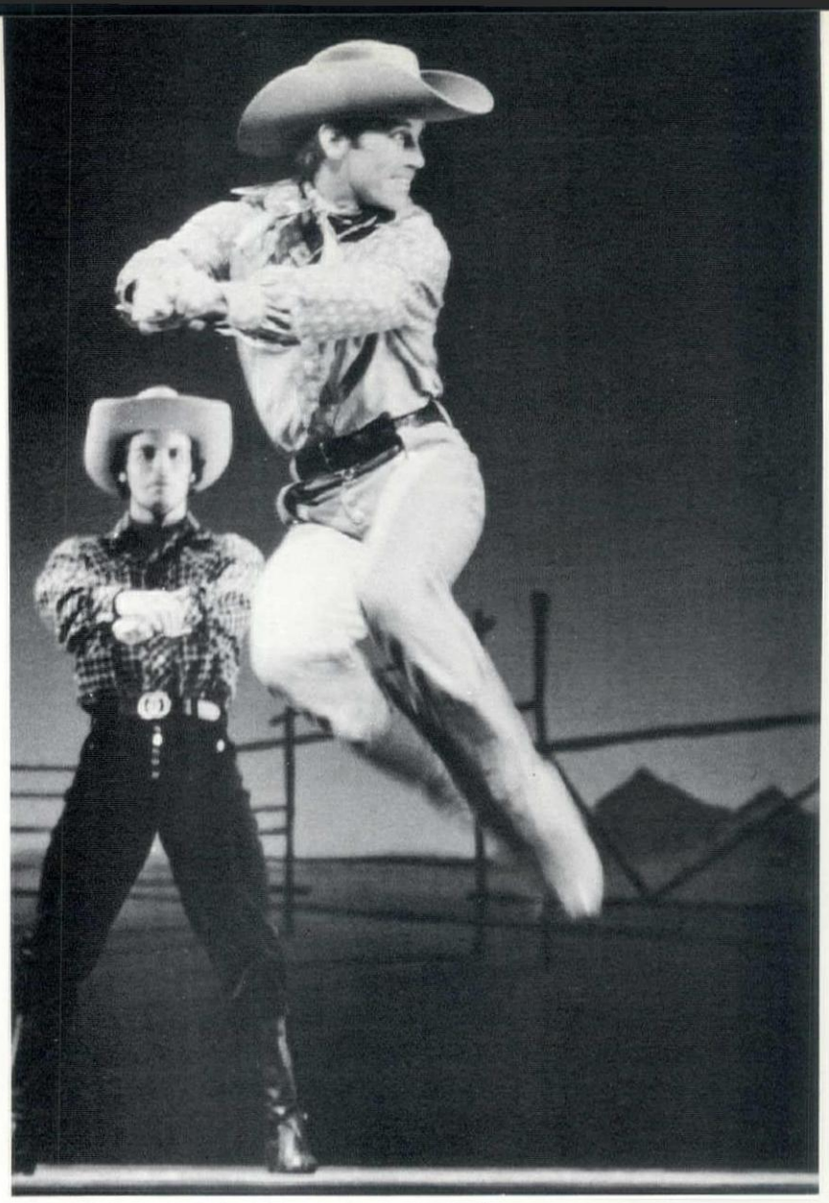
The variety and range of dance today—even within a single company's repertoire—is the surest sign of its vitality. Astarte *(opposite), the first rock ballet, was choreographed by Robert Joffrey, whose company also revived* Parade *(below), a modern classic with music by Erik Satie and décor designed by Pablo Picasso. Twyla Tharp, who has choreographed for the Joffrey and for her own company (above), is the freshest face—and nimblest figure—in dance.*

City Center Joffrey Ballet's revival of Parade, *first performed in 1917*

Trinette Singleton and Dermot Burke in Robert Joffrey's multimedia ballet Astarte







Russell Sultzbach of the Joffrey in a revival of Rodeo

The music used by modern choreographers is as various as their styles of dance. For Rodeo, *above, first done in 1942, Agnes De Mille ordered an original score from the American composer Aaron Copland. The music for* Rainforest, *Merce Cunningham's spacey creation, left, is an outlandish electronic composition by David Tudor. Eliot Feld set his new ballet* A Footstep of Air, *below, to a group of Irish and Scottish folk songs, as arranged by Beethoven.*

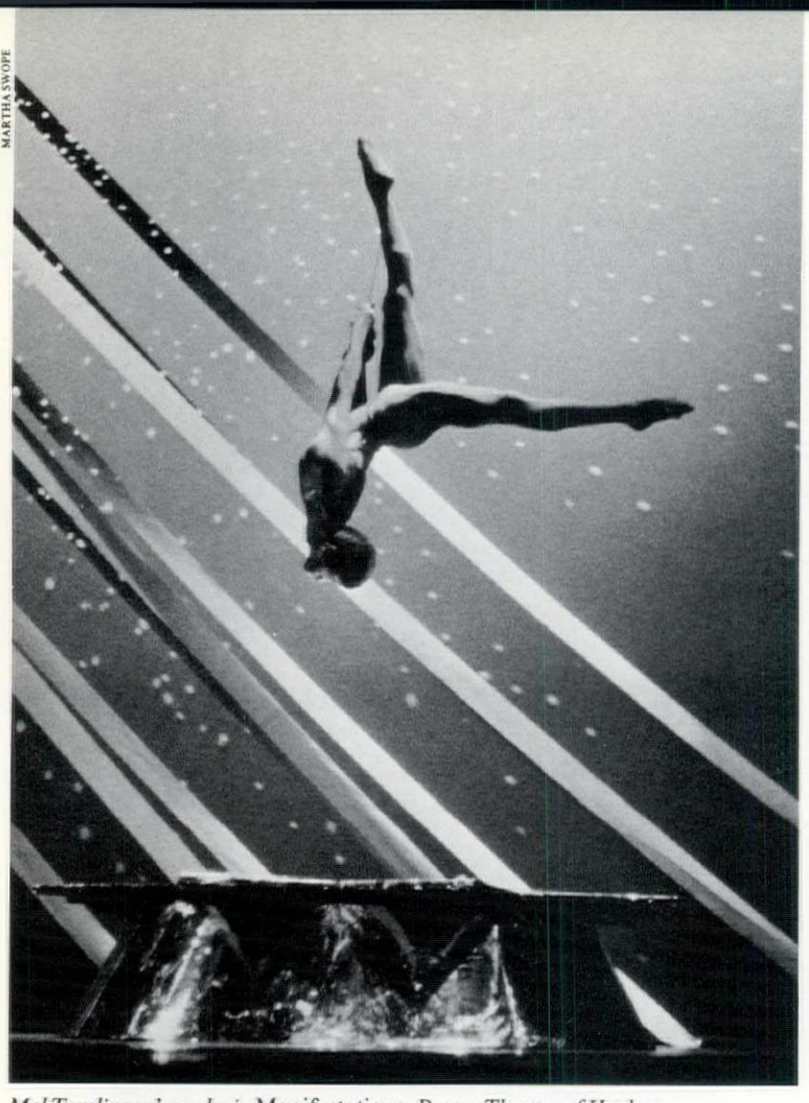
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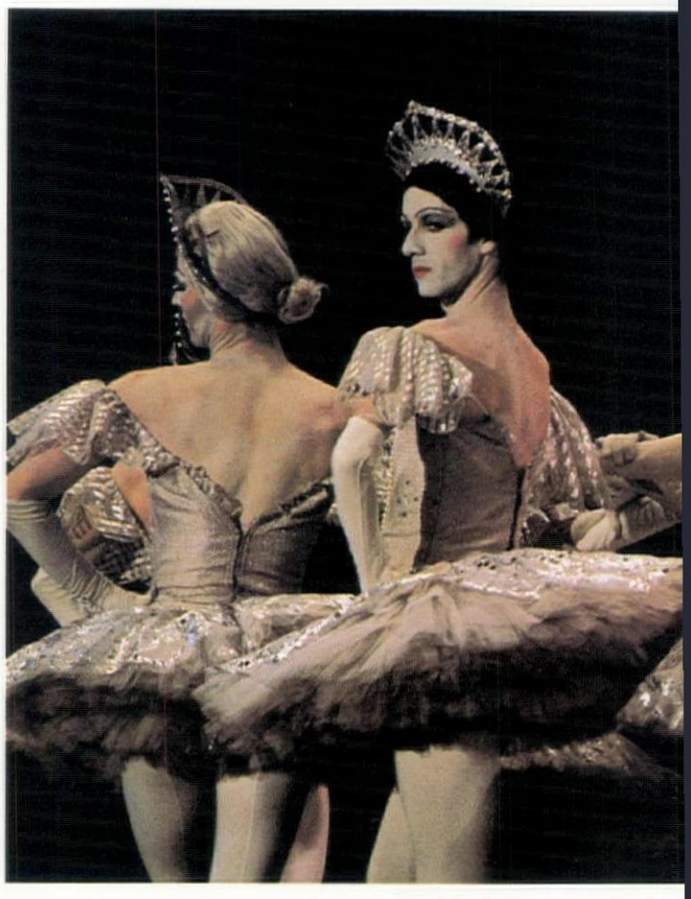


A Footstep of Air, *by the Eliot Feld Ballet—a première this year*

Rainforest, *by Merce Cunningham and Dance Company, with sets by Andy Warhol*

MARTHA SWOPE





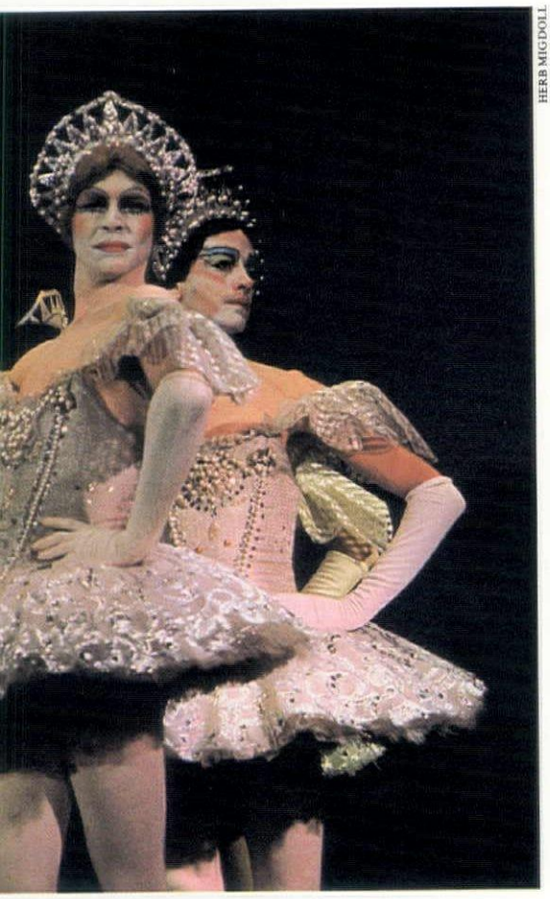
Mel Tomlinson's snake in Manifestations, *Dance Theatre of Harlem*



JOHANN ELBERS

The avant-garde of dance takes many forms and describes many moods. From Pilobolus Dance Theatre, opposite, top, come complications that are arresting and humorous. Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century, opposite, is apt to be acrobatic, erotic, and highly dramatic. Meredith Monk's deliberate work is dramatic in a literary and intensely personal way; her Quarry, *left, is the story of her own life and the lives of her parents. Dance Theatre of Harlem is a classically trained but versatile company with a few daredevil feats in its repertoire;* Manifestations, *top left, Arthur Mitchell's ballet for the company, is a retelling in dance of the Adam and Eve story. Farthest out, perhaps, is the Original Trockadero Gloxinia Dance Company, an international group whose beefy dancers in drag have lately learned to go up on pointe and even fish-dive into the arms of their partners.*

Gail Turner and Mary Shultz in Quarry, *choreographed by Meredith Monk for her group, Meredith Monk / The House*



HERB MIGDOLL

The Original Trockadero Gloxinia Dance Company in their very own Raymonda



IVAN FARKAS

Pilobolus Dance Theatre's Monkshood's Farewell

LOIS GREENFIELD



Jorge Donn and Luciano Savignano in Ce Que L'Amour Me Dit, *a Maurice Béjart dance for his Ballet of the Twentieth Century*

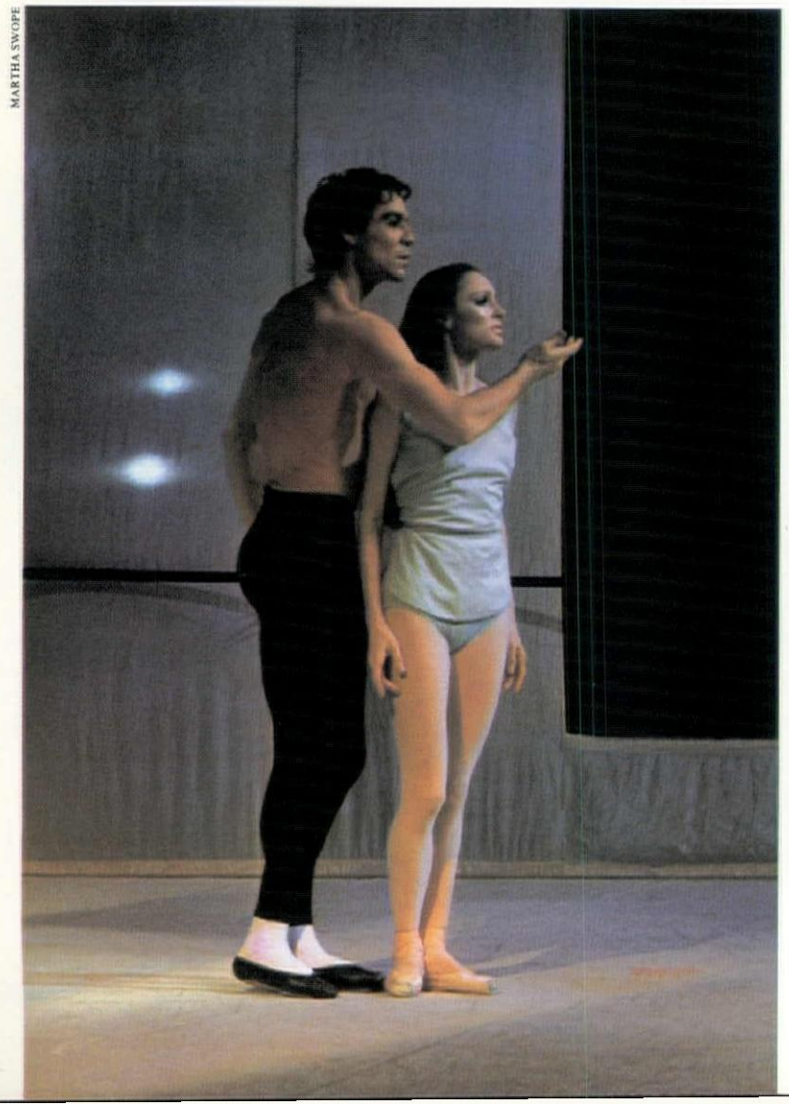
SUSAN COOK



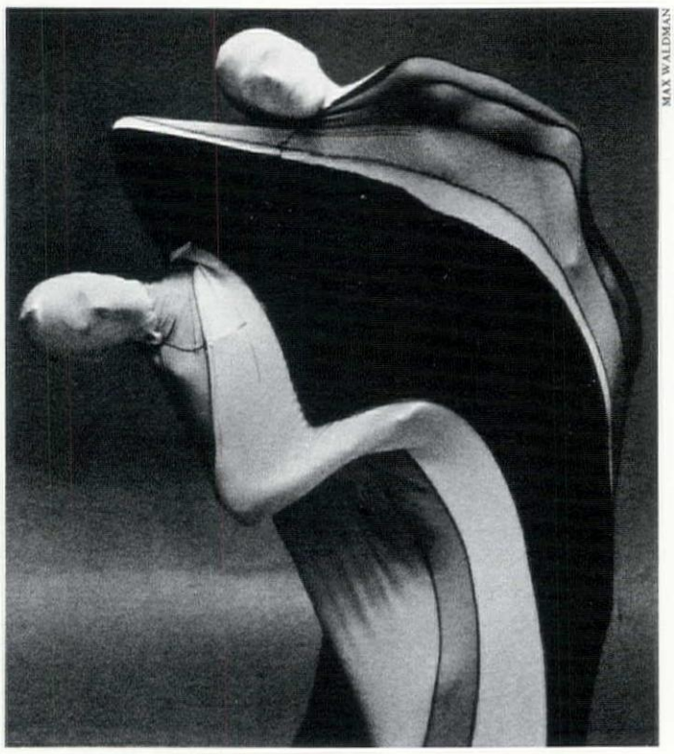
The Paul Taylor Dance Company in his Runes

The simplest gesture—as in the quiet passage, left, from Afternoon of a Faun*—can be as exacting and telling as the most complex, such as the back-to-back jump, above, from Paul Taylor's* Runes. *Two dancers in perfect harmony provide some of the finest moments of dance, whether they are the brightest stars of classical ballet, opposite, or a man and a woman in a bag, below.*

MARTHA SWOPE



MAX WALDMAN



Karen Sing, James Teeters in Grotto, *Nikolais Dance Theatre*

Jacques D'Amboise, Patricia McBride of the New York City Ballet

Cynthia Gregory and Rudolf Nureyev in Raymonda, *American Ballet Theatre*

PAST PERFECT

Get the Big Picture

Inspired by the clarity and depth of fine old photographic prints, many photographers today are experimenting with large view cameras, the classic photographic instrument of the nineteenth century. The standard view camera, with its concertinalike bellows and a cloth hood, is mounted on a tripod and can be tilted and swung to almost any angle.

Unlike the 35 mm camera, which is used for quick-action photography, the view camera is designed to preserve mood and imagery, and the composition of a picture may take hours. Landscape photographer Ansel Adams, a crusader for large views, says, "There is simply no way to achieve with 35 mm the controls of convergence, correction of distortion, and increase in depth of field that is a part of the picture-taking process with the view camera."

One New York store claims a 400 per cent sales increase for view cameras in the last two years. Professional fashion and industrial photographers are turning to view cameras, but so are younger amateurs. As a view-camera salesman in Pittsburgh said, "It can be immensely satisfying to lug a fifty-pound camera into a pine forest and spend all day to produce one photograph."

A view camera can cost as much as $5,000, but some are available for as little as $250. And despite the availability of modern accessories like a reflex finder, which can turn the image right side up in the viewer and even dispense with the hood, many new purchasers appear content to look at the world upside-down from underneath a cloth, as did the photographers of old.

The Wasp and Tenniel

When I was young, my ringlets waved
And curled and crinkled on my head:
And then they said "You should be shaved,
And wear a yellow wig instead."

But when I followed their advice,
And they had noticed the effect
They said I did not look so nice
As they had ventured to expect.

They said it would not fit, and so
It made me look extremely plain:
But what was I to do, you know?
My ringlets would not grow again.

Does the chatty style sound familiar? Well it might, for the above lament, spoken by an ill-tempered wasp, belongs to a suppressed chapter of Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass.* It was omitted from the original volume at the last moment at the request of the illustrator, Sir John Tenniel, who balked at drawing a wigged wasp. "A *wasp* in a *wig* is altogether beyond the appliances of art," he wrote.



Tenniel was happy to draw Alice.

In 1974 printed galleys of the chapter (previously thought to be lost) were quietly auctioned off at Sotheby Parke Bernet in London. Recently Martin Gardner, a leading Carroll scholar and author of *The Annotated Alice,* tracked down the present owner, Norman Armour, Jr., and persuaded him to allow the chapter to be published. Now, more than one hundred years after *Through the Looking Glass* saw the light of day, the growing number of Carroll scholars has new material to pore over.

Analysis and even controversy have set in: Gardner at first thought that the wasp—elderly, disagreeable, arthritic—was a burlesque of the author in old age, but another scholar, Morton Cohen, pointed out that Carroll was too much of a "Victorian gentleman" to identify himself with a lower-class character like the wasp, who has a cockney accent.

Leaving aside the deeper interpretations, the wasp episode is filled with the delightful word plays and wisdom that mark all the Alice stories: when Alice sees the bright yellow kerchief the wasp wears to hide his wig, she remarks politely, "Tying up the face is very good for the toothache."

"And it's very good for the conceit," added the wasp.

Alice didn't catch the word exactly. "Is that a kind of toothache?" she asked.

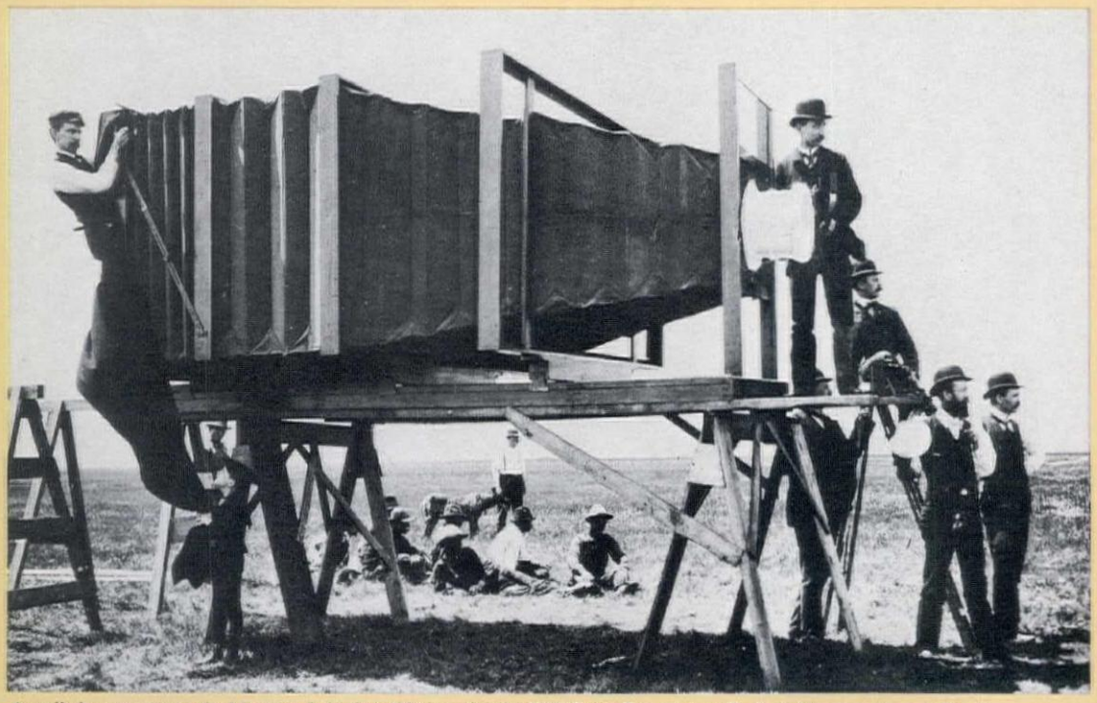
The wasp considered a little. "Well, no," he said: "It's when you hold up your head—so—without bending your neck."

How could an illustrator resist?

That's Talent

A form of theatre called No has flourished in Japan for five hundred years, with a repertoire of some 250 classic dramas that are played on small, bare stages only eighteen feet square. Integral to each performance are intricately embroidered costumes and carved cypress masks, many made more than two hundred years ago.

The first exhibition of No robes and masks in America came to Washington this spring, and after leaving New York's Japan House in mid-July, it will end its tour with a six-week stay at the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort



A really large camera: the Mammoth, built in Chicago for the 1900 Paris Exposition. Today's big ones sit on a tripod.

CAMERA: LIFE LIBRARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY / *The Camera*; COPY PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE BOLTIN, © 1970 TIME-LIFE BOOKS INC.



Worth. One hundred and forty-five objects comprise the display, selected from the six hundred robes and thousands of rare seventeenth- and eighteenth-century items stored at the Tokugawa Museum in Nagoya, Japan.

Aside from a decorative pine tree or two, the No stage is adorned only with the full-length garments of the actors. Accompanied by flutes, drums, and



No actor wearing robe and mask

chants from a chorus, the No actors dance with slow, somber precision as they relate tales of imperial ghosts, dead warriors, demons, and madwomen. A performance may be grave indeed, but the stunning costumes lighten the effect: in fact, No plays are said to celebrate the transient blossoming of life.

At one time No (meaning "talent") was the national theatre of Japan, honored by the powerful shoguns of the Tokugawa family, who ruled from 1603 to 1868. Today it is still a popular cultural tradition, and the exhibition includes excerpts of No performances recently filmed in Japan.

Papa's Letters

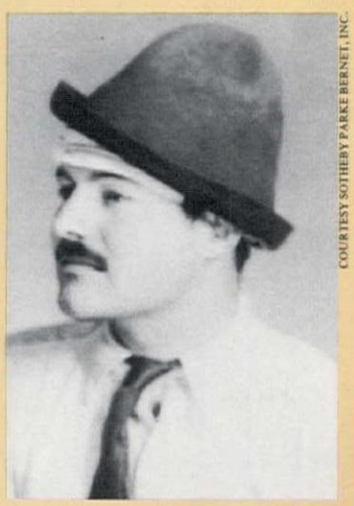
As a novelist and model of macho heroism, Ernest Hemingway does not seem to be faring too well of late; last spring, a movie based on his book *Islands in the Stream* was a box-office bust. But as a subject of biography, the deceased Papa Hemingway couldn't be doing better.

A new study of his life, Scott Donaldson's *By Force of Will*, has been published recently, following in the wake of memoirs by his widow, Mary, and by his son Gregory. And a small collection of cards and letters written by the young Hemingway to his parents was auctioned at Sotheby's in New York for $65,000, a record price paid for any Hemingway manuscript or memorabilia.

Spanning the years 1920–28, the thirty pieces of mail record changes in publishers, vacations with John Dos Passos, a divorce, and the writing of *The Sun Also Rises*. In one letter, written aboard ship to Europe in 1921, Hemingway tells of winning three boxing rounds with a middleweight from Salt Lake City. Two years later he describes attending fights in Paris with Ezra Pound, and then living with bullfighters in Spain, an experience that "will make some very fine stories some day."

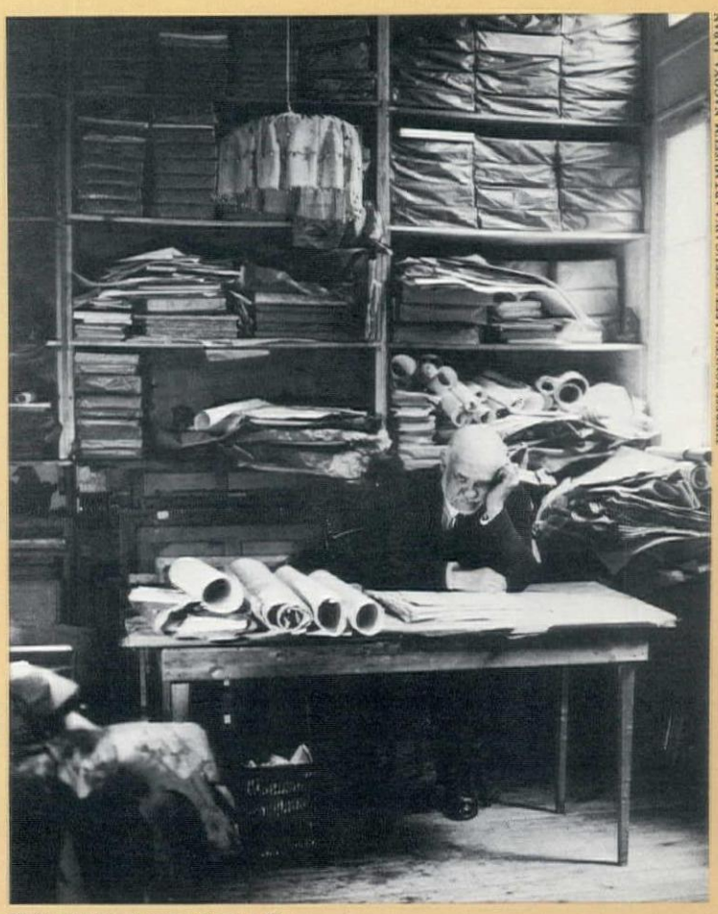
Though Hemingway scoffed at most literary critics, he always hoped his parents would come to believe in the value of his work. "I know you don't like the sort of thing I write," he wrote his father in 1927. "I *know* that I am not disgracing you in my writing but rather doing something that some day you will be proud of. I can't do it all at once."

The buyer of the correspondence, anonymous at first, was soon revealed to be Mary Hemingway, who will eventually donate the letters to the Kennedy Library in Waltham, Massachusetts.



COURTESY SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, INC.

Young Hemingway (1923), by Man Ray



THERESE BONNEY; LEFT: TOKUGAWA ART MUSEUM, NAGOYA, JAPAN

Vollard in his cluttered Paris office

He Understood Artists

Ambroise Vollard, the foremost Parisian art dealer of the early twentieth century and the man who gave Cézanne, Picasso, and Maillol their first one-man shows, is himself the subject of a current exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The show's nearly three hundred items—prints, illustrated books, and bronzes—were all commissioned by Vollard and reveal him as a vortex of the Paris art world from the 1890's until his death in 1939.

What Vollard understood—as any successful dealer must—is that artists, in order to survive, need exposure and emotional support as much as money. Maillol once said, "It is thanks to Vollard that I am able to live." At a time when most dealers and critics ignored or castigated the modernists, Vollard boldly and perceptively bought their work. His gallery on the rue Lafitte became the rendezvous for the avant-garde, and an invitation to a boisterous banquet in Vollard's cellar was highly prized among fashionable aesthetes.

A shrewd businessman, Vollard bought cheap (he got his first Cézannes for about two hundred francs apiece) and sold dear to adventurous collectors, such as H. O. Havemeyer, Gertrude and Leo Stein, and Alfred Barnes. With this fortune Vollard launched a second career as a publisher of prints and fine illustrated books. He commissioned graphics from Maurice Denis, Odilon Redon, Degas, Rouault, Bonnard, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Picasso. He also wrote biographies of his favorite artists, brought out bronze casts of sculptures by Maillol, Bonnard, Picasso, and Renoir, and found time somehow to sit for portraits.

A large, gruff, boorish fellow—who was once described as "looking like a giant ape"—he nevertheless inspired his artist friends: Picasso did a cubist study of him, Bonnard painted him as a genial host, and Renoir portrayed him as a toreador. "The most beautiful woman who ever lived," Picasso said, "never had her portrait painted, drawn, or engraved more often than Vollard."

EUROPEAN PLEASURES

Three cities have special attractions

PARIS

Six Million Visitors Can't Be Wrong

By RICHARD W. MURPHY

In the six months since it opened in Paris, the fantasy in steel and glass, known popularly as "The Gasworks" and officially as the Georges Pompidou National Center for Art and Culture, has packed in more than three million visitors—upward of twenty thousand a day. It is too early to say whether the center will restore Paris's stature as the art capital of the world, as the late French president who gave it his name hoped it would. But it has already seduced masses of people never before touched by the breath of culture, and it has given Parisians their most happily inexhaustible conversation piece of the year.

The Pompidou Center—usually called Beaubourg after the Paris neighborhood it dominates—has been variously compared to a dry dock, a roller coaster, a steel foundry, and a giant erector set. Richard Rogers, the English architect who, with his Italian partner, Renzo Piano, designed the thing, refers to it as an "easy-to-understand Meccano machine." The epithets derive from the fact that Beaubourg is a building turned inside out. What Rogers and Piano did, in effect, in designing their five-story, 570-foot-long "machine" was to support five enormous slabs of concrete on a visible steel framework and sheathe the whole thing in glass. On the outside are what Parisians delicately call the "tripes" of the building: color-coded pipes in reds, blues, yellows, and greens for the structure's heating, air conditioning, electricity, and fire control, plus generators, elevators, and stairways. On the roof Rogers and Piano positioned huge air-conditioning vents that look like the funnels of an ocean liner, and across the long façade they draped a glass-enclosed escalator, which puts some visitors in mind of an electric eel and others of a caterpillar. The result is a building so exposed that any neophyte architecture student can "read" it as easily as he scans the morning paper.

The practical advantage of the Rogers-Piano plan is that it frees the building's interior of pillars and supporting walls, leaving on each floor a vast sweep of space the size of two football fields, to be broken up according to need by movable partitions. The ideological advantage is that everybody on the outside can see what everybody on the inside is doing. The whole point of Beaubourg, says Pontus Hulten, the energetic Swedish director of the center's art museum, is that it be "open and welcoming. You'll see it as a big lamp at night and as transparent by day, as a symbol of its approachability."

Hulten and the other planners and builders of Beaubourg apparently share a conviction that art is too important to be left strictly in the hands of the art lovers. Their hope is that the center's four principal facilities—the Public Information Library, the National Museum of Modern Art, the Industrial Design Center, and the Institute for Research and Coordination Acoustics/Music—will constitute a kind of "university of the streets," where everybody will not only be welcome but also have fun. Beaubourg's mood, Hulten thinks, should be "gay, joyous, and a little bit crazy."

That mood begins to assert itself almost as soon as a visitor turns off either the boulevard Sebastopol or the rue de Rivoli, the two main arteries bordering the Beaubourg district, and begins to thread his way through the narrow streets that lead to the center. Beaubourg is one of the oldest neighborhoods of Paris, and until culture began to move in, it was one of the scruffiest. Just across the boulevard Sebastopol are the sex shops of the rue Saint-Denis, and a little farther on is the hole that was Les Halles, the old central market now moved to the suburbs. But now trees and art galleries bloom on corners where the prostitutes used to promenade and the drunks used to lounge.

The center itself occupies only one half of a broad, level, five-acre, cobblestoned reach, fringed by seventeenth-century houses, known as the Beaubourg Plateau. When the planners decided to put all of the center's facilities into one structure, instead of parceling them out, as at Manhattan's Lincoln Center, they were thinking not only of cost but also of preserving space for a plaza in which culture and the neighborhood could mix it up on amiable terms. They had in mind plays, circuses, street games, music (planned as well as impromptu), plain old gossip, and even dalliance—which, says a Beaubourg official, "is also an art."

Even before the visitor catches his first glimpse of the center's Rube Goldbergian façade, the wailing of jazz saxophones and the steady hubble-bubble of multilingual gossip reaches his ears. People of all ages dawdle in the plaza, most of them apparently unconcerned that they are giving aid and comfort to what the French Socialists have roundly condemned as a $200 million bauble of the bourgeoisie. Even traditional Paris is here, in the persons of the old ladies of the neighborhood, who wear the same long, black overcoats winter and summer and look up at Beaubourg's brazen nudity with incomprehension and blank surprise.

Within, Beaubourg has amplitude but no grandeur. Its finest vistas are offered from the escalators. The ascending visitor has the sense of soaring over the rooftops of Paris, while the plaza recedes, the jazz dwindles, and Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower, and Sacré Coeur loom into view. The mood inside is less that of a



From the top of the glass-enclosed escalator on the outside of the new Pompidou Center, you can see across Paris to the Eiffel Tower.

university of the streets than of a giant exposition or a crowded department store. At the ground level, where the Industrial Design Center is located, the air is full of the sound of piped-in music and the amplified voices of unseen guides directing the public to cultural bargains, warning of bottlenecks on the escalators, and reuniting mothers with lost children. Those elderly guards in severe blue uniforms and permanent frowns who since the Second Empire have been patrolling French museums are nowhere to be found: their places have been taken by young, pretty hostesses in smiles and blue jeans.

Beaubourg, it is plain, wants to communicate with the public. At every turn, it is forever questioning, needling, exhorting. "What is nudity?" demands a sign above a giant photo of a man and woman plunging naked into the surf. "Who runs the city?" asks a placard in an exhibition on urban development. "There is no privileged object in culture's quest and no hierarchy in its choice," intones a billboard outside a library exhibition. "Don't be narrow-minded!" snaps a huge blackboard outside an exhibition of "activist" art.

The Beaubourg facility that has been most talked about is the Museum of Modern Art, partly because it is under the authority of a Swede noted for his innovations and clearly outside the French cultural establishment. The bulk of the collection, which covers the years 1905 to the present, comes from Paris's previous modern art museum, which had long been criticized for lagging behind art trends and failing to build a sufficiently international collection. Pontus Hulten hopes that he can correct all that.

As a dedicated internationalist, Hulten is much interested in cross-cultural influences and has committed the museum to shows on the Paris–New York connection and, if possible, on the less known but almost as vital 1920's connection between Paris and Moscow. Hulten likes to point out that there are two basic approaches to exhibiting art in museums—the way of the Guggenheim Museum in New York and that of the Louvre in Paris. The Guggenheim, because of its spiral structure, forces the viewer to come to the paintings in a preconceived order, robbing him of the possibility of surprise; the Louvre lets him wander at will but gives very little guidance to the uninitiated. Hulten is trying to combine the two styles—the "linear" and the "mosaic"—by a system of modules and movable screens that guide viewers in a general direction but also give them freedom of choice. He also hopes to lure viewers to further self-education by giving them access to reference stacks in which paintings in storage can be called up at the push of a button.

The Industrial Design Center has a somewhat vague mandate but, in general, will cover fashion, architecture, product design, and visual communication—in other words, the practical aspects of life in an industrial society. This is in some ways the most gadgety part of Beaubourg. Its most popular feature so far is a data bank of thirty thousand different brands of two hundred products; a visitor can feed into the computer the characteristics he is looking for in a given product and the

computer will recommend what to buy. High on the list for future exhibitions is a study of the child and the city, a mythological and anthropological examination of the railway station, and a history of the Citroën DS.

The Institute for Research and Coordination Acoustics/Music (IRCAM) is the only major facility not yet functioning (it will open in the fall) and the only one not housed in the main building. It is located underground, beneath the plaza. In addition to studios for recording and composition, there will be a small concert hall whose ceiling can be raised and lowered to accommodate acoustically the number of instruments being played and the size of the crowd. The institute is headed by Pierre Boulez, formerly music director of the New York Philharmonic, and some say it was created in order to lure him back to Paris. Boulez plans to assemble composers, performers, and acoustical engineers to work in tandem, and hopes that out of the collaboration will grow "a sort of common language which now does not exist." The public will be invited to instrumental demonstrations and to the studios of composers to observe them at work.

By all odds the most successful part of Beaubourg so far is the Public Information Library. Parisians are not used to public libraries with the books on open shelves, and they are delighted by the innovation even though Beaubourg's books are not for circulation and are treated magnetically to "beep" if they are smuggled past the door. A variety of auditory and visual aids are available, too. There are more than 150,000 drums of color slides and twenty-five viewing machines. There are five hundred educational video tapes to be shown on closed-circuit television. There are forty listening posts for learning forty-nine languages, ranging from French and English to Wolof and Tagalog. And if a visitor is beguiled by none of these, he can pass his time sitting in an armchair listening through headphones to any one of ten thousand records and cassettes. "It's the first time," says a librarian, "that I've ever seen Frenchmen in a library looking at ease."

The planners say that they do not yet know the limits of the machine they have been given. Their idea is that Beaubourg is not so much a completed building as a kind of vibrant framework to which they can screw gadgets as they need them, or perhaps bolt on an idea or two. Inevitably there have been complaints, ranging from the fairly important to the trivial. The lighting in the museum, which was supposed to be some of the best in the world, is plain bad—nobody has learned how to balance the artificial lighting with the daylight flooding in. The animated Jean Tinguely sculpture on the terrace makes such a grating sound that the whole neighborhood has complained. More seriously, there are those who feel that Beaubourg, with all its money and influence, will monopolize the French cultural scene and impoverish the artistic life of the provinces. And there are those who question whether all these expensive facilities rubbing shoulders will really enrich each other.

The most remarkable fact to date is, of course, the attendance. The Eiffel Tower draws one million visitors a year, the Louvre two million. At its present rate, Beaubourg will be deluged by some six million annually.



In the plaza in front of the Beaubourg, a crowd waits to enter as children play on a slide and climb a rope course (under tent). Strolling musicians, fire-eaters, and other unscheduled entertainers make this one of the liveliest spots in Paris.

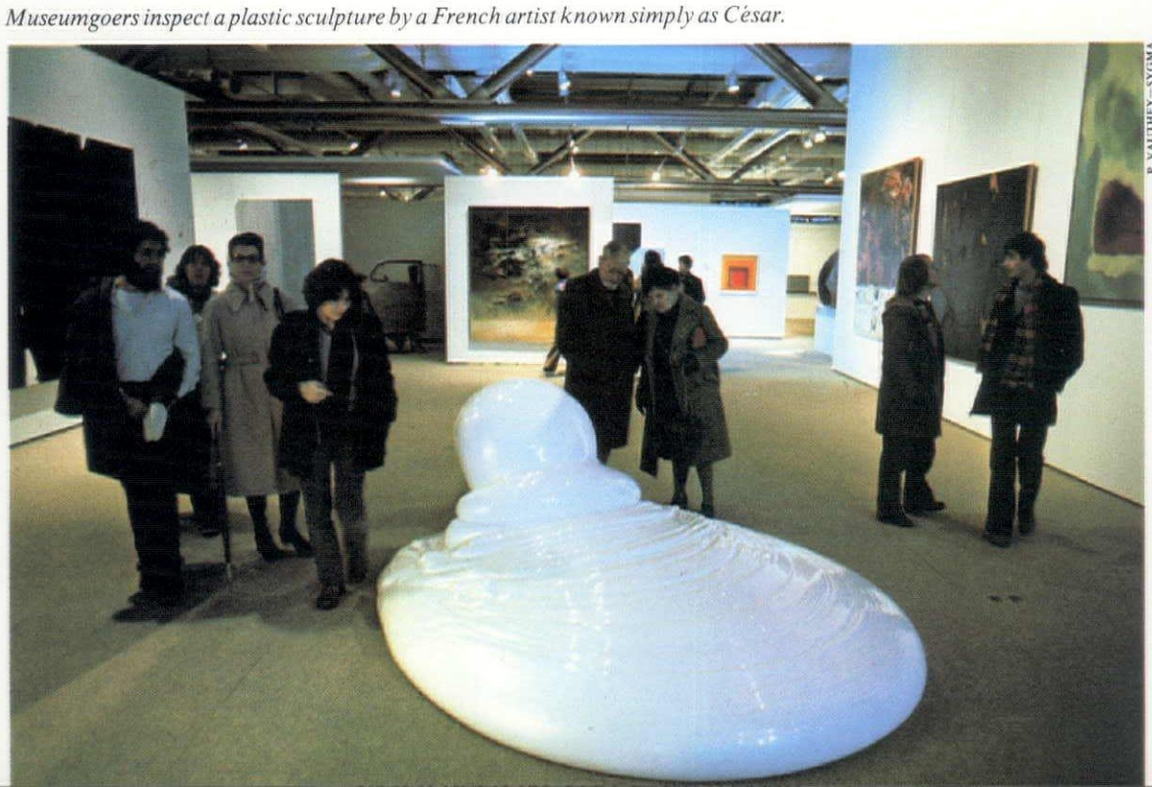
Still, for all its problems and immensity, what is most impressive about Beaubourg is its human scale. The favorite story of the librarians is about the old man who came in shortly after the place opened and went to the information desk. Chouchou was home dead in the refrigerator, he confided to a startled librarian, and he was seeking a way to conserve what he could of a friendship that had lasted fourteen years. Could the Pompidou Center advise him how to stuff a cat?

Nobody ever asked how to stuff a cat, they add, at the Bibliothèque Nationale. □

Richard W. Murphy is an American correspondent in Paris.

REMY POINOT, PARIS

Museumgoers inspect a plastic sculpture by a French artist known simply as César.



P. VAUTHEY—SYGMA

MARC RIBOUD—MAGNUM



American superrealism in the Beaubourg: Chuck Close's painting Richard, *and Duane Hanson's* Bowery Bums

LEONARD FREED—MAGNUM



In a city that over the years has grown increasingly chauvinistic about art, Beaubourg is emphatically international. The chief architects (below) are both foreigners—Renzo Piano is Italian and Richard Rogers is English—and among the twenty-four architects working under them, eleven nationalities were represented. The art collection itself, under the direction of a Swedish curator, K. G. Pontus Hulten, is also international. For the period covering the last thirty years, there is more American painting and sculpture in the collection than the art of any other nation, including France. The work of Marcel Duchamp, the French painter who spent most of his adult life in New York, and the sculpture (opposite) of Alexander Calder, another Franco-American, were exhibited at the museum's opening. And for the future, Hulten is planning shows featuring Icelandic conceptual art and paintings by a German superrealist, Gerhard Richter.

JACQUES MINASSIAN—VIVA



The architects: Piano (left) and Rogers

Nikki de St. Phalle's papier-mâché giant, Waldaff*; Andy Warhol's familiar Brillo boxes*

Calder stabiles in the plaza: touching and climbing are encouraged.

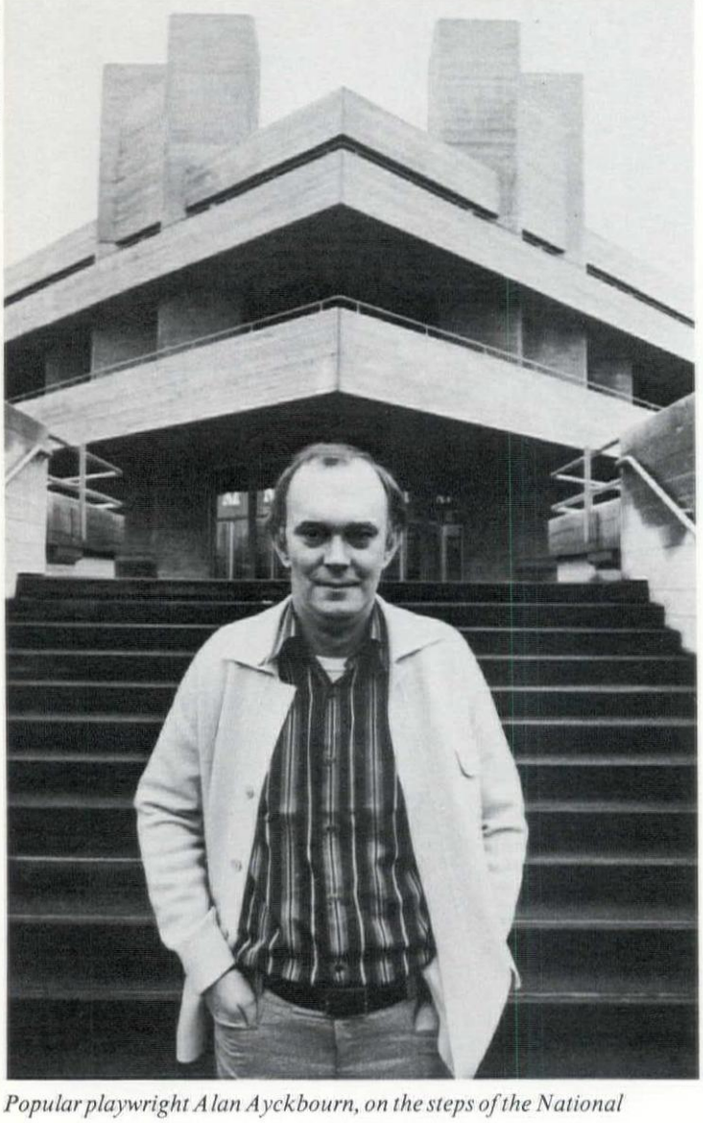


LONDON

Britannia Rules the Stage
(and sends it to Broadway)

By MEL GUSSOW

After more than a hundred years of promises and persistence on the part of Englishmen from Laurence Olivier to Winston Churchill, Britain's $33 million home for its leading repertory company, the National Theatre, is complete and fully open to the public. The event coincides with the Queen's Silver Jubilee, which means a double celebration and an extraordinary convocation of tourists in London this summer. The Jubilee is a nostalgic occasion, a brief chance to relive the circumstance and pomp of Britain's imperial days. The National is an enduring monument to the part of the world that England still rules—the stage—and the cornerstone structure in the most important theatrical city in the world. Enhanced by its completion, London's theatres are likely to be focal points of the city's social and cultural life this season.



NOBBY CLARK—CAMERA PRESS

Popular playwright Alan Ayckbourn, on the steps of the National

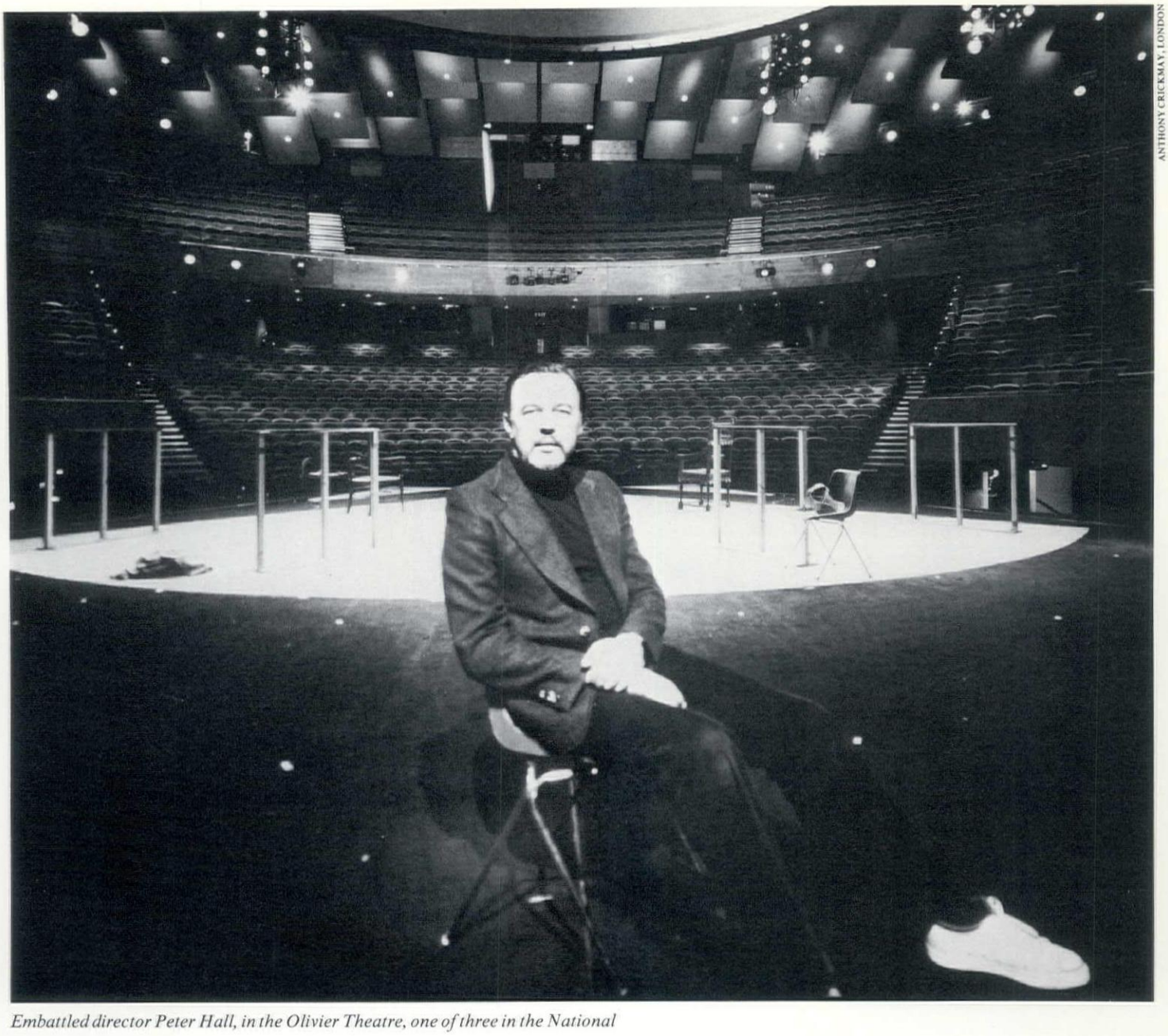
Nestled next to Waterloo Bridge, down the Thames from the Royal Festival Hall and the National Film Theatre, the new National commands a magnificent vista of London's historic architecture—from Saint Paul's Cathedral to Big Ben—sites that seem particularly awesome after sunset, as the city turns on its lights. From across the river, the National, with its cantilevered terraces, looks like a pile of concrete boxes. But if the outside is gray and drably modern, the inside is varied, spacious, and comfortable.

Three different theatres are featured here. Chief among them is the Olivier, a modern version of a classic Greek amphitheatre, with an open revolving stage and 1,160 seats arranged in a fan-shaped space. The Lyttleton, which opened last year, is a traditional proscenium theatre, with 890 seats and a wide curtained stage. The Cottlesloe, with a maximum of 400 seats, is the smallest and most adaptable space, a rectangular stage that is informally referred to as "the bear pit." This is the company's experimental studio.

Interconnecting hallways provide ample room to stroll, and there is a galaxy of bars, cafeterias, and restaurants with quick service and immediate access to the theatres. In contrast to Broadway, which has always seemed uneasy about mixing drinks during intermissions, British theatre bartenders pride themselves on their deftness. The National is also air-conditioned. During a heat wave it is the coolest theatre—and one of the coolest buildings—in London. Quite often before show time there are free concerts of chamber music as well as exhibitions of art and photography. The building's architect, Denys Lasdun, thinks that the public spaces—lobby, walks, and terraces—could potentially serve as a fourth theatre. "The National Theatre is not a temple," he has said. It is a place not only to present plays, but for people to come together.

The National's artistic director is Peter Hall, who formerly headed the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Britain's other major theatre company. Hall entered office in 1973, replacing Laurence Olivier, who founded the National in 1963 as an extension of the historic Old Vic, its original home. Though Hall came vowing change—a revolution in the palace—he has encountered considerable criticism in his first year as director. Perhaps in recognition of the more conventional tastes of its new, expanded public, the company has tended to be timid, challenging its audiences only infrequently.

One of the biggest current successes, for instance, is Alan Ayckbourn's *Bedroom Farce*, a comedy dealing with the entanglements of four couples in three bedrooms. Ayckbourn is probably Britain's favorite living playwright, his country's Neil Simon, and since any of his works would be at home among the commercial theatrical fare on the West End (a step away from Broadway), the National has been chided for playing it safe. The response: Why shouldn't the country's prime theatre recognize



ANTHONY CRICKMAY, LONDON

Embattled director Peter Hall, in the Olivier Theatre, one of three in the National

the country's most popular playwright? Besides, this is only one of a wide range of plays in the company's repertoire.

Another current new work is *State of Revolution*, a play about Lenin and Trotsky (in which Gorki also appears) written by another popular dramatist, Robert Bolt. In seeking diversity, Hall's staff has also been studying the history of Western theatre. One definite discovery is *Tales from the Vienna Woods*, written in 1931 by a Hungarian, Ödön von Horváth, and newly translated. Kate Nelligan, a rising British actress, stars as a woman of principle in conflict with Austrian society.



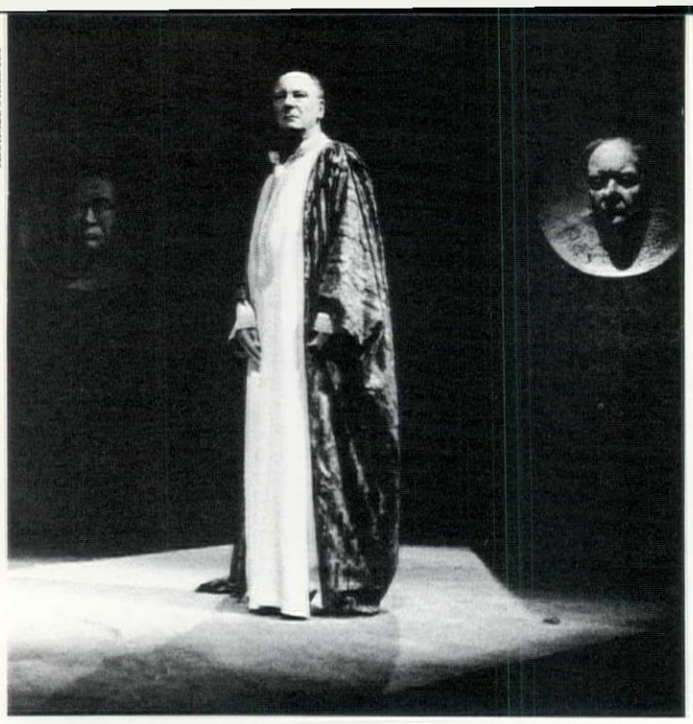
© JILL KREMENTZ

Emerging playwright Michael Frayn, at home in London

As suits a landmark, the National is a place to see Britain's finest actors in repertory, performing leading roles one night, featured roles the next. This summer's knights in residence are Paul Scofield and John Gielgud. Scofield is playing the title role in Ben Jonson's *Volpone* as well as a leading character in a revival of *Madras House*, Harley Granville Barker's 1910 play about women's rights. Gielgud plays a supporting part in *Volpone*—Sir Politick Would-Be—and the title role in John Schlesinger's production of *Julius Caesar*.

Three plays are currently in repertory at the Cottlesloe: *Strawberry Fields*, by twenty-four-year-old Stephen Poliakoff; *The Passion*, drawn from the York mystery plays about the Passion of Christ; and *Four to One*, a new play by Gawn Grainger, an experienced actor. The National not only performs plays, it commissions them, presents revivals, and also

MICHAEL CHILDERS



John Gielgud in the title role of Julius Caesar



Michael Gough and Joan Hickson in Ayckbourn's Bedroom Farce

JOHN HAYNES; ABOVE: ANTHONY CRICKMAY, LONDON



welcomes visiting companies from England's provinces as well as from Western Europe—an ambitious program, indeed.

Similarly ambitious are the plans of its rival company, the Royal Shakespeare, led by Trevor Nunn. This season the RSC is expanding its program—defying the shaky state of the pound and the limited government support of the arts. In addition to its main London theatre, the Aldwych, in the Strand, and its home at Stratford-upon-Avon, the RSC will be in residence at a new, smaller theatre based in a warehouse near Covent Garden. All of last year's Stratford repertoire will come to London. Joining six plays by Shakespeare will be Ibsen's *Pillars of the Community* with Ian McKellen and Judi Dench, Brecht's *Days of the Commune,* and a new play, David Edgar's *Destiny.* In the smaller theatre, the RSC will present seven plays, including the works of three modern playwrights—Edward Bond, Howard Barker, and Steve Gooch.

On the West End, London's Broadway, a densely populated district where theatres alternate with pubs and restaurants, the specialty seems to be endless runs of commercial plays. Agatha Christie's *Mousetrap* is in its twenty-fifth year, and *No Sex Please—We're British* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* are entering middle age. But costs are less prohibitive in London than in New York, and the commercial theatre is more flexible. Short runs are feasible. Not everything has to be a blockbuster. There are innovative new dramas as well as creaky farces, one-man shows, classic revivals, and nude revues.

The top productions of institutional theatres often transfer here—such as the RSC's *Wild Oats,* an eighteenth-century Irish comedy written by John O'Keefe and starring Alan Howard. Great stars come home for a run or two—this may be the season to see Glenda Jackson (in a new play called *Stevie* by Hugh Whitemore), Robert Morley (in the aged *Banana Ridge* by Ben Travers), and Deborah Kerr (in *Candida*). The works of promising playwrights are showcased, often after an introductory run at the Hampstead Theatre or at one of a group of subsidized theatres called the fringe—Britain's Off-Off Broadway. Current immigrants from the Hampstead are Michael Frayn, a novelist and former journalist who is represented, triumphantly, by *Donkey's Years*, a comedy about a reunion of Oxford and Cambridge graduates, and by *Clouds*; and Pam Gems, author of the critically acclaimed *Dusa, Fish, Stas & Vi*, a play about a quartet of women living without men.

Finally, there are hits. *Side by Side by Sondheim*, originally one of the evenings of theatre songs presented at the convivial Mermaid Theatre across the Thames from the National, is now thriving on the West End. So are Simon Gray's prize-winning *Otherwise Engaged* and Tom Stoppard's *Dirty Linen*. All three shows have also been playing in New York. Theatregoers in London have a chance to be one step ahead of Broadway—or, on the other hand, to be one step behind. The most popular musical in London is an American work, *A Chorus Line*, now with an English company. □

Mel Gussow is a drama critic for the New York Times.

Warren Clarke in Horváth's Tales from the Vienna Woods

Rising layer upon concrete layer from the south bank of the Thames, the new National Theatre looks forbidding on the outside, but the inside, enlivened by people, is casual and warm. The three resident theatres are deliberately small-scale; even in the largest, the Olivier, no viewer is more than sixty-five feet from the stage. Actors have the best facilities: large rehearsal areas, air-conditioned dressing rooms, computer-controlled lights. Visitors may dress informally, attend free concerts in the hallways, dine, drink, and pay only about four dollars for a theatre ticket.



MARVIN LICHTNER—LEE GROSS, INC.; BELOW: ANTHONY CRICKMAY, LONDON

The National Theatre



Side attractions at the National: a restaurant (top left), a concert in the foyer

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS: DAN BUDNIK—WOODFIN CAMP



One way to get around and make noise

ROME

Shopping Includes People-watching and Pauses for Coffee and Fountains

Of course, you can do your Roman shopping in New York, now that Fifth Avenue is lined with such shops as Valentino, Gucci, Buccellati, and Ferragamo, but the Eternal City itself, especially the district around the Spanish Steps, remains one of the world's most dazzling emporiums. And now that the lira wavers between decline and fall, the prices even in Rome's de luxe shops are—well, not cheap, but at least tempting.

Still more tempting is the experience itself, for in the quest after loot the barbarians are led down narrow streets that yield unexpected delights. The pavement takes a jog and there, suddenly, is the Fountain of Trevi, splashing and gurgling within a square far more cramped than any picture ever suggested. Or, taking a rest in a café, the tired shopper looks up to discover the Pantheon just across the way.

The *passeggiata*, that leisurely stroll Italians like to take after five or five-thirty, has inevitable links to shopping, since Romans are eager to show off their most recently acquired clothes while looking for more. They are surely, taken as a whole, the most clothes-conscious people in the world, and on their list of virtues *ben vestito* ("well dressed") comes right after *simpatico* ("congenial").

These days the well-dressed may not be the very rich, who are fearful (with good reason) of kidnapers and have parked their Ferraris in France, their children in London, and their furs in storage. When in Rome they wear plain cloth coats and carry their money in their pockets, for purse and fur snatchers are a nagging problem.

But the joys of shopping in Rome far outweigh the perils, and for Americans, who usually drive to shop in their own country, walking is part of the fun. The area around the Spanish Steps, closed to cars, is a pedestrian's paradise. Starting at the top, in front of the fifteenth-century church Trinità dei Monti, you descend the 137 steps to the Piazza di Spagna, passing the house where John Keats died in 1821. Threading your way through sightseers, hippies selling junk jewelry, and young people just hanging out, you'll face the entrance to one of Rome's most elegant strips, the Via Condotti. On the right corner of the street is Emilia Bellini, whose products still reflect the ancient—but dying—traditions of fine Italian embroidery. Across the street is

The Via Condotti, home of Gucci, Ferragamo, and Bulgari





A woodcarver in his workshop north of the Piazza di Spagna



Conversation amid wicker and straw on a side street near the Pantheon



Pigs' heads and sausages in a Campo dei Fiore market

the fabled headquarters of Gucci, an imposing two-story shop sporting as its insignia a pair of opposed *G*s, their curved backs interlocked like the arms of Roman couples sauntering on the streets. You'll find hordes inside, of course (Gucci is especially popular with the Japanese these days), but the merchandise is still worthy of the extraordinary attention it commands.

Next door is Bulgari, jeweler to jet setters, and farther down the street is Buccellati, the master goldsmith. Also on the Via Condotti are Valentino Più ("Valentino Plus"), which features household accessories, Mila Schön's dress shop, and two shoe stores, Ferragamo and Fra Giacomo, which sell Italian shoes as lean as greyhounds and as soft as chocolate bars left out in the sun. And in the eighteenth-century Caffè Greco, once the gathering place of foreign artists, beautiful young Romans come to sip coffee and show off their expensive clothes.

Not far from the Via Condotti is the Via Babuino, the street of antique shops, which you can stroll along until you reach the traffic-choked Piazza del Popolo. Despite its frantic pace, it has one of the best restaurants in Italy, Il Bolognese (in honor of Bologna, Italy's culinary mecca). If you sit outside under an awning, you can survey the scene of sputtering Fiats going round the obelisk in the center of the piazza.

After lunch you may want to retire to your hotel or climb up to the Pincio, the huge park just above the Piazza del Popolo, until the shops reopen in the late afternoon. Then, descend the Spanish Steps again but this time turn left onto Via Borgognona, which, if anything, is even more posh than Via Condotti. It, too, is closed to traffic, and the merchants sometimes unroll a green carpet over its cobblestones to cushion the feet of clients frequenting Fendi (furs and leather accessories), the men's stores of Carlo Palazzi, Testa, and Filippo, and Tatum and Verdemela (children's clothes).

If you become glutted with consumption and long for people-watching, walk to the Piazza Navona, a large plaza built upon the ruins of the emperor Domitian's stadium, which may give you the fluttering feeling you're on stage. And indeed you are, for Romans have a theatrical sense of public life, and here a huge chorus of extras (itinerant artists, lay-abouts, idle office workers, prostitutes, and respectable families out for a stroll) revolves around the principal players, the statues in Bernini's Fountain of the Rivers.

Once soothed by the sound of splashing water, you can poke your nose into the shops on the Via Montegiordano and the Via del Governo Vecchio, where antiques are restored or imitated, and everywhere you hear the din of hammers and saws and smell wax and glue. Just off the Piazza Navona in another direction are the straw shops of the Via dei Sediari, and farther on you come to the Piazza S. Eustachio, where the local bar serves the best coffee in town.

Stand there at the bar, order your thimbleful of espresso, sweeten it with two sugars, and toss it off typically in a single gulp. Refreshed, you can resume your looting of the city's treasure of goods and sights. Although Rome has been giving itself away to foreigners for centuries, its supply will continue to exceed your demand. □

Shoppers on the way home pass a men's store on the Via Frattina.


PC
BONSE

America after Viet Nam

Some bitterness about the war remains,
but the predictions of continuing national
tensions have not come true.
The reasons are many, and peculiarly American

In his novel *Slaughterhouse Five,* Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., imagined a moment of miraculous healing. Everything in war went backward, like a reversed film: bombs magically recombined themselves and sailed upward into the bellies of the airplanes that had dropped them. The planes flew home backward; there factory workers and scientists labored to disassemble the steel and explosives and bury them in the earth where they would be forever harmless.

It is a sentimental fantasy, but there was a kind of variation on it this spring. A commission led by the head of the United Auto Workers, Leonard Woodcock, traveled to Hanoi to talk about Americans missing in action, about future relations between the United States and Viet Nam. Millions of tons of American bomb fragments remained dispersed throughout the Indochinese landscape. But the Vietnamese displayed some strange artifacts of the found objects of war: brass vases fashioned from artillery shells, combs cut from the skins of shot-down American B-52s. In Hanoi, grass was growing over the ubiquitous curbside bomb shelters. Loud-speakers once used to warn of air attacks now announced the arrival of produce at the vegetable market.

In the United States, too, a remarkable, though extremely complicated process of healing has occurred. Considering the destructive passions detonated during the sixties and early seventies by the war in Viet Nam, the nation seems to have emerged not only changed and chastened but also somewhat healthier than anyone would have predicted —except, of course, for the 56,948 dead and the 303,704 wounded.

In an odd way, ambiguity and indirection have been among the best healers. The war itself was a phenomenon of deep moral fogs, of illusions and incredibly primitive cultural misunderstandings. For Americans, the war even required three endings. The first two were done with mirrors: the legerdemain of Kissinger's "Peace is at hand" in November, 1972, and the Paris "peace" accords early in 1973. Finally, in spring, 1975, came the eerie final days when South Viet Nam collapsed in strange slow-motion, like an apartment building felled by a demolition crew. Actually there are some who did not believe the war was really over until this spring, two years later, when they saw a newspaper photograph of Jane Fonda presiding over a Hollywood awards banquet. She was wearing a strapless evening gown.

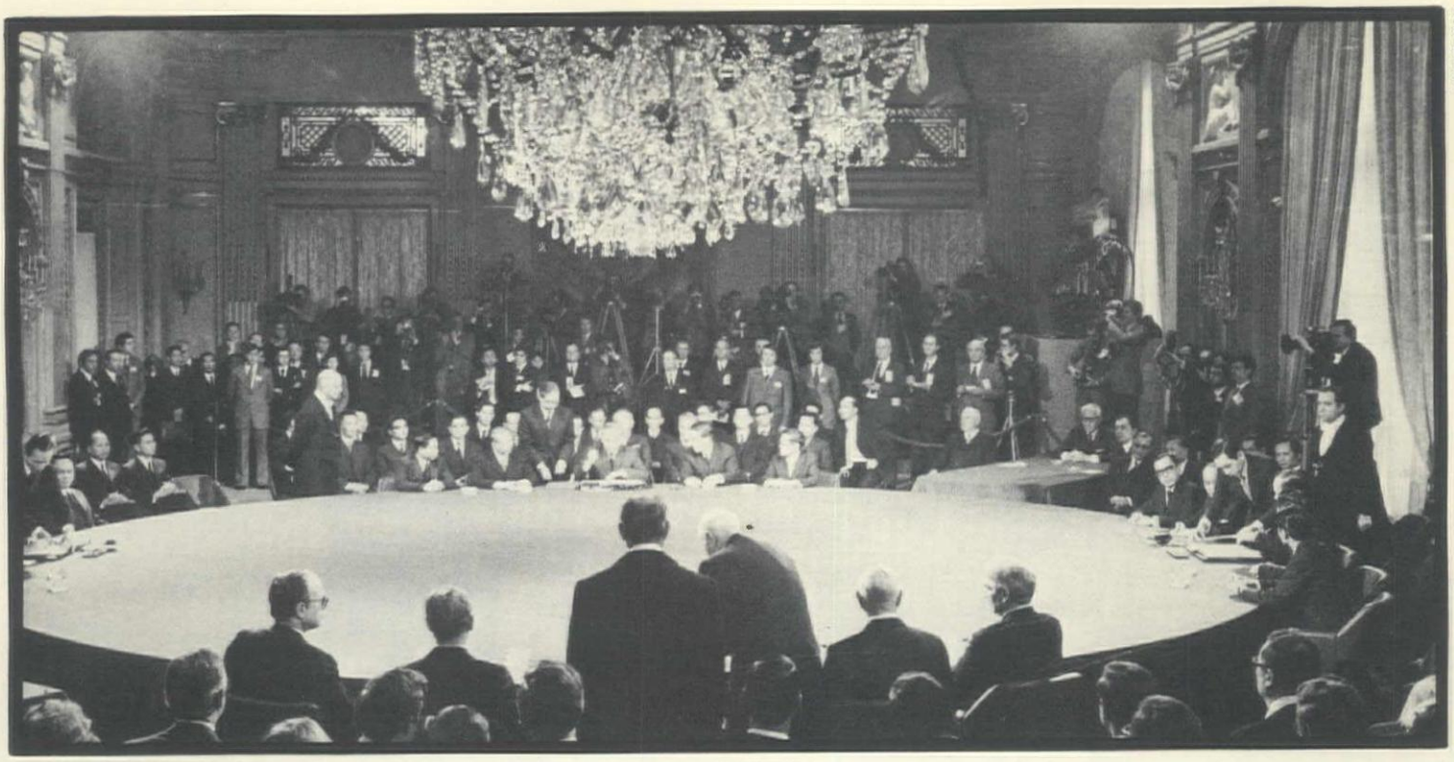
Many factors have helped to soothe the American psyche:

- The United States only ambiguously "lost" its longest war. Gillespie "Sonny" Montgomery, a Mississippi congressman who was always hawkish on the war but went to Hanoi with the Woodcock



PHILIP JONES GRIFFITHS—MAGNUM

U.S. air cavalrymen in the highlands of South Viet Nam, 1968



WIDE WORLD

U.S. and Vietnamese representatives sign the Paris peace accord, January 27, 1973.

commission, insists: "We didn't really lose it. They didn't overrun us or push us into the sea. We just fought the war in such a strange way." That is—in a familiar theme—the United States did not fight the war to win it. But, says Montgomery, "it's an issue that's past now. Americans always want to move on to other things."

• If the United States had "won" the war, recriminations at home might have been far more voluble than when Saigon fell. By 1971, a Harris poll showed that 65 per cent of Americans—a substantial majority—believed that "the war is morally wrong."

• The predicted "blood bath" in South Viet Nam did not occur. It is only in the last few months that some reports out of Viet Nam have given a sinister picture of life since the Communist victory. The French journal *L'Express* published an account by André Gelinas, a French-Canadian Catholic priest who settled in Viet Nam in 1948 and was finally expelled a year ago. Says Gelinas: "The methods, the doctrine and very weight of the police and bureaucratic apparatus [in the South now] are entirely Russian." He describes a life of misery, constant surveillance, propaganda, arbitrary arrests and executions, imprisonments, and exile to remote areas.

• The Nixon-Kissinger overtures to China and Russia gave Americans a different—if somewhat confused—perspective on Viet Nam. The excursions to Moscow and Peking eased the nation's anxieties about Communist threats while simultaneously contributing to a sense that Viet Nam had, after all, become enveloped in some absurd, murderous logic outside the ordinary process of foreign policy.

• The recession and the energy shortage refocused American attention, constricting it to narrower, immediate concerns at home.

In a generally unappreciated way, the crisis of Watergate did as much as anything to reunite Americans. It was not simply that the abuses of Watergate—the "plumbers," for example—originated in Nixonian fears about the antiwar forces. "Watergate and the war," says Kenneth Keniston, a professor of psychology at MIT, "were psychologically linked." Watergate provided a symbolic release. It became a kind of domestic consolidation of long-accumulated grievances. In Watergate, the war was laundered of ideology; the question was not foreign policy or anticommunism, but ethical conduct and abuse of power. Thus, the U.S. Congress, which could never bring itself to a consensus about Viet Nam, was grinding surely toward impeachment when Richard Nixon resigned.

All analyses of the healing of America assume that it was deeply wounded in Viet Nam. Many journalists and other observers of the United States during the period do not believe that Americans were all that profoundly affected by the war. Gloria Emerson, who covered Viet Nam for the *New York Times* from 1970 to 1972 and then wrote a post-mortem on the war called *Winners and Losers,* declares: "The country was not particularly shattered by the war—so it is not surprising that a healing is occurring now. We are an inattentive and self-absorbed people. I suppose that inattentiveness is also a protection of sorts."

Ward Just, who covered the war for the Washington *Post,* believes that the United States is divided into "two nations where Viet Nam is concerned—those deeply touched by what happened there (a minority) and those not affected (a very large majority)." Just remembers visiting a Lake Forest, Illinois, country club to give a lecture after he had been wounded in Viet Nam. The audience's questions betrayed an astonishing ignorance. "They had simply tuned out the war," says Just.

In many ways, there was something



A militant faction of the Viet Nam Veterans Against the War, 1972

profoundly dishonest about what was happening in America during the war. It was not just that Lyndon Johnson lied or that Richard Nixon conducted a secret war in Cambodia. There was another kind of fraudulence. It was primarily the children of the working class and the ghettos who were fighting and dying in Viet Nam. Only one in eight of the young men eligible was actually called upon to serve; those who got caught were unable or unwilling to use strategies to dodge the draft. "It was a poor kid's war," says Ward Just, "a class war."

Playwright Lillian Hellman told Gloria Emerson: "We've already forgotten Viet Nam. It's as far back as Korea, except for the poor bastards who were hurt." As poet Robert Lowell sardonically wrote:

> Life by definition must breed on change.
> Each season we scrap old cars and wars and women.

There have been few experiences in American history that the people so eagerly wished to forget, to escape. Americans, traditionally trained in an extraordinary idealism, perhaps hated the war most of all because of how badly it made them think of themselves. A winning stance might have made a difference. But as it was, the war would not let them alone; it roared out of their television sets at dinnertime and went into their blood streams.

The war, of course, was not an isolated event. The decade between 1965 and 1975 was as densely compacted as any in American history. In the first half of 1968, for example, came the Tet offensive (which persuaded many Americans the war had been lost), the abdication of Lyndon Johnson, the assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy. In those years, magazine editors learned to prepare articles in April or May trying to calculate just how long and how hot the summer would be in the American ghettos.

As Keniston wrote in 1971: "No event in this decade was more significant than the rise of a youthful opposition—a dissenting order of the young, a counterculture of the educated, privileged children of the American dream, who found the society they were to inherit failing and flawed." One social analyst said the student unrest of the period was the emerging "class warfare" of postindustrial society. The air crackled with countercultural rage, the rigadoons of the SDS, the Yippies' circus horns. "We are the future!" wrote Abbie Hoffman. A rock group called the Doors declared with a spirit that in 1977 seems merely touching: "We want the world and we want it NOW."

The youth "revolution" blurred into many others—the "sexual revolution," the uprisings of blacks, the drug culture, the disintegration of families. For a time it seemed that the nation was in what novelist Thomas Pynchon called "the orbiting ecstasy of a true paranoia." Somewhere in all this, Viet Nam was both a cause and an excuse.

It charged the air with an obscene excitement of violence and atrocity. In wartime, all rules are suspended. This was especially true in Viet Nam, which was, as Keniston remarks, "an exceptionally ugly war" both for those at home and for those who fought it. In Viet Nam, the GIs felt detested and threatened by the people they had allegedly come to save. Sadistic fantasies played themselves out. One correspondent recalls a Marine captain who told of shooting some Vietnamese women, then painstakingly plaiting their hair and hanging them up by their braids from the branches of trees. As he spoke, the Marine was gently stroking the hair of his Vietnamese mistress.

So, too, at home rules and orders broke down. A number of American institutions were shaken. Universities lost or sometimes simply abdicated their authority. Many rushed to abolish grading, to involve students in decision making, in fact, to join the young in their

assault upon the Establishment.

"To survive, we must fight," one battle cry had it. But in the last several years, it has been the colleges and universities themselves that have had to fight for survival. Tuitions have risen sharply and small colleges have closed at an alarming rate. This spring, for example, Briarcliff College, a small women's school just north of New York City, fell victim to its debts and was turned over to the sprawling Pace University. Briarcliff's departing president, Josiah Bunting III, a former Rhodes scholar and an officer in Viet Nam, wrote of the war in a novel called *The Lionheads.*

Today, says Bunting, "the students have turned inward, they have lost their idealism. Their idea now is to get ahead, to get jobs. They are utilitarian. The war, McGovern's defeat, Watergate, the recession—all these remind me of what Disraeli said about Gladstone's ministers: 'a range of exhausted volcanoes.' " Kenneth Keniston says that "in the students' new careerism, I detect an underlying despair. If, as happened with the sixties' generation, you are brought up believing in the ideals of America and suddenly learn they are not so, then your reaction is indignation and anger—and action. But if, as with the present generation, you grow up with the war and government corruption, you are much more cynical, less apt to be indignant. Corruption seems like the weather—you can't do much about it."

In any case, political activity on most campuses has all but vanished. Fort Lauderdale merchants this spring were celebrating what they called the youths' return to "beer and broads." At Columbia, where every available wall was once spray painted with the graffiti of revolution, an American flag flew over the well-tended campus lawn. The students actually kept off the grass where they were asked to. In Hamilton Hall, a building that was part of the 1968 radicals' occupation, the only political poster asked for votes for a candidate for president of his class: "He Was a Founder of the Cabaret!"

Like the universities, the army was severely shaken by Viet Nam. In the worst days of the war, officers were being "fragged" in their tents or shot in the back by enraged enlisted men. The grunts were smoking marijuana and shooting heroin in the field, and coming back to what they called "the world" with crippling drug habits. A rapidly raised conscript army of predominantly working-class and ghetto young men, with no clear popular will behind them in a bewildering war ten thousand miles away, can be expected to bend and break the boundaries of military discipline. Meantime, ROTC recruiters were being angrily forced off campuses.

Eventually the lottery draft system did away with the deferments that had protected the children of the middle and upper middle classes. It was not a long step from there to the all-volunteer army, which was begun in 1973. Since the war, the army and other services seem to have made a sound recovery. It is true that they lost some of their best young officers in the war; many were killed, many quit in disgust. Today, the volunteer army is expensive, especially in terms of salaries and recruitment costs. But with no war and no conscription, the tension is gone.

Many have worried that the voluntary army would become a kind of mercenary force made up of a disproportionately high number of poor blacks in what one writer has called "economic conscription." It is true that the proportion of blacks to whites among enlisted men is higher than in the population as a whole. By September of last year, in the services overall 16.9 per cent of the enlisted personnel were black. At the same time, 3.5 per cent of the officers were black. In the army, more than 24 per cent of the enlisted people were black. Further-



LEONARD FREED—MAGNUM

Hard-hats rally in support of the war, New York, 1970.

more, some combat units are as much as 40 or 50 per cent black.

According to Martin Binkman of the Brookings Institute, however, at a time of high black unemployment it is difficult for either blacks or white liberals to complain much about those numbers. The army has a particular dilemma where black officers are concerned. Normally, the services seek college graduates for such jobs. But black college graduates can usually find much better opportunities in the civilian market.

Viet Nam veterans and their families are the Americans who will feel the traumas of Viet Nam the longest. Especially the wounded. There are oddities in this. Soldiers in Viet Nam received the best and fastest medical care of any soldiers in the history of warfare. Medevac helicopters could have a severely wounded man in the hands of a skilled surgeon sometimes within minutes. As a result, many men who might have died in other wars have survived—but many thousands of them came home without arms and legs, or otherwise badly damaged. In what he hopes will be a conciliatory appointment, President Carter named a triple amputee from Viet Nam, Max Cleland, to head the Veterans Administration.

These have not been the best years of their lives. Part of what hurt them worst was psychological, living in a kind of limbo of unforgiveness. Says Stuart Feldman, a consultant who has worked on behalf of Viet Nam veterans: "What they lack is absolution. They came home to no welcoming parades. They were made to feel guilty for what they had done." Giovanni Pacheco, a Chicano who did two tours in Indochina with the Green Berets, told William Greider of the Washington *Post:* "If you come home and get a pat on the back, you're willing to forget all the bad stuff. When you come back and you get a lot of crap, guys saying you were a fool to go, guys saying you're a murderer, you can't put it away, it's impossible to forget."

In his book, *Born on the Fourth of July,* Ron Kovic, a Viet vet from Massapequa, Long Island, who is paralyzed from the chest down, wrote about growing up on Audie Murphy in *To Hell and Back* and John Wayne in *The Sands of Iwo Jima.* After he was wounded, Kovic wrote home that "I am hurt pretty bad but I have done it for America and it is worth it." His book is one long scream that it was *not* worth it, never was. Kovic joined the Viet Nam Veterans Against the War and propelled his wheelchair angrily up and down the lines of protest.

Many veterans speak bitterly now about the way that they have been portrayed in television dramas. For years, crime shows have used Viet Nam veterans as drugged, drunk, or deranged villains. Curiously, few movies have been made about Viet Nam, perhaps because Hollywood was not quite sure what it—and its audiences—thought of the war. Some years ago, John Wayne made *The Green Berets,* a depressing and inept piece of pro-army propaganda, which even located the South China Sea in the wrong place. A few movies—like *R.P.M.*—attempted to describe the uprisings in the universities at home.

Now, however, many film makers are taking the war as their subject. Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* treats Viet Nam as a variation on Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness.* Ron Kovic's *Born on the Fourth of July* is being filmed, and Jane Fonda is starring in a veteran's story called *Coming Home.* These films may give a more sympathetic view of what the American soldier experienced in Viet Nam.

Josiah Bunting believes one overall effect of the war was "to call into question the powers of political rationality in dealing with great issues. Intellectuality was equated with arrogance, an inability to admit defeat. So now, there is a dangerous mistrust of applied brainpower." Colorado's Senator Gary Hart, who worked as George McGovern's campaign manager in 1972, expresses similar regrets. "The war, and the assassinations of the sixties," he says, "altered dramatically the average citizen's atti-



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College students in Fort Lauderdale, spring, 1977



DICK SWANSON—*People Weekly* © TIME INC.

Viet Nam veteran Max Cleland now heads the V.A.

tude toward government. That is a bad thing. I like American idealism, and it has been destroyed. We have seen the Europeanization of the United States."

And yet, as Hart admits, "it was Jimmy Carter's genius to sense how badly after Watergate and Viet Nam the Americans wanted to recover their innocence and idealism." The odd thing is that America, after a decade that supposedly bred so much cynicism into them, voted in 1976 for a man campaigning on the sweet, rather soft line: "Trust me. I will never lie to you." That Americans elected Carter is a sign of either naiveté or intuitive daring. There is no doubt, however, that Carter's election represented a sign of vigor—of a people in their two hundredth year who were taking a chance, and looking forward rather than back.

Carter in the opening months of his administration acted to change Americans' *idea* of a president. He divested himself of some of the decorations and paraphernalia of the Imperial Presidency. The question remained what he would do with the actual powers of the presidency. It was there that the world would see whether American policy making had been impaired or otherwise changed by Viet Nam. Would the United States become what Richard Nixon feared: a "pitiful, helpless giant"? The war certainly complicated the considerations a president would have to weigh before attempting any kind of foreign intervention. Some say Viet Nam crippled the American capacity to act, that it prevented, for example, any American move in Angola.

So fragmented was the United States by the war in Viet Nam that now the survivors are all in various stages of bitterness or indifference or good will and convalescence. Among many soldiers of the antiwar movement is a doleful sense of aftermath—as if they had given away their youths to an absorbing, passionate cause, like the "terrible beauty" that Yeats found in the Easter Rebellion of 1916, and now found it vanished. Gareth Porter, thirty-four, worked for twelve years with the antiwar movement. Now, he says, "our people don't know how to use their idealism as they did during the war. My whole self was defined by opposing the war." Porter, who holds a doctorate in Southeast Asian studies, wonders if anyone with such expertise is employable anymore. "We are aggressively forgetting all of it," he says.

Cora Weiss, who has labored at antiwar causes since 1961, now works for a New York–based coalition called Friendshipment, which has, among other things, raised $150,000 to build a hospital on the site of the My Lai massacre. "We are an instant culture," she observes. "We have instant coffee and instant attention spans." She finds it depressing that "Americans are so guilt-ridden that they merely want to forget." But she also insists that "an awful lot of people *do* have a soul and a conscience."

There are different perceptions of how Americans have dealt with the experience of the war and the sixties. It may be, merely, as Gloria Emerson says, that "we are a people who drop the past and then forget where it has been put." But to others it seems that Americans have made a long, difficult, and truly remarkable recovery. □

Lance Morrow is a senior writer on Time.

PRESENT INDICATIVE

Hey, Rub-a-dub-dub

Now that TM (Transcendental Meditation) and *est* (Erhard Seminars Training) are big business, other offspring of the human potential movement are offering enlightenment for a fee. Two California-based organizations are rapidly spreading across the country to take up where TM and *est* leave off.

Life Spring aims at a slightly more sophisticated seeker, one who is perhaps wary of *est*'s extreme zealousness, rigorous techniques, and promises of quick results. "We don't pretend to cure anything," says John Hanley, who started Life Spring four years ago after leaving a similar group called Mind Dynamics. "I had the awareness of a brick at the time, but I wanted to give people a chance to have fun and learn some things."

The Life Spring basic training, which Hanley developed with John Enright of the Gestalt Institute, takes place over three evenings and a weekend. Each training session, which costs about two hundred dollars, is attended by eighty to one hundred people, who gather for "experiences" and then pair off in "diads" for sharing and confrontation. "People are essentially strong, and the exercises help them realize that," says Hanley.

Twenty thousand people have taken the training so far, and many return for the free follow-up workshops. Life Spring's teen workshops draw a younger crowd, and a nonprofit offshoot brings the program into schools and prisons.

In sharp contrast to Hanley's moderate goals, Leonard Orr launched Theta Seminars by offering no less than the illusion of being born again through a process he calls happy birth. Orr believes he can reverse the effects of the birth trauma by a controlled rerun of that event.

Thus participants are often submerged in a redwood bathtub filled with ninety-nine-degree (womb temperature) water. Naked and breathing through a snorkel, the subject often experiences uncontrollable spasms and is then comforted by the attending rebirther. "Once you get past this moment, you're through the closest experience most people ever have to actual death, and you know you can survive," says Orr, who calls happy birth "the ultimate healing experience."

PETER ANGELO SIMON



Discussion—and a foot massage—at a Theta Seminar

Three years after Theta's inception, most of its activity is carried on by independent graduates in twenty-five cities, who have modified both the program and its claims. Bob Mandel, a Theta trainer in New York, stresses the importance of more traditional follow-up seminars that go beyond the birth experience. He adds that the point of rebirthing is "hedonism rather than masochism," and that the procedure is more and more taking place on a bed or on the floor. "We discovered that water isn't all that important anyway," he says. "It's all in the breathing."

CHUCK TERNES—*Time* MAGAZINE © TIME INC.



Fortress architecture: the Renaissance Center soars above Detroit.

So far, twelve thousand people have attended Theta Seminars, paying fifty dollars a shot for three successive dunkings or thirty-five dollars for the dry run. Customers seem to be bearing out Leonard Orr's prediction that "as long as there is birth trauma, there will be rebirthing."

Detroit's Palazzo

Spiraling up from Detroit's decaying downtown area, the city's new $337 million Renaissance Center is a spectacular sight. Four office towers, thirty-nine stories high, flank the seventy-three-story cylinder that houses the Plaza Hotel, billed as the tallest such structure in the world. The architect, John Portman, designer of the Peachtree Center in Atlanta and the more recent Bonaventure Hotel in Los Angeles, has created for the Plaza an eight-story interior atrium, brightly lit from a broad expanse of skylight, containing a half-acre pool that is surrounded by potted fig trees. Throughout the complex, glass elevators waft upward like giant soap bubbles.

Although costs for the center soared nearly as high as its towers, a coalition of business and industry led by the Ford Motor Company continued to finance the project on the premise that its presence would revitalize the run-down, crime-ridden Detroit area. "We have here a monumental statement that speaks for itself," proclaimed Detroit's mayor, Coleman Young, at the opening of the hotel. "The cities are on the upsurge."

Unfortunately the term "renaissance" may be all too apt a description. The center is set apart from the area around it, just like the palazzi built in fifteenth-century Florence, which stoutly defended themselves against the dangerous and dirty city outside. Similarly, far from encouraging activity around it or blending into its environs, Detroit's Renais-

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Carter with Liv Ullmann (as Anna Christie),

EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY

sance Center seems carefully planned to avoid interaction with its neighbors. Not only is it difficult to get into the project on foot, but also access by car is so easy that no one need ever step outside onto a sidewalk.

A Gain for Rubens

Long neglected because his propensity for fleshy nudes obscured his extraordinary versatility, Peter Paul Rubens is undergoing rehabilitation, brought on by the celebration of Rubens Year, the four hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Major exhibitions of his art are being held in Paris, London, Cologne, Vienna, and Leningrad, but the eyes of Rubens connoisseurs—and just plain tourists—are cast on Antwerp, his hometown. The city's Royal Museum is showing some one hundred paintings and sixty drawings, on loan from collections in Europe and the United States, while concerts, plays, *son et lumière* shows, and other exhibitions are attempting to explore all facets of seventeenth-century life as Rubens and his contemporaries knew it.

Rubens was a happy, confident, religious man who transcended the turmoil of his age (the Counter Reformation) by the energy of his art and also by his service as a professional diplomat in search of peace. His prodigious output ranged from historical paintings and battle scenes to classical subjects, such as *The Toilet of Venus* (above), to religious paintings on a massive scale, to portraits, landscapes, and allegorical scenes.

He had an extraordinary effect on the art of his own time and on that of the next two centuries. "The history of art has no instance to show of so universal an influence, so absolute an authority, and so complete a triumph," wrote Rubens's nineteenth-century biographer Max Rooses. Renoir marveled at his predecessor's light and expressive brushwork; van Gogh, dazzled by his treatment of women, wrote, "Just because of Rubens I am looking for a blonde model."



COURTESY HIS HIGHNESS THE REIGNING PRINCE OF LIECHTENSTEIN

Rubens rehabilitated: The Toilet of Venus *in Antwerp*

But after World War I, with abstract art in the ascendant, Rubens seemed to belong to an antiquarian past—his nudes were sentimental and an affront to contemporary views of womanly beauty. Now that realism has returned to vogue, there are indications that painters may once again look to him for inspiration. John Walsh, Jr., curator of the Department of Paintings at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, says: "Rubens can only stand to gain as figurative painting gains in the contemporary art world." And museumgoers may once again discover his robust, painterly talents.

Grown-up Camp

Summer camp, once strictly the domain of youngsters, is becoming an increasingly popular adult experience. Although tennis camps and rough-it programs like Outward Bound have been around for years, the trend has spread to other areas of self-improvement: golf, sailing, water-skiing, yoga, judo, karate, mountain climbing, meditation.

The regimen is severe but exhilarating: after attending a karate camp a twenty-two-year-old woman recalled, "By the end of the week you couldn't stand to sit down, you were so used to running around."

Surprisingly enough, the fastest-growing adult camps are for the elderly. In the New York metropolitan area, at least nineteen camps offer nature study, overnight hikes, discussion groups, and just plain companionship for old people on leave from city apartments. As one official of New York City's Human Resources Administration stated, "Camping is too valuable a commodity to be wasted on only the young."

The Patron from Plains

Whether or not Jimmy Carter gets along with Congress or achieves his energy objectives—these are matters still to be decided. But the plain man from Plains has already managed to log more appearances at theatrical, musical, and artistic events than even pleasure-loving Jack Kennedy. Just in his first few months he visited the National and Corcoran galleries, attended the ballet, saw Liv Ullmann, listened to cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, greeted Yehudi Menuhin, and had the cast of *Annie* perform at the White House.

All this pleases Nancy Hanks, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, who says that Carter's frequent appearances at cultural events have given the arts a "marvelous visibility." One recipient of NEA funds quipped, "All he has to do now is write a few plays and he'll be the greatest patron since Catherine the Great."



THE WHITE HOUSE



UPI



WIDE WORLD



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'phans of Annie *at the White House, King Tut at the National Gallery, the New York City Ballet at the Kennedy Center, and Hiram Powers's* Greek Slave *at the Corcoran*

Jazz

It has a new sound, a new (and probably temporary) name,
but it's back, it's big,
and it has a trio of brash protagonists

By ALLAN RIPP

Since its black and bluesy origins in the Creole south, jazz has been hailed as America's only native art form, but it has never achieved sustained and mounting popularity. There have been moments—and even years—of glory: Americans danced gleefully to the jazz of the Swing Era, they hailed Satchmo Armstrong as an ambassador to the world, and in recent times such luminaries as Duke Ellington and Gerry Mulligan have given command performances at the White House. But to most people, serious improvisational jazz has been almost as remote as abstract painting.

In the late 1940's, musicians left the big bands to form small ensembles and refined hot swing into a cool, pure, cerebral expression called bop. Jazz turned in on itself, and the distance the musicians cultivated from popular taste persisted for twenty years. During the 1950's, trumpeter Miles Davis would literally turn his back on audiences; Sonny Rollins roamed Manhattan's Williamsburg Bridge with his saxophone, blowing sadly at passers-by; and the gnarled piano music of Thelonious Monk was distributed on a record label appropriately called Esoteric. Scorned by its compatriots, jazz wore a beret, shot up heroin, and talked to itself in mad musical riffs.

By the mid-sixties, many musicians—Dexter Gordon, Art Farmer, Chet Baker—had fled this country to seek more responsive audiences in Europe and Japan. The music that stayed behind, while becoming more sophisticated and pure, grew more aloof and was diverted into cacophonous corners by Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, John Coltrane, and other members of the avant-garde. It came as no surprise, then, that the records of younger talents, such as George Benson (guitar), Chick Corea (piano), Freddie Hubbard (trumpet), and Herbie Hancock (piano), were swept under the counters to make room for rock 'n' roll. Jazz was pure, but it was also hard to relate to.

These days, however, the word everywhere is that jazz is back. Call the Jazz Hotline in Chicago, or subscribe to the weekly calendar of New York concerts circulated by Jazz Interactions. There are jazz cruises to the Bahamas, jazz picnics to Pennsylvania Dutch country, and jazz weekends at New Jersey resorts. Newport Jazz Festivals—so called because the first bash in that Rhode Island city gave jazz a big lift in 1954—have now been organized in thirteen cities, including Honolulu; Hampton, Virginia; Pontiac, Michigan; Milwaukee; and an eleven-day fest in New York. Jazz has also penetrated classroom walls. Nearly every high school in the United States now has a band that plays Stan Kenton along with John Philip Sousa, and more than four hundred colleges offer jazz-related courses for credit, an increase of 100 per cent since 1960.

All the standard record companies are either reissuing long-forgotten jazz tapes—allowing early Bill Evans and Sonny Rollins to be heard again—or producing previously unreleased sessions of Jack Teagarden and Duke Ellington. Meanwhile, the newer labels sponsor concerts and tout their performers as if they were superstars. Chick Corea has recently completed a nationwide tour of forty-five cities and campuses to coincide with his latest release, *Musicmagic*. Herbie Hancock has received a gold record (five hundred thousand copies sold) for *Headhunters*, as has Miles Davis for *Bitches Brew*. Guitarist George Benson went all the way to double platinum (two million copies) with *Breezin'*, and won three Grammy Awards. Even bop trumpeters Chet Baker and Art Farmer have come home from abroad to be received as new finds from another shore. Now that rock is sliding into either disco or oblivion, jazz and America seem to be getting together at last.

Yet, as befits the times, it is a different kind of jazz—not all that cool and blue, but hot, eclectic, and—yes—melodic.

While the old, traditional jazz is indeed getting more respect, the new albums on the record charts have a distinctly different sound. Most conspicuous are echoes of rock: galvanizing drums backing up plugged-in guitars and synthesizers. There are also elements of Spanish salsa—conga drums and cowbells shaking to saucy beats—and flashes of what is known as funk—hard, crude grunting from percussions and bass. What happened was that a group of musicians, tired of their hermetic "jazz only" profiles, decided to

Pure jazz in the fifties: *Miles Davis (frame 7), John Coltrane (5), Cannonball Adderley (4), Paul Chambers (3)*



make their music as accessible as possible. So instead of refining improvisational techniques or concentrating on personal expression as soloists, they plunged right into the company of their contemporaries in rock, soul, Latin, and even disco. The resulting brew, as American as the melting pot itself, has altered jazz, but it may have preserved it as well. For purposes of identification, it has also spawned a neat, nonmusical name: there are those who are calling the new sound fusion.

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Pianist Chick Corea is one of the foremost converts from jazz to fusion. Today he is an instrumental hero, but toward the latter part of the 1960's he felt his work had grown too aloof. *Down Beat* magazine described his music as "freely structured, dissonant, often chaotic, and based almost exclusively on the inspired, spontaneous interactions of the musicians." Corea recalls, "It was like group therapy. Just getting together and letting our hair down."

Progressive-jazz loyalists embraced and even purchased these intense efforts, but not the majority of young American record buyers—the adolescent fans of rock. What they wanted was song, a regular dance beat, and a big electric show.

Appropriately, around 1970, Corea says, "I started to pine for melodies." He formed a more subdued ensemble, Circle, and then went on to make a pair of unprecedented solo piano recordings. The pieces were short, lyrical, and improvisatory; many were simply called songs. Then after this calm transition, he moved even closer to popular forms with a new group named Return to Forever. First Corea switched to electric piano and hired a new singer and drummer, both from Brazil. Next his bassist went electric, an electric guitarist joined the group, and Corea took on a whole showroom of electronic instruments for himself. The group's beat became steadier and louder, until it actually rocked. The amplified sound grew big enough to fill a stadium. Cymbals swooshed like jet engines, and Mini Moog synthesizers—no bigger than toy pianos—bleeped like overcircuited oscilloscopes. Now Return to Forever was a genuine fusion band, and success was at hand.

Corea's recent two-record album, *My Spanish Heart,* has been promoted as a coalescence of free form, melody, jazz, Latin, soul, and rock—with the resultant effect of genius. The album is a catalogue of Corea's styles, from acoustic and electric improvisation, to Spanish castanets and Tijuana trumpets, to vocals, to high-powered rock arrangements with pounding drums. "The art form isn't precious to me," Corea says in explanation of this merging of styles. "It could be electric or acoustic, jazz or classical, or anything. What I'm trying to obtain is a genuine feeling between people." As far as his recent glory is concerned, then, the art of jazz is but a contribution.

The same applies to another leading fusionist, pianist Herbie Hancock. Admired in the sixties for his flexible, chromatic style and his knack of finding scales and chords to match almost any theme, Hancock could build perfect, difficult rhythms over the simplest bossa nova beat. But he readily admits the inaccessibility of his jazz style then. "Like a lot of musicians, I had come to depend on complexity for interest. Most of the stuff we did on albums were games between the musicians. Miles [Davis] would play something on trumpet, and I'd repeat it on piano, or invert it, or else play it from the inside out, or in another key. It got to be that we were speaking

ENDI LOMBARDI



Fusion today: *Chick Corea, king of keyboards, leading a concert in New York's Central Park*



Strummer turned crooner: *guitarist George Benson*

our own language and laughing at our own jokes. But I wasn't having any fun."

Worse yet, for all his recording work, he wasn't making any money. "Jazz was too much for most people with jobs and families to handle," Hancock explains. "They had enough to worry about at work or at home, and weren't about to pay money for Herbie Hancock records they'd have to tire themselves out listening to." Even after receiving a Grammy Award in 1971 for his African-inspired album *Mwandishi*, he still went on to lose money on what he now calls academic recordings. "They were serious records, but not very musical. And there didn't seem to be anything vital to them to help a person move through his day," Hancock says. His choice seemed obvious enough: either to continue supporting himself as a studio musician, composing more movie soundtracks like *Death Wish* or jingles for Pillsbury cake mix, or "to continue evolving as a jazz musician, until I evolved myself into extinction."

Then almost from out of a void, one day while he was concentrating on Buddhist chants, "these ideas started coming to me, about funk. I mean, real, undisguised, unjazzed funk, hotter than anything Sly Stone ever dreamed of." This marked Hancock's conversion.

Just as Chick Corea drew inspiration from rock stars who were mostly British or white, Hancock turned to leaders in funk and soul music, who were mostly American and black: James Brown, Isaac Hayes, and especially the gritty Sly Stone. He realized that it was the twitching dance beat of funk that made Sly's music so fired up and his records sell out. And it did the same for Herbie Hancock when he made his *Headhunters* album in 1973.

Hancock says he picked the members of the Headhunters group for their ability to play "sparks." The sound was very large, augmented by Hancock's arsenal of electric equipment, with which he could mimic the entire string section of an orchestra. The songs were measured, carefully arranged, and without a doubt funky. "I wanted to give people something they could clean the house to," he says, "as easily as they could dance to."

Five years ago he barely acknowledged an audience. Today his live performances are structured for entertainment. Sometimes he gears up his instruments for special, almost magical tricks—he will raise his hands over his Moog synthesizer and it will seem to play itself. He has even used smoke bombs on stage. But his biggest response comes when he goes to the microphone and claps the audience to its feet. "Let's everyone get funky!" Jazz purists may stomp their feet in annoyance, but Hancock has his newfound public dancing all over America.

• • •

And so it goes. More and more musicians are receiving acclaim not as jazz players, but as fusionists. Each particular mix is different, but the trend might not have come so easily were it not for an album made by Miles Davis in 1969. *Silent Way* featured a prominent English rock guitarist, John McLaughlin, and was electric and rhythmically regular like rock; but it was disciplined like jazz, with improvisation and sophisticated musicianship—assets not found in most rock groups. Davis labeled the project "New Directions in Music."

Today it might be called fusion. George Benson's guitar music has become diverse enough to be played as subdued Muzak between shows in a New York movie theatre, as lively accompaniment for the Arthur Mitchell dance company, and as genuine jazz performed with Benny Goodman.

After seven or eight years of fusing, jazz and jazz musicians have undergone marked changes. In addition to adopting electronics and funky beats, many fusionists, formerly known for their instrumental abilities, are now either styling themselves singers or including a vocalist somewhere in their format. Drummers, who used to animate jazz with all sorts of contrasting rhythms, now prefer heavier, regular pulses—the better for dancing. Jazz groups, formerly identified simply by their leaders—the Mitchel-Ruff Duo, Bill Evans Trio, Dave Brubeck Quartet—have taken on flashier names: Look Out Farm, The Cosmic Echoes, Weather Report, Ubiquity. Finally, today's soloists are presented not as ascetic artists but as glittering superstars. Sonny Rollins's menacing Mohawk haircut has been replaced by a combed-out Afro and full beard. George Benson appears in one album photo wearing a gold body shirt, in another, a tuxedo. Herbie Hancock, once only a name on the cover, is now portrayed right out front in full color, without a shirt.

The changes have made their mark. Today a fusion album can please so many different audiences that the leading records on the weekly jazz charts of trade magazines like *Billboard* may also appear on the pop or soul charts. Fusion defies a single category, but it sells well in many because it is plastic, meticulously balanced, fully arranged, and cleanly recorded and dubbed.

The fusion formula relies heavily on packaging, and one of the most successful packagers is Creed Taylor, founder of CTI records. Taylor has popularized such performers as Wes Montgomery, George Benson, Freddie Hubbard, Grover Washington, and even former exiles like Chet Baker and Art Farmer. Taylor's method is very careful production. "Before they came to me," he says, "my musicians were usually just let loose in the studio, where they wandered to their own creative devices." Taylor seized control of these devices—and added rich orchestration and all the other accouterments of pop music. A CTI record sells not only for the restrained music inside but also for its glossy and bizarre album covers—there is, for instance, a picture of an eyeball suspended in a peach slice on Joe Farrell's album *Canned Funk*.

Canned Funk? Is that what jazz had to become to be popular? One critic of fusion, Harry Abraham, an all-night disc jockey who broadcasts continuous jazz from station WHAM in Rochester, New York, laments: "Hybrid music is a drag. Rock and disco are basically honest, but dreadful to listen to and impossible to think about. Mixing them with jazz may be a sincere go at reconciliation, but it only ends up diluting the jazz. You just cannot stuff jazz music into little cans, like peaches."

Ultimately, say the purists, real jazz is still a pariah in America. Revivals such as the current one are but nostalgia hypes; the fusionists are no more men of jazz than Faust was a man of God; and true, artistic jazz remains heard only by the enlightened few.

There can be no question that fusion has its perils. Although some of the best musicians, such as Hancock and Corea, are able to assemble distinctive styles, others seem to be drowning in the popular mainstream. Moreover, success can bring complacency and lead to a prostitution of jazz. "Someday," rock original Frank Zappa has quipped, "all the jazz musicians will forget how to improvise and really get good at playing disco. Each of them will own three cars and a house in the country."

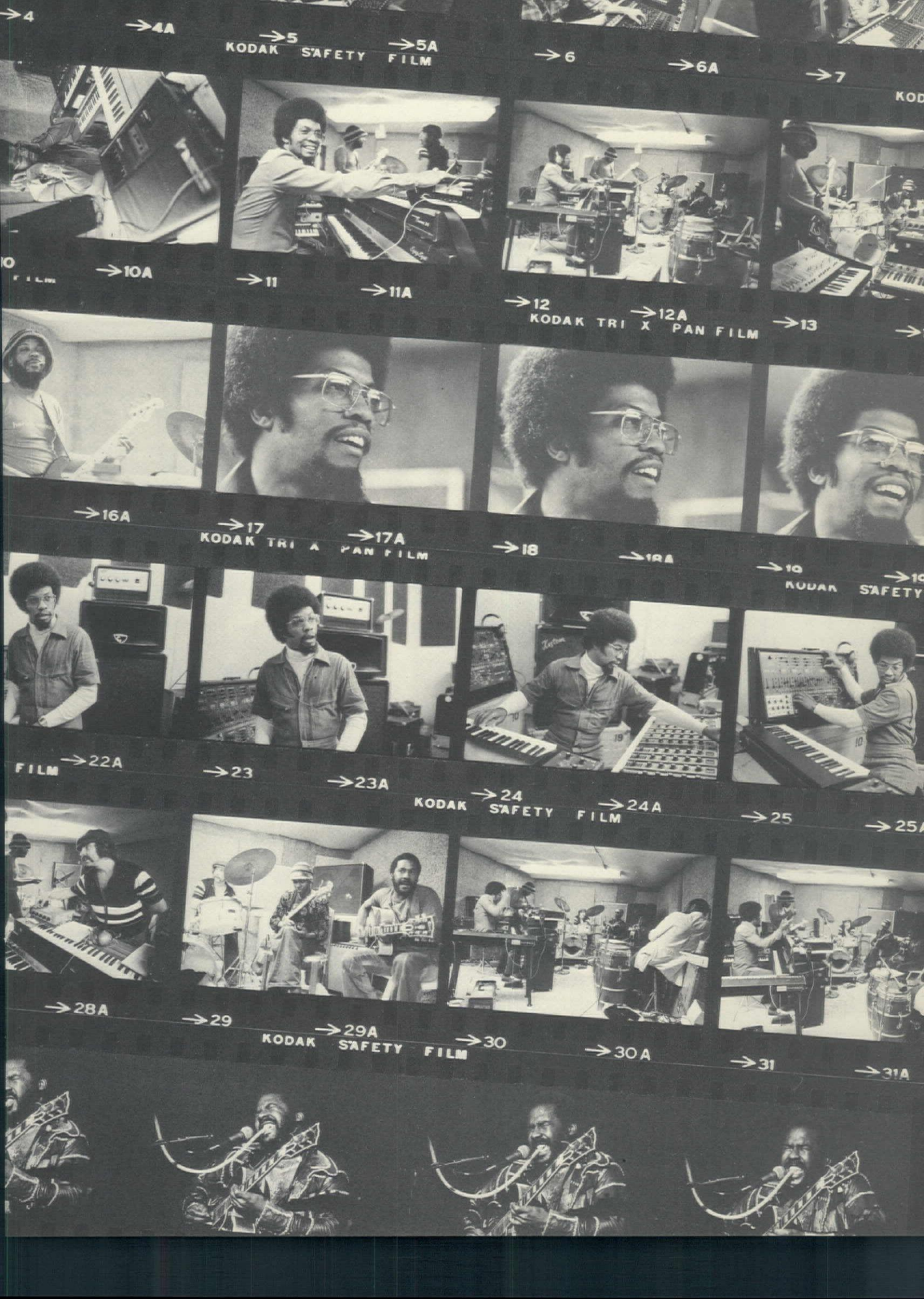
But what these critics do not know is that many of the musicians they esteem as "pure" jazzmen disdain the title as much as Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock did before they went popular. Charles Mingus, the angry but inspired bassist, has always equated the label "jazz" with an obscene placard taped to his back like a Kick Me sign. Pianist Keith Jarrett, an awesome improviser, avoids ever mentioning jazz in relation to his playing, as if it might bring him bad luck. Rather than associate themselves with unpleasant history, these and other musicians prefer to describe their work simply as music: black music, creative music, Jarrett or Mingus music—anything but jazz.

So tune out as some critics might, there is no way that contemporary jazz could have avoided the influences of rock 'n' roll, electronics, salsa, and funk. "Jazz musicians are proud, but they're also some of the wisest people alive," says a salesman for Atlantic Records. "While they were working their blisters off to make three albums a year, and selling a total of sixty thousand copies, they could see Led Zep put out one disc a year and sell a million copies in seven weeks. And people wonder why there's such a thing as fusion."

Many may rightfully complain that fusion is not jazz. Yet they must also acknowledge the range of jazz activity, old and new, that has gained attention as a result of fusion. Not every new Herbie Hancock fan will be moved by *Headhunters* to trace Hancock's roots back to his earlier work; back to Eric Dolphy; to George Shearing. But a heritage of jazz is available to hear, and many listeners are now, with the help of reissued albums, receptive to it.

Chick Corea may have nothing apparent to do with Erroll Garner or Thelonious Monk, but he has led many college freshmen to enroll in jazz history courses, where the three pianists may be compared. Meanwhile, when many pop fans turn on the radio to sing along with George Benson, they may also find themselves enjoying the hot strumming of Django Reinhardt, a deceased jazz guitarist. By modifying their music for popular tastes, Corea and his fellow fusionists have probably sustained the art of jazz. What is more, they have reached an audience long ago dismissed by purists, and succeeded in mingling diverse American cultures as well. □

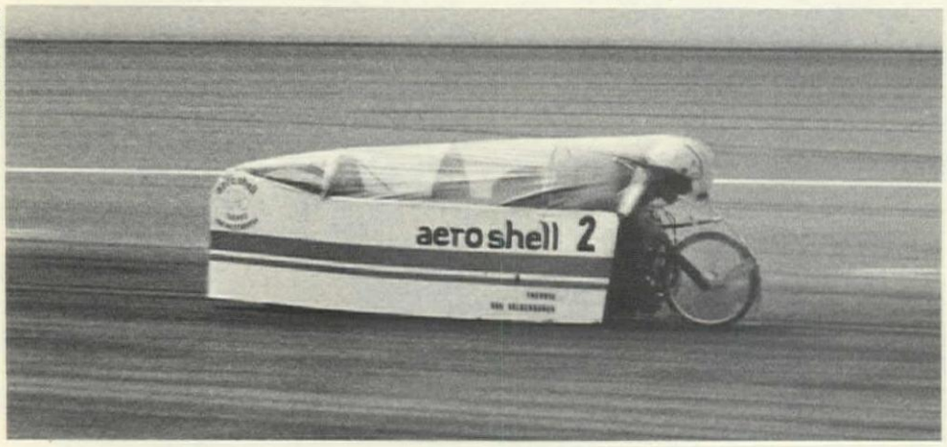
Plugged-in pianist: *Herbie Hancock in a recording session with his band*


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KODAK SAFETY FILM
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Bicycles Built for Speed

They're not for commuting to the office, but they spell adventure and they embody the first design changes in a hundred years

By ROY BONGARTZ



BRUCE SARGEANT

Winner of the 1977 Human Powered Speed Championships: it clocked in at 49.38 miles per hour.

The idea that the ordinary bicycle is in any way deficient would probably not occur to most of the one hundred million cyclists in America. More than 40 per cent of them bought standard models during the bike boom of the early seventies, and presumably most buyers liked what they got. Yet the basic design of the bicycle is essentially what it was a century ago, when the first American model was manufactured. A handful of pedaling fanatics feels that this is a deplorable lack of progress. They point out that the standard two-wheeler is subject to wind drag that can reduce speeds by 90 per cent. What is needed, they say, is not only a streamlined bike but a streamlined rider to boot.

Steering a movement in this direction is Chester Kyle, a professor of mechanical engineering at California State, Long Beach. Kyle is an organizer of what may be the world's most bizarre cycling meet, the International Human-Powered Speed Championships, held most recently at Ontario Raceway in California. The purpose of the race is to demonstrate how fast streamlined bikes can go. The world cycling record is about forty-two miles per hour, but that's on a standard model. These pedalers aim to break a fifty-mile-per-hour speed barrier, and—as long as their vehicles are propelled exclusively by rider or riders—they can whiz by on whatever they like.

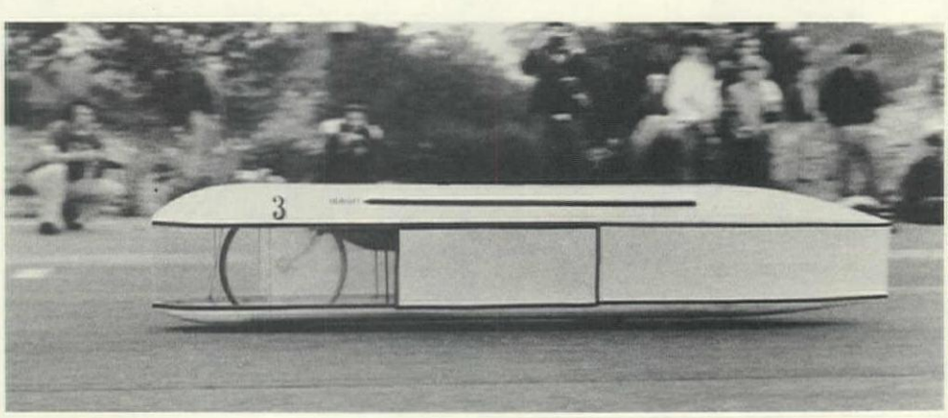
In the past three years, nearly a hundred contestants have competed on a fantastic assortment of pedaled machines, most encased in a plastic cocoon called a fairing or wind cheater. One of the more extraordinary performances came from Allan Abbott, the champion last year. In a spectacular oblong carapace hung over a pair of wheels, Abbott stretched out prone. Then, resting his torso on a tubular bar and shoving backward against the pedals with all his strength, he sped down the course at 47.8 miles per hour.

Kyle jokingly calls the entries UFOs, for Unfamiliar Foot-powered Ovoids. They resemble everything from baby carriages to airplanes and require a variety of exotic postures. Some riders lie prone, some sit with their legs stretched out parallel to the course. Several racers position themselves so low to the ground that they have difficulty keeping their balance or steering, and there have been crashes that suggest that many of the innovative models will never be prototypes for commercial bikes.

Still, Kyle contends that basic improvements in bicycle design may emerge from the stimulus that the speed championships are providing. Already some fairings—toned-down versions of the ones in the meet—are being sold commercially. Installed on ordinary bikes, they can automatically increase the seventeen-mile-per-hour speed a rider comfortably makes to twenty miles per hour. Someday, says Kyle, persons in average health might ride streamlined bikes at speeds of twenty-five miles per hour for ten miles without tiring themselves. That is a feasible means of commuting—at least in theory.

It is hard to envision a businessman squeezing himself into a plastic tube atop two wheels and, with minimum ventilation, visibility, and protection, pedaling his way to work. Probably not even Kyle and his cronies are ready to go that far. What moves them now is the challenge of building a better bike, and the sport and fun of the meet. That being the case—and people being what they are—the pursuit of human power for its own sake seems entirely worth their wiles. □

Roy Bongartz has been riding standard two-wheelers for forty-two years.



INTERNATIONAL HUMAN POWERED VEHICLE ASSOCIATION

Racing what looks like a test tube on wheels, opposite, Allan Abbott placed only fifth in the 1975 meet. But his 1976 entry, above, zoomed to top spot at an incredible 47.8 miles per hour.



JOHN R. HAMILTON—GLOBE PHOTOS



It looks like an egg, but it's a tricycle that travels forty-one miles per hour.

JOHN R. HAMILTON



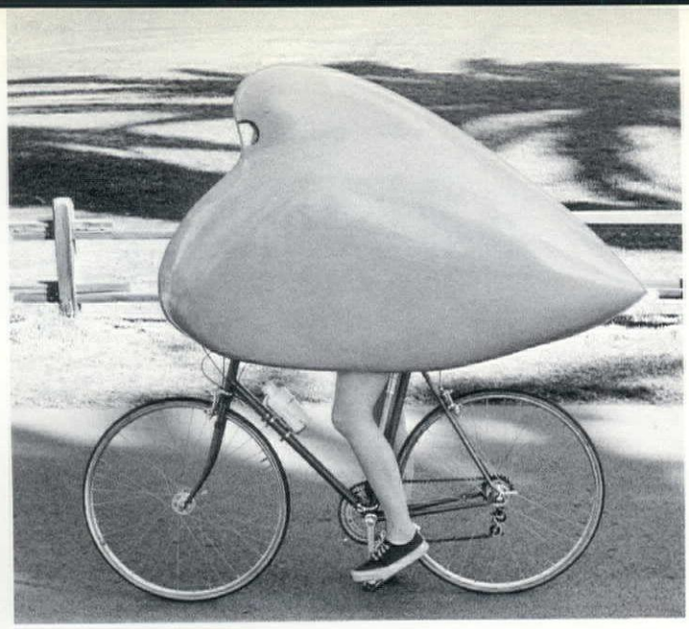
JOHN R. HAMILTON



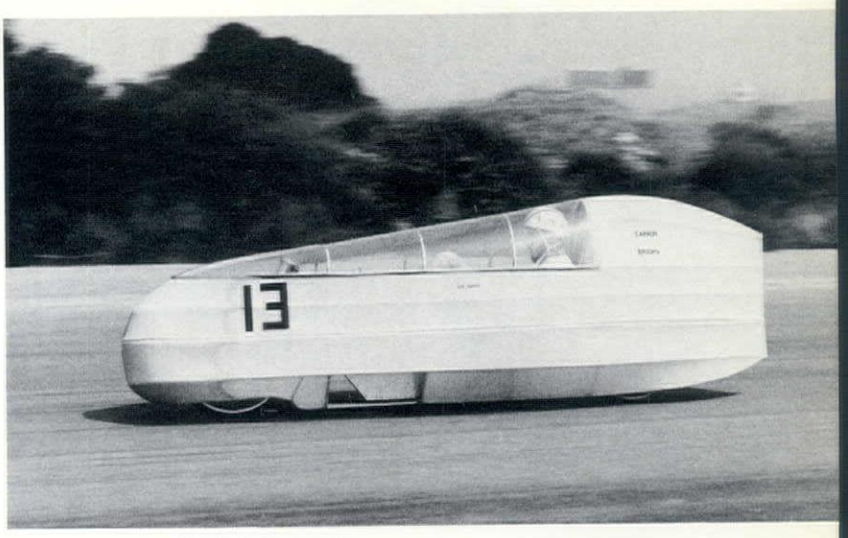
Track bike in two-tone shell

The bikes of tomorrow? *Not quite. But these and other futuristic pedaled machines are emerging from the Human Powered Speed Championships. Most are concocted by basement tinkerers in southern California. A high school student borrowed money for the materials in the model at left and built it as a class project. A former automotive designer developed an ingenious vacuum-formed shell to cut down wind drag on his bike, above. Other innovators—a doctor, a music professor, professional cyclists—are toying with new (and hardly comfortable) riding positions; and, says one, "some are even going to streamline spokes." The outcome? Most models go much faster than ordinary bikes, but many wobble and some crash. Don't expect to see one whizzing up the driveway yet.*

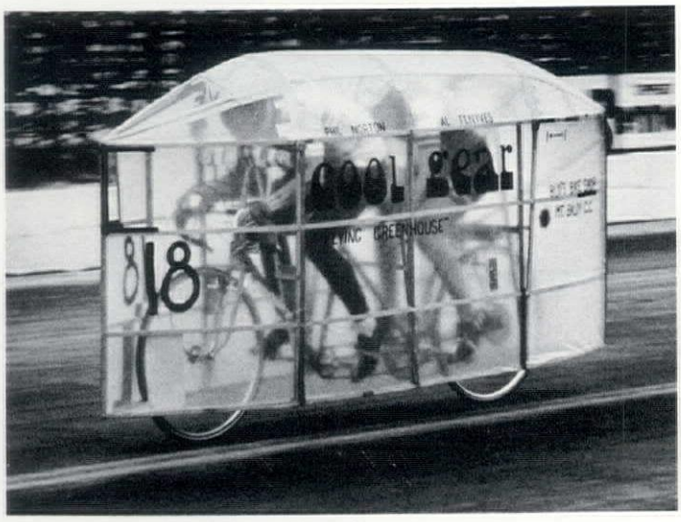
Ten-speed under a tent



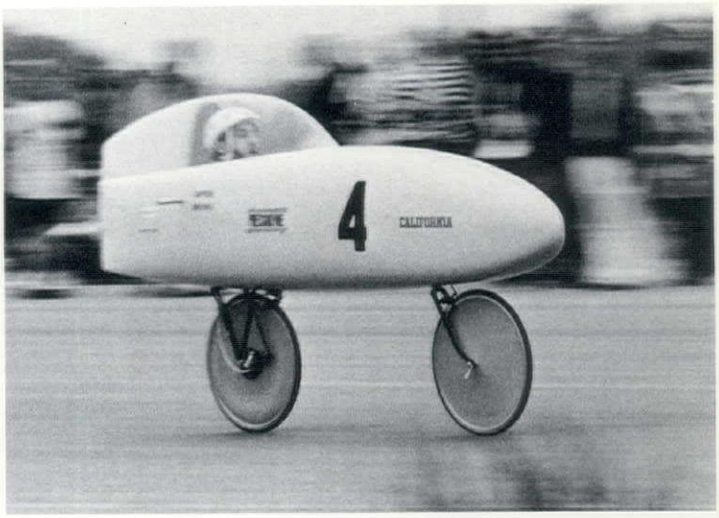
Roving heart



A low-slung model called Bunburner

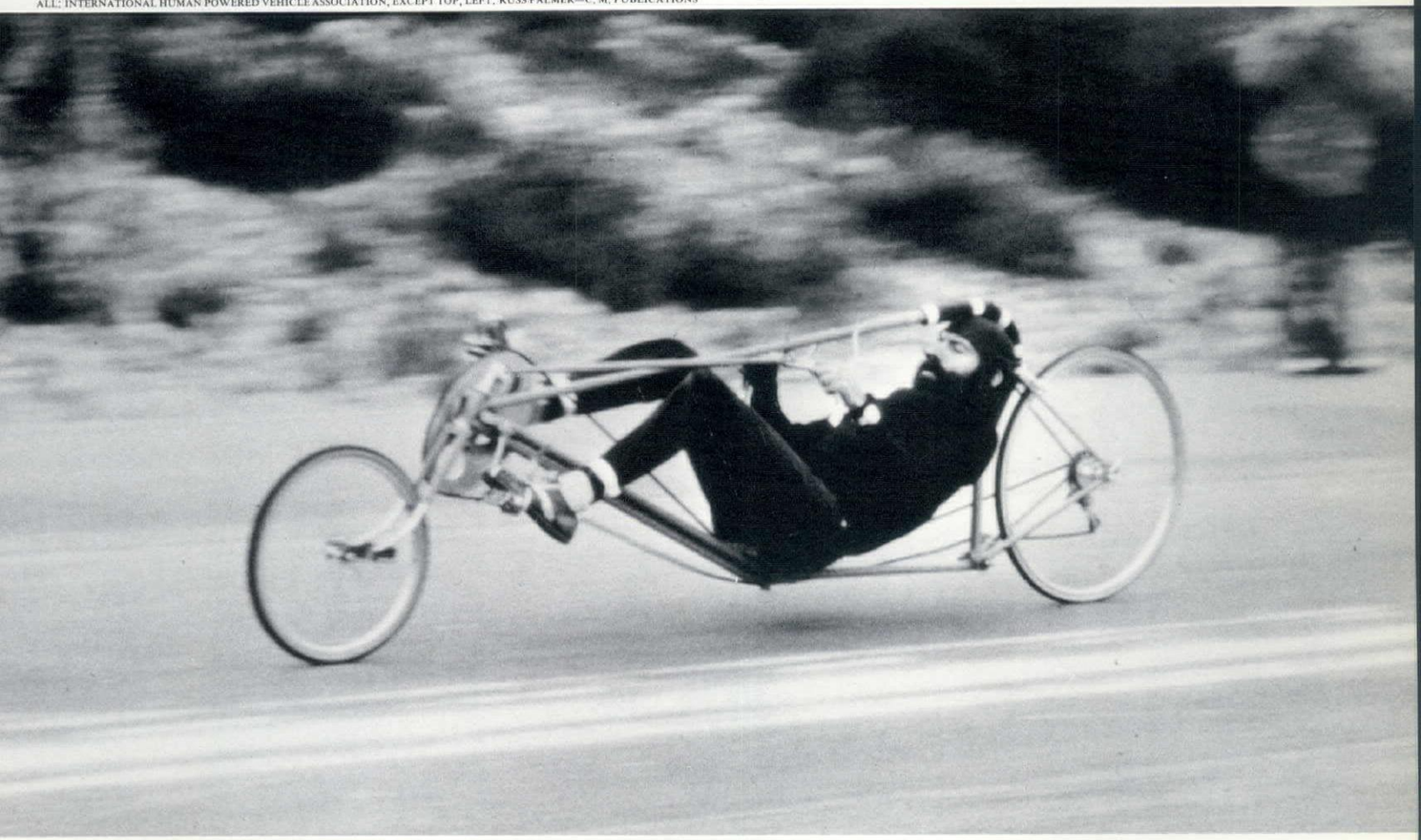


A tandem named Greenhouse Special



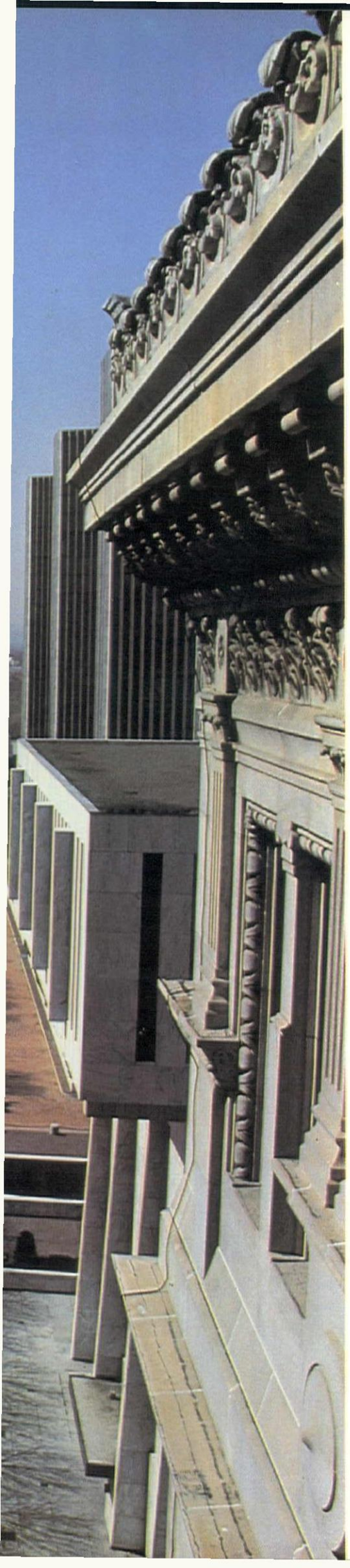
Astronaut on wheels, rolling at thirty-nine miles per hour

ALL: INTERNATIONAL HUMAN POWERED VEHICLE ASSOCIATION, EXCEPT TOP, LEFT: RUSS PALMER—C. M. PUBLICATIONS



Back to the drawing board: a design for a supine cyclist proved unwieldy.





The Space Age Comes to the Empire State

For two billion dollars, does the Albany Mall meet its expectations? The verdict is divided. Critics don't like the architecture, but eleven thousand employees think it's a nice place to work



ARTHUR SCHATZ—*Life* MAGAZINE © TIME INC.

Governor Nelson Rockefeller surveying early mall construction in 1968
Left: The mall's vast plaza with "the egg," far left, and the tower building

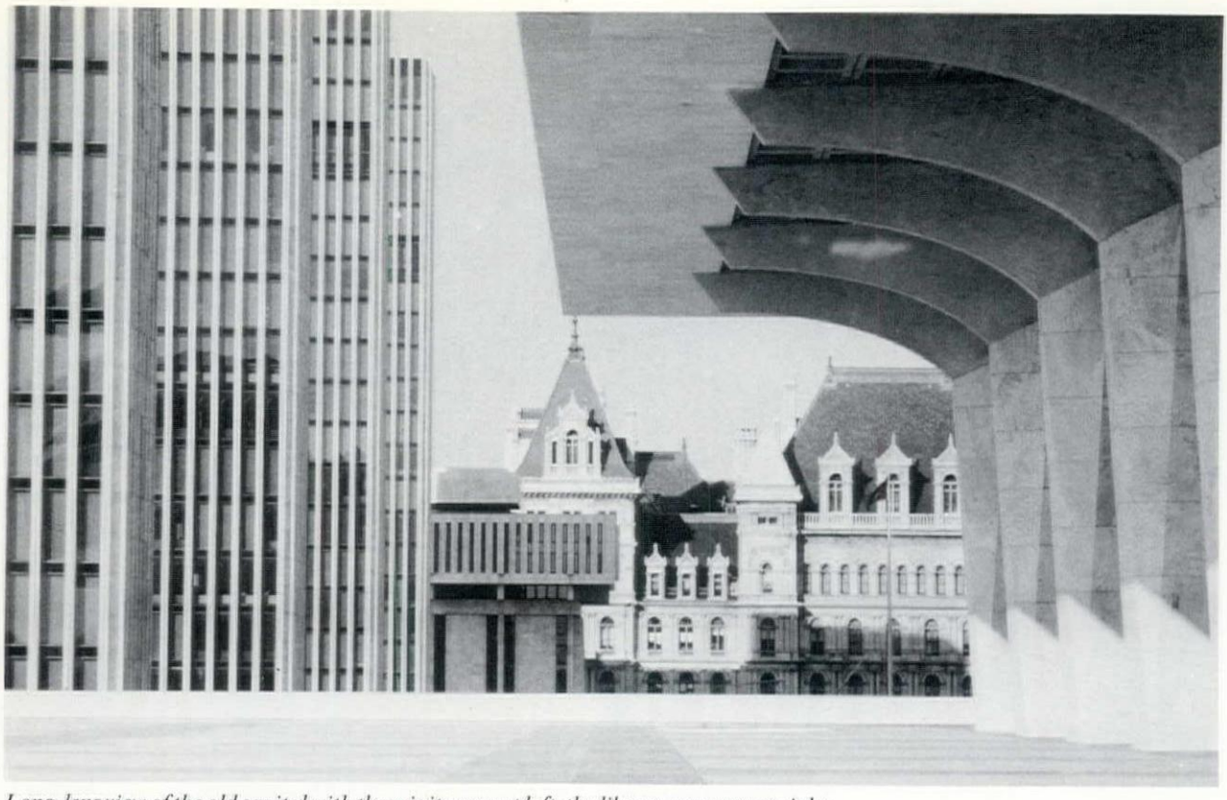
One year after the nation celebrated its Bicentennial, the New York State legislature took note of its own two hundredth anniversary. It was an understated ceremony, both historically and patriotically. But it took place in an arena that the founders of New York's democracy—most of them rural landowners—could not have imagined in their most fanciful dreams.

The fanfare was performed in the new and as yet unfinished Albany Mall, a marble-encased complex of offices, museums, theatres, and parking spaces that its creator and protector, one-time governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, has called "the most spectacularly beautiful seat of government in the world."

Spectacular it certainly is. And if Rockefeller's intent was grandiose, the gesture matched it: the mall is one of the largest single governmental construction projects in American history, more than fifteen years in the making. It consists of ten buildings set on a platform a quarter-mile long by an eighth of a mile wide. The platform itself is five stories high and contains more square footage than the Empire State Building. Its construction required the removal of 3 million cubic yards of earth and the driving of 22,000 piles. These support 322,000 tons of steel, 900,000 cubic yards of concrete, and 487,000 cubic feet of marble. By the time a meeting center, the mall's last element, is finished next year, the total cost including interest payments will amount to $2 billion—which

By PAUL GOLDBERGER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANIEL KRAMER



Long-lens view of the old capitol with the minitowers at left, the library-museum at right

works out to more than $173,000 for each of the 11,500 state workers the complex was built to house.

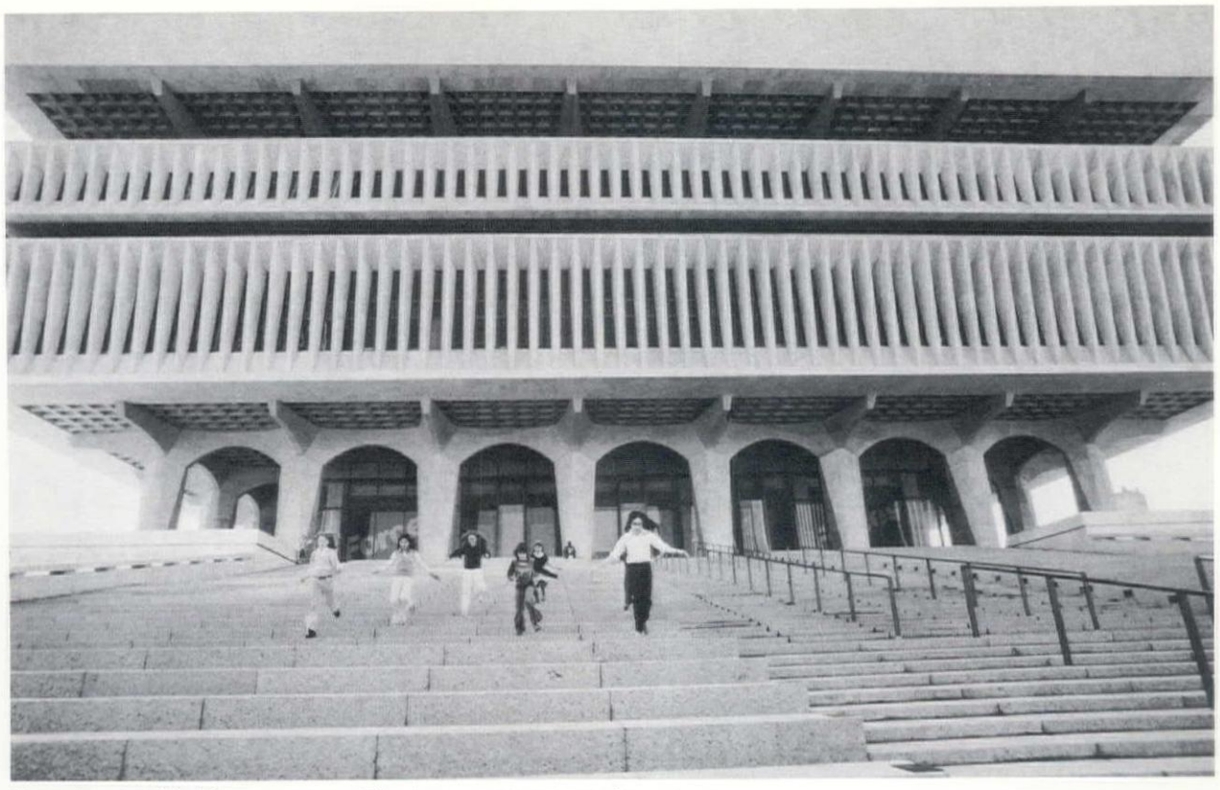
Most of the workers are already at their places in the mall's seven office buildings; a $2.6 million art collection adorns the walls, exhibits are up in the state museum, and public and private groups are clamoring for space in the completed convention hall in the meeting center. But the mall is hardly enjoying a contented existence. Troubled by controversy from the very start, when critics called it everything from Brasília North to Rockefeller's Folly, the mall was projected in 1963 to cost $250 million and take four years to complete; the cost is now eight times higher and the construction period almost four times longer than that. In a state where financial problems have required the closing of schools and hospitals, mention of the mall brings querulous questions to many critics' lips.

Nelson Rockefeller's fondness for major construction projects was never a secret. From the days in the 1930's when he worked with his father, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on the construction and management of Rockefeller Center, he has been entranced with building on a large scale. As governor he launched the State University Construction Funds, a massive effort to build not only new buildings but entire new campuses across the state; he was a prime mover behind the World Trade Center, the pair of 110-story towers in lower Manhattan, and his administration turned out miscellaneous construction projects the way other governors offered ceremonial proclamations.

Rockefeller never much liked Albany, a dreary riverside city that had deteriorated even with the constant growth of its chief industry, government. Under his predecessors, Thomas E. Dewey and Averell Harriman, state offices had been moving gradually to a 430-acre campus three miles from the state capitol, and this move to the suburbs further weakened downtown Albany, as stores, hotels, and movie theatres closed and were replaced by newer facilities on the outskirts of town. To Rockefeller's credit, he recognized that the state had played a major role in Albany's decline, and he appointed a commission in 1961 to offer proposals for the rehabilitation of the capital. The commission, not surprisingly, recommended that the state government concentrate further growth downtown, and in 1962 the legislature appropriated $20 million for the acquisition of downtown property.

The commission had suggested four possible sites, but Rockefeller's choice was 98.5 acres just to the southeast of the capitol, then a dingy quarter of row houses, bars, and brothels. The neighborhood's untidiness made it a perfect candidate for the bulldoze-and-rebuild method of urban renewal popular back then; and since it bridged the gap between the capitol and the governor's residence, a few blocks away, demolishing the neighborhood in favor of a state complex seemed especially justifiable. What was not known in 1962 was that the site lay on a bed of gelatinous blue clay, far too weak a material to support big buildings. So the project would have to include removal of the clay, the driving of piles, and the laying of a concrete base—an extremely expensive process—before any construction could begin.

More than ten thousand residents would have to be relocated from the site, and the city of Albany at first opposed the scheme. "Do not build this magnificent monument on a foundation of human misery," Erastus Corning II, the mayor of Albany, said. But Governor Rockefeller was becoming more and more excited about the project, his deter-



Close-up view of the library-museum. The steps serve as seats at plaza events.

mination fired by his intense embarrassment over the condition of the capital when high-ranking foreigners visited Albany. Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson promised that the mall project would include low-income housing; however, once serious planning got under way, the housing disappeared and the mall became exclusively a governmental and cultural center.

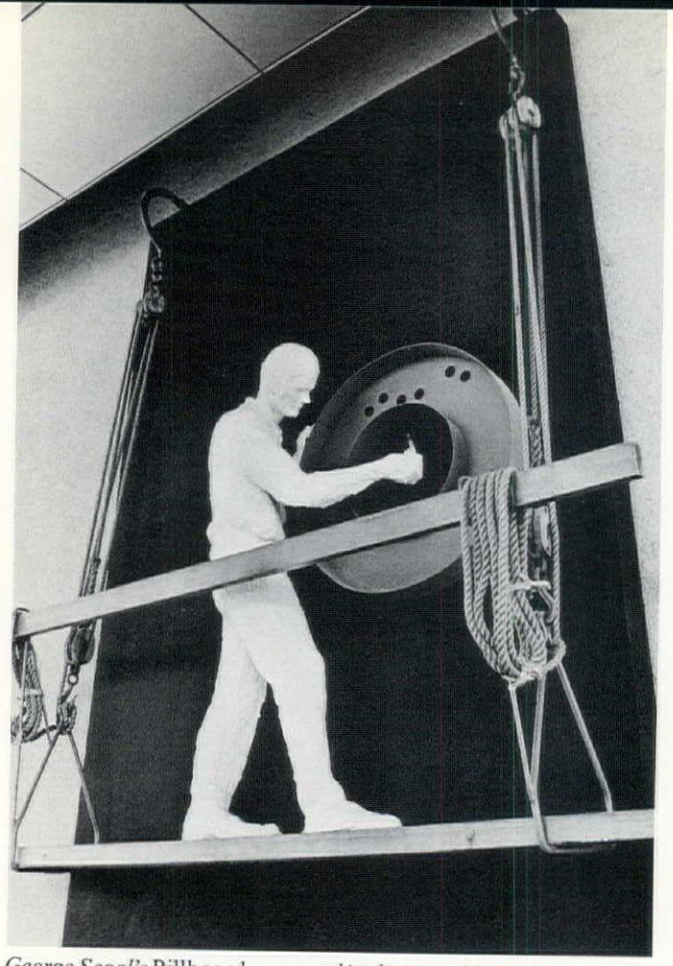
Even back when the mall was expected to cost just $250 million (a figure that was quickly raised to $450 million before plans were made final, let alone construction begun), it seemed unlikely that voters would approve a bond issue to finance construction. Indeed, the governor never even proposed one: instead he leapt at a scheme proposed by Mayor Corning (who had given up his opposition) under which Albany County would float bonds to pay for the project, and then lease the mall to the state for a rental fee that would exceed the county's cost of meeting interest and principal on the bonds. Under this system, which State Comptroller Arthur Levitt, a long-time foe of the mall, called "beyond the control or even the comprehension of the electorate," the legislature never had to vote funds for the mall project as such. It merely approved the overall scheme, and that was enough to set the Corning plan in motion.

"Materialism—getting and spending—is the life force of New Yorkers," says the text of a display called "Forces—An Exhibit on New York's Society" now at the new state museum on the mall. If that is an unfair assertion about the state in general, it could not be more true about the building in which the exhibition is housed. It speaks of materialism and extravagance; the museum not only has outside walls of white marble, but freestanding marble water fountains in the basement. There is everywhere the sense that the state of New York spared no expense.

The ten buildings are arranged along three sides of a quarter-mile-long open space with a reflecting pool in the center; the old capitol fills out the fourth side.* Opposite the capitol, at the far end, is the huge marble mass of the state library and museum complex. Along one side are a forty-four-story office tower (the tallest in the state outside New York City); a building shaped like an elongated half grapefruit, which is the auditorium and meeting center; and another marble box that houses the justice department. On the other side there are four identical twenty-story towers, the Swan Street building—a long, low building that looks like a marble sarcophagus—and yet another marble box. Underneath everything runs the "platform"—the five-story base containing a concourse, parking garages, and other facilities.

The auditorium and meeting center, which mall users have come to call "the egg," is the most eccentric form; all of the other structures are either wedge-shaped towers or monumental buildings no higher than thirteen stories. The images are futuristic: the complex calls to mind Buck Rogers, not only in the curious form of "the egg" (what possessed the architect to put two auditoriums in an upside-down half sphere, one can only guess), but in the towers as well. The four small towers each consist of a wedge of marble around which is wrapped a steel-and-glass form, cantilevered for dramatic effect. The larger tower across the pool echoes the shape, this time without solid marble, but the effect is still that of a master building

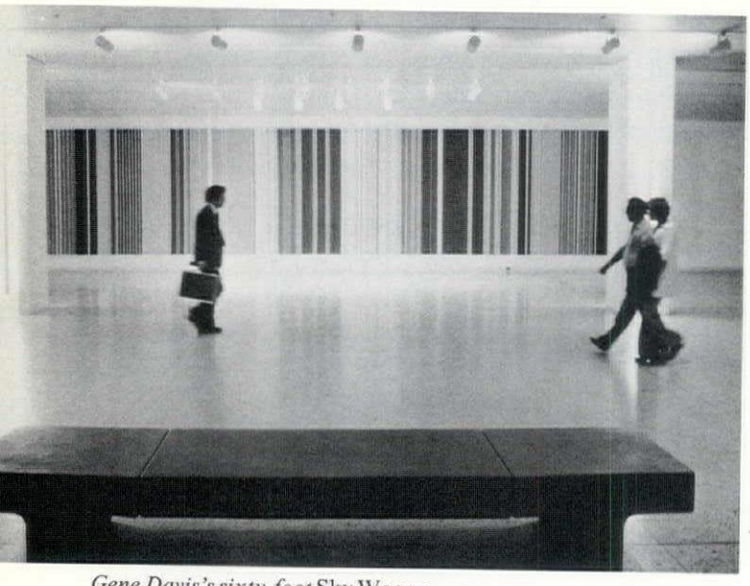
*The capitol, begun in 1867, covers three acres, cost about $25 million, and took more than thirty years to build. Near the end of that period Governor Frank S. Black remarked sourly, "This state cannot bear the extravagance of a building undergoing construction at one end and decay at the other," precursing the concerns of the mall's critics a century later.



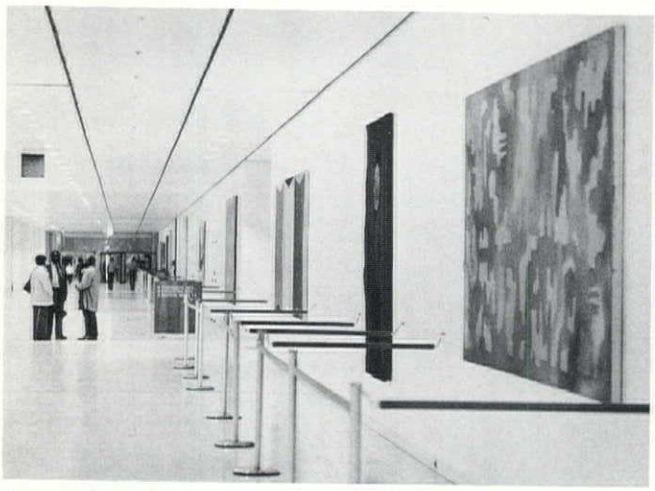
George Segal's Billboard, *mounted in the tower lobby*



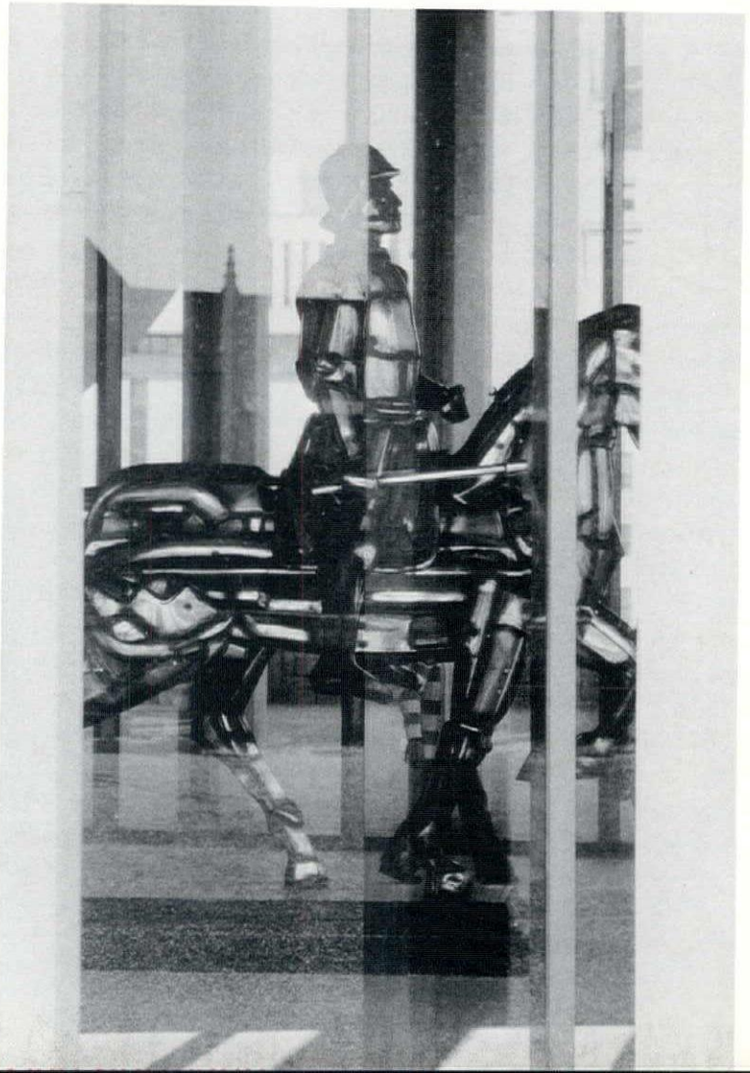
Paintings line the walls of the quarter-mile-long concourse.



Gene Davis's sixty-foot Sky Wagon

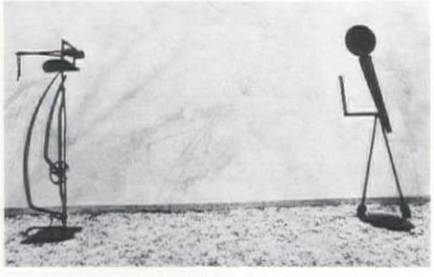


Ropes and stanchions protect valuable paintings in the concourse.



Jason Seley's Colleoni II, *made from automobile bumpers*





Steel figures by David Smith, in the plaza

Public Art

The mall houses some ninety art works, predominately abstract in style and gigantic in size (Sven Lukin's painting, top, right, is one hundred feet long). Worth $2,653,000, the collection was selected by a distinguished committee, headed by mall architect Wallace K. Harrison. Intending to elevate the aesthetic level of public art, the committee drew on the work of New York–oriented artists who were particularly prominent in the 1960's. Indoors, the impact of the art has been somewhat muted by poor positioning and lighting; outdoors, it is often overpowered by the architecture.

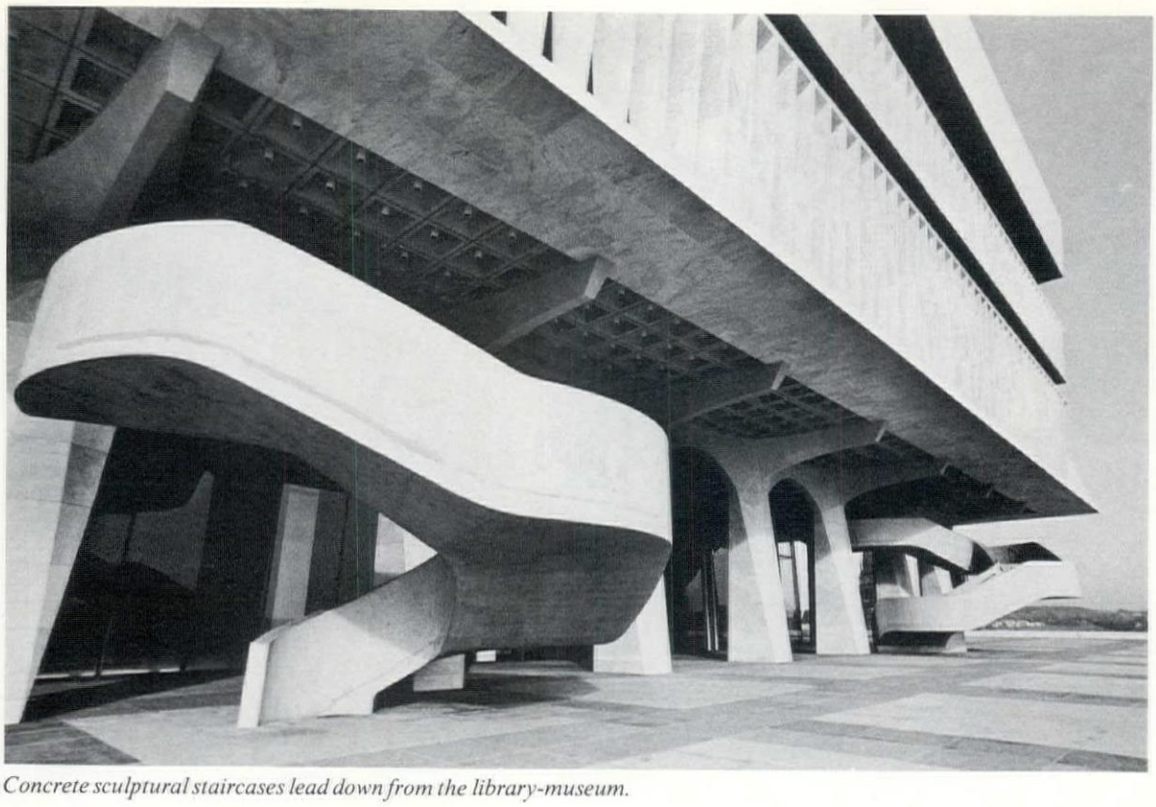
from which four offspring have been cloned. Taken together, the four identical towers have considerable presence as minimal sculpture—the forms play off one another with a surprising power.

But as functioning office buildings the four towers make little sense. There is only 9,600 square feet of space on each floor, and an inordinate area is wasted on mechanical equipment (each building has as many elevators as could service a building of much greater size). Less than half of the buildings' gross floor area is actually usable space, as compared to three-quarters or more in conventional skyscrapers.

To the extent that state officials, and Governor Rockefeller, tried to justify this inefficiency, it was to claim that the mall's design favored old-fashioned grandeur over functional considerations. The chief architect, Wallace K. Harrison, said, "The governor wanted something grand and monumental."

Indeed, the particular style of grandeur and monumentality chosen was Rockefeller's more than anyone else's. "We used to get paper-napkin drawings from his Seal Harbor retreat," one consultant to the original Albany commission said. The final design was a set of modernistic forms that were passé even when they were designed in the early 1960's, and by now they are so dated and simplistic that few architectural critics find it possible to take them seriously.

Harrison, for many years senior partner in the firm of Harrison and Abramovitz, was part of the original team that designed Rockefeller Center in the 1930's, and he and Rockefeller have been close friends for decades. Harrison designed vacation houses for the governor as well as public buildings for the state, and while he was once considered reasonably progressive—Rockefeller Center is viewed by architectural historians as one of the most influential large-scale projects of the



Concrete sculptural staircases lead down from the library-museum.

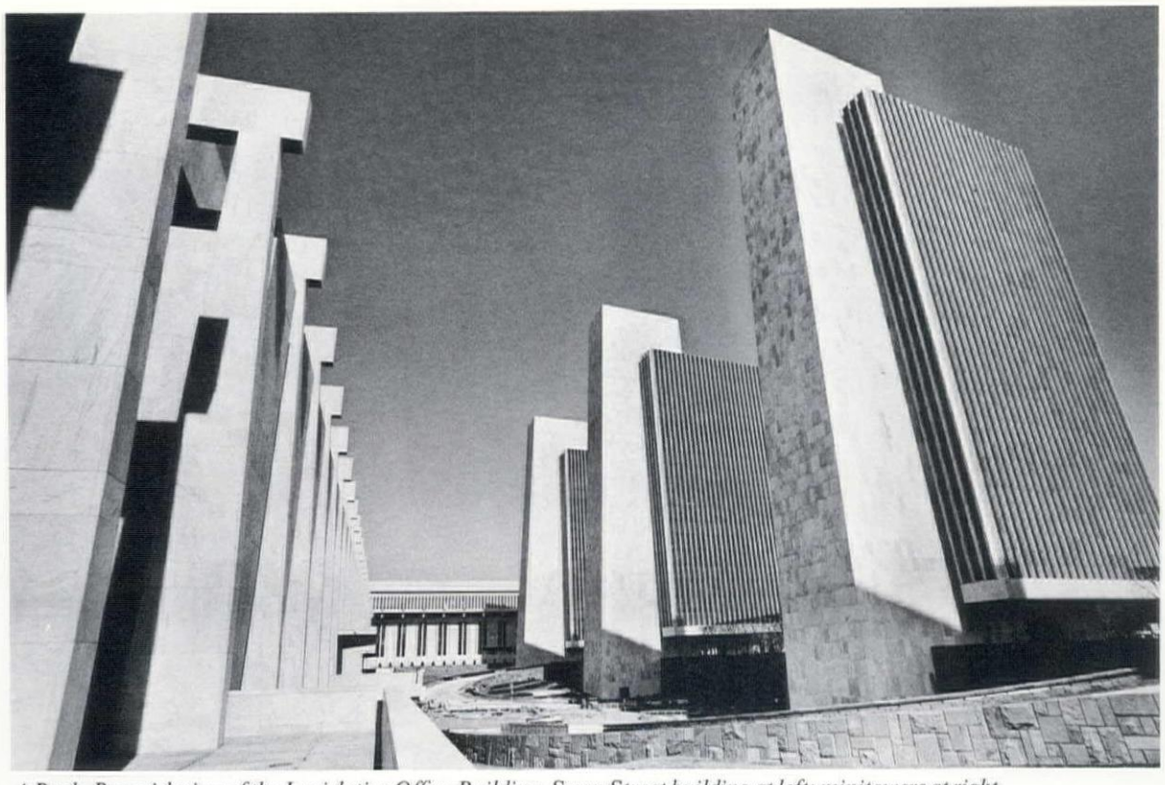
twentieth century—his work has grown increasingly conservative in recent years. The clearest indication of Harrison's conservative drift came in Lincoln Center, a project sponsored by Nelson Rockefeller's older brother, John D. III, which contains as its centerpiece Harrison's Metropolitan Opera House, completed in the mid-1960's just as the mall was getting under way.

Harrison was the architect for the mall's towers and the library-museum complex, and while three of the low-rise office buildings were designed by other firms, he served as overall architectural coordinator and thus had a role in the design of those buildings as well. The low-rise buildings all attempt a certain classicism, mixed awkwardly with a dash of the heavy concrete "brutalism" prevalent in the 1960's. Vertical panels and fins and the repetition of simple rhythms along the length of very long façades seem intended to suggest classicism, yet the buildings generally include a cantilevered element, as if to remind us that they are really modern after all. Everything is sheathed in gleaming marble from Vermont and Georgia, reminding visitors, should they still be unsure, that these buildings were intended to be expensive monuments.

As pure architecture, the low-rise buildings are even more simplistic than the towers. They lack even the amusing futurism of the four identical little skyscrapers. The library-museum, with its horizontal floors sitting atop marble piers, seems a cross between Le Corbusier's great concrete Monastery of La Tourette, in France, and the concrete boxes of Marcel Breuer. But here Le Corbusier's forms have no function: they are frozen into a useless symmetry, and the entire building seems a formal exercise more intent on impressing the unsophisticated than in making a serious aesthetic statement or in merely functioning smoothly. There is a vast open terrace, useless for most of the year in cold, windswept Albany; from this outdoor terrace a pair of freestanding concrete staircases spiral upward into the library: their shapes recall the staircases in Harrison's Metropolitan Opera House and have so little reason for being here that one wonders if they hadn't been left over from the opera project.

The library-museum's position at the long end of the mall, directly opposite the capitol, makes it the symbolic center of the complex: to accentuate this focus, a vast stairway sweeps up from the main plaza to the building's terrace level four stories above the street. That is the library's entrance; the museum is reached from underneath this almost endless flight of stairs, so that one enters one section of this building like a character in a Cecil B. De Mille movie and the other like a deliveryman.

The same sort of bumbling pomposity extends to the Legislative Office Building, where even the fire stairs are constructed of white marble. This building, incidentally, contains what the critics generally consider the quintessential expression of the mall's folly—an enormous, three-story-high formal hall, with walls sheathed in white and green marble and with a monumental staircase cascading into it. Unfortunately, the hall—nicknamed "the well" by mall users—goes from nowhere to nowhere: it is neither an entrance hall nor a central hall, but a huge room in the basement that strikes visitors with surprise as they round a corner and burst suddenly into it. The room's design is so inept that huge lighting fixtures were placed above the staircase, and special scaffolding is required to change the light bulbs. Recently "the well" has been put to ad hoc use as a sort of quasi-auditorium for special entertainments, and in a curious defense of the design of the great stair-



A Buck-Rogerish view of the Legislative Office Building. Swan Street building at left; minitowers at right

case, Al Abrams, one-time secretary of the Senate, pointed out that "it is also used as seats for protesters who come daily to bring government closer to people."

To Wolf Von Eckhardt, architecture critic of the Washington *Post*, the mall is "grotesque . . . a Dali-esque nightmare . . . the architecture of power and vanity." To Maria Sportman, a young employee of the Public Service Commission who works in one of the four little towers, "it is nice and modern—it reminds me of a city like you would see on 'Star Trek.' "

By and large, employees based in the mall seem to be happy there. On the subject of aesthetics they express blanket approval; the mall is often described in words like "beautiful" or "great" or "modern." Many employees prefer to evaluate the mall in terms of its effect on their daily routines. One worker said she was happy in the mall because she qualified for an underground parking space, but that her friends who had to park blocks away disliked the mall. And it is not uncommon to hear secretaries praise the design of the complex because facilities for coffee and snacks are located conveniently near their work areas, yet complain bitterly that there are no stores available for shopping at noontime. Retail space was set aside, incidentally, within the quarter-mile-long concourse that runs underneath the reflecting pool, but none has yet been leased, according to Tom Christiansen, who has the title of plaza manager and oversees general operations. "We are trying to find the kind of facilities that will serve the tenants and public yet will not make this place draw crowds from the existing downtown like a shopping center," Christiansen said, evidently concerned that the mall not compound the very problems it was created to erase.

The absence of stores is mentioned frequently by employees; those in agencies that were switched to the mall from the state's suburban campus generally prefer their old location, because there were stores to visit. "Out there there were places to go," said Donna Olchowy, a staff member of the Office of General Services. "Here there is nothing to do at lunch." In Albany, the virtues traditionally ascribed to downtown seem now to exist only in the suburbs.

The centralization of government agencies in the mall appears to many of the complex's users to be a real asset. Ken Lynch, a legislative assistant to Assemblyman Herman Farrell, says, "I like the mall because the resources are readily available. When I was doing research in New York City, I had to run all over town in the subway to get information, and now I just walk around right here."

And Linda Greenhouse, the *New York Times* Albany bureau chief, says simply, "It was a terrible winter here, and with the mall you were able to get to every office without going outside. Whatever you say about the aesthetics, I have to admit that my life has been much easier since the mall was built."

Mall users seem to go to great pains to separate their approval of the mall as a functioning element from any retroactive acceptance of the political process by which it got built. "I wouldn't buy it for two billion dollars, but since it's there, it's nice. I've become a closet mall freak," admits Mark A. Siegel, a young assemblyman from Manhattan's Upper East Side. And then there is State Senator Jack E. Bronston of Queens, an unabashed mall enthusiast but a longtime political foe of Governor Rockefeller's, who justifies his approval by saying, "I've always been a fan of the Egyptian pyramids, but that doesn't mean I subscribe to the political views of Cheops."

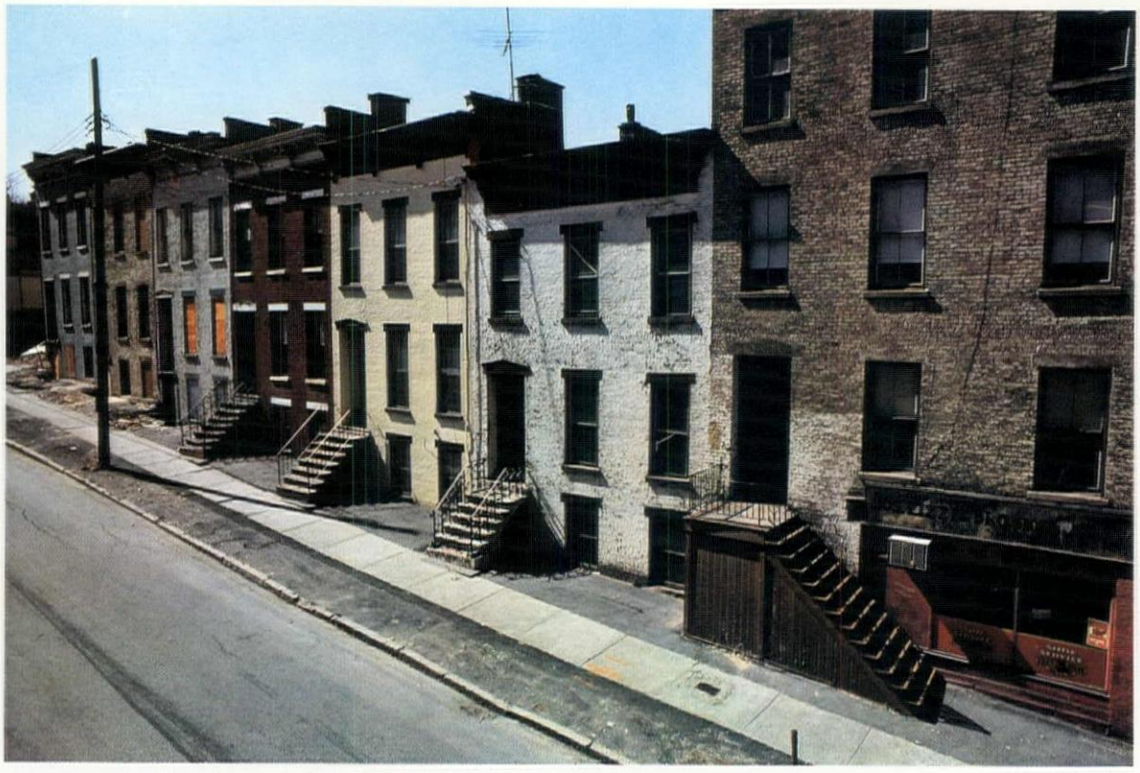
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The view from across the Hudson, two miles away: at center, interlocking highways known as Spaghetti Junction; at left, th



athedral of the Immaculate Conception; far right, the old Alfred E. Smith Office Building behind twin towers of the capitol.



Partially restored row houses on Swan Street, similar to those torn down for the mall

The mall users' approval of the marble corridors through which they now pass daily only rarely extends to the mall's art collection. Selected by a special committee headed by Harrison, the art reflects Rockefeller's taste as much as does the architecture, but here the array of entirely abstract works seems to be on a more sophisticated level. Works by such artists as Mark Rothko, Louise Nevelson, Robert Motherwell, Alexander Calder, Franz Kline, Claes Oldenburg, and David Smith would do credit to any museum, although their presence here seems as much as anything an attempt to humanize the mall's vast empty spaces.

Unfortunately the architecture fights the art at every turn, sometimes literally blocking out works (a fine painting by Al Held is obscured by columns in the concourse) and at other times merely making them look absurd, like the poor Calder stabile that squats like a little bug before the looming pile of the library-museum complex. Perhaps it is not so surprising, then, that the art, clearly overwhelmed, strikes mall users, as one state employee said, as "an eyesore." The mall is itself an abstract sculpture of an utterly overpowering sort; "Its brutal forms mock and diminish even the strongest of contemporary works," said Hilton Kramer, art critic of the *New York Times*. "At every turn in this vast architectural labyrinth, the art object . . . is sentenced to a life of inglorious servitude."

To some observers, of course, it is not merely the works of art but the human occupants of the mall who spend their time in bondage to the complex's design; thus the generally receptive attitude of many mall users comes as rather a shock to those critics who could find no redeeming social value at all in the project. Currently, however, there is acknowledgment that these buildings do the job creditably. They house workers and protect them from the rain and the cold; they are clean and safe. They are rather dazzling to the eye. And they provide welcome space—at least in warm weather—for walking, playing, picnicking, or just sitting. To some, that is all that need be asked of such a place.

But the mall was intended by its planners to be more than efficient or pleasant housing for eleven thousand workers. It was to be, as Nelson Rockefeller stated at the mall's dedication, a noble monument, a place "that will fulfill us aesthetically . . . and that will speak of the dignity of man." Rockefeller wanted the mall to symbolize the glory of the nation's second most populous state and the vitality of its government.

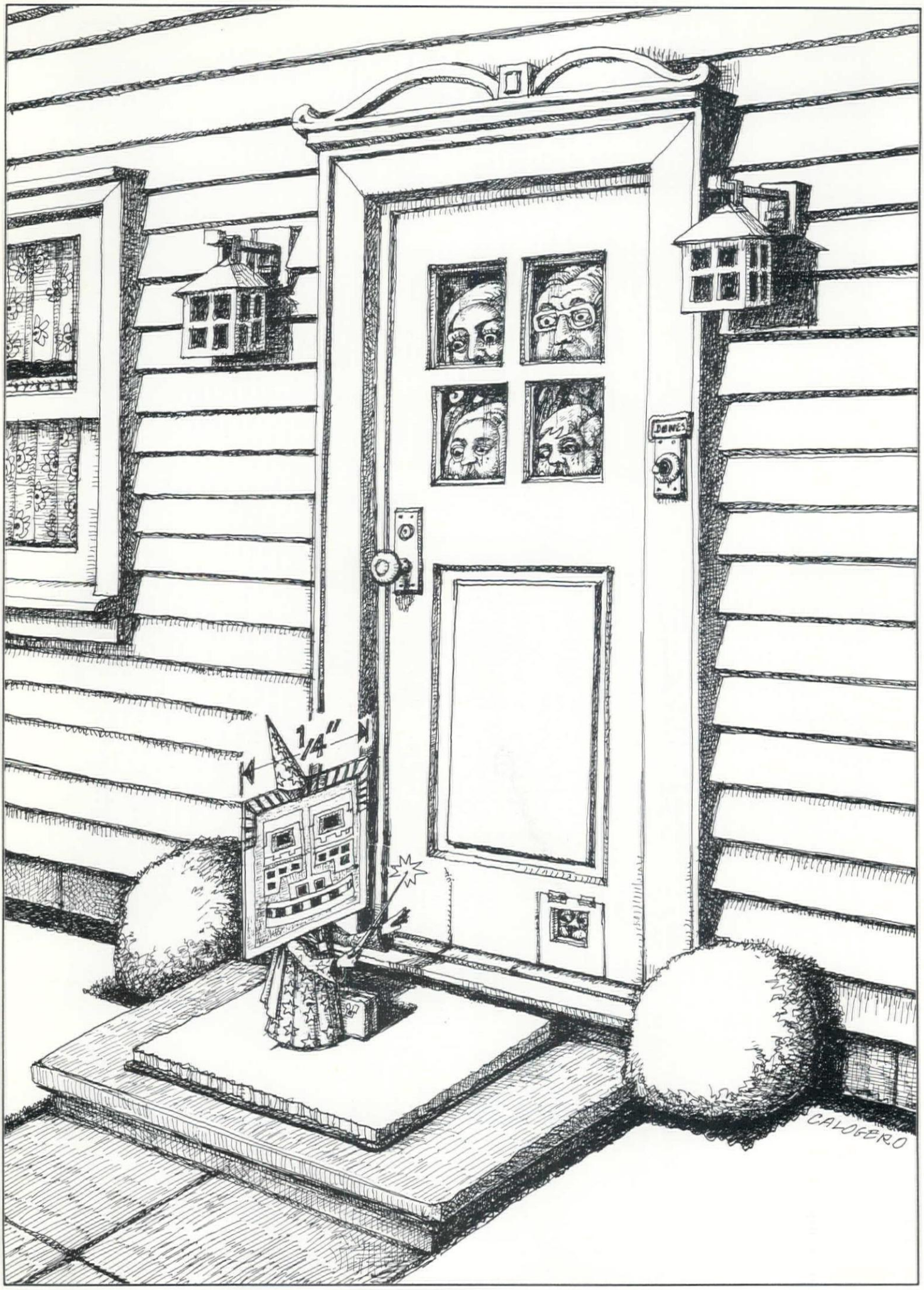
But the mall speaks not of a government of vitality and imagination but of just the opposite. A project pursued with the simple-minded zeal—not to mention the architectural style—of an imperial venture, the mall yielded spaces of such vast scale that, like the underground concourse, they are measured best in fractions of a mile.

The Albany Mall, then, is grandiose, but at bottom, utterly banal and empty. This does, of course, perfectly symbolize government to some cynics; and there are those who see an ironic appropriateness to the mall's design. But as architecture, the images the mall represents—one part Buck Rogers to two parts warmed-over classicism—hold no real meaning. They emerge from comic-book visions that are now decades old and offer only sentimentality; after that, there is nothing but emptiness. Nelson Rockefeller wanted the mall to symbolize his state's richness; unfortunately, it suggests a government that has an abundance of everything except ideas. □

Paul Goldberger is architecture critic for the New York Times.

The office tower dwarfs François Stahly's $197,000 teakwood sculpture, Labyrinth.



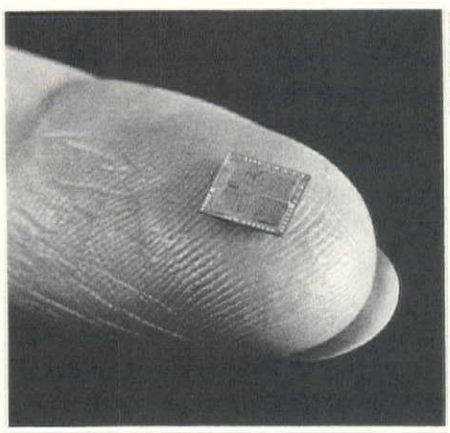

1/4"
CALOGERO

The Impudent, Magical Silicon Chip

It will free you from even minimal drudgery,
protect you from your enemies
and yourself, save you from heart attacks,
and let everyone know where you are

For more than thirty years we have been hearing that the marvel of electronics is about to transform our lives—but most of us are still waiting to see it happen. Our paychecks and monthly bills may now be printed by computer, but there's no magic in that, and they don't look much different than they did when they were typed by hand. Our stereos and televisions are packed with transistors, but the pictures and sounds aren't all that new. We are told that computers have made great changes in manufacturing and business-management practices, but the highly touted Electronics Revolution has not touched most of us closely.

Now it seems that the long-promised garden of electronic delights is opening at last, and our daily lives are really about to be changed. The key has been provided by discoveries, made since the late 1960's, that allow highly complicated electronic circuits to be microminiaturized both in size and cost. Reduced far beyond what anyone imagined possible ten years ago, the computer is finally going to enter the home—and the car and the hospital and the ordinary office—and when it does, it is hard to foresee where it will stop. Philip H. Abelson and Allen L. Hammond, editors of the authoritative *Science* magazine, said recently that "as the vigor of the Industrial Revolution fades, the Electronics Revolution will provide impetus for the reshaping of society in new directions."



COURTESY INTEL

Thinner than a fingernail and weighing one-hundredth of a gram, the silicon chip—enlarged in the photograph above—is the heart and brains of the microprocessor.

For most people the point of entry into the microminiaturized world of electronics is the hand-held calculator—small, cheap, useful, and ubiquitous. (The worldwide market in 1976 was seventy million units, of which almost half was sold in North America.) The hand-held calculator came into being as a result of a process that allows the electronic heart of the machine to be inscribed on a silicon chip about the size of one's fingernail. Something very close to a computer has already been put in the hand of anyone with ten dollars to spend.

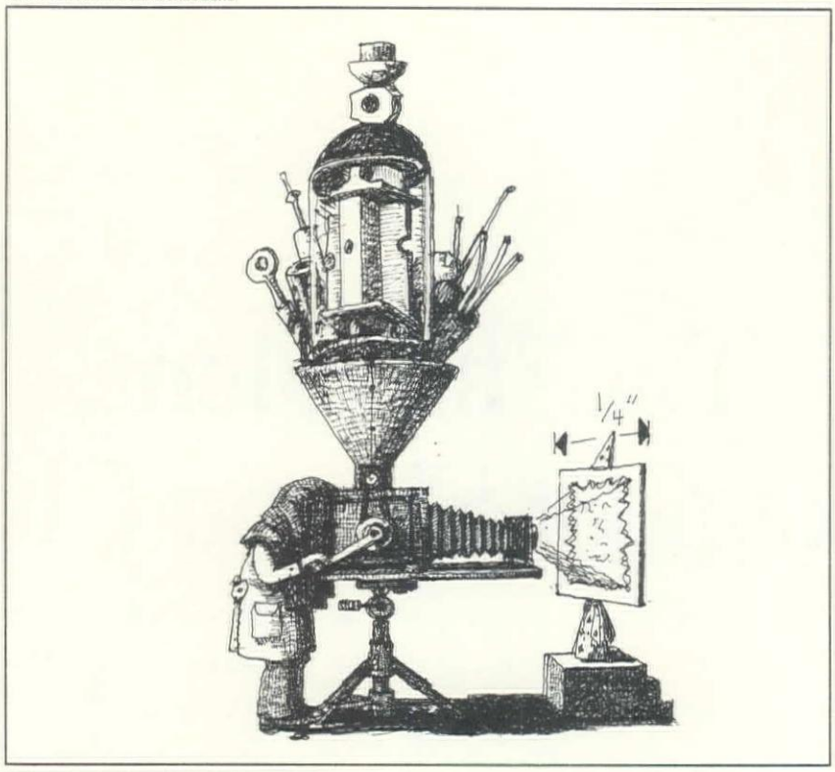
The silicon chip has actually been around for about twenty years. In 1959, in what seemed at the time a notable achievement, a single electronic component was engraved on a single chip. By 1964 chips were carrying integrated circuits made up of ten components. By 1970 the number of components on one chip had risen to a thousand, and by 1976 to thirty-two thousand. As the chips were engraved ever more finely, the cost of manufacturing them became increasingly more reasonable. And chips that can carry one million or more components are predicted for the 1980's.

For the overwhelming majority of us who are not engineers, the terms used to describe the advances in electronics can be more confusing than helpful. So, before we go further, here is a basic vocabulary:

Silicon, the second most common element in the earth's crust (oxygen is the first), is known to physicists as a semiconductor. It was used in the transistors that replaced radio tubes during the 1950's.

By KENNETH LAMOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GENE CALOGERO



What used to require all sorts of hardware can now be engraved on a single chip.

Silicon chips are mass-produced on thin, polished slices of manmade silicon crystal. Each chip is inscribed with components by a process that resembles photoengraving. Chips vary in size but are commonly about one-quarter inch square.

The electronic components on a chip, taken as a whole, are known as an *integrated circuit. Large-scale integration* (LSI) is the process of putting a very large number of components on a very small chip.

A *calculator* is a device of any size that can perform mathematical operations. A *computer* is a device of any size that not only calculates but can also refer to data and instructions entered in a memory.

A *minicomputer* is by definition a computer that costs less than $50,000. (Many minicomputers cost a great deal less.) The minicomputer comes out of a somewhat different line of development from the microcomputer.

The *microcomputer*—and now we are getting to the machines that are about to enter our daily lives—is made up of a central processing unit (the logical heart of a computer) on a single chip, connected to one or more memory chips as well as the necessary input-output devices. The newest electronic memories are the charged-couple device and the magnetic-bubble memory, both of which are very powerful inventions.

The *microprocessor* is essentially the logical component of a microcomputer without the memory or with only a rudimentary memory. It has already been put to use in various industrial processes.

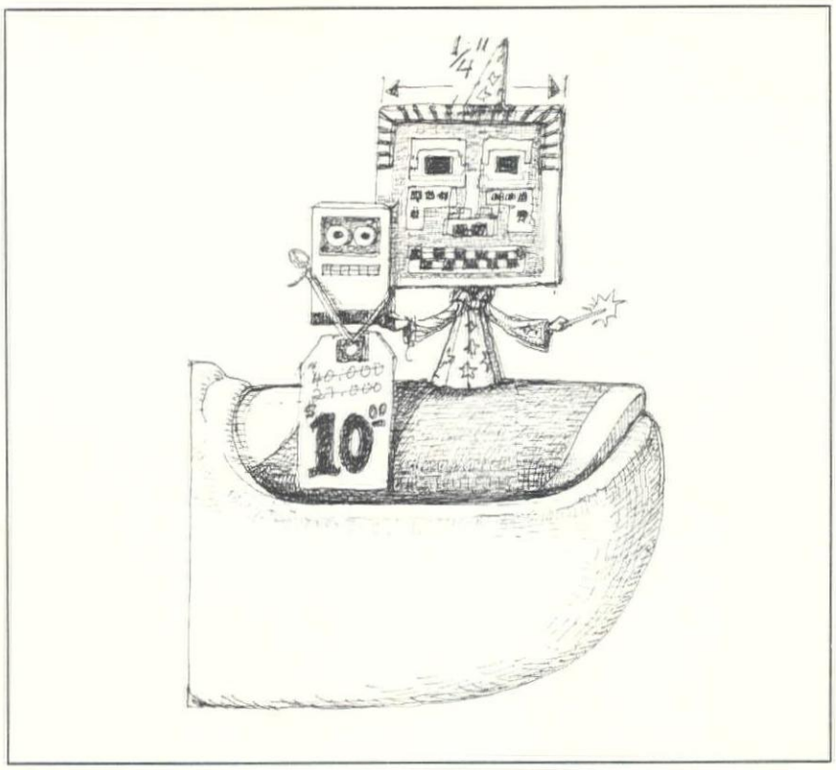
Computer-on-a-chip has been used loosely to describe any device that uses silicon chips, such as an advanced calculator. However, the true computer-on-a-chip is one in which both logic and memory are combined on a single chip. It will probably become available in the early 1980's.

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The first microprocessor was made six years ago by M. E. Hoff, Jr., a young engineer working for the Intel Corporation in "Silicon Valley," south of San Francisco. Hoff was assigned by a now-defunct Japanese calculator company to design a circuit divided up among eleven chips of silicon. Distressed by this complexity, Hoff reduced the layout to three chips, putting a central processing unit (CPU)—the entire "brain" of a computer—on one of them. Hoff's CPU chip, the first microprocessor, was one-eighth of an inch wide by one-sixth of an inch long. It contained 2,250 microminiaturized transistors and was equal in computing power to the first electronic computer, ENIAC, which, when it was unveiled in 1946, filled three thousand cubic feet with eighteen thousand vacuum tubes.

Since Hoff made the first CPU, the cost of manufacturing and engraving a chip has become ridiculously low—it costs about a dollar to make one containing several thousand transistors. Not long ago, C. Lester Horgan, a vice president of Fairchild Camera and Instruments, made the grand gesture of flinging a handful of chips into an audience and announcing, "That's eighteen million dollars' worth of computer power—or it was twenty years ago." A mere ten dollars is quoted as the eventual price for even advanced microprocessors.

The companies that are out front in the silicon-chip business are relatively young and still relatively small. In 1976 the four leading firms were Texas Instruments, Motorola, Fairchild, and National Semiconductor. RCA, which twenty years ago was the number-one maker of vacuum tubes, came in fifth. Intel, though perhaps the most innovative company, was in sixth place. At a



The cost of even the most advanced chip has become ridiculously low.

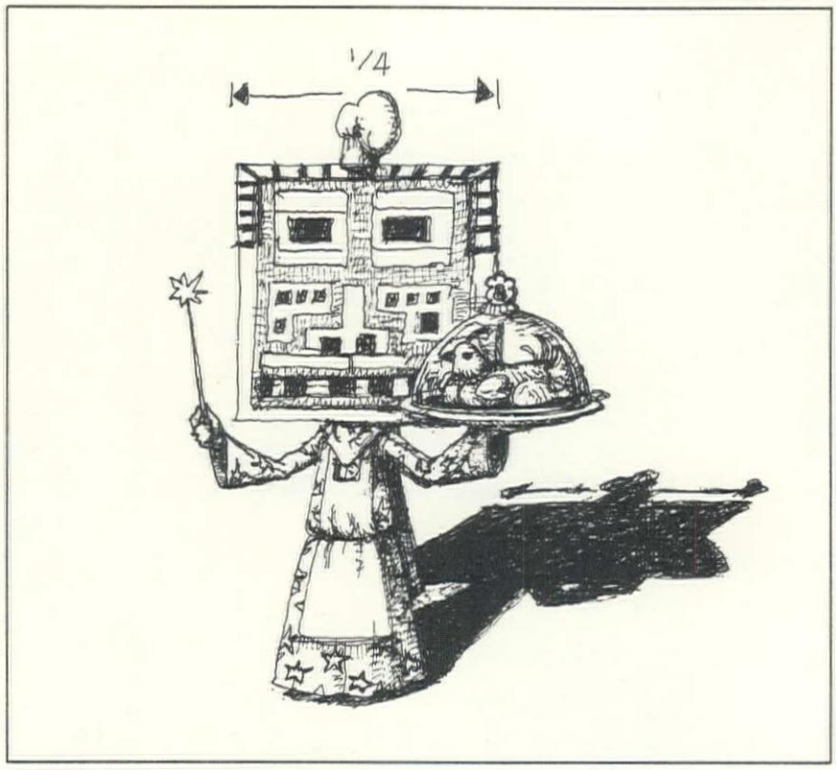
time when Japanese electronics firms have made deep inroads into American television and radio markets, U.S. manufacturers continue to dominate the world of advanced electronics. The Japanese are out there, swinging hard, but the control of the game is still in American hands.

Silicon-chip electronics has already invaded the world of the consumer, although, apart from the calculator, the incursion is still on a small scale. Among home appliances, the most successful microprocessor product so far is Amana's top-of-the-line microwave oven. Programmed by a touch keyboard, the Amana oven provides a much broader range of cooking possibilities than ovens with the conventional electric timer. After the Touchmatic was introduced in 1975, Amana's microwave-oven sales went up more than 60 per cent, leaving the competition flailing along somewhere behind.

Fairchild's new home entertainment center, which is selling very well for about $170, allows a wide variety of those now-familiar video games to be played on the home television, including ticktacktoe and blackjack, as well as games you make up yourself. A taximeter developed by Bru-Der Instruments is competitive (it costs about five hundred dollars) with standard meters, but it can calculate simultaneously the proportionate fares for each of five passengers with different starting points and destinations. It is being tested now in a number of cities. A device developed by Motorola dials a stored phone number, a trick that is especially useful to the owner of a car phone.

Many of the applications of silicon-chip electronics await—but not for long—highly technical improvements in manufacturing processes. Some of the most practical and remarkable devices coming our way are these:

- In automobiles, sleep detectors to wake up the drowsy driver, alcohol detectors to ground the boozy driver, antipollution exhaust gas controls, blind-spot detectors, automatic engine diagnosis instruments, automatic cruise controllers, emergency location transmitters, low-pressure tire indicators, ultrasonic fuel injectors, and, in extremis, crash recorders. One device is already in use—a microprocessor that controls ignition timing in the 1977 Oldsmobile Toronado. A publication of the Society of Automotive Engineers predicts that by 1985 electronics will be so large a part of the American car that it will represent 10 per cent of its cost.
- An all-electronic mail system to take the place of the present, old-fashioned post office. The new system would make use of existing hardware, such as keyboard terminals, facsimile scanners, and electronic data processors, the idea being to replace much of our mail with electronic transmission of its contents. The economics of such a system dictates that it start out with government agencies and large businesses, but with small businesses and households eventually being taken in. The familiar hand-delivered, first-class sealed envelope would survive, one hopes, for that segment of correspondence in which privacy will still be of some value.
- Various microminiaturized instruments for diagnosing disease and monitoring the state of the body. New imaging techniques made possible by computerized electronics have already made the familiar x-ray shadowgraph obsolete for many purposes. Conventional x-ray techniques can't detect differences in tissue density of less than about 25 per cent. Existing computer-aided imaging, such as the tomographic (CAT) scanner, can resolve tissue density differences of 0.5 per cent, showing up otherwise invisible tumors.



A microprocessor in your kitchen will provide near-instant meals.

Present systems for monitoring the heart action of cardiac patients can be vastly improved by incorporating automatic arrhythmia detectors, which analyze each heartbeat. Nurses and aides will no longer be charged with the tedious (and essentially impossible) task of watching the bouncing ball on each monitor for signs of irregularity.

A microprocessor will be the heart of various tiny devices implanted inside the body to monitor such vital signs as blood pressure and blood flow—a particularly useful function in the biomedical research laboratory. The microprocessor will also make possible the development of artificial eyes and ears. A fully implantable microminiaturized substitute for the natural machinery of the inner ear is already being worked on.

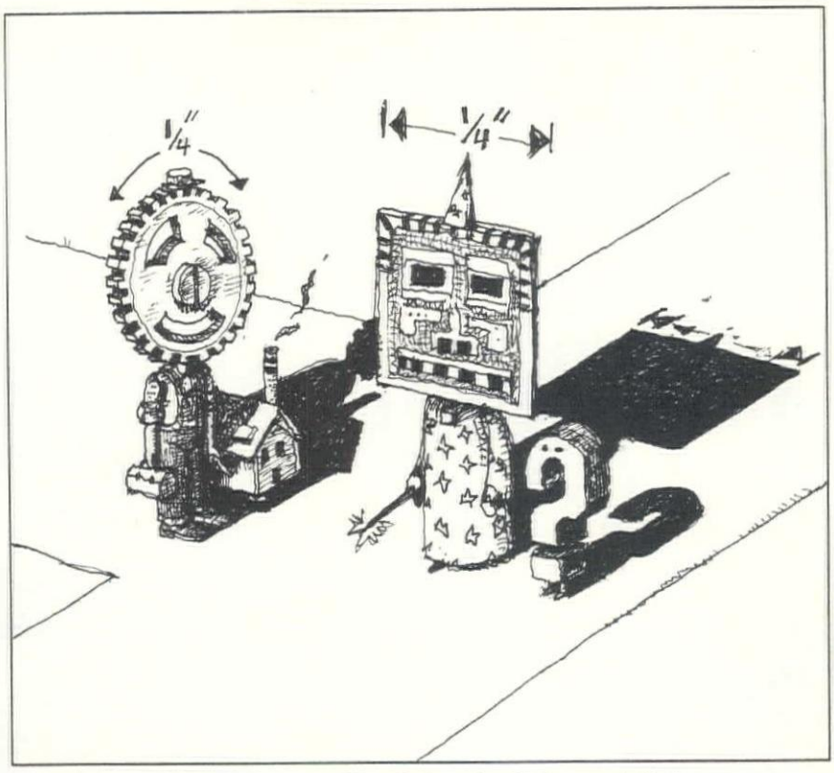
- A fully portable personal telephone is predicted by RCA. People who have a phobia about talking on the phone will not be cheered by the microminiaturized version's ability to go where you go.
- The hand-held calculator will be succeeded by the hand-held computer. Besides becoming programmable, the personal calculator/computer will have a memory and will work with alphabetical words as well as with numbers. The functions now performed by a general-purpose computer the size of a typewriter—used extensively now by small businesses and scientific researchers—will be done as efficiently by a pocket-size machine that costs far less.
- Home security systems will become supersensitive as well as cheap. Personal safety will be further guarded by a vigilant device, sized for purse or pocket, that will warn of persons lurking in dark streets or hallways.
- By far the greatest changes the new electronics will bring to the average family will come from the home computer center. Besides controlling household appliances and security systems, the home computer center will be able to store and manipulate the information needed for budget planning and tax preparation. It will serve as a communications terminal, too.

Virtually every American home is already equipped with a cathode-ray-tube display device (the television set) and has access to outside data bases through its telephone (just as is done in present commercial computer systems). Link these facilities through a computer center, and the educational possibilities of television can be vastly improved. Imagine a system in which each viewer-student can respond promptly to drills and exercises and then have his/her performance corrected and scored immediately.

The addition of a high-speed printer—no more expensive than an electric typewriter—to the home computer center will open up whole new horizons. At first, bills and bank transactions will be handled electronically. Then, when the system is able to print on request fast-breaking news stories, sports scores, comic strips, horoscopes, articles, or entire books—then surely an extraordinary impact will be felt in the information and entertainment industries.

As a start, libraries will evolve into storehouses of microminiaturized information available to every home in response to a touch on a keyboard. Book lovers will no doubt lobby—successfully, one hopes—for vestigial conventional libraries, at least. But what will be lost when the *Federal Register* and *Chemical Abstracts* are converted from print to electronic displays?

- One of the most far-reaching consequences of the new electronics will be a liberation of workers in many occupations and professions from the central office. An architect, for example, working at home, will be able to store his "drawings" as electromagnetic data in



The watch gear led to the Industrial Revolution; the chip's potential is far greater.

the memory of his computer system. The computer will have the power to test his concepts in various ways—for instance, produce an instant perspective drawing of the building and rotate it through 360°, or check out the loads and stresses. Then he'll be able instantly to transmit his drawings to his colleagues or to clients in a distant city for display on their television screens. When the time comes to put the project out to bid, the contractors will receive drawings and specifications electronically and will, of course, prepare their bids and monitor the job the same way.

I am not suggesting that we are returning to the era of cottage industries, but what we are likely to see is at least a partial reversal of the movement that has concentrated white-collar workers in offices equipped with increasingly expensive and increasingly sophisticated machines. Now that sophistication is being achieved without great expense, we may well see more and more people at home between nine and five, with all that that implies for the downtown business districts of New York, London, and Tokyo. And when paper-centered businesses are caught up in the change, we may finally see, too, the armies of displaced file clerks, typists, stenographers, draftsmen, and junior executives that were first predicted in the early years of electronics.

• • •

Whatever benefits and problems will come from the products of silicon-chip electronics, come they will. But this is not to say that there isn't resistance to the changes they will bring. As Max Bell, a professor of education at the University of Chicago, reported at a recent national meeting of scientists, the hand-held calculator has been completely accepted at the upper end of the educational process but at the lower end is still regarded as a loathsome and pernicious invention. Unrestricted use of calculators is the rule in engineering and science courses. (The Keuffel and Esser Company, whose slide rules were standard equipment for generations of engineers, now distributes hand-held calculators made by Texas Instruments.) But, says Dr. Bell, "in the elementary schools, they still think the hand-held calculator rots the student's mind." There is room for serious argument here, but in the end, even those of us who still feel a chill whenever another human function is taken over by a machine have to accept that the silicon chip is here to stay.

There are present dangers, too—among them the contagious disease of the mind already evident among people who work with computers: "If you can't say it in numbers, it's not worth saying." And, in time, we will all run the risk of being infected by what some people in Silicon Valley call the "hacker syndrome"—a hacker being a person so infatuated with the machine that he spends his days and nights running problems through it.

Lewis Mumford has reminded us that early in the sixteenth century Peter Henlein, a young Nuremberg mechanic, created "many-wheeled watches out of small bits of iron." Henlein's pocket timekeepers were destined to change the world two hundred years later, for, as Mumford points out, the watch was to make possible the Industrial Revolution by synchronizing the actions of large numbers of people even when they couldn't see one another. Just how far the silicon chip may take us in the end is anybody's guess. The significant difference between Henlein's watch and Hoff's chip is that the one is made of small bits of iron and the other of tiny bits of silicon. □

Kenneth Lamott is a novelist and science writer who lives in California.

FUTURE SUBJUNCTIVE

"I Stress the Emotions"

One of the busiest men on Broadway last season was Michael Cristofer, a young actor-playwright from Los Angeles. Most evenings he went by the Morosco Theatre to chat with the cast of *The Shadow Box*, his Pulitzer Prize–winning play about three patients in a hospital for the terminally ill. Then he would hop a cab uptown to Lincoln Center, where he was playing the part of Pyotr Sergeyevich Trofimov, the revolutionary student in Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard.*

Cristofer's stage experience is evident in *The Shadow Box,* which has meaty roles for all the actors and was praised by most critics. The play moves swiftly from one patient's intimate circle to another on a sparse multiunit set, and in spite of its somber subject matter, it is charged with wit, humor, and lively confrontations. "Everything in film and theatre today is very conceptual and clinical," says Cristofer. "I stress the emotions. My work runs the risk of being sentimental, but that is better than being frigid."

Cristofer's dual career as writer and actor came out of improvisational workshops in San Francisco. "We'd start a scene and I'd go home and write an ending," he says. He went on to work with theatre companies in Washington, Philadelphia, and New Haven, and even with an English-language troupe in Beirut, Lebanon. In 1970 Cristofer began work in New York with Joseph Papp's Shakespeare Festival. He also wrote several plays—one a revolutionary street drama—and later went to Los Angeles, where he joined the Center Theatre Group at the Mark Taper Forum.



SY FRIEDMAN

Michael Cristofer on stage with Marybeth Hurt in The Cherry Orchard

While in New York, Cristofer was working on his latest play, *Black Angel.* When he returned to his apartment after *The Cherry Orchard,* he would write until 3:00 A.M. *Black Angel,* he says, is "a re-evaluation of our sense of justice in terms of a Nazi metaphor." It will be produced next season at the Mark Taper.



TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX FILM CORPORATION

Sissy Spacek and Shelley Duvall in Robert Altman's 3 Women

The Distaff Screen

In the past decade it seemed as if movie machismo was nudging actresses off the screen. Top stars were midnight cowboys, sundance kids, godfathers, or cops. Now, however, as if in reparation for past damages, the cameras may be swinging the other way. In several new films women are not only the central figures, they are nonstereotypic as well.

The heroine of *Lumière,* a French movie first shown in the United States last fall, is a celebrated actress (Jeanne Moreau) who generously shares her triumphs with a group of promising starlets and gracefully endures disappointments—which come to her mainly from men.

In Robert Altman's *3 Women,* released this spring, a love-starved teen-ager (Shelley Duvall) has to compete for a man's attention with her troubled roommate and his demented wife. Yet instead of scratching her adversaries' eyes out, she helps them both survive.

In Fred Zinnemann's *Julia,* a film based on Lillian Hellman's memoirs and scheduled for release this fall, Hellman (Jane Fonda) courageously braves the Nazis and smuggles $50,000 to her friend Julia (Vanessa Redgrave), hiding out in Berlin.

And what of the old-fashioned woman who raises a family? She and her counterpart, the career woman, are the subject of a recent film, Herbert Ross's *Turning Point.* Reunited after twenty years, two friends (Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft) examine, with raised consciousness, the life choices women make. One has opted for marriage and motherhood, the other for a career in dance—and it is not taken for granted that the traditional role was best.

Will It Be Paramount?

For months there has been talk of forming a new, fourth television

network, and now it appears that Paramount Pictures might give it a try—perhaps as early as next summer. But anyone hoping for markedly better programming is advised not to hold his breath: it'll probably just be more of the same, for it's strictly a financial proposition.

Following a year that saw prices for television advertising climb steadily, a number of advertisers—notably General Foods—decided last spring that the only way to bring prices down was to support—or start—a fourth network. With promises of ad purchases, at least four groups began planning limited, prime-time programming, all to be broadcast on a consortium of independent stations and independently owned network affiliates. The showing last May of Taylor Caldwell's novel *Testimony of Two Men* resulted from the successful merger of ninety-four stations by a group called Operation Prime Time. It was the first time that the stations themselves had financed such a venture. Similar projects are being discussed by Norman Lear and Westinghouse's Group W.



JULIAN WASSER—*People Weekly* © TIME INC.

Diller with Diane Von Furstenberg

Of all the proposals, Paramount's is by far the most ambitious and the most promising. If everything jells, it could go on the air full time and could include national and international news. The Gulf and Western subsidiary has already acquired the Hughes Television Network, which with its worldwide facilities and satellite transmission had previously concentrated on sports coverage. And it has garnered two of the men responsible for ABC's recent, swift rise in the ratings: Michael Eisner, now Paramount's president, and Barry Diller, board chairman.

When Eisner and Diller were still with ABC, that network launched the all-too-forgettable *Starsky and Hutch* and *Baretta*, the flagrantly sexual *Charlie's Angels*, and the insipid *Brady Bunch*. These are the kinds of shows that attract the advertiser's dollar—and are the potential prototypes for a new network. But who knows? Another *Ascent of Man* might also be included.

Vasarely's Alert

To halt what he calls the spread of global ugliness, painter Victor Vasarely is enlisting the creative efforts of fellow artists, architects, engineers, psychologists, and anyone else concerned for the future of urban environments. To help promote his interdisciplinary cause he has set up a special foundation in Aix-en-Provence, near the French Riviera.

Vasarely has housed his new foundation in a sprawling, three-story structure that looks like a row of painted toy cubes arranged corner to corner by a meticulous child. With contrasting colors of circles in squares on each side, it resembles one of the artist's geometric paintings and also represents his commitment to "the form of buildings and the use of color."

In addition to housing major artworks by the sixty-two-year-old Vasarely, the foundation-museum also displays hundreds of his designs for buildings, cities, and abstract modules. Mounted on flat plates, many of these plans can be shuffled by push button for multiple viewing arrangements, thus presenting a myriad assortment of design options.



ALAIN NOGUES—SYGMA; BELOW: ROBERT WALKER—*New York Times*

Vasarely and his foundation: designed to wipe out global ugliness

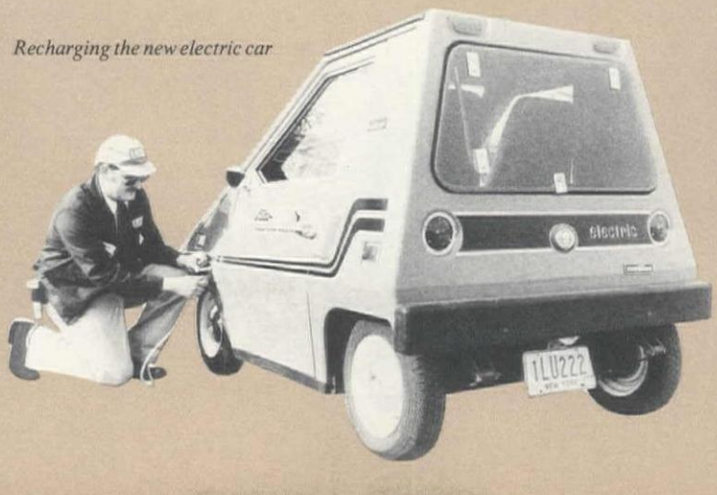
Vasarely's desire is to stimulate a fresh look at urban planning in order to see through the "monotony of the city landscape," which, according to Vasarely, "provokes a lot of nervous disorders and strain." But anyone who has ever strained his own eyes in front of a quivering Vasarely canvas might wonder about the artist's exciting plans for improvement.

Futurebug

It has all the elegance of a hardtop golf cart, a top speed of thirty-eight miles per hour, and needs to be recharged every forty miles. Nevertheless, the ninety-five-inch electric CitiCar, which runs at about one-third the cost of gasoline-powered cars, is ideal for short distances and the stop-and-start downtown driving that account for 82 per cent of daily automobile usage in this country.

More than two thousand CitiCars at three thousand dollars apiece have been sold in the last three years by Sebring-Vanguard of Columbia, Maryland. Customers include the Long Island Lighting Company, which owns twenty vehicles, and Representative Charlie Rose, Democrat of North Carolina, who uses his car to scoot around Capitol Hill. Last year Rose took fifty colleagues for rides, and soon afterward Congress passed a law fostering the development of electric vehicles. As a result, the Energy Research and Development Administration has begun allocating $160 million to further research and to purchase seventy-five hundred cars for use as demonstration models.

Recharging the new electric car



Fairy Tales for a Liberated Age

No maiden waits for her Prince Charming.
These are stories of strong and resourceful women
who go out and get their man



By ALISON LURIE

"Do I read fairy tales to my children? Hell, no," a young mother told me recently. "My husband and I want our kids to grow up liberated."

If you take another look at the fairy tales most familiar to us today—*Snow White* and *Cinderella* and *Sleeping Beauty*—you can easily see what she means. In these stories, and in many others, the heroine is passive, weak, and helpless. She is also beautiful, of course, and "good"—that is, gentle and sweet and obedient—and if she strays off the path of virtue, a wolf will probably eat her. Any real-life mother who has spent the day arguing cases in court, taking x rays in a hospital, teaching school, or weeding a vegetable garden (not to mention cleaning and shopping and cooking) doesn't want her kids to think that all a girl has to do in the world is wait patiently for her prince to come or for a kind fairy to take care of her.

Yet traditional European folk tales are full of heroines who are everything that a modern parent might want his or her child to be. There are wives who can do more work in a day than their husbands can do in three and princesses and peasant girls who travel to the world's end, climb glass mountains, defeat giants and trolls, and rescue their lovers from dangerous enchantments. These women are not only beautiful and good, but also strong, brave, clever, and resourceful.

What ever happened to all these stories? Many of them never made their way into the popular collections of fairy tales, apparently because Victorian editors preferred less-active heroines. Other stories were revised to suit current tastes, with Victorian morals attached and all references to sex, pregnancy, childbirth, and other natural functions left out. As the years passed, the same few tales were reprinted in book after book and are still with us today, while the rest have been almost forgotten.

Almost all the editors who chose the tales we read now were men. The original storytellers, however, were mostly women. And they were not decoratively helpless Victorian ladies, but working women: farmers' wives, shopkeepers, weavers, household servants, nurses, and midwives. They lived full, energetic, responsible lives, and many of the stories they invented or passed on—including the three retold here—should please any liberated parent or child.

Clever Gretchen is a Middle European tale in which a wife outwits the devil and saves her husband (retold with a little help from Howard Pyle); *Molly Whuppie* is a female version of *Jack and the Beanstalk*; and *Tomlin* is an old Scottish ballad.

Alison Lurie, the novelist and author of The War between the Tates, *teaches children's literature at Cornell.*

Clever Gretchen

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a lord who had a daughter named Gretchen, who was as clever as she was good, and pretty besides. Rich merchants and noblemen came from all over the country to ask her hand in marriage, but her father would have none of them. "The man who marries my daughter," said he, "must be the best huntsman in the world."

Now, in the village nearby there was a poor widow's son called Hans, who got it into his head that he would like to marry Gretchen himself. "Alas, poor boy, that can never be," said his mother; for though Hans was a good-natured lad and she loved him dearly, yet he was a bit simple.

"A man can but try," said Hans. And he put his cap on his head and his gun over his shoulder and set out for the castle. Yet his mother's words rang in his head, and he trudged along sadly.

As he came to the crossroads, he met a tall stranger dressed all in red, with feet like a goat's. "Where are you going today, Hans, and why do you look so downhearted?" asked the stranger.

"I am going up to the castle to ask for Gretchen's hand in marriage," said Hans, who was surprised that the stranger knew his name. "But I doubt if she'll have me, for her father has promised to give her only to the best huntsman in the world."

"Why, that is nothing to be downhearted about," said the stranger. "If you will sign your name to this paper, I can make you the best huntsman in the world immediately."

And what did the paper say? Hans wanted to know. Oh, only that after seven years Hans would go away with the stranger and be his servant, unless Hans could ask him a question he could not answer.

"Very well," said Hans, for he thought that seven years was a long time, and he signed his name to the paper. The tall stranger took Hans's gun and blew down its barrel, and the thing was done.

So Hans went on up to the castle. "What do you want?" asked the guard at the gate.

"I am the best huntsman in the world," said Hans, "and I have come to marry Gretchen."

The guard only laughed at him, for he looked so simple, and told him to go away. Hans did not go away, however; he stood and waited by the gate. By and by Gretchen looked out and saw him standing there. When she heard what he had come for, she smiled and told the guard to let him come in and speak to her father.



When Gretchen's father, the lord, saw Hans, he laughed also. "So you are the greatest huntsman in the world," he said.

"Yes," said Hans.

"Indeed," said the lord. "And could you shoot a feather out of the tail of that sparrow I see now flying over the castle tower?"

"A man can but try," said Hans, and he raised his gun to his shoulder. Bang! and down fell a tail feather onto the grass at their feet.

"Well done!" cried Gretchen.

"Yes," said the lord, frowning, for he did not want to give his daughter to a poor simpleton. "But could you shoot the tail off that hare I see now running across the meadow?" Bang! and off went the hare's tail as neatly as if it had been cut with a pair of shears.

"Well done!" cried Gretchen again.

"Yes," said the lord, frowning still harder. "But could you shoot the pipe out of the mouth of my steward over on yonder hill where they are haying?" And he pointed away across the fields.

"Father, for shame," said Gretchen. "No huntsman living could shoot so far."

"Nay, let him try," said the lord; for he was determined to be rid of Hans.

Bang! went the gun. And presently all the haymakers came running back over the fields to the castle, crying that they could not go on with their work, for someone was shooting at them and had knocked the steward's pipe right out of his mouth.

Then the lord saw that he was beaten, and he thought besides that it would not be a bad thing to have a son-in-law who could shoot like that. So Hans and Gretchen were married, and lived together in joy.

Seven years is not such a long time after all when you are happy. Yet when Hans saw that the time had nearly gone by, he became sad and downhearted. Gretchen noticed this and asked what his trouble was. At first he would not say, but she begged and begged, and at last he told her how seven years ago he had met a tall stranger dressed in red, with feet like a goat's.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIMMS TABACK

"That was the Evil One," said Gretchen.

If Hans was sad before, he was terrified now. He told Gretchen how he had signed the paper, and that on the very next day he must go away with the stranger and be his servant, unless he could ask a question the Evil One could not answer.

Gretchen said to Hans that he must keep up his courage, and perhaps she could help him. She thought for a while, and then said that tomorrow she would do thus and so, and he should say this and that, and between them they might trick the stranger after all.

So the next morning Gretchen took off her clothes and smeared herself all over with honey. Then she ripped open her bed pillows and rolled in feathers.

Presently the stranger came up the road to the castle, and there was Hans waiting at the gate with his gun.

"Are you ready to go with me, Hans?" asked the stranger, smiling.

Yes, Hans said, he was ready; only he wanted to ask a favor. Could he shoot one last shot with his gun?

"Very well," said the stranger, and they set off together over the fields.

By and by they saw a sparrow. "Shoot at that," said the stranger.

"Oh, no," said Hans. "A sparrow is too small."

So they went on a little farther, and by and by they saw a hare. "Shoot at that," said the stranger.

"Oh, no," said Hans. "A hare is too small, and too low down."

So they went on a little farther. By and by they came to a plowed field, and there was something skipping and hopping across the furrows that looked like a great bird. It was Gretchen, with honey and feathers stuck all over her. "Shoot at that, shoot at that!" cried the stranger.

"Oh, yes," said Hans. "I will shoot at that." He raised his gun to his shoulder and took aim. Then he lowered it again. "But what is it?" said he.

The stranger looked at Gretchen, but he could not tell what she was. "Never mind about that," said he. "Shoot, for we must be going."

"Very well," said Hans. "But what is it?"

The stranger screwed up his eyes and looked again, but he knew no more than before. "Never mind about that," he said. "Shoot and be done with it, for they are waiting for us at home."

"Yes, certainly," said Hans. "But what is it?"



"Hell and damnation!" cried the stranger. "I do not know what it is."

"Then be off with you," said Hans, "for you could not answer my question."

The stranger snorted like a goat, and stamped the ground, and fled away over the fields and hills.

As for Hans and Gretchen, they went home and lived together in joy ever after.

Molly Whuppie

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a man and wife who had so many children that they could not feed them all. So they took the three youngest daughters into the forest and left them there. The girls walked and walked for hours, and never saw a house. It began to be dark, and they were hungry. At last they saw a light and made their way toward it; it turned out to be a house. They knocked at the door, and a woman came to it.

"What do you want?" she asked.

To come in and have a bite to eat, they said.

No, said she, for her husband was a giant, and he would kill them if he found them there.

"Please, ma'am, we'll just stay a little while, and be gone before he comes home," they said.

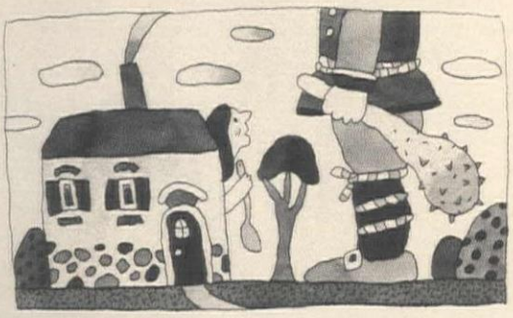
So she let them in, and sat them down before the fire, and gave them some bread and milk. But just as they had begun to eat, there was a great knock at the door, and a dreadful voice said:

"Fee, fie, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of some earthly one.

Who have you there, wife?"

"Oh," said the wife, "it's just three poor lassies who were cold and hungry, and they'll be going soon. Let them be."

The giant came in and said nothing more till he had gobbled up a huge supper; then he invited them to spend the night.



Now this ogre had three daughters of his own, and they were going to share their bed with the three strangers, the youngest of whom was called Molly Whuppie. Molly was a very clever girl, and she noticed that before they all went to bed, the giant put straw ropes around her neck and her sisters' and gold chains round the necks of his own daughters. So Molly stayed awake, and when the rest were sleeping soundly she slipped out of bed; and took the straw ropes off her own and her sisters' necks, and the gold chains off the giant's daughters. Then she put the straw ropes on the giant's daughters and the gold chains on herself and her sisters, and lay down again.

In the middle of the night, up rose the giant armed with a great club. He came over to the bed and felt for the necks with the straw, for it was too dark to see. Then he took his own three daughters out of bed and beat them with the club until they were dead. Then he lay down again, thinking he had managed fine.

Molly thought it was time she and her sisters got out of there, so she woke them and told them to be quiet, and they slipped out of the house. They ran and they ran and never stopped until morning, when they saw a grand house before them. It was the king's palace. So Molly went in, and told her story to the king.

"Well, Molly," said he, "you are a clever girl, and you have managed well. But if you would go back to the giant's house and bring me the magic sword that hangs on his bedpost, I would marry your oldest sister to my oldest son."

"I will try," said Molly.

So she went back, and slipped into the giant's house, and crept under his bed. Presently the giant came home, and gobbled up a big supper, and went to bed. Molly waited until he was snoring, and then she crept out, and reached up over the giant and got down the sword; but just then he woke. She ran out of the door, and the giant after her. And she ran, and he ran, till they reached the Bridge of One Hair. And she ran over it, but he could not, and he said:

"Woe to ye, Molly Whuppie!
Never ye come again."

And she said:

"Twice more, churl,
I'll come to Spain."

Then Molly took the giant's sword to the king, and her oldest sister was married to his oldest son.

"Well, Molly," said the king. "You are a clever girl. But if you would go back to the giant's house and bring me the magic purse of gold that he keeps under his pillow, I would marry your second sister to my second son."

"I will try," said Molly.

So she went back, and slipped into the giant's house, and crept under his bed, and waited till he had eaten his supper and was fast asleep. As soon as she heard him snoring, she crept out, slipped her hand under the pillow, and drew out the purse; but just then he woke. She ran out of the door, and the giant after her. And she ran, and he ran, till they reached the Bridge of One Hair. And she ran over it, but he could not, and he said:

"Woe to ye, Molly Whuppie!
Never ye come again."

And she said:

"Once more, churl,
I'll come to Spain."

Then Molly took the purse to the king, and her second sister was married to his second son.

"Well, Molly," said the king. "You are a very clever girl. But if you would go back once more to the giant's house and bring me the ring of invisibility he wears on his finger, I would marry you to my youngest son."

"I will try," said Molly.

So off she went to the giant's house, and hid herself under his bed. As soon as she heard him snoring loud, she crept out, and reached across the bed, and took hold of his hand. She pulled and she pulled until she got the ring off; but just then the giant woke, and caught her by the hand.

"Now I've got you, Molly Whuppie," said the giant. "And as you're so clever, answer me this: If I had served



you as you've served me, what would you do with me?"

Molly considered how she might escape, and then she said, "Why, I would put you into a sack, and I would put the cat and the dog in with you. Then I would hang the sack on the wall and go into the woods, and bring home the biggest and thickest stick I could find, and beat the sack till you were dead."

"Well, Molly," said the giant, "I'll just do that to you."

So he got a sack and put Molly into it, and the cat and the dog with her, and he hung it up on the wall, and went off to the wood to choose a stick.

As soon as he was gone, Molly began to sing, "Oh, if you could only see what I see!"

"Oh," said the giant's wife. "What do you see, Molly?"

But Molly never answered a word but "Oh, if you could see what I see!" The giant's wife pleaded with Molly to take her into the sack so that she could see what Molly saw. So at last Molly agreed, and the giant's wife cut a hole in the sack with a pair of scissors and Molly jumped down. Then she helped the giant's wife up into the sack, and sewed up the hole.

The giant's wife saw nothing in the sack, and began to ask to get down again; but Molly never answered her, only hid herself behind the door. Presently home came the giant, with a great big tree in his hand, and he took down the sack and began to beat it.

"It's me, man!" cried the giant's wife, but what with the dog's barking and the cat's meowing he did not know her voice. Molly did not want her to be killed, so she came out from behind the door. The giant saw her, and ran after her. And she ran, and he ran, till they reached the Bridge of One Hair. And she ran over it, but he could not, and he said:

"Woe to ye, Molly Whuppie!
Never ye come again."

And she said:

"Never more, churl,
I'll come to Spain."

Then Molly took the ring to the king and was married to his youngest son; and she never saw the giant again.

Tomlin

In Scotland there was once a forest called Carterhaugh Wood. The trees grew taller there, and the grass thicker, and in the midst of the wood was a green glade and a well grown round with flowers. Yet few men would go near it, for fear of meeting one of the fairy people, who demanded a forfeit from all who passed that way. From some they took gold or silver, from others their clothes and shoes; and if a young maid went there, it was said, they would take her maidenhead.

Now, near Carterhaugh Wood was a castle, and one of the daughters of its lord was called Janet. She was proud and daring, and cared little for such tales. So one summer's day she braided up her long hair and tucked up her long gown, and ran off to the wood.



She walked on and on through it, and met no one, until she came to the well. There she saw the roses growing, fairer than any in her father's garden. She bent to pluck one, but she had hardly broken the stem when up started the elf-knight Tomlin, crying:

"Why pullest thou the rose, Lady,
And why breaks thou the wand?
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh
Withouten my command?"

But Janet stood her ground, and said that Carterhaugh Wood was her father's, and had been her father's father's, and that she would come and go there as she pleased, without asking leave of him or any man. Then Tomlin laughed and said he was no man, yet his claim was older than hers, and she must pay forfeit to him. He put his arms round Janet and kissed her, and laid her on the grass, and she did not say him nay.

Summer passed, and autumn too; the leaves fell from the trees, and Janet was with child. Her father saw how it was with her, and asked to know which of his knights was to blame, so that they might be married. But Janet answered him:

"If that I go with child, father,
Myself must bear the blame;
There's not a lord about your hall
Shall give my babe his name."



Then she braided up her hair and tucked up her gown and ran off to Carterhaugh Wood. She came to the well and plucked a rose, and up started Tomlin. Janet told him what had passed between her and her father, and that he wished to marry her to one of his knights.

"I was a human knight once," said Tomlin. "But long years ago, when I was riding back from the hunt on a cold and windy evening, I took the shorter way through Carterhaugh Wood. The queen of Elfland saw me and cast her spell over me, so that I fell from my horse in a swoon. And when I woke again I was with her in her land. Very pleasant it is there; yet if I were a man again, I would marry you."

And was there no way that could be? said Janet. Yes, there was one way, said Tomlin, but it was hard. That very night was Halloween, when all the fairy folk would ride across the country; and if Janet would hide herself at midnight by Miles Cross, where the roads meet, she might see him pass.

"But how shall I know you, Tomlin," asked Janet, "among so many strange knights that I never saw before?"

"Thus," said Tomlin. "You will see a troop of riders all on black horses, and then a troop on brown; and you must let them both pass you by. But the third troop will be mounted all on milk-white steeds. The queen of Elfland will ride among them, and I at her side, with one hand gloved and one hand bare. When you see me you must run to my horse's head, seize its bridle, and pull me down. Dare you do this?"

"Aye," said Janet.

"But you must do more," said Tomlin. "When I am off my horse you must hold me fast in your arms, whatever may come. For the fairy folk will try all their spells on me, and change me into many strange and dreadful shapes; yet you must hold me fast and fear not. Dare you do this?"

"Aye," said Janet.

"But you must do more," said Tomlin. "For at the last they will change me into a burning branch, and then you must cast me into the water beside Miles Cross, and I will become a naked man again. Then you must wrap your cloak round me, and cover me out of sight. Dare you do this?"

"Aye," said Janet.

So the day passed, and the night came on dark and eerie. In the village and at the castle they barred the shutters and sat by the fires. And Janet braided up her hair and tucked up her gown, and went out from the castle, and hid herself up by Miles Cross.

Presently the dark grew thicker, and the wind blew stronger, and the fairy folk came riding by. First came a troop on black horses, and then a troop on brown. And the third troop was all on milk-white steeds; and among them rode the queen of Elfland, and by her side an armored knight with one hand gloved and one hand bare.

Then Janet ran out and seized the horse's bridle, and pulled its rider down. And all the rest of the hunt came round them, shrieking and howling.

As Janet held Tomlin fast in her arms, they turned him into a bear, huge and hairy. Yet she held on. Then the bear became a hawk, fierce and wild; yet she held on. Then the hawk became a wolf, gray and grim and snarling; yet she held on. Then the wolf became a snake, hissing and coiling; yet she held on. Then the snake became a block of frozen ice; yet Janet held on still.

Then at last the block of ice became a burning branch. Janet flung it into the water, and Tomlin was restored to his human shape, naked as the day he was born. She wrapped her cloak round him, and the spell was broken.

A great sigh went up from the court of Elfland, and the queen cried out:

"Had I but known, Tomlin, Tomlin,
A lady would ransom thee,
I'd have taken out thy two gray eyes,
Put in two eyes of tree.

Had I but known, Tomlin, Tomlin,
Before we came from home,
I'd have taken out thy heart of flesh,
Put in a heart of stone."

Then she and all the hunt turned and rode off into the night. □



Fun and games

By the Sea, By the Sea

Seaside looks and etiquette have altered considerably over the years, but the delights of the beach haven't changed. These photographs of English Victorians at the shore were taken in the 1890's by Paul Martin, who worked as a wood engraver depicting news events for the popular press. As an amateur photographer he became best known for his realistic snapshots taken on London streets and at the seaside vacation spots of Hastings and Jersey.

Martin was a shy man and for most of his life used the Facile Hand Camera, one of the first popular hand-held cameras. The Facile was made to be disguised as a parcel of books by being rewrapped in brown paper each time it was loaded. Like any modern photojournalist, Martin took pride in catching his subject unawares. "It is impossible to describe the thrill which taking the first snap without being noticed gave one," he once wrote, "and the relief at not being followed about by urchins who just as one is going to take a photograph stand right in front shouting, 'Take me, guv'nor!' "



Ahead of their time

All photographs are from a forthcoming book, *Paul Martin: Victorian Photographer* by Roy Flukinger, Larry Schaaf, and Standish Meecham. © 1977 by The University of Texas Press.



Discreet undressing



Tell me you love me



Cold feet, warm heart?



Miró's Latest Works

They include bold and crude new paintings, a ceramic mural for IBM, and a brilliant tapestry for Washington's National Gallery

"In order to become truly a human being, you must get rid of your false self. In my case, I have to stop being Miró." Oddly, the man with the wish to divest himself of his identity is the most famous of living modern painters. The Spaniard Joan Miró, now eighty-four and the last great artist of his generation, has been in possession of more than one artistic identity in his long lifetime. In the 1920's he escaped the cubist influence of his countrymen Pablo Picasso and Juan Gris ("I shall break their guitar," he declared) and came under the influence of surrealism. In the late 1930's and 1940's he went on to evolve a style that was whimsical, gently erotic, and instantly identifiable as his own. This is the Miró most familiar to his American audience. More recently, however, he has been painting surprisingly brusque, even brutal pictures that, nevertheless, are as true to him as his earlier, gentler style.

The small, blue-eyed master has lived in seclusion for twenty years in Palma, Majorca, at his estate on a hillside above the Bay of Calamayor. Since he often holds on to paintings for years, reworking them until they meet his own demanding standards, his recent work is not very well known. Not long ago, Miró invited two editors from the Swiss art magazine *du* to visit him and to photograph the paintings he is working on. They are perhaps the boldest he has ever done.

These unfinished works reveal his newest strategy "to stop being Miró." No longer does he paint humorous, sexy anthropoids conjugating under asterisk stars, or little dogs about to climb a freestanding ladder toward the moon. No longer does he render, with tidy or invisible brushwork, figures floating through a luminous blue atmosphere. Miró's latest idiom is deliberately crude. The backgrounds are often flat, black, and opaque. Over them the figures are scrawled or splattered, slapped on in thick gobs or diluted to thin, water-color consistency. Once he outlines one of his imposing shapes, Miró proceeds to work against its monumentality by filling it in with casual, insouciant strokes of the brush.

Like a philosopher at a party who disguises a profound thought behind an offhand anecdote, Miró renders his stark subjects with a fleeting, almost frivolous touch. In one untitled work-in-progress, a frontal portrait of a head, the stolidity of the staring face is lightened by wavering antennae and loose, looping brushwork. In another uncompleted painting, a bold crescent of white picks up speed and airiness by the softness of its edges against the black void behind, which is itself brightened with nebular patches of blue, red, yellow, and gold.

The familiar figures of Miró's earlier style—woman, bird, sun, dancer—have been converted into a minimal syntax of signs—bull's eyes and oval shapes, thickly curving lines, and stars. The French critic Jacques Dupin, Miró's good friend, said that these symbols are Miró's "intermediaries with nature, proof that his universe is still



BOTH: FRANCO CIANETTI, MILAN

Not yet signed or dated, this unfinished, untitled painting—a mythical animal, perhaps, or an image from a dream—is one of many works-in-progress in Miró's studio. The artist calls this style of painting unpremeditated.

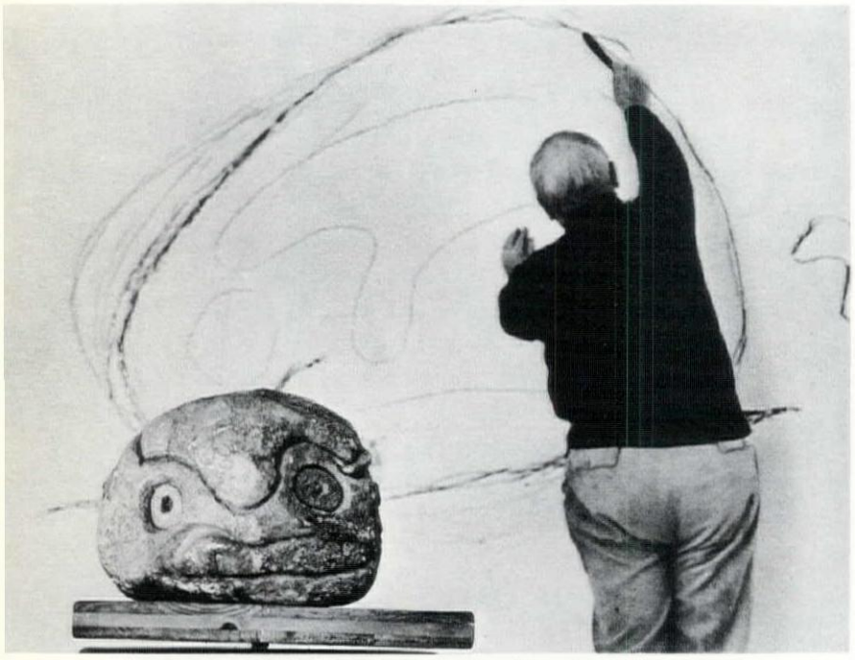
By EDMUND WHITE

Joan Miró at home in Majorca, and a favorite found object, an oversize wooden wheel



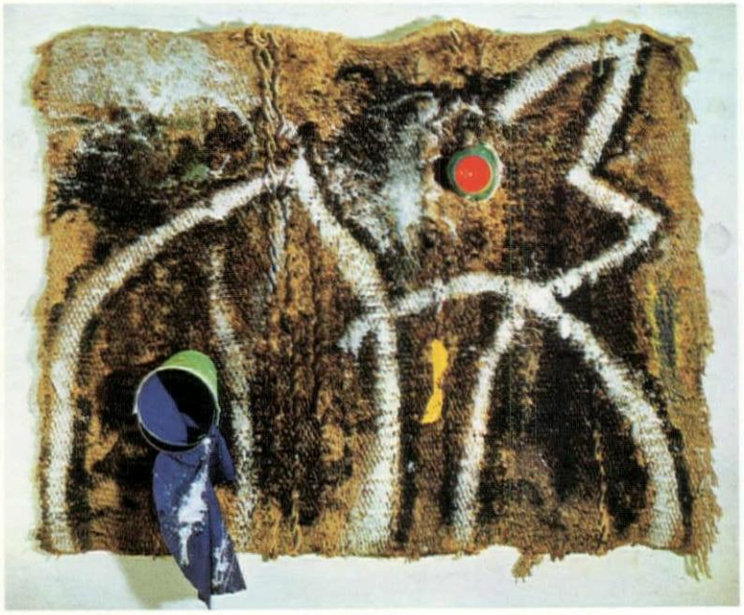
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK; BELOW: F. CATALA ROCA, BARCELONA

Dutch Interior, *1928—the epitome of early Miró*



The artist translates an idea from ceramic to wall sketch.

The fierce joyousness of Miró's new painting, opposite, and the exuberance and freedom of his painted textiles, below, and ceramics, above, are what distinguish them from his cooler, more refined early work, top.



PIERRE MATISSE GALLERY, COURTESY TIME INC.

A sobreteixim *("on top of tapestry") made with the weaver Josep Royo*

real. . . . The signs are a reality that has been assimilated and then spit out again, incorporated and liberated, like air or light."

In contrast to the world-apart of his paintings, Miró's home is a cluster of very solid buildings ranging down the hillside. At the very top is his summer atelier, a two-storied farmhouse where he has installed lithography and etching workshops. Here and there are rough ideas for paintings sketched right on the wall. One room is set up as a shrine to his parents. Their portraits—the sort of conventional, turn-of-the-century oil paintings Miró loves, collects, and sometimes incorporates into his own work—hang above keepsakes and overstuffed plush furniture. In a closet rests a painting by Antonio Tapies, a gift to Miró and one of the few works of art by someone else that he keeps near at hand. A number of stretched white canvases stand here and there, awaiting the touch of Miró's brush or perhaps just a long thoughtful stare.

Miró draws his principal inspiration from nature, from folk art, and from the found objects that he collects and surrounds himself with—such as dumbbells, a bat's skeleton, a giant cartwheel, a ceramic dish full of snail shells. These he treasures for the revelations they contain. Indeed, the act of seeing can be an electrifying experience for Miró. (In Spanish, *miro* means "I look.") He has described seeing in apparently inanimate objects "a secret life much more intense than what some people possess. When I see a tree I get a shock, as though it were something that breathed and spoke. A tree has something human about it. Stillness jolts me. A bottle, a glass, a big pebble on an empty beach—these are all immobile things, but they set off great activity within me."

Below the summer atelier is a villa where Miró's daughter, Dolores, lives with her husband and children. Close by is another house belonging to Miró himself and Pilar, his wife of nearly fifty years. The painter is quite indifferent to the decoration of his home; he has left it entirely to his wife. And he is careful to point out that it is she who owns the busts by Giacometti and the small landscape by Braque. The only Mirós visible are three or four early, minor works.

The heart of the Miró estate, at the foot of the hill, is a second, larger studio, the winter atelier. It was designed by his friend José Luis Sert, formerly the dean of the Harvard School of Design, and built in 1956. Years before, back in 1938, Miró wrote, "My dream, when I finally settle someplace, is to have a very big studio, not for its lighting, northern exposure, etc., to which I am indifferent, but because I want space, lots of canvases, since the more I work the more I want to work." Ironically, when he finally saw his dream come true, he was unable to paint for four years; perhaps he was intimidated by the beauty of the new studio, with its cool, white curves arcing like wings above ranks of high, narrow windows.



Untitled oil on canvas from Mirò's studio

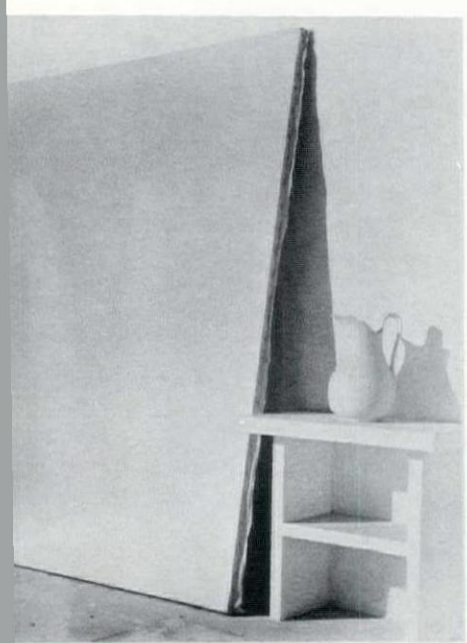
many years of use, this studio looks a warehouse vandalized by a band of n. Paintings lie or stand or lean everywhere, pings are pasted to the walls, a globe rests tile floor is smudged with pigment. For there is a method to this madness; he everything belongs, and if he moves a tter look, he scrupulously puts it back in its

s two levels. The upper level has a balcony a view of the main working area below. On several tables, where Miró does sketches, ils on paper. In the main studio below, works on many canvases at once. On the paper, which he has swabbed with long- s. Off to one side is a gallery in which he ecently finished works. Miró spends hours work before he lets it out of his hands.

y as these new paintings seem, they have Miró's earlier styles. Throughout his career d between the poetic and the brutal, the crude, between what he calls "slow" and d" paintings. The "slow"—or carefully ks are simply better known, but there has c urge in Miró since the 1920's, when he loor of his studio a sign reading "Nonstop unced that he wanted to stage the "death

t died, although Miró has assaulted it. At led paint on newspapers, or reduced his patches on a vast field, or literally burned leaving them charred and riddled with tween 1955 and 1959 (those first years in) he worked almost exclusively in ceram- he has been putting together sculptures

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 96



os on Miró's estate: a small summer atelier, ist can think out new ideas on empty canvases; tudio, right, built twenty years ago to satisfy to work on many paintings at once.

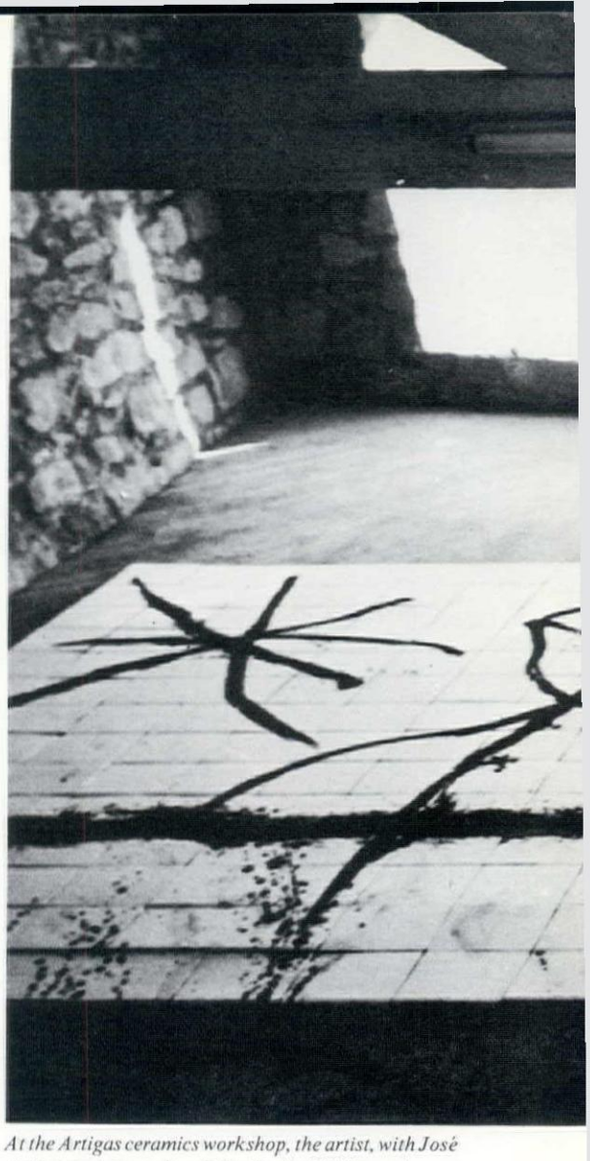
BOTH: FRANCO CIANETTI, MILAN





The new ceramic mural by Miró in place at the IBM Building, Barcelona

Barcelona was Miró's birthplace, and he lived there until the age of twenty-six. Today his presence is felt in Barcelona again in a new mural, above, in a mosaic laid into a sidewalk in the flower district, opposite, and principally in the Fundació Joan Miró, below, a new art museum. The building was designed by José Luis Sert to house a collection of Miró's work in various media and also to serve as a cultural center for the city.

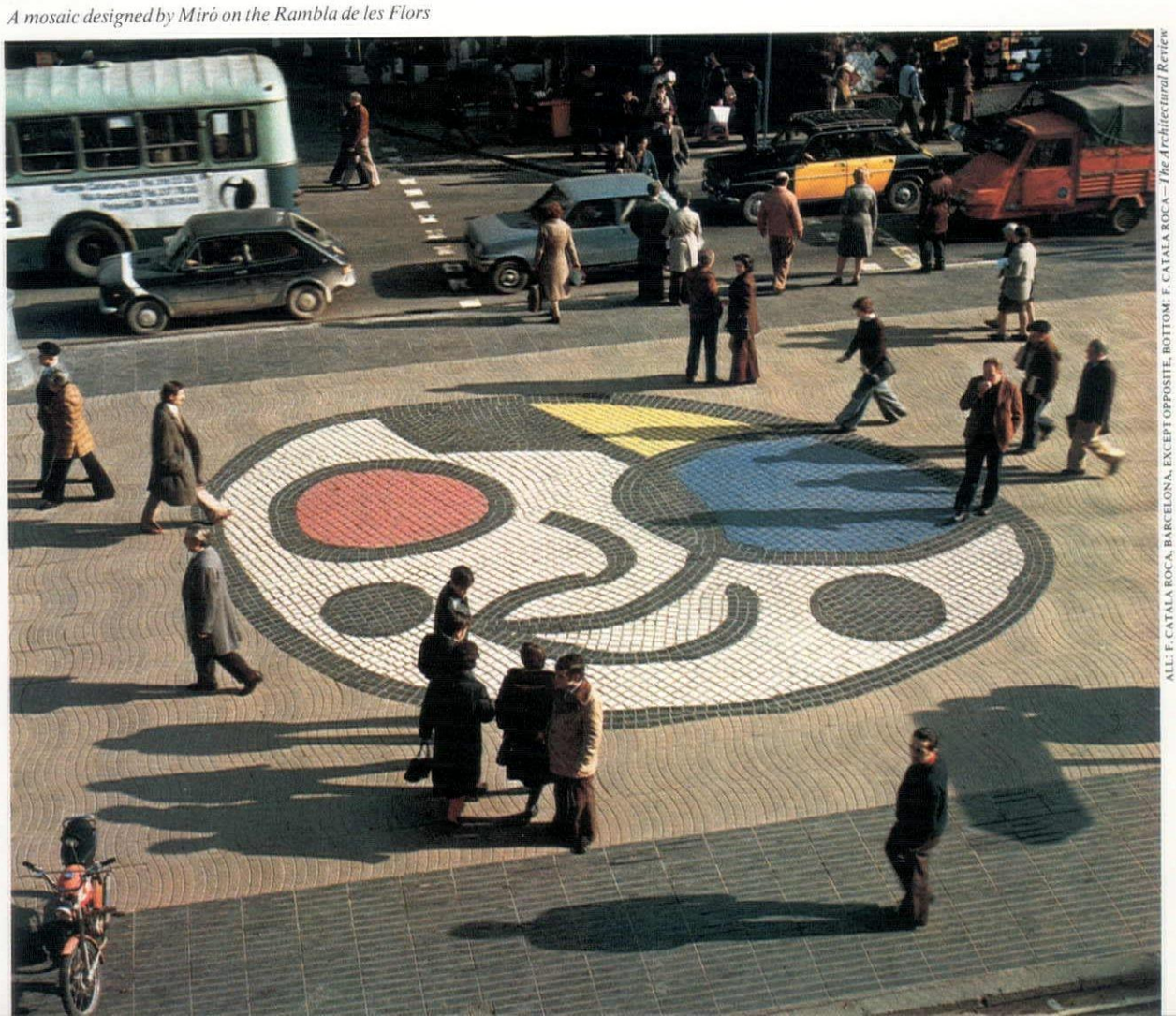


At the Artigas ceramics workshop, the artist, with José Artigas, paints unglazed tiles for the IBM mural.



The Fundació Joan Miró—a museum devoted to his work

A mosaic designed by Miró on the Rambla de les Flors



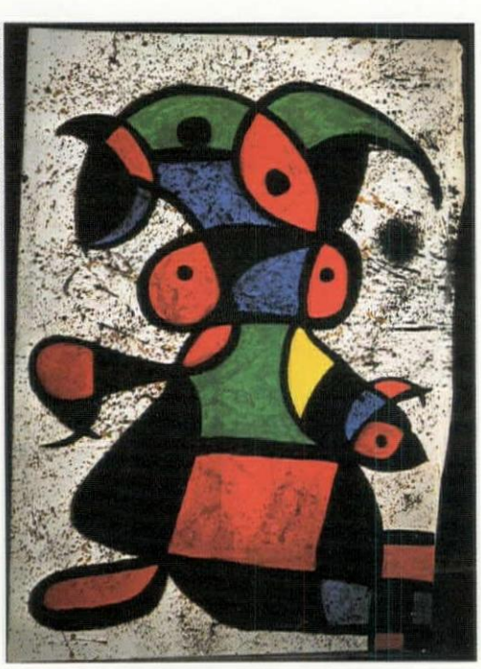
ALL: F. CATALÁ ROCA, BARCELONA, EXCEPT OPPOSITE, BOTTOM: F. CATALÁ ROCA—*The Architectural Review*



The artist in front of his partially completed tapestry

A wool tapestry, copied from a painting by Miró (below) and now being woven in Tarragona, Spain, by a team under the direction of Josep Royo, will be presented—along with the original painting—to the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., later this year. Entitled Femme, *the tapestry will be approximately thirty feet high and eighteen feet wide, and it will hang in the museum's new wing for modern art.*

BOTH: F. CATALA ROCA, BARCELONA



The original Femme, *Miró's oil on canvas*

out of the most unlikely materials—umbrellas, spoons, chairs, pitchforks, and even the legs of a display-window mannequin.

Typical of his iconoclastic attitude is a remark he made a few years ago when he began to collaborate with a young Spanish weaver named Josep Royo. "Let's start working together at once," Miró said. "We are going to break traditional molds." True to his word, Miró forced an empty paint bucket into a rugged burlap wall hanging, covered the fabric with scrawls, and then, as a bit of *trompe l'oeil,* tacked on a strip of blue canvas below the bucket to look like a spill of paint.

His sense of adventure leads Miró to greater and greater productivity. Last December he completed a mosaic for a sidewalk in Barcelona's flower district. In April his immense ceramic mural for the city's IBM Building was installed. And later this year a committee of collectors will present to the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., a tapestry that he designed for the museum's new annex dedicated to modern art. As the playwright Eugene Ionesco put it, "Most people sink into the bog of time and grow dull with age. Miró grows lighter and more ethereal." □

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