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HORIZON

The Magazine of the Arts

Jerzy Kosinski, Studs Terkel, Erica Jong Rate Their Editors

New York's 57th Street

Stephen Spender On Weimar And Free Love

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Tony Walton: Invisible Crowd-pleaser

Set Designer Tony Walton with the model for his latest Broadway hit, Duke Ellington's "Sophisticated Ladies."

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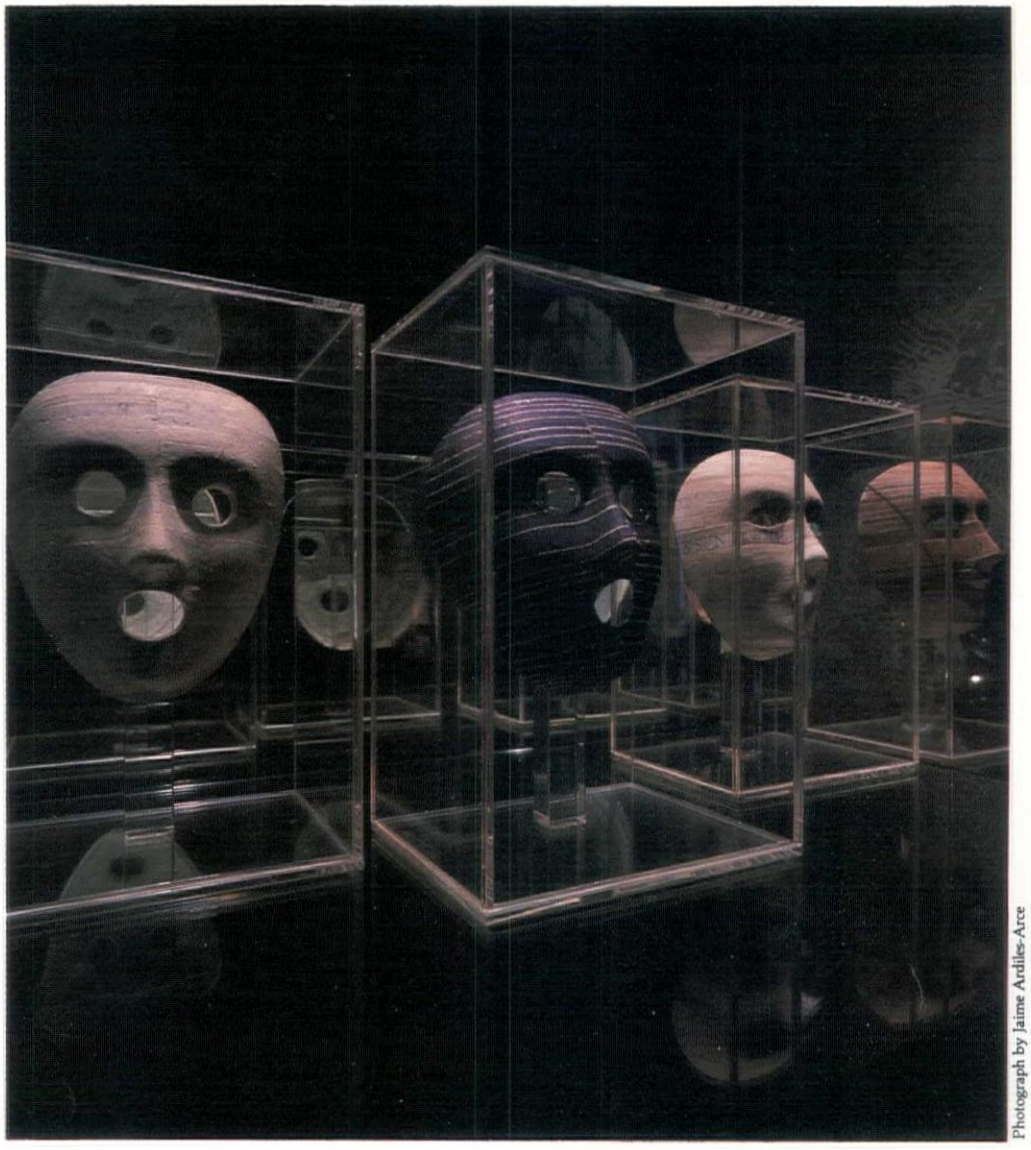

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HORIZON

Volume 24 *Number 4* *April 1981*

Cover:
Tony Walton and a model of his set design for Sophisticated Ladies. *Photograph © 1981 Brownie Harris/Photoreporters.*

Contents

Cross Country 5
Trans World 18
Books 24
Films 70
Letters 72

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A Stroll Down Fifty-seventh Street By Barnaby Conrad III 26
"What Wall Street is to finance, Fifty-seventh Street is to art," says New York gallery owner Robert Miller. Contributing editor Barnaby Conrad III offers an annotated walking tour of the art galleries on the street.

The Decorative Arts on Fifty-seventh Street By Marvin D. Schwartz 35

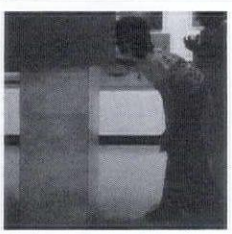
Samuel Ramey Can Act! By Peter J. Rosenwald 36
The New York City Opera's bass-baritone is one of America's hottest young singers.

APR 3 REC'D

Tony Walton By Norman Nadel 38
A set designer's work tends to be taken for granted by most audiences—even when it wins an Oscar or a Tony. One of the best in the business is Tony Walton.

Heirs to Maxwell Perkins By Richard Rosen 50
"Do one on the depression," said editor Andre Schiffrin to Studs Terkel. The result was *Hard Times*. On the other hand, Jerzy Kosinski prefers that editors leave his manuscripts alone. "It's like the difference," he says, "between making love to someone you love and making love in groups." Kosinski, Terkel, and five other American writers talk candidly about their editors.

Herbert List By Stephen Spender 54
In his day he was probably Germany's most important photographer. But he never took his work as seriously as his admirers did. The distinguished poet Stephen Spender got to know Herbert List when, as a young student fresh from Oxford, he sojourned to the Weimar Republic in 1929.



Twenty Museums You've Never Heard Of By Patrick D. Hazard 64
The third in a four-part series visits five museums in the Southwest.

HORIZON

The Vagaries of Fame

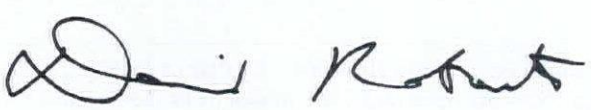
"My definition of a good editor," wrote John Cheever not so long ago, "is a man I think charming, who sends me large checks, praises my work, my physical beauty, and my sexual prowess, and who has a stranglehold on the publisher and the bank." The great Maxwell Perkins, during his thirty-seven years at Scribners, performed most of those functions, at one time or another, for the likes of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway, and Ring Lardner. He also knew when and how to cajole, to reject, and to demand the best of a writer. As a current Viking editor remarks, however, "If Maxwell Perkins were around today, he wouldn't have time to be Maxwell Perkins."

An irony of the editor's life is that while the author he nurtures may hit the best-seller list, he remains unknown to the public. Indeed, most of Perkins' fame has come posthumously. Unlike authors, editors tend to be shy and modest creatures. HORIZON, through the able medium of literary journalist Richard Rosen, asked seven noted American writers to describe their relationships with their editors. Their comments, ranging from waspish to worshipful, may do little to vault their editors to instant celebrity, but they make refreshing reading.

Like editors, set designers tend to labor in obscurity. The millions of viewers who sat enthralled by the spatial eeriness of the fantasy scene in the movie *All That Jazz*, or who are charmed by the art-deco clarity of the sets in the current Broadway show *Sophisticated Ladies*, may never associate either with the name of Tony Walton. HORIZON contributing editor Norman Nadel recently trailed Walton from New York to Philadelphia and Los Angeles while the designer, not untypically, toiled on five projects at once. The beguiling portrait of a gentle workaholic which resulted is this issue's cover story.

Thirty years ago Herbert List was considered the most prominent German photographer alive; fifteen years later, he was all but forgotten. The reasons for such wild fluctuations in renown had more to do with aesthetic manifestos than with intrinsic merit. Only now is List being granted his due as one of the great photographers of the century. In this issue, Stephen Spender, who met List when he traveled to Germany in 1929, vividly evokes the Weimar period and the aristocratic friend who refused to take photography too seriously.

After we received Barnaby Conrad III's article on New York City's Fifty-seventh Street art scene, we assigned Brownie Harris to take the group photograph that appears on page twenty-seven. The apparent calm which the portrait breathes belies the circumstances of taking it. As Harris wrote, the real thing involved "twenty-seven people on the corner of Fifty-seventh and Madison, pedestrians coming from five different directions, a man dressed as Santa Claus wanting to be in the shot but only if I paid him, another man trying to steal the camera bags while I'm up on the ladder, kids jumping up and down behind the last row giving me a not-so-nice gesture, a woman wanting to be in the photo because she was a gallery owner although not on Fifty-seventh Street. All this happening at once while I'm trying to get all twenty-seven people to look at my camera and not the tourists with their Instamatics. Whew!"



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"The soul of the apartment is in the carpet"

A 19th-Century Thracian Prayer Kilim measuring 6'7" x 5'6" woven in the classical slit tapestry technique. Although it has oft been thought that the very nature of the Kilim restricts the varieties of design, Kilims from this area dispel that notion. They are able to achieve a variety of curves in their design by twisting and bending the warps and wefts.

The color palette of this extraordinary example reflects its imagination and boldness. The burgundy and mid-night blue is set off by generous amounts of ivory, green and a soft blue interspersed with accents of yellow. The abstract geometry of the design is in keeping with the general mood of the Kilim as a recognized art form. The exquisitely drawn border consists of a series of figures almost Aztec or Mayan in their form. They have been placed dramatically on an abrashed field of green and water blue. The movement of design adds to the fascination of the piece.

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chirico 1935 · 40

dubuffet 1947 · 47 · 47 · 48 · 50 · 51 · 52 · 54 · 56 · 58 · 59 · 78

giacometti 1948 · 50 · 58 · 61 · 64

lam 1942 · 44 · 45 · 48 · 50

mason 1968 · 71 · 74 · 80

matta 1942 · 44 · 45 · 46 · 47

millares 1965 · 74

miró 1932 · 33 · 35 · 36 · 38 · 39 · 40 · 41 · 42 · 44 · 45 · 45 · 47 · 48 · 49 · 50 · 51 · 51 ·
1952 · 53 · 56 · 58 · 59 · 61 · 63 · 65 · 67 · 70 · 72 · 73 · 73 · 75 · 76 · 76 · 78 · 80

riopelle 1954 · 56 · 69 · 74 · 74 · 77

saura 1961 · 64 · 71

tanguy 1939 · 42 · 43 · 45 · 46 · 50 · 63

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Cross Country

Triptych, Flemish, before 1483: Donor with His Patron, Saint Peter Martyr; Madonna and Child with Angels; Saint Jerome and His Lion, *by the master of the Saint Lucy Legend.*

Art

Anna Bing Arnold

uring the last thirty years, Anna Bing Arnold is given over one hundred art works to the os Angeles County Museum of Art. A well-nown former Broadway and Hollywood ac-ess (as Anna Kostant, she starred in Elmer ice's *Street Scene*) and a noted educator and ilanthropist, Arnold offered gifts distin-uished by both their generosity and their self-ssness. The Anna Bing Arnold Collection in-udes works that encompass virtually the en-re scope and history of artistic endeavor, in-ead of reflecting the perhaps restricted in-rests of one collector, as many museum onations do.

In honor of this warm-hearted giver, the useum has arranged an exhibition of thirty-ne sculptures, paintings, textiles, prints, fur-ture and decorative objects from her many gifts. Titled "Three Decades of Collecting: The Gifts of Anna Bing Arnold," the exhibition will be on view in the Ahmanson Gallery through April 26.

The exhibit includes objects as diverse as Assyrian reliefs from the ninth century B.C., a fourteenth-century Indian bronze sculpture of Vishnu and his two consorts, a fifteenth-century Flemish triptych by the master of the Saint Lucy Legend, a bronze nobleman plaque from seventeenth-century Nigeria, a bust of George Washington by Houdon, and a constructivist sculpture by the twentieth-century Russian artist Naum Gabo.

But the pieces which will most interest antiques lovers may be the New England furniture. These include a mideighteenth-century applewood and pine board settle; an eighteen-branch tin chandelier probably used in an early New England inn; a tiger-maple chest of drawers of the Federal period; a mideighteenth-century pine corner cabinet; and a particularly handsome scroll-top highboy in cherry from Connecticut, circa 1760–1780.

—Joy DeWeese-Wehen

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

Concentrations

The work of Alexander Calder (1898–1976) is on view at the Whitney Museum of American Art through May 3, as the last exhibition in the museum's "Concentration" series. The year-long series opened January 9, 1980, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the museum, and has involved eight one-man shows of works by twentieth-century American artists who are represented in the Whitney's permanent collection.

Patterson Sims, associate curator of the permanent collection, feels that small, tight exhibitions culled from the museum's own collection are the key to the future. "As museums grow, it's the works held in their collections that become even more important because we are not going to be able to do loan shows to the extent that they have been done in the past."

Sims explains, "Loan exhibitions are so expensive insurance-wise, and it's so hard to get people to lend. They are simply nervous about allowing a valuable work of art to go on tour." In the case of the major Edward Hopper retrospective, for example (see HORIZON, September 1980, "America's Creative Realist"), he explains that the insurance costs involved in borrowing a painting worth $500,000 are staggering. Museums are hesitant, moreover, to let a work go, especially if the public associates that work with that museum. "The Columbus Museum of Art in Ohio has only one Hopper, and when people go they know that this particular *Morning Sunlight* is in the collection, and of course if it isn't there they're very disappointed. You do a service to your public by having your best works on view full time."

In spite of the immense popular appeal of the Hopper show, the "Concentration" on view at that time did not suffer. Sims says that the small size of the Whitney presents "an intimate situation so that you can take everything in." The Ad Reinhardt exhibition was on view at the same time as the Hopper. "I don't think Reinhardt would have responded to Hopper and I *know* Hopper would have had no response to Reinhardt's work, yet they are both very important parts of twentieth-century American art."

Public response to the "Concentration" series has been especially positive toward the work of Stuart Davis, Maurice Prendergast, and Reinhardt. Since these exhibitions are naturally limited by what the museum owns, they often reveal a greater sense of complexity by presenting works that aren't characteristic of that artist. "When you limit, there is something absorbable about the show; there is nothing fatiguing. The show isn't given to you; you have to give yourself to the show."

Thanks to incredible patronage, the Whitney now claims to have one of the most comprehensive public collections of Calder's work, even though they didn't acquire their first Calder until the 1950s. The current exhibition completes the "Concentration" series which featured, successively, Prendergast, Gaston Lachaise, John Sloan, Charles Burchfield, Davis, Charles Sheeler, and Reinhardt. The "Concentrations" and their accompanying catalogues and posters have been made possible by Champion International Corporation.

Alexander Calder's Double Cat, *1930, is featured in the Whitney Museum of American Art's exhibition of the artist's work, which continues through May 3.*

Literature

Jockey Turned Detective

Former British champion steeplechase-jockey Dick Francis ended his 1957 autobiography on a wistful note. "Those ten years as a jockey were the vintage," he concluded in *The Sport of Queens*. "The best years of my life." He could hardly have foreseen that the succe his writing would outdistance that of his ri career. Nineteen novels later, Francis is or the finest and most popular mystery write the world.

His popularity soared in America last when PBS's "Mystery!" series showed t episodes of *The Racing Game,* stories con ed by Francis around the hero of his n *Odds Against,* maimed-jockey-turned-d tive Sid Halley. A new novel about Ha *Whip Hand,* subsequently made Amer best-seller lists. The glad tidings are that t more segments of *The Racing Game* are sl for "Mystery!" beginning March 31, con rent with the publication of Francis' l novel *Reflex,* about racetrack photograph

When Dick Francis ended his career as a jockey, he thought the best years of his li were behind him. But his mystery writing has surpassed his riding.

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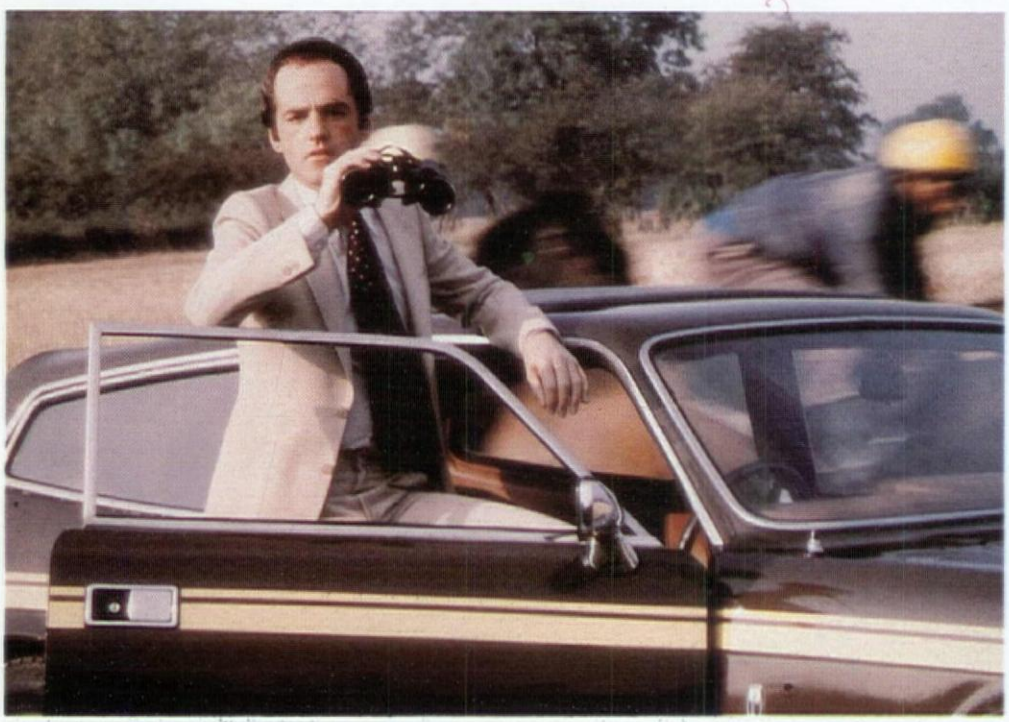

Seldom has an author been happier with the transference of his stories from page to screen. "One man who knows the racing scene well wrote that he felt it had been brought into his sitting room," Francis says of reactions to *The Racing Game*. About Mike Gwilym, the Royal Shakespeare Company actor who plays Sid Halley, Francis recalls that the first time the performer visited his Oxfordshire home, "when he came in it was just as if Sid Halley was walking into our sitting room—just how I pictured him when I wrote about him. Watching Mike moved me to write the second book about Sid. Mike is such an intelligent and nice fellow and he was a great help in giving me some ideas for *Whip Hand*.

"There's a New York opera singer who wrote that she'd never had anything to do with horses, but now rides all over the world, and it's all because of me. I'm proud to say that a lot of the racing world seems to think that I've done the sport good."

Looking back at the sentiments which ended his autobiography, Francis muses: "I think probably the best days were when I was a jockey, because the success one has then is immediate. You win a race and everyone's talking about it. But writing the books and the success they've had is more lasting. Oh, yes, the books have made up very much for the loss I had in having to give up riding." —*Holly Hill*

Top: Mike Gwilym played Sid Halley, a maimed-jockey-turned-detective, in last year's PBS adaptation of Dick Francis' novel Odds Against. *The series helped vault Francis' new book* Whip Hand *onto the American best-seller list. Above: Road Company of Johnson City, Tennessee, recipient of a 1981 National Endowment for the Arts award.*

Theater

Grassroots Awards

A relatively little-known program of the N tional Endowment for the Arts is the Advanc ment Awards, which go to artistically rich, b financially poor, community or grassroots ar organizations. In December the fifteen winne of the 1981 awards were announced.

One of them, Dashiki Theatre in Ne Orleans, is a black experimental theater grou Director Theodore Gilliam comments, " dashiki is a type of African shirt worn b blacks during the 1960s. If you've ever seen movie with black militants in it, you wou probably recognize their shirts as dashikis. W view black theater as a neglected part of th American experience." The group recent completed a retreat during which they discus ed the impact of winning the award. One hop is for a performing space of their own—som thing the ensemble has never had in the twelve years of existence. Dashiki, a "fre open, experimental word" springs from an e fort, Gilliam says, "to help free us from stan ard stereotypes associated with blacks an theater."

Another recipient is the Road Compan from Johnson City, Tennessee, a tourin theater troupe that incorporates Appalachia culture in its performances. According spokesman Bill Dunham, one hope from th Advancement Award is the possibility of pa ing actors a decent working salary. Previousl out-of-work performers have had to "sli hash, sell shoes, or something." The group comprised of locals or expatriate Northerner "We've seen the big city and that's for oth folks. We want to perform for our neighbo and bring this part of the country to others

The Chelsea Folds

In 1965 Robert Kalfin, a recent Yale graduat founded the Chelsea Theater in New Yo City. At the time Kalfin correctly predicted th need for a nonprofit theater that would ho itself aloof from the overcommercialization Broadway. Although the Chelsea chang locations several times over the years, it nev altered its original aim: to produce plays high artistic quality with "no commerc potential." "If one of our plays ever makes to Broadway, it will be a crazy accident

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Before it folded, the Chelsea Theater featured such plays as Candide, *starring Mark Baker and Maureen Brennan.*

Kalfin told a reporter in 1972. It is not easy to find a director in New York so oblivious to commercial success. However, Kalfin proved any theater willing to take risks could have its share of hits. Between 1972 and 1980 four Chelsea productions transferred to Broadway. The most recent, *Strider: The Story of a Horse,* is currently scheduled at five regional theaters across the country. Because of its reputation for tackling difficult material, the Chelsea became a darling of New York critics. Over the years it captured five Tonys, twenty-two Obies, and eleven Drama Desk Awards.

Last September the theater embarked on one of its most ambitious seasons ever. Five months later it closed its doors for good. "To continue as before would have been more painful than stopping," explained Kalfin to a somewhat shocked and bewildered press.

What happened? The answer is simple: Chelsea staff members were spending more and more time filling out grant applications and getting fewer and fewer dollars for their efforts. "It took four people six weeks to fill out the New York State Council on the Arts form," said Kalfin. This season the council cut the grant from $75,000 to $40,000. The National Endowment for the Arts, which has a completely different set of forms requiring another six weeks, slashed funding from $80,000 to $35,000. Everyone knew the nonprofit theaters were going to be hurt by the recession, but few expected one of the oldest and most successful theaters to be among the casualties.

"Our funding sources kept changing the rules," said Kalfin. "One year the most important criterion was how well you managed your budget. The next year it was how many shows you sent to Broadway. Last year it was the number of productions you mounted." Funding under the Carter administration (the most money to those with the most plays reaching the most people) proved fatal for the Chelsea. As funding was reduced, the number of plays each season was cut back. Other groups, many of which do not build lavish sets, pay actors union scale, or present world premieres, have a lower overhead and can operate on a shoestring. Not the Chelsea.

"The theater devours its young," said Kalfin bitterly. "We lost mature people. When you get to your late forties or early fifties, and you know your craft, you have to leave. The theater can't support you, and you can't live on $100 a week anymore." —*Steven Hager*

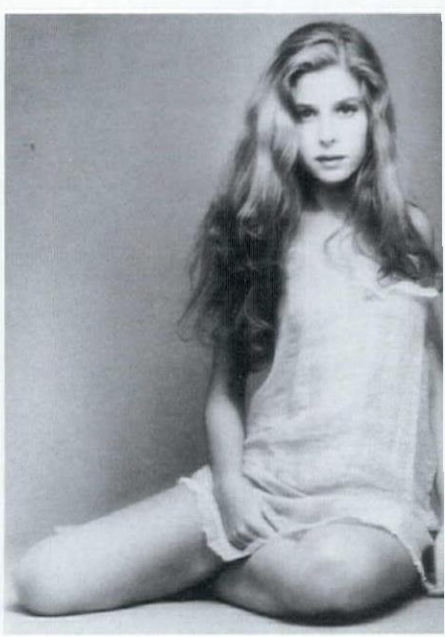
Aurochs and Angels

When Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* was first published in this country in 1958, it was greeted by reviewers, with howls of protes a shockingly "dirty" book. It was no liferation of four-letter words or explicit scenes that disturbed readers (there are not the first and only shadows of the second in book)—it was, as Nabokov predicted, theme itself: a love affair between a tw year-old girl and a thirty-seven-year-old E pean littérateur. (According to one survey incidence in the U.S. of baby girls being na Lolita dropped to dead zero after 1958.)

Despite the apparent advances in "sopl cation" during the decades since the Ei hower era, *Lolita* still has considerable po to shock. As Lionel Trilling observed, novel is not about sex at all, but about love much as anything, the fact that Nabokov c argue that "nympholepsy" was a serious sion seems to be the source of the bo shockingness.

Now Edward Albee has transformed *L* into a play, which opened in Boston in e February and moved to New York's Bro Atkinson Theater a month later. When A first announced a casting call for nymphets year, he was threatened with legal actior feminist groups and children's rights vocates. For the part of Lolita, Albee set on the self-evidently twenty-four-year

Amid much furor, twenty-four-year-old Blanche Baker was chosen to play Lolita Director Edward Albee, for his stage vers of Nabokov's novel about nympholepsy.



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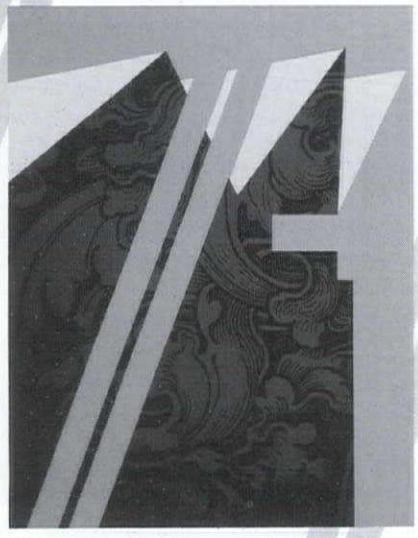

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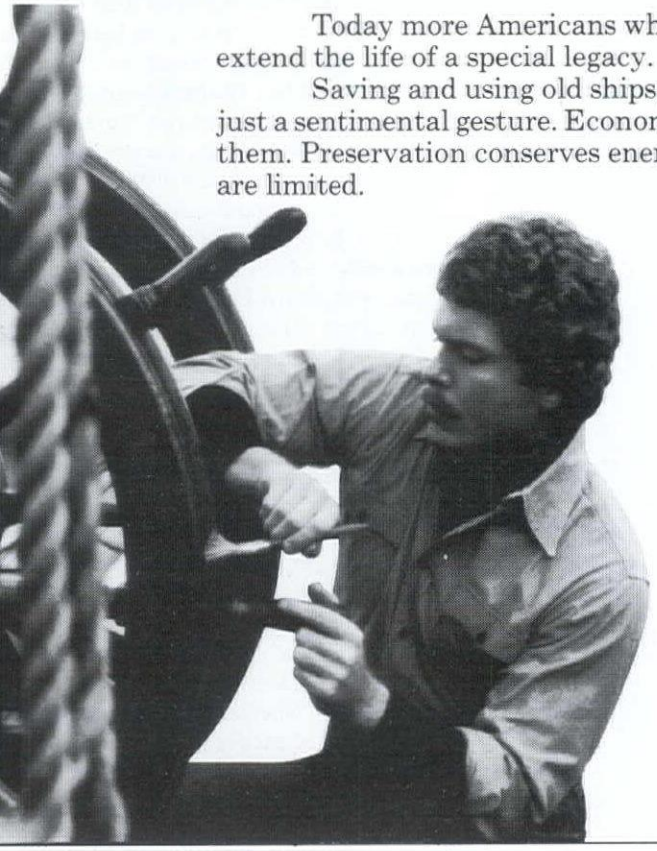

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Blanche Baker. Donald Sutherland plays Humbert Humbert.

Albee's is the third attempt to transform the literary masterpiece into another medium. Stanley Kubrick's film version, though it has acquired a minor cult status, ducked Nabokov's theme by casting voluptuous Sue Lyon (sixteen, she looked twenty) as Lolita. A horrendous musical version closed in preview in 1971. Not only in terms of casting, Albee, too, seems uncomfortable with the seriousness of Nabokov's argument. When Lolita and Humbert approach their first sex scene, a gauzy curtain descends to screen the act from our view, while a narrator—presumably Nabokov himself—scolds the audience for wanting to watch.

Even so, in its Boston tryout, the play caused trouble. At one matinee twenty-five women got up and walked out en masse. A radio advertisement for the play had to be expurgated. "Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul," a narrator intoned. The lines are the opening two sentences of Nabokov's novel. After receiving complaints, the producers changed the word "loins" to "passion."

Update on the Beaumont

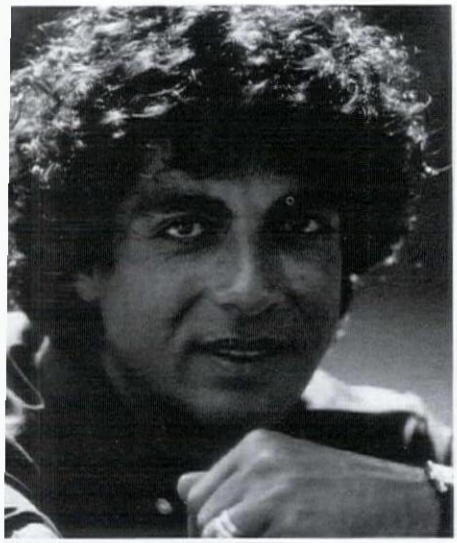
In our December 1980 issue Howard Kissel anticipated with trepidation the new effort of Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater to established repertory drama. (See "New York Repertory Follies.") Now that the first two plays have been shown there, HORIZON *asked Kissel for an update on his predictions.*

Every time a new management takes over and threatens to resolve the monumental problems of the Vivian Beaumont Theater in Lincoln Center, critics worry that they might not have the Beaumont to kick around anymore. Such fears were short-lived with the latest management, which began its operation in November with the revival of Philip Barry's *The delphia Story*. Richmond Crinkley, the guiding spirit of the Beaumont, had orig hoped to cast Meryl Streep in the role w for Katharine Hepburn, but when Stree media darling of the moment, unavailable, he wisely selected Blythe Da an actress who, even more than Streep, e the almost universal admiration and affe of the critics. Much of this critical goo transferred to the production itself, th the set, the acoustics, and many of Dar fellow actors were given a mixed recep Unlike most new productions in New the Beaumont was not dependent on a f able press, since it already had a subscription audience.

This promising beginning was followe production that all but a few critics agreed debacle. Even under the best of circumsta *Macbeth* is regarded as a jinx, a play th variably brings bad luck. Only last summe of England's most highly regarded actors, O'Toole, received scathing reviews wh played the role. The much less experienced Anglim, whose only previous major credi the title role in *The Elephant Man*, seem odd choice for so heavy an assignment, ticularly when the directing had been entrust Sarah Caldwell, in her nonoperatic debut. well did not direct *Macbeth* so much as blo making use of an industrial-looking brid break up the vast vertical space of the Beau stage. Unfortunately the distance of the s spanning bridge and its steep staircase some delayed the progress of the drama. In an i view with the *New York Times* Maureen A man, who played Lady Macbeth, talked a huffing and puffing as she crossed the bridg worrying about whether her candle would g when she climbed down the staircase.

One hit, one miss, no signs that an in tion is being created comparable to the York Philharmonic or the City Ballet. In ways the Beaumont's strongest contributi New York theater has been scheduled fo spring: a new play by Woody Allen, ent *The Floating Light Bulb*, his first in e years, will open in April. In March there be a festival of one-acts by young Ame playwrights, under the artistic direction o ward Albee. Whether such precarious bala can be created each season remains to be The Crinkley years at the Beaumont have ten off to an uneven but honorable start.

—Howard



'ernationally known singer Enrico Macias gins a three-week tour of the United States April at the Felt Forum in New York.

Music

Felt Forum Detente

Enrico Macias is an internationally renowned singer who performs songs in Hebrew, French, Spanish, and English. He has also written hundreds of songs in various languages. Yet he remains little known in this country.

A three-week tour of the United States in April may change that. To his opening night concert in New York's Felt Forum at the Madison Square Garden on April 4, Macias has invited the ambassadors of France, Egypt, and Israel. Born a Jew in Algeria, Macias was forced by religious persecution to leave his homeland at the age of twenty-three. He views his international touring as an attempt to bring disparate cultures together in the cause of peace. In 1977 he won the considerable honor of being invited personally by Anwar Sadat, through the Israeli government, to give three concerts in Egypt.

The U.S. tour, which will have Macias in Miami on April 7, New Orleans April 9, Los Angeles April 11–12, Chicago April 14 or 15, and Atlanta on April 20, is the singer's first in this country since 1974.

The Competition

One of the most grueling musical "elimination bouts" is the Xerox Corporation–sponsored Affiliate Artists competition. The rewards are high: winning pianists are placed in two-week residencies with four American orchestras—obvious opportunities to launch careers.

From 110 applications, thirty-three pianists were chosen to compete in early February for only six winning slots. One of the winning Xerox pianists, thirty-year-old Gita Karasik, from Washington, D.C., recounted her experience. "I was actually sick. My doctor advised

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me not to go to the auditions, but I went anyway. I chose pieces that I love, which is important in a competition. I played a group of Scarlatti sonatas, a Chopin group, and a contemporary piece by Dutilleux. You can't walk on eggshells or be apologetic or tentative on stage. The judges want to see that you're a real pro.

"The whole idea of competing in music is sort of unnatural. It puts a special strain on a musician to have to play faster, or louder, or better than another. That doesn't really have a lot to do with music making. If you win, though, the benefits can be fantastic. If you lose, not only do you lose the benefits, but your morale is shot down."

Music

Keeping up with Rampal

One of the most talented young musicians in America today is the flautist Ransom Wilson. In only his thirtieth year, the virtuoso has performed and recorded to universal acclaim; the *Los Angeles Times* declared him the equal of Jean-Pierre Rampal "in matters of phrasing, breath control, dexterity and style."

Wilson grew up in a small Southern university town where there was little opportunity to learn music. He began on a tonette, and did not touch a flute until the relatively late age of twelve. Neither of his parents was musical, but his grandfather ran a one-man radio show in Memphis in the 1930s. "He did animal sounds and played lots of instruments by ear," Wilson comments. "It was wildly successful."

Five years after he began playing the flute Wilson was taken under his wing by Rampal. "The older I get, the more I realize how magnanimous he was. Here I was, this kid of seventeen, with a lot of talent, I guess, and a fierce determination to become a soloist. Having already become famous all over the world, he was under no compulsion to give any of that away. He actually took it upon himself to go out on a limb for me with concert promoters and record companies. This is almost unheard of in the industry. It's a wonderful example for me to follow when I get into that position."

In 1973 Wilson made a record with Rampal of several double flute concertos. Playing with the master, Wilson avers, is "a joy, as you can imagine. It's also a challenge, because the man can definitely play fast. I have to be on my for that. He's filled with so much war He's a Southerner, too: he's from Marse The sun just comes pouring through wh plays."

Wilson has delighted in bringing the wor obscure composers to a wider audience. Hi ly New York recital this year featured, with Bach and Couperin, pieces by Dar Taffanel, Jolivet, and Martinu. He feel diences aren't happy with "more than one heavy, romantic piece per evening. I lik make concerts like meals, where you start something that whets your appetite for the course. If you have a Brahms and a Schu and a Beethoven all in the same concert, it' having ham, turkey, and pork. It's too mu

In April the gifted flautist is touring Midwest with harpist Nancy Allen in a seri twelve concerts from Pekin, Illinois, to tysburg, Pennsylvania.

Dance

Baryshnikov cum Nureyev

It started with a few phone calls. By the time last call was completed, it was clear that da history was being made. The caller was chor rapher Paul Taylor. Those called inclu Mikhail Baryshnikov, Rudolph Nureyev, G Verdon, Betty Comden, Adolphe Green, J V. Lindsay, and Hermione Gingold.

All admired Taylor's work and agreed to pear in the revival of his *From Sea to Shi Sea*. It will be performed April 14 as part of gala program which is scheduled to open Paul Taylor Dance Company's annual th week season at the City Center Fifty-f Street Dance Theater in New York. This be the first time that Rudolph Nureyev Mikhail Baryshnikov have performed gether. It is not, however, the first time N eyev or Baryshnikov have danced Tayl work. Over the years, Nureyev has perfor with the company in New York, Mexico, London and has frequently danced Tayl *Aureole* for guest appearances around world. Baryshnikov made his debut with Paul Taylor Dance Company in 1979, danc *Airs*. As the new artistic director of the Am can Ballet Theatre, Baryshnikov has as Taylor to stage *Airs*. It will be danced by A on its opening-night program at the Met A 20. "Generally my company performs as a u

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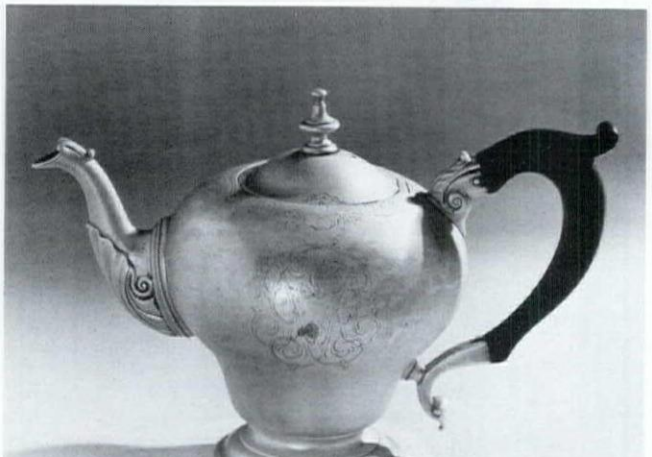

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Cross Country

without guest artists," said Paul Taylor. " are making an exception for the opening-n gala because we think everyone will ha good time." Also on the opening-night gram is a revival of *Polaris* and *Esplanade*. ticket information about the New season, April 14–May 3, call the Paul Ta Dance Company at 212/431-5562 or writ company at 550 Broadway, New York, York 10012. —*Judith Jed*

Film

Kramer on Coppola

The spectacular fiasco of *Heaven's Gate* fall seems not to have daunted director Fra Ford Coppola, who has pledged $1 millio personal property, narrowly avoiding b ruptcy, to start work on his $22 million *One From the Heart*. Coppola's Zoet Company would, industry sources clai have folded had it not been for the interces of Paramount Pictures, which gave Copp half-million-dollar loan.

Asked to comment on Coppola's pro director Stanley Kramer says, "I'm a l alarmed, just for selfish reasons, becaus makes it harder to get money when things *Heaven's Gate* and this Coppola thing hap But on the other hand, these fellows have successful on occasion and that's why pe have backed them. I must say that over years the distributor and financier have right fifty percent of the time, even if I've right fifty percent. You just can't outgues

"You know, everybody's riding for a fal the time. I know, because I've gone f *Wunderkind* to something else to someth else. I've had the deliciousness of pain o enough to know that I can survive. Som the people who have grown up in the last ade haven't survived—they've come qui like a meteor and disappeared.

"Yes, I think Coppola is talented, and I think he may have a Nero complex w could get him in trouble. I don't know whet he wants to be an emperor or a creative pict person.

"But I'm not a film critic. I haven't s Coppola's film. My feeling about critics is t they're probably like football coaches. T have to be smart enough to know what the doing, and dumb enough to think it matters that much."

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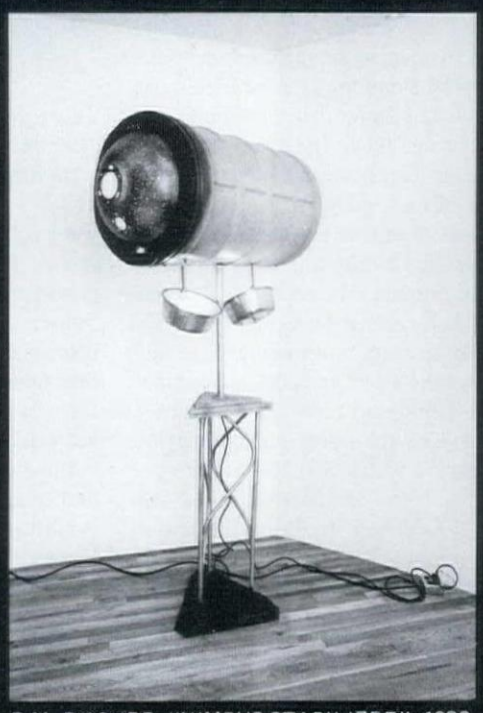

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Trans World

U.S.S.R.

Smuggled Shostakovich

As the man considered by many to be the greatest Soviet composer since Prokofiev, Dmitri Shostakovich has perhaps enjoyed more attention posthumously, and certainly less censorship, than he did while alive. First were his memoirs, dictated to editor Solomon Volkov, smuggled out of the country at a nervous rate of one chapter at a time, and published just after his death in 1975 by Harper and Row. The book, *Testimony*, seemed to reveal Shostakovich's fears of Stalin and the Russian state, and the political tactics necessary for a composer of his caliber to create while a repressive government looked over his shoulder. *Testimony* created a major controversy, however, when competent authorities claimed the memoirs were spurious. The controversy remains to be resolved.

In February, Mstislav Rostropovich, the great cellist, now conductor and musical director of the National Symphony in Washington, D.C., recalled his part in smuggling the "Babi Yar" (Thirteenth) Symphony out of the Soviet Union for its United States debut by the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1969. The symphony was considered highly controversial by Soviet officials because of its text by Yevgeny Yevtesheenko. Shostakovich entrusted the score to the cellist, who attached a false title page crediting the score to an obscure composer. The switch went undetected by Soviet border guards.

Despite these heresies, Shostakovich has not been banned by the state. In fact, nearly fifty years after the Leningrad premiere and subsequent censorship of the opera *Lady Macbeth of Mtensk District*, which Shostakovich revised and retitled *Katerina Ismailova* to please the authorities in the forties, the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow not only debuted the production early this year, but producer Boris A. Pokrovsky stressed the criticisms of the Soviet police written into the score, and reaction by Soviet critics thus far has been positive.

Canada

Fifty-year-old Photography

For many years, photography was not considered as serious an art form as were oils, watercolors, even prints. It was thought of by artistic elitists as no more than yellowed tintypes and daguerreotypes of carriages, farmhouses, and ascotted men posed stiffly at rolltop desks. Even noted artists like Edward Steichen, Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, and Imogen Cunningham had to fight prejudice to get works shown in galleries and museums.

But the last two decades have changed that, and museums and galleries around the globe exhibit photography as routinely as they show impressionist paintings. Through April 7 at the Glenbow Museum in Calgary, Alberta, an exhibition of American photography from the thirties illuminates the pivotal period in photography when Walker Evans led the way in establishing the documentary aesthetic with its new respect for realism.

Including masters of modern photography such as Berenice Abbott, Ansel Adams, Man Ray, Paul Outerbridge, and Alfred Stieglitz, this exhibition is directed by John Szarkowski of the department of photography at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Museum of Modern Art

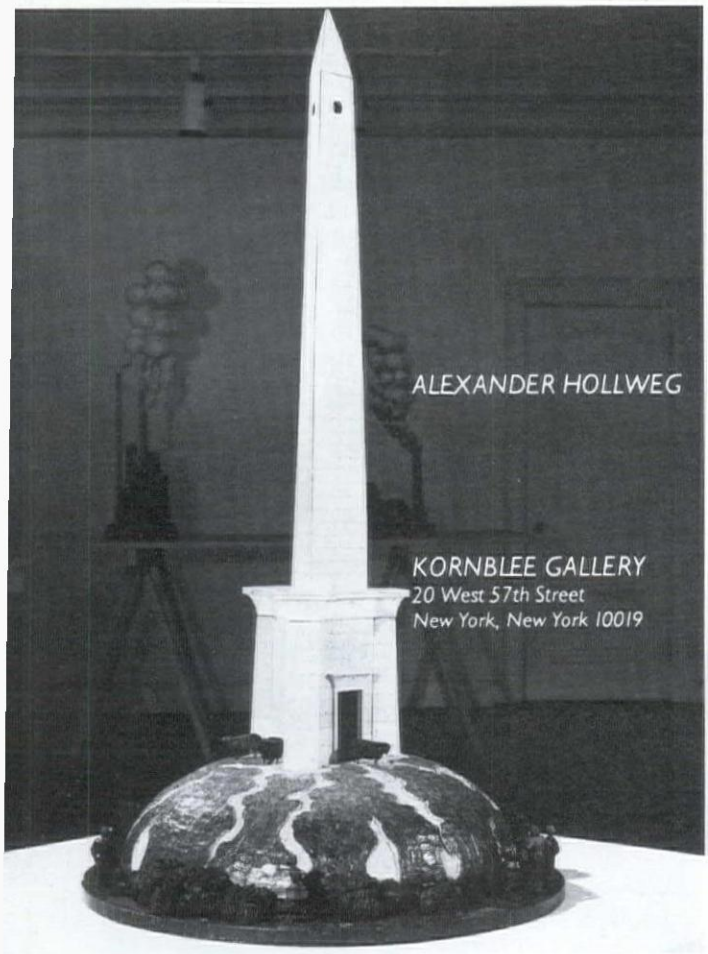
This Edward Weston photograph, taken in 1939 and titled Wrecked Car, Crescent Beach, *is on display through April 7.*

France

Battle Ahead at Beaubourg

Anything that looked as strange as the Geor Pompidou Center, France's answer to the M seum of Modern Art, was bound to exude zarreness from every joint of its glass-and-s rib cage. And so it has. Since its opening 1977 this daring *enfant terrible* of the st French museum world, under the eccen leadership of Pontus Hulten, has shocked a upstaged its well-behaved siblings, sponsor exhibitions that amount to an inductive pr of the famous McLuhan theorem, "Art is a thing you can get away with." These da however, the Pompidou Center is getting av with much less. Faced with the same sort monetary pressures that are forcing cutba in the real world, Beaubourg—as the muse is commonly called—is rife with rumors of pending staff layoffs, and its heady experim talism is thinning out.

Against this background the recent nouncement of Hulten's departure next S tember, and of his replacement by a conser tive career bureaucrat, seems to be sadly o



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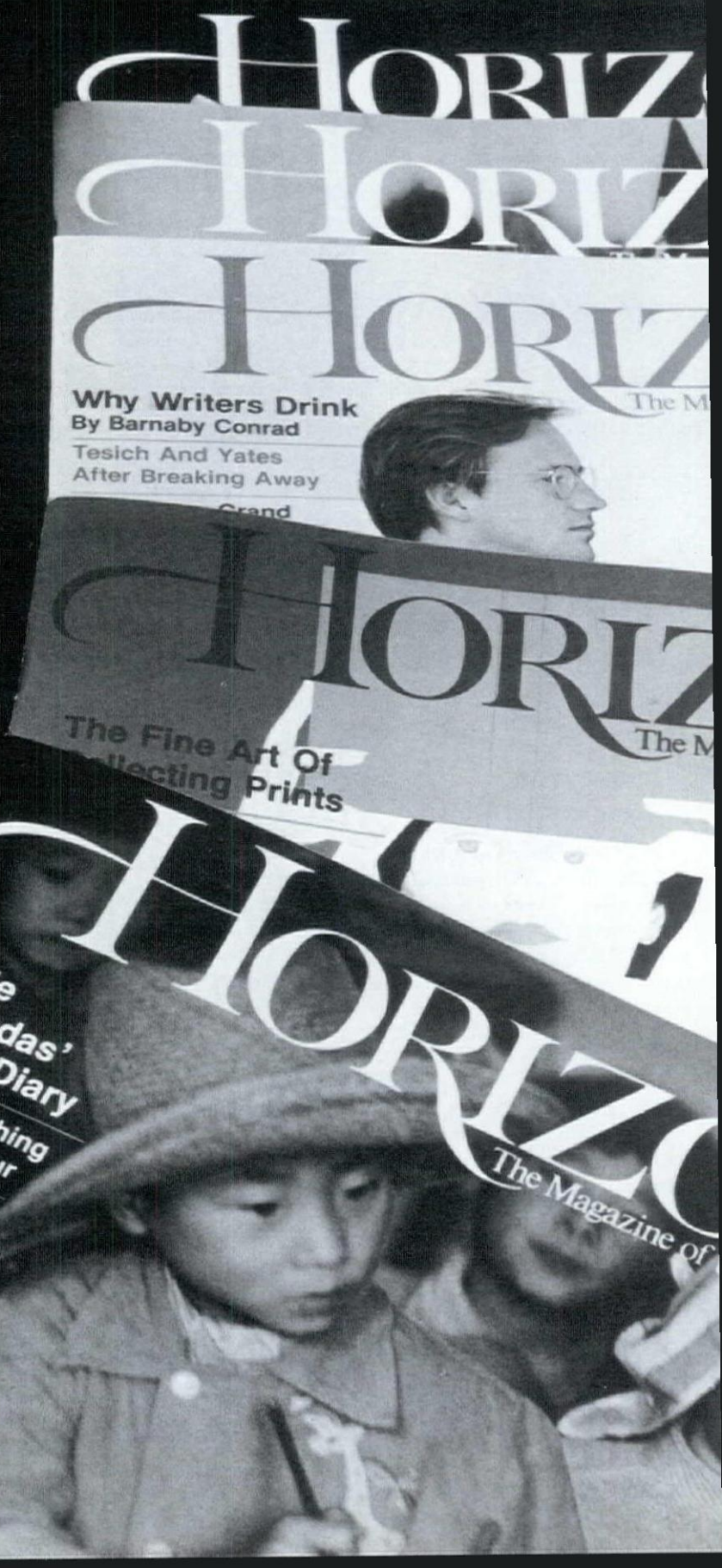

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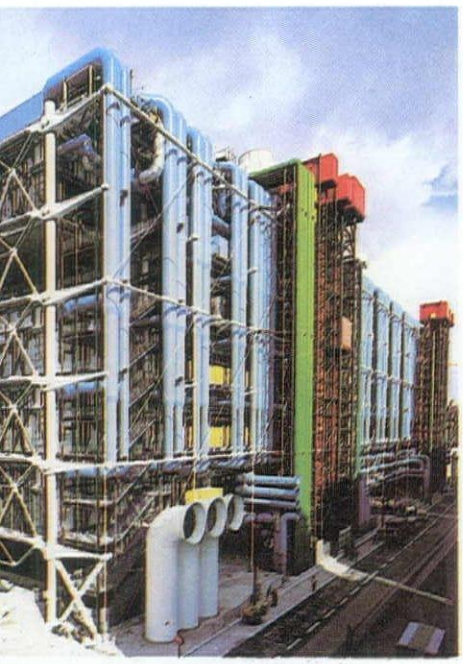

eaubourg's factory-face will always legate it to the category of "strange," hatever exhibitions are staged inside.

ece. Hulten, an irreverent, energetic Swede, going to Los Angeles to build a new contemorary art museum for southern California. is replacement is a man named Dominique ozo, whose surname carries no pejorative nnotations in French, and who is rumored to ave been hand-picked by President Valery iscard d'Estaing. No one doubts Bozo's cometence; he was director of the National luseum of Modern Art before the transfer of s collection to Beaubourg and currently heads e new Picasso Museum. What bothers the quarian Beaubourgers is his close link with e government. They fear he will turn the ompidou Center into another Louvre, with t deemed outrageous or dangerous banished the modern equivalent of the Jeu de Paume, which the impressionists were sent when ey were considered alarmingly avant-garde, nd where their work still resides.

Bozo has said little about what he will do nce he takes over in September. In the meanme, Hulten must make do with a budget that only twelve percent higher than last year's -against a French inflation of fourteen perent. Its architecture makes Beaubourg a perianent curiosity, but what goes on inside is etting less and less curious all the time.

—Thomas Noland

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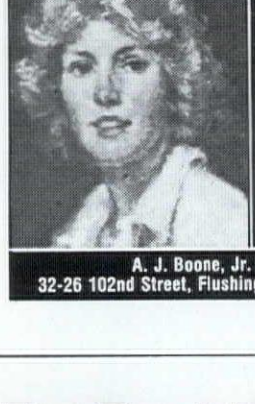

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Trans World

Thomas Gainsborough's Horses Watering at a Trough *is one of the twenty-eight works showing at Paris' Grand Palais.*

Beyond *Blue Boy*

Twenty-eight works by eighteenth-century English painter Thomas Gainsborough have crossed the Atlantic for a major exhibition at the Grand Palais in Paris. The paintings and drawings, borrowed from leading American museums and collections, join a strong selection of Gainsborough's works from European collections, mainly coming from houses where they are not normally on view to the general public. Several of the most important paintings come from the Royal Collection of Her Majesty, the Queen of England.

Sponsored by London's Tate Gallery, this appraisal of Gainsborough's work shows him as the forerunner of the English fashion for romantic portraits and as the inventor of romantic landscape. If chocolate-box lids and jigsaw puzzles are any indication, Gainsborough's paintings are as frequently reproduced as any other artist's. His elegant portraits and pastoral wooded landscapes epitomize the best English art in the eighteenth century. In his later life, Gainsborough was a founding member of the Royal Academy of Art and received so many commissions from the British royal family that he was virtually a court painter.

The show continues at the Grand Palais through April 26. A beautifully illustrated catalogue, prepared by Dr. John Hayes, has been published to coincide with the show. To or the catalogue by mail, send $15 (postpaid) to Tate Gallery Publications Department, M bank, London SW 1, England. —*Kate Dy*

No Parking, Please

"They've paved paradise, put up a park lot," sang Joni Mitchell in the early sevent But in Paris they did just the opposite. W city employees began digging fifteen years for the construction of an underground gar on the site of the Notre Dame Cathe square, their shovels and picks hit resistanc the form of huge ancient stones from a th century rampart. Michel Fleury, director historic antiquities in Paris, urged city tra officials to build the garage on another par the Isle de la Cité. The fate of the artifa looked uncertain for a time, but Fleury w the fight, and excavation of the Notre Da square began immediately.

Work dragged, but the crypt—termed t because a tomblike roof, ten times as long a is wide, covers the ruins—is now open to v tors, showing basement rooms built after Romans captured Paris, ruins of houses o lining the street leading to the cathedral in Middle Ages, the remains of another, Mer ingian Cathedral, and an orphanage from 1700s along with the skeleton of a nun w worked there. Twenty-one nuns' skelet were found in all, identified by the rust ma on either side of the skulls, caused by pins u to fasten the veils in place.

Spring hours for the Archaeological Mu um begin April 1 and run through Septem 30. Visitors are welcome for seven fra (about $1.75) from 10 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. 2:30 P.M. to 7 P.M.

Yugoslavia

The Prince of Prints

Although neglected as an art form in Yugosla until World War II, printmaking soon burge ed in popularity as artists used the process protest the Communist regime and its atroci against the Yugoslavian people. Represen tions of imprisonment, torturing, and w dalism not only increased the demand for pr in Yugoslavia—a demand that is now reflec throughout the world—but also served a silent yet effective propaganda machine.

Trans World

Today, although Yugoslavia has no war to ght, printmakers have carried on the tradi- on of fine-quality art, and the Ljubljana rint Biennale in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, in ex- tence since 1955, is the oldest and largest of l international print biennials.

An exhibition of contemporary Yugoslav rints selected by Zoran Krzisnik, founder of he Ljubljana Print Biennale, shows at the ate Gallery in London through April 20. In- uded are prints in various styles, from bstract to surreal and expressionist, and from even different artists. For further informa- on, contact the Tate Gallery, Millbank, Lon- on SW1P 4RG, or call 821-1313.

Africa

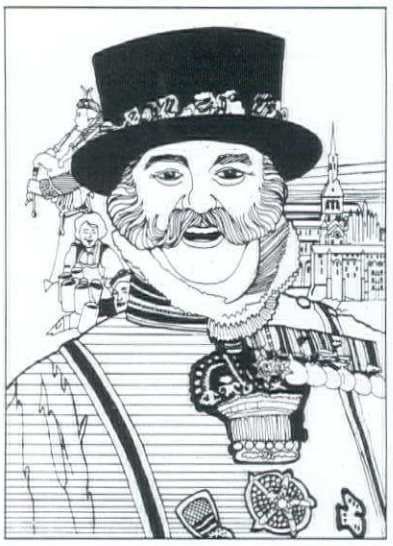
Touring with Tammi

What does a Miss World finalist do after the ageant is over? Make a few Crest commer- als, then kick off her silver spike heels, take ff her crown, and return to Bio 105 labs and heater-appreciation classes, right? Not ways. Nineteen-year-old Tammi Dougherty taking a vacation from college this month to avel internationally and fiddle alongside her ther Junior Dougherty, and his New Mex- an Western swing band.

The people of many countries in the Near ast and Africa are in for a surprise when ammi and the band pay them a visit this onth and the next—they may not meet John ravolta or ride a mechanical bull, but most ill be hearing American country music for the rst time. Several groups and soloists from the nited States will tour through a dozen coun- ies, fiddling, picking, and crooning as they , sponsored by the United States Interna- onal Communications Agency's Arts Ameri- a cultural exchange program.

The first tour, running through April and lled "Country Roads," not only includes ammi and her father and the rest of the unior Dougherty band, but Doyle Lawson nd Quicksilver of Virginia playing bluegrass usic. Together they will tour through Bah- in, the United Arab Emirates, Yemen, Tu- sia, Algeria, and Morocco.

In May, "Country Rhythms" will hit the ail behind "Country Roads," featuring the ed Clay Ramblers country band from North arolina, and John Delafose and the Eunice layboy's zydeco band from Louisiana. □



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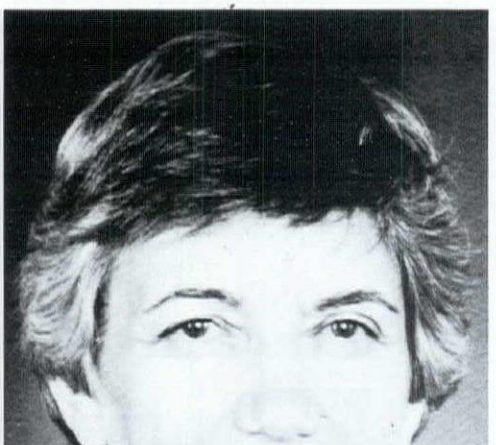
A Woman Who Kills

Sweetsir, by Helen Yglesias. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1981. 288 pp., $13.95.

Helen Yglesias' third novel opens with a woman killing her husband. The scene is narrated with such detachment that the deathblow seems at first only a parry in a routine domestic fight. A blue-collar worker named Morgan Beauchamp Sweetsir, five times married, an alcoholic bully, is beating up his wife Sally in the kitchen of their home in a small New England town called Eatonville. Sally's fault is that her doctor suspects she has cancer and she has voiced her fears to her husband. He accuses her of lying and starts his habitual wife beating. Backed against a wall, Sally grabs a kitchen knife to scare Morgan; he grabs her wrist; a dancelike struggle ensues; and the knife "had entered so easily and emerged so effortlessly, what harm could it have done. . . ?"

From the climactic event of her life, *Sweetsir* ranges with Sally back into her past, forward through her trial for murder, and sideways —into the thoughts of others who impinge upon her life. Since Yglesias has set up the opening scene to make it abundantly clear that Sally acted in self-defense, even to suggest that Morgan may have stabbed himself in the struggle, the reader might well fear that he is about to be subjected to a feminist melodrama of injustice. But *Sweetsir* steers well clear of the kind of doctrinaire thinking that informed Ann Jones' recent *Women Who Kill*. In fact, the novel's only sustained satire deals with a support group of upper-class feminists who rush to embrace Sally's cause. ("Who will be the first to speak bitterness?" chants the group's leader. "Tonight we will speak bitterness against male oppression.")

Although her first two novels (the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award–winner *How She Died* and *Family Feeling*) dealt with New York, with Jewish immigrants, with intellectuals and leftist radicals, there is an unmistakable authenticity in Yglesias' handling of Eatonville's impoverished Italians and Irish. The spareness of language and the simplicity of syntax in Yglesias' prose serve, at their best, to mirror, just as in James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan*, the drab currents of feeling that make up American life. "Everybody liked Sweets," writes the author, speaking for Eatonville. "There was some talk that he beat up on his women, but when it came to that, if you went after all the guys who clobbered their dames, there'd be nobody left at the Hilltop drinking beer of a Friday night."



© Thomas Victor

Helen Yglesias, whose first novel won a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship in 1972, turns to rural New England with Sweetsir.

While the novel threatens to lose focus and unity by wandering in and out of Sally's point of view, Yglesias gets ironic mileage out of showing how many different perceptions can adhere to a single event—like a murder. A spiteful shrew of a neighbor, having rushed upon the scene to find Sally hysterically crying out to Morgan that she didn't mean to do it, says, "Ya shoulda thoughta that sooner, before ya done what ya done." Later, in court testimony, the neighbor attributes—no doubt sincerely—her own words to the victim himself. Some of the psychological intuitions w which Yglesias invests Sally are astute—l having her blame her habit of masturbation causing a stillborn baby.

Yet there is something seriously wrong w this novel. For one thing, there is no suspen not even with Sally's trial hanging over through the whole book. Authenticity alon not enough to redeem pages of dialogue; when it dictates the extensive medical and le documents that muddy up the narrative, thenticity impedes. All the Eatonville ch acters sound alike. Worse, their speech is d gedly rendered with such orthographic dist tions as "ya" and "n" (for "and") and missing "g" on all progressive forms of ver Meanwhile the big-city judges and lawy "talk" normal English. This raises the whiff of class condescension which, presu ably, *Sweetsir* is meant to combat. If a qua worker utters a sound like "n," does a pro sor really say "and"? Linguists would do it. For some reason, when Sally talks to Yale Law School graduate attorney, she s denly makes the sound "you," not "ya," gets the "g" back into her "ing" endings. barely conceivable that Yglesias is having S clean up her language in front of this "N York smart Jewish rich" lawyer; more lik the author has slipped. If so, that slip betr something disturbing in the novel's ideolog

Reviewing *How She Died* in the *New Y Times*, Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, w admitting the book "smoldered in my me ory," complained about "the story's refusa soar above the muddled heads of its ch acters." Something like that is at work *Sweetsir*. Sally is, finally, not interesting, cause for page after page her ruminati smack only of that feeble level of thought t might be called self-narration: "Fight anger, resisting depression, she prepared lunches, fed the dog, urged the kids alo took something out of the freezer for supp made a note to herself. . . ." Ditto for other Eatonville denizens, when we briefly v their minds.

There seem to be only two alternati Either Yglesias has simply failed to imagine way into the heads of the characters she fleshed out with names and jobs and favo TV shows. Or—and I hope this is not the c —she really believes, to paraphrase Hemi way quoting Fitzgerald, that the poor are ferent from you and me—specifically, t they are stupider. —*David Rob*

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New York's Art Mecca

A Stroll Down Fifty-seventh Street

In the four blocks between Park and Seventh avenues lie almost a hundred galleries—including some of America's most important.

By Barnaby Conrad III

One day pop-artist James Rosenquist said to me, "I love walking down Fifty-seventh Street. You see everyone there. In the 1960s I even saw Charles Laughton strutting along in a cape and shiny, pointed black shoes."

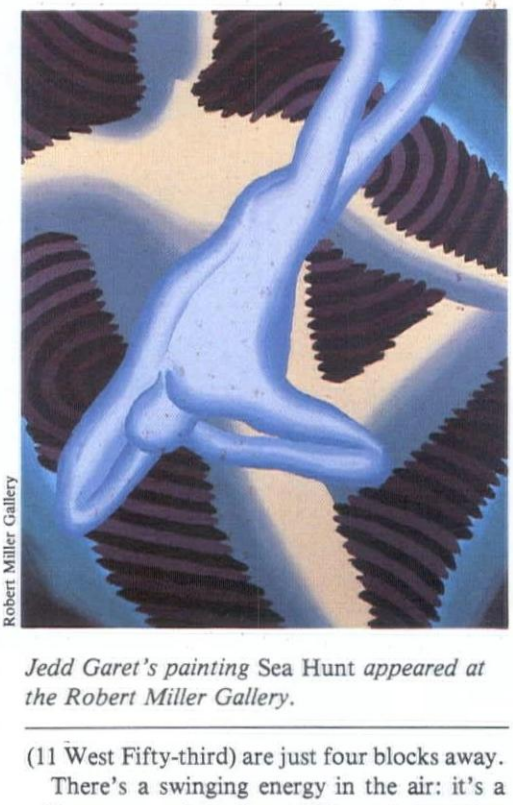
About a week later a gallery-hopping friend said to me, "Fifty-seventh Street is amazing! You see everyone there. Why, in one day I saw Louise Nevelson, Jackie Onassis . . . and James Rosenquist! He was wearing a Hawaiian shirt and a leather jacket."

Whether you wear pointy black shoes or Hawaiian shirts, Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue are the crossroads of New York culture, from diamond hunting at Tiffany to pondering a Diebenkorn at the Blum Helman Gallery. You may not see Mrs. Onassis, Louise Nevelson, or James Rosenquist, but you shouldn't have any trouble getting an eyeful of contemporary art—provided you know where to look.

In the 1950s there weren't more than a dozen art galleries on the street; today there are almost one hundred galleries stacked in the four blocks between Park and Seventh avenues. While several galleries show photography and African art, most concentrate on American or European art works that range from well-known masterpieces to works fresh off the easel. When the cream of SoHo rises, it's skimmed off by savvy dealers on this street.

"What Wall Street is to finance, Fifty-seventh Street is to art," says Robert Miller, who shows both modern art and antiquities at his impressively diverse gallery on Fifth Avenue, just a block off Fifty-seventh Street. Indeed, sales by Fifty-seventh Street galleries are said to top $20 million monthly.

"During the 1960s Madison Avenue was the place to go," says another dealer. "When the rents got too high, some went to SoHo, some to Fifty-seventh Street. I moved here because it was the heart of the city, the marketplace where business and aesthetics meet." A case in point: both **Christie's Auction House** (502 Park Avenue) and the **Museum of Modern Art** (11 West Fifty-third) are just four blocks away.



Robert Miller Gallery

Jedd Garet's painting Sea Hunt *appeared at the Robert Miller Gallery.*

There's a swinging energy in the air: it's a wide avenue of surging traffic and slamming cab doors, where people walk briskly and tap their feet in the elevator lobbies, unlike Madison Avenue which is for strolling and window-shopping. The art action at Fifty-seventh Street is not at street level. All the galleries (except two) are several flights up, sometimes stacked like cliff dwellings so that in a few buildings you can see close to a dozen galleries without going outside all morning. Unless you have a specific gallery in mind, the ideal way to conduct a tour of Fifty-seventh Street is to begin at the east end of the street near Park Avenue, and head west.

41 East Fifty-seventh

You could easily spend a whole morning (gallery hours are usually 10 to 5:30, Tuesday through Saturday) in the dozen art galleri located in the art-deco Fuller Building locat at 41 East Fifty-seventh. Start on the seco floor with the **Andrew Crispo Gallery,** eclectic showcase for contemporary art, with storeroom of art ranging from cubist Picas to nineteenth-century American landscape. typical group show might include one Lowell Nesbitt's giant flowers, a photoreal painting by Robert Cottingham, or an abstra Richard Diebenkorn, all comfortably priced five figures or more.

Pierre Matisse is unquestionably one of t grand old gentlemen of the New York world. The son of Henri Matisse, he open his gallery fifty years ago and represents so of the greatest living European artists: Mi Marc Chagall, Jean Dubuffet, and Balthu Matisse first showed Balthus in 1938 in t country. Since this reclusive painter of adol cent nudes shows only once a decade, a B

A group of Fifty-seventh Street gallery owners and directors gathered recently for Horizon *at the corner of Fifty-seventh and Madison Avenue. First row, left to right: Kathryn Markel, Betty Parsons, Mary Gruskin (Midtown Gallery), Patricia Hamilton, Sidney Janis, Jane Kallir (Galer Saint Etienne), Terry Dintenfass, and Victoria Oscarsson. Second row: Thomas Gruenebaum, Julian Weissman (Gruenebau Gallery), Leonard Kahan, Frederick Hill (Berry-Hill Galleries), Joan Washburn, Jan Berry Hill, Peter Freeman (BlumHelman Gallery), Hildegarde Bachert (Galerie Sain Etienne), Carroll Janis (Sidney Janis Gallery), and Jill Kornblee. Third row: Le Witkin, Andre Zarre, Tibor de Nagy, John Chime (Robert Miller Gallery), Max Protetch, Jeff Hoffeld (Pace Gallery), Pet Tatistcheff, Brooke Alexander, Jack Mogn (Marlborough Gallery), Allan Frumkin, H Katzen (Alex Rosenberg Gallery), and Arnold Glimcher (Pace Gallery).*

MADISON
NO LEFT TURN
8 AM - 7 PM
EXCEPT BUSES
EXCEPT SUNDAY
WAY
the FLORSHEIM shoe

thus show at Matisse is an event. The last show of his work in 1977 brought 20,000 visitors in one month, 2,000 on one particular Saturday, which is probably a record for Fifty-seventh Street.

On the same floor is the **Andre Zarre Gallery**, tucked into a small but functional space where, since 1972, he has shown elegant abstract works by artists like Joy Walker (oilstick on geometric aluminum cutouts), and I. Rice Perelra, one of the great American (and female) abstractionists. A gallery dealer by day, the thirty-five-year-old Zarre is a poet by night and has published two books of poetry.

Also in the building is the **Marisa Del Re Gallery** where you'll find a few select works by twentieth-century European and American artists, ranging from de Chirico to sculpture by Alexander Calder and Theodore Roszak. Next door is **Portraits, Inc.** For the boardroom or the bedroom, this gallery has a portrait artist who can capture the elusive human likeness in a traditional manner. Three of its artists are William Draper, who painted John F. Kennedy; Aaron Shikler, who painted the Kennedy family; and Everett Raymond Kinstler, who painted Gerald Ford, Isaac Bashevis Singer, and John D. Rockefeller III. Prices range from $1,000 to $30,000. Co-owner of the gallery Rutgers Barclay also sells twentieth-century masterworks in a space attached to Portraits, Inc.

One floor up is **The Witkin Gallery**, possibly the most important photographic gallery in the world. Witkin has an overwhelming collection of vintage and contemporary prints, as well as rare photography books.

On the fifth and ninth floors is the **André Emmerich Gallery**—an institution in the world of contemporary art—with its stable of Helen Frankenthaler, Larry Poons, Jules Olitski, Al Held, and Sam Francis among others, as well as the estates of Hans Hoffman, Morris Louis, and John Graham. Emmerich started here in 1954 and opened a gallery in Zurich in 1973. If you're lucky enough, you'll be able to see both a contemporary show (like David Hockney's opera-set designs in April) and one of Emmerich's excellent exhibitions of pre-Columbian gold or Greco-Roman antiquities. The prices in both categories are, needless to say, advanced.

52 East Fifty-seventh

Since I mentioned two street-level galleries, let's cross the street to visit one of them.

The **Brooks Jackson/Iolas Gallery**, set back from the street in a courtyard, has been known for three decades in this country and abroad as one of the pre-eminent dealers of surrealist works. "I don't consider myself a dealer," says Brooks Jackson, "but I have a gallery." Among their artists are Victor Brauner, Niki de St. Phalle, Matta, and William Copley (known as *cply*), whose play *Even If You're Unhappy There's No Reason You Shouldn't Behave Yourself* transformed the gallery into a minitheater several years ago.

Many of the dealers blame the good fortune of their being on Fifty-seventh Street to the greed of uptown landlords.

André Emmerich Gallery

42 East Fifty-seventh

"My landlord drove me out," said Joan Washburn of the **Washburn Gallery**. A stylish woman with excellent taste in nineteenth- and twentieth-century art (from Martin Johnson Heade to Ilya Bolotowsky), she also has a SoHo branch at 113

Pace Gallery

The last Balthus show brought 2,000 visitors on a single Saturday.

Gruenebaum Gallery, Ltd.

ove left: David Hockney's Model with
finished Self-portrait, *1977, oil on canvas,*
x 60 inches, is housed at the Andre
merich Gallery. Below left: An
tallation on the third floor of the Pace
llery presents small pieces by Louise
velson, who is generally known for her
ge works. Above right: Large Punk Rock
George McNeil, 1980, oil on canvas, 68 x
inches, is at the Gruenebaum Gallery.
low right: A watercolor exhibition by John
art Ingle, a realist artist from Minnesota,
shown by Peter Tatistcheff.

Greene Street but spends most of her time at Fifty-seventh Street. Her present location above the Incurable Collector, an antiques shop, has an interesting history: "During the forties it was the Julien Levy Gallery; during the fifties it was the Catherine Viviano Gallery; and when I took it over it was a garment shop where two Indian women sewed saris."

38 East Fifty-seventh

At 38 East Fifty-seventh there are three galleries of interest. The **Gruenebaum Gallery, Ltd.,** which until three years ago was on Madison Avenue, boasts a team of five abstract-expressionist painters who, along with Pollock and company, made up the New York School of the forties and fifties. Thomas Gruenebaum began showing Georgio Cavallon a few years ago and suddenly found Cavallon's friends wanted to join the gallery. "What is amazing," says Gruenebaum, "is that Georgio Cavallon, James Brooks, George McNeil, and Sonia Gechtoff showed together thirty years ago in various galleries and now they're back together again." Gruenebaum finds that there is new interest in this generation of painters and that collectors with Pollocks, Klines, and de Koonings are filling in their collections with these sometimes overlooked but important painters.

Three floors up is the **Multiples/Goodman Gallery** which shows a number of innovative new artists, while on the ninth floor is **Tatistcheff and Company, Inc.** Owner Peter Tatistcheff claims to be one of the few art dealers on Fifty-seventh Street showing realist artists from the hinterlands. Among his artists are Richard Crozier of Charlottesville, Virginia, John Stuart Ingle from Minnesota, and John Gordon from Sioux City, Iowa. "I'm trying to add a new dimension to the realism wave," he says. "In the midseventies it was hard to get people to come down to a small gallery in SoHo. I wanted to be dead center, so I moved to Fifty-seventh Street." Things have been looking up ever since.

32 East Fifty-seventh

Pace Gallery of New York, Inc. handles a staggering number of contemporary giants from the late legends, Ad Reinhardt and Mark Rothko, to living legends like Louise Nevelson, Isamu Noguchi, and Lee Krasner. Pace opened in 1963 on Fifty-seventh Street and has two viewing floors for paintings and sculpture and a print room with a special section for clients who simply want to browse.

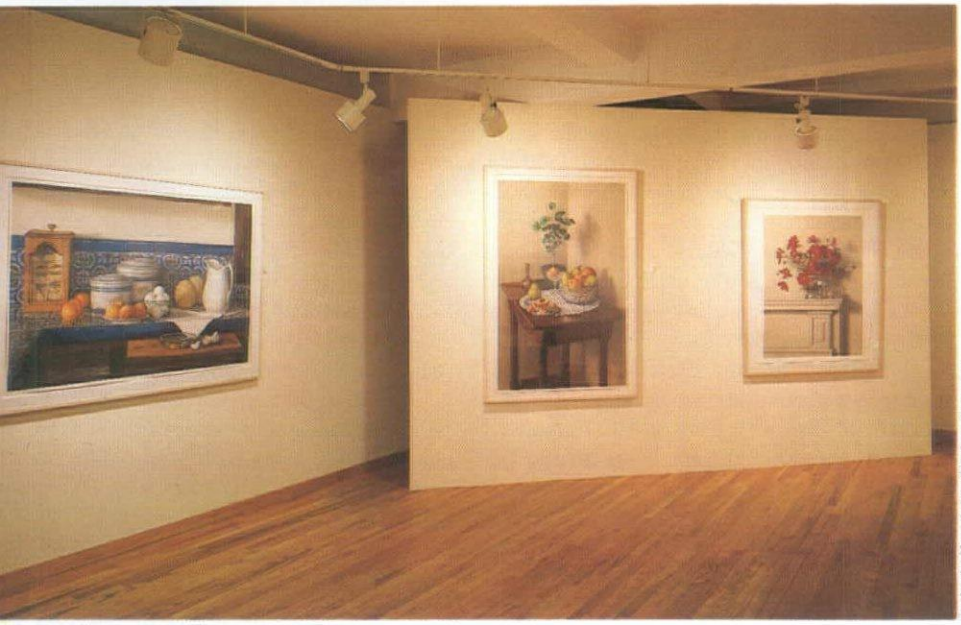
If you're interested in fine works of African, primitive, or ancient art, go up to Pace's third section, or else retrace your steps to **L. Kahan** (48 East Fifty-seventh) where you'll find stunning works of African art at reasonable prices. Owner Leonard Kahan, a painter and teacher at Queens College, is unlike many dealers in primitive art in that he actually goes to Africa to make his selections. Rather than exhibit a potpourri of work, Kahan sets up his shows geographically or tribally.

11 East Fifty-seventh

Before leaving this block at Fifth Avenue, you might stop in at the **Midtown Gallery** which is celebrating its forty-ninth anniversary this year. Founded to promote American artists, the gallery shows the figurative works of Paul Cadmus, Isabel Bishop, and Ernest Hemingway's pal, Waldo Pierce.

Fifth Avenue

Like a constantly growing vine, Fifty-seventh Street is not only spreading west but is sending shoots down Fifth Avenue. One of the consistently exciting galleries is the **Robert Miller Gallery Inc.** at 742 Fifth Avenue. In his expansive exhibition space out front, Miller (a painter himself) may be showing the abstract painter Nabil Nahas, whose geometric works bring to mind laser structures from a *Star Wars* film, or one of the new pattern painters like Robert S. Zakanitch, whose wallsize murals are foliated with floral motifs. Another month, Miller may startle you with a show of Greco-Roman anti-



Tatistcheff and Co./Parker Cane Inc.

"I didn't think Jasper Johns was ready to show yet."

quities or completely unknown artists.

In the same building, photography has a strong advocate in the **Light Gallery** which shows work by master lensmen like Minor White and Ansel Adams, as well as younger working photographers. **Frank Kolbert** has a provocative group of painters and sculptors, among them minimalist James Bishop, Charles Fahler, and Gene Davis, famous for his "stripe" paintings. Upstairs is the most recent émigré from Madison Avenue, the **Grace Borgenicht Gallery**.

At 730 Fifth Avenue is the **Odyssia Gallery**, new on the street, although the director, Odyssia A. Skouras, has been a private dealer for years. The gallery has Morandi paintings, Balthus drawings, and works by Jess, Irving Petlin, and Robert Birmelin among others. The **Dorsky Gallery** on the same floor shows contemporary paintings, and sculpture, and features sculptor Richard Hunt in April. Four blocks down is the **Association of American Artists** (663 Fifth Avenue) which deals exclusively in prints from the sixteenth through twentieth centuries.

As you head back up to Fifty-seventh Street, stop in at the **Berry-Hill Galleries** (743 Fifth Avenue) for fine nineteenth-century American impressionists and Hudson River School painters. The young gallery owners, Frederick D. Hill and James Berry Hill, are first cousins descending from a long line of English art dealers. Specialty of the gallery is historical painting of the China Trade.

29 West Fifty-seventh Street

At 29 West Fifty-seventh, a dozen galleries were clustered together at last count. **Tibor de Nagy Gallery** just celebrated its thirtieth anniversary in business, and its present space is a far cry from the first gallery which opened in a railroad flat on Fifty-third Street and Third Avenue. Born in Hungary to an *haute bourgeoisie* family of art patrons, Tibor was imprisoned three times during World War II before escaping to freedom. Arriving penniless in New York in 1948, he started a marionette company with critic John Bernard Myers, and at the urging of friends—Pollock, de Kooning, and Kline—the two started a gallery for abstract expressionists. In those decades the gallery became a showplace for such now-famous artists as Fairfield Porter, Helen Frankenthaler, Larry Rivers, Jane Freilicher, Carl André, Alfred Leslie, Kenneth Noland, and Red Grooms. These artists moved to other dealers, but the gallery still has some fine artists, both figurative and abstract, and has expanded to another floor in the building.

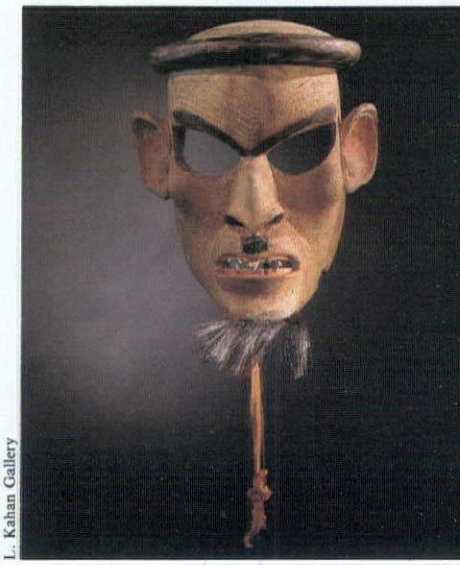
Berry-Hill Galleries

De Nagy has a modest courtliness that is a pleasant change from some dealers one encounters. But he also has some strong feeling about the clients he has served. "Although I would like a client to buy a picture that pleases him, I'm not interested in interior decorating," says de Nagy. He recently opened a joint gallery in Houston—Watson & de Nagy.

Also in the building are:

The **Zabriskie Gallery**—one of the best galleries for twentieth-century American art—represents fifteen contemporary sculptors and painters including Mary Frank, Theodore Roszak, and Richard Stankiewicz as well as the estates of Yasuo Kuniyoshi, George Ault, William Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and a dozen others. I was recently impressed by the work of twenty-eight-year-old Timothy Woodman, whose show of sculpture was a complete sellout. The gallery has a separate space at 521 West Fifty-seventh Street for large-scale sculpture (by appointment only), and since 1977 has had Galerie Zabriskie in Paris for both photography and painting.

The Touchstone Gallery, run by Barbara Hirschl, is a place of the unexpected: art that doesn't fit into any category—except that it interests Hirschl and her clients. Wife of an established Madison Avenue dealer in nineteenth-century American masters, Norman Hirschl, she chose to deal with living artists "because I wanted to do something for living artists. I'm the nurturing kind—and I like the excitement of art being made today." She began in SoHo in 1973, moved uptown to just off Madison Avenue, and came to this building just one and a half years ago. In April she shows the work of



L. Kahan Gallery

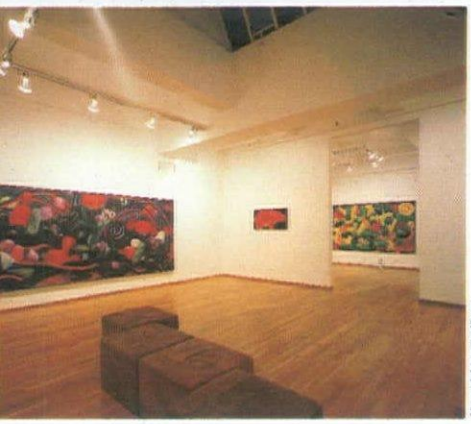
Top: Luminist painter Martin Johnson Heade's Jersey Meadows at Sunset, *circa 1875–1885, oil on canvas, 13½ x 29½ inc is at the Berry-Hill Galleries. Above: An unusual carved wooden mask (depicting a Zulu male wearing the traditional hair rin was the most dramatic and rarest piece in L. Kahan Gallery's Zulu exhibition.*

Maurice Kerrigan, whose whittled paintings sculptures of dogs, snakes, and turtles ha narrative folkloric quality.

The **Rosa Esman Gallery** is a place wh you can expect the extraordinary, from R sian Revolutionary art to the craggily beaut wood sculpture of Ursula von Rydingsv (showing this month until April 25).

Also of note in the building are the **A.M. Sa Galleries, Arras Gallery, Ltd.**, the **Bertha dang Gallery**, and the **Haber-Theodore Gall**

BlumHelman Gallery



Kornblee Gallery

Top: Works by American abstract artists Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Diebenkorn, and Roy Lichtenstein on view at the spacious BlumHelman Gallery. Above: Paintings by Kay Kurt are exhibited at the Kornblee Gallery, which regularly shows fifteen artists.

which show primarily abstract painters. The **Fischbach Gallery** has excellent shows of figurative painters, notably Neil Welliver whose wall-ize landscapes of the Maine woods have an un-anny glistening brilliance, and Jack Beal, nown for his heroic realism. **Marilyn Pearl Gal-ery** handles a number of Yale Art School profes-ors like Bernard Chaet and Richard Lytle.

3 West Fifty-seventh

The **Hammer Galleries Inc.** is a sharp contrast o many of the galleries on the street. One nonth the gallery may be showing exquisite French impressionist pictures, the next month the fluorescent colors of sports-artist Leroy Neiman. The gallery also represents Eric Sloane, and Wyethlike Bob Timberlake and David Armstrong.

20 West Fifty-seventh

"The era when a gallery can afford to own a townhouse gallery off Madison Avenue is over," says Irving Blum of **BlumHelman Gallery Inc.**, one of the most recent galleries to emigrate from uptown. "When just a *floor* of a brownstone on Madison Avenue is being sold as a co-op apartment for $200,000 or $300,000, it's time to move." Blum had a Los Angeles gallery for fifteen years before he and Saint Louis dealer Joe Helman started their Madison Avenue gallery in 1974. The new BlumHelman space at Fifty-seventh Street is so comfortably cavernous that three giant Ocean Park paintings by Richard Diebenkorn, and a half-dozen wallsize works by Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, and Frank Stella don't look the least bit crowded—and there's more space in the back.

When Jill Kornblee of the **Kornblee Gallery** left her gallery uptown five years ago she felt "it was exhilarating to move to a new space with new light—like a rebirth." The fifteen artists she shows regularly range from Englishman Richard Smith with his kitelike sculpture to Rackstraw Downes whose careful landscapes have the 180-degree perspective of a soaring eagle.

Patricia Hamilton characterizes her gallery, **Hamilton Gallery of Contemporary Art**, as a beacon for "tough abstract individualists, midcareer artists" like Joan Snyder, Grace Hartigan, and David Hare. Hamilton, thirty-two, was one of the youngest dealers on the street when she opened her space four years ago. She financed her gallery like a Broadway show—by selling fifteen shares to investors (mainly women) to raise $100,000. In her first year she predicted sales of $90,000; she sold $250,000, and business has been strong ever since. "I wouldn't be anywhere else," she says of her location.

24 West Fifty-seventh Street

If Pierre Matisse has a feminine counterpart for seniority and influence on the street, it's Betty Parsons of **Betty Parsons Gallery**, though there couldn't be two dealers more different in approach. Virtually anyone who is anybody in the art world has shown at the Parsons Gallery, including Pollock, Newman, Reinhardt, Motherwell, Rothko, and Still. The only mistake she ever made was not giving Jasper Johns a show in the fifties: "I didn't think he was ready to show yet."

An artist first, she opened her first gallery in 1946, and when Peggy Guggenheim went back to Europe, Jackson Pollock was "dumped into my lap because no one else would risk showing him." In 1950 she sold Pollock's *Lavender Mist* for $1,500, a magnificent sum at the time. A quarter century later, it sold for $2 million to the National Gallery of Art. "That's the story of my life," she laughs. Although her big-name artists all moved on, looking for profit-oriented dealers, she still has an excellent group of established and not-so-established artists, tops among them being Cleve Gray, a lyrical abstractionist. At seventy-eight, she paints and sculpts daily and still travels around the world looking for new artists for her gallery at 24 West Fifty-seventh. "A very famous artist once asked me, 'How do you do it?' I told him I was born with a great love for the unfamiliar."

One of the oldest galleries on the street is **Galerie Saint Etienne** (24 West Fifty-seventh), which Dr. Otto Kallir opened in 1939—the first gallery on the west side of Fifth Avenue. Kallir's assistant, Hildegard Bachert, recalled how Fifty-seventh Street was in the early days. "All the buildings were six to eight stories high—a completely different scale. Now the tall buildings block the view."

In 1940, Kallir gave Grandma Moses her first show, and the gallery still specializes in American naive works, as well as in Austrian

expressionism (the subject of a major show in April and May). Today, Kallir's scholarly approach is carried on by granddaughter Jane Kallir, who writes the catalogue essays.

40 West Fifty-seventh Street

"With all the conveniences of hotels, restaurants, and transportation, we agreed this was the place to be," said Lawrence Fleischman in a 1979 *ARTnews* survey of Fifty-seventh Street dealers. Fleischman moved the **Kennedy Galleries Inc.** from Fifty-sixth Street to the glass-and-steel tower at 40 West Fifty-seventh Street seven years ago. The Kennedy Galleries was already ninety-two years old when Fleischman became a partner with Rudolf G. Wunderlich, grandson of the founder, in 1966. Over the years, the gallery has handled a staggering number of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American masterpieces, from Remington bronzes (Wunderlich's specialty), paintings by Charles M. Russell, Frederick Church, and William Harnett to contemporary masters like Ben Shahn and Leonard Baskin. There are always a brilliant dozen of Charles Burchfield's watercolors on hand since the gallery handles the estate. On a street of primarily contemporary art, the Kennedy Galleries is a distinguished stronghold for fine works of art of another America. A co-founder of the Archives of American Art in 1954, Fleischman also publishes the *American Art Journal*, a scholarly magazine devoted exclusively to American art.

Just a floor up at 40 West Fifty-seventh Street is **Marlborough Gallery**. The gallery is a formidably large space with a lovely sculpture terrace and maintains a strong reputation, despite a damaging lawsuit in the midseventies concerning the estate of Mark Rothko. Among its top artists are the English painter Francis Bacon, known for his animalistic masterpieces depicting modern man as a torturer and victim; the zany Red Grooms; pop-artist Larry Rivers; Alex Katz, whose giant cutouts of ordinary people will make you rethink what it's like to be captured in the world of Kodak; and the distinguished Rufino Tamayo, Mexico's greatest living painter.

50 West Fifty-seventh Street

Terry Dintenfass had a gallery on the upper East Side for sixteen years before she moved **Terry Dintenfass Gallery** to her loftsize space at 50 West Fifty-seventh five years ago. The twenty-two-foot ceilings are the highest on the block,

Hamilton Gallery

Terry Dintenfass Gallery

Top: Patricia Hamilton characterizes her gallery as a beacon for "tough abstract individualists, midcareer artists." This installation presents sculptures by Walter Dusenbery. Above: Terry Dintenfass' gallery is showing the humorous bronze and wood sculptures of William King in April; the work is titled All Right *and was created in 1978.*

she claims proudly. In April, she is showing B King, a sculptor whose long-legged, humoro figures come in bronze and wood. The rest the year she shows realists like Sidney Goo man, black artist Jacob Lawrence, and impo tant works from the Arthur G. Dove a Charles Sheeler estates. In the same building the **Lillian Heidenberg**, where you can expect see small sculpture by Henry Moore, Arp, a Nevelson and more affordable works by pai ers like Frenchman James Coignard.

I also recommend that you stop in at t **Allan Frumkin Gallery** which handles realis like Philip Pearlstein and Alfred Leslie, as w as the funkier-spirited West Coast artists Jo Brown, Robert Hudson, and Robert Arnes (whose work will be showing in May). T **Aaron Berman Gallery** on the fourteenth flo carries works by contemporary masters li Wesselmann and Lichtenstein as well as pai ings by lesser-known artists.

Prints

"Artists of the sixties and seventies have put great deal of effort into printmaking, maki it an important aspect of their work," sa **Brooke Alexander** (20 West Fifty-seventh) w deals exclusively in prints by artists like Robe

"I told him I was born with a great love for the unfamiliar."

Allan Frumkin Gallery

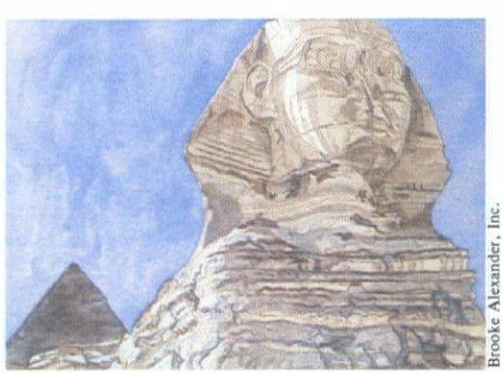
bove: Hotel California, *1980, oil on anvas, 108 x 84 inches, by Alfred eslie, who is handled by the Allan Frumkin allery. Right: A color aquatint by Philip earlstein,* Sphinx, *1979, is shown by Brooke lexander.*

otherwell, Ed Ruscha, and Jack Beal. A mber of other dealers have chosen to focus prints, and the first that comes to mind is e **Getler-Pall Gallery** on the ninth floor of 50 est Fifty-seventh. Helen Getler and Helen Pall specialize in hard-to-get prints of contemporary American masters like Johns, Rauschenberg, Stella, and Rosenquist, but for April they will show prints of Buckminster Fuller's patents. On the same floor is **Kathryn Markel Fine Arts Inc.**, who began showing new artists' prints ("some are hot off the press") in 1976, and gradually expanded to feature works on paper and paintings. The work ranges from lyrical to wacky. Just down the hall, **Patricia Heesy**, formerly a dealer in Los Angeles, has opened a small gallery to specialize in prints and drawings of Hockney and Stella.

Bernard Jacobsen Ltd. (24 West Fifty-seventh) specializes in the prints of British artists like Henry Moore and Richard Smith, while **Transworld Art Inc.** (20 West Fifty-seventh), affiliated with the **Alex J. Rosenberg Gallery**, has published editions of seventy-five artists' works for over twenty years. (Incidentally, Rosenberg will be hosting a major show of Moore sculpture and etchings in April.)

If bold modern prints are not your interest, you might backtrack to the **Fitch-Febvrel Gallery** (5 East Fifty-seventh), where you'll find turn-of-the-century prints by Bresdin, Redon, and Manuel Robbe, as well as works from contemporary European and Japanese artists. Said John Russell of the *New York Times*: "Andrew Fitch has the kind of fanatical absorption that makes for a really good print dealer."

You might also look in at **Holly Solomon Gallery Inc.** (24 West Fifty-seventh), and **Martin Sumers Graphics** (50 West Fifty-seventh), **John Szoke Graphics** (144 East Fifty-seventh), and **Gallery Verve** (145 West Fifty-fifth). Outside of Japan, the **Ronin Gallery** at 605 Madison (at Fifty-eighth Street) has the largest selection in the world of Japanese woodblock prints. The prices range from $100 to $100,000, the prints from erotic designs to rare Hiroshiges and Utamaros.



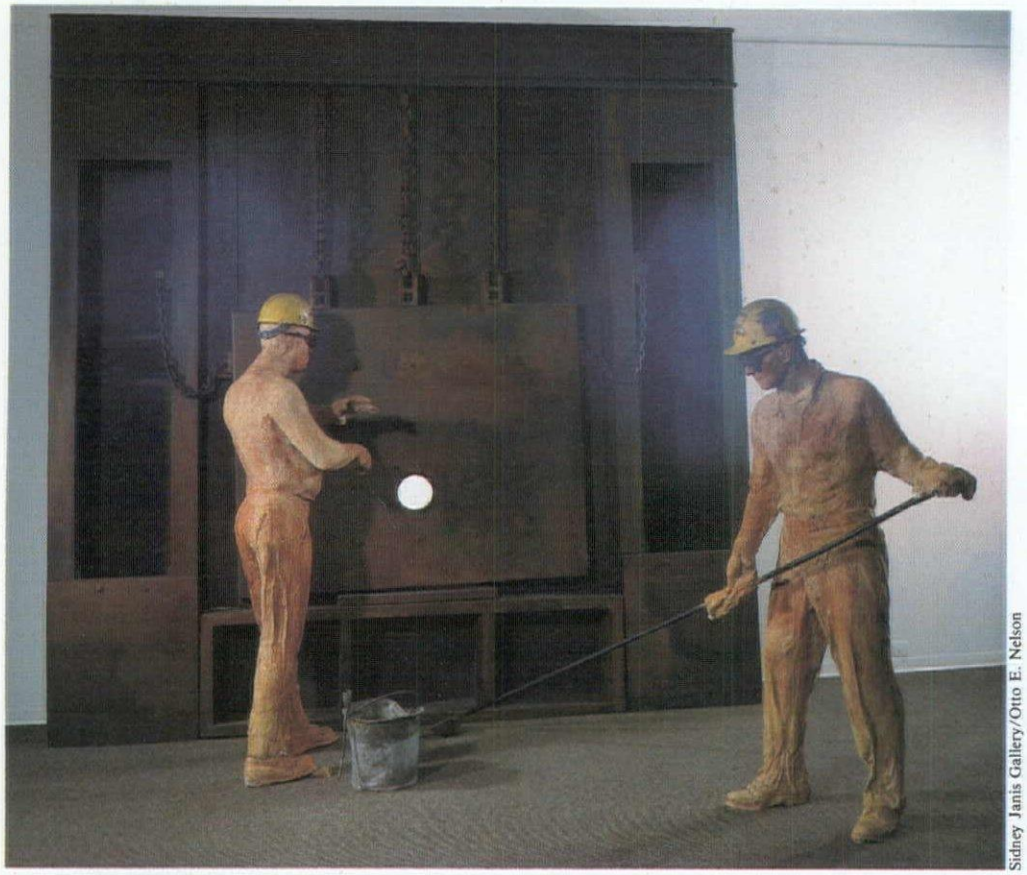
Brooke Alexander, Inc.

New and Eccentric

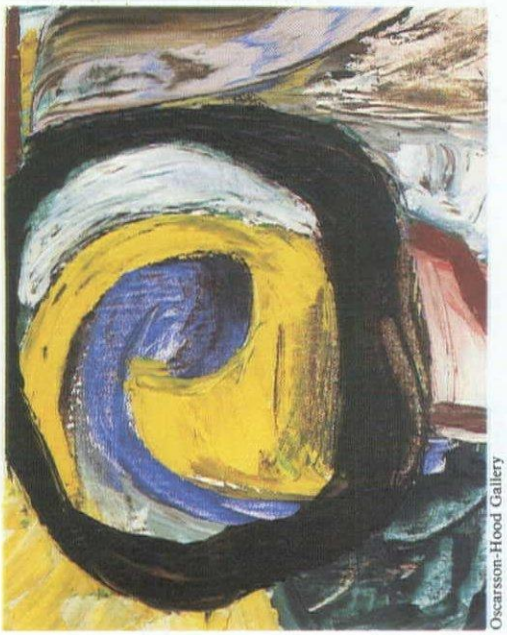
For unpredictable and somewhat eccentric art, I can recommend several newer galleries. Before **Robert Stefanotti** came to his present location (30 West Fifty-seventh) he was one of the first dealers to show photorealist and conceptualist art, but he hasn't rested on his avant-garde laurels. The new work ranges from surrealist paintings to low-tech sculpture lamps and energist art, and the gallery has been involved in publishing print editions.

Pam Adler worked at the Whitney Museum

"It took fifty men to move thirty vanloads of art two blocks in one day."



Sidney Janis Gallery/Otto E. Nelson



Oscarsson-Hood Gallery

Top: George Segal's The Steelmakers, *1980, on view at the Sidney Janis Gallery. Above: The Oscarsson-Hood Gallery showed Louise Fishman's* The MacDowell Series #10, *1980.*

and was a private dealer before opening the **Pam Adler Gallery** (37 West Fifty-seventh) just across the street. Here the avant-garde gives way to a personal eccentricity rather than some notion of "what will sell," and the work ranges from humorous fetishes to Picassoid bravura.

With the growing interest in architecture as an artist's exercise that transcends the question of "can it be built?" the **Max Protetch Gallery** (37 West Fifty-seventh) provides a valuable forum for the ideas and drawings of architects like Michael Graves, Louis Kahn, and Leon Krier, as well as for painters like Pat Steir and Sol Lewitt (who recently drew his project directly on the gallery's wall).

Barbara Gladstone Fine Arts and the **Oscarsson-Hood Gallery**, a door down (41 West Fifty-seventh), are also worth visiting for eccentric visions by Don Hazlitt and painterly abstractions by Louise Fishman, respectively.

New Frontiers: 110 West Fifty-seventh

Upper East Side landlords are not the only ones raising their prices. Less than a year ago, the art world of Fifty-seventh Street was treated to a ceremonial procession that sent gossip traveling at high speed through the g leries. **Sidney Janis** was moving west. Janis, eighty-four years old, is the oldest dealer the street and one of the most influential m in the global art world. Now he was movi from 6 West Fifty-seventh to 110 West Fif seventh, across Sixth Avenue—the only galle on that block. "It took fifty men to move th ty vanloads of art two blocks in one da Amazingly, there were no damages," sa Janis. Why the move? "My former landlo raised the rent. Surprised to hear I was mo ing, he suggested we 'talk it over,' but I h already signed a new lease, and I have regretted it." Surrounded by Picassos, Mo drians, and Matisses, and works from contemporary stable of Wesselmann, Geor Segal, and Marisol, among others, Janis reca ed how he began collecting art in the twenti "Fifty-seventh Street at that time was t center of an art world that consisted of few than twenty galleries, and there is where I spe most of my time. Of course, then I knew mo about what was happening at the galleries th I do now," he laughed.

Giving up his shirt manufacturing busine he devoted ten years to writing about art a finding that uprofitable, he became a dealer 1948. Although he runs the gallery with an e ergy perhaps attributable to his regular tenn workouts, much of the responsibility has be turned over to his son Carroll. Occasional he comes from another son, actor Conrad Jan known to television fans as Mindy's father the "Mork and Mindy" show.

About six years ago, space was available Fifty-seventh Street for $6–10 a square foo Now, says dealer Kathryn Markel, it ru closer to $20–25 a square foot. "If it gets mu higher, I won't be able to afford to show twenty-seven-year-old artist and sell him at fair price." Irving Blum thinks that "the a strip of Fifty-seventh Street will eventually all the way west—to the Hudson River." W terfront galleries and restaurants? "Why no When the big buildings on Madison Aven spread this way, the rents will rise and the ga leries will just keep leapfrogging to lower ren Look at Sidney Janis."

By the time Broadway gets around to ma ing *Fifty-seventh Street*—a musical about t art of our time—the cast of characters may in the hundreds.

Barnaby Conrad III is a contributing editor of Horizon *and writes frequently on the art*

The Decorative Arts on Fifty-seventh Street

A distinguished gathering of dealers in antiques, ceramics, glass, and silver.

By Marvin D. Schwartz

he people who run antiques shops on Fifty-eventh Street include a number of delightful haracters. Some may be a little more intent on yle and others a bit more dedicated to serious nds of connoisseurship, but all are concerned ith quality and beauty of one kind or nother.

Generally, this street is dominated by ghteenth-century objects. Renaissance and ncient objects are occasionally found, along ith the very best and most important art ouveau and deco. Seeking out objects made etween 1840 and 1860 provides the greatest hallenge, but it can be done.

Designing a tour is relatively easy. Starting ast of Third Avenue, the tour can be limited o the east side of Fifth Avenue in less than our blocks. These boundaries contain an ex-ellent cross section of what collectors find in-eresting these days.

The first shop, **Lillian Nassau** at 220 East ifty-seventh Street, is the most unusual. Here the most varied array of Tiffany lamps any-here. French art-nouveau furniture and art-eco objects are shown with ceramics, glass, nd metalwork.

Across Third Avenue and on the north side f the street is **Nesle**, 151 East Fifty-seventh treet, best known as the center for chande-eres and lighting fixtures. A variety of other nds of glass, as well as some ormolu and onework, complements the stock.

Continuing west and across the south side of he street at 122 East Fifty-seventh is **Philip olleck of London, Ltd.**, where the specialties re handsome eighteenth-century examples. eorgian design ranges from rococo to neo-assical.

Getting closer to Park Avenue is **S. J. hrubsole** at 104 East Fifty-seventh, where the ocus is English and American silver. Shrub-ole has great eighteenth-century examples ith plenty of rococo and neoclassical styles. lthough table silver is offered, this shop pecializes in rarities for serious collectors.

Stair and Company at 59 East Fifty-seventh ffers English furniture in a broad range -from the relatively simple to the more flam-oyant eighteenth-century examples represent-g the English cabinetmaker at his most am-itious.

Across the street at 50 East Fifty-seventh, **rthur Ackerman & Son** represents the more

rt-historian Marvin D. Schwartz frequently ctures and writes about the decorative arts.

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A group of Fifty-seventh street antiques dealers: front on floor, Doris Leslie Blau: left to right, Edward Munves, Sr. (James Robinson); Price Glover; Alastair Stair; Gerald Stiebel; Harold Sack; Eric Shrubsole; Philip Colleck; and Mrs. Edward (Barbara) Munves, Sr. (James II).

varied kind of English establishment, a shop reminiscent of London in the 1950s. Respectable but restrained furniture along with a variety of prints and porcelain appeals to refined people who admire the mixtures typical of English country houses and Virginia homes.

Among the street's porcelain specialists is the **Antique Porcelain Company**, discreetly located at 48 East Fifty-seventh. Across the street, **Price Glover** stocks Delftware with some slightly later examples of fabulous pewter to make a distinctive statement and reflect a taste that is recognizable.

At 42 East Fifty-seventh is **Dalva** and at 50 is **Garrick C. Stephenson**, both of whom favor fine French furniture, but either will offer other forms when the right example turns up. Dalva sometimes has unusual porcelains as well, and both shops provide material at the height of fashion.

Rosenberg & Stiebel at 32 East Fifty-seventh sells some of the greatest French eighteenth-century furniture available in this country. This firm also handles objects from other periods, as well as impressive paintings.

At 41 East Fifty-seventh, a building dominated by dealers in twentieth-century, is **Frank Caro**, concentrating on eighteenth-century Chinese and Japanese examples.

The address 15 East Fifty-seventh is home for a number of New York's finest dealers. On the ground floor is **James Robinson**. Silver is one specialty of Robinson, from a collector's rarity to table silver. At Robinson you will also find eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century Sheffield. Porcelains of the eighteenth- and early nineteenth-centuries are featured along with handsome glass. Jewelry is another feature; Robinson can be relied on to have some good eighteenth- or early nineteenth-century pieces. Upstairs at its offspring, **James II**, are some later materials, including wonderful Victorian novelties.

Doris Leslie Blau, at the same address, specializes in rugs of all kinds. European and Eastern examples are featured with a quality of design that is the single standard for excellence.

That address also houses the most important Americana—at **Israel Sack**. American furniture of the finest quality is shown by Sack, who concentrates on antiques dating from before 1820 including the Pilgrim style. All eighteenth-century and Federal-style examples are of consistently high quality and design as well as condition. □

Samuel Ramey Can Act!

New York City Opera's rising star can sing, too.

By Peter J. Rosenwald

Beverly Sills says, "You can't avoid the Verdi repertory," but she cautions that the New York City Opera, of which she is general manager, is too small for the big Verdi operas like *Aida*. That's why she has planned three early Verdi works: *Attila* which had its premiere last month, *Nabucco* for this autumn, and *I Lombardi* for spring 1982. Typically, she says she could not put them on with casts that were less than superb—and in Samuel Ramey she has a perfect Attila.

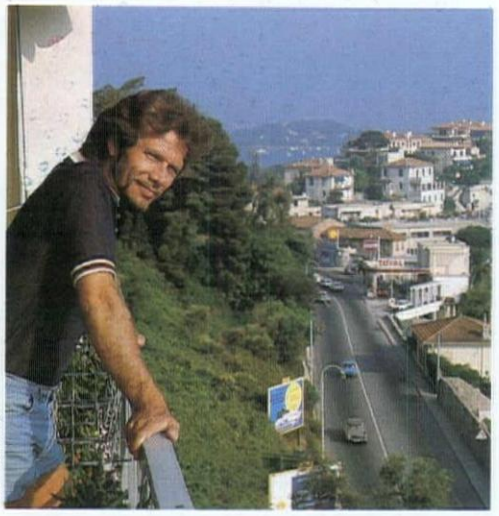
If Sills' hype is standard manager stuff, Samuel Ramey lives up to almost any billing. For a singer whose NYC Opera debut happened only eight years ago, Ramey has become an international star in a surprisingly short time. Perhaps a clue lies in the combination of his believable acting (a delightful rarity in opera) and his rich bass-baritone voice. Whatever combination of talents has propelled his career, he has not had to be discovered on the European opera circuit, like so many other American singers, before being recognized as a talent in his own country.

Over the past decade, American opera has expanded enormously, giving American singers (as well as foreign guests) opportunities not only to perform the better-known roles in the international repertory at American opera houses, but to be heard in ambitious stagings of works that are mostly unfamiliar.

The NYC Opera's venture with the seldom-performed *Attila* is characteristic of American opera's trend towards mixing the unusual with standard *Carmens*, *La Bohemes*, and *Figaros*.

It was Ramey's first time in the role of Attila. To learn it properly, he started going through the text, translating from Italian into English so he could fully understand the character. That reflects the actor part of him, mastering the character before even attempting the music. As he does while preparing most of the new works he tackles, Ramey then worked with his teacher, Armen Boyagian, and then with the opera's directors. This month, with *Attila* behind him, he will be singing the role of Henry VIII in Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*. If *Attila* is almost Wagnerian in concept (Verdi took the idea from Zacharias Werner's play *Attila, König der Hunnen*), *Anna Bolena*'s Henry VIII is definitely Shakespearean. Moving from one historical character to another is one of Ramey's joys.

Peter J. Rosenwald is a contributing editor of Horizon. *His article, "Brazilian Primitive Artists," appeared in the October 1980 issue.*



Bob Manning

Above: Ramey overlooks Villefranche; in nearby Aix-en-Provence last summer he sang at the International Festival of Music. Right: Ramey has appeared in the title role of Boito's Mefistofele *several times since he first performed the part in 1977.*

The problem with modern opera productions, he says, "is that all too often you fly into a city, do a couple of rehearsals and performances, and fly out again." The jet-set life of the opera star leaves him weary and generally unfulfilled. Ramey, like many of the younger international-class singers, looks forward to the opportunity to stay in one place, perform a role "at least five or six times, preferably a dozen, so that you can get a chance to develop it in ensemble with the other singers." That chance has been given to him by the NYC Opera and by festivals such as Glyndebourne, where he had his European debut in 1976 in *The Marriage of Figaro* and returned as a memorable Nick Shadow in *The Rake's Progress*.

Attila is Ramey's first Verdi role, but he is looking forward to a second, hopefully the part of King Philip in *Don Carlos*. During the past NYC Opera season, Ramey performed the unusual feat of switching roles within a single opera: he sang Don Giovanni in Mozart's opera of that name, then switched to the playful Leporello, the don's servant. In both roles, his singing and his dramatic performances were praised.

"Too often Leporello is cast as a comic buffo," says Ramey. "I see him as the alter ego of Giovanni, trying to be like his master but just not succeeding."

Ramey's concern with the theatrical is important in the changing opera scene. Ent performances are mounted in one city and sy dicated to other opera houses, sharing penses and allowing for more elaborate pr ductions. Beverly Sills and her friend Tito C pobianco, artistic director of the San Die Opera, have pioneered the syndication syste which is gaining greater acceptance throughc the land.

Opera goers seem willing, even eager, listen to the likes of Luciano Pavarotti, b one wonders how seriously they can take h when actually watching him in a dramatic ro Not so with Ramey. Trim, handsome, the pr duct of heartland America, a compulsive so ball first baseman, he has the good looks a strong athletic demeanor that give credibil to all kinds of roles, comic as well as tragic. I is the kind of singer today's audiences seem favor. As a result, he has already signed e gagements for 1984.

Although considerable rivalry exists betwe the NYC Opera and the Metropolitan (it even rumored that Met contracts with singe specify that they may not sing within fif miles of the Met without advance clearanc Ramey will make his debut with the latter 1984. "The Met is a magic name like Paris, I Scala, Covent Garden, and Vienna," he say "and like any other singer, I want to perfor there. It is the jewel in the crown." As far the NYC Opera is concerned, no luster is lo to them if their discoveries sing at the Met, a though privately their management wou rather that their stars remain with the NY Opera across the Lincoln Center Plaza whe they perform at the New York State Theate

What the future holds for Ramey no one ca properly judge. With a calendar booked wi such stops as Edmonton and Manitoba as w as Hamburg and Vienna, this versatile bas baritone seems to have to sustain a globe-tro ting existence. Even with a growing series recordings which include, among other Bach's B Minor Mass, Puccini's *Tosca*, Ro sini's *Otello* (all for Philips), Verdi's *Rigolet* for Angel, and Rossini's *L'Italiana in Alge* for RCS-Erato, he is always on the lookout fo new projects which will stretch his reperto and add to his already impressive laurels. O role he lusts after is Golaud in Debussy *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Anyone looking for tall, handsome, and brilliantly gifted singer fo the role would do well to engage Samu Ramey soon. Otherwise he may just be booke up until the end of the decade.

Hollywood art director, Broadway set desig

ismatic workaholic: Tony Walton

Brownie Harris

Tony Walton in his studio, surrounded by models of sets for three different productions.

By Norman Nadel

TIME: THE PRESENT; late afternoon, the day after Thanksgiving. Place: upper Manhattan. The apartment complex has the slightly seedy dignity of a turn-of-the-century government building in Paris, and the charm as well. Beyond its looming rectangular bulk, the angled sunlight of late autumn speckles the Hudson River.

Tony Walton himself comes to the door of the apartment, apologizing like a Chinese host for what is actually an attractive, albeit cluttered, ambiance. High ceilings, with rococo plastering where they join the walls, all white, reflect abundant light. Several people are talking, working at drawing boards, walking around, and listening to music in one large room diagonally opposite the entrance. Others seem to be conferring off to the right. And through a doorway and down a hall to the left come sounds suggesting "Three Little Maids from School" from Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*. Except that there seem to be about thirty of them. "Let's go to the kitchen," Walton advises. "That's the only place we can talk."

It is quiet there, and a good thing, because this remarkably talented theater designer is soft spoken as well as mannerly and gentle. As he makes tea, meanwhile explaining that his home is also his studio and office (hence most of the activity) and that two teen-age daughters like to have their friends up (the thirty little maids from school), a visitor can understand why the forty-six-year-old Englishman is so universally well liked. His aspect is attractive and friendly, the very opposite of imposing. A bit less than average in height, he appears solid without seeming heavy. The mild blue eyes, set off in an unseamed face by brown hair and beard, invite confidence as well as trust.

The public remembers the names of plays and films, as well as their performers and directors, but seldom recognizes such essential artists as set, costume, and lighting designers. Yet almost everyone who pays even passing attention to the performing arts has seen Walton's work. His stage productions, going back from Broadway's

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Former president of the New York Drama Critics Circle, Norman Nadel is a HORIZON *contributing editor. Several of his articles have appeared in* HORIZON, *including "The Long Road to a Tony" which appeared in the August 1980 issue.*

A costume sketch in gouache for Don Quixote in James Saunders' play, The Travails of Sancho Panza.

current *A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine*, include the musical *Chicago*, Neil Simon's *The Good Doctor*, *Shelter*, *Pippin*, *Golden Boy*, *The Apple Tree*, and *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, among many more in the United States plus an equal or greater number for the British theater. His designs for *Pippin* earned him a Tony Award for the 1972–73 season. Working forward from *Mary Poppins*, which was his first film, his screen credits also include *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, *Petulia*, *The Boy Friend*, *Murder on the Orient Express*, *Equus*, *The Wiz*, *Just Tell Me What You Want*, and *All That Jazz*.

Asked if he is literally "to the manor born," Walton laughs. "It does sound that way," he admits, "but my being named Walton and my coming into the world at Walton-on-Thames [in Surrey, southeast of London] is only coincidence. My parents owned no manorial estate." His father was a surgeon and Tony was expected to become a doctor, but scientific subjects fared less well than the classics. Even there he made a nuisance of himself, he claims. "In Latin, when I was supposed to memorize Cicero, instead I came in with a Stanley Holloway monologue about Albert and the Lion.

"I'd been doing some posters for the debating society at Radley College—which adjoins Oxford University and is like a prep school in America—so the masters there decided to dump me at the City of Oxford School of Technology, Art, and Commerce, but to let me continue with English and other standard subjects at Radley."

The arrangement gave him time to design marionette sets and costumes for Gilbert and Sullivan operettas as well as for Mozart's *Bastien and Bastienne* and *The Magic Flute*. When painter and scenic-designer John Piper saw the latter, he encouraged Tony to enroll at the Slade School ("the polar opposite of the Royal College of Art") in London, and the die was cast. He paid for his schooling by working as an assistant designer at the Wimbledon Repertory Theatre, "mainly banging the same old flats into different shapes." Two years in the Royal Air Force interrupted his career but didn't impede it. His superiors decided he was not right for flying: "This pilot is not equipped with a proper sense of danger," concluded the official report. ("He drives like that, too," confides Gen, his wife, later. "He's not afraid of anything and takes too many chances.")

However, while taking his RAF training in Canada he was able to nip down to New York to see shows and visit his girl, Julie Andrews, who had made her American debut in *The Boy Friend* and was soon to star in *My Fair Lady*. Tony and Julie had known each other from childhood in Walton-on-Thames, and as a young man he'd taken piano lessons from Julie's mother. Soon after his RAF discharge in England he was back in New York making caricatures and other drawings for several publications, including *Playbill* and *Theatre Arts*. His first American stage-design assignment was the revival of Noel Coward's *Conversation Piece* in 1957. He and Julie were married in England during the run of *My Fair Lady* there, in 1958.

Allan Pappé

"Julie was pregnant with Emma when we went to Hollywood for *Mary Poppins*," the set designer recalls today. "Up to then we'd made a point of not working together, except for a little TV series. I was overly cautious about tagging along in her shadow. I went to Hollywood quite a few months ahead of Julie, thinking I was going to be greeted as this foreign interloper, but the Walt Disney staff couldn't have been lovelier."

Walton's ability was recognized from the start; he earned a 1964 Oscar nomination for his *Mary Poppins* costume designs (Julie, in the title role, won the Academy Award for best actress). In 1980, Walton shared the Academy Award for best art direction with Philip Rosenberg, for *All That Jazz*.

Bill Sohmer

As if on cue with the mention of her nam lovely, blonde, eighteen-year-old Emma Wa ton slips into the kitchen, acknowledges the i troduction, picks up three pieces of ginge bread from the stacked plate on the kitche table, and vanishes. She shares Julie's an Tony's good looks, and is majoring in theat arts in her freshman year at Brown Universit

The talk turns to the problems of workin on several projects at once, which is necessary evil of theater design, in fact, theater work of almost any kind. Projects a postponed to next season, or collapse; and i stead of being conveniently spaced out, offe of design jobs tend to come in clusters.

As Walton starts to list his current ente

Allan Pappé

Opposite page, top: Ben Vereen (foreground) and Roy Scheider in the fantasy scene from the film All That Jazz. *Walton won the Academy Award for art director for the film. Left: As a personal gift to Bob Fosse, Walton put together this collage reflecting the autobiographical quality of the film. Above: By using a Mylar mirror on the floor, Walton created the distorted dancer in* All That Jazz.

"The only way you know he's under pressure is that he moves faster."

prises, seventeen-year-old Bridget—vivacious, feisty, dark-haired and, like her stepsister Emma, working toward a theater career—pops into the kitchen. "I'm just getting some gingerbread for Mother," she explains, picking up several pieces. Her mother, off somewhere in the apartment having a cold, is Gen LeRoy, the second Mrs. Walton, and an author of books for children and young people. She formerly was married to Warner LeRoy, a stage director in the 1960s and now the owner of several restaurants. Bridget is Gen and Warner's daughter.

As Bridget breezes out, Walton explains that he and his staff of five are involved in designs for the forthcoming Duke Ellington musical, *Sophisticated Ladies*; the stage musical adaptation of the 1942 Katharine Hepburn–Spencer Tracy movie, *Woman of the Year* (to star Lauren Bacall and Harry Guardino); *Hoagy, Bix and Wolfgang Beethoven Bunkhaus* for the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles; the film version of the current Broadway suspense drama, *Death Trap*; and a new Sidney Lumet film, *Prince of the City*, on which they are now finishing up the work.

Walton has to head out of town shortly to work on the Ellington set for a December 9 tryout opening. "See you soon," we promise each other. The staff waves cheerfully. From the hall to the left come giggles. Such nice people, all.

Back at the apartment, four days later: The first impression (no kidding) is that one of the thirty little maids from school has opened the door, but she says, "I'm Gen," extending her hand with a confidence and charm more womanly than girlish. "Let's go to the kitchen," she suggests; "That's the only place we can talk." By now I know the way.

Gen is petite, dark haired, like her daughter Bridget, and even less likely a forty-two-year-old than Tony is a forty-six-year-old. She is lovely and bright and spirited, and seems friendly and loyal and sensitive; no wonder Tony Walton was drawn to her. They had met briefly when Tony and Julie were married and Gen was about to marry Warner LeRoy, but didn't get together again for the next few years, which was after both couples had separated. They have been sharing their lives—and daughters—since 1966. Gen is more than willing to talk about Tony, as an artist, a husband, a father, and a nice man, though the matter at hand concerns his art.

"He's remarkable," she states flatly. "He can do three or four things simultaneously, and each is true to the nature of whatever the show is about. The only way you know that he is under a great deal of pressure is that he moves faster. His nature remains as sweet and calm as usual.

"When he starts a new project—confers with a director—he doesn't turn around and say, 'What a great idea! Let's do such-and-such.' But I know from the look in his eye—just a little twitch—that he already sees something, even if it's not very clear.

"If it's something like the Duke Ellington, he'll get all of his records, all of the books about him, interviews, anything. He does the most intensive research on any show he designs. And when he's working, if it's a musical

"It should have a goofy, machine-oriented quality."

or about music, like the Bix Beiderbecke-Hoagy Carmichael play—well, the kids went on strike, because he was listening to the old Bix and Hoagy records for two weeks, day and night. Finally Emma and Bridget said they wouldn't leave the dinner table unless he let them play *Grease*. So he permitted one side of *Grease*.

"He's always sketching and drawing, and sometimes you see something interesting emerging, but he's never satisfied. He's very modest, and he can't take compliments. If someone genuinely compliments him, he actually gets tears in his eyes, and he sort of falls over a chair as he stumbles out of the room. It's very touching. Obviously I'm an ardent fan of his. I'm living with this person and he comes up with these ideas and I say 'How did you do that?' And then when I see it on stage, I'm overwhelmed."

Philadelphia, the following Sunday: Midnight blue is the dominant color on the stage of the old Forrest Theater on Walnut Street. The show is *Sophisticated Ladies,* the music is by the late Duke Ellington, and the on-stage band both looks and sounds like his. On two raised levels, stage right, are four trombones and four trumpets. The matching structure, stage left, has six reeds. The center island, or tower, between them accommodates a piano, a bass, a guitar, and three percussion, with just enough floor space for the leader, Duke's son, Mercer Ellington. A neon outline of a four-engine flying boat is suspended center, above the musicians.

Dancers in work clothes are testing the shiny black stage floor. "It's better now," one calls to director-choreographer Donald McKayle, who's guiding the rehearsal from the center of the house. That's because they're washing it twice daily with a mixture of water and Coca-Cola syrup. That leaves it slick enough for some kinds of dancing but just tacky enough for tap.

Construction is going on all around, with parts of sets across seats in the auditorium. Walton is wandering around, probably purposefully, in the gloom, onstage and backstage. Finally he sits down, offers a container of what he apologetically calls the world's worst coffee (not quite), and describes what's going on:

"McKayle's concept is for the first act to be about the history of Ellington's band from its beginnings to shortly before he died—the 1920s to about 1970." (Ellington died in 1974.) "The overture is played by the full band, after which it drops down to the original combo—piano and rhythm. It is on the center island. The tiers on either side move in as the band grows up, through the Washingtonians, at the Kentucky Club, becomes somewhat larger for the Cotton Club, and finally emerges as the big band. The second act deals more with Ellington, the private man, as expressed in his music.

"When Donald broached the idea to me early last summer, I really had no idea what to do other than the obvious physical necessities of shifting the band size. We discussed and discarded the idea of using projections —speakeasy photos of the era. So instead, I took my cue from the musical *Chicago,* in which I used neon lights to get the tough-looking show that its director and choreographer, Bob Fosse, had wanted.

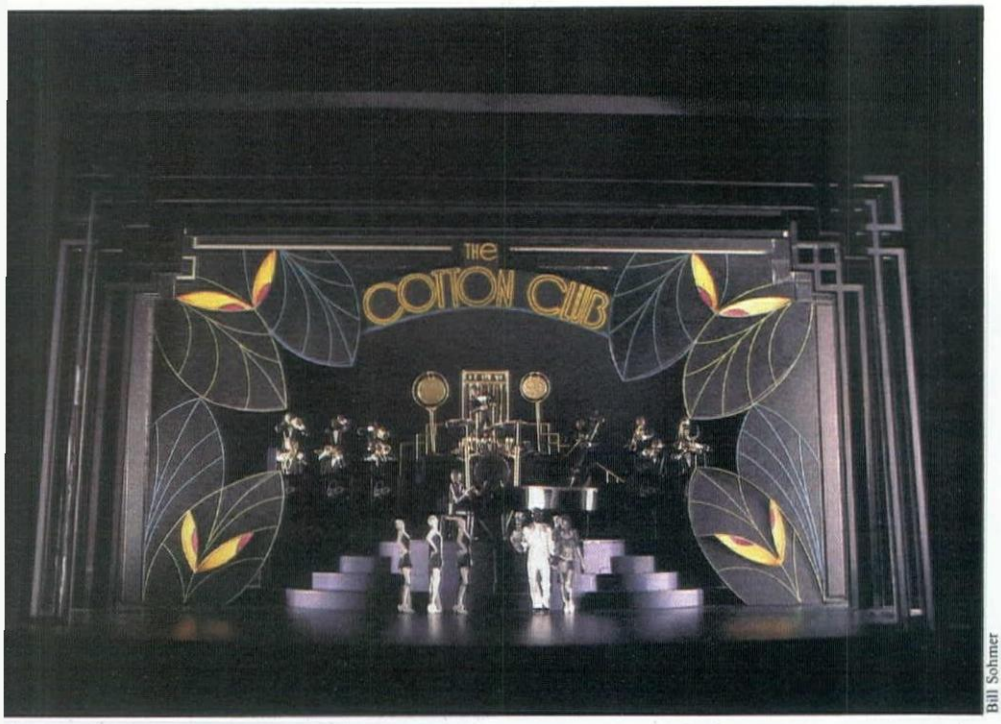
"So having taken the neon route once, I thought it would be nice to push that a little further and see how much of a neon forest we could make for this, as a means of getting a visual sty that wouldn't interfere with stage space. Th show is about 98 percent dance, and the orch tra is up there too, so we couldn't infringe stage space. The neon is either informative decorative. For example, the Kentucky Club si can be switched instantly to a cross, just as t table tops inside revolve to hide the bottles a produce Bibles, for when the speakeasy is raid by the police."

Stairs are illuminated to look like piano key the backdrop, featuring color gels lighted fro behind, can suggest anything from a revue s ting to the stained glass of a church—this f Ellington's religious music. There's a treme dous blowup of the Duke in a top hat, to used for an entr'acte.

Whatever the technical details, the end resu is beautifully in the mood—or the many moo —of Duke Ellington's music. As the band pla

Bill Sohmer

For the San Francisco Ballet's The Tempest, *Walton constructed a set that is essentially a large boat. A model of the set appears above When the boat is struck by lightning, the set splits open to become Prospero's island. Far left: A watercolor sketch for a grasshopper costume for the 1975 Santa Fe production of* The Cunning Little Vixen, *and (left) a child wearing the costume. In the opera, for which Walton designed both sets and costumes, all the small animals were played by children.*



Bill Sohmer

Above: A model of the basic set for Sophisticated Ladies, *the play based on Duke Ellington's music which is currently on Broadway. The signs are in neon; the eyes are rotating light boxes. Walton also executed the handsome poster (right) advertizing the play.*

ınd the dancers dance—some in all or parts of heir costumes, others still in work clothes —and the electrical and mechanical parts of the ;etting fulfill their functions, it brings back Ellngton and his era irresistibly. Walton's weeks ınd months with the music, the biographies, he whole Ellington experience, are paying off. Visually and every other way, *Sophisticated Ladies* should be a hit, in Philadelphia and Washington tryouts, and two months from this ehearsal, in New York.

That night, on Walnut street: Walking back to he Holiday Inn from the theater, Walton talks ıbout getting along with stage or film crews, which he usually does very well, except on Britsh studio sets. He is a very soft-spoken man, and gentle in his manner; this works fine with Ameri:an film crews—possibly, he surmises, because hey're so well paid and are eager to please—but ıot with the poorly paid English.

"I have to yell at them," he explains, "and I ıust don't know how to go about it. So whenever I work with a film crew in England, I have my own assistants coach me in a losing-my-temper scene, and then I go through it several times until I'm quite good at it. So at the proper time I'll holler and rant and get results. However, it works only two or three days, and by that time the Englishmen are on to it, and it doesn't work any more."

Los Angeles, nine days before Christmas: The adaptable Mark Taper Forum is set up with a thrust stage for *Hoagy, Bix and Wolfgang Beethoven Bunkhaus,* written by Adrian Mitchell, an English playwright and poet. "He and I went through a similar time at school when, as teenagers, many of us in England got tremendously excited about early jazz" Walton relates. "He had a group at school that paralleled Hoagy Carmichael's band at Indiana University in Bloomington in the early 1920s, which was only a few years before Hoagy wrote 'Stardust,' though he was already composing.

"Adrian's play is about Hoagy and Bix Beiderbecke, the jazz cornetist who came to the university several times with the Wolverines and became Hoagy's good friend. But a third and essential character is Bill Monkhouse, a classical musician who, for relaxation, was a kind of Dada playwright, and who made up these demented plays that he, Hoagy, and that group would put on."

Walton's set is largely a collage of all the elements used in the production. Towering above are three twenty-two-foot-high heads of the three men in sepia, old-photo style. Other color ranges from a golden haze around Hoagy through pale blue around Bix and a tinge of the same blue behind Monkhouse and out into a crazy red. In front are enlarged phonograph records, the bell of an enormous cornet, another giant cornet—this one standing upright on its bell—and some upright pianos. An old pianola has most of its guts removed, but the hammers appear to be there. They're painted on a curtain, which drops down to reveal a puppet stage, on which Monkhouse's strange plays-within-this-play are staged.

Tony Walton's Awards and Nominations

Oscar Award: Art Direction (with Philip Rosenberg), *All That Jazz*, 1980.
Oscar Nominations: Costume Design, *Mary Poppins*, 1964.
Costume Design, *Murder on the Orient Express*, 1974.
Art Direction (with Philip Rosenberg) and Costume Design, *The Wiz*, 1978.
Tony Award: Scenic Design, *Pippin*, 1972-73.
Tony Nominations: Costume Design, *The Apple Tree*, 1966-67.
Scenic Design, *Chicago*, 1975-76.
Scenic Design, *A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine*, 1980.
Other Awards: Drama Desk Award for Scenic Design, *Pippin* and *Shelter*, 1972-73.
Designers and Art Directors Association (London) Silver Award for Feature Film Title Sequence (with Richard Williams), *Murder on the Orient Express*, 1975.
All American Press Award for Art Direction, *The Wiz*, 1979.
Other Nominations: Society of Film and Television Arts (London) for Art Direction and Costume Design, *Murder on the Orient Express*, 1974.
Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films, Costume Design, *The Wiz*, 1978.

"I have to yell at them, and I just don't know how to go about it."

Watercolor costum sketches for Georg C. Scott in Chekhov's Uncle Vanya *(far left) an for the Balloon M in Neil Simon's* Th Good Doctor.

Boston, late January: As the set for *Woman of the Year* goes together in the Colonial Theater, Walton explains how it came about.

"In the Hepburn-Tracy film, she was a serious journalist and he a sports writer. Now the woman in the musical [Lauren Bacall] plays a Barbara Walters-type TV personality and the man [Harry Guardino] is a comic-strip artist who does a daily cartoon sequence about a New York-type divorced cat. After she does a TV editorial about superficiality—using comic strips as an example—he gets even by introducing her as a less-than-sympathetic character—also a cat—in his strip.

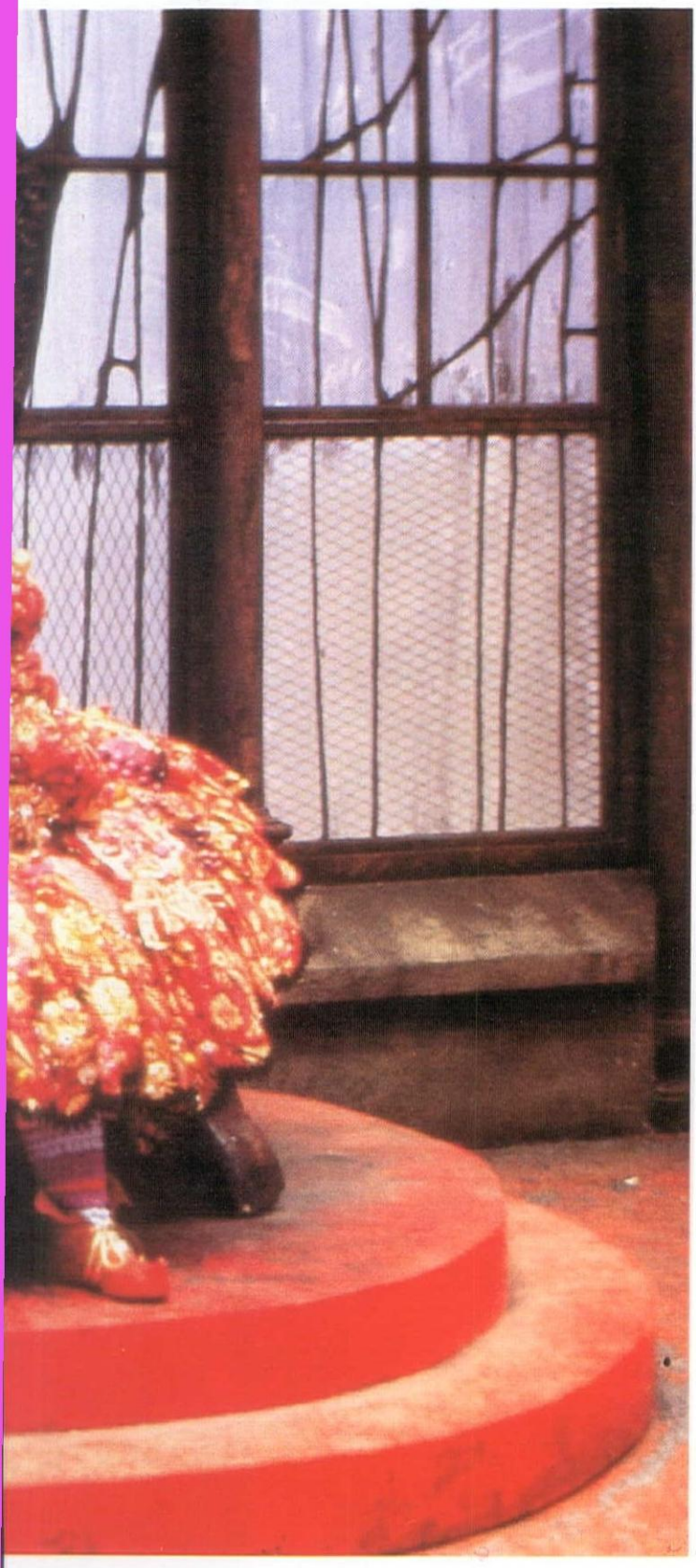
"After trying many set ideas, we conceived this as a wagon show. That is, it has a number of individual sets which roll on and off stage as needed. Rather than treating it only realistically, we've done a stylistic take-off. The emphasis is on the television news medium, with a proscenium of TV screens, and heavy glass brick to suggest network office buildings. The idea is just to suggest the media ambiance, not to make it look like a show about news-media hardware. It should have a slightly goofy, machine-oriented quality, as satire." And that is indeed starting to shape up on stage, piece by piece.

East Hampton, Long Island, that weekend: "We'll be shooting the interiors for *Death Trap* mostly in the old Pathe News studios in Manhattan," Walton says. "But Sidney Lumet [the director] and I have been scouting this area for good exteriors. We think it would be fun to set it in something other than the conventional Agatha Christie country house." They have their eye on one home and hope to get permission to photograph it. Meanwhile, Walton covets an old windmill, and keeps visualizing how images of it can be used to heighten mood in the forthcoming movie.

Manhattan, backstage at the Lunt-Fontanne; Tuesday, February 17: "Things are much, much better now," confides Walton softly, with something of a sigh. No need to ask what he's referring to. It's the brouhaha in Washington on January 14, following the opening of *Sophisticated Ladies* at the Kennedy Center the night before. Reviews had been strong for Ellington's music and for dancer-narrator Gregory Hines, but diluted about the show itself. That same morning the producers fired Hines, because of tensions involving him and director-choreographer McKayle, among others. But an hour before the matinee, a committee representing the cast confronted the pro-

Muki Munkasci

Below left: Mabel King is the Wicked Witch Evillane in The Wiz. *Her costume is covered with rubber dog toys and rubber food. Below right: A scene from the film blends the Chrysler Building with a bridge in Flushing whose surface was covered with linoleum to create the Yellow Brick Road. Bottom right: Nipsy Russell as the Tin Man.*



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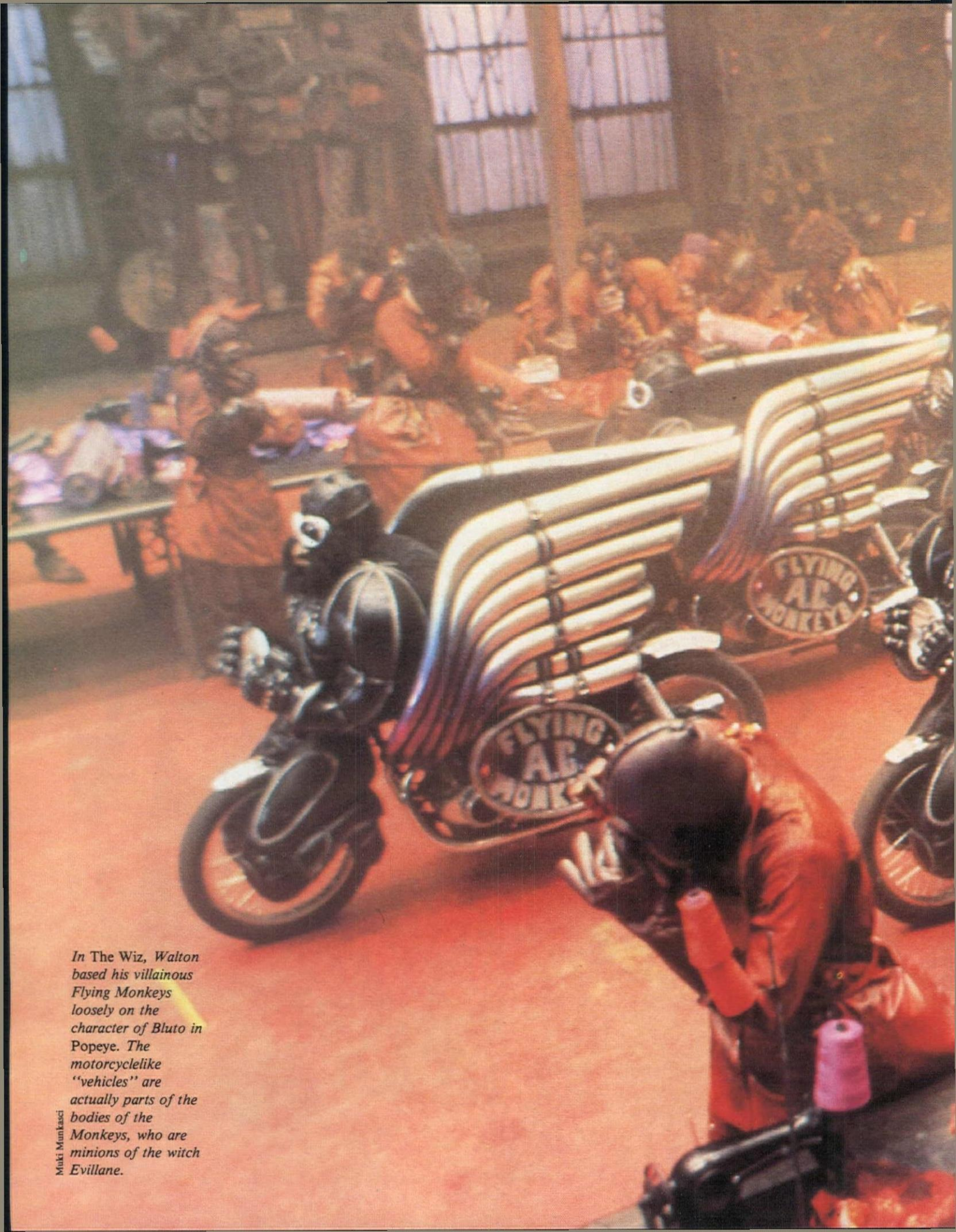
Muki Munkasci



In The Wiz, *Walton based his villainous Flying Monkeys loosely on the character of Bluto in* Popeye. *The motorcyclelike "vehicles" are actually parts of the bodies of the Monkeys, who are minions of the witch Evillane.*

Maki Munkasci

"This pilot is not equipped with a proper sense of danger."

ducers, saying, "You fired the wrong man." So McKayle was dismissed and Hines, ready to leave for New York, was reinstated.

"It was a very rocky period," the designer continues. "I brought in Michael Smuin from the San Francisco Ballet, where he is director and principal choreographer, and by the middle of the Washington run we all were very optimistic. Previously the playwright Samm-Art Williams had been contracted to add new material, but it didn't work and was taken out. Since then, dialogue and narrative have been almost eliminated; not it's all music and dance.

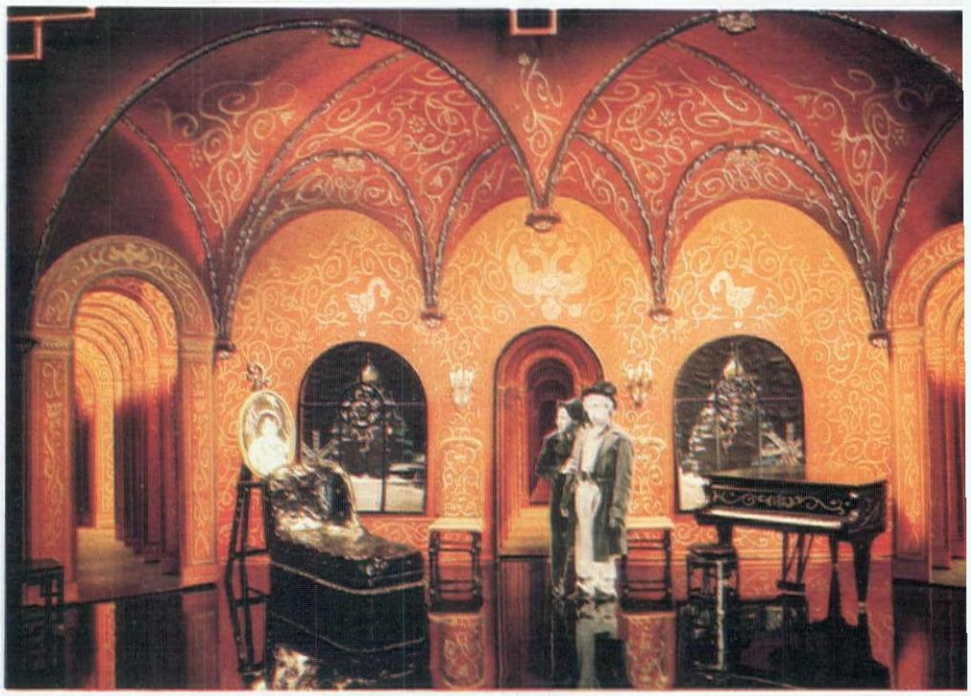
"When the show opens March 1 at the Lunt-Fontanne, both McKayle and Smuin will receive directing credits in the program because both have made major contributions. There have been many changes; the Harlem rent party and the Kentucky Club sequences are gone, and Judith Jamison's role has been strengthened. It's less historical and more an evening of Ellingtonia. The show builds consistently as it moves along, and there are a number of show stoppers. The first preview, last night, was wonderful."

The teamwork of Walton, who designs for the San Francisco Ballet, and Smuin will find a wide audience when their full-length ballet of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* is telecast on March 30 over the stations of the Public Broadcasting System nationally.

In Boston, meanwhile, *Woman of the Year* is going so well that the producers have decided to skip the Detroit try-out and bring it directly to the Palace in New York, opening March 29 rather than April 30.

Monday, back in the kitchen of the apartment: Yes, Tony Walton concedes, he does think a good deal about possible future design projects, but doesn't think it prudent to discuss them. "I know it's supposed to be bad luck, and all of that, and maybe that is what keeps me from saying anything," he admits, "but it certainly is true that you never know what will work out and what won't."

He is quiet for a moment, then smiles, as if at some secret knowledge, and decides to share it: "I have had some flirtations with directing, have been approached a couple of times, and it really was my first love," he confides. "At Radley College I'd been fairly effective at directing and playing the lead in Terence Rattigan's *The Browning Version,* which is about an embittered teacher. It was not the most tactful thing to do at Radley, which was very much the kind of school it was written about.



Bill Sohmer

Bill Sohmer

"There is quite a history of designers who have become directors on stage and screen. And if something like that did turn out to be real for me, I'd love it to be parallel with my designing career rather than a replacement. I very much enjoy the work that I am in." He smiles and adds: "As you probably can tell." □

Two models for sets for the Broadway play A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine, *with cardboard cutouts for characters. The elaborate precision is a Tor Walton characteristic: in photographs it is often all but impossible to tell a Walton model from the real set it illustrates.*

Harry Benson

Clockwise from upper left: Walton designed the sets and costumes for the 1975 Bette Midler's Clams on the Half Shell Revue. *In one scene, Midler sat cradled in the blue hand of King Kong. In another, she sang from the top half of a huge juke box. When a "nickel" was deposited, the bottom panel opened to Lionel Hampton's band on a platform of 78 records. A sketch for Julie Andrews' costume in* Mary Poppins *(Andrews was Walton's first wife); and Jane Darwell as the Bird Woman in the same movie.*

Heirs to Maxwell Perkins

Seven American writers tell us what they think about their editors.

By Richard Rosen

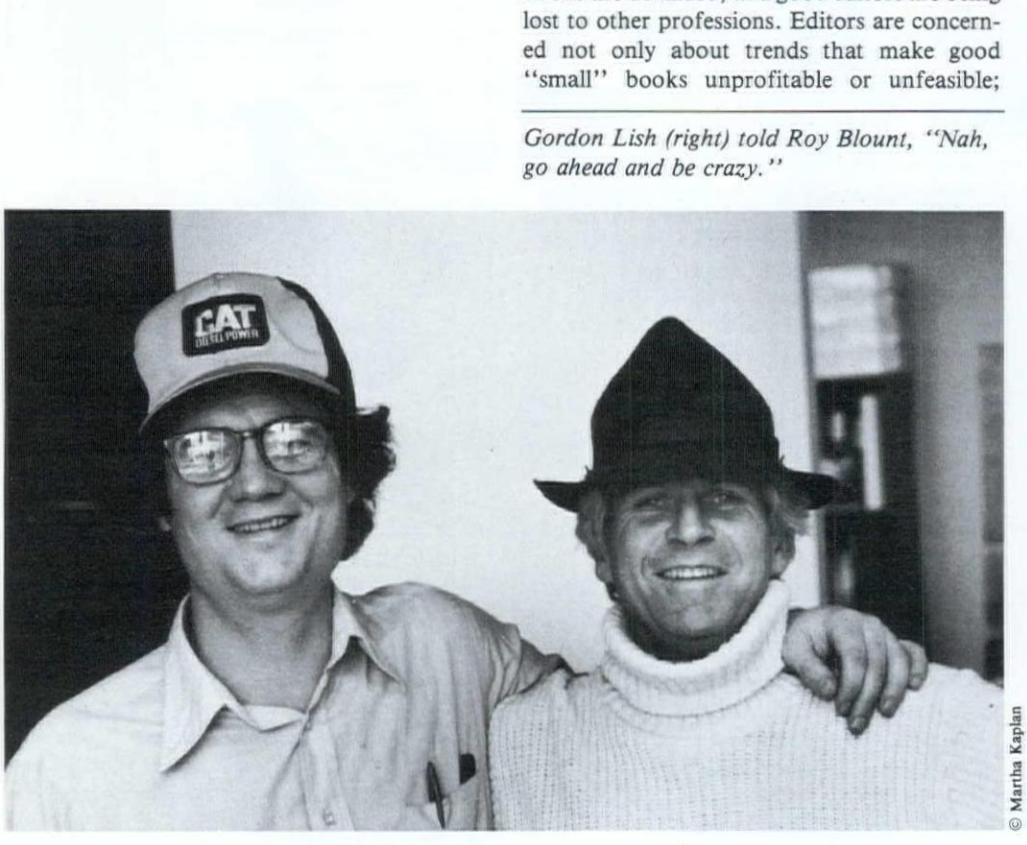
The novelist Thomas Wolfe once wrote, but never sent, the following message to Maxwell Perkins, a man who served Wolfe as perhaps no other editor has ever served an author: "In all my life, until I met you, I never had a friend." Although an author-editor relationship that could prompt such sentiments may not have been common in Perkins' time, it is far rarer today. In a publishing industry radically changed by increased conglomerate control and bottom-line economics, the present role of a book editor sometimes seems more closely to resemble that of a company service department to which a writer sends his merchandise to be repaired.

One hears a lot these days in literary and publishing circles about a decline in the art of editing, and certain reasons are advanced with some regularity. The publishing industry has long been considered a prestigious profession in which editors—who start low and rarely make more than $40,000 a year—have always been encouraged to dwell on the "psychic rewards" of their work. But as the pressures mount to acquire and publish lucrative blockbusters in the industry's new high-stakes game, the psychic rewards of nurturing high-quality books are devalued, and good editors are being lost to other professions. Editors are concerned not only about trends that make good "small" books unprofitable or unfeasible; they're worried about their very jobs. always precarious economics of the l ness—aggravated by inflation and a recen ternal Revenue Service ruling that dramati increases the cost of keeping books in p —produced substantial layoffs at many m houses this past year. The job insecurity affects the performance of editors, who r regard Maxwell Perkins' thirty-seven-yea sociation with Charles Scribner's Sons quaint display of fidelity, also affects t authors, whose manuscripts can be unexp edly orphaned.

Since editors move around so much, lite agents now attend to many of the psychol cal needs of their clients. Although this shi the literary balance of power benefits autl by providing them with extra protection f the vicissitudes of the book industry, s editors wince at the clout now wielded by m agents. As Doubleday editor Betty Prash recently complained to the *New York Tir* "It's a gimme, gimme situation. It's nc good deal when a publisher loses his shirt the author buys a house in Malibu."

It is hard to say to what extent the p editing of so many contemporary book which are ponderous or repetitive or ungr matical or just plain badly written—is a re of these pressures or of a deterioration in standards of American education. Whate the components of this carelessness, b editors are no longer members of a "gen man's profession." "If Maxwell Perkins w around today," Viking's Alan Williams mu not long ago, "he wouldn't have time to Maxwell Perkins."

Horizon asked those who work closest w book editors—book authors—about th favorite editors, about how their books edited, and about editing in general. Ma Perkins couldn't survive today, but in th authors' comments one can see the range roles still filled by book editors: sound board, friend, patron, psychotherapist, me anic, and *provocateur*. Editing may ha changed over the years, and not always for better, but it remains a complex and indisp sable art, and the relationship between auth and editor is yet an alliance that at its b helps make literature possible.



Gordon Lish (right) told Roy Blount, "Nah, go ahead and be crazy."

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Richard Rosen is the author of two books, one of them Psychobabble: Fast Talk and Quick Cure in the Era of Feeling, *and is a contributor to national magazines.*

Francine du Plessix Gray

Francine du Plessix Gray is a journalist and the author of the novel Lovers and yrants, *as well as two books of nonfiction, cluding* Divine Disobedience: Profiles in atholic Radicalism. *Her second novel,* World ithout End, *is to be published in May.*

ly favorite editors are William Shawn of the ew Yorker, Robert Silver at the *New York eview of Books,* and my present editor at imon and Schuster, Alice Mayhew. Each has n extraordinary range of knowledge. I re- iember when I was doing a piece on the Har- sburg Ten for the *New York Review of ooks*, and I knew there was something wrong ith it.

I'd been very shaken up by the trial, and I ied to distance myself from it, and I'd istanced myself too much. Silver said, What's wrong with this? What are you hiding om yourself? I mean, you were there and iere's no emotion in this." And I broke down i tears and immediately rewrote the whole iing in the first person, which is what I had een trying to do all along. He had the instinct o know what I was trying to do. He had the istinct to know what I was hiding, and this is thing that all good editors have, this almost sychoanalytic function of bringing you to en- ounter yourself as a writer and to speak out ith the passion you're capable of.

With Mayhew, I worked only on fiction, hich is a different matter, but she also pushed ie toward more emotion. I tend to be very uarded, to cloak everything with irony. In the ase of *Lovers and Tyrants*—which took me welve years to write, including the six years I ut it aside to write two books of nonfiction— hen I was beginning the first pieces, I didn't now it was going to be a novel yet. I thought f them as a collection of short stories. When Alice got the manuscript, she really found the ridges, and she edited the whole thing as a ind of bridge system. She was the one who iagnosed that what was missing was the "whole cloth" business.

I'm one of those curious people who loves to be edited well, to be edited even with a strong and heavy hand because I feel myself so lacking and so frail in my judgment of things. So I have an almost filial need for a strong paternal/maternal hand, which I feel very few writers have. It's my own insecurity. And certainly, Mayhew and Silver have very strong personalities.

With my new novel, *World Without End,* I found that I was hiding my protagonist behind a veil of irony and guardedness and not allowing him to show enough emotion at critical moments. Alice would say, "How can he talk like that, for Chrissakes? He can be emotional." It's not that I need a lot of editing—in fact, I'm said to need less than a lot of writers—but that I like to wisecrack and hide things.

I think there are fewer and fewer good editors, and I think it's the result of a ghastly education system. I don't know who in the current generation of twenty-two-year-olds are going to be great editors. The few good minds of that kind that I've met are going into the academic field.

Scientia-Factum, Inc.

Jerzy Kosinski

Polish-born Jerzy Kosinski is the author of seven novels, including National Book Award–winner Steps *and* Being There, *two volumes of essays, and two works of nonfiction under the pen name Joseph Novak. He is currently awaiting publication of a revised and expanded edition of his 1973 novel,* The Devil Tree.

I never contract with a publisher in advance, which means that I inherit an editor when he inherits my finished book. I'm not easily publishable. If the publisher who published the last book doesn't like the new one, I look for a publisher who will publish it in a relatively short time—three or four months. The writer's life is limited and I don't want to wait nine months. And I look for a publisher who will allow me several sets of galleys because I change a lot on galleys. Then I look for a publisher who will keep only the hard-cover rights. I sell the paperback rights separately.

There is no pencil editing; I just get a letter from the editor I inherited. I just received one from the editor of my new book, Les Pockell at Saint Martin's Press. He pointed out that he didn't feel that one particular incident in the book added anything to the dramatic development of the story, and that toward the end of the book he would have liked more motivation. I found both points quite valid. But he wrote the letter in a highly hypothetical fashion, since the contract was already signed, saying that the book would be published as delivered.

Why should something written by Kosinski be improved by Pockell? I know people who have a need for psychoanalysts and that it's possible they might have a need for accountants and for editors to work on their books from beginning to end. Now, if the proofreader—whom, by the way, I hire myself because no one can afford to check these things carefully these days, they don't have time—says that page 347 doesn't make much sense to me, then I would take a good look at the page. But I think that writers are very vulnerable and to have a very powerful editor during the time of creation can sway negatively as well as positively. An editor's greatest virtue is respect for the democracy of the mental exercise.

It's a matter of philosophical principle. There's no doubt that things can be gained by editing and that they can be lost. The issue is this very simple philosophy: Where does the book originate? It originates in one particular set of mental references. To invite others is to alter what is an authentic drive. I hate to be vulgar about it, but it is like the difference between making love to someone you love and making love in groups. Of course one can benefit; one gets insights into others, so to speak. But the point is that I change the galleys a lot, far more than an editor would ever dream of changing.

I have a great fear of any collective endeavor, which is the reason I left Eastern Europe: it's a collective. Writing novels is the only thing in which I'm entirely responsible for what I do. It's entirely mine. This doesn't exclude the possibility of someone—like Les Pockell—making changes, if it's done in a very democratic fashion. It's to know that I can go to the voting booth, but that the policeman doesn't drive me there.

If I were ever confronted with the situation of an editor who said, "Do this or that," I simply wouldn't be published.

"Why should something written by Kosinski be improved by Pockell?"

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Erica Jong

Erica Jong is the author of the novels Fear of Flying, How to Save Your Own Life, *and* Fanny: Being the True History of the Adventures of Fanny Hackabout-Jones. *She has also published three volumes of poetry.*

All I can say about my relationship with Elaine Koster at New American Library—I've been working with her since 1973—is that it's very precious and that she's a sounding board for me. She's not a dictator. When she read the first three hundred pages of *Fanny,* she said, "I love it and we want it." When it was complete, the book went through many rewriting stages: it was submitted to the historian J. H. Plumb to make remarks about historical accuracy; then it was submitted to two graduate students at Columbia University who checked out all the period details; then my husband did a line-by-line edit on it, pointing out that I used such and such a verb six times on one page. That's invaluable, because when you work on a book for four years, you stop seeing that.

Then Elaine, who had seen the book in progress but had deliberately not commented on it, got it, read it, and said things like, "It lags here, you could cut this chapter," and then she made a list of little things that bothered her. We'd sit down and hash it out. I'll say, "I really disagree with that," and she says, "Erica, you *should*," and I'll say, "No, no, no, I know best," and she'd say, "Trust me," and we'll go back and forth. But we trust each other, and I'll usually change about 50 percent. I think that's pretty much the ratio with good editors.

The greatest favor that an editor can do for a writer depends on the stage of your career. Years ago, when Aaron Asher was my editor at Holt, Rinehart and Winston, he helped me tremendously by turning down my first novel, which was a Nabokovian novel about a mad poet who murders another mad poet, and it was very clever and full of puns and word play, and very artificial. He said, "Erica, this is a publishable novel and someone will publish it—I would publish it—but it's not the novel you want to write. Sit down and write a novel about a woman, using the same consciousness out of which you write your poetry." And that was the kick in the pants that started me on *Fear of Flying.* For a beginning writer who had published two volumes of poetry, that was a very useful thing to hear.

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Roy Blount, Jr.

Roy Blount, Jr., a Georgian who lives in western Massachusetts, has written widely and humorously, often on sports, for national magazines including the New Yorker. *He is the author of two books,* Crackers, *about the South, and* About Three Bricks Shy of a Load, *about the Pittsburgh Steelers.*

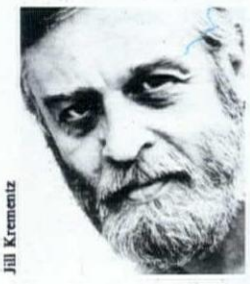
As you know, a lot's been written about book editing recently, about its being concerned only with packaging and not with words. Well, I started out at *Sports Illustrated* where they do too many things to your words. They have too many people fiddling with your copy, making irritating little changes, and I've always resented that. I have a good relationship with *Sports Illustrated,* but it's still owned by Time, Inc., which, as you know, owns *Time,* where I wrote one baseball story and that was a miserable experience. They want prose to order.

The first time I wrote a book, for Little, Brown, my editor there suggested some changes, but said, "It's up to you—it's your book." I thought, "What a wonderful thing! It's *my* book!" The book business is still the writer's medium more than any other I've worked in.

The book editor with whom I've worked and have liked and appreciated is Gordon Lish, who edited *Crackers* at Knopf. Lish went through the whole book word for word and suggested a lot of cuts. I was glad to have someone go through and tell me where it was boring because it was *all* boring to me by the time I turned it in. He improved the pace and fiddled around with the words some, and it was up to me to go along with it or not, and in a lot of cases I did.

I appreciated what he did because you're very vulnerable when you write a book and someone could have come along and told me it was rible, and I would have said, "Yeah, yo right." But if someone comes along and s "Let's change this phrase 'by and large' to the whole,' " that's when I get my back u don't think writers ought to depend on edito take out dangling participles. If anything, (don was too eager to get down there inside sentence and stir it around, and sometimes l he was stirring around too much. We arg about commas; we argued about whether t should be a comma between Blount and things like that. He even accused me of pu tuating like an Englishman.

All the current indictments of the edi profession make sense to me, but my perience has been good. For instance, I sho Gordon the manuscript of *Crackers* at point and he told me that it was a little tight, that I was trying too hard to make conventional book, and that I ought to ahead and write what I wanted to. There w piece I had written for *Esquire*, and he s "Put it in the book," and I said, "How a going to fit it in?" and he said, "I don't kn but it's really funny, so let's put it in." I glad because I always feel I should write sc kind of proper book, one that makes se and he said, "Nah, go ahead and be crazy. just wouldn't have been as good a bool someone else had edited it.


Jill Krementz

Richard Yates

Richard Yates is t author of five novels, including Revolutionary Ro The Easter Parade *and* A Good School. *He has just complete his second collection of short stories,* Brok Homes.

All my books except my second novel, *Special Providence,* have been done Seymour Lawrence (most of them under latter's own imprint at Delacorte Press). *Special Providence* was my biggest failure. T book was in all kinds of trouble when it w delivered to a very bright young man at Knc named Robert Gottlieb. It was the only ti that a book of mine was subjected to li

liting, to tight textual scrutiny. Though timately not very good, the book was better an what it had been.

But I can't talk about any of the other books ith Seymour Lawrence because they weren't lited. Now that I'm older—and there's a cer-in softening of the muscles—I regret the fact at I don't get more editing. As a younger an, I was arrogant enough to think that I dn't need it.

Am I happy with Lawrence? I don't think ıyone's happy. He's the man most willing to ıy my material, and so therefore that's a hap- situation. But I would like somebody now go over my pages, since I no longer feel, as I d when I was younger, that everything I do in ıal draft is perfect.

I feel the time of Maxwell Perkins is gone rever. There hasn't been a comparable man the business. My contact with Sam consists lunch. I'm grateful for his interest—I've ways been grateful for that—but not a single ord's been edited. Now editors don't change, ey ask the writers to make changes, but at's never happened to me.

Richard Stern

Richard Stern, who teaches in the English department of the University of Chicago, is the uthor of six novels, including Other Men's aughters, *three collections of short stories, cluding last year's* Packages, *three plays, id one work of nonfiction.*

ne of my favorite editors was Roger Klein, ho was at Harper and Row, then moved to oward, McCann and Geoghegan, and then lled himself. Then I had Harold Scharlatt, at utton, who died at the age of thirty-six. Now ve got Joe Cannon. What I like about an litor is that he knows the story inside out mself, feels the rhythms of it, the hills and lleys, and can debate with you about the ntences, the commas, the paragraphs. And ve had some terrific twelve-hour sessions th these editors. I've had terrific luck.

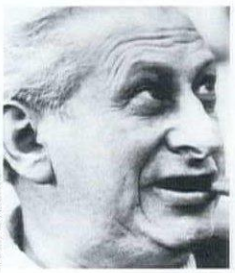
I love every criticism made by an editor, en if it's wrong, because there probably is something wrong and then you can re-engage with the book. There's a freshness when it's seen by other eyes. After Hal Scharlatt's death, I described in several places how he once flew into Chicago, came here, and sat at one end of the table and worked out the fifteen pages of notes about my manuscript he'd brought with him. Then I'd dictate changes and he'd go in and type while I went to work on the second swatch. Sometimes he'd say no and I'd say yes, but I've always been eager to incorporate editorial suggestions.

Did I ever feel an editor imposed his sensibility on me? Of course, the editor may be tempted, particularly when in gratitude you acknowledge his contribution, and the gratitude is genuine. (I'm rather fulsome in my acknowledgements.) Now and then you see where this evokes in an editor—I can't call it ambition—something akin to creativity. That you have to watch for. But I feel sort of impregnable by now, I've been at writing so long. I know when I'm wrong. I work with young writers at the University of Chicago, and, of course, one tends to be a powerful editor with them. But then I warn them: "Shake me off, shake me off."

When Saul Bellow and I lived closer together, we'd do a lot of reading to each other, trying things out. Then he moved to the north side. But Bellow reads like nobody else. It's very fascinating. He's been responsible for the creation of certain scenes in my books. He doesn't have to say what the scene is; he just has to say, "But what is *she* feeling? You have *x* and *y*, but what about *z*?"

The only reader I've known who was like Bellow, but a very different kind of person, was Ezra Pound. He had never read my work before, but he read one of my novels and he picked out something I had never thought of and no one ever would have thought of. He said he'd never before seen a preoccupation with honor in a character that was interesting enough to sustain a whole book. Philip Roth is also a wonderful reader, very special and very powerful. Our exchanges have been precious. If those sessions could be recorded, they'd never be believed. They're hilarious and violent—intellectually violent. "Do that! Do this! Do that!" and he says, "Let me take that down!" and he's got a yellow pad with thirty pages covered. He gets tremendously involved in a book.

I don't think editing is a lost art. What's happened, though, is that there's an enormous carelessness creeping in. Books by serious writers are coming out with mistakes. Outrageous mistakes. It's as if the books are saying, "Farewell, farewell."



Joan Schaffer

Studs Terkel

Studs Terkel, who hosts a syndicated weekday radio interview program on Chicago's WFMT, is the author of five oral histories, the most recent of which is American Dreams: Lost and Found. *Pantheon's Andre Schiffrin has been his editor on all of them.*

I can only speak of Andre. To me, there's nobody close to him. You can name Bob Gottlieb and Jason Epstein and an operator like Michael Korda. I don't want to put them down, but Andre's in a class by himself. I want no other editor and I need no other editor. He's an inspirer. He conceived the village series. He's the one that got Ronald Blythe to do *Akenfield.* He got Tamara Hareven to do *Amoskeag.* He suggested the idea of my doing an American village after the [Jan] Myrdal book, *Report from a Chinese Village.* He's a Mephistopheles to my Faust. Here I am a sixty-eight-year-old Faust and I've got this young Mephistopheles. I'll tell you a funny story. He said, "Do a book about an American village, do it on Chicago." I said, "Are you out of your mind?" So I do *Division Street: America,* and a few months later, he says, "Do one on the depression," and I say, "Are you out of your mind?" and so I do *Hard Times* and then he says, "Do one on working now," and I say, "Are you out of your mind?" and that's how it's been. He had an idea about a power book, but it came out as *American Dreams: Lost and Found.* But with the others, the original thought was his. I do most of the editing, but about a week before the final galleys, we meet for four or five days. Sometimes there'll be a deletion; he'll want to get rid of one of the characters and we usually agree. There's an understanding. I've never worked with any other editor, except a marvelous old lady years ago when I did a children's book on jazz. Her name was Elizabeth Riley. I liked her very much. □

All photographs courtesy Schirmer/Mosel

On the Beach, *circa 1930*

HERBERT LIST

The English poet recalls the German photographer —and Weimar innocence. By Stephen Spender

I first met Herbert List in Hamburg in 1929. Herbert was at that time the center of a group of friends who represented for me all that was freest, most open-minded, most consciously new about the new Germany. They were the Children of the Sun. To them, far more important than politics, business, self-promotion, was *life*. "Life" consisted of friendship, free love, the cultivation of their own bodies, nature and the sun. In Hamburg there were a good many people who shared the same values. Their weakness, perhaps, was that they did not understand that at some point in history these values would be swept away, and they together with them unless they had a strong will to self-preservation.

This they lacked. At the beach or swimming baths, the aristocrats among these beautiful people were those with the brownest bodies. Naked, or almost so, they were a classless society. I think it is important to realize that Herbert List's photography begins from this admiration of the classically beautiful nude—particularly the male body—and that this always remains his ideal. The very beautiful photographs of Greece (some of which he had already taken when I first knew him) are analogies for the bodies in Greek sculpture of antiquity. Greece today remains haunted by this athletic ideal.

Dressed and indoors, however, these friends did have distinctions between those who were better off and the poor. The better-off lived in houses of rather expensively designed simplicity which, wherever possible, opened out onto

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Stephen Spender, poet and critic, spent many months during 1929–1933 in Germany. During his early years he published several collections of poems, including The Generous Days. *From the 1940s on, Spender became known also for his perceptive criticism and editorial association with the English journals* Horizon *(1939-1941) and* Encounter *(1953-67).*

He would say, "Isn't he wonderful and doesn't he know it!"

Ammer See, *1960*

Munich, *1945*

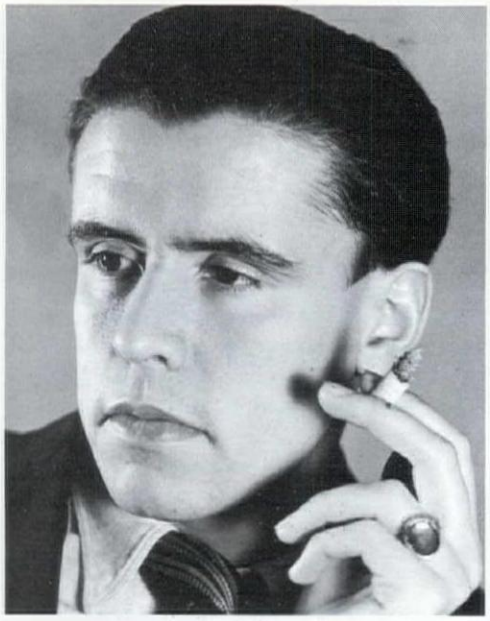
Overleaf: On the Baltic, *1930*

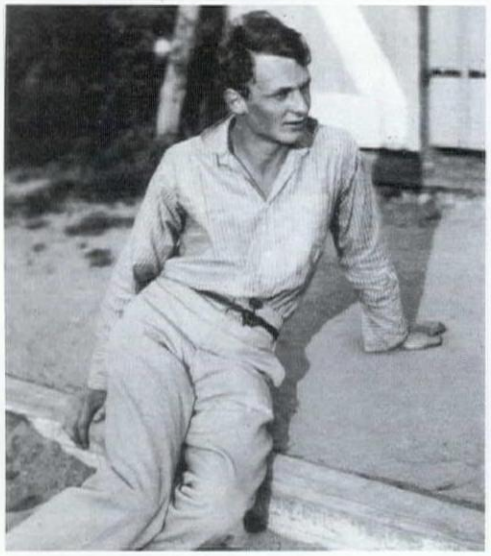
"I thought that if I were an artist, I should soon get tired of all th

Athens, *1937*

th drawing."

Lecce, *1955*





Top: Portrait of Herbert List, *1930 by A. Feininger. Above: List's* Portrait of Stephen Spender, *1929.*

"His shame reaches out and draws you into it li

the sea or a northern landscape of lakes and pines and dunes. Herbert's wealthier friends lived in houses with flat roofs and balconies, model homes with furniture, cooking utensils, and lighting equipment which were all parts of a single vision of beautifully simple pleasures. The style of the occupants was such that often they looked as though they had been designed and dressed by a team at the Bauhaus at Dessau to go with the house and the landscape.

As a young Englishman who had just left Oxford University, I was immensely liberated by the newness of these young Germans. This was the time of the Weimar Republic. Looking back now, it seems impossible not to think that I was completely deluded in supposing that tolerance, sunbathing, modern architecture, functional furnishing, songs from *Die Dreigroschenoper* and *Mahagonny* of Brecht and Weill, the Bauhaus, Expressionist painting, and the works of Paul Klee represented anything that had incorporated in it the political will to survive. And yet, when a few years ago I went to Berlin and saw the dozen or so exhibitions of art, architecture, theater and photography of people's lives after 1918 and up to 1933, I felt again the influence of an enormously vital period of history. My friend W. H. Auden, who went to Berlin in 1929, expressed the German newness of the period in lines that became notorious:

Look shining at,
New styles of architecture, a change of heart.

The "change of heart" was what impressed us about the new Germany. It was a psychological as well as an architectural change.

Herbert quickly became for me the incarnation of the new Germany of the Children of the Sun. He lived not in a flat-roofed house by a lake or on the beach, but on the top floor of a large modern block of flats. His apartment was of the kind one associates with studios: a large room with two alcoves leading from it in which mattresses were spread. It was furnished in the Bauhaus style with metal or plywood furniture, glass-topped tables, and lighting from lamps of tubular or ground glass.

His friends often met here for parties. They filled the room, standing in the main part of it, looking out of the windows at the extensive view of the city; or they drifted into the alcoves and reclined on the mattresses. To me, who then spoke no German, these young people were like interweaving figures in a dance. They were characterized by a pervasive sexuality, a kind of aura which shone from their bodies, absorbed from the sun bronzing their athletic nakedness, something one felt about them whether they were dressed or undressed. I was conscious of the fact that they lived in a world in which they seemed to reflect each other's grace and ease: a world to which I did not myself belong, being an over-tall, round-shouldered, self-absorbed intellectual. Herbert was very kind to me. He seemed slightly contemptuous of the fact that physically I was an outsider, but fascinated by the fact that intellectually I did not belong to the world of his friends. I was even more fascinated by him.

Whenever I think of Herbert's studio, one scene comes back to me of a party at which he showed a film of himself and his friends on outings together. His friends sat on the floor or lay on mattresses watching the film: shouting and laughing at themselves—the same pe skiing down mountain slopes, and som falling. The scene changes, to sequences o on board a yacht, under a blazing sky shadows lay on the deck and Herbert lear railings as he stared out to sea with features. His face was motionless at first wrinkled to a smile when he turned it to the camera, and consequently into the where the same friends lay around the watching themselves and him.

This was a mirror world. Herbert bel to it but at the same time stood above it. struck one about his friends, the bea people, was that they were soft and mall One therefore was not altogether sur when their presence and influence seem disappear with the rise of Hitler's Ger But to Herbert, the values of the Gre Renaissance figure, of a life largely sp traveling through the world seeking strange and beautiful impressions, recording and perpetuating them, we supreme importance.

He was the dominating figure of his He was striking looking, with black hai jet black eyes, a nose with flared nostril lips. I believe that on his mother's side family there was Brazilian blood. One not have been surprised to be told that h some ancestor who was an Aztec In Herbert had an almost aloof glance, tem by an expression of humour. It was as th he clinched appraisingly from a distance often with a faint amusement, the pers object he was looking at. He was not with touch of arrogance and was extremely as in his opinions.

Herbert had a job in his family firm of importers and he seemed to be compete this, though he rarely spoke of it. His re began when he left the office and was wi friends, swimming, sunbathing or going cursions for weekends. When I was at Han I made notes of remarks he made, with t tention of making him a character (Joachim) in a novel which I was trying to In an early scene I asked him whether he the books which he had in his apartmen answered: "No, I don't read so much. Aft day's work I go bathing with Willy [a frie his called Willy Larsen] or some other fri Then for the weekends I go away too. I lik mostly and doing things, more than readi

He had illustrated a letter he wrote t with a line drawing. I asked: "Do you dr

)se things that suck dust from carpets."

), not now so much. When I was young I
d always to think I should be an artist. But
n I thought that if I was an artist I should
n get tired of all things to do with drawing.
I went into business instead."
n another note, I quote him saying: "I
ays like to watch people. I can feel so much
n seeing them, the way they walk or look at
, you know, when I am at a party. I will
ch each person as he comes into the room.
e person comes in and he is nothing. No one
ices him. But then there comes another and
ryone feels his presence. You look at him
I you feel he is alive, keen. Then someone
e comes in and you feel he is ashamed: his
me reaches out and draws you into it like one
those things that suck dust from carpets."
Herbert had this way of projecting his own
sciousness into that of other people. This
ows light on his portraits. He had to see the
er at the center of his own drama; but for the
trait to be good this had to happen as the
ult of a kind of enthusiastic amusement pro-
ced in him by the subject. This produced the
t results when the entertainment was spon-
eous, not when he had to place the sitter at
center of a drama which he had thought up.
hough he attained great success as a profes-
nal photographer, for the best results
rbert had to bring to his photographs the
rit of an amateur who was also very ac-
nplished, and when he did this he was at his
t. Some of his posed photographs come off
well as those taken for his own entertain-
nt, because he was inspired by the subject of
assignment as much as he would have been
the person. An example of this is the ex-
lent portrait of the painter Morandi: Herbert
amused at once by the dissimilarity and some
sterious connection between Morandi and
bottles which he loved to paint.
In these early days Herbert would stroll
ong the beach and, noticing some boy, he
ould say: "Isn't he *wonderful* and doesn't he
ow it!," expecting the boy, who was
etending not to notice, to turn his head and
ok after us when we had passed.
He liked unexpressed, almost wordless,
mmunication: he told me how he loved to go
t on an excursion with a friend without their
ving to talk to one another: "We don't have
discuss things, but all the time we are com-
nions, doing the same thing together, shar-
g the same experience. It is much more than
we had talked about books together or ex-
anged ideas."

On the whole then, the young Herbert List was anti-intellectual, although he admired and was influenced by the drawings of Picasso, the work of Jean Cocteau, and the Surrealists. But it was the images these artists produced that influenced him rather than discussion of their work by art critics.

In my notes of 1929 I remarked that Herbert had travelled a great deal and that his photographs were an autobiography of his experience of places and people. His inner dramas, expressed in his photographs, influenced my own way of seeing them. A quarter of a century later when I went to Chicago, I looked for the scene of trees on the lakeshore, a foreground to the background of skyscrapers with surfaces reflecting light as though they were made of silk, which I had first seen in a photograph in Herbert's studio. And in May 1945 when, as a member of the British occupying forces, I drove through Cologne and saw broken sections of bridges collapsed into the Rhine, like steel or stone or concrete platforms sinking, it was the memory of a photograph of the cathedral seen from across the Rhine, a silhouette which had the simplicity and beauty of some elaborated piece of machinery such as the inside of a beautifully wrought old clock or watch, with which I compared this heart-rending destruction.

I don't think that Herbert cared much either for the postwar world or for his profession as a photographer. When I asked him what new architecture, perhaps comparable with that which had been put up in the twenties, was of interest in postwar Germany, he merely shrugged and said "Nothing." His photographs of the destruction of Hitlerian architecture in Munich, with neoclassical statuary lying among the ruins, show a profound irony, a bitter twist to the sense of amusement which was present in his early work. Like many good photographers he distrusted the medium of photography itself: feeling that if it was an art, it was one in which the photographer became enclosed within the limits of his own technique after he had explored them to a certain extent. It seemed right that after the war, as well as resuming his travels, he should have become a connoisseur of drawings which he found in antique shops. He prided himself on never buying anything costing more than some minimal sum; and yet those piercing black eyes of his searched out from masses of neglected folios a rare collection of finds.

To me, Herbert will always be as I first knew him in Hamburg. I think particularly of a photograph of a young man seen at the edge of a lake, coming out of the water. The picture is taken slightly from below, so that the youth seems to tower like Michelangelo's statue of David against a dome of light, his head a shadowed mass of curls like feathers. In another photograph the same friend is photographed against the water and under the shadows of a tree in a pose faintly reminiscent of Seurat's sketches of figures in a park seen against a lake for *La Grande Jatte*. Behind the figure, slightly out of focus, the broad flat strokes of the water; and above him the spangled leaves and shadows of a branch which sprinkled light, tessellated upon face, chest and knees.

Herbert achieved much more sophisticated photographs than those I knew. The best of them retain, though, the same characteristic of the amusement of an artist who, while he appreciates the subject for its own sake always keeps the sense of the simile, of its being like something else—a Greek statue, Michelangelo, figures holding umbrellas against the sun on a beach, as in a Pointillist painting, Surrealism.

For me, his life and work remain rooted in that strange period of this century, during the twenties, when there was an immense flowering of architecture, the arts and, in the consciousness of many thousands of young people, the idea that there was something called "life" contained in their own bodies and minds which was there to be enjoyed. This period of boom relied on foreign money, while the power to fight for values which were attached to no strong politics was also lacking. No one was less political than Herbert List. Once when we were going together on a walking tour on the Rhine he told me, among many other fantastic near-fairy stories which formed the subject of his conversation, that there existed somewhere in Bavaria a man who was a magician with words and who, as long as he was talking, could completely convince an audience of the truth of what he was saying. But the moment the meeting was over every single member of the crowd, when he had returned home, realized that what he had been hearing was nonsense, utter nonsense. The man's name was Hitler. □

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Arkansas Arts Center

20 Museums You've Never Heard Of

Part Three

Dallas Museum of Fine Arts

The Southwest

The itinerant art prospector ranges from Arkansas to Arizona. By Patrick D. Hazard

In our January issue, HORIZON *began a four-part series by Beaver College English professor Patrick D. Hazard on museums he had discovered on his cross-country travels. Conveniently, Hazard divided his twenty museums into four quadrants of five institutions each. Having toured the Northwest and the Southeast,* HORIZON *follows Hazard now to the Southwest.*

Dallas Museum of Fine Arts
Dallas, Texas

I confess that Dallas has long filled me with bad vibes—Dailey Plaza and its School Book Depository rifle roost, the Cowboys and their high-stepping Cowgirl cheerleaders, and billionaire bluster. So I was making a duty trip to cover every museum when I hailed a cab for the ten-minute (off-peak) ride to Fair Park. Talk about prejudice evaporation. The whole park is a fairyland of art deco. I could walk up and down its esplanades for hours, never enter a door and be blissful. But enter the DMFA I did, and thereby hangs a tale of total and unconditional surrender.

True, I had to grit my teeth before the newest coup, Frederic Church's ode to a deep freeze, the $2.5 million *Icebergs* (which was given to the museum, some say, by H. L. Hunt). But the Nora and John Wise collection of ancient South American art is not only a pupil-boggling parade of Peruvian textile, gold, pottery, and sculpture, it also sets the highest standard of *museology* I've seen anywhere in the world. It explains things with an aesthetic flair that is a joy in itself. If Cairo's museum is the bottom in this respect, then Dallas is the tops.

And it was there that I first gazed upon that minor painter, Gerald Murphy, expatriate friend of the Scott Fitzgeralds. I regard it as a major loss to American painting that he just

Left: Young visitors to the Arkansas Arts Center peer into a display called "Value, Light & Dark" in the Yellow Space Place. Above: Frederic Church's Icebergs *was sold to a Texas donor, reportedly H. L. Hunt, for a then-record $2.5 million, in October 1979. Hunt donated the painting to the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, where it is currently on view.*

up and walked away from his easel. Dallas has most of his works, and a damn good catalogue by William Rubin, with an illuminating reminiscence by friend Archibald MacLeish.

I feared the museum shop in Neiman-Marcus land would exceed my Visa limits. Surprise, the stock is a laid-back blend of Korvettes and Cartier's. There are good restaurants in the Fair Park, but I recommend a Casa something or other (I forgot the name but not the hot taste—haaaaaaahh!!) kittycorner from the bus stop to downtown at the main gate.

For dessert, visit the Texas Hall of History; really gargantuan, tall-tale murals—with a splendid photo gallery in the basement, next to a library full of helpful librarians. (They love art deco too!)

Arkansas Arts Center
Little Rock, Arkansas

This place will always be close to my heart because ten years ago I bought my first quilt there, a kinky Ozarkian Dresden Fan. (How was I to know that this would lead to helpless quiltoholism?) Well, they don't sell quilts any more in the new and improved shop—scarcity and inflation; but damn near everything else has changed—and for the better. The first things to catch my nitpicking Northerner's eye in Faubusland were handsome, new, black art acquisitions—Charles White and Romare Bearden. And the school children milling into and out of the center seemed benignly integrated—a far cry from the Telenews of the 1950s.

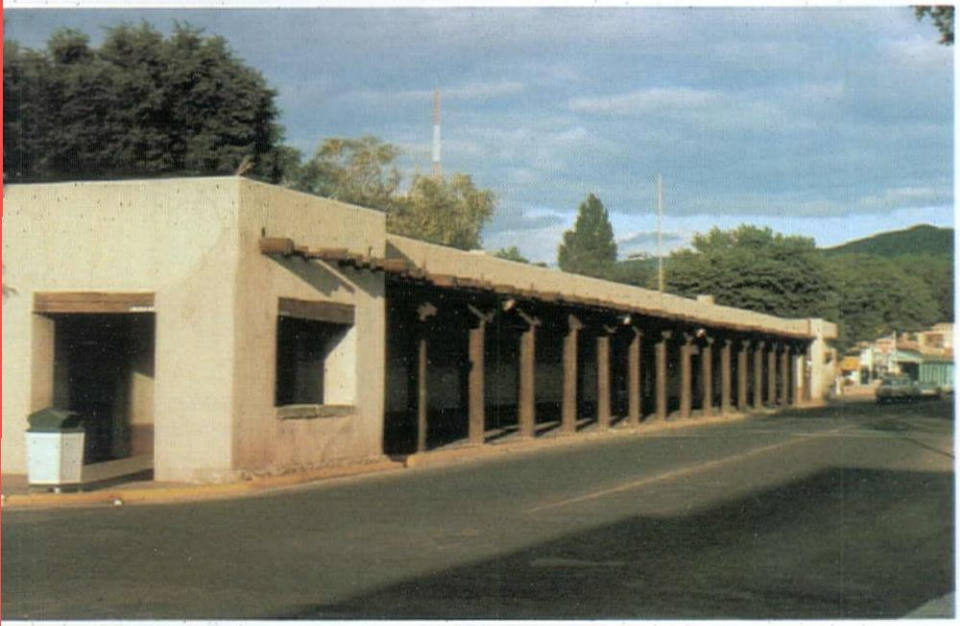
They all have plenty to be satisfied with. For adults there was a solid, packaged touring show from Daum Frères, the French glass magicians. For kids (of all ages, as they say) were the idiosyncratic toys culled from across these playful United States for the center's specialty, new concepts in fun and games. Some were fey, and some were foolish; some were goofy, and some even too gamey—for the kid *I* was anyway. I wish more of America could see these arty facts. And I wish a few could have

Arkansas Arts Center

Arkansas Arts Center

Above, right: Fledgling connoisseurs in the Arkansas Arts Center inspect the work of some of their peers in an exhibit called "Art by Children." Right: The Arkansas Arts Center has recently broadened its holdings to include works by such influential black artists as Charles White and Romare Bearden.

"How was I to know this would lead to hopeless quiltoholism?"



Above: A gallery scene from a recent exhibition at the Museum of International Folk Art (part of the Museum of New Mexico), called "Palestinian Costumes." Left: New Mexico's Palace of Governors, a museum of history. The Museum of New Mexico comprises five separate buildings, devoted to fine arts, folk art, anthropology, history, and state monuments.

shared my delight watching a can-of-worms-ful of elementary school children delving into the funkitude of it all.

As I grinned my way back to the Greyhound terminal, I observed that Little Rock is getting into history as well, in a big way. There's an entire village of structures exemplifying the stages in the history of Arkansas. And an Arkansas Heritage Center as well, orienting visitors and locals to the glories and the grimaces that were Little Rock.

Museum of New Mexico
Santa Fe, New Mexico

If I could found a graduate school of tourism administration dedicated to taking the tacky *t* out of tourism, I'd found it in Santa Fe. It's not a poor man's town, but there are clean hotels near the bus station for less than two figures a night, off season. Still, it doesn't cost anything to look at great art in its museums or ogle first-class crafts in the shops, for that matter.

I almost landed myself in debtor's prison there when I impulsed for a $200 Navajo rug—black-and-white stripes—still the premier throw in my international rug collection. And I met Laura Gilpin's work for the first time in Santa Fe; that age and soul mate of Georgia O'Keeffe was a one-person crusade against geriatric despair. She took up where Edward T. Curtis left off with the local Indians.

The Museum of Fine Arts, part of the complex that makes up the Museum of New Mexico (the 1610 Palace of Governors, the Museum of International Folk Art, the State Monuments, and the Laboratory of Anthropology),was created in 1907 primarily to save the palace. But the Taos connection (D. H. Lawrence, the ash canners like Henri, Sloan, and Bellows, et al.) ensured that art activities would be massive and first class in the area. The Museum of Fine Arts is currently undergoing a massive renovation, and will reopen in early 1982. But open and lively is the Wheelwright Museum of the American Indian, just a few miles from the Museum of New Mexico complex. The Wheelwright's collection— like that of its cross-town neighbor—is strong in native American art. Along with archives of unpublished Indian myths, see the sandpaintings and textile collections

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Tucson Museum of Art
Tucson, Arizona

Visually, this museum is a sleeper. Set in the exhilarating new civic-center campus in downtown Tucson, it looks good but ordinary—until you step inside. Then you thrill to a rectangular, inverted Guggenheim. The ramps don't swirl down like the ones at the New York showplace, but they ramp gradually, making an ideal viewing gallery for the Rauschenberg space series that was hanging when I visited. The deep basement was full of Robert Indiana and Jasper Johns. The interior well, formed by this sequence of slanted right turns, is the venue for concerts and film showings, I was told by a University of Arizona art major guarding the ramp exit.

On the "top floor," a solid thematic exhibit on "Beasts and the Human Imagination," pieced together from Phoenix and other state collections, showed how mediocre art (I mean just to say there were few masterpieces) plus a lot of anthropological savvy can mount an exhibition with a lasting impression.

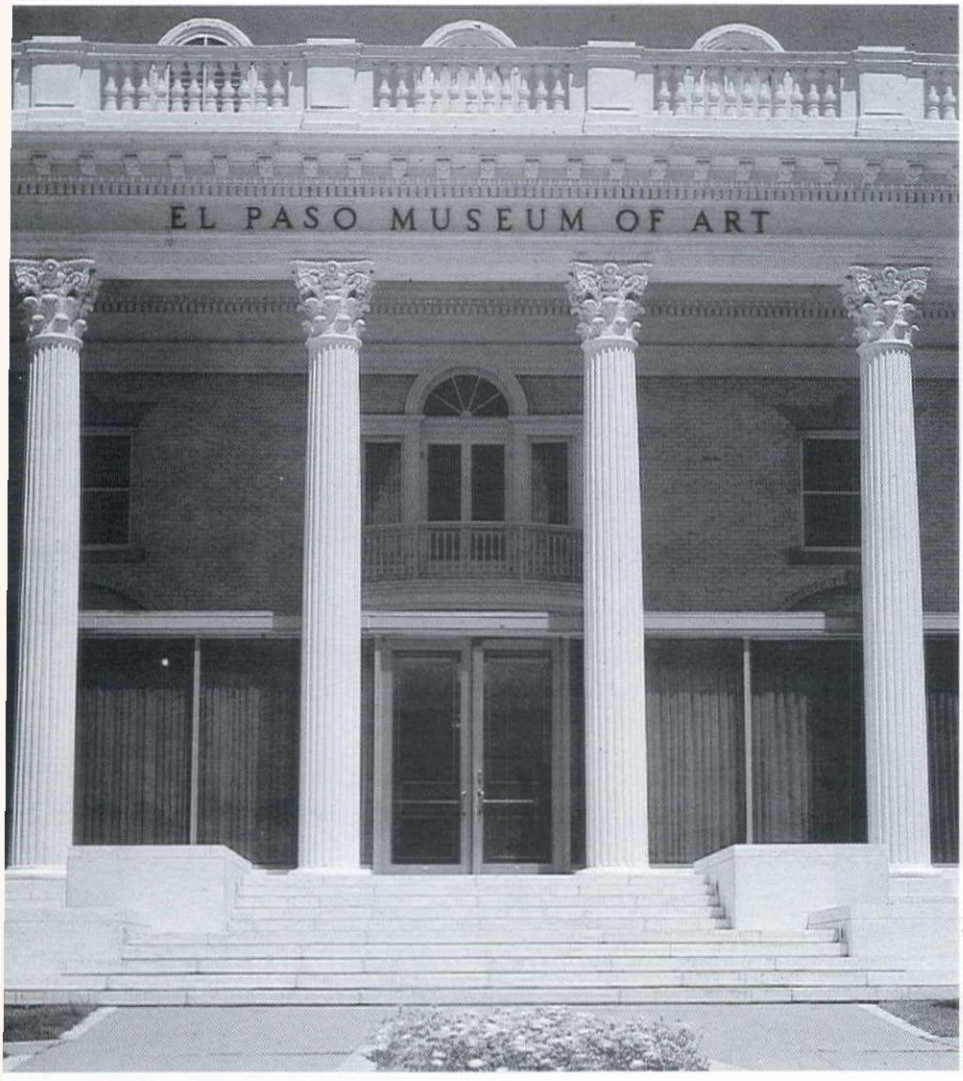
A high point is this museum's solid support

Tuscon Museum of Art

Tuscon Museum of Art

Top: The Tucson (Arizona) Museum of A ordinary from the outside, looks like a "rectangular, inverted Guggenheim" insid (above). Strong in modern American pain the museum boasts major works of Rober Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, and Robert Indiana, among others. As if eschewing N York pretensions, however, the museum is also noted for its support of local crafts.

Laura Gilpin was a one-person crusade against geriatric despair.



El Paso Museum of Art

e El Paso Museum of Art was built by hitect Henry P. Trost as a home for a te senator. Among Trost's other El Paso ojects was a remarkable art-deco dime re for S. H. Kress, who was a great art nefactor.

Tucson craftspeople. I can't remember en I've seen such a fine standard of crafts. I hadn't been on my way to Fiji at the time, I uld have carted home box loads of ceramics d textiles. Airline weighing stations being as htwad as they are, I contented myself with irky greeting cards put out by a local ninist collective.

Two other Tucson attractions make a day- g stay advisable. The state's first (and so far ly) Mexican museum, La Casa Cordova, ad- ns the grounds of the art museum. Its folk art is fey and fun. And the local history, admirably posted near its displays, is very illuminating. The other must is a ten-minute cab ride away at the University of Arizona—the anthropology department's museum which specializes in Southwest history and prehistory. The university's art gallery is good, but the anthro is superb.

El Paso Museum of Art
El Paso, Texas

My first visit to this city and its museum was an unhappy one: I was killing time waiting for a plane to San Francisco after having (I hope!) picked up a Spanish-language divorce in Juárez across the Rio Grande. Never has architecture been so welcome an anodyne to pain. A certain Henry P. Trost put up a lot of buildings there between the world wars, including the stately old home of the late State Senator W. W. Turney which is the museum's current home.

El Pasoans know what a hidden treasure their Trost is. They've prepared an exemplary walking tour of his innovative buildings, especially in downtown El Paso—precast concrete department stores, decorative elements that would make Louis Sullivan do a double take. In fact, I urge visitors to begin at the tourist information center in the architecturally fine new civic center just across from an equally impressive Greyhound terminal. Get the museum's Trost Street guide. Wander around and savor it before taking a bus at the Center Square out to the museum.

Unless my name is Walt Disney, you are going to notice one very remarkable art-deco dime store down among the Trosts: the S. H. Kress store, a bursting rocket of polychrome ceramic. Yes, that's the same Samuel H. Kress, one of our nation's great art benefactors. And Kress had a thing about his benefactions that I find very praiseworthy: he gave his best markets the best collection. And his El Paso is a choice array of classic European paintings, mainly Renaissance and baroque. There's Americana too—Remington and Inness, some pre-Columbian, and Mexican colonial. But the cream is their Kress.

Final hint: Cross the Rio Grande by foot. The Mexican government has set up in each of the border towns of any size—Matamoros, Juárez, Tijuana—shop/museums where the highest-quality folk crafts are sold. Many refined people are so put off by stories of the scrofulous side of these sailor service centers that they miss the incredibly rich (and relatively inexpensive) folk-art centers. Note: The museum is closed until 1982 because of an expansion program. The one in Juárez is the best of the four I have visited along the border from East Texas to Baja, California. It begins as a museum leading you through several eras of Mexican crafts, beginning with pre-Columbian and ending with a shop where you can purchase contemporary work. That place is one of my very favorite places in the world—a paradigm of how to blend commerce with culture to the disservice of neither. □

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

Murder in the Dark

Labels are often misleading. While Brian De Palma's "original" *Dressed To Kill* (1980) was little more than an elaborate bow to master Alfred Hitchcock, Bob Rafelson's "remake" of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* is the best thing that's happened to *film noir* since *Chinatown* (1974). The controversial De Palma film raised a disturbing question: Are genre conventions so outdated that the best a gifted young film maker can do is to comment on (the less polite suggested *steal from*) old triumphs? The answer this spring —from *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, and, a bit less convincingly, Peter Yates' *Eyewitness*—is no.

As both these films vividly demonstrate, passion, obsession, and social unrest—the basic ingredients of the crime and *film noir* genres—are eternally with us. And old forms are eminently receptive to new styles and ideas. Rafelson and screenwriter David Mamet were inspired by the 1934 James Cain novel that had already spawned a French, an Italian, and a 1946 Hollywood movie. (See David Mamet's essay about writing the screenplay for *Postman*, "Mamet in Hollywood," in the January 1981 HORIZON.) *Eyewitness*, set in contemporary New York, is based on Steve Tesich's original script. (See the December 1980 HORIZON cover story, "Tesich and Yates," by Donald Chase.) In contrast to De Palma, Rafelson and Yates start out with a healthy respect for the vitality of the genre. Yet their movies wind up very different and unequally successful.

The Postman Always Rings Twice is the *film noir* (literally, black film) par excellence. From our first glimpse of Nick Papadakis' (John Colicos) grim little diner, we are clearly among sleepwalkers in a night of the soul. Images

The motivating force that runs through Director Bob Rafelson's The Postman Always Rings Twice *is the violent passion sparking between Frank (Jack Nicholson) and Cora (Jessica Lange). Throughout the film, Rafelson enshrouds even the most casual event with an aura of inevitability.*

't just dark; they glisten black, and light ers through a room like white mercury. In ing with such genre classics as *Double In- nity* (1944), *The Maltese Falcon* (1941), Tay Garnett's earlier version of *Postman*, lson enshrouds the most casual event with ura of inevitability. The time is the thirties; setting a rest station some hundred-odd s from Los Angeles, run by the middle- Greek, Nick, and his sultry American , Cora (Jessica Lange). One day Frank k Nicholson) strolls in for breakfast and s to work for the husband, fall in love with wife, murder the husband, marry the wife, vertently kill the wife, and so on.

good genre tradition, there are implau- ities to this tale: Why, for instance, must lovers murder the husband? Why doesn't a just ask for a divorce? We're offered e weak explanations (Cora doesn't want to e; Nick would pursue her anywhere), but truth is there's no reasonable basis for the der. Like the betrayals that follow close n it, crime is simply fated to happen. And ion—a passion so intense it fairly leaps off screen—is the fire that welds otherwise ile strands of plot and motivation into con- ing drama.

ar from merely trotting out obligatory re themes, Rafelson and Mamet infuse *The tman Always Rings Twice* with their own inating twists and insights. In the Garnett ion of the story, for instance, production e regulations forbade anything more sex- y explicit than the memorable smoldering ices Lana Turner and John Garfield ex- nged. The violent nature of their sexual at- tion is for the audience to divine. Which do. But the passion Rafelson conceives, which Nicholson and Lange so trenchantly ke, is something quite different, at the ie time bold and curiously detached.

Although the Lange-Nicholson love scenes among the most violently erotic ever film- there's something not quite real about m. Like Sven Nykvist's piercingly clear ematography, Frank and Cora's ritual ng and slapping and spitting suggest a rld distinctly removed from our own. From perspective, there's even a dark humor to ir obsession—particularly in the first coun- top love scene, where Frank brutally se- es the equally brutal Cora, amidst clouds of ing dough and flour. Yet the lovers are as ivious to the comic aspects of sex in the hen as they are to the good sense of getting a divorce. By bringing us to the verge of laughter, Rafelson subtly questions our ability to understand the protagonists. If we cannot share the singlemindedness of their sexual attraction, how can we hope to judge the murder it will drive them to commit?

We can't. Nor can Rafelson himself, but in attempting to describe it he turns to social as well as sexual allusions. Here again his ideas are rooted in genre tradition. Many of the greatest *film noir* directors were Hollywood émigrés (Fritz Lang, Hitchcock) whose work has been interpreted as subliminal social criticism. Films like *Scarlet Street* (1945) and *Strangers on a Train* (1951) suggest, through their protagonists, a link between violence and disenchantment with America. Cheated of the well-being they perceive all around them, these strong men and women unleash their frustrations in crimes of greed and passion.

Rafelson and Mamet take this idea an interesting step further. In *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, it's not the wayward murderer, but his entrepreneurial victim who is discontent with America: "Opportunity, yes, but no happiness." In the Mamet-Rafelson version of the story, it's not his own failure to get rich quick but the quality of the American Dream that troubles Nick. America offers "no ideas," he complains to Frank who, fittingly, has no idea what he's talking about. Thus Rafelson and Mamet add a new dimension to the genre's characteristic social-Darwinian cynicism: a suggestion that America weeds out the contemplative man as inexorably as it weeds out the failure.

In the opening scenes, *Eyewitness*, written by émigré playwright Steve Tesich, engages many of these same ideas. Here the victim is Vietnamese, the murderer Israeli, and the protagonists themselves are more than a little alienated from the American mainstream. Daryl (William Hurt), a Vietnam War hero of Irish descent, is currently a Manhattan custodian. Tony (Sigourney Weaver), a successful television reporter, has strong family and romantic ties to Jews abroad.

With its whodunit-plot twists and car and horse chases, *Eyewitness* is not quite pure *film noir*. Sexual obsession has little to do with its murder, which takes place before the protagonists meet. Nonetheless, as in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, it is passion—here Daryl's love-from-afar for television personality Tony—that gets *Eyewitness*' plot rolling. Tony is desperate for a "scoop" on the murder. Daryl is desperate to meet Tony. So the janitor puts both their lives in danger and pretends to know more than he does about the crime. Again like Rafelson, Yates suggests a correlation between violent natures and violent events. Daryl lives alone with a vicious dog. Tony's suave fiancé thinks nothing of murdering for a good cause.

Like Rafelson and Mamet, Yates and Tesich are concerned with ideas that go beyond the twists and turns of a genre plot. Yet it is ultimately a wealth of ideas that proves *Eyewitness*' undoing. While what *Postman* has to say is perfectly compatible with how it goes about saying it, the subtext of *Eyewitness* is at odds with an increasingly unconvincing story. Rafelson and Mamet compensate for narrative improbabilities with their total conviction in the story's emotional rightness; but Yates and Tesich quickly lose interest in their plot and move on to other matters. What starts out promisingly as a lonely janitor's potentially violent obsession with a beautiful journalist, evolves into an upbeat "only in America" romance between poor boy and rich girl.

It's easy to understand why Yates and Tesich went wrong. Like their lovely *Breaking Away*, *Eyewitness* is filled with nicely observed human situations. Clearly, this gifted team feels less comfortable with murder and obsession than with family life, romantic love, and the possibilities America still offers to an appealing outsider with spunk. *Eyewitness*' most convincing scenes, predictably, involve Daryl and his buddy or Daryl and his Irish family. And the finest sequence of all is a dialogue between Daryl and a young woman, in which each rejoices that the other *isn't* in love.

Eyewitness' optimistic overtones are no less valid than the cynicism of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. They're simply inappropriate to a film that purports to scrutinize murder, trigger-happy Israelis, and men who live with killer dogs.

Finally it's the remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, rather than the "original" *Eyewitness*, that is the fitting rejoinder to the self-conscious derivativeness of *Dressed To Kill*. By believing in the spirit of their genre, Rafelson and Mamet managed to mold it to their purposes, proving that the compelling *film noir* is every bit as possible today as in *Psycho*'s time (1960). There's a fine irony to the fact that Rafelson's dark vision begins and ends in bright daylight. Unfortunately, the darkness of *Eyewitness* is only a red herring. —*Diane Jacobs*

Letters

Success and the Vivian Beaumont

In your article "New York Repertory Follies" in the December issue, you did not mention me as a member of the new artistic directorate of the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center. At first this would appear to be a typographical or an editorial oversight. When you further fail to mention that I (the only member of the directorate who had ever worked on the Beaumont stage before) was responsible for staging *The Philadelphia Story* as the premier production of the first season, I was piqued. . . . Your thesis seemed to be that the Beaumont had never previously housed a successful season.

I urge you to take another look at the facts. During the last year of Jules Irving's seven-year tenure, I directed Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, a production of considerable success at the box office. The following fall I staged the New York premiere of Gorky's *Enemies*, which met with enormous critical success and a vital audience attendance—particularly for a Gorky premiere "on Broadway." My third production was a reconstruction of my ACT production of Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*—hardly a "safe" production as the play is always controversial. But by playing the play in contemporary Venice in a la dolce vita world, the word "controversial" was the kindest word the critics who disagreed with the production could find. In all events, it was hardly safe from any point of view but it enjoyed a healthy box-office response and an animated and passioned audience reaction. My final production during the Irving administration (he was let go by the Beaumont's board of directors at the beginning of the season, which was his most successful both financially and artistically, but that is the way of the Beaumont board of directors so far!) was the twenty-fifth anniversary production of Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire*. . . . Mr. Williams himself considered it the definitive production and allowed it to be recorded for posterity for the first time in twenty-five years.

One final point: if Miss Caldwell, in her stage debut, gives to the Beaumont a critical, controversial, or commercial success with *Macbeth* and if Woody Allen's play is so successful commercially that it moves to Broadway in an endless run, thereby making the Beaumont rich, and if my own production of *The Philadelphia Story* were to transfer to another theater . . . none of this will amount to a hill of beans until Mr. Crinkley, Mr. Samuels, the board of directors of the Beaumont, and all concerned recognize that the *only* justification for the existence of a piece of theatrical architecture of the scope of the Beaumont . . . is to house the new New York City Repertory Company. . . . Until this event becomes a reality the use of the word "company" is indeed, in your word, a "folly"—a dilettante's folly, a folly of amateurs.

Ellis Rabb
New York

Howard Kissel Replies:

The omission of Ellis Rabb's name from the new directorate at the Vivian Beaumont was an inadvertent error, one I deeply regret. In addition to Mr. Rabb's successes at Lincoln Center, he staged several productions for the APA Company, a New York–based repertory company. Rabb's work for APA was invariably held up as an example to the Beaumont. Space limitations accounted for the deletion of a reference to his APA years, an omission I also regret. As for his final comment—that individual successes or risks do not matter until there is a company at the Beaumont comparable to the New York City Ballet or Opera—I could not be in heartier agreement.

The Barn, Not the House

We were surprised and gratified to find our project included in the article by Patrick D. Hazard alongside the more significant references to our famous art museum. (See "Twenty Museums You've Never Heard Of," January 1981.) The number of comments we have received, both locally and from considerable distance, can only be taken as complimentary to your organization, to Mr. Hazard, and to ourselves.

It is unfortunate, then, that someone elected to run a beautiful photo of our three-story condominium barn under a caption identifying it as Charles Hackley's Victorian house. The barn served the needs of the Hackleys and their neighbors, the Thomas Hume family. The houses were designed by Grand Rapids architect David S. Hopkins, and a long view shows how cleverly the architecture of the barn was adapted to match that of the adjoining houses. Although the barn is impressive, I think you will agree that the Hackley House is even more so. We are fortunate to hav Hume House also in restoration, and vi are fascinated by the similarities and con between the two homes. The exteriors are compatible. However, the Hackleys wer middle age with no children and were a the wealthiest people in town. The Hume much younger, already had seven chil and were of much lesser means financ Whereas the Humes' home was decoratec wallpaper except for the dining room Hackleys had hand-painted and stenciled orations throughout, including the na stairway from kitchen to servants quarte

I would assume that Mr. Hazard photographs of the houses available, anc might want to enlighten your readers by ing one or two in a future issue. At le would clear up the confusion over wh lumber barons of Victorian Muskegon ca the development of these massive, bar structures to the extreme.

Herbert A. Strum
Vice President, Restoration
Hackley Heritage Association, Inc.
Muskegon, Michigan

To Etch, Not to Eat

In a recent HORIZON article "Collecting Or al Prints" (January 1981) there is a lang error.

The Dutch word for "etching" is "ets "To eat" in Dutch is "eten."

The error is made by non-Dutchmen presume S is pronounced SJ. Never in Du not even when S is followed by CH.

Hieronimus Bosch is pronounced Hier muss Boss.

In new simplified Dutch spelling most after S are eliminated.

Jacob Hillesum
Pleasantville, New York

Cosindas

I'm writing to say that the Marie Cosindas er (February 1981) is such a pleasure. It is of my favorites. I appreciate your publishi and Cosindas' doing it. Would you please on my compliments to her?

Ward Schumaker
San Francisco