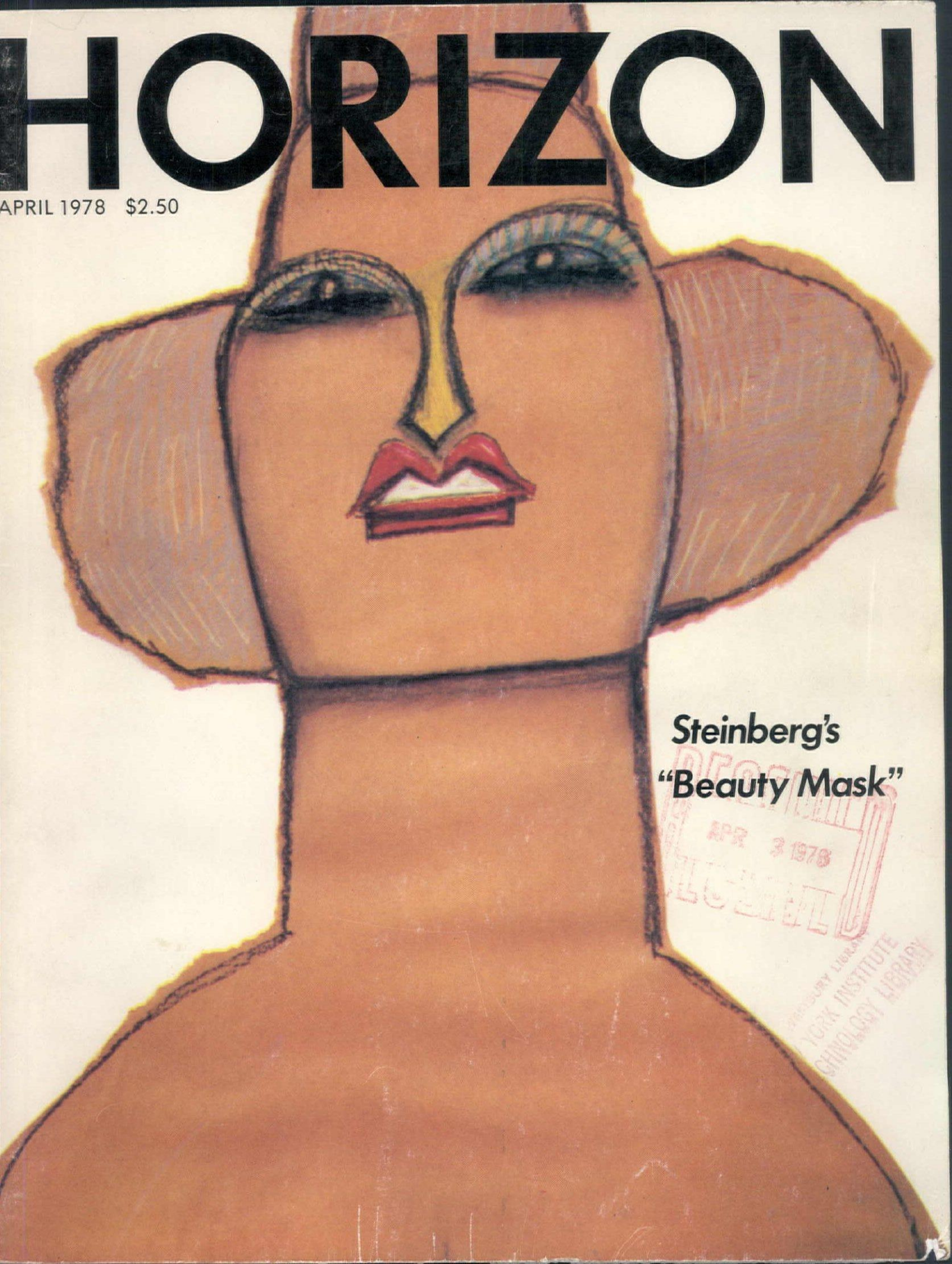
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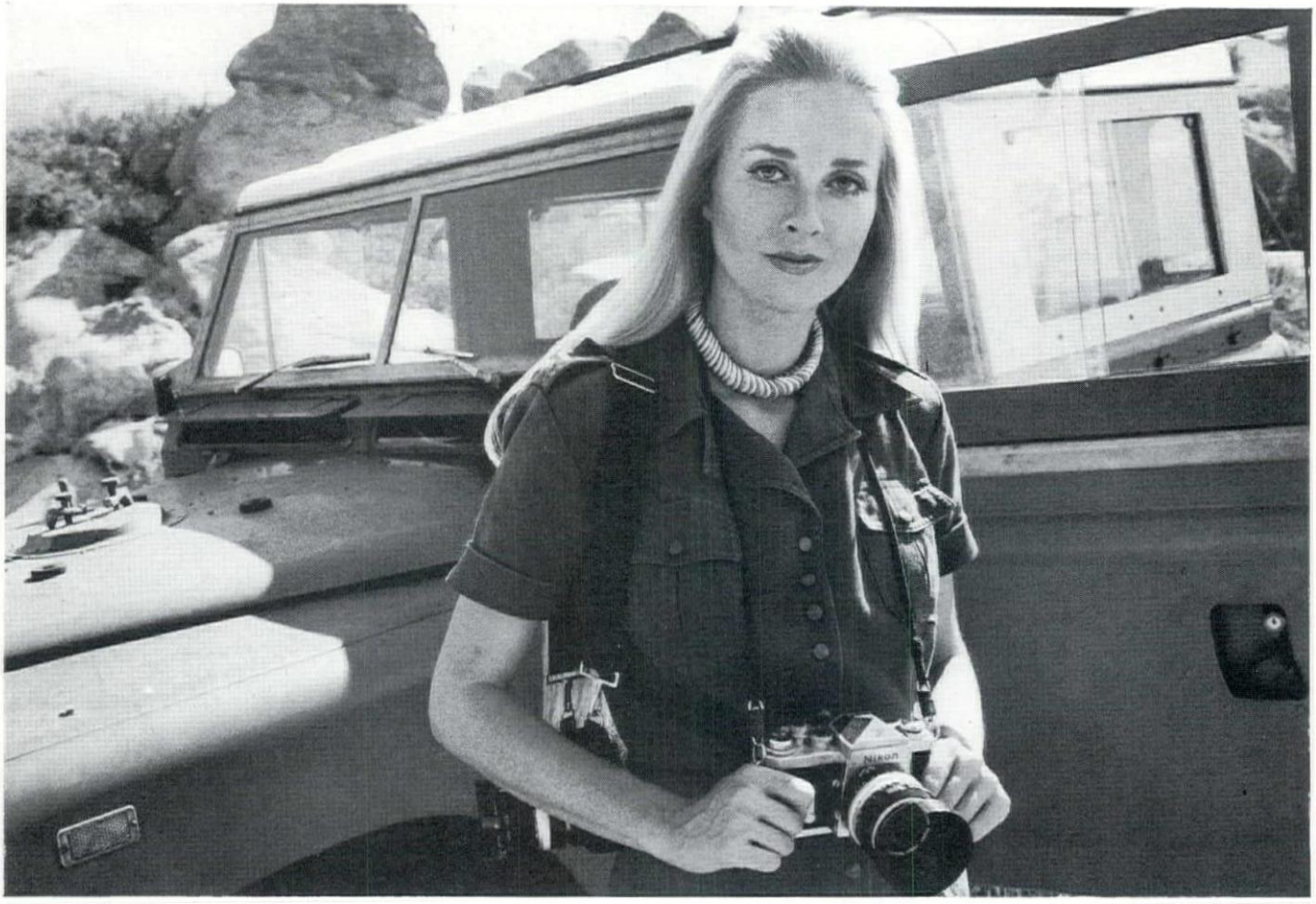


Steinberg's "Beauty Mask"

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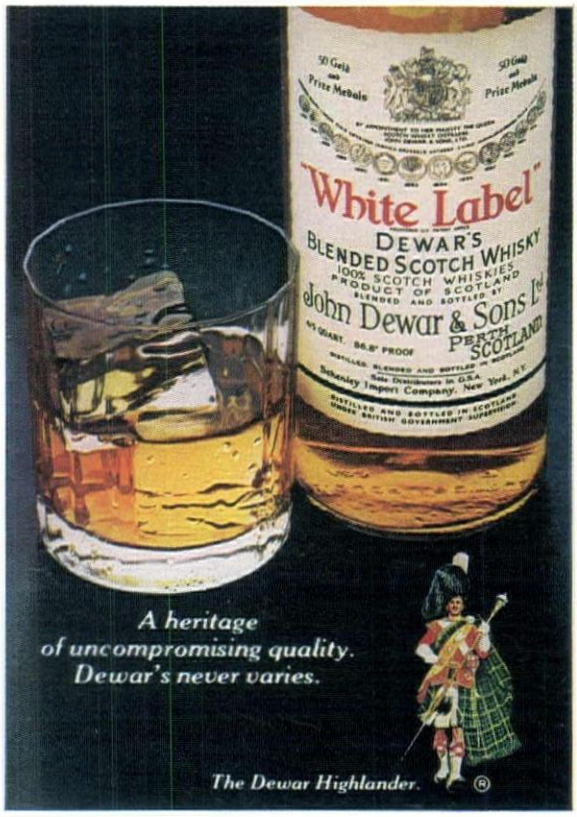
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HORIZON

APRIL 1978 • VOLUME 21, NUMBER 4

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The Arts—Nationwide

As HORIZON readers have become aware, the character of the arts in America is decidedly national. Not only is the federal government strongly committed in support of the arts, but many private organizations have cast aside regionalism in favor of cross-country recognition. Today most major museum shows are cooperative efforts; thus costs are shared, and quality is improved. To cite one instance: the exhibition of Henri Matisse's paper cutouts (HORIZON, September) was conceived some four years ago by curator Jack Cowart at the Saint Louis Art Museum, cosponsored with the Founders Society of the Detroit Institute of Arts, and first presented at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.

In music, the national aspect has been most noticeable recently in the National Endowment's round-robin commissioning program, involving two groups of major city orchestras ("Modern American Music Makes a Breakthrough," September). Thus, a work composed in a New York apartment may have its première in Cincinnati, be played in turn by orchestras in Detroit, San Francisco, Saint Louis, Minneapolis, and Pittsburgh, and have its finale with the National Symphony in Washington.

In the world of theater, the growing connections among what were once called regional companies have created a truly national network. Last year Christopher Durang's new play, *A History of the American Film* (HORIZON, March), opened almost simultaneously at three theaters—in Washington, D.C., Hartford, and Los Angeles—and is now playing on Broadway.

The Cross Country section, beginning this month on page 4, has played an important part in fulfilling HORIZON's mandate to provide continuous coverage of the arts on a national scale. Much more than a calendar listing, Cross Country features illustrative reporting on cultural and unusual urban events all across the nation. This month, among all the varied fare, note particularly the New Orleans Jazz Heritage Festival and Bike Days, in Washington, D.C.

• • •

Three other departments in the magazine—Past Perfect, Present Indicative, and Future Subjunctive—also feature shorter-length pieces on all the areas covered by HORIZON. Past issues have included profiles of comers in the arts (playwright Albert Innaurato, pianist Steven De Groote, painter Gregory Gillespie); new works by established artists (Louise Nevelson's *Mrs. N's Palace*, Duane Hanson's *Photographer*, Twyla Tharp's video dances); unusual exhibitions (*ukiyo-e* prints from James Michener's collection, synchromism at the Whitney Museum); the bold and innovative in architecture and city design (Chicago's Library for the Blind, a proposed capital for Alaska); and offbeat city pleasures (the punk-rock scene in Manhattan and Boston's First Night celebration). This issue goes from Fifth Avenue (Past) to *The Great American Foot* show (Present) to the BBC taping of Shakespeare (Future).

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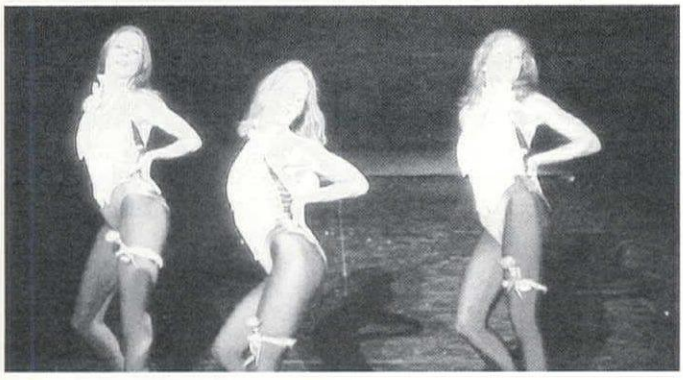
The last department that appears on the contents page under "At a Glance" is Correspondence. We welcome letters from readers about any aspect of HORIZON's coverage and will pick the most interesting for publication in each issue.



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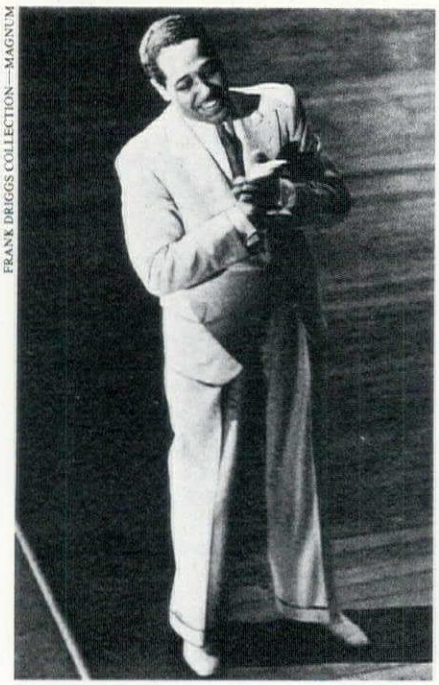
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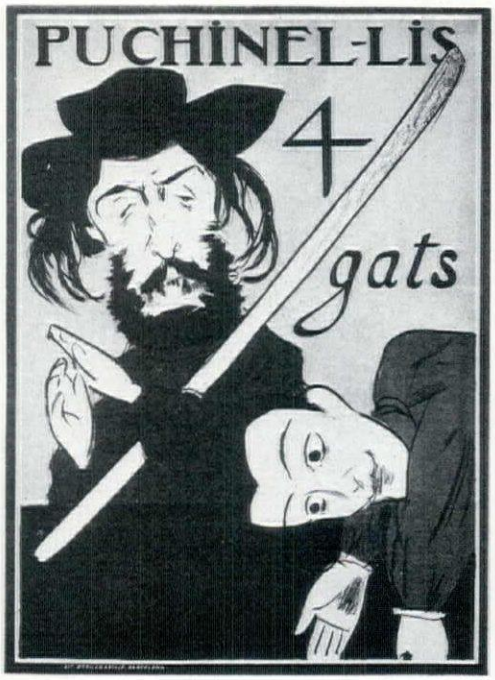
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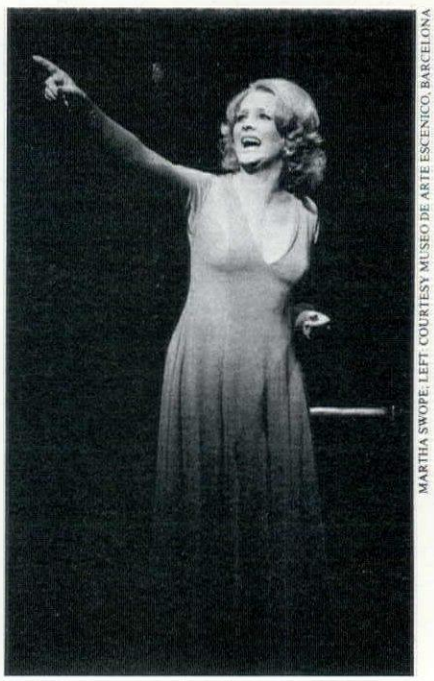
COVER: *Beauty Mask*, 1965, by Saul Steinberg, from his show at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. © Saul Steinberg.

CROSS COUNTRY



FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION—MAGNUM





MARTHA SWOPE, LEFT. COURTESY MUSEO DE ARTE ESCENICO, BARCELONA

Nationwide: Duke Ellington, 1933; Washington: Barcelona puppet-show poster; Los Angeles: Millicent Martin sings Sondheim.

West

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA In 1913, when Nijinsky first danced *Le Sacre du Printemps* ("The Rite of Spring"), he was, in the opinion of its composer, Igor Stravinsky, "the most exciting human being I have ever seen on a stage"; his sensual choreography scandalized the not easily shocked Parisian audience. To open their 17th spring season on April 7, and again on April 14, the **Oakland Ballet Company** presents a new version of the ballet, choreographed by John Pasqualetti, which explores the art of dancing to its source in primeval rituals, including a virgin sacrifice. On the same bill with Pasqualetti's erotic *Sacre* are two works—*The Sirens*, to music by Debussy, and *Brahms Intermezzi*—choreographed by Marc Wilde.

• • •

SAN FRANCISCO The art of the Northwest Indians, as shown in **Form and Freedom,** an exhibition at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, is among the most compelling ever made in America. More than 100 pieces, dating from the late 18th to the 20th century and principally from the Tlingit, Haida, Tsimshian, Kwakiutl, and Nootka tribes, are on display through May 24. The exhibition, organized by the Institute for the Arts at Houston's Rice University with the cooperation of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, features some of the first objects collected when Europeans reached the West Coast, including a comb and a mask acquired by Captain Cook. There are carved and decorated painted items for everyday use, such as spoons and ladles; blankets and boxes; weapons; and ceremonial objects, including pipes, masks, rattles, and dance shirts. Edmund Carpenter, coauthor of the show's catalogue, feels that the art of the Northwest-coast Indians can rightly be called primitive, not because it is unsophisticated but because "its makers believed their ancestors lived in a primitive mythological age, and they sought to reaffirm, perhaps reawaken, that reality by representing it in art, drama, and myth."

• • •

LOS ANGELES After a solid year as a hit on Broadway, **Side by Side by Sondheim,** a sophisticated 30-song revue of Stephen Sondheim shows, is finally moving along. Having completed a month in Florida, the four-member cast comes on April 7 to the Huntington Hartford Theater in Los Angeles to stay for eight weeks. Larry Kert, Millicent Martin, and Barbara Heuman sing snatches from Sondheim's best musicals—including *Gypsy*, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, *Pacific Overtures*, *West Side Story*, and *Follies*—and Hermione Gingold's banter keeps the show rolling between numbers.

• • •

LOS ANGELES "Only Hollywood could put on a film festival like this one," declares the director of the 1978 Los Angeles **Film Exposition,** a three-week exhibition beginning April 13 at the ABC Entertainment Center. From ten in the morning to well past midnight every day, films from 35 countries will play continuously in the two large Plitt theaters. There'll be special showings of American animated features—from wholesome *Mickey Mouse* to Ralph Bakshi's X-rated *Fritz the Cat*, commercials, documentaries, even home movies. Many of these films are free. A ten-program tribute has also been planned for the archival classics of the Museum of Modern Art, including the original 1934 *Anna Christie*. Among the new films presented will be Satyajit Ray's *Chess Players* and *Probably the Devil* by French director Robert Bresson. Since 1978 marks the 50th anniversary of the Oscars,

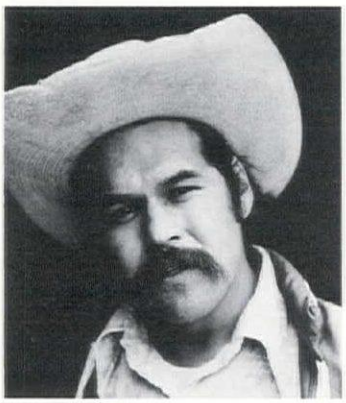
CROSS COUNTRY

the Filmex 50-hour marathon for this year is dedicated to Oscar winners only, and opening night of the festival has been set aside for a characteristic Hollywood-style première of Norman Jewison's new film *F.I.S.T.*, starring Sylvester Stallone.

• • •

LOS ANGELES Luis Valdez, who heads the bilingual theater group El Teatro Campesino, has written and is directing a new play, *Zoot Suit*, commissioned by the Mark Taper Forum as part of a series of works based on local history. Beginning April 20, *Zoot Suit* re-creates the days of racial tension in Los Angeles during the 1940s that culminated in the so-called zoot suit riots, in which U.S. sailors stationed near Los Angeles rampaged through the city beating up young Mexican-Americans (known as zoot-suiters because of the flashy outfits they favored).

Performed in a mixture of English and Calo (Chicano slang) and accompanied by music, *Zoot Suit* tells how injustice and mob violence led to a new sense of solidarity among the Mexican-Americans. It is the third of this season's **New Theater for Now** series at the Mark Taper; also being performed this month, April 6 through 16,



Los Angeles: Luis Valdez

is David Lan's *Winter Dancers*, a tale of shamanism among the Kwakiutl Indians. The innovative series, under the direction of anthropologist Kenneth Brecher, will continue to explore the rich culture and history of Los Angeles, and there are plans afoot for a play next season about the Asian-American experience.

• • •

LOS ANGELES Later this year Lena Horne will cast spells as the good witch Glinda in the movie version of *The Wiz*. At the moment, however, she is cast as Vera, the society matron, and singing *Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered* in **Pal Joey '78,** an updated version of the 1940 Rodgers and Hart musical. Clifton Davis costars as Joey, the nightclub singer and heel who uses Vera and everyone else in sight in his climb to the top. For this production the John O'Hara libretto has been adapted by Michael Stewart (*Hello, Dolly!*), and the score is now disco-flavored. Michael Kidd is the director of *Pal Joey '78*, which runs at the Ahmanson Theater from April 21 through mid-August.

South

FORT WORTH, TEXAS Rasputin, the high-living Russian mystic and imperial favorite, is the subject of a new ballet by Houston-based choreographer James Clouser. On April 28 and 29 the Fort Worth Ballet performs the three-act *Rasputin* at the Tarrant County Convention Center, with the great classical interpreter Erik Bruhn cast as the ill-fated monk. The ballet brings together the rulers, conspirators, and victims of prerevolutionary Russia, including a swooning Empress Alexandra and her drooling husband Nicholas II; Prince Yusupov, one of Rasputin's assassins; and Lenin, who waits his turn while the others falter. A popular five-member group from Houston, St. Elmo's Fire (which wrote the music for another of Clouser's ballets, *Caliban*), has composed 15 songs for *Rasputin*, and the narrative unfolds to their blend of folk madrigals, jazz, and rock.

• • •

FORT WORTH, TEXAS While confined to the hospital for knee surgery in 1970, abstract painter **Frank Stella** drew numerous geometric studies. Once he was back on his feet, these drawings inspired the first in a brilliant series of relief constructions that are the subject of *Stella since 1970*, organized by the Fort Worth Art Museum and on display through April 30. Twenty-six compositions have been selected from three series, which Stella designated the Polish-village pictures (collages on canvas, cardboard, and wood), begun in 1971; the Brazilian series (silk-screened onto honeycombed aluminum), dating from 1974; and the more recent exotic-bird constructions (aluminum encrusted with ground glass). Many of the compositions are very large, more than seven square feet for some of the Polish-village pictures; some are factory made, based on the artist's preparatory drawings and models. Although the angular planes of the reliefs recall Stella's well-known irregular polygon paintings of the mid-1960s, their vibrant texture and sculptural complexity signal major new directions in his current work. The exhibition will go to Newport Harbor Art Museum, Newport Beach, California, the first stop on a two-year tour of museums and galleries in Canada and the United States.

• • •

NEW ORLEANS For those who missed Mardi gras there's another great New Orleans carnival—the **Jazz and Heritage Festival,** which runs from April 7 to 16. A diverse offering of jazz concerts and Creole



New Orleans: Roosevelt Sykes

cooking, the ten-day party should be as lively as a Bourbon Street funeral procession. The S.S. *Admiral* will cruise the Mississippi with Count Basie, the Dixi-Kups, Muddy Waters, McCoy Tyner, Dave Brubeck, and stomping Roosevelt Sykes on board. The Mardi Gras Room at the Marriott Hotel will jump to the sweet sounds of the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, 95-year-old Eubie Blake's piano, and the New York Jazz Repertory Company, which is planning an evening's tribute to Louis Armstrong. Even funk fans will have something to dance about when Grover Washington, Jr., and Hubert Laws play at the Municipal Auditorium. More than 2,000 musicians in all will perform during the festival, many of them on outdoor stages set up at the 100-year-old Fair Ground Race Track, where that other New Orleans heritage, food, will be represented by a continuous feast of shrimp gumbo, jambalaya, roast pig, and fried chicken—cooked by Mrs. Roosevelt Sykes's church group.

Midwest

MINNEAPOLIS A masterpiece of 19th-century French realism, **The Gleaners,** by Jean François Millet, will be on view in America for the first time at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts from April 2 through June 4. The painting of peasants working in

enter **Chloé**

"A woman does not put on my fragrance. She enters it."

Karl Lagerfeld



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a field, familiar to Americans through countless reproductions, is on loan from the Louvre under a reciprocal arrangement (the Institute is sending Nicolas Poussin's *Death of Germanicus* to Paris this spring). Completed in 1857, Millet's solemn vision of rural toil expresses the artist's belief that "three peasants bent over, gleaning in the harvested field, while the master's wagons groan under the weight of the grain, wring the heart more painfully than seeing all the instruments of torture visited upon a martyr." Millet developed his theme in numerous drawings and prints; several of these are in the current exhibition, as well as later paintings based on *The Gleaners* by Jules Breton, Georges Seurat, and Léon Augustin Lhermitte.

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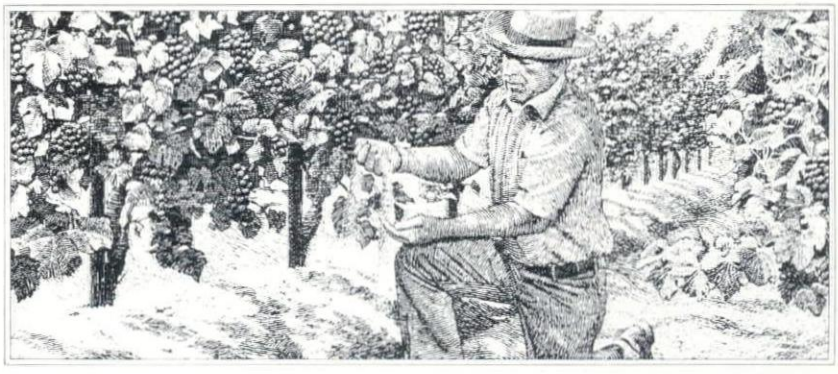
MINNEAPOLIS "It's Hedda Gabler transplanted," says composer Robert Ward, referring to his opera **Claudia Legare,** which receives its world première on April 14 at the Guthrie Theater with the Minnesota Opera Company. Claudia, a self-destructive belle in post–Civil War Charleston, is fashioned directly after the cold but captivating character in Ibsen's play; and like Hedda, Claudia ultimately shoots herself with a gun given to her by her father, in the opera a one-time Confederate general. The Ibsenesque rivals for Claudia's affection are her Dixie-loving husband, George, and her ex-lover, the industrial-minded Orlando Beaumont.

Ward, who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1962 for his operatic adaptation of Arthur Miller's *Crucible*, wrote *Claudia Legare* three years ago; the parallels to *Hedda Gabler* may have helped in getting the opera produced now, since 1978 marks the 150th anniversary of Ibsen's birth.

• • •

MINNEAPOLIS The sculptor Isamu Noguchi, born in the United States in 1904 to an American mother and Japanese father, spent his childhood in Japan, returned to this country as a 13-year-old, and now works partly in Japan and partly in New York. His work has always displayed a unique fusion of Occidental and Oriental attitudes. On April 23 the Walker Art Center opens a major exhibition, **Noguchi: Imaginary Landscapes,** which explores his 40 years as a sculptor, theater designer, and planner of gardens, plazas, and playgrounds. Perhaps the boldest of his designs is a 1930s earth sculpture of a face scaled to be visible from Mars. It was never created, but it and other projects—realized and unrealized—are represented by works and

On cultivating the vineyard for better wines.



Cultivating—which is simply the turning or loosening of the soil by mechanical means in order to control weeds and aerate the soil—might seem to some to be the most prosaic of all vineyard operations.

Yet, the truth is, we find its contribution to the production of fine wines far more complex than one might expect.

Weeds, to be sure, are undesirable. They compete with our vines for valuable nourishment and moisture in the soil.

But that is only one reason we take great care to manage an efficient and extensive cultivation program.

Frost Protection

Our experience shows that a moist, clean vineyard—one without weeds—also offers our vines measurable protection against morning frost during March, April, and early May.

Normally, during the day, the soil is warmed by the sun's rays. Then in the early hours before the following dawn, the heat that has been absorbed by the soil is released in the form of radiation, thus warming the vines above.

However, if there are weeds growing on the ground, they will shade the soil. Thus, its temperature will be cooler than if the sun were striking it directly.

Since the temperature difference between a clean vineyard and one with weeds can be as much as six degrees, and since in most instances a mere three or four degrees difference between the ground and the air is enough to protect our vines' tender young buds against frost damage, we do everything we can to keep our vineyards clean.

Our goal, of course, is to ensure that the tender buds ultimately develop into the best possible grapes for our wines.

Pest Protection

Cultivation in the early spring also helps us control insects and pests by destroying their breeding places, both above the soil and just beneath its surface.

In the Gallo vineyards, we might point out, we probably do more cultivating than normal simply because we prefer not to use herbicides when we can avoid them.

That same policy applies to the use of insecticides. We prefer natural controls.

For example, in one of our vineyards, instead of spraying to eliminate the destructive leaf hopper, we planted a number of wild blackberry bushes nearby to provide a refuge for several colonies of wasps.

The wasps then laid their eggs within the eggs of the leaf hoppers and thus prevented them from hatching.

In another case, rather than spray with an herbicide to control an obnoxious weed called puncture vines, we used weevils.

These natural enemies then burrowed into the germ of the puncture vine seeds and prevented them from sprouting.

By so protecting and nurturing our vines, we naturally improve the quality of the grapes that we grow.

Other Uses

We also rely on cultivation to enhance the effectiveness of our fertilization programs.

Fertilizers—except for nitrogen and boron—tend to become fixed in the surface soil. In order to be sure that these nutrients reach the roots of our vines, we disk them under the ground.

Then, too, during vineyard operations, soil often becomes compacted, a condition that could destroy the vine's fine root system.

To rectify this situation, we cultivate and loosen the soil, thus providing the roots some growing room. Proper cultivation makes stronger vines: and stronger vines make better grapes.

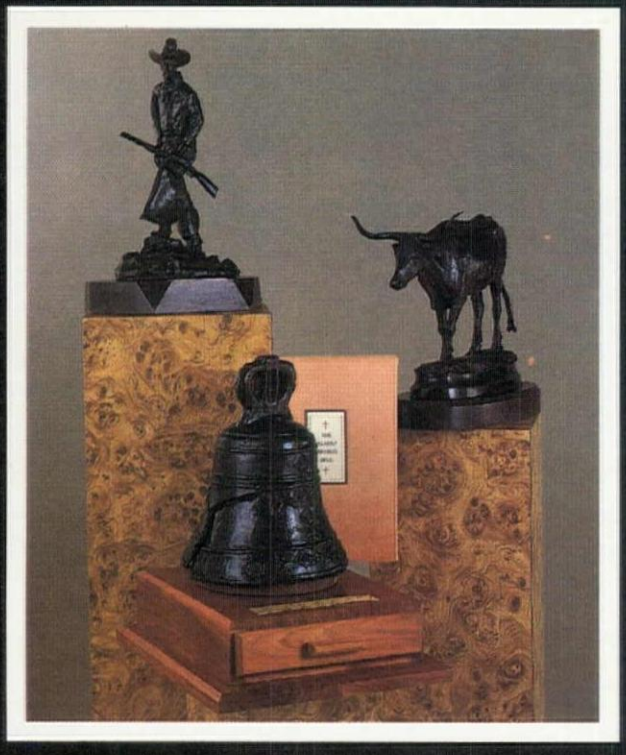
Why We Do It All

It is only by taking full advantage of all the opportunities available to us in the practice of cultivation—as in all the other facets of the art of viticulture—that we can hope to achieve our goal.

Which is, simply, to provide you with the finest wines we, or anyone else, can possibly produce.

Ernest and Julio Gallo, Modesto, California

MELVIN C. WARREN (1920-)



Left: *Standing Ranger* 12" H, #24 of 30
$3,500 Center: *Alamo Mission Bell*
6" H, #77 of 85 $3,500 Right: *Commander*
9" H, #AP of 60 $3,500

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CROSS COUNTRY



Minneapolis: Noguchi set for Martha Graham, 1950

in photographs, models, and films. For this occasion Noguchi has made *Variable Landscapes*—movable forms of wood, canvas, and bamboo that will also serve during the exhibition as performance space for musical and dance groups.

• • •

CHICAGO Film director Robert Altman, who was hailed as a new king of screwball comedy when *M*A*S*H* was first released eight years ago and has since moved on to more somber situations in *Thieves Like Us*, *Nashville*, and *3 Women*, turns again to comedy with his latest movie, **A Wedding,** an all-star examination of the rites and wrongs of nuptials. Focusing on the marriage of a young wealthy couple, the movie has been described as Altman's version of *The Philadelphia Story*. The cast includes Carol Burnett, Mia Farrow, Desi Arnaz, Jr., as the groom, Amy Stryker as the bride, Vittorio Gassman, Dina Merrill, Lauren Hutton, and 78-year-old Lillian Gish. The film, which was shot on location in the Chicago area, has its world première on April 28.

• • •

CHICAGO The enigma of daily life in China still intrigues Western observers. Some clues to the mystery are available in two exhibitions opening this month: **Chinese Folk Art,** at the Field Museum of Natural History from April 6 to July 5, and **Peasant Paintings from Huhsien County,** at the Art Institute from April 15 to May 28. A bamboo jacket to insulate against summer heat, a silver hairpin, pewter wine pots, and

paper funeral clothes are some of the domestic artifacts on view at the Field Museum. Dating from the 15th to the early 20th century, many of these objects were believed to have magical powers; other items are humorous in a folksy way, such as a woodcut entitled *Marriage of the Rats*, with a fascinated cat watching the bridal procession. This intimate view of prerevolutionary China is complemented by a traveling exhibition of 80 scenes of communal life in the People's Republic now on display at the Art Institute. Everyday activities such as *Selling Eggs to the State* and *Joy at Gathering a Bumper Crop of Cotton* are the subject of the colorful paintings by contemporary agricultural workers.

• • •

CHICAGO A little late for the Bicentennial, but worth having waited for, is the Art Institute's **200 Years of American Architectural Drawing,** on display from April 15 to June 4. First shown in New York last year, this splendid array of sketches, working drawings, and finished perspective renderings gives a sweeping architect's-eye view of building design that ranges from 18th-century Palladian to contemporary postmodern. Varied drawing styles reflect architectural personalities as diverse as gentleman-amateur Thomas Jefferson (represented here by his classical rotunda for the University of Virginia), Victorian eccentric Frank Furness, and Bauhaus émigré Mies Van Der Rohe. Plans for real structures appear alongside futuristic projects that exist only on paper, such as Harvey Ellis's pioneering skyscraper project of the 1880s or Louis Kahn's version of a rebuilt Philadelphia 70 years later. The chronological arrangement of more than 200 drawings helps to clarify their historical importance, but no technical expertise is needed to enjoy the artistry of virtuoso draftsmanship.

East

NEW YORK Beverly Sills's jewel-encrusted gown for *Maria Stuarda*, the *belle époque* confection in which Joan Sutherland waltzed through *The Merry Widow* (both by José Varona), and the blue dress designed by Miles White that Bette Davis wore in her only Broadway musical, *Two's Company*: all these costumes, in the form of original artists' renderings, are on display and for sale ($200–$2,500) at the **Design Sales Gallery,** which opened this month at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Also included in the approximately 1,000 drawings of 20th-century costume and stage designs are Raoul Pene du Bois's backdrop for *Jumbo*—the last show at the Hippodrome— and his set for the opening garden scene from *Wonderful Town*, and a rare, museum-quality sketch Stuart Davis made for a 1922 play, *The Pilgrims*.

• • •

NEW YORK The April 5–30 engagement of the **Joffrey Ballet** at City Center ushers in the spring dance season at its home base with several new highlights. A sure-fire hit at its world première in Chicago this past February, Gerald Arpino's pas de deux *L'Air d'Esprit* features a sparkling Francesca Corkle and an ardent Kevin McKenzie in a tribute to Olga Spessivtzeva, prima ballerina of the Maryinsky and Diaghilev companies early in this century. Another new work by Arpino, *Suite Saint-Saëns*, is slated for its world première April 19. Also on the roster are: a new production of the late John Cranko's *Brouilliards*, marking the first time this work will be performed by an American company; Margo Sappington's revised and expanded pas de deux from *Face Dancers*; and another *Conversations about the Dance*, an evening dedicated to the wisdom and wit of Agnes De Mille, whose lecture/demonstration was greeted enthusiastically last fall.

• • •

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT The hallucinogenic world of the stroke victim is the subject of a new play by **Arthur Kopit** recently produced at the Yale Repertory Theater. Kopit became an overnight success on Broadway in 1963 with *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*; five years later he wrote *Indians*. This new work, called *Wings*, concerns a former aviator whose perceptions of time, space, sight, and sound are often eerily distorted. The play, says Kopit, began as an attempt to understand the experience of his father, who had suffered a severe stroke and wasn't able to speak. Then, Kopit notes, "I became fascinated with the language of stroke victims, which is very much like Beckett's, and with the Alice-in-Wonderland world of distorted logic they inhabit." Onstage, this distortion is suggested by a set of mirrors and sliding panels and by tapes of garbled music and conversations. *Wings* is slated to go to New York's Public Theater this summer.

• • •

WASHINGTON Pablo Picasso's indebtedness to his contemporaries in Catalonia is a major theme of **Els Quatre Gats,** an exhibition on view at the Hirshhorn Museum from

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CROSS COUNTRY

April 13 to June 25. The café Els Quatre Gats was the favorite haunt of painters, writers, and musicians in turn-of-the-century Barcelona, where young artists, including Picasso, were drawn by the café's Bohemian atmosphere and the chance to discuss their work with the pioneers of Catalan *modernismo*. The collection of their paintings and graphics, which was organized at Princeton University, gives American museumgoers a rare glimpse of major Spanish artists little known in this country, such as Ramón Casas, Isidro Nonell, and Santiago Rusiñol. Casas's poster for puppet shows at Els Quatre Gats and Picasso's caricatures of Barcelona aesthetes offer a rakish view of café camaraderie. Yet there are also somber portraits of poverty, defeat, and alienation that reveal an underlying melancholy in the Quatre Gats circle, poignantly expressed in several early works of Picasso's blue period.

• • •

WASHINGTON Bicycling in the federal city is truly capital, and to prove it, the week of April 16–23 has been designated as **Bike Days** throughout the district. Sunday the 16th will be given over to the seventh annual National Capital Open, a 70-mile race around the roads of Rock Creek Park. On Friday morning some 30 commuter caravans led by skilled enthusiasts will pedal into Washington's center from suburbs such as Arlington, Chevy Chase, and Oxon Hill. On Saturday the Ellipse, near the White House, will boast a bicycle pavilion featuring repair clinics, safety registration booths, and touring information and offering a series of organized rides in the afternoon. "Cyclists still have a lot to learn about Washington," says a member of the Potomac Pedalers, one of the sponsors of Bike Days. "For one thing, you can't turn right on a red light."

• • •

WASHINGTON At 39 one of the most produced yet least widely known playwrights, the publicity-shunning **Israel Horovitz** has written more than 50 plays, including the Obie-winning *Indian Wants the Bronx* (with Al Pacino in 1966) and *The Primary English Class* (which starred Diane Keaton in 1976). Horovitz's latest work, *Mackerel*, which will be produced by the Folger Theater Group beginning April 5, reflects the mixture of empathy, charm, and ruthless satire that prompted his friend Eugene Ionesco to call him "a tender American hoodlum."

In the farce, which Horovitz says is "the world's biggest fish story" (he was reading Melville when he wrote it), a violent hurricane delivers a 250,000-pound mackerel to the doorstep of a family of inveterate losers in Gloucester, Massachusetts. "Being God-fearing Americans who want to get rich quick, they set out to corner the world market in mackerel," says Horovitz. Their absurd attempts to do so become vehicles for some biting jabs at capitalism and big business.



Washington: playwright Israel Horovitz

Horovitz wrote *Mackerel* as comic relief from what he sees as his most important work—a series of seven related plays set near his home town of Wakefield, Massachusetts, that he has been engrossed in for the past six years. The first two were recently produced at the Public Theater Cabaret in New York.

• • •

BOSTON In *Tribute*, a new play by Bernard Slade (*Same Time, Next Year*) opening at the Colonial Theater April 10, **Jack Lemmon** plays a formerly successful Hollywood writer and producer who has just learned, at age 51, that he suffers from a terminal illness. He still has his friends, however, and as a sign of their regard for him they assemble one evening in his honor at a Broadway theater. The play intersperses scenes from this tribute with flashbacks to the past and his relationship with his son.

"The father is a Peter Pan figure who treated life as a joke and never really grew up," says playwright Slade. "Since the play is alternately comic and dramatic, it's a great role for Lemmon, who is one of the few actors equally good at both." *Tribute* is scheduled to open on Broadway in June after a run in Toronto during May.

• • •

BOSTON Faneuil Hall marketplace will have a new neighbor this month when **Where's Boston?,** a 50-minute, multi-image, quadraphonic portrait of that city, which has played to close to a million viewers since 1975, reopens at 60 State Street. The updated montage of 3,100 slides, with commentary by such celebrities as Julia Child and Senator Edward Kennedy, combs the city from Beacon Hill to Back Bay, flashing in on agonized marathoners, Saint Patrick's Day revelers, Haymarket shoppers, and contented patrons of North End pastry shops. The show runs daily from 10:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M., and while waiting in the lobby, visitors can also see an exhibition of objects made or used by the people of Boston.

• • •

Discomfited by the stressful details of studio recording, British pianist **Sir Clifford Curzon** has made noticeably fewer albums than some of his peers, reserving his spirit for the spontaneity of live performances. Still an active recitalist at 71, Sir Clifford is currently playing the East Coast after a month in the Midwest. On April 9 he shares a Schumann/Schubert/Mozart program with pianist Murray Perahia in New York's Alice Tully Hall, and then solos in Mozart's Concerto in D Major (*Coronation*) with the New York Philharmonic April 13, 14, 15, and 18. From April 21 through May 2 he'll play more Mozart with the Philadelphia Orchestra, first in their home city and then in Washington and at Carnegie Hall. Even after 50 years of international touring, there are still milestones to be reached: when no ships were available to bring him to America this spring, Sir Clifford gave in and came over by airplane—a new first in his career.

Nationwide

"A musician's musician and a composer's composer. And one incredible man," has been truly said of Edward Kennedy Ellington, born the last year of the last century and known in this one as Duke. No one knew him better than his only son, Mercer, who with jazz historian Stanley Dance has written an intimate memoir, **Duke Ellington in Person,** published this month by Houghton Mifflin Company. There are entertaining, and sometimes sobering, anecdotes about his talented sidemen Billy Strayhorn,



**Helen Hayes and Fred Astaire in "A Family Upside Down."
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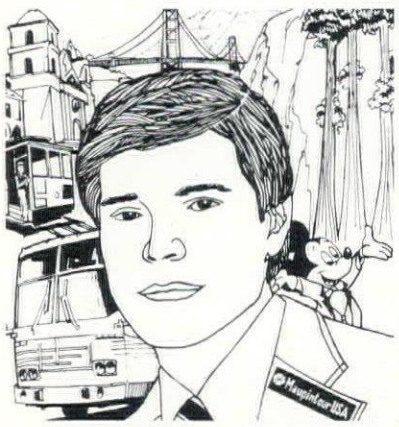
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CROSS COUNTRY

Bubber Miley, Cootie Williams, and Sonny Greer; his women, including Duke's revered mother and the fabulous Madame Zajj (whom Mercer says is "a composite of several ladies in Pop's later life" sharing a pseudonym so as "not to blow their cover"); and his music (he claimed he wote *Mood Indigo* while his mother fixed supper and called it *Dreamy Blues*, but, aware of the importance of prestigious packaging, he gave it the more sophisticated title). Besides being a colorful history of jazz, the book is also a moving story of father and son.

• • •

Now, with *Anna Karenina* coming into its final episodes on PBS's *Masterpiece Theater*, viewers can turn to a remarkable new book about the novel's creator, **Tolstoy Remembered,** by Tatyana Tolstoy, his eldest daughter. She began her memoirs of life with father shortly after Tolstoy's death in 1910, perhaps out of a sense of having not defended him properly while he was still alive: "I have often been reproached," she wrote, "for failing to protest against the impostures, the plagiarisms, the counterfeits, and the slanders that have appeared from time to time in print through the world, and that are still appearing, associated with the name of my father." Her account is both intimate and compassionate, providing a new understanding of the novelist's private life—his differences with his wife and their ultimate parting have a tragic inevitability familiar enough to Tolstoy's readers. The memoirs, published by McGraw-Hill at the instigation of Tatyana's own daughter and namesake, are illustrated with 20 charming photographs—some previously unpublished—from the Tolstoy family album.

• • •

And now, from Alta Coma, California, it's time for **America 2-Night.** Norman Lear's talk show parody, *Fernwood 2-Night*, which ran last summer as a replacement for *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* and garnered good reviews as well as a cult following, returns this month with comedian Martin Mull as insidious host Barth Gimble. In addition to the name change, the series has moved its locale from Fernwood to Alta Coma, a fictitious Hollywood suburb famous as "the Unfinished Furniture Capital of the World." And while the earlier version relied on actors portraying offbeat guests and eccentrics, *America 2-Night* will feature visits from celebrities

appearing as themselves—Cindy Williams, Milton Berle, Peter Frampton, Burt Lancaster, Melissa Manchester, and Paul Lynde are scheduled for spots—along with counterfeit celebrities such as Dr. Wood Honeywell, who in the first episode promotes a vaccine that combats terminal homosexuality. A new segment, "Money Talks," will permit anyone to purchase air time on the show; music is once again provided by Happy Kyne and the Mirth Makers. *America 2-Night* resumes on April 10 in most cities.

• • •

A host of Broadway performers not often seen on television composes the cast of **Holocaust,** an NBC miniseries, which follows the lives of two European families



COURTESY NBC

Joseph Bottoms and Tovah Feldshuh in Holocaust

from 1935 to 1945. Fritz Weaver stars as Dr. Joseph Weiss, the central figure in a Jewish family that suffers persecution and, in many cases, eventual death at the hands of the Nazis. Juxtaposed to the Weiss family is the Dorf clan, headed by an ambitious German lawyer (Michael Moriarty) who quickly rises in the S.S. organization to assist the chief planner of the Jews' annihilation. Rosemary Harris, George Rose, Meryl Streep, Ian Holm, Tovah Feldshuh, David Warner, Joseph Bottoms, and young Blanche Baker, the daughter of actress Carroll Baker, are also featured in the production. Directed by Marvin Chomsky, *Holocaust* was filmed entirely in Europe and includes a re-creation of the 1943 Warsaw ghetto uprising (filmed near the Berlin Wall). Gerald Green (*The Last Angry Man*) wrote the screenplay; his own novelization of the script is being published this month. *Holocaust* will be shown on four consecutive nights, April 16 to 19.



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Renaissance, Plus One

A year after it opened,
Henry Ford II's multi-million-dollar extravaganza
is kindling a spirit of confidence in Detroit

By ROGER M. WILLIAMS

The burning and killing that devastated downtown Detroit during the riots of 1967 firmly established the city as the symbolic capital of American urban despair. More than 14 square miles of the downtown area went up in flames, more than 40 people died, and paratroops of the 82d and 101st Airborne Divisions had to be called in to halt an orgy of violence unparalleled even in those turbulent days. Two summers ago, when a group of black gang members, capping weeks of random marauding, attacked concertgoers during a rock performance at Detroit's Cobo Hall, the city got a violent reminder that even nine years later some of the root causes of the 1967 upheaval remained.

Perhaps more than any other large American city Detroit needed a massive shot in the arm. That was the principal purpose behind Renaissance Center, a $350 million hotel and office complex sponsored by Henry Ford II, which opened in early 1977. Renaissance Center was to be, in Ford's words, "a catalyst to make other things happen"—primary among them an uplift for the economy and for the spirit of beleaguered Detroit. Although the project's backers predicted no miracles, their ambitious hopes inevitably focused the attention of planners, politicians, and urbanologists looking for the lessons Renaissance Center might offer other ailing cities.

• • •

How, one year after its dedication, has Renaissance fulfilled its promise? The answer must still be tentative, and it is, of course, complex. There have been some significant gains in the quality of life in downtown Detroit, yet Renaissance has not "saved" the city—it was not intended to and never could. On balance, though, this unique experiment in crash urban improvement seems to be working—helped along by two good years for the auto industry. Perhaps most importantly, the pernicious sense of futility that pervaded nearly all of Detroit only two or three years ago has begun to give way to a feeling that this hurting city has a future after all.



BENYAS-KAUFMAN—BLACK STAR

Above: *Downtown Detroit in flames during the 1967 riots.* **Opposite:** *Strollers along Jefferson Boulevard in the shadow of the Renaissance Center and Isamu Noguchi's pylon.*



TIM HURSLEY—KORAB

Before Renaissance could have any catalytic effect on its surroundings, it had to succeed within its own mirror-glass and concrete walls. It had to demonstrate that contemporary Detroit could support first-class office space and chic shops and that visitors would want to stay at the Detroit Plaza, its futuristic 1,400-room hotel.

In that respect the center has succeeded very well. Designed by John Portman, the Atlanta-based architect-developer who already had Atlanta's Peachtree Center and San Francisco's Embarcadero Plaza to his credit, Renaissance Center occupies what had been a virtually abandoned 33-acre parcel of land on the bank of the Detroit River. Portman's design is a signature work: the 73-story circular Detroit Plaza surrounded by four 39-story circular office towers, all mounted on a four-level "podium structure" containing shops, a health club, and parking facilities.

• • •

In its interior appearance and function Renaissance Center compares favorably with other Portman spectaculars. Certainly the Detroit Plaza is a more functional, less constricted hotel than its prototype, Atlanta's Peachtree Plaza, and it is more pleasing to the eye. The cylindrical center space, broken up by myriad shapes and intersecting angles, is at once stimulating and restful.

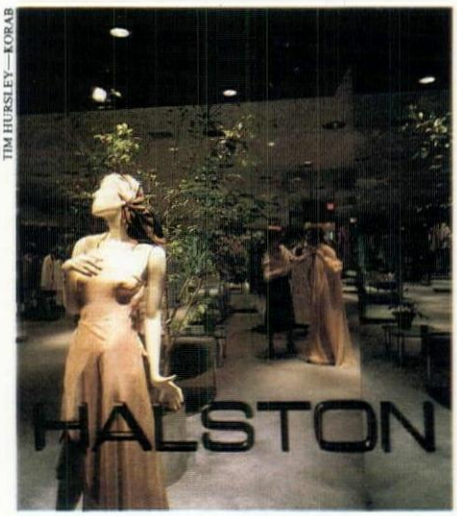
Eighty-five per cent of the center's 2.2 million square feet of office space has been leased to date, 5 per cent ahead of schedule. Less than a year after opening, the Plaza had an occupancy rate estimated at 60 to 70 per cent, encouraging for a hotel geared to the convention trade (several hundred conventions are booked as far ahead as 1985). Shop leasing has run behind schedule, but center officials say they are not worried. They have already bagged some impressive names—Lanvin, Courrèges, Cartier, F. A. O. Schwarz—which blend democratically with less-exclusive clothing stores and such mass eateries as McDonald's. Renaissance recently opened three movie theaters, which may seem like a modest accomplishment until one

Right: *Employees leave Tower 300; the Ford Motor Company occupies 34 floors.* **Below:** *Halston is one of five boutiques in the Detroit Plaza hotel.*

TIM HURSLEY—KORAB



TIM HURSLEY—KORAB



DAN MCCOY—BLACK STAR



Above: *Cocktail pods overlook the hotel's 252-seat Café Renaissance.* **Right:** *Detroit mayor Coleman Young.*

JOSEPH P. MESSANA



Architect-developer John Portman, below, left, and Henry Ford II, who was the prime mover behind the Renaissance project

BOTH: JOSEPH P. MESSANA





Below: *Commuters from north of Detroit head for work in the center's four office towers.*

TIM HURSLEY—KORAB



remembers that they are the first new theaters to be built in downtown Detroit in 40 years.

One major reason for the office towers' high occupancy rate is the arrival of two more or less captive tenants—a segment of the Ford Motor Company, which took 34 floors, and the General Motors AC-Delco Division, which took 9. Like numerous other Renaissance tenants, they have a stake in the center or the auto industry or both, and their presence is not a true indicator of how well Renaissance is doing. But all eight of the nation's leading accounting firms have offices in the center, and for seven of those it is their only Detroit-area office. Several of the city's leading law firms also have relocated in the center.

The largest law firm in Michigan—Dykema, Gossett, Spencer, Goodnow and Trigg—made the move only after an arduous in-house discussion that illuminates the kinds of choices faced by many business firms nowadays. Dykema, Gossett had outgrown its offices in the City National Bank Building and was tempted to follow a long procession of other Detroit companies into the suburbs. But H. Gordon Wood, the partner in charge of the law firm's move, encouraged his colleagues to consider the alternatives.

In the end, Wood says, the partners voted unanimously for Renaissance. "The overwhelming factor was that, by going there, we would remain in the center of the city's commercial, financial, and professional life. That's where we make our livelihood."

• • •

Such decisions have had a noticeable spin-off effect on the area adjoining Renaissance Center itself. Several new restaurants have sprung up, and several old standbys are enjoying greatly increased business. Typical of the latter is Jacoby's, three blocks from the center, which serves good, inexpensive German food. Jacoby's has renovated its kitchen and added an upstairs dining room, and the bar is now crowded after work. "Our business has increased like a hundred per cent," states owner Ed Jacoby.

Restaurants in Greektown, a few minutes beyond Jacoby's, did well even in Detroit's darkest days, but now they are doing magnificently. One can seldom get into the New Hellas Café without standing in a line that winds out the door; the "Old" Parthenon, run by former New Hellas employees, was nearly full even during the January blizzard. Closer to the heart of the city, two classier restaurants—the Top of the Flame and the Pontchartrain Wine Cellar—are experiencing a similar effect.

By all accounts, suburbanites, who have shunned downtown Detroit for at least a decade, make up a growing proportion of the restaurants' new patrons. The opening of the Detroit Plaza drew crowds of people who hadn't been downtown in years, and it gave them the idea that they could come back safely and enjoy themselves to boot. Bill Black, a reporter with WJR, a local radio station, recalls interviewing a group of Mount Clemens residents, chronic downtown stayaways, who put up at the Plaza on opening night "so we could say later that we'd done it." Since then Black has encountered four of the couples elsewhere in downtown—two in restaurants, one going to a concert, and one to an athletic event. "For the first time in at least ten years," remarks Black, "this city is attracting people from the suburbs."

The influx of suburbanites is making a big difference to local merchants. "We used to hold auctions in the evenings," says Ernest Du Mouchelle, owner of the Du Mouchelle Art Galleries, just across Jefferson Boulevard from Renaissance, "but we had to switch to daytime. People were simply afraid to come. Now we're getting back to evenings, and the other night we didn't even have standing room."

• • •

The blocks across Jefferson are made up largely of shabby old buildings and vacant-land-turned-parking-lots, but the appearance is deceptive: the area now contains some of the hottest real estate in the city. There are tales of tenfold gains in price over the last three or four years, and Wayne Doran, the stocky, plainspoken president of the 51-member Renaissance Center Partnership, estimates that some property that was selling at about $10 a square foot when the center opened is now going for in excess of $30.

Renaissance is not, to be sure, the sole cause of the miniboom in local land. The stretch of riverfront where it is situated contains two other projects that enhance the area, as well as the entire downtown. One is a new sports arena, scheduled for completion next year, which is being built chiefly to keep hockey's Red Wings from following football's Lions to the suburbs. The arena's location, and perhaps its very existence, are directly attributable to the presence of Renaissance. The second project is the nearly complete $30 million Senator Philip A. Hart Memorial Plaza, a theater and recreational facility that was designed by the sculptor Isamu Noguchi and includes two of his works, a fountain and a twisting stainless-steel pylon. In a burst of enthusiasm Robert McCabe, president of Detroit Renaissance, a local businessmen's organization, called the plaza the "most exciting downtown space in America." Although also independent of the Renaissance development, planning for this project was speeded up dramatically when it became certain that Renaissance would appear to "anchor" the area.

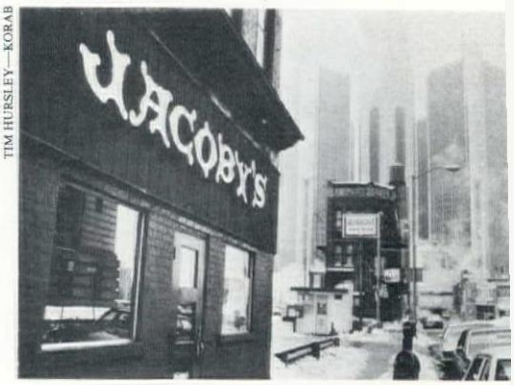
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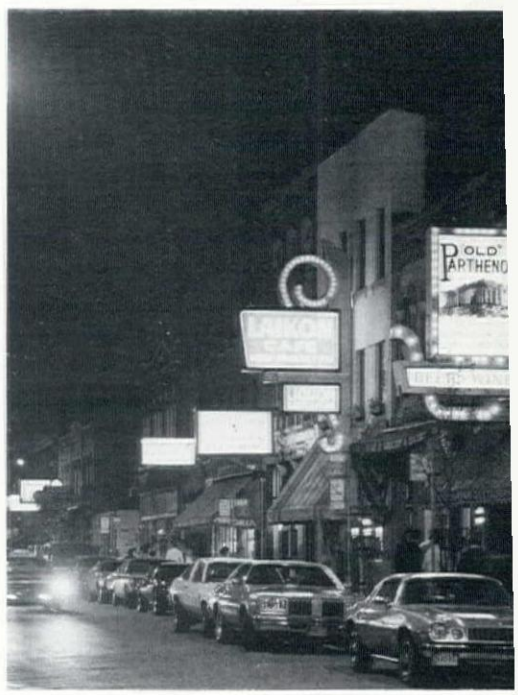
Renaissance also deserves considerable credit for Elmwood III, a tenant-owned town-house project on the edge of downtown. Elmwood III represents a milestone along Detroit's comeback trail. It is the first privately financed housing to have been built in the city in more than a decade. One of the prime developers, Henry B. Hagood, admits he "wouldn't have attempted" the project without Renaissance in place.

What might be called the spirit of Renaissance can be, and often is, credited with a number of other nearby improvements. Among them are the restoration of two blocks of once-grand Woodward Avenue, which ends at the river, three blocks west of the center;

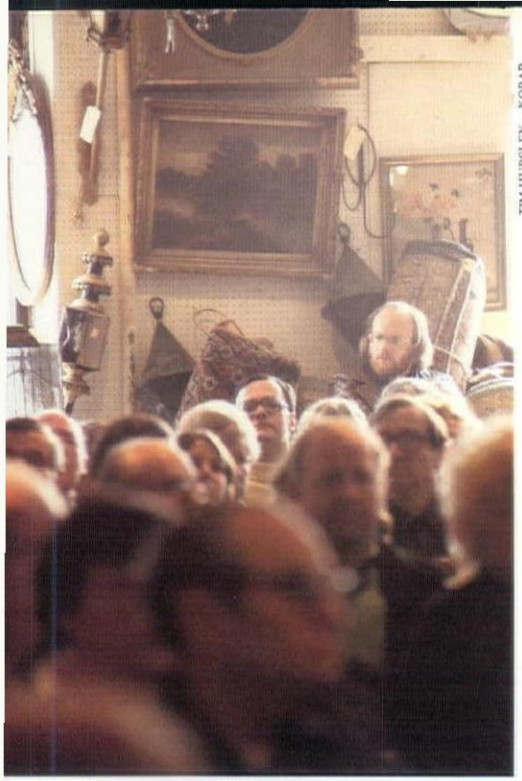
Right: *A packed auction at the downtown Du Mouchelle Art Galleries.* **Below:** *Business has doubled in the last year at Jacoby's restaurant.*

TIM HURSLEY—KORAB

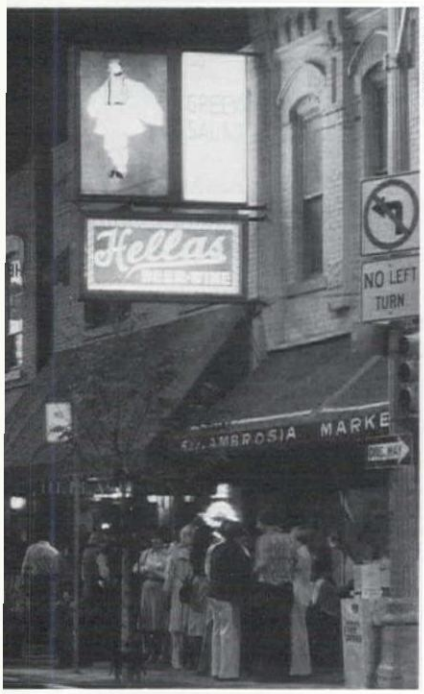




Above: *Greektown's quaint shops and bustling Mediterranean eateries are an easy walk from Renaissance.* **Right:** *Lunch-hour shoppers can find fresh produce and specialty foods at the nearly 100 stores and outdoor stands that make up the popular Eastern Market complex.*



TIM HURSLEY—KORAB



JOSEPH FARKAS



TIM HURSLEY—KORAB

the transformation of Washington Boulevard into what one enthusiast predicts will become "another Madison Avenue, with shops downstairs and apartments above"; and the $8 million face-lift being given the venerable Detroit Cadillac Hotel (now the Radisson-Cadillac Hotel). Unquestionably spurred by Renaissance is an assortment of large-scale downtown building projects now in the talking stages. Two of these would involve municipal parking garages with air rights sold to private developers. On Washington Boulevard the trade-off would be a 400-unit high-rise apartment tower, while behind Renaissance itself the deal would produce either an apartment tower or another hotel.

More exciting is the plan for a huge downtown shopping center that Hagood calls "as big a key to Detroit's future as Renaissance itself." This complex would occupy three square blocks in the center of the city's old and exhausted retail area. "The shopping-center plan won't work tomorrow," says McCabe, "but if we continue to progress, 1981 would be a realistic target date. We've got to show national retail chains that Detroit has turned around, that the market is here."

Ever since the first discussions about Renaissance Center, Coleman Young, Detroit's shrewd and successful mayor, has been one of its strongest supporters. So closely have the black mayor and white industrialists worked, in fact, that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between their efforts. The center suited Young's emphasis on downtown revival, and he supported Henry Ford's plans by making a number of complementary moves—building the riverfront arena; lobbying successfully for a "people mover" that will shuttle passengers along a 2.5-mile downtown corridor; and, in general, pursuing a strategy of using public investment as seed money to attract much larger amounts of private investment.

Although it is almost impossible to measure, the close cooperation between Young and the Renaissance people may well have contributed to a marked improvement in a number of Detroit's vital signs over the past year or so. The statistics sometimes vary from source to source (perhaps as a result of eagerness to spread the news), but the following appear to be the most reliable. Unemployment is about 7 per cent, down from a staggering 17.4 per cent in 1975. Part of that drop is certainly Renaissance related. During heavy tourist and convention periods the center provides some 1,800 jobs, making it the largest nongovernmental employer in downtown. Serious crimes last year decreased by an average of 21 per cent from their 1976 levels; homicide (Detroit took a turn as "murder capital" of the country a few years ago) was off 30.6 per cent, burglary 21.4 per cent—no doubt partly because the police force, which suffered layoffs and a hiring freeze in 1976, is now above its previous strength, and there are roughly 50 per cent more patrolmen in the downtown area.

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For all the improvements, though, there is much that Renaissance—and Young—have either not done or not been able to do. The center has had little overall success luring suburban-based companies into the city proper. "It's easy for a firm to move *out* of a city," explains Doran. "There are always numerous reasons: crime, taxes, parking, and if you're a branch office, a boss at headquarters who likes the idea. But it takes somebody with a commitment to the city to move back."

A related failure has been the center's own inability to land a non-auto-industry "impact" tenant, one that will attract other big, well-known companies. But despite the Elmwood III project, Renaissance's most conspicuous failure has been in the area of housing. For Detroit to regain its socio-economic balance and for the planned downtown shopping center to materialize, there must be a vast expansion in middle-to-upper-income downtown housing. A couple of years ago civic leaders were talking up a project that was to trigger the expansion—a riverfront high-rise under the aegis of industrialist-financier Max Fisher. Now the Fisher project is stalled while its devel-

opers wrestle with what are called "economic and financial problems."

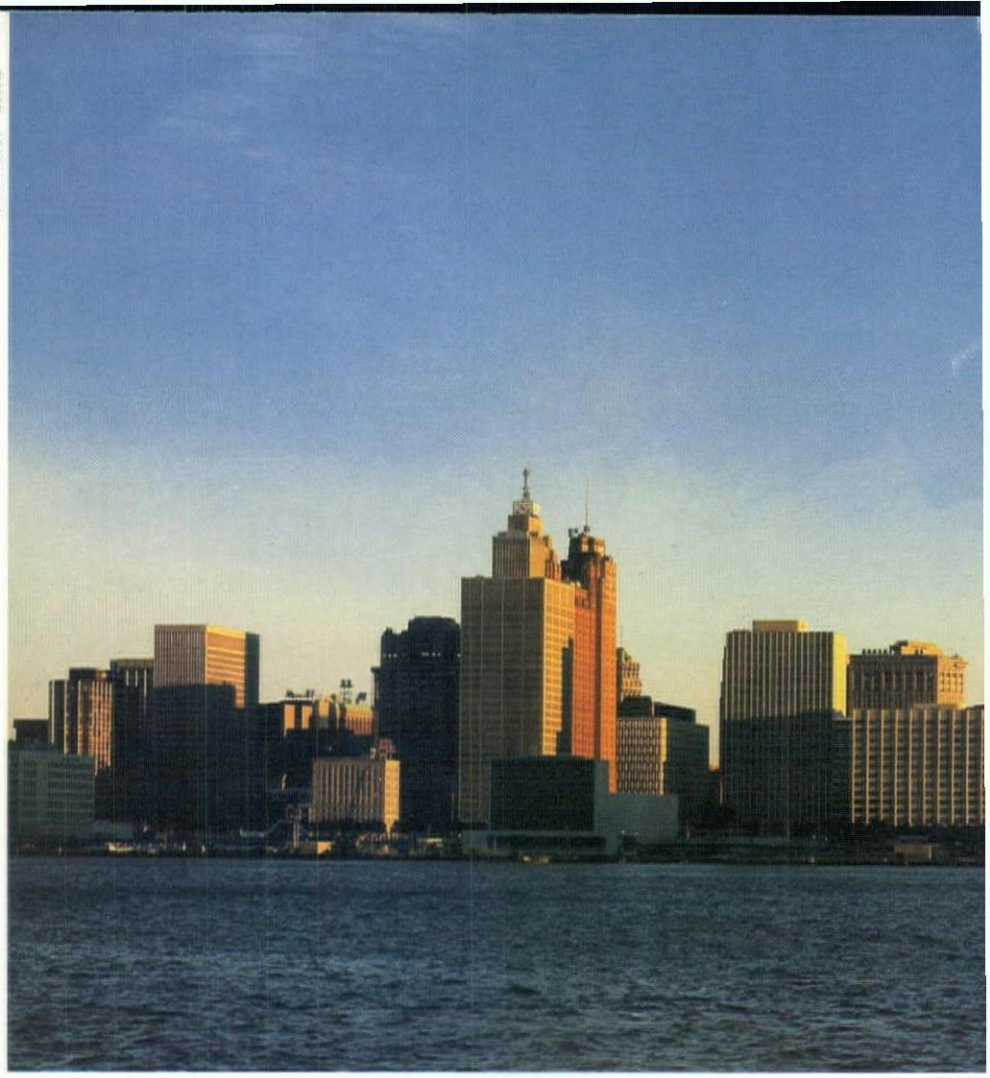
Further, Renaissance Center officials themselves are no more committed to housing units now than they were when the center was planned, despite a widespread conviction that apartments at the edge of the river, with the center's attractions at the back door, would find a ready market. "The problem is the partnership's unwillingness to pursue Renaissance housing," states a businessman familiar with the center's workings. "Henry Ford would like to see it. But he doesn't want to do the whole damned place himself."

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A more serious charge has to do with the impact—or lack of it—that Renaissance has had on the "neighborhoods," Detroit's poor-to-moderate-income, largely black residential areas. Mayor Young has taken a considerable amount of criticism from Detroiters, especially blacks, who contend that he and Renaissance Center have placed far too much emphasis on downtown at the expense of the neighborhoods. "Coleman's really shilled the downtown thing," complains a newspaper reporter who covers the black community, "and he's done a hell of a PR job on black people. He's got them all believing we're moving straight ahead here, making big progress. We're making some, sure, but the neighborhoods remain the great unresolved problem of Detroit. The ones that were really bad are still really bad, with vacant lots and dope all over the place. Yet every time he lays on a federally assisted project, it's closer to Renaissance Center than the one before."

Whatever the merits of such arguments, their force seems to be waning. Young's opponent in the 1977 run-off election, City Councilman Ernest Browne, Jr., tried to make a major campaign issue out of what he claimed was Young's overemphasis on downtown. Judging by the election results—62.5 per cent for Young—the issue failed to take hold. And random interviews with blacks in the downtown area reflect little strong criticism of Renaissance or the philosophy behind it. Most

TIM HURSLEY—KORAB



BALTHAZAR KORAB—ROSSETTI ASSOCIATES/ARCHITECTS PLANNERS

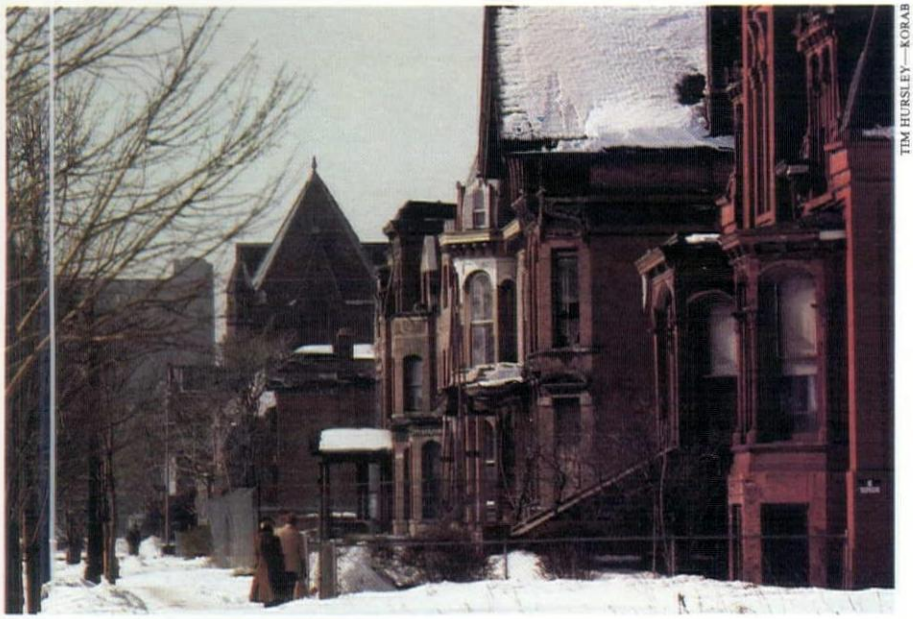


Above: *A panoramic view of Detroit from Windsor, Canada; notable landmarks include the City National Bank, Hudson's department store, and the Ford Auditorium, just to the left of Renaissance.* **Right:** *A model of the soon-to-be-completed pedestrian mall on Woodward Avenue adjacent to Hudson's.*

© ANDREW POPPER







TIM HURSLEY—KORAB

Above: *These Victorian homes are being renovated and adapted for multiple occupancy as part of the Woodward East renewal project.* **Opposite:** *The Horace E. Dodge and Son Memorial Fountain in Hart Plaza, designed by Noguchi.*

seem to agree in substance with Ella Mae Thomas, a Hudson's department-store employee, who said recently, "The center has given a few more people jobs, it has enhanced the city's appearance, and it encourages more people to come here, to see what Detroit's all about. We should have more Renaissance Centers."

Perhaps, perhaps not. Persistent questions remain about whether Renaissance can ever do enough for Detroit to justify its staggering cost. And questions also linger about whether the project holds any lessons for other American cities. Detroit, it seems, was especially ripe for a quick, massive pick-me-up. And how many other cities have either a Henry Ford or a phalanx of other businessmen willing to back such grand designs?

Yet to many of the Renaissance people such questions seem at least partly irrelevant. "I don't know how I can satisfy people who say we should be saving every part of this city," says Doran with some impatience. "We didn't tell anybody we were going to solve their social problems. This is a real-estate project, designed to keep people, jobs, and companies that pay taxes from leaving the city. I think that's vital, and I think Renaissance has made a good start on doing it."

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From the evidence thus far, Doran is right. The problems of the neighborhoods are probably beyond the reach—if not the concern—of most private development schemes. Those problems must be dealt with by the government. What the private sector can do is to stimulate the economy, on which the welfare of everyone, neighborhood dweller and suburbanite alike, depends. It can also create a new sense of hope and purpose by investing in a place in which, only a short time ago, few had any faith left at all. However one feels about its long-term catalytic effect, Renaissance Center has clearly made a beginning on both fronts. □

Roger M. Williams is a free-lance writer with a special interest in urban affairs.



JOSEPH ABELES STUDIO

In Dancin' *Fosse lets out all the stops in a jazzy number with Charles Ward and Sandahl Bergman, below. He did the choreography for* Bells Are Ringing*—with Judy Holliday, left—the musical hit of 1956.*

MARTHA SWOPE

Fosse was the singing and dancing snake in The Little Prince*, a 1974 film.*

Dancin' Man

Bob Fosse, for 25 years the quintessential Broadway dancer-choreographer, brings in a new show that's all his own

Twenty-five years ago it was acceptable in a Broadway musical to interrupt the story with an entirely ridiculous excuse for a song and dance. In *The Pajama Game*, for no plot reason at all, a union local presented an entertainment at one of its meetings—a Broadway dance number. Three dancers, two boys and a girl, appeared in Charlie Chaplin tramp costumes. They stuck close together, popped their elbows, pumped their derbies up and down about their heads; they knocked their knees and sometimes even danced on them. The music was catchy, the dance still catchier. Broadway dance numbers had usually been noisy, designed to show off a full chorus of singing dancers. Here was a number—*Steam Heat*—that was intimate, eccentric, understated, and, in its own way, tense. With this, his first show and his first showstopper, Bob Fosse established himself as a fresh and original Broadway choreographer.

He was to have a remarkable, even extravagant career, which, in fact, is at its peak today. It has not lacked melodrama. It included a disastrous period, smack in the middle, when Fosse was unable to get work, written off as a hasbeen; he recovered from that to make the movie *Cabaret*. It included a moment when he very nearly died of a heart attack; he subsequently had heart surgery and only months later staged the hit musical *Chicago*. He married one of Broadway's greatest stars—Gwen Verdon—and directed or choreographed her biggest hits: *Damn Yankees*, *New Girl in Town*, *Redhead*, *Sweet Charity*, *Chicago*. And the marriage broke up.

Fosse's career has included the most compelling of crises and the most fabulous of successes. Now his reputation is on the line as never before, with *Dancin'*, this season's newest Broadway musical. In *Dancin'* he works with no collaborators—no composer or lyricist or librettist. It is all Fosse.

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In 24 years Bob Fosse has directed or choreographed ten musicals on Broadway, and every one of them has been a hit—a record unparalleled by any of his contemporaries. In a single year—1972—he won the Academy Award for *Cabaret*, the theater's Tony Award for *Pippin*, and television's Emmy for *Liza with a Z*. No other director has ever done that. In a notoriously unpredictable field Fosse's reliability has been so impressive that he has achieved a power directors rarely get, in both movies and the theater. If Fosse wants to do something, the money is there. Once he'd followed *Cabaret* with the movie *Lenny*, he could make any film he chose. And as for Broadway, with *Dancin'* all he had to do was go to work on it, and the necessary $800,000 was raised. This is true artistic freedom, but at the highest stakes.

A very strict standard governs Fosse's freedom: he is not satisfied until the audience is. If a show of his has a number he loves but the people out there don't like it, it is dropped. The audience is the final judge. This is something he got from George Abbott, the crusty old grand master of Broadway directors. Abbott cracked the whip over Fosse's choreographing of *The Pajama Game*, *Damn Yankees*, and *New Girl in Town*, and Fosse learned the rule: Broadway is for hits. His working philosophy is rooted in show business. If a show is in trouble while being tested, he doesn't panic. He starts to fix it. If one idea doesn't work, he tries another.

For example, in 1961 Fosse was working on a show called *How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying*. The composer and lyricist was Frank Loesser, a man idolized on Broadway: he wrote *Where's Charley?*, *Guys and Dolls*, and the movie *Hans Christian Andersen*, as well as countless popular songs. For *How to Succeed* Loesser had composed a bouncy little number called *A Secretary Is Not a Toy*. It was sung to a skipping rhythm, something like *Pop Goes the Weasel*, and it simply wasn't working. The producers asked Fosse if he could make a dance number of it. Fosse locked himself in a studio and rehearsed for days with the male dancers; nobody was permitted to watch. When he was through, Fosse nervously called in the producers and, even more nervously, Mr. Loesser. If you don't like the number, Fosse said, please don't shout,

Carol Haney in The Pajama Game, *1954— Fosse's choreographic debut*



FRED FEHL

By MARTIN GOTTFRIED

please don't scream, just see the whole thing through. Then, Fosse promised, he would just as quietly abandon it.

He told the company to do the number. It wasn't *A Secretary Is Not a Toy*, not as Loesser had written it, not a skipping song at all. Fosse had made it a soft-shoe number, had even put in syncopated beats. When the dancers were finished, there was dead silence as everyone waited apprehensively for Loesser's fury. "Terrific," he said, and it was. Fosse's number stopped the show every night.

Such ingenuity has made Fosse successful, knowing how an audience can be manipulated. Theatrical tomfoolery is his trade. Within a year of *How to Succeed* he was on another show, *Little Me*, an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel mocking the memoirs of a fictitious bosomy actress named Belle Poitrine. The story had been rewritten so that Sid Caesar could play all seven of Belle's lovers. Once more the show needed fixing, as nearly every show does, this time for the opening of the second act. Unabashedly stealing from himself, Fosse came up with another all-male soft-shoe number, *Real Live Girl*. Once more it was a showstopper.


CULVER

In My Sister Eileen, *a movie of 1955, Fosse, above with Janet Leigh, sang, danced, and choreographed.*

By now you could hardly blame him if he got a bit cynical about the ease of distracting an audience. In 1975 Fosse came to the show *Chicago*, the story of Roxy Hart, the murderer who went into show business. In the musical Roxy's lawyer is plotting to overwhelm the jury by having her give them "the old razzle-dazzle." The number could speak for Fosse, a Chicagoan himself:

> Give 'em the old razzle-dazzle.
> Razzle-dazzle 'em.
> Give 'em an act with lots of flash in it
> And the reaction will be passionate.

As irony would have it, even *that* song worked. You couldn't blame Fosse if he began to think show business absurd.

In fact, Fosse is a moody, introverted man who claims there is never a day he doesn't think about growing older and closer to death. (The movie he is planning next is called *All That Jazz*, starring Richard Dreyfuss; it's about a dying director.) He has been dancing since he was a teen-ager working in burlesque houses. Fosse avoids discussions of his work as if afraid that it and he should not risk examination. So, evasive responses to interviewers' questions have given him an undeserved reputation for being difficult and uncommunicative, when he is only shy.

What he really doesn't like to discuss is his marriage to Gwen Verdon. It was a professional marriage as well as a domestic one. Verdon dances in the Fosse style, Fosse choreographs in the Verdon style. Both love the jazz dancing pioneered by Jack Cole, the late Broadway choreographer of *Kismet* and *Man of La Mancha*. Both believe that Broadway choreography is a respectable art form in its own right—one that need not take second place to modern dance or ballet. Verdon and Fosse are still very close and, of course, he directed her in *Chicago* after their separation. They have a teen-age daughter named Nicole, who is as beautiful as her mother and thinks her father is the world's greatest choreographer-director.

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The filming of *Cabaret*, during which he and Verdon separated, was a turning point in Fosse's career. He had been a Broadway success before, but in association with his wife. He had graduated from choreographer to director, doing more or less conventional musical comedies. A notorious copycat, especially from himself, he put a *Steam Heat* group of knock-kneed, hatted dancers in almost every show. Broadway dancers fondly advise him that if he ever wants to abandon the theater, he can always open a hat store.

With *Cabaret*, however, his work changed. For five years he had been out of work because of his failed movie, *Sweet Charity*. Cy Feuer, producer and codirector with Fosse of *Little Me*, was producing the *Cabaret* movie, and he revived Fosse's career by hiring him to


JOSEPH ABELES STUDIO

New Girl in Town *starred Gwen Verdon, far left, in 1957. Dances were by Fosse.*

direct. As a Broadway musical, *Cabaret* had been half an old-fashioned book show (a story with songs) and half a striking, expressionistic re-creation of a decadent Berlin cabaret. In making the film Fosse eliminated the book songs—those related to the plot—to concentrate on the bizarre cabaret. The huge success of the resulting movie brought him back to Broadway with *Pippin*, in which he made a trivial story and thin music into a kind of magic show with fantastic dance shapes. This time Fosse created a hit on sheer invention.

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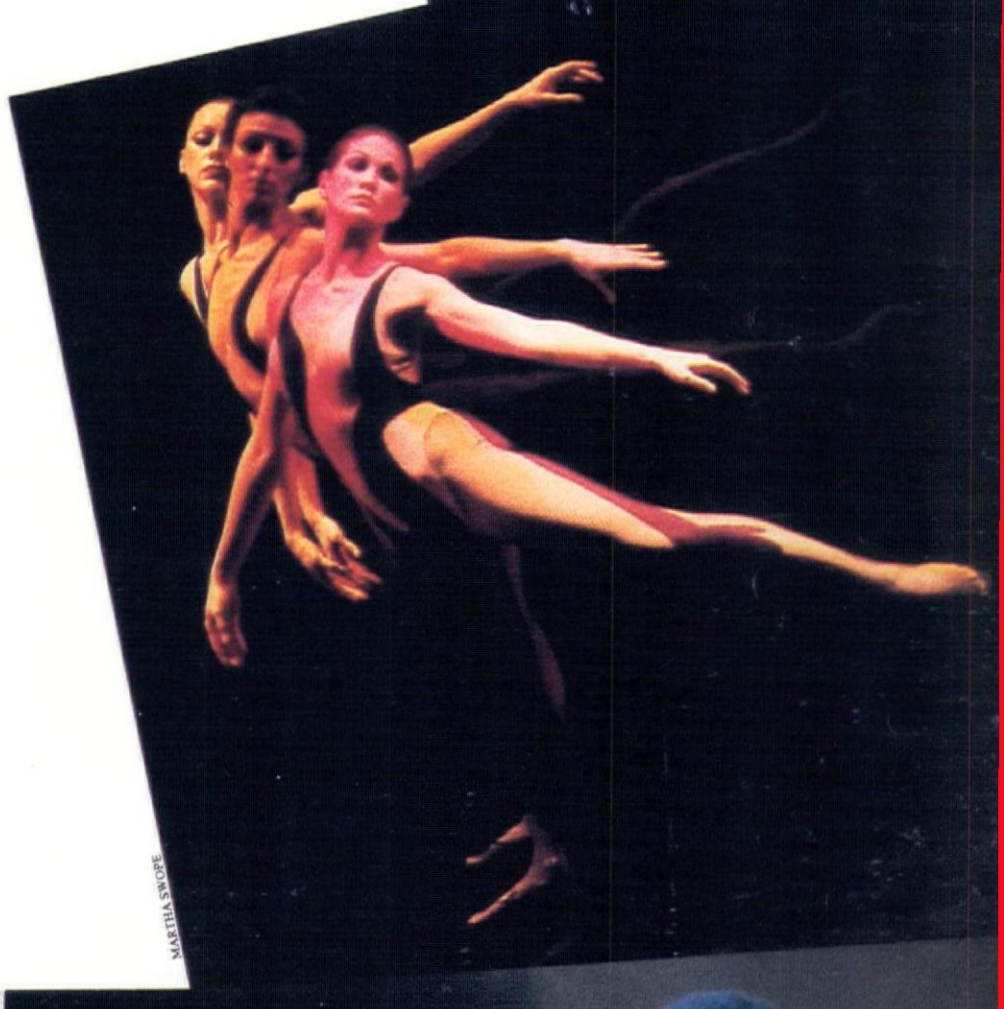
Chicago, coming on its heels, was even more ambitious. Though based on a play (*Roxy Hart*), it told the story through the techniques of the "concept" musical. A concept musical is one that uses a production idea, rather than a story, as its basis. Fosse's concept for *Chicago* was a 1930s vaudeville show, and the plot unfolded through a series of acts: a ventriloquist, a female impersonator, a battered clown, and so on. The show was spectacular. Fosse went beyond choreographing steps and numbers; he shaped groups of dancers and moved them through the show as if in a rotating kaleidoscope. It was also sexy—the forthright heterosexuality of Fosse's work has always been refreshing. He chooses as dancers luscious women whose femininity is appreciated and celebrated. They are what yesterday's tired businessmen called tootsies.

Sexiness is prevalent in *Dancin'*. But much about the show is a departure for Fosse. For one thing, *Dancin'* has no story line—not even the minimal one of *A Chorus Line*, a show with which it will inevitably be compared. Fosse has described it as tersely as you might expect: nine dances set to music by such classical composers as Bach, Erik Satie, and Edgard Varèse and by such pop composers as Neil Diamond, Melissa Manchester, and Cat Stevens. However, *Dancin'* does have a theme, and that is dancin', as in Fred Astaire and the soft shoe, the jitterbug, and the song-and-dance Fosse knows so well. Nothing pretentious; the casual rather than the formal, the Broadway vernacular rather than ballet.

Fosse uses his Dancin' *cast of 16 dancer-singers as athletic hoofers, right, and as cool classicists, below. Ben Vereen, bottom, starred in Fosse's* Pippin *and won a Tony Award for it in 1973.*



MARTHA SWOPE



MARTHA SWOPE



HERBERT MIGDOLL



ALIX JEFFRY

Another difference between *Dancin'* and other musicals is that none of its music is new. Though classical choreographers are accustomed to already existing music, whether created for dance or not, Broadway choreographers have never worked that way. Actually, their approach has been just the opposite. In the past, when Fosse did a Broadway show, the music followed his choreography. Instead of his dancers moving to the music, the music moved to his dancers. A dance pianist, working with him and the company, gave the rhythms and colors Fosse asked for, drawing from the show's melodies. Fosse determined the style, length, and mood of the music.

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So in *Dancin'* he poses new challenges for himself. Can he choreograph to existing music? Can he make the music, especially the pop music, work in the theater? If this is to be a

Pal Joey was revived in 1961, with Fosse in the lead, left. He does not perform in Dancin', *below, but the show is entirely his creation.*

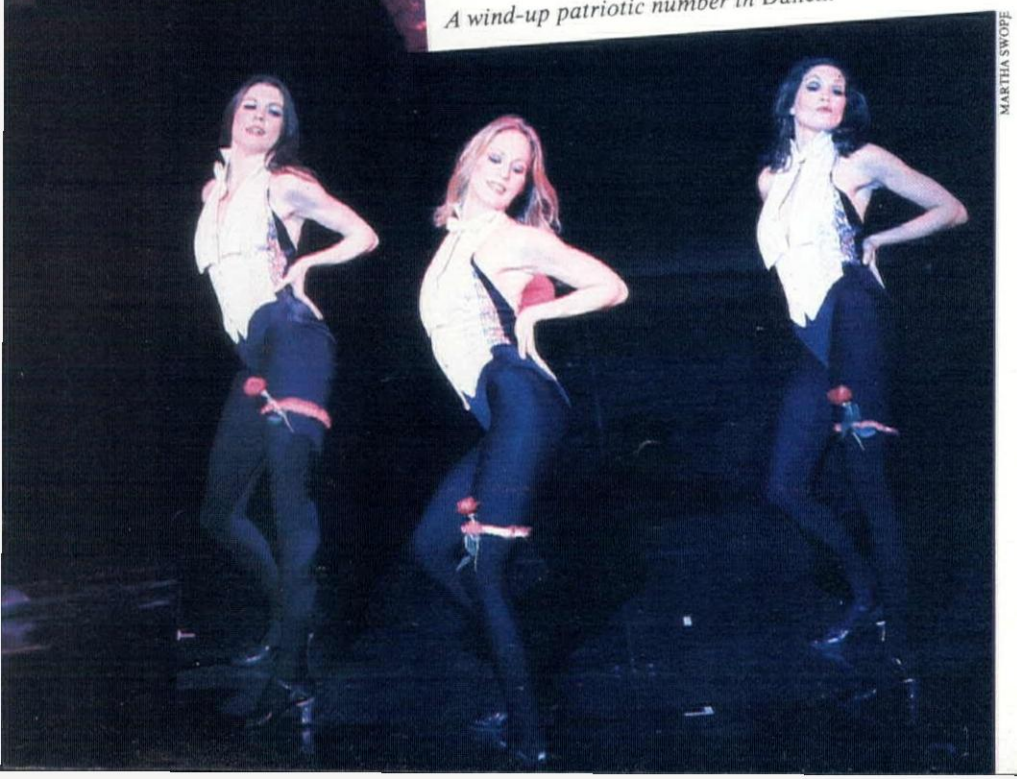
Broadway musical, as Fosse insists, rather than a dance program, can it be done without singing? (In *Dancin'* there is little of it.) And without a book, what will hold the show together, give it a start and a finish? Can Fosse make a Broadway musical on dancing alone?

It was apparent, from an early look at *Dancin'*—it previewed in Boston in February before coming to New York—that Fosse hadn't answered all these questions. Even in tryout there were many wonderful things about it. The show begins with the curtain up and the light grid dropped to head height, just above the stage. A "stage manager" is overheard running through the production cues—dim the house lights, house lights out, and so on. The second-act opening is a marvelous hoofing routine in the Fred Astaire style (like Astaire, Fosse describes himself as "just a hoofer"). Set to Harry Warren and Johnny Mercer's *I Wanna Be a Dancin' Man*, the number uses the whole company, dressed like Astaire: white suits, lavender shirts, white ties and hats, even neckties where their belts should be. It is Fosse-type show business at its best, the song-and-dance act.

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Other numbers follow through beautifully on the dancin' theme. *Mr. Bojangles* is a tribute to the legendary Bill Robinson. It has a stooped, down-and-out old-timer dreaming of the past, and it shows his ghost as a sharp-dressing, high-stepping sport. *Sing, Sing, Sing* is an elaborate jitterbug production number set to the Louis Prima song as it was played at Benny Goodman's 1938 jazz concert. Fosse has moved it up to the zoot-suited Second World War period. An original and charming novelty called *Standing* is about dancers in nailed-down shoes—they move only their knees, hips, shoulders, and arms. Performed to Cat Stevens's *Was Dog a Doughnut*, it is tricky and delightful.


MARTHA SWOPE


MARTHA SWOPE

A wind-up patriotic number in Dancin'

But a couple of the other numbers are dance sketches, telling stories as a 1950s revue might. *Welcome to the Big City* actually starts with a hick arriving in New York, complete with valise, loud clothes, pants too short. It means to demonstrate how New York tempts visitors with promises of sex in order to hustle them, but the number is only an excuse to capitalize on sex. Another dance sketch, *The Dream Barre*, is similarly vulgar. We watch a dancer's sexual fantasy unconvincingly played out as the ballet master innocently gives the company instructions with double meanings.

It is no accident that one of the production's weaknesses is the occasional dialogue. The first thing to be cut in Boston was a line that was intended to be meaningful but was only irrelevant and corny: "You don't have to tell me how screwed up this country is, but I'm still proud to be an American."

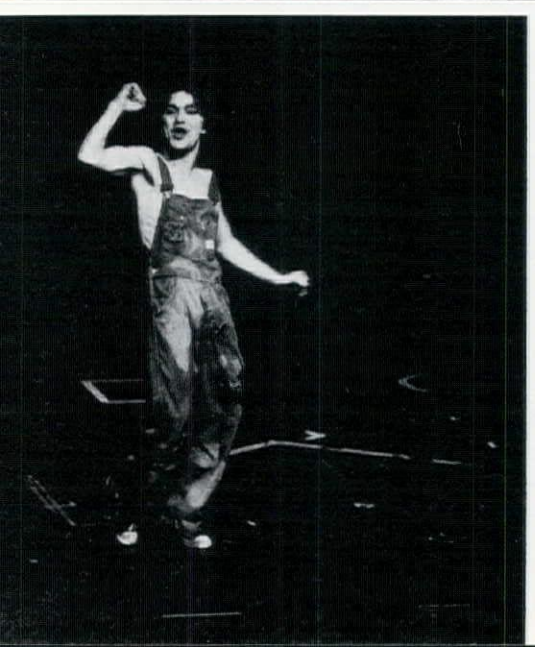
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Dancin' seems to be Fosse's attempt to establish himself as an artist. But in the end what is artistic, even what pleases the critics, will mean less to him than what the audience accepts or rejects. That's why he's the man you'd call in to fix just about any show skidding along the treacherous road to New York. Here's a beautiful-looking musical with dancing sets of drape panels; complicated, dazzling lighting; and a zillion colorful costumes. A work about dancin', it is being run by the dancin' man himself, and he has banked his career on it.

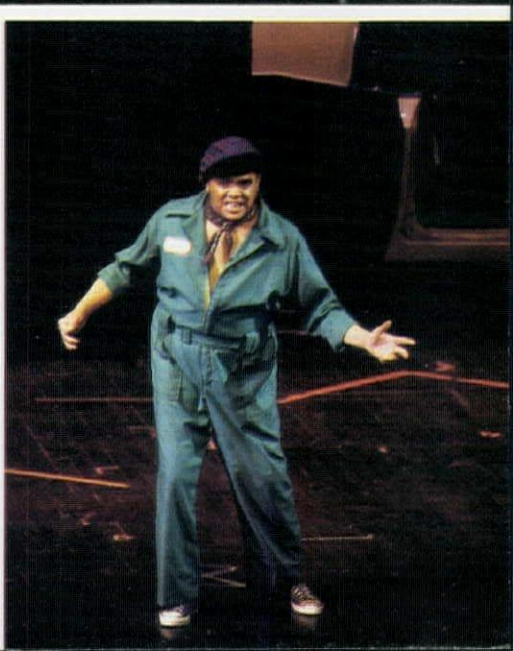
Fosse, the man who has never come into New York with a flop, is gambling for high stakes this time, for there is nobody else to blame if *Dancin'* doesn't work. The risk is breathtaking. Few of us would care to face it. Bob Fosse, the show-business professional, the razzle-dazzle man, can't help but try. □

Martin Gottfried is a drama critic and author of the forthcoming book The Broadway Musical.











THOMAS S. ENGLAND

Adapter-composer Stephen Schwartz directs a rehearsal.

tation of the commonplace made *Working* a literary success. On the surface, however, it seemed unlikely material for the theater. The book focuses on talk, not action; and there is a bewildering variety of characters—unlinked by story line, interaction, or traditional climax.

Yet, again and again in *Working*, Terkel's subjects mention "acting" on the job, adopting a mask, putting on a little show for the coworker or the boss, playing around within the limits of their occupations: the operator joking with a too-serious caller, the waitress addressing her customer as "Milady." This role playing makes the interviews surprisingly suited to the stage.

Schwartz was not alone in gauging the dramatic potential. "There were a lot of big guns interested in getting the rights," he remembers, "and there I was with my personal checkbook in hand, saying 'Don't you want to let me have this for two years?' " His enthusiasm and ideas won Terkel over. Permission was granted, and the staggering task of adaptation began.

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First, with the help of his associate director, Nina Faso, Schwartz had to whittle down the mass of interviews to a stageworthy 40 or so. Then came the arduous process of arranging this material into a fluid running order. Terkel's own subheadings in the book provided some guidance: "Cleaning Up" comprises garbage men, domestics, and sanitation-truck drivers; "Communications" covers receptionists and switchboard operators; "Cradle to the Grave" goes from baby nurses through teachers to gravediggers. Schwartz also worked out some connecting devices: gigantic projections of food ads tie supermarket checkers and migrant workers together, for instance.

Throughout the spring of 1977 Schwartz and ten actors—fellow alumni, mostly from *Godspell* or *Pippin*, who were willing to start work without pay—experimented with the material. Then Schwartz and Faso prepared a rough scenario, casting each performer in three or four parts. Music was the next hurdle, and here Schwartz made a definite break with the long-standing tradition of American musicals. Normally a show is known for its one-man score—a Cole Porter show, a Stephen Sondheim show. But, sensing that no single songwriter could handle the enormous range of material, Schwartz chose to use six very different composers, including himself; off-Broadway songwriter Craig Carnelia; Mary Rodgers, Richard's daughter; pianist–rock writer Michele Brourman; black composer Micki Grant (of *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope* fame); and James Taylor, who'd never before written music for the stage. Eighteen songs emerged, and 15 were integrated into the show.

The first test of songs, script, actors, and choreography came during January, when the show was produced for a limited run as a "work in progress" at the Goodman Theater in Chicago. The city where Terkel grew up, developed his daily radio interview programs (on the air now for almost three decades), spoke with many of the subjects in *Working*, and became a local hero seemed a natural and sympathetic home for the effort. Here the musical could be staged, shaped, and refined free from the edgy and hysterical atmosphere that usually surrounds a pre-Broadway tryout.

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A performance of *Working* is in progress before a packed house at the Goodman. Following the opening tableau, the cast launches into a series of vignettes illuminating the lives and days of individual workers. The American office is evoked with a coffee cart, a file cabinet, a desk or two, a carpet, and the full spectrum of personnel: a sassy secretary, a Tums-gulping boss, an idle editor looking for something to do. A gigantic model of a suburban house slides onstage, and a kid gleefully sings that it's "neat to be a newsboy" because he can bounce his papers off neatly manicured bushes. "Aisle 1" and "Aisle 2" neon lights create a minisupermarket where three cashiers tap-dance to the rhythm their fingers create when totting up grocery bills. Smoke, flashing red strobes, and megaphones approximate a burning building, while a fireman rhapsodizes about why his work matters to him. Wheeled platforms and hand-held flashlights simulate trucks barreling down a highway at night and the sensation of driving a mighty machine.

The response to the Chicago run is mixed. The 683-seat Goodman is sold out for all 44 performances; critics enthuse about the show's "promise" but acknowledge that "*Working* needs work." While the scenery is vivid and unfailingly picturesque, some of the choreography is questionable, and a few of the songs peddle shopworn visions. A big question remains: Billing *Working* as a musical may lead audiences to expect a conventional story line. But the show is innovative,

COURTESY GOODMAN THEATER. RIGHT: LEE BALTERMAN

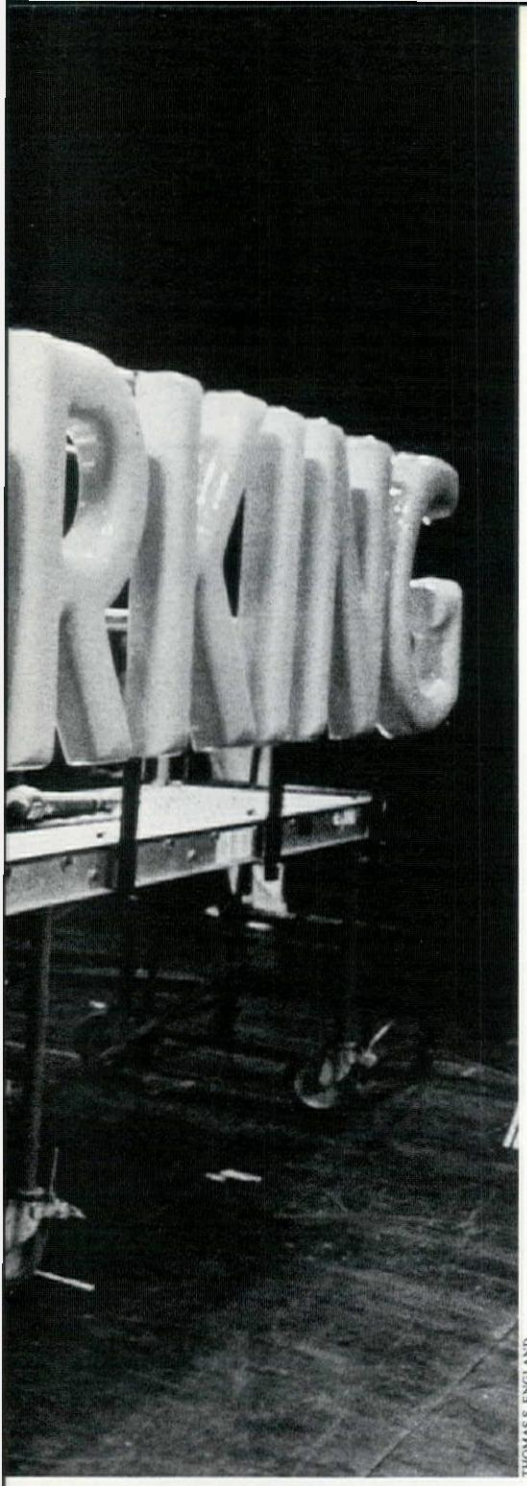
BOTH: THOMAS S. ENGLAND

Schoolteacher Bobo Lewis sings Nobody Tells Me How; *Rex Everhart as a boss; and athletes in their dance number.*

Studs Terkel's best-selling collection of jobholders' confessions has been transformed into an intensely American musical

Celebrating the Uncelebrated

By STEVE LAWSON



THOMAS S. ENGLAND



ALL: LEE BALTERMAN

It kicks off with a kinetic tableau—15 men and women miming professional tasks to the amplified accompaniment of typing, hammering, ringing, buzzing, and assorted cacophonies. Huge set pieces zoom in and out: steel girders, entire brick walls, mock automobiles, scrims swarming with slides. And across the stage rolls a long trolley bearing a huge emblem in bright orange letters: WORKING.

Working, the best-selling book by the renowned author-columnist-interviewer Studs Terkel, has been transformed into a stage musical by Stephen Schwartz, the composer of *Godspell* and *Pippin*. After a sold-out run in Chicago this past winter, Schwartz decided to launch the show on Broadway next month. Its opening there will mark the culmination of a remarkable project in the American theater. Rooted in the verbatim confessions of actual Chicago workers, the musical was composed by a committee whose members included the folk-rock superstar James Taylor and then developed improvisationally. Faced with the herculean job of converting an indisputable piece of literature into an equally valid theater piece, Schwartz, cast, and crew have come up with an intensely American show that not only reinterprets Terkel's book in stage terms but extols its theme: *Working* celebrates the uncelebrated.

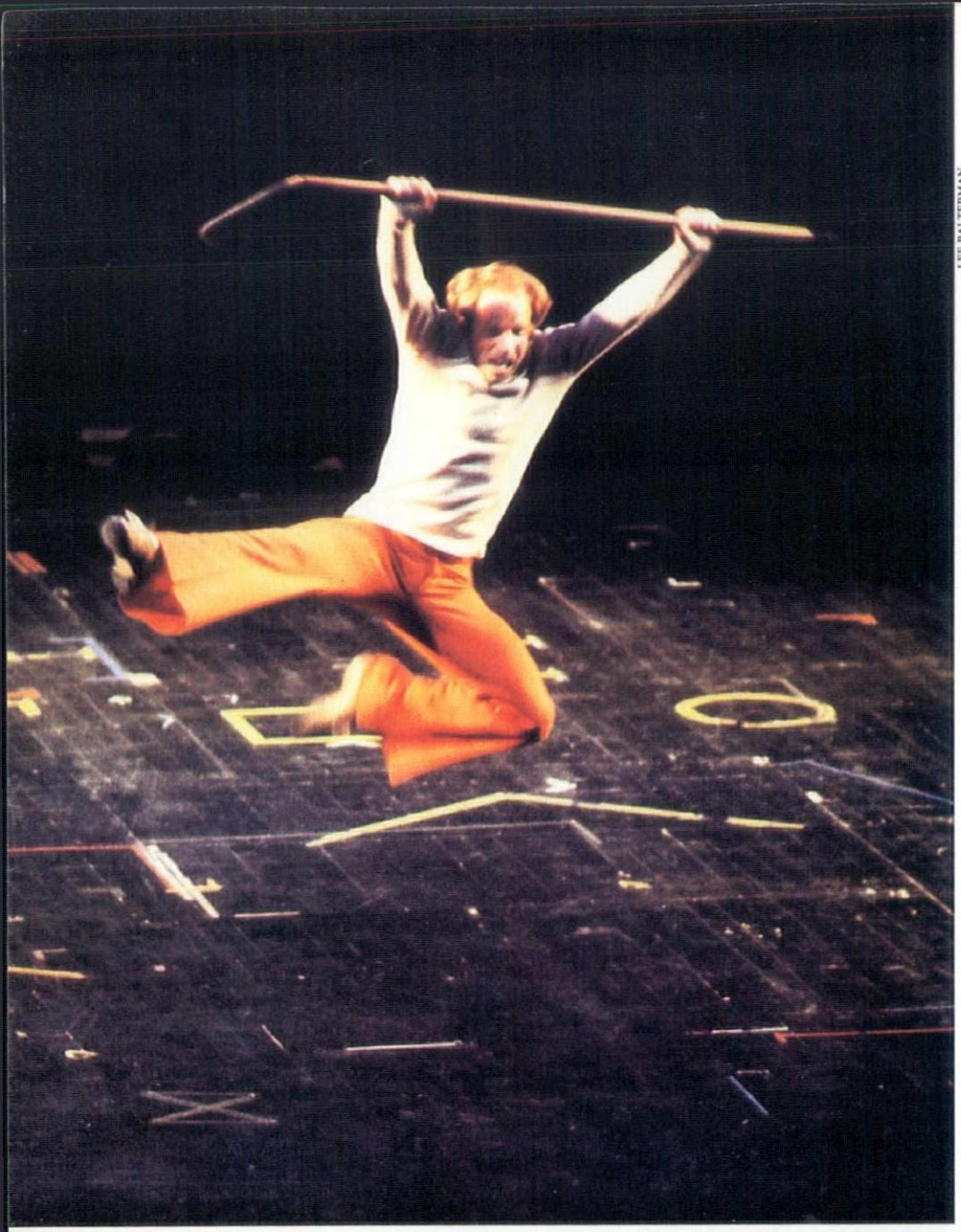
"To tell the absolute tacky truth about the whole story," laughs Schwartz, recalling how the experiment began, "what happened was this: we belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club, and I got an announcement of the book in the mail. And I said to myself: '*This* is something I ought to get hold of!' "

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That was in 1974, when *Working: People Talk about What They Do All Day and How They Feel about What They Do* was published. It was the third "oral history" by Studs Terkel, who had made a tremendous impression on critics and readers across the country with his *Division Street: America* (1966), a compendium of interviews with people on both sides of the racial, Vietnam, and generation gaps, and then with *Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression in America* (1970). Terkel's mastery of the tape-recorded interview, his genius for inducing his subjects to tell their deepest feelings candidly, as if to a dear friend, reaches its peak in *Working*. Here 134 interviewees drawn from every level of white-collar, blue-collar, and no-collar work in the United States speak out, each in the special patois of his profession and class, about the drama, drudgery, dreams, and frustrations of holding down a job.

I Hear America Talking might be another title for Terkel's collections. Like his literary progenitors—Walt Whitman, Carl Sandburg, Nelson Algren—Terkel is attuned to the populist strain in the American spirit. His sensitivity to the native pulse and exal-

Above: *Author Terkel onstage.* **Below:** *The cast of singing and dancing characters includes a copy boy, a waitress, a parking lot attendant, and a salesman.*



LEE BALTERMAN

Steven Boockvor as a hockey player

fragmented, different. How avant-garde can it dare to be?

Still, *Working*'s undeniable strengths may see it through to success in New York. First, there is the dialogue, some of which was lifted intact from the book, then edited. One of the delightful shocks of Terkel's interviews is that although he deliberately avoided the more verbal professionals (writers, journalists, politicians), his subjects are naturally articulate. Dolores Dante (the fictional pseudonym for waitress Yolanda Leif) expresses herself in no uncertain terms:

> I have to be a waitress. How else can I learn about people? How else does the world come to me? I can't go to everyone. So they have to come to me. Everyone wants to eat, everyone has hunger. And I serve them. If they've had a bad day, I nurse them, cajole them. Maybe with coffee I give them a little philosophy. They have cocktails, I give them political science. . . . People imagine a waitress couldn't possibly think or have any kind of aspiration other than to serve food.

Such colloquial eloquence, communicating both the rough and the sweet of day-to-day working, is very much at home on the stage.

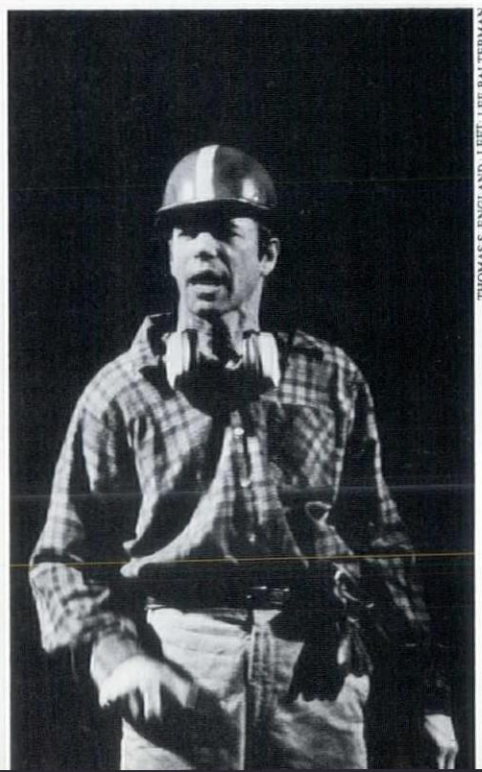
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In addition, Schwartz has made some wise directorial decisions. Some of the most compelling vignettes consist of nothing but a single actor alone with his monologue on a bare stage. When Steven Boockvor as the professional hockey player recalls how he skated alone once on a frozen street, then moves into the *Night Skate* number, whirling and leaping on an empty, blue-lit stage to Brourman's hard-driving music, it's clear both actor and director grasped the sense of the memory—a man using his skill to *play*—and the ways it could be relayed thrillingly.

Later, actor Matt Landers is discovered standing mutely and ingloriously by a gaudy tie rack—a concise image of a budding salesman's career—and, all alone, he confesses his dreams:

> I would like a colonial house, possibly one that leans toward a Mediterranean style. . . . I want her [my quote-dream girl-unquote] to have a lot of personality, because when I'm fifty, and we're going up the ladder,



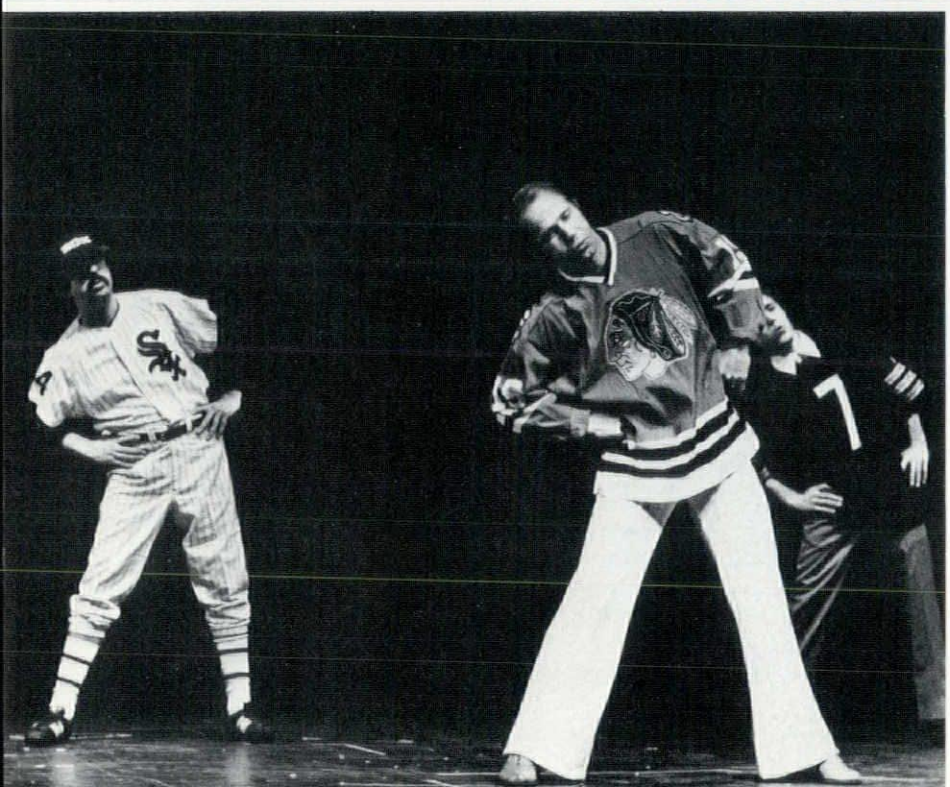


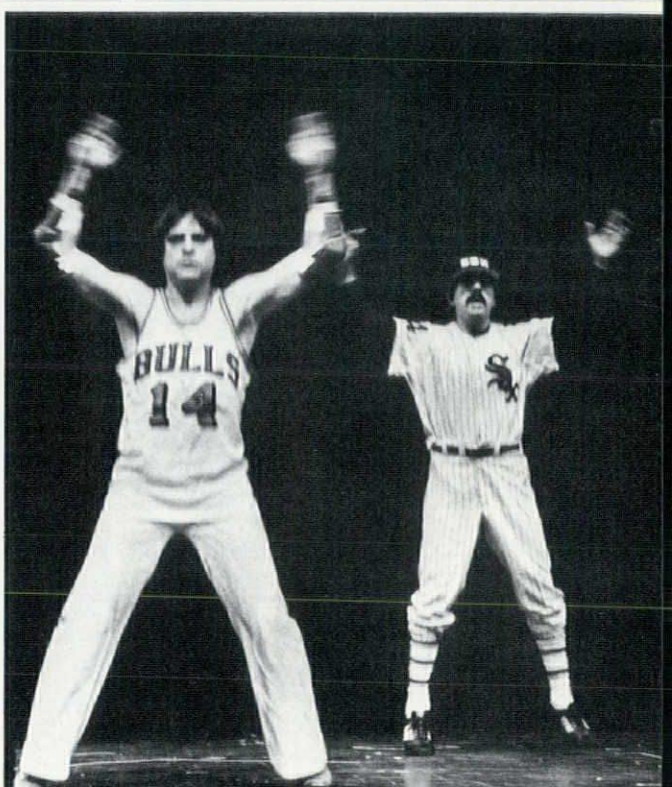
THOMAS S. ENGLAND, LEFT; LEE BALTERMAN

Terri Treas and Bobo Lewis as cashiers; Brad Sullivan as a steelworker








BULLS
14

there's going to have to be a lot more than looks. . . . I hope my wife can play pool.

In the show's most powerful soliloquy an extraordinary young performer named David Patrick Kelly strides forward—shirtless, coveralled, alternately tense and cheery—and gives us the brief career of Charlie Blossom, ex-newspaper copy boy. After a breathless harangue on what he'd like to do to his superiors—hit the editor with a baseball bat, kidnap Marshall Field, rob the unemployment clerk—Charlie suddenly relaxes and grins: "But that's bitterness! I don't like being bitter. I'm a pacifist." It's hard to know whether to laugh or cry.

Punctuating these unvarnished monologues are equally exciting scenes staged for all-out theatrical effect. In a number titled *Millwork*, Obie-winner Anne DeSalvo matter-of-factly recounts the dreary details of her job as a processor in a felt mill, then mimes the tasks with two others as another girl sings and still another dances joyously, only to melt into the grim assembly line at song's end. The color, movement, and lightness of the song and dance accentuate the numbing banality of the job. The sequence moves us because it's been reseen as theater. At moments like these, when *Working* is most conscious of its status as a musical, it achieves what Terkel brands "the fusion of life and art."

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This is a propitious time for *Working* to arrive on the American scene. The idea that Ordinary Is Extraordinary and Small Is Beautiful is an obsession of our era. People want desperately to believe that the self can be salvaged from "power for the few," from "industrial dehumanization," "big government," and "facelessness." A waitress feeds people—therefore, she matters. A fireman saves lives—and feels important. A cashier relishes her prowess at the cash register and transcends a boring function.

"Jobs are not big enough for people," reverberates a line in the script. "People have to experience small triumphs!" insists Terkel. "Grass roots—save this house, fight taxation or pollution—an actual something they can put their hand on. There's a lot of that going on, a fight for a kind of autonomy. . . . International amity, it's funny—I think it only begins on the block." Or on the job—or even on the stage where *Working* is playing.

Terkel notes that after seeing the show, people have come up to him and vowed, "I'll never again talk to a waitress the same way!" This hits close to home for director Schwartz, too: "All my life I'd been wearing blinders . . . looking at people as *functions*. . . . Becoming aware of the people involved was a very profound experience for me." Audiences looking at themselves onstage react the same way.

"With *Working*, we set out to do something where the product itself was the goal, whether or not it was successful or even on Broadway." That's Stephen Schwartz's admirable claim—but now the show is almost on Broadway. What New York will see soon is not so much a play as an event, an experiment, an attempt to communicate the essence of a piece of literature in theatrical and musical—that is, doubly new—terms. At the end of act one the company belts out Micki Grant's lyrics:

> If they had just let me go
> Where I was rarin' to go
> When I was rarin' to go back then
> God only knows
> What I could've been . . .

By contrast, Craig Carnelia's *Something to Point To* ends act two and contains the show's final message:

> See that building;
> The windows are washed—
> The site was surveyed—
> The memos are typed—
> The concrete was laid—
> The records are kept—
> The office is run—
> The coffee is sold—
> The digging was done—
> The building was built—
> For all eyes to see—
> By me! me! me! me! me!

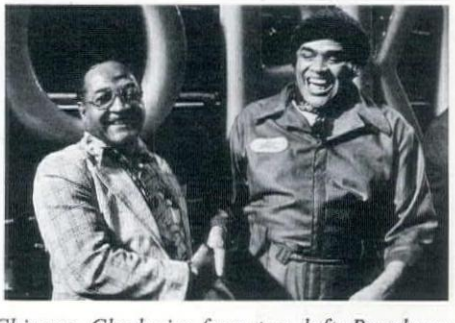
Dreams are important, but not feeling anonymous is the key. What Studs Terkel's book graphically suggests—and what Stephen Schwartz's adaptation is aiming to say in a new way—is how soul-killing the act of work in a technological society will be unless people fill it out with personal satisfaction. "Jobs are not big enough for people" is a disquieting statement, but in its affirmation and willingness to confront bleakness, *Working* onstage may offer a fascinating alternative in art. □

Steve Lawson writes frequently on the theater for HORIZON.





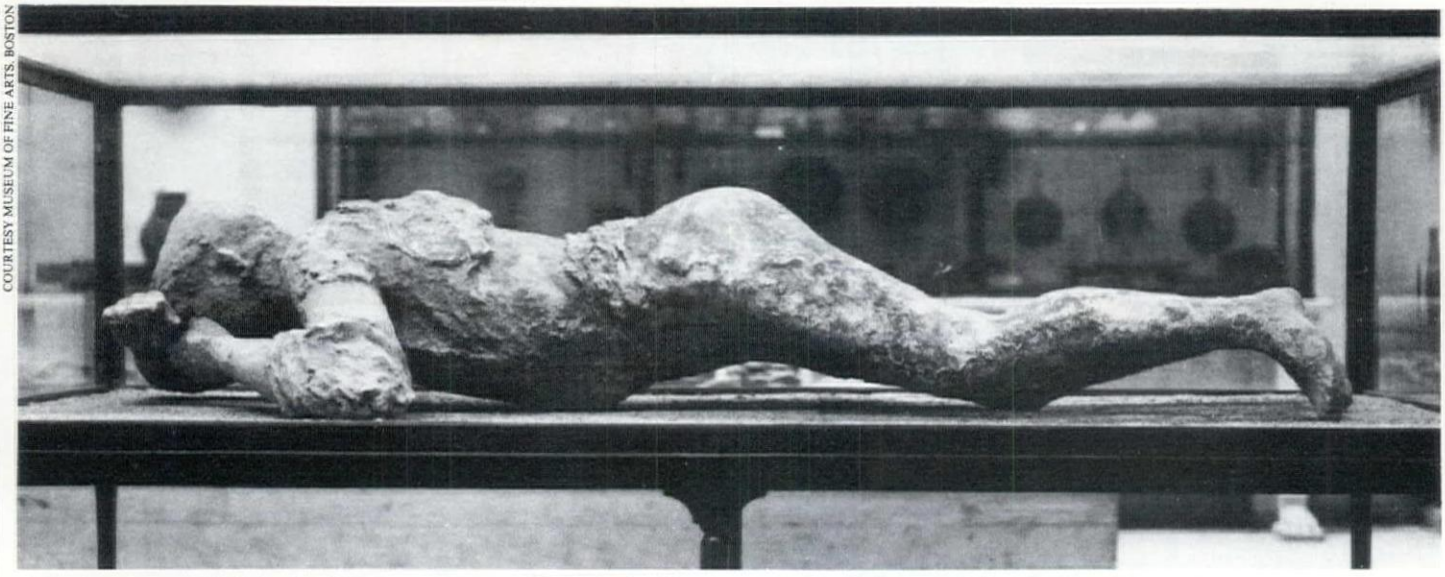




ALL: THOMAS S. ENGLAND

The actors meet the original interviewees in Chicago. Clockwise from top, left: Boockvor and hockey player Eric Nesterenko; Anne DeSalvo and waitress Yolanda Leif; parking attendant Al Pommier and J. F. Riley; cashier Marie Pipino and Bobo Lewis.

PAST PERFECT



COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

This plaster cast of the body of a young woman who died of suffocation at Pompeii is part of the AD79 *exhibition now in Boston.*

The Summer of 79

On August 24, A.D. 79, Mount Vesuvius erupted, and for a day and a half it spewed forth molten lava and rained down ash and pumice upon nearby Pompeii, burying the ancient Roman town to a depth of up to 12 feet. In the 1860s systematic excavations were begun, and Pompeii was revealed as an astonishingly sumptuous city unwithered by age, its wall paintings still vibrant, its daily life decisively preserved. Now, Americans are getting a close look at its ancient culture in an exhibition, *AD79*—the most comprehensive display of Pompeiian relics seen outside Italy—that has been traveling through Europe (it was the most popular museum show in Denmark's history, and in London 1.4 million queued to see it). The American appearance of the exhibition (jointly sponsored by Xerox Corporation and the National Endowment for the Humanities) has been organized by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, where it opens April 15 and remains through July 16. It then travels to Chicago and Dallas, ending its tour in New York City in July 1979.

From the 300 objects displayed, including sculpture, mosaics and frescoes, silverware and tools of bronze and iron, jewelry and cooking pots, paintings, and frescoes from the MFA's own collection, and from the supplementary text, one may reconstruct a typical Pompeiian day in late summer A.D. 79. In that affluent Roman suburb of 20,000, ladies of leisure anointed themselves with skin-softening essences perfumed with myrrh, cinnamon, or spikenard and decked themselves with jewelry of richly chased gold, precious stones, and cameos. Cooks drew water through lead pipes (which is believed responsible for lead poisoning, sterility, and hence, in part, the fall of the Roman Empire). Young men worked out and then retired to public baths with steam rooms and pools tiled with marine mosaics. Bakers baked bread in more than 40 bakeries (in 1869, 81 loaves were discovered still in the oven—a trifle overdone). Shoppers browsed in the colonnaded forum, and merchants made money (the entrance paving of one house reads *Salve Lucrum*—"Hail Profit"). People snacked at the city's 118 eating spots and tippled at numerous wine shops and taverns. And the ubiquitous graffiti referring to Priapus, god of fertility, as well as many statues and phallic symbols in his honor, suggest that Pompeiians enjoyed an uninhibited sexuality.

Buttressing the major display are related exhibitions at the MFA: *Visions of Vesuvius* features paintings of the eruption and Pompeii's destruction, and *The Pleasures of Ruins* gathers prints, drawings, photographs, and books documenting Pompeii and other ancient Roman sites in Italy, Greece, and Egypt. And Boston's Museum of Science is running a companion program on the geological aspects of the Pompeii story, which attempts to explain why and how the famous eruption occurred.

On the Avenue

Kate Simon, the peripatetic journalist who made her reputation clueing in Americans on the pleasures of England, Italy, Mexico, London, and Paris, as well as New York, has in her latest book narrowed her focus to a single street. In *Fifth Avenue: A Very Social History*, just published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, she treats



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Fifth Avenue (at 35th Street), 1885

New York's fabled thoroughfare as a sort of memory lane along which the city's rich past opens up like so many shop windows at Christmas.

Starting at Washington Square with the avenue's official opening in 1826 (when parts of the area were still crossed with trout-filled streams), Simon wends her way down the years, stopping briefly at, among other events, the first American Jockey Club race in September of 1866, to elbow through the crowd for a glimpse of sleek horses, riders, and elegant equipages with pretty ladies and liveried grooms. Farther along the author spots Astors and Vanderbilts, millionaires in a day when a million still meant something. The year 1902 ushers in the age of the skyscraper with the completion of the Flatiron Building, and as time goes by and the author proceeds north, Frederick Law Olmsted's newly opened Central Park, the art treasures of the Frick Collection, and the spiral ramps of the Guggenheim are added to the tour (with a break for tea and torte in the Palm Court of the Plaza Hotel). The device of linking Manhattan's history to the growth of its central thoroughfare is effective, and Simon's witty, breezy prose and her skillful use of anecdote make clear that Fifth Avenue was, and is, the artery that leads to the heart of New York's sophisticated pleasures.

Passionate Virtuosi

A major coup was staged recently on the classical hit parade. After two uninterrupted years at the top of *Billboard*'s chart for classical records, flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal's album *Suite for Flute and Jazz Piano* was overthrown in February by a chamber orchestra that calls itself, confidently, the Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York. The group won the number-one slot with a palatable package of baroque works shrewdly entitled *The Greatest Hits of 1720*.

Greatest Hits is a soothing collection of instrumental music from the early 18th century, but much of it sounds as familiar today as it probably did at the Hapsburg court. The prancing rondo by Jean Joseph Mouret can be heard weekly as the theme for PBS's *Masterpiece Theater*. Favored by choreographers and rock groups, Johann Pachelbel's sweet and gentle Canon in D has become something of a pop tune—as has the curtsylike melody of Bach's *Anna Magdalena* Minuet. No wonder the cover of the album is made up to look like a *Billboard* chart.

Nearly all of the Virtuosi (the group ranges from 15 to 23 members) are regulars of the New York Philharmonic who first got together 11 years ago during the New York Philharmonic strike to play repertory of their own choosing, parts denied them in the setting of a large symphony orchestra. Last year they became the first chamber orchestra to receive a National Endowment grant, and they have performed in such distinguished environs as the Library of Congress. Before *Greatest Hits* they had eight records to their credit, featuring lesser-known works by Rameau and Boismortier, as well as more hummable classics.

"The members of our orchestra have no binds—financial or social—to be here," says Philharmonia Virtuosi conductor Richard Kapp, a former piano prodigy who also holds a law degree, as well as a permanent post with the Ford Foundation. "They're here because they have a passion to play chamber-oriented music. I for one would quit if it was any other way."

Now, with *Greatest Hits* they have reached a new audience. Kapp, who talks of the Virtuosi sharing the stage someday with rock singers, encourages people to forget about understanding classical music. "Music is the communication that precedes understanding. Just look at the tone messages in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*."



JOHN MARMARAS—WOODFIN CAMP

Janet Girard models her King Tut bag design.

Sleeping with Tut

Visiting royalty always draws a crowd, and King Tutankhamun, whose treasures have already played to huge crowds in Chicago and New Orleans, is now packing them in at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (Seattle and New York are next on the itinerary). Among the spin-offs of America's ongoing fascination with Tut's rich relics have been Egyptian-revival jewelry, china, towels, and T-shirts (HORIZON, May). And now there is the King Tut sleeping bag.

New York designer Janet Girard, who makes soft sculpture, created the regal bunk roll as the lead item for a line of Egyptian-patterned pillows and home accessories that her company, Girard Designs, is marketing this spring. But potential buyers should think twice about packing the gold nylon mummy bag into the wilderness. Even the bag's Pharaonic price tag of $1,200 won't cover a real goose-down lining: the sleeper is filled with humble polyester, good to a mere 55 degrees.



SYLVIA PLACHY

Conductor Richard Kapp (back row, second from right) and members of the Philharmonia Virtuosi

SYLVIA PLACHY



Jill Clayburgh off-screen: hanging around in the New York offices of 20th Century-Fox

With her breathtaking performance in *An Unmarried Woman*, Jill Clayburgh steps out of the shadows

Unpretentious New Star



UNIVERSAL PICTURES



DONALD WOODROW—TRANSWORLD

As Lombard in Gable and Lombard, *top, and in* Semi-Tough, *above*

I have a putty face," Jill Clayburgh says. "People see me and they go 'Hi.' They think I'm their friend. I never tell anyone who I am, and I seem to look different all the time. I'm never recognized—never."

Anonymity is not likely to concern her much longer. In Paul Mazursky's film *An Unmarried Woman*, Clayburgh gives a masterful portrayal of a woman adjusting to a divorce. With the national release of the movie this month, she should become one of the most recognized new stars.

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"She's an attractive woman who seems to grow more attractive as you watch her," Mazursky says. Yet Clayburgh's features are, in fact, unremarkable. Her cheeks can look puffy; her eyes seem heavy-lidded; creases reach from the corners of her mouth to her upturned nose. Her beauty rises out of the commonplace, not the exotic.

Like her looks, Clayburgh's career has been respectable but not distinguished. Raised on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, she emerged from prestigious girls' schools—Brearley in New York City and Sarah Lawrence College in nearby Bronxville—with a commitment to acting that led to regional theater, off-Broadway, and what she calls "dopey, dumb" television parts.

In 1974 she played a sex kitten in Tom Stoppard's *Jumpers* on Broadway. During the past two years she landed the female lead in three films. But in *Gable and Lombard* and *Silver Streak* sappy scripts undermined her performances. In *Semi-Tough* she played a spoiled rich girl; what was called for was caricature, not character development.

Through it all, critics generally were kind but not effusive. One, for example, reviewing *Silver Streak*, called Clayburgh too intelligent an actress "to fake identification with a role that is essentially that of a liberated ingénue."

Clayburgh refers to herself as "disgustingly unliberated." Now 33 and never married, she says she hated being by herself and that loneliness occasionally overwhelmed her: "I had no way of meeting anyone except by flirting and hoping he'd call." In 1968, however, she began living with an unknown actor, Al Pacino; today she and playwright David Rabe share an apartment in Manhattan. Cohabitation may seem the mark of an emancipated woman, but, says Clayburgh, "I feel guilty when I don't cook." She spends off hours just "hanging around." "I call people. I jog. I try to meditate. You notice I say I try. I read the papers. I clean the apartment."

Nonetheless, this apparently ordinary person got an extremely good part in *An Unmarried Woman* and played it extraordinarily well. Expertly manipulating those "putty" features, Clayburgh communicates the full barrage of feelings—ecstasy, giddiness, serenity; then anguish, anger, and despair—undergone by a happily married woman who is abandoned by her husband and forced to learn to live on her own. Clayburgh's is one of the most expressive faces visible on-screen today.

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"And stardom, big stardom, I'm ready for it," she says. "That would put me in the position to do the scripts I really want to do." Then this least pretentious of actresses pauses, musing for a moment or so. "I've never understood all that strange stuff about who's up, who's down, who's a big star, and who's not," she continues. "Maybe I'll do two more movies, and you'll never hear from me again." □

John Corry is a columnist and editor for the New York Times.

By JOHN CORRY

OLD WESTBURY LIBRARY
NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY LIBRARY



The exotic colors and off-center composition of The Boat, *painted in 1887, reflect Monet's fascination with Japanese prints.*

For 43 years Claude Monet lived and painted in the village of Giverny, where his favorite subjects were his own flowers and lily pond. Now Monet's garden is being restored, and his paintings have been assembled into a magnificent show

PAINTINGS FROM A GARDEN

At the deathbed of his first wife, in 1879, the great French impressionist Claude Monet caught himself studying the color that death had laid on her face. As he later confessed to a friend, "My organism automatically reacted to the stimulus of color . . . such is the beast in his treadmill."

In a more optimistic mood Monet would say of his art that he was seeking "a palette of diamonds and precious stones." For the last 43 years of his life he found it in and around the village where he lived, Giverny—and especially in his garden there. This month 81 paintings of *Monet at Giverny: Beyond Impressionism* go on view at the Metropolitan Museum in New York and will be seen starting in July at the Saint Louis Art Museum.

The paintings, selected by Charles S. Moffett of the Metropolitan, include 25 works from the Musée Marmottan in Paris that have never before been seen in this country.

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The Marmottan pictures hit the eye like revelations. They enlarge our image of an artist who already seemed grand enough, and the late works especially raise anew the tantalizing question of Monet's relation to abstract art.

As early as the 1880s Monet was already moving beyond impressionism. In the 1860s and 1870s he had helped formulate the impressionist credo of translating the appearance of things directly onto the canvas while painting in the open air, rendering exactly the impression made by light and color on the eye. The high impressionist world was sparkling, sunny, and optimistic. By the time Monet moved to Giverny in 1883, however, he was trying out and discarding new styles in an effort to impose structure on the formless world he had helped invent.

Under the influence of Japanese prints, which he collected, Monet strove for ever more unexpected and off-balance compositions. His brushwork began to take on a life and beauty of its own, his color grew increasingly independent of the scene before him, and he occasionally used it for effect alone. In *The Boat* (1887) the supposed subject of the painting is pushed up into one corner; the rest of the canvas is an expanse of paint, strokes of red and yellow skittering over a vertical stretch of deep-green water like currents of pigment and dashes of light. Guy de Maupassant, having watched Monet at work in these years, wrote, "He took a downpour beating on the sea in his hands and dashed it on the canvas—and indeed it was the rain that he had thus painted."

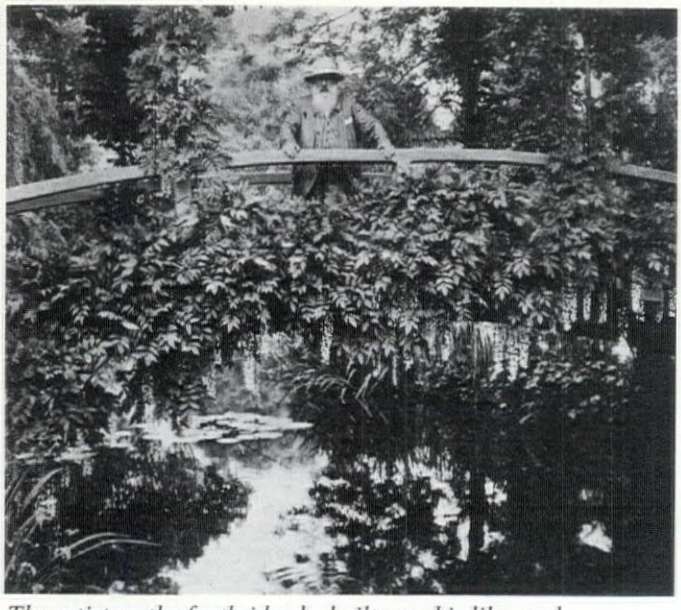
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In the 1890s Monet began making paintings in series, a mode that would dominate his work until his death. Haystacks, poplars, water gardens—he painted them at different hours of the day, and the momentary effects he captured often lasted less than an hour. (Once he arrived at the beach, exclaimed, "Half an hour too late! I'll have to come back tomorrow," and left.) As the day progressed he would work on different paintings of the same subject at different hours. He even built a floating studio so that he could paint right out on the river; the bottom of the boat was fitted with slots to hold the various canvases he worked on at two, three, and four o'clock. (It is worth noting that these were the years of the first experiments with motion pictures.)

Under Monet's brush the poplars turn ocher, green, and mauve with the rising and setting sun. These paintings evoke a mood; they suggest a visual equivalent of the feeling aroused by the scene. Monet once indicated to a critic that a series of paintings he'd done should be seen as a whole: to separate these studies of continuously changing light was to deny the reality of the passage of time. In the current show several paintings in the same series can be seen next to one another, like successive slices of colored time.

By VICKI GOLDBERG

MUSEE MARMOTTAN, PARIS



COLLECTION OF G. SIROT, PARIS

The artist on the footbridge he built over his lily pond

During Monet's last quarter century—he died in 1926 at age 86—the great passion of his life was his water garden. He had built the garden for meditation and later painted it for others to meditate upon. Gradually the water lilies in his paintings edge out the sky and the banks of the pond, so that the entire picture is water, flowers, and reflections. The canvas hanging on the wall represents the flat surface of the water, and in its depths lie the sky and clouds above, a dizzying spatial displacement that engulfs the viewer. In one painting the branches of a weeping willow hang down like a thin curtain of calligraphic paint over the violet water and continue unbroken in their reflections, which push up from below: it is almost impossible to distinguish down from up or to single out where a branch turns into its mirrored image. We see what Monet himself saw in his pond: "The idea of the infinite . . . the instability of the universe, which transforms itself, every moment, before our eyes."

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He could see transformation everywhere, but little else. From 1908 he complained of failing eyesight; he had cataracts (three years before he died he had an operation on one eye). But Monet had often worked against obstacles. In his early years he endured poverty; as a painter he often worked outdoors in weather so cold that his fingers became too stiff to hold a brush.

Now, threatened by blindness, he continued to paint, sometimes on enormous canvases. He moved closer and closer to his subject: a few tufts of iris on the path beneath his feet, a single spray of wisteria taking over the sky. His brushstrokes grew larger and his paint thicker. Some of his canvases were already covered with a tactile crust of paint; now his Japanese footbridge was built up of clots and daubs of pigment.

In his last paintings astonishing scrawls and scribbles of paint stand for the energy of flowers growing, the trace of color perceived by the moving eye. His colors changed (for a time, the only way he could tell what color he was using was to read the labels on the paint tubes). The roses smolder in front of the house. The footbridge, which early in the century was as green as new grass, turns blue and purple above red reflections in the water and burning gold strokes of sunlight. Moving beyond his own palette of diamonds and precious stones into the saturated colors of memory and emotion, Monet brought his garden to ever more brilliant and turbulent life while it slowly dimmed from his sight.

Many of the late works verge on abstraction. Early in the century Kandinsky had created his pioneering abstractions partly under the influence of Monet. Kandinsky could not identify the subject of one of Monet's haystack paintings but was amazed to realize that the picture was perfectly satisfying nonetheless. Monet always kept an eye on reality, but he had his own ideas about how to transform it into paint. The surfaces of his paintings turn into a tapestry of paint strokes, a single texture serving for bridge, tree, and water.

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The paintings Monet made around 1920, which look like calligraphic sketches or dense embroideries of paint, suggest that he must have kept abreast of other developments in the art of the time. And abstract-expressionist art of the 1940s and 1950s comes so close in feeling to the energetic brushwork and vigorous paint application of Monet's late style that viewers who thought of him as the lyrical painter of pastel seasons will have to rethink Monet entirely.

Monet is reported to have said of his own art, "They will perhaps adapt themselves to it in time, but I came too soon." It is none too soon to look again at a painter whose vision ranged far beyond impressionism and who was possessed by color to the end.

THE GARDEN RESTORED

By BILL MARVEL

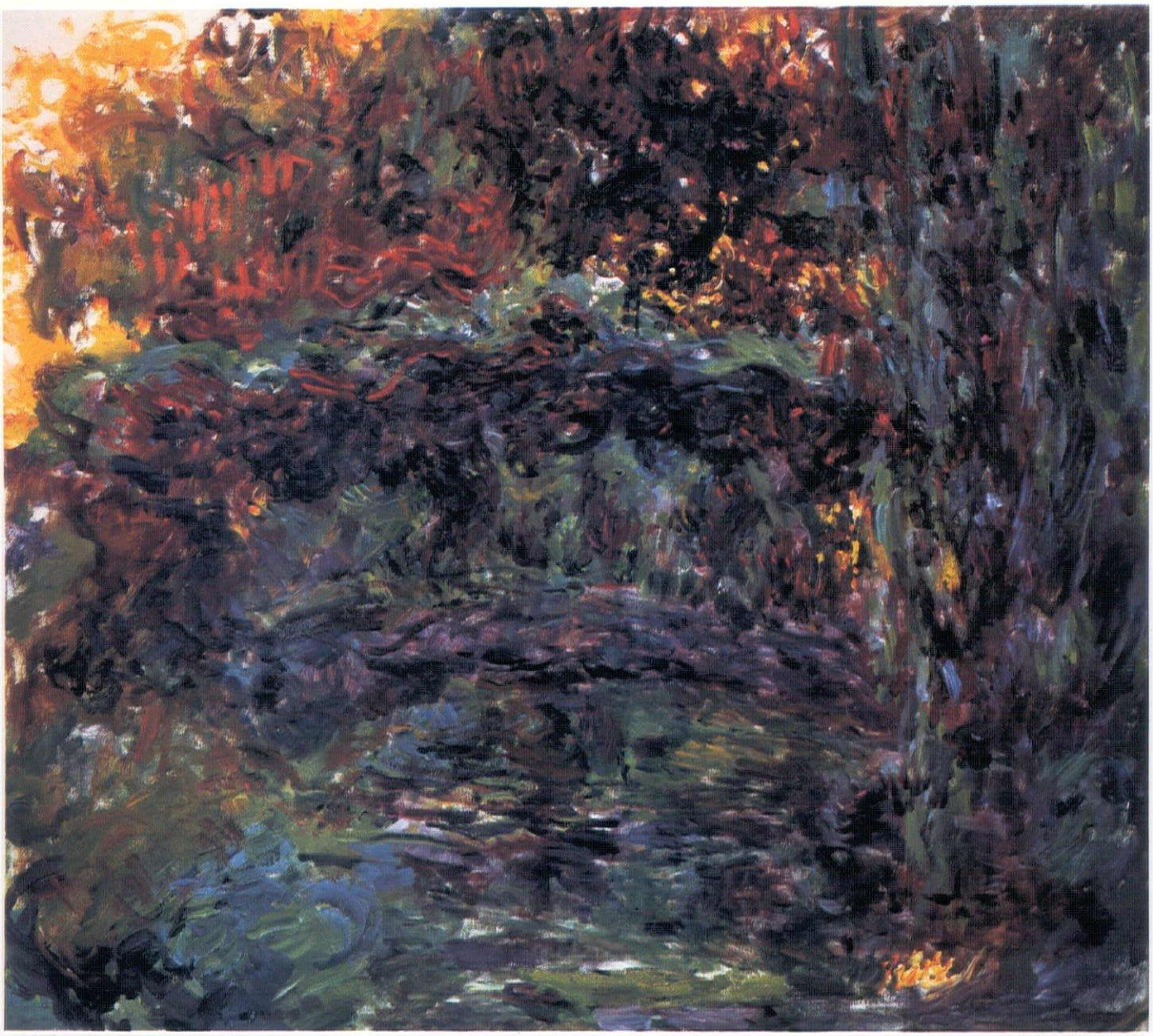
"There is a place one should go to find Monet again," the painter André Masson said in 1974. "Giverny." Had anyone followed Masson's suggestion that year, he would have found not a scene haunted by the father of impressionism but a melancholy landscape of ruin and neglect. The famous gardens, once the painter's pride, had disappeared under a tangle of weeds. The lily pond, the subject that dominated Monet's painting for more than three decades, was polluted, its banks honeycombed with the galleries of muskrats. A creeping forest of mushrooms was spreading through the house and studios, threatening furniture, books, even the painter's collection of Japanese prints.

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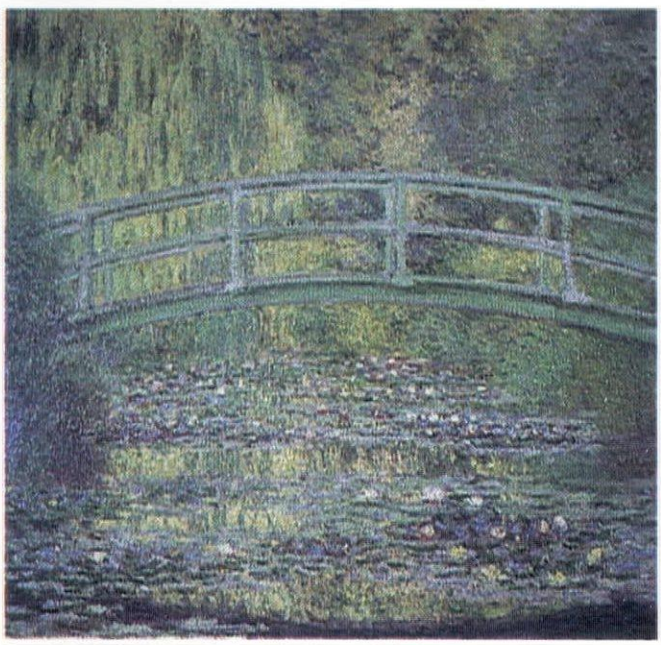
This description comes from Gerald van der Kemp, the urbane art historian and French academician who for the past three years has been in charge of restorations at Giverny. Although the property has been owned by the French Academy ever since the death of Monet's son, Michael, in 1966, the restoration is not yet completed. The gardens are being meticulously replanted and will be opened to the

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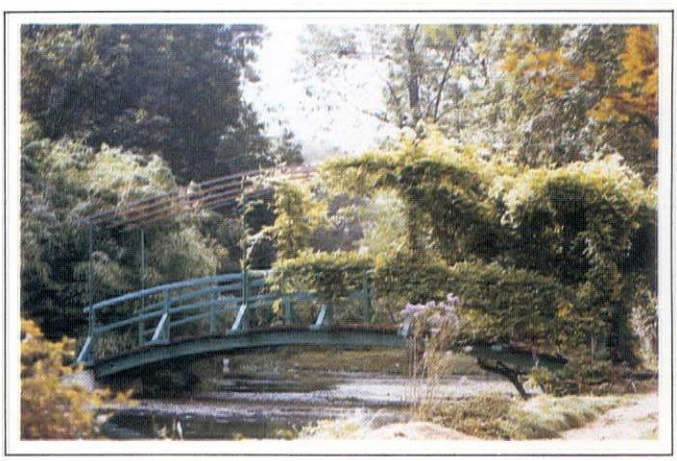
MUSEE MARMOTTAN, PARIS



COLLECTION OF CHARLES R. LACHMAN



In 1899, Monet's new Japanese bridge gave him a sunny impressionist subject (left). But by 1923 (above), covered by the wisteria he had planted alongside, it became a somber scene to the 83-year-old artist. Today the bridge has been rebuilt (below), but the vine that creeps along it is still Monet's.

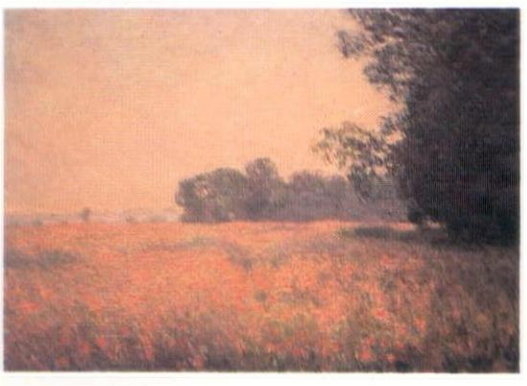


CHARLES S. MOFFETT

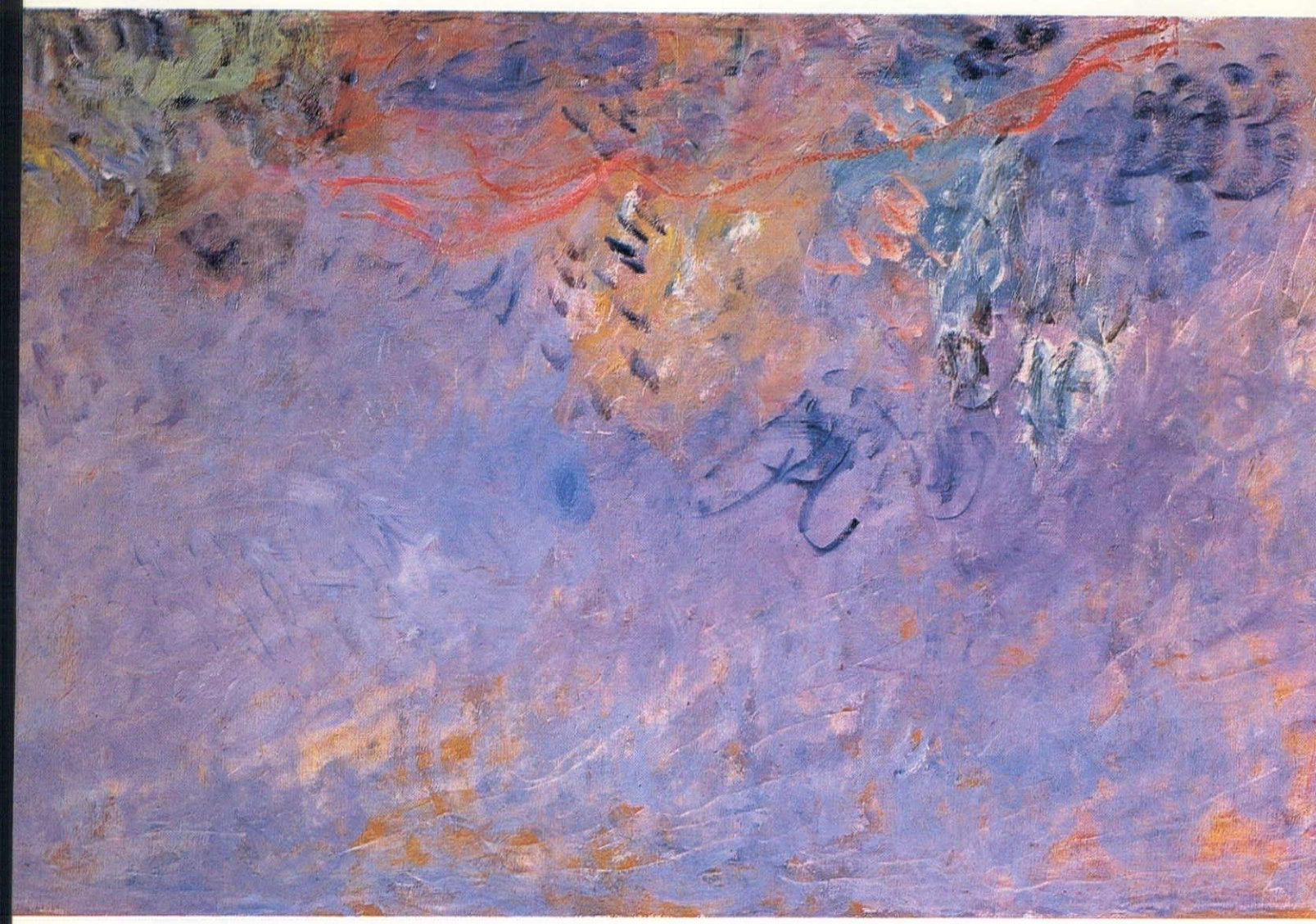


Water lilies, tendrils of a willow tree, and reflections on the pond blend in a bold, nearly abstract painting from Monet's last years.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART; BELOW: PRIVATE COLLECTION — COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART; OPPOSITE: MUSEE MARMOTTAN, PARIS



The landscape in and around his village lured Monet from his garden when it offered arresting juxtapositions of vegetation and water. On the banks of a marsh at Limetz, two miles from Giverny, a line of poplars in sultry weather are captured, along with their reflections, in the startlingly geometric composition of 1891 (above). Oat Field *(left), which Monet painted the year before, is the sort of airy vista of the French countryside that in later years interested him less and less.*



public—probably this fall—with the flower beds and pond as Monet knew them.

"I perhaps owe having become a painter to flowers," Monet said in 1924, just two years before his death. And, he might have added, water, for during his long life he was never very far from either. If he was not living beside the sea, he was on or near the Seine, and wherever he happened to be, he was surrounded by flowers—at Argenteuil, at Vétheuil, and, for the last 43 years of his life, at Giverny.

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Monet first spotted the village from a train in 1883. He had been making almost daily excursions up and down the valley of the Seine looking for a permanent home for the Monet ménage, which consisted of 11 people—himself, his wife and their two children, and a family friend, Alice Hoschedé (eventually to become the second Mme Monet), with her six children. Glancing out the window of the little train, the painter saw a rambling collection of low houses scattered along the Epte, a small tributary of the Seine. About 40 miles northwest of Paris, Giverny is surrounded by lush meadows and embraced by low hills. Narrow streams bordered by willows run through the fields, and rows of stately poplars line the roads. This is Monet country as surely as the sun-drenched landscape of Provence belongs to Cézanne.

As usual, the family was broke, or close to it. But Monet preferred to live like a well-to-do bourgeois even when that meant depending upon the generosity of his dealer and patron, Paul Durand-Ruel. (One sign of the painter's extravagance was that even at his poorest he owned not one but four boats.) Durand-Ruel, as always, came to the rescue, and Monet was able to move his entire household to a long two-story house that he had leased on the Epte. He turned his attention almost immediately to the garden. The formal shrubs and flower beds left by the previous owner were taken up, new flowers planted, and an herb garden laid out. Ever the gourmet, the painter built pens for chickens and ducks and put up a dovecote.

Monet's fortunes were to seesaw for the next few years, but by 1890 his paintings had begun to sell, and money was coming in dependably and in goodly sums. He took the opportunity to enlarge the gardens once again. In 1892 he hired a gardener, the first of a force that was to number as many as ten.

He approached the planning and planting of the garden as though it were a giant impressionist painting. Flowers were arranged in dense masses of a single color, and the colors

MUSEE MARMOTTAN, PARIS

In Wisteria, *above, a ten-foot-long canvas that Monet painted when he was 80, the vine is all but lost in the free play of brushwork.*

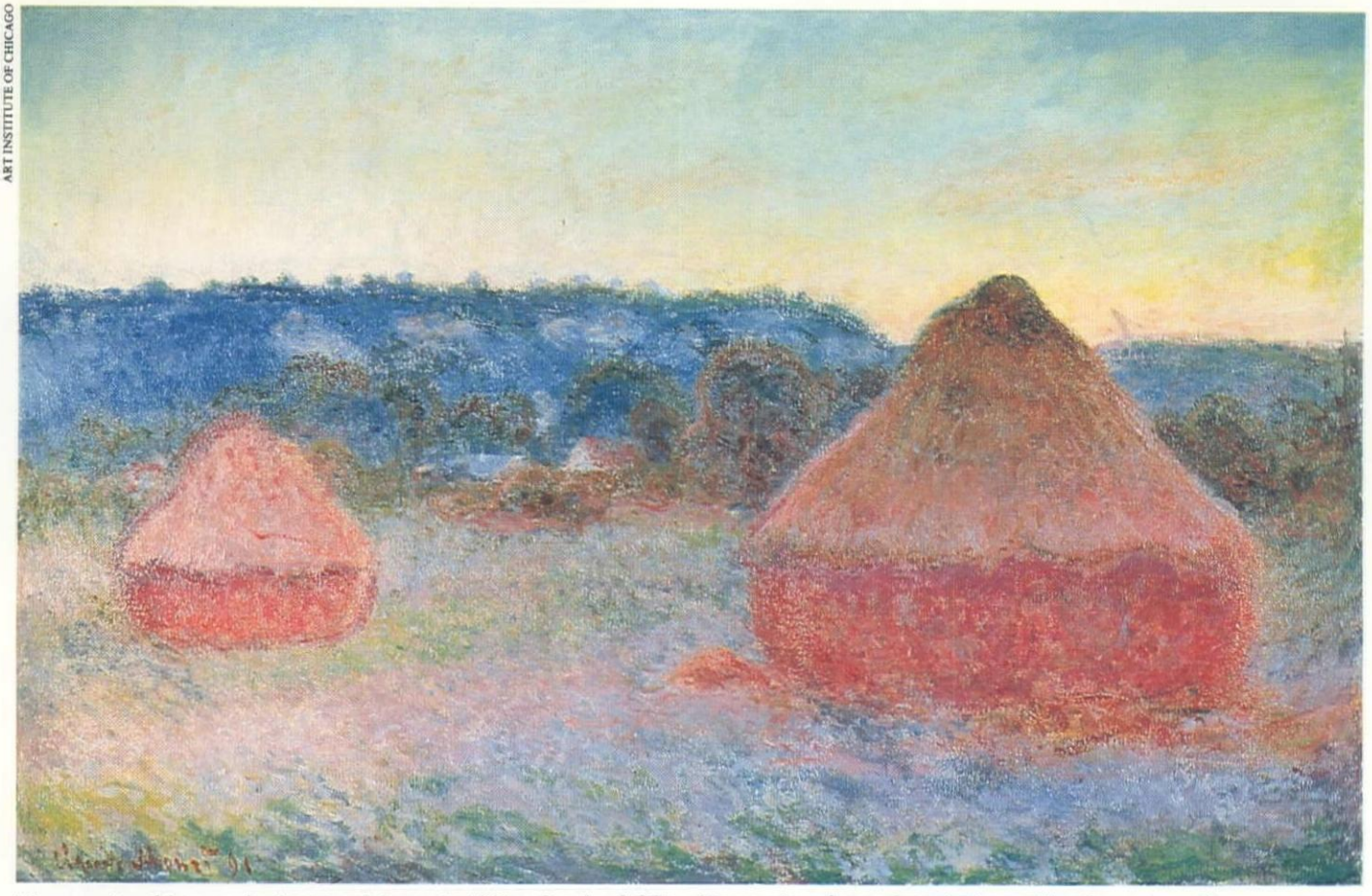
DAYTON ART INSTITUTE



PRIVATE COLLECTION — COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



The 1903 Water Lilies, *above, is a literal but, for its time, bold waterscape that defied convention by eliminating the horizon from the composition. The* Morning Landscape *(1888), right, is an example of high-impressionist Monet in subtly cool colors.*


ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Monet painted haystacks dozens of times. In 1891, when he did Two Haystacks, *above, the paintings at last began to sell.*

themselves were managed with a keen eye for the effect of light. Blue flowers were planted under the trees to enhance the natural blue of open shadow. The painter's favorites, according to van der Kemp, were "simple flowers, in great quantities. Big red poppies, trellis roses, sunflowers, peonies, clematis.It is not at all a garden of our times —what we call a parish priest's garden."

• • •

All this was arranged to blossom almost year round, so that from January until late fall Monet never lacked a subject to paint. When the garden occasionally failed him in deepest winter, there was always the greenhouse with its orchids and other tropical plants.

And, of course, there was the lily pond. Across the road and the railroad branch line that ran past the painter's garden lay a meadow with a small pond full of wild water lilies. Monet bought the property in 1890, enlarged the pond, stocked it with exotic lilies, bamboo, and other aquatic plants, and diverted a tiny branch of the Epte through a system of sluices (after delicate negotiations with the villagers, who had been using the stream to wash their clothes and water their stock). A footbridge, a copy of one in his Japanese prints, was built over the pond.

Three years ago, when van der Kemp started work at Giverny, the Japanese bridge was the first item to be restored. It may be the most famous bridge in Western art. Time and again Monet painted its graceful arch and the pond beneath, slumbering under the trailing willow branches, dappled by the reflections of clouds and sky.

During those years Georges Clemenceau, the prime minister and a close friend of Monet's, was a frequent visitor to Giverny. It was at his urging that Monet went to work—in a studio especially built for the project—on a series of huge water-lily paintings, the *Nympheas* that the painter (after frequent turnabouts and misgivings) was to present to the people of France. Old friends also came to Giverny—Sisley, Pissarro, the young Matisse, and on one occasion even the taciturn Cézanne.

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As the aging Monet became more and more the recluse, he was transformed more and more into a celebrity (a familiar 20th-century phenomenon). Attracted by his presence, painters and writers moved to Giverny or took up summer residence there. The local hotel did a thriving business and added tennis courts; art-supply stores and gourmet shops opened for business. Although it was a village of barely 300, Giverny could boast some 40 painters' studios by the time of Monet's death. When the gardens reopen, Monet may again be a source of life—and income—to the sleepy town.

Van der Kemp, who is also curator of Versailles, puts in two days a week at Giverny to oversee the planting, painting, and fixing up. (Much of the work is being paid for by a grant from

Lila Acheson Wallace, cofounder and publisher of *Reader's Digest*.) Monet's library, including his extensive collection of books on horticulture, is being rebound in Holland. The Japanese prints are being restored, and van der Kemp plans eventually to hang them on the walls at Giverny, along with those paintings by Monet now in the Musée Marmottan in Paris. The interior of the house has been repainted in yellows, purples, and mauves, just as it was when Monet lived there, and some of the furniture will have to be restored or replaced. During one early visit to Giverny, Mme van der Kemp sat on the edge of Monet's deathbed, which promptly collapsed.

To aid him in re-creating the garden, van der Kemp has a map of the flower beds as they existed in Monet's time and the invaluable advice of an 86-year-old gentleman who, as a young assistant, used to accompany Georges Truffaut—the famous horticulturist who sold Monet most of his plant stock—on his weekly visits to Giverny. The banks of the lily pond have been shored up and the muskrats eliminated. For the time being, at least, paper mills upstream have stopped pouring their effluent into the Epte. Meanwhile, tens of thousands of bulbs, plants, shrubs, and trees have been planted at Giverny (3,000 irises alone, for example), but van der Kemp estimates that it will be three more years before the garden reaches the state of controlled overgrowth favored by Monet.

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A few changes at Giverny are unavoidable. Some years ago the little train that puffed past Monet's gate (and from which he first glimpsed Giverny) made its last run. The track was torn up and the parallel automobile road widened and improved. Van der Kemp is looking around for more property to use as parking lots to accommodate the traffic expected when Giverny opens to the public. Aside from these alterations, Giverny will someday be just as it was when a bearded Monet presided over his gardens like an Old Testament patriarch. "You will feel his presence," the curator promises.

Monet lies buried not far away. He spent much of the last summer of his life on a bench beside the lily pond, with the Japanese bridge in view, an old man dozing in the sun, dreaming of the bulbs of a new and exotic variety of lily that were being sent to him from Japan. □

Vicki Goldberg is an art historian and a free-lance writer, and Bill Marvel is an arts writer for the Dallas Times Herald.

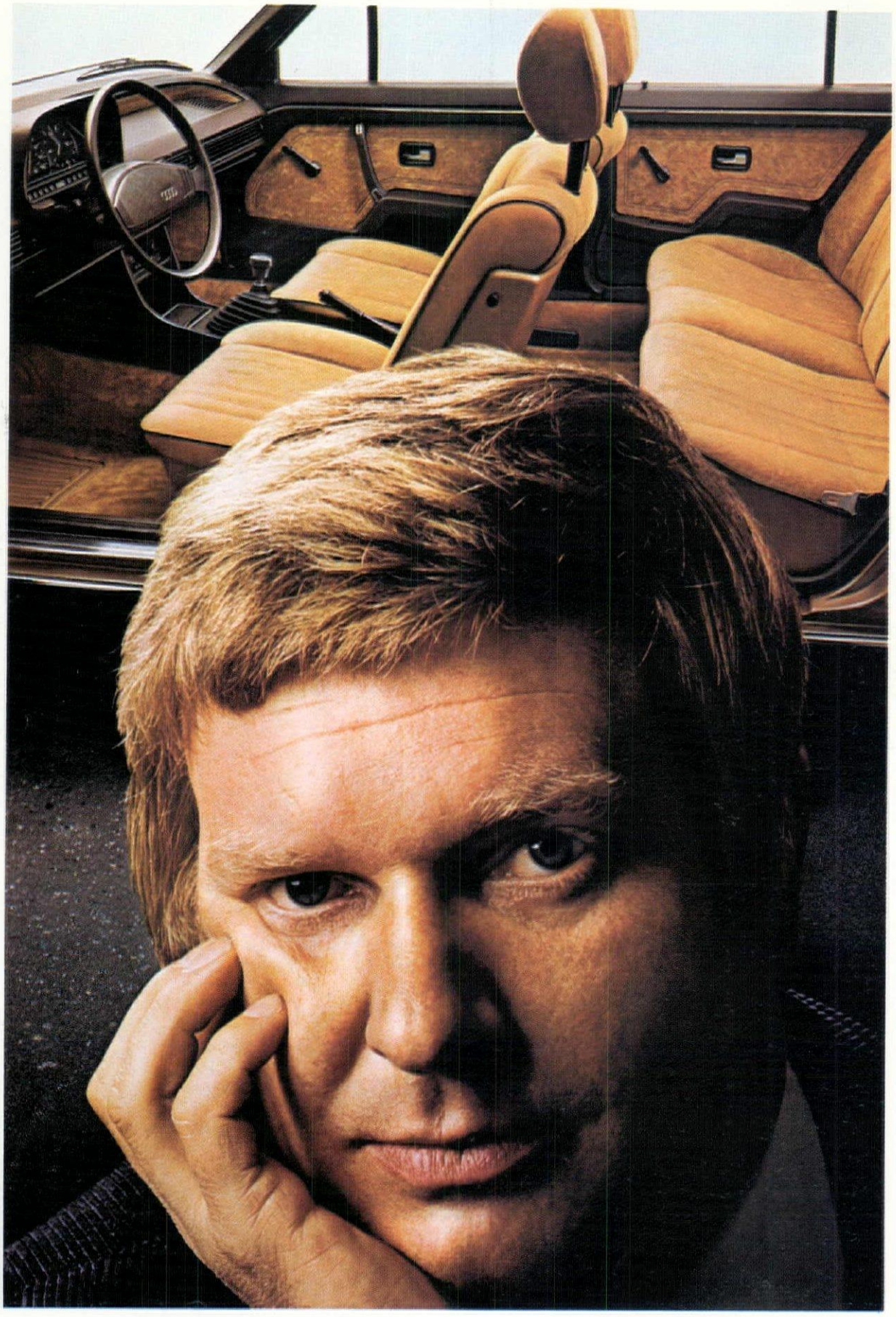






ALL: MUSEE MARMOTTAN, PARIS

Paintings in series—of haystacks, poplar trees, his lily pond, and (right) his own house—preoccupied Monet for decades. Recording a scene at various times of day and in changing weather was the heart of impressionist philosophy. By 1922, however, when he painted these views of The House from the Rose Garden, *Monet's usual sunny and harmonious color had become strident, and he found in familiar surroundings unexpectedly ominous shapes.*



"I AM OPPOSED TO HAVING THE INTERIOR OF THE AUDI 5000 LOOK LIKE AN AIRPLANE COCKPIT."

AN INTERVIEW WITH HARTMUT WARKUSZ, HEAD OF STYLING



Don't you like dials and stark interiors?

Warkusz: It's not what I like or don't like—everything we do is tested and proved. Our psychological testing showed that dark colors and cockpit type interiors make drivers more aggressive, less relaxed. One of our principal objectives was to make the driver calmer. It is no good for you to go from a nice, calm, cheerful house right into an aggressive car.

Should a car's interior be like a house?

Warkusz: In some ways, yes. The old kind of interiors with stark black leather and polished chrome everywhere is no longer appropriate for today's cars. We wanted to create a more modern living environment inside the car. A car should be a pleasant, bright and comfortable place to be in. You should feel at home. Your living room at home isn't black all over, is it?

No. But my living room doesn't have wheels.

Warkusz: And we didn't just put wheels on a living room and so we didn't design the car only for the comfort of the driver. The Audi 5000 holds all 5 people comfortably. The trunk is huge enough to hold all their luggage.

The ventilating system is unique in that there are outlets to provide plenty of fresh air but not on anybody's neck. You can even have warm air on your feet and cool air on your face to keep you alert. For the sake of comfort and safety, the rear passengers have headrests, too. We have even gone so far as to be sure that the upholstery doesn't tear the fur out of a mink coat. Some fabrics we tested did just that.

Will this type of interior appeal to Americans?

Warkusz: We believe so, because we studied the American market very carefully. Not to copy, but to take American tastes into consideration. The Audi 5000 is altogether European, but there is no reason why a European car can't be bright and roomy and comfortable and quiet. A high performance European car does not have to look or sound like the cockpit of a plane.

The lines do look European.

Warkusz: Lines are not European or American. Lines can be ugly or beautiful, but most importantly, lines are functional or not functional. The aerodynamic values of the Audi 5000 make the air resistance very low. The drag coefficient is better than most other cars in our size category. Also, the aerodynamics made us lift up the tail of the car. That's one reason why the trunk came out so big.

For the same reason, we have complete instrumentation without two dozen unnecessary switches to distract the driver with playthings. I am glad you like the lines, but they are more than lines to me.

What would you want an American buyer to understand about it?

Warkusz: I would want him to understand the mature, functional design of the car. The pleasant, comfortable and quiet atmosphere of the interior. The high quality of the finish. And, the fact that it's the largest German car you can buy for the money—about $8,500.* And I would want the American buyer to understand that nothing about it is by chance.

*Suggested 1978 retail price $8450. P.O.E., transp., local taxes, and dealer delivery charges, additional.



H. WENDLER © 1976—THE IMAGE BANK

Though plagued by glass breakage, the Hancock building has proved to be a harmonious addition to Boston's Copley Square.

A Gentle Master Builder

No cult surrounds I. M. Pei,
but a spate of new buildings confirms
that he remains one of the country's most potent
architectural forces

The term "gentleman architect," often slightly tinged with suggestions of dilettantism, used to apply to a great many practitioners of the art of building. But those architects have, for the most part, gone the way of such ancient attributes of the profession as drafting smocks, top hats, and velvet capes. Among the few contemporary figures worthy of the title, one stands out as a designer who embodies the best of the old mode and yet has managed to combine with it a keen appreciation of modern form, an understanding of mass-scale planning, and a tough sense of corporate reality. His name is I. M. Pei.

Slender, soft-spoken, and impeccably groomed, the Chinese-born Pei (pronounced pay) is a credit to the social and sartorial tradition of the gentleman architect, but he is in no way a dilettante. On the contrary, he is one of the most thoroughly professional and productive designers of his generation. In more than three decades of practice he has been responsible for the design of an extraordinary total of 50 major buildings. They range from the poetic Luce Memorial Chapel in Taiwan and the Place Ville Marie office complex at Montreal to the muscular National Center for Atmospheric Research in the Colorado Rockies and the striking—and troubled—John Hancock Tower in downtown Boston.

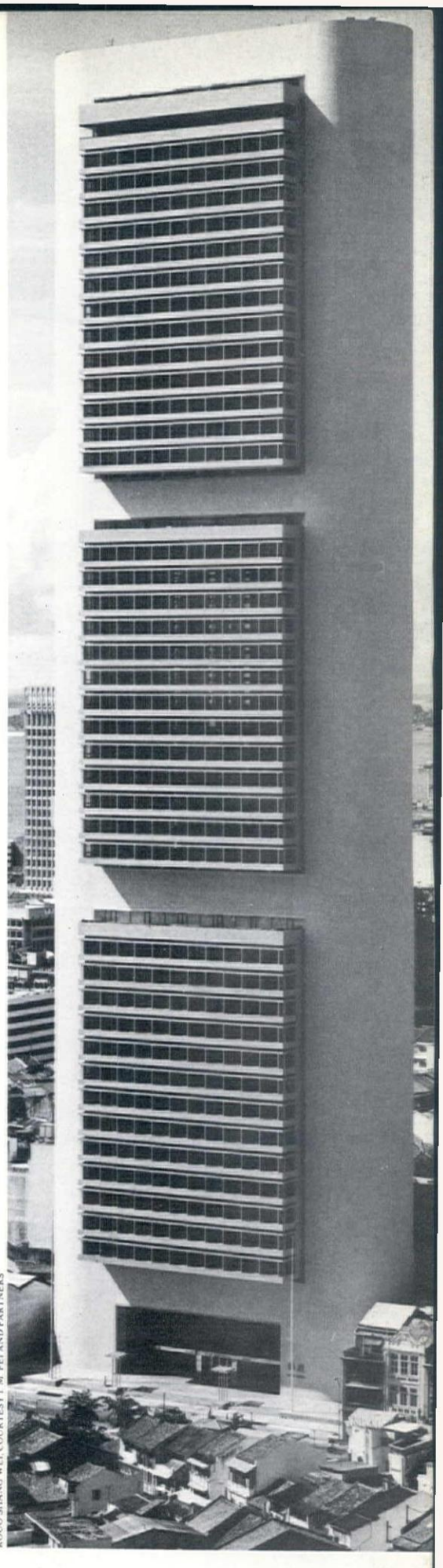
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And they are still coming. Last month Pei's $42 million Municipal Administration Center in Dallas was officially opened, providing the city not only with its most impressive architectural concept but also, for the first time, with an inviting and well-placed public plaza. In June his $94 million east-wing addition to the National Gallery of Art will open at the edge of the Mall in Washington. Pei's World Trade Center in Baltimore, completed last year, is one of that city's grandest buildings,

Pei in a pensive moment



DOROTHY ALEXANDER



KOUO SHANG WEI, COURTESY I. M. PEI AND PARTNERS

The tallest building in Southeast Asia, the Oversea-Chinese Banking Center dwarfs Singapore's traditional structures.

By STANLEY ABERCROMBIE



In his Everson Museum in Syracuse, New York (above), and in the atmospheric-research center near Boulder, Colorado, Pei used bold forms with a sculptor's sensitivity.

and his Oversea-Chinese Banking Corporation Center in Singapore, finished in 1976, is the tallest building in Southeast Asia. Under way, as well, are a Pei-designed multi-million-dollar urban development complex in Melbourne, Australia; $81 million of construction in Teheran; and the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston.

This body of work constitutes, by itself, a considerable international building boom in the wake of a severe four-year slump in the U.S. construction industry. Even more striking is the fact that every one of these buildings is a candidate for a list of the very best yet built.

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Curiously, in light of such a highly visible body of work, I. M. Pei remains a remarkably private and retiring individual. He is not a fashionable darling of the architectural intelligentsia, nor is he an idol of modish young design students. He states flatly that he is "not trendy and not a revolutionary." There is no Pei cult.

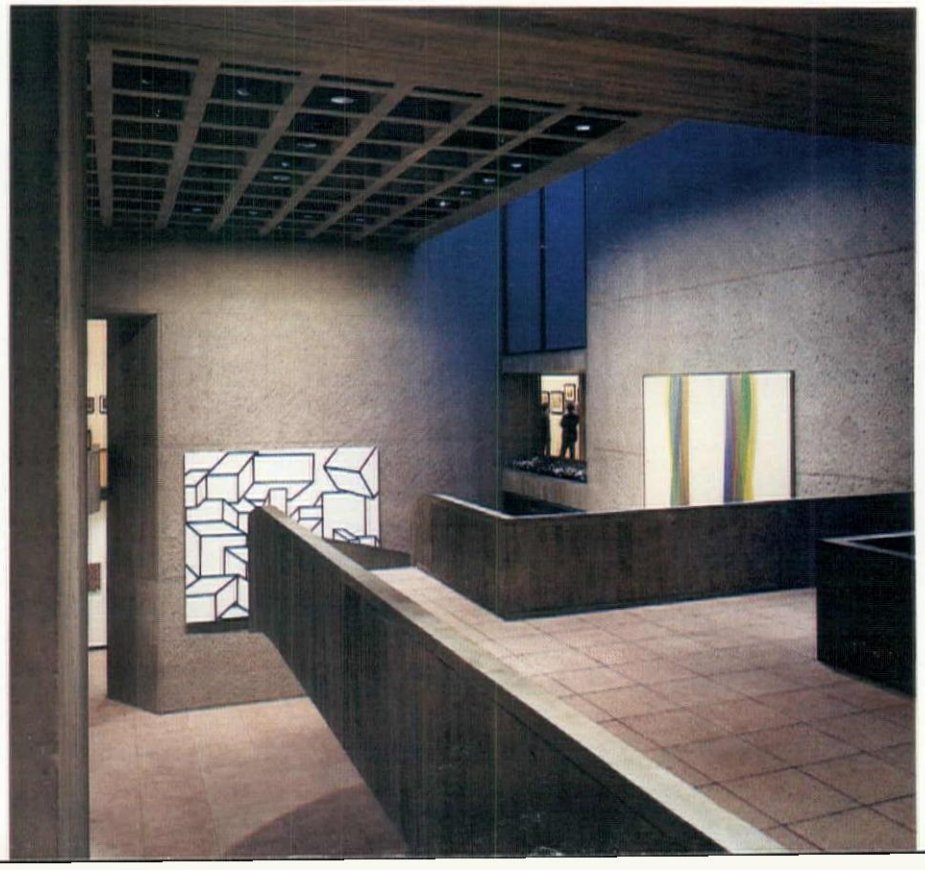
Born in Canton in 1917, Ieoh Ming Pei came to the United States in 1935 to study architecture at MIT. After graduation and during the war years he designed concrete structures for the engineering firm of Stone Webster and then served two years on the National Defense Research Committee in Princeton, New Jersey (the closest participation in war efforts then allowed a recent immigrant). After the war he went to Harvard, earning a master's degree in 1946 and remaining to teach until 1948.

Pei's years at Harvard's Graduate School of Design were the most exciting years of that school's history—the most exciting, indeed, of all American architectural education. Not only had two of the founding geniuses of the modern movement, Walter Gropius and the younger Marcel Breuer, been brought from Germany's Bauhaus by Dean Joseph Hudnut to transform the system of education at Harvard, but there was also an extraordinary collection of younger talent in the area. Philip Johnson, Eduardo Catalano, and Harry Seidler were recent Harvard graduates, and in the years when Pei was a young instructor the school's students included Victor Lundy, Paul Rudolph, Ulrich Franzen, and Henry N. ("Harry") Cobb—all soon to take their places in the front ranks of modern design.

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In 1948 Pei made a dramatic change, leaving this most ivory of towers for a situation far removed from academic life: he accepted a job with Webb and Knapp, a real-estate development firm headed by William Zeckendorf, a phenomenally imaginative (and, for many years to come, phenomenally successful) development executive. Zeckendorf, says Pei, "represented the world of action."

After a year as Webb and Knapp's sole on-staff architect, Pei persuaded Zeckendorf to let him form a greatly expanded design department. Pei became director of architecture and



The restrained Everson interior shows the art on display to full advantage.

promptly brought in to assist him such men as Pershing Wong, Eason Leonard, and former Harvard associates Cobb, Franzen, and Don Page. The most successful architect-developer collaboration in modern architecture had begun.

In little more than a decade the Pei design group had grown to a 75-man office and had produced for Webb and Knapp designs for more than a half billion dollars' worth of construction. Prominent among the undertakings were the Mile High Center and Court House Square complexes in Denver and the vast Place Ville Marie development. Thus, while most of his contemporaries were still serving anonymous apprenticeships in drafting rooms or cutting their teeth on small residential commissions, Pei was already involved in building on a highly visible scale, and with highly noteworthy results. The Denver work alone won for Pei three Honor Awards from the American Institute of Architects.

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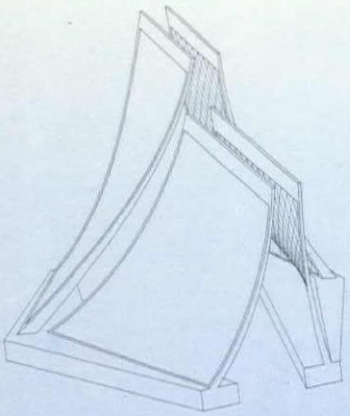
But perhaps the most significant achievements of the Pei–Webb and Knapp association were in urban housing. In many ways that work (for example, Chicago's University Gardens, completed in 1961, New York's Kips Bay Plaza of 1962, and Philadelphia's Society Hill, finished in 1964) went against the conventional wisdom of the time about housing. Pei rejected the model of brick slabs punctured by minimal windows and packed with minimal rooms. He experimented with large glass areas and with the latest in concrete technology, he imposed strict order on the structure of these buildings, and he provided unusually generous living areas.

He was also one of the first architects to make use of the federal government's Title I urban-renewal program. "We wouldn't go about it the same way today," he points out, "but at the time there was no doubt in anyone's mind that the way to create better neighborhoods was to make a clean sweep of areas that had decayed and to make a fresh start." Even then, however, Pei's work showed concern for integrating new construction into its existing urban context. Society Hill is a good example, both because of the well-planned open spaces between its buildings and because of its town-house rows, which serve as transitional elements between the new towers and the smaller-scale neighborhood around them.

This principle of integration is a crucial one in Pei's thinking about architecture. A building, he says, must never be considered merely as "an object by itself"; its function as "a piece of the city" is equally important. Though he is enthusiastically admiring, as most architects are, of the classic bronze-and-glass Seagram Building by Mies Van Der Rohe and Philip Johnson (Pei's earliest designs, in fact, were strongly influenced by Mies's work), Pei is fond of remarking that a hundred Seagram Buildings would not, by them-



Jutting shapes of the Boulder research facilities echo their mountainous setting.



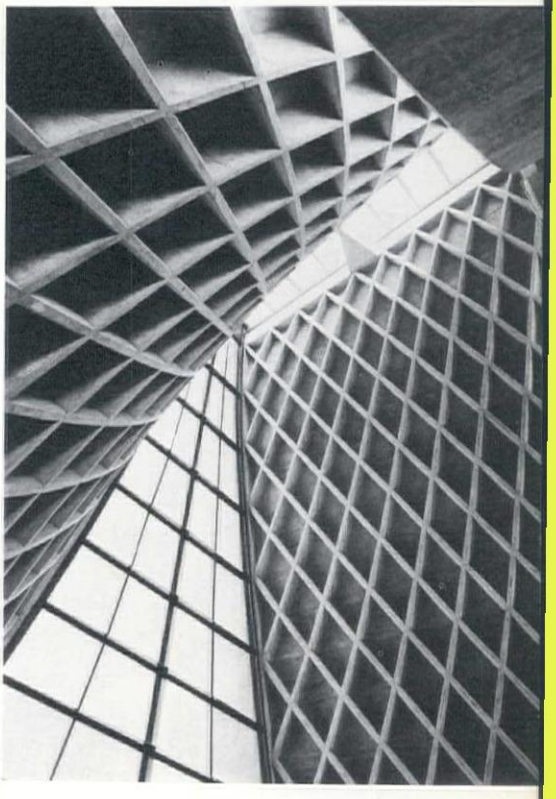
The curving planes of the Luce Chapel in Taiwan, below and in the drawing at left, reflect a controlled lyricism.

ALL COURTESY I. M. PEI AND PARTNERS

selves, make New York a beautiful city. A larger vision is needed, he feels, an overall conception of how an environment's many elements, beautiful or banal, interrelate.

One of many examples of such vision in Pei's work is the firm's first project independent of the Webb and Knapp organization. By 1960 Pei and his talented group were feeling the need to stretch the scope of their work beyond the limits of Webb and Knapp's development plans. It may be, as well, that Pei foresaw how Zeckendorf's elaborate financing arrangements would, a few years later, collapse like a house—or, rather, like a skyscraper—of cards. In any case a completely amicable

Looking upward from the chapel floor



separation was arranged: the Pei group could continue to work for Webb and Knapp as an independent firm but would be free to take other commissions as well.

When Pei left the security of the Webb and Knapp nest, taking Leonard and Cobb with him as partners (they are his partners still), his group of 75 had only one commission for future work. But it was a time of great building activity, and Pei was confident of the firm's success.

Its single commission at the time was for an earth-sciences center at Pei's alma mater MIT. The required square footage was extensive, and the site was a central one, adjacent to the school's enormous 1915 classic structure by Welles Bosworth. Typical of the Pei care for context is the fact that the firm provided not only a handsome and innovatively engineered 20-story tower but also a complete master plan for the section of the campus around it, including some other buildings just recently completed. Also typical is the fact that the size and shape of open spaces, the direction of walkways, and the use of art (in this case a giant Calder stabile) were given as much attention as the actual building.

Care for context does not always involve relationships between buildings in an urban setting. The Pei firm was soon to undertake the design of the National Center for Atmospheric Research on the outskirts of Boulder, Colorado, a complex of building elements for a dramatic and isolated site. The context here was nevertheless an important factor, for the complex was to sit at the foot of a magnificent range of the Rocky Mountains. The design problem—creating a building that would fit in among the mountains—was unlike any that the Pei firm had ever tackled, and the solution was to introduce into the firm's work a freedom it had not dared before.

Until recently the NCAR building was probably the most widely known work of the Pei firm, but for a curious reason: it was used as a set for a Woody Allen–Diane Keaton chase sequence in the film *Sleeper*. The choice was entirely appropriate, for NCAR's picturesque and unconventional masses are quite convincing as forms of the next century. But NCAR has surely now been replaced in popular recognition by Pei's John Hancock Tower in Boston, and for an even more ironic reason: not because the Hancock building is one of the most beautiful buildings of our time—which it is—but because its glass fell out.

• • •

Hancock's troubles actually began even earlier. When the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, an important landowner and employer in downtown Boston, announced that Copley Square would be the location of its new headquarters building and that Pei would be the architect, the Boston architectural Establishment erupted in loud opposition. The main complaint was that any possible tower on the site would overpower two existing Copley Square landmarks, H. H. Richardson's 1877 Trinity Church and McKim, Mead and White's 1895 Boston Public Library; it may be, as well, that Boston architects—and there may be more architects per capita in Boston than anywhere else on earth—resented such an important commission's being given to a New Yorker.

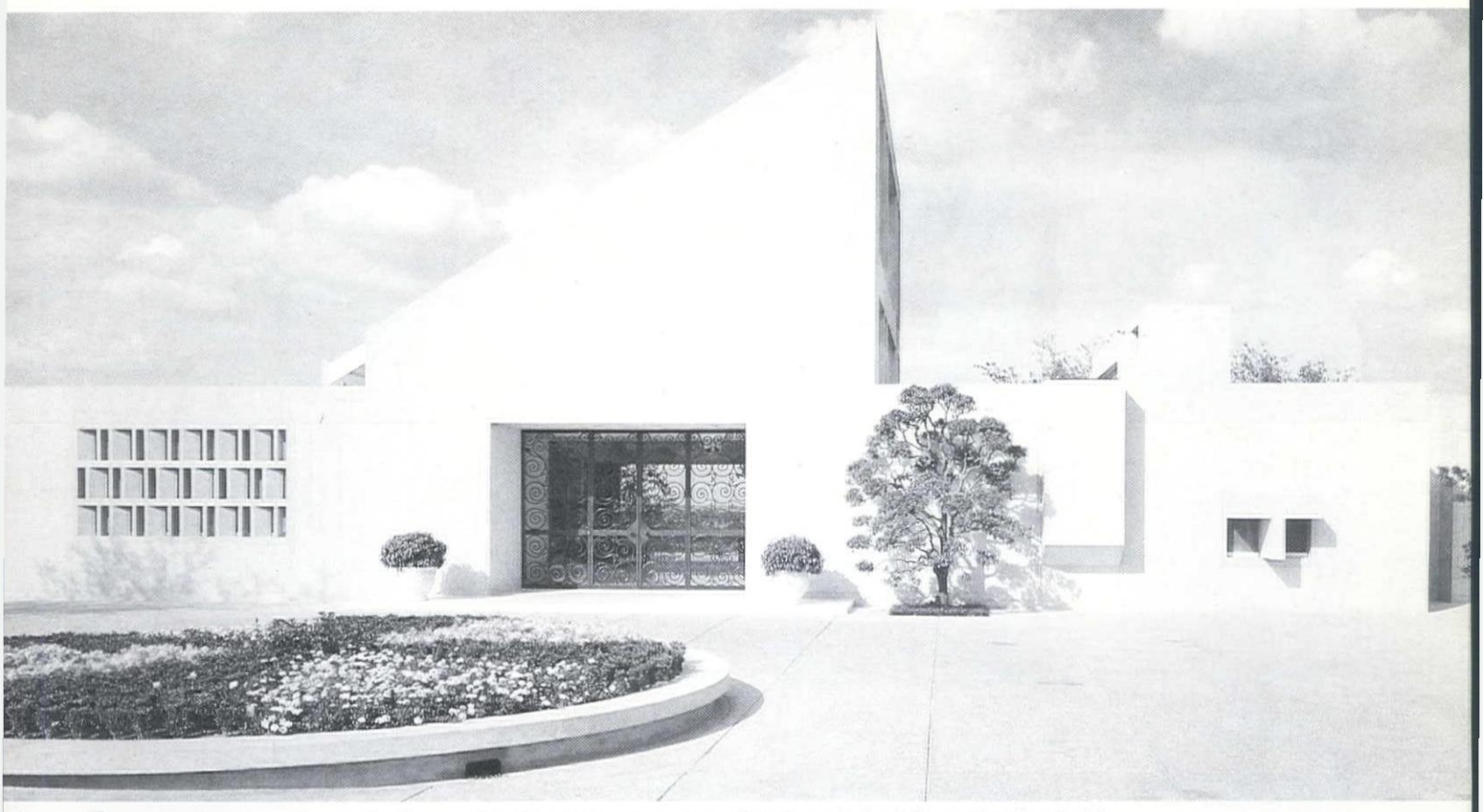
But the opposition failed; Hancock got permission to build; Pei partner Harry Cobb, a native of Boston, was put in charge of the job; and the result, as Pei's fellow architects should have expected, was a triumph of intelligent response to the building's context. The new tower, thin, angled, and mirrored, presented a minimal edge toward the square; its reflective surfaces duplicated, rather than dominated, its distinguished neighbors; and its siting opened to a new public plaza a façade of Trinity Church that for years had faced only an alley-sized street.

Architect-critic Peter Blake, now



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An interior view of Pei's house for the Charles Tandy family, Fort Worth, Texas



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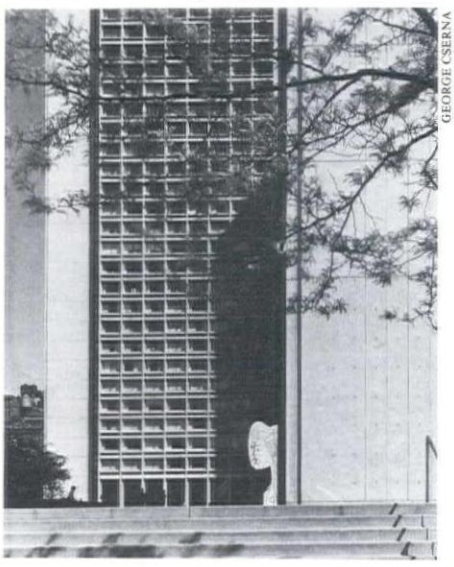
The austerely geometric exterior forms of the Tandy house contrast sharply with the delicate detailing inside.

chairman of the Boston Architectural Center, has called the Hancock Tower "a textbook example of the way these architects function: in more insensitive hands, such a building could easily have wrecked a historic square; in their hands, it preserves and enhances it." In 1977 the American Institute of Architects gave the tower its Honor Award (Pei's 16th). And even Jean Paul Carlhian, a partner in the prestigious Boston architectural firm of Shepley Bulfinch Richardson and Abbott and one of Hancock's earliest and most outspoken critics, has acknowledged the building's success (a public change of heart that Pei admires and appreciates).

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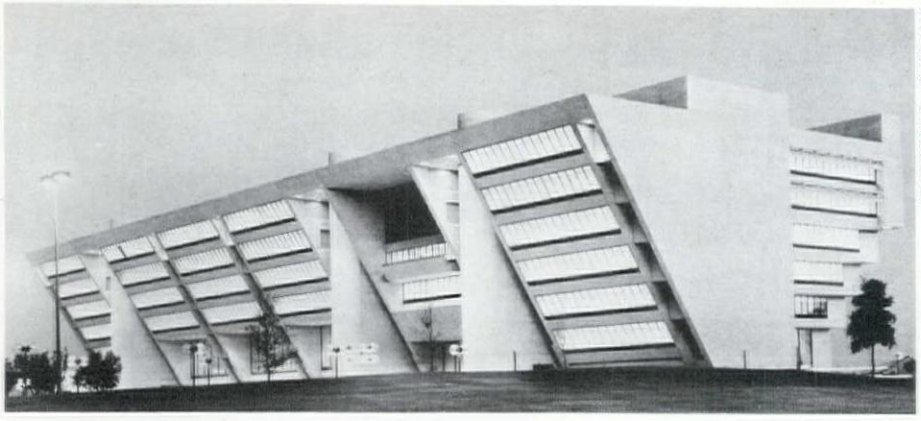
There may have been no doubt about the brilliance of the architectural solution, but during construction a few sheets of glass broke and fell from the façade, hitting a number of others on their way down. No one was surprised at first; few buildings of such size fail to have some breakage during the building process. But breakage continued and grew worse. By the winter of 1973 it was evident that something was seriously wrong. That June the architects presented their analysis of the situation to Hancock, and shortly thereafter every pane of glass in the tower was replaced.

University Plaza apartments in New York



GEORGE CSERNA

The whole story of Hancock's difficulties is not yet known. As long as the scores of suits and countersuits generated by the breaking windows remain in the courts, no party feels free to talk. It is important to remember, though, that the architects' specification for the glass to be used was of the sort known as a performance specification; that is, rather than presenting a shopping list of glass types and thicknesses to be used, it specified simply that glass must be supplied that would perform properly under the conditions present. As a result, Pei's fellow architects at least, aware of the nature of the contract documents, are likely to find the Pei office blameless, but that reaction is by no means universal. Some Bostonians—especially taxi drivers, it seems—bear a grudge against anyone connected with the building. And the same may be true of a number of building committees and corporation boards said to have scratched Pei from their lists of candidates for major design jobs. The Hancock troubles, Pei



DENNIS BRACK—BLACK STAR

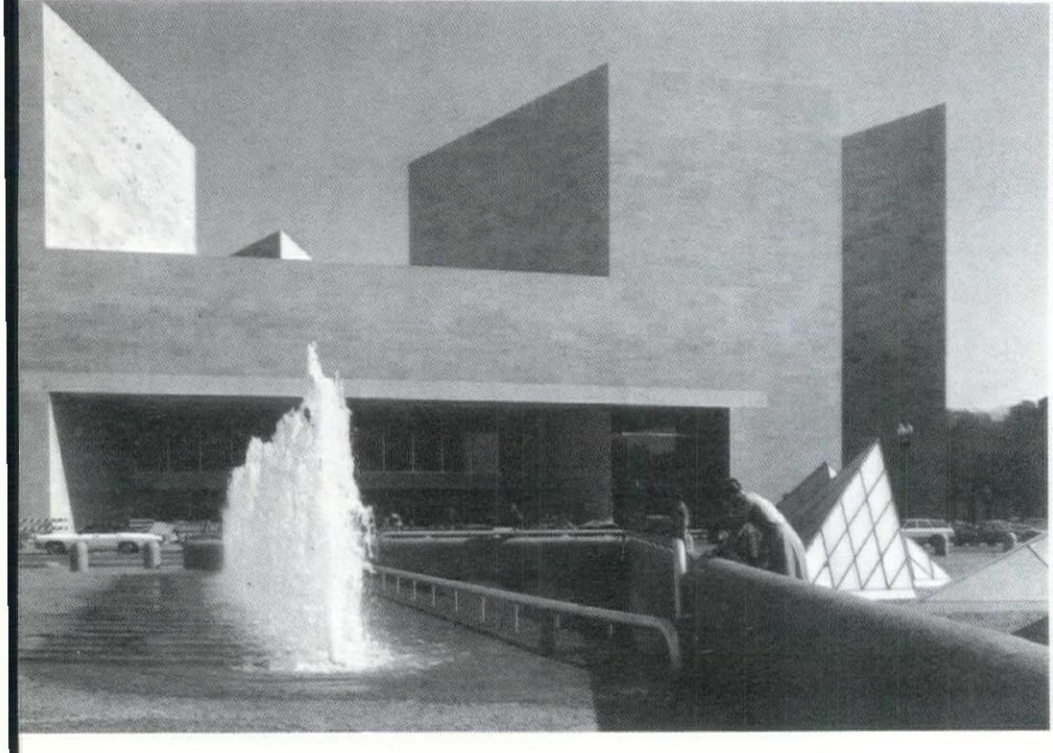
The newly dedicated Dallas municipal center at twilight

says, have caused his firm "immeasurable damage" in lost commissions.

Denied corporate design work that it would normally have received, the Pei office has nevertheless been busy with foreign work—in Australia, France, and Asia—and with a fascinating variety of cultural and institutional buildings in the United States. In many ways such buildings have more complex requirements than do office towers, and the designs are therefore frequently more interesting. For Pei's firm this is certainly true. Beyond the brilliantly austere Hancock Tower and the crisp aluminum-and-glass office building at 88 Pine Street in New York, his most masterful work includes Hancock's richly modeled neighbor, the Christian Science Church Center (designed in collaboration with Araldo Cossutta, one of Pei's former partners), the wonderful little Paul Mellon Fine Arts Center at the Choate School (not just a building but a gateway, too, and an integral part of campus traffic patterns), the ingratiatingly human-scaled Spelman dormitories at Princeton, and the National Airlines Terminal at New York's Kennedy Airport.

Then there is a whole list of extraordinary museum structures, each of them a combination of neutral exhibition environments and virtuoso circulation elements, so sculptural in themselves that they dispel any doubt—and of late there has been a considerable amount of it—that architecture is a fine art: among them the Herbert F. Johnson Museum of Art at Cornell, the Des Moines Art Center additions, the Everson Museum of Art in Syracuse, New York, and the addition to the National Gallery opening in Washington this June.

The east-wing addition to the National Gallery in Washington, which opens in June



COURTESY I. M. PEI AND PARTNERS

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How do these buildings stand in relation to the changes in taste and attitude now sweeping the art and profession of architecture? The answer is to be found in one simple fact: Pei's architecture never has been limited to any single stylistic vocabulary, nor has it been marred by any disruptive efforts at ego inflation. Eschewing labels, Pei's work is yet clearly his own; eschewing sensationalism, it is increasingly admired; eschewing fashion, it is (we'd bet) enduring.

"Architecture is not fashion," Pei insists. "An old style doesn't suddenly stop; a new vogue doesn't suddenly begin." Changes occur slowly, he believes, in a context of continuity, and this philosophical context, like the physical contexts in which his buildings must exist, is of paramount concern to him. His architecture is not everything to everyone: it is not one expressive of the discord of contemporary society; it is not whimsical; it does not participate in esoteric historical allusion or attention-demanding acrobatics. His architecture is the result of intelligence, dignity, talent, and flair applied to real building problems in a real world. It is the work of the highest sensitivity, and—like Pei himself—it is quietly well-mannered. It persuades, it convinces, it often moves, and occasionally it even thrills. And no one should be surprised if, a decade or so hence, this "gentleman architect" turns out to have been the most consistently excellent designer of our time. □

Stanley Abercrombie, an architect, is editor of Contract Interiors *magazine.*

Conrad for Contemporaries

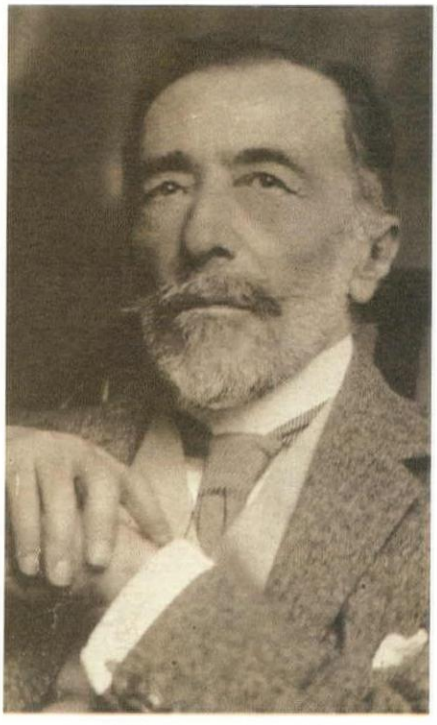
Two novels in particular—on violence and tyranny—give him current relevance. And there are new movies and a new biography

For a long time Joseph Conrad has been more admired than read. A few of his novels, principally *Heart of Darkness* and *Lord Jim*, are familiar at least to people who take college English courses, but the rest of his extensive output remains, well, a heart of darkness. That may now be abruptly changing, as the sometimes difficult, always probing author reaches the wide audience that eluded him during his lifetime. This Polish seaman's ship has finally come in.

Signs of a Conrad revival are evident. Cambridge University Press is bringing out the first volume of a complete edition of his works with the many textual changes he made over the years. The same publisher is preparing some ten volumes of the author's letters in English, and possibly French and Polish. Frederick Karl, a professor of English at City College of New York, is finishing a 25-year study of Conrad with a long biography to be published in the fall. "A whole Conrad industry is in operation now," says Karl. "With the end of the modernist experiment has come the desire to read a modern writer who does not create intricate problems of language and continuity. We are swinging back toward a more traditional kind of fiction. We can read Conrad without taking a course in modern literature, but he also contains the ambiguities and mystery we demand from our writers."

Film makers are catching on to the possibilities of Conrad's atmospherics, his suspenseful adventures amid exotic climes, and his rich characters. In the new movie *The Duellists*, based on Conrad's short story *The Duel*, two French cavalry officers of the Napoleonic era keep settling an obscure point of honor with swords and pistols. Dueling becomes to them an ever-present risk that gives life its tang. Director Francis Coppola (*The Godfather* I and II) has completed shooting a film in the Philippines about the Vietnam War, *Apocalypse Now*, which was inspired by *Heart of Darkness*. Such is the mystery of the novel that the scriptwriters were not sure whether to give the film a hawkish or a dovish slant. The chief character, Mr. Kurtz, is turned into a renegade Green Beret, played by Marlon Brando, who fights his own private war deep in the jungle. Like Mr. Kurtz, the Green Beret succumbs to the very savagery he is supposed to be civilizing.

Joseph Conrad in 1923



CULVER

Years in the making, *Apocalypse Now* ran into trouble of Conradian scope. A typhoon washed away the sets, an earthquake gave the cast a genuine case of the jitters, a leading actor suffered a heart attack, and costs have mounted to $25 million. Wags are calling the movie *Apocalypse When?* Such are the hazards of penetrating the heart of darkness.

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Earlier movies based on Conrad often captured the surface but scanted the interior. *Victory* has been made into a film no less than three times, but each version provided a happy ending that robbed the story of its point. Alfred Hitchcock turned *The Secret Agent* into a British film, *Sabotage*, that is full of melodramatic effects but none of the brooding on revolution. The 1965 movie *Lord Jim*, starring Peter O'Toole, was an overproduced flop. By far the best film made from a Conrad book is *Outcast of the Islands*, in which Trevor Howard and Ralph Richardson portray all the appropriate passions, doubts, and longings.

It is as the author of two epic political novels—*The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*—that Conrad is getting the attention he deserves, partly because of his contemporary relevance.

By EDWIN WARNER

While no activist himself, Conrad was both fascinated and repelled by anarchist violence. Around the turn of the century a nerve-shattering spate of bombings in Europe and America took the lives of six heads of state and many other people as well. Conrad plunged into the subject with a combination of intensity and disdain. Ignoring the social and political conditions of the times, he explores the psychology of the terrorist. Beneath the utopian ideology that the anarchists profess, Conrad discerns more personal rages and resentments, a searching analysis that no doubt applies to current-day terrorists in Germany and the Middle East.

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Author Allen Weinstein quotes liberally from *The Secret Agent* in *Perjury*, the definitive book he has just published on the Hiss-Chambers case. In this instance, too, personal aberrations seem to be more important than ideological convictions. There are also some startling parallels between Whittaker Chambers and the novel's central character, Mr. Verloc. Weinstein cites a passage in which the London police inspector asks Verloc:

"So your defense will be practically a full confession?"

"It will. I am going to tell the whole story."

"You won't be believed as much as you fancy you will. . . ."

"Perhaps not. But it will upset many things. I have been a straight man, and I will keep straight in this—"

"If they let you," said the Chief Inspector cynically.

As the inspector warned Verloc, when Chambers unburdened himself of his Communist past and Hiss's involvement in spy activities, he ran into a wall of disbelief. Not until Weinstein's book, in fact, has his story been substantially verified.

Verloc is one of a collection of unforgettable underground denizens, all precisely delineated and stripped of their pretensions but not of their humanity—no mean achievement. They are the very embodiment of the banality of evil. Revolution? Verloc can take it or leave it, as long as it brings him a comfortable income. "He had an air," writes Conrad, "of having wallowed, fully dressed, all day on an unmade bed. . . . Born of industrious parents for a life of toil, he had embraced indolence from an impulse as profound, as inexplicable, and as imperious as the impulse which directs a man's preference for one particular woman in a given thousand . . . a temperamental defect which he shared with a large proportion of revolutionary reformers of a given social state. For obviously one does not revolt against the advantages and opportunities of that state, but against the price which must be paid for the same in the coin of accepted morality, self-restraint, and toil. The majority of revolutionists are the enemies of discipline and fatigue mostly."



Revolution? *Verloc* can take it or leave it, as long as it brings him a comfortable income. "He had an air," writes Conrad, "of having wallowed, fully dressed, all day on an unmade bed."

One of Conrad's more engaging anarchists in *The Secret Agent* is Michaelis, a rotund visionary who developed his beliefs in prison, "thoughts that for so many years, in a mental solitude more barren than a waterless desert, no living voice had ever combatted, commented, or approved." Michaelis is all smiles and sweetness and a favorite of the rad-chic salons of his day. He is also an easy mark for the police when they want to pin an anarchist rap on someone. "Nothing that happened to him individually had any importance," Conrad writes. "He was like those saintly men whose personality is lost in the contemplation of their faith. . . . Round like a distended balloon, he opened his short, thick arms, as if in a pathetically hopeless attempt to embrace and hug to his breast a self-regenerated universe."

The Professor, from the same book, is a more sinister sort of anarchist, who supplies anyone who asks with explosives. He is never bothered by the police, because he has wired himself

with a bomb that he threatens to detonate if they try to arrest him. His father, writes Conrad, "had been an itinerant and rousing preacher of some obscure but rigid Christian sect—a man supremely confident in the privileges of his righteousness. In the son, individualist by temperament, once the science of colleges had replaced thoroughly the faith of conventicles, this moral attitude translated itself into a frenzied puritanism of ambition. He nursed it as something secularly holy. To see it thwarted opened his eyes to the true nature of the world, whose morality was artificial, corrupt, and blasphemous. The way of even the most justifiable revolutions is prepared by personal impulses disguised into creeds."

• • •

While the other anarchists are motivated by some vague idealism, the Professor glories in destruction for its own sake. He is well aware of the advantages that fanaticism has over moderation. Other people, he tells a fellow conspirator, "are bound in all sorts of conventions. They depend on life, which, in this connection, is a historical fact surrounded by all sorts of restraints and considerations, a complex, organized fact open to attack at every point; whereas I depend on death, which knows no restraint and cannot be attacked. My superiority is evident." He says without boasting, "To deal with a man like me you require sheer, naked, inglorious heroism."

In the murky world of spies and counterspies, Verloc works for both the anarchists and the police. He is ordered by the ambassador of a foreign power to blow up an observatory so as to create a public uproar over anarchism. Verloc gets the bomb from the professor and hands it over to the feeble-minded brother of his wife, Winnie. But the boy trips and is blown to bits. Just as Verloc's life has been devoted to political plots, so has Winnie's been dedicated to caring for her brother. In a final confrontation between husband and wife, Winnie awakens to the ruin of her life's work. With a fierce wrench of emotion, agonizingly conveyed by Conrad, maternal instincts turn homicidal. Even as Winnie lifts the knife over his head, Verloc in his political delusion fails to understand what he has done.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY IVAN POWELL

One of Conrad's more engaging anarchists in The Secret Agent is *Michaelis*, a rotund visionary who developed his beliefs in prison, "thoughts that for so many years, in a mental solitude more barren than a waterless desert, no living voice had ever combatted, commented, or approved."

Under Western Eyes deals with another set of terrorists, more ideological and iron willed, fighting against the czarist Russian state, which—unlike England—gives them no quarter. Political extremism is the law of the land, and the tragedy of the novel is that no one, however innocent or uninvolved, escapes the fratricidal oppression. "Whenever two Russians come together," says Conrad's narrator, "the shadow of autocracy is with them, tinging their thoughts, their views, their most intimate feelings, their private life, their public utterances—haunting the secret of their silences."

The terrorists are the mirror image of the rulers they are trying to overthrow. Just a few more murders, each side believes, and a new Russia will emerge purified by all the bloodshed. Conrad powerfully describes how each of the terrorists is gripped by his obsession. "No one is born an active revolutionist," he writes. "The change comes disturbingly, with the force of a sudden vocation, bringing in its train agonizing doubts, assertive violences, an unstable state of the soul, till the final appeasement of the convert in the perfect fierceness of conviction."

As in *The Secret Agent*, a woman embodying peace and love is the chief victim of the plotting. Young Natalia Haldin, a Russian refugee living in Geneva, believes that the "future will be merciful to us all. Revolutionist and reactionary, victim and executioner,



The *Professor* says, "I depend on death, which knows no restraint and cannot be attacked.... To deal with a man like me you require sheer, naked, inglorious heroism."

betrayer and betrayed, they shall all be pitied together when the light breaks on our black sky at last." But there is no dawn. Back in Russia her brother, a revolutionary student, kills a hated czarist minister in a scene etched with icy precision: "[The bomb] actually struck the Minister-President on the shoulder as he stooped over his dying servant, then falling between his feet exploded with a terrific concentrated violence, striking him dead to the ground, finishing the wounded man and practically annihilating the empty sledge in the twinkling of an eye. With a yell of horror the crowd broke up and fled in all directions, except for those who fell dead or dying where they stood nearest to the Minister-President, and one or two others who did not fall until they had run a little way."

That bomb detonates a sequence of events that claims one victim after another. There is no refuge except in death, a death, Conrad makes clear, that offers no Dostoevskian redemption. There is no good to be derived from this suffering, no lesson to be learned from the tyrants and terrorists who go to their futile graves. The revolutionaries who "want to smash their way into universal happiness" will simply add to the sum total of human misery; they will exchange one set of murderous masters for another. This bleak book, written in paradoxically beautiful prose, struck even Conrad's admirers as exaggerated. A few years later, however, Conrad was more than vindicated by the outbreak of the Bolshevik revolution and the subsequent Soviet tyranny.

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These political insights, extraordinary in any writer, are all the more surprising coming from a man who spent 20 years before the mast and had no intention of becoming a writer. The source of Conrad's talent remains a mystery that perhaps only a Conrad novel could explain. There was nothing in his cramped, unhappy childhood to suggest his future greatness. The boy barely survived. Józef Teodor Konrad Walecz Korzeniowski was born in 1857 in partitioned Poland, and when he was only 6, he was sent with his family into exile in Russia, because his father, an ardent Polish nationalist, had engaged in illegal political activities. Conrad had lost both parents by age 12 and found what solace he could in reading. The sea especially fascinated him, with its promise of space and freedom from all the miserable constraints he had known. He boarded his first ship at 17 and began that series of voyages he would describe so vividly in his writings. As he writes in *The Nigger of the Narcissus*: "The true peace of God begins at any spot a thousand miles from the nearest land."

Conrad was particularly attracted to the sturdy, independent life of the British seaman, and as he sailed on English ships, he learned the language. "I have a strange and overpowering feeling," he later wrote, "that [English] had always been an inherent part of myself.... it was I who was adopted by the genius of the language, which directly I came out of the stammering stage made me its own so completely that its very idioms I truly believe had a direct action on my temperament and fashioned my still plastic career."

Though Conrad began his first novel, *Almayer's Folly*, when he was still aboard ship, he had no plans to give up the life of a sailor until he took a steamboat up the Congo and was stricken with malaria. At 37 he left the sea forever to become a writer. He married in 1896, settled in Kent, England, with his wife and son out of sight of the ocean, and embarked on a second, no less stormy career. (A second son was born there in 1906.) Sometimes unable to write a sentence for days on end, he turned out the 17 novels and 29 short stories that with few exceptions belong in the front rank of literature. He wrote as he sailed, as if his life depended on it. His prose, while often dense and mysterious, has the rolling expansiveness of the sea.

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Conrad was admired by other writers, among them John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, Henry James, and Ford Madox Ford (with whom he collaborated on a much underrated novel, *Romance*). Conrad's books were also popular with other seamen, who told him they could feel the salt spray on their faces as they read his lines. His writing never provided him an easy living, however; he could barely make ends meet and always worried about not having enough readers. Still, the spirit of adventure that fills his pages never left him. A few years before his death in 1924 he wrote of his first and only airplane flight: "I descended . . . thinking that I would never go flying again. No, never any more—lest its mysterious fascination whose invisible wing had brushed my heart up there, should change to unavailing regret in a man too old for its glory."

For all the immense variety of his work, Conrad was always preoccupied with the essentials of human exis-

tence—perhaps another reason why he is undergoing a revival today. In everything he wrote he had a moral concern: how to maintain integrity of character—courage, honesty, fidelity—in the face of life's hazards and humiliations.

Many of his novels are about magnificent failures in this respect. Mr. Kurtz, protagonist of *Heart of Darkness*, fails because of his overbearing Western pride, a topical theme that doubtless helps account for the book's enduring popularity. A trip up the Congo—of the kind Conrad made—is equated with a journey into the mind of Kurtz. As the novel's narrator, Marlow, goes in search of Kurtz, Conrad's prose is as voluptuously mysterious as the jungle itself: "Going up that river was like traveling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings. . . . And this stillness of life did not in the least resemble a peace. It was the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention."

Clue by fateful clue, Marlow discovers that his hero has somehow gone awry. He finds a manuscript by Kurtz, full of high-minded rhetoric but ending in the scrawled phrase: "Exterminate all the brutes." When Marlow finally arrives at Kurtz's wilderness retreat, he notices, in a sudden Conradian revelation, that the fence posts are decorated with skulls. Kurtz has begun to exterminate the savages, who have somehow offended him. Before Kurtz dies in a barbaric rite, his last words are: "The horror! The horror!" He has glimpsed the heart of darkness in the soul of man.

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The failure of Axel Heyst in the novel *Victory* is of another kind. He tries to evade commitment and seeks isolation on a South Seas island: " 'I'll drift,' Heyst had said to himself deliberately. He did not mean intellectually or sentimentally or morally. He meant to drift altogether and literally, body and soul, like a detached leaf drifting in the wind-currents under the immovable trees of a forest glade; to drift without ever catching on to anything. 'This shall be my defense against life.' "



Before *Kurtz* dies in a barbaric rite, his last words are: "The horror! The horror!" He has glimpsed the heart of darkness in the soul of man.

But life catches up with Heyst in the form of three repellently evil characters. One is a cadaverous English "gentleman" who loathes the sight of women, another is a catlike killer who stalks the tame tabbies of this world, and the third is an insensible brute who strikes without thinking. Understandably, Heyst, the aloof escapist, cannot cope. He is spared only through the sacrifice of the woman who, in his detachment, he cannot bring himself to love. In a scene that brought tears to the eyes of his audience when Conrad read it aloud, she is killed by the weapon that was meant for him.

It is not just because he was a sailor, perhaps, that Conrad set so many of his tales at sea. Aboard ship character is most severely tested and most sharply focused. Men are committed to a joint enterprise, and their lives depend on one another. Captain MacWhirr in the novel *Typhoon* is Conrad's archetypical hero. MacWhirr faces a terrible storm at sea without flinching but also without bravado. He tends to the task at hand with a minimum of words and second thoughts. The crew ridicules him for his lack of imagination, but he saves the ship as well as some Chinese coolies below deck who, at the height of the storm, panic and get into a brawl. MacWhirr insists on breaking up the fight, an affront to his seamanship. It does not occur to him that his action is courageous.

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The values Conrad cherished he saw most clearly on board ship. In *The Shadow Line*, a late novel in which he bids an affectionate farewell to the sea, he writes through the voice of the captain: "I discovered how much of a seaman I was . . . a man exclusively of sea and ships; the sea the only world that counted, and the ships the test of manliness, of temperament, of courage and fidelity—and of love."

These values also apply to his political novels. They suggest that, at bottom, political violence is the result of disintegration of character. It is as if a spiritual bomb shattered the souls of the assorted anarchists and revolutionaries. They are jagged shards of character, pathetically limited but highly dangerous, who threaten the wholeness of a Winnie Verloc or a Natalia Haldin. How to put these pieces back together in an integrated personality is the fundamental problem of politics from Conrad's point of view. If he slights the social and economic causes that other political observers emphasize, that is the novelist's privilege, and perhaps he is not so wide of the mark. Conrad puts the will of man squarely at the center of events, with no excuses accepted on heaven or earth. The individual is responsible for his own deliverance. A bleak view? Possibly; but also exhilarating. For all his mystery and ambiguity, Conrad sheds an invincible light on the human heart of darkness. □

Edwin Warner is an associate editor of Time.

PRESENT INDICATIVE

LOIS GREENFIELD



Christine Sarry leads an eager band of pupils at Eliot Feld's New Ballet School.

Recruiting Raw Talent

The unorthodox and often amusing choreography of Eliot Feld has made him a prime force in the transformation of dance from an elite art for a special audience to a vastly popular one. Last year, for example, Feld topped his rich touring repertory of 25 dances on themes ranging from American cowboys (*Excursions*) to Renaissance decorum (*Consort*) with a much-acclaimed raucous Bicentennial spoof, *Variations on "America,"* for Mikhail Baryshnikov and the Feld company's lead female dancer, Christine Sarry.

Feld's latest project reflects his belief that besides widening the audience for classical dance, "dance companies should tap as wide a selection of resources as possible" to get good dancers. To that end he started his own New Ballet School, with company members (including Sarry) and outside teachers for faculty. Last spring he began to recruit raw talent from inner-city public schools for a tuition-free program. Instead of the red tape he expected, Feld received the willing support of the New York school board, which set up auditions for second-to-sixth graders from eight schools in Chinatown, Harlem, and Brooklyn (Feld himself was born and brought up in Brooklyn). The board has even arranged for the 138 children finally selected to be bused to Feld's new studios on lower Broadway one morning a week. Feld hopes that outside funding will eventually support an expanded program.

"The purpose of this school is to make dancers," says Feld. "But for many of these kids, just to be in a place like this, around people working hard at what they love, and with a pianist playing music, will make an impression."

Art as Politics

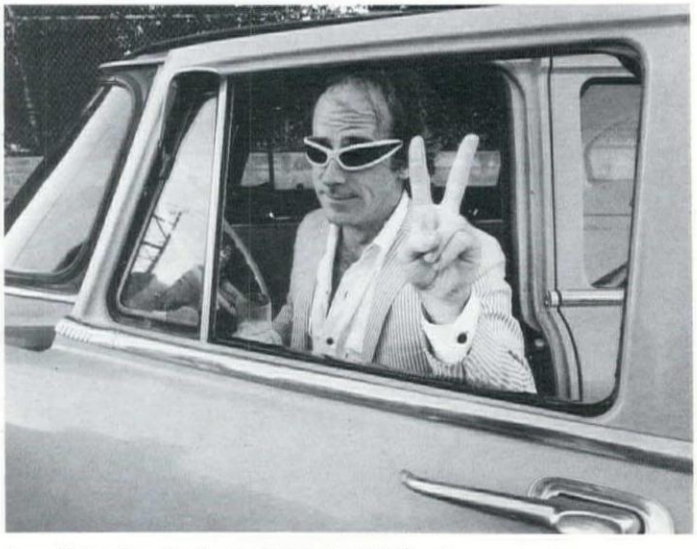
It seems profoundly logical in that magical western realm, land of Disney, drought, fire, and flood, where seminarians succeed movie stars as governor and artists drape the landscape, that Lowell Darling should be running for office. Darling is an artist who has proposed lacing up the San Andreas Fault with rawhide, who has treated decaying cities with javelin-sized acupuncture needles, who has saved a town from bankruptcy by "sedating" its sewage system, and who claims to have driven nails around the perimeters of hundreds of cities "to prevent them from falling off the planet due to the excess weight of overpopulation coupled with the centrifugal force of the earth's rotation." Now he is asking Californians to make him their next governor.

Proclaiming art "the politics of the impossible" and promising to replace taxes with "incredible good luck," Darling has produced the $982 filing fee for the June 6 Democratic primary and thereby lassoed Governor Jerry Brown and California's nearly 5.5 million registered Democrats into his latest work of . . . well, art.

"I try to avoid that stuff about conceptual art; I'm a man of action, not just ideas," says Darling, who is, if anything, a conceptual artist. In the capacity of founder of "the Fat City School of Finds Art," Darling has granted more than 100,000 graduate degrees. He has been known to have worked miracles of social transformation in the state capital by handing out Ph.D.'s to derelicts, so that "instead of bums and winos, the streets of Sacramento are now full of doctors and philosophers."

Darling is campaigning on promises to halt the space program ("Let them come to us"), cut unnecessary spending

JULES BACKUS



Lowell Darling looks to victory in California.

(by paying people "to be themselves"), and beautify the state (by relocating all billboards in a "Billboard City"). An artificial hand and a pair of artificial lips mounted on sticks enable him to press the flesh and kiss babies with a minimum of wear and tear to his person. If he wins, he says, he will move into the governor's mansion and hire Jerry Brown "to be himself and run the state of California."

Footin' It

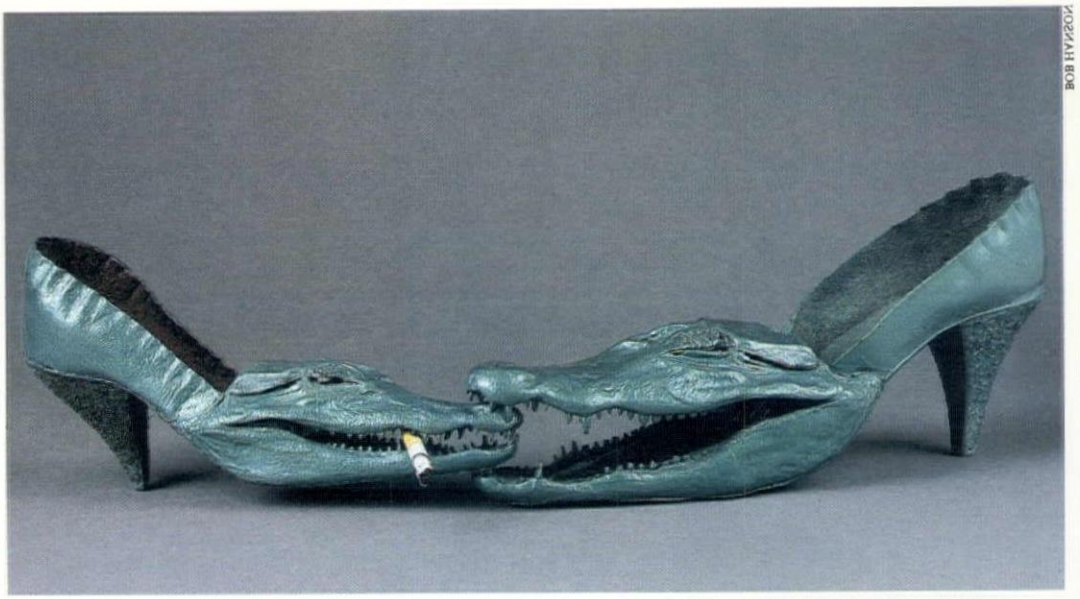
A pair of glamorous gams sporting high-heeled pumps drop over the roof and dangle two stories down the front of the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in New York City. Made of inflatable vinyl by Ann Slavit, they mark the site of *The Great American Foot* show.

The foot, that marvelous structure of 26 bones, 19 muscles, and 107 ligaments that prompted Americans to purchase last year 747.6 million pairs of nonrubber footwear (plus scads of thongs and sneakers), has also served as the source of inspiration for some 80 American artist-craftsmen featured in the foot show. Beginning April 14, the decidedly unpedestrian display—sponsored by a grant from the Kinney Shoe Corporation—includes *Footnote*, an inscribed ceramic foot sculpture by Bob Arneson, feet of clay by Toby Buonagurio, and crocheted feet of cobweb delicacy by Norma Minkowitz. There are also *Satan Slippers*, soft-sculpture scuffs by Elizabeth Gurrier, which can actually be worn, and a pair of alligator shoes by E'wao Kagoshima, which cannot. (These are not of alligator skin but are a pair of alligators-as-shoes in iridescent green leather.) Also featured are drawings by Helen Meyrowitz, a lithograph (*Foot Medication*) by Roy Lichtenstein, a lead relief of a man's oxford by Jasper Johns, a clay boot by Marilyn Levine, a banner of two red boots on a black ground by Jim Dine, and a monster-sized sneaker by Louis Mueller.

Leaving no footpath untrod, the curator of the show, Ruth Amdur Tanenhaus, has assembled facts about foot structure and maintenance, and about the origins of such peculiarly American footgear as cowboy boots, sneakers, and moccasins. There are photographs of "Great American Footsteps" (Adlai Stevenson displaying his historic holey sole and Neil Armstrong treading on the moon) and of such famous feet in motion as Babe Ruth's, cleated; Martha Graham's, eloquently naked; and Fred Astaire's, encased in patent pumps. There are antique ads for "the very best made" shoes for three and four dollars and foot references in song (*When There's a Shine on Your Shoes*, *Fidgety Feet*) and poetry, as in T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land*: "O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter/And on her daughter/They wash their feet in soda water."

Curator Tanenhaus has also compiled a shoe box full of historical footnotes: footwear was first used for ceremonial purposes in the Near East, where sandals uncovered in burial vaults had figures drawn on the soles "apparently to tread upon enemies, even in death." Actors in classical Greek tragedies wore platform shoes to impersonate gods or extraordinarily powerful mortals. In the Middle Ages people believed that pointed toes were proof against witchcraft, which led to a fashion for pointy-toed shoes; in the Elizabethan age highwaymen hid jewels in detachable heels; in the Napoleonic era women's slippers lacked heels entirely; and in Victorian times skirts covered shoes completely, as "ladies" did not display their feet.

And, while absorbing all this lore, visitors can tap their toes to such tunes as *These Boots Are Made for Walkin'* and *Shuffle Off to Buffalo*. The Museum of Contemporary Crafts remains a foot fetishist's dream house until June 30.



BOB HYNSON

The ultimate in alligator shoes, by artist E'wao Kagoshima, at The Great American Foot *show*

Photographic Détente

In honor of his recent 76th birthday, American photographer Ansel Adams received a special present from Russia with love. In Moscow the Joint Committee of Graphic Artists held an evening in celebration of Adams and enrolled him as an honorary member of its photographic section—a distinction never before accorded a foreign photographer. The event climaxed a three-week exhibition of 84 works by Adams (his first display in the U.S.S.R.), which drew praise from the Soviet media and large crowds. An estimated 125,000 visitors came to see Adams's technically precise studies of natural phenomena and his expansive landscapes of the American West.

"That kind of attendance is very high for an exhibition of this size," notes a spokesman for the United States Information Agency. However, the enthusiastic response did not surprise the agency, which sponsored the show. Says one official: "The Soviets are fascinated with anything American."

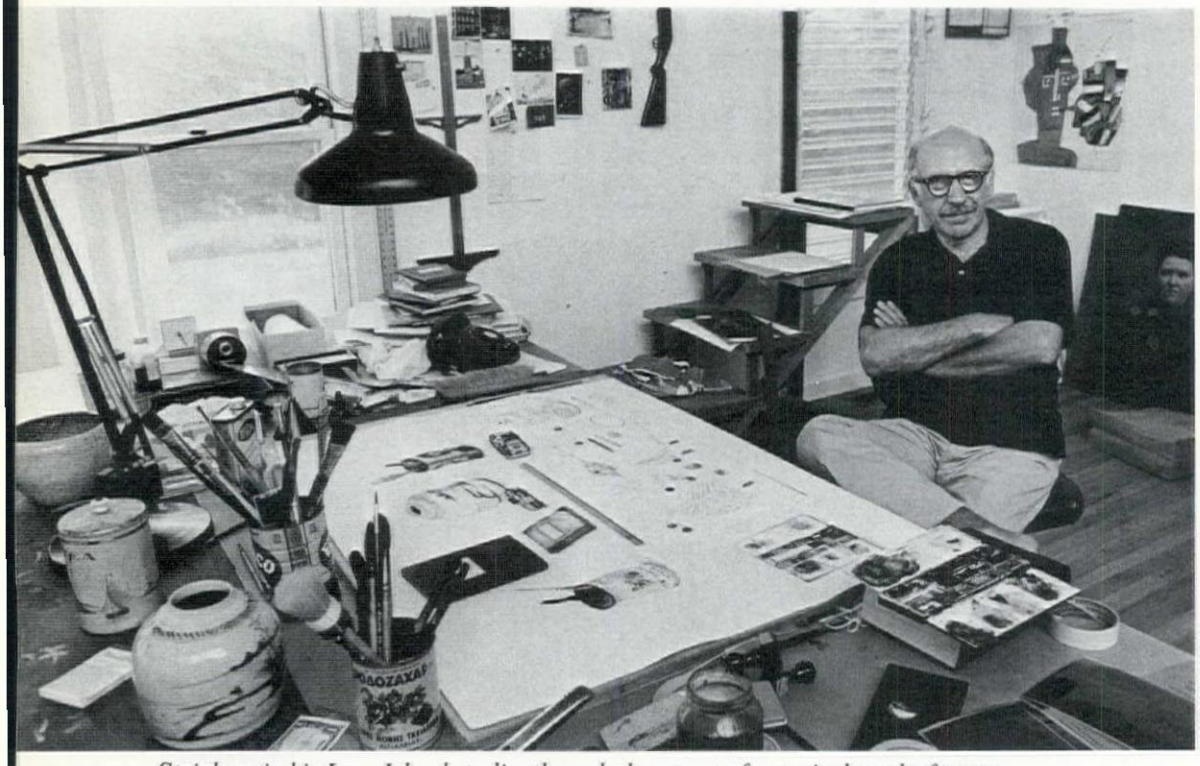


USIA

A few of the 125,000 who saw Ansel Adams's prints in Moscow

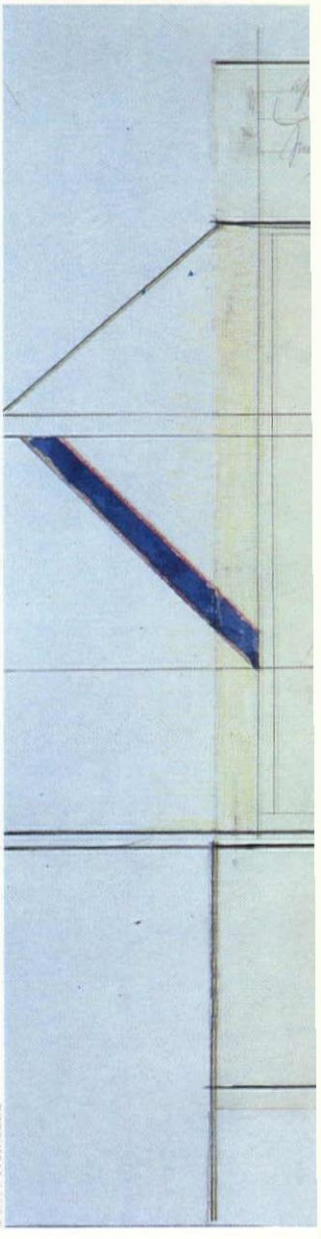
The thinking person's cartoonist, in a retrospective museum show, reveals a soberer side to his art

Saul Steinberg's Surprise



NANCY CRAMPTON

Steinberg in his Long Island studio, the orderly retreat of a meticulous draftsman

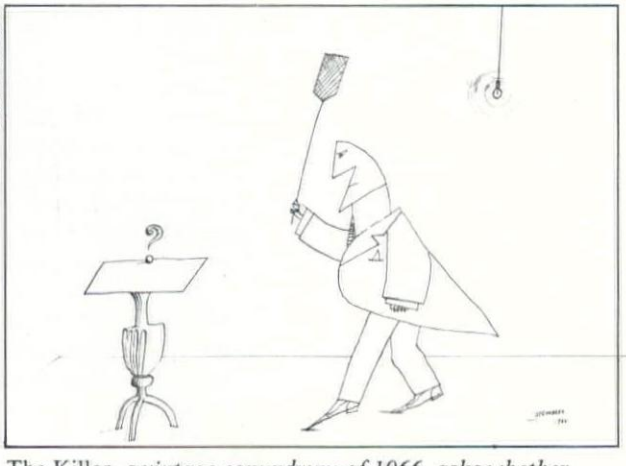


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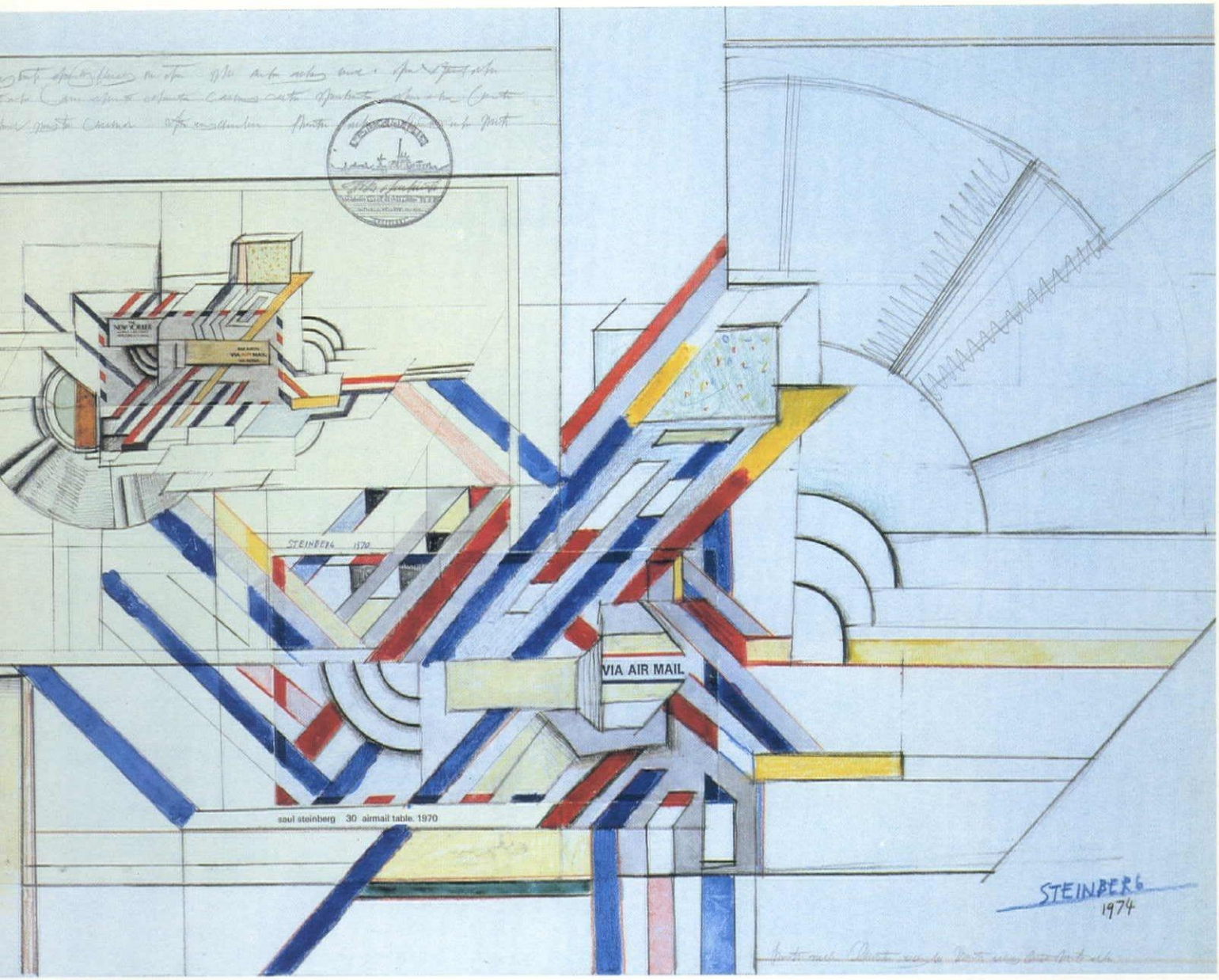
This month the Whitney Museum of American Art, in New York City, will open a retrospective exhibition of the art of Saul Steinberg. It is an unexpectedly big show, containing something over 250 drawings, paintings, collages, and whittled wood sculptures, and it covers a period in the artist's career ranging from 1945 to 1975. Steinberg began drawing for the *New Yorker* in 1941, the year he arrived in this country, and he continues to draw for it today, but his magazine covers, multiple-page spreads, and individual cartoons and illustrations amount to only a portion of his copious oeuvre. Like any partner in a long marriage, Steinberg welcomes being judged for himself alone; he has

By BRENDAN GILL

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The Killer, *a vintage conundrum of 1966, asks whether a decent idea can be swatted down.*



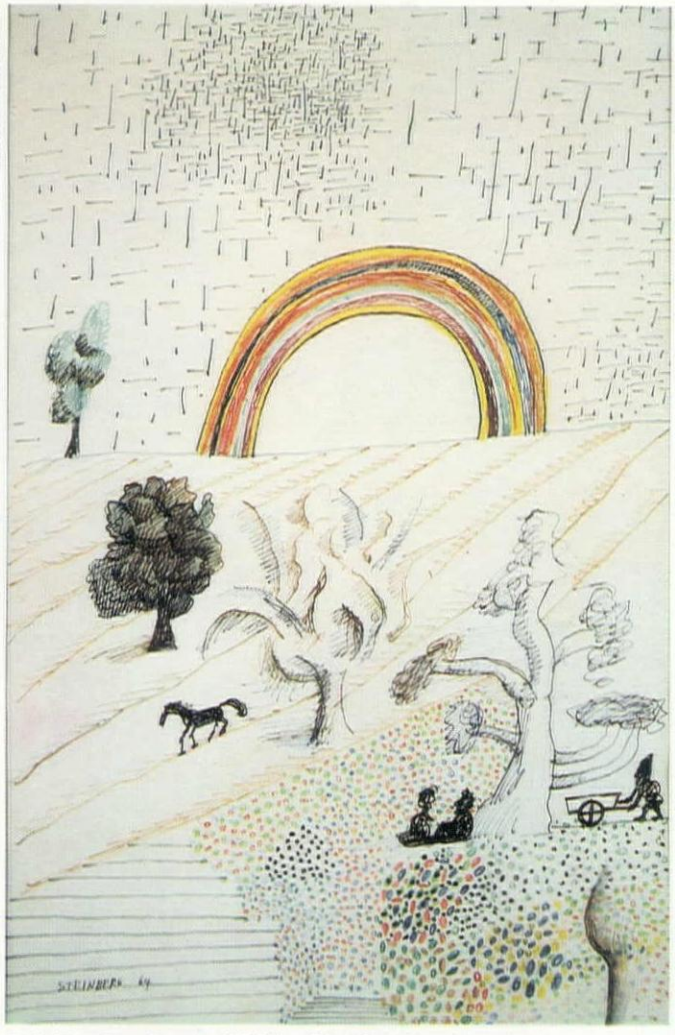
Basel Air Mail *(1974) is an artistic aerogram with cryptic messages in ink, crayon, rubber stamp, and collage.*

become well known through the publication of a half dozen books of collected drawings and through group and one-man shows in a score of cities, including Barcelona, Caracas, Brussels, Stockholm, Chicago, London, Milan, Paris, and Hamburg.

Back in the 1940s it might have been predicted that Steinberg would become the favorite of a small group of discriminating (and, in the nature of things, wealthy) collectors; if he has become that, he has also become, much less predictably, one of the most popular of living artists, whose handiwork is as readily identifiable as that of Andrew Wyeth or Norman Rockwell. The Whitney show threatens not merely to increase his fame but also to invite a premature apotheosis. Fame doesn't trouble Steinberg; he has chosen shrewdly among its few advantages and has managed to avoid its innumerable disadvantages, remaining in person as happily unknown to radio and television talk shows and newspaper gossip columns as any John Doe.

Apotheosis is something else again, for to speak of the making of a god is to imply that the god is complete and past change. Now in his early sixties, Steinberg feels that he stands on the threshold of new aesthetic adventures, different in kind from those he has hitherto enjoyed with pen, pencil, crayon, rubber stamps, wood, wax, glue, envelopes, brown paper bags,

© BOTH: SAUL STEINBERG



Rainbow Landscape *(1964)—Steinbergian Americana*

and other capriciously encountered items of domestic debris. "Nowadays, I draw from life," he says. "Like the old masters, as I grow older I become more and more interested in what is out there and not"—with a forefinger he taps a graying temple—"in here."

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During an early spring visit with Steinberg, in his pleasant East Side apartment not far from the Whitney ("I live in a sort of fashionable tenement. I have good neighbors. When the elevator men go on strike, we become friends"), I asked him how it happened that his show would offer nothing from his first few years in this country and nothing from recent years. To ask Steinberg a question is to receive a seemingly straightforward reply that immediately branches out into a dozen richly allusive ambiguities. He is a born teacher, with a passion for words, which he makes use of in conversation as elegantly as he draws them in the form of objects on paper. "For a show in a gallery," he said, "one might bring in a drawing on which the ink was scarcely dry, but for a show in a museum one imposes the decorum of a little distance in time at either end. A picture, like a dead pheasant, profits from a brief period of being waited for. Once it is in a museum and under glass, its says to the artist, with an air of terrible finality, 'Now then, no more tampering! I am done with you and you are done with me.' "

When I mentioned that the neatness of the chronological boundaries of the Whitney show—a period of exactly 30 years—struck me as characteristic of Steinberg and his preoccupation with numbers, he protested mildly that he hadn't been conscious of seeking any such neatness. He is a man who listens with unease to other people's speculations about the nature of his talent, and I had a feeling as we spoke that he was mischievously weighing a temptation to alter the contents of the show just enough to prove me and all my fellow theorizers wrong. I was mouse to his cat: I wouldn't know until the show opened which pictures, if any, had been added or withdrawn, and I would certainly never know whether they had been added or withdrawn as a result of my comment. Steinberg smiled the smile that has appeared on the faces of a hundred gloating Steinberg cats. "Neat or not, boundaries have always interested me," he said. "It seems I have spent my life crossing from one boundary to the next, some of them real, some imaginary. In my day, I have been a traveler by necessity, and now I am a traveler by choice. Frontiers and the showing of passports are as natural to me as a fixed abode is to most people. I am as much refreshed by a journey as some artists are said to be by incessantly falling in love."

• • •

The country from which Steinberg was to set forth upon his travels was Romania. He was born in Bucharest in 1914, and few artists can have discovered so early what would become a lifelong means of expression. In Steinberg's infancy, his father was a printer of posters, business announcements, and the like, and different fonts of wooden and metal type were among Steinberg's first playthings. The letters, punctuation marks, and numbers out of which he was eventually to create so many drawings of the eerie landscape of his mind were being tumbled about in his fingers when he was two or three. Later his father turned to the manufacture of fancy cardboard boxes, and little Saul had at his disposal the materials—ink, glue, and papers in different shades of gold and every color of the rainbow—out of which to compose his first collages. These Steinbergian incunabula, I inquired—did his parents display them with pride and then tuck them away for safekeeping, against the day of his fame? Steinberg shook his head; his eyes were merry and sad. "Certainly not," he said. "In my family, to be an artist was a disgrace."

At 18, having graduated from high school (echoes of his mastery of Latin and Greek can be heard in the classical bent of his English), Steinberg left Romania for Italy. In Milan he trained for a time as an engineer and architect, but his heart was in drawing, and by 21 he was able to consider himself a professional artist, earning his living by the sale of humorous drawings to magazines and newspapers.

With the outbreak of the Second World War and Mussolini's persecution of the Jews, Steinberg was quick to see that his next and most necessary journey must be to the United



In New York Skyline *(1966) the artist takes a symbol of his hometown and makes it a big-city totem of the American dream.*

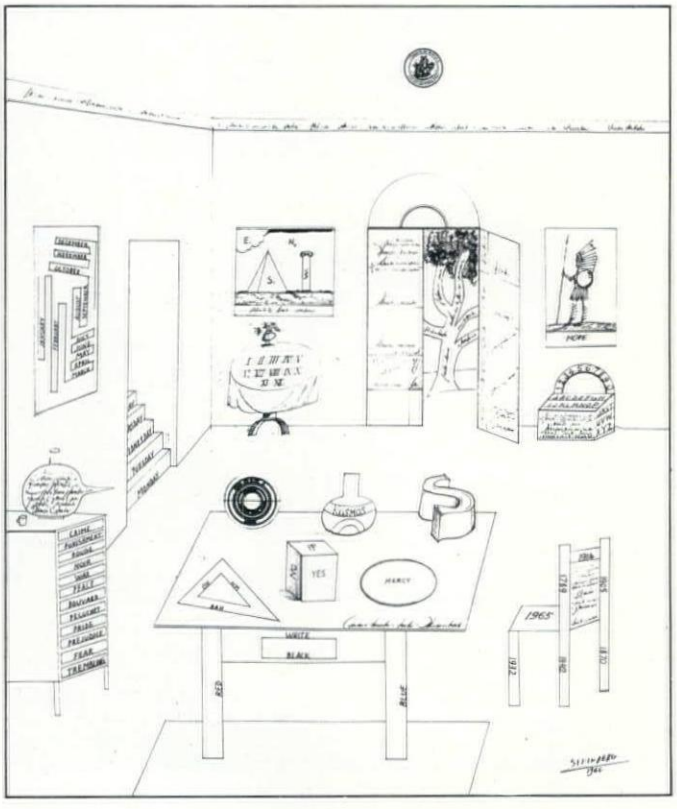
ALL © SAUL STEINBERG



Oil Pyramid *(1974)—a Middle Eastern fantasy executed, fittingly, in oil and rubber stamp*

States. After being held for a time in an Italian detention camp for Jews, he managed to make his way across the Atlantic to the U.S. immigration station on Ellis Island. He was well within sight of the Promised Land, but the Promised Land proved reluctant to accept him. An American relative went to the *New Yorker* offices and asked James M. Geraghty, then the art editor, if the magazine would undertake to sponsor Steinberg in the United States; according to law, unless there was some assurance that Steinberg wouldn't become a public charge—and the relative lacked the financial means to give that assurance—Steinberg would have to be turned away. Never having seen any of Steinberg's work, Geraghty felt unable to commit the magazine to his support, and the disheartened Steinberg was obliged to retreat to the Dominican Republic.

In the course of a year in Santo Domingo, Steinberg dispatched some drawings to another American relative, who brought them to Geraghty. Much impressed, Geraghty carried the drawings to Harold Ross, the brilliant, irascible founder of the magazine. Ross turned them down. Before returning the originals to Steinberg's relative, Geraghty took care to have them photostated. Happening to meet a colleague, Russell Maloney, in the corridor outside Ross's



Being and everythingness in a 1966 drawing

office, Geraghty showed him the photostats, which Maloney admired. Geraghty said at once, "Go tell Ross what you think. Lay it on thick." Maloney did so; he was vehement in his praise of the drawings and equally vehement in his incredulity that Ross could have rejected them. Ross called Geraghty on the phone. "Jesus Christ, Geraghty!" he said. "I didn't reject those goddamn drawings—I just said I didn't see how we could print them. Not the same thing at all!"

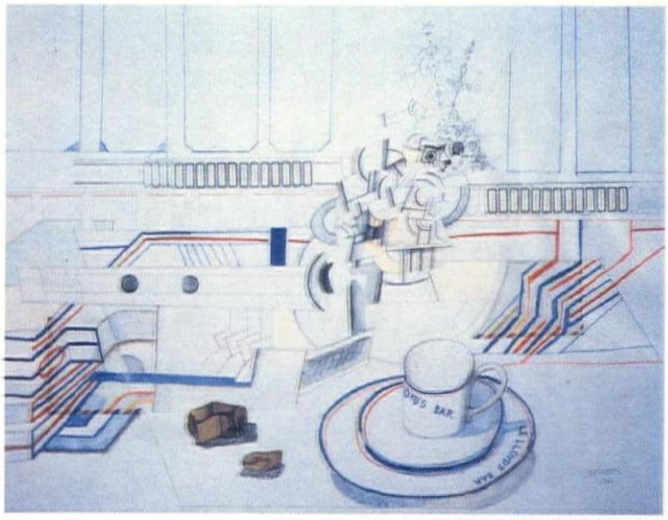
Geraghty bought the drawings, which, as it turned out, were never published, though other Steinberg drawings soon were. The magazine got in touch with friends high up in the State Department, and in a short while Steinberg was admitted to the country; his port of entry was Miami, which looked to him just the way he had always hoped that America would look. Doubtful as his prospects might have seemed to the world, the young artist himself was full of confidence. He recalls now that as he stepped ashore, the first mocking question that he had in mind to ask the authorities was, "Where are the reporters?"

As an alien, Steinberg had to register for the draft. Thanks again to the intervention of his editors, on a single remarkable day he became a U.S. citizen and an ensign in the U.S. Navy. The navy assigned him to intelligence and sent him off to China. Eventually he joined the staff of General William "Wild Bill" Donovan, the head of the Office of Strategic Services, and with Donovan he journeyed to India, North Africa, and even to Italy. Though the subjects of Steinberg's wartime drawings appear to have been approached with a light heart, the drawings were not intended to be funny; they were a form of journalism and they were also, of course, works of art. From them he began moving toward landscapes that were increasingly of his own mind.

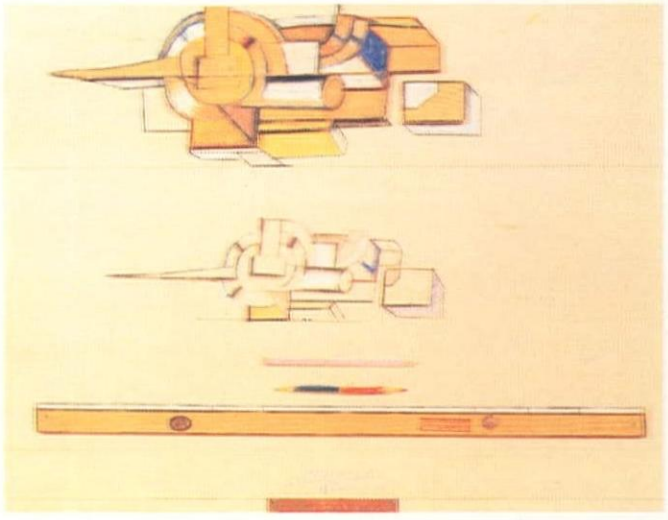
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Steinberg on the eve of the Whitney show, as we sit gossiping over a glass of wine: a stocky, rugged man, looking younger than his years—or, more precisely, looking as if he had moved into the middle years sooner than he had needed to and was now satisfied to remain in them for several decades to come. He is bald, with a big nose, a cropped mustache, and a gentle, agreeably gravelly voice; the thick-lensed glasses that he habitually wears are no doubt intended to correct his vision, but they seem also to serve as a part of some perennial disguise. If, even as they make the world clear to him, they keep him at a distance from the world, it is a distance that he appears to welcome. For what a superlatively elusive man he is, even at his most hospitable! And his pictures embody a similar paradox, being at once accessible and impenetrable; it may be easy enough for us to enter them, but it is Steinberg who decides (sometimes with an unexpected sternness in the midst of levity) how far into them we may go.

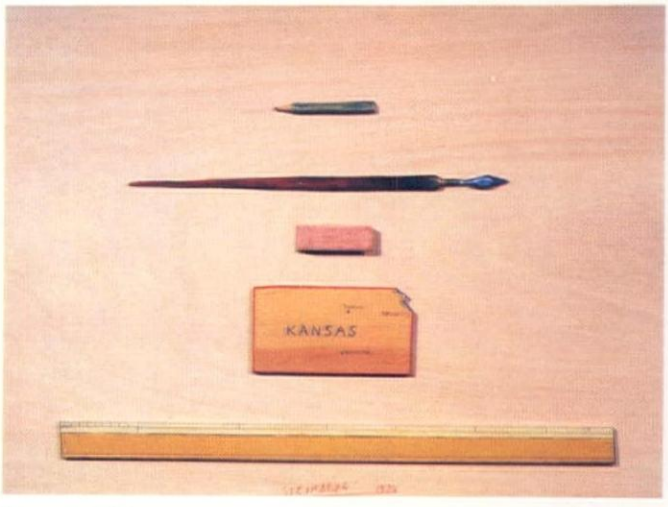
Basel Air Mail, for example, is a fantasia wittily mocking the act of communication. At first glance, the picture is all ravishing surface, taking its shape and most of its colors from a conventional air-mail envelope. As envelopes assume a variety of shapes and sizes, so the picture expands vertically and horizontally; like an envelope, it has very little depth. We



LE LLOYD'S BAR, *1966*



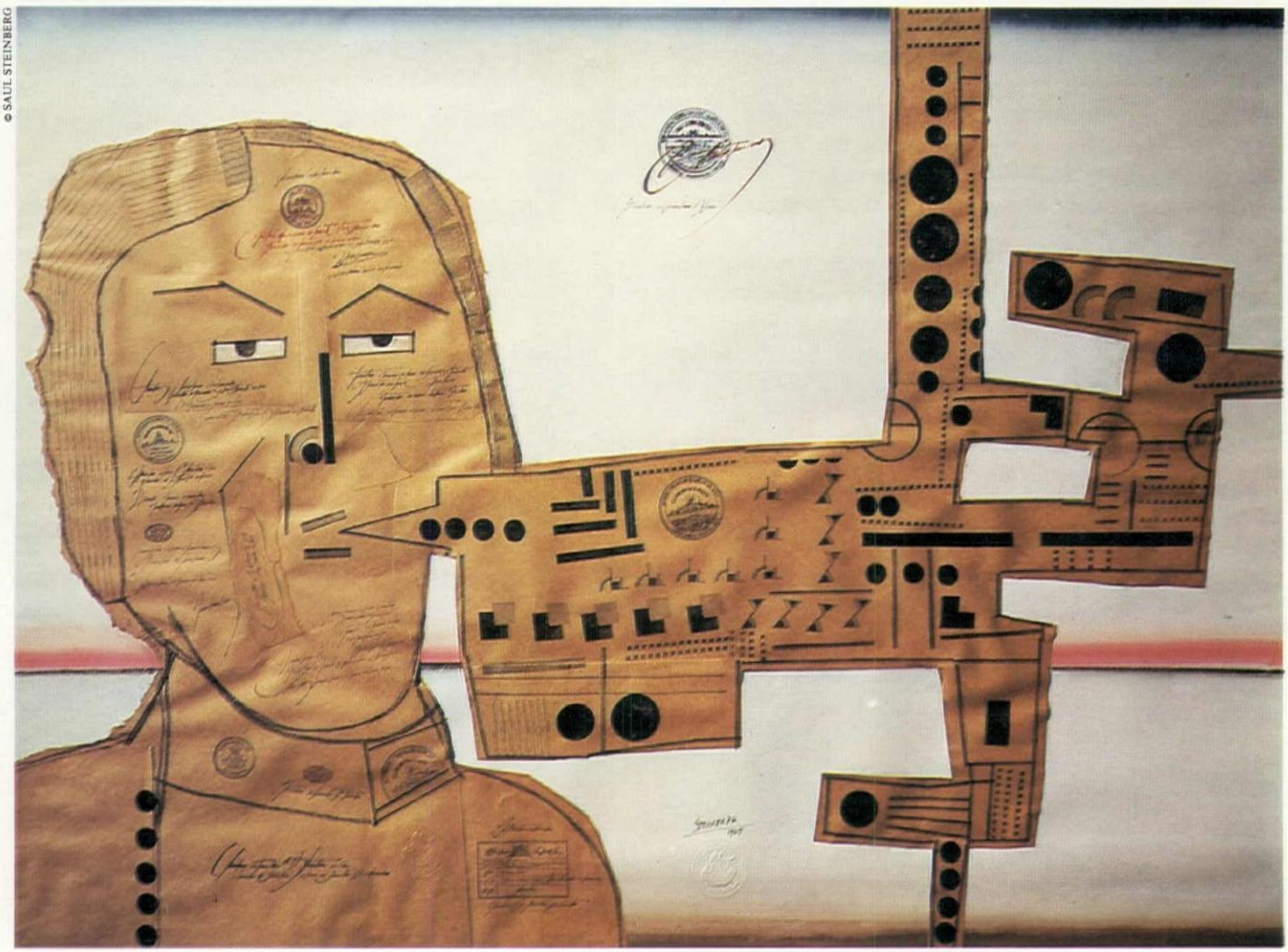
SPEECH TABLE, *1972*



KANSAS, *1974*

In his work Steinberg playfully comments on many styles of art. Le Lloyd's Bar, *a collage-drawing, nods gracefully to cubism. In* Speech Table *he made a futurist collage, copied it in ink, and then threw in the tools of the trade. The "objects" in* Kansas *were whittled out of wood and painted—a gentle surrealist exercise.*

© SAUL STEINBERG



The 1969 collage Perry in Japan *shows the admiral from the Eastern point of view—as an inscrutable Occidental.*

are not encouraged to "open" it, and what it contains both as a picture and as a puzzle must remain a matter for pleasing speculation.

In *The Killer* a formidable, bird-shaped man in a frock coat is about to crush a question mark with a fly swatter. The question mark at the moment of its imminent extinction stands poised upon a table; behind the man burns a fierce electric light. Again a puzzle: if a little crooked thing that asks a question is about to die, the light looks as if it would blaze forever, in immaculate concentric circles. The artist might be saying to us, with a shrug, "Make what you like of it! I defy you to exhaust its ambiguities." In many of his pictures—one thinks of *Rainbow Landscape* and *New York Skyline*—Steinberg is content to be an artist and not a puzzle maker; in others, such as *Perry in Japan*, he is openly making a joke, and we will disappoint him if we fail to laugh out loud.

• • •

Steinberg owns a small, cozy house in East Hampton, Long Island, where he likes to spend much of the year. A stranger catching sight of him on an East Hampton beach in summer would set him down for an athlete who has taken care to keep himself in exceptionally good trim, but the truth is that Steinberg's powerful physique also amounts to a disguise—he says that it comes to him unearned, by a caprice of inheritance. Above the body of the American soccer player one encounters the face of a European intellectual; the same startling discrepancy exists in regard to his art. It is a playful fusion of an intensely European sensibility with what is often an intensely American subject matter. He is an epigrammatist in the tradition of the Old World, whose diction happens to be a sort of lofty New World doodling. Like most epigrammatists, he sees little to love in human nature and much to satirize, and it is fortunate for him—and for us—that when he grows weary of a target so difficult to miss, he can turn to his cherished letters and numbers. To them he is kindly, even tenderhearted. In one drawing the word *Help!* is falling off a high cliff into the sea; the word and the cry are one, and it is a cry of authentic despair, wrung from the very heart of the alphabet.

Of all the clues that will help us to find our way about in the Steinbergian labyrinth, none is more valuable than Steinberg's own image of himself as a traveler, a crosser of



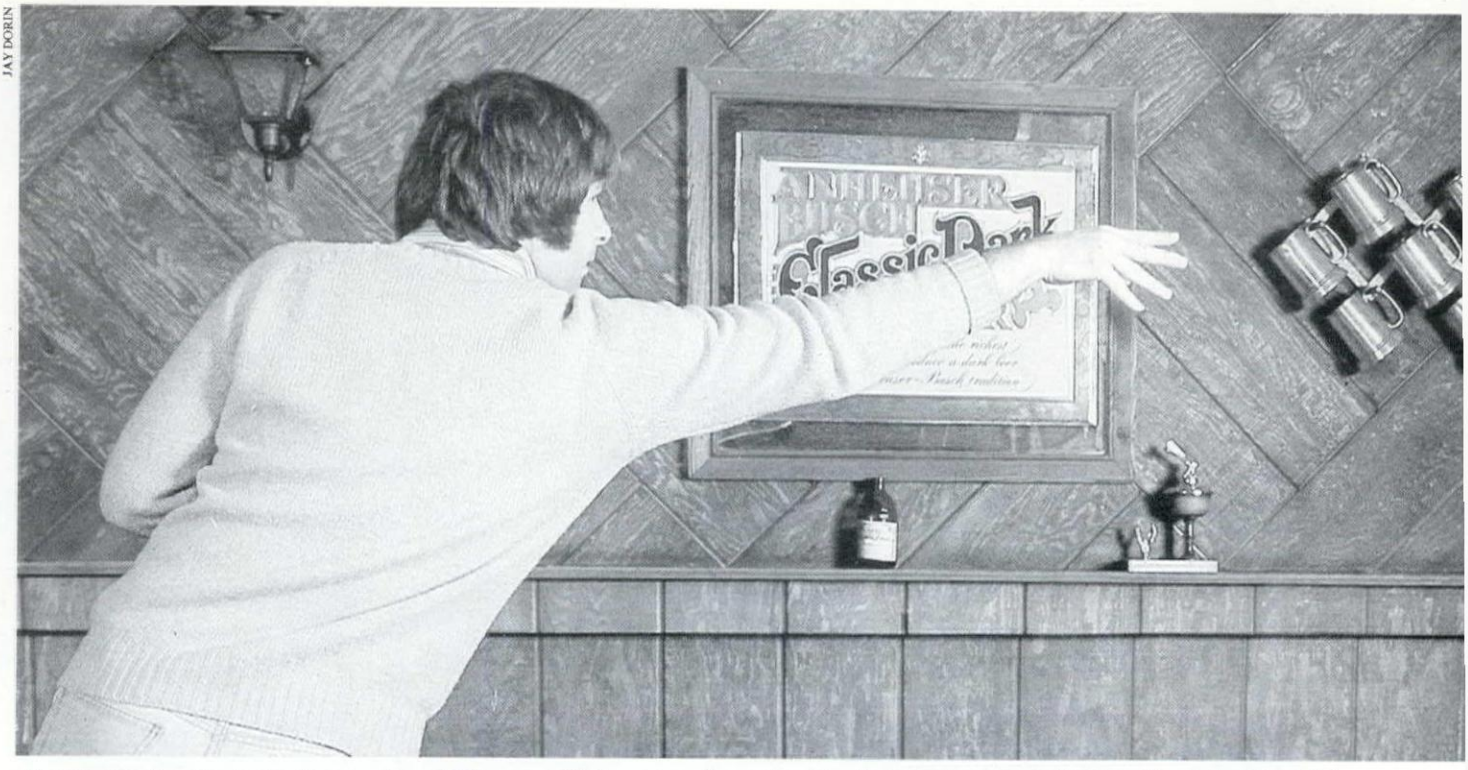
The current show includes Steinberg's paper-bag masks, such as these party faces modeled at a friend's Manhattan apartment.

boundaries, a tirelessly itinerant geographer. He is that classically lonely and beguiling figure, the outsider as insider: a diffident émigré who, given some slight encouragement, sketches for the natives the intricate melodramas of their forgotten past. To Steinberg the word *traveler* is always more literal than figurative; as a traveler, he aspires, like Whitman, to take the measure not merely of a neighborhood but of a continent. No artist of my acquaintance has anything like the firsthand knowledge of the United States that Steinberg possesses. Though we have many regional artists, how many artists have we who have traveled extensively in all fifty of our states, who have crisscrossed the country by train and plane and automobile, and who have visited uncountable hundreds of our cities? To what artist except Steinberg will historians in the future turn for a single vision of America from coast to coast? His most recent spread in the *New Yorker* was a series of drawings of American cities; Steinberg entitled them *Postcards*, but they might equally well have been called, without irony or sentimentality, "democratic vistas."

Twilight now in Steinberg's apartment. On the table between us—actually an unpainted plywood door, resting on wooden sawhorses—are jottings that concern the catalogue being prepared for the Whitney show. The catalogue, bristling with lists and dates, will be published as a book by Alfred A. Knopf. The risk of being entombed between covers is a familiar one to Steinberg, and he looks forward to outwitting it. A cunning strategist in his art, he is a no less cunning strategist in his life. "Nothing will change for me as a result of this show," he says. "Sometimes I treat myself to a little Talmudic revery and out of it emerges a hope that when so much of my work is able to be seen in one place I will be forgiven for the humor it contains. People suspect that there is something disreputable about humor; it is mistakenly thought to have the defect of not being serious. Meanwhile, I go on working. In the morning, I invent—that is, I have an idea—and perhaps in the afternoon I will execute it on paper. Execution is an act of narcissism and therefore very pleasurable. In the evening, I see friends, I go to parties. I do not seek to incite fame through isolation. I am in the world. I feel myself turning towards and not away." □

Brendan Gill is drama critic of the New Yorker.

JAY DORIN



A contender lets fly during league play at Finnegans Wake, a popular gathering place for darters on New York's Upper East Side.

JOHN MARMARAS—WOODFIN CAMP



To American athletic chauvinists it may come as a surprise that the sport of throwing darts has an even longer pedigree than baseball or basketball. In fact, darts is mentioned in the log of the *Mayflower* (where it is spelled *dartes*) as a favorite activity of weary Pilgrims, who found it an effective way to pass the time on their way to Plymouth Rock.

• • •

Despite its early introduction to this country, darts was never taken up with the same vigor as such other British exports as golf, tennis, or rowing. Even in the 19th century, when the old English game of rounders was evolving into baseball and rugby was becoming American football, darts dozed in a handful of Anglophile taverns. And in the most recent edition of the definitive *Encyclopedia of Sports*, published in 1975 by the New York firm of A. S. Barnes, darts merits not a mention.

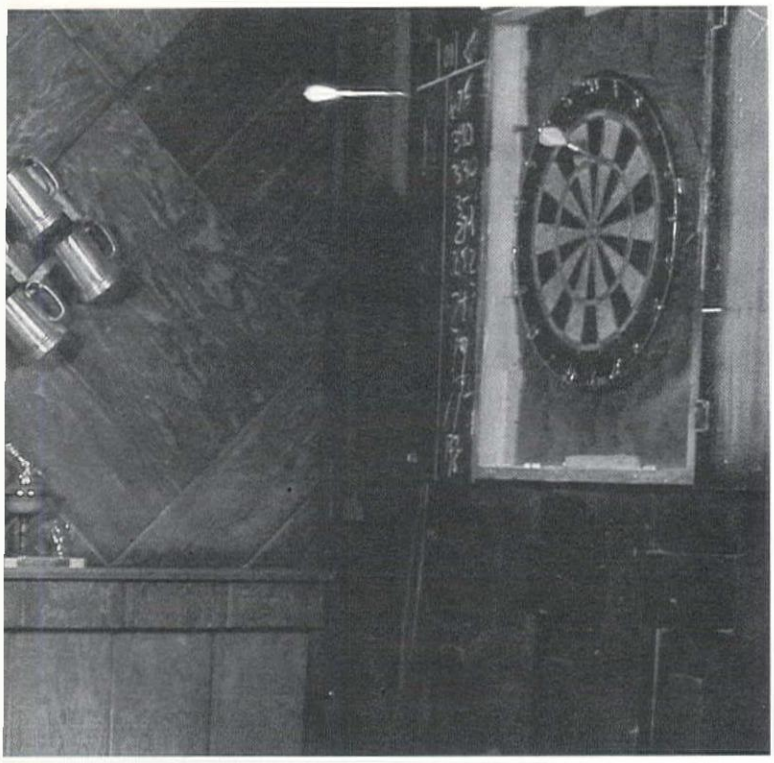
For all that, however, the role of darts in America has been changing with remarkable speed in recent years. In only a decade throwing the feathered missiles has grown from a hobby of nostalgic English expatriates into an all-American sport that now claims an estimated 4 million participants nationwide. Some 200,000 of those darters, as the players are generally known, compete in various forms of league play. Two major darting organizations, the United States Darting Association and the American Darts Organization, have sprung up and now count more than 40,000 players among their membership. And late this month an American will be among the 12 finalists at the world darts championship in England sponsored annually by the London mass-circulation weekly the *News of the World*. "The sport is growing every year," says 33-year-old Tony Money, a British-born darter who is vice president of the Foseco, Inc., chemical company in Cleveland and now competes for the United States in international play. "I expected it to slow up, but it hasn't: it's become an in thing."

And it's become an in thing with a strikingly broad range of people. In England the game has traditionally been a workingman's pastime: the classic image is of tweed-capped men pitching their darts through clouds of tobacco smoke in slightly down-at-the-heels pubs (there are more than 60,000 dart-equipped bars in Britain). Much of American darting also goes on in taverns, but the U.S. sport observes no social boundaries. The customers in darting-equipment stores are as likely to be airline pilots and IBM executives as barflies. "Here you have doctors and lawyers and a whole range of professionals at the boards," notes Money.

• • •

The reasons for the spread of the sport in the United States are not hard to find. Primary among them is the fact that darts is an easy game to learn. While there are scores of variations—with such names as Killer, Mulligan, Shanghai, and Nine Lives—the rules of the basic game, known as 301, can be mastered in a matter of minutes. In 301, each player starts with 301 points and proceeds to zero by subtracting the value of the numbered areas on the target he hits with his darts. And because size and strength have little effect on performance, darts is a sport

By JIM BENAGH

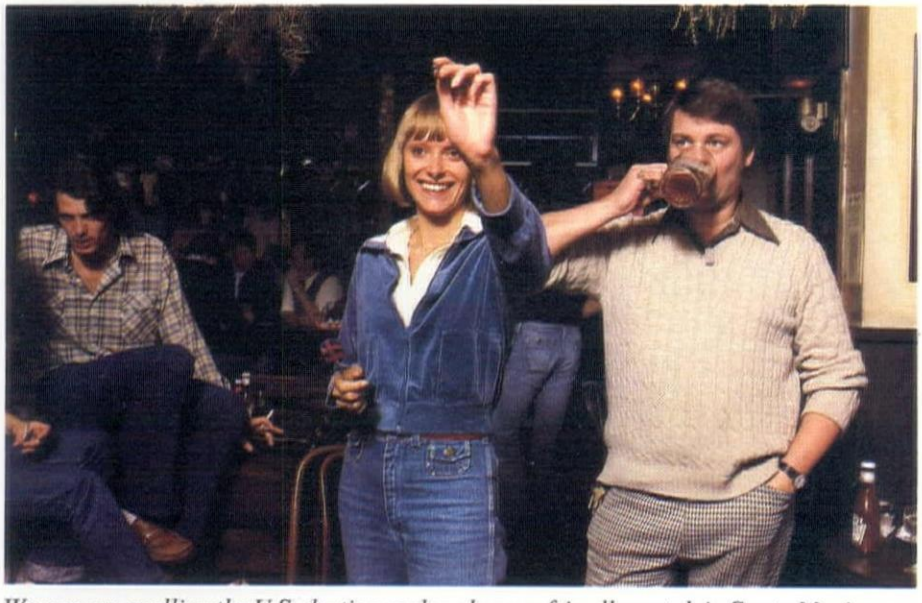


301 TO ZERO

That's the score in basic darting,
which is coming
on strong as an American sport

that can be played with equal ease by men and women.

Beyond its accessibility is the fact that the sport can be played almost anywhere. Dart boards are increasingly common fixtures in private clubs and homes as well as in saloons. In southern New Jersey it is becoming popular for families to pack boards into their camper vans and take to the road for informal alfresco tournaments. In New York the cast of the Broadway hit *Annie* have installed a dart board backstage so that they can relax between acts. And BBD&O, one of the city's snappiest advertising agencies, now has a dart board in its in-house employees' club. Darts even appears to be suited to space travel: among the few creature comforts permitted the crews of the 1973–74 Skylab missions, a set of darts made up of a cloth board and Velcro-tipped darts was one, and a tape deck was another.



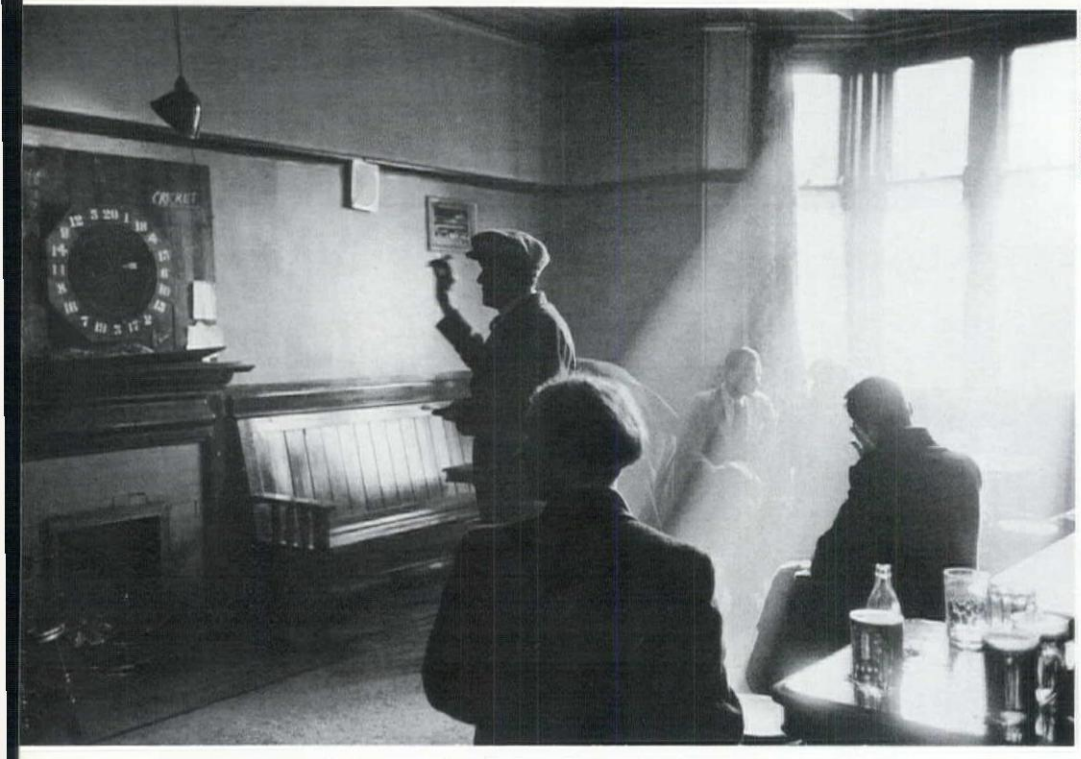
TONY COSTA

Women are swelling the U.S. darting ranks; above, a friendly match in Santa Monica.

Not the least of darting's appeal is the low cost. Some players insist on such rarefied equipment as thin-barreled tungsten-alloy missiles, which can run as much as $50 a set. But eight out of the past ten U.S. Open Darts Championships have been won with cheaper brass models, and it is perfectly possible to set up an adequate court for about $50 total: $10 for two sets of darts and $40 for a board.

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All these advantages have existed since the sport arrived in America. Why the current increase in interest? Certainly one reason is the eager promotional efforts of a former New York construction firm executive named Bob McLeod. After picking up darts in Manhattan bars in the late 1960s, McLeod became so enthusiastic that he quit his job to concentrate full time on organizing the sport. He helped boost the local Knickerbocker Darts League from an organization of 8 teams to one that now includes 88, and in 1969 he founded the U.S. Darting Association. Through a newsletter called *On the Wire* and the distribution arm of his New York store, Darts Unlimited, Ltd., McLeod began to



ROBERT CAPA—MAGNUM

World-renowned photographer Robert Capa shot this classic English scene in 1951.

spread the word well beyond the New York area. There is now a series of annual national tournaments ranging from the Colonial Open in Middletown, Connecticut, to the Dallas Open and the Saint Patty's Day Shoot in San Diego. And McLeod foresees the day when the sport will be on national television.

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McLeod has clearly done much to get the darting message out, but the enthusiastic response draws on more than good promotion. For one thing the game's original image as a saloon sport has begun to erode. At the same time there may be something in the fact that women, who are beginning to make up a significant segment of the new darters, have felt freer to join men in their traditional haunts and to play their traditionally exclusive games.

Darts is, above all, a social sport. Indeed, it may be the only one in which drinking during competition is entirely acceptable (even at tournaments players who have trained in their local taverns tend to have a beer or two handy to make them feel more relaxed). And because there is never any doubt about where a dart is sticking in a target, the sport is uniquely free of bickering over questionable calls. McLeod says that in the more than 80 major tournaments he has attended he has never heard a loud argument over scoring, much less witnessed a fight.

Whatever the appeal for darters at the amateur level, cash is increasingly a lure of the tournaments. Prize money for the Azalea Festival Open in Palatka, Florida, came to $4,000 early this year; at the Overcoat Open in Saint Paul it was $6,000; and at the Queen Mary Open held in Long Beach, California, last August the total purse was $30,000. This past January the winner of the singles competition at the U.S. Open in New York, 33-year-old John Zimnawoda, of Glen Burnie, Maryland, took home $3,600—the biggest individual prize in U.S. darting history—and a ticket to the world championship in England this month.

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As the prize money at American tournaments has been rising, so has the level of skill. A player like Conrad Daniels, probably the country's best, can be expected to put a dart in the one-and-one-half-inch bull's eye 60 out of 100 times at a distance of eight feet. And that kind of performance is giving the British, who have not lost a world championship in 40 years, something to worry about.

In fact, they have been worrying for some time. The British tasted their first darting defeat at Yankee hands in 1959, when a team drawn from the crew of the luxury liner *United States* outscored a team from the old *Queen Elizabeth* at an informal gathering held while both ships were tied up at Manhattan piers. In 1971 a New Jersey metals manufacturer named Bob Thiede scored an unprecedented upset by beating a recent British world champion, Barry Twomlow, albeit in an exhibition match. And since then, although the Americans have yet to finish on top, they have dealt their British opponents a number of other scares.

Part of the reason for continued



JOHN MARMARAS—WOODFIN CAMP

Depending on throwing style, darters can choose among hundreds of missiles varying in weight, grip, and balance.



FREDERICK RITCHIN; BELOW: JOHN MARMARAS—WOODFIN CAMP

Championship action during the January U.S. Open at New York's Biltmore Hotel

British dominance of the darting world is their depth. According to some authorities on the subject, the top ten Americans are probably on a par with their counterparts in England, but in a larger field the United States would inevitably suffer. Nevertheless, when John Zimnawoda steps up to the targets at the world championship in London this month, he will be doing so not as a bored transatlantic pilgrim but as a world-class competitor. And although he remains the underdog, there is always room for surprises. In any case, it seems only a matter of time before all the darting being done in America finally produces a generation of players who will add darting to the long list of other sports the English have seen lost to the Colonies. □

Jim Benagh, a New York–based free lance, has written 18 books on sports topics.





Marcel Marceau on Tour

By DANIEL LASKIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN MARTIN

A wooden pounding issues from the unseen bowels of the stage; the crowded hall falls silent. In the darkness a single pool of light appears and in it a single figure, frozen in white, with dabs of color on a mask-like face. The drama begins mysteriously, with flutterings of the hands. But soon, out of empty space and stylized gesture, the agile performer conjures a cluttered, crazy world strewn with props and foibles and funny scenes. What rivets and delights every eye in the theater is a man who works his body as if it were the most cleverly jointed of puppets—a graceful intricacy of movable parts, infinitely versatile, that summons up a menagerie of human types and then carries the imagination beyond to something more.

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Marcel Marceau continues to travel from stage to stage, from campus to campus, packing his repertoire on hectic tours of one-night stands as if he were a gypsy circus and not a virtuoso performer whom most of the world regards as the embodiment of the art of pantomime. How is it that his performance is never stale? Why haven't his miniature dramas grown boring? Bip, Marceau's hapless, behatted persona who is a descendant of both Pierrot and Charlie Chaplin's Little Tramp, is 31 years old this year. Bip and his creator have become men of the world, playing in Europe, Africa, Russia, and the Far East. They are celebrities: they have been on the Johnny Carson show, they have advertised champagne, they have been in the movies. Yet this winter, when Marceau made his 15th North American tour—performing 51 times in 39 cities in just over two months—the college crowds that have become his major audience marveled and cheered as if they were witnessing some fresh wonder of the world.

From Burlington, Vermont, to Berkeley, California, from Seattle to San Juan, and in college towns across the Midwest, Marceau played to sold-out houses, occasionally doing two performances a night. The tour was demanding but charmed. He—with his stage manager, agent, mime assistant,



Marceau cavorts for free on the town green at Amherst, Massachusetts. His performance there, at the University of Massachusetts (opposite), was a triumph.





Magic with an Amherst parking meter

and electrician—left Indiana one step ahead of a snowstorm. When the Northeast virtually shut down in a blizzard, the troupe was in California. Marceau caught the flu but didn't miss an engagement.

The evenings fell into a predictable pattern: throngs in the theater, a spellbinding performance, a standing ovation. At the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, where Marceau drew crowds of 2,000 for two nights running, a drama student who talked his way backstage emerged bug-eyed after Marceau signed his program and shook his hand. Sorority girls shouted in delight when the celebrated mime, wearing a raccoon coat and hat, stepped out of a car to pose with them beside a snow sculpture they had carved for their winter carnival. Marceau, in turn, is mindful of how important the American college audience has been to both his own career and mime as a developing art. That is why he keeps returning to the United States, on tours that last as long as six months. Universities, he says, are "the flower of America."

Marceau, that most eloquent sculptor of silence, talks relentlessly offstage about his career and his art: "Theater people, if we are not seen, we don't exist, we are nothing. We are playing ten months a year now. I feel much more exhausted when I don't play. I am at my strongest point now. If I wouldn't perform, my physical ability would slow down. At my age I have to be in my mime world all the time. When I sense that I am not as strong as I am now, I will stop."

At 55, Marceau refuses to relax. On the morning after one of his two-hour performances he would rather talk about mime than eat breakfast. His eyes bulge, then narrow, roll, ponder, flash; his hands hover out in front of him, sweep outward to enfold a big idea, shrink together to frame a fine point. His words rush out urgently, the uninterruptible streaming talk of a proselytizer who must get his listener to understand the notion of perfection he holds sacred: "The difference between an entertainer and a performer is that the performer imprints a deep dramatic effect on the public's mind. If I do the fish, I become the fish, I breathe the water. It's no more to show; it's to live. I am not frustrated as a mime, but I am anxious. The craft is there, the possibility of perfection. Mime, for me, is an art that captures without words the essence of man. I don't like mime to look nice or cute. It must be tense."

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The Marceau repertoire and format have changed little in the years since his first triumphant North American tour in 1955–56, when he initiated a public unfamiliar with mime. Today there are the same *pantomimes du style*—pieces that demonstrate mime technique, such as *Walking against the Wind* and *The Staircase*, as well as amazing displays of virtuosity, such as *The Maskmaker* and *The Public Garden.* And there are the Bip pantomimes—*Bip at a Society Party* and *Bip Looks for a Job*—hilarious and poignant episodes in the life of this buffeted Everyman. The numbers themselves are much the same, but the technique has been sharpened. Critics have remarked a strengthening of line in Marceau's gestures, a greater economy, and a deepening of psychological revelation. While a dancer often peaks at 19, a mime may just begin to master the basics at that age, Marceau explains. "By thirty he is in top form physically and has body knowledge. And he starts being very good at forty."

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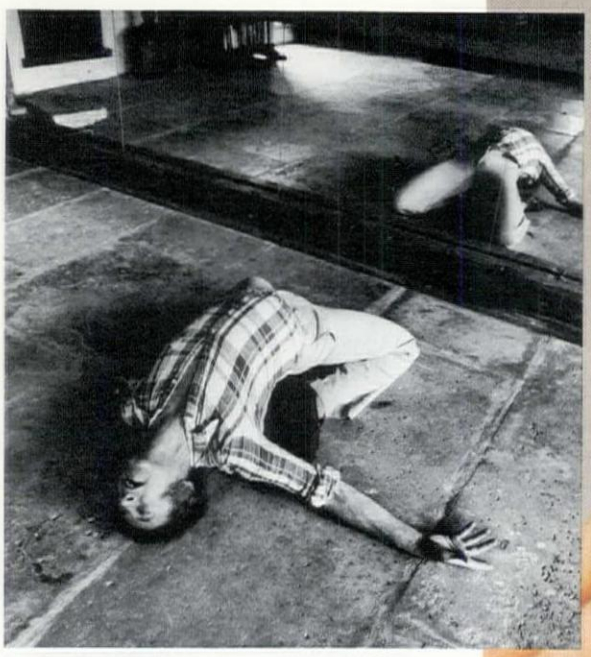
In his youth Marceau studied with Etienne Decroux, the grammarian and theorist of modern mime, and worked with Jean-Louis Barrault, who pioneered the art of mime theater. It was Marceau, though, who took mime to the public, performed tirelessly, made films and television specials, appeared on talk shows, and created a world audience for mime. Now he rarely does *Walking against the Wind* because it is too basic; it has become an exercise for mime students. He tries now to instill "a profound and deep reflection about life" into his work and favors more evocative, abstract pieces.

Marceau unfailingly produces laughter of the happiest, most irresistible sort, but he strives for a deeper humor: "Do you make them laugh under the belt, or do you make them laugh with an idea? The best is laughter through tears, a laugh that hurts." The clown's highest art, Marceau believes, is to convey "the vulnerability of man." He has never stopped acknowledging his debt to the comedians of silent film, especially Chaplin and Keaton, who could "make you laugh and cry with





Marceau describes Bip, the clownlike alter ego he created in 1947, as "a funny, sad fellow" to whom "things are always happening that could happen to anybody." The name, inspired by Dickens's character Pip, the hero of Great Expectations, *appealed to Marceau for its simplicity and global ring: "I felt instinctively that we had to go beyond nationality." Inset: Marceau works out lighting before a performance.*



Daily drill at home, near Paris. Right: Contrasting faces in The Maskmaker.

style, a sort of majesty." Marceau both cultivates and satirizes sentimentality, but he continually tries to transcend it in symbols of the tragic. During his recent American tour he often ended his program with *Bip as a Soldier*, a jarring, lyrical work in which Bip is killed and then rises, spinning—"like a leaf he goes back into the *ballade* of time; he whirls again."

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Does he feel his age whittling at his skills? "The more I play now, the better I feel in my muscles, in my control." He sometimes finds it difficult to start up again after a two-month layoff, but during the next ten months of sustained effort he feels only "a healthy exhaustion, like an athlete who goes beyond his limit." Still, he knows that in ten years he will not be capable of the bravura that comes so easily now, and against that day he is preparing for a new role as the dean and elder statesman of

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Daniel Laskin is a HORIZON *staff writer. Ben Martin, who is based in Europe, is the author of and photographer for* Marcel Marceau: Master of Mime, *a forthcoming book from Paddington Press, from which many of these photographs are taken.*



mime. Soon he will go back to putting his pantomimes on film. He has already contracted to write his autobiography. Most important, this October he plans to revive his International School of Mime in Paris and to reassemble a Compagnie de Mime.

The Marceau troupe disbanded in 1961 after 12 years of creating mimodramas, silent plays that use a whole cast of mimes as well as an array of sets and costumes to tell longer, more elaborate stories than a solo mime can undertake. Marceau sees the revival of the company as a means to round out his career. "I will never give up Bip," he says, but he adds, "All great composers have gone from sonatas to operas."

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What will undoubtedly last, no matter what new projects Marceau pursues, is the rare intimacy he forges with his audience. Mime demands more of the viewer than any other spectacle; demands that he assist in the sleight of imagination by which objects, characters, and scenes materialize from a silent void. Watching Marceau play to the overflow college crowd in Amherst was like witnessing a now merry, now enraptured communion. It is hard to imagine how this most pared down of dramatic arts can succeed in a huge auditorium with five soaring tiers. But Marceau populates the stage with a world as diverse and animated as any in film or theater. When the white-faced mime stepped forward to take his final bows, the audience rose to applaud not only the solo artist but also his invisible cast, a multitude that mirrors people everywhere. □



FUTURE SUBJUNCTIVE

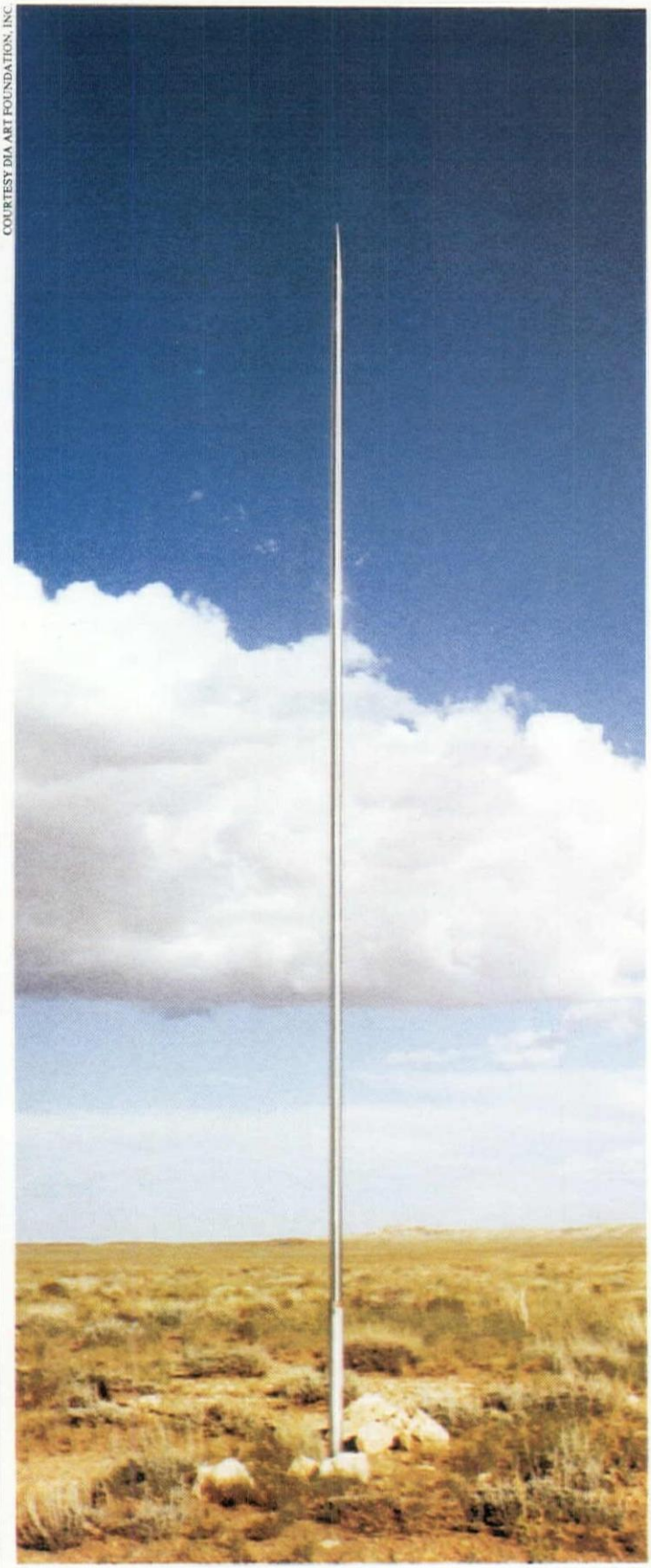
Poles Apart

Sculptor Walter De Maria has erected a vast new earthwork in New Mexico. Called *The Lightning Field*, it consists of 400 stainless-steel poles, spaced roughly one to an acre on a flat, desolate site one mile long and a kilometer wide. The poles stand about 22 feet high and taper to needle-sharp points.

Do electric storms in New Mexico flash with a rare and fearful symmetry now that the *Field* has been installed? For the moment, one can only guess, for the exact location of the work will not be made public until the Dia Art Foundation, De Maria's patron, can install boundary fences, an approach road, and a log-cabin guardhouse.

The air of mystery surrounding De Maria's latest work will surprise no one who has followed his artistic career, from his eerie *Suicide Box* and *Bed of Spikes*, works of the late 1960s, to last fall's *New York Earth Room*, 222 cubic yards of dirt, peat, and bark packed into a SoHo gallery (the *New York Times* dubbed it "the world's largest cat box"). Intrepid connoisseurs have sought out De Maria's huge desert earthworks—shallow trails that he bulldozed through miles of wilderness in Nevada and the Sahara. The African piece is part of a major work in progress, the *Three Continent Project*, for which mile-long cuts have yet to be dug in India and in the American Southwest. Last year the sculptor buried a long brass rod, *The Vertical Earth Kilometer*, in the Friedrichsplatz Park in Kassel, West Germany.

Photographs of *Test Field*, 35 poles that De Maria erected in the Arizona desert four years ago (they have since been dismantled) give some idea of the stark panorama that awaits visitors to the *Lightning Field* site, which Dia says may be ready by late summer.



COURTESY DIA ART FOUNDATION, INC.

Test Field, *1974, precursor to De Maria's* Lightning Field

The Taping of the Bard

The American television audience, which has grown accustomed to sampling great authors of the past in high quality serials, soon will be offered the ultimate in classics viewing: a televised edition of the complete plays of Shakespeare. The British Broadcasting Corporation is committing the entire Shakespeare canon—36 plays—to video tape. The new productions will be coproduced and distributed in the United States by Time-Life Television and shown on WNET/Thirteen, New York's public television network, beginning in February 1979.

The Shakespeare Plays marks the first time that the Bard's entire dramatic output has been produced for TV. Six plays will be shown each year from 1979 through 1984, at a total cost of $13.5 million. BBC aims to attract an audience even more diverse than the one that filled the Globe Theater. "We want to make the plays as vastly entertaining as they possibly can be," says Cedric Messina, producer of the series. He will avoid idiosyncratic interpretations; the language, costumes, and settings will be Elizabethan. And the style will be lavish. Michael York, who stars in *Much Ado About Nothing*, which was completed in February, described the production as "visually a dream." York is among a group of talented and prominent actors engaged for the first season. In addition to *Much Ado*, the 1979 season will feature *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard II*, *Julius Caesar*, either *The Tempest* or *Measure for Measure*, and *As You Like It*—this last to be filmed at Glamis castle, Scotland.

In this country the project was not born without labor pains. The government-supported Corporation for Public Broadcasting withdrew its orig-



TERRY FINCHER

On camera with Much Ado *cast: the first of 36 plays*

inal pledge of $1.2 million for the series after American unions objected to the spending of federal money to create jobs for foreign performers and technicians. Then Joseph Papp, the influential producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival, complained that the BBC series would in effect prevent American companies from doing Shakespeare for TV.

As it stands now, the showing of the series here—at $100,000 per play—will be supported by three corporations: Exxon, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York. John Jay Iselin, president of WNET, predicts that, contrary to Papp's forecast, the project will inspire repertory companies throughout the country to stage more Shakespeare and will encourage publishers to issue new editions of the plays. Hoping to build a popular Shakespeare renaissance around the series, WNET is creating a special series of half-hour shows called *Shakespeare for Everyone*, under the guidance of Yale scholar Maynard Mack. By 1984 quotes from the Bard may be bandied on street corners as naturally as the Fonz's thumbs-up "Aaayy."

Top Drawer Museum

No longer enthralled by the heroic vision of abstract expressionism, some contemporary artists are rediscovering the subtler delights of intimate scale and painstaking craftsmanship. One fascinating offspring of this current trend is the collection of modern art works in miniature that Swiss artist Herbert Distel has mounted in his six-foot-high *Museum of Drawers*, on display in New York at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum through May 7.

Housed in an old thread cabinet, the 20 glass-fronted drawers have been divided into 500 compartments, barely two inches deep, each of which is devoted to a tiny work by a modern artist. Most of the objects on display were created for the museum at Distel's request during the years 1970–76. Intended to demonstrate his belief that size is irrelevant to aesthetic quality, the miniatures cover a spectrum of art styles from Dada to photorealism.

The international roster of contributors includes such diverse American artists as Jasper Johns, Sol LeWitt, Philip Pearlstein, and Andy Warhol. The drawers also contain works by venerable modern masters like Oskar Kokoschka, who sent Distel a sketch of a cat, and Pablo Picasso, represented by an etching the size of a postage stamp. Marcel Duchamp's widow gave permission for Distel to dedicate an empty compartment to the memory of her husband, whose portable *Valise* of 1942 held a retrospective assemblage of his own work in miniature. Duchamp, the grand master of Dada, would undoubtedly have relished the bizarre scale and puzzlelike complexity of Distel's Lilliputian gallery.



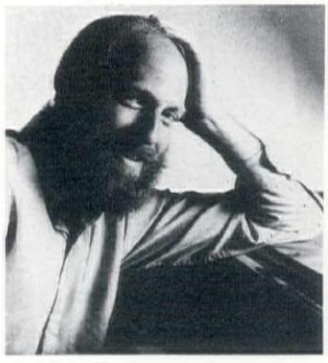
COURTESY LYNN G. EPSTEEN

Distel's Museum of Drawers

Game-playing Pianist

Art Lande, a 30-year-old jazz pianist and composer living in Berkeley, California, who performs in clubs and on campuses throughout the San Francisco area, hasn't forgotten that jazz can be playful music. Unlike many more somber practitioners of jazz piano, Lande has as much fun with his 88 keys as Thelonious Monk or Art Tatum had in the days when jazz still knew how to have a good time.

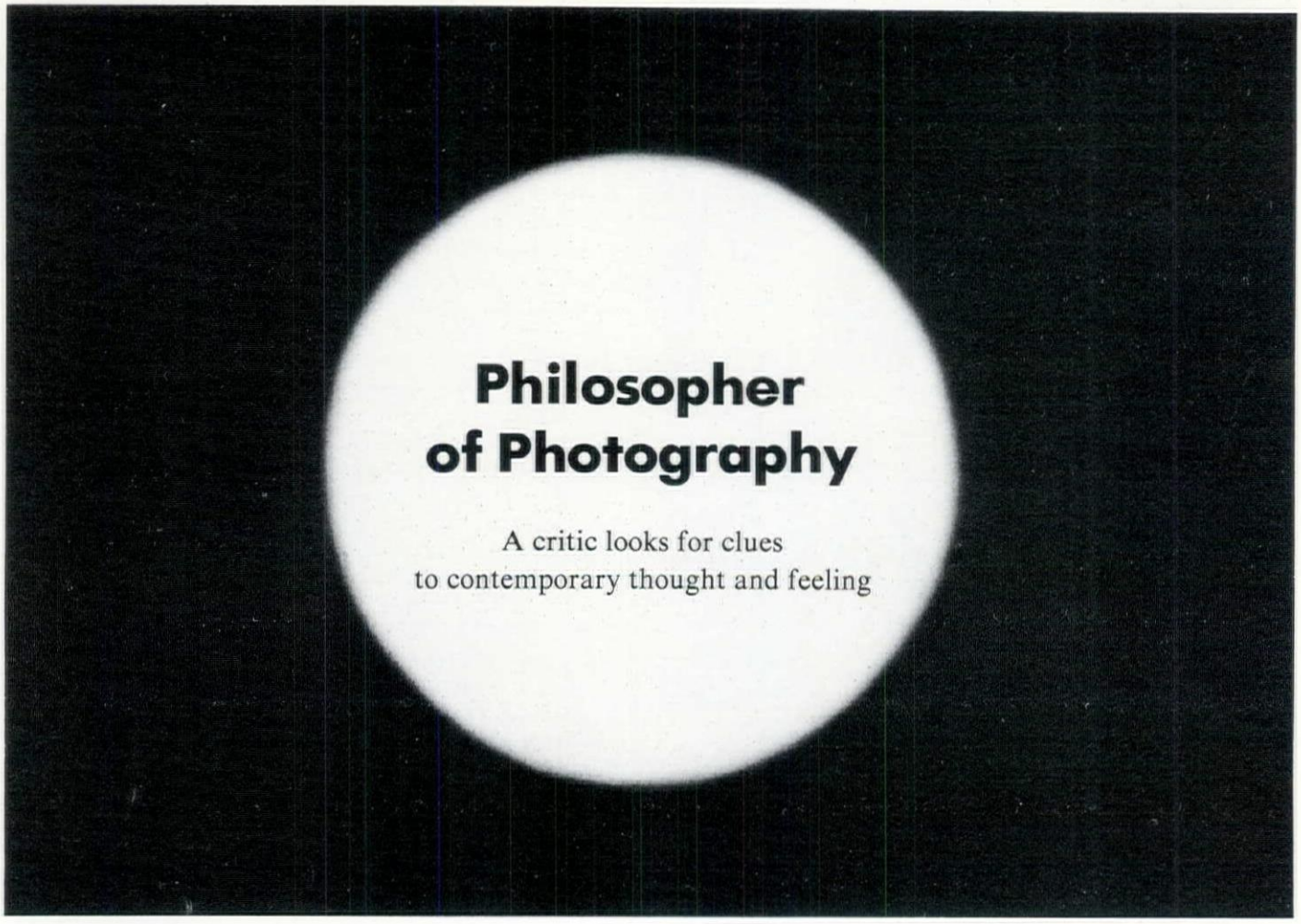
His recent solo piano album on 1750 Arch Records, *The Eccentricities of Earl Dant*, demonstrates Lande's style well. With an unexpected trill here, an off-key theme there, and a scrambled scale someplace else, Lande's eccentricities put some old tunes (*I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*, *Get Me to the Church on Time*, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, etc.) back together again in fine form.



Art Lande

"I'm a gamesman," admits Lande, whose fondness for anagrams led him to christen another of his albums *Red Lanta*. "Jazz has become much too serious, and some of our greatest players are taking refuge in the music. I love the music as much as anybody, but it's only a medium to reach the audience."

Red Lanta is a set of melodious duets with Norwegian saxophonist and flutist Jan Garbarek, and another album takes the listener on an ethereal excursion with his regular quartet, the Rubisa Patrol. Like a proper Puck's, Lande's touch is light and his compositions elusive; they say more by suggestion than fusion music does by overstatement.



Philosopher of Photography

A critic looks for clues
to contemporary thought and feeling

Into a world saturated with photographic images—in gorgeous books and magazines, on calendars and greeting cards, in museums, galleries, and art schools, on domestic walls, and in numberless snapshot albums—there came, last November, an articulate, vigorously worded book that raises provocative and unsettling questions about photography and its uses. *On Photography*, by the critic, novelist, and film maker Susan Sontag, has been received with intense interest by the photography community—the art photographers, photojournalists, curators, and critics who make the medium their province. The book has been praised for stylistic brilliance and dismissed as philosophical cant; marveled at for the variety of subjects it touches on and denounced as dogmatic and narrow-minded; welcomed for the wide knowledge of cultural affairs the author wields and attacked for the conclusions she reaches; admired for the astuteness with which it grasps aesthetic issues central to photography and criticized as flawed by an addiction to generalizations only thinly supported by knowledge of individual photographers. The reviews, critiques, counterattacks, and colloquia that have followed in the wake of *On Photography* show clearly that the book has made a mark. While some fear it will rekindle old prejudices against recognizing photography as a legitimate art form, others believe the controversy will help push the popular, almost universally used medium toward a new, more mature level of discourse—what Sontag, in an interview, called "an intellectual coming of age."

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The six essays that comprise *On Photography* probe the nature of photography and the way it influences our habits of thought and understanding. Sontag's prose has a sharp edge, an assuredness that gives her sentences the ring of eloquent epigrams but that also runs the risk of condescension or mere rhetorical flash. The speculative quality of the book and its tendency to return, almost obsessively, to a few major ideas have led more than one critic to describe it as an extended meditation, a set of variations on a number of themes.

Chief among these is the notion of photography's "relative weakness as a means of conveying truth." Where other kinds of images are taken only as interpretations of the world, photographs seem to be slices of reality and so imply a more intimate knowledge of things, according to Sontag. In actuality, she says, photography is a reductive, inadequate, even facile way of knowing the world. She portrays photography as relentlessly "leaching out the world" and "hyping up the



DRAWING BY CHAS. ADDAMS; © 1978 THE New Yorker MAGAZINE, INC.

real," as "a deceptive mastery of experience," a "short cut" that turns history into "a set of anecdotes." She writes: "Photography implies that we know about the world if we accept it as the camera records it. But this is the opposite of understanding, which starts from *not* accepting the world as it looks." Only language and film, with their capacities for description and narration, can encompass the complexities of history, morality, and the human psyche. "Life is not about significant details, illuminated [in] a flash, fixed forever. Photographs are."

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In Sontag's view, photographs inevitably beautify their subjects and so dull our moral response. Even the most blatantly propagandistic pictures are drained of their force by photography's tendency to distance the viewer, rendering his perspective sentimental. This nostalgia arises from a sense of mortality, which still photographs accentuate because they literally stop time. "The particular qualities and intentions of photographs tend to be swallowed up in the generalized pathos of time past," she writes. "Aesthetic distance seems built into the very experience of looking at photographs."

This distance makes photography "the only art that is natively surreal," Sontag says. "Surrealism lies at the heart of the photographic enterprise: in the very creation of a duplicate world, of a reality in the second degree, narrower but more dramatic than the one perceived by natural vision." Photographs accomplish the sort of "theatricalization of the real" sought by the surrealist movement in the early part of this century. Indeed, many of the surrealists adopted the camera, which was well suited to a sensibility that courted accidents, reveled in found objects, and exhibited a supreme irreverence for all the solemn traditions of high art.

The pervasiveness of photographs alters our very sense of what is real, says Sontag. *On Photography* aims to show that we have fallen into "the habit of photographic seeing—of looking at reality as an array of potential photographs." She writes: "The omnipresence of cameras persuasively suggests that time consists of interesting events, events worth photographing." The result is that "instead of just recording reality, photographs have become the norm for the way things appear to us"—we expect experience to be like pictures. Photographs "democratize all experiences by translating them into images." By fragmenting the world into pictures of seemingly equal value, photography "contributes to the erosion of the very notion of meaning, to [a] parceling out of truth into relative truths."

On Photography characterizes picture-taking as "predatory," "voracious," and "aggressive." Cameras are said to "intrude, trespass, distort, exploit, and, at the farthest reach of metaphor, assassinate." Photography has promoted "an aesthetic consumerism" whereby we demand more and more images to replace others grown stale with currency. Photography is "the quintessential art of affluent, wasteful, restless societies," for "a capitalist society requires a culture based on images." One of Sontag's most widely quoted and scornfully dismissed statements is this: "Industrial societies turn their citizens into image-junkies; it is the most irresistible form of mental pollution."

Critics have said that *On Photography* is shot through with inaccuracies, inconsistencies, and misreadings of the work of great photographers. Sontag's polemical, theoretician's approach, they charge, betrays a superficial knowledge of the history of photography, and her aptitude for a felicitous phrase hides the flimsiest sort of reasoning. "The book tends to generalities," observes Carole Kismaric, the managing editor of *Aperture* magazine and a former photography editor with Time-Life. "They're provocative, but as you begin trying to take them apart, you're not left holding very much." A. D. Coleman, former photography critic for the *New York Times*, considers Sontag "a dogmatist," for "she doesn't really approach the medium with questions. She approaches it with answers."

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On Photography's central failing, say many authorities, is its insistence that a photograph implicitly claims to be something more than one artist's interpretation of reality. Neither photographers nor experienced viewers ever confuse photographs with real experience, the critics protest. According to Peter Bunnell, director of the Princeton University art museum and an eminent photography scholar, good photographers not only appreciate the basic aesthetic problem posed by photography—that it "manipulates perception" even while looking real—but they positively "delight and revel" in deceits, just as other artists do.

BOTH: ROBERT DOISNEAU—PHOTO RESEARCHERS



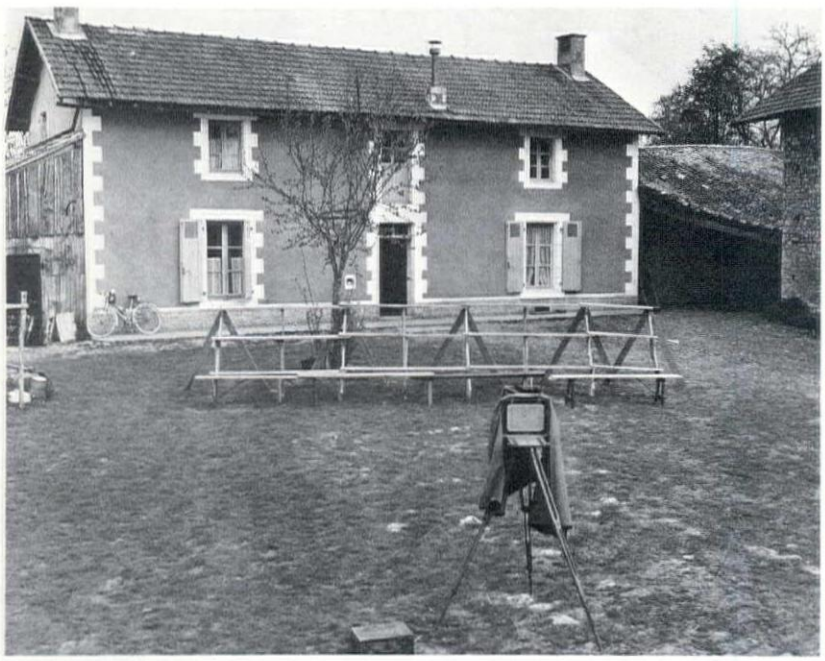
Instead of just recording reality . . .

Sontag "is looking to photographs to do something they cannot do, and not looking to them to do what they can do best," says Coleman. "I don't get the sense that Sontag understands photography's potential as a means for truly exploring visual perception." By concentrating on the tradition of realistic and documentary photography, Sontag has ignored or misconstrued the accomplishments of such formalists and symbolists as Edward Weston and Minor White, as well as of photographers who work in mixed media, photocollage, and deliberately staged events.

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Photographers and photography critics agree that the public blindly accepts photographs as faithful and complete transcriptions of the world rather than "an editing of reality," in the words of critic Owen Edwards. But that cop-out or willful gullibility is the fault of the public, not some pernicious trait native to photography, Edwards insists. In Bunnell's opinion the public has to learn how to read photographs, to take into account photography's ability to distort perspective and create abstractions. Insofar as *On Photography* leads people away from naive habits of looking at photographs, it will be a valuable book, he thinks.

But he and others utterly dismiss Sontag's notion that the tendency of photographs to beautify their subjects somehow dilutes their moral impact. W. Eugene Smith's famous pictures of the effects of mercury poisoning on the inhabitants of a Japanese fishing village don't distance viewers simply because they are beautiful but rather stir the emotions that much more—and did, in fact, have enormous political



. . . photographs have become the norm for the way things appear.

influence throughout the world. As for Sontag's insight that for many people photographs have become more "real" than reality, art works have always been an inseparable part of people's perceptions of the real, and to fault photographs for failing to capture "things in themselves" is like faulting religious painting for failing to show what Christ looked like.

• • •

A number of critics have read *On Photography* as a critique aimed less at photography than at contemporary life as a whole. "She's taking the camera and the ways in which photographs communicate and using that as a metaphor for an entire part of civilization that none of us likes," says Kismaric. Edward Grossman, writing in the *Saturday Review*, characterizes *On Photography* as conveying "the plight of a bookish, moralizing, critical mind" in a culture dominated by the so-called media. And Roger Copeland, in the *New Republic*, notes that Sontag has always been preoccupied with such intellectual themes as surrealism, the pathos of the past, the nature of sensibilities, the way our image-clogged urban life dulls our perceptions, and the predatory side of consciousness. Her earlier collections of essays, *Against Interpretation* (1966) and *Styles of Radical Will* (1969), explore these issues and reflect the same remarkable energy—the ambitious mind of a philosopher by training who can range authoritatively through literature, film, music, art, and political theory.

Sontag herself has said she considers *On Photography* "a case study for larger concerns." "I came to realize," she explains, "that I wasn't writing about photography so much as I was writing about modernity, about the way we are now. The subject of photography is a form of access to contemporary ways of feeling and thinking." In further pursuit of this wider subject, she is working on an essay to be called *The Aesthetic Way of Looking at the World*.

What will be the net effect of the book on both photographers and the public? Bunnell refers to *On Photography* as "a document of a state of mind at a certain time. People will read it to understand what a leading figure of a certain intellectual class of the 1960s and 1970s has to say about photography."

Others are inclined to grant the book a larger importance, if only because so few thinkers have grappled with the philosophical issues raised by photography since the first daguerreotypes were displayed in 1839. "The general public really needs to be provoked into thinking about the nature of photographs," Coleman says. Thus the debate engendered by the book may itself prove beneficial. "It's forcing people to sharpen their own points of view," says Kismaric. "It's going to help the critical thinking about photography." Edwards thinks that "the book is basically wrong, but it has created a focus, a bone of contention."

• • •

Whatever its flaws, *On Photography* helps any reader—and viewer—to an awareness of just how complicated and subtle a subject photography is. Sontag has said this is what she intended when, at the end of the book, she calls for an "ecology" of images. *On Photography* can be read as a warning—about the seductions and limitations of photography as a form of communication. For those accustomed to regarding the profusion of photographs in the world today as an undifferentiated mass of images produced by like-minded craftsmen, the book is—at the very least—a pointed reminder that the history of photography encompasses a host of traditions, styles, and fashions. Sontag has done a masterful job of assembling her intuitions in a provocative way. As an intellectual probe into the meaning of photographs, *On Photography* provides a valuable point of departure. —DANIEL LASKIN

The Dramatic Relationship between Soccer and Freedom

Tom Stoppard builds tension in a TV play about repression in Prague

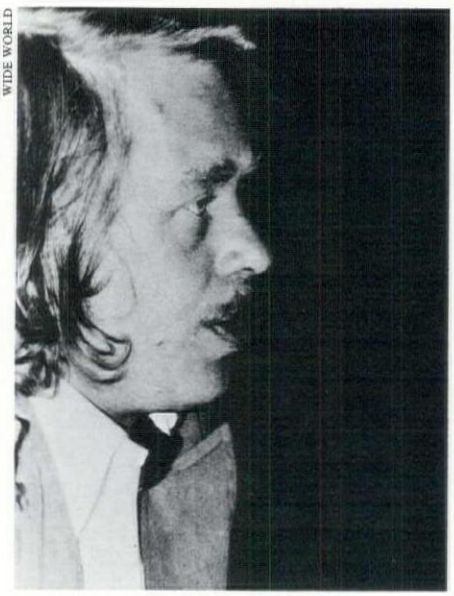
English dramatist Tom Stoppard plays the fastest game of theatrical tennis going today. His backhand is superb, his volleys are dramatically impeccable. His powerful services, delivered by such improbable characters as two Shakespearean bit players in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* (1967), a dotty academic in *Jumpers* (1972), and a medley of revolutionaries, including V. I. Lenin, in *Travesties* (1974), make Stoppard one of the most dexterous British playwrights since George Bernard Shaw. But until recently Stoppard's game was also cool, detached, cerebral. What was missing from his work was the sense of political or even emotional commitment.

Now, in his first full-length television play, *Professional Foul*, to be broadcast by WNET on April 26, Stoppard has finally brought his breathtaking inner dialogue to bear on contemporary issues. Ten years ago he wrote, "I burn with no causes." Today there is a fire.

• • •

The flames were apparently fanned in early 1977, when Stoppard, who was born in Czechoslovakia in 1937 and spoke only Czech for the first years of his life, learned that the Prague playwright Václav Havel had been arrested. More than 300 Czech intellectuals had signed a document called Charter 77 urging the Communist government to abide by its promise in the 1975 Helsinki accords to respect human rights, particularly freedom of speech. It was evidently Havel's position as a spokesman for the movement that landed him in jail.

Stoppard's reaction was to telephone Mark Shivas, an independent producer at the BBC, to propose a play about



WIDE WORLD

Czech dissident Václav Havel

dissidents behind the Iron Curtain. The offer was snapped up, and the playwright turned out the first draft in three weeks (as opposed to seven months for *Travesties*). Once a director and a leading actor had been signed up, Stoppard monitored the rehearsals, the shooting, and the editing. A side trip to Prague to meet with Havel was his only major interruption.

As usual, there were problems. Although Stoppard's protagonists speak in English, background dialogue not necessary to the plot is in Czech. Unable to provide enough Czech-speaking players to fill the minor roles, the actors' guild wanted to substitute performers who spoke Yiddish. The BBC was forced to recruit its own Czech-speaking actors and nonprofessionals from such places as the Anglo-Czech Society. Finding settings around White City, in suburban London, that resembled Prague was not easy, but the team managed. Finally, last September the BBC aired the 80-minute play—to popular and critical acclaim.

Professional Foul works on a surprising number of levels. Initially the plot seems somewhat esoteric. One of those eccentric, ineffectual British academics Stoppard loves to portray has come to attend a colloquium in Prague. Professor Anderson, a lecturer in ethics at Cambridge, has agreed to read a philosophy paper in order to attend a soccer match between England and Czechoslovakia that coincides with the conference.

Hardly has the professor unpacked when a former student, Pavel Hollar, knocks on his door. Pavel, who is a politically unimportant dissident, is nevertheless forbidden by the Czech government to pursue his studies. He now works as a cleaner of toilets in a bus station. Pavel has brought Anderson his doctoral dissertation and wants his former mentor to take it back to England. Most fittingly, the subject of the paper is correct behavior, and the following dialogue ensues:

HOLLAR: Here, you know, individual correctness is defined by what is correct for the State.

ANDERSON: Yes, I know.

HOLLAR: I ask how collective right can have meaning by itself. I ask where it comes from, the idea of a collective ethic.

ANDERSON: Yes.

HOLLAR: I reply, it comes from the individual. One man's dealings with another man.

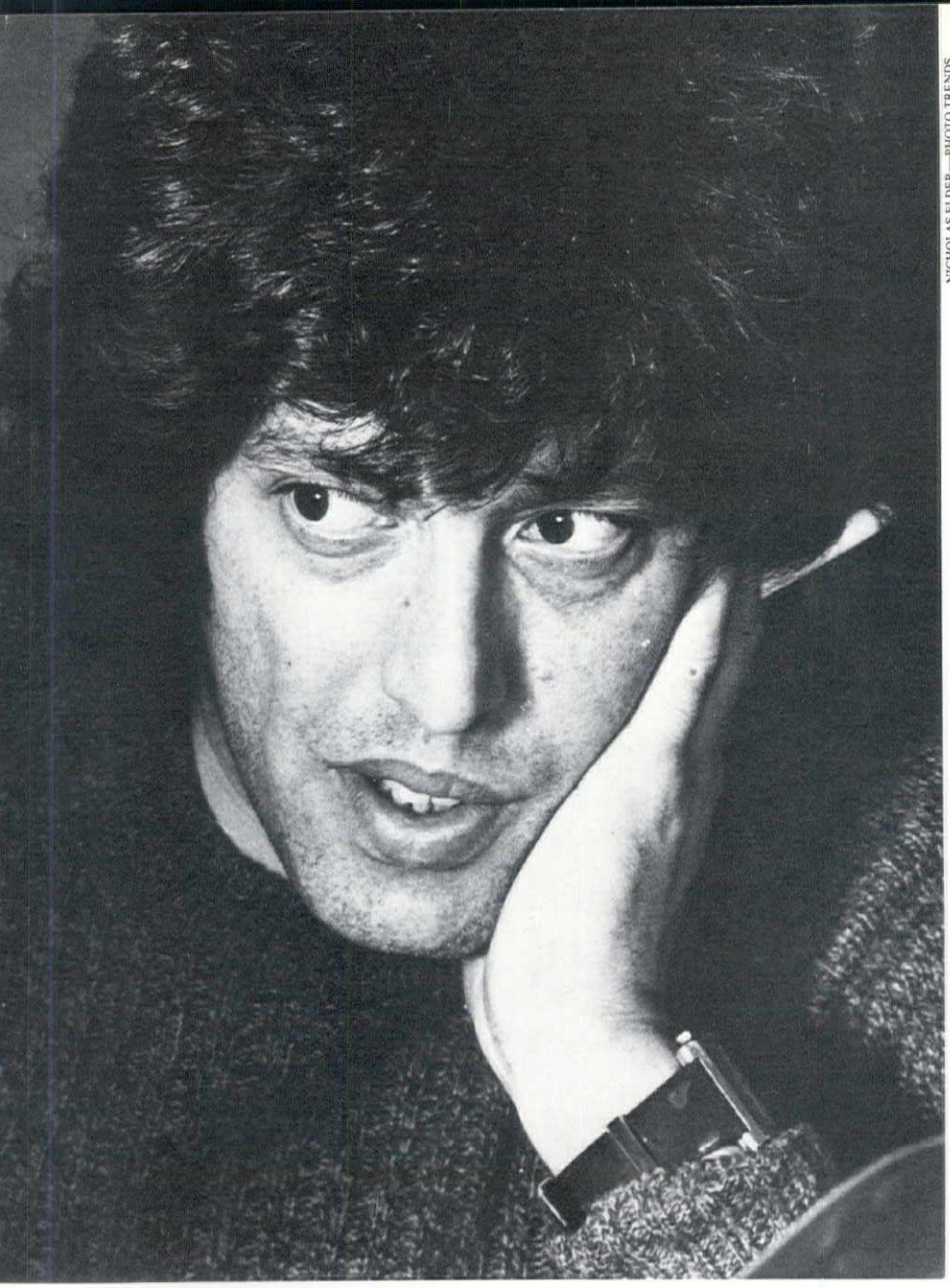
ANDERSON: Yes.

HOLLAR: The collective ethic can only be the individual ethic—writ big.

ANDERSON: Writ large.

HOLLAR: Writ large, precisely. The ethics of the State must be judged against the fundamental ethic of the individual. The human being, not the citizen. I

By YORICK BLUMENFELD



NICHOLAS ELDER—PHOTO TRENDS



RICHARD BRAATEN

Stoppard, left, and scenes from Travesties *(with John Wood) in 1977, above, and* Jumpers *in 1974, below*



RICHARD BRAATEN

> conclude there is an obligation, a human responsibility, to fight against the State correctness. Unfortunately that is not a safe conclusion.

Anderson, as befits an anti-hero, refuses to risk violating the hospitality of his official Czech hosts by smuggling out the manuscript. Pavel, afraid that he will be searched by the police when he leaves the hotel, implores his former teacher to guard the manuscript overnight and return it the next morning. Reluctantly, Anderson consents.

The fate of the thesis becomes the focus of the play's mounting tension. It is a highly successful theatrical device: Will the secret police find the manuscript? Will Anderson change his mind

after all and smuggle it out? Trusteeship of the thesis works to transform the professor's character. Initially, Anderson is portrayed as a cliché, but as Stoppard has said, "What I like to do is to take a stereotype and betray it." England loses the soccer match, but Anderson decides that some honor may yet be saved by delivering an improvised speech to his conference colleagues on the ethics of human rights.

"We have built a system of ethics which is the sum of individual acts of recognition of individual right," he tells them. "If this is so, the implications are serious for a collective or State ethic which finds itself in conflict with individual rights, and seeks, in the name of the people, to impose its values on the very individuals who comprise the State. The illogic of this maneuver is an embarrassment to totalitarian systems."

His Czech hosts, unable to stop Anderson's attack, resort to sounding the fire alarm to evacuate the colloquium hall. Underneath all his equivocation, the professor turns out to have guts. The conclusion of the play pulls the various elements together in a highly satisfactory fashion.

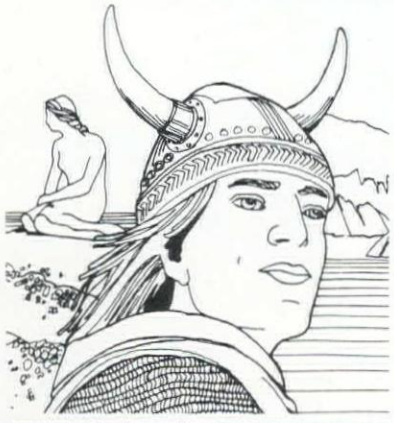
What is always alluring about Stoppard is his extraordinary play with words, but here he plays in many languages. He uses the jargon of soccer: the title *Professional Foul* is a term for a deliberate contravention of the game's rules. His sports correspondents speak journalese: "There will be Czechs bouncing in the streets of Prague tonight as bankruptcy stares English football in the face," says a reporter covering the game. The trendy dons converse in academese: "I sail pretty close to the wind, Marxwise," says one. There are also the naturally incomprehensible Czech in the background and, of course, the philosophical semanticism, which Stoppard cannot resist parodying.

The fate of Czechoslovakia, of the dissidents in Eastern Europe, has cropped up elsewhere in Stoppard's work. Last year, in collaboration with conductor André Previn, he wrote a symphonic dramatization called *Every Good Boy Deserves Favour*, in which dialogue is interspersed with music. The musical scale EGBDF represented by the title forms the background to the cacophony of a Soviet asylum for political dissidents, where the staff tries to persuade the inmates that they are crazy. The BBC plans to show the program later this year.

Stoppard appears relaxed about his emergence from the shadows of moral and political commitment. With great pride he recalls the morning after the screening of *Professional Foul* on the BBC. London subway riders—who generally talk only about football or the weather—could be heard discussing the Stoppard work. Says the author, "I received more of a response from this one showing than I have from my stage plays in a year." □

Yorick Blumenfeld is the author of Seesaw, *a book about culture behind the Iron Curtain.*

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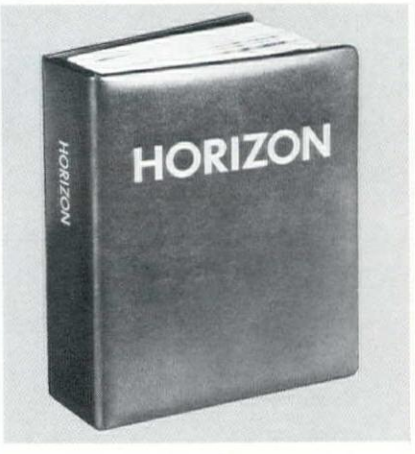
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CORRESPONDENCE

Against Abortion

When an easy way out is offered, it quickly becomes the opiate of the people. If Lance Morrow had researched the portion of his piece on abortion as thoroughly as he did that on the *Bakke* case ["An Essay on the Unfairness of Life," December], he would know that most abortions *are* chosen as a handy afterthought contraceptive. . . .

The easier it is to renege on responsibility for one's actions, the easier it is to abandon self-restraint and debase human life, the sooner do we all become insensate. A society abandoning the life force, nature, will wither and rot. . . .

So, I cannot abide Lance Morrow's craven conclusion—to discard a life that is always becoming, that is genetically whole from its incipience. If Nature sees fit, natural abortions will occur. As to the old back-street abortion clinics and the poor mother's life, she has a choice—fulfill a life, and if poverty or fear forbear her from raising this child, that is natural and that can be dealt with for the good of both and society. For, have we not all wished we had never been born, only to live one glorious moment thereafter and praise God that we were?

Mary Binsack
West Berlin

California Wine

Warren Winiarski and I are absolutely delighted with the HORIZON article ["Seven Great Wines," December]. We have often found it difficult to convey the spirit of what we're doing, and therefore your article was especially gratifying. You did a masterful job of conveying Warren's approach to winemaking, and Peter Aaron's photographs are extraordinary.

Barbara Winiarski
Stag's Leap Wine Cellars
Napa, California

Women in Houston

The fact that on such a tinderbox subject as women's liberation you published an extremely liberal, biased, and one-sided article ["The Fearful and the Innocent," January] about the Houston women's meetings without publishing a counterarticle to temper the opinion of libber Marilyn French in the same issue, indicates clearly the not-too-subliminal conditioning you wish to effect upon your readers.

Ms. French refers to pushy Betty Friedan; She of the Grand Canyon Visage—Bellowing Bella Abzug; a thousand lesbians; and a bunch of loose women who prefer to murder their offspring—as "innocents" yearning for "beautiful but vulnerable ideals."

No doubt many true innocents have been swept along downhill *with* this bunch—but they are not the hard core that believes, as Ms. French does, that "personal and cultural upheaval are required" to effect this very masculine "feminism."

It is doubly strange that your version of the media as well as most others barely mentioned the 15,000 women meeting across town to preserve the American family (which is American itself) and yet covered and covered the 4,000 at the libbers' meeting. (Note the authoress's deception when she stated that 20,000 women came to Houston but did *not* state that 75 per cent of them were attending *another* meeting.)

William B. Nash
Sanibel, Florida



CHRISTINA THOMSON

Delegates at Houston conference

Roughly 20,000 women did come to Houston for the National Women's Conference, of which 2,000 were voting delegates and 8,500 were official observers. Reader Nash is correct in stating that 15,000

people attended the rally at the Astro Arena—among them Marilyn French, who devoted a good part of her article to the profamily meeting.

• • •

Ms. French's caricature of Houston early in her article somewhat reminded me of the parochial outlook that caricatured Texas oilmen's idea of New York in an earlier generation. However, this limited outlook regarding a city does not bother me nearly as much as her description of the National Women's Conference passing resolutions to create a new utopia while the counterconference, ever fearful of the outside and future, shuddered ostrichlike away from reality.

I grant Ms. French the right to her opinion, but it would seem more the mark of a true liberal to allow a difference of opinion from others not so inclined. Some would not regard the murder of the unborn as the hallmark of utopia, whether endorsed by government or practiced in secret. Others might find reliance on a "big brother" government to promote needed day-care facilities as being no utopia, either.

Utopia, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder, and dogmatic expression can define neither. Both groups of women are entitled to their own opinions, and the unborn are entitled to live.

Lee Paulsel
Fort Worth, Texas

Macy's Cellar

Want to tell you the magazine is great. I like the new format! Now a correction: in "Cavorting in the Cellar" [December] the picture of "Chinese apples" depicts *pomegranates*, which grow all over southern California. The drink grenadine is made from their juice. Maybe I should notify Macy's Cellar instead of you?

Tonia H. Gale
Fallbrook, California

Macy's knows: they're the same thing. Chinese immigrants brought pomegranate seeds with them in the 1850s, and for years they grew the trees in California. That's why the fruit is known by both names.

Eakins's Nudes

I would like to thank your publication for the concise and supportive coverage concerning part of my collection of Thomas Eakins photographs sold at Sotheby Parke Bernet in November [Past Perfect, January]. Where all the other writers were insecure about the subject matter and could only concern themselves with the monetary outcome, HORIZON stayed with the reality that those were truly works of art.

Joseph A. Seraphin
Savannah, Georgia

Billboard Graffiti

Your caption writer made a mistake on page 27 of the January issue ("Art as Big as All Outdoors"). As the word "graffiti" is *plural* (of the word "graffito"), he should have said, "graffiti *make* a good board better." If you use this word correctly, no one can object; if you use it incorrectly, all those who know it are aware of your lack of knowledge. In a magazine such as yours, impeccability is desirable.

Philip N. Bridges
Ashton, Maryland

Like spaghetti, graffiti *has come to be used in English as a singular noun, meaning, according to the* American Heritage Dictionary, *"any scrawling written or drawn so as to be seen by the public." To paraphrase Ira Gershwin:*

Graffiti, graffito
Graffiti, graffito
Let's call the whole thing off.



DAVID WOO

Michael Ritchie directs Semi-Tough.

Ritchie's Mentor

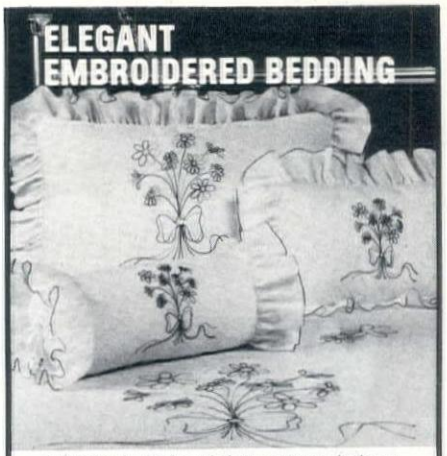
It is ironic that in your excellent article on Michael Ritchie, master satirist ["The Frivolous Movies of Michael Ritchie," February], you say he was led out of academia and into directing *Omnibus* and *Profiles in Courage*, but you do not name the man who led him: Robert Saudek, creator and producer of *Omnibus* and *Profiles in Courage*.

Mr. Saudek, the president of the Museum of Broadcasting, has many television firsts to his credit, and the discovery of Michael Ritchie when he was a senior at Harvard stands high on the list.

Nandi Reeder Campion
Hanover, New Hampshire

CORRECTION

In the February issue the credit for pictures of Jimmy Carter (page 60) should have read "Rick Smolan—Contact."



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Perhaps families could benefit from a little benign neglect from the experts

The American Family: A Haven Invaded

When I started visiting black and white families in the South in the late 1950s, it never occurred to me that the American family was in trouble. I found that black children were in trouble for trying to integrate schools in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Georgia. I knew that white children or white teachers were in trouble, because they had been taught that segregation would last forever, and now it was collapsing before their eyes.

Yet, soon, in 1965, Daniel Moynihan's now famous report on the black family, *The Negro Family: The Case for National Action*, told the nation that not only were blacks in trouble legally, politically, socially, culturally, and, not least, economically, but their family life was in serious jeopardy—the final blow, as it were, to a long-suffering people. For the black family to be declared on the brink of disintegration just at the point when it seemed ready to be allowed access, finally, to voting booths, restaurants, housing projects, schools, and jobs seemed mischievous, if not sinister. Many black leaders were outraged because they considered talk of the "problems" in the black family a shrewd evasion of social, moral, and political responsibility—by those who were willing to blame the victim and thereby wash their hands of him.

It is ironic that just a few years later the white family should find itself the subject of similarly gloomy descriptions. Now it is the American family, predominantly white, of course, that has been described as in trouble, or in a stressful transition, or in one crisis or another, or even "castrated" (by psychiatrist Harold Voth in his recent book *The Castrated Family*). The prognosis for the family has been so bad that a book published in 1976 by the educator Mary Jo Bane, with the title *Here to Stay*, was considered special, surprising, interesting—with its thesis that the American family is not, after all, in danger of extinction. When it becomes news, academic or otherwise, that a nation's families are going to be around for a good long while, then something is awry. But what?

There is no doubt that millions of American families are not having an easy time of it. The divorce rate continues to edge up; about 40 per cent of the marriages entered into will in time be terminated. Women in unprecedented numbers are leaving home for work—mostly, it has to be added, because they want and need the money, and mostly, it also must be stressed, in order to take jobs that are not particularly desirable or enjoyable. As a consequence, thousands of families have to contend with marginal or, often, quite unsatisfactory day care.

The distinguished child psychoanalyst Selma Fraiberg tells in *Every Child's Birthright: In Defense of Mothering*, published late last year, of the awful day-care situations that millions of young, vulnerable boys and girls have to endure. Her book is, in fact, a statement about the American family: millions of homes are no longer able to do justice to the minimum psychological needs of young children.

• • •

Meanwhile, Christopher Lasch, an extraordinarily perceptive historian and social critic, has put his finger on another sign of serious trouble: the tyranny of experts. In a brilliantly argued book, *Haven in a Heartless World*, Professor Lasch presents a sad and even ghastly picture of parents by the millions, so lacking in self-confidence and a sense of their own authority and convictions that they have become putty in the hands of an ever-changing crew of so-called authorities. Who are these experts? The list includes doctors, psychiatrists, teachers, juvenile-court judges, welfare workers, guidance counselors, scholars in child development or human development—all of whom come up with one bit of "advice" after another.

Lasch's title is itself an ironic statement—a description of what the family was once meant to be. He avers, and correctly, I believe, that large numbers of us—members of a sectarian, bourgeois world, and so without firm religious or philosophical beliefs and standards—have come to the point where we can't feed our children, discipline them, select schools, books, or games for them, even, it seems, have an ordinary conversation with them on our own without consulting someone who claims to be in the know. And God forbid if a family member gets into an irregular or nonconformist posture: the "problem" gets analyzed, recommendations are made, and there is often plenty of legal clout behind the not so homey "wisdom" dispensed. Welfare workers, school psychologists, or youth counselors are commonly in a position to back up their instructions with expulsion or a denial of welfare—serious blows to a young person's future.

I know from my own work as a child psychiatrist how eager people are to hear what I have to say—and how uncritical, how compliant, how gullible, they can be. What people want, as Anna Freud, one of the world's leading child psychoanalysts, has pointed out, is a solution to one, then another, supposed problem. In fact, these problems amount, finally, to life itself—the inevitable tensions, ambiguities, difficulties, pain, and uncertainty that go with being alive and growing and trying to make do. But parents who live in a nation that has sent men to the moon and harnessed the atom have been persuaded that there is nothing, not even issues connected with the nature of human existence, that someone can't get a handle on.

• • •

Who can doubt that the family is indeed "here to stay"? From the moment of birth, children need particular individuals to be with them attentively, lovingly—day in, day out. Who else but their parents, primarily? Yes, we need more first-rate day care—but it will not replace the family; it is meant only to help the parents and children of certain families through the tough, demanding preschool years.

The failure to provide such care is indeed a threat to family life in America. But an even greater threat is the loss of self-respect and common sense in so many American parents—the reason we turn to specialists as if God had chosen to reveal Himself through them. As Lasch warns, the issue may not be the family per se, but what it is about our society that makes us so eager for all those opinions, and prompts us to feel so much at their mercy. □

By ROBERT COLES

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