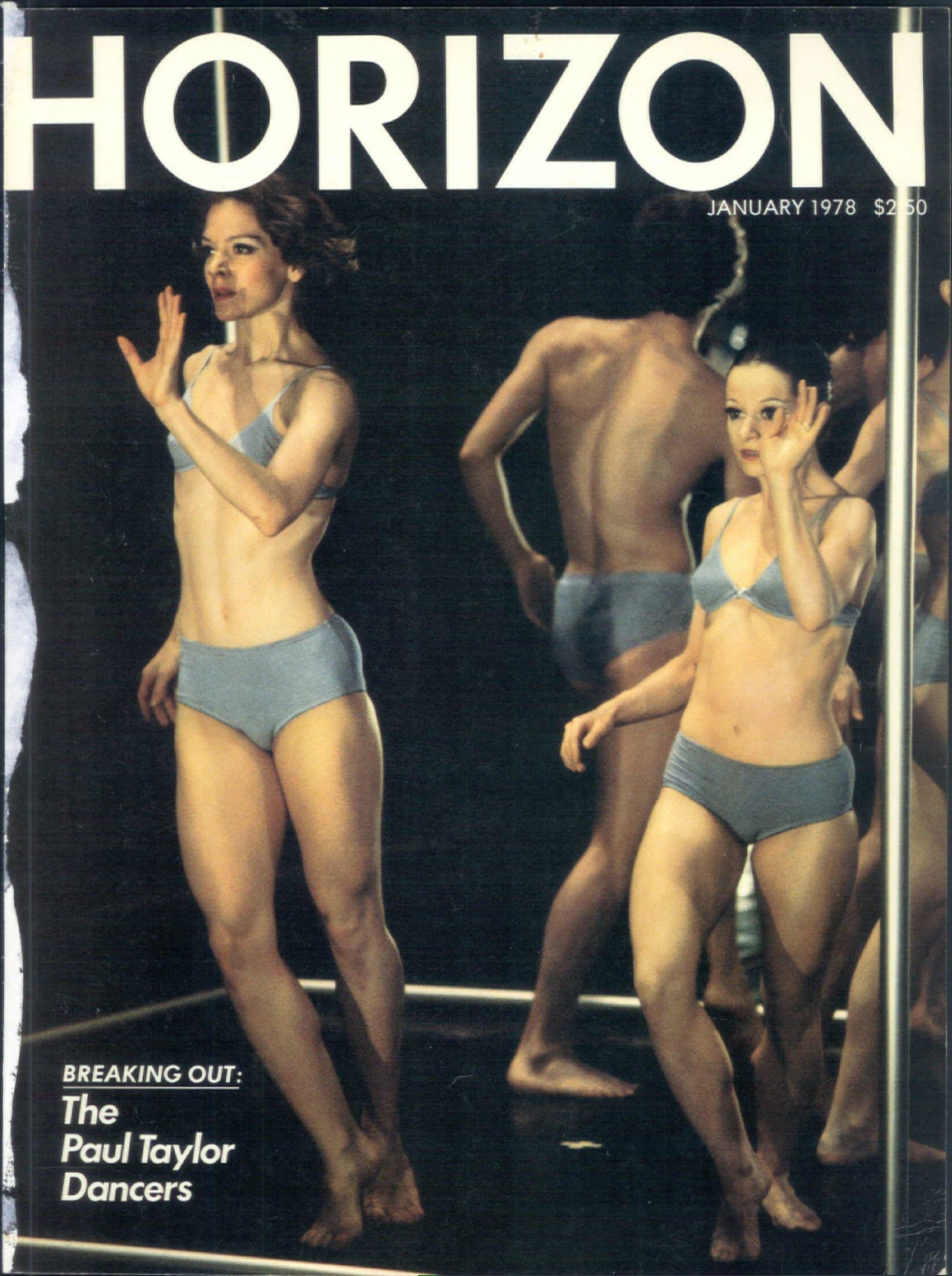
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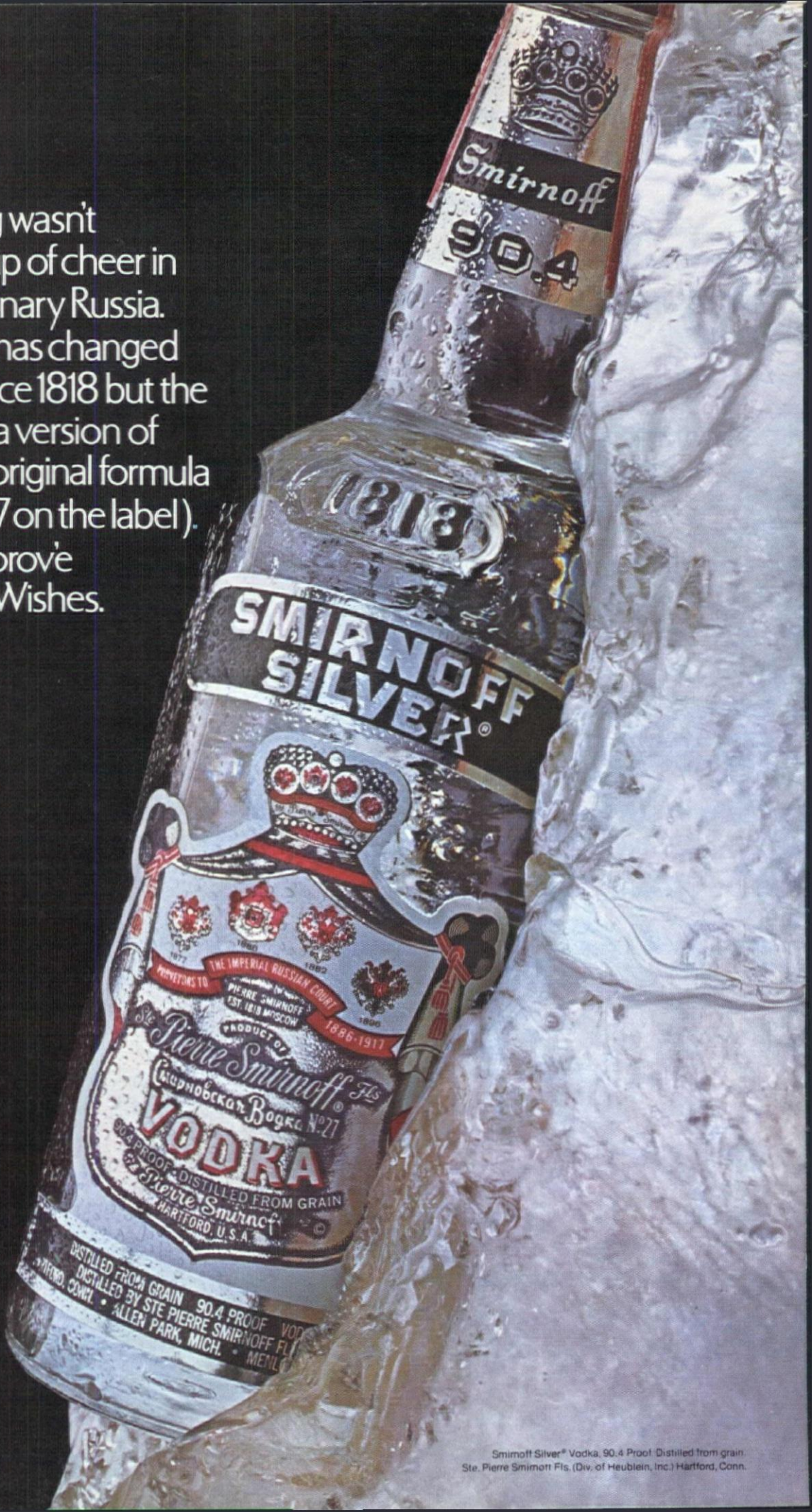
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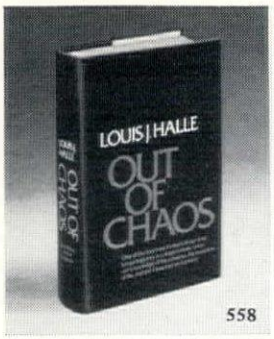
The Paul Taylor Dancers

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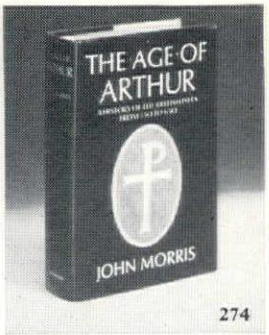
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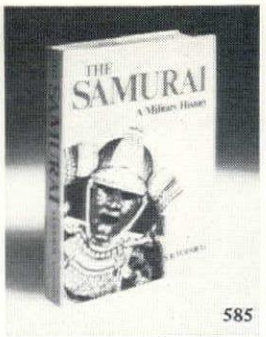
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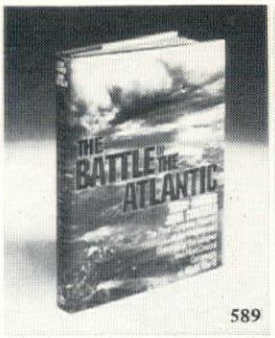
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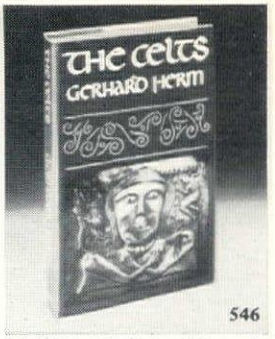
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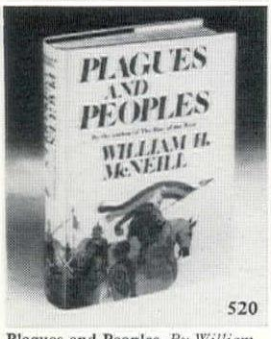
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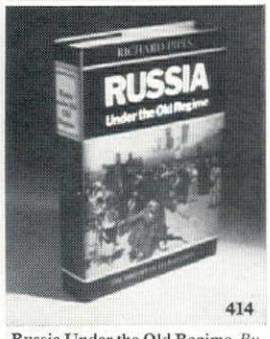
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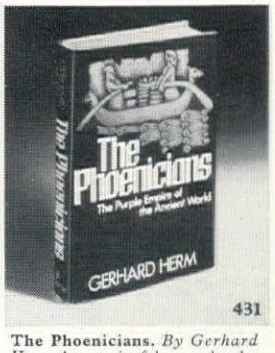
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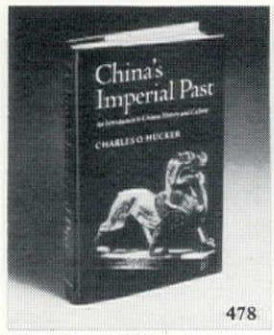
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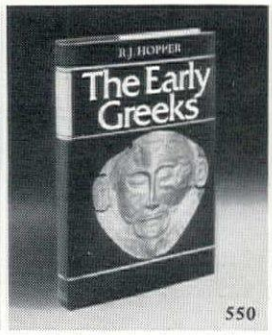
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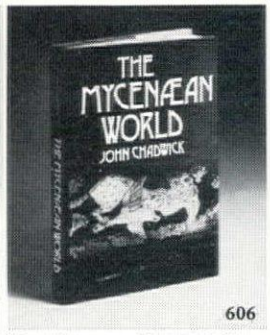
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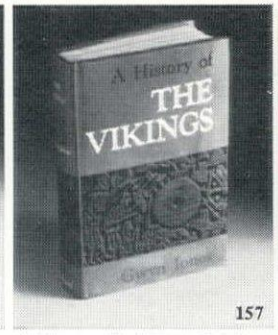
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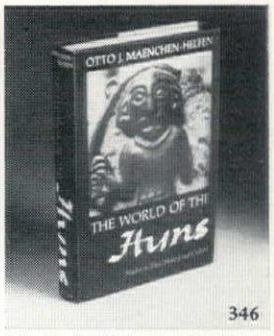
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Behind the Line-up



JILL KREMENTZ

Three of the authors whose work appears in this month's HORIZON bring an unusually high degree of authority to their articles.

Robert Coles, who wrote "Madness in Film" (page 18), is one of America's most influential child psychiatrists. A native of Boston and a graduate of Harvard and the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, he is the author of numerous books and articles on psychiatric topics. The final two volumes of his five-volume *Children of Crisis*—a 20-year study of American children of widely differing backgrounds—are to be published early this year.

Marilyn French, the author of "The Fearful and the Innocent" (page 30), holds a Ph.D. from Harvard and has taught at Hofstra, Harvard, and the College of the Holy Cross. In analyzing the issues raised at the recent National Women's Conference in Houston, she brings the interests she expressed in fictional form in her best-selling novel, *The Women's Room*, to bear on the reality of current events. She is now doing a book on intellectual history.

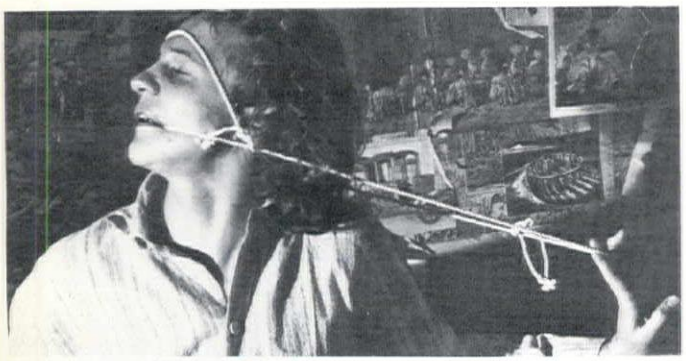


"The Unreal, Hilarious World of Neil Simon" (page 70) is what might be called an inside job. The author, **Thomas Meehan,** is a former staff writer for *The New Yorker* and a contributor of humorous articles on a wide range of topics to a score of other publications. At the moment, though, he is best known as the man who wrote the book for *Annie*, the Broadway smash that was his first venture in the theater; in all respects, just the person to write about the smash-hit champion. His current project is a musical adaptation of *I Remember Mama*, scheduled to open next season starring Liv Ullmann.

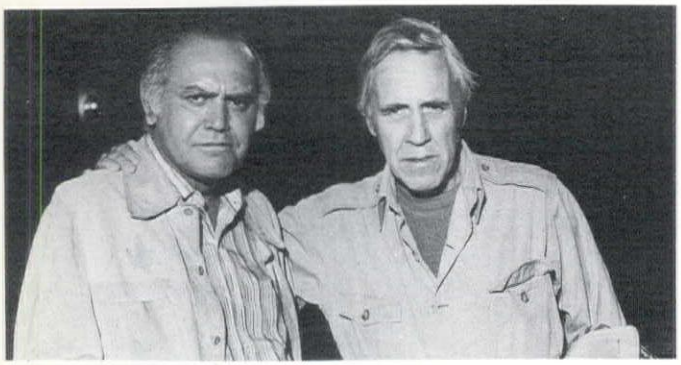


MARTHA SWOPE

Meehan, left, with colleagues from Annie



Peter Firth in Equus, *page 18: The psychotic as hero*



Quintero and Robards rehearsing, page 36: Homage to a giant



McCracken in Otello, *page 56: He sings what others don't*



Watching Sesame Street, *page 85: A new language to learn*

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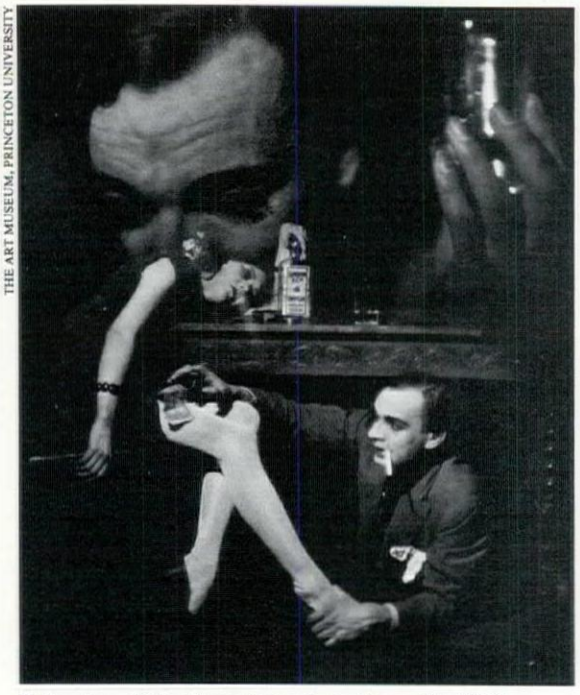
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COVER: The Paul Taylor troupe in *Polaris*, in which the dancers move through a geometric stage set. Photograph by Herb Migdoll.

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CROSS COUNTRY



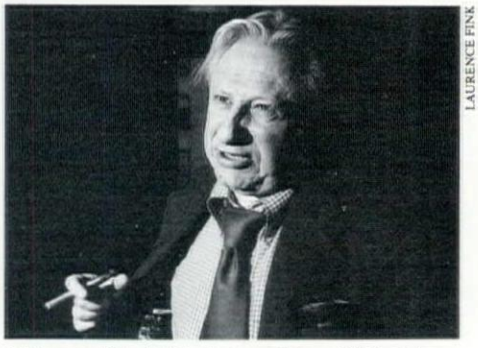
THE ART MUSEUM, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Princeton, N.J.: Bruguiere photo from the 1920s



PARAMOUNT

The Duellists, *with Keitel and Carradine*



LAURENCE FINK

Chicago: Studs Terkel, author of Working

West

LOS ANGELES Although the *Treasures of Tutankhamun* exhibition will not arrive at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art until February 15, **tickets for Tut** are now on sale at 84 stores and offices in Los Angeles, Ventura, Kern, Orange, Riverside, San Bernadino, and San Diego counties. Perhaps the most ingenious method yet devised to handle the crowds attracted by the exhibition, the tickets will allow museum visitors to view the show at a specific time and date, for the price of two dollars, with a limit of four tickets per buyer.

• • •

LOS ANGELES *The Devil's Disciple*, George Bernard Shaw's ironic look at the American Revolution, is running at the Ahmanson Theater through January 28. **Rex Harrison** stars as the British general John Burgoyne and Chris Sarandon plays Dick Dudgeon, the rakish character referred to in the title. The play is directed by Frank Dunlop, who founded England's Young Vic theater and is currently artistic director of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's repertory company. Dunlop plans to bring the play to Brooklyn next month.

• • •

SAN FRANCISCO Brooklyn-born painter **Joseph Raffael** began his career some 20 years ago as an abstract artist; now he lives in California and works from photographs—of rock-strewn pools of water, plants, fish, water lilies, and other natural phenomena—to produce realist works that seem to express the transcendence of nature and an intensely personal poetic vision. Raffael's first major retrospective exhibition of 24 paintings and 23 water colors, prints, and drawings from 1969 to 1978, will open at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art on January 20, and will travel to Des Moines; Omaha; Newport Harbor, California; and Denver.

South

DALLAS Celebrating its 75th anniversary this month, the **Dallas Museum of Fine Arts** is opening two new exhibitions: *Dallas Collects*, which brings together for the first time the major private collections in the city and includes 80 works by most of the important impressionists and early modern masters; and *75 Years of Art in Dallas*, a historical survey of the growth of the museum, featuring regional landscapes from the 1940s, photographic essays on the WPA project murals, and so-called cowboy art. "We want to show how Dallas was and is pivotal in the development of southwestern art and to give an integrated overview of what has happened in the past seventy-five years in art collecting here," says Pat Porter, director of publicity at the museum. Both shows run from January 23 to February 26.

• • •

ATLANTA A new play by Tennessee Williams, **Tiger Tail,** has its première at the Alliance Theater on January 19. It is based on his script for the film *Baby Doll*, which Williams wrote, he says, "before the time I was supposed to be dead as a playwright." That was in 1956, and the film, with its scenes of a scantily clad Carroll Baker in a crib, caused a scandal.

Like the film, the play concerns a rapidly maturing teen-ager, her middle-aged redneck husband, and her young lover. "There is an agreeable degree of sensuality," says Williams, "but the play is not pornographic." *Tiger Tail* is directed by Harry Rasky, who is best known for his film documentaries, such as *Tennessee Williams's South* and *Homage to Chagall.*

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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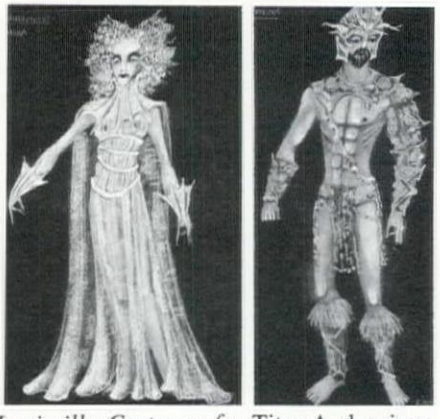
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CROSS COUNTRY

HOUSTON A leading Moscow director, Galena Volchyek, has come to the Alley Theater to stage a recent play by Russian playwright Mikhail Roschin. Opening January 26, **Echelon** ("special train") follows a group of women and children as they flee Moscow ahead of Hitler's troops during World War II. Nina Vance, the Alley's producing director, saw *Echelon* in Moscow last year at Volchyek's Sovremennik Theater. "I was so taken with it," she says, "that after the performance I rushed into the cloakroom where the interpreter was putting on her galoshes and told her to tell Volchyek I wanted to produce the play in America. It's a play about survival that would come across in any nationality."

• • •

LOUISVILLE Jon Jory, producing-director of the Actors Theater, has produced a number of new plays (D. L. Coburn's *The Gin Game* and David Mamet's *Reunion*



Louisville: Costumes for Titus Andronicus

among them), but his latest project rings new changes on a venerable classic. Through January 22 the Actors Theater is presenting **Titus Andronicus,** Shakespeare's bloody drama about a Roman general who revenges himself on the Goths, as a space odyssey set to rock music by composer Jerry Blatt.

Midwest

CHICAGO On January 5 the Goodman Theater Center presents the première of **Working,** a musical based on Studs Terkel's book of interviews with more than one hundred working people. Stephen Schwartz, 29, who wrote the music and lyrics for the Broadway shows *Godspell*, *Pippin*, and *The Magic Show*, is the director as well as the composer of many of the songs. James Taylor is also contributing several numbers. Conceived as a musical revue, *Working* has 15 performers who sing, dance, and narrate from the book, each assuming several roles.

Choreographer Graciela Daniele spent days observing workers as diverse as supermarket cashiers and professional hockey players to study their gestures and movements before working with the cast to develop their routines. The resulting authenticity has been lauded by the author, who dropped in on the final workshops in New York. Said Terkel: "The result may prove to be the first time absolute, literal truth has ever been presented onstage."

• • •

MINNEAPOLIS From December 30 to January 21 the Cricket Theater is featuring **The Club,** an Obie award–winning musical by poet Eve Merriam that is still going strong off-Broadway after more than a year. Seven actresses dressed in top hats and tails parody Edwardian gentlemen as they perform a song and dance act in an exclusive men's club. Through numbers such as "Pinky Panky Poo" and lyrics that run, "Oh, what blissy when we kissy," *The Club* "challenges male chauvinism with a joke rather than a sledgehammer," says Lou Salerni, the Cricket's artistic director.

• • •

MINNEAPOLIS The world première of **Seduced,** by American playwright Sam Shepard, will be presented at the Guthrie Theater's experimental stage, Guthrie II, on January 19. *Seduced*'s central character is Henry Hackamore, an eccentric multibillionaire who has retreated to a South American hideaway, where he lets his hair, beard, and fingernails grow scraggly, wears a loincloth, and refuses to touch anything without covering his hands with Kleenex (no connection with Howard Hughes, says the playwright). "Henry Hackamore attempts to buy his way out of death as he has tried to buy everything in life," says Stephen Kanee, Guthrie II's director. "He engages two actresses, whose careers he launched years ago, to help him. As the plan dissolves he can't remember if he's the real Henry Hackamore or a stand-in. The play becomes a question of identity."

• • •

DETROIT That comprehensive retrospective exhibition of **Henri Matisse's paper cutouts,** which opened at the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., is at the Detroit Institute of Arts until January 8,



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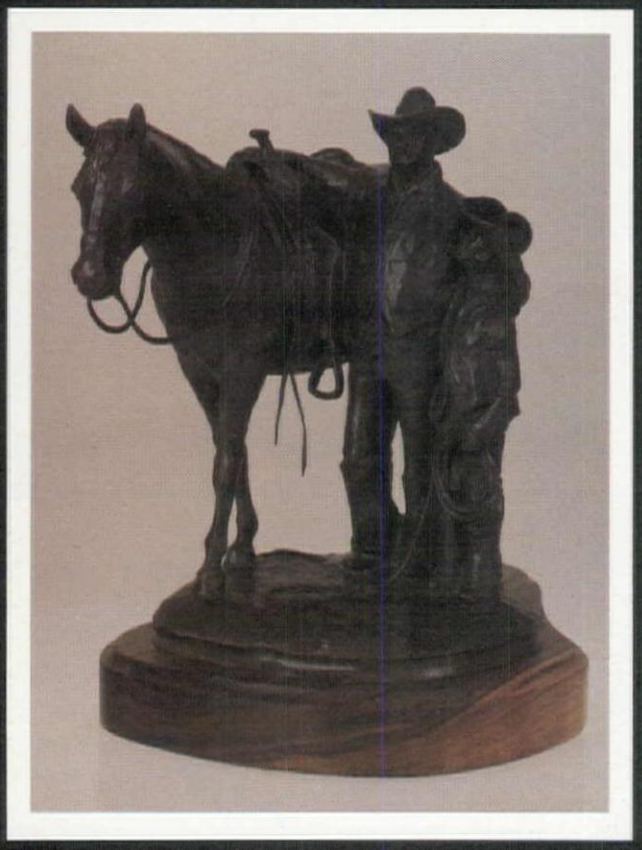
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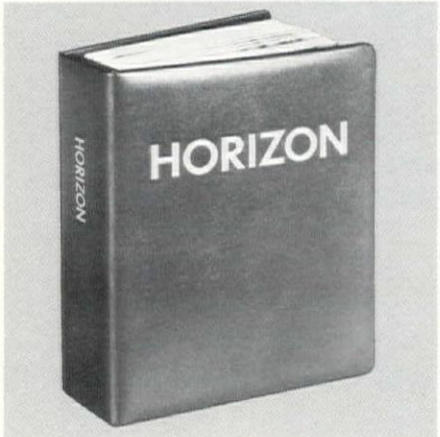
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CROSS COUNTRY

when it will move on to the Saint Louis Art Museum. Although he concentrated on cutouts only late in his life, Matisse felt that they were the "simplest and most direct way to express myself." By cutting figures, birds, flowers, and plants out of brilliantly colored paper, he explained, he could draw directly in color, "instead of drawing an outline and filling in the color—in which case one modified the other." On view are 57 of his most masterful efforts with scissors and paper; several more are reproduced in



Detroit: Matisse cutout, 1951

the accompanying catalogue, which also includes photographs of the cutouts in their original settings, on the walls of Matisse's home and studio.

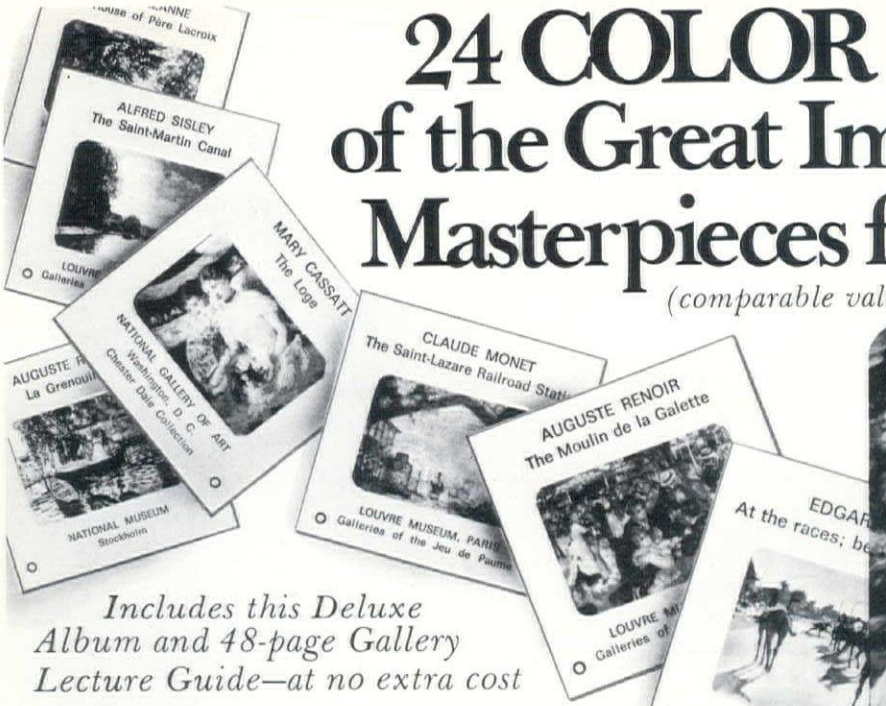
East

NEW HAVEN Andrei Serban, the avant-garde director whose controversial productions of *Agamemnon* and *The Cherry Orchard* were seen in New York last year, is presenting **an evening of Molière farces**—*Sganarelle: The Self-Made Cuckold*, *The Doctor in Spite of Himself*, *The Forced Marriage*, and *The Flying Doctor*—at the Yale Repertory beginning January 13.

Says Serban, who is now associate director of the Yale Rep: "The Molière program should have such clarity and force that an audience of children could respond. I will use improvisational forms of theater as

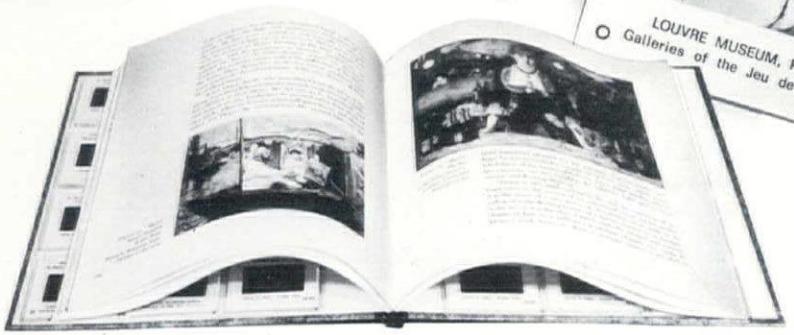
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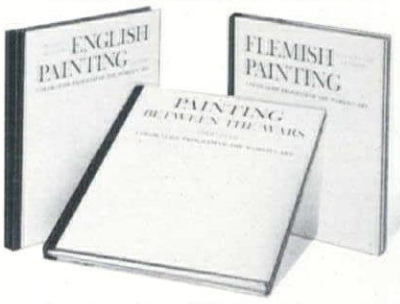
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CROSS COUNTRY

the strolling players of Molière's time did, who went from city to city, finding spaces to perform and props along the way. The staging will be flexible and simple—above all, no big deal."

• • •

BOSTON Four conceptual artists display their sense of humor in **Wit and Wisdom,** a multimedia exhibition on view at the Institute of Contemporary Art through February 5. John Baldessari, Jeff Hudson, Les Levine, and Dennis Oppenheim are all "bound by sharp wits and irony in their presentations," says Michael Leja, curator of the exhibition, which includes video and audio tapes, drawings, and photographs, as well as a new installation by Oppenheim and a re-creation of *Corn Flakes* by Levine, who in 1966 filled a plaza in New York by emptying hundreds of boxes of cereal.

• • •

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY The first major retrospective exhibition of the work of **Francis J. Bruguiere,** at the Art Museum of Princeton University until January 8, reveals him as one of the most influential experimental photographers of the 1920s and 1930s. A member of Alfred Stieglitz's photo-secession movement, Bruguiere "pioneered certain forms of manipulative photography," says Peter Bunnell, director of the Art Museum. Today, his photographs of the theater and his work with multiple exposures, cut paper, and light abstractions stand as significant contributions to the aesthetic that inspired such great experimentalists as Man Ray and Moholy-Nagy. Another selection of Bruguiere's photographs is showing at the Witkin Gallery in New York City until January 28.

• • •

NEW YORK A Benny Goodman concert special featuring the original jazz version of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* was recently aired on PBS, and on January 17 a New York audience will have a chance to hear Goodman, now 68, perform live when he returns to Carnegie Hall to celebrate the **40th anniversary of the first jazz concert** ever held there. The evening promises to be a sellout like the original concert, which Goodman says was "the forerunner of the Newport Jazz Festival and of jazz at the Philharmonic. . . . I didn't think people would come just to hear my band play all night, so I suggested that they get Bea Lillie to tell some jokes. It was just as well that they turned my suggestion down. They didn't need Bea Lillie. The tickets sold so fast that I couldn't get any for my own family."

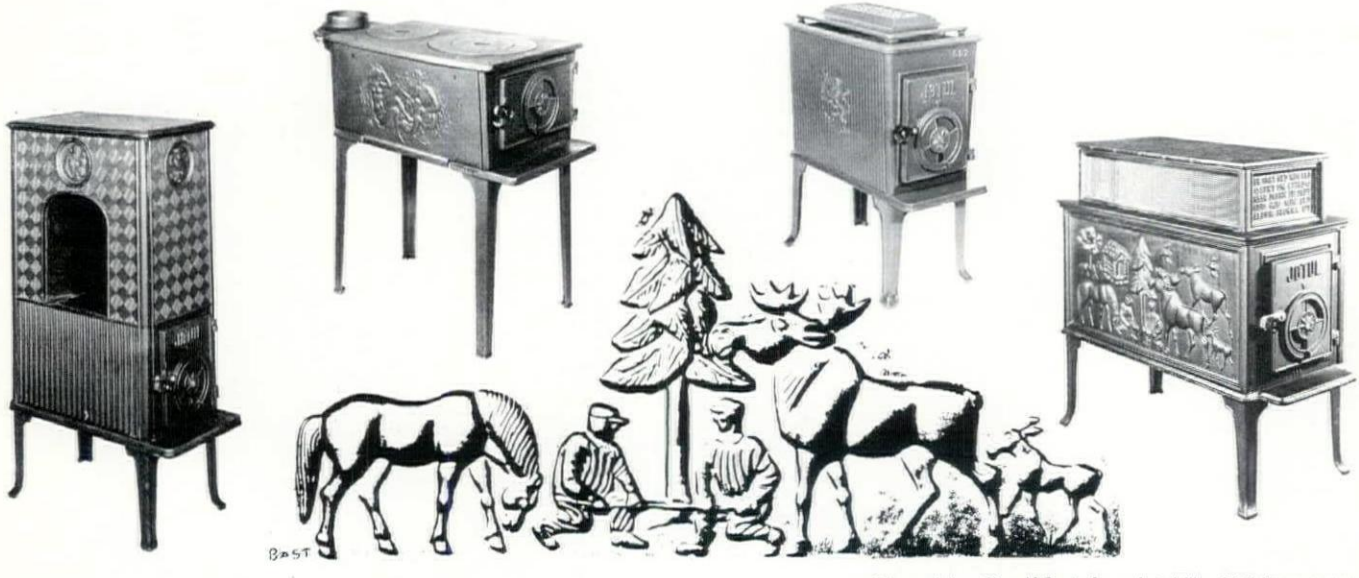


New York: Benny Goodman, 1937

NEW YORK The Sassanian Empire, which flourished between A.D. 226 and 641, was the last great empire in Iran before the Moslem conquest—the center of political and

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cultural power in a vast region extending from the Euphrates to the Hindu Kush. *The Royal Hunter*, an exhibition at Asia House beginning January 12, brings together **a wealth of Sassanian treasures:** coins, seals, textiles, glass vessels, pottery, architectural fragments, and spectacular silver rhytons and plates decorated with portraits, animal forms, and hunting scenes. Many of these were made as gifts for rulers in other lands; hence the extensive influence of the Sassanian decorative tradition. The show will appear next at the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, and later in Cleveland.

• • •

NEW YORK "The market for traditional nineteenth-century painting is booming," says Judith Landrigan, head of the 19th-century European painting department at Sotheby Parke Bernet in New York, whose next **sale of 19th-century paintings** is scheduled for January 20. "In 1974, at our first sale of this type, we had three hundred paintings. Now we sell from eight hundred to a thousand nineteenth-century paintings a year." On October 7 the gallery took in $1,313,375 for 284 19th-century works—nearly a half million dollars over the pre-sale estimate.

NEW YORK Though museum shows of paintings come and go, the museums themselves—like mountains—seem to have been with us forever. But there's always room for another, and just a year ago Marcia Tucker, former curator of contemporary art at the



New York: "Bad painting" by P. W. Siler

Whitney Museum, founded the **New Museum** to feature provocative art of the past decade. On January 13, in space donated by the New School for Social Research, the museum presents its second exhibition, *Art Outside the Mainstream: Bad Painting*. These figurative works by 14 American artists were selected because the painters had forsaken draftsmanship for greater expressivity. According to curatorial assistant Susan Logan, Earl Staley "gave us some landscapes so well done we couldn't use them in the show"; but three of his "bad" paintings (in which naively drawn dream figures haunt an intensely colored sky or sea) were judged down to standard.

Nationwide

PBS's **Hollywood Television Theater** returns this month for its seventh and final season of three new productions. The première, *The Ascent of Mount Fuji*, a play by two contemporary Russian playwrights, concerns a picnic for a group of reunited friends—one of whom betrayed a mutual acquaintance to the authorities during World War II. Andrea Marcovicci, Joseph Campanella, Avery Schreiber, and Jeanette Nolan star in the drama, which will be broadcast on January 10.

• • •

Sissy Spacek, who last year was the unlikely prom queen with telekinetic powers in the film *Carrie*, stars as an equally unfortunate young dancer in *U.S.O. Girl*, a teleplay which will be broadcast on January 25. Spacek plays a no-talent hoofer in a

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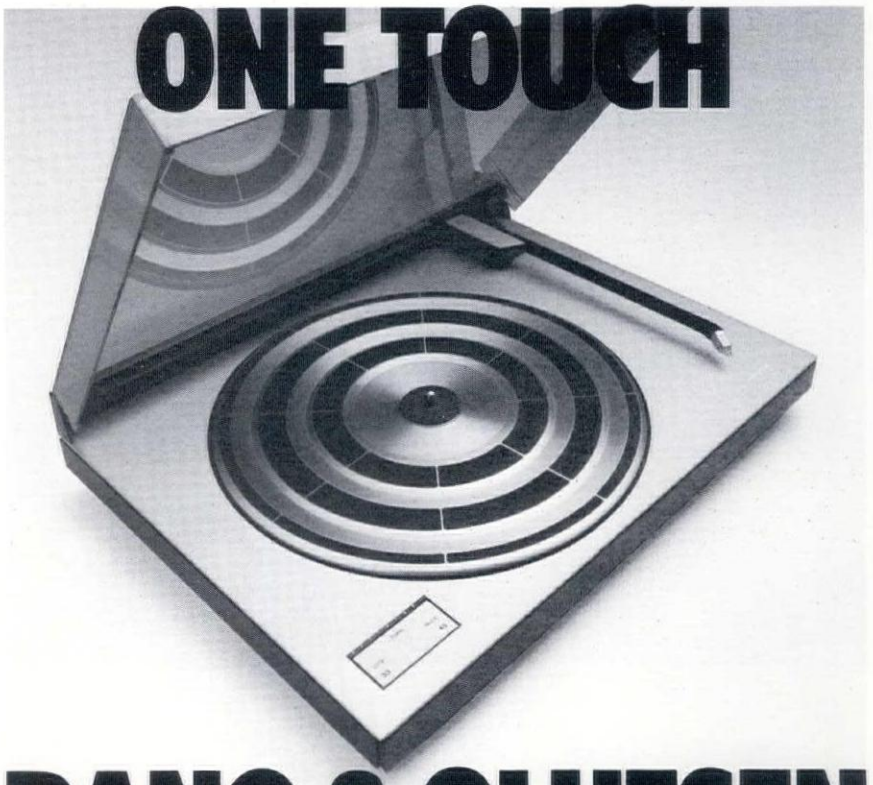
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CROSS COUNTRY

World War II troupe whose lifelong desire for fame is fulfilled only after the army glorifies her accidental death. The script, adapted from the Paul Gallico story *Verna*, is by Albert Innaurato (see page 62).

• • •

"No extra flourishes," promises Chick Corea's manager, speaking of **Corea's touring spree with Herbie Hancock,** which begins later this month. Setting aside the wired synthesizers and electrified back-up bands that propelled them each to pop success in recent years, the two keyboard stars will play only grand pianos for these concerts. Besides performing together, both musicians will do solo turns, and they may even add some Bartók and Stockhausen to their own improvisations. Opening in Washington, D.C.'s, Constitution Hall on January 25, the pair move on to Ann Arbor, Michigan; Atlanta; and Philadelphia. They



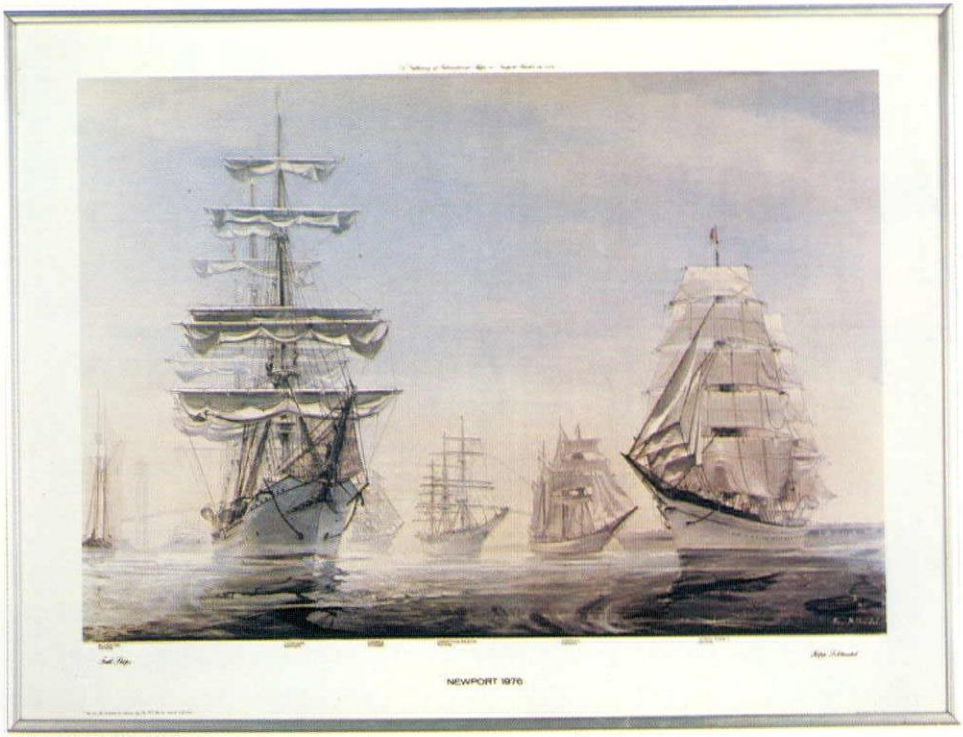
MIKE MANOOGIAN

Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea

appear at Symphony Hall in Boston on January 29 and at New York's Carnegie Hall in February. A tour of Europe's major capitals and Japan will follow, as will a record album.

• • •

Based on a Joseph Conrad novella, **The Duellists,** opening later this month, stars Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel as two Napoleonic officers whose rivalry and distorted sense of honor result in a lifelong succession of bloody clashes. Combining the pageantry of *Barry Lyndon* with the heart and humor that Stanley Kubrick's film consciously lacked, *The Duellists* is decidedly offbeat and engaging. Ridley Scott, who has worked extensively in British television, directed the movie, his first feature film effort. While *The Duellists* ultimately fails to sustain the fresh point of view that enlivens its first hour, the film marks a promising debut for Scott.



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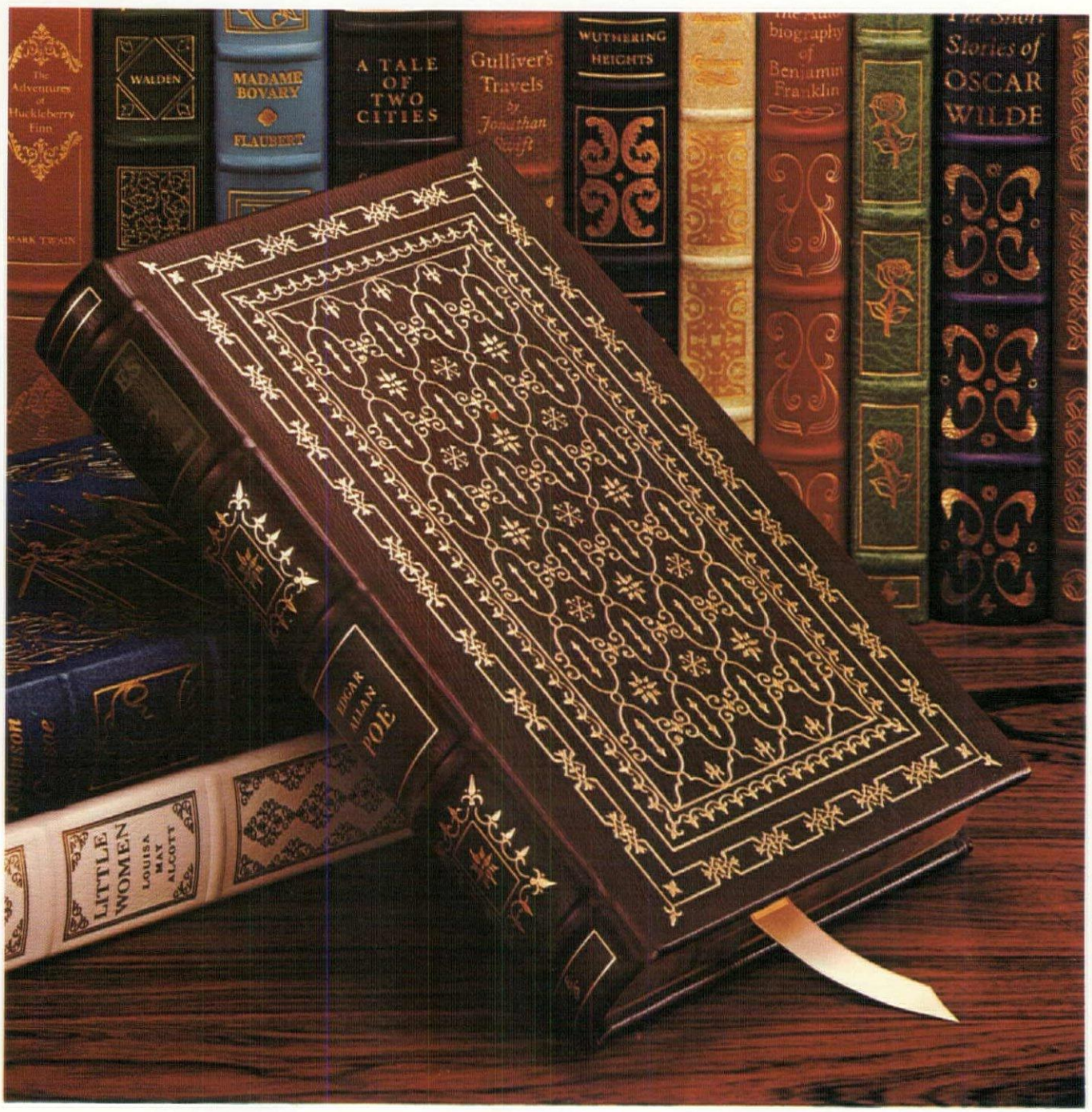
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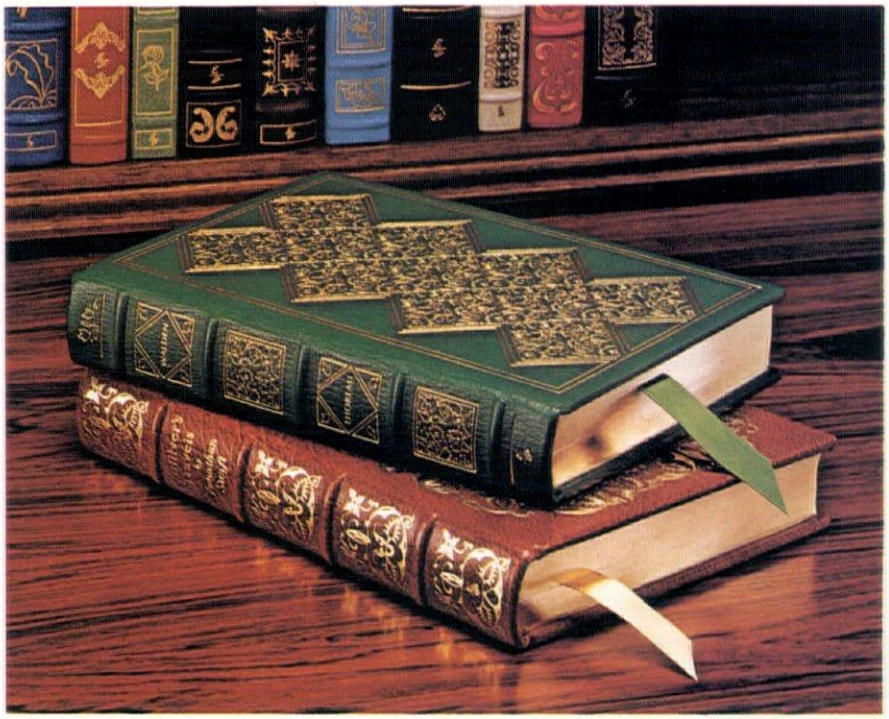
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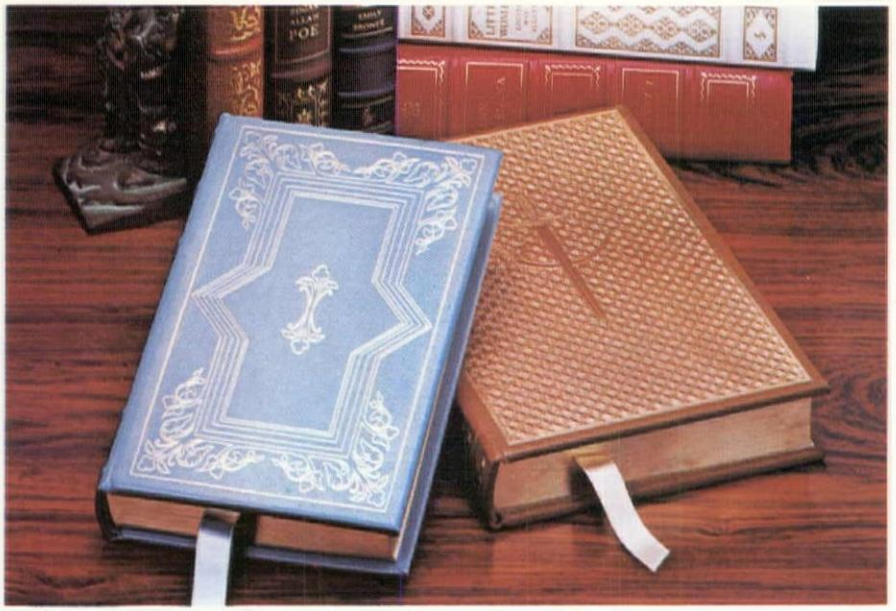
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(Continued on next page)



(Continued from previous page)

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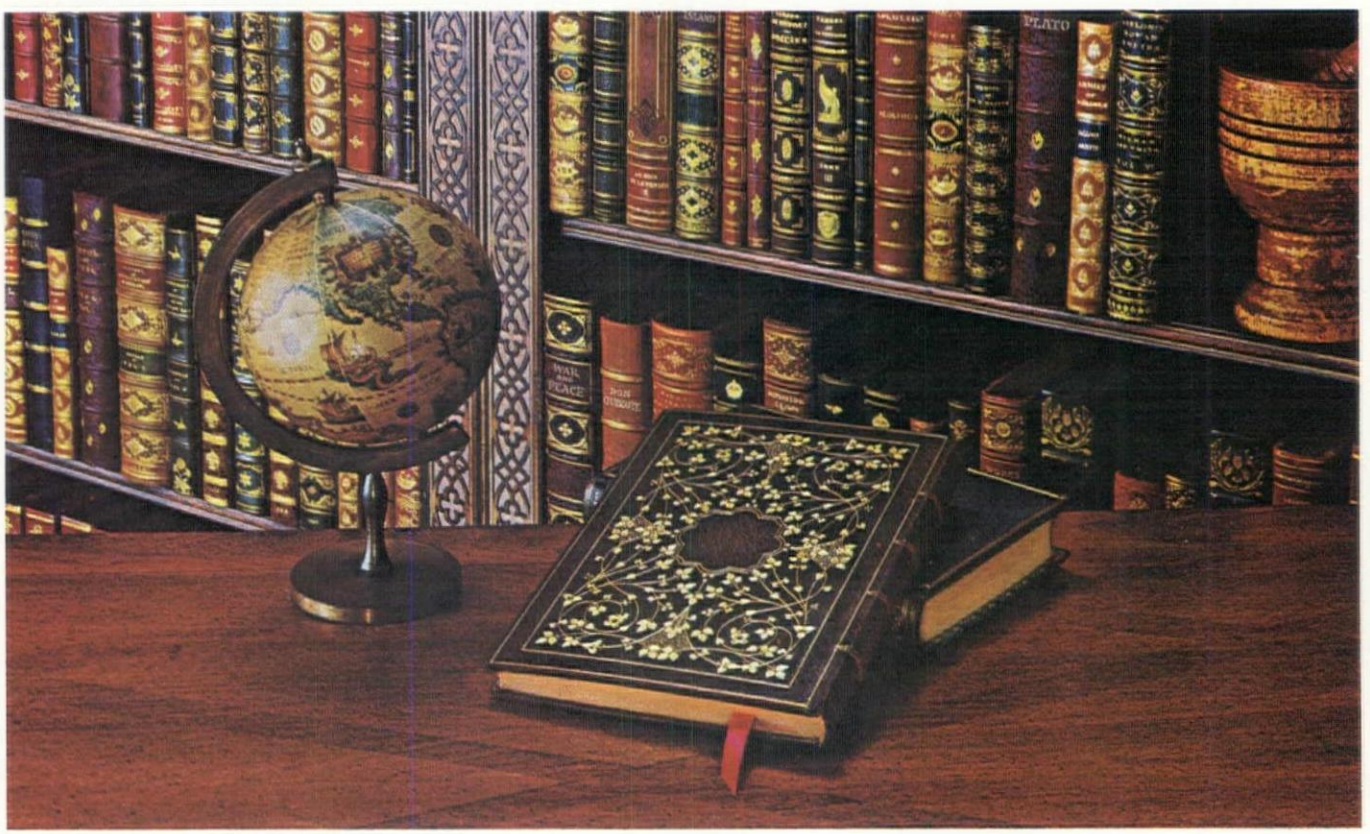
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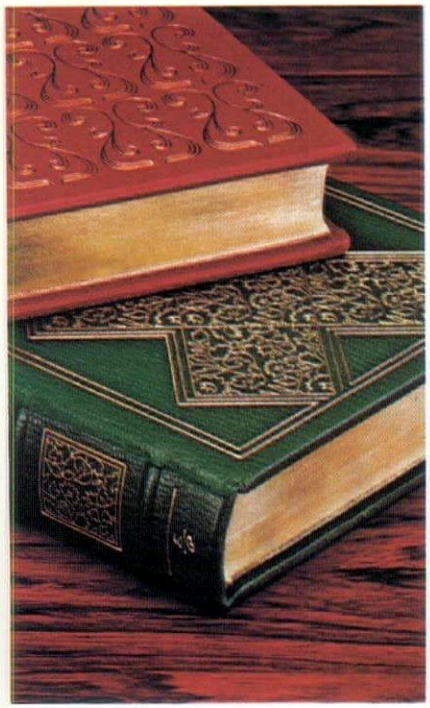
Each volume of "The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written" will be beautifully illustrated. In many cases, authentic illustrations from the period of the literary masterpiece will be used. In others, specially commissioned art from leading illustrators will be created to impressively complement the specific book.

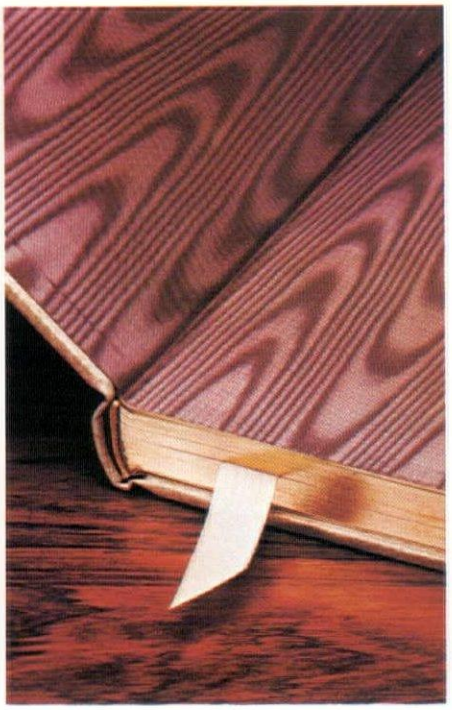
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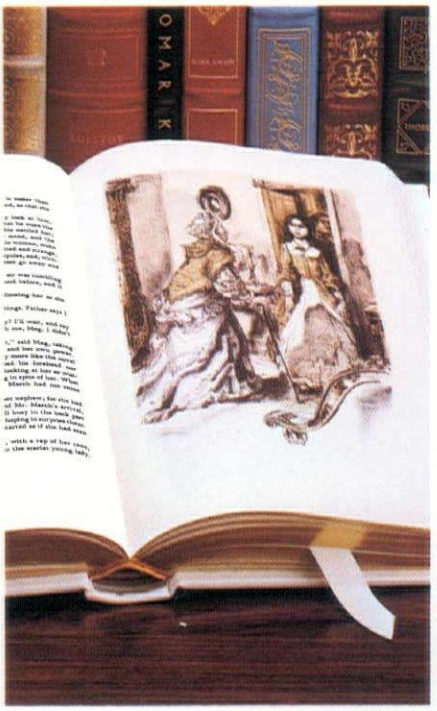
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61HO

Madness in Film

Some current movies offer startling views of mental illness and psychiatry

By ROBERT COLES

NEW WORLD PICTURES



A very real agony: Kathleen Quinlan as the patient in I Never Promised You a Rose Garden



RICK PORTER

Madness as freedom: Craig Russell as a female impersonator and Hollis McLaren as a schizophrenic in Outrageous

Three recent and popular films have asked moviegoers to think twice about the nature of mental illness and about those doctors whose work it is, supposedly, to help patients in the midst of agony that is primarily emotional rather than physical. *Equus* is a faithful film adaptation of Peter Shaffer's successful Broadway play about a young man (Peter Firth) murderously preoccupied with horses. Eventually he blinds six of them in an assaultive orgy. His psychiatrist (Richard Burton) presumably aims to find out why such peculiar and violent behavior has taken place, in the hope of preventing a recurrence and enabling the youth to achieve some lasting control over his feverishly moody personality. But in a not unusual theatrical reversal, the doctor becomes the patient. He begins to worry about the meaning of existence and shows signs of self-doubt, sadness, despair. He regards his life as one characterized by caution, compliance—the measured phrase, the guarded viewpoint. He has died spiritually, or so he suspects, contrasting his self-containment with the youth's outpouring of passion. We are asked to follow in Nietzsche's steps, to compare critically (if not with utter contempt) the apollonian sanity of a bourgeois psychiatrist with the dionysian energy of a youth undeterred by convention and seething with a desire to unleash his impulses—at the expense, minimally, of defenseless animals.

Outrageous is a low-budget Canadian film that has found thousands of eager, attentive viewers, some of whom return a second and third time. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, I saw them line up at the movie house—students, of course, but also young, "with it" professionals and, interestingly, apparently conventional suburban, middle-aged couples. They came, I heard them say, to witness the way "two lost souls help each other," or how "two courageous people snub the conventional world and prove their worth."

In the movie a male homosexual (Craig Russell) who dresses in drag and impersonates famous female entertainers lives with a young woman (Hollis McLaren) who has run away from a mental hospital, where she has been diagnosed and treated as a schizophrenic—a serious illness indeed, involving hallucinations, delusions, disordered thinking, and emotional liability. These two wayward souls show affection and trust for each other. We are asked to consider their "relationship" (that 20th-century word of words) a haven of sorts; linked together, the hurt, the humiliated, the ostracized grow more secure and feel more in possession of their selves. As for the rest



UNITED ARTISTS

Obsession: Peter Firth, wearing a halter, practices secret rituals in Equus.


MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

The German film classic The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari *(1919) cast the psychiatrist in the role of murderous madman.*

of the world, its crudities and grotesqueries form a grim background to the idyllic platonic love of the "crazy" and the "queer." Among the "better adjusted" are a vulgar, thoughtless, pill-pushing psychiatrist; an autocratic nurse; and scores of lost, dreary men and women who walk the streets of our cities or seek refuge in bars, in nightclubs where drag queens perform, and, not least, in movie houses.

• • •

The film *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* brings a touching, lyrical, and autobiographical novel relatively intact to the viewer. The novel's message was clear and is implicit in the title: madness is a tough, unyielding, and if necessary seductive opponent, whose grip on a patient only slowly gives way, even with the help of the most dedicated and intelligent of therapists. In a mental hospital we meet one of these—Dr. Fried, sensitively played by Bibi Andersson. She manages well the balance of compassion and detachment that psychiatrists must achieve for the sake of their patients, and for their own sakes, too. Her antagonist (and every patient is, to a degree, an antagonist for every doctor) is equally well acted by Kathleen Quinlan, playing Deborah, a 16-year-old schizophrenic.

Their struggle with each other provides the central dramatic thrust of the movie. The girl's growing attachment to the doctor becomes apparent but is not made melodramatic. When the doctor goes on vacation, the patient begins to fall apart, as often happens—a covert acknowledgment of affection and dependence. The psychiatrist who covers for Dr. Fried turns out to be cold, arrogant, inconsiderate, and self-centered. We are, through him, reminded of how lucky a patient is to have a therapist like Dr. Fried and of how chancy psychotherapy can be. No outright cure is offered; the film's conclusion reveals a young woman psychologically on the upswing but still in the hospital. We have already seen how quickly apparent progress can give way to a setback.

There seems to be a common message in these three movies and in others that have come our way in recent years—*One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, for instance, with its constant satirical thrusts at those who work in mental hospitals. Generalizations are always risky, yet I think films such as *Equus* or *Outrageous* would have been unimaginable a generation ago, not only because the moral climate then was more punitive toward explicit deviance, but because the movies were busy discovering the virtues of psychiatry. Casting the psychiatrist as a madman (*The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, 1919) had given way to portraying him as a person of patience, tact, decency, intelligence, and, not least, competence. Film therapists of the 1940s and 1950s had the ability to change human behavior, to heal through clarification and interpretation. In *Spell-*

bound (1945), for example, one psychiatrist (Ingrid Bergman) had the difficult challenge of unraveling the psychopathology of another (Gregory Peck), but she persisted and won a victory over his fears. (In the bargain, they solved a crime.) We were given to believe, by Alfred Hitchcock, no less, that mental life is indeed mysterious and confusing but that there were people who had penetrated a once bizarre or inscrutable world and found answers to significant questions: What makes us think, act, dream as we do? What prompts some to behave strangely or go berserk? What provokes even "normal" people to feel anxious?

Hollywood has always had a shrewd eye out for America's sectarian solutions—capitalizing on those ideas or values we find appealing now that so many of us have lost faith in God and old-fashioned pieties. For influential members of the *haute bourgeoisie* in the 1940s and 1950s psychoanalysis was decidedly in favor. Those taken up with Freudianism, even if by virtue of a passing fancy, learned a lot about themselves; thousands who had been in mental turmoil found psychoanalysis not only helpful but often life-saving, or to use a religious term, redemptive.

Yet fads give way to new fads, and sometimes to counterfads. In recent years an antipsychiatry attitude has spread, a glorification of the odd, the exceptional, and even, alas, the crazy; a cult of madness—as if losing one's mind is the way to come to one's senses. The British psychiatrist R. D. Laing has in some, but only some, of his writings lent intellectual assistance to such a trend. The counterculture has thrived on turning everything upside-down, defying customs, shaking a fist at conventions. And excessive expectations of psychiatry, along with fatuous claims for it, not surprisingly have been followed by disappointments, a progressive sense of disenchantment.

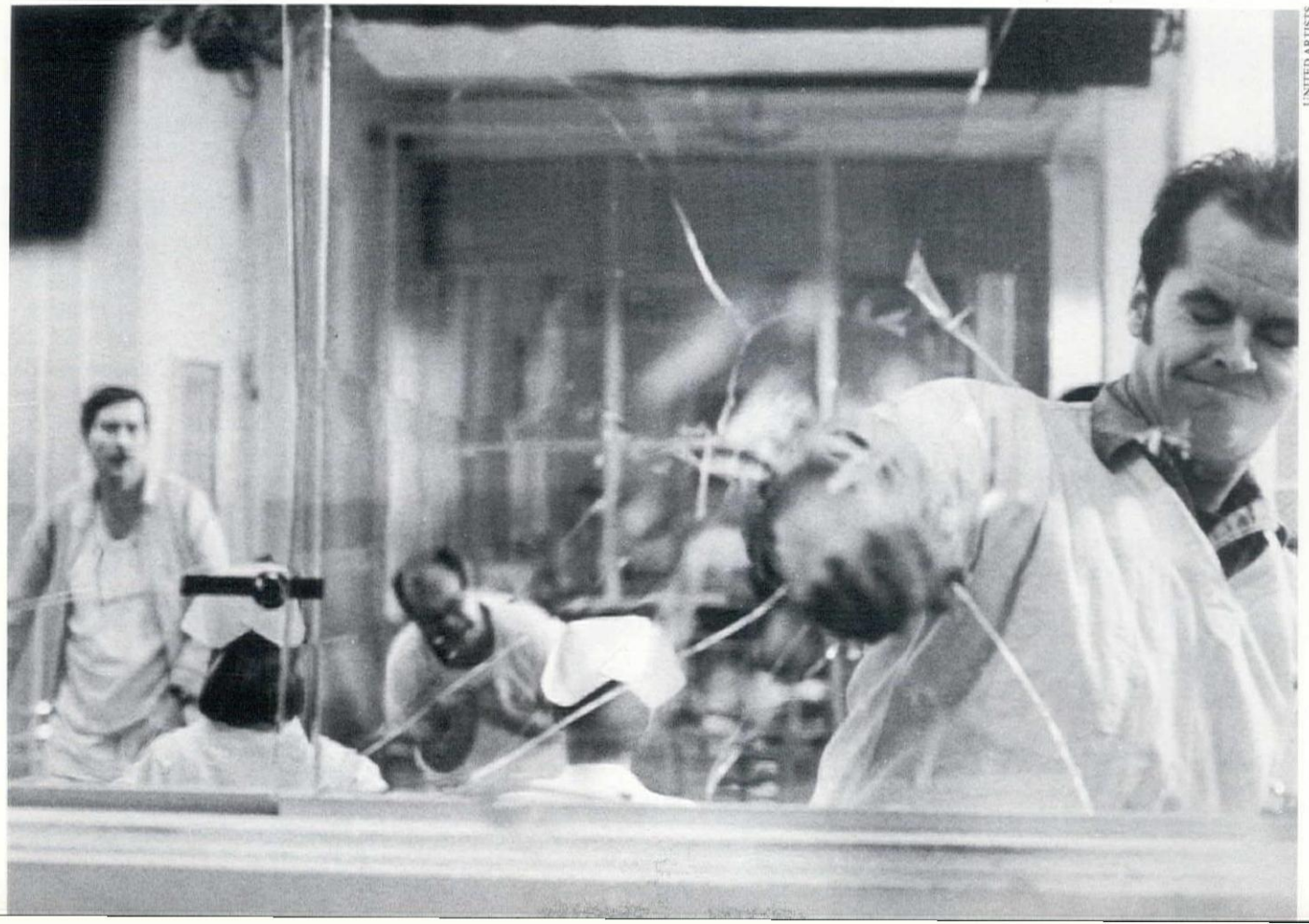
Yet Freud never promised us a rose garden; he was a stoic, and only wanted to understand more clearly what he and others were about, in the hope that we would be less at the mercy of what we have "forgotten" or repressed. For moviemakers and moviegoers to turn on psychoanalytic psychiatry as if it is a monstrous lie or part of an inhumane instrument of mind control; to picture psychiatrists in general as oppressive or deadened, or lacking in imagination and intelligence, or craven and mean-spirited; to find truth in or to exalt as a desirable life style the pain and sadness and terrible confusion of madness—all of that is to reveal how reactive we of this century can be, how lost in the shifting sands of the chic.

• • •

True, there are idiot shrinks, cruel or narrow-minded ones, as is the case in every profession. True, some seriously deranged people can also have luminous moments of insight. But mental hospitals are hardly bristling with ignored poets, novelists, artists, composers. Mainly they harbor people whose anguish deserves the compassion rather than the silly, ecstatic approval, the cheap hurrahs, of those lucky enough to be living on the outside with some degree of mental coherence.

It is, yes, *outrageous* to romanticize

As McMurphy, Jack Nicholson strikes a blow for the rights of his fellow inmates in One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest.



UNITED ARTISTS



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

Doctors and patients: *In Alfred Hitchcock's* Spellbound, *made 32 years ago, Ingrid Bergman is a capable psychiatrist who solves the mysteries of the mind.*



UNITED ARTISTS

In Equus *Richard Burton treats and cures Peter Firth, but he questions the moral integrity of the process and of his profession.*



NEW WORLD PICTURES

In Rose Garden *Kathleen Quinlan and psychiatrist Bibi Andersson reveal both the tenuous aspects of psychotherapy and the good that can conceivably result.*

a severely psychotic woman and a shrill, hyped-up transvestite, to see them not as they are—nor even as disturbed as they acknowledge themselves to be—but instead as reflections of ourselves. The two characters in the film are indeed lost souls. When suburban couples or university students or young city professionals come out of *Outrageous* full of a self-centered identification with them, they cheapen the characters as well as themselves.

"We're all lonely and a little peculiar," I heard a Cambridge viewer say upon leaving the theater. There is arrogance and greed in such an assertion—an assumption that no one's experience is beyond such a person's demanding, assimilative reach; a damning of the lousy shrinks who (with what might be called common sense) insist that there *are* differences between people, between those whose heads are relatively sound and those in psychological disarray. How convenient to make the shrink a fool, or a witch, or a storm trooper; or an aging, self-doubting man mesmerized by a youth who viciously assaults animals and who may, for all we know (and we ought to be asked to contemplate the distinct possibility), next turn his murderous wrath on human beings.

• • •

Of these movies, only *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* grants us a measured, honorable look at what psychiatry can do, given the time and the personal commitments of a decent doctor and a patient who decides to be helped. One can only hope that such a view of psychiatry, at once tempered and informed by the experience and respect earned every day in hospitals, offices, and clinics, will survive the flashy, indulgent excesses of other films. We deserve to be in touch with good judgment, a sense of proportion, and an awareness of complexity when considering madness or any other aspect of human life. □

Dr. Robert Coles, a child psychiatrist with Harvard University Health Services, is author of Children of Crisis, *of which volumes 4 and 5 are published this month.*

Art as Big as All Outdoors

On billboards, walls, and highway underpasses, artists are boldly changing the look of cities



MARK RENNIE—COURTESY EYES AND EARS FOUNDATION

Art fills the air: Jack Frost's moonscape, part of the Eyes & Ears Festival in San Francisco, November 1977.

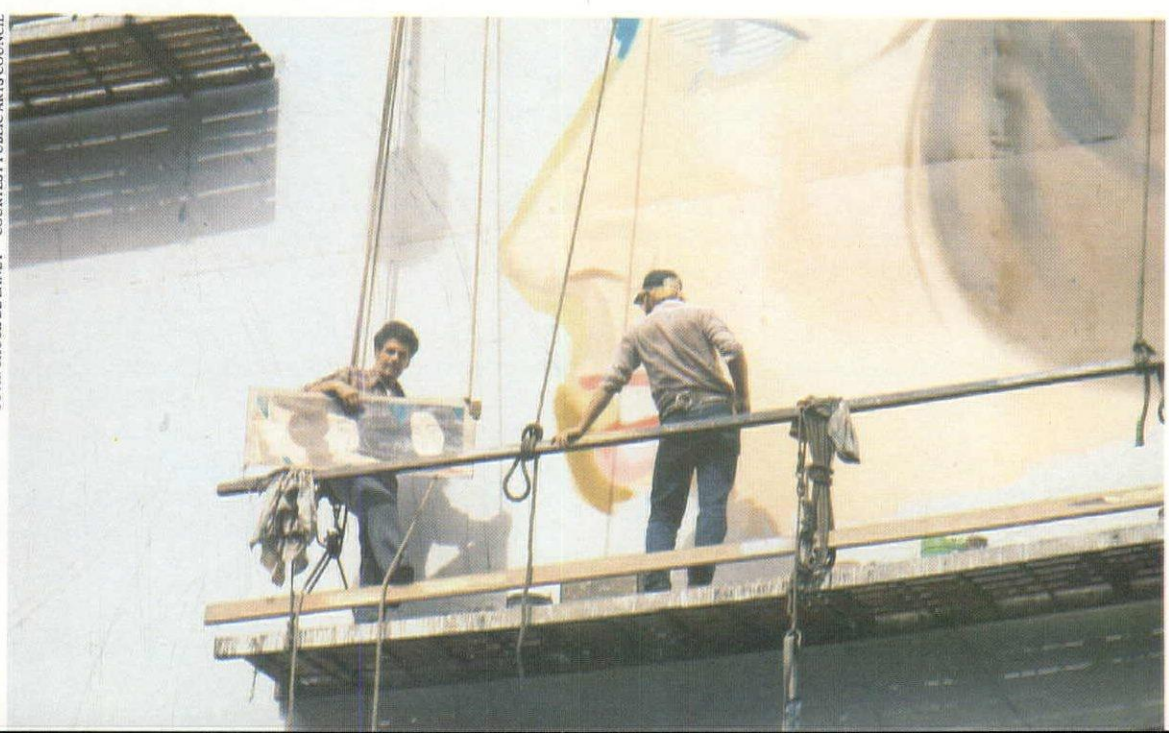
There was a time not long ago when art was a museum monopoly and all paintings were near-sacred objects in gilt frames. But now a walk or ride around any big city (and many smaller ones) brings into view giant paintings sprawled across sides of buildings and canvases stretched over streetside billboards. America's urban landscape seems to be turning into a museum on walls.

To be sure, the appeal of most of the nation's billboards is commercial rather than aesthetic. But even these have traditionally employed techniques (flat washes of color, bold outlines) and used tricks (tension between word and image) that in recent decades have fertilized the fine arts. Works such as James Rosenquist's pop art paintings of the early 1960s were perceived as distinctly modern in style and outlook by people who never gave billboards a second thought. Yet Rosenquist was profoundly influenced by these very billboards—he had, in fact, painted dozens of them before devoting himself to "serious" art.

The most powerfully expressive public paintings, however, are made by neither fine nor commercial artists but by Chicanos working together in art collectives. In the spirit of the great Mexican muralists Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros, they have created works of dazzling color and mythic form that brighten the barrio and tell a communal story.

Professional sign painters on the scaffold below executed the 240-foot-long panorama of portraits designed by Alex Katz. It cost $14,000 and will play Times Square for two years.

BOTH: CHUCK DE LANEY—COURTESY PUBLIC ARTS COUNCIL



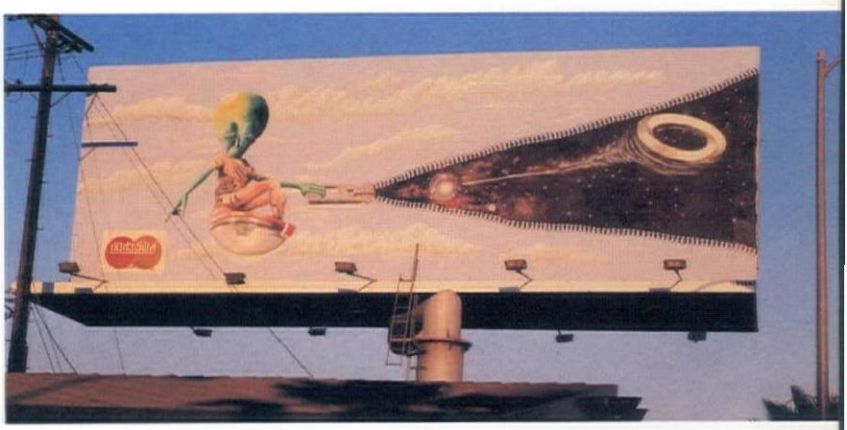
Fresh-Air Shows

One night a couple of months ago a man flying into New York City looked down and saw his girl friend's face; it had been painted, 20 times larger than life, on a tower in Times Square (opposite, above). Most of us won't have so personal a reaction to the portraits, but we can appreciate the images of freshness and innocence the young women's faces impart to a section of the city not noted for those qualities. The response of Alex Katz to his own work is, not surprisingly, aesthetic: "It's lovely," he says, "seeing a painting against the sky."

The paintings on this page and on page 23 were selected from two billboard shows by California artists, one in Los Angeles last February, featuring nine 16′ x 50′ works, the other last November in San Francisco, consisting of 17 canvases of varying sizes. Acknowledging California's drive-in ethos, the Eyes & Ears Foundation, which sponsored both exhibitions, integrated art with environment by turning the cities into drive-through galleries. Last year as many people saw the billboards as glimpsed the country's biggest museum draw, *Treasures of Tutankhamun*—without standing in line or, in most cases, even leaving their cars. The megacanvases will tour the country, and Eyes & Ears plans a new show of billboards for New York.



William Wiley's conceptual art benefits from being writ large.

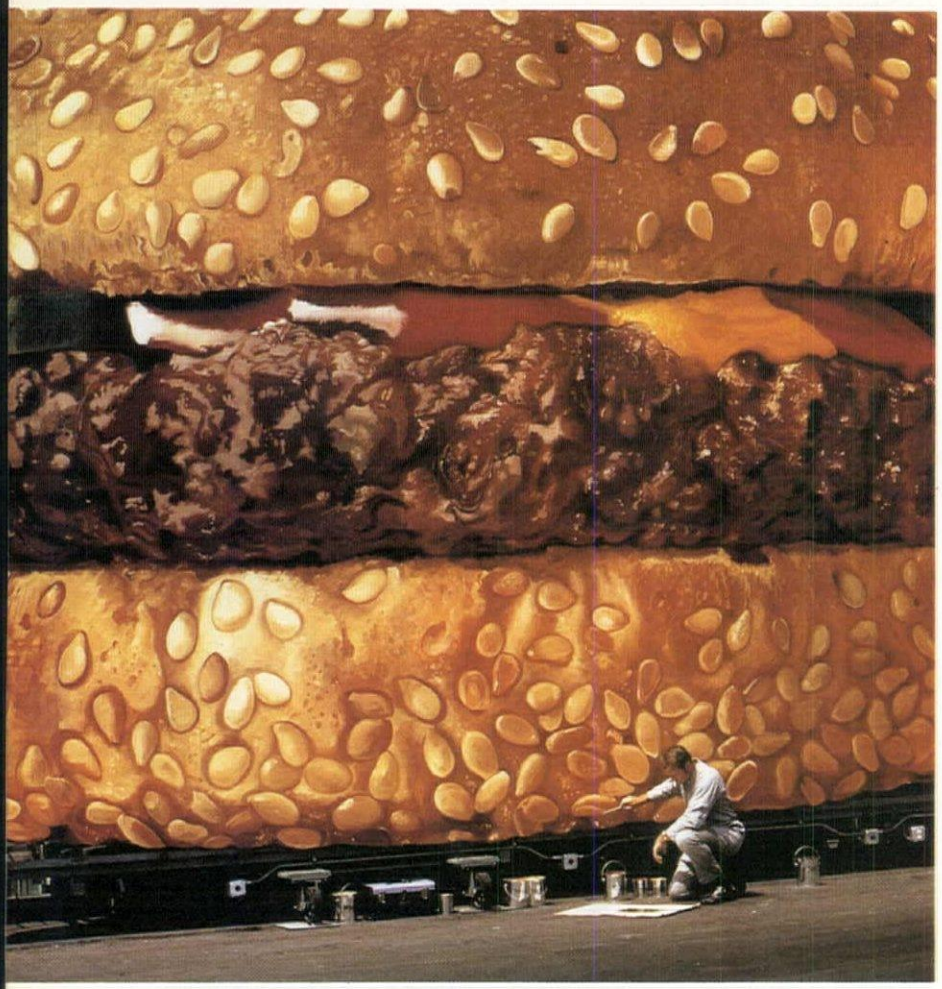


Paul Whitehead suggests the intergalactic ease of charge card travel.



ALL: MARK RENNIE—COURTESY EYES AND EARS FOUNDATION

Masashi Matsumoto's doors owe their shock value to their second-story context.



It takes a lot of technique to make sure a Big Mac looks juicy, not greasy.

Hand-painted Billboards

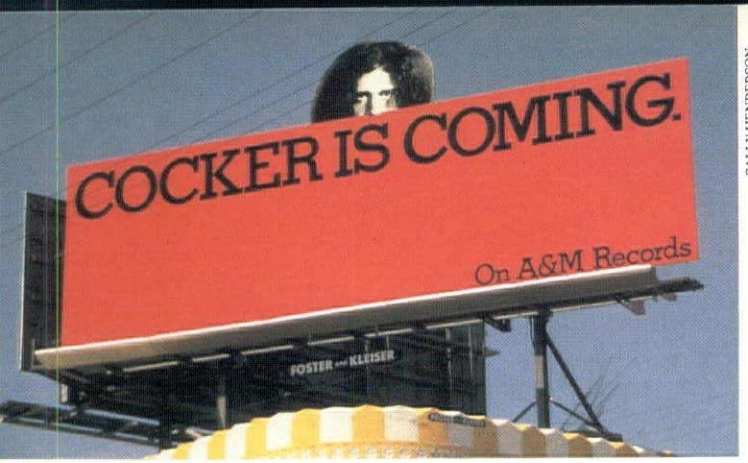
In most areas of contemporary art," writes the gimlet-eyed urban observer Tom Wolfe, "commercial designers are now a good decade ahead of serious (i.e., fashionable) artists—as artists." The anonymous commercial painters shown on this page putting finishing touches to their works are masterful practitioners in the photorealist manner.

Probably the most spectacularly creative examples of commercial art are the large-scale (14′ x 48′), one-of-a-kind billboards on Los Angeles's Sunset Strip; a selection of them is shown on the opposite page. Because they are not selling a product to the average consumer but advertising music and music makers to media cognoscenti, they by-pass the hard sell for subtleties that approach the esoteric (as a forthcoming book, *Sunset Sightings*, by Sally Henderson, points out). For example, one billboard (bottom left) bears no written message at all. It is a "sequential" board: it first appeared with the cover of Cat Stevens's latest album in its lower right corner, but here, in its second version, the cover is being painted out by a plywood figure resembling the singer. By then the record was already a hot item.

Does Charlie Brown's chef cook without gas? The Southern California Gas Co. supplies the Snoopyish answer.

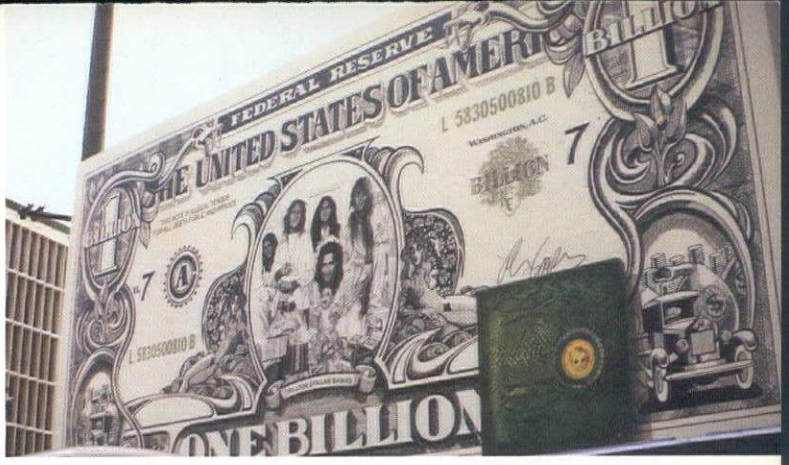
BOTH: SALLY HENDERSON



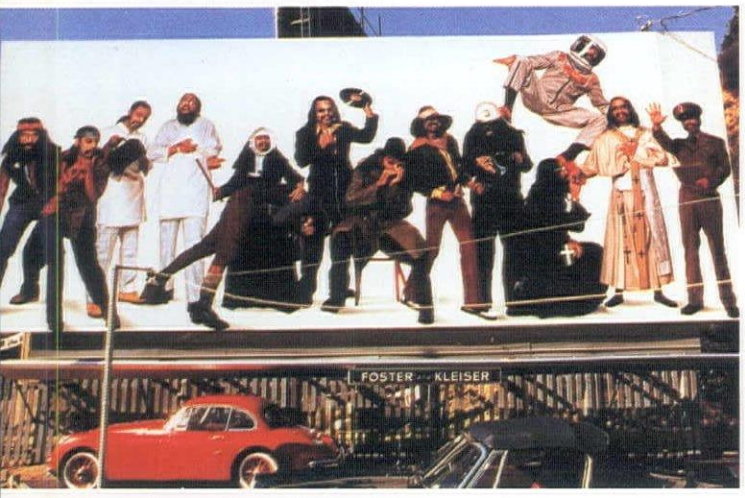


SALLY HENDERSON
ENVIRONMENTAL COMMUNICATIONS

In fact, Joe Cocker's just behind his billboard.



An ad for Alice Cooper's album, Billion Dollar Babies

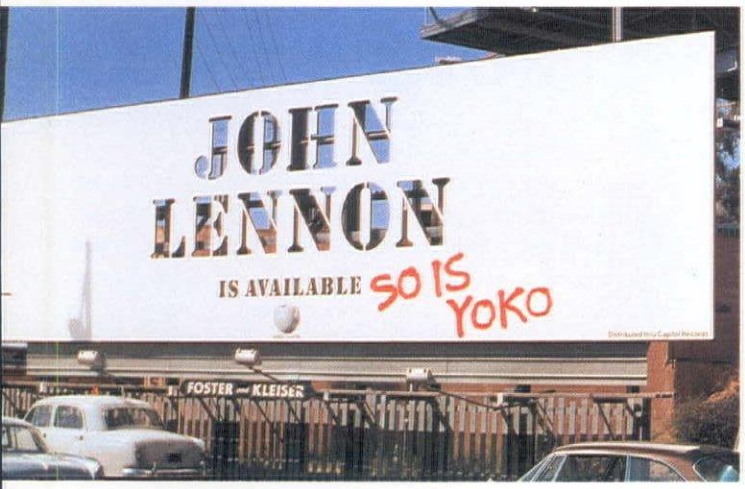


SALLY HENDERSON
ENVIRONMENTAL COMMUNICATIONS

This mad crew is comic duo Cheech and Chong in antic guises.

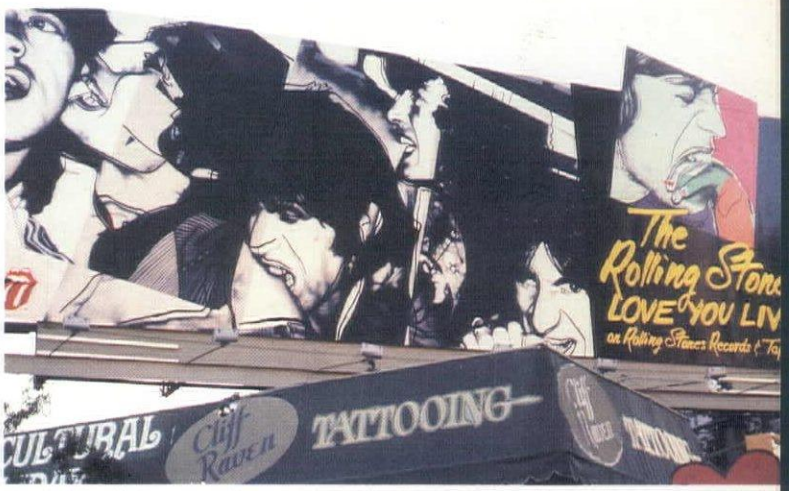


A British rock group gets a photorealist presentation.



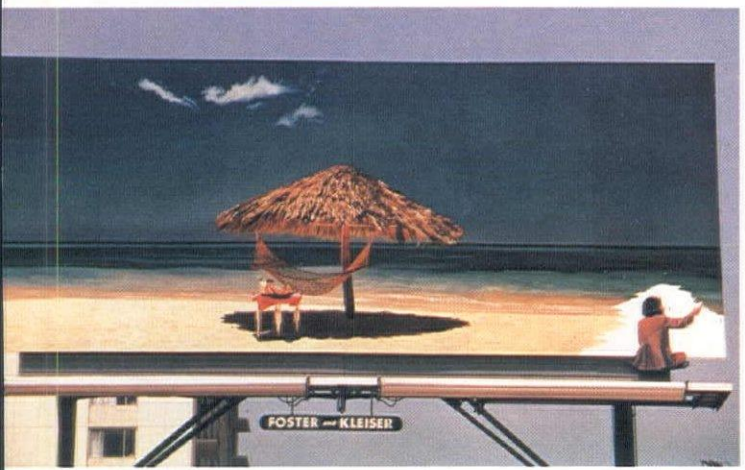
ENVIRONMENTAL COMMUNICATIONS

A little graffiti makes a good board better.



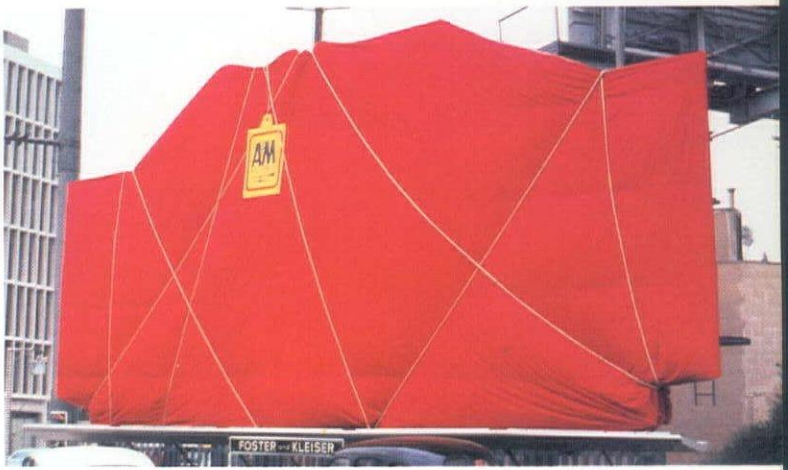
ROBERT LANDAU

Andy Warhol's record cover gives the Stones a board with bite.



ENVIRONMENTAL COMMUNICATIONS

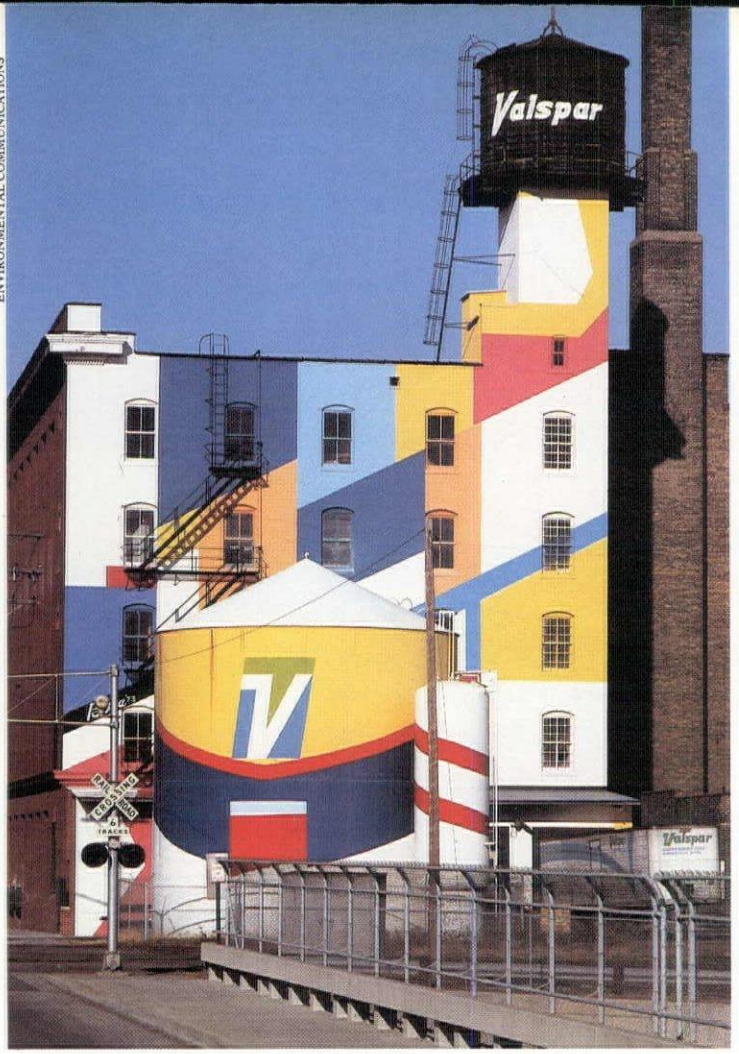
The plywood figure of Cat Stevens is twice the singer's size.



SALLY HENDERSON

A Rick Wakeman ad was revealed when the wrap came off.

Visual Effects

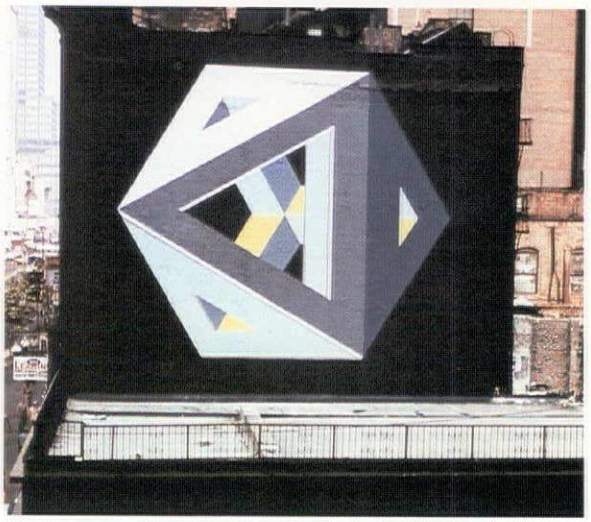


ENVIRONMENTAL COMMUNICATIONS

Demolition. *Peter Busa for Valspar Corporation, Minneapolis, 1973.*
Below: Lindy Squared, *On the Wall Productions, Saint Louis, 1977*



ENVIRONMENTAL COMMUNICATIONS

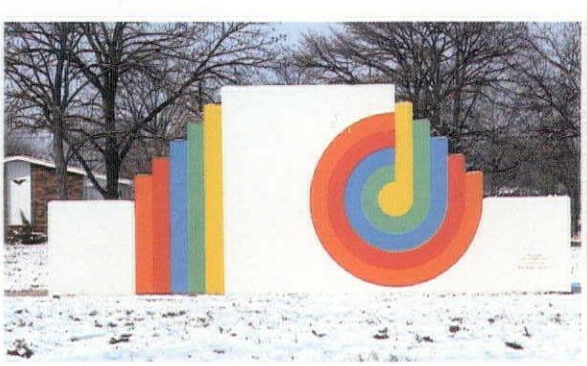


CITY WALLS INC.

Untitled design by Alvin Loving on 42d Street, 1973

One of the paintings that won Peter Busa a Fulbright to study art abroad appears on a brick building in Minneapolis (above left). Having seen big art on buildings in other cities, Angus Wurtele, chairman of Valspar Corporation and a member of the board of the Walker Art Center, was inspired to have Busa enliven his architecturally undistinguished corporate headquarters.

Wall art occurs in almost every contemporary style. Supergraphics are naturals for supersize surfaces: Alvin Loving's cool geometry (above) is one of more than 50 paintings sponsored in the New York metropolitan area by City Walls since artists founded it in 1967; thedesign Randy Kirk and Robert Burnett, then high-school students, submitted to an urban wall contest put brilliant colors on the end walls of an Indiana handball court (below). A computerized painting in Saint Louis, an abstraction when seen up close, at a distance resolves itself into a portrait of Charles A. Lindbergh (below left). Figurative designs in the Mexican muralist tradition have been adapted by Chicano artists to fit freeway struts (opposite, above). In a mural dedicated just last month (opposite, below), *trompe l'oeil* technique permits the Boston Architectural Center to offer a cut-away view of a palace.



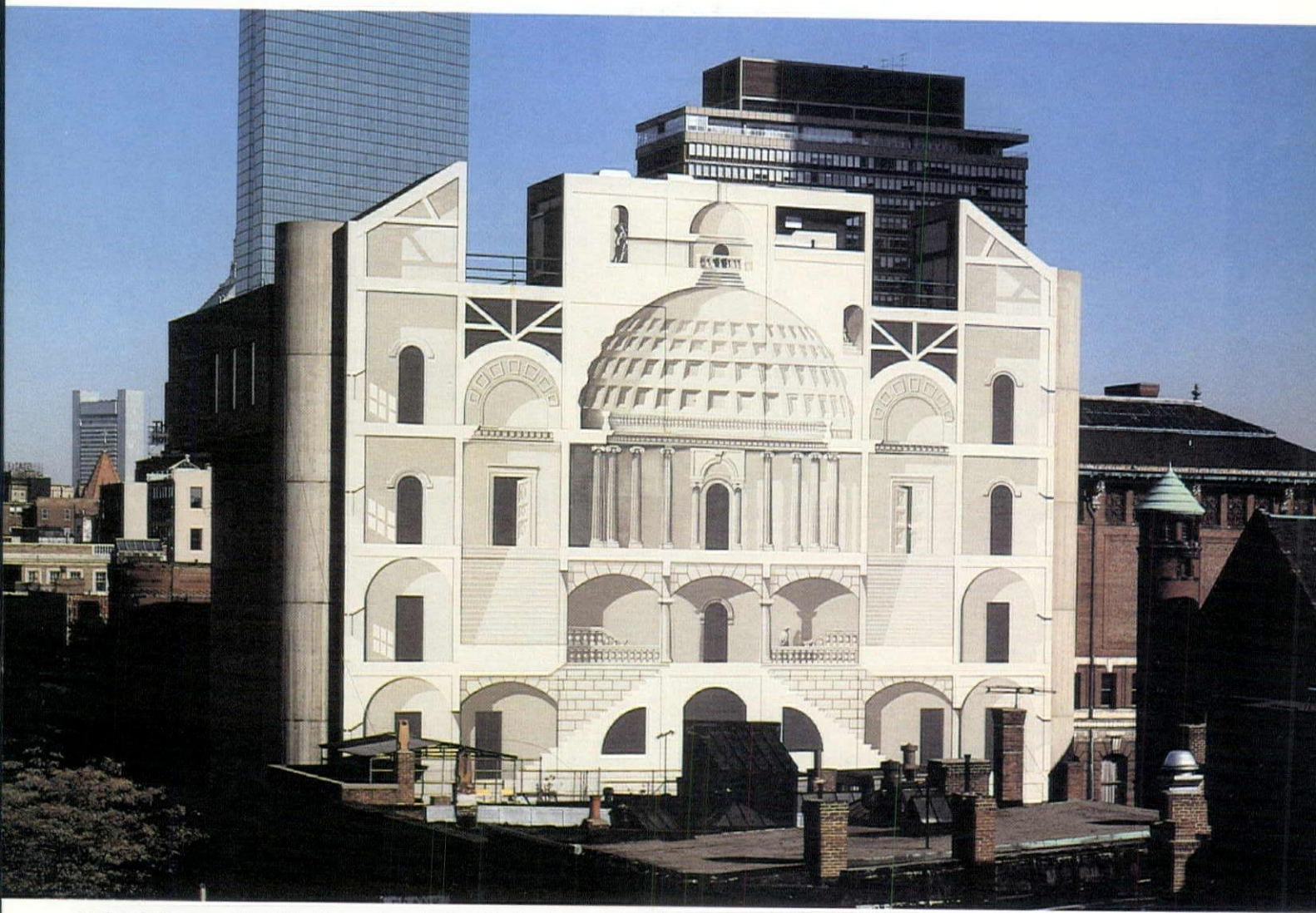
ENVIRONMENTAL COMMUNICATIONS

By Kirk and Burnett, Columbus, Indiana, 1975



ENVIRONMENTAL COMMUNICATIONS

When a freeway cut into their San Diego barrio, resident artists, the Toltecas en Aztlan, transformed it into an alfresco gallery.



Richard Haas provided the Beaux-Arts design; Seabord Outdoor Advertising painted it on Boston Architectural Center's west wall.

The Fearful and the Innocent

The author of *The Women's Room*, reporting on the Houston conventions, gives her judgment of two groups of American women

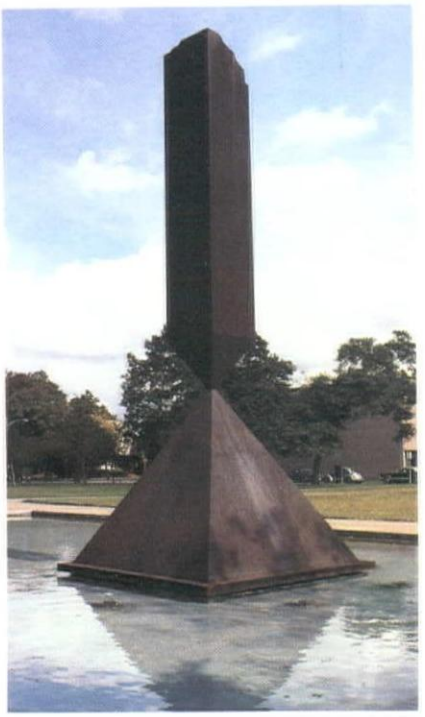
By MARILYN FRENCH

Houston, like many American cities, appears to have been constructed from a kit produced by the creators of the General Motors Futurama at the 1939 New York World's Fair. Concrete-and-glass towers and well-behaved clumps of trees dot the landscape, which is embraced by curving, sensuous sweeps of superhighway. It is an automobile manufacturer's dream (there is almost no public transportation) that takes for granted the continuing availability of a manmade environment, of control over nature.

There are no dwellings at all in the center of the city, no markets, and except for the women who came last November to attend the International Women's Year National Women's Conference, there were few people on the streets. The city was not built for walking. Its amenities—glass-walled elevators, sparkling lights, artificial plants, and restaurants that are supposed to imitate French cafés, British pubs, or Continental gourmet spots but that derive more from Hollywood than from Europe—are all indoors.

Houston is the home of the Astrodome and the Astroworld amusement park, of the Rothko Chapel and Barnett Newman's *Broken Obelisk*, which is dedicated to Martin Luther King, Jr. The last two comment on the prevailing ethos even as they participate in it. The Mark Rothko paintings are housed in a windowless brick interfaith chapel, cooled by a huge air conditioner set in the lawn, which fills the quiet neighborhood with a continual roar. They are dark, these paintings—huge, monotonous wine or brown-and-black panels offering the observer contemplation of oblivion, while the Newman sculpture, standing in a pool in the neat chapel garden, soars upward in assured technological thrust only to end in jagged failure long before it has reached its presumed goal.

Central Houston, glittering with newness, is also a clean city, and the few Houstonians one meets are open and friendly. Yet, despite its general friendliness, Houston was not entirely welcoming to the IWY conference. The day before it opened, Jerry Smith, a lawyer with the firm of Fulbright and Jaworski and the new Harris County Republican chairman, denounced the participants as "a gaggle of outcasts, misfits, and rejects" with "perverted views." On a back page of the Houston *Chronicle*, which reported his comments, was a story of the sentencing to 15 years in prison of George Daniels, who told his wife she should "have her brains blown out" for attending a union meeting instead of cooking his dinner, and then proceeded to do it.



Broken Obelisk *in Houston*

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Delegates to the IWY conference began arriving on Thursday, November 17, holding confirmed reservations either at the Hyatt Regency or the Sheraton-Houston, the two hotels in which most of the workshops of the conference were to take place. On the way to town, taxi drivers warned that there were no rooms, that the National Building Materials Association had extended their stay by an extra day and had left no accommodations at the Hyatt Regency for the women. And indeed whole delegations were turned away, among them those from Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Arizona, Virginia, California, Puerto Rico, and the District of Columbia. Hundreds of women who arrived on Thursday went without beds, or if they were lucky stood in line for hours waiting to be shipped to some motel across the sprawling city, where they ended up separated from their delegations.

The hotel managers, while admitting to some overbooking and a few lingering guests, blamed the women, who, they suggested carefully, had no experience in travel: they had held reservations for the 18th, the managers said, but had arrived on the 17th. (If this were so, all the women should easily have been handled next day, on the 18th, but they were not.) Lines of women, four deep, wound around the Hyatt Regency lobby from eight in the morning until midnight. Close to 1,000

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTINA THOMSON



Delegates to the National Women's Conference cheer a proposal favoring passage of the Equal Rights Amendment.

stood in line for six to ten hours; many were forced to go through the line two or three times before they finally got a room. Some women had to pay for their rooms in advance. Richard Nelson, a manager of the Hyatt Regency, claimed the long lines were caused by the women's "hysteria." I had been in and out all day and had spent several hours talking with women in the lobby, and had seen no hysteria. Well, he said, there had been an incident of pushing and a nasty retort to a bellhop.

Rooms were one problem; services and elevators were another. People waited twenty to thirty minutes for a down elevator or climbed down twenty-odd flights of stairs. When a man wearing a badge that said "engineer" forced his way rudely into an overcrowded elevator, one of the women teased him. "What a mess!" she laughed. "You're an engineer. Why don't you do something about it?" "It's you people," he retorted angrily. "You stand talking, holding the elevator doors open."

This, then, was the environment in which the conference began: hostile, difficult, and wearying, with the blame being laid on the women in stereotypic terms—women are ignorant, hysterical, and stand around gabbing. But perhaps no city in the country would have been entirely welcoming to the roughly 20,000 women who finally arrived in Houston; no city could guarantee freedom from sexist comment and attitudes. In any case, the response of the women was remarkable.

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Late Thursday night many goodhumoredly made plans to bunk together; some slept six or eight to a room. Audrey Colom, a hardworking commissioner of the conference, slept on the floor. She was not the only one. Twenty-four hours later, as women still stood queuing in the Hyatt lobby, some spelled each other in line while a few went out, found a friendly cab driver, and came back loaded with bags of hamburgers and Cokes for the others. Those waiting for elevators chatted easily with strangers. One group discovered that among their number was the lieutenant governor of New York, Mary Anne Krupsak. They gave the fact an appreciative "Oh!" but then returned easily, unawed, to the discussion. Everywhere one went there was laughter at the absurdity, the predictability of the mess. Everywhere there was good-natured cooperation. And the conferees did not allow the initial confusion and unpleasantness to deflect their energies: as soon as they had beds, showers, some food, and had found their delegations, they moved with dispatch to business.

Nevertheless, the situation at the hotels reflected the contradiction that lies at the heart of the women's movement, a paradox that cannot be dislodged and that pervaded the entire conference. This contradiction is the apparent irreconcilability of two modes of existence: that of virtue and that of power. In her keynote address to the conference, Representative Barbara Jordan asserted that women already possess virtue and must now move to acquire power. The intrinsic difficulty of doing this was not discussed by any of the speakers, but the problems of integrating power and virtue continually cropped up in concrete form. Some



Bringing the torch to Houston. Left, Susan B. Anthony, grandniece of the suffragist leader, and presiding officer Bella Abzug. Right, Betty Friedan

women suggested that if they had not been so accepting and agreeable, hotel officials would have been quicker to respond. Others thought they should have given the hotel clerks hell, or behaved pompously, or been unruly. "Yes," one woman sighed sadly. "But do we really want that? To behave like men?" The group around her pondered, silently.

The moral division of virtue and power and the assignment of the first quality to women, the second to men, is ancient and is connected with, among other things, women's bearing and nursing of children and men's training for hunting and war. The split in roles that has structured civilization for thousands of years has been perpetuated on the grounds of efficiency: men, through war and rulership, provide the means whereby a culture survives; women, through procreation and service, assure the ends of that culture—its continuation in children and in a safe, nurturing, and pleasant living place, a home. But the moral schizophrenia implicit in this dichotomy has, as often as not, resulted in the obliteration or the forgetting of ends, in the transformation of means into their own ends, in power that is designed to extend and maintain only power.

This perception lies at the root of feminism. But so deeply is the moral split ingrained in our traditions, our artifacts, our thinking, and our language, that both personal and cultural upheaval are required to imagine the integration of the two qualities.

There were two conferences held in Houston on November 18–21, 1977. One opened with a moving ceremony—the delivery of a torch that had been carried to Houston from Seneca Falls, New York, by 2,000 different runners—and proceeded in parliamentary session at the Sam Houston Coliseum to consider resolutions on 26 issues of deep concern to women, such as child abuse, child care, battered wives, the Equal Rights Amendment, abortion, and minority rights. This conference, government-financed by $5 million (a fraction of what the Republicans and Democrats spend on their political conventions), was made up of delegates elected in 50 state and 6 territorial conventions. To this observer's eye, at least one-third of the women were from minorities, and there were also substantial groups of elderly women, disabled women, and supporters of gay rights. Some women came with their children, for whom free day care was provided. In some cases expenses were paid by IWY, allowing poor as well as middle-class women to attend. There were political, government, and business leaders from all over the country, but 50 per cent of the women had never before attended a convention, and many had never before participated in a political process other than voting. It was probably the most diverse group of women ever assembled.

Across the city, with headquarters at the Ramada Inn, another group gathered—not just women but whole families. Women, men, and children, they came by the thousands on chartered buses and jammed into the Astro Arena Saturday afternoon for speeches, gospel singing, country music, and sermons. Most were members of conservative groups and religious organizations. There were few blacks or members of other minorities. More than half the speakers were men, and the emphasis of the meeting was on the Bible. The people gathered around Phyllis Schlafly's anti-ERA banner and raised their own, declaring themselves profamily, prolife.

And indeed they are. They too believe in virtue and feel they possess it. They too want to assert the importance of a safe, nurturing living place, want to protect their children and the women who create and maintain the home. But their focus is such that they perceive the women of the IWY conference as inimical and threatening. They see feminists as concerned only with power—power in the world, power over their own bodies, power to live individualistic emotional and economic lives. They are frightened by what seems to them a massive defection by women from "women's" values and from the traditional nutritive, compassionate, dependent female role.

They listen to their speakers as if they were authorities, credulously and in fear. The master of ceremonies introduces each in similar fashion, as someone "who believes like we do." One speaker cries out, "Only the good Lord can deliver you from homosexuality," and the crowd roars. A Vietnam veteran, a Green Beret, equates the IWY women with communists and subversives, warns that another war is inevitable, and announces after a meaningful pause, in triumphant voice, that the volunteer army is a failure. The single congressman in attendance emphasizes his singularity and the presence on the stage of the IWY conference of Rosalynn Carter and two former first ladies, who support, as he describes it, sexual license. In fact, sex is the bugaboo, the pervasive underlying terror, the temptation that opens

the gates of hell. Sex threatens both virtue and power and is, after all, what connects the genders that exemplify those qualities.

The literature of the prolifers contains titillating references to sexual devices supposedly sold, and outrageous sexual acts supposedly performed, by lesbians at the state meetings that preceded the national conference. The imaginations of the thousands of people packed into the hall are febrile with sex. Only traditional family structure and strong male control can protect the women and children from abandoning themselves to its overwhelming and sinful allure.

They uphold what they call Biblical/patriarchal values against what they call humanist/feminist values intended to "restructure society." It is impossible to stand among them without sympathy. Inadequate and unsatisfying as present roles may be, unsuccessful as present institutions may be at guarding the "feminine" values they cherish, these frightened people cling to whatever exists because something is better than nothing. Impersonal, intrusive categorization compresses and compiles their lives on computer tape. Human control over nature threatens to obliterate human ties to nature; it is extended even to that most recalcitrant area, fertility in women. Sex will soon be, indeed already is, something that can now be indulged in just for fun. The group in the Astro Arena are willing to submit to any kind of patriarchal demand to avoid such sexual freedom.

The antifeminists stand together, tightly bound to each other by the impotence they feel in the face of the world around them. They have no faith that "feminine" values can support themselves, and insufficient imagination to conceive of virtue and power integrated. They have an embattled air; they watch bitterly as other women, who are supposed to be their allies—who, indeed, claim some similar values—fire torpedoes directly at their already sinking ship. It does not occur to them that feminists are firing not at them but at their enemies; that if feminists support abortion, it is because the alternative is not the end of abortion but *illegal* abortion; that if feminists exhort government to act on their proposals, it is as much as anything else an exhortation that institutions shift their focus to women and children as people rather than as property.

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Meanwhile, the wicked women on the other side of town were cheering every proposal that showed concern for the disinherited. They cheered for the disabled, the elderly, the battered wives, the rights of minorities. Every spoken word was interpreted in sign language by two experts onstage. By the end of the conference the delegates had passed a plan that, if it could be put into action, would lay the foundation for heaven on earth. So much on the side of the angels, they did not as a group seem to have any sense that most of what they were doing was exercising virtue, not power (although no doubt some individuals were aware of this, as were newspaper editors who relegated reports of the Houston conference to the women's pages).

Sitting for hours through the tedious parliamentary business, the delegates felt they were doing something important, in which, moreover, they believed. They were, as a group, politically naive and argued over each plank, passed each plank but one, as if those planks were being nailed down firmly to a foundation. As a group they were innocent. It never seemed to occur to them that the proposals, argued over, carefully phrased, causes at times of tremendous division among the women, were just that—proposals. They were designing the new world, creating a blueprint for utopia, and their joy, their innocence, their enthusiasm waved over the hall like a strong sweet wind. They felt that the rightness of their values and the power of their combined voices would inevitably succeed.

When the proposal for "sexual preference," a euphemism for lesbian rights, was passed, hundreds of colored balloons reading "We Are Everywhere" were released to float above the huge auditorium. They were symbolic of the whole conference: beautiful but vulnerable ideals for human possibility.

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But after all why should cynical, disappointed minds refuse to entertain a possibility? It is just possible that the conferees' delighted conviction in their own power and rightness, their joy in the communality of women with similar values, and their enthusiasm for humane proposals can indeed wash over more space than that of the Sam Houston Coliseum, can sweep across the country like a Nile flood, unabating, unopposable, and leaving in its wake acres of land richly fertile, waiting for the next planting. However skeptical of political process one may be, however much one doubts the possibility of the integration of virtue and power, how can one wish them anything but the warm bloom of a new crop, fat ears of corn? □

Marilyn French lives near Boston and is at work on a book of intellectual history.



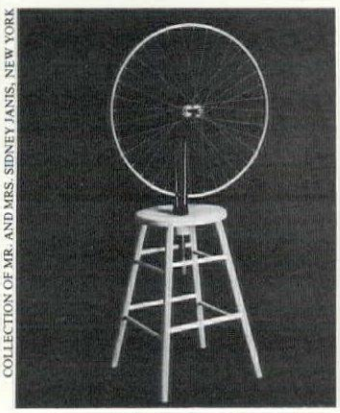
The counterconvention: members of the profamily coalition

EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY

PAST PERFECT

Brickbats and Favorites

The London *Times Literary Supplement* started it all. Last January, on the occasion of its 75th anniversary, the *TLS* published a survey of 43 leading writers and critics giving their opinions of the world's most overrated and most underrated



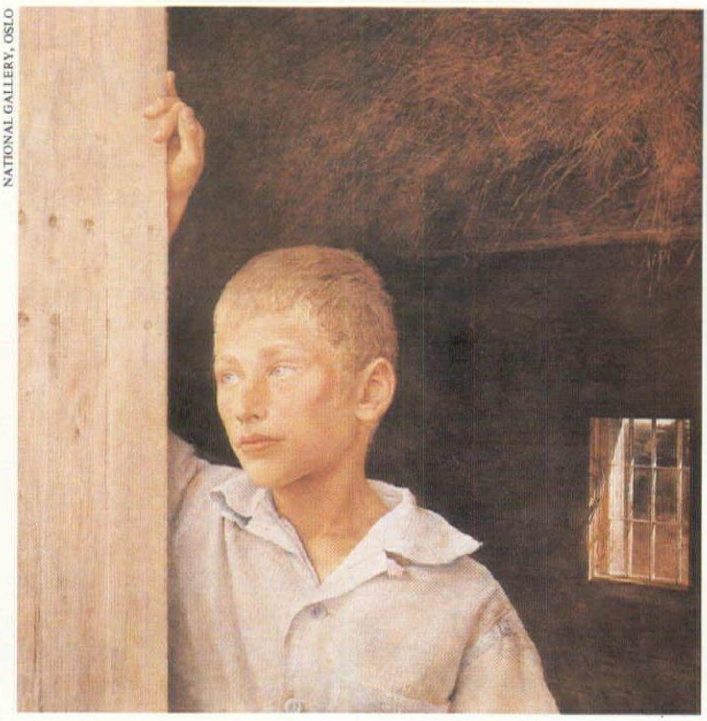
COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY JANIS, NEW YORK

Duchamp's Bicycle Wheel, *1951*

writers. *Esquire* magazine followed suit with its survey of the ups and downs of modern American literary reputations. Then, this past November, *ARTnews*, celebrating its own 75th anniversary, featured a poll of 36 prominent art historians, museum directors, and critics, who offered their choices of the most overrated and underrated artists of the 20th century.

Marcel Duchamp drew the most brickbats: "Duchamp's apotheosis is a matter of intellectual cultism," said curator Maurice Tuchman, who was one of six respondents listing the father of antiart as the most overrated artist of our time. Andrew Wyeth got three votes as the most overrated (but art historian Robert Rosenblum slyly named Wyeth in both the over- and under- categories, without further explanation). Andy Warhol and pop art, predictably, were picked as overrated by three, and Marc Chagall, Salvador Dali, Alexander Calder, and Henry Moore were each cited by two.

Not surprisingly, there was no agreement in the underrated category. Many of the art gurus had a favorite lesser-known artist to promote; some were so obscure that the *ARTnews* editors had to append biographical information about them. A few authorities couldn't bring themselves to play the game at all: George Sadek, dean of the Cooper Union School of Art and Architecture, declined "for two good reasons. First, I am not an art historian. Second, I am a coward." E. H. Gombrich ducked it also; and H. W. Janson thought about the poll for two months, and then wrote his regrets: "I am afraid I'll spend too many sleepless nights tossing and turning if I accept your invitation."



NATIONAL GALLERY, OSLO

Also among the overrated, Andrew Wyeth (here: Albert's Son, *1959)*

Antidotes from Ionesco

In his new book, *Antidotes*, published recently in France, Eugene Ionesco sounds a little like a preacher shouting doom at an unheeding crowd on a windy day. Indeed, it is a little difficult to know why he bothers to shout at all, since he is on record as believing that we are all engaged in "dialogues of the deaf."

Nonetheless, in this collection of 65 mordant essays, interviews, fragments, and autobiographical notes, dating from the last ten years, Ionesco tries to express something of the "daily horror" of his own and his readers' existence. He is a man, he tells us, "born rebellious" and constitutionally "against." Against revolution, "that old moth-eaten myth." Against communism, "the greatest swindle of the century." Against the universal "ideological diseases of thinking only in adopted ideas and speaking only in propagandistic slogans." He even insists that he belongs to the French Academy for the sole purpose of voting against.

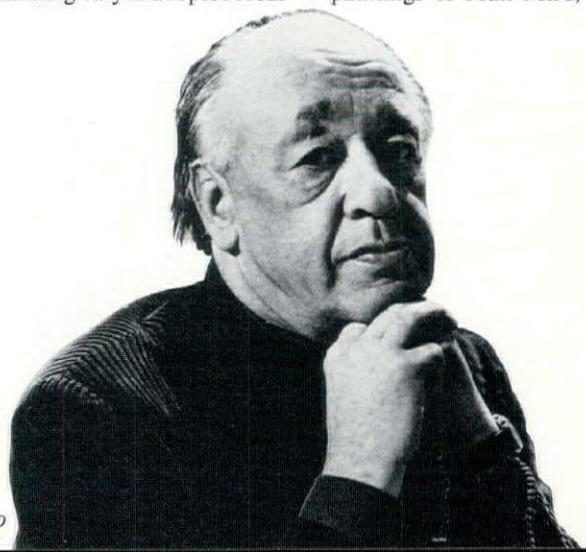
Ionesco professes to believe that "reason is the most dangerous madness," because it gives man the illusion he is solving problems; and that words are "no longer able to convey the universal atrocity" of modern life.

Why then does he write?

Because, says Ionesco, he has the ludicrous idea that "the world is my business and I must fix everything, clarify everything, even though I am not very clear myself."

Still France's most widely performed living playwright, Ionesco has gone in and out of critical favor a number of times since he inaugurated the theater of the absurd with his "antiplay," *The Bald Soprano*, in 1950. The predominantly leftist intellectual community has become largely disenchanted with Ionesco since discovering that his surreal vision, his laughter that fades to a titter, his visual images that slice too fast for pain, are, in fact, directed as much at the left and the rebellious young as at the world of the bourgeoisie.

In or out of favor, Ionesco goes his own unfettered way. At 65, he lives with his wife and daughter in a modest Paris apartment, surrounded by the paintings of Joan Miró, whose



©CARLOS FREIRE

Eugene Ionesco

dry, disjointed style he finds the closest visual analogue to his own writings. He is a small, round-faced man with astonished eyes and an air of quiet despair. His favorite word is *anguish*, which he believes is both the natural state of man and also the source of his own appeal. He tries, he says, to "communicate our collective anguish" by listening to his dreams—for "dreams are truth." But he professes to believe in "no truth other than the finality of death," and to be bewildered by his own success. "I don't understand success or failure," says Ionesco. "In any case, neither one is important."

Encore for 42d Street

New York's West 42d Street, which has been transformed in recent years by pimps, prostitutes, and sex shows into a pornographic bog, may soon regain some of its former glory as the center of theatrical life in the city.

A program of seminars, walking tours, films, and photographs, sponsored by the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, recently sparked public interest as well as considerable media coverage of the area and its heritage.

Meanwhile, extensive construction in the area suggests that 42d Street is cleaning up its act. Work continues on a new Port Authority bus terminal at the corner of Eighth Avenue. And farther west toward the Hudson River, Theater Row—six derelict low-rise buildings—has been converted into a complex of offices, rehearsal halls, classrooms, and five showcase theaters. The project, which was built at an estimated cost of $950,000, will open its doors early this month, bringing to the area a cross-section of theater companies including the South Street Theater, the Harlem Children's Theater Company, and International Arts Relations, Inc., a Hispanic group. And across the street, Manhattan Plaza, an attractive high-rise apartment development completed last June, provides low-cost housing for 2,100 performing artists (Woody Allen and producer Michael Butler also have offices there).

Although cleaning up 42d Street has been a perennial rallying cry for campaigning politicians, most new construction has occurred not through government initiative but rather through private, nonprofit organizations such as the 42d Street Redevelopment Corporation, headed by Frederic Papert. According to Papert, government action has been designed mostly to attract publicity: "If we had a dollar for every broom put in Celeste Holm's hands to kick off a cleanup," he says, "we'd never have to ask any politician for money." But Papert is encouraged by the real advances, and feels confident that 42d Street—"a tainted legend, but a legend nonetheless"—will make a comeback.

Hipped on Nudes

In the 1880s Thomas Eakins scandalized his native Philadelphia by using nude models in his classes at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Yet, although he thought the unadorned human figure one of nature's greatest achievements, Eakins painted few nudes, and in those few paintings the figures were almost always partially covered or posed with considerable modesty. However, Eakins was also a gifted photographer, and it was in his photographic experiments that he felt freer to explore the artistic possibilities of the nude.



SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, INC.

Male Nudes in Standing Tug of War *by Thomas Eakins, circa 1883*

Thirteen of these exquisite photographs turned up recently in a collection of 21 original Eakins prints from the Olympia Galleries of Philadelphia, which were subsequently sold in November at Sotheby Parke Bernet in New York. The highest price ever paid for a photograph at the gallery—$11,000—came from Manhattan art dealer James Maroney, for one of the collection's three photographs of nude women. These prints are especially rare because most of Eakins's studies of female nudes were destroyed by a family friend after the painter's wife died, to protect his reputation.

The collection also included ten striking photographs of nude men outdoors in exuberant athletic poses: boxing, wrestling, or playing tug of war on the grass; or cavorting along the shore, in studies for Eakins's famous oil painting *The Swimming Hole* (one of these sold for $9,000).

In 1886, a few years after these photographs were taken, Eakins insisted on using a nude male model in a women's class at the academy, a move that resulted in his resignation and the formation in protest of the Art Students' League of Philadelphia. In defense of his teaching methods he wrote: "In lecturing upon the pelvis, which is in an artistic sense the very basis of the movement and balance of the figure, I should use the nude model. . . . I am sure that the study of anatomy is not going to benefit any grown person who is not willing to see or be seen seeing the naked figure."

Eakins's straightforward attitude did little to mitigate his scandalous reputation. One day he said to a young female model in his studio, "You have a nice back, much like that of a boy. I would like to paint you nude." As she later reported, "His manner was so simple, so honest that I said, 'Well, I shall ask my mother and see.' My mother did not forbid it, but said it would be better not to on the whole, that Tom Eakins was somewhat hipped on nudes."



BYRON COLLECTION, MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

The old Belasco Theater on 42d Street, about 1900

José, Jason, and Gene

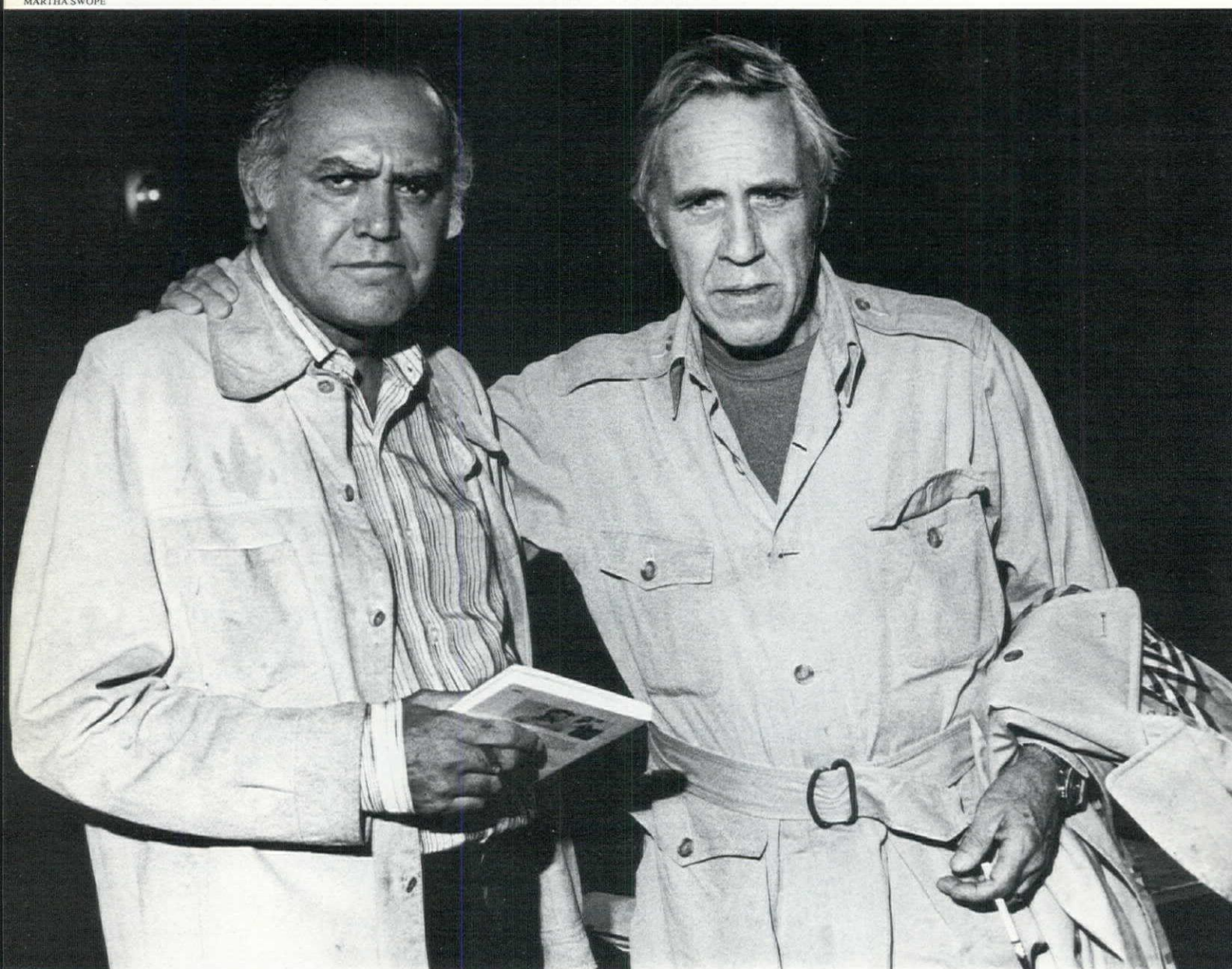
How an inspired director and a versatile actor have kept O'Neill's late, great plays alive

By STEVE LAWSON

"Born in a hotel room—and God damn it—died in a hotel room!" It was late 1953, and Eugene O'Neill was gasping out his famous last words. That same year, a young actor named Jason Robards, Jr., teamed up for the first time with an equally young director, José Quintero, in an obscure off-Broadway production. Within three years these two novices would accomplish the positioning of O'Neill as the foremost American dramatist and the making of their own reputations in the theater.

European drama is strewn with names of actors and directors closely identified with great playwrights. But this country has rarely witnessed a symbiosis comparable to that of

MARTHA SWOPE



José Quintero (left) and Jason Robards, Jr., setting to work on their most recent O'Neill revival, A Touch of the Poet, *now on Broadway*

O'Neill, Robards, and Quintero, an interdependence in which the writer inspired two considerable careers and in which the actor and director rescued the writer from possible oblivion. Quintero's production of *A Touch of the Poet*, now playing on Broadway and featuring Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker, marks the fifth O'Neill collaboration between Quintero and Robards since their landmark 1956 off-Broadway revival of *The Iceman Cometh*. Clearly, if these two men have their way, it will by no means be the last.

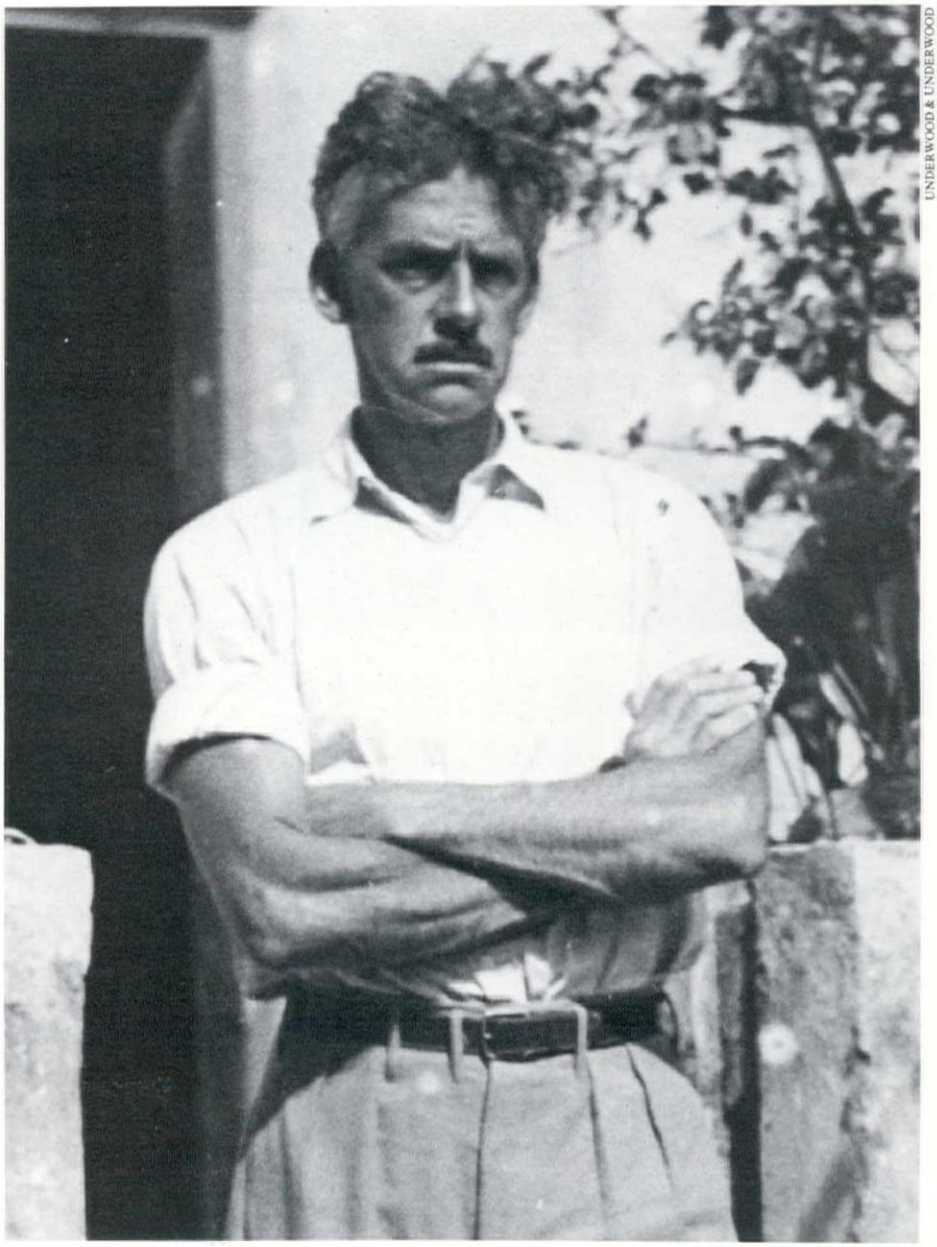
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Few careers in American letters have been subject to such a mixed bag of adulation, vilification, and misinterpretation as that of Eugene Gladstone O'Neill. Born in 1888, the younger son of a matinee idol, James O'Neill, and a middle-class girl with a convent upbringing, Mary Ellen Quinlan, Eugene endured a tempestuous childhood. A peculiar blend of love and hate seems to have been the animating impulse within the O'Neill family, and from young Eugene's point of view it took the form of affection for his mother mitigated by shame at her addiction to morphine (a habit begun at the time of his birth); an adoration of his older brother, Jamie, tempered by awareness of Jamie's jealousy toward him; and a grudging admiration for his actor-father's reputation mixed with contempt for a man who could play a hackneyed role like the Count of Monte Cristo 6,000 times. Not until 1939–41, when he struggled to compose his 43d play, *Long Day's Journey into Night*, would Eugene allow his submerged fury and guilt about his family out into the open.

In 1912—perhaps inspired by a desire to free himself from the shackles of his father's 19th-century brand of theater—Eugene made the decision to devote his life to playwriting. Of his first two dozen little plays, written between 1913 and 1920, seven went unproduced; the others—works such as *Ile* or *Bound East for Cardiff*—were part of a cycle of "sea plays" based on his brief stint as a sailor, and were all produced by the fledgling Provincetown Players.

In 1920 O'Neill broke onto Broadway with *Beyond the Horizon*, a grimly realistic drama of a farmer whose dreams are frustrated and denied ("Are you trying to send the audience home to commit suicide?" Eugene's proud father gruffly asked him after the opening). It was the first of nearly 20 O'Neill plays that reached the Broadway stage in the next 14 years. By any standards, *Beyond the Horizon* was the most "serious" American play yet written, and luckily—or unluckily—for O'Neill's career, it could scarcely have appeared at a more appropriate time.

The post–World War I culture boom was sweeping the United States, and critics searching for native counterparts to Strindberg, Shaw, and Chekhov seized upon O'Neill as the logical icon. O'Neill's published pronouncements encouraged such critics: he frequently swore he would write the biggest, or best, or longest play ever. And for the next decade or so, both author and critics alike would again and again confuse ambition with achievement. Plays such as *The Fountain*, *Welded*, or *Days without End* were hailed as the ultimate in realism; few critics recognized them for what they really were: melodramas crammed with shameless coincidences, disasters, and impossibly complex plots and layered over with high-minded ideas



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Eugene O'Neill in 1925, with two Pulitzer Prizes already to his credit



Robards as Hickey and Farrell Pelly as Harry Hope in The Iceman Cometh, *1956*

CULVER PICTURES



O'Neill with Ruth Gilbert, Dudley Digges, and Marcella Markham at a rehearsal of the original production of The Iceman Cometh *in 1946*

from Freud, Jung, and Ibsen and derivative devices such as masks and choruses from the Greeks or the expressionists.

Bernard De Voto made an effort to swim against the tide. "*Lazarus Laughed*, *The Great God Brown*, *Marco Millions*, or *Dynamo*—one or another of them must be the silliest play of our time," he wrote. But he was in the minority, and O'Neill won three Pulitzer Prizes in this period, topping these off with a Nobel Prize in 1936.

When we remember that O'Neill is today the most widely read playwright after Shakespeare and Shaw, the last two decades of his life take on a particular poignancy. After the mid-1930s he withdrew into seclusion, traveling restlessly around the country with his third wife, Carlotta Monterey, working on a number of plays simultaneously but offering none for production, seemingly uninterested any longer in status or prizes. Between 1913 and 1933, 33 O'Neill plays had been seen on the American stage; between 1933 and 1953, he completed only 5 more.

It is one of the great ironies in the history of American drama that these last few plays, written in solitude and with the sense of neglect by a public that saw him as a relic and a has-been, are Eugene O'Neill's real claim to theatrical permanence. Even when they began to be produced, the reaction was indifference. O'Neill knew better. "Personally I love it!" he wrote of *The Iceman Cometh* in 1940. "I have a confident hunch that this play, as drama, is one of the best things I've ever done." For once, his hunch about his work was right, but he would not live to see himself proved correct: *Iceman* got poor notices on Broadway in 1946; and except for an abortive road tour the next year of *A Moon for the Misbegotten* (his last completed play), no O'Neill play had a major production in America for the next decade.

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In early 1956 Quintero, then 31, was handed a copy of *Iceman* by a partner of his at the Circle in the Square theater. Overwhelmed by the impact of the script ("I recognized these characters as all the people I had encountered all my life"), Quintero wangled an interview with Carlotta O'Neill, who controlled the rights to her late husband's estate. She liked Quintero immediately and gave him permission to produce the play; auditions were promptly announced. Robards was offered the supporting role of Willie Oban, and most of the other roles filled up quickly. But the most important part was still vacant and was apparently uncastable: Hickey, the good old boy, the pal to all, the salesman who barges into Harry Hope's saloon (based on young Eugene's Fulton Street refuge, Jimmy-the-Priest's) and tries to rouse the derelicts there from their lives of illusion, their alcoholic stupors, their "pipe dreams." Unless a star was brought in to play the role—a move wholly contrary to the Circle's ensemble policy of those days—the revival of *Iceman* might founder.

Then one day Robards loomed in the door of Quintero's office, asked for a

few minutes, and proceeded to reel off Hickey's final monologue, a ten-page recollection of how his drunkenness made his wife Evelyn pity him so much that, out of guilt and self-hatred, he murdered her:

Then she'd go to bed, and I'd stay up alone because I couldn't sleep and I didn't want to disturb her, tossing and rolling around. I'd get so damned lonely. I'd get thinking how peaceful it was here, sitting around with the old gang, getting drunk and forgetting love, joking and laughing and singing and swapping lies. And finally I knew I'd have to come. And I knew if I came this time it was the finish. I'd never have the guts to go back and be forgiven again, and that would break Evelyn's heart because to her it would mean I didn't love her any more. [*He pauses.*] That last night I'd driven myself crazy trying to figure some way out for her. I went in the bedroom. I was going to tell her it was the end. But I couldn't do that to her. She was sound asleep. I thought, God, if she'd only never wake up, she'd never know. And then it came to me—the only possible way out, for her sake. I remembered I'd given her a gun for protection while I was away and it was in the bureau drawer. She'd never feel any pain, never wake up from her dream. . . . I remember I stood by the bed and suddenly I had to laugh. I couldn't help it, and I knew Evelyn would forgive me. I remember I heard myself speaking to her, as if it was something I'd always wanted to say: "Well, you know what you can do with your pipe dream now, you damned bitch!" [*He stops with a horrified start, as if shocked out of a nightmare, as if he couldn't believe he heard what he just said.*]

"You understood the guy through that monologue," remembers Robards. "There he gave you everything you needed to know." "I was so terrified," Quintero recalls. "Jay made me, in that reading, understand the whole scope of the play!" So Robards became Hickey, and when *Iceman* opened in May 1956, he and Quintero were acclaimed as the artists who had brought O'Neill back to the American theater. Both actor and director especially relish how much the critics were astounded by a vein of humor unearthed in the script. "I'd seen the original in forty-six and it was a dirge," shudders Robards. "But when we did it there were more laughs than in many comedies." "And it only cost us a hundred and some-odd dollars," adds Quintero. "Tables, chairs . . . and David Hays put up a stained-glass window and a light fixture like a wheel . . . and that was it. We had our bar."

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Iceman, both men agree, was the turning point in their lives. Appreciative of what they had done for O'Neill's reputation, Carlotta O'Neill granted Quintero the rights to the play O'Neill had insisted remain unproduced for 25 years after his death—*Long Day's Journey into Night*. That fall, Quintero's production triumphed on Broadway with a remarkable cast: Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman—and Jason Robards.

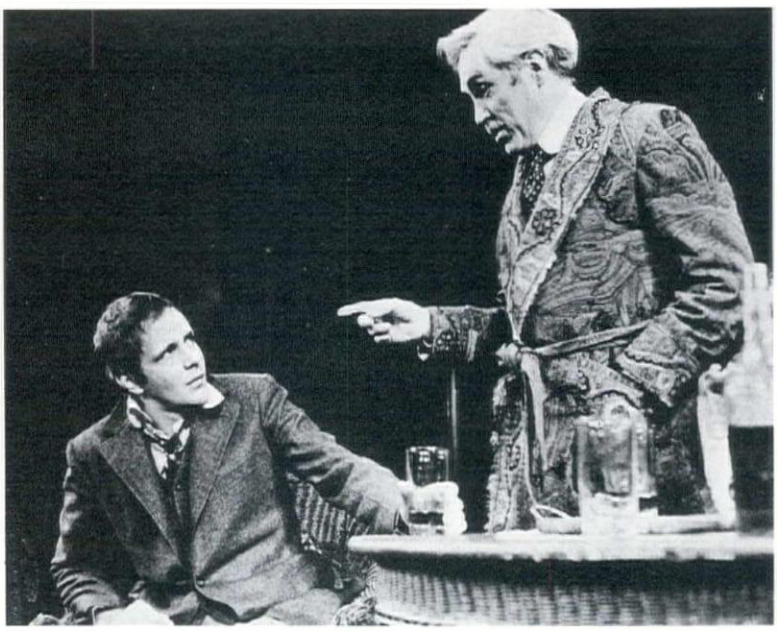
Long Day's Journey is the culmination of O'Neill's progress as an autobiographical dramatist. In his earlier plays he had strained too hard to be a Great Artist, yearned too relentlessly after immortality, but now he was, in effect, *coming home* to what he had always known—his own past and that of his family. "At times I thought he'd go mad," remembered Carlotta, who had typed the manuscript twice and had seen what a wrenching effort it was for her husband to conjure up his ghosts.

At one point in act 4 of *Long Day's Journey*, Tyrone, the father, and Edmund, the younger son and surrogate for O'Neill himself, are playing cards and trading reminiscences. Ty-



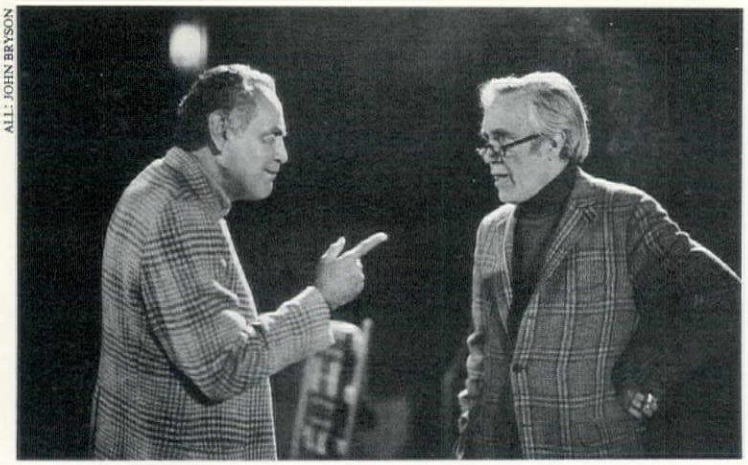
BOTH: THEATER COLLECTION, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—ASTOR, LENOX, AND TILDEN FOUNDATION

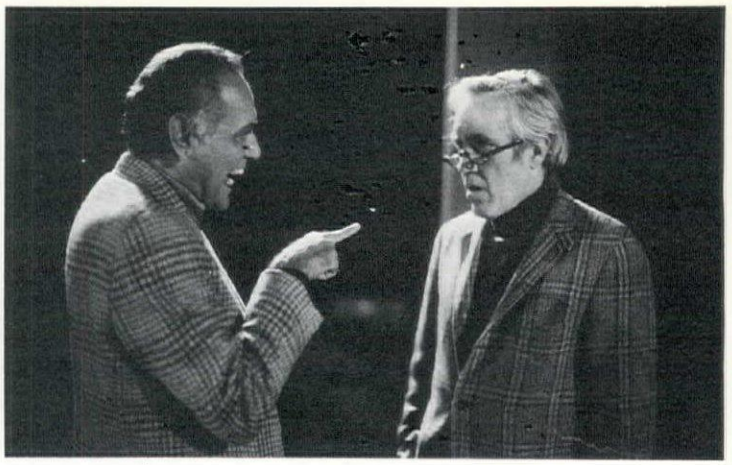
Robards as son, Fredric March as father in Long Day's Journey into Night



Twenty years later, in 1976, Robards as father, Michael Moriarty as son

ALL: JOHN BRYSON





Getting it right: Quintero and Robards rehearse A Touch of the Poet

rone grudgingly says Edmund has "the makings of a poet," and Edmund replies wryly:

The *makings* of a poet. No, I'm afraid I'm like the guy who is always panhandling for a smoke. He hasn't even got the makings. He's got only the habit. I couldn't touch what I tried to tell you just now. I just stammered. That's the best I'll ever do. I mean, if I live. Well, it will be faithful realism, at least. Stammering is the native eloquence of us fog people.

It's impossible not to see this speech as a reflection on its author, as a sign that O'Neill belatedly realized the inadequacy of his early experiments with high-flown language and borrowed philosophies. When he excluded what was irrelevant to his own unique talent, he finally created poetry, coming down to earth and to art. Into a single titanic day onstage, O'Neill compressed the anguish of one American family, with all its private horrors and half-spoken truths—the father's stinginess, the mother's addiction, Jamie's love-hate for his younger brother, Edmund's illness and artistic crises—transposed from the playwright's own past. "Forget the past!" cries Tyrone to his wife at one point, and Mary's reply sums up the essence of these last, unforgettable O'Neill plays: "Why? How can I? The past is the present, isn't it? It's the future, too. We all try to lie out of that but life won't let us."

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The dialogue patterns that O'Neill perfected in *Long Day's Journey* reverberate throughout *A Touch of the Poet*, *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, and *The Iceman Cometh*. One character provokes another, who lashes back; the first is sorry, and the second forgives:

TYRONE: I'm not going to argue with you. I asked you to turn out that light in the hall.

EDMUND: I heard you, and as far as I'm concerned it stays on.

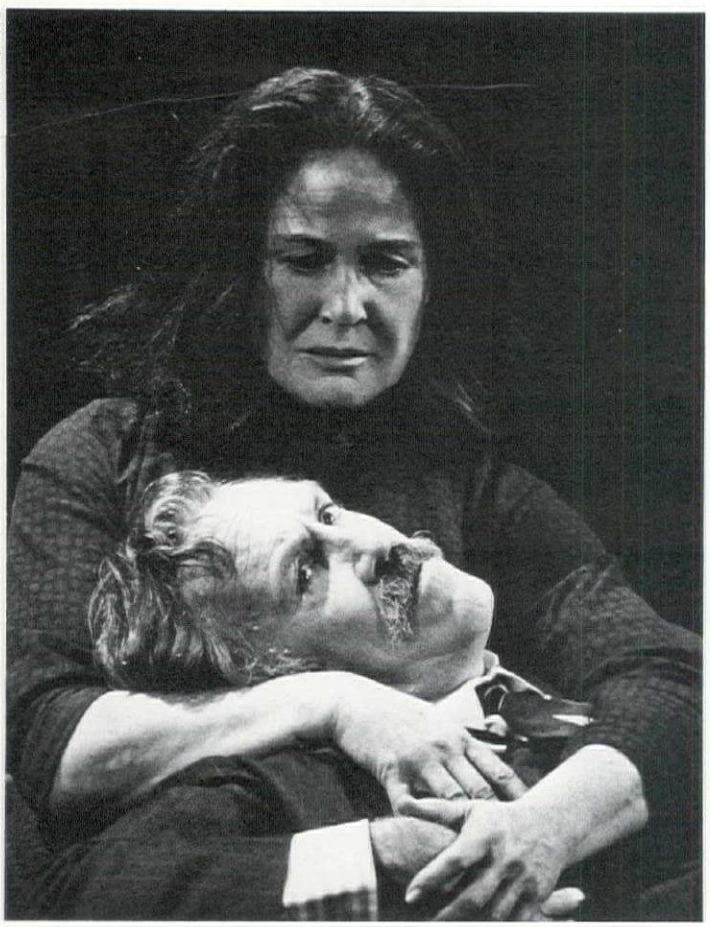
TYRONE: None of your damned insolence! Are you going to obey me or not?

EDMUND: Not! If you want to be a crazy miser put it out yourself!

TYRONE [*With threatening anger*]: Listen to me! I've put up with a lot from you because from the mad things you've done at times I've thought you weren't quite right in your head. I've excused you and never lifted my hand to you. But there's a straw that breaks the camel's back. You'll obey me and put out that light or, big as you are, I'll give you a thrashing that'll teach you—! [*Suddenly he remembers Edmund's illness and instantly becomes guilty and shamefaced.*] Forgive me, lad. I forgot—You shouldn't goad me into losing my temper.

EDMUND [*Ashamed himself now*]: Forget it, Papa. I apologize, too. I had no right being nasty about nothing. I am a bit soused, I guess. I'll put out the damned

MARTHA SWOPE



Coleen Dewhurst and Robards in A Moon for the Misbegotten, *1973–74*





light. [*He starts to get up.*]

TYRONE: No, stay where you are. Let it burn. [*He stands up abruptly—and a bit drunkenly—and begins turning on the three bulbs in the chandelier, with a childish, bitterly dramatic self-pity.*] We'll have them all on! Let them burn! To hell with them! The poorhouse is the end of the road, and it might as well be sooner as later!

"O'Neill's universal," says Quintero. "My sister came to the opening night of *Long Day's Journey*, and she came backstage after and embraced me. She was crying, and she said, 'José, how could you expose Papa and Mama like that!' And I said to her, 'I didn't write the play!' " In the play O'Neill faced, in his own words, "my dead at last . . . with deep pity and understanding and forgiveness for *all* the four haunted Tyrones." Critic Kenneth Tynan put it another way in reference to *Long Day's Journey*: "We go expecting to hear a playwright, and we meet a man."

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After their double success in 1956, Robards and Quintero worked on separate projects for some years. Quintero earned Circle in the Square its reputation as a showcase for European drama, and he staged works at the Metropolitan Opera, but he never lost sight of O'Neill. He directed *A Moon for the Misbegotten* with Colleen Dewhurst in Spoleto, plus four other New York productions in the early 1960s: *Desire under the Elms* (with Dewhurst and George C. Scott), *Strange Interlude* (with Geraldine Page and Jane Fonda), *Marco Millions* (with Hal Holbrook), and a late one-act, *Hughie*, which reunited him with Robards in 1964. Robards, meanwhile, had been playing leading roles at Stratford, Ontario, and in New York, including Quentin in Arthur Miller's controversial *After the Fall*. ("*Hated* it," recalls Robards. "Miller's still picking on his father. I said to him once, 'Haven't you beaten that poor old man up enough?' ") When the chance came to do *Hughie*, Robards jumped at it.

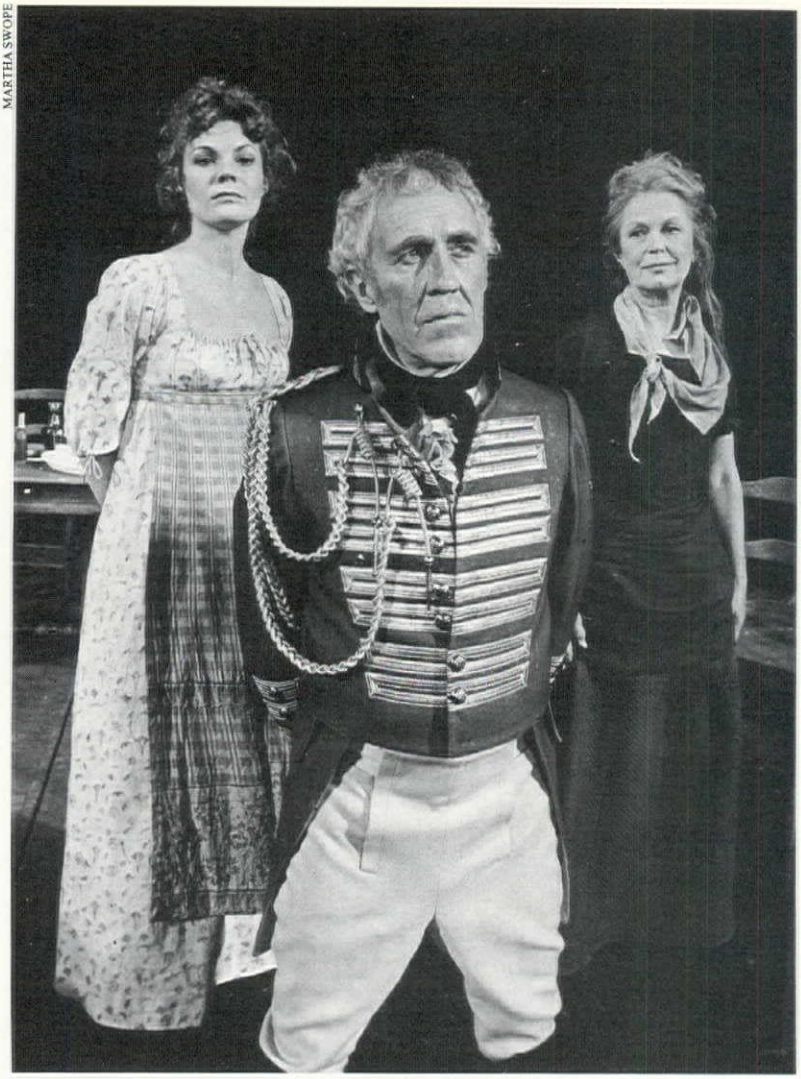
After their last O'Neill venture—the successful revival of *A Moon for the Misbegotten* in 1973–74—Robards and Quintero went their separate ways again, but the chance to do *A Touch of the Poet* drew them back together. It is the only complete work remaining from O'Neill's projected nine-play cycle, *A Tale of Possessors, Self-Dispossessed*, which was intended to chronicle the rise and fall of a wealthy American family from before the Revolution to the 1930s. (At one point O'Neill's obsessive probing of the generations prompted Carlotta to warn him, only half-jokingly: "If you keep on going back, you'll get to Adam and Eve.") For personal reasons, O'Neill destroyed much of this unfinished cycle ("Better than Shakespeare's *Henry* plays," guesses Robards), leaving only *A Touch of the Poet* and the rough draft of *More Stately Mansions*.

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Set in 1828, *A Touch of the Poet* focuses on the ambiguous figure of Cornelius ("Con") Melody ("Major" to the local toadies who cadge free drinks from his tavern), an immigrant Irishman lost in romantic visions of his own glorious past as a soldier-aristocrat. Scorning and fearing upper-class America, Melody is brought face to face with the shabbiness of his dreams when his daughter Sara sets her sights on marrying into a Yankee merchant family, the Harfords, thereby goading Melody into drunkenly attacking the Harford house and being beaten to a pulp for his pains. Once again, memories of the past, pipe dreams, keep an O'Neill hero on his feet, able to go on living. (The play bears a fascinating parallel to O'Neill's life at the time: his disapproval of his daughter Oona's social activities—a disapproval that would harden into banishment when she married Charlie Chaplin in 1943—is mirrored in the violent relationship between Melody and Sara.)

To observe Robards as Melody, preening in the mirror and admiring his resurrected uniform, is like watching a ghost come to life, which is surely the effect O'Neill was after in this incredibly demanding role. "The whole question of balance is involved," muses Quintero. "Is Con drunk? Can he get drunk? It's like Jim Tyrone says in *Moon*: 'I've drunk enough to sink a ship, but I can't sink!' You would be down on the floor, but O'Neill uses drink as a device for opening doors." "And remember *Iceman*?" breaks in Robards. "Harry Hope says, 'All I want to do is pass out, but I can't pass out.' "

These last plays seem to merge into one long, unbroken whole, crammed with the same hopes and fears, secrets and outbursts, curses and blessings. And if, as an actor, you love and feel for



MARTHA SWOPE

Generational conflict: Kathryn Walker and Geraldine Fitzgerald play daughter and wife to Robards's Con Melody in A Touch of the Poet.

these dreamers—Hickey, Jamie, Tyrone, Melody—as Robards does, it must bind you even closer to the author, so often virtually indistinguishable from his sad heroes.

What do Robards and Quintero think of the current American audience for O'Neill? Robards is particularly enthusiastic about the students who come on stand-by and hang around hoping for ticket returns. "They're the ones who have the concentration to sit through him." Quintero builds on this: "The ones who are dead, tired, who've *had* their dreams killed—they shouldn't even go to the theater!" Both feel that critics today are ill-equipped to write about O'Neill because, as Robards puts it, "we've become instant coffee, instant Sesame Street, instant everything. They're not critics, they're event reporters." Quintero swells up wrathfully: "They feel they have criticized O'Neill by saying, 'He's too long!' By that one idiotic phrase they have reviewed America's greatest playwright. What an easy way out!"

How does one approach a play like *A Touch of the Poet*? "You begin with the set; you talk with your designer," says Quintero, picking his words carefully. "I guess because O'Neill only calls for one room, in my mind there was a feeling of deception, of 'being caught'—attacked from above, from the entrance, the kitchen, the bar."

Does he mark staging in his script? "Never. I have it in my mind. Especially with actors you've worked with, like Jason; they don't have to prove they're actors and you don't have to prove you're a director. So all *that* nonsense is out of the way."

What about the affinity between actor and director? Is it a matter of trust? "Yes," says Robards. "We don't hang out together much, but when we get on the material, we look at the way things are going without questioning one another." "We're not chums; socially we hardly see each other," adds Quintero. "But we have a lifetime experience in the theater." And O'Neill is the catalyst. When *A Touch of the Poet* ends its New York run, Robards and Quintero hope that a repertory festival of O'Neill's last plays might finally start to take shape. "I may be getting a little long in the tooth for Jamie [in *Long Day's Journey*]," says Jason, "but I could do Hickey, and Melody, and *Moon* . . . I could get away with that. Last night after the show, I had this terrific burst of energy and said, 'God, I could go out now and do *Hughie*. That'd be fun!' "

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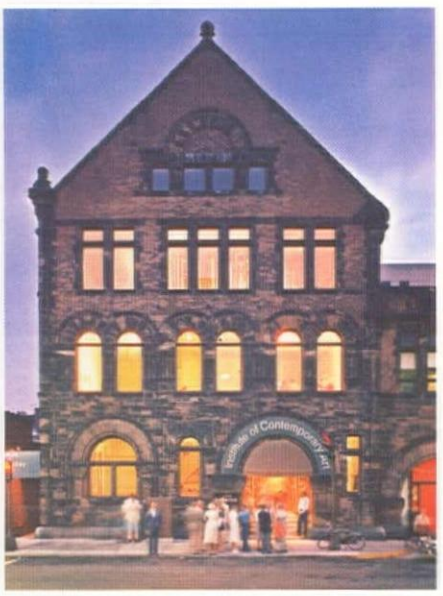
Robards's efforts on O'Neill's behalf extend beyond the stage: he was instrumental in lobbying Congress to declare Tao House—O'Neill's California hideaway where he wrote his greatest plays—a national historical site. "*Not* the house in New London," emphasizes Robards with a historian's tone. "That wasn't his house at all; that was his *father's* house."

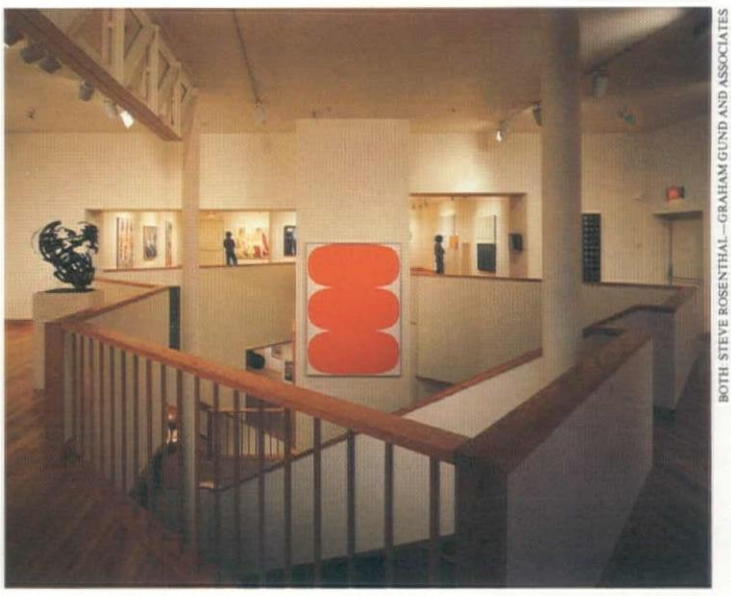
What sustains Jason Robards and José Quintero in their dedication to the memory of Eugene O'Neill may be found in a story that Quintero tells. Toward the end of Carlotta O'Neill's life, when she was in an asylum, Quintero was going in to visit her and asked a nurse how the patient was doing. Worse and worse, said the nurse; today in the recreation hour Carlotta voiced the opinion that her husband was the greatest dramatist America had ever produced. Another patient asked, "Oh, you mean your husband was a playwright?" In response, Carlotta broke two chairs and retorted: "No, no! *Playwrights* talk to commuters. *Dramatists* talk to God!" □

Theater and film critic Steve Lawson wrote "Language Equals Action," about playwright David Mamet, in the November 1977 HORIZON.

Recycling the City

The reuse and remodeling of old buildings and the revitalization of entire districts has brought both confidence and chic to inner-city living





BOTH STEVE ROSENTHAL—GRAHAM GUND AND ASSOCIATES

The interior of this 19th-century Boston police station was gutted in 1974 to accommodate galleries and a restaurant for the Institute of Contemporary Art, but the façade's Neo-Romanesque muscularity was left undisturbed.

Denver's Temple Emanuel, built in 1882, was the city's first major synagogue. But it fell on hard times in the 1950s and was eventually transformed into a warehouse. Planning is now under way to make it a restaurant and a shopping complex.

The Northern Central Railroad Freight Depot was a bustling commercial center in the Baltimore of the 1850s. But when the railroading era vanished, the depot's original function went with it. The building has a new role, though, as an indoor health and racquet club.

Theodore Roosevelt laid the cornerstone for the grand Beaux-Arts police headquarters on Centre Street in New York, and the building served nobly until a replacement was opened near City Hall five years ago, leaving the old headquarters empty and peeling. This past fall, however, the Centre Street building was turned over to the Little Italy Restoration Association, under a one-dollar-a-month lease, to be used as a cultural center for the local community.

In cities across the country—for a host of reasons and in vastly different ways—buildings that only a few years ago would have been routine targets for the urban renewal bulldozer are today being given new lives. And historically significant structures are only part of the story. Dilapidated row houses are regaining their lost elegance as triplex apartments, seedy 19th-century mansions are being reincarnated as galleries, and nondescript factories are taking on new identities as luxury condominiums. The phenomenon is known variously in architectural and urbanistic circles as *adaptive use*, *renovation*, and *rehabilitation*, but the most descriptive term, and the one that seems to have stuck best, is *recycling*.

Whatever the name, the movement is having a dramatic impact on the face of many of the country's major cities. In some areas entire neighborhoods that once seemed inexorably headed for decay and abandonment are now bouncing back to their former vibrancy. More important than the effect on the physical appearance of the urban

By CARTER WISEMAN



BOTH: LANGDON MORRIS AND ASSOCIATES



Denver's Temple Emanuel, as a warehouse (above), and as it will appear after conversion to a retailing complex

environment, though, is the fact that recycling seems to reflect a significant resurgence of faith in city living itself. While that faith may be difficult to measure by conventional statistical methods, it is clearly growing. "Recycling," as architects, planners, and even bankers are now fond of saying, "is the only game in town."

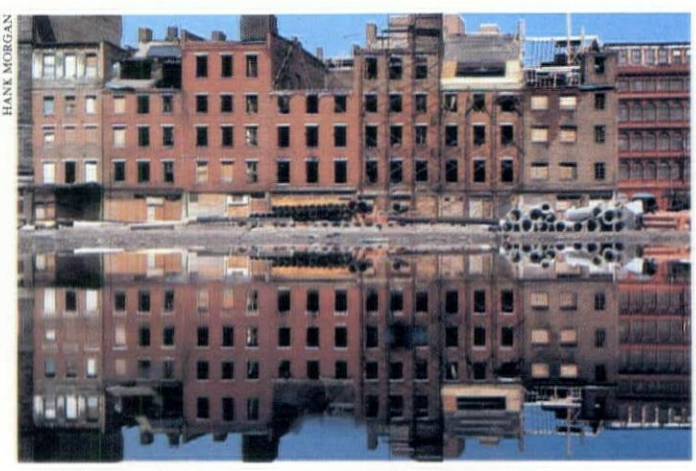
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In a sense recycling has been around for a long time. In the 1950s and early 1960s, growing numbers of private organizations concerned about the rapid loss of their cities' architectural legacy began to agitate for preservation. At first the only effective way to save a threatened historic structure was to buy it outright. But gradually city governments and developers began to see the value of holding on to at least some fragments of their architectural heritage. In 1965 New York City established a Landmarks Preservation Commission. Portland, Oregon, set up its own Historical Landmarks Commission in 1968, and many other cities have since created similar bodies.

Interest in preservation began to spread from individual buildings to whole districts, such as Seattle's Pike Place Market area or New York's Greenwich Village. At the same time, inflation pushed the cost of new construction steadily higher. Since converting existing buildings frequently proved less expensive than tearing them down and starting over, developers and architects began turning to techniques of reuse, which pleased the preservationists enormously. As one Senate staff member involved in federal funding of such projects put it not long ago, the sudden surge in recycling was at least partly "a matter of taste reinforced by economics."

The whole process has since been further reinforced by legislation. After years of bickering with artists who illegally moved into downtown industrial buildings in search of bigger working areas, New York in 1969 amended its zoning to legalize loft living. The city's 23-year-old J-51 law, originally intended to provide tax breaks for landlords who installed central heating and bathrooms in their tenements, was extended in the late 1960s to cover rehabilitation of all residential structures. Two years ago those tax abatements were further extended to encourage conversion of industrial and commercial space into multiple dwellings.

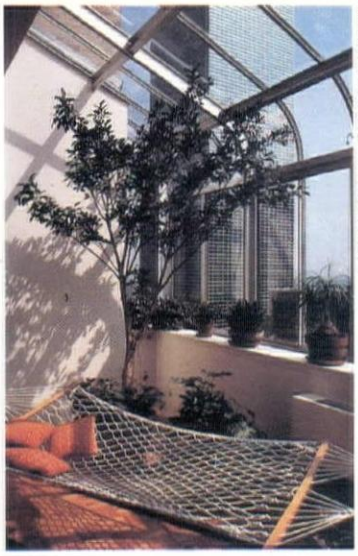
Rochester is the only city besides New York to have gone that far, but other communities are likely to follow their examples, especially since the federal government is becoming heavily involved. The Tax Reform Act passed in 1976 provides substantial tax benefits to developers who reuse older buildings rather than demolish them. And according to Robert C. Embry, Jr., assistant secretary of the Housing and Urban Development Department, HUD has recommended that "top



HANK MORGAN

Buildings on the Boston waterfront during renovation three years ago; the area is now one of the city's chic addresses.


NYT PICTURES


CARL KAISERMAN—BERNARD ROTHZEID

Originally designed for offices, this New York tower was rocked by a gas explosion in 1974 and now houses luxury apartments (right).

priority be given to metropolitan areas that will encourage the recycling of existing facilities within built-up areas in the future."

The nation's banks, which have traditionally been reluctant to lend money for conversions, are now beginning to climb aboard the recycling bandwagon. The Seattle Trust and Savings Bank, which has played a major role in the successful revitalization of Seattle's picturesque Pioneer Square district, is a good example. The decision to commit cash to the project was, according to bank president J. C. Baillargeon, "easier than it might seem: we had the enviable opportunity to become a charter supporter of a broadly based community desire and a sense of values that we felt were going to translate themselves into solid economic terms."

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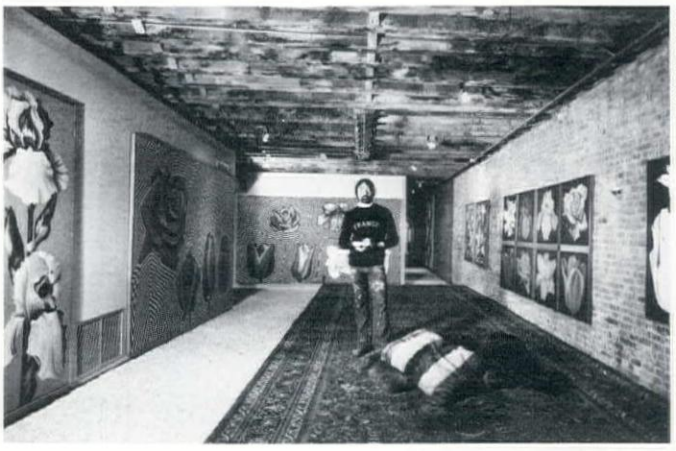
That support has been well rewarded. In the early 1960s Pioneer Square was a largely abandoned area that seemed destined for demolition and replacement with parking lots. But by early 1977 there were 187 retail businesses, most of them shops and restaurants, flourishing in the neighborhood, and the assessed value of property in the area had risen by a staggering 114 per cent over the 1969 level, compared to a 79 per cent gain in assessed valuation of property in the city as a whole.

A loosening of bank purse strings has helped create a similar improvement in Portland's Old Town section. Ten years ago, Old Town was regarded as Portland's skid row. But an enterprising importer, William Naito, saw a future for the area and bought a nondescript flophouse for conversion into a retail outlet. The undertaking thrived, and he purchased other buildings in the neighborhood. Attracted by low rents, distinctive architecture, and a location close to downtown, growing numbers of merchants and professionals began moving into Naito's buildings. Today, there are only three major buildings left empty in the Old Town section. With the help of bank loans freed up by the success of his Old Town projects, Naito went on to convert a vacant downtown department store into modern shops. The result, called the Galleria, is now stimulating a downtown boom similar to the one in Old Town. "People who were cashing in on the demise of downtown five or ten years ago," says Naito, "are now finding themselves stuck with unmarketable suburban office space."

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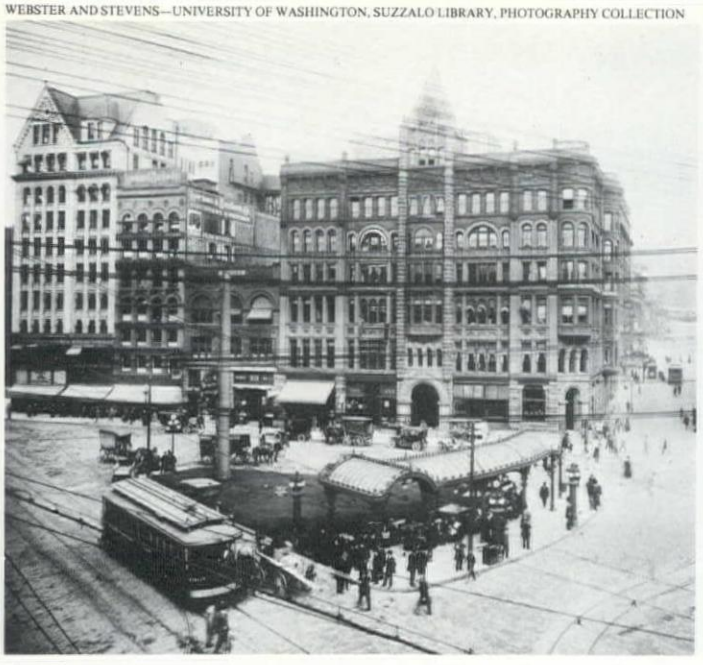
Commercially successful conversions are the most dramatic examples of the recycling phenomenon, but in the long run the most significant developments are likely to be in housing. Such


FREDERICK RITCHIN

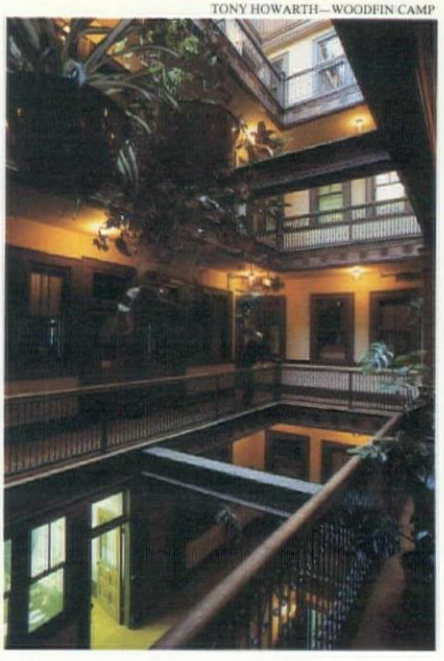

STEVE SALMIERI

Converted Manhattan lofts provide working and living spaces for the Eliot Feld Ballet (above) and for painter Lowell Nesbitt.

WEBSTER AND STEVENS—UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, SUZZALO LIBRARY, PHOTOGRAPHY COLLECTION



TONY HOWARTH—WOODFIN CAMP



Seattle's Pioneer Building, completed in 1890, dominates a photograph of Pioneer Square taken just before World War I. Recently transformed into offices (right), the structure has been a key to revitalizing the surrounding area.

neighborhoods as Georgetown in Washington, D.C., and New York's Brooklyn Heights have been on the upswing for years, but the recycling phenomenon has accelerated the process and spread it farther afield. Put off by Georgetown prices, which now start at about $100,000 for a two-bedroom row house, buyers are moving on to Capitol Hill or Adams-Morgan, an area that retains a large lower-income population but that already commands as much as $65,000 for an unrenovated shell. In Philadelphia's Society Hill section, which was steadily deteriorating in the 1950s, price tags of $125,000 for a row house are not uncommon.

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In Baltimore and New York, the recycling of decaying housing has been given an added boost by programs known as urban homesteading. In recent years Baltimore has been faced with an increasing amount of property abandonment and tax delinquency. The city's response has been to turn over houses left vacant—for the sum of one dollar—to people willing to rehabilitate and live in them. As a result of the program, Stirling Street, once slated for razing, is now a pleasant cobblestone thoroughfare lined with quaint houses restored to their former character all the way up to their dormer windows and chimney caps. The same program is responsible for the renovation currently underway of more than 100 19th-century houses in the Otterbein section of the city.

While Baltimore's homesteading program remains the best known in the country, New York, through its Urban Homesteading Assistance Board, and Philadelphia, through its Gift Properties Program, are employing similar strategies for recycling their aging housing stocks.

Even in the most run-down neighborhoods, a few recycled buildings can often have a wide impact. "You can't just look at one property," says Jan Jaffe, assistant director of Philadelphia's Office of Urban Homesteading. "You have to look at what's happened to the whole block and to the surrounding neighborhood. By treating one vacant building, we have reinforced a pattern of home ownership."

In areas that have not yet deteriorated sufficiently to become eligible for homesteading, the impact of recycling can be even greater, especially if any of the buildings happens to have landmark status. "Landmarks are ballast in a neighborhood," says Beverly Moss

EZRA STOLLER © ESTO



The Westbeth apartments for artists in New York's Greenwich Village were once research laboratories for Bell Telephone.

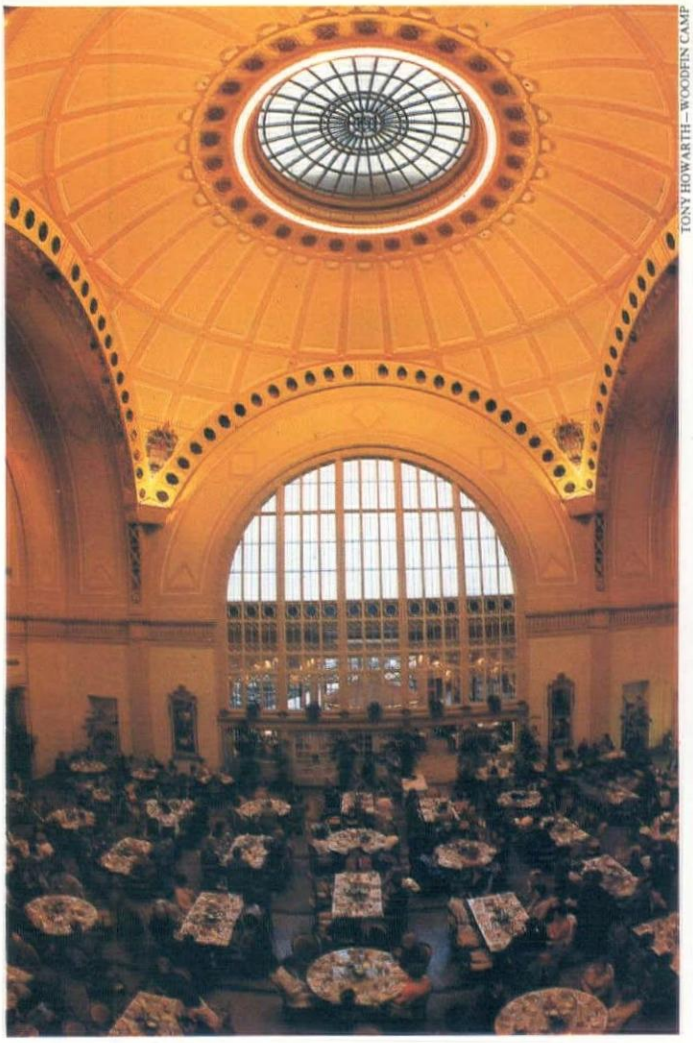
Spatt, chairman of New York's Landmarks Preservation Commission. "A landmark designation alone is sometimes enough to check a certain kind of deterioration of the quality of life. If you know that a building, a street, a neighborhood will stay, you are more likely to stay. The result has been psychological, social, physical, and fiscal reinvestment—a sort of multiplier effect."

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The success of individual homeowners in rehabilitating one-family houses has encouraged major developers to look for larger buildings suitable for conversion to apartments. In Boston, the old Prince macaroni factory on the waterfront and the Chickering piano factory in the South End are now among the most attractive apartment houses in the area. In Chicago, Baird and Warner, a leading realty firm, is studying the feasibility of converting a number of turn-of-the-century high-rises along Printing House Row into multiple dwellings.

Certainly one of the most spectacular large-scale apartment conversions to date is New York's Turtle Bay Towers, a 26-story former office building on Manhattan's East Side. After a gas explosion tore off a 50-foot-wide section of the building's façade four years ago, the architectural firm of Bernard Rothzeid and Partners was given the task of turning the wreckage into apartments. The result is a striking new residence containing 341 apartments, some of which have glassed-in rooms that resemble greenhouses and can rent for as much as $1,500 a month.

Many of the early rehabilitation and recycling projects were carried out by a hardy breed of urban pioneer willing to put up with a marginal neighborhood in return for larger living space or architectural character. As the movement has caught on, however, the profile of the recycler has changed markedly. Nowadays the people who move into a loft or a converted office building are likely to be young, middle-class professionals. Most of them are white, but a significant number—primarily in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York—are black. They are people who can afford the designer furniture being sold at the converted Ice House in San Francisco, or a steak dinner at the Chart House on the Boston piers. They are people who value the social vitality and cultural richness of the city and want to avoid its harshness. They are, in other words, the sort of people who in the past have almost always fled to the suburbs. "I see more and more people interested in living in town," says Jim Wood, a Philadelphian active in recycling private houses. "The reasons are the cost of energy in the suburbs, the expense and hassle of commuting, the volume of housing available in the city, and the convenience of city services."

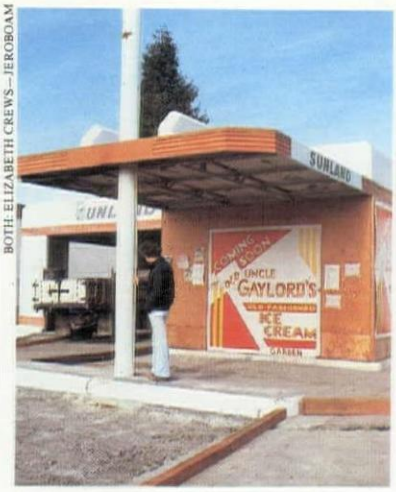

TONY HOWARTH—WOODFIN CAMP

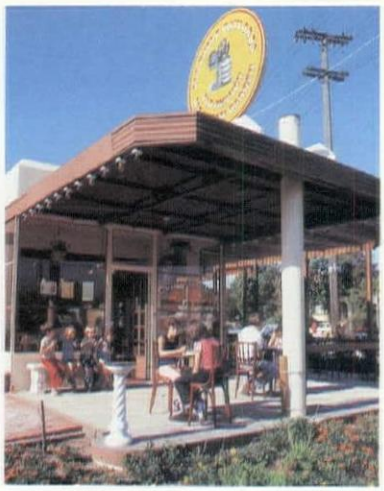
The last train pulled out of Chattanooga Terminal Station eight years ago. The ornate waiting room is now a bustling restaurant.

While there is considerable evidence that the recycling movement is encouraging people to stay in the cities, there is also some indication that it is drawing a few suburbanites back. According to Leon Strauss, who is head of Pantheon Corporation, a Saint Louis redevelopment firm, part of the reason is money. "A dollar buys more and rents more in the city," he says. "But there is also a desire among these people to get back into neighborhoods, to have a sense of community. Many of those who come to us have found these qualities lacking in the suburbs." Planner Robert Rugo of the Boston Redevelopment Authority takes a similar view. "I think of the people coming in as overeducated and underpaid," says Rugo. "Many grew up in the suburbs, where there are no allures. They are the new immigrants."

One encouraging aspect of retaining—or bringing back—such people is the effect they can have on inner-city institutions. Young, educated, middle-

BOTH: ELIZABETH CREWS—JEROBOAM





Soda jerks have replaced grease monkeys at Old Uncle Gaylord's Old Fashion Ice Cream Garden, once a gas station, in Berkeley.

class tenants and homeowners who move into a neighborhood in sufficient strength are not likely to accept inferior police protection or schools for long. In some cities, such as Philadelphia, there are signs that public schools have been upgraded as a result of pressure from the newcomers. And such effects may become more common. According to a recent report on "Young Professionals in City Neighborhoods" by the Parkman Center for Urban Studies in Boston, "a middle-class taste for city living could become an appetite that grows by what it feeds on. The more popular such a movement [middle-class resettlement in the city] becomes, the broader its potential base; the broader its base, the more likelihood of changed conditions (reduced crime, improved public education, enhanced civic amenity) which could further tend to enlarge the migrant pool."

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Such speculation is encouraging in most respects to beleaguered city officials, but there are negative dimensions to the recycling phenomenon. One relatively minor one is that the trendy design vocabulary of the movement—exposed brick walls, hanging plants, butcher-block furnishings, and a zealous pursuit of the urban picturesque—can compromise the very architectural restoration that played such a part in the movement's beginnings.

San Francisco's Ghirardelli Square, a former chocolate factory now serving as a shopping center, suffers from this ailment to some degree. And in Chicago, where the Prairie Avenue area is undergoing restoration, the pursuit of 1890s authenticity has produced something of a kitsch classic: a paving material designed to look like dirt. "Historic preservation movements begin as a blow for variety within a city," says David Brewster, a newspaper editor in Seattle, where the trend to excess chic is also gathering momentum. "Paradoxically, the result can be numbing uniformity."

Far more disturbing than any aesthetic offense, however, is the impact recycling can have on the urban poor. As the housing stock in middle-class neighborhoods begins to shrink, recyclers often turn to ethnic enclaves and lower-class areas. The "multiplier effect" that is so encouraging to investors almost inevitably drives real-estate values up and creates what planners are now calling "block-busting in reverse." Property values in Philadelphia's Society Hill, for example, have doubled in the wake of the recycling surge of the past six years, and some 3,000 former residents have been displaced as a result.

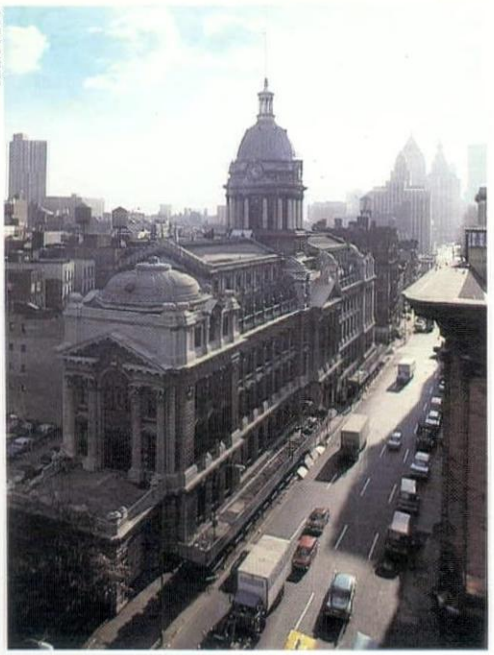
The situation is much the same in Chicago's Wicker Park area, where middle-income whites have improved the looks of the neighborhood but forced scores of Spanish-speaking families to move out. As Monsignor Geno C. Baroni, an assistant secretary at HUD, sees it, the middle-class influx associated with recycling is "a two-

BOTH: STEVE ROSENTHAL—ADD INC



A former trolley shed and parking garage, this building on Harvard Square in Cambridge is now a thriving collection of shops.





MARC RETO



WILLIAM E. SAURO—NYT PICTURES

Vacated in 1973, New York's aging police headquarters was transformed last fall into the Little Italy International Cultural Center. Sculptor Louise Nevelson (at right in the lobby) is one of the center's leading backers.

edged sword: we are having urban reinvestment at the price of the poorest people. Everyone is for a pluralistic city, but we come down to the same old question: who bears the burden of social change? The answer is poor people."

In San Francisco this process has produced spirited resistance. In recent years government-backed housing schemes have produced some painful relocations among the city's Japanese population. With that experience fresh in their minds, the residents of Chinatown have been almost unanimous in their militant opposition to aid from the local Rehabilitation Assistance Program. Other minority groups in the city are equally suspicious of official attempts to "improve" their neighborhoods, and planners end up caught in the middle. "We're damned if we do and damned if we don't," says Gerry Goldberg, a senior planner with the San Francisco office of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill.

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Another long-term concern that is only beginning to make itself felt in cities where recycling has had a significant impact involves the make-up of the people who move into renovated buildings. The majority of them are so-called empty-nesters—singles, childless couples, and older couples whose children have grown up and left home. While some of the younger families may stay to have their children, studies suggest that many of them will leave for the suburbs as the children reach school age. And as Diane Feinstein, a member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, sees it, "a city without its children cannot survive."

The gloomier aspects of America's urban outlook have had considerable play in the press in recent years. Analyses of Census Bureau figures compiled between 1970 and 1975 show a continuing net loss of city dwellers to the suburbs: New York lost 1 out of 19 residents; Detroit lost 1 out of 8, and Saint Louis lost 1 out of 6. At a conference on "Challenges and Opportunities in the Mature Metropolis" held in Saint Louis last spring, Harvey S. Perloff, dean of architecture and urban planning at UCLA, painted a grim picture of the future. "The traditional approach in America," Perloff said, "is that we tend to use up places and move on." He concluded that the "tradition of not being concerned about long-lasting things suggests that it will be a long time before there will be enough concern to take hold. So it is hard to be optimistic." Another report, drawn up for HUD by the Real Estate Research Corporation, confirmed the continuing shift of city populations to the suburbs and asserted that it showed no signs of slowing down.

That report, however, made a significant concession. Although it characterized what it called the back-to-the-city movement as "small," it admitted that the trend was "symbolically important." There is, of course, no accurate way of measuring the impact of a symbolic movement. And it would be difficult to ascertain how much of that movement can be attributed to people involved in projects that fall into the recycling category.

But judging from the number of warehouses that have become boutiques, churches that have become theaters, and rotting row houses that have become respectable homes, there seems to be a large body of people across the country who have confidence that America's cities—contrary to what the turmoil of the 1960s suggested—are again a good place to live. "If there's a change of attitude," says Robert Rugo of Boston's Redevelopment Authority, "it doesn't take a huge scientifically measurable change to preserve a city like Boston." Or any other city, for that matter. □



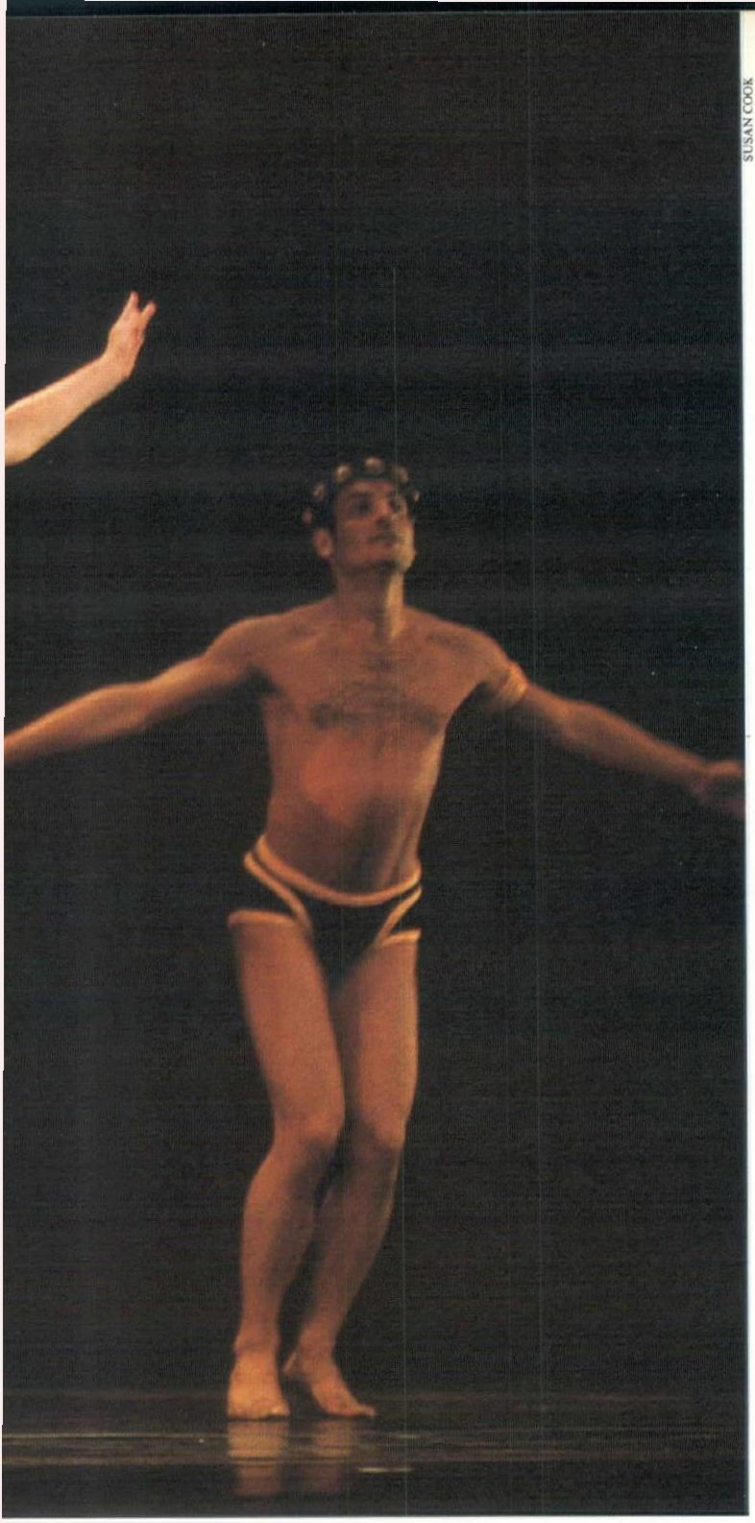
For Images *Taylor took figures from Minoan frescoes and put them in innocently vigorous motion, to the music of Debussy.*

Twenty years ago, in one of his early choreographic experiments, Paul Taylor designed a duet for a standing man and a seated woman. For the three-minute piece to John Cage's minimalist sound score, neither performer moved. One magazine critic, Louis Horst, reviewed this defiant "dance" by publishing a blank column.

In the two decades that have followed, the Paul Taylor Dance Company has burgeoned into one of the dancingest small ensembles (13 members) to enjoy international recognition. Its artistic stature and its appeal to the public it reaches on frequent and far-ranging tours is reflected in the company's being selected for a program in the *Dance in America* series, to be seen on public television stations on January 3. One of the two works the company presents in this telecast is another of Taylor's audacious innovations. *Esplanade*, made in 1975 and declared a classic at first sight, is all exhilarating motion and resonant everyday gesture. But there is not a single thing in its vocabulary of walking, running, turning, crawling, jumping, sliding, skipping, and—gloriously—falling that can be called a real dance step.

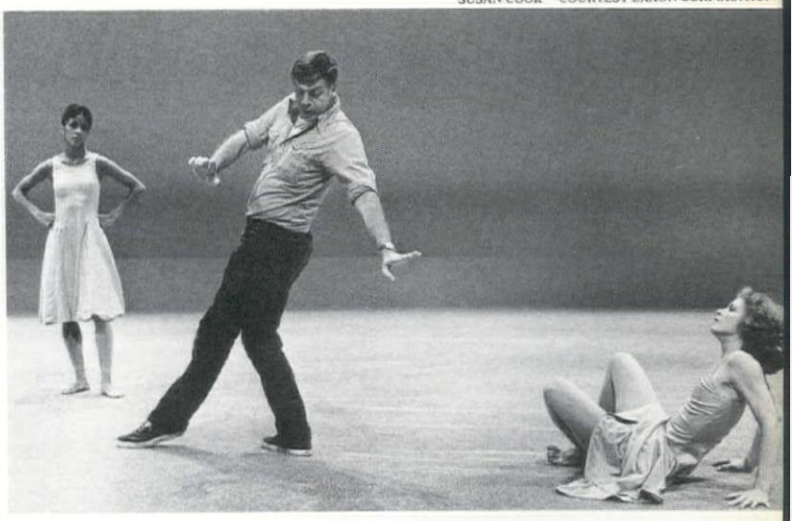
Paul Taylor comes from a long line of distinguished revolutionaries. "I like to acknowledge my ancestors," he says, naming not his Virginia forebears but the trailblazers of modern dance: "Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, Martha

By TOBI TOBIAS



SUSAN COOK

SUSAN COOK—COURTESY EXXON CORPORATION



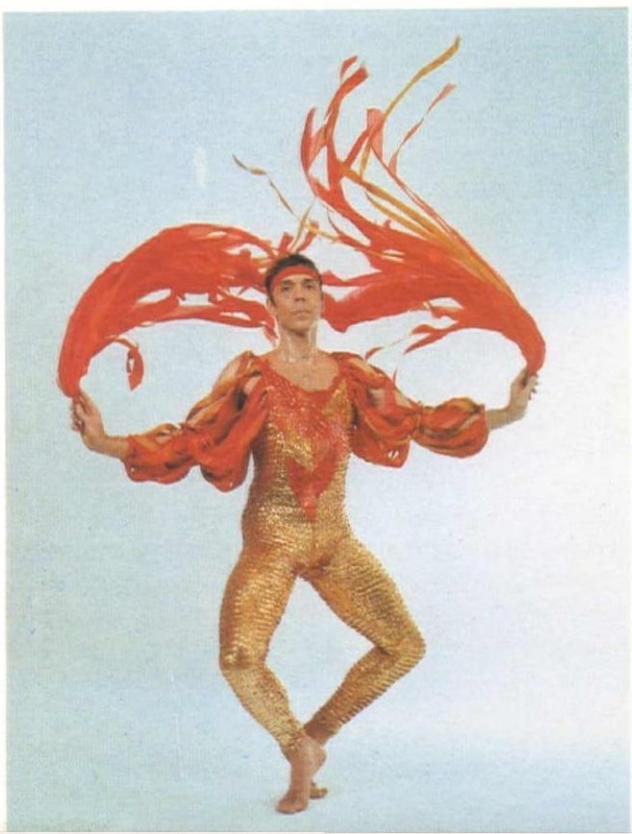
Taylor rehearses Carolyn Adams and Ruth Adrien for Esplanade.

Modern Dance, Taylor-Made

Paul Taylor has an instinct for the body's logic. His dances are subtle, craftily composed, and highly theatrical

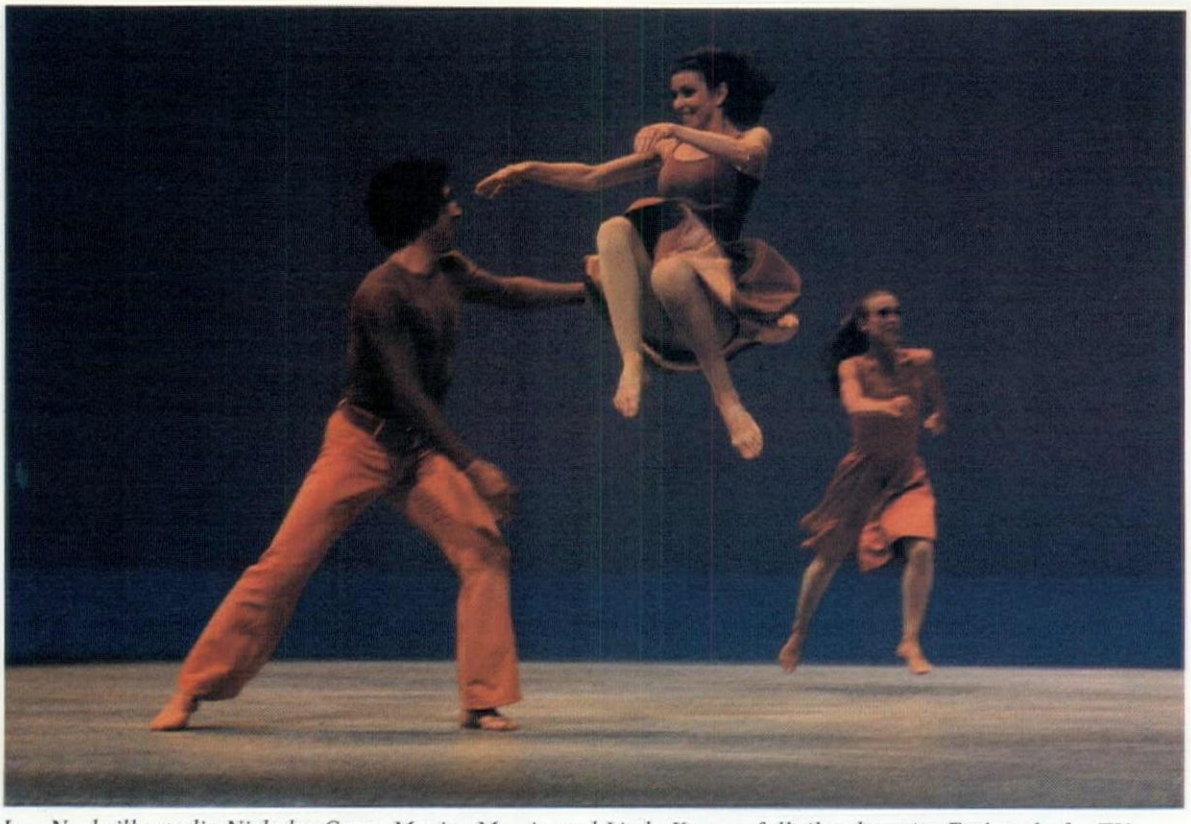
Graham, Merce Cunningham. You see, my work hasn't happened in a vacuum." Now in his creative prime, Taylor himself has become one of the towering moderns.

In dance terms, *modern* is not the equivalent of *contemporary* but the code word for a form of concert dance that is one of America's few indigenous arts. Definitively shaped in the second quarter of the 20th century, modern dance had its first impetus in Isadora Duncan's flamboyant revolt against the bastardized examples of ballet and sleazy theatrical dancing prevalent in this country earlier in the century. In a series of rebellions against dance concepts of the time, the new performer-choreographers single-handedly created their



JACK MITCHELL

The phoenix in Taylor's dryly humorous Book of Beasts *(1971) was the choreographer himself.*



SUSAN COOK—COURTESY EXXON CORPORATION

In a Nashville studio Nicholas Gunn, Monica Morris, and Linda Kent go full tilt rehearsing Esplanade *for TV.*

repertoires and invented the dance language for them. Thus Graham asserted her independence from the innocent eclecticism of the St. Denis–Ted Shawn school, and Cunningham later broke away from Graham's expressionistic theater to explore dance for movement's sake alone. (Similarly, today's ground-breaking choreographers Twyla Tharp and Laura Dean have passed through Taylor's company.)

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Unlike the stark "new dance" that emerged in the early 1960s, modern dance never embraced ordinariness, never fled from the traditional resources of the theater. Taylor's choreography is still designed for the formal-frame stage of the proscenium theater; it has not denied music as the companion of dance or dispensed with the transforming effects of scenery, costume, or lighting. Above all, in spite of avant-garde trends, it keeps saying yes to physical virtuosity.

Taylor movement is full of delightful surprise. It counters the suave lines it borrows from ballet with the fillips of a jutting pelvis, a sassily tipped head or angled wrist, a flick of the feet. Body bulk and weight are acknowledged and used as assets, bounced lusciously against the floor, which serves as a kind of springboard; in the air the Taylor dancer is astonishingly light, cheerfully suspended like a cork bobbing on water. Curvy shapes are emphasized in the body, and in the body's path through space, but these are set off by linear travels—swift and ground-skimming. The dancers often take convoluted, knotty shapes, make repeated, startling shifts of direction, unexpected exits and re-entrances—all propelled by a constant, driving energy. Throughout, their demeanor remains unforced, neutral. They do not dramatize what they do; the action of the body is their sole means of expression.

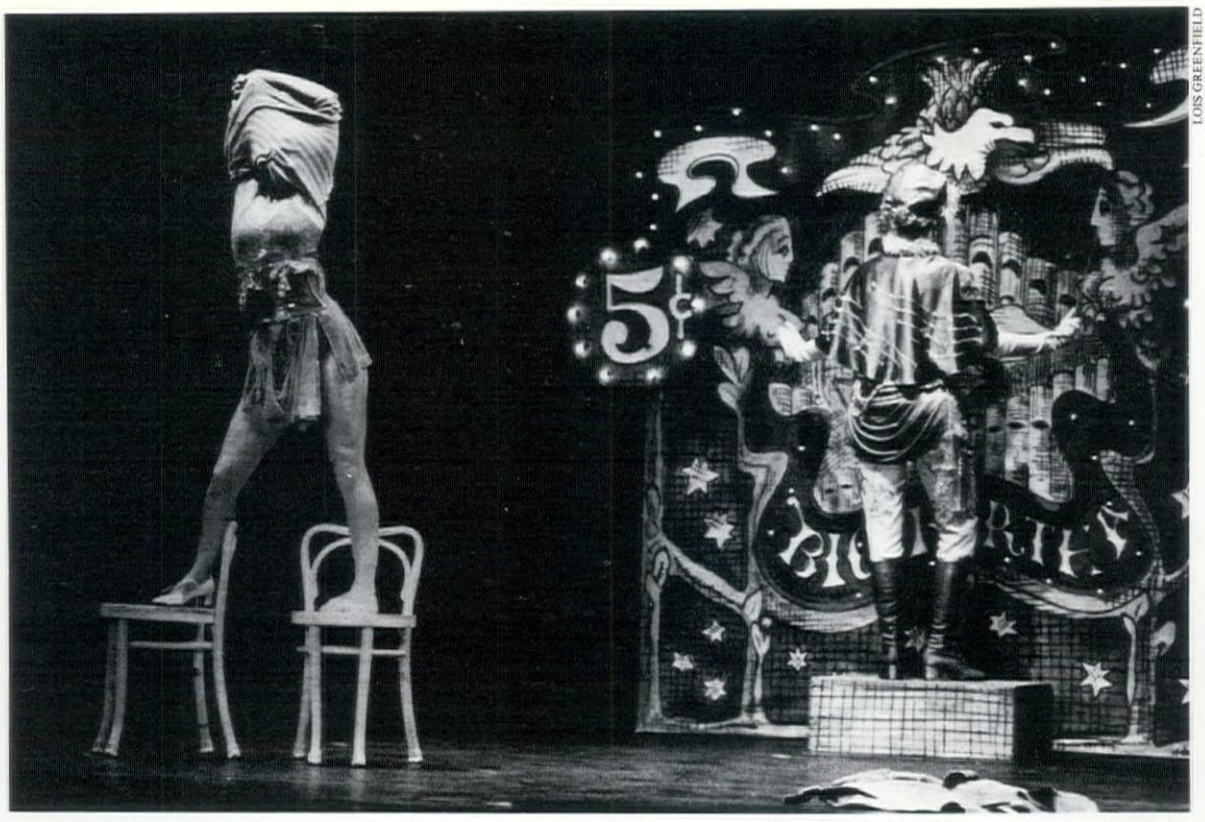
Although Taylor movement can look colloquial, spontaneous even, there is nothing casual about the formal structure underlying Taylor's dances. There is not a single piece that is not craftily composed, its elements carefully arranged with a subtle, inventive sense of balance and a sure eye for theatrical effect. Taylor also has an instinct for the body's logic: no matter how visually contradictory a series of moves may seem, there is a muscular flow that connects them. With this sense of physical rhythm he constructs meaningful phrases of dancing, rather than merely clever series of disjointed steps, and gets under the music's skin.

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As is common in the creation of modern dance vocabulary, much of Taylor's dance style was drawn originally from his own body. He was an extraordinary performer, combining a football player's size and muscular force with buoyancy and fluidity. When, however, observers are tempted to draw a further parallel between his life and the content of his dances,



Polaris *is a twin ballet: the 15-minute piece for five dancers is first done as*



LOIS GREENFIELD

In Big Bertha *a dancing robot (Bettie de Jong) depraves an American mother (Eileen Cropley) and her family.*

Taylor greets the idea with mild wonder. "I suppose people might want to know the story of my life," he says, "but I think they'll probably find the dances more interesting."

For the record, Taylor was born in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, in 1930. He grew up "in different places around Washington, Maryland, Virginia"; you can hear it in the lazy charm of his voice. From the start he had an athlete's body and an artist's instincts. He went to Syracuse University on a painting scholarship, switched to varsity swimming when he found out that the team's stipends were more generous, observed and took his first dance classes, "and once I saw what modern dance was, I knew that was what I wanted to do. Like most of the important things in my life, it just kind of happened." A scholarship to Connecticut College's famous summer dance program led Taylor to New York to study with Martha Graham, at her invitation. Ballet classes under choreographer Antony Tudor and the revered English instructor Margaret Craske broadened this training.

A year later, in 1953, Taylor was a member of Graham's company. His huge, highly fluent body was particularly apt for the larger-than-life roles he was called on to play in her Greek myth works. His loose-limbed power gave him the kind of grandeur Graham was after in her heroes, and an enigmatic quality in his stage presence—that something *not* revealed—gave his interpretations a useful ironic edge.

Being a member of even one of the most illustrious modern dance companies of the 1950s meant almost full-time unemployment, and Taylor, living sparely in a cold-water flat, supplemented his income by hoofing in Broadway chorus lines under choreographers like Jerome Robbins and Michael Kidd. He also assisted artists Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg doing window displays for Fifth Avenue department stores. Like most modern dancers of the period, he free-lanced, working with Doris Humphrey, Pearl Lang, Anna Sokolow, James Waring, and Merce Cunningham.

In the course of Taylor's affiliation with Graham, which

BOTH SUSAN COOK



JOHAN ELBERS



a jaunty, abstract tale; then, as the lighting dims, a second cast turns the same steps into an ominous and frightening scene.



BOTH: LOIS GREENFIELD

Modern social manners are satirized in Cloven Kingdom.

lasted through 1962, she and George Balanchine created a two-part work, *Episodes*, to the music of Anton von Webern, in which each choreographer borrowed a dancer from the other's company. Balanchine chose Taylor. Although the New York City Ballet still performs its eerie, compelling half of the ballet, Taylor's solo has been "retired" because it was so irretrievably linked to the peculiar qualities of motion Balanchine saw in Taylor's body. The solo had a perverse beauty and considerable humor. At moments the dancer seemed to be made up of an uncertain number of boneless, pretzling limbs; at others he was a collection of dissected muscles, twitching spasmodically. The dance hardly traveled in the stage space; fretting about a small spotlighted area, it simply grew increasingly strange and intense. "Balanchine just gave me the movements," Taylor recalls, "but when I asked him to be more specific about how he wanted it performed, he said to think of a fly drowning in a glass of milk."

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In the dances he made himself in the late 1950s, Taylor began to see where his idiosyncratic capabilities might take him. The dance critic Edwin Denby wrote, in retrospect, that "Taylor's first choreography was antidance with a beautiful clarity and ingenuousness"; in the ensuing years the story of Taylor's career was that of renegade turned (almost) classicist. Defeating his audience's expectations at every turn, he produced—and this is probably the only thing that counts—a string of works that echo long after their viewing.

Taylor's choreography operates effectively in several veins. In fact, viewers occasionally wonder how the same talent can produce such innocent images of beauty side by side with the grotesque. The 1963 *Scudorama*, critic Marcia B. Siegel writes, "was beautiful as only violence can be beautiful . . . with its strong, distorted movement, empty relationships, and shocking images." Again and again Taylor's dances ruminate on man's bestiality, barely hidden under a veneer of social graces. The civilized dancing of the evening-dressed population of *Cloven Kingdom* (1976) tumbles suddenly into feral rolls on the ground, lunges, and pawings. What is most unnerving is that the participants seem to notice nothing amiss.

Taylor's work takes a steady look at sexuality, and its verdict is often dismaying. Mechanical eroticism in *Private Domain* (1969) is glimpsed through a series of panels (décor for Taylor's dances—often by Alex Katz—is typically spare, exquisite, and to the point) that turns the audience into a pack of voyeurs. *Churchyard* (1969) transforms its sleek, sanctimonious population into creatures hideously distorted by huge carbuncles. This disintegration occurs in a series of increasingly violent, orgiastic couplings. By contrast, positive man-woman relationships in Taylor's dances are rarely passionate; they are casually friendly, at most, tender. Gaiety, though, is inextricably linked to his sharp-eyed pessimism, producing a characteristic sardonic tone.

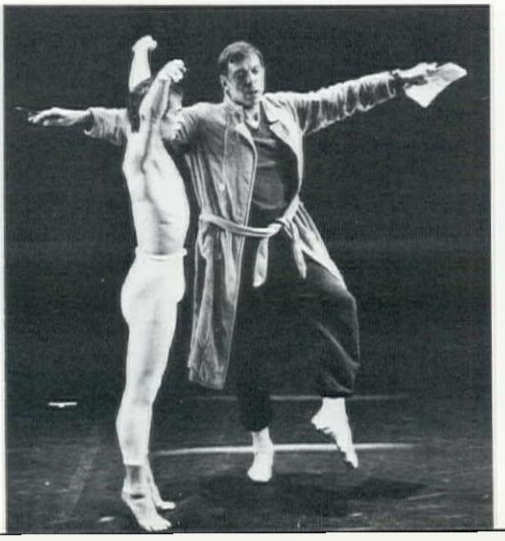
A few of his dances seem all delight. One of them, the 1962 *Aureole*, is considered Taylor's signature piece. Set to various selections of orchestral music by Handel, it is an essay in joyous lyricism—a paean to dancing. What makes this so distinctly a Taylor dance is that its formal architecture and its glorious serenity are persistently undercut by a quirky sense of movement humor: three women, dancing like angels, suddenly turn into a chain of paper dolls, producing phrases in triplicate; a man, using the stage floor as a trampoline, cuts bouncy overcurves through space, cheekily tucking both legs under him to prove that the air is his element.

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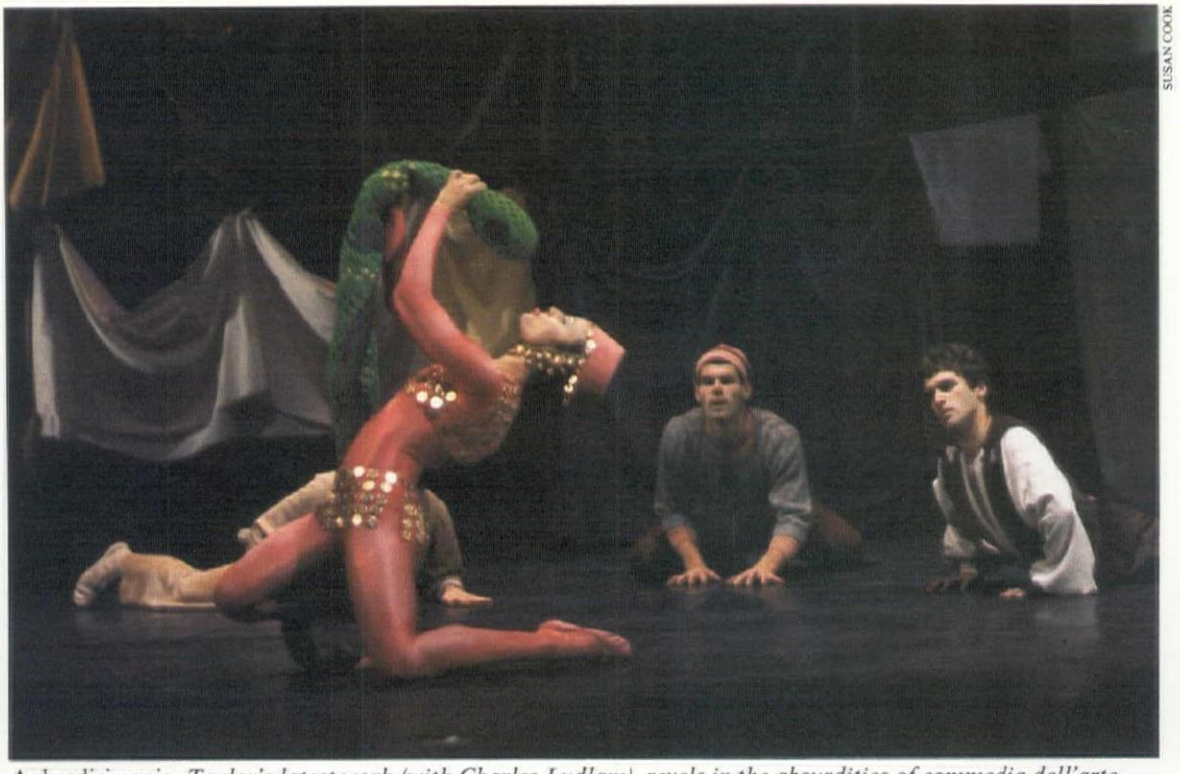
In Taylor's latest work his choreography appears to have grown grander in scale and even more masterful in its command of atmosphere, as the contrasting dances on the current television program show.

Runes, with its body language of predatory legs, boldly flung upper arms, incantatory positions of the torso and head, and its transference of activity from one figure to another, is like a dark tribal rite. "It is intentionally mysterious," Taylor remarks, "the way magic ritual is supposed to be. When I commissioned Gerald Busby to do the score, I asked him to make it spooky." A percussive, pulsing quality haunts the dance, like a drumbeat or heartbeat. The implication of some secret, primal knowledge always below the surface is seductive and rather frightening.

Esplanade plays brilliantly with the illusion of simplicity. The most commonplace patterns—of straight lines and circles, square-dance formations and children's games—are filled with pedestrian gesture and motion, pushed to virtuosic



Rudolf Nureyev learns from Taylor his own part in Aureole *for a 1974 performance.*



Aphrodisimania, *Taylor's latest work (with Charles Ludlam), revels in the absurdities of commedia dell'arte.*

extremes. To set this "street language" to Bach's architectonic music—some of it the same Balanchine used for his classic *Concerto Barocco*—is a fresh irreverence. The intense energy of the piece seems to define what's basic about dancing once and for all, and its images are unforgettable: a woman running lightly backward in swift, tiny-stepped circles; swerving in on herself to change direction; stopping short, arms folded; taking up again; and on a last breath, impetuously shooting—nearly horizontal—into empty air, to be caught, miraculously, by a partner and cradled in his arms as if she were a child being lullabied off to bed. Or, at the close of the slow second movement—a plotless story of sorrow sketched through walks and extended arms—the "family" crawling on their hands and knees, like a herd of dying animals, in inexorably tightening circles. Indeed, images are at the heart of dancing for Taylor, who has called his choreography "food for the eye."

Taylor is usually reluctant to talk about his dances. "To tell you the truth," he drawls, flashing his disarming American boy grin, "I rather resent it. I had thought the dances would speak for themselves." He does, however, speak with alacrity about his dancers, who he feels are pivotal to his work. "The kinds of people I like to work with," Taylor says, "are not mannequins. They are *assertive*. They have minds of their own and perhaps even idiosyncratic bodies. When I choose a dancer I look for intelligence, a certain technical capability—it can be from a ballet background or a variety of modern dance persuasions, but mostly I look for somebody who draws your eye."

One of the Taylor company's salient features is its stylistic unity. This is not the kind of arid, mechanical effect that can be achieved by overrehearsing, but a juicy mutual agreement of bodies as to what constitutes the distinctive language of their choreography. But in spite of their admirable cohesiveness, Taylor's dancers retain a gritty, human individuality. A Taylor audience will easily distinguish, say, Nicholas Gunn's coiled-spring resilience; Ruth Andrien's calm, bold, weighty gesture; the bubbliness in Carolyn Adams's dancing.

Unlike many modern dancer-choreographers, Taylor never allowed himself to become the indispensable star of his company, nor, as it turned out, was his own performance the essential impetus for his choreographing. The year in which his unannounced retirement from the stage became evident was the one in which he made both *Esplanade* and *Runes*. A biographical reading of *Runes*—in which one person "replaces" another in the ongoing cycle of life-death-rebirth—suggests Taylor's equanimity in abandoning the role of performer to his company.

Over the years Paul Taylor has amassed some of the outer accouterments of fame: a 150-year-old house in Greenwich Village, practical awards like Guggenheim Fellowships for choreography, and purely decorative ones such as being made a Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres. Ballet superstar Rudolf Nureyev has commandeered roles in his rep (and been handsomely upstaged by the company regulars). Perhaps, though, the most telling proof of the place Taylor's dance holds in the art public's eye was given in 1976 when it seemed his company, nearly bankrupt, would be forced to dissolve. "Of course," Taylor explains, "dance companies are always in a state of financial peril; this crisis was just better publicized than most. But what amazed me was the number of people—I didn't know that many cared—who wrote to me about my work, enclosing some small contribution, and said, 'Continue.' " □

Tobi Tobias is an associate editor of Dance Magazine.

The Rarest of Birds

James McCracken is the greatest tenor of this generation.
His life story could be a Hollywood epic

By PETER ANDREWS

The dramatic tenor is the biggest gun in the operatic arsenal. Generally cast in a size one expects of an interior lineman on a football team, he must possess vocal equipment of incredible power and flexibility. In the lower register he has to have the sonority of a baritone and the strength to be heard over a fully armored orchestra. In the upper range, where singers say God did not intend for man to sing, he has to waft high above the staff and be able to sound the trumpet of a high C, which is the signature of the really great tenor voice. Additionally, his theatrical requirements are among the most demanding in opera. In the final scene, where his lyric counterpart is dying for love on the breath of a last sweet song, as often as not the dramatic tenor is prowling the stage doing the heavy work, like strangling someone or pulling down the walls of the temple.

Such singers, Erich Leinsdorf once said, "are the rarest of birds. There are never more than two or three in the world at one time."

By general consensus, the greatest *tenore di forza* of this generation is James McCracken, a burly Indiana-born singer who has made a career out of rushing in where more angelic voices fear to tread. He sang the title role of Meyerbeer's awesomely demanding *Le Prophète* at the Metropolitan Opera last season and is the first American that house has entrusted with *Otello*. The notorious voice wrecker of opera,



HENRY GROSSMAN

McCracken gets a trim from his wife, mezzo-soprano Sandra Warfield.

Otello is a role to which many tenors aspire but which few attempt. When Caruso died at the age of 48, he was still steeling himself for a go at the part. Giovanni Martinelli, the great Otello of the 1930s, waited until he was nearly 50 years old before singing the Moor. Franco Corelli, of the long limbs and the glorious voice, was going to try to sing *Otello* a few seasons ago, but racked by the nervous tension that has long blighted his career, Corelli has all but driven himself off the stage. McCracken has been singing *Otello* to tumultuous applause for 17 years.

This season McCracken takes on a new challenge. The Metropolitan Opera had planned a production of *Tannhäuser* with Jon Vickers, but Vickers withdrew. The reasons were not made public, but most observers suspect Vickers feared the tenor's old bugaboo: too many high notes. The Metropolitan management prevailed upon their principal American tenor to take the job, and McCracken agreed to sing his first Wagnerian role. It is the fifth new Met production in as many seasons in which he has starred.

McCracken shrugs. "I always sing the parts no one else wants. When impresarios have a tough one to crack they say, 'Send for McCracken. He'll try it. Jim will try anything.' "

• • •

McCracken's rise to the top of the operatic ladder is the kind of story Hollywood used to make musicals out of and should still. The son of the fire chief of Gary, Indiana, the young McCracken, known as Moose to his friends, seemed destined for a life in the nearby steel mills. McCracken's first job after graduating from high school was as a scarfer, taking the scales off ingots with a blowtorch. But shortly after, doing a hitch in the navy, he was spotted by a music-loving officer who heard him sing *On the Road to Mandalay*, and got him into the Blue Jackets Choir at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center. After his discharge McCracken went to New York and studied music on the GI bill. He took

Singing Verdi's Otello *at the Metropolitan Opera, New York*



any job he could get. "I wasn't thinking about opera particularly," McCracken remembers, "I just liked to sing." He took a four-month gig with Leopold Spitalny's Glee Club at the old Roxy Theater and sang five shows a day, seven days a week. He got bit parts in Broadway musicals, and in *Two on the Aisle* he was the offstage singing voice of comedian Bert Lahr. He performed with local opera companies; and when there was nothing else available, he picked up extra money singing at funerals and weddings.

In 1952, while singing in a production of *Samson et Dalila* in Norfolk, Virginia, McCracken met a beautiful mezzo soprano from Kansas City, Sandra Warfield, who was also embarking on a singing career. In true operetta fashion, Sandra heard James sing a B and promptly fell in love with him. James loved Sandra for rather more complicated reasons. "She was just about the sweetest person I had ever met," he recalls, "and a wonderfully civilizing influence on me. I have a tendency to tell people to shove it. But you really can't do that in this world, and Sandra doesn't let me."

At her urging, they both auditioned for and were accepted by the Metropolitan Opera. Almost from the start, Sandra's career was in the ascendancy. She stepped into increasingly larger roles and was fast on the road to becoming a regular house mezzo. But



The McCrackens head for Europe, 1958.

McCracken could only get *comprimario* roles, those small parts in which the singer comes onstage to tell the stars what time it is or let them know that their carriage is waiting outside.

"I was getting absolutely nowhere," McCracken says. "It got so that I usually had nothing better to do during rehearsals than to run out for coffee for the other singers. When one of them handed me a tip, I knew it was time for me to quit."

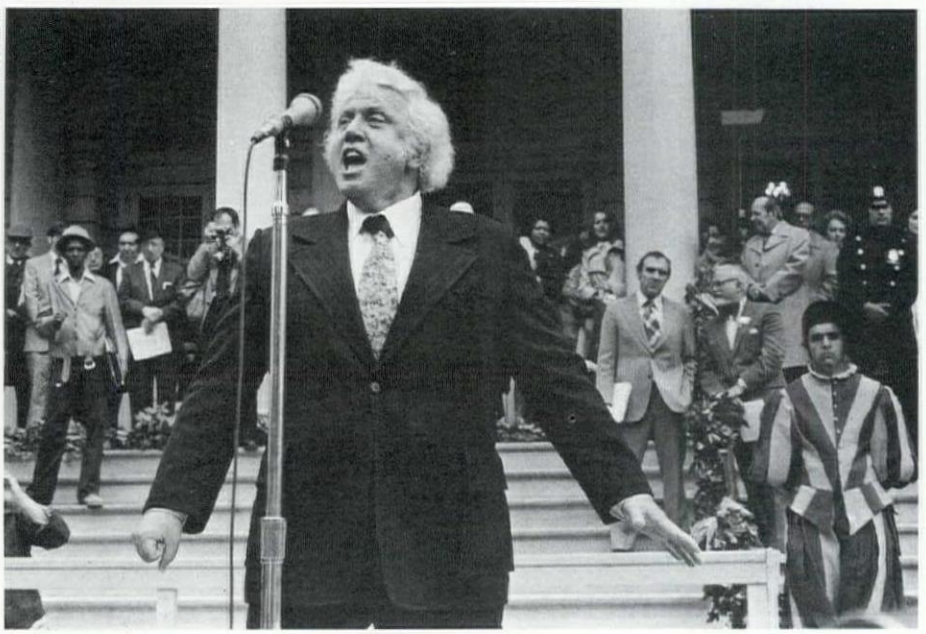
McCracken resigned from the Met and headed for Europe. In an act of unparalleled generosity for a soprano, Sandra subordinated her own burgeoning career to her husband's. She resigned from a somewhat astonished Metropolitan Opera and joined James in Milan, where they studied opera and haunted the casting offices. They kicked around Europe for more than two years, living for a time in a converted chicken coup furnished with orange crates, while McCracken learned his craft and occasionally brought home eight dollars for understudying tenors at a local opera house. The closest thing to real money that they saw during this period was the salary Sandra earned posing as an Italian soprano (she called herself Sandra di Ambra) on a provincial tour with a La Scala company.

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Eventually McCracken began to get pickup jobs in Europe, and in 1960 he got a wire from the Opera Society of Washington, D.C., which was mounting a production of *Otello* and had somehow gotten the impression that McCracken had performed the role on the Continent. Voice unheard, they offered him the role and asked him to send some publicity photographs of himself in his Otello costume. McCracken had never sung the opera in his life, but he accepted immediately. He had his picture taken wearing one of Sandra's earrings, with one of her evening dresses slung over his shoulder in a passable imitation of a Venetian cape, and dispatched it to Washington. The man who was to become the most famous Otello of his generation was still learning the part when he arrived for the first rehearsal.

"There have been better Otellos than I was," McCracken remembers, "but never a more determined one and never a louder one." Ready or not, McCracken scored his first great operatic success in America.

Returning to the United States, the McCrackens continued to find success in their respective singing careers. Sandra Warfield went on to become one of the top mezzo sopranos of our time, singing the leading mezzo roles at major houses all over the world, while continuing a rigorous program of recitals—occasionally appearing in performance or in concert with her



ERIKA DAVIDSON

Publicity for opera: McCracken sings on the steps of New York's City Hall, 1975.



COOKE

Occasionally Warfield and McCracken (back to camera) appear together: here at the Met, in Samson et Dalila.

husband. And three years after the Washington *Otello* James came back to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera as an international star.

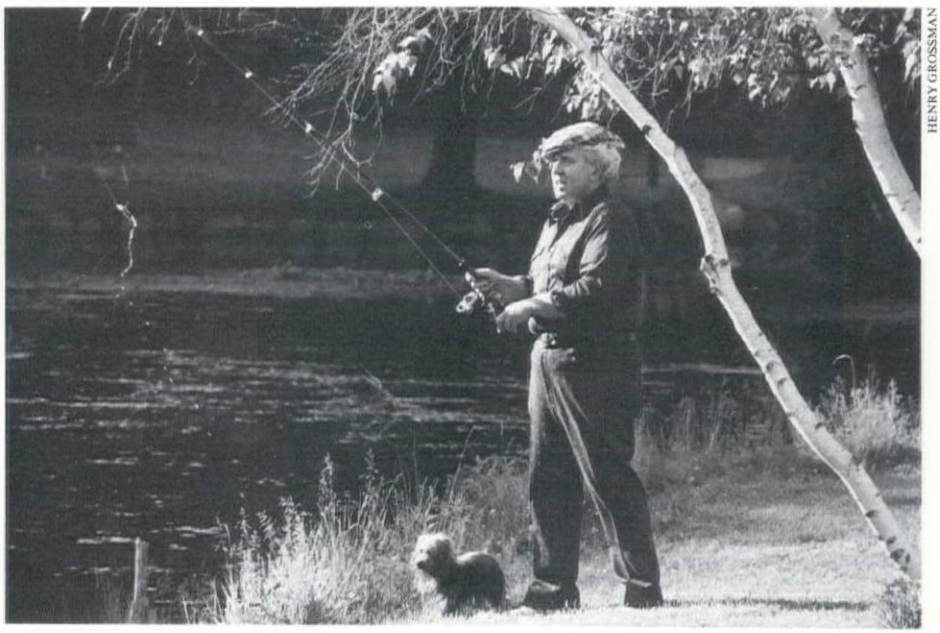
With his cherubic face set off by a shock of pure white hair, McCracken looks more like an amiable barkeep than an operatic kingpin. He lacks the elegant bearing of a heart-flutterer like Placido Domingo. If sweetness and mellowness of voice were the only standards for operatic excellence, McCracken, by his own admission, "would be in a lot of trouble." Fanciers of subtle acting and theatrical understatement will have to look elsewhere. One major critic, somewhat unkindly, said that as an actor McCracken has "the delicacy of a bumblebee stuck in flypaper."

• • •

Where McCracken stands supreme is as the master of the big effect, the shattering climax of a dramatic scene where the audience forgets everything but the glory of a clarion tenor voice soaring high above the orchestra, doing things a voice is not supposed to be able to do. McCracken is the kind of bravura singer who makes other musicians doubt their own hearing. One of his signature roles is Manrico in *Il Trovatore*. Manrico's show-stopping aria *Di quella pira*, one of the treasures of operatic literature, strains many voices beyond endurance. After a quarter of an hour of strenuous singing the tenor is supposed to hit not one high C but two, back to back. It is a moment that few operagoers have ever experienced, for only a handful of tenors dare risk hitting that pair of high Cs during a live performance; they transpose the notes down and save the Cs for the comfort of the recording studio, where mistakes can be erased and the notes tried again. McCracken goes for both high Cs every time. After one performance a few seasons ago, baritone Mario Sereni rushed backstage to a rehearsal piano and drummed his finger on high C.

"I never heard them sung before," he said, incredulously. "I didn't believe it. I still don't believe it. No other tenor can do them."

James McCracken prides himself on his high C the way Tom Seaver does on his fast ball. And like a professional



HENRY GROSSMAN

McCracken, taking it easy in Connecticut, loves to fish but rarely has time.

BOTH: © BETH BERGMAN



Famous roles: as Don José in Bizet's Carmen, *with Marilyn Horne*



· · · and as Radames, off to war, in Verdi's Aîda

athlete, McCracken brings prodigious physical equipment to his art. He has the body of a heavyweight fighter; at his best singing weight of 250 pounds, McCracken outweighs Muhammed Ali by 25 pounds when Ali is in shape, and his chest is a full four inches broader than the champion's. He needs every bit of it.

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"Operatic singing is tremendously physical," McCracken explains. "It isn't just a question of hitting a B flat or a high C. That's only the beginning. While you're doing all of the stage movement involved in playing a part, you have to take notes, amplify them, and send them out into the audience. That's where it gets tough. A singer's body is his instrument, and he has to be his own microphone. When I sing, I use every part of the body: my chest, my diaphragm, my stomach, even my shoulders get involved.

"When I first started singing Manrico at the Met, friends told me, 'Hell, Jimmy, there's not one person in a thousand in the audience who will know the difference whether you hit both Cs or not, so why not bring it down a tone?' Well, I thought about that for about fifteen seconds and rejected it. In the first place, *I* would know. Frankly, I was worried that once I started to sing it down, I'd be afraid to ever try to get back up there again. Besides, whether the audience recognizes the actual note or not, there's a certain excitement that comes from a high C you don't get any other way. *Di quella pira* is going to be a home run anyway. But there's a difference between a shot that goes down the line and just makes it over the wall and a ball you hit into the deep center-field bleachers. It's that hit to center that really brings people out of their seats.

"There's an expression in Italian, *in bocca al lupo*, 'into the wolf's mouth.' That's what a live performance is. The arena and the people are the wolf. When you step out onstage, you step into the mouth of the wolf. You're standing in the jaws. Every stage, every performance, it's the same. Either you succeed or you get eaten."

McCracken usually bags his wolf. After the ecstatic opening of *Le Prophète* last season, with McCracken singing the title role, Metropolitan stage director John Dexter embraced his star, telling him, "Only two other men in the world can command a stage like you do: Olivier and Scofield."

This season, however, McCracken is going to have to stand up to an even weightier comparison, the memory of perhaps the most famous Wagnerian tenor of this century. Fifty-two years ago Lauritz Melchior made his Metropolitan Opera debut as Tannhäuser, and for the next quarter century was *the* heldentenor of that venerable institution. Operagoers have long memo-

BAKALAR—COSMO



Big voice, big chest: Gene Tunney measures McCracken—57 inches.

ries, and the passing of the years does nothing but enhance the recollection of past glories. McCracken is aware of the reverence in which Melchior is held by opera lovers but is trying not to dwell on it, or on the special singing problems presented by Wagnerian opera. Italian singers do not have a monopoly on temperament or nerves. In keeping with his Scotch-Irish heritage, McCracken is sometimes given to a certain gloomy sense of foreboding, and doesn't wish to run the risk of stirring up trouble by talking about it.

"I'd rather not discuss any possible problems with *Tannhäuser*," he said recently, before going into his first rehearsal. "Right now, I am approaching it as just another part in another opera, and not doing anything particularly different in the way of preparation. I have a regular physical regime I go into before the start of a new production: calisthenics every morning and a swim every day I can. Swimming is terrific exercise for a singer. It keeps the muscles in shape. I don't do any roadwork, but I run in place in the pool. It looks like I'm working like hell, but it's really easy."

The Wagnerian assignment is a logical one for McCracken. Impresarios have been after him for years to sing Wagner. "I could have been a heldentenor almost from the start," McCracken said. "In 1961 Herbert von Karajan wanted me to sing Tannhäuser, but I said no. I still wanted to learn the Italian and French repertoire, and Wagner can be very limiting to a young singer. Once you get into it, it's very hard to get out and do anything else. I have several friends who went that route, and I haven't heard much from them in a long time. I have made my career as a dramatic tenor. I'm ready for Wagner now."

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But even now, with *Tannhäuser* under his belt, with a smallish villa in Switzerland, a yacht for patrolling the North Sea, and a fee schedule that earns him $5,000 and up per performance, McCracken remains the eternal small-town Midwestern boy. He still says "golly" when he gets excited and rarely forgets his back-home manners. When he goes to the fashionable watering holes near the hotel suite he and Sandra rent for the Metropolitan season, he remembers to shake hands with the waiters and bartenders, because "it wouldn't be polite not to."



With a dying Nedda (Teresa Stratas) in his arms, McCracken as Canio sings the haunting final aria of Leoncavallo's I Pagliacci.

An operatic career, particularly for a dramatic tenor, is a chancy thing. The grind of repeated rehearsals and performances puts a tremendous strain on a big voice, and every singer knows that once the enamel on the vocal chords wears away it never grows back. At the age when many dramatic tenors have already started to pack it in, McCracken keeps rolling along. He is, according to Metropolitan music director James Levine, "singing at least as well as ever, if not better."

But at 51 McCracken has been a professional singer for 33 years, and that, he points out, "is a lot of notes. Retirement is still a long way off, but I've made up my mind that when the time comes I want to do it right. I don't want to be like some singers who coast on their reputation long after the voice is gone. Leo Slezak came home one night after a particularly good performance of *Otello* in Vienna and said, 'That's it. I'll quit on this one.' That's the way to do it. I want to quit when there are still a lot of people around who don't think I should."

A glutton for punishment, McCracken sings as many as 60 performances a year. He keeps telling himself he should begin to throttle back and pace himself a bit better, but the offers keep pouring in. He is already booked for the 1980 radio broadcast performance of *Otello* at the Metropolitan. □

Peter Andrews, an opera enthusiast, wrote about Frank Corsaro, Edward Gorey, and André Watts in recent issues of HORIZON.

PRESENT INDICATIVE



DENNIS BRACK – BLACK STAR

Jazz greats Dizzy Gillespie and Sarah Vaughan perform in the East Room of the White House

No Frills at the White House

An evening at the Carter White House is not a glittering, glamorous affair. It does not have the super chic of a Kennedy guest list, the lively dancing of a Johnson party, the white-tie formality of the Nixon crowd, or the trendy entertainers chosen by the Fords. The ban on hard liquor reminds old timers of the days of Harry Truman, another Baptist who served only wine.

But an evening at the White House is warm and comfortable, with a minimum of frills. State dinners now begin at 7:30 instead of 8:00, with about 120 guests, mainly early Carter supporters, businessmen, and a sprinkling of cabinet officers and friendly members of Congress. Round tables are set up in the State Dining Room, with centerpieces of decorative crafts and flowers. For the president of Venezuela the Carters chose Cybis porcelains and gardenias; for the shah and empress of Iran, semiprecious minerals surrounded by baby orchids; and for the signing of the Panama Canal treaty, imperial silver lilies in Steuben bowls.

Menus feature roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, Atlantic sea scallop soup, green squash, crab gumbo, glazed Virginia ham with corn pudding, and lemon chiffon pie. There's hardly a bombe or champignon in sight. After dinner, coffee is served in the Red or Green Room.

With another 100 guests joining the group, it's on to the East Room for entertainment. The Carters' preference for the classical arts is evident: in the past year, entertainers have included ballerina Cynthia Gregory, members of the Metropolitan Opera, violinist Isaac Stern, and composer André Previn; but jazz musicians Dizzy Gillespie, Sarah Vaughan, and Earl Fatha Hines have also performed.

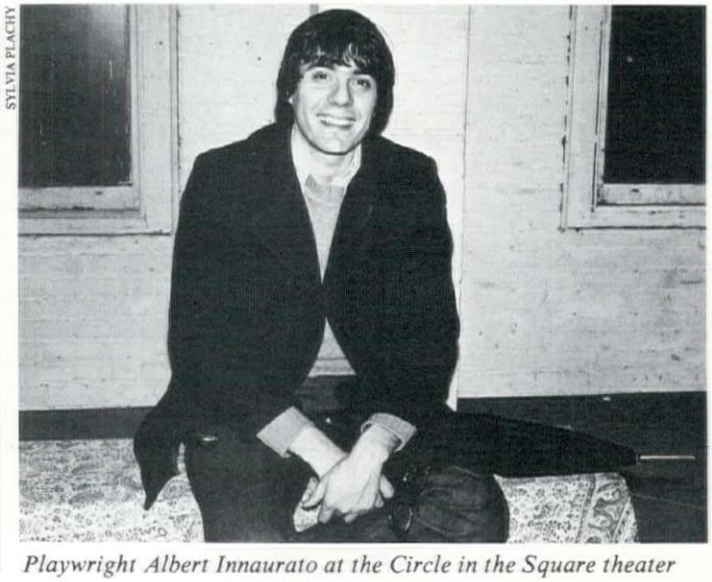
Usually around 11 o'clock the president leaps to his feet, thanks the performers, introduces them to the visiting dignitaries, and is out the door and back upstairs to work. No dancing, chitchat, or more champagne, although when Earl Hines played for the shah's state dinner last November, Carter tapped his head in time to the music, and kept urging him to play just one more. On that night it was 11:20 before the good-nights were said. One departing guest sighed, "I would have asked Rosalynn to dance no matter what, if only Earl Hines had kept on playing."

Ulysses without Heroics

The young playwright Albert Innaurato burst onto the New York theater scene in 1976 with two major productions: *The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie*, in which James Coco starred as a 500-pound man eating himself to death, and *Gemini*, a comedy about a Harvard student who returns home to South Philadelphia and attempts to come to terms with his sexual identity and with his Italian-American father. Now, a new play by Innaurato, *Ulysses in Traction*, is being presented by Manhattan's Circle Repertory Company.

Innaurato's most political work to date, *Ulysses* takes place in 1969 on a university campus. A group of students and faculty of the university's theater department is rehearsing an anti-Vietnam War play and becomes trapped in the auditorium while a race riot rages outside. "No one would have produced *Ulysses* a few years ago," says Innaurato. "They would have called it racist. We're only just beginning to examine the morally complex and ironic situations arising from our civil-rights problems and the war."

The playwright, now 29, is a large, shy man who becomes extremely animated during conversation, delivering rapid monologues ranging in a few minutes from a scornful indictment of certain experimental directors to a confession of painful sensitivity ("I cried the whole time I was writing *Ulysses*"). Now living in Greenwich Village, he is a native of South Philadelphia, where many of his plays are set and where his father, a printer, still lives. He studied at Temple University and at the California Institute of the Arts north of Los Angeles, both urban campuses like that in *Ulysses*, and then went on to the



SYLVIA PLACHY

Playwright Albert Innaurato at the Circle in the Square theater

Yale Drama School.

The characters in *Ulysses in Traction*—a failed playwright, an unattractive female graduate student, an aggressively homosexual faculty member, and a drunken director—are isolated not only by the hostile political forces outside the rehearsal hall but also, as in all Innaurato plays, by their inability to succeed in what he calls a "cosmetic universe, one that judges people on the basis of their appearance and sexuality."

As for the reference to Ulysses, Innaurato asserts, "Americans used to see themselves as did the ancient Greeks—sharp and shrewd and able to deal with any situation—but now the heroic impulse is crippled. That's what the play's title is about."

A New Life for Rothko

When the abstract expressionist painter Mark Rothko died early in 1970, he left a legacy of nearly 800 of his larger-scale canvases. According to Rothko's will, part of his estate was to go to his wife and children, Kate, then 19, and Christopher, 6, and part to the charitable foundation established in his name. Rothko's will named three executors—all friends of the artist.

A year and a half later, Rothko's wife having died, a suit was filed in New York on behalf of his children, charging that the executors were mismanaging the estate by disposing of the paintings wholesale to the Marlborough Gallery, one of the largest and most powerful art dealers in the world. The attorney general of New York entered the case to represent the public's interest in the Rothko foundation, and seven teams of lawyers became involved. The trial began in February 1974 and lasted for eight months.

The presiding judge took more than a year to decide that two of the estate's executors were guilty of conflict of interest and that the third, who had been aware of what they were doing, was therefore accountable, too. The Marlborough Gallery, which had bought 100 paintings for $18,000 apiece (then promptly resold them for six to ten times that amount) and had contracted to sell on consignment 698 more, was ordered to return all the paintings or their current value to the estate. All contracts with the Marlborough Gallery were cancelled, and the total fines and damages that were leveled amounted to $9.2 million (of this, more than $4 million remains to be paid).



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Mark Rothko's Number 22, *1949*

A few weeks ago, six years to the day after the case was filed, the final court of appeals upheld the decision. So far, 701 Rothkos have been returned to the estate, and their fate has been put largely into the hands of Kate Rothko Prizel, now a 27-year-old medical student at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. Mrs. Prizel, according to her lawyer, Edward Ross, of New York, intends to keep the paintings together and see that they are publicly displayed.

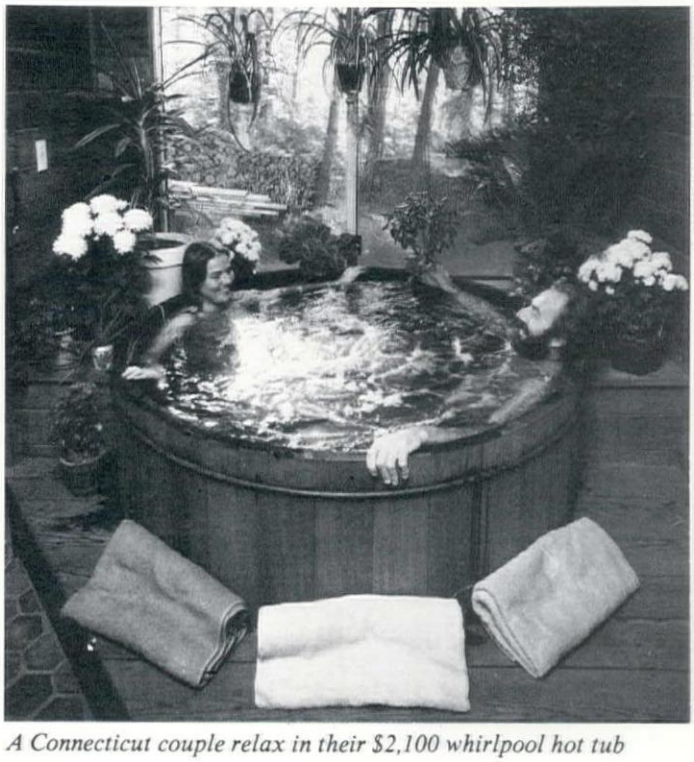
For starters the Guggenheim Museum in New York is organizing a Rothko retrospective, which will open sometime next fall and will later travel around the country. At last the art over which so lengthy and bitter a legal battle was waged will be seen and, presumably, appreciated, not so much for its troubled history as for the power of its color and its near-religious abstract message.

Come Soak with Me

Laid-back Californians call them luv tubs and have long found them helpful for heating up their parties and cooling off their psyches. And now hot tubs—to use the proper name for these communal soak centers—are finally catching on where they may be most needed; on the uptight East Coast.

Made from truncated wood wine casks (a "Gallo" or "Napa Valley" stamp on the side is a prized mark of authenticity) or designed from scratch in plastic or such hardwoods as teak or oak, hot tubs range in diameter from four feet—large enough for a compact twosome—to seven feet—enough for a cozy party of 12. A ready-made wood tub, plus installation, can cost anywhere from $1,000 to $3,000. Water heaters, filters, and chlorine dispensers are usually included, and redwood covers, outdoor lights, and whirlpools are available as options.

Most of the tubs being bought in the East are manufactured by California companies, which market their wares under such catchy names as "Sequoia" and "Thoreau-Four-O." But East Coast manufacturers are coming on fast. Marc Valentine, whose company, Atlantic Redwood Products of Halifax, Massachusetts, began selling hot tubs two years ago, says some New Englanders can be rather shortsighted in their pursuit of the California-bred fad. "People come in who have seen a picture in *Playboy* and want to put a luv tub on their patios," he relates. "I ask them, 'Do you really want to have to brush the snow off your bathtub before you can get in it?' "



STEPHEN SZURLEJ—NYT PICTURES

A Connecticut couple relax in their $2,100 whirlpool hot tub

The Locker Room Mystique

It encourages comradeship, fosters competition, and reveals a man for what he is, not what he wants to be. And it might soon benefit women as well



BRUCE CURTIS

Caps await their owners at the Wheatley Hills Golf Club on Long Island

When I was in the fifth grade, part of what made the kids at the neighboring high school such heroic figures was that when they played sports, they got to use the school locker room. We didn't have a locker room for the fifth grade, and when we came back sweaty from playing dodge ball at recess, we had to plop ourselves down at our desks and dry off during long division. Not so with the high-school athletes. They had showers, warm towels, a room of their own, and—even then I sensed it—something more, something special and slightly mysterious.

I noticed it first on a Friday night in the 1950s at the opener of the high school's basketball season. Shortly before the game got under way, I squeezed into the packed gymnasium and picked out a seat in the bleachers. After the usual cheering and drum-thumping, a door suddenly opened in the brick wall beside me and the varsity players came trotting out. As the team members dribbled and danced through their warm-up exercises, the crowd grew tense with expectation. But I had lost interest in the action on the court. My eyes were on the door through which the players had come, the door that led back to their lockers. Behind that door lay something secret.

At half time the varsity filed back through the magic portal and disappeared. I made my way to the door, which was guarded by the manager, a skinny student with a clipboard. In my innocence I tried to push past him. He grabbed my arm. "Team members only!" he snapped.

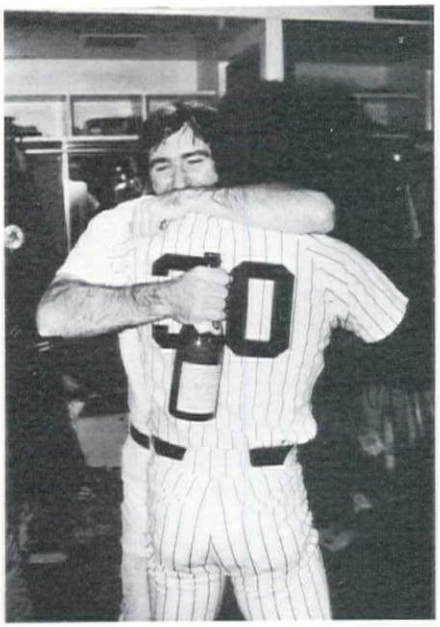
I really hadn't expected to breach the inner sanctum quite that easily, so after the game I gave it another try. This time the doorway was unguarded. I walked down a short corridor to where a flight of steps descended to a landing, turned left, and continued on down to a subterranean room. There was the manager again. This was as far as I was going to get. But it was close enough, because up the stairs came the unforgettable aroma of the locker room beyond, an incredible compound of steam, soap, and sweat, seasoned with the sharp scent of adhesive tape and the pungent odor of damp sneakers, and topped off by a whiff of Vitalis. As I stood by the stairs I could hear the hiss of showers, the clatter of steel doors slamming, shouts of laughter, yelps of pain, a smattering of swearwords. I had

By CLARK WHELTON

to know: What was going on in there?

Eventually I found out, of course. In the years since I first sniffed that athletic essence, I have passed through doors marked Team Members Only from Maine to Texas. I have changed uniforms in the boiler room of a church, showered in a sink, swum naked in YMCA pools, and hung my clothes in the plush lockers of private clubs. In the classic aggressive-affectionate style of the locker room, I have had wet towels snapped at my unprotected hindquarters, had my underwear switched with somebody's six sizes smaller, and have seen athletes trussed up with jockstraps and tossed naked into a hallway filled with females.

Until recently, however, I had never attempted to analyze just what it is about locker rooms that makes them special, almost religious retreats in the life of the human male. From the carpeted clubhouse in Yankee Stadium to the cinder-block confines of an army barracks, the spirit of the ancient *gymnasium* survives without really being understood. Nor is there an age limit on the mystique. The athlete may grow older, but the appeal does not diminish. Towel-snapping may give way to haggling over a business deal in a salty vernacular that would never be tolerated in a boardroom, but the essential dynamics of the changing room remain unchanged. The gymnasium (a word with etymological roots meaning "an exercise for which you strip") is still sacred fraternal ground. And even though women have recently been beating on the door, the locker room may yet prove to be the final, insurmountable obstacle to an equal relationship between the sexes.



Yankee players celebrate with champagne after last year's World Series win.

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"My wife keeps asking me what we *do* in here," says a man in a green sweatshirt as he steps off the exercise bike at the Downtown Athletic Club in New York City. "She just doesn't understand how grown men can sit around naked in a steam bath together. Many of the members here are presidents and chairmen of major corporations, and my wife wants to know how they can keep their dignity in the nude when they're elbow to elbow with men who might be their employees. Well, it's a very difficult thing to explain, but I tell her that locker rooms don't have anything to do with dignity or the social graces that people observe on the street. In a locker room you're not the way you should be, you're the way you are, and it's a damn difficult thing to comprehend unless you've experienced it."

George Blecher, a writer who works out regularly at the Uptown Racquet Club in New York, concurs. "The appeal is very hard to explain," he says. "The locker room is a great equalizer. It's almost like a family situation. There you are, standing around naked with a bunch of men you might not even know, looking at each other's bodies, sizing each other up, and somehow it brings you all down to the same level. You might be the worst golfer, or tennis player, or squash player in town, but when you're standing in the showers next to the club champion you share something. You can see that he's a man just like you are, and you can't be too envious. He asks you to pass the soap and it's as if you were in the same



ALEX WEBB—MAGNUM

Shenanigans after a game at Briarcrest High School in Memphis, Tennessee

family. His victory is your victory."

This combined sense of competition and companionship in the locker room has a long history behind it. The ancient Greeks, for whom javelin throwing, wrestling, and boxing were a means of keeping in shape between wars, tested one another's courage and skill at sports and then retired to the *palaistra* for the rituals of oiling, powdering, and washing their bodies. Since athletics were intended largely as a substitute for war and not a cause of it, adversaries in the arena were not allowed to take their rivalries back to the locker room. To be a good loser and a gracious winner was considered the mark of a civilized man. A sportsman who lacked either virtue was likely to be labeled as "no athlete," a serious insult that was neither given nor received lightly.

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It is not clear whether Spartans and Athenians worked off suppressed anger and pride by snapping towels at each other's buttocks in the name of locker room horseplay, but my guess is that they did. Athletes today may play on plastic grass and daub themselves with Brut instead of palm oil and ashes, but the basic elements of the athletic experience haven't changed a bit. Every game still produces a winner and a loser. When the contest is over, one athlete will feel like rubbing his victory in, and the other will feel like rubbing his opponent out. By the time they reach the lockers, they've stored up enough latent hostility to start World War III. But both winners and losers are expected to behave like good sports, so the aggression takes nonphysical form. It can, nevertheless, be rough.

PETER SOUTHWICK—STOCK, BOSTON



Hondo's gear at the Boston Garden

Ron Swoboda, who played major-league baseball for the Mets, the Yankees, and the Montreal Expos from 1965 to 1973, is a veteran of thousands of locker room encounters. What he recalls most vividly are not the uninhibited things that were done behind the clubhouse door, but the uncensored things that were *said*.

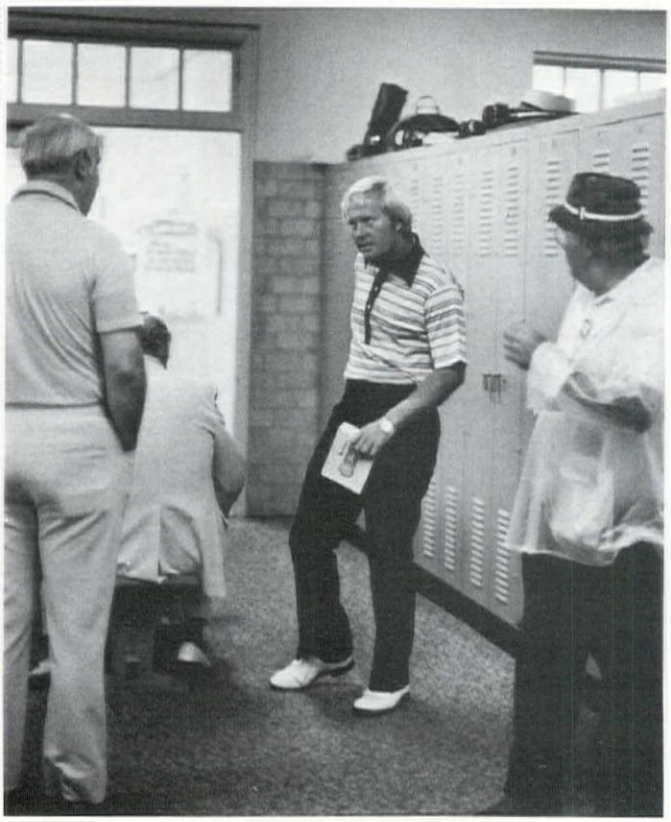
"There should be a sign posted near every big-league locker room," Swoboda says. "It should read Warning: Leave Your Sensitivities Outside. Professional athletes are merciless when it comes to raking a guy's foibles and idiosyncrasies over the coals. If you have a weak spot, your teammates will find it. They just keep probing you with comments about your wife, your face, your body, your brains, until they find something that makes you wince. And that's when they really pour it on. I've seen men almost destroyed by the going over they get in the locker room. Racial remarks, ridiculing a man's masculinity, making fun of his speech patterns or his personal beliefs—anything goes. And nobody's safe. It doesn't matter if you're Tom Seaver or a second-string catcher, the ribbing and insults will catch up with you sooner or later. That's just the way it is. Comments that would get you *killed* outside on the street are just part of the game when you're in the locker room."

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This peculiar kind of closed society where anything goes is not restricted to professional athletes. Rudy Riska, director of athletics at the Downtown Athletic Club, sees similar patterns repeated among his membership. The DAC is probably the most prestigious athletic club in America (the Heisman trophy for the best college football player in the country is awarded there each year), and its members are usually men of substantial influence and power. "But in the locker room they're just men." Riska says. "They come to the club to let off steam, to play a few games of basketball, handball, or squash, and natural rivalries build up among them. Part of the rivalry is expressed in rough language, the language of the locker room."

This no-holds-barred banter tends to

BRUCE CURTIS



Jack Nicklaus at Winged Foot in Mamaroneck, New York

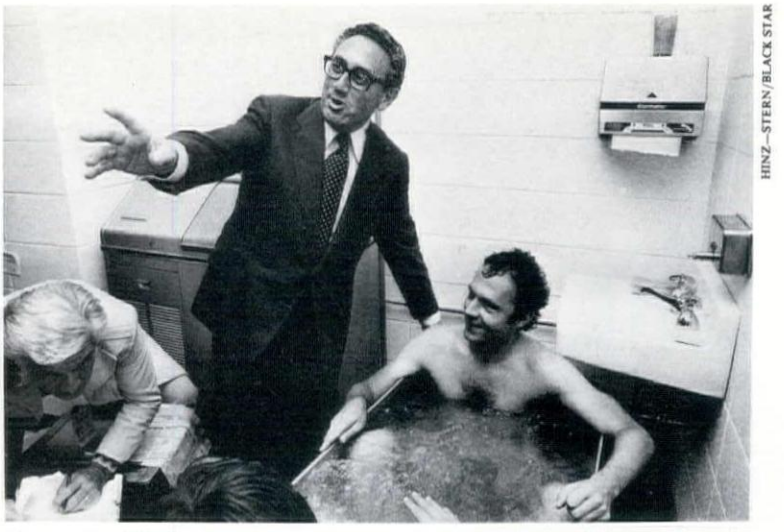
produce an atmosphere that many men find conducive to doing business. "I have heard some very heavy stock market deals concluded by men who were sitting around the locker room in their jocks," says John Greco, squash pro at the University Club in New York. "There is a sense of security here. The men are at home. They can wear anything they like, say anything they like, do anything they like, and I think it's easier to size another guy up under these circumstances."

A New York stockbroker who plays tennis on his lunch hour agrees. "Business is a matter of trust," he says, "and it's not always easy to tell whether or not a man is trustworthy during a conference, where the formality, the politeness, and the glib talk are perfect camouflage for a con artist. But put that same guy in a locker room with you, and then watch how he handles himself on the court, and you immediately know who you're dealing with."

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Just how much business is concluded in locker rooms is difficult to say, but several years ago feminist leader Gloria Steinem denounced the all-male sanctuaries of private clubs and athletic facilities as inherently discriminatory against women. Most of the country's business is conducted not in boardrooms, Steinem said, but in locker rooms, where women are forbidden to go. How, she asked, can women ever hope to achieve economic parity with men when they are systematically excluded from the actual seats of power?

It's a telling question, not only for the future of feminism but for the survival of the ancient ways of the locker room. The Harvard Club of New York City, which barred women from its athletic facilities for decades, now finds itself in the thick of the sexual revolution. Women members, who have already won equal access to the club's squash courts, are about to get equal locker room facilities. At present, the women use a bedroom downstairs to change into their playing clothes. The men are firmly entrenched in the handsome sixth-floor locker room adjoining the courts. When men step off the oak-paneled elevator directly into the locker-room, they still find their clothes, shoes, and racquets neatly laid out for them in long rows on a bench. When they come back from the combat on the courts, their sweaty shirts and shorts are dried and put away for them.



HINZ—STERN/BLACK STAR

Soccer fan Kissinger catches Cosmos star Franz Beckenbauer in the tub.



FRANK WHITE

The comforts of home, plus bar service, at New York's Downtown Athletic Club



JERRY BERNDT

Players for the semipro Detroit Fillies (now the Demons) before a game in 1974

These services lend the locker room an air of luxury. Not surprisingly, the women want some of their own.

"We have some fine women players here," says Harvard Club squash pro Milt Russ. "The club has decided to let them compete for positions on the men's ladder if they wish to do so. And of course they will soon have locker facilities equal to those of the men." The issue of men's competing on the women's ladder at the club hasn't come up yet.

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When it does, the question of whether or not women can ever fully participate in the mystique of the male locker room may finally be answered. Beyond all the chauvinism, the sexism, and the cultural prejudice, there is but one basic question in the world of athletics: Who are the winners and who are the losers? Granting equal athletic facilities will not grant equal athletic status. Only an equal number of hard-fought victories can do that.

With women today taking more interest in competitive sports, the performance gap between men and women is likely to grow smaller. But whether in fact it does may be determined less by what happens in the arena than by what transpires in the locker room, because, in the end, the locker room is still the anteroom of combat. And whether women will find the lure of combat as strong as men traditionally have remains to be seen.

In the early 1970s I attended a professional basketball game between the Carolina Cougars and the New York Nets of the old American Basketball Association. At that time, the Nets were playing in a small arena on Long Island. Before the main event there was a preliminary game between two local high-school teams. Since locker facilities were limited, the high-school kids and the pros shared a single room. To cut down on the confusion, a heavy tarpaulin divided the room in half. As I was passing from one side of the room to the other, I stopped and looked back. Behind me were the high-school kids, snapping towels, throwing sneakers, cracking cheerfully obscene jokes about one another's bodies and girl friends, pumping up their combative spirit for the contest to come. Ahead of me were the professionals, each of them at least ten years older, 100 pounds heavier, and a foot taller than the high-school players. But both groups were doing and saying exactly the same things. The tarpaulin was like a time machine that not only spanned a decade or two but offered a glimpse into the dim origins of the whole locker room cabal, generation after generation linked in spontaneous conspiracy, each one discovering anew the gruff intimacies associated with struggle. □



OWEN FRANCKEN—STOCK, BOSTON

A last-minute reminder

Clark Whelton, who played junior varsity basketball at Wethersfield, Connecticut, High School, is a free-lance writer.



FREDERICK RITCHIN

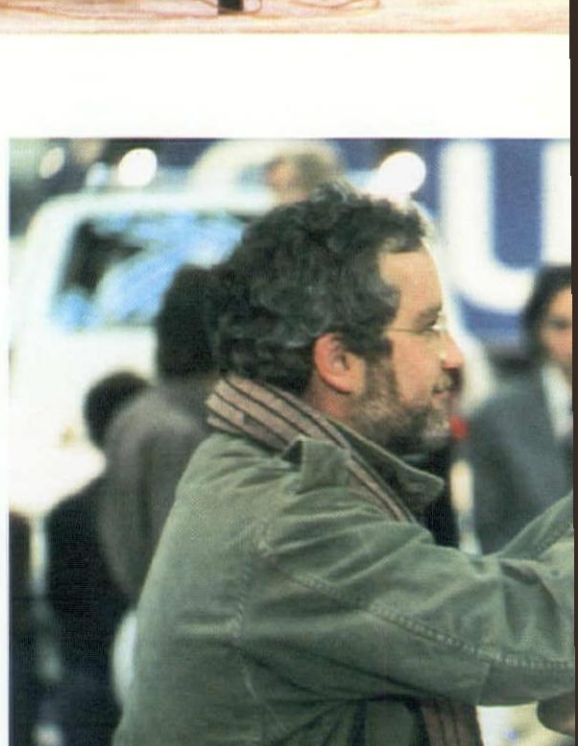
Squash togs are laid out for members at an Ivy League club in Manhattan.

Neil Simon onstage with Anita Gillette and Judd Hirsch, stars of Chapter Two

The Unreal, Hilarious World of Neil Simon

Money is no problem, politics no concern,
and the audience feels
it's right up there onstage with the actors

By THOMAS MEEHAN

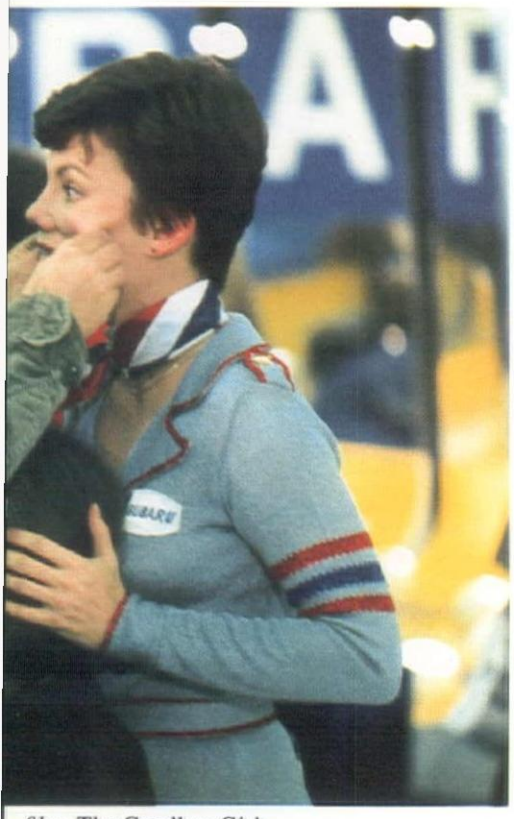


Richard Dreyfuss and Marsha Mason in Simon's latest

JAY THOMPSON

The curtain rises on a semiabstract representation of a pair of New York apartments, one of which is supposed to be on the Upper East Side of Manhattan and the other on lower Central Park West. But, done up in contrasting contemporary styles, both look as though they might once have been model rooms in Bloomingdale's fifth-floor home furnishings department. The lights come up on the Central Park West apartment, stage left, and we are introduced to George and Leo Schneider, two fortyish, New York Jewish brothers who spend the opening minutes of the play trading wisecracks, comic insults, and one-line jokes worthy of the best of Henny Youngman. Each of the brothers, also done up in contrasting contemporary styles, looks as though he's been entirely outfitted in Bloomingdale's first-floor menswear department.

George, we learn from exposition that is masterfully hidden among the yocks, is a writer of spy novels whose wife has recently died, and Leo is a show business agent who is trying to fix up his bereaved brother with dates. Thus, moments after the play has begun, two major characters have been strongly established and a simple but effective plot has been set in motion while the audience has been laughing its collective head off. We marvel at the brilliance of the playwright's talent for construction and his amazing ability to write one funny line after another.



WARNER BROS.

film, The Goodbye Girl

The play, of course, is *Chapter Two*, a new comedy by Neil Simon that opened in New York early last month after having been hailed during its Los Angeles tryout by *Daily Variety* as "nearly perfect" and potentially "one of the most important plays of the century." I myself, seeing it in Los Angeles in mid-November, found it a good deal less than perfect and not quite up to *Death of a Salesman* or *Long Day's Journey into Night*, although certainly as funny and entertaining as the best of Simon's previous comedies. In any event, a theatergoer, having been led blindfolded into the theater, not knowing what play he was about to see or even that *Chapter Two* had been written, would immediately realize that he had once again been transported over the rainbow into the world of Neil Simon—a peculiarly unreal world where everyone, no matter how dense or uneducated he or she is supposed to be, is capable of coming up with rapid comic ripostes that would put Johnny Carson or Don Rickles to shame. An isolated world, too, where such concerns as politics, the plight of Soviet Jews, or the future of Donny and Marie Osmond barely exist, but where everyone is instead interested only in his or her own personal problems, which usually have to do with marriage and sex. But not with money—money is almost never a problem in the world of Neil Simon, not as long as everyone has his Bloomingdale's charge card. A world, in short, that can be found only on the stage. And a not unpleasant place to visit for a couple of hours.

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Born on the Fourth of July, Neil Simon last summer celebrated his semicentennial. Upon reaching the milestone age of 50, and to mark what he himself cheerfully described as "the beginning of the second quarter of my life," Simon brought forth *Chapter Two*, the 13th of his plays to make it to



MARVIN N. SIMON
"Doc" N.Y.U.
P. T. Sq.: Intramural Basketball.
Journalist
"Shyyyyy."

DeWitt Clinton yearbook, 1944

Broadway since *Come Blow Your Horn* arrived at the Brooks Atkinson Theater on February 22, 1961, nearly 17 years ago. Simon last year also turned out a film—his 12th—*The Goodbye Girl*, starring his wife, Marsha Mason, as a one-time dancer and the divorced mother of a nine-year-old daughter, and Richard Dreyfuss as an off-Broadway actor; they find themselves sharing an apartment—reluctantly at first, and then ecstatically, as mistrust and hostility give way to love. It is a charming film, set in the same never-never land as Simon's stage comedies.

As a result of having created virtually one play per year since *Come Blow Your Horn*, along with the books to a trio of highly successful Broadway musicals (*Little Me*, *Sweet Charity*, and *Promises, Promises*), Simon has become both the wealthiest playwright in the history of the known universe (his income from box-office grosses alone has at times exceeded $30,000 per week, and his net worth is now probably close to $10,000,000) and the most popular comic playwright that this country has ever known. So, with his having made it to the relatively advanced age of 50 and in the same year having spawned both a new film and yet another Broadway comedy hit, the time is perhaps appropriate to search for an answer to this question: What the hell is the secret of Neil Simon's extraordinary success?

The answer may be found, at least in part, by taking a closer look at *Chapter Two*, which has to do with a 42-year-old widower who meets, falls in love with,



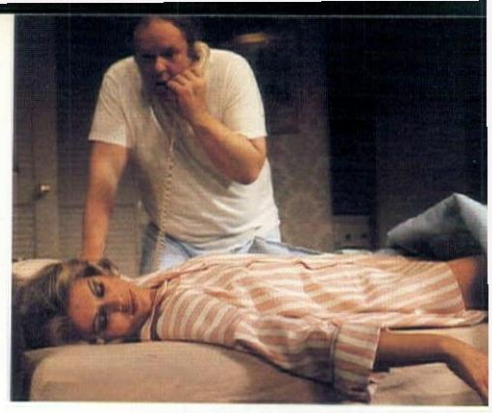
COLUMBIA PICTURES

Peter Falk, Truman Capote, David Niven in the film Murder by Death *(1976)*

and marries a divorced 32-year-old actress, and who encounters emotional problems in attempting to adjust to his second marriage, i.e., chapter two of his life. On July 11, 1973, Simon's wife of 20 years, Joan, died of cancer, and later that same year he was married for a second time, to Marsha Mason, a youngish divorced actress. Thus, the critics have seized on *Chapter Two* as Simon's most autobiographical and most serious play. This may be true, but I myself found it no more serious than, say, *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*—it merely turns on a more serious subject, but it is just as jokey as most of Simon's work. And almost all of his outstandingly successful plays, from *Come Blow Your Horn* onward through *Barefoot in the Park*, *The Odd Couple*, and *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, have been to a large degree autobiographical.

Indeed, part of the secret of Simon's success has been this very ability to construct comedies out of the stuff of his own life, such as leaving home (*Come Blow Your Horn*), the beginnings of a first marriage (*Barefoot in the Park*), and now, the beginnings of a second marriage (*Chapter Two*). Simon has assiduously followed the First Rule of Writing, which is: Write about what you know best—yourself, your family, your friends. The few times he has strayed from autobiography, in plays such as *The Star-Spangled Girl* and *God's Favorite*, he has had his only failures. The best of Simon's plays are clearly written from the inside, from the heart, from the soul, and not as conscious efforts to churn out commercial Broadway hits, which is at once a principal reason for his success and for the failure of dozens of playwrights who have attempted to get rich by imitating Simon's style without really understanding his plays.

Besides being autobiographical, *Chapter Two* is like the best of Simon's earlier comedies in that it is set in New York and is peopled by bright, wisecracking, upwardly mobile Manhattanites, middle-aged and middle-class, who—with a hostile, mugger-ridden city outside the windows of their decorator-designed apartments—are for the most part simply trying to survive modern times and modern marriages in a world they never made. Typically, the central characters in *Chapter Two* are a couple who are caught up in a love-hate relationship, and who are thus alternately cooing and bickering, vowing undying love and threatening to walk out the door forever. At the final curtain of *Chapter Two* love more or less conquers all, and a somewhat contrived happy ending is reached. Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl. This is the basic plot not only of *Chapter Two* but also of several of Simon's other plays. (Whatever his other virtues may be, and they are considerable, plotting is not one of Simon's greatest strengths.)



Jack Weston and Leslie Easterbrook in California Suite *(1976)*

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But what else is it about Simon's comedies that makes them Broadway hits? Well, it has often flippantly been said that the quintessential pair of Broadway theatergoers are a 52-year-old Jewish dentist from Scarsdale and his 45-year-old-Hadassah-president wife. And while this characterization of the Broadway audience is both simplistic and slightly anti-Semitic, there is nonetheless a certain amount of truth in it. The majority of those who make up a typical Broadway audience tend to be (*a*) middle-aged or older, (*b*) middle-class and upper-middle-class New Yorkers or suburbanites, (*c*) white, and (*d*) Jewish. These are the faithful who have long been the strongest supporters of the Broadway theater and who, by their willingness to plunk down as much as $25 per ticket, have caused it to endure in the face of strong odds in favor of its demise. And, of course, they



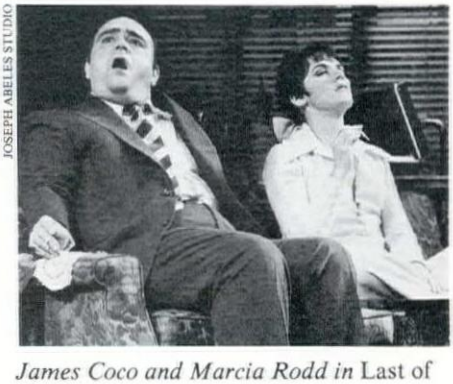
MARTHA SWOPE

Lee Grant and Peter Falk in Prisoner of Second Avenue *(1971)*



20TH CENTURY FOX

Charles Grodin and Jeannie Berlin in the movie Heartbreak Kid *(1972)*

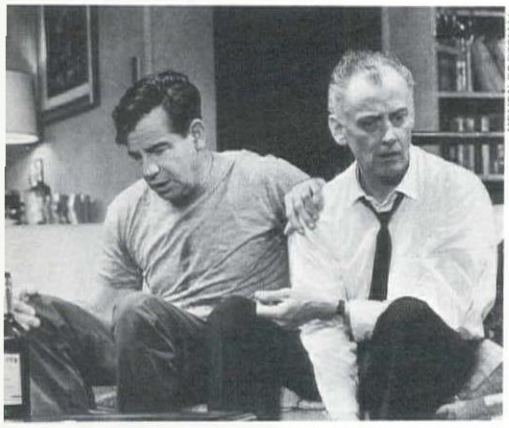


JOSEPH ABELES STUDIO

James Coco and Marcia Rodd in Last of the Red Hot Lovers *(1969)*

are exactly the same sort of people who turn up as characters in Simon's plays—people who probably started off in some place like the Bronx and who did their time in a Manhattan apartment before making their escape to Westchester County. Because the characters on stage are flatteringly witty mirror images of themselves, the New York audience for a Simon play heavily identify with characters such as George Schneider in *Chapter Two*, Mel and Edna Edison in *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, or Norma Hubley in *Plaza Suite*. When members of an audience identify with a character, they immediately care about him and are rooting for him from act 1, scene 1 onward, and the playwright is already halfway to having a hit on his hands.

This is not to imply, however, that



HENRY GROSSMAN

Walter Matthau and Art Carney in The Odd Couple *(1965)*

Simon deliberately panders to the Broadway audience by writing only about people they can identify with. Instead, he writes about such people because of who he is. Simon was born and raised in the Bronx, the son of a middle-class Jewish salesman, Irving Simon, and his equally middle-class Jewish wife, Mamie. As a young man, after graduating from DeWitt Clinton High School and serving briefly in the Air Force, Simon left the Bronx to share an apartment in Manhattan with his older brother, Danny, a writer and director of television comedy. In the early 1950s Simon himself became a TV writer for such comics as Sid Caesar, Phil Silvers, and Gary Moore.

Will Mackenzie in Promises, Promises *(1968)*

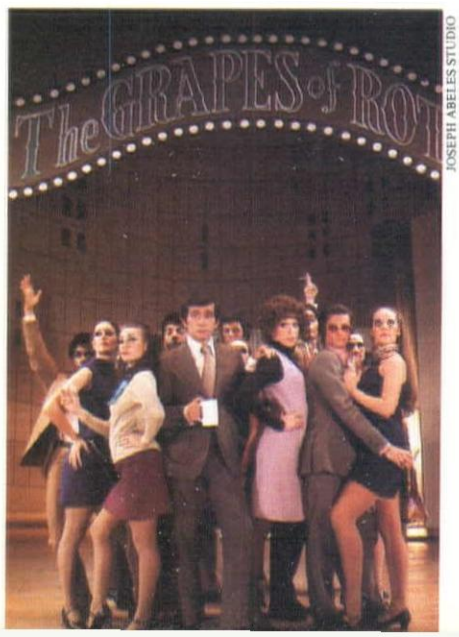


HENRY GROSSMAN

Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford in Barefoot in the Park *(1963)*

By 1961, when he had his first Broadway hit, Simon had already established himself as one of the most successful TV-comedy writers in New York. Since then, the years have brought an only occasionally broken string of Broadway triumphs. In early 1976 Simon abandoned New York to take up permanent residence in Los Angeles, but *Chapter Two* indicates he has remained very much a New York writer—you can take the Broadway playwright out of New York but you can't take New York out of the Broadway playwright.

Writing about what he knows best, Simon merely happens to write about the sort of people who fill Broadway theaters. But don't other theatergoers, non-Jews, non—New Yorkers from Atlanta to Seattle, laugh at and enjoy Simon's plays? Of course. His plays have to do with universal man-versus-



JOSEPH ABELES STUDIO

woman situations and are, line for line, funny to just about everyone. But no one gets the huge kick out of a Neil Simon play that a New York audience gets. And this New York audience has made Simon a multimillionaire, for once his plays become hits on Broadway a strange psychological phenomenon occurs—they are almost automatically hits everywhere else. As Simon himself has noted with puzzlement, wherever road companies do his plays the audience literally walks into the theater laughing.

If all that was needed for Broadway success was to write a semiautobiographical comedy about middle-class New York Jewish life, then the yachts in the blue waters off Cap d'Antibes would be filled with writers of Broad-



MARTHA SWOPE

Lee Meredith, Sam Levene, Jack Albertson in The Sunshine Boys *(1972)*

way smash hits. But there are several other elements to the secret of Simon's success. In the first place, no contemporary playwright turns out better constructed plays than Simon—his comedies flow seamlessly from scene to scene with scarcely a flaw, like perfectly built pieces of carpentry. The construction of a so-called well-made play is a knack that can be learned but not taught. "I don't know how you teach playwrighting, I don't know how you pass on that information," Simon told an interviewer not long ago. "It's basically a craft. I wrote *Come Blow Your Horn* twenty-five times from beginning to end. It was a good two-year college education in playwriting,

BOTH: ROBIN PLATZER—IMAGES



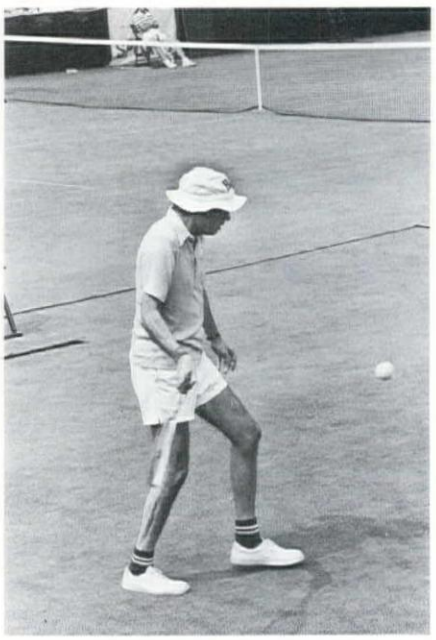
Mason, Quinn Cummings, and Dreyfuss with Simon at Goodbye Girl *opening*

but it was the only way I could learn to do it." In *Who's Who*, Simon lists his recreational activities as golf and rewriting, and clearly yet another part of the secret of Simon's success is his willingness to write the same scene over and over again until he feels that he has at last got it right. This is the mark of the professional—mediocre writers write, good writers rewrite.

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Of course, one mustn't overlook the fact that Simon writes funnier jokes than almost anyone else around. An ability to write comedy is an innate talent that can't be taught, learned, bought, or even rationally explained. You either have it or you don't. Simon, Woody Allen, and Mel Brooks have it, but there are probably fewer than a hundred others in all of the United States who also have it. In *Chapter Two*, George's wife-to-be tells him that her former husband was a professional football player, a wide receiver for the New York Giants. But George, who is a lifelong Giants fan, has never heard of him. With exquisite skepticism George asks, "How wide a wide receiver was he?" You can either write a line like that or you can't.

A side of Simon that has gone largely unnoticed is his old-fashioned moralism, but his plays indicate that he believes in the basic virtues of honesty, fairness, and marital fidelity. Simon's leading characters are almost always good and decent people who are tempted to stray from the paths of virtue but who rarely do. For example, in Simon's plays there is more talk about adultery and less actual adultery than in the works of any other comic playwright whose basic staple is adultery. In *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* Simon's long-time married hero, Barney Cashman, has a series of illicit midafternoon trysts with a trio of different women, but ultimately he doesn't make it with any of them—the play ends, in fact, with Cashman's arranging to go to bed with his wife. In a time of moral chaos and sexual revolution, when such long-standing institutions as marriage and the family are crumbling all around us, Simon's out-of-date moral standards and championship of marriage are warmly applauded by audiences who are obviously relieved to be sitting in a theater where no one is nude onstage and where seldom is heard a four-letter word.



Simon playing in RFK tournament, 1974

The Broadway audience is also attracted by Simon's easy, direct style—there are no ambiguities, hidden meanings, metaphors, allegorical figures, or Pinteresque silences in his work. If a character in a Simon play says that he's going to take out the garbage, he means that he's going to take out the garbage, just that and nothing more. The plays are entirely naturalistic in a time when few others are, and they are almost totally without political or intellectual content. They are about fundamental human relationships, not ideas: Simon has left angst to Strindberg, social reform to Ibsen, and satire to *Saturday Night Live*. And when he attempts to write anything other than straight comedy, he is at his soap-operaish worst.

A Neil Simon play is like a happy dream—shortly after you've seen it you can hardly remember a word of it, or even very much of what it was about, but you are nonetheless left with the lingering impression that the experience was exceedingly pleasant. Is it enough, though, for a writer to make a career out of merely being funny, out of merely entertaining, out of writing nothing but happy dreams? My own answer to that is, emphatically, yes. Let Arthur Miller write deep-think tragedies. *Chapter Two* is on Broadway, Neil Simon lives, and we should consider ourselves lucky to have him. □

Thomas Meehan wrote the book for the current Broadway hit Annie. *He is at work on a musical version of* I Remember Mama, *with music by Richard Rodgers and starring Liv Ullmann, due later this year.*

N.Y., N.Y.



Harry Callahan's view of Sixth Avenue, 1974



Andrė Kertėsz's Empire State, 1967



Charles Traub at the beach, 1976

ALL COURTESY LIGHT GALLERY, EXCEPT WHERE NOTED

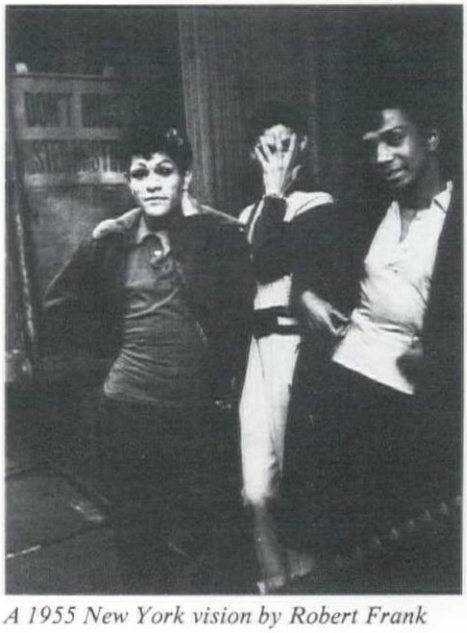
COURTESY GRAPHICS INTERNATIONAL



A 1942 cafe singer by Lisette Model



Walker Evans's photo studio, 1934



A 1955 New York vision by Robert Frank

The big city as some of the world's top photographers have seen it

Depending on the eye of the beholder, New York may be a helluva town or a hellish one. Both professional photographers and Kodak-toting tourists have long been attracted to the city's strong contrasts—its huddled masses and soaring skyscrapers. As a refuge for the poor and the punk, the rich and the famous, the sorry and the soulful, the city presents to the camera an incomparable range of people, moods, and possibilities. This month that variety—as seen through the lenses of 60 major 20th-century photographers—is on display at New York's Light Gallery in a show entitled, appropriately, *New York, New York*.

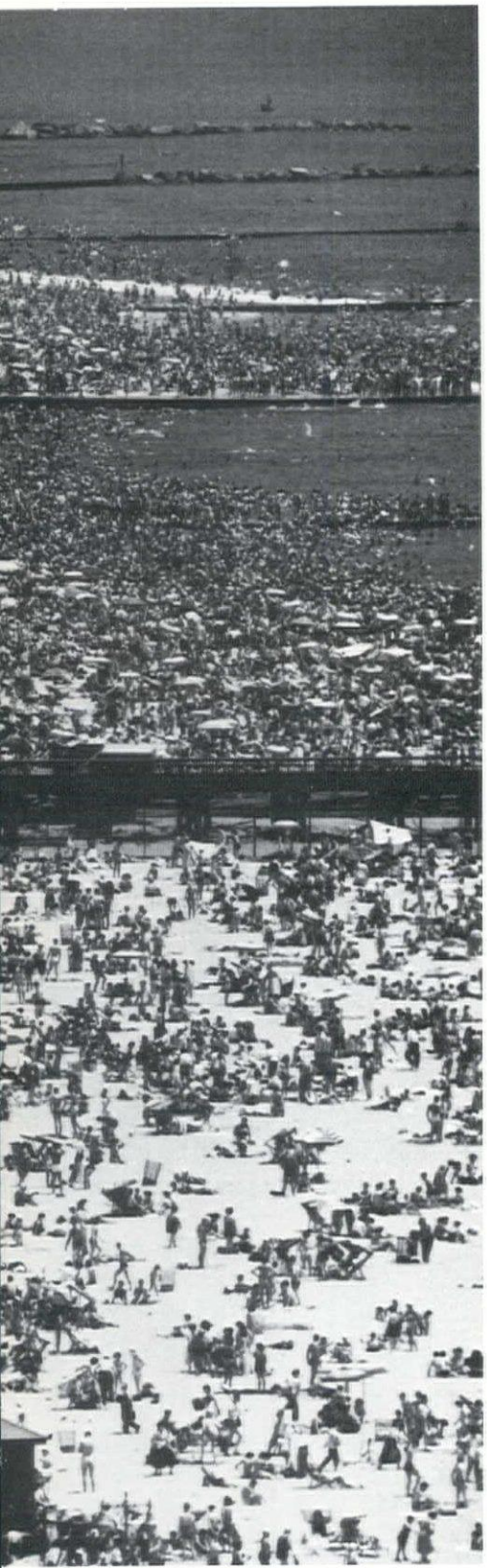
The show depicts the city since the turn of the century, and the 75 works on exhibition, divided into decades, reveal the variety of humor, horror, and respect with which these photographers have interpreted the city. While this presentation illustrates the changing face of the city, it is also an intriguing index to techniques of photographers through the century. As the selections on these pages make clear, down each mean street there can lie a fascinating vision.

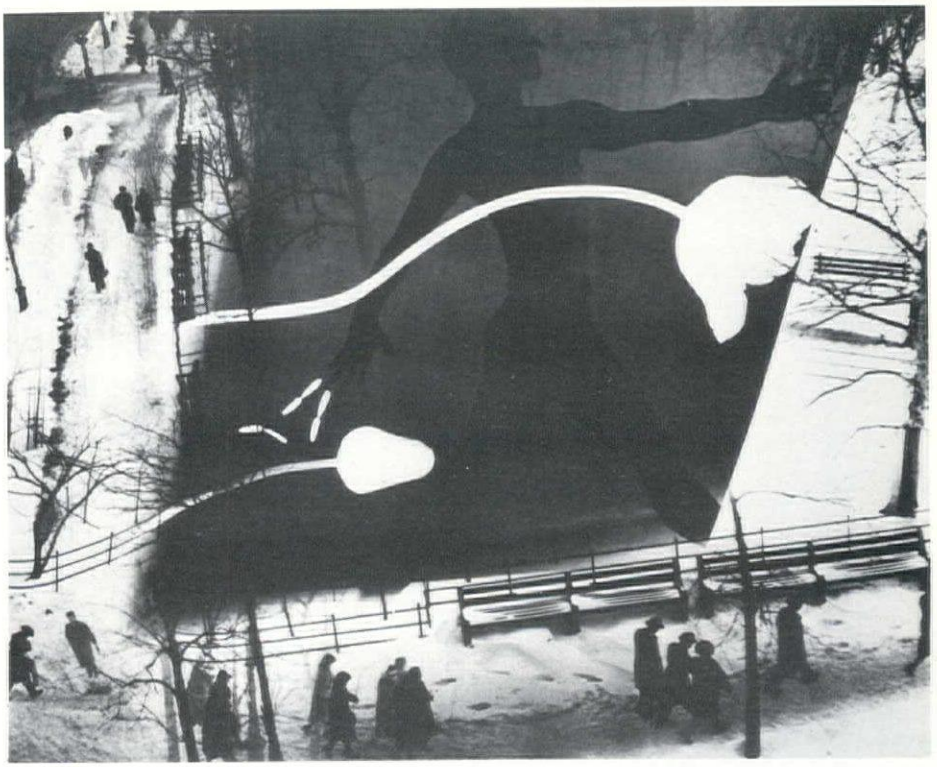
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COURTESY INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY



Summering by the sea, circa 1949: Andreas Feininger's Sunday at Coney Island, NYC, *shot in the amusement park's heyday*





Barbara Morgan's photo montage Spring on Madison Square, 1938.



Cocktail time, by Lee Friedlander, 1969.

The Contest for Men's Souls

A rich and scholarly show traces Christianity's competition with early spiritual rivals, and its eventual triumph

By LIONEL CASSON



The god Pan, carved on a fourth-century agate vase (once owned by Rubens), beckons latter-day Christians visiting the Met.

The titles museum curators and scholars give to the exhibitions they mount are sometimes enough to discourage all but the most crusading art lover from sampling the objects on display. Age of Spirituality: Late Antique and Early Christian Art, Third to Seventh Century *is the dry and perhaps intimidating label for a remarkable show now at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Though there are no long lines waiting to get in, and no Mona Lisas are to be seen there, the exhibition is an art history event with a reward for any visitor.*

According to the Metropolitan staff, which took five years to organize Age of Spirituality, *it is the "most important exhibition ever assembled of the art of the period." More than 450 objects—sculptures, paintings, ivories, ceramics, mosaics, glassware, silverplate, jewelry, textiles, manuscripts—have been assembled from some 100 collections in this country, Europe, and other parts of the world. Thanks to the simplicity and clarity of the arrangement in five galleries,* Age of Spirituality *is a visual essay on the slow and subtle establishment of Christianity in the pagan world and a high and complicated culture little known to us today. The 71 carved ivories—many of them more than 1,500 years old, yet speaking in crisp and vivid figures—would make a fabulous show in themselves.*

Here, Lionel Casson, a distinguished professor and an expert in the period, describes how well those fascinating times are defined through the beautiful images of a rare art.

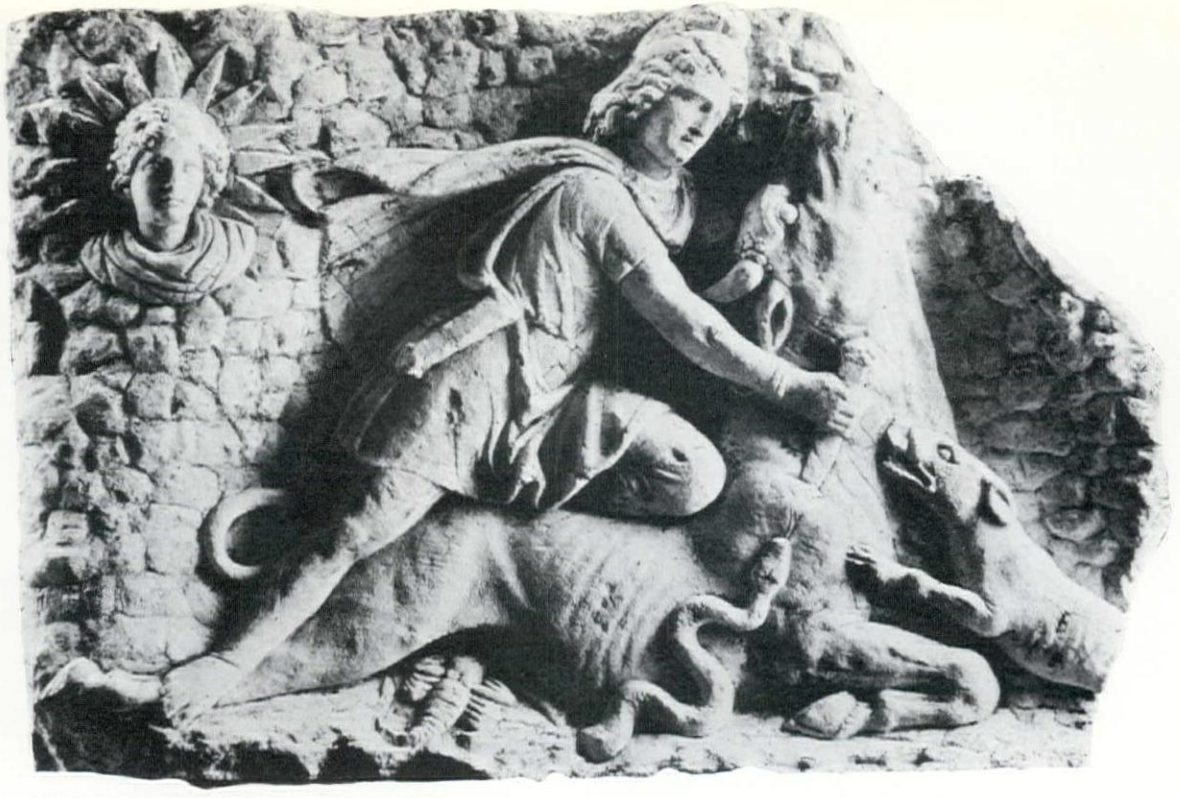
In the second century of the Christian Era, the empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilized portion of mankind.... Peaceful inhabitants enjoyed and abused the advantage of wealth and luxury." So wrote Edward Gibbon to open his monumental study of the later Roman Empire.

The decline and fall began the very next century. The "fairest part of the earth" became a bloody battlefield in the third century A.D., as one army leader after another struggled to capture the throne. When the soldiers were not engaged in civil war, they were at the frontiers trying to check the Gauls, Goths, and other barbarians on the move. On top of all this, toward the end of the century an astronomical inflation hit: in 30 years the price of wheat, the staff of life for most of the population, went from 1,300 drachmas a bushel to 84,000. It is no surprise that all over Rome's realm men gave up on the grim and unpredictable world about them and pinned their hopes on an unchanging, eternally serene world beyond.

But which path to salvation was one to choose? There were any number of religions that guaranteed it, and all of them boasted flocks of adherents. Was one to follow Orpheus, the god from Thrace, whose power was such that he could soothe the savage breasts of wild beasts? Or Isis, the goddess from Egypt, whose selfless love for her young son made her

The Christian emperor Justinian and his court (in copies of Ravenna mosaics) gaze down on Roman subjects of various religions





Mithras, the Persian god worshiped by many Romans, ritualistically slaughters a bull as the Greek sun god, Helios, looks on, in a second-century limestone relief.

especially appealing to women, above all mothers? Or Cybele, the goddess from Asia Minor, whose frenetic ritual brought worshipers to a pitch of ecstasy? Or Mithras, the god from Persia, who slaved tirelessly to save men from evil and better their lot? Or Christ, the savior from Palestine, who was, uniquely, god and man?

The contest to capture men's souls was in full swing by the third century, and it was not finally resolved until the seventh, when Christianity put the finishing touches to its total victory. The rivals used a variety of weapons: words, music, dance, ritual, spectacle, art. The music, dance, ritual, and spectacle have been almost wholly lost. The words can still be read, but the fire breathed into them when they were written has long since burned out. Only the art is intact—or, rather, a portion of it has survived. These precious relics of a critical period in western history are what make up the current exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. This is not great art in the style of a Rembrandt painting or a Michelangelo sculpture. But many pieces are rare and beautiful, and fascinating for what they portray. And all are of supreme importance in reflecting men's ideas and feelings during the centuries that saw the rise and triumph of Christianity.

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The pagan religions were not all-out competitors: joining one of them did not preclude joining others; the prudent pagan hedged his religious bets. But for Christianity it was winner take all: those who entered the ranks had to renounce forever all other forms of worship. Eventually the church was able to carry this stand to its logical conclusion and stamp out the other religions.

Inevitably, the victor's art drove out of existence the art of the defeated rivals. Christian art consequently plays the lead role in the Metropolitan's show. There is a sampling of the losers' art: a relief showing Mithras slaying the bull whose blood will flow upon the earth and thereby inseminate it so that men may reap crops; an ivory box decorated with a carving of Isis at a solemn banquet; a silver dish with a picture of Cybele in a chariot drawn by lions and surrounded by followers whirling in a frenzied sword dance. But the greater part of the exhibition is given over, and properly, to Christianity. The first room introduces, through a selection of portrait-sculptures, emperors such as Constantine the Great and Justinian, who were instrumental in giving the new religion its start and promoting its advance. The last room contains a stunning assemblage of varied objects from the sixth and seventh centuries, by which time art was devoted almost exclusively to the greater glory of the Christian god.

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The term *Christian art* is, in a way, a misnomer. Victors in art, as in war, gain the right to exploit the losers, and the art that was turned out for Christianity was simply the art of the times adapted for new patrons and customers. It was essentially the art the Greeks had created long before, as far back as the fourth century B.C. when Alexander the Great wrought such tremendous changes in the Mediterranean world. Greek gods and heroes and the events of Greek mythology were favored as subject matter. To this repertoire was added, in response to the needs of the time, portraits of the great: the kings who after Alexander's death ruled the lands he had conquered, and also the notable poets, dramatists, philoso-

A satyr and a maenad cavort in a third- o fourth-century tapestry depicting Dionysian revels





CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART

An early Virgin and child, with archangels, apostles, and Christ (above)—probably sixth century

phers. Whether gods or men, they were rendered naturalistically, in the round, in some casual pose. The Romans had taken over this art, and since they welded the Mediterranean into a single political unit, gave it the chance to spread from one end to the other. Well established, international in appeal, such an art was an ideal instrument for Christian leaders.

They did not try to change it; on the contrary, artists merely adapted it to the needs of Christianity. Shops took on the new clientele without abandoning the old, simultaneously turning out illuminated manuscripts of Virgil and of the Bible, objects decorated with scenes from the life of Achilles and objects with scenes from the Old Testament (which derived, as we are shown in a special portion of the exhibition, from Jewish art). Sculptors and painters rendered the new rulers and notables, sacred and secular, in the same way they had the old. This gave the impression—art creates artful propaganda—that the new had taken over the mantle of the old and were possessed of their majesty, authority, powers, and virtues.

Thus Christ is represented seated on a gorgeous throne like a Roman emperor; an Evangelist is posed as a Greek philosopher; Saint George killing the dragon looks like Bellerophon killing the Chimera; and David slaying a lion that attacked his flock is very like Hercules slaying the mythological lion of Nemea. Some curious combinations resulted from this melding of pagan and Christian. In one wall painting we see a musician charming wild beasts; he is neither the Orpheus of Greek mythology nor the Orpheus of the Orphic religious sect, but David, the skilled musician of the Bible. A statuette portrays a shepherd carrying a lamb on his shoulders, a motif that goes back to very early Greek art; here, however, the figure is no longer an anonymous Greek lad but Christ, the Good Shepherd. A fine silver plate is decorated with the encounter between David and Goliath, but they look like gladiators in the arena—a swordsman, armed head to foot, is pitted against an opponent clad in a light tunic. A casket made for a Christian couple bears a picture of Aphrodite, the seductive Greek goddess of love. An ivory plaque depicting the emperor Justinian includes, above him, a bust of Christ offering a blessing, and, alongside him, a Roman winged victory offering a crown or wreath.



CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM

Memorial marble bust of an upper-class matron from the fifth or sixth century



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, THE CLOISTERS COLLECTION

Jonah saved from the whale, in a third-century marble, symbolizes the Resurrection.

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The spirituality mentioned in the title of the exhibition is most apparent in the way faces are rendered: they show, rather than a miscellany of emotions or interests, only a solemn thoughtfulness. The eyes are especially revealing: they are made to gaze, wide open, past the spectator, as if looking upon another world. This was by no means something introduced under the influence of Christianity; it had entered in pagan times when men began turning to religion en masse, and like so much else, had been taken over by Christianity. Pagan and Christian figures share it indiscriminately. A portrait of Constantine the Great, the emperor whose Edict of Toleration set Christianity on its triumphal march, has this spiritual gaze—but so does a portrait of Maxentius, the emperor who was Constantine's bitter opponent. The artists of both were seeking to concentrate attention on their subject's inner life.

Another way the artists brought out the spiritual side was by dematerializing the bodies of their subjects, by abandoning the naturalistic way of rendering them in favor of a more abstract and two-dimensional depiction. This is why


© HENRY GROSSMAN

Symbols of Christianity, triumphant in the seventh century, abound in the last room of the Met show.

they preferred shallow relief, painting, and mosaic to sculpture in the round: the latter smacked too much of the material world. We know what Augustus, Claudius, Trajan, and other noted emperors of pagan times looked like from the fine portrait statues of them that have survived. The best portrait we have of Justinian, the great emperor of the sixth century who did so much for the cause of the church, is a life-sized figure in a mosaic at Ravenna (a copy is included in the exhibition) in which he is almost an abstract figure, his body devoid of corporeality, his face stylized, and his eyes, of course, staring into space.

What may start out as a genuine way to express certain feelings or thoughts can end up as mere stylistic convention. So it was with these ways of indicating spirituality. A finely carved ivory plaque shows Justinian on horseback; not only the emperor but also his horse gaze abstractedly into the distance. Another plaque of roughly the same age pictures the mythological heroine Ariadne, whose undoing was caused by her flaming sexual passion, flanked by a satyr, the Greek symbol of lechery. But there is nothing erotic about either of them here; both have the spiritual look.

The rendering of figures in abstract fashion is so much the style of the age that the pieces done in the earlier style stand out, sometimes dramatically. A case in point is a series of statuettes illustrating scenes from the life of Jonah (his story was a particularly popular subject since the whale's swallowing him up and then disgorging him safe and sound upon land offered a nice parallel to the death and Resurrection of Christ). Most Jonah versions were done in the new style, but these sculptures, dating back to the third century, are fully rounded, naturally modeled, and in vigorous movement. The illuminations in manuscripts—the art of illumination flourished mightily in these centuries, and some strikingly beautiful examples are among the best things in the show—even in later centuries tended to be done naturalistically. This was especially true of those in scientific works, treatises on animals and plants, and the like, where man's inner feelings were beside the point.

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There are any number of objects on display that make one wonder just how genuinely spiritual this age of spirituality was. Its people are consistently portrayed with their eyes fixed upon a world beyond, yet they certainly enjoyed to the full the good things of this world. We see specimens of the gorgeous gold and gem-encrusted jewelry they wore, the magnificently decorated silverplate they displayed, the fine furnishings they surrounded themselves with. In their pictures they are garbed in what obviously was expensive and elaborate clothing. And all classes, poor as well as rich, never lost their enthusiasm, at times fanatical, for such unspiritual activities as horce racing or gladiatorial games and other bloody spectacles. One beautifully carved ivory, dating to the first part of the fifth century, vividly pictures hunters slaughtering wild elk in the arena.

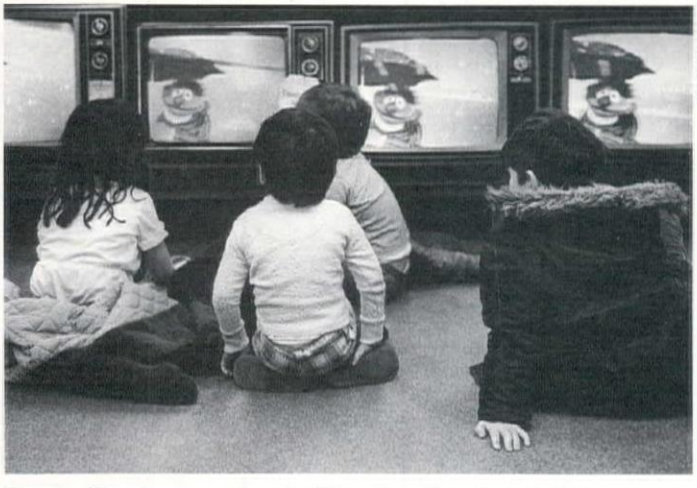
How deeply spiritual the age was is of minor importance, however. It was the age during which Christianity forged ahead to become the dominant religion first of Europe and then of most of the globe, the age in which a venerable old world died and a new one was born. The *Age of Spirituality* at the Metropolitan Museum is one of the finest collections of art objects of these crucial centuries ever put together. □

Lionel Casson is chairman of the classics department at New York University.

Video Literacy: Learning the Language of Television

Schools that put the child behind the TV camera are teaching the grammar of a new age

Imagine a science fiction movie like this: All across America children are playing happily. They read books, make up games together, explore the outdoors, and always mind their parents and teachers. Then one day mysterious boxes appear. In just a decade these boxes infiltrate every American home and turn the children into zombies who cease to play outdoors, no longer want to read, and spend more time staring at the boxes than paying attention to parents and teachers. Finally the adults revolt and try to get the boxes to go away.



HARVEY STEIN

Sesame Street *mesmerizes toddlers in a department store.*

Of course, this is no science fiction movie: the boxes are television sets. But these days most educators see TV as *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* come true. Until recently our schools' only strategy for dealing with the effect of television on children was to ignore the medium entirely or to exhort students to watch less. But television won't go away. So in schools here and there around the country innovative educators are trying a new approach—courses in which students learn how TV works and how it works them over.

"If everyone knew what went on behind television, all the gimmicks," says Steve Stoff, a high-school senior who for several years has been studying how TV is made, "then all people's escapes would be lost. TV would have to be stepped up. People would expect more out of it."

Stoff is a student at Mamaroneck High School, near New York City, where each year 200 teen-agers (out of 2,100 in the school) take a hands-on video production course. Each morning the TV class produces a ten-minute news show called *MHS Information*, which is transmitted over the school's closed-circuit television system to all the homeroom classes. According to instructor Michael Witsch, *MHS Information* is "the hottest thing going in the school."

The appeal of the show, says Witsch, is that "it offers a chance for kids to shape their own school." The young producers don't just read announcements into the camera; they take portable video-tape recorders outdoors. They have covered school sports, done a documentary on local women artists, and even interviewed the mayor. Mamaroneck's principal regularly appears on *MHS Information* to make sure that everyone in the large student body knows who he is.

But Witsch says he is "not interested in training future Barbara Walterses or Walter Cronkites. I see my goal as creating smarter TV consumers." In fact, Mamaroneck's video courses are part of an elective arts education program called PACE (Performing Arts Curriculum Experience), which also teaches dance, theater, and music. Students can take it for one year or all four years of high school.

Producing a daily news show makes the students more critical viewers of professional TV. "I used to really like ABC's *Eyewitness News*," says Peter Denenberg. "I thought it was great that all the people were so friendly and joking around. Now I can't stand it; I don't turn on the news to watch a group of people hold hands and be cute with each other."

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Outside Boston, at Revere High School, 75 students from a largely blue-collar community take a course similar to the one at Mamaroneck, and it seems to give them similar critical insights. Says Kathy Hill, a Revere senior, "I hate shows with phony settings and things that couldn't possibly happen. Shows should be more realistic. *The Waltons* should have a real fight now and then."

One of her classmates, Sharon Mazzarella, agrees that more realism would improve television, but still she feels that if you take the fantasy out of some television programs they won't work at all. "Take *Charlie's Angels*. If people wanted to see what would really happen—three girls like this would get killed on their first assignment!"

By MICHAEL SHAMBERG

MARK BUSSELL



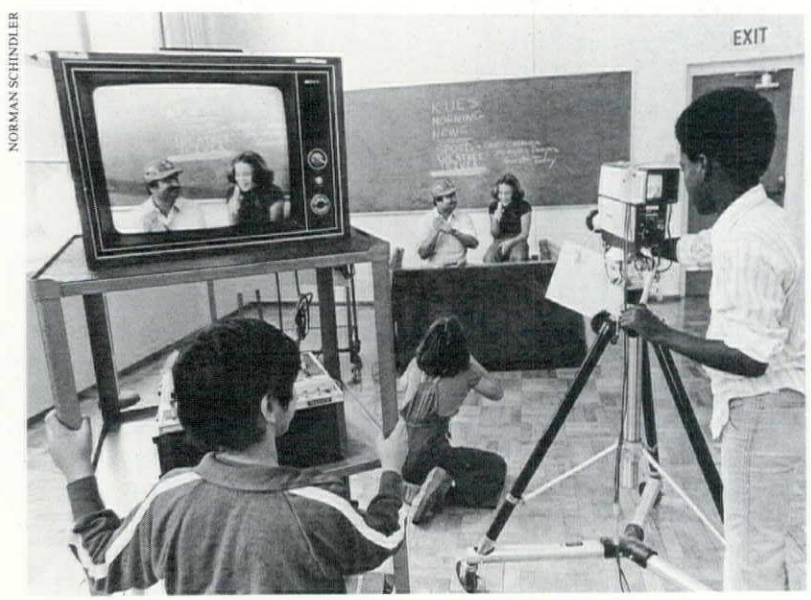
What TV courses like those at Revere and Mamaroneck are really teaching is video literacy. Those students who learn to appreciate the techniques—or "grammar"—of television naturally demand more from it, in the same way that literate readers demand well written books because they appreciate how hard it is to write well themselves. Just as we teach the reading and writing of fiction, even though very few people want to become novelists, we should offer instruction in watching and making television to all students, only a few of whom will become professionals.

Since commercial television began in the late 1940s, kids have been on the receiving end—"reading," as it were—through heavy viewing. Sometimes the home set has been misused as a loud but deaf nursemaid. But whether television is used well or badly, its special language is absorbed by youngsters and used by them to frame events, define emotions, and share experiences. But true literacy is a two-way process—reading *and* writing. Hands-on video courses enable children to talk back to television in its own language.

Until these courses began, the only national curriculum for harnessing television to child development and education was the Children's Television Workshop, producers of *Sesame Street* and *The Electric Company*. But *Sesame Street* is probably the greatest irony in American education. Designed to teach reading and writing—print literacy—its more subtle effect has been to reinforce the strangle hold of one-way video literacy. By teaching kids how to count or by selling the letter *E* with the same slick techniques that are used to push meretricious toys and sugar-laden cereals—but never facing the problem of distinguishing questionable products from useful ones—*Sesame Street* has conditioned another generation of children to uncritical acceptance of what TV tells them.

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In Marie Winn's excellent book on children and television, *The Plug-In Drug*, she charges that the content of TV is irrelevant, that all programs are deadening. Her thesis is that broadcast television is a one-way feed to the "right brain," which is the half that controls nonanalytic thinking. Because watching television is passive, all we get from it is a deadening of rational ("left brain") skills, with no corresponding rise in creative, or nonverbal, ones.



NORMAN SCHINDLER

A mock "celebrity" interview on UCLA Elementary School's morning news

Winn's argument is based exclusively on the set in the home. The evidence from high-school TV courses is that when students are taught to manipulate the medium, they are not only more resistant to broadcast shows but are highly creative and energetic. For example, at New Trier High School, in the Chicago suburb of Winnetka, 40 volunteer students make programs that are fed by a TV system to 20,000 students in 28 elementary and 2 high schools in the surrounding school districts. Even though credits for the TV class do not count toward graduation, instructor Jack Spatafora says that his students are among the most highly motivated at New Trier. They come in after hours and on weekends, and, says Spatafora, "for some of them, the program is the most interesting part of school."

John Hays, who teaches a purely vocational television course in Glendale, California, says his class is so popular that other teachers get students to study for academic courses by threatening to keep them out of the TV lab. Beyond just learning a vocation, says the 25-year-old Hays, his students are assimilating basic skills. For one thing, they learn how to read and write: "My kids are more excited with a studio than a book, but a course requirement is that they write a report or script of the shows they produce."

The second major benefit of do-it-yourself TV training is that it demands cooperation. Because no one person can be on-camera, behind it, and provide creative and technical support, students have to work together on a show.

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Winn contends that viewing habits are formed by children in their grade-school years, that "high school is late in the game" to begin teaching children to deal intelligently with television. But the experience of teen-agers with two-



way television can also be applied at the elementary-school level. Dr. Madeline Hunter, principal of the University Elementary School (UES) at the University of California in Los Angeles, is designing a program to teach broad-based "visual literacy." Hunter feels that teaching visual skills is vital to child development and that the potential of the right brain is untapped.

Last summer Dr. Hunter and UES teacher Jack Sutton decided that the best way to teach critical analysis of television is to have children use it themselves. So Sutton took a class of 14 boys and girls, ages 8 to 12, and after basic technical training set them loose with portable video equipment to produce their own shows. They covered the launching of a science-class rocket, did a documentary on a nearby faulty storm drain, and even reported on a strike affecting their school.

Sutton's students quickly assimilated sophisticated attitudes toward both themselves and TV. "Normally boys and girls have very little to do with each other at this age," says Sutton. "What surprised me was that the boys were willing to accept that the girls were best at handling the heavy videotape equipment. They wanted their product to be the best possible, so they wanted the girls to film it."

The UES children studied and analyzed broadcast news and learned the difference between the entertainment value and the news value of stories. Some complain that superficial coverage is displacing important news on broadcast television.

Although UES is out front in trying to understand how to integrate television into children's lives, the school's resources are thin—their video system was donated by a parent. But in a well-funded program such as New Trier's ($17,000 this year), the vocational aspects of TV training often overshadow its value as a general learning tool. There are no statistics available on how widespread TV training is, and no coordinated national curriculum for teaching video literacy exists.

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Most teachers are still afraid of television. Novelist Jerzy Kosinski (*Being There*, *Blind Date*) recently spoke at a teachers' convention and told his audience that America is becoming "a nation of videots" and that elementary and high-school teachers are "this country's major missionary force" in the imagined war against TV. Kosinski's charges against the medium were that, unlike books, TV leaves nothing to the imagination, everything is laid out visually; and, unlike theater or cinema, "TV's hold on you is so strong, it is not easily severed by the 'other life' you lead." At the end of his talk, the audience gave him a standing ovation.

But many paperback books are as lurid and cheap as television, and they are nearly as available, being distributed in bookstores, supermarkets, drugstores, and airports. Many movies are as violent and disaster-filled as anything on TV. So in singling out television to complain about, Kosinski is more nostalgic than accurate. His attitude is reminiscent of critics such as H. L. Mencken, who, when the movie industry began, accused it of being dumb and threatening.

Part of teachers' resistance to television training is a hangover from the 1960s, when many schools tooled up with audiovisual equipment—slide and movie projectors—and even some video equipment, in order to be more "relevant." Much of this paraphernalia ended up gathering dust in school closets because teachers thought it too complicated to use. Another problem is that visual skills, to the print-oriented generation that controls schools and school boards, don't seem as important as science or English because they are not necessary for getting a job.

But younger teachers, like 30-year-old Mike Witsch at Mamaroneck, understand that visual skills are broad-based. He sees himself teaching not just television as a trade, but video, which he defines as personalized television, akin to drawing or letter writing for personal pleasure.

Yet most schools are still promoting a technological fatalism: We can control TV only by eliminating it. At New Trier High the video program was fought by teachers who, according to



DAVID GUMPEL

The view from the control room at Mamaroneck, New York, High School

Spatafora, "were fearful that it was a threat to their jobs. They called it anti-intellectual."

Fortunately, television is now changing profoundly. New technology is making it a two-way medium—you control it, and it's consumer oriented. Betamax and other home video recorders costing less than $1,000 let you record shows and reschedule them when you like. You can even buy a video camera and put yourself on TV with instant replay. One hundred and fifty thousand units were sold in 1977, and the industry projects that more than 2 million will be in American homes by 1980.

Meanwhile, cable television is already in 17 per cent of American homes, offering alternatives to broadcast stations, including first-run movies without commercials and public access channels on which community members can make and transmit their own shows. There is even a new cable system in Columbus, Ohio, that allows the subscriber to talk back to the TV set. The viewer presses a button on a two-way hookup to vote on issues or to order goods being advertised.

The TV industry is creating its own antidote to the strangle hold of the usual commercial fare. But rather than get in on the ground floor and exploit the new technology, the educational establishment keeps it at arm's length. By largely ignoring TV, the schools help to deny the country better broadcast TV in the future—a commodity practically everyone says he wants.

• • •

TV needs—and deserves—the prestige that is reserved for films. Books are written lauding the great art of films, most of which were made simply as commercial entertainment; and students flock to film-making classes to learn how to be great directors. There is even an American Film Institute, which preserves old films, gives movie-making scholarships, and canonizes old movie stars at nationally televised tribute dinners. If there were a national video institute, or more and better TV training in secondary schools, then broadcast TV would have a generation of young video makers ready to serve up first-class popular entertainment to compete with the movies.

Another approach might be a *Sesame Street* of video literacy. Wendy Apple, a Los Angeles television producer, has designed a show called *What's Fun* to get kids to go out and experience the other half of life. *What's Fun* is about a child, bored to death from watching too much television, who goes out into the world looking for excitement. There he meets people who don't watch television as well as people who make television. In the course of the show the young hero learns both how to get along without TV and how to make it himself. He might be the first inhabitant of a new and better television world. □

Michael Shamberg is the author of Guerrilla TV *and a partner in TV TV, an avant-garde television production company.*

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From sea to shining sea, America is blessed with an abundance of stunning birds and flowers. A glorious, spirited patchwork of sound, color and fragrance.

In every state, nature's beauty abounds. Americans know it, and are proud of it. And with each new song a bird sings, and each new flower that blossoms, that pride is renewed and strengthened.

To forever affirm this pride and respect for the natural environment, each of the fifty states has chosen an official state bird and flower as a lasting acknowledgement of nature's bounty. Seen together, as they are in this collection, *The Birds and Flowers of the 50 States* capture the total richness of the great American outdoors, and prove that nature, in all her glory, is an everlasting part of America the Beautiful.

It is appropriate, therefore, at a time when Americans are dedicating themselves to preserving and protecting the natural environment, that America's foremost conservation group — the National Audubon Society — has appointed Fleetwood to issue the *first* philatelic collection honoring these living symbols of the United States.

Fifty original works of art by America's greatest wildlife artist

Each of the commemorative covers in *The Birds and Flowers of the 50 States* is a triumph of craftsmanship and design by a man who is often called America's greatest living wildlife artist: Arthur Singer. For nearly two years, Arthur Singer has labored to achieve the perfection and absolute fidelity to nature that a collection of this importance



Covers shown reduced from actual size of 7½ by 3⅜ inches.

Arthur Singer is often called America's greatest living wildlife artist. Of special interest to collectors, this is the first time he has ever consented to create a series of philatelic covers.

The *cachet* of each issue is an original painting of the state bird and flower by Arthur Singer, perfect in every detail and true to nature's colors.

Each of the fifty covers will be issued in the appropriate state capital on the anniversary of statehood, and will be officially postmarked to certify that it can never again be issued.

deserves. As a result, collectors who acquire these fifty covers will own what is surely the most comprehensive, most authentic tribute of its kind ever issued.

Singer's paintings capture each bird in its true colors and shadings. The flame-red plumage of Ohio's Cardinal. The startling brightness of New York's Bluebird. The dramatic orange and black contrast of Maryland's Baltimore Oriole. The head, the feathers, the beak and the tail of each bird is shown in exquisite, and accurate, detail.

A rainbow of floral colors

The state flowers, from the delicate blossoms to the graceful leaves, are just as real. And the colors! The bright orange of the California Poppy. Breathtaking Texas Bluebonnets. Soft pink, sweetly-scented Mayflowers from Massachusetts. Here is a collection which forms a rainbow of floral colors, textures and shapes — a dream garden filled with America's most beautiful flowers.

Arthur Singer has created *fifty* perfectly-colored, perfectly-detailed masterpieces for *The Birds and Flowers of the 50 States*, making this a landmark collection that will be praised by collectors and nature lovers for years to come.

Historic postmarks

Significantly, each of the fifty covers will be issued in the appropriate state capital on *the precise anniversary of statehood*. There, each will be officially postmarked by the United States Postal Service. The covers honoring the thirteen original states will be issued on the anniversaries of their ratification of the Constitution. Thus, the collection is not only a worthy tribute to the official state birds and flowers, but, as the postmarks certify, a collection which can never again be duplicated.

Surprisingly modest cost

Normally, a collection of this scope, by an artist with the international reputation of Arthur Singer, would be beyond the reach of most collectors. Therefore it is significant that the original issue price for *The Birds and Flowers of the 50 States* is a very modest $2.50 per Commemorative Cover. This price is guaranteed for the entire collection, and a deluxe collector's album is included at no additional cost.

Subscribers will receive issues at the convenient rate of four per month for twelve months. The twelfth shipment will include six issues. Shipments may be paid for by check or money order, or automatically billed to a credit card account.

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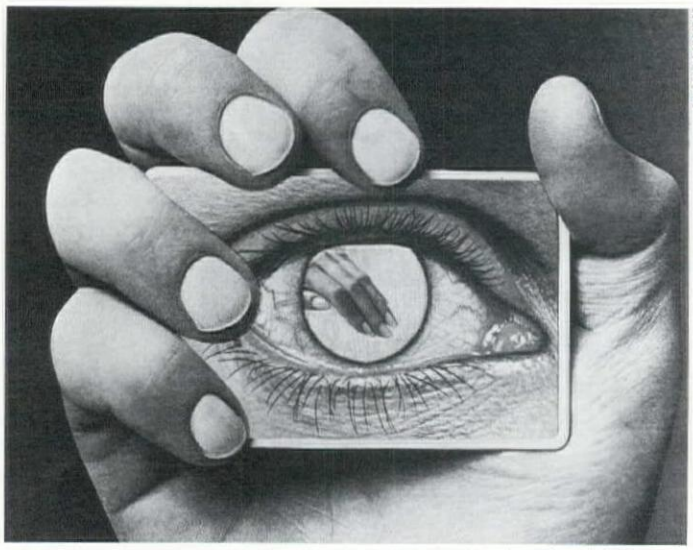
Refreshing Shorts

Remember when for the price of a movie ticket you could see one, or maybe two, selected short films as well as the feature? Well, shorts are now making a comeback at neighborhood theaters, with the help of the Media Arts Program of the National Endowment for the Arts.

In an arrangement that benefits film makers, exhibitors, and audiences alike, six films chosen by a panel that included Pauline Kael, Martin Scorsese, and Francis Ford Coppola will be distributed in the next few weeks to cinemas across the country. Directors with limited outlets for exposure thus gain visibility (film maker Frank Mouris calls the program "almost our last hope"); theater owners have free access to worthwhile fare; and the movie-going public gets to see a refreshingly different kind of film.

The movies scheduled for screening represent various developments within the medium. *Clay*, by Eliot Noyes, Jr., is an animation classic in which three-dimensional clay figures move and change their shapes; *Frank Film*, Mouris's autobiographical collage, juxtaposes the director's personal history with social history; James Whitney's *Lapis* consists of shifting abstract designs based on a mandala form; and Adam Beckett's *Evolution of a Red Star* features pulsating geometric figures. Jordan Belson's *Light* consists of swirling images investigating the phenomenon of light, while *Gulls and Buoys* by Robert Breer uses rotoscope animation to re-create a beach scene.

A recent survey in Washington, D.C., found that 93 per cent of the audiences polled wanted to see more film shorts. "Shorts add to an evening," says Catherine Wyler, assistant director of the NEA project. And, explains Mouris, who won an Oscar for *Frank Film*, "Certain topics and styles can only be handled by shorts."



FRANK MOURIS

Hand-held eye from Frank Mouris's Oscar-winning Frank Film

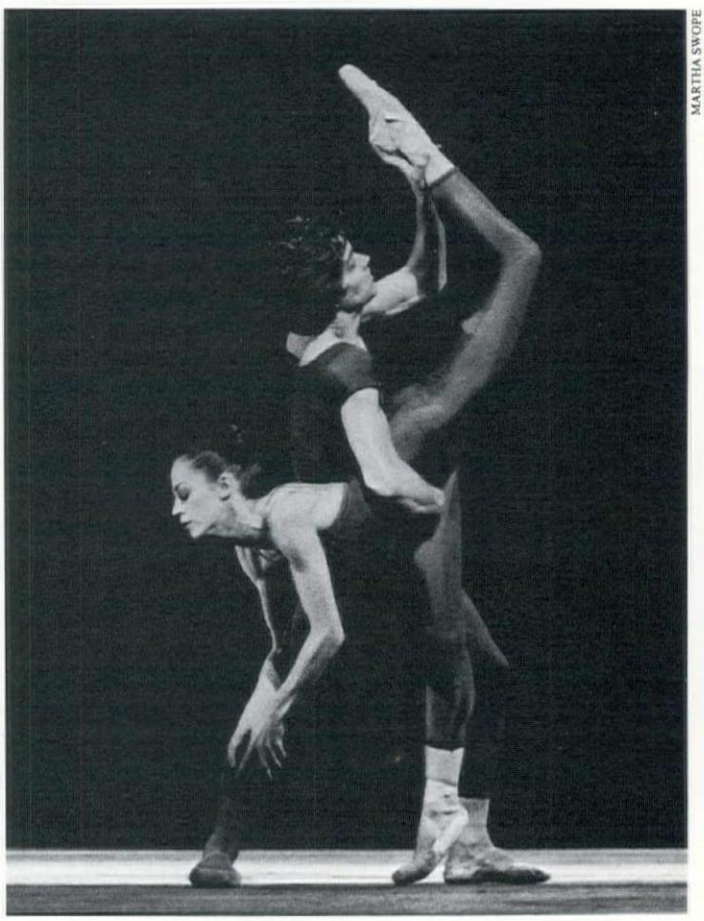
Peter Martins, Choreographer

"If you think I can do it, I suppose I can. What held me back was *you*, but if you like it, I'll do it." So said Peter Martins to George Balanchine, while getting his first effort at choreographing ready this past October. Two weeks later the 31-year-old Dane, for eight years a principal dancer with the New York City Ballet, made his choreographic debut with *Calcium Light Night*, set to music by Charles Ives, at the company's opening night gala for the current season.

On the bare stage, under a grid of bright lights, Heather Watts, in red leotard, and Daniel Duell, in blue, coolly performed Martins's quirky choreography, which captured with wit and verve the spirit of Ives's music. Afterward Martins said, "It's all Balanchine. It's not a copy at all, but I definitely used his vocabulary, which I try to use in my own way. I would say it's an ode to Balanchine, but that's presumptuous. I consider it my observations of Balanchine in the last ten years."

Martins is a *premier danseur* in the classical tradition. His sensitive partnering and leonine beauty—golden hair, classically chiseled features, and elegantly proportioned body—bespeak nobility and strength. Offstage his manner is engagingly straightforward and utterly lacking in narcissism. Of the audience's warm reception to *Calcium Light Night*, he modestly says, "I knew it wouldn't be bad, but I think the response was partly for *me* and because the ballet was a 'first.' The second one will be the tough one."

Calcium Light Night will be presented this month as part of the NYCB's regular repertoire, and Martins hopes he'll have another try at choreography soon. "There are two or three pieces of music I'd like to do. I don't know which one to do first and I don't know when and I don't know what people to use and I don't know where. But it's all in my mind. It's all I do. I come home, listen to things two or three times before bed. I'm obsessed. It's some life."



MARTHA SWOPE

Heather Watts and Daniel Duell in Martins's Calcium Light Night

A Wedding for Dillon

In the past year or so Melinda Dillon has been deserted by David Carradine, bedded by Paul Newman, and stalked by UFOs. As if that weren't enough, this spring the blonde, baby-faced actress will be wooed by and wed to Sylvester Stallone.

After a long and happy career in the theater, emerging film star Dillon has appeared in three consecutive hit movies—*Bound for Glory*, *Slap Shot*, and the current *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*—with another success likely in the upcoming Stallone film about a labor leader, *F.I.S.T.*

"When we finished *Bound for Glory*," Dillon says, "I was all set to come back to New York and the theater. But Hal Ashby, the director, convinced me I should stay in Los Angeles for a while."

Not long afterward, Steven Spielberg was flying her out to Wyoming and to Mobile, Alabama, for five months of shooting on *Close Encounters*, a film in which the spectacular special effects have commanded more attention than the actors' performances.

"There's no way to work with effects," notes Dillon. "They were being done elsewhere. For weeks we were just sitting on a rock, shifting positions, pretending to look at the landing site and the sky. Steven would say to us, 'There's a light going by you. Oh, but there's an *extraordinary* light going by you.' It was a great acting exercise."

Most of Dillon's previous acting exercises have taken place on stages across the country. She trained at Chicago's Goodman School of Drama and with the famed Second City improvisational group; upon arriving in New York she understudied for Barbara Harris in *Oh Dad, Poor Dad*, and then created the role of Honey, a young professor's inebriated wife, in the original production of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* She subsequently performed with Paul Sills's Story Theater and on Broadway in *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running.*



© UNITED ARTISTS

Melinda Dillon and Sylvester Stallone in F.I.S.T., *due in April*

On screen, Dillon blends a sex kitten sensuality with a decided streak of independence. Her beguiling combination of innocence and intelligence works as an effective counterpoint to the casual abrasiveness of her leading men—and lends her a distinctive charm as well.

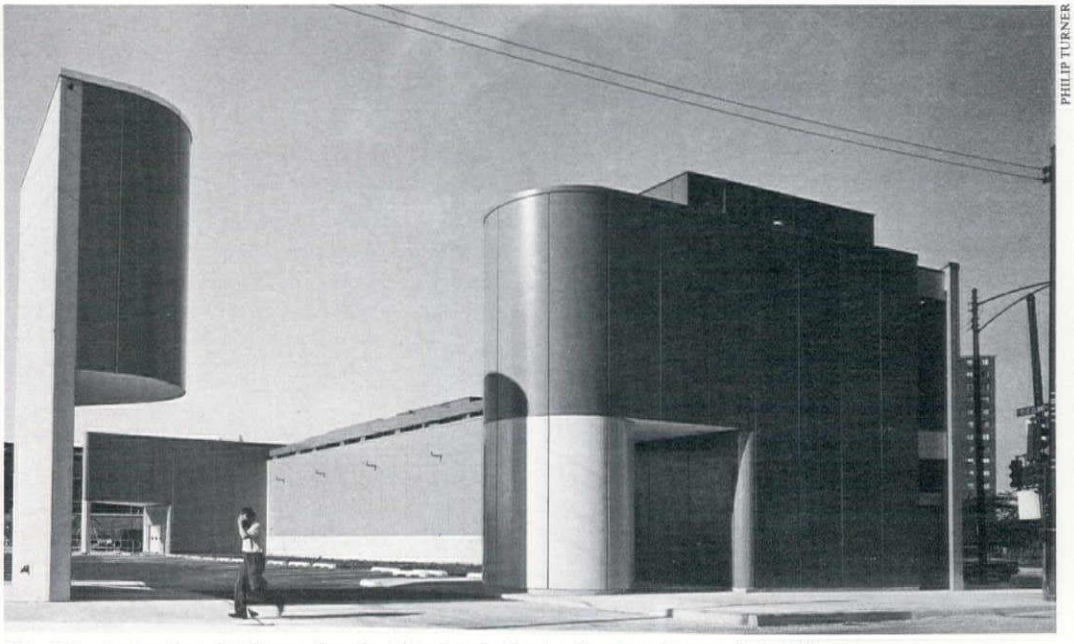
On the subject of *F.I.S.T.* and her role as the woman in Stallone's life, Dillon is uncharacteristically terse. She describes the experience as "interesting" and "more grueling than *Close Encounters* in its way." And, *Rocky* fans take note, she does not find her costar sexy.

A Library for Everyone

The first library in the country built expressly for the blind and physically handicapped opens this month in Chicago. Designed by Stanley Tigerman, a Chicago native who is regarded as something of an architectural enfant terrible, it is a $1.9 million triangular two-story building near the Circle Campus of the University of Illinois.

The building has a simple, flowing floor plan, Tigerman says, "because it's easier for a blind person to remember a linear system than one with free-standing elements." At the first-floor circulation counter, a visitor "looks up" his book in the Braille card catalogue. Using the 54-inch-high counter as a handrail, the reader follows its curves and dips in height—which indicate the position of service desks—to the appropriate one, where an attendant brings out his book from closed stacks. At the service desks the lower part of the counter is cut away so that wheelchair users can pull in close and get out of the flow of traffic.

Other special design features include signs in Braille, bathrooms that accommodate people in wheelchairs, an uncarpeted first floor (so the blind can hear the tap of walking sticks), and built-in furniture whose position can be easily memorized. The second floor houses staff offices, a community room, a carpeted playground where blind as well as sighted children can romp freely, and a branch library for the sighted, for whom the library is also something special. For visually the building—with outside and inside painted bright red, yellow, and blue—is a knockout. Explains Tigerman, "I wanted to design a building that gives everyone who uses it a lift."



PHILIP TURNER

The Illinois Regional Library for the Blind and Physically Handicapped, in Chicago

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CORRESPONDENCE

The New HORIZON



May 1977



November 1977

Wyeth's *Virgin* and now Liv Ullmann! What beautiful covers! They are worth the price of a HORIZON subscription ten times over.

Ed Boland
Elkins Park, Pennsylvania

• • •

As one of HORIZON's charter subscribers, I have compulsively collected every issue since volume 1, number 1 in 1958, and I am delighted with the shift in the magazine's scope to cover contemporary cultural affairs.

Alston Callahan, M.D.
Birmingham, Alabama

• • •

HORIZON has been and still is my favorite magazine because it is interesting and worthwhile reading, has excellent pictures, and spots of humor—an education in itself. At first I was disappointed at your change of editorial direction, but after two issues I am completely sold and apply the same comments, all favorable, to the new HORIZON.

Olga H. Curlis
Ashland, Oregon

• • •

I have been very disappointed in HORIZON since I subscribed some months ago. Judging from the contents of the magazine, one would conclude that the only people interested in art, music, and literature today are avant-garde existentialists, or perhaps nihilists. This is not true, at least in the case of one of your subscribers, myself. Why don't you find an artist in search of beauty? Or meaning?

Clara–Ward McClain
Reading, Pennsylvania

How about Andrew Wyeth (May 1977) or Paul Cézanne (October 1977)?

Basic Questions

Thank goodness that Lance Morrow and HORIZON magazine are asking the basic questions about education ["What Is Education? Who Is Educated?" September 1977] instead of concentrating on the more glamorous related, important, but secondary issues which have too long preoccupied the nation, such as finances, the size of enrollments, and institutional governance. The primary issue always has been what education is, and the standards by which it is to be measured.

At root a liberal education enables men and women to confront their circumstances and not be enslaved by them. Literally, it is the education suitable for the free man: i.e., the man who must make choices for himself and his society. Such a man must have a concept of who he is, what society is, what the universe is. In a sense the educated man is a liberal artist whose greatest artifact is himself and his society. Many faculties have never lost sight of this, though they might express it differently.

There is no path, however, to such an education. Debates about methodology can be productive so long as the objective is already recognized, and so long as it is also recognized from the beginning that there is no single path to the top of the mountain. Such debates have indeed been going on under the surface in responsible institutions all during the troubled period through which the nation has recently passed. If we insist on a core curriculum—worse, on the same core curriculum for all—we shall misspend our energies: it may be desirable that we all have read *Moby Dick* or *King Lear* (Professor Maynard Mack at Yale once playfully suggested students read *King Lear* each of their undergraduate years to measure their own growth by), but it is not essential. What is essential is that we know how to read a *Moby Dick* or a *King Lear*, or evaluate a statement in the natural or social sciences (know when someone is "talking rot").

Again, thanks for bringing some real issues into the debate. The more you succeed, the more we shall all benefit.

Thomas B. Ragle, President
Marlboro College
Marlboro, Vermont

Bergman in Germany

Jan Morris, in "When An Artist Feels Anxiety" [November 1977], tells us that Ingmar Bergman is a bearcat for detail and that virtually nothing escapes his watchful eye. But in the photograph on page 17, showing a Berlin street in 1923, there are at least four and possibly five glaring discrepancies that one could scarcely believe Bergman would miss—the automobiles.

The small convertible coupe with one headlamp burned out is of very late 1920s or early 1930s European manufacture. Farther back in the photo is an unmistakable 1930 Model A Ford two-door sedan. Behind it is another American-made machine, circa 1930–31, possibly a Ford, possibly a Chevrolet. Behind that is a truck, of either German or Italian manufacture, which almost certainly would have to date from 1934, but definitely not before. There is also in the right foreground a six-window sedan that has very little photographic detail but appears to be a Chrysler that couldn't have been made before 1927. It was surprising to see so many American-made vehicles on one short German street in the early 1920s, when none could have existed at the time. Hopefully Bergman has corrected the errors since the photo was made.

James C. Lees
Seattle, Washington



LARS LOOSCHEN

Bergman on Serpent's Egg *set*

Grünewald must have had a familiar ring to Jan Morris—indeed there is a most notable painter by that name, Matthias Grünewald, a contemporary of Dürer's. There is also a suburb of Berlin by that name (commemorated in song, as a matter of fact). But the Bavaria Film Studios in Munich are located in Grünwald, which is not only miles but worlds apart from Berlin's Grünewald.

Eva Christianson
Winchester, Virginia

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Mr. R. Sam Smith, P.O. Box 52, McLean, Virginia wrote: "Just a note to let you know that Argosheen has saved the day. I have this heavy, off white, plush nylon carpeting. It had become so badly stained and was so dirty that I had already solicited bids from flooring contractors to replace it. In a desperation move I ordered Argosheen just as a last resort to really prove to myself that the carpeting was unsalvageable and also to say to my wife, 'I told you so' . . . It is unbelievable . . . but the carpet is like new."

Bessie Davis, who has been in charge of Interior Cleaning for Delta Air Lines Atlanta Jet Base for 23 years says, "We have everything imaginable spilled and tracked on our carpets, including ramp grease and tar, and I have never found a spot Argosheen would not take up."



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Pictures without Words



Cartoonists, it is said, put themselves again and again into their drawings. The resemblance between Niculae Asciu and his characters is a matter not of appearance but of character. A quiet, implacable 35-year-old Rumanian who has lived in the United States for only five years, Asciu accepts what life brings. He has worked as a gardener and as a chauffeur (for a lawyer who never knew that the cartoon he enjoyed in the *New York Times* one morning was done by the man behind the wheel). Asciu makes 10 or 15 drawings a day, and now publishes 2 or 3 a week. He never uses words with his pictures.

