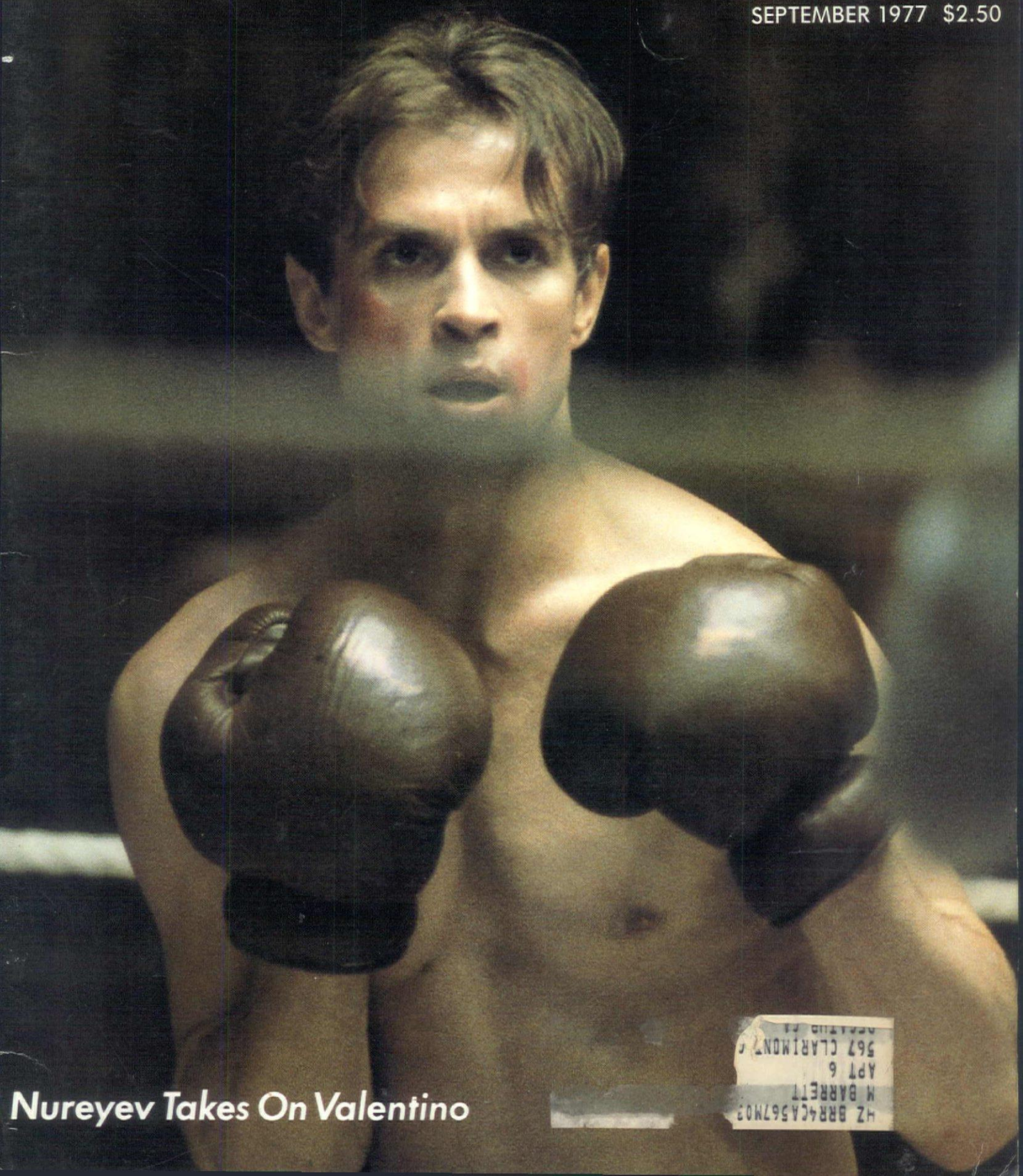


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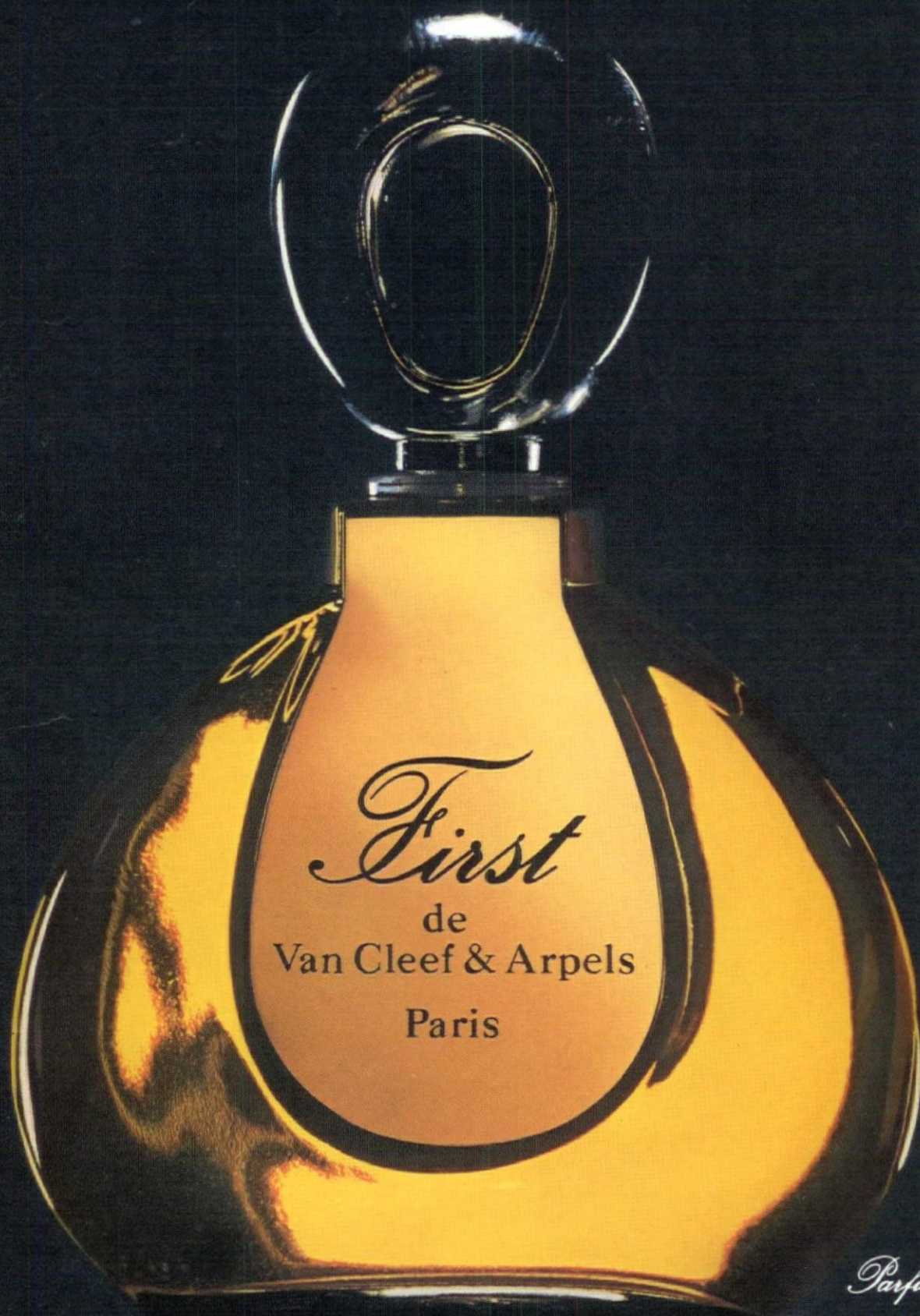
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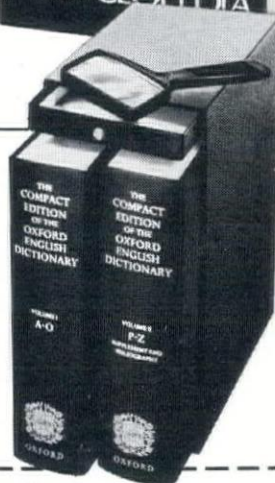
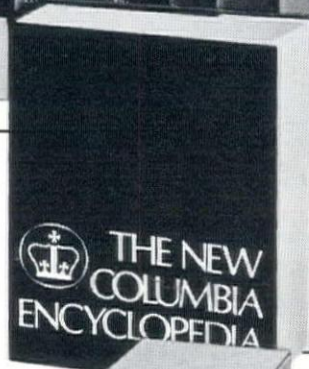
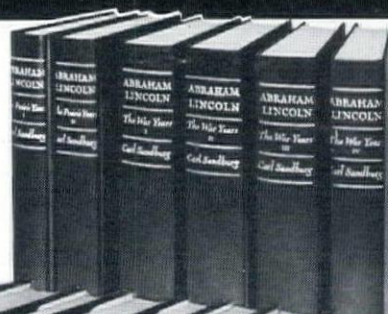
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SEPTEMBER 1977 • VOLUME 20, NUMBER 1

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Single copies: \$2.50. Subscriptions: \$24.00 per year in the U.S.; Canada: \$26.00; elsewhere: \$28.00.

Cumulative indexes for Volumes I-V, VI-X, and XI-XV are available at \$7.50. HORIZON is also indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. The editors welcome contributions but can assume no responsibility for unsolicited material. Title registered U.S. Patent Office. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.

Postmaster: Please send Form 3579 to HORIZON, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.

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The Monthly HORIZON

With this issue HORIZON begins publication every month, a frequency that will allow us to provide continuous coverage of the arts and of urban life in all their rich diversity.

Other publications cover the cultural events of a particular geographical area or the news of a particular art form. We intend HORIZON to become the one magazine where readers can find intelligent, selective coverage of all the arts, and thoughtful reports on developments in and around cities that are of national interest and significance.

We intend to keep our readers in touch with the best of artists, architects, dancers, composers, playwrights, film makers, comedians, musicians, directors, designers, novelists, photographers, actors—in short, with creative people in all fields—whose work brings meaning, order, beauty, and entertainment into our lives.

One of the functions of this and subsequent issues is to challenge accepted notions and to report the unexpected—such as the new world of shopping centers, described in an article beginning on page 14. Mention the words “shopping center” to many Americans, and an image arises of a sprawling suburban complex surrounded by a vast parking lot—convenient for shopping, perhaps, but hardly a place to go for fun. Yet anyone who has visited the Embarcadero in San Francisco, or the Atrium Mall in Chicago, or the Omni complex in Atlanta, or the Galleria in Houston, knows better. The new shopping malls, with their many extracommercial amenities—everything from tennis courts to strolling musicians—and their spectacular architecture, have taken on an aura of elegance and are helping to bring new life to the cities.

Another unexpected development has occurred in American music. Performance of new music is no longer an esoteric affair, with struggling composers playing to a handful of the avant-garde. Now, with the help of the National Endowment for the Arts, American composers are creating new works for major symphony orchestras across the country and are being heard by large and enthusiastic audiences. As William Mayer reports in an article beginning on page 52, both the new compositions and the audiences have changed, as have our preconceptions of modern music.

This issue has other surprises as well: a report on the extraordinary spread of racquetball, squash, and paddle tennis in recent years; a new look at Rudolf Nureyev, who astonishes by his versatility, not only as a dancer but also as a consummate choreographer and now as a film star; an essay about the confusions, and the emerging certainties, surrounding the goals of education today; and a detailed look at realist sculptor Duane Hanson, whose true-to-life “people” are touring museums around the country.

Today and in the months to come, as our assumptions about contemporary life change, and as artists continue to challenge our perceptions and delight our senses, HORIZON will provide continuing coverage of the urban, artistic scene. And from now on, the magazine will be available at selected newsstands, as well as by subscription.



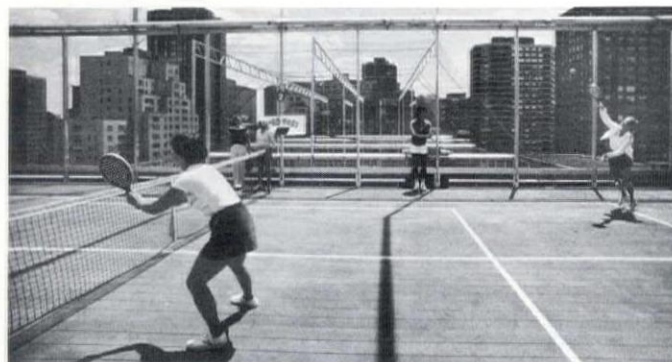
Shopping centers, page 14: Cafe at Boston's Faneuil Hall



Modern American music, page 52: Performance of Final Alice



Sculptor Duane Hanson, page 72: Old Woman at Portland Museum



Paddle and such, page 82: Rooftop courts in Manhattan

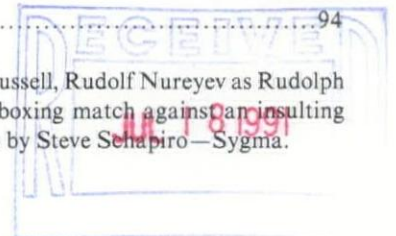
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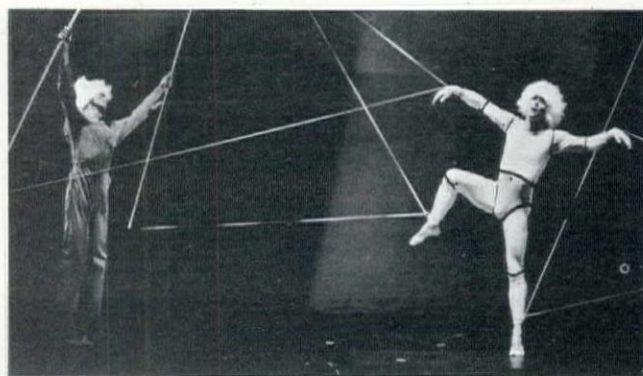
COVER: In the new film by Ken Russell, Rudolf Nureyev as Rudolph Valentino fights—and wins—a boxing match against an insulting newspaper reporter. Photograph by Steve Schapiro—Sygma.



CROSS COUNTRY



Detroit: Channing as Dolly



TOM CARAVAGLIA

Greensboro, N.C.: Nikolais Dance Theatre



CENTER FOR CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY



Tucson: Harold Edgerton photograph Boston: Dracula star Langella, director Rosa, designer Gorey

West

Los Angeles California's greatest living painter, **Richard Diebenkorn**, has had a spectacular retrospective exhibition touring the country since the end of 1976. Now the show has returned in triumph to Diebenkorn's home state, where it is drawing enthusiastic crowds at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Unquestionably the star attraction is the series of *Ocean Park* paintings—lush abstract “landscapes” named for the section of Santa Monica where the artist has his studio. But don't miss seeing his earlier still lifes, Matisse-like interiors, and richly colored figure paintings.

Los Angeles With her kooky theatricality, belt-'em-out singing style, and resemblance to her mother, **Liza Minnelli** seems destined time and again to play the role of a problem-ridden stage performer. Fresh from her gig as big band singer in the movie *New York, New York*, Minnelli is appearing in *Shine It On*, a new musical about another performer driven to professional success while failing to find personal happiness. Directed by Martin Scorsese, also recently of *New York*,

New York, the show has few memorable songs, but Minnelli gives them her all. After summer appearances in Chicago and San Francisco, *Shine It On* is scheduled for September at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion.

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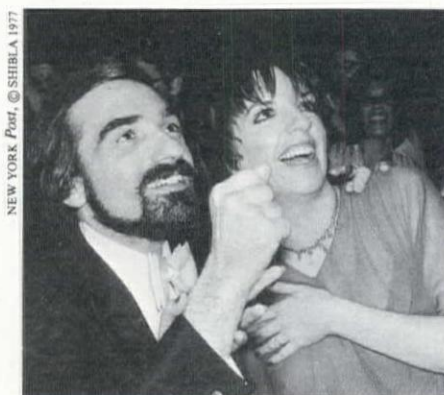
Tucson The Center for Creative Photography at the University of Arizona, established in 1975, has since acquired archives of several major American photographers, including Ansel Adams, Wynn Bullock, Paul Strand, and Aaron Siskind. Beginning September 25, the center will offer a major historical exhibition—the

largest ever mounted in the southwest—of more than 200 **photographs from the 1840s to the present**, with an emphasis on the 20th century. Highlighting works permanently housed by the center, the show will also feature photos by Imogen Cunningham, Minor White, Stephen Shore, Diane Arbus, and many others. A must for buffs and would-be collectors.

• • •

Monterey, California Celebrating its twentieth season, the **Monterey Jazz Festival** will begin three days of concerts on September 16. All shows are held outdoors at a 7,000-seat theater, and if the programming this year is not too adventurous, it is at least diverse.

Count Basie will appear with his big band, as will the U.S. Air Force with its jazz ensemble. Singers Carrie Smith and Joe Williams will perform ballads and blues; Horace Silver, Art Blakey, and Ted Curson will bop; there will be salsa from Tito Puente and a jam session or two with such reliables as Clark Terry, John Lewis, and Harry “Sweets” Edison. The most progressive music is expected from drummer Jack De Johnette and fusion keyboardist George Duke. And adding a Mardi Gras touch to the festivities, a Louisiana group called



NEW YORK POST, © SHIBLA 1977

Los Angeles: Scorsese and Minnelli

Queen Ida and the Bon Ton Zydeco Band will be performing.

Vancouver, British Columbia After 50 years without a performance, Jules Massenet's *Le Roi de Lahore*, starring **Joan Sutherland**, will be performed by the Vancouver Opera starting September 23. Set in 11th-century India during the Moslem invasion, *Le Roi* is about the plight of a temple priestess (Sutherland) who is secretly loved by Alim, king of Lahore (Ron Stevens), and by Scindia (Cornelis Ophot), the king's chief minister. Conductor Richard Bonynge (Sutherland's husband) has revised the plot but retained all the original's passion, jealousy, violence, death, and improbability. After two weeks at the Queen Elizabeth City Theater in Vancouver, *Le Roi* will move on to Seattle.

South

New Orleans The remarkable **Treasures of Tutankhamun** exhibition comes to the New Orleans Museum of Art on September 15, its fabulous drawing power undimmed. It averaged 7,000 visitors a day at the National Gallery in Washington and more

CROSS COUNTRY

than 10,000 a day at the larger Field Museum in Chicago. Similar enthusiasm is expected in New Orleans: the museum has set up a special telephone number to accommodate calls about the exhibition, and visitors will receive color-coded tickets to avoid hours of waiting in line. Museum and city



New Orleans: King Tut's lion

officials are intrigued by a system adopted for the show in Chicago: when no more tickets were available for the day, the museum flew its golden Tut flag at half-staff—a signal to arriving visitors to go home and come again another day. New Orleans Museum hours are 10:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. Tuesdays and Wednesdays and 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Thursdays through Sundays, and 600 to 700 people are expected to move through the exhibition every hour.

Fort Worth For two weeks this month, some of the world's best young pianists will be performing deep in the heart of Texas. As participants in the **Fifth Van Cliburn International Quadrennial Piano Competition**, 104 pianists representing 36 different countries will vie for the top prize of \$10,000, a debut at Carnegie Hall in New York City, concert tours in the United States and Europe, and a recording contract. Required for the first phase of the preliminaries are a Bach suite, a Haydn or Beethoven sonata, a Chopin ballade or scherzo, and "any Etude of virtuosity by Chopin, Debussy, Liszt, Rachmaninoff or Scriabin." The 12 semifinalists must play a piano quintet with the

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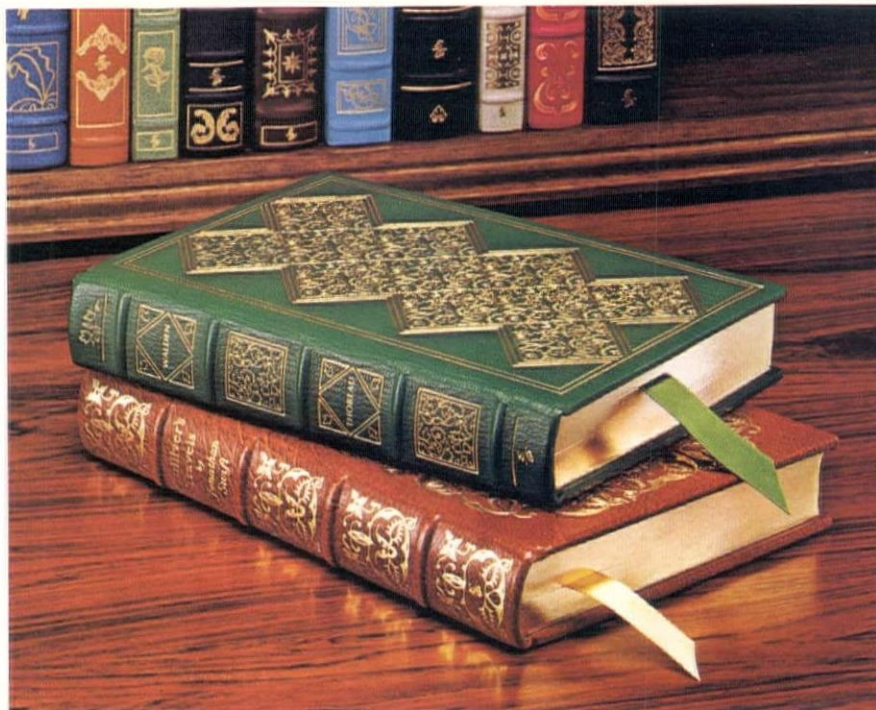
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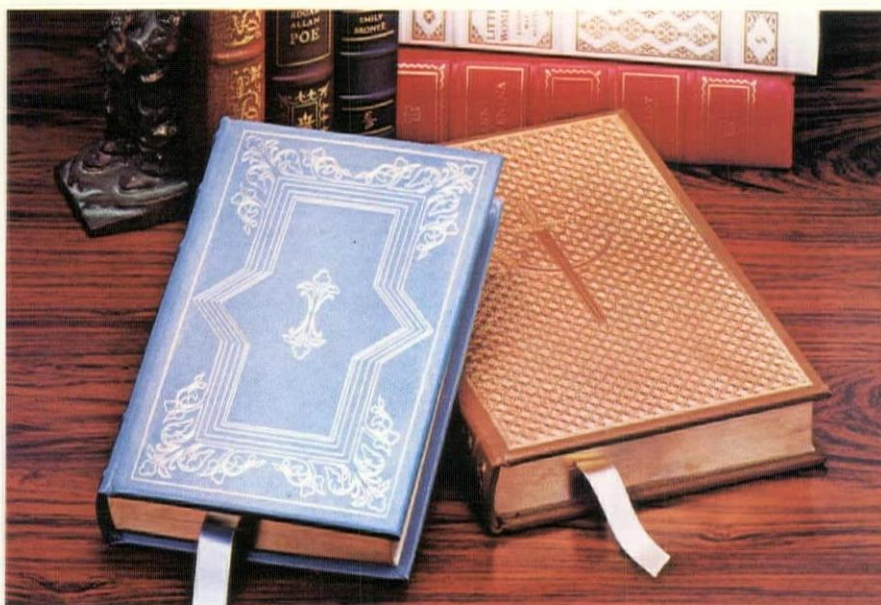
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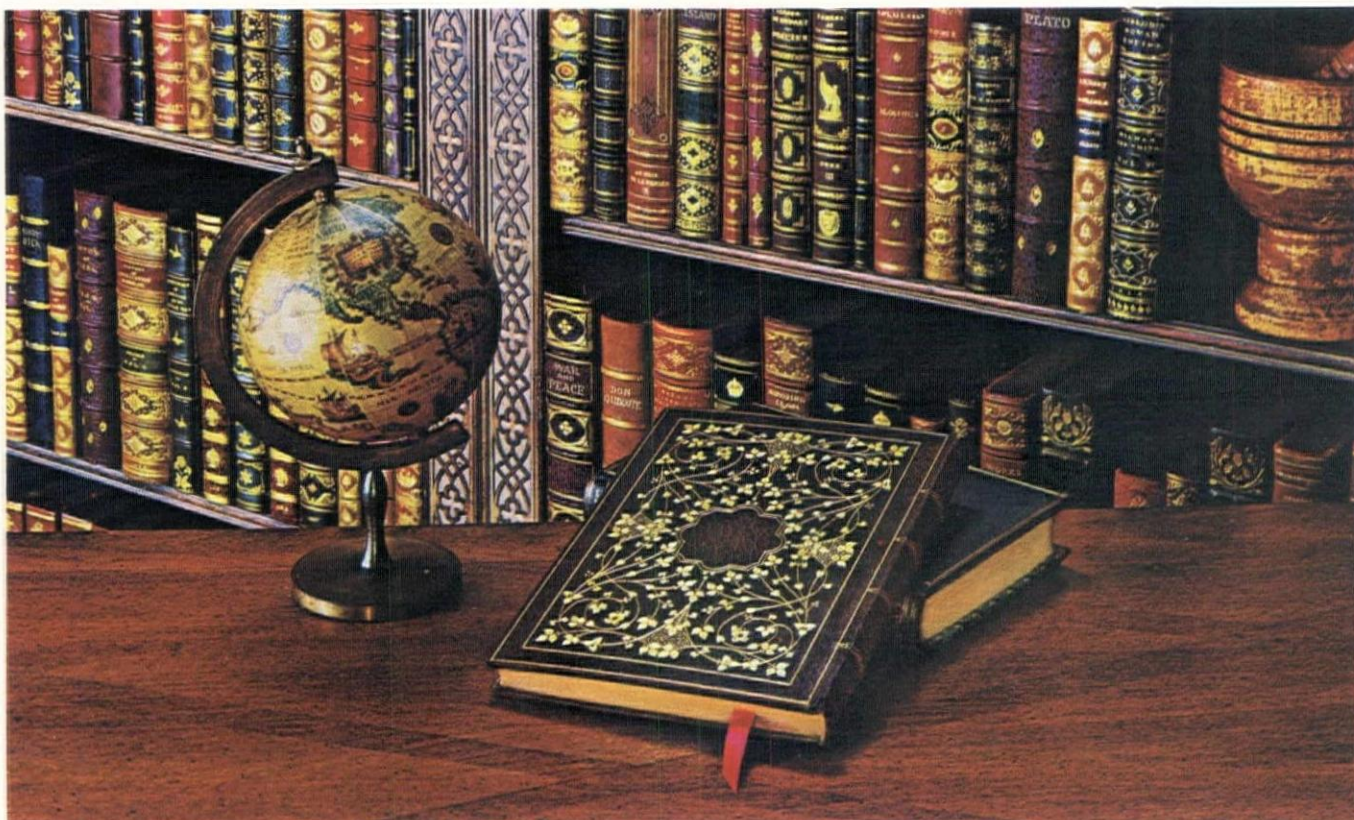
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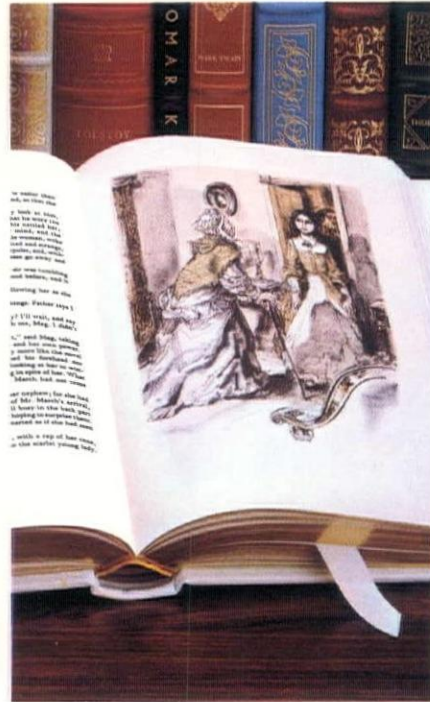
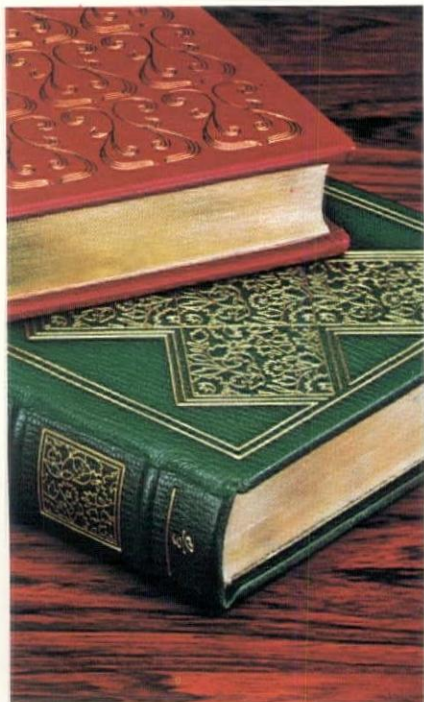
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Tokyo String Quartet and an hour's recital, including a new work commissioned for the competition by the American composer Samuel Barber. From September 12 to 26, contestants will stay in the homes of Fort Worth residents, who widely support the competition. Preliminaries are held at Texas Christian University; the finals are staged at the Tarrant County Convention Centre.

Greensboro, North Carolina Kicking off a nationwide tour of schools and universities, the **Nikolais Dance Theatre** will arrive at the University of North Carolina campus on September 19 for a series of lecture-demonstrations. Ten dancers will perform works from the company's repertoire, all choreographed, designed, lighted, and scored by that great showman of the avant-garde Alwin Nikolais, who will be on hand to answer questions. Later in the month the company moves on to the University of Iowa in Iowa City and to Millikin University in Decatur, Illinois.

Midwest

Chicago If you aren't quite sure of what's been happening on the frontiers of American art, a good way to catch up is to visit the **Museum of Contemporary Art**, which is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a look back at the last decade's output. More than 80 artists who came to prominence in that period are featured, including the photo-realists Richard Estes and Chuck Close, realists Alfred Leslie and Philip Pearlstein, color-field painters Kenneth Noland and Jules Olitski, minimalists Dan Flavin and Eva Hesse, video artists Nam June Paik and Keith Sonnier, earthworker Christo, and body artists Dennis Oppenheim and Chris Burden, whose work is seen in documentary

CROSS COUNTRY

photographs. It's an adventurous show, and it runs from September 10 to November 10.

Detroit Say hello again to that indefatigable matchmaker Dolly Levi. The latest revival of *Hello, Dolly!* stars the equally indefatigable **Carol Channing** in the role she created on Broadway 13 years ago. "I did Dolly 1,273 times in four years without missing a single performance, and on the night I closed, I cried my eyes out in the dressing room," remembers Miss Channing. This new production, by the Houston Grand Opera company, will take her to 25 cities over the course of two years; it begins a five-week run at the Fisher Theater on September 14, with stops in Minneapolis, Chicago, and Oklahoma City soon to follow.

East



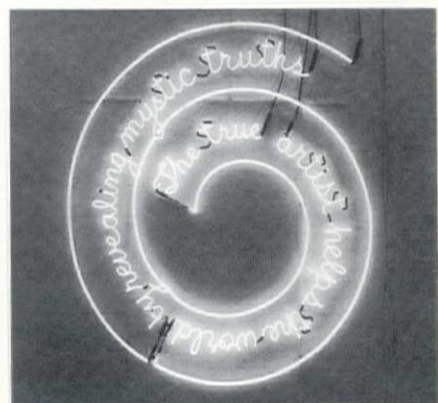
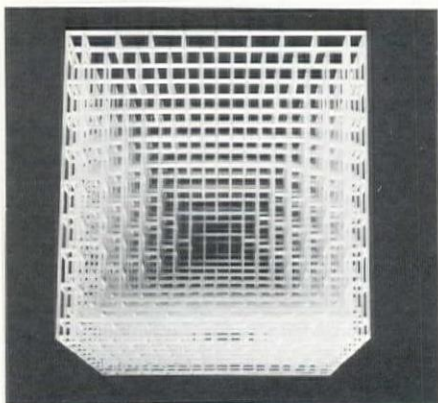
New York: Ballet Hispanico

Boston A new production of Bram Stoker's classic horror tale, *Dracula*, originally staged in 1927, opens September 26 at the

Wilbur Theater before going on to Broadway's Martin Beck on October 20. Directed by Dennis Rosa, *Dracula* stars Frank Langella as the vampire in a macabre world created by famed illustrator **Edward Gorey**, who has designed the sets and costumes. The stylish production is done almost entirely in blacks and grays. An illustrated volume, *Edward Gorey's Dracula*, will be published to coincide with the Broadway opening.

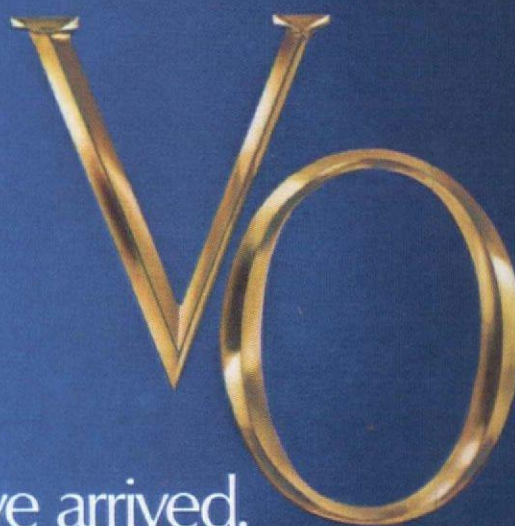
Washington, D.C. "I think the history of art is, among other things, a history of visual warfare," says artist **Jules Olitski**, whose latest salvo, a series of metal sculptures, is on display through October 2 at the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden. Olitski, whose acrylic-stained canvases established him as a major abstract painter in the 1960s, made his first sculptures in 1968. His most recent structures include corrugated steel sheets piled atop one another. All in all, an impressive showing for a painter who works at sculpture only two or three times a year.

New York Some 30 dance companies from across the country will appear at Central Park's outdoor Delacorte Theater in a **ten-day dance festival** beginning September 2. Featured in five different programs are the José Limón Dance Company, San Francisco Ballet, Tina Ramirez's Ballet Hispanico of New York, and the all-male company Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo. There will also be a belly dancer named Morocco, who will play her own finger cymbals. Cosponsored by the TAG Foundation and the New York Shakespeare Festival, the dance performances are free, and waiting in line for tickets can be combined with a picnic in Central Park.



Contemporary art in Chicago: Sol Lewitt's Floor Piece #3, Robert Smithson's Non-Site: Line of Wreckage, and Bruce Nauman's neon sign

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Suburbia's Gift to the Cities

The newest and best shopping centers are being built downtown, bringing with them the convenience and casualness of suburban life



Bounded by the Southeast Expressway (top), Government Center (left), and the financial district (lower right), Boston's recently restored Faneuil Hall Marketplace is one of the country's most successful shopping centers.

It is like stepping into another world, a city within a city from which heat and cold, rain and snow, smog and fumes, crime and squalor have been forever banned. Gardens bloom all year, fountains soar, children romp, giant mobiles sway in vast spaces, and the walls are lined with massive paintings. All this and shopping too.

These are the new, eye-boggling shopping centers that in recent years have radically altered the face of commercial America. According to industry sources, there were fewer than 4,000 shopping centers worthy of the name in the United States in 1960. Today there are more than 18,000, with

still more on the way: Pennsylvania plans to build 28 this year, Florida 42, and California 59. The centers account for some \$217 billion in gross annual sales—fully 36 per cent of the country's entire annual retail business. The most ambitious of the centers have become worlds unto themselves, providing virtually everything from buttons and Big Macs to ice-skating and medical exams.

Most significant, perhaps, the shopping center has emerged from its suburban breeding ground to settle in such major metropolitan areas as Boston, Atlanta, Chicago, Houston, and Los Angeles. New centers will soon

appear in downtown Philadelphia, in New York's brand-new Citicorp headquarters, and on Detroit's Rosa Parks Boulevard (the site of the city's devastating 1967 riots). The shift was not deliberately planned; it just happened. The public, in effect, has voted with its pocketbook. It is now apparent that the extraordinary combination of wares and services offered by shopping centers may turn out to be a prime element in the salvaging of the country's ailing city centers. And all this accomplished without government design or subsidy.

• • •

For a long time, of course, shopping

By EDWIN WARNER

Pools and hanging sculptures reflect the bustle of Broadway Plaza in Los Angeles.

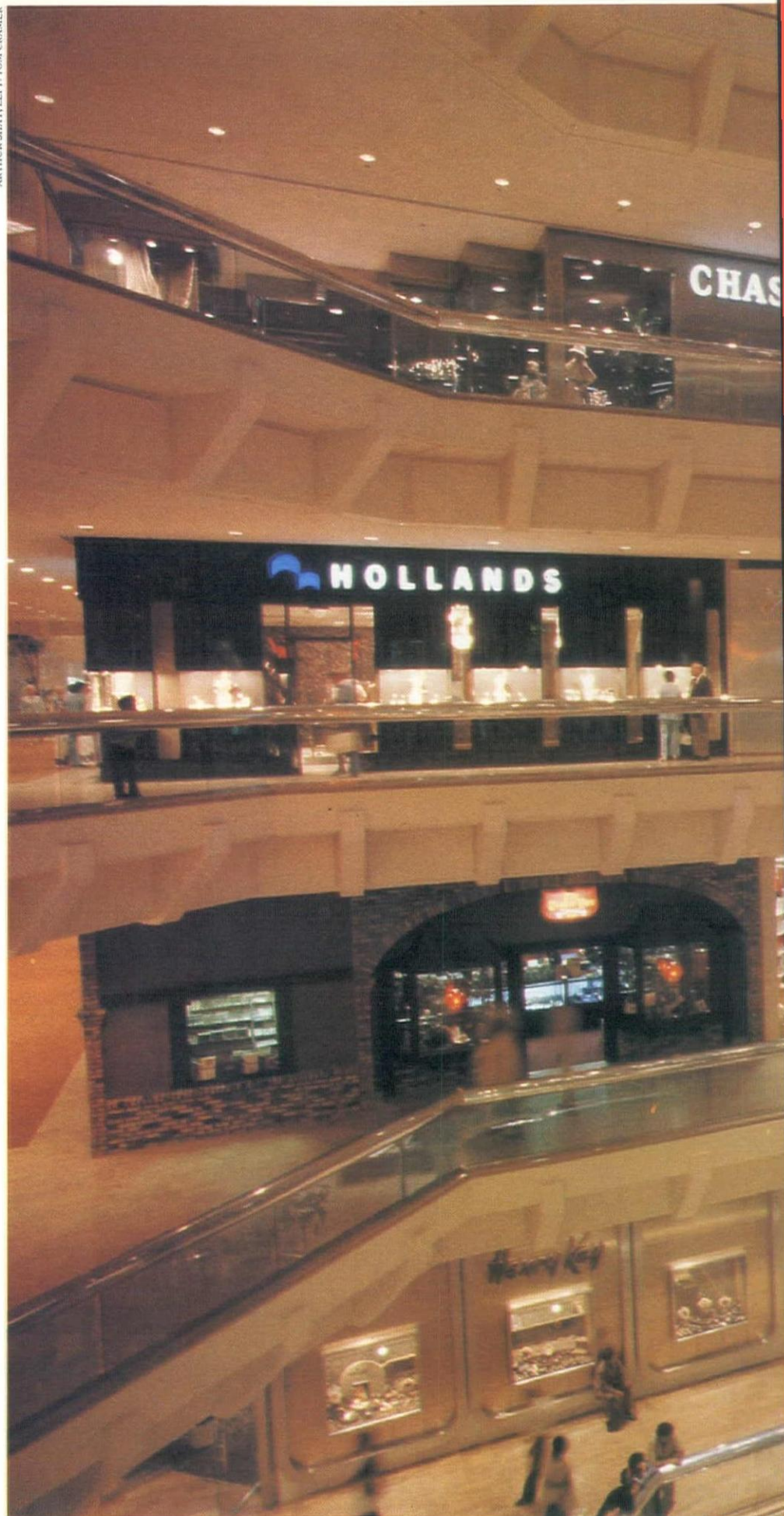


Rising above the fashionable shops of North Michigan Avenue, the tower of Chicago's \$160 million Water Tower Place houses condominiums and a Ritz-Carlton hotel; offices and the Atrium Mall constitute most of the building's horizontal base.

centers, or malls, as they are often called, were the sworn enemies of urban life. They sprang up in response to the great migration to the suburbs following World War II, and as they grew more elaborate, they encouraged additional city dwellers to flee their troubled turf. Stores were conveniently bunched so that suburbanites could do all their shopping in one place without having to drive endlessly from the butcher in one town to the baker in another. These early centers were primitive affairs, not much more than extended mom-and-pop stores, and they were thrown up haphazardly with scant attention to design, customer comfort, or locale. "Twenty years ago," recalls Leonard L. Farber, the first president of the International Council of Shopping Centers, "a developer could pick his site simply by using a map of the U.S. as a dart board."

But the better suburban shopping centers rapidly proved to be far more than simple retailing facilities. They brought people together more often and for longer periods of time than any other major American institution. Psychologist Robert Coles of Harvard feels that visits to shopping centers became a kind of community ritual in which normally isolated individuals could share common, albeit commonplace, experiences. "Some suburbanites may not go next door to meet a person," said Coles in a recent magazine article, "but they will come home and discuss at length how they met so-and-so while

ARTHUR SHAY; LEFT: TOM CRAMER



Glass-walled elevators whisk shoppers to all seven levels of the Water Tower's Atrium Mall.







Teen-agers hanging out at Paramus Park in northern New Jersey

shopping." As the centers expanded and multiplied, they became surrogate cities for suburbia, blending commerce and community activities in a unique way. As some observers see it, the mall has gradually come to assume a role similar to that once played by the Athenian agora, the Roman forum, and the medieval cathedral square.

The sprawling Paramus Park shopping center in northern New Jersey, for example, provides meeting rooms for Weight Watchers, SmokEnders, and a troop of Explorer Scouts. A hungry New Jerseyite visiting the center can buy a takeout meal at any of 20 eateries and then move on to a picnic area overlooking the foliage-covered slopes of a miniature mountain made of stone. Every 15 minutes, the regular Muzak tape is interrupted by a jaunty tune that urges visitors to "have a picnic in the park."

At Woodfield, outside of Chicago, culture and politics go hand in hand with commerce. The Chicago Symphony drew a crowd of some 40,000 for a free concert three years ago; a similar number showed up for a speech by Gerald Ford during last year's presidential campaign.

For those in search of educational enrichment, shopping centers provide courses in such varied fields as cooking and sewing, landscaping, investment, modeling, and karate. Nor are spiritual

needs neglected at the centers. The pastor of a chapel at the shopping center in Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania, will baptize infants upon request in the largest font in the world—the 24,000-gallon mall fountain.

Weddings as well as baptisms are frequently performed in such mall chapels, and if things don't work out,

many centers provide marriage counseling services. There have been reports of a birth or two at regional malls, but so far no one is known to have been buried in one. No wonder, then, that even people who spend much of their lives in shopping centers are dazzled by their variety. "I've been working here for five years," says Jill Brown, manager of Different Circle, a sportswear shop at Woodfield, "and I'm still running into things I've never seen before."

• • •

Such richness, of course, required a heavy concentration of potential customers to sustain it, and as some areas of the country began to reach a shopping center saturation point, developers were forced to consider alternatives. Some turned to smaller, more specialized suburban centers, while others decided to take on the big cities. It was a risky endeavor. The one-stop efficiency and programmed environment that made shopping complexes such a success in suburbia did not always translate well into the urban vernacular of older cities. Ambitious projects in

DREW LEVITON—LEVITON/ATLANTA; ABOVE: JAMES KARLES



Love before lunch at Atlanta's Lenox Square



Crowds are a constant at Lily's, an outdoor café at Boston's Faneuil Hall Marketplace.

Bridgeport, Connecticut; St. Paul, and Sacramento have been mixed successes at best, and a number of other centers across the country have been abandoned altogether.

The reasons for such failures are not always clear. And the successes can be just as puzzling. James R. Bronkema, executive director of San Francisco's Embarcadero Center, recalls the birth pangs of his project: "By any set of standards, we did everything wrong. We built a shopping center in the center of a city. We built it one block at a time, two years apart. I tell you, when we opened, it was a disaster. Nobody wanted to move in. They said, 'Why in hell should we go down there to the financial district and open a store on the second floor of an office building? You gotta be crazy.' But it's worked."

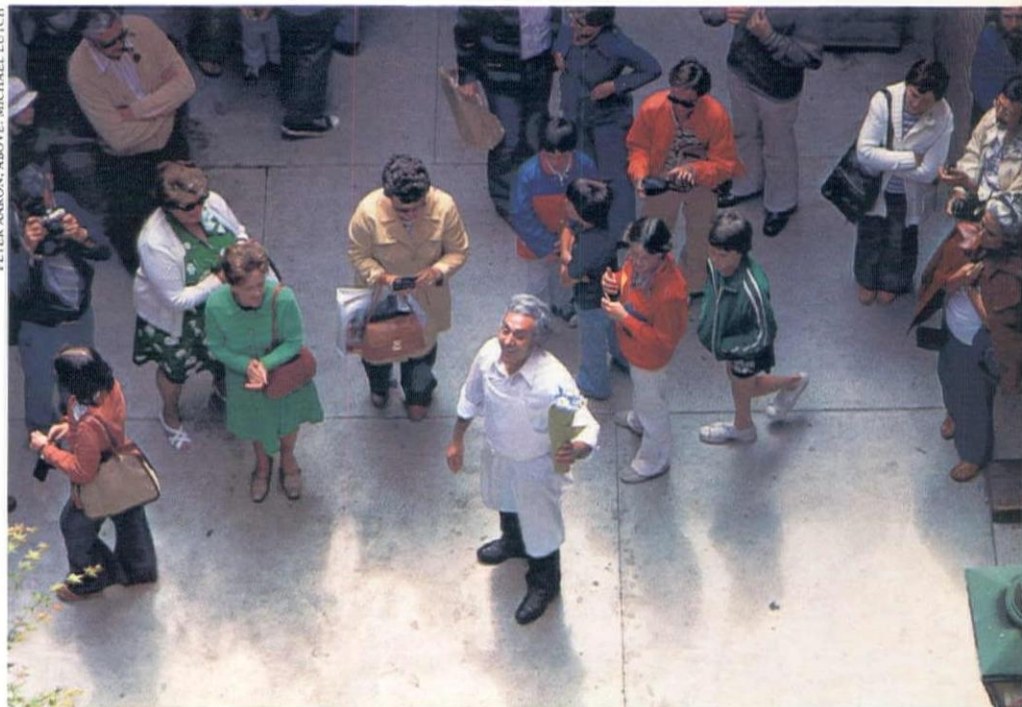
Indeed it has. The Embarcadero hums seven days a week with buying and selling, and annual retail sales are approaching \$30 million. Other downtown centers are producing equally impressive results. The Atrium Mall, part of Chicago's Water Tower Place—a 74-story complex of shopping center, condominiums, and the luxurious Ritz-Carlton Hotel—rang up \$65 million in 1976, its first full year of operation. Officials of the still unfinished Faneuil Hall Marketplace in Boston expect the center to do \$24 million in retail business this year, and they predict annual sales of well over

\$60 million when the project is finished in 1978.

To attract the customers who generate those kinds of figures, shopping center planners have spent millions making their buildings as physically attractive as possible. No visual device has been spared to draw the potential buyer inside and keep him there in a kind of spending trance. As soon as he passes the awesome marble slab of the Water Tower façade, a Chicagoan is confronted with stairs and escalators engulfed in foliage. This is not for looks alone. All the greenery, says Warren Platner, consulting architect for the

project, reduces the sense of height and gives the customer the impression that he is closer to the second floor than he actually is. "That way he is not discouraged from going up," says Platner. "It is the opposite of the Scala Reggia in the Vatican, where the stairs leading to the pope's audience chamber give the impression of distance." Once the shopper reaches the second level of this shopping center, he may really be hooked. For there he comes upon a dazzling, airy atrium with stores beckoning wherever the eye rests. Explains Platner: "The opening is shaped like a melon so that you can see each level of

PETER AARON; ABOVE: MICHAEL LUTCH



Amateur opera in the Cannery shopping complex at Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco

shops no matter where you are standing." Capacious glass-walled elevators trimmed in stainless steel carry passengers swiftly up the seven stories, a trip that is a tourist attraction itself.

Neil Harris, a professor of history at the University of Chicago, feels that the shopping area at Water Tower Place and such other recent centers as the Embarcadero, designed by the flamboyant John C. Portman of Hyatt Regency hotel fame, recapture some of the lost glories of 19th-century American architecture. "Space and light have always been luxurious," says Harris, "and few people have exploited them as cleverly as the shopping center designers. The best of these buying machines remind us once again that the commercial spirit has nurtured much of our most interesting design."

In Boston the commercial spirit has taken a Bicentennial form. Historic Faneuil Hall, where the Adamses plotted and shopped in revolutionary days, and several adjacent buildings were recently remodeled as part of a waterfront shopping complex, which now overflows with flowers, produce, cafés, and people. Sixty separate food-stalls attract thousands of visitors, who are regularly entertained by a corps of mimes, jugglers, and musicians. In San Francisco a group of abandoned buildings that were once used to manufacture chocolate have undergone a similar restoration. Today the red-brick edifices, known as Ghirardelli



The world's largest enclosed shopping center: more than 2 million square feet in area, Woodfield, outside

Square, contain an assortment of plazas, courts, and terraces where sunning, eating, and chatting are as important as the shopping. "People come from all over the world to pick our brains," says general manager Virgil P. Caselli. "They ask: 'How did you make

it so charming?' Well, you don't make something charming. It just happens."

Perhaps. But some shrewd market research certainly helps. Most developers rely heavily on "consumer-expectation studies" to determine the right "tenant mix" for the centers. Customers must feel comfortable moving from one store to the next; nothing must be too jarring or out of place. Most malls have "anchor" tenants—well-known, prestigious stores such as Montgomery Ward, Marshall Field, Sears Roebuck, or J. C. Penney. Once the anchor has been secured, smaller shops are brought in to provide variety.

What cannot be bought at these malls probably doesn't exist. On display are jewelry, jeans, books, records, shoes, cigars, soups, nuts, and—almost inevitably—McDonald's hamburgers. Despite its out-of-the-way location on the fifth floor of the Atrium Mall, the McDonald's branch

COURTESY MURRAY HILL SQUARE; ABOVE: ARTHUR SHAW



Crowds view a car show at Murray Hill Square, a New Jersey center with a colonial theme.



Chicago, attracts customers with four major department stores, 230 specialty shops, and a 21st-century décor.

there reports that business is brisk. A salesperson in a nearby shop admits that the question most frequently asked by customers is, "Where's McDonald's?" Ernie Cochanis, the franchise owner, says happily: "We get everyone from the millionaire to the guy working on the street. I would have loved to put the golden arches on top of the whole thing, but they won't let us do that."

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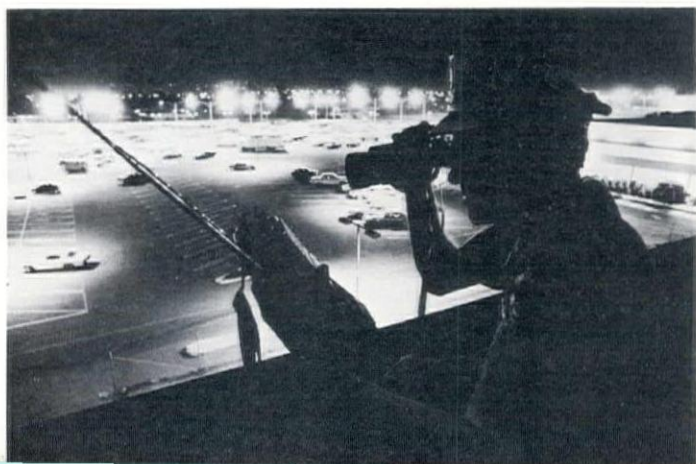
Shopping, to be sure, is only part of the mall experience, and the various amenities often outshine the merchandise. Lawrence E. Marcus, executive vice president of Neiman-Marcus Company, notes that in Houston's Galleria, first-run films such as *Jaws* and *Star Wars* draw more customers than his famous store. Movie theaters are a regular feature of today's malls, not to mention swimming pools, ice-skating rinks, and concerts for every taste. Some performers operate *only* in

malls because they are assured large, usually appreciative audiences. For some people in outlying areas, a mall production is their first live show.

The centers have certain facilities in which they take special pride. Houston's much-admired Galleria offers ten air-conditioned tennis courts and a jogging track on the roof. Along with gospel and bluegrass music and pie-and watermelon-eating contests, Atlanta's 14-story Omni complex, one side of which is formed by the Omni International Hotel, shows off its vast

atrium with kite-flying exhibitions. (The hotel management advises guests to ask for an inside room so that they can view the "fantastic universe" of the atrium.) The Broadway Plaza in Los Angeles features tea dancing every Thursday evening to the big band sounds of the 1940s. "You go inside," says Mrs. Rose Weisman, a Los Angeles housewife who keeps going back to the Broadway Plaza even though she lives well out of town, "and you feel you're someplace else. It's so pleasant and clean; you can shop and

A guard at Tucson's Elcon Shopping Center scans a parking lot for trouble.



ARIZONA Daily Star



Chronos XIV by Nicolas Schoffer is one of three towering sculptures that pierce the inner courts of the Embarcadero Center in San Francisco.

eat and it's all under one roof."

Shopping centers are sometimes accused of catering to a highly selective group of consumers, but in most of them one sees a greater variety of people than on the city streets. One reason is that most of the hazards of the street simply don't exist, and the young, the old, and the infirm have little to fear. Strollers, baby carriages, and wheelchairs are a common sight. Two

widowers, John Gibbons, 83, and Russell Stairs, 84, first met on the park benches in Atlanta's Lenox Square. "I like to come hear the children sing, listen to the band concerts, and watch the dancing," says Gibbons. "We get out and meet people this way."

Teen-agers hang out at a mall the way they used to congregate at the corner drugstore. They can even walk barefoot on the gleaming stone or tile

Floors, from which litter is removed almost as soon as it is dropped. Occasionally, the kids get a bit obstreperous, but most of the time, as 13-year-old Amy Sieger puts it, they come to Paramus to "fool around" or "grit out," as the kids call gorging themselves on pizza and ice cream. They try on clothes without buying them and sit on benches, belting out Beach Boys tunes and oblivious to the stares of passers-by. The boys in the mall, most of the girls insist, are hardly worth bothering about; still, Amy and her friends have had their palms read by a seer at the center. The prediction: many marriages and many children, all of whom will doubtless patronize the shopping mall, generation unto generation.

The malls are an answer to a mother's prayer. She can leave the children behind and go shopping without worry. Some malls provide day-care centers; others almost seem to be day-care centers in themselves. Woodfield enter-



Claes Oldenburg's Ice Bag—Scale A on view at the NorthPark mall in Dallas last year

tains toddlers with carpeted play areas, a slide, and an aquarium beneath a waterfall. A frequent figure at that play area is Mrs. Loraine Gertz, who minds her two grandchildren while their parents are off shopping. "What child wants to wait for his mommy while she tries on a dress or slacks?" asks Mrs. Gertz. "If they go to an outdoor playground, they're knocked on their faces all the time. Here they're safe, and when they get hungry, there are plenty of places to eat."

Increasingly, American shopping centers are drawing an international clientele. The Broadway Plaza in Los Angeles has become a priority stop on the itineraries of Australian tourists, and on a typical business day the mall restaurants buzz with the chatter of Japanese businessmen striking deals over cocktails. Houston's Galleria supplies a translator for Spanish-speaking customers, and one employee is assigned full-time to make sure that Latin-American VIPs get a cordial reception. Growing numbers of Arabs are shopping at the Neiman-Marcus store in the Galleria. One oil-rich visitor, reports Lawrence Marcus, was recently supplied with an order of china, napkins, and crystal for 50.

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Although the malls are popular in large part because they have been free of the crime that plagues city streets, hoodlums are beginning to learn their way around. There have been thefts of

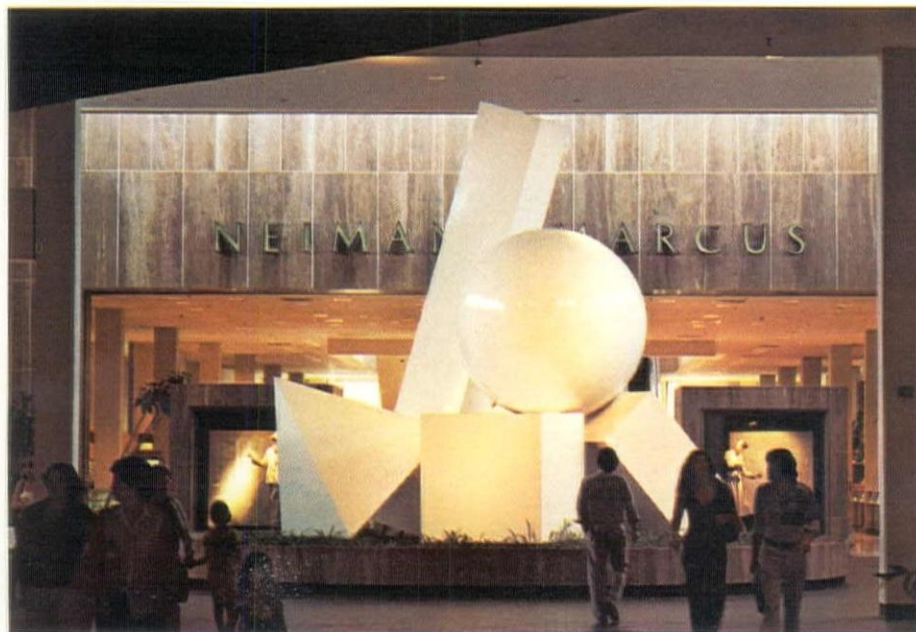
cars from the huge, unguarded parking lots. Shoplifting, always a problem in large stores, is increasing in some of the malls, and there are occasional armed robberies. On the mistaken assumption that crime will go away if it is ignored, some mall managers skimp on security guards. It can be a dangerous charade.

At Woodfield, one shop manager discovered that the credit card presented by a "customer" was in fact stolen. When the manager refused to honor the stolen card, the man who had presented it pulled a knife, grabbed the card, and fled.

Not all shopping center thieves are so heavy-handed. Shopkeepers report that classes in shoplifting are held in motel rooms furnished with racks of clothing to demonstrate proper techniques of stealing. The graduates then show up in the mall, usually in groups. One will case the store while the others drift in, pretending not to know one another. When they think no one is looking, they stuff goods into large bags or coats slung over their shoulders. A woman who appears to be pregnant will sometimes be caught with a plastic sack under her dress containing filched merchandise. "Each time you catch somebody," says an employee of a shop at Woodfield, "you learn something new."

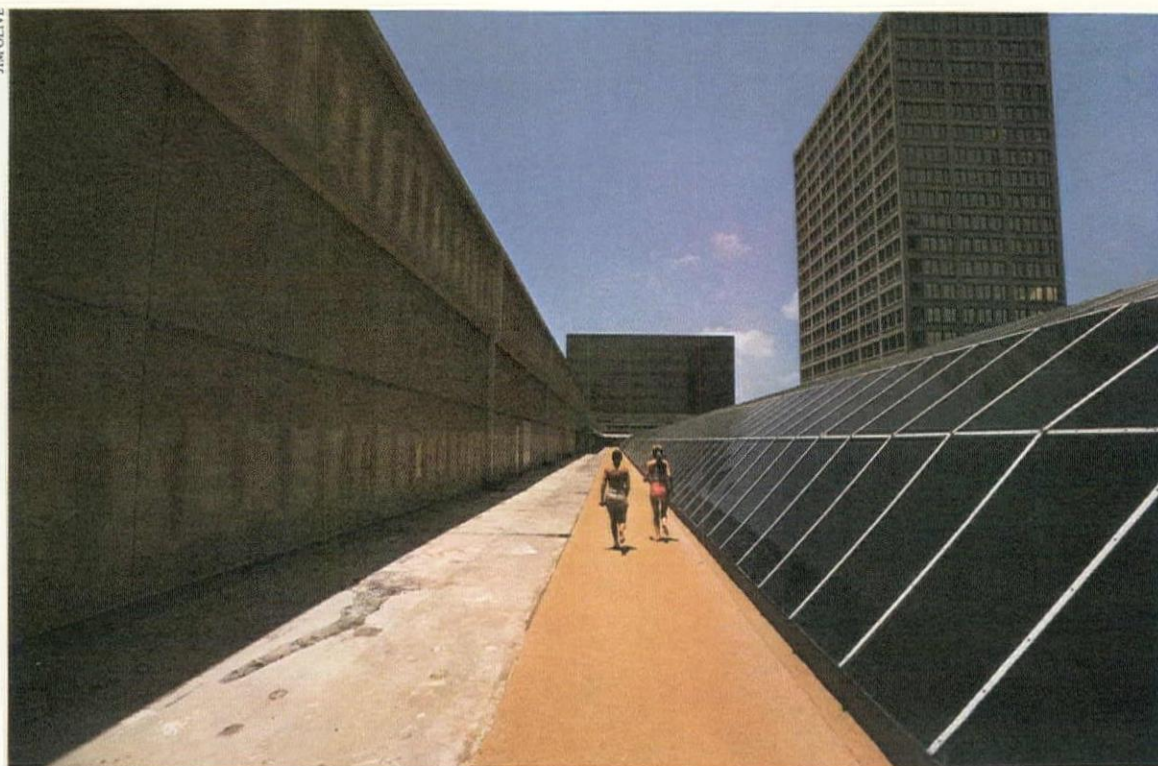


Santa Anita Fashion Park in Arcadia, California, paid \$100,000 for its Roy Lichtenstein.



Neiman-Marcus and Stanley Landsman's Lemuria arrived at Atlanta's Lenox Square in 1972.

DREW LEVITON—LEVITON-ATLANTA; ABOVE: JOSEPH P. MESSANA



Joggers on the rooftop track at Houston's Galleria; also available: two cinemas, ten tennis courts, and 145 shops

Like many private street guards, the security forces in some malls are instructed not to get too involved in potentially dangerous incidents. But Dave Winn, a police sergeant who moonlights as a plainclothes guard at the Embarcadero, believes he is a deterrent nonetheless. "Dressed the way I am," he says, "the shoplifter doesn't know I'm right on top of him." A number of guards at Lord & Taylor in Chicago's Atrium Mall, casually outfitted youths in their twenties, look as if they might be shoplifters themselves. In such guise, they nab 30 or more thieves a month, often making their biggest catches on Sunday—browsers' day.

• • •

For the moment at least, shopping center crime has not proved to be a major source of concern. What is more disturbing, in the eyes of some critics, is the potentially negative long-term effects these self-contained minicities may have on the urban scene. Larry Aull, a San Francisco architect, sees the Embarcadero Center as a serious threat to the traditionally intimate scale of his city. "The center is really a Chinese wall that cuts through the city like a massive knife," says Aull. Even Lawrence Halprin, the renowned West

Coast architect who took part in the design of the relatively small-scale Ghirardelli Square in San Francisco and the Nicollet Mall in Minneapolis, sees a danger in the sort of megastructures represented by Atlanta's Omni International center and the Broadway Plaza in Los Angeles. Such complexes, argues Halprin, are "merely walled enclaves with a suburban mentality. What downtowns need most is a revitalization of the existing streets—with amenity, quality, and character."

Dr. Richard I. Evans, a professor of psychology at the University of Houston, argues that there is a more fundamental problem with shopping centers. "The idea that you can have all-purpose facilities that satisfy not only shopping needs but also recreational needs begins to have an effect on our lives," says Evans. "People gradually begin to lose touch with the problems of the city, and the city as a sophisticated environment begins to lose its impact on the individual."

This attitude assumes that today's city, with its surviving ethnic neighborhoods and its local color, will continue to flourish—a proposition many find doubtful in light of the current rate of

urban decay. Like any social or economic innovation, the shopping mall has its drawbacks, but many urbanologists feel they are outweighed by its promise. Notes Dick Rosann, director of the mayor's Office of Development in New York: "Of course, any downtown is more interesting than a single mall, just as Los Angeles is more interesting than Disneyland. But the city mall is very important because its presence is the most dramatic visual proof that the downtown is alive and well."

Despite such optimism, today's big-city megamalls remain a large-scale gamble—sociologically as well as financially. The centers could well succumb to the urban ills many planners hope they will help cure. They could become the ghost towns of tomorrow—vast, empty monuments to a vanished dream of commerce. But stocked with an abundance of resources concentrated in the modern equivalent of a fortress, and embellished with some of the grandeur of a contemporary cathedral, they have about them a distinct air of permanence. □

Edwin Warner, an associate editor of Time, writes frequently on urban affairs.

DREW LEVITON—LEVITON-ATLANTA



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PAST PERFECT

The Year of Isadora

No matter that Isadora Duncan is better known today for her loves than for her art. Before her death in 1927 she had a profound effect on modern dance. She scorned the trappings of classical ballet—instead of a tutu she wore a loose, seductive Grecian gown—and hurled herself into deliriously free sequences of movement that had the look of improvisation.

Isadora's untrammelled style influenced both the classical and modern modes, but the exact look of her own work has been obscured. Now, in honor of the centennial of her birth, Isadora's



Isadora herself

actual choreography is being revived. Annabelle Gamson performed a number of the Duncan dances she learned from one of Isadora's star pupils at the American Dance Festival in Newport, Rhode Island, last month, and she will repeat them next January at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The San Francisco Duncan Dancers and other such groups are also staging carefully reconstructed revivals.

But Isadora's spirit is still too restless to be embalmed in

ANTHONY CRICKMAY — *Dance in America*



Lynn Seymour as Isadora in a recent ballet by Frederick Ashton

J. L. VARTOOGIAN



Plisetskaya as Béjart's Isadora

studious re-creations, and choreographers continue to shape it to their private purposes. Maurice Béjart of the Ballet of the 20th Century has worked up his own homage, *Isadora*, for the Bolshoi ballerina Maya Plisetskaya, and the English choreographer Sir Frederick Ashton has woven his boyhood memories of Duncan's concerts into *Five Brahms Waltzes in the Manner of*

Isadora Duncan. Ashton's offering is far superior; with Lynn Seymour's lyrical performance, it succeeds in capturing what the choreographer calls Isadora's "melancholy grace and irresistible intensity."

Tolkien's Return

Four years after J. R. R. Tolkien's death, his hobbits are more popular than ever. NBC will air a 90-minute animation of *The Hobbit* by Arthur Rankin and Jules Bass later this fall, and Ralph Bakshi, producer of the adult cartoon *Fritz the Cat*, is preparing a movie animation of *The Lord of the Rings* for release next year.

Perhaps the best news of all for Tolkien fanciers is the publication this month by Houghton Mifflin of *The Silmarillion*, a collection of tales and poetry that fills in the history of the elves and other inhabitants of Middle-earth before—and up through—the time of the hob-

bits' adventures.

The Silmarillion was Tolkien's lifelong project, completed by his son Christopher. In order to understand the world his father had created, Christopher found he had to learn the complex languages and geography of Middle-earth. His careful work almost seems to bear out his father's comment "Always I had the sense of recording what was already 'there,' somewhere, not of 'inventing.'"

Medieval Mystery

"One of the great discoveries of medieval archaeology," says Alain Erlande-Brandenburg, director of the Cluny Museum in Paris, referring to 21 sculptured heads of the kings of Judah and Israel that once adorned the façade of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The unusually fine collection of Gothic sculpture fragments, from statues made about 1220, was discovered in Paris last April by construction men enlarging basement vaults of the Moreau mansion, owned by the Banque Française du Commerce Extérieur.

The bank's president, François Giscard d'Estaing (a cousin of the French president), an enthusiastic amateur archaeologist, guessed that the sculpture had originally been made for the cathedral. After making measurements of existing statues at Notre Dame, d'Estaing alerted Michel Fleury, director of antiquities for the city of Paris, and the Cluny Museum experts, who have confirmed his hunch and have pieced together the remarkable history of the heads.

Popularly believed to represent the kings of France, the statues were pulled down during the French Revolution. Piled unceremoniously in a heap in front of the cathedral, the fragments eventually came into the hands of Jean-Baptiste Lakanal to be used in construction of his mansion on the rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Apparently



HELENE ADANT

Matisse's sitting room in Nice, with cutouts for *The Swimming Pool* and *Women and Monkeys*

when Lakanal, a devout Catholic and a royalist, discovered the nature of his building materials, he decided to bury the statuary fragments (canon law requiring that any relic removed from a church should be interred). He had his builders construct an underground wall of light plaster in which the fragments were carefully laid, with the heads turned in ritualistic fashion in the direction of the cathedral.

Lakanal died in 1800, carrying the knowledge of the buried heads with him, and his mansion was bought by Napoleon's great general, Jean Victor Moreau. Moreau, a ferocious antiroyalist, never knew that every day as he crossed his courtyard he trod over the remains of the statues,



symbols of all he detested.

French scholars are continuing their painstaking study of the heads, which exhibit an individuality and finish unusual for their time. When the sculptures were set high above the main portal of Notre Dame, their subtle details were lost to view from the ground. (As Erlande-Brandenburg explains, "The artist of the Middle Ages worked not only for man but also for God.") Now, in the Cluny Museum, man has a chance to get a good look.

That Old New Trouper

One of the busiest talents in the theater world is a relative newcomer, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He emerged as a television personality (vaguely resembling Ed Herrmann) on ABC's *Eleanor and Franklin* in 1976 and early 1977, then surfaced as a movie star (looking not unlike Dan O'Herlihy) in *MacArthur* this past summer. Currently he's a stage celebrity (a dead ringer for Raymond Thorne) in the Broadway hit *Annie*. Some say he likes long runs and may settle in there. But we hear new deals are percolating, especially since all it really takes to "act" the part is a long cigarette holder and a simulated Harvard accent.

Unearthed head from Notre Dame

Masterful Cutouts

Toward the end of his life, Henri Matisse was confined to a wheelchair and unable to paint. Rather than abandon work altogether, the master of brilliant coloring shifted from oil and canvas to paper cutouts, a medium he had dabbled in for years. Armed with scissors and specially dyed paper, he created a paradise of swimmers, flowers, stars, and leaves, some of them modest compositions for books,

textiles, and ceramics, others room-size decorations for his own apartment in Nice.

The first fully representational show of Matisse's cutouts—58 works from early experiments in the 1920s to the full-blown last works (he died in 1954)—will open this month at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., and travel in November to the Detroit Institute of Arts and in January to the St. Louis Art Museum.

Perhaps as interesting as the grandest of the cutouts—among them *The Swimming Pool*, now owned by the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and a pair of tapestry maquettes from Paris—are the documentary photos in the show's catalogue. Matisse's sitting room in Nice appears in an old photo with *The Swimming Pool*, which he designed for it, running around the walls just above eye level. (The piece will be installed in the show in a similar "room" and at the same height.)

In another photo a corner of a studio room is filled, from floorboard to ceiling molding, with large, drooping fronds and floating apples, exactly as Matisse painstakingly placed them. Here is a view of an artist's work precisely as he meant it to be seen, and if Matisse's cutouts are sublimely decorative, here is proof that that, after all, is just what he intended.



Raymond Thorne as FDR in *Annie*

MARTHA SWOPE; LEFT: ERICH LESSING—MAGNUM

Tamerlane of the Performing Arts

With a new and darkly
violent *Romeo and Juliet* to his credit,
Rudolf Nureyev will soon be
seen as Rudolph Valentino, the Latin lover

By ALEXANDER BLAND

"The Nureyev Age" is what a London dance critic recently christened our own times. An official of Britain's Royal Ballet once expressed a similar thought. "Rudi is like the Great War," he remarked ruefully. "He has wiped out a whole generation of dancers." Strong statements like these are often inspired by the indefatigable and iron-willed 39-year-old, Russian-born Rudolf Nureyev, who for some 15 years has been the leading guest star with the Royal Ballet.

Ever since he left Russia for the West in 1961, Nureyev has been a dominant figure on the international ballet scene. Now, when it might seem that the time is approaching for some tapering off of his activities, disconcertingly his territory seems to be expanding. The current season has seen him once again earning rave reviews for his dancing in London, this time at his own Nureyev Festival for the London Festival Ballet ("Nureyev at his golden best"). But he has also emerged decisively as a choreographer—of a new full-length production of Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*. And in a few weeks' time he will appear in a probably more surprising guise, as the star of the new film *Valentino*, directed by Ken Russell. Like a Tamerlane of the performing arts, Nureyev is carrying his banner into ever-more-widespread empires.

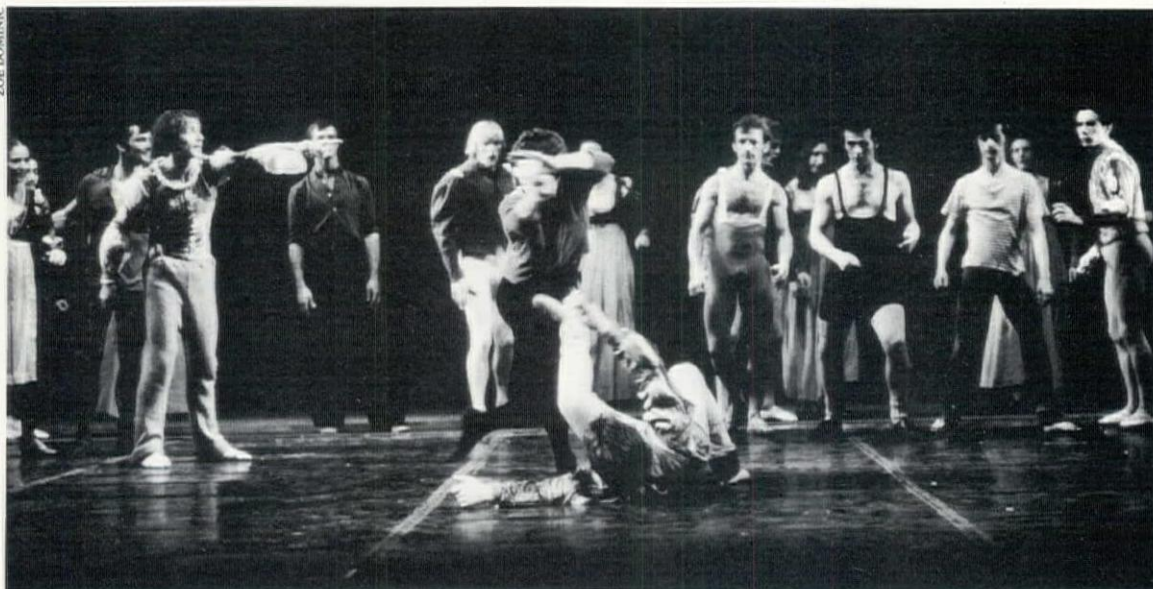
The new developments in his career please Nureyev. For one thing, his supercharged work schedule does not include pauses for stock-taking. ("Never look back," he once remarked, "that way you fall downstairs.") Nureyev is so totally a theatrical being that any number of the branches of drama fall naturally within his range. He has a gargantuan appetite for the performing arts. Dedicated to dance in all its forms, he is a passionate theatergoer, a film buff who will travel miles to catch a new German movie or a rare old Hollywood creepie, and a television addict who loves American all-night TV. Nureyev uses these sources to feed his dance interpretations: it would not be surprising to learn that he has based a movement in *Swan Lake* on a gesture by Bette Davis or Kermit the Frog. For him the theater is one world.

LEONARD J. POLLACK—SYGMA



Director Ken Russell and his star on location in Spain

ZOE DOMINIC



Nureyev (far left) rehearses the London Festival Ballet in his earthy remounting of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Valentino meets the woman (played by Carol Kane) who later becomes his first wife.





Valentino, while still a gigolo dancer in New York, meets Nijinsky (Anthony Dowell) and—so the story goes—teaches him the tango.

Neither of Nureyev's new ventures is, in fact, so much a dive into experiment as it may at first seem. He took his first steps as choreographer 14 years ago by re-creating for the Royal Ballet a work, *La Bayadère*, that he had learned in Russia. Since then he has mounted many of the old 19th-century classics: *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Swan Lake*, *Don Quixote*, *The Nutcracker*. Although all these look like traditional 19th-century ballets, they actually contain many new dances. His *Nutcracker* is, in fact, totally original; not a step of the old version remains. In 1966 he devised in Vienna a short ballet to music by Hans Werner Henze—not a great work, but with promising patches of invention.

Romeo and Juliet is a different matter—a giant production demanding sustained levels of invention and challenging several versions by more experienced choreographers. Nureyev himself has danced dozens of times in Kenneth MacMillan's *Romeo* at Covent Garden. Yet he has contrived to forget it completely, using the same story and the same music in totally different ways.

He had thought about the ballet for months, but the actual

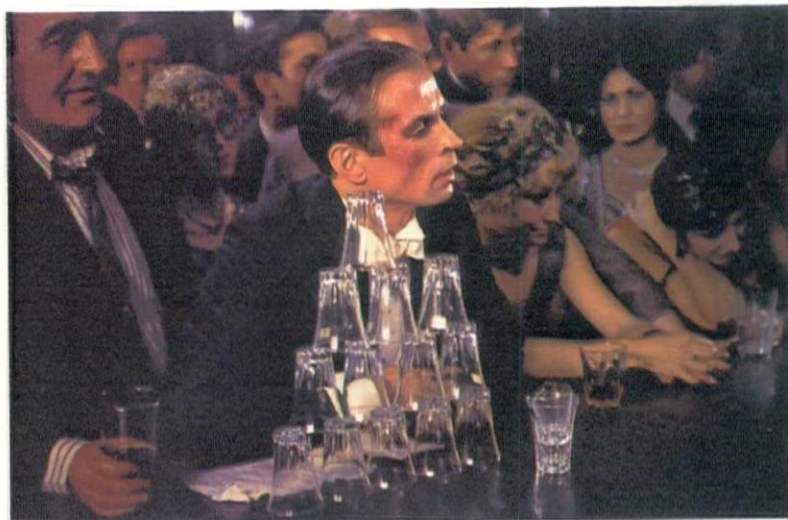
creation took him no more than six weeks. "The way his invention pours out is astounding," says Beryl Grey, artistic director of the London Festival Ballet. His characteristically bold approach predictably proved controversial. Going against most ballet versions (but following the modern trend in the theater), Nureyev has shifted the mood from that of a tender love story about young innocents to a tougher, more physical tragedy of sex and violence in a doomed city (designed like something out of *Carpaccio* by Ezio Frigerio).

Some of the critics, probably expecting a lyrical romance from the celebrated stage lover, were disconcerted by the lack of tenderness. His approach shocked those who thought of *Romeo and Juliet* simply as a quivering Elizabethan antecedent of *Love Story*. Others, including many actors and theater producers, praised the ballet for its faithfulness to Shakespeare in its highly flavored mixture of images and symbols, fast cinematic episodes, and contrasts of humor, spectacle, and passion. "It's not just a play about young love," says Nureyev. "It's a bit more interesting than that."

He surprised some people by not enlarging his own role of



Natasha Rambova (Michelle Phillips) seduces Valentino on a movie set and is soon his second wife.



A drinking bout in a New York speakeasy leads to Valentino's early death.

Romeo, a figure he sees as rather callow (he shows him switching instantly from courting Rosaline to gnawing a chicken bone). But he has given extra prominence to Tybalt and, above all, to Mercutio, the sophisticated character with whom he seems to feel most affinity (he plans to dance the part himself when the opportunity arises). Juliet takes the lead in his version: she is well aware of what she is doing and dies—pressed with Freudian symbolism on the dagger that she has placed in her dead lover's hand—without a qualm.

Anybody who knows Nureyev was not surprised by his *Romeo and Juliet*. The fiery portrayer of passion on stage hates sentimentality in real life; the interpreter of many a 19th-century hero is totally opposed to that age in thinking and lifestyle. His mercurial vitality, instinctive panache, and disregard for the canons of good taste and conventionality are nearer to the age of Elizabeth than to the reign of Victoria. Furthermore, he is an ardent admirer of Shakespeare, and for this ballet he studied the text minutely (he has even tried to convey the notoriously fanciful Queen Mab speech), as well as the older stories on which Shakespeare based his play.

The result is almost shockingly physical, as in Mercutio's death scene. Here, Mercutio's friends at first do not believe that he has really been wounded by Tybalt, and they throw him mockingly back and forth as he bleeds to death. The fight scenes and various Montague-Capulet encounters are vigorous, even violent. And though the choreography of some of the duets with a less-than-ideal Juliet (Patricia Ruanne) was disappointing, the whole experience was closer to drama than decorative and delicate ballet. Whatever the final critical estimate, it proved a hit with the public, and no doubt remains that Nureyev—who danced Romeo himself at every one of the three weeks' performances—will be taken seriously in the future as a choreographer.

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Nureyev's other new venture takes him into more remote territory, with more potentialities. With typical bravado he has plunged into the film world, not in a modest beginner's supporting role but as a screen-monopolizing star. *Valentino* is a portrait of the idol of the 1920s whose features and personality are still familiar to millions. To attempt a re-



In a silent film, the still-unknown Italian plays the bit part of a charming thief who steals the lady's jewels.



Patricia Ruanne dances Juliet to Nureyev's knockabout Romeo.

creation of the myth took nerve on the part of Ken Russell, the director, and charisma from the actor.

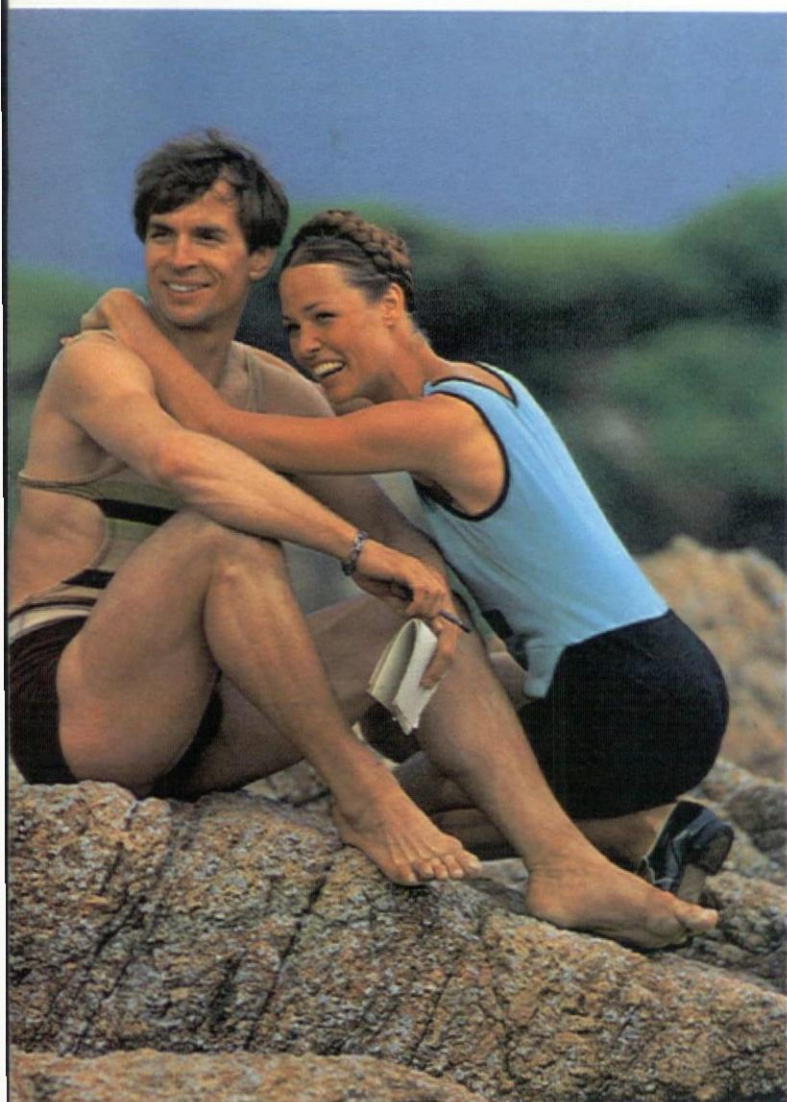
Wisely, the film avoids a solemn resurrection of the old Valentino magic, with remakes of a white-robed abductor, maiden in his arms, galloping across the desert (though there is a fantasy flash of the scene). Russell explores instead the life of Rudolph Valentino himself and the tension between his private personality and the hero he represented on the screen. The difference between life and art is a favorite Russell theme, and this is prime material for him. Old Hollywood provides a fund of supercharged characters and outrageous situations that fall naturally into Russell's highly colored style. By his recent standards, this is a relatively cool and straightforward picture; he has had no need to exaggerate—real-life scenes such as the hysterical funeral after Valentino's sudden death might have been set up by an ambitious screenwriter. The story and the director seem made for each other.

More intriguing and problematical is the choice of Nureyev as Valentino. Facially he is totally dissimilar, with Slav features as distinctive and almost as well known as those of the famous Latin lover. Russell judged that the difference was less important than a common sexual glamour that could convey a modern equivalent of Valentino's quality. Apart from giving Nureyev a short-back-and-sides 1920s haircut (an arresting change from his normal flying mane), there has been no attempt at impersonation—and yet Nureyev, who closely studied Valentino's film acting (which he much admires for its quiet, calculated restraint), often succeeds in evoking the sultry seducer.

Russell has made full use of two often overlooked facets of Valentino's character. He was, like Nureyev, a foreign interloper competing among often resentful strangers, and he

Entertaining in a bar and taunted by insults from Fatty Arbuckle (seated, center), the young Valentino takes furiously to the table.





For two happy years Rambova and Valentino are out of work and living on the shore in California (the scene was shot in Spain).

not only began his career as, but remained for many years, a professional ballroom dancer. Something of the feline, athletic movements of the ballet crept into his dancing style—a quality Nureyev mirrors inimitably. “After all, Valentino is about movement,” Nureyev says. “He moved better than the others. And film acting is still basically about the way you move—or don’t move.”

But Nureyev’s forceful and positive personality is very far from the gentle, passive character of Valentino, who all his life was dominated by women, and this is reflected in the film. “He seems to have been rather weak,” Nureyev observes. “Probably not very active sexually. Maybe a bit too much interested in himself.” Nureyev’s Valentino retains an almost heroic simplicity of purpose; he is destroyed by his own innocence rather than collapsing under attack, as the real Valentino seems to have done. Nureyev as Valentino is pitiful but never pathetic—perhaps conveying his own views rather than Russell’s.

Many people expected clashes between the explosive talents of Russell and Nureyev, but on the set they remained

cool and professional. They started with real mutual respect. Russell, who began his career with a short spell as a dancer, was familiar with Nureyev’s qualities, and Nureyev admires Russell’s films for their bold, positive approach and vivid images. But Russell had never before worked with a ballet star, and Nureyev had never placed himself so much at the mercy of a director. There was a certain wariness at first, and the fact that they were little closer at the end was probably as both of them wanted. What was needed over such a long period was a sound working relationship. “He was always completely professional,” says Russell. “He directs rather gently—I like that,” Nureyev responds.

Nureyev’s emotional stamina during the shooting surprised even his closest friends. Never before during his adult life had he gone for longer than two weeks without dancing, and the filming lasted five months. He was confident of his own ability to act—ballets such as *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Prodigal Son* demand a wide range of acting. Moreover, he had craftily tried out his speaking voice by playing the soldier in a recording (issued this past summer—yet another new venture) of Stravinsky’s *Soldier’s Tale*. He tackled the new demands—close-ups, retakes, reaction shots, voice dubbing—entirely professionally, while the monotonous routines of the film studio, which many stage actors find wearisome, held no terrors for a dancer accustomed to ballet’s repetitive rehearsals.

The main problem for Nureyev was how to keep up his dance efficiency during the shooting—a difficulty he overcame simply by doing a practice class in some corner (to the astonishment of the camera crew) while other people were having their lunch-break rest, and, occasionally, after driving straight from studio to stage, by performing at Covent Garden. This stretched his working day to 15 hours—eight A.M. to eleven P.M.—but that is just what he enjoys.

Throughout the excitements and successes of the full season, a personal concern gnawed at Nureyev’s mind. His mother, now 73 and still living in Ufa, the town where he grew up, was again refused an exit visa to visit him, as were his sister and niece. In the spring he had appeared in Washington before a congressional human rights commission to appeal for help in the matter, but by summer it was clear that his hopes to see his family were still blocked. Somehow he never let the matter noticeably disturb his concentration on his work.

Nureyev’s nature may be his greatest gift. As his dancing reveals, it is a subtle blend of planning and instinct. His explorations of new fields appear as preparations for a new stage in his career, but in fact they can be seen simply as his response to his own feelings. He felt like a change, and now that he has tried his hand at the new ventures, he is back in his usual routines. When he wants another change he will no doubt move in yet another direction. He has not yet directed a play or an opera or—who knows?—acted Hamlet. He has a few options left. □

Alexander Bland, dance critic of the London Observer, is the author of a forthcoming book on the filming of Valentino.

What Is Education? Who Is Educated?

Once it principally required a knowledge of the past.

Today it is a means of dealing with the future

By LANCE MORROW



THOMAS VICTOR

Diana Trilling
A lack of reading at Radcliffe

Six or seven years ago a visitor to Antioch College found his younger brother completing a senior project, the culmination of five years' learning there. The project was a crudely fashioned, 30-foot-tall wooden platform—boards nailed together on an Ohio hillock. At least the enterprise was constructive; other Antioch students had earlier closed down the school with demonstrations and then demanded social science credit for their efforts. The platform, in any case, had its uses: the younger brother and his friends (including several student drug peddlers, one of whom carried a .38-caliber revolver) could ascend and watch the evening sun go down in the direction of Dayton.

At about the same time, the critic Diana Trilling spent several weeks in Cambridge, Massachusetts, interviewing students and living in a residence hall at Radcliffe, where she had gone to school decades earlier. As Mrs. Trilling writes in *We Must March, My Darlings*,

she was appalled to find that the first girl she interviewed, a student in the new Department of Visual and Environmental Studies, "was never assigned any reading in any of her classes, and that, indeed, if one chose her field of concentration it was possible to graduate from Radcliffe or Harvard, even with honors, without ever reading a book or taking an examination." The student once tried to console Mrs. Trilling by saying that she belonged to a sophomore study group in which books were often read and discussed; but that night the group's guest lecturer was a "sky writer who had created an artificial rainbow over the Charles River as part of the anniversary celebration of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, called 'Earth, Water and Air.'"

A certain bemused, despairing note has become familiar over the last decade in discussions of American higher education—some think it should be called merely "longer" education. Centrifugal forces of change have pinwheelled out all kinds of dazzlingly preposterous and sometimes ominous spectacles—universities in paroxysms

of self-doubt and lost identity; courses in witchcraft, soap opera, rock poetry, Tarzan, the occult; colleges being marketed like deodorants, with radio spots and other gimmicks. With some truth as well as self-congratulation, Renata Adler once wrote of her generation (now in its late thirties), "In culture and in politics, we are the last custodians of language"—and, she implied, of the civilization that goes



New York Times

H. G. Wells
History is a race between education and catastrophe

with literacy. Afterward, the deluge. Or else some early version of the neutron bomb, which has left campus buildings all over America more or less intact, but has seriously interfered with intelligent life there.

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For the last several years, colleges and universities have labored through ordeals of self-examination. Their basic question lies unspoken beneath the resonant line repeated by the president of Harvard each spring when he welcomes graduating seniors to



CULVER

Tarzan
He can be taken for credit



T. S. Eliot
*Making ready for barbarians in
mechanized caravans*

"the company of educated men and women." What do we mean by "educated" now? Harvard itself has grown less and less certain. In an appeal for reform of undergraduate education there, Henry Rosovsky, dean of the university's Faculty of Arts and Sciences, wrote unhappily, "At the moment, to be an educated man or woman doesn't mean anything. It may mean that you've designed your own curriculum. It may mean that you know all about urban this or rural that. But there is no common denominator." Later Rosovsky remarked, "The world has become a Tower of Babel in which we have lost the possibility of common discourse and shared values."

The idea that education has collapsed with the rest of society into a Babel implies an Eden myth—a nostalgia for civilized standards that have supposedly vanished before the forces of barbarism, before a generation whose notion of the past is reruns of *I Love Lucy*. But human nature compels each generation to imagine itself the last custodian of civilization; after all, the children growing up now are precisely the creatures who will push us off the planet, who will bury us. H. G. Wells warned once that "human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe," but as the Ford Foundation's Harold Howe II points out, "the same thought has been uttered by leading thinkers all the way back to Aristotle." T. S. Eliot, whose most famous work proclaimed the theme, once wrote, "In our headlong rush to educate everybody, we are lowering the standards . . . destroying our ancient edifices to make ready the ground upon which the barbarian

nomads of the future will encamp in their mechanized caravans."

But pedagogy in past generations has sometimes been a wasteland, too—a stupefying, dreary business. Carlyle called rote learning "gerund-grinding." Those inclined to glorify their own educations at the expense of what is now taught might at least bear in mind Robert Benchley's essay "What College Did to Me." Benchley listed "things I learned in freshman year," including the fact that "Charlemagne either died or was born or did something with the Holy Roman Empire in 800" and that "the chances are against filling an inside straight." In a polemic in *The Country Parson*, Balzac wrote, "Many precious faculties which later would develop and grow strong are extinguished by the student's lamp."

For all that, it seems true that some commonality of intellectual heritage has indeed disintegrated. Freshmen simply do not arrive in college with the same baggage that previous generations carried. According to the National Assessment of Educational Progress, less than one-third of American 17-year-olds can perform so simple a function as calculating the area of a square given its perimeter. Smith College's president, Jill Conway, who has the luxury of knowing that her school attracts some of the brightest young women in the country, nonetheless says wistfully, "You simply cannot assume that they have read, say, *Moby Dick*." College teachers of English are devoting more and more of their class hours to remedial reading and writing—a problem that, of course, goes back to

the training the young receive in high schools and grade schools.

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The decline of literacy in the universities has much to do with the fact that a far broader social range of students is now pursuing education past high school—even if many of them are unprepared to do so. At the turn of the century only 4 per cent of college-eligible youngsters went to college. By 1970 more than 40 per cent attended—and that was the highest percentage in the history of any nation. It is estimated that by 1980 about 60 per cent will go. "You do not modify upward in contemporary democracy," complains Geoffrey Wagner, professor of English and humanities at the City College of New York. CCNY has accepted students with only a junior high school



BULLOZ, PARIS

Balzac
The student's lamp often extinguishes

competence in reading and writing. But the problem of students who think badly and read little is a matter not only of social background, of ghetto and working-class adolescents drifting through the promiscuous gates of open admissions. Plenty of the privileged young lack, among other things, the skills of language. They, too, are attending television, the American *griot*. Though TV is only one of many problems, it has created its own universal electronic culture, often at the expense of the deeper written tradition around which education once was constructed. The average American family spends 44 hours a week watching TV; no one yet understands just how so many millions of accumulated hours before the set may be altering the way that our minds



CULVER

Robert Benchley
*Freshman year meant Charlemagne
and poker odds*



COURTESY SMITH COLLEGE

Jill Conway
Have they read Moby Dick?

perform and the culture they contain.

TV is a suggestive problem, because it bears so many marks of the society: electronic sophistication, short attention span, violent fragmentation, an overriding materialist drive, great versatility, and an impoverished spirit. Education always reflects the prevailing conditions of a society; the confusions and complications of American life are repeated quite faithfully in the country's educational institutions.

• • •

The hardest question for educators to answer now is also the most basic: What is an education for? American colleges and universities are torn in two directions. One current runs strongly toward specialized training, toward preparation in marketable skills. With tuitions in an inflationary economy climbing almost prohibitively high—\$5,500 a year is not unusual anymore—both parents and students are demanding a return on their very heavy investments. Practical "vocational" programs have become more popular than ever: not only the old standbys of business and engineering, but nursing and radio and TV as well. Boston University and some other schools now offer a six-year undergraduate and medical school package designed to produce a doctor in the shortest possible interval.

The other current leads away from specialization, back toward a some-

times elusive ideal of a structured and civilized core education—a curriculum like that suggested in 1945 by Harvard's Committee on General Education. For an education that should be common to everyone, the committee suggested the goals should be "effective thinking, communication, the making of relevant judgments and the discrimination of values." Harvard, which during the 1960s diluted its course distribution requirements almost to the point of insignificance, is now studying a suggestion that all students be required to take core courses in eight specific areas ranging from mathematical reasoning to studies in non-Western cultures.

In one way or another, practically every college and university in the country is going through considerable introspection about its curriculum. Says Charles Long, an associate dean at Yale, "There is a prevailing senti-



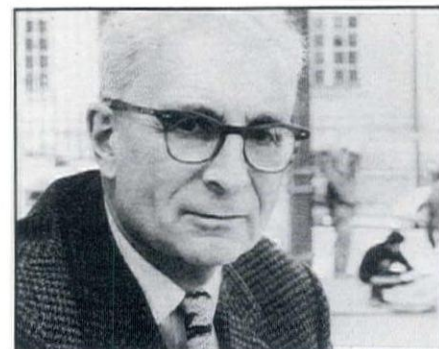
LOUVRE—GIRAUDON

Homer
In the original, one of life's deep pleasures

ment that things have gone too far. The feeling among some people is that there are certain things that all people who graduate from our university ought to know. But no one can agree on what those things should be." New claims are made—for Eastern religions, for Third World studies—matters outside the Western academic tradition.

Some educators know exactly what they are doing. Since 1937 St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland, has fed its students a hearty fixed curriculum of 130 great books (the Bible, many Greek and Roman authors, only a few 20th-century writers), along with Greek and four years of math and three of science. The program is impressive,

yet tends to hang books up in a hushed museum of ideas, outside of their economic and historical contexts. "It's a cult," says Leon Botstein, president of Bard College in Annandale-on-Hudson, New York. "It is frozen in the form of the great books—highly elitist and eighteenth century."



JERRY BAUER

Claude Lévi-Strauss
Beware of shopgirl metaphysics

Princeton, Columbia, and the University of Chicago are among the schools that, like St. John's, are feeling somewhat smug now: they maintained core requirements even when other colleges yielded to the 1960s pressures for greater undergraduate freedom in course selection. Columbia students, for example, must take two semesters of contemporary civilization (essential social and political theory), two semesters of humanities (great literary works), four semesters (or the equivalent) of a modern language, one semester in music, one in art.

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Any school demanding a regimen of liberal arts must find a rationale; the usefulness of reading Saint Augustine or Darwin is not immediately evident. Harold Macmillan had a suggestion. Two years ago he recalled his study at Oxford before the First World War. He reported a professor's opening remarks in one course: "Gentlemen—some of you, when you go down from the University, will go into the Church, or to the Bar, or to the House of Commons, to the Home Civil Service, to the Indian or Colonial Services. . . . Let me make this clear to you. Nothing that you learn in the course of your studies will be of the slightest possible use to you in afterlife—save only this—



BLACK STAR

Harold Macmillan
Learn to spot the rot



HAUSMAN

Vladimir Nabokov
Butterflies brought iridescence

that if you work hard and intelligently, you should be able to detect when a man is talking rot, and that, in my view, is the main, if not the sole purpose of education."

"Relevance," the battle cry under which a great deal of fatuity—as well as a few worthy changes—forced its way into American universities in recent years, now arouses increasing mistrust. The *New York Times* has found that the number of black studies programs has declined sharply from a high of 500 in 1972 and that many of those surviving have decreasing enrollments. "There's no market for black studies," says one student at the University of Arizona. "What can you do with a black studies degree? Write a book!" In the programs that remain, the focus has swung from activism to serious scholarly research. Something of the same trend is visible in women's studies. Women's themes have received new emphasis in a variety of courses in colleges like Smith, but in few schools have they been set up as an independent field of study.

It is remarkable how depressing books and articles on education have become—though, of course, the subject in the past has frequently seemed airless, fetid with earnest intentions. Confusion and despair now accompany the earnestness. The liveliest writers on education fire off in a wild crackpot glee, like the novelist Anthony Burgess describing the semiliterates he once taught in a writing class, or CCNY's Geoffrey Wagner, whose book *The End of Education* is a splendid diatribe against administrators, faculty, and students alike.

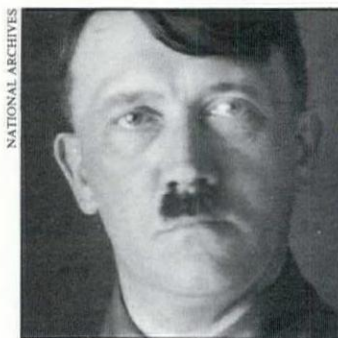
"High culture," write the solemn editors of a 1972 anthology called *The Politics of Literature*, "propagates the

values of those who rule, and therefore helps to maintain current social arrangements." It might be more accurate to say that the transmitters of culture in American universities today attempt a sort of supercilious subversion of those who rule, and furthermore that anti-Establishment attitudes have become institutionalized and even laminated into popular culture.

But anyway, somehow the awful seriousness of educational theorists has almost seemed intended to conceal the fact that learning excites the brain's circuits, causes them to glow. Reading Homer or Pushkin in the original is one of life's deep pleasures, and the education that permits access to those and similar delights is thereby justified. Petrarch or the melodies of pure mathematics should not need to be validated by middle-level functionaries at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

Many college teachers complain that their students have retreated into a privatism that is almost solipsistic, what is generally called a 1950s mentality. Claude Lévi-Strauss wrote in *Tristes Tropiques*, "The raising of personal preoccupations to the dignity of philosophical problems is far too likely to lead to a sort of shopgirl metaphysics." (Or, in very rare cases, to genius; one never knows. Young Vladimir Nabokov, doted upon by his aristocratic parents in St. Petersburg, had private tutors for boxing and tennis, French and English; his personal preoccupations—exile, language, butterflies—gave his life and writing a wonderful iridescence.)

Education is increasingly important



NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Hitler
Learning means trouble

as a vehicle of moral development. A formula as old as Plato dictates that democracy cannot survive without citizens intellectually equipped to understand the choices confronting them. If they are not so equipped, someone else will decide. In his designs for the 1,000-year Reich, Hitler intended that Russians and other non-Germans to the east should be educated only to read simple road signs; any more learning might make them troublesome.

• • •

It begins to seem that worldly knowledge will be a matter of survival. The 1960s model of curriculum emphasized personal freedom. But, says U.S. Commissioner of Education Ernest Boyer, "the human agenda—the environment, food supply, energy . . . —is



COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

David Saxon
Quality instead of quantity

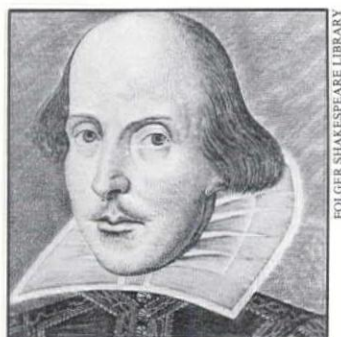
now confronting us with such impact that we know individualism is not enough. Increasingly we confront the need for interrelatedness; the issues that are most consequential relate to all humanity, not just to ourselves."

Knowledge has proliferated beyond any individual grasp, expanded like Jorge Luis Borges's conception of the infinite library. Marvin Bressler, a Princeton sociologist, argues that the accumulation of specialized information has become so immense that knowledge must now yield to problem solving. Furthermore, the society is shifting from emphasis on production to a service economy—a trend that argues for a strong liberal arts background, which, as Harold Howe remarks, "teaches communications and interpersonal relationships." "The more complicated the world is," says David Saxon, president of the sprawl-

ing University of California system, "the more we're going to be restricted in growth to qualitative rather than quantitative measures, the more important liberal education is."

Many educators, like Bard's Leon Botstein, think that the point of liberal education now, the common background that citizens ought to share as they approach the year 2000, should be: 1) a familiarity with the terminology and implications of science and technology; 2) a broad historical sense; 3) a reasonably thorough background in the arts; and 4) training in language and literary skills. Even if that were achieved, someone has estimated that in the future it will require an IQ of 140 to function intelligently in the world.

Deliberate formal education is only a small part of a person's total education—Shakespeare's official schooling was nothing more than a free grammar school education: "small Latin, and less Greek." In the future, education will undoubtedly be opened up in a variety of ways. Given the astonishing rate of the obsolescence of knowledge, continuing adult education will increase. "The movement toward recurrent lifetime education with adequate provision to offset personal income loss," the Carnegie Commission has suggested, "appears to be a logical step for the last quarter of the 20th century. Particularly in the United States, where universal access to collegiate education is now nearly assured to all youth, the next step . . . would seem to be the assurance that lifetime educational opportunities be within the reach of all motivated adults." Ivan Illich proposed in *Deschooling Society* that *ad hoc* groups might assemble and contract with a given teacher to study a given problem, and this idea may be-



Shakespeare
No college grad he



HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Henry Adams

All he could prove was change

come important. Evergreen State College in the state of Washington has developed such a program of "contracted studies."

Technology—videophones, microfiche, cable TV, long-range facsimile, communications satellites, and other devices—may bring more education to a wider variety of people—the sick, the handicapped, prisoners, members of the armed services. In such fashion, education is moving out of the academy and merging with the larger society.

In his own *Education*, Henry Adams after the turn of the century concluded that neither history nor education could make the world coherent. "All he could prove was change," Adams wrote of himself. By something of the same logic, the deepest problem of education now may be man's inability to imagine the future—and therefore to know what kind of education is necessary to live in it. As Bressler says, "Experience and wisdom are valuable if you have the same events. But my kids understand some things better than I do." When life appears utterly new, unprecedented, the past and all of its cultural cargo become suspect, or possibly just superfluous. The future is imaged forth in different guises. Herman Kahn's *mise en scène* in *The Next 200 Years* is optimistic—dismissing every cloudy Western prognosis from Malthus to the Club of Rome. Beyond extractive economics, beyond manufacturing, beyond a service economy, Kahn describes a "quaternary world" of universal leisure, elaborate spiritual and intellectual ritual, peace, and ennui—it sounds like a combination of H. G. Wells and Woody Allen (in

Sleeper), a world of sunshine as bright as powdered Valium.

Another seer, William Irwin Thompson, envisions the end of fossil fuels, the advent of an age of solar energy, feeding off light; radically decentralized life, every metal held precious, tools built to last 100 years or more, miniaturized machines, a return to quiet and nature. Darker visions forebode nuclear wars, world famine, the new Ice Age, and the impoverished of the world rising up to destroy the rich.

Such multiple choices contaminate educational planning for the future. It becomes a cycle of failure: bad education breeds ignorance of the past, so that the past is rarely enlisted toward understanding the future; therefore an ignorance of the future; therefore confusion about what kind of education will be necessary in the future; therefore bad education now.

The times feel something like the



COURTESY HUDSON INSTITUTE

Herman Kahn

The future? Universal leisure, peace, and ennui

Pot-au-Noir, the doldrums that navigators know in equatorial latitudes between Africa and America. The winds of both hemispheres—like past and future—stop on either side of the area. A century or two ago, ships' sails would hang for weeks without a breath of wind to stir them in that atmospheric stupor.

Some have argued that the educational process has achieved a certain new maturity. But, as the social philosopher Ernest Becker wrote, "a maturity that renounces the past and that fears for the future is . . . no maturity at all." □

Lance Morrow is a senior writer at Time magazine.

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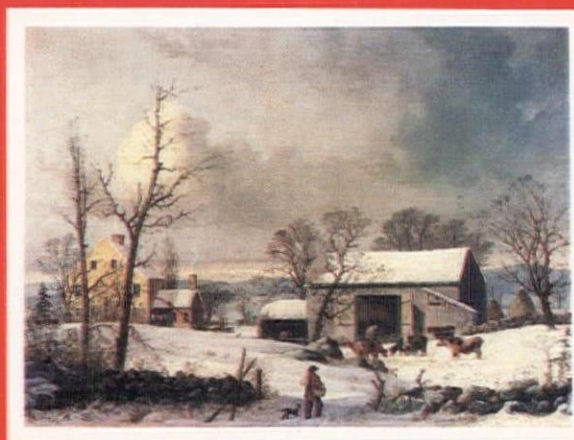
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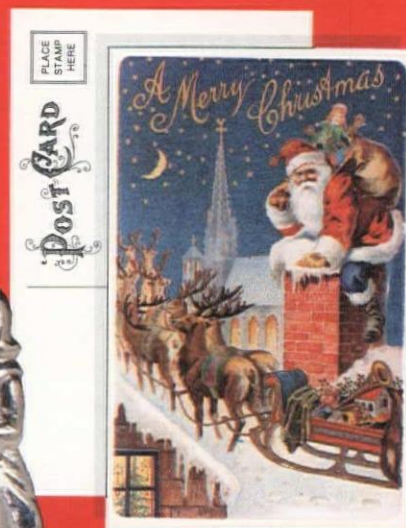
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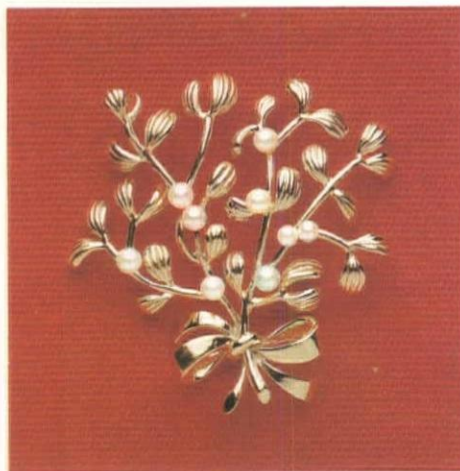
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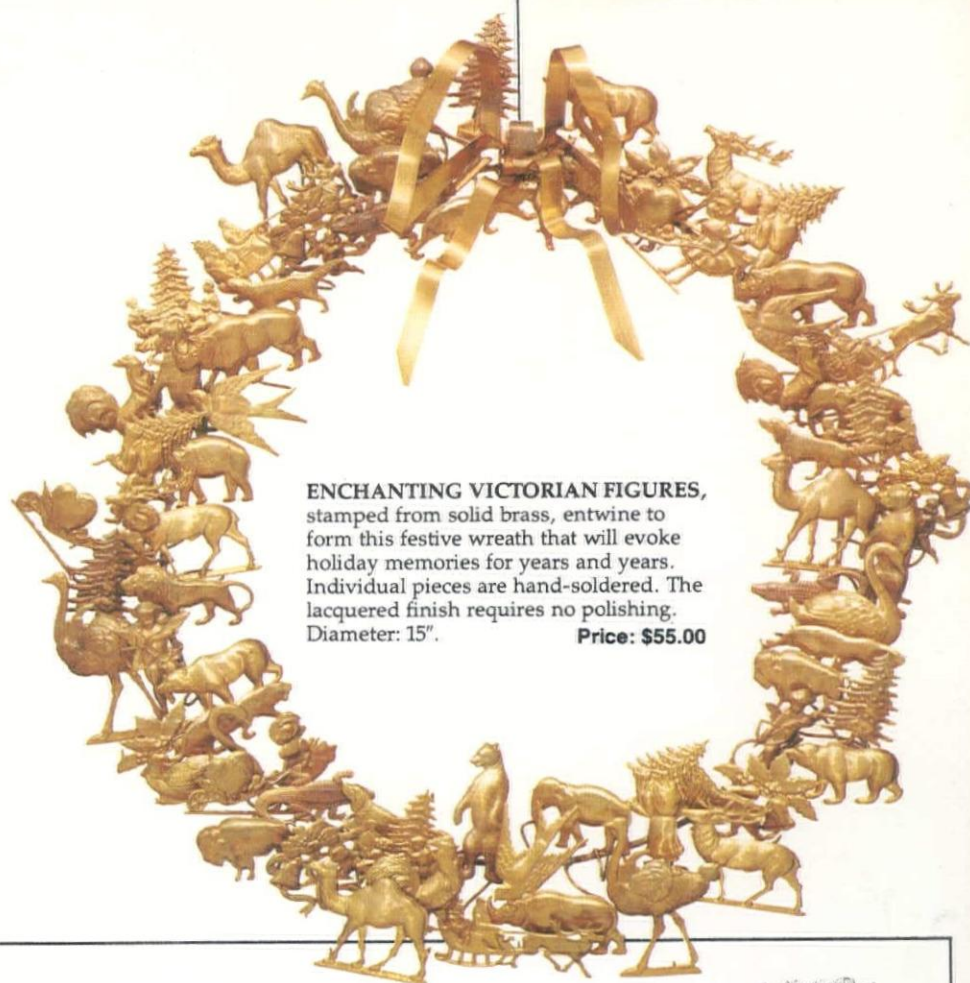
A. SANTA CLAUS
Victorian Christmas card (detail), c. 1890.
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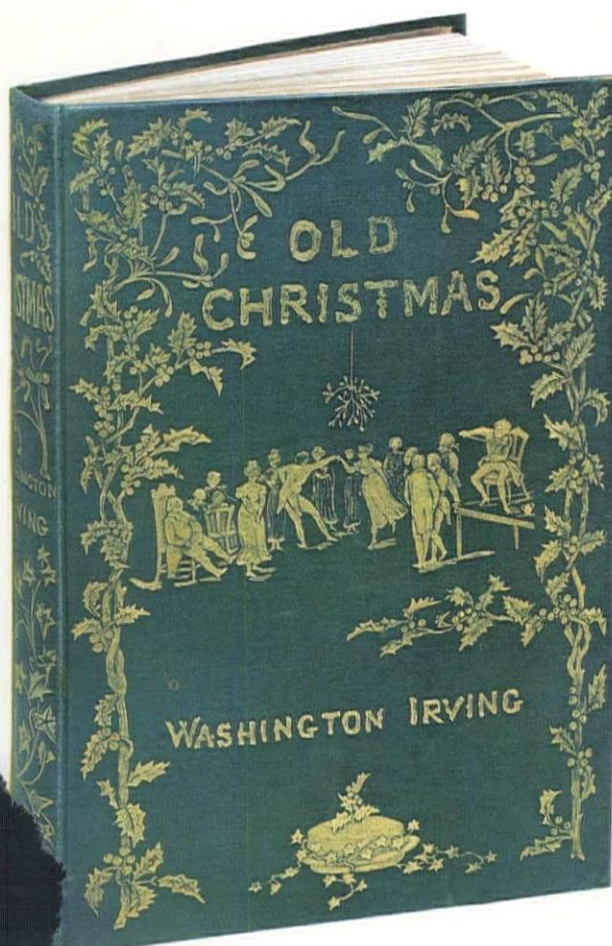
was the early American custom when a girl stood under the mistletoe. These berries can't be plucked, but you might invoke the privilege when you give this lovely sprig of mistletoe, gracefully sculpted in solid 14-karat gold accented with nine cultured pearls. Designed and crafted by Rosenthal Jewelry, Inc., one of America's most prestigious jewelers, this stylish piece doubles as a fashion pin and a charming pendant. It is available only from American Heritage. Shown actual size.

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* See Note A.



"Randolph Caldecott has been illustrating Washington Irving, and the combination of the pencil and the pen is cheery almost beyond conception."

New York Times, 1876

Patriotism of the Scots

Love of country, not a popular feeling everywhere these days,
is strong in Scotland—helped along by North Sea oil

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT



Gentleman shopper in beige Balmoral stops traffic on Princes Street, Edinburgh.

The day I arrived in Edinburgh to explore the condition of Scottish patriotism an international gathering of the clans began there, and the old capital was alive with symptoms of national pride. Some 10,000 sons and daughters of Scotland had fallen upon the city from the far corners of the world, and seldom has a nationality been more earnestly and flamboyantly expressed, in kilts bought that very morning from Kinloch Anderson in George Street. Three hundred Scottish fiddlers played *Scotland the Brave* in Usher Hall. Thirty varieties of offal were sampled at the haggis and whisky tasting. Pipers swaggered day after day along the Royal Mile. Harps from the Hebrides twanged in Leith Town Hall. At the booths of the clans in the assembly rooms, Taggarts, Buchanans, or McFarquhars eagerly pursued their origins, while robust ladies of the homeland consulted genealogical registers or pronounced sentence of hospitality—

"Welcome, a thousand welcomes, home to your ain folks!"

This was Scottishness, I thought at first, carried to the pitch of parody—history, politics, economics all but extinguished by trumped-up tradition (the Scottish Tourist Board had organized the gathering, and the Clan Donald Association of the United States, descended in the main from penniless clansmen evicted from their crofts by 18th-century landlords, had chartered a luxury liner to voyage back across the waters). But on Sunday afternoon the clans held a ceremonial assembly in one of the city stadiums, and this event I found unexpectedly and paradoxically moving.

The visiting clansmen marched onto the field in columns, their largest contingent, from America, led by John Lindsay, former mayor of New York, wearing a brand-new Glengarry and carrying Old Glory. Though most of them were far from destitute now, still,

lined up there on the grass, huddled rather against a nippy wind, they looked a somewhat wistful and raggle-taggle lot, almost as though they were waiting to be shipped into exile rather than welcomed home again. Nearby stood the massed pipes and drums of the Scottish regiments, rendered ominously half-faceless by their heavy, strapped bearskins, while in the grandstand high above sat in massed phalanx the hereditary chieftains of the clans, presided over by the 11th earl of Elgin and Kincardine. Some wore tall feathers in their bonnets. Some rested their chins on tall sticks. Nearly all looked, as they gazed with a patrician impassiveness down on the celebrants before them, at once powerful, calculating and notably well fed.

It was a piquant but powerful scene, past and present intermingled, crossed with fantasy, with hints of sadnesses and suggestions of... As I watched it I realized...

By JAN MORRIS

*At the recent clan gathering,
a visitor inspects
of the British Caledon.*



volume to David Del Tredici's *Final Alice*. Erich Leinsdorf conducts the New York Philharmonic.

one place at one time. Perhaps another conductor will ask to see the score and be intrigued. But now that the once-only world première can never be his, will he present it? And if he does, even beautifully, will the audience respond enthusiastically? Not likely. Comprehending new works of art takes time. In music this translates into repeated hearings.

The knotty nature of many current compositions hardly hastens the process. Add to this modern America's dependence on instant results—from

tearing off the tops of beer cans to breakfasting today with someone you met last night—and that's that: the perfect framework for never coming to grips with contemporary music.

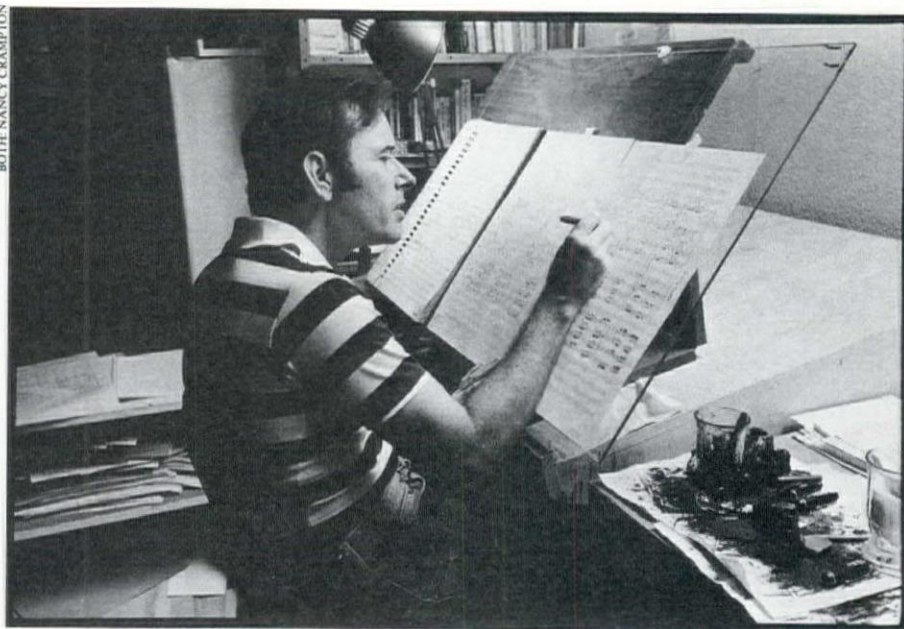
Long resigned to the absence of mass recognition—at least within their lifetime—composers of serious music have been disheartened nonetheless by the gulf separating them from what should be their natural audience: symphonygoers, opera buffs, and chamber music enthusiasts. But recently the gulf has been narrowing. Some of the credit

undoubtedly belongs to an ambitious and ongoing project: the National Endowment for the Arts round robin commissioning series.

• • •

Plans for the series sprang up independently around 1974 among two groups of city orchestras: "The Heavenly Seven"—Detroit (whose symphony director, Marshall Turkin, was the prime mover in this group), San Francisco, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, and the National in Washington, D.C.—and "The Big

By WILLIAM MAYER



David Del Tredici adding final touches to *Final Alice* in his New York studio

Six"—New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, and Los Angeles. Each orchestra agreed to commission and present the premiere of a new piece; then each piece would be played by the other members in the group.

By guaranteeing multiple performances, the plan tackled the high incidence of infant mortality among new compositions. It is tempting to say that it was an idea whose time had come—except for the fact that the Ford Foundation had initiated a smaller, similar series in 1957, and a more extensive effort—this time with the country's Bicentennial in mind—was long overdue.

The idea spread. The Springfield (Massachusetts) Symphony commissioned a piece from Michael Colgrass, *Best Wishes U.S.A.*, which has already crossed the borders into Maine and Rhode Island. A group of 18 orchestras in the southeast ordered up two new works to perform round robin fashion. In all, 14 American composers—including a panoply of the more prestigious, Elliott Carter and Ned Rorem among them, and a sampling of the less familiar, such as David Del Tredici—got commissions, paid for with generous grants from the NEA. Now all of the pieces have had their premiere and are traveling. Among them are several particularly noteworthy works—and a number of surprises.

If, as some insist, the orchestra is passé as a tool for composition, no one would know it from the round robin pieces. Without exception they exhibit a dazzling orchestral technique. "There's a lot of stretch in the old orchestra yet," Gunther Schuller remarks, and his own work *Concerto no. 2* for Orchestra is a perfect example.

Schuller's wind sections feature doubly low instruments—such as the rarely heard contrabass clarinet, whose lowest register leaves one guessing whether he has heard or felt the vibrations. These instruments emit a ghostly and hollow sound. Schuller often matches subterranean double bass and woodwind notes with extremely high violin and piccolo sounds. As one becomes aware of the gap between these extremes, the emptiness seems more pronounced than the sounds that enclose it.

There is horizontal emptiness as well. Moments of silence separate gigantic opaque chords from delicate and intimate passages. Differing sound patterns are split off from one another like clouds floating in the sky. Why doesn't the piece fall apart?

Schuller reminds us that "silence can

be a great mover of continuity." Witness the hush that attends the conductor mounting the podium, carrying us away from ourselves into the music about to begin. "But it is true," he says, "that without an extremely sensitive conductor such as Antal Dorati [who gave the concerto its premiere in Washington, D.C.] the work could become fragmented."

Reviewing the piece in the *Washington Post*, Paul Hume wrote, "The musical content is as fascinating as the sonorities through which it is expressed." Hume's separate consideration of sonorities and content recalls a rather antiquated approach to orchestral music. The current view is that sounds themselves *are* the musical ideas, or, to borrow the shopworn phrase, "the medium is the message." More accurately, many elements (pitch, rhythm, form, etc.) comprise the musical content, and today coloration, which used to be treated as a flashy but second-class citizen, has, if anything, become pivotal.

Jacob Druckman, for example, proves a sorcerer of sound in two round robin pieces (both St. Louis and Cleveland commissioned him). Gossamer

***Final Alice* seems to be peering at Mozart and Strauss through a 20th-century looking glass.**

**When violinist Isaac Stern saw
Rochberg's score, he said: "George, the intelligentsia
won't like it, but the people will."**

textures nimbly succeed one another, bringing to mind a dancer who alights for just a moment, as if he were skipping barefoot on a gravel path. Like Druckman's titles *Mirage* and *Chiaroscuro*, both works are elusive. Leslie Bassett's contribution, *Echoes from an Invisible World*, which received an extraordinary performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra, exhibits equal mastery with more solid textures. Both it and Ned Rorem's commissioned work, *Air Music*, share a formal elegance, an 18th-century detachment rather than a 19th-century *Sturm und Drang* involvement. The listener stands back in delight, admiring the beautifully jeweled constructions.

Rorem treats the orchestra with chamberlike intimacy, at the same time benefiting from its almost infinite choice of timbres. The composer, in the role of creative host to a roomful of instruments, spots unexpected areas of congeniality between guests who until then had only given each other a passing hello (solo tuba conversing with solo violin in the fourth variation). He throws a large party, it is true, but rather than sticking everyone at a long banquet table, he places guests around

a number of smaller tables. Occasionally they all chime in with a tutti: saying of grace, singing a group song, or applauding a speaker. But usually the conversations are intimate. What's more, changing of seats and partners is encouraged. In the eighth variation, a solo viola consorts with a bassoon, four horns, and a harp. In the ninth, the violas switch their attention to members of the oboe family: in fact, they talk with no one else for the entire movement.

Elliott Carter, like Charles Ives before him, creates a world of simultaneities. His contribution, *A Symphony of Three Orchestras*, is just that: it carves the orchestra into three separate bodies, each proceeding on its own. Morton Gould, who knows the orchestra inside out as a conductor as well as a composer, fuses the visceral tug of a big swing band with the dignity of a classical symphony orchestra in his commissioned piece, *Symphony of Spirituals*. "Shout," its red-hot finale, is a fresh and explosive brew: the razzing irreverence of jazz coalesces with the foot-stomping exuberance of a revival meeting. Again and again, a measure with a dropped beat sweeps you into

the next measure, ready or not. The listener becomes almost too involved. He yearns to free himself from his seat and start strutting up and down the aisles.

One of the freshest and most innovative works to appear in years is Morton Subotnick's *Before the Butterfly*, first performed by Zubin Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. This is no less than the fifth Subotnick piece to use the butterfly as a metaphor for the composing process. "Although Subotnick's butterflies have regressed to the cocoon [they were out in the open in his previous *Two Butterflies*], it is only figuratively so. *Before* utilizes electronically modified instruments in a manner far more coloristically concise and formally chiselled than its predecessor," writes a critic in *High Fidelity/Musical America*. Apparently the best butterfly yet is a caterpillar.

Subotnick mixes natural sounds with distorted ones to coax haunting colors from the orchestral palette. He has devised a system of 15 interlocking microphones that can distort natural sounds as they are being produced by orchestral players. The distorting power is activated when soloists from two groups play into the mikes at the same time. Why one instrument can modify the pitch of another is baffling; but there is no question that it works. Subtle nuances conjure up the microtonal blur of insects at night. Tiny quartertone slidings hint at the stir-



George Rochberg and his wife, Gene, in their Philadelphia home



Morton Gould in the living room of his Long Island home

rings within a cocoon. Genuine artistry is at play.

Like the other round robin composers, Subotnick approaches the orchestra with extraordinary virtuosity and vitality and in the process molds it into a very personal instrument. The orchestra may be different as a result, but it is clearly alive and well.

• • •

So are the listeners. If, as we hear, audiences are alienated, why did they applaud so many of the round robin works? David Del Tredici answered his commission with a tuneful and appropriately insane setting of *Alice in*

Wonderland entitled *Final Alice*. A kind of opera with a cast of one—Barbara Hendricks was the sensational soprano—it has for its leitmotif a hiccupping major sixth that is repeated at runaway tempos, as if a cracked, long-playing record had been speeded up to 78 rpm.

The piece seems to be peering at Mozart and Strauss through a 20th-century looking glass. At concert after concert it drew standing ovations. "It was the most enthusiastic audience reception of a new work that I have ever heard at a symphony concert," reported Thomas Willis of the Chicago

Tribune. "All the way from Orchestra Hall to the parking garage patrons could be heard humming snatches of the music." Humming contemporary music?—surely as topsy-turvy an event as any in Alice's Wonderland.

Another favorite—with audiences and performers alike—was George Rochberg's Violin Concerto, which was commissioned by the Pittsburgh Symphony. When Rochberg's solo violinist, Isaac Stern, saw the score, he cautioned, "George, the intelligentsia won't like it, but the people will." At least one critic did, indeed, label the piece counterrevolutionary; and upon learning that Columbia planned to record it, another observer quipped, "Why not? They can always use a little more late Brahms in their catalogue." But, contrary to Stern's prediction, other experts cheered. A composer participating in the same commissioning series remarked, "If no other work resulted from this Bicentennial project but the Rochberg concerto, it alone would have justified the entire effort." "What a pleasure to perform," orchestral players told Rochberg again and again. (Translation: "A contemporary piece, and I actually enjoyed playing it!")

Harold Schonberg of the *New York Times* points out that Rochberg's work is "very much in line with the neo-romanticism that has been entering the avant-garde in recent years." Yet Rochberg states he didn't compose the concerto to convince anyone of anything. "For me, writing it was a deeply personal act, a reaching all the way down into my being."

Both Rochberg and Del Tredici broke from their atonal (or at least less-tonal) pasts to produce their romantic round robin pieces. One might argue that any composer anticipating hearings of his work in six or seven cities would take special pains to make it accessible. But the audience appeal of these compositions cannot be explained as a Bicentennial aberration. For some time now many composers have been loosening up. Their ideas have grown more eclectic (a heresy in the 12-tonal 1950s and 1960s), their compositions

Gould's *Symphony of Spirituals* fuses the visceral tug of a big swing band with the dignity of a classical symphony orchestra.

more programmatic (a taboo only yesterday).

Take Carter, for example. His constructions, even recent ones, have been about as accessible as hazel nuts embedded in a patch of thistles—at least to the typically conservative concertgoer. Yet, like so much of today's music, *A Symphony of Three Orchestras* sends out arresting and ravishing sounds that immediately attract listeners. No one can miss the pealing of bells that recurs throughout and the dramatic drum interruptions toward the end. In one memorable spot, staggered and sharp-edged sonorities bite their way into the orchestral fabric, each explosive entry seemingly setting off the next. Once in, the instruments hold on to their notes to form a gigantic and rangy chord that spans the entire orchestra.

Not everyone can unravel the individual patterns of the three orchestras. But what comes across is a constant ebb and flow. The relentless surgings produce a kind of pseudomotion, as if assorted fists were pushing up against a trampoline, but never breaking through. Paradoxically it is in the last three minutes—when the churning ceases—that the symphony finally seems to move.

By revealing that his composition was inspired by Hart Crane's poem *The Bridge*, Carter gave audiences a further, extramusical entrée to the piece. Such aids can start listeners searching for parallels that don't exist and, worse, rejecting impressions that fail to mesh with the official format. But they can also ignite the imagination. One senses the Brooklyn Bridge in the impressionistic opening. Andrew Porter of the *New Yorker* rose to the occasion with a poetic description: "High on the violins, as one thin, shining open-textured chord is laid upon another, in shifting aeolian strains, it seems as if the cradle of wires overhead may be sounding."

Unfortunately not all of the round robin compositions worked to such effect. John Cage's eclectic contribution, which had the unlikely title *Renga* with *Apartment House 1776*, is actually

What kinds of sounds were heard in John Cage's piece? "Shrieks, whines, growls . . ."

two separate works—they are performed simultaneously, but each piece has chaotic credentials of its own. In *Renga*, 78 players improvise music to a score made up of reproductions of drawings by Henry David Thoreau. The height of each drawing suggests pitch, the width suggests rhythm. *Apartment House 1776* is mostly composed music—marches and hymns from the colonial period; there are also four vocalists representing the Protestants, the Sephardic Jews, the Negro slaves, and the American Indians.

Just when a person sings or plays is determined by chance or the performer's individual decision. As trumpeter Gerard Schwarz aptly puts it, "The personality of the piece becomes the personality of the performer." The hitch is that one performer often cancels out another. Nico Castel, singing the part of the Sephardic Jew, found his most haunting melodies drowned out by his neighbor, an enthusiastic snare drummer rattling out military tattoos. (Castel got wise in later performances and shifted his intoning to the quiet conclusion.)

What kinds of sounds were heard? "Shrieks, whines, growls . . . snippets of hymns and marches, black soul-wail,

Hebrew cantation and Indian chant," reports Peter Knapp, reviewing a Boston Symphony performance.

As the tumult dies away and the concert hall is left empty, one is tempted to say, "All right, the piece was a put-on, a nonwork based on chance and other people's tunes, but what harm does it do?" Yet there is a price. Somewhere a composer who is writing genuine music, as genuine as John Cage once did, is receiving a letter from a major symphony orchestra: "The maestro is unable to examine your score at this point. The orchestra is overcommitted as it is with new works."

• • •

Large segments of the Cage audience turned hostile, expecting perhaps to enjoy a sample of the solid new fashion in music, only to find themselves viewing the emperor's well-known clothes. For the most part, however, audiences throughout the country surprised themselves at their affection for so many of the commissioned compositions. What started out for many as a patriotic duty ended up as a deeply moving experience.

The magnificent performances audiences heard played key roles in the works' acceptance. Far from being



Conductor Seiji Ozawa (right) discusses *Renga* with composer John Cage at a rehearsal with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.



Elliott Carter at a Lincoln Center exhibition about his life and works

underrehearsed by underqualified performers, the new scores were scrupulously prepared. As for the participating conductors and symphony orchestras, they were, quite simply, the most renowned in the United States.

Composers were equally fortunate in their soloists. Isaac Stern's passionate projection of Rochberg's Violin Concerto was potent in stirring audiences. In Del Tredici's *Final Alice*, Barbara Hendricks's emotional range—saucy, tender, unhinged—was as impressive as her incredible vocal range. The score has the singer descending from the soprano heights of a high C to that special alto province below middle C. Sometimes for amplification she sang through a riot-control bullhorn—a fact, wrote Thomas Willis, that “does not diminish the difficulty of her part in the slightest. This is one of the most taxing solo roles ever composed.”

The final vote on the works themselves is far from in—some of them have been played by only two orchestras; most of their round robin life is ahead. But so far, critics have been virtually unanimous in their praise for Carter's piece, and Subotnick's and Schuller's also have been lauded. Perhaps the highest compliment was paid to Ned Rorem, for it was primarily his composer colleagues who awarded him the Pulitzer Prize for *Air Music*.

Quite a number of the compositions

have burst out of the inner circle of commissioning orchestras. *Air Music* has been heard in Spokane, Washington. Gould's *Symphony of Spirituals* has hopped to Australia. Del Tredici's *Final Alice* will be performed in Honolulu. Columbia Records hopes to release the Carter and Rochberg works next year.

Multiperformances not only help a composer to get established in the public eye, they can also aid him in his craft. The competitive element implicit in the series is bound to be a spur. Comparisons will inevitably be made—of the conductors' interpretations and the players' performances of the same works, as well as of the composers'

works with one another. Should a passage fail or a composition flounder, the round robins can serve as a series of tests, revealing which participant went astray.

There is a built-in danger in the program. The publicity attending the Bicentennial pieces may eclipse deserving but earlier works—works that lie in limbo, still waiting to receive a second or third performance. New children are needed, true. But so is support for orphans.

Still, the program's advantages are clear. Many of the jointly commissioned pieces were by turns fascinating and moving. Audiences, critics, players—even fellow composers, who are not the easiest group to please—all found works with which they were tremendously impressed. As for the participating composers, they have had the supremely satisfying experience of hearing their music come to life, again and again, but under different expert hands. Increasingly as composers and audiences reach out to one another, a premiere of a searching new work will shine far brighter than a flashlight at noon—as brightly, perhaps, as a lighthouse at night. □

William Mayer is a New York-based composer whose works have been performed by a number of the orchestras mentioned in this article.



Ned Rorem in an athletic mood

Fashions in Fashion Photography



George Hoyningen-Huene. Harper's Bazaar, circa 1930.

Fashion photography began in the portrait studios of Paris. During the 1880s photographs of chicly clad demimondaines (*ladies* did not model), posed before painted backdrops or balustrades, were sent to magazines or newspapers to entice members of the *beau monde* to carry off the couturier creations to their rightful sphere. At first, owing to technological limitations, photographs had to be converted to engravings, but by 1890 they could be reproduced. Around the turn of the century, Baron de Meyer, with his aristocratic and immensely flattering images of his wife, Olga, transformed fashion photography into an art. It was to become even more sophisticated as the century progressed, and, like all photography, it was influenced by its sister arts. George Hoyningen-Huene's lushly romantic idyll, above, reflects his fascination with the movies, in which he had worked as an extra and had picked up the techniques of cinematic lighting. This photograph, and those on the following pages, were selected from some 200 in the first major historical survey of fashion photography, currently at the International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House in Rochester, New York; the show, sponsored by Smirnoff Vodka, Eastman Kodak Company, and the National Endowment for the Arts, will travel to Brooklyn in November, then on to San Francisco, Cincinnati, and St. Petersburg.

— ANNE KNIGHT



William Klein. Vogue, 1963.



Sarah Moon. *London Sunday Times*, 1973.

In *A Life in Photography* Edward Steichen articulates the fashion photographer's chronic predicament—"having to tell the same story year after year"—and its solution—"to secure variety somehow." Aiming to make the fashion photograph "as realistic as possible," he moved away from the rigid formality of the portrait studios and quickly eased into the modernist mode, creating personae for his models. After all, when a woman covers her nakedness, she dons a costume and enters the world of role playing. At right, Steichen captivates the imagination as well as the eye with a playful variation on Red Riding Hood and the wolf (in Benda masks) to create an appropriate setting for the fancifully embroidered jacket. Opposite, William Klein plays on the classic theme of illusion and reality and pokes fun at the rigid styles of the 1960s: beside the stiff "live" mannequin, the waxworks Bonapartes appear almost natural. Above, former fashion model Sarah Moon takes her cue from a recent revival of the tank suit to pay homage to fashion's cyclical nature: this warmly nostalgic re-enactment of a Mack Sennett bathing-beauty contest recalls a more innocent age.



Edward Steichen. *Vogue*, 1926.



George Hoyningen-Huene. *Vogue*, 1930.

The perfect accessory for the fashionable woman: a man. How better assert an outfit's allure than by providing its wearer with an attentive escort? Hoyningen-Huene's bathers coolly celebrate the stylishness of leisured youth (shades of Scott and Zelda!). Contrasting sharply with such sunlit elegance is the erotic ambiance of Helmut Newton's composition, opposite, with granite blocks and metal grids dramatizing the softness of fur and flesh: it features a blonde with Newton's preferred "look of availability" in a scenario that Nancy Hall-Duncan, curator of the exhibition, calls "lovemaking without love."



Helmut Newton. *French Vogue*, 1975.

EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY



Deborah Turbeville. Italian Vogue, 1977.



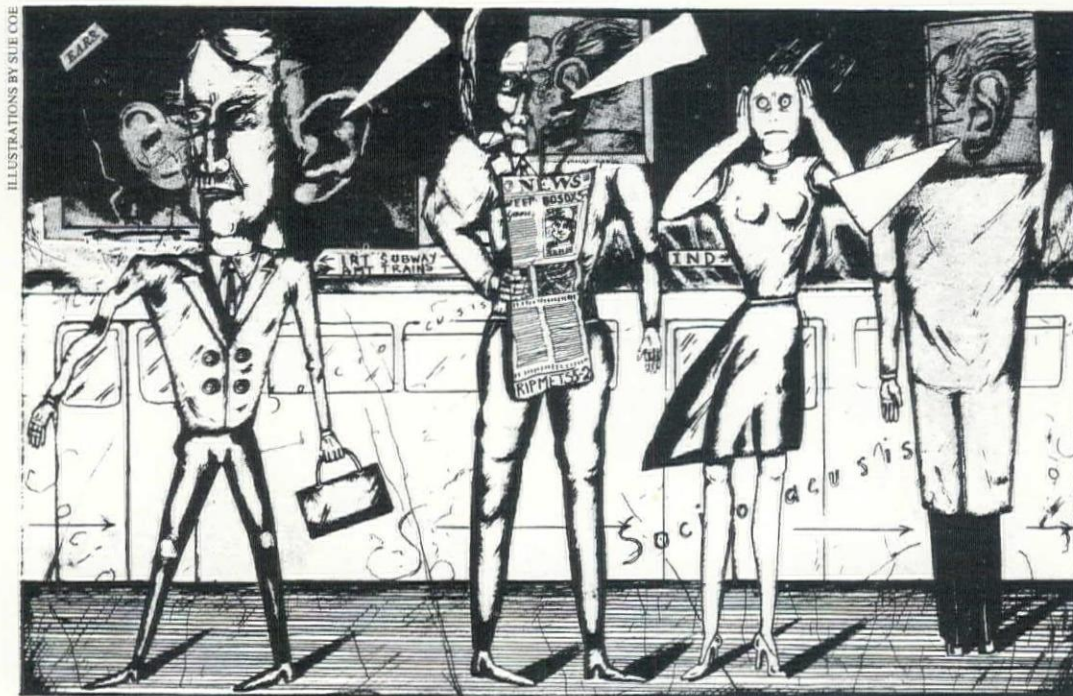
Bob Richardson. Harper's Bazaar, 1965.

One used to know what to expect of the young woman who lived out her paper-thin existence between the glossy covers of the fashion magazine: she was young, rich, conventionally good-looking, well (that is, properly) dressed, and she behaved like a lady, appearing in costumes appropriate for the occasion (ball, hunt, cruise, etc.). To a modern sensibility, she might seem a shallow, priggish creature, overly concerned that her clothes be wrinkle-free and her hair tidy. Bob Richardson's shot, above, with its air of easy intimacy, reflects the liberation of the photographic model to new styles of looking, living, and loving. Now one hardly blinks to see magazine mannequins engaged in kinky scenes, sometimes including murder and mayhem. Deborah Turbeville's frizzle-maned women, left, lack all purposefulness; mere zombies, they seem doomed to wander in a world from which they are utterly alienated. "Looking as if one had just stepped out of Vogue," once the ultimate compliment, is not much heard nowadays; what could it possibly mean?

Noise

Buses, subways, trucks, sirens, planes, and jackhammers punctuate the day and night with roars, blasts, and chatters.

As a result, 1 out of 20 persons has a hearing loss



ILLUSTRATIONS BY SUE COE

N o i s e S u e C o e
(an approaching subway can be as loud as the Concorde)

The Concorde controversy—why should that sleek but deafening plane be allowed to land at Dulles but not at Kennedy Airport?—has returned the subject of noise pollution to the front page. But airplane noise is only part of the larger problem defined by that newly minted word *socioacucis*.

Socioacucis means loss of hearing resulting from everyday noise. Until recently, speech and hearing experts paid it scant attention because industrial noise was the real villain. But recent tests show that hearing is damaged at noise levels much lower than previously thought, while other studies indicate that the average city soundscape rises to or exceeds those lower levels many times a day.

Some 80 million Americans, according to an Environmental Protection Agency report, live in areas in which the ambient sound gets loud enough to interfere with speech many times daily. Of these, 40 million must tolerate sound levels that clearly threaten their hearing—1 out of 20 citizens now has some hearing loss. Noise not only reduces the quality of city life; it can impair mental and physical health.

As a public problem, noise is nothing new. Julius Caesar wrote the first anti-noise ordinance in 44 B.C.—to little effect. Two centuries later Juvenal complained of Rome: "It is absolutely impossible to sleep anywhere in the city. The perpetual traffic of wagons in the surrounding streets is sufficient to

wake the dead." In a joint letter supporting an 1864 proposal to quiet London, Dickens, Tennyson, and others complained of being made "objects of persecution" by "beaters of drums, grinders of organs, and bangers of banjos." But in the United States, noise as a political issue is practically brand-new—few ordinances are more than 15 years old, and most of them deal with airplane noise.

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The Concorde has attracted so much attention because it is unusually loud. A late-model jumbo 747, for example, creates 100 or more decibels of sound over a three-square-mile area. The Concorde spreads a 100-decibel-plus blanket of noise over some 54 square

By LAWRENCE S. BURNS

miles. "On takeoff," says Steven Starley, an aviation-noise expert at the EPA, "the Concorde sounds like four F-4 fighter jets taking off at once." Its penetrating, low-frequency rumble makes the Concorde "completely distinctive" from other jets.

What bothers noise experts is that plenty of commonplace machines are just as loud as, or even louder than, the Concorde. A sanitation truck during compaction can be noisier, and so can a heavy diesel truck pulling away from a stop sign. One expert who has gone out of his way to dramatize the prevalent obnoxiousness of the city soundscape is Dr. Thomas H. Fay, director of speech and hearing at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York. At the height of the anti-SST demonstrations at Kennedy Airport last spring, Dr. Fay took a soundmeter into a West Side subway and proved, for the benefit of a reporter, that an approaching train can be twice as loud as the Concorde.

Since World War II, the number of high-powered noisemakers, from trucks and motorcycles to air conditioners and sirens, has increased almost geometrically. It's no wonder, as the EPA found, that in many areas of the country, especially in the suburbs, the average sound level has doubled in 20 years. R. Murray Schafer, a Canadian composer and sound expert, estimates that ambient city noises are increasing a half-decibel a year. One EPA study found that in 1971 the quietest parts of Los Angeles—thought to be a relatively quiet city—were louder than were the loudest districts of New York in 1937.

In general, the higher the population density, the louder the city. Hence Manhattan consistently turns up the highest readings of ambient noise. But in all cities, background sounds can reach 70 or 75 decibels for extended periods of time. Sanitation trucks, jet planes, pneumatic drills, buses, and heavy trucks puncture the day and night with roars, blasts, and chatters of 90 and 100 decibels. All this sound is well beyond the annoyance point; some of it is clearly dangerous.

As Dr. Fay explains, audiologists

assess noise pollution according to the following rule of thumb: when speaking, background noise of 45 to 60 decibels is moderately disturbing; over 65 decibels one has to shout to be heard. When trying to sleep, 35 to 40 decibels is slightly interfering, and 50 to 70 decibels is moderately disturbing. Risk to hearing begins at 70 decibels, is moderate between 80 and 90 decibels, and severe at higher levels. Just how harmful a noise is to your hearing depends on exactly how loud it is and how long you are exposed to it.

Ordinary conversation at 12 feet is a safe 50 decibels. Freeway traffic 50 feet away is about 70 decibels, and, according to standards for environmental noise set by the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health, 16 hours' exposure a day to that level of noise will produce noticeable hearing loss in most people in about 20 years. But the sound of a heavy truck at 50 feet is 90 decibels, which will damage hearing in the same period with only an hour of exposure a day. At 100 to 113 decibels, some subways are loud enough so that just 3 to 15 minutes' exposure daily can start hearing loss. "That's why I wear earplugs every time I ride the subway," Dr. Fay volunteers. "It's foolish not to."

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An important factor in all noise-related hearing loss is that the ear, which can be an excellent judge of harmonics, is a poor arbiter of sound intensity; we expose ourselves to harmful sound levels unwittingly. Low-frequency sounds are apparently more destructive to the inner ear than high-frequency sounds, though we tolerate them much better. And the ear's own "soundmeter" is hopelessly inaccurate. An increase of 10 decibels is perceived as a doubling of sound, though it's really a tenfold rise in sound energy.

Similarly, an increase of 20 decibels is heard as a quadrupling of sound, though it represents a hundredfold rise in sound energy. It is almost tragic that pain doesn't register until 120 decibels; at 118 decibels the average discotheque produces sound energy approximately 80,000 times more intense than that at which hearing loss begins.

Hearing damage of this sort, so often found in factories that it has come to be known as boiler-makers' disease, begins with loss of ability to hear higher-pitched sounds and worsens to include all soft sounds. It becomes particularly frustrating when ordinary speech cannot be distinguished from background noise. Common in old people, this syndrome is showing up more and more in teen-agers. "I see a lot of kids with middle-aged ears," says Dr. Fay. "Usually it turns out they've been to a rock 'n' roll concert every week."

Factors such as time of day, volume of ambient noise, one's mood, and even the weather can determine how irritating a sound is. Thomas O'Hare, head of the EPA's noise bureau in New York, recalls the experience of a man who bought a house not far from Kennedy Airport. Worried about noise, the man had visited the house repeatedly over a three-month period and to his surprise found the planes remarkably quiet. So he bought the place. Two days after moving in, he couldn't take the din and wanted to sell. O'Hare explains that when the man had visited the house, there was snow on the ground, dampening the sound. It melted just before he moved in.

According to Dr. Fay, who, in addition to his responsibilities at Columbia-Presbyterian, is chairman of the Committee on Noise Abatement of New York City's environmental council, "hearing loss is far less of a problem than the erosion of the quality of life for the millions of people who have to put

Some 80 million Americans live in areas in which the ambient sound gets loud enough to interfere with speech many times daily.

**In many areas of the United States,
especially in the suburbs, the average sound
level has doubled in 20 years.**

up with intolerable noise levels." Loud and ubiquitous, city noise and the stress it produces are "probably causing all kinds of physical and emotional problems we don't even know about yet."

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Noise has long been known to cause sleeplessness and irritability, and now other studies are linking it to a wide range of mental and physical disturbances. In Los Angeles, researchers have found that people living near the airport have a higher rate of mental illness than people of the same socioeconomic background living just five miles away. Though other environmental factors, such as polluted air, have not been ruled out as possible causes, the Los Angeles report does confirm the findings of a similar, earlier survey conducted near London's Heathrow Airport. In Osaka, one of the loudest cities in Japan, babies born to mothers living near the airport have unusually low birth weights. And tests of children raised near expressways in the Bronx in New York City showed them to be poor readers compared with other children living slightly farther away and with children living in the same area but for a shorter time.

In industry, a correlation has been found between high noise levels and high incidence of cardiovascular disease and stress-related problems. The effect on people is borne out by experiments on rats, which show that those exposed to certain high-frequency sounds had up to 20 times the normal amount of adrenalin in their blood.

Dr. Barbara A. Bohne, a professor at Washington University in St. Louis, suggests that one reason noise has become a problem is that the ear is now subjected to sounds evolution did not prepare it for. Its original function was to detect soft sounds that usually signaled danger or food and then to trigger the body's fight-or-flight mech-

anism. Today, she says, though most sounds are no longer threatening, the mechanism is part and parcel of the human body and cannot be turned off.

Thus, hearing a loud sound sets off a nervous reaction not unlike an anxiety attack. Adrenalin is injected into the blood, the heart speeds up, blood vessels constrict, muscles tense, pupils dilate, and the gut goes into brief spasms. According to Dr. Samuel Rosen, a leading ear specialist, prolonged exposure to high levels of sound can even cause fluttering of the heart. Says Dr. Fay: "Undoubtedly a lot of heart attack victims are finished off when the ambulance siren is turned on." Can long exposure to loud sounds shorten your life span? "Nothing has been proved one way or another," says Jeffrey Goldstein, an EPA bioacoustician, "but it figures that if stress shortens the life span, and noise causes stress, noise can shorten the life span."

In Ottawa, Dr. George J. Theissen set up an experiment to see whether prolonged exposure to a sound leads to physical accommodation and inadvertently found a clue as to how noise might affect mental health. Sleeping subjects were exposed to 80 or more low-level recordings of a truck passing by. In monitoring their brain waves with an electroencephalograph, Theissen found that the neurological disturbances were the same each time the sound was played, the only accommodation being a slight tendency not to wake up. More important to psychologists, however, was his finding that upon hearing the noise, the subjects slipped into a lighter level of sleep and stopped dreaming. Long-term interruption of sleeping and dreaming is known to cause serious mental and physical problems. Here was proof that low levels of noise can disturb sleep even when the sleeper does not wake up. It is possible that in a city, at least, a lot

of people who think they're getting a good night's sleep aren't.

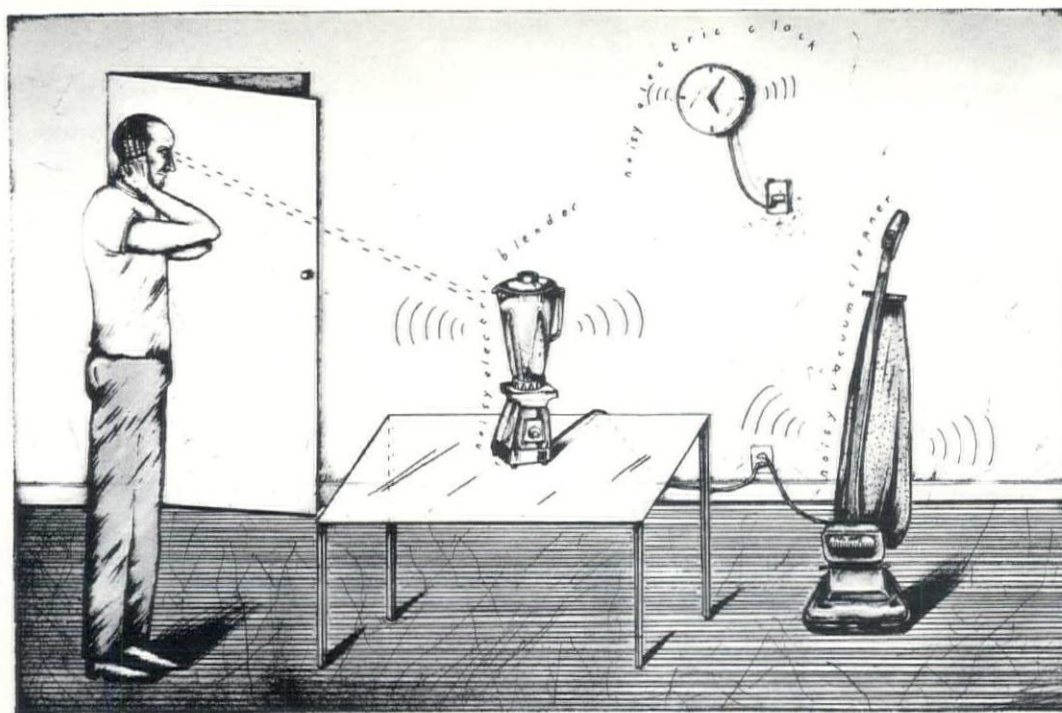
Prolonged exposure to high ambient noise seems to make people more sensitive to sudden, loud sounds, not less, as one might expect. The National Institute of Mental Health found that people accustomed to high ambient noises have a much more pronounced physical reaction to sudden noise than do people used to quieter settings. In other words, city people are more likely to snap at hearing a loud sound. Bizarre incidents have been recorded in the news: a man upending a sanitation worker into a trash barrel, a woman threatening the foreman of a construction site with a shotgun, a man running amuck in a café in Mexico City and killing five people—all because of noise, the offenders claimed.

Noise alone may cause violent behavior, and it can certainly set off a person already disposed to it. Dr. Fay recalls a visit he made to New York's Tombs prison, which was often plagued with riots. Dr. Fay found the prison "insufferably loud—bullhorns, shouting, clanging on the bars, all reverberating on the cement walls and floors." The noise level was more than 90 decibels, he says, and surely contributed to the tension and claustrophobia that had so often led to violence.

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To the frustration of audiologists, the world keeps getting louder despite the development of effective antinoise technology. "Noise is just air moving across sharp edges," explains Dr. Fay. "Remove the edges and you've eliminated the noise." Subways can be muffled by rounding the wheels and welding the gaps between tracks; buses can be hushed by inserting baffles into the mufflers, and electrical appliances can be quieted by eliminating excess vibration. Just because the technology exists doesn't mean it's going to be swiftly employed, however. After inventing the steam engine, for example, James Watt thought it was too loud, but his sponsors told him to leave it that way—it sounded more powerful.

Dr. Fay himself spent thousands of hours designing more effective and less



N O I S E O n t h e h o m e S U E C O E

bothersome sirens for New York's police and fire vehicles, only to spend years convincing the city to use them. It was discouraging, he says, to see politics get in the middle of what is really a health problem. Nevertheless, for permanent solutions, "the government is going to have to recognize noise as the problem it is, and then commit itself to stopping it," Fay says.

There are very few federal laws dealing with noise. Two measures—from 1967 and 1970—limit the amount of noise workers can be exposed to in industry. The Noise Control Act of 1972—once fully implemented—will set limits on certain sources of public noise and require labels for various consumer appliances and tools. But the ultimate effectiveness of the act is in doubt. For example, the restrictions on truck noise won't be fully implemented until 1982, and even then the limit will be lowered only to 80 decibels.

Federal efforts aside, the problem of noise is basically a city issue, and that's where most of the battles are being waged. Passing an antinoise ordinance encourages people to do something about noise. In Chicago, during the six months in 1971 before a new, tougher noise code went into effect, only about

220 complaints were lodged; the number shot up to 1,300 complaints in the same period following enactment. But the passage of a bill won't make a city quieter if the law is not enforced. And that can be difficult. "It's a question of priorities," says Thomas O'Hare. "Do you want your police chasing horn blowers or murderers? Most cities choose the latter."

One place that enforces its antinoise ordinances is Memphis. For 16 years in a row it was deemed the quietest city in the nation. "It's not that our laws are tougher than anybody else's," says Deputy City Attorney Arthur Shea. "We just decided we wanted a quieter city." Most cities have auto-horn restrictions, but in Memphis offenders actually are fined \$50, and repeaters lose their driving privileges. On the sidewalk, kids with noisy radios risk having them impounded. Today, says Shea, it is "unthinkable" for even a taxi driver to honk unnecessarily.

If the first priority of the audiologist is making the world quieter, the second is making everyday sounds more pleasant. In his book *The Tuning of the World*, R. Murray Schafer suggests that "ugly" sounds are by-products of careless or indifferent design and were

virtually unknown before the Industrial Revolution, when few sounds were louder than the "tintinnabulation" of the blacksmith's hammer. Speaking of the telephone bell, the auto horn, and the seat-belt warning buzzer, he asks, "Why must an acoustic attention getter always be abominable?" He recalls that in the old French telephone system, when you dialed 10 for the provinces, the opening measures of Gustave Charpentier's opera *Louise* would play as the call was being connected; dialing 19 for international calls resulted in the *Ode to Joy* segment of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

In the opinion of many hearing specialists, time is running out. Higher population densities alone will mean more noise, and further delay in new, tough legislation will only result in there being a bigger noise problem to solve. Furthermore, no law will be effective until the citizenry cares. But if urban noise continues to increase at the present rate, in 20 years the cities will be twice as loud as they are now. We'll have to shout to be heard at the dinner table. □

Lawrence S. Burns writes on science and sports and lives in New York.

FUTURE SUBJUNCTIVE



Ntozake Shange, center, with cast of *Colored Girls*. In her new play, love has a chance.

Shange's New Song

In one of the most surprising—and successful—hits on Broadway, *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow Is Enuf*, seven actresses in simple dresses swirl across a bare stage to dramatize a series of poems that, as one of them declares, “sing a black girl’s song/ bring her out/ to know herself/ to know you.” Last month a new production of *Colored Girls* opened at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, and a book of the poems has put the face of the author, 28-year-old Ntozake Shange, in bookstore windows across the country.

While *Colored Girls* speaks of the ghetto (“i usedta be in the world/ a woman in the world/ i hadda right to the world/ then i moved to harlem/ for the set-up”), Shange grew up in a middle-class home in Trenton, New Jersey, and in St. Louis as Paulette Williams, daughter of a surgeon and a social worker. After earning degrees from Barnard College and the University

of Southern California, she changed her name to the Zulu Ntozake (“she who comes with her own things”) Shange (“she who walks like a lion”). In San Francisco she began acting out her poems in women’s cafés with friends who were dancers and musicians, and from these informal performances *Colored Girls* emerged. Later, in New York, the work was picked up from a Lower East Side bar by producer Woodie King, Jr., then taken by Joseph Papp to his Public Theater and from there on to Broadway.

Colored Girls is about black women struggling to assert themselves while ridding themselves of their male betrayers. In January Papp will also produce Shange’s latest work, *A Photograph*, which she says she wrote “because I was so upset with the ways people exploit each other emotionally.” The play originally ended with the two main characters, a photographer and the woman he loves, bound together largely by the pain they inflict on each other. Recently remarried and living in New

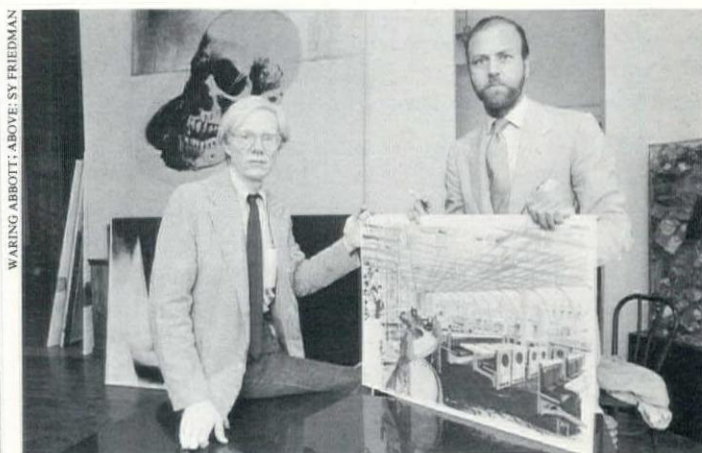
York’s Greenwich Village, Shange says she has rewritten the play—it is now “about the possibility of learning to love.”

Andy’s Automats

Andy Warhol, who turned Campbell’s lowly soup can into an icon of Americana, is now going into the food business himself. In the coming months Warhol plans to open an “Andy-Mat”—an updated version of the all-but-extinct automat—on Manhattan’s Upper East Side. The restaurant is his high-art

answer to the burger generation’s low cuisine, and he is already making plans for an international chain of Andy-Mats.

The idea for the Andy-Mat, Warhol says, grew out of his strong personal preference for eating alone. He wanted a restaurant “where you get your food and take your tray into a booth and watch television.” His backers nixed that idea, afraid that people would hang around too long, waiting for the end of the show.



Andy Warhol and partner John G. Leeds display Andy-Mat design.

The Andy-Mats will be equipped with a network of pneumatic tubes, linking each table to the kitchen. The diner will drop his order into the tube, and when it's ready, a waitress will bring it to him.

How does Andy-Mat, Inc., propose to give McDonald's a run for its money? Everything is to be prepared by cooks in New York, frozen, and then sent to far-flung Andy-Mats, where the food can be reheated by a battery of ovens. Just like warming up canned soup.

City Center for the Shah

The Iranian capital of Teheran, a metropolis of nearly 5 million inhabitants, has long been known as one of the world's least alluring cities. Its streets are overcrowded, its air is polluted, and it lacks the sort of clearly defined commercial and cultural centers that one would expect of a major capital. On that last score, at least, things seem to be changing. Two and a half years ago, the shah commissioned the London-based firm of Llewelyn-Davies to draw up a plan for a new city center, Shahestan Pahlavi, and preliminary construction work is now under way.

The site of the \$5 billion project, which is expected to take up to 25 years to complete, is a 1,400-acre inner-city tract of hilly land formerly owned by the Iranian military that had remained undeveloped. Thus the planners have had the rare pleasure of designing an in-town urban complex without the impediment of existing structures.

Drawn up under the direction of Jaquelin T. Robertson, the Yale-educated chief of Llewelyn-Davies's U.S. office, the plan includes public buildings, housing projects, parks, two sweeping boulevards, and a vast ceremonial area named Shah and Nation Square (which, when completed, will be the largest such municipal space in the world). The scope of the undertaking, says Frank Fish, senior land use planner for the project, is roughly equivalent to "all of Rockefeller Center plus Central Park."

Unlike many contemporary



Roman revelry from BBC-TV's *I, Claudius*, coming soon to the United States

planners who try to eliminate cars in favor of mass-transit systems, Llewelyn-Davies has made extensive provisions for both. "You don't get rid of cars by calling them naughty and evil and hoping they will disappear," says Robertson. Even more pragmatic is the way the firm, whose contract expires next March, approaches its own disappearance from the scene. "We have tried to design a city that can be built by other architects

and developers over time," says Robertson. "Even if mediocre architects build within the framework of our design guidelines, the city ought to be all right. Great architecture will make it distinguished."

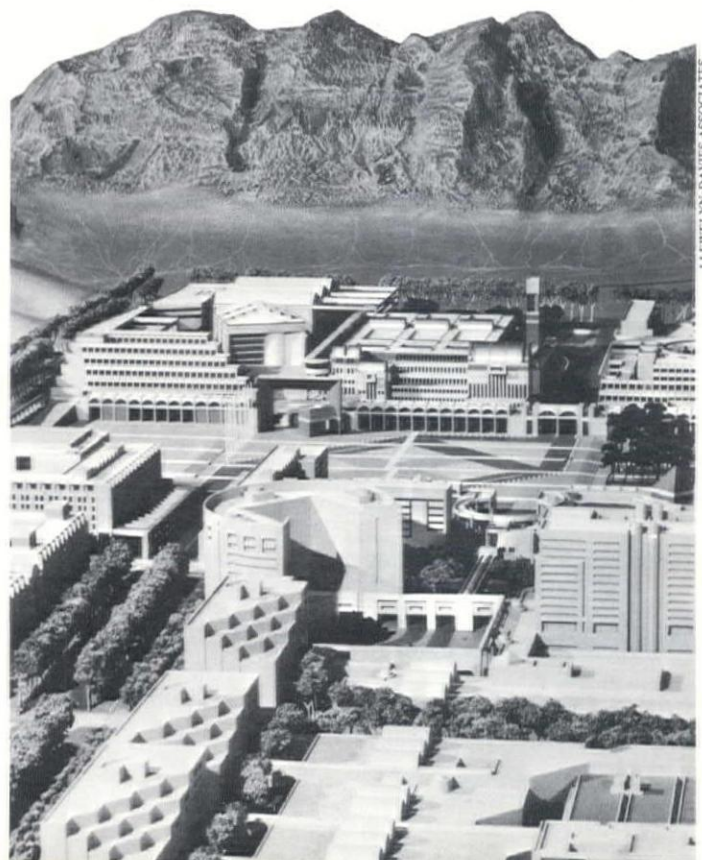
Every Cough and Orgy

The Roman orgies that all England once loved will soon be prime-time entertainment in the United States. As the winter offering of Masterpiece

Theatre, PBS is presenting *I, Claudius*, the BBC's award-winning adaptation of Robert Graves's novels that chronicle the first 100 years of the Roman Empire. Scheduled to start in November, the 13-part series, which consolidates material from both *I, Claudius* and its sequel, *Claudius the God*, reportedly mesmerized England last year in much the same way that *Roots* gripped America and, a few seasons back, *Scenes from a Marriage* stopped Sweden.

Graves's novels detail the unholy history of the empire through the first-person narration of Claudius, Augustus's stepgrandson who rises to power despite his disabilities—stammering, stuttering, twitching, and limping—and his family's indifference. During the course of the show, Derek Jacobi as Claudius ages from a sickly 17 to an imperial 64. For his performance Jacobi won most of the major British television awards, as did the show, which, according to one critic, includes "every cough, spit, rape, murder, incest, perversion, and orgy" of that notoriously profligate era.

The BBC series was shot entirely in a studio for less than \$2 million—a modesty echoed by the show's understated tag line: "It's about a family business called ruling the world."



LEWELYN-DAVIES ASSOCIATES

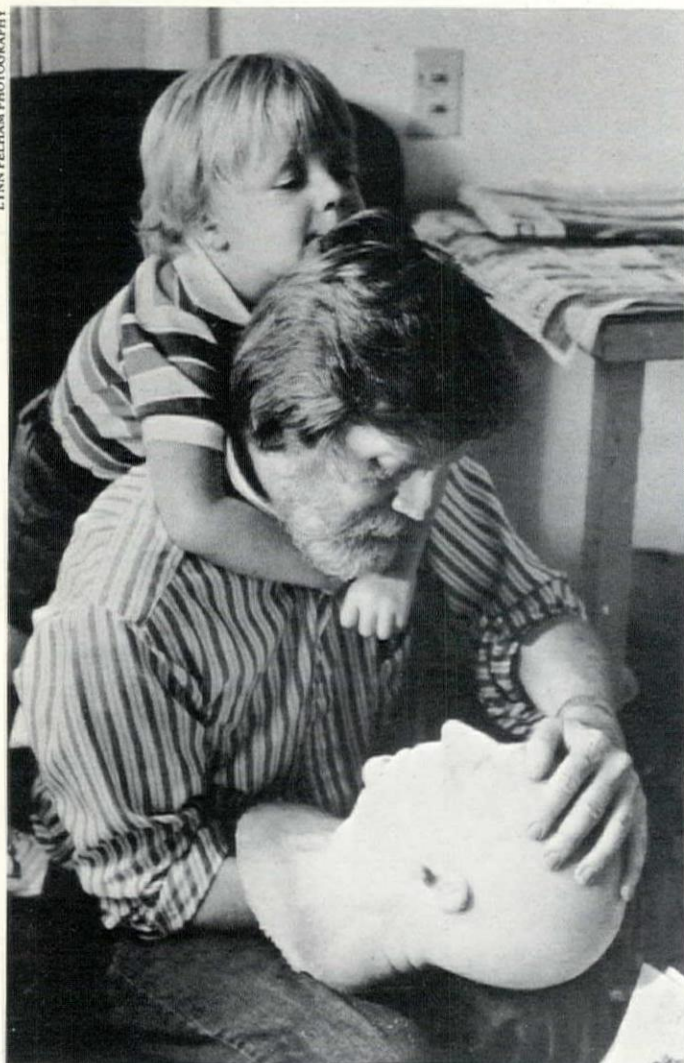
Model for a new city center in Teheran

It's the Real Thing

Duane Hanson's large-as-life sculptures of down-home people astonish their audiences and make a quiet comment on American life

By ROY BONGARTZ

LYNN FELHAM PHOTOGRAPHY



Duane Hanson—with son and namesake—and a freshly cast head

The crowds waiting in line to get into the museums of Wichita, Lincoln, Des Moines, and points west in past months have not all been the sort who ordinarily congregate at art exhibitions. What they have been waiting to see is a traveling show of amazingly lifelike figures by Duane Hanson, a sculptor from Florida.

Hanson is an unusual artist in a number of ways. Though he works in the most modern material—plastic—and in a most up-to-date way—by casting from the human body—his subject is the oldest in art—the human form. Whereas he has been a lifelong artist, only in the last few years has he had a measure of success, critical and financial. And finally, there is the matter of the aims of his art. He is probably the only American artist at work today to say that at least one of the objectives of his work is to reach the non-art-loving public and get them to look at art. The 98,000 people who saw his show in Des Moines and the 31,000 who visited it in Portland, Oregon, have pleased him very much. (The show, which also visited Berkeley and Kansas City, Missouri, is now at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center and will wind up this fall at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond.)

Of course, Hanson is only one of many Americans making realistic art today. There are, among others, Alfred Leslie's warts-and-all portraits, Philip Pearlstein's painted nudes, the photorealist street scenes of Richard Estes, and the giant, close-up faces of Chuck Close (a painting by Close hung over Hanson's *Bowery Bums* in the opening show at the Pompidou Center in Paris this spring). Nevertheless, Hanson's figures of ordinary people in working clothes or shopping dress, standing or sitting or leaning against a wall in postures of fatigue or boredom or pensiveness, have an effect all their own. An eerie feeling of real life in them is what initially attracts people. Encountering a Hanson for the first time, many viewers have an emotional reaction—almost as if they



Some 125,000 people saw the show at the University Art Museum in Berkeley, California, where the pair of Tourists were right at home.

are the ones being looked at. But after that original jolt a subtler, commenting spirit in the figures comes across, making wordless points on the human condition, and this is the crucial excellence of his work.

Many stories testify to the verisimilitude of the pieces. A thief in an art gallery in Palm Beach, Florida, stumbled into a man in worker's clothes standing there in the dark and turned away, terrified, to run into the waiting arms of the local police; the worker was a Hanson product. A cleaning lady called police at Kent State University in Ohio when she failed to rouse Hanson's *Man Dozing in a Chair*, and when police pulled a gun on him and he remained motionless, she cried, "My God, he's dead!" and fainted.

In a stunt not ignored by the Kansas press, Max Schaible of Wichita State University (which organized the show) bought an extra air ticket for the *Man Dozing in a Chair* to take it from New York to Wichita. At the airport, as Schaible pushed the sculpture in a wheelchair up the ramp into the plane, a young woman in flowing saffron robe rushed up and, fixing the figure with a stare, said fervently, "Repeat 'Hare Krishna' and your soul will be free!"

Lining up to see the Hansons in Lincoln, Nebraska



LINCOLN Star, ABOVE: RUSSELL ABRAHAM

Figures at the Exhibitions



At the Portland Art Museum, *Drug Addict* keeps a couple at a distance, . . .



but *Old Woman* (in folding chair) makes friends of the children, . . .



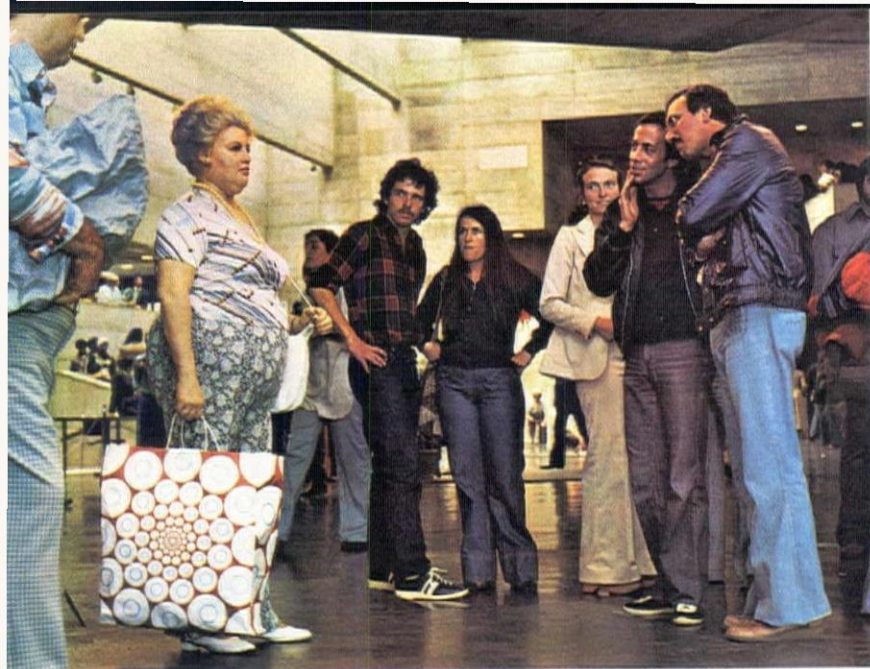
while *Artist with Ladder* rivets a curious pair.

Even in their museum settings, the plastic figures have been taken for living people. A Wichita journalist describes his meeting with the cement worker in spattered shoes and jeans, a torn T-shirt, a rumpled plaid shirt, and a hard hat: "As I jostled him I said, 'Excuse me.' But he didn't budge, didn't reply, and I realized he was a Hanson. A piece of sculpture that looks as tired, worn-out, and poorly dressed as the rest of us makes us uneasy." While the show was at the Portland Art Museum last June, one viewer, a sculptor in ceramics himself, commented: "When you go to a museum you go to look, but at a Hanson show the sculptures are looking at you. They have the worn quality we accept in real people, and they look like they are here to prepare for the next show." Some visitors had a feeling that they were intruding on the privacy of the figures. A college administrator said she spoke softly when near the works because "I had the weird feeling that when we leave they're going to go off and say, 'Guess what they said about us.'" Viewers tended to detour around the *Drug Addict*—a figure shooting up while lying on the floor—as if

reluctant to go near him.

It took Hanson some 30 years after high school to make his mark in the art world, but he never wanted to do anything but be a successful sculptor. The son of a dairy-farming couple of Swedish descent, he went to a one-room school in Parker Prairie, Minnesota, which had just one art book in its library. He remembers that it contained reproductions of paintings by Reynolds and Gainsborough, and they were evidently enough to stir his imagination, for neither of his parents had any interest in art.

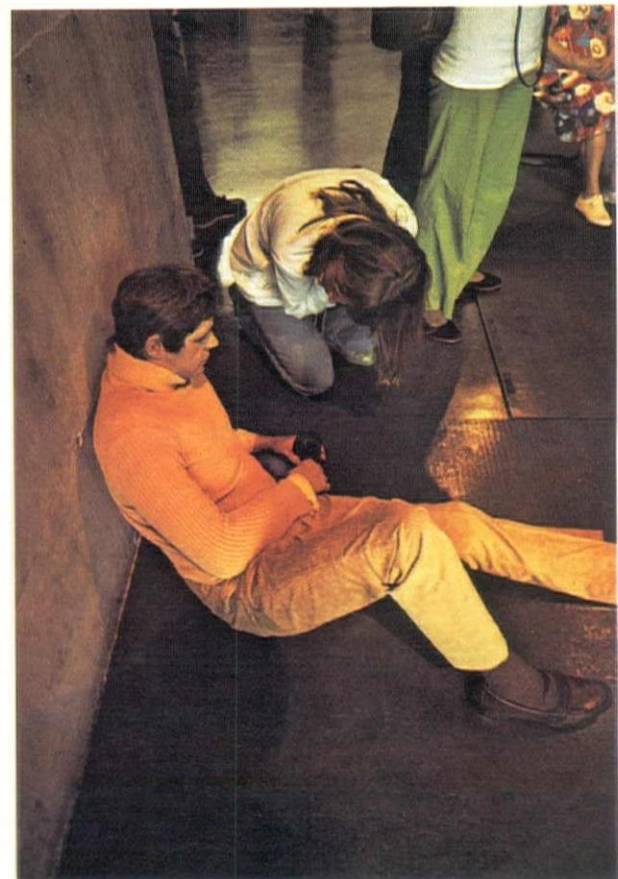
Hanson started out by carving wood and painting it. One of his first pieces was a copy of the famous *Blue Boy* in three-dimensional form. He also made a wax cast of a cousin's arm and hand and then used this in making a cement sculpture of a human figure. He went to several colleges (University of Washington, Macalester College) and wound up studying at Cranbrook Academy in Michigan when the renowned Swedish sculptor Carl Milles was there. Hanson married an opera singer, and he and his wife took off for Germany, where



The middle-aged Shoppers, left, stand out from the crowd in Berkeley, . . .



whereas Woman with Suitcases fits right into the scene, . . .



and Reclining Man Drinking wins a young sympathizer.

they spent seven years and where Hanson learned to work in the new medium of polyester resin.

Back in the United States, Hanson occupied himself with bas-reliefs—including a linear relief of a great bird for a façade of Oglethorpe College in Georgia—and, having gotten divorced, eventually moved to Miami, where his work took an unexpected turn. Having read about several fatal abortions performed on women in the Cuban refugee community, Hanson, his conscience aroused, made a small figure of a pregnant woman, obviously dead, swathed in a revealing and somehow sad death sheet. It was his first sculpture with social comment, and when put on public view, it got a hostile reception from the *Miami Herald*: “This we do not consider a work of art.”

Far from discouraged, Hanson went on to produce more figures of social commitment: a corpse in a box, called *Welfare—2598?*; a gory smashed-up victim of a motorcycle crash with the crushed bike; a gangland victim with arms and legs hacked off; Vietnam and riot horrors; Bowery derelicts.

Gradually, however, the tone of his work softened as he began to portray the life that was closer to home. Some critics deplored what they saw as a retrograde return to naturalism, and others complained that Hanson was not serious. Reviewing a New York exhibition, the *Times* wrote, “The figures are mere skillful imitations that don’t do any more or less than the wax dummies in museums. . . . They impress more for their sham than for their fidelity.”

Hanson kept sculpting his people, however, at the rate of six or eight a year. After he had won a \$500 prize at the Florida state fair, Ivan Karp, owner of the O. K. Harris Gallery in New York, wrote to him: “I think perhaps you’re a little too good for the Florida state fair.” Hanson decided to move to New York, where he stayed for a couple of years, and Karp told him, “Hanson, I’m going to make you rich and famous.” Karp has since represented the artist, who says happily, “He kept his word.”

• • •

At 52, tall and lean, Hanson has the patient and pains-

taking ways of a perfectionist. He rarely philosophizes about art, and should another artist be mentioned in passing, such as sculptors whose works have been compared to Hanson's in some way (John de Andrea, George Segal, Ed Kienholz), Hanson quickly says, "That's no criticism of them, you understand." He now lives in the Fort Lauderdale suburb of Davie in a modern, four-level house made of concrete blocks. It is managed cheerfully and efficiently by his young, Danish-born wife, Wesla, who recently won a Farrah Fawcett-Majors look-alike contest in nearby Hollywood. They have two children, Maja, six, and Duane, Jr., three. Hanson's studio—about the size of a two-car garage—stands next to the house, and behind it there is a chicken yard.

Hanson has been making good money for his work for only about five years, but now he can sell a sculpture for \$25,000. In a good year he can make six or seven pieces, but with the distraction of his traveling show this year, he has so far completed only three. The most recent models he has used are his wife's Danish uncle Aage Mogensen, a retired butcher who posed during a visit to Florida for *Man Sitting on a Bench*, and a cheerful local housewife who is the subject of *Woman Reading a Paperback*.

. . .

Making a figure is a painstaking process. First, the model,

Modeling from Life

ALL: LYNN PELHAM PHOTOGRAPHY



Hanson talks his model into a relaxed, believable pose.



Making the molds for a Hanson figure is the most trying part of the process. For his latest piece, *Woman Reading a Paperback*, Hanson persuaded Anita Fassman, an acquaintance, to come to his studio to pose. When he had the look he wanted, above, he and two assistants, David Diaz and Michael Vaccaro, spent three hours coating first one part of her body and then another to get one good mold of each section. Through it all—or most of it—Mrs. Fassman proved to be a good sport.

Hanson's hands do the fine work.



A leg mold comes off—not so easily.

dressed only in underclothing, is lathered with mineral oil. Then molds are fashioned for the legs, the arms, the whole torso, and the head up to the hairline. The molds are made of a material called room-temperature-vulcanizing silicon rubber, which is applied in viscous form and then hardens. Plaster and fiber glass are added to keep the form in shape. For the face, somewhat different materials are used: flexwax, as the base layer, with plaster and cheesecloth laid on top. Only the nostrils, mouth, and eyes are left uncovered, so the model can breathe and see. It is not easy to hold the exact pose Hanson wants with the weight of the mold on first one and then another part of the body; and it takes at least two visits by the model to Hanson's studio, and usually three, to get all the



Molding the torso, Hanson and helpers apply plaster, . . .

molds right.

To remove the head mold from the model, it is slit down the back and eased off. The others are likewise slit—the torso along one shoulder and side so it comes off like a coat, the arms, including the hands (so amazingly re-created later with every fingerprint and vein and crease intact), up the underside, and legs up the back. When all this is done—the toughest part for everybody concerned—the model's work is finished, and Hanson can get down to the somewhat less tortuous work of casting from the molds. He fills them one by one with hot, melted polyvinyl acetate until they are full. The vinyl can be slow to set and difficult to work with, so now he is experimenting with a material ordinarily used in filling out dented car fenders. Hanson exchanges technical tricks and ideas with John de Andrea, a superrealistic sculptor who specializes in nude forms.

Skin color is achieved by blending the appropriate oil paint right from a tube into the colorless liquid vinyl. Since the mold for the head has a hole where the subject's hair was, Hanson has to sculpt a dome for it; he uses a base of crumpled newspapers that he plasters over. Then, when the head is cast in vinyl, he smooths out the top with a file and sandpaper, which he also uses with cruel abandon on other less-than-perfect parts of the body.

The limbs are made with holes that fit over stumps on the torso, and it is a rather curious sight to watch Hanson yank off an arm and force a wrist-watch band over the bicep and down



Pocketbook still in place, the left-arm mold is cut away.

to the wrist before jamming and twisting the whole thing back into place. Where a man's belt ordinarily pulls his waist in a few inches, Hanson carves out a groove all around. To simulate the way feet are compressed by shoes, Hanson files away at the sides of the vinyl feet like some mad, Grand Guignol doctor.

When it comes to painting the face, neck, arms, legs, hands, and feet—the part of the job Hanson likes best—he works partly from his memory of the model and partly from his own sense of what will be believable. He puts in blemishes and variations of skin color that may exaggerate nature, but only slightly. Except for the posing of his subjects, this is the most conventionally “artful” stage of his atypical art, and he will



and in a half-hour, when it is dry, carefully lift it off . . .



along a seam they have cut. Will this one do for casting?

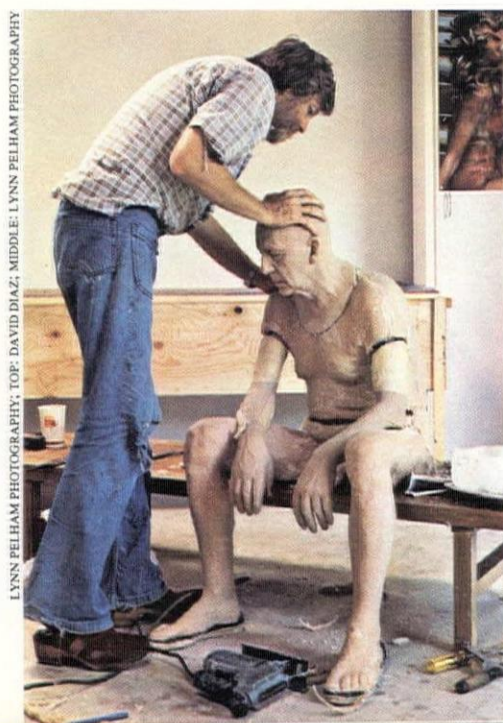


The model waits for the plaster to dry.

Aage Mogensen, who is Mrs. Hanson's uncle and a retired Danish butcher, took his turn this past summer as a Hanson subject. His body was molded in seven stages—above, he tries on all the molds but the head—and when they had been cast in plastic, below, the pieces were carefully fitted into a full figure, bottom.



Plastic castings litter a corner of the studio.



LYNN PELHAM PHOTOGRAPHY; TOP: DAVID DIAZ; MIDDLE: LYNN PELHAM PHOTOGRAPHY

A New Work — from Start to Finish

spend weeks perfecting the subtleties.

When Hanson can't talk a model out of his or her own clothes—an artist's paint-stained denims, a fat woman's sunsuit—he goes to local thrift shops and buys what he thinks will suit, hoping for a good fit. He has accumulated a boxful of old eyeglasses and wrist watches that he likes to try on his figures once they are nearly finished—something like trying clothes on dolls. He no longer uses wigs, preferring the more realistic look of individual strands or small clumps of hair, which he jams into the vinyl skin with a sewing needle. The eyes come from an optical supply house; since the usual demand is for a single glass eye, Hanson has to match pairs as best he can. In the current traveling show, only one loss has been suffered: the purse was snatched from the floor beside the *Old Woman*—it was empty and originally cost Hanson 50 cents. But he has taken the precaution of screwing down the camera belonging to the old fellow of his *Tourists* couple so it can't be lifted off. Most of his figures wear short sleeves, because, he says, "I want the arms to show, I went to all the trouble of making them."

Hanson's feeling for his own work comes out in comments he makes about the individual figures. Of his sloppy *Supermarket Shopper*, a woman in hair curlers, he says, "She began my satirical period. She is a symbol of the overconsuming housewife, pushing a cart filled with every imaginable item that she can buy." The older *Lady with Shopping Bags* has been made to seem "a little bigger and heavier to go with the sacks. They help depict the weighed-down, overconsuming housewife." Of the *Putzfrau*, sculpted from a model he found on a visit to Germany, he says, "I think her face projects what I wanted—a sort of empty sadness." Pressed to sum up his aims, Hanson says, "I think I must be a romantic. I would have liked the eighteenth or nineteenth century, when life was simpler. But we have to deal with the harsh reality of our industrial society. I'm interested in portraying the emptiness, the tragic side of life."

An early enthusiast of Pop Art, Hanson's own ideas of realism in art were bolstered by depictions of soda bottles and tomato-soup cans. And he feels a kinship with the photorealists, whose clinically detailed large-scale paintings of storefronts and pickup trucks in the bright sun, or a close-up of a woman's hips tightly hugged by pantyhose, are also based on ordinary life. On the walls of his house are paintings by his friends and reproductions of realistic works he admires—as well as a print by Andy Warhol. He approves of the attempt by all the new realists to remove personal style from a work. He sees a similar objective—to take out all personal comment by the artist—in conceptual art. "My own work is getting more objective," he says. "There is certainly less personal style to it. I wish I could adhere even more to the idea of coolness. But I am always concerned with the social issues and with the quality of American life."

During the current show's visit to Berkeley, one critic

The assembled man is ready for cosmetics.



Fine details are dabbed on the limp right hand.

Painting the parts of the figure that will not be covered by its clothing and putting in the other finishing touches is work that Hanson does with his own hands. He uses both acrylic and oil paints for the skin tones and paints with a brush and with his fingers when a less even coloring is appropriate. The hair for this seated man is mostly human hair, and Hanson uses a large sewing needle in a special holder to plug it into the scalp. The finished piece, below, dressed in slightly worn clothing, weighs no more than 60 pounds.



The thin, gray hair of the old man is fastened with a needle.

ALL: LYNN PELHAM PHOTOGRAPHY





A housekeeper gently dusts off Cement Worker in the living room of its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Zimmerman of Nashville.



In a large art collection of a Manhattan lawyer, Rock Singer stands in a mirrored corner of his office hallway.

Collectors' Choices

complained, "If this is social satire, it is the smug, nasty sympathy of the intelligentsia directed against regular people." But that view of his work is rarely heard anymore. What comes through to most viewers is a healthy sympathy for the common man. Some even found it awesome: Robert Hullihan of the *Des Moines Register* wrote: "We came as though to view the remains of loved ones in a funeral home. Many of us took off our hats as we entered the gallery."

Hanson is reconciled to the fact that people often see what they want to see in his works. His *Tourists* was bought by the artist and illustrator Saul Steinberg because its subjects reminded him of his Jewish relatives, but when the work was put on the market again, Hanson was complimented by a dealer for not making these Miami Beach denizens look Jewish. Some of his pieces end up in collections that offer an unlikely setting—a drug addict sitting in the corner of a fancy dining room, a shabby artist leaning against a luxurious wall of bookshelves—but Hanson feels that the figures can hold their own.

How collectors look at a Hanson sculpture, as compared with more conventional pieces of art, is a subject that interests Hanson's dealer. Carlo Lamagna, director of the O. K. Harris Gallery, says, "Part of having a Hanson is its shock value." He sees the works as being "about anguish" and believes an owner needs a big space to contain one, "so you can get away from it. It's not the kind of thing you want to have in a studio apartment." A New York lawyer who owns the Hanson *Rock Singer* keeps the work in his office. "There's nothing more mysterious than the real person," this owner says. "To me, the merit of Hanson's work is that it is without pretension. It does not pretend that the artist has seen the inside of the person. There is no interpretation, no distortion, no 'otherwise.' It is the man without his shadow."

So far Hanson has not accepted any commission for a portrait because choosing his own models is the way he comments on life around him. He has done his own father, though, and even himself—although he's not entirely satisfied with the piece: "It comes over to me a bit like listening to your own voice on a tape recorder," he says. One of these days he plans to cast himself again.

Hanson is considering trying out a copper mold that can produce a vinyl body with the hardness of a commercially made doll; such a mold could, of course, produce thousands of copies of any figure. But he will make only one of each. That is the way he sees the world: a collection of distinct individuals he wants to tell something about. "It is a wild and wonderful world," he says, "and the most interesting part is the people. They have their problems, their beauty, and their black side, too. It's a tremendous challenge to pick up on that world out there and to confront people with themselves." □

Roy Bongartz, a free-lance journalist and art writer, lives and works in Rhode Island.

Ed Cauduro of Portland, Oregon, keeps part of his art collection in the luxurious kitchen, where, appropriately, he can meditate on Hanson's Dishwasher.



Racquets Reach Out

Squash, platform tennis, and racquetball are suddenly the sports trio everybody's trying—and on rooftops, too

MICHAEL EVERETT



Today 6 million Americans own one or more of the racquets above. From top to bottom: a metal racquetball racquet and soft rubber ball; a wooden squash racquet and hard rubber ball; a wooden platform tennis racquet and sponge rubber ball. Prices range from \$8.00 to \$55.00 for racquets, \$1.50 to \$3.00 for balls.

CHAD SLATTERY



Signs on the San Diego Freeway remind Angelenos that a court is just a call away.

ARTHUR SHAY



Spectators get a clear view of national racquetball



champion Shannon Wright serving to Janell Marriott in the Pro-Am Tournament at the Glass Court in Lombard, Illinois.

They are a zealous breed. While the uninitiated are tucking into a leisurely lunch or unwinding after work with a bourbon and water, growing numbers of Americans are shutting themselves up in small, often windowless rooms or wire compounds for what appear to be excessively spirited rites. Clutching shrunken mutants of the familiar tennis racquet, they chop and swat at rubber balls that ricochet wildly—off the walls, off the wire, and even off the ceiling—at speeds that can approach 150 miles per hour. Even to the most fervent joggers

or the most committed iron-pumpers, these racquet-wielding claustrophiles seem nothing short of fanatic.

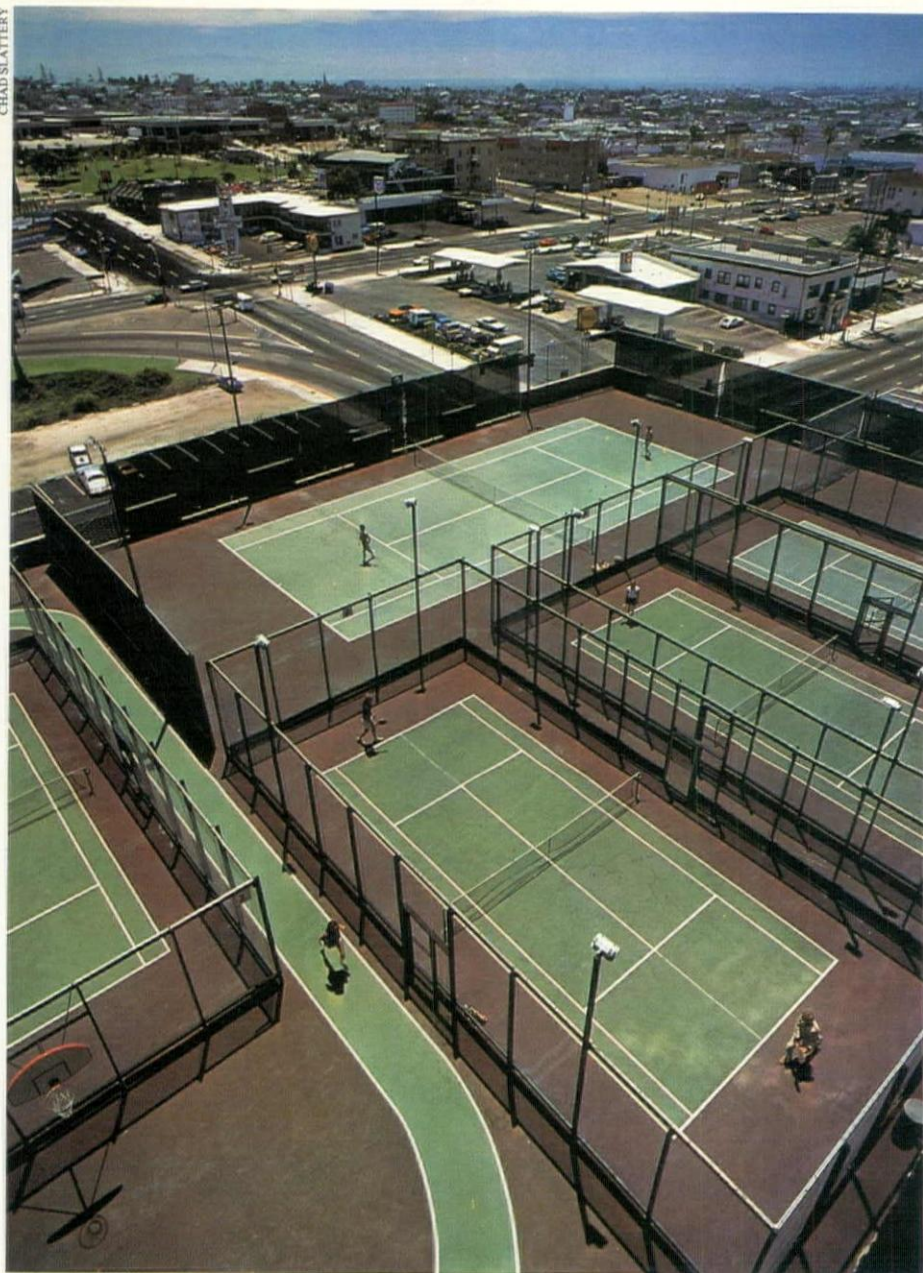
Some of them may well be. But for the most part, they are just caught up with the excitement of discovering new ways to have fun and shed pounds. Recently as the tennis craze that started in the mid-1960s began to show signs of peaking, players and promoters alike began looking for alternatives. What they found is a trio of racquet sports—squash, platform tennis, and racquetball. Now these games are bursting out of their traditional

geographic and social confines and growing at near boom proportions.

Nowhere is the racquet phenomenon more evident than in the country's major cities. Faced with limited space and soaring real estate prices, sports entrepreneurs have found the racquet alternatives more adaptable than tennis to urban economic demands. A platform tennis court can be set up on a city roof. A builder can pack four racquetball or five squash courts into the space he needs for one tennis court.

All three sports are better suited than tennis to tight city schedules. The

By CARTER WISEMAN



Rooftop paddle players outnumber joggers at the Cabrillo Athletic Club in San Diego.

furious exertion they demand makes it possible for a harried urban athlete to burn as many calories in half an hour as he would by playing three sets of tennis; and he can easily get in a few games, shower, eat, and be back at his desk in the time it takes to down an average business lunch. Those are clearly pluses in any sport, and the racquet promoters are capitalizing on them.

• • •

"Our goal is to build a bigger squash pie," says Victor Niederhoffer, a five-time U.S. national amateur squash champion and president of the World Professional Squash Association. "For that we need lots of commercial facili-

ties and new players—people who have never seen the game before." A few years ago those words would have seemed subversive. Of the racquet trio, squash has traditionally been the most exclusive. It is also the oldest by far.

According to some sources, the game, which is also called squash racquets, was invented in London's Fleet Street prison in the 19th century by inmates seeking recreation to suit their cells. The sport can be played by two or four players, who, wielding skinny racquets that resemble souped-up versions of the ones used for badminton, take turns thrashing a small rubber ball against the walls of an enclosed

room. At its best, squash is fast, precise, and—true to its British, if not its prison, origins—devilishly polite.

The game was imported to the United States in the 1880s, where it became popular at eastern prep schools and Ivy League colleges. For years, virtually the only squash players outside such places were graduates who had carried on with the sport at university clubs (a current annual membership fee: \$600). But in 1973, spurred by the success of the tennis entrepreneurs, a squash enthusiast named Paul Monaghan opened a public club outside Philadelphia (now \$50 a year to join). A year later the first public club in New York City opened. Since then the game has begun to spread steadily westward. Now there are 500,000 squash players in America, twice as many as there were five years ago.

• • •

Says Dick Squires, a former national platform tennis champion, "It is my job to interest all those people out there in playing." Squires is speaking from a public platform tennis facility atop a roof in Manhattan and waving in the general direction of Stuyvesant Town—one of the city's largest middle-class housing projects and, until recently, an unlikely province for his game.

Platform tennis, which is also called paddle, was devised nearly 50 years ago in an enclave of elitism—Scarsdale, New York—by two executives in search of a winter substitute for tennis. The game uses a net and is played by rules similar to those in tennis, but with a sponge rubber ball and stubby wooden paddles. The court—a smaller version of a tennis court—is laid out on a raised platform to facilitate snow removal and is fenced with chicken wire to keep the ball from disappearing into the drifts. Paddle players are permitted to hit the ball off the wire, a rule that keeps the ball in play longer than in tennis and makes the sport far easier for beginners. Because the wire tends to absorb the force of hard strokes, raw power is rarely a decisive factor in paddle, making the game attractive for co-ed or family play.

A few years ago no more than 5 per



Housewives at the Apple Platform Tennis Club, atop an apartment building in Manhattan, get a lesson from the pro and a panoramic view.

cent of the country's paddle facilities were available for public use. But today nearly 40 per cent of all paddle courts sold are destined for municipal parks, and players include representatives of almost every social stratum.

The sport is gaining a steadily growing number of devotees. There were a mere 2,000 paddle courts and 100,000 players in the United States four years ago, and most of those were on the East Coast. Now, there are about

7,000 courts serving some 400,000 paddle enthusiasts in 40 states. Increasingly the game is being played in summer as well as winter.

• • •

"There are real people playing it—truck drivers, plumbers, women, and kids screaming. And it is a game that has proved itself commercially. That's the American way," says a recent convert to racquetball. This is the youngest sport of the emerging trio, but

it is also the biggest by far.

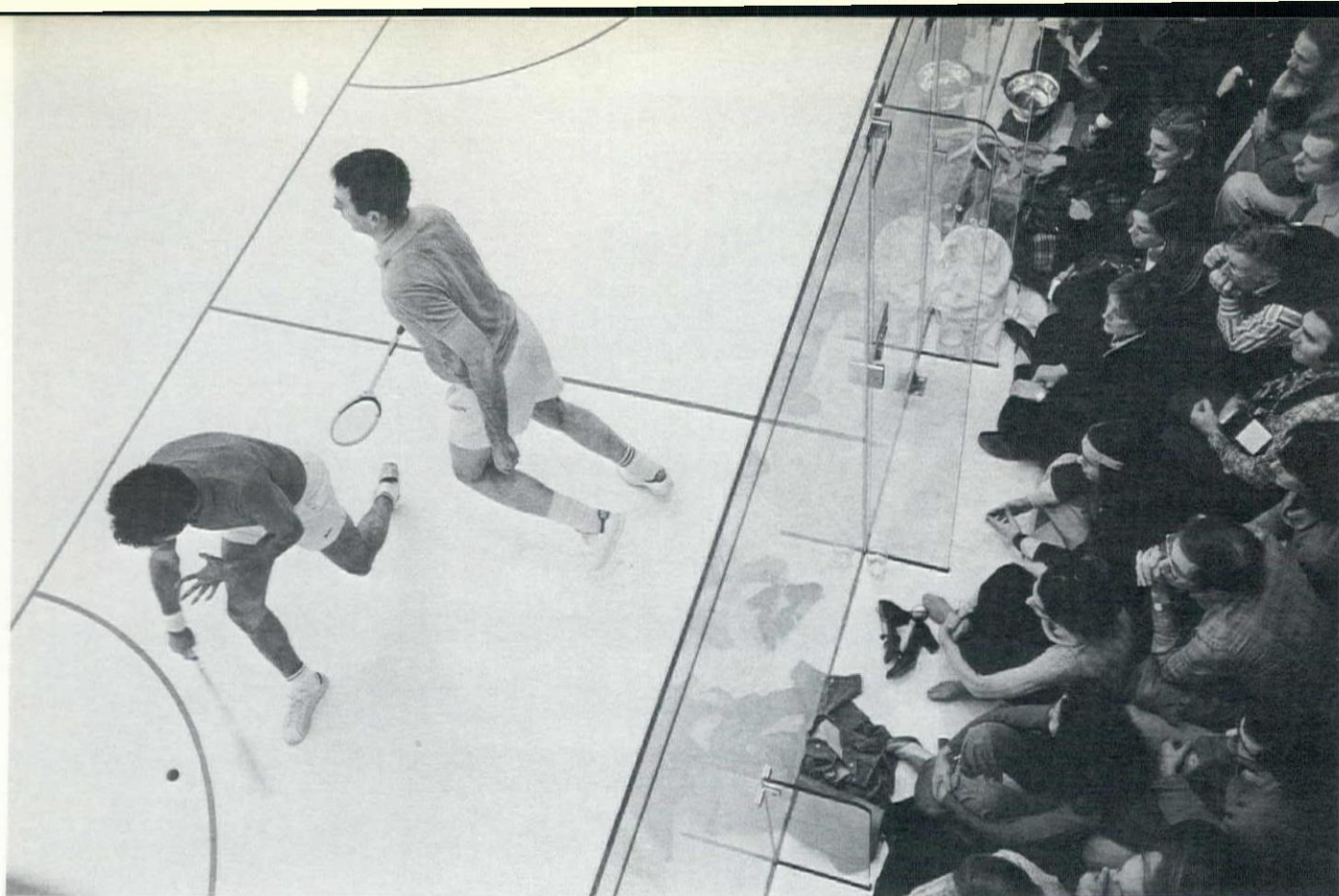
The game had its origins in Greenwich, Connecticut, in the late 1940s, when local handball players began to use sawed-off tennis racquets instead of gloved fists to bat the ball around the court. Now played with its own racquet on what amounts to a handball court, racquetball, like squash, uses all four walls. But the ball may also be played off the ceiling, a rule that adds an extra range of shots and angles. The ball bounces more readily than a squash ball, and the larger court allows players ample room to maneuver. The result, says Bob Kendler, the game's chief entrepreneur, is that "you can become good very quickly."

Although originally an East Coast invention, racquetball seems well on its way to infiltrating the entire country. There were an estimated 50,000 racquetball players in the United States in 1970. Today the number is closer to 5 million. The game is flourishing in California and making gains as far south as Florida. Early this year the Manhattan Squash Club opened New York City's first two regulation



JOHN OLSON; ABOVE: BRUCE CURTIS

Nighttime paddle at the Fox Chapel Golf Club near Pittsburgh



Victor Niederhoffer (right) takes on Sharif Khan in the finals of the 1976 Boodles Squash Open at the Uptown Racquet Club in New York.

racquetball courts, and now if a player wants to reserve one at lunchtime, he has to call up to a week in advance.

Perhaps partly because of its origins in the less exclusive world of handball, racquetball is a far more earthy sport than either squash or paddle. During championship play, four-letter words fly almost as fast as the ball. In the confines of the court, where a certain amount of body contact is inevitable, good players take pride in seizing every gamesmanly advantage they can. Says

four-time national champion Charlie Brumfield, "I'm at all times looking for that opportunity within the rules to infuriate my opponent to the point where he can't play as well as he'd like to." When Brumfield lost a regional championship in New England last year, he commented, "Next time I've got to be completely obnoxious."

Such talk has helped give racquetball a reputation as a proletarian pastime, but its fans now include a sprinkling of celebrities. Novelist Saul Bellow plays

the game—as does his protagonist in *Humboldt's Gift*. Even squash players, who are accustomed to a more gentlemanly game code, seem drawn to the free-swinging character of racquetball. Says Victor Niederhoffer of his first taste of racquetball, "I felt like Winston Churchill after playing four years of polo in India and then going to war: 'That was the real thing,' Churchill said, 'with bullets flying overhead.' That's the way it is with racquetball."

• • •

The growing interest in all three sports has touched off a flurry of business activity. Manufacturers of athletic gear see sales figures multiplying. Some 10 million racquetballs were sold last year, as compared with only 228,000 in 1972. Sportswear designers are now turning out tailored ensembles to keep the wintertime paddle player warm and stylish at the same time. There is even a special paddle tennis shoe called the Copenhagen.

A miniboom in court construction is under way. Squash courts—which can cost up to \$30,000 apiece—are proliferating at a rate of 100 or more a year. Paddle courts are being built even



"Splendid urbanism": the windowed façade of the Uptown Racquet Club allows passers-by a glimpse of both players and socializers.

faster. In California, according to Bob Doyle, owner of the Commerce Club in Los Angeles, racquetball clubs like his are "going up like fast-food stands," at a cost of up to \$80,000 a court.

Architects are responding imaginatively to the new demand for designs. At least one facility, New York's Uptown Racquet Club, designed by the firm of Copelin, Lee and Chen, has made a significant impact on the surrounding cityscape. After the building went up early this year, the *New York Times* hailed it as an example of "splendid urbanism." To ease the way to and from courts, some racquet clubs now have bars, restaurants, and even day-care centers. To accommodate the growing number of spectators, many squash and racquetball courts now feature glass walls.

Meanwhile the press and the promoters busy themselves with a new galaxy of athletic stars. Once known only to the few, Victor Niederhoffer has now been the subject of major magazine articles. The same goes for Marty Hogan, known as the Jimmy Connors of racquetball for his abrasive self-promotion. Shannon Wright, the current national women's racquetball champion, is getting multimedia coverage in cities throughout the country.

More dramatic yet are the social ramifications of the racquet sports' growth. Not only have the games toppled class barriers, they have turned legions of formerly sedentary folk into fitness freaks. Thickening executives who were stumbling into middle age with no hope of ever hitting a hole in one have found racquet sports to be an effective antidote for male menopause. Bob Doyle tells the story of a meek attorney who was virtually born again in his racquetball club. "The first time this guy went out on the court," recalls Doyle, "he did everything but fall on his face. But when he began to discover that he wasn't over the hill after all, he turned in his glasses for contact lenses, grew a mustache, and bought a sports car. He even seems to have solved his marital problems. Racquetball is like singing in the shower: it does something

for the ego."

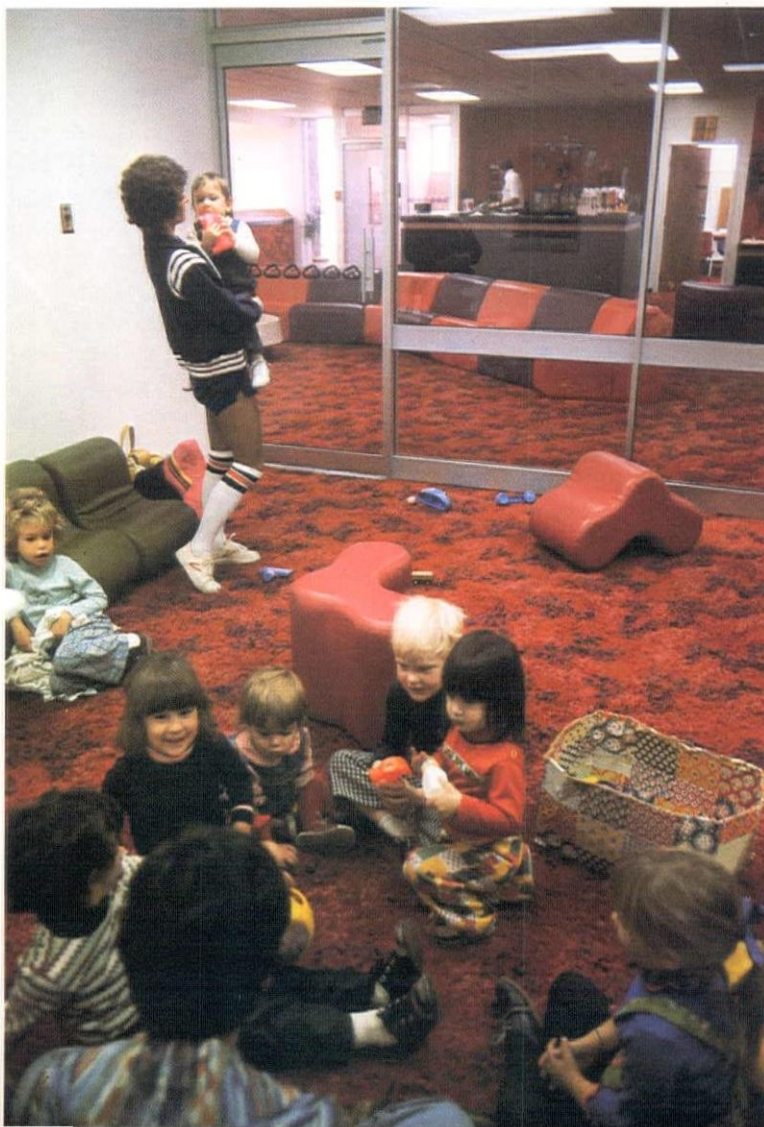
As the women's movement has liberated active athletics from male domination, more and more serious women players have been turning up on racquet courts. Women now account for an estimated 40 per cent of the racquetball players and 60 per cent of the paddle players. Only 20 per cent of the country's squash players are female, but that figure is almost certain to increase. This past summer the U.S. Squash Racquets Association approved a softer ball called the 70-plus as the standard for future match play. Since the 70-plus reduces the need for an especially strong arm, women can now be expected to appear in greater numbers in some of male bonding's most sacred precincts.

• • •

Now on any given lunch hour at the Manhattan Squash Club, a variety of types consort. Above the pop of rubber against gut and plaster on the squash

and racquetball courts, prep school accents mingle easily with Brooklynese; and at the bar, pinstripes blend naturally with double knits. "One guy who sells thread around the corner in the garment district has become fast friends with a prominent psychiatrist through playing here," says assistant manager Patti Schulte. "There are not a lot of places where this kind of thing happens."

Whether they do it to meet people, to flatten their abdomens, or just to work off steam, the racquet breed seems on the verge of becoming a horde. If they continue to multiply at the present rate, there is no telling what the future may hold. In the end it was TV that turned tennis into a national mass passion. Well aware of that fact, Harry Saint, owner of the Uptown Racquet Club, has already furnished the front wall of his exhibition court with a peephole specifically designed to accommodate the eye of a TV camera. □



ARTHUR SHAY

Tot care is free while moms play racquetball at the SkyHarbor Court Club, Northbrook, Illinois.

The Germans Are Coming! The Germans Are Coming!

Their young film makers
have already captured the art houses
and seem destined
to storm the neighborhood theaters

"I'm looking for new images," says the West German film maker Werner Herzog. "I'm sick of the images in magazines, I'm sick of post cards, I'm sick of walking into a travel agency and seeing a Pan Am poster of the Grand Canyon: it's a waste of worn-out images."

Herzog is speaking for himself, but his words might stand for an entire generation of young German film makers who are creating some of the freshest, most exciting movies to emerge since the works of the French New Wave directors first began storming film festivals and art theaters almost two decades ago. Today, film buffs and critics are debating the relative merits of Herzog, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Wim Wenders, Volker Schlöndorff, and their West German colleagues with the same heated excitement reserved in years past for Truffaut, Godard, Chabrol, and Malle.

Moviegoers have occasionally questioned the new German directors' facility for telling stories, but no one doubts their ability to bring startling subjects and a revolutionary look to feature film-making. In *Aguirre, the Wrath of God* (1971), Herzog rivets our attention with opening shots of breast-plated and helmeted 16th-century conquistadors working their way down the awesome slopes of the Peruvian Andes like ants descending a tree branch. In *Fox and His Friends* (1975), Fassbinder astonishes audiences with a friezelike positioning of homosexuals in a bath scene, photographed in metallic, hard-

edged color.

If such a gleaming and mordantly elegant shot seems light-years away from the heavily shadowed and portentous films of the familiar German expressionist masters of the 1920s—including Robert Wiene (*The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*), F. W. Murnau (*Nosferatu*; *The Last Laugh*), and Fritz Lang (*Metropolis*; *M*)—this is no accident. More than any other young film makers, the new West German directors are marked by a radical break with the past, a break that affects subject as well as style.

Although there is little in the new films that is specifically about Nazism, the specter of domination haunts them: it is a cinema of disillusion and revolt, of social rather than personal violence, of victimization and suffering. Blind people, dwarfs, elderly charwomen, persecuted young leftists—the heroes and heroines of the new films form a catalogue of outsiders and losers, the insulted and the injured. In their own way, the young directors are offering their comment on German history.

Between 1933 and 1945, the Nazi devastation of film art—which included the dismissal of previous masterpieces as "decadent"—was so thorough that almost no art was left to revive when World War II ended. The German cinema came back to life commercially in the 1950s by producing soft-core porn, cheap thrillers, and romances, but a crucial creative link with the past had been broken. What was needed was a new generation, a

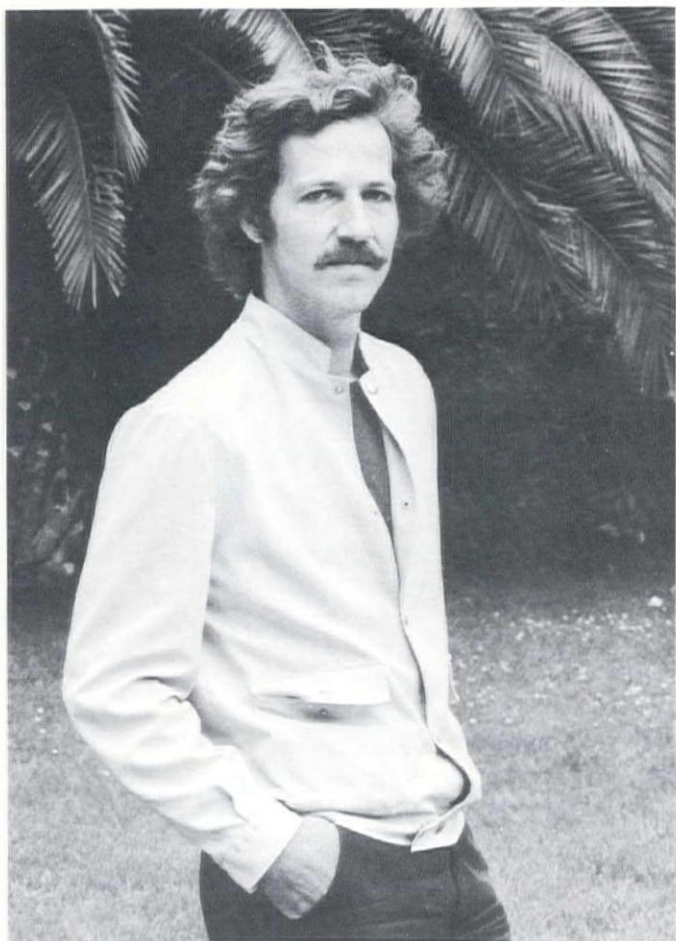
new artistic consciousness, and money to support it.

Since the mid-1960s, the West German government and television networks have generously subsidized feature film directors. Their criterion for aid: critical reputation or artistic potential—not the likelihood of commercial success. The result: young film makers have come forth with a remarkable group of movies that can afford to be aesthetically challenging, unpopular, and even defiantly anti-Establishment.

Among the new directors, the two most exciting, by general agreement, are Werner Herzog and Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In the past few years, both have won the prestigious International Critics Award at the Cannes festival. As is often the case with challenging new work, audience approval has been slow in coming. But there have been some successes—Herzog's *Aguirre* enjoyed an 18-month run in Paris and recently broke opening-week house records at a theater near Boston. Last spring Fassbinder was given a 12-film retrospective at Manhattan's New Yorker Theater; his films have also appeared in San Francisco, Boston, and Los Angeles, and more showings are sure to follow in major cities and university towns.

Apart from a shared fascination with outsiders and losers, Herzog and Fassbinder have little in common. Herzog seems half medieval mystic, half 19th-century teller of morbid tales—an heir to the brothers Grimm; Fassbinder is a

By DAVID DENBY



LEONARD DE RAEMY—SYGMA

Werner Herzog at the Cannes Film Festival in 1975



SYLVIA PLACHY

Rainer W. Fassbinder in New York for his 1977 film festival

thoroughly soured product of the postwar German "economic miracle." Herzog works in a dreamlike, hallucinatory style, producing images of startling strangeness and originality; Fassbinder's images are coldly literal. Herzog shoots outdoors, converting his specially chosen landscapes into reflections of gloomy inner states; Fassbinder is urban man in extremis, bristling with the surly impatience and lively malice of the city, and he films his most eloquent and acrid scenes in living rooms, bedrooms, kitchens. And so it goes, right down to the choice of actors: Herzog works with inspired amateurs, including one who has spent time in a mental home—Bruno S., the star of *The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser* (1974) and the recent *Stroszek*; Fassbinder creates his fables with a stable group of theatrical and movie professionals who alternate, in repertory-company style, between large and small roles.

Born in Munich in 1942, Herzog was largely self-taught. He wrote his first film script at the age of 15, attempted to

make his first movie two years later, and spent time in the Sudan during the Congo troubles and in the United States, where he got jobs as a factory worker, as a parking-lot attendant, and even as a rodeo rider to earn money for his art. Herzog lives in Munich now with his wife and three-year-old child.

The director claims that he dreams very rarely, no more than once a year; his movies seem like the starved visions of a man longing for the power and imaginative freedom of a dream. In his first film, *Signs of Life* (1967), a wounded German soldier stationed in Crete in World War II comes to a hill overlooking a valley of windmills and begins to go mad; whatever the narrative failings of this rough and often tiresome movie, the scene of madness—the soldier lurching about, windmills churning, music blaring—remains unforgettable. In *Even Dwarfs Started Small* (1970), a struggle among dwarfs and midgets (there are no full-sized people in the film) is suddenly interrupted by a sequence of a driverless car

circling endlessly in an enclosed yard; the scene stays in the mind as an emblem of futility.

Herzog's control over atmosphere is often remarkable. In *Aguirre*, his tale of a mad conquistador who leads his men down the Peruvian Amazon in a search for the riches of El Dorado, there is an extraordinarily evocative mood of sinister lassitude: oppressed by the climate, the characters' moral distinctions and, finally, their personalities begin to disintegrate. Even such brilliant writers about the tropics as Joseph Conrad or Gabriel García Márquez might have envied Herzog's achievement here. The final shot, in which the ranting explorer presides over the dead bodies of his crew while scores of monkeys run riot on his raft, is one of the most chilling images of *folie de grandeur* in film.

Herzog is already a legend. In search of the right landscapes and shooting conditions, the director and his crews have trekked across deserts and traveled down the Amazon in rafts; early this past summer Herzog was hunting



STROSZEK, 1977



EVEN DWARFS STARTED SMALL, 1970



AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD, 1973

Losers and outsiders populate the new German movies. Above, from Herzog's works: a forlorn American Indian in Wisconsin (top), warring dwarfs and midgets (left), and a mad conquistador and his daughter. Below, from Fassbinder's films: lurid lesbians (left), a betrayed homosexual (played by the director himself), and (bottom) a brazen photographer and brassy singer (played by Fassbinder's ex-wife, Ingrid Caven).

ALL. COURTESY NEW YORKER FILMS, EXCEPT WHERE NOTED



THE BITTER TEARS OF PETRA VON KANT, 1972



FOX AND HIS FRIENDS, 1975



MOTHER KUSTERS GOES TO HEAVEN, 1975

through Romania in pursuit of "authentic" locations for a planned remake of *Nosferatu*, the great 1922 Murnau version of the Dracula legend. On demand, he will show you his scars from the time in Cameroun when, while shooting *Fata Morgana* (1970), he and his cameraman were mistaken for subversives, arrested, beaten, and held without trial for weeks in a filthy, communal cell. Apparently feeling guilty over the dangers facing his cast when a fire incident and car accident occurred during the making of *Even Dwarfs Started Small*, he waited until the end of production and then threw himself on a large cactus in an act of repentance. If all this seems slightly mad, it is the madness of an obsessed visionary who knows he must commit himself totally to his work in order to get his actors and crew to help realize his ideas.

When he is not making a film, Herzog may well be the sanest of men. I watched him at a party after a screening of *Dwarfs* at the New York Film Festival. Cornered by a woman in her eighties who demanded to know why he had made a movie of such strange and appalling violence, Herzog was the soul of patience, answering questions and explaining his ideas until the woman's outrage was stilled. There were many powerful and fashionable people in the room who wanted to talk to him, but he refused to budge—preferring to charm the woman.

Probably few would call Fassbinder charming. Born in Bavaria in 1946 and raised by his divorced mother, he ran away from home, took up with theater groups, and finally formed his own film company in 1971. When I met him last winter during a visit to New York, he was in the process of desecrating an elegant hotel room. Restlessly pacing back and forth in leather jacket and boots, he banged into furniture and flicked his cigarette ash on the emerald carpet.

Fassbinder is famous for his speed and his relentless pace. "What others call working fast, I call working harder—eighteen hours a day," he said. He has completed no less than 30



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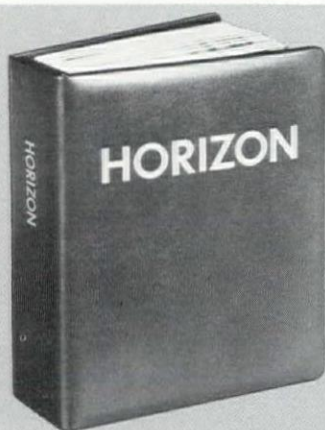
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Despair, Fassbinder's ambitious new film, stars Dirk Bogarde (right), here with Andr ea Fer  ol (center) and Volker Spengler.

features for film and TV in the past eight years, often churning one out in a matter of months.

Exasperated, exhausted, or intimidated by his manic productivity and stylistic promiscuity, moviegoers often ask critics to recommend the single best Fassbinder film. But there is no "best" Fassbinder. Unlike, say, Bergman or Fellini, Fassbinder is not a masterpiece director—he's a workshop director, forever trying something new even before he's completely worked it out in his mind. To get into Fassbinder's world, you have to be willing to accept films that are streamlined into powerfully didactic fables rather than fully fleshed out as psychological, "realistic" dramas. You have to appreciate the insolence of a director who ends a movie abruptly because he's become bored and turned his attention to his next project. You have to acquire a taste for his characteristic Teutonic pessimism and his unsettling stylistic mix of earnestness and campy aestheticism.

For those who take the plunge, a Fassbinder film is a bracing experience. In *Fox and His Friends*, one of his typical urban fables, a Munich homosexual of working-class background (played by Fassbinder himself) wins a lottery and is taken up by a group of wealthy gay men who systematically fleece him of every penny. Candid and scabrous (but not in the least pornographic), *Fox* scandalized those homosexuals here and in Germany who were hoping for a more reassuring picture of virtuous

gays oppressed by straight society. "The film was hated," Fassbinder says, "because it showed that homosexuals have been personally corrupted by oppression."

Fassbinder has also repeatedly run into trouble with the predominantly leftist film intelligentsia in Europe. A man who embraces the Marxist analysis of society as a perpetual war between classes, he rejects the Marxist solution of collective revolutionary action. In one of his most tender movies, *Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven*, a sixtyish Frankfurt woman (the remarkable Brigitte Mira) finds her entire world in ruins when her factory-worker husband suddenly shoots his boss and commits suicide. Hoping to exploit her plight for propaganda purposes, the Communist party offers sympathy, but she eventually refuses their attentions and begins to think things out herself. An outraged German Communist party closed the film down at its Berlin premiere in 1975. As long as he remains sympathetic to social victims but skeptical of social solutions, Fassbinder is bound to offend one group or another.

Fassbinder's days as the hit-and-run wonder of art houses may soon end. His recently completed film, *Despair*, his first in English (playwright Tom Stoppard adapted Vladimir Nabokov's novel), stars Dirk Bogarde and cost \$2.5 million—the largest sum ever spent on a German film production. Drawn by the chance for "more freedom" and "more money," he has announced a decision to move to the United States. With ambitious projects like the remake of *Nosferatu*, Herzog also appears to be seeking larger audiences. But whatever happens to these two remarkable artists, they and their young colleagues have already brought West German cinema back to life, and their work will be enjoyed, studied, and argued over for decades to come. □

David Denby, film critic of the Boston Phoenix, has edited five anthologies of film criticism. *Awake in the Dark* (Vintage, 1977) is his latest.

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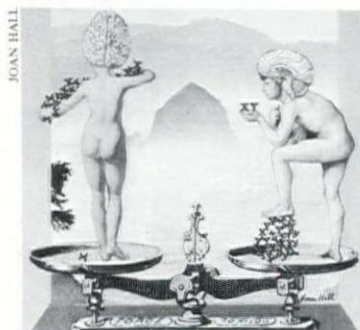
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CORRESPONDENCE

Men and Women

I found Kenneth Lamott's article "Why Men and Women Think Differently" [May] most thought-provoking. Much of what he says is accurate, and I have no argument with it, but I feel that his use of 1956 data to document the nonproductive



status of women Ph.D.'s was unfortunate. A more recent (1974) report on the productivity of women Ph.D.'s in microbiology, published in *Science*, February 1974, suggests that women are just as productive as men with regard to publications, despite the fact that they are frequently discouraged by their advisers. Also, if males are better engineers or philosophers, why are there so few minority (black, Indian, etc.) male engineers and philosophers?

J. P. Kilbourn, Ph.D.
Portland, Oregon

. . .

Oh, groan! I sometimes think my life has been an unceasing battle to prove that women are not as different from men as most men (and some women) are so desperate to believe.

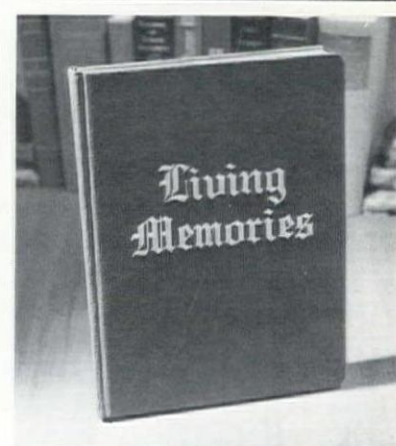
When one considers how long it took for man as a species to develop phylogenetically into what he is now, it seems absurd to judge woman's production in all the so-called male areas in the space of the relatively few generations she has been free to work in them.

Anna Di Gesu
Almuñecor, Granada, Spain

Wyeth's Paintings

Thank goodness for the paper wrapper on the May issue! We are all entitled to our own definitions of "arts and culture," and mine do not coincide with yours.

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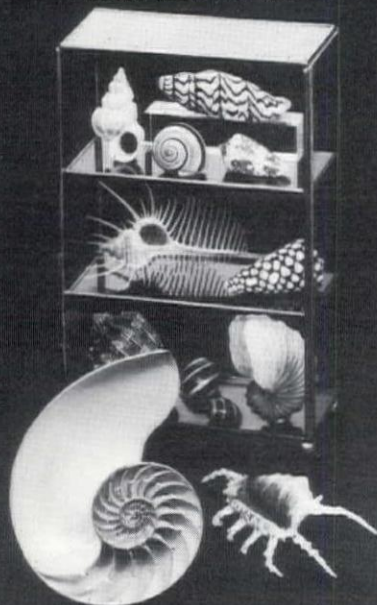
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not have been so affronted by its inclusion
within the article about Wyeth, but on the
cover—no. Mrs. B. D. Kennedy, Jr.
Greenville, South Carolina

Fairy Tales

What version of *Snow White*, *Cinderella*, and
Sleeping Beauty ["Fairy Tales for a Liber-
ated Age," July] did you read—or hear? It
came as a great surprise to me to see that
you regarded them as showing women
passive, manipulated. When I started
telling these stories to my grandson, I
realized that I'd have to find a few more for
him. The men in these stories aren't much—
almost incidental.

Think about it: in *Snow White*, the really
juicy part is the Witch-mother. *Snow White*
herself isn't too bad: she makes her way
through a scary forest (not something a
cowardly, passive child could do) and sets
up housekeeping for a bunch of dwarfs—
not much there for a little boy to emulate.

Cinderella, when she went to the ball,
"dazzled everyone there with her beauty
and charm." The prince? He is barely
mentioned.

And *Sleeping Beauty*? Well—the two
motivating characters are both women: one
good, one bad. The prince? Yes, he woke
Briar Rose with a kiss, but you feel that the
whole story is female-dominated, especially
when you are telling it to a wide-eyed, six-
year-old little boy.

Jane Sooy
Michigan

Georgetown



The report on Georgetown ["Ferment in
Georgetown," July] was balanced and
beautiful to look at. However, the caption of
the picture of Pamela and Averell Harri-
man says that he *rented* his house to Jackie
Kennedy. He and his wife Marie gave it to
her after JFK's assassination as a gesture of
friendship.

Jean Friendly
Washington, D.C.

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Aires. Visit the Falklands (Islas
Malvinas) and Punta Arenas.
Chile, return to Ushuaia, south-
ernmost town in Argentina.

2 ANTARCTIC ADVENTURES

Dec. 10. (25 days) Sail from
Ushuaia. Explore the Falklands,
cruise the coast of the Antarc-
tic Peninsula. See spectacular
ice floes, penguins, scientific
bases. Return to Ushuaia. Dec.
30. (30 days) Same as above.
Return to Buenos Aires.



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Growing Up Cynical with TV

If a new generation emerges every 30 years, then television as a mass medium in America is about to enter its second generation. This means that almost every American born since 1948—113 million, or more than half the nation—has never known a world without television, and many of them have been saturated by the medium. Now that this first generation of television watchers has matured, what effect has television had on them?

Though it is impossible to be precise, it is possible to look at the fundamental ways in which this generation is different from its forebears and match those changes against the likely impact of their spending more time watching television than doing anything else save sleeping.

This generation is more openly committed to private gratification than were its predecessors; the conventional path of maturity is ignored by growing numbers of Americans. Studies of 1977 show a growing pattern: men and women are delaying marriage, delaying or abandoning the idea of having children, and, most surprising, living alone for longer periods. And the political participation and institutional loyalties of Americans have weakened and frayed. Since 1948 there has been a fairly steady decline in the percentage of Americans exercising their franchise in presidential elections. A steady decline in public confidence in every institution from business to labor to medicine to religion to science has marked the coming of age of the television generation.

To blame or credit television for these trends would be much too simple. After World War II, America underwent a wholesale, radical change of life: from blue-collar to white-collar, from cultural conservatism to cultural relativism, from city and small town to homogeneous suburb, from the shotgun

marriage to the pill. If the growth of cynicism in American society can be traced to television, much of that is due to television's direct, unavoidable presence, in our living rooms and bedrooms, as a messenger of news. Though television news can itself be faulted—for its celebration of frenetic action, its obsession with the instant trends and sudden celebrities—it did not make up police dogs and fire hoses, napalm in Vietnam, dissembling and corruption in government.

As to the concern about the violent, aggressive world children frequently see on television, the studies so far suggest the problem is less a direct triggering of violence among television watchers and more a problem of *indif-*



CHAS B. SLACKMAN

ference to violence against others. Social psychologist Leo Bogart says that the problem is not that when a child sees someone on television shooting a gun he will reach for a gun himself. Instead, says Bogart, the child will conclude "the world is a wicked and hostile place in which one must aggressively protect oneself."

"The really great impact of media violence," Bogart continues, "on our own culture may arise mainly from this diffuse raising of the general public level of anxiety rather than from individual acts of behavior in response to individual media episodes or instances." A Mississippi psychologist concluded that "television desensitizes children to violence in real life. They tolerate violence in others because they have been conditioned to think of it as

an everyday thing."

It is more than likely that the sheer magnitude of time spent by the first television generation in front of that device may have helped to spur the growth of indiscriminate cynicism. Many of television's critics worry that it is creating a generation of zombies, staring slack-jawed at the screen, obeying the advertisements as so many automatons. But every generation grows up to learn that its elders distort, avoid, and lie; in the case of this generation, that insight has come from the same source as its dominant diversions: television. From the quiz-show scandals of the late 1950s to the political upheavals of the following decade, and reinforced throughout by the dishonesty of the television commercials that promised wonders the products did not deliver, this generation has learned not to trust what it sees on television. And since much of what it sees it sees on television, some of the lack of anchoring belief afflicting many of the young may be traced to the experience of relying so heavily on a medium that casually, inevitably mixes high tragedy with the most blatant of untruths—that can, in a matter of seconds, switch from a family or a nation enveloped in grief to a blithering idiot enveloped in grease.

Thomas Bever, professor of psychology at Columbia University, studied a group of youngsters from the ages of 5 to 12 and found that their disenchantment with dishonest television commercials did not stop at distrust in advertising. Said Bever, "They become ready to believe that, like advertising, business and other institutions are riddled with hypocrisy." That study, it can be argued, may overlook the fact that "business and other institutions" are riddled with hypocrisy. But the dilemma remains: if children learn that what is on television is not true, then they are, in effect, learning that every American institution is not true. That is a dispiriting vision to carry into maturity. □

Adapted from Jeff Greenfield's forthcoming book, *Television: The First Fifty Years*, published by Harry N. Abrams.

By JEFF GREENFIELD