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The Magazine of the Arts

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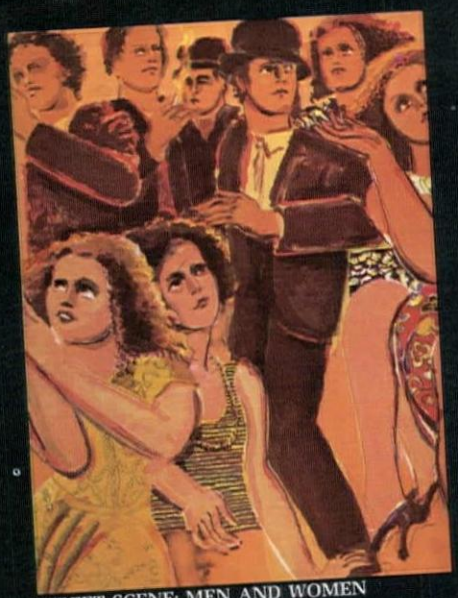

STREET SCENE: MEN AND WOMEN
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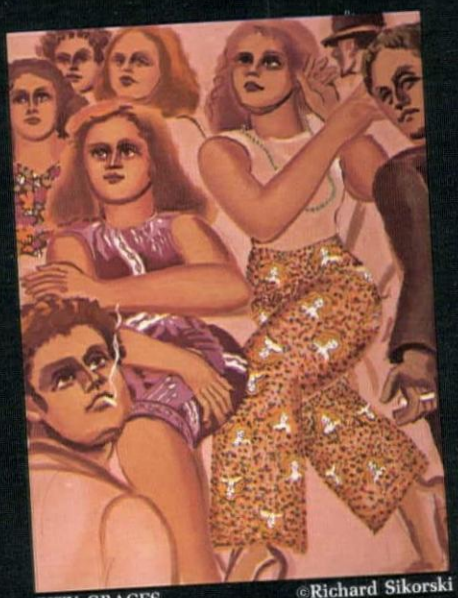

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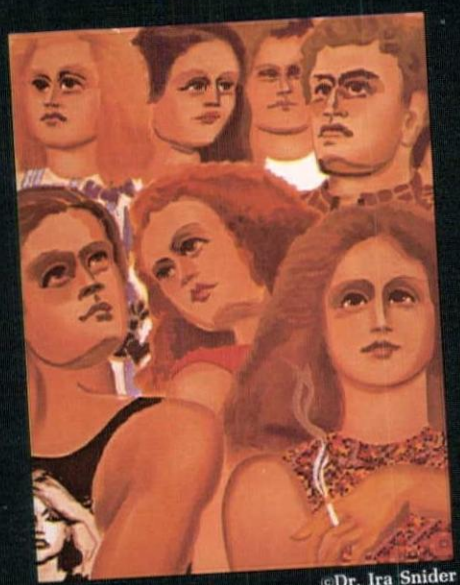

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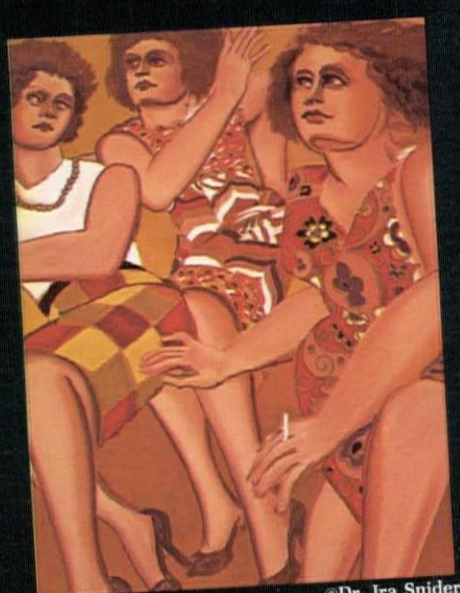

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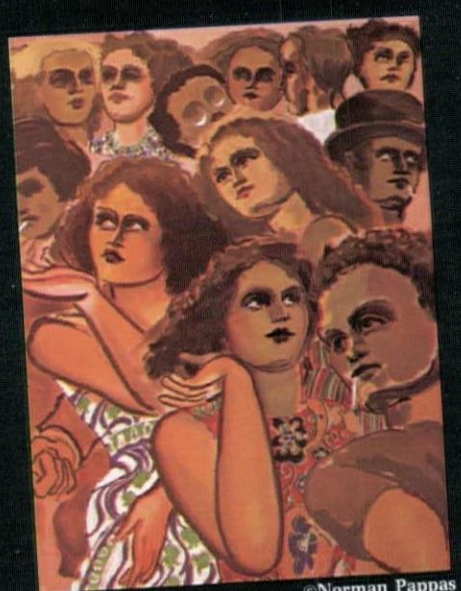

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HORIZON

Volume 24 *Number 3* *March 1981*

Cover:
Mary Cassatt, Mother and Child, *circa 1890, oil on canvas, 35 3/8 x 25 3/8 inches. Photograph courtesy of the Wichita Art Museum.*

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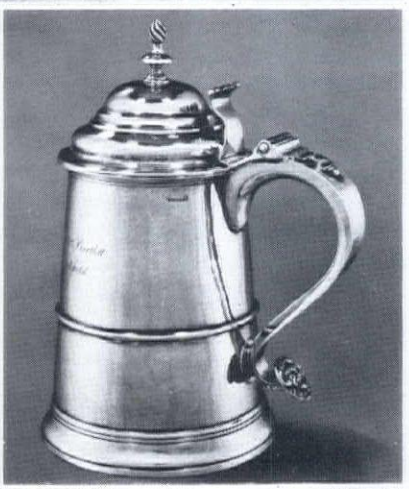
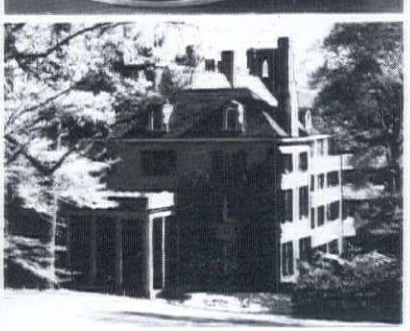
DISCOVER AMERICA THIS WEEK.





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Tributes and Tribulations

Exploitative. Overrated. Controversial. Those adjectives flew around the HORIZON editorial office whenever Judy Chicago's name emerged in a planning session. We had followed *The Dinner Party*'s American travels with interest—while record crowds packed the Brooklyn Museum, for instance, New York papers were filled with vitriolic attacks on both artist and creation. So when photographer Michael Alexander presented the opportunity to publish exclusive photos of Chicago's next work, *The Birth Project*, we chose the time to look at Judy Chicago from the perspectives of her critics, her admirers, and, in the case of one artist, her tongue-in-cheek imitators. That treatment begins on page twenty-six.

There is no difference of opinion over the works of Mary Cassatt. As the international art world turns its attention to the American impressionists—as reflected in museum exhibitions, buying trends, and the publication of an upcoming comprehensive encyclopedia of the movement—HORIZON honors Cassatt with a spectacular illustrated article beginning on page fifty-six. Writer Ann Havemeyer is particularly well qualified to write the story, as she is the great-granddaughter of Louisine W. Havemeyer, who was a patron of Cassatt and a great benefactor of the American arts.

Writer Richard Rand offers a tribute to wine in poetry as part of a portfolio combining paintings and verses that celebrate the grape, from Bacchus to Omar Khayyám. Also this month, find out what's ahead for March in many of the country's leading regional theaters and learn from veteran radio man Richard Osgood about the origins of that medium's most popular show, "The Lone Ranger." Rounding out this issue is a fanciful odyssey of another sort, as you take a trip on the elegant *QE2* with two characters from *The Wind In The Willows*—a delightful mix of fact and fantasy that you'll find only in the pages of HORIZON.

And as we swing soundly into 1981, it's a special pleasure to announce two major staff promotions. Timothy N. Walters has been named production director and Suzanne (Sudie) Frese assistant editor. A graduate of Dartmouth and Indiana University, Tim has developed our in-house production facilities and refined both fact-checking and copy-editing systems to bring you a better-quality product. Sudie, a native of New Orleans, has become an important addition to our editorial planning committee and works daily with our contributing editors, advisory board members, and free lancers. Their talents make it an even greater pleasure to publish America's Magazine of the Arts.

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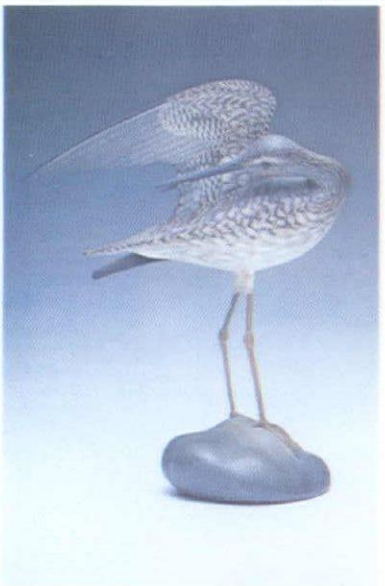

A. E. Crowell. Exhibition carving of *Winter Yellow Legs*. H: 12".

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Narcisse Diaz de la Pena (Fr. 1807-1876). *Femme dans la Foret*. Signed. Oil on panel. 14⅞"

Cross Country

Steve Shapiro/Sygma

Theater

Hepburn Back in Full Force

Katharine Hepburn is back in the movies, on the stage, and on television. The only actress in history to win three Academy Awards for best actress, Hepburn is now making a rare stage appearance in the world premiere of *The West Side Waltz*, a new comedy by Ernest Thompson. Thompson also wrote last season's play, *On Golden Pond*, and coincidentally, Hepburn recently finished shooting the film version of *On Golden Pond* with Henry Fonda and Jane Fonda. Scheduled for a summer 1981 release, the movie, directed by Mark Rydell and produced by Bruce Gilbert, is a comedy about the confrontations that arise between the members of three generations who spend an emotionally charged summer on a New England lake. The film marks the first time that any two of the three celebrated stars have worked together.

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

The West Side Waltz takes place in N York's upper West Side in a once-luxuri apartment hotel occupied by a host of ecc trics. Hepburn plays the role of a retired c cert pianist, and Dorothy Loudon, who a stars in the play, appears as a violinist resid in the same hotel. *The West Side W* premiered on December 22 at the Sprec Theatre in San Diego, California, and January 21 it opened at the Ahmanson Thea in Los Angeles for an eight-week engagem (through March 14). Commissioned for CTG/Ahmanson Theater by the first Geo Seaton Award for Playwrights, *The West S Waltz* plays at San Francisco's Curran Thea from March 16 through April 25, then mo to the Queen Elizabeth Theatre in Vancou from April 29 through May 2, and to Seatt Fifth Avenue Theatre from May 5 thro May 31.

To complement her stage and film appe ances, the first major television retrospec on Hepburn's fifty-year film career will broadcast nationally over PBS stations March. (The premiere airs March 12; ch local listings for further information.) producers of the two-hour special also m the two award-winning films about F Astaire's dance career that aired last seaso

Left: Katharine Hepburn makes a rare stage appearance in The West Side Waltz. *Below: In 1938, she appeared with Cary Grant in* Bringing Up Baby, *one of the fil highlighted in the major television retrospective on her fifty-year career.*

RKO Pictures

The recently renovated Fifth Avenue Theatre in Seattle is the last remaining example of its style on the West Coast. It has been designated a National Historic Landmark.

Peking in Seattle

st July in downtown Seattle, people passed fortune cookies on Fifth Avenue for longer n five hours. Fifty of them contained chits a pair of tickets to the opening production he newly refurbished Fifth Avenue Theatre. n 1978, the Fifth Avenue, which had open- as a vaudeville palace in 1926, closed its ors. Movie attendance had declined. Down- vn could no longer support so large a ater. There was talk of remodeling the Fifth enue as a Chinese restaurant, a shopping nplex, or worse, chopping it up into a mod- triplex theater.

Forty-three far-sighted business leaders med the Fifth Avenue Management Com- ny, a nonprofit organization whose purpose s renovation and management of the ater. The $2.6 million drive was ac- nplished without funding from federal, te, or local government. The management npany's first priority was preservation of theater's unique architectural and orative features. Designated a National storic Landmark, the Fifth Avenue is the remaining example of its style on the West ast.

R. C. Reamer of Seattle, the original ar- tect, based his designs on three buildings in Forbidden City of Peking, China: the lden Bell Tower, the Temple of Heaven, and the Summer Palace. The dome of the auditorium is a twice-scale replica of the Imperial Throne Room. —*Charlene Baldridge*

Glenda on Broadway

"One day Glenda Jackson will give a bad performance and on that dire date there will be a total eclipse of the sun, fountains will run blood, and terrible will be the cries of anguish. On the basis of what we saw last night, that time is a long way off." This rave notice ran in the *London Evening News* the day after the reviewer saw Glenda Jackson in *Rose*. The production played to standing-room-only audiences at the Duke of York's Theatre and triggered a near unanimity of exuberant reactions throughout London. In March *Rose* will appear on Broadway.

A new play by Andrew Davies, *Rose* is the story of a bright, witty primary-school teacher (played by Jackson) who yearns to escape her life of boredom in the classroom and at home. In an effort to assert her independence she confronts her husband, fellow teachers, headmistress, and lover in situations that prove to be both serious and comic. *Rose* is performed by a cast of eight; director Alan Dossor makes his Broadway debut with this play. Elizabeth I. McCann and Nelle Nugent, the producers of current Broadway hits *Morning's at Seven*, *Home*, and *The Elephant Man*, are also producing *Rose*.

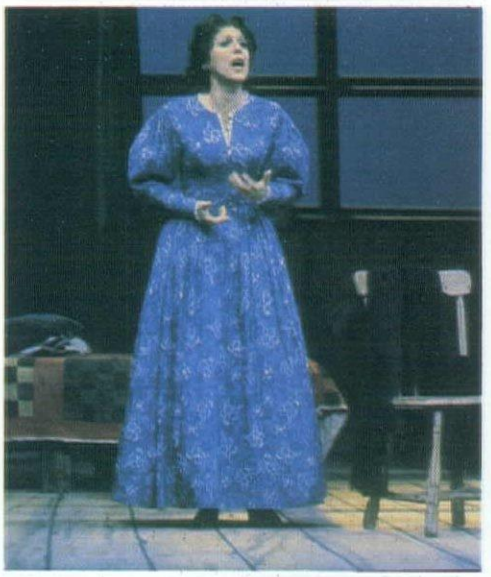
Jackson has not appeared on Broadway since 1965 when she portrayed Charlotte Corday in Peter Brook's landmark production of *Marat/Sade*. In the fifteen-year span she has appealed to American audiences in many screen triumphs, including *Women in Love* and *A Touch of Class*, for both of which she won Academy Awards for best actress.

Music

Puccini in Oklahoma

The Tulsa (Oklahoma) Opera will present Puccini's *La Bohème* March 14, 19, and 20. According to a spokesman for the opera, this production marks the first time in operatic history that the Italian love story will be directed and conducted by women. Adelaide Bishop, former opera star and head of the opera department at Boston University, will direct, while Judith Somogi, a constant presence at the New York City Opera, returns to Tulsa as conductor for the third consecutive

Diana Soviero appears in the Tulsa Opera's presentation of Puccini's La Bohème, *which is directed and conducted by Adelaide Bishop and Judith Somogi respectively.*



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season. According to Bishop, the team will try to present the opera as close to Puccini's original directions as possible. "It's sheer coincidence that both the stage director and the conductor are women. We're not trying to make a feminist statement out of this. Stage directing is essentially a genderless profession, and I've been doing it for twenty years, long before anybody burned the first bra."

The opera, a tale of poverty's effect on artists, is based on life in Paris' Latin Quarter around the year 1830. Bishop, who has worked with *La Bohème* before, both as a singer and as a director, said the cast members are not only excellent and young, but "will be convincing in their parts as well." The cast includes Diana Soviero as Mimi and Raymond Gibbs as Rodolfo, with Rita Shane, Stephen Dickson, William Parker, Joseph McKee, Gimi Beni, Stephen Markuson, and Carl Siberts. For information about tickets, call 918/582-4035.

Photography

Like Father, Like Son

When Brett Weston was fourteen, his father, the famous photographer Edward Weston, lent him a Graflex camera. Two years later Brett had a one-man show, and before he was twenty his photographs could be seen in major American and European exhibitions. Participation in the legendary "Film and Foto" exhibition in Stuttgart in 1929 especially boosted his reputation. Since that exhibition, Brett Weston has been featured in countless shows, and his photographs have become staples in the collections of many museums and galleries.

In late 1980, Aperture, Inc. published *Brett Weston: Photographs from Five Decades*, the first published retrospective selection of his work. The 110 photographs include the studies of ice fragments, rock details, glaciers, harbors, dunes, seascapes, and industrial debris that define this master of form. The text includes a biographical sketch by R. H. Cravens which further illuminates the artist's career.

From *Brett Weston: Photographs from Five Decades* published by Aperture, Inc.

Canal, Netherlands, *1971, is one of the 110 photographs in the recently published collection of Brett Weston's work.*

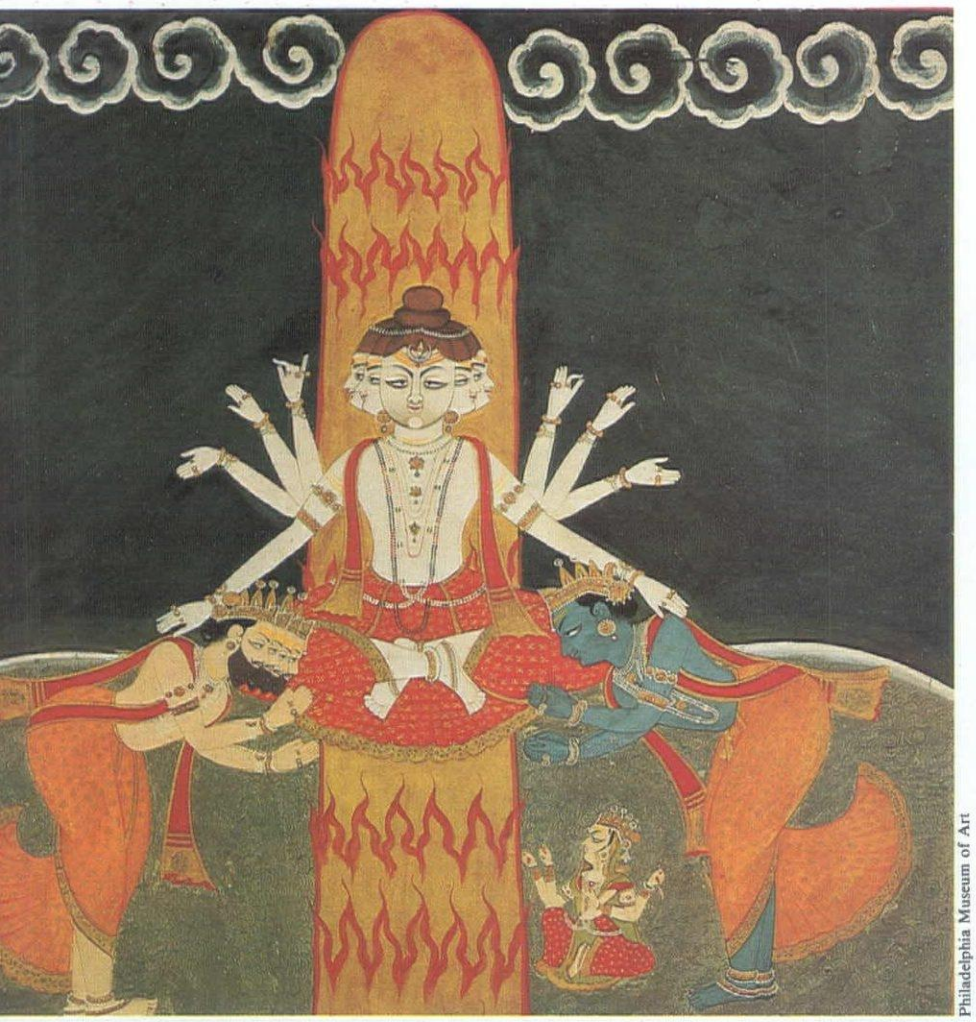
Television

American Playhouse

In the past two years, American drama on the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) has been sporadic at best. However, production plans are now underway for "Playhouse," the first weekly, long-running series of American-produced drama to appear on public TV.

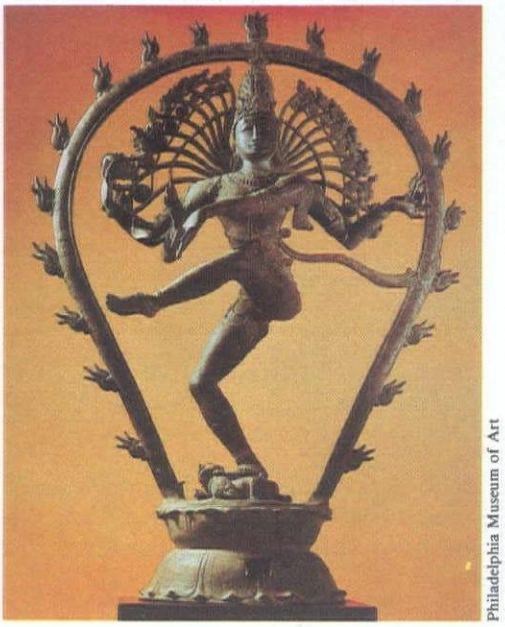
If funded, "Playhouse" will feature works by such authors as Mark Twain, John Cheever, Tennessee Williams, George S. Kaufman, Ann Beattie, Ntozake Shange, and Philip Roth. Behind this effort is a four-member consortium consisting of KCET/Los Angeles, the South Carolina Educational Television work, WGBH/Boston, and WNET/ York. Initial funding for the series wil generated by the Corporation for Pu Broadcasting, which has announced a c lenge grant of $7.5 million for dramatic ductions over the next three years. The pro will require additional sums from pri sources and public television stations which not part of the consortium.

According to David M. Davis, a thirty- veteran of television production and ministration who will serve as the series' ecutive director in New York, the twenty-



Philadelphia Museum of Art

twenty-six-week series of drama specials
ill draw upon the best native talent from the
ependent community and production com-
ies as well as from the public broadcasting
ions themselves." Already under con-
eration are a number of miniseries, in-
ding a seven-part drama about J. Robert
penheimer; "La Historia," tracing the lives
Mexicans who contributed to the early
wth of the United States; "The American
yers," a series about the development of
theater; and "The Sara Roberts Case," an
orical drama about Boston's 1848 integra-
n challenge. Also being developed are
mas based on Mark Twain's works, like
s season's popular "Life on the
ssissippi"; a film on the life and work of
l Sandburg by award-winning producer
ry Miller Adato, known for "Picasso: A
nter's Diary"; and a miniseries about the
rary James family.



Philadelphia Museum of Art

Art

Who is Shiva?

Who is Shiva? What is Shiva? In narrow terms, Shiva is one of the three supreme Hindu gods. But to his devotees, Shiva is everything. According to Joseph M. Dye, curator of Asiatic Art at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, "He is the root and support of the universe; he is the creative/destructive flow of life that rushes through it. He is motion and calm, male and female, light and dark, ascetic and lover, everything and its opposite. Shiva is an ambiguous god who embodies, defines, and reconciles within himself all of life's processes and paradoxes. Shiva is existence."

"Manifestations of Shiva" opens at the Philadelphia Museum of Art on March 29. Researched and developed over the last ten years by the museum's curator of Indian Art, Dr. Stella Kramrisch, the exhibition spans 2,000 years of Hindu expression and interpretations of Shiva. The one hundred thirty two sculptures and sixty-four paintings, dating from the first century B.C. to the nineteenth century A.D., are borrowed from Indian, European, Canadian, and American collections. The many events branching from the main show include films, lectures, and cooperative programs with Philadelphia institutions (for example, a special tour of Indian animals at the Philadelphia Zoo is available).

"Manifestations of Shiva" will be shown at the Philadelphia Museum of Art through June 7. Then it will travel to the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth, Texas, August 1 to September 27; the Seattle Art Museum, November 25 to January 31, 1982; and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, March 18 to May 30, 1982. This exciting exhibition is supported by grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Atlantic Richfield Foundation, the Pew Memorial Trust, and the Indo-United States Subcommission on Education and Culture.

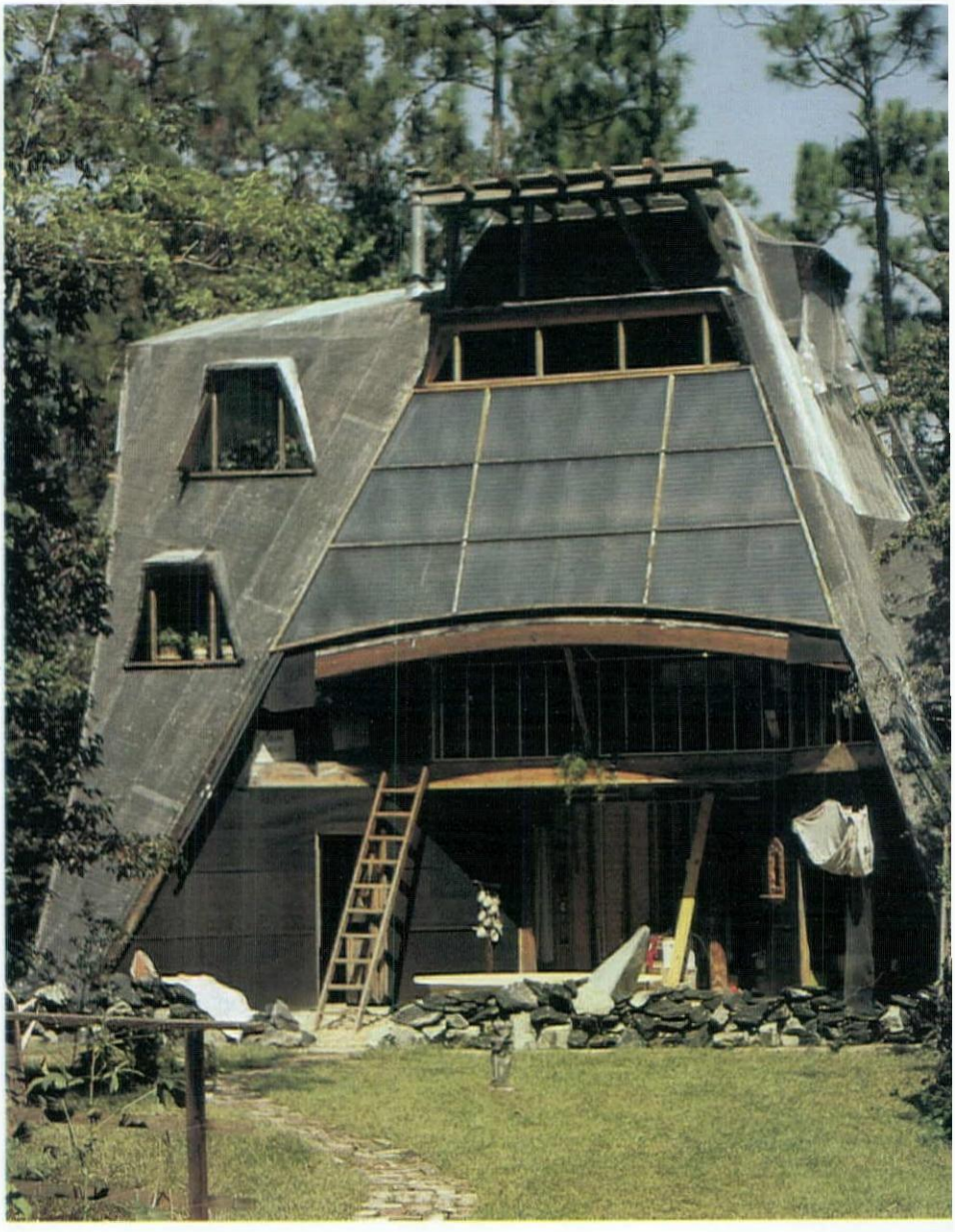
Above: This mid-nineteenth century painting depicts Shiva as the creator of the universe. According to legend, he appeared as a fiery linga (stylized phallic symbol) pillar in the face of the other gods who claimed that they had done the creating. Left: In this tenth-century bronze from South India, Shiva appears as Lord of the Dance.

From Rumania, via Sears Roebuck

The widely published art work of Eugène Mihaesco will be presented in his first American one-man exhibition at New York's Galerie Saint Etienne from March 3 through April 21. Mihaesco, born in Rumania, is well known for the acerbic pen-and-ink drawings reproduced in the *New York Times* and for his delicate pastel sketches, thirty-five of which have appeared as *New Yorker* covers. Mihaesco's subtle metaphorical drawings, first seen in the United States in 1971, quickly earned him the reputation as a pioneer of the new manner of artistic commentary typified by the *New York Times* op-ed page. Although his art is sometimes circumstantially associated with that of Rumania-born Saul Steinberg, Mihaesco sees himself as a combination of French caricaturist Grandville and the anonymous draftsmen of turn-of-the-century Sears Roebuck catalogues. Spiritually, his art continues the surrealist tradition of Magritte, Ernst, and de Chirico, and embraces a variety of other fine-art traditions. Mihaesco's work has appeared in numerous group shows at such places as the São Paulo Bienal, the Beaubourg, and the Louvre, as well as in the professional exhibitions of contemporary illustration in New York. Many original pieces which Mihaesco created over the past decade will be assembled at the Saint Etienne exhibition in this first comprehensive look at his substantial artistic achievement.

Eugène Mihaesco's The Cat, *1980, pen and ink, is one of the Rumania-born artist's drawings featured in a one-man exhibition at New York's Galerie Saint Etienne March 3 through April 11.*

The Galerie Saint Etienne



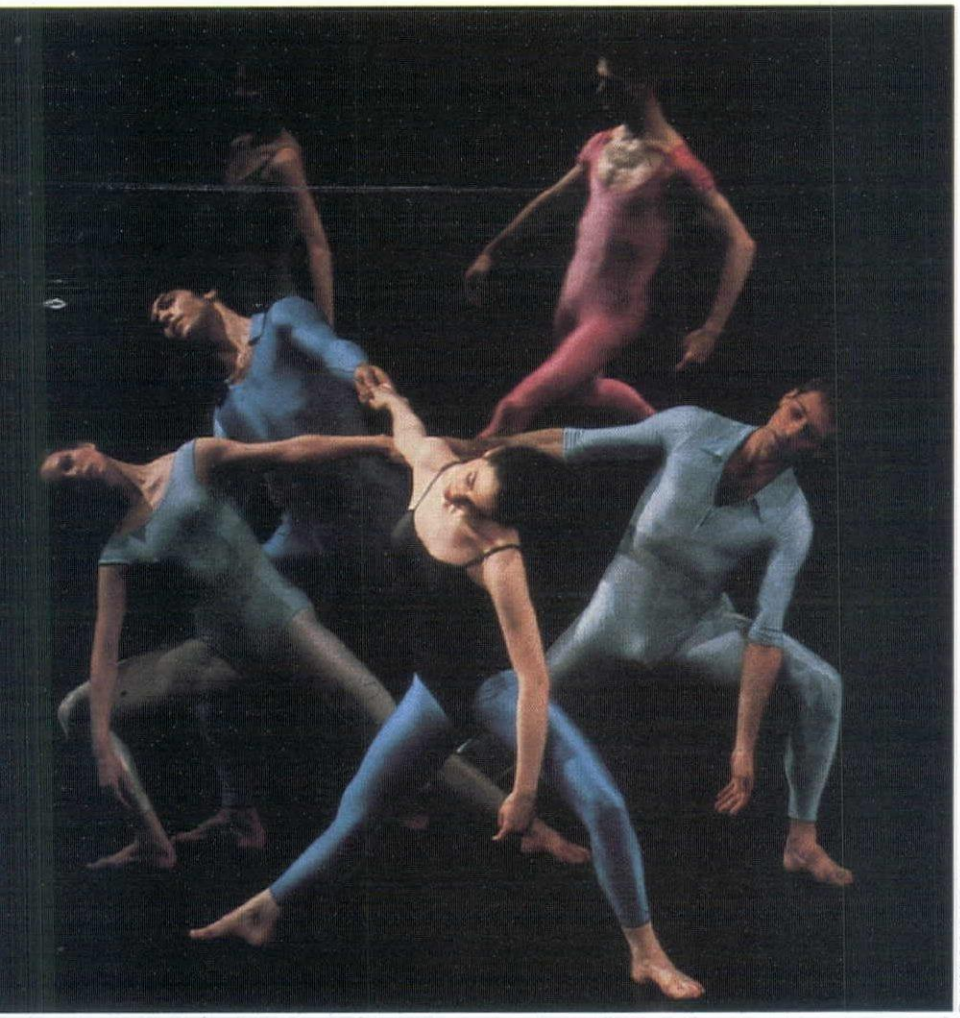
One reason Ted Tollett constructed his pyramid home in the woods fifteen miles from Tallahassee, Florida, was to demonstrate "that solar energy can and should be used now."

Architecture

Pyramid Power

Deep in the unlikely setting of the serene woods of north Florida stands a dwelling that would cause a warm glow in the heart of King Tut. It's a "condo made of stona," to borrow a favorite phrase of comic Steve Martin. The building, a pyramid, is the home of Ted lett, a thirty-four-year-old state youth-ser employee.

Tollett and Mark Greenfield, a physics fessor at Florida A & M University, hav vested $60,000 in the structure, which b everything from a sun deck to a dance flo a private tropical lagoon. Located in C



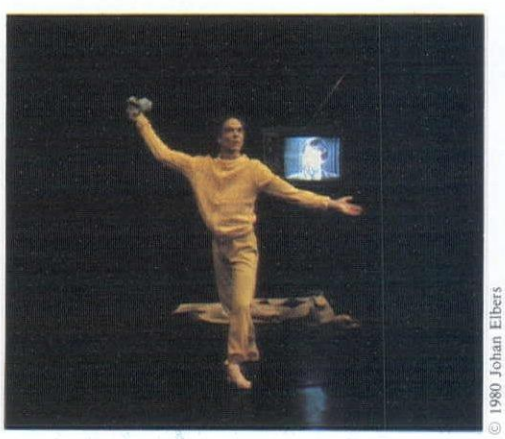
© 1980 Johan Elbers

dville, about fifteen miles outside Tallahas-, the pyramid has been jokingly dubbed by e of Tollett's friends the "Zen/Aztec School Architecture." The six-level structure is structed with sturdy wood reinforcement, ped with six layers of steel, then wire mesh l, finally, a layer of cement. An under-und river flows through a limestone bed ow and surfaces alongside the pyramid, for-ng the cool, clear lagoon. A stone stairway ds down the hillside to a small dock in the ter, which is full of catfish, bream, and an casional nude bather.

The water joins another natural resource he sun—to provide what Tollett considers most important feature of the pyramid—a r-powered heating system. "One of the n reasons for this structure is to demonstrate t solar energy can and should be used now. a way, it's sort of a temple to the sun. We t this system ourselves, and it did not require high technology. The whole system is operated on one small pump about the size of a fist, which uses only a tiny amount of electricity."

Tollett has found that the pyramid exudes a sort of physical force or feeling. "You can be inside the structure and feel something different. Now I don't know how you would go about measuring something like that, and I don't claim to have any profound understanding of what it is, but inside the structure you can tell that it is different."

Above: On March 24 the Merce Cunningham Dance Company offers the world premiere of the stage version of his third major video work in New York. Below: Cunningham has been laboring for years to create dances specifically for video performances.



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Dance

Video Trilogy

Long before modern dance was seen on television, choreographer Merce Cunningham was working with video-specialist Charles Atlas to create certain dances specifically for video rather than for stage performance. "Creating dance for video changes the use of space and time," says Cunningham. "The camera makes you work in a very different way. Video allows you to focus on specific elements and aspects of a dancer or movement, whereas on stage, the whole is generally the point of focus rather than a part."

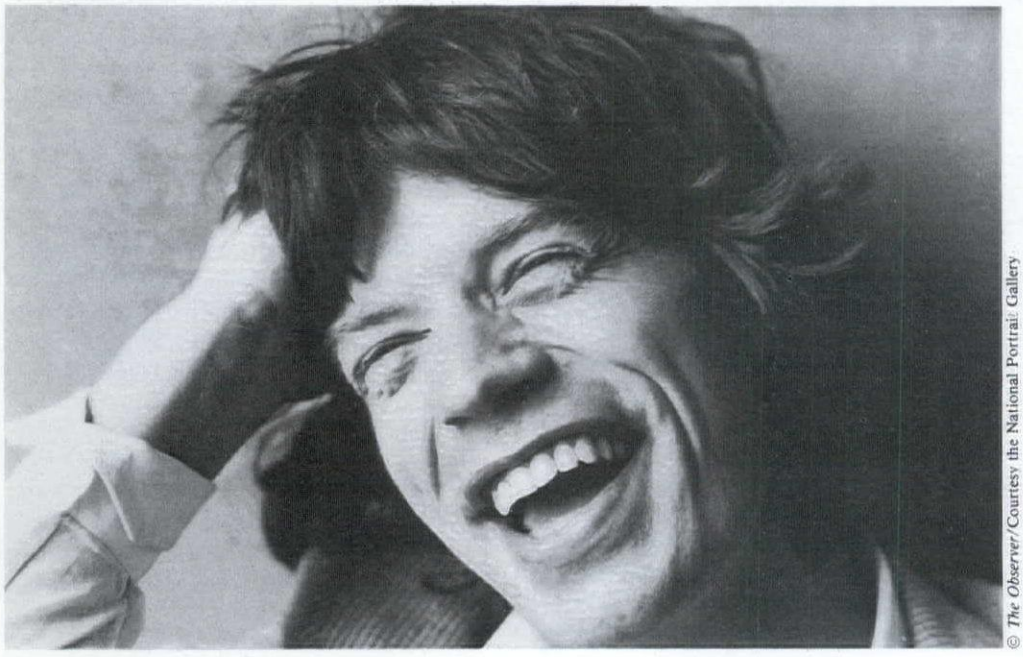
On March 24, during the Merce Cunningham Dance Company season at City Center in New York, Cunningham will offer the world premiere of the stage version of his third major video work, which is presently untitled. The full company work is set to music by David Tudor. It is expected to be seen on television during the 1981–82 season. Another untitled Cunningham stage work will premiere on March 17. On March 19 *Fielding Sixes*, which received its world premiere last summer at the Sadler's Wells Theatre in London, will be presented for the first time in the United States. The latter is set to score by John Cage.

From April 6 through May 3 the Merce Cunningham Dance Company will conduct its first long-term residence, sponsored by the Walker Art Center, in Minnesota. The company will present performances, a film series, workshops, and master classes in Duluth, Saint Cloud, Saint Joseph, and Minneapolis.

An early video work, *Blue Studio*, created by Cunningham in collaboration with Atlas, will tour the United States through 1982 as part of the Standard Oil of California show, "Creativity—The Human Resource."

—Judith Jedlicka

Trans World



© *The Observer*/Courtesy the National Portrait Gallery

England

Jane Brown's Gentle Eye

To be an artistic newspaper photojournali perhaps one of the most difficult achievem in photography. First, one is limited to pho raphing subjects on assignment and is vul able to the particular whims and fancies of o editors; second, one must generally "catch moment within the natural course of events– posing allowed; and finally, one is constrai by considerations of what is "newsworth what has "audience appeal," and what will be destroyed by being cropped and reduce fit neatly in a space of so many picas.

Jane Brown, of the *London Observer*, long been a master at overcoming these o Through March 29, the National Portrait lery in London shows a selection of Brow work spanning three decades and captu

Courtesy the National Portrait Gallery

ıri Cartier-Bresson *(above),* Mick Jagger *posite page, bottom), and* Preparations for Queen's birthday salute in Hyde Park *posite page, top) were all taken by otojournalist Jane Brown of the* London erver. *Her photographs are featured in an ibition entitled "The Gentle Eye," held at National Portrait Gallery in London ough March 29.*

n notables as Princess Anne, Mick Jagger, ward Heath, and Elizabeth Taylor. ough Brown's lens, the essences of these ple are given us: when we look at Henri tier-Bresson looking through the lens of his ıera, or Albert Schweitzer gazing pensively ad, or Jagger in puckish, spontaneous gh, we feel we know those people. Also in-led in "This Gentle Eye: Photographs by e Brown of *The Observer*" are Brown's otographs of the British people working and ing, offering a priceless record of history.

Roasting the Sacred Cows

ıg before Oliphant, Herblock, or Garry deau, Honore Daumier was caricaturing sacred political cows of his day. Born in rseilles in the early nineteenth century, ımier spent most of his life in Paris and ame a prominent government critic through cartoons, printed in the journals "La Caricature" and "Le Charivari." Popular as he was among French sophisticates and those disillusioned with various aspects of their government leaders, Daumier was none too chummy with the French officials, who regarded his criticisms and viewpoints as so dangerous that, when stricter gag laws were introduced in 1835, Daumier had no choice but to present his ideas in the fictitious characters of Ratapoil, M. Prudhomme, and Robert Macaire. It is for these acerbic and bitterly humorous sketches that he is best remembered.

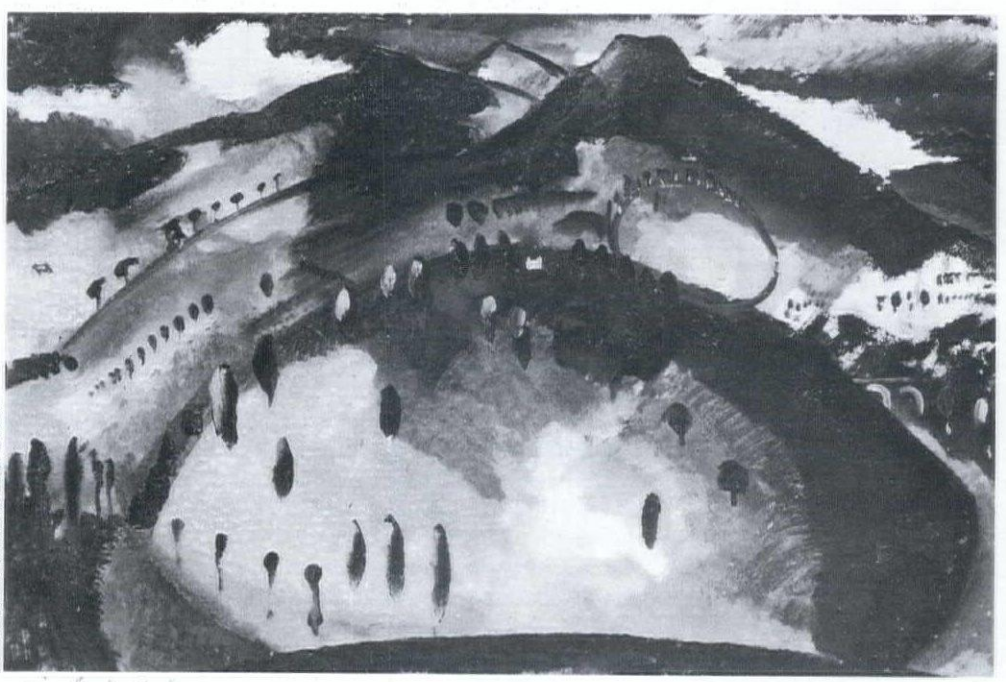
Through March 15 in its Private Rooms, London's Royal Academy of Arts is exhibiting Armand Hammer's collection of over 5,000 Daumier works. This exhibition, "Honoré Daumier (1808–1879)," includes not only a fascinating array of his cartoons and caricatures, but also watercolors, drawings, and sculpture which reveal Daumier the artist, as well as Daumier the thinker and fighter. In addition to six Daumier oils done in the style of Rembrandt, the Royal Academy exhibition also includes another eight paintings from British collections.

Designed by Ivor Heal and supervised by Mary Anne Stevens, the exhibition is made possible by the Armand Hammer Foundation and Occidental Petroleum Corporation. Hours for the public are 10:00 A.M. through 6:00 P.M. daily including Sunday.

Looking Back at Johnstone

From the time he was a child growing up on a Scottish Border farm and painting pictures of his pet collie, Rock, William Johnstone showed remarkable talent as an artist. Frustrated

William Johnstone's The Eildon Hills, *circa 1930, appears in the retrospective of his work at Hayward Gallery in London.*



© 1980 Arts Council of Great Britain

with the farming his father had cut out for him as an occupation, Johnstone disappointed his family (and caused the sale of the family farm) by traveling to Edinburgh to study art. From there, he roamed to Paris (on a Carnegie Traveling Scholarship in 1925), back to Scotland, to California, and then to England. Perhaps it is due to his travels that William Johnstone remained independent of any one predominant influence in his work. Having flirted with modernism in Paris, Indian art and abstract ink drawings in America, and finally, abstract expressionism, Johnstone cannot be described as *like* anyone else.

The Arts Council of Great Britain has organized the first retrospective exhibition of Johnstone's work, which will be shown through March 29 at the Hayward Gallery, South Bank, London, SE1. Selected by Paul Overy, works featured are those from 1920 to the present, and include over one hundred paintings, fifty works on paper, forty plasters, and ten sculptures. Also shown are the lithographs Johnstone created as visual accompaniments for the poetry of Edwin Muir and Hugh MacDiarmid. After leaving the Hayward Gallery, the Johnstone exhibition will travel to Eastbourne and the Tower Art Gallery from April 11 through May 17, and to Edinburgh and the Talbot Rice Art Centre and Gallery from July 9 through August 6. For further information and an illustrated catalogue write to Joan Asquith, Art Publicity Officer, Arts Council of Great Britain, 105 Piccadilly, London W1V, OAU.

For eight nights, Salzburg hosts an impressive round of concerts during the Salzburg Easter Festival, held this year fr April 11 through 20.

Austria

Symphonic Easter

Make your plans now, and start packing Austria!

One of the least-known and best-kept se of spring European festivals is the Salz Easter Festival, held this year from Apri through 20. For eight nights, conductor Her von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic

:stra will perform Haydn, Schönberg, ethoven, Richard Strauss, and Wagner's *Par-l*. An impressive round of concerts combines h Salzburg's villagelike charm and fountain-ed courtyards to offer a vacation that would ight any music lover. Arrive a few days early catch the Salzburg Art and Antiques Fair, d April 4 through 12, and watch one of the m Sunday processionals that will take place over Austria April 12.

Scotland

Serenading in Edinburgh

dlers, strummers, crooners, and accordion spoon players are tuning up, warming up, alizing, and otherwise gearing up for the

Edinburgh Folk Festival welcomes singers, fiddlers, and accordionists at week-long celebration.

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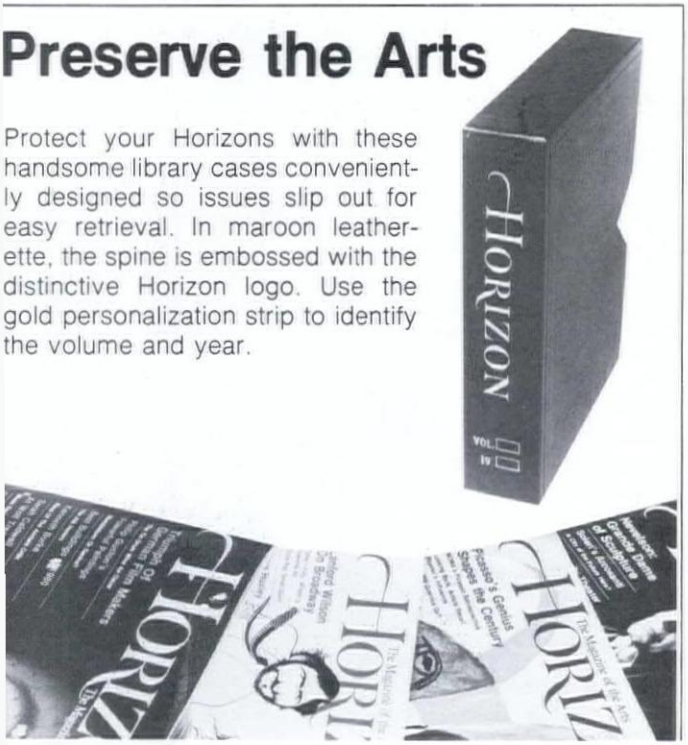

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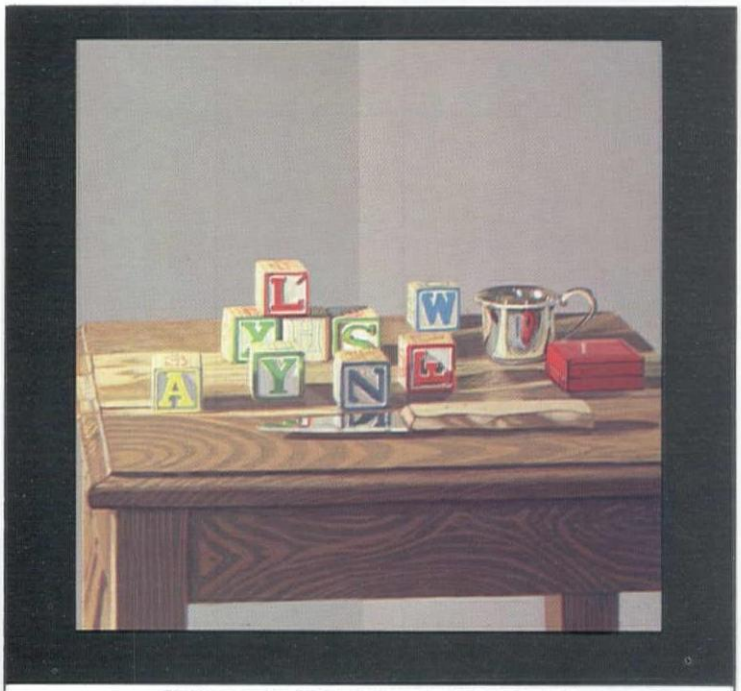

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1981 Edinburgh Folk Festival to be held March from 20 through 29. For nine days folk musicians from Spain, France, Germany, Norway, Belgium, and the United Kingdom will serenade the Scottish city with their native countries' harmonies. Two major concerts will be held—one seating two thousand, and the other eight hundred. But most of the performances will take place in the pubs, where folk music has been performed for hundreds of years. A festival club complete with bar will also host performances for those who like a little glow to go with the music.

This year's performers include: "Clanxty" and Paul Brady from Ireland; "Silly Wizard" and Dick Gaughan from Scotland; the Celtic group "Ossian"; a British, western singing group called the "Arizona Smoke Review"; Los Angeles soloist Allan Taylor; and the Dutch group "Wolderlei." For those who are inspired to try a little music making themselves, the festival offers a piping course, and for the scholarly sort, there are both lectures and conferences. For more information write to Dr. John Barrow, Festival Director, Edinburgh Folk Festival, 170 High Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.

France

Do-it-yourself Debut

Among the hundreds of posters glued to kiosks or taped to café doors in Paris last month was one which advertised "Three Exceptional Concerts" at the Church of Saint Julien Le Pauvre. One concert featured a Los Angeles soprano accompanied by viola da gamba and harpsichord; the others revolved around a just-completed piano by an English instrument maker, the soprano's husband, who copied an 1814 six-octave model by Johann Fritz of Vienna. The English craftsman finished only hours before the piano was brought to the church its exceptional debut. Thus ended a drama began last year when the soprano determi "If you can't fight the French bureaucr you have to do things yourself."

Arlene Thiel is thirty-three and has singing in Europe for almost a decade, cluding four seasons with the Graz (Aus Opera. Last summer she was engaged Paris radio station to perform a concer baroque music to be given in January. She her husband, Christopher Clarke, were ela the date coincided with Christopher's jected completion of the Fritz piano, and planned to unveil it at her concert. The November came a call from the station: were sorry, but the concert was off bec Arlene had not auditioned. "I had alr done six broadcasts for the radio and then denly was asked to do an audition," she re ed. "It had to do with an incredible bur cratic screw-up. The woman who called di

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ow I'd ever sung for the radio before. She
ln't care. All she knew was that everybody
ıo performed for the radio had to have this
'tain card."

Thiel was told there was nothing that she
uld do. "It was all very discouraging. I really
uldn't believe it. I thought: okay, there was
s audition, but needless to say it could be
ived in this case. But, needless to say, it
uldn't be waived in this case." Christopher,
ıo was working feverishly to finish the
ıno, encouraged her to perform anyway.
'he'd already told a lot of people she was do-
; a concert on the radio at that time," he
d, "and I thought it was very important that
: do the concert at the time she said she was
ing to be doing one, even if it wasn't on the
lio."

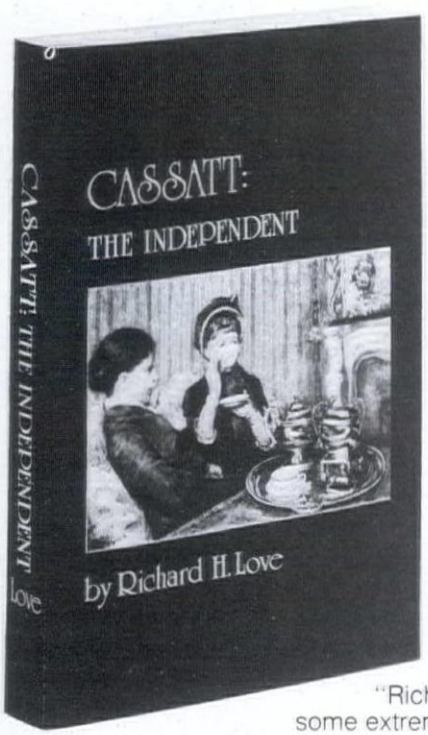
And so, exceptionally, Thiel and her hus-
nd decided to arrange something themsel-
, sinking $1,500 of their own money into a
ee-concert series which featured the London Fortepiano Trio and pianist Richard Burnett last month after Arlene's performance in January. They talked to people who had sponsored concerts before. They printed elegant posters which flowered all over the Latin Quarter, near the church. They sent out invitations and telephoned friends. And for two months, the Concerts Biedermayer were held.

With the end of the series the impromptu madness suddenly ceased. Now they find themselves quietly preparing for something which, in the expatriate-artist milieu, is far more exceptional than organizing concerts: a child. "Part of me is absolutely desolate because I realize it's going to be ages before I get to do anything again," Arlene said. "Having a baby is so weird that whenever I go to parties, people stare at me up and down and ask me millions of questions and act like I'm some kind of celebrity. It's quite, quite novel. In the real world, in the normal world, having a baby is the kind of thing that everybody does, and it's no big deal. Among performers, I know no one who's done a thing like this. It's very radical, because suddenly it changes your whole life, and most people can't bear the idea. I must say I can't either, but I'm doing it anyway." —*Thomas Noland*

Brazil

Carnaval

In a city with slums, an archaic class structure, and, as always through March, desiccating heat, the Carnaval that heralds Lent each year in Rio de Janeiro is an especially welcome event. For four days the city is transformed into a brightly costumed, rhythmic marathon of parading and feasting. The labor of a year's planning, sweat, and creativity by Rio's citizens has gone into this ninety-six-hour-long celebration. Of course, the heat saps a little of everyone's enthusiasm, and this year should



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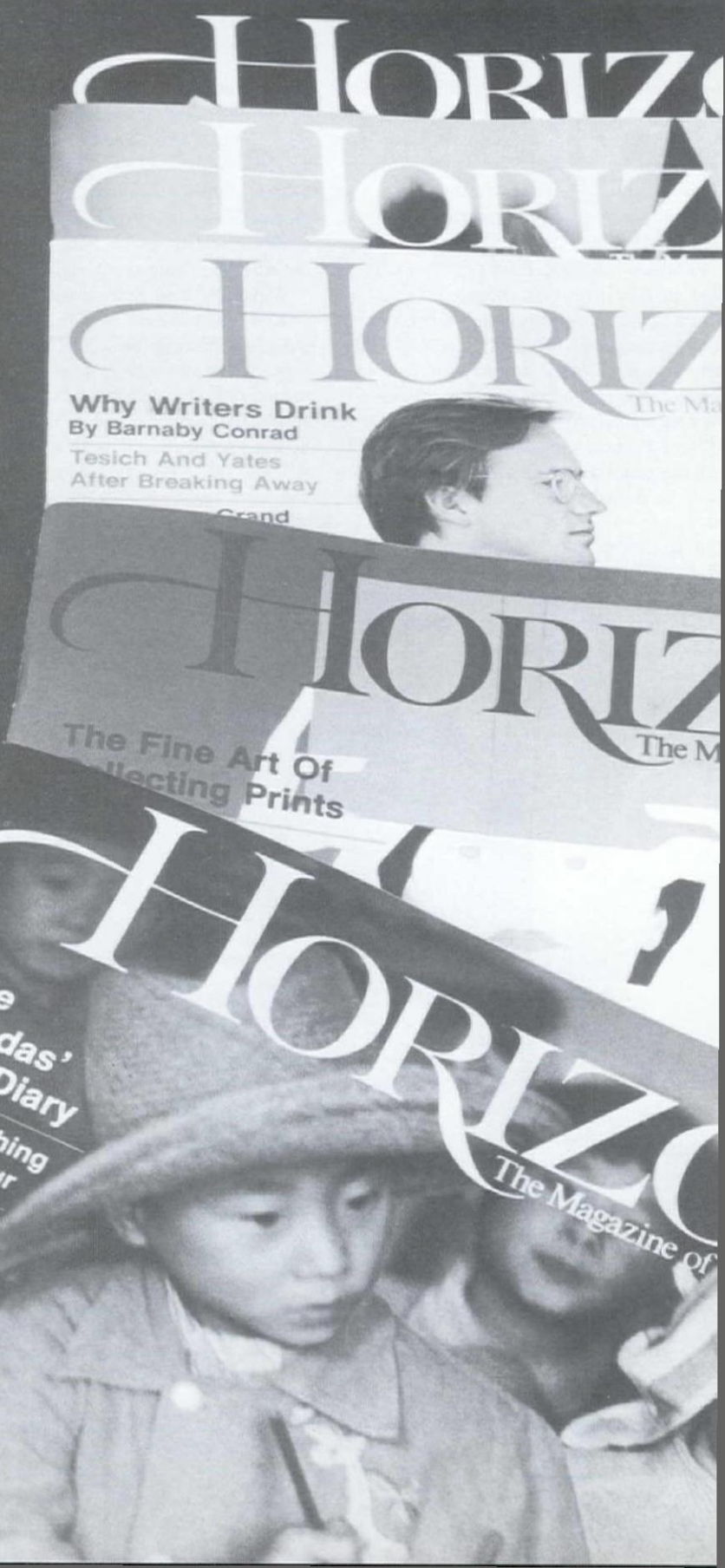

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rove slightly worse with a shortage of beer, or chopp," that is sold in massive quantities to ombat the parched thirst of tourists. But no iortage of revelry is expected, and the week hen all classes and races join together in a iorus of abandon and indulgence is truly mething to experience. If traveling to Brazil out of the question, the thirteenth Friends Brazil Club Carnaval Ball in San Francisco something to consider for next year. Held nultaneously with the Rio Carnaval, the San ancisco festivities mirror many of those in azil. For more information about the San ancisco Carnaval in 1982, write to Bira meida, Coordinator, Brazil Tropical Ball, iends of Brazil Club, P.O. Box 1570, Palo to, California, 94301, or call 415/324-9428.

Canada

A Sampling of Samplers

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
1234567890123456789012 3
The Lord Bless Me and Keep
Me Laura Spencer Sampler
Aged Eight Years Old. 1814.

eight-year-old girl, sitting in a bay window, nestly cross-stitching the alphabet a century l a half ago, left a legacy of craftsmanship l beauty. Samplers—those square or rec-gular little sewing pieces once used to teach ng girls to count, spell, and memorize relig-s phrases and make tiny, perfect stitches re one of today's most popular forms of c art.

f you live near—or are just passing through lberta, Canada, "A Sampling of Samplers" the Glenbow Museum in Calgary (Ninth nue and First Street Southeast) is showing ough March 6.

his unique exhibition of twenty-seven anti-sewing etudes shows a wide range of styles designs that were stitched from the eigh-th through the twentieth centuries by little growing up in a variety of European and erican societies. "A Sampling of plers" was organized by the Glenbow eum's cultural history department, and in-es samplers from the history department's collection as well as additional selections private donors.

Monaco

Musical Monte Carlo

As a vacation and gambling center for thousands of wealthy international travelers, many of whom have access to the most dazzling performances of the arts anywhere, Monte Carlo does more than keep up with the competition. The twelfth International Festival of the Arts of Monte Carlo is a small but impressive part of this year's offerings. Stretching through April and encompassing a variety of artistic media—ballet, opera, symphony—the April agenda boasts pianist Nikita Magaloff and flautist Josiane Harbonnier performing Doppler, Mozart, and Rimsky-Korsakov, violoncellist Janos Starker performing Schumann, Haydn, and Elgar, and the Ballet Theatre Francais and Dennis Wayne's Dancers of New York. Featured in May will be Yehudi Menuhin on violin, mezzo-soprano Dame Janet Baker, and tenor Jon Vickers. □

Above: Performers help transform Rio de Janeiro into a rhythmic marathon of parading and feasting during the Carnaval celebration. Below: Monte Carlo's Salle Garnier (opera house).

Hints and Secretes: Part V

Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews, Fifth Series, edited by George Plimpton, introduced by Francine du Plessix Gray. New York: The Viking Press, 1981. $16.95.

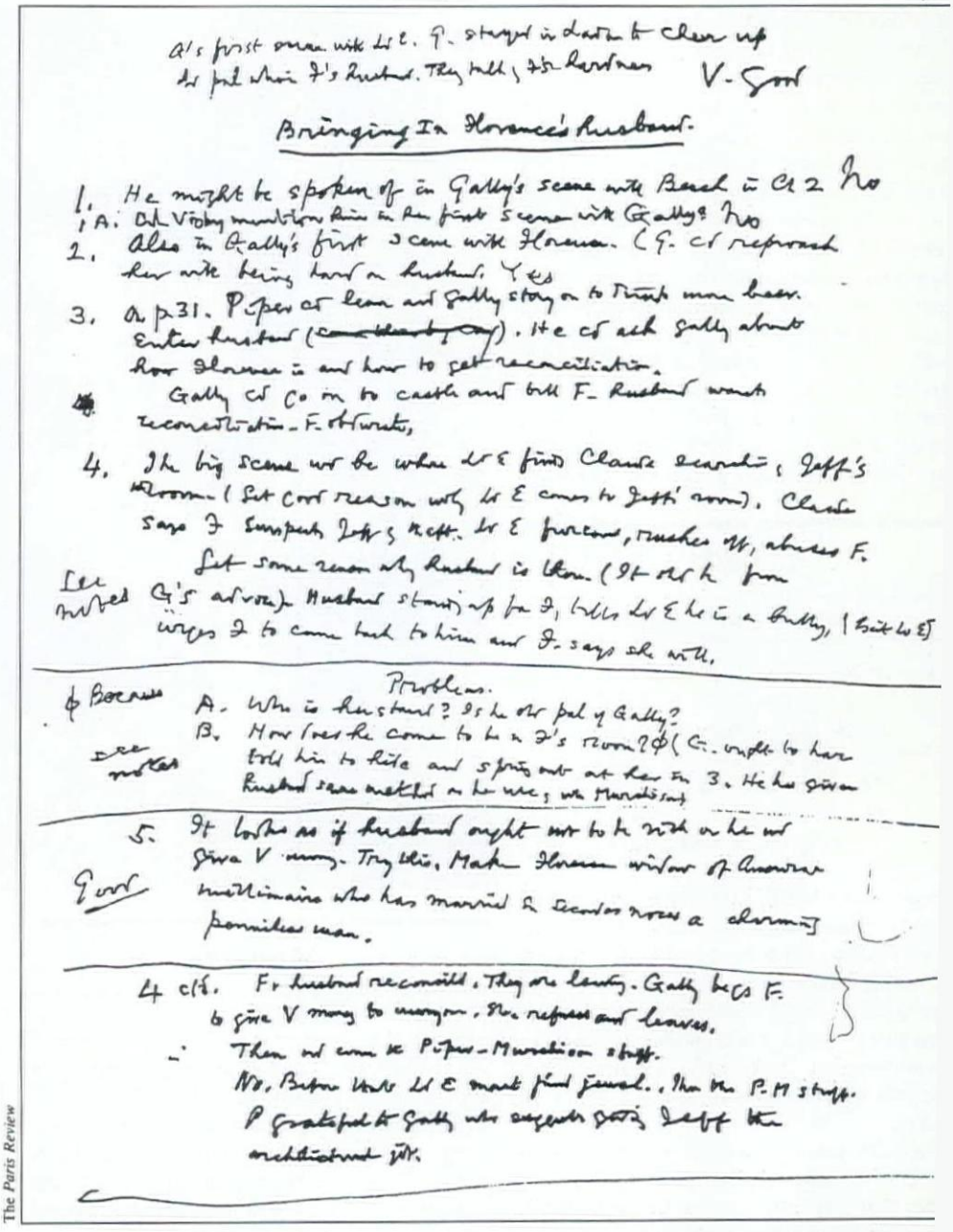
For better or worse, the art of writing remains an impenetrable mystery. This puzzling fact in no way dilutes the pleasure readers and aspiring writers have gained over the past three decades from the *Paris Review* interviews, in which masters both coy and candid have dropped hints about the secrets of their craft. From the most recent batch:

Irwin Shaw: "Writing is like a contact sport, like football. Why do kids play football? They can't wait until Saturday comes around so they can play on the . . . team, and get smashed around."

Kingsley Amis: "I'm always in a dither when starting a novel—that's the worst time. It's like going to the dentist, because you do make a kind of appointment with yourself."

William Gass: "The real writing process is simply sitting there and typing the same old lines over and over and over and sheet after sheet after sheet gets filled with the same old shit."

With the first issue of the *Paris Review* in 1953, the interview was born. Deciding they could never afford to pay for contributions from famous authors, George Plimpton and his youthful expatriate cronies decided to interview the great figures instead. They began with E. M. Forster. The interview caused quite a stir, because the writer revealed some of the reasons he had gone so long without producing a new novel. He even lent the *Review* a copy of the rough draft of the first page of a novel, *Arctic Summer*, which he had abandoned. Thus was initiated the practice of reprinting, as a kind of frontispiece to each interview, that morbidly fascinating artifact: a page of the author's raw copy, unexpurgated. The twist that perfected the genre was born of the tape recorder: by allowing the interviewee to edit and rewrite his own tape transcript, the *Review*


A's first scene with Lt E. F. stayed in London to clear up
Lt find about F's husband. They talk, Mr Bankes V. Good

Bringing In Florence's Husband.

1. He might be spoken of in Gally's scene with Beach in Ch 2 No
1A. Ch Vicky mentions him in the first scene with Gally? No
2. Also in Gally's first scene with Florence. (F. ch reproach her with being tied to husband. Yes
3. Or p31. Papers at Lean and Gally story on to Paris more basis. Enter husband (~~Lt Beachy Bay~~). He ch with Gally about how Florence is and how to get reconciliation.
Gally ch Co on to castle and tell F. Husband wants reconciliation - F. obstinate,
4. The big scene will be when Lt E finds Claude eavesdrop, Jeff's room (Get good reason why Lt E comes to Jeff's room). Claude says I suspects Jeff's theft. Lt E furious, rushes off, abuses F.
Get some reason why husband is there (It all h from Lt E's arrival) Husband stands up for F, tells Lt E he is a Bully, I Exit Lt E] urges F to come back to him and F. says she will.

Problems.
A. Who is husband? Is he old pal of Gally?
B. How does he come to be in F's room? (F. ought to have told him to hide and spring out at her in 3. He has given husband some method of his wife's whereabouts)

5. It looks as if husband ought not to be with us he will give V away. Try this. Make Florence widow of Lancashire millionaire who has married a scandalous rotten abominable man.

4 cfd. F. husband reconciled. They are leaving. Gally begs F. to give V away to everyone. She refuses and leaves.
Then we come to Papers - Persecution stuff.
NB. Before that Lt E must find funeral. Then the P-M stuff.
P grateful to Gally who suggests getting Jeff the architecture job.

The Paris Review

A staple ingredient of the Paris Review *interview: the page of author's manuscript—in this case notes from P. G. Wodehouse's unfinished last novel.*

made possible the trenchantly "composed" productions that often ensued.

Writers at Work continues to delight us by eavesdropping on the mudslinging of the mighty:

James Dickey on Robert Frost:
"I . . . spent a couple of afternoons with him when I was teaching at the University Florida in 1955, and a more sententious, holding-forth old bore who expected ever hero-worshipping adenoidal little twerp o student-poet to hang on his every word I never saw."

P. G. Wodehouse, at ninety-one: "I d want to be like Bernard Shaw. He turned some awfully bad stuff in his nineties. H said he knew the stuff was bad but he couldn't stop writing."

John Cheever: "I once swore to the da

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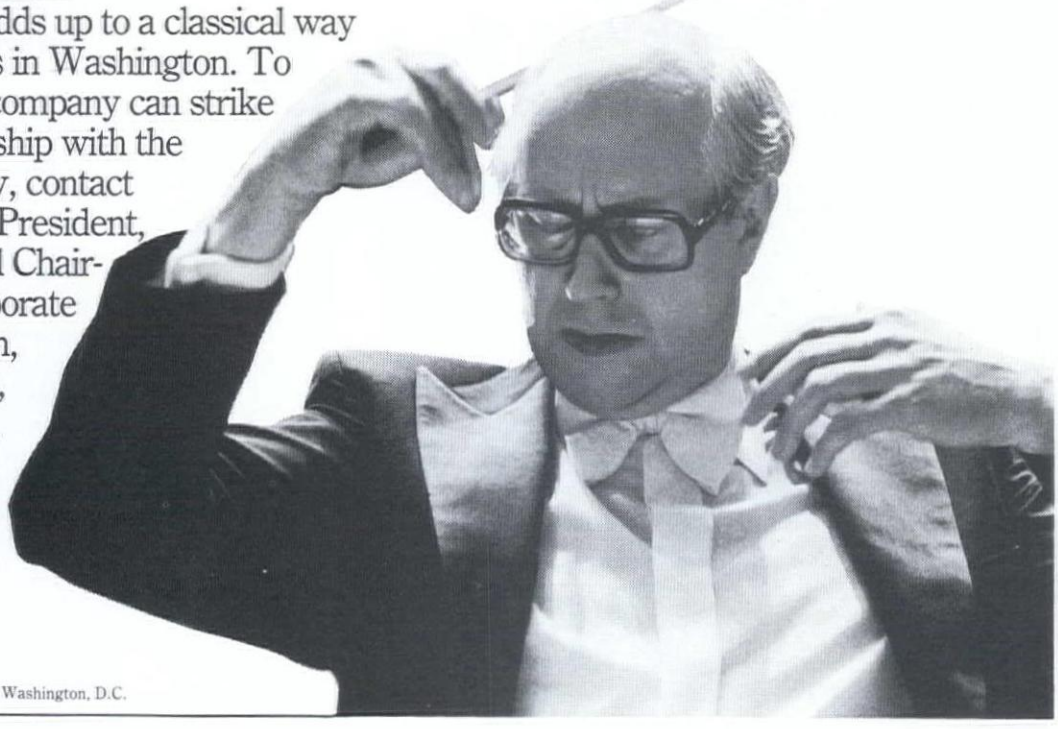

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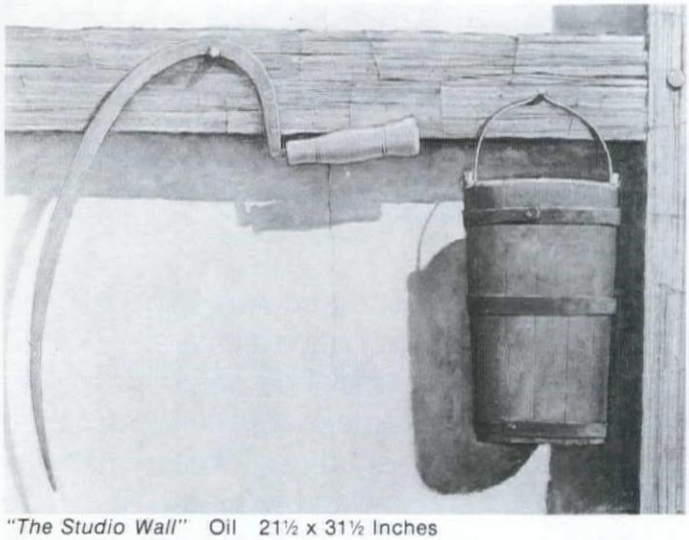

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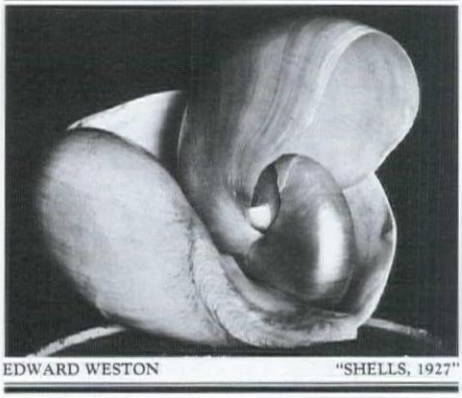

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powers outside the window that I would never, *never* again try to be better than Irving Wallace."

Gore Vidal on Richard Brautigan: "The last little book I looked at is about a librarian. Written in the see-Jane-run style. Very cheerful. Very dumb. Highly suitable for today's audience."

The interviews have given gloomy comfo to several generations of English majors wh were beginning to wonder what academe w doing to their love of literature:

Cheever: "So we have papers on fiction, but they come out of what is largely an industry. In no way does it help those who write fiction or those who love to read fiction. The whole business is a subsidiary undertaking, like extracting useful chemical from smoke."

Vidal: "Imagine teaching novels! Novels used to be written simply to be read. . . . S what is the point to these desultory autoposies performed according to that littl set of instructions at the end of each text? Have you seen one? What symbols to look for? What does the author mean by the wo 'white'? I look at the notes appended to m own pieces in anthologies and know despair."

On the other hand, the budding eightee year-old novelist is bound to be set back Wodehouse's jaunty recollection: "I know was writing stories when I was five. I do remember what I did before that. Just loafed suppose."

The *Paris Review* interviews are so much f it is easy to overlook their skill. Yet bomba ed as we are today by tedious or frothy int views with "media stars" of all kinds—*Peo* magazine comes to mind—it is worth stoppi to salute the continued excellence of *Writers Work*. Much is owed to the perfection of genre itself: a wise formula will carry one o all kinds of lapses in execution. But m credit belongs to the interviewers—in this c lection, souls like Gerald Clarke, Anne Grant, Willie Morris, Linda Kuehl, and Plim ton himself. They remain, for the most pa informed without being pedantic; attenti well this side of the sycophantic; sharp but snotty—and above all, sensitive to the shift moods and peeves of the very large egos t are helping to elucidate. —*David Rob*

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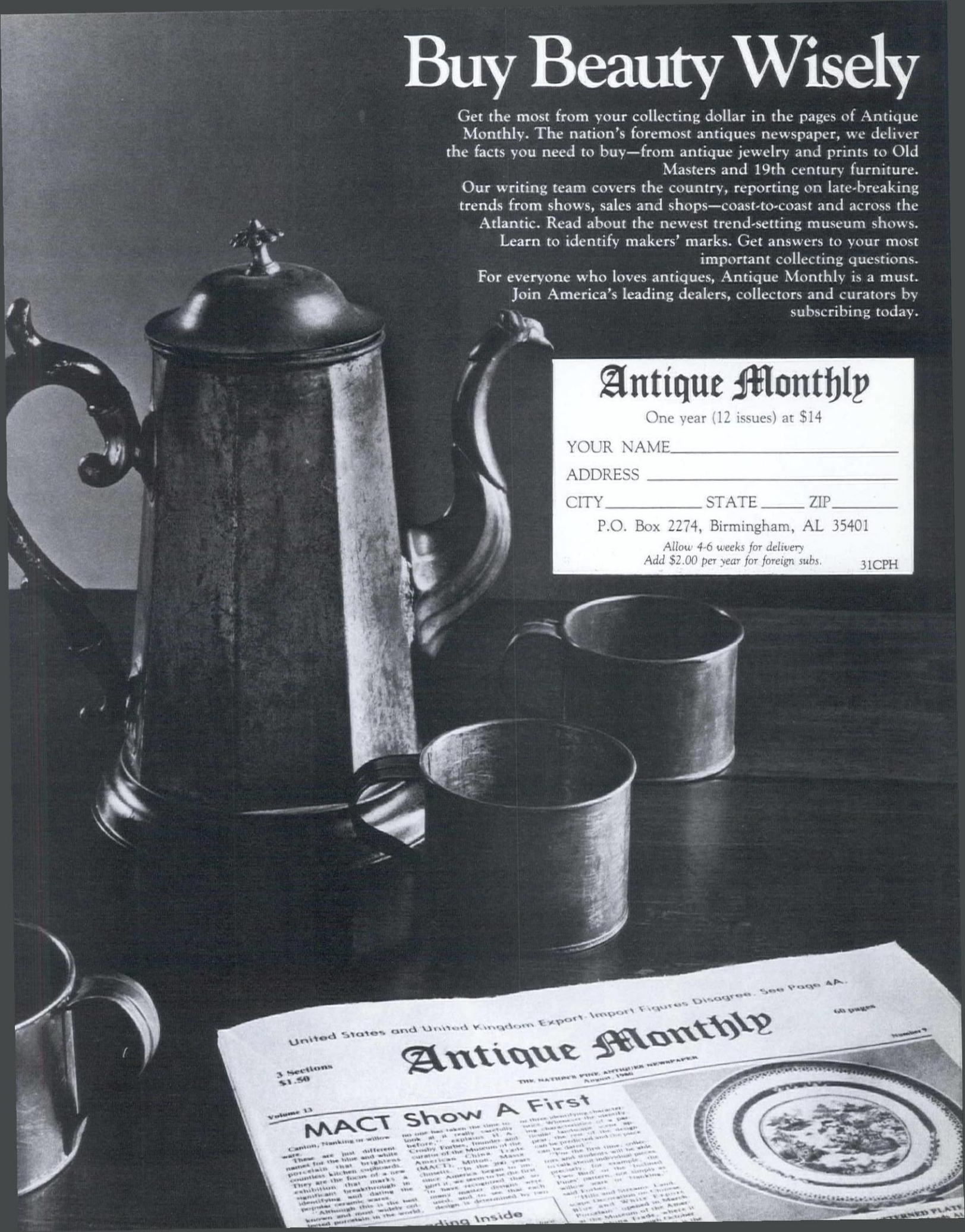

Both photographs 1980 Michael Alexander

Four thousand five hundred guests came to the Brooklyn opening of The Dinner Party, *and hundreds of others clamored to be admitted.*

JUDY CHICAGO

While controversy still swirls about *The Dinner Party*, Judy Chicago offers the world a first glimpse of her new work—*The Birth Project*.

By Jane Adams

"Everyone wants to see it," she says ruefully, "but nobody wants to show it."

© 1973 Judy Chicago

One of Chicago's early works, "Virginia Woolf," from The Reincarnation Triptych, *1973, 5 x 5 feet. About such works, Chicago now says, "There was an absence of thrust and assertiveness that could not be denied."*

Like *The Dinner Party*, which first brought Judy Chicago fame and controversy, *The Birth Project* began with women—in this case twenty-five of them in her Benicia, California, studio a few miles from San Francisco. *The Dinner Party* recently closed at the Brooklyn Museum after a three-month show drew crowds of a size more frequently associated with rock concerts than with museums. Most of the controversy surrounding the massive installation, which used the collaborative efforts of some 400 artisans and volunteers, centered around Chicago's decision to use female genitals as the iconography for celebrating, via ceramic dinner settings, thirty-nine women throughout history. Along with the huge and enthusiastic crowds, *The Dinner Party* brought icy blasts from such prominent art critics as *Time* magazine's Robert Hughes and the *New York Times*' Hilton Kramer (see sidebar).

The Birth Project will also require a major collaboration of artists working in such traditionally female crafts as needlepoint and embroidery. Birth and rebirth are her content this time, convinced as she is that woman's experience is a metaphor for human experience, and that the birth experience is iconographically and metaphorically suitable for working out in artistic ways. "If men gave birth, there would be thousands of images of the crowning," she says with a grin. She has already completed intricately detailed drawings of Genesis, which depict woman giving birth to the world.

Today, in Benicia, the women look like a cross section of America, from jean-clad twenty-year-olds to sensibly dressed women i their sixties. The first group of a half doze had arrived at 10:00 A.M. to transfer Chicago' four by eight outline drawing for one of the si large needlepoints to a mesh canvas backing They were still working on the kitchen tabl when the other women began arriving. Ch cago was enthusiastic. "It's not even on o'clock," she said.

This was the first time the needlepointe had met together. An organizational meetin held a month before had mixed needlepointe with quilters, embroiderers, and others. Or hundred thirty had shown up. The project ha grown from the initial idea of doing a fe quilts. It had met an extraordinary respons and requests for participation were pouring i from all over the country.

In Benicia, Chicago had each of the wome introduce herself to the group. Then she brie ly recapped the history of the project for t new arrivals, and then began to talk about pa ment and how each of the women would l compensated for her work. She suggested th one way to do it would be to set up a legal co poration which would own the work, and money was realized from exhibits and fro sales of books or copies the women would paid in proportion to their effort on the pr ject. She was interrupted by one of the olde traditional women who stood up and sai "Look, I didn't come here for pay but for t satisfaction of working on this project wi you and to make what we do wide available." She was met by unanimous agre ment, and there was a general feeling that t entire issue had been settled right there.

Chicago's struggle to free herself of t cultural limitations imposed on woman arti is clearly and movingly documented *Through the Flower* (Anchor Press/Doub day, 1977), an autobiography which follo her from her birth as Judy Gerwitz in 1939 the city whose name she adopted years later her own, through the "flower" that represe the containment of female sexuality, to "t place where we can express our own human as women through our work and in our lives

Classically trained at the Art Institute Chicago, at college and graduate school California, she was at first a very idealis painter. "I had no political consciousness that time," she comments; "Art was still tr and beauty." After the death of her first h band in a car crash, her images began to fo on what she described as an "incredibly stro

female, woman's center." But the reception of her male colleagues was cool, and after a year, she began to clear her work of all references to her womanhood. There was rage that her talent was acceptable, but not her freedom to create in her own female image; she internalized it, and began to create sex-neutral forms and images in sculpture and minimal art.

Addressing the issues thought to be important to art, she gained recognition and credibility: "I tried to bring myself and my work into line with what I understood the issues were, with what an artist's life was." But it was not wholly successful; a critic complained that the work exhibited at her first solo show "just didn't have the guns." She says now that he was right: "There was an absence of thrust and assertiveness that could not be denied, that came out of who and what I was—a woman." In fact, she was becoming a token woman in her world, and more and more women artists were giving up, dropping out. Her creative problem was trying to transform her anger at social circumstances and use it in her work in a positive way; to push through her anger and use it as a metaphor for a larger reality.

It is not anger that informs and infuses *The Dinner Party*, but love—love for women, empathy for their containment in the trivia of domesticity symbolized by the plates, admiration for the courage of those *Party* guests selected by her own strict criteria: had the woman made a significant contribution to society, had she attempted to improve conditions for women, did her life illuminate an aspect of women's experience or provide a model for the future?

In the years before the emerging women's movement caught up with her, Chicago tried to work out certain personal issues—her own sexuality, her own range of emotional states, from soft to serious—behind the screen of a formalist facade. The paintings from that period of her work and life are coded so they could pass, she says; they are profound personal sensibilities covered and mystified by a formal art language that disguises them. It has bothered Chicago from the beginning of her career that art language and the art-making process make much of that personal subject matter inaccessible to many people. Women are not the only ones who encoded their own feelings in acceptable structures; she cites Barnett Newman's "Stations of the Cross" as exemplary of this, as well as abstract expressionism which developed at the same time

Two Critics Gag at The Dinner Party

The opening preview of Judy Chicago's The Dinner Party *at the Brooklyn Museum was attended by 4,500 guests. Unlike one man who said, "It makes me sick. I don't want to talk about it," several prominent art critics were all too glad to speak their minds. Excerpts from the reviews of two of the most eloquent:*

Robert Hughes in *Time:*

A great deal of hokey art has been made in the service of excellent causes. So it is with *The Dinner Party*. It is by far the most ambitious work of art yet made to carry a specifically feminist content—in this case, an emblematic "history" of women.

Chicago announced the reason for her relentless concentration on the pudenda in her autobiography, *Through the Flower*. "To be a woman is to be an object of contempt, and the vagina, stamp of femaleness, is despised," she wrote. "The woman artist, seeing herself as loathed, takes the very mark of her otherness and by asserting it as the hallmark of her iconography, establishes a vehicle by which to state the beauty and truth of her identity." The aim of this jargon-sodden Femspeak is to set up a myth of women artists as a hated underclass, which they were not in 1975 and are not today; in such a scheme, vagina hatred is imputed to men as automatically as penis envy once was to women. Questions of aesthetics then dissolve, and one is left with a lumbering clash of stereotypes in an ideological bog.

From Georgia O'Keeffe's closeup flowers in the 20s, through Louise Bourgeois's sculpture in the 50s, or Hannah Wilke's latex wall hangings in the 70s, there is by now a considerable array of art made by women that draws some of its poetic content from the image of the vagina. What makes Chicago's work unusual in this context is not the quality of her vision but the simplicity of her fixation. Perhaps one should imagine the case with the sexes reversed: a male artist decides to do a homage to macho history, from God the Father to Mahatma Gandhi and Frank Sinatra—all represented by china penises, propped up by quantities of Laurentian burblings about roots, darkness and the archetypal perceptions of the blood.

This stereotyping might not be so obtrusive if Chicago's gifts as a formal artist were less meager. In drawing and modeling, *The Dinner Party* is mainly cliché. In terms of taste, *The Dinner Party* is no better than mass devotional art.

There is, however, one area in which it achieves real interest. The runners beneath the plates are a veritable encyclopedia of needlework techniques, studied and carried out by Chicago's many co-workers at a high level of technical skill—pieced or appliquéd quilting, trapunto, flame stitch, crewelwork, embroidery with pearls and beads, stumpwork, petit point and even the intricate and demanding form of needlework with composite materials (silk floss, gold and silver thread, jewels) known in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries as "English work," *opus anglicanum*.

The collective skill in the runners is not reflected throughout the whole piece, and one is left wishing that the needleworkers had had better designs to work on than Chicago's. (Reprinted by permission from *Time*, The Weekly Newsmagazine; copyright Time Inc. 1980.)

Hilton Kramer in *The New York Times:*

For aficionados of Feminist art, *The Dinner Party* is the event of the year—and of many a year.

For the rest of us—or for anyone more interested in art than in ideology, especially when visiting an art museum—the aesthetic pleasures to be derived from *The Dinner Party* may prove to be more elusive.

The fact is, *The Dinner Party* reiterates its theme—the celebration of women, both real and mythological throughout the ages—with an insistence and vulgarity more appropriate, perhaps, to an advertising campaign than to a work of art.

To represent women's achievements through the ages by constructing a monument to their sex organs may not, in any case, be everyone's idea of an appropriate act of homage. No doubt it is intended to be an ironic comment on history, but that is not the way it comes through. The result looks merely crass and solemn and singleminded.

The work on the plates is Miss Chicago's, I believe, and it is the plates that dwell so unremittingly on variations of the vulviform image. It is in the separate cloth runners, however, that we occasionally encounter some details of real artistic interest. But artistic felicities are few and far between at *The Dinner Party*, and the use of visual stereotypes is rampant.

Is *The Dinner Party* art? Well, I suppose so. After all, what isn't nowadays? But it is very bad art, it is failed art, it is art so mired in the pieties of a political cause that it quite fails to acquire any independent artistic life of its own. To this male observer, it looks like an outrageous libel on the female imagination. (Copyright 1980 *The New York Times*. Reprinted by permission.)

"I didn't come here for pay. I came for the satisfaction of working with you."

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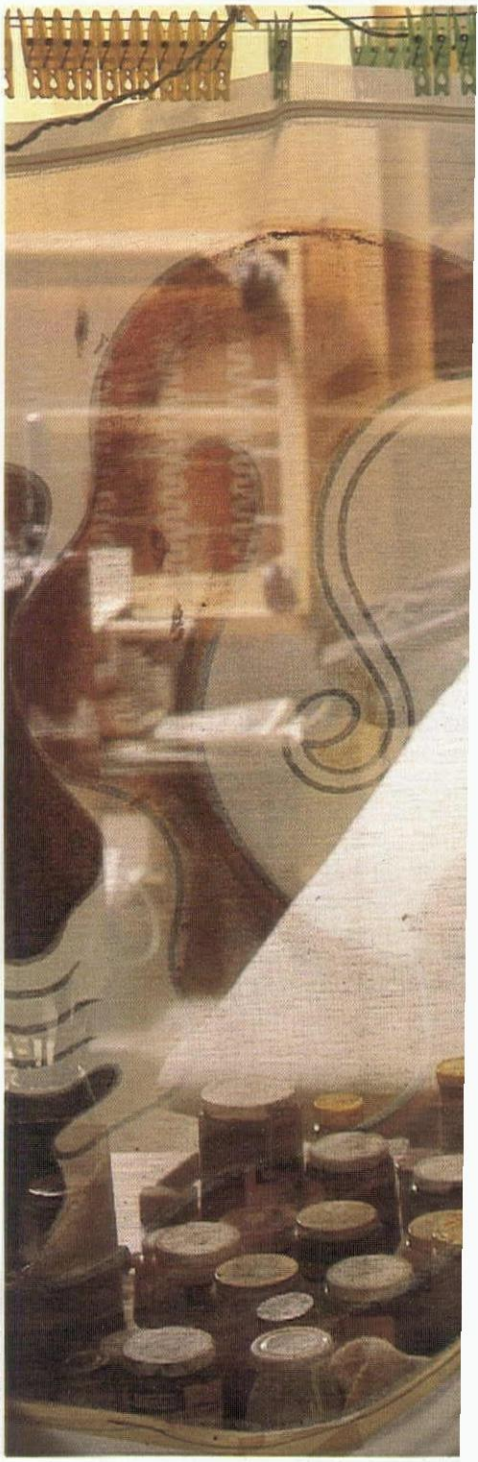

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Above: One of the recent organizational meetings for The Birth Project *brought women of all ages from all walks of life. Right: Judy Chicago and Lynda Healy survey the mesh for a* Birth Project *design while it is hung from a clothesline so that the backing paper can be changed.*

radical activity was being squelched in America by Senator McCarthy and others. "Look at the works of WPA artists and you can see the code," she says. "Quality art standards as we understand them are all tied up in coded art. I wanted to decode the personal, to provide other models for quality besides the disguised ones. But as much as I wanted to work out my own reality as a woman, I did not want to violate my integrity as an artist or repudiate the history of art symbology; I tried to, but I found I could not."

At the beginning of the seventies, the conflict is clear in Chicago's work. She was still doing formalist paintings, but, step by step, she was beginning to be clearer in intent and imagery. She was learning how to transform her content, and bring it together with quality images. And she was experimenting with many media, going from plastics to china painting because she wanted to use a brush again, fuse surface and color. There were implications in china painting that had to do with women's culture that did not escape her. "But I brought painterly attitudes to it," she says. "I wanted to make transformed images using what had been called a woman's craft." At the same time, she was teaching art to women at Fresno State, giving young female artists permission to deal with their own raw images as she was trying to transform her own. In the wave of feminism radiating out from the East Coast to California, she found others who shared her belief that women's experience is a metaphor for human experience and thus worthy of an artist's attention.

It took Chicago a while to open up her abstract language, to uncode what she had been hiding. She did it obviously at first, writing around her abstract images, describing her intent, her feelings. "If you demystify, you are accused of sacrificing quality," she says. "I wanted art to be understandable and accessible; I didn't want to repudiate the formal art language, but I wanted to fuse it with my real content. I was trying to bring in what I had left out or disguised, and it was risking my credibility as an artist.

"If they say, 'oh, she's not an artist, she's a politician,' they disqualify you from the art arena," she comments. "They push that dialogue about what art is 'out'—that exclusion keeps all disenfranchised people who have tried to integrate their own experience in their art away from where values can be affected."

The Dinner Party resists such exclusion, as it demonstrates that art can be powerful and accessible without sacrificing quality—though critics disagree vehemently about the aesthetic of Chicago's work. The battle lines about what art is have been drawn around *The Dinner Party*. The intent of the critics, says Chicago, is to make women's experience peripheral and discount it; but the response of the audience has been that women's experience is essential to discussion of human experience. "If men are not interested in our issues, that doesn't mean that women don't belong in the dialogue about what art is," she says.

It is not art, say some of the critics; it is, say the thousands who have seen *The Dinner Party* in San Francisco's Museum of Modern and "alternative spaces" in Houston and Boston.

well as in Brooklyn. And that controversy has led to equally heated discussions about the role of institutions in determining what art is. Says Michael Botwinick, director of the Brooklyn Museum, "*The Dinner Party* has had a major impact on the consciousness of thousands of people." He believes that when the superficial publicity and controversy subside, "we will have a far better chance to get close to the piece, undiverted by irrelevant side issues." "Everyone wants to see it, but nobody wants to show it," says Chicago ruefully.

Hundreds of volunteers came to Chicago's California studio to participate in the four-year making of *The Dinner Party*. "Unless I wanted to continue to disguise myself, I had to connect myself to a larger network," she says of her grass-roots constituency. "As an individual, isolated woman artist, there was no possibility of that. As the symbolic leader of a constituency, I could speak for others besides myself. That, of course, makes me much more threatening than other women who are artists; I cannot be brought into the art establishment without bringing with me the stream of women's culture, which of course requires that we make our issues as central as other issues have been."

Naming herself a feminist artist is important to Chicago: "It is a philosophical position about the world as manifested in one's work; it describes, it does not exclude." By asking why it is more important to work in an office than to nurture children, for instance, by asking why there are images of war but not of birth, she is challenging the assumptions about society that she thinks need to be challenged.

Inquiries from other institutions have arrived at the offices of Through the Flower, the nonprofit corporation set up to raise and spend money for storing, insuring, and exhibiting *The Dinner Party*. As yet, no firm museum commitments have been made. "I can't spend the rest of my life running around the world looking for someplace to show it," she says. But it pleases her that the *Party* eventually arrived in

The Box Lunch

While *The Dinner Party* was in Brooklyn, a West Coast artist calling herself Maria Manhattan flew into town with *The Box Lunch.*

By Steven Hager

AAA Productions

Life hasn't been easy on Judy Chicago. Not only did *The Dinner Party* get a bristlingly negative review from *New York Times* critic Hilton Kramer, but, shortly after it opened in New York, a parody titled *The Box Lunch* appeared at a SoHo gallery. And it was not the first time either. Like a bothersome gnat on the back of a lumbering elephant, *The Box Lunch* had followed Chicago's show 2,000 miles across the country. Some critics found it a "devastating critique," but its creator, Maria Manhattan (a.k.a. Maria Scatuccio), insisted she never intended the show as a put-down. "I think the two shows complement each other," said Scatuccio recently.

Just as in *The Dinner Party*, thirty-nine women were invited to *The Box Lunch*. While Chicago and her team of researchers spent years selecting the women to be included in their show, Scatuccio seemed to have spent considerably less time. Among those invited were Eva Peron, Pat Nixon, Minnie Mouse, Patty Hearst, Rosemary Woods, Julia Child, Fanny Farmer, and Joan of Arc. Several tables were arranged in a rectangle (instead of Chicago's triangle) and in place of ceramic plates, Scatuccio created collages inside bakery boxes.

"After seeing Judy's show I decided she left out some of my favorites," said Scatuccio. "I have been trying to build respect for those gals who related the women's experience to us before we all got so hip—those ladies who gave us the role models we grew up with."

A few of the boxes were clever and inventive. For example, Joan of Arc was represented by a french fry tied to a stake with an electronic fire crackling beneath her. Others, however, were somewhat uninspired. Pat Nixon's box was merely a group of magazine clippings pasted together; Fanny Farmer's was a box of chocolates. The show is further diluted by Scatuccio's ambiguous intentions. She was never able to decide whether she had created a vindictive critique of Chicago's show or a black humorous tribute. Her remarks on the show were somewhat tempered after Chicago surprisingly appeared at the New York opening of *The Box Lunch*.

"I sent her an invitation, but I never expected her to come," said Scatuccio. "After all, the only official comment she'd made on the show was: 'I eat only two meals a day—breakfast and dinner. I'm not interested in lunch, boxed or otherwise.' "

Scatuccio personally escorted Chicago through the show and noted that she smiled the whole time. Although Chicago has never given an official comment on *The Box Lunch*, a spokeswoman at Through the Flower Corporation said she enjoyed seeing the show. The final box in the exhibition is dedicated to Chicago and contains a dozen roses and a thank-you note.

Among its thirty-nine women of dubious distinction, The Box Lunch *honors Minnie Mouse. ". . . The perfect role model for female mice," says Maria Manhattan. "She has a wonderful disposition and a fabulous sense of design and color."*

As a comedy act, *The Box Lunch* is certainl successful. Many feminists complain that *Th Dinner Party* is too complacent, lacking both sense of outrage and a sense of humor, an Chicago's show is certainly vulnerable t satire. However, Scatuccio has tried to plac her show in a larger perspective. "It's definite ly a work of art," she said, "and it stands o its own." If one were to judge *The Box Lunc* on Scatuccio's terms, it can only be seen as shameless ripoff of Chicago's work, with dash of Claes Oldenburg and Christo throw in for good measure. Scatuccio's real inter tions are probably aptly summed up by he comment: "I have been struggling to create brilliant piece of art that will both honor the women and catapult me to national fame."

The performance group that funded *Th Box Lunch* (AAA Productions) has no furth plans for the show, which closed in Januar but there have been rumors of a possib Japanese tour "where this sort of pop hum goes over really well."

"Becoming an icon excludes you from the real world of friends."

Chicago paints one of the large images for The Birth Project. *The new work, like* The Dinner Party, *will require a vast collaboration of artists and craftswomen.*

Brooklyn, if not Manhattan.

Chicago will not break up the huge work: "I'll pay storage for the rest of my life first," she says. Nor will she settle for being objectified as "the" feminist artist of her decade. "Yet women really need role models, women artists especially," she muses. "The problem with being one is that becoming an icon excludes you from the real world of friends, interests, pleasures and ideas, as well as from your studio, which is where an artist belongs."

Chicago continues to work out of her own experience as a woman in a language of her own devising. "I have put myself on the line for six years and said what I had to say," she reports. "*The Dinner Party* has freed me in many ways. I have other interests, and I will still operate as an artist and as a human being out of my commitment to women, but I think my focus is widening and I am more and more interested in making that link-up between female experience and human experience. By introducing images from women's experience into the culture, women will be empowered to act in their culture. I see my task now as trying to set up a framework for image making so that the process, and all those layers of what I as an artist know and do, can inform that image."

She is not certain what her relationship to institutions will be; whether she will be totally outside of them, whether they will support her future work. And she understands that she may not always be politically correct in ways that her constituency approves; she produces what she does because she believes in it, and if others approve, fine. If not, she still, she says, has to do what she believes in.

"I don't think my gender determines my art, but I have chosen to focus on certain issues that are useful to address things I'm interested in as an artist," she concludes. "I have values, and I hang them on my canvas and that is consistent with my experience."

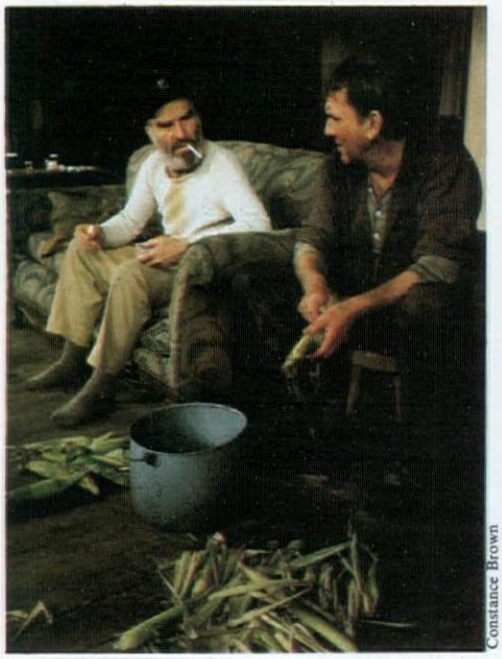
There are, in fact, places where Chicago is bigger than her gender, and she wants to explore them. There is a range of experience that is not polarized by sex: death, mortality, war, and suffering. In her executions of that range of experience, perhaps, is the ultimate judgment of her worth as an artist; meanwhile, she works on, still dealing with essentially female imagery, but operating out of what she calls her "masculine/feminine intelligence," which is integrated and linear. "I take on content and go out radically into all the forms that it can take," she says. "Right now, the content is the female experience." □

Jane Adams is an author and journalist. Her third book, Conversations with Successful Men, *will be published this fall.*

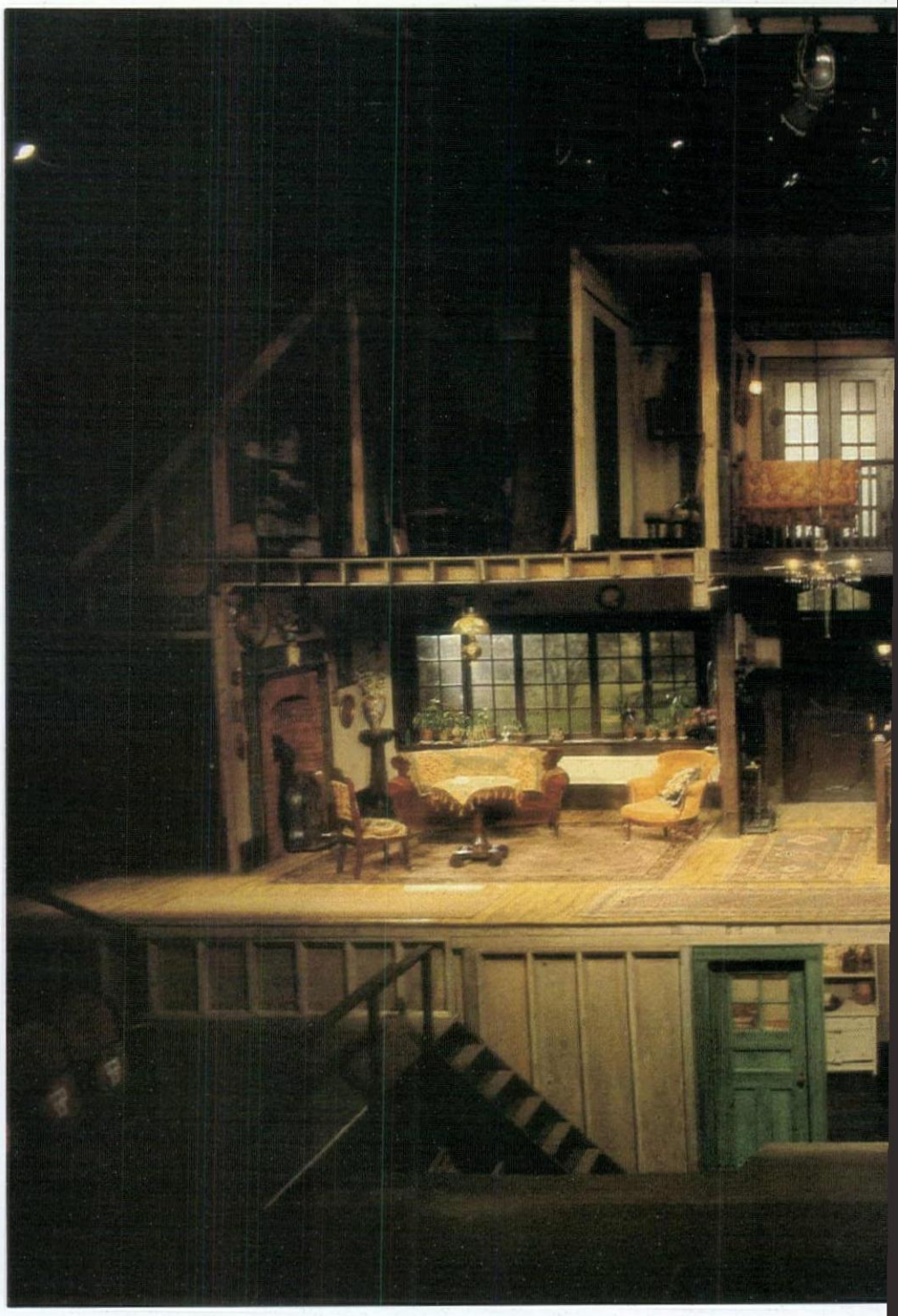
A Long Way From Broadway

America's regional theaters are alive and well.

By Joan Melloan



Constance Brown



In the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical *Me and Juliet,* a delicious song spoofs two opposing views of theater. One choral group, wringing hands, sings "The theater is dying, the theater is practically dead." A second group, singing in counterpoint and finally triumphing, happily shouts that the theater is living.

The argument surely has been going on since Thespis won the first drama contest in Athens 2,500 years ago. In the last sixty years the obituary of the theater has been written at least four times and has always proved premature. The enemy supposedly dealing the lethal blow has been, successively, movies in the twenties, the depression in the thirties, television in the fifties, and inflation in the seventies.

While some—unemployed actors especially—mourn that theater in America is dead, drama critic Edwin Wilson declares that it is alive and healthy, and playwright Edward Albee claims that it is thriving as never before.

A survey of the rich variety of regional theaters now performing from Maine to Hawaii, from Alaska to Florida, seems to side definitely with Messrs. Wilson, Albee, and Rodgers and Hammerstein. Ignoring blizzards and blustering March winds, faithful audience are trooping to plays this month in Minneapolis, Minnesota; Portland, Maine; Anchorage Alaska; and countless other snowbelt towns Under balmier skies they fill sunbelt theater from Sarasota to Honolulu.

To be sure, there are problems in this excit ing new flowering of theater; some of them ar financial, but a few stem from differing view of what is art, what is trash, and what is politi cal propaganda masquerading as drama. Som observers worry that traditional theater, a exemplified by the famous commercial house on Broadway, is in a state of rigor mortis brought on by high prices that make all but th

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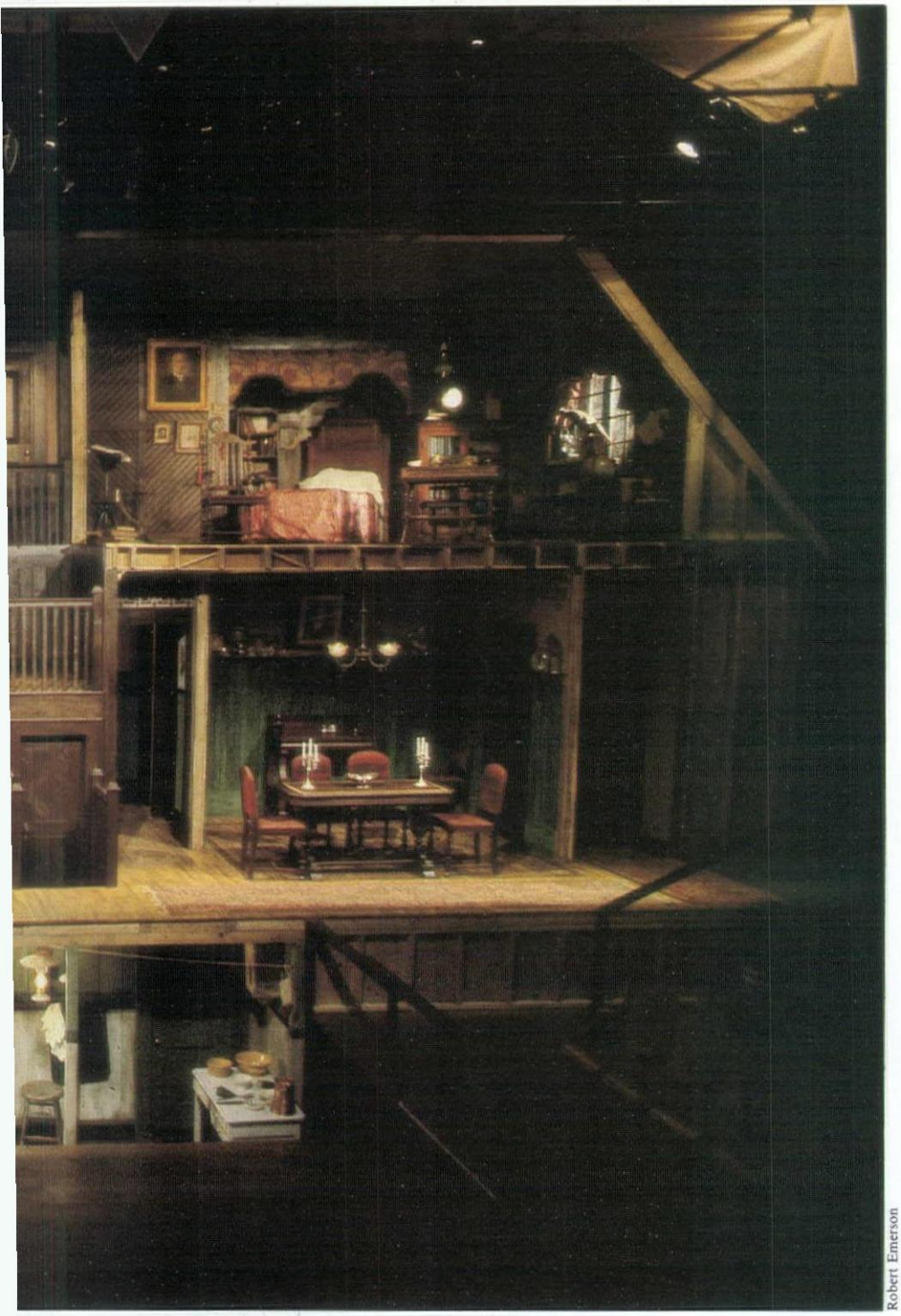
A free-lancer living in New Jersey, Joan Melloan writes primarily about theater, economics, and travel.



Robert Emerson

he seventeen-year-old Trinity Square epertory in Providence is the brain child of irky innovator Adrian Hall. Far left: Ford iney (left) and Richard Kneeland in Trinity ep's production of Sam Shepard's Buried ild, *which won the 1979 Pulitzer Prize. ove: The excellence of such sets as Eugene e's interior for Ibsen's* Rosmersholm *flects Trinity Rep's professionalism.*

safest of musicals and star-studded comedies too risky to undertake.

In fact, the Great White Way, though it can still grant the imprimatur of national recognition, is no longer the fountain of all dramatic endeavor in the United States. Instead, Broadway is being revitalized by theaters maturing in what used to be regarded as the American hinterlands. Nowadays marquees in New York City often shine with plays that made it first at the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., the Alley in Houston, the Tyrone Guthrie in Minneapolis, the Goodman in Chicago, and other houses where talented directors, actors, and playwrights are finding the freedom and encouragement to strike out in new directions.

Talley's Folly, last year's Pulitzer Prize-winner in drama, was born in regional theater. So were *Da, The Gin Game, The Shadow Box, Children of a Lesser God, Ain't Misbehavin',* and two recent Broadway entries, *The Suicide* and *Fifth of July.* (See Clive Barnes' article on *The Suicide* in the October 1980 HORIZON, and a brief review of *Fifth of July* in Cross Country in the December 1980 issue of HORIZON.) *Red Hot and Cole,* first staged in the tiny Barksdale Theater near Richmond, Virginia, went on to the Variety Arts, another small house in Los Angeles, and received such favorable notices that, despite a run cut short by a gasoline crunch in that auto-dependent city, it is being brought to Broadway this spring by its eager young writers and producers.

Theatrical statistics are elusive. One estimate is that there are fifteen hundred professional theaters throughout the country and that one out of every ten Americans will see a live performance somewhere this year. It might be at a dinner theater, like the huge Chanhassen, located in a village thirty minutes from Minneapolis, which draws, amazingly, six thousand patrons weekly to its four stages. It might be at one of the summer theaters on the "straw hat" circuit, like the venerable Ogunquit Playhouse in Maine. Or aboard a steamboat heading down the Mississippi.

But the core of what is new and imaginative in American theater lies in about two hundred independent, nonprofit, professional companies that have sprung up—all but a handful in the last fifteen years—in rejuvenated downtowns, on college campuses, and along the suburban corridors of both coasts. Some stick pretty much to Shakespeare and the classics, others concentrate on new plays. Some are consistently polished, others are spotty to mediocre. Most aim to serve their community first, and let national recognition take care of itself.

A flow of funds from foundations and national and state councils of the arts, beginning in the sixties, has nourished companies of Hispanics, blacks, and women, as well as the major institutions. To examine how these function, consider three theaters that are widely separated by geography: Trinity Square Repertory in Providence, Rhode Island, the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, and the Indiana Repertory in Indianapolis. Each one is unique. So are their founders and their guiding lights, who have had considerable impact both locally

"They may be the best ensemble in the world," brags Hall.

Trinity Square Repertory Company
Among the little-known plays which Trinity Rep discovered was the stunning Nikolai Erdman drama The Suicide, *banned nearly fifty years ago in the Soviet Union by Stalin. Left: George Martin, as the leader of the intelligentsia, delivers his own tirade over the "suicide," played by Richard Jenkins. The Trinity Rep is housed in Providence's Lederer Theater (above).*

and nationally for one reason or another.

The oldest, at a mere seventeen years, is Trinity Rep, the beloved brain child of Adrian Hall, an audacious innovator who is sometimes considered the doyen of institutional theater. With dogged devotion he has fashioned, in an unlikely location, a resident theater company producing plays that have usually fascinated, sometimes repelled, first a local, then a national, audience. *The Suicide,* a sardonic Russian comedy about taking one's life as a political statement, was first produced by Hall at Trinity Square nearly fifty years after it was written by Nikolai Erdman and banned in the Soviet Union.

When a visitor recently entered the director's brown Victorian house on a hill not far from his theater in downtown Providence, Hall pulled open the draperies, apologized for the clutter, brewed some coffee, and talked of his stormy past and hopes for the future.

The living room had been darkened because he was editing a film, *House of Mirth,* a five-part series on the life of Edith Wharton starring Geraldine Chaplin, soon to be telecast nationally by PBS in its "Great Performances" series. The script was written by Hall and his frequent collaborator, Richard Cummings, and performed by his resident company. "They may be the best ensemble in the world," he declares forthrightly.

According to Hall, who is buffeted by financial worries and local infighting, television and films may be "the light at the end of the tunnel. I used to say that we might have to turn back to the commercial theater to stay alive. But Broadway is so specific and narrow; it doesn't reflect our times. Now we can eliminate the middle man, produce our own TV series, and keep the actors employed most of the time."

Building that ensemble has not been easy. "There has been blood all over the floor a few times," he admits, mostly because the local establishment couldn't always understand his views of artistic integrity. "Look," he says, "a board of directors at a hospital doesn't tell the doctor how to conduct an operation or what medicine to give. When my board in the mid-seventies said, 'You're fired,' I said, 'What do you mean, I'm fired? *You* are fired.' "

Truth to tell, the board had some reason to be uneasy. Trinity Rep had been serving some heady fare. There was a play about Charles Manson that had local people asking, "Why must you honor such a crumbum?" Hall's reply was, "Shakespeare was not honoring Macbeth." At any rate, the play was poorly attended. Another, *Cathedral of Ice,* was a drama of sorts about Hitler and other dictators, with games, free beer, and impromptu speeches by civic leaders. One reviewer called it a kind of "Springtime for Hitler." But Hall and his company saw it as an evocative comment about the cult of personality and the evil it can create.

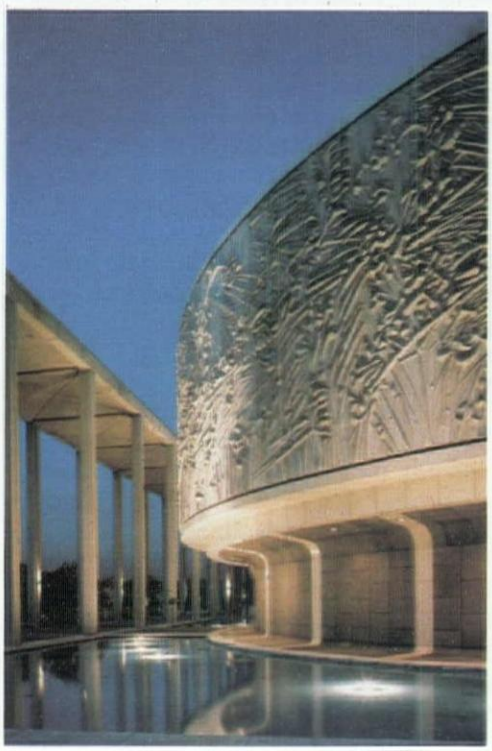
Such offerings caused an uproar, but, at the same time, Hall was giving Providence healthy servings of the classics, from Shakespeare and Molière to Arthur Miller and Edward Albee.

Today Trinity Rep has achieved an uneasy peace with its community. Loyal subscribers filled the house last year to 80 per cent of capacity. Local business is beginning to see the theater as a community resource, worthy of support, perhaps because its fame has spread nationally through its TV performances and its profitable tours in Washington, Boston, and New York. To Adrian Hall, who was told only a couple of years ago by an Internal Revenue Service agent that "they'd take my house, car, even my clothes" for debts owed by Trinity Rep, the new concord is most welcome.

Nearly half a continent away from Providence is a young regional theater basking in community support to the tune of several million dollars in grants and enthusiastic audiences that fill it regularly to 85 per cent of capacity. It is the Indiana Repertory Theater, now in its ninth year and newly housed in a splendidly renovated art-deco movie palace in Indianapolis.

"The problem with producing new plays is finding enough that are worth doing."

Mark Taper Forum
The spectacular Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles (right) is known for launching plays that have later been hits on Broadway. Among them, Children of a Lesser God, *a play which originated in New Mexico, had a long run at the Mark Taper, and is still running on Broadway. Phyllis Frelich is the deaf student who falls in love with her teacher, John Rubinstein. Both Frelich and Rubinstein won Tonys for their performances on Broadway.*



Compared with Trinity Rep's struggle fo identity and support, the Indiana company ha a Cinderella history. In the early seventies when city fathers were thinking about rejuve nating downtown Indianapolis, a trio o students at Indiana University was thinkin about creating a professional theater company They wrote letters to ninety-nine cities. Fou replies, from Rochester, Tulsa, Portland, an Indianapolis, were encouraging. Money an geography being unavoidable considerations they went to Indianapolis, armed with a stud showing that the ideal catalyst for reviving In dianapolis would be a professional theater.

Richard Lugar, then mayor and now a U.S senator, was receptive. So were well-heeled civic leaders, who donated funds. So were local boosters, who purchased five thousand season tickets before a single performance wa given. For eight years the company performed a moderate mix of classic and modern plays in an old German social hall designed by the grandfather of Hoosier novelist Kurt Von negut, Jr.

The company was successful and needed

›re space; the city core was blooming with
w hotels and a convention center. When the
l Indiana Theater adjacent to the capitol and
: Hyatt Regency was in danger of becoming
›arking lot, the corporate community acted.
mething over a million dollars apiece was
nated by Lilly Endowment, Inc. and the
annert Charitable Trust to Indiana Rep to
y and renovate the old movie house.

Gifts of such size are rare, almost unheard
, for most regional theaters, where scroung-
g for funds is a way of life.

Are there strings of censorship attached to
ch gifts? Ben Mordecai, one of the young
unders of Indiana Rep and now producing
:ector, answers that question this way: "Last
ar we were searching for a new artistic direc-
r. We had lots of applicants but the choice
rrowed to two—a traditionalist and a risk-
ker. Our board chose the second."

The risk taker is Tom Haas, graduate of the
med Yale Drama School, where he directed
ch performers as Henry Winkler and Meryl
reep, and himself, founder of another
gional theater in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.
aas has a clear view of his role at Indiana Rep:
We are a Midwestern theater. Our mission is
st to serve our constituency and second the
tional theater scene. I don't sense any limita-
›n by our board but doubt if they'd let me
ncentrate on only avant-garde plays."

To serve that constituency, Haas, for openers
is season, gave Hoosiers a musical play about
Hoosier, written by a British playwright. It
as *Hoagy, Bix and Wolfgang Beethoven*
nkhaus, a pastiche of the mellow music and
llegiate reminiscences of Hoagy Carmichael,
diana's composer laureate.

Next came *A Christmas Carol,* the
›ligatory holiday offering of many regional
eaters, much as *The Nutcracker* is a must
›r ballet companies in December. In March
aas has chosen to premiere another play of
rticular interest to local playgoers. It is *The*
ilure to Zigzag, by John Ferzacca, a kind of
›cudrama based on the fatal voyage of the
.S.S. *Indianapolis*, the last ship to be
rpedoed in World War II.

The main contribution Indiana Rep has
ade, so far, to the national theater scene is
nancial know-how. Mordecai is a kind of
eatrical *wunderkind.* Fresh out of Indiana
niversity, he pioneered a new theater,
rected six plays, established a firm financial
ase, and finds himself now much in demand
a management consultant to theaters across
the country. Whether or not his own theater will come to national prominence aesthetically remains to be seen. But so far Tom Haas and Ben Mordecai are pleasing their constituency.

Segue now to the Far West to another regional theater which has had a major influence on the current American cultural scene. It is the Mark Taper Forum, rising like an impressionistic white soufflé between a symphonic hall and a commercial theater. The three comprise the Los Angeles Music Center. Attending a play at the Mark Taper is glamorous, not because Hollywood is next door, but because the play you see there today may be a Broadway sensation next month.

Such is the reputation that Gordon Davidson, another remarkable man of modern American theater, has built almost single-handedly. A nine-page list of awards, ranging from Tonys and Obies to distinguished service citations, summarizes the outpouring of plays, television works, and special community programs originating at the Mark Taper.

The seemingly mild-mannered Davidson is actually a dynamo. Within a week he could be in New York, supervising a Broadway opening of a Mark Taper play, in Washington consulting with former colleagues at the National Endowment for the Arts, in Florida shepherding a road tour, and back in Los Angeles directing a new Neil Simon play.

To his hometown fans, winning a Tony Award is as much a cause for civic pride as having the Dodgers win a World Series or the Rams win the Super Bowl. *The Shadow Box,* a 1977 landmark, won two Tonys—for best play and for best directing. Five productions from the 1979–80 season—among them *Children of a Lesser God*—wound up on Broadway and won a slew of awards. The plays which have given Davidson the most pleasure and pride are two he introduced in the late sixties, *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer* and *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine.* "I think they said important things about this country's political attitudes at the time." His taste was not universally shared; many saw them, and other Mark Taper *docudramas*, as too leftist in philosophy. But Davidson is committed to challenging his audience, to making them think in new ways about their lives and attitudes.

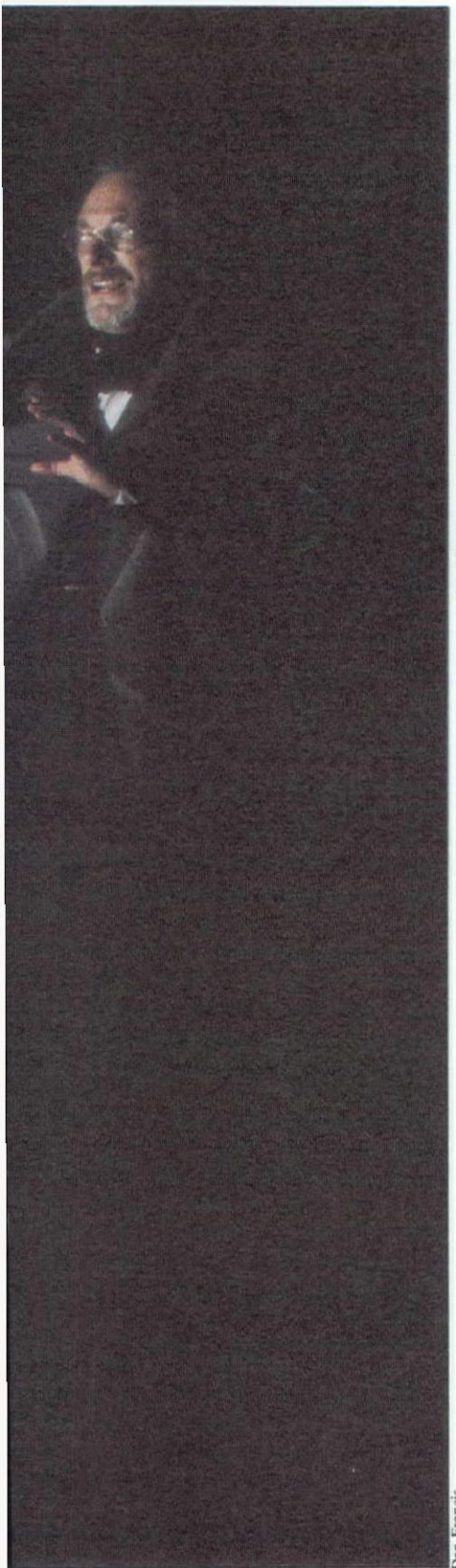
Encouraging new playwrights and new dramatic concepts has been one of Davidson's steady goals. He has been so successful that nearly fifteen hundred new scripts are thrust at him every year. "And so few are good. The problem with producing new plays regularly is finding enough that are worth doing." One he liked well enough to open his fourteenth season with this year was *The Lady and the Clarinet,* by Michael Cristofer, whose *The Shadow Box* earned both Davidson and himself so much recognition. Despite the piles of scripts at hand, Davidson was still searching just before the holidays for two new ones to introduce in May.

He is often offered alluring new positions in New York, but in his own eyes he has "the best of two worlds"—the challenge of taking plays east while helping build Los Angeles into a

What's on in March

Current productions at leading regional theaters: American Conservatory Theatre, San Francisco, *The Rivals* (Sheridan), March 10 through April 29; Mark Taper Forum, Los Angeles, *The Haggadah* (Swados), March 8 through May 10; Hartford (Connecticut) Stage Company, *Undiscovered Country* (Schnitzler), through March 29; Long Wharf Theatre, New Haven, *Romeo and Juliet* (Shakespeare), through March 21; Yale Repertory Theatre, New Haven, *The Talisman* (Nestroy), March 6 through 21; Arena Stage, Washington, D.C., *Kean* (Dumas, adpt. Sartre), March 20 through April 26; Goodman Theatre, Chicago, *Rip Van Winkle* or *The Works* (Nelson), February 27 through April 5; Indiana Repertory Theatre, Indianapolis, *The Failure to Zigzag* (Ferzacca), March 20 through April 11; Actors Theatre of Louisville, Kentucky, Festival of New American Plays, through March 29; Tyrone Guthrie Theater, Minneapolis, *Macbeth*, through March 21; Cleveland Playhouse, Ohio, *On Golden Pond* (Thompson), March 18 through May 3; Trinity Square Repertory Company, Providence, Rhode Island, *The Visit* (Dürrenmatt), March 6 through April 5 (upstairs theater), *Whales of August* (Berry), through March 15 (downstairs theater); Alley Theatre, Houston, *Betrayal* (Pinter), March 12 through April 12; and Milwaukee (Wisconsin) Repertory Theater, *A Streetcar Named Desire* (Williams), through April 5.

"The choice narrowed to a traditionalist and a risk taker. Our board chose the second."



Dan Francis

Dan Francis

Indiana Repertory Theater
The Indiana Repertory in Indianapolis, housed in a restored movie palace (above), is noted around the country for its financial stability. Lowry Miller (left) and Bernard Kates star in Dickens' The Christmas Carol, *an obligatory holiday offering for many regional theaters.*

theatrical center that could rival London, with all its topflight resident theater companies. "After all, we have the acting talent of Hollywood, plus a core of producers, directors, and a theater-minded audience."

Recently Davidson was in New York for three reasons: to rehearse the national touring company of *Children of a Lesser God;* to negotiate terms for leasing a theater that would feature plays brought in from the Mark Taper, the Tyrone Guthrie, and the Long Wharf in New Haven, among other theaters; and to explore what is new and interesting in regional theater on the eastern seaboard. "One of the problems of decentralized theaters," he says, "is that it's terribly hard to keep up with what is happening elsewhere."

Edwin Wilson, drama critic of the *Wall Street Journal,* who regularly covers both Broadway and regional theater, is pleased that regional theater is becoming a cultural force, often bringing excellent drama, old and new, to communities far from New York City at prices even young people can afford.

But he has some reservations. One is that, in the fever to present new plays, quantity can crowd out quality. He regards some avant-garde works as a retreat from intelligence and he urges critics, producers, foundation officials, and audiences to "call directors and writers to account." Without some experimental work a theater can be dull, he acknowledges, but insistence on doing only wild experiments ignores the bill payers.

He also deplores the tendency of some directors always to be looking over their shoulders at Broadway. "It's a very seductive temptation," he says, "but it can become a case of the tail wagging the dog, with local support taking second place to national attention."

Still, Wilson sees all the ferment as healthy. "The experience of live entertainment, of the kind that regional theater is now reviving, is irreplaceable. It provides a spontaneity and electricity between performer and audience that can't be matched by TV or film."

In 1964 the late, eminent director Harold Clurman wrote of the then-new trend to decentralize theaters, "We must not expect miracles overnight. Time is required to mature all concerned. . . . These new theaters must not be as good as or better than Broadway but altogether different."

Perhaps regional theater is not yet mature, or altogether different. But, as Rodgers and Hammerstein said, it certainly is alive. □

The Art and Poetry of WINE

To Ben Jonson, it signified living for the moment. To Caravaggio, it spok of Dionysian revelries. A portfolio with text by Richard Rand

The most famous verse in English having to do with wine is almost surely Edward Fitzgerald's quatrain from the *Rubáiyát*:

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

One says "in English" advisedly. Although Fitzgerald was translating the masterwork of the twelfth-century Persian mystic Omar Khayyám, the Romantic atheism infusing the verses was very much Fitzgerald's own. As an extended rhapsody in praise of wine, of living for the moment's pleasure, Fitzgerald's *Rubáiyát* has no peer in the rich canon of English poetry. For Fitzgerald wine was the quintessential emblem of fatalistic hedonism:

And much as Wine has played the Infidel,
And Robbed me of my Robe of Honor—Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

The nineteenth-century English poets associated wine with escape, from a materialistic universe oblivious to human aspirations, with a fancied alternative to the disappointing world of everyday convention. The note is in Byron:

When the box of Pandora was open'd on
earth,
And Misery's triumph commenc'd over Mirth,
Hope was left,—was she not?—but the goblet
we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of
bliss.

It is in Ernest Dowson, who drank himself to death at thirty-three, heartsick with unrequited love for a barmaid:

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream.

As the following article by Richard Rand persuasively argues, the rich tradition has its explosive birth in a single moment of poetic history, in the lyrics of the early seventeenth-century poet Ben Jonson. It was not, says Rand, that the English suddenly discovered wine; rather, that poets discovered wine as a novel subject for verse.

Not so, however, with painting. From the sculptures of Greece and the frescoes of Pompeii through the photorealists of the 1970s, wine has preoccupied artists with remarkable consistency. In the portfolio of paintings that appears as a companion piece to Rand's essay in this issue of HORIZON, a consistently generous appreciation of wine can be discerned. There are fewer variations on the theme than one might expect. Wine has captured the imaginations of painters and sculptors usually in one of three guises: as mythological occasion, suitable for banquets of the gods or bacchanalian revelries; as a natural element in the domest still life; and as an inevitable concomitant festivities, luncheons, and evenings of mer ment among human—not Olympia —celebrants.

In both poetry and art, wine has struc painters and bards as intrinsically poetic stuf The same could hardly be said of beer, whiskey, or even—despite Coleridge and D Quincey—of opium. Turn the following page then, and, in the words of Keats drinking the nightingale, "leave the world unseen,/Ar with thee fade away into the forest dim."

—The Edito

This all goes back to a dinner with m friend David, a first-rate poet and prodigiously knowledgeable lover wines. One evening last May, as we finished o a bottle of 1967 Haut Batailley, I asked him write out some lines to remember it by. This h refused to do. "Poets don't write about wines, he explained.

"Whole books of poetry are written wine," I replied.

"Wine, yes, but not *wines*," was the answe "and especially not vintage wines like th

Caravaggio, The Young Bacchus, *1593. Caravaggio abandoned the idealized model depict even mystical experiences in dramatically realistic terms. Such minutiae as the dirt underneath his model's fingernail or the wormholes in the apples have place in his paintings.*

I lift the glass to my mouth,
I look at you, and I sigh.

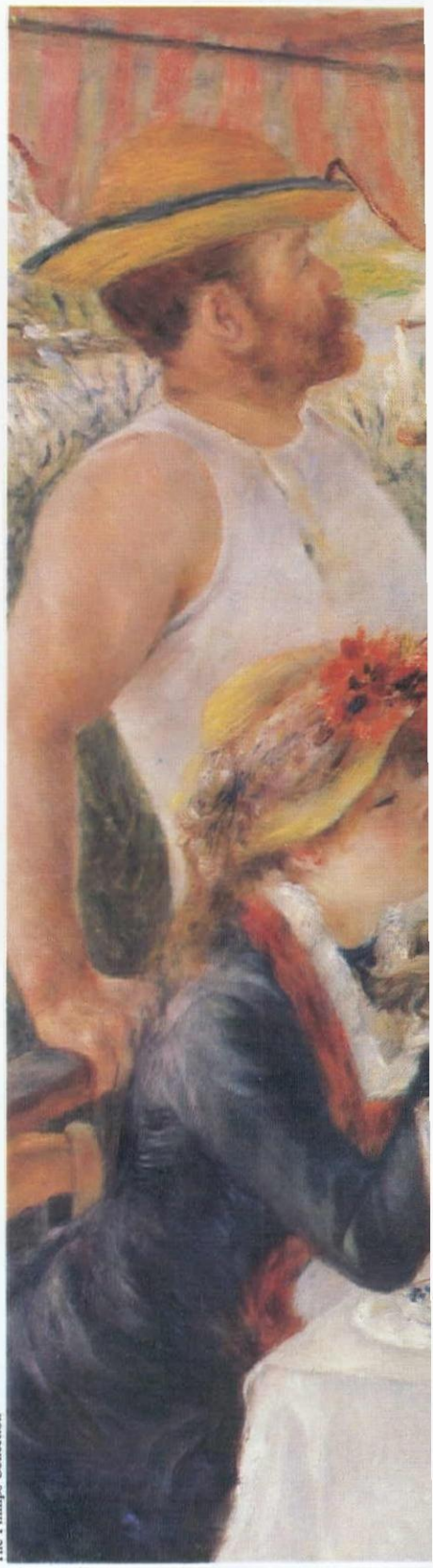
Editorial Photocolor Archives

one." Then he gazed for a moment at some bookcases across the room. "If you can turn up a single poem about a single specific wine—a vintage wine, for that matter—I'll pay for the Haut Batailley." To which he added, after a pause, "Except for Longfellow's 'Catawba Wine.' I give you 'Catawba Wine.' " So I thumbed through the poets on the bookshelves; some thirty minutes later, I came back empty-handed.

"What ever made me think that poets write about wines?" I asked.

"It seems like a logical thing," David explained. "Knowing wines and knowing poems are the mark of a civilized person. Poets, we suppose, are civilized, and so we logically infer that they write from the knowing, the tasteful point of view. But this is just what they never do, if they can help it." He paused again, and again continued. "It's as if a discriminating knowledge of wine were thought to be anti-

Above: Jan Steen, Merry Company, *c. 1663. In this major work Steen represents his own noisy family eating, drinking, and making music around a festive table. Many of his exuberant pictures are also designed to illustrate well-known proverbs. The message here is: "The young ones chirrup as the old ones used to sing."*

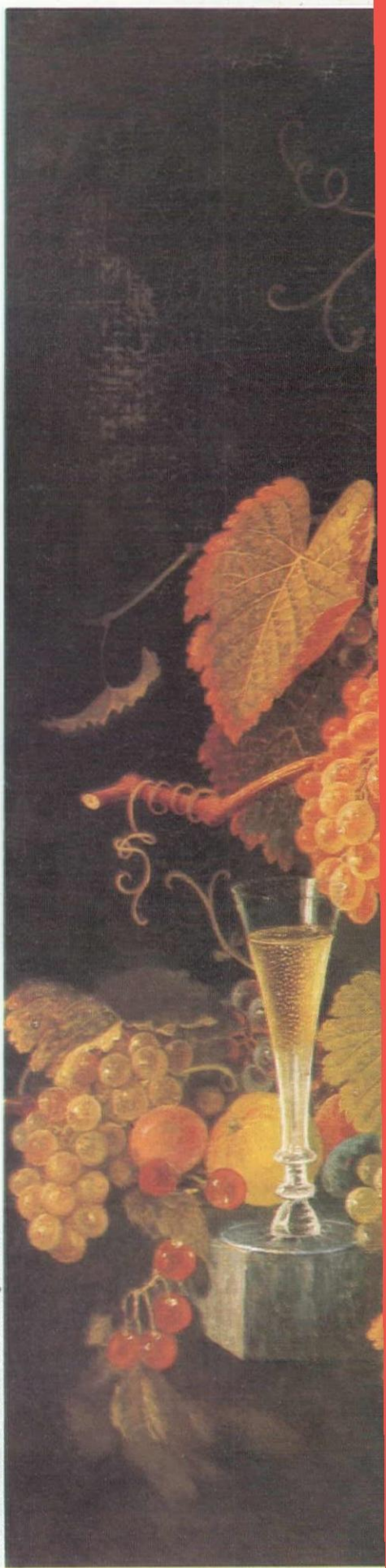


The Phillips Collection

Right: Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Luncheon of the Boating Party, *1881. Renoir's rich and brilliant colors illustrate the same kind of genre scene Steen depicted in the seventeenth century. The artist pictures a group of people he knew (he later married the girl on the left holding the dog) enjoying a sparkling assortment of wines and fruit.*

Drink o' th' strong, the rich, the old, Till wine too hath your wits in hold. . .

Editorial Photocolor Archives



New Britain Museum of American Art/E. Irving Blomstrann

poetic, which in fact it probably is. The student of wine may hope to master the subject, to tell the good wine from the bad, the Burgundy from the claret, the '66 from the '67, and even—why not?—the old north slope from the south slope of the one vineyard. But the poet has other needs: he wants the wine to master *him*. There is no 'good wine' or 'bad wine' for the poet, just 'wine' or 'no wine' at all. He wants to use it, not study it, or so at least he says. He treats it as an affair of cause and effect—of action." David smiled for a moment, then said, "Shall I write a few lines about getting stoned?"

"Why don't I just go over the poems I already have?" I replied, uncorking a bottle of Burgundy from Algiers.

Intricately subtle and vast as the subject is, it receives a finite, secondary, and marginal treatment in the hands of the poets from England—a land where wine is stored in cellars, but not cultivated in the countryside. Every English poet seems to mention wine in passing,

Above: Jean Siméon Chardin, The Jar of Olives, *1760. This still life employs harmonious colors, richly textured brushwork, and simple composition, characteristics that define the classic style of Chardin. When this work was exhibited, art critic Denis Diderot commented: "Nobody has a greater understanding of the harmony of color and reflections. One has only to . . . drink the glass of wine, peel the fruit, take up the knife, and slice the pie."*

Right: Paul Lacroix, Nature's Bounty, *oil on canvas, 36 x 48 inches. Lacroix took care to honor each detail in this still life, down to the individual treatment of each seed in each strawberry. In contrast to Chardin, this artist represents the verdant lushness and the lavish exuberance that characterized many American still lifes of the mid-nineteenth century. Where Chardin's work exudes restraint, Lacroix's breathes opulence.*

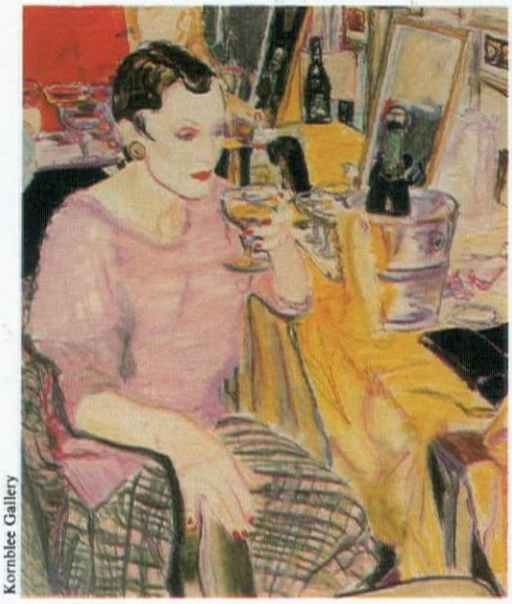
Today is ours; what do we fear? Today is ours; we have it here.

but fairly rare is the poet with something urgent or interesting to say about it. The first of the major poets to sing its praises with any frequency was Ben Jonson, in the early seventeenth century. Then, in the brief span of eight decades, from Jonson to Dryden, the literature overflows with drinking songs. The topic then recedes very quickly in the eighteenth century, except in the work of Robert Burns and Thomas Moore. Among the major romantics, only Byron and Keats took a passionate (if incidental) interest in wine, followed, in the nineteenth century, by the lesser figures of Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Ernest Dowson. In our own day, poets like Robert Lowell and Philip Larkin have written on whiskey and gin; the last of the great wine poets was William Butler Yeats, whose contributions take the form of brief and memorable epigrams, among them the famous "A Drinking Song":

Wine comes in at the mouth
And love comes in at the eye;
That's all we shall know for truth
Before we grow old and die.
I lift the glass to my mouth,
I look at you, and I sigh.

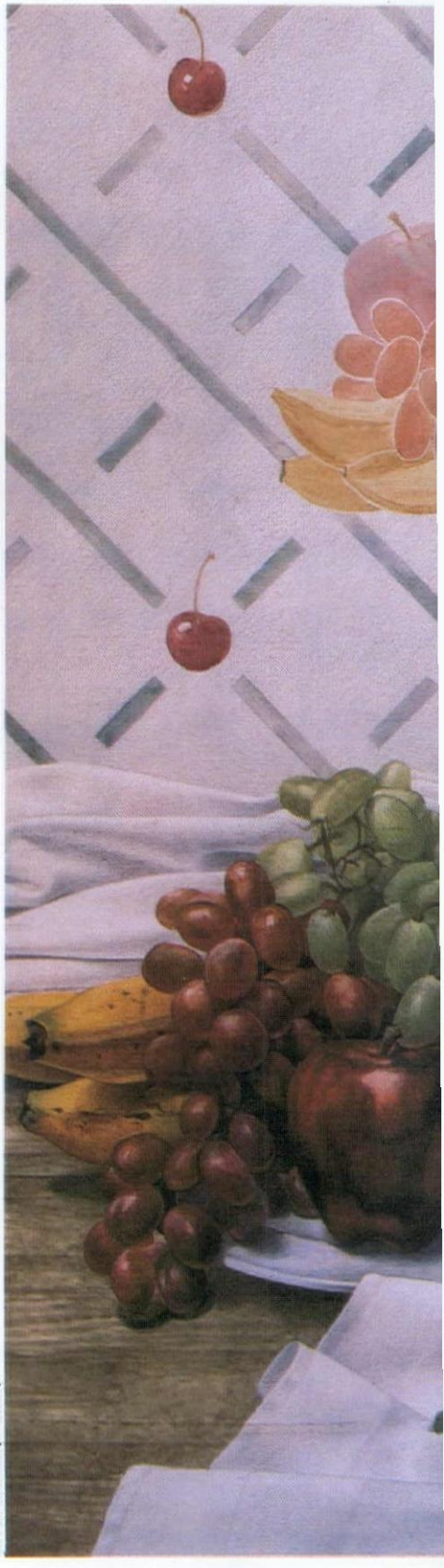
After Yeats, however, the subject of wine and its many odd surprises tended to give way to racier dislocations, such as outright insanity, and to more powerful, if less poetic, medicines, such as Thorazine and Haldol. And if we truly wish to read about wine in its fullest poetic force, we will have to go back to the days of Ben Jonson and shortly after, when the whole subject came into favor in the first place. What follows is a backward glance to those days, which were also the days of complex and delicate song making, the heyday of English lyric verse.

If we argue that the poets of the seventeenth century wrote the best verse in English on wine, it is not because they showed that they know wine best, or even loved it best, but because they came upon it as a novel object of study, and were prompted by it to a remarkable ingenuity and freshness of



Kornblee Gallery

Above: Bill Sullivan, Plaza #2, *1979, pastel, 42 x 47 inches. The themes encountered in earlier works still hold interest for these two contemporary artists. Sullivan depicts wine in a social setting, as did Steen and Renoir, but his world is one usually encountered vicariously through novels, magazines, and movies. His ornately rendered drawing presents a somewhat jaded-looking woman in a rather glamorous setting, with the wine (in this case champagne) as the inevitable concomitant of such human festivities.*



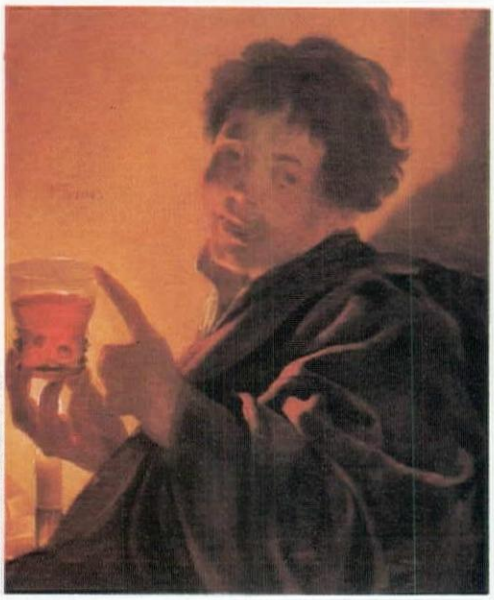
Robert Schoelkopf Gallery

Right: Martha Mayer Erlebacher, Homage to Bacchus, *1975, stabilio and watercolor, 22 x 30 inches. This drawing neatly combines the two remaining themes of the earlier works: a still life that is also an homage to Bacchus. Erlebacher's carefully planned, painstakingly composed drawing harks back to the formal concerns and contrivances of the religious art of an earlier time. Despite the artificial composition, it stands in the best tradition of the American trompe l'oeil still life, with its photographically rendered wine and fruit.*

language and thought. In itself, of course, wine has never been a novelty to the English. There is nothing novel about drinking: the "new" and the "old," the "fresh" and the "tired" are the basic forms of historical life; but drinking, like eating, fighting, dying, or making love, has only a glancing relationship to history. It is younger than history and also much older; it precedes history and will surely outlast it—if only because it is easier to imagine mankind giving up his memories before he gives up his pleasures. It is meaningless, therefore, to speak of the "novelty of drinking." But topics *within* a given art are always historical, and always subject to the shifts and vicissitudes of fashion; a new topic, or a new treatment of an old topic, are the essential forms of nourishment in the arts. As with war, religion, or sex, so it is with drinking, with wine; prior to the seventeenth century, drinking was hardly thought to merit any poetic reflection at all, at least among the English. Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare certainly mentioned it, but they did so within the scope and reckoning of medieval and Christian ethics, within the context, so to speak, of the Seven Deadly Sins, the Sin of Gluttony in particular. Even when it is treated in a festive or comic manner, as it is in the renderings of Falstaff by Shakespeare, there is also sounded an unambiguous note of disparagement. But with Jonson and his followers, a new and different note was struck, a note that is also filled with its own novelty and difference, and with the recognition of the force of that novelty upon the artist. It is the note of celebration itself, the note of praise:

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile
Like the wine and roses smile.
Crowned with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
Today is ours; what do we fear?
Today is ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs tomorrow.

Here, in "The Epicure" by Abraham Cowley, the pleasures of wine, and the good cheer that wine inspires, are mingled inextricably with the pleasures of the *new*, with the setting-on of a vivid sense of change. And not just of any change, like a change of scene or of company; the phrase "today is ours" gives a positive inflection to a normally negative, and never novel, region of experience—the tedious monotony of our everyday lives. "Today is ours": this phrase, so often felt as a curse, is felt here as a blessing, thanks to the transformations wrought by wine, which make the old things new. By extension, singing the praises of wine also changes the old ways of looking at wine, and the old ways of understanding it, and therefore, finally, the ways of writing and thinking about the art of poetry itself.


North Carolina Museum of Art

Hendrick Terbrugghen, Young Man with Wineglass by Candlelight, *seventeenth century. Terbrugghen's use of light and dark echoes Caravaggio's chiaroscuro.*

But this is the poetry of the seventeenth century, of the Renaissance, and there is no poem of the period that arises merely in defiance against an old code: the poets of the time also assert, in the best Renaissance way, the power and wealth of another ancient code, which is that of Greek and Latin poetry. For all its freshness and vitality, "The Epicure" is not in any way a novel or original poem. It is the faithful translation, by Cowley, of an old Greek ode by the poet Anacreon. The modernity of the poem—it has long been a standard lyric in the anthologies—is tied to its fidelity, its radical fidelity, to a very ancient text. This celebration of "*no* history" ("To the gods belongs tomorrow," and also yesterday, for that matter) is itself an outstanding moment the history of world literature. By an act really powerful recollection, Cowley "remei bers" a moment that happened almost tv thousand years before, a moment that is chie ly memorable for telling us *not* to rememb anything, least of all an earlier, ancient poei The paradoxical ties of ancient to modern a complex; the poets of the time were keen aware of this fact, and they exploited it many and various ways.

A bit of factual information about the co text is essential here: songs in praise of wi have not one but two ancient sources, one b ing the Greek songs of Anacreon, and anoth the Latin odes and epodes of Horace. Tl work of both poets—who greatly differ fro each other—gained currency through tl publication of two great modern editions, oi of Anacreon in 1554, as edited by Hen Stephen, and one of Horace in 1610, as edite by the celebrated Daniel Heinsius.

It would be hard for us to recover, or even t exaggerate, the doubly deep sense of novelt and memory experienced by those poets wh knew enough Latin and Greek to really inge their Anacreon and their Horace, not onl through reading, editing, translating, and in itating them, but finally also by "becoming those poets all over again. When, for example Robert Herrick wrote a drinking song, h directly combined, in the one poetic statemen the act of drinking the wine, the act of praisin the wine, the act of praising Horace an Anacreon, and the act (reported) of recitin their verses, all finally inseparable from th composing of a single Horatian (or is i Anacreontic?) ode by Robert Herrick himself

Here we securely live, and eat
The cream of meat;
And keep eternal fires,
By which we sit, and do divine
As wine
And rage inspires.

If full we charm; then call upon
Anacreon
To grace the frantic thyrse:
And having drunk, we raise a shout
Throughout
To praise his verse.

Then cause we *Horace* to be read,
Which sung, or said,
A goblet, to the brim,

)f lyric wine, both swelled and crowned,
A round
We quaff to him.

'hus, thus, we live, and spend the hours
In wine and flowers;
And make the frolic year,
'he month, the week, the instant day
To stay
The longer here.
An Ode to Sir Clipsby Crew

Repetition, as Kierkegaard conceived it, is a :ind of "recollection forwards," a paradoxical)hrase that nicely accounts for the movement, he double action, of the great seventeenth-:entury lyric poets, from Jonson and Herrick o Thomas Carew, John Suckling, Richard Lovelace, Cowley, Milton, and Dryden. What hey wrote about wine is always a recollection)f Horace and Anacreon, but every recollec-ion is also freshly accented by the sudden ıuance of a novel and surprising turn. These)oets, collectively, made almost every imagin-ıble claim for the value of wine, a situation which goes a long way, perhaps, towards ex-)laining why the topic lost much of its curren-:y in subsequent English verse: it is with relief, ınd with a sense of liberation from his own im-nediate precursors, that Keats could claim to ake his inspiration from a nightingale, and not :o be "charioted by Bacchus and his pards." No one, in any event, has ever tried to sum-narize, even in book form, the profusion of ıttributes assigned by the seventeenth century :o wine (or more precisely to sack, to sherry, ınd canary, fortified wines being the favorites)f the day). Variously, wine may be a medium)f social solidarity and spirit sharing (Horace insisted on this), or a source of stimulation for)ther bodily appetites (Anacreon insisted on this). More extravagantly, there is a kind of Dionysian claim that honors wine as the chief means of access to the highest, or deepest, values of the human spirit. In a moving poem by Richard Lovelace, called "The Vintage to the Dungeon," freedom itself is traced to the drinking of wine:

Sing out, pent souls, sing cheerfully!
Care shackles you in liberty,
Mirth frees you in captivity;
Would you double fetters add?
Else why so sad?
Besides your pinioned arms you'll find
Grief, too, can manacle the mind.

Here is a double fire, A dry one and a wet. . .

Live then pris'ners uncontrolled,
Drink o' th' strong, the rich, the old,
Till wine too hath your wits in hold;
Then if still your jollity
And throats are free,
Triumph in your bonds and pains,
And dance to th' music of your chains.

The poem is fraternal in the manner of Horace, and very physical in the manner of Anacreon; but Lovelace has added something else—the jail, the chains, and the victory. Another kind of poem in which the seventeeth-century imagination excels—the love poem, or more precisely the seduction poem—is frequently married, in a new and startling manner, to the celebration of wine. The astonishing Lovelace, for example, performed a verbal act of seduction by praising the wine to the lady in question herself. His "A Loose Saraband" is a *summa* in this sort of exercise; a passage from that poem gives us the best possible hint of how ingenious the sons of Ben could be when branching out from their classical sources:

Nay prithee, dear, draw nigher,
Yet closer, nigher yet,
Here is a double fire,
A dry one and a wet;
True lasting heavenly fuel
Puts out the vestal jewel,
When once we twining marry
Mad love with wild Canary.

With a rhetorical daring worthy of Yeats or Donne, Lovelace proceeded to compare the "assuaging" powers of "Venetian" and "Rhenish" wines to the "possets" of the human body itself, linking them through an old belief that milk "assuages" lightning:

Off with that crowned Venice
Till all the house doth flame,
We'll quench it straight in Rhenish,
Or what we must not name;
Milk lightning still assuageth,
So when our fury rageth,
As th' only means to cross it,
We'll drown it in love's posset.

At one point in this extraordinary poem, Lovelace tossed off the question, "Lord, what is man and sober?" Had he thought to answer, Lovelace would have said, to his own complete conviction. "Nothing, nothing at all." An answer of this kind—and it is *only* an answer of this kind that generates a real "poetry of wine," such as *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*—is neither mad, nor decadent, nor trivial; it is, in the end, specifically poetic. For wine is not only a source of poetry, but an analogue, or mirror image, of the poetic process itself. Wine is a powerful image for poetry in many ways: it is the product of change, of the changes wrought by the sun on the vine (producing the grape), and of the changes wrought in turn on the grape by the processes of fermentation. This alteration in the grape is passed on to the person who drinks it, passing it on to the world in his turn through the acts of love or language that the wine inspires within. And, just as a person under the influence is a transitory point in a shifting sequence of changes, so a poem is a change in a sequence of changes, be they the translations of a classical language into a modern one, or the "twining" of a theme with some other theme with which it had never been twined before. Which is to say that wine is a metaphor, a mirror image, for all the metaphors of poetry. Ben Jonson insisted on this value at the very outset of his own career:

Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,
Till I may see the plump Lyaeus swim
Above the brim;
I drink as I would write,
In flowing measure, filled with flame and sprite.

Jonson's pun on *measure* is a deep one: a "measure of wine" and a "measure of verse" are not precisely identical, but they share much more than they divide. As Jonson and his successors so well knew, poetry is a kind of "language under the influence," not meant, perhaps, for everyday usage, but certainly meant for holidays.

Provided, of course, that one does not merely sniff at it, or taste it, but drinks it down "in flowing measure"; a thing for the enthusiast, and not for the connoisseur. □

Richard Rand is an English literature scholar. He is currently studying the World War II Italian campaign of the French army.

Radio's most popular show
had its origins in a Detroit studio
during the depression.
By Richard Osgood

The Birth of The Lone Ranger

Moments before the first broadcast of "The Lone Ranger," on January 30, 1933, the announcer, Harold True, picked up his script. The opening copy read: "The Jewell Players present a fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of dust and a hearty—(LAUGHS)." The word in parentheses was script-writer Fran Striker's direction to the announcer. True exploded: "What the hell is this, 'LAUGHS'?"

"It means you laugh," said director James Jewell, looking at the clock.

"Laughs! For Christ sake, I'm no actor!"

Jewell frowned and led True out of the studio into a hallway.

"What the hell am I supposed to be laughing at?" True wanted to know.

Jewell looked at his watch, frowning. "It's Striker's idea. We've got to change it. Trendle wants it serious."

George W. Trendle was one of the three owners of WXYZ in Detroit, and also the manager of the radio station. He was the leader, and he wanted the western hero to be a dedicated upholder of justice, no drawl or dialect, perfect English, utterly sober—a saint on horseback.

So in keeping with Trendle's earnest tone, True suggested a cowboy yell instead of laughs.

Jewell responded: "Well, try one."

"Yi, yi," yelled True.

Jewell fixed his eyes fiercely on the announcer. "No good, Harold. It lets the whole opening down. You've got to top the words 'a fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of dust and a hearty —' whatever. You've got to top it."

Richard Osgood worked with WXYZ radio station in Detroit for thirty-seven years. He is now researching, writing, and broadcasting a syndicated transcription, called The Human Side of Things, *about his life at the station.*

Fran Striker (left), consulting here with WXYZ publicity director Felix Holt, was the free lancer who, asked to produce a Western thriller with "the usual hokum," created the prototype of "The Lone Ranger."

"Yi, yi, yi—YIPPEEEE."

Jewell shook his head. "Sounds like you're on a spree. Try calling the horse."

"Hi yi, Silver," True yelled without much enthusiasm.

"That's a little better," said Jewell. "But give it guts. Do the whole thing. Run into it. Give it guts."

True doubled one fist, holding his script in the other.

"The Jewell Players present a fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of dust and a hearty HI YO SI-I-IILVER-R-R!"

"That's it! That's it!" cried Jewell. "Come on!"

Five seconds later they were on the air.

For the first few weeks the show didn't even have a name of its own; it was simply one of the series, "Hunters of Men," nightly dramas that Jewell directed. Then, at one of the many conferences, True came out dramatically with: "The LO-O-OHNE RA-A-ANGER-R."

The anecdote epitomizes the painstakir evolution of radio's most popular show. Tl harried circumstances surrounding the show creation had been intensified by the necessi of achieving financial success. The year 19: was a bad one; the economy was sliding fro bad to worse in the Great Depression. Georg Trendle and two other men in Detroit who ha purchased a radio station right after Wa Street crumbled were in real trouble.

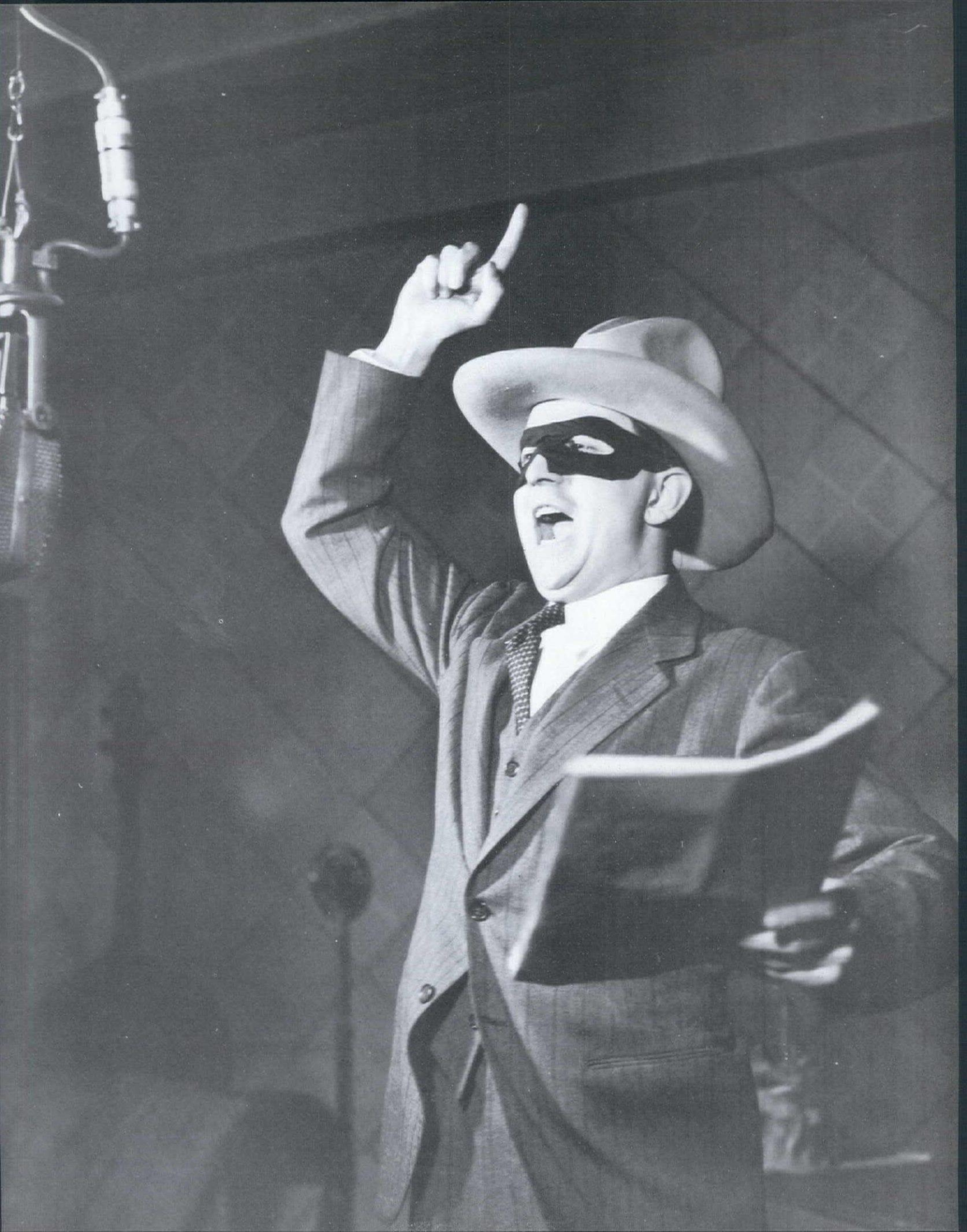
"WXYZ, The Last Word In Radio." Tren dle had captured the last four characters of th alphabet from the armed services for their ne call letters. But he made the mistake of dropp ing the CBS network which had come with th station. No first-class radio station at that tim used phonograph records, so Trendle was forc ed to fill nineteen hours a day with live talent A theater pipe organ was installed in on studio; there were four pianists, twenty-tw singers, two arrangers, a fifteen-piece or chestra, and Jewell's radio drama every night

"The station sounds good," said partne Howard Pierce one day in Trendle's office.

"We're losing $4,000 a week," Trendl reminded him. "But I've been thinking Howard. In the theaters we never did bad busi ness with a good Western. In fact, we did gooc business with bad Westerns. I've got character in mind; he hasn't taken shape yet but. . . . "

He called a conference. Trendle always tool full credit for the creation that followed although True later declared that he gave Tren dle the idea for a Western during a meetin weeks before the conference, and Jewell, or the other hand, claimed that one night on th "Hunters of Men" series he produced a story with a western hero who "had a shadow hang

Actor Earl Grasser purportedly wore the Lone Ranger's mask to work because of the fanatic following of Detroit children.



ing over him" and who returned to the town where he was in trouble to "clean it up." To disguise himself he wore a mask covering the *lower* half of his face. Jewell said this had occurred some time before Trendle called that first conference.

Implying that he himself had written this earlier Western, Jewell now tried to write a couple of scripts to fit Trendle's rather vague idea; but Trendle didn't like them. So Jewell turned to Fran Striker, a free lancer whose radio scripts he was using regularly.

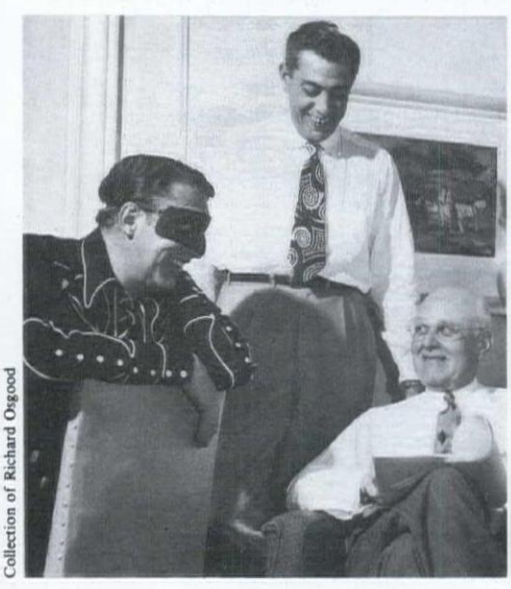
Striker, who was working out of Buffalo, was delighted to receive a letter from Jewell suggesting that he write up "three or four Wild West thrillers," using as the central figure a lone cowboy. Jewell suggested that he put in his scripts the "usual hokum" of bank robbers, rustlers, heroines tied to railroad tracks, and fights on tops of box cars. Striker revised some of his "Covered Wagon Days" scripts, radio dramas he had been trying to peddle, and mailed them to Detroit. The file of letters that passed between Jewell and Striker shows beyond question that the latter believed *himself* to be the creator of this new series.

Striker's hero was happy-go-lucky and sang songs, but this was certainly not the hero Trendle envisioned. As Striker worked on gradually bringing the hero around to Trendle's conception, Trendle was trying to work out the cowboy vehicle. Someone suggested an Arabian steed, but Trendle turned that notion down. A good rider himself, with a knowledge of horses, he said: "I want a beautiful, high-stepping, big, white horse."

When the cowboy and the horse were well enough established, the time came for picking music and casting. Jewell's chief sound man, Bert Djerkiss, came from a musical family and had a flair for finding passages in classical music to fit the emotional content of a drama. He went to work to find something appropriate for the Western, which was still without a name.

"Jimmy Jewell and I sat down," Howard Pierce said later, "and we had to have some kind of music that went with a gallop. We tried this one and that one and the other one. They didn't work."

The choice finally narrowed down to two overtures: Rossini's *William Tell* and von Suppé's *Poet and Peasant*. Jewell liked the fanfare at the beginning of the "storm" movement of the Rossini overture. "The ever increasing cadence and roar of the brewing storm



Collection of Richard Osgood

Silver's thundering hoofbeats were created (above) by four men who clapped together toilet plungers swathed in cheesecloth. Left: At a story conference, from left, Brace Beemer, Fran Striker, and George Trendle. By 1932 WXYZ was losing $4,000 a week. "The Lone Ranger" saved it.

became a gallop whether or not Rossini intended it that way," he said. "I could almost hear those thundering hoofbeats."

"And all at once," Pierce concluded, "we had the *William Tell* Overture and that was it."

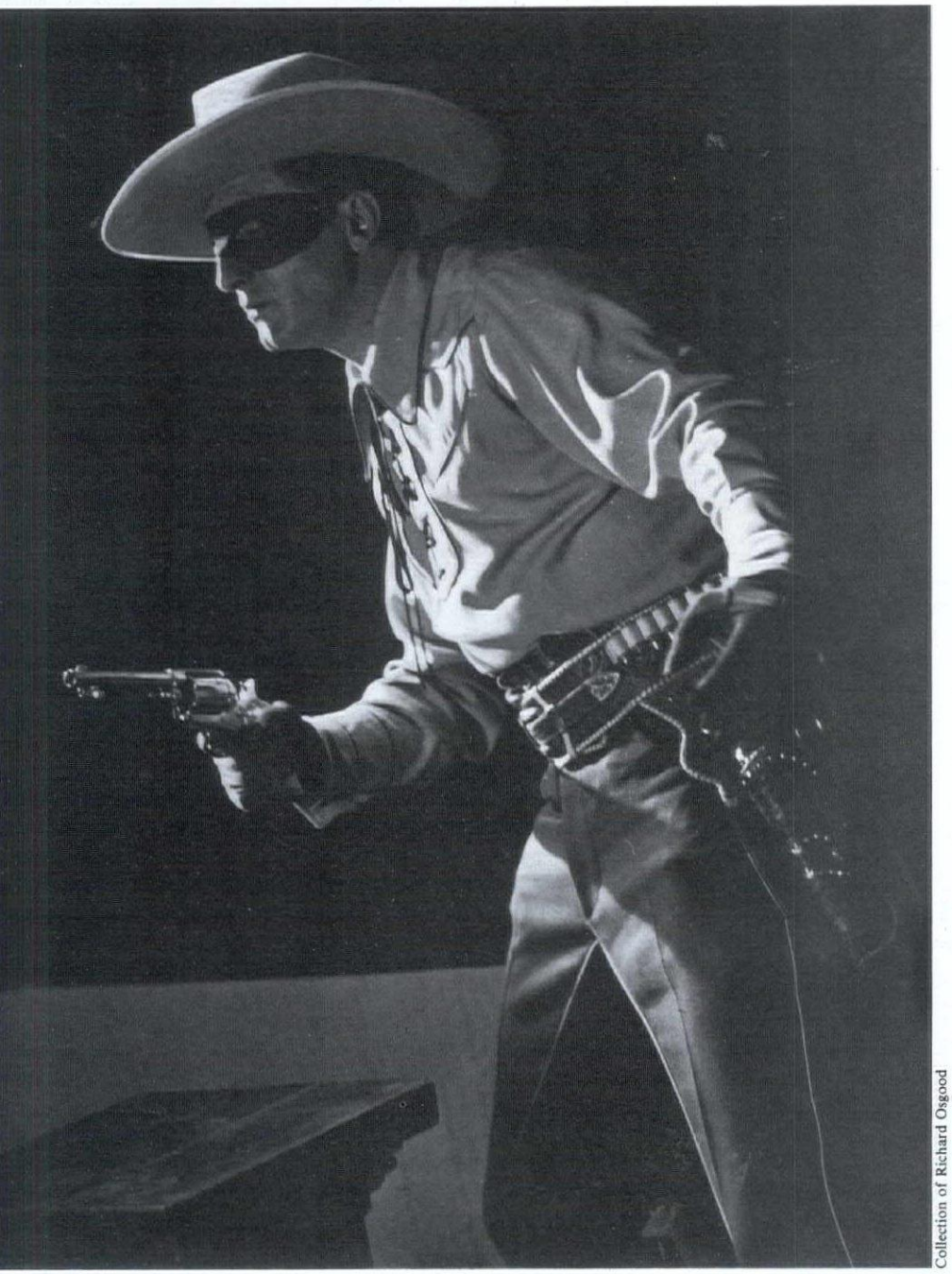
There has been much controversy as to who first played the famous cowboy. According to Trendle it was an actor named Jack Deeds. But a few years ago, there appeared in a Los Angeles newspaper the photograph of a dapper, handsome, white-haired gentleman who heade a large company. He was identified as Le Trent, first to play the lone cowboy. No on who worked on the show ever heard of a Le Trent. After three years of unanswered lette addressed to Lee Trent, a note was receive which read in part: "Yes. I was a voice of [th cowboy] in the beginning, *under a differe name.*" The letter was signed, Lee Trent. A pieces of the puzzle put together, Jack Deec and Lee Trent have to be one and the same, an the *second* to play the famous role.

Jewell, who directed the original show, wa positive that the first to play the classic hero wa George Stenius, who later changed his name t Seaton, and wrote, directed, and produced mo tion pictures, and won several Oscars.

George Seaton remembered auditioning fo Jewell, being called two days later and told th part was his, and going into rehearsal one wee later for the first broadcast, January 30, 193

The development of "The Lone Ranger's

"How about a girl?"
"No girl."
"Well, maybe it could be an Indian."



Collection of Richard Osgood

Brace Beemer, the fifth radio-Lone Ranger and also the last one, played the part longer than anyone else.

second major character (besides Silver) occurred after the show had been on the air. Trendle decided that there was too much talk and not enough action. "The narrator talks too much," he said.

"Somebody has to make clear what's going on in the Ranger's mind," Jewell explained. "He can't keep talking to his horse."

Pierce suggested another character, a companion.

"That might work," Trendle agreed.

"How about a girl?" someone asked.

"No girl," said Trendle. "That's out. No romance."

"Well, maybe it could be an Indian," said Pierce.

"An Indian character might be all right provided he doesn't take anything away from the Ranger," Trendle conceded. "Always remember—the Ranger is the hero."

So Striker wrote in an Indian. He already had an Indian in "Covered Wagon Days" named Gobo, but he wanted a better name. He found his name on a map of Arizona—Tonto Basin.

Jewell didn't like this name because an Indian chief who made annual visits to a boys' camp his uncle ran in Michigan (Camp Kee-Moh-Sah-Bee) drank too much on those occasions, and members of his tribe invariably had to come carry him home. The Indians had called him a "tonto," meaning wild and badly behaved. Hardly appropriate, Jewell thought, for the Ranger's companion. But he was overruled.

According to Jewell, though, Kee-Moh-Sah-Bee means "trusty scout."

The first and last actor to play Tonto on radio was John Todd. Briefly and temporarily the role was taken over once by a real Indian, Louis Morago (Indian name, Flying Cloud). It was said Morago quit because of Tonto's *me gos*, *git 'em ups*, and *ughs*.

Not until the program landed its first important sponsor at the end of its first year on the air did Tonto get a horse; prior to this event, he rode on Silver with the Lone Ranger. Harry Sale, advertising counsel of the sponsor, Gordon Baking Company, thought this was silly; so Striker gave him a horse of his own. This horse got his name, Scout, in a mail contest suggested by the sponsor.

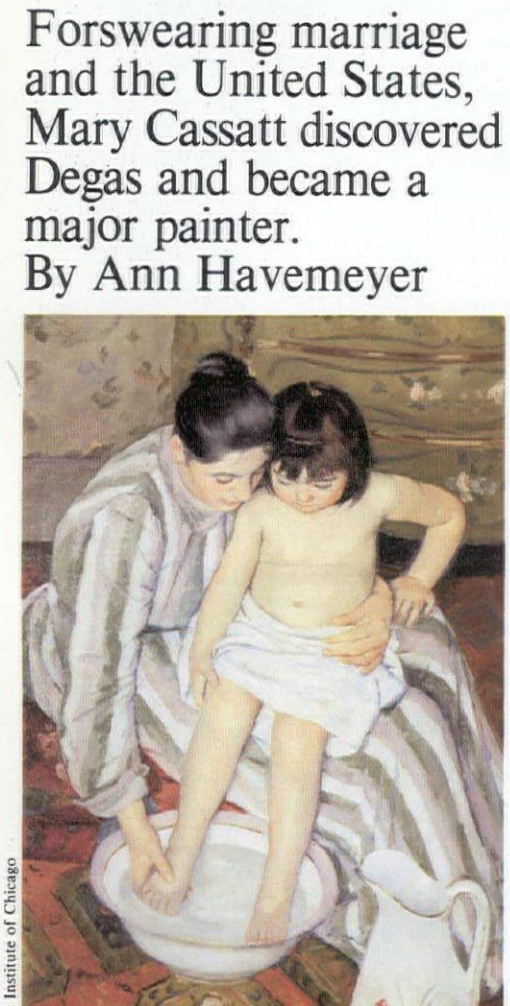
With Tonto off his back and a sponsor on it, the great horse Silver went into full gallop. The program was fed to WGN in Chicago and WOR in New York. This was the beginning of the Mutual Network. American Bakeries, headquartered in Atlanta, picked up the show for several stations in the South, and the Ranger really rode in the West at last for another sponsor over the Don Lee Network.

George Trendle and his partners no longer lost money. The "last word in radio" had created the first totally successful hero in broadcasting. Forty-eight years after his first appearance, the Lone Ranger has been announced to ride again in a new movie, among whose producers is a Lone Ranger fan from Texas, Jack Wrather, who purchased all rights to the great classic in August, 1954, for $3,000,000. Of all the creators of the original, not one is alive today, except, possibly, the boy who won a contest by giving Tonto's horse his name, Scout. □

Cassatt: The Shy American

Forswearing marriage and the United States, Mary Cassatt discovered Degas and became a major painter.

By Ann Havemeyer



The Art Institute of Chicago

"Perhaps they are right who say I will survive." Such were the words of Mary Cassatt, written to her closest friend, Louisine W. Havemeyer, over three-quarters of a century ago. And while they have proven true to this day, the words seem to echo with the sense of a long, hard battle having just turned. Indeed, survival for Mary Cassatt as a woman artist in the late nineteenth century was a formidable challenge. It meant leaving her home in America to live permanently abroad; it meant facing the disapproval of family and friends; and it meant upholding her own ideals against what was then a most oppressive art establishment. But Mary Cassatt was a strong and independent woman. Not only has she survived as an important artist in her own right, but also she may be credited with having played a significant role in bringing art to an America then young in its appreciation and possession of fine works.

Born May 22, 1844, in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, Mary Stevenson Cassatt was the fourth of five children of Robert Simpson Cassatt and Katherine Kelso Johnston. Her father was a successful stockbroker and speculator in real estate and served for a time as mayor of the city. The family was well-off and had considerable social standing within the community. They also traveled a good deal and spent four years in Europe before settling permanently in Philadelphia in 1858. Three years later, at the age of seventeen, Mary Cassatt enrolled at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and began her career as an artist.

Cassatt's determination to study art must have initially dismayed her parents. In those days, the pursuit of such a career was practically unheard of for a young woman of wealth and social standing. While an intelligent appreciation of the arts was certainly admired, any serious commitment over and above one's role as wife and mother was frowned upon. In the mid-nineteenth century's *Family Monitor and Domestic Guide,* drawing is referred to only as an occupation intended "to keep the mind from brooding upon self, and to maintain that general cheerfulness which is a part of social and domestic duty." In short, while society did not forbid women to become artists, the expectations it made upon them did not encourage it.

It therefore took a single-minded determination on the part of Mary Cassatt to realize her ambition. Certainly this was somewhat tempered by the disapproval of her parents and by the disappointment she felt herself to be in their eyes. Years later she wrote, "I think sometimes a girl's first duty is to be handsome, and parents feel it when she isn't. I am sure my father did." Nonetheless, once the decision was made to study art, the Cassatt famil stood by her, while remaining skeptical as t the outcome of such studies. "Her art name Mary Stevenson," Alexander Cassatt wrote c his sister, "under which name I suppose sh expects to become famous, poor child."

Cassatt studied at the academy for fou years but found the program disappointing Training at that time consisted of tediousl copying plaster casts and second-rate paint ings, with little emphasis on drawing from life Furthermore, there were virtually no publi galleries nor accessible private collections t study. Such a sad state of affairs in this coun try was due in part to the rapid pace of indus trialization which left little room for the art and fostered an atmosphere of benign neglect The prevailing attitude was summed up in th words of James Jackson Jarves, who wrote i 1864, "Men must work to live, before they ca live to enjoy the beautiful." With such a lac of interest in the arts, most serious aspiring art ists went to Europe for their training. Such wa the case with Mary Cassatt.

She left for Paris in 1866. After her parent saw her comfortably and appropriately settled she began her own program of study. Choos ing not to enter the studio of one of the man popular academic artists of the day, Cassat was convinced that the best way to learn though perhaps the longest and the hardest was to copy works of the old masters to b found in various museums and collection throughout Paris. In 1872 she traveled to Italy and then to Spain and Belgium to study then further. In 1873 Cassatt returned to Paris and decided to settle there permanently.

These years of study reveal an independenc that was characteristic of Mary Cassatt. It le her initially out of the artistic limitations of he own country, and it enabled her to look at ar objectively and then to establish her ow values regardless of the current fashion. A that time, fashion in art was dictated by th Paris Salon. Artists who wished to exhibit a the salon had to submit their work to a jur where it was carefully examined according to rigid set of rules: the subject matter must b appropriately grand, the palette subdued, and the finish smooth.

Cassatt's early work shows an interest i naturalism, the use of bright colors, and vitality in execution which led her away fron the salon and to a group of young artist

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Right: With its broad painterly brushwork, The Cup of Tea, *1879, oil on canvas, 36½ x 26 inches, reflects Cassatt's earlier, more impressionistic approach. By the 1890s, the texture becomes smoother and the figures more sharply delineated, as* The Bath, *(left) 1892, oil on canvas, 39½ x 26 inches, indicates. Preparatory drawings demonstrate that Cassatt considered the placement of the heads to be the composition's focal point.*

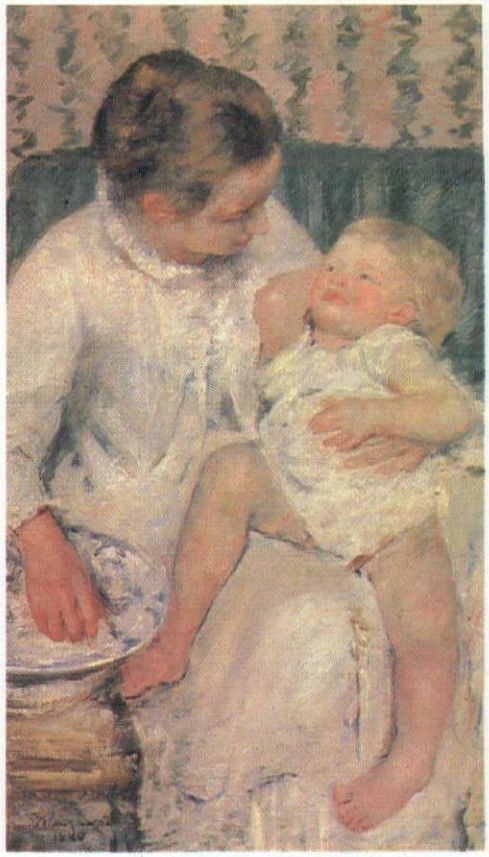
Philadelphia Museum of Art/Eric E. Mitchell

"I think a girl's first duty is to be handsome, and parents feel it when she isn't."

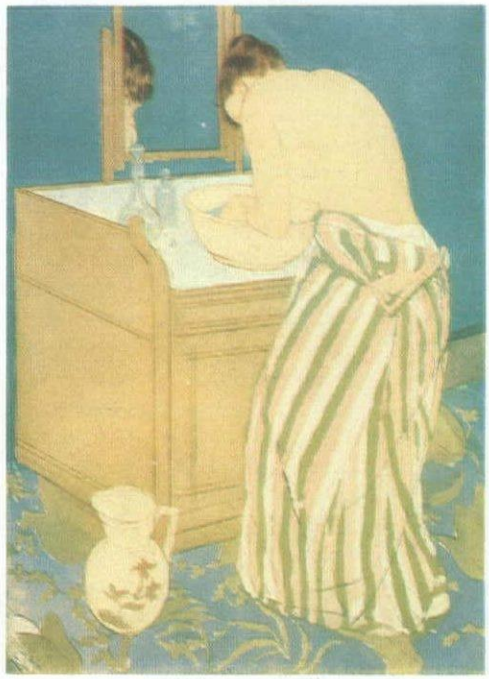
gathered around Edouard Manet. Referring to themselves as the independents, these artists sought to introduce a fresh way of seeing to the art world and thereby to liberate art from the stronghold of the salon. Often painting outdoors, they chose to portray scenes from everyday life with a new sense of color and light rendered through vibrant, broken brushwork. Their paintings were scoffed at by critics and public alike, who, because of the apparent spontaneity of their work, called these artists the impressionists. What actually bound them together was the search for honesty in the face of the doctrinaire principles of academicism. "Paint what is true and I applaud," said Emile Zola in 1866; "Paint what is most alive and individual in you and I applaud even more."

Cassatt's affiliation with the impressionists had a formative influence upon her career. Its most significant outcome by far was her friendship with Edgar Degas. Long before their meeting in 1877, Cassatt had discovered and greatly admired his work. "How well I remember," she said years later, "seeing for the first time Degas' pastels in the window of a picture dealer on the Boulevard Haussmann. I used to go and flatten my nose against that window and absorb all I could of his art. It changed my life. I saw art then as I wanted to see it." Degas too had recognized in Cassatt's work a kindred spirit. In 1874 he commented about one of her paintings, "That is genuine. There is someone who feels as I do." From the start he criticized her work as a peer, submitting it to his own high standards. With such feelings of mutual admiration and respect, their relationship became a decisive inspiration to Cassatt in the development of her mature style.

Shortly after she met Degas, Cassatt began work on her series of women in a loge. Already his influence upon her work is apparent. Not only is the subject matter familiar—the theater was perhaps Degas' favorite haunt—but also the lively poses, the juxtaposition of varying scales, and the treatment of space in which a mirror is often used as a pictorial device to extend that space as well as to approach the subject from different angles. The loge series is part of Cassatt's most impressionistic and painterly phase, with emphasis placed on the effects of light as it fractures form. As Cassatt



Los Angeles County Museum of Art



National Gallery of Art

Top right: Mother About to Wash Her Sleepy Child, *1880, oil on canvas, 39½ x 26 inches, is one of Cassatt's first attempts at portraying the maternal bond. Center right:* Woman Bathing, *1891, color print with drypoint and aquatint, 14½ x 11 inches, is one of the ten color aquatints that represent Cassatt's most original work in this field. Below right (detail left):* Woman and Child Driving , *1879, oil on canvas, 35¼ x 51½ inches, depicts an outdoor-life scene, rare in Cassatt's oeuvre.*

assimilated Degas' influence more completely, this emphasis was superseded by a concern with the integrity of form, the line that defines that form and the pattern it creates.

Cassatt's interest in form and design, while molded by Degas, was reinforced by the discovery of similar concerns in Japanese art. Enthusiasm for Japanese art had developed in the 1850s when some Oriental woodcuts used as packing material for porcelain found their way into the hands of several artists in Paris. These artists, and Degas in particular, found in the Japanese work certain techniques which appealed to their innovative artistic vision: the use of asymmetry in composition, flat patterns, bird's-eye perspective, close-ups, and cropping. Through careful study, Cassatt was able to incorporate meaningfully such techniques into her art.

Cassatt's mature style is reflected in her work of the 1890s. In *The Bath* (circa 1891, Art Institute of Chicago) strong contours emphasize the forms of mother and child, locked together both physically and psychologically against a unified background. Cassatt's use of the silhouette is strengthened by her excellent draftsmanship, which reinforces with rhythm and energy the linear patterns, giving to the composition a clarity of design and a sense of solidity and permanence. Indeed, it is perhaps in the strength of her drawing that Cassatt's consummate skills as an artist lay. With Degas' insistence on the importance of drawing in the rendering of form, Cassatt perfected her draftsmanship, particularly through work in the graphic medium. Here the vigor and sureness of her line was developed and transferred to her painting. In 1886 Degas responded to her painting, *Girl Arranging Her Hair* (National Gallery of Art) with the exclamation, "What drawing, what style!"

While Cassatt's mature style represents an absorption of different influences, it was above all her own expression. Degas once said, "One loves and gives art only to things to which one is accustomed." Like Degas, Cassatt painted the world with which she was most familiar, that of her family and friends, primarily women and children. Within this quiet Victorian world, artistic problems were defined and explored. Cassatt's treatment of the mother-child theme is seldom sentimental. Rather the relationship is interpreted frankly and, in her best work, with a vigorous psychological penetration.

Mary Cassatt did not marry. Her relationship with Degas outside the realm of art is difficult to define. In light of her conservative upbringing and strong moral principles, it is doubtful that it extended beyond a close friendship. However, the fact that Cassatt burned all of Degas' letters to her before she died would suggest that it was a relationship highly charged with emotion.

In her *Memoirs of a Collector*, Louisine

"I suppose she expects to be famous, poor child."

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon

In Little Girl in a Blue Armchair, *1878, oil on canvas, 35 x 51 inches, Cassatt has captured the child's ennui, balancing her languid pose, both physically and psychologically, with a sleeping dog. In America, Cassatt was almost as well known for the dog, a Belgian griffon, as for her art.*

Havemeyer recalls a conversation with Cassatt concerning Degas. Referring to his "caustic wit which frequently burned deep and hurt hard," she asked Cassatt:

"How could you get on with him?"

"Oh," she answered, "I am independent! I can live alone, and I love to work. Sometimes it made him furious that he could not find a chink in my armor, and there would be months when we just could not see each other, and then something I painted would bring us together again and he would go to Durand-Ruel's and say something nice about me, or come to see me himself."

Privately, Cassatt's armor wasn't quite so impenetrable. In 1891, she wrote to Mrs. Potter Palmer, "I have been half a dozen times on the point of asking Degas to come and see my work, but if he happens to be in the mood, he would demolish me so completely that I could never pick myself up in time to finish for the exhibition." Indeed, these two headstrong individuals affected each other deeply.

Cassatt died June 14, 1926, in France. On both continents her loss was recognized as that of a remarkable woman, both as an artist and as an art historian. With her comprehensive knowledge of art, a judgment and taste that were well ahead of her time, and a desire to rectify the state of affairs in her native country, still sadly in need of great works, Cassatt was instrumental in bringing art through the private collectors into America. It was she who convinced Louisine Havemeyer to buy her first Degas pastel for 500 francs in 1873, thereby starting one of the finest collections of both old masters and, at that time, unappreciated young moderns. These great private collections were later to pass into the museums and on to the American public, as Cassatt wished.

To the end, Mary Cassatt remained reticent about her accomplishments. The art dealer, Ambroise Vollard, wrote of an encounter Cassatt had with a group of strangers at an exhibition. They were arguing about French impressionism.

"But," said someone speaking to Mary Cassatt without knowing who she was, "You are forgetting a foreign painter that Degas ranks very high."

"Who is that?" she asked in astonishment.

"Mary Cassatt."

Without false modesty, quite naturally, she exclaimed, "Oh, nonsense!"

"She is jealous," murmured the other, turning away. □

"That is genuine," said Degas. "There is someone who feels as I do."

Sotheby Parke Bernet

Above: Edgar Degas, Portrait of Mary Cassatt, *1884, oil on canvas, 28 x 22¼ inches. Opposite page:* Lydia Leaning on Her Arms, Seated in a Loge, *circa 1879, pastel on paper, 22 x 18 inches. Cassatt's use of pastels conveys the vibrancy of the light-filled theater. The similarity of poses in these two portraits testifies to the artists' exchange of ideas.*

Cassatt in America

In accordance with Mary Cassatt's wishes, the private art collections s helped amass were eventually passed on to museums, and thus to the pu lic. The artist's own work can also be seen in several of America's museur

The **Museum of Fine Arts** in Boston contains at least seven Cassatts. an art agent and advisor, Cassatt aided the museum in another capacity t She was responsible for the arrival of the first major Manets in Bost works which the museum considers gems of its collection.

The **Art Institute of Chicago** houses several Cassatts. As a guiding fo in the development of fine art in America, Cassatt not only encoura her friend and Chicago grande dame, Mrs. Potter Palmer, in the creati of her own private collection (parts of which the museum now holds), l Cassatt was instrumental in bringing the great El Greco altarpiece, *T Assumption of the Virgin*, to America and subsequently to the Art stitute.

The **Metropolitan Museum of Art** in New York City contains at le fifteen Cassatts, including those donated by the Havemeyers. Jan Stillman, a friend of Cassatt who reportedly asked her to marry hi owned several of her works, a number of which his son "anonymousl gave to the Met in 1922, four years after Stillman died. The M distributed a large part of this collection to other museums around t country, while keeping a few canvases for its own use.

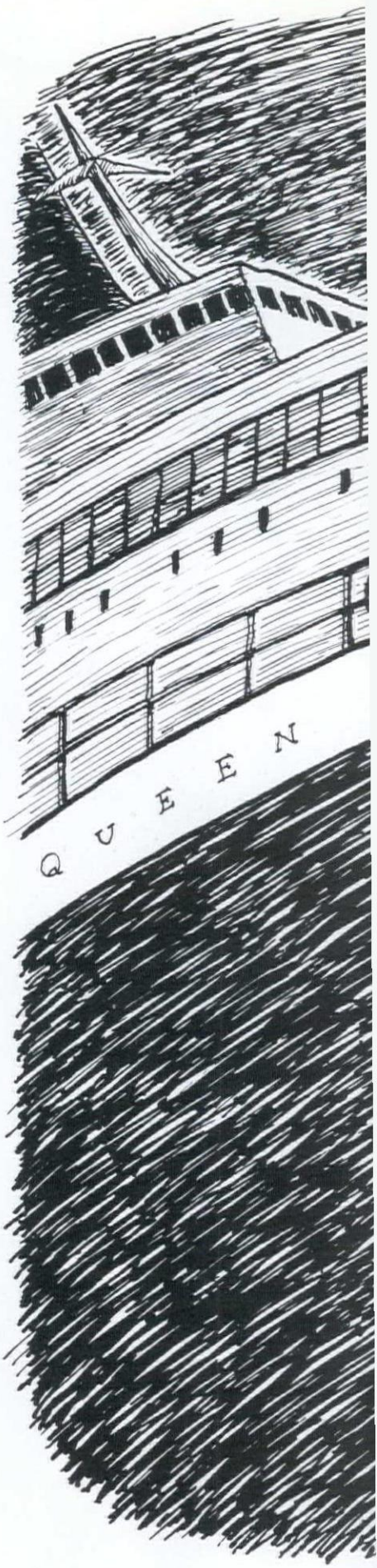
The **National Gallery of Art** in Washington, D.C., houses the Ches Dale Collection, which contains seven Cassatts, including one of her m ambitious paintings, *The Boating Party*.

The **Philadelphia Museum of Art**, in the artist's home state, has be graced with numerous Cassatt works donated over the years by membe of her family. Several of these are family portraits, such as *Woman a Child Driving*, which depicts Cassatt's sister Lydia accompanied by one Degas' nieces.

The Last of the Liners

A vestige of the age of opulent travel, the *Queen Elizabeth 2* still plies the Atlantic.

By Edith Skom



"Do you know, I've never been in a boat before in all my life."

"What?" cried the Rat, open-mouthed: "Never been in a—you never—well, I—what have you been doing then?"

—Kenneth Grahame,
Wind in the Willows *(1908)*

In 1907, when Kenneth Grahame put Mole and Water Rat in a boat and sent them downriver for a day, he might have been forecasting the glorious 1920s-1960s era of the luxury liners. Mole's and Rat's water holiday still matches up exactly with the delights of crossing the Atlantic on the last great ocean liner, the *Queen Elizabeth 2.*

One can still go aboard with landlubber Mole:

"Is it so nice as all that?" asked the Mole shyly, though he was quite prepared to believe it as he leant back and surveyed the cushions, the oars, the rowlocks, and all the fascinating fittings.

The landlubber who boards the *Queen Elizabeth 2* is also fascinated by details that can only be different *because* it's a ship. Because a ship sways, a filled tub might overflow, so there's a raised edge at the door of the bath. Dishes might slide, so dining tables are made to turn up at the sides. For the same rolling reasons, elegant chairs are splay-legged, bedside chests are softly upholstered, and tea sets are as squared-off and flat-bottomed as a prairie house.

Another charm is the vast and unexpected elbowroom. Once you discover several city blocks of space, claustrophobic fears dissolve, making way for the urge to look around. There are shops, pools, nightclubs, and libraries to find, thirteen stories to explore.

The best way to get the hang of the ship is to shun the elevators that take passengers from deck to deck, and get acquainted with the stairways. From A (forward) to H (aft), each has its own identity. Midships D staircase is swanky. Richly carpeted in royal blue, broad enough for gowned and tuxedoed couples to pass each other without moving aside, D is the path to a plushy theater and a softly lit dining room. Forward from D is sporty plaid-carpeted C. Stepping aside for athletes who've finished working out, take C staircase down to Seven Deck gym for a pedal on the exercise bicycle, a pull on the pulleys, and a calculated weighing: you take the mean from the scales' arrow that swings so attractively low, so preposterously high, with each gentle sway of the ship.

"Nice? It's the only *thing," said the Water Rat solemnly, as he leaned forward for his stroke.*

A ship turns the suggestible passenger into an adventurer before the anchor is up. You lie on the bed and open the program: At 6:15 P.M., it reads, gangways are to be raised, and "shortly afterwards the *Queen Elizabeth 2* sails for Southampton, England." The ship arrives a week later, on August 20, "weather and other circumstances permitting." "Other circumstances"? Suddenly, you, who never skate on any ice, thick or thin, you, who have always rejected the slopes for the fireside, you, who remember *A Night to Remember,* are a madcap, a daredevil.

You are also a man without a country. Only a ship—it's moving now, out of New York Harbor and down the Hudson—lets you see the retreating World Trade Center, the receding Empire State Building. When you see the Statue of Liberty disappear, you know it's too late to change your mind, and you resolve to keep your passport with you at all times.

Day by day the passport is less crucial, for on a ship the out-of-the-way becomes commonplace. With no more fanfare than a Chicago subway conductor mumbling "Clark and Division," ship's notices tick off the days

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Edith Skom is a lecturer at Northwestern University and a professional writer. She has traveled from America to England on the Queen Elizabeth *five times.*

B E T H 2
Barrett V Root
with apologies to
Mr. Shepard

The Mole waggled his toes from sheer happiness . . . and leaned back blissfully into the soft cushions.

and the remote names: "Position Midnight Friday, south of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Midnight Saturday, east of Sable Island." Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and behind you are Cape Bonavista, Flores Island, and Lands End.

You are adventurer, and you are hedonist:

*The Mole waggled his toes from sheer happiness . . . and leaned back blissfully into the soft cushions. "*What *a day I'm having!" . . . He climbed up into his hole above, and . . . reappeared staggering under a fat, wicker luncheon-basket.*

"What's inside it?" asked the Mole, wriggling with curiosity.

"There's cold chicken inside it," replied the rat briefly; "coldtonguecoldhamcoldbeef pickledgherkinssaladfrenchrollscressandwidgespottedmeatgingerbeerlemonadesodawater—"

"O stop, stop," cried the Mole in ecstasies: "This is too much!"

"Do you really think so?" inquired the Rat seriously. "It's only what I always take on these little excursions; and the other animals are always telling me that I'm a mean beast and cut it very *fine!"*

Part of the luxury is having land's facilities aboard and at your service. You can park your car in the garage. You can also park your bicycle. You can stroll on the promenade deck, jog on the jogging track, chip on the golf course. You can go to the movies, send flowers, give a party; type a novel, dictate a report, cash a check. You can go to the dentist. You can go to the doctor. And you can, if need be, have your appendix taken out.

Gradually, the ship outclasses land's performance: Wake up to the daily paper under your door. Dial O for weather, O to call Winnetka, Illinois. Ring 88 for the correct time in English or German, 80 in French or Spanish. Ring 867 to book a sauna, 868 for a Turkish bath. Listen to the hourly news on your radio. Or listen to Gilbert and Sullivan, to Victorian melodrama, to Haydn, to Beethoven, to Jascha Heifetz playing Brahms. Leave for breakfast, and when you come back your stateroom will be perfectly made up. Retire at the end of the day to a turned-down bed, a chocolate on the pillow, your nightgown artfully draped out and nipped in to a superb, ironic thinness at the waist.

Drink morning bouillon with biscuits, afternoon tea with cakes. Eat chilled honeydew-wiltshiresausagekipperedherringssi gsscotchsmokedsalmon. Not to caviar glacé, cornets of prosciutto, sturgeon, potage longchamps, spl lobster, poached turbote, escallop calvados, London mixed grill, filet Henry IV, grand marnier souffl Alaska, compote of raspberries stilton, brie, gorgonzola.

Should these gallant efforts fail to the well-known effects of sea air, sh at some odd time of day feel *peckish* for hungry), do, please, ring room se

"But isn't it a bit dull at times?" Mole ventured to ask. "Just you an river, and no one else to pass a wor

"No one else to—well, I mustn't on you," said the Rat with forbeara "You're new to it, and of course yo know. . . ."

There is always someone to talk to, an American, the most fun is talking English passengers. Talk cowboys wit Pepys who writes American Wester servants with Wedgewood Trafal wrote for "Upstairs Downstairs." Ta with Trafalgar's mother who plays t (Keep It Simple Stupid) Convention captain's party, talk American electi the young British midshipmen wh furiously and confide it's their third night in a row. At the daily "tote' ("Can you guess how many miles the traveled since leaving New York until day?"), talk gambling with Mr. a Wellington-Pitt who still remember stakes on the old South African run.

But if you don't feel like it, you do to talk at all:

"Believe me my young friend, ther nothing—*absolutely nothing—half so worth doing as simply messing about boats. Simply messing," [Rat] went o dreamily: "messing—about—in—boa . . . Nothing seems really to matter, the charm of it . . . you're always bu you never do anything in particular; when you've done it there's always something else to do, and you can do you like but you'd much better not.*

You *can* be perpetually busy. You c disco, karate, and flower arranging.

nd a lecture on Minoan art in Crete or a
on tax shelters. You can hear the *London*
ly Telegraph correspondent on "Peking
y by Day" or Jessica Mitford on "Poison
manship." But you're much better off
sing up the special diversions and the
ulars. Omit the daily yoga, the golf clinic,
trapshooting; skip the duplicate bridge, the
ss, the gentleman's table tennis.

nstead *be* on a ship. Lounge in a Queen's
om chair and leaf through the *Illustrated*
ndon News; but position yourself to gaze at
itecaps. Relax in the Quarter Deck library.
ween long looks at the undulating sea, fill
he crossword, noting that for once "Less is
re" is correctly attributed to Robert Brown-
and not Mies van der Rohe. Compete,
haps, in the daily quizzes, but don't linger
he encyclopedia. Turn your answers in even
ou still aren't sure what was discovered at
nt Mary's Hospital in London in 1928
orld of Medicine Quiz) or who contends for
Calcutta Cup (Mixed Bag Quiz). You are,
er all, moving across the North Atlantic,
l it is time for a closer look.

The Mole never heard a word he was
ing. Absorbed in the new life he was
ering upon, intoxicated with the sparkle,
ripple, the scents and the sounds and the
ılight, he trailed a paw in the water and
amed long waking dreams. The Water
t, like the good fellow he was, sculled
adily on.

On a sunny day, the ocean glitters and Sports
ck aft is festive. Except for the trail of smoke
inst the blue sky, you could be poolside at a
sh resort, clinking glasses. People in bikinis
l briefs are putting sun-tan lotion on each
ier while stewards run back and forth with
ody Marys. Genial joking that the captain is
-course, and we're cruising the Caribbean.
e only workaday note is the sun-hatted, long-
eved, Bostonian lady pondering over the
ssword as she has every morning.

Better yet are the foggy days. The rows of
ged white deck chairs are almost empty. A
all, hardy group reclines under the shelter of
half-roof. From the stack near the rail, the
ward takes a red and blue "rug" and co-
ons it around you, perfecting the job with an
pert tuck under your feet. It's windy: he
aks you in a second rug. You want some-
ng hot to drink: he brings it on a tray. Well-
apped and warm, you sip your bouillon,
feeling as cosseted as a slowly recovering in-
valid taking the cure.

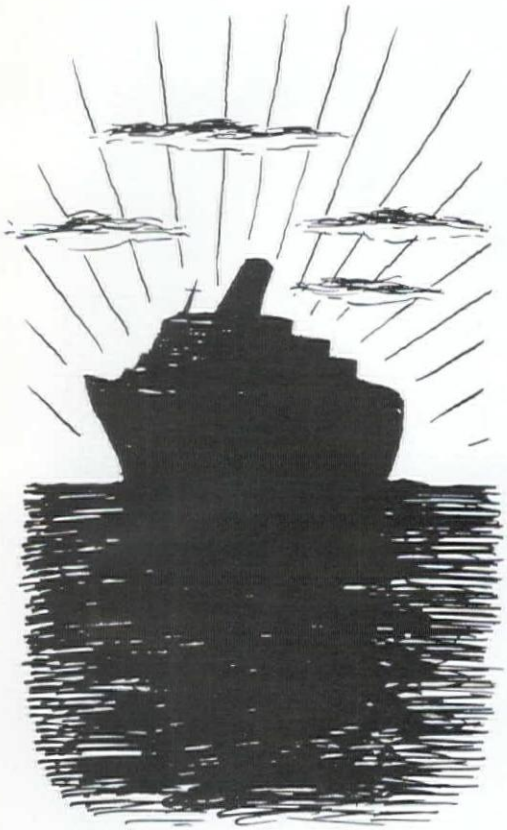
You open your book. Today the wind separates voices. Enticing conversations are cut adrift. At one end of your row, pairs of dueling Americans, a heavily *Gucci*ed mother and daughter versus two *Blass*ed and *Beene*d young men, compete for English swankiness. Blass opens with "We're staying at the Connaught," and the daughter fends off with Claridges. Blass makes another rush: "My dears, you'll love it. One of the few places that still gives decent service." The mother parries neatly: "We've stayed there many times." The men then run a foolish tilt at the daughter's "We'll be in Kent later, staying with a duchess." "How nice," says Beene. "A Stately Home Tour?" The mother, victory well in hand, pinks with, "Oh dear no, a duchess we *know*, love."

"Did you know we have a navigator on board?" From the other end of the row, the Art Collector, who has been proclaiming his successes ("I was buying Rothko in the forties") has turned his charm on Bostonian Sun-Hat Lady, today in rain cloche and trench. "I've fallen in love with you," says Collector, "Can I come to your class?" Sun-Hat, it turns out, has been studying maps, not crosswords, and she's plotting the ship's course. She's flying back directly after the crossing, in time to lecture at Harvard. She peers at the clouds in search of the sun and observes, "I'm positive he's taking us close to —— Island." The name drowns in the foghorn blast.

It falls quiet again. Your companions are absorbed in books or deep in sleep. The stewards, with little to do except perform the laying on of rugs, gossip behind the bar. The ship steams along reliably. You stretch and return to your book: The heroine, a young and beautiful dress designer alone in Hong Kong, lies drugged in her room at the Peninsula Hotel. The closet door opens. A hand—your reading is interrupted by a terrific boom from the sky. Sleepers startle awake. Readers look up. "The Concorde," says the steward scornfully, downgrading the supersonic to a parvenu.

The steward's complacency seems right. Breaking the sound barrier runs a poor second to lifting time's chariot from your back. Only here, and not above, can you cross the Atlantic at a dignified twenty-eight knots per hour. Only here can you travel sedately, without jet lag, from American day into English night. "Clocks," the navigator's desk announces dai-

"... you never do anything in particular, and when you've done it, there's always something else to do."



"... there is nothing —absolutely nothing— half so much worth doing as messing about in boats."

ly, "will be advanced one hour at 4:00 A.M. tomorrow. It is a good idea to adjust your watches before retiring."

"Well, well," said the Rat. "I suppose we ought to be moving. I wonder which of us had better pack the luncheon-basket." He did not speak as if he was frightfully eager for the treat.

"O please let me," said the Mole. So of course the Rat let him. Packing the basket was not quite such pleasant work as unpacking the basket. It never is.

One day the program announces a talk on how to take travel pictures, and the paper describes a London walking tour. These hints that land also has its pleasures are unpleasant signals that land is ahead. When the libraries follow with a request that passengers return books and the casino warns that this is the last opportunity for cashing chips, you have documentation that you and the ship must part.

More announcements come, about customs lines and landing cards ("Fill out in block capitals"), and you feel a stepping-up to land-time. Time first to think about how much to tip? Husbands and wives discuss, passengers huddle, decisions are reached. Sea-blue *HMS QE 2* envelopes disappear from the writing room and reappear, thickened with bills, in the dining room. Time next to go to Barclays and see how the pound and the dollar are stacking up against each other. Time to haul out the luggage and say good-bye to evening clothes. Time, finally, for the ship's cold farewell: "Please leave your stateroom keys on the dresser before finally leaving your cabin."

You are anchored again.

Disembarkation. Looking sadly land smart, passengers you've seen all trip are queued up around the Queen's Room, waiting to go through British Immigration. The elegant young men, *Louis Vuittoned* now, have thrown over mother and daughter for the simpler but more certain pleasures of instructing first timers on going through British customs.

The boat train is the ship's parting gift. Instead of jouncing out of Heathrow down a super highway, you move out of Southampton graciously, in a parlor on wheels. Little tables. Wing chairs wearing antimacassars. So comfortably do you travel to London, sipping tea, peeking into cottage gardens, moving past the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben, into Waterloo Station, you're willing to forgive C ard Line the fierce struggle for a taxi.

You would forgive almost anything if return, you had assurance that the chanc escape land's restraints would always waiting. For the "emancipated Mole," the on the river was the first of many. Every s mer Mole returned to "the delight of sp without its cleaning" and entered "the joy running water" whenever he chose.

For the ocean traveler too, and not so l ago, transatlantic pauses once stretched ah endlessly. One merely read Fielding's *Tr Guide to Europe* and picked. In 1963, for ample, Fielding offered more than fifty oc liners. Weighing dressy British social against French shipboard-romance potent praising the Scandinavians and the Dutch ritualistic cleanliness, the Italians for rich f and cheap drinks, congratulating the Am cans on superb plumbing and the British superb seamanship, Fielding debated tra atlantic choices for thirty-five pages.

In 1980, Fielding disposes of the transatl tic in a sentence: "Crossing by ship on *Queen Elizabeth 2*—the lone passenger ve left," writes Fielding, "is naturally hig [than air travel] but definitely worth it if y can afford the time and the money." Field is too composed. He should lament the r meagerness, because it signals the end of transatlantic voyage.

The lonely and magnificent *Queen* was la ched in 1969, and the life of a luxury line about twenty years. About tomorrow Cun is coy, admitting that "The future of tra atlantic travel rests solely with the *Qu Elizabeth 2*," but hinting that with the *Qu* the future ends. Beyond the *QE 2*, says C ard, lies only "a dream." The "technologi advance" that would make a great new pass ger ship possible is a "remote likelihood."

Meanwhile the *Queen* keeps to her 1981 lantic schedule. About crossings for 1982, and beyond, Cunard so far has made no pro ises. But the future seems clear. Voyagers w prefer the purposeful transatlantic crossing the aimless cruise, be it Caribbean or Gre have lost. Soon Atlantic travelers must give the five days and six nights of the fog-bou deck chair and the moonlight promenade.

Soon I must give up my daylight-sav transatlantic dream, of setting sail *from* Sou ampton, west bound on the *QE 2*, turning clock *back* an hour every day, slowing ti down in style.

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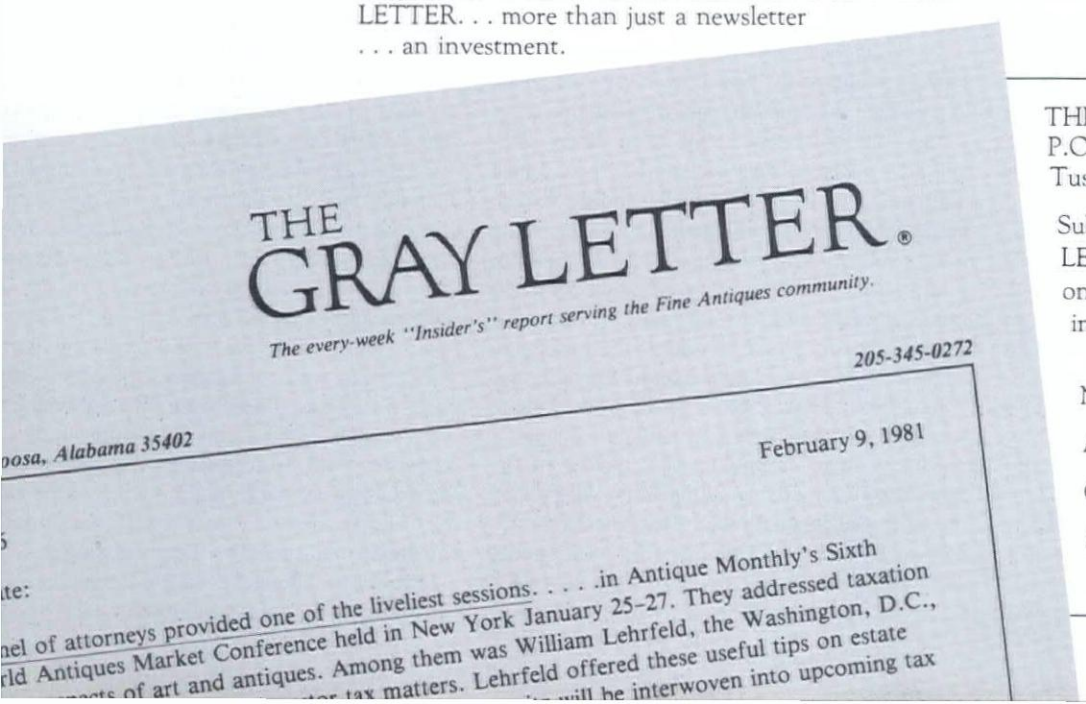
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February 9, 1981

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nel of attorneys provided one of the liveliest sessions. . . . .in Antique Monthly's Sixth
ld Antiques Market Conference held in New York January 25–27. They addressed taxation
cts of art and antiques. Among them was William Lehrfeld, the Washington, D.C.,
tax matters. Lehrfeld offered these useful tips on estate
will be interwoven into upcoming tax

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A Polish Parable

In the spring of 1979, barely a week after the opening of *The China Syndrome*, Three Mile Island turned that thriller's politically charged message into front-page news. It was an incredible coincidence—and, apparently, bad luck for the film makers. With up-to-the-minute reports about a real nuclear power plant posing a real threat to real people, who would pay to watch Jane Fonda and Jack Lemmon in a make-believe facsimile? As it turned out, millions did. The film, which had been doing modest business before, became an overnight hit.

The secret of *The China Syndrome*'s success also applies to such artistically more worthy films, also tied to real political events, as *All the President's Men*, *Z*, and, most recently, Andrzej Wajda's superb *Man of Marble*.

Like all good art, the best political films are passionate and complex reactions to life; and they tend to thrive on trouble. During the past decade West German political cinema has been prominent. Ambivalent about their heritage and uncomfortable with postwar prosperity, Fassbinder, Werner Herzog, Wim Wenders, and their fellow "new" German film makers (see "The New German Film Makers," by April Kingsley, June 1980, HORIZON) created not only the weirdest and most anguished, but also the most fascinating, political allegories of the seventies. Now the Germans have competition, and it comes, not unexpectedly, from the East. As reports of the Polish strikes made international headlines, the films of Krystof Zanussi, Frzystof Kieslowski, and Andrzej Wajda were receiving the art-house equivalent of front-page coverage at festivals and small movie theaters throughout the world.

If the latter are not yet household names, their gifts are at last receiving well-deserved attention. Unlike the young "new" Germans, many of these Polish film makers are in their late forties or fifties, and most have been working (for the most part, with little recognition outside their own country) for years. And while the Germans are characteristically stylish, Polish cinema is characteristically spare. While contemporary German films are, as a rule, cynical, their Polish counterparts are angrier and more hopeful. Yet the major Polish film makers share with the Germans a passionate concern for political realities; and both

New Yorker Films

Polish film director Andrzej Wajda fought for thirteen years to obtain government permission to film the politically provocative Man of Marble.

are artists before polemicists: they read political implications into everyday life, but never fail to stress the human angle. Zanussi's *Constant Factor* and Kieslowski's *Camera Buff*, both highly acclaimed at the New York Film Festival, are excellent films that are scheduled for American release this spring. But more exciting is Wajda's *Man of Marble*, made in 1977 and only now receiving its long-overdue American premiere.

As with *The China Syndrome*, there's an uncanny timeliness to *Man of Marble*. Particularly toward the end of the film, detail after detail—the confident stride of a newly politicized worker, a lingering shot of the Gdańsk shipyards—calls to mind the recent Polish crisis. This sort of coincidence, however, is the least of *Man of Marble*'s attractions. Wajda, whose long and fertile career includes such acknowledged masterpieces as *Ashes and Diamonds* and *Kanal*, is one of the most provocative film makers working anywhere today.

The film opens at crisis pitch. Immediately, we are confronted with three dramatic images: a marble statue of a bricklayer; a picture of the same bricklayer, strung up like a flag; the lowering of the bricklayer's flag. This bricklayer, we will soon learn, is Mateusz Birkut, a model socialist worker in the Stalinist fifties who later fell from party grace. When? Why? Agnieszka, *Man of Marble*'s young film-student her feels compelled—no, driven—to answer questions in her degree film. Impossible, w her project adviser. The fifties, and espec this out-of-favor bricklayer, are poli dynamite. Why not choose something less troversial—the thriving Communist steelw plant, for instance? The Birkut mat "wasn't released then and won't be rele now or ever," he insists. Like Wajda, fought for thirteen years to win governm permission to make *Man of Marble*, Agnie is not to be deterred.

Man of Marble's opening presents its c acters, and, by analogy, the various aspec Polish life, as irreconcilably opposed. On one side is Agnieszka, bent on delving into past for its key to the present. On the c side are the authorities—the television ducers, government officials, even the fessors—eager to bury unpleasant bygo The first half of *Man of Marble* also dr hard, fast lines between past and present and politics. The past is Birkut, the naively thusiastic comrade building *with* his p toward a workers' paradise. The present is embittered loner Agnieszka, emotionally nerable to no one and determined to succ despite her peers. As for art, that, like the pian future, is an illusion. Politics is all everywhere. Beyond its propagandistic nat art is portrayed as fundamentally indifferen life. In one of *Man of Marble*'s few co moments we watch a production crew filn Birkut at work. After the worker has laid final brick, the film producer runs to gratulate him. How? By pumping the br layer's bruised and sweating palm.

Man of Marble's early scenes vividly ev the underlying political, economic, and e tional tensions that erupted in Gdańsk summer, and a less ambitious film maker m well have left us with these thoughts. But W pushes further. Yes, Birkut the industr worker was exploited to pressure others superhuman productivity; and he fell ou favor as soon as he questioned the pa wisdom. Yes, the utopianism of the early fi was mostly sham, and those who survived it so through capitulation or compromise. lonerism and disillusionment are presente scarcely more viable alternatives. Agnies tight-lipped detachment is nearly as infuria as the painted smiles of the bureaucrats.

Slowly, intelligently, and without a trac sentimentality, the second half of *Man of M*

liscovers a constructive alternative to blind lism and cynicism. As Agnieszka continues *Citizen Kane*-like search for the key to ut (now dead), life with all its messy amlences edges its way into Wajda's neat ram of opposites. An old-time film editor cameraman agree to help Agnieszka, as do ral of Birkut's former comrades. Birkut's ife (who betrayed him), at first terrified of ublicity, opens her heart to Agnieszka, , in turn, this tough, young film maker onds to her.

he socialist dream is to many Polish film ers very much what the American dream is our own. And Wajda's feelings on the soci- reality are not unlike Winston Churchill's capitalism—that it's the worst system ex- for all the others. Like so many recent Polish film allegories, *Man of Marble* ends with a cautious optimism.

In the film's last moments, a now more human Agnieszka tracks down Birkut's son, a worker in the Gdańsk shipyards. (Although it's never actually stated—reputedly because this section of the film was censored—we can infer that this is where the protagonist's father died, in the "other" 1970 Gdańsk uprising). The meeting of Agnieszka and young Birkut is a confrontation between present and past, artist and worker, collectivist and isolationist. And the film's exuberant last shot, of Agnieszka arm-in-arm with Birkut, suggests a union rather than a compromise. As in Poland at present, nothing is settled.

Man of Marble is proof that contemporary Polish cinema, like "new" German cinema, is not only surviving, but achieving greatness in a time of tension. And like Fassbinder and Herzog, Wajda has transformed reality into art the better to illuminate both. Yet while one can compare the art of Polish cinema to that of German and even American cinema today, their realities are very different. Thus despite its narrative reconciliation, *Man of Marble*, as well as most every recent Polish film that has reached these shores, remains a fascinating enigma long after the screen has gone dark. A central issue in all these films is the intransigence of the government, its inability to tolerate criticism or dissent. *Man of Marble* in particular underscores the tremendous power wielded by government censors and the nearly insurmountable difficulties of making a frank political film in Poland today. Yet *Man of Marble* is itself not only a frank, but a tremendously controversial, film. If Polish authorities are as fearful and inhuman as the film suggests, why did they allow this film to be released, much less screened abroad? If they're not all that craven, what compelled Wajda to portray them as such? Perhaps it will take another generation of Polish film makers to explain these paradoxes. —*Diane Jacobs*

styna Janda plays a young film student insists on making a film about Poland's inist fifties.

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Letters

Mellow praise

A couple of years ago I read with pleasure and fascination James R. Mellow's *Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein and Company* and was delighted to find an article by him in your November 1980 issue. Once again Mellow has invited us in to become a part of that circle of expatriates whose creativity flourished at the rue de Fleurus. James R. Mellow, I think I love you.

I just couldn't let another day go by without telling you that this issue was by far my favorite. And possibly your finest.

Joyce P. Uptain
Alabaster, Alabama

Literary pretension

Thank you for presenting John Lahr's article "Entrepreneurs of Anxiety" in the January issue of HORIZON.

A loud hurrah for John Lahr and many thanks for so adroitly pricking those two bubbles of literary pretension, Didion and Dunne.

It is always very satisfying to have one's conclusions confirmed by someone whose opinion you respect.

Elizabeth Rickard
Simi Valley, California

Caption correction

I was pleased to see the presentation of my "capsule history" of prints within the article on print collecting by Dennis Adrian. I would like, however, to express my dismay over the caption, which I neither wrote nor was consulted about.

It reads: "Dürer raised the technique of wood engraving to its highest level, before moving on to metal engraving, in the search for a technique that would allow even greater detail." Dürer did not work in wood engraving; this term is used to describe cutting the image in the end grain of the block of wood, rather than on the side. The eighteenth-century English artist Thomas Bewick is often credited with first using this technique. Furthermore, Dürer worked in both metal and wood throughout his life, with continuing stylistic development in both media. He made some engravings in the 1490s, before the great woodcuts of the *Apocalypse*, and he was making woodcuts into the 1520s (he died in 1528). The very illustration for which the caption written is a woodcut, dated—as the ca says, correctly, right before the sen quoted above—1518.

Suzanne Boorsch
Department of Prints & Photographs
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York

Genius and Intemperance

Barnaby Conrad is a good writer. I fail t then, why he wastes his time and talent on a gossipy article as "Genius Intemperance" which appeared in your cember 1980 issue. Cleverly, there are en scholarly references in the article to vague thinly, veil the petty nature of the effort these do nothing to elevate it beyond the of smart-aleck sordid glee that is worthy Victorian "Penny-Dreadful" writer.

Derogatory facts about most artists be known from time to time anyway, but to whole piece on a group singled out for p yet deadly revelation of unflattering fact only be considered despicable. Such tre add only a chance for disillusionment t reader or viewer who enjoys the ar work. . . and probably prefers not to k about his or her foibles and failures, ev they are chattily presented.

Unless the artist (or public figure) hims herself chooses to reveal details of a pr life, and admittedly some do, a writer o porter descends to the levels of cheap sca mongering when documenting such fac Conrad has done.

I am surprised that HORIZON magazine sidered this trashy account worth the t space, and money it must have paid Mr. rad to do it! Again, even with the inclusio remarks from a learned doctor/writer [Mi Crichton], the whole merits the comment, what!"

Margaret Brett
Santa Barbara, California

Barnaby Conrad replies

To my fellow Santa Barbarian:

I can only say that like any other writer interested in the unvarnished quirks and tics, social or antisocial, of my fe man—especially writers.