

February 1981

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HORIZON

The Magazine of the Arts

**Marie
Cosindas'
China Diary**

**The Bewitching
Jane Seymour**

**Mamet Goes
To Hollywood**

**Celebrating The
Great Pavlova**

**Jefferson's
Controversial
Biographer
Tackles Nixon**

Children at a Shanghai commune
performing a simple domestic play.
Photograph by Marie Cosindas.

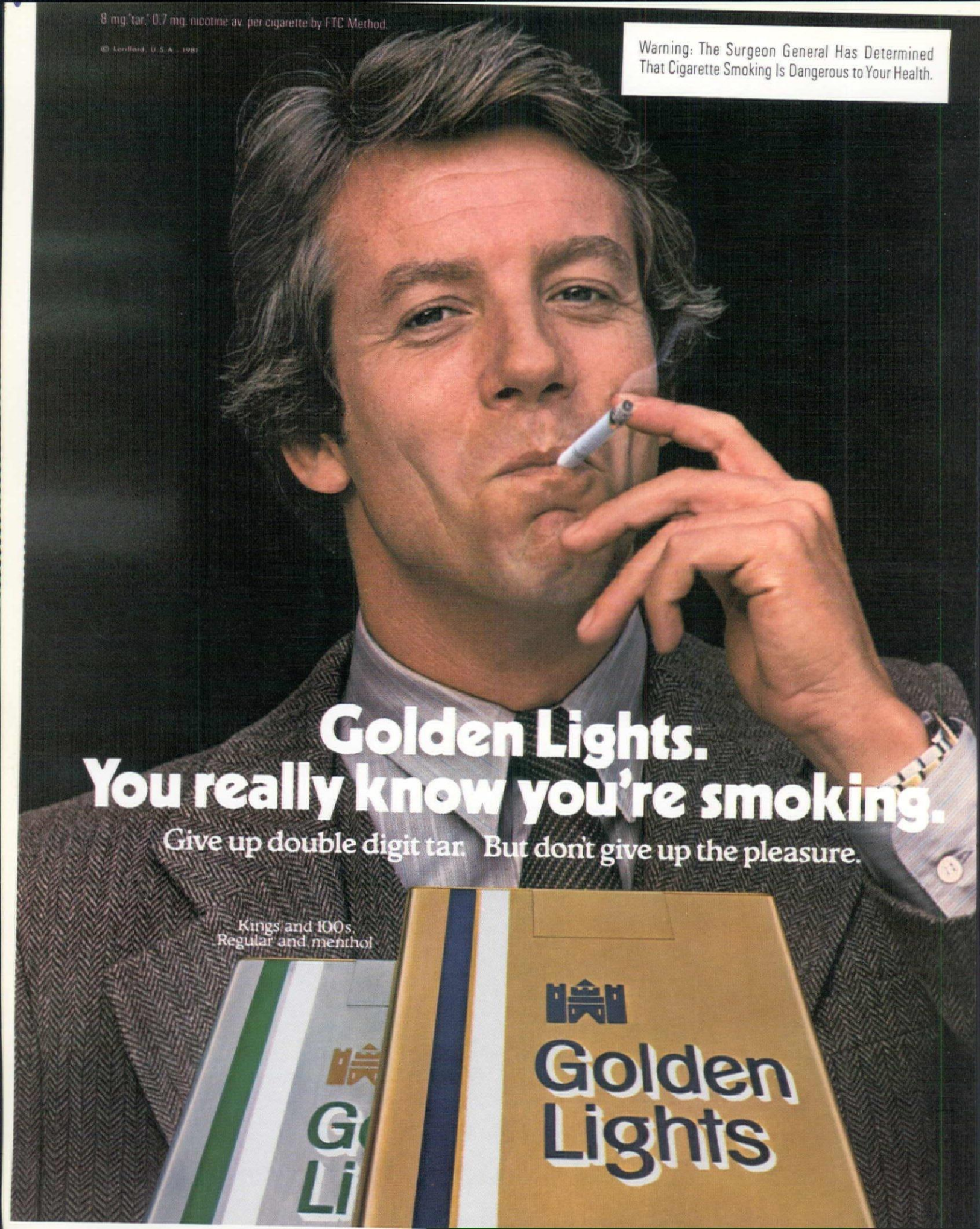
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HORIZON

Volume 24 Number 2 February 1981

Cover:
Children in a Shanghai
commune enact a simple
domestic play for the
benefit of visitors and
classmates. © 1980
Marie Cosindas.

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The Art of the Interview

The interview. It can be either the delight or the bane of a writer's existence.

We asked Erla Zwingle, in New York, what she expected when she set out to interview photographer Marie Cosindas about her recent China trip. "I knew from reading Tom Wolfe's essay about being photographed by Marie that she would be very unassuming, that physically she would be small, and that her voice would be quiet," said Erla. "I didn't expect her to be so articulate.

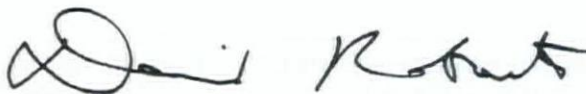
"Marie is very verbal, and very interested in talking. But a lot of times her comments didn't go beneath the surface. She talked about how overwhelming China was, how breathtaking it was, how exciting it was. But she used these words over and over again, and it was a bit disconcerting. I wanted to say, 'could you be a little more specific?' I realized that was the line between the verbal person and the visual person. The power of her experience really comes through in her pictures. The words are guideposts to the pictures."

Tom Bourne, in Santa Monica, interviewed the late Fawn Brodie for HORIZON. "I was expecting someone august," Tom recalled. "Fawn Brodie had an international status as a historian and a scholar. What I found, however, was someone who was very down-to-earth, extraordinarily friendly, someone who treated me as a colleague. Virtually everything that she had to say was worth quoting. Ordinarily when I'm preparing an article I take very brief excerpts from my interview. But in her case, we talked for an hour and a half, and when I was going over it, I just skimmed the cream off the top."

In Washington, Sarah Booth Conroy spent two hours with actress Jane Seymour. "I have a theory of interviewing," Sarah Booth said. "What you endeavor to do is set up an instant intimacy. It's like falling in love with the person you're interviewing just for the time it takes to do the interview. When you get back to your typewriter, then you've got to fall out of love with her, and try to view her dispassionately. I found Jane very easy to like. Everyone has said this about her, but it's true: she's a really nice person. When I went back to the typewriter, I had a hard time thinking of anything mean to say about her."

Joy DeWeese-Wehen, in San Francisco, of course had no chance to interview Anna Pavlova, who died fifty years ago this January. But she did talk to Margot Fonteyn, who as a girl had sat spellbound at a Pavlova performance; Joy's letter tracked Fonteyn around the world to Panama, from which country she called Joy. "I was terribly happy. But you know, she was so chatty and giggly, she would have talked and talked and talked. Thinking about HORIZON's phone bill, I finally had to sort of cut her off."

Playwright David Mamet solved the interviewer's problem by interviewing himself. And Patrick Hazard—whose four-part series on "unknown" museums continues in this issue with a look at the Southeast—simply got on a bus and, like the medieval Irish monks who submitted to God's will by rowing out to sea and then throwing away the oars, let the vehicle take him to places the existence of which he hadn't suspected.



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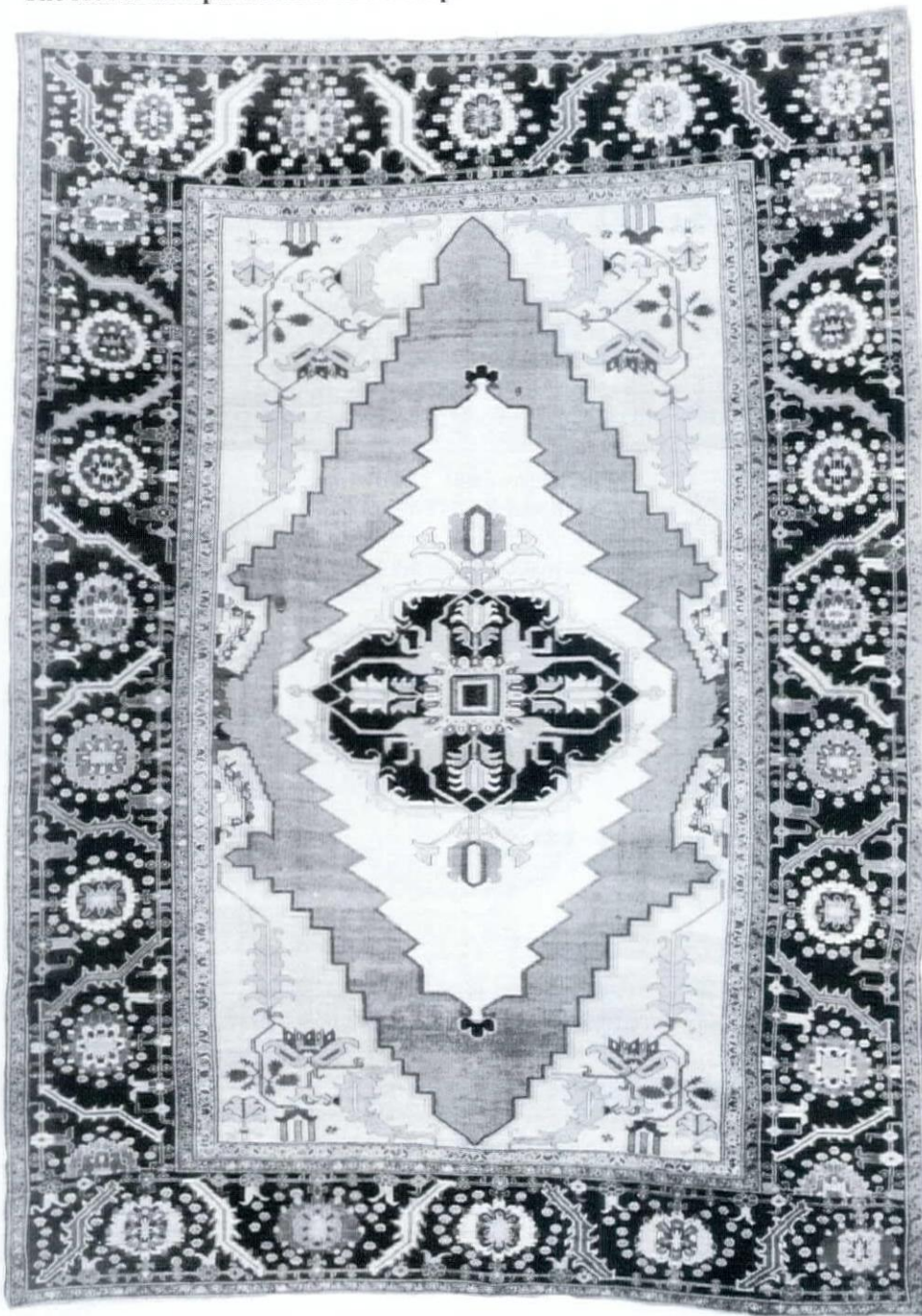
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Cynthia Gregory as Desdemona in José Limón's "The Moor's Pavana"

Photo: Martha Swope

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Cross Country



Art

Graffiti wars

Last fall New York Mayor Edward Koch declared that he would send German shepherd guard dogs into the subway yards to combat the teenagers responsible for the increasing proliferation of graffiti on both the outer and inner walls of the city's 6,424 subway cars. If the dogs didn't do the job, Koch was quoted as saying, he wished he could send wolves.

No one was more dismayed than a forty-five-year-old former theater director named Jack Pelsinger, who seven years ago founded the Nation of Graffiti Artists. Pelsinger's aim was to get the teenage artists out of the yards and into studios and workshops where they could produce art that had a chance of being sold. Despite enthusiastic write-ups in most of New York's newspapers and the endorsement

Above: Young artists in the South Bronx work diligently on a colorful wall painting. Right: Three artists named Angel, Soul, and Oscar display a "collective" canvas they created together.



Herb Migdoll

of such people as Bella Abzug, Pelsinger was able to raise only \$16,000 in seven years, and his relations with Mayor Koch's office remained chilly at best. While they existed, Pelsinger maintains, the workshops attracted a steady and devoted following.

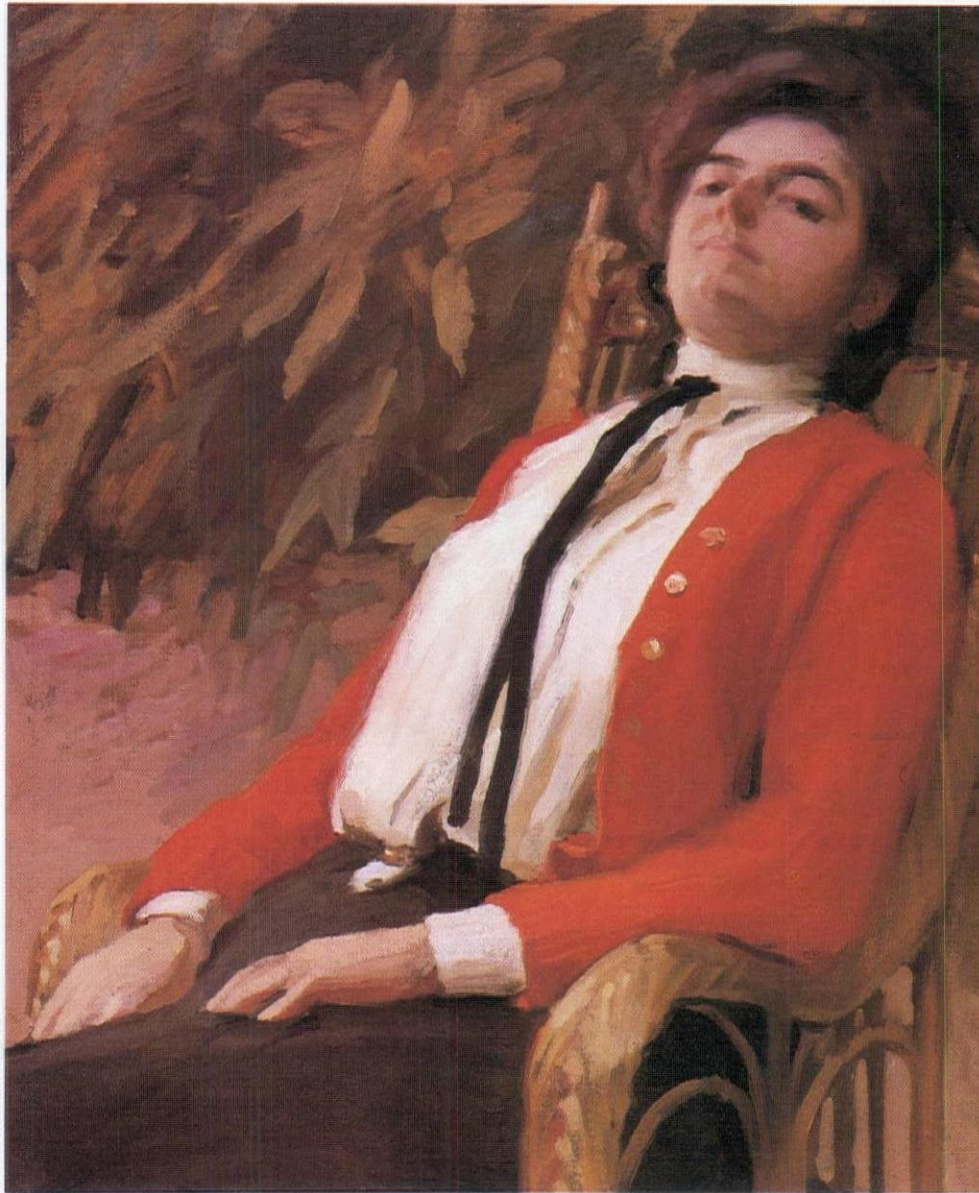
Pelsinger insists that the teenagers painting the cars have little to do with the crime rate. "They have no interest in mugging anyone. Their only interest is to get together as a group. The Koch administration has been using graffiti as the scapegoat for the public's fear of crime ever since it became visible."

Koch spokeswoman Ronay Menschel disagrees. "I think generally that painting the cars is a form of vandalism and not a form of individual expression. You have to consider that one talent out of one hundred attracts others who just spray their cans around. It creates an atmosphere of lawlessness or lack of control that undermines the system in a number of ways. There's a big difference between creating art on private property and creating it on public property without permission."

Says Pelsinger: "The Metropolitan Authority gets millions of dollars every year for their so-called antigraffiti program. This year I think they're spending something like five million. It means they will be repainting the trains with chemicals that get rid of the graffiti, and these chemicals eat away the metal. It breaks down the whole system. The waste of money has been enormous over the years."

Menschel rejoins, "It's true that cars have been painted over with a graffiti-resistant paint. We would all prefer that that would not have to be done. It would be nice not to have to make this expenditure at all." She feels the role of the dogs has been misunderstood. "The idea is to construct two fences where the subway cars are stored. The dogs would be placed between the fences so no one will have to worry about being hurt, if they don't try to invade the yards. The safety issue is important. The Metropolitan Authority rejected, for instance, putting the dogs in the yards themselves for fear that a young person might be chased by a dog and hit the [electrified] third rail."

Pelsinger is not so sanguine. "Graffiti artists have come from the worst ghettos in America. They have learned to survive in those ghettos. They will learn to survive in the yards. I think they will use their spray paint to spray the dogs. I think some children will get hurt. I think dogs are going to get hurt. I think policemen are going to get hurt."



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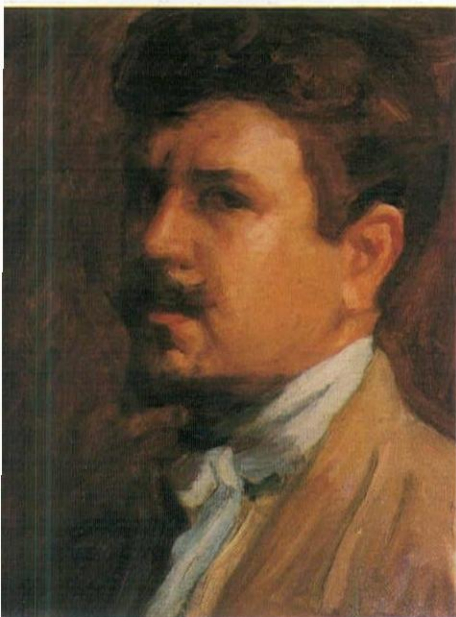
The Lost Impressionist

The American artist Robert Henry Logan (not to be confused with his contemporary Robert Fulton Logan) left America for Paris in 1895, at the age of twenty-one. He spent the next fifteen years in France, developing a powerful talent as an impressionist somewhat in the manner of Whistler. He was acclaimed in his own day and won the Prix de Rome. But upon his death in 1942, most of his canvases were stored in a warehouse in Waltham, Massachusetts, and Logan soon became a forgotten artist.

Two years ago James and Caroline Shep-

hard, gallery owners in North Kingston, Rhode Island, got a phone tip about the Logan trove. Shephard almost gave up the chase when his directions to the Waltham warehouse backfired and he found himself lost in the labyrinth of greater Boston. He persisted, however, and found a neatly wrapped collection of perhaps 150 paintings and drawings. According to Caroline Shephard, her husband opened one box to sample the works. "The ones that h

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Above: Beach Scene with Striped Cabana and (left) Self-Portrait, are among the Logan works on display for the first time since his collection was discovered by gallery owners James and Caroline Shephard.

looked at were okay, but they were student things. He decided, yes, he would take them. Then they just kept getting better and better as we opened them. But we still didn't realize just how important the collection was."

Museum experts soon did, and this year Logan receives the first exhibition of his recently discovered works. Through February 15 the New Britain (Connecticut) Museum of American Art will display more than one hundred oils and charcoals from the Logan collection, most of which is owned by the Shephards. The canvases are rich with lyrical evocations of Brittany beaches, Morocco markets, and Venice canals, as well as domestic interiors and portraits.

Cuban Art

Although Cuba has a rich artistic tradition spanning the last three centuries, its works remained virtually unknown outside the Caribbean island until 1944, when a major exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art opened the eyes of Europeans and Americans alike. Almost four decades later, however, Cuban art remains undervalued and poorly known.

An attempt to remedy this situation is underway at the Museum of Arts and Sciences in Daytona Beach, Florida, where a new Cuban Wing has been renovated to house a permanent collection of works produced between 1759 and 1959. What museum personnel describe as "the finest collection of Cuban art in the free world" will be on view starting in February in the new wing. A much wider audience, it is hoped, will at last have acquaint-

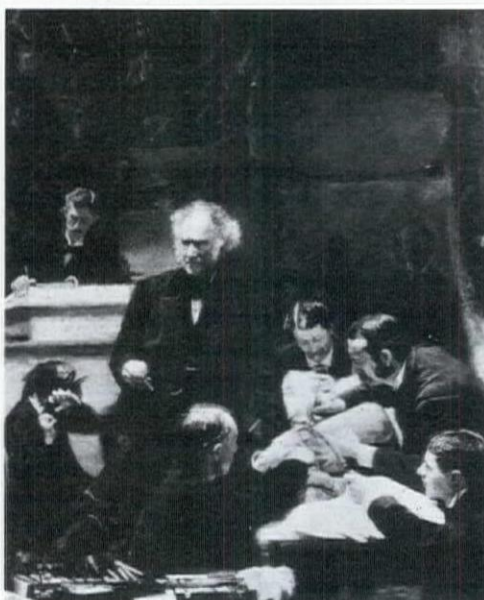


La Popa, painted in 1923 by Cuban artist Mariano Miguel, is one of the works now on display at the Museum of Arts and Sciences in Daytona Beach, Florida.

tance with the works of such neglected masters as Juan Bautista Vermay (1786-1833), who studied in France under David, the Leopoldo Romanach (1862-1951), who toured Europe, came under the spell of the impressionists, but returned to Cuba and rejected their influence in favor of the academic tradition he had first learned in Paris.

The Most Valuable American Painting

On February 7 an unusual art exhibition called "The Art of Healing: Medicine and Science in American Art" opens at the Birmingham (Alabama) Museum of Art. The crown jewel of the exhibition is Thomas Eakins' famous *Portrait of Professor Gross*, which many art historians believe is the most valuable painting ever executed by an American. (It is widely rumored that Philadelphia's Thomas Jefferson Medical



Thomas Eakins painted his renowned Portrait of Professor Gross because he felt he could better portray the famous surgeon than the painter assigned the work.

College, which owns the painting and which has only rarely allowed it to travel, has turned down offers for it of up to \$5 million.)

The painting has an interesting history. In the 1870s, according to City University of New York art historian William Gerds, the medical college commissioned a series of portraits of professors. A painter named Samuel Waugh was assigned the portrait of Professor Samuel D. Gross, then the most famous surgeon in America. When Eakins saw Waugh's portrait of Gross, he felt he could do better. "Spec," as it were, he painted the work which would later become so famous. But when Eakins submitted his painting to the 1876 Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, it was rejected. According to Gerds, there were probably two reasons for the rejection. Critics commented that the bloody hand in the painting was too strong for the sensibilities of women who might view the work. And—Gerds emphasizes—that the logic is only speculative—of the rejecting jurors was none other than Samuel Waugh.

The exhibition, which is made possible by grants from the Greater Birmingham Foundation, The C Foundation, and private Birmingham sponsors, will also include works by Frederic Remington, John Singer Sargent, Grant Wood, Andy Warhol, and others.

Artists of Israel

The past sixty years have been an era of "her innovation" in Israeli art, according to Susan Tumarkin Goodman, chief curator of the Jewish Museum (1109 Fifth Avenue, New York), where "Artists of Israel: 1920-1980" is on exhibition from February 4 through March 17. But don't go expecting any single, identifiable Israeli "school." The thirty-six artists offered, with three or four works by each, collectively achieve a kind of exultant eclecticism. So any reference to Israeli art can mean only a grand diversity of vigorously individual works, though there are evidences of shared experience. All of them, for example, have in common the experience of living in the turbulent new-old nation of Israel.

There is a Yiddish saying: put ten Jews in a room and you have eleven opinions. Also, with the spirited individuality, which characterizes these artists, they also come from widely varied backgrounds. Some are sabra, native to this Eastern Mediterranean country. Others were brought as infants or as children



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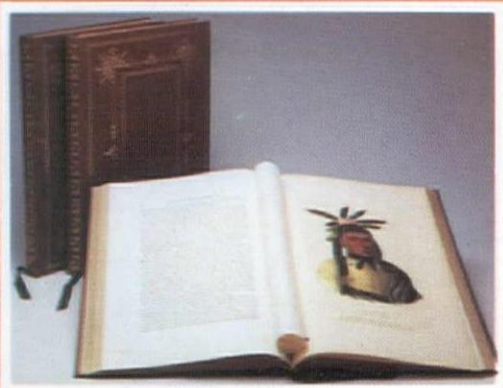
Antique George III walnut mirror. H: 57".



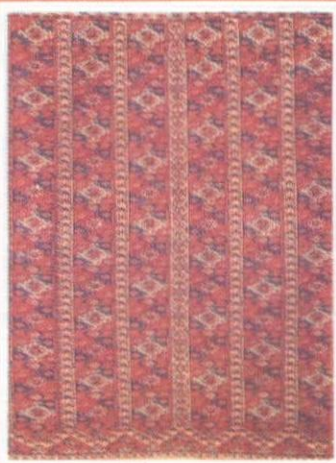
Hans Goderis (Dut.ac, 1625-'45). *Ships in a Calm*. Signed and dated 1625. Oil on panel. 8 1/4" x 12 3/4".



Ludwig Munthe (Nor. 1841-1896). *Winter Canal Scene*. Signed and dated 1888. Oil on canvas. 21" x 35". One of two Munthes.



McKenney & Hall, *History of the Indian Tribes of North America*... 1838-1844. Includes the first 6 plates from the European edition, by Charles Hullmandel.



Antique Tekke Bokhara prayer rug. 4'2" x 3'5".



Frederic Remington (Am. 1861-1909). Three studies framed as one. Each signed. Pen and ink. Overall, 11" x 16".



The Jewish Museum

Reuven Rubin is one of the diverse Israeli artists represented in The Jewish Museum's exhibition. He painted *Old Sycamores* in 1927.

during the Holocaust. A number lived in Paris long enough to have been influenced by currents there, especially in the 1950s and 1960s. There are those who have responded to such American trends as pop art. Figurative painting and drawing, abstraction, expressionism, minimalism, surrealism, and conceptual art all have their passionate partisans.

Many who came as adults from other regions and cultures brought with them established styles, which they either continued to follow to a degree or adapted as their life in Israel changed them. Marcel Janco, for example, was a cofounder, with Tristan Tzara, of the Dada movement in Zurich during World War I, and he modulated his art as his new home and people modified him.

There have been a few art movements or organizations in Israel, such as New Horizons, which dates from 1950, and 10², which came later. Yet, even they do not represent any uniformity or even significant similarity of style. Other than a shared respect for European modernism (in the face of figurative style prevailing in Israel at the time), the members

of New Horizons resolutely followed their individual artistic beliefs.

So far, many of these painters, sculptors and artists in various other media are not well known to Americans, other than to those who have been to Israel where their work readily can be viewed. A few, such as Yaacov Agam, have achieved considerable recognition in the Western world. Outstanding Israeli artists include Avigdor Arikha, Reuven Rubin, Moshe Castel, Nahum Gutman, Jacob Steinhardt, Igaël Tumarkin, Menaham Shemi, and Anna Ticho.

Yet the very unfamiliarity of so much of this exhibition accounts in part for its exceptional interest. "Artists of Israel: 1920-1980" offers an exhilarating odyssey of discovery.

—Norman Nadel

Theater

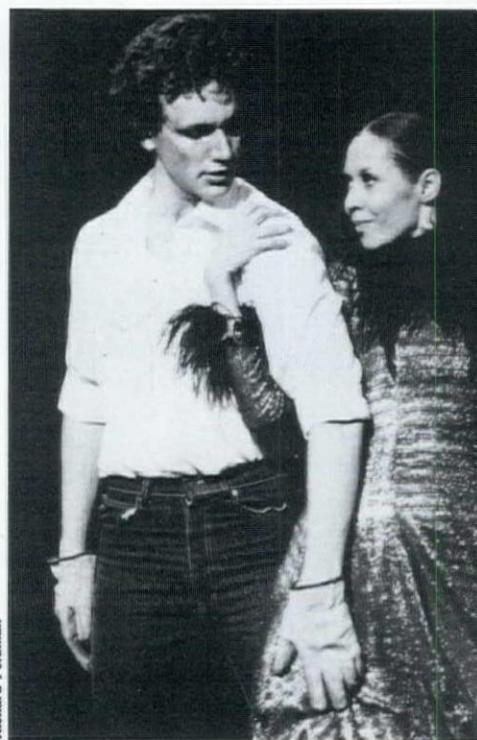
Repertory at Howard

By all accounts, theater in Boston is in trouble. In a recent article in the *Boston Globe*, Kevin Kelly summed up the predicament. At that writing, the Colonial Theater was up for sale, having been dark since Carol Channing had abruptly quit *Sugar Babies*, forcing the shut-

down of the production. The Wilbur's late show had been canceled before its opening and there were rumors that the theater was about to be sold to Emerson College. The Charles Playhouse had had one play fail to survive its intended five-week pre-Broadway run, another open and close on the same night. According to Kelly, only the Shubert Theater and the new Metropolitan Theater were really healthy.

Meanwhile an unusual theatrical comparison seems to be alive and well in the Boston suburb of Cambridge. The American Repertory Theatre Company (ARTC), just a few steps down Brattle Street from Harvard University, occupies the Loeb Drama Center from September through July. The ARTC, in its second season, is the brainchild of Robert Brustein, who before being lured to Harvard was the founding director of the much acclaimed Yale Repertory Theatre. In an age when even New York City has great difficulty maintaining a repertory theater (see Howard Kissel's article in the December 1980 *HORIZON*), Brustein seems to have hit upon a magic formula. ARTC's production of *A Midsummer*

Eric Ellice and Carmen de Lavallade appear in Seven Deadly Sins, one of the performances by ARTC in Cambridge.



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Night's Dream got rave reviews last fall. In February Frank Wedekind's *Lulu* will be rotating with Charles Wood's satire *Has Washington Legs?* and a pair of Brecht-Weill musical pieces, *The Seven Deadly Sins* and *Berlin Requiem*. A highlight of the schedule later in the spring will be a new play, *Grownups*, by Jules Feiffer.

Although the Loeb Drama Center was built for use by Harvard students, there seem to be no unpleasant repercussions from its current occupation by a professional repertory company not officially aligned with Harvard. Says publicist Jan Geidt, "After all, it gives many of the students an opportunity to work with members of a professional repertory company—not only as actors, but in the technical and design areas as well."

Music

Blind Musical Paintings

At the age of nine, Tel Aviv-native Ruben Varga was a violin prodigy giving his first recital. At eleven he was blind—the victim of a grenade. With considerable courage Varga continued to pursue his musical career, emigrating to the United States in 1947, studying at Juilliard, and eventually touring North and South America. He has also composed original music for the violin.

When Leonard Greene, president of the Institute for Socioeconomic Studies, decided to experiment with some unusual linkages between music and painting, he chose Varga—because the violinist was blind, and thus ought to be free of visual preconceptions—as his collaborator. Greene's contention was that musical tones elevated thirty-seven octaves produced a vibration that corresponded in frequency to a hue of light. The notes of the scale, Greene determined, corresponded to twelve different colors ranging through the spectrum.

Using a brush, finger paints, and a palette knife, orienting by means of a metal border clamped to the canvas, Varga produced a series of striking abstract paintings corresponding to musical works by himself and by nineteenth-century composers. Greene stops short of claiming that in these canvases music has been directly translated into art; they are, in his view, "transpositions." Asked to comment on the paintings, Robert H. Gray, dean of the College of Fine Arts at UCLA, called them "incredible."



Anita Feldman

Above: Penelope, Camille, MeMe, and Peoria are members of the zany, but professional, Cumeezi Bozo Ensemble. Below: Using stickpins to help position the musical passages he wished to paint, blind composer and violinist Ruben Varga created more than fifty canvases such as this one.



Comedy

Clowning Around

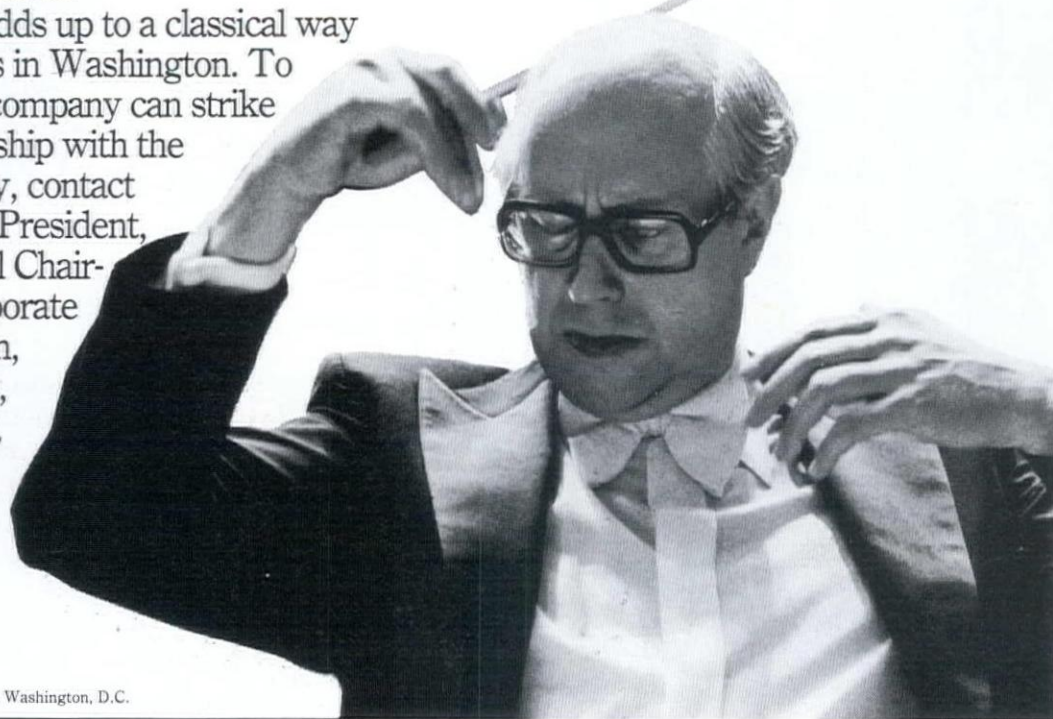
They may appear anywhere, as long as there is a crowd of people present. They have white faces and wear tattered, colorful costumes and they have the ability to make people laugh wherever they show up—be it the airport, department store, a disco, or the streets of New York during lunch hour. They, the Cumeezi Bozo Ensemble, are a zany but professional clown troupe dedicated to bringing "free public laughs" to the residents of New York and to people all over the world. But they are different from any other clowns around. As the company's creator and director, Ernie Trules, puts it: "Nobody does quite what we do. To begin with, we never speak. But we're not mimes—you won't see us opening up imaginary umbrellas. What we do sort of define itself. It's not theater; it's not dance; it's not mime—but it draws from each of those and has something to do with them."

The troupe has been appearing since 1971. The fifteen-member ensemble was named after

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Cross Country

its founder who now spends the majority of his time directing rather than clowning. Trules explains that, unlike traditional circus clowns, the Cumeezi Bozo Ensemble does not *perform* per se; they are not trying to impress the audience with rehearsed skills. Instead, they want to enter the audience's world and include them in the work. "We do it all based on interaction. We extend ourselves in an animated, expressive way that allows us to meet people and enter their worlds. It's like you tape up your skin and become all these other people for a while," says Trules. "What we really want to do is to break down barriers—to do something human and touch people. One of the wonderful things about the work is that it's not verbal. Just by tickling someone's ribs with a little finger you can get a lot more from them than with a lot of words."

And to help break down the barrier even further, the Cumeezi Bozos are free. Trules believes that a group only separates itself from

the audience by asking for money: "We don't pass the hat. We couldn't ask people to interact with us, laugh with us, shake our hands, and then stick our hands in their pockets—it would be contradictory." Of course money is a problem. "We're always scrounging and scraping and hustling for jobs and money and funding," says Trules. Though they have to compete with every other nonprofit arts company in the country, the group does receive support from the National Endowment for the Arts, in addition to public, private, and corporate funding. And they hire themselves out through the company's "Send Out The Clowns" project for theater openings, conventions, parties, and other private affairs. The Cumeezi Bozo School, based on Trules' unique method for animating movement and behavior and developing clown character, offers workshops in schools and communities. In addition to the dancers and actors who attend, there are nonprofessionals like "housewives

and medical technicians," who, Trules says, "seek out the school as a form of therapy."

Sponsored tours have sent the Cumeezi Bozo Ensemble clowning around the country and through Europe. Trules found the Europeans less receptive to the troupe's antics than the Americans. He explains: "Although there is a respect for the art of clowning in Europe that we don't have here, theirs is a stage clowning and we found that our immediate, intimate approach scared the Europeans. They were as open as Americans—they didn't like to be touched, so they kind of huddled together and giggled nervously."

Back home the ensemble schedules a fifteen-week summer season and a shorter winter season. In February 1981 the Cumeezi Bozos will provide laughs at Wollman Skating Rink at 2 P.M. February 7; Bloomingdale's main floor at 2 P.M. February 14; La Marqueta at 2 P.M. February 28; Grand Central Station at 3 P.M. February 28; and Penn Station at 3 P.M. March 6.



Burchfield Hartley & Marin

John Marin (1870-1953)

The Coast, 1914.

Watercolor,

15½ x 18½ inches.

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Television

Passing the Baton

Beginning on Wednesday, February 25, public television viewers will have the chance to witness musical history. After forty-four years of conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy is passing the baton to his hand-picked successor, Italian-born Riccardo Muti. With the 1980-81 season, Ormandy becomes conductor laureate of the orchestra, a title almost synonymous with his name, and Muti, who in Ormandy's opinion is the best person to take his place, will become the new leader.

The five-part television presentation is designed to provide an overall view of the Philadelphia Orchestra, including the much-publicized transition between musical directors. Interviews with Ormandy and Muti accompany

company documentary segments such as a recording session; in addition, interplay between soloist and conductor during rehearsal of a new work shows what goes on behind the scenes. Finally several musical works will be performed in concert, including Stravinsky's Suite from *The Firebird* (1919 version), Ravel's Suite No. 2 from the ballet *Daphnis and Chloe*, and Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 25, with one of the world's foremost pianists, Alicia de Larrocha; a performance of Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem* will top off the series.

Made possible by a grant from the Atlantic Richfield Company, the Philadelphia Orchestra series is presented on public television as a coproduction of WHYY Philadelphia and the Philadelphia Orchestra Association. Following the February 25 broadcast, successive shows will air Wednesday, March 25; Sunday, April 19; Wednesday, April 22; and Wednesday, May 27. (Be sure to check local listings for specific times.)

Ossie and Ruby

The talented husband-wife team of actor, director, and author Ossie Davis and actress Ruby Dee will host a new thirteen-part series called, appropriately enough, "With Ossie & Ruby" on public television. The series, which premieres on February 14, has as its unifying thread the art of the storyteller. Multimedia shows will interweave the skills of actors, dancers, and musicians with "the magic of language." Says Davis, "We're going to entertain viewers by igniting their imaginations."

Guests will include Della Reese, jazz-musicians Max Roach and Billy Taylor, and playwright Samm-Art Williams. The series, a production of KERA Dallas-Fort Worth, is supported by grants from Alcoa Foundation, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, and various public television stations. □

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

Arthur B. Davies (1862-1928)



Mountaineers

Oil on canvas 18 x 40 inches

Signed: A. B. Davies

Painted in 1913

Recorded: in Royal Cortissoz, *Arthur B. Davies*, 1931, pg. 29

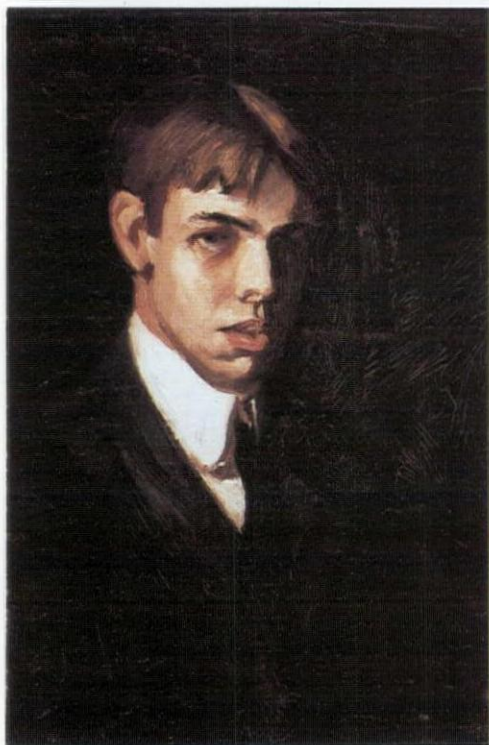
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Trans World



No painting more accurately typifies the alienation Hopper expressed than this self-portrait, finished in 1906.

Geoffrey Clements

England

Edward Hopper

Called America's most outstanding realist painter by many, Edward Hopper (1882-1967) is famous for his poetic depictions of everyday American life and alienation, from rural Cape Cod scenes to visions through the windows of a Manhattan restaurant. From the twenties until his death, he painted gas stations, fields, city streets, sunroofs, and populated nearly all of them with silent, seemingly pensive people.

Philip Morris, Inc., one of this country's most prolific corporate supporters of the arts, and the National Endowment of the Arts join in sponsoring "Edward Hopper: The Art and the Artist," at the Hayward Gallery, South Bank, London, from February 11 through March 29. Organized by Gail Levin, curator of the Hopper collection at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, "Edward Hopper: The Art and the Artist" contains selections from more than two thousand works bequeathed to the Whitney in 1969 by Josephine N. Hopper, the artist's wife, who is also portrayed in many of his works. Included in the exhibition are paintings, watercolors, and

Edward Hopper's Soir Bleu, painted around 1914, and bequeathed to the Whitney Museum of American Art by Josephine Hopper, the painter's wife and frequent subject.

drawings, many on exhibition for the first time.

After closing in London, this exhibition will travel to the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, the Stadtische Kunsthalle in Düsseldorf, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art.

The Hayward Gallery is showing a retrospective of work by William Johnston simultaneously with the Hopper exhibition. For further information about either showing contact the Arts Council of Great Britain, 10 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AU, England. Telephone: 441/629-9495.

London's Dramatic Bargains

Even in these double-digit days, when inflation is more rampant than lions and unicorns, London theater is one of the world's great cultural bargains. Although the days of two-shilling seats "up in the gods" are gone forever, today's ticket prices are still amazingly low to American visitors. Seats range from \$2 to

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August, 1980

60 pages

MACT Show A First

Canton, Hankow or Willow ware.

These are just different names for the blue and white porcelain that brightens countless kitchen cupboards. They are the first marks of a significant breakthrough in identifying and dating the popular ceramic ware.

Although this is the best known and most widely appreciated porcelain in the world,

no one has taken the time to look at it really carefully before," explains H. A. Crosby, founder and creator of the Museum of the American Ceramic Arts. "In the 200 years since America began to use chinaware, we seem to have forgotten that we have master potters who have recognized that we need to see that each design is determined by two

or three identifying characteristics. Whenever the identity of a piece is questionable, we can go back to the design and see if it can be predicted with the piece can be dated.

"For the first time, collectors and students will be able to talk about individual pieces precisely. For example, the 'Four Birds' of the 'Red and Blue' pattern, not simply as 'birds' or 'hopping' birds, but as 'hopping' birds and 'hopping' birds and 'hopping' birds."



Reading Inside

Will be the first

MACT Show A First

\$17—or 80 pence for standing room to 6.90 pounds for the best “stalls” (or orchestra) seats in the West End theaters.

In most of London’s Victorian- and Edwardian-era houses, which are smaller and cozier than Broadway theaters, the “circle” (or balcony) seats offer splendid views at \$7.50 to \$10 (3-4 pounds). True, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, can cost as much as \$62.50 to \$70 per ticket. Nevertheless, it is possible to get in for as little as one pound, and there are numerous tickets in the \$25 (10 pound) areas.

As in New York City, a variety of reduced price tickets can be found. In addition to the National Theatre’s 80-pence standing-room price for sold-out shows, there are a number of last-hour tickets (returns and discounts) in the \$7.50 to \$10 categories. Coupons in the trendy magazine *Time Out* recently produced top stall seats at \$7.50. And rumor has it that London theaters, stung by a drop in attendance, may

soon follow Broadway’s lead and experiment with a day-of-performance, half-price ticket booth.

As for theater fare, the most exciting productions are presented by the National Theatre (with its three houses: the Olivier, the Lyttelton, and the Cottesloe), the Royal Shakespeare Company (with headquarters at the Aldwych Theatre), the Old Vic, and the yeasty “fringe” theaters like the Royal Court, the Hampstead, the Royal Shakespeare’s Warehouse, the Young Vic, and the soon-to-reopen Mermaid.

Among the most discussed and controversial hits now running are three plays in repertory at the National’s Olivier: Peter (Equus) Schaffer’s dazzling *Amadeus* with stunning performances by Paul Scofield and Simon Callow as Antonio Salieri and his arch rival, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart; Alan Ayckbourn’s eccentric comedy *Sisterly Feelings* (the second act changes from night to night); and

The Romans in Britain, a pageant that relates the behavior of Caesar’s legions toward Celts and Druids to the British presence in Ireland today. Each play has been disputatious, but *The Romans* has created a count wide uproar over its use of nudity and depiction of “unnatural acts.” Numerous letters to the *London Times* (“a heavy postbag as the British say) have roundly condemned production’s “obscenity,” “indecent,” and “dramatic politicking.”

Other top shows on the West End include Tom Courtenay’s affecting performance in *The Dresser*, a perfect production of Noel Coward’s *Private Lives*, and a careful, earnest revival of Rodgers and Hart’s *Pal Joey*, which Londoners love but which Americans may find rather slow and tame. *Evita*, of course, is going strong, and Agatha Christie’s *7 Mousetrap*, now in its twenty-eighth year, will surely run forever.

London’s boards are also presenting a number of “political” plays like *Accidental Death of An Anarchist* by Italian playwright Dario Fo (who was denied a U.S. visa apparently on account of his left-wing politics) and *Educating Rita* (an oblique look at the British class and educational systems). Such plays, which are popular with the locals, examine social and governmental attitudes that may not strike responsive chords in visiting theatergoers. For folders on London’s theater, concert, opera, and ballet schedules are available from the British Tourist Authority, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019.

—J. P. MacBe

The Emperor’s Old Clothes

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Proof of the Print

Perhaps more inspirational than a complete masterpiece is the rough work of an artist—symphony rehearsal, with all the director cursing and starts and stops; a first draft manuscript, with scribbled notes in the margins; the out-takes from a film—evidence of the creative process of a mind at work. At the Tate Gallery in London, this process can be seen in a fascinating exhibition of Jasper Johns’ “Working Proofs.”

Open from February 4 through March 2, the collection consists of nearly two hundred works based on twenty-seven of Johns’ best known prints and their corresponding proofs—as many as six models per print. Included in the exhibition are the familiar *Target* of 1961 (Johns’ first print); *Ale Cans* of 1964, made from his *Painted Bronze* sculpture created

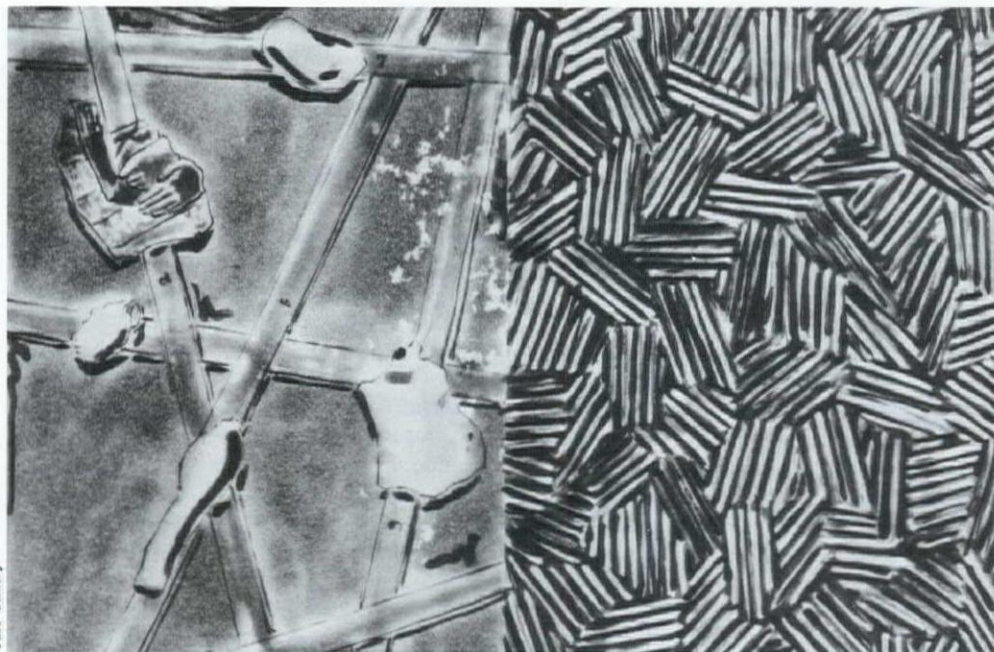
Trans World

1960; the intricate *Decoy* and *Decoy II*, 1971-73; and the etchings for the book *Foirades/Fizzles*, made in collaboration with Samuel Beckett in 1975-76.

Johns, long recognized as a pop-art painter, is best remembered for his paintings and painting/collages of alphabets, U.S. flags, targets and numbers. Of these, the most familiar are his works from the 1950s. He did not begin making prints until 1960, but after *Target*, he created lithographs, etchings, embossed prints, and silk screens with the enthusiasm of a kitten with a ball of catnip.

Christian Geelhaar of Kunstmuseum, Basel, Switzerland, arranged this exhibition in collaboration with Johns, who lent the proofs from his collection. After closing at the Tate,

Casts and Hatching, 1975-76, is one of the proofs on exhibition at the Tate Gallery in London during Jasper Johns' "Working Proofs," through March 22, 1981.



Tate Gallery

GEORGE WRIGHT



"Setting Off"

(1860 - 1942)

Oil on Canvas, 9½" x 17¼"

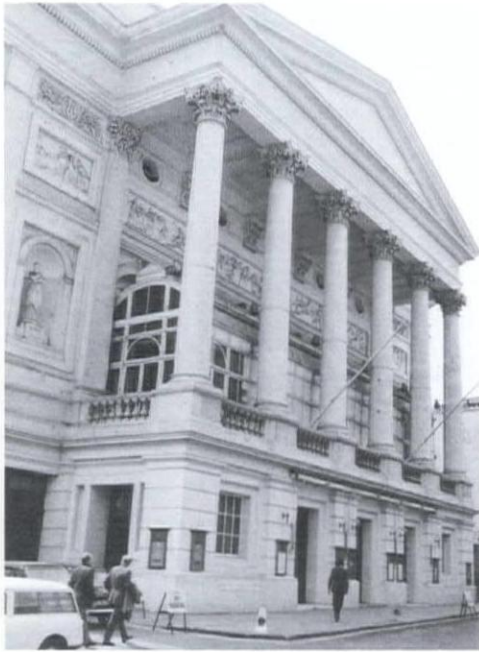
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"Working Proofs" travels to Japan. Hours at the Tate are 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. Monday through Saturday, and 2:00 P.M. to 6:00 P.M. Sunday. For an illustrated catalogue and further information, write or call The Tate Gallery, Millbank, London, SW1P 4RG, phone 441/821-1313.

Opera Troubles

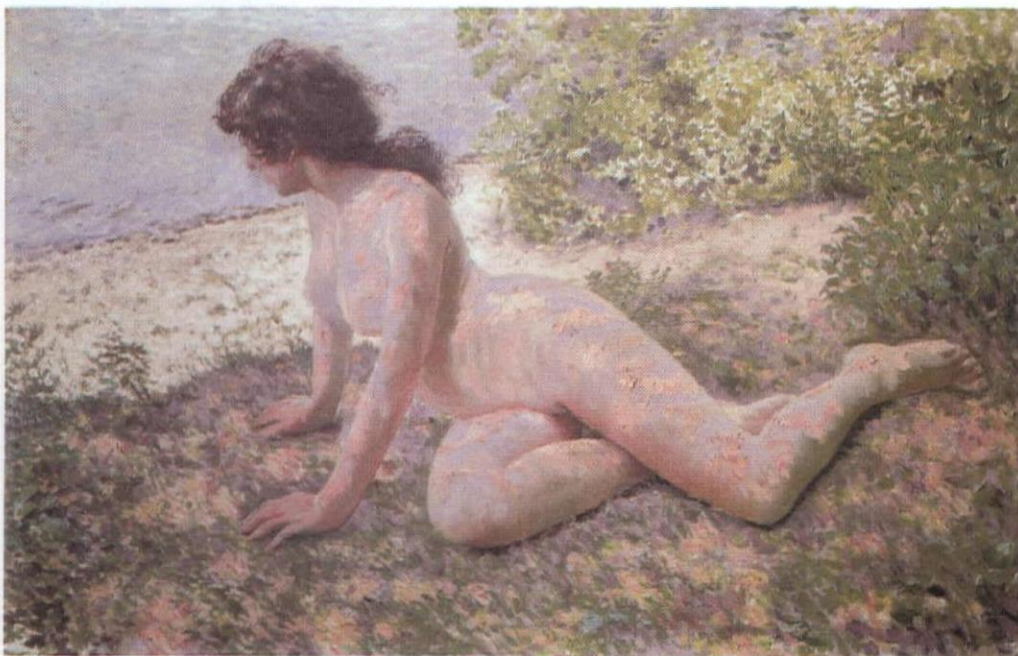
Despite an ambitious 1980 season and numerous successes at Covent Garden, the Royal Opera House is not without its financial problems. In an articulate and candid 1979-80 annual report, Royal Opera House Chairman Sir Claude Moser and General Administrator Sir John Tooley acknowledge difficulties of the

Covent Garden, which, in spite of financial concerns, continues to produce elaborate operatic productions. The tradition will not be abandoned in the coming season.

past twelve months, including a budget out balance to the tune of one-quarter million pounds, grant increases that do not begin to match the inflation rate, cancellation of two operas, and an increase in seating price. Moser admits, "If we were to face a second year in which our grant increased by less than the rate of inflation, decline would be inevitable."

What seems inevitable, instead, is another outstanding season of British staging. Among operas already performed are Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Verdi's *Otello*, Puccini's *Tosca*, and a new production of Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*. This month hails another new performance, Alban Berg's *Lulu*, which premieres February 16 and stars American Karan Armstrong in the title role. Next month features Grace Bumbry as Selika in Giacomo Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*.

OTTO BACHER (1856-1909)



oil/canvas: 16 1/4 x 25 3/4 inches

"Nude"

Recently discovered, this oil painting by Otto Bacher is a superb example of the artist's impressionism. Accordingly the work relates to a larger well-known canvas entitled "Nude Outdoors" in the American Collection at the Cleveland Museum of Art. Bacher used the same model for the smaller but superior composition and applied impressionistic broken color in a manner nearly identical to the Cleveland piece. Probably executed in the early 1890s, this canvas shows Bacher at his best as a painter. Although his impressionism is rare, from time to time R.H. Love Galleries has obtained superior examples of Bacher's art.

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Looking back at 1979-80 and ahead to a season including two new productions, which grow more expensive by the season, and mammoth operating and labor costs, Moser writes proudly, "Despite some setbacks, we can thus point to a year which was active artistically and contained many highlights." He adds, "We sometimes wonder whether, given our resources, we are trying to do too much."

Love Tour No. 423

Melancholia hit her one blustery February morning with all the warnings and invidiousness of a flu virus. It started when she broke three nails in one hour, and by its peak several days later, her boss was swearing at her about the Krantz & Fitzpatrick account, her apartment had an odor resembling pâté (which she decided tasted better than it smelled), and her parakeet, Fiji, had mites. She tried everything to relieve her depression—jogging, ther-

apy, Glade air freshener. Nothing worked. Even her grocery-store romances—which once cured everything ailing her—no longer did the trick.

Then, out of nowhere, he appeared. Tall, dark, handsome, dressed like a Paul Stuart mannequin and carrying a Vuitton bag. "Who are you?" she asked, dazedly.

"Sebastian," his deep, radio-style voice answered. "I'm a travel agent. Why do you look so sad?"

She told him the whole story, about her broken nails, the apartment odor, her parakeet. She told him about the Gothic novels she loved, which were failing her in her time of need. He listened, then reached into his bag, pulling out a slick, pink brochure.

"What you have," he spoke slowly, "is *vita defuncta*. You have lost your will to live. It

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Trans World



could be a fatal condition, but I have just the thing for it."

"What is it?" she gasped.

"Barbara Cartland's romantic tour of England departs throughout 1981. Take this tour and you will meet the Marquis of Bath, who traveled around the world to forget the woman he loved and discovered there was no solution but to return and marry her. You'll visit Longleat House, his home. You'll visit the Roman Baths, and the eighteenth-century Pump Room. Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare wrote his romantic sonnets, is waiting for you, as is Warwick Castle, Blenheim Palace, and the Compleat Angler Hotel, where you'll sleep one night. Then to relieve your condition once and for all, you'll have tea with Miss Cartland herself."

"Oh, it's too wonderful! How do I find out more?"

"Write the World of Oz, 3 East 54th Street, New York, N.Y., 10022. Or," he looked at her from the corner of his eye, "contact your travel agent."

"I'd love to go, but I can't," she moaned. "I can't leave Fiji!"

"I'll take care of Fiji."

"But . . . you hardly know me!"

"That's where you're wrong, my dear." His voice was quiet. "You see, I was afflicted with *vita defuncta*, too. That was before I saw you, six weeks ago, in the Laundromat. I've followed you everywhere. I know everything about you. I even know about your ex-fiancé in Sioux City. You've given me every-

Warwick Castle, the eleventh-century preserved fortress and home of the Earls of Warwick, is visited by a Cartland tour.

thing—happiness, the will to go on, and not a sales commission."

"Why . . . I didn't know you cared," she whispered. He took her in his arms.

"You are my love, my life, my reason for living."

"Darling!" she sighed.

Curacao

Dancing in the Streets

New Orleans isn't the only town going crazy the week before Lent. Willemstad, Curacao, hosts a reggae-style Mardi Gras the last week of this month with characters to rival a Creole "Rex."

First, native islanders swamp the soccer stadium for the three-day selection of "Rei Tumba," or Tumba King. Between fifty and seventy singers and back-up bands compete for the title, performing percussive tumba music with its contagious African beat. The Tumba King's song becomes the carnival theme song played throughout the carnival parade.

If singing isn't one's forte, Curacao also offers the title of Queen of Carnival to the most versatile, glamorous woman competing at the Holiday Beach Hotel and Casino. The competitions aren't over, however, until the

Prince-and-Pancho has taken place, involving comedy duos performing two acts each: one rehearsed, and the second an improvisation on a subject named that night.

Sunday, March 1, is the parade, with nearly one hundred elaborate floats—sometimes costing as much as \$60,000 each to construct—and everyone in costume, including the spectators. Parades continue through Shrove Tuesday, with plenty of the requisite drinking and feasting through the night, and no thought of the repentance and ashes just hours away.

Australia

Quite a Bird!

Traveling and performing through weather and environmental conditions that make them sound more noble than postmen, Magpie, a group of thirteen Australian schoolteacher-actors, takes music and drama to remote Australian communities. They stage performances in such unexpected places as tents, roadhouses, sheds, fuel depots, and cottage verandas. Writing and producing all their own material—about such innovative subjects as an educational drama for children on the importance of water, entitled "The Last Drip"

This odd assortment of musicians, clowns, and one driver makes up "Magpie," the traveling group of Australian actors who perform for young and old in small towns.



—Magpie travels hundreds of miles every year by road or rail, and often performs for settlements of no more than fifteen people. Last year, in official recognition of Magpie's efforts, the Australian National Railways provided two passenger rail cars for a Magpie excursion on the transcontinental rail line across the Nullarbor Plain.

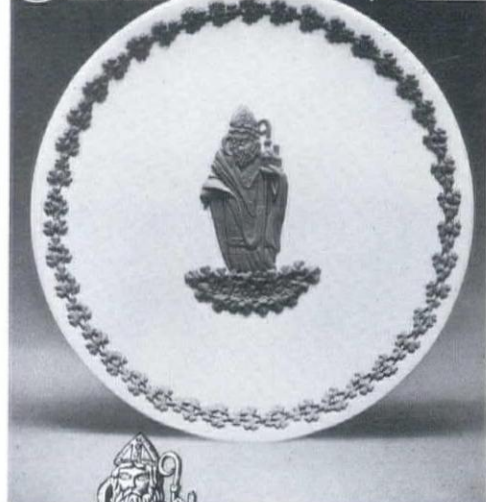
Monte Carlo

Canned Creativity

Television, although still encumbered in the United States by half-hour sitcoms and car chases designed to stretch a show out to the desired second, has come up with some innovative and brilliant offerings in the last decade. In efforts to continue this development, the Royal Family of Monaco has hosted the International Festival of Monte Carlo every year since 1961. Prince Rainier, in a statement regarding the festival, has said, "For my part, I have believed, and I continue to believe more than ever, that television, not yet being an art, can and must become one; we must therefore help it to evolve and find its true artistic form in its true vocation."

The twenty-first International Television Festival of Monte Carlo will take place this year in the Monte Carlo Convention Center, February 7 through 15. Dramatic programs will be screened February 8 through 14, and news programs will be screened February 12

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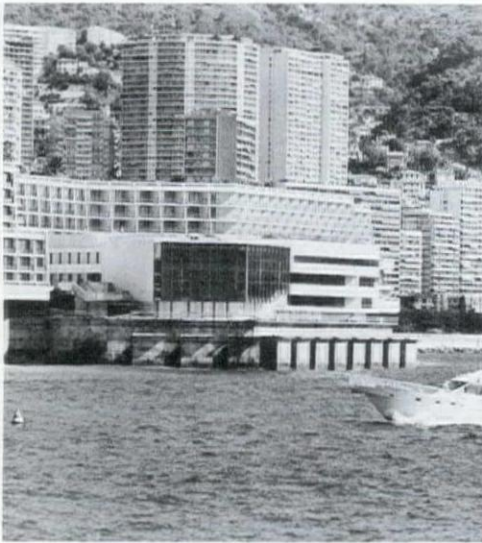
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The Convention Center of Monte Carlo, site of the twenty-first international Television Festival, through February 15.

through 14. These two categories make up the entire festival.

For the third year, the International Television Market, where producers and programmers buy and sell can after can of creativity, will commence February 9 and be held concurrently with the festival in the adjacent Loews Hotel.

An elaborate gala, with Prince Rainier and Princess Grace in attendance, culminates the festival. At this event, various awards and silver Nymph prizes are distributed to the creators of winning productions. Unlike other television festivals, only artistic achievement is rewarded, with no technical or scientific advances considered. Last year the United States won a special award—the Prince Rainier III prize of 10,000 francs, or \$2,500 dollars, for the “ABC News Close-up: The Killing Ground,” considered the best program dealing with nature protection, the environment, and the fight against pollution.

Ireland

Irish Roots

If you’ve thrilled at finding your grandmother’s birth certificate, or at discovering that one of your ancestors was a girl named Mary who was trailed by a little lamb, you can imagine how an American high-school student of Irish descent would never forget a summer in the country of his or her origin. This is the opportunity offered by the Irish American Cultural Institute in a program called “The Irish Way,” July 7 through August 10. A typical day on “The Irish Way” program includes breakfast, then an Irish history lesson focusing on mythology, archaeology, balladry, folklore, or literature, free time before luncheon followed by games, hiking, or swimming, then an hour of folk music and balladry, an hour of stories about Irish-American life, supper, and



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or the evening, either folk dancing, entertainment, and movies, or optional basic Irish language classes.

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Gormanston is not merely a mildewed old castle, though. Sports facilities abound, including tennis courts and a nine-hole golf course, a track, soccer field, indoor swimming pool, and handball courts. The college offers dormitory quarters and meals.

For further information about costs and details, write the Irish American Cultural In-

stitute, 683 Osceola Avenue, Saint Paul, Minnesota 55105, or call 612/647-5678. Applications should be submitted no later than this month.

Cavan Song Contest

Get out your staff paper and your music nib! The Fourth Cavan International Song Contest entry deadline is February 16. The only song festival in the world organized by women, the Cavan contest is open to amateur and professional composers. Songs may be submitted in any language, in one of two categories: Section A, open to all types of song—pop, country, ballad, folk, etc.—and Section B, open to songs about County Cavan, Ireland. Both sections have first-, second-, and third-place cash prizes, and the contest has an additional series of individual cash awards for such honors as the best gospel song, the best "foreign female artiste" and the best Disco song.

Organized by Maire Maloney and Anne Lennon, the contest is designed simply to further the art of songwriting. The entry fee entitles participants to apply for a music workshop held during the days of the contest. And if you really want to live it up, contest organizers offer a package deal including a season ticket to the contest, participation in the workshop, attendance at the private Festival Club each evening following the contest, and bed and breakfast accommodations for three nights. The first seventy-five applicants to the workshop will be accepted.

Previous winners in the Cavan competition have been native Californian Tom Moore, for his 1979 entry "Cavan Girl"; country-music duo Kelly and Lloyd from Nashville, Tennessee; and Barry Mason, composer of Engelbert Humperdinck's hit "The Last Waltz."

For further information about rules and entry fees, write Maloney and Lennon, Competition Office, Drumelis, Cavan, Ireland. □

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A Tragic Heroine

Maria Callas: The Woman Behind the Legend, by Arianna Stassinopoulos. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1981. 320 pp., \$15.95.

According to the great choreographer and dancer Sir Robert Helpmann, only three artists in our century have had the capacity to make audiences consistently wish their performances would go on forever: Anna Pavlova, Rudolf Nureyev, and Maria Callas (see the article about Pavlova, "Steel and Elastic," beginning on page forty-six of this issue). Pavlova seemed, and Nureyev seems, to have entered middle age not only reconciled to the decline of their talents, but with their lives fulfilled by their art. Not so Callas. Arianna Stassinopoulos' book about the electrifying soprano—the latest of more than a dozen biographies and perhaps the best—amply demonstrates that Callas' life was a tragic one. It is appropriate that the singer, though born in New York, was a Greek, for her tragedy, like those ensnaring Sophocles' heroes, sprang essentially from the deficiencies of her own character.

In the late 1950s she was, it can be argued, the most famous woman in Europe. By 1971, six years before her fatal heart attack, she was addicted to tranquilizers and sleeping pills. She slept every morning till noon. Her favorite activity was listening to tapes of old performances. Her only other activity was lying in bed watching Westerns on television.

In Stassinopoulos' telling there were two prominent villains in Callas' life: her mother and Aristotle Onassis. As a child Maria was a fat little girl who wanted only to be a dentist. But her mother's overweening ambition, once it was discovered that the daughter could sing, dictated the course of the rest of Maria's life. She was pulled out of school after eighth grade so that she could spend all her time practicing. With her two daughters, the mother fled from a passive pharmacist husband and managed to prevent Maria's ever having a normal childhood or adolescence. The tempestuous love/hate relationship between mother and daughter reached a crisis when Maria, at twenty-four, decided to marry the first man who had shown any romantic interest in her, a Verona industrialist named Meneghini, aged fifty-three. For the last twenty-



The Bettmann Archive

After he had left her for Jackie Kennedy, Callas remarked of the pets Onassis had given her, "Only my dogs will not betray me."

seven years of her life Maria refused to see her mother; an emotional tantrum one night in 1950 marked the last confrontation. The estrangement did not keep Maria's mother—one of Stassinopoulos' primary sources for the book—from attacking Meneghini in the newspapers, from demanding a regular allowance from her daughter, from letting *Time* publish a nasty letter Maria had sent her, and from issuing, in 1960, a memoir, dripping vitriol, called *My Daughter Maria Callas*.

The year before that Onassis had left his wife of thirteen years to undertake an elaborate conquest of Maria. She fell for him utterly. At thirty-six her voice was starting to go, and

her fear of performing was becoming pathological. She surrendered to Onassis' luxury discovered sex, if we can believe Stassinopoulos, for the first time in her life; and planned remarriage and children. But the shipping magnate's interest cooled as hers waxed. For nine years she clung to the hope of marrying him, but he never gave in. When she got pregnant by him, he forced her to have an abortion by threatening to end their relationship if she gave birth to the child. (According to Maria's mother, on almost the last night they ever saw each other, Maria collapsed in her mother's arms and sobbed, "I want children. . . . I want twins. . . . And I want you to bring them up.") In 1968, as the whole world gasped Onassis dumped Maria to marry Jacqueline Kennedy. Maria virtually gave up on life at that moment.



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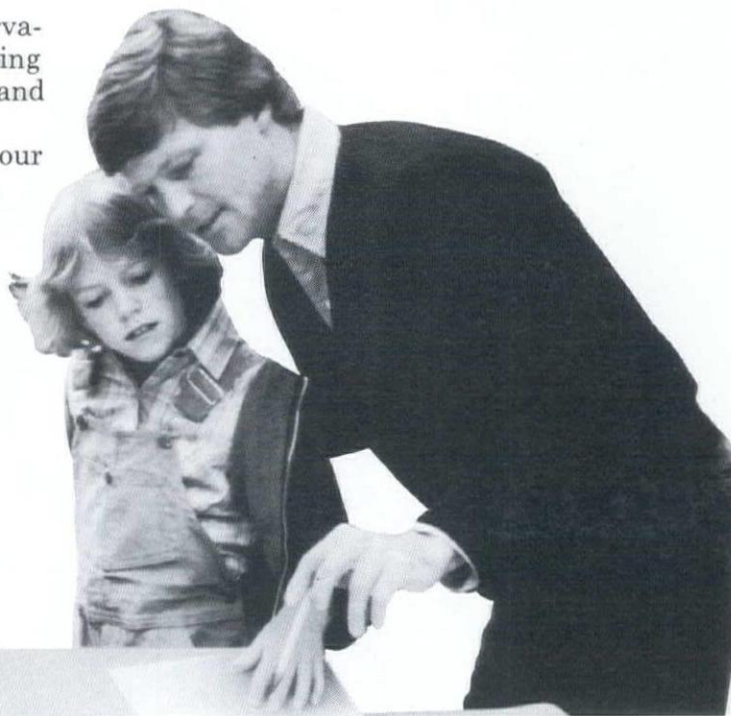
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Books



In 1958, Callas walked out on an audience including the president of Italy on the opening night of *Norma in Rome*. Having lost her voice that morning, Callas went on anyway, but would not continue after a disastrous first act.

Why was it she so captured the imagination of an age? Her voice was extraordinary, but the same praises and criticisms that greeted her in her teens were to persist throughout her career. She had astounding range and technical proficiency, and she was a vocal perfectionist. But many felt her voice lacked sweetness or softness, others called it harsh and nasal, and the claim that her top notes were unsteady came home with a vengeance late in her career when her voice cracked disastrously on climactic pitches.

It was not her voice *per se* that sent audiences into frenzies. It was her uncanny theatrical sense, her unmatched ability to become the tragic heroines she sang in *Tosca*, *Norma*, and *Medea*. As critic Harold Schonberg wrote during her declining years, "Something in this woman hits nearly every member of the audience right in the viscera. While she continues to have that something, people will tear down the doors and yell themselves hoarse and what you or I or anybody else may say will make no difference."

Her triumphs, indeed, were extreme. On a bad night, she could turn hisses into cheers through sheer dramatic will power. Performing *Anna Bolena* at La Scala in 1957 she set the record for solo curtain calls—twenty-four min-

utes of continuous applause. Rudolf Bing described her opening at the Met in 1956 as the most exciting of his life.

Her disasters were equally extreme, from the notorious cancellations that sometimes provoked such outrage that police had to dispel disappointed crowds, to her walkout, in front of the Italian president, midway through a gala performance of *Norma* in Rome—"the most widely publicized scandal," according to Stassinopoulos, "in the history of opera."

The liveliness of Stassinopoulos' portrait derives from her unprecedented access to private sources—not the least formidable of whom was the querulous, unforgiving mother, who is still alive. To her credit, the biographer treads a narrow path between apologetic defense and condescending attack, while elucidating the contradictions that were Maria Callas. A penetrating insight, advanced early, is, "She needed betrayal to feed her image of Maria against the world." After Onassis left her for Jackie, he became increasingly, in her letters and conversations, not "him" but "them."

Yet Stassinopoulos never fulfills her claim to reveal "the woman behind the legend." She gets mileage out of Callas' own distinction between the personae of Maria, the private person, and La Callas, the public figure. But the device becomes pat, reductionist: Callas was not, in the clinical sense, a true schizophrenic. In the Onassis period Stassinopoulos' balance falters. The shipowner becomes a cartoon monster; thus Maria seems simply stupid for putting up with him. Nowhere does the biographer acknowledge that Maria had done to her own husband just what Aristotle did to her. The tone degenerates to that of the gossip-column moralizer: "Ari was a confectioner, and although he was Confectioner Royal, Maria was finding out that confectionery will not satisfy for long those who seek the bread of life."

In the long run, perhaps out of loyalty, Stassinopoulos evades the conclusions that the provocative details she has unearthed suggest. Maria Callas may have never comprehended adult feelings. Morbidly dependent on others, she could not tolerate their demands on her. She was unable even to write to a lifelong friend when he lay dying of cancer. When her own long-suffering father was terminally ill, she wrote to her godfather, "Don't let him die where I might be criticized." Her own unhappiness seemed to obliterate the reality of other people's suffering.

—David Roberts

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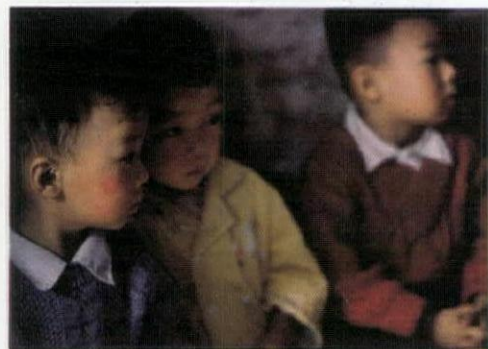
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Cosindas in China

A master colorist noted for her painterly style takes a personal view of the People's Republic. By Erla Zwingle



Above: Children at a Shanghai commune watch their friends performing in a school play. "It's somewhat like a day-care center—the mothers were working upstairs making artificial flowers. Children are carefully brought up, with attention to their physical, mental, and emotional development. We also visited the Children's Palace, a school with various activities. We saw children sitting at long tables playing chess. In another room they would be perfecting their skills at Ping-Pong, and yet another group would be making pottery. Other groups were concentrating on ballet and music, and all of them were very good at what they were doing." Opposite page: The Hall of Prayer for Good Harvest in the enormous Temple of Heaven complex in Beijing. "After a while the size of everything began to overwhelm me, especially in the cities."

It may have been the Year of the Cock for the Chinese, but 1980 was the Year of China for photographers. Not since the discovery of the bowl of fruit and the female form has any subject so rapidly engaged the interest of artists, and when China opened itself to the latest in the long historic procession of Occidental "discoverers," it was inevitable that photographers, armed with the lightweight camera and propelled by mass media eager to reproduce the results, would find themselves to be both reporters and interpreters. Advertising, fashion, and fine-art photographers, as well as assorted photojournalists, have all given us their views (and books and exhibitions) and many have been memorable. But not until master colorist Marie Cosindas visited the People's Republic have we encountered the photographer as diarist.

Late in 1979 Cosindas was invited to join a small private group from her native Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art. Purpose of visit: tourism. Length of stay: two weeks. Unlike most of the photographers who have made the trip since China's borders were opened to Americans, Cosindas was not on assignment, and under no obligation to produce pictures for anyone but herself. The results are marked by the same fluency and personal charm as the travel diaries kept by painters, poets, and novelists of earlier centuries.

It is worth remembering that Marie Cosindas has made her name for quite a unique sort of photography. Her passion for color, composition, and control has impelled her to use Polaroid film to create still lifes and portraits of the most exquisite delicacy. Her training in painting, drawing, graphics, and fashion design, a fondness for soft, afternoon light reminiscent of paintings by Rembrandt, and a lifelong fascination with detail are all splendidly evident in her work of the last two decades. Many are now classics, and hang in the collections of America's major museums.

But in China, Cosindas couldn't carry her beloved yet cumbersome 4 x 5 view camera and the sheets of Polaroid film which enable her to re-

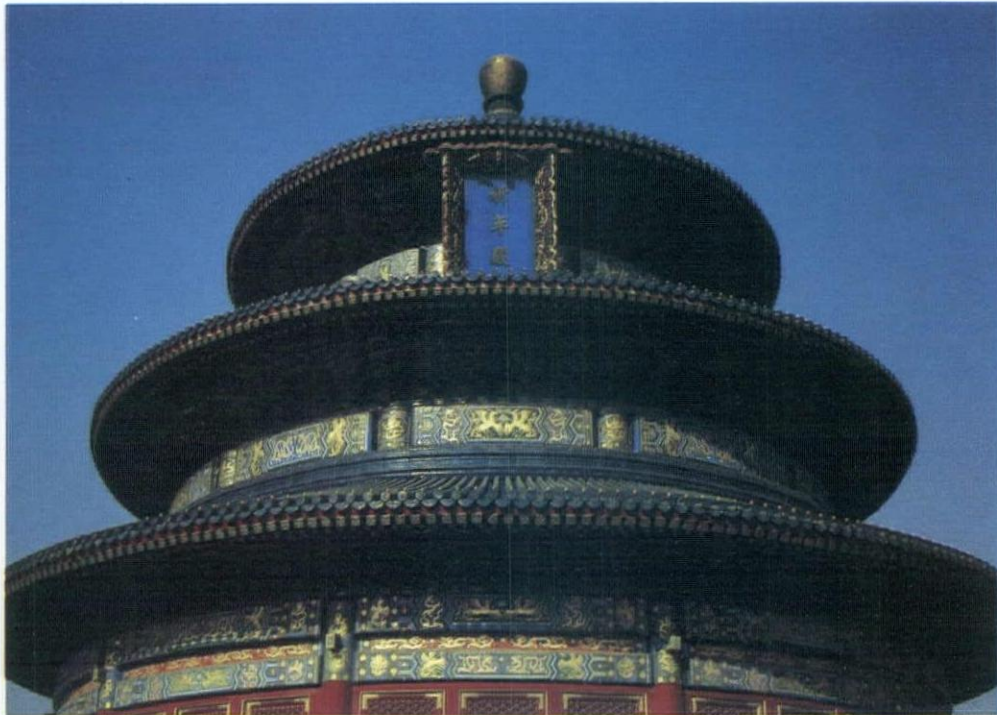
view, readjust, and reshoot in the studio. I knew I would never be in a controlled situation she says, "but I knew that I wanted to record something." Taking one Nikon camera box with three lenses, and about 100 rolls of film, she set out to record her experiences and responses simply—and as unobtrusively—as possible. She carried no tripods, flash attachments, not even a camera bag. Determined not to interfere with her subjects, she made it equally clear to her companions that she preferred to work alone. "I like to be part of what's going on," Cosindas explains "and in most cases I work my way into a situation and try to sense the person I'm photographing." Often she would physically isolate herself, dropping behind the group, willing to miss the guide's explanations to receive her own impressions.

From populist Guangzhou [Canton] to imperial Beijing [Peking], from the futurist communes to the ancient Great Wall, from the massive archaeological digs at Xian [Sian] to the embroidery studios of Suzhou [Soochow] Cosindas collected details as avidly as a lepidopterist his butterflies. To work with the smaller camera "was almost a liberation," Cosindas remembers. "I had a marvelous sense of freedom with it. The difference is that indoors I can make an arrangement in front of my camera. Outdoors, I have to wait until things are arranged for me. In either case, I wait to see the arrangement in my camera."

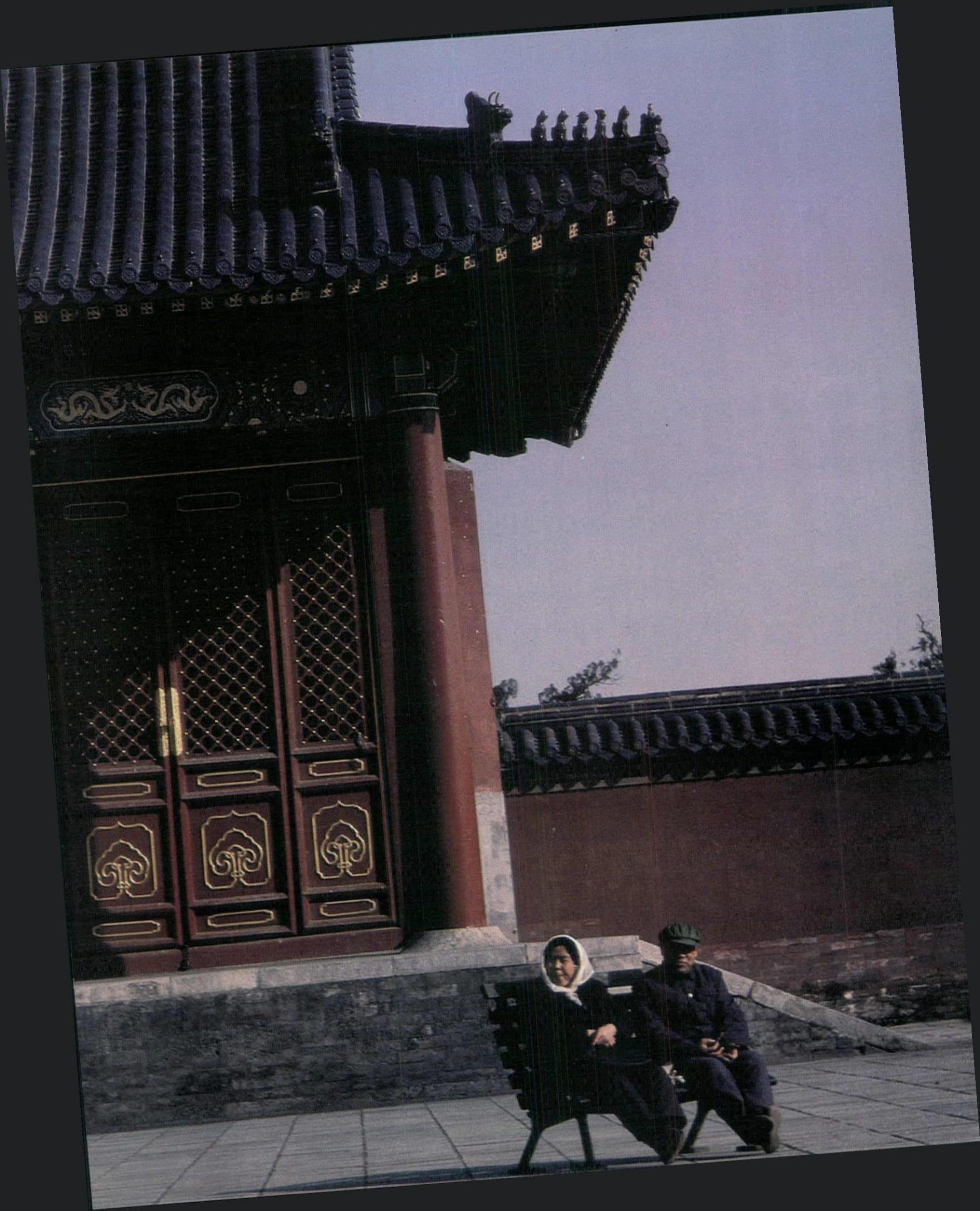
The experience of the Orient will undoubtedly remain with Marie Cosindas—and quite possibly affect her work—for some time to come. "I feel a sense of going back in time, of being in touch with something of the past," she says. "I like the simplicity of the Orient: When I came home I found myself putting things away, clearing off tables, trying to maintain a simpler appearance and a sense of order."

Erla Zwingle is managing editor of American Photographer magazine and frequently freelances for other publications. Her article on Wendell MacRae appeared in the October 1980 issue of HORIZON.

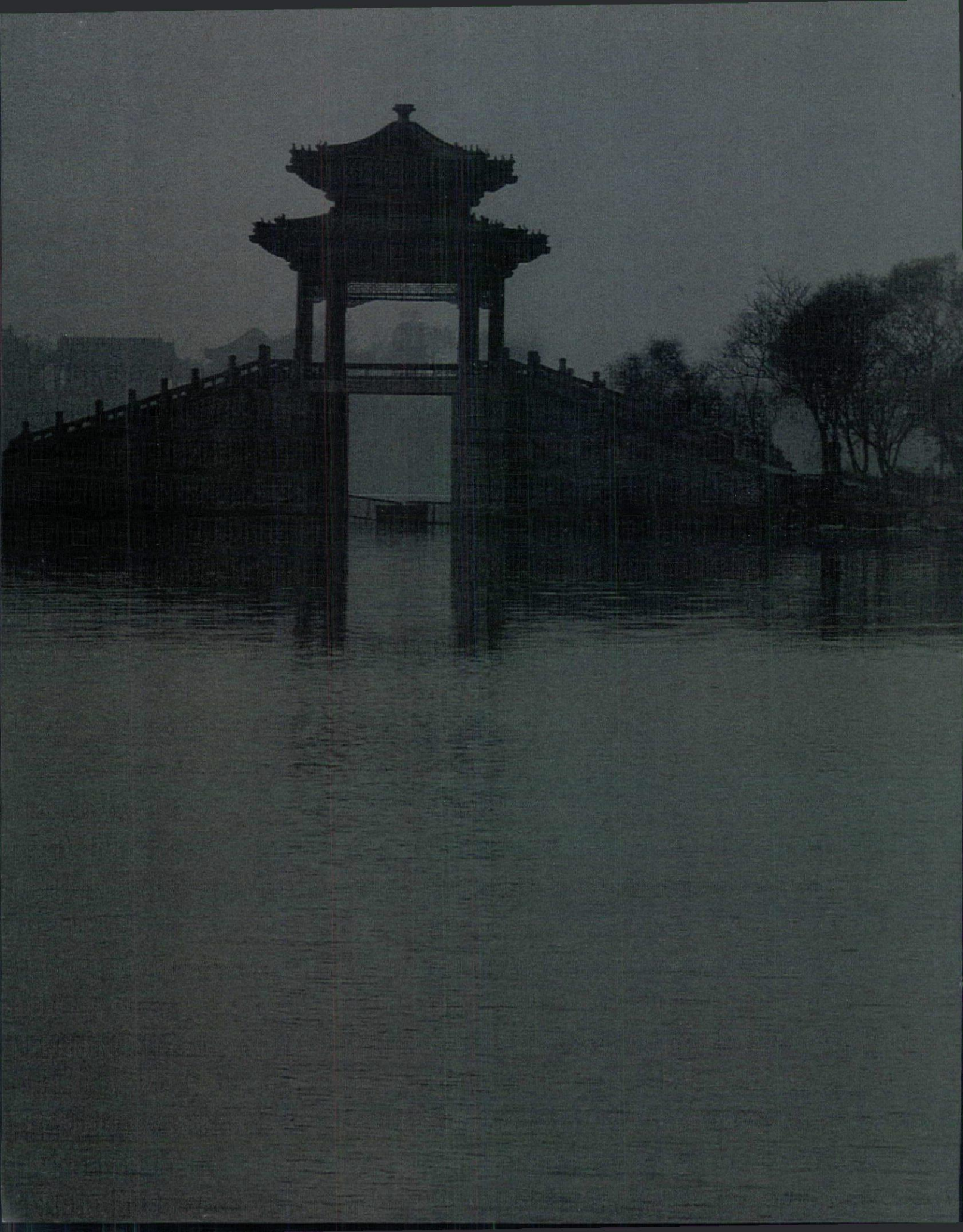
“They
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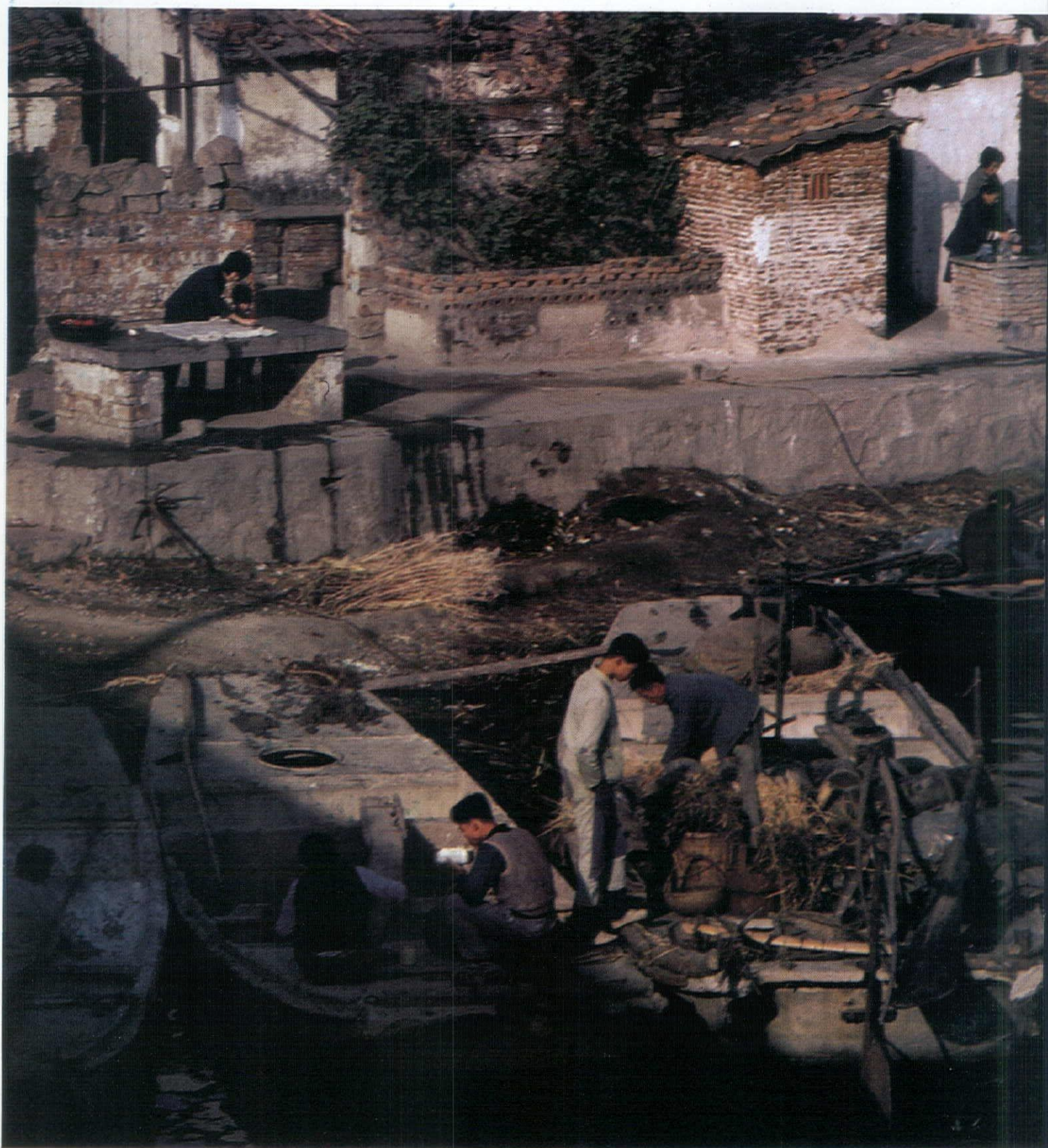
Above: A detail of the Imperial Palace in Beijing, just one part of the immense Forbidden City, ancient domain of the emperors. “It amazed me to see so many Chinese vacationers and visitors at the shrines, temples, and gardens.” Left: Chinese women ascending the stairs to the Hall of Prayer. “Here I saw old women with bound feet. It’s such a strange sight, and unusual today. They seemed so uncomfortable the way they would shuffle along, and often had to be helped by younger family or friends.” Facing page: Soldier at the Great Wall two hours north of Beijing. “My hands were so cold that day I could hardly open the camera to reload it. There were groups of young men on horses with colorful ribbons at the foot of the wall. It was wonderful. They were there to be photographed by all of the foreigners.” Overleaf: A view of the Summer Palace on K’um-ming Lake in Beijing. “It was a huge lake. This was taken from the boat. I would often photograph from moving vehicles, so some of my photographs were somewhat out of focus—but I like the effect.”

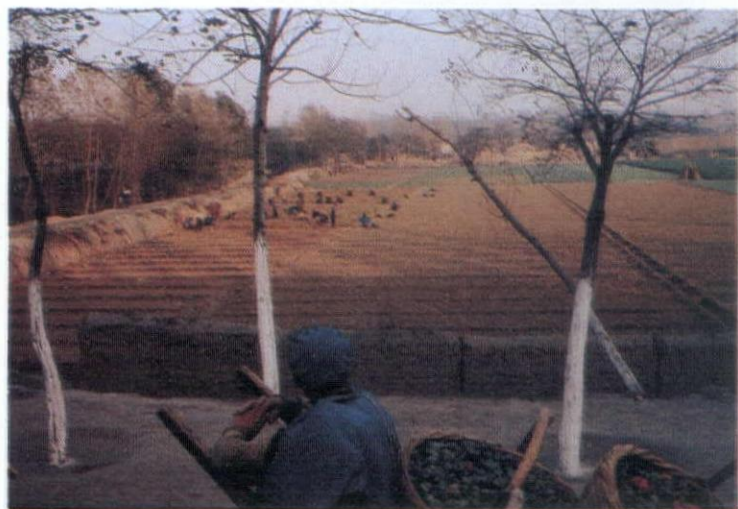




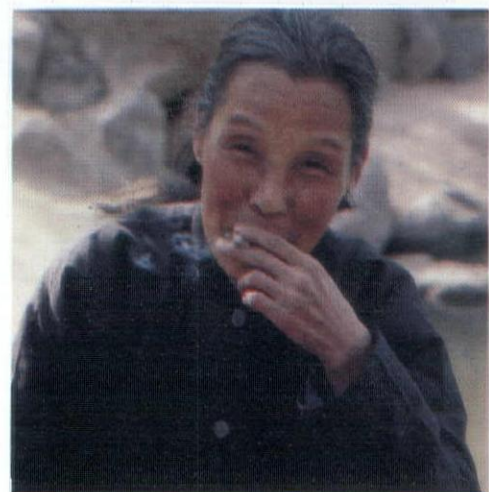




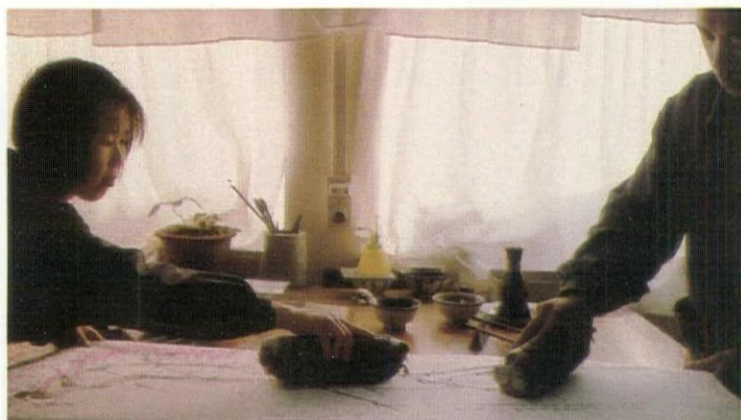




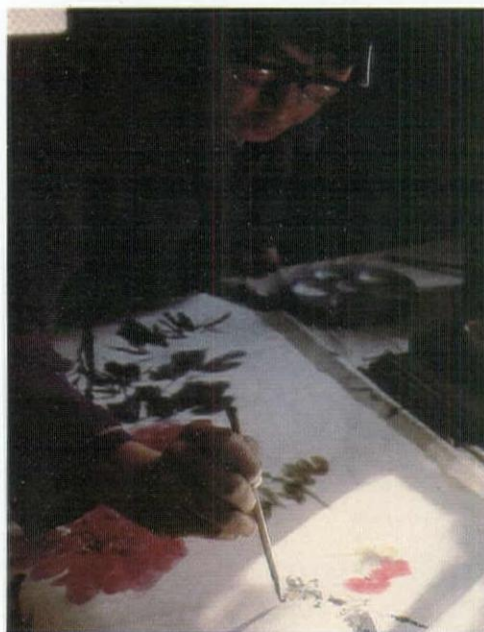
"I never expected to see women smoking in China."



Left: "Suzhou is sometimes called 'The Venice of China' because of its canals. People live on boats like these all year round. Top: "We took a bus to Xian to visit the excavations. We passed farmlands and this scene is where some of the farmers lived. (The trees were wrapped to protect them from insects.) We'd see people in the distance with their red bandanas, spots of color. We'd wave as we went by and they would wave and smile." Above: "I saw her sitting with a group of women at the Huaqing Hot Springs, a popular spa and resort with beautiful gardens near the excavations at Xian. This was strange, because I never expected to see women smoking in China. I was alone, the rest of the group had gone on; they were amused to see me taking pictures. I would move in closer and closer, raising my finger to ask for one more shot."



"It wouldn't be proper because one's neighbors didn't have the same things."



Top right: *Hangzhou Gardens*. Top left: "This girl was designing at the National Embroidery Institute in Suzhou. Many designs are incorporated in brocade for jackets which are for export. At one factory we were told that Chinese women don't wear these jackets. When I asked if they would be suitable, say, at a wedding, I was told no. It wouldn't be proper because one's neighbors didn't have the same things." Above: "We visited the Academy of Art in Shanghai and saw artists in residence making this painting. Five of them—four men and a girl—worked on this scroll for us. Each of them contributed something. After they finished, the master of the school put his touch to it, and signed it with a chop [his signature stamp]. The scroll was then given to Carol Horowitz, the leader of our group, so that she could present it to the institute in Boston." Right: "At the commune in Shanghai where the children performed for us, we went upstairs to see women making these silk and paper flowers to be sold in local stores and also abroad. These communes inside the cities, which include working farms, are not only self-supporting, but also supply food and other products to the city."







“It’s the kind of thing one would expect at Coney Island.”

Above: “Near the Marble Palace, which belonged to the Empress Dowager T’zu-hsi in Beijing, there is a little place with replicas of the Empress’ costumes. You could put them on and have your picture taken. We were in a restaurant nearby and someone told me about it; I took my camera and went out. It was a tourist thing, and everyone was so amused by it. These are Chinese people in the costumes, having their pictures taken with foreigners. I never thought I would see this in China—it’s the kind of thing one would expect to see at Coney Island.” Right: “One evening in Beijing I went to see the Beifang Kunqu Opera Company perform ‘Scenes from the Kunqu Opera.’ It was beautifully designed—the colors and makeup and decorations were extremely elaborate. I took this from my seat in the orchestra, but as I looked around, the contrast between what was on the stage and in the audience was incredible. At the theater I found myself watching the audience, observing the reaction to what was happening on stage; sometimes it was kitsch, overdone, like a Busby Berkeley production. I’d look around and see people sitting in this barren place on wooden chairs with nothing on the cement floor; they were involved with what was going on and enjoying it thoroughly. It was so unbelievable to see the contrast—I wanted to capture it.”





In Search of Nixon

After six years of labor, Fawn Brodie finishes her portrait of an enigmatic ex-president.
By Tom Bourne

That Richard Nixon still magnetizes the American imagination is borne out daily by the steady flow of traffic past his brownstone in New York City. The changes he wrought in our political life will, of course, be a subject of debate for many years to come. What cannot be disputed, however, is that Nixon literally changed the course of the life of one of America's most distinguished historians, Fawn Brodie, whose biography, *Richard Nixon: The Shaping of His Character*, will appear this year.

In 1974, Fawn Brodie, a professor at UCLA, was teaching a course in political biography; her last lecture covered Richard Nixon, then under fire in the Watergate investigation. Preparing a lecture manuscript, she tried to ask basic questions about Nixon's nature, questions that had not been previously answered to her satisfaction. These questions multiplied like ripples in a stream, and before she knew it, she had a booksize project on her hands.

Unlike her previous biographies on figures out of the past, whose lives could be researched primarily in libraries, this subject was very much alive. There were people to interview, oral history to gather. Eventually she realized that she didn't have the time or the energy to travel all over the country gathering material, and still retain her university professorship. Because teaching was a love, while research and writing were a *compulsion*, she chose to retire from UCLA early and devote all her efforts to the Nixon biography.

In a recent interview at her home atop a bluff overlooking the ocean in Pacific Palisades, Brodie spoke about the new book, completed after six years of labor. "I love talking about the book, I really do," she said. "It's the most important thing in my life at the moment. It becomes an obsessive thing. You get caught up in it. No detail is too small that you won't go some distance to find it."

Many of these small details will undoubtedly

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Photographs by Richard Gross



surface in the book as a result of her extensive cross section of interviews with friends and relatives such as Nixon's famous cousin, novelist Jessamyn West, as well as journalists, jurists, and even Nixon's old high-school football coach. She was the first scholar to mine the Nixon archives at Cal State Fullerton, where graduate students had compiled 400 interviews with Nixon's friends on his childhood, adolescence, and Whittier College years. And she traveled to out-of-the-way places like Prescott, Arizona, where Nixon spent two consecutive summers as a boy working at odd jobs while his mother Hannah cared for his older brother Harold, who was suffering from tuberculosis.

"That was a remarkable experience," Brodie recalled, "because a number of people there remembered Nixon vividly. I learned a lot about what it was like to have a tubercular brother. The suffering of the Nixon family during that period was very graphic and very moving."

Years earlier, another of Nixon's brothers, Arthur, had died of tuberculosis at age seven, and, as Brodie related, "The death of little Arthur brought nothing but sorrow to the family. But the death of Harold, who had been ill for five years, meant certain advantages for Nixon. Money that had been spent on Harold's medical expenses could now be spent on sending Richard to Duke University Law School. That brought guilt, too.

"Later, when the Kennedy brothers were killed," she continued, "that made it possible for Nixon to become president. It also spoiled his delight in the victory. He is on record many times as saying that he could not enjoy victory. He hoped to enjoy it, and he could not understand the melancholy that descended on him in the nights of victory. The deaths of the Kennedy brothers were a kind of reactivation of the deaths of his brothers in his youth."

Nixon himself might be surprised to learn that Brodie—who had been on record for many years as one of his severest critics—attempted in the book to illuminate what was healthy in the man. Asked about Nixon's positive attributes, she cited the fact that he was sharp, knowledgeable, easily briefed; in short, a man who learned fast. "Many people

Fawn Brodie's first book debunked Mormon leader Joseph Smith; her most recent work unearthed Thomas Jefferson's affair with a slave. Now she is taking on Richard Nixon.

in government insisted to me that he was an extremely intelligent man," she said.

Nevertheless, Brodie uncovered a fugue quality to Nixon's life: lying was a major theme. In this respect, what surprised her most to find were not the lies you would expect him to tell, like the Watergate lies as he strove to save his own presidency, but rather the unnecessary, needless lying he did.

"This suggests pathology," she said. "One example was his last visit to Paris as president. He was saying good-bye at Orly Airport to some French friends. He said, 'You know, at Whittier College I majored in French. I had four years in French. I read all the classics. I learned to speak it. Now I've forgotten almost all of it.' Well, he didn't major in French—he majored in history. You ask yourself: Why this unnecessary lie?"

"There are a great many of these in Nixon's life. Another came during his final address to his staff in the White House, which is one of the most important statements for a biographer in the whole Nixon literature. He said his father had a lemon grove in Yorba Linda, the poorest lemon grove in California, which he sold before they found there was oil on the property.

"Well, I went out to Yorba Linda a couple of days after that speech, interviewing old residents in the area. I discovered the property is now the site of the Richard Nixon Elementary School. There was no oil drilled on it. There was no oil discovered on it. When the time came for Frank Nixon to sell the lemon grove, he had the choice of two pieces of property: one in Whittier, which he bought and on which he built his gas station, the other in nearby Santa Fe Springs. It was *there* that the gusher came in.

"So the story got twisted. Hannah Nixon had repeated the same story in 1960, that if they had just held on to the lemon grove, they would have been millionaires. It became part of the Nixon mythology. It's not a true story. And Nixon repeated it in his last speech in the White House."

Brodie went on to say that Nixon's memoirs sustain this pattern of untruth and half-truth; no one can know just how many half-truths there are without studying Nixon's life very carefully, she insisted. "Every single thing that Nixon says has to be checked to see if it's reliable or not," she explained. "In fact, Nixon complained at a national prayer breakfast in 1974, 'The trouble with being president is that everything you say is



According to Brodie, lying runs throughout the whole of Nixon's life; he lied about his childhood in his last White House speech.

checked to see if it's true.' "

As for her motivations in writing the book, Brodie said: "I felt the record ought to be told straight. As it is now, the Nixon memoirs should be read with a concordance, pointing out what's half-truth, what is error, and what is truth. Nobody can do that—you have to know a great deal about American history, and a great deal about the presidential years. My book is not a concordance in any sense, but it will provide a

useful corrective to the memoirs."

Since Nixon steadfastly avoids biographers, Brodie did not expect his cooperation when she embarked on the book. Regardless, she felt a great sense of frustration during the years he lived in exile in San Clemente. Evoking that period, she recalled, "Here we are, looking out at the same sunsets. I have so many questions. Only he could tell me the answers. He's not willing to talk. So, of course, my knowledge must always be somewhat limited."

Other factors, however, tilted in her favor. There are four volumes of presidential papers which include spontaneous press conference

"Those bastards are going to be bombed like they've never been bombed before."

and speeches, *Six Crises*, and his other books. The literature coming from Nixon's mouth is enormous," she said. "This makes up for the inability to question him. The David Frost interviews were valuable, too."

In the first chapter of the book, "A Man of Paradox," Brodie wrote of how the man who, in his acceptance speech in Miami in 1972, promised to bring truth in government—brought instead massive untruth; how the supreme anticommunist nonetheless established friendly relations with the largest bloc of communists on the globe; how a Quaker president, who claimed to be a pacifist at heart, dropped more bombs than any man in history.

"I can't explain all these paradoxes," said Brodie. "I explore them to a certain extent. They add up to the complications and fascinations of the Nixon character. Certainly there was great rage and hate in the man. This was a factor in his conduct of the Vietnam War. During the Christmas carpet bombing of Vietnam, he said: 'Pray for good weather, boys. Those bastards are going to be bombed like they've never been bombed before.'"

"He had come a long way from the Quaker boy—and he was a good Quaker in his youth. That evolution is hard to trace; nevertheless, it's real. His repudiation of Quakerism was absolutely total," she said.

Another of the chapters in the new book is called, "A Problem with Donald," alluding to Nixon's brother, who at one time owned Nixon's restaurant on Whittier Boulevard, until it went bankrupt. "It's very illuminating," said Brodie of this section of the work. "It has to do with the Hughes loan and so on. Donald was a waster, a total waster. Nixon lied to save him, lied to get money for him. His lying to defend Donald is quite extraordinary in itself, unlike President Carter, who I believe did try to be honest about his brother Billy. This is not the rule of Nixon."

Of Nixon's recent best seller, *The Real War*, Brodie said: "I think that's a meretricious book, a quickie. It's old-hat Nixon, with a generous smattering of John Foster Dulles. He takes advantage of the present hysteria about the Soviet Union. But it's a very thin book. His memoirs, now, are something you really must reckon with, but *The Real War*, no."

That the forthcoming book will engender great controversy is nothing new for Fawn Brodie. Born into a devout Mormon family in Ogden, Utah, on September 15, 1915, she experienced her first thrill of publication at age

nine, when a poem of hers appeared in a Mormon magazine. She set out in her youth to become a short-story writer, but found she had no talent for it. Only in doing the research for her first book, *No Man Knows My History*, a life of the Mormon leader Joseph Smith, did she find her natural field, biography.

That first book, in which she disputed Smith's allegedly prophetic powers, provoked an immediate uproar within her own family. Her uncle, David McKay, was a former president of the Mormon Church. Her father and mother were bitterly hurt by the book, especially her father. However, he was a gentle, kindly man who always welcomed Fawn home, pretending that the book had never been written.

No Man Knows My History—in which she put to the test whether or not she had been taught the truth in Sunday school—served as the definitive intellectual jumping-off place for Fawn Brodie. And it may have been that basic inquisitiveness that paved the way for her eventually to write *Thomas Jefferson: An Intimate History*, which likewise made shock waves when it appeared in 1974.

Ever since Jefferson's death in 1826, historians and biographers have stressed his contributions to the founding of American society as we know it. Henry Steele Commager has stated that Jefferson remains our leading figure on democracy and republicanism. As Commager wrote in *The Empire of Reason*: "He helped to create and to establish the new political systems in America, and he furnished them with a good part of their political philosophy."

Yet the picture of the man who wrote "all men are created equal" shaking his whip at the slaves at Monticello proved too arresting for Fawn Brodie, so she began to investigate. In Jefferson's "Farm Book" and other documents, as well as in the narratives of former Monticello slaves Madison Hemings and Israel Jefferson (which appeared in an obscure Ohio newspaper in 1873, and which Brodie republished for the first time), she found strong evidence to substantiate the legend of the sexual relationship between Jefferson and his quadroon slave, Sally Hemings, by whom he fathered numerous children.

The book infuriated the Jefferson heirs when it came out, as it did Pulitzer Prize-winning Jeffersonian scholar Dumas Malone. Then, in 1979, when a novel based almost entirely on Brodie's book, *Sally Hemings*, by Barbara Chase-Riboud, got optioned for a TV

movie by CBS, Malone demanded that it be canceled. (The movie has been dropped; the reasons had nothing to do with Malone, according to Brodie.)

"There is a powerful taboo against miscegenation," she said of this uproar, "but it was very common, after all. The census of 1860 listed mulattos as well as blacks, and there were over 500,000 mulattos in the South, and only 83,000 slave holders. This gives you an idea of how accepted it was."

For such a quiet, soft-spoken woman with a poetical sensibility to have produced such controversial works underscores the truism that appearances deceive. But by looking for "feeling as well as fact, for nuance and metaphor as well as idea and action," in order to link the private life of her subjects with their public life, she has made conventional historians and biographers uncomfortable. And by employing the techniques of the psychoanalyst, Brodie has been accused of writing "psycho-biography."

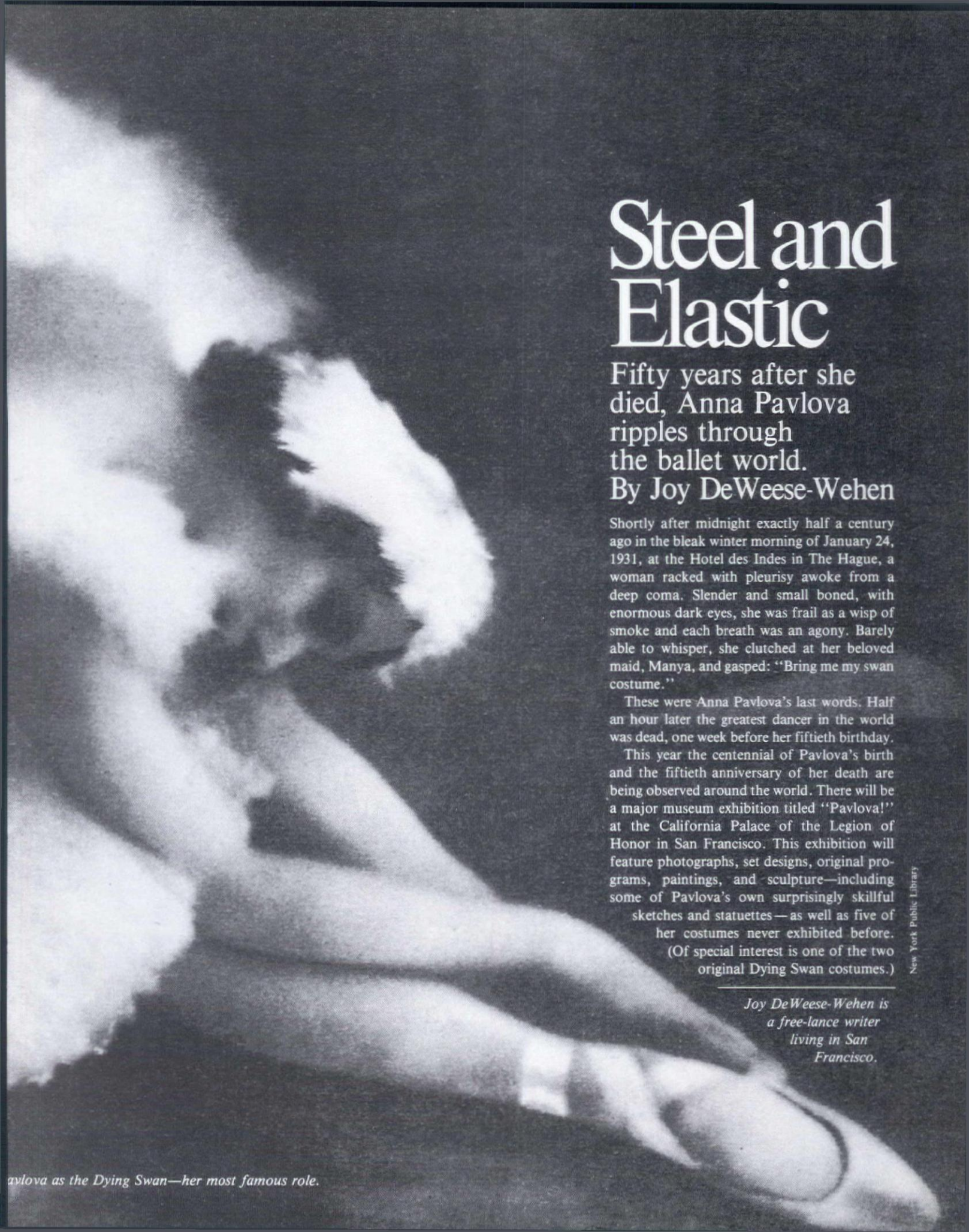
Before she turned in the final version of *Richard Nixon: The Shaping of His Character*, Brodie insisted that she studiously avoided the psychobiographical approach in this work, although she conceded there will appear a fair amount of speculation about certain themes she perceived in Nixon's life, such as death, survival, and the failure of love. In any case, in her own way she clearly may have done for Richard Nixon what William Shawcross did for Henry Kissinger.

But, as she explained, "A biographer is like an artist working with mosaic. He doesn't invent anything, but he does collect myriads and myriads of small pieces. When he puts them together, sometimes a pattern emerges which is quite astonishing. I'm essentially a storyteller, as all biographers are, and I felt the story of Richard Nixon's rise and fall was unlike anything in American history. It was the incredible story which captured me." □

Fawn Brodie: 1915-1981

As this issue of *HORIZON* goes to press we have learned the sad news that Fawn Brodie died of cancer in California on January 10. Her editor at W. W. Norton Company, George Brockway, said: "She was a marvelous person and writer. Her death is a great personal and professional loss. I think her last work is a very important book—it will stand as *the* book on Nixon's character."





Steel and Elastic

Fifty years after she died, Anna Pavlova ripples through the ballet world.

By Joy DeWeese-Wehen

Shortly after midnight exactly half a century ago in the bleak winter morning of January 24, 1931, at the Hotel des Indes in The Hague, a woman racked with pleurisy awoke from a deep coma. Slender and small boned, with enormous dark eyes, she was frail as a wisp of smoke and each breath was an agony. Barely able to whisper, she clutched at her beloved maid, Manya, and gasped: "Bring me my swan costume."

These were Anna Pavlova's last words. Half an hour later the greatest dancer in the world was dead, one week before her fiftieth birthday.

This year the centennial of Pavlova's birth and the fiftieth anniversary of her death are being observed around the world. There will be a major museum exhibition titled "Pavlova!" at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco. This exhibition will feature photographs, set designs, original programs, paintings, and sculpture—including some of Pavlova's own surprisingly skillful sketches and statuettes—as well as five of her costumes never exhibited before.

(Of special interest is one of the two original Dying Swan costumes.)

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New York Public Library



Clutching her beloved maid, she uttered her last words: "Bring me my swan costume."

The exhibition, which opened on what some chroniclers say is Pavlova's hundredth birthday, January 31, 1981, and continues through April 26, was organized by former prima ballerina Nancy Van Norman-Baer and is supported by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts; Payot, Inc.; and the Tapezio Foundation.

After Pavlova's death, her body was taken back to London from The Hague, where she had been rehearsing for one of her many tours. The more superstitious Russian members of her ballet company were not really surprised by her death: scarcely a month before, on New Year's Eve, a pigeon had flown in at the open window of the restaurant where the dancer was dining and alighted on her shoulder . . . the traditional Russian portent of death.

Dressed in beige lace and covered with her favorite lilacs, Pavlova lay in state in Saint Philip's Russian Orthodox Church in London with the Russian imperial flag draped over the coffin, while mourners and tributes crowded in from all over the world.

Pavlova would have been enchanted. She loved audiences; she loved armloads of flowers. (After every performance, she always took her floral gifts back to her hotel room and removed all the string and wires. She never wore corsets herself, and she could not bear to have her flowers corseted either.)

She would have been even happier to know that her fame and influence, far from diminishing at her death, would send out ever-widening ripples to influence dancers for generations to come. Hundreds of little girls, like

Tamara Toumanova and the American Ruth Page, became dancers solely because they saw Pavlova dance; Sir Frederick Ashton, who as a small boy had seen her in Peru, grew up to create an inspired reincarnation of her in his ballet *Ondine*; in Australia the young Robert Helpmann, after watching every performance she gave for eight months, was committed to

Pavlova in one of her famous "white ballets," Michel Fokine's Chopiniana (known today as Les Sylphides).



Pablo Casals had to close his eyes so he could concentrate on his cello.

ballet for the rest of his life; while from the upper balcony of a London theater a six-year-old ballet student named Peggy Hookham saw one of Pavlova's last performances, little dreaming that she herself would one day be called the successor to Pavlova under her stage name of Margot Fonteyn.

During her lifetime, Pavlova had an almost missionary compulsion to bring the dance to every corner of the globe. In fifteen years, she traveled 350,000 miles with her own company, gave over 4,000 performances, and appeared in more towns around the world than any other artist of any kind before or since. The first dancer to become world famous, she sowed the seeds of classical ballet on every continent; without her, ballet would never have become the universally appreciated art form it is today.

The world of dance which Pavlova entered at the turn of the century was in a serious decline. Feeling and emotion had been eclipsed by show-off acrobatics. The dances themselves had become crude, sterile, and artificial. Audiences were dwindling. It is no exaggeration to say that ballet was close to expiring when three people revived it: Petipa, Fokine, and Pavlova.

Petipa was the French-born Russian teacher and choreographer who restored drama to dance. While she was still a pupil at the Imperial School of Ballet in Saint Petersburg, it was the "master" Petipa who noticed the ethereal little Anna Pavlova who could soar like thistledown and bring tears to the empress' eyes with her acting; he cast her for the lead in a student performance opposite another gifted pupil, Michel Fokine.

Fokine was to bring a new musicality and emotion to dancing, believing that ballet should portray human beings and their true feelings. This concept was revolutionary and found an answering spark in the sensitive, intense, and warmly emotional young Pavlova who lived her roles instead of just dancing them and who, in spite of her apparent frailty, was made of "steel and elastic," as Isadora Duncan described her. Fokine and Pavlova also shared a crusader's zeal for the improvement of the lot of the dancer in Russia and later were leaders together in the famous dancers' strike of 1905. (This strike had a lasting effect on Pavlova's life, for the management of the imperial theaters never forgot her "insubordination" and withheld some of the roles she coveted, thereby contributing to her final decision to leave Russia

and settle in London.)

Pavlova's own contribution was to take the dying art of ballet and by her superb artistry breathe new creative life into it. Obeying her favorite Russian proverb: "Do not pull down the past; it is the foundation of the future," she took the disciplined precepts of classical ballet and embellished them with her own dazzling gifts, but she never permitted innovation to destroy tradition. As the *London Morning Post* once put it: "There is nothing remarkably new [about Pavlova's performances] but everything she does is done perfectly."

Anna Pavlova was probably born—the date is variously recorded—one hundred years ago on January 31, 1881, in Saint Petersburg, to a laundress living on the edge of poverty. Her father was supposedly a peasant soldier, but a number of clues point to her actually being the illegitimate daughter of an aristocratic Jewish banker.

Born two months prematurely, little Anna's early childhood was lonely with sickness and poverty. But when she was eight years old, her world turned upside down. Telling her that "this evening you are going to enter fairyland," her mother took her to see *The Sleeping Beauty* at the Maryinsky Theatre as a rare Christmas treat. The small girl watched it almost without breathing. At the end, she announced to her startled mother that one day she would dance upon that very stage. All that night she dreamed that she was dancing; it was the beginning of her life's story.

She begged for dancing lessons until her mother took her to the Imperial School of Ballet for an interview. The director informed them brusquely that they didn't take eight-year-olds. But he looked at Anna with interest . . . the ethereal slightness (as an adult, she would be only 5 feet 4 inches tall), the unusually high-arched feet, the long arms, and straight neck. "Bring her back at the end of her tenth year," he ordered.

Pavlova was back almost at dawn on her eleventh birthday.

Pupils at the Imperial School of Ballet lived in a silken prison of royal prestige and excruciatingly hard work. They were considered members of the imperial household, had tea with the emperor, were waited on by palace servants, but worked under discipline more rigid than at any convent.

When she graduated, Pavlova received the unusual honor of being accepted into the Imperial Ballet as a coryphée (a girl who dances in

groups of three or four, not just in the corps ballet). By 1906, at the age of twenty-five, was prima ballerina.

Her ten years at the imperial theaters shaped her for the rest of her thirty-year career. During this time she perfected her skills: her credible balance; her *pointe*-work which was as fast as a hummingbird's wings and as strong as stainless steel; her electrifying dramatic power which caught at the heart; her musicality—"she is rhythm made visible," wrote Flor Delhorde; and her soaring defiance of the laws of gravity.

Throughout her career no one was allowed near her while she waited in the wings and not to anybody who ever spoke to her on stage. She brought both emotion and intelligence to every role. The French critic Sebastian Veyron was later to say: "She has a dazzling intelligence. But it is an intelligence from the heart."

In Saint Petersburg, Pavlova had a magnificent flat, servants, clothes, a private dance studio, all paid for by a succession of dazzling but discreet lovers. But her one long enduring relationship was with Victor Dandré, nearly ten years older than she and a member of the municipal council. Arrested for financial irregularities (gossip said he used the funds meant for building a bridge to support Pavlova) and released on bail, he fled the country. It was a coincidence that from then on Pavlova spent more and more time abroad.

Her first foreign tour took place in 1907 to Germany and Scandinavia where she was wildly popular, the king of Sweden even sending his own carriage for her. Then in 1910 she appeared at the Palace Theatre in London (which paid her £1200 a week) and the next year danced *Giselle* with Nijinsky at Covent Garden. During these years she had a brief relationship with the Diaghilev Ballet. Fundamental rivals and competitors. He pursued the new and ever more exotic, stressing the subordination of the dancer to his elaborate productions, while Pavlova was fundamentally conservative and increasingly interested in ballet as a vehicle for her own talents. Furthermore, Diaghilev concentrated on establishing ballet in the great cities; Pavlova wanted to bring its magic to every small corner of the globe.

Pavlova made her American debut at a private party given by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney; then in 1910 she appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York in the first act of *Coppélia*. She always loved

Margot Fonteyn on Pavlova

In my opinion, Pavlova's greatest contribution to ballet was the worldwide scope of her tour. Can you imagine what it would be like, in the early years of this century, to be an inhabitant of Japan or South Africa or Peru who probably did not even know that ballet existed and then go one evening to your local theater and see the greatest dancer in history? You would never forget it for the rest of your life.

No, I am not in the least like Pavlova! I remember, as a young dancer, working with Sir Frederick Ashton and he would say: "Pavlova did it this way" or "Pavlova loved that way." And then he would throw up his hands and exclaim, "Oh, why can't you be more like Pavlova?"

Of all the dancers of the last half century, I would think that Alicia Markova was the most like Pavlova.

A spiritual quality? Oh yes, but there was another, most important aspect of her dancing. She could be so fiery and passionate. If Pavlova were alive today, I think she would have made a great Juliet . . . or any of the romantically expressive roles.

You know that large round glass ornament in the front of the Dying Swan costume? When I was a little girl, I was told that it was always orange in the original costume Pavlova wore, and that it stood for the beak of the swan! I can't remember who told me. . . .

My greatest dream is to buy Ivy House at Golder's Green, which was Pavlova's London home, and turn it into a proper museum of Pavlova and the dance. At present, it is owned by the London Polytechnic, and every Saturday devoted fans of Pavlova cart out some of her memorabilia and display it in what used to be Dandré's

America and the Americans. (She said it was because all the cafeterias stayed open late at night after the show! She would load two trays with a dish of everything, then sample a bite of each, usually starting with the desserts.)

Meanwhile, in 1912, she had settled permanently in London, buying Ivy House at



Pavlova in a 1914 poster by Malvina Hoffman. The dancer visited Hoffman's New York studio to pose for a series of nude studies.

bedroom, then it is put away again for the next week. It is so sad to think that history's greatest dancer should have such an inadequate memorial. Apart from Pavlova herself and her association with it, it is a beautiful house. It would be ideal for seminars, concerts, and loan exhibitions. I'm spearheading an international fund drive to buy it, and I particularly hope to interest a major corporation to start off. If any readers are interested in helping, they could write to the editor of HORIZON, and it will be forwarded to me.

Golder's Green (once the home of the painter Turner, one room of which is now a Pavlova museum, open to the public on weekends). From then on, Victor Dandré shared her life. Whether they were ever married is uncertain. He said they were, but no marriage license was found after her death, a major factor in the

Soviet government's suit for her estate "on behalf of her aged mother in Russia." (They won.) But Pavlova and Dandré were indispensable to each other until her death, although he was more like a father or business manager than a lover, and the relationship did not put an end to her discreet liaisons, often with members of her own company. She always maintained that a great dancer must have deep and passionate love affairs . . . and then give them up, to transmute that love into a "living flame upon the stage."

It was after World War I that she began touring with her own company of between forty and sixty people. She had few problems as a woman director; ballet was primarily a feminine province in those days, and she had Dandré to help her with the business end. Often travel conditions were appalling, with lumpy stages, fifth-rate orchestras, bad weather, ill health—and revolutions. (In Mexico, the president sent a guard of 200 soldiers to travel on the roof of her train for protection!) Through it all, Pavlova danced three performances a day for ten weeks at a time. She would say in the lilting broken English which was part of her charm: "Tired is not for me."

There has never been another dancer like her. Again and again this comment recurs like a refrain, in books and reminiscences about Pavlova. Her stage presence was almost hypnotic. Once in Mexico City, Pablo Casals played the cello for her Dying Swan solo as a surprise for her. He had to close his eyes and not watch her to be able to concentrate on his instrument. She inspired audiences to the curious reaction of wanting her to go on forever, of hating to see her leave the stage. Sir Robert Helpmann says that only two other artists have ever had this effect: Maria Callas and Rudolf Nureyev. Her whispering glide across the stage was compared to an angel's passing. Muriel Stuart, the distinguished English dancer and teacher who spent eleven years as a member and soloist in Pavlova's company, writes: "She possessed an extraordinary spiritual quality." Perhaps this stemmed from Pavlova's belief that dancing should be pure romance, a glimpse of man's grubby world idealized into joy and freedom. Her own definition of art was, "The steady elimination of everything which is ugly . . . and the substitution of true and lasting beauty."

On tour her programs usually consisted of two short ballets and a group of diversissements. Almost always she appeared in one

Pavlova could be hysterically jealous if another dancer got more curtain calls.

of the ballets and two or three of the divertissements, often impressions of nature like *The Dragonfly* or *The California Poppy*. But it was *The Dying Swan* which became her trademark; she was forced to dance it at every performance. Although short and simple, it has been called a choreographic poem, and the emotion she brought to it left her audiences in tears. Fokine had based it on a final pose from *Swan Lake* (which Pavlova never danced in full) to music from *La Vie des Animaux* by Saint-Saëns. Pavlova first danced it at a charity performance at the Maryinsky Theatre in Saint Petersburg, December 1907.

Starr Danias, prima ballerina of the Joffrey Ballet and star of a new touring group called "The Pavlova Celebration," says that *The Dying Swan* is technically simple but very hard on a dancer's points, with its tiny nibbling steps across the stage. Danias also makes the interesting observation that if Pavlova were alive today, with her sensuous magical presence and her acting ability so far ahead of its time in the dance theater, she would have been a great screen or television actress as well as a dancer.

As it was, Pavlova loved Hollywood, where she stayed with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at Pickfair and danced for Charlie Chaplin, whom she greatly admired. Douglas Fairbanks filmed a movie of her *Dying Swan*, an invaluable record of her shuttle-swift footwork and soft, floating arm movements.

She was strict and old-fashioned in matters of protocol and seniority with the dancers in her company, but deeply concerned for their health and contentment. There were lavish parties for Christmas and Easter, no matter where they were on tour (she once took a Christmas tree secretly to South America aboard ship) and costly, carefully chosen gifts for each member of the company.

Of course no star of Pavlova's magnitude could escape some criticism. It was said that her turn-out (a dancer's basic position) was poor, that she needed her partner's help on turns, that toward the end of her life she could not jump very high. She was criticized for her choice of banal, second-rate, tuneful music for her ballets instead of great symphonic works; and for her insistence that the conductor follow *her* tempi, not the other way around.

And of course there were the inevitable comparisons with Isadora Duncan, who also had her passionate supporters. When Duncan went to Saint Petersburg in 1908, bringing her revolutionary doctrine of freedom of life, love,

and instinct, and her quasi-religious "poetry of motion," Pavlova was intrigued and attended her performances (arriving with huge boxes of sweets for the American visitor). She admired Duncan's genius—in fact, she was the first person to insist that Sol Hurok go to watch Duncan dance in New York; but she was disturbed by the American's lack of a strong technical foundation upon which to build all those innovations. However, she adapted Duncan's freer movements to her own classical style, as in the fluttering arm gestures in *The Dying Swan*. Writing in the American magazine *The Dance* in 1926, Pavlova said: "It was the dancing of the natural school which brought freedom to the old-time ballet, for we added to our ancient technique the abandon and classic beauty of Isadora Duncan's sublime art."

Duncan, in her turn, although the conventions and discipline of ballet filled her with horror, wrote of Pavlova as "an exquisite apparition who floated over the stage."

But—immortal dancer as she was universally acknowledged to be—what was Pavlova like as a woman? The answer is woven of as many contrasting colors as a ballerina's Maypole.

She could be mischievous, over-excitable, and capricious as a child, swooping from laughter to tears in sixty seconds. She could be regally aloof, or explode in a Russian tantrum. (Her beloved bulldog, Poppy, would sit at her feet during the tirade, and if the berated member of the company dared to say a word in her own defense, Poppy would growl menacingly.) She could be warm, charming, impulsively generous, helping to support many elderly, indigent dancers. But she could also become hysterically jealous if another dancer got more curtain calls, or warily resentful of another artist showing great promise; and to the end of her life, if she considered that a partner was too rough or arrogant, she would slap his face.

She rehearsed every day of her life faithfully; and her agonies of stage fright renewed before every performance, growing worse instead of better as she got older. Fortunately she needed only five hours of sleep a night, as after the show, teachers and mothers would bring their young hopefuls to dance for her. Muriel Stuart says that one of her cherished memories of Madame is watching her seated in the middle of the stage after a performance, tired and wrapped in a white shawl, patiently observing a string of poorly trained little dancers and giving them generous and kindly

advice which influenced their entire lives. I loved children; her favorite charity was children's home she founded in Paris for Russian orphans.

Costumes were important to Pavlova; she often designed her own. All her bodices and headdresses were made at home by her faithful Manyà. It was Manyà who, after Pavlova's death, made Margot Fonteyn's *Swan Lake* costume, which is still the model for all the Royal Ballet's tutus.

Every year Pavlova imported literally thousands of yards of American tarlatan for her skirts, as she never wore the *Dying Swan* tutu more than twice without having the entire skirt renewed. Shoes were a problem for her as she had a very high instep and graduated toes which put nearly all her weight on her ball of toe when on *pointe*. Her ballet slippers, very soft compared to today's heavy blocking, were made for her in Italy; but she always removed the sole and put in her own cardboard, a reinforced the ribbons with tape. Her strappy shoes she bought a dozen at a time and usually gave away after one wearing.

But none of these details, although they help to complete the multihued mosaic which we call Pavlova, really expresses her true genius. Margot Fonteyn sums it up: "The qualities that set her above all other dancers were an intensity of spirit, a passionate compulsion, and a grace that made every movement significant."

Or, as Ruth Page replies simply when asked what she considered Pavlova's most important gift: "Her rapprochement with her audience. A magic flowed out from the stage and drew audience and performer together in a breathtaking rapport of beauty and joy."

Pavlova had always insisted that no matter what might happen to her, the company must complete its current tour. So the day after her death in Holland, grief stricken but obedient to her wishes, the company moved on to Brussels to perform in a charity concert. At the end of the performance, Saint-Saëns' music for *The Dying Swan* began softly in the darkened theater. Slowly the curtains rose on an empty stage. King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium rose to their feet, as they and the audience remained standing until the music ended.

Pavlova, who loved Hollywood, befriended Charlie Chaplin and was filmed dancing by Douglas Fairbanks. This photograph is from her only movie, The Dumb Girl of Portici.



Mamet in Hollywood

In California to write *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, the author was astounded by the way he was treated.
By David Mamet

When I first began writing, I tried desperately to get a job in California. No one would give me a job because I had no credentials.

After many of my plays had been produced, I tried, somewhat less desperately, to get a job in California. No one would give me a job because I was a playwright.

The prejudice against hiring serious writers to write movies dates back, I think, not so much to F. Scott Fitzgerald, as to *The Disenchanted*—Budd Schulberg's codification of what happens if one hires serious writers to write movies.

The myth of the serious writer as a precious lush earning vast amounts and sneering at the gaucheries of Southern California is convenient both for the writer, who doesn't have to work very hard for people who he feels are unfit to fetch him coffee, and for the producers, who, finally, depend for their living on creative people, and will go to any extent to believe that the reverse is true.

So the writer says, "I give these idiots art instead of pabulum, and they don't understand it." The producer says, "I pay this lame brain more money than he ever earned in his life and his output is unproduceable. Where is the integrity in that?"

The writer takes his money and goes back to Vermont; the producer says, "See if you can find Jerry in Aspen; call him in and let's get

David Mamet recently directed *Twelfth Night* at New York's Circle Repertory Company and is currently at work on a new play. He is the author of *American Buffalo*, *Reunion*, and other noted plays. © 1980 by David Mamet.

this damn thing to work," and everyone goes home exonerated.

The East views Los Angeles as the poor man's hell, and New York is considered by the movie industry to be the cultural capital of New England. A great deal of talent languishes underpaid and underemployed in the East, and most movies are garbage.

This is unfortunate.

Los Angeles is the poor man's hell. It is a city full of producers and those who would like to be. And the only idea a producer ever came up with was "see if he'll settle for less."

The New York theater desperately needs employment for its workers: plays either close Sunday or run for five years, no one is learning his craft, very few artists are earning a living, one can be legitimately hailed as the toast of the town in one season and faced with unemployment thereafter.

It would be a wonderful idea if production and talent could get together.

The problem, of course, is that, ultimately, risk capital and creativity are antipodal entities. The only plans I can think of to synthesize them are nationalizing the motion picture industry or lobotomizing all artists.

There are, of course, exceptional films: *Bonnie and Clyde*, *The Godfather*, *Taxi Driver*, *The Man Who Would Be King*, *A Wedding*, etc. The list is hardly endless, but one could, I think, run a fortnight's festival of recent American films of integrity, talent, and polish.

I, of course, am going to like different films from the ones you liked. I think the ones I like fulfill the Aristotelian unities and express true passion on the part of the creators. I call them "art" because I can abide very little of what I see at the movies, and I would like the best of what I admire to be art.

Two films I admire greatly are *Five Easy Pieces* and *The King of Marvin Gardens*. They seem to me to be an attempt to express something on the part of the director/writer, and I sense a great effort at marshalling technique, concentration, strength, and humor in that attempt.

Bob Rafelson, who directed the films, offered me my first and only job in the movies.

Four years before I ever met him he called

me in the middle of the night to tell me he had just read a script of mine and thought it was fantastic. He apologized for waking me and hung up.

The next time we spoke he offered me a job writing a movie for him. When I accepted the offer, he said, "Thank you, I'm very grateful to you." I thought, "Well, that's interesting rhetoric," and I waited to see how his gratitude, in the course of time, would express itself in contempt, competition, and, finally, a quest for retribution. But his behavior proved to be otherwise. We worked together on the script for eight months, and it was one of the happiest creative collaborations of my life to date.

The script was "The Postman Always Rings Twice." It was adapted from the 1934 novel by James M. Cain.

Anyone over forty to whom I mention the title always says, "Oh yes, Lana Turner wore that white dress." As indeed she did.

This is the fourth time *Postman* has been filmed. It was made with Turner and John Garfield in 1946, by Visconti as *Ossessione* in 1942, and in a 1938 French version.

The reason it keeps cropping up is that it has one of the strongest plots in popular fiction: a woman marries an older man she does not love to escape a sordid solitary life. A drifter wanders by, they fall in love and plot to kill the husband. And that's the dull part.

The reason it has been difficult to film is that it is written as a first-person narrative and almost all the incidents are incited by a change in the protagonist's state of mind, which is, at best, boring to express on film: e.g.: "I looked at her. I knew I had to have her, even if I hung for it."

The problem of the screenplay was how to distort an internal psychological monologue into a visible clash of visible forces.

In trying to solve the problem Bob Rafelson gave me a laboratory course in the art and nature of the cinema. I taught him a little bit about subtext (or, to put it differently, "reality"), and we wrote what I think is a very good screenplay together.

The Postman Always Rings Twice will be



Lindsay Crouse

released in a couple of months, and everyone will be able to draw his own conclusion about it.

I am going back to working on a play feeling very, very refreshed. The offer to write the movie came at a time when my last two plays had been disastrously received, my self-confidence was nearly evaporated, and I did not know whether to shoot myself or write *American Buffalo* again.

Working in the collaborative atmosphere of the movie reassured me about my ability to solve problems, and also about my ability to get along with people. The film's production people are pleased with themselves—not only do they have a good script, but they took a chance to get it; they have made a “discovery.”

So that is my success story: someone felt it would be more rewarding to teach an artist a new technique than to attempt to induce a hack to be interesting, and everybody went home happy.

There is a *vast* amount of talent in this country's theater—in the small theaters of Chicago, Boston, New York, Louisville, and Seattle, especially. Theatrical artists in these other cities are working. They are acting, designing, directing, and writing plays constantly. Because they live in an atmosphere fairly free of commercial pressure, they have no need either to withhold their skills from the marketplace or to pander to mercantile aesthetics, so they are developing their skills, their point-of-view, and their talent.

Traditionally the movie industry has developed this talent by demonstrating to it how much better a Mercedes handles than a Chevy.

Collaborating with, rather than exploiting, this talent would make our Friday nights at the movies a lot more diverting.

It wouldn't be that difficult to do. It wouldn't even call for altruism on the part of the producers—just a little creative venality.

I have, personally, profited in several ways from my sojourn in Hollywood. I am going back to work on a new play with, I admit, a slight residual attitude of “Who *knew*? We all thought they were summer camps”; and I look forward to doing another movie. □





The Infinite Variety of Jane Seymour

Typed as a sex symbol in Britain,
she fled to American
television to prove she could act.

By Sarah Booth Conroy

"Jane Seymour eats light," says Barney Rosenzweig.

He should know. Rosenzweig was producer of the ABC miniseries "East of Eden," starring Seymour, to be broadcast February 8, 9, and 11. "I haven't seen anyone who could take that much light since Gina Lollobrigida. 'You can't put too much light on Jane. She photographs so well. When we were casting, they insisted I see film clips on her before we met. You'll see in 'Eden,' the cameramen are fascinated by her."

Rosenzweig is right. The camera in "East of Eden" caresses her like a lover, pulling close to show the moist perfection of her English skin, the voluptuous fullness of her lips. Again and again, the camera focuses on those remarkable eyes.

As Cathy—who becomes Kate—in "East of Eden," Seymour uses her eyes like a weapon, blasting through anyone who stands between her and her desires. Those huge eyes tempt, taunt, tease, torment, and terrify John Steinbeck's succession of doomed lovers and would-be lovers.

Seymour's eyes look completely different when seen from the third row of Washington's National Theatre. In the American premiere of *Amadeus* (now playing in New York), Seymour is Mozart's pretty, foolish childlike wife Constanze. Her eyes sparkle like the candle on the harpsichord, radiating fun, life, and a cocky and Cockney bawdiness.

As Cathy in the television miniseries "East of Eden," Jane Seymour reworked Steinbeck's "monster" into a woman who is embittered because she cannot control her destiny.

Close up, those eyes, which on camera look like Balzac's "girl with the golden eyes," are even more remarkable, though not both golden. One is browner and the other greener, an uncanny feature Seymour shares with Lauren Bacall. In early Salem, eyes like that would have started a witch trial.

In her recent movie, *Somewhere in Time*, she impressed one male reporter as being "the most beautiful thing I had ever seen." But off the stage, off the camera, he and some others think she looks rather ordinary, nothing special, pretty but no great beauty.

"She seemed friendly enough," the reporter comments, "but rather shallow. She doesn't have that natural vibrance that Goldie Hawn carries off camera with her, nor that authority you feel in Lotte Lenya. Seymour just seemed like a nice girl, but not a star."

The answer seems to be that inside Jane Seymour is a switch activated by spotlights and footlights. She needs them to sparkle. When she stands in the light, soaking it all in, she can make you believe anything—that she is the most beautiful woman in the world, that she is an evil, monster murderess, that she is a charming, kittenish, childish girl—and that her star will burn forever.

A person who saw the "Eden" previews says, "She was terrifying. A real Lilith character. I don't care how pleasant she seems in real life, she must have found something awful inside herself to play from. I think it may be a

Sarah Booth Conroy is design editor of the Washington Post. She contributed "Best Buildings of 1980" to the June 1980 HORIZON.



As Mozart's wife, she unlaces her blouse and hoists her skirts to further his career.



Seymour plays Constanze, Mozart's wife, in Amadeus, the long-run London hit now on Broadway. To further the career of her husband (played by Tim Curry, above), she offers her favors to his superior, Salieri (played by Ian McKellen, left).

total absorption in self, a concentration on herself and her ambition. I was convinced that Seymour as Cathy/Kate would murder and burn to get her way."

In "Eden," Cathy as a fifteen-year-old girl leads her teacher/lover to commit suicide, murders her parents, burns down their house, torments her pimp, and destroys the lives of two brothers who love her and of her own twin sons before going on to worse things as a fifty-year-old arthritic woman.

Seymour says, "Kate haunted me totally. I began to feel I really *was* her for a while. Not to the degree I'd go out and murder anyone or do anything. . . .

"Steinbeck refers to her as a monster, a two-dimensional woman, nothing but evil, one who cannot understand the concept of love. If I played her like that, there would be no audience. No one could identify with her. I tried to make her a bit more real so you could understand why she does the awful things she does. I think some women, deep down, though they would never admit it, could identify with her. I could find some reasons why. She wanted to choose her own destiny and she couldn't.

"But she was incapable of understanding

love. I had to play her as evil. If she isn't evil enough, the idea of the bad-seed-passed-on, the Cain-and-Abel theme, doesn't come off."

Seymour says that toward the end of the filming "while I was playing Kate as an old arthritic lady and a very depressing character, some of it did rub off on me. My true friends told me later. They decided not to do anything about my depression at the time, because it was useful to me in the role. And they knew afterward they could tap me on my shoulder and I'd be my own self again."

Rosenzweig confirms her absorption in her role. "She's unflappable. Absolutely unflappable. The horses could run away and she'd stay in character. Nothing disturbs her. She just goes on as though nothing happened."

Despite the unpleasantness of the character, Seymour loved the role. "I think it's the best female role ever filmed. And I think I gave the best performance of my career."

Even making allowances for the source, Seymour's assessment may not be too far off. While literally wiping out the characters—in violent, sadistic scenes with the camera lapping up blood and gore—Seymour's acting blots out the other actors. She makes them seem like high-school amateur society players. She is magnificent.

Her part in *Amadeus*, however, is not nearly as juicy as Kate. And the competition from Ian McKellen as Salieri and Tim Curry as Mozart is formidable.

Amadeus is about as far as you can go away from Steinbeck's earthy, dirty, rough American pioneer story. *Amadeus* is set in imperial Vienna in 1823 with recollections of 1781-1791. Seymour analyzes the play: "It's a fugue. The timing has to be just right. Another character gives you a line. And you have to use his rhythm when you come back with your retort. It's like Mozart's music; his music goes up and it comes down and just when you think it's going to end, it crashes and crashes into something else that goes up. You can't act on your own in it; it's an ensemble piece."

Actually, the play is a two-part invention. One voice tells a comedy about court-composer Salieri's efforts to rid himself of the competitor Mozart, the other voice sings a grand tragic theme of genius and mediocrity.

Seymour acknowledges she looks on the play as a time to learn. "This is the first time I've ever worked with a really good director. I'm learning so much from Peter Hall. (Sir Peter Hall, the director of *Amadeus*, is direc-

"There's nothing better than
to be in a successful
play and live in New York."



tor of the National Theatre of Great Britain.) That's why I took the role. I learn more from acting for him than in acting classes."

An actor could learn a great deal from the two male leads in *Amadeus*. Tim Curry rocks and rolls with immense vitality through the role of the aging child prodigy, Mozart. And Ian McKellen turns in a master performance as Salieri, shifting back and forth from 1823 to 1781-1791. In one incredible moment on stage, without makeup, he completely transforms his face. He changes from a young man at the height of his powers to a crotchety old man about to die, with his sins written large on his face.

In another scene, he sits in a wing chair, eating an Italian whipped-cream confection, while Mozart and Constanze, unaware of him, disport themselves all over the floor and under the piano. Judy Martin, a *Washington Post* theater critic, says, "I couldn't watch Mozart and Constanze for admiring the way he ate the dessert." But another *Washington Post* critic, James Lardner, thought Seymour played as

good a seduction scene as he had ever witnessed when she agrees to swap her favors—unlacing her blouse and pulling up her skirts—to Salieri in return for a court post for Mozart.

Amadeus might be said to be a constant learning experience—in Washington the last act seemed to have been rewritten every day. One typical Monday, the cast rehearsed from 11 A.M. until the performance. "We rehearsed the new scenes," Seymour says. "And if we liked them, we tried them out that evening on the audience."

Though *Amadeus* has run for a year in England, after critic Lardner complained about the second act, Shaffer spent the Washington run rewriting the ending, sometimes increasing Seymour's role, sometimes diminishing it. Seymour, on the whole, liked working with Shaffer. "Since we'd lived with the characters for a long time, he relied on us to tell him whether some new business or speech seemed right for a character, and he was willing to change it if it didn't. Peter Hall was the same.

The James Bond film Live and Let Die made Seymour—seen here with Geoffrey Holder—into a sex symbol at twenty.

He was never afraid to say, 'What I told you do was wrong, let's change it.' "

Shaffer might be rather surprised to hear that Seymour doesn't think of the role as an ingenue's. "It's really not a leading-lady role; it's a character piece," she says. "Constanze is very strong, down-to-earth. She's the source of the play. She's a woman, not necessarily intellectual or bright, but really ballsy. It's a strength that's not an intellectual strength, a woman who's a real survivor."

"I love doing this great ballsy comedy. The first scenes you have to serve up all the four-letter words like whipped cream, light and fluffy. You can't just hammer them."

Off-stage, Seymour sometimes seems still to be playing Constanze. "I'm absolutely consumed by a role. I can't even read when I'm working. I must have a small brain. I f

self off-stage doing things in character. For instance, between scenes I embroider; that's closer to the character. Besides, it calms my nerves. It's like a meditation—I can run the scenes and thoughts through my mind and they don't natter at me. And if the show goes good, at least I have something to show myself in the evening. What else can I do—look at myself in the mirror?"

The mirror shows the bruises she's collected since *Amadeus* from rolling around on the floor over Mozart and being thrown down by her.

"I have a big bruise on my upper arm," she says. "And another on my thigh. And this big one on my knee. My boyfriend is coming this weekend. I don't know what he'll say. I never get hurt on the stage when it happens. It's only afterward that I look at myself and think, 'dear.'"

But the spirit of the play has infected her. "I've never had so much energy as I have had since I began work on *Amadeus*. I feel wonderful. And I've lost fifteen pounds. A good thing, too; I had gained so much weight before, I felt like a beached whale.

Part of it is being on the East Coast. I feel more alive here. On the West Coast, between Los Angeles, I just vegetate, lie in the sun and rest. I go to exercise class every other day in Los Angeles. But in New York I don't need to; it gives me enough energy just to get from A to B." Seymour talks about her roles and her life in the way they merge and mix with openness and enthusiasm. She sounds as if she's trying to write a role for herself to play. It comes out quite a script: The young, beautiful,

talented girl overcomes a setback to become an overnight sex symbol in the movies. She is redeemed and purified by years in English provincial stock companies. At thirty, older and wiser, she goes on to become a great tragedienne in television while simultaneously scoring a triumph as a comedienne on the stage, her first love. If this all seems a bit much, so does Seymour's life.

She says she once asked her parents, "What was I like as a kid?" They told me, "You always did what you set out to do. You just got on with it." Early on she changed her name from Joyce Penelope Wilhelmina Frankenberg to the name of one of Henry VIII's wives. Now even her family calls her Jane.

She was sent to dancing class at two, "because I had flat feet." And to voice class at ten "because I couldn't pronounce my r's." She began to dance professionally at thirteen and to sing as well. At seventeen, knee problems ended the dancing career. So she turned to acting, "though I'd never thought about acting. I was totally consumed by dancing."

Her whole family, parents and two sisters, are coming over to see her on Broadway. "They said, 'Now you're a real actress.' I asked them, 'What do you think I've been doing for seventeen years?'"

She dates her interest in the stage from when her parents took her to see a friend in Verdi's *Aida*. "I was so upset about her suffocating in the tomb at the end, I had to be taken backstage to see she was all right. From the time I walked across the stage at Covent Garden and smelled that musty smell and then the grease paint as she took off her makeup, I knew I

wanted to be on the stage, too."

Seymour, not surprisingly, doesn't hesitate to acknowledge the fact that she thinks she's beautiful. She says, and maybe she's protesting too much, that beauty can be a handicap. "If you look like I do, it's very easy to just accept things without having to work. People like you because you're beautiful, and you don't have to be witty or thoughtful or interesting. It's very bad for your character. It's unusual for anyone who looks like me and is my age to break away from playing just leading-lady, sex-symbol parts, and be able to play real character roles, complex women."

She worries a bit about being only five feet four, but she consoles herself: "I have a long neck and I carry myself well from dancing, so I think I look taller."

It was not with her classic acting technique that she scored her first success. She was the James Bond girl, Solitaire, in the movie *Live and Let Die*. "I was twenty at the time. I didn't have the foggiest notion about filming or acting or what it was about. I found I was hailed as a sex symbol and I wasn't ready to deal with that at all. I realized soon that being a star was all a lot of rubbish, not fun at all. Climbing in or out of limousines, being alone in hotel rooms with a bottle of champagne—not for me. It's more fun to catch a bus with the cast and have beer at a pub. I feel sorry for people who all of a sudden become stars and think they have to live up to an image of what they think the public expects. Some people, some actors, put themselves in castles, away from everybody, and then wonder why they have to buy friends."

Seymour says that for that reason she prefers men who aren't "in the business." She admits that in her twenties she didn't have "a strong need for companionship." And she says she was fortunate to be involved with men who "encouraged me, allowed me to say, 'I love you dearly, but I want to make a movie. I want to go to America.'" You gather she's always put her work over her romances.

The James Bond caper ended her first marriage. She was then married to a boy she'd known for years, Michael Attenborough. "He's the son of Sir Richard, the actor and director. The family was like theater royalty. We were married at twenty, when he was a student. We hardly saw each other. I was earning a fortune and he got fed up with being Mr. Seymour. Now he's a director. He has his own theater in the provinces. He's very talented.

The First Ten Years

erty this month, Jane Seymour has a remarkable variety of dramatic roles behind her. We asked her help in compiling a bibliography of her career, and she rattled off all the plays, movies, and television series she could remember playing in. What follows, though, may not be a definitive compilation—but it gives ample indication of Jane Seymour's megalomaniacal versatility.

Films: *Oh, What a Lovely War*, *Live and Let Die*, *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*, *Battlestar Galactica*, *Somewhere in Time*, and *Oh, Heavenly Dog*.

British TV: "The Onedin Line," "The Huss Family," "Frankenstein: The True

Story," "Our Mutual Friend," "A Hanged Man," "The Leather Funnel," "The Four Feathers."

American TV: "King David," "Captains and the Kings," "The Awakening Land," "Seventh Avenue," "McCloud," "The Great Taxicab Stampede," "Killer on Board," "Battlestar Galactica," "Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders," "East of Eden."

Radio: A number of dramas like BBC's "Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Silence of Saint Vierge."

Theater (All except *Amadeus* in Great Britain): *Not Now Darling*, *Young Winston*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *A Doll's House*, *Change-lings*, *The Happy Apple*, *Relatively Speaking*, Agatha Christie's *The Hollow*, *The Net*, *Amadeus*.

"I haven't seen anyone who could take that much light since Gina Lollobrigida."

We're friends. I go to see him when I'm in England and maybe I'll play in his theater sometime."

After she came back from the James Bond movie, she lived with Jeffrey Planner, a London businessman, for two or three years. He was the one, she said, who persuaded her to go on the stage. After *Live and Let Die* she wanted to establish herself as more than a sex-pot. She wanted to learn her job, so she played repertory in the English provinces; everything from Ophelia to Lady Macbeth.

Planner and Seymour were eventually married, and he, she says, suggested they both go to America—but she should go first. She left ten days after they were married. "I came over and it was apparently right for me, but not for him. It was a bit sad. I really don't count those ten days as being married, do you? No wonder I'm wary of marriage—it ends relationships."

Seymour currently has what she calls "a boyfriend." He visits her every other weekend. "We talk on the phone every night, actually. His name is David Flynn. He's an ordinary Los Angeles citizen, a businessman, an investment manager for people in the entertainment business—that's how I met him. I don't want to think about money. Actually, playing in *Amadeus* costs me money. But I think if I make a film a year, I can afford to work in the theater for half a year."

She says "I completely ignore the way men look." But one observer noted that Flynn is handsome in a football-star sort of way, not like a beefy lineman, but rather like a pro quarterback. Seymour says she looks for men who are "strong, bright, witty, and warm. All my men friends are still friends. They respect my needs and wants. They're independent types. I wouldn't want a man who just followed me around."

She's not sure she wants to marry again. But with that thirtieth birthday coming up, she, like most women, is beginning to hear the alarm bell on the biological clock. "I want to be a mother. I think the ultimate is to have a child and time to spend with it; to educate it." On the other hand, she doesn't like to think of her work being interrupted. "Work is close to everything. I'm not in this to give up when I get married and have kids."

For the moment, she's very pleased with her life. She's living in an apartment in Greenwich Village "where all the artistic people are. Friends tell me there's nothing better than to be in a successful play and live in New York."



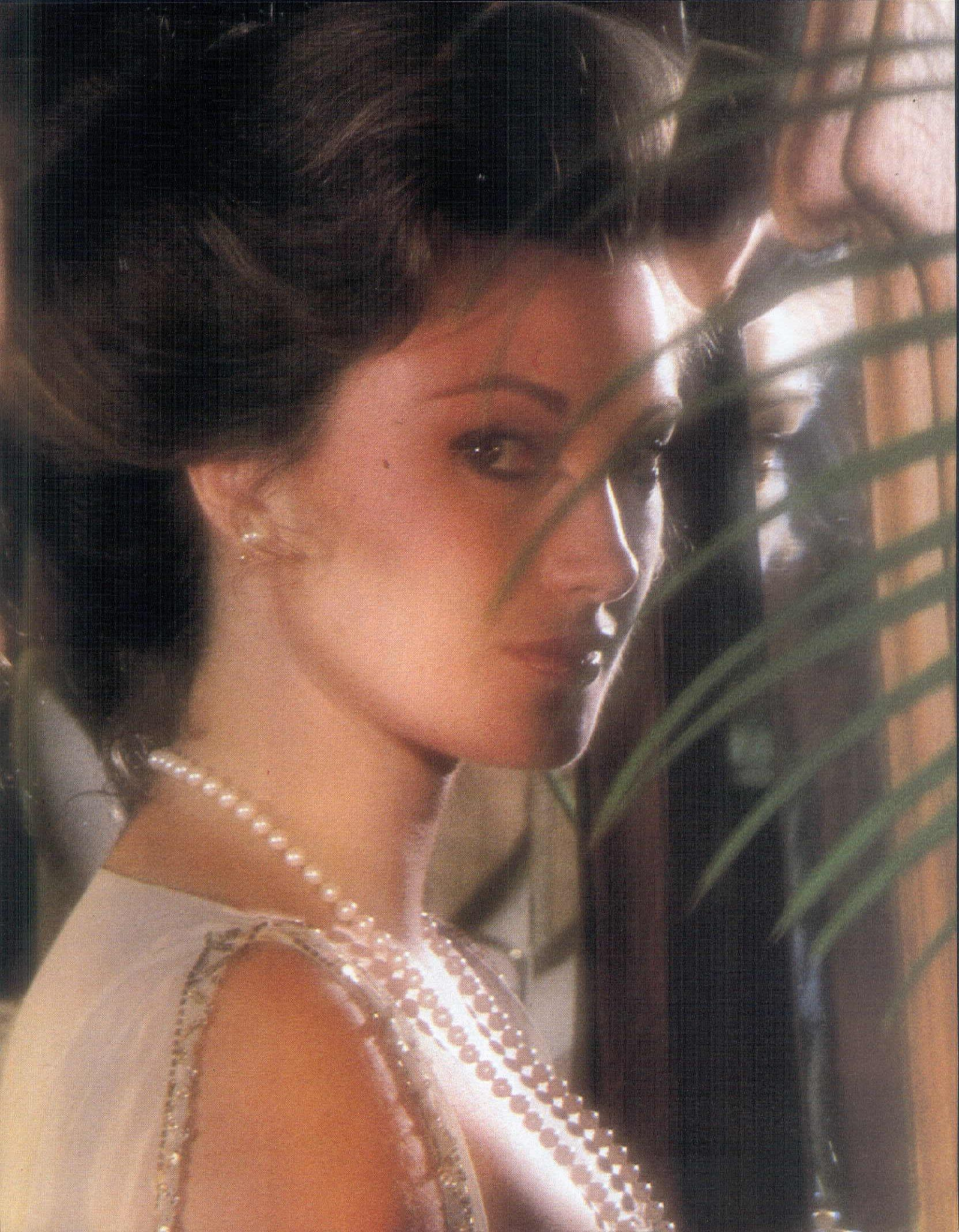
American Broadcasting Company

The versatility of Seymour's roles is one of her hallmarks. In *"East of Eden"* (above) she ages from a spiteful fifteen-year-old to an arthritic harri-
dan of fifty. In the film *Somewhere in Time* (right) she remains a beauty throughout.

She's even reconciled to being thirty—"I sometimes think I've been thirty for a long time," she says—because she hopes she'll get

more complex roles. And she hopes to keep it for a long time. "Like Helen Hayes or Bette Gordon. I think people who work until they're older are much happier. I look forward to using those years of experience."

With Jane Seymour's concentration, there's little doubt that whatever she wants, men, money, or roles, she'll get it. As the emperor's consort in *Amadeus*, "There it is!"





20 Museums You've Never Heard Of

Part Two



The Southeast

Our tour continues from Georgia to Tennessee. By Patrick D. Hazard

January *HORIZON* began a four-part series by over College English professor Patrick D. Hazard, who had spent the previous year traveling around the country in search of little-known museums. Last month, we visited the Southwest; in this issue, the Southeast.

North Carolina State Museum of Art Raleigh, North Carolina

Starting from scratch in 1949, in a recycled office building, the North Carolina Museum of Art has a collection and a presentation of it that really pleased me. O.K., so the legislature gave them a million dollars; sounds like a lot of money to start with until you look at inflation.

Reading a new biography of Dr. William Valentiner, the inspired director of the Detroit Institute of Arts whose friend Edsel Ford commissioned the Diego Rivera murals, I finally understood the quality of Raleigh. Valentiner went on to Raleigh after mandatory retirement in Detroit. What he did for North Carolina (and Interstate 95 travelers with the wit to stop) is astonishing. I can name no "great work" (maybe the small O'Keeffe church is an exception) from the State Museum's collection. But the greatness lies in the genius of juxtaposition. Valentiner puts his choice little works in genre alcoves that are truly instructive—four still lifes here spanning several hundred years, five

portraits there over an even longer span—and even the casual gallerygoer gets it!

There is also a "Braille" gallery which begins with a Harry Bertoia that makes inviting sounds even to sighted people. You really must stop at Raleigh. There's a fine Victorian section of town a few minutes walk away in a high state of retrieval. And the architecture students of North Carolina State (that's where Matthew Nowicki

Left: St. Jerome in His Study, by fifteenth-century German artist Stefan Lochner—one of the major paintings hung in the North Carolina Museum of Art. Above: Chrysler Museum at Norfolk, Virginia.

**"I love Memphis.
I love its catfish.
I love its Brooks."**



Brooks Memorial Gallery

of the famous State Arena taught) have compiled a fine guide to the local architecture.

Chrysler Museum Norfolk, Virginia

When I first visited the Norfolk Museum ten years ago, I recalled it as a not very appetizing collection of six hundred silver teaspoons and ten dull paintings. The Mariner's Museum at nearby Newport News had easily outcharmed it with a fine array of ship figureheads. So I almost missed the big change, a warning to snooty Phillyphiles like myself. I was flying off the last day of an Allegheny Airlines Liberty Fare. I had been testing the parameters of that god-send for museum freaks like me, having in my two weeks flown the line's furthestmost extremities—Minneapolis, Memphis, and Boston. I planned to fly down to Norfolk, turn around to D.C., and spend the day in chains at one of the many Smithsonian fiefdoms. Waiting for a flight, I picked up some Norfolk brochures.

Wait a minute! It was now the *Chrysler Museum*, in a brand new and very interesting building. Whoops. I took the limo into town and have never been sorry since. It seems that Chrysler's sister Bernice married Edgar Garbisch, and they became that epochal couple who practically invented American folk art as they filled their estate on the Eastern Shore of Maryland with indigenous goodies. Oi vey. Did they ever! And didn't some of these riches

Above: The modernistic Memphis Academy of Arts, a four-year college whose students work closely with the Brooks Memorial Gallery. Right: In the Brooks, known for its surprises, the floor is devoted to a children's art program.

end up at the Chrysler? You can bet your Shaker scoop they did.

And another thing. What architectural style do you associate with Bernice's bro Walter? Art deco, indeed. And the patron of that (to me) grandest structure after Louis Sullivan's bank at Owatonna and John Portman's Plaza at Ren Cen in Detroit, is the Chrysler Building. So why shouldn't he have collected all sorts of deco, large and small, and given it to Norfolk? He did. It's there. Folk art and deco. Two good reasons to get on the next flight to Norfolk, and stay there. There are many other good reasons, as you'll see. (Chrysler, bless him, collected everything.)

Brooks Memorial Gallery Memphis, Tennessee

I've traveled much into and out of Memphis because the Center for Southern Folklore abides there. Its abiding presence, Judy Peiser, is a multimedia Canute forbidding waves of modernism to submerge her native region's folklore, and she's winning. So is the Brooks Memorial Gallery, and the nearby Memphis

Brooks Memorial Gallery





**"I was so beguiled that I
rented an airplane
to take pictures of it."**



Academy of Art. The two of them work a lot together, and both share some city beautiful green acres that were the Chicago World's Fair's gift to many midsize American cities. There's no telling what kind of surprise the Brooks has in store for its patrons—so I always scan its schedule to justify a fast flight to Memphis. Where else, besides in its solid, comprehensive collections or in a beautifully integrated new wing, can you come upon shows as diverse as Rhodesian sculpture, the annual Mississippi Valley craft exhibition, and a circulating exhibition on Memphis historic architecture. I think it also has the largest cache of Carroll Cloar, that Wyeth of Magnolia country—a particular personal favorite.

It also has an ear out for perky tunes. One fall evening when I was waiting for a generous PR person to give me an after-hours sneak preview of the crafts show, I heard the strangest

jazz coming from the outdoor bowl next door. That's how I first learned about Elbert Hubbard, Memphis mellow jazz flautist who confounds musicologist and disc jockey alike with his unique meld of Indian and jazz traditions. Red Indian, I mean.

The academy keeps the Brooks funky, with exhibitions like a Levi Strauss–originated international competition on the art of denim. The higher jeans. I love Memphis. I love its catfish. I love its river. I love its Brooks. In June, or any other old oleander.

Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences Savannah, Georgia

Savannah is a museum. I took an overnight bus from Raleigh, arriving in the October dawn. It was enchanting. Fortified by pig brains, eggs, and fresh hot biscuits at the White House,

Above: The drawing room of the Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences in Savannah, Georgia. "Savannah is an art museum," author Patrick D. Hazard. Upper right: a "regrooved stately house," the Oglebay Institute of Art in Wheeling, West Virginia, noted for its period rooms (lower right). Wheeling is that interesting, don't tell me you live in a dull town."

eaten while ogling a marvelous melange of arts, I started to cruise the city's historic streets. It was too early for Ektachrome—thank God—so I was reduced to my eyes. The Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences used to be the Regency house of Alexander Telfair, designed by William Jay and built in 1818. I found the building more exciting than its painting and sculpture, but the furniture (including rare Philadelphia chairs) in the rooms on both sides of



The Oglebay Institute



The Oglebay Institute

art than it is to have collected all the other works of art that are moveable. Many, many other American communities have museums that give me high-class rushes; Telfair is the cerebral cortex of a city that is itself civilized.

Oglebay Institute of Art Wheeling, West Virginia

I love to stub my toes on my own snobbery. Before I discovered the Oglebay Institute of Art, I had an image of Wheeling as a kind of Pittsburgh with hillbillies. How benighted I was. And it all developed because I stopped for lunch at the Wheeling Inn after a pothole-filled trip up along the Ohio River from Marietta. The motel sits perkily between the oldest suspension bridge in America and the newest interstate span. What could a bridge fancier do but slow down and look around? The Oglebay is another regrooved stately house. Its current exhibition was an exchange show between two towns at the extremities of the state. Not ultimate stuff, but authentic and shareable.

The gallery shop was another thing. Crafts are a big little business in West Virginia, and the buyer here was almost as good as the supremely talented one at the West Virginia Cultural Center at Charleston. (If I didn't love touting the unknown I'd be telling you about Charleston's brand-new building, first-class museology. But this is Wheeling's Day.)

A mime troupe bewitched the Sunday strollers with foofaraw from the front steps of the Oglebay. A little engine that tries to toot as hard as that deserves a break. And the Oglebay's got its break—it discovered a steeltown Grandma Moses, one Patrick Sullivan, with a tiny *oeuvre* but an absolutely idiosyncratic one. Write for the catalogue. It's in the mainstream of the American quirky.

As if I weren't abashed enough by my now-squashed-down metro elitism, I had to face further amenities on that goshawful wonderful Sunday in Wheeling. Over a few hills and down a dale or two in a lush meadowland called Oglebay Park, the annual opera festival was in full aria. At first I thought I was hallucinating as I ran into droves of baritones humming baroquely to themselves. Just warming up, I was told curtly. This day led to Hazard's First Law of Tourism: If Wheeling is that interesting, don't ever tell me you live in a dull town. Remember Thoreau's proud boast that he had traveled much in Concord, population 1,000. □

land central court is outstanding. But don't go to Savannah for its ashcan artists or impressionists. Go there for the Savannah. When I read a sign in the central court that said Ben Tucker's jazz trio was playing there next week, I silently cursed my bad timing and asked who Tucker was. He turned out to be the owner of WSOC, the black radio station in town, a member of Telfair's board of trustees, and—I didn't find out until I checked in Philly's resident jazz historian, Nels

Nelson—one of the greatest jazz bassists ever.

I called Tucker cold, and Southern conviviality being what it is, a half hour later he picked me up in his Mercedes and we had lunch and drinks on the riverfront, at Bullfrog Springers. (Ask them where they got the name, when you visit!) I was so beguiled by this town that I rented an airplane and took sundown pictures over it and Hilton Head. I would say that Savannah is crucial to me because it shows how much better it is to have a whole city that is a working piece of

Films

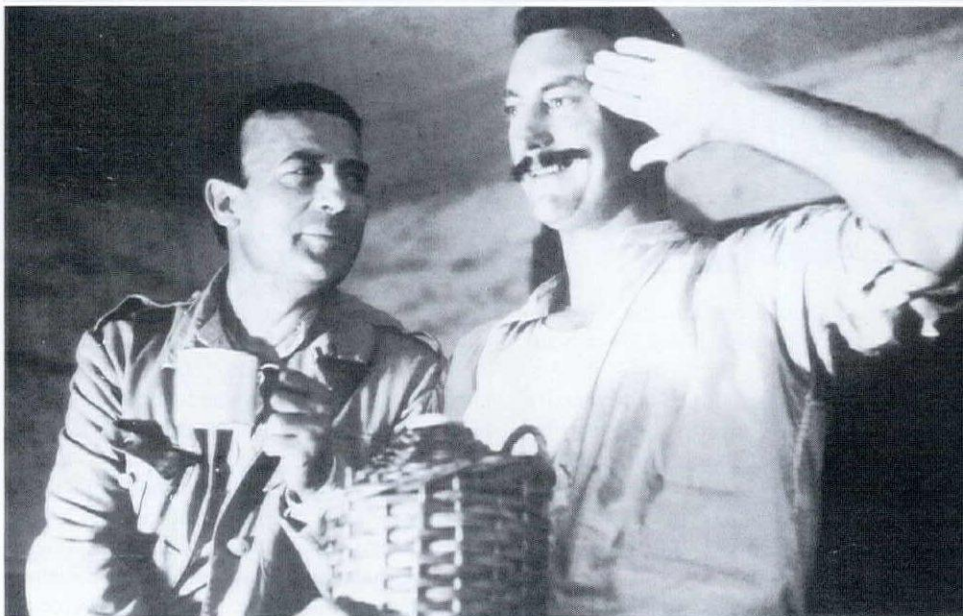
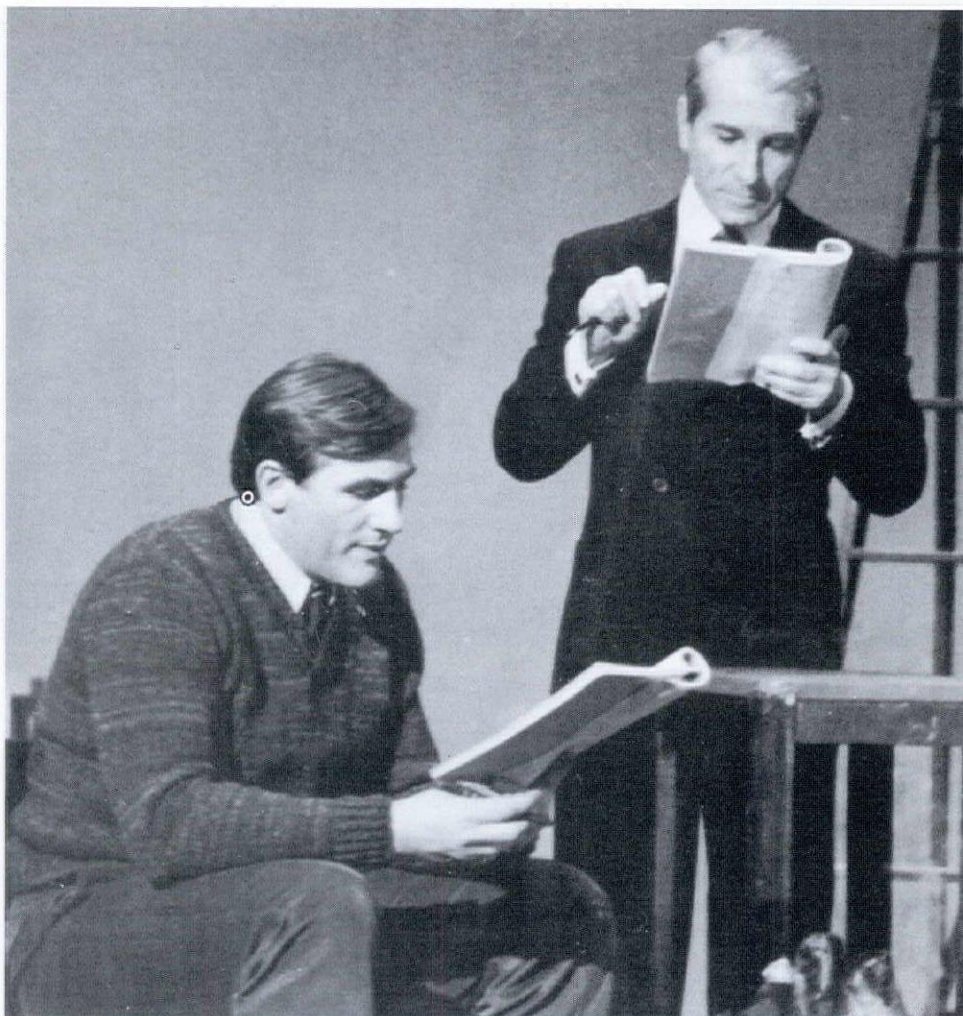
The Extremes of War

Is the foreign film a thing of the past? There's been no dearth of foreign *movies* over the past few years. We've been amply supplied with sprightly French comedies replete with the vicarious joys of haute cuisine and boulevard living. But the foreign *film* is something quite different. It's the French New Wave or Italian neorealism or the great British comedies. It's what Americans can't do as well, but also a fair exchange for the good things from Hollywood: words for our action and special effects, rumpled character actors for our stars. The foreign film should be sophisticated, exotic, and, most important, thoughtful. It needn't be intellectual, but it must be full of ideas.

Now, just when this sort of film seems to be an endangered species, along come Bruce Beresford's *Breaker Morant* and Francois Truffaut's *The Last Metro*. *The Last Metro* is Truffaut's best film in years, and *Breaker Morant* places Beresford (who also directed *The Getting of Wisdom*) among the most gifted of Australia's young film makers. As befits their directors' very different origins and sensibilities, these movies are situated worlds apart. Yet both are in the best tradition of thoughtful foreign cinema and, in keeping with one of the greatest films ever—Jean Renoir's *Grand Illusions*—they are set in war.

At first *Breaker Morant*, which is based on an actual court-martial trial during the Boer Wars, seems less about war than about justice. The year is 1901, and the British are anxious to bring their stalemated battle for South Africa to the peace table. The Boers are not so eager, so high British officials hit upon the idea of cajoling the enemy with a token apology. They need a scapegoat, and Lieutenant "Breaker" Morant (so named for his skill at breaking horses)—an Australian folk hero, poet, and volunteer British soldier—fits the bill nicely.

When the film opens, Breaker (superbly played by Edward Woodward) and two fellow Australian officers have been court-martialed for executing Boer prisoners. The shooting of war prisoners has become routine procedure. However, for (the above) reasons that go beyond these particular men, the British are determined to convict Morant and company to appease the Boers by sacrificing a few rowdy Australians. For their part, the Australians never deny the deed, basing their defense on the tacit approval of superiors. They were, so





bove: In *The Last Metro* Catherine Deneuve, manager of a prestigious French theater, rehearses with fellow players. Left: Howard Woodward as "Breaker Morant" with his co-defendant Bryan Brown.

speak, merely following orders that went beyond their personal ethics.

Quickly, the moral ambiguities thicken. The following-orders analogy to Nazi Germany is obvious from the start. More relevant, however, are the parallels to Vietnam and the My Lai massacre. In an impassioned summary that would as aptly defend Lieutenant Calley's behavior as Morant's, the Australians' defense attorney argues, "The fact of the matter is that war changes men's natures."

Good "idea" cinema that it is, *Breaker Morant* roots its increasingly provocative moral questions in complicated characters and an engrossing plot. Where the British are a bit

too obviously the villains, the martyred Australians are anything but classic heroes. Morant, the poet and quoter of Byron, is also a volatile man with a ferocious need to play the hero. As for the execution of the six Boers, he for one was clearly following not orders, but a revenge instinct. Previously, he'd deplored the practice of shooting prisoners. He ordered these specific Boers killed because he suspected them of mutilating his close friend.

From a purely moral point of view, Morant is no better than the British, but we sympathize with Morant because—and here's the crucial point for Beresford—we like him. The Australians sacrifice a few Boers for the sake of victory and/or revenge. The British sacrifice a few Australians for the sake of peace. *Breaker Morant*, like Beresford's earlier *The Getting of Wisdom*, gives a slight reinterpretation to Jean Renoir's oft-quoted "Everyone has his reasons." In Beresford's world, the scrutiny of reasons is a fascinating game, but our judgment is swayed by feelings.

And, oddly enough, the same is true in the very different world of Francois Truffaut's *The Last Metro*. Like *Breaker Morant*, *The Last Metro*, which is set in Paris during the German occupation, uses war as a backdrop. The situation here involves a prestigious French theater, the Montmartre, struggling to maintain artistic integrity under the stranglehold of German regulations. The theater's manager and leading actress is Marion Steiner (Catherine Deneuve), a capable woman who must endure protests of compromise from her fellow players and complaints of intransigence from the Germans. Marion has the added burden of knowing that her German Jewish husband Lucas (Heinz Bennent)—the theater's founder and guiding spirit—is hiding in the basement. Everyone else believes that Lucas Steiner has fled the country.

Like *Breaker Morant*, *The Last Metro* raises questions about the morality of survival in war. As the film opens, Marion, wife of a Jew, is denying an actor a part because he's Jewish. The play's leading male actor, Bernard Grandier (Gerald Depardieu), expresses outrage. He finds her decision cold and reprehensible. As do we, at first. And then we consider the reality that the Germans are unilaterally closing all productions that employ Jews. While we're pondering what we'd do in Marion's position, Bernard is handed a contract that requires him to swear he has no Jewish ancestry. Again, he's indignant but signs.

Truffaut established a general villain in the

occupation and a specific one in a collaborating French theater critic. But most of his characters, like Beresford's, are ordinary people responding to the unusual pressures of war with a bit more or a bit less heroic spirit. Everyone defines his or her own moral limits. Marion, for instance, agrees to shake hands with the hated—and powerful—collaborator critic; but she won't dine with him. Bernard divides his time between acting and resistance work until conscience demands that he put all his energies into the latter.

War is always very much with Montmartre Theater, but messier human problems become increasingly prominent. Bernard makes a pass at everyone in the cast *except* Marion and falls in love with Marion. The apparently cool, competent Marion loves her husband but also falls in love with Bernard. And way beyond love and war, the show must go on.

Both *The Last Metro* and *Breaker Morant* end with visual twists. And while the films have much in common, these twists underscore very profound differences. Like so many of his "new" Australian film-maker peers, Beresford has strong sympathy for his country and a not small chip on his shoulder about its years as a British colony. The last scenes of *Breaker Morant*, where Morant and one other Australian are shot at dawn, are a visual tone poem to these men and their country. Since the rest of the film has carefully painted Morant as less than heroic, this glorification is not without irony. Still, in the final analysis, Beresford insists, one must take a side. Australia was the pawn of Britain's empire building. History made an unlikely hero of *Breaker Morant*.

Truffaut's twist is quite another matter. In the final scenes of *The Last Metro*, we watch a sorrowful Marion visit the wounded Bernard in a veterans' hospital. The war is over. She's full of tragic love. He's full of bandages. Both are in pain, and Lucas Steiner is apparently forgotten. Then, the camera pulls back, and we realize that what we've witnessed is not real life, but a play. Marion, Bernard, and Lucas are all alive, well, and working together again. Who loves and/or is sleeping with whom remains a mystery. That, suggests Truffaut, is precisely as it ought to be. No sides are taken. Nothing is fixed. The play's the thing, and all else is uncertainty and flux.

And so, I might add, with the world of cinema. However, if *Breaker Morant* and *The Last Metro* are indicative, the foreign film is faring very well indeed.

—Diane Jacobs

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Letters

Dunne and Didion

Thank you for the January piece by John Lahr (see "Entrepreneurs of Anxiety," January 1981) on Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne (their names seem like past tense puns). It gave me a great sense of relief and release. After poring over some accolades of their writing, I had begun to think I just wasn't with it.

Maybe Lahr can even tell me why I can't understand however in the world Neil Simon's plays are considered funny rather than merely boring, pretentious, contrived—certainly not funny. Or maybe even how Barbra Streisand became a superstar, whatever that is.

I would be most grateful for any enlightenment.

Honorah B. Peter
Washington, D.C.

Poor man's art

I have sometimes defined cartooning as "poor man's art." Probably because in earlier years so few of the cartoonists around had any formal art training. That's changing.

In the last few months you have done three (I think) articles on cartooning. And I am thrilled. Thank you.

Joe N. McKeever
Columbus, Missouri

Editor's note: Actually it was two. They were: "Comic Masters" by Richard Marschall in the July 1980 issue, dealing with past masters of the art, and "Still at the Old Drawing Board" by Andrew Feinberg in the January 1981 issue, concerning cartoonists for The New Yorker.

Women are artists too

For a magazine that purports to uphold quality in the arts and report on them in an unbiased, sensitive and definitive manner, you have most certainly committed a grave error. I am referring to the article in the July 1980 issue of HORIZON entitled, "Bay Area Art: Time of Change." Are there no female artists living, working, and producing in the Bay Area? Whether or not you believe there to be valid and good female artists is one question, but to make the unforgivable blunder of not including any women in an article written in 1980 about the artists of a major city is certainly

another. Did you think your readers would notice? I am disappointed and suggest you take another look.

Susan Hostetler
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

More artists?

In the past, I have especially enjoyed HORIZON's features on artists—Mondrian, Kooning, Still, and lately Guston and Hoppen. Good stuff!

I would simply like to list a few of my suggestions. How about Sam Francis, Hans Richter, Francis Picabia, Joan Mitchell, and Man Ray?

John Mars
Brantford, Ontario, Canada

The Northwest

Just a comment on Patrick D. Hazard's article on museums (see "Twenty Museums You Never Heard Of," January 1981). The first page is headed—"THE NORTHWEST"—if you look at your map on page twenty-five and read the article, he never got to the Northwest—or hasn't he heard of Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Washington.

As a new Portlander (just three years) and an artist from New York, I resent the omission—or maybe Mr. Hazard should take a fresher course in geography. If he ever gets to the Northwest I'll be happy to show him around.

Eleonore Margolin
Portland, Oregon

Wow!

I just finished reading the January 1981 issue of HORIZON, and I must say congratulations. Your magazine just keeps getting better and better.

The cover, featuring the color serigraph *Woman Reading*, by Will Barnet, was absolutely stunning.

And Andrew Feinberg's article ("Still at the Old Drawing Board") provided a delightful insight on the cartoonists at *The New Yorker*.

Faye Serio
Potsdam, New York