

Jumper Dress

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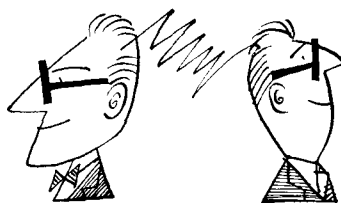
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Trade Winds



The country around Rensselaerville, New York, is surpassingly beautiful, including as it does a 20,000-acre State Forest Conservation area and a private 500-acre preserve. Back in the Twenties, Mrs. Francis Huyck turned this peaceful Colonial village into the "Athens of Albany County," as Brooks Atkinson has called it, by bringing leading minds of the day together with the inquiring minds of college students to create forums on important issues then facing civilization.

Nearly four decades later, two of the students who were inspired by the seminars of so many years ago decided



to revitalize the whole idea in the same location, and the result is the Institute on Man and Science. It's now beginning its second year and is incorporated by the Regents of the University of the State of New York.

"The idea grew and radiated from mind to mind," President Everett Clinchy told us, "and before we knew it we had enough contributions to begin the Institute last summer. We're attempting to revive in the best possible sense the Platonic Academy idea, whereby some of the leading men of science and art will converse with interested adults of all ages instead of delivering monologues. Our first season last year worked out extremely well. This year we hope will be even better. Paul Sears, at Yale, has brought together some of the finest scientists in the country. Jean Dalrymple has done the same for the theater, and our discourses on the humanities will include, among others, Harlan Cleveland of the State Department and Lin Yutang. We're hoping soon to have the program the year around."

In its first season, the daily classes included from forty to seventy-five people, increasing in the evening sessions to a capacity 200. This year the program will run from July 6 to August 1, with Loren Eiseley launching the science discourses.

"We hope," Dr. Clinchy said, "to bring out a book later including the most

interesting of the dialogues, and to continue supplying radio and television stations with material from the conferences. It's been estimated that last year we reached 5,000,000 people beyond the 2,000 who came to Rensselaerville in person."

Not only are the Oliver Wendell Holmes Association and the Council on World Tensions supporting the project, but the National Science Foundation has endorsed it as a very real help in acquainting the public with the vital scientific issues of the day.

The tuition fee of \$60 for the entire course works out to about 30 cents an hour for anyone who would like to cross minds and swords with some of the leading thinkers of the day. Or, if you'd prefer a stimulating vacation, room, board, and tuition come to a total of only \$75 per week.

A few weeks ago, we wrote in *TRADE WINDS*—or tried to write, anyhow—that the *Share Your Knowledge Review*, a printer's trade journal, ran the title of its lead article this way: "Hints on Poof-reading."

But in the mysterious processes of editing and proofreading, the misspelled word got fixed. So, just for the record, we wanted to correct it—or, if you like, incorrect it.

This sort of difficulty also goes on elsewhere. Peter Macdonald writes to tell us that the name of his company, which owns several newspapers, is Printers, Inc., with the pun very definitely intended. When the company bought the *Spencer (Iowa) Reporter & Times*, the Associated Press reported: ". . . the paper will be operated by a new corporation to be known as Printers, Incorporated."

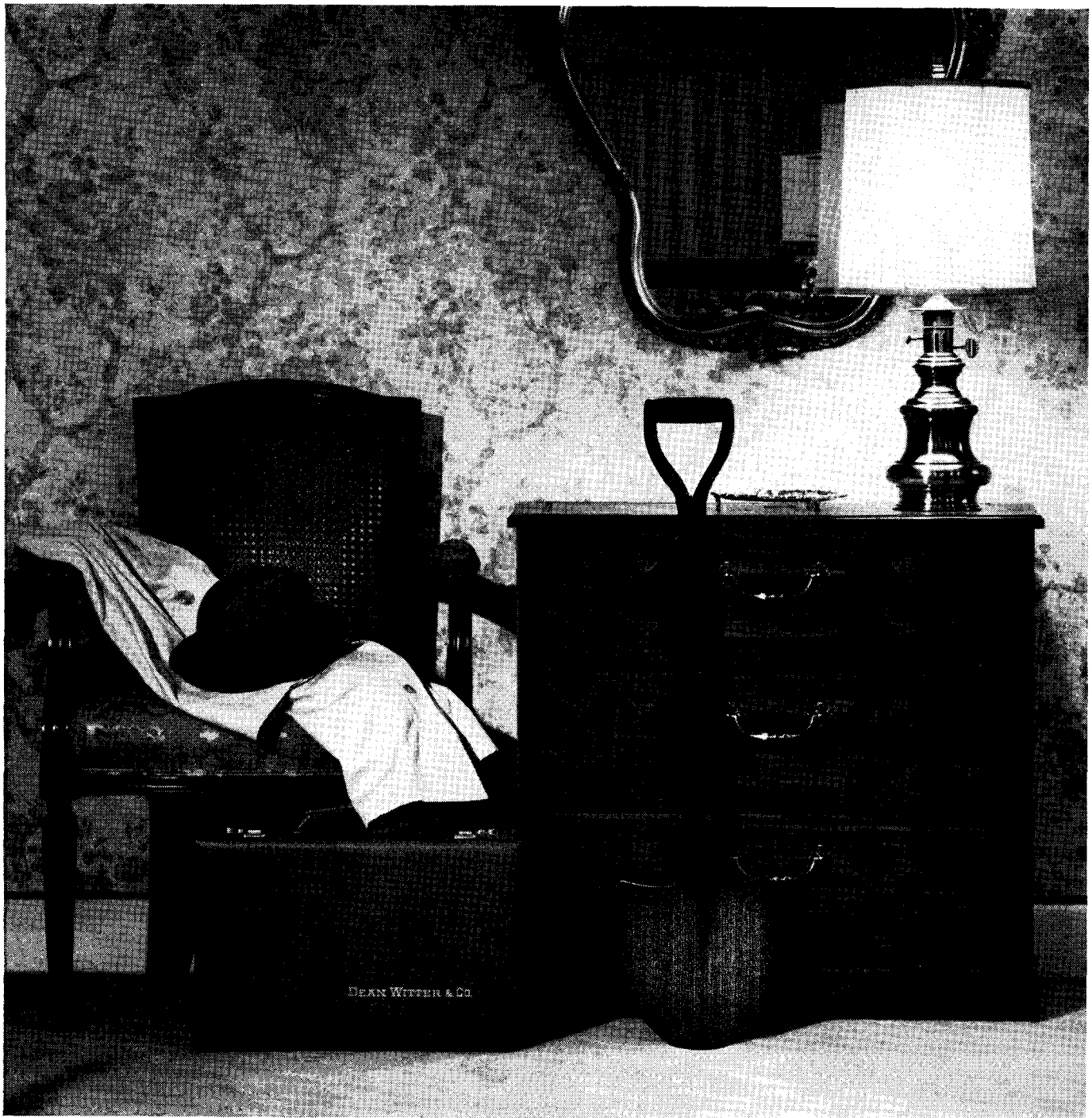
On the other hand, the services of a good editor or proofreader can save a lot of confusion:

► Gerald Raftery writes about a sign he saw in an apartment courtyard in Elizabeth, N.J.: DON'T PARK IN THE PARKING LOTS.

► Karen Steinberg reports a sign: EARLY AMERICAN STONEWARE BY CONTEMPORARY CERAMICS.

► Max Senopky saw a sign in a mattress store window: ASK ABOUT OUR LAY-AWAKE PLAN.

► Joanne Maynard sends a clipping from a Helena, Montana, paper that



➤ ➤ Today the owner of this attache case **dug deep** to serve several different customers. They included a college boy, for whom he bought one share of stock. A retired banker, for whom he bought 20 shares. And a corporate treasurer, for whom he bought 1,000 shares. He would like to serve you, too. Get to know him. He is the kind of man who will **dig deep** for the facts to help make your money work harder.

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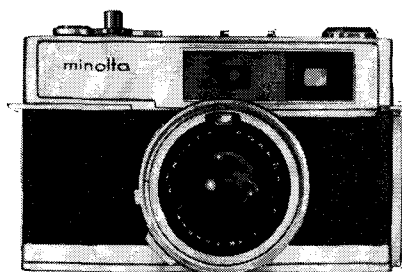
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The Minolta Hi-matic 7 is so completely automatic that you simply aim and shoot. Result: perfect color slides, razor-sharp snapshots...even if you never took pictures before. A new kind of electric eye (cadmium sulphide) is actually in the lens barrel. It automatically sets the lens for exactly the light that hits your film—even when you use filters. If you want to adjust the lens and shutter yourself, the Hi-matic 7 works manually and semi-automatically too. This 3-way feature is wonderful for special effects—and no other camera in the world has it. Other Hi-matic 7 features: speeds to 1/500th and a precision-ground Rokkor lens for unbelievably sharp pictures. Minolta also makes subminiature, "snapshot" and 35mm single lens reflex models...all with famous Rokkor lenses. At your dealer or write for details to Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. South, N. Y., N. Y. 10003, Dept. F6.



Minolta Hi-matic 7

the same quality made famous

reads: "Seriously, you must consider what we are doing to ourselves by allowing uncontrolled use of poisons when they are not accomplishing the desired end in the first place."

► Marjorie Wheaton makes a hobby of noting such actual conversations as the following:

"The food in the cafeteria is pure poison—and why do they serve such small helpings?"

"Correct me if I'm right on this..."

"These things just don't happen at the drop of a bucket..."

► Betty Frazier sends a clipping from the *Fort Worth Star Telegram* reading: "County commissioners agreed Monday to name the Tarrant County convention center the Tarrant County Convention Center."

When working for a publisher, Hendry Bart received this letter from a monastery: "I ordered paperback No. 509, *Adventures of Father Brown*. You sent No. 510, *Is Sex Necessary?* As we are committed to a negative answer, may I return the book? Brother Anselmo, O.F.M."

Time was that when any book on the delicate subject of sex was advertised, the publisher was always careful to include in his advertising the phrase "Sent in a plain wrapper." Somehow, this has disappeared from the scene. What's more, there's a danger of becoming a captive audience for some of the books. We received a promotion piece about *The Mystery of Sex* from Lyle Stuart with the headline: "One of a Limited Number of Copies Is Reserved for You." Now we'll feel guilty for not ordering a copy, even without a plain wrapper.

But cartoonist Whitney Darrow, Jr., has the answer to all the high-pressure business about sex.

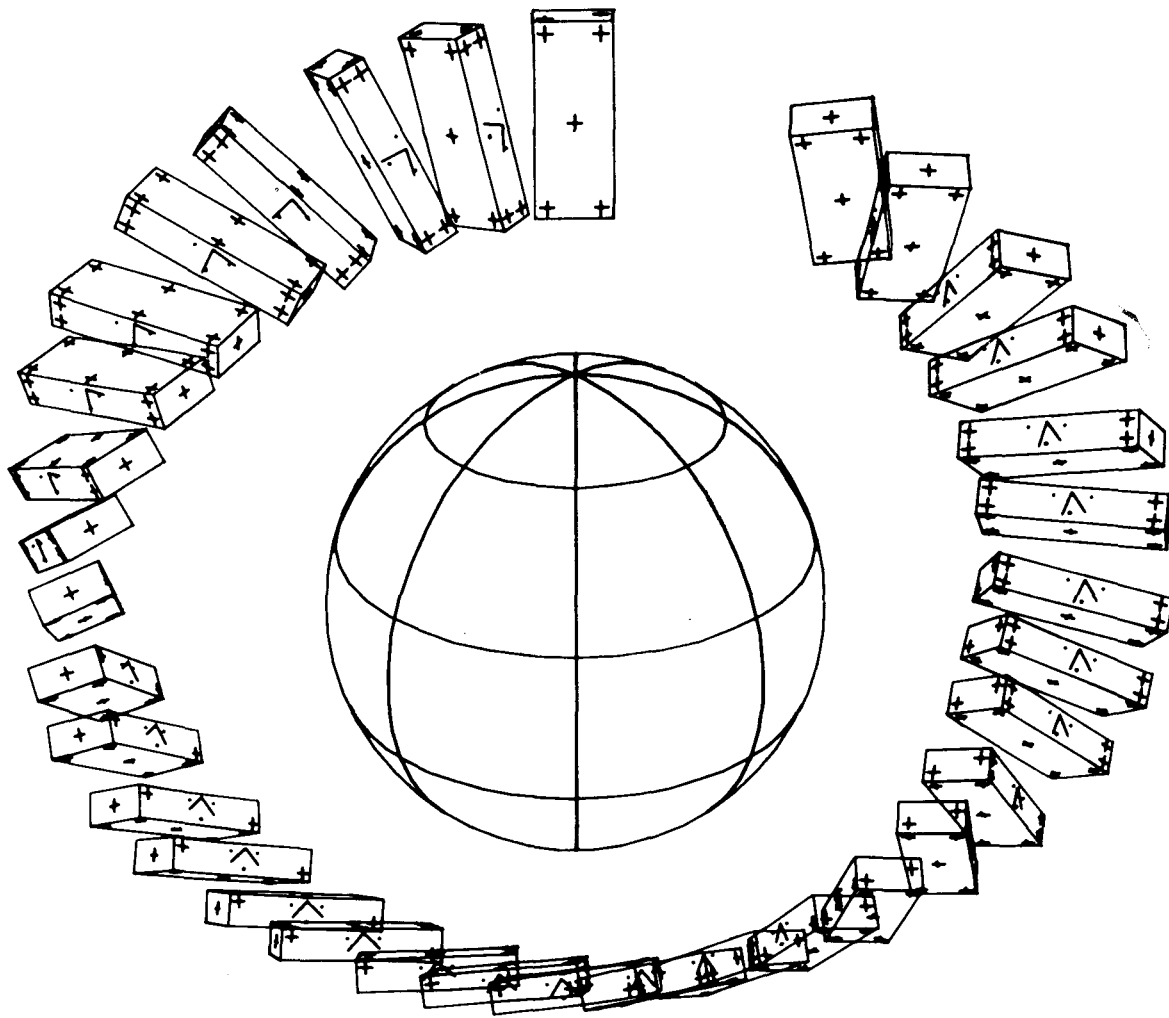
"Take a nudist colony," Mr. Darrow told us. "All it is is a place where men and women go to air their differences."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1575)

(ALAN) MOOREHEAD:
THE GHASTLY BLANK
(From the *Atlantic*, February 1964)

Little by little, a rhythm takes command, and one can tell the time without looking at a watch by many different signs: the seven o'clock breeze ruffling the water hole, the midday flight of lilac kingfishers coming down the creek, the evening appearance of the rabbits.



Picture of a satellite in orbit—as drawn by a computer

The domino-shaped box in the drawing above represents a communications satellite orbiting the earth.

The various angles and positions of the box show the relative positions of the satellite during one orbit.

The drawing was made, not by a man, but by a computer at Bell Telephone Laboratories to help scientists visualize how the satellite would behave.

What the computer did is called *simulation*. Working from data given it, the computer calculated, or simulated, the satellite's position at various instants and produced the

picture on microfilm. The picture told us what we needed to know.

We use such simulation a great deal to save time and hold down costs in developing and testing new products and services.

Computers help us plan coast-to-coast transmission systems, new switching logic, and data systems. They also help us study problems relating to telephone usage at given times of the day or year.

Not all of our simulation is done on computers. Often we can simulate by other means.

We test new kinds of undersea telephone cables in buried, brine-

filled steel pipes that duplicate the pressures and temperatures of the ocean's bottom at various depths.

Ingenious equipment in one of our laboratories sends test telephone pulses racing around an electronic ring that simulates a 6000-mile circuit containing 5300 repeaters to boost voice volume.

Many additional examples of simulation could be cited. Often they help us spend our time and money more efficiently in developing new services and improving present ones—in making sure that America continues to enjoy the world's finest telephone service at the fairest possible prices.

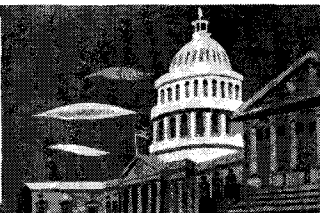


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State of Affairs



Cultural Notes

THERE was a subdued, hopeful excitement among Moscow intellectuals last March when *Izvestia* seemed to recommend Alexander Solzhenitsyn's controversial novel, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, for the Lenin literary prize. But shortly thereafter there were some second thoughts—particularly when *Pravda* used an old method of the Stalin days by publishing several critical letters about the book to express its disapproval. Obviously the tug-of-war between liberal and reactionary writers was continuing behind the scenes, and in the end Solzhenitsyn lost.

It caused disappointment among the intellectuals, but there was no real fear that this heralded a revival of the astringent cultural offensive against those who were considered to be straying from the party code. Most writers still have the stormy period after the winter of 1962 in their bones, when Khrushchev himself led the attack in an attempt to intimidate and subdue those writers and artists who, in the eyes of the party, were taking advantage of their popularity and appropriating for themselves more freedom of expression than seemed desirable.

Everyone seems fairly confident now that the decision about the Lenin Prize was only a sign of the continuing struggle between liberal and conservative writers, however disappointing it must have seemed to the liberals that their cause had suffered a mild setback. There have even been indications that Mr. Khrushchev regrets the violence of his attack on the artists. Privately he has gone out of his way to indicate that there would be no repetition of this kind of assault as long as the intellectuals on their part were giving him reasonable support. Some believe that at the time of his attack he was in difficulties, as a result of the Cuban crisis, with reactionaries in the party, and that he used the onslaught on the writers as a kind of lightning rod, one that would have the least repercussions on the general easing of internal tensions.

By this time most writers who had been called on the carpet in the agitated spring of 1963 feel that they are almost where they were before the thunderclap. While everyone is still cautious and tries to avoid reaching for

those invisible electric wires that give a shock to those who touch them, and while they are still watchful for the smallest movements of the weathervane, some of their lost confidence is being regained; a sort of balance between conservatives and liberals seems to have been established.

Even writers like Victor Nekrasov, one of the most bitterly attacked, are being published again. Ilya Ehrenburg, who has just finished the last volume of his nonconformist memoirs—his first volume aroused violent criticism—will be published this summer in three installments in the literary magazine *Novy Mir*.

Ehrenburg, who has become something of an elder writer-statesman, was not rattled by the attacks on him; although he has aged rapidly in the last five years, he seems self-assured, unworried, and fatalistic about death. Yevtushenko, the most flamboyant of the poets, who became the center of the 1963 attack for publication of his memoirs in the Paris weekly *L'Express*, is also back in print and on the poetry-reading stage. He may soon be testing the strength of his position by applying for another trip abroad. He has many enemies, even among the liberal writers, some of whom are jealous of his popularity, but his vast audience forgives him for whatever disagreeable things are being said about him in Moscow literary circles. He is not the best poet in the Soviet Union, but he has aroused enthusiasm because he is so militant and topical and has a certain charm.

Another badly bruised artist in 1963 was Ernst Niezvestny, the sculptor, who resembles a stocky, muscular American Marine with a crew cut. He was deprived of all official income for six months, but since he did sound a halting note of apology, he has once again been given work on a Palace of Pioneers (named after the political youth movement), which of course has to be produced in the official social-realistic

style. But, at the same time it does permit him to continue what are officially called "experiments"—his true artistic devotion—that try to capture the human conflicts between man and man, and man and machines, and seem to be strongly influenced by the English sculptor Henry Moore.

To be cut off from his income is today the means used to discipline an artist. In a society where everything is government-sponsored, this can be remarkably effective, particularly when applied to younger artists who do not have the kind of financial reserves of some older ones. The extraordinary thing, nevertheless, is that those painters and sculptors who believe in individualism and greater freedom in the arts, at present symbolized by the secret pursuit of abstract art, carry on with their "experiments" even though they don't know if or when they will be able to bring their work out of the basement and the garret into open view.

SOVIET abstract painters are several years behind those in the West. They work almost in complete isolation; they have little access to foreign art books and scarcely know what their own colleagues in the Soviet Union are doing because they are not allowed to exhibit. The Hungarian government, on the other hand, while it, too, disapproves of abstract art and won't support abstract painters, nevertheless does permit them to rent exhibition rooms at their own expense, where they can hold public showings and sell their paintings. Thus, while officially this aberration from social realism is not approved, the artist is given some latitude.

In the Soviet Union there is an interesting bond of sympathy between abstract painters and scientists. Some of the latter are known to have lent their own apartments for private exhibition, to which friends are invited. As people tend to buy more and more modern furniture, so they are also buying, if quite privately, abstract paintings. And even in some of the official galleries paintings are now being shown that, while not abstract, are also far from social realism.

Up to now, one of the reasons for the strong resistance to greater freedom in painting is that Russian art did not undergo the kind of revolution European art went through in the nineteenth century. Then, too, the union of painters today is still completely dominated by conservatives; the liberals have not so far succeeded in penetrating it, as the writers have done in their own union in Moscow. But in a curious way the new trends are irresistible despite the enormous official counterpressures, and there is today more freedom for the artist than existed five years ago. One

