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HORIZON

The Magazine of the Arts

The Fine Art Of Collecting Prints

Graham Greene: The Craft Of Danger

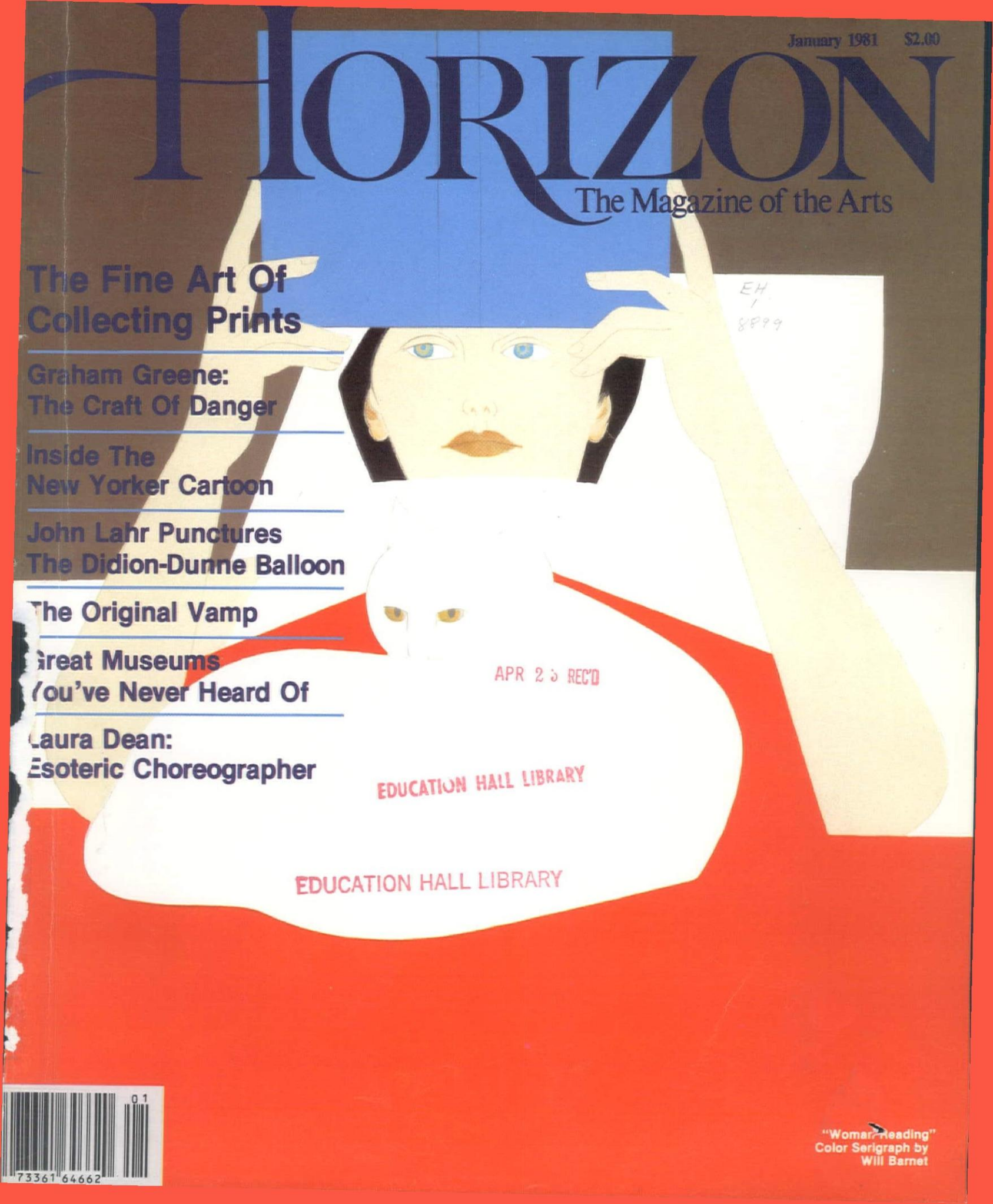
Inside The New Yorker Cartoon

John Lahr Punctures The Didion-Dunne Balloon

The Original Vamp

Great Museums You've Never Heard Of

Laura Dean: Esoteric Choreographer



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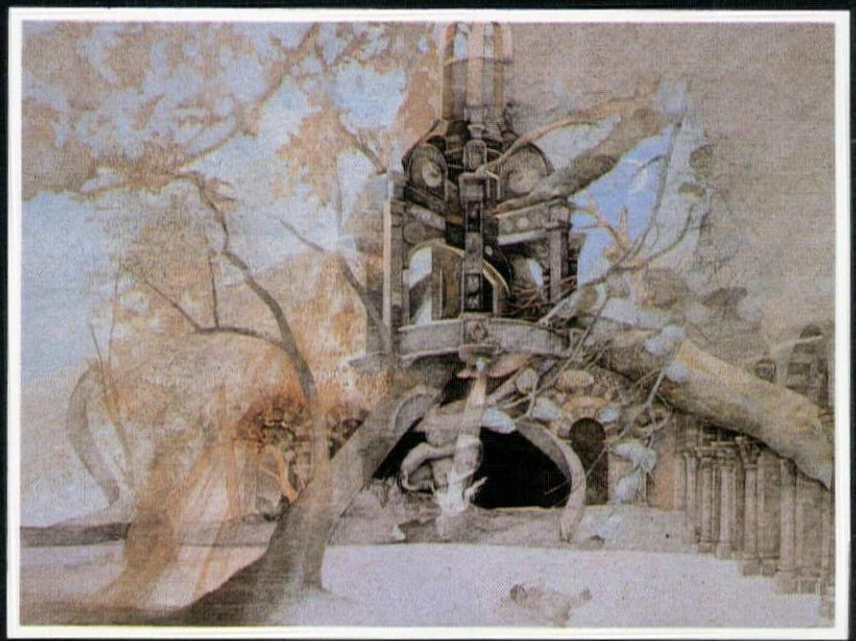
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HORIZON

Volume 24 *Number 1* *January 1981*

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Twenty Museums You've Never Heard Of By Patrick D. Hazard 24
Billings, Montana? Muskegon, Michigan? Yes, says the author, you'll find some great undiscovered museums there. Patrick D. Hazard spent the last year touring the country in search of such finds—to five of which, located in the North and West, he introduces us, in the first installment of our four-part series covering the U. S.

Spin and Pulse By Ellen W. Jacobs 30
Laura Dean was run over by a truck when she was eighteen months old, and doctors thought she'd never walk. Instead, she danced.



Entrepreneurs of Anxiety By John Lahr 36
Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne have been called the high priests of culture, California-style. John Lahr disagrees, seeing D & D as merely obsessed with themselves, mirrors of the bourgeoisie.

Collecting Original Prints By Dennis Adrian 40
The word on how to enjoy prints—whether you are buying, selling, or just looking.

Prints Through the Centuries By Suzanne Boorsch 52

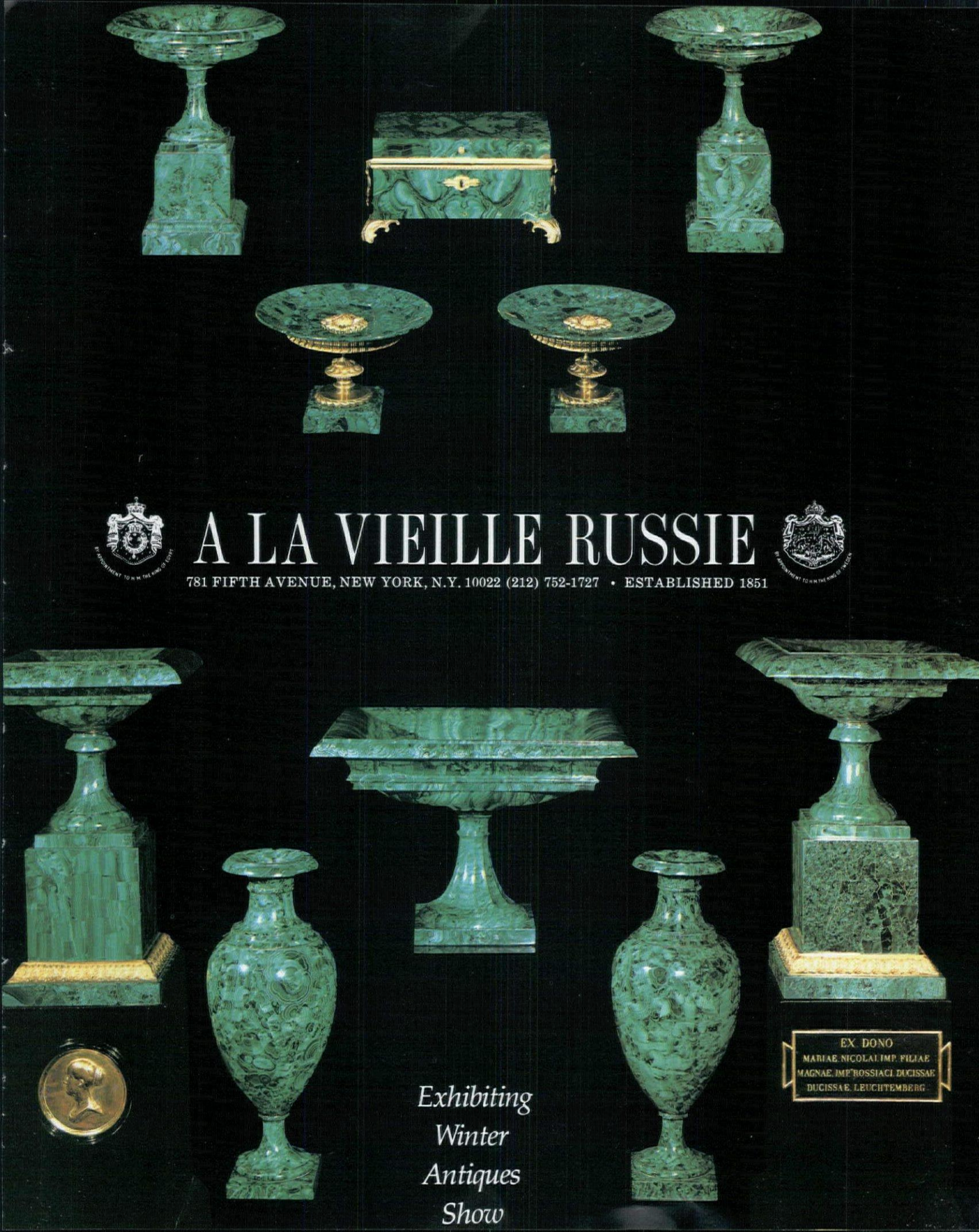
The Art of Risk By David Roberts 50
At seventy-six, Graham Greene finally tells us what he did after he started writing.



Still at the Old Drawing Board By Andrew Feinberg 54
For fifty-five years the best in the business have drawn cartoons for *The New Yorker*. It's not the idyllic life you might think: 99 percent of what the artists draw is rejected.

The Shock of the New By Barnary Conrad III 62
Robert Hughes, one of the most outspoken art critics of our day, dazzles us via television in a summary of modern art.

Priestess of Sin By Charles Lockwood 64
In a New York department store, Theda Bara touched a hat. A mob of women rioted to possess the relic. But within five years the vamp of the silent screen was passé.



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Demystifying California

Here's the piece. When I was out in LA this summer, an actress friend of mine said to me, "You gotta see my house. It's just like New York. I got trees in my garden that die."

All the best,
John Lahr

That was the cryptic cover note clipped to "Entrepreneurs of Anxiety," John Lahr's timely, topical story which begins on page thirty-six. Lahr, a California native and the son of actor Bert Lahr (the cowardly lion of Oz), lives in England, far from the West Coast ballyhoo he dissects in this—his first—article for HORIZON. Regardless of where you live, Lahr's critique—which zeroes in on John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion—will present an unexpected view of the California mystique.

Our attention shifted to the East Coast recently when writer Dennis Adrian was putting final touches on "Collecting Original Prints." In a two-day meeting in November, artists, collectors, curators, publishers, dealers, and legislators met in New York to discuss corrupt practices in the art prints market. The conference, which addressed fakes, misrepresentations, and signature forgeries, reinforced the need for an in-depth prints article in HORIZON. Since almost 70 percent of readers who responded to our recent survey said they collect prints, this month's feature story has special significance—a concise reference which clearly explains terminology, shows enlargements of different printing techniques, and offers information to aid you in print buying.

Also this month, we begin a four-month series on "20 Museums You've Never Heard Of," a tour of some great undiscovered gems visited by Patrick D. Hazard. Starting with this issue, you'll visit five Northwestern spots. Also in the January issue, learn more about Laura Dean in an excellent profile by Ellen Jacobs. Dean, whose career is taking dramatic and giant steps, is an important choreographer to watch in 1981.

Find out who's behind *The New Yorker* magazine's cartooning tradition in an in-depth article by Andrew Feinberg and get a new perspective on novelist Graham Greene, whose second autobiographical book is out this month. Rounding out the January issue, associate editor Barnaby Conrad III is back behind his typewriter, with a report on what happens when art critic Robert Hughes mixes televison with modern art. And find out the bizarre story behind Theda Bara, Hollywood's original vamp, whose theatrical mystique was pure celluloid.

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Cross Country

Literature

The Morgan Illuminations

New York's Pierpont Morgan Library houses the finest collection of medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts in America; according to one expert, it is exceeded in quality by only "three or four of the greatest national libraries of the Old World." Continuing through February 8, the library is exhibiting more than 100 of its treasures. In conjunction with the exhibition, Exxon has given the library a grant to make a master set of 1,200 slides from which duplicate sets, at the relatively low price of $1,500 each, can be made available to schools and libraries.

Morgan spokesman William Voelkle reveals his excitement about the exhibition in his remarks about a single masterpiece in the collection, the Berthold Missal. Although no one knows who created the immaculately preserved text for the Catholic Mass, the book's richly ornamented cover gives enough clues for scholars to discern that it was done *for* Abbot Berthold, whose likeness appears as the only haloless figure in a gallery of patron saints. Thus the book, which was kept in its native Weingarten until the nineteenth century, can be dated to Berthold's reign—1200–1232 A.D. According to Voelkle, the missal is the single most important German Romanesque manuscript in the United States.



The Pierpont Morgan Library's Berthold Missal, named after the thirteenth-century Abbot Berthold of Weingarten. His likeness (lower left) is the only haloless figure.

Art

Galaxies as Art

The Sierra Club in the 1960s and early 1970s made a lasting contribution to publishing with its magnificent Exhibit Format series: coffee-table books that introduced the nature photography of such masters as Ansel Adams and Eliot Porter to a broad audience. The books achieved a new standard of fidelity in printing both color and black-and-white photos, and as the environmental movement gathered steam, they came to be regarded as eloquent testimonials in favor of preservation of the wilderness.

The first volume was Adams' and Nancy Newhall's *This Is the American Earth* (1960), and the best seller was Porter's famous *In Wilderness Is the Preservation of the Earth* (1962). Another of Porter's stunning books, *The Place No One Knew,* gained almost legendary status as an unheeded outcry against the flooding of Glen Canyon on the Colorado River.

As gorgeous and influential as the Exhibit Format books were, they lost money for the Sierra Club. The last in the series, *Thoreau Country*, by Herbert W. Gleason, appeared in 1975. Almost all the volumes are now out of print, even in the paperback editions Ballantine and Scribner's produced. The club, regrettably, has no plans at present either to continue the series or reprint its classics.

Instead the Club continues its distinguished publishing efforts by offering a single "spectacular" picture volume each year. This year's effort is a truly stunning book called *Galaxies,* by Timothy Ferris, which, even at $75, justifies the price. Never before have time-lapse telescopic photographs been published with such precision and care, such color fidelity, and such sharpness of image. Although the book is a serious lay-scientific work, the sheer magnificence of the plates makes an implicit argument for galaxies as colossal *objets d'art.* Next year's Sierra Club special will be a comprehensive vision of Alaska, photographed by Galen Rowell with excerpts from John McPhee's *Coming into the Country* (1979).

Music

Symphonic Survival

The troubles now facing Washington, D.C.'s National Symphony may be symptomatic of a coming crisis in American music. Under the aggressive leadership first of Antal Dorati and now of Mstislav Rostropovich, the symphony during the 1970s became one of this country's most outstanding. Last year Leonard Bernstein declared that the National had attained "world class."

But despite celebrating its fiftieth season this year, the symphony is in serious danger of going broke. As critic Paul Hume announced in the *Washington Post* in late September, if the symphony cannot come up with $1.7 million very soon, it will go out of business by the end of January.

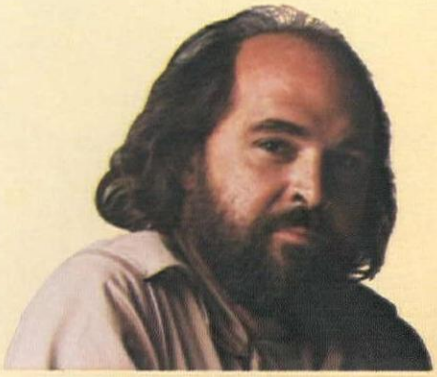
According to manager R. J. Noerr, the problem is "simply a matter of running out of cash." Inflation, a small endowment ($6 million, compared to the Pittsburgh Symphony's approximately $34 million), and the fact that Washington has no state arts council all contribute to the unhappy squeeze. The problem has its roots in the fact that Washington, unlike such metropolises as Chicago and Pittsburgh, is not a major center for private corporations—traditionally the chief supporters of a symphony. Accordingly, the National Symphony is seeking help from the Capital's single largest employer, the federal government. A major appropriations bill would channel funds through the Department of Interior, but it remains to be seen whether the change to a Republican administration will affect arts appropriations in a positive or a negative way. Meanwhile, reports principal tubist David Bragunier, "The orchestra is scared. Fifteen years ago, when we were the youngest major orchestra per capita in the country, it might have been less scary." Bragunier himself is a twenty-year veteran of the symphony. Fifteen-year veteran Linda Harwell, who is assistant principal bassoonist, concurs: "It doesn't feel very good to have this hanging over us. Yet it's caused us to come together. An institution we believe in is being threatened."

If the funding appeal is successful, January

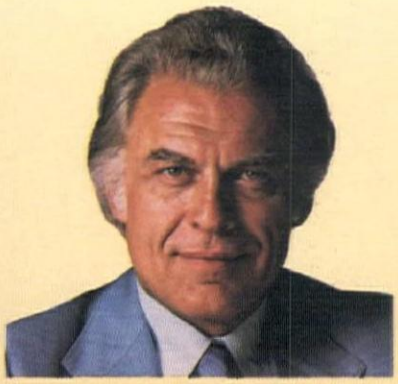
(Text continued on page thirteen)

Because of our six-week lead time, changes in scheduling may have occurred since the magazine went to press.

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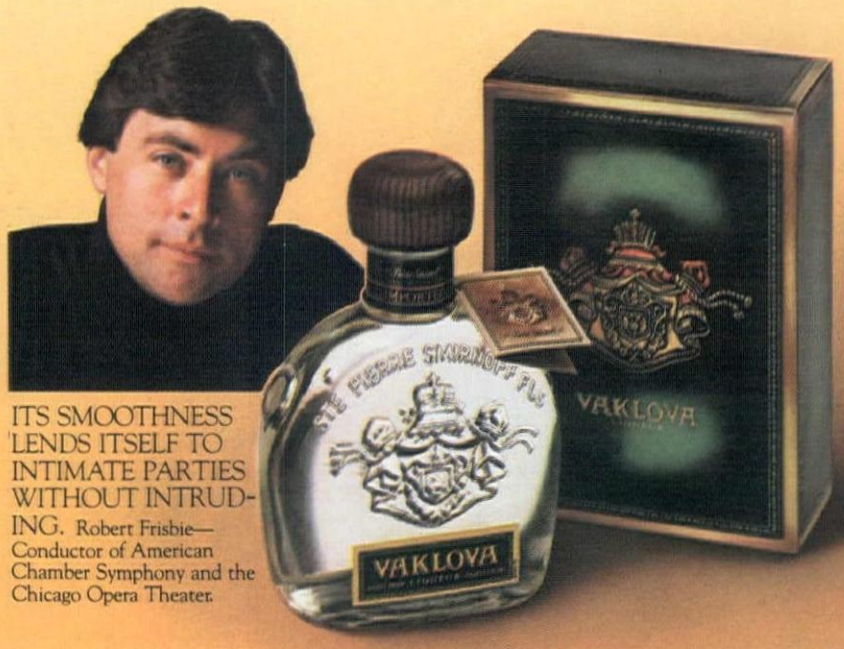
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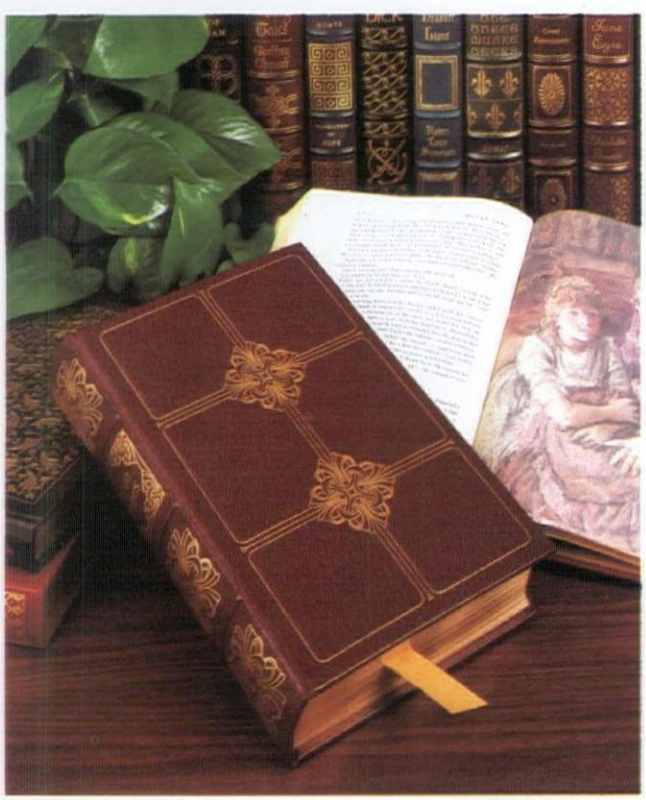
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should be a joyous month for the National Symphony; it has on its schedule two weeks of concerts in Washington, D. C., then a tour for the last eight days of the month, capped by concerts on January 23 and 30 in New York's Carnegie Hall.

The Prioress from Oklahoma

Leona Mitchell had the remarkable fortune at seventeen of *singing* in the first opera she had ever seen. She met the challenge with the sublime confidence that has helped establish her as, in the words of the *New York Post*, "probably the most impressive lyric soprano singing today."

Mitchell turned what others might regard as handicaps to her advantage. She grew up the daughter of a Pentecostal minister in Enid, Oklahoma—not a town that has nurtured many future opera stars. But her mother played the piano, and her father was a self-taught virtuoso on all sorts of musical instruments. Leona's her high-school teacher pushed her towards opera; she auditioned at Oklahoma City University and won a scholarship; and her career was launched.

Still only thirty, Mitchell in recent years has toured the Soviet Union, Australia, West Germany, and France, and has performed—to rave reviews—with the New York Philharmonic, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and the Metropolitan Opera. London Records has released her first solo album, a collection of arias.

On January 10 Mitchell sings her last performance with the Met in Poulenc's *Dialogues des Carmelites*. She will then begin a recital tour. In February, she will appear in Wilmington, North Carolina (February 16); Fort Lauderdale, Florida (February 18); Saint Petersburg, Florida (February 20); Ponca City, Oklahoma (February 22); and Lawson, Oklahoma (February 24). In March, Mitchell will perform with the Los Angeles Philharmonic in Los Angeles, return to the Met for a couple of weeks, and then travel to Brisbane, Australia, to sing the title role in Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*. In May she will be preparing her debut with the Paris Opera in *Turandot*, singing the role of Liú.

Theater

The Pirates Indoors

The surprise hit of New York's summer theater season was Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival alfresco production of *The Pirates of Penzance*. The crowds came to witness the unlikely phenomenon of Linda Ronstadt singing Gilbert and Sullivan. Not only were they rewarded with a wonderful performance on her part, but the whole cast won virtually unanimous acclaim from audiences and critics alike. Wrote Clive Barnes in the *New York Post*, "The Bard has flown and pirates have taken over Central Park. This is not so alarming as it seems—indeed in the event it is positively joyous." Frank Rich advised readers of the *New York Times*, "If I were you, I'd run to Central Park's Delacorte Theater on your first free moonlit night and save any doubting questions for the morning after."

It won't be under moonlight—but fans who missed the summer *Pirates* will get another chance to see the light opera, which reopened at Broadway's Uris Theater on December 22 in preview. Linda Ronstadt will again be joined by the summer's stars, George Rose, Kevin Kline, and Rex Smith; Estelle Parsons will replace Patricia Routledge. The opera is directed by Wilfrid Leach and choreographed by Graciela Daniele. □

Rex Smith and Linda Ronstadt in Pirates of Penzance, *which reopens on December 22.*



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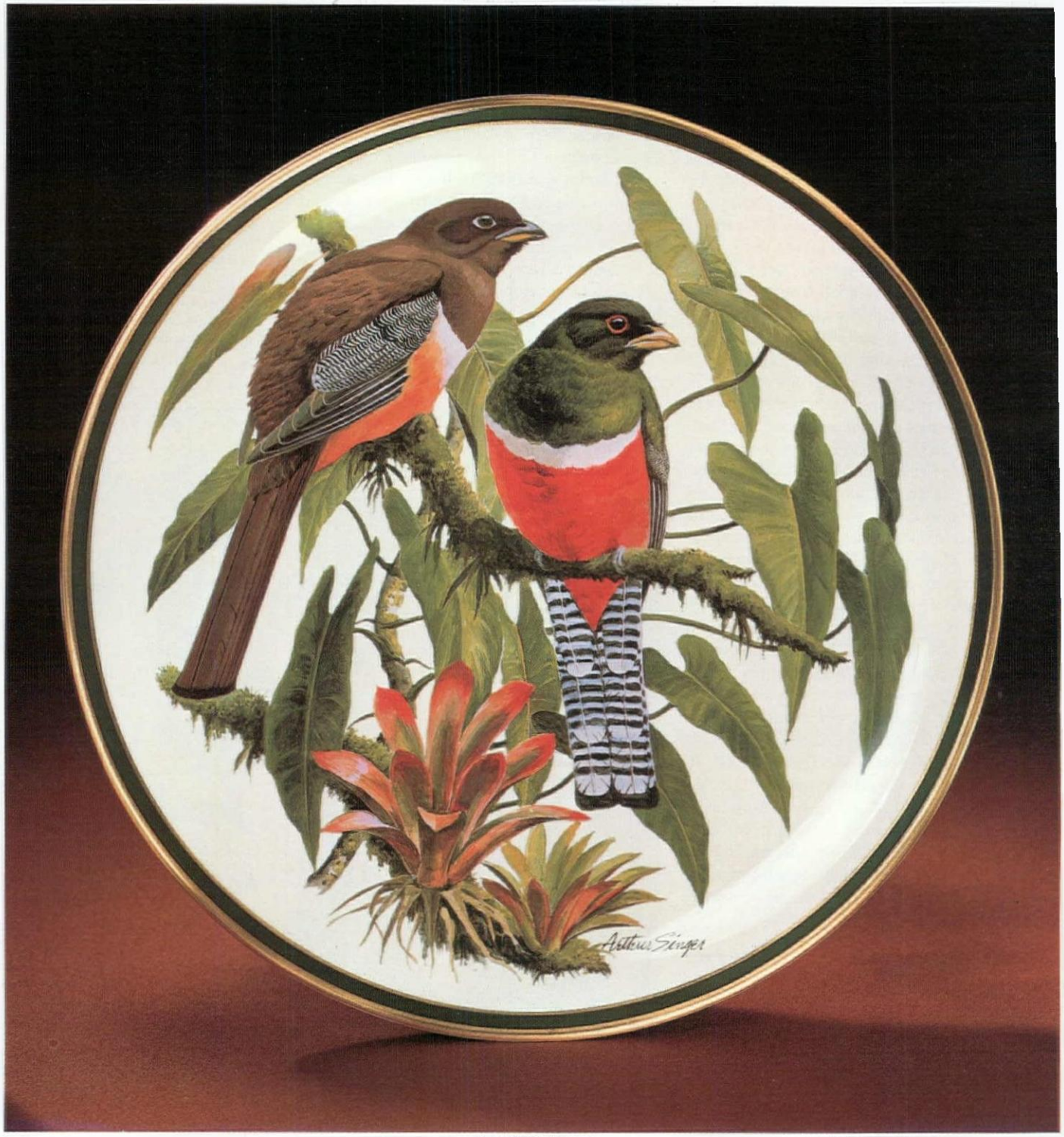
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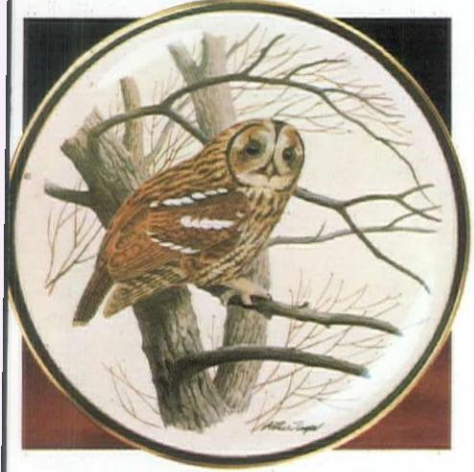
THE ARTIST. To create this exciting and important new plate collection, the National Audubon Society commissioned Arthur Singer—one of America's greatest living bird portraitists.

Singer's dedication to art and the world of nature have won him wide acclaim and major commissions from the National Audubon Society, the National Geographic Society and other wildlife organizations—a testimonial to the accuracy and realism, as well as the beauty of his works of art. He created all the illustrations for the important nature volume "Birds of the World." And he painted all the birds of North America for the authoritative "Field Guide of North American Birds."

The extraordinary brilliance and artistic quality of his work have often been commented on. *The New York Times,* for example, called him "one of America's most admired bird painters." He is one of the few wildlife artists to be elected a member of the American Ornithological Union. His work is represented in many major collections of wildlife art. And he has had the honor of presenting one of his bird paintings personally to HRH Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

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A Doge's Life

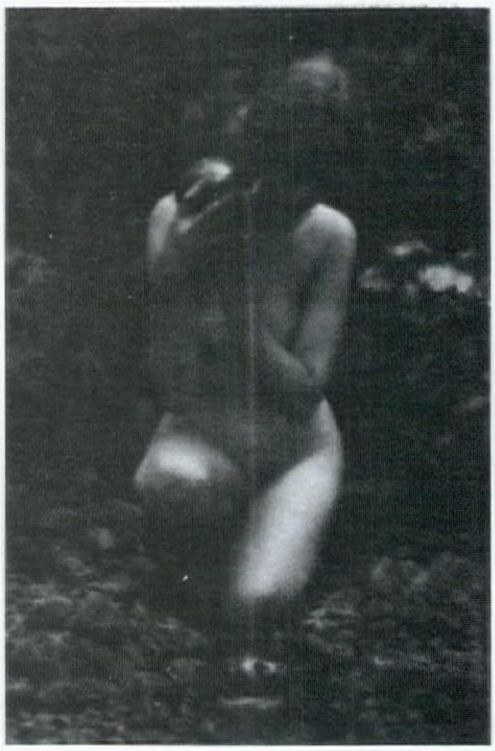
Picture yourself dining in the white-lined, crystal-chandeliered, gilded opulence of the Venetian Gritti Palace. After breakfast of rolls, sweet butter, and Italian coffee, world-famous art historians tell you stories of the artistic and architectural treasures of Venice. After lunch, you're off to see the sights, guided by these authorities who will take you inside splendid private homes rarely seen by visitors. On your own for a while to shop and stroll, you pick up gifts for friends, then head back to the palace for dinner and relaxation. Or you may opt for a Venetian night on the town. Your bed at the palace awaits you when your feet give up. Sound too good to be true? Think again. Cigahotels offers the "History and Art of Venice" course at the Hotel Gritti Palace—the fifteenth-century palace once the residence of the Doge Andrea Gritti—from January 12 to April 25. Noted lecturers in Venetian art and history will take you to fabulous monuments, museums, and churches during three- or five-day programs. If you're dying to go, or just want to dream, write Cigahotels, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022, or call 212/935-9540 for further information.

Canada

Pellan Retrospective

Outlined portraits of empty-eyed young men gazing into the distance, or innocent young women looking straight ahead. Cubist-style conglomerations, à la Picasso. Elegantly primitive nudes, surrealistic visions. All these are among the eighty-seven drawings of Alfred Pellan showing through January 18 on the sixth floor of the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa. Pellan, a former student in Paris, and earlier, a student of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Quebec, was born in Quebec City in 1906. Although best known for his paintings, he once said, "Drawing is the basis of my art." In this exhibition, organized by Reesa Greenberg, assistant professor of art history at Concordia University in Montreal, Pellan's drawing traces his career from early studies in Quebec, to the Paris years, to his successful return to Montreal. The first retrospective of Pellan's drawings ever exhibited, this exhibition includes works in graphite, charcoal, ink, and various mixed media, color and black and white—many of which have never before been shown or published.





Above, top: Young Girl in a Hat, *by Alfred Pellan, charcoal, 25 x 19 inches. Pellan's first retrospective exhibition is currently at the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa. Above: Anne Brigman's* The Source *(1907), from the Graham Nash Collection, much of which is on view this month in Calgary, Alberta.*

Stills and Nash

Graham Nash, of "Crosby-Stills-and" fame has dusted off his remarkable photography collection and loaned it to museums. More than 160 photographs, from the historic to the contemporary, from Edward Curtis to Duane Michals, are showing through January 25 at the Glenbow Museum in Calgary, Alberta.

Graham Howe, organizer of the exhibition and author of a just-released book, *Paul Outerbridge, Jr.: Photographs*, says "The exhibition is outstanding because of Graham Nash's choices of photography—they show his sensitivity for people in the world." Howe describes interesting contrasts: a shot of children rolling in the grass with abandon, juxtaposed with an album-style pose of an upper-crust American group titled "A Family On Their Lawn One Sunday in Westchester" (Diane Arbus, 1968); a Steichen frame of Gloria Swanson looking through a veil next to an Irving Penn photograph of two women from Morocco, each veiled so one can barely see their eyes.

After leaving Alberta, the exhibition will travel throughout the United States—to Charleston, West Virginia; Cincinnati, Ohio; Phoenix, Arizona; Tyler, Texas; Springfield, Missouri; and finally Los Angeles, California. The Glenbow Museum is located at Ninth Avenue and First Street, S. E. Admission is $1 for adults, 50 cents for senior citizens and students, and children under twelve accompanied by an adult are free. Hours: 11:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. daily.

Vincent's Invention

Vincent Van Gogh, victim of popular songs and jokes about his missing ear, will get a refreshingly knowledgeable and dignified treatment this month during the launching of the Art Gallery of Ontario's "Vincent Van Gogh and the Birth of Cloisonism." Van Gogh, along with several contemporaries featured in the exhibition (Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Seurat, et al.) is credited with having spread the techniques of cloisonism—a use of large, flat panels of color outlined by dark con-

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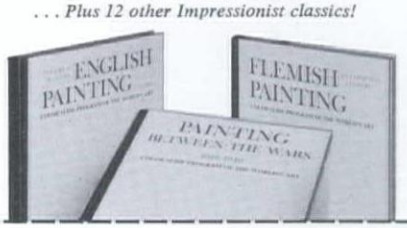
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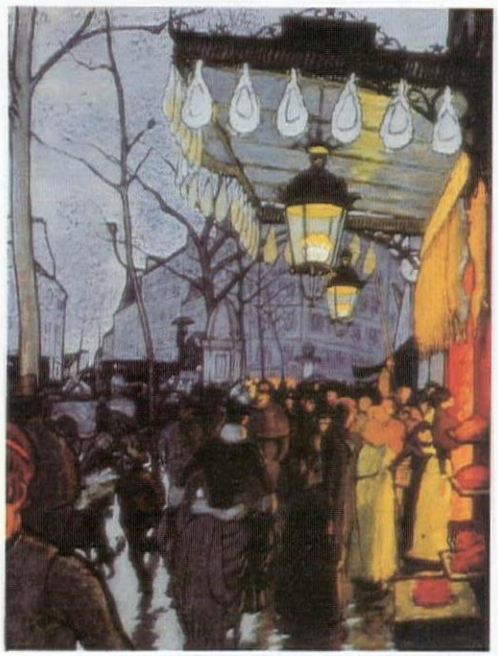
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Van Gogh's Avenue de Clichy. *On January 24 the Art Gallery of Ontario launches a special show on the artist's contribution to cloisonism.*

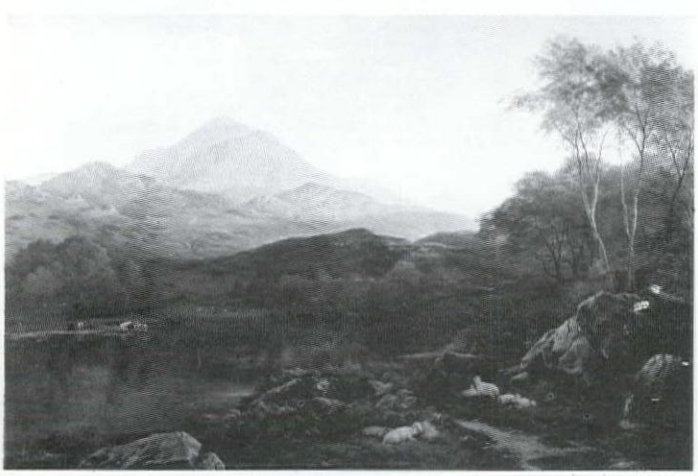
tours in child's coloring-book style—to the discipline of oil painting. Cloisonism was inspired by cloisonné, the ceramic technique of color blocks and shapes silhouetted by metal or dark lines and used in medieval stained glass and later in Japanese prints and vases.

But inflation nearly vandalized this exhibition, gathered by guest curator and Van Gogh scholar Dr. Bobomilia Welsch, assistant professor in fine art at the University of Toronto. With Van Gogh prices eclipsing records on the art market, insurance premium estimates on exhibition pieces zoomed from the 1976 level of $17,000 to $650,000 before finally settling down to an actual cost of $338,000. Gallery director William J. Withrow said about the high estimates, "Had those figures prevailed we would have been forced to cancel the exhibition." Energy hikes dealt a blow to the originally projected art transporation costs. Lucky for Canadians and tourists, "Vincent Van Gogh and the Birth of Cloisonism" opens January 24 and remains through March 22.

France

A Matter of Will

Ever since Charlemagne, France has pursued its self-appointed role as Western culture's chief guardian, apportioning paintings, sculpture, and objects d'art from all over Europe to its kings and emperors, and later to the main Parisian museums. Until this century the principal method of acquisition was taking over another country's collections after military victory; but when the French army's fortunes fell—most notably after Waterloo—the country's supply of artistic treasures



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declined commensurately.

Nowadays, France's cultural savings account consists only of liquid assets and some smart legislation: under the remarkable "rights of succession" law, a wealthy Frenchman may dispose of considerable inheritance taxes by willing his art treasures to the state, provided they have been classified as culturally valuable. This is how the country acquired the immense Picasso collection which was exhibited in Paris last year before being loaned to New York's Museum of Modern Art. As part of the country's Heritage Year, a sample of what France has acquired since 1975 is on view at the Grand Palais until March 2.

Not all of the works exhibited came from donations under the rights of succession. It is an old and stable tradition for rich, anonymous, art patrons to will entire private collections or portions of them, and the state still maintains a healthy budget with which to purchase artworks outright. But as President Valery Giscard d'Estaing points out in his commentary on the exhibition, it is the inheritance law, more than anything else, that has permitted France to keep its post as cultural sentry.

Of particular interest at the Grand Palais are the seventeenth-century acquisitions, including *Helene Fourment* (1639) by Rubens and *The Storm* (1651) by Poussin; the paintings grouped collectively as memoirs of Napoleon, including Jacques-Louis David's *Napoleon at His Office in Versailles* (1812); and two complementary Renoirs of 1883, *Dance in the Country* and *Dance in the City*.

Greece

Ship of Fools

When Greece's secretary general of the ministry of transport and communications reported finding Roman shipwrecks from the historic battle of Actium, archaeologists and historians around the world sat on the edges of their seats awaiting further word. It has never come.

In a strange, controversial incident labeled by some experts as a hoax, the Greek Secretary General, Dionysios Livanos, reported finding the ancient shipwrecks three months ago. Allegedly, they survived the battle of Actium between Octavian and Antony in 31 B.C. Two authorities, quoted as being delighted at the exciting discovery in a *New York Times* article when the shipwrecks were first reported, now claim "the entire event is absolute nonsense." Dr. George Bass, president of the Institute of Nautical Archaeology at Texas A & M University, first became suspicious of the shipwrecks when his telephone conversation was disconnected with the vice president of the institute, Michael L. Katzev, who oversaw the excavating of a fourth century B.C. Greek merchant ship—the oldest discovered shipwreck in history.

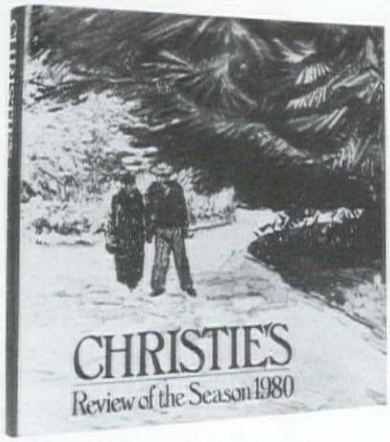
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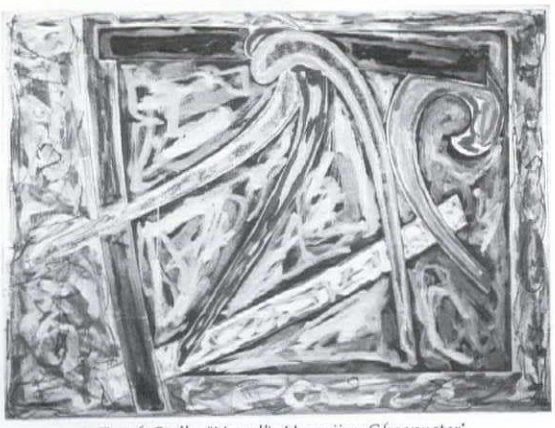
Trans World

Since then, both men have gone on record as having no confidence in Livanos' findings. Bass says he contacted Katzev, who was in Athens, and asked if he had talked to the secretary general. According to Bass, the phone went dead after Katzev said "Yeah, I talked to that S.O.B." Bass reports Katzev was disturbed about what he believed were Livanos' fabricated discoveries, and believes Greek officials disconnected the call when Katzev used profanity. Bass cites three further observations that make him skeptical: (1) Livanos said the shipwrecks are half buried in water. Bass says ancient ships won't stand above water because the water would have deteriorated the ships. (2) Livanos reported seeing gold and silver on board one galley. Bass says only excavation would reveal such treasure. (3) Livanos was quoted as having said, "Any diver with a mask can seen the shipwrecks." Bass asks: "Why has no diver discovered them before now?" He asserts that hundreds of divers have swum in those waters in the past. "In fact," Bass says, "I swam in that area myself twenty-five years ago." Classical archaeological experts at Harvard University, whom original reports stated had been contacted about the shipwrecks, had no knowledge of the finds and stated they had never been approached.

England

Chapter 11

In a time when the U.S.-book publishing market is experiencing severe cutbacks and financial headaches, the British market is traveling an even rockier road largely due to the export business of the Americans. In a situation nearly parallel to that of the British film industry (see HORIZON, November 1980, page twenty-one), the British export business dropped 11 percent and British publishers are being priced out of the market by United States imports. Some British books are being sent to the States for printing, to take advantage of (comparatively) lower overhead. As long as English volumes are still warm on American presses, it doesn't look as if British publishing woes are in their final chapter. To make matters worse, Prime Minister Thatcher's plan of economic recuperation has slashed the number of books bought by the British government for use in schools.



Frank Stella. "Newell's Hawaiian Shearwater."
Mixed media on board. Signed and dated upper right. 61" x 78"



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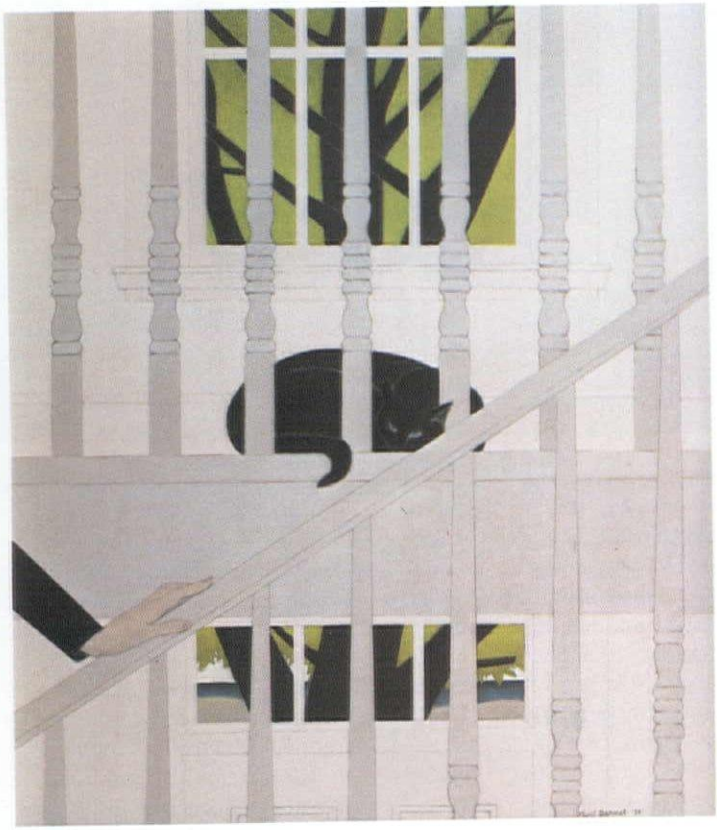
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Books

The Stones and Weeds of Greece

The Greek World, by Eliot Porter (text by Peter Levi). New York: E. P. Dutton, 1980. 144 pp., 129 color plates, $45.00.



Agora with Poplar Trees, Aphrodisias, *from Eliot Porter's* The Greek World.

Although he has photographed some of the world's most spectacular landscapes, including Antarctica and Glen Canyon on the Colorado River, Eliot Porter's camera has always sought to diminish the monumentality of nature. In the claustrophobic gorges of Glen Canyon, for instance, where an amateur's lens would have crawled up the blank sandstone walls, longing for the trap door of blue sky far above, Porter aimed at the ground—and captured, in ghostly reflections on wet sand and shallow stream ripples, the true eeriness of the place.

In the preface of his retrospective work *Intimate Landscapes* (1979), Porter confessed to certain lifelong delights "Grasses and sedges, especially, appeal to me—an appeal like disordered hair across a face, or a windblown field of hay before the mowing. When associated with water, as sedges so often are, the magic of restlessness is enhanced by reflections not foreseen." In a lyrical comment on the beauty of naked rock, Porter remarked, "The colors are either intrinsic, or, like the iridescence of the hummingbird's plumage, a phenomenon of light itself, of reflection and interference."

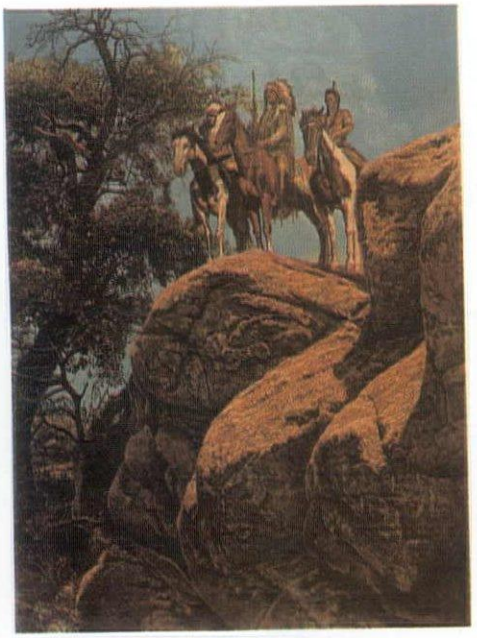
It is fascinating, then, to see how Porter brings this sensibility to the ruins of ancient Greece. The cumulative effect of the superbly printed plates in *The Greek World* is a quiet, even subdued one. As Peter Levi, author of the quirky, deeply informed accompanying text, says, "It could not be the work of a young man." As in Porter's legendary *The Place No One Knew* (his tribute to Glen Canyon published after it was flooded to created Lake Powell), the monumentality we have come to associate with (in this case) the Parthenon or the temple of Apollo at Delphi is diminished, argued with, resisted. Porter looks *between* towering columns to observe the pale silhouette of the horizon; he cuts off cornices and capitals to focus lovingly on the soft blues and pinks and grays of Greek sunlight on marble. He is especially fond of curving rows of seats in the empty theaters, with the bright green grass forcing up between the weary stones, and of shattered fallen columns disintegrating among the weeds.

The photographs achieve an ironic—almost a comic—effect when Porter makes a pine or an olive tree the center of his photo, rather than the noble works of man they so accidentally punctuate. A screen of spear-straight poplars seems to mock the self-seriousness of a wall of columns standing, it seems, in the middle of nowhere. In Porter's close-ups tiny brilliant flowers explode from between the cracks of solemn, disused stone. The irony is that of Shelley's *Ozymandias,* stated with gentle whimsy rather than stark contradiction. The photos, all of them, are awash with Porter's silent celebration of nature both animate and lifeless.

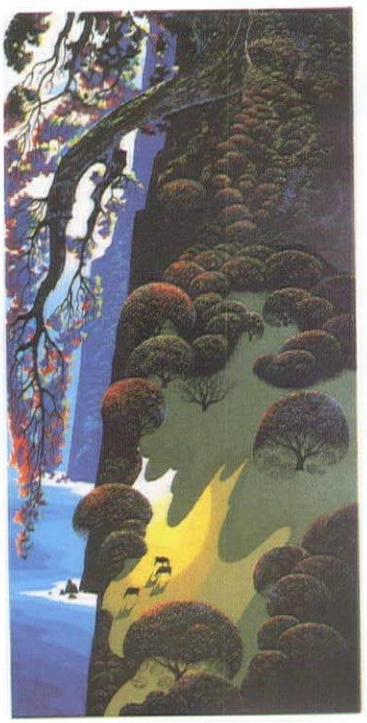
If the book has a fault, it lies in its design. There are at times too many images on a pair of facing pages, so that strength of one photograph is blunted by careless juxtaposition with another. When sufficient thought has gone into the balance of facing images, it shows—and we sense Porter's achievement.

—David Roberts

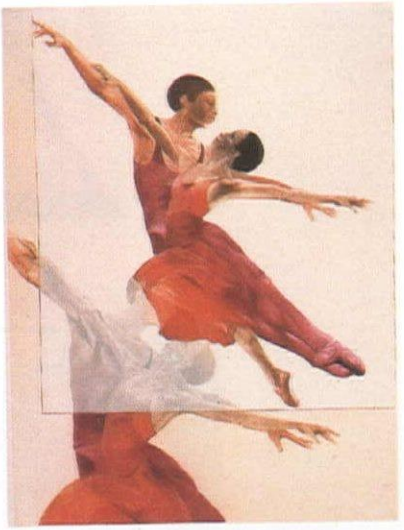
The Hammer Collection



"Storm Clouds" by Mort Künstler
Original serigraph, 32 x 23 inches,
edition: 300.



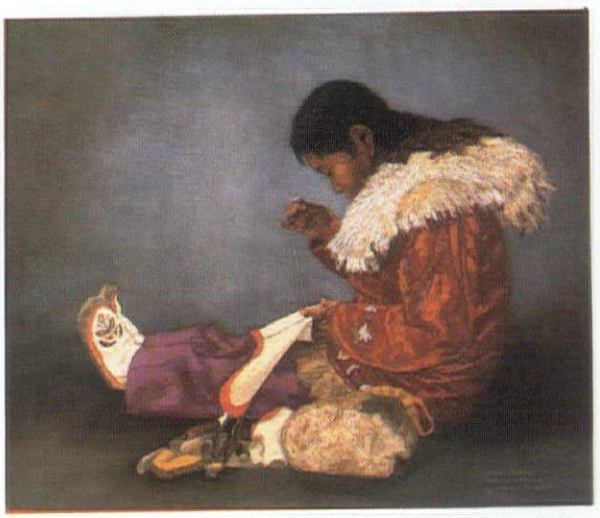
"Enchanted Coast" by Eyvind Earle
Original serigraph, 40 x 20 inches,
edition: 300.



"Ballet Picture II" by G. H. Rothe
Original mezzotint, 27½ x 21½ inches,
edition: 150.



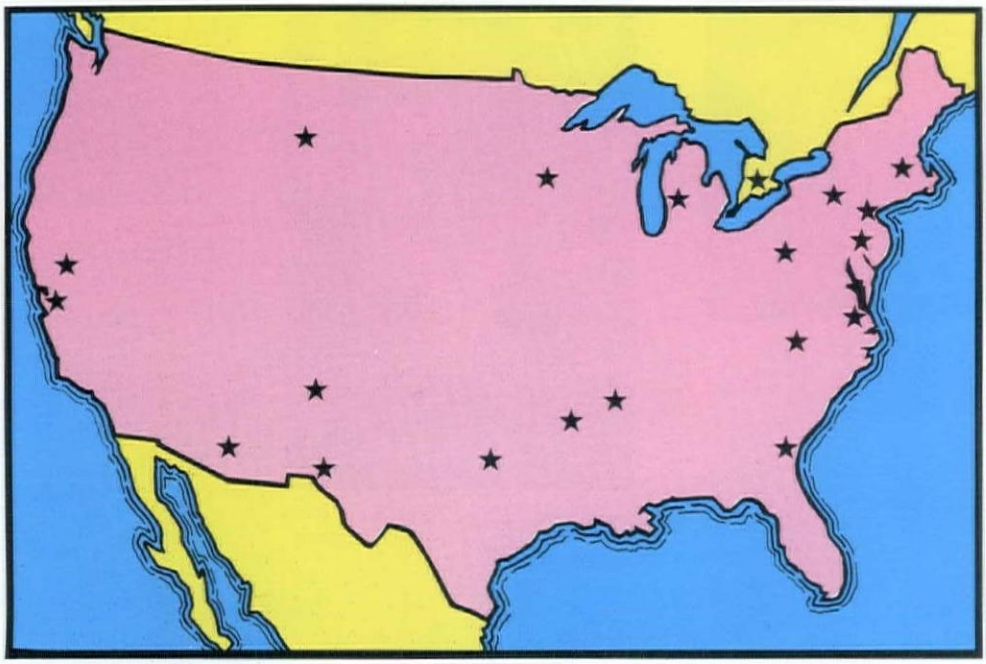
"Nagasaki" by Richard Merkin
Original serigraph, 24 x 36 inches,
edition: 260.



"Sewing My Mukluks" by Lunda Hoyle Gill
Original serigraph, 20 x 23½ inches,
edition: 300.

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20 Museums You've Never Heard Of



Last year Professor Patrick D. Hazard embarked on a marathon journey across the country to seek out unknown museums. He discovered twenty that particularly delighted him, although Hazard claims that he has never met a museum that he didn't like. He sent his story to HORIZON with unabated praise for the "neglected museum, undervalued collection, unrecognized riches" he had stumbled upon.

Hazard writes: "I've come to the conclusion that there's no guessing what goodies lie in store for the eye roving around America's 'minor' museums. As an English teacher, I want to extend W. H. Auden's paean of praise for minor poets to those thousands of institutions which can't mount mega shows.

"In fact this whole 'thing' I've begun to have for the underpublicized museum came to a head with King Tut. God bless the boy king so neglected in his own time, so intercontinentally trumpeted in our own. But media blitzes do present a problem to those who don't have PR power to flex. These headline-dominating barrages eclipse the reticent, or the understaffed, or the precariously financed."

Hazard concludes: "The overall story is this: There may be a hell of a lot wrong with America at its present juncture—with all our worlds in turmoil, but very little of it (except inflation) is wrong with its museums. They're booming. They're beautiful. They're where we came from."

HORIZON presents Hazard's odyssey after the offbeat in four parts, beginning with the five museums he explored in the Northwest. Consecutive upcoming issues will introduce the other fifteen of the nation's finest smaller museums, five in each remaining quadrant of the United States.

Part 1



Science Museum of Minnesota

The Northwest

This month's tour runs from Michigan to California. By Patrick D. Hazard

Science Museum of Minnesota
Saint Paul, Minnesota

This Saint Paul center (1978) is so artful an array of science celebration that it reminds me how potentially destructive our two cultures of museology really are. Separating the lure and love of art from science encourages double-entry bookkeeping: art on Sunday in art museums, and technology as usual everywhere else the other six days of the week. A bad bargain. As you enter the museum you see children climbing around a fey and friendly looking amphibian. Closer inspection reveals that the climbable beast is made of rail spikes. A friendly director, who was bopping around contentedly relishing an S.R.O.Thanksgiving weekend crowd when I arrived, explained that the spikes were local heirlooms from a disused Minnesota railroad. Making a new work of art for child's play from old heirlooms is an apt emblem for this recycler-of-consciousness machine.

The Science Museum of Minnesota is an artfully designed hands-on museum that celebrates the joys and mysteries of science.

It's more than a hands-on museum. It's a bodies-on, kinesthetic, three-ring circus of ideas. Item: To help you understandably enjoy the tradition of masks in human history, they have devised a spookily magical view box into which you look—and find your face enmasked. Mirrors! Item: You don't look at weaving. You get into the threads of it. Item: You don't look at dioramas about the origins of the universe; you settle back into your tilted, padded chair and watch an OmniMax feature called "Genesis," which is to the old Cinerama what color Polaroids are to dingy old daguerreotypes. The only places to compete with this emporium of enlightenment are San Francisco's Exploratorium in an abandoned warehouse and Louisville's Museum of Science and Natural History in a recycled cast-iron storefront. All three argue well for the future reintegration

of art and science as flip sides of the same human coin of disciplined imagination.

Muskegon Museum of Art
Muskegon, Michigan

I know, I know. It's east of the Mississippi. Well, I'm going to cheat anyway, because I've got to tell you about Muskegon. Once upon a time Michigan was covered with virgin stands of pines. Climax forests they called them. Then the lumbermen (my Grandfather Fitzpatrick was one) buzzed and buzzed away, and before you could say 1890, Michigan was as bald as Telly Savalas. In Muskegon, this bothered a man named Hackley, who vowed he'd stake his whole lumber-generated fortune to giving Muskegon a second chance. As you approach the L. C. Walker (the second Maecenas of Muskegon) Civic Arena area in downtown Muskegon, your eye catches what you are sure is a recycled Richardsonian city hall. The date (1891-92) is right; the materials—rusticated bands of red and gray—are straight out of the master's quarries. But the structure is in fact the Hackley School, his first big benefaction to give his adopted hometown another break.

Kittycorner to the northwest is an even more savory morsel of the same Stone age architecture—the Hackley Library (1889)! And north next to it is the Muskegon Museum of Art (1912) née the Hackley Gallery. It's beaux arts at its least flashy best, designed by Chicago's Solon Spencer Berman, perhaps better known for the Studebaker Theatre in Chicago, but renowned in Muskegon for having designed the first art gallery in the United States in a city of under 30,000, thereby pushing Hackley's haven a cubit closer to his American dream of making it "one of the most distinctive cities of its size in the country."

The city fathers imported a Nottingham man, one Raymond Wyer, to lead the Philistines out of their darkness. One of his first moves was to buy James McN. Whistler's *Study in Rose and Brown* from the Armory Show of 1913 for $6,750! The bottom-line watch howled in disbelief that the whole gallery cost only $43,750 to build—and purchases like that would soon deplete the $150,000 Hackley had left to buy pictures with. Wyer slyly (and we must guess snidely) replied that, sure, he could buy 500 inferior canvases for the same dollars. But the name of the game was excellence.

Two years later, in 1916, Wyer got his walking papers. (Feminists might note that his replacement, Miss Lula F. Miller, became only the second *woman* to head a museum in the country, Buffalo's Albright having pioneered with Miss Cornelia B. Sage.) The high point of Miller's tenure was the acquisition of the considerably less controversial—and, alas, to me more lasting—*Answering the Horn* by Winslow Homer.

In the summer of 1980 the museum was in the throes of expansion, a new wing for offices and gallery having been designed for Hackley's heirs (viz., all of Muskegon) by John Hilberry and Associates, whose current estimable success is the new wing at the Detroit Institute of Arts.

And old Charles Hackley would be thrilled as well to know that his horrendous hodgepodge of a Victorian house (which is to say a zany marvel) has escaped the snapping jaws of Bauhaus bulldozers and is open to the public he had such an emulatable way of serving. All hail to the quirky independent American patron. May their tribe increase.



Science Museum of Minnesota



Science Museum of Minnesota

The Heritage Center makes barbed wire more interesting than Lewis and Clark.



Patrick D. Hazard

Upper left: Young visitors stare at the reconstructed skeleton of a triceratops in the Science Museum of Minnesota. Lower left: The museum's demonstration involving the use of native masks and musical instruments takes place in the Anthropology Hall. Above: Charles Hackley's Victorian house in Muskegon, Michigan escaped the bulldozer and is open to the public.

Western Heritage Center
Billings, Montana

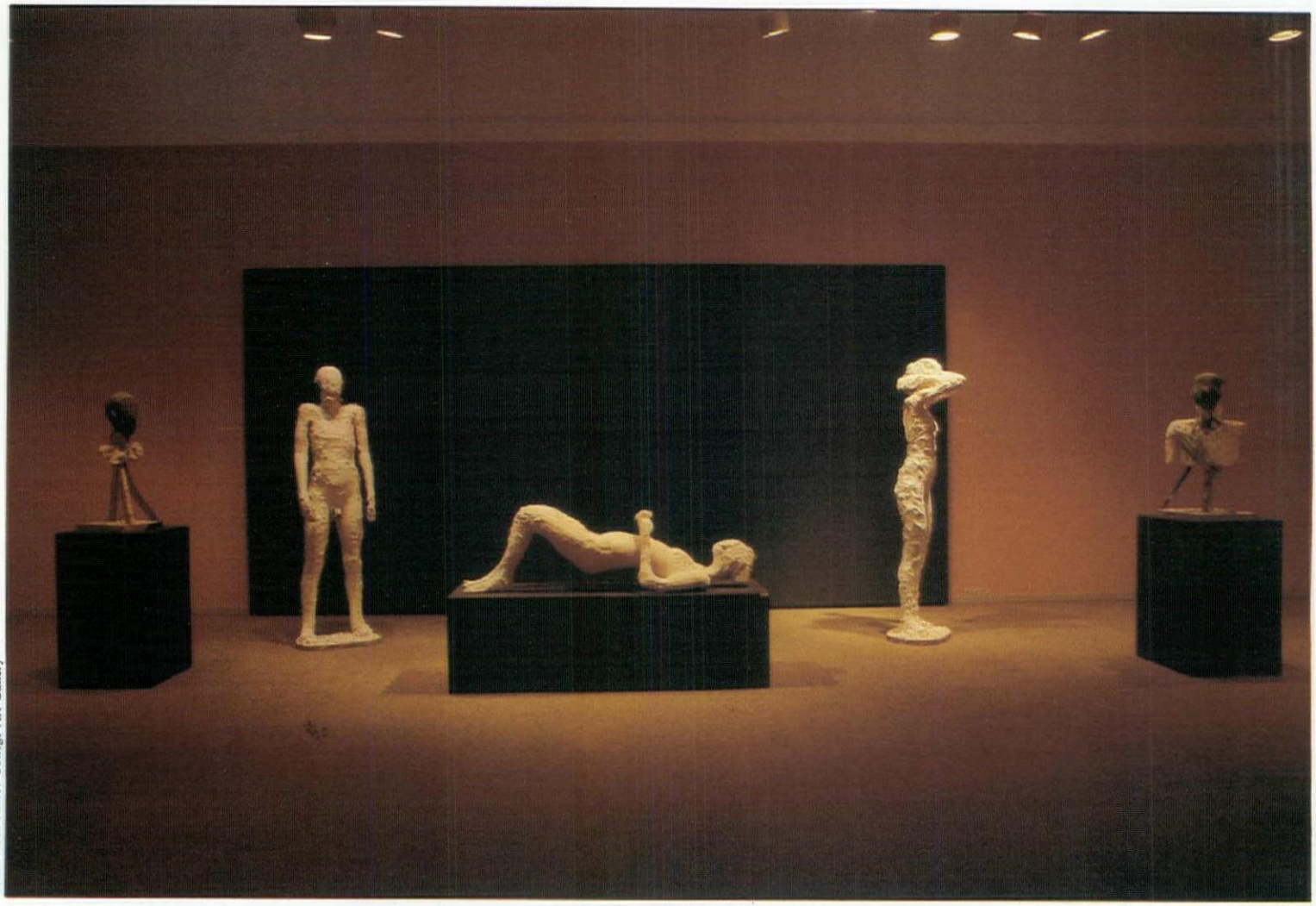
During the Bicentennial I vowed to visit all the contiguous continental states I had missed in *my* first half-century. North and South Dakota I can wait until the Tricentennial to see again! But Montana now haunts the Big Sky of my memory's eye. It took me only five minutes off the bus to understand why city smartie Leslie Fiedler could ever stand Missoula after growing up in Newark, New Jersey. And Helena has the grace and charm of an aging belle dame. I even grew to love the disgracefully wasteful grittiness of Butte. But my heart belongs to Billings and its Richardsonian recycled two blocks south of where the main drags cross. I found it during a Greyhound pitstop while searching for wine, sausage, and cheese as an alternative to Post House fast foolishness.

The Heritage Center is no Field Museum. But it is a microcosm of local lore at its best: cowboys, Indians, ranching, railroads, minerals, and Montaniana to the left, right, and center. I warn you that if you stop and visit it on your way east, it will nail you to Montana for at least a week. Whenever I get a spasm of Montana fever, I reach for the Joseph's multicolored coat of an afghan I bought in their shop for $17.50. (I felt like a burglar slinking back to my bus.) Who would believe me when I say the Western Heritage Center makes "barbed wire" (for God's sake) more interesting than Lewis and Clark? I was so euphoric after that visit that I missed my bus, and whiled away the hours teaching three middle-aged Billings ladies the bump in a local waterin' hole. I never enjoyed a birthday party more.

Santa Rosa Junior College Art Gallery
Santa Rosa, California

Santa Rosa is a not very well kept secret of 60,000 smug souls 60 miles north of San Francisco. But it's a very well kept town. Even Big Mac had to pull in his golden arches before the basilisk eyes of its planning board. One of my finest times was helping dedicate a new Texaco

Baskets from local Indians, African masks from San Francisco.



Santa Rosa Junior College Art Gallery

gas station with a wine and cheese party plus jazz combo.

It's all a civilized conspiracy to live up to the green thumb of Luther Burbank, a New Englander who sought his fortune there in 1875. The local community college (1918) is surpassed in age only by Fresno's. And its small but superb gallery outshines even the closest four-year college, Sonoma State.

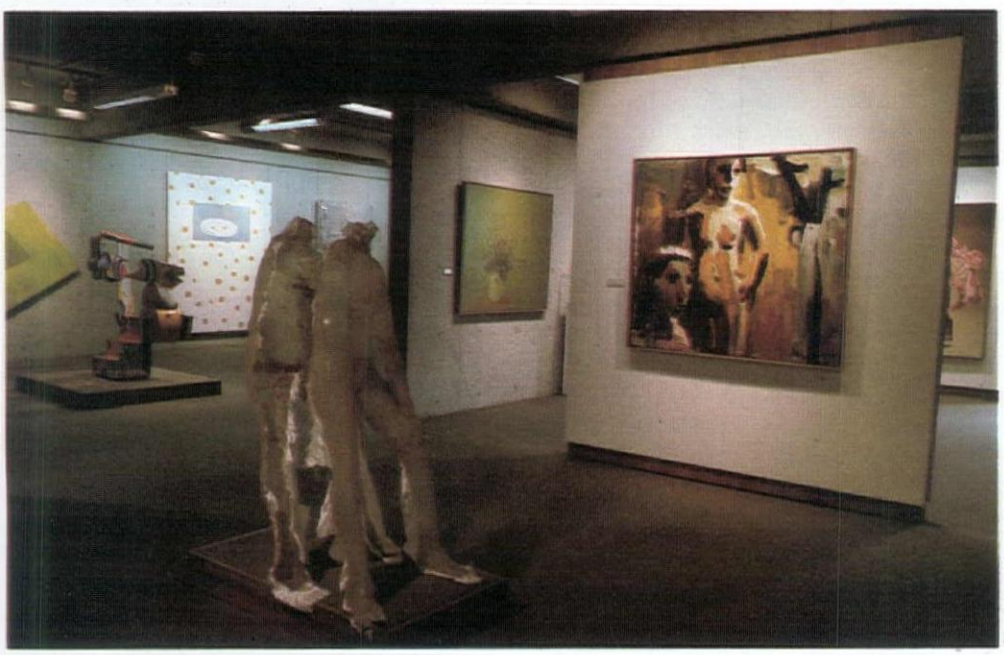
Its secret is a shrewd management of local resources—baskets from local Indians or African masks from a friendly San Francisco gallery, benign ballyhooing through the college's art and lit teachers (who tease their sometimes reluctant scholars into looking at something different just for the hell of it), and the community services department which will leave no medium unturned when touting the gallery's joys. Not surprisingly, the college's art department has one of the best poster-designing tra-



Santa Rosa Junior College Art Gallery



The Oakland Museum



The Oakland Museum

Upper left: A show featuring contemporary figure sculptors at the Santa Rosa (California) Junior College Art Gallery included this work by Manuel Neri. Lower left: Three sculptors give a gallery talk at the Santa Rosa. Above (upper): The Oakland Museum, which the author credits for "the single most satisfying exterior in American museum architecture." Above (lower): Interior of the Oakland Museum, which is strong in black, Mexican, and Indian Art.

ditions in the country. If you visit Santa Rosa's museum during the school year, step twenty paces to the northeast, knock on the art department's door and ask for Max. Tell them Patrick sent you. The ten years of posters lining his atelier's walls make that tacky-looking (from the outside) "temporary" structure a veritable museum annex. I don't say this lightly; I warn against hyperbole: the California junior college at its best, as represented here, is the least wasteful, most vigorous sector of American education, full of the most promise for the quickened demotic sensibility.

The Oakland Museum
Oakland, California

I used to josh my black friends in the Bay Area that they should really name Kevin Roche's jewel of a museum the Huey B. Newton Underground Center for Underhanded Activities because the structure is a kind of inverted hanging gardens. Its class is evident from the first time you ascend the steps and see Benny Bufano's Bear, symbolic of the state of California and (nobly) saved from earlier WPA abandonment. I have spent so many hours on natural highs in this museum that I don't know where to start ticking off its *interior* achievements. I say without fear of rebuttal that it is the single most satisfying "exterior" in American museum architecture. Only the Museo Anthropologico in Mexico City, or the Miro Foundation in Barcelona have given me more intrinsic joy.

I like its contents as well because they are crossover exhibitions. Oakland, having more than a PR problem with its abused minorities, has had to make outreach more than an annual report bromide. So I have seen black art, Mexican art, and Indian art in abundance there. But I have also seen natural history and plain California history, photography (will they ever cease "discovering" yet another lost photographer of the West?), advertising art, design art—as well as your first, run-of-the-mill painting and sculpture retrospectives.

Oakland is the Newark of the West, eclipsed by its better-known peers in San Francisco or New York. It is a kind of Camden of the Bay Area, always cowering before an insolent Philly. Try a day in Oakland, your next trip west. BART is unbeatable in getting there. There's more to Oakland than where the A's play. There's the great art-deco Oakland Paramount, and Jack London Square. If you want to finally know what the word "cocktail" means, try one at sundown at the Sea Wolf restaurant there. The whole complex of waterside shops and restaurants is delectable, but a cool one at sunset in the Sea Wolf makes Venice look like a run-down Lagoonarama. □

Patrick D. Hazard is a professor of English at Beaver College in Pennsylvania. His journey in search of unknown museums carried him across the country last summer.

Spin and Pulse

Laura Dean, after stripping dances to a spin, is making ballets for the Joffrey. By Ellen W. Jacobs

A soft-spoken, almost shy woman with eyes that still view the world with amazement, a laugh edged with the kind of anxiety that makes her seem eager to please: on the surface thirty-five-year-old choreographer and composer Laura Dean seems hardly capable of stirring the kind of controversy that is swirling about her. The most recent excitement has been created by her invitation from Robert Joffrey to create a ballet and musical score for his company's New York season this past November.

Besides being one of the few choreographers to compose her own music, Dean is known for creating dances that have her performers spinning to the right for about forty minutes, then to the left for the next twenty; for making complete dances based on a skip, hop, or stomp; and for choreographing dances so slow moving the dancers appear motionless. Yet Dean has managed, without any conventional flash and dash, to create dances with an austere and compelling glamor all their own.

Though some audiences have difficulty with her work, prestigious producers such as Harvey Lichtenstein of the Brooklyn Academy of Music and Charles Reinhart of the American Dance Festival have shown faith by commissioning major works from her. So convinced was he of her talent that Joffrey, whose own company's New York season could spell its financial life or death, merely shrugged when she warned him that people walk out of her concerts. "That's O.K.," he replied.

But Robert Joffrey has stuck out his neck before, most notably when he invited the once notorious Twyla Tharp to create a ballet for his company. It was called *Deuce Coupe*, and it went on to become a staple in the Joffrey repertory, and to bring Tharp an establishment credibility that eventually led to commissions from American Ballet Theatre, the choreography for the film *Hair*, and three weeks of sold-out houses on Broadway last April.

So success with the Joffrey could bring Dean a whole new future. Official acknowledgment is already being felt. She was recently invited to the White House for a party celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of the National Endowment for the Arts. "At first I thought I'd been asked because I am an NEA panelist. I was amazed when I found out it was because of my own art," she says with characteristic humility. She was also one of seven people invited to be part of the prestigious dance delegation that went to China to view Chinese ballet and ethnic dance this past fall.

At this point, however, she seems more intent on biting the nail of her pinky, more concerned by the shortness of her rehearsal time, than with dreams of Hollywood or Broadway. "The Joffrey kids have to learn a whole new way of moving," she sighs. "But the company did have a number of injuries, and all the other choreographers' rehearsal time was cut," she quickly adds.

Yes, audiences may walk, even stalk, out of Laura Dean performances, muttering about the repetition of steps, feeling cheated by the lack of conventional virtuosity they expect of dancers. But instead of heading for the subway, they have been known to remain rooted in the Brooklyn Academy of Music lobby, shouting at each other about what they felt went wrong.

Those who stay seated, giving themselves over to the kaleidoscopic whirl of joyous dancing, those willing to be seduced by the unique fusion of sound and movement, find themselves hard pressed to explain the transformation that takes place inside themselves when the curtain falls.

Dean may hypnotize her audience with the repetitious use of musical pulse and movement; then she suddenly jerks it awake with an unexpected change in either step or pattern. "It's the spinning, then stopping on a dime that's the most difficult," said Joffrey dancer Glenn Edgerton. The effect is as startling as the sudden blaze of sun through a day of drizzle. Inside we feel a sense of miracle.

Some of the miracle play is due to an uncanny instinct for kinetic geometry that would startle Euclid. In *Night*, her new work for the Joffrey, a series of lines evolves into a circle of eight spinning dancers. The large circle transforms itself into two circles: four women spinning outside as four men do slow-motion thrusts within, their archaic reaches suggesting slow-waking Egyptian friezes. Then the men

Choreographer Laura Dean, at thirty-five, edges into a controversial recognition.

All photographs by Lois Greenfield







People stalk out of her performances, muttering about the repetition of steps.

are spinning outside and the women inside: inside, outside, outside, inside. This E. M. Escher reversal is repeated several times.

Like an arch dependent on its keystone for support, without its counts for cement, Dean's choreography, as well as her dancers, would collapse into a heap. "Be careful," she calls. "If you are only two beats off, the dance will fall apart." The Joffrey dancers know she's not kidding. Initial rehearsals had the dancers jamming into each other, transforming the studio into a freeway free-for-all, offering little hint of the extraordinary logic with which the dance would finally emerge.

Joffrey dancer Cammy Basden says she never had to count so much. "With other choreographers you can get your cues from your partner or from the music, but Laura's music has few changes in phrasing." Nor do Dean dances have partners, or entrances, or exits, during which the dancers can catch their breaths or re-establish their spacing. Ironically, while choreographic success is dependent on an absolute sense of ensemble, the dancers have none of the conventional cues of touch or eye contact. It is the dancer's *independent* counting that creates the spatial cohesion that is at the heart of her work.

"It demands so much inner concentration —we all have different counts—that by the end of a rehearsal I feel dazed, but actually the intense concentration relaxes me in a strange way. I feel ready for my next rehearsal," Basden continues.

Dean determines the counts after she decides the geometric shape of the dance. "I like for the piece to give to me, so rather than sit down with a piece of paper, which I am notorious for not doing—I have very few notes, and I really should have more—I'll just look at something and say: 'Let's try this here; is this possible?' Then if I get something from it, it's like a gift." Her structural dependence on mathematics, which is essentially intuitive, is particularly fascinating considering that she flunked geometry in high school.

"You know why? You know why I failed it?" Her voice begins to rise before she pauses. "I guess part of me has a very rebellious mind, but it wasn't that I was trying to be snotty or pretentious, I did have a difficult time learn-

Says one Joffrey dancer of Dean's choreography, "It's the spinning, then stopping on a dime, that's the most difficult."

She decided if the world was going to end, she might as well work on her dancing.

ing, and I remember in geometry class, the first day, a very nice woman, a very nice math teacher, she came in and put something on the board and she said, 'This is a given,' and I raised my hand and I said, 'Who gave it?' I wanted to know where it came from, and when I can't get those answers, my mind doesn't compute. I can't accept something at face value. I have to know the source of it."

She tells another story. When she was eighteen months old she was run over by a truck in the driveway of her parents' home on Staten Island. Her leg was smashed in eighteen places, and the right side of her pelvic bone had to be completely rebuilt. The truck had just missed her skull. The doctor warned she would probably never walk again. She lay in a hospital room in traction for the next eight months. Then she learned to walk again, but the trauma of the experience may have taught the child never to accept anything as a given, inspiring her endless joy in movement and a terror of remaining still.

Critics have suggested that her spinning is a rip-off of the dervish whirl. Dean says she discovered the spin in a dance studio in San Francisco. The year was 1968.

Like many of her disenchanted contemporaries, and like the Rolling Stones, who were singing "Paint It Black," Dean, too, was convinced the world was about to end. She decided to go to Mexico, where at least it was warm and sunny. But after running out of money, she returned to New York. Then she decided to try San Francisco, where there was talk of communal living. Things were not as rumor had it, so she decided if the world *was* going to end, she might as well try to work on her dancing. She assigned herself to a studio for two hours a day to work alone. "But every time I started to move I felt like someone else, a Paul Taylor dancer (she had had a brief stay with the Taylor Company), something, someone. . . ."

In order to divest herself of former influences and old muscle habits, she forced herself to try what is very difficult for any dancer, particularly one who still maintained a deep-felt terror that if she ever stopped moving she would die: Dean tried to sit absolutely still.

Several weeks later, when she could no longer bear the physical silence, she began to walk. Back and forth, forth and back, she walked. Then she began to walk in circles. As she continued to close in on herself, she found herself spinning. "I started laughing because the kinesthetic feeling was so enjoyable." The spin has become Dean's choreographic signature.

The early dances that came out of those lonely months of self-imprisonment in San Francisco included *Stamping Dance*, her first ensemble work; *Circle Dance*, a work created for ten women; and *Jumping Dance* (the dancers jump together as long as they can before resting and beginning once again; then when their feet hit the ground, they emit a "Ha!"). It was these simple, rigidly structured dances that had critics first declare her a "postmodern minimalist."

In about 1971, she began collaboration with composer Steve Reich, who was as concerned with the possibilites of repetition in sound as Dean was with them in movement. After *Drumming* in 1975, Dean, who had had twelve years of music training, decided she also wanted to compose her own music. "That way a dance's visual and aural structure come from one source," she said in a *New York Times* article. "It's also very playful to compose your own music. You can just go ahead and lop off or add on music wherever you like without having to get someone else's permission."

In 1976 she made *Song* and then *Dance*, which had the dancers singing as well as dancing, with Dean as both choreographer and composer. Her rhythms and spatial patterns were growing more and more complex, and her dances were resonating with greater splashes of freedom and joy.

Dean says she never really wanted to become a professional dancer or choreographer. "I didn't know what I wanted. But I was always a physically aware child. I was aware on the bus that my feet didn't touch the floor. I hated, absolutely hated, school. You couldn't move. If you did, you got into trouble. I wasn't hyperactive. I just needed to move."

At the age of five her parents took her for dance lessons at the Third Street Settlement Music School in Manhattan. "My first crush was on my dance teacher, Lucas Hoving. He was a blond, tall Dutchman with muscles sticking out of his arms." Dean's face grows animated at the memory. "Lucas' class was freedom. You could use your imagination, could skip and go around in circles. I really got into technique. Yes, you have feet! Someone was on my wavelength. Lucas would talk about your back and neck. Someone was acknowledging: Yes, you have a body."

When she was about ten or eleven years old, her mother took her to see New York City Ballet's production of *The Nutcracker*, and ". . . I fell in love with the star. He was a blond, blue-eyed boy." Knowing that *The Nutcracker* children studied at the School of American Ballet, she pestered her mother to take her to SAB for ballet lessons so she could meet the prince. When she finally did, she was disappointed. "He wasn't my type," she laughs.

As a student at the High School of Performing Arts, she studied both ballet and modern dance, eventually majoring in modern. At graduation she still didn't want to be a professional dancer, although she believes dancing "saved my life. I was always an incredible rebel. I spent one whole semester going to Central Park instead of school. But thank God for PA," she says quickly. "If I had had to go to my local high school, I would never have made it. I was rebellious and extremely unhappy. One thing about Performing Arts, you had to move, and there's something cathartic about moving. If you are depressed, at least you have your body."

After graduation, she entered Boston University as a theater major. Her college education ended after two months when in a fit of temper at the rules and regulations foisted on her—her theater work required she come in after the 9:30 dorm curfew—she threw a lamp at her housemother. "I'd never, ever done anything like that in my life. I was so infuriated at their stupidity, and I told the dean of women. And I am *not* a violent human being. At that time, if anything, I was extremely quiet, a very intense, quiet person."

For a long time after her return to New York, she remained at home in Staten Island "doing nothing" until she got a job as a receptionist at New Directions. She still didn't know what she wanted to be, but she began to take ballet again. In 1965 she tried out for the Paul Taylor Dance Company and was accepted. She danced with Taylor for almost a year before leaving and beginning to work on her own. (Tharp, too, had a fleeting stay with the Taylor Company.)

Then at Clark Center she became involved with two brilliant iconoclasts—Meredith Monk and Kenneth King, both of whom incorporate theater into their dance. Dean laughingly describes her own experiments with theater pieces

Laura Dean (left) with her company: (from left, standing) Peter Healey and Perry Souchuk; (seated) Ching Gonzalez, Angela Caponigro, and Erin Matthiessen.



during that period—none of which was performed publicly—as "avant-garde kitsch." These works happened before she took off for San Francisco in 1968. And now, twelve years later, the Joffrey seems to represent another beginning for another important departure.

In its comparative brevity and inclusion of a Dean-ized balletic vocabulary, *Night* might be regarded as a ballet audience's introduction to the mysterious spells cast by Laura Dean. Perhaps its shortness robs it of some of the hypnotic power that characterizes her full-evening dances for her own company, yet the work, with its slow-moving, snaking developes, spins en pointe, attitudes with arms in strange, unballetic angles, evolves with a beauty and shock all its own.

By suggesting a new dimension to Dean's own choreographic imagination and providing a whole new look to the Joffrey dances, *Night* fulfills her ever modestly stated intentions: "I wanted the challenge of working with ballet dancers. I'd never worked with ballet dancers before. I'm working on my version of what ballet means. This is my first step out."

Another step Dean has been taking is television. During the Joffrey season she flew to Minneapolis with members of her own company to perform *Tympani*, which was commissioned by the Walker Art Center. The dance will be performed live in Orchestra Hall and then taped in a television studio by KTCA. (A broadcast date has not yet been set.)

Though she is less interested in television as an art form than in its practical potential ("It's two dimensional; it's a great narrative, storytelling tool but it's not conducive to dance because there's no sense of gravity and the dancing figure is relatively small because most people have nineteen-inch screens") she is intrigued by its ability to reach millions who sit at home rather than go to the theater.

In the meantime, Dean Dancers and Musicians can be seen live this spring at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, D.C., from March 27 to 29, which is just before the company leaves for their planned five-week State Department tour of Asia. She has also been commissioned to create a new work by the American Dance Festival, where it will be premiered this July in Durham, North Carolina. □

Ellen W. Jacobs has written about dance in numerous publications including the New York Times *and* Soho News.

Entrepreneurs of Anxiety

"Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne are really pretenders to the throne of high culture."

By John Lahr

In his book of essays, *Quintana and Friends*, John Gregory Dunne salutes Los Angeles as "the kingdom of self . . . it is the end of the line. The last chance. *Eureka*. I love it." Dunne and his wife Joan Didion, both best sellers in a community that respects only the numbers, are the Lunts of the Los Angeles literary scene. Each in his own way celebrates the sights and symbols of California, making the society's emptiness sensational. Their writing is typical of California insensibility.

As with the rest of the California middle class who jog, exercise, diet, sunbathe, and search for inner peace and self-awareness, Dunne and Didion are obsessed with themselves. In a society without a mission, they are their own most heroic projects, and this self-absorption manifests itself in style. "I hate to ask questions," Dunne admits, his selfishness very much a part of his journalistic posturing. "In any event I am not interested in the answers . . . . What I do is hang around." This could be called the surfer school of journalism, where the laid-back reporter simply goes with the flow. In beach language "radical" means "very" as in "rad dads" which are G-string bikinis. Dunne's cool is equally frivolous and diminishing. His wife's style and persona are more cunning. She turns herself into a metaphor of the social malaise, alienation in a twin set.

"We tell ourselves stories in order to live," Joan Didion writes in the much-quoted first line of *The White Album*, essays which span the upheavals of the late 1960s and the becalmed 1970s. But the real story she is telling is that of her own suffering. She has the Brentwood Blues. She meditates on her desolation and makes it elegant. She chews the cud of meaninglessness. She puts herself in the vanguard of suffering and uses this to set herself apart from the rich, successful, and decadent Los Angeles life she enjoys. She needs the fiction to rationalize the fact that she is part of the problem she analyzes.

The tactic runs in the family. Dunne begins his *Vegas: A Memoir of a Dark Season*, "In the summer of my nervous breakdown . . . " But Didion has no peer in special pleading. Anxiety passes for seriousness. She exploits the drama of her lack of effect, staging it with all the tact and relish of the Ancient Mariner and his tale of woe: "I want you to understand what you are getting: you are getting a woman who for some time now has felt radically separated from most of the ideas that seem to interest other people" ("The Islands"). Or: "Three, four, sometimes five times a month I spend the day with a headache, almost insensible to the world around me" ("In Bed"). Or: "Quite often during the past several years I have felt myself a sleepwalker. Acquaintances read the *New York Times* and try to tell me the news of the world. I listen to call-in shows" ("The Islands").

Didion is a Hollywood somnambulist. She remembers the famous names she meets on the way. In dramatizing the paranoia of the 1960s, her case history reads like a gossip column of the decade's chaos:

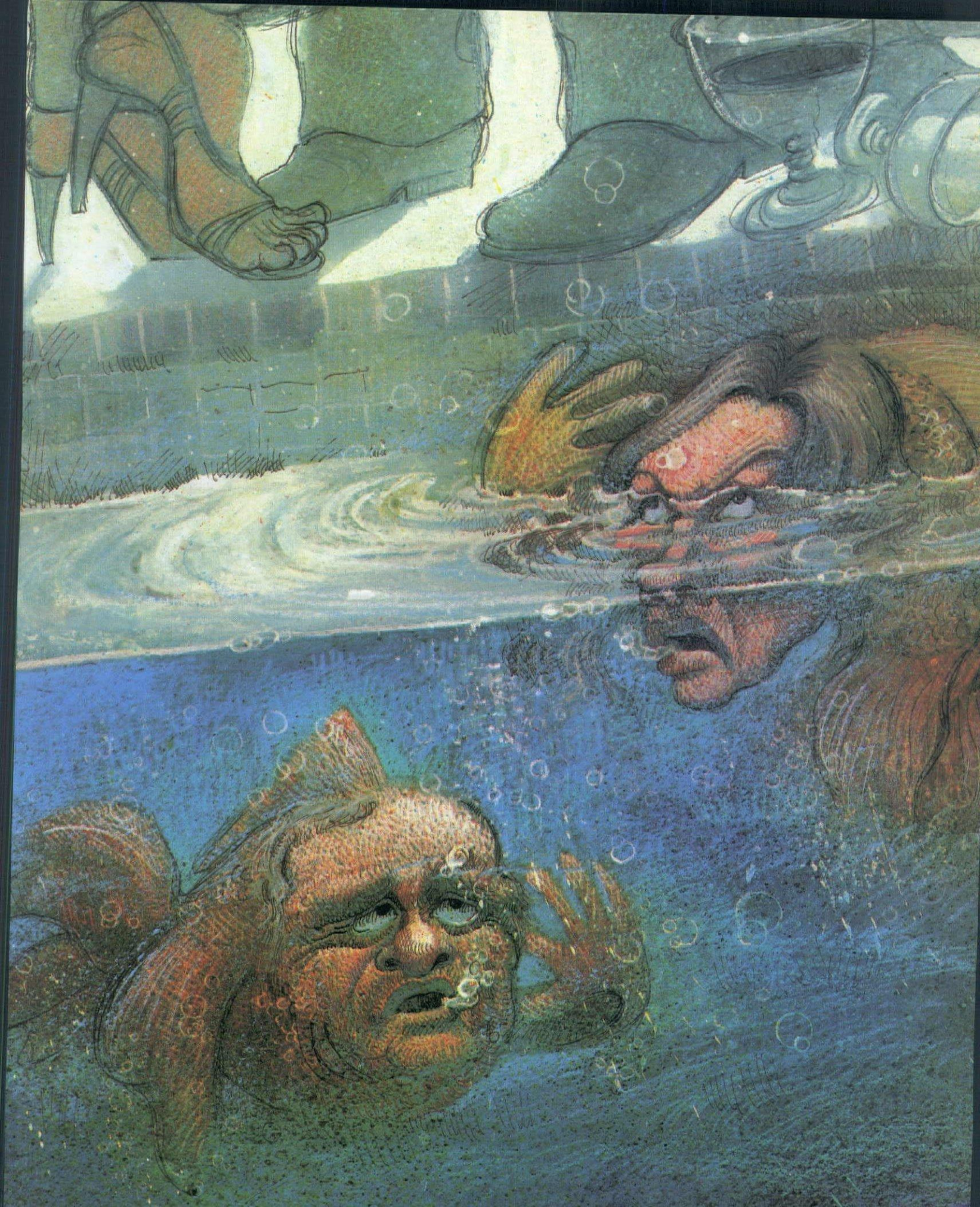
> . . . In this light all connections were equally meaningful and equally senseless. Try these: on the morning of John Kennedy's death in 1963 I was buying at Ransohoff's in San Francisco, a short silk dress in which to be married. A few years later this dress was ruined when, at a party in Bel Air, Roman Polanski accidentally spilled red wine on it. Sharon Tate was also a guest at this party, although she and Roman Polanski were not yet married. On July 27, 1970 I went to the Magnin-Hi Shop on the third floor of I. Magnin in Beverly Hills and picked out, at Linda Kasabian's request, the dress in which she began her testimony about the murders at Sharon Tate Polanski's house on Cielo Drive.

In the aristocracy of success, there are no strangers. This is California radical chic. In the sixties, California gave America many of its celebrated killers (Charles Manson), kingpins (Richard Nixon and his henchmen), and crusades (the Black Panthers and the Esalen Institute). As a famous writer, Didion has entrée to everyone. The Coast describes not only the California shoreline, but a state of mind.

When she encounters the movers and shakers of her time, Didion, like her husband, has no questions. What she brings back is not "the story" but tidbits of insiders' gossip that tell us more about her state of mind than the life of

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John Lahr's most recent book is Prick Up Your Ears: The Biography of Joe Orton. *He has written two screenplays, one of his novel* The Autograph Hound *and a short,* Sticky My Fingers, Fleet My Feet, *which was nominated for an an Academy Award.*



those she reports. Eldridge Cleaver made her ring his apartment bell and then stand in the middle of Oak Street in San Francisco before deciding whether to admit her. Then they talked about the advertising budget of *Soul on Ice*. She waited for Jim Morrison of the Doors to arrive at a recording session, and an hour after he made his entrance he finally said to one of his sidemen "in a whisper, as if he was wrestling the words from behind some disabling aphasia: 'It's an hour to West Covina. I was thinking maybe we should spend the night out there after we play.' " Didion, of course, was close enough to hear the muffled whisper.

The sense of abundance in California is extraordinary—the beauty of the landscape matched by the apparent material well-being of its middle-class citizens. "Have you hugged your realtor today," say bumper stickers, a reminder of the land boom that has filled the pockets of Californians and fed the dream of perfectibility that the landscape inspires. The film industry promotes this sense of abundance, epitomizing the greed that stars make glorious. As occasional screenwriters, Dunne and Didion are members in good standing of the Hollywood establishment. Although they both pretend to be disenchanted by the scene ("I admit a certain impatience with Hollywood and all its orthodoxies," Dunne says), they are spellbound by celebrity. Dunne, a groupie by nature and a hustler at heart, moved to California in 1964 and found himself in hog heaven. "Why write for films?" he asks in his essay "Tinsel." "Because the money is good . . . and because the other night, after a screening, we went to a party with Mike Nichols and Candice Bergen and Warren Beatty and Barbra Streisand. I never did that at *Time*." Jack Warner once called screenwriters "schmucks with Underwoods." Nothing Dunne boasts about in his film experiences belies this description. But Didion is a much cooler customer; her conservatism is hidden behind her shrewd satire on California high life. Her prose is never more energetic than when she is turning her consumer's eye to the objects of the rich. Detailing the lifestyle of Hollywood's old guard she writes: "Dinner guests pick with vermeil forks at broiled fish and limestone lettuce *vinaigrette*, decline dessert, adjourn to the screening room, and settle down to *The Heartbreak Kid* with a little seltzer in a Baccarat glass." As Mr. and Mrs. Insider, they write most vivaciously about the superficial. Dunne can infiltrate Twentieth Century–Fox to report on the fiasco of filming *Dr. Doolittle* in his entertaining book *The Studio*, and Didion can drop the persona of narcolept and come alive as grande dame in her essay "In Hollywood" to explain the customs of the natives to the tourists: "Flirtations between men and women, like drinks after dinner, remain largely the luxury of character actors out from New York, one-shot writers, reviewers being courted by industry people, and others who do not understand the *mise* of the local scene."

In their enthusiasm, Dunne and Didion's descriptions always evade any political nuance or moral position. They defend themselves for this symptomatic myopia by adopting the highfalutin tone of insider. "Driving the freeway induces a kind of narcosis," Dunne writes in his essay about Los Angeles. "Speed is a virtue, and the speed of the place makes one obsessive, a gambler. The spirit is that of a city on the move. . . . Mobility is their common language, without it, or an appreciation of it, the visitor is illiterate." But the vast, sophisticated network of freeways—which epitomizes both the ambition and restlessness of the society—also stratify and blinker it. Dunne sees the car as a symbol of mobility; but it is also the symbol of California's cultural sterilization, keeping each class sanitized from the experience of the others. The freeways, the shopping malls, the drive-ins are all controlled environments which promote evasion, not community. Isolated in their cars, the commuters see and hear only what they want to. Only the poor walk or take buses in California. But Dunne is too busy cheering the society's sense of freedom and liberation from "community chauvinism" to see the vicious implications of this attitude. A winner in the competition to survive, he takes no notice of its effects on the poor.

Dunne practices his own brand of chauvinism. The punk group Dead Kennedys sings, "California uber Alles," and Dunne shouts "*Eureka*. I love it!"—a phrase which isn't exactly a call to arms. It is as if, as Auden writes of earlier migrants to this disappointing Eden, Dunne was touched in the head:

The tolerant Pacific air
Makes logic seem so silly, pain
Subjective . . .

California's spaciousness, the absence of a past in a jerry-built society, the wealth, turned a sixty-pound East Coast weakling into a West Coast he-man. "For eight years on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, I had been a have-not and malcontent. I dreamed of being an adventurer. . . . I can say now what I dared not say then: I was a jerk." California, the eternal present, the world of now and "Have a good

D&D: The Oeuvre

Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne, who have been married since 1964, are widely regarded as the unofficial arbiters of the intellectual world that might be nicknamed "California Chic." Didion, forty-seven, was born in Sacramento, California, and went to college at Berkeley; Dunne, two years older, hails from Connecticut and attended Princeton.

Didion, still the better-known writer, first gained widespread acclaim for her collection of biting essays, *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*, in 1968; she had preceded that book with a novel, *Run River, and worked for Vogue* for seven years. Her second novel, *Play It As It Lays*, in 1970 a best seller, was made into a popular movie starring Tuesday Weld. Her third novel, *A Book of Common Prayer* (1977), was an even greater success both commercially and critically. In *The White Album* (1979), Didion's second collection of essays, her jaded celebration of California is epitomized.

Dunne worked as an editor for *Time* magazine after a brief stint in the army. His first two books, *Delano* (1967) and *The Studio* (1969), a memoir about Hollywood, were well-received critically but gained only a small readership. *Vegas* (1973), a memoir about dealing with a nervous breakdown, won Dunne a wider audience, and his Los Angeles thriller *True Confessions* (1977) was a best seller. In 1979 he published a collection of short pieces called *Quintana and Friends*.

Dunne and Didion moved to Los Angeles in 1964. With their daughter Quintana Dunne, they now live in a house on the beach at Trancas, California. They first collaborated in a column that ran in the old *Saturday Evening Post* in the 1960s; since then they have jointly written the screenplays for three films: *The Panic in Needle Park* (1971), *Play It As It Lays* (1972), and *True Confessions* (1980). They were also responsible for the early drafts of the remake of *A Star Is Born* (1976).

"Dunne: a groupie by nature and a hustler at heart."

day" hymned by sincere pool attendants and cashiers, was Dunne's new world. The laminated skies, the purifying ocean, the manicured lawns, and glassy pools where dirt and guilt seemed to have been abolished, promised him rebirth. Dunne said good-by not only to the cramping failures of his East Coast/European past, but also to his conscience. The transience and kitsch of California race Dunne's engine: an entire community symbolizing the detritus of Western capitalism. "To me . . . it was *the* new world. I watched Los Angeles television. I listened to Los Angeles radio, devoured Los Angeles newspapers trying to find the visa that would provide entry. 'Go gargle razor blades' advised a local talk show host pleasantly; it was a benediction that seemed to set the tone of the place. Dawn televised live on the Sunset Strip; a minister of the Lord inquired of a stringy-haired nubile what she liked doing best in the world. An unequivocal answer: 'Balling.' . . . I read of a man living on the rim of Death Valley who walked alone out into the desert, leaving behind a note that he wanted to 'talk to God.' God apparently talked back: the man was bitten by a rattlesnake and died." A self-confessed jerk, Dunne found peace at last in the psychopathic styles that pass for "individualism" in Southern California. In fierce defense of his new turf, disdaining outsiders ("the casual visitor"), Dunne can't see the hellishness behind the vulgarity he enjoys. As Bertolt Brecht wrote of Hollywood:

The village of Hollywood was planned
  according to the notion
People in these parts have of heaven. In these
  parts
They have come to the conclusion that God,
Requiring a heaven and hell, didn't need to
Plan just two establishments but
Just the one: heaven. It
Serves the unprosperous, unsuccessful
As hell.

—"Hollywood Elegies," I

Didion is no less perverse than her husband, shrewdly selling her anxiety while praising those things in California life that symbolize its sterility. Didion maintains that the driven, megalomaniacal, isolated, and insecure life of the film colony is "the last extant stable society!" At the same time, in the same essay, she rightly observes that in the film industry "the action is everything, more consuming than sex, more immediate than politics; more important, always, than the acquisition of money, which is never, for the gambler, the true point of the exercise." That does not sound like a prescription for stability. Didion is equally mischievous in her love of shopping malls which have destroyed local markets and homogenized the suburbs. Didion sees these malls not only as "equalizers" but as tranquilizers. She welcomes their anonymity and craves their blandness. "In each of them one moves for a while in aqueous suspension not only of light but of judgment and of personality. One meets no acquaintances at The Esplanade. One gets no telephone calls at the Edgewater Plaza." Where Dunne uses "freedom" to rationalize rootlessness and cruel romantic attitudes ("It deepens the sense of self-reliance"), Didion is never so crudely sentimental. Her moral emptiness is cloaked in the neurasthenic performance of victim. Princess of angst, Didion mythologizes an arid world and also its antidote, water. Of course, as she admits in "Holy Water," she has "an obsessive interest not in the politics of water but in the waterworks themselves." Water, emblem of purity and remission, becomes in her imagination an extension of the greed and glut that dominate the pampered landscape through which she moves:

Some of us who live in arid parts of the
world think about water with a reverence
others might find excessive. The water I will
draw tomorrow from my tap in Malibu is
today crossing the Mojave Desert from the
Colorado River, and I like to think about
exactly where the water is. The water I will
drink tonight in a Hollywood restaurant is by
now all down the Los Angeles Aqueduct
from the Owens River, and I also think
about exactly where the water is: I
particularly like to imagine it as it cascades
down the 45-degree stone steps that aerate
Owens water after its airless passage through
the mountain pipes and siphons. . . .

Longing to be refreshed, soothed, nurtured, and calm, Didion offers an evocative description of water that always reminds the reader that it, too, is a sedative. She champions the totemic Hollywood swimming pool against those who have "misapprehended" this $10,000 to $50,000 item as a symbol of waste and affluence. "Actually a pool is for many of us in the West a symbol not of affluence but of order, of control over the uncontrollable. A pool is water made available and useful and is, as such, infinitely soothing to the Western eye." Brecht wrote:

The city is named after the angels
And you meet angels on every hand
They smell of oil and wear golden pessaries
And, with blue rings round their eyes
Feed the writers in their swimming pools every
  morning.

—"Hollywood Elegies," III

California is a state of amateur outdoorsmen—of runners, of swimmers, of bikers, of sailors, and of golfers. Here, the surface of life can be enjoyed without analysis. Amidst the sun, surf, and caesar salads, intellectual stimulation is never a high priority. Dunne and Didion are really pretenders to the throne of high culture; and only a society indifferent to literature could tolerate their pretensions to excellence.

But their work does reflect a society seemingly anesthetized to the implications of the wealth it enjoys. Dunne and Didion never question the consequences of Los Angeles or the California scene on which they report—the general absence of community, the moral stupor, the greedy self-aggrandizement, and the emotional impoverishment that characterize and enchant the place. "We have a sense out here, however spacious, of being alone, of wanting to be alone, of having our own space, a kingdom of self with a two-word motto: 'Fuck off.' " If Dunne runs off at the mouth like an Irishman who has just kissed the Blarney stone, Didion speaks in a terse, oblique style that is more commanding but no less spurious. Didion's muted prose gives both her life and her writing a sense of elegant unease. She has staked out the dead heart of American life as her territory, but its barbarism claims her. "We were drinking an indifferent bottle of Chateau Leoville-Poyferre which cost $20 American," she writes of a sojourn to Bogota, Columbia. The sentence is unworthy, but typical, of that California side of her drawn to brand names and big names. She is obsessed with the moral emptiness around her because she embraces it. The story she tells herself is that her suffering sets her apart. On the contrary, her narcissistic self-absorption, her steadfast refusal to acknowledge a moral position, her indifference to the suffering of others, and her love of luxury make Didion and her husband brilliant mirrors of the California bourgeoisie. □



Collecting Original Prints

The hows, whys, and whats of fine art prints: a practical guide for the aficionado.

By Dennis Adrian

Although printmaking has one of the oldest traditions among all forms of art, it is only in the last decade or so that collecting original prints has become a truly "hot" phenomenon. Indeed, the term "original print" remains somewhat ill defined today.

Many collectors of art, even those with modest incomes, are finding themselves increasingly interested in buying prints for the home or office. Yet the world of printmaking all too easily bewilders or intimidates the beginning collector. One of the most frequently asked questions—and one of the hardest to answer—is, "How much should I pay for a _____?" (supply name of favorite artist). Moreover, the field, unfortunately, has been infiltrated by prints run in suspiciously large numbers and even by a whole class of fakes.

In "Collecting Original Prints" Chicago critic Dennis Adrian offers a practical guide for the would-be collector, steering him past the several pitfalls in the field, demystifying its complexities, and sharing his sense of the rich rewards this pursuit can bring.

What exactly is an original print?

It is very difficult, in any hard and fast way, to make a tight definition of an original print. Most collectors, critics, and curators require that the printing surface (block, plate, etc.) be made by the artist himself and that he direct or supervise and approve the resulting editions. There are certain kinds of exceptions to this. An artist may produce a design in the form of a drawing and have the master printers transfer it, perhaps photographically, to the printing surface. Most works so produced can be regarded as original, but if such prints are produced in truly enormous editions and carelessly executed, they are regarded by some as reproductions rather than original works. Tastes and attitudes about these questions have changed radically over the five centuries of Western printmaking, and doubtless will continue to do so in the future.

How many prints are run off in a given edition?

Most artists' prints are made in moderately large editions, from about twenty impressions to 150. Editions of more than 250 impressions usually are restricted to techniques like lithography, silk screen, and relief prints, where the printing surfaces will not ordinarily deteriorate with extensive use.

Most prints today are numbered in a fractional form: i.e., 1/50, 2/50, 3/50, and so forth. The lower figure indicates the total size of the edition. The upper number does not usually refer to the order of printing; it is merely a serial number. In almost every technique, as the prints are pulled (printed) they are hung up to dry on lines like so much laundry. There are usually imperfect impressions among the batch which must be discarded. An artist may have to pull sixty prints to produce fifty good impressions or "proofs."

The first few impressions in any edition rarely produce exactly the desired effect—too much or too little pressure was applied, the ink was not dark enough, the color was not right, or the viscosity of ink too great or too little. Therefore, in developing the final image, a number of experimental or "trial" proofs are necessarily taken. These are ordinarily annotated "trial proof," *épreuve d'essai*, or some such. Also, besides the fifty proofs of the edition, the artist normally takes a small number of proofs—four or five—for himself. These will be marked "artist's proofs" or *épreuve d'artiste*, "A.P." or "é.d'a."

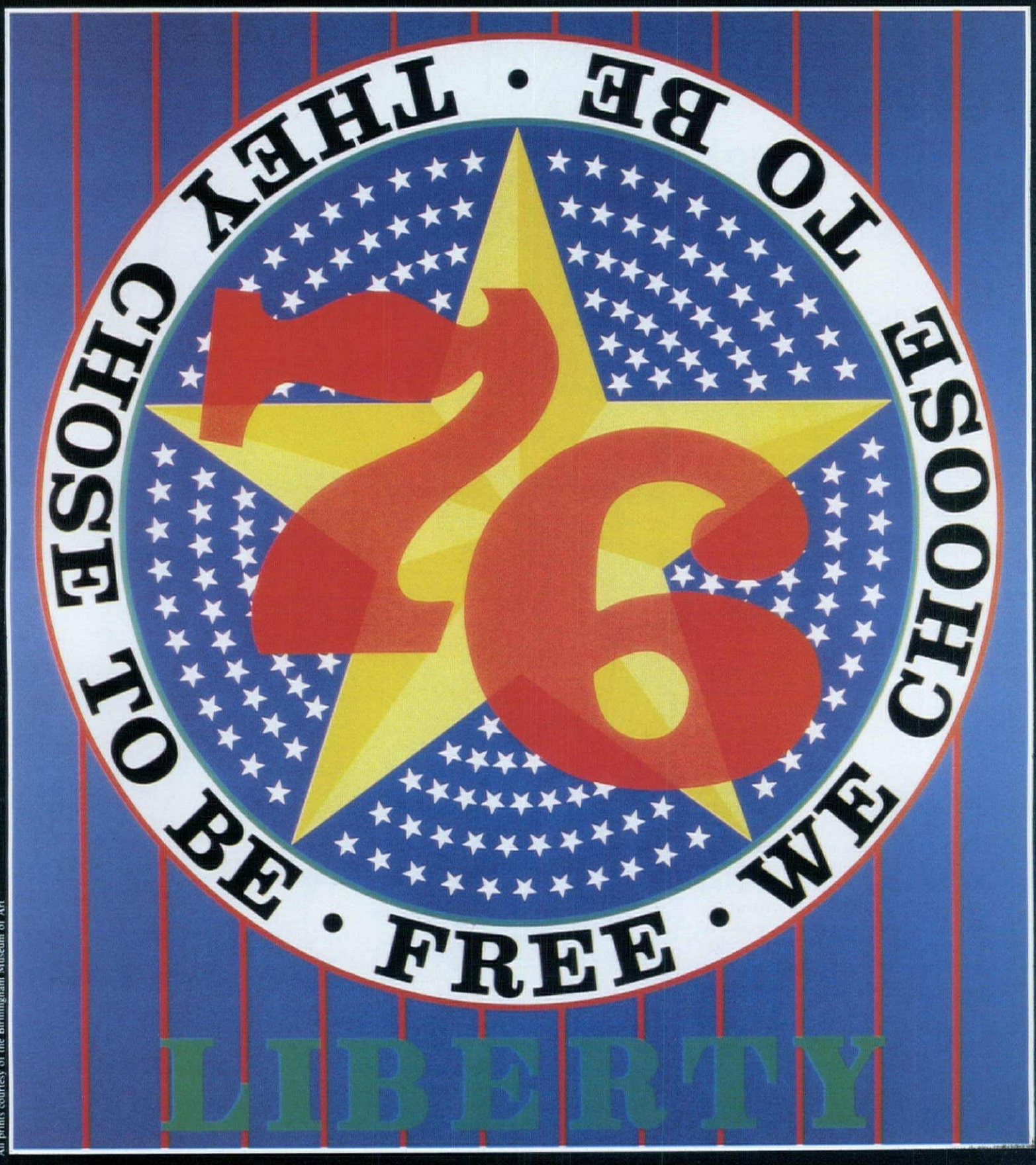
Sometimes in making the trial proofs, the artist may decide to make some change in the block or plate: this constitutes a *change of state*. In such cases the proofs are usually marked "trial proof, first state," "trial proof, final state," and so forth. Occasionally, the artist is stimulated by the results of this progressive proofing to make many successive state changes, completely reworking his initial conception, but this is rather rare.

What is a "deluxe edition"?

Besides the regular edition of proofs, there may occasionally be another edition on a different or finer type of paper. These "deluxe editions" are usually small. Many artists have reservations about this practice because the numbering may mislead. Because the deluxe

Dennis Adrian, an art historian and critic who lives in Chicago, has been writing art criticism for twenty-five years.

Robert Indiana, Liberty '76, *silkscreen, 34 x 38 inches. Indiana's bold, hard-edged designs and brilliant colors are ideally suited to the silkscreen process.*



All prints courtesy of the Birmingham Museum of Art



Prints through the Centuries

A capsule history of the development of the art

By Suzanne Boorsch

Like Monsieur Jourdain, the *bourgeois gentilhomme* of Molière who was amazed to learn that he spoke prose every day, many people are taken aback to have it pointed out that their daily newspapers, their movie tickets, even their cereal boxes, cocktail napkins, and junk mail are all prints. Anything printed is a print—the matter is as simple as that (although to complicate it a bit a few things that are not printed—silkscreens, for example, which are actually stencilled—are also called prints). Some prints, however, are made to be works of art, and although the line between those and prints with a pragmatic function is not always sharp, one still can speak in general about the development of prints as works of art.

Printing is thousands of years old. The oldest printmaking method, stamping, was used by the Babylonians to put kings' names on bricks; this method is being used again today, by a group of printmakers striving to fuse artistic and democratic concerns. The oldest prints on the market, and in museum print rooms, are woodcuts, made by a method akin to stamping since the design is made to stand out in relief from the background surface, the parts in relief are inked, and the inked design and the material receiving the image are pressed together. During the fifteenth century the woodcut was the commonest form of print, and through most of the century workmanship was simple, even crude, although if such a woodcut were to come on the market now it would fetch a great price, just because such an appearance is so rare. But some of the most famous and most extraordinary woodcuts of all time—the sixteen of Albrecht Dürer's *Apocalypse*— were made before the century was out, and these are still available from time to time, at a good price also, to be sure. (What is called a proof impression, that is, one with nothing on the back as opposed to one actually from a book with the text of the *Apocalypse* in German or Latin on the other side, will cost more.)

Also during the fifteenth century, the earliest engravings were printed on paper. Like stamping, decorative engraving on metal had been done since antiquity, and when in the fifteenth century paper began to be available in quantity in Europe it doubtless was someone in a metalworking shop who had the idea of putting ink into lines incised in a metal plate, wiping the plate clean, and pressing paper against it hard enough to pick up the ink.



Albrecht Dürer, detail from Virgin Crowned by Two Angels, *woodcut, 1518. Dürer raised the technique of wood engraving to its highest level, before moving on to metal engraving, in the search for a technique that would allow even greater detail.*

Suzanne Boorsch, assistant curator of the Department of Prints and Photographs of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, writes frequently about prints as an art form.

Engraving is called an intaglio process, using the Italian word meaning "cut" or "incised." Etching, another intaglio process, first used for prints around 1500, also originated in a metal-working shop, that of the armorer Daniel Hopfer in Augsburg. In engraving, the lines are made with a tool called a burin, pushed by the human arm; in etching (from the Dutch word *etsen*, "to eat"), a coating of wax is applied to the metal, lines are incised in the coating, and then acid eats away the metal where the protective wax was removed. Intaglio prints, because of the time required to ink the grooves and carefully to wipe the plate, and the great pressure required to press the paper evenly into the lines, were always much slower, i.e., more expensive to produce than woodcuts; thus, from the beginning, engravings were more highly prized by connoisseurs, while woodcuts were the art of the populace.

Aquatint and mezzotint are variations on intaglio processes invented in the seventeenth century, but essentially until the nineteenth century there were two methods, relief and intaglio, for the printmaker. In practice the relief process, the woodcut, fell out of favor before 1600. When around 1630 Peter Paul Rubens made some designs to be cut in wood by Christoffel Jegher, the technique was already old-fashioned; nonetheless the *Garden of Love* and the *Drunken Silenus* are some of the greatest works not just in woodcut but in all of printmaking. Pure engraving also was abandoned after the sixteenth century (to be picked up again only in recent years)—it was too time-consuming. In short, printmakers from 1600–1800—Rembrandt, Callot, Bosse, Piranesi, Rowlandson are names that stand out among hundreds—all worked in etching.

When Francisco de Goya began printmaking with his etched set of eighty *Caprichos*, published in 1799, lithography was just being invented; a quarter of a century later, in his late seventies, Goya made the first great lithographs, the four powerful *Taureaux de Bordeaux*, so called because they were done in the French city to which Goya had fled the renewed Inquisition in Spain.

A lithographic image is neither incised into, nor in relief from, the surface but remains on the same plane; its principle is the antipathy of grease and water. The image is drawn on the stone (today it could be a zinc or aluminum plate) with a greasy crayon, and water is put on the stone, but it does not adhere to the greasy image. A greasy ink, which adheres only to the image, is then applied and paper is pressed against the surface as in intaglio or relief processes. Lithography was the medium par excellence of the nineteenth century, and it found its most prolific practitioner in a Frenchman born in 1808, shortly after its invention. In his lifetime Honoré Daumier made about four thousand images for magazines of social satire, some printed in editions of thousands.

In our own century anything has been possible. By 1900 a so-called etching revival had taken place, for which the works of James Whistler are the best-known evidence. Color had come into lithography, in America in chromolithographs published by Prang and others, in France in the posters of Steinlen, Bonnard, and Toulouse-Lautrec. Gauguin, returned from the South Seas, had put life back into the old art of woodcutting, and the medium proved perfect for the forceful emotions of Munch and the German expressionists. Artists like Jacques Villon and the Americans Sloan and Hopper did strong work in etching. Picasso did everything. From 1904 to 1970 he made nearly two thousand prints—etchings, lithographs, and an amazing series of linoleum cuts.

In our own day, particularly in the last twenty years, prints have been made in a variety of media and by a variety of artists unparalleled in the history of art. Notwithstanding Robert Rauschenberg's statement that "the twentieth century is no time to start drawing on rocks"—his initial response to an invitation around 1960 to do some lithographs at Universal Limited Art Editions—he has subsequently made hundreds of prints. And not only are most of today's major artists making prints—Johns, Motherwell, Oldenburg, Kelly, Rosenquist, Stella, Dine, LeWitt, Arakawa, among many—but people known in fields other than the visual arts—Robert Wilson, John Cage, Günter Grass—are doing so, too. Pure engraving and mezzotint are seen again, printing media are combined with hand coloring or collage, and Jennifer Bartlett recently produced a five-part print in drypoint, aquatint, screenprint, woodcut, and lithography. Prints are being published in editions smaller than ten and in unnumbered, unlimited editions (as indeed all prints were until late in the nineteenth century). Prints are being made to be folded into three-dimensional forms, or that consist of several sheets of paper suspended, overlapping, on a piece of string. In fact, it seems as though artists are doing in prints everything that can be done. But this is being written in 1980—let's see what happens in 1981.

edition often comes in a box or portfolio, a fact sheet called the *justification de tirage* is often included; it tells how many impressions are in each edition, how they are numbered, and how many artist's proofs there are. The best print dealers will gladly provide such information, as it is in their interest to offer as complete and accurate data as possible about the production of a given print.

Yet another kind of extra impression sometimes produced is the "printer's proof," one or two of which are occasionally presented as a courtesy to the printer. These are sometimes marked *hors de commerce* or "h.c." to indicate they are not part of the regular edition(s) going into the market.

What is the significance of a signed print?
Most artists sign their prints once the edition is completed and numbered: it is the guarantee that the artist has seen and approved the impressions personally. But this is not a universal practice: some artists sign some editions and not others, some always sign, and still others never do. Naturally, most collectors and dealers would prefer that all artists adhere to some uniform practice, but the variations in individual temperament and responsibility vary so greatly among artists and their printers as to make this uniformity a *fata morgana*.

What is a master printer?
Because the printing of editions, particularly if they are sizeable, is both an enormous labor and an art in itself, many artists employ master printers who have workshops in which the artist can prepare his plates, blocks, or stones, participate in the making of trial and final proofs, and supervise the printing of the editions. Some of these print workshops commission, display, and sell prints they have produced and that way operate as dealers as well as printers. The finest of these, such as Landfall Press in Chicago or Gemini G. E. L. in Los Angeles, have established enviable reputations for the quality of the prints they produce, attracting the most interesting artists to work with them.

How can I learn to collect prints wisely?
Anyone interested in collecting prints should read as much as he can about the techniques and history of the medium. There are various specialized publications about prints which are well worth following. To keep up with the current market trends, one may obtain catalogues

(Text continued on page forty-nine)



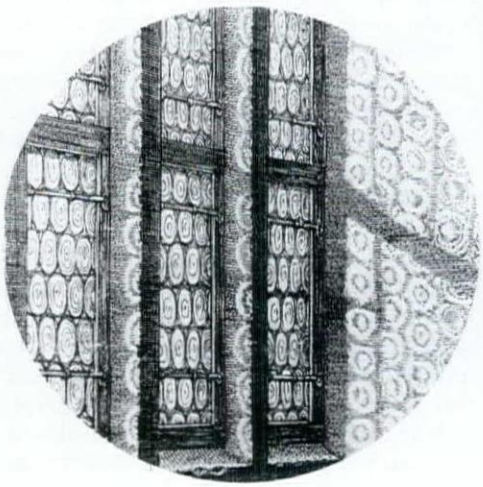
Intaglio Prints

Engraving

Lumped together under the heading *intaglio* prints is a series of techniques that have in common the fact that the design is cut into a metal plate and thus remains below the uncut background in height. In an *engraving* a smooth metal plate, usually copper but sometimes steel, receives the design from a special metal tool called the burin. This tool, which has a diamond-shaped point, is pushed across the plate, making a V-shaped groove whose depth and width depend on the amount of pressure applied. The burin kicks up a little curlicue of displaced metal called the burr, which is removed with a scraping tool. When the design has been completely incised, the plate is warmed and viscous, tacky ink is worked into the sunken engraved lines. The raised background is wiped clean, leaving the tacky ink to make the print. A roller-bed press then transfers the image to a sheet of dampened paper. As can be seen in the detail of the Dürer (right), the cardinal characteristic of engraving is the sharp, clean line, even at a minute scale. In an intaglio print, the lines of ink have a very slight but palpable relief above the paper's surface.

Right: Albrecht Dürer, St. Jerome in His Study, *1514, engraving, 7¼ x 9½ inches. Dürer was one of the first artists to raise printmaking to the level of an art form in its own right.*





Left: Detail from Dürer engraving, about lifesize.

Etching

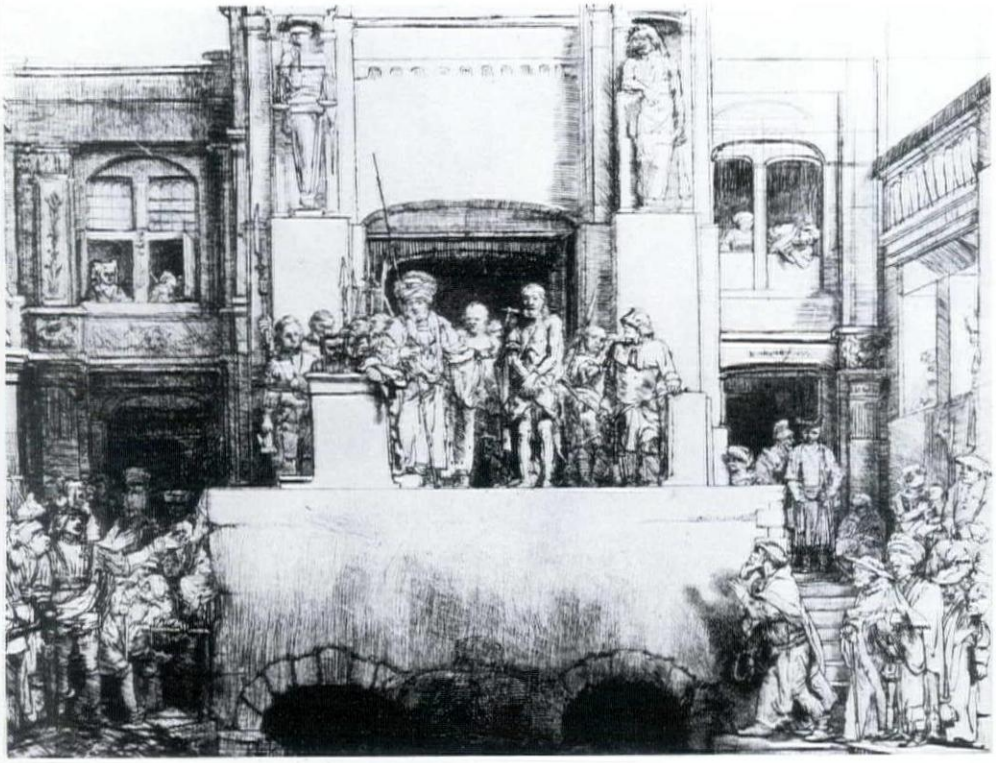
To make an *etching*, the metal plate is warmed and then completely coated with an acid-resistant "ground." Once the ground dries, the design is scratched with a relatively sharp point through the coating, exposing the plate beneath. The finished plate is placed in a tray containing an acid bath, which attacks (etches) the metal only where the protective coating has been scratched away. Drawing the design in wax rather than metal allows the artist much greater freedom than engraving (see detail from Piranesi, far right), but etchings may be finely detailed as well. After the protective ground has been removed by solvents, the plate is then inked, wiped, and printed just as an engraving is. Should the artist want parts of his design to be more deeply etched than others, he may remove the plate from the acid bath at the moment when the lighter parts of the design have been etched; he then coats the lighter parts of the design with more ground and re-immerses the plate in the acid, allowing the uncovered lines to become more deeply etched. This technique, which is called "stopping out," affords tonal variation in the different parts of the composition.



Left: G. B. Piranesi, The Wheel *(from the Prison series), 1761, etching, 16 x 21½ inches. Piranesi's bravura etching technique gives his work the spontaneity of pen and ink.*



Right: Detail from Piranesi etching, 3/4 lifesize.



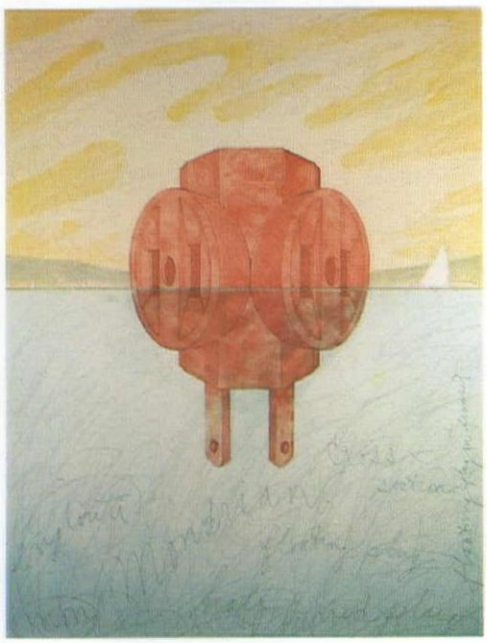
Left: Rembrandt van Rijn, Christ Presented to the People, *1655, drypoint, 18 x 14 inches. Rembrandt, who also did many etchings, frequently reworked his plates, with the result that many of his prints exist in several different states.*

Below: Detail from Rembrandt drypoint (about lifesize) illustrates the velvety, 'bled' look of this technique. Compare it with the clean, precise, well-defined lines of the detail from the Dürer engraving illustrated on the opposite page.



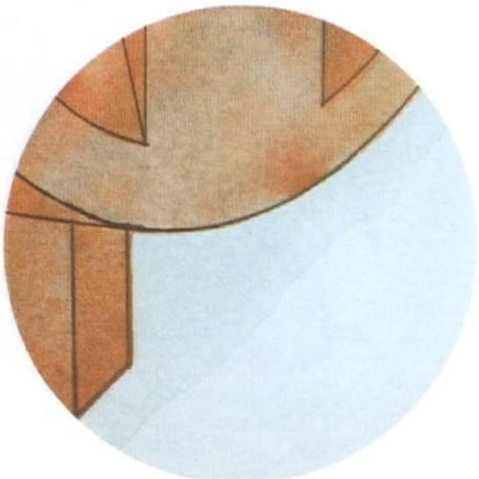
Drypoint

Drypoint is like engraving, except that the tool is pulled rather than pushed across the plate, and the burr of displaced metal is left intact. Because of the burr-held ink, the print has a characteristic velvety, slightly "bled" look that produces great tonal richness. Because of the burr and because drypoint plates are made of soft metal, there are limits to how many impressions may be taken from a given plate.



Left: Claes Oldenburg, Floating Three-Way Plug in Sunset, *1976, aquatint, 32 x 42 inches.*

Below: Detail from Oldenburg aquatint (2/3 lifesize) shows the wash-like effect.



Aquatint

Aquatint is a kind of etching. It differs from the normal etching in that the protective ground applied to the plate is semi-permeable by the acid bath. By using such a ground in combination with completely impermeable coatings, the artist can create varying tones over large areas of the plate. The acid filters through the semi-permeable ground in such a way as to produce countless tiny pits in the plate. The pitted areas may be disposed in such a way that the final print resembles a wash of ink or even watercolor—hence the name "aquatint" (see detail of Oldenburg, left). The distinctive quality of aquatint is the variety and subtlety of tones that can be produced. The technique may be joined with etching, if sharp lines (as in the Oldenburg) are desired for outlining colored areas. Aquatint technique is flexible, and can be combined with engraving and with drypoint.



Planographic Prints





Left: Thomas Hart Benton, A Slow Train through Arkansas, *1941, lithograph, 12½ x 10 inches. Note how the highlights have been scratched out.*

Above: Detail from Benton lithograph (1½ times lifesize) illustrates the waxy quality of the crayon used to make the original design on the stone.

Lithography

The word *lithograph* means "stone print." Lithography works on the simple physical principle that oil and water do not mix. Upon a cleaned stone the image is drawn or painted with some kind of greasy ink or crayon. The stone is then dampened with water, which is repelled by the greasy medium wherever the artist has drawn. The stone is then inked with a massive roller loaded with oily ink which adheres to the greasy areas of the design, but is repelled by the wet areas of bare stone. On the paper which is then pressed against the stone, the oily ink of the artist's design is printed. Thanks to the durability of the image on the stone, many impressions of a single print can be made. In the color lithograph below, a different stone is used for each color.



Right: Karel Appel, L'Homme, *1969, color lithograph, 25½ x 19½ inches. Each color is added with a different stone.*



Above: Detail from Appel lithograph (about lifesize) illustrates the jagged line of this Dutch expressionist.

Relief Prints



Above: Rockwell Kent, Woman in Doorway, *woodcut, 5 x 7 inches. Note the simple forms Kent uses, ideal for this technique.*

The relief print

One of the oldest and simplest of print techniques is the relief print, which includes both *woodcut* and linoleum cut, or *linocut*. We are all familiar with the process from the potato prints we made in kindergarten. The design of the print—which is of necessity made in reverse—is drawn or painted on the smooth surface of the woodblock or wood-backed linoleum block. Then with gouges and knives the background of the image is cut away, leaving the design freestanding *in relief*. In the usual process, the cut block is inked, paper is laid over it, and the block is printed by rubbing the paper with anything from a wooden spoon to special pads made for the purpose. Relief prints can be made with metal plates, but this technique is very rare today. The image can be made "negatively," as well, if the image forms are cut away, leaving the background in relief. In the resulting print, which is sometimes called *manière noire* ("dark manner"), the image appears reversed in white against the darker background.

The salient characteristic of the woodcut is a strong, coarse line. Unless the wood has a very fine grain as in the detail from the Rockwell Kent print (below), the artist is not able to do much cross-hatching; instead the lines tend, as in the Kent print, to lie along parallel paths. In general, the coarseness of the artist's strokes tends to be directly proportional to the coarseness of the grain of the wood.

Relief is the oldest and simplest form of printmaking. As early as the second century A.D. Chinese were making rubbings from carved inscriptions. By the fifteenth century in Europe block prints were in regular use.



Right: Detail from Kent woodcut (about 1½ times lifesize) illustrates the delicacy of line that is possible with a fine-grained wood.



Stencil Prints



Stencil

Another major process is called *stencil*, of which the most familiar form is *serigraph* or *silkscreen*. The process is simple: a boxlike frame with a fine mesh fabric stretched over one side is made to operate as a stencil by either masking out with wax or some other impermeable substance all parts of the image which are *not* to print. This can be done also with paper templates or even natural objects, such as leaves. A sheet of paper is placed under the now partially masked screen box, and with a wide squeegeelike tool is forced through the screen. It will not go through where the screen is masked and in this way the image is formed. Silk screen prints may be made quickly in very large editions.

Above: Red Grooms, Bicentennial Bandwagon, *1976, silkscreen, 44¾ x 26¾ inches.*

Right: Detail from Grooms silkscreen (½ lifesize). Stencils for each color were cut by hand.



To print in more than one color with any of the processes discussed, it is necessary almost always to make a separate block, plate, stone, or screen for each color and then to print them successively on the same sheet of paper. This is so because adjacent colors put on the same printing surface would mush together in the printing process. If, however, distinct areas of color are widely separated in the image, it can be possible to print more than one color at once from a single plate.

Picasso alone made nearly two thousand etchings, lithographs, and linocuts.

(Text continued from page forty-three)
of print auctions held by major auction houses around the world. The accompanying price lists provide hard figures in a real market, though these markets have their own unpredictable divagations. Discovering the extensive and widespread corps of reliable dealers is, of course, essential. Membership in the American Art Dealers' Association (a sort of Better Business Bureau for art dealers) is a touchstone of reliability. One can also inquire of museum staff and professional critics about the dealers in his area.

How much should I pay?
The prices of new modern prints extend over a very wide range: extremely well known artists may command prices in the high four figures for single prints when they first appear, especially if they are color prints involving many costly printing operations for each impression. Every now and again new artists put out prints at around $100 or even less, if they are trying to establish themselves. Here the collector's eye for quality is given the ultimate test. If such an artist emerges at the gallery of a reliable dealer one may feel a certain confidence in the dealer's selection, but of course no dealer is infallible.

Many prints are marketed in such a way that as the edition is exhausted (sold out) by the initial distributor, the remaining available impressions are priced higher. If one is interested in a good print at a price he can afford, too much hesitation can be a source of keenest regret. Even small variations in price can amount to real savings over a period of a year's buying. Some collectors like the practice of buying more than one impression of a print they have strong positive feelings for: in this way, should the price increase markedly, they can take advantage of the profit to be made and still keep an example of the work to enjoy. While this is a very speculative way of collecting, the astute and dedicated devotee can use it to make a collection pay for itself, or at least for the cost of insuring it. Insurance for works of art is something that should be shopped for carefully; your insurance broker and the advice of professionals in the art field should be your guides.

What should a dealer do for me?
When one does find a reliable dealer, the dealer himself has every reason to direct the collector to others: the best dealers appreciate the thoughtful and discerning client, and they know that seeing is the best education. Since no one can deal in everything, a good dealer will recommend his best colleagues to you. Art dealing is very much a personal-service industry. A good dealer will, for a reasonable commission, act for collectors in auctions which might be inconvenient or too remote to attend easily. If you have developed confidence in a dealer, he may be relied upon to evaluate on-the-spot questions of condition which the collector cannot always do himself.

What artists are the best printmakers?
Traditionally, over the centuries, the most interesting prints have almost without exception been made by artists who are also first-rate painters. This combination of gifts is expressed in the French phrase *peintre-graveur*, or "painter-printmaker." It refers to that kind of artist whose print production is as central to his artistic identity as are his paintings. The great example in our time is of course Picasso, who made, along with countless paintings, drawings, sculptures, and constructions, several thousand prints in many different media throughout his career. While there have been high-quality artists who are only print makers, they seem to be extremely rare. Among contemporary artists working today one can think of many who fill the bill of the *peintre-graveur*: Jack Beal, Jasper Johns, Red Grooms, Jim Nutt, Marisol, Claes Oldenburg, Philip Pearlstein, Robert Arneson, and many others. They embrace a wide range of stylistic interests and points of view.

How should I care for my prints once I've bought them?
Every print collector should be concerned about the condition of his acquisitions. He should see that they are properly matted and/or framed to museum standards by a reliable framer or paper conservator (this field is an expanding and important industry in itself). This means using the right kinds of chemically neutral mat and mounting boards, safe adhesives, ultraviolet-screening plexiglass, and so forth. Here again, the wide literature on the field, much of which is in lists provided by the Print Council of America (a professional group of curators, artists, and others in the field) is essential, as is the advice of museum curators and reliable dealers.

What are the rewards of print collecting?
Collecting successfully for pleasure and instruction is largely an experiential matter. Aside from general guidelines, no one can really tell you how to do it, as the best collections are not for profit or speculation, but for the learning and aesthetic satisfaction which can come only with living intimately with works of art. It is a matter of connoisseurship, and this is developed by constantly looking at what is offered by dealers and auctions, by attending exhibitions, and by making use of museum collections when they are available to study.

Getting to know other collectors and comparing notes with them is an invaluable source of information and pleasure; there are few friendly situations as rewarding as discovering a shared interest and enthusiasm for art among one's acquaintances.

The most enduring satisfactions are, however, the understanding and delectation of what the artist offers us to see: remarkable and unique visions and ideas manifested in richly toned, carefully printed inks on sensuously luxurious papers in crisp black-and-white or shimmering color prints. Some have compared a love of prints to the love and satisfactions of chamber music; both are intimate, intense, and profoundly expressive through all the gradations and subtleties of personal inflection in execution and conception. □

Acknowledgments

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The Bettman Archive

Graham Greene in 1929, when his first novel was published. Had The Man Within *failed, Greene would have given up writing.*

Graham Greene

The Art of Risk

Our century's finest witness of history sought only escape. By David Roberts

Graham Greene is seventy-six. In 1973 he produced, in *The Honorary Consul*, one of the three or four finest novels of his long career. Two years ago he gave us the chilling spy story called *The Human Factor*, and earlier this year a macabre parable of greed and loneliness, *Doctor Fischer of Geneva or The Bomb Party*.

Now, with the January arrival of *Ways of Escape*, Greene's second autobiographical memoir, there is abundant evidence that the writer who "broke in" with an historical novel about smugglers (*The Man Within*) fifty-two years ago is still at the peak of his considerable powers. The new book will afford great joy to all devotees of the man whom V. S. Pritchett calls "one of the two or three living novelists who really count."

The length and consistency of Greene's career can be grasped by looking at some of his novelistic coevals. Were he living, F. Scott Fitzgerald would be only eight years older than Greene, Thomas Wolfe four years, John Steinbeck two. The earthly journeys of Nathanael West and George Orwell began only months before Greene's. While he was alive, Richard Wright was four years younger than Graham Greene, and Dylan Thomas, astoundingly, was a full decade his junior.

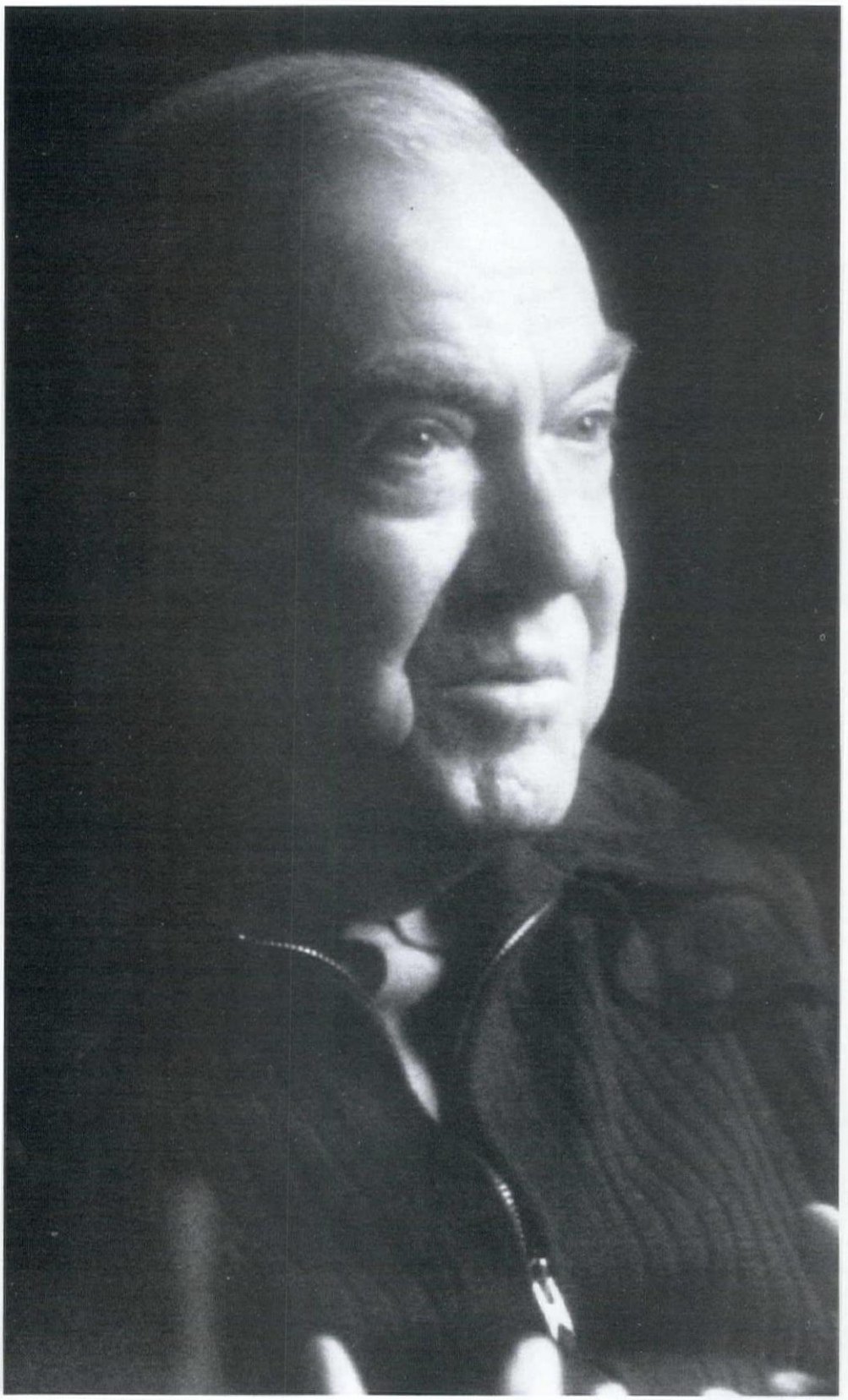
Readers hungry for confessional autobiography will, however, be disappointed by *Ways of Escape*. There is almost nothing in the book about the wife from whom Greene has long been separated—but not divorced. His two

children are not even named, nor are any of the mistresses (Greene's word) with whom he has lived. A few friendships with men —Herbert Read, Alexander Korda, and Evelyn Waugh, in particular—are warmly and wryly detailed; but Greene troubles us with no scandalous revelations about those admirable cohorts. His reason for protecting those who have been close to him is a simple one: "I couldn't infringe *their* copyright. They had a right to privacy, and it was impossible to deal with my private life without involving theirs."

Instead, in *Ways of Escape*, we have Greene's commentary on his own works and on the series of dangerous visits to remote countries, many of them in the midst of war, that have occupied the center of his adult life. Many writers looking back on their deeds from their later years, even great ones like Goethe, have been incapable of freeing memory from the blur of nostalgia and the bloating of vanity. But Greene's self-appraisal remains at all times clear and cold. About his most popular book, *The Heart of the Matter*, he says now, "The scales to me seem too heavily weighted, the plot overloaded, the religious scruples of Scobie too extreme."

What we would not give to have a book like this from the later years of Dostoyevsky or Melville—to know, let us imagine, that the author of *Moby Dick* had a warmer place in his heart for the now-unread *Mardi* or *Clarel*. So Graham Greene tells us that *The Honorary Consul* is "perhaps the novel I prefer to all the others"; that although the short story remained for him a secondary form, "I believe I have never written anything better than 'The Destructors,' 'A Chance for Mr. Lever,' 'Under the Garden,' 'Cheap in August,' "; and that he was convinced after the publication of *A Burnt-Out Case* in 1961 that he would never write again.

When one is in a mood to contemplate the all-too-rare fortuitous turns of fate, it is worth reminding oneself how near the phenomenon we know as "Graham Greene" came to not happening. The earlier memoir, *A Sort of Life* (1971), revealed that as a youth, in an effort to escape from the prison of boredom, Greene six times put a gun to his head and played a solitary game of Russian roulette. (The odds of surviving six times are only one in three—not,



Amanda Todd

Nearly half a century later, Greene reveals some—by no means all—of the secrets of his craft and life in Ways of Escape.

"... the madness, the melancholia, the panic fear inherent in the human situation."

as Greene then instinctively guessed, about even.) In *Ways of Escape* we learn that Greene's first published novel, *The Man Within*, was the third he had tried to force upon the world; had it failed, "I was determined to abandon the stupid ambition of becoming a writer." Greene today is baffled that anyone would have taken a chance on the book: "If I had been a publisher's reader, which I became many years afterwards, I would have turned it down unhesitatingly."

The title of *Ways of Escape* is elucidated in a key passage that explains Greene's decision to travel to Mexico in 1938, when the government was persecuting the Catholic church. "A restlessness set in then which has never quite been allayed: a desire to be a spectator of history, history in which I found I was concerned myself." Thus began the lifelong habit of traveling to the dangerous corners of the globe, places where the human spirit was being choked by a tyrannical dictatorship or a meddling foreign power. Greene's title is, like so much of his writing, ironically understated: the "escape" from boredom and the poverty of the self was no mere tourism, but a personal confrontation with political history. The durability and integrity of his work over half a century must surely owe something to the constant self-renewal his brushes with death and glimpses of institutionalized savagery afforded him. The descent into self-imitation that seduced writers like Hemingway and Faulkner in their later years never stood much chance with Greene. And he passionately repudiates those critics who have nicknamed the "exotic" settings of his somber dramas "Greeneland,"

"This is Indo-China," I want to exclaim, "this is Mexico, this is Sierra Leone carefully and accurately described. I have been a newspaper correspondent as well as a novelist. I assure you that the dead child lay in the ditch in just that attitude. In the canal of Phat Diem the bodies stuck out of the water. . . . "

Followers of Greene can recite the series of adventures that found their issue in his novels: The Mexican trip and *The Power and the Glory*; wartime duty in Liberia as a Secret Service agent and *The Heart of the Matter*; the blitz in London and *The End of the Affair*; four winters in Vietnam during the French War, the last including a visit to Dien Bien Phu only two months before it was wiped out by the Viet Minh, and *The Quiet American*; Batista's Cuba and *Our Man in Havana*; a Belgian Congo leper colony and *A Burnt-Out Case*; "Papa Doc" Duvalier's ruthless regime in Haiti and *The Comedians*; the Argentine-Paraguayan border skirmishes and *The Honorary Consul*.

Yet Greene claims that he never deliberately set out on his dangerous sorties with the intention of researching a novel. *Ways of Escape* documents that claim in offering the first autobiographical accounts of those visits that had no literary issue. To Portugal in 1943–44, on a Secret Service mission under Kim Philby; in Prague during the Communist takeover in 1948; to the Malayan Emergency in 1951, when planters were being massacred daily; to Kenya in the midst of the bloody Mau Mau rebellion in 1953; in a ludicrous deportation from Puerto Rico in 1954; to an uneasy Poland in 1956; at the Israeli frontier in 1967 when Greene, with others, huddled beneath a sand dune throughout a very long afternoon while Egyptian mortar shells passed close overhead.

In part because he has been a consistent champion of the oppressed in the Third World, Greene's portraits of Americans have emphasized the smug, the self-righteous, and the fatuous. Indeed, during the 1950s the novelist was classified by the United States government, thanks to the McCarran Act, as a "prohibited immigrant." The charge against him was that he was a former Communist. As Greene admits, the charge was valid: he had belonged to the party for all of four weeks "for the fun of the thing" at Oxford when he was nineteen. In the early 1950s *Life* magazine had commissioned, then rejected, his article on Vietnam—presumably on the grounds of his "ambivalent attitude," which in hindsight seems prophetic: "my admiration for the French army, my admiration for their enemies, and my doubt of any final value in the war."

In his novels Greene has had much fun with minor characters who were American, and *Ways of Escape* follows the pattern. One of Greene's more bizarre episodes was his stint as a screenwriter in Hollywood. He and director Carol Reed met regularly with David Selznick, renowned for producing *Gone with the Wind*, over the development of the movie *The Third Man*. Their conferences would begin at 10:30 P.M. and end around dawn. One evening Selznick blurted out,

"There's something I don't understand in this script, Graham. Why the hell does Harr Lime . . ?" He described some extraordinar action on Lime's part.

"But he doesn't," I said.

Selznick looked at me for a moment in silent amazement.

"Christ, boys," he said, "I'm thinking of a different script."

He lay down on his sofa and crunched a Benzedrine. In ten minutes he was as fresh a ever, unlike ourselves.

Greene's dislike of Americans, however, i founded on deeper affronts than misremem bered screenplays. In Cuba in 1957, while Cas tro was hiding in the hills, Greene learned tha Batista had treated the American ambassado to a patriotic demonstration by the deeply pro Castro women in Santiago. Afterwards,

The military ordered the women to disperse. They refused. The officer in command had fire-hoses turned on them, and the Ambassador, to his honour, broke up the party. He was not going to stand there, he said, and watch women assaulted. For this he was later rebuked by John Foster Dulles: he had committed a breach of neutrality. There was to be no Bay of Pigs during Batista's reign of terror.

The power of that last sentence, the complexity of historical irony enfolded in its terse phrasing, is Graham Greene's trademark. His indignation is not reserved for American imperialists. In Kenya during the Mau Mau rebellion, Greene noted,

When the revolt came, it was to the English colonist like a revolt of the domestic staff. The Kikuyu were not savage, they made good clerks and stewards. It was as though Jeeves had taken to the jungle.

Ways of Escape is at its most impressive as a testimony to Greene's lifelong service as an *engagé* witness to history in the making. But the book is no less interesting for what it reveals about the mystery of the writer's craft. Greene offers aphorisms, not how-to lessons, and the inattentive reader may miss them, so "thrown away" and effortless do they seem. In Waugh's *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* "there is almost a complete absence of the beastly adverb—far more damaging to a writer than an adjective." The novelist, unlike the



"I hadn't the courage for suicide," wrote Greene (upper right) about his depressive state in 1951. Instead he went to the Malayan Emergency "to regain the sense of insecurity which I had enjoyed in the three blitzes on London."

short-story writer, "is encrusted with characters. A black taxi-driver in the Caribbean once told me of a body which he had seen lifted from the sea. He said, 'You couldn't tell it was a man's body because of all the lampreys which came up with it.' A horrible image, but it is one which suits the novelist well." After years of writing essays, "I learned to trust the divagations of the mind. If you let the reins loose the horse will find its way home." One remark might well stand as an epigraph to Greene's whole career: "Writing is a form of therapy; sometimes I wonder how all those who do not write, compose, or paint can manage to escape the madness, the melancholia, the panic fear which is inherent in the human situation."

It is characteristic of Greene's self-effacement that *Ways of Escape* has nothing about it of the grand summing-up, and very little of the *apologia*. The expert witness of history knows that history is more important than novels; or, as Greene has elsewhere said, perhaps it is only in childhood that books can really affect us. Thus some of the deepest gratification that *Ways of Escape* reports came to its author upon learning that Papa Doc was sufficiently displeased with *The Comedians* to issue a brochure exposing Graham Greene as the "cretin," "stool-pigeon," and "drug addict" he really was. "A pen," Greene concludes, "as well as a silver bullet, can draw blood."

When Greene has been dismissed by critics, it is usually for one of two reasons. He is, some say, merely a writer of spy thrillers; others pigeonhole him as a "Catholic novelist." The first cavil can be relegated to the realm of those who would label Conrad or Melville as spinners of sea yarns. But Greene answers detractors in another fashion.

> . . . I couldn't help smiling when I thought of all the readers who have asked me why I sometimes write thrillers, as though a writer chooses his subject instead of the subject choosing him. Our whole planet since the war has swung into the fog-belt of melodrama, and, perhaps, if one doesn't ask questions, one can escape the knowledge of the route we are on.

In like fashion, Greene counters the "Catholic writer" dismissal by quoting Cardinal Newman on the impossibility of "a sinless literature of sinful man." But a more telling rejoinder emerges in an anecdote. *The Power and the Glory*, which concerns an alcoholic Mexican priest who defies the ban on his religion, had been proscribed by the Vatican.

> Years later, when I met Pope Paul VI, he mentioned that he had read the book. I told him that it had been condemned by the Holy Office.
>
> "Who condemned it?"
>
> "Cardinal Pissardo."
>
> He repeated the name with a wry smile and added, "Mr. Greene, some parts of your books are certain to offend some Catholics, but you should pay no attention to that."

David Roberts is senior editor of Horizon.

Still at the Old Drawing Board

From Peter Arno and James Thurber to the present, the best American cartoonists have appeared in *The New Yorker.*

By Andrew Feinberg

Mention *The New Yorker*, for fifty-five years the home of some of the best writers in America, and almost everyone—unless he or she happens to write for the magazine—will think of cartoons. Whether one's mind turns first to the deliriously macabre drawings of Charles Addams, the furry creatures of Edward Koren, the frazzled yet domineering house pets of George Booth, the domestic battlefields of George Price, or the prosperous trend clutchers of William Hamilton is purely a matter of personal eccentricity.

Even those who do not read *The New Yorker* risk exposure to its witty artists. Their cartoons are reprinted in hundreds of articles and books each year. Many people cite *New Yorker* drawings much as members of another culture might quote their leader's green book, as a means of gauging the changing winds of modern society. These cartoons also adorn countless refrigerators, offices, and bulletin boards. For millions of people they are a source of dependable weekly pleasure.

For more than half a century, *The New Yorker* has presented the cream of American humor, whether elegantly written by S. J. Perelman, Robert Benchley, James Thurber, and E. B. White, or exuberantly drawn by Peter Arno, Helen Hokinson, Charles Addams and, again, James Thurber. Thus the magazine has always posed a double threat to America's more ridiculous fads and fashions.

Many of my most vivid prenatal images of the twenties and thirties come from the cartoons of Arno and Hokinson. Their society matrons, dizzy flappers, sozzled aristocrats, and Roosevelt-hissing newsreel watchers are unforgettable. Arno has even made a lasting addition to the American language with the famous caption, "Well, back to the old drawing board."

As competing national magazines have died, cartoon submissions to *The New Yorker* have increased dramatically. Lee Lorenz, forty-eight, the magazine's art editor and one of its contributing editors, now faces 2,500 cartoon ideas every week. (He has passed judgment on almost one million drawings since taking the job in 1973.) Not surprisingly, Lorenz's office is ridiculously cluttered with portfolios, sketch pads, and drawing implements.

"Much of the job is just weeding out," Lorenz says, as he stares at the chaos. "Every Tuesday at three I bring thirty to fifty rough drawings to Mr. Shawn [William Shawn, *The New Yorker*'s editor, to whom no *New Yorker* employee refers without adding a seemingly obligatory 'Mister']. Then the two of us do more weeding. We'll suggest minor artistic changes so the artist can polish the drawing, but basically we try to decide if something is immediately funny."

The magazine accepts only about three one-shot submissions every year. When taking on a new cartoonist, *The New Yorker* looks for someone who can produce a strong body of work over a long career.

The magazine has first-refusal rights to all the cartoons drawn by its forty contract artists, only one of whom is a woman. Usually each is paid $600 to $700 per drawing, although a complicated bonus system assures that such calculations are never simple. Most contract artists supplement their incomes by illustrating ads, articles, and books.

From a distance, a job as a *New Yorker* cartoonist looks ideal. It is, in fact, the position young John Updike aspired to before the magazine hired him as a writer. Many *New Yorker* artists cannot imagine being employed in any other way.

"Without *The New Yorker*," says Ed Koren, forty-five, "most of us would perish creatively. I've never stopped being grateful to the magazine for printing my work."

Having submitted his drawings to the magazine since his college days, Koren became a regular contributor in the late sixties. He is slim, with a bushy mustache. His hair and eyes are wild, and he looks like a better-groomed relative of some of his cartoon characters.

Koren praises the magazine for encouraging "truly crazy originality." Which is not to say that he is unwilling to quote from friends or strangers to make a humorous point. "I'm a visual and aural voyeur," he says with undisguised mischief. "I love to wander around New York with my drawing pad, making sketches, taking notes. I'm endlessly intrigued by how people drape their awkward bodies."

Unlike Koren, who not only attended art school but taught drawing and printmaking at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island, for twelve years, Jack Ziegler has never studied art. Ziegler, thirty-eight, is a large, soft-voiced man with a graying beard. For the last six years he has been one of *The New Yorker's* new breed of zany, almost anarchic artists. In Ziegler's cartoon universe, God does card tricks and a middle-aged man seated in an armchair next to a loaf of bread wears on his arm the tattoo "Born to Eat Toast."

"I became a cartoonist," he says, "because I thought—foolishly—that it would be easy. I left a very demanding job selling Billy Jack posters, buttons, and T-shirts in a New Haven theater, wrote a lousy, unpublished novel, and

Peter Arno

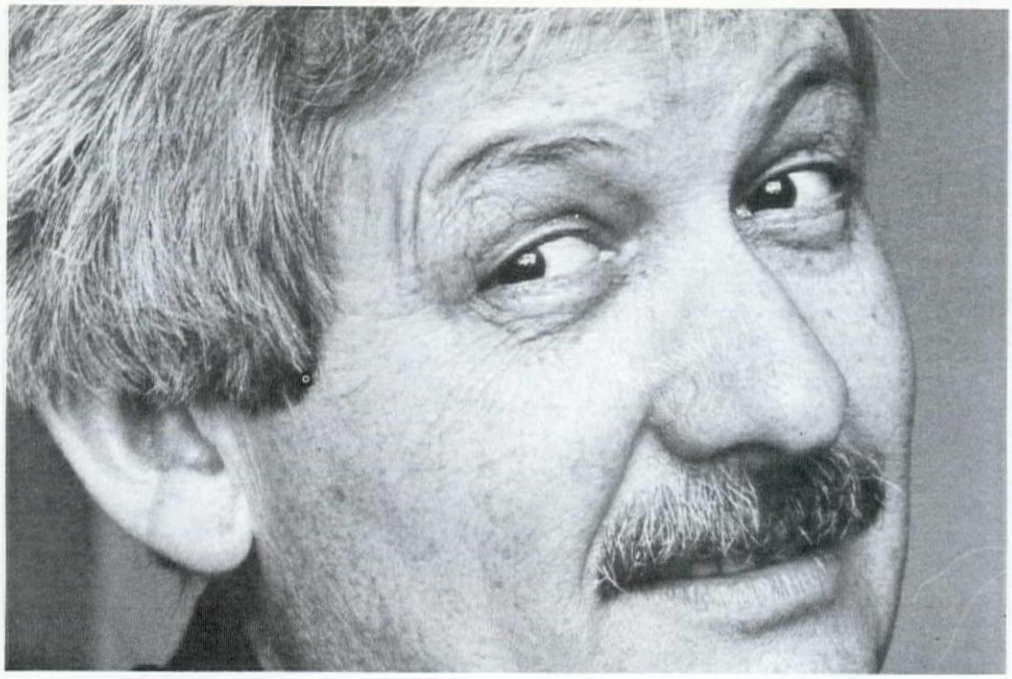
Along with James Thurber and Charles Addams, Arno epitomizes The New Yorker*'s long tradition. His famous cartoon (right) brought a new phrase into the language.*

Andrew Feinberg, a New York free-lance writer, has written for the New York Times, Playboy, *and* Quest/80.



"Well, back to the old drawing board."

Drawing by Peter Arno; © 1941, 1969, *The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*





"So long, Bill. This is my club. You can't come in."

Drawing by Weber; © 1979, *The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*

then tried cartooning. It took me two yea before I could make a living and then thing began to click with *The New Yorker*. Lik everyone else I had the idea that it was a close shop; I never expected to get in. This is th perfect job for me because I don't like workin with people and I hate being told what to do.'

For all of us who fancy ourselves witty, th job might seem wonderfully alluring. Le Lorenz is not sure it should be. "I don't thin most of us believe this business is th greatest," he says. "Ninety-nine percent o what we do is rejected. Most of the artists her are not very sanguine. They tend to b reclusive and depressed."

Ziegler consoles himself by believing tha there are "a billion ideas out there," and eacl morning he sits down and tries to flesh ou some of them. He generally brings Loren twelve to fifteen fairly polished drawings a week, each of which has taken him about an hour to execute. Rarely are they topical. "I don't want to do social comment," he says. "I just think cartoons are funny."

Dana Fradon, fifty-eight, is happiest when he is topical, and for thirty years most of his cartoons have lambasted our conduct in business and politics. "For two or three hours every day," he says, "I sit and force myself to think about Washington and the economy, depressing things like that. I just start doodling at my desk with the newspaper in front of me. When I get an idea I'll make a rough sketch in about a minute, trying to get the thought down as quickly as possible, so I don't edit myself and lose the humor."

For three years, Fradon was a Newtown, Connecticut, councilman and a member of the zoning and education boards. "My political career took time away from my drawing," he says, "but it did allow me to see the crooks firsthand." (In one of Fradon's favorite cartoons, an executive addresses a group of colleagues and says: "I'm happy to report that last year we took in ten percent more in kickbacks than we paid out in bribes.")

Veteran observers of *The New Yorker*, such as James Geraghty, who served as art editor

Robert Weber

Weber, a New Yorker *regular since 1962, frequently uses cocktail parties as settings for his cartoons, even though he never attends them. "I'm scared to death of them," he admits. "They're filled with embarrassment and awkwardness."*

Since 1973, Lee Lorenz has passed judgment on almost one million drawings.

from 1939 to 1973, sense that *The New Yorker* cartoons have become less topical and more zany over the years. "I think cartoons are more memorable," he says, "when they are connected with reality and allow you to draw a little moral lesson from them."

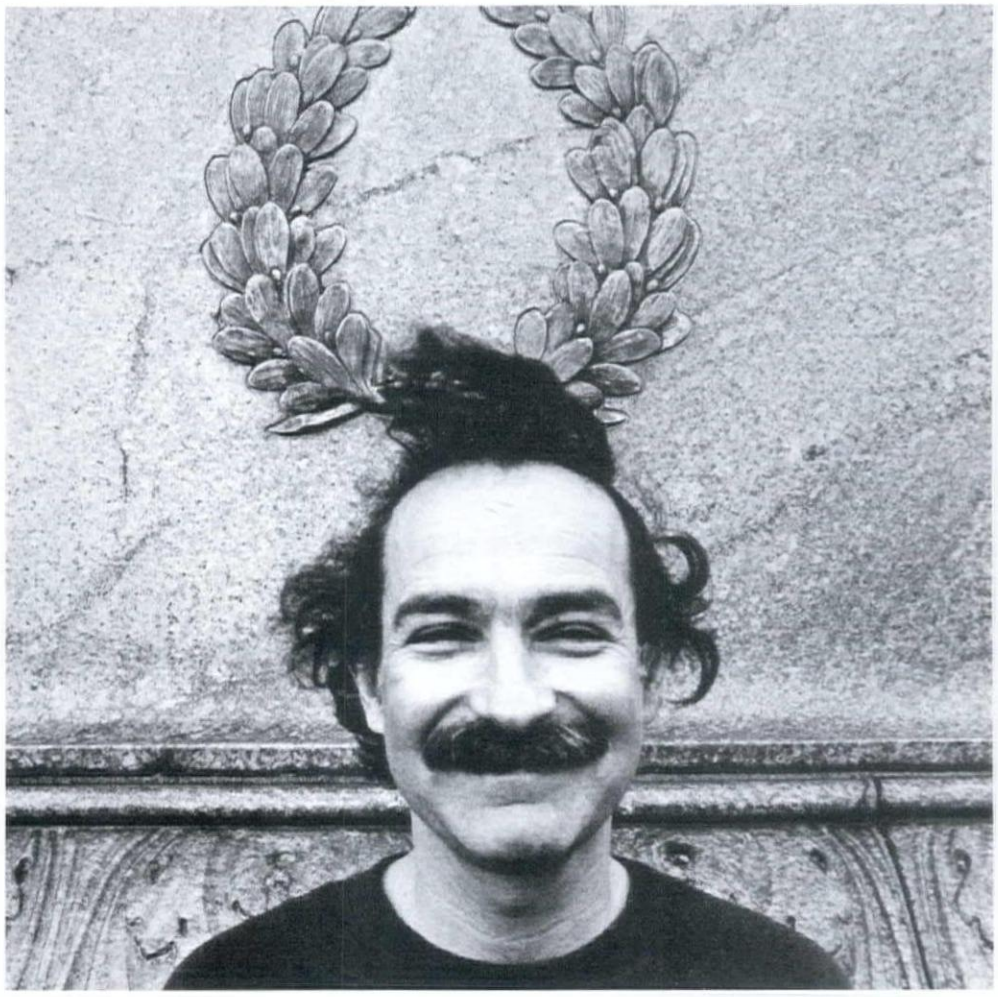
Editor Shawn agrees, more or less. "A cartoon that is likely to endure is one that is drawn well and comments on life and social changes that may last for a long time," he says. "When a person observes society accurately, truthfully, and satirically, the work will have lasting value. If our cartoons are less topical today, it may be because we have a less fixed or stable social background. We seek as much social commentary as possible, but when we give a new artist a contract the most important criterion is that he or she be really original."

The number of people who believe in the enduring value of *The New Yorker* cartoons has been growing in recent years, in part because of the dedication of Barbara Nicholls. After serving as *The New Yorker*'s assistant art editor for eleven years, she brought dozens of cartoons uptown and in 1974 opened the Nicholls Gallery, devoted solely to the work of *New Yorker* artists.

"I started the gallery," she says, "so these artists, whose work I adore, would become more accepted by the art world. *The New Yorker* cartoon is a totally valid and truly American art form. Many of the drawings are exquisite as well as funny and the best of them belong in a museum."

Charles Addams, the best known of all *The New Yorker* artists, has been unnerving its readers for more than forty years. In interviews, he projects something of a split personality, asserting his normality and mental stability in one sentence and then commenting on a glass of Tab served to him in a tall smoked glass, "It has a wonderful, poisonous, cloudy look." In May he again courted the role of eccentric by marrying his third wife in a pet cemetery. The bride, naturally, wore black.

So it is no wonder that Addams is the recipient of cartoon ideas that range from the outlandish to the psychotic, many of them





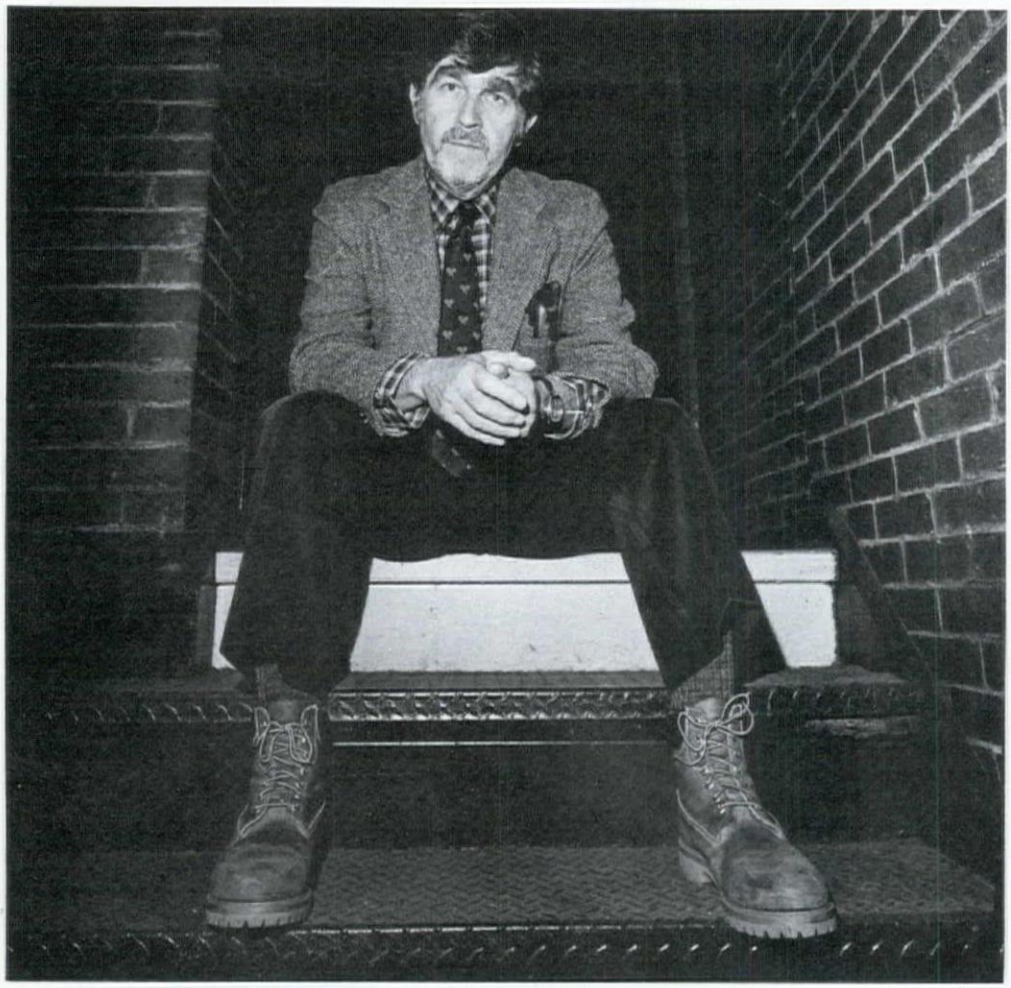
"Our philosophy here at Dandelion Motors is to treat the total car."

Drawing by Koren; © 1979, *The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*

Edward Koren

"I'm a visual and aural voyeur," says the forty-five-year-old Koren. "I love to wander around New York with my drawing pad, making sketches, taking notes. I'm endlessly intrigued by how people drape their awkward bodies."

"My political career allowed me to see the crooks firsthand."





"We're not dumping it anywhere, Ma'am. We're just going to keep driving it around."

Drawing by Dana Fradon; © 1979, *The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*

from people Addams calls "criminals an subhumans." Years ago, speaking to Jame Thurber of these alarming gifts, he said: "I ca rarely use them as they're in the worst possibl taste, but sometimes funny in a grotesque sor of way. Some of the worst came from minister in Georgia."

When *The New Yorker* began publication three-fourths of its cartoon ideas were pur chased separately from gag writers and the assigned to artists whose style they suited. To day the magazine buys no ideas, although in dividual cartoonists upon occasion purchas gags too good to turn down.

Robert Weber, fifty-six, a *New Yorker* regu lar since 1962 who looks remarkably like Wil liam Faulkner, comes up with two to five idea a week and says he might go mad if forced t think of more. "I would get very stale," h says, "if all my working hours were devoted t *The New Yorker*. Half my time is spent draw ing for ads and other magazines."

One of Weber's favorite cartoon settings is a party, even though he has not attended one for years. "I'm scared to death of them," he admits. "They're filled with embarrassment and awkwardness. Yet they're very interesting because people are making a half-assed attempt to communicate, even if there is pomposity and pretense everywhere you turn."

For Weber, the biggest challenge of his job is creating ideas "that don't feel as if you've seen them before in another form. Jim Geraghty once told a group of cartoonists that he would love to give us LSD to encourage us to dig up things that are unexpected."

Weber's difficulty is also a very real problem for the editors of *The New Yorker*. Having published more than 40,000 cartoons over the years, the magazine is aware of the danger of repeating itself.

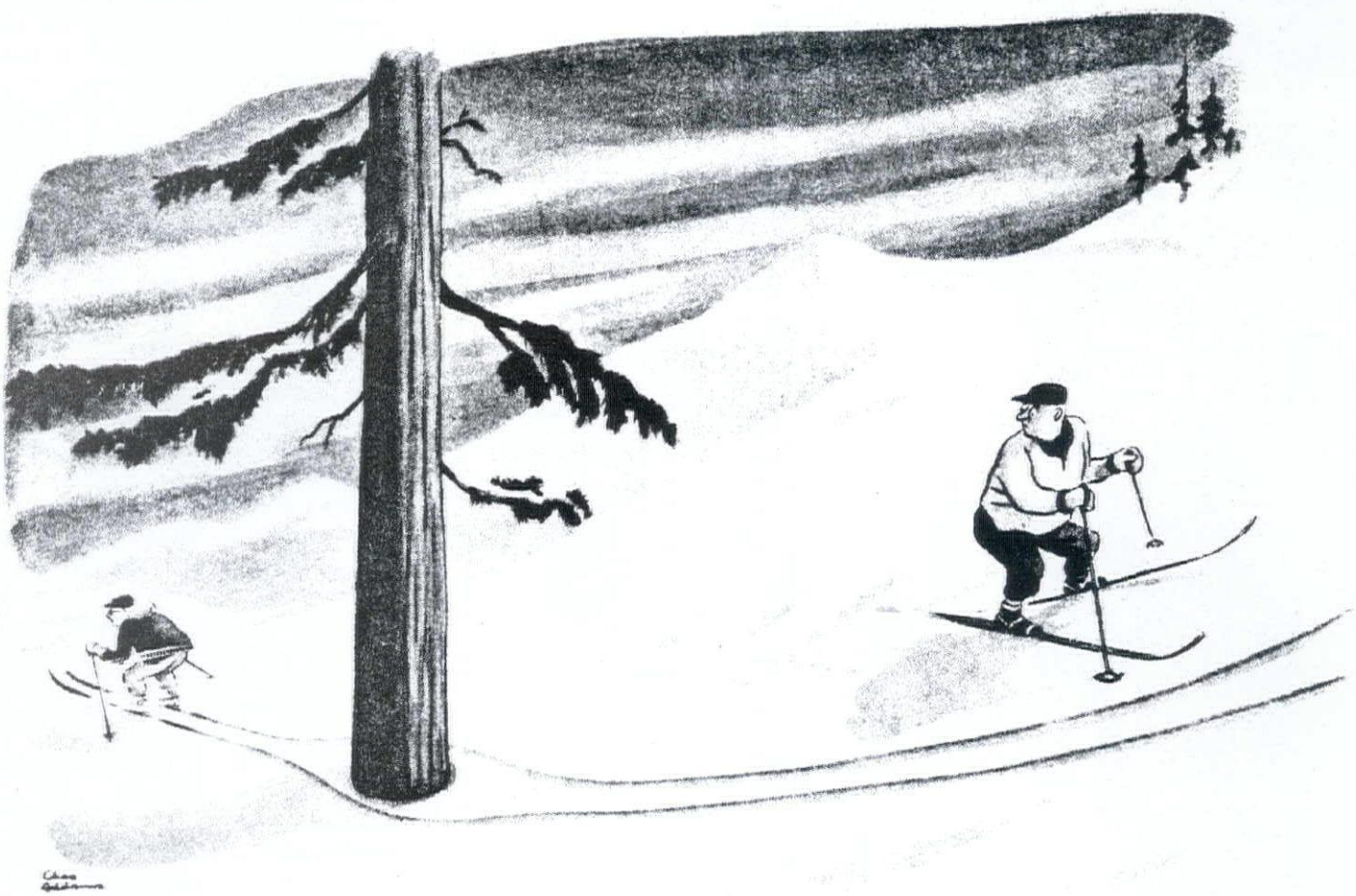
Dana Fradon

Left: Fradon, now fifty-eight, spent three years as a councilman in Newtown, Connecticut. "My political career took time away from my drawing," he says, "but it did allow me to see the crooks first-hand." Many of Fradon's cartoons satirize local politics.

Charles Addams

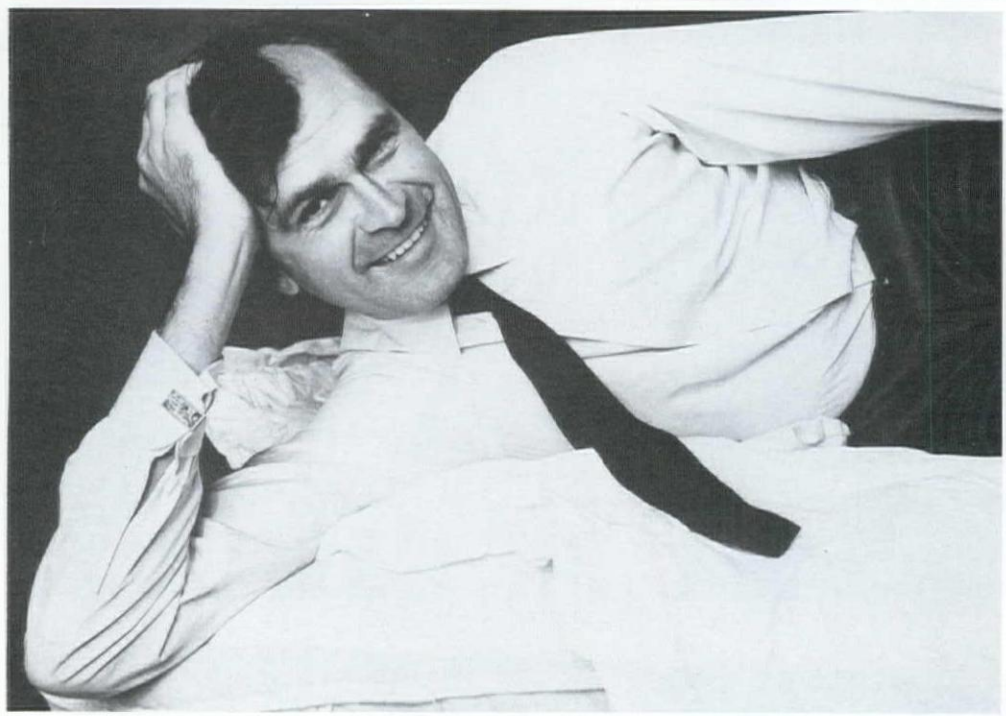
Right: Among the virtues of many of Addams' famous cartoons is that they make their impact without resorting to a caption. For more than forty years Addams has been dismayed by the knowledge that the public seldom thinks of the cartoon as truly art.





Drawing by Chas. Addams; © 1940, 1968, *The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*

"It's strange, but these people never think I'm being vicious."





"Well, good night and thanks. It's fun every so often to get out of the fast lane."

Drawing by Wm. Hamilton; © 1979, *The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*

"Each week," says Lorenz, "the cartoons that Mr. Shawn and I accept are sent to our art library to be checked against everything we've ever printed. Two or three cartoons every week have to be rejected because they are too similar to something else that has run."

Ed Koren worries about a different kind of repetition. "I've been approached by several companies," he says, "that want to reproduce the animals I draw as toys, plates, saucers, and the like. I'm not sure yet if I want to have my stuff proliferate wildly like the Peanuts characters or [Bernard] Kliban's cats. There's nothing wrong with a broad audience if the integrity of the work can be maintained. But when is that compromised and when does the proliferation end? With plates? With shoes? With condoms?"

One woman has already anticipated Koren's would-be collaborators by sending him a stuffed bear loosely modeled on one of his drawings. That clearly has more lasting value than what Jack Ziegler received after the magazine ran one of his zanier cartoons. That drawing shows a teary-eyed man displaying a photograph of a piece of toast to a policeman. The sign on the door reads "Bureau of Missing Toast." Sure enough, the next week's mail brought Ziegler pieces of bread toasted by three different readers.

Although many cartoonists get castigated by letter whenever they seem to offend someone's pet cause, William Hamilton remains surprised that the privileged people he satirizes are his greatest audience. "It's somewhat strange," he says, "but these people never think I'm being vicious. Perhaps when they see themselves in my cartoons they are comforted to learn that they are not alone in their pretensions."

Hamilton is forty-one and seems dissatisfied with his successful cartooning career. Lately, he has used most of his creative energy to write plays, and in March he made his off-Broadway debut with the well-received comedy, *Save Grand Central*. Like Ziegler, Hamilton tried to make it as a writer before becoming a professional cartoonist. This ambition shows in his drawings, which are often uninteresting,

William Hamilton

Hamilton, forty-one, has branched out into playwriting with a recent comedy, Save Grand Central, *which was well received. Hamilton had originally wanted to be a writer, rather than a cartoonist—which shows in his biting captions.*

though technically proficient, until one reads ıe witty captions. Many of the magazine's ɔunger artists also seem to be entirely depen- ent upon captions. Koren and Addams, on ıe other hand, could probably entertain us ithout any captions at all.

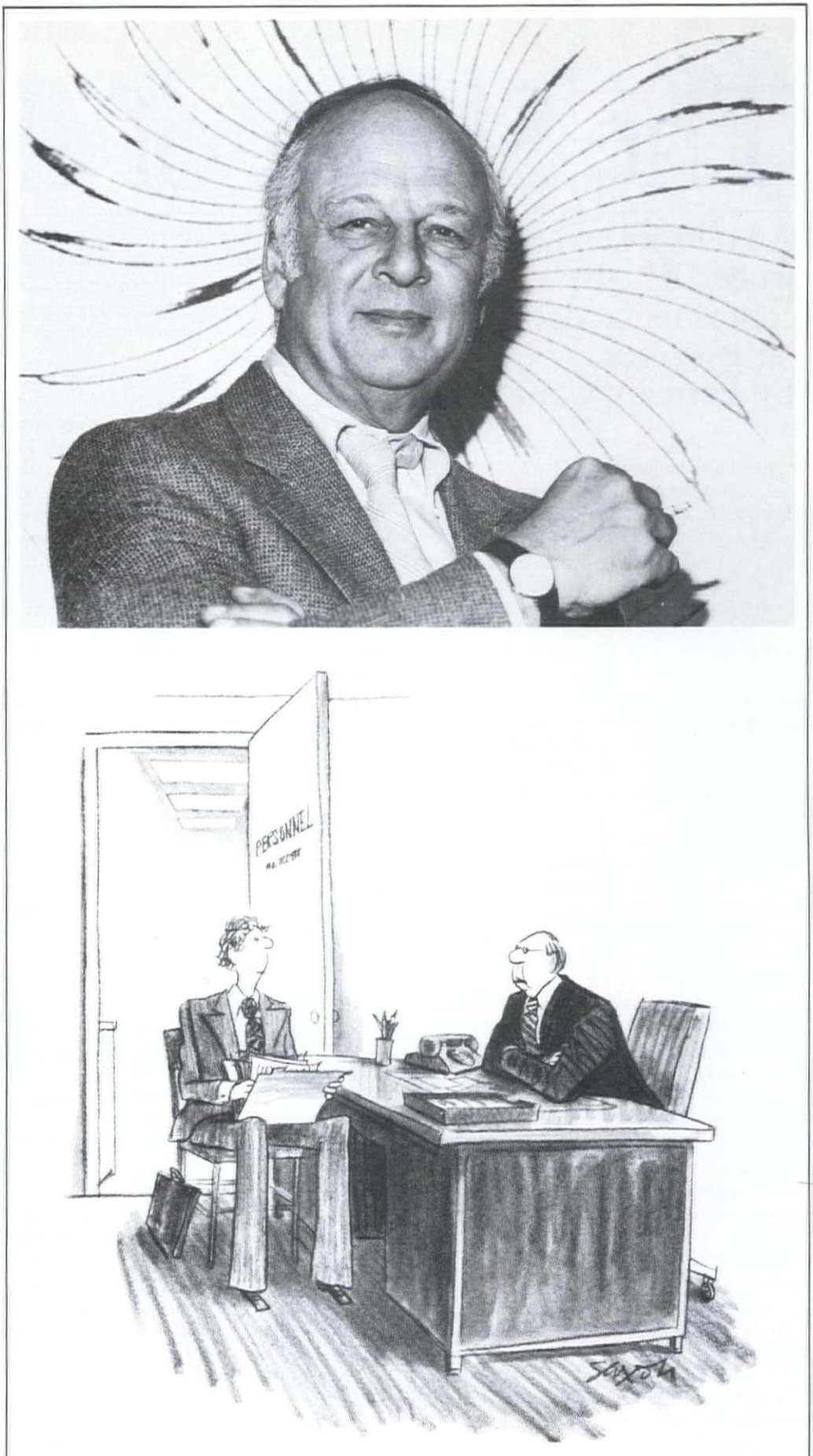
Several *New Yorker* cartoonists occasionally ubmit their work to raunchier magazines. ven if *The New Yorker* is not edited for the ıdy in Dubuque, it remains an extremely pro- er periodical. Most artists say the magazine eldom censors them, and that for the most ɔart they refrain from ribaldry. One borderline lrawing that had *New Yorker* editors wincing ınd scratching their heads was submitted by George Booth a few years ago. In it, a stagger- ngly dumb-looking man is seated on the steps ɔf his apartment. Behind him stand two niddle-aged women, one of whom is possibly ıis mother. As a shapely young woman in a ıalter top walks by the man, the "mother" ells, "Whistle, you dumb bastard!" Laughter :riumphed over decorum, much to Booth's surprise, and *The New Yorker* ran the cartoon. (Soon afterwards, Lorenz received a letter from a woman stating that the cartoon had caused her daughter to suffer a violent stomachache.)

At their best, *New Yorker* cartoons provide us with a new, whimsical pair of eyes. When a fine *New Yorker* cartoon exposes, with great precision and hilarity, one of life's inanities, we feel that we have enjoyed something per- fect. Sadly, Charles Addams knows that peo- ple avoid calling cartoons "art." "It's always like that," he says. "I don't think it's any less good because it happens to be funny. I'm not saying they're great art. I'm just saying that they're not as low on the artistic ladder as some might think."

It is easy, and not unpleasant, to forget. Dur- ing the hour or two that William Shawn takes each Tuesday to see what bizarre and astonishing things have occurred to his pack of jesters and zanies in the previous week, he eases out of his editorial reserve and often laughs out loud. "It's the closest thing to pure pleasure I have working on the magazine," he says. □

Charles Saxon

Saxon, a regular with The New Yorker *for twenty-five years, says that the magazine is an "oasis in a world desert" for a cartoonist. Much of Saxon's work outside the magazine is in advertising. He is known by some, for instance, as "Mr. Chivas Regal."*



"Tell me, Mr. Wallberg—what in particular can you offer this firm with your so-called youth?"

Drawing by Saxon; © 1979, *The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*

The Shock of the New

An outspoken art critic, Robert Hughes, confronts modern art on television. By Barnaby Conrad III

"Art! Who comprehends her? With whom can one consult concerning the great goddess?" This plea could have come from the mouth of a ticketholder at the Museum of Modern Art or from a businessman standing in the shadow of a great skyscraper, but it was actually Beethoven's. The art of our century, more than the art of any other time, has been at odds with its viewers. To the world who created her, modernity has been a particularly inscrutable goddess whether dressed in cubist sunglasses or a pop-art raincoat. But we are fortunate to have amongst us an oracle-journalist who has boldly chosen to consult with us by using the most potent and democratic tool of our time —television.

Robert Hughes, art critic for *Time* magazine and the most outspoken critic of his day, presents "The Shock of the New," an eight-part BBC series on the origins and consequences of modern art, beginning January 11 on the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS). The series is a dazzling, pugnaciously poetic look at our century and what lies beneath the goddess' new clothes.

The series (produced by Lorna Pegram, funded by Exxon) begins with the creation of the Eiffel Tower—"the Tower of Babel of the machine age" as Hughes calls it—and follows modern art through its periods of invention, radicalism, and shocking beauty—to end with its acceptance and burial in our present institutionalized and media-dominated culture. Not an exhaustive, sequential history of modern art but eight personal views of our age, the series follows themes that have preoccupied its host for years.

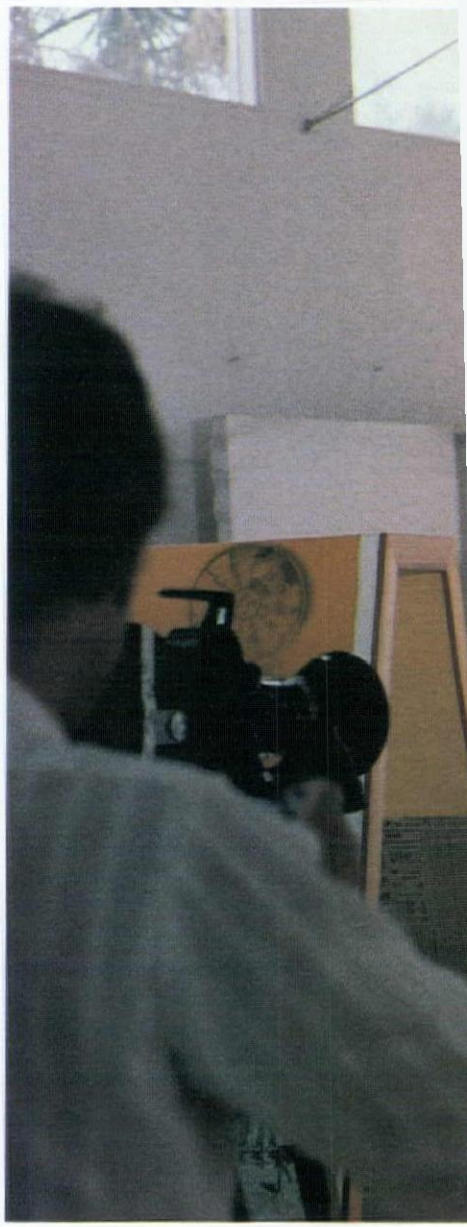
Hughes dissects the machine age that created the idolatry of speed in the Italian futurists; that made the cubist adventurers Picasso and Braque call themselves "Wilbur" and "Orville"; that made Dadaists like Francis Picabia exult in the sexuality of machines, "steel Romeos in cast-iron Juliets"; that gave us modern architecture with its beauties and failures; that made pop artists respond to the television, the comic book, and the billboard so that Warhol could exclaim, "I want to be a machine." Hughes ponders the culture that was nearly destroyed by machines in two world wars.

"Television does not lend itself to abstract argument or lengthy categorization," said Hughes in a recent interview, but it *does* have the ability to juxtapose diverse visual images. In order to place art in context, Hughes and his camera crew criss-crossed the Western world from the New York of Mondrian's "Broadway Boogie Woogie" to the asylum at Saint Remy, France, where Van Gogh painted irises, from the Barcelona of Gaudi's art nouveau to the futuristic Brasilia of Oscar Niemeyer. Each program is a dizzying kaleidoscope of ideas and images, far different from Lord Clark's dignified PBS series "Civilisation," which ended where Hughes picks up. The forty-two-year-old Hughes, with his longish hair, blazer and blue jeans, has a rakish, skeptical mien that provides an appropriate update on the eminent television historian. Hughes' narration is punchier and more peppery than Clark's, and he cites the late Kenneth Tynan as an early influence, though one might see him as a cross between H. L. Mencken and John Ruskin.

Hughes calls George Grosz "the hanging judge of art," while Salvador Dali, an artist with the "greed of a barracuda" and "the vanity of a drag queen," has become "the nickelodeon of the id." Hughes, thank God, seems to know well enough that the only way to engage an audience accustomed to changing the channel is to challenge it rather than coddle it. Occasionally though, the images and ideas get out of control and there are some moments when the film comes to a standstill through erratic camera work.

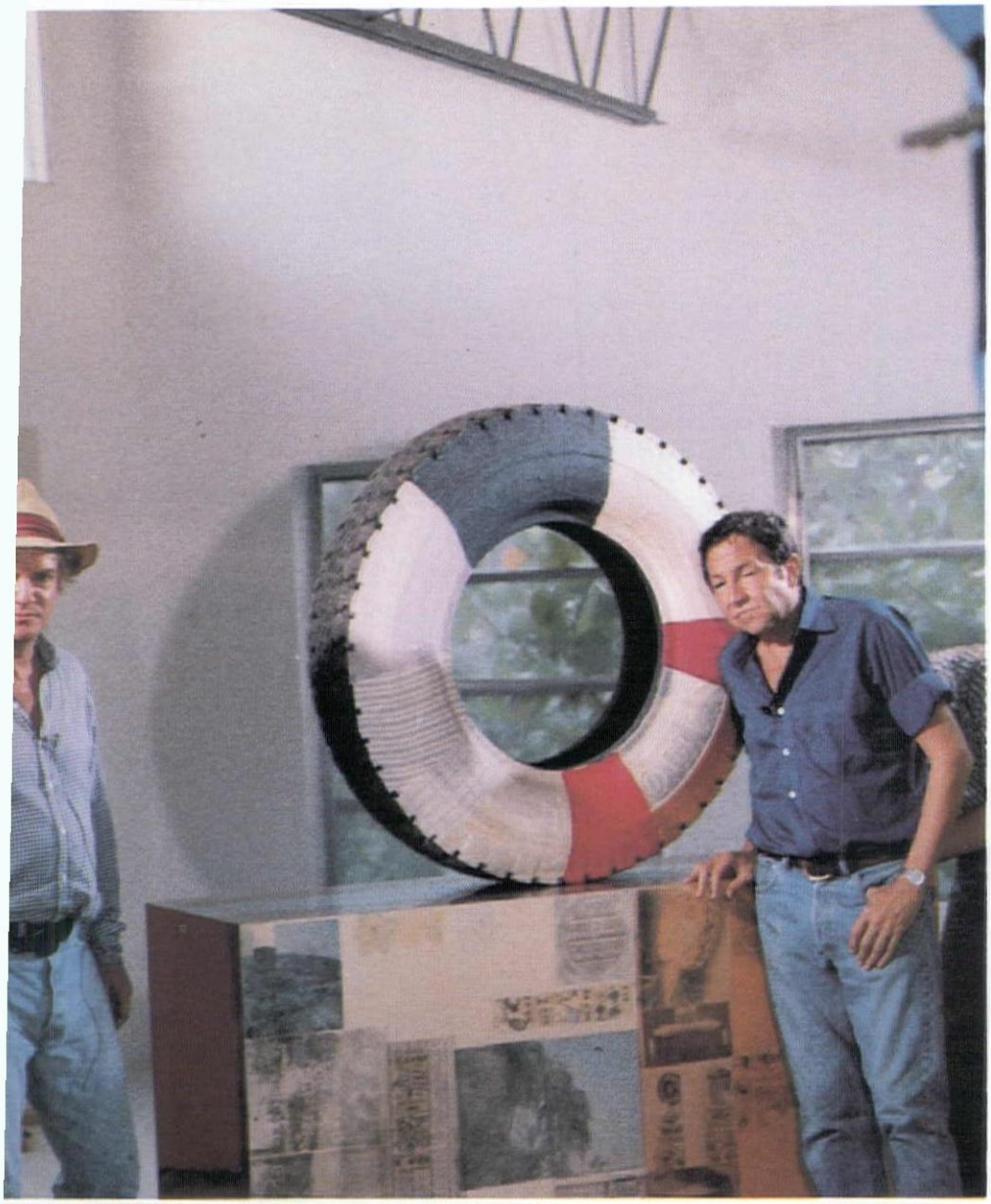
Like another PBS series, "Connections," "The Shock of the New" links diverse cultural occurrences, and Hughes makes some amusing and illuminating ligatures between artistic ventures like the Dada "happenings" of the twenties and body painting at a Berkeley love-in in the sixties. Hughes is equally provocative in his visual gamesmanship: after firing a pistol, he tells us that the marksman's target is quite different from the one painted by Jasper Johns. In another episode, "Trouble In Utopia," Hughes takes us on a tour of the architectural ruins of the Third Reich, treats us to an interview with Hitler's chief architect Albert Speer, and then cuts to the gigantic government complex in Albany, New York, built by Nelson Rockefeller—and architecture and the centralization of power flash home.

Hughes chooses to be thematic rather than chronological "mainly because everything happened simultaneously in the twentieth century. In 1906 you've got Cézanne painting his last pictures, Picasso painting *Les demoiselles d'Avignon,* and Monet painting his lilypads.



Robert Hughes (in hat) and his crew interviewed Robert Rauschenberg (right) at the artist's Florida studio. The eight-part television series premieres January 11.

Barnaby Conrad III is an associate editor of Horizon *and writes frequently on the arts.*



"When Clark did 'Civilisation,' he had a thousand years to spread over thirteen programs, which gave him tremendous liberties for excision or inclusion. I was forced to leave out some major artists and architects simply because there wasn't room to do everyone." But what Hughes does include is provocative enough.

Hughes learned a great deal from seeing the works face-to-face and was shocked by some "masterpieces" of architecture. " 'Trouble in Utopia' started off as a much more optimistic program than it turned out to be. As an architecture student [in Australia] I had been taught that these places both worked and lasted. Yet when I visited Le Corbusier's Unité d'Habitation in Marseilles, I found this great sculptural experiment in utopian mass architecture falling to pieces and ill designed. Nobody wants to live there and those who do have filled their cramped interiors with fake Louis XV plastic onyx furniture. It's the most appalling graveyard monument to the ambitions of the modern movement. And Brasilia is even worse. It's not finished after twenty years and it's already falling apart."

Not all of the discoveries were unpleasant; Hughes' admiration for Mies van der Rohe's Seagram's building is evident and the excitement at seeing the same mountain, Saint Victoire, that inspired Cézanne, is contagious.

But the last episode indicates that Hughes is very much concerned about the art of our century and its future. Unquestionably, we do not look at paintings the same way our grandfathers did. A century ago, art could inspire composers or incite riots. It may still inspire composers, but it hardly incites riots, unless it's at the Ticketron office over media hype like the Picasso or King Tut exhibits. Even here, the art itself has become mere scenery for the event. Hughes says, "Art has become like Muzak, the background music for power."

Recently Hughes observed, "The two great cultural changes that overcame works of art in our century were mechanical reproduction and the turning of art into bullion. There has always been some relation between money and art but never as much as now—the price of a painting will almost assimilate its meaning: the price becomes the primary unit of meaning, poisoning the discourse between the eye and the work."

For this reason, Hughes doesn't mention prices in his *Time* articles. And though he has lived since 1970 among artists and galleries in the SoHo section of New York, Hughes doesn't collect art, mainly to insure critical purity without bias. His only "possessions" are a giant red parrot and an Australian sheep dog named Butch. He's an ebullient man of great humor who prefers fly fishing in Canada to mingling in the art world: "I try to stay out of the beehive."

Hughes emphasizes that the purpose of the series is not to substitute in any way for the intimate experience of viewing original art. "It should lead you back to the original works—it should generate enthusiasm and offer some understanding of just what this thing modernity was and has become."

Nor does he see "The Shock of the New" as the final televised word on modern art. He hopes that it will spark new programming to fill in the areas he couldn't cover. His book based on the series will be published by Alfred A. Knopf. A line from Hughes offers a challenge for artists and television viewers both: "Perhaps the great energies of modernism are still latent in our culture, like Ulysses' bow in the house of Penelope, but nobody seems to be able to string and draw it. Yet the work still speaks to us, in all its voices, and will continue to do so." □





All photographs courtesy of Charles Lockwood

Theda Bara invented the "vamp," and she dazzled Hollywood between 1915 and 1919, when her role suddenly became passé.

Priestess of Sin

Theda Bara's reign as "vamp" lasted barely five years, but she transformed the movies.

By Charles Lockwood

Of Hollywood's many silent screen stars in the teens and 1920s, none enjoyed a more picturesque or improbable stardom than Theda Bara, the original "vamp" whose primitive sexual allure ensnared and then ruined even the strongest men. The illegitimate daughter of a French artist and an Arabian princess, Theda had been born in the shadow of a pyramid in Egypt, and her name was an anagram for Arab death—or so Fox Film Company reported to millions of her fans. Actually she was Theodosia Goodman, the daughter of a Cincinnati tailor. But with her waist-length dark hair, pale skin, and brooding heavy-lidded eyes, Theda Bara became what Fox studio called "the embodiment of wicked delight," and in the five short years between 1915 and 1919, she made thirty-nine films, mostly tragedies and melodramas with evil-sounding titles like *A Fool There Was, The Devil's Daughter, Sin, Destruction, The Serpent,* and *Rose of Blood.*

Originally an actress on the Broadway stage, Theda Bara got her big break in the movies when Fox director Frank Powell asked her to star as the vampire in *A Fool There Was*, a six-reel film loosely based on Rudyard Kipling's poem about a man "who made his moan" to "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair." Although she had won a modest reputation for her supporting stage roles, twenty-five-year-old Theda realized that she wasn't going much further in the theater and had been trying to get into the movies for several years. Playing the vampire in *A Fool There Was* presented just the opportunity she was looking for, and the film not only made her a star but also served as a model for many of her subsequent films.

In *A Fool There Was* Theda plays a vampire who ruins men by seducing them. She first appears, fashionably dressed, her dark eyes made up to look even darker than usual, her already fair skin lightened to a pallor. She has her sights set on Edward José, who plays a diplomat sent to Europe by the president on a delicate mission. As Theda heads for the ship that is to bear José, a ragged and unshaven derelict stops her near the docks. Only a year ago this pitiful creature had been a handsome young man whom Theda had trapped, used, and tossed aside. "See what you have made of me!" he groans, and "still you prosper, you hellcat!"

When Theda meets the diplomat, she commands, "Kiss me, my fool!"—and he does. By the time the ship lands in Europe, José has been reduced to an infatuated victim who dawdles with Theda on the Riviera instead of attending to his business. In a moment of conscience, he vows to return to the United States and his wife and child. But Theda follows him to New York, where she persuades him to abandon his family. To heighten the sense of impending doom, director Frank Powell now switches to a reddish-tinted film. By the end of *A Fool There Was*, a drooling, bleary-eyed José is dragging himself across the thick carpeting of Theda's Fifth Avenue home. In the final scene she crouches triumphantly over the Fool's broken body, grinning wickedly as she holds a long-stemmed rose in her teeth.

Audiences were stunned. In the *Motion Pic-*

"See what you have made of me, and still you prosper, you hellcat."



In her famous film A Fool There Was *(1916), the triumphant vamp (above) crouches over her vanquished lover's body. Theda's publicity stills (below) were outlandish.*

ture News, critic Peter Milne declared that no full-length film "witnessed by the writer has surpassed it in its gripping and tenacious qualities." A new word entered the English language as moviegoers shortened vampire into "vamp."

Theda Bara was an overnight sensation, a genuine star to the public, because she was exactly the kind of sex symbol Americans wanted at that moment. Her appearance and her femininity were so exaggerated and the movie plots so outlandish that she did not present a genuine threat to existing morality, and in a curious way she even reinforced the remnants of strict Victorian convention. By the end of her films, Theda Bara usually had humiliated, even destroyed, men who gave in to their baser passions with her.

As the public clamored to see more of Theda Bara after the release of *A Fool There Was* in January 1915, she started working six days a week at Fox's New York City and Fort Lee, New Jersey, studios and turned out one full-length melodrama or tragedy every six weeks. And two Fox press agents named Johnny Goldfrap and Al Selig launched the motion picture industry's first high-pressure public-relations campaign to whip up even greater popular excitement for Theda and her films. First came the stories, still remembered today, about the Arab death anagram and the exotic circumstances surrounding her birth in Egypt. Then Goldfrap and Selig reported that the "occult-wise" Theda had studied acting in Europe as a young woman and had "joined Jane Hading's company in Paris, the Grand Guignol Theater, the Gymnase, and the Theater Antoine."

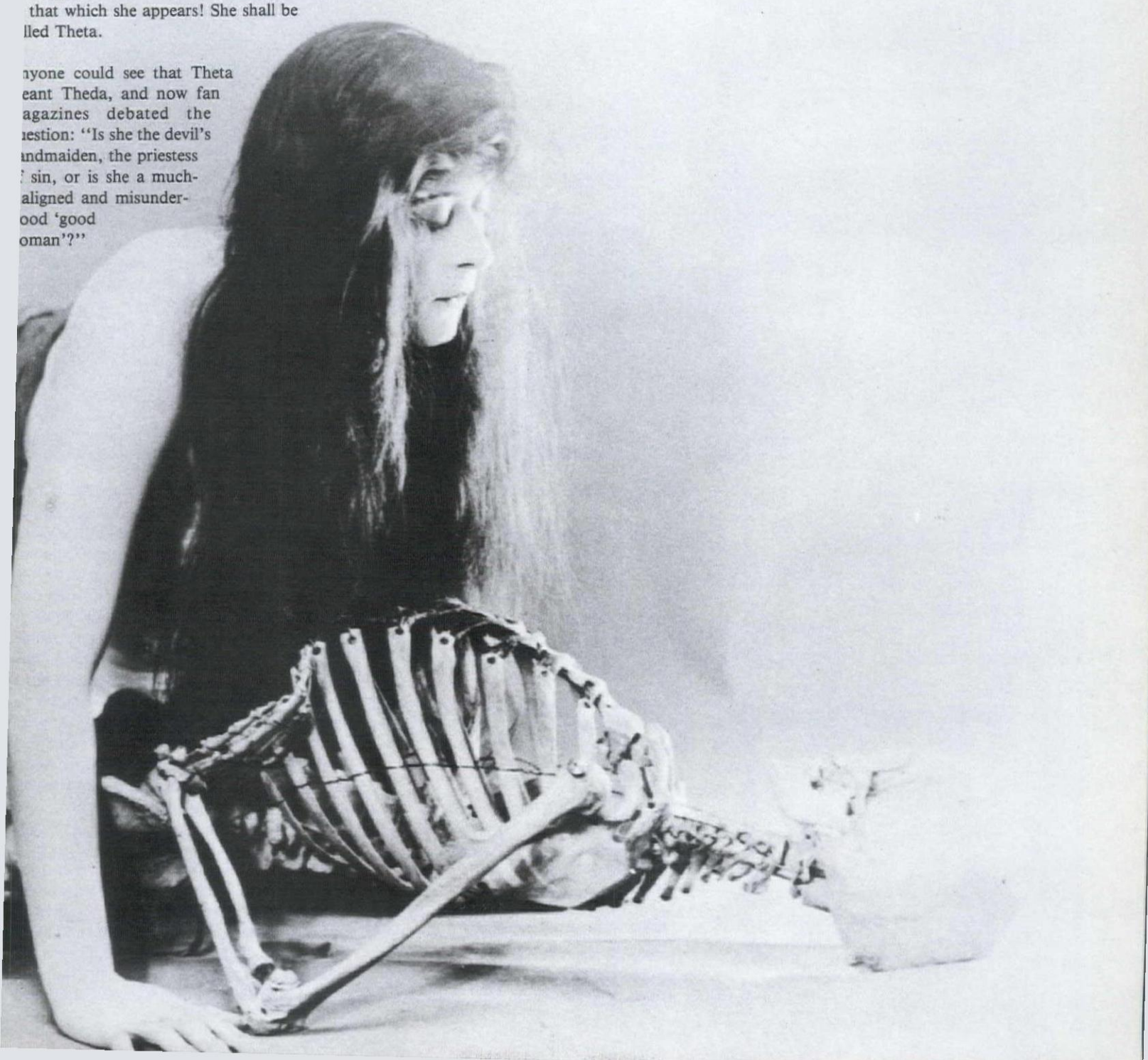
All this was wonderful nonsense, and it encouraged Goldfrap and Selig to issue even more far-fetched press releases which some newspapers and magazines printed almost verbatim. "The coming of Theda Bara was prophesied by the ancient Egyptians!" gasped the April 1917 issue of *Motion Picture Magazine*. Archaeologists had recently opened an ancient tomb in Egypt and discovered the following hier-



yphic inscription on the tomb's wall:

Thames, priest of Set, tell you this: She
ıll seem a snake to most men; she shall
d them to sin, and to their destruction.
t she shall not be so. She shall be good
d virtuous, and kind of heart; but she shall
t seem so to most men. For she shall not
that which she appears! She shall be
lled Theta.

ıyone could see that Theta
eant Theda, and now fan
agazines debated the
ıestion: "Is she the devil's
ındmaiden, the priestess
sin, or is she a much-
aligned and misunder-
ood 'good
oman'?"



"Save him! Save him!" the mother screamed. "The vampire has my child!"





Even at home, Theda Bara affected a sinister and vamplike aura (above). Left: Theda's most famous photo was a risqué publicity still from Cleopatra. *Theda managed to retire young and live on her movie earnings.*

Theda Bara laughed at these stories when she read them at the breakfast table to her sister Lori. "Some of them were so wild," she later recalled, that "we didn't think they would be printed or that, if they were printed, they would be believed. But they were printed all right, and they were believed, too, I suppose. The wildest press stories were the most successful ones.

Whatever Theda Bara thought of being "the priestess of sin," she went along with the Fox Studio promotion. After becoming a star in *A Fool There Was*, she had shrewdly decided to maintain the brutal production pace at the studio for five years, then retire, and live off her fortune. Fox Studio constructed sets with shorter-than-average doors and down-sized props so that 5'6" and 135-pound Theda looked taller and more menacing on film. But she did not have to fake her faraway vamp gaze. Theda was so nearsighted that she couldn't see the cue lines on the floors, and she carefully rehearsed each scene so that she knew the exact location of each prop and line without squinting.

Theda Bara put the same time and attention into playing the vamp off screen for the press and her fans. One of her most memorable appearances was at a press conference one summer day in 1917 at Chicago's Blackstone Hotel when she was moving cross-country to start making films at Fox's Los Angeles studios. The temperature in Chicago that day was in the 90s, and it seemed even hotter to the perspiring reporters who crowded the dimly lit anteroom of her hotel suite.

"Miss Bara will be a moment longer. She is not yet acclimated to this northern weather," announced her press agent. A few moments later, a nearby set of double doors opened noiselessly as if by spirit force, to reveal a darkened airless room, draped in red and black velvet, and filled with the scent of incense and tuberoses. In the middle of this fantastic tableau sat Theda Bara on a throne, draped in

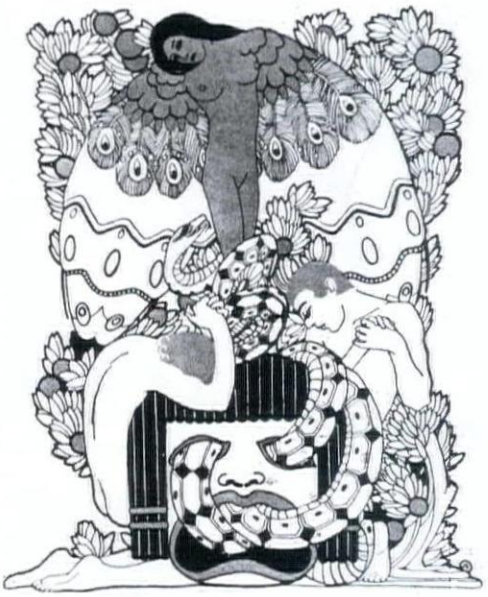
urs. "Miss Bara," explained the press agent, 'was born in the shadow of the pyramids, you now. It is very, very hot there, and she is old!" The moment the last reporter had left, Theda jumped up from her throne, threw off he furs, and ran to open one of the windows, gasping "Give me air!"

Did the public believe Theda Bara's vamp outine? At first, many did, and her films anked third behind Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin in box-office receipts. Movie studios rushed out imitation vamps, including Dorothy Dalton, Louise Glaum, and Valeska Suratt, but none of these actresses ever came close to Theda Bara in popularity or wickedness on screen. Women self-righteously kicked posters of Theda Bara outside theaters, and many moviegoers even saw evil in her non-vamp roles like Carmen (1915), Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet* (1916), and Camille (1917).

One day a mother on New York's Upper West Side saw her child talking with a dark-eyed, fair-skinned stranger on the street. Recognizing the woman as Theda Bara, the mother started screaming: "Save him! Save him! The vampire has my child!" and she called the police. Another time in New York, Theda walked into a department store, and the manager rushed over and begged, "Please don't come in, Miss Bara. We'll send the gowns to your hotel, but we can't stand any more of these riots." Just the day before, she had come into the same store and touched a hat on display. After Theda left, a mob of women had broken several plate glass windows and strewn merchandise all over the floor in a desperate attempt to grab the hat and perhaps acquire some of her mysterious power over men.

Even many of the fans who doubted the stories about Theda Bara's exotic origins or her ability to make men grovel at her feet *wanted* to believe that all this was true, just as they accepted a married twenty-five-year-old, $20,000-a-week actress named Mary Pickford as an innocent twelve- and -fourteen-year-old girl on the screen. For most Americans in the late teens, the movies were a marvelous recent invention, having just outgrown their primitive nickelodeon origins and having become the nation's leading form of mass entertainment. Because most fans had not yet learned otherwise, they thought that the stars were the same people in real life that they portrayed in the movies, and the studios and the stars encouraged these illusions to sell more tickets.

After Theda Bara moved to Los Angeles in 1917, she turned her home at 649 West Adams Boulevard into another stage set for her vamp routines. She filled the large pseudo-Tudor mansion with tiger skin rugs, crystal balls, mummy cases, peacock feathers, and anything else that looked wicked and sensual. Here she burned incense and practiced her two hobbies: astrology and distilling perfumes.



Theda's bookplate abounded in erotic, even Freudian imagery. But her on-screen sexuality was too outrageous really to offend.

Theda Bara's carefully thought-out private-life vamp role was just one instance of Hollywood's growing reliance upon public-relations hype in the late teens. To foster Mary Pickford's image as America's sweetheart, her studio distributed tens of thousands of photographs showing her dressed as a young girl, playing with puppies, kittens, and even bunnies. And Essanay Studios shamelessly reported that their romantic idol Francis X. Bushman, who actually had a wife and five children, was single and available to any woman who could catch him. Thousands of American girls and women believed this, and Essanay had to hire eight secretaries just to answer "King Romeo's" fan mail and three stock boys to carry the autographed pictures to the post office.

But no Hollywood story was—or ever has been—more preposterous than Theda Bara's, and by 1918 all but the most naive moviegoers knew that her vamping was just an act. Although her current melodramas and tragedies were successful, Theda tried to shake her vamp image before it was too late. She starred in historical costume dramas like *Madame Du Barry* (1917) and *Salomé* (1918), even portrayed an Irish peasant girl in *Kathleen Mavourneen* (1919), which was advertised as "the sweetest Irish love story ever told." Audiences accepted Theda Bara as the cunning Madame Du Barry or Salomé but not as a winsome Irish colleen. In some cities the Irish were so incensed that a Jew had been chosen for the role that they rioted outside theaters where the film was playing.

Stymied in the attempt to broaden her image, Theda Bara could no longer fall back on melodramas in 1919, because audiences had started giggling at her vamping. It wasn't only Theda who was suddenly passé; it was her distorted portrayal of femininity as well. Instead Americans flocked to see sophisticated but slightly naughty comedies like Cecil B. de Mille's *Why Change Your Wife?* (1919) and *Male and Female* (1919), which starred a glamorous Gloria Swanson and glorified drinking and infidelity against a background of beautiful people, fine clothes, and handsome houses. The vamp tradition did not die out in the 1920s, but the characters became more human, more the femme fatale, and only less-than-top-rank actresses usually took these roles.

In 1919 the Fox studio did not renew Theda Bara's contract, and no other studio wanted a has-been vamp at the dawn of the flapper age. In 1921, Theda married Charles Brabin, who had directed *Kathleen Mavourneen* two years earlier. Although she now had a loving husband and more than enough money, Theda still tried several movie and stage comebacks in the 1920s, including the film *Madame Mystery* (1926), an embarrassing parody of her earlier vamp roles. None of these attempts was successful, and Theda Bara became a Beverly Hills housewife and hostess. Throughout the 1930s and 1940s, she was a well-liked but curious relic of a bygone silent era, yet one who understood the basis for her incredible five-year career. Several years before her death on April 7, 1955, at the age of sixty-four, Theda Bara declared: "To understand those days, you must consider that people believed what they saw on the screen. Nobody had destroyed the grand illusion." □

Charles Lockwood's Dream Palaces, *a social history of Hollywood in the 1920s, will be published by Viking Press later this year.*

Scorsese: A Style of Violence

There's a scene near the end of Martin Scorsese's *Raging Bull* that pinpoints both what is so powerful and what is troublesome about this very gifted director's recent work. Jake La Motta (Robert De Niro), now very much the ex-boxing champion and husband, has been tossed into jail on a moral's conviction. Up to this point, and despite De Niro's considerable charms as an actor, La Motta has been anything but a sympathetic character. Yet now, confined to a dark little cell, his wasted body slumped up against the prison bars, this vicious man is—visually—an object of pity. Head bowed, he heaves toward the one narrow strip of light in an otherwise pitch-black cage, whimpering, "I'm not an animal." And, indeed, we're not meant to see him as the beast, but as the beast in all of us. So when La Motta edges one shoulder blade into the light, out of the blackness, the human animal achieves a redemption of sorts. Or does he?

Raging Bull is the logical culmination of ideas Martin Scorsese has been solidifying and, in many cases, rendering increasingly difficult to swallow over the past decade. Scorsese first attracted attention in the early seventies with his critically acclaimed *Mean Streets* (1973). A semiautobiographical film set in New York's Little Italy, *Mean Streets* was an extraordinary accomplishment for a man of not quite thirty. It was a half-poem and half-gangster film. It was about the Catholic Church and the Catholic mafia in a single breath. *Mean Streets* is that rare film in which extremes of style and subject matter make perfect sense within compelling characters and situations. The mythic dimensions of Italian immigrant life are explored with a frenetic, hand-held camera. The theme of Catholic redemption is played out in bars and street brawls. Gritty and lyrical, abrasive and sensuous elements are so interwoven with such craft it's nearly impossible to discern where the one stops and the other takes over. There's an almost tangible violence to *Mean Steets*—in the rock music and convulsive lovemaking as well as the actual fights—but this too is firmly rooted in atmosphere and personality.

In the years between *Mean Streets* and *Raging Bull*, Scorsese directed three sometimes brilliant, always unconventional genre films: a not-so-sunny romantic comedy, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* (1974); an exceptionally bloody thriller, *Taxi Driver* (1976); and a down beat musical, *New York, New York* (1977). He created the classic psychotic cabbie, Travis Bickle, and such memorable fringe characters as Bea, the long-suffering housewife in *Alice*, and Iris, *Taxi Driver's* wholesome prostitute. He vividly evoked both the myth of the Big Band days and the reality of middle-class life in the contemporary Southwest. While his style grew increasingly complex and accomplished, his obsessions—notably with violence and redemption—remained what they had been from the outset. Yet with *Taxi Driver* and *New York, New York*, there was a subtle shift in emphasis. Scorsese's eloquent style, once carefully related to subject, was assuming a life and power of its own. And, more disturbing, violence—formerly one aspect of Scorsese's world—was becoming an all-consuming impulse for his increasingly reprehensible protagonists.



Robert De Niro, who also played the protagonist in Martin Scorsese's earlier Taxi Driver *and* New York, New York, *is the middleweight boxing champion Jake La Motta in* Raging Bull.

Raging Bull carries these tendencies a step further. At once Scorsese's sparest and most mysterious work, it spells out his early obsessions in black-and-white—figuratively and literally— in Michael Chapman's breathtaking cinematography. In former middleweight champion Jake La Motta, Scorsese seems to have discovered the symbol of his dreams. Who could more perfectly embody violence with a mission than the ambitious boxer? Where is the impulse towards faith and love more dramatically foiled by the impulse towards self-destruction than in the troubled life and career of this man? Of course, *Raging Bull* isn't really about La Motta's rise and fall any more than it's about his jealousy and wife-beating. Like *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver* before it, *Raging Bull* is an excuse to probe the violent underpinnings of the human condition.

As tightly scripted by Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin, both Scorsese regulars, *Raging Bull* hasn't a trace of *Rocky's* upbeat suspense nor an extraneous characterization. Where *Taxi Driver* ventures a few weak explanations for Travis' derangement (Vietnam War experiences, an unhappy love life, and the heat of a New York August), *Raging Bull* avoids all speculations about La Motta's belligerence. As with *King Lear's* Edmund, we presume La Motta would be what he is had the maidenliest star in the firmament. . . . And, as brilliantly evoked by De Niro, what La Motta is, is as consistently fascinating as what he does is unremittingly trivial and mean spirited. When La Motta accuses his devoted brother of seduc-

(Text continued on page seventy-two)

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New York Philharmonic principal clarinetist Stanley Drucker conducts a master class for music students in the Elmira, N.Y., area.

(Text continued from page seventy)
ing his wife Vicki (Cathy Moriarty), for instance, we ought to throw up our hands in boredom and disgust. The brother is so clearly innocent. La Motta is so excessively, so predictably jealous. Yet, the power of De Niro's performance compels us to once again take note of the boxer's rage.

Even more than *Taxi Driver* and *New York, New York*, *Raging Bull* employs style as shorthand for plot and character development. The familiar themes are here swiftly, often schematically, conveyed. In *Taxi Driver*, for instance, Scorsese stresses the connection between erotic love and violence by following Travis from rejection in love to fascination with guns, to his ultimate cathartic mass murder. *Raging Bull* puts across the same idea through quick cross-cuts. From affectionate home movies of the La Mottas, Scorsese cuts to Jake slugging someone in the ring. From Jake embracing a smiling Vicki, he cuts to Jake permanently disfiguring a boxing foe.

Another favorite Scorsese message is that jealousy is stronger than love. In *New York, New York*, this theme is conveyed through scenes which link jazz-musician Jimmy Doyle's growing career frustrations with his also growing hostility towards a talented wife. The story helps us believe the message and vice versa. *Raging Bull* offers no such narrative crutch. That jealousy will ultimately wipe out love is declared through a trick of the camera. We watch Vicki La Motta's gestures twice: first, at normal speed, where they seem innocuous; and then, from Jake's jaundiced perspective, in ominous slow-motion.

Raging Bull's acting is uniformly superb, and its style is often so seductive we barely miss the in-depth characterization of *Mean Streets* and *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*. Myth and realism are always at war in a Scorsese film. Where realism more often than not wins out in the earlier work, myth is clearly the dominant presence here. Yet so subtle is Scorsese's technique, so deft his utilization of the documentary touch, that we're midway through the film before we realize there's not a single full-bodied creature on the screen. Scorsese's decision not to humanize La Motta is courageous—to a point. My problem with *Raging Bull* and, to a lesser degree, with *Taxi Driver* and *New York, New York* is not with the elusiveness of the unpleasant protagonist or with the preeminence of the director's style, but rather with the director's attempt to redeem his unpleasant character through style. And, specifically, with an unspoken justification of violence.

Violence was, of course, a given in the earlier films as well, but then so was the protagonist's determination to fight against it—usually through a mission of some sort. The mission invariably went awry, but the character looked the better for having conceived it. *Mean Streets'* Charlie, for instance, is a hostile, self-promoting, frequently misguided character with a very appealing desire to "save" his childhood buddy. He has little luck, but keeps insisting, "I'm trying, Lord, I'm trying." And so he is, and so in her less "Catholic" way is Alice, whose perhaps naive mission is to get her son to Monterey so they can resume the uncomplicated life she married out of fifteen years earlier. Charlie and Alice are not just mythic Everymen (women): they're individuals with yearnings and foibles, virtues and faults who earn the directorial redemption they get as well as our affection.

But the same cannot be argued for Travis and Jimmy and Jake (all, perhaps not coincidentally, played by De Niro). Travis' "mission" is random assassination. Jimmy, a careerist at all costs, beats his pregnant wife into premature delivery and then deserts mother and child. Jake La Motta's "mission" is victory in the ring and dictatorship in the family, and his tactics are ruthless boxing and male chauvinism par excellence. Through the power of his images and the talents of his actors, Scorsese accomplishes the almost impossible in making us care what happens to these brutal men. What's more, he conveys the sad reality that many of their least attractive tendencies are also our own.

But these characters are sketches with the white left out. They're the dark side of the soul with no mollifying compassion or even humor. The faith Jake La Motta reaches for in his prison scene is a faith in himself as a human being. And he gets it. But redemption? No. Scorsese's description of a human beast is riveting; his redemption of that beast is wrong headed.

—Diane Jacobs

De Niro gained some forty pounds to lend authenticity to his portrait of La Motta as the washed-up ex-champion entertaining at his own night club.



Letters

Why not in July?

I just received your October issue and wou like to say that if you had published this i teresting a magazine a couple of times earlier the year, I would have renewed my subscri tion. I do not like your new format and wou like to see a return to the old. I would be mc happy to support the old quality HORIZON.

Alta Goodrich-Nolan
New Haven, Connecticut

Thank you very much. Just when I was in pa ticular need of a particular read our postma brought me HORIZON. So my little story had happy ending for yet another month. HORIZC is very good.

Eleanor Anderson
Sandhurst, South Africa

The current issue of HORIZON (November 198(is a beauty! I enjoyed the articles on the liter ati, Gertrude Stein, et al.—and the handsom illustrations of the archaeological treasures Reading HORIZON has always been rewarding.

Maurice Sagoff
Acton, Massachusetts

The Elephant Man

Reading "Cross Country" in your Octobe issue, I was pleased to come across the squib on *The Elephant Man*. It was especially nice tc see my HORIZON article (June 1979) on the John Merrick vogue cited, chiefly because I'm in volved in the transformation of the Broadway production to televison now under way.

Still, I feel I should clarify one point. Your writer implied that in my article I'd credited the popularity of Merrick's true-life story to "a general turning inward from the world at large to the crises of the self." I did say that. I also went on to claim that *The Elephant Man*, unlike other self-oriented plays such as *Equus*, *The Shadow Box*, or *Wings*, moved out to take in the world at large and "reshape[d] a slice of history for its own purposes." Which is what makes it a larger work than any of the others, both as theater and as literature.

Steve Lawson
New York