

etched on either horizon. In Lexington, we walked through the town's two adjacent campuses, Virginia Military hulking Bastille-like, Washington and Lee exuding a brick-and-ivy propriety.

Robert E. Lee, who was president of W&L in the days when it was called Washington College, is buried in the family crypt in Lee Chapel. Behind the pulpit there is a Vermont marble statue of Lee reposing on an Army cot, and around him hang worn battle flags from Gettysburg, Appomattox, and elsewhere. A Charles Wilson Peale portrait of George Washington looks out with rosy-cheeked tenderness from a wall beside the pulpit. Washington posed for the picture at forty-two, but Peale, striving for a mid-twenties image, poured on the rouge. There is a small museum in the basement near Lee's restored office. Every visitor finds his own level in such repositories, of which Virginia has many. Looking into a glass case containing a pair of Lee's slippers, I noted that, according to the sculptor E. V. Valentine, who did the recumbent statue upstairs, the general wore size 4½C.


We crossed to the VMI campus, passing a wide green playing field on which cadets in yellow and orange gym suits were heaving every imaginable type of athletic sphere. At the edge of the field, boys in white military uniform just returned from a training exercise were pouring out of Jackson Memorial Hall and lining up for an equipment inspection. Stonewall Jackson, who taught at VMI and who is buried in the city's cemetery, is quoted on a large sign hanging from the building's inner courtyard: YOU MAY BE WHATEVER YOU RESOLVE TO BE.

Several cadets passing us on the cement walkways nodded and said, "Good afternoon." A few even saluted. We commanded respect of a different kind on the W&L campus. Returning to the tangerine Porsche, we found a cluster of W&L students examining the car with thoroughgoing awe. It was getting to be a habit, every place we stopped in Virginia. Another old value.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Youth Week in the Concert Halls

YOUTH DESCENDED on Philharmonic Hall in unaccustomed numbers for the most recent appearance of The Philadelphia Orchestra, leaving more than a few, as concert time approached, beseeching those on the way in to understand their plight and sympathize with it. This was, indeed, the Tuesday of the nationwide demonstration against the administration's Cambodian policy. However, these were not activists advertising antiwar sentiments; they were, rather, exponents of the peaceful coexistence represented by Van Cliburn.

For some of them, it must seem a generation, at least, since the young (still!) Texan achieved his overnight fame in Moscow—one who was eight then (1958) could be twenty today. But for one who was neither eight nor twenty, or eight and twenty then, it was interesting to observe that the magnetism still endures. This is as much a tribute to the profound need for such a symbol as to its particular embodiment. In the specifically musical aspect, the occasion held, for those picky people who chide Cliburn on the narrowness of his repertory, the promise of two works he had not performed previously in New York.

They were, to be sure, works by Liszt and Rachmaninoff, composers who are, among the household gods of Cliburn, only slightly inferior to the archdeity, Tchaikovsky. But they were, rather than the E-flat Concerto of one and the C-minor of the other, the A-major of the former and the "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" of the latter. If this did not bring a promise of the new broom that sweeps clean, it did at least give rise to hope for a wind from a different quarter.

For one who had not heard Cliburn with orchestra for several years (the last vivid recollection relates to the spring of 1967 when he collaborated in a Carnegie Hall concert with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and Zubin Mehta on their homeward way from Expo Montreal), there was a clear suggestion of transformation in his manner. This was neither the Cliburn of the late Fifties on whose brow the heady laurels of fame were slightly askew, nor the one of a decade later to whom they had become slightly old hat. It suggested that, as well as finding a new equilibrium for such appendages of

fame, Cliburn was bent on new deeds to justify them.

This showed itself, both pianistically and musically, in a performance of the Liszt Concerto No. 2 that was magnificently assertive, beautifully defined, and keenly attuned to the difference between the exuberant and the flamboyant. The substantial share of physical excitement he generated was not on behalf of a specious personal *réclame* but designed to fulfill his obligation as the momentary, earthly representative of one who had pushed pianistic possibility vastly closer to its ultimate perimeter. This was a function not only of the big hands, but also of the big musical concept that typifies Cliburn at his best. The audience response was expectably tempestuous. Cliburn showed his personal evaluation of the circumstances by going out of his way to share the applause with Samuel Mayes (for whose beautiful playing of the cello solo in the slow movement he made a trip around the long point of Cape Steinway for a handshake) as well as with Norman Carol, concertmaster, and, of course, conductor Eugene Ormandy.

The opening pair of Beethoven works (*Coriolanus* Overture and Symphony No. 1) were forceful and fastidious, but not really of the imaginative character they can possess. Ormandy's adjustment to his great ensemble is, increasingly, in terms of weight, force, exactitude, and shape, at the cost of lightness, delicacy, and relaxed enjoyment of what it is doing. When so expert an instrumentalist as Joseph de Pasquale, first violist, has to keep an eye riveted on Ormandy for fear of missing a flick of the baton, all is not for the best in Bonn.

A Cliburn-related event brought a large audience to Carnegie Hall on the following night to sample the wares of Minoru Nojima, a twenty-five-year-old Japanese whose path to Parnassus brought him to the winner's circle in the most recent Cliburn International Piano Competition by way of Moscow and studies with Lev Oborin. Nojima may or may not be the best pianist ever produced in Japan, but he is the best pianist from Japan known to me.

Indeed, he has been so well schooled that his assets go beyond the customary objective of equal agility of the hands, to complete independence of
(Continued on page 62)

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Pardon Me, Your Campus Is Burning

ONE OF THE GRIMMER ASPECTS of the present recession in Hollywood is the fact that all of the newly unemployed are rushing to their typewriters to pound out "with it" scripts about the "now" generation. The formula seems so easy: hippie types on motorcycles, a little miscegenation, a lot of cohabitation, and a clash with the fuzz for a finale. Simple as this formula may be, however, what makes it work is not the ingredients themselves, but an understanding of—and better yet some sympathy with—the attitudes and motivations of today's young people. Total recoil, the standard reaction of great sections of the geriatric set, merely firms up already dangerous prejudices and preconceptions. Too many scripts are being written now by old studio hands who know everything about the youth market, but precious little about youth.

Their chances for a quick and profitable sale may well be dimmed a bit by the appearance of *Getting Straight*, a film that not only understands what lies at the heart of student unrest today, but actually takes the kids' side in their fight against the Establishment. Based upon a novel by Ken Kolb, and directed by Richard Rush (late of American-International's motorcycle movies), it looks piercingly at college administrators and faculties who, by their intransigency, fan negotiable student demands into all-out student riots. It questions curriculums that are no longer relevant, and even presents a master's oral as the sadistic hazing such sessions so frequently are. Clearly, these men—and Robert Kaufman, who wrote the screenplay—know their way around a campus.

What is more to the point, they are also knowledgeable about student attitudes toward their teachers, Black Power, sex, and the Vietnam War. They see clearly enough that what happens on a single campus is no isolated phenomenon (and, indeed, has international ramifications). They acknowledge, which few are ready to do, that student rioting can be a form of sexual release, and that provocation of the police often is both deliberate and irrational—just as smashing university classrooms and offices is deliberate and irrational. But they make it clear that these are the desperate measures resorted to when all other forms of pro-

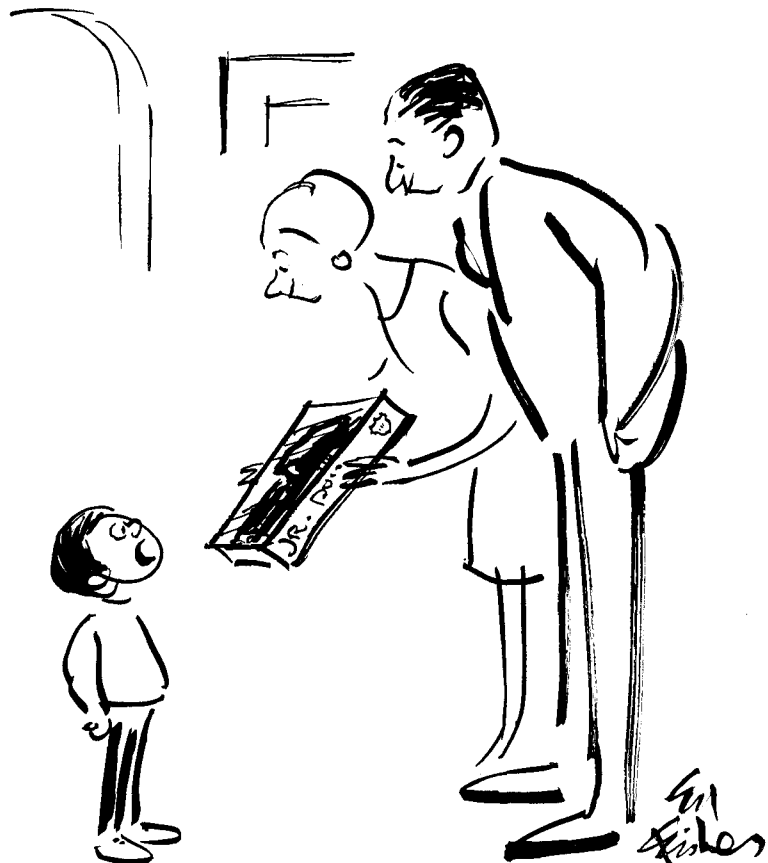
test have failed, when young people who think of themselves as adults still find themselves treated as children.

All of this is background, however, to a highly personalized—and highly amusing—story of a Vietnam veteran who returns to school because he wants to teach. Elliott Gould is probably the only young actor who could make credible this incredibly articulate young man. Even more surprising is Candice Bergen, every young teacher's dream of a teaching assistant. Wobbling between WASP security and her own indistinct understandings of right and wrong, she builds a performance of enormous persuasiveness. Even the lesser roles—Jeff Corey as a professor who plays the Establishment game, Gregory Sierra as a retarded Chicano useful in football, Max Julien as a calculating black agitator, Robert F. Lyons as the artful draft-dodger—are handled with consummate skill and conviction. These performances are, of course, a tribute to the director; but so is his staging of the film's finale: a master's oral examination, while National Guardsmen walk on patrol just beyond a picture window. Actually, the

only old-fashioned thing about the entire film is the Columbia lady holding high her torch just before the main titles begin.

There is a similar sense of newness about *The Forbin Project*, although it is obviously a lower-case entry from Universal. There are no stars. The shooting schedule must have been minimal, the promotion budget nil. But the James Bridges screenplay, derived from a novel by D. F. Jones, works from a striking central idea: An American computer, sealed off from any contact with humans, joins forces with a Russian computer, similarly insulated, to bring peace to our world. The irony is that both have been fed the same information, that nuclear retaliation is the only way to insure that peace. The frantic attempts of scientist Eric Braeden, with technical assistance from Susan Clark, to reverse the pattern form the center of this intriguing film. To the studio's credit, the final outcome is left hanging.

And from Italy comes another kind of anti-Establishment film, a comedy by Pietro Germi titled *Serafino*. The protest is not loud; in other times it might have gone completely unnoticed. But beneath this antic story of an Army reject who ardently woos the local chicks is precisely the same contumacious outlook that shapes Elliott Gould's performance in the equally serio-comedic *Getting Straight*.



"A policeman's suit! You want me to get creamed?"