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east over the middle of Central Park, down the East River, and back to the new heliport. Just before landing, we passed close by the tip of the Roxy-style spire of the Chrysler Building, which in the afternoon sun was standing in a kind of Camp glory.

After a while, we found ourself back in the heliport ticket office, where champagne—courtesy champagne—was flowing and catered caviar was being handed out while squads of Pan Am public-relations men rushed here and there getting things ready for the official opening of the heliport. The ceremony took place on the concrete roof, which was illuminated by many movie floodlights and flickering flashbulbs as Governor Rockefeller and Mayor Wagner—with Cardinal Spellman, a wispy figure, standing between them—cut a scarlet ribbon held by two stewardesses. (Cardinal Spellman took the first commercial helicopter flight out to Kennedy Airport, where he transferred to a jet that took him on a Christmas mission to Vietnam.) By the time the ceremony was over and the heliport was officially in business, it was pretty cold, windy, and noisy up there.

THE Birds Eye people advertise their Selected Whole Mushrooms as coming in “small medium-size” and “large medium-size.”

Peace on Earth

“PEACE on Earth’ is a slogan that’s thrown around at Christmas,” said a dark-haired girl standing

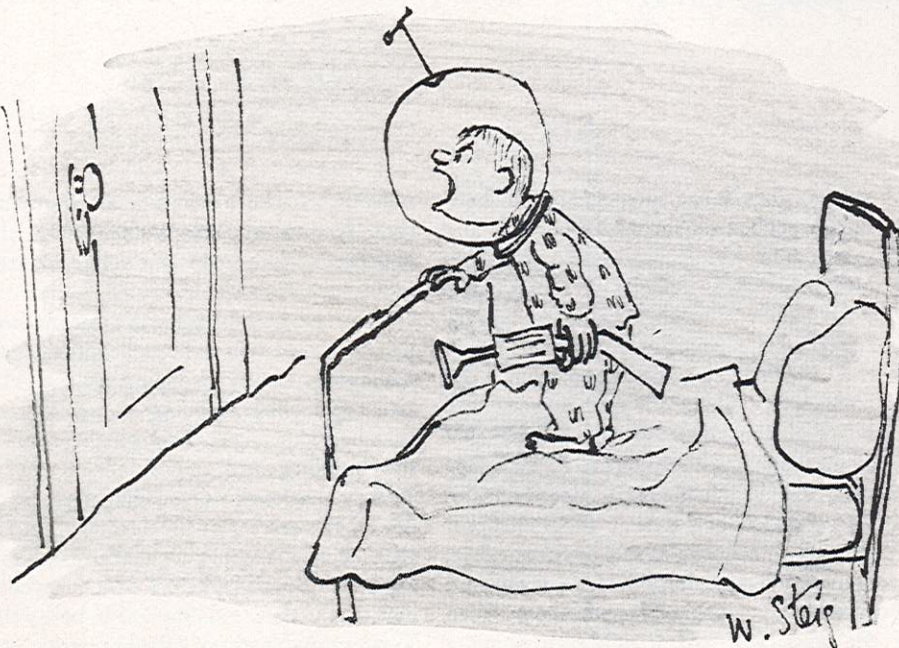
next to a ten-foot pyramid of cardboard boxes on whose sides appeared, in wild Pop-Op array, a photograph of Elizabeth Taylor, accompanied by two quotations from Dag Hammarskjöld; a medieval print; a quotation from the Beatles; a photograph of an Asian child; a quotation from Adlai Stevenson (“No preordained destiny decrees that America shall have all the breaks and soft options. Neither greatness nor even freedom lies that way”) and one from John Kennedy (“We shall do our best to build a world of peace where the weak are safe and the strong are just”); and photographs of an atomic cloud, a military figure sighting a weapon, a South American peasant, and the Watts riots, in California. “People react superficially to ‘Peace on Earth,’” the girl went on. “Store windows always have the words written in Olde English, with Nativity scenes and Santa Clauses. Our theme is ‘Peace on Earth,’ too, but we want people to see what that means in 1965. We show anguish and suffering as well as joy—for example, pictures of Vietnam and the Watts riots—as a challenge for people to change.” The girl, Mickey Myers, was a student from Immaculate Heart College, in Los Angeles, and, with a classmate, Paula McGowan, she was directing workmen in I.B.M.’s display center at Fifty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue in setting up seven hundred and twenty-five cardboard boxes for I.B.M.’s Christmas display, which would extend a hundred and thirty-five feet, and would consist of walls, towers, and pyramids formed of

a hodgepodge of boxes bearing fragments of advertisements, sections of billboards, news photographs, quotations, and—in a variety of styles—the words “Peace on Earth.” “We have a duty to put things that are around us into a new form, but cuteness and cleverness usually don’t work,” Mickey explained. “This is something there’s no formula for.” As I.B.M. computers clattered and blinked in the background, Mickey, who was wearing a brown sweater, a gray skirt, and green stockings, pointed to some quotations on a nearby tower of boxes and said, “They’re from five men we considered to be disciples of peace in our time, and who have died recently: John Kennedy, Adlai Stevenson, Dag Hammarskjöld, Pope John XXIII, and Nehru.”

The two girls, leaders of a task force of twenty-two students who created the display, had already worked on it for two and a half months in California, under the direction of Sister Mary Corita Kent, head of the art department of Immaculate Heart, whose serigraphs have been shown at the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art, and who currently has one-man shows in a number of cities, including Boston, Washington, and New York. The boxes were completed in California, then numbered, folded up, and shipped here.

Paula, who was wearing a bright-green dress, looked down the long, uneven row of boxes facing Madison Avenue. “I wanted to get a sense of continuity between the inside and the outside,” she said. “The photographs of people, for example, carry the people outside inside. We wanted people to realize that they are the ones who make the peace—that peace isn’t a passive thing.”

The girls finished setting up the show December 9th, and it was opened to the public the next day. Immediately, it was attacked by a number of I.B.M. personnel and outsiders, some calling it “un-Christmassy” and others detecting in it a protest against the Vietnam war. Certain changes were quickly made in the display. To a prominent “Peace on Earth” were added the words “To Men of Good Will—Luke,” and quotations from Pope Paul and President Kennedy were removed or added to so that they would not be read “out of context.”



“I am in bed!”

A public-relations man explained later, "We took soundings, and found there was public feeling against it. We're sensitive to comments such as these. Any corporation would be." On December 13th, Mickey and Paula moved on to the Scarabaeus Gallery, at 223 East Sixtieth Street, where they set up a group show of sculpture and other works by various students of Sister Corita's.

Sister Corita herself arrived the next week—a one-woman *aggiornamento*, pretty, cheerful, gentle, and dynamic. The Morris Gallery, at 174 Waverly Place, was displaying her latest serigraphs, which, like all her others, are built around quotations. "I take things out of context and play with them," she told us when we looked her up. The show included such diverse sources as advertisements for Wonder Bread and words by Rabbi Abraham Heschel and Father Daniel Berrigan, who recently became co-chairmen of Clergy Concerned About Vietnam. An example of Sister Corita's penchant for varied sources can be seen in a short article called "Art and Beauty in the Life of the Sister," which she wrote for a book called "The Changing Sister." In it she quotes or refers to Albert Camus, Federico Fellini, John Cage, Peanuts, Cardinal Suenens, William James, an ad for Del Monte catsup, John Dewey, George Bernard Shaw, J. D. Salinger, Little Red Riding Hood, Pope Paul VI, and James Baldwin. She has taught art at Immaculate Heart College for the past sixteen years.

"Charles Eames, who lives out there, is probably the one who has educated us most," Sister Corita said. "He's splendid. He speaks very simply but always asks the right questions, and he has honesty and enthusiasm. We use his films over and over again." Each year, in August, Sister Corita makes a series of prints. "This year I did thirty or thirty-five, and printed about a hundred of each. I work very fast, and others help me mix paint and clean up. It's a standing joke that anyone who drops in in August helps." She added that she works without any studies or notes. "I tried making notes during the year, but I lost them when it came time to print," she said, laughing. About her printmak-



"I mean, what if all us businessmen started burning our credit cards?"

ing she said, "It seems a nice thing to do. I like the kind of connections it makes with people. I went through a formal training in which the look of the thing was all that was important, but nowadays I think I'm just a straight old propagandist." She smiled.

The Beatles are quoted in many of Sister Corita's prints. "I think there's something very direct and refreshing about them, and something very good about the words of their songs," she said. "A boy in our school—a music major—wrote a paper on 'The History of Salvation According to Paul, Ringo, George, and John.' He says the whole history of man is a kind of love affair between God and man, and the words of the Beatles' songs are often very similar in content to Scripture words; they have a freshness in that context. In California, incidentally, some people feel that the Beatles—and certain nursery rhymes as well—are part of a Communist infiltration." She smiled again, sadly. "That's one of the complications you live with."

Brightening, she went on, "While I'm in New York, I want to see Fellini's 'Juliet of the Spirits,' and a preview of Albee's adaptation of James Purdy's 'Malcolm,' and I want to see 'Hogan's Goat,' and I want to see the Jean Tinguely exhibit at the Jewish Museum. I saw the Spanish Civil War film 'To Die in Madrid,' it was devastating. I saw two wonderful short plays in the Judson Memorial Church—one by Gertrude Stein and one by Ruth Krauss. The Krauss play was a great kind of satire, done in that big, nice barn, with lots of dancing, and it was perfect—millions of times better than that great, lavish 'The Royal Hunt of

the Sun,' which went on and on. I'm very much interested in the American Place Theatre, which is in St. Clement's Church. It's like what used to go on in churches. Theatre and service feed into each other; they ought never to be separated."

Sister Corita spoke of the current "junk" art, of Pop Art, and of the art of the absurd. "I have a theory," she said, and continued, laughing, "which doesn't work. It's that there's nothing that's ugly. If you try this out, you find you block out fewer things than if you just go around looking for what is beautiful or great. I can't think of these artists as negative and despairing—or else they wouldn't be doing it. If you notice and care about things, there is tenderness. In the midst of all the screaming for help, you have a hope that someone is going to answer."

She mentioned meeting Edward Albee at a party at Virgil Thomson's apartment, in the Village. "I told him I thought 'Virginia Woolf' was very tender," she said.

We asked what he said.

Sister Corita laughed. "I can't remember," she said. "I think he just sort of smiled."

Extras

A RURAL lady we know ordered, by phone, a portable television set from a company that specializes in delivering such things. The clerk who took her order inquired whether she wanted to pay an additional five-dollar charge for "de-luxing." She asked the obvious question, which brought forth the answer "It means taking it out of the crate."