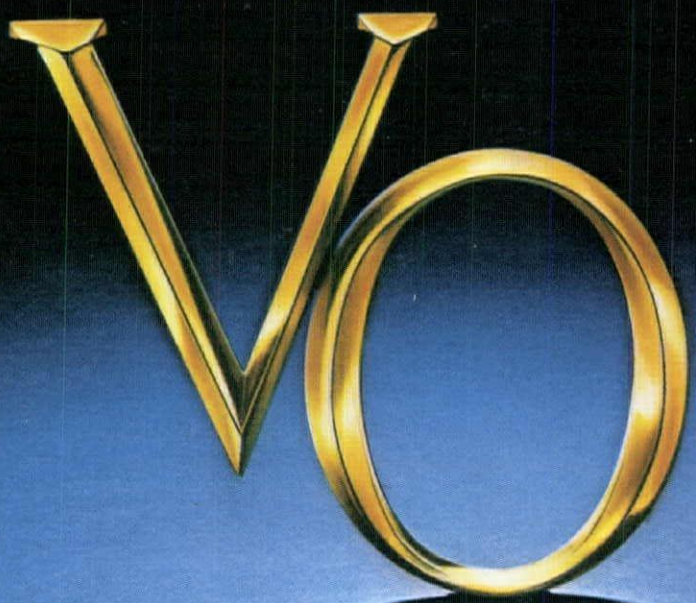
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HORIZON

MARCH 1978 • VOLUME 21, NUMBER 3

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History and Hollywood

The art of film in all its aspects, but particularly as an index of American life, continues as a major concern of HORIZON.

Ten months ago, in the May issue, Richard Eder perceived the city in current films as an urban graveyard. The celluloid streets, mean and dirty, filled with dropouts, crazies, pimps, hustlers, and killers, seemed to express a profound pessimism in the American psyche about city life. In this issue, in "New View of the Cities" (page 22), Scot Haller notes a significant turnaround heralded by last year's hit *Rocky*. In several recently released films the city has recovered some of its former cinematic glamour and renewed its reputation as the promised land for the young, the hopeful, the talented. "Instead of Robert De Niro cruising through hell in *Taxi Driver*," Haller writes, "we have John Travolta swaggering down the street with a paint can in one hand and a dream in the other." If film translates myths into unforgettable images, which in turn become a measure of reality, then Americans are receiving a wholly different set of standards about urban life than they were just a short time ago.

• • •

Warily avoided by Hollywood for years, the subject of the war in Vietnam will have plenty of screen exposure this year. In *Coming Home* (page 18), showing across the country this month, Jon Voight as a paraplegic veteran, Bruce Dern as a Marine Corps captain, and Jane Fonda as the captain's wife act out a tangle of political and personal feelings. There are no scenes of combat—no napalm, no bombings, no frightened GIs—but the searing effects of the war ring true in the love story between Fonda and Voight.

Even if no direct political message is intended, American films provide subliminal reinforcement for national mores. Christopher Durang's new play, *A History of the American Film* (page 26), reveals how large a role the movies have played in American history. Says author Antonio Chemasi, "What we have often wanted to see and hear, the movies have obliged to give us." Thus, in a parody of World War II films Durang has one of his characters, a wisecracking Eve Arden type, preach to the Loretta Young-ish heroine: "Do you know what you are? You're a quitter! . . . Where would the Allies be if they acted the way you do?" When no such lines pass through the lips of Jane Fonda or her female sidekick in *Coming Home*, an enormous change in national attitudes has been clearly noted.

• • •

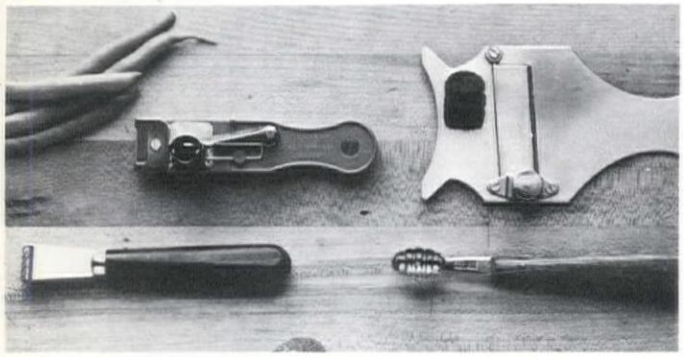
Although HORIZON delights in the achievements of the young—Durang is only 29, and Stephanie Chase, who recently made her New York recital debut (page 82), is but 20—the triumphs of the elderly are worthy of equal note. From Joan Miró (July) to Georgia O'Keeffe (December), and now with Jean Dubuffet (page 50), Vladimir Horowitz (page 33), and Ezra Pound (page 96) HORIZON finds inspiration in the irreverence and unfettered vision of the mature artist. As Robert Hughes wrote in last month's issue of 73-year-old Willem de Kooning: "The appetites of canny old men give us all cause for hope."



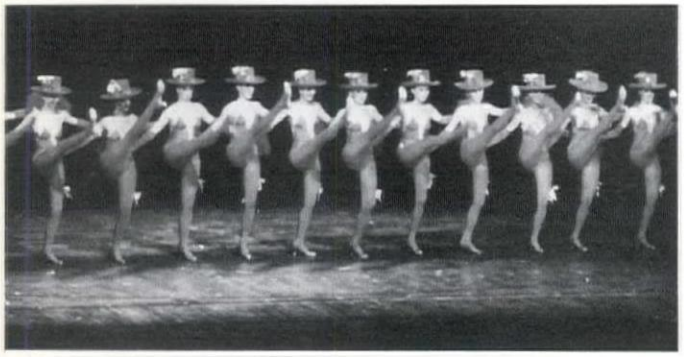
The Bronco Buster *in Fort Worth, page 34: Riches in Texas*



Rehearsing Don Quixote, *page 63: Baryshnikov as choreographer*



Kitchen gear, page 58: The more you have, the more you want



Rockettes onstage, page 88: What happens to the sunburst?

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COVER: April Shawhan and Gary Bayer in the Broadway production of Christopher Durang's *History of the American Film*. Photograph by Alen MacWeeney.

RECEIVED JUL 1 0 1991



"WHEN I PROPOSED A 5-CYLINDER ENGINE FOR THE AUDI 5000, THEY SMILED."

AN INTERVIEW WITH FRANZ HAUK, ENGINE DESIGNER



Why a 5 cylinder engine?

Hauk: Our new model, being larger, requires more power than a 4. Also, we wanted a very quiet car. But I felt it unnecessary to resort to the extreme of a 6. With a 6, properly designed, I could move a house. So everything pointed to a 5.

Was it hard to sell your management on this project?

Hauk: No, not as hard as you might think. Here at Audi we have a saying: "When a man has a big idea, we put him in a room and leave him alone." They left me alone for three and a half years. Of course, that was after they stopped smiling.

Was the big problem keeping the engine in balance?

Hauk: No, why? Because of the odd number? Nowhere is it written that an engine must have an even number of cylinders in order to be balanced. The plain fact is that engineers just automatically think in terms of 4, or 6, or 8, or 12. Our engine is balanced, I assure you. And it wasn't so difficult, really.

You're modest, I'm sure. But wasn't there some problem?

Hauk: Yes, but you'd never guess what it was. Attaching the gearbox to the engine was a little problem that had nothing to do with the concept of 5 cylinders. But it took us months of hard work to get it exactly right. Big ideas fall right into place. It's always the little problems that are annoying.

Were there any advantages to dropping a cylinder?

Hauk: You still don't understand, do you? I didn't drop a cylinder. I wanted 5 cylinders from the start. But yes, there were several other advantages. For one thing, the shorter engine allowed for a lower look up front. It made me very popular with the styling department, however briefly. But a lower nose also has the advantage of cutting wind resistance and putting less strain on the engine. One less cylinder also means less weight and greater efficiency.

What is the firing order of the cylinders?

Hauk: The firing order? It's 1,2,4,5,3. It took many months of computations to decide. But it's a detail; nothing more. With a new car, one has thousands of decisions to make. If I were to tell you all the details that took us months, it would take months.

It's still awfully new, this engine. How do you know the bugs are out of it?

Hauk: We tested 100 cars in the U.S. and Canada for so many months, we learned to order eggs "over easy." To my knowledge, no imported car manufacturer has ever done so much testing on such a large scale before. It was the only way we could truly know how the engine and the entire car perform under all your driving and weather conditions.

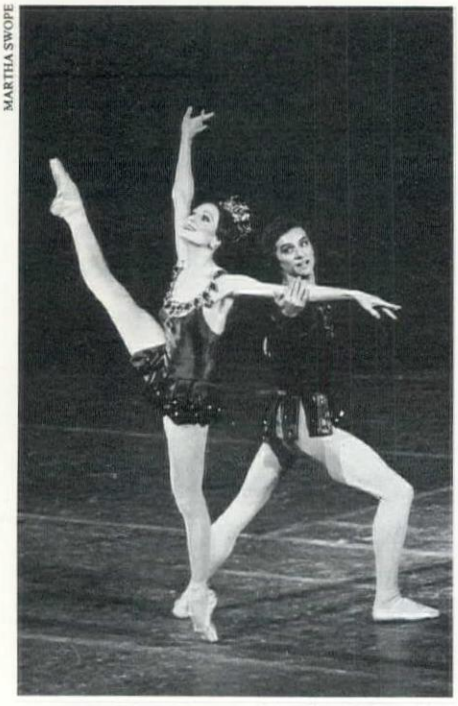
Why would American drivers spend $8,500* for the Audi 5000?

Hauk: Well, not all American drivers would. But we feel sure that there are enough Americans who have come to know craftsmanship, fine machinery and clean design when they see it. They will also recognize that the Audi 5000 is the largest German car for the money. Yet, for all its size, it is surprisingly lively. Also, there's the room and comfort and quiet that Americans traditionally appreciate. All these things, yes. And maybe even because of my 5-cylinder engine.

*Suggested 1978 retail price. P.O.E., transp., local taxes, and dealer delivery charges, additional.

CROSS COUNTRY

MARTHA SWOPE



Palm Beach: George Balanchine's Jewels

BROOKLYN MUSEUM



San Francisco: Chinese peasant paintings

COURTESY COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM



New York: gas station as vernacular art

West

SEATTLE Bill Evans the dancer, who is infinitely flexible, looks nothing like Bill Evans the pianist, who mostly slouches during his performances. Yet, says Evans number one, who is as lyrical with his body as the other is with his piano, "We've shared the same name for so many years, it's about time we shared the same stage for a few evenings." So, on March 17 and 18, on the University of Washington campus, the **Bill Evans Dance Company** will perform several new works to the accompaniment of the **Bill Evans Jazz Trio,** playing the pianist's own compositions. The only problem, admit promoters of the concert, was how to avoid confusion in designing a poster.

• • •

LOS ANGELES Comics in southern California have been on their feet for six weeks, competing in the **First Los Angeles International Stand-Up Comedy Contest.** After a series of eliminations staged in five Los Angeles comedy clubs, five of the funniest contestants will perform in the Pasadena Civic on March 11 at 8:30 P.M. Judges, including mustachioed clown Avery Schreiber and rock buffoon Alice Cooper, will select a winner, who will then go on to Las Vegas in the fall for a chance at Top Banana.

• • •

LOS ANGELES This month through April 2 the Mark Taper Forum is presenting **Getting Out,** a new work by Marsha Norman that was one of two winners of the Great American Play Contest held in 1977 at the Actors Theater in Louisville. The play's major character is a young woman, just out of prison after serving an eight-year term for manslaughter, who begins to come to terms with her new freedom. Gordon Davidson, the Mark Taper's artistic director, says the play is "moving and imaginative . . . there are reflections back to prison life and into her childhood, and the dramatic tension comes in trying to reconcile the girl she was before going to prison with the woman she is now."

• • •

LOS ANGELES Hearing the old Negro spirituals that run through **Sir Michael Tippett**'s oratorio *A Child of Our Time*, those who attend the Los Angeles Philharmonic's performances (March 23, 24, 26) may be surprised to learn that the work was originally composed as a response to anti-Semitism in Nazi Germany. Tippett's outrage at persecution was global, provoking him in 1939 to write of "pogroms in the east, lynching in the west." At once a mournful protest and a glorious hymn, the work has already been staged in Houston, Cleveland, Boston, and New York this season, but only in Los Angeles will the 73-year-old Tippett be present to conduct the hour-long score.

• • •

SAN FRANCISCO Scenes of rural life in contemporary China are the subject of **Peasant Paintings from Huhsien County,** on view in the Chinese Cultural Center until March 31. Agricultural workers in provincial communes southwest of Peking paint these vibrant gouaches for large-scale reproduction on local billboards and farmyard walls. Initially conceived as popular morale-boosters during the Great Leap Forward of 1958, these didactic images treat such themes as *Joy at Gathering a Bumper Crop of Cotton* and *Visiting a County Chemical Fertilizer Plant*. Only

loosely derived from traditional folk sources, the bright, posterlike style of the paintings has been dubbed "revolutionary romanticism." Artists work in the communal spirit of the People's Republic, with much kibitzing from critical neighbors. The exhibition will travel to the Art Institute of Chicago, where it will open on April 15.

• • •

SAN FRANCISCO For thousands of years potters at their wheels have produced useful objects that have sometimes come to be valued as works of art, but during the last quarter century ceramics has evolved into an art form that exists without respect to function. The man most responsible for illuminating the expressive potential of the ancient craft is an American artist, **Peter Voulkos,** whose work of the past 30 years is being shown this month and next at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. In addition to manipulating clay in traditional ways, Voulkos has gouged, slashed, and stacked it into intriguing abstract forms, often on a monumental scale. Also on view are photo murals of Voulkos's large outdoor ceramic sculptures, five paintings, and slides of his major works in bronze.

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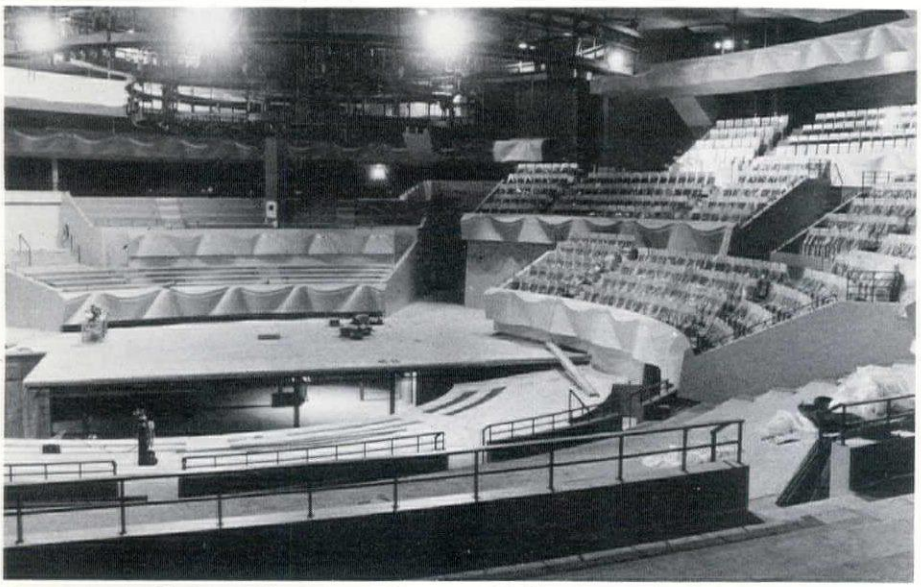
SAN DIEGO Jackie Gleason, whose rotund figure is so familiar to television viewers, returns to the theater this month in **Sly Fox,** Larry Gelbart's acidic adaptation of the classic Ben Jonson comedy *Volpone.* (Gleason last appeared onstage 19 years ago in the Broadway musical *Take Me Along,* for which he won a Tony Award.) In *Sly Fox* Gleason stars as the miserly millionaire Foxwell J. Sly, a role created by George C. Scott on Broadway. The production plays the Fox Theater in San Diego through March 18 and then travels to the Orpheum in San Francisco, where it will run through May 13.

• • •

DENVER Now that Bronco-boosterism has subsided, Denver residents can take civic pride in their new **Symphony Hall,** which opens this month with room for 2,500 concertgoers seated around a centered stage. Designed by the New York firm of Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer and acoustics expert Christopher Jaffe, the "surround hall" is the first of its kind to be built in this country. Jaffe has installed a distribution canopy above the stage and a reverberation chamber below it to enrich the sounds, which on opening nights include Van Cliburn playing Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto no. 1 (March 4 and 5), the world première of a jazz-inspired composition by John Green (March 5), and a recital by Rita Shane and Robert Merrill (March 6).

South

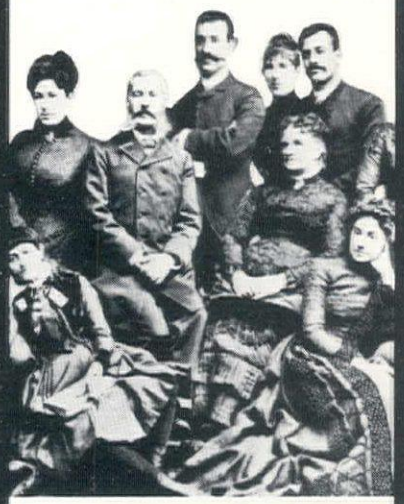
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA Making its first sojourn to the South, the **New York City Ballet** will perform at the West Palm Beach Auditorium from March 23 through 25 as part of the first Palm Beach Festival. Opening night features a gala benefit performance of George Balanchine's *Jewels*; other works planned for the company's stay include *Serenade, Dances at a Gathering, Western Symphony, Fanfare, Afternoon of a Faun, Agon,* and *Who Cares?* NYCB's Robert Irving will conduct the



BILL THACH

Denver: seats all around the stage in the new Boettcher Concert Hall

"AN ENGROSSING STORY OF AN EXTRAORDINARY FAMILY."
—LINUS PAULING



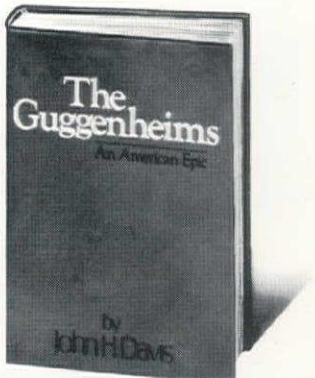
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WILLIAM MORROW

CROSS COUNTRY

Florida Symphony Orchestra.

The Palm Beach Festival, a nonprofit corporation designed to further the fine arts in Palm Beach County, hopes to attract symphonic and chamber music, drama, film, sculpture, and painting, as well as dance. With heavy advance ticket sales for the ballet, the festival is off to an auspicious start, and plans are already afoot for a return engagement by the New York troupe in 1979.

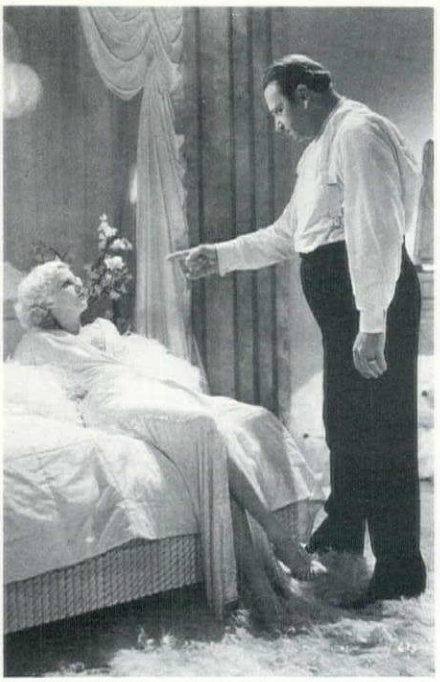
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ATLANTA Photographer **Walker Evans,** who died in 1975, is best known for his evocative portraits of the depression-era poor and for the powerful formal clarity of his architectural photographs. But now another side to Evans's work can also be seen. From March 4 through April 8 the High Museum of Art in Atlanta will exhibit approximately 235 prints by Evans from the Arnold Crane collection in Chicago. The photographs, taken from the beginning of his career in 1928 through 1946, were selected by Evans and his friend Crane and cover an immense visual domain. Many are surprisingly casual, including candid street shots of small-town America and pre-Castro Cuba and a series of surreptitiously shot subway riders.

• • •

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS Twenty-seven **abstract expressionist paintings** by as many American artists, from the collection of the Sarah Campbell Blaffer Foundation in Houston, are at the Art Museum of South Texas until April 23. Featured are the major American painters—including Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, and Willem de Kooning—who contributed to the abstract expressionist movement in the late 1940s and early 1950s and who were responsible for shifting the center of the art world from Paris to New York.

MOVIE STAR NEWS

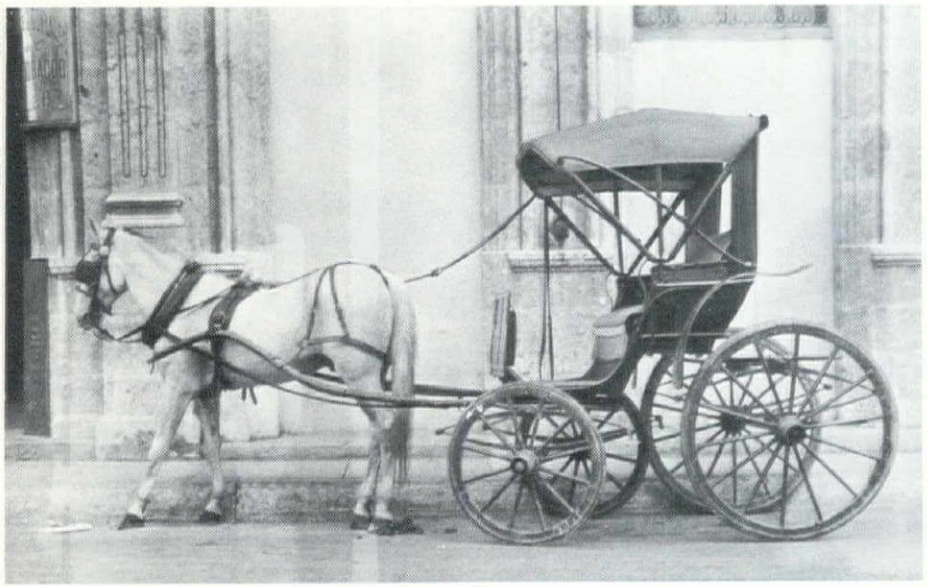


Dallas: George Cukor's Dinner at Eight

• • •

DALLAS George Cukor, the American director whose films (*Dinner at Eight*, *The Philadelphia Story*, *Adam's Rib*) have dealt wittily with life in high society, will be the toast of the eighth **USA Film Festival,** to be held March 10 through 19. A selection of six Cukor films, chosen by the director himself, will be screened as part of the tribute; following each evening's showing, Cukor will speak about the film and its place in his career. In addition to the Cukor retrospective, the festival will present 12 premières of feature-length films; a day devoted to animated short films; an exhibition of drawings, story boards, and stills from animators John and Faith Hubley; and portraits of movie stars and famous athletes by Andy Warhol.

ARNOLD H. CRANE COLLECTION



Atlanta: horse and buggy in Havana, 1932, by Walker Evans

Midwest

The Guthrie Theater of Minneapolis is sending on tour its production of O'Neill's **Moon for the Misbegotten,** a further look at the Tyrone family portrayed in the playwright's most famous autobiographical work, *Long Day's Journey into Night*. *Moon* is dominated by Jamie Tyrone, modeled after O'Neill's own alcoholic brother, and Josie, the daughter of a tenant farmer on the Tyrone property. "The play isn't O'Neill's best by any means," says director Nick Havinga, "but it's wonderfully realized, dealing with full-bodied and consistent emotional lives." Havinga, who directed the same cast of *Moon* at the Guthrie last summer, is taking the production to Appleton, Wisconsin; Decorah and Ames, Iowa; Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Duluth, Saint Joseph, and Moorhead, Minnesota; Kansas City, Missouri; and Lincoln, Nebraska.

• • •

KANSAS CITY Besides the workshops and big band marathons offered at most jazz festivals, the first **Kansas City Women's Jazz Festival** (March 17–19) highlights two unusual concerts by female jazz persons. On Palm Sunday morning, the 19th, pianist Mary Lou Williams performs her encyclopedic jazz Mass with a large choir at Immaculate Conception Cathedral. In the evening Memorial Hall will swing with Williams, an all-star ensemble led by silver-haired pianist Marian McPartland, vocalists Betty Carter and Marilyn Maye, and the noted Japanese pianist-arranger Toshiko Akiyoshi.

• • •

LAWRENCE, KANSAS Just 100 years ago the University of Kansas acquired its first work of art: city founder Amos A. Lawrence presented a marble bust of himself. Fifty years ago the university opened a modest art museum in a converted library. This year it dedicated the new **Helen Foresman Spencer**

His destiny was to die in poverty and disappointment.

Yet his genius gave the world some of the most beautiful music ever heard.

At the age of 6, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was the talk of Europe. By the time he was 8, he had sat on the knee of Empress Maria Theresa, delighted the court of George III, and composed four sonatas.

Fame came early but fortune always eluded him—and when he died of kidney disease at 35, he was destitute and had to be buried in a pauper's grave.

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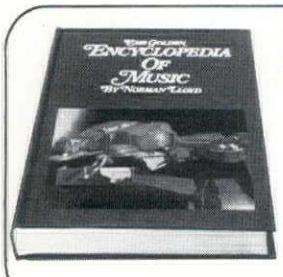
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CROSS COUNTRY

Museum of Art, a five-story building of Indiana limestone trimmed with carnelian granite that provides display space for more than 25,000 works. The wide-ranging collection is not only the most comprehensive in the state but one of the finest of any university museum in the country. Special strengths are fine examples of Oriental and



Lawrence: bust of Amos Lawrence

Occidental decorative arts; works by old masters (Rembrandt, Dürer, Mantegna), regional painters (Grant Wood, Thomas Hart Benton, John Steuart Curry), and modern artists (Ellsworth Kelly, Georgia O'Keeffe); contemporary sculpture; photographs; and Indian pottery. The museum was named in honor of the university's chief benefactor, Mrs. Spencer, class of 1926.

• • •

CHICAGO Two of the Bolshoi Ballet's leading dancers, **Natalia Bessmertnova and Mikhail Lavrovsky,** will star in four performances of the Chicago Ballet's full-length *Giselle*, March 30 to April 2, as part of that company's season at the Civic Opera House. The occasion marks the exclusive U.S. appearance of the Soviet pair, whose performances of the romantic work have garnered them much public as well as critical acclaim.

• • •

CHICAGO In the early 1860s **Frédéric Bazille** left his wealthy parents' home in Montpellier in the south of France and set out for Paris to become a physician, but he soon abandoned medicine and devoted himself to art. He studied with the Swiss painter Charles Gleyre, shared a studio with Claude Monet and then Auguste Renoir, and in the brief span before he met his death in the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, he created a small but compelling body of work that ranks him high among his more illustrious contemporaries. The first exhibition devoted to Bazille's work ever held in this country opens at the Chicago Art Institute March 4 and continues throughout April. On view are nearly 50 of the approximately 60 paintings he is known to have completed, a selection of his drawings, and about 20 works by fellow artists—including Gleyre, Monet, Alfred Sisley, and Renoir—executed during the time Bazille knew them.

• • •

CHICAGO *Uncommon Women and Others*, a funny and touching drama by Wendy Wasserstein that originally opened at the Phoenix Theater in New York last fall, comes to the **Saint Nicholas Theater** on March 15. The women are graduates of Mount Holyoke College, including a lawyer, a film director, and a housewife, who meet six years later; scenes of their reunion, interspersed with flashbacks to their college days, reveal how they have dealt with the conflicting expectations of parents, lovers, and careers. Mike Nussbaum directs. Later this year WNET plans to broadcast the play with Meryl Streep and members of the New York cast.

• • •

CHICAGO Wim Wenders, the young German director best known for last fall's enigmatic thriller *The American Friend*, is the subject of a six-week retrospective at the



NEW YORKER FILMS

Chicago: Wim Wenders's American Friend

Film Center of the Art Institute. Wenders and his fellow directors Werner Herzog and Rainer Werner Fassbinder constitute the leadership of a new wave of German film makers whose movies have recently surfaced in this country (HORIZON, September). A half dozen **Wenders films** will be shown on six consecutive Fridays, including *Kings of the Road*, *Alice in the Cities*, *False Movement*, *The Scarlet Letter*, and *Summer in the City*. On April 14 the director himself will be on hand for the showing of his much-acclaimed adaptation of Peter Handke's novel *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick*.



COURTESY ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Chicago: Frédéric Bazille's Black Woman with Peonies, *on loan from France*

MILWAUKEE Paul Klee, the Swiss painter whose work is striking for its masterful use of color and line and its power to evoke irony and passion within a precise geometric framework, is best represented in this country in the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York. **Sixty-seven Klee works** from the Guggenheim's collection are currently on display at the Milwaukee Art Center in an exhibition that encompasses every stage of the prolific painter's career and all the media he employed. The sampling includes sketches made in 1895, when Klee was 16 years old, and many oils, water colors, gouaches, drawings, and prints dating from his association with the Bauhaus in Weimar and Dessau between the two world wars. Although the Guggenheim Klees were shown in New York last summer, this is the first time the collection has toured the country; after leaving Milwaukee March 18, it will proceed to Berkeley, California.

East

NEW YORK Through April 9 the Public Theater is featuring the American première of Sam Shepard's **Curse of the Starving Class,** by the author of *The Unseen Hand* and *The Tooth of Crime.* In his latest work a drunken husband and wife scheme separately to sell their failing avocado ranch in California and escape with the money. In doomed efforts to protect their home, the teen-age son tries to repair the farm, and the daughter shoots her father's creditor. *Curse of the Starving Class*'s first production in London last April won the California-born playwright an Obie award, the judges having decided, apparently, on a liberal interpretation of "off-Broadway."

• • •

NEW YORK Through March 14 a rich collection of **Designs for the New York Stage** is on view at the gallery of Pace University. Most of the Western world's best theatrical designers have worked in New York at some point in their careers; Cecil Beaton, Eugene Berman, Erté, Elaine de Kooning, Ming Cho Lee, Jo Mielziner, Rouben Ter-Arutunian, and Franco Zeffirelli are but a few of the more than 60 artists represented. Their works, spanning the years from 1915 to the present, have been selected from private collections, and many are being shown publicly for the first time. From the 1919 scene designs by Boris Anisfeldt for Bartok Wolff's opera *The Blue Bird* to Patricia Zipprodt's lavish costumes for the 1977 production of *Tann-*

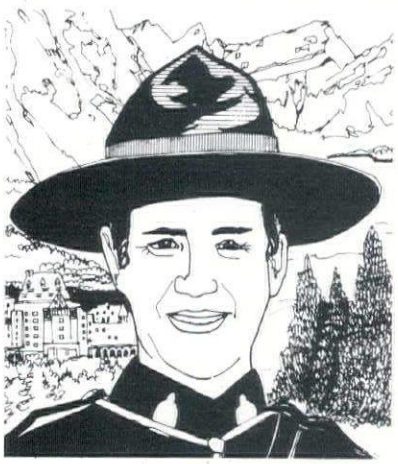


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CROSS COUNTRY

häuser, the extraordinary influence of the Metropolitan Opera on stage design is well documented. Another lively group features designs for musical comedies, including *On the Town*, *Brigadoon*, and *Hello, Dolly!*

• • •

NEW YORK The Texaco star, Mobil's Pegasus, and McDonald's golden arches have become popular icons of our time. These and other designs of roadside vernacular architecture in 20th-century America, as well as the Williamsburg restorations that preserve our idealized past, are explored in **Place, Product, Packaging,** an innovative exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Photographs of gas stations and fast-food eateries are displayed alongside an actual Mobil gas pump, a McDonald's staff uniform, and Jack-in-the-Box hamburger wrappers—artifacts that demonstrate the pervasive impact of commercial imagery on the quality of our urban environment. The exhibition, which is supplemented by a series of related lectures, will continue until March 19.

• • •

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT Through March 26 the **Hartford Stage Company** is presenting *Rain*, a play by John Colton and Clemence Randolph based on W. Somerset Maugham's tale of the notorious Sadie Thompson (played in various screen versions by Gloria Swanson, Joan Crawford, and Rita Hayworth), who leads a Protestant missionary to his ruin on a South Seas island.

J. HEFFERNAN—METROPOLITAN OPERA



New York: costumes for new Tannhäuser *at the Met, worn by Bumbry and McCracken*

Rain is the fourth production the Hartford Stage Company has put on in its new $2.5 million theater downtown, a functional brick building with the same informality but considerably more space than the company's old home, a former warehouse. "The new theater has enabled us to think about plays like *Rain*," says producing director Paul Weidner. "The sets should be luxurious and give a sense of space and the outside jungle world. Also, the emotions run high in an old-fashioned, large-scale way that doesn't work in a smaller space." The company's former theater, rechristened The Old Place, opens this month as an experimental stage for new works.

• • •

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT David Hockney startled London's art world in the 1960s with the bold realism and homoerotic themes of his paintings, but he is now such an established figure (HORIZON, November) that Yale University's Center for British Art has chosen **Hockney's graphic work** as the subject of its first exhibition of contemporary English art. The selection of nearly 150 prints and drawings—spanning the years 1962 to 1977—confirms Hockney's transition from enfant terrible to master of figurative representation. Luminous portraits of friends and family accompany tender evocations of their domestic surroundings in locales as diverse as London, Beverly Hills, and Bangkok. Sponsored by the British embassy, the exhibition remains in New Haven until March 15, when it will begin a tour of 11 other cities in the United States and Canada.

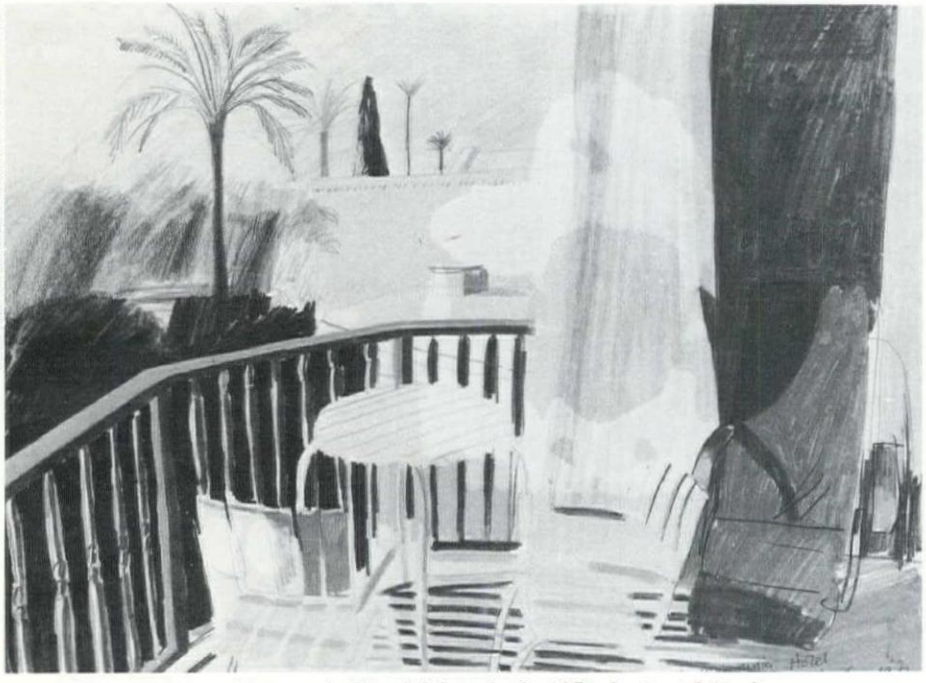
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PHILADELPHIA Robert Preston will star in **The Prince of Grand Street,** a new musical by Bob Merrill that opens at the Forrest Theater on March 8 before going on to Boston and New York later this spring. Preston plays an aging idol of New York's Yiddish theater in the early 1900s, who causes a scandal when he falls in love and marries a much younger woman (Neva Small). While the Yiddish stage seems an obscure setting for a Broadway-bound musical, Preston is optimistic about the play's appeal. "*The Prince of Grand Street* has a strong script with a great acting role, a marvelous score, and a period that hasn't been overdone," he says. "After *The Music Man* and *I Do, I Do*, I've always hoped to have another musical with those qualities. I think this could be it."

• • •

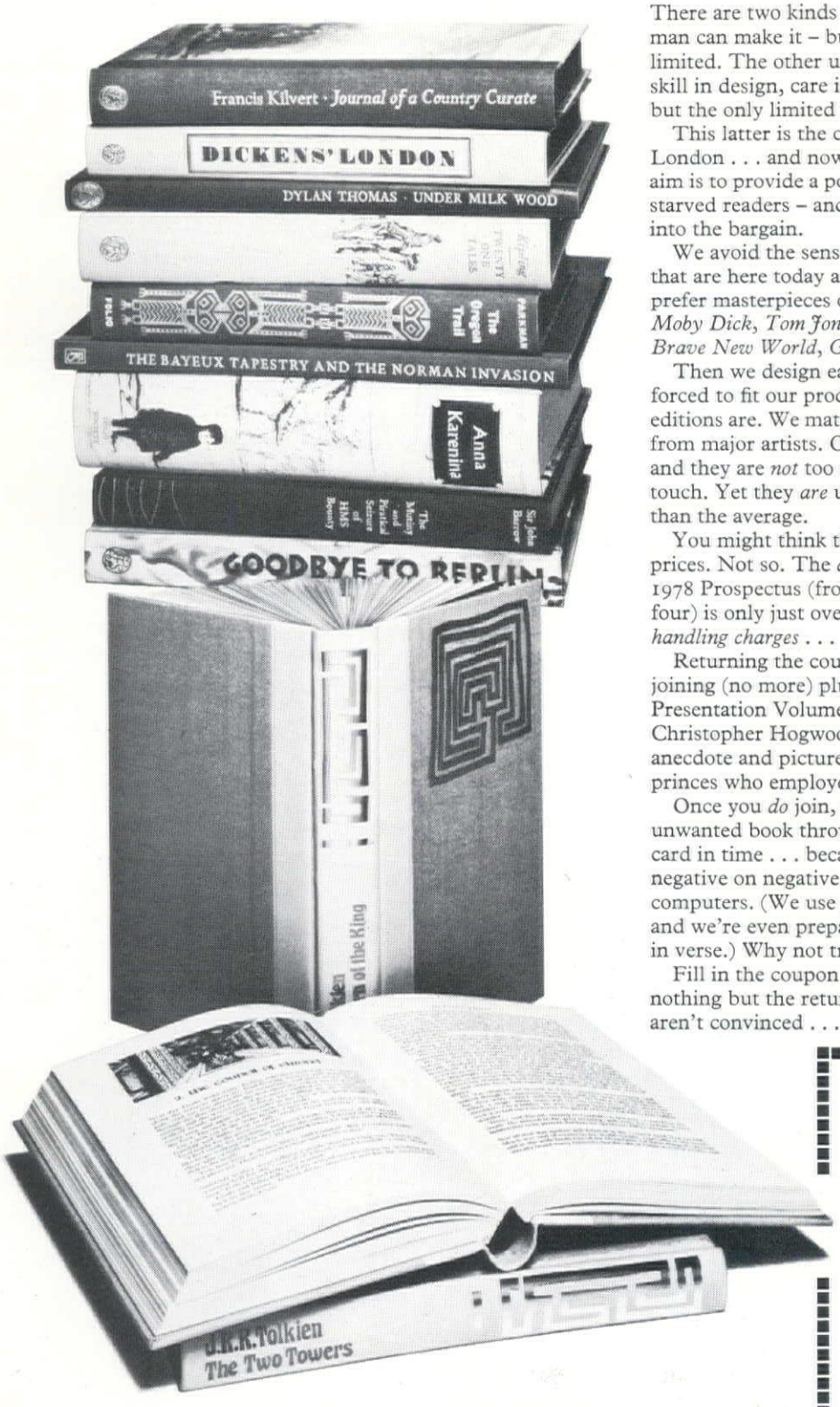
WASHINGTON, D.C. Mary Cassatt, a proper Pennsylvania lady, went to Paris in 1866 and, greatly influenced by her friends Manet and Degas, became one of the most accomplished artists ever to have sprung from American soil. This month and next there will be exhibited at the **National Collection of Fine Arts** 36 of her spirited pastels, as well as 16 prints, which, while borrowing from Japanese prints in their composition, were distinctly her own in their technique and subtle coloring. In the life of the home Cassatt found a rich and

COURTESY INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS FOUNDATION



New Haven: Balcony, Mamounia Hotel, Marrakesh, *1971, by David Hockney*

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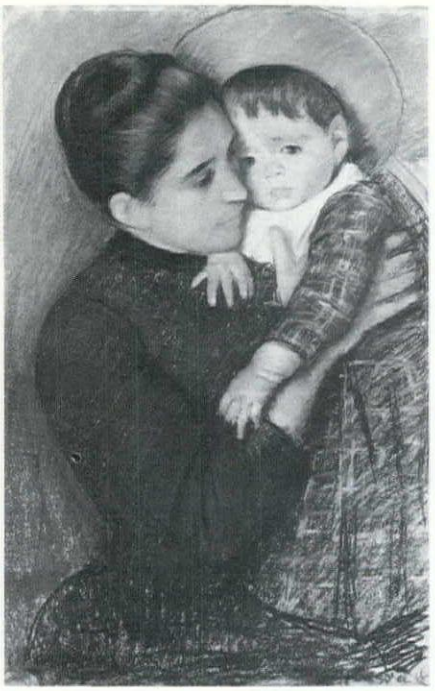
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Washington: pastel by Mary Cassatt

felicitous source of subjects; her numerous impressions of mothers and children retain their charm precisely because she scrupulously avoided sentimentalizing them. In the opinion of Joshua C. Taylor, director of the National Collection, there is in Cassatt's works "the paradoxical fusion of the momentary and the permanent," which affords "a satisfaction that can never quite be understood but which remains undiminished by time."

• • •

WASHINGTON, D.C. From March 1 to April 8 the Eisenhower Theater is presenting **The Mighty Gents** by the young black playwright Richard Wesley, whose previous credits include *The Black Terror*, which won him a Drama Desk award in 1971, and two screenplays for films starring Sidney Poitier (*Uptown Saturday Night* and *Let's Do It Again*). In *The Mighty Gents* the former leader of a Harlem street gang finds himself in middle age without a job or a purpose in life; he and his friends, Wesley says, "are invisible people. They see life around them but no one sees them."

Nationwide

As part of its fund-raising Festival '78 PBS is presenting **Stronger Than the Sun,** an original drama seemingly adapted from newspaper headlines. Apprehensive about ineffectual safety precautions in the nuclear power plant in which she works, a woman leaves one day carrying some plutonium; when she approaches the media with her account and her concerns, however, she is rebuked by those who fear the story will trigger terrorist activity. The story echoes the strange case of Karen Silkwood, who in 1974 died mysteriously in a highway accident while en route to a meeting with reporters; allegedly, Silkwood was going to reveal violations at the nuclear power plant where she was employed. Francesca Annis, who played the title role in *Masterpiece Theater*'s *Madame Bovary*, stars. The program will be aired nationally between March 4 and 19.

• • •

Starting March 26 and continuing through the spring, PBS is reserving Sundays at 8:00 P.M. for a second season of **André Previn and the Pittsburgh Symphony.** Eight new programs have been taped from Heinz Hall in Pittsburgh: some light, such as the opening concert of movie scores by composers John Williams and Jerry Goldsmith;

KEN REGAN—COURTESY WQED-TV



Composer John Williams conducts the Pittsburgh Symphony.

and some somber, such as the Brahms *Requiem*, to be broadcast early in May. Thanks to Previn, two works by Sir William Walton, including *Belshazzar's Feast*, are also scheduled, as well as an interview with the 76-year-old British composer.

• • •

PBS brings the Metropolitan Opera back live this year with a three-hour, six-camera production of Mozart's **Don Giovanni,** to be broadcast March 16. The doomed Latin libertine, one of opera's supreme baritone roles, will be sung by James Morris; Joan Sutherland will sing the role of his unforgiving victim Donna Anna; and Sutherland's husband, Richard Bonynge, will conduct. As the show's host, Tony Randall interviews the participants between acts.

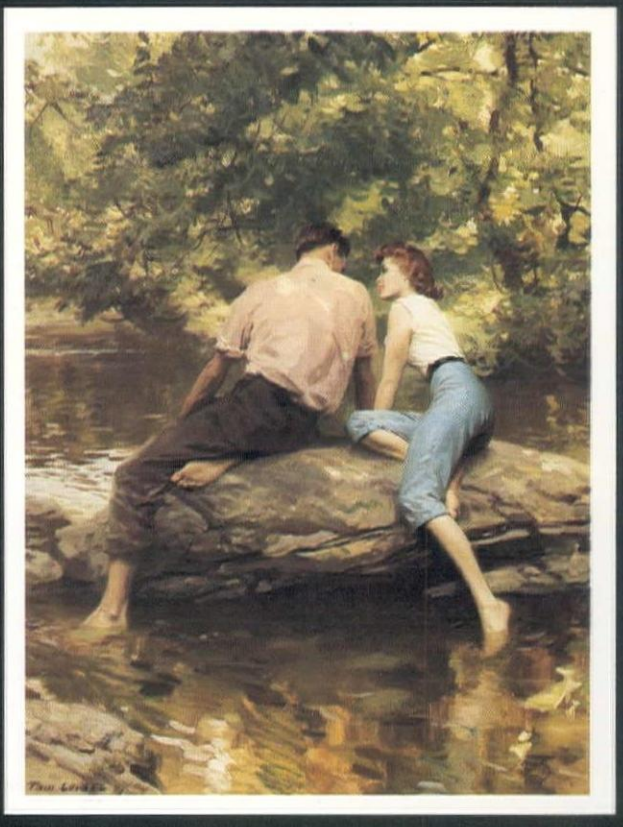


James Morris as Don Giovanni

• • •

Jill Clayburgh stars as **An Unmarried Woman,** a dutiful Manhattan wife who suddenly finds herself divorced and forging a new life after her husband has left to live with another woman. Written and directed by Paul Mazursky (*Harry and Tonto, Next Stop, Greenwich Village*), the film deals more honestly and touchingly with the situation of contemporary women than any of the other recent films—*The Turning Point, Looking for Mr. Goodbar*—that have broached the subject. Clayburgh, who was last seen as Barbara Jane Bookman in *Semi-Tough*, gives a performance of depth and intelligence, and she is admirably supported by Alan Bates, Cliff Gorman, Michael Murphy, Kelly Bishop, and Pat Quinn. The film opens in New York and Los Angeles this month and across the country in April.

TOM LOVELL



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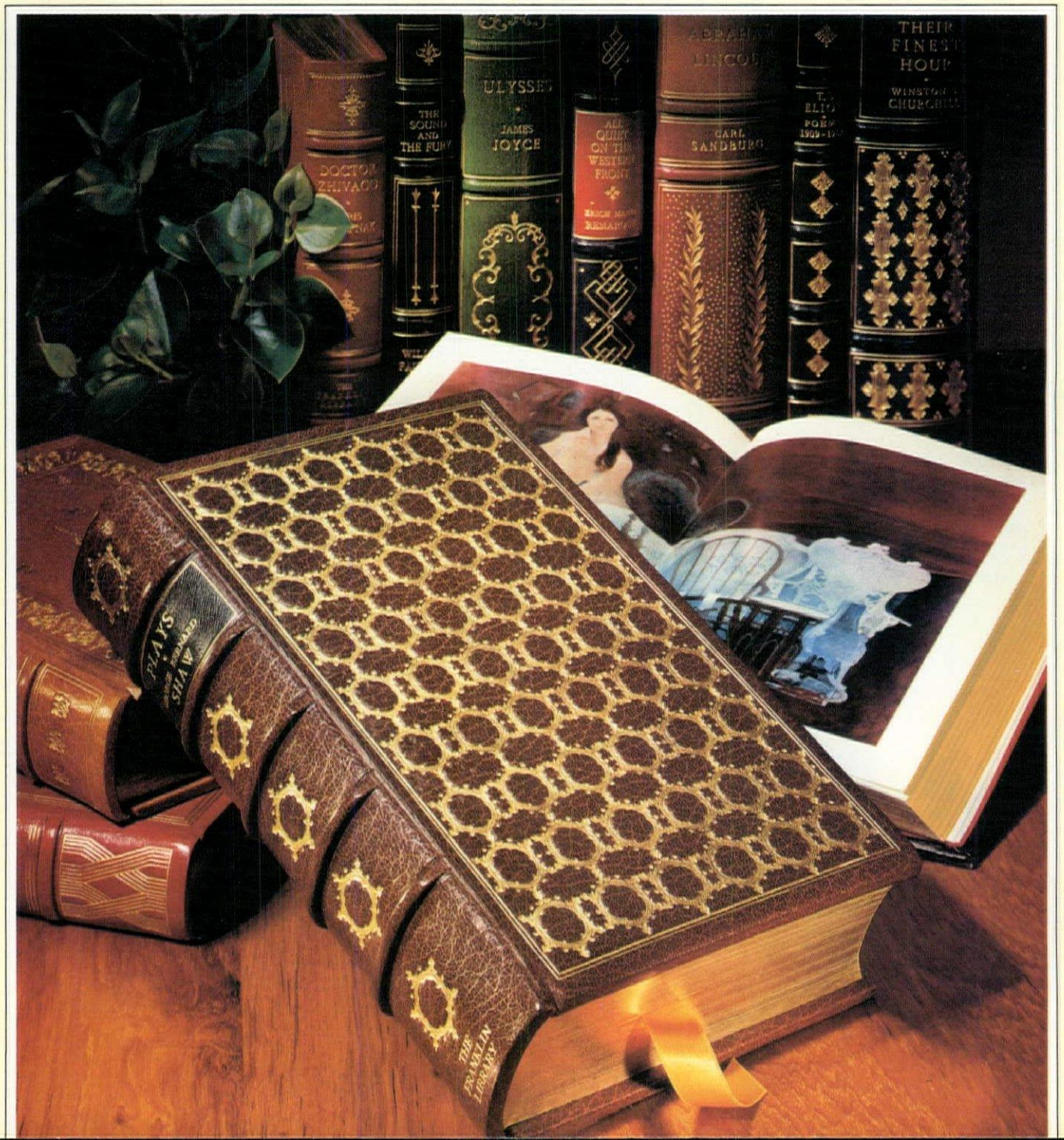
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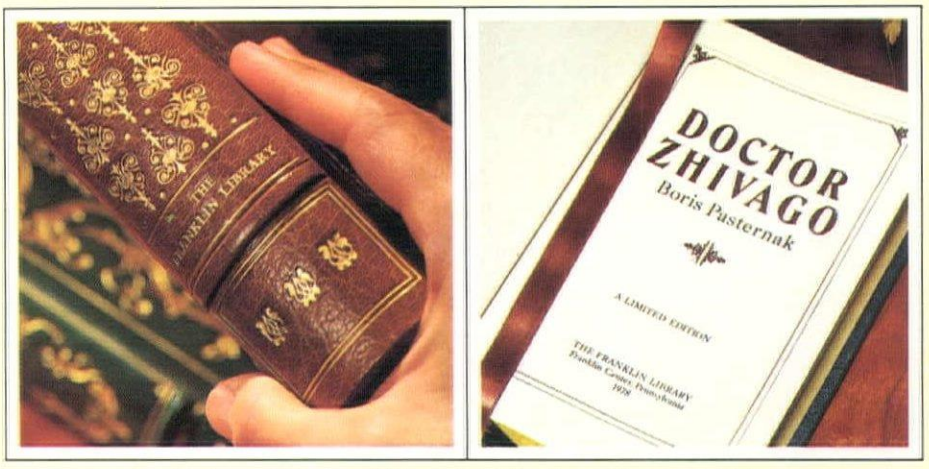
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UNITED ARTISTS



Helping each other: Jon Voight plays a paraplegic Vietnam vet and Jane Fonda a hospital volunteer in Coming Home.

A Believable Movie about Vietnam

In *Coming Home* not a shot is fired,
but the times and the players are tinged with truth

It is not exactly love at first sight. She is Sally Hyde (Jane Fonda), a scrubbed and coifed housewife doing volunteer work at a VA hospital while her Marine captain husband (Bruce Dern) is fighting in Southeast Asia. He is Sergeant Luke Martin (Jon Voight), an unbathed paraplegic Vietnam vet who, belly-down on a wheeled stretcher, pushes himself along the hospital corridor with canes. The two collide.

Martin launches into a rage, screaming at the crowded hospital, smashing everything in reach with his canes, spewing a litany of profanity and frustration. His urine bag drops, splattering on Fonda. And she watches mutely, trying to understand.

The film is *Coming Home*, and although the plot concerns veterans returning to the States from battle, the home referred to is more than just a place. It is the home John Cheever writes about in his fiction, the spiritual sanctuary located within oneself. As the love story between Luke and Sally develops, they are both touched by self-realization. Spurred by her affection, Luke comes to understand his involvement in the conflict, which runs from enlistment to a one-man antiwar protest. With exposure to Luke and the hospital, Sally comes to understand the war's impact and to relish her evolving independence. And when her emotionally shell-shocked husband returns to Los Angeles and is unable to communicate with his wife, he too comes to know the war's damaging effects.

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This year moviegoers will encounter a half dozen films dealing with the Vietnam war. *The Boys in Company C*, an uneven and finally unsatisfying chronicle of five recruits' travels from boot camp to battle, is currently on neighborhood screens. Later this year two more Vietnam films will be released: Karel Reisz's interpretation of Robert Stone's award-winning novel, *Dog Soldiers*, with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty; and *The Deer Hunter*, which stars Robert De Niro, John Cazale, and Christopher Walken as small-town Pennsylvania steelworkers who are dispatched to Vietnam. Francis Ford Coppola's much-delayed *Apocalypse, Now* is currently scheduled for release this fall. Adapted from Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, the film features Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen. Still in the planning stage is the film adaptation of the book *Born on the Fourth of July*, which was written by Ron Kovic, a crippled veteran.

But *Coming Home*'s producer, Jerome Hellman, who collaborated with screenwriter Waldo Salt on *Midnight Cowboy* and *The Day of the Locust*, as well as on this film, insists, "We deserve more than having our picture lumped in with the others. We've been working for almost ten years to put this together. We're not following any trend."

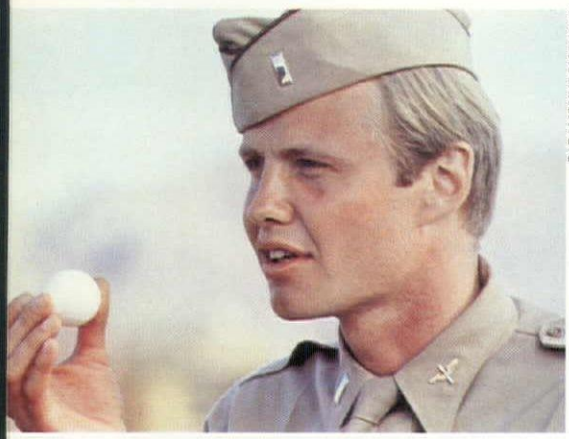
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The project grew out of a conversation Jane Fonda had in the early 1970s with her friend Bruce Gilbert, a student of film and psychology who would become this movie's associate producer. In the wake of her performances in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, *Klute*, and *A Doll's House*, Fonda was looking for equally demanding roles. From their involvement in the antiwar movement, both Fonda and Gilbert had become concerned about the neglect of wounded Vietnam vets. Deciding to dramatize the dilemma in a film, they approached Nancy Dowd, who was then an untried scenarist (she subsequently received critical acclaim for her *Slap Shot* screenplay).

A year later Dowd surfaced with a 220-page script that was deemed workable, if too long and, apparently, too political. Salt was called in to revise it. "We certainly didn't want to make a political movie," says Hellman.

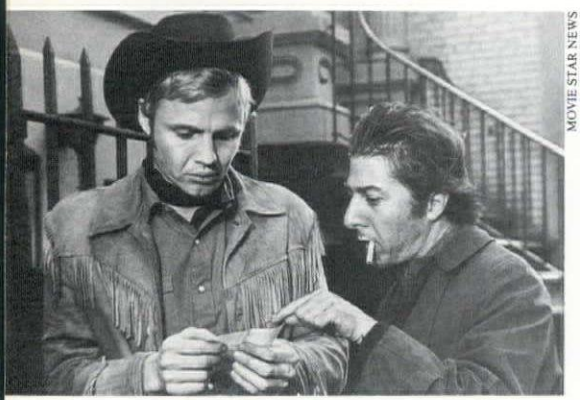
Given the political leanings of its collaborators, *Coming Home* is admirably free of polemics. Fonda, who until recently was as famous for her antiwar

By ROBERT BLAIR KAISER



PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Voight in Catch-22*: a cherubic villain, . . .*



MOVIE STAR NEWS

in Midnight Cowboy*: a dreamer degraded*

protests as her acting, is hardly a radical here. In fact, for a woman living in Los Angeles in 1968, Sally is remarkably straight. At the start of the film her clothes look like Lerner Shop specials, her hair is teased, her manners decidedly prim. When a television station signs off with *The Star-Spangled Banner*, she has to choke back the tears. As the story progresses, she loosens up—and even demonstrates her enthusiasm for orgasms (a scene as obligatory in films now as the car chase was in the 1960s). But her changes are more personal than political.

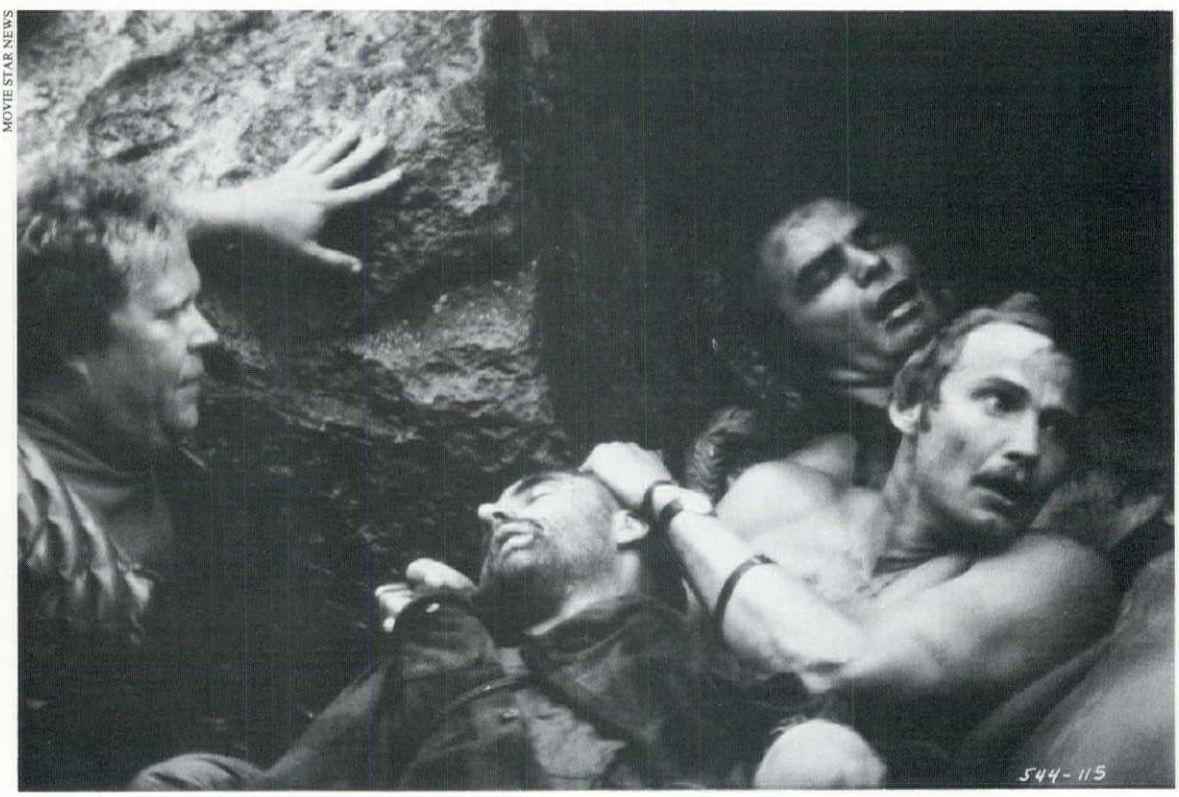
Off the screen Dern is a supporter of liberal causes in California but in *Coming Home* he gives a convincing portrayal of a gung-ho hawk. Although his time on camera is limited and his acting somewhat heavy-handed, he does make his character's desire to fight in Vietnam seem reasonable and consistent with the era.

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Voight, who once took to the road with a series of antiwar lectures, gives a more balanced view of the conflict in the movie. Although, of the film's characters, he is the most visibly brutalized by the war experience, his concerns are not with refighting the battle but with getting well.

This is one of Voight's most compelling performances. Originally cast in the part of the husband, Voight lobbied for the paraplegic role and eventually won. "I wanted to represent everybody who endured this war," says Voight, speaking of playing Luke, the all-American boy turned soldier, then paraplegic, then protester. Few seem better equipped for the job. The son of a Scarsdale, New York, golf pro, Voight had an all-American upbringing. In interviews he tends to remember his childhood as idyllic. "Teachers always took a special interest in me," he has said. "I was considered to be this very promising artist. I wanted to play football more than anything but the coach didn't want me to get banged up."

At Catholic University Voight majored in scene design and art. Then came summer stock, acting lessons, and the young romantic lead in *The Sound of Music*, singing *Sixteen Going on Seventeen*. He won good reviews for his



MOVIE STAR NEWS

In Deliverance *Voight sacrifices his ideals to survive, reluctantly murdering a menacing backwoodsman.*

part in an off-Broadway revival of Arthur Miller's *View from the Bridge*, and soon he was making films. In *Catch-22* he played the villainous Milo Minderbender, but more often, in *Midnight Cowboy*, for example, or *Deliverance*, or *Conrack*, he was a variation on the wide-eyed Andrew Wyeth character adrift in unpleasant environments, the American idealist whose convictions inevitably come to be challenged—a character like Luke Martin in *Coming Home*.

In preparation for the part Voight spent dozens of hours talking with Vietnam vets and dozens more in a wheelchair with "the wheelchair people," or paraplegics and quadraplegics. What results is a remarkably realistic picture of a cripple's body—Voight's legs seem deadened, his lower body withered, his torso and arms unnaturally muscular—and a poignant evocation of a cripple's adjustment. A paraplegic who at the start of the film demands to be taken care of, he not only learns to take care of himself—to play wheelchair football and basketball, drive a car, make love—but he finally is able to help others deal with their embarrassment at his disability.

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Coming Home has its flaws. Hal Ashby's direction is often far from subtle—early shots of the paraplegics are juxtaposed with shots of Dern blithely jogging on base. The lyrics in the score—a running stream of 1960s hits by Richie Havens, the Rolling Stones, and others—are meant to comment on the action, but the conceit is heavy-handed and eventually intrusive. To signal the arrival of bliss after Voight goes to bed with Fonda, for example, the Beatles break into *Strawberry Fields Forever*. The script is peppered with platitudes, but to the credit of Fonda and Voight cardboard lines slip by unobtrusively. And to the film's credit the impact of Voight's acting does not depend on the fact that Luke got his wounds in Vietnam.

It is precisely because the movie rings true on the personal level that its political leitmotifs work. Most notably, it makes an antiwar protester's anguish believable. Initially loath to discuss the implications of his participation in the war, Voight is pushed into politics not by his own handicap but by despair at a fellow veteran's suicide. When Voight stages a demonstration at a recruiting center, he has no illusions about influencing the course of the war, just a need to release his frustration.

"I have killed," Voight tells an assembly of high-school students at the end of the film, when he makes his only prolonged comment on the conflict. "And I don't feel good about it." Still, his point, and *Coming Home*'s, is not to decry past actions but to bind up the wounds that ensued. □



BOTH: STEVE SCHAPIRO—SYGMA

The husband dissolves: Bruce Dern confronts his adulterous wife.



The love story evolves: Voight and Fonda sharing dinner at her place.

Robert Blair Kaiser is a free-lance writer who lives in California.





20TH CENTURY-FOX

In Sidney Lumet's forthcoming musical, The Wiz *(top), the yellow brick road leads to Manhattan. In* An Unmarried Woman, *Jill Clayburgh is an urban wife whose life falls apart—then falls back together again—in New York.*



RICHARD LAWRENCE STACK—LIAISON

New View of the Cities

Reversing a trend, Hollywood now casts cities as havens of hope and right-minded heroes

Where have all the floozies gone? Where are the urban crazies and walking failures of yesterday? Not so many months ago American movies were pelting their audiences with scenes of murder, rape, robbery, and other seedy spectacles of city life. But in the past year or so the urban misfit, a character who seemed well on the way to becoming an essential element of the 1970s cinema, has nearly disappeared from the screen. Suddenly, the city streets aren't nearly as mean as they once were, and the citizens no longer resemble Cain.

Instead of Robert De Niro cruising through hell in *Taxi Driver*, we have John Travolta swaggering down the street with a paint can in one hand and a dream in the other in *Saturday Night Fever*. Instead of Jodie Foster coming to New York and finding work as a teen-age hooker, we have Leslie Browne coming to the American Ballet Theater and working with Mikhail Baryshnikov in *The Turning Point*. A few years ago Jon Voight pursued repressed matrons in *Midnight Cowboy*, but now Richard Dreyfuss pursues an acting career and Marsha Mason in *The Goodbye Girl*. The ice goddesses played by Jane Fonda in *Klute* and Faye Dunaway in *Network* have been transformed into the personable heroines of *Annie Hall* and *An Unmarried Woman*. The walk on the wild side has turned into a pas de deux or an energetic L.A. hustle.

Not only has Hollywood all but abandoned dark portrayals of cities, audiences have had a change of heart. Moviegoers who, in the early 1970s, cheered Charles Bronson's marauder murder in *Death Wish* and the street gang's stylized rapes in *A Clockwork Orange*, now break into instantaneous applause at the opening shot of the Manhattan skyline in John Badham's *Saturday Night Fever*.

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Badham's film is perhaps the most infectious of a new breed of films that rely on city scenes to provide some part of their romanticism. The movie's young lower-middle-class hero, Tony Manero (John Travolta), is a hip Hamlet living in his parents' house in Brooklyn and working in the neighborhood hardware store. Tony is restless and melancholy, but he isn't completely unhappy; on weekends he is king of the dance floor at the local disco. Because *Saturday Night Fever* is a rites-of-passage film, Tony must eventually meet Stephanie (Karen Lynn Gorney), the girl who has found something better than Brooklyn—namely Manhattan.

In this film Manhattan is Oz, the magical place where one goes in order to grow up, the mirage that, like the skyline, is always in view but always just out of reach. The city's offerings—the discos, the Brooklyn Bridge, the girls on the street—are the things that keep Tony "staying alive," as one of the film's songs maintains. At the end of the movie, when Tony decides to move into Manhattan and out on his own, Badham apparently intends his audience as well to see the metropolis as the best available option. The idea of Manhattan as the Emerald City is as

By SCOT HALLER



UNITED ARTISTS

Diane Keaton and Woody Allen in Annie Hall*: the city as sanctuary for neurotics*

familiar as a Ruby Keeler musical from the distant past. But encapsulated in a well-made and entertaining film and expressed with considerable charm by John Travolta, the notion seems fresh, romantic, and once again worthwhile.

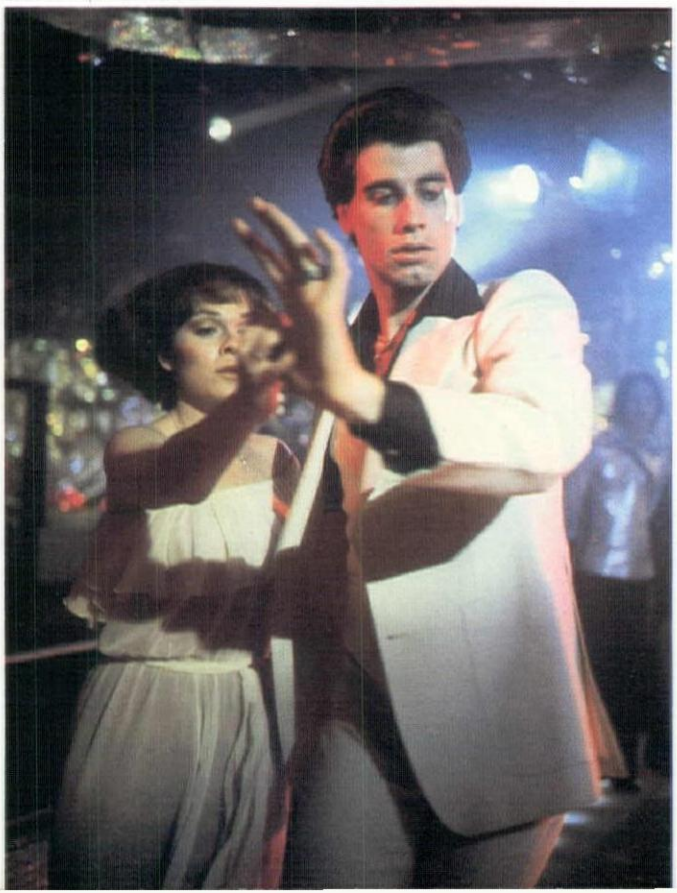
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Neil Simon's curious change of heart toward New York—and by extension toward cities in general—suggests that even the most hardened urban critic may yet repent. Previously, with such comedies as *The Out-of-Towners* and *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, Simon perpetuated the myth of Manhattan as Sin City. In the first film Simon's two tourists (Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis) undergo nearly every urban degradation imaginable while visiting New York. In *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* Lemmon is driven to a nervous breakdown by the pressures of the big city. But in Simon's latest movie, *The Goodbye Girl*, it is the glamour and prestige of the city that lures aspiring actor Elliot Garfield (Richard Dreyfuss) to New York and sets the central love story in motion. The affair betwen Garfield and his roommate-turned-bedmate pivots on events the city can accommodate best—rooftop candlelight dinners, off-Broadway flops, rent payments. Although Simon does include a robbery in the plot, it serves only to bring the couple closer together. He and director Herbert Ross have, if anything, exaggerated the favorable side of urban life.

In the past year Ross has also directed *The Turning Point*, another movie dedicated to the proposition that all cities are not necessarily the creators of evil. In earlier films such as *Welcome to L.A.*, *The Long Goodbye*, and *Taxi Driver*, the cities themselves were the villains who turned upstanding heroes into greedy and corrupt characters. But in Ross's films the urban poison of one person is the urban pleasure of a The New York dance world tha ley MacLaine rejects in *The T Point* is the same world th daughter (Leslie Browne) emb

Such movies have revive concept of the city as the m cultural achievement, the conf artistic legitimacy. "If I can r there, I'll make it anywhere," Liza Minnelli in *New York, New* and that sentiment has been ech a chorus of films in the pas Dreyfuss in *The Goodbye Girl*, in *Saturday Night Fever*, Keaton in *Annie Hall*, Craig Ru *Outrageous*, Leslie Browne i *Turning Point*, and Harvey K *Fingers* are all combing the city in search of artistic success. Aga idea isn't new; in the days of vau it was known as wanting to pl Palace. But in the hands of Woody Allen, and Badham, this ican dream has been revitalized

In Paul Mazursky's marvelo movie, *An Unmarried Woma* concern is not with making it with making it through the da *Saturday Night Fever*, the film with a post-card shot of the Man skyline; it then proceeds to bec



PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Travolta and Gorney in Saturday Night Fever

affectionate, although not entirely complimentary, view of single life in New York. Jill Clayburgh plays an attractive, intelligent East Side wife whose marriage breaks up after her husband meets another woman while shopping for a shirt at Bloomingdale's. But the city that presents the problem also provides the solution, which, in this case, comes to Clayburgh in the forms of a job in a Soho art gallery, an assortment of female friends, and an English painter, played by Alan Bates. When Clayburgh refuses to leave New York with her lover at the end of the film, it becomes clear just where Mazursky's allegiances lie. As in *Saturday Night Fever*, if the intelligent heroine chooses the city, it cannot be a bad choice.

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There are, however, a few current films that persist in viewing city life as a Sisyphean punishment, an upward, hopeless battle that won't ever end. *Blue Collar*, which was directed by Paul Schrader (who wrote *Taxi Driver*), examines the plight of three factory workers who, despairing of their financial situations, turn to robbery. The film is a message comedy, and the message is: take before you get taken. Though Michael Crichton's thriller, *Coma*, spends little time in the streets, it still presents a bleak picture of the urban environment. Focusing on one doctor's discovery of a hospital conspiracy, *Coma* implies that a municipal hospital can achieve fiscal solidarity only when criminals are in charge.

James Toback's *Fingers*, which stars Harvey Keitel as a New York hood and would-be concert pianist, is really just a sorry cousin to *Taxi Driver*. The story is set again in nightmare New York, a barren streetscape populated by pimps, half-wits, hookers, and gangsters. According to Toback, this world ultimately strips a man down to his Neanderthal origins: the final shot finds a beaten and beaten-up Keitel naked and catatonic on his piano bench.

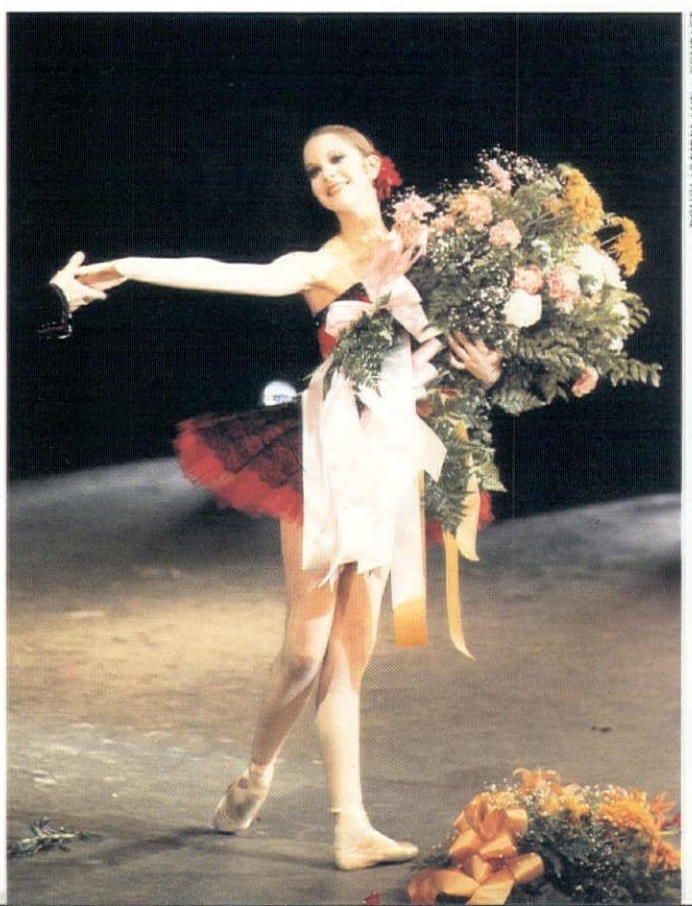
By now, however, the idea that the city assaults the psyche has become familiar to moviegoers, and it has been refuted by other films. It's difficult to take these self-important, self-destructive misfits seriously when *Annie Hall* has already shown that the city is a perfectly safe place to nuture one's neurosis.

Why have the movies suddenly taken such a benevolent view of the city? It may be a result of what *New York Times* critic Janet Maslin calls "creeping Rockyism"—Hollywood's inclination to make films upbeat at any cost, including the cost of realism. Could Rocky have known that his dawn dance at the top of the Philadelphia Museum of Art steps would usher in a wave of cinematic urban renewal?

The lyrical view of early morning Philadelphia in *Rocky* did not go unnoticed by the city fathers, who took out full-page ads congratulating those involved with the project after the film won several Academy Awards, including the Oscar for best picture. Meanwhile, other cities—Chicago, Boston, New York—have established government bureaus to lure Hollywood film (and profit) makers to town.

With such support from both city government and city audiences, Hollywood's upcoming productions not surprisingly include a number of films that rely on urban settings. In the coming months there will appear *I Want to Hold Your Hand*, which follows six teen-agers in New York during the Beatles' first visit to America; *Slow Dancing in the Big City*, with Paul Sorvino as a newspaper reporter who falls in love with a ballerina on the eve of her New York debut; *Superman*, who will soar high above the metropolis; *Bloodbrothers*, in which Paul Sorvino and Richard Gere star as Bronx construction workers; *Eyes*, in which Faye Dunaway plays a fashion photographer involved in some disreputable activities; and *The Wiz*, in which director Sidney Lumet takes Badham's view one step further and literally turns Manhattan into Oz.

Ultimately, Badham's *Saturday Night Fever* could prove as influential as *Rocky*. A movie that yields a top-selling soundtrack, launches a new star, and makes more than $31 million in its first 31 days of release cannot help but have repercussions for producers contemplating their next project and—more importantly—for audiences absorbing the film's attitude toward cities. How are you gonna keep them down on the farm after they've caught the fever? □



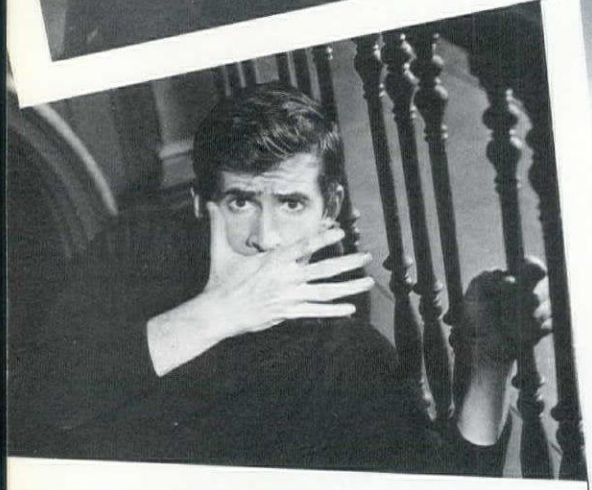
DOUGLAS KIRKLAND—CONTACT

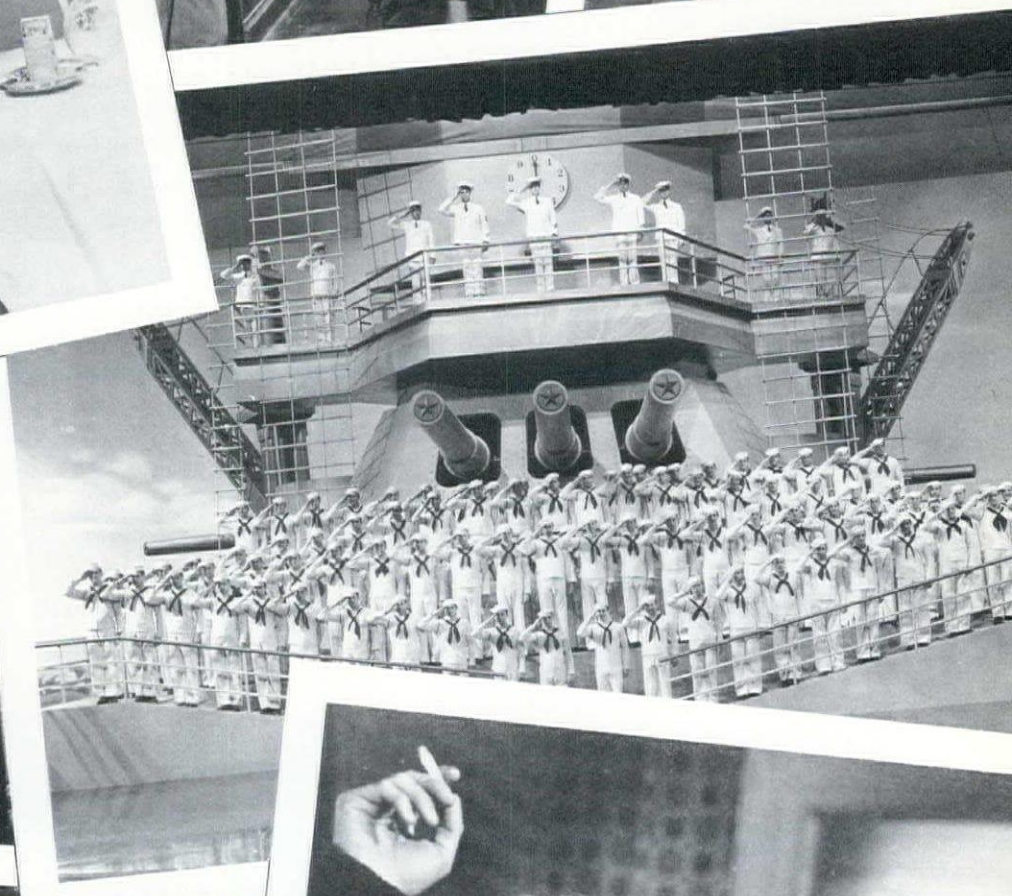
Making it: Leslie Browne in The Turning Point















A History of the American Film

In which playwright Christopher Durang spoofs a half century of movie myths—and takes a fresh look at our past

By ANTONIO CHEMASI

A concise *History of the American Film* . . . In a burst of *Intolerance*, a selfish mother abandons her baby on a doorstep, condemning the girl to life among other *Orphans of the Storm*. Moments later the orphan has blossomed. Taking refuge in *A Man's Castle*, she falls for her host, who, transformed into *The Public Enemy*, responds by squashing a grapefruit half in her face. They part (bittersweetly), reunite (blissfully), part, reunite—in *Casablanca*, *On the Waterfront*, during an *Earthquake*—all the while crooning, dancing, and careening their ways through a kaleidoscope of distorted cinematic conventions.

It's a chronicle so preposterous yet scholarly that the Marx brothers and a diligent film historian might have collaborated on it. But in fact, *A History of the American Film*, which opens on Broadway later this month, is the work of one playwright—who is too young to have seen the premières of most of the movies he evokes. Christopher Durang came to sudden prominence last year when his play opened almost simultaneously at three major theaters—in Los Angeles, Hartford, and Washington, D.C. While other playwrights have spurned film as a subject for theater, Durang tackles the medium broadside. And while his young colleagues are casting dark looks on American life, Durang's gaze is invariably accompanied by laughter.

By specialty, Durang might be called a parodist. His targets include serious literature (as in *The Idiots Karamazov*), socially significant drama (*The Vietnamization of New Jersey*), and now the movies. But he is a parodist without venom; at the moment he fixes his pen on a target, he also falls in love with it. His work brims with an unlikely mix of acerbity and affection and at its best spills into a compassionate criticism of life.

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This is what Durang has accomplished in *A History of the American Film*. His play, on the surface a very busy burlesque, is hung on that most convenient of movie hooks, a



LAURA PETTIBONE

A compendium of movie classics (left) is material spoofed by Christopher Durang, seen here in costume for his 1975 comedy Das Lusitania Songspiel.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE, NEW YORK; MOVIE STAR NEWS; MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE, NEW YORK; MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE, NEW YORK; MOVIE STAR NEWS; MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE, NEW YORK; MOVIE STAR NEWS



LEFT: GERRY GOODSTEIN; RIGHT: GEORGE DE VINCENT

Scenes from Durang's History*: a Busby Berkeley parody as staged in Hartford; a satirized* Citizen Kane *from the Washington, D.C., production;*

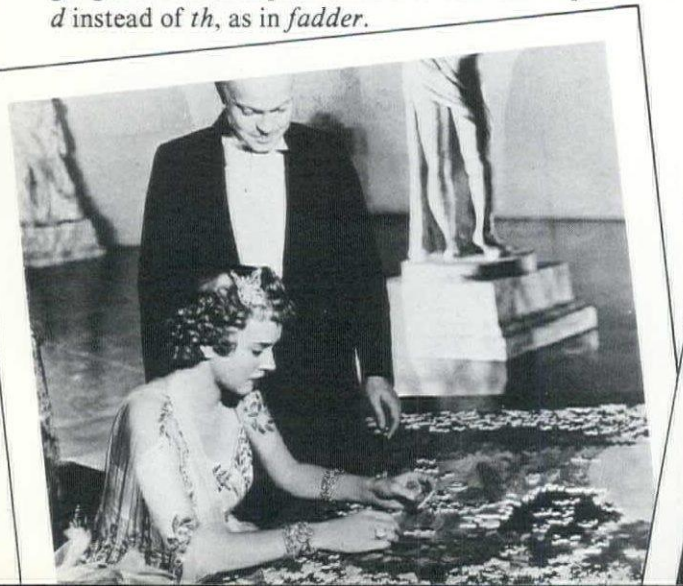
love story. The lovers, Jimmy and Loretta, meet during the Depression, and as movie lovers must, they "meet cute." Sitting on a park bench, Loretta swoons from hunger into Jimmy's arms. "Can you help me?" she asks. "I'm American, ain't I?" he replies. She revives at his shantytown shack, and the romance hurtles forward through the decades until we leave it, in rather sorry shape, in the present.

But at first Loretta is so innocent, so hopelessly vulnerable, of such indelible purity—so, in other words, of the movies—that when she ventures to state her hopes in life, she paraphrases the Production Code: "I want every transgression to be punished. I want no conversation to have salacious content. I want never to discuss themes of incest or white slavery. I want to be a married wife and have children and have a bedroom with two beds in it and when you're on the bed you have to always keep one foot on the floor."

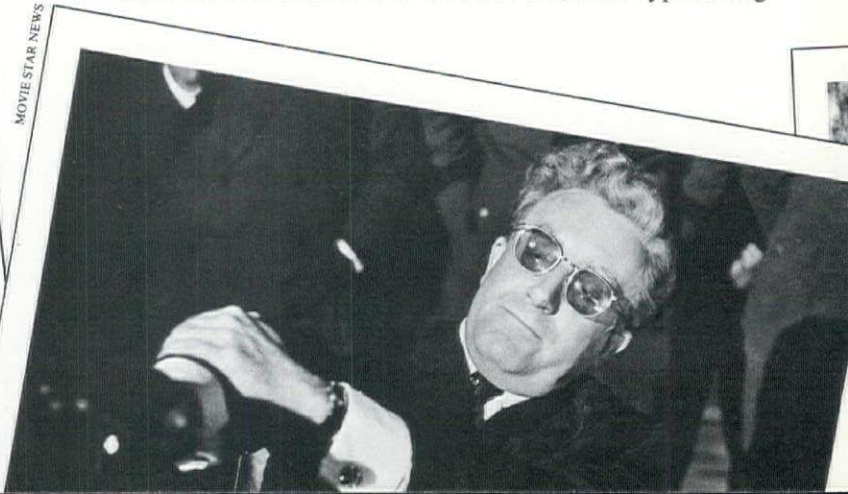
Jimmy, instead, is all toughness, swagger, defiance. He is a gangster who hates priests and shows a decided preference for *d* instead of *th*, as in *fadder*.

LORETTA: Why were you put in reform school?
JIMMY: For robbin' the poor box at Saint Raphael's and settin' Fadder MacNeil on fire.
LORETTA: Jimmy, you didn't
JIMMY: Sure I did. I sang in the choir, too. Fadder MacNeil was a real dodo anyways. I liked seein' him on fire.
LORETTA: Did he die?
JIMMY: Nah. It's hard to kill priests.
LORETTA: But did reform school change you?
JIMMY: Yeah, I'd never try to burn somebody anymore. I'd shoot 'im.

Obviously, by the conventions of the movies, it's a romance made in heaven. We soon realize, even if we don't recognize, that the originals are James Cagney and Loretta Young, that we are in the presence of the two great stereotypes of American movies. Indeed, they have acquired a virtually mythic status in American culture. In dim but persistent ways they have served as models for several generations, though today they are more likely to win our sympathy than our allegiance. We no longer much admire innocence, and among women it is now associated with backward, sexist typecasting.



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE, NEW YORK



MOVIE STAR NEWS



LEFT AND TOP: MIDDLE: GERRY GOODSTEIN

a Mickey Rooney look-alike; the Andrews Sisters (sort of); Al Jolson; and a female Dr. Strangelove

Nor is toughness in men, now labeled machismo, any longer a virtue. On the screen current male stars, from John Travolta to Woody Allen, are equipped with the requisite vulnerability; women stars such as Jane Fonda and Faye Dunaway display the appropriate firmness.

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The task Durang sets for himself is to pursue the two great stereotypes through a half century of movies and to watch how they change. But all this is done in only a couple of hours of stage time, and Jimmy and Loretta move with breakneck speed: now they're in a silent melodrama, now in a screwball comedy, now in a war movie, now in a science-fiction movie. One minute Jimmy is a Cagney tough, then a Wallace Beery, then a dapper Orson Welles, then Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca*:

JIMMY: If that plane leaves the ground and you're not on it with him, you'll regret it. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon and for the rest of your life.
[*Piano Man begins to play the theme very dramatically and loudly.*]



MOVIE STAR NEWS

LORETTA: What about us?

JIMMY: We'll always have Shanty Town. But I've got a job to do, too. And where I'm going, you can't follow, what I've got to do you can't be any part of.

LORETTA: Don't play it now, Piano Man. I can't concentrate.

JIMMY: Loretta, I'm no good at being noble, but it doesn't take much to see that the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you'll understand that.

LORETTA: What about beans? [*Very upset*] I don't want you to play now!

JIMMY: Here's looking at you, sourpuss. [*Enter Victor*]

LORETTA: Here's looking at me? What does that mean? Are you confusing me with someone else?

VICTOR: Loretta, dear, the plane for Tunis is waiting.

LORETTA: What about Tunis? I haven't heard a word anyone has said.
[*Victor and Loretta exit.*]

JIMMY: That didn't go the way I wanted.

Similarly, Loretta flies through Judy Garland, Janet Gaynor, Ingrid Bergman, Eva Marie Saint, and more. At one point she's a Busby Berkeley chorus girl who, costumed as a vegetable, prances through a show-stopping production number, *We're in a Salad*. Then in a flash she becomes Ruby Keeler, breaking her leg and so muffing her chance to stand in for the star, who has broken her leg.

All in all, some 200 movies are parodied, and scores of performers evoked. But at the center remain Jimmy and Loretta, whose lives repeatedly cross as they pursue each other through changing movie styles, tastes, and periods. If by the end we hardly recognize them, it's no one's fault. By the disoriented 1960s the two mythic figures of film have run

Scenes from the originals: Orson Welles, Dorothy Comingore in Citizen Kane*; Peter Sellers in* Dr. Strangelove*; Carmen Miranda*

their course. Durang turns them into the blowsy Martha and the defeated George of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

It's a measure of Durang's skill that while acknowledging his characters as stereotypes, we also come to care for them. Even the lesser movie types that traffic through the play stir our affection. There is Bette, the hard-edged Bette Davis Other Woman, who when she first meets Loretta in the shanty, raises an iron and snarls, "How d'ya like your face done, honey—starch or no starch?" There is Hank, the all-too-decent Henry Fonda–James Stewart type, who is infuriatingly slow of speech. There is Eve, the wisecracking Eve Arden friend of the heroine, who specializes in don't-give-up homilies. At one point, during a parody of World War II movies, she says to Loretta, "Do you know what you are? You're a quitter! That's right, a quitter.... Who do you think you are to feel sorry for yourself? ... Where would the Allies be if they acted the way you do?"

It is at precisely such moments that we realize how much *A History of the American Film* is in fact a history of ourselves and how large a role the movies have played in that history. What we have often wanted to see and hear, the movies have obliged to give us. If the boys over there were struggling, Eve Arden exhorted us to keep our chins up. If our lives were pinched, as they were in the Depression, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers were on the screen dancing in opulent settings that held out a better tomorrow. If family life was undergoing drastic change, *Meet Me in St. Louis* offered cozy reassurance. If the cities were becoming brutal, Mickey Rooney took us to a never-never land of small town charm to give us roots we never had.

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The movies preserve the conventions we like to believe in, and Durang has a sharp eye for those conventions, for the clichés of our daily discourse. His characters, in *A History of the American Film* and elsewhere, recite shopworn phrases and formulas like ritual incantations, in the hope that these will see them through. In *A History*, Loretta, a firm believer in the power of goodness, longs for the "The End" sign to appear, signaling, as she has been taught, that she and Jimmy will live happily ever after. Several times the sign drops into view, jerks back up again, and life uncomfortably continues. Comedy often arises from persons behaving mechanically—a comic falling over stiff as a board. In Durang's plays the comedy arises from characters who *talk* mechanically.



MOVIE STAR NEWS



WILLIAM BAKER

Characters defy convention in The Idiots Karamazov *at Yale, 1974.*

The Vietnamization of New Jersey, for example, is a delicious send-up of the suburban family as perceived by our socially conscious dramatists. First performed at the Yale Repertory Theater in 1976, the play is specifically a spoof of such David Rabe dramas as *Sticks and Bones* and *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*. When a son returns home shattered from the war, the family responds with peculiar composure. A younger son occasionally explains the symbolism: referring to his brother and his Vietnamese wife, both blinded in Vietnam, he says, "The fact that they're blind literally in a way points to the fact that we and the American people are blind figuratively. We suffer, I think, a moral and philosophic blindness. It raises the question of which is the greater handicap—physical or moral blindness." That is the convention of knee-jerk liberalism carried to lunacy.

Formulas also totter in *The Idiots Karamazov*, a thoroughly loopy spoof of *The Brothers Karamazov* written with Albert Innaurato and first performed at Yale in 1974. In one scene a dotty Constance Garnett, the novel's translator, reads: "*The Brothers Karamazov*, page 453. At this point Alyosha Karamazov sits at Madame Nin's feet." Alyosha, suddenly asserting an unexpected independence for a fictional character, replies: "No." In Durang's world, even fictional characters test the restraints of convention.

Durang himself played the spiritual younger son, Alyosha, in the Yale production of *Idiots*. It was an appropriate role, for Durang has the apple-cheeked, innocent face of an altar boy. He is 29 and, preferring to avoid the turning-30 crisis, blithely announces, "I'm going to be twenty-nine for a very long time." He is not new to theater. Raised in Berkeley Heights, New Jersey, Durang wrote his first play—a miniversion of *I Love Lucy*—when he was in the second grade, and his classmates instantly produced it. The school was run by Dominican nuns, who all looked, Durang recalls, like Ingrid Bergman in *The Bells of St. Mary's*. He appeared in local plays, some directed by an uncle, and by high school was writing what he remembers as "comedies of considerable pretension." His comic talents endured at Harvard, where he

You must remember this: Bogey and Bergman in Casablanca.



BRUCE SIDDONS

Lip-service liberals in The Vietnamization of New Jersey *at Yale, 1977*

wrote a spoof called *The Greatest Musical Ever Sung*. He also became a frenzied film buff and then recovered.

At the Yale School of Drama, where he studied playwriting, Durang began *A History of the American Film* in early 1974. He started with a simple parody of *A Man's Castle*, an undistinguished 1930s movie in which Loretta Young suffers magnificently. His hope was to spoof the melodramatic catastrophes that are visited on movie heroines. Then with time and encouragement from friends Durang enlarged his scope, adding more and more films and, more important, strengthening the parallel between movie history and American history. In the summer of 1976 the play was read at the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Center in Waterford, Connecticut, where new works get tryouts and criticism.

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Out of the O'Neill session emerged cuts and changes and an unusual opportunity: three theaters jointly bought rights to the play, a move that was both a credit to the work and to the tight budgets of regional companies. Last spring entirely different productions of the play opened at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, the Hartford Stage Company in Connecticut, and the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C. It is the Arena's production that will appear on Broadway, with several of the same actors and the same director, David Chambers.

Chambers's staging vividly suggests that at the movies we are looking at ourselves. The set is in the shape of an old movie palace, complete with orchestra and balcony. The play opens with the actors sitting in the seats and staring at the audience. In the beginning of act one props and costumes are in black and white; the somber lighting of *Citizen Kane* is so well reproduced that a playgoer might for an instant think he is a moviegoer. Then at the end of the act, with the advent of Second World War films, everything comes up in living color, and Chambers moves on to illuminate the sense of the pain involved in trying to exist in American society that he finds beneath Durang's comedy.

That sense of pain comes through with unexpected impact in the final portion of *A History of the American Film*. There the disorientation of the last decade, as reflected in the movies, reaches a nightmarish cacophony, a medley of movie madness. Bette becomes a Dr. Strangelove, who wipes out cities with the push of a button. Hank turns into the lunatic son of *Psycho* and stabs Eve; Loretta and Jimmy obscenely tear at each other:

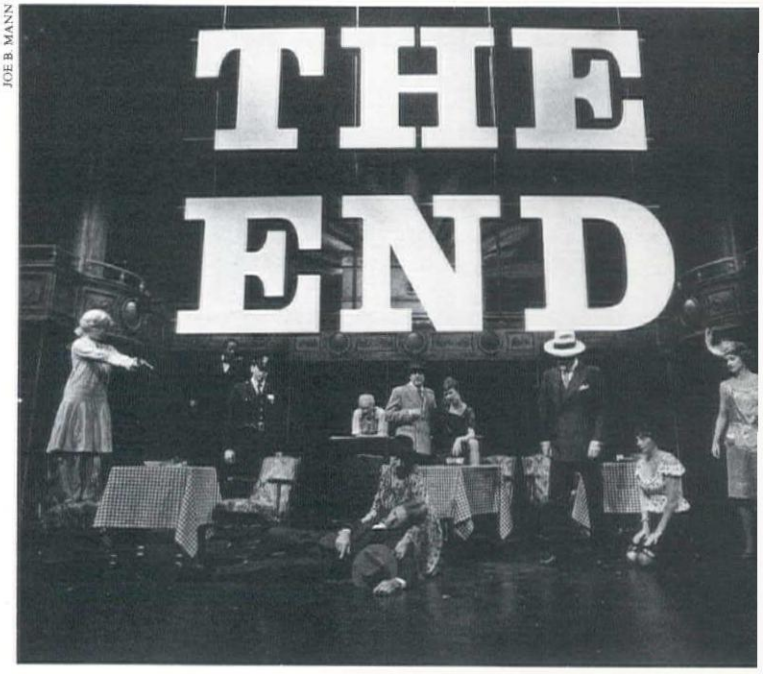
LORETTA: Tell them about your souvenir from the war, Jimmy.
JIMMY: You went too far, Loretta.
LORETTA: Tell them about your dead badge of courage. Tell them our marriage is nothing but a limp noodle.

The shift in the play's tone is such a jolt that Durang and composer Mel Marvin are adding a couple of musical numbers to ease the Broadway audience into what Chambers calls the ending's "Swiftean grimness."

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While Durang tinkers with this play and wonders if critics will soon cease to call him "promising," he is also thinking about a new project. He calls it *Ubu Lear*, an irreverent welding of *Ubu Roi*, the Alfred Jarry play about a repulsive hero, and *King Lear*. In Durang's reworking, which is still at an early stage, Lear solves the vexing problem of what to do with Cordelia, his plain-spoken daughter, by beheading her. When she repeatedly returns in spirit, he repeatedly beheads her. Lear's Fool is given to Polish jokes, and Christ, who is never far away in Durang's plays, drops in to confer with the king over the tasteless quality of his humor. Durang thinks he might have Lady Macbeth wander through, and if he does, *Ubu Lear* may begin to grow the way *A History of the American Film* grew from Loretta Young's grandly inordinate suffering in *A Man's Castle*. But he has worked on the play only fitfully. At the moment, Lear myths are giving way to film myths as Durang helps guide the movies' past—and our own past—to the Broadway stage.

Antonio Chemasi is senior editor of American Film.



JOE B. MANN

History*'s finale: The play's the fling.*

PAST PERFECT

Expressionist Explosion

The vibrant colors, satirical aims, and dramatic power of expressionist art, which flourished in Germany and Austria between 1910 and 1922, are coming alive again in Chicago this month and next. Paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by such masters as Max Beckmann, Ernst Kirchner, Oskar Kokoschka, and Ernst Barlach—more than 100 works in all—are assembled for a show at the Museum of Contemporary Art opening March 11. The public library is exhibiting posters, rare books, and pamphlets from the period, and a series of lectures is scheduled at the Arts Club.

But expressionism wasn't all fine art and books, as Chicagoans are about to learn. A pair of concerts (at the Arts Club) will feature the LaSalle Quartet performing the music of Alban Berg, Anton von Webern, and Arnold Schönberg, and soprano Bethany Beardslee in a recital of their songs. Chicago's lively, award-winning Radio Theater will join in with expressionist drama broadcast over WFMT.

Sunday mornings in April, the Café Figaro will offer Germanic brunch dishes especially created for the expressionist festival. After eating, patrons can walk a block to the Biograph Theater for noontime screenings of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *The Three-Penny Opera*, and other classics from the period. The Biograph will also present two dance films, tributes to Mary Wigman, who is to German expressionist dance what Martha Graham is to American modern dance.

Finally, in a series of Monday evening performances the Second City actors do cabaret of the period in song, dance, satirical reviews, and readings of poetry and expressionist manifestoes. Director Bernard Sahlins hopes to recapture the tone and ambiance of a Berlin cabaret not only by re-creating its décor but by reincarnating its audience: be prepared for Kokoschka to rise up in outrageous interchange with an onstage Lotte Lenya.

COLLECTION MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ARTS



Seated Girl, *painted by Ernst Ludwig Kirchner about 1910*

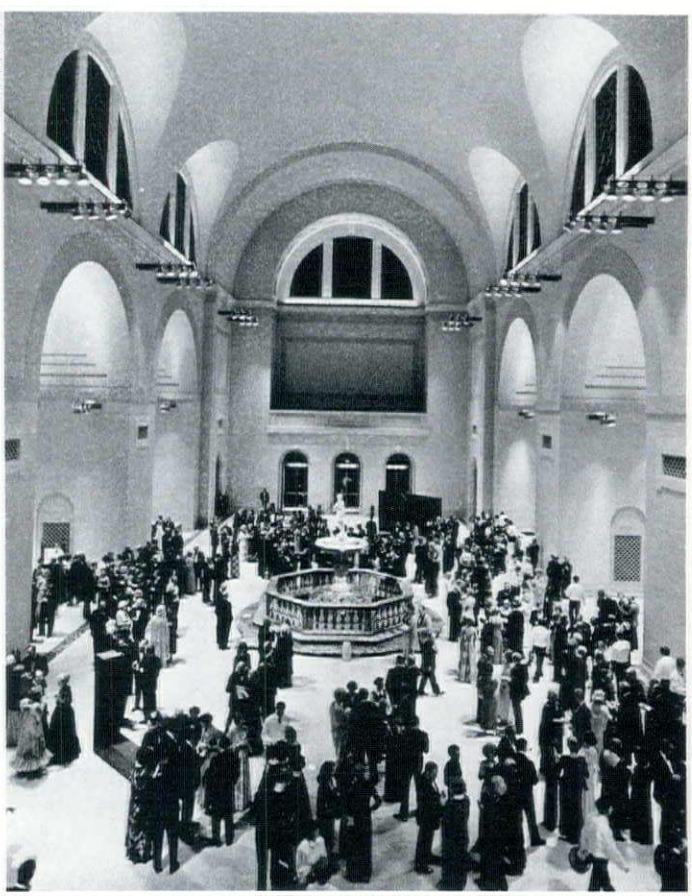
Born Again in Saint Louis

At first the prognosis was grim: the venerable Saint Louis Art Museum, built in 1904 during the city's grandest public bash, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, was in failing health. The early symptoms: leaks in the roof and skylight, dimly lit passages, and boxed-in gallery space. Then followed signs of a more insidious decline: patrons became increasingly perfunctory in their visits, and even the museum staff took to calling the beaux-arts structure "the old gray dowager on the hill."

The institution's infirmity was not unique—many once grand American museums have found it hard to age gracefully—but the course of treatment chosen in Saint Louis was refreshing. Rather than building a new wing or gutting the old interior, the museum trustees decided to restore the original design. With this scheme in mind, the board hired the architectural firm of Hardy Holtzman Pfeiffer of New York, a group whose recent triumphs include the restoration of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum (once the Carnegie mansion) in Manhattan and the old Grand Opera House and Hotel in Galveston, Texas.

Now, three years and $6.6 million later, the museum has surpassed even its former glory. By restoring the sweeping four-axis floor plan of the original design by Cass Gilbert (architect of the U.S. Custom House and the Woolworth Building, both in New York), the architects regained valuable gallery space. Many of the best pieces in the collection, once exiled from the crammed museum, have been repatriated in bright, airy quarters under recently uncovered coffered ceilings. A new climate-control system—the last word in museological gadgetry—stretches across portions of hall space, with pipes and ducts that create beguiling

BOB KOLBRENER



A gala crowd at the rejuvenated Saint Louis Art Museum

sculptural forms for visitors to view alongside the art.

Its vigor restored, the museum, partially supported by a special tax, is regaling Saint Louisans with a show of Matisse cutouts (HORIZON, September) organized in part by their own curator of 20th-century art, Jack Cowart. Before the renovation, when pollution levels in the museum were equal to those outside, administrators might have had to pass up such a show for fear of permanent damage to the delicate paper works. But now that worry is a thing of the past, and until the 12th of this month Matisse's cut-and-pasted works will blaze like banners in the uncluttered galleries of the now sprightly dowager of Saint Louis.

Daley Transfigured

The late Richard J. Daley, whose lifework, masterpiece, and chief legacy was the political machine that runs Chicago, is headed for immortality in an unexpected way: as a subject of contemporary art. Two memorial projects, one official and the other spontaneous, are in the works. The art they bring into being may strike some Chicagoans as unlikely monuments to the blunt politician who died a little more than a year ago.

A committee of civic leaders, reportedly planning to raise $500,000 for a Daley memorial, sent representatives to two European artists—the French abstractionist Jean Dubuffet (see article beginning on page 50) and the more representational Italian sculptor Giacomo Manzù. The envoys took with them photographs of Daley and his home turf, including the site for the memorial: the lobby of the Daley Center, a government office building fronted by Chicago's famous Picasso sculpture. While acknowledging that in Dubuffet and Manzù the committee was entertaining styles that might seem foreign to the popular taste, the panel's chief staffer declares that the overriding purpose is to commission a work of "long-standing value."

On the unofficial end of town, Jerry Saltz has organized an invitational show called *Daley's Tomb* at the N.A.M.E. Gallery, which opens on March 10. Fifty artists, including poets, musicians, and architects, along with painters and sculptors, are submitting works. In addition to the usual urns, graveside scenes, and sarcophagi, Saltz will also be showing a set of mock illuminated manuscript pages depicting in medieval style scenes from



JAMES VAUGHAN—BLACK STAR

Richard J. Daley, 1976

Daley's career (including his notorious confrontation with Senator Abraham Ribicoff at the 1968 Democratic National Convention). Another artist is building a church confessional manned by a priest who bears a striking resemblance to the nation's last great city boss.

Horowitz Happening

On a bitterly cold afternoon last January several heavily bundled people began standing patiently outside the Carnegie Hall box office; by late in the evening, nearly 200 shivering souls had gathered. The explanation? Their determination to witness one of the rare public performances by Vladimir Horowitz, considered by his loyal following to be the century's greatest pianist. The Russian-born virtuoso had scheduled recitals for March 12 and 19, to celebrate the 50th anniversary of his American debut, and tickets for them were to go on sale the following morning.

Born 73 years ago in Kiev, Horowitz was nearly killed during the infamous pogrom of 1905. His mother, a pianist, began teaching him to play when he turned 6; by the age of 10 he had memorized all the music of Rachmaninoff (who later became a close friend); and at 12 he entered the Kiev conservatory. After his family lost everything in the Russian Revolution, Horowitz began to give concerts, for which he was paid occasionally in butter and flour. In 1928 he made his New York debut (see page 86); five years later he married Wanda Toscanini, daughter of the renowned conductor, and decided to settle in the United States.

Horowitz's brilliant career has been interrupted by two periods of retirement; from 1936 to 1939 and again for 12 years after 1953 Horowitz fans thought they would never hear him in concert again. But he returned, triumphantly, to Carnegie Hall in 1965, and each infrequent recital since then has been eagerly anticipated. Last January Horowitz played the Rachmaninoff Third Piano Concerto with Eugene Ormandy conducting the New York Philharmonic for a sellout crowd at Carnegie Hall, 25 years after his last performance with an orchestra.

Many of those waiting for tickets to this month's concerts knew that Horowitz performs only on Sunday afternoons at four, only in places he approves of (a city's altitude as well as its concert-hall acoustics can cause it to be by-passed), and only after he has dined satisfactorily. (He particularly enjoys gray sole and often requests it on tour from local merchants or brings a supply with him.) All knew that Horowitz is a legend in his own lifetime, and a few were wryly aware that by their own presence in the line (which disbanded at midnight and reassembled well before sunrise) they contributed to that legend. By 4:25 P.M. the next day, when the tickets sold out, many disappointed music lovers were left out in the cold. They, and others who cannot attend, may find solace in listening to the new Horowitz recording, *The Golden Jubilee Recital* (RCA, Red Seal), which features the Liszt Sonata in B Minor and Fauré's Impromptu op. 102 no. 5 and Nocturne op. 119 no. 13, selections to be performed at the concerts.



SYLVIA PLACHY

Vladimir Horowitz responds to applause at January's concert.

ALL: ROBERT SHAW

Deep in the Art of Texas

A formidable asset of the second-biggest state is its collections and museums of fine art

By GEORGE CHRISTIAN

When the Kimbell Art Museum was going up in Fort Worth, Texas, a few years ago, skepticism about the venture was the rule in town. Reacting to the cylindrical forms architect Louis I. Kahn had created for the new museum, jokesters said he might just as well have used some old grain elevators blown over in a Texas tornado.

Nobody's joking anymore about the Kimbell. It sits like six rows of silvered bread loaves on a slope south of downtown Fort Worth, and for the pure felicity of its architecture it ranks with the best museums anywhere. Moreover, Richard Fargo Brown, the Kimbell's knowledgeable director, has built a collection that makes other museum directors envious.

Last year, by way of a fifth anniversary celebration, Brown brought home to Fort Worth an extraordinary but little-known Rembrandt, *Portrait of a Young Jew*. It hangs in one glorious corner of the Kimbell with El Greco's great portrait of Giacomo Brosio, a small-scale (and long-lost) Rubens, and a remarkable portrait by Goya entitled *The Matador Pedro Romero*. Nearby is another recent purchase: the best Alfred Sisley painting Brown has seen on the art market in 30 years.

The richly funded Kimbell is clearly the glamour museum of Texas, but it is only part of an art scene of increasing significance. Among the nation's curators and well-informed dealers there is now an awareness that Texas has become a serious art center, with a cadre of dedicated collectors, museums of growing maturity and expertise, and an art public that belies the old-time Texas image of big hats and cowboy boots. The change is acknowledged by the recent opening of the Houston branch of Wildenstein and Company, the international art dealers.

The quality and scope of private collections in Texas is often an astonishment to outside observers. An imposing impressionist exhibition at the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts in January was drawn entirely from Dallas collectors. A few years ago a New York curator was amazed that a stunning Greek and Roman exhibition could be assembled in Houston from Texas collections. More significantly, perhaps, there is a recognition in the major cities of Texas that art is an indispensable part of the urban weave.

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In Fort Worth, a compact city sometimes still called Cowtown, a three-museum complex includes the Kimbell, the Amon Carter Musuem of Western Art, and the Fort Worth Art Museum. When it opened 17 years ago, the Carter was described by one writer as the "museum of Yippee-Yi-Yo" because of its large collection of western paintings and sculpture by Frederic Remington and Charles Russell. Now, backed by a considerable endowment, the Carter has expanded its scope to include the whole field of American art, except for the contemporary scene. Last year the building's space was doubled, and now Georgia O'Keeffe paintings hang among more traditional work.

The adjacent Fort Worth Art Museum, housed in a contemporary, city-owned building and enjoying a measure of city support, collects contemporary art extensively. Last year it commissioned Robert Rauschenberg's *Whistle Stop* for the permanent collection. Another acquisition was Red Grooms's *Ruckus Rodeo*, inspired by the Fort Worth rodeo, which is still a big event in Cowtown.

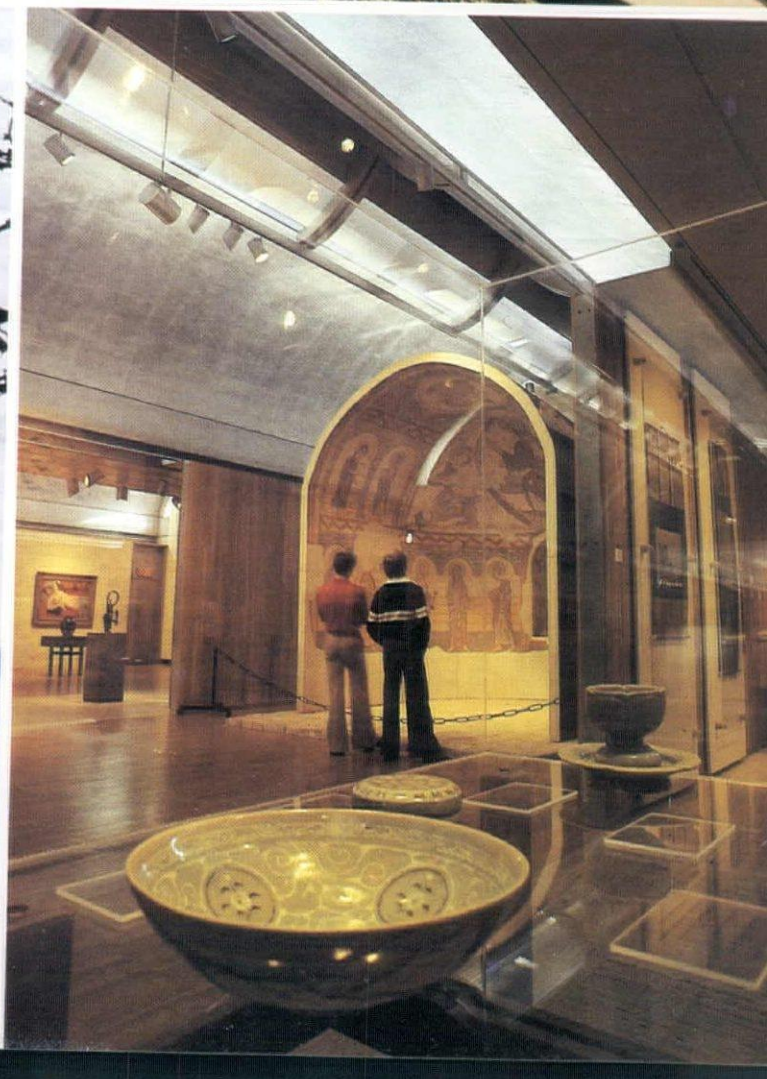
It is the Kimbell, which opened in 1972, that sends visitors groping for superlatives. Roman forms inspired Louis Kahn's vaults, but he gave them a distinctly modern feeling. The light in the building is exceptional. It comes in through slits in the vaults and is filtered through perforated aluminum sheets, which transform the glare into an even glow. Such mundane museum concerns as temperature, humidity, and security are monitored by a sizable computer (which failed, however, to prevent a Texas sculptor from absconding with a Rembrandt etching this past January;

Clockwise from top, right: Museum of Fine Arts, Houston; Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth; view of Henry Moore sculpture from the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Fort Worth; Dallas Museum of Fine Arts

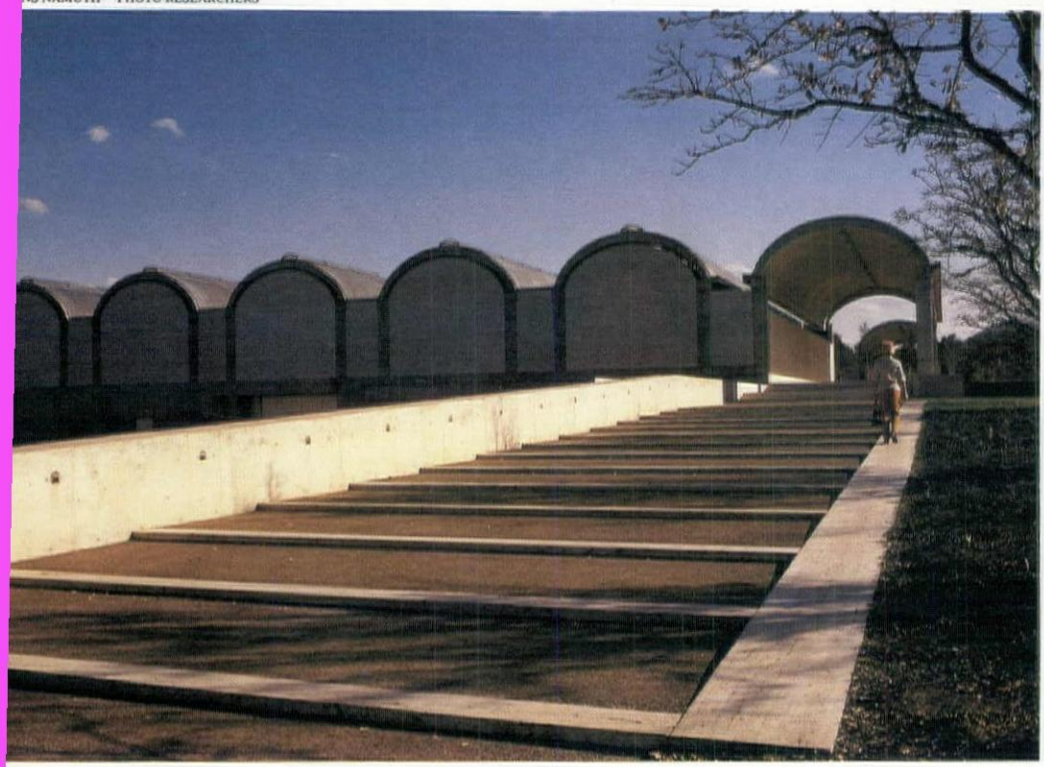


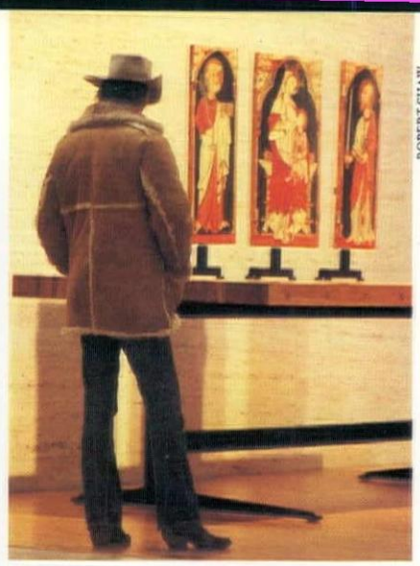




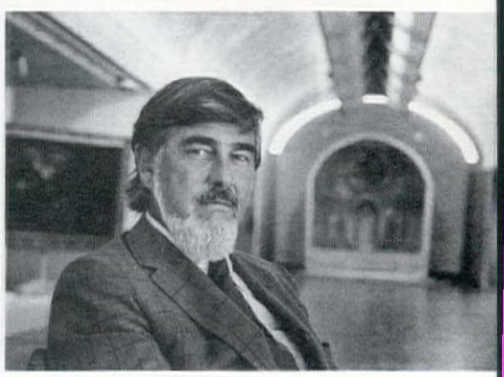


NS NAMUTH—PHOTO RESEARCHERS





ROBERT SHAW



The Kimbell Museum's exterior resembles silos tipped sideways; the interior is illuminated through slits cut along the roof vaults.

Top, the Kimbell's Barnabas Altarpiece; *above, director Richard F. Brown*

the picture was promptly recovered by the police).

Ric Brown, Harvard-trained and fresh from the directorship of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, started the Kimbell almost from scratch. Fort Worth industrialist Kay Kimbell, who had himself assembled a respectable collection of 17th- and 18th-century British art, left a disarmingly simple will: Build Fort Worth a first-class museum, open to the public, free. The money for the project flowed in from the 73 companies he owned.

Brown decided early on that it was not possible to create a historical-survey museum. And he did not want to duplicate the work of the established neighboring museums. So he began looking for the best and most perfectly preserved examples of great artists' work, concentrating on European and Asian art. *Definitive* is the key word in acquiring works of art, Brown decided. He would seek, as he puts it, "a high level of quality and aesthetic impact."

Brown described to a dozen top architects his needs for a building to house such a collection, and in time "it boiled down to Louis Kahn," relates Brown, who has also been quoted to this effect: "You choose a great architect and then you wrench a great building from him."

While the wrenching was going on, Brown recalled to a Dallas newspaper, "people were saying, 'We hired an idiot, Ric Brown, and he hired a madman called Louis Kahn. This thing they're putting up is all going to be raw concrete and the strangest materials.'" By now Brown is understandably tired of the quote, but as soon as the place opened, the public, as well as professionals and apprehensive board members, flocked in and were won over.

Brown has made many notable coups in building the collection. One of the biggest was the acquisition in 1975 of a rare Duccio, *The Raising of Lazarus*, which once graced the high altar of the cathedral of Siena. The splendid Rembrandt acquired last year came from a private Canadian collection. Brown insists he presents the Kimbell's trustees with plenty of research on each work bought, but he is able to move swiftly when a plum comes up for sale.

In Houston, a sprawling place somehow less Texan than other Texas cities (perhaps because it is a seaport, connected by channel to the Gulf of Mexico), the museums are found in a quiet part of town, far from the petrochemical industries that fuel Houston's prosperity. The Museum of Fine Arts' handsome, fan-shaped, Mies Van Der Rohe–designed glass and steel addition—called the Brown Pavilion, for the Brown family that gave it—is bluntly joined to the original neoclassical building, making the place a sort of architectural centaur. Diagonally across the street the Contemporary Arts Museum looms like a battleship, its aluminum walls gleaming behind a huge yellow steel sculpture by Rolf Westphal, called *West of the Pecos*.

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The personalities of the directors of these two museums seem to define the institutions. The Houston Museum of Fine Arts, once run with a sort of reckless flair by James Johnson Sweeney, is directed now by scholarly William C. Agee. A man interested in the long view, Agee is developing a

worthy, rounded institution. "We want to build on strengths," he explains, "and fill in the gaps." The strengths, Agee believes, are the Straus collection of 17th-century painting and Renaissance bronzes, the John and Audrey Beck postimpressionist collection, post-1945 American painting, a growing collection of American painting up to 1940 (a special interest of Agee's), and the Bayou Bend Collection of American Decorative Arts (lodged away from the museum in a mansion given by a long-time Houston arts patron, the late Ima Hogg). The 75,000-square-foot Brown Pavilion affords enormous exhibition space; the big touring Cézanne show fit into its upper gallery. Agee will oversee the construction of a $1 million museum school, and in the next ten years he will seek to meet dollar for dollar a Brown Foundation matching grant of $11,830,000, some of which is for acquisitions. As to possible future gifts, Agee notes that "there are many collectors here who have six or seven wonderful things"—things that might eventually wind up in his museum.

Across the way at the Contemporary Arts Museum there is a perceptible rise in the energy level. Director James Harithas, a vigorous, pugnacious man, is scouting art's frontiers and paying unaccustomed attention to Texas artists, including young Chicanos. (His 1977 exhibition of contemporary Chicano artists has gone on to Mexico City.) Openings tend to be boisterous, sometimes rowdy. A rock band made the walls vibrate for the opening of the most recent exhibition, *American Narrative Story Art: 1967–77*, a Harithas-originated show that will travel to other cities. Harithas is articulate but unconcerned with diplomacy. He says his big neighbor, which has Claes Oldenburg's *Giant Soft Fan* and a Calder mobile in plain sight, can have the franchise on "minor academic art."

Since he came to Houston from the Everson Museum of Art in Syracuse, New York, in 1974, Harithas has had his troubles. The biggest was a heavy rain in 1976 that flooded the museum. Already pressed for money, the institution nearly sank altogether, but a fund-raising campaign and art auction, backed by the youngish 40-member board, floated the enterprise again.

Harithas has a penchant for the unexpected. Last fall he lined up the Kilgore Rangerettes, a booted, cowboy-hatted precision drill team famed in Texas, to serve brightly dyed bread and wine at an art happening that ended in at least one fistfight. The bread was perishable and Harithas had to give the Rangerettes back to Kilgore College, but that was all right with him; he says he is not much interested in collecting.

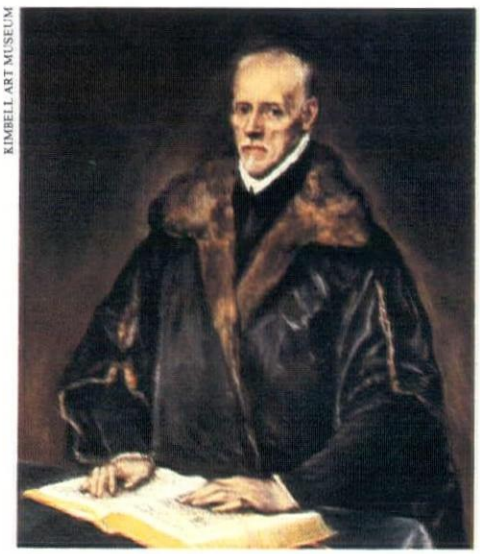
ROBERT WHARTON



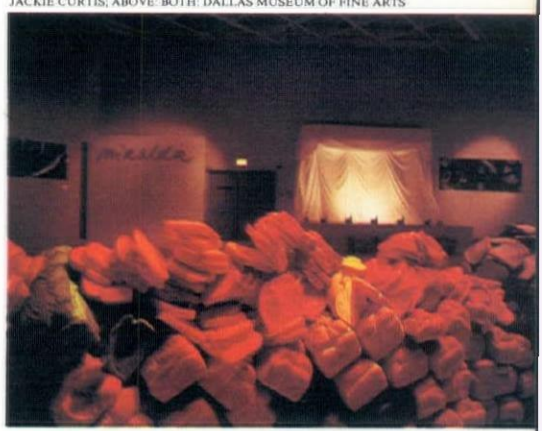
Among the Dallas Museum's strengths: African sculpture and pre-Columbian art

JACKIE CURTIS; ABOVE: BOTH: DALLAS MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

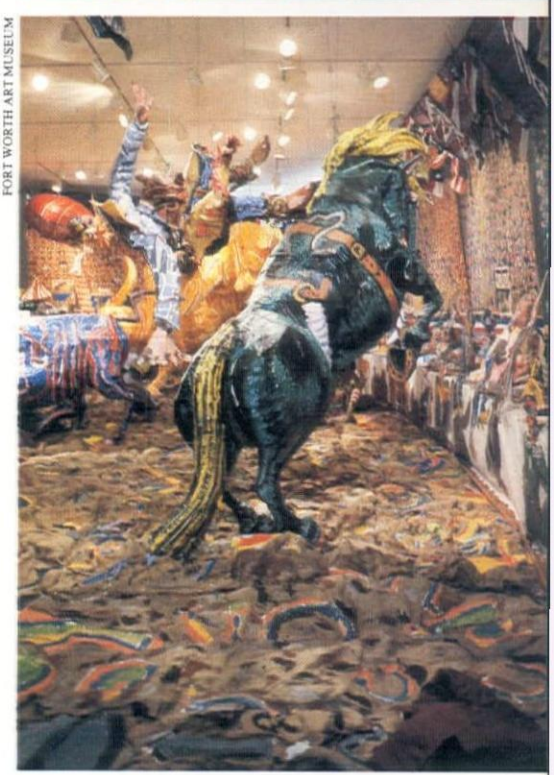
KIMBELL ART MUSEUM



The Kimbell's El Greco Giacomo Bosio; *right, Contemporary Arts Museum show*



FORT WORTH ART MUSEUM

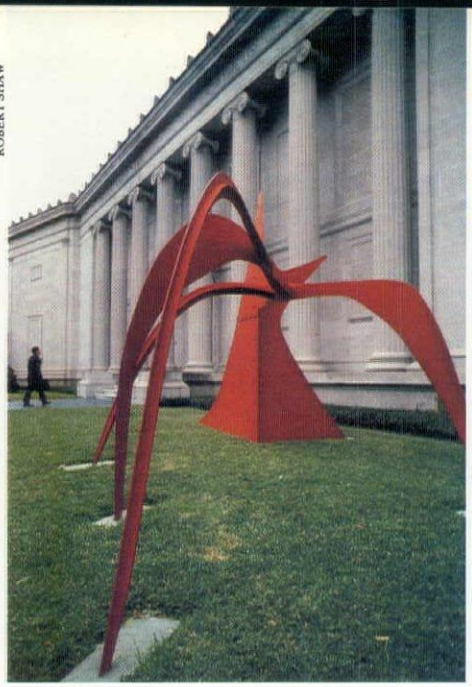


Ruckus Rodeo *(1975–76) by Red Grooms, at home in the Fort Worth Art Museum*

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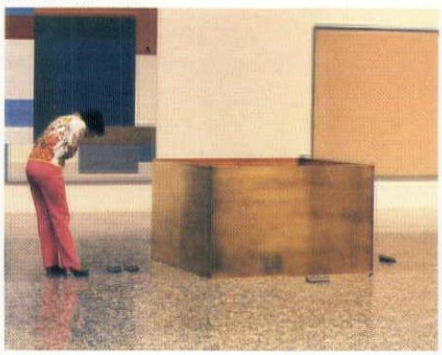
The unanswered question about art in Houston is what will happen to the magnificent collection of the late John de Menil and his widow, Dominique. Rich with Max Ernsts (an estimated 150) and Magrittes, a trove of African primitive art, and thousands of other treasures, the de Menil art is now stored, according to reliable reports, mostly in five Houston warehouses.

The French-born de Menils have been a catalytic, sometimes quixotic force in the Houston art scene for two decades. "There was a time," says one long-time observer, "when they were what was happening in Texas." International commuters, intimate with

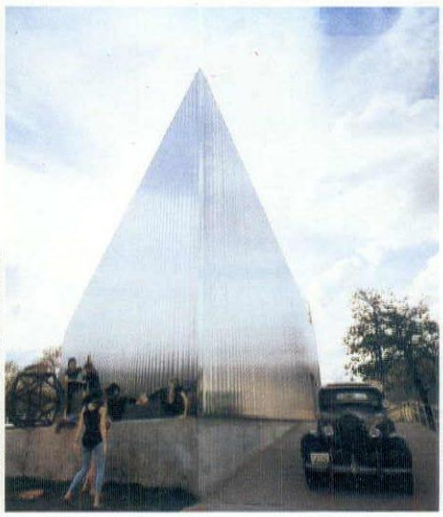


ROBERT SHAW

Calder's Crab *enlivens the neoclassical wing of Houston's Museum of Fine Arts.*

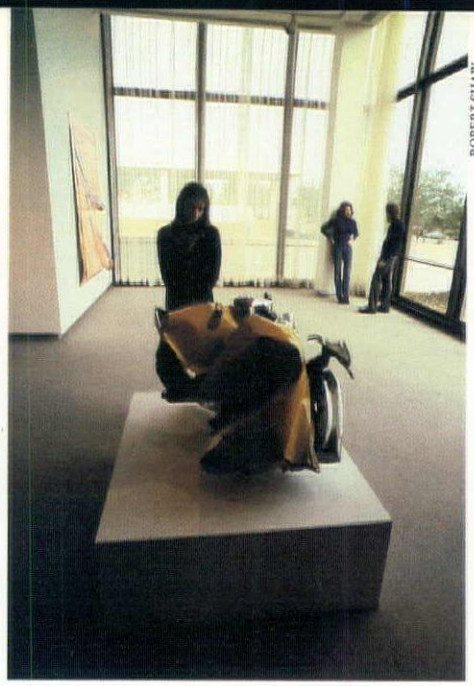


ROBERT SHAW



HANS NAMUTH—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

Top, the Museum of Fine Arts; above, the Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston



ROBERT SHAW

Scull's Angels, *John Chamberlain's 1974 sculpture at the Fort Worth Art Museum*

many of the major artists of the time, they were the force behind a series of stunning shows at the Contemporary Arts Museum, the Museum of Fine Arts, the University of Saint Thomas, and later at Rice University, where their support finally settled and they created the Institute for the Arts and the Rice Museum, an enormous quonset hut with ample exhibition space.

They hired Philip Johnson to design a chapel near the University of Saint Thomas for the last, melancholy deep red, purple, and black paintings of Mark Rothko—"paintings of silence," Dominique de Menil has called them. (Johnson started the building, but the Houston architects Gene Aubry and Howard Barnstone finished it.) Eventually they placed Barnett Newman's sculpture *Broken Obelisk* at the end of the chapel's reflecting pool, dedicating it to Martin Luther King, Jr. Before the death of John de Menil in 1973, Louis Kahn drew preliminary sketches for a facility near the Rothko chapel to house the de Menil collection, the plan being to keep the works circulating to the public. The family's foundation established a small park in the area, now strewn with massive Tony Smith sculptures, but the foundation's vice president, Malcolm McCorquodale, insists he knows of no firm plans to go ahead with a building.

The chapel itself, though, will soon be renovated to correct the lighting. Johnson designed for indirect daylight to enter only around the perimeter of the room, but Rothko, who was unfamiliar with the bright Texas sun, insisted on a skylight instead, like the one in his New York studio, where he made the paintings. The skylight was installed, but it dazzles visitors, and the paintings often appear nearly uniformly black. Now Johnson's original design will be restored.

Meanwhile, Dominique de Menil, still a restless international traveler, continues to stage exhibitions at the Rice Museum, and they are invariably admired for their imagination and scholarship. But she refuses to talk about the future of the collection.

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In Dallas, a conservative and well-run city only 20-odd miles east of Fort Worth, the downtown is getting a facelift that may include a new museum. Dallas has just built a splendid, monumental new city hall designed by I. M. Pei and is starting an elegant new $38 million public library. The Dallas Museum of Fine Arts is confidently looking forward to a brand-new building, designed by Edward Larrabee Barnes and to be substantially funded by a public bond issue, which comes up for a vote this spring.

Until now the Dallas Museum, 75 years old this year, has been lodged in cramped, city-owned quarters across from the Cotton Bowl in State Fair Park. A giant orange steel sculpture by Mark di Suvero stands outside. The museum has an impressive collection of primitive art: some of the best Congo sculpture in this hemisphere, and a collection of more than 2,000 examples of pre-Columbian art, including gold, silver, bronze, wood, pottery, and stone. Other strong points are its abstract expressionist paintings and sculpture and its collection of 19th- and early 20th-century American paintings.

Working in a plain office with a child's papier-mâché mummy case propped up in one corner, the museum's buoyant, Metropolitan-trained director, Harry S. Parker, sees Dallas as a midwestern city in spirit: "It's more like Kansas City, slightly square, plodding, never first off the track. It comes at things with a thoughtful approach." Parker has little doubt the bond issue will pass. The right people are interested in it.

One of them is a 78-year-old oilman

named Algur Meadows, who learned ten years ago that more than 40 pictures in his postimpressionist collection, along with a number of Spanish paintings he had given to the museum he established at Southern Methodist University, were fakes. When the shock of this discovery passed, Meadows quietly decided to persevere in his plan to give first-class paintings to the museum at SMU. He went on buying, but now from reliable firms such as Wildenstein, and has amassed a splendid 20th-century collection (Monet to Jackson Pollock), which he has publicly promised to the Dallas Museum.

Other private collections not yet publicly committed are expected to go to the museum, too. Parker estimates that there are "from five to ten significant private collections" in Dallas. One of these is James Clark's, which includes 25 Mondrians and at least 8 Légers. Clark recently gave the museum a Brancusi marble, *The Beginning of the World*. "A Brancusi is the rarest bird there is," observes Parker with satisfaction.

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In Texas, as in most places, the commitment of powerful art-minded individuals has been critical in building museums to be reckoned with. In the future, a better mixture of public and private support will be the key to keeping most of them flourishing. (The exceptional Kimbell may be the only museum in Texas, and one of the very few in the country, rich enough to make it on its own in the foreseeable future.) The upcoming bond issue in Dallas and allocations of portions of two city taxes in Houston are signs that the necessary public moneys are on the way.

Great sums have been spent on art in Texas in the last decade or so, and evidently the funds spent in the future will be sizable. But riches in Texas are nothing surprising. What is news is how well all the money has been spent. Today, scholarship and energy and flair characterize the art scene in Texas just as well as big dollars. □

George Christian is books editor of the Houston Chronicle.

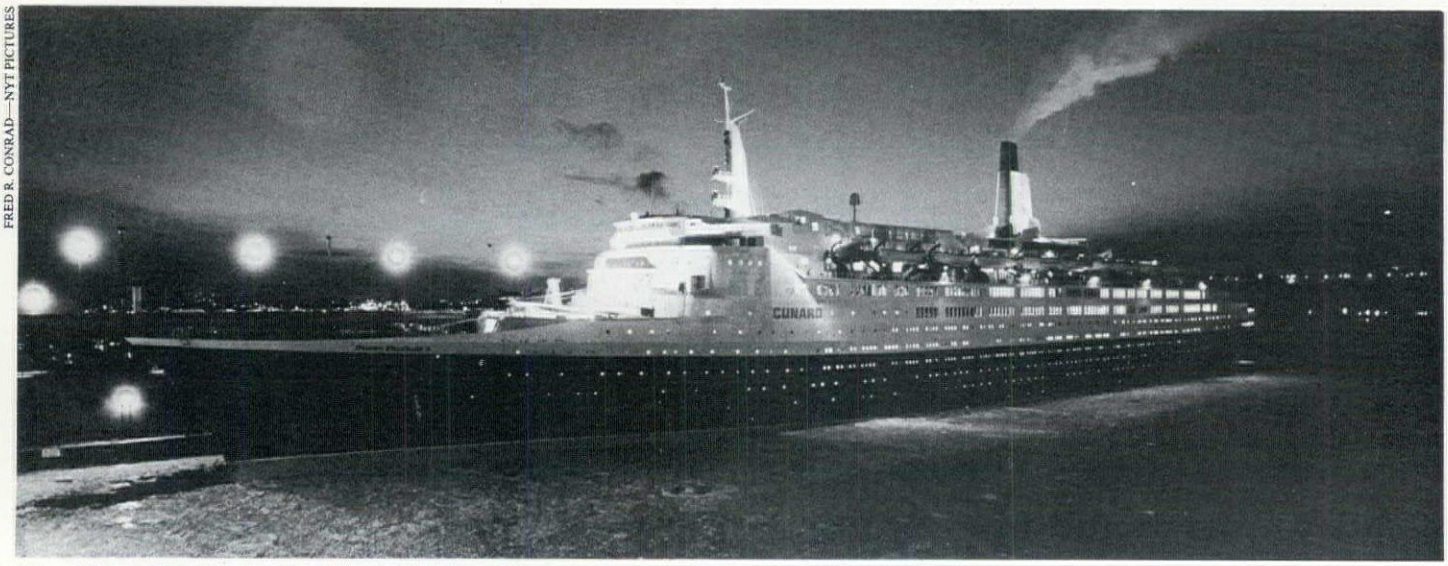
ROBERT SHAW



The Amon Carter Museum now collects more than just western art, but Frederic Remington's bronze Bronco Buster *is still a favorite of young visitors.*

PRESENT INDICATIVE

FRED R. CONRAD—NYT PICTURES



The QE 2 *in New York, poised for her 90-day, 28-port voyage to the South Pacific and the Orient*

Plush Boat to China

It seems an incongruous encounter—700 sojourners venturing forth from the world's most sumptuous pleasure boat into the Spartan, intensely ideological precincts of the People's Republic of China. But China is just another exotic stop on the current Pacific cruise of the lavishly outfitted *Queen Elizabeth 2*. In mid-March the Cunard Line's flagship will tie up at Hong Kong, the 21st port of call on a cruise that is the longest and most luxurious in the ship's career.

Before returning to New York on April 16, the *QE2* will have taken 1,400 passengers to 28 ports—including Cartagena, Tahiti, Vavau (Tonga), Suva (Fiji), Bali, Mazatlán, and Saint Thomas—in nine countries on four continents. Passengers staying with the cruise for its full 90 days (rather than booking segments ranging from 11 to 65 days) are paying anywhere from $8,900 for an inside cabin to $160,000 for one of two penthouse suites installed on the ship's superstructure specially for the trip. The fare entitles the travelers, among other pleasures, to screenings of 80 films (selected by Hollywood gadfly and fellow passenger Rex Reed) and entertainment by 1,164 assorted celebrities, lecturers, and educators, shuttled aboard at ports of call, and "activity leaders" responsible for such varied programs as golf clinics, astrology seminars, and mahjong tournaments. Provisions for the 35,798-mile journey include two tons of caviar, 33,750 pounds of lobster, and 35,000 bottles of wine.

Of the 700 passengers who debark at Hong Kong to tour Canton, China, a smaller group will go on to Peking and Kueilin. This is the third time in recent history that Cunard has offered tours of the People's Republic. Five hundred *QE2* passengers visited China in 1975, and 600 went last year. Those occasions were part of 80- and 81-day around-the-world trips, a format Cunard has found successful and intends to repeat next year.

Are the Western visitors likely to offend the Chinese, for whom even the word *consumer* connotes a wasteful drain on the efforts of the laboring peasantry? "Steamship passengers are well behaved," commented a Cunard spokesman, "because they tend to be folks of means."

WAGNER INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS



Museum angels Pell, Mondale, HEW's Califano, and Brademas

New Boost for Culture

Help is on the way for America's beleaguered cultural institutions. Museums, zoos, planetariums, botanical gardens, aquariums, and science technology centers—some 6,000 in all—can seek aid from the newly created Museum Services Institute, which has $3.7 million to give away by the end of September 1978. This may not seem like a staggering sum, but since many museums have an annual budget of less than $100,000, $3.7 million will go a long way toward keeping their doors open.

Under the umbrella of HEW, the institute was established to help museums and science centers defray their day-to-day operating expenses. No other agency within the government comes to grips with such nitty-gritty needs as maintenance, repairs, guards, and fuel.

The legislation, carefully nurtured by Representatives John Brademas and Dan Rostenkowski and Senator Claiborne Pell, led to funding that began last August. The institute is now in full swing, with a high-powered advisory board appointed by the president. George Seybolt, president emeritus of

the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is its chairman, and members include Joan Mondale; Douglas Dillon, president of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art; Peter Raven of the Missouri Botanical Garden; and George Horse Capture, an American Indian historian.

The institute's main goal, according to director Lee Kimche, is "to help museums realize their potential and to make grants as flexible, inclusive, and broad as possible." To this end, no single grant will be larger than $25,000—most will be much less—and 75 per cent of the money will go to operation costs. Kimche, members of the board, experts from other museums, and accountants begin to review proposals this month and have requested $7.7 million for the next fiscal year.

Boy and Horse, Winningly

Casey's Shadow, which opens across the country this month, is a rarity among PG-rated movies. Free of both bowdlerized sex and sappy kids, it's a family film that won't embarrass anyone.

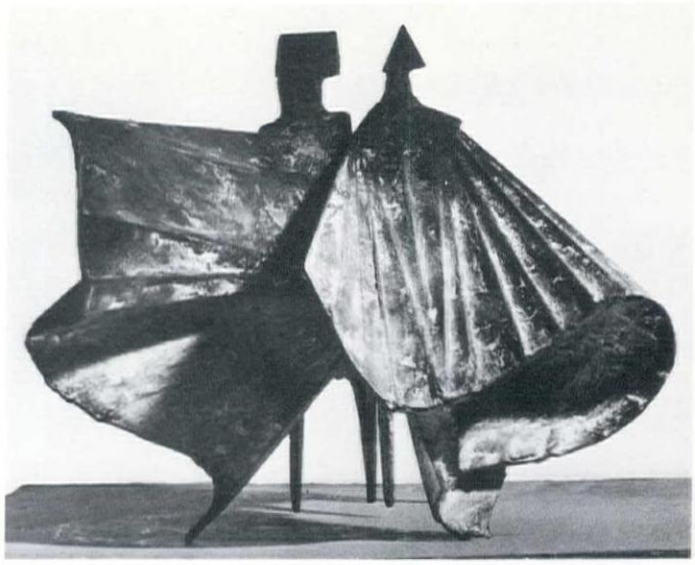
The Casey of the title is a seven-year-old boy (Michael Hershewe) who lives in backwoods Louisiana with his father, a poor Cajun horse trainer (Walter Matthau), and two older brothers. Casey's Shadow is a remarkable quarter horse that consistently outruns its competition and promises to bring fame and fortune to the trainer and his family. In search of success, they travel to Ruidoso, New Mexico, where the richest horse race in the world—the All-American Futurity—is run annually on Labor Day weekend.

Directed by Martin Ritt and inspired by a John McPhee article, *Casey's Shadow* is forthright about its heroes and villains and traditional rites of passage. But Ritt and screenwriter Carol Sobieski have incorporated enough modern touches—the all-male household deserted by wife and mother; a female jockey who wins; the white trainer's dependence on a black chicken farmer who owns a controlling interest in the prize horse; a hip soundtrack by rock star Dr. John—that the essentially old-fashioned story has a pleasantly contemporary feel. Ritt has covered this territory—the poor South and parent-child relationships—previously (most notably in his films *Sounder* and *Conrack*), yet, with careful editing of solid performances by a cast of mostly unknown faces, the director makes the familiar material seem lively and fresh. And the crusty presence of Matthau, who demonstrated his proficiency with child actors in *The Bad News Bears*, prevents the film from slipping into sentimentality.

Walter Matthau, with Casey's Shadow and Michael Hershewe



COLUMBIA PICTURES



One of Lynn Chadwick's Cloaked Couples, *1977*

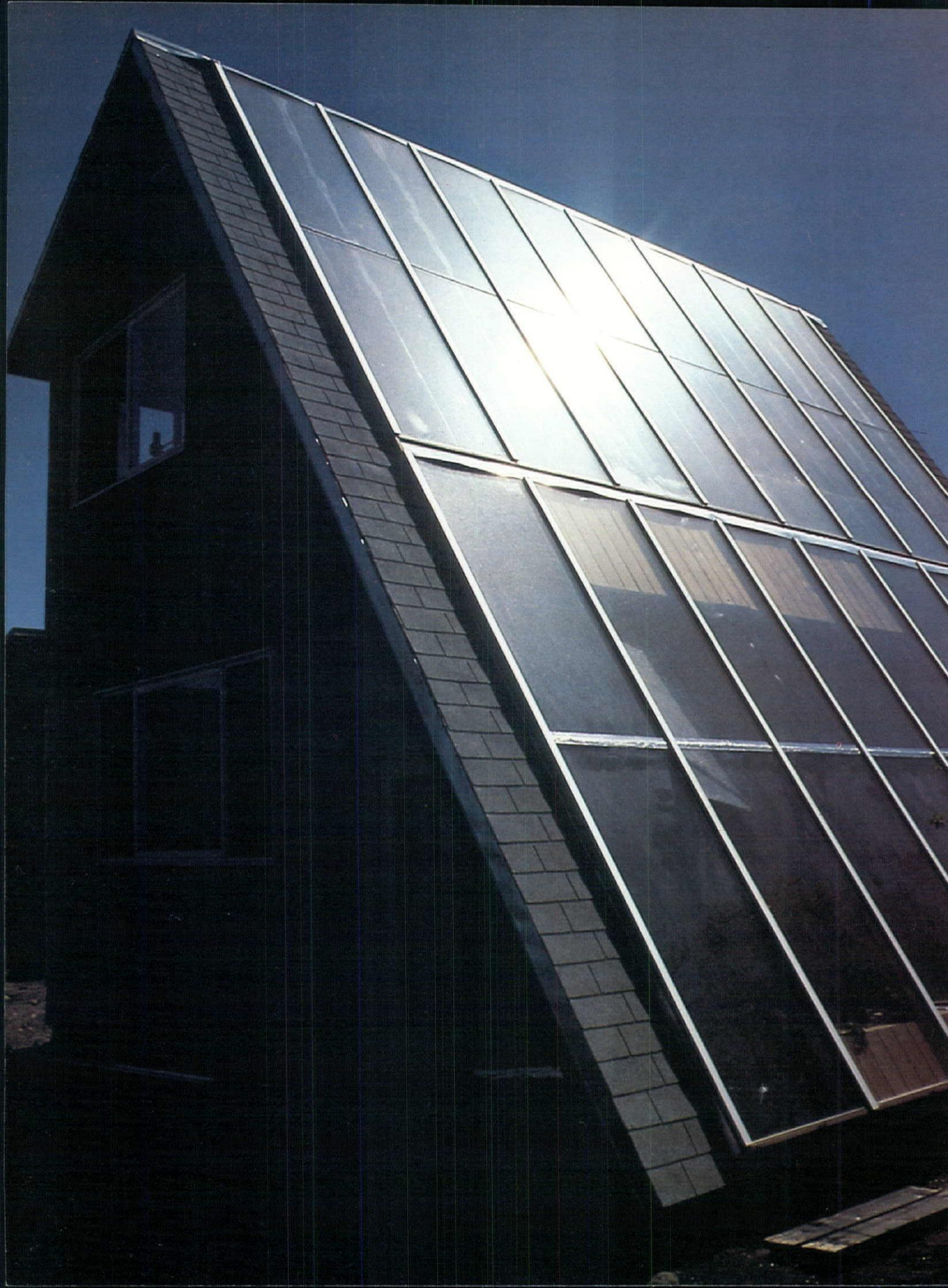
Chadwick without Fear

No museum in this country has ever devoted an exhibition to the works of Lynn Chadwick, who is generally ranked as England's leading sculptor after Henry Moore. Until the tenth of this month, however, 40 of his latest works are on display at the Marlborough Gallery, London, after which they will be exhibited in Zurich and, perhaps, then come to the United States. (The Marlborough in New York has shown Chadwick in the past.)

Originally an architectural draftsman, after serving in World War II, Chadwick, as he puts it, "pulled the ripcord and jumped." He landed in Gloucestershire, working as a handyman for a few pounds a week, while he made mobiles out of wood and string. Soon he switched to modeling the human figure. In 1950 he had his first one-man show and only six years later captured the International Sculpture Prize at the Venice Biennale. The subject of nearly a score of one-man shows in the last decade, his works are owned by seven American museums, among them the Museum of Modern Art in New York and the Art Institute of Chicago.

Chadwick still lives in Gloucestershire: for many years now he and his photographer wife and family have inhabited a neo-Gothic castle. Distrustful of the merely new and disdainful of conceptual art, he has remained true to his own evolving vision of the human figure, which he usually presents in pairs. The sculptures are executed in a style that suggests a cross between Rodin and three-dimensional cubism; women's breasts are often carefully modeled, but heads are represented by geometric shapes (prisms for women, cubes for men). Legs are footless and spindled: to give a sculpture stability he adds a third leg, extends a cape into a sumptuous train, or makes his figures sit or recline.

As for the meaning of Chadwick's sculptures, Sir Herbert Read found in them "the geometry of fear." But in the new work, anxiety seems to have evaporated: anguished bodies give way to serene, even commanding presences. It is as if Chadwick, now 64, possesses a new vision of man, no longer imperiled but triumphant.



DAVID BROWNELL

Letting the Sun Shine In

Solar energy has yet to be harnessed on a large scale,
but it is already having a dramatic effect on the shape of American architectural design

By PAUL GOLDBERGER

The streets of Princeton, New Jersey, are quiet and tree-shaded, and the houses that line them are for the most part old structures of masonry, clapboard, or shingles. But on Pine Street, not far from the Princeton University campus, there is a striking exception: a stark wood-frame box that sports a two-story wall of glass and a greenhouse fitted with blazing red blinds. Contrary to what one might think, the building's brassy break with its neighbors has nothing to do with an inflated architectural ego. The house, designed by architect Douglas Kelbaugh for his family, is heated largely by solar energy, and its unusual form, far from being an attempt to upstage the old clapboard houses next door, is intended to show that a new structure can be inserted into an old neighborhood without a significant increase in the area's energy consumption.

The Kelbaugh house is still something of an oddity. But if solar-heated houses are not yet commonplace on the streets of suburban America, they are also no longer the exclusive province of the far-out desert country where they first appeared in strength. It was only a few years ago that solar energy "was the sort of thing you'd expect crazed hippies to do with their houses," as a New York architect who has himself begun to design houses that take advantage of solar energy put it recently. "You would hear the word *solar* and immediately think of something in the New Mexico desert. But no more."

The turnaround is far from complete—the Department of Energy calculates that all of the residential solar-power systems in the United States are saving about 204 barrels of oil a day, a mere .003 per cent of the country's total residential energy consumption. But while this may seem like just a drop in the oil bucket, it is really more like a steadily growing trickle. The same DOE figures show that production of solar collectors reached 1,884,000 square feet in the first six months of 1977, a jump of almost 600 per cent over the corresponding period just two years earlier. And the DOE tally notes that 186 firms are now in the business of manufacturing solar equipment, up from only 69 in early 1975.

The growth in the market has come in large part through government help, since even solar energy's staunchest advocates concede that, for the present at least, a solar-collector system costs a great deal more than it is likely to earn back in energy savings. That's why Citibank, New York City's largest bank, decided to abandon the idea of installing a solar collector atop its new 900-foot-high Citicorp Center in midtown Manhattan. Help from the sun would have cut the building's energy bills, but not sufficiently to justify the cost of the solar equipment.

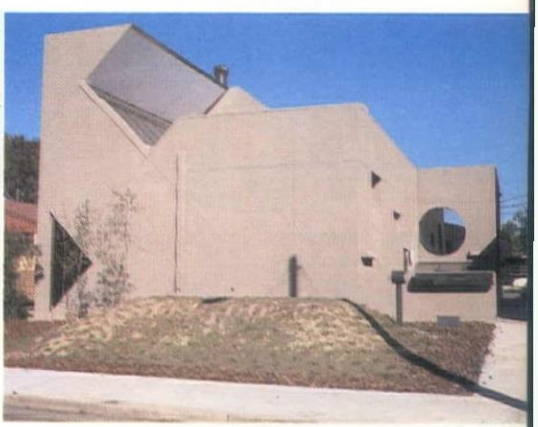
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To help builders and homeowners find a way around this problem, Congress in 1974 passed the National Solar Heating and Cooling Demonstration Act, which empowered the newly created Energy Research and Development Administration to underwrite experiments and test projects in solar energy. ERDA turned the residential part of the program over to the Depart-

The solar panels on this Colorado house create visual drama as well as power.

A south-facing Trombe wall and greenhouse warm Douglas Kelbaugh's Princeton home.

CROWTHER, SOLAR GROUP



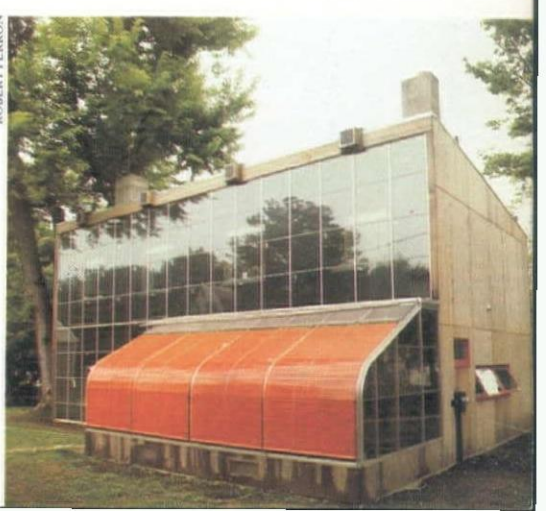
An angled roof traps the sun to heat one of Denver's Cherry Creek office buildings.

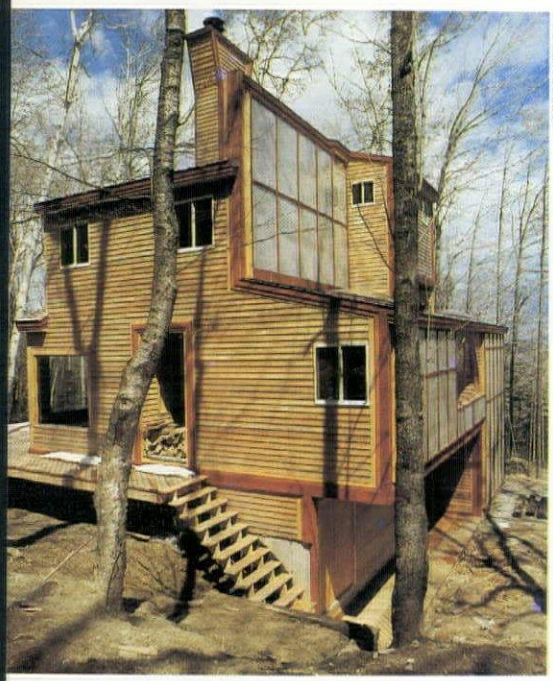
STEVEN ROBINSON



Sloping solar collectors inspired the diagonal lines of this Fire Island retreat.

ROBERT PERRON



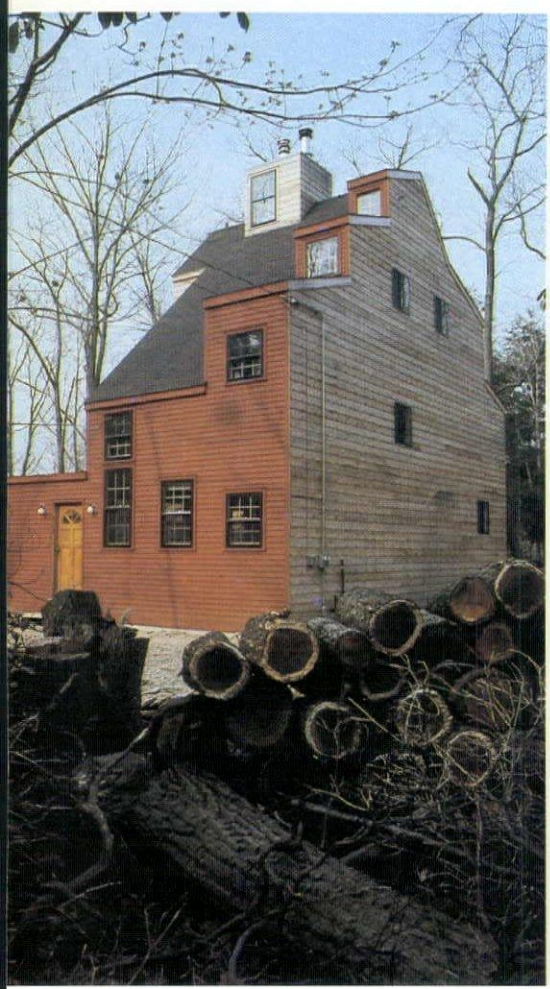


ROBERT PERRON



DAVID BROWNELL

A house in the Vermont woods (left) by Sunshine Design; the Aspen Community School's solar-domed classroom and greenhouse



NORMAN MCGRATH—MOORE, GOVER, HARPER, P.C.

Small windows on the north façade save heat in this New England home.

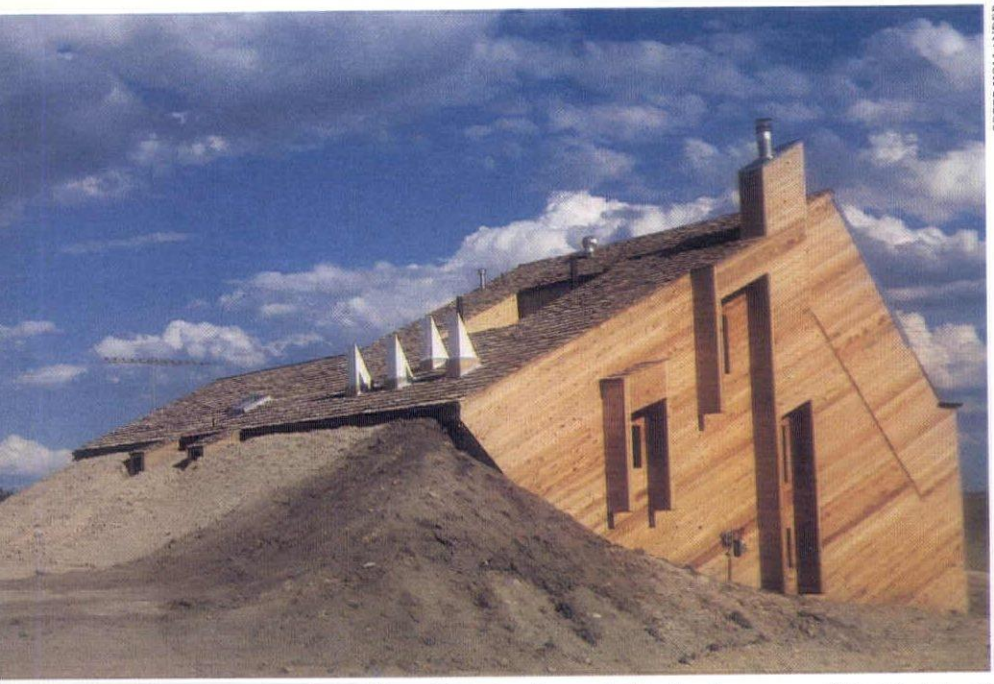
ment of Housing and Urban Development, which has been actively subsidizing the installation of solar-energy systems in new housing since 1975. "The HUD program is based on the knowledge that developers won't install solar systems of their own volition," says Steven Robinson, a New York architect who has been active in the design of solar houses for some time. "The HUD program succeeds in getting solar equipment into the marketplace of new houses, so that if Joe's neighbor sees that Joe has a solar collector and it works, he'll consider buying one himself."

HUD set aside $1 million to subsidize solar-energy systems in the first cycle of its demonstration project, $4 million for a second phase, and $6 million for a third phase of grants that were awarded last spring. The grants were all made to builders for houses that might not otherwise have used solar energy; none were given to individuals. Most of the houses helped by grants in the first phases of the HUD program are now complete, and, surprisingly, they look very much like conventional tract houses. But that is no accident. Warren D. Buckmaster, who received a HUD grant to provide solar equipment for 16 houses in a development in Hemet, California, made it clear at the outset that his aim was to convince conservative suburban home buyers that solar-heated houses were not bizarre structures and in fact could look entirely ordinary. He has even gone so far as to order the architects of the vaguely Spanish-style houses he is selling to design decorative parapets on the roof to hide solar-collector panels from street-level view. The builder's proudest comment: "The most-often-asked first question by visitors is, Are these really solar houses?"

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Buckmaster's houses contain what is called an active solar system—flat roof panels made of copper that collect the sun's heat and use it to offset the structure's energy requirements. In this California development the solar system provides at least 70 per cent of the energy needed to heat the house's rooms and its hot-water system; in colder climates, of course, solar collectors are able to provide only a fraction of that energy saving, and the initial equipment expense is just as high.

That imbalance has led a number of architects and energy experts to caution that solar collectors may have been oversold as an answer to the problems of creating energy-efficient



PETER HOLLANDER



FRED WARD—BLACK STAR

Earth berming as insulation for a Wyoming house (left); the glass prow of the Madeira School's solar-heated science labs in Virginia

architecture. A study of 100 houses with solar-heating equipment conducted in New England last spring showed that solar collectors were reducing energy expense by an average of just 17 per cent, with some of the houses cutting costs by less than 5 per cent. Part of the reason may have been poor equipment; the *Wall Street Journal* reported earlier this year that the young solar industry was rife with companies producing poor merchandise and that the field had its share of rip-off artists. But a bigger problem is the impracticality of solar equipment in many circumstances. Unless a solar collector is the size of a drive-in movie screen and placed in a climate with constant sunshine, it can rarely take in enough energy to satisfy all of a building's energy needs.

As a result, architects such as Richard G. Stein, author of the recently published book *Architecture and Energy*, are concentrating on what are called passive energy systems—buildings that are designed from the beginning to conserve energy in every possible way. Stein points out that any building organized to take advantage of the sun's heat to provide comfort when it is needed and to block the sun's presence when it is not needed is, basically, a solar building. And he argues that putting more care into fundamental design can be more important than installing solar collectors. Utilizing the proper materials, orienting a building to exploit the sun's presence on the south and its absence on the north, and using modest amounts of lighting can all save as much energy as a solar collector. "In most high-rise buildings," says Stein, "lighting takes up at least fifty per cent of all the energy the building uses. So if you can just cut the lighting requirement back by ten per cent, you can save five per cent of the energy load—in the Citicorp tower, that's more than the solar collector would have saved."

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Passive and active energy conservation systems aren't mutually exclusive, of course—even buildings with solar collectors will be more effective if they are well insulated, solidly built, and contain such features as double-glazed windows that can be opened and closed, and generous roof overhangs. Virtually no thoughtful architect is against solar collectors—the debate is more between those designers who see solar-energy systems as primary elements in dealing with the energy crisis and those who see them as merely supplementary.

Whatever the technology involved, the standard image of the solar house remains one of a casual building, usually wooden, with a flat contraption of glass and metal propped up at a sharp angle on the roof. That was accurate enough back in the days when solar architecture meant a New Mexico shack, but now that solar systems are moving into the mainstream, solar-heated buildings have begun to take on a variety of intriguing new shapes. Some of these structures, such as Warren Buckmaster's tract houses, look rather like the ticky-tacky single-family dwellings that dot the American suburban landscape from coast to coast. Others are more interesting—they may use the sloping angle of the solar collector as a starting point for a larger design motif of pitched roofs and angled balconies, as in an elaborate solar house recently completed by Steven Robinson on Fire Island, near New York City. This house, designed for a New York lawyer, collects enough solar energy to heat a swimming pool and most of the hot water in the house, as well as keep the building at a 45-degree temperature all year long. To warm the living area further, two wood-burning stoves take over—meaning that, except for electrical needs, the



FRED WARD—BLACK STAR

Air ducts at the Madeira School are color coded: red for warm air, blue for cool.

house is able to operate independent of fossil-fuel energy sources.

There are certain to be a lot of sloping roofs in the landscape of the future, since there is no other way solar collectors can be effective. But as architects become more sophisticated in their use of solar equipment—and as more sophisticated architects try their hand at solar buildings—the results are becoming more varied. There are buildings that now make use of new kinds of energy-saving materials, buildings that use windmills as added energy sources, and buildings that use their designs to make polemical statements about energy consumption. One such belongs to Everett Barber, a Yale University professor whose Guilford, Connecticut, house has a 2,000-gallon water-storage tank in the living room. Although conceived by Charles Moore and Richard Oliver, architects who have been noted for a pop art sense of humor, the tank is a thoroughly serious gesture: "It gives some sense of scale to the amount of heat we have to store to sustain our lifestyle," explains Barber.

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Douglas Kelbaugh's house in Princeton does not have a collector at all, but uses a passive system developed in France and known as the Trombe wall. The building's glass south façade conceals a thick concrete wall with vents at top and bottom. During the winter the sun warms both the masonry wall and the air space in front of it, setting up air currents that warm the house. At night the masonry wall releases the energy it has stored by day, providing further warmth. And in the summer with its vents adjusted differently, the masonry wall helps keep the house cool. The owner has admitted that he selected the Trombe concept in part because "I liked the aesthetic possibilities; the simplicity appealed to me." But his austere box (which bears a more than passing resemblance to the increasingly unfashionable purism of the international style, a style that is especially energy wasteful) still relies on its gas furnace for about a third of its winter heating needs.

For the moment there are few major

public buildings in the country that take advantage of active solar systems. The state of California has just announced plans to build a $17 million demonstration solar office building in Sacramento that will have a 12,000-square-foot solar collector heating a complex of underground offices. And the federal government has been at work for some years on solar office buildings for its own use; the first of a series was completed in Manchester, New Hampshire, last year.

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But many of these buildings are, by their owners' admission, "demonstration" projects—a term that could be taken as a euphemism for *unprofitable*. Solar-heating technology simply remains too expensive to justify its use in most residential circumstances; it is only those owners able to invest an extra several thousand dollars who can take advantage of energy savings that may ultimately amount to no more than a few hundred. And it is all the more difficult to apply solar equipment on the larger scale required by commercial buildings. Its role so far has been largely psychological, a device to alert the public to the urgency of the energy problem and to encourage conservation by less flashy means.

The solar collector remains, in a sense, the sex symbol of the energy crisis—the one thing that is dramatic and new, a dash of excitement in an area too often characterized by talk of Btu's and megawatts and oil import quotas. Alone, it will not solve the nation's energy problems, and until wide-ranging legislation is passed offering tax credits for the purchase of solar equipment (such laws now exist in several states), it will not even be present on a large scale. For now, in spite of its rapid growth, solar architecture seems destined to remain a symbol, but it is a powerful symbol. The solar collector, as Richard Stein puts it, "is the equivalent of the 1930s National Recovery Act posters that said, 'We do our part.'" □

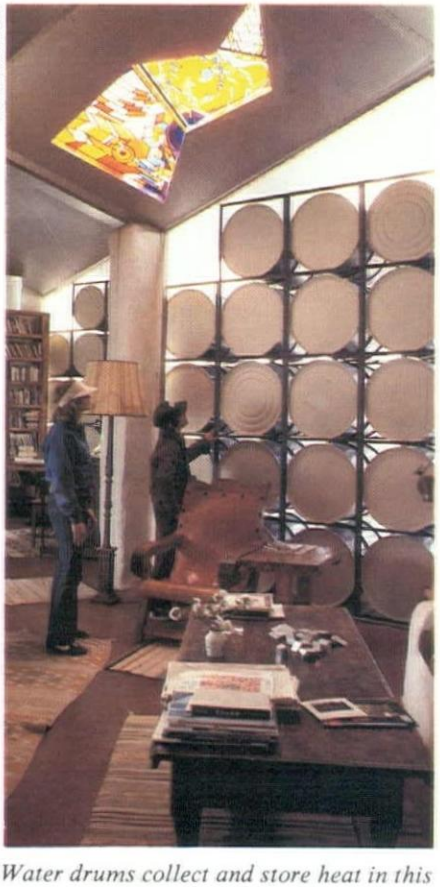
Paul Goldberger is architecture critic of the New York Times.

ROBERT PERRON



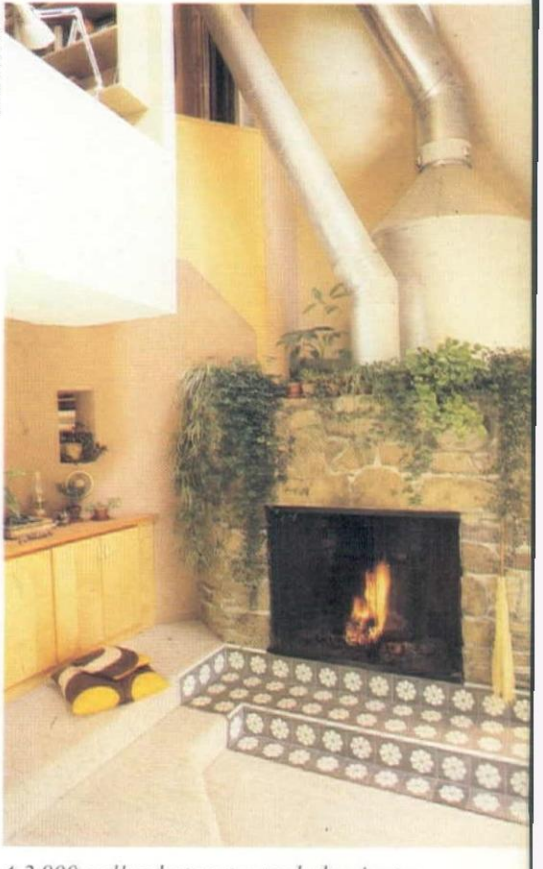
Heat absorbed by the brick floor of this Connecticut greenhouse is recycled at night.

DAVID BROWNELL



Water drums collect and store heat in this Albuquerque, New Mexico, home.

ROBERT PERRON



A 2,000-gallon hot-water tank dominates Everett Barber's Connecticut living room.


N.J.
897-CKK
GARDEN STATE

6 separate brakes, shock absorbers even for the engine, a wax job your eyes may never see: inside the insides of the Mercedes-Benz 450SEL.

In the eyes of a Mercedes-Benz engineer, the examples of skill and care normally hidden from sight deep within the car are what most strongly stamp a 450SEL as a 450SEL and make it unique.

Herewith, that deep-down 450SEL story–an *engineer's-eye* view.

6,000 invisible welds

Observe that beneath its high-gloss enamel, the 450SEL body is a semi-monocoque or "unitized" structure–a steel hull in effect, studded with no fewer than 6,000 electric welds.

Between the time it first enters and finally leaves the paint shop, this body acquires 77 pounds' worth of protective coatings applied in 9 steps. Anti-corrosion wax is even sprayed into hollow recesses like the insides of the rocker panels before they are permanently sealed.

Almost 5 feet of hiproom

The 450SEL body shell is the largest Mercedes-Benz builds in volume production and the word for its interior space is ample. Yet this so-called "big" Mercedes is contained within an overall length of less than 18 feet–and at 73.6 inches of width is actually *slimmer* than a Nash Rambler compact of 28 years ago.

Linked to its own separate axle, each rear wheel of the 450SEL is freed to act on its own. Result: the left wheel can hit a bump or a dip without affecting the right, and vice versa. Each shock absorber has an upper chamber filled with oil and a lower chamber filled with pressurized *nitrogen* gas as a cushion against vibration.

Excessive vibration is good for neither a car nor its occupants. The engine's rubber-insulated mounts are augmented by two special hydraulic shock absorbers nestled on either side of the 450SEL's 4.5-liter V-8.

Examine the steering system and you will find yet *another* shock absorber, expressly meant to soak up thumps and bumps before they reach your hands on the wheel.

A black box that isn't there

The engineers eliminated pushrod-actuated valves and their adjustment (as well as their clatter) from the 450SEL engine by giving it overhead camshafts instead. Fuel injection is standard–but note: Mercedes-Benz began using fuel injection so long ago (in 1954) that the 450SEL has passed beyond the computerized "little black box" concept to a CIS, or Continuous Injection System, of simplified *mechanical* design.

2 agile tons

If you could peek inside the 450SEL's 3-speed automatic transmission you would find that all shafts and gears in the mechanism are mounted on roller or ball bearings.

This two-ton automobile is maneuvered via a power-assisted steering system based on the recirculating-ball principle. You can ease from lock to lock in a mere 2.7 turns.

Count all the brakes

It is an intriguing fact that the 450SEL is fitted with *six* separate brakes, of two different types:

- ☐ Four disc brakes, each 11 inches in diameter, provide the basic stopping force. The front discs are honeycombed with internal ventilation slots for more rapid heat dissipation.
- ☐ Two drum brakes, one at each rear wheel, handle parking and emergency braking needs.

Velour, veneer, bituminous foil

Soft velour carpeting lies underfoot in the 450SEL. Also underfoot but out of sight: felt, foam-backed rubber matting and even *bituminous foil,* discreet allies in the engineers' quiet war against engine and road noise.

The built-in AM/FM stereo cassette unit has four wide-range speakers. Vacuum power instantly locks or unlocks all four doors, the trunk and the fuel filler port with the twist of a key. The built-in automatic cruise control device is a machine with a memory, able to return the car to a preset speed after you have speeded up or slowed down.

You can specify either leather upholstery or plush velour at no extra cost. You should know that inside the seats are five separate layers of padding and lining, laid overtop a network of steel springs.

Those rich fillets of trim that look like walnut veneer *are* walnut veneer. That dashboard clock is not a clock–it is a quartz-crystal chronometer.

Final revelation: The 60-page Mercedes-Benz brochure covers safety features built into the 450SEL and other models. This makes fascinating reading before you buy the car, and comforting reading afterward.

Engineered like no other car in the world

People give many reasons for choosing a Mercedes-Benz. But the company's aim in designing and constructing them is doggedly single-minded. It is to build safe, comfortable, practical cars with as few imperfections as possible.

This philosophy puts engineering ahead of petty economies and precludes the pea-pod mass production of inexpensive cars. It allows little room for compromise, none for shortcuts; just the pursuit of engineering excellence.

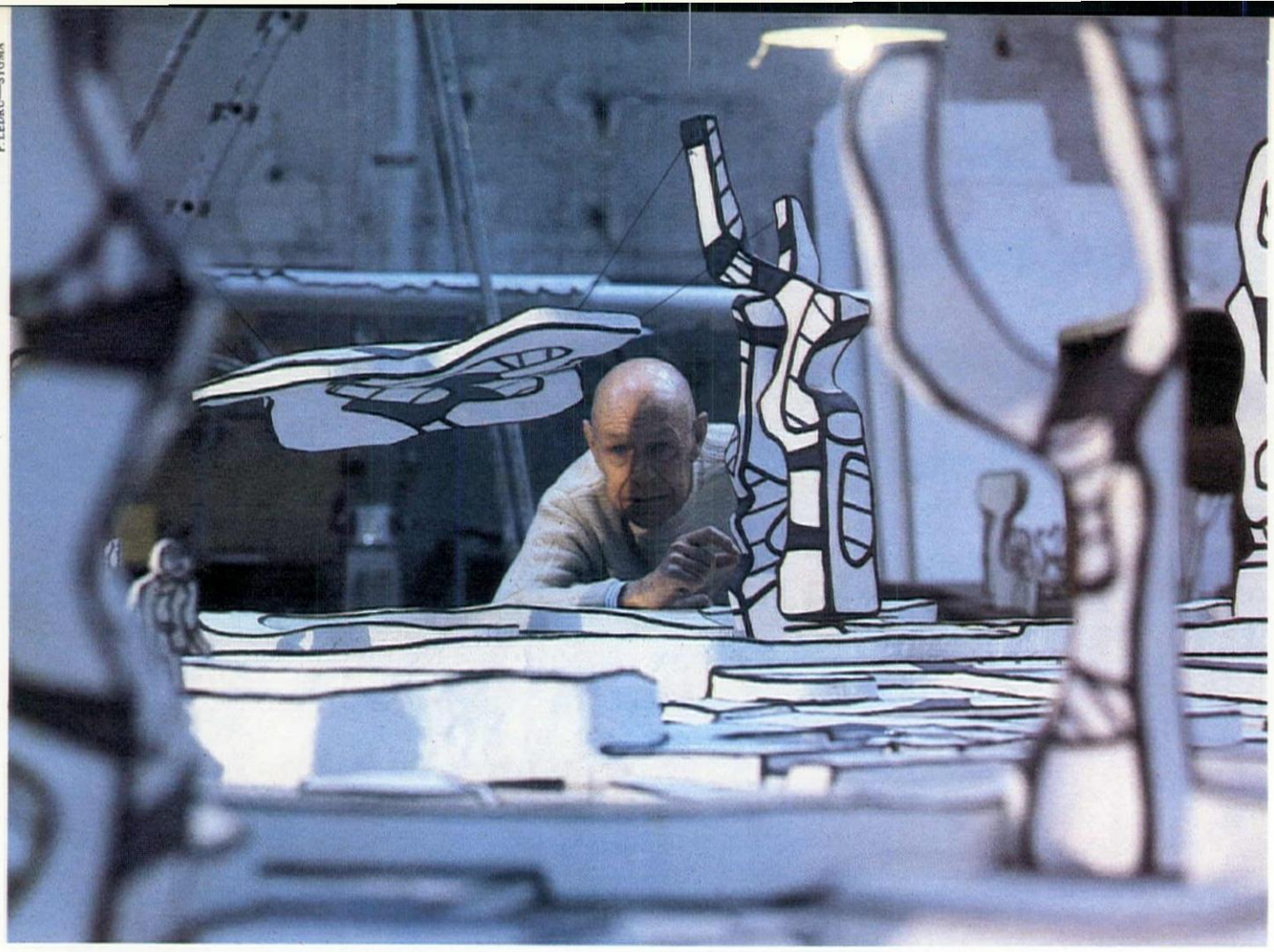
A Mercedes-Benz is engineered like no other car in the world.

©1978 Mercedes-Benz

Electric sunroof (shown) available at extra cost.

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P. LEDRU—SYGMA



Dubuffet with an 18-by-20-foot model for the Renault Salon d'Eté, *conceived as a labyrinthine retreat that would evoke trees and clouds*

Jean Dubuffet Loves a Fight

The prolific and unpredictable 77-year-old French painter is battling the Renault automobile company in court and bourgeois society in his art

One of the odder monuments to the generative power of modern art is an imposing grass-covered mound outside the headquarters of the Renault auto works at Boulogne-Billancourt on the edge of Paris. Beneath the mound lies what may or may not be a masterpiece but what is certifiably the work of one of France's most eminent living artists, Jean Dubuffet. "I find it curious," says Dubuffet dryly, "that at a time when so much money is being spent digging up art of the past, Renault should be spending good money to bury contemporary art."

Curious, indeed. The work in question, called *Salon d'Eté*, is a sinuous, 2,000-square-yard concrete "garden" painted white, black, and blue and shaded by polyester trees. The idea, explains Dubuffet, was to provide Renault personnel with a deliberately "disturbing landscape" (*paysage déconcertant*) that would shock them into new ways of thinking and seeing as they wandered its undulating surfaces or sat by its sculpted pool. He succeeded so well that when construction was half finished, Renault changed its collective mind and decided it did not want the garden after all. The company paid Dubuffet his $80,000 fee and buried the unfinished sculpture, pending resolution of a court battle in which Dubuffet is claiming the company has no right to destroy a work it has commissioned, even if paid for.



SECRETARIAT DE JEAN DUBUFFET

Renault had the half-finished "garden" buried last year.

Art is often seduced by commerce, but rarely raped, and

By RICHARD MURPHY

l'affaire Renault has provoked howls of protest from hundreds of artists, writers, and musicians, and a score of major museums. Dubuffet, who is not a man to suffer rape graciously, has even started publishing a special newspaper to argue his case, which he likens to the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham. The Renault garden, he maintains, is the "keystone and summation" of his most celebrated period: its interment is a measure not only of "the hostility of the managerial class toward contemporary art" but of the entire society's "contempt for artistic creation."

• • •

In a way Renault's punitive action is a kind of triumph for Dubuffet, who has spent much of his 77 years biting the culture that feeds him. His concern from the beginning has been to realize the artist's old dream of primal innocence and the unfettered vision: he would free himself equally from cultural conditioning, "professorial airs," and the weight of the humanist past. History, he has said, oppresses him. He would take his inspiration instead from the child, the lunatic, and the savage, producing an art that was unafraid to "dance and yell like a madman" or to parade around naked, "stripped of tinsel, laurels, and buskins" and "showing all the creases of its belly." Such an art was bound to be rejected by its culture: "Bring into being something really new," Dubuffet has observed, "and nobody will understand it." It follows that he is not particularly proud of his own enormous success. "In some ways," he admits, "my success is my failure. I feel that very strongly, and it is the real trauma of my life."

Dubuffet's dilemma is that he came to prominence in the art world at a time when anything goes. It did not take long to discover that almost no artistic gesture any longer has the power to shock. All his early, childlike scribblings, doodlings, and graffiti, those excremental clumps of mud and banana peel, those hirsute and mossy figures emerging from a fissured earth availed him little in his effort to spit in the eye of culture and jolt the bourgeoisie out of its catatonic worship of a work of art. It is true that he exercised a number of critics on both sides of the Atlantic—"graffiti of the urinals" was an epithet applied not infrequently to his work—but the larger cultural community seemed entranced. His rise to fame in the 1940s and 1950s was rapid and unchecked; almost before he knew it, he had become one of the principal adornments—and embodiments—of the culture he had tried to subvert.

If Dubuffet failed to outrage, it is only fair to add that, in Europe at least, he influenced enormously. A whole generation of younger artists took from him not so much his style or his subject matter as his fundamental attitude toward his work. Dubuffet launched his career late—he was 41 when he settled down to full-time painting—and what the younger men valued in him was his already ingrained cultural irreverence, his rejection of all classical rules, and his concern with the startling and the unexpected.

• • •

The irreverence he came by naturally—he was a *contestataire*, he says, almost from birth. Son of a well-to-do family of wine merchants from Le Havre, he fled to Paris when he was 17 to escape his "hated *famille de commerçants*" and to try to breathe a little revolutionary ardor into both himself and art.



PACE GALLERY

Mêlé Moments *(1976), from the series* Théâtres de Mémoires*: Dubuffet aims for pictorial "cacophony."*

ALL: SECRETARIAT DE JEAN DUBUFFET





The Fur Hat *(1954), left, and* La Mondaine *(1952) were early attempts to render figures "suddenly transformed and strange."*



L'Autobus *(1961) is one of a group of panoramic cityscapes, satiric portrayals of urban anxiety in which people, signs, shop fronts, subways, and automobiles tumble chaotically.*

He got to know many of the famous artists of the period—Suzanne Valadon, Fernand Léger, Raoul Dufy—but twice he despaired of finding his own voice ("I had great difficulty finding a way to express myself," he recalls) and gave up painting in favor of the wine business. When he returned to painting for the last time in 1942, he set out to reject all of his considerable knowledge of the art of the past and to reinvent his art and his methods as he went along. His first show—still lifes and pictures of old houses and figures done in a childish scrawl—won him a certain celebrity as a *faux naïf* and exposed him to the contempt of more academic painters, who accused him of not knowing his craft. Dubuffet's reply was that professional expertise only gets in the way of expression: "To walk beautifully is it necessary to have longer legs than other people, or to walk on one's hands?"

During those years Dubuffet began his collection of *art brut*, art objects by madmen, now housed in a museum in Lausanne. In these haunting drawings, paintings, embroideries, and modeled and sculpted figures he professed to see a truer reality than the reality of everyday life. "For me," he said, "insanity is supersanity; it is the normal that is psychotic." However that may be, he tried to imbue his own work with the "strongly convincing physical presence" and raw emotional power of the schizophrenic vision. As a painter in motion, he had put the *faux naïf* behind him and begun the extraordinary assault on the surfaces of his canvases that for the next several years fixed him in the public eye.

• • •

His second show he titled, with typical self-mockery, *Mirobolus, Macadam & Cie., Hautes Pâtes*, thereby suggesting the playbill of a magician at a country carnival. The *hautes pâtes* were the thick, friable surfaces he built up by mixing his oils with mud, tar, sand, putty, glue, gravel, and asphalt and then molding, kneading, smearing, troweling, and scraping them until they became as ridged and furrowed as the surface of the earth or of some weather-beaten wall whose cracks and discolorations suggest half-glimpsed dreams and images. His color he got either from natural materials—leaves, bark, butterfly wings—or by allowing his lavalike oil emulsions to bleed into one another, clotting and coalescing in random chromatic forms. On these raw surfaces, nothing was what it seemed: a landscape might turn into a ravaged human face, a lump of pitted clay into a wrinkled female nude. "It is the material of the surface that releases the image," observed a critic truly enough.

Mirobolus, Macadam & Cie., after affording the Paris critics a chance to practice their invective ("dregs of the garbage pail," "the buffooneries of Monsieur Dubuffet"), moved on the next year, in substantially the same form, to the Pierre Matisse Gallery in New York, where the critics welcomed the latest French export about as their shopmates in Paris had done ("repulsive," "a former wine merchant who apparently finds inspiration in wine"). But Clement Greenberg, writing in the *Nation*, remarked that "three or four more pictures on the level of *Promeneuse au Parapluie* would suffice to make Dubuffet one of the major painters of the twentieth century."

• • •

"The secret," Dubuffet liked to say in those years, "is to do a thing badly." It was just like cooking spinach, he explained — nobody really tasted it or gained "new insights into the characteristics of spinach" unless it was burned. In fact, discerning eyes could see that he was an immensely stylish and accomplished draftsman and a master of seductive color. Henri Matisse found him an enigma, but technically he saw him with greater clarity than most of his countrymen did. When Pierre Matisse showed his father the Dubuffet paintings he was planning to show at his New York gallery, Matisse *père* remarked shrewdly: "I do not understand what it is all about, but he has an extraordinary sense of color." And, he added, "it's a very French sensibility."

"There are," says Dubuffet, "many '*styles Dubuffet*.'" This was true from the very beginning. He started painting in

thin, almost translucent oils, passed from there to oils in thick relief, then went on to the lumpish, mixed impastos of the early 1950s. Continually he veered from the realistic to the abstract and back again: the early, *faux naïf* paintings had the realistic immediacy of images scrawled by a child in the sand; paintings such as *Pullulation* and *The Exemplary Life of the Soil* of the late 1950s were totally abstract, influenced in their granular surfaces by several trips Dubuffet took to the Sahara; in the early 1960s he was back to a kind of disordered realism in a series of bright Paris street scenes done in gouaches and iridescent oils.

In his mercurial moods he could be naive, satiric, lyrical, *mondain*, brutal by turns. In the 1940s his interest was focused on the human figure—culminating in the monumental *Corps de Dames* series of flattened and grotesquely misshapen female nudes that seemed to dissolve before the eyes and melt into the surrounding field. In the 1950s his interest turned to stones, tables, landscapes, beards (*Beard Declension*, *Beard of Blinding Light*), and, oddly enough, to cows, which he painted in such profusion that a critic dubbed him "the foremost cow painter of our time." He almost never painted from life, preferring to project the images swarming in his head. And always he gave his paintings bizarre and ironic titles that were a kind of verbal assault on the gentility of the bourgeois world he came from: *Terra Cotta Big Lips*; *Pissing to the Right IV*; *Great Solitary Milking*; *Jabbering Landscape*; *Hatted Figure: Breasts to One Side*; *Crystallization of a Dog*; *Lunatic Cow*; *Stuffed Spectacles*; *Man Licking a Carnation*; *Table with Bottle Wearing a Necktie*.

• • •

In 1962 Dubuffet made the most drastic of his many abrupt breaks with his own past and launched into the series known as *Hourloupe*, which was to occupy him for the next 12 years. Just why he did so he cannot entirely explain. The word is taken from the title of a little book of nonsense verse he composed that year. For Dubuffet, *Hourloupe* has an "equivocal sound"—high praise—in that it suggests to him both some amusing fairy-tale creature and something "rumbling and threatening, with tragic overtones." The paintings apparently grew out of Dubuffet's doodlings on pads with blue and red ball-point pens, which he liked because they gave a continuous, unaccented line. At the same time he discovered acrylic paints and was delighted with them. One of his obsessions throughout his career has been to find ways of working more rapidly, and much of his experimentation with putties and other materials and with oil and water emulsions grew out of his impatience with the long-drying properties of oil paints. Acrylics made possible both single-application picturemaking and the smooth uniformity he liked in ball-point tracings. He had reached a turning point: he no longer wanted to evoke reactions by either his surfaces or his colors. In the new series he was to limit himself to four colors—red, white, blue, and black—applied so uniformly that they lost all their surface quality.

The *Hourloupe* cycle began with cartoonlike jigsaw-patterned paintings of figures with bizarre, twisted morphologies and moved from there to studies of manmade objects—wheelbarrows, boats, beds, faucets, teapots, scissors, washstands—all of them done in the eccentric linear edgings and crosshatched patterns that in a short time became almost synonymous with the name Dubuffet. The paintings, said Dubuffet, were supposed to give "an impression of delirium and fantasy," as if the artist "were in a state of wild feverishness." On most audiences they had the desired effect.

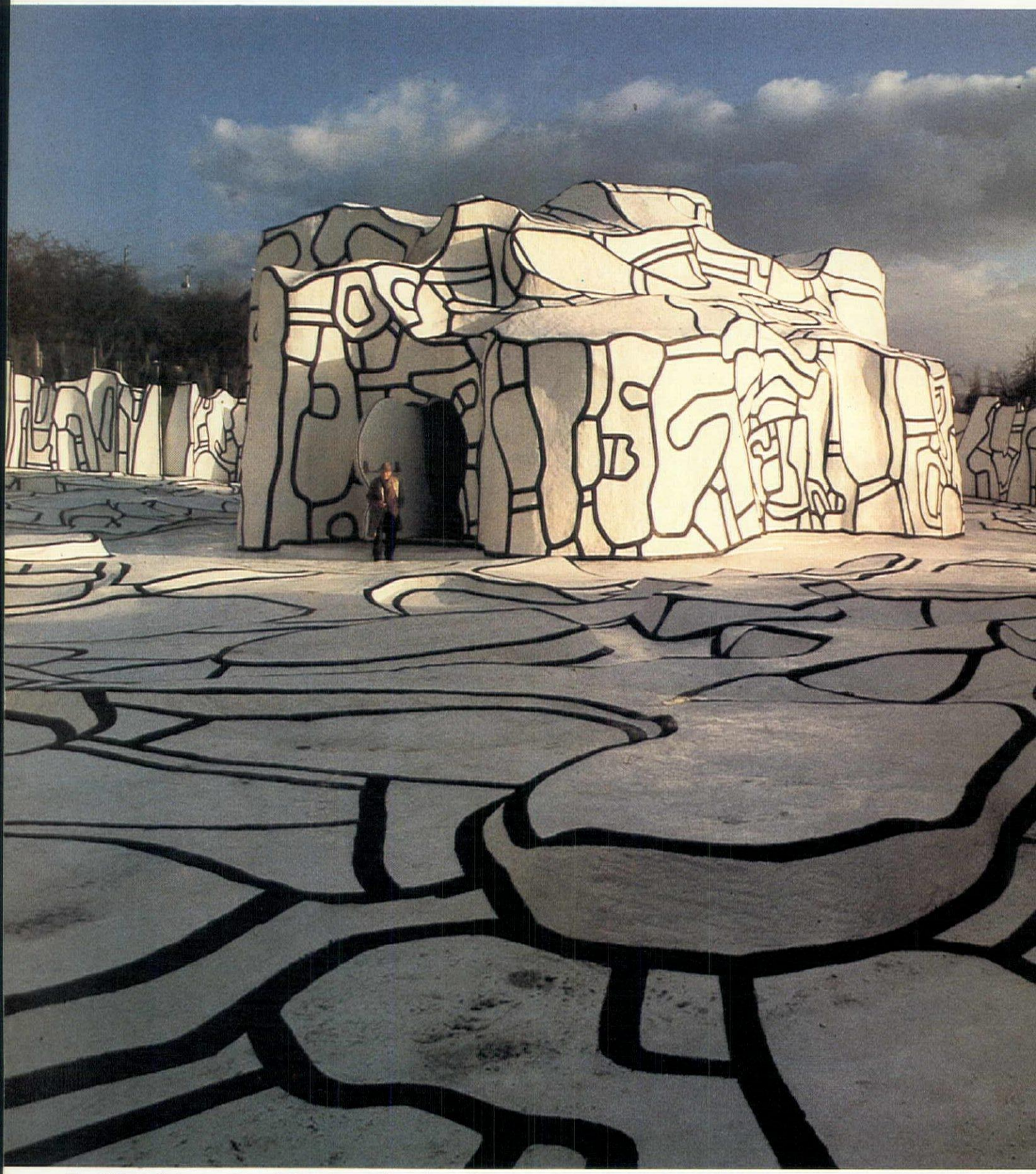


PACE GALLERY

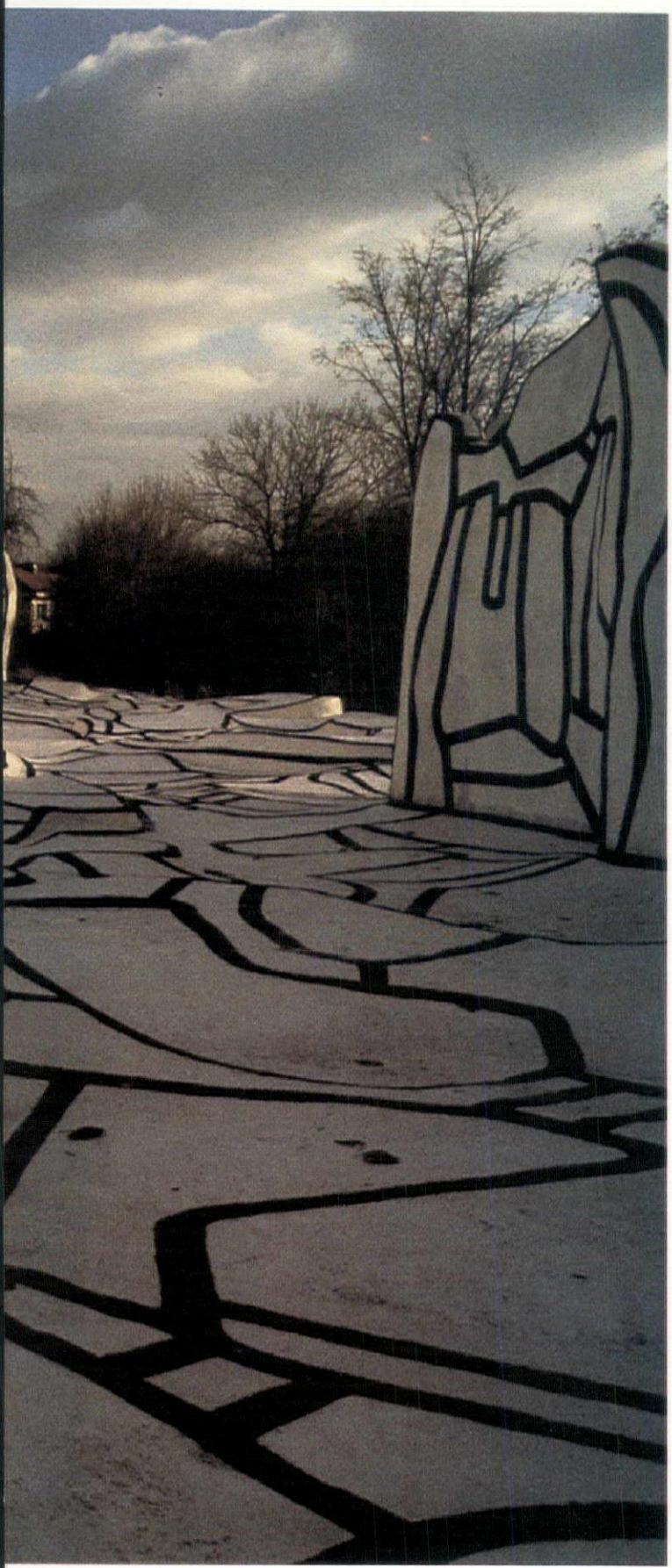
Figure from Coucou Bazar, *an animated* Hourloupe *spectacle staged by the Guggenheim Museum in New York in 1973*

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Then in 1966 Dubuffet discovered a newly invented synthetic substance, expanded polystyrene, and the *Hourloupe* cycle took on a new dimension. What Dubuffet liked about polystyrene was that it could be cut "as easily as a line can be drawn," and its white surface was ideal for the application of acrylic paints. Soon the *Hourloupe* paintings were followed by three-dimensional polystyrene treatments

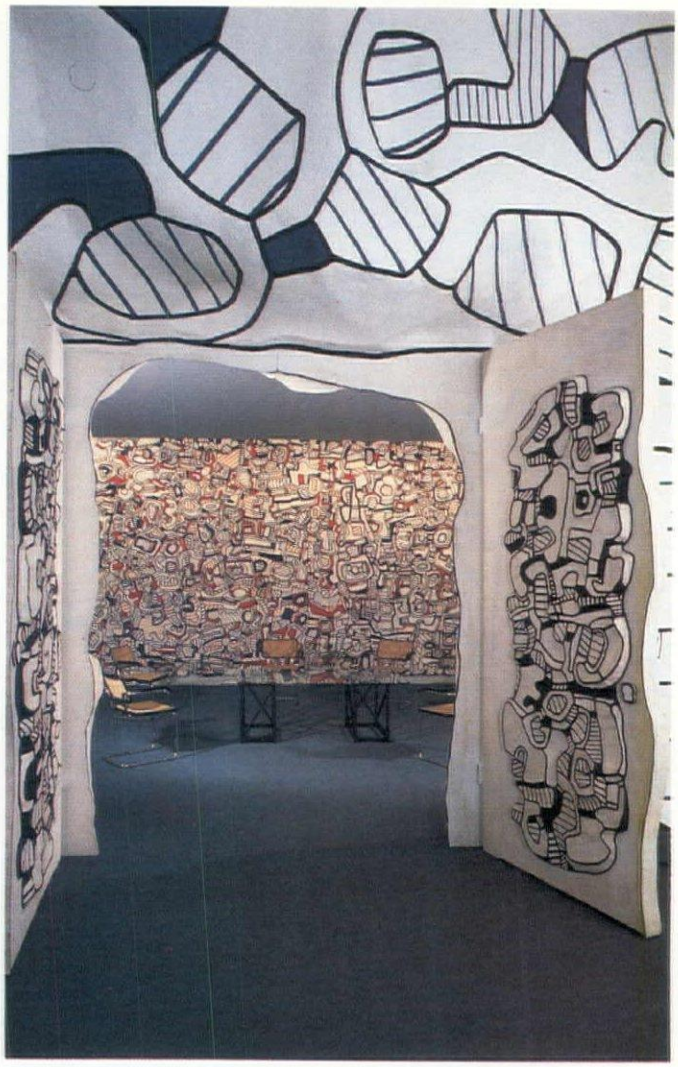


The Villa Falbala ("Frilly Villa") and its sculptured garden, surrounded by meandering walls, together comprise the Closerie Falbala, *an*



JOHN LAUNOIS—BLACK STAR

Hourloupe *fantasy that is part monument, part sanctuary, part fortress.*



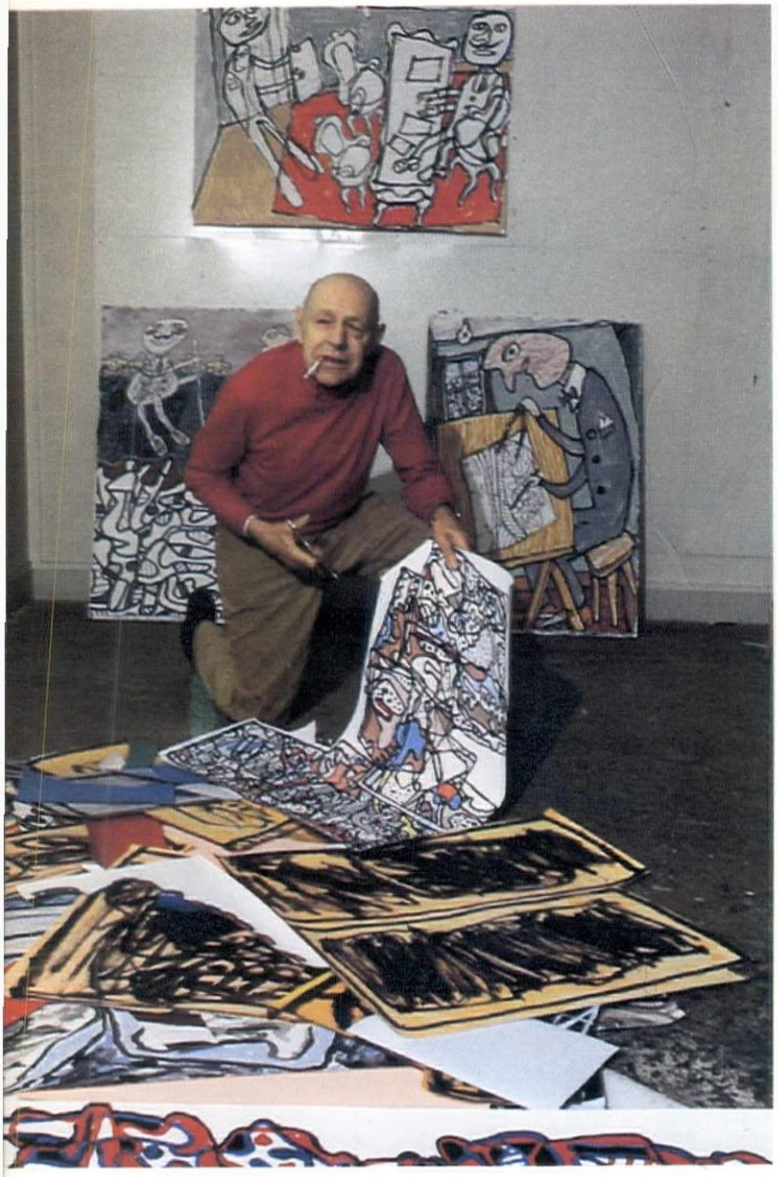
SABINE WEISS—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

The inner sanctum of the villa is the Cabinet Logologique, *a room of 22 panels teeming with Dubuffet's linear imagery.*

of many of the same subjects. Painted sculptures is what the art world called these new works, but Dubuffet preferred to think of them as "drawings that extend in space." In time the *Hourloupe* series included monumental groups, such as the 42-foot-high *Four Trees* in the Chase Manhattan Plaza in New York, together with entire living structures and "architectural environments," such as the *Hourloupe* garden that Renault has recently interred. *Hourloupe* even invaded the theater in the form of a kind of pageant of animated sculptures known as *Coucou Bazar*, which played the Guggenheim Museum in New York in 1973.

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The most ambitious of all the *Hourloupe* works is the so-called *Closerie Falbala*, an improbable enclosure and sanctuary that bewilders and diverts the villagers of Perigny-sur-Yerres, less than an hour's drive out of Paris. Dubuffet owns four acres at Perigny, on which he has a studio, a large storage shed for his *Hourloupe* works, and a rambling building that is the headquarters of the Jean Dubuffet Foundation, set up to preserve Dubuffet's works and to ensure their "moral



JOHN LAUNOIS—BLACK STAR

Dubuffet last December at his home and studio in Paris, where he is making more huge collages for Théâtres de Mémoires

defense"—presumably against attacks such as the one perpetrated by Renault. The *Closerie Falbala*, which is to one side, grew out of Dubuffet's desire to provide a suitable shelter for his *Cabinet Logologique*, a room whose walls are covered with *Hourloupe* imagery more thickly massed than hieroglyphics on an Egyptian tomb. Originally Dubuffet intended to spread his *Hourloupe* calligraphy across the interior walls of an entire dwelling, of which the *Cabinet Logologique* was to be only one delirious room. But after working on the *Cabinet* for an exhausting year and a half (1967–69), he decided reluctantly that an entire dwelling was a bigger job than he could take on. As it stands, the *Cabinet* consists of 22 panels covered with an uninterrupted linear network of red, blue, and black. It was exhibited at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1970, but it had no permanent home until the Villa Falbala was completed in 1972.

In its original form the villa consisted simply of a polyurethane housing for the *Cabinet Logologique*. Dubuffet soon decided, however, that such an extraordinary room required an extraordinary approach, so he laid out a 1,610-square-meter sculptured concrete garden as stark as a lunar landscape, enclosed it in wavy walls, and christened it the *Closerie Falbala*. He also enlarged the villa itself by adding a monumental, undulating passageway like the entry to a grotto, leading from the main door of the villa to what one critic has called the heart of the *Hourloupe* sanctuary, namely, the *Cabinet Logologique*.

In 1974 Dubuffet abandoned the *Hourloupe* series with considerable regret but with the feeling that it was time to move on. "I have a great nostalgia for *Hourloupe*," he reveals, "just as Robinson Crusoe did for his island. It was my country. In some ways *Hourloupe* went further than my other works, but it was cerebral and a little antilife—a routine of alienation. I wanted to return to things more *vivant*, so I went back to some of the influences of 1941 and 1942." Dubuffet is currently working on a series of paintings that he calls *Théâtres de Mémoires*, some of which were shown at the Pace Gallery in New York last spring. He creates these enormous collages by cutting and assembling bits and pieces from scores of other paintings to form a patchwork quilt of images that looks a little like an assemblage of malfunctioning television screens tuned to different channels. The point of these discordant blizzards of color, explains Dubuffet, is to suggest the "cacophony" of "a moment of viewing," not with the eyes but the mind.

• • •

Dubuffet is a small, hunched, totally bald man with long, restless fingers, a broad frog's mouth, and pale blue eyes. He lives with his second wife in Paris in a comfortable mews house on the Left Bank near Montparnasse. "I am a banal man," he likes to tell visitors, pointing to the fact that he goes to his second-floor studio at eleven every morning and descends only for lunch, tea, and dinner. As has been true throughout his career, he remains a prodigious worker who believes "very much in work done quickly." Once extremely active in French intellectual circles, he now goes out rarely and shuns the company of other painters. In addition to the studio in his house, he maintains four others in Paris and elsewhere, the largest of which consists of two huge sheds of an old munitions factory at Vincennes, at the eastern edge of the city. The half-acre floor area there is crisscrossed by the tracks on which the munitions cars used to trundle their deadly cargo. Dubuffet gets about the place in a little yellow electric cart.

Over the years he has been accused of maintaining a kind of Parnassian production line, manned by assistants who turn out shiny new "Dubuffets" with little or no guidance from the master. The story is perhaps a tribute to Dubuffet's industry, but it is also untrue. During the period of his monumental *Hourloupe* sculptures he employed as many as ten assistants for specific jobs, such as the Chase Manhattan's *Four Trees*, but not as permanent staff. Dubuffet's practice was to cut his

SECRETARIAT DE JEAN DUBUFFET

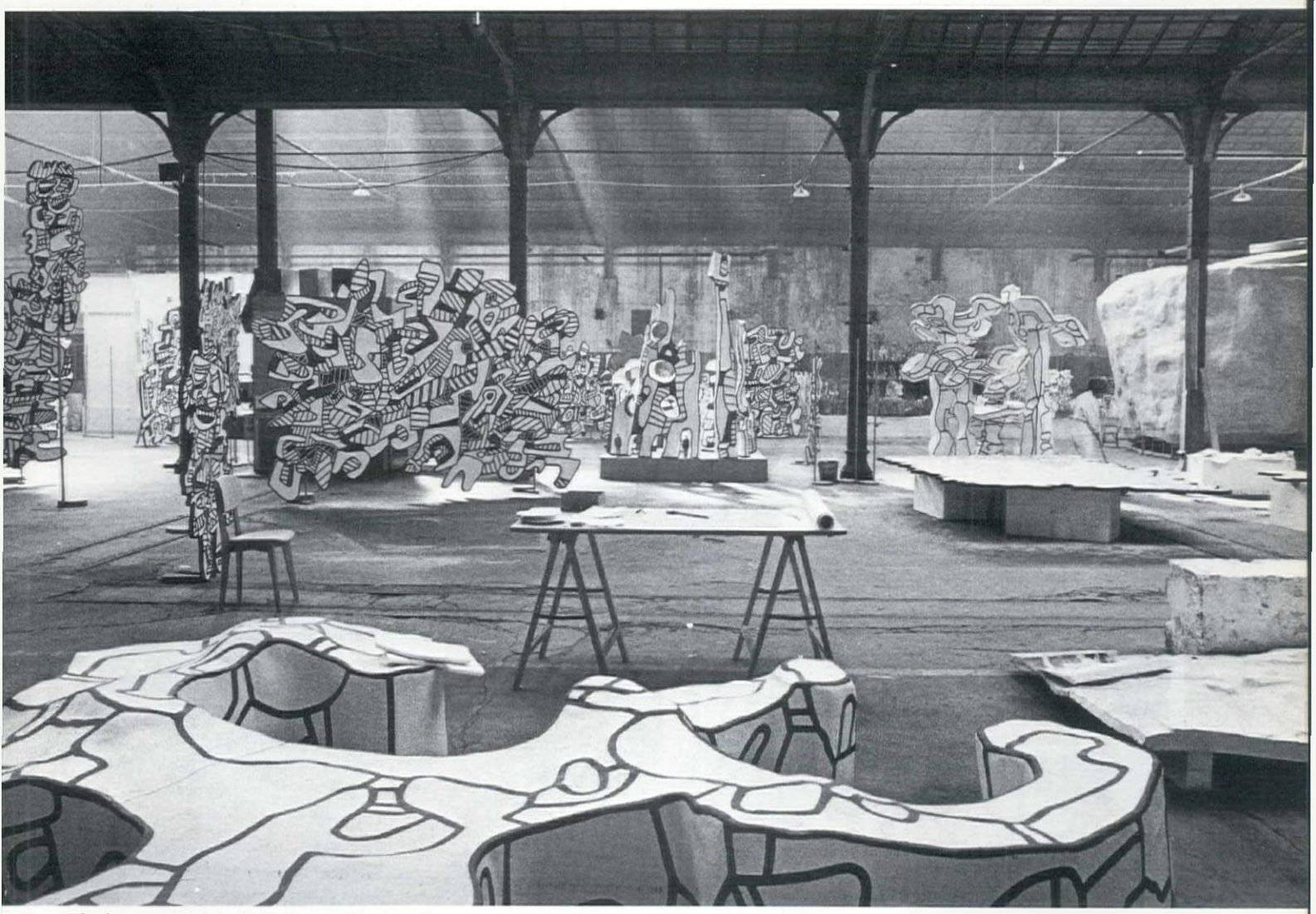
original designs in polystyrene with a few swift strokes of a red-hot wire mounted in a metal frame of his own invention. The originals were then sent to Vincennes or another of his studios to be reproduced by assistants in durable polyester of epoxy. The Dubuffet paintings were either copied onto the new surfaces or transferred directly by techniques known to experienced restorers.

Dubuffet rarely visits any of his outlying studios, keeping them as much for storage of his enormous output as for anything else. (At last count, there were some 6,000 works listed in the 27 volumes of the complete Dubuffet catalogue.) A precise man, he ends each day by noting in a log what he has accomplished. Then he goes to bed to read, cutting out from whichever book he has in hand the number of pages he wants to go through before turning out the light.

• • •

"Jean Dubuffet," remarks an old friend, "is a tissue of contradictions." It is one of the few assertions about Dubuffet that nobody would contest. The man who claims, "I am for confusion," is a model of organization; the man who maintains that "works of art have a life of no more than fifty years, and after that you can burn them" has gone to great expense to preserve his own works for posterity; the man who is almost the epitome of French logic and cultivation aspires to paint like a madman or a child. When such contradictions are pointed out to Dubuffet, they do not disturb him in the least. "Everybody," he says, "can have thousands of natures." He believes that "the vice of Western thinking is its logic" but that "we are beginning to appreciate different realities existing at the same time." As for painting, it can never be planned: "Sometimes I will come to a parenthesis in my work, and I will follow it for perhaps a week without knowing where it is leading, and then there will be a parenthesis within the parenthesis, and I do not return to the path I was on for ten years. And by that time, I am a different man."

Does he foresee any parentheses in the series he is working on now? He is the wrong man to ask. "I prefer," replies Dubuffet, "that my painting surprise me." And he adds: "Surprises come to everybody; what is important is to be ready to welcome them." □



The largest of Dubuffet's five studios is a former munitions factory with a half acre of floor space, at Vincennes, east of Paris.

Is There a Fluter in Your Kitchen?

The nationwide enthusiasm for cooking has created
a surge in demand for culinary gadgetry from rack jacks to lemon zesters

By BARBARA ENSRUD



A full set of Sabatier knives on display

I take it for granted that you are too intelligent to share in the vulgar prejudice against labor-saving devices. A raisin-seeder costs a trifle in comparison with the time and patience required in the old way. A *good* egg beater—Dover, for instance—is a treasure.

—Mary Virginia Terhune,
Common Sense in the Household, 1886

Our great-grandmothers, it seems, prized such functional kitchen utensils as raisin seeders, cherry pitters, and well-seasoned cast-iron pots, but by the time the 20th century rolled around, cooking in this country had come to be widely thought of as drudgery. To ease the strain, many American cooks turned to canned goods and frozen foods, relying on the most ordinary of cookware to turn out the stick-to-the-ribs all-American diet of meat and potatoes. The notable enthusiasm for cooking that is in full swing across the country has changed all that. Now that the American palate has moved up to fish mousse and country pâté, equipping the kitchen is not as simple as it once was.

Should the casserole be Cousance or Calphalon? Should the knives be carbon steel or stainless? Is a kitchen complete without a Cuisinart? Such questions have begun to assume vital importance to a growing number of serious cooks—and not just to graduates of the Cordon Bleu. People who used to be content with a brace of tin pots, a skillet or two, and an all-purpose dime store knife now feel inadequately armed for the assault on haute cuisine without a $90 hammered copper sauteuse, a Belgian blue steel quiche pan, and an arsenal of Italian skewers.

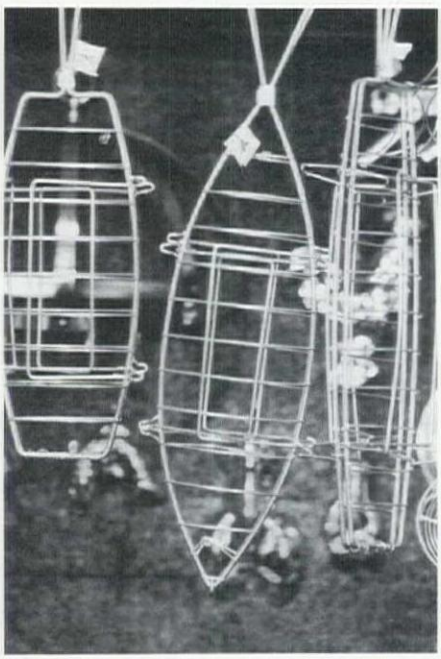
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The most conspicuous evidence of the cooking boom is the sudden proliferation of cookware shops and kitchenware sections in department stores. Until a few years ago there were only a handful of kitchen equipment shops of national renown—the Bridge Kitchenware Corporation in New York and Williams-Sonoma in San Francisco among them—and they sold primarily

ALL: MICHAEL LUTCH



Rolling pins for big jobs and small



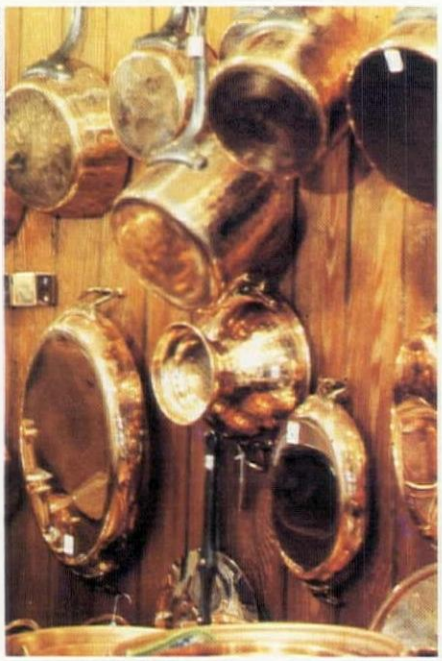
Fish grills for the serious seafood chef

Writer Deborah Trustman serves homemade pasta in her well-furnished New England kitchen.

MICHAEL LUTCH

to professional chefs, restaurants, and serious amateurs. Today, Fred Bridge, the amiably gruff patron of Bridge Kitchenware, still sells to the likes of Julia Child and Craig Claiborne, but more and more of his customers are eager amateurs. And in addition to Bridge, those amateurs now have, among other New York cookware purveyors, Bazaar de la Cuisine, the Professional Kitchen, the elaborate housewares section of Bloomingdale's, Macy's Cellar, and the Well-Tempered Kitchen. Williams-Sonoma has added three stores in California in the past four years; two more will open in Dallas and Houston this spring, and plans for still others are in the works. There are the Cookstore in Los Angeles; the Wooden Spoon in Mahopac, New York; the Gourmet Gallery in Hanover, Maine; the Pan Handlers in Dallas; Forty Carrots in Memphis; and countless others popping up around the country like mushrooms after a spring rain. "Soon," says Everett Keller, manager of the Cookstore in Los Angeles, "there will be a cookstore on every corner."

MICHAEL LUTCH



A selection of classic copperware

More than mere sources for gear, these shops are becoming bustling community meeting places. Cooks congregate in an atmosphere of camaraderie to compare the advantages of one tool or another and to exchange recipes and cooking tips. And the stores are hiring their staffs accordingly. "All of our employees are cooks," says Anne Kupper, manager of Williams-Sonoma in Beverly Hills, "and we have phone consultations all day long about a whole variety of things—what's happened to a soufflé, why the pastry is doing this or that, and anything else that crops up." Irving Eisenberg, the manager of La Cuisine Classique, on Royal Street in New Orleans's French Quarter, shows a similar devotion to his trade. "We try to give our customers practical advice," he says, "and we never let them buy the wrong thing."

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Unquestionably the hottest selling item everywhere is the French-made Cuisinart, the cook's tool par excellence. Although there are 13 food processors currently on the market (among them machines by Farberware, GE, and Hamilton Beach), few so far can approach the dizzying performance—or the cachet—of the Cuisinart. It slices vegetables, cuts julienne potatoes, kneads dough for bread-making and pastry, grinds meat, nuts, and bread crumbs, grates carrots and cheese, chops, minces, shreds, and purées, all in a matter of seconds. It has revolutionized home cooking and put the intricate machinations of the professional chef within reach of just about anybody who has the aspiration. "It's my right arm," says Maria Chernin, comanager of a San Francisco travel agency and an ardent after-hours chef. "I wonder what I ever did without it. Pâtés, for instance, suddenly became a practical reality. I rarely had time to do it before, but with the Cuisinart I can make shrimp pâté in eight minutes!"

TONY COSTA



Endless stainless at Williams-Sonoma



New York photographer and gourmand Dan

Some 750,000 food processors were sold last year, and 1978 sales are expected to reach a million machines. The devices have already produced a new crop of cookbooks, and the monthly magazine *Bon Appétit* now features a column called "The Compleat Processor," "to help you get the most from your food processor."

What the Cuisinart can't do—such as beat egg whites and whip cream—the Hobart KitchenAide K-5A can. Many serious cooks have both, as well



DAN WYNN

Wynn mans the Cuisinart while his wife, Rita, prepares the stock for Craig Claiborne's elaborate Montauk fish and seafood soup.

as the Robot-Coupe, a larger restaurant version of the Cuisinart, owned by the likes of Danny Kaye, Rock Hudson, and Nancy Walker. (One Beverly Hills culinary enthusiast, Sondra Rykoff, has her Cuisinart and KitchenAide firmly affixed to heavy-duty typewriter springboards that swing out from under the cupboard when she is ready to use them—an ingenious arrangement that brings them to just the right height without sacrificing working space on the countertop.)

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Another piece of high-technology kitchen gear that is rapidly gaining in popularity is the microwave oven. It does roasts, casseroles, and other long-cooking dishes in a fraction of the usual time—a beef roast cooks in 25 minutes instead of two and a half hours. This year's sales of the devices, which are roughly the size of a standard television set and almost as convenient to use, are expected to be more than half those of gas and electric stoves combined. "Ten years from now," states *Housewares*, a trade magazine for the industry, "the entire cookware field will have been transformed by consumer acceptance of the microwave oven."

It is not only food processors and microwave ovens that are selling at a brisk clip. The basic *batterie de cuisine*—knives, bakeware, pots, pans, and other kitchen gear—is moving at unprecedented rates. Among the best-selling items at New Orleans's La Cuisine Classique—and stores like it across the country—are cappuccino and espresso machines; pasta machines, both electric and manual; baking items (everyone seems to be baking bread these days); fish poachers (the 40-inch model, which can accommodate Gulf redfish, is particularly prized in New Orleans); mandoline slicers; and pots and pans made of Calphalon, a heavy aluminum alloy that does not react to acids, wines, or vegetables such as spinach that discolor regular aluminum. (Unlike copper, which tarnishes quickly and needs constant repolishing, Calphalon cleans easily with soap and water. The quarter-inch thickness assures even cooking at low temperatures, but the material is a little lighter in weight than copper and thus handier to use.) Lillian Smith, a New Orleans gourmet cook, agreed to try one Calphalon pot, then returned to buy the whole set. "It's great for making roux and the Creole dishes that I love, like jambalaya and shrimp gumbo," she says.

Even gadgets once considered exotic are selling speedily. In the well-equipped kitchen of today it is de rigueur for the serious cook to own a selection of truffle slicers, pastry crimpers, serrated kitchen shears, rocker choppers, rotary graters, drum

sieves, and Chinese strainers. And for special occasions it helps to have a lemon zester, a sieve roller, a green-bean frencher, a mushroom fluter, a rack jack (for manipulating hot oven racks), and a croissant cutter as well. Says Anne Kupper of Williams-Sonoma: "It's a constant battle just to keep the merchandise in stock."

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Finding his or her way through the dazzling array of merchandise available can be a real task for the neophyte. Should the knives be Sabatier, Henckel, Trident—or some other brand? (Even when such a question has been answered, the problem may not be solved: Sabatier is now so large that it has 14 different franchises, and the grades of steel and workmanship produced by each varies widely.) The need for some guidance on selecting equipment has inspired some best-selling books on the subject; among the most recent are *The Kitchen Book* and *The Cook's Catalogue.*

In the end, however, the best advice is something that only the top stores across the country can provide. And more and more people are willing to pay more and more for the equipment they recommend. "It's amazing," says Chuck Williams of Williams-Sonoma, "how much people are willing to spend to buy the best." Kitchen designers agree. "It is not unusual," says Fred Green, a Los Angeles contractor, "for people these days to spend forty thousand dollars renovating and outfitting their kitchen. Once again the kitchen has become the most important room in the house."

Amid the boom there are still a few holdouts, such as Sharon King, a consumer reporter for Channel 4 television in Boston, who feels that all the excitement over the fancy cooking gear is really just so much faddism. "I still use a lot of utensils that belonged to my mother and grandmother," she says, "an old-fashioned flour sifter, my grandmother's wiggly potato masher, a manual juicer. Who needs a Cuisinart? There is something so beautiful and satisfying about chopping fresh vegetables or kneading your own dough."

But King speaks for what is clearly a shrinking minority. The interest in sophisticated cookware shows no signs of slowing, and if further proof is needed, Fred Bridge is it. A few years ago Bridge swore publicly that he would never open a branch store outside New York for fear of losing control over the quality of his stock and service. "Why sacrifice the New York store to try and make money somewhere else?" he asked. Yet even Bridge has now succumbed to the surge, and his three-month-old shop on Chicago's West Grand Avenue is doing a predictably roaring business. What of his former proclamation? "That was three years ago," he retorts, savoring the taste of his inoperative pledge. □

Barbara Ensrud is a free-lance writer and a dedicated amateur chef.



MICHAEL EVERETT; GADGETS COURTESY BRIDGE KITCHENWARE

For the cook who has everything, Bridge Kitchenware in New York suggests these unusual time-saving devices. Clockwise from top: green-bean stringer and frencher; truffle slicer; fluted melon baller; tomato shark (for stemming); wine-cork retriever; strawberry huller; soft-boiled-egg topper; lemon zester (for a touch of peel).



Mikhail Baryshnikov, in a New York studio of the American Ballet Theater, with Elena Tchernishova, his assistant for the new ballet

In the Rehearsal Studio

Mikhail Baryshnikov prepares a new *Don Quixote*

Few successful choreographers of classical ballet are also great dancers, and very few dancers prove to have a talent for choreography. This fact of dance history must be well known to Mikhail Baryshnikov, who may be the greatest classical male dancer of our time. Nevertheless, Baryshnikov is currently at work on his second full-length ballet for the American Ballet Theater.

The first was his restaging of *The Nutcracker*, a robust and thoughtful retelling of the story first presented more than a year ago. It was said at the time that Baryshnikov, who is 30 years old, found choreography so demanding a task that he would not do it again.

For the last few months, however, he has been restaging *Don Quixote*, which is scheduled to open at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., this month. Baryshnikov's ballet is set to the musical score by Leon Minkus that Marius Petipa commissioned for the original *Don Quixote*, which he made in 1869 in Moscow. (The Bolshoi Ballet dances a revised version of this. George Balanchine created an entirely new *Don Quixote* in 1965, and Rudolf Nureyev restaged the Bolshoi version in 1966 in Vienna.)

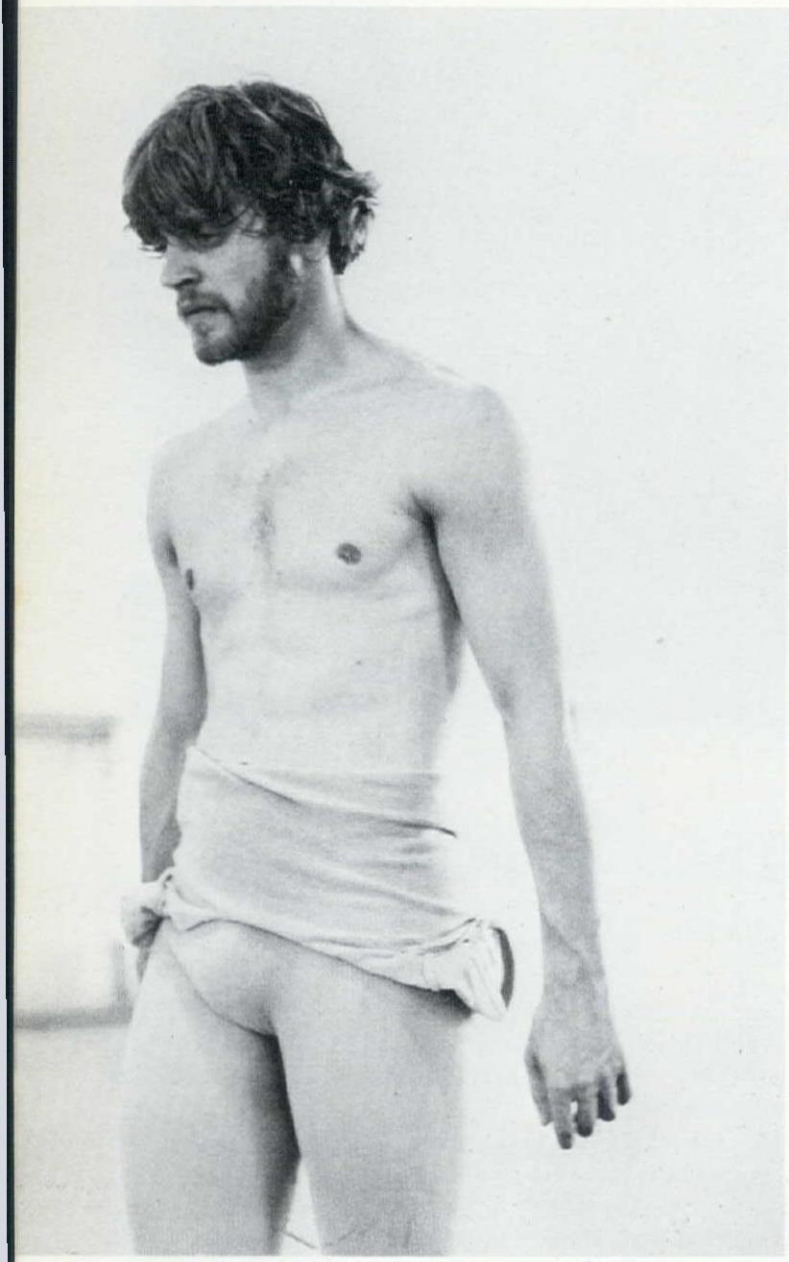
Baryshnikov's acquaintance with the piece goes back to his years with the Kirov Ballet of Leningrad; it was the first full-length ballet he performed. He says that it "combines strict classical technique and a style with *caractère* feeling"—the very qualities he himself possesses and blends so remarkably. He will dance the lead role (Don Basilio) in his new work.

Making a dance and rehearsing until it is smooth is long, grinding, and often infuriating work, though when the work is well done no sweat appears in performance. And even practice can have its rewards. In the photographs that follow of the members of the American Ballet Theater in rehearsal under Baryshnikov, some of both the pain and the pleasure can be seen.

ALL: BLOKH



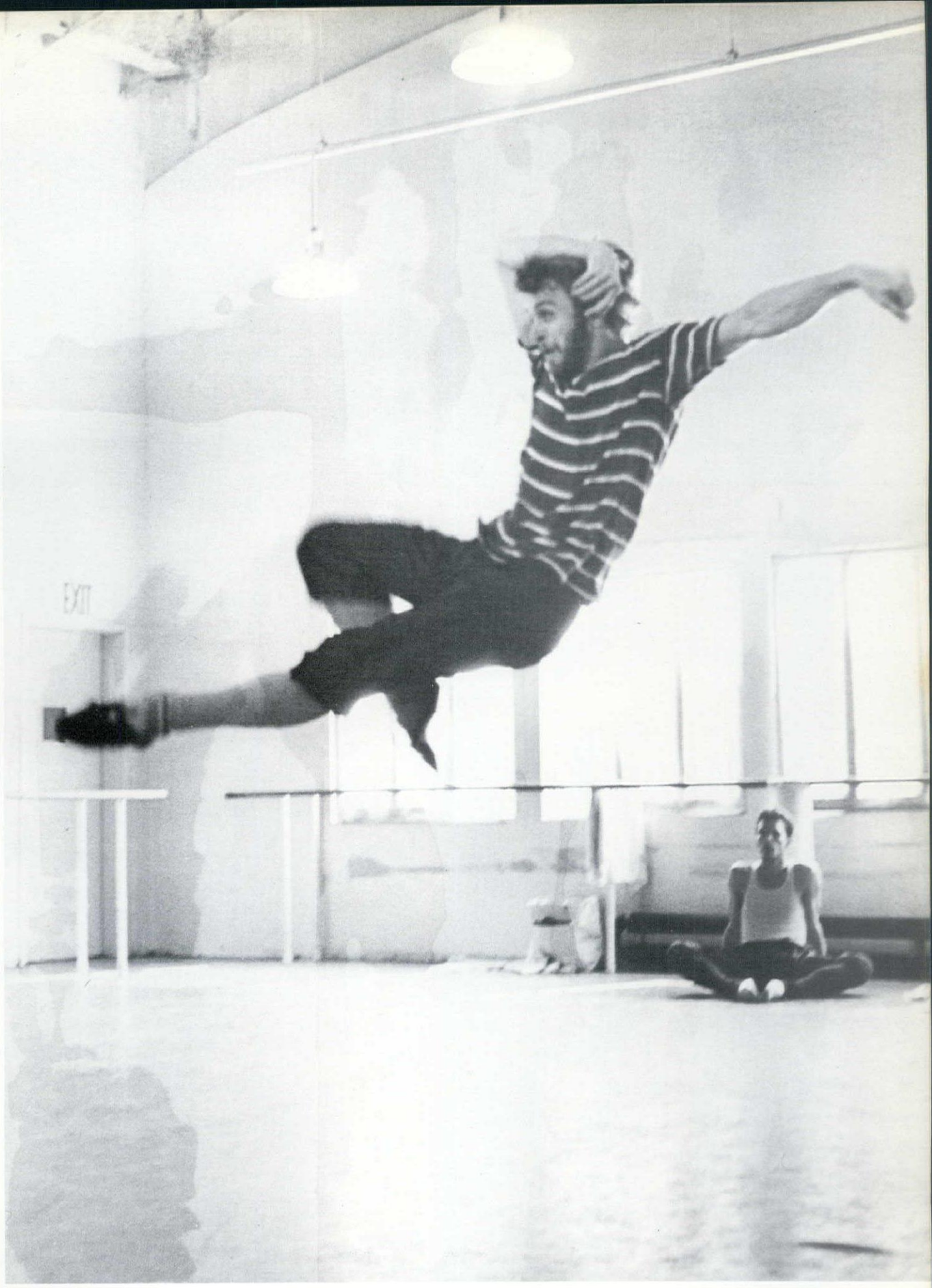
Martine van Hamel studies the part of Kitri.



Baryshnikov, rehearsing the lead, takes stock of his next move.

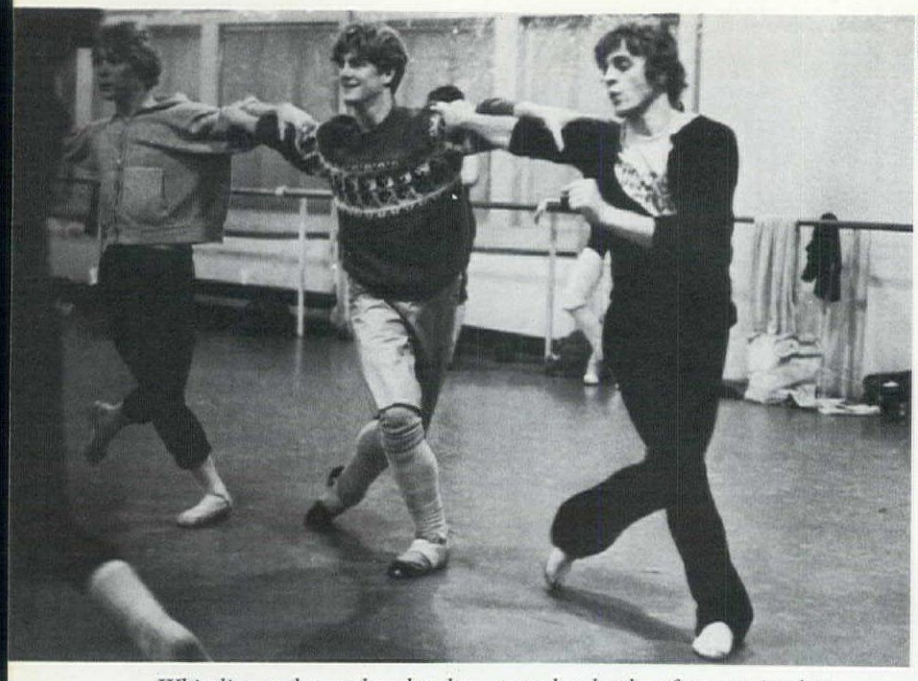
Work began last September during the company's rehearsal period in New York, and the dancers put in as much as 5 and 6 hours daily for nine weeks. Many of them dress in layers in order to be able to peel down as they heat up, and then cover up again during breaks to prevent muscles from stiffening. At times like these a dancer's day, no matter how strenuous, seems short. When performances are scheduled, it begins around ten A.M. and lasts 12 hours or more.





Watched by a member of the company, Baryshnikov tries out an athletic and unconventional leap.

Jolinda Menendez (front) and Leslie Browne, young soloists of the company



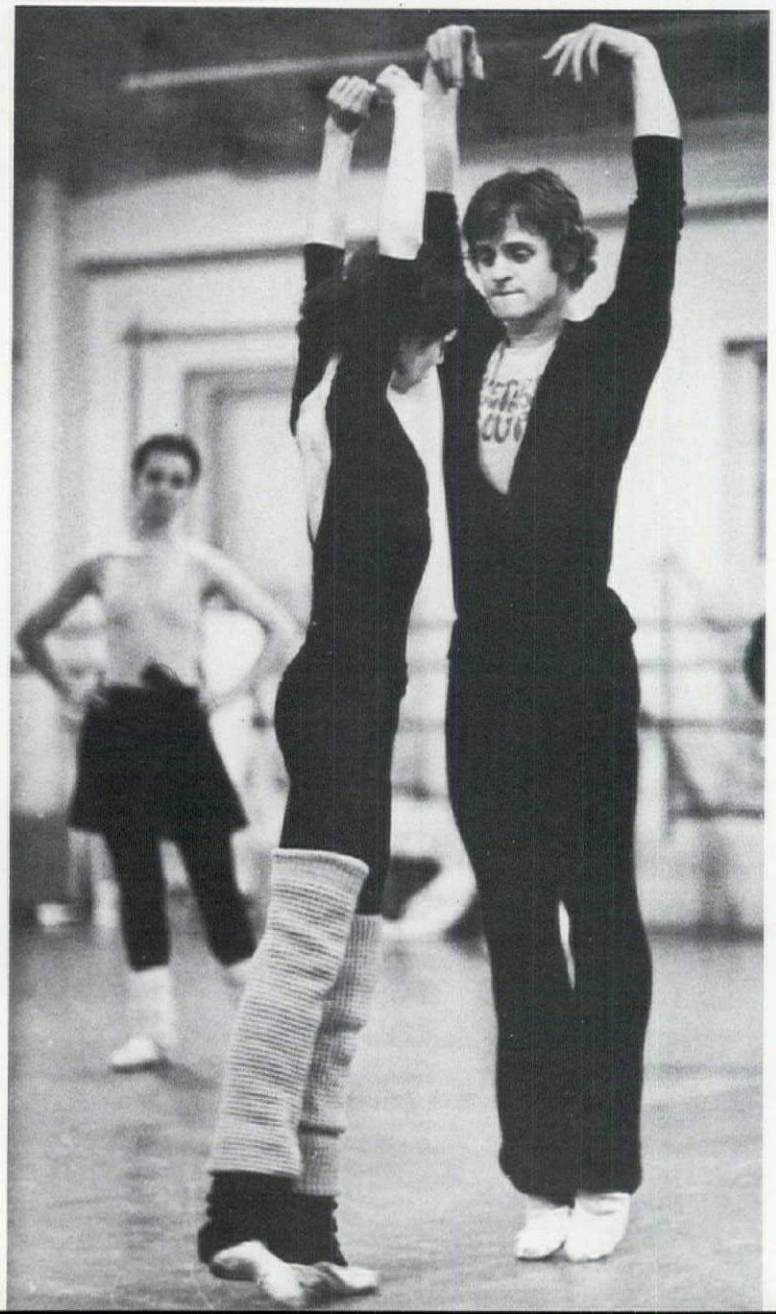
ALL: MARTHA SWOPE

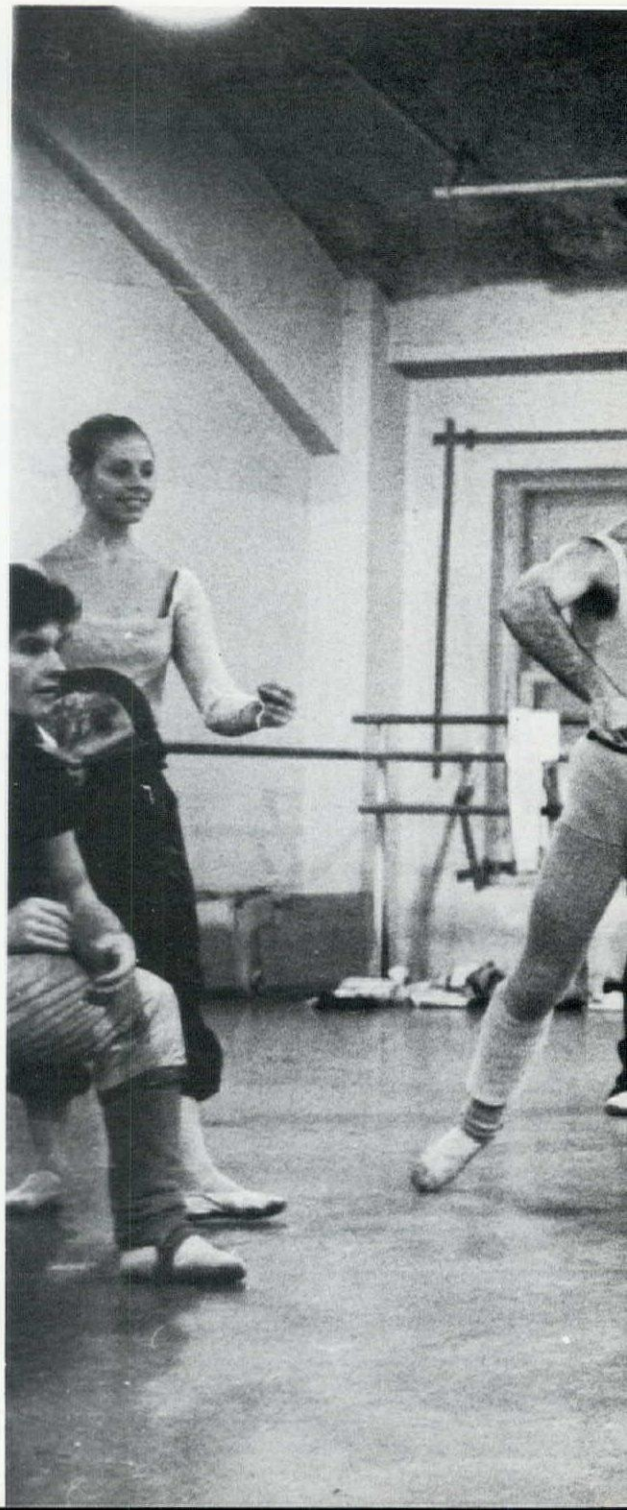
Whistling as he works, the choreographer leads a fast-moving line.



Baryshnikov confers with conductor Patrick Flynn.

Gelsey Kirkland learns Kitri's dance from her opening night partner.



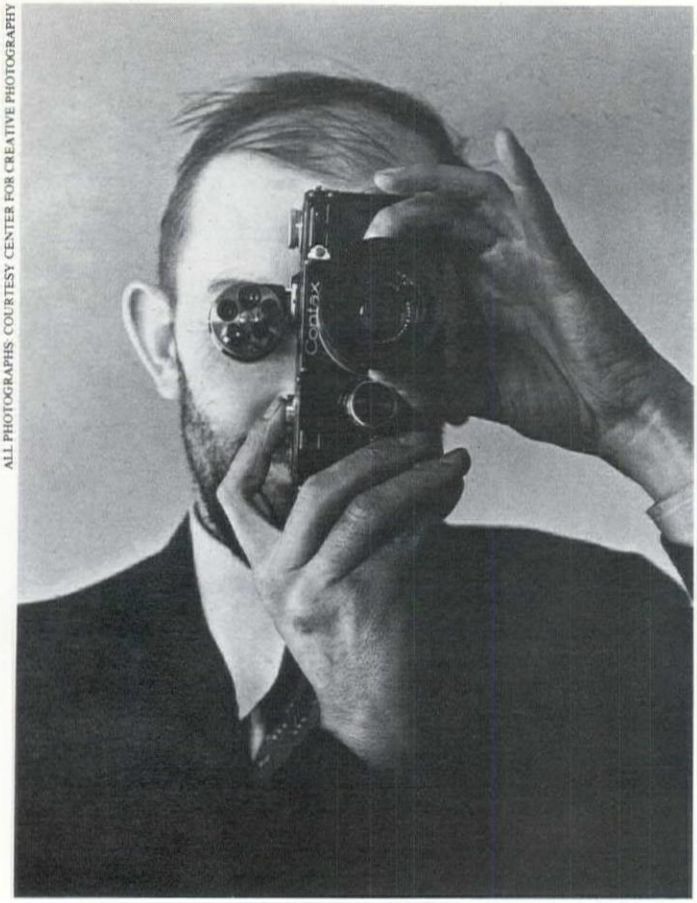


Three sets of principals are learning the leading roles of Don Quixote*: Baryshnikov and Gelsey Kirkland (below), Martine van Hamel and Clark Tippett, and Cynthia Gregory and Jonas Cage. The cast will include some 70 dancers in all, and the company will have rehearsed in most of the cities visited in the recent cross-country tour: Washington, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Minneapolis, and Chicago. Something like 300 hours of rehearsal will have been invested by the time the curtain goes up on the première performance in Washington on the 23d. The sets and costumes by Santo Loquasto will together cost about $200,000. If Baryshnikov's new interpretation is a success, all that time and money will be repaid as the ballet goes into the repertoire, where it will be enjoyed for years to come.*

The members of the corps de ballet set the rhythm as Kirkland and Baryshnikov swing into their pas de deux.



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY CENTER FOR CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY



From the center's collection: Ansel Adams, by Edward Weston

Center for Creative Photography

Love and scholarship combine to give the University of Arizona a unique museum



The museum in Tucson

Housed, perhaps appropriately, in what used to be a bank, the Center for Creative Photography in Tucson, Arizona, is the newest and probably the most unusual museum of fine-art photography in the country. Now only three years old, and part of the University of Arizona, the center has gathered tens of thousands of photographs by 400 20th-century photographers, a collection that puts it in a league with far older institutions, principally the Eastman House in Rochester, New York, and the photography department of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

What distinguishes the center from other museums of photography is its central archive of the master prints, biographical material, and memorabilia of seven of the greatest photographers of our time—Paul Strand, Ansel Adams, Wynn Bullock, Harry Callahan, Aaron Siskind, Frederick Sommer, and W. Eugene Smith—as well as the correspondence and some of the photographs of Edward Weston and Johan Hagemeyer. Supported by donors, among them several corporations, the center has purchased master prints from each photographer, who has, in turn, given other materials.

What makes the center attractive to its contributing photographers is the massive aesthetic—and financial—commitment behind it. Acquiring master prints for study is not inexpensive in an era when some command prices as high as $10,000 (the central archive alone is currently valued at more than $5 million). Says Aaron Siskind, who donated his archive in return for $100,000, "These people are not only giving us a kind of honor, they're also giving us the kind of income that enables you to work." Not being obliged to teach or to do architectural and portrait photography means that Siskind, at 74, has precious time for what matters most: "They have given me the freedom to go on working—which is really important."

Valuable as they may be, historically and commercially, most of the photographs may be seen merely by filling out a request form. Upon so doing, a visitor is ushered by Sherrie Denton, herself a photography student, to a washroom for a precautionary hand-scrubbing and is issued a pair of thin cotton gloves. Then Sherrie brings forth the sturdy black boxes containing the photographic prints—and maintains a discreet watch over how they are handled. Loose sheets of mounting board bearing the prints are to be lifted one by one, not flipped, and the separating leaves of Troya paper tissue carefully raised from each print lest even it somehow damage the surface.

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In this era of mass-produced images nothing really prepares us for the crystalline precision and rich artistry in those boxes. Among the prints in Ansel Adams's Portfolio VI is his stunning portrait of Edward Weston perched in the burl of a craggy Monterey eucalyp-

By JOHN NEARY

tus—some 280 square inches of loving clarity and detail that may be as close as we will ever be able to come to perceiving another person's vision. Another kind of vision entirely is offered by Diane Arbus's photographs: in one we behold a huge Christmas tree dripping tinsel icicles in the corner of a naked American living room, walls bare but for a garish sunburst clock, presents stacked beneath the boughs; in another a young right-wing protester stands before us, eyes slightly unfocussed, his "Bomb Hanoi" button proudly displayed.

Imogen Cunningham is represented by 9,200 prints in the collection. Looking through them we see an artist growing, her work changing, more than a half century of it telescoped for us as if in slow motion. Here is a softly pretty young woman in a 1910 self-portrait, in a lace doily of a collar, bravely embarking on a career not quite proper in those days. Here we can track her as she explored the world that opened up to her after a mail-order camera arrived in 1901, from the romantically soft-focus male nudes she made with her husband, Roi Partridge, on Mount Rainier in 1915 to the rich, inky blacks and crisp detail of her much later series of photographs of agave plants.

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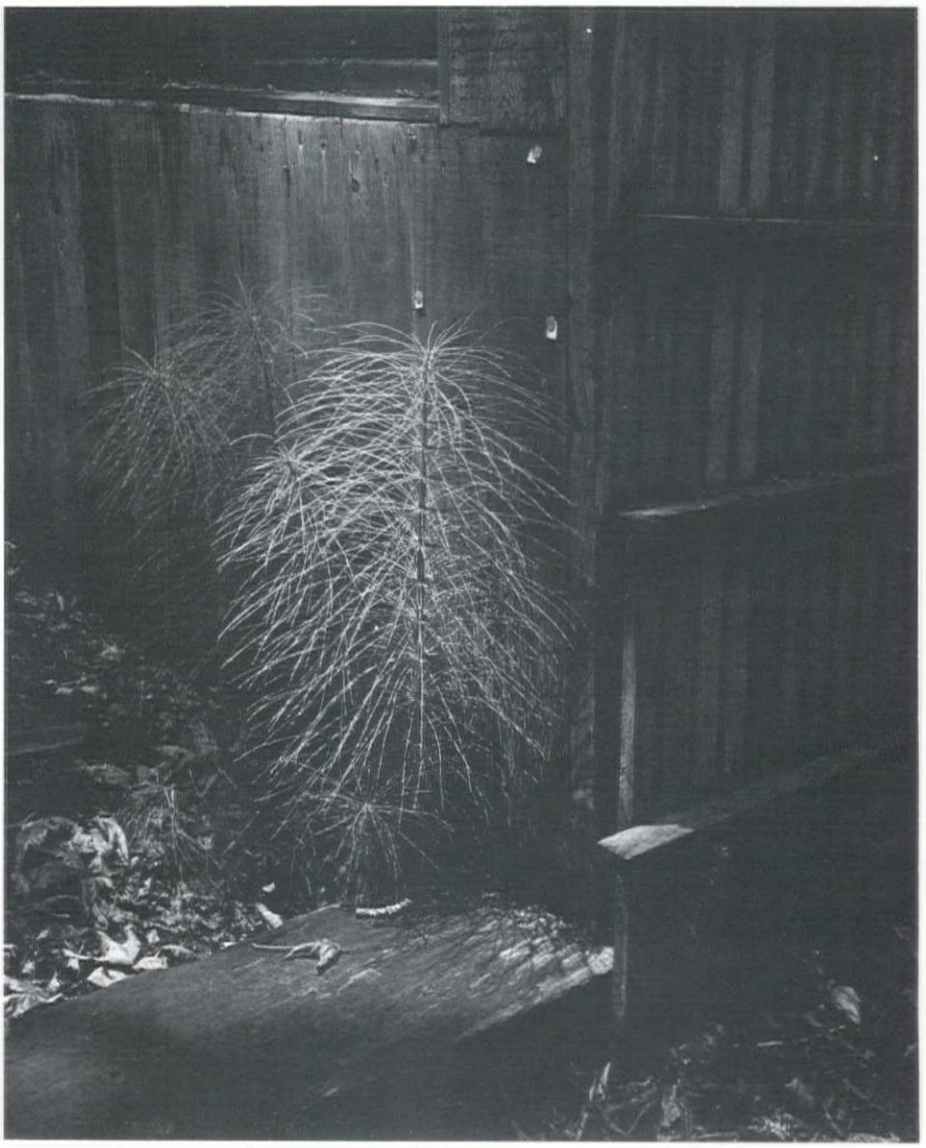
There is much more. When Gene Smith's recently acquired 5,000 square feet of boxes of personal archives (stacked three deep) are sorted out, we may literally replay his professional life by simply calling up his contact sheets. Smith, who, as much as any other photojournalist, invented the picture essay, has winnowed the nearly 200,000 exposures he has made so far down to 10,000 work prints, and they will soon be available for viewing. (It's not only the Smiths that await cataloguing. The collection as a whole has been amassed so quickly that complete cataloguing will take years.)

Another part of the collection is the photographers' papers. The correspondence between Edward Weston and Sonya Noskowiak, his companion, model, and assistant, takes up 15 feet of file drawers. There are 135 feet of correspondence between Ansel Adams and his friends, a veritable microcosmic archive of its own. Then there's Wynn Bullock's self-invented machine, an odd, tennis-racket-press-like gadget to dodge prints (lighten them, or parts of them, in the printing process).

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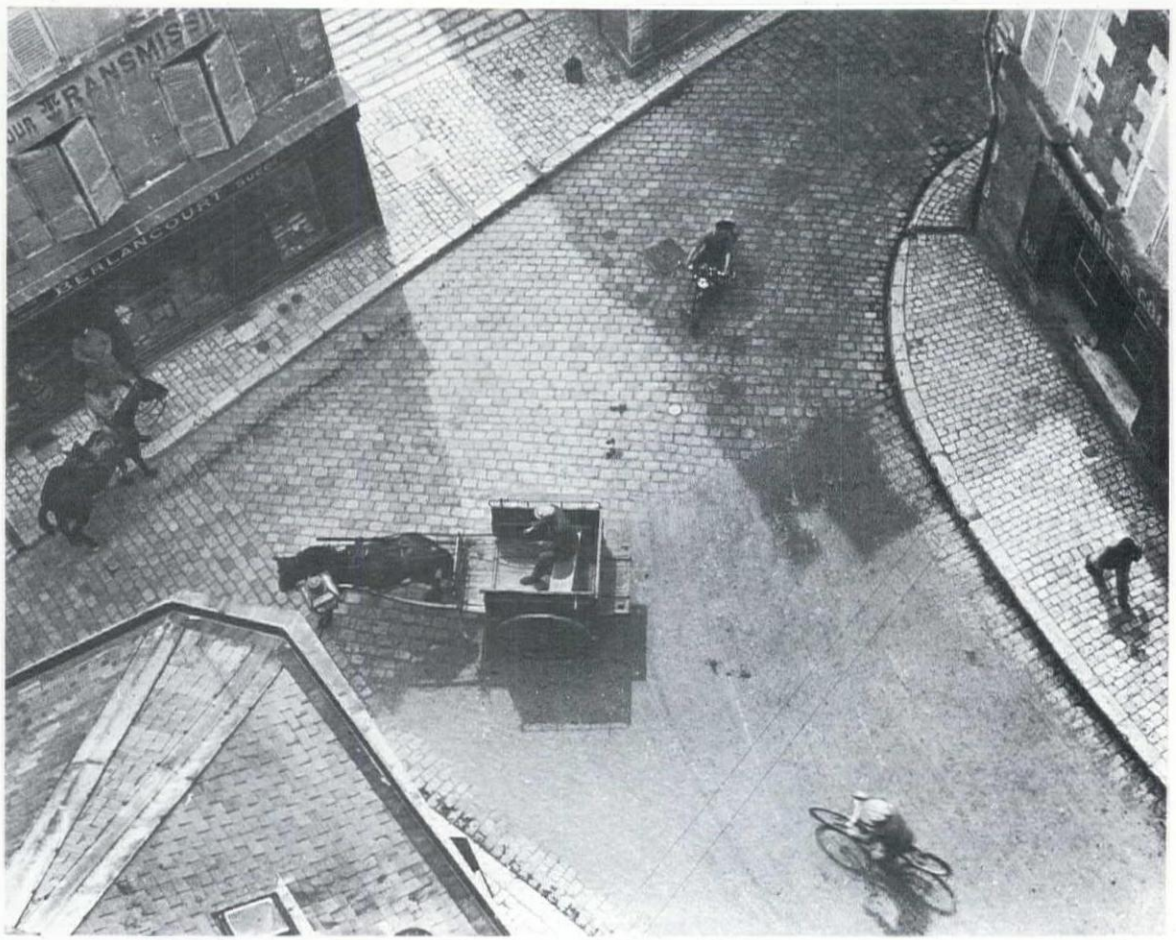
Interviews with famous photographers, 50 tape-recorded and 50 more video taped, are available to be played. In one Ansel Adams explains, among other things, his printing techniques. In another Harry Callahan describes his first darkroom, a dirt-floored garage. A CBS video tape shows Imogen Cunningham at 93, shooing away a dog as she photographed Judy Dater in the raw and earnestly telling Hughes Rudd that she had made her living "by being a hack, of course."

Clearly the concerns of the center are more than scholarly; the work being done there is a labor of love. University of Arizona president John P. Schaefer, who first broached the notion of an archival center to Ansel Adams in 1974, is himself a photographer who acknowledges that Adams was "one of my heroes long before I met him." Harold Jones, who was the center's first director and is now head of the university's photography program, is a well-known photographer and scholar who started the famous Light Gallery in New York City.



A horsetail plant inspired Wynn Bullock's 1957 study in natural textures.

The Camera Composes Our World



Carrefour, 1930, Blois *pairs two fascinations of Hungarian-born André Kertész, the patterns of French pavements and the sweetness of the rhythms of everyday life.*

Terry Pitts, acting director after Jones and now curator and librarian, recently oversaw personally the crating and shipping from New York to Tucson of Gene Smith's mountain of material. Jim Enyeart, the present director and like the others a collector himself, has recently published a well-received biography of Francis Bruguiere, a major photographic artist in the 1920s and 1930s.

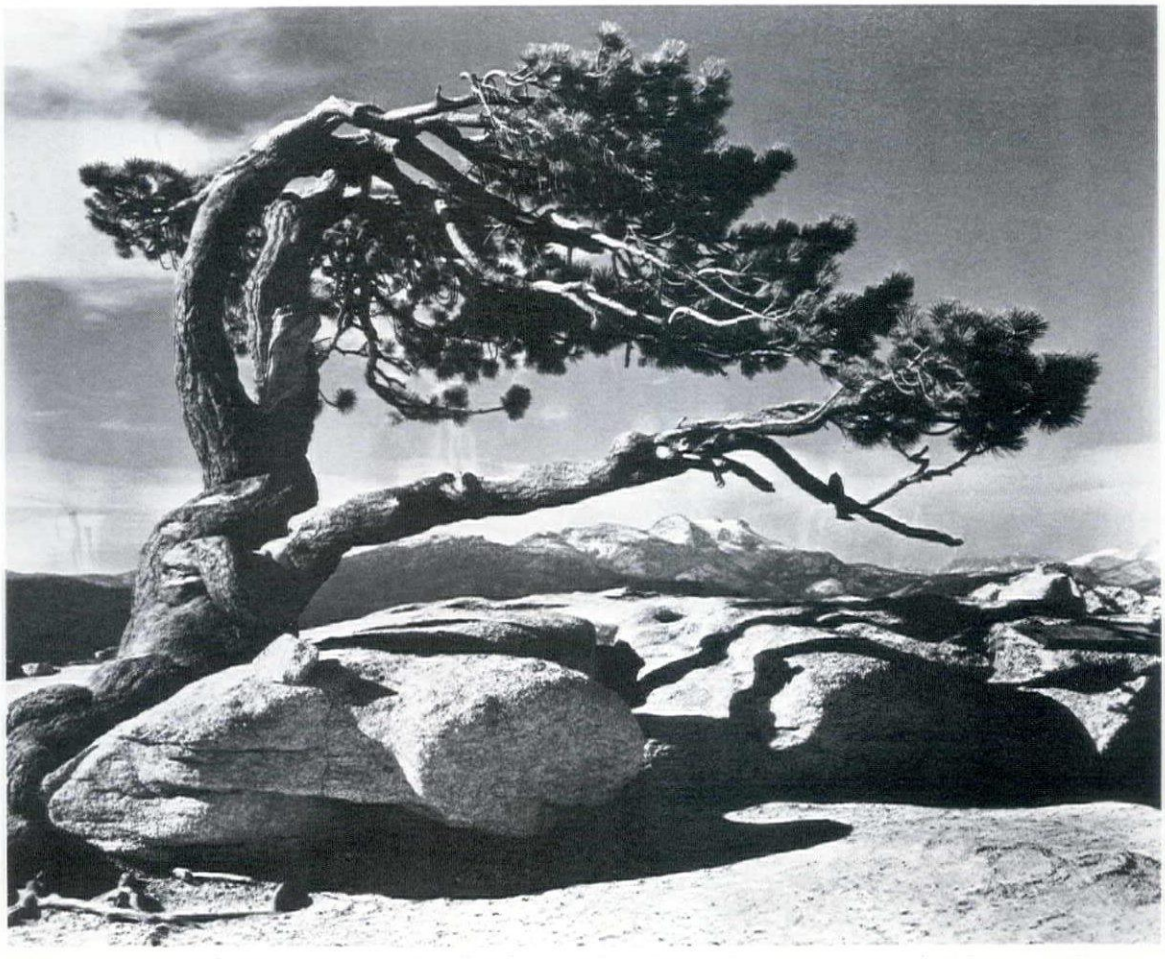
The center is far from completed. More exhibition space is in the works. Harold Jones talks about "a magical, elusive building I've been building in my head, which includes a residence, a studio, a darkroom, and a private entrance—a special place" to be used by artists needing a temporary haven to work. Someday it may be possible through computers and instant-copy cameras to send a superb replica of any photograph in the collection to anywhere on the globe. (Today three-by-five-inch Polaroid copies are available at a nominal charge.) The range of the center's treasures to date can be judged by the portfolio that follows.

Offers of additions to the collection come in to the center all the time, and Enyeart is confident of donors to purchase materials when that is necessary. There is every chance that the heirs of Ernest Bloch, the late Swiss-American composer and photographer, will give his entire archives to the center this spring. Other acquisitions will be announced later in the year. "This is a living, working archive," says Enyeart, and the confidence in his voice persuades you that in Tucson the best is yet to come.

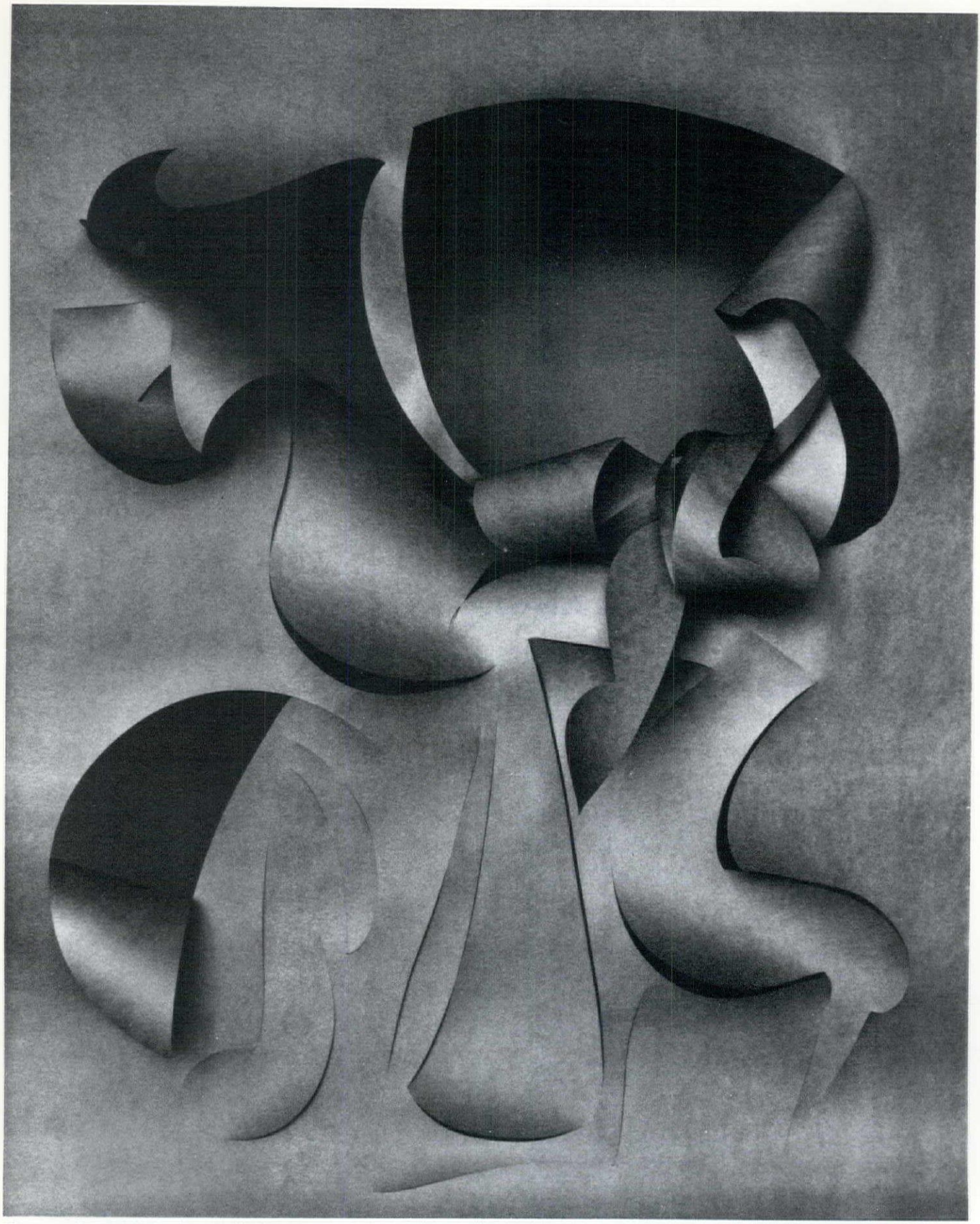
John Neary, a free-lance writer, lives in New Mexico.



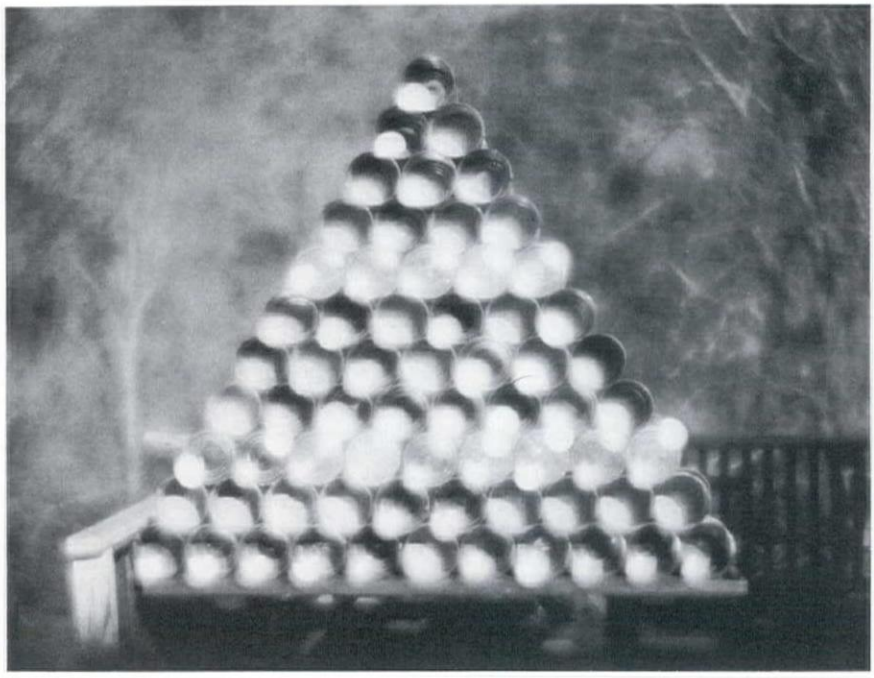
Edward Weston's 1934 photograph of dunes reveals his gift for perceiving natural forms as sculpture.



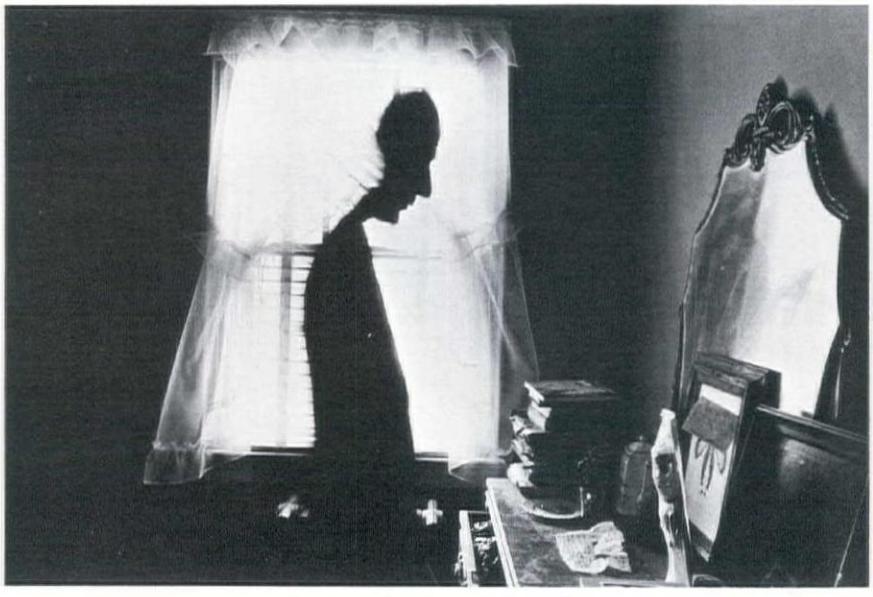
Jeffrey Pine, Sentinel Dome *shows Ansel Adams's careful craftsmanship in the service of wilderness majesty.*



Photographers sometimes create their compositions. Frederick Sommer cut curls to experiment with the effects of light on Cut Paper *(1970).*



Linda Connor piled cans into a pyramid, then used an eight-by-ten camera with a portrait lens for soft focus, turning the play of light on metal into a dream vision.



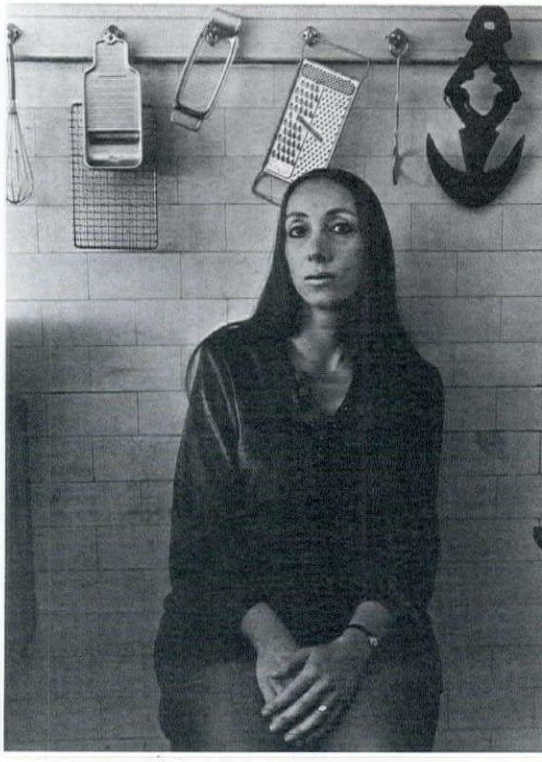
Duane Michals set up this photograph of Joseph Cornell in his bedroom to suggest the inner reality of the artist whose objet-*filled boxes enchant and mystify.*

EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY

People, Posed and Unposed



Austrian-born Lisette Model's picture of a sailor and a woman cuts through an ordinary moment to its underlying intensity.



Judy Dater posed Joyce Goldstein in Her Kitchen, 1969, *one of a series of San Francisco women.*



Virtuoso photojournalist Weegee (Arthur Fellig) had the knack for snapping the significant second. Alerted by his police radio, he hurried to disasters; this exuberant portrait of a fireman is a refreshing departure from his more typical subjects—criminals and corpses.

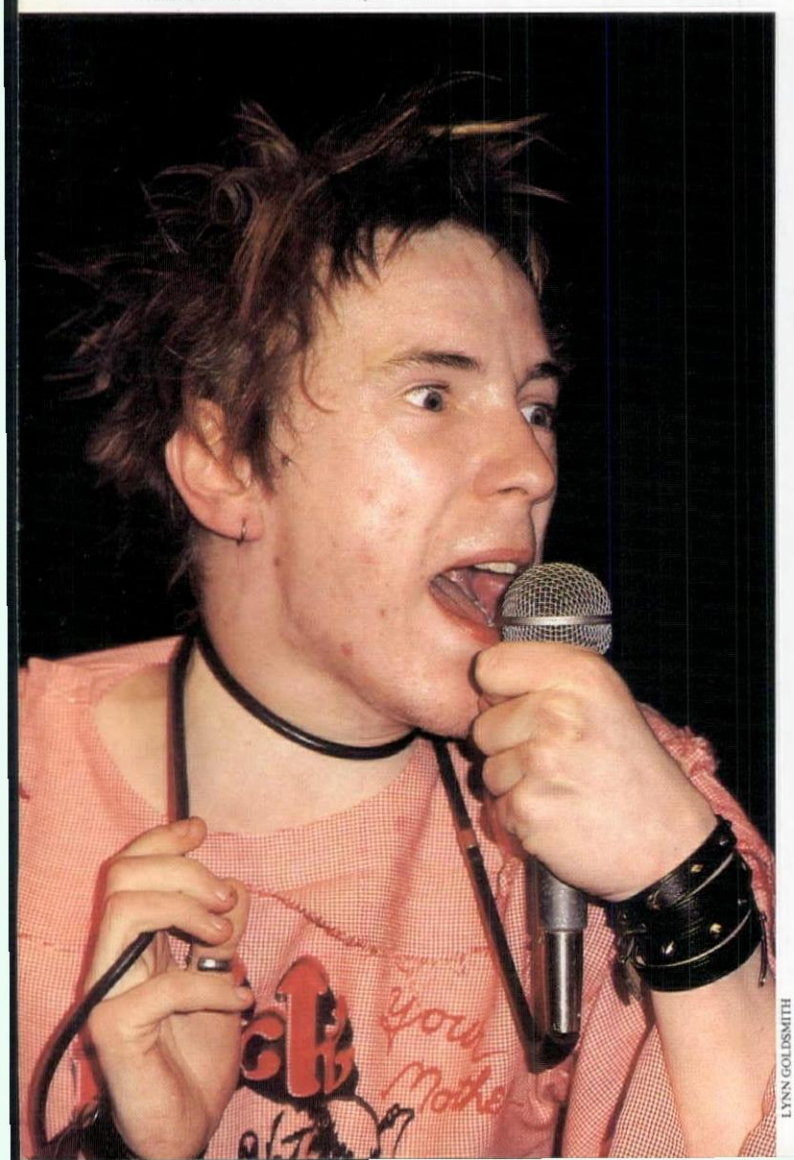
The New Wave in Rock

Its violence is theatrical, but its anger comes from Britain. And it's a new generation's reaction against the 1960s

Rock music went Hollywood around 1970 and has been offending its friends ever since. It is the saddest of success stories. Rock, the music of sassy underlings, at its best when most people dislike it, suddenly exchanged its scarves and buckskins for a leisure suit. Stars lost their lean and hungry look and became either Beautiful People or regular show-biz types. The music sacrificed its character as it strove for mass acceptance. Soul music dissolved into disco, and rock became half countrified. Teen-agers now flock to bland new idols made famous by television, which generates replacements for the figures it helps to render commonplace: as Mick Jagger checks his face for new wrinkles at some distant resort, America's children sigh over such hygienic zombies as Shaun Cassidy and Donny Osmond.

Something similar happened in 1958, after Elvis Presley entered the

The Sex Pistols' Johnny Rotten



LYNN GOLDSMITH

New Wave luminary Iggy Pop



army like a model son. Rock turned into pop, and the tough rockabilly singers who had become famous in Elvis's wake were replaced by wan crooners in alpaca sweaters. Six years later the Beatles revitalized the scene by presenting themselves to America in all their (what appeared to be) shaggy glory, thereby making rock seem worthy, once again, of parental loathing. As Presley had been accused of corrupting minors by wiggling at them, so the Beatles were accused of appealing to something uncontrollable in their young audience. But by 1970 the fuss was over, and rock had come to the end of its second dynamic phase. Once it no longer seemed the music of victims, it was no longer exciting.

Now that the rock scene is dominated by frankly commercial balladeers, such as Barry Manilow, and a number of wealthy hippies approaching middle age, it is necessary to look away from the limelight to discover the energy that rock demands. What is missing from the sounds of Peter Frampton, Elton John, Fleetwood Mac, and others is expressed afresh in the music known as the New Wave. This is a broader (and more respectable-sounding) category than "punk," which refers exclusively to that unpolished rock 'n' roll whose fans act tough and sometimes adorn themselves with safety pins and other household items. New Wave refers not to a single musical style but to a shared attitude toward musical arrangement: it is not slick or overproduced and is rarely performed on TV.

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The New Wave is, in part, a reaction against one strain of the 1960s youth culture and, in part, the fulfillment of another, very different strain. The New Wave is consciously and resolutely hostile to the hippies. Despite their penchant for complaint, the hippies were optimistic to the point of smugness, sure of their own virtue in a fallen land. In their songs they often suggested that they would be able to elude the cruel grasp of the straight people and establish their own gentle paradise. This hopefulness was primarily a feature of rock groups from the West Coast, such as the Jefferson Airplane, the Byrds, and Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young.

While the hippies were escapist, heavily sentimental, and romantic, those who referred to themselves as "freaks" (mostly hip residents of the big northern cities) were bitter, pessimistic, more interested in violence and in the grotesque. Like the comic books of R. Crumb and the comedy routines of the group Firesign Theatre, their music responded to the horrors of the decade with black humor that did not permit utopian fantasy. Among their leaders were the Mothers of Invention (whose album *Cruising with Ruben and the Jets*, a parody of 1950s rock 'n' roll, is a sort of proto–New Wave classic), Iggy Pop, and the Velvet Underground. It is out of this tradition that the New Wave evolved, if it can be said to have evolved from anything. Many New Wave musicians feel tremendous contempt for the mellow effusions of flower power: *hippie* is a term of opprobrium among punk rockers; and Iggy Pop, now a New Wave luminary, told Dinah Shore, who had asked him about his musical contribution, "Mainly, I helped wipe out the sixties."

The vague sense of commitment expressed in much of the rock music of the 1960s does not appeal to the fans and musicians of the New Wave. As the popularity of Richard Hell's *Blank Generation* and the Sex Pistols' *Pretty Vacant* among New Wave listeners suggests, to them a condition of personal emptiness and indifference seems more crucial. Although this pose of alienation may appear perverse or insincere, it reflects a genuine lack of direction among the young of the 1970s, who, unlike their predecessors, are uninterested in politics. In this, the looniest punk rocker and the soberest undergraduate are alike.

But while many English and American New Wave bands proclaim their alienation, this in itself does not inspire exciting rock music. The New Wave's best and most rousing rock 'n' roll comes from England, where many working-class youths, unemployable and acutely conscious of class discrimination, feel the outsider's anger, the emotional basis of good rock music. Their emergence as exemplars of rebellious rage marks a change in the political drama of rock 'n' roll.



LYNN GOLDSMITH

Patti Smith, the queen of art rock

Blacks always used to be the invisible heroes of rock. Throughout the 1950s and 1960s white rock singers, both English and American, diligently affected black accents, and white guitarists imitated black playing styles. But now American blacks are too interested in joining the middle class to satisfy the rockers' need for heroic victims. While the New Wave singer, with a shirt full of holes, screams about being vacant, discos are full of well-dressed blacks.

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Instead of bothering to imitate American blacks, New Wave rockers play the kind of heavy, pounding guitar made popular in the 1960s by such English groups as the Who, the Kinks, and the Yardbirds. Meanwhile, several American New Wave singers, including Deborah Harry of Blondie, Joey Ramone of the Ramones, and Stiv Bators of the Dead Boys, sing with English working-class accents, as if to

By MARK CRISPIN MILLER

CHUCK PULIN



STEPHANIE CHERNIKOWSKI

Patti Smith and her band play to an enthusiastic crowd at the CBGB Theater in Manhattan.

adopt the debased position of the English youths.

The New Wave musicians in America are fascinated by the fury of the English youths. Violence is one noteworthy (and well-publicized) characteristic of this music. Much of this violence is purely theatrical, especially in this country: the lead singer of a group called the Tubes pretends to beat a heckler (actually a plant in the audience) into insensibility as part of every show, and Stiv Bators, in imitation of Iggy Pop, frequently bloodies his own head against any available surface while performing. The English groups often engage in violence more spontaneously, for the atmosphere in many English clubs is very rough. Perhaps the English press has paid too much attention to, say, the alleged incidents involving the Sex Pistols. Rock 'n' roll is violent music, and it has always been hard to avoid outbursts when many young people get together to enjoy the sound. The occasional violence of the New Wave is more the consequence of a desire to shock than of genuine brutality. It is part of a show that must raise eyebrows if it is to succeed.

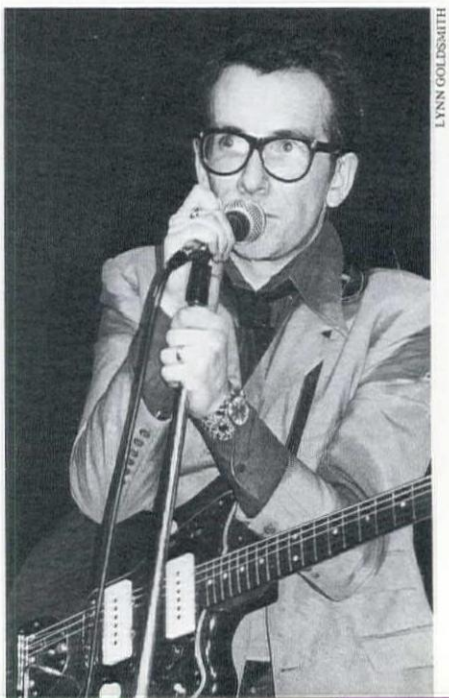
The Sex Pistols, who express doubts about staying together, want to be outrageous, and their deportment is often as amusing as their critics believe it to be dangerous. But the group's notoriety ought not to obscure their excellence as a rock 'n' roll band. The Sex Pistols' album, *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols* (Warner Brothers), is a collection of vituperative cuts that recall the simple, driving rock of the early Who. However, finding musical analogues for this album cannot possibly do justice to its originality, which is largely a matter of Johnny Rotten's singing. Rotten is a pallid, misshapen gnome whose acrid phrasing and high, hoarse voice are impossible to forget, which is not necessarily a good thing. Listening to *Never Mind the Bollocks*, you might be afraid to close your eyes, because Rotten sings as if he might materialize beside you and bite off one of your ears. This ability to sound convincingly vicious makes Rotten a very magnetic rock singer. He has probably influenced more American New Wave musicians than any other Englishman.

Several of the English groups deliberately avoid any kind of polish, preserving a measure of amateurishness as a protest against the costly professionalism that marks most rock albums and concerts. The Clash (*The Clash*, Epic) is more interested in



STEPHANIE CHERNIKOWSKI

Blank Generation*'s writer, Richard Hell*



LYNN GOLDSMITH

decrying the hopelessness of youth in the English welfare state than in embellishing the complaints with nice touches. Each song is sung in a gruff mumble over a tight, intriguing arrangement. For all the album's crudeness, it is arresting.

In many ways the best of all the New Wave musicians is another English performer, Elvis Costello, whose *My Aim Is True* (Columbia) incorporates a good many sounds of the 1960s into something entirely new and very powerful. Costello writes with amazing versatility and manages to allude to a great variety of other musicians (the Band, the Beatles, Bruce Springsteen) without ever losing his own sound. Aside from the fact that his hair looks as if it were cut with a nail clipper, Costello has nothing at all in common with the rough groups of the punky stamp. If there is any musician at all like him, it is the American Willy DeVille, whose group, Mink DeVille (*Mink DeVille*, Capitol), recalls a number of early 1960s styles yet remains distinctive. Like Costello, DeVille occasionally sings like Bruce Springsteen, but, also like Costello, he is a much better singer.

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Many New Wave groups play as if the 1960s stopped in 1964 and skipped immediately to 1976. Attracted to the apolitical and old-fashioned 1950s, they affect many of the marks of the punky virility that was popular then. DeVille wears pointy boots and a pompadour that dwarfs his head. The group Blondie (*Blondie*, *Plastic Letters*, Chrysalis) plays in the 1950s idiom fairly pleasantly, subverting a rather dopey roller-rink sound with disarming lyrics about various sexual matters. Robert Gordon, once lead singer with the punk band Tuff Darts, has left the New Wave for the Old Wave, recording two albums (*Robert Gordon with Link Wray* and *Fresh Fish Special*, Private Stock Records) of rockabilly songs and 1950s hits, which he sings well. Whether the New Wave musicians deride or honor the 1950s, it is that decade, more than the 1960s, to which they look for definition.



LYNN GOLDSMITH

Blondie*'s Deborah Harry*

The label New Wave also includes musicians who play what was until very recently called art rock, which usually means pretentious. The best of these groups is certainly Talking Heads (*Talking Heads: 77*, Sire Records), whose songs are only a little pretentious. The most difficult thing about Talking Heads is David Byrne's strange singing voice. As the album's melodic sophistication and inventive arrangements become clearer, however, Byrne's voice becomes downright charming. The same cannot be said for Tom Verlaine, lead singer of Television, whose monotonous high quaver does not improve his songs, which, like his adopted name, are pretentious. This is not surprising, as Verlaine used to play with Patti Smith, the grand old lady of the art rock scene. Patti Smith has recorded two albums with Arista (*Horses* and *Radio Ethiopia*) and has published a book of what is supposed to be poetry. The albums and the book are silly. Although she has what is basically a good voice, she insists on singing in a way that makes her sound like something that ought to have a bucket of cold water dumped on it.

Other New Wave groups are harder to classify. With the aid of David Bowie, Iggy Pop, who helped lay the groundwork for this whole movement, has made a couple of albums (*The Idiot* and *Lust for Life*, RCA) that are very interesting, although some of the songs are long and lugubrious; Bowie and Iggy seem to have been after a hypnotic effect. The Ramones, with the biggest following of all the New Wave acts in America, consider themselves to have originally been art rockers and have worked out an image and a style that is closer to a deadpan comic routine than to rock 'n' roll. The Ramones play a tight, fast, and unvaried set of songs that parody the most trivial bubblegum rock of the early 1960s and before and that usually deal with cretinism, lobotomy, or suicide. The Ramones toured England in 1976 and supposedly inspired the whole punk movement over there. If so, they did more good by visiting England than by recording.

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The New Wave is not yet of major commercial significance. The owners of record companies are readying themselves for the big break: soon this music is going to take off, they reason, and when it does, rock will be transformed. This supposition is based on the notion that most people like rock 'n' roll, which is not necessarily true. Most people like music that is far easier to listen to, or to tune out. It is possible that New Wave music will lose its power very shortly, that most of these musicians will either give up or sell out. Rock music seems to lose its energy periodically. This fact is lamented by rock critics, but it is no more to be lamented than is the passing of spring. Musicians age, tire out, need money; audiences settle down, become bored. What is exciting about the New Wave is the enthusiasm it has incited over the simplest kind of rock music, at a time when record companies encourage studio gimmickry. Like films, albums use up too much money in the execution. The New Wave has given new life to rock 'n' roll, and that, for the time being, is enough. □

Mark Crispin Miller, who played lead guitar in a 1960s rock group called the Flaming Pies, now teaches English at the University of Pennsylvania.

England's Elvis Costello

FUTURE SUBJUNCTIVE

Thea's Mary

Even Americans unschooled in the messy clashes over the English and Scottish crowns in the Elizabethan Age will have no trouble understanding Thea Musgrave's new opera, *Mary, Queen of Scots*, which has its U.S. première March 29 in Norfolk with the Virginia Opera Association. "Mary's dilemma," explains the composer, "is that she can't trust the people around her—people who at every turn offer love and allegiance to her. Such a tragedy will be manifest, I think, to everyone."

A Scot by birth, Musgrave knew enough of Mary Stuart's tangled plots and also her lonely exile to balance accuracy with drama. "I wasn't writing a history lesson," she says, though her characterizations of Bothwell, Lord Darnley, and Mary's half brother James are well documented. The British press praised the composer/librettist's skill and imagination when *Mary* first played in Edinburgh last September. "A gripping theatrical experience," wrote one critic—high praise for a modern opera.

Musgrave, who is in her late forties, spends much of her time in Santa Barbara, California, where she and her musician husband, Peter Mark, teach at the University of California. Her previous compositions—all strongly dramatic—include several instrumental pieces (*Space Play*, *Night Music*, concertos for horn and clarinet, and ballet music for *Beauty and the Beast*) as well as three operas (her *Voice of Ariadne* was given its American première at the New York City Opera last fall). *Mary*, Musgrave's fourth opera score, is her first libretto, and despite certain unavoidable grandiosities of opera diction, it has the sound of poetry. Because the music complements the words so well, no textbooks are needed to convey the dubious loyalty of Mary's men. An eerie suspension of violins and flutes reveals James's readiness to conspire even as he sings, "Only I shall stand beside the queen."

Some of Musgrave's fans have hailed *Mary* as a feminist tract, but the veteran composer shakes her head at such an interpretation. "Not until I came to America did people start calling me a woman composer," she objects spunkily. "I choose a subject because I like the story, not because I want to make a political statement. Likewise, opera should be judged according to art, not sex."

HENRY GROSSMAN



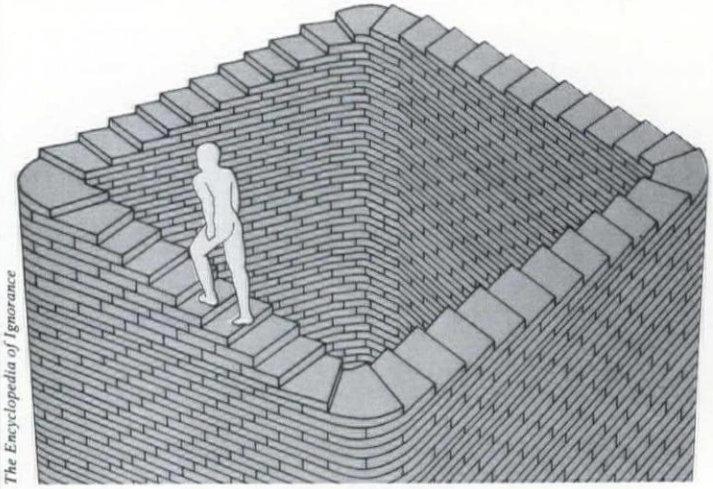
Thea Musgrave, whose new opera Mary, Queen of Scots *will have its U.S. première this month*

Everything You Still Want to Know

It seems the more we learn, the more we know we don't know. As Ronald Duncan and Miranda Weston-Smith, the editors of the recently published *Encyclopedia of Ignorance*, put it in their preface, "Compared to the pond of knowledge, our ignorance remains atlantic."

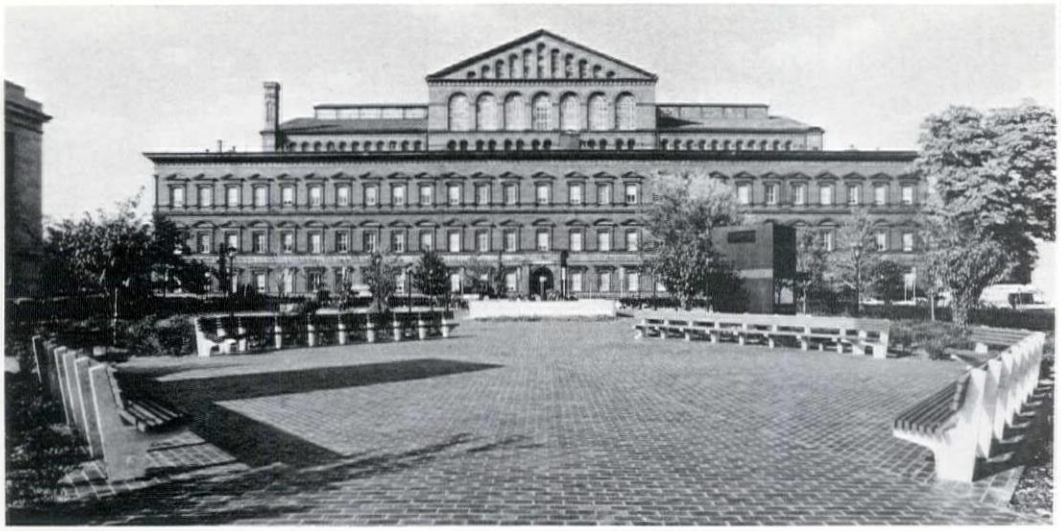
Still, the editors have managed to confine this vast ocean in one hard-cover volume (the soft-cover edition is two volumes) and have gathered essays by 50 leading scientists, who focus on what is yet unknown about their specialties in the life, earth, and physical sciences. A distinguished bunch of ignoramuses, they include four Nobel Prize winners, and their accumulated awards and medals would crowd a trophy room. "The more eminent they were, the more ready to run to us with their ignorance," wrote the editors.

Otto Frisch's essay, *Why*, poses the quintessential question; other articles reveal more specific mysteries. A. E. Mourant wonders *Why Are There Blood Groups?*; P. D. Wall asks *Why Do We Not Understand Pain?*; W. H. McCrea speculates about the *Origin of Earth*,



The Encyclopedia of Ignorance

The Encyclopedia of Ignorance*: a detail from the cover*



ROBERT C. LAUTMAN

Washington, D.C.'s old Pension Building, fitting site for a proposed museum devoted to architecture

Moon, and Planets, and I. W. Roxburgh ponders *Is Space Curved?* Although the quest for knowledge will undoubtedly render much of the *Encyclopedia of Ignorance* obsolete, Sir Hermann Bondi reminds us in his essay, *The Lure of Completeness*, that despite the wish to understand things totally, the "most successful theories in physics are those that explicitly leave room for the unknown."

Art Follows Life

When photographer Lynn Pelham, on assignment for this magazine, set out to record how Duane Hanson creates his unnervingly lifelike sculpture (HORIZON, September), he hardly thought it would end with his own transformation into one of the sculptor's eerie, vivid figures. A few months after the shooting, however, he found himself slathered with mineral oil and encased in rubber and plaster; the resulting molds were cast into solid chunks of polyvinyl acetate, assembled, painted, clothed, and shipped to the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. There, *Photographer*—as Hanson calls his rendering of Pelham—is in the company of such other Hanson prototypes of the ordinary and the extreme as *Dishwasher*, *Tourists*, *Drug Addict*, and *Cement Worker*.

The Whitney exhibition, which opened on February 9 and will run through April 16, culminates a nationwide tour of more than 25 Hanson pieces, the most complete group of his sculpture yet shown. Since October 1976 the traveling show has intrigued thousands of museumgoers in Wichita; Des Moines; Berkeley, California; Portland, Oregon; Kansas City, Missouri; Colorado Springs; Richmond, Virginia; and Washington, D.C. *Photographer* is one of two new works (the other is *Woman Reading, Seated*) that Hanson finished for New York.

The camera-bedecked figure was an obvious and natural undertaking for Hanson: the photographer, like *Hard Hat* or even *Bowery Derelicts*, is a recognizable type, defined as much by paraphernalia as by gesture. And *Photographer* looks perfectly at home in an exhibition that attracts a considerable number of shutterbugs.

Pelham is delighted with his double, and he doesn't think it carries any message. Hanson is inclined to agree: "I'm into just taking people as they are, with no commentary."

The Building Building

Although the various federally funded museums that abound in Washington house collections of virtually every American artifact from Indian shards to Titan rockets, the capital has never had a museum devoted entirely to the riches of the country's architecture. But that may be about to change. Congress will soon consider a bill that, if passed, would provide seed money for such a museum.

Under the terms of what is officially known as the National Building Arts Foundation Act, Washington's old red brick Pension Building, which has been the scene of nine inaugural balls since Grover Cleveland's day and is now used by the city's municipal courts, would be converted into a library, archives, and gallery space for exhibitions on architecture, building techniques, and environmental design. The new museum will correct what Wolf Von Eckardt, architecture critic for the Washington *Post* and program director of the museum project, sees as a deficit in our national education. "In school we teach our children how starlings build their nests," he says, "but not how people build their houses."

The choice of the 1887-vintage Pension Building seems particularly appropriate for a building-arts center in these fuel-conscious times. The clerestory windows of the building's soaring central court and the lanterns in the roof allow a complete change of air every two minutes, and movable glass panels take full advantage of heat from the sun—features that are now being rediscovered by architects and builders as efficient ways to conserve energy.



TAD CYPEN

Photographer *flanked by sculptor Duane Hanson and photographer-turned-model Lynn Pelham*



HENRY GROSSMAN

Followed by her accompanist, violinist Stephanie Chase strides toward her debut in Alice Tully Hall. Opposite: Promotional leaflet.

Music's Make-or-Break Rite

A young violinist undergoes the ordeal of her New York debut

It is 1:55 P.M. on a rain-swept January afternoon at Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center, and the accompanist is late. Backstage, Stephanie Chase, who is scheduled to make her New York recital debut in exactly five minutes, tries to concentrate on the difficult violin program she has selected and forget her nervousness. Like every other artist who has endured the ritual of a New York debut, Stephanie has had a lifetime to prepare for this moment. And, suddenly, it may not be long enough.

Only 20 years old, Stephanie has been appearing before the public for 18 years. Born of musical parents, she first reached for a violin and began to scratch out a tune before she was 2 years old. She earned her first paycheck when she was 5, playing short compositions by her father while standing on a table in front of a luncheon meeting at a women's club near her home in Deerfield, Illinois. She was a three-time winner on Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour on television and won her first performance prize when she was 8, playing with the Chicago Symphony. An authentic child prodigy with absolute pitch—if a door squeaks, Stephanie can identify the note it makes—she was signed by the giant Columbia Artists Management, Inc., when she was 13 and was soon sent out on an extensive concert tour.

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An enchanting slip of a girl playing in Mary Janes with her hair down to the middle of her back, Stephanie performed all over the country, in major cities and tank towns, in every kind of

By PETER ANDREWS



PHOTOGRAPH: DIANA CHASE

situation. (For a concert in Lexington, Kentucky, she was met at her hotel by the local mortician's chauffeur and driven to the recital in a hearse.) She has in her scrapbooks a flock of excellent reviews from major critics attesting to the precocious brilliance of her technical mastery of the violin.

But now all of that counts for very little. Whatever else their failings may be, even the harshest critics do not, as a general rule, put the slug on a kid. This afternoon Stephanie Chase is presenting herself before the music world as a mature artist ready to be judged by the sternest standards of the day.

Just as the backstage warning bell sounds, Stephanie's accompanist, Judith Olson, arrives. An accomplished concert pianist in her own right, Judith, who has just come off a bout with pneumonia, was held up in traffic. Judith and Stephanie, who are old friends and have played scores of concerts before, have only a few minutes together before the performance. At 2:15 they walk onstage to warm but somewhat tentative applause. Stephanie, in a multitiered evening dress of mint green organza, bows to the audience, tunes up for a moment, and then sets to work, drawing out the opening measures of the Brahms Sonata in A Major.

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The New York debut is the charnel house of the performing arts in America. Every year the bones of hundreds of deserving performers are left there to molder. The ritual of the New York recital has often been condemned as artificial, wasteful, recklessly expensive, and, most serious of all, artistically meaningless. However talented a performer may or may not be, that talent will not be altered one jot for having been demonstrated in New York City. And yet this rite of passage is perhaps the most democratic experience in the elitist world of serious music. Everyone must go through it: prodigies and prize winners, famous European performers and unknown kids from the Middle West. In the way a prize fighter seeking a shot at the title has to answer the question, "Who have you fought?" a performer trying to get major engagements must, sooner or later, be able to answer affirmatively the question, "Have you had your New York debut?"

In spite of the vast cultural explosion going on throughout America, New



At 16 months: filching mother's Guarnieri

York is still where most major musical careers are forged. Drawing from the cultural reservoirs of Philadelphia and Boston, New York stands at the center, with the largest concentration of musicians and music teachers in the world. The principal artist's representatives in the country keep their main offices in New York. It is the agents who get the bookings, and the bookings make the career. And, of course, there are the New York critics. There is considerable question whether the level of criticism is higher in Manhattan than it is anywhere else, but there is no doubt that the New York reviewers are the most powerful and cast the longest shadow. There have been a handful of performers who were virtually critic-proof in their debuts. The initial New York appearances of Vladimir Horowitz, Arthur Rubinstein, and Jascha Heifetz served primarily to put the seal of greatness upon performers who were already acknowledged masters of their art. But for most the New York debut is pivotal. It can send a career into orbit, hold it in limbo, or crush it.

Last September a generally unknown Rumanian soprano named Mariana Niculescu made her operatic debut as Violetta in *La Traviata* at the New York City Opera. There was no reason to believe that her performance would be widely covered. But as it turned out, several critics were in the audience, and Niculescu garnered a sheaf of glowing notices, followed by an extended feature story in the *New York Times*. Shortly thereafter she had a starring soprano contract with the Metropolitan Opera, and a huge international career was before her. It can happen that quickly.

In many ways opera singers are the lucky ones. They usually make their debuts in a big production, backed up by a full orchestra and chorus. As a rule the instrumentalist, however, must undergo the ordeal of a New York debut with no more than a single accompanying instrument for support. It is usually only after a successful New York recital debut that instrumentalists can even audition for the principal conductors who have the power to make major concert careers.

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Very bad debut reviews can cripple a performer. The same week Stephanie Chase made her debut, Sally O'Reilly, a well-regarded ensemble performer, had her solo debut at Carnegie Recital Hall. In reviewing her work the *New York Times* said O'Reilly was "a conscientious and capable instrumentalist and musician whose best work is probably not done in the glare of the solo spotlight." The letdown was as gentle as possible under the circumstances, but it was the kind of review that will make a solo career difficult.

Perhaps most dispiriting of all is the possibility that a debut will get no reviews. A performer puts in years of study and practice and forks out up to $6,000 to rent a hall and stage a recital, and for all practical purposes not a sound is heard.



On third birthday: The prodigy performs.

"Child prodigism," said Heifetz, who was an international star at the age of 12, "is a disease which is generally fatal." The music world is filled with children who were pushed beyond their musical depths, only to be burned out at an early age. But the fact is that true prodigiousness is such a rare commodity that no one is really sure which is the best way to develop it. What is soul-destroying pressure to one child is the spur to greatness for another.

Stephanie's mother, Fannie Chase, a violinist and teacher in Illinois, was aware of the pitfalls and tried to steer a reasonable course. "I first played the violin when I was four," she says, "and my father, a violinist who was trained in Europe, told me later he had let me wait two years too long before starting me. So when Stephanie started, I let her go ahead. But I tried not to let the rest of the family make too big a deal about it. I wanted to be sure Stephanie had time to play with her sisters and grow up normally."

The problem is that musically gifted children are not "normal," and the pressures to develop as early as possible are immense. If a child is not comfortable with the works of the masters in the classical repertoire by the age of 13 or so, the chance for a major career may already have been lost. Mrs. Chase had the young Stephanie's IQ tested. When the girl registered in the "near genius" level, her mother took her out of school and had her privately tutored so she could pursue her musical studies.

"By the time Stephanie was ten, she was the bee's knees in the Chicago area," Mrs. Chase recalls, "but I wanted her to have the advantages of the musical education available in New York, so we moved east and she enrolled in the Professional Children's School, and studied with Sally Thomas of Juilliard."

Stephanie developed quickly. Tony Russo, her personal manager at Columbia, remembers her at 13 as an instant hit on the concert circuit. "We

Practicing the Brahms Concerto at home

had her play in one of our half-hour shows for booking agents throughout the country, and everyone was bowled over by her. She was signed up for close to sixty concerts in the first year."

The life of a professional musician at any age is a series of tests that must be passed. There is a considerable difference between a delightful little girl who can industriously saw away on a violin and capture an audience with her smile, and a performer who can survive the rough and tumble of professional music-making and win an audience on the strength of her musicianship. Stephanie had passed that test when she was 11 in an obscure concert in Minot, North Dakota.

"It is a good orchestra now," Mrs. Chase recalls, "but it wasn't so hot then. Half of them were out with colds, and they had filled in with a dozen amateur musicians from God knows where. It was a terrible concert. The music went all over the place. But Stephanie never got flustered. She changed tempi as she went along and stayed with them all the way. It was a really professional performance. I grabbed her coach, Sally, by the arm and told her, 'Oh my God, she's got it!' "

But what is enchanting in a child becomes commonplace in a 17-year-old. Stephanie's concert schedule dropped to about 20 concerts a year. Her technical command of the violin was never at issue, but she felt the need to broaden her musical horizons. Stephanie went to Europe to take master classes with the premier Belgian violinist, Arthur Grumiaux. One year ago, while still studying with Grumiaux, she began to plan for her New York recital.

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The selection of material to be played at Stephanie's debut is crucial to its success. No matter how well she executes them, she cannot play just the works of composers she is comfortable with. The audience expects to hear a broad range of musical styles. Following the sonorous Brahms piece Stephanie has scheduled the Beethoven *Kreutzer* Sonata, one of the masterworks of the violin repertoire, to end the first half of the recital. For the other half she has worked up a series of dazzling showpieces: the galloping Sonata in F Major by the modern Russian composer Alexander Tcherepnin; the tone poem *Sea-shell* by Carl Engel; *Introduction and Tarantelle* by Pablo de Sarasate; and *La Campanella* by Niccolò Paganini. Scheduling the last two pieces on top of each other constitutes dangerous programming. Both are technical tours de force. Placed at the end of the program, when the arm gets weary, they offer even the most experienced player plenty of opportunities to make mistakes.

But as Stephanie goes through the program she seems to gather strength and assurance. Debut audiences are traditionally kind. A good portion of the house is usually made up of friends or people in on the cuff. But the waves of applause for Stephanie's performance are the real stuff, a response from a knowledgeable audience that likes what it has heard. There are heaps of flowers, three encores, a final bow, and the recital is over. Sally Thomas shakes her fist in triumph. "She really did it, didn't she?" A young woman leaves the audience shaking her head. "Whew," she exclaims. "It's playing like that that made me give up the violin."

Now there's nothing to do but wait for the reviews—if there are any. Horowitz is giving one of his rare New York performances across town this afternoon, and that will gobble up precious space in tomorrow's papers. Besides, there are so many debuts to be covered. In a given week there can be as



HENRY GROSSMAN



Arthur Rubinstein



Van Cliburn

"Those hands!—dozens of them—those fingers!—scores, hundreds, seemingly—galloping up and down the keyboard of the concert grand—dashing . . . rushing, bounding, swirling,—tirelessly, wondrously . . ." So said *Musical America* of 18-year-old Arthur Rubinstein's New York debut in 1906, gushingly endowing Poland's "divine talent" with the U.S. seal of approval.

The history of New York debuts is dotted with similar triumphs. In 1958, fresh from his victory in Moscow, Van Cliburn dutifully came to Carnegie Hall to play for the New York critics. They loved him, which was fortunate, since the city had already planned to honor the spindly Texan with a ticker-tape parade the next day.

Yet, even for the famous, debuts are not always as painless. Steven de Groote's victory at the Van Cliburn piano competition in Fort Worth, Texas, last year did little for him later in Manhattan. The *New York Times* critique was cautious but cool. The 24-year-old South African was, it said, "no fumble fingers" but also no "headline grabber."

On the other hand, at the age of 45 Russian pianist Lazar Berman was already a legendary headliner when he arrived for his 1976 New York debut. Known for his bearlike touch, Berman expected to play on a sturdy Steinway he had selected for the occasion. But heavy snows prevented its delivery to the hall, and the pianist executed his program on the dilapidated house instrument, to enthusiastic reviews that were sympathetic to his plight.

Not that instant success is so enviable.



Ruth Slenczynska

SYLVIA PLACHY



Steven de Groote



Vladimir Horowitz

Ruth Slenczynska, called the "chubby cherub," ignited her pianistic career when she was eight years old with a rave New York appearance in 1933. But the San Francisco prodigy eventually turned away from the limelight switched on by her domineering father and stopped concertizing altogether for 12 years.

The debut with the best punch line is Vladimir Horowitz's. In 1928 the 23-year-old virtuoso from Kiev shared honors with the noted British conductor Sir Thomas Beecham. Not to be outdone, Horowitz gave such a determined reading of the Tchaikovsky Concerto in B-Flat Minor that he very clearly reached the end of the composition several seconds ahead of Sir Thomas and the orchestra. Says Horowitz today, "I figured we'd meet afterwards in a restaurant."

many as a dozen. In the week Stephanie makes her debut there are three others by women violinists alone. The *Times* is aware of how important debut reviews are to the performer and tries to cover them all. The paper even makes a special exception to its policy against running old news and allows debut write-ups to run as much as a week late. It is decent of the *Times* to do this, but it can stretch out the agony of an opening performance for a long time.

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"Overall, I played well," Stephanie says. "Oh, I'll wake up in the middle of the night and kick myself for not doing better in some parts. It certainly isn't the kind of playing I expect to be doing a year from now. But, in general, I think the recital was pretty good."

If the life of a prodigy is difficult, it doesn't show on Stephanie. Bright, with a sunny disposition and a quick wit, she is a woman-child who thinks about her responsibilities as an adult performer while still enjoying the pleasures of being a girl. Only recently, and with some reluctance, has she turned in the teen-ager's uniform of blue jeans for dresses. "I'm still more comfortable in jeans, but people expect to see classical violinists dressed more formally, so I do it. Besides, I'm not 15 anymore."

When she is home with her mother in New York—Mr. and Mrs. Chase were separated five years ago—Stephanie dotes on her animals. She has a parakeet that sits on her shoulder, and a pure white mongrel named Paganini that sits wherever it wants to.

Although she and her mother are close, Stephanie thinks she would like to move out and live on her own, but financially that would be difficult. The costs involved in starting a performing career are crushing. The money she earned as a prodigy has been used up in living expenses and in fees for music lessons. Stephanie reckons her assets at the moment at perhaps $100 in cash, plus a majority interest in her $30,000 violin, on which she still owes $8,000. She also needs a new bow, but a good one costs anywhere from $1,000 to $8,000.

For a woman who has difficulty

renting an automobile for her concert appearances because most car rental companies will not lease a vehicle to anyone under 21, Stephanie keeps remarkably close control over her own life and career. She went to Europe to study with Grumiaux over her mother's objections. And although her manager wanted her to enter more musical competitions when she was younger, she refused. "I know that's the way many performers get recognition, but I don't like competitions. They can be very unfair. In international competitions judges will often vote for their own countrymen in spite of real ability. And here in America I've seen judges vote against an instrumentalist just because they didn't like his coach."

Stephanie may be going against the grain, but she likes it that way. "As an artist, if I don't make my own decisions, they are meaningless." Right now all of her decisions are being made with one goal in mind, a concert career as a solo artist. She wants to make it as an adult. "I still get people coming up to me after a concert and saying, 'That was lovely, dear. What are you going to do when you grow up?' " She shakes her head.

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The first and most important review, the one in the *New York Times*, appears exactly one week after Stephanie's recital. Written by Peter G. Davis, it is not a rave, but it is far from a pan. It is a respectful, balanced notice. Davis writes that Stephanie is "unusually talented." He has no complaints about her technical ability. He finds her tone "sweet and firmly centered" and comments on her "remarkable" muscular control. He particularly likes the second half of the program, calling it "violin playing of a very superior order." However, he is less than happy with the musical interpretation of the Brahms and the Beethoven, saying that although "everything could not have been executed more accurately or tastefully," they were "essentially rather bland statements, more involved with surface than content." It is the kind of review that Grumiaux himself, who plays in a more literal than flamboyant manner, often gets and pays no attention to whatsoever.

But as the review of a debut, the critique carries more weight than any of a thousand reviews tucked away in a performer's scrapbook. Stephanie, her mother, Sally Thomas, and Tony Russo each pour over every word, conjuring up their possible effect on Stephanie's career.

Mrs. Chase is the most unhappy. She doesn't see why Davis didn't write that the recital was a sellout, which is rare for a debut in a hall as big as Alice Tully (some 1,100 seats). She wishes he hadn't mentioned that Stephanie was a child prodigy, but that is a relatively forlorn hope. Yehudi Menuhin is 61, and critics still sometimes refer to him as a former child prodigy. Sally feels Davis missed the point of Stephanie's style. "Critics like to hear the squeal and scratch of extended effort," she says, "but Stephanie plays so effortlessly they sometimes don't understand what she's really doing."

Stephanie reads the review carefully, nodding quickly. "It's about what I expected." She doesn't like the reference to her playing of the Brahms and the Beethoven, but she admits that musicality is the area where she needs the greatest growth. "It's something you get by thinking about it a lot. It's not just a question of playing and listening to other violinists. You listen to singers, you go to museums, you walk in the park, and you . . ." she says the words slowly, "think about music."

Stephanie's job is thinking about music. Tony Russo's job is thinking about bookings. "It is a fair review," he says, "and we can live with it. It accepts Stephanie for what she is, a mature performer." Bookings with major orchestras, which are made years in advance, will be difficult this season unless there are cancellations, says Russo, but following seasons should be strong ones. "What she really needs now is for a renowned conductor like Eugene Ormandy to hear her and want her to play a major engagement with the orchestra."

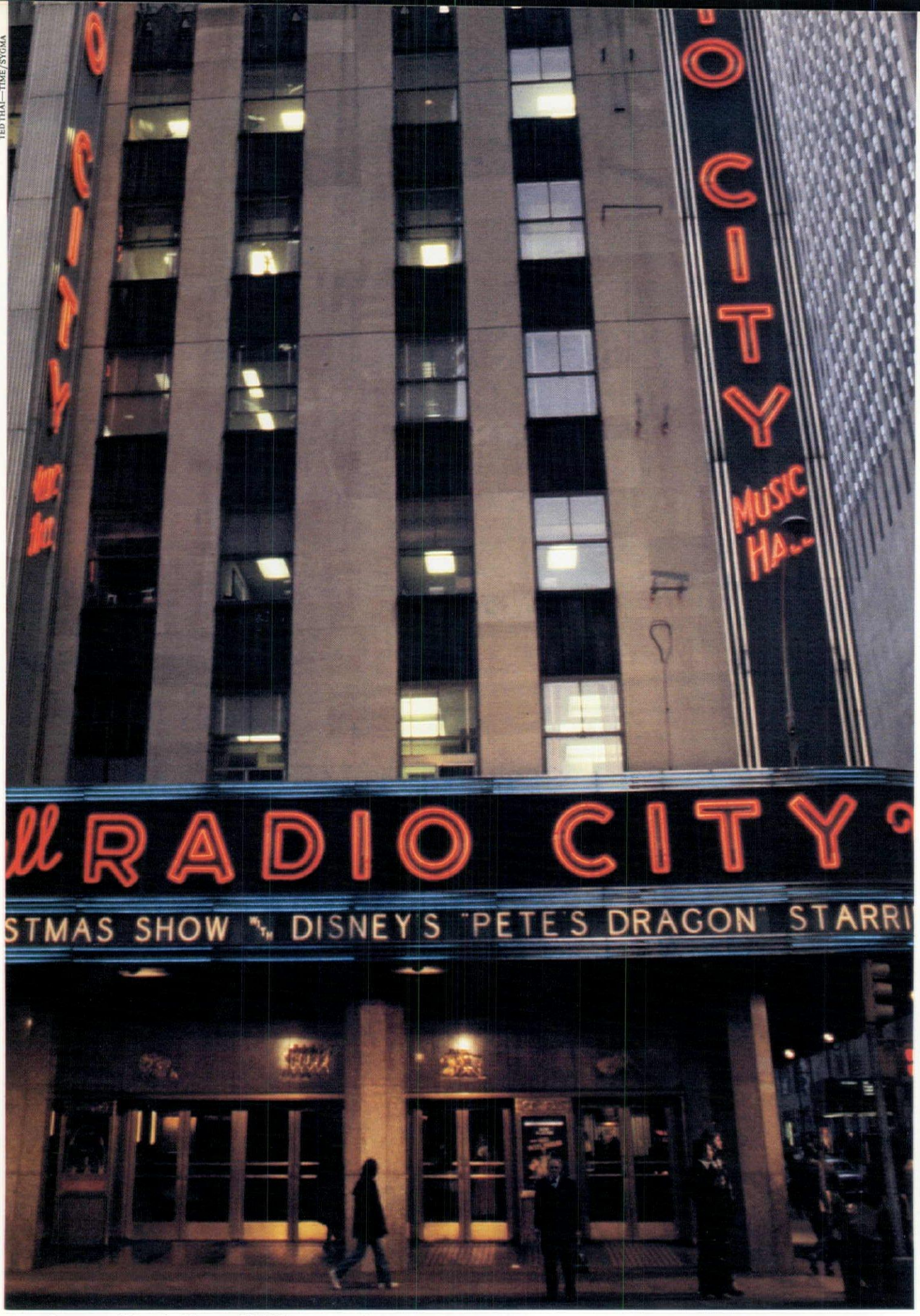
So the debut of Stephanie Chase did not catch the lightning of instant stardom. Debuts rarely do. What it did was to mark the continuing development of a promising young artist. Stephanie is all but assured of having what many seek but very few achieve—a career in music. The question of whether it will be one of those great international careers endowed with fame and big money contracts must be deferred for a while. Like all aspiring performers, she needs more work, more practice, more experience, a few breaks, and a little luck. But perhaps the biggest imponderable of all is still somewhere inside her. As Sally Thomas says, "Stephanie has all the equipment in the world. Now it depends on how the heart grows." □

Peter Andrews is a frequent contributor to HORIZON *with a special interest in music.*



HENRY GROSSMAN

Post-debut party: manager Tony Russo, mentor Sally Thomas, Stephanie, and mother



TED THAI—TIME/SYGMA

A combination of family films and holiday spectaculars created a world-famous institution—with a shrinking clientele.

Radio City—without Tears

The Show Place of the Nation faces
an uncertain fate, but its history reveals precedents for adaptive survival

Early in January Alton G. Marshall, president of Rockefeller Center, Inc., announced the imminent closing of Radio City Music Hall. The Easter pageant would be put on as usual in March, he said; the following month the music hall would go dark. With an air more like that of a prematurely arrived undertaker than of an attending physician, Marshall expressed his regret over the music hall's demise and sought to cut off any discussion of the matter by stating flatly, "There is no hope of survival." To my mind this is a remark odder than it looks at first glance—it isn't often that the owner of something that has been of high value speaks with such confident finality of its disappearance.

Still, Marshall's regret appeared to be genuine, and so, I've no doubt, was his wish that the shutting down of the music hall be dealt with as a simple, inescapable matter of dollars and cents. The figures he cited were certainly grim enough: the music hall had lost more than $2 million in 1977, and it was estimated that the building would lose something on the order of $3 million if it were to remain open throughout 1978. Attendance at the music hall had been falling steadily for many years, even as costs had been no less steadily rising. Though management had done its best, the Show Place of the Nation—for once, a slogan that told the truth—had become a costly anachronism and must be done away with forever.

The Marshall announcement prompted vehement cries of protest, not from New Yorkers alone but from people all over the country and, indeed, all over the world. And while some of the protests came from individuals or organizations whose voices are always quick to be heard when a precious



CULVER

Roxy Rothafel on shipboard

architectural landmark is threatened, the majority of the protests came from people who have little interest in architecture or in the preservation of a visible past; for them the music hall and what it stands for both in memory and anticipation are a cherished part of their lives.

It is rare for something to be equally well loved by New Yorkers and by visitors to New York; the music hall is such a rarity. For nearly half a century Rockefeller Center as a whole and the music hall as the center's chief ornament have proved tourist attractions more potent even than the Empire State Building and the Statue of Liberty. Visitors have been drawn to the center as to a sort of local Disneyland, where wonders of a charming and suprisingly unsophisticated nature—the Rockettes, the channel gardens, the ice-skating rink, the Christmas tree rising every year above the gilded, insouciant Prometheus—seem to provoke an everlasting interest. Moreover, this interest is shared by innumerable residents of the city, who, despite their reputations as case-hardened cynics, thread their way through crowds at the center as eagerly as the latest gaping arrival from the provinces.

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The reason for the center's hypnotic hold upon us is not far to seek. Architecturally it is one of the most successful urban spaces ever designed, and it is successful because, aside from the skill with which its team of architects solved a score of formidable aesthetic and technical problems, the center does what any truly urban space must do: it makes us feel good. Perhaps without our being aware of its influence, it may even perform the still more wonderful feat of making us happy.

One of the most remarkable things about Radio City Music Hall (and much of the rest of the center as well) is that its success is based on a series of profound miscalculations. Nearly everything eventually went right with it because, from the start, nearly everything had gone wrong. In its cat's cradle of crossed purposes, the center serves as

By BRENDAN GILL



HELGA PHOTO STUDIO

Stuart Davis's Men without Women, *a fixture of the music hall men's lounge until 1975*

an ideal expression of a theory of mine that when it comes to urban design, nobody should ever attempt to make long-range plans; short-range plans will be sure to go sufficiently awry and will prove far easier to mend. What is desirable in urban planning is a bent for brilliant improvisation—a knack for solving the problems that arise out of some unexpected collision of newly felt human needs, new technologies, and new economic factors, whether favorable or unfavorable.

The center began in 1928 as something known as the Metropolitan Square Corporation, whose intention was to lease from Columbia University approximately 13 acres of land between Fifth Avenue and Sixth Avenue, from 48th Street to 51st Street, and to build on that site a sumptuous new home for the Metropolitan Opera, along with a number of de luxe shops, hotels, and department stores. By late 1929 John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the leading figure in the undertaking, had signed a lease with Columbia, agreeing to pay the university a rent of well over $3 million a year for 24 years. (At the time the entire property yielded about a tenth of that sum annually in rents.) He had assembled a group of distinguished architects to design the opera house and its adjacent buildings and plazas, and it was just as the first opulent plans and elevations were being looked over that the stock market crashed. Soon the Metropolitan Opera, bereft of funding, withdrew from the project.

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Rockefeller was faced with a choice of two courses: to abandon the property, settling as best he could with Columbia, or to finance the project himself, at a cost of untold millions. Boldly he chose the latter course. He instructed his architects to start over, their new purpose to be the design of a "commercial center as beautiful as possible, consistent with the maximum income that could be developed." In the bleak December of 1929 those were brave words; few people anywhere in the country were still able to mention money and beauty in the same breath.

It was decided that the new center would be devoted in large part to entertainment, which in those days meant radio, movies, and vaudeville. The RCA company, which owned a broadcasting company (NBC), a record company (Victor), and a movie-making and movie-distributing company (RKO), was induced to sign a lease on four theaters and up to a million square feet of office space. The most celebrated showman of the day, S. L. Rothafel, universally known as Roxy, was hired by RKO to take over the management of the theaters in the center. In the summer of 1931 Roxy, Wallace K. Harrison—the only one of the original architects of the center who is still alive—and several colleagues went abroad to study the latest in theater design; it was on the voyage home that Roxy, admiring an unusually spectacular sunset far out over the Atlantic, turned to Harrison and said, "That's what I want for my music hall!" And that was what he got.

Radio City Music Hall opened in December 1932. As a building it created a sensation. Nothing at once so grand in scale and so simple in design had ever been seen in this country. It was gorgeous and awesome, and every description of it bristled with superlatives. The auditorium held more than 6,000 seats, and its stage was said to be the largest in the world—144 feet long by 67 feet wide, with a proscenium arch 60 feet high and a golden stage curtain that weighed three tons. The lobby, glinting with brass and marble and crystal, was seven stories high, with a heavily carpeted grand staircase that curved upward past an enormous mural by Ezra Winter. (Other art works were lavishly scattered about; a handsome abstract painting by Stuart Davis, now in the Museum of Modern Art in New York, hung for many years in the anteroom of the men's room.)

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Welcome to New Yorkers as the building was, it proved unable to fulfill the purpose for which it had been designed. Roxy had planned a program of high-class, two-a-day vaudeville acts, but it quickly became apparent that nobody wanted to see vaudeville any longer, except as an accompaniment to movies. In its first two weeks the music hall lost almost $200,000; movie and sound equipment was hastily installed, and the music hall became what it would remain for more than 40 years—the most important movie house in the world.

In determining the uses of a building, one miscalculation is almost certain to create another. Opening only a few days after the music hall was a second theater at the center, which Roxy spoke of as "intimate" because it contained

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

COURTESY RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

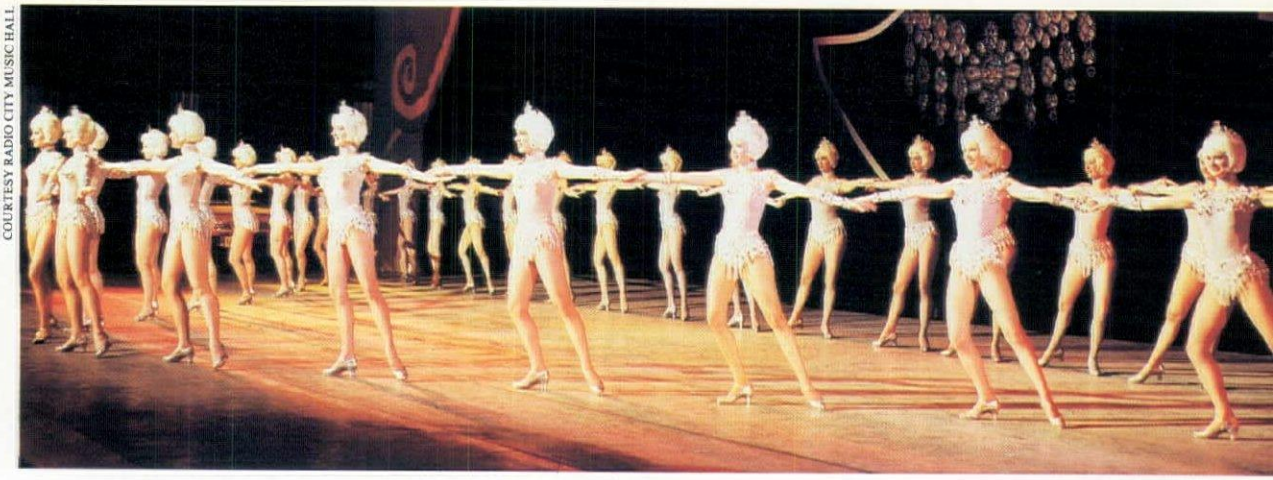






ALL: TIM EAGAN—WOODFIN CAMP

Lavish art deco ornamentation embellishes the grand foyer and the façades of surrounding buildings.



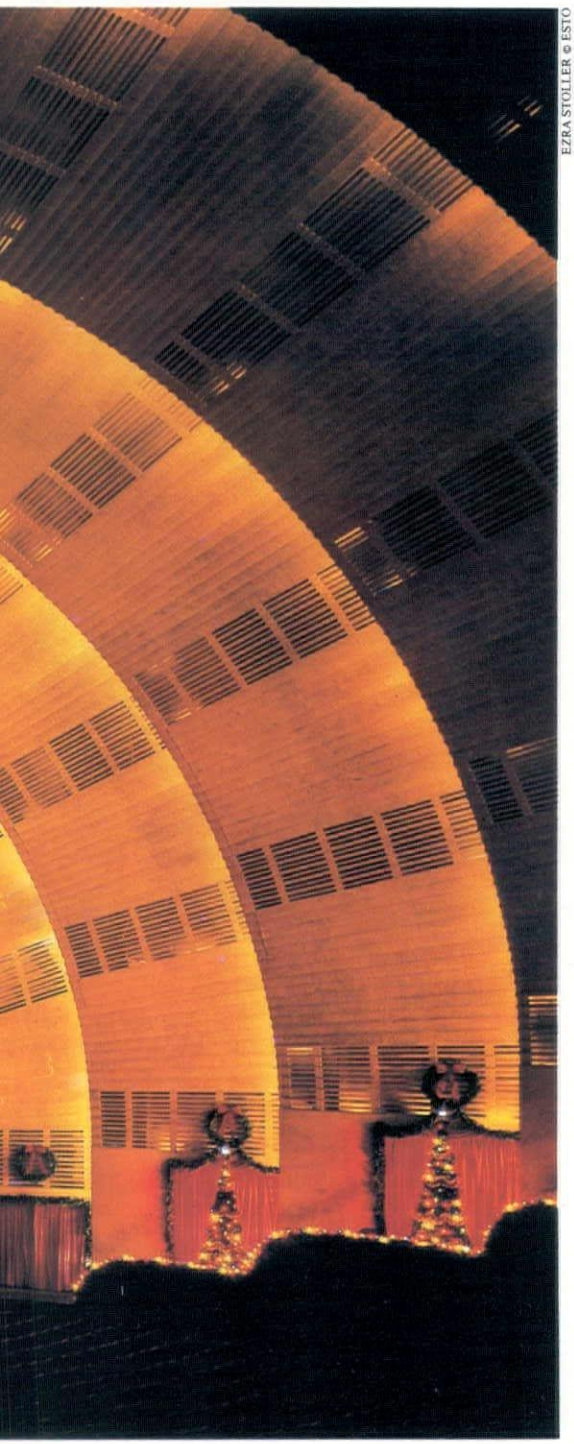
COURTESY RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

The Rockettes then and now: precision footwork in Follies '65 . .



TED THAI—TIME/SYGMA

nd the famous high kick during Glittering Garlands *at last year's Christmas show*



EZRA STÖLLER © ESTO



COURTESY RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

The Glory of Easter, *a music hall standard unchanged since 1933*

Dazzled by a vision at sea, Rothafel ordered up his own "sunset" over Radio City's 144-foot stage.

TIM EAGAN—WOODFIN CAMP



An afterthought of genius, the rink helps Rockefeller Center outdraw both the Empire State Building and the Statue of Liberty.

only 3,700 seats instead of 6,000. This theater, known first as the New Roxy and then, after Roxy's death, as the Center Theater, had been designed to exhibit first-run movies accompanied by stage shows; when the music hall abruptly usurped that function, the smaller theater underwent a continuous series of transformations, none of them successful for more than a few years. Operas, operettas, and musical comedies played there, as did innumerable ice shows, and for a considerable time it served as a radio and television studio for NBC. Having long failed to pay its way, it was dismantled in 1954, and its shell was incorporated into the U.S. Rubber Building.

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Some miscalculations are more fortunate in their consequences than any reasonable planner would dare to expect. When the music hall was built, Sixth Avenue was a blighted area, lined with deteriorated brownstones. The huffing-and-puffing, old Sixth Avenue El was still in operation, and the superb art deco marquee of the music hall could scarcely be seen through the thicket of rusted girders and sooty tracks and stairways that filled the avenue. In 1931 the city had assured the Rockefellers that the El would soon be coming down and that a splendid new subway would be taking its place. In anticipation of that improvement the architects designed the basement floor of the center's main building as an arcade filled with luxurious shops and restaurants and leading from a grand entrance on a sunken plaza in the middle of the center to the subway platforms at the western boundary of the center. When, year after year, the subway failed to materialize—it was finally opened in 1940, the El having been pulled down in 1938—the plan for a grand entrance on the plaza was abandoned, and Prometheus was left to lord it over his splashy fountain alone.

The plaza lacked a function; it was merely a dull paved area that people could look down into from the level of the adjacent streets. At a design conference one day, somebody casually threw out the suggestion that the plaza might just make a pleasant ice-skating rink. Oh, only for the moment, of course—only until something better came along! And so the rink has given delight to our eyes ever since, serving both as the center's focus and as a favorite symbol of its spirit.

The music hall is a building in immaculate condition, capable of another hundred years of life. It stands in the very heart of what is surely the greatest city on earth; and it stands there in jeopardy. If, as Marshall said, there is no hope of survival for the music hall as a theater, are there not other uses to which it can be put? Scores of suggestions have already been made (not the least likely of which is that the music hall would make an admirable place in which to stage tennis tournaments, jai alai, or other sporting events), but most of them ignore the fact that from a commercial point of view it isn't enough for the music hall to break even or to show, with luck, a small profit. The center isn't a philanthropic organization, and its operators are well aware that if the space occupied by the music hall were devoted instead to retail shops and offices, it would gain millions of dollars in added revenue. The music hall is a low building and takes up several hundred feet of extremely valuable ground-floor space along 50th and 51st streets. Any satisfactory solution to the problem of the music hall must take into account what John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said all those years ago about the center's being "as beautiful as possible, consistent with the maximum income that [can] be developed."

We are in no doubt as to the beauty of the music hall. Indeed, it is of the highest possible interest to architectural historians as a specimen of early 1930s architecture. But if it is monstrous to think of a wrecker's ball slamming into that exquisite interior and reducing it to rubble, it is also monstrous to find ourselves, as a city and a state and a nation, so far from being able to resolve this increasingly common dilemma—what are we to do with landmarks that have outlived their usefulness?—and to resolve it not at the last moment by feverish improvisation but coolly and wisely, without sentiment or hard feelings. □

Brendan Gill is drama critic of the New Yorker *and board chairman of both the New York City Landmarks Conservancy and the Municipal Arts Society.*



PENGUIN PHOTO

Lining up under the Sixth Avenue El in 1938 for You Can't Take It with You



ROLLIE MCKENNA

Ezra Pound at home in Venice in 1968, during his long silence

A Poet's Tragic Energy

Ezra Pound rarely spoke during the last ten years of his life. When he did speak—sometimes of the silence itself—he spoke eloquently: "I did not enter the silence," he told someone, "silence captured me."

He stopped writing. He spent hours alone in his study, but after the middle of 1962 he wrote nothing substantial, and the final *Drafts and Fragments of Cantos CX–CXVII*, virtually complete in 1960, was finished by 1962. Yet he did not want to publish work he considered "drafts and fragments"; he allowed these lines into print in 1968 only to correct a pirated edition.

There were a few interviews in the last ten years: especially one long, intense conversation with Grazia Livi, published in *Epoca*. This interview was garbled into a news story, which made it known around the world that Pound had "recanted," taking back everything he ever said or stood for. It was not so. Pound was depressed when he gave the interview; he said, "A strange day came, and I realized that I did not know anything, indeed, that I did not know anything at all. And so words have become empty of all meaning." The old man was beached like a whale. He had lost touch with his own convictions and abilities. But he did not "recant"; he was convinced only of personal failure. He held hope, if not for himself, then for others' minds and spirits engaged in the endeavors he had undertaken. "There is something in human consciousness that will endure, despite everything," he said, "and that will be capable of withstanding the forces of unconsciousness."

His sense of failure ran deep. "I know nothing at all," he went on. Doubting his memory, he said, "I have even forgotten the name of that Greek philosopher who said that nothing exists, and even if it did exist, it would be unknowable, and if it were knowable, it would be incommunicable." This sentence does not reveal a victim of senile dementia. The interview continues, miserable and lucid:

Q. Is it . . . a truth to which you have come by suffering?

A. It is something to which I have come by suffering. . . . Yes, by an experience of suffering. . . .

Q. What is it, now, that holds you to life, from the time that you have acquired a total certainty of uncertainty?

A. Nothing holds me any longer to life. Simply, I am "immersed in it." . . .

Q. And do you manage to work still? Or does the great sense of uncertainty possess you to the extent that all creative efforts seem useless?

A. No, I do not work anymore . . . . I do nothing. I have become illiterate and uneducated. I simply fall into a lethargy at the beginning of winter, and to my own disgrace I do nothing but cultivate my greediness and laziness. . . . Yes, I fall into a lethargy, and I contemplate.

He speaks with the tragic energy of a defeated king, like Oedipus the victim of his own errors—fallen, lamenting his smallness in the center of a stage that he dominates. He reminds me of Yeats's final vision of man's life, spoken from the mountain in *Lapis Lazuli*; or of the last Freud, daily wracked by cancer of the jaw, writing *Civilization and Its Discontents*.

Later in his despair he came closer to "recanting." He told [the American editor] Daniel Cory that the cantos were "a botch" because "I knew too little about so many things. . . . I picked out this and that thing that interested me, and then jumbled them into a bag." As late as 1967 Pound told Allen Ginsberg that "my poems don't make any sense." Ginsberg argued with him. Perhaps Pound wanted to be argued with, but he was adamant and witty in response: "At seventy," he said, "I realized that instead of being a lunatic, I was a moron."

It was at the end of this conversation that Pound came to the remarkable conclusion, frequently quoted: "But the worst mistake I made was that stupid, suburban prejudice of anti-Semitism."

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September to June, Ezra and Olga [Rudge, his mistress,] lived in Venice, in a narrow house on a narrow street behind the Santa Maria della Salute. Pound's study was the top floor, the middle floor was their bedroom, and the ground floor was a small living room and kitchen.

Unknown visitors came—pilgrims and exploiters—including one who pitched a tent outside the house. Many would-be visitors—Olga observed—worshiped Pound without having read his poetry; she told one such that she would procure a visit if he could recite *one* line of Ezra Pound's. He couldn't. Others wanted to read Pound their own poems and take his praise away with them. Others were academics looking for an imprimatur to their books on Pound. Others were promoters announcing that they had already booked a hall in London for a reading; they flashed airline tickets.

An acquaintance of mine, finding himself in Venice, sought out the house and knocked at the door. He expected to meet Olga Rudge and be turned away. To his astonishment the door opened to reveal Ezra Pound in bathrobe and slippers. In his confusion the young man burbled, "How are you, Mr. Pound?" Pound looked down at him for a moment out of the hauteur of his silence and then uttered a single word in the melody that sometimes resembled that of W. C. Fields. "Senile," he said. The wit belied the word. □

Donald Hall, a poet, author, and former English professor, lives in New Hampshire. This article is excerpted from his new book, Remembering Poets, *published by Harper and Row.*

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By DONALD HALL