



The great archeologist Heinrich Schliemann used the epics of Homer to direct him on his digs. I don't know what he would have made of a new sort of discipline in which helicopters and planes are used to pinpoint likely sites. And where the archeologists dive instead of dig. Nicholas Flemming is one of the more successful and literate practitioners of underwater digging. After swimming over and around more than one hundred ancient cities beneath the Mediterranean Sea during the past twelve years, he has written a fascinating book about his discoveries and adventures called CITIES IN THE SEA.

Among the cities Nicholas Flemming has explored is the Mycenaean town of Elaphinos, where he floated through rooms constructed of uncut stones. Another is Appollonia, the largest underwater city of the classical Greek period. He photographed Byzantine walls at Plitra and looked with appropriate wonder at the ruins of Carthage and Tyre. He tells how he and his colleagues conducted their explorations, but there is nothing of the "Gee Whizzer" in Nicholas Flemming's style. He is passionate about his vocation but writes about it in a pleasant, informal fashion. He is not afraid to speculate about such matters as the fate of Atlantis or the Linear B decipherings, and he serves as a jaunty guide through ancient history.

I enjoyed reading about the legend and the truth of these sunken centers of Phoenician, Greek and Roman life. CITIES IN THE SEA is nicely illustrated with maps and photographs. Some of the pictures are in color and all are executed by the author or members of his group. I must confess that the world of wet suits and aqua lungs has never seemed particularly appealing, but now that I know there is more to see down there than fish and coral, I may have to give it a try. Maybe. For now, I recommend CITIES IN THE SEA as a handsome, entertaining book for the serious diver and the bathtub archeologist. I think Schliemann would have loved it.

L.L. Day
Editor-at-Large

CITIES IN THE SEA (\$10.00), by Nicholas C. Flemming, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of our 1,000+ outlets.

Saturday Review

Cover story, page 60

New York's Mini-Schools: Small Miracles, Big Troubles

by Diane Divoky

Cover photos: Bob Adelman



IDEAS

Americans in China

14 **If Ever the Twain Shall Meet**

by Bronson P. Clark

17 **More than Herbs and Acupuncture**

by E. Grey Dimond

EDITORIAL

26 **Report to the Readers**

by Nicolas H. Charney

BOOKS

31 **Nonpareil of the Eloquent, Lusty Pictorial Engraving** by Robert Halsband, an essay review of "Hogarth: His Life, Art, and Times" by Ronald Paulson

31 **Index of Books Reviewed**

34 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

37 **Leaping Ghazals and Inside Jokes Concealed in Tropes** by James Whitehead

EDUCATION

53 **The Right to Know** by James Cass

54 **The Emancipation of Black Scholars** by Roger M. Williams

60 **New York's Mini-Schools: Small Miracles, Big Troubles** by Diane Divoky

68 **The Magnitude of the American Educational Establishment (1971-1972)**

CARTOONISTS: Robert Censoni, Joseph Farris, Paul Peter Porges, Al Ross, Vahan Shirvanian

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Nicolas H. Charney, Editor; William D. Patterson, Publishing Director; Robert J. Moore, Publisher; Irving Cohn, Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Associate Publisher; Harry T. Morris, Director of Advertising; Herbert J. Kamin, Associate Publisher; Robert A. Burghardt, Director of Circulation; Bert Garmise, Director of Circulation Services; George B. ... at additional mailing, No. 51, Circulation, Research, N. Y. 10017. Saturday Review, Inc., N. Y. 10017.

THE ARTS

PHOTOGRAPHY

20 **Margaret R. Weiss on the Paul Strand retrospective in Philadelphia**

MOVIES

22 **Arthur Knight reviews "Straw Dogs," "Man in the Wilderness," and "The Hospital."**

MUSIC

25 **Irving Kolodin assesses a Swedish Tristan and a Rumanian Carmen**

TRAVEL

48 **David Butwin stands the woman watch in the Grenadines.**

COLUMNS

5 **Goodman Ace: Top of My Head**

6 **Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds**

12 **John Ciardi: Manner of Speaking**

24 **Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest**

28 **Letters to the Editor**

GAMES

44 **Your Literary I.Q.**

47 **Wit Twister**

59 **Literary Crypt**

78 **Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1947**

Top of My Head

The Deep Freeze

I have been asked by the editor of this magazine to explain and make crystal-clear to the housewives of America Phase 2 of President Nixon's economic strategy. He chose me after I had explained how I had successfully put the new game plan in working order in my own home at breakfast one day when my wife said, "What do you mean I can't give our maid a ten-dollar-a-week raise so she can buy a winter coat and pay ten dollars a week for twenty weeks?"

"It's Phase Two," I said. "Wages have been frozen to protect our economy."

"And how about Genevieve being frozen if she doesn't get a winter coat?" she asked.

"Too bad. We all have to tighten our belts through these critical times."

"Genevieve is not getting a coat with a belt."

"Unfortunate choice of words. Look, Jane, according to the Cost of Living Council, the biggest increase she can get is five-and-a-half per cent. Unless she happens to be a coal miner."

"Another country heard from. Who was it said that?"

"The President has asked the council to hold the line, and I'm sure if you explained it to Mrs. Mason she would go along with the President."

"Oh, no, she wouldn't. And for two good reasons. The second reason is that Genevieve can't stand the cold weather."

"What's the first reason?"

"The first reason is she's a Democrat. And besides, I promised her she'd get the raise, and she had her initials put in the lining—G. M."

"And what's good for G. M. is good for the country. But regardless of political parties, everybody has to go along with our President. It's not only Genevieve Mason, it goes for Helen Jones, and Mary Smith, for all the young and pretty secretaries who also need winter coats. Money is tight."

"Not as tight as you are. I remember that a couple of years ago I had a chance to buy a mink stole on sale, and you wouldn't let me."

"Oh, not that again."

"Yes, I will. The man told me it was a steal at that price."

"Please don't go through that stale mink stole steal story again."

"How's that again?"

"I couldn't possibly. Besides, I didn't have any extra cash then, and I don't have too much right now."

"Where did it all go?"

"I don't know. You don't think I just wantonly dissipate it, do you?"

"I never said you drank."

"It's discussions like this that'll drive me to it. Look, Jane, I saw a raincoat the other day, and when the man said it was one hundred seventy-five dollars, I told him I'd been saving for a rainy day but this was ridiculous. I walked out. Now if I can do that, I'm sure Genevieve will see why I can't raise her more than five-and-a-half per cent."

"How much is that in American money?"

"That'll be about four dollars and forty cents. If I raised her more than the Cost of Living Council indicated, I'd be unpatriotic. And Genevieve would be unpatriotic if she accepted it."

"Oh, I see. We have to be patriotic. So I'll tell you what. When you give Genevieve the raise and she takes it, you can both sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

"Jane, I don't think you realize how serious the economic situation is. We have to stop the spiral of inflation, and the council is—"

"Hahahaha."

"What's so funny?"

"When you said before that you told the salesman you're saving for a rainy day but this is ridiculous. Hahahaha."

"Yes. Now let me show you why it's important that you—"

"Don't you get it, dear—rainy day—saving for a raincoat?"

"I got it, Jane. But about the Cost of Living Council—it's crucial that it turns the economy around so we can all start doing better financially."

"Have you been doing better?"

"Well, I haven't noticed it yet. Even if the President does say things are getting better."

"Sure. He's got a better location than you have."

"Yes—sixteen hundred—right on the corner. But we have to give it a chance. Actually some economists think he should have done this a couple of years ago, and we wouldn't be in this mess."

"Well, that's no skin off my teeth. But there's another thing you'd better explain to me. Who's that Helen Jones and that Mary Smith you let slip out of the bag up there before, those pretty secretaries you've been buying coats for?"

"Oh, come on. I just made up those girls."

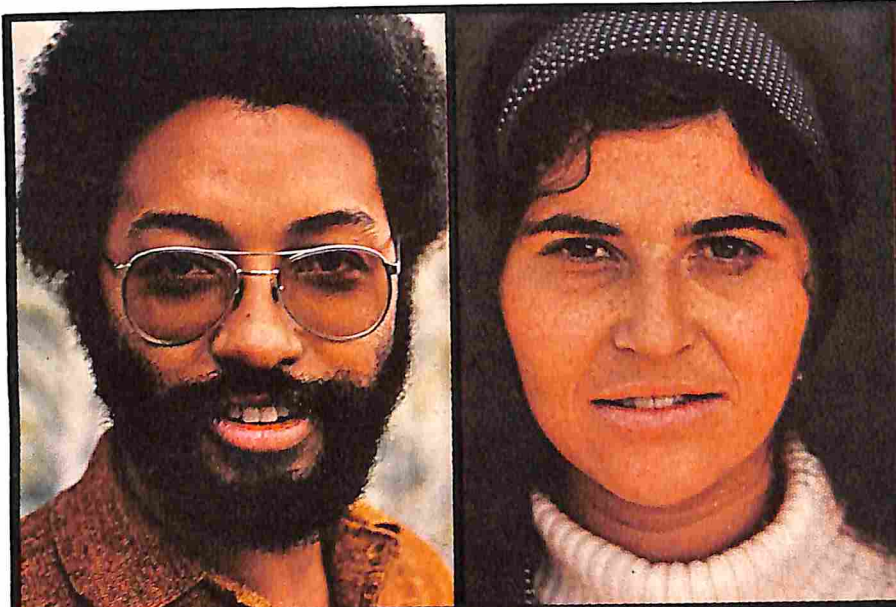
"Don't give me that facetious names business."

And so on and so on. And I'm still frozen in with that Helen Jones and Mary Smith story. And it's going to take more than Phase 2 to defrost me.

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 18, 1971 50¢

“It’s not the answer for everyone.”
Roy Roberts,
director



“The kids feel selected and they feel like people.”
Elaine Gecht,
teacher

“Now that they’re here, what can they take away?”
Judy Sullivan,
street worker,



“It’s more like a family than a school.”
Omar Brown,
student

NEW YORK'S MINI-SCHOOLS

Small Miracles,
BY DIANE DI

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