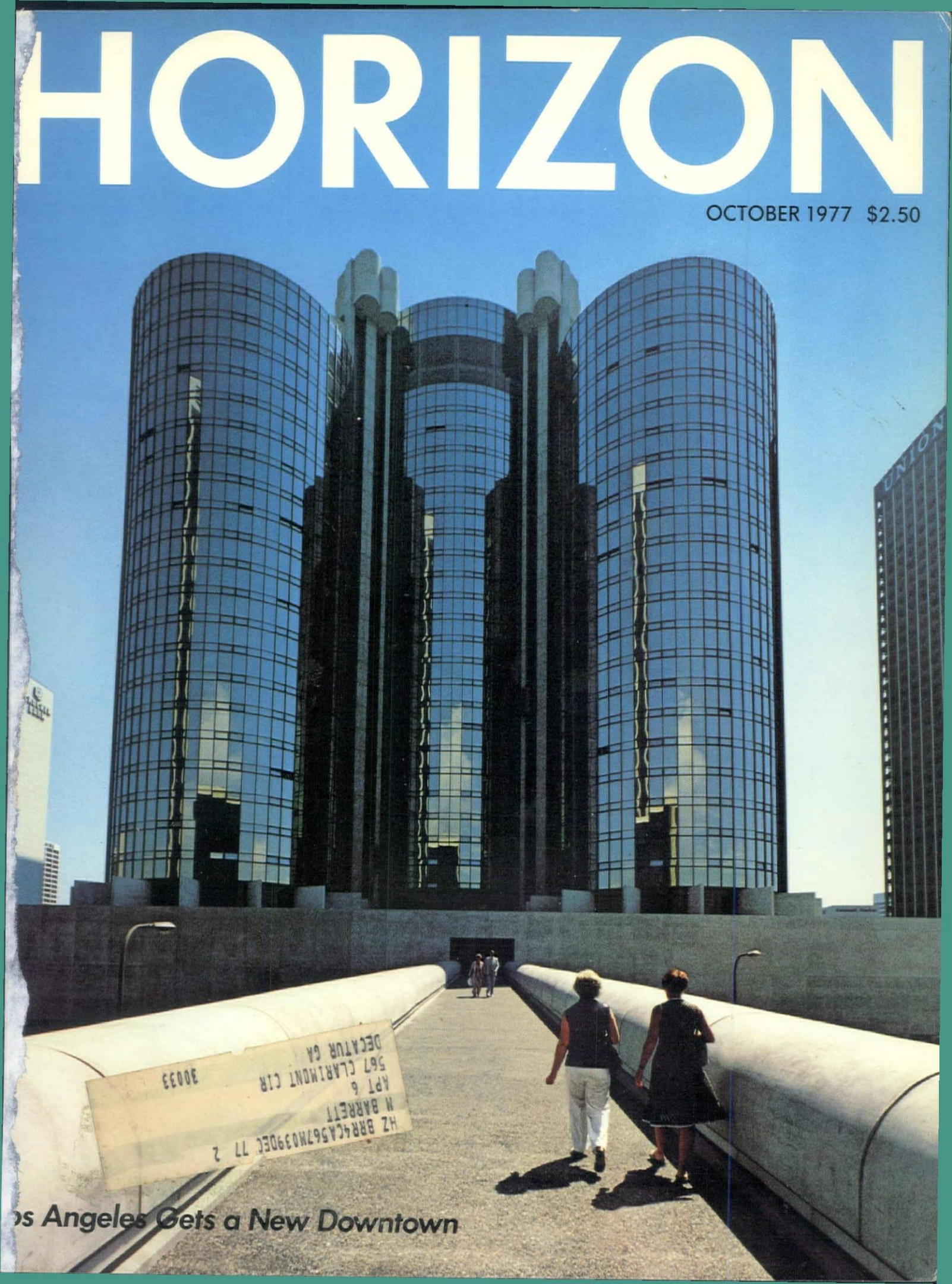
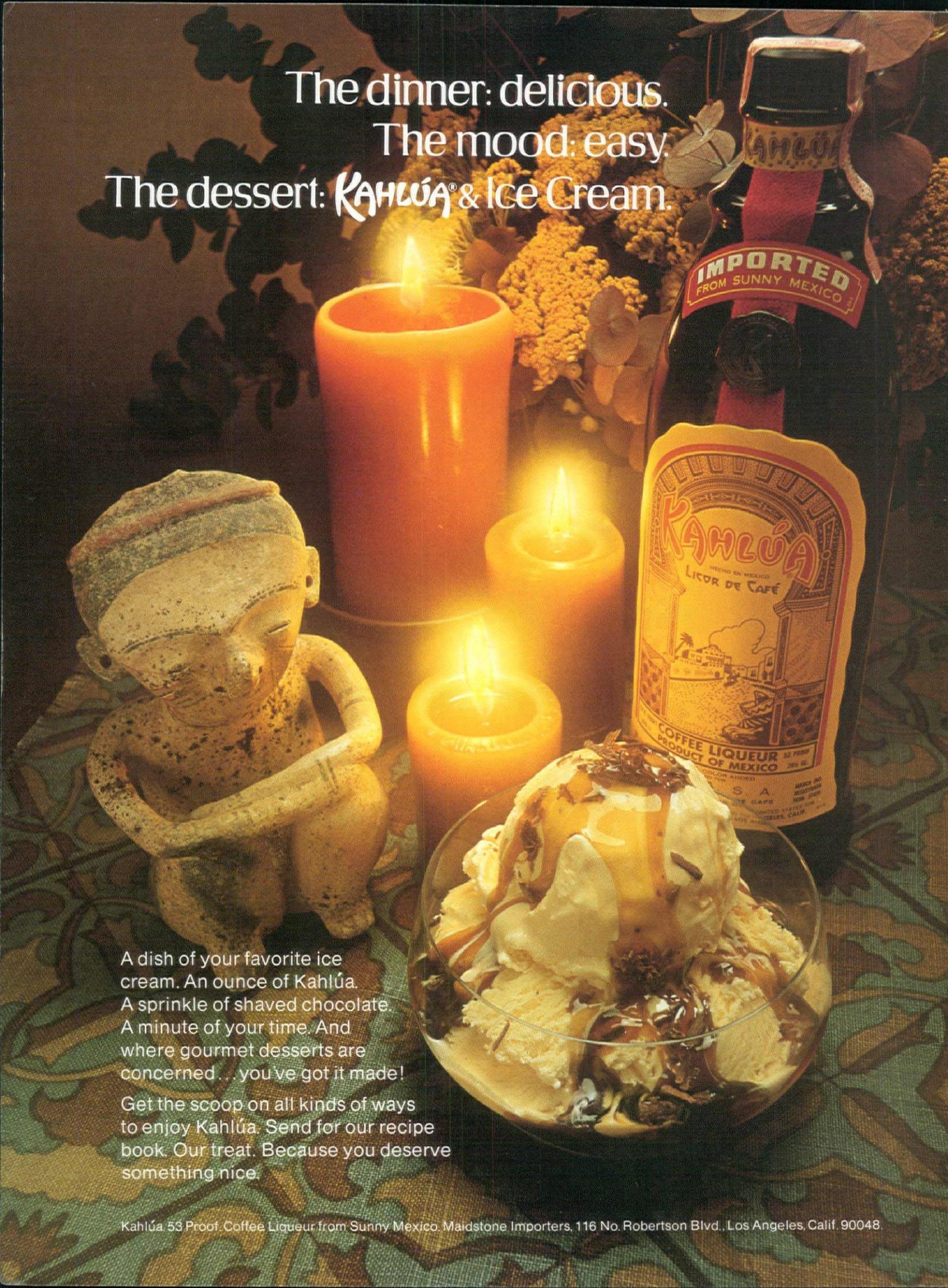
HORIZON

OCTOBER 1977 $2.50



M2 BRR4CA567M039DEC 77 2
M BARRETT
APT 6
567 CLAIRMONT CIR
DECATUR GA
30033

os Angeles Gets a New Downtown


The dinner: delicious.
The mood: easy.
The dessert: KAHLÚA® & Ice Cream.
IMPORTED
FROM SUNNY MEXICO
KAHLÚA
LICOR DE CAFÉ
COFFEE LIQUEUR
PRODUCT OF MEXICO
A dish of your favorite ice cream. An ounce of Kahlúa. A sprinkle of shaved chocolate. A minute of your time. And where gourmet desserts are concerned... you've got it made!
Get the scoop on all kinds of ways to enjoy Kahlúa. Send for our recipe book. Our treat. Because you deserve something nice.
Kahlúa. 53 Proof. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. Maidstone Importers, 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

Should you invest in a tax exempt bond fund?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Do you have taxable income of $16,000 or more?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Do you want income from relatively long-term tax exempt investments without losing the ability to withdraw any part of your money if the need arises?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Would you like to compound the income from your investment tax free?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Are you now receiving interest or dividends that are taxable?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Do you consider municipal bonds a tempting investment but too complicated or demanding for your personal supervision?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Would you like to receive a monthly income check exempt from Federal income taxes?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Would you like to invest in a municipal bond fund without paying any commission or sales charge?

If you answered "yes," to any of these questions, please let us send you a prospectus of the Dreyfus Tax Exempt Bond Fund, Inc. If you prefer not to remove the coupon from this page, call toll free day or night:

800-325-6400

(For questions call 9AM – 5PM: Out of New York 800-223-5525, in New York call collect 212-935-5700)

The Dreyfus Tax Exempt Bond Fund, Inc.

600 Lincoln Boulevard, Middlesex, NJ 08846

For more complete information, including management fee charges and expenses, obtain a prospectus by sending this coupon. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. 209T101

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

T148

Income may be subject to some state and local income taxes.

HORIZON

OCTOBER 1977 • VOLUME 20, NUMBER 2

EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla Flood

ART DIRECTOR: Ken Munowitz

SENIOR EDITORS
Susan Ferris, Charles E. McLaughlin, Carter Wiseman

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Marya Dalrymple, Mary Z. Jenkins, Mary Sherman Parsons

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Alicia Fortinberry, Scot Haller, Allan Ripp, Frederick Ritchin

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Barbara Klaw, Edmund White

COPY DEPARTMENT: Kendra K. Ho, *Chief*; Ellen Tumposky

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: Marion Flynn Logan

PRODUCTION MANAGER: Russ Pinieri

ASSISTANTS TO THE EDITORS: Beryl Benbow, Linda Hirschmann

AMERICAN HERITAGE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Samuel P. Reed

PRESIDENT AND PUBLISHER
Rhett Austell

EDITOR IN CHIEF, MAGAZINES: Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.

EXECUTIVE EDITOR, MAGAZINES: Nat Brandt

CONSULTING EDITOR: J. H. Plumb

EDITORIAL ART DIRECTOR: Murray Belsky

ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR: C. S. Lovelace

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Muriel O'Neil

TREASURER: Anthony J. Sansiveri

PROMOTION DIRECTOR: Ernest S. Quick

PROMOTION ART DIRECTOR: David A. Van Inwegen

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR: Donald B. Barrows, Jr.

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Elbert Burr

HORIZON is published monthly by American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc. Editorial and executive offices: 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020. Treasurer and Secretary: Anthony J. Sansiveri. All correspondence about subscriptions should be addressed to: HORIZON Subscription Office, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Or call toll free: 800-848-8283 (in Ohio: 800-282-6709).

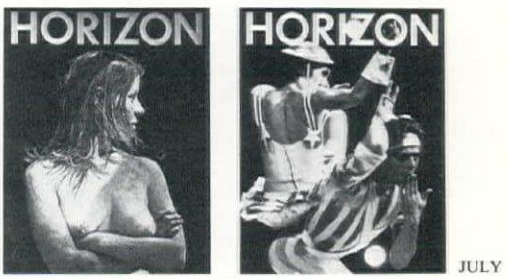
Single copies: $2.50. Subscriptions: $24.00 per year in the U.S.; Canada: $26.00; elsewhere: $28.00.

Cumulative indexes for Volumes I-V, VI-X, and XI-XV are available at $7.50. HORIZON is also indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. The editors welcome contributions but can assume no responsibility for unsolicited material. Title registered U.S. Patent Office. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 111 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Postmaster: Please send Form 3579 to HORIZON, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.

© 1977 by American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved.
Printed in the United States of America.

Quartet



MAY JULY

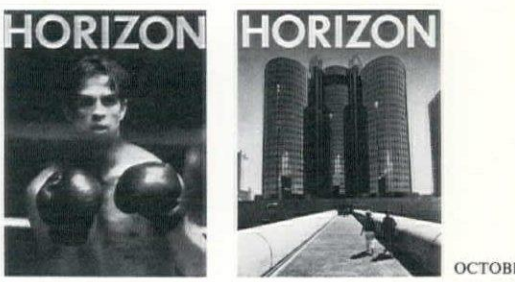
Five months ago subscribers to HORIZON found a nude in their mailboxes. No ordinary nude, to be sure. It was Andrew Wyeth's *Virgin*, one of the most striking paintings in the Wyeth retrospective then showing at New York's Metropolitan Museum.

Inevitably, the appearance of such an image on the cover of an established magazine alarmed some readers. But it delighted many more, who recognized in it not only a tribute to an outstanding work of art but also a symbolic shift in HORIZON's traditional emphasis to include increased coverage of contemporary cultural affairs.

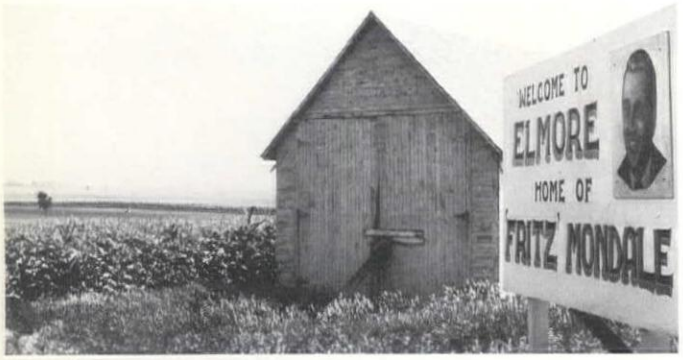
The shift was reflected in the May issue in stories on the sculpture of Henry Moore and Alexander Calder, the achievements of America's Nobel laureates, and the growing popularity of photographs as collector's items. Subsequent articles in the July HORIZON dealt with the latest developments in ballet and modern dance, new paintings by Joan Miró, and the dramatic surge of interest in jazz.

In last month's issue—with which HORIZON became a monthly, available at newsstands as well as through subscription—the magazine examined, among other things, the superrealism of sculptor Duane Hanson and the invasion of the American cinematic scene by West German directors. And this month HORIZON offers in-depth looks at the growth of a glittering new "downtown" in Los Angeles, the liveliness of the long-distance runner, and the operatic pyrotechnics of the irrepressible Frank Corsaro.

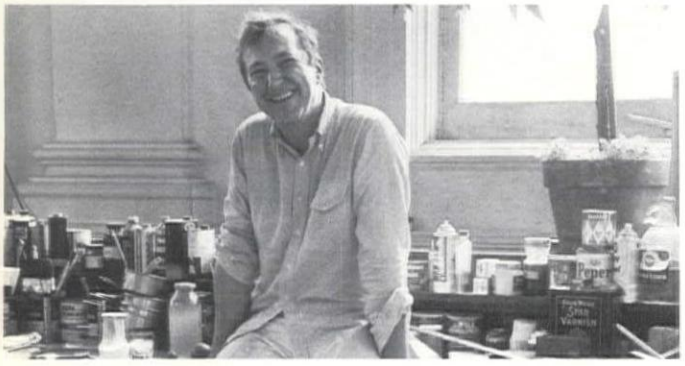
The covers of these four issues tell you something about the scope of our editorial coverage: art, dance, movies, urban renaissance. In the coming months HORIZON will continue to explore the constantly changing face of contemporary urban culture. It promises to be an intriguing journey. We invite you to join us.



SEPTEMBER OCTOBER



Mondale's Minnesota, page 66: The state that shaped him



Jasper Johns's exhibition, page 48: Cerebral artist in mid-career

Life on the run, page 32: Marathoners traverse city streets

Making a movie, page 86: Jane Fonda stars as Lillian Hellman

Contents

WELCOME TO DOWNTOWN L.A. 10
By John Pastier
Los Angeles sees the development of a new urban center

THEATER USA 20
By Richard Eder
At long last the stage gets a national character

LIFE ON THE RUN 32
By Allan Ripp
Devoted distance runners are gaining on the jogging set

THE PAINTER'S EYE 39
Cézanne's final decade 40
By John Rewald
Jasper Johns in retrospect 48
By Edmund White

BORING THE AUDIENCE IS UNFORGIVABLE 58
By Peter Andrews
One-time actor Frank Corsaro's operatic innovations

MONDALE'S MINNESOTA 66
By William Barry Furlong
Like Jimmy Carter, the vice president is a man of roots

SNAPSHOT MASTERY 75
By Frederick Ritchin
What artists can do with a Polaroid camera

WHEN GOD WAS A WOMAN 82
Etchings by Zevi Blum

THE MAKING OF *JULIA* 86
By Susan Ferris
Bringing Lillian Hellman's autobiography to the screen

WAY DOWN UPON THE SWAMI RIVER 96
By Peter De Vries

At a Glance

CROSS COUNTRY 4

PAST PERFECT 30

PRESENT INDICATIVE 56

FUTURE SUBJUNCTIVE 80

RECEIVED
JUL 18 1001

COVER: A bridge six stories above Los Angeles's traffic carries pedestrians to and from the gleaming new Bonaventure Hotel. Photograph by Anthony Howarth—Woodfin Camp and Associates.

CROSS COUNTRY

LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF ART

Los Angeles: sensuous immortals

HERB MIGDOLL

New York: Christian Holder of the Joffrey Ballet

LEONID D. LUBIANITSKY

Washington, D.C.: Rostropovich to the National Symphony

West

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA The rock group **Crosby, Stills, and Nash**—whose intricate harmonies evoked comparisons with the Beatles in the late 1960s and whose subsequent demise was a source of disappointment—continues its much-heralded comeback with a concert at the Oakland Coliseum on October 22. With a series of sellout concerts on the East Coast this past spring and the successful reunion album, *CSN*, the group appears to be well on the way to re-establishing itself.

• • •

LOS ANGELES The most important collection of Indian sculpture in private hands today (the collector has chosen to remain anonymous) will be on display at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art from October 27 to January 15. The exhibition, ***The Sensuous Immortals***, will include 176 sculptures from India, Kashmir, Tibet, Nepal, and Southeast Asia, covering nearly two millenniums, from the 2d century B.C. through the 18th century A.D.

By the 5th century, a single artistic tradition, fostered by the spread of Brahmanism and Buddhism, held sway over the vast region covered by the exhibition, and although the anonymous sculptors represented three different religions (Buddhism, Hinduism, and Jainism), their work expresses a remarkable aesthetic unity. Many of the serenely beautiful images—temple sculptures of immortal lovers caught in a sensual embrace—were believed to bring good luck to worshipers.

Next year the exhibition will travel to Seattle, Kansas City, Denver, and Ottawa.

South

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA The lifelike works of **Duane Hanson** (HORIZON, September), which have been drawing thousands across the country, can be seen at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts beginning October 14. Nineteen sculptures, including the museum's own *Business Man*, will be on exhibition, as well as a video tape of the sculptor casting, joining, painting, and finishing his "people."

• • •

NASHVILLE Country-music fans will have two extra reasons to visit Nashville this month. The 26th annual Disc Jockey Convention is assembling there on October 12, and the **Grand Ole Opry** celebrates its 52nd birthday on October 15. Held at both the Grand Ole Opry House and the Nashville Municipal Auditorium, the five-day affair is partly a trade show for producers, record dealers, and radio personalities and partly a festival for anyone who enjoys the soulful twangs of country.

Midwest

MINNEAPOLIS/SAINT PAUL Known for its excellent staging of the classics, the **Guthrie Theater** company will try its hand this season at some new and experimental works. Running concurrently with the Guthrie's main-stage productions, five modern plays will be seen at Guthrie 2, a converted vaudeville theater that seats 180. *Ashes*, by British playwright David Rudkin, and a trio of one-acters, *Samuel Beckett: Mouth on Fire . . . .*, opened in September, and on October 13 *The Conversion of Aaron Weiss*, by Mark Medoff, author of the off-Broadway hit *When You Comin' Home, Red Ryder?*, joins the repertoire.

• • •

CLEVELAND The one-character play, which has appealed to numerous actors because of its opportunities for *tour de force* and touring success, has attracted yet

How to tell original prints from cheap reproductions.

Buying original prints is an excellent way for the novice to make a modest investment in beautiful works of art.

The buyer had better beware, however.

As more and more attention is being given to art as an investment, more and more dealers are trying to pass off cheap reproductions as fine art.

At the Original Print Collectors Group, we sell only fine original works to a growing number of people who are enthusiastic about buying good art at moderate prices.

One of our primary concerns is to educate our customers, so that they'll be able to discriminate and get true value for their money.

Salvador Dalí's original lithograph, "La Danse". Signed limited edition of 195.

A few pointers, then about original prints:

Original prints, whatever the process used to create them, are "hand-pulled" under the artist's supervision, or by the artist himself. This means that any work produced photographically or by another purely mechanical process is not an *original* print.

If you examine a print under a magnifying glass and discover a regular pattern of small dots, you will know immediately that it is not an original work.

If the print is a serigraph (produced by a silkscreen process), the ink will seem rather like paint and appear to be sitting upon (rather than absorbed into) the paper.

Etchings and engravings will produce a physical impression on the paper itself.

Contemporary original prints will always be signed in pencil by the artist himself, to indicate personal supervision and approval of the individual print.

Original prints are always produced in limited editions, at the most several hundred copies. If thousands of copies are available, then the work is almost certainly *not* original. (In most cases, to assure that the integrity of their work is not violated, artists will destroy the plate after the edition has been produced.)

Joan Miró's original lithograph, "Entre Chien et Loup". Signed limited edition of 75.

The print will have a figure on its border, indicating the number of prints pulled and the number of the individual print in the sequence.

For example, the figure 50/100 means that the edition has been limited to 100, and that this is the 50th print pulled.

© 1977 Original print collectors Group, Ltd.

Jan Balet's original lithograph, "Blanchisserie". Signed limited edition of 300.

Is the edition limited and is the print numbered?

Did the artist personally sign the individual work?

There's a lot more to be learned about buying original prints, more than we can tell you on this page.

But if you'll send for our free color brochure, we'll be happy to tell you more, and show you the quality and variety of the prints we offer.

They include limited edition etchings, serigraphs and lithographs by both contemporary and traditional artists with international reputations. Some examples: Calder, Chagall, Dali, Delacroix, Picasso and Renoir.

Alvin Sandler's original etching, "Laguna Luminosa". Signed limited edition of 99.

If you decide to buy a print, we'll frame it handsomely and send it to you with a full money back guarantee. If you're not satisfied for any reason, you simply return your print and get a full refund.

We'll also send you a brochure, every two months, featuring new selections of prints, along with an informative newsletter.

If you're interested in investing in art, invest a 13¢ stamp in your art education and send for our brochure today.

Original print collectors group, Ltd.
120 East 56th Street, Dept. HR1, New York, N.Y. 10022

☐ Please send me your free color brochure, sample newsletter, and other information, with no obligation.

Name

Please print legibly.

Address

City State Zip

EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY

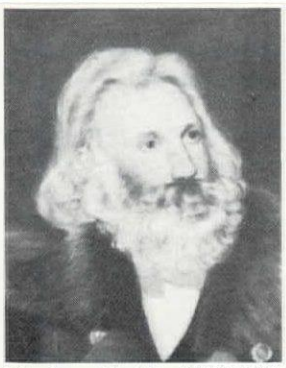
The National Audubon Society requests your participation
in an unprecedented limited edition book offering

John James Audubon

The American Wildlife Heritage

The original writings and full color lithographs of Audubon in two volumes With definitive introductions by Roger Tory Peterson.

Published exclusively by Volair Limited.



John James Audubon (1785-1851)

Share in an American Legend

John James Audubon: artist, writer, thinker, teacher. A man who left an indelible mark on the consciousness of the world, his very name a symbol of our need to understand and live in harmony with all that is natural.

Yet how few of us have been able to *personally* experience Audubon's brilliant art and fascinating writings: to share with Audubon his heroic views of an American wildlife untouched by man.

An Unprecedented Opportunity

Volair Limited invites you to share with us the works of the greatest naturalist the world has ever known: John James Audubon's *American Wildlife Heritage*. Published *exclusively* by Volair Limited and presented in a magnificent two-volume, leather bound limited edition.

Utilizing the very finest quality paper, printing, and binding, each two-volume set contains 40 lithographs from Audubon's *Birds of America*, and 40 from the *Quadrupeds of North America*. The plates are one to one, first generation full color lithographs taken directly from Audubon's rare hand colored originals. Accompanying each color plate is Audubon's original text, word for word, as it was first printed in its original typeface over 120 years ago.

These volumes represent Audubon's vision of American Wildlife in all its diversity and splendor. From the mysterious Snowy Owl to the powerful American Grizzly, from the timid Virginia Deer to the brash Blue Jay—we are reminded that we inhabit a land of tremendous natural beauty and complexity. Shown to us by a man who boldly proclaimed "an intimacy with nature bordering on frenzy".

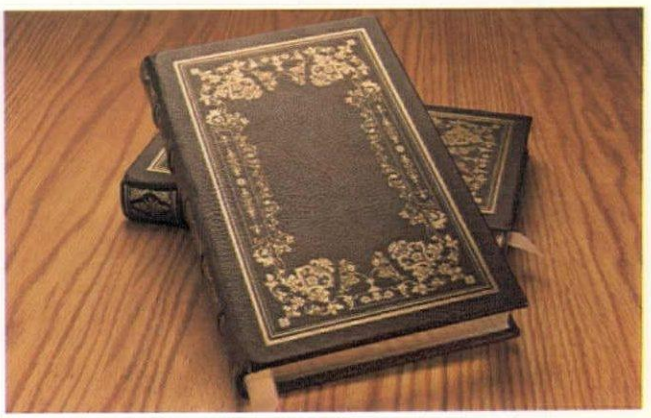
A Personal Heirloom

Volair Limited sincerely believes that these volumes will establish a personal heirloom that you and your family will treasure for many generations to come.

The Limited edition and superb craftsmanship will assure the lasting value of this work. But most important are the lithographs and commentary of Audubon and the lasting effect they have had, and will continue to have, on future generations of your family and all Americans.

Indeed, in today's world of built-in impermanence, the undistorted skillful impressions of Audubon stand alone as man's greatest tribute to nature.

In the tradition of Audubon's original Octavo Editions, each set will bear a personalized bookplate certifying that these books were published in your name and your family's name. Each set of books will be individually hand numbered in sequence to ensure you of a strictly limited edition.



Definitive Introductions by Roger Tory Peterson

Each volume contains a definitive introduction by Roger Tory Peterson, written exclusively for this important publication. Mr. Peterson, author of *A Field Guide to the Birds*, is the world's foremost living naturalist and a noted wildlife artist. He also serves as a special consultant to The National Audubon Society and is contributing editor to AUDUBON Magazine.

Mr. Peterson's astute introductions place the genius of Audubon in historic and artistic perspective. They analyze

Bound in Genuine Leather and Richly Ornamented in 22 Karat Gold

Edition: 5,000

Original Issue Price: $110 per 2-volume set

Audubon as an individual and emphasize the significant role he has played in helping to create the current awareness of our American wildlife heritage.

Masterpieces of the Bookmaking Art

To present you with books as beautiful as they are meaningful, no detail has been overlooked. These volumes reflect, in every way, the importance of their contents.

Genuine Leather Bindings

Each set is bound in genuine leather, selected from the world's finest bookbinding leathers, so that you may experience the rich aroma and supple texture that only genuine leather can provide.

The spine of each volume is "hubbed", with raised ridges formed directly in the leather, in the ancient tradition of the fine bookmaking art.

Genuine 22 Karat Gold Ornamentation

The striking antique cover design, circa 1840, is deeply inlaid on both covers in 22 karat gold. The back covers and spines feature this same beautiful gold inlaid design.

The top, bottom, and sides of each page are edged with 22 karat gold leaf for both beauty and protection.

Distinctive in Every Way

The endleaves of each volume are finished with an elegant yet durable moire fabric, with a sheen and depth of color that are truly remarkable. Each volume includes a harmonizing ribbon marker; a fine fabric slipcase accompanies each set.

The paper was chosen for its ability to capture perfectly the subtle and intricate detail of Audubon's lithographs. The books are identical in size to Audubon's original 1840 Octavo Edition. (7-1/4" x 10-3/4").

From the luxurious feel of the leather binding to the exceptional printing quality, these books will prove treasured possessions, now and for generations to come.

An Important and Extremely Limited Offer

The publication of Audubon's *American Wildlife Heritage* is strictly limited to 5,000 two-volume sets; the price is $110 per set (that's only $55 per volume, including slipcase and all shipping and handling!). These books will *not* be sold by bookstores or even rare book dealers.

If, for any reason whatsoever you are dissatisfied with your purchase, you may return your volumes within 90 days for a prompt and unquestioned refund. An extended payment plan is available for your convenience in remitting.

Every effort has been taken by Volair Limited to provide you with a product of excellent quality and lasting value, at a most reasonable price. Your subscription will prove an investment in knowledge and in America's Wildlife heritage.

Obviously this is an extremely limited offer, so we urge you to act promptly to avoid possible disappointment. Applications will be accepted in order of earliest postmark.

The Foremost Purveyor of Fine Art Collectables

John J. Audubon's
American Wildlife Heritage

The price of each two volume set is $110, including all shipping, handling, and insurance. Your satisfaction is guaranteed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Method of Remittance:

☐ Check ☐ Credit Card BAC/MC/Am Exp (Circle One)

Card Number _____ Exp Date _____

☐ Payment in Full ☐ Extended Payment Plan. Please send $55. We will bill you for the balance of $55 after delivery.

The National Audubon Society
c/o volair limited
120 Water Street South/Kent, Ohio 44240
Phone 216/673/3110/Cable VOLAIRLTD.

© 1977 Volair Limited

Have a window-seat-view of the world's richest wildlife panorama.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL'S

WING SAFARI

Using the latest, most comfortable Trilander aircraft limited to 10 we will visit far ranging wilderness and game reserves seldom seen by other safari groups.

We shall visit the Northern Frontier District and witness exciting tribal life. We'll occupy the best hotels, tented camps and lodges. Cost of 18 day Safari is $1,690, airfare not included. British Airways flies you to and from Nairobi in utmost comfort.

Please write for our brochure or give us the name of your Travel Agent.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.

Dept. H-WS
135 East 55th Street, N.Y. N.Y. 10022
751-2300 or toll free 800-223-9700

DESIGNER SET
GIFT OF A LIFETIME

Genuine leather case—solid brass initials!

For designers, artists, draftsmen, students! Black case has twin zips, lies flat when opened. Inside: fine pencils, 12 rainbow-hued, 4 soft-to-hard lead; 7 color pens; ruler (inches and cm.); 45° calibrated triangle and architect's protractor of clear acrylic; pen holder; eraser; sharpener. All fame-name professional quality — A.G. Farber-Castelli, Edding, Kulbel. Everything secured in loops and pockets — extra loop for a prized personal pen. Case sturdily stitched and personalized. Our own West German import, so fine it comes with a guarantee! PRINT initials for personalization.
2250 Designer Set (7½x4¾x1½") . . **$19.98**

Add $1.00 post. & hdlg., NY res. add taxes

LILLIAN VERNON™

Dept. HON2, 510 S. Fulton Ave., Mt. Vernon, NY 10550

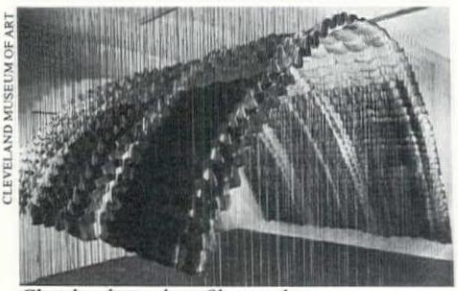
CROSS COUNTRY

another talent. This season **James Earl Jones,** who scored as the boxer Jack Jefferson in *The Great White Hope* several years ago, takes center stage in *Paul Robeson*, an evening highlighting the life of the controversial actor and singer. Charles Nelson Reilly, who guided Julie Harris as Emily Dickinson in *The Belle of Amherst* last year, is directing the play, which opens at the Hanna Theatre on October 31 for a one-week run and then travels to Milwaukee, Chicago, Washington, and New York.

• • •

CLEVELAND The Cleveland Museum of Art, which prides itself on a fine collection of ancient and historic textiles, is exhibiting modern textile arts from October 5 through November 20.

The international show, ***Fiberworks,*** brings together 77 objects by 49 artists from



CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART

Cleveland: modern fiberworks

16 countries, a cross section of the best and most varied, ranging from small, poetic constructions to monumental "environments." Everything from sisal to plastic filament has been used to make forms that hang, fall, twist, stand, lean, sag, spill, or recline. Here is proof that the use of fiber is a major form of artistic expression.

Cleveland will also hold several other related exhibitions this month, including showings of African textiles, American quilts, soft sculptures by such modern artists as Robert Motherwell and Helen Frankenthaler, and one-woman shows by Evelyn Svec Ward, June M. Bonner, and Donna Van Dijk, organizers of the Cleveland Museum exhibition and accomplished fiberworkers themselves.

East

WASHINGTON, D.C. The Smithsonian Institution's **Festival of American Folklife,** a 12-week-long hit during the Bicentennial, returns to the Mall from October 5 to 10, with new attractions in and around the Museum of History and Technology, the Museum of Natural History, and the Renwick Gallery. Smithsonian secretary S. Dillon Ripley says the objective this year is to create "an indoor-outdoor cultural format," with "scholarship as well as entertainment" as the ingredients. Entertainment includes singers from five Indian tribes, dulcimer makers and banjo players from Virginia, and a fife-and-drum corps from Mississippi. Trainmen and brakemen will demonstrate a model freight-classification yard and tell stories about the age of steam. Educational exhibitions will show how to collect oral histories and how to conserve energy through the production of food ("folk power," as the festival calls it).

• • •

WASHINGTON, D.C. For the start of its 47th season this month, the National Symphony Orchestra greets **Mstislav Rostropovich** as music director. The 50-year-old master cellist, who left his native Russia in 1974 after speaking out against Soviet suppression of artistic freedom, will replace Antal Dorati, who has become music director of the Detroit Symphony.

One of Rostropovich's duties will be to program repertoire, and he has already commissioned new works by American composers. He will also conduct at least ten weeks of each of the symphony's two seasons. Mesmerized by orchestra leaders since his childhood, Rostropovich has called this post "the real test of my musical life."

• • •

PHILADELPHIA Holography, or "three-dimensional light imagery," has to be experienced, since its effect cannot be reproduced on paper. This month it will be possible to do that at Philadelphia's Walnut Street Theatre.

The show, organized by the Museum of Holography in New York, presents **24 holograms,** which appear to be three-dimensional objects suspended in space but are actually glass photographic plates exposed to a split laser beam and re-exposed to a light source. Few gallerygoers can resist reaching out to "touch" the images, which change as the viewer moves around them.

• • •

NEW YORK Less than a day after Mike Nichols received the script of ***The Gin Game,*** a new play by an unknown playwright, D. L. Coburn, he agreed to direct the comedy-drama, which comes to Broadway on October 6. Hume Cronyn, who first spotted the script, and his wife, Jessica Tandy, portray a couple who meet in a depressing old-age home and reveal themselves over successive hands of gin. Says Cronyn: "It is

about mutual dependence—two people alone in the world, neither of them particularly admirable, who discover that despite the abrasions set up between them, they need each other."

• • •

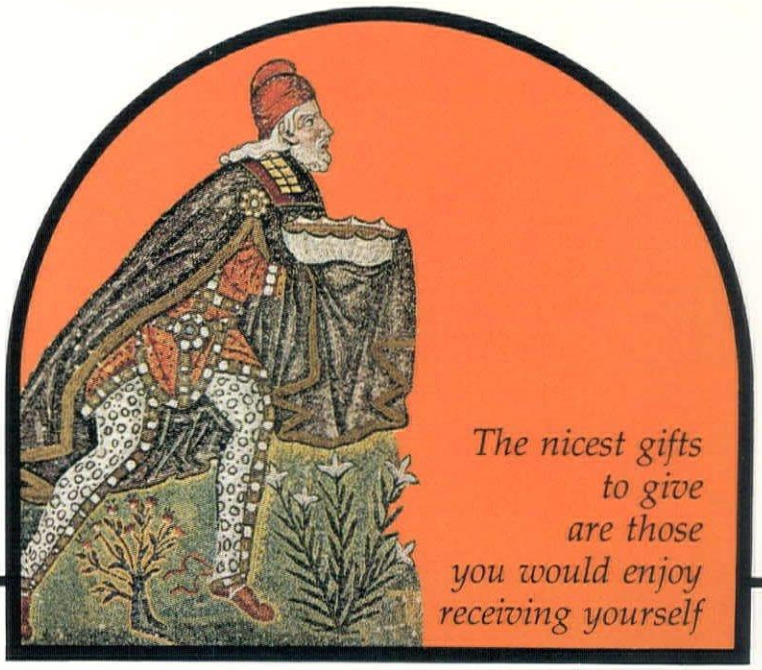
NEW YORK The **Joffrey Ballet** begins its fall season at City Center 55th Street Theater on October 13 with a new *Romeo and Juliet* staged by the internationally acclaimed choreographer Oscar Araiz—the company's first full-length work. Six other new ballets will be presented, including *Touch Me*, Gerald Arpino's rousing solo for lead dancer Christian Holder, set to gospel music by the Reverend James Cleveland and the Charles Fold Singers.

Nationwide

The **screen adaptation of *Equus***, Peter Shaffer's award-winning expedition through the minds of a middle-aged English psychiatrist and his patient, a stableboy apprehended for blinding six horses, has its première this month, with Richard Burton re-creating his riveting Broadway performance as Dr. Martin Dysart. The drama, which drew praise for its intense theatricality and vibrant language, transfers to film with much of its power intact. Peter Firth costars as the obsessed teen-ager, and Eileen Atkins provides strong support as the magistrate who introduces doctor to patient. Directed by Sidney Lumet, whose recent films include *Network* and *Dog Day Afternoon*, *Equus* opens in New York in mid-October, with early November engagements scheduled for Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and Washington.

• • •

The **PBS *Great Performances*** series is dedicating the month of October to opera, with five works scheduled for viewing on consecutive Wednesday evenings. On October 5, the program commences with a new production of *The Marriage of Figaro*, directed for television by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, to be followed by *Salome* (with Teresa Stratas singing the title role), *Pagliacci*, and *Cavalleria Rusticana*. On November 2, Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* will close the opera segment of the series. Drama—including *The Royal Family* and *The Sea Gull*—will occupy the time slot for the rest of November, with December to be devoted to dance. Also scheduled by PBS is a *Live from Lincoln Center* broadcast of *Manon*, a New York City Opera production starring Beverly Sills, on October 18.



First, think of the crisp crunchiness and unique flavor of California Almonds, and how delighted you would be to receive an attractive carton of them. Now, try to think of anyone who would not be equally delighted to receive them. You can't, can you? That's because California Almonds are the world's finest, and their universal popularity makes them gifts of exceedingly good taste . . . for anyone . . . for any occasion.

Duché (rhymes with "gourmet") is one of the country's oldest and largest processors of nuts . . . specializing in California Almonds. Most of our almonds are sold in bulk to confectioners, bakers and ice cream makers throughout the world. However, each year a small portion of our crop is literally *hand-selected* for special processing, flavor-protected in *8 oz.* vacuum-sealed tins (with re-sealable plastic tops), placed in attractive gift boxes, and offered for sale, in limited quantities . . . by mail. They are labeled, with pride . . .

Duché California "Gourmet" Almonds

For gifts you know will be enjoyed, fill out the coupon below, attach it to your gift list and send it to us, along with your check or money order. While you're at it, why not be nice to yourself . . . and add an order for your own happy munching. *Your satisfaction is unconditionally guaranteed.*

A LIMITED WARRANTY TO CONSUMERS ★ Good Housekeeping PROMISES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND IF DEFECTIVE

Each Gift Pack contains an assortment of 8-ounce resealable tins, including SMOKED, BARBECUE, BLANCHED & NATURAL. Prices shown include shipping anywhere in U.S.A. and to servicemen & women with A.P.O. addresses.

T.M. DUCHÉ NUT CO.
P.O. Box 845 Z
Orland, Calif. 95963

Please send ☐ to me ☐ to attached list
_____Four-tin gift packs @ $6.50 _____
_____Six-tin gift packs @ $8.90 _____
☐ Please send brochure on other sizes
Name:_____
Address :_____
City, State & Zip:_____

T. M. Duché Nut Co., Inc. P.O. Box 845 • Orland, Ca. 95963 • An affiliate of THE TRAVELERS

Welcome to Downtown L.A.

For years it was hard to convince people that it was really there.
But now there are new hotels, theaters, and high-rise office buildings—
and a cohesive urban core is beginning to emerge

By JOHN PASTIER

A view south along Grand Avenue accentuates the contrast between the older section of downtown Los Angeles and the newer high rises.

To many people, Los Angeles is the quintessential postwar American city. Its physical and social mobility, its determined pursuit of the good life, its faith in growth and technology, and its devotion to the automobile and to free-wheeling suburban lifestyles have provided a model for many of the nation's up-and-coming metropolitan areas over the last generation. In at least one sense, though, Los Angeles is unlike any other major American urban center. In contrast to New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and other big cities cast in more traditional molds, Los Angeles has not, in recent memory, had anything that could be described as a strong "downtown."

Beginning in the 1920s, the rapid outward growth of Los Angeles's population, coupled with the westward migration of its commerce and the disappearance of its splendid 1,000-mile network of trolleys, steadily sapped the strength of its once-vibrant central business district. But Los Angeles is a city in a constant state of flux, and in recent years a number of development efforts have begun to reverse the downward trend.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY HOWARTH

Evening light silhouettes the Bank of America, the ARCO tower, the Bonaventure Hotel, and the Security Pacific Bank.

Some 15 years ago, Bunker Hill, a picturesque but declining Victorian residential neighborhood in the city's center, was virtually razed. It has since been partially rebuilt with offices, apartments, a hotel, double-decked streets, and pedestrian bridges. To the north of Bunker Hill, more housing was removed to make way for the $34.5 million music center, a three-building performing arts complex reminiscent of New York's Lincoln Center. East of that is the group of buildings making up the civic center, with a half-mile-long mall and an aggregation of local and federal government offices that is touted as the largest outside Washington. To the south are the six-year-old convention center and a dozen new skyscrapers—including the 62-story United California Bank headquarters—which proclaim the emergence of a new financial core for Los Angeles.

In all, more than $1 billion has been invested over the last decade and a half in what Angelenos can now, with some justification, refer to as "downtown." The development has produced 18 million square feet of floor space—the working area of more than eight Empire State Buildings. And that is just the beginning. The federal government has given initial support for the development of an experimental, 2.7-mile, $170 million, downtown "people mover" roughly similar to the elevated monorails in Seattle and in Florida's Disney World. In addition, studies are under way for a subway that would link downtown with the Wilshire district, Hollywood, and the San Fernando Valley. And finally, the city at last seems ready to end the ten-year debate over the fate of its landmark central library by devoting more than $43 million to renovation and expansion. "Within ten years," predicts Gilbert Lindsay, a Los Angeles city councilman and a strong supporter of the recent redevelopment efforts, "we will have the finest and most beautiful downtown anywhere in America."

Despite such boasts, however, serious questions remain about just how effective—or how wise—the attempts to encourage the growth of a legitimate downtown in Los Angeles have really been. One reason for the weakness of Los Angeles's downtown has been the dispersal of the city's functions. Although it is the seat of governmental power for a county of 7 million people and the financial hub for a market of at least 9 million, downtown Los Angeles still does not dominate its region as strongly as the downtowns of other major American cities do theirs. Downtown Los Angeles is merely the largest and easternmost element in a string of commercial centers—Beverly Hills, Hollywood, and Santa Monica among them—that stretch a dozen miles westward to the Pacific. It must also compete with business centers in the affluent San Fernando Valley, Orange County, and other sections of the metropolitan area.

The best shopping is found in Beverly Hills. Many of the best hotels lie far to the west of downtown, as do the leading museums and art galleries, the most interesting night life, almost all of the best restaurants, and the city's glamour industries—movies, television, and recording—as well as its bread-and-butter aerospace industry. In a hedonistic metropolis such as this, where consumerism is an elevated art form and the term "lifestyle" takes on reverential overtones, solid but stodgy down-

Intermission at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, one of the three auditoriums that make up the music center complex

town has long been lagging in vitality and status.

Some of the most recent downtown developments are beginning to change this picture. Two medium-sized shopping malls have been built there within the past five years. But the sudden flurry of activity in the hotel business seems to account most for the changing popular attitude toward downtown. Early this year Los Angeles witnessed the opening of the $110 million Bonaventure Hotel. This extravaganza—designed by that master architect, developer, and showman, John Portman—contains 1,500 guest rooms in five cylindrical towers sheathed in mirror glass, plus eight levels of shops, bars, and restaurants, wrapped around a skylit atrium. The Biltmore, a 50-year-old hotel nearly equal in size to the Bonaventure but more restrained in its opulence, is being extensively remodeled by its new owners, Phyllis Lambert and Gene Summers. Finally, a smaller but luxurious competitor, the New Otani, is just opening at the edge of downtown in Little Tokyo. These three hotels, with their shops, restaurants, and nightclubs, offer the strongest evidence to date that the district can evolve into an attractive and diversified urban center where human activity persists beyond quitting time.

But even within the downtown area, disconnectedness remains a problem. Virtually all the recent development has taken place in west downtown, within a narrow strip that centers on Flower Street and lies just east of the Harbor Freeway. The next blocks—Grand Avenue, Olive Street, and Hill Street—form a transitional zone on the way east to Broadway, which, while perhaps not altogether respectable in some eyes, is still the city's most vibrant pedestrian street.

"Broadway is jumping seven days a week," says Robert Alexander, an architect and former member of the Los Angeles City Planning Commission. And with good reason. Two of downtown's four major department stores anchor Broadway's middle and southern ends; at the north end is Grand Central Market, a block-deep indoor bazaar of stands that sell staples, meat, produce, fast food, and a variety of other merchandise. Resembling a poor man's farmer's market, this area hums with more human activity than anywhere else in Los Angeles: on an average workday 30,000 people go through the market. And on Sundays crowds line up for Spanish-language films and live entertainment at the Million Dollar Theater, a Chicano equivalent of New York's Radio City Music Hall.

Across Broadway, in sharp contrast, is the Bradbury Building. Essentially a ring of offices surrounding a five-story, skylit interior court, this restored 1893 structure remains the gem of the city's architectural heritage. Between these ends lie a dozen movie houses—including some of the city's most lavish—and scores of restaurants and shops serving a diverse clientele of Chicanos, blacks, and Asians. And although most of the office space along Broadway remains vacant, the street is still a delight for people watchers and architecture buffs.

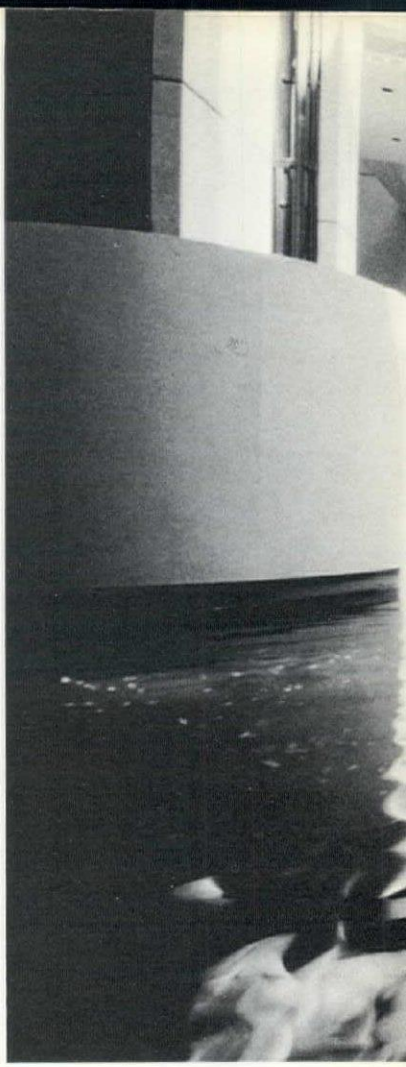
Spring Street, which lies one block east of Broadway, is a stately, treelined enclave of impressive pre-Depression financial buildings. Its architectural dignity goes largely unobserved because most of the bankers and brokers

have left for the new west side of downtown. Much of the reason for their exodus can be seen the next street over, for Main Street marks the abrupt beginning of a skid row that covers several blocks and could be, to use a favorite local yardstick, the largest west of Chicago.

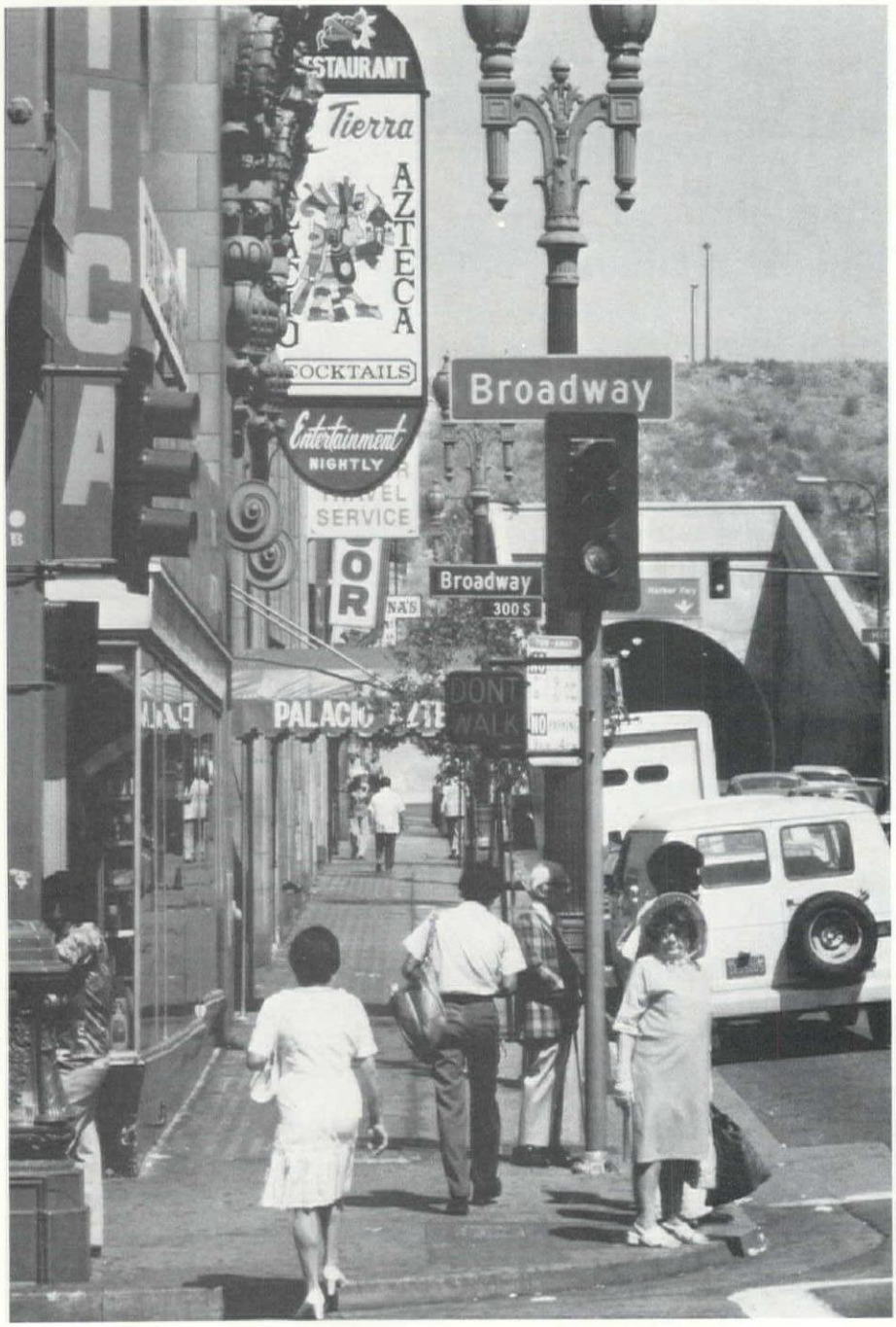
Luckily, Skid Row is bordered by healthier areas. On the south is a prosperous and expanding garment district that ranks third in the nation and provides not only employment but also numerous bargains for alert shoppers. North of Skid Row is Little Tokyo, a tourist area and the center of commercial, social, and cultural life for much of Southern California's dispersed Japanese-American population. Here selective urban renewal (rather than the total clearance used on Bunker Hill), combined with individual entrepreneurship, has created a diverse and balanced community.

In human terms, Little Tokyo may be downtown's most successful precinct, for it is comfortably scaled, attracts a wide social and economic spectrum of users, and still has room for small, family-run businesses as well as high-rise offices, housing, and hotels. Little Tokyo has some of the city's best restaurants, and its shops, besides stocking the usual tourist trinkets, offer some of the finest and most unusual merchandise in town. "I'm really optimistic about Little Tokyo," says Kurt Meyer, board chairman of the Los Angeles Community Redevelopment Agency. "It's one of the very few redevelopment projects anywhere that have successfully rebuilt an inner-city ethnic area without moving people out."

Except for Little Tokyo, the eastern areas of downtown have gotten little help from the city or from private investors. Fortunately local government is realizing that both downtowns, east and west, are important to the city's well-being, and it seems that public policy is finally developing the sensitivity and sophistication to deal with the problems that remain after 15 years of downtown rebuilding. There is also evidence that the private sector, historically self-serving and short-



Diners at the Bonaventure seem to floa



Chicano restaurants help make Broadway the most vibrant downtown street for pedestrians.

on a lagoon in the atrium; suspended pods above them provide privacy for cocktail chatter.

sighted in downtown affairs, may be inclined to assume a more public-spirited role than in the past.

But even the area that has received the bulk of the public and private investment suffers from some major problems. For all its newness, opulence, and impeccable housekeeping, the western section of downtown is still lacking something fundamental: an authentic city sense. This deficiency is not apparent at first, nor is it perceived by everyone. Indeed, if one were looking for a photographic symbol of urban elegance, west downtown would do very well and has in fact been a filming location for that purpose. And most of the people who work in the new buildings seem satisfied with their environment. What seems to be the prevalent feeling about the development area was summed up recently by a secretary during her lunch break on the plaza between the massive towers of the Atlantic Richfield headquarters. "It's clean and has a pleasant atmosphere," she said.

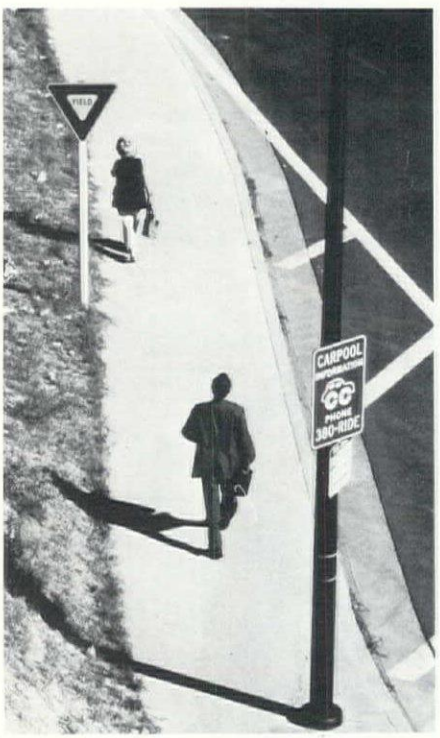
Grand Central Market draws 30,000 people daily to its varied shops.

Individually, the elements of this district promise a richly diverse city experience. They include gleaming skyscrapers, snappy restaurants, manicured plazas, underground shopping centers, and upper-level pedestrian walkways. Taken together, though, these elements repeat the pattern that is coming to epitomize most of the newer downtowns of the American sun belt—a collection of disconnected, blank-faced, and self-contained projects that are peculiarly suburban in their disregard for the pedestrian, their indifference to the streetscape, and their devastating concessions to the automobile. "I tried walking to work a few times,"

Buses shuttle Angelenos past a strip of cleared land and aging buildings in east downtown; plans are in the works for a "people mover," and a subway

says Graham Smith, a municipal employee who lives only half a mile from his office in the civic center, "but I just couldn't take it. It was like walking through a concrete trough and then coming out in a desert: everything in downtown is so isolated."

That need not be the case, however. The sharp contrast between the new and the old sections of the downtown area of Los Angeles could be a starting point for a renaissance to eclipse all that has gone before. Both areas have their particular assets and drawbacks, but at the moment there is little connection between them. If effective links could be forged through intelligent planning and design, these two halves could make a splendid whole, particularly if their distinctive problems could be diminished in the process. Although public funds are short at the moment, there are specific plans to do just that. Almost all of downtown has been officially designated an urban renewal area, which means that the city's Community Redevelopment Agency has considerable powers to effect improvements in the district. (Ironically, to gain these powers the city had to declare all of the core blighted.)



Recent construction has reduced pedestrians to the status of an endangered species

Many of the problems that plague downtown were aggravated by the actions of earlier Redevelopment Agency administrations, but the commissioners appointed by Mayor Tom Bradley, who took office four years ago, are now charting a far more sensitive course. Led by Kurt Meyer; Edward Helfeld, the new agency administrator; and Harold Katz, chairman of two official citizen-advisory committees, and prodded by the city council, the Redevelopment Agency has issued the first in a series of annual planning and budgetary agendas for downtown. "I'm excited about the CRA plans," says Robert Alexander. "These people have the power and the resources to get things done, and they are doing a

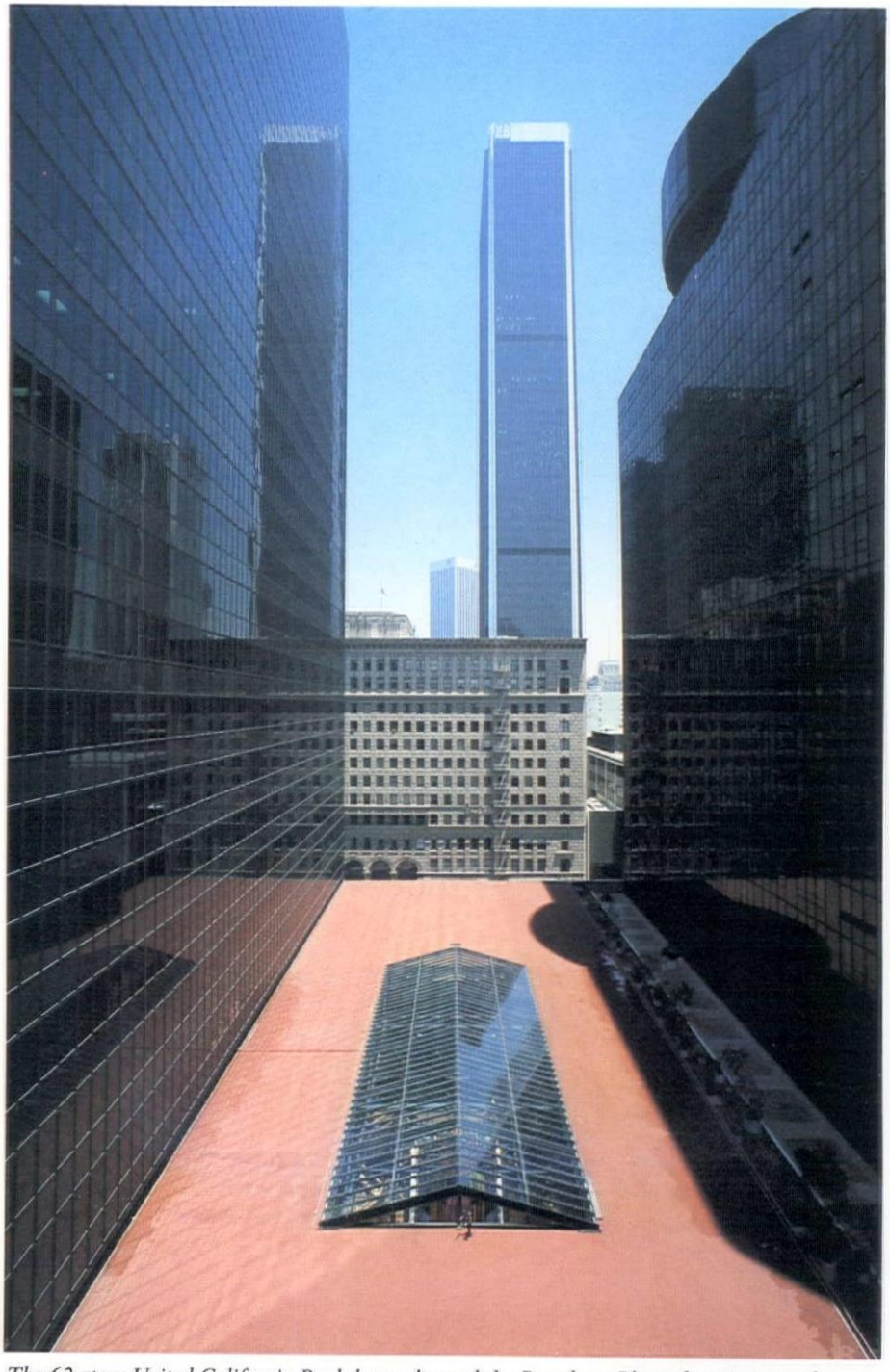
is under consideration.

wonderful job. Their program is the most encouraging thing I've seen in a long time."

In it, the agency spells out specific tasks for the next year, including the creation of a new park in the garment district and the refurbishing of the large wholesale produce-and-flower markets along downtown's southeastern edge. Perhaps most important, long-needed housing, a park, and an employment center are scheduled for construction in Skid Row. A nonprofit development corporation is being created to act as a vehicle for these and future projects. "There's no question that Skid Row improvement is the key to revitalizing the east side of downtown," says Meyer. "Our program recognizes that Skid Row is here to stay, and instead of trying to eliminate it, we're going to improve it. This is a different age of urban redevelopment: it's not brick-and-concrete-oriented but geared to what makes a city tick. For the first time, I feel that we are really on the right track."

Another part of the plan provides for a temporary pedestrian mall and busway on Broadway, designed to test the feasibility of a permanent installation. Similar mall-and-transitway combinations have been successful in Philadelphia and Minneapolis, and in Los Angeles such a proposal represents a welcome evolution in public policy away from the automobile. In addition, Spring Street will be examined as a new location for Redevelopment Agency offices; should the move take place, it would be tangible evidence of governmental concern. "We have faith that the area will come back," says Francisco Arends, a senior vice president of the Banco Popular de Puerto Rico, which recently bought a building on Spring Street. "It's a natural; the assets are there."

Another as yet unofficial CRA project provides for the conversion of one or more Spring Street buildings into artists' living lofts and galleries. This form of building reuse has proved



The 62-story United California Bank looms beyond the Broadway Plaza shopping complex.

Residents of the Bunker Hill Towers housing development, right, getting in an evening set of tennis under the lights

spectacularly successful in Manhattan's SoHo district, and if economics and Los Angeles's stringent fire and earthquake standards should permit the creation of a similar program, it could do much to turn the district around. "There are dozens of marvelous old Spring Street and Broadway buildings that are really classics and are just begging to be rehabilitated," says Robert Winter, an architectural historian and member of the Los Angeles Cultural Heritage Board.

Sadly, most of these city programs could be undercut by the plans for the people mover. Running from Union Station to the convention center, the line will skirt the downtown areas that need it most. The closest it comes to the old east side are stops at the edge of Little Tokyo, at the doorstep of the Los Angeles *Times*, and within a block of Grand Central Market. Otherwise the 2.7-mile route serves only the western section of downtown, rather than linking the core's two halves.

A partial rerouting of the planned mass transit system would be a significant step toward bringing the currently separate worlds of downtown Los Angeles closer together. But other planning changes are also in order. One would be a major revision of local urban-design practice to soften the impact of the automobile by reversing the trend toward freewaylike streets and buildings that turn their backs on pedestrians at sidewalk level. Another would be a stronger emphasis in long-term planning on housing in the downtown area. When Meyer took over as head of the Redevelopment Agency, he proposed striking a better balance between housing and office space in the unbuilt parcels of Bunker Hill property. Two housing projects for the area are now in the design stages and should contribute considerably to the diversity of activities on the hill.

The music center complex has proved to be such a popular attraction that its backers have proposed adding a fourth auditorium building. Although there are clearly good reasons for doing so, another auditorium would only aggravate the already severe traffic jams caused by concentrating so many cultural facilities in one place. The causes of economics, city diversity, and architectural preservation would all be better served by recycling one of the splendid but aging movie palaces a few blocks away on Broadway—a strategy that has proved successful in Saint Louis and Oakland. Judging from the unexceptional qualities of the music center's present buildings and from the experiences of several other cities, converting one of the older theaters might yield aesthetic and acoustic dividends as well.

None of these changes in present planning would in itself galvanize downtown Los Angeles into a coherent urban center overnight. But progress on any one of them would help break down the segregation between west and east—and, implicitly, between rich and poor—that has been virtually institutionalized by recent development. And each act of joining the city's strong but artificial new west-side heart to its old east-side soul would bring Los Angeles that much closer to its goal of having the "finest and most beautiful downtown anywhere in America." □

John Pastier, formerly architecture critic for the Los Angeles Times, *is a contributing editor of* New West *magazine.*

A waterfall in the Security Pacific plaza adds freshness to the midday cityscape.

Theater USA

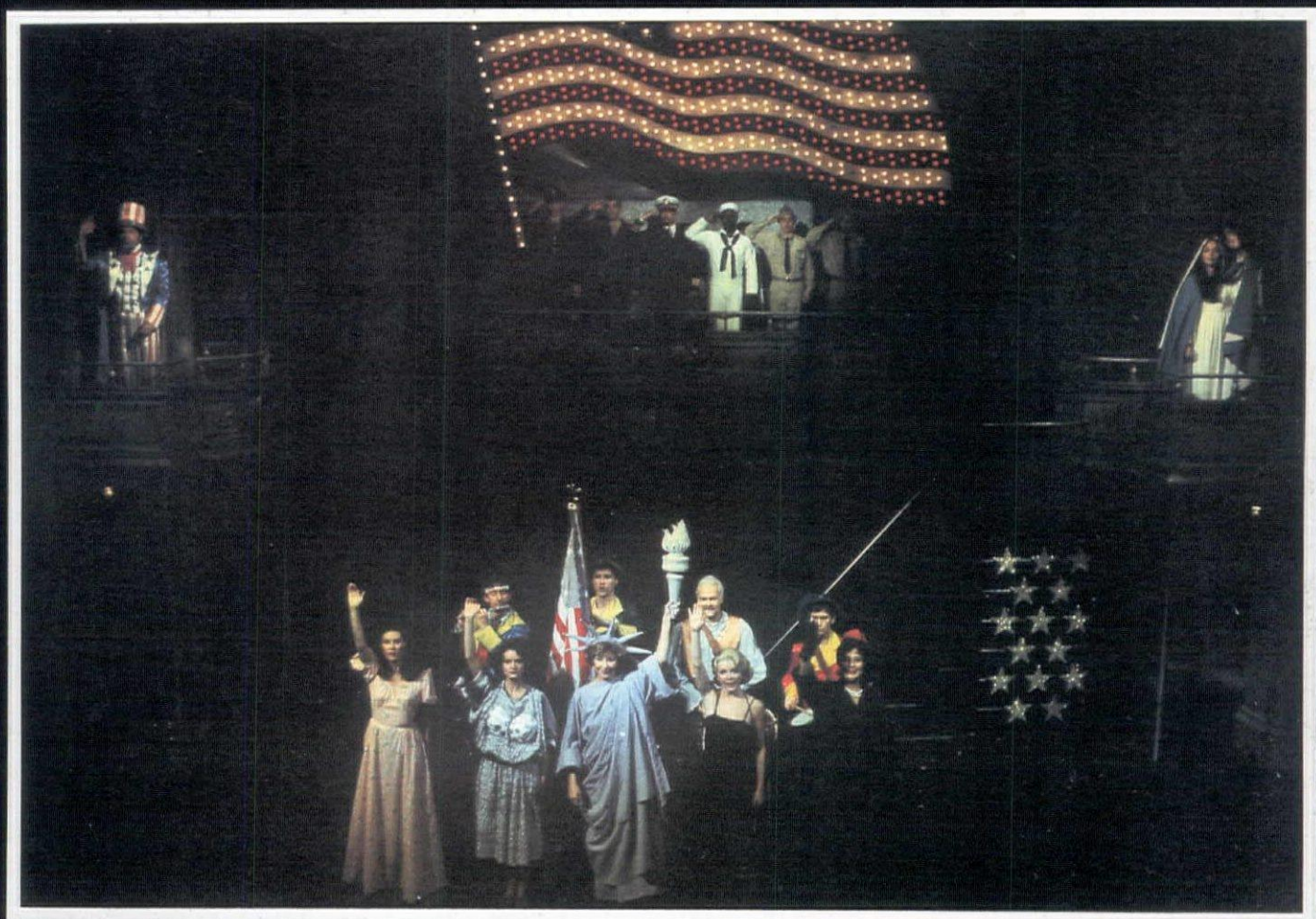
MARTHA SWOPE; BELOW, HERB MIGDOLL

Annie, *now with Andrea McArdle, began life at Connecticut's Goodspeed Opera House.*

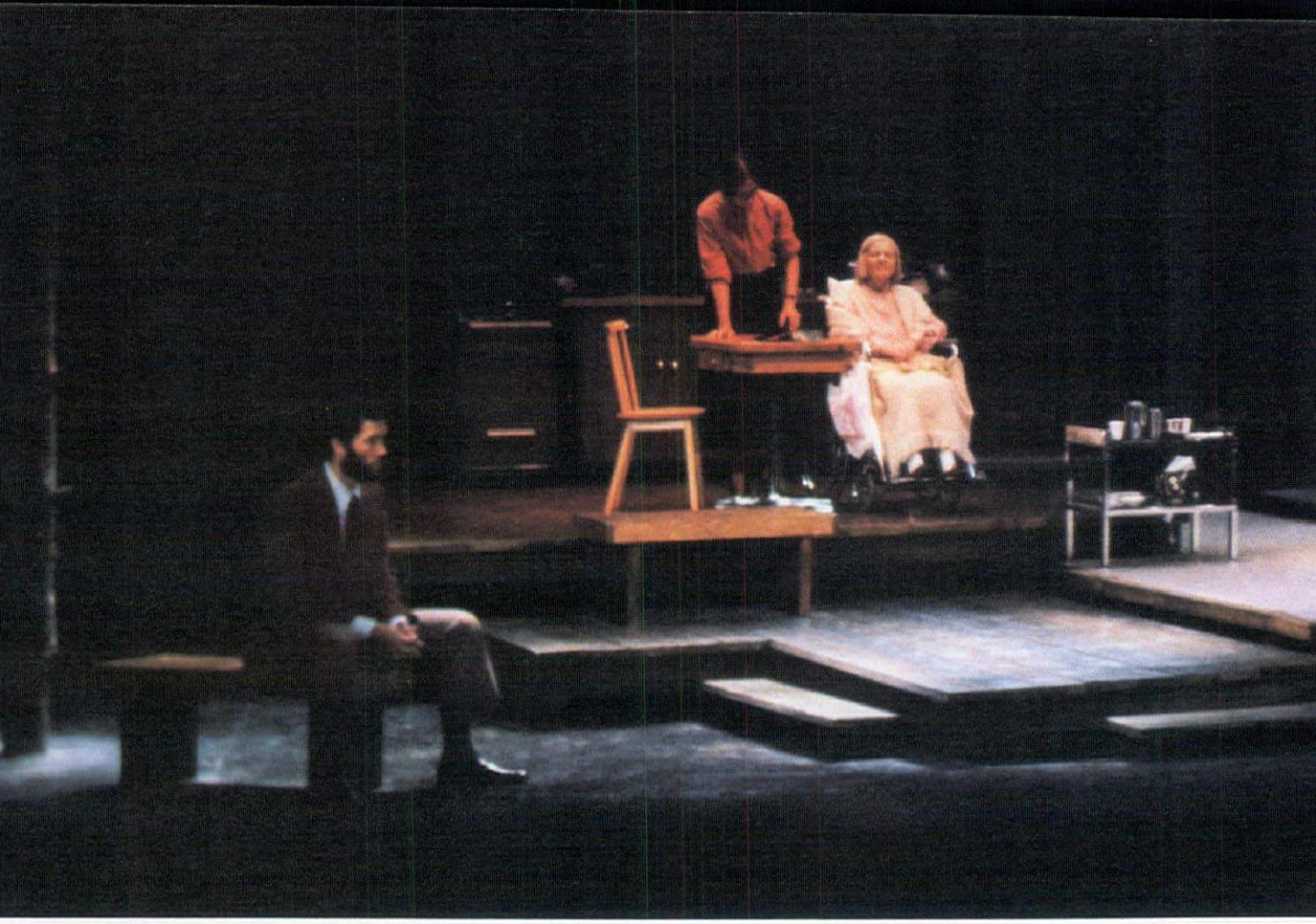
An informal network of theaters and directors around the country has brought new plays to Broadway and new playwrights to the fore, giving a truly national character to that most intimate form of entertainment

By RICHARD EDER

A Chorus Line *trouped from Joseph Papp's Public Theater to Broadway and is now also in five other cities.*



Christopher Durang's American Film *appeared in Hartford, Los Angeles, and Washington and is expected on Broadway.*



Three family groups confront death in The Shadow Box, *a Pulitzer Prize–winning new work by Michael Cristofer.*

In three gauntly lit sections of a home for the terminally ill, three patients play out stories that are separate but related. One, a working man, stoically tries to describe the bad dreams for which his factory–and–bowling-alley life has given him no words. Another, an old woman, sings bawdy songs to torment the repressed and awkward daughter tending her. The third is an intellectual who, death-dazzled, has hastened to do everything he wanted, including write prodigiously, though badly; visit Passaic, New Jersey; and take a male lover. In a scene as glittery and final as windows lit up by the setting sun, he dances frenetically with his promiscuous ex-wife while champagne sprays around them and the male lover looks on gloomily.

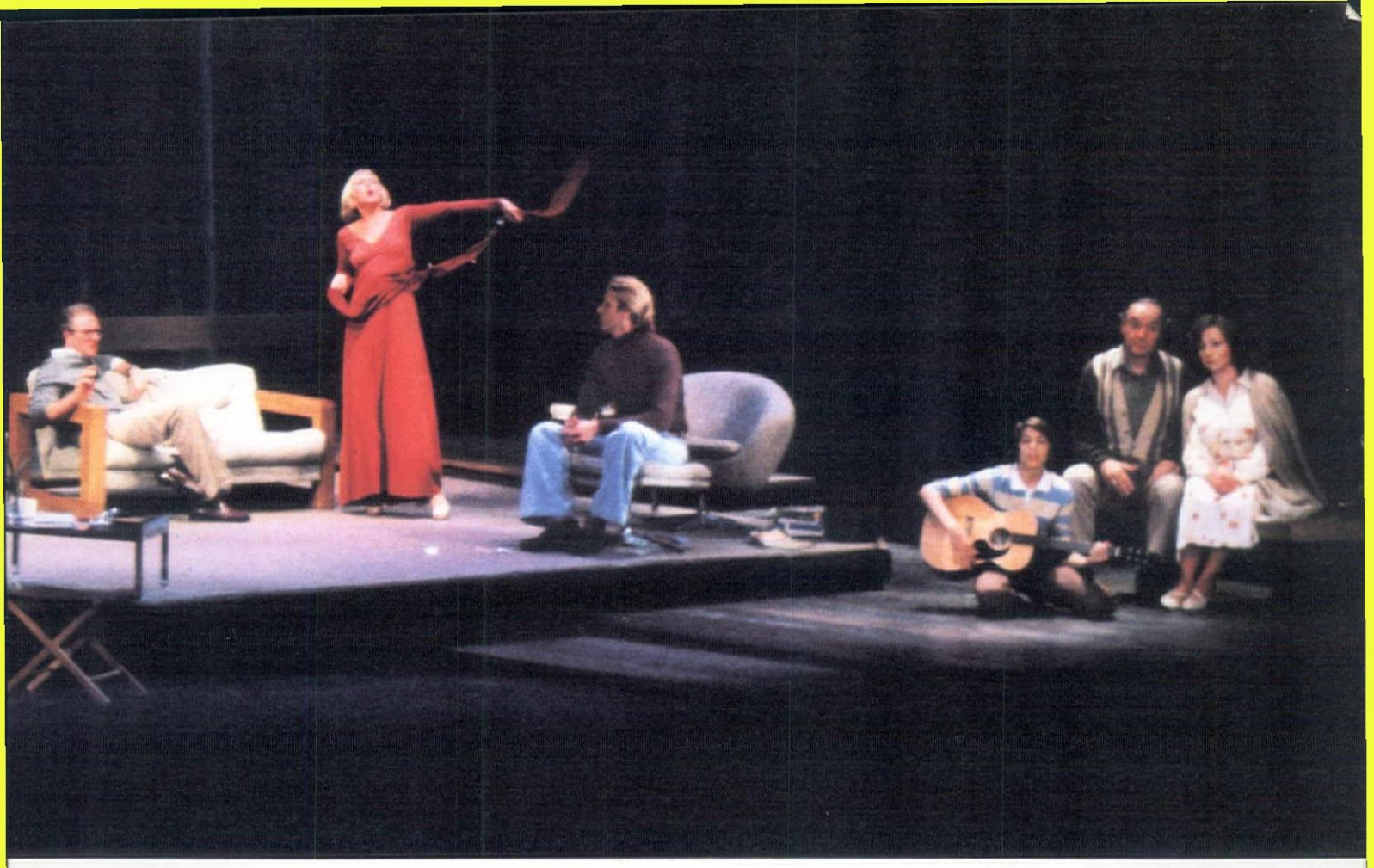
This is the Broadway production of *The Shadow Box*, Michael Cristofer's exploration of the kinds of living people do when they are dying and know it. The play is notable not simply because it has won the Pulitzer Prize and the Tony Award. More significantly, it reflects a number of new developments that are making themselves felt in the American theater.

Shadow Box was written by one of several young playwrights whose work has begun to appear in the last two or three years. It deals with a difficult subject in a complex, introspective fashion. And it was hatched not on Broadway but in the network of theaters—both in New York and around the country—that are finding and nurturing new works and new ways of doing them.

KEN HOWARD. ABOVE: GEORGE E. JOSEPH

These developments are at once causes and consequences of a broader trend. Suddenly, after decades of being overshadowed by movies and television, the American theater is showing lively signs not only of survival but of growth. In the last two years, box-office receipts on Broadway increased by about 60 per cent, and the number of spectators at serious resident theaters around the country grew from approximately 7 million to 12 million. Recently such movie and TV stars as Al Pacino, Blythe Danner, George C. Scott, Richard Dreyfuss, Dick Van Dyke, Carol Burnett, and Liza Minnelli have been crossing over or back to the stage, a symptom of the new life to be found there.

Why this turnaround? Perhaps because the theater shows an odd suitability for the stretch of history we seem to be entering. Recall, for example, the July blackout in New York. TV and movie screens went dark. Amplification was out. The blares of rock groups, those titans of sound, faded to



faint squeaks. But onstage an extra kind of theater was made out of adversity. At the Vivian Beaumont, the complex lighting of *The Cherry Orchard* was cut off, but candles were produced and the play went on. By the end, with audience and actors applauding one another, there were those who said it had been the finest night of the run.

When pressed, the theater has a singular capacity for leanness and resilience, and the world appears to be coming upon lean times. Not that blackouts will become daily affairs, but the July collapse was one more reminder of a number of current concerns: that the consumption of energy has limits, that the rich may have to live poorer, that disasters —economic and social—are chronic, and that helplessness may be part of the American condition.

Which of the public arts is more able to live poor? Which is more likely to alleviate helpless feelings? Not movies and not TV—producing them tends to be expensive and cumbersome; consuming them is a relatively passive act. But plays can be put on anywhere, from cellars to lofts. The audience goes in to take part, even to work, and its involvement shapes what is happening onstage. The power of mass culture has not ebbed, but there is more dissatisfaction with it, and an urge for more direct and participatory forms.

• • •

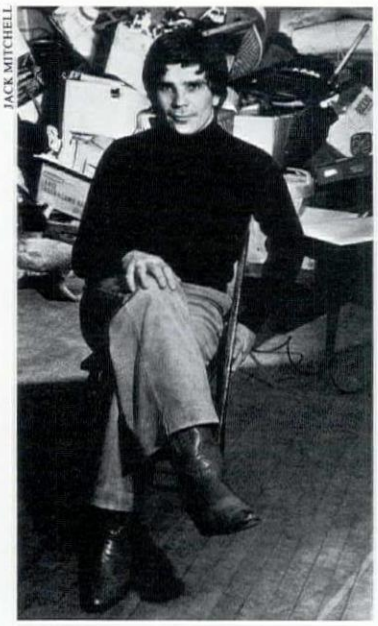
The signs of our theatrical awakening over the past ten years or so are tentative but widespread. The awakening did not start on Broadway but in smaller, more adventurous theaters elsewhere in New York and, equally important, in a number of vigorous resident theaters in different parts of the country. Even on Broadway, though, the change is significant.

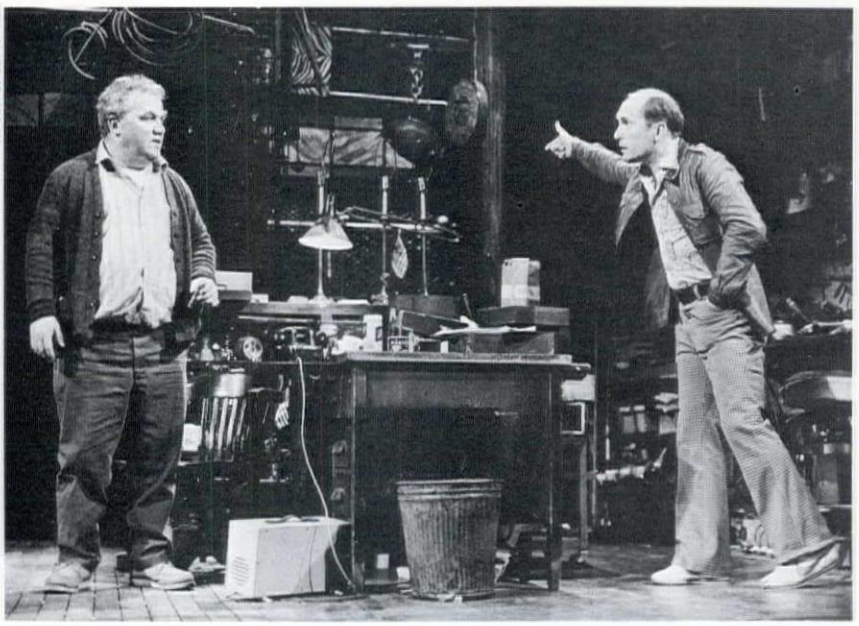
JACK MITCHELL

Controversial director Andrei Serban, whose staging of The Cherry Orchard *was hailed as "Chekhov without tears"*

For years the specialties there have been big-name musicals, British imports, anything by Neil Simon, and dependable revivals. It is still true that Broadway is not the launching pad for more venturesome theater that it was up into the 1950s. But it is beginning to take on another function: it crowns new work that has been launched elsewhere.

A glance at some recent offerings appearing alongside *Shadow Box* proves the point. *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf* is a lyrical evocation of the lives of black women by a fresh talent, Ntozake Shange; *Gemini*, by a new arrival on Broadway, Albert Innaurato, has to do with homosexuality; *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* is a harsh, uncomfortable work about


JACK MITCHELL


ROGER GREENAWALT

David Mamet (left), 29, let expletives fly in his American Buffalo *(right, with Kenneth McMillan and Robert Duvall).*

the Vietnam War by yet another young writer, David Rabe.

These are hardly the standard commercial fare. Nor were they Broadway-born. *Shadow Box* originated at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, was restaged at the Long Wharf in New Haven, Connecticut, and went from there to New York. *Gemini* was shown at the off-off-Broadway Playwrights Horizons theater, went out to the PAF Playhouse in Huntington, Long Island, made another switch to the off-Broadway Circle Repertory Company, and finally moved to Broadway. *Colored Girls* and *Pavlo Hummel* were produced at Joseph Papp's Public Theater downtown and moved to Broadway later.

All these shifts represent more than movement. They mean evolution, change, development; acquiring new ideas and discarding others, refining and reshaping the work with each successive staging. This new ambulatory phenomenon—the use of an informal network of theaters and directors around the country—is the most interesting and beneficial development in American theater in the last decade.

• • •

Aside from Broadway there are more than 100 theater groups in New York alone. Of the bigger, active ones, at least half a dozen concentrate on new work, performing it both in informal workshops and in fully polished professional productions. Papp's Public Theater, a large, stone building with seven stages inside, is the flagship. But there are others of almost equal significance and with complementary areas of interest and innovation—Ellen Stewart's La Mama complex, Lynne Meadow's Manhattan Theatre Club, and Woodie King's New Federal Theater among them.

Most of these produce traditionally constructed plays that, however unorthodox their subject matter, style, or staging, are in the mainstream of American playwriting. Granted it's not much of a mainstream anymore—more like a series of underground springs. Still, the plays have in common the use of a text and dialogue; and the dialogue carries the main part of the meaning.

GEORGE DE VINCENT

Zelda Fichandler, the grande dame *of resident theaters, established Washington's Arena Stage.*

This verbal emphasis roughly sets them apart from works in the other principal area of new theater: the avant-garde, which in New York includes Robert Wilson, creator of such elegant and deliberately noncommunicative works as *Einstein on the Beach*; Andrei Serban, the internationally recognized, Romanian-born director known for his controversial restagings of the classics; the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, headed by Charles Ludlam; the Ontological Hysteric Theatre, directed by Richard Foreman; and the Mabou Mines Company. Most of their works are essentially nonverbal: words are used, but less to convey meaning than to evoke connotations and associations. They stress elaborate visual composition and a discipline of movement akin to mime theater, producing dreams rather than statements.

It has been suggested that the avant-garde has begun to lose momentum and to find itself in a narrowing circle of possibilities. It seems premature to say so. Certainly Serban's productions are masterful and exciting.

Foreman's work continues to astonish. At this point, though, the groups devoted to more traditional theater are more involved with the ambulatory phenomenon.

• • •

Outside of New York, the theatrical network is fed primarily by nonprofit resident theaters that present complete seasons of plays, often to subscribers. (Washington's Kennedy Center, which imports or produces big plays that sometimes end up on Broadway, is in a somewhat different category.) Twenty years ago there was only a handful of resident theaters, struggling to stage productions of serious plays. Ten years ago there were about 20, but they all tended to put on safe classics. "They were like airports," an experienced theatergoer recalls. "You hardly knew whether you were in Louisville or Cleveland unless you read the sign." Now, however, there are approximately 70 established resident theaters, and most of the biggest and best have made a point of producing new works.

A noteworthy exception is the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis. Opened in 1963 by the late Sir Tyrone Guthrie, a six-foot seven-inch theatrical tempest from England, it has been run for the past six years by Michael Langham, another Englishman. Langham is quiet but acute; he has not been an innovator, but he has done something equally useful. He has built up a professional group of veterans who return season after season. The Guthrie may be the finest classical repertory theater in the country. Innovation in America's arts is a more common aptitude than disciplined excellence, and the Guthrie is to be prized for its rarity.

Of the other major resident theaters, one of the oldest, best, and most vigorous is the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., founded by Zelda Fichandler 27 years ago and run by her and her former husband ever since. Most of its programs are in the modern or classic repertoire, but care is also taken to produce new playwrights. It was the Arena that launched Howard Sackler's *Great White Hope* in 1967, and this year it did the first American production of *Catsplay*, by the contemporary Hungarian playwright István Orkény.

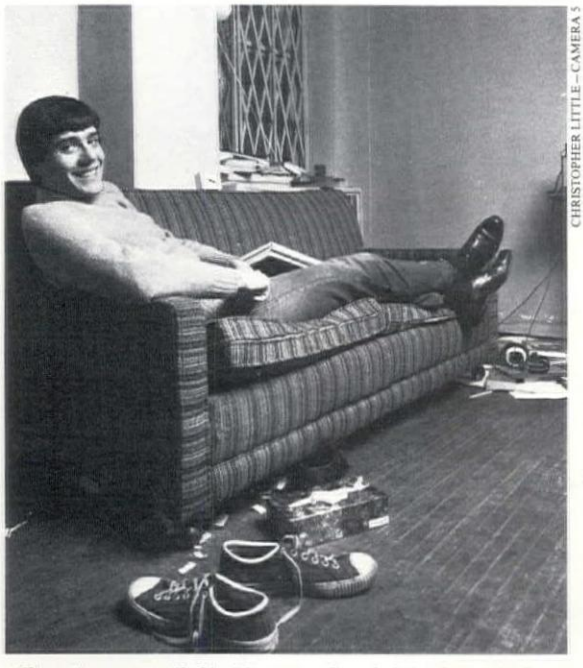
Mrs. Fichandler is typical—because she is extraordinary—of the kind of artistic director needed to make a resident theater thrive: a combination of artist, evangelist, and fund raiser. When she started the Arena, there was one stage, and the audiences numbered 18 or 19. Now there are three stages and more than 16,000 subscribers. How did she do it? "You persist. You persist. You persist," she says. "You have to learn that people stay away not because they're bored but because they're not used to it."

The Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles is run by Gordon Davidson. He looks all Beverly Hills—deep tan, expensively casual clothes, lots of charm. But it is protective coloring. He is an artist as well as a charmer of wealthy old ladies who might be induced to support his theater. He not only puts on new plays but works with the playwright to shape them. "The theater can be, as the Mark Taper's name suggests, a forum where issues are illuminated in the form of drama," he says. "The drama points up the truth of our lives, and while that can be painful, ultimately our lives are brighter for it."

Davidson has staged such politically controversial plays as Conor Cruise O'Brien's *Murderous Angels*, about the death of Dag Hammarskjöld, and *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, about the antiwar protests of the Berrigan brothers, written by Daniel Berrigan himself. It was Davidson who encouraged Michael Cristofer, an actor at the time, in his playwriting, and his advice helped to turn *Shadow Box* into the remarkable piece of stagecraft that it became. This season the Mark Taper will produce a new Cristofer work, *Black Angel*, about an ex-Nazi who is questioning the values that once ruled him, as well as *Attica*, a play by Robert Alan Aurthur about the Attica Prison deaths.

Across the country, in New Haven, is

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 28



CHRISTOPHER LITTLE—CAMERA 5

KEN HOWARD

EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY

Albert Innaurato (left), 29, wrote Gemini *(right), which was produced at Playwrights Horizons before playing on Broadway.*

Fresh Forces

Stage left: A nude in a wooden cradle strikes a match, casting eerie light on a fellow performer. *Stage right*: A woman steps into a cardboard dress, as a trapeze artist swings from the eaves. With hallucinatory images such as these, the New York avant-garde is giving theater a visual lift. Meanwhile, Hollywood stars are crossing over to legitimate stages and are enlivening new works on Broadway. Al Pacino recently took the lead in David Rabe's *Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, and Anne Bancroft opens next month in *Golda*, the life story of Golda Meir.

BABETTE MANGOLTE

Richard Foreman's Book of Splendors, *the story of a rattled woman's struggle to survive, at the Ontological Hysteric Theater in New York*

MICHA BAR-AM—MAGNUM

Anne Bancroft touring Israel with the former prime minister in preparation for Golda

RICHARD LANDRY; BELOW: J. S. CARTIER – SYGMA

Dressed Like an Egg, *an evocation of the life and works of Colette, by Manhattan's Mabou Mines Company*

Pacino as Pavlo, the archetypal loser, ordered to Vietnam

the Long Wharf Theatre, run by a close friend of Davidson's, Arvin Brown. He has a retiring personality but an artistic drive strong enough to give his theater a reputation for fine performances of new works. Brown has introduced a number of new British playwrights to the United States, and he staged the première of *Streamers*, another play by David Rabe that deals with Vietnam.

In addition, a whole cluster of theaters within striking distance of New York does new works along with the classics—including the McCarter Theatre Company in Princeton, New Jersey; and, in Connecticut, the Hartman Theatre at Stamford, the Yale Repertory Theatre at New Haven, and the Hartford Stage Company.

• • •

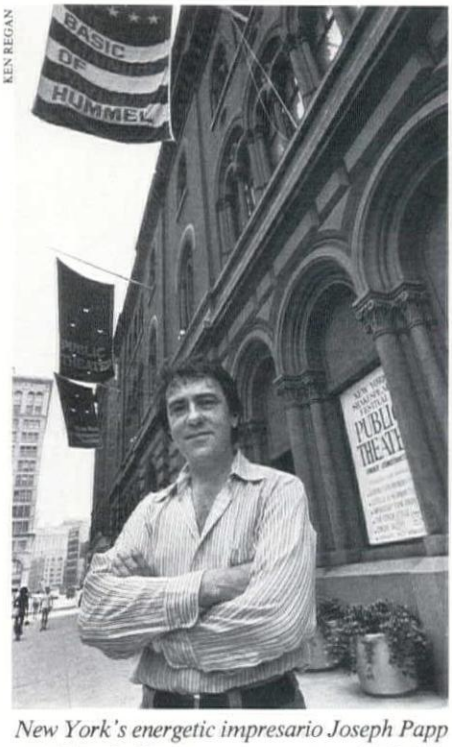
It once was true that if one theater did a new play, the others virtually ruled it out of consideration. But within the last two or three years artistic directors throughout the country have actively cooperated on new productions. For example, Christopher Durang's *History of the American Film* opened at three theaters in succession earlier this year: the Hartford Stage Company, the Mark Taper Forum, and the Arena Stage.

"I'm very grateful we can now exchange plays," Brown said not long ago. "It's a very important development. Sharing a play guarantees life for the theatrical work unrelated to its New York success. The problem with a centralized theater in the old days was that a play lived or died depending on its Broadway acceptance. Now there's a whole new world of theater that circumvents that."

As a result, the American theater has become truly national in scope, and all its elements have taken on a greater sense of excitement. There is, for example, almost as much prestige for an actor in working at Long Wharf or the Guthrie as in working on Broadway. These theaters have become a hatchery and often a maturing ground for fine actors—something that Broadway, with its sudden death and glory, and long seasons of dishwashing in between, has rarely provided.

Even more important, the theater's national character and its group of cooperating directors have provided new opportunities for rising young playwrights. Four who have demonstrated freshness and innovation are Michael Cristofer, David Mamet, Christopher Durang, and Albert Innaurato.

Most prolific of the group is Mamet, a 29-year-old graduate of Goddard College in Vermont, who was largely responsible for establishing Chicago's St. Nicholas Theater. Mamet's most



New York's energetic impresario Joseph Papp quit Lincoln Center to concentrate on his Public Theater downtown.

striking quality is his mastery of language—spoken and, even more, unspoken. His *American Buffalo* is about three petty swindlers in a junk shop, but its achievement is the revelation of isolation and moral dead ends through the jokes, evasions, and silences of its characters.

A similar technique is used to better effect in his *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, a hilarious, touching account of the sexual encounters—usually they are near-misses—of four young city dwellers on the make. In a series of quick sketches we hear revealing snatches of their advances and retreats. One character, Bernie, tells another, Danny, about a tryst with a woman who had a war fetish. He had to make cannon and dive-bomber noises throughout, and at the end she set the bed on fire. "Nobody does it normally anymore," Danny observes anticlimactically. For Mamet the battle of the sexes is two armies lost in the fog.

Durang, 28, and Innaurato, 29, both got their start at the Yale Repertory Theatre. Durang's *American Film* is a fast, wild parody of American history as seen through the movies. Four characters—all recognizable movie types—run through roles that carry them from speakeasy days to the present. For the most part glittery and funny, the play gets nastier and more grotesque as it closes in on our own time.

Innaurato's *Transformation of Benno Blimpie* is a short, extremely moving work about isolation, centering on a monstrously fat man who can't stop eating. But his *Gemini* seems less successful: it is essentially a conventional, funny, and sentimental play about growing up.

The work of these playwrights, with the partial exception of Durang, reflects a trend back to realism and away from the radical theatrical experiments of the 1960s, which still live on in the New York avant-garde. It is a realism that is more analytic and descriptive than dramatic. The contemporary subconscious is revealed, but it doesn't go anywhere. The question remains: Can major plays be written about such introspective, isolated, and self-absorbed characters? Well-written and well-observed as they are, they have a tendency to hit us where we don't live.

This is no more than a question. To say that we do not at this point have a new Eugene O'Neill or Tennessee Williams is not to say much. Theater lives by its giants, but it also lives in between them. What matters is that our theater has come back to life, diversity, and growth—at a particularly appropriate time. □

Richard Eder is drama critic of the New York Times.

EARL ROBBIN; BELOW: JAY THOMPSON

The All Night Strut, *a musical look at the 1930s and 1940s, may soon bebop to Broadway.* Colored Girls, *below, originated in a San Francisco bar, moved to New York, and is now in Los Angeles as well.*

PAST PERFECT

Somber Nonagenarian

First there was Picasso. And now Chagall.

The Russian-born painter, who has lived in France since he was a boy and who is now 90 years old, is having a show of his work at the Louvre this month, making him the second artist to have a Louvre exhibition during his lifetime.

Most of the canvases in the show were painted in the last ten years, when Chagall has become what a French critic called "a tragic and monumental painter." A summer exhibition of 26 recent Chagalls on Biblical themes, held at a small museum near Nice that is dedicated to his work, revealed an unusually austere Chagall, his luminous colors shot through with grays and blacks.

This somber turn is reflected in one of the many interviews the usually reclusive painter has given recently. "I don't really like anything I do," he said. "Nothing at all. Since my life began I don't believe in me. I doubt all the time." Then he added reassuringly: "The only thing there shouldn't be any doubt about is your wife. . . . If I'm working on something, and my wife says she likes it, then I believe it. If she says it's no good, it's no good."

SIPA PRESS — BLACK STAR; BELOW: NANCY CRAMPTON

Chagall and his wife at his 90th birthday party in Nice

A Poet's Letters

When the poet Anne Sexton died in October 1974, a suicide at the age of 45, she left a legacy that includes seven books of verse—one of them a Pulitzer Prize winner—and thousands of letters sent to her husband, two daughters, various psychiatrists, editors, and fans, and a number of fellow writers. Later this month much of that correspondence will be published in an autobiography of sorts, *Anne Sexton: A Self-Portrait in Letters*, which provides the first detailed look at the poet's life.

Chronicling her rise to recognition and descent into mental illness, Sexton's letters, though often written in emotional, schoolgirlish prose, display here and there the crispness of her poetry. "I am glad that you wrote me," she responds to her close friend the poet W. D. Snodgrass. "I thought I died or something. . . . I'm depressed. God knows why. I'm sick of figuring me out. My head is in the mixmaster."

The extensive correspondence (some of it trivial) also documents the constant attention Sexton demanded from friends—"I want everyone to hold up large signs saying, YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL," she tells Snodgrass—as well as the attention that death demanded from her. A routine letter to a publicist at Houghton Mifflin closes matter-of-factly, "In my opinion Hemingway did the right thing."

Anne Sexton, 1973

The Floating World

Novelist James A. Michener not only writes knowingly of Asia; he is also a connoisseur of Japanese prints. Part of his excellent collection of *ukiyo-e* prints—"pictures of the floating world"—is now showing at Japan House in New York.

The term "floating world" refers primarily to the evanescent delights of the pleasure quarter of Edo (modern Tokyo), where famous courtesans, Kabuki actors, sumo wrestlers, and popular teahouse waitresses entertained. Most of the prints are 18th- and 19th-century woodblocks, many by Utamaro and Hiroshige, leading popular artists of their time. Michener praises the flowing line of the prints as "bold yet poetic, strong yet evocative, heavy black yet glowing with light, and above all a joy to look at as it flows across the paper. This soaring line is the soul of *ukiyo-e*."

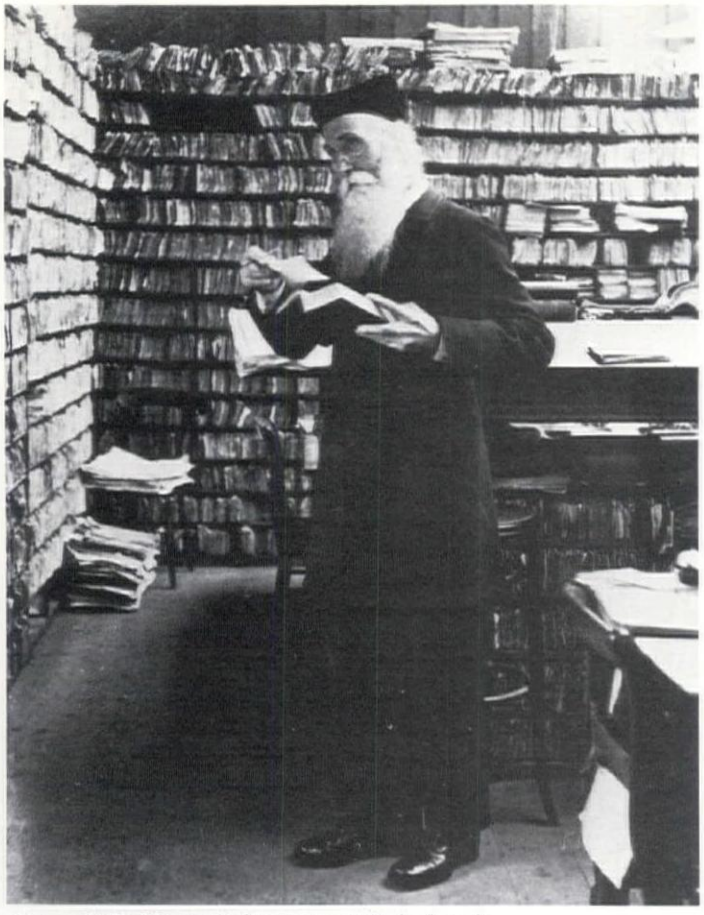
The works in Michener's collection, particularly prized for their pristine condition, often seem as fresh and bright as the day they were drawn from the press. They can be seen in New York through October 23; in November the exhibition moves to Seattle and early next year to Portland, Oregon.

HONOLULU ACADEMY OF ARTS, JAMES A. MICHENER COLLECTION

Miyahito *by Utamaro, ca. 1790*

Arbiter of Words

One of the greatest scholarly achievements in the English-speaking world was the compilation of the Oxford *New English Dictionary, on historical principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by The Philological Society*, known to its long-



James A. H. Murray in his cluttered Oxford study

suffering editors as the Big Dictionary and to its devoted users as the *OED*.

Seventy years elapsed from the launching in 1857 of the project—to collect the life history of every English word in use since the middle of the 12th century—until its completion in 1928. Chiefly responsible for bringing off the herculean task was the Scottish scholar James A. H. Murray, who labored 38 years as its chief editor and who personally edited nearly half of the dictionary's 15,487 pages. The story of his tenacity, courage, and superhuman energy is told in a new biography, *Caught in the Web of Words*, written by Murray's granddaughter K. M. Elisabeth Murray and published this month by Yale University Press.

Everyone, including Murray, despaired over the slow progress of the work. Even though he put in as many as 80 or 90 hours a week, Murray and his subeditors took three years to produce *A*, and at the time of the originally designated completion date, 1892, they had gotten only as far as *C*. The delegates of the Oxford University Press, publishers of the dictionary, periodically threatened to cancel the cumbersome project, but Murray persisted—collecting, collating, refining, and editing the definitions and quotations that were flowing into his Oxford Scriptorium from all over the world.

One of Murray's assistants described the scene in the workroom one day in 1909, when tables, chairs, desks, even the floor, were covered with slips referring to the verb *to put*: "For over an hour he worked in silence not heeding my presence. Then with a gesture as if he had conquered a province, he bundled the slips into groups and smiled a 'Good morning.' 'Do you remember how Euclid defines a point as having position but no magnitude?' he asked in his curious Anglo-Scotch nasal accent, 'yet "point" occupied twenty one columns. I thought "put" was a little word, but it is going to take even more than that number.' " (It took, in fact, 30 columns.)

Murray's scholarly precision and high standards were legendary, but he never regarded his dictionary as establishing criteria of right or wrong. It was there to record that usage differs for reasons to be found in the history of the language, and that pronunciation is a matter of taste. "It is a free country," he once wrote, "and a man may call a *vase* a *vawse*, a *vaze*, or a *vase*, as he pleases. And why should he not? We do not all think alike, walk alike, dress alike, write alike, or dine alike; why should not we use our liberty in speech also, as long as the purpose of speech, to be intelligible, and its grace, are not interfered with?" Q.E.D. from the father of the *OED*.

A Maine for All Seasons

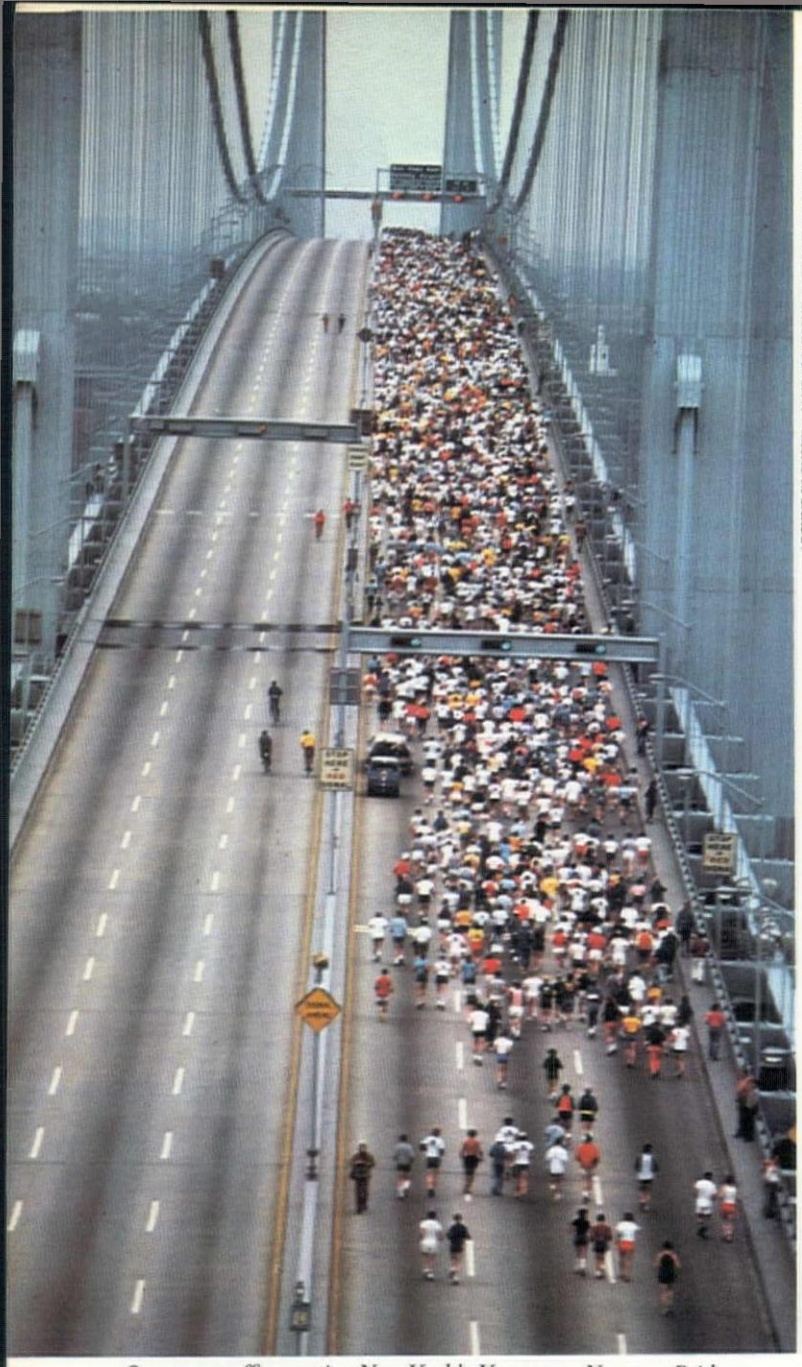
Kosti Ruohomaa (pronounced "row-home-ah") is remembered for the strength and beauty of his photographs of rural America, shot on assignment for such magazines as *Life* and *Collier's* over a 20-year period before he died in 1961.

Some of his best photographs were taken, often for his own pleasure, in his home state of Maine, where his family—of Finnish stock—brought him as a boy. Kosti photographed the practical, independent-minded natives of Maine with telling honesty—toiling through winter snow, lobstering, speaking out at town meetings, logging on spring-flooded rivers. Not an easy way of life, but one that Kosti, seeing it slipping away, hastened to document.

A selection of these photographs, *Night Train at Wiscasset Station*, with a text by Lou Dietz, is being published this month by Doubleday. To Kosti's friend and fellow artist Andrew Wyeth, "it is a book to be cherished not only by the people of Maine, but by Americans everywhere."

KOSTI RUOHOMAA—BLACK STAR

A Maine winter, photographed by Kosti Ruohomaa



One-way traffic crossing New York's Verrazano-Narrows Bridge

Runners commemorating Paul Revere's ride clog the road to Boston.

ARTHUR KLONSKY — JANEART; RIGHT: STEVEN E. SUTTON — DUOMO

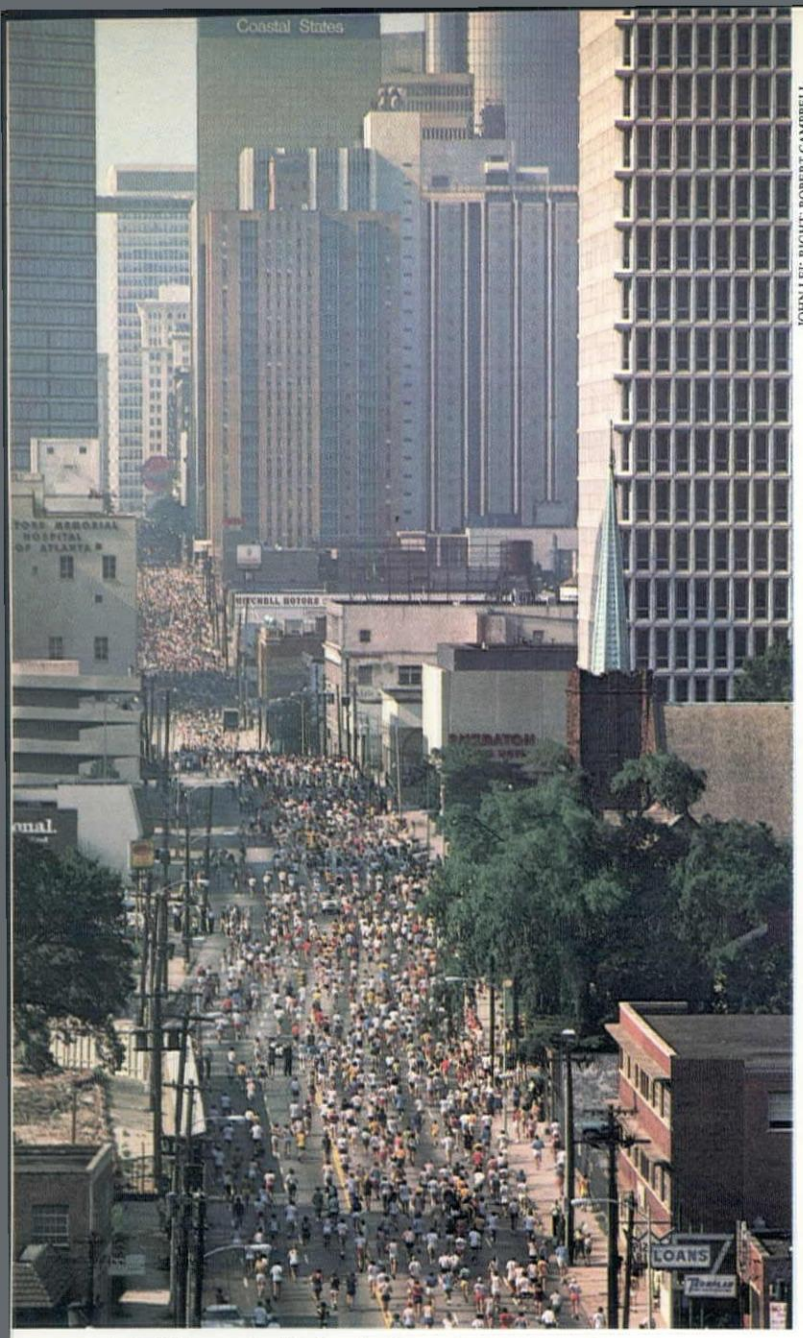
Life on the Run

Its devotees are mainly city dwellers,
and they brave hazards that range from shin splints to a
devastating ailment called the Wall.
But they also experience an almost mystical exhilaration

By ALLAN RIPP

It could be a scene from *Earthquake '78*. Shattering the calm of a lazy summer Sunday, thousands of gasping men and women clad in little more than their underwear come pounding down a street at the gallop. Police sirens wail. Traffic backs up for blocks. The mob heads for the countryside in what appears to be a panic-stricken flight from a doomed metropolis. But far from being extras in the latest Sensurround disaster, the hordes are ordinary Americans taking part in what is becoming an increasingly common phenomenon on city streets and country lanes: the long-distance footrace.

Most people have by now been



July 4 footwork added to the fireworks in Atlanta this year.

JOHN LEI; RIGHT: ROBERT CAMPBELL

Hitting the streets of San Francisco en masse last May

exposed to at least some aspect of the jogging craze. A lap or two around the block after work is becoming *de rigueur* for the young executive determined to stay in shape for the climb up the corporate ladder, and gaily striped jogging suits are standard issue for weekenders from Malibu to Montauk. But relatively few followers of the current nationwide trend to physical fitness have been initiated into the arcane rites of those who refer to themselves as "runners."

A recent editorial in the monthly *Runner's World* tried to describe the jogger-runner distinction in terms of motivation. "If you run because you want to lose weight or because you don't want to die of a heart attack," it explained, "you are a jogger. But if you run because you like to listen to the birds, think about a vacation trip or just to see how fast and far you can go, then . . . you are a runner." In the end, however, the distance makes all the difference. Joggers can take satisfaction from a regimen of 5 miles a week, whereas runners seldom quit short of 25. Indeed, some regularly push themselves to 100, and a few feel deprived if they register anything less than twice that figure.

The most visible proof that distance running has begun to make a mark on the American athletic scene is the dramatic growth in the number of marathon races. A decade ago, there were perhaps two dozen of the 26-mile endurance tests held in the United States. This year, an estimated 25,000 people will enter more than 200 marathons from Maine to Hawaii. The storied, 81-year-old Boston Marathon, run every April from Hopkinton, Massachusetts, to the Prudential Center in downtown Boston to commemorate Paul Revere's ride, has become so popular that the once wide-open race is now limited to runners who can show proof of creditable finishes in previous marathons. In the four years since its

BOTH: JOE GREENE

Sharing a sisterly embrace after the all-female Bonne Bell Minimarathon

establishment, the Skylon Marathon, which is run between Buffalo, New York, and the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, has already become something of a classic—promoters expect it to draw more than 1,000 starters on October 22. So many runners are expected to show up for the New York City Marathon to be held the following day that its organizers have imposed a quota of 4,000 participants—and even that is 20 times the number that appeared for the first such race seven years ago.

There is, of course, nothing new about marathon running. People have been doing it ever since Pheidippides slogged from the battlefield of Marathon to Athens to announce the defeat of the Persians in 490 B.C. But it was Frank Shorter, a wiry Yale graduate from Middletown, New York, who first brought marathoning into the American public eye. An undistinguished member of his college track team, Shorter took up marathon running after graduation in 1969, and three years later he loped into the Olympic stadium in Munich roughly half a mile ahead of the pack to win the first Olympic gold medal for the United States in the event since 1908. The victory made Shorter a national hero and gave an invaluable boost to the sport's popularity. Today, Shorter is only one of a score of world-class American marathoners; among them are such well-known runners as Gary Tuttle, Chris Berka, Tom Fleming, and Bill Rodgers, whose record time of 2 hours 9 minutes 55 seconds in the 1975 Boston Marathon still stands.

Marathons are by no means the only events that qualify as long-distance races. For less ambitious runners, there are three-milers, as well as six-mile "minimarathons" and the 13-mile "half-marathons." One of the most popular of the lesser races is the 7.6-mile Bay to Breakers race in San Francisco, which drew so many runners last spring—12,000 in all—that the crowd at the starting line was two miles deep.

At the other extreme are the so-called ultramarathons, races for runners who feel that the standard courses on flat terrain are simply not taxing enough. These include the brutal trek up New Hampshire's Mount Washington. Although a mere eight miles long, the course presents ample compensatory challenges, including a 5,500-foot vertical ascent and temperature fluctuations of as much as 50 degrees from base to summit. Even tougher is the legendary 28-miler up and down Pike's Peak in Colorado. But for sheer distance, no "ultra" matches the 186-mile race along the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal towpath in Maryland. Park Barner, a computer technician from Enola, Pennsylvania, negotiated it last year in the all-but-incredible time of just under 37 hours, thereby guaranteeing himself a place of honor in the runner's hall of fame.

For the more conventional events, preparations can go on for days. Traffic is rerouted to give the runners a clear path, and checkpoints and aid stations are set up along the way. On the day of the race, spectators flock to the route early to stake out turf for deck chairs, picnic tables, and beer coolers. And at the sound of the starting gun, families and seconds set off to shadow the runners, supplying them with quarts of Gatorade and an occasional hosing down from a local spigot, while bicyclists follow the pack to spur the stragglers to greater effort.

The day may come when a fat check or a shiny new car will greet the first racer over the finish line, but for now the booty is likely to be only a certificate or a T-shirt. (In the case of the Boston Marathon, all finishers can look forward to a bowl of Stouffer's beef stew.) No matter, says Ira Sapper, a 30-year-old psychologist from Nyack, New York. "Every race I complete," he says, "constitutes some sort of personal victory."

Although some distance runners are

STEVEN E. SUTTON—DUOMO; BELOW: JOE GREENE

A weary runner gets a quick cooling-off without having to break stride.

Bill Rodgers of Boston holds off a challenge from England's Chris Stewart as they battle for the lead in the 1976 New York City Marathon.

Fighting heat, cold, and exhaustion, a runner tackles the grueling eight-mile ascent up Mount Washington in New Hampshire.

STEVEN E. SUTTON—DUOMO

Top U.S. woman marathoner Miki Gorman gets a police escort after the Boston classic.

also racers, many of them spend much of their time running for noncompetitive reasons. Paul Fetcher, a 31-year-old New York City real estate broker, logs an average of eight miles each morning to clear his head for work. John Graham, a 44-year-old, British-born systems engineer who lives near Pittsburgh, got quizzical looks from coworkers when he began to skip lunch for an eight-mile run in the hills near his office. But he rapidly converted the doubters, and nowadays when he runs he has an average of five or more colleagues along for company. Hugh Sweeney, a 33-year-old attorney from Princeton, New Jersey, has a respectable record as a marathoner, but the hours he spends with a number on his chest are only a small part of his total running routine. Sweeney puts in a few miles each day running to and from work. (He says it helps him sleep better and cools him off after domestic squabbles.) And he makes running a regular part of his trips abroad. "Why should I bother with a Cook's tour of London, Paris, or Munich?" he asks. "I got to know them all much better by running through them at my own pace."

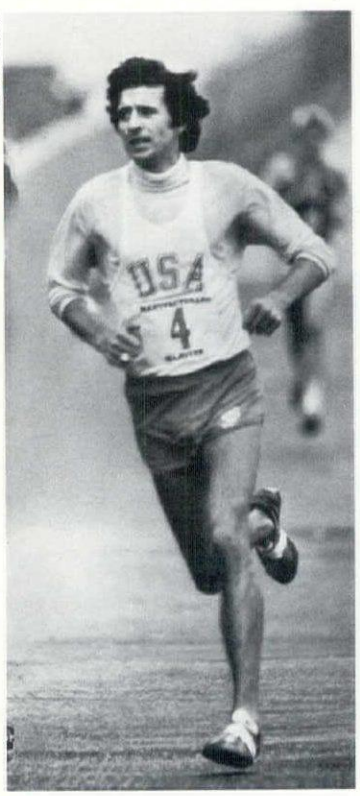
Once virtually an all-male sport, distance running—both competitive and noncompetitive—is growing increasingly popular among women. It was only ten years ago that Katherine Switzer, a 20-year-old student from White Plains, New York, created a *cause célèbre* by crashing the then exclusively male Boston Marathon. It took another five years before the organizers would allow women to take part as full-fledged contestants, but now women are competing in every sort of distance race. More than 2,000 women—including 36 mother-daughter teams—turned out this past June for the Bonne Bell Minimarathon in New York. And Miki Gorman, a 42-year-old housewife from Los Angeles who collapsed after only half a mile her first time out 11 years ago, is now rated one of the best female marathoners in the country. In this year's Boston Marathon, she was the first woman across the finish line, a mere 34 minutes behind the winning male.

Few women can equal the feats of a Miki Gorman, but those who try are likely to derive more than merely athletic benefits from running. As Leslie Savan, a New York journalist who ran in the Bonne Bell Minimarathon, sees it, distance running is providing women with opportunities for the kind of camaraderie that men have long felt was exclusively theirs. "Two thousand women running six miles does more for feminism than any protest rally," she says.

• • •

Undoubtedly part of the surge in running enthusiasm in recent years can be attributed to the fact that, unlike sailing, auto racing, or golf, the equipment involved is minimal and relatively inexpensive. Runners need nothing more than shorts, a shirt, and a sturdy pair of running shoes. Choosing foot-

BRUCE CURTIS



JOE GREENE

Frank Shorter negotiates a turn; Park Barner, nipples bloody from friction with his shirt, breathes easy after covering 62 miles in seven hours.

Runners recuperating after the Boston Marathon give the converted basement of the Prudential Center the look of a front-line infirmary.

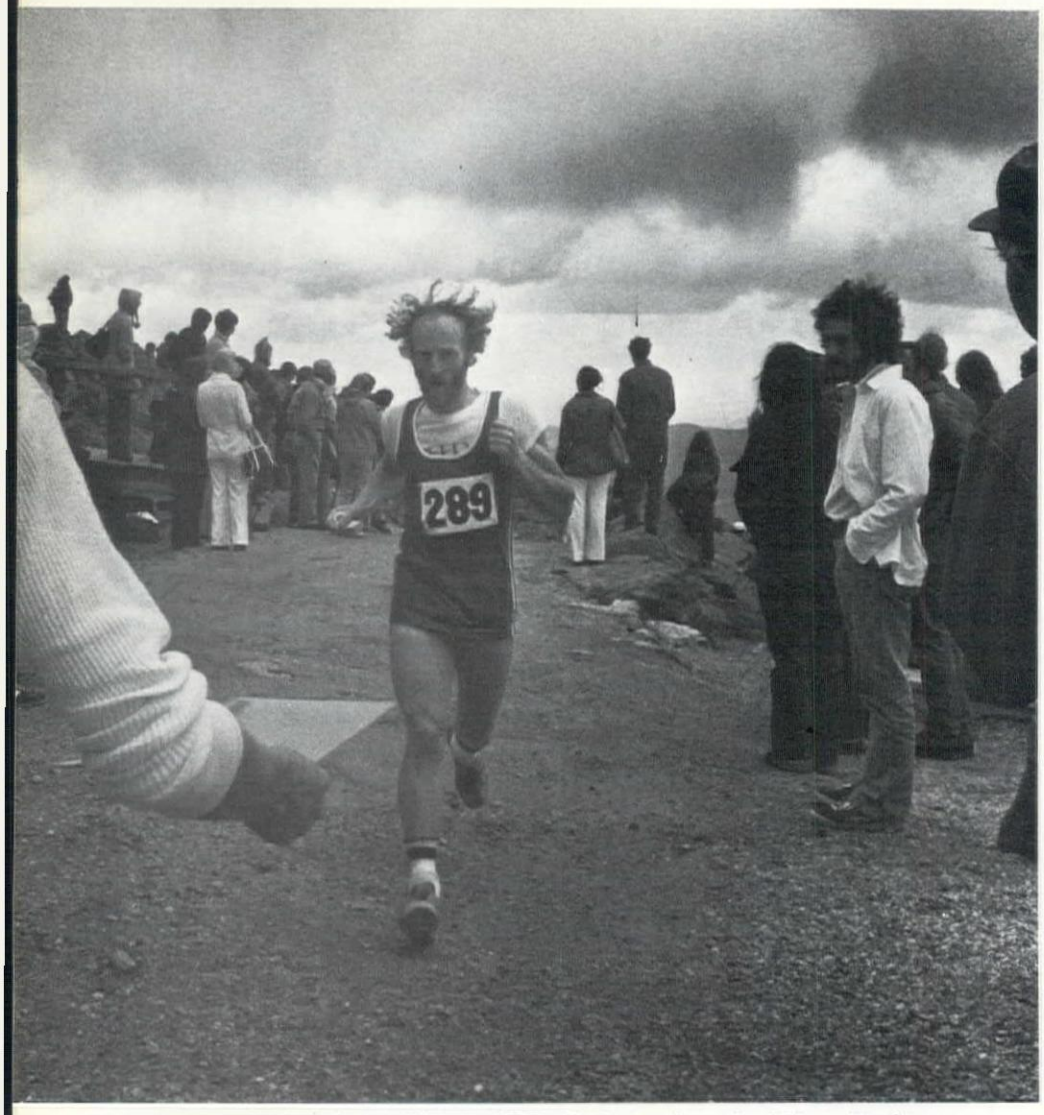
gear may slow the would-be marathoner down a bit, though: the jogging boom has created a mass market for running shoes, and the distance runner must now pick his or her way through more than 175 models. An adequate pair can be had for no more than $17, but purists spend up to $40 for a pair of top-of-the-line Adidas or New Balance, and cults have begun to grow up around more rarefied brands. Runners able to get their hands on a pair of lightweight orange Karhu shoes from Finland will break their pace just long enough to exchange knowing nods on the road, much as Volkswagen drivers once used to acknowledge brotherhood by flicking their lights.

Individual styles of running—and preparation for it—can vary almost as much as types of equipment. Robin Merideth, a 30-year-old housewife from Indianapolis, warms up for her daily four-mile run with 20 minutes of deep knee bends, sit-ups, and other stretching exercises. But Gary Harris, a 23-year-old accountant from San Diego, prepares for his ten-mile outings with only one knee bend—stooping to lace his running shoes. Once in motion, many runners are content to log their quota of miles around a prepared track, while others, such as 25-year-old Ellie McGrath, a researcher for *Time* magazine in New York, prefer to chart a new course for each workout. "What's the point in running," she asks, "if you can't go anywhere?"

In distance running as in other sports, devotion to technique can sometimes border on the compulsive. In runners' locker rooms, the uninitiated are likely to be baffled by earnest discussions of the merits of such different training methods as *fartlek* (Swedish for a training method that

JOE GREENE

Snow adds to the challenge of the Asbury Park Marathon in New Jersey.



JOE GREENE

A certificate is the only tangible reward for a finisher at the peak of Mount Washington.

involves a combination of running, walking, and sprinting), "LSD" (not the drug but Long, Slow Distance), and "interval running," a routine so rigid in its timing requirements that runners must clock themselves in fractions of a second. In the end, though, all these techniques are designed for one purpose: to help the runner find the pace that will allow him or her to go as fast as possible for as long as possible.

Needless to say, the attempt can occasionally prove painful; practically every major distance race produces a few casualties. Dr. George Sheehan, a 58-year-old cardiologist and marathoner who writes a medical-advice column for *Runner's World*, has estimated that a runner's feet strike the ground 34,000 times over a 20-mile course. With that kind of pounding, notes Sheehan, "something has got to give." Most often, it is the feet—blisters are common, as are fallen arches. The legs are likely to go next, victims of shin splints or stress fractures.

Even if a runner's feet and legs survive a race, other parts of his anatomy may suffer. Nipples can be rendered bloody by constant friction with a racer's jersey. Heat exhaustion and dehydration are major hazards, as is the Wall, a pervasive sense of fatigue that can sweep over a runner almost without warning and force him to drop out of a race. To beat the condition, which results from a loss of salt, sugar, and body fluids through exertion, runners have concocted a host of strategies—from gorging themselves for days before a race on high-protein foods to pinning gumdrops to their shirts. But then, too, the mind may begin to play tricks under the strain. One marathoner who was discovered by the side of a course with both ankles sprained reported that he had fallen into a deep trance ten miles into the race and had not even noticed that he was heading straight for a ditch.

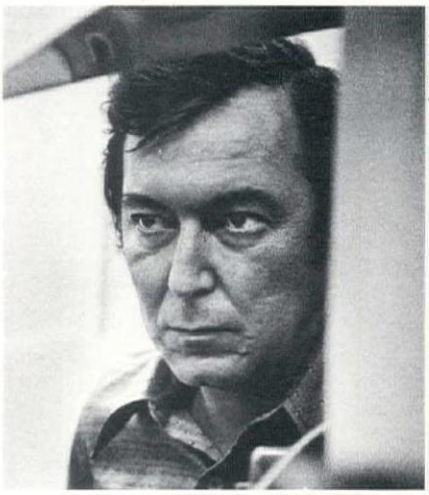
Faced with such hazards, a jogger might well ask why he should take even one more lap around his track. Ironically, one of the best answers is medical. Blisters and the Wall aside, distance running is good for you. And no matter what the editors of *Runner's World* may say, many marathoners do in fact pursue the sport to stay off the cardiac risk list. During a hard workout, a veteran runner's heart may be operating at more than double its average normal rate of 72 beats per minute, but at rest it may be pumping at no more than 55, a rate that can significantly reduce the chances of a heart attack. Running can also do wonders for the lungs and, according to some doctors, for almost every other part of the body. Says Chicago cardiologist Abe Friedman: "Running regularizes every internal system we have—cardiovascular, respiratory, circulatory, endocrine, and even digestive. It is the perfect pacemaker."

But there are clearly more answers to the question, Why run? than mere medical statistics can provide. Ultimately there arrives a stage in distance running where pain, pleasure, and philosophy begin to merge, where the body continues to do what the mind resists. And in attempting to describe their dedication to their sport, runners tend to lapse into metaphysical terms. "I don't run for my body at all," explains Stanley Whiteman, a retired electrical engineer from the Bronx who took up running last year at 67 and is now doing 13 miles a day. "I run for spiritual reasons, for the same reasons I practice Zen." Says Ian Thompson, a renowned British marathoner: "As I run, I gradually lose my sense of identity until there comes a point where I become running itself." In an era of rampant self-awareness, the ability to lose oneself so totally may be the best answer of all. □

THE PAINTER'S EYE

Modern painting proves its vigor and fascination in two great shows opening the New York season

Paul Cézanne, self-portrait



Jasper Johns in mid-career

A number of times in this century it has seemed that the conventional art of putting brush to canvas was passing into history. Assaults of the surrealists and Dadaists in the early 1900s not only drastically changed the content of art but also threatened to discourage artists from painting at all. Marcel Duchamp, the greatest Dadaist, made an art of not making art, and his influence is still strongly felt among the minimalists and conceptualists of today, who have abandoned the old tools and very nearly the product itself.

It may be surprising, then, to find current museum shows devoted to two modern artists whose work, however different and distant in time from each other, celebrates the joy and power of painting. *Cézanne: The Late Work*, at the Museum of Modern Art in New York (traveling in January to Houston and later to Paris), is a large-scale and thorough exploration of the last ten years of Cézanne's career, when he deepened and intensified his pictorial investigation of nature and cleared the way for all the artists who followed. In that final decade, Cézanne probed familiar subjects in patches of color: the landscape, the objects in his studio, scenes of bathers, and the local people. His devotion to painting was single-minded, and his life was lonely, as John Rewald describes it in the essay that follows.

The American Jasper Johns, now 47, has often been regarded as an iconoclast because of the brooms, rulers, tableware, plaster casts, and other objects pasted on to his paintings. And he acknowledges a particular debt to Duchamp. But it is clear from a retrospective show of his work, now at New York's Whitney Museum, that Johns clings to the tradition of painting. The stamp of his hand is in every work, and his color is as thought-out as any impressionist's. The many threads coming together in his complicated but polished work are described—partly in his own words—in the article starting on page 48.

Cézanne's Final Decade

Sometimes he called himself "the only living painter." Sometimes he despaired of his ability "to realize before nature." But in his last years he achieved a freedom and fluency that crowned his career

As Cézanne grew old his world became ever more restricted. He was not yet fifty when, at his father's death, he inherited substantial wealth and could at last have undertaken trips abroad, to Italy and Spain for example, which he had never visited and whose museums contained treasures that meant a great deal to him. Yet he did nothing to change the rhythm of his simple life and, rather than venture farther away from Aix, actually confined himself still more to its immediate surroundings. These never lost their attraction for him. Aix itself, a pleasant town almost asleep in the shade of its tree-lined avenues, lulled by the bubbling of its numerous fountains, comfortably huddled round the steeples of its many churches, held scant fascination for him—and its provincial inhabitants even less. He remained a loner in the midst of a region where every stone, every tree, every brook was familiar to him since his youth. He never grew tired of its colors and harmonious shapes, its light and distant vistas dominated by Mont Sainte-Victoire. "For me," he wrote to a friend, "what is there left to do . . . only to sing small; and were it not that I am deeply in love with the *configuration* of my country, I should not be here."

Little by little Cézanne had renounced L'Estaque, once a favorite haunt of his on the shores of the Mediterranean, because its increasing industrialization distressed him; he also abandoned picturesque Gardanne and, eventually, even the Jas de Bouffan [the Cézanne family estate, sold in 1899], which for so long had offered him a rich harvest of motifs.

In 1906, the year he died, Cézanne paints near Aix.

While he continued his periodic stays in Paris and its vicinity, Cézanne's only other trips were dictated by his health when diabetes prompted him to go to Vichy. In 1891 he spent several months in Switzerland at his wife's behest, and in 1896 he sojourned on Lake Annecy, possibly because his wife, in compensation for the boring cures at Vichy, exacted this concession from him.

At the same time Cézanne began to look for new places around Aix. He worked at the Bibémus quarry and in the area of Le Tholonet, where he felt drawn to Château Noir and its wooded slope, which afforded a close view of Sainte-Victoire.

For living quarters Cézanne rented a small apartment in a narrow street in Aix, 23 rue Boulegon, not far from the splendid town hall and its beautiful square. He had a good-sized window installed in one of the rooms on the fourth floor beneath the roof, but clearly this was—though fairly spacious—no more than a makeshift studio. It was less easy to find a place where he could work undisturbed out of doors, for it seems that most owners of large estates hesitated to grant him permission. It was at this time that he approached the owner of Château Noir, which stood uninhabited most of the year, with an offer to buy the property, a proposal that was turned down (the place still belongs to the owner's direct descendants). He was, however, able to rent a small room off an inner court of the main building where he could store his paraphernalia and fresh canvases, and was allowed to paint wherever he wished. A hired carriage would take him to Château Noir and call for him at the end of his day.

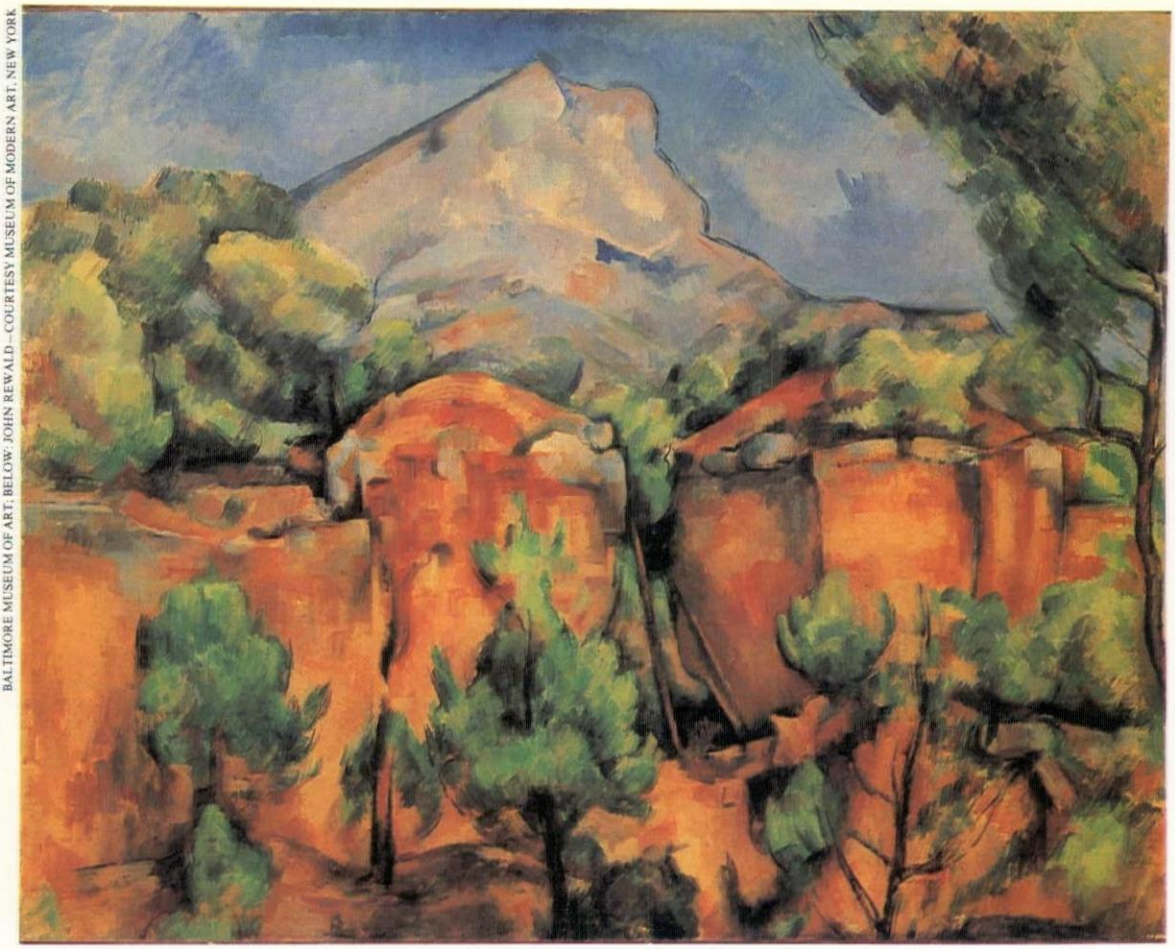
Situated halfway between Aix and the village of Le Tholonet, Château Noir had been built in the second half of the nineteenth century. Legend has it that the complex, which was planned to be twice as large as it is, was built by a coal merchant who had it painted black. Other tales assert that he was an alchemist who had intimate commerce with the devil—hence the designation "Château du Diable," by which the strange structure was also known. But even the less forbidding name of "Château Noir" is a misnomer, for there is nothing black about it, nor is it a château; it is built of the beautiful yellow stone from the nearby Bibémus quarry, which also furnished the material for most of the patrician houses and the churches of Aix. In Cézanne's paintings it is always the glow of the orange-gold façade of the west wing, livened by the large red barn-door (now faded), that dominates the unruly blue-green vegetation. A broad, sun-drenched terrace surrounds Château Noir on three sides. On

By JOHN REWALD

GIRAUDON; OPPOSITE: COURTESY MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

For Red Rock, *a view of the Bibémus quarry, Cézanne chose an angle and intensified the color of the rock for surprisingly expressive effect.*

BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART, BELOW: JOHN REWALD—COURTESY MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK



Mont Sainte-Victoire is a subject Cézanne painted some 60 times in 36 years—this version was done about 1900. The mountain became a spiritual symbol to him and evidently gave him some release from his emotional turmoil.

The mountain, photographed by John Rewald, from approximately the place where the artist stood

one side Cézanne could ascend to his room on the inner court, which, because of the rising ground, is level with the second floor. When he followed the terrace to the opposite side, he reached a shady grove where the view toward Sainte-Victoire was unhampered, with not a house in sight. Nothing but vineyards, fields dotted with dark cypresses, woods, and hills behind which rises the mountain, its massive, chopped-off cone barring the horizon.

Cézanne painted Château Noir only from a distance, as it emerges above the treetops. He usually preferred to work in the forest, climbing up the fairly steep hill through the thickets, skirting large boulders that seem to have been stopped by a mysterious force as they tumbled down the slope. Here the sky is hidden by the branches and the air is fresh and fragrant, enlivened by the tireless song of the cicadas. As he reached the top, Cézanne came to a spot where a chain of huge rocks is strung along the ridge of the hill. Crushing and surmounting each other, they form caves half-hidden by vegetation. It was not an easily accessible place, and he was certainly not to be disturbed. Here Cézanne discovered nature untouched by human hand, yet with an almost intimate atmosphere: a sequestered spot where, amid the jumble of stones, the shrubs had gained a precarious foothold in the wilderness, and the light filtered gently through the branches of the pines.

Behind the rocky ridge, which continues to the east well beyond the Château Noir property, lies a high plateau that extends in the direction of Sainte-Victoire to the nearby Bibémus quarry. Beyond and below Bibémus lie the Gorges des Infernets, where Emile Zola's father had designed the dam that provides Aix with water. In their youth Zola and Cézanne used to come here to hunt, or to swim in the dammed-up waters, but it was not until almost forty years later—in the middle nineties—that the painter returned to the area to work at Bibémus. He rented a small, isolated one-room shack (a *cabanon*) and began to look for motifs.

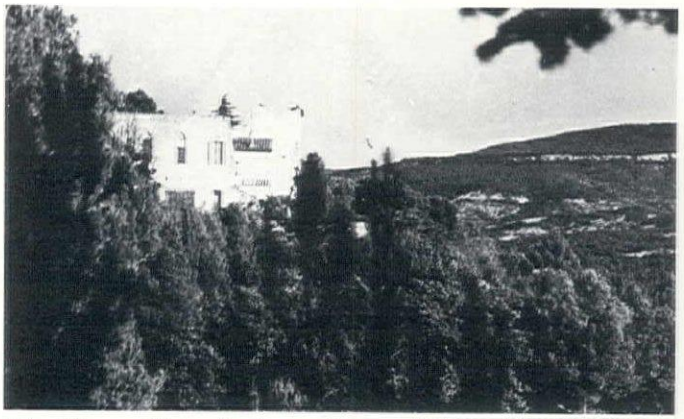
The quarry had been abandoned for some time, and trees and bushes had taken root among the ocher rocks. In the

distance, the ever-present Mont Sainte-Victoire rises into the sky. The scenery is quite different from that of the caves near Château Noir, for the space is wide open, exposed to the sun and winds, and the shapes of the rocks were not formed by nature but bear the marks of human industry. Yet it appears as though no plan presided over the exploitation of the quarry, where the stone has been extracted here and left untouched there. Between deep cavities and shallow furrows, solitary blocks remain standing, scarcely tampered with. It is a vast field of seemingly accidental forms, as if some prehistoric giant, constructing a fantastic playground, had piled up cubes and dug holes and then abandoned them without leaving a hint of his intricate plan. Wherever he turned, Cézanne found enticing aspects whose basic elements were always ocher rocks and more or less timid vegetation.

Eventually, Cézanne felt the need for a place of his own. It may have been a desire not so much for a change of scenery as for a studio where he could work on his large compositions of bathers, one of the major concerns of his last years. As it turned out, he was to find both: a house where he was at ease and new landscape subjects. In November 1901, Cézanne acquired a property of modest size halfway up the hill of Les Lauves, to the north of Aix and overlooking the town. The plain, two-story structure he built there—it was ready in September 1902—contains small rooms on the ground floor, while the second floor is taken up almost entirely by a large studio, more than twenty-three by twenty-five feet and a little over thirteen feet high, its north wall made up of a huge window next to which there is a long, narrow slit through which big canvases can be moved. On the opposite wall are two tall windows (a third small window lights the stairwell) that afford a magnificent view of Aix and, in the far distance, the misty blue mountain range, the Chaîne de l'Etoile, with its protruding, square Pilon du Roi.

There is a twenty-foot-wide terrace in front of the studio, bordered by a low wall separating it from a small garden that descends toward a narrow canal. An old gardener, Vallier, took care of the grounds. Behind the studio a wooded plot, belonging to a neighbor, provided a green curtain for the large window.

It must have been while the studio was being constructed that Cézanne, inspecting the progress of the work, began to



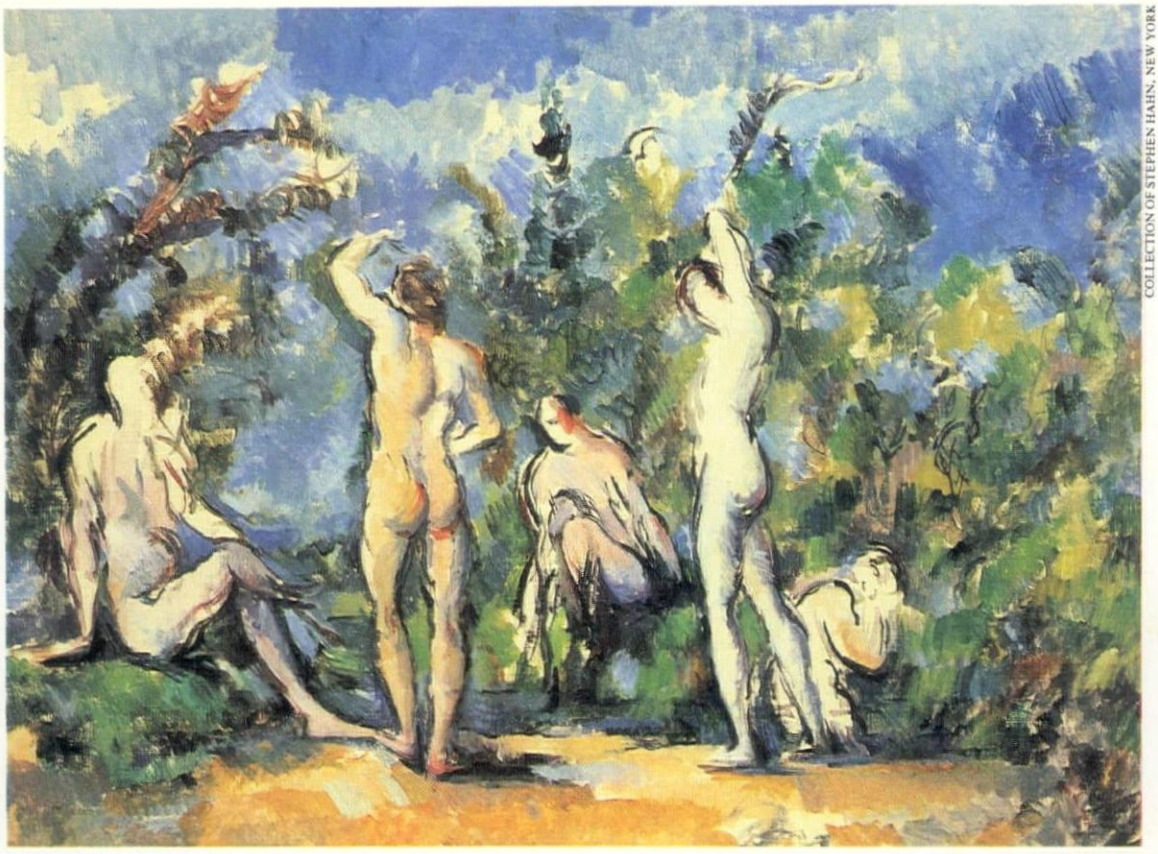
The château still stands—it was photographed here in the 1940s—and belongs to descendants of the owners in Cézanne's day.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON; ABOVE: JOHN REWALD—COURTESY MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

Done in broad, rhythmic strokes of deep color, this painting of 1904 is a romantic meditation on the so-called Château Noir, an unfinished and unoccupied house near Aix, and its tangled pine woods.

PRIVATE COLLECTION

On the day he died, Cézanne worked on this portrait of his gardener, Vallier. The pose and fullness of the figure suggest the innate dignity of the man, but the color is bold and rich—and exuberantly brushed on.



COLLECTION OF STEPHEN HAHN, NEW YORK

Taking ideas from earlier art rather than using models, Cézanne painted many classical compositions of male and female bathers. Though the faces in this picture are blank and the figures sketchy, it is a sensual scene.

venture farther up the still unsettled hill. Climbing the fairly steep road beyond the studio to the crest of Les Lauves, he found a new, exhilarating panorama stretching away to his right. From here Sainte-Victoire, remote but imposing, no longer appeared as the chopped-off cone that he had contemplated from Château Noir or Bibémus, but as an irregular triangle. At his feet extended a vast, undulating plain with a quilted pattern of fields and clusters of trees, interrupted by occasional farm buildings. It was a welter of horizontals and verticals, a dense conglomerate of color patches over which his eyes could roam at will and which was so wide that he had to turn his head to the right and left to take all of it in. Sometimes he even had to add strips of linen to his canvas—or paper to his sheet—when he tried to encompass the whole breadth of the view in a painting or a watercolor.

Above this immense stretch, Sainte-Victoire seemed to float ethereally in the southern light, hanging there like a glorious symbol of Provence. Cézanne's almost obsessive fascination with the mountain drew him again and again to this spot, where many of his last landscapes were painted. Here he paid ultimate homage to the mountain which, no longer squatting beneath the infinity of the skies, appears pointed toward heaven, in as solitary splendor as ever, though possibly still more majestic.

The artist was sixty-three years old when at last he could move for the first time into a studio built to his specifications. He furnished it sparsely but brought along many of the objects (quite a few are still there) that he liked to use for still-life compositions. Among them were four or five skulls, a blue ginger pot, old bottles, green olive jars, and various containers and crockery.

While little attached to possessions, Cézanne seems to have cared for these rather common objects, which he kept for many years and on which he could always rely. He also took to the studio a small wooden table with scalloped apron that he had already used for over a decade and on which he liked to assemble still lifes. It is still there. Preserved also are the white plaster putto, *L'Amour*, attributed to Puget, and a—now decapitated—plaster of a *Flayed Man*, both frequently represented by the artist. On the walls hung assorted lithos or photographs of works by Signorelli, Rubens, Delacroix, and Forain; others were kept in large folders. In a corner, leaning against the wall, still stands an immense ladder that Cézanne needed for his work on the large bathers, for which a special extendable easel also still exists. Among the few pieces of furniture was a small chest that served for paints, brushes, and similar paraphernalia.

Two young painters, R. P. Rivière and J. F. Schnerb, visited Cézanne in Aix in January 1905 and found him much less misanthropic than his reputation made him out to be. They were admitted to his studios and noticed that "in the corners canvases were lying about, still on their stretchers or rolled up. The rolls had been left on chairs and had been crushed. His studios, the one in the rue Boulegon and the one . . . in the country, were in great disarray, in an unstudied disorder. The walls were bare, the light was crude. Half-empty paint tubes, silk brushes stiff with colors long since dried, remnants of meals that had become subjects of still lifes

covered the tables. In a corner stood a collection of parasols such as landscape painters use, their coarse armatures doubtless provided by some local merchant and their pikes shod by some neighborhood blacksmith; next to them were game bags to take victuals out into the fields."

Cézanne never really lived at the studio but continued to reside in Aix. He went up to start work very early in the morning, sometimes rising at five o'clock to escape the heat. While the studio was not too far from his home, the walk was uphill and there was no shade on the Chemin des Lauves. The painter generally left again by eleven, but occasionally he had food sent up so as not to interrupt his work. Around four in the afternoon, once the hot weather had subsided, he might have a carriage take him to outlying motifs. Cézanne loved that time of day for painting *sur le motif*: then the heat no longer vibrates over the fields, the shadows grow longer, the air becomes limpid and crystalline, the distance takes on a peculiar sharpness, and the foreground glows under the rays of a leisurely disappearing sun. It is an unforgettable hour of harmony and peace. Those who have wandered over the countryside of Aix in the footsteps of the artist call it "the hour of Cézanne."

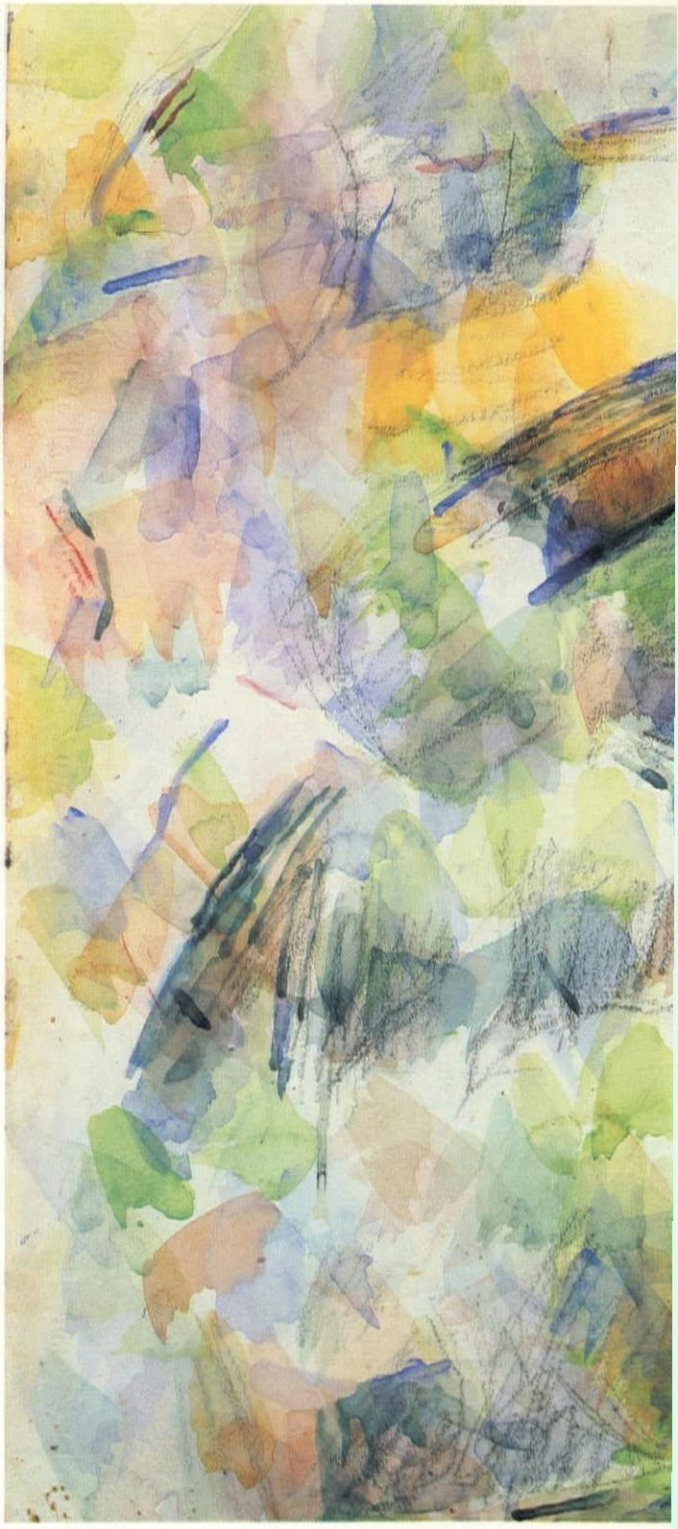
When it was too hot or when the Lauves crest was swept by the mistral, Cézanne could work under a linden tree on the terrace in front of his studio. There, in the dappled shade, he not only painted watercolors of the splendid panorama of the town, but also repeatedly had his gardener Vallier—and sometimes other willing peasants—sit for him.

During the summer of 1906, when the heat became particularly unbearable (perhaps his diabetes caused him to suffer more acutely from it), Cézanne looked for shade elsewhere. He had his coachman take him to the banks of the Arc River. There, beneath large trees that formed a vault over the quiet waters—sometimes rippled, ever so slightly, by a dragonfly—Cézanne found coolness and isolation. "I must tell you," he wrote his son on September 8, "that as a painter I am becoming more clear-sighted before nature, but with me the realization of my sensations is always painful. I cannot attain the intensity that is unfolded before my senses. I do not have the magnificent richness of coloring that animates nature. Here on the bank of the river the motifs multiply, the same subject seen from a different angle offers subject for study of the most powerful interest and so varied that I think I could occupy myself for months without changing place, by turning now more to the right, now more to the left."

SANVAGEOT – VILLET

The studio, unchanged today, built to Cézanne's specifications

CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM, GIFT OF JOHN J. EMERY



Never freer than when he painted in water color, or more uplifted

than in this view of the river Arc, Cézanne found the sight "so varied that I could occupy myself for months without changing place."

But four weeks later, as he informed his son, Cézanne had a falling-out with the coachman, who had "raised the price of the carriage to three francs return, when I used to go to Château Noir [which is farther away] for five francs. I fired him."

Meanwhile, the rainy fall season had set in. On October 15 Cézanne was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm while painting. He remained exposed to the rain for several hours until he was brought back to the rue Boulegon in a laundry cart; two men had to carry him up to his bed. But the next day he went to the studio garden to work under the linden tree there on a portrait of Vallier. He came home in a state of collapse and died on October 22, 1906. □

Art historian John Rewald teaches at the City University of New York Graduate Center. This article is excerpted from his essay "The Last Motifs at Aix," in the Museum of Modern Art's catalogue for the Cézanne show.

Success gave Jasper Johns, above, this spacious studio and private home (the place was once a bank) on the Lower East Side of New York.

Enigmas and Double Visions

Jasper Johns puts levels of meaning beneath deceptively suave surfaces, reflecting his doubts as well as his "givens"

By EDMUND WHITE

In 1958, when Jasper Johns was only 28, the first one-man show of his paintings was held at the Leo Castelli Gallery in New York. It was a critical triumph and a commercial success—a remarkable debut for a shy young man from South Carolina who had been making his living by doing window displays for department stores. New York's Museum of Modern Art bought three of Johns's canvases, and art historians announced that his flags, numbers, and targets reintroduced representation into American painting, which for more than a decade had been dominated by abstract expressionism. Jasper Johns was soon established as a major contemporary American artist, even though both he and his aims seemed at times inscrutable.

This month the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York is opening a retrospective of Johns's work, his first museum show in 12 years and by far the largest exhibition of his work to date. The show, which will travel to Europe and Japan before it reappears in this country at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art next year, includes his

drawings, prints, paintings, and sculptures.

The prospect of seeing so many of his pictures together intrigues Johns; he expects the show to tell him something about himself. "I've always thought that my work is too much of a piece," he says. "One wants one's mind to be agile and not overly repetitive, yet any painter has unavoidably formed unconscious habits. The habits should show up in the exhibition." With characteristic shyness, he is "horrified" at the prospect of being the guest of honor at the museum's dinner before the opening.

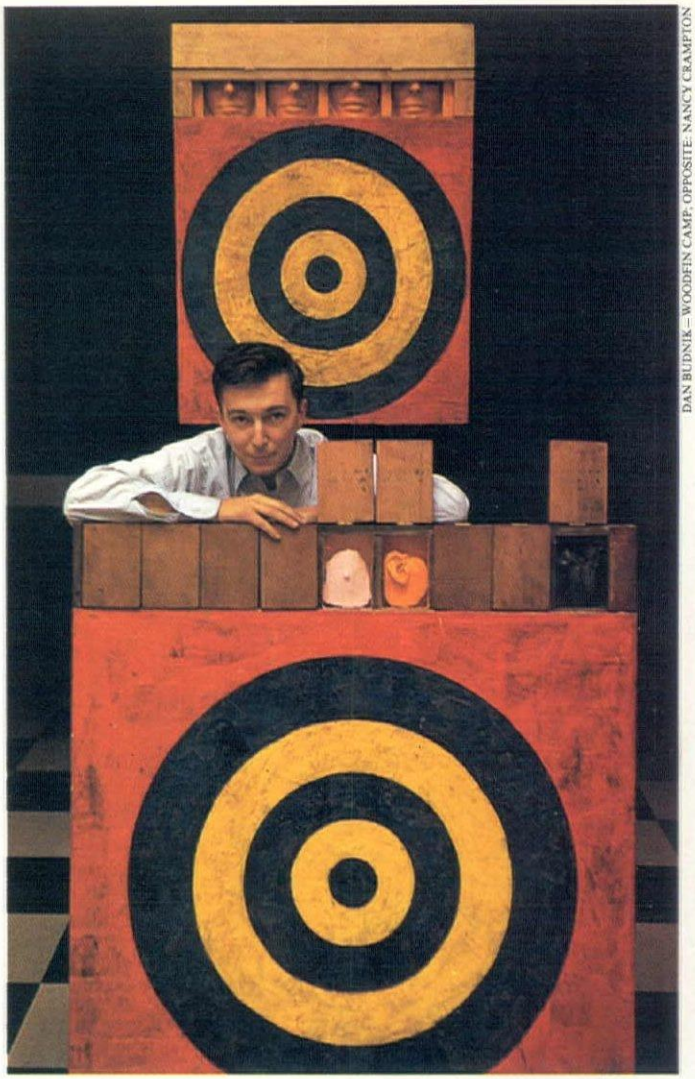
In spite of his reserve, Johns has been from the first a force that demanded—and got—response. He started out painting pictures of *things*, but in such a way that this return to representation did not seem a step backward. Johns presented simple, even banal subjects in a flat, two-dimensional space and rendered them in thick, layered paint or encaustic (a painfully slow method of applying wax to canvas), thereby emphasizing that a painting is at once a picture of something and an object in itself. Johns did not aspire to achieve the fluid, eye-deceiving realism of the past; rather, he sought to remind his viewers that they were looking at a target or a set of colored numbers, however enigmatic, that were also man-made artifacts or two-dimensional art objects.

In those early years Johns's name was often linked with Robert Rauschenberg's—they were the twin *enfants terribles* of the art scene of the day. The two painters had met in 1955, when Rauschenberg moved into a loft above Johns's on Pearl Street in lower Manhattan. Both are southerners (Rauschenberg is from Texas). Both included real objects in their paintings—in Johns's case, spoons and plaster casts; in Rauschenberg's, rubber tires and neckties—and for that both were hailed and damned as neo-Dadaists. Over the years, however, the differences in their work have become more apparent than the similarities. Rauschenberg's is joyful and expansive; he is avid for every element of pop culture. Johns's, by contrast, is cooler, more withdrawn, purer. He has, as one critic has pointed out, "a brilliant ability to turn aesthetic meditation into provocative formal enigmas."

• • •

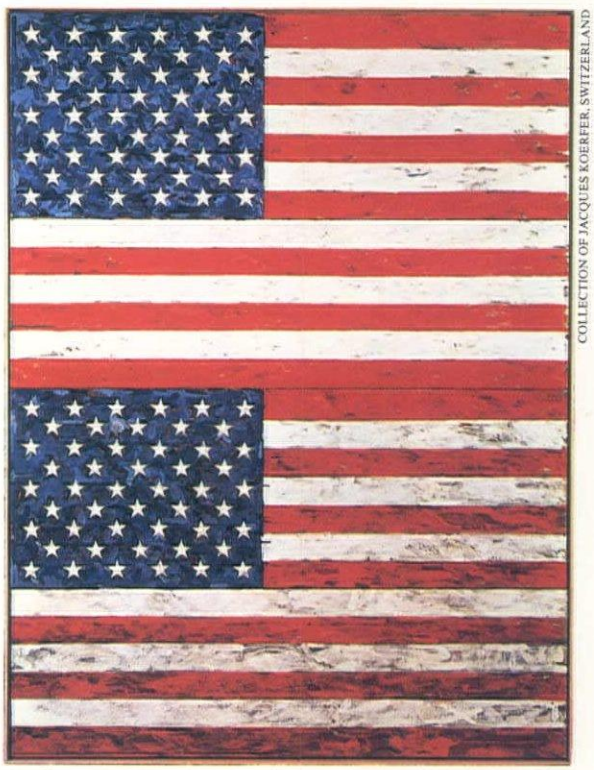
Johns's intelligence worked as a powerful generator of ideas about art throughout the 1960s. The ironic neorealism of such Pop artists as Claes Oldenburg, Roy Lichtenstein, and Andy Warhol was largely derived from Johns's early sculptures—meticulously rendered Ballantine ale cans, a flashlight, a Savarin coffee can stuffed full of painter's brushes. Similarly, the crisp, brightly colored chevrons and circles by Kenneth Noland and the stripes, *V*s, and other geometric shapes of Frank Stella's paintings were foreshadowed in Johns's bull's eyes and renditions of the American flag.

Paralleling Johns's growing eminence has been his extraordinary rise as a blue-chip commodity on the art market. Speculators were astonished in 1971 when his dealer sold the huge painting *Map* for $200,000—the highest figure ever paid up to that time for a painting by a living American artist. In 1973, at a Sotheby Parke Bernet auction in New York, Johns's *Two White Maps* went for $240,000, and his famous



DAN BUDNIK—WOODFIN CAMP, OPPOSITE: NANCY CRAMPTON

The 28-year-old Johns appears behind two of his early—and at the time shocking—paintings with plaster casts of body parts.



COLLECTION OF JACQUES KOERFER, SWITZERLAND

In 1973 Johns returned to one of his earliest themes, the flag, but this time with the appropriate 50 stars.

COLLECTION OF JEAN CHRISTOPHE CASTELLI

Fool's House, *1962—"found" objects and expressionist brushwork*

PRIVATE COLLECTION

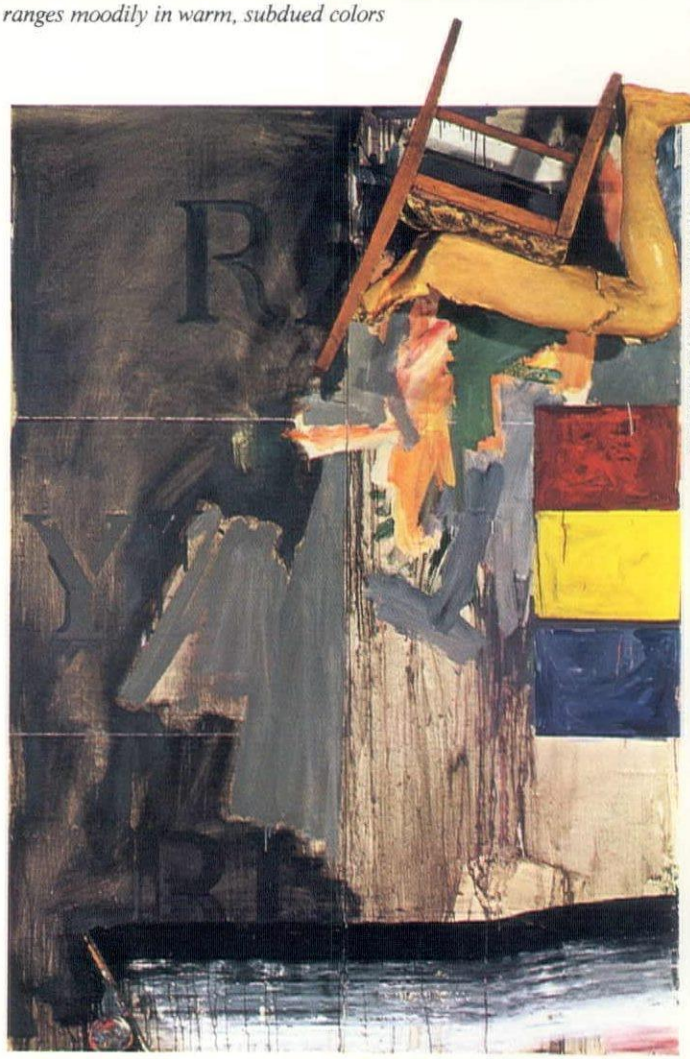
Map, *1963—a "given" subject across which the artist's brush ranges moodily in warm, subdued colors*

Painted Bronze (Beer Cans) brought $90,000. A German collector paid $220,000 for two paintings out of Johns's recent gallery show.

Though Johns may worry about discovering his own artistic habits in his retrospective, he has not indulged in mere repetition of his early successes. After making his initial splash with the flags, numbers, targets, and then alphabets, he moved on to the more delectable and subtle palette and brushwork of the map series. Like the target, the shape of the United States is a thing "the mind already knows," as Johns has put it, a symbol we instantly recognize and dismiss, an image gathering dust on the schoolroom wall. This automatic dismissal, Johns once explained, "gave me room to work on other levels," and those levels are what became so beguiling in the maps. Floating over the familiar outlines of the states are the lyrical (and sometimes obscuring) gymnastics of Johns's brush and his ghostly lettering of the place names. What sets these paintings apart is how *lush* they are. In the 1961 *Map* cool, recessive blues alternate rhythmically with reds and yellows that rise to greet the viewer—quite at variance with the topographic realities of the United States. It is as though the scene was painted by an astronaut looking down at the immense landscape through fitful clouds and sun-shower bursts of light. In the 1963 *Map* the colors are placed with a jeweler's precision, and the brush, scumbling and soaring, has acquired a will of its own.

• • •

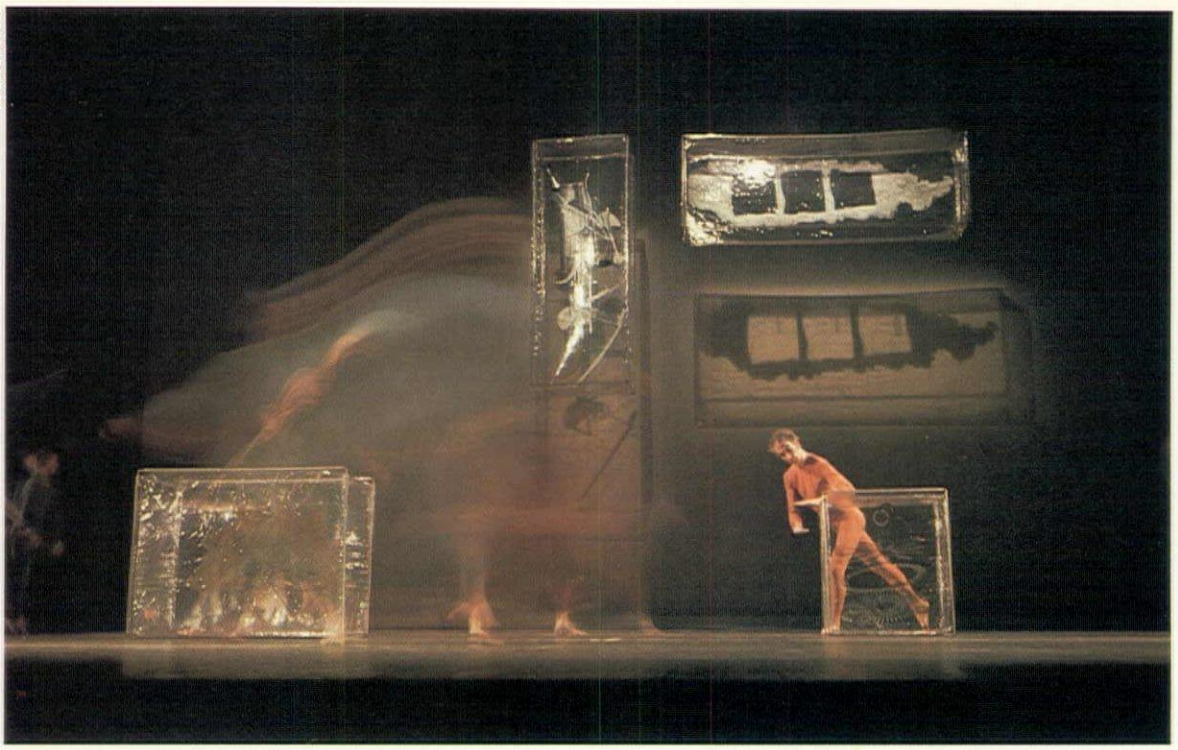
At about the time Johns was painting the early maps, he became immersed in the work of Marcel Duchamp, the cryptic, ironic Dada and surrealist master. Duchamp had long before declared himself an enemy to what the French call *la patte* (literally, "the paw"), that inimitable and personal



COLLECTION OF MIROSHI TESHIGAHARA, TOKYO

Watchman, *1964—the most enigmatic, intellectual side of Johns*

EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY



JAMES KLOSTY

Merce Cunningham performs his own Walkaround Time, *with a set designed by Johns after a Marcel Duchamp work.*

signature of each painter's brush. As Duchamp said, "The problem was to draw and still avoid the old-fashioned form of drawing.... Mechanical drawing was the answer—a straight line drawn with a ruler instead of a hand, a line directed by the impersonality of the ruler." If Duchamp used the ruler to banish the handmade look, Johns did Duchamp one better; in canvases such as *Painting with Ruler and "Gray"* (1960) and *Out the Window II* (1962) Johns incorporated a ruler directly into the composition—but then proceeded to render the surface with a rich and idiosyncratic patte.

Other Johns paintings of the early 1960s ring elegant changes on Duchamp's zany propositions. For instance, Johns's *Fool's House* of 1962 is built around a real broom, hanging on a hook and dividing the canvas in half. The broom recalls Duchamp's "ready-mades" of the 1920s—manufactured articles, such as bottle racks and urinals, that he simply signed and declared to be art. Duchamp's point had been to challenge all traditional notions of art and taste. "The choice of ready-mades," he said, "is always based on visual indifference and, at the same time, on the total absence of good or bad taste." When Johns created his own ready-mades—brushes, thermometers, a chair, the broom—he integrated them into paintings that are anything but visually indifferent. In fact, they are some of his finest and most serene works. Just as Marx is said to have stood Hegel on his head, so Johns has inverted Duchamp's assault on painting. He has embraced these attempts to undermine the foundations of traditional painting and made them serve his own artistic ambitions.

Johns gave a capsule history of his first decade of painting in the huge work of 1964 *According to What*. Casts of body parts, which appeared first in the 1955 work *Target with Plaster Casts*, are invoked by the upside-down plaster leg. His mislabeled colors are there in the self-contradicting, stenciled "Red," "Yellow," and "Blue"—with the additional fillip that some of the letters, cut out of plastic and hinged, lean out toward the viewer. Johns's preoccupation with measuring devices—thermometers, rulers, graphs—is reflected in the inclusion of a color chart, and the map of the United States has been condensed into a section of abstract "states."

In more recent years Johns has been obsessed with two

MUSEUM LUDWIG, COLOGNE

Six feet high and sixteen feet long, Johns's mammoth untitled work of 1972

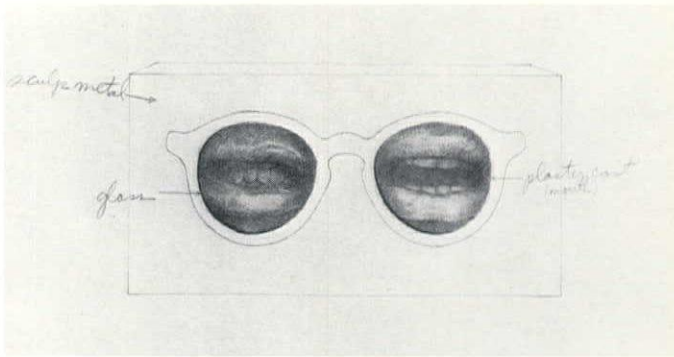
TOP: COLLECTION OF MARK LANCASTER

motifs, both "given" to him by chance. One of these is what looks something like a stone wall. Johns found it while driving through Harlem. Out of the corner of his eye he spotted a storefront on which fake stonework was painted. The image haunted him, but when he went back to study the store, he could not find it, so he eventually painted the motif from memory. But he found that approach less than ideal. "Whatever I do seems artificial and false to me," he has said. "They—whoever painted the wall—had an idea. If I could have traced it, I would have felt secure that I had it right. Because what's interesting to me is the fact that it isn't designed, but taken. It's not mine."

The other motif of Johns's recent work is a herringbone pattern that he saw on a passing hot rod. "For some reason," Johns recalls, "I decided that would be my next painting, though I didn't get around to it for a year and a half." This pattern dominated Johns's last gallery show, and it appears in his recent prints as well. One critic has suggested that it is a stylization of the human hand, and, curiously, in his latest paintings handprints are included with the herringbone.

Characteristically, Johns has modified these motifs in subtle and complex ways. For instance, in the 1974 painting *Corpse and Mirror*, a double image of black, white, and gray herringbone, the right panel is a blurred and dimmed reflection of the precisely rendered left panel. Moreover, the right panel is marked with a large *X* and stamped with the imprint of an iron (an allusion, perhaps, to Duchamp's Dada suggestion: "Use a Rembrandt as an ironing board"). Modifying the "given" image in this way, Johns seems to be revealing the way the mind reworks its materials. In fact, he has demonstrated that the more restricted his subject matter, the more ingenious his meditations upon it.

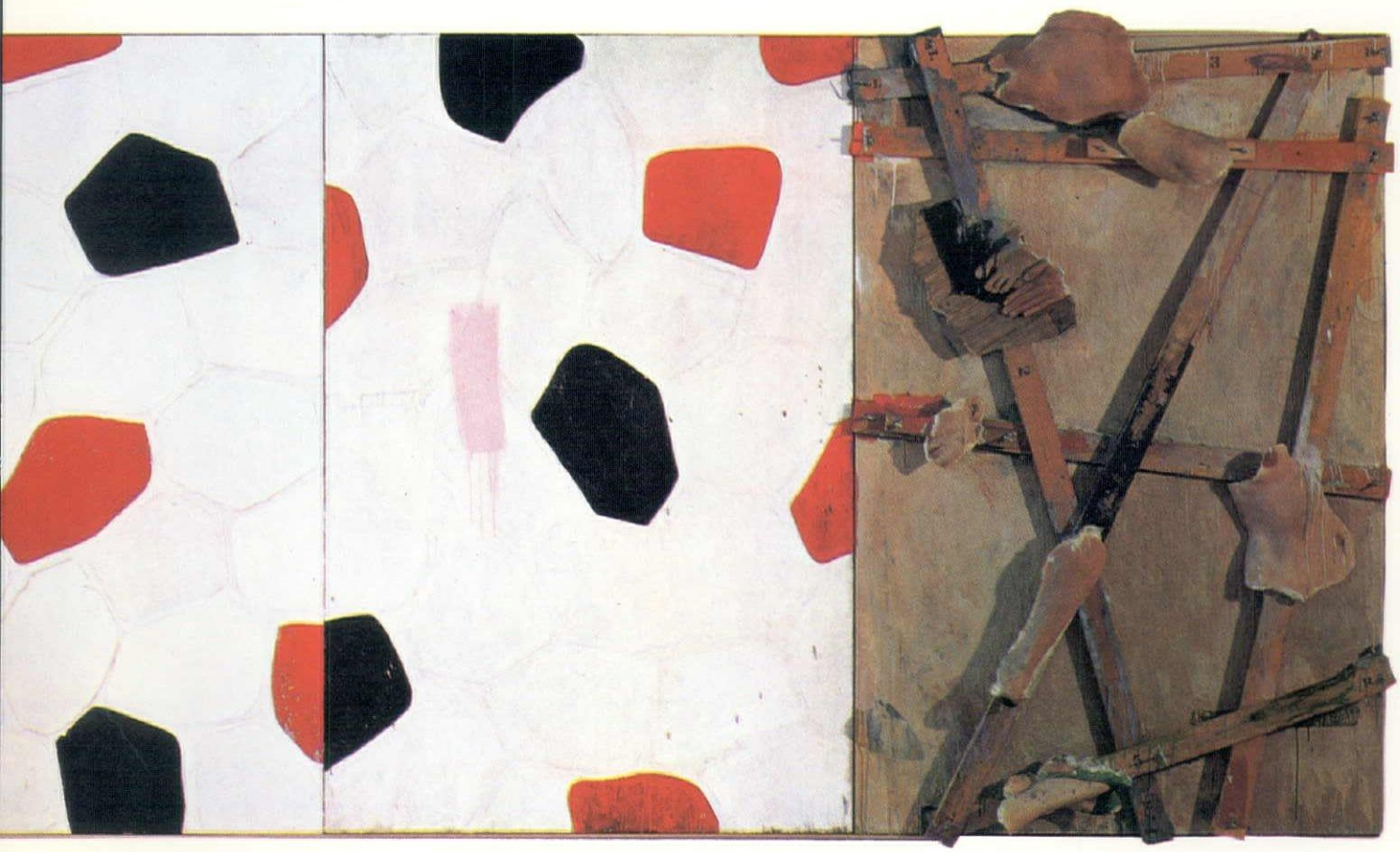
The metallic English Light Bulb



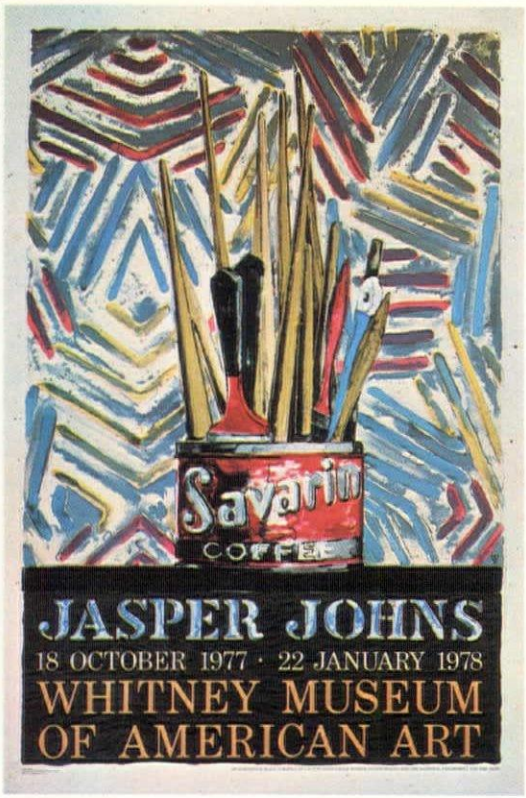
COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. LEO CASTELLI

A drawing after the acerbic sculpture of 1961 The Critic Sees

The stones and herringbone appear in a four-panel lithograph in Jasper Johns's dining room—the only work of his own on display in his house in Stony Point, New York. The house is small and meticulously clean, a bulwark against disorder. Perched on the side of a hill, it looks down on a small



combines the two motifs of his recent style with the familiar casts of body parts.



WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART – TELEMANN EDITIONS

The poster for the current show, designed by Johns, incorporates his early sculpture of paintbrushes.

stream and luxuriant woods. The interior of the converted farmhouse consists of a sitting room, a dining room, a kitchen, a studio, and Johns's bedroom. In the sitting room there are only three works of art, all—and none—by Marcel Duchamp: a Duchamp painting copied by Duchamp's brother Jacques Villon; a replica of a section of Duchamp's glass mural, *Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even*, done by the English Pop artist Richard Hamilton; and a silver casting of Duchamp's bathtub stopper, one of an edition Duchamp had made shortly before his death.

When asked about his relationship to Duchamp, Johns is quick to say that they knew each other only slightly. "Nicolas Calas, the poet and critic, introduced Duchamp to Bob Rauschenberg and me in 1960. [At that time Johns was 30 and Duchamp was 73.] I met him no more than a dozen times. I was always, perhaps foolishly, very formal toward him because I feared he'd find intimacy unpleasant. Later John Cage [the avant-garde composer] studied chess with Marcel, and I saw Marcel a few times through John. Then I decided to do a set for Merce Cunningham [the dancer] based on Marcel's *Bride Stripped Bare*. When I proposed the idea to Marcel, he looked at me in horror and said, 'But who would do the work?' He had a dread of working. I assured him I would. 'Then fine,' he said."

• • •

Johns went ahead with the set, and when the dance later had its première in Buffalo, Duchamp attended. As Johns recalls, "Marcel decided we should all visit Niagara Falls. Though he had never seen the falls, he described everything in detail. He had also worked out our excursion arrangements down to the last second. After lunch, when we were ready to go, Marcel said, 'Have a nice time.' 'Aren't you coming?' someone asked in amazement. 'But I haven't the least interest in Niagara Falls,' he said."

According to Johns, when critics first tied his work to Duchamp's and called him a neo-Dada painter, he had never even heard the word *Dada*. But later, after he had read about the movement and visited the Arensberg collection of Duchamp's work in Philadelphia, he became genuinely and thoroughly interested. "Meeting him was important to me," Johns says. "Just his physical presence was impressive. I suppose all the mythology sensitizes you, prepares you to be impressed, to feel awe; yet I do think that Marcel projected an intense sense of—what do they call it?—'inner space.' "

In talking about his favorite contemporary painters, Johns

HELAINE MESSER

Johns joined his fellow Leo Castelli Gallery artists and their dealer at New York's Museum of Modern Art recently. From the left: Paul Waldman, Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Dan Flavin, Nassos Daphnis, Castelli, John Chamberlain, Andy Warhol, Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Ellsworth Kelly, Lee Bontecou, and Keith Sonnier.

PRIVATE COLLECTION

End Paper, *the newest painting at the Whitney, echoes the endpapers Johns made for a book by Samuel Beckett.*

declares the greatest admiration for Willem de Kooning. Then he singles out Philip Guston, Jack Tworkov, Cy Twombly, and Robert Rauschenberg—all, except Rauschenberg, abstract expressionists. But hasn't he always been regarded as the man who revolted against the abstract expressionists? "That's just sociology," Johns insists. "That's not me. I never set out to create a revolution."

As the years go by, Johns makes fewer and fewer paintings. "If I go too long not painting," he remarks, "that becomes a psychological problem for me. I mean [roar of explosive, nervous laughter] I begin to wonder if I'll ever paint again. But objectively I don't worry about my diminished productivity. A while ago I went to a show of my drawings in England. I walked through them and was appalled—so much stuff. The amount of work was outrageous. Then the director told me there was another floor of them. No, really, I think I've already taken up too much space."

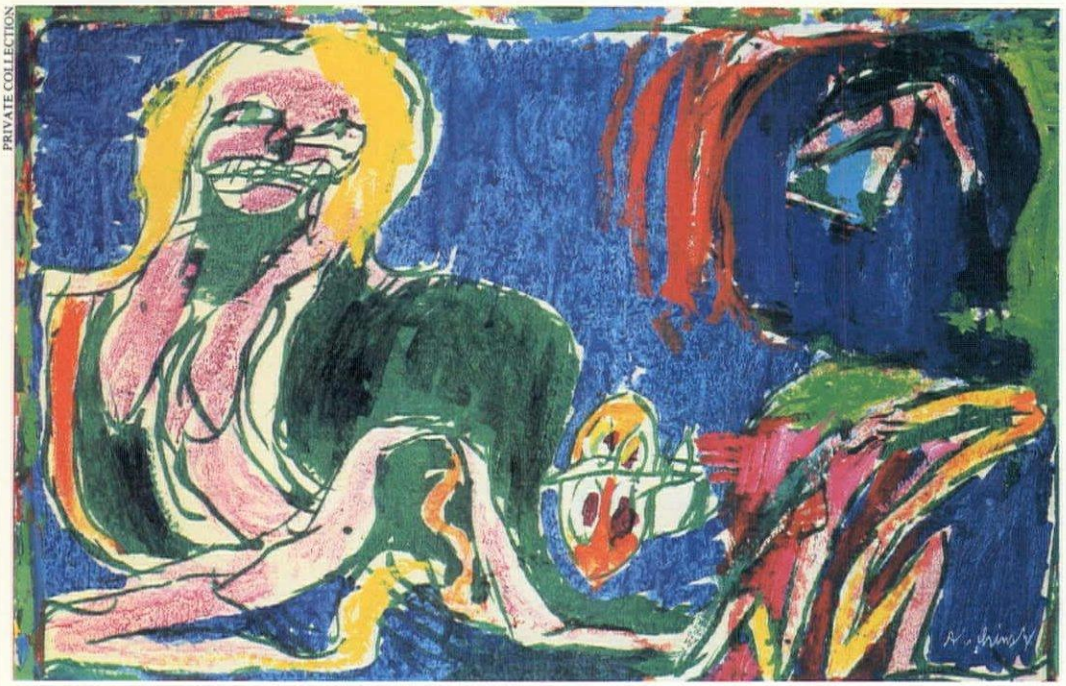
• • •

The future of American painting is not a cheering prospect for Johns. He rejects the term *avant-garde*, explaining that "it implies we know where we're going—but do we? I feel painting could either be dissipated or it could be translated into entirely new terms. I don't know the terms."

Recently Joan Mondale, the vice president's wife, invited Johns and several other artists to offer suggestions about what the federal government should do for the arts. Johns came up with an idea that reflects his uncertainty about the path of art in the future. "They should use the lottery system. If we, the society, knew what we wanted, then we could pay for it, subsidize it. But we don't. I wouldn't want to choose the people for grants. My own choices are private and subjective and not necessarily for the good. We're in a funny, broken society. It's not easy to know what's to be done." He pauses, then adds, "It's hard, of course, to determine how much is real rotting and how much is just the normal movement in a field of change."

The judicious afterthought is characteristic of Johns. He is a deliberate man who lets a year and a half elapse between the inspiration for a painting and its execution, who has said that he does not want his work to reflect his personality, who has asserted that his ordinary mood while painting is boredom. He makes no concessions to his public as he patiently recycles his images and frames his despair with irony and bitter humor. Johns is not the romantic sort of figure people take to their hearts—windswept, self-expressive, delirious with genius. But what is certain to emerge from the current show is a creative talent that has been tested, questioned, and tempered by a careful, controlling mind. □

PRESENT INDICATIVE



PRIVATE COLLECTION

Hokusai's Ghost, *painted in 1976 by Pierre Alechinsky*

God and the Painter

Now that the prices for works of art have gone sky-high, the prizes are following suit. At the Museum of Art of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh there is a one-man show of 137 works by Pierre Alechinsky, a 50-year-old Belgian expressionist who has been named the first winner of the Andrew W. Mellon Prize for art. The Mellon, which is worth $50,000, is, according to its sponsors, a sort of Nobel Prize for painters and sculptors. It is given for the whole body of an artist's work, rather than for a single painting or sculpture, and the winner is chosen from among the major world artists who may not have received the recognition they deserve.

Alechinsky fits the Mellon bill nicely. Though his work has not been widely seen in the United States, he is well known in Europe, and his show at the 1972 Venice Biennale dazzled the critics. He was the youngest member of the postwar expressionist group called COBRA (for "Copenhagen, Brussels, and Amsterdam"), a movement that paralleled the abstract expressionism of the United States. Alechinsky's strongly colored, nightmarish visions seem to spring from many sources: Japanese calligraphy, the calculated naiveté of Jean Dubuffet, and the work of his Belgian predecessor, James Ensor.

An appreciative essay from the catalogue of the show, written by the playwright Eugene Ionesco, is an eye-opening introduction to Alechinsky's (and Ionesco's) brand of expression. "God begets the world from the void," Ionesco says ominously. "The artist would like to imitate him, he does his best. He does what he can. . . .

"More than any other, Alechinsky's painting shows the outer world as it is perceived and transformed by an inner world and then projected anew into the actual world. I'll be told that that is what all art is. Obviously so, but in the case of Alechinsky this process takes place freely and deliberately. . . .

"My sensibility links up with Alechinsky's; it is aroused by his sensibility. In fact, I recognize his characters. Alechinsky cocks a snoot at the world. And when I say the world I mean the world, that is to say creation. He copies it but with a mixture of hamhandedness, irony and tenderness. . . .

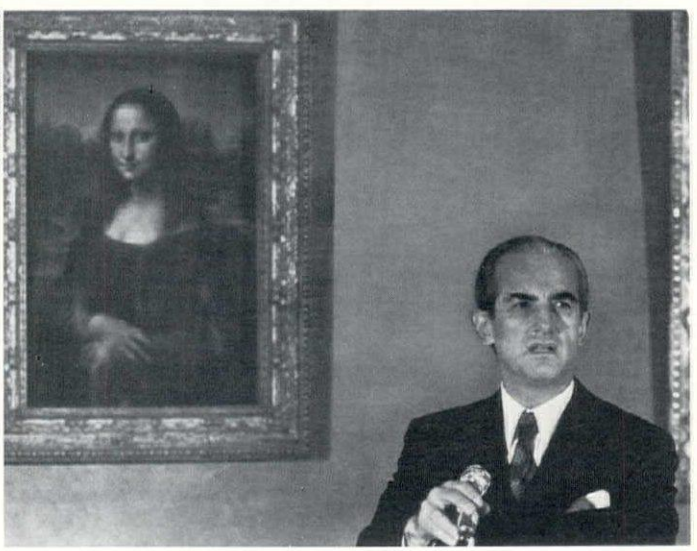
"For one who is inhibited, thoughtful, academic, and a connoisseur of painting, even after surrealism, Alechinsky is a painter only insofar as he applies layers of color on canvas, paper, cloth, and walls; he does not paint a landscape or one or more persons. He doesn't paint, he daubs or smears. He does not seek to depict things, he does not have a meaning to give them. In this sense he is the most objective artist or artisan in the world."

A Gadfly in France

Le Mal français is not a tourist disease; it's a best-selling book by Alain Peyrefitte, the 52-year-old French minister of justice. In his provocative analysis of French society, which has sparked lively debate since its publication last December, Peyrefitte diagnoses the "French sickness" as stultifying governmental centralization, individual apathy, excessive intellectual theorizing, and compartmentalization in every area of French life.

"We French talk as though we are sovereigns whose mere word is enough to determine good from bad, truth from falsehood, to change the course of events—as though action were a dream in which wishing is having and fearing is failing.

"In earliest childhood Anglo-Saxons are prepared for practical matters. But the French think so much in the abstract that they learn the theory of machines from formulas and don't know how to install a



AFP/PICTORIAL PARADE

French minister and controversial author Alain Peyrefitte

piston or how to take out a carburetor."

Peyrefitte seems to have no real solution to *le mal*, except perhaps a drastic and miraculous change in the French temperament. And believing apparently that a government is only as good as its people, Peyrefitte sees no help coming from the state: "How can this vicious circle closing in on France be broken: a population at once so passive and undisciplined that it requires state supervision, and a bureaucracy that discourages initiative, stifles life, and succeeds in making its citizens still more passive? Until at last the people, thoroughly exasperated, suddenly switch from lethargy to rebellion, while the state shifts from pressure to repression. Who is at fault—the rebel or the encroaching state? Useless question. Both are responsible."

France's reaction to this devastating attack on the national character has been to elect Peyrefitte to the French Academy, where he will presumably find enough ossified thought and intellectual jargon to provide him with a sequel to *Le Mal français*.

The Rights and Wrongs of Scholarship

"What's objectionable in scholarship," said Joseph Duffey recently, "is self-righteousness, hypocrisy, snobbery, which we mislabel 'elitism.' But in areas dealing with professional scholarship, we need to rely on the judgment of scholarly peers."

Duffey, a 45-year-old ex-professor at Yale and one-time senatorial aspirant, is the new chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, the agency that oversees the spending of some $110 million a year in federal support for scholarship. His selection for the post followed more than six months of searching, the consideration of some 80 candidates, and so much wrangling that President Carter complained he was spending more time on it than on preparations for the SALT talks.

The acrimonious infighting among academics and politicians centered on an issue that may be more rhetorical than substantial. Critics of the NEH's past performance have accused it of elitism. One of them, Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, complained that the last chairman, Dr. Ronald Berman, was arrogant and out of touch with the public. Opponents of Joseph Duffey fear that he will neglect serious scholarly projects and promote flashy but trivial populist programs.

Joseph Duffey, NEH chairman

Among the recent fundings by the NEH are at least two that no one can call unpopular: underwriting of the Tutankhamun traveling show and the public-television series *The Adams Chronicles*. The NEH also spent $1,450,000 on the publication of a 51-volume Bicentennial history of the states and the District of Columbia, each book written by a recognized authority.

Despite such worthy projects, the NEH has had a much vaguer image than its sister organization, the National Endowment for the Arts. "Perhaps," Duffey speculates, "that's because the arts are more glamorous, more visible. Also, an artistic project usually requires less lead time to launch, whereas a scholarly project can take years. The production of a play is quicker than the production of a new body of knowledge."

Why, then, has the NEH generated so much conflict? Duffey says that "the very subject is controversial. For instance, if you're talking about a new interpretation of our history or a new theory about the relationship between the sexes, tempers are bound to run high. In these touchy areas the hand of the government should be light and deft."

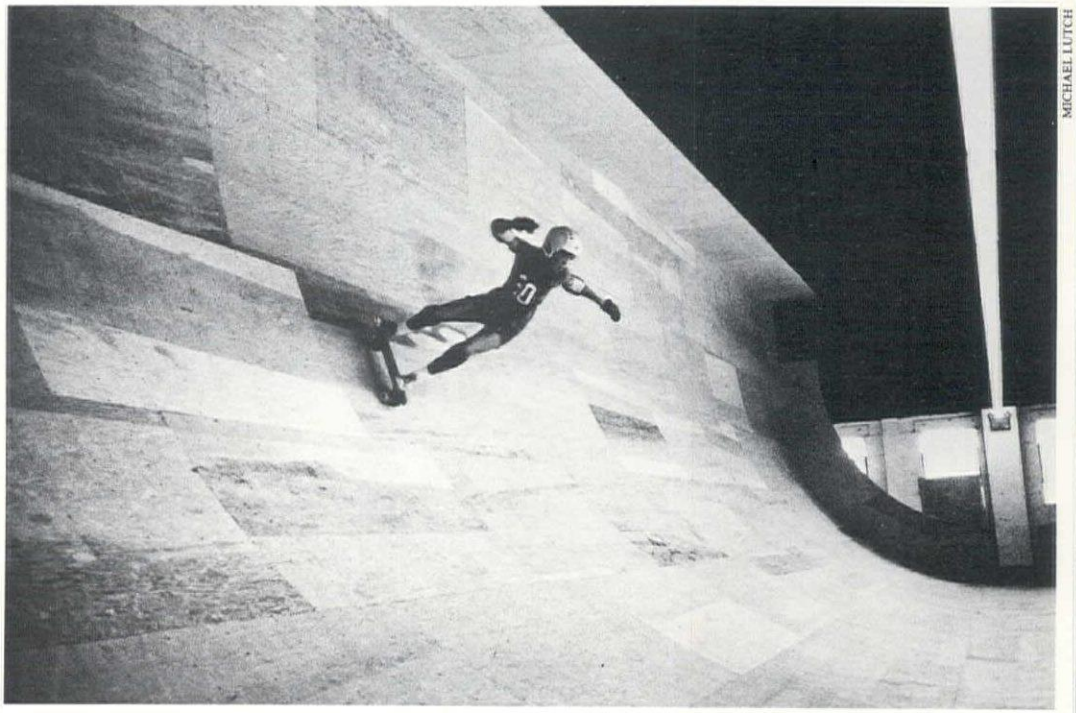
In the end, Duffey may make the elitist-populist debate purely academic. "Though a committee of scholars might give a grant to the wrong person," he says, "by and large this system of selection is a lot safer, a lot less political than any other yet devised."

Indoor Skateparks

The Pipeline. Skatopia. Concrete Wave. Solid Surf. Tomoko Moonforest Skateboard Park. For nearly three years millions of warm-weather skateboard freaks have been doing their wheelies on the serpentine runs of these and other paved arenas in California and Florida. And now it seems that the Northeast is catching on, too—with innovations.

The Yawgoo Valley Skatepark/Ski Area in Slocum, Rhode Island, built last year, attracts skaters in the summer and skiers in the winter. For those who want to power slide and one-wheel-it no matter what the weather, there's Boston's Zero Gravity, the first indoor skatepark in a major American city. Located in a 20,000-square-foot warehouse, it features a unique 20-foot-high plywood run called the Tube. "When surfers see it they go wild," says owner Bob Keene.

With fewer than 30 skateparks now open in the Northeast, most out-of-doors, Keene expects to recoup his $100,000 investment quickly. "I may ask myself why I did it when I see the heating bills," he says. "But with the way the weather gets here, I definitely think the future of skateparks is indoors."



MICHAEL LUTCH

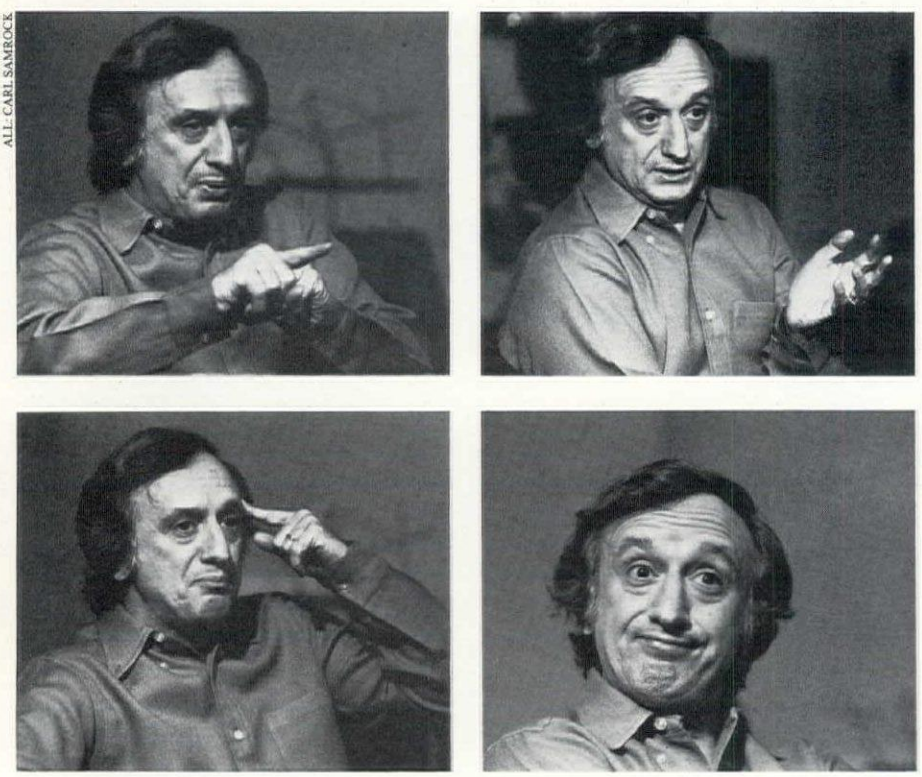
Shooting the Tube at Boston's Zero Gravity Skateboard Park

Boring the Audience Is Unforgivable

That's why Frank Corsaro, a one-time actor, is injecting theatrics and believability into opera—while leaving the music inviolate

By PETER ANDREWS

ALL: CARL SAMROCK



Frank Corsaro: scolding, cajoling, thinking, and bemused

SHAW-LEACH

Slouched on a throne of simulated human ribs, the

Opening night at an American opera house has traditionally been the stuff of cartoon humor: in the audience, a proper matron industriously fingering her way through a libretto while her husband, unhappy in his black tie, snoozes peacefully through the entire second act. Opera in this country has always been the most conservative of the arts. Early in his American career, Caruso, who dared to sing with his hands in his pockets, was dismissed by the critics as "bourgeois." The opera house was considered a temple; solemnity and

mythical king and queen of Kartonga dine on Big Macs and milk shakes in Corsaro's version of Stravinsky's Histoire du Soldat.

decorum were its creeds.

Solemnity and decorum are having a hard time of it in America these days, and opera houses are no exception. In Houston two years ago, Frank Corsaro directed a multimedia production of Alban Berg's erotic, violent, 12-tonal *Lulu*, causing viewers to shift ominously in their seats all evening. Immediately after Jack the Ripper strangled the last dissonant note out of Lulu's throat, the audience set up a round of applause punctuated by waves of boos and an occasional catcall. When Corsaro appeared for his curtain call, the clapping and the booing increased, while at least one handsomely dressed Texas couple screamed coarse obscenities at him.

As opening nights go, *Lulu*'s was tame compared to what might have happened in 19th-century Italy, where the audience often acted as if a street fight went with the price of admission. In Parma, after one disastrous production, the police arrested the impresario on the spot and jailed him for "offending the public's sensibilities." But by American standards, the Houston performance was *con brio* all around.

Especially surprising was that the principal cause of the furor was a director. Singers and conductors have long been fair game for unhappy audiences, but the director has barely been noticed. Indeed, he barely existed. Mozart once coached a performance out of a recalcitrant Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* by pinching the soprano on the behind. But operas were generally mounted by stage managers, who did little more than keep stars from bumping into each other, or by conductors, who, so long as the opera "sounded" right, rarely pulled their

heads out of the score to look up at the stage.

Now, however, a new breed of directors is showing up at stage center, and, by insisting on dramatic realism, they are bringing opera, somewhat against its will, into the 20th century. Movements are under way to teach singers acting, slim down the stars, use English translations of librettos, make new sense of characters and plots, and update special effects. In the vanguard of many of them is controversial, 53-year-old Frank Corsaro himself.

• • •

Corsaro's most recent effort, the first American production of Busoni's *Doktor Faust*, presented this past August at the Wolf Trap Farm Park for the Performing Arts in Virginia, was typical of his style and intent. The Busoni reworking of the Faust legend is hellishly difficult to bring off. Stuffed with heavy symbolism, the libretto is an elaboration of Busoni's philosophical theories, and the music, while tonal and even lyrical in spots, does not exactly soar like vintage Puccini. Moreover, the great Italian musical theorist had a wicked disregard for the practicalities of stagecraft. In one scene, he specified that the pen Faust uses to sign the contract with Mephistopheles be flown onstage by a raven. In another, the stage is shared by Faust, Mephistopheles, John the Baptist, Salome, Samson, Delilah, King Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba. Such stage directions, not to mention production difficulties, have made *Doktor Faust* something of a cult work among musical academicians—"more sung about than sung," as one critic noted.

To mount what he called "a real monster rally," Corsaro mustered the team of graphics experts that creates his multimedia visual effects. He also stretched the libretto (an English translation) into a psychodrama centering on the composer. In Corsaro's setting of *Doktor Faust*, a sick and aged Professor Busoni is brought onstage in a wheelchair for a birthday party given him by his students. Busoni suffers a heart attack and begins to see visions of his own unproduced work all around him.

SHAW-LEACH

For Corsaro's staging of Poulenc's Voix Humaine, *a jilted lover (Maralin Niska) sings her tragic aria into a telephone.*

Then he wheels himself directly into the Middle Ages, where he becomes the young Faust in his own opera. Time and space, real and fictional characters are all merged in a presentation of music, lights, and film.

Although it is difficult to know exactly what Busoni had in mind for an eventual production of *Doktor Faust* (considering that he left it unfinished at his death in 1924), the critics immediately split into violent disagreement over the merits of Corsaro's staging and interpretation.

Lon Tuck of the Washington *Post* called the production "a remarkable operatic spectacle . . . directed and extensively embellished by . . . the boldest brain-stormer of America's opera world. . . . Never before have Corsaro's filmed visual images cascaded past the eye at such a pace." *Doktor Faust*, Tuck said, was all but unproducible "until it caught the eye of a director like Frank Corsaro."

On Broadway: Corsaro directs Shelley Winters in A Hatful of Rain, *1955.*

On screen: Corsaro costars with Joanne Woodward in a 1967 film, Rachel, Rachel.

Harold Schonberg of the *New York Times*, having seen the same production, proclaimed that with "banners bravely aloft, all systems go, the Corsaro army has once again marched down the wrong road." He panned the effort as "an insult to the composer," declaring, "This was not interpretation. It was vandalism."

In response, Corsaro, who fairly cackles at a bad review, looked up from his morning *Times* and beamed. "Ah! Another standard Schonberg rave for my work."

• • •

At first glance, Corsaro seems the least likely sort to stir up controversy. A diminutive man, he has the look of a friendly but slightly mad elf. He loves to make faces. As befits a person who once worked the nightclub circuit doing impersonations, he is a master mimic. Bounding around a rehearsal stage, often in bare feet, Corsaro first strikes the mock heroic pose of a classic turkey tenor with a golden voice but no brains and then swings into his

impression of the pedant lecturing the garden club on the use of the minor key in establishing the musical character of a dying bird.

But when he is discussing his work and its often spotty reception by the critics, the steel begins to show through. "I once spent an hour talking to Schonberg," Corsaro says, "and he finally admitted that he knew nothing, absolutely nothing, about the theater. He said he only listens to the music. Well, opera *is* theater, and you create theater on a live stage, not in a museum. You've got to remember that many music critics are failed artists. They lack talent or the nerve to persevere to the logical end of art: the oedipal severing of the past and its traditions so you can progress to create something new. They are afraid of killing their fathers, which an artist must do, so they have become the keepers of the temple. It's the old 'protect Daddy syndrome.' "

Those remarks say a great deal about Corsaro. He is highly opinionated. His heritage is the theater and not opera, and he seeks new theatrical solutions to old operatic problems. He looks for the psychological meaning behind an individual's actions. And he is, as he freely admits, "maybe a little smart-ass."

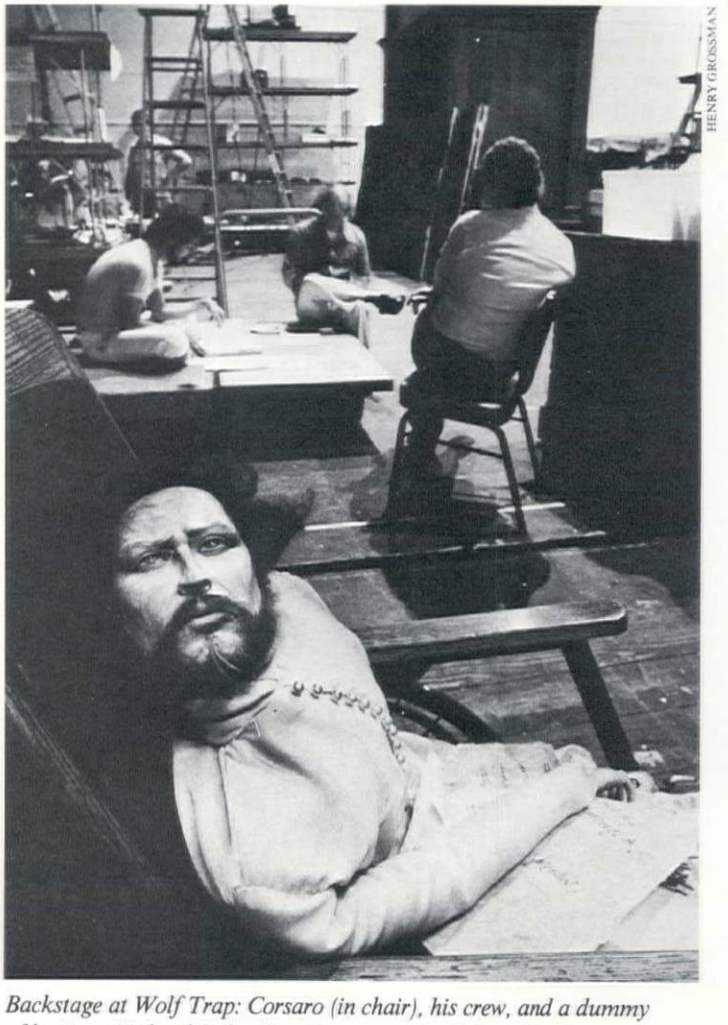
The son of Italian émigrés, Corsaro came to opera after a long apprenticeship in the theater and has the scars to prove it. He is generally credited with being one of the originators of the off-Broadway theater movement with his production of Jean-Paul Sartre's *No Exit* in 1948, the same year he graduated from the Yale Drama School. Seven years later, he had a huge Broadway success as the director of *A Hatful of Rain*, earning, among other things, a footnote in theatrical history for firing a young actor named Steve McQueen. Corsaro has also known considerable failure. Bette Davis had him fired in 1961 after the rehearsals of Tennessee Williams's *Night of the Iguana* for reasons neither principal will now discuss, and he was let go last year after the Philadelphia tryout of Bernstein and Lerner's disastrous musical *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue*, a bomb of plutonium proportions. Through it all, he mastered the dictum that boring the audience is the one unforgivable sin in show business.

Along with other directors who came to opera from the more rough-and-tumble atmosphere of the theater—such as Tom O'Horgan, Peter Brook, and Peter Hall—Corsaro has an attitude toward the great masters that is often less than reverential. The winds of revisionism blow more freely in the theater—many feel much too freely—than in opera. Shakespeare is no more immune from an actor's or a director's interpretation than the rawest young playwright. When a recent revival of *Henry V* turned much of Shakespeare's panegyric to the delights of spending the afternoon massacring Frenchmen into an antiwar statement, barely a murmur of dissent surfaced from the critical community.

But when Corsaro is named director of a new operatic production, some critics, roused like a pack of Mississippi bloodhounds, go on the alert for the first trace of deviation from the original. Corsaro takes it all fairly lightly. "I do tamper with librettos. Why not? Many of them were rotten in the first place. They were constantly being altered right up to opening night and even afterwards. I don't see anything sacred in a piece of bad Italian verse just because Ricordi or some other music publisher came in and said, 'Come on, give us words, we've got to get this thing printed.' But the music is sacred to me, not in a *noli me tangere* sense—don't ever touch me—but as the essence of the musical drama. I approach opera the same way I would a play, but I look to the music rather than the libretto for the essential truth of the work. I never actually fool with the music itself, but"—here Corsaro grins and his eyes widen like Harpo Marx's at the sight of a starlet—"I take advantage of every *fermata* in the score."

It is during these *fermate*, those pauses where action not specifically written into the score can take place

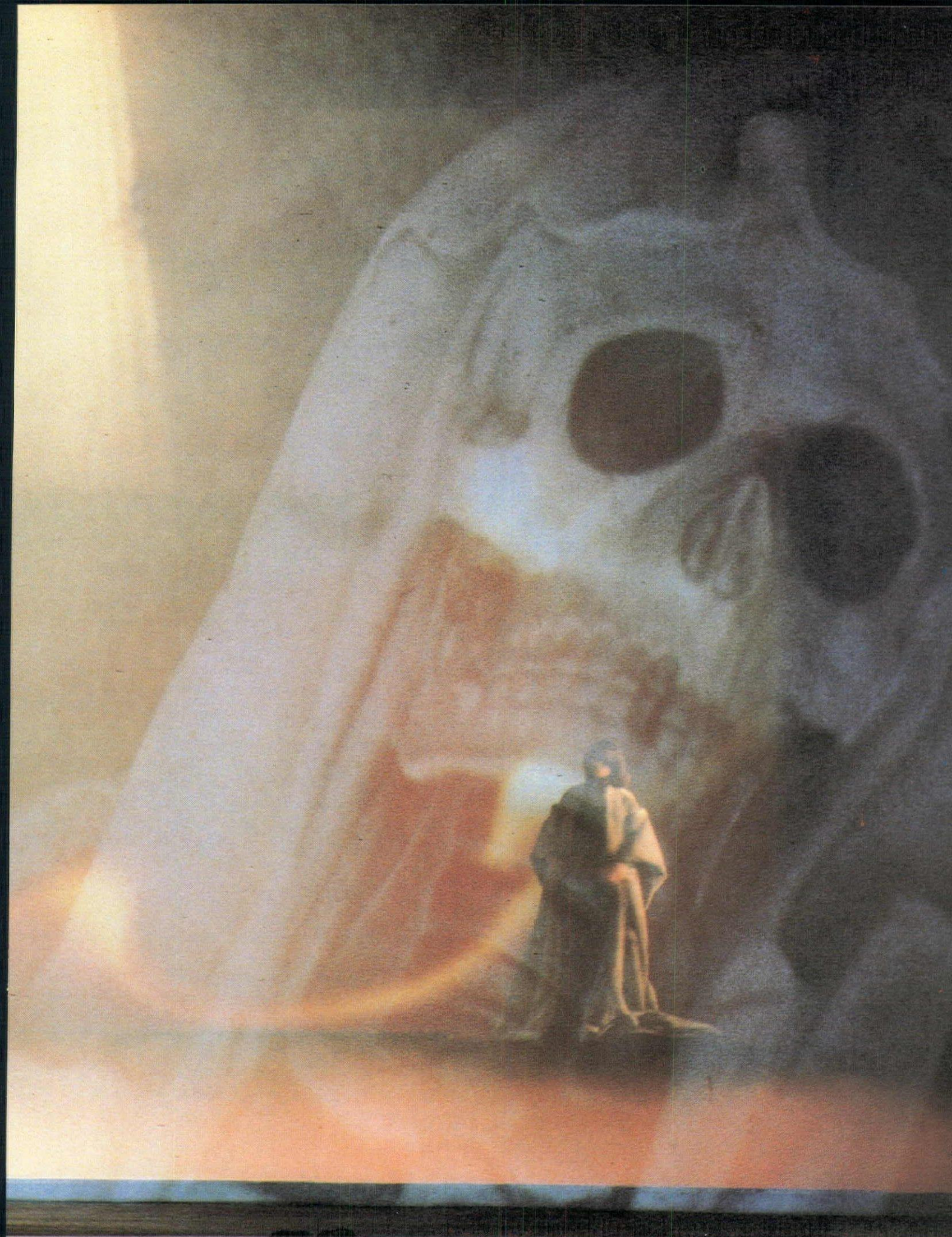
TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 64



HENRY GROSSMAN

Backstage at Wolf Trap: Corsaro (in chair), his crew, and a dummy of baritone Richard Stilwell used as a prop in Doktor Faust

In Corsaro's rousing multimedia production of Busoni's Doktor Faust, *staged this past August at Wolf Trap, morbid apparitions flash across a*



transparent scrim, haunting Busoni (in wheelchair, left) before his death and foreshadowing Faust's fatal contract with Mephistopheles.

HENRY GROSSMAN

EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY

onstage, that a director's creative work often can be judged. Small pieces of business are frequently matters of great moment on an opera stage. Corsaro got almost universal raves for a minute alteration in a brief scene from *La Traviata*: the candles were removed, leaving the stage in dark shadows before Violetta lay down on a chaise longue and sang *Ah, fors' è lui*. But he managed to arch a few eyebrows with his generally joyously reviewed production of *La Bohème* when he had the artist Marcello onstage painting a yeasty nude instead of the more mundane rendering of the Red Sea usually prescribed in the libretto.

In Stravinsky's *Histoire du Soldat*, Corsaro annoyed some purists in the audience by having characters munch on Big Macs, and the operagoing crowd grew actively restless during the final act of Gounod's *Faust*, when Marguerite, accompanied by the traditional angelic choir, ascended not to the heavens but to the gallows.

An innovator gets used to mixed reactions to his work; critics rarely seem to agree. But Corsaro's staging of Scott Joplin's all-black opera, *Treemonisha*, in 1975 was generally well received, and the critics did give him one unanimous set of reviews for his 1972 production of *Don Giovanni*. They all hated it. Distressed at seeing Mozart's masterpiece recast as a lusty sexual roundelay, Alan Rich of *New York* magazine called Corsaro's version a "catalogue of horrors" and "a panoply of theatrical blunders from first note to last, a travesty of epic proportions."

Corsaro remains unrepentant. "It's all more of that sanctity of the master," he says. "Since Mozart's music was so pure, they project him as some sexless figure as well. These people never read Mozart's letters, which were filled with scatalogical jokes and sexual references. I still think my production of *Don Giovanni* was the one Mozart would have done himself if the censors of the day had let him."

• • •

Whether they get good reviews or bad, directors like Frank Corsaro are shaking up the opera in America, causing a level of excitement that has not often been seen since 1850, when Jenny Lind arrived in New York and was greeted by 30,000 people who had never even heard her sing. Although opera still has need of subsidies—private and governmental—its growing popularity is evident everywhere. In 1955 some 2 million Americans paid to see an opera. By 1970 the figure had jumped to 4 million, and when the books closed on last season, there were approximately 10 million paying customers. In addition, in 1966 there were 27 professional opera companies in the United States with working budgets of more than $100,000. Last year there were 65.

No longer the exclusive property of a few large cities and major universities, opera stages are sprouting up all over the country. Before World War II there were 77 opera stages in America; now there are more than 900. Along with the traditional great houses in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, such cities as Santa Fe, Seattle, and Houston now boast opera seasons on a par with the finest in Europe.

The audiences in these new houses are a pragmatic group. Their experience has not been with European opera, where the golden voice and histrionic gesture reign, but with American movies, where natural acting is encouraged and imaginative visual effects prevail. When they go to an opera, they not only want to hear voice; they want to see a show, and directors like Frank Corsaro are giving it to them.

"The old days of the great voices are gone, except in a few traditional houses like the Met," says Corsaro. "Audiences are now demanding a singing actor who can project an emotion as well as a voice."

Corsaro, who attended the Actors Studio, is a tireless acting coach for modern opera singers and conducts regular classes, where he mounts assaults on the stereotyping of operatic roles.

"Traditional opera singers spend so much time playing kings and queens, they lose sight of the person. Remember poor Richard Tucker striking heroic poses all over the stage? He wasn't acting. He was brazening out a performance. He thought he was looking like a duke, and the first thing anyone noticed was that he was wearing a toupé. You have to look for the humanizing factors in these parts. Take Scarpia. He's the classic operatic villain, and in most productions of *Tosca*, that's the way he's played, a plain villain. Scarpia is a smart, capable man, or Napoleon wouldn't have put him in charge of the Rome police in the first place. But Scarpia is an obsessed man. That's the difference between a cardboard villain and a man who performs villainous acts."

This kind of character development, which has been common in the theater since the days of Stanislavski, is often difficult for classically trained singers. Many were brought up to believe that an opera performance is a combination

CARL SAMBROCK

During one of Corsaro's acting seminars, amateur singers perform well enough to elicit a grin from their teacher (rear, center).

of an extraordinary voice and the hand gestures of a traffic policeman guarding a school stop.

"I still get an occasional tenor," Corsaro remarks, "who, just when I am discussing character development, asks me if in the big scene I want him to raise one arm or two. When you get a singer like that, you try to find a nice, quiet place in the corner for him."

• • •

Corsaro maintains a busy professional life. His new production of Puccini's *Fanciulla del West* opens at New York's City Opera this month, and he is in rehearsals for a new play scheduled for Broadway in December, *Cold Storage*, starring Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. He is also suiting up for an author's tour to promote his autobiography, *Maverick*, due out this winter. In what passes for his free time, Corsaro paints professionally and hopes to start work on a mystery novel set in an opera house. "Now, there's mystery for you," he says.

One of his first jobs as a teen-ager was standing in the back of the Metropolitan Opera House as an unpaid member of the claque for Renata Tebaldi. Although he is now one of the most active opera directors, he is unlikely ever to get much closer than that to the dream of almost every toiler in the operatic vineyard: a performance at the Met. "I understand that conductor James Levine doesn't like my work," Corsaro explains simply.

The loss does not weigh heavily on him. "I don't see much going on there that interests me anymore. The really exciting things that are going on in opera today are taking place outside of the major houses like New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. The audiences there are still playing the 'who's-in-it' game, and the houses usually don't dare take the chances they do in Houston."

The opportunity to take chances is undoubtedly one of the reasons Corsaro has just taken on the jobs of artistic adviser and principal stage director of the Houston Grand Opera along with his duties as a regular director at New York's City Opera. Houston, the fifth largest opera company in the United States and one of the more innovative, has been instrumental in injecting fresh and American notes into opera. English translations prevail there; American operas get staged; and American singers, who have long been overshadowed by their European counterparts, are nurtured. In Houston Corsaro was able to launch some of his most controversial productions and to shape performances of new American works, including Carlisle Floyd's *Of Mice and Men* and Thomas Pasatieri's *Seagull*. Now, besides directing, Corsaro will be conducting acting seminars for American opera singers at the University of Houston and coaching the performers at the Texas Opera Theater, Houston's touring arm.

Still, for all his modernization of the great cultural leviathan that is opera, Corsaro, perhaps curiously, sees himself as a traditionalist trying to return to the original virtues of the art form. Particularly in America, a tendency emerged to smother everything that would offend the genteel sensibilities of the operagoer. Instead of being a courtesan, Violetta was portrayed as just a girl who liked to go to parties, and for a generation, the standard of operatic excellence was Dame Nellie Melba singing Mimi's part in *La Bohème* with a crystal voice so cool it was hard to believe that the character was really sick. But the basic stuff of opera has always been musical stories of elemental emotions, of love and lust, of hope and despair. Opera as initially conceived was the most passionate of all the arts. Frank Corsaro wants simply to put the passion back in. □

HENRY GROSSMAN

Hamming it up at Wolf Trap: Before Doktor Faust*'s première, Corsaro gets a kiss from Richard Stilwell, while agent Matt Epstein looks on.*

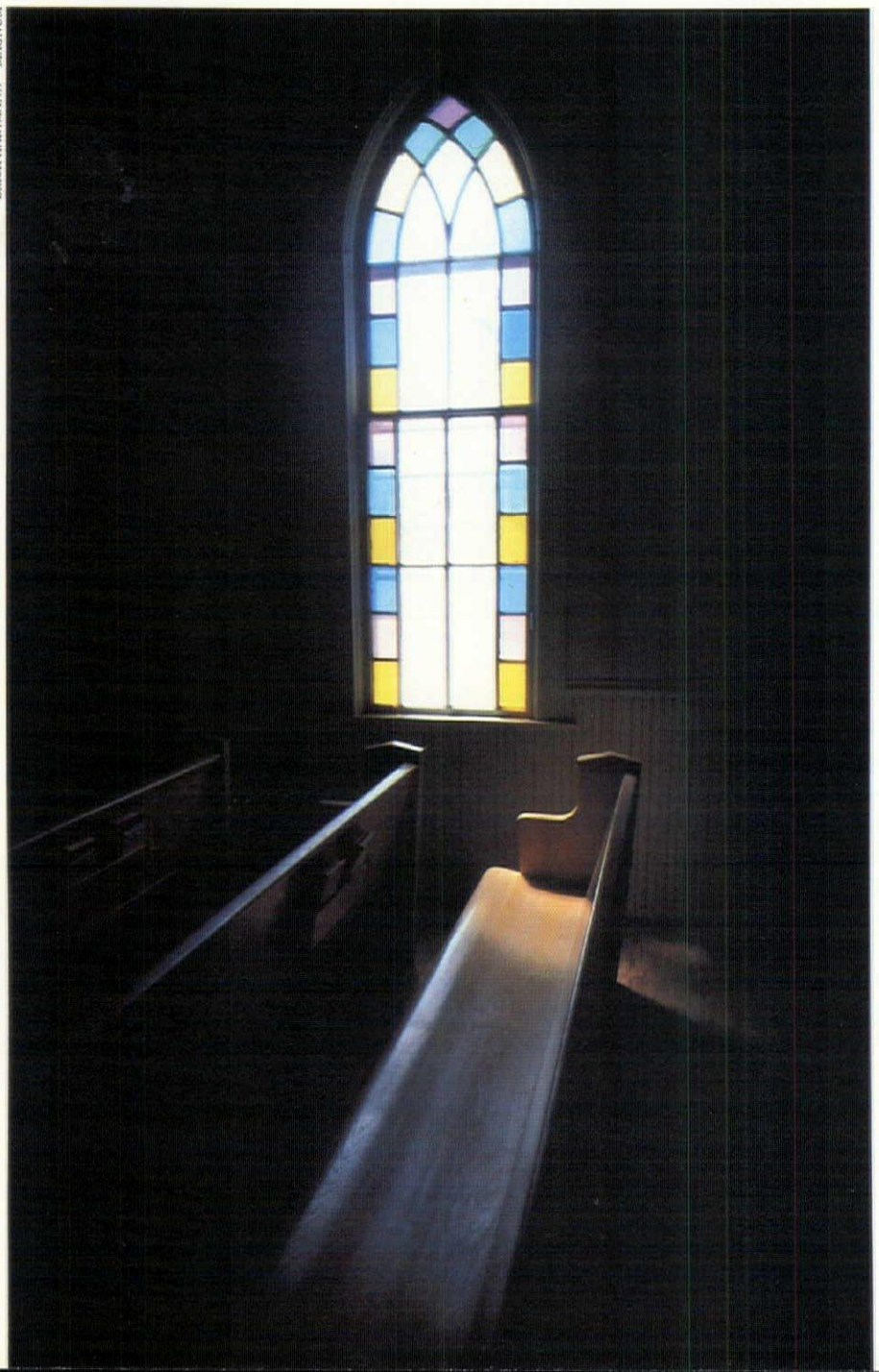
Peter Andrews, a free-lance writer, has been attending opera since his youth.

Mondale's Minnesota

No less than Jimmy Carter, the vice president is a man of the land who remains close to his roots

By WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

ERICH HARTMANN—MAGNUM



A quiet moment in the Ceylon church where Mondale's father preached

DAN MCCOY—BLACK STAR

Tidy farms punctuate the vastness of the Minnesota prairies.

Nowadays, there isn't much the rest of the country doesn't know about Jimmy Carter's Georgia—the peanut farming, the born-again Christianity, the Good Ol' Boys. But although Walter Mondale has become one of the most visible vice presidents in decades, few Americans know much at all about the Minnesota from which he sprang. And Minnesota has exerted at least as strong an influence on him as Georgia has on the president. Different in many ways, the two states are remarkably alike in their closeness to the land and their deeply rooted religious traditions. An argument can be made that this similarity, to some degree at least, helps explain the unusually close personal ties that have grown up between Carter and Mondale in the short time they have been in the White House together.

"Where I grew up, it was very poor. No part of the country was harder hit in the Depression than the rural areas. And yet we had the staples of life. We had food because we had farms. We had freedom to roam as kids. We had strong family ties and strong church ties." The words might have been spoken by Jimmy Carter;* in fact, they were uttered by Walter "Fritz" Mondale in a reflective moment in his White House office, only four or five steps from the study where Jimmy Carter does most of his work. Mondale, who

*They also recall Kansas-bred Dwight Eisenhower's "We never knew we were poor."

Minnesotans expect to work,
and they expect that things will work.

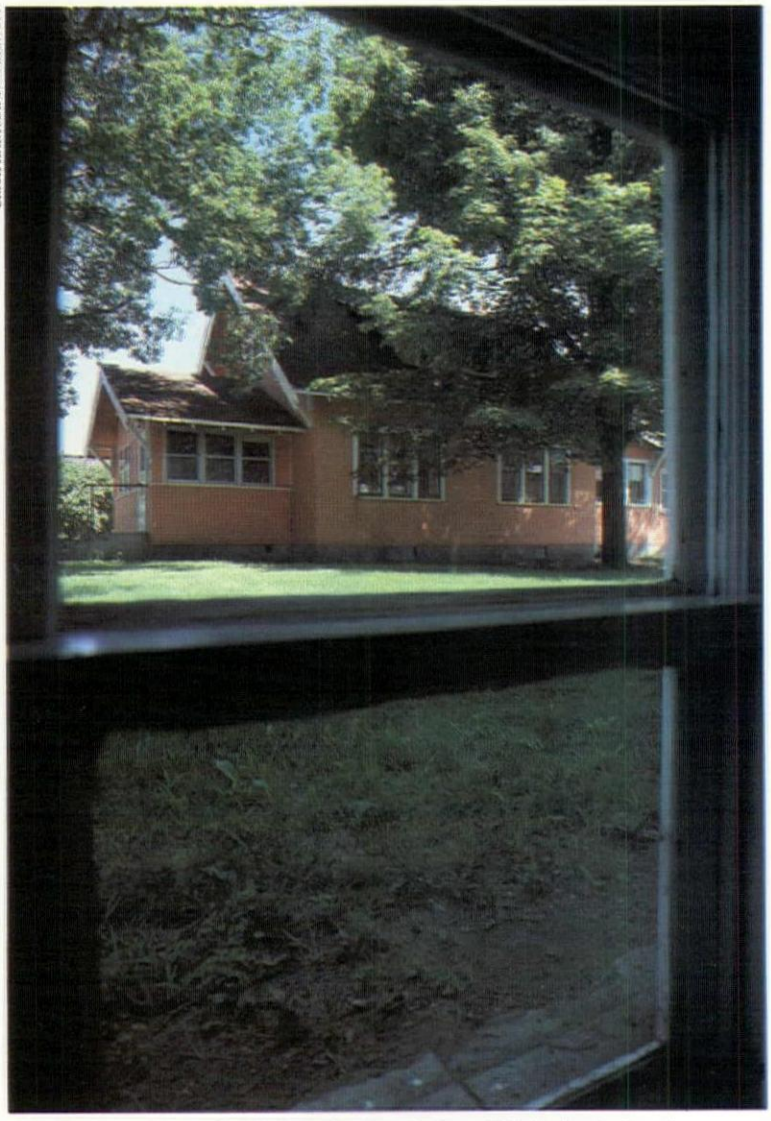
was born in a small town (Ceylon, population: 487) and grew up in tiny towns along the southern rim of Minnesota (Heron Lake, population: 777, and Elmore, population: 910), shares with Carter the peculiar pride that small-town boys have in their backgrounds. "How do you like the town?" asked Jimmy when Mondale first visited Plains, Georgia (population: 683). Mondale gave him a mischievous look and replied, "It's kind of big, isn't it?"

Mondale also knows something of the born-again experience, though at second hand. One day many years before Fritz Mondale was born, his father, Theodore Sigvaard Mondale, was out in the fields when he had an experience that Walter's older brother Lester describes as "mystical." Theodore decided to give up farming; though he was in his thirties and already had three sons, he became a missionary among the silver and lead miners in the Black Hills of South Dakota for an income of $400 a year. When he returned several years later to Minnesota to pursue his ministry in the small farm towns, he quickly earned a reputation for compassion and selflessness in the dreary, desperate days of the 1920s. On one occasion, a friend and parishioner committed suicide, and the Reverend Mr. Mondale, defying the conventions of a society that shunned those—living or dead—who were "in sin," made a point of attending his funeral. Nor did he hesitate to adopt the dead man's daughter, although he was already trying to feed, house, and clothe five people on one or two dollars a day. It was that faith, with its stability and inner richness, that his son Walter was to speak of a half-century later in the White House. "Though we went through the Depression together, I hadn't the slightest idea there *was* a Depression," says Mondale. "As a kid, I had a wonderful life."

• • •

The Minnesota that Fritz Mondale grew up in is a land rich in variety. It is not one vast farmland, though it ranks among the top six states in the production of seven different farm products from oats to turkeys. There are places where it is wild, harsh, and broken. It is a land of pine-bordered lakes (15,291 of more than ten acres) and sculptured glacial canyons. Winters are so extreme that some parts of the state get snow nine or ten months a year, and the cold is so profound that it numbs the mind: Minneapolis has an average of 34 zero-or-below days a year, and International Falls averages 69 such days. The state is rich in natural resources: the iron mines in the Mesabi range once turned out 82 per cent of all the iron ore used in the nation's steel mills, and the Mississippi River, which drops 60 feet within three-quarters of a mile where it passes Minneapolis, as long ago as 1869 spawned 15 sawmills and 13 flour mills, giving Minneapolis the nickname "the Mill City."

Minnesota is fortunate in another resource: its people. They are, by and large, devoted to the work ethic. They expect to work, and they expect that things will work—that problems can be solved. The way Minneapolis responded to the first signs of urban decay in the 1950s is an example of their attitude. The city had already lost some 50,000 people between the ages of 15 and 64 from the work force and had gained some 30,000 dependent residents. A number of important streets were turning into skid rows, and the inner city was in marked decline. But instead of fleeing to the suburbs, some members of the business community put together a private, $250 million investment plan for downtown Minneapolis. Among the results: the Gateway



ERICH HARTMANN—MAGNUM

Mondale's parsonage birthplace, from a window of his father's church

ERICH HARTMANN—MAGNUM

The vice president's boyhood home in Elmore: summer jobs included inspecting pea lice and vaccinating hogs.

Center redevelopment project and the elegant Nicollet Mall shopping center, which includes a system of skyways and arcades that protects pedestrians from the city's brutal winters.

But the main determinant of life in Minnesota is the land. There is a lonely quality to existence on the plains, and the wind that blows across them seems to carry with it a certain melancholy. There is a shadow of tragedy that haunts the prairies, and an awareness in the people that to accept passively the punishment of the environment is a form of suicide.

• • •

Walter Mondale's father knew the meaning of this. Theodore Mondale was an almost epochal figure on these prairies. He had difficulty with his career: he was a preacher who stuttered and who spoke with such a heavy Norwegian accent that some people complained they couldn't quite understand him. "He felt he was awkward verbally and physically," says Clarence, his fourth son. He had difficulty with money: he'd once owned three farms, but in the farm depression that began in 1920, he lost everything. "He did a lot of praying over his investments," says Mondale's older brother Lester. He also had trouble with his family's health: his wife fell prey to a long, lingering illness that—in the absence of money for doctors and nurses—forced him to devote much of his time to caring for her. ("It left him permanently bent," says Clarence.) When she died, the sense of loneliness deepened. Nearing 50, with no money, a family but no wife, and an illness that was usually fatal—he contracted lockjaw from infected surgical instruments used in a kitchen-table tonsillectomy—he somehow managed to pull himself together. He overcame the illness and later married Claribel Cowan, a member of his church's choir.

NANCY BUNDT—BLACK STAR

Taking a fishing break from Washington worries while still in the Senate

The new Mrs. Mondale deepened the family tradition of self-help and of helping others. Just after Fritz was born in January 1928, she learned that a member of her husband's congregation—a woman who had already lost three children in infancy—had had another baby. Although still nursing Fritz, Claribel hitched up the horses

BOTH, ERICH HARTMANN—MAGNUM

The attorney general's offices in Saint Paul, where Josephine Lombardi still works for Mondale's successors

three times a day and drove over the rutted roads in the depths of a Minnesota winter to nurse her neighbor's child as well.

• • •

Life in Elmore, where Walter Mondale spent most of his childhood, was subtly different from life in Ceylon and Heron Lake, which were primarily farm towns. Elmore, which lies just north of the Iowa border, also began as a farm town but developed into a railroad center. "People took the train north through Iowa and got off and switched to another train that would take them to Saint Paul," says Rose Eisele, who was editor and general manager of the Elmore *Eye* for years. "They built a roundhouse and switching yards here." And with the railroad facilities came a kind of industry: a large grain elevator went up along the railroad tracks. As a result, where once Elmore needed farmers to come and spend money by shopping in town, now the farmers needed Elmore to come and get money by taking their crops to the grain elevator for shipment to market.

For Fritz Mondale, growing up meant school and summer jobs on farms near town. "I spent several seasons plowing behind horses," he says. "This one man I worked for didn't think tractors were going to last." Later he worked the other end of the food chain—in Emerson's grocery store. In his middle teens he worked for the cannery in nearby Blue Earth as a pea-lice inspector. But the job that made the deepest impression on him was being assistant to the town veterinarian, at ten cents an hour. He helped him to vaccinate hogs against cholera, to castrate farm animals, and occasionally to "clean cows"—assisting in the difficult birth of a calf. Of the last, Mondale now says, "That's as close to nature as you're ever going to get."

• • •

Other than farming, the people in Elmore had two preoccupations: religion and politics. "Maybe it's because those are the things nobody is ever supposed to talk about," says Rose Eisele. There were certain practices concerning both matters that the Mondales didn't quite conform to. Since the largest single elements of foreign stock were German and Scandinavian, the predominant religion was Lutheran. Even today there are three Lutheran churches in Elmore; the only other church is the United Methodist—and Theodore Mondale was a Methodist minister.

The politics are Republican. They remained so even when the Democratic-Farmer-Labor party—an outgrowth of the late-19th-century populist drive to end exploitation by grain magnates, railroad owners, and mine owners—broke the longtime grip of the Republicans throughout the rest of the state. (In the 1920s and 1930s, when the populist movements elsewhere in the upper Midwest were fading, the Farmer-Laborites in Minnesota elected three U.S. senators and three governors. They didn't merge with the Democrats until 1944.) Indeed, the conservative traditions are so pronounced that Elmore township failed to give a majority to Mondale in both his Senate campaigns. Not until

"My father believed there was a social message in the Bible about justice, charity, compassion, and liberty."

1976, when he ran for vice president, did Elmore break with tradition and give him a "landslide": it voted 93–92 for Mondale and his running mate.

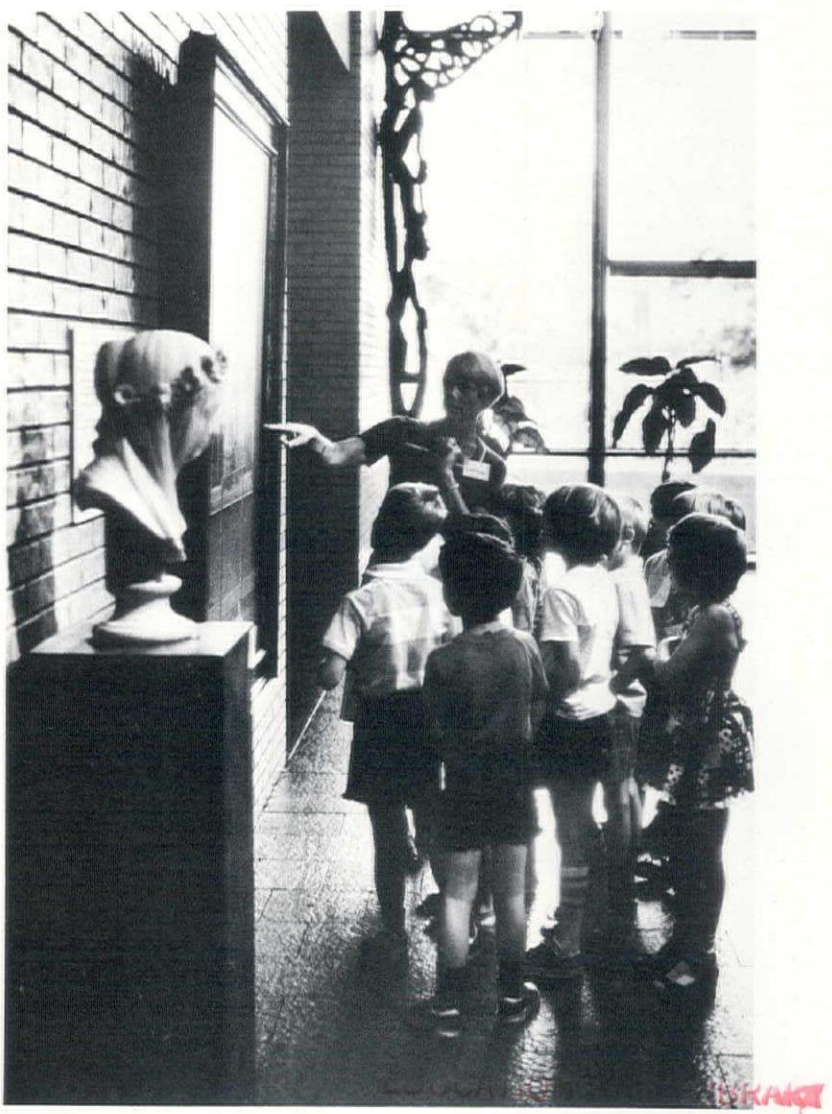
It was his father who inspired Walter Mondale to become, in defiance of tradition, a liberal. ("He prefers to be thought of as a progressive," says his wife, Joan.) Although, as Clarence Mondale recalls, "his first vote was for McKinley," time and the hardship that he saw around him persuaded the Reverend Mr. Mondale that society should take steps to relieve the desperation of life. He found his justification and his message in the Bible. "My father believed that there was a social message in the Bible about justice, charity, compassion, and liberty," says Walter Mondale now. "He was always talking about human rights." The dilemma of Theodore Mondale's political evolution was reflected in the 1932 election, when the issues were not just right-left but wet-dry. "Roosevelt was 'wet' and my father was 'dry,' " says Clarence. What happened? "My parents were the only people in town who voted for Norman Thomas."

In matters of politics, his sons became his congregation. "He couldn't preach progressive sermons," says Joan Mondale, "so he talked them out over the dinner table with his family." Walter absorbed what his father said not as a verbal exercise but as a well-considered philosophy. For Mondale is instinctively a cautious man who seeks a common ground (he founded a political organization in high school called the Republicrats) and develops a position for society, not just for a party or a splinter group within it. "He is a very careful man who studies all sides of the issue before he takes a stand," says an old friend and law partner, Harry MacLaughlin.

After graduating from high school in 1946, Mondale left home for Macalester College in Saint Paul. His college experience was to be brief; by his sophomore year he couldn't come up with the final $40 he needed for tuition, and he dropped out. ("I loved Macalester," he says, "but I just couldn't afford it.") He had more than enough to do to occupy his time. Hubert Humphrey, the mayor of Minneapolis, was running for the U.S. Senate. Mondale joined his organization and, at 20, was made manager of the Humphrey campaign in the Second Congressional District—which was where Mondale had grown up. The Humphrey people figured that so young and inexperienced a manager could not do them much harm, since that district was so conservative that Republicans sometimes ran without opposition. The result was that Mondale helped Humphrey carry the district by an astonishing 8,500 votes. His future was not totally assured—but he had already made his mark.

In doing so, Mondale was following a long tradition in Minnesota. The state has 3.8 million people—half the population of New York City—and yet it has had immense influence in public affairs, contributing two members to the present U.S. Supreme Court (Warren Burger and Harry Blackmun) and three presidential possibilities—Mondale, Humphrey, and Eugene McCarthy (not forgetting Gus Hall, the 1972 and 1976 presidential candidate of the Communist party). Furthermore, the state has a tradition of giving opportunity to the young. Harold Stassen was 30 when he was elected governor. Hubert Humphrey was 34 when he was elected mayor of Minneapolis and 37 when he became a senator. Eugene McCarthy was a congressman when he was 32 and a senator at 42. Orville Freeman was governor at 37 and a cabinet officer in his forties. Wendell Anderson was governor at 37 and a senator at 43. Walter Mondale was state attorney general at 32, senator at 36, and vice president at 49.

One reason for this tradition is that both major parties operate under a



A class at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, where Joan Mondale taught

ERICH HARTMANN—MAGNUM

DAN MCCOY—BLACK STAR

A likeness of the vice president surveys the lush corn fields that stretch across Minnesota's southern rim.

In Elmore, there are fewer and bigger farms these days. Land is selling for more than $3,000 an acre.

caucus system at the precinct, county, legislative-district, and state levels. On the precinct level, any citizen can walk into and take part in a caucus by simply showing up and signing a document stating that he or she is or wants to be a member of that party. The system is so open, and compelling, that 140,000 Minnesotans took part in the precinct caucuses in February 1976, and it is particularly attractive to people who have the time and desire to work on issues and campaigns—especially the young. Mondale himself got to the "inside" of the Humphrey organization even before he was old enough to vote. He stayed there, working for Humphrey in a number of senatorial and presidential campaigns.

When he wasn't working for Humphrey, Mondale spent most of his time working for the Democratic-Farmer-Labor party and finishing his education. He completed college at the University of Minnesota, did a hitch in the army, returned to the university to study law—and got married.

The manner in which he got married contrasts with Mondale's normally cautious and deliberate ways. In June 1955 he met Joan Adams on a blind date. She was from Philadelphia, and her father was a Presbyterian minister—a chaplain at Macalester, in fact. Joan was then, as she still is, interested in art, and on their first date the couple went to see the *Family of Man* photographic exhibition then at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. After that, Mondale saw Joan only seven times in 53 days before asking her to marry him. The rest of the time, she recalls, he was traveling the state for the Democratic-Farmer-Labor party, lining up candidates for the Minnesota legislature.

His own political technique was based on a policy of staying within the system and being acceptable to everybody. It has worked brilliantly: he has been so acceptable to higher-ups that he has been appointed to all his political posts—attorney general of Minnesota, U.S. senator, and finally vice-presidential nominee (although he was elected to second terms as attorney general and as senator). "Fritz would be a helluva president if he could ever get appointed to the job," observed one sardonic acquaintance.

But there are some liberals who feel that over the years Mondale has been more eager to remain acceptable than to get bloodied for a principle. One example: liberals expected him to lead the fight against the oil-depletion allowance during consideration of a tax-reform package in the Senate Finance Committee several years ago. But Mondale deferred to the seniority—and the muscle—of Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long of Louisiana, and the fight never quite developed. "He's no *kamikaze* pilot; he can count the votes," says a friend and admirer, Marian Wright Edelman, a public-interest lawyer. A critic of liberal persuasion put it more sharply when Mondale underwent an appendectomy some years ago. "I hope they inserted some guts when they sewed him up," he said after the operation.

Whether Mondale lacks guts or is simply a political realist, his inclination to work behind the scenes as an accommodator rather than as a mover-and-shaker has left him with a peculiar

One of the 5,000 lakes of the Boundary Waters Canoe Area in northern Minnesota

KENT KOBERSTEEN—BLACK STAR

August 1977: Mondale and wife, Joan, at her family's home in Afton, on the banks of the Saint Croix River

distinction. In 12 years in Washington, he has come to be known as one of the most effective men in the Senate, and yet no major piece of legislation bears his name. It has also produced some blurs in his public image. By the time Mondale ran for re-election to the Senate in 1972, he had already established his liberal credentials by voting for bills to improve child care and the conditions of migrant labor; for equal opportunity in education; for aid to the elderly; for relieving the distress of the American Indian; for halting the passage of antibusing amendments; and for safeguards in environmental protection, auto safety, and meat inspection. He had voted against increased expeditures for the military and for space research. In bad years, he got only 86 per cent approval from the ultraliberal Americans for Democratic Action. Yet in 1972, when he went back to Minnesota and took a poll, he found that a sizable proportion of the voters perceived him as a *conservative*. The reasons why are unclear. But it is suspected that Mondale's tendency to work behind the scenes for liberal issues did not attract as much media attention as the more public activities of Hubert Humphrey or George McGovern, who were thought of by the voters as being *really* liberal.

As time has passed, Mondale's Minnesota and Mondale himself have changed significantly. In Elmore, there are fewer and bigger farms these days—land there is selling for more than $3,000 an acre. The veterinarian who taught young Walter Mondale how to vaccinate hogs and clean cows is long gone. Theodore Mondale's original white-frame United Methodist Church has been boarded up and is now used to store furniture; the railroad tracks have been torn up. But that doesn't seem to bother the townspeople much. "It's become a bedroom community for people who work up the road in Blue Earth," says Rose Eisele.

UPI

January 1977: after the inauguration

Mondale is still, in a sense, working behind the scenes. But he no longer has to worry quite so much about fund raising, a task he has always found unpleasant. ("Dad had to go around for years asking parishioners for money," says Lester Mondale, "and that was humiliating.") And he no longer has to worry about coming up with positions for party ideologues such as Humphrey to use in their campaigns. Mondale sees his prime function now as that of a trouble-shooter on the tough issues facing the White House—"bringing the president the bad news," as he puts it. And he seems content knowing that much of his political future depends on the opinion of one man, Jimmy Carter. Perhaps part of the reason is that, in a number of ways, they both come from the same place. □

William Barry Furlong is a journalist and editorial consultant to the Washington Post.

Snapshot Mastery

What happens when you put the amateur's fail-safe system in the hands of professionals

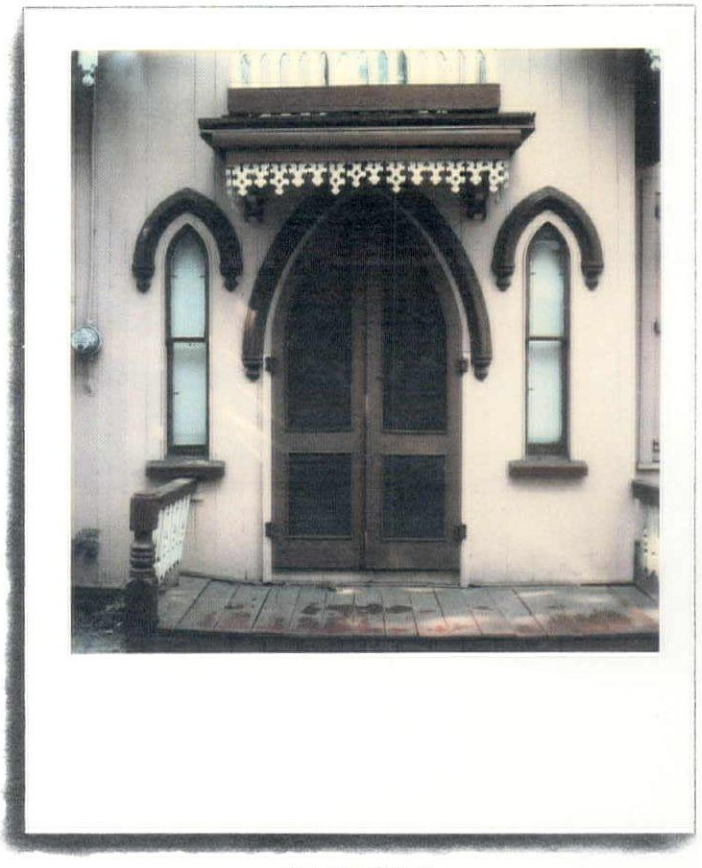
The Art Institute of Chicago has shown it. The Museum of Modern Art in New York has bought it. Photographers as renowned as Walker Evans have praised it.

Drawing all this favorable attention is "instant photography," the combined result of an artist's eye and Polaroid's SX-70 camera and film. Surprisingly, this most automated of processes, the snapshooter's dream, is now favored by serious photographers all over America.

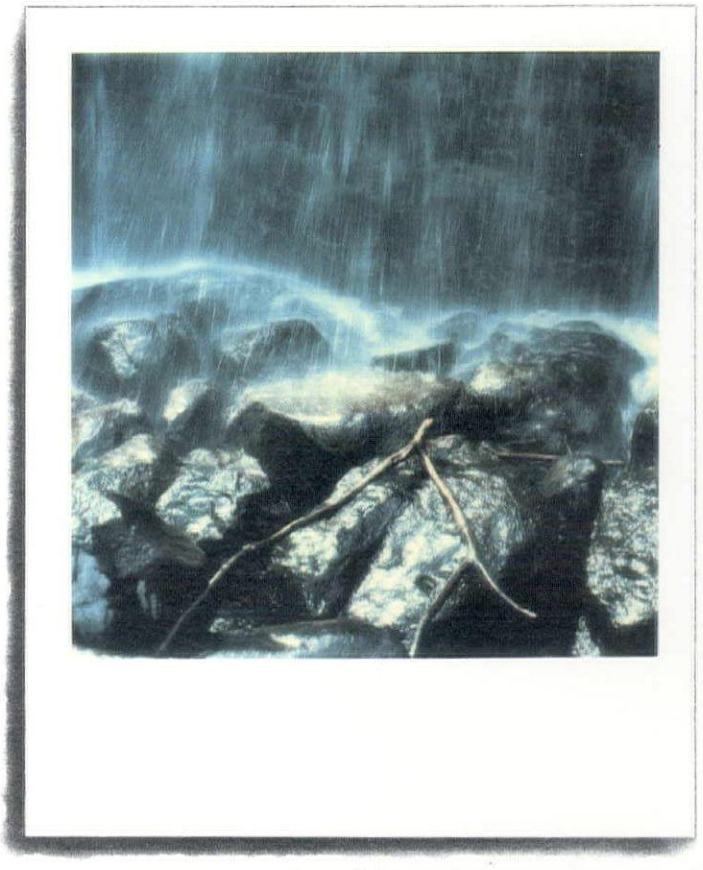
When SX-70 was introduced five years ago, it seemed to be a spectacular technological advance intended specifically for the befuddled amateur. To use the SX-70 camera, one simply has to frame the subject, focus, and press the shutter. In 1½ seconds the camera ejects a small, nearly square piece of film sandwiched in plastic and contained in a rectangular mount. Within a few minutes the film, untouched by human hands, develops into a clear image of uniquely muted colors. SX-70 makes laboratory developing and darkroom printing unnecessary and even eliminates the pulling, timing, and peeling required with previous Polaroid film.

Such heavily automated gadgetry would seem to allow the photographer only marginal control over the picture-making process. Yet Edwin Land, the technological guru who founded Polaroid, intended the SX-70 to be "so easy that the photographer is freed from all but artistic considerations." He wanted to devise a system that would allow the photographer—both amateur and professional—to concentrate exclusively on finding and framing the image that best communicates his or her vision. To prove his point, Polaroid has given cameras and film to a variety of professional photographers, hoping to stimulate or further their interest in instant photography.

Responding with enthusiasm, Walker Evans, an acknowledged master of the black-and-white photograph, became before he died one of SX-70's



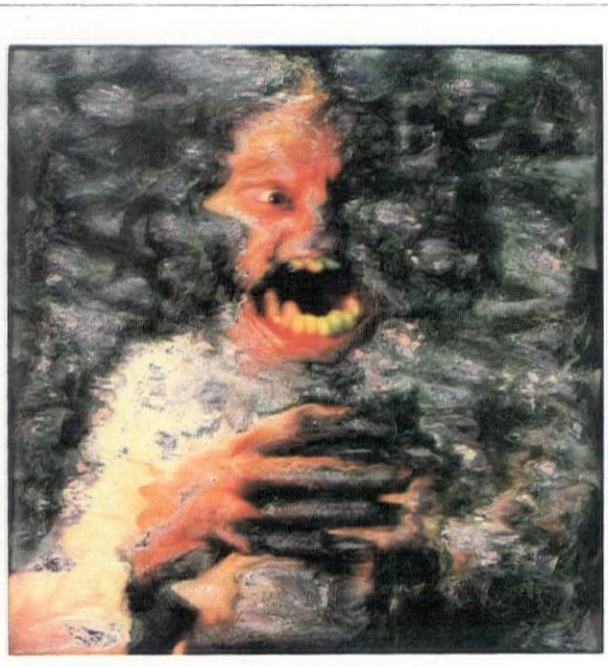
WALKER EVANS



ANSEL ADAMS

By FREDERICK RITCHIN

JIM HUGHES



LUCAS SAMARAS

Ansel Adams with an SX-70 camera on a tripod

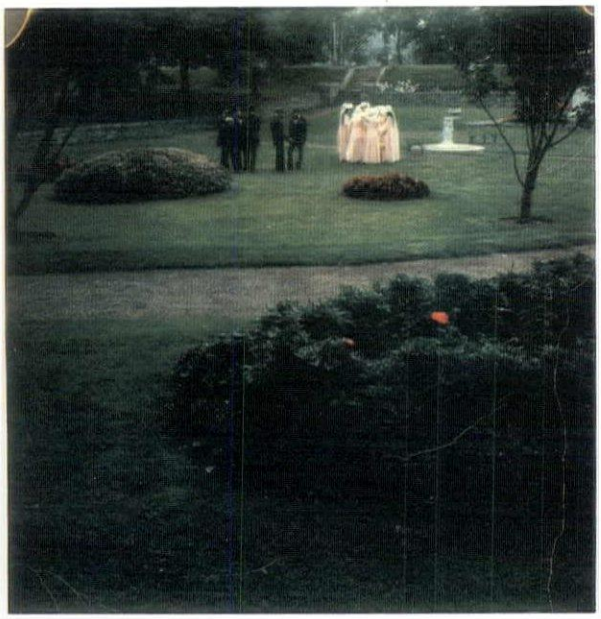
strongest supporters. "It is the first time, I think," Evans said in 1974, "that you can put a machine in an artist's hands and have him then rely entirely on his vision and his taste and his mind. . . . A practiced photographer has an entirely new extension in that camera. You photograph things that you wouldn't think of photographing before. I don't even yet know why, but I find that I'm quite rejuvenated by it."

Other accomplished professionals, such as Charles Eames and Co Rentmeester, have enjoyed working with the system. And Ansel Adams, the master black-and-white photographer and technical wizard who works as a consultant for Polaroid, feels, quite simply, that it's "one of the healthiest things that's happened to photography." He finds it especially appropriate for younger photographers: "It seems to fit right into a new desire for liberation."

The younger SX-70 users include Emmet Gowin, who takes moody family portraits; Mark Cohen, who deliberately aims for a snapshot effect, and Les Krims, a surrealistic "conceptual photographer," who says that "the SX-70 print immediately appealed to me because it offered radically new possibilities for my image making." Don Rodan, a 26-year-old photographer from Ohio, quotes Man Ray to help explain his attraction to SX-70: it enables the photographer to make "the least possible effort for the greatest possible result."

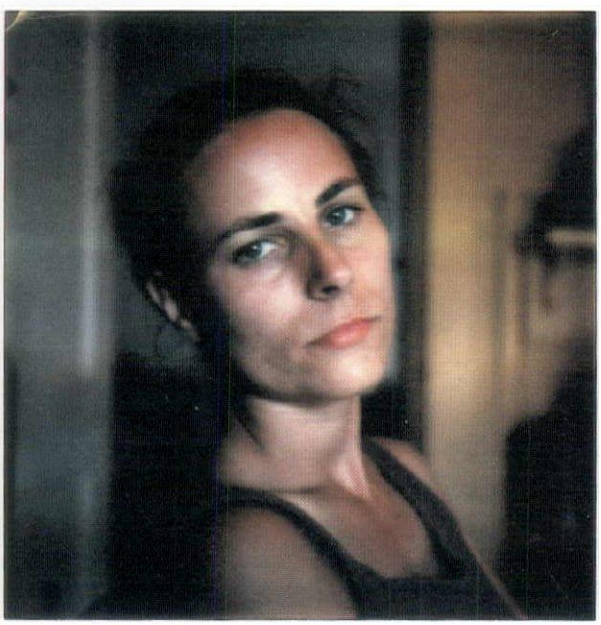
Many photographers are not content to let the machine have complete control over the development of the film into a print. They take advantage of a property of the SX-70 that Polaroid does not advertise. The photographic emulsion requires about a day to harden completely after exposure, and during that time it is possible to modify the forms and colors in the photograph by applying pressure to the print's surface.

Others go even further to manipulate the image. Jim Hughes, an editor at *Popular Photography* and a knowledgeable practitioner of SX-70 art, heats his

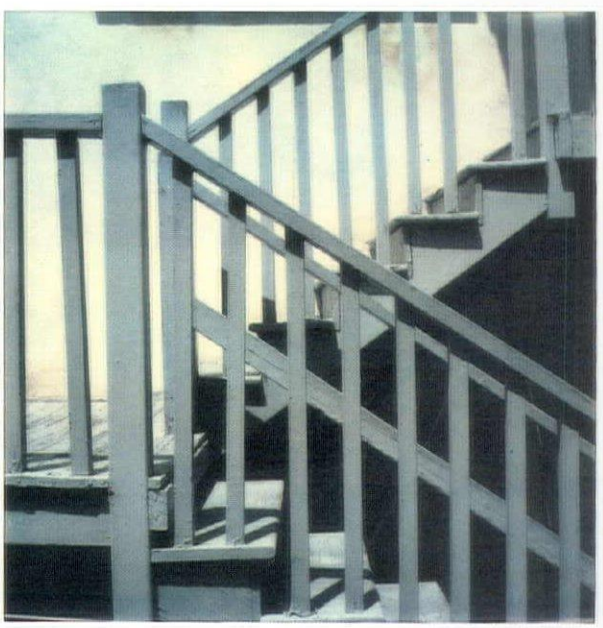


MARK COHEN

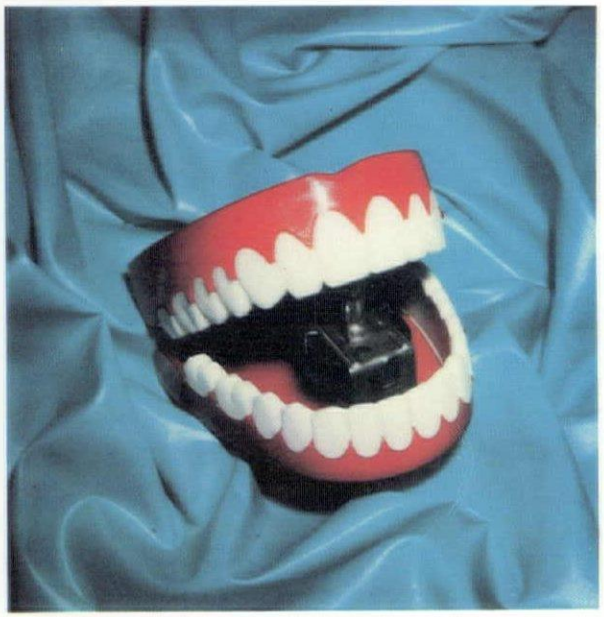
CHARLES SILLERY



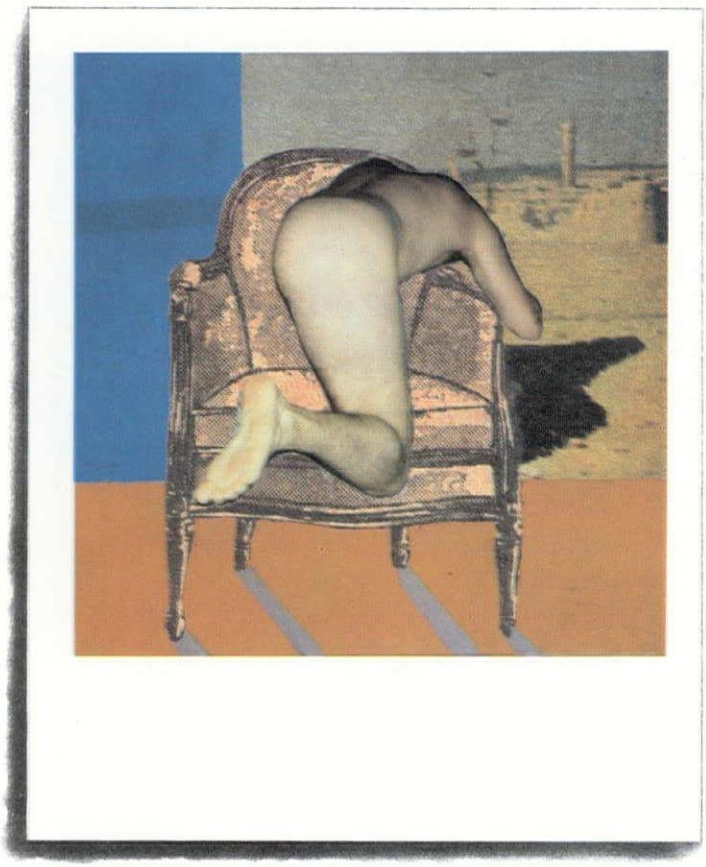
EMMET GOWIN



CHARLES EAMES



DON RODAN



JOHN REUTER

POLAROID CORPORATION

Edwin Land with the first Polaroid in 1947

photographs to make them more malleable and uses a bamboo skewer to push around the emulsion. He can complete three or four images in an evening, he says, but because of his intense concentration, "after the fourth photo my stomach is in shreds."

John Reuter, a young photographer working and studying in Iowa, separates the emulsion from its plastic backing with an X-acto knife. He then cuts out parts of the image and fills in the gaps with pictures from magazines and with acrylic paint, making dreamlike, and often bizarre, collages.

Phillip Leonian, a New York photographer who specializes in stroboscopic multiple images, makes color caricatures of his friends by pushing around the emulsion once it has been separated from its backing. He also pastes SX-70 portraits on whole eggshells that he then stores—naturally—in an egg carton. His largest works are portraits of friends composed of a combination of SX-70 emulsions pasted together on an 11-by-14-inch sheet of plastic.

Photographers' prices for SX-70 work vary widely. Hughes offers his SX-70 photos for about $250; Krims sells his for $450; Leonian, if commissioned, will do an SX-70 portrait for about $250, a caricature for $300, or a large figure for $1,200. Lucas Samaras, a mixed-media artist who is probably the best-known practitioner of SX-70 photography, sells his weirdly manipulated body images at the Pace Gallery in New York for $1,200 each. An SX-70 photograph is one of a kind (there is no negative to reproduce from), which adds to its value. But some SX-70 photographers have found that their prints have occasionally cracked; and SX-70 collectors are plagued with the worry that exists with all color prints—will the images eventually fade?

Nonetheless, there is little doubt that SX-70 photography is being accepted as art and that amateurs and professionals alike are exploring the system's capabilities and inventing their own techniques—with sometimes compelling results. □

PHILLIP LEONIAN: *Self-portrait*

FUTURE SUBJUNCTIVE

Kids and Music

The man who appears to be Groucho Marx playing doctor is actually the 36-year-old educator, conductor, and musical director of the New Haven Symphony Orchestra in Connecticut, Murry Sidlin. Starting this month as host of a new ten-week television series on PBS called *Music*, he will assume a variety of eye-catching guises, including that of a mustachioed M.D.

As cures for the musical disorders of our young, Sidlin is prescribing weekly doses of films, animations, and skits designed not only to teach the fundamentals of his art—from rhythm to composition to improvisation—but also to prove that 10-to-12-year-olds can get turned on by classical works. "Kids," he says, "will absorb anything if the presentation is interesting."

Sidlin's promises to be that. Garbage cans will be toppled to make a point about noise, and a steel band from Trinidad, a Hebraic dirge, and Watusi chants will be aired—not to mention a rousing version of Beethoven's Ninth, performed by informally dressed members of Washington, D.C.'s National Symphony (where Sidlin regularly conducts).

The idea, he says, is to get kids to "appreciate all types of music without squirming." By that definition, there are plenty of older children who could also take notes from Sidlin. Saturday nights at 7:30 is the place to start.

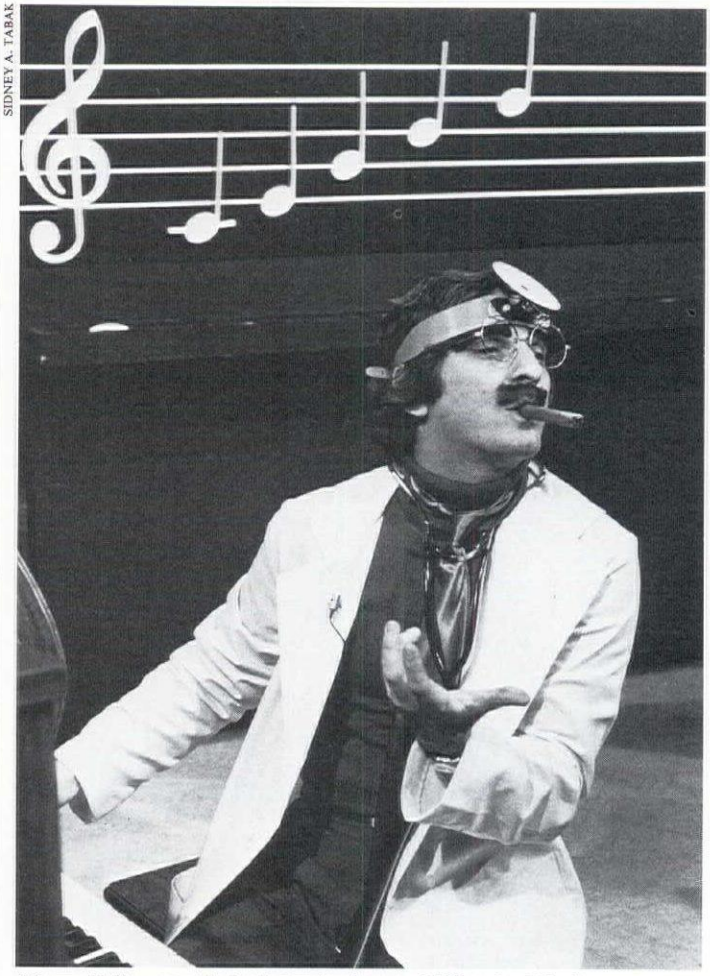
23 European Artists

In Holland, Hanne Darboven, a sort of artistic mathematician, meticulously pens millions of numbers on panels of paper. In England, Gilbert and George spray their bodies with metallic paint and exhibit themselves as "living sculptures." (They also have themselves photographed for posterity.) Mario Merz of Italy makes igloos of glass and metal and crowns them with cryptic titles in glowing neon. The Belgian artist who calls himself Panamarenko creates Rube Goldberg flying machines that never leave the ground. And in Switzerland Cherif Defraoui, an artist in two media, makes oversize photos of bathroom fixtures and lines gallery walls with knotted ropes.

These are 6 of the 26 contemporary European artists whose works—the zany alongside the sober—will be on view in October and November at the Art Institute of Chicago in a show called *Europe in the Seventies: Aspects of Recent Art*. Though all of the artists have exhibited at home, few of them are known to the American public.

No matter how the show fares with the critics—and obviously some of it is going to jar the conventional-minded—it is sure to demonstrate at least one thing: that although artistic movements are proliferating rapidly on both sides of the Atlantic, they can no longer be defined by national or regional boundaries. Today a Dutch artist may have more in common with someone working in Tokyo than with another Dutch artist next door. We are living in a global museum without walls, but it has many broad floors, each devoted to a different international school.

SIDNEY A. TABAK



Murry Sidlin as melody doctor in the new PBS series Music

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Mario Merz's glass igloo, Objet Cache Toi, *on view in Chicago*

Beau Books

Move over Polly Bergen, Eileen Ford, and Vidal Sassoon, here come the beauty books for men.

It all started in 1975 with *Dress for Success*, John T. Molloy's tips on how to look like a million to make a million. To date 50,000 hard-cover copies have been sold, and more than 400,000 paperbacks are in print.

Then this past August Hawthorn published *Looking Good* by Charles Hix, which declared firmly that the "look" is achieved by total grooming and offered advice on everything from hair weaving to deep-pore cleansing.

Next month Crown will cut into the market with *Manstyle*, by Peter Carlsen and William Wilson, and Random House will publish *Scavullo on Men*, a sequel to the photographer's earlier book on female beauty, which will reveal the grooming

secrets of notables such as Norman Mailer, Harry Reasoner, and the Fonz.

If none of these books brings you power, success, or a better bod, there's more to come. Next year Berkeley/Windhover will do *The Ultimate Man* by Henry Post, and Holt, Rinehart and Winston is coming out with another how-to-dress book, Egon von Furstenberg's *Power Look*. Well, here's looking at you, handsome.

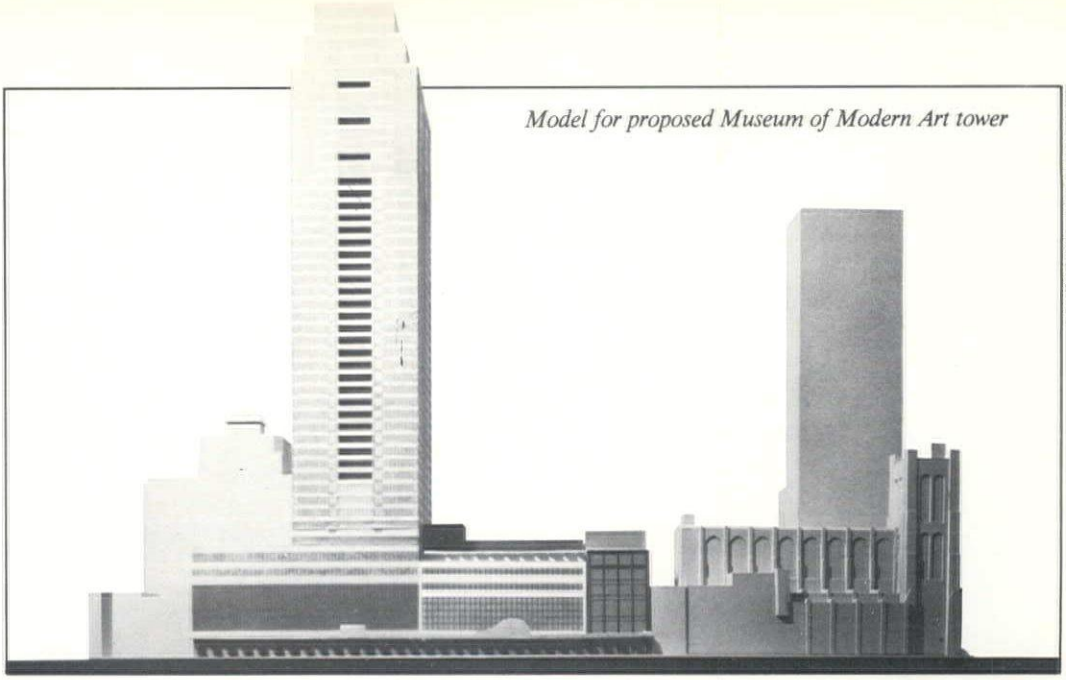
Eye on Tharp

Twyla Tharp, the choreographer who puts tap dancing and the spoken word into her cool and catholic pieces and sets them seamlessly to the music of the Beach Boys or Franz Joseph Haydn, has added a new member to her troupe: the television camera. For her PBS special, *Making Television Dance* (October 4), Tharp mates her quirky style to video technology, creating a new hybrid of dance for display on TV only.

Incorporating sophisticated camera shots and editing techniques, Tharp presents four short solos performed by members of her company, a free-for-all rehearsal session with Mikhail Baryshnikov, and *Country Dances*, a spunky, five-person variation on the square dance.

The program, which focuses as much on the process of filming the dances as on the works themselves, provides a revealing self-portrait of the talkative Twyla—as a rhythmic Raggedy Ann, a driven talent, and an impish beginner experimenting with her new video toy. At the start of the show, Tharp announces flatly, "Television is about two things: the rectangle and the dollar." Then she characteristically proceeds to fool around with the medium to create a kaleidoscope of spirals, circles, and squares.

Later this season Tharp will return to TV as a guest on Paul Simon's NBC special, for which she has created several dances performed to her host's songs. Then she moves on to bigger rectangles and bigger dollars as choreographer for Milos Forman's film version of the Broadway musical *Hair*.

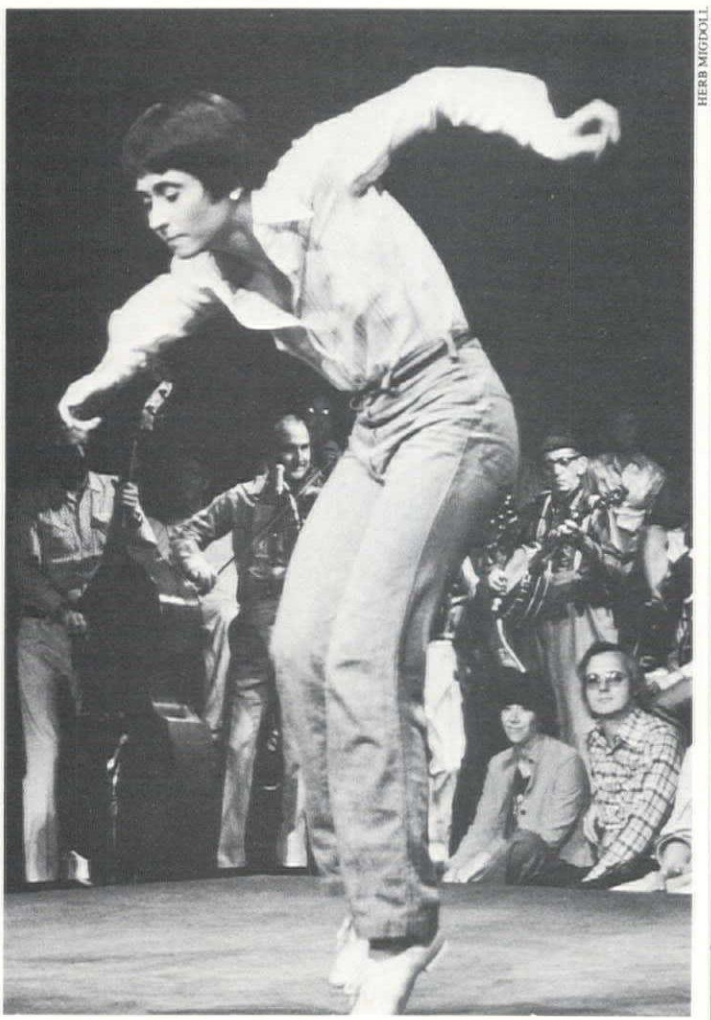


Model for proposed Museum of Modern Art tower

FRED CLARKE—GRUEN ASSOCIATES

Pie in the Sky?

The Museum of Modern Art in New York, which has sheltered numerous controversial works of art in the past, has itself become the object of controversy. Faced with massive financial problems, the museum 20 months ago announced a major building program that would include a 48-story, multiuse tower designed to increase the institution's gallery space and augment its income. But some critics are now suggesting that the plan could prove a mixed blessing, both architecturally and financially.



HERB MIGDOLL

Twyla Tharp in Country Dances

Designed by Cesar Pelli, the dean of the Yale School of Architecture, the proposed glass tower consists of 42 stories of luxury rental apartments and condominiums and six floors of museum space—enough to double MOMA's present gallery area.

Under an arrangement with a specially created organization called the Trust for Cultural Resources of the City of New York, part of the apartment revenue that would ordinarily go to the city government as real estate taxes would be used instead to support the museum's operation, giving MOMA up to $1 million annually in additional funds.

But opponents of the plan charge that the prospect of a skyscraper among the neighboring small-scale buildings, alterations to the museum's present façade, encroachment on its famous garden, and the siphoning of tax dollars are drawbacks that outweigh the merits of the proposal.

MOMA director Richard E. Oldenburg counters that the tower represents the sole salvation for the ailing institution. However, some observers doubt that the income generated by the tower could ever offset the projected $43 million in construction and expansion costs. And as a member of the community-planning board says, "Until it's built and rented with the costs tallied, you can make up any figures you want."

When God Was a Woman

and other etchings by Zevi Blum

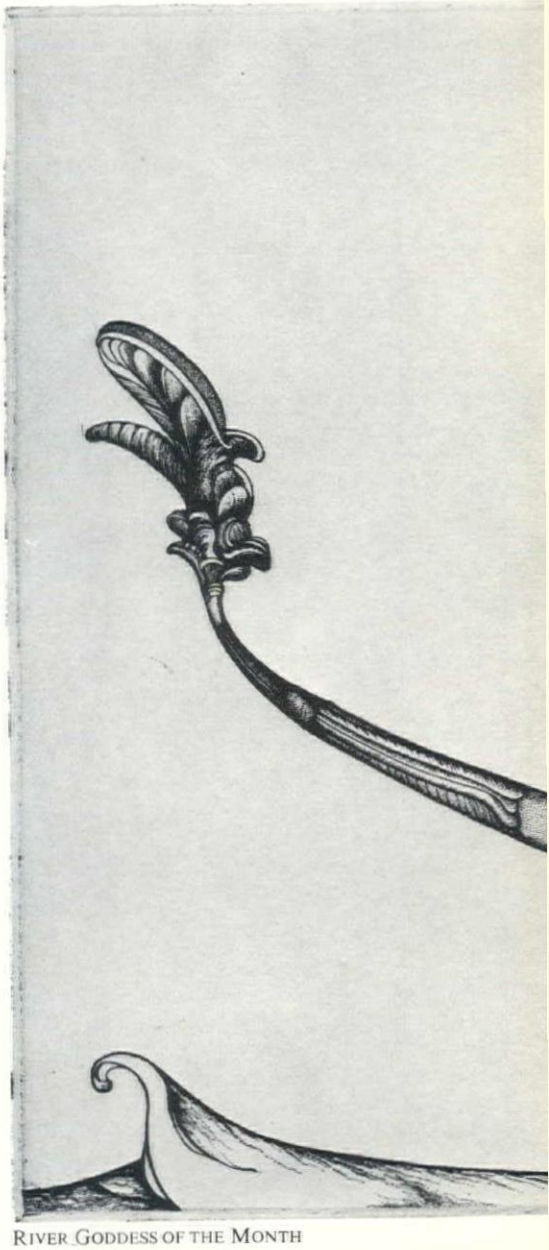
Zevi Blum, an American artist trained as an architect, is chairman of the Fine Arts Department at Cornell's College of Architecture. Some six years ago, with the university's etching press readily available, he started making prints. Since then he has turned out more than 30 meticulously detailed etchings—some humorous, some bizarre, and all inspired, at least in part, by Blum's affection for mythology and by images from the history of art. "Something about the traditions of the medium," he says, "led me to look to the past."

Among Blum's etchings recently shown at the Jane Haslem Gallery in Washington, D.C., are these visions of ancient Mediterranean goddesses: a snake deity (below), who seems a cross between a Minoan statue and an 18th-century French courtesan; a matronly sea goddess (below, right); and three self-assured fashion plates (opposite, above)—Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite—enjoying Paris's cool appraisal. Beguiling as they are, Blum's etchings also seem to express a wry ambivalence toward powerful females, be they mortal or divine.

SNAKE GODDESS

MARGARET DAILEY

Zevi Blum



RIVER GODDESS OF THE MONTH

JUDGMENT OF PARIS

FIDELITY

INTO THE WOODS

JIM'S BOY

"Most of my work is parody or satire," Blum remarks, "though I think I've introduced another note as well—a whisper of something frightening, disturbing." That whisper is certainly present in three etchings (opposite, below) from Blum's series The Dance of Death, *at far right, Death is a nightmarish vaudeville performer astride a hobbyhorse that disquietingly eats out of a feeding basket, though its own broomstick body is rotting away.* Jim's Boy, *the grotesque figure at left, refers, Blum says, to the dimwitted and bloody tradition of dueling at German universities. In a playful vein Blum pokes fun at fidelity, above, left: a man dressed as a medieval jester eyes one woman while comfortably settled in the lap of another. An erotic and slightly sinister atmosphere infects* Into the Woods, *above: the Napoleonic centaur in the center, the pursuing horsemen in the background, the three women, who seem both apprehensive and eager, are denizens of a strange and wonderful world. Are they bound for pleasure or some unmentionable perversity? In any case, every detail—the swelling hoofs and tumescent branches, the suspended velvet rope marking the path—is calculated to leave the viewer thoroughly unsettled.*

THE DANCE BEFORE THE RIDE

THE RIDE AFTER THE DANCE

TOOT-TOOT TOOTSIE

The Making of *Julia*

Turning Lillian Hellman's autobiographical reminiscence into a movie called for intelligence, directorial skill, and two talented stars

By SUSAN FERRIS

WIDE WORLD

Lillian Hellman arrives in Hollywood to begin work as a screenwriter in 1935, the year after The Children's Hour *appeared on Broadway.*

Old paint on canvas, as it ages, sometimes becomes transparent. When that happens it is possible, in some pictures, to see the original lines: a tree will show through a woman's dress, a child makes way for a dog, a large boat is no longer on an open sea. That is called pentimento because the painter "repented," changed his mind. Perhaps it would be as well to say that the old conception, replaced by a later choice, is a way of seeing and then seeing again. That is all I mean about the people in this book. The paint has aged now.

• • •

The book is the autobiographical *Pentimento*, and the people in its seven "portraits" are the friends, acquaintances, celebrities, and fellow intellectuals that playwright Lillian Hellman has known and met in the course of an active, passionate life.

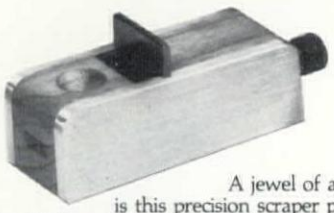
"I wanted to see what was there for me once, and what is there for me now," she wrote. What was there in 1974, when *Pentimento* was published, was a story she had never told before, although it was obviously an indestructible part of her memory.

"I think I have always known about my memory," she wrote. "I know when it is to be trusted and when some dream or fantasy entered on the life, and the dream, the need of dream, led to distortion of what happened. And so I knew early that the rampage angers of an only child were distorted nightmares of

In the movie, Jane Fonda as Hellman, arrives in Berlin in 193 on a risky mission for Julia

NG

The newest tool treasures from CONOVER



A jewel of a tool is this precision scraper plane. Only 2¼" long, it is constructed with a cherry wood core, brass side plates and a warranted Sheffield steel blade. A very useful tool for violin makers, cabinetmakers, model builders and all crafters of intricate wooden items. **$20.50** ppd.

Palm Planes in three models

These gemlike tools are modern adaptations of a tool we saw in the toolbox of an old boat carpenter on the St. Lawrence River. Ours are cast of brass with warranted Sheffield steel iron; the finest tools you can buy for intricate planing of small objects. Specify style when ordering.

smooth *(flat sole)* **scrub** *(convex sole)* **beading** *(concave sole)*

$20.50 each

To provide the ultimate versatility for the palm planes Conover has developed rabbeting blades for each of the three models. The cutting edge extends the full width of the sole and permits precise planing of rabbets and fillisters. Specify style when ordering. Each blade, **$5.50**

Here's a money saving offer from Conover. The seven items shown above, the scraper, three styles of palm planes and rabbeting blades for each, have a total value of $98.50. If you purchase the full set of seven items we will include a soft Arkansas whetstone worth $10.95. This natural lifetime stone measures 6" x 2" x ½" and is packed in a cedar box. This is the best general purpose stone you can own. It's yours FREE when you buy the seven piece set.

Please ship the following, all with full money back guarantee: *(Ohio residents add 4% sales tax)*

style _____ palm plane _____ scraper @ **$20.50**

style _____ rabbeting blades @ **$5.50**

_____ Send me the full seven-piece set plus FREE Arkansas whetstone for only **$95.50.**

_____ enclosed is $1.00 *(refundable with first order)* for full color catalog.

Name _____

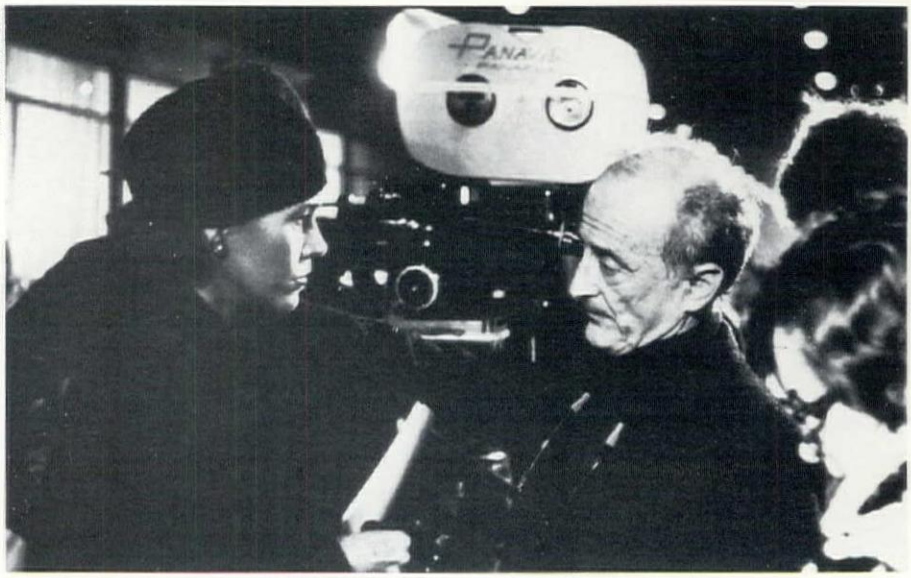
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Mastercharge ☐ Visa Number _____

_____ Check _____ money order

Conover Woodcraft Specialties, Inc.
18129 Madison Road, Parkman, Ohio 44080
phone: (216) 548-5591



20TH CENTURY-FOX

Septuagenarian director Fred Zinnemann confers with Fonda on Julia *set. "We were," he says, "on the same wavelength."*

reality. But I trust absolutely what I remember about Julia."

"Julia," Hellman's pseudonym for a childhood friend, was the beautiful, neglected daughter of rich parents. In the Depression 1930s she developed a leaning for socialist causes. She became involved in the antifascist movement in Vienna before World War II, supported it with her own funds, and was murdered "when the Nazis found her in Frankfurt."

But before she died, Julia had asked Lillian to perform one crucial mission for her: to smuggle $50,000 into Germany—bribe money to be used for anti-Nazi activities. Reluctantly, out of loyalty to Julia, Lillian accepted. Her fear-ridden train ride to Berlin and the successful delivery of the money become the narrative thread of the story called *Julia*. But its real drama, as well as its emotional overtones, emerges from the relationship between Lillian and Julia as they grow into womanhood.

"I have had plenty of time to think about the love I had for her," Lillian wrote, "too strong and too complicated to be defined as only the sexual yearnings of one girl for another. And yet certainly that was there. I don't know, I never cared, and it is now an aimless guessing game. It doesn't prove much that we never kissed each other; even when I leaned down in a London funeral parlor to kiss the battered face that had been so hideously put back together, it was not the awful scars that worried me: because I had never kissed her I thought perhaps she would not want it and so I touched the face instead."

• • •

Pentimento was a Book-of-the-Month Club choice and got laudatory reviews for its character insights and rather ruthless honesty. "I read it and admired it immensely as a piece of literary storytelling," says Fred Zinnemann, the courtly septuagenarian who directed *High Noon* and *From Here to Eternity*—two great pieces of movie storytelling.

It was understandable that, despite Lillian Hellman's reputation as a playwright, there seemed no particular rush to make a movie of any of the stories in *Pentimento*. Autobiographical stories of living persons generally pose insurmountable difficulties—and if they actually reach the screen, they are apt to be glossed over with sentimentality.

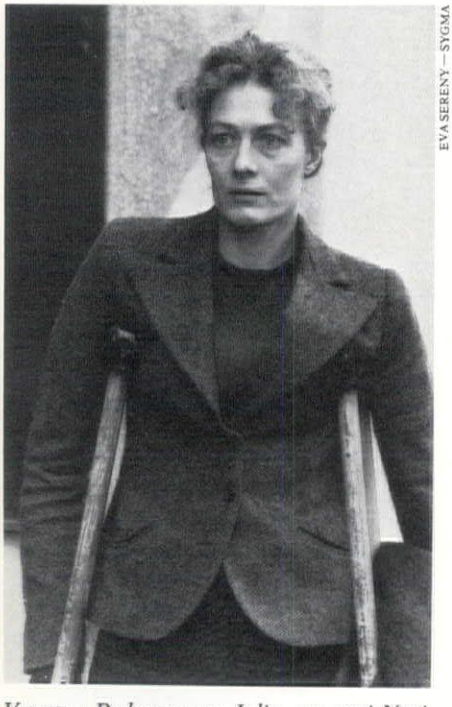
But Richard Roth, a one-time lawyer working as a production executive in Hollywood with Ray Stark, immediately perceived possibilities in *Julia*. Buried in its somewhat self-depreciatory prose were incidents of dramatic tension: meetings with mysterious

strangers, intrigue on a train, the passing of bribe money. There was also the atmosphere of verifiable history—Europe on the edge of World War II—as well as the nostalgia for a time now remembered as both innocent and heroic. "I could see it cinematically," Roth says.

He went straight to Lillian Hellman, persuaded her to sell him the film rights, and, more importantly, got her agreement to cooperate on the project. "Since this is a story written about her life and the people she loved," he says, "it was important to get her feelings about the casting and the screenplay."

Roth had some ideas of his own about the casting, and he acted on them with dispatch. Jane Fonda, having recently finished *Fun with Dick and Jane* and having tired of playing "silly ingénues, Barbarellas, women competing for the affection of some man," was ready for his overtures.

Given Fonda's activist lifestyle, it seemed natural to cast her as Julia, the militant Marxist. But after hearing her read passages from Hellman's works at a New York charity benefit in 1975, Roth was convinced she should play Hellman. Fonda agreed, signing up for the part before even seeing a script.



EVA SERENY—SYGMA

Vanessa Redgrave as Julia, an anti-Nazi, maimed by her enemies

Introducing the most thoughtful, useful, and elegant gift of the season.

The Schick Super II Classic with Pewter Pistol Grip Handle by International Silver

For the holidays, birthdays, or anniversaries, here's the answer in a unique gift, superbly styled by International Silver. This is a man's razor, no doubt about it...from the rugged Pewter Pistol Grip to the silky smooth Schick shave. Every Schick Super II Classic comes complete with four Super II Teflon-coated twin blade adjustable cartridges, and is handsomely boxed for giving. At $12.95, merely the finest gift of the season. Order now for rapid delivery.

MAILED FIRST CLASS

American Archives, 141 Charles St., Meriden, CT 06450

YES, I want the remarkable Schick Super II Classic by International Silver. Rush me by First Class mail_____Razors @ $12.95 ea. (incl. 95¢ postage and handling ea.) for a total of $_____. *Conn. residents add 7% state sales tax.*

☐ **My check or money order is enclosed.**

Name

Address

City State Zip

Please charge my credit card ☐ American Express
☐ Diners Club ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Account Number | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | Exp. date

Interbank Number (Master Charge Only) | | | | Signature

For Rapid Charge Service call toll free at (800) 243-3755. Conn. residents call 235-6383. Phone today.

© INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. 1977

EVA SERENY—SYGMA

Together and happy for the last time: Lillian visiting Julia at Oxford University

Next step: finding a practiced screenwriter who could turn a low-key memoir with very little dialogue into a dramatic acting script. Roth enlisted Alvin Sargeant, who had taken Joe David Brown's *Addie Pray* and fashioned it into the heartwarming *Paper Moon*, starring Ryan O'Neal and his daughter, Tatum.

Sargeant was given a free hand. One obvious early decision was to retain the original story's focus on two women in the 1930s (with appropriate flashbacks) and resist the temptation to make it into a four-decade biographical account of Lillian Hellman, the playwright and social commentator. The only major change was to emphasize the part that mystery writer Dashiell Hammett played in Hellman's life, establishing him as her steadying influence.

The script, which moved easily back and forth between the girlhood and maturity of the two protagonists and used voice-overs to good effect, enchanted Fred Zinnemann, and he signed on as director. He had thought the original story "a gossamer thing"; but he called the script "one of the best I've read."

Zinnemann had known Lillian Hellman for years, and together they collaborated to finish the casting. Hellman got Zinnemann and Roth to accompany her to see Vanessa Redgrave in a Broadway production of *Lady from the Sea*. The play was second-rate Ibsen, but the star was superb. She agreed to play Julia—an appropriate commitment in its way, since it brought a current political activist to the part of a leftist of another generation.

20TH CENTURY FOX

Lillian alone, missing Julia . . .

EVA SERENY—SYGMA

and on a ship en route to Europe, missing Dashiell Hammett

The rest of the cast was rapidly filled out. Jason Robards, who had acted in Hellman's *Toys in the Attic* in 1960, got the Hammett part. Even minor roles drew big-name stars: Maximilian Schell, Hal Holbrook, Cathleen Nesbitt, Rosemary Murphy, and Meryl Streep. Lisa Pelikan, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Redgrave, was recruited for the role of young Julia. To find a young Fonda lookalike, casting agents scouted Manhattan's classrooms. In Trinity prep school, they discovered a miniature Jane named Susan Jones. She auditioned five times, and Zinnemann accepted her. "All I had to do," he says, "was get her not to act, to be herself." On her 14th birthday, Susan was dispatched to the set.

• • •

All of *Julia* was shot in Europe. Filming locations included Paris and Strasbourg, but the cameras rolled mainly through England. The Norfolk coast represented Cape Cod; the Lake District, the Adirondacks; the Isle of Wight, Long Island Sound. "It is nice," concedes Zinnemann, "to know that Oxford at least represents Oxford."

Shepherding cast and crew from spot to spot posed formidable logistical problems. But, says the director, "I was charged up about the whole enterprise,

Fill out this coupon and save the children

Complete this simple questionnaire, and befriend a needy child through Save the Children. For only fifty-two cents a day, your money, combined with that of other sponsors, can breathe new life into an impoverished village...help hard-working people in their fight for dignity...turn despair into hope for a child who has known only disaster. Fifty-two cents may not buy much where you live. But for the poorest of the poor where the need is so desperate, it can work miracles. HOR 10/7

My Name Is _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Tell us how you want to help, by answering these questions:

1. What kind of child would you like to help?

☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ No preference

2. What geographical area are you interested in?

Urgent need exists in all the areas listed below, especially overseas. If you have a strong preference for a particular location, check the area of your choice. If not, won't you please let us assign a child where the need is greatest?

☐ **Certainly. Choose a child for me in an area of greatest need.**

I strongly prefer:

☐ Appalachia (U.S.)
☐ Bangladesh
☐ Chicano (U.S.)
☐ Colombia
☐ Dominican Republic
☐ Honduras
☐ Indian (Latin America)
☐ Indian (U.S.)
☐ Indonesia
☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
☐ Korea
☐ Lebanon
☐ Mexico
☐ Rural South (U.S.)
☐ Upper Volta

3. Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?

Shortly after we select a child for you, we can send you a photograph and brief personal history, if you desire.

☐ Yes ☐ No

4. Would you like to exchange correspondence?

If desired, correspondence can build a meaningful one-to-one relationship and provide a unique educational experience for the sponsored child. In areas where illiteracy is high, a village representative will keep you informed of the progress your child is making. Translations, where necessary, are supplied by Save the Children.

☐ Yes ☐ No

5. Would you like information about the child's community?

Several times a year you can receive detailed reports on the activities and projects being undertaken in the community to benefit your sponsored child. These community reports show how your money is being used most effectively for permanent improvements to the child's environment—for health care, education, food production, nutrition, and community training. Would you like to receive such information?

☐ Yes ☐ No

6. How do you wish to send your sponsorship contribution?

Enclosed is my check for $_____.

☐ Monthly, $16
☐ Quarterly, $48
☐ Semi-annually, $96
☐ Annually, $192

7. Do you wish verification of Save the Children credentials?

Save the Children is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. Based on last year's audit, an exceptionally large percentage (78.1%) of each dollar spent was used for program services and direct aid to children and their communities. Due to volunteered labor and materials, your donation provides your sponsored child with benefits worth many times your total gift. Would you like to receive an informative Annual Report (including a summary financial statement)?

☐ Yes ☐ No

(A complete audit statement is available upon request.)

8. Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor at this time?

☐ Yes, enclosed is my contribution of $_____.

☐ I'm not ready to make a commitment at this time. Please send me additional information.

© 1977 Save the Children Federation, Inc.

Mail to:

Save the Children®

50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880

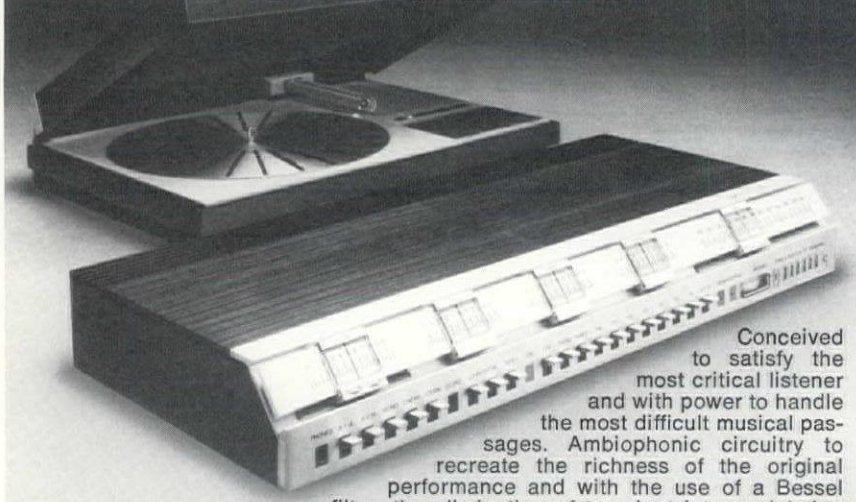
YOUR SPONSORSHIP PAYMENTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS ARE U.S. INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE

Established 1932. The original U.S. child sponsorship agency. Member of the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service.

photo: Judge Bentley Kassal

EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY

BANG & OLUFSEN. BEOMASTER 4400. What makes it an alternative?



Conceived to satisfy the most critical listener and with power to handle the most difficult musical passages. Ambiophonic circuitry to recreate the richness of the original performance and with the use of a Bessel filter, the elimination of transient intermodulation distortion. All this combined with an ease of operation that is more and more appreciated with use.

Your Bang & Olufsen dealer will show and demonstrate the Beomaster 4400 as a logical alternative. A dealer list and brochure are available by writing us. If you prefer, enclose one dollar and our full color product portfolio and dealer list will be sent by return 1st class mail.

Bang & Olufsen of America, Inc., Dept. 23, 515 Busse Rd., Elk Grove Village, IL 60007

Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____ **State:**_____ **Zip:**_____

EGYPT ASWAN LUXOR CAIRO

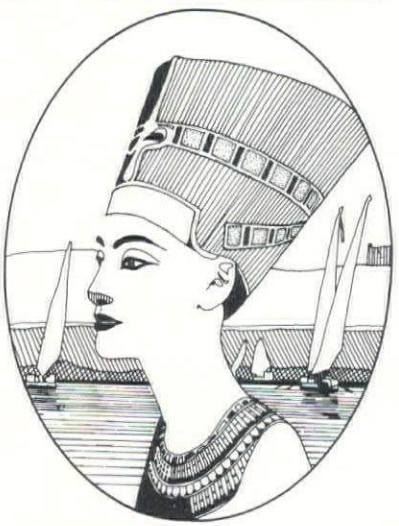
BY MAUPINTOUR

MAUPINTOUR'S care and management assures you see everything you should see, comfortably. Join us for this new travel adventure. 15 days.

GOOD HOTELS such as Aswan's new Oberoi, Luxor Winter Palace, and Mena House resort beside the Pyramids and Sphinx. Spectacular views.

LEARN the significance, historic, contemporary. People. Scenic marvels. Incredible antiquities, art treasures. See *Abu Simbel* raised from the Nile!

WHAT YOU DREAM Egypt should be begins every Thursday. Ask your Travel Agent for Maupintour's *Egypt/ Middle East* folder or send coupon.



Maupintour, 900 Massachusetts St., Lawrence, Ks. 66044. 913/843-1211.

quality touring since 1951

Maupintour

name

address

city

state/zip HOR-EGP

Ask about these Maupintour escorted holidays:

☐ Africa ☐ Alps ☐ British Isles ☐ Colorado ☐ Asia ☐ Central America ☐ Egypt ☐ Europe ☐ France ☐ Greece ☐ Hawaii ☐ India ☐ Iran ☐ Italy ☐ Mexico ☐ Morocco ☐ North Africa ☐ Orient ☐ Portugal ☐ Scandinavia ☐ Spain ☐ S. America ☐ S. Pacific ☐ USSR/E. Europe

The real Hellman in 1976: what becomes a legend more, a movie or a mink?

and when you're that interested, you don't get tired." Each morning in Norfolk he awoke before dawn; by the time filming began two hours later, he had already directed a helicopter to sweep footprints off the beach and had etched his shooting instructions in the sand. During a stormy day in the Lake District, Susan Jones remembers his scuttling over slippery, jagged rocks "like a mountain goat," oblivious to mud and rain.

The challenges of shooting *Julia* involved more than location changes; there were shifts in time as well. Fashions and interiors changed over the two decades spanned by the film. An exact replica of Sardi's restaurant in 1934 was hammered together and fitted out with period caricatures and authentic menus (top-priced entrée: four dollars). A mammoth former silent-film studio outside London was chosen for the reconstruction of the New York docks, where Lillian and Julia each began their trips to Europe. Lending historical authenticity to another scene—Lillian's send-off from the Gare du Nord in Paris—meant importing 30 1937 automobiles, ten vintage taxis, an open-top autobus, and the only functioning steam locomotive left in France, not to mention 200 extras carrying period luggage and costumed in period clothes.

It was an exhausting production—a potential seedbed for tantrums and snafus. Robards had just given up drinking; to play Hammett, an alcoholic, he downed gallons of colored water and cold tea. Fonda had just forsworn tobacco; to play chain-smoking Lillian, she puffed through cartons of simulated cigarettes. Redgrave busied herself distributing leftist newspapers in the canteen. "At first she tried to sit down and talk to people about her beliefs," recalls Susan Jones. "But then she stopped. No one was interested."

• • •

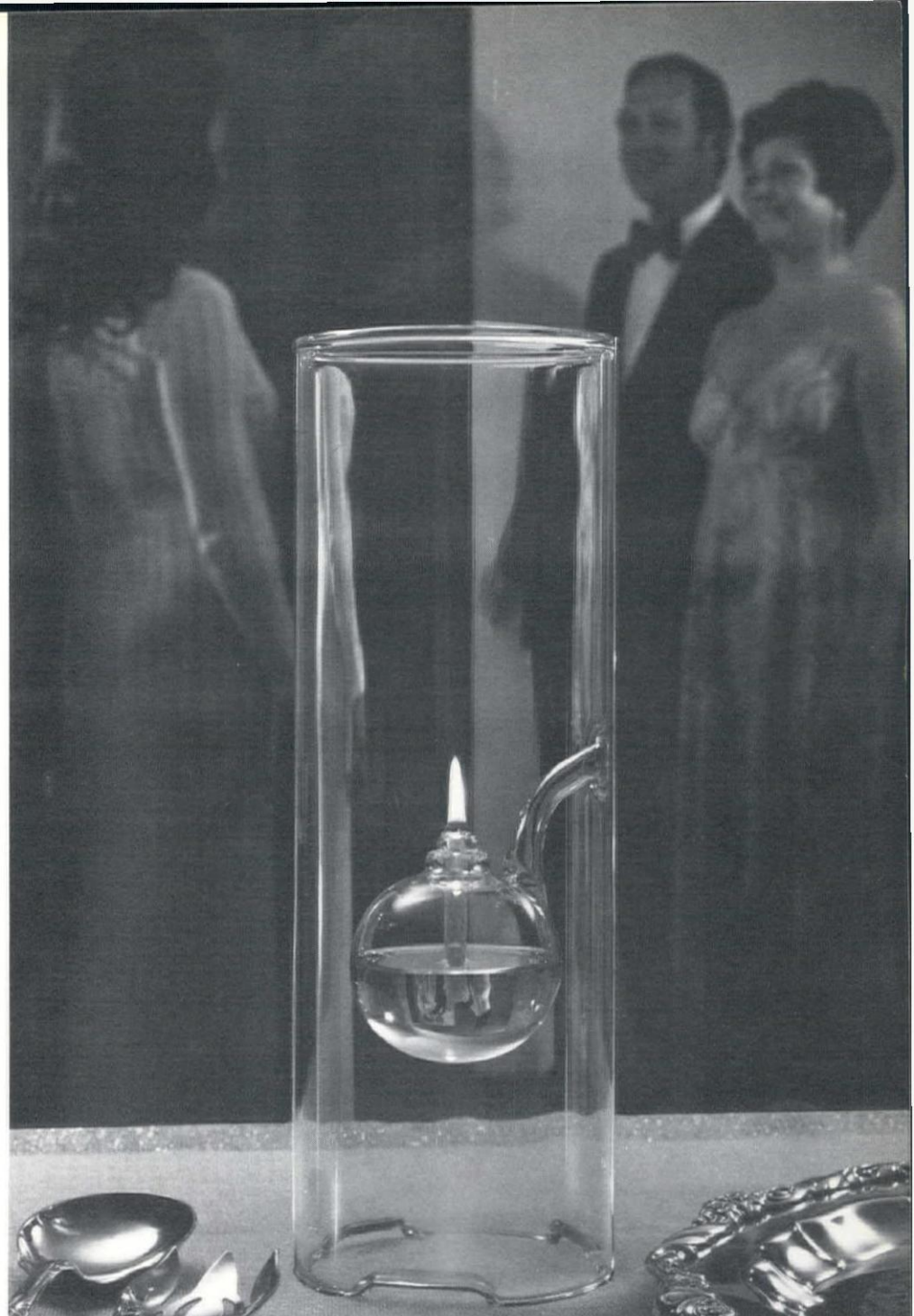
Zinnemann edited the film (in London) right up to the final hours before its first press showing in New York. One deletion from the script was the last scene in the story: a chance meeting Lillian Hellman had at a Long Island party in the 1950s with a supercilious, uncaring cousin of Julia's from whom she stalked away in anger.

On the whole the movie softens the Hellman personality. It is always difficult—almost impossible—to portray writers on film, since what they accomplish is in their heads and doesn't lend itself to action—except puffing anxiously on cigarettes and tearing paper out of the typewriter.

There's plenty of that in *Julia*. But the sensitive Lillian Hellman who wrote *The Children's Hour* (a play about a nasty little girl's slanderous suggestion of a lesbian relationship between her teachers) never comes through. Nor does the Lillian Hellman of *The Little Foxes*, with its scorn for the hypocrisy and pretense of a southern landed family.

All this in its way highlights the chief difference between the written version of *Julia* and the movie. Reading the story, one is always aware of its autobiographical character: a writer searching her memory for the precise details, a perplexed woman undertaking an unfamiliar task out of love, a woman whose fear on the train can be experienced vicariously because one knows that Lillian Hellman had a right to be fearful.

In the movie, it's Jane Fonda playing



Elegance in illumination is achieved with this graceful oil lamp of handblown glass. A patented design created by Jon Wolfard, it lends an aura of warmth and hospitality to any home. When filled with a quality lamp oil, the lamp is odorless. Or you may prefer to use a gently scented oil, either clear or in color. Available in three sizes, this handsome lamp makes an ideal gift. Should you not be delighted with your purchase, you may return it within ten days for a refund. Please allow three weeks for delivery.

Noland&Co.

260 Todd Road • Santa Rosa, California 95401

Please send me:

____ 15-inch lamps @ **$39**
number

____ 12-inch lamps @ **$29**
number

____ 9-inch lamps @ **$25**
number

California residents please add 6 percent sales tax $____

Prices include surface delivery.
By air add $2 per lamp $____

Enclosed is my check or money order for $____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

HO

20TH CENTURY-FOX

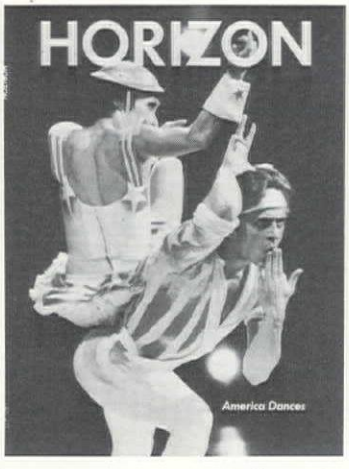
On Cape Cod, Hammett (Jason Robards), Lillian's mentor and critic, praises the script of The Children's Hour.

a writer named Lilly, playing her rather well, but in the end she's still Jane Fonda, the actress. Knowing that takes away some of the impact of the meetings with the anti-Nazi strangers and the train ride to Berlin—scenes that are relatively tame compared to contemporary spy movies.

This is by no means a fatal defect, since the literate script never attempts to heighten the tension beyond what seems probable, and the acting is at all times controlled. Vanessa Redgrave is particularly believable as a cool partisan ready to give up everything—her money, her life—for a cause.

What is best, and most lasting, about *Julia* is its depiction of two relationships: the on-and-off friendship between Lillian and Julia—begun in girlhood, troubled by frequent separation, but cemented by death—and the love and assistance tendered each other by Lillian Hellman and Dashiell Hammett. Both relationships are developed in scenes of troubled conflict and sudden warmth, never bordering on the sentimental. They add up to a haunting film.

The story and the film must be haunting for Lillian Hellman, too. For although her involvement with Julia began 60 years ago, and the main incidents of the story took place 40 years ago, Hellman still won't reveal her friend's real name. □



You have a unique gift in hand right now

HORIZON stands alone; no other magazine is like it. That's why it is one of the most appropriate, thoughtful gifts you can choose for a friend who shares your vital interest in the contemporary cultural scene as well as the best of the past. And this year your gift will be enjoyed twelve times, with a new issue of HORIZON every month. To remember a special friend in a very special way this Christmas, use the order form in this issue.

THE REAL ESTATE DREAM BOOK

Previews 1977/78 Guide
to the World's Fine Real Estate

A magnificent 256-page collection of outstanding properties for sale — luxurious estates, award-winning contemporaries, historic mansions, private islands, mountain retreats, investment properties, and more. Almost 300 listings beautifully pictured and fully described with prices.

Previews inc.
International Real Estate Marketing Realtors

51-L Weaver Street
Greenwich, CT 06830

Please send me the 1977/78 Previews Guide.
Enclosed is $6.00 (Including $1.00 for shipping).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

50 PIECE SET... PISTOL-HANDLED FLATWARE OF 1776 ...*Beautifully reproduced in stainless steel with the satin-finish look of antique pewter.*

NOT $44.95! NOT $34.95! ONLY $22.95!

Your home can reflect the candlelight appeal and gracious atmosphere of Early American Colonial elegance when you grace your table with this incredibly beautiful service. Through a special purchase, we can offer you the famous Pistol-Handled Flatware with all its stunning Colonial simplicity in magnificent, satin finish stainless steel at just a fraction of what you would pay for luxurious Sterling Silver. Each and every piece is a lovely replica of the graceful place settings that highlighted many a candlelit Colonial dinner. The knives are the genuine hollow pistol grip handles; the forks are the graceful 3-tined design. And the entire 50-Piece Set is made of modern stainless steel, to give you years of carefree service.

LIMITED SUPPLY AVAILABLE AT THIS VERY SPECIAL LOW, LOW PRICE

Don't be disappointed! Take advantage of this amazing low price while our supplies last. Order now and we'll send you the complete service for 8 including 8 Pistol Grip Hollow Handle Knives; 8 Dinner Forks; 8 Salad Forks; 8 Soup Spoons; 16 Teaspoons PLUS a SPECIAL FREE GIFT of a matching Butter Knife and Sugar Spoon—50 pieces in all. The entire set is yours for just $22.95 on full money back guarantee if you are not absolutely delighted. But don't delay. Due to the rising cost of quality stainless steel, the price of this set will be increased in the very near future. Take advantage of our truly low price while current supplies last. Mail coupon today!

Complete Luxury Service For 8

CROWN-CASTLE Ltd., Dept. PGP-691
51 Bank Street, Stamford, Conn. 06901

Please send me the Stainless Steel Pistol Grip Flatware I have checked below on full Money Back Guarantee if I am not absolutely delighted.

(Please add $2.00 postage and handling with each order.)

Check Quantity Desired

☐ Service For 8	*(50-Piece Set)*	$22.95
☐ Service For 12	*(74-Piece Set)*	33.95
☐ Service For 16	*(100-Piece Set)*	44.95

☐ Enclosed is $_____

Charge my ☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge

Card No._____ Exp. Date_____

Signature_____

Name_____ (Please Print Clearly)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Conn. Residents Add 7% Sales Tax

Way Down upon the Swami River

Groucho Marx's comic personality will obviously live on. Even before Marx died, Peter De Vries paid him this tribute of sorts in a passage from his forthcoming novel Madder Music, *to be published later this month by Little, Brown. In it, a psychiatrist at a mental institution diagnoses the condition of the central character, Bob Swirling, for his wife:*

• • •

No. It's become quite clear to all of us here at Silver Slopes who've talked to him. None of us has any doubt that we are dealing with a bona fide case of mental delusion. Your husband thinks he's Groucho Marx."

"With all that that implies."

"With all that that implies."

As if to remind them both precisely what they meant by that, he rose and beckoned her to an open window, through which had floated, from time to time in the course of their conversation, fragmentary but solid confirmations of the problem. A figure in a black tailcoat, wearing greasepaint mustache and eyebrows and wire spectacles, and flourishing a big cigar, bustled about the grounds in a bent-over position, darting for the most part from woman to woman, striking up conversations often as not abandoned as soon as begun, though occasionally pausing to drop a flirtatious remark or make some amorous overture, usually accompanied by a grin and a suggestive jiggling of the eyebrows. As they watched, he pursued a nurse, overtaking her on the walk just below their window.

• • •

"How about dinner sometime?" he chattered in a remarkable simulation of his model's voice and cadence, giving the cigar a flick. "Will you be my girl Friday? I'm booked up Saturday and Sunday and most of the next week. Perhaps I might tuck you in the following weekend, and I do mean tuck you in, if I may end a sentence with a proposition. . ." The nurse disappeared through the front door, but he readily found a patient to accost, a large blond woman in a red cape. "You must be crazy to stay here. At these prices. And they're going up. I have inside information, so if you'll just step inside—preferably to my room . . ." The woman's stroll took them momentarily out of sight behind a clump of rhododendrons, from which they presently emerged into view again, she quickening her pace and he pattering in her wake with coattails flying. "—you'll find me broad-minded, in fact it's all I think about." Some more than verbal liberty may have been taken behind the screen of foliage, because the woman stopped, turned, and said with some spirit, "Just who do you think you are?"

COPYRIGHT © 1977 BY PETER DE VRIES

"She must never go to the movies," Dr. Josko murmured. "But it's absolutely uncanny. The impersonation. Not just the voice but that exact New York pronunciation. And the facial expressions. To say nothing of that crouch. And the fact that the mustache and eyebrows are greasepaint only heightens the illusion, because that's what Groucho himself wore."

"And as a Groucho buff he could probably tell you the exact date he started it. Late for a show or something and instead of wasting time putting on the eyebrows and mustache he just snatched up a grease stick and presto—it became permanent," Becky Swirling said.

The doctor shook his head in wonderment. "Well, it beats Napoleons and Hitlers and messianic complexes."

"You have your share of those?"

"No, not really. But we did have a man here once who thought he was Washington Irving. A modest enough little megalomania."

• • •

A tall man in a dark suit came down the stairs and accosted the patient with a document of some sort.

"Olmstead, our cashier. I've instructed him to buttonhole him with the bill he's running up any chance he gets. Just to see if there's any sense of reality whatever. Let's see what happens."

The scene was again close enough to the window for them to hear as well as watch. Groucho bent to scrutinize the statement a moment, then tossed his head in a devil-may-care manner.

"Oh, let's not trouble ourselves with anything so sordid as money, shall we? You know my motto. Never put off till tomorrow what you can postpone indefinitely." He began to dance and sing, whirling his legs about in circles. "Since I've been to my broker I've never been broker. I owe everybody, I owe. I owe everybooooody, I owe! Well, I must be off. *You* must be off, thinking I'd pay these rates. And they call it free association. Huh! But I shan't keep you, you must have a thousand things to do. I'll bet the ladies just adore that great big Kirk Douglas dimple in your chin. I thought at first it might be your navel, everything is so high these days." . . .

• • •

Just as the doctor let Groucho in the door the telephone rang, and Groucho bustled straight on across the office toward it. "I'll get it, Doc," he said, plucking it from its cradle. He tilted back in the swivel chair with his feet on the desk. "Hello . . . What? Come now, my good man." He said to the doctor,"It's a guest who says he doesn't like all those mice in his room." Then into the phone again: "Well, just pick out the mice you *do* like and we'll send the exterminator up for the rest. Thank *yum*." He hung the phone up before the doctor could pry it out of his hand. "This place is a madhouse. They say the nurses are striking. They're not as striking as some I've been out with, but they'll do. Ah, what have we here?"

The phone rang again almost instantly and this time the doctor got it. It was apparently the same caller, a baffled colleague to whom the situation was explained as briefly as possible. By the time the doctor had that bit of anarchy straightened out the patient had spotted Mrs. Swirling and sidled over, smiling amorously and flirting the cigar in his fingers.

"Haven't we met before? Don't tell me. Paris, Illinois. Rome, New York. No—Athens, Georgia! Am I close? Let me come a little closer." In lengthening his stride he stubbed his foot against the leg of a chair. "You must excuse me, I'm not myself today. I've just been in basket therapy and I'm still weaving."

"You do look familiar to me. And I must say you're acting it too, on rather short notice." She rose and circled off, putting her chair between them."I think we met in transcendental meditation class. We had the same guru."

"Ah, yes, Bombay, New Delhi, strolls along the Ganges." Again he burst into song. "Way down upon the swami river, far, far away . . . !" □

By PETER DE VRIES