



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

I like to think of myself as one not easily dazzled, but the recently publicized plans for the new Senate Office Building-cum-Hanging Gardens have sent the old Cognitive Faculty into ecstasies of awe. Two baths per senatorial office! Sixteen-foot ceilings! Private top-floor restaurant! A hundred and thirty-five million dollars, or one-point-three-five mil per people's choice! Mere naïve splendor seems an insufficient explanation for the phenomenon, and I have been puzzling about it. Clearly, the senators will be doubling up in their new cubbies. (Else why *two* baths per office?) Clearly, they intend to meet their awesome tasks of Farsight & Divagation by *standing on each other's shoulders*. (Else why sixteen-foot ceilings?) We payers can only applaud such daring. Assuming an average senatorial height of six feet and an average senatorial head-and-neck of eleven inches, we get a total average Magnitude of eleven feet one inch—enough to see all the way to the Promised Land, and then some. Imagine Senator Javits standing on (seniority) the broad and eloquent shoulders of Senator Moynihan, or Senator Case perched atop Senator Williams, or Senator Ribicoff aboard Senator Weicker, or Senator Cranston supported by the subtle, red-hatted Senator

Hayakawa, all peering, peering, peering into the future—and *not one brow bumped* (clearance of four feet something)! Imagine the senators, at the end of a hard day of Leadership, doing their agile, elegant back flips—*hup!*—as they unteam and head for their separate, solid-silver showers. I earnestly suggest that an additional fifty million dollars be appropriated for the shoeshine stand.

Crash

DIFFERENCES between verb endings in Attic and Ionic Greek were being discussed—and also such absorbing concepts as double accusatives, epic corrections, and aorist optative middles—when we stopped by the Graduate School and University Center of the City University of New York, on West Forty-second Street, the other morning to take a look at a new crash program in ancient Greek which was being offered by the Graduate School in cooperation with the School of Humanities of Brooklyn College this summer, in a joint effort known as the Sixth Annual Latin and Greek Institute. For the past five years, the two schools have offered a similarly intensive course in Latin—during which students are expected to give up all else in life for eleven weeks—and this year it added Greek both to its program and to its name. When we ar-

rived in a classroom on the fifteenth floor, we found an instructor, Dr. Hardy Hansen, teaching a class of ten students the first book of the Iliad. “*ἦ τοι ὅ γ' ὦς εἰπὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἔξερο,*” he read aloud, and he followed this up with three or four more lines, then asked the students to read the lines, to translate them, and to comment on the vocabulary, grammar, and metrics.

During a break, we spoke with some of the students. We already knew—having paid a visit to the summer Latin Institute a few years ago—that the programs are supposed to enable students who have little or no background in the languages to master material that is normally covered in anything from four to six college semesters. “Everybody is completely involved in this thing,” said a young man named Elliott Levy, who is a history major at Yale. “During the first six weeks, when we did almost nothing but study forms and syntax, I think the instructors actually worked harder than we did. *We* spend our entire day here in classes and taking tests and so forth, and then we have to read four or five hours every evening, but the instructors are on twenty-four-hour call every day. The latest I’ve ever telephoned an instructor was midnight, but I know of some students who have called even later.”

“I did once,” said a young woman named Evelyn Satterfield, who told us that she was working on a doctorate



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in comparative literature at Rutgers. "When I started out, I didn't know one word of Greek. Well, in about the second week I got so worried by some point of grammar that I called an instructor at three in the morning. She said, 'Evelyn, go to bed.'" Miss Satterfield laughed, and continued, "I think she did it as much for my own good as for hers. Everything is so concentrated here that there's a tendency to sort of panic, to let this thing take over your whole life. The only thing I've *really* missed this summer is the beach."

We learned that the students, who were in their ninth week, not only were continuing to study grammar and forms, to read the *Iliad*, and to take various optional classes at lunchtime and during breaks but were also beginning to take elective courses during the afternoon, which allowed them to choose among Euripides, Thucydides, and the New Testament. Before long, the students settled into small groups and began discussing things like Porson's law (a rule of metrics that is also known as the law of the final cretic), so we took an elevator to the tenth floor, walked past a khaki-clad young fellow who was doing yoga in the middle of a corridor, and stopped in at the office of Dr. Floyd L. Moreland, who is the head of the Latin and Greek Institute. Dr. Moreland, a dark-haired, eager-looking man in his mid-thirties, is an enthusiastic supporter of the classics, who helped start an intensive program at the University of California at Berkeley a few years ago. Then, in 1973, while holding a full-time faculty position at Brooklyn College, he started the summer Latin program here.

"From the beginning, we wanted to add Greek, but a lot of people were dubious," Dr. Moreland said. "Greek is much more complicated than Latin, and the idea of cramming so much of it into eleven weeks was more than some people could accept. Well, we were convinced that it could be done, and now that we're practically through our first summer we think the results are phenomenal. Out of thirty applicants for the Greek program, we accepted twenty-four, and we've still got twenty-one—a remarkably low rate of attrition. Meanwhile, our Latin program is sailing along with thirty students, out of an original forty. Though there are some roughly similar programs in other parts of the country, none is so intensive as ours—we live and work in a virtual hothouse atmosphere—and none has a lower instructor-to-student ratio. We have three instructors in Greek and five in Latin.

And, even though it's a push for everyone concerned, we do have some fun. A couple of weeks ago, for example, the Greek program had a morphology bee—students versus faculty—and the faculty won by only a point. Though the students don't know it yet, they're all going to get diplomas, in the appropriate language, when they've finished their courses. Here's the one we're going to give in Greek." He produced an impressive-looking document whose first words were "*ἀγαθὴν τύχην*," and said, "That's the dative of manner, and it means—Let's see. Well, I would say it means either 'with good wishes' or 'good luck,' depending on how you want to translate it."

Summer Headquarters

THE granite steps and granite-paved plaza in front of Grant's Tomb, on the hill at Riverside Drive and 122nd Street, the other Wednesday night at a quarter to seven: An orange sun was descending into hot mists over the Hudson, a soft breeze was stirring the tall rows of plane trees just below the plaza, and there was a burst of bells from the seventy-four-bell carillon on top of the tower of Riverside Church, across the street, while six thousand people from New Jersey, Long Island, lower Westchester, and all five boroughs were settling down on aluminum-frame-and-plastic-webbing lawn chairs, on folding wooden auditorium chairs, on campstools, on unfolded copies of the *Voice*, on steamer blankets and bath sheets and cushions and handkerchiefs, on sweaters, T-shirts, tennis jackets, bicycle seats, and paperbacks, and on hard granite for a two-hour free concert by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—the fifth of ten Wednesday-night

Grant's Tomb concerts put on this summer by Jazzmobile, Incorporated, the nonprofit organization that has been putting together free outdoor concerts by jazz greats in Harlem and the rest of the city for the last fourteen summers. (The concerts are free for the audiences; the musicians themselves always get a good fee.) The Grant's Tomb concerts, now three years old and already a New York summer institution as beloved as Minnie Guggenheimer's Lewisohn Stadium Concerts once were, are the most visible of a total of six hundred concerts that Jazzmobile is presenting this summer, here in the city and in New Jersey, White Plains, Yonkers, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Schenectady, Wilmington, Baltimore, and Washington, D.C., and the concerts are only one part of the Jazzmobile program, which goes on the year round and includes free thirty-week college-accredited jazz workshops at I.S. 201, at Madison Avenue and 127th Street, given by twenty-four top jazz musicians for six hundred students, including students from Juilliard and the Manhattan School of Music; as many as fifty free lecture-demonstrations before grade-school groups of five or six hundred; a project of instruction in dance, poetry, art, theatre, and music in two upper West Side and Harlem school districts; and the direct commissioning and performing of jazz compositions for large orchestras. Jazzmobile, which gets its money from the city, the state, the federal government, and private corporations, now operates on an annual budget of eight hundred thousand dollars; it began with ten thousand dollars and a mobile float owned by Ballantine Beer, when Billy Taylor, the pianist, orchestra leader, composer, and arranger, who is still Jazzmobile's president, thought something had to be done to bring the best jazz to young people in Harlem who couldn't afford the price of a ticket to the Newport Jazz Festival, or even to the Apollo Theatre.

For the fifth Grant's Tomb concert, the 1978 float, which is decorated with white wrought-iron New Orleans-style scrollwork and has a sign on it saying, "JAZZ—AMERICA'S CLASSICAL MUSIC," was drawn up near the far end of the Grant's Tomb plaza. The sign is a slogan of Billy Taylor's, and is an idea he presented with great scholarship in a Ph.D. thesis he wrote at the University of Massachusetts three years ago. Art Blakey, who was driving up for the concert with his eight-year-old son, Takashi, and his drums and some

