AMERICA 348

ILLUSTRATED

Story No. 34-84

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NEWSWEEKLIES

By Edwin Diamond

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/EDITOR'S NOTE/

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/END EDITOR'S NOTE/

In the space of a few months in 1983, each of America's three leading weekly news magazines marked its anniversary with special issues and celebrations. Time, the oldest of the three, said happy 60th birthday to itself with an anniversary issue chronicling "The Most Amazing 60 Years in History" -- reprinted articles from Time's pages since 1923 -- while Newsweek's 50th-anniversary issue traced the changing lives of five American families over the last half-century and U.S. News & World Report's special 50th-year issue offered "What the Next Fifty Years Will Bring."

The similar celebrations seemed to underline a truism about the newsweeklies -- outwardly similar in age and appearance, they even think somewhat alike when it comes to birthdays. But anyone who really believes that the three newsweeklies are look-alikes and read-alikes has been deceived by surface matters. The differences among Time, Newsweek, and U.S. News & World Report are sharp, and these distinguishing features -- as well as their undeniable shared qualities -- can tell us something

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about American society, American magazines, and the future direction of our information era.

The most striking fact about the three newsweeklies is that there are three, and each in good health. Time has a domestic circulation of 4.5 million; Newsweek sells about 3 million copies weekly, and U.S. News 2.1 million. In addition both Time and Newsweek have robust overseas editions, with Time selling some 980,000 copies in four different editions (Atlantic, Latin America, Canada, and Asia/South Pacific) and Newsweek 578,000 in three editions (Atlantic, Pacific, and Latin America). U.S. News has no special overseas edition but sells about 100,000 of its regular edition abroad. Various marketing studies suggest that as many as four or five persons, so-called pass-along readers, see each copy of the magazines; thus the three news weeklies may reach as many as 50 million readers each week (there is an overlap of joint readers of about 10 percent). Moreover, after a period of somewhat stagnant circulations in the 1970s, the number of readers for each of the magazines has increased gradually over the last few years.

What makes these circulation figures impressive is that this audience growth has been accomplished in the face of increasing competition for consumers' attention from television, newspapers, and other magazines. Early in 1984, the Television Advertising Bureau reported that television viewing in the average American household surpassed seven hours a day for the

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first time. This means that the average household set is on seven hours, though individual household members may spend on the average no more than two or two and one-half hours each day actually watching. Not only is there more TV watching, but there is more news and informational programming on TV to watch, with two or three hours of daily programming that offers information similar to what the news magazines offer. In the past ten years, the quality and reach of the national newspapers -- the New York Times and the Wall Street Journal -- have increased, and excellent city and regional newspapers, such as the Washington Post and the Los Angeles Times, have flourished, often by concentrating on timely delivery of the same serious national and international news that is being repackaged by the newsweeklies days later. At the same time, too, special-interest consumer magazines have grown and improved -- and jostled for the patronage of the newsweeklies' readers, and the advertisers who want to reach them. /(Indeed, some of these magazines have achieved success by taking one of the departmental features of the news magazines -- for example, personalities, sports, or business -- and making it the organizing principle for an entire magazine. People magazine, to take the most spectacular success, was cloned from Time magazine's "People" department. To confound the situation for the newsweeklies still more, the proprietors of a new national daily called USA Today claim a readership of well over one

million daily. Although USA Today has the look of a newspaper, its marketing plan quite obviously aims at the people who read the newsweeklies. USA Today, for example, takes a clearly defined departmental approach to the news, makes ample use of color graphics, and runs scores of tightly edited stories (USA Today even refers to its longer efforts, in news weekly style, as "cover stories").)/

The ability of the three newsweeklies to survive -- much less prevail -- when so many other news outlets can offer news and information with more immediacy or in greater detail is testimony to the basic soundness -- still, after 60 years -- of the underlying news weekly organizing principle. It is also testimony to both the size and the interests of what might be called the mass audience for public news in America. Specifically, the three news magazines prosper -- as do their quality competitors -- in part because of what I call "the more the more phenomenon."

First, it is a commonplace to observe that the world is a more interrelated place these days -- more of us have more concerns and more interests -- politically, economically, socially -- in every region of the globe. Not only is there more important news, in this sense, available for us today, but this means it comes at us faster -- from Lebanon, from Central America, from Japan, even from outer space. The more we are involved, the more we need to know. Television and radio can

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give us the first barebones information; newspapers can flesh out the story and provide the beginnings of analysis. Later, the specialized magazines -- and, still later, the academic studies and books -- can tell the story in the round, filtering out the transient from the permanent. Among these forms falls the news weekly technique, not too close to events to be swamped with the particulars, not so remote from these same events to lose a sense of immediacy. The newsweeklies can be the first synthesizers and clarifiers of events. Precisely because there is more news flying in from more directions -- one day's action in Beirut, the next day's reaction in Washington or Damascus or Moscow, and then still more action-reaction -- the news magazines' weekly frequency as well as their narrative style of weaving materials together, appeals to busy people already familiar with the hard news outlines of the story. The more they know, the more they may feel they need to know more. Despite the ready availability of instant or daily news sources, a serious American readership is willing to sit down once a week and give its time to a review and reordering of events, just as the founding editors of Time predicted more than 60 years ago.

But the news weekly form, it is clear, has not been set in concrete, at Time or at the other two magazines. Quite the opposite: the newsweeklies have had to evolve and change to keep up with the growing audience for news and information -- the second half of "the more the more" phenomenon.

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No discussion of the newsweeklies can ignore the audience for news, for the real foundation of the American magazine business at any given time is as much societal as editorial. About a decade and a half ago, American society passed a major social threshold: the arrival of a college-equivalent readership; that is, more than half of the U.S. adult population could claim at least one year of college education (for comparison, when the three news magazines were in their infancy in the 1930s, the adult population on average had a grade school-equivalency, moving toward high school-equivalency). With half the adults now college-equivalent, the magazine business in general has a broader audience of fairly intelligent "information users" to whom to direct editorial appeals. For Time, Newsweek, and U.S. News in particular this means a target audience of perhaps 60 to 75 million potential readers, rather than a fight for one tight corner of the marketplace. To reach this 1980s broad audience, the newsweeklies have had to stretch their original formats and their editorial visions. Among these changes have been longer stories, special reports, essays and personal viewpoints, and more analytical journalism.

If magazine publishing were solely a matter of finding the advertising audience and playing to it, the tasks of marketing could be fed into a computer; editing could be put on automatic pilot; magazines would not rise and fall and fade. But the fact that magazines do have life cycles -- as shown by deaths of

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behemoth general interest magazines such as the weekly Life (now resurrected as a monthly), Collier's, and the old Saturday Evening Post --shows that magazine publishing is still an imperfect art, not a science. The educated audience (and its advertisers) exists; the demand for news and information continues to grow, and so do the number of suppliers of this commodity.

Precisely because there are no journalistic safe niches, however, just how the three newsweeklies are dealing with these facts of media life is determining their present course and future existence. At this moment Time, Newsweek, and U.S. News each has chosen different responses to the challenges of intelligent audience and expanding information.

Time

When Henry Luce and Briton Haddon started Time in 1923 their ideal was brevity -- no story would be more than seven inches /17 cm/ deep on a page, the whole magazine snappy enough so that the prototypical reader, a suburban New York stockbroker, could read Time's reviews of the week's news on his rail commuter's ride to or from work. Time was, and still is, mildly establishment and internationalist. It also has been Eastern Seaboard Republican, though it began modifying its more blatant politicking in the 1960s, pressed by the increasingly sophisticated -- and pluralistic -- mass audience and by the

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rising journalistic standards of its competitors. Democratic President John F. Kennedy, in a birthday greeting to Time on the occasion of its 40th anniversary, said he was detecting in the magazine "an occasional hint of fallibility." Recalling that jab recently, Henry A. Grunwald, Time's present editor in chief, acknowledged the magazine's image of somewhat righteous tablet-giver but nonetheless added: "Time knows what it knows. We are still in the business of judgments and we still do not claim objectivity, which from the start we considered impossible and undesirable." Instead, Grunwald argued, Time aims for "fairness and balance."

A fair reading of the magazine by and large confirms this. Time still can act with a touch of arrogance -- annually it proclaims Time's man of the year -- and the idea of repeating its own words in the 60th anniversary issue reflects its self-regard. But the magazine has been exceptionally crisp and useful under the current editorship of Ray Cave, who has been meeting the challenges of competition by taking the magazine back to a degree to the original idea. Today's Time has more compact stories and a harder news edge but without the obvious ideology and affectations of the older "Time-style." Now Time is at once news oriented yet with space for graceful writing from its stable of essayists. Time, too, has the most handsome graphics of the three newsweeklies; its design helps achieve a look of unhurried elegance even in pages written and edited just

hours before satellite transmission to printing plants around the world. Above all, Time has not stood still.

Newsweek

When the infant magazine that grew to be the mature current Newsweek came along in 1933, its owners wanted to boost support for their Democratic friend, Franklin Roosevelt, newly installed in the White House. For the first half of its life, in fact, Newsweek defined itself as a younger, poorer relative to Time. Newsweek imitated Time's departmental organization and review-synthesis approach but in a paler, less stylized, more conservative way. If Time's readers were upscale suburban, Newsweek's were more likely to be middle-class small town.

All of that changed in the 1960s, when Philip Graham and the Washington Post company bought Newsweek and transformed it with an infusion of money (a 50 percent increase in editorial budgets), leadership, and a greater attention to reporting and news gathering, including the opening of new news bureaus around the world. Newsweek became known as a reporter's magazine -- the anniversary issue, with its close-in look at five American families told in rich narrative style, is emblematic of the magazine's more recent orientation. The 1960s especially was a period of great growth for Newsweek, and its editorial attention to black America, to the Vietnam war, and to the energies loosened by the social and cultural explosions of the decade

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brought it both editorial awards and profits -- and a rough parity with Time, if not in circulation and revenues then certainly in prestige. No head of state -- or business executive or Hollywood superstar -- is now likely to give Time's reporters more access, or better stories, than their Newsweek counterparts. Today too, Newsweek's readers are hardly different in income or education from Time's. Still, Newsweek's proprietors have been uncomfortable in the shadow cast by Time's authority, and there have been periodic attempts to redefine Newsweek's identity and move a bit away from the archetypal organizing format.

U.S. News & World Report

Because U.S. News stands apart from Time and Newsweek in so many ways, many people don't even classify it with them in comparative accounts. For one thing, U.S. News is published in Washington, where it was started by a group led by the conservative journalist David Lawrence. Through its history, the magazine has reflected a strong business and politics orientation. There are no "back of the book" departments for coverage of culture, the arts, sciences, and education that is so important in Time and Newsweek. U.S. News sees itself as the "no frills" publication. It concentrates on national affairs and "service information" -- and in some ways is closer to a

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business news weekly like Business Week than it is to Time and Newsweek.

Editorially, too, U.S. News doesn't worry about remaking its pages for late-breaking hard news developments. Its normal closing time is on Fridays, while Newsweek and Time have the ability to change copy or drop in new stories as late as Sunday afternoons. Having consciously removed itself from that head-to-head competition, U.S. News now occupies a position as the "alternative" news weekly. Its style too is more cautious than the other two and its interests more conservative -- journalistically as well as politically -- and this gives it a certain appeal to a somewhat different segment of the overall mass information audience. U.S. News readers are more likely to be older than the readers of the other two newsweeklies, and they tend to concentrate in the South and the Sunbelt states, rather than in the East and North.

For now, all three newsweeklies have successfully ridden out the 1970s challenges from omnipresent television, improved newspapers, and specialized magazines. But each year the news weeklies, with their large circulations, must go out and win audience patronage anew. In the 1980s, also, new claimants for the time and energies of the information audience have appeared. The owners of home and personal computers, to take the most dramatic example, are coming from the same ranks of news consumers. When microprocessors are common in homes -- there

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are an estimated 2 million now -- and are used an hour or two a day, then it is proper to ask what activity that time will come out of: Newspaper reading? Television viewing? Magazine reading? More directly, the national papers are aggressively expanding their reach; recently the Washington Post started an impressive weekly version, a publication that eventually could compete with its sister publication, Newsweek.

Prophecy is difficult, the Chinese proverb says, especially about the future. Still, I would guess that not all three magazines will be around in their present form when the next news weekly birthday celebration is held.

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AMERICA 348

ILLUSTRATED

Story No. 34-84

10/30/84 (DB/db)

Newsweeklies

CAPTIONS A-P

People and issues on the covers of Time, Newsweek, and U.S. News & World Report over the years: January 2, 1928 -- aviator Charles Lindbergh (Time); March 31, 1930 -- pacifist-statesman Mahatma Gandhi; August 3, 1931 -- author Willa Cather; April 4, 1938 -- scientist Albert Einstein (Newsweek); January 5, 1940 -- election year preview (The United States News, later renamed U.S. News & World Report); September 30, 1940 -- "Call to Arms"; December 14, 1942 -- General Zhukov; May 7, 1945 -- the end of Adolf Hitler; July 12, 1948 -- Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia; February 21, 1949 -- jazzman Louis Armstrong; January 23, 1950 -- "New Ways to Save Babies' Lives"; July 9, 1951 -- author and cartoonist James Thurber; March 14, 1952 -- Senator Robert Taft of Ohio; November 2, 1953 -- "Collegians of '53: There's a Difference"; August 2, 1954 -- the "do-it-yourself" boom; November 22, 1954 -- Ho Chi-Minh of Indochina.

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INSERT A

January 2, 1928

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March 31, 1930

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August 3, 1931

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April 4, 1938

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January 5, 1940

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September 30, 1940

INSERT G

December 14, 1942

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May 7, 1945

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INSERT I

July 12, 1948

INSERT J

February 21, 1949

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January 23, 1950

INSERT L

July 9, 1951

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March 14, 1952

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November 2, 1953

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August 2, 1954

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November 22, 1954

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CAPTIONS Q-FF

April 18, 1955 -- filmmaker-animator Walt Disney; July 23, 1956 -- politician-diplomat Averell Harriman; April 12, 1957 -- the problem of "Overcrowded Skies"; May 3, 1957 -- "Modern Republican, Modern Democrat"; January 4, 1960 -- President Eisenhower; November 7, 1960 -- election: Kennedy vs. Nixon; November 6, 1961 -- the U.S. economy: "Profit Boom Ahead"; January 4, 1963 -- Pope John XXIII; January 3, 1964 -- the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr.; July 17, 1964 -- author William Faulkner; January 4, 1965 -- painter Willem de Kooning: "Art in New York"; June 10, 1966 -- baseball player Juan Marichal; July 25, 1969 -- "Man on the Moon"; April 17, 1972 -- "Leisure Boom" in America; February 12, 1973 -- "Inside Pop Records"; January 6, 1975 -- "Wildlife in Danger."

INSERT Q

April 18, 1955

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July 23, 1956

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April 12, 1957

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INSERT T

May 3, 1957

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January 4, 1960

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November 7, 1960

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November 6, 1961

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January 4, 1963

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January 3, 1964

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July 17, 1964

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January 4, 1965

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INSERT BB

June 10, 1966

INSERT CC

July 25, 1969

INSERT DD

April 17, 1972

INSERT EE

February 12, 1973

INSERT FF

January 6, 1975

CAPTIONS GG-NN

February 3, 1975 -- Premier Chou En-lai; March 17, 1975 -- singer-actress Cher; July 14, 1975 -- "Bicentennial Summer"; July 21, 1975 -- Apollo-Soyuz: "The Link-Up"; January 22, 1979 -- Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev; April 9, 1979 -- "Energy"; July 9, 1979 -- "America: Still the Promised Land"; March 26, 1984 -- the bad news about "Cholesterol."

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February 3, 1975

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INSERT HH

July 14, 1975

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March 17, 1975

INSERT JJ

July 21, 1975

INSERT KK

January 22, 1979

INSERT LL

April 9, 1979

INSERT MM

January 2, 1984

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March 26, 1984

Continued on p. 40

Continued from p. 28

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CAPTIONS OO, PP, & QQ

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AMERICA 348

ILLUSTRATED

Story No. 173-84

10/30/84 (WAS/was)

Aspen Festival

MUSIC IN THE MOUNTAINS

Photographs by Bob Krueger

High in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado lies the town of Aspen, a popular year-round resort. In winter, snowy slopes draw thousands of skiers. In summer, other thousands attend the Aspen Music Festival, one of the premier events of its kind in America. The nine-week festival, inaugurated in 1950, runs concurrently with the Aspen Music School. Professional artists who make up the faculty teach the students and often perform with them in public concerts by the Aspen Festival Orchestra and other groups. Performances are given primarily in an amphitheater called the Music Tent and in the restored Wheeler Opera House.

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A UNIQUE MUSICAL TESTING GROUND AND LEARNING EXPERIENCE

The special appeal of the Aspen Music Festival is best put perhaps by a former student, who says: "It is a testing ground for us, one where we can experience a total immersion in music. We come for that, and to play, not only under, but with some of the finest professional artists anywhere." More than 1,000 students attended the Aspen Music School in 1984; they studied voice, instruments, composition, conducting, and other subjects and participated in numerous festival concerts.

CAPTION A

No caption

CAPTIONS B & E

Facing page, bass violist practices in arboreal solitude.
Above, students perform in Aspen shopping mall.

CAPTION C

Alone in Music Tent, student studies a score.

CAPTION D

Advanced students give recital in Wheeler Opera House.

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CAPTIONS F & G

Above, concert violinist Cho-Liang Lin, a former Aspen student, and conductor David Zinman rehearse Sibelius's Violin Concerto. Left, Aspen, Colorado, Festival Orchestra, chorale, chorus, and four professional soloists present Verdi's Requiem in Music Tent.

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AMERICA 348

ILLUSTRATED

Story No. 64-84

7/12/84 (DB/db)

THE NEW LOOK IN HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

One of the great success stories in American industry today, for manufacturers and consumers alike, is that of major household appliances: refrigerators and freezers, ranges and ovens, microwave ovens, dishwashers, garbage disposers, clothes washers and dryers, and room air conditioners. Sales are approaching a record high, and the appliances are more sophisticated, efficient, and in real terms much cheaper than ever before.

The appliance industry has long been one of America's most efficient and productive industries, and it has just completed a cycle of retooling and renovation with heavy emphasis on new technology, such as computers and robots, which has both lowered the production costs of appliances and improved their quality.

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The Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers in Chicago, Illinois, predicts sales of Nearly 37 million appliances in 1985, the most since 1973. One impetus behind this surge is the recent upswing in new house construction; another is the fact that the 300 million appliances produced in the 1960s and early '70s are beginning to wear out and be replaced.

Several trends in contemporary appliance design should be noted. The first is capacity and size. Through technology and improved insulation, manufacturers are increasing inside capacity in appliances without adding to outside dimensions -- which most conform to existing spaces in houses.

Another important recent trend is energy efficiency. In the past decade, refrigerators have improved in efficiency nearly 60 percent, clothes washers 52 percent, dishwashers 45 percent, and room air conditioners 19 percent.

Increased use of solid-state electronics -- the ubiquitous microprocessor chip -- has made possible more precise controls for temperature, timing, and other functions, as well as easier and faster servicing when repairs must be made.

Finally, and of special importance, major appliances are cheaper in real terms -- the number of hours' work needed to buy them -- than ever before. In 1959, the average American had to work 128 hours to buy a $280 clothes washer. Now that washing machine costs $450, but at the national average wage of $8.53 (1983), it takes just 53 hours' labor to buy it. Most

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appliances now cost only 40 percent, in labor hours, of what they cost 25 years ago.

Ranges: Ranges generally cost between $200 and $800, with an average of $460. Commonly found features are automatic self-cleaning of ovens, precision electronic controls, electronic ignition on gas models, and warming drawers.

Microwave Ovens: This newest addition to the modern kitchen is in about 35 percent of American homes, and the number is growing rapidly. Prices range between $200 and $650, with an average of $400. Frequently found features are all-electronic controls with cooking by time or temperature, automatic defrost, humidity sensors that automatically determine power level and cooking time, and countertop or in-wall installation.

Laundry Equipment: About 70 percent of American homes have washing machines; more than 60 percent have dryers. Washers range between $300 and $575, with an average of $450. Electric dryers cost from $250 to $425, with an average of $350 (gas dryers run about $30 more). Washer features include a variety of wash cycles and water combinations for different fabrics, and automatic dispensers for detergent, bleach, and fabric softener. Dryers have varying temperatures for different fabrics and humidity sensors to turn off machine when clothes are dry.

Dishwashers: About 40 percent of American kitchens have automatic dishwashers, which range in price from $250 to $575,

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with an average of $400. Today's dishwashers use less hot water per cycle than earlier models, yet still clean as well, through improved water movement and spray arms. Improved filters trap the smallest food particles, and some models even have a built-in disposer that virtually eliminates the need for prerinsing.

Garbage Disposers: Today's garbage disposers have 1/2-horsepower motors that can handle just about any type of food and sound-deadening shells that keep the grinding quiet. They range from $50 to $300, with an average of $110.

Air Conditioners: Air conditioners range in size from small units designed to cool a room of 10 square meters to large units that can cool 200 square meters. The average room air conditioner sold in the United States can cool a room of 55 square meters and costs $440. Most are designed to be inserted in windows, but permanently installed through-the-wall models are also popular.

Refrigerators and Freezers: More than one-third of American homes have separate freezers in addition to family refrigerators. Refrigerators run from $400 to $1,600, with an average of $690 for 575 liters of storage capacity. Freezers cost an average $490 and have an average storage capacity of 720 liters. Frequently found features on refrigerators are ice cube and water dispensers and special compartments for different foods.

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CAPTIONS A, B, C, D, E, F, & G

1. Electric cooktop by Thermador (825) is designed for countertop mounting. Grill is quickly interchangeable with nonstick griddle for frying. Vent system in back panel exhausts smoke and cooking odors to outside of house; panel lowers out of sight when not in use.

2. Matching washer and dryer are made by Kenmore, a brand sold exclusively through the nationwide Sears, Roebuck and Co. department store chain. Washer ($320) has capacity of 50 liters, 3 different wash cycles. Electric dryer ($260) has 5,400-watt heating element, dryness sensor for automatic shut-off.

3. Waste King dishwasher ($640) uses steam and water jets for complete cleaning. All interior parts are made of stainless steel. Machine automatically dispenses a solution that speeds drying and decreases water spotting.

4. Microwave oven from Kenmore ($400) has capacity of 40 liters, solid-state controls, variable power settings, temperature probe.

5. Refrigerator/freezer by General Electric is that company's biggest, most feature-laden model ($1,475). Open right door shows 422-liter refrigerator section; behind left door, with ice and water dispenser, is 243-liter freezer section. Both sections have variety of special compartments and adjustable shelves. Dispenser in door (pictures at right are of

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similar General Electric refrigerator) provides ice cubes, crushed ice, and water.

INSERTS A, B, C, D, & E

1 2 3 4 5

CAPTION H

The most powerful garbage disposer made by Waste King ($250) has a 3/4-horsepower motor (most disposers have 1/2-hp motors). Jam-resistant impeller (1) swivels out of way when it encounters a hard object. Grind ring (2) is made of hardened cast iron, can grind even bones and fruit pits. Celery and other stringy foods are handles by undercutter blade (3) made of stainless steel. Noise reduction features include full insulation (the yellow material in the picture) and a heavy rubber mounting collar (4).

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AMERICA 348

ILLUSTRATED

Story No. 175-84

11/29/94 (LT/lt)

METRO STATION ART

Photographs by Maxwell Mackenzie

The new mass transit system in Baltimore, Maryland, displays contemporary works of art in eight of its stations. A fine arts panel commissioned the works from four local and four out-of-town artists, using $600,000 of the federal and state funds provided for the system's initial eight-mile /13-km/ leg. Among the artworks is Romare Bearden's 15' x 40' (4.6 x 12.2-m) mural " Baltimore Uproar," which portrays the strong tradition of jazz music associated with the neighborhood surrounding the Upton station (see next page).

Since 1972, when San Francisco, California, opened its mass transit system, six other cities have launched systems of their own, and thirteen more are under consideration. Focus on public transportation rather than on private automobiles reflects the conviction that "mass transit can reduce congestion in traffic-choked downtowns, spark commercial growth, and control

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pollution," according to Time magazine. Some of these cities are, like Baltimore, adding contemporary art to their new stations. The Buffalo, New York, Transportation Authority, for example, recently spent $1,000,000 on art commissions.

"The art-in-the-station program has improved the visual environments of our stations," says Baltimore's mass transit administrator David A. Wagner, "while providing the opportunity for a number of artists to get broad exposure through a major public art project." Some of the Baltimore works are shown here and on the following pages.

CAPTIONS A & B

Below, abstract sandstone sculpture by Jim Sanborn, West Cold Spring station. Bottom, Paul Daniel's painted aluminum and stainless steel mobile, State Center station.

CAPTIONS C & D

Top, Romare Bearden's glass and ceramic mosaic, Upton station, Baltimore mass transit system. Above, Patricia Alexander's ceramic tiles, Lexington Market station.

CAPTION E

Backlit photographic montage by R. Thomas Gregory, Mondawmin station.

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TEXT AVAILABLE FOR USIA/USIS USE.

AMERICA 348

ILLUSTRATED

Story No. 102-85

5/13/85 (LT/lt)

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE'S VISION

Margaret Bourke-White was a pioneer of American photojournalism who from the 1930s through the 1950s traveled around the world photographing the events and personalities of her times. "Photography is a splendid, forceful medium in its own right," she once wrote, "capable of fulfilling a unique place which no other art has yet fulfilled."

Bourke-White was born in New York City in 1906. She graduated from Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, in 1927 and moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where she sought to capture the power and beauty of the Industrial Age through photographs of its smokestacks, steel mill ovens, and railroads. Henry Luce, publisher of Time magazine, admired her work and assigned her to illustrate stories for Fortune, the business magazine that he founded in 1929. Assignments for Fortune took her to aluminum, paper, petroleum, and pharmaceutical factories.

At the same time, Bourke-White developed an interest in the Soviet Union. Independent of her work for Fortune, she spent

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the summers of 1930, 1931, and 1932 as a guest of the Soviet government, documenting progress of the first Five-Year Plan. The first summer she took 800 photographs during a 5,000-mile /8,000-km/ journey to new Soviet factories, day care centers, dams, and other aspects of the industrial era. The next two summers she photographed other facets of Soviet life including the Moscow Ballet School, factory nurseries for working mothers, and the new steel-making center of Magnitogorsk in the Urals. She lectured in the United States about her experiences in the Soviet Union, wrote three picture-and-text books on the new nation, and illustrated a New York Times magazine article that was based on her experiences there.

In 1934, Fortune sent her to the drought-stricken southwestern United States. Her poignant photographs of the devastated land and the impoverished people helped alert the nation to the plight of the region. In 1936 she became one of the initial photographers at Life, another new Luce publication, and produced for the first issue a cover story of the Fort Peck Dam on the Missouri River in Montana. She traveled in 1938 to Czechoslovakia to photograph the conflict in the Sudetenland and later photographed aspects of World War II for Life. In 1941 she again visited the Soviet Union, and witnessed the first German air raid on Moscow. In 1942 she became the first woman accredited as a war correspondent to the United States Army.

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Later, Life sent her on assignments to India, where she recorded that country's struggle for independence, and to South Africa, Korea, and Japan. Parkinson's disease forced her to give up her career in photojournalism in the late 1950s. She died in 1971.

"We were no-nonsense people, part of an elite group, pioneers of photojournalism," fellow Life photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt said of Bourke-White. "Maggie's contributions to photojournalism are considerable. But her dedication and determination to show the world as it is are the qualities by which I remember her most and because of which I can truly say that Margaret Bourke-White was a remarkable person."

The U.S. Embassy in Moscow sponsored an exhibit of her photographs at Spaso House, residence of the American ambassador, last December. The photographs on these pages are a sample of the 15,000 that she produced during her remarkable career.

CAPTIONS A & B

Top, Margaret Bourke-White photographs from a gargoyle outside her studio in the Chrysler Building high above New York City, 1930. Above, 1932 in the Soviet Union, during one of her trips to photograph industrial development.

(more)

CAPTIONS C, D, E, & F

Left, South African miners, 1950. Above, International Harvester Company, USA, 1933. Right, prisoners at Buchenwald, Germany, 1945. Below, night bombing of the Kremlin during the first air raid of World War II on Moscow, 1941.

CAPTIONS G, H, & I

Left, Fort Peck Dam on the Missouri River, Montana, 1936. Right, sailboats cruise San Francisco Bay, 1951. Below, Sikhs migrate to Hindu section of Punjab after division of India, 1947.

CAPTIONS J, K, L, & M

Above, farmer plowing in Iron Mountain, Tennessee, 1936. Left, nursery in auto plant, Moscow, 1931. Below, women in Magnetnaya, USSR, 1931. Right, worker and generator shell, Magnitogorsk, USSR, 1931.

CAPTION N

Venerable citizen of Locket, Georgia, 1936.

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TEXT AVAILABLE FOR USIA/USIS USE.

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AMERICA 348

ILLUSTRATED

Story No. 118-84

3/6/84 (SGS/sgs)

Text: 12,250 w/options

11,900 w/o options

Poems 8,820 w/options

7,170 w/o options

AMY CLAMPITT -- NEW AMERICAN POET

By Stephen Sinclair

(more)

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken

-- John Keats, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" (1816)

A ripple of events usually heralds the arrival of a new poet on the American literary scene. A creative writing teacher at a university realizes that one of his students has a gift and recommends that a local magazine consider publishing a poem or two. Readers of this local magazine -- including editors of other small magazines -- notice. The poems start appearing here and there, and maybe a small -- that is, nonprofit -- press publishes a modest collection. Word of the emerging talent starts circulating among literary groups, and eventually it gets to the poetry editor at one of the larger magazines and then to a commercial book publisher. If the poet is truly exceptional his commercial publications receive notices in the back pages of major book reviews. Gradually, over a period of years, a good poet's reputation develops from these ripples into a small wave.

The arrival of Amy Clampitt /trans: repeat in English/ has more closely resembled a typhoon. Anthony Hecht, the Library of Congress's Consultant in Poetry for 1983-84, cites Keats's lines on Chapman's Homer (above) to describe the surprise and pleasure he felt when he first read her poems. Frederick Turner, editor of the prestigious literary magazine, The Kenyon Review, says

(more)

that with The Kingfisher /trans: repeat in English/, her first full-length collection of poems, "Amy Clampitt steps at once into the company of the major twentieth-century American poets. She is quite at home among them: with /Robert/ Lowell, /John Crowe/ Ransom, /Robert Penn/ Warren, /Sylvia/ Plath, /Elizabeth/ Bishop, /Wallace/ Stevens." As a debut, The Kingfisher certainly is an astonishing book. Not only are there far more poems -- 50 -- than in the typical first collection by an American poet, but the poems reflect such profound experience and learning, exhibit such lyrical accomplishment, and reveal such easy familiarity with the history of English poetry, that the reader cannot believe they represent the work of a callow newcomer.

And in fact Amy Clampitt is not a typical young poet. Born upward of fifty years ago, she has pent up her poetic imagination until relatively recently -- when it started streaming out in powerful torrents. Of her native Iowa, for example, she writes,

Who could
have learned fine manners where the air,
that rude nomad, still domineered,
without a shape it chose to keep,
oblivious of section lines, in winter
whisking its wolfish spittle to a froth

(more)

that turned whole tonwships into
one white wallow?...
Against
the involuted tantrums of spring and summer --
sackfuls of ire, the frightful udder
of the dropped mammocumulus
become all mouth, a lamprey
swigging up whole farmsteads, suction
dislodging treetrunks like a rotten tooth --
luck and a cellarhole were all
a prairie dweller had to count on....
("The Woodlot")

This energetic description is the product of an energetic memory. Clampitt left Iowa after graduating from Grinnell College near Des Moines. She went to New York City to do graduate work at Columbia University, but decided she did not aspire to a teaching career and that it was therefore futile to earn a master's degree. Instead, she settled into a career in New York as a free-lance editor.

"I found that I was good at copy editing," she says. "I was severe, but writers who liked it were very grateful. I also learned quite a bit about writing -- even writing poetry -- from working on other people's manuscripts. You have to pay attention to precision, you have to be patient, you can't be

(more)

hurried. You get used to handling syntax and doing things over and over to get them right. I find now that I don't at all mind revising poems; it seems part of the process of writing. Often the first version of a poem is more like an artist's sketch than a first draft. There are places in it that I know aren't right, but I just want to get to the end and see the shape it is going to take. Then I can go back and get it just right."

For many years, however, Clampitt wrote poetry only occasionally. She thought of herself as a fiction writer, completed three novels that remain unpublished, and only late in the 1960s started turning out poems with some regularity. "I felt out of touch with what was happening in poetry, though," she explains. "I was older than most of the poets whose works were appearing in the literary journals. They were writing in a very minimal style, and I had grown up with Keats and /seventeenth-century English poet John/ Milton echoing in my ears. I couldn't get with the current manner and thought I was just old-fashioned and not very original."

That no magazine saw fit to publish her poetry for nearly a decade only aggravated Clampitt's uncertainty. /("These magazines get thousands of poems a week," she says now. "And first readers just get numb from screening so much work. I think what they end up choosing are the best of what's expected. When something came along with a ghost of meter and lots of

decoration, something not at all spare and minimal, they were just baffled.")/

Finally, in 1978, The New Yorker, America's best-paying and most popular literary magazine, unexpectedly decided to publish "Sun Underfoot Among the Sundews" -- a lyric that describes walking in a bog full of insectivorous plants -- and, as Clampitt puts it, she was on her way. Other magazines (both big, like The Atlantic Monthly, and little, like The Kenyon Review) took notice and started publishing her poems. Alfred A. Knopf, a New York publishing house, published The Kingfisher in early 1983.

"I was content with the idea that the poems would be in print, published by a commercial publisher, and that maybe some people would read them and like them," Clampitt maintains. "I was not prepared to have the book reviewed as widely as it was or to have it reprinted, as it was." The critical reception was ecstatic. The New York Review of Books carried a long and admiring review by distinguished critic Helen Vendler. The San Francisco Chronicle and Poetry magazine echoed Vendler's praise. The Kingfisher was nominated for the National Book Critics' Circle Award. In England's Times Literary Supplement poet William Logan declared, "Amy Clampitt is the most refreshing new American poet to appear in many years; indeed, she is one of the few poets of major ambition and major talent now writing in America.... There has never been anyone quite like her." And

(more)

in 1984 Clampitt won the Award in Literature of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

Most of the critics have chiefly appreciated Clampitt's descriptive power -- the power so much in evidence in poems like "The Woodlot" and "Among the Sundews" and "Fog," which begins,

A vagueness comes over everything,
as though proving colour and contour
alike dispensable: the lighthouse
extinct, the islands' spruce-tips
drunk up like milk in the
universal emulsion; houses
reverting into the lost
and forgotten; granite
subsumed, a rumor
in a mumble of ocean.

She likes to think of herself as a "poet of the landscape," however. "I like to go places," she says, "see different places, and get down what it is -- the details -- that identify a place." She attributes her fascination with place to growing up in the Midwest -- a part of America, she says, "where there is not much in the way of tradition, history, or scenery. It makes it difficult to define where one comes from, especially for someone who wants to put everything into words." Much of

(more)

her poetry does hark back to the Iowa of her childhood, but a distinguishing feature of her poetry is the way in which a meditation on setting raises very complex ideas. Even a seemingly straightforward descriptive poem like "Among the Sundews," which is set in Maine, explicitly ponders the question of evolution vs. creation.

"Imago," for example, had its origin, Clampitt reports, in aspects of the Midwest that relate to the sea: poet Charles Olson's observation that it is the "fulcrum of America, half sea, half land," the often noticed resemblance of grain waving on the plains to waves on the sea, the geological revelation that the Midwest probably was once a seabed, serene and undisturbed unlike the mountainous regions that border it. The central character in "Imago" is therefore -- figuratively, at least -- a mermaid, a sea creature trapped in this pseudo-sea, wondering whether she will ever escape.

Clampitt's poetry gains added richness from her learning -- and her willingness to use it. The meaning of the luna moth at the conclusion of "Imago" depends on two scientific facts: that the female of the species emits fragrant molecules called "pheromones" that attract the male, and that the vivid markings on the moth's wings mimic the "predatory stare out of the burrow" of a mammal and therefore frighten off birds, the moth's natural enemies.

(more)

In "Beethoven, Opus 111," Clampitt draws on her obsession with Beethoven's last piano work and her knowledge of his life to suggest the power of art to redeem suffering -- specifically, her own father's suffering and death. "Sunday Music" cleverly mimes the Baroque fugue as it comments on the history of music, but its real subject, according to Clampitt, is poetry. "It's a lament by one who wants to go back to the old sounds of poetry but is told that now is the time for /electronic gibberish:/ `droids' twitter' and `disconnect,'" she says.

Like most of history's serious poets, Clampitt readily acknowledges -- and writes about -- earlier poets who shape her work. The epigraph to her book is a line by 19th-century British poet Gerard Manley Hopkins: "As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame...." She weaves lines from the English Romantic Percy Bysshe Shelley, who was outspoken in his radical political sympathies, into "The Dahlia Gardens," a poem that commemorates a man who immolated himself in front of the Pentagon to protest the war in Vietnam. She immediately mentions modern American poets Marianne Moore and Elizabeth Bishop when asked about influences. To Bishop she is particularly grateful for demonstrating that one can "achieve a conversational style while preserving a Keatsian luxury of language."

Keats obviously is the strongest emotional influence on Clampitt. Regarded by many critics as the most lyrically gifted

(more)

poet in English since Shakespeare, Keats made a remarkable contribution to the language in a lifetime cut short by his death at 25 of tuberculosis in 1821. "After years of yearning for Keats from afar and feeling that I'd never find any real kinship with him," Clampitt reports, "I finally read that he had never seen the sea until he was 20 years old. And then, after he'd gone home to the interior of England, friends noticed him watching the waving of the barley fields, remembering the sea. So after all, there was a connection -- I didn't see the ocean until I was 21."

One result of this revelation was a 1983 sequence of poems about Keats. The last in the series, "Voyages," links Keats to Hart Crane (another Midwestern poet and a favorite of Clampitt's) and Osip Mandelstam. What Clampitt sees is not merely the desire for warmth that they have in common -- the ostensible subject of "Voyages" -- but a "gaiety of spirit in the midst of adversity," as she puts it. "These elements just began to cohere for me so that this poem became a way to assert again the community of poets."

Perhaps the surest measure of Clampitt's own standing in the contemporary community of poets is that no one currently writing in English seems more qualified to affirm today's continuity with the past.

TEXT AVAILABLE FOR USIA/USIS USE.

ALL POEMS: TEXT AVAILABLE FOR USE IN AMERICA ILLUSTRATED RUSSIAN.

(more)

The Sun Underfoot Among the Sundews

An ingenuity too astonishing
to be quite fortuitous is
this bog full of sundews, sphagnum-
lined and shaped like a teacup.
A step
down and you're into it; a
wilderness swallows you up:
ankle-, then knee-, then midriff-
to-shoulder-deep in wetfooted
understory, an overhead
spruce-tamarack horizon hinting
you'll never get out of here.
But the sun
among the sundews, down there,
is so bright, an underfoot
webwork of carnivorous rubies,
a star-swarm thick as the gnats
they're set to catch, delectable
double-faced cockleburs, each
hair-tip a sticky mirror
afire with sunlight, a million
of them and again a million,
each mirror a trap set to

(more)

unhand unbelieving,

that either

a First Cause said once, "Let there
be sundews," and there were, or they've
made their way here unaided
other than by that backhand, round-
about refusal to assume responsibility
known as Natural Selection.

But the sun

underfoot is so dazzling
down there among the sundews,
there is so much light
in the cup that, looking,
you start to fall upward.

(more)

Sunday Music

The Baroque sewing machine of Georg Friedrich
going back, going back to stitch back together
scraps of a scheme that's outmoded, all
those lopsidedly overblown expectations
now severely in need of revision, re
the nature of things, or more precisely
(back a stitch, back a stitch) the
nature of going forward.

No longer footpath-perpendicular, a monody
tootled on antelope bone, no longer
wheelbarrow heave-ho, the nature of going
forward is not perspective, not stairways,
not, as for the muse of Josquin or Gesualdo,
sostenuto, a leaning together
in memory of, things held onto
fusing and converging,

nor is it any longer an orbit, tonality's
fox-and-goose footprints going round
and round in the snow, the centripetal
force of the dominant. The nature of next
is not what we seem to be hearing

(more)

or imagine we feel; is not dance,
is not melody, not elegy,
is not even chemistry,

not Mozart leaching out seraphs
from a sieve of misfortune. The nature
of next is not fugue or rondo, not footpath
or wheelbarrow track, not steamships'
bass vibrations, but less and less
knowing what to expect, it's
the rate of historical
change going faster

and faster: it's noise, it's droids' stone-
deaf intergalactic twitter, it's get ready
to disconnect! -- no matter how filled
our heads are with backed-up old
tunes, with polyphony, with basso
profundo fioritura, with this Concerto
Grosso's delectable (back a stitch,
back a stitch) Allegro.

(more)

Imago

Sometimes, she remembers, a chipped flint
would turn up in a furrow,
pink as a peony (from the iron in it)
or as the flared throat of a seashell:
a nomad's artifact fished from the broth,
half sea half land -- hard evidence
of a unfathomed state of mind.

Nomads. The wagon train that camped
and left its name on Mormon Ridge.
The settlers who moved on to California,
bequeathing a laprobe pieced from the hide
of a dead buffalo, the frail sleigh
that sleeps under the haymow, and a headstone
so small it might be playing house,
for the infant daughter, aged two days,
no name, they also left behind.

Half sea half land: the shirker propped
above her book in a farmhouse parlor
lolls with the merfolk who revert to foam,
eyeing at a distance the lit pavilions
that seduced her, their tailed child,

(more)

into the palaces of metamorphosis. She pays
now (though they do not know this)
by treading, at every step she takes,
on a parterre of tomahawks.

A thirst for something definite so dense
it feels like drowning. Grant Wood
turned everything to cauliflower,
the rounded contours of a thunderhead,
flint-hard. He made us proud:
though all those edges might not be quite
the way it was, at least he'd tried.

"But it has no form!" they'd say to
the scribbler whose floundering fragments
kept getting out of hand -- and who, either
fed up with or starved out of
her native sloughs, would, stowed aboard
the usual nomadic moving van, trundle her
dismantled sensibility elsewhere.

Europe, that hodgepodge of ancestral
calamities, was hard and handsome, its rubble
confident, not shriveling on the vine,
as here, like an infertile melon -- the Virgin

(more)

jejune in her grotto of cold plaster, half sick
of that sidelong enclave, the whispered "Cathlick."

Antiquity unshrouds on wimpling canvas,
adjunct of schoolhouse make-believe: the Italy
of urns and cypresses, of stairways
evolving toward a state of mind
not to be found except backstage
among hunchbacks and the miscreants
who control the scenery, flanked
by a pair of masks whose look, at even
this remove, could drill through bone:
the tragic howl, the comic rictus,
eyeholes that stare out of the crypt
of what no grownup is ever heard to speak of
but in the strangled tone whose lexicon
is summed up in one word: Bankrupt.

Bankrupt: the abysm of history,
a slough to be pulled out of
any way you could. Antiquity, the backward
suction of the dark, amounted to a knothole
you plugged with straw, old rags, pages
ripped from last year's Sears Roebuck catalog,
anything, to ward off the blizzard.

(more)

Not so, for the born-again, the
shuddering orifices of summer.
On prayer-meeting night, outside
the vestibule among multiple
bell-pulls of Virginia creeper,
the terrible clepsydra of becoming
distils its drop: a luna moth, the emblem
of the born-again, furred like an orchid
behind the ferned antennae, a totem-
garden of lascivious pheromones,
hangs, its glimmering streamers
pierced by the dripstone burin of the eons
with the predatory stare out of the burrow,
those same eyeholes. Imago
of unfathomable evolvings, living
only to copulate and drop its litter,
does it know what it is, what it has been,
what it may or must become?

(more)

The Kingfisher

In a year the nightingales were said to be so loud
they drowned out slumber, and peafowl strolled screaming
beside the ruined nunnery, through the long evening
of a dazzled pub crawl, the halcyon color, portholed
by those eye-spots' stunning tapestry, unsettled
the pastoral nightfall with amazements opening.

Months later, intermission in a pub on Fifty-fifth Street
found one of them still breathless, the other quizzical,
acting the philistine, puncturing Stravinsky -- "Tell
me, what _was_ that racket in the orchestra about?" --
hauling down the Firebird, harum-scarum, like a kite,
a burnished, breathing wreck that didn't hurt at all.

Among the Bronx Zoo's exiled jungle fowl, they heard
through headphones of a separating panic, the bellbird
reiterate its single _chong_, a scream nobody answered.
When he mourned, "The poetry is gone," she quailed,
seeing how his hands shook, sobered into feeling old.
By midnight, yet another fifth would have been killed.

A Sunday morning, the November of their cataclysm
(Dylan Thomas brought in _in extremis_ to St. Vincent's,

(more)

that same week, a symptomatic datum) found them
wandering a downtown churchyard. Among its headstones,
while from unruined choirs the noise of Christendom
poured over Wall Street, a benison in vestments,

a late thrush paused, in transit from some grizzled
spruce bog to the humid equatorial fireside: berry-
eyed, bark-brown above, with dark hints of trauma
in the stigmata of its underparts -- or so, too bruised
just then to have invented anything so fancy,
later, re-embroidering a retrospect, she had supposed.

In gray England, years of muted recrimination (then
dead silence) later, she could not have said how many
spoiled takeoffs, how many entanglements gone sodden,
how many gaudy evenings made frantic by just one
insomniac nightingale, how many liaisons gone down
screaming in a stroll beside the ruined nunnery;

a kingfisher's burnished plunge, the color
of felicity afire, came glancing like an arrow
through landscapes of untended memory: ardor
illuminating with its terrifying currency
now no mere glimpse, no porthole vista
but, down on down, the uninhabitable sorrow.

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AMERICA 348

ILLUSTRATED

Story No. 148-85

5/9/85 (RLT/rlt)

PANORAMA

FURNITURE FROM CHICAGO

By the 1870s, Chicago, Illinois, was recognized as the furniture-manufacturing center of the United States. The city became a center of design as well during the first half of the 20th century, when architects working in Chicago -- including Frank Lloyd Wright, Eero Saarinen, and Ludwig Mies Van Der Rohe -- introduced new styles of furniture to go with some of their buildings. "Chicago Furniture: Art, Craft, & Industry," a recent exhibit organized by the Chicago Historical Society, showed 65 pieces of furniture designed and made in the city during the past 150 years. The exhibit then traveled from Chicago to Washington, D.C., and New York City.

(more)

CAPTIONS A, B, & C

Top, rattan settee made by Heywood Bros. and Wakefield Company during the 1890s. Above, table and chairs designed in 1983 by Joe Agati. Right, Art Moderne armchair designed in 1927 by architect Abel Faidy.

PORTRAITS BY COVARRUBIAS

Miguel Covarrubias arrived in New York City from Mexico in 1923, when he was 19 years old, with a portfolio of caricatures under his arm. The young artist's witty, but often irreverent, drawings were an instant success, and within months his portraits of American celebrities began to appear in newspapers and magazines. Eighty-four of the best of them were assembled recently for "Miguel Covarrubias Caricatures," an exhibit at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C.

CAPTION D

Theodore Dreiser, 1928, ink and wash, 14" x 10" /36 x 25 cm/.

CAPTION E

William Faulkner, 1932, ink and wash, 11" x 14" /28 x 36 cm/.

CAPTION F

Ernest Hemingway, 1933, gouache, 12" x 10" /30 x 25 cm/.

(more)

Forty-six of America's pop, rock, and country music stars gathered at a studio in Los Angeles (above) to record "We Are the World," a song whose profits would go for famine relief in Africa. The song quickly became "the fastest-climbing single of the decade," says Time magazine, "and the biggest seller in the history of Columbia Records." Ken Kragen -- one of the organizers of USA for Africa, the group that launched the project -- said the group expected to raise $50 million within a few months. By then, says Time, "the first medical and financial support should already have reached Africa, and a single song will have begun, really and directly, to save lives."

CAPTIONS G & H

No captions

MASKS BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

Those artists who admire the abstract qualities of primitive design have long been fascinated by tribal masks. In recent years, some of these artists have begun using masks as an art form. New York City's Whitney Museum of American Art recently gathered together 57 masks by contemporary American artists for an exhibit called "Modern Masks." Susan Lubowsky, organizer of the exhibit, calls the masks "totemic mirrors -- modern objects

(more)

whose forms reflect our ancient past and comment on our present."

CAPTION I

Rodney Alan Greenblat, "Ancient Mask," 1984, acrylic on board, 13" x 10" x 3" /33 x 25 x 8 cm/.

DANCING FOR BALANCHINE

Merrill Ashley's new book, Dancing for Balanchine, tells of her long association with choreographer George Balanchine, who died in April 1983. Ashley -- often called the "quintessential Balanchine dancer" -- has been a member of the New York City Ballet since 1967. "I had 16 wonderful years dancing for Balanchine...," Ashley says in the book. "/The/ opportunity to learn from him, and to pursue his ideals, was the greatest adventure of my life.... I shall remain forever one of the guardians of Balanchine's legacy, which is truth and beauty expressed in human movement."

CAPTIONS J, K, & L

Merrill Ashley dancing Ballo with the New York City Ballet (above), talking with George Balanchine (below), and executing a circular rotation of the hip called "grand rond de jambe jeté (en dehors)" (left).

(more)

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AMERICA 348

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5/17/85 (LT/lt)

Back Cover

Chrysler automobile plant, Highland Park, Michigan, 1929, by Margaret Bourke-White (see "Margaret Bourke-White's Vision," p. 41).

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TEXT AVAILABLE FOR USIA/USIS USE.

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5/9/85 (RLT/rlt)

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No. 348

November 1985

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Cover: A collage of America's three newsweeklies: Time, Newsweek, and U.S. News & World Report.

2 RETURN OF THE TWO-TERM PRESIDENCY By Laurence I. Barrett. President Ronald Reagan has led the United States back to the two-term tradition in the American presidency.

9 THANKSGIVING DINNER Marisa and Michael Murphy of Unionville, Virginia, like most Americans, celebrate Thanksgiving Day each year with a dinner for family members and friends.

15 ASSESSING TEACHERS ...in the Toledo, Ohio, school system is accomplished by a successful program of peer evaluation.

16 SALMON FARM ...in the small town of Eastport, Maine, does a thriving business.

18 BACK ON TRACK By Richard L. Worsnop. America's railroads are undergoing a renaissance, brought about by removal of government regulations, increased efficiency, and the use of high technology.

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24 NEWSWEEKLIES By Edwin Diamond. For more than half a century, Time, Newsweek, and U.S. News & World Report have been important sources of news and information for Americans.

29 MUSIC IN THE MOUNTAINS ...is heard each summer during the Aspen Music Festival, one of the premier events of its kind in America.

33 THE NEW LOOK IN HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES Today's appliances are more sophisticated, more efficient, and cheaper than ever before.

37 METRO STATION ART New mass transit systems in America are adding contemporary works of art to their stations.

41 MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE'S VISION ...resulted in some of the 20th century's greatest -- and most moving -- photographs.

50 AMY CLAMPITT -- NEW AMERICAN POET ...burst upon the literary scene with the 1983 publication of The Kingfisher. By Stephen Sinclair.

55 PANORAMA ...features an exhibit of furniture made in Chicago; caricatures by Miguel Covarrubias; American singers and musicians recording the song "We Are the World," profits from

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which go for famine relief in Africa; a show called "Modern Masks" at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City; and Merrill Ashley's account of what it was like to dance for George Balanchine.

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Photography by Margaret-Bourke White

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"We Are the World"

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AMERICA 348

ILLUSTRATED

PHOTO CREDITS: Front Cover, Design by David Moore, photograph, NASA; Inside Front Cover, top--Jim Wakeham, The Coloradoan; left center--Jim Boyd, courtesy Railfan & Railroad Magazine; right--Wide World; 1, Design by David Moore; Ken Heinen; Kip Brundage; Maxwell Mackenzie; Margaret Bourke-White, Life Magazine (c)1972 Time Inc.; Henry Diltz; 2-3, Pete Souza, The White House; 4-5, top row--Gilbert Stuart, National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. and Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; Asher Durand, New-York Historical Society; Gilbert Stuart, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Matthew Brady, National Archives; bottom row--Rembrandt Peale, New-York Historical Society; Asher Durand, New-York Historical Society; 6-7, top row--Brady-Handy Studio, Library of Congress; C.M. Bell, Library of Congress; Harris & Ewing; The White House; bottom row--Harris & Ewing; George Tames, NYT Picture Service; 18-21, John Corns, Chessie System Railroads; 22-23, Emory Kristof (c)1975 National Geographic Society; 24-28, Ken Heinen; 34, top and bottom right--courtesy Thermador/Waste King; bottom left--courtesy Sears Roebuck and Co. (2); 35, courtesy General Electric; 36, Robert A. Grove and Thermador/Waste King; 40, Ken Heinen; 41-48, all photographs by Margaret Bourke-White; 41, Margaret Bourke-White

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collection, George Arents Research Library, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y. (2); 42, Life Magazine (c)1950 Time Inc.; 43, Margaret Bourke-White collection, George Arents Research Library, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y.; Life Magazine (c)1945 Time Inc.; Life Magazine (c)1972 Time Inc.; 44-45, left--Life Magazine (c)1936 Time Inc.; right--Life Magazine (c)1951 Time Inc.; Life Magazine (c)1947 Time Inc.; 46-47, Life Magazine (c)1972 Time Inc. (3); bottom left--Life Magazine (c)1931 Time Inc.; 48, Life Magazine (c)1972 Time Inc.; 52, (c)1984 Thomas Victor; 55, top left--courtesy Chicago Historical Society, gift of the Estate of Evelyn Marie Stuart; left center--Michael Tropea, courtesy Chicago Historical Society; top right--courtesy Chicago Historical Society; bottom--Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress (3); 56-Inside Back Cover, left--Henry Diltz; courtesy CBS Records; courtesy Whitney Museum of American Art; center--(c)1984 Jack Vartoogian; right--(c)1984 Martha Swope; (c) Steven Caras; Back Cover, Margaret Bourke-White collection, George Arents Research Library, Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York.