

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

SPY publishes *Letters to the Editor* of *The New Yorker* because *The New Yorker* doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The Pack Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

DEAR BOB,

While enjoying the museum show "The Art of *The New Yorker*: A 60-Year Retrospective," I noticed a sort of scary trend (Fig. 1). What are you doing to replenish the ranks? Is there dancing at your Christmas party?

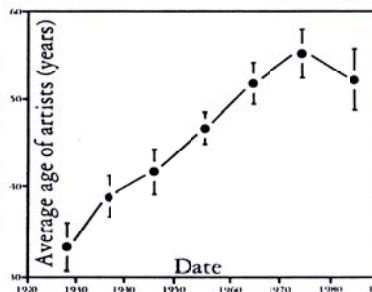


Fig. 1. The ungreening of *The New Yorker*. (Each point is a mean of the ages of between 7 and 20 staff artists. Bars show the standard errors of the means; the true mean is within one standard error of the sample mean about 70 percent of the time.)

Seth Roberts  
Berkeley, California  
SPY May 1989, p. 54.

Concern about the graying of *The New Yorker* is unfounded, according to that magazine's art editor, Lee Lorenz. "That is categorically untrue—many of the people in that retrospective are dead," Lorenz told SPY. "It's not as though we have a staff and when one keels over we trot in

another. We take on new artists and writers all the time. We're interested in how good they are, not how old they are."

On the other hand, Lorenz admitted, "We don't have a Christmas party. There is a little informal gathering, and, yes, everyone is spry enough to get up and dance." There isn't any music, he said, but people can dance if they want to. And isn't that what really counts? **D**