of the future could tire cultural epoch. fundamental idea. revolutionary when his first industrial e in 1929, was dethe inside out. He uct around its techre, letting function, efficiency determine ce. This clean-lined 'as sometimes critirab," but Dreyfuss gs were beautiful if well and were patomically and psychn a human scale. was devoted to dee usefulness and approducts: he sold department store, ne stores to study and shoppers, and rounds as a telerman to learn more ay phones fitted inironment. (His job n ended the day he n the service ele-1 fashionable aparthe'd been a dislinner guest a few r.) His telephone reted in the Bell Syscradle phone, as well iline, Princess, and telephones. Drey-

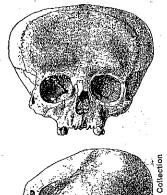
telephones. Dreyted that each call Tone dial saved six ling up to over 150 1-hours annually in one.

liners Constitution idence Dreyfuss deinteriors, from the down to the silver-1e top deck, he sugimming pool. This the conservative World War II, and was considered luxextreme. Furtherural problems made assibility: the pool oo heavy for that ship. Noting that neavy wooden deck planned for the top uss redesigned them ght aluminum. He enough weight to ool, and the aluchair has been with

arcity has made the loing more with less ecessity, and Dreyof function has beitons.

### -Sasha Cavander

er, a free-lance writer, is nook entitled The World



Flathead Indians from the Fraser River country of British Columbia

# CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT

In the nineties and the early 1900s, gold teeth were as much a part of the fashion scene as peg-top trousers, choker collars, and chatelaine watches. There were, of course, certain practical reasons for this popularity. From the viewpoint of the average dentist, gold-shell crowns provided a simple method of securely anchoring artificial teeth; at the same time they covered ugly, broken-down, and discolored natural teeth, as well as much inferior dental work. And to the patient, gold seemed to represent the most in value -Charles I. Stoloff received.

Natural History February 1972



X ray of a Chinese woman's bound

## What a Piece of Work is a Man!

The basic design of the human body has been a sort of aesthetic stumbling block for many centuries. Most of the body's internal arrangements have always given reasonable satisfaction, but the look of it has perpetually cried out for some kind of improvement. Stylization, decoration, and exaggeration have always been called into play to reorganize God's handiwork. The aim of dress, anthropologists say, is not so much protection of the shivering, hairless ape from the weather as making him look more important, beautiful, or alluring. Artists have always been necessary collaborators in this aim, obligingly rendering images of man that have stylized and idealized his appearance, all the more effectively among the half-naked groups. African sculpture, for example, makes potent, vigorous abstractions out of naked bodies, as, if to demonstrate how they really ought to look. Similarly, classic Greek sculptors created idealizations of nudity so exquisitely subtle that less well-designed beings could identify with them.

In chilly Western Europe, however, clothing has always seemed the best way to edit the look of bodies. What we call fashion, which was invented sometime in the thirteenth century, has taken the covered rather than the bare body for its medium. Representative art has provided a kind of parallel guide to this phenomenon: the history of fashion in the West manifests the vast invention with which men and women have tried to mold themselves into works of art. The late Middle Ages, devoted to attenuation, used long pointed shoes for men, long pointed headdresses for women, and the first instance of tight corseting for both sexes. Fashions in the Renaissance and the early Baroque period abandoned slenderness and its extensions in favor of bulk. Enormous sleeves and padded doublets magnified the puny human torso, and huge ruffs thickened the neck; by the mid-seventeenth century, elegant men and women had become waistless mountains of satin, topped with abundant curis. The Van Dyck portraits give the best version of how they were supposed to look.

Perhaps the most interesting and ingenious effort to redesign the human body through dress was the invention of modern masculine tailoring at the end of the eighteenth century. This amazing conception made it possible for men to look formal and natural, displayed and hidden, sexy and sober, all at the same time. It was carried out to perfection by the likes of Beau Brummell and his fellow Regency dandies, but it has been continued (with variations, of course) down to the present day. Subtle padding augments shoulders and chest so slightly that it looks like natural musculature, while tubular sleeves and trousers can mask deficiencies as they reveal structure. It was a great idea: its long life in the fickle modern world bears witness to that.

--Anne Hollander

Anne Hollander is writing a book on the clothed image in art, to be published by Viking in 1976.

# **Designing Women**

The most industrious designers I've ever known were the girls I grew up with. The summer between sixth and seventh grades, Linda, Janis, Pattie, and Carole start wearing bikinis, streak their hair with peroxide and say it was the sun, and suddenly they're invited to boy-girl parties. Judy and I go to slumber parties. She practices round, fat penmanship and changes her name to Judi.

Linda and her crowd sing in the choir at the Presbyterian church, practice with makeup, slant their handwriting to the left, dot the i's with circles: Judie and I sit through Tom Jones four times.

In ninth grade "their crowd" wears garter belts, stockings, and color-coordinated Villagers. Linda goes steady with a senior. Her mother beams. "When the boys want to settle down they will choose wholesome girls like you," Judee's mother emphasizes. We wear socks and do not date. "You're a late bloomer," my mother says. The optometrist asks me, "What happens if your boyfriend wears braces, too?"

At sixteen the unkissed braces come off, my father says I'm old enough for contact lenses, and I straighten my hair for the first time. "The boys must beat a path to your door," says the dentist, chuckling. Judye and I

"When people are free to as they please, they usu imitate each other."

The Passionate State of M.

buy two-piece bathing suits, fifteen.

We try harder. Judé lets hair grow indefinitely. I ca a copy of *Ulysses*. We avoid beach, and spend Saturdays Greenwich Village with M garet, the civil-rights activ We buy turtlenecks, sandals, silver earrings. I enter an a war essay in the American gion Memorial Day Contes:

By senior year Linda is h cheerleader and plays my dau ter-in-law in the school play

At the summer camp wh I'm a counselor, my peace-s shirt is confiscated, I refuse salute the flag. I stare at McCarthy poster next to my land count the days, grateful to be in the army.

I go to NYU; Margaret tends the New School. I low my hair to frizz—the f Orphan Annie in the Villagoress in jeans and workshi don't even own a skirt. Mar ret, braless, sings her own so and plays guitar in GI coff houses for a while, then c sugar cane in Cuba and retu a feminist. By the time I gruate, Margaret is a radicalesbi and we are no longer friends

Linda, upon graduating fra genteel college for wommarries a fraternity man. grad school I meet up w Judy, who has not cut her h since we last met. I see Marret on the street sometimes. S greets me: "Hare Krishna." I day I am twenty-six; my mot tells me I've bloomed.

—Melanie Pulik is on the staff Harper's.

