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HORIZON

Magazine of the Arts

The Bad Dreams Of Maurice Sendak

Lisa Alther After Kinflicks

s Fellini A Feminist?

Camille Pissarro: Anarchist Impressionist

Inside M*A*S*H

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Graeme Murphy and Janet Vernon of the Sydney Dance Company performing in "Daphnis and Chloe"

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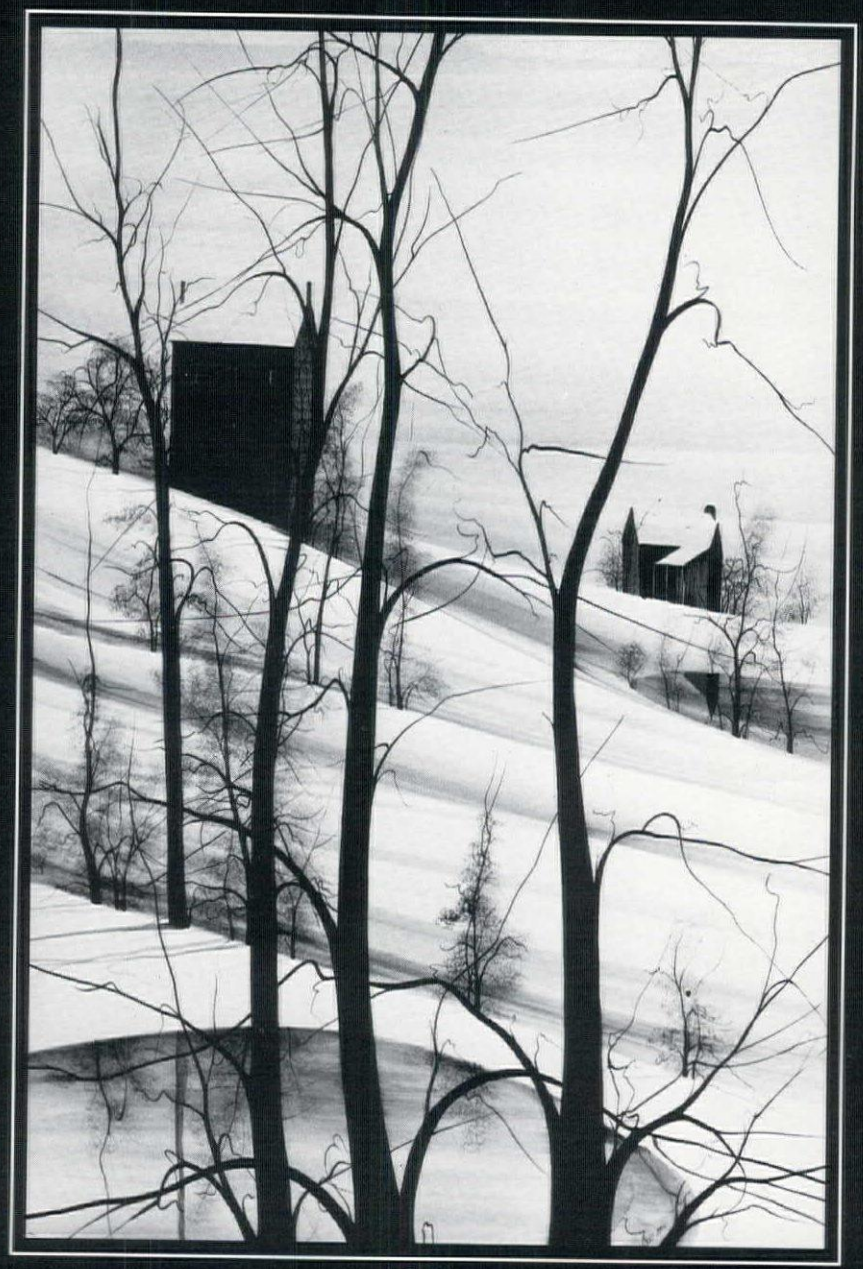

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HORIZON

Volume 24 *Number 5* *May 1981*

Cover: Graeme Murphy and Janet Vernon of the Sydney Dance Company perform in Murphy's Daphnis and Chloe. *Photograph by Branco Gaica*

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HORIZON

The Baby in the Cake

It was a mid-winter Mardi Gras celebration that foreshadowed this banner year at HORIZON. Assistant editor Sudie Frese brought a "King Cake" from New Orleans, the traditional purple, green, and gold sweet pastry baked with a plastic baby somewhere in the batter. Legend says whoever gets the piece with the baby is destined for good luck. Editor/publisher Gray Boone took the prize and that lagniappe sealed the magazine's incredibly exciting prognosis for 1981.

First to follow was the naming of our new Vice-President for Finance, Barry Sevedge. The business side of publishing is like no other field, so it takes a remarkable set of talents and credentials to fill the position of business officer. Barry is that right person. His background includes all phases of private and public accounting, along with several years as an associate with one of the South's leading accounting firms. As HORIZON enters its third year as a publication of Boone, Inc., Barry is taking the best from our past tradition, trying new things and orchestrating an innovative, aggressive approach to publishing during one of the field's most challenging times.

The next 1981 milestone was the opening of our New York offices on Madison Avenue last month. Susan E. Meskil, a brilliant young advertising professional, will manage the office as Advertising Director for HORIZON. She is joined by John Poxton, Director of Arts and Entertainment Advertising. Susan, whose father, John, is a leading New York adman, is a former national sales rep at *TV Guide* and advertising director for *Racquet Magazine*. With her appointment to HORIZON, she becomes the youngest ad director in the country for a national consumer magazine. John, former manager of arts advertising at the *SoHo News*, knows the arts-sales arena first hand and is investing that experience to capture new opportunities for HORIZON. A graduate of the University of Washington, he knows both coasts and the arts worlds—a valuable combination for this key advertising position.

When we write about staff members in this space, the column is sprinkled with superlatives. Those are the only adjectives we know for the growing team of extraordinary young talent that comes together for HORIZON. That is the soul of your magazine of the arts.

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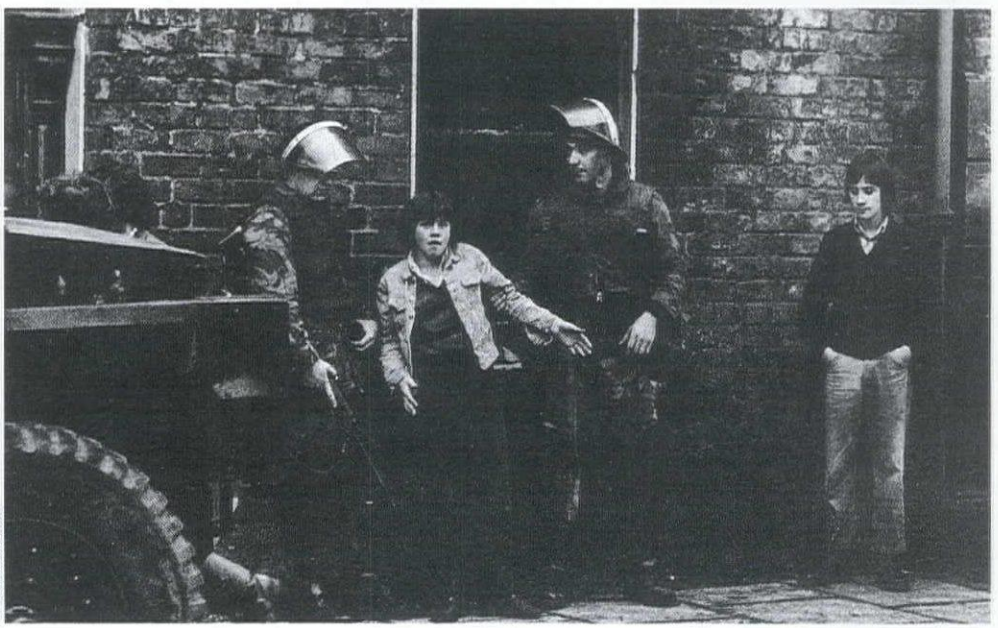
Cross Country

Photography

Hearts of Darkness

mong war photographers, Englishman Don cCullin is almost legendary for his bravery der fire and for capturing wrenching images war's devastation. A winner of the World ess Photo Prize, the Warsaw Gold Medal, d twice named Photographer of the Year in gland, McCullin has assembled 120 of his st photographs for a book that is to be blished by Alfred A. Knopf this month, call-

pair of Don McCullin images from the ish conflict. Above: British soldiers dressed e Samurais charge stone-throwing youths, ndonderry, 1970. *Right:* British soldiers tain a young boy for questioning, ndonderry, 1970.



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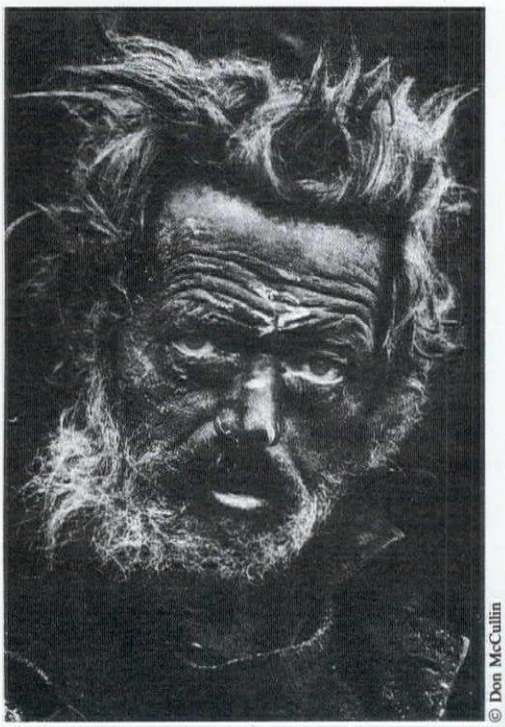

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The intensity of McCullin's vision emerges even in his domestic portraits. Left: Portrait of Irish down-and-out, lonely and hungry but not without dignity, 1973. *Below: Mariano Fortuny's classic gowns are famous for their inimitable colors and the pleating process which the designer kept secret during his lifetime.*

ed *Hearts of Darkness*. The images reveal that McCullin finds not only in war but in the famine in Bangladesh or even in the English countryside, arresting symbols of man's inhumanity to man.

In a deeply moving preface to the book, John Le Carré (author of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* and *Smiley's People* and other acclaimed novels) observes, after a discomfiting interview with the photographer: "Next morning, reading through what I had written, I found to my surprise that it was not Don McCullin whom I found a little hard to take, but myself. McCullin had himself straight, but at what cost. He was a communicator of the world's worst agonies, a pilgrim to the front line of human suffering, returning with his kit-bag of horrors to appall the comfortable, the willfully blind, and the unknowing. At times, visiting his hells, he had been a sharer. When had I?"

Art

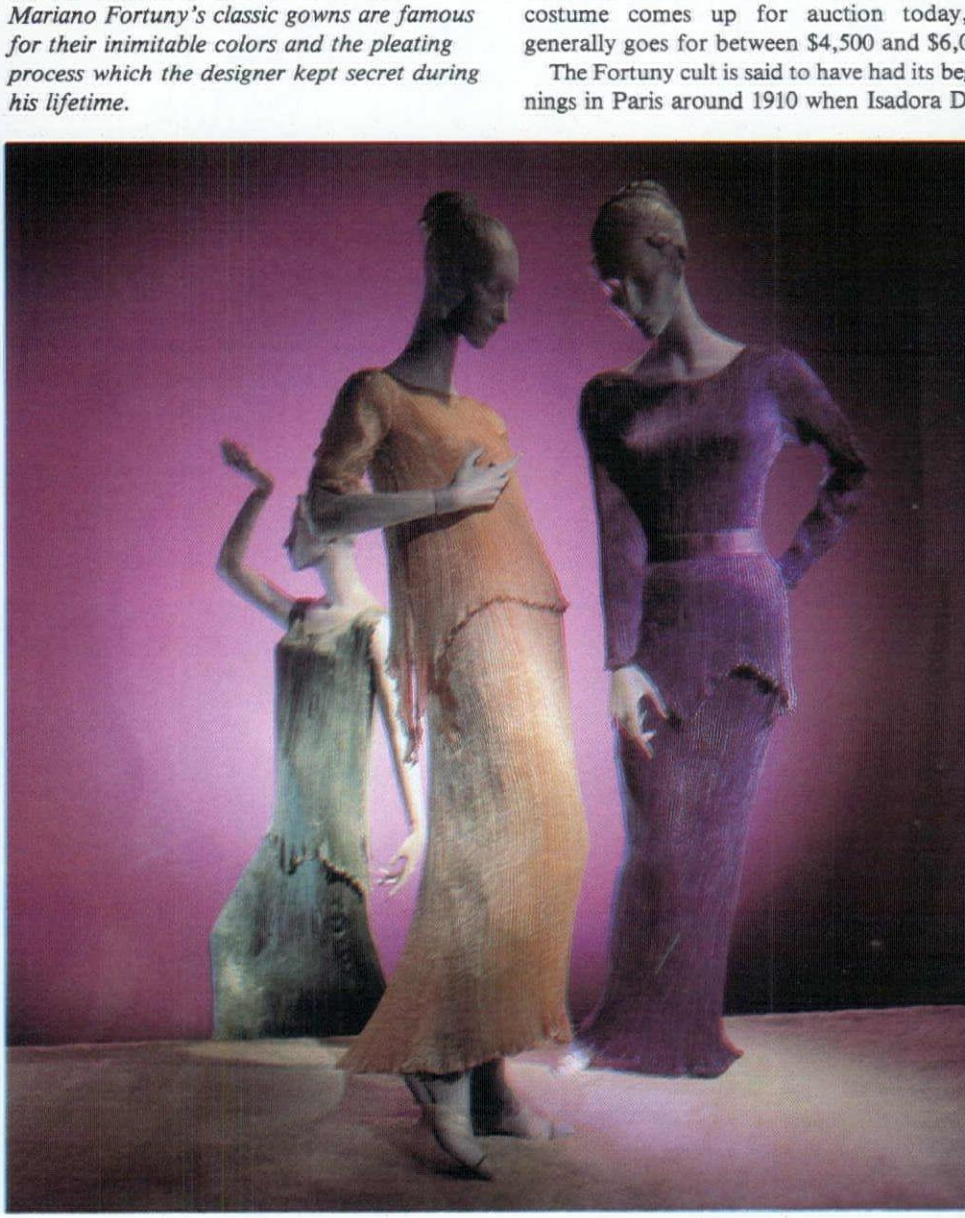
Fashions by Fortuny

"The Fortuny gown which Albertine was wearing that evening seemed to me the tempting phantom of that invisible Venice. It swarmed with Arabic comments, like the Venetian palaces hidden like sultanas behind a screen of pierced stone, like the bindings in the Ambrosian Library, like the columns from which the oriental birds that symbolize alternatively life and death were repeated in the mirror of the fabric, of an intense blue which, as my gaze extended over it, was changed into a malleable gold. . . . And the sleeves were lined with a cherry pink which is so peculiarly Venetian that it is called Tiepolo pink."

Thus Marcel Proust described a gown Mariano Fortuny (1871–1949) in *Rem brance of Things Past*. Fortuny's fashions fabrics are now on display in the galleries at Fashion Institute of Technology in New Y through July 11. On October 26 the exhibit will open at the Art Institute of Chicago, c tinuing through January 3, 1982.

Fortuny was born in Spain but moved at early age with his family to Venice, where Museo Fortuny is located. He was a painte photographer—a true "Renaissance ma His unique and exquisite costumes and fab were in demand early in this century and h never fallen out of fashion. When a Fort costume comes up for auction today, generally goes for between $4,500 and $6,0

The Fortuny cult is said to have had its be nings in Paris around 1910 when Isadora D



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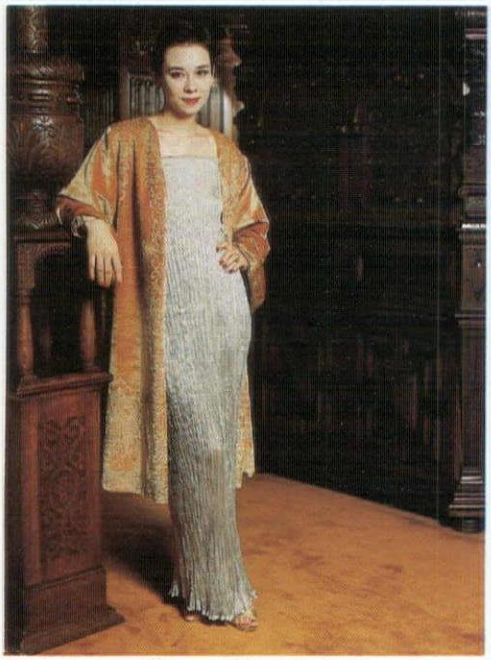

Tina Chow wearing a Fortuny design. Among the many choreographer/dancers who championed his exquisite fashions and fabrics were Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, and Martha Graham.

can danced in one of the first pleated Fortunys, a costume that attracted other famed choreographer/dancers such as Ruth St. Denis and Martha Graham. Fortuny kept his pleating process a secret in his lifetime; even today, imitators have failed to duplicate the process. In Europe, Fortuny dressed most of the fashionable women, and renowned stars like Sarah Bernhardt wore his costumes on stage. Among the Americans who became not only wearers but collectors of his art are Gloria Vanderbilt, Lillian Gish, and Irene Worth. Parts of their collections, in addition to his idiosyncratically colored silks, cottons, and silk velvets from numerous public collections in America and Europe, are represented in the eighty-piece exhibition.

Christo's Gates

The artist Christo is probably best known day for his *Running Fence*, a twenty-four- long, eighteen-foot-high nylon curtain was erected in northern California for weeks in 1976.

Like most of Christo's monumental jects, the fence generated a tremendous troversy, and it often seemed that necessary governmental approval for the ject would not be granted, even though California ranchers whose land *Running F* crossed were in favor of it.

Last year Christo unveiled a similar plan New York City's Central Park. Titled *Gates*, it entails the construction of 11 fifteen-foot-high tubular steel frames to planted nine feet apart along twenty-six m of walkways.

A golden banner would be hung from frame. The banners are designed to touc

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la grande parade, 1979-80.
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ıe slightest breeze, creating a continuous olden chain.

Total cost: an estimated $5.25 million, to be nanced entirely by Christo.

"It's funny," said Christo recently, "but hen I started this project my friends told me would be easy. I would get the go-ahead in vo weeks."

The Gates received a serious setback when arks Commissioner Gordon Davis (who has ıe final say in the matter) released a 107-page eport outlining why the plan should be enied. Christo had received an indication of rong opposition during several meetings with ommunity leaders, but he'd hoped Davis ould wait until the environmental and uman-impact studies were complete before aking a decision. Christo has already in-sted over $100,000 in the studies, which will ot be ready until August.

"The project is, after all, in the wrong place, the wrong time, and in the wrong scale," wrote Davis. "In all these respects, the defects of the physical project mirror the defects in the artist's grasp and understanding of Central Park."

"They make judgments in speculation rather than waiting for facts," said Christo. "We've made clear the project won't happen until 1984 at the earliest. Why rush to make a decision?"

Christo will have to contend with a growing and highly organized opposition to the project. Leading these forces is Anna Levin, executive director of the Central Park Community Fund. Levin has suggested the plan would set a dangerous precedent, spawning proposals to paint Cental Park's rocks pink and other such forms of self-expression. She has vowed to pursue the matter in court should the city grant approval to *The Gates*.

Most of the objections raised by Levin are identical to those objections raised against the *Running Fence*, with one notable exception. "Before, no one would admit that I was an artist," said Christo. "Now, they at least admit I'm an artist, but ask me to do the project somewhere else."

Despite the commissioner's report, Christo plans to go ahead with *The Gates*. Those expecting him to give up easily are not familiar with his past work or his personality. Christo will wait as long as necessary, for a new decision, a new commissioner, or even a new mayor. As he points out: "I am in good health. The park is still there. I will do the project."

—Steven Hager

Textile Exhibition

The first major exhibition of carpets and other traditional textiles woven in Morocco ever mounted in the United States offers an eye-opener for American fanciers of fine carpets from the Middle East.

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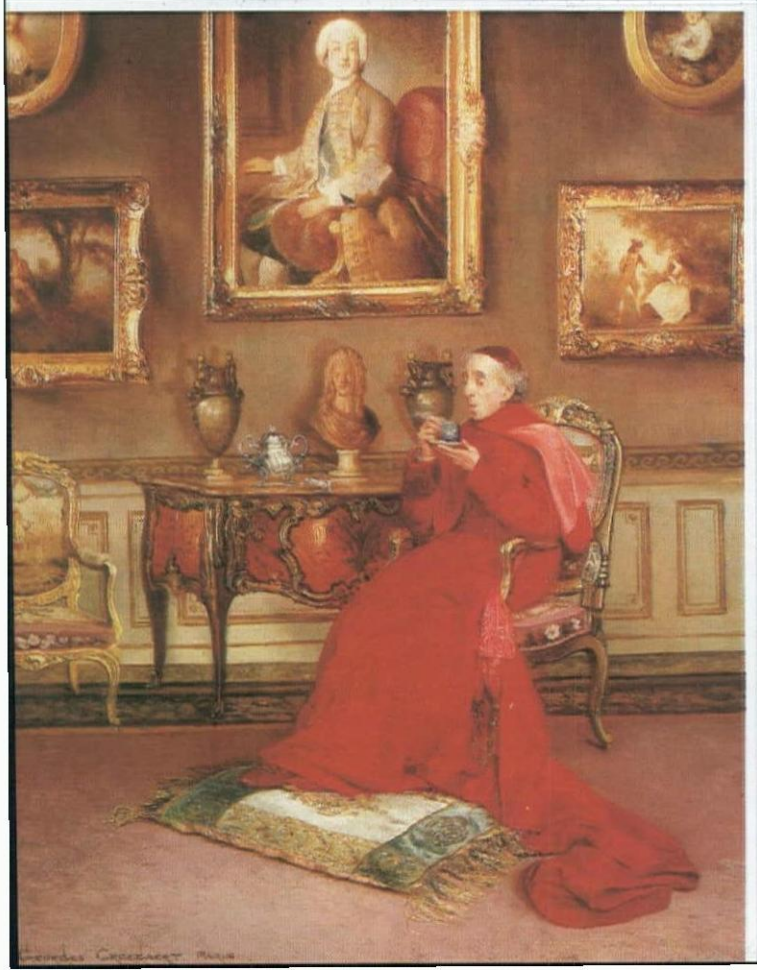

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A carpet with an intricate traditional motif, woven by a member of the Zemmour tribe. The recent Washington exhibition of Moroccan textiles travels next to Los Angeles.

Museum, Washington, D.C., from January 30 through April 30, the show will be on view at the Los Angeles County Museum from July 23 to September 20, and at the Elvehjem Museum of Art, Madison, Wisconsin, from October 18 to December 13.

The exhibition's title, "From the Far West: Carpets and Textiles of Morocco," echoes the designation of this area as "the Far West" (*El Magrab, El Aqsa*) in the eighth century when it became the Moorish Empire, extending farther west than any other part of the Arab-Islamic world.

The exhibition comprises a hundred items. Twenty-five pieces are on loan from Morocco's national museums in Rabat, Meknès, Fès, and Marrakesh. The others were drawn from the Textile Museum's permanent holdings and from a dozen private collections across the United States.

Standouts among the selections are the indigenous tribal rugs, saddle bags, clothing, and objects for ceremonial use woven by women of the Zemmour Confederation and other nomadic Berber groups. Also featured are typical textiles with figurative motifs produced by descendants of the eighty Arab conquerors of North Africa. Major attractions include some remarkable rich carpets incorporating designs borrowed from other Islamic countries, produced in urban weaving centers of Rabat and Médiouna.

Viewed as a whole, the show is a stunning testimonial to the long-overlooked beauty, variety, and vigor of Morocco's woven arts.

Both the exhibition and the catalogue were made possible with the cooperation of the Moroccan government and major funding provided by the National Endowment for the Arts, the Cafritz Foundation, Westinghouse Electric Corporation, and the Coca-Cola Company. *—Hope Ridings Miller*

Theater

Samuel Beckett in Ohio

"Birth was the death of him," begins the sole speaker in Samuel Beckett's recent drama, *A Piece of Monologue*. In 1952, Beckett's avant-garde play *Waiting For Godot* marked the birth of contemporary drama, and sounded a death knell for the predominance of nineteenth-century realism in the theater. Today, audiences take for granted plays in which two men may stand on a stage with only a tree in the background and pass the time while waiting for the mysterious, ever-absent Godot.

But while *Waiting For Godot* has become a classic, it was only the beginning of a career so full and varied that even now Beckett continues to develop new work. His plays, such as *Endgame* and *Krapp's Last Tape*, ha become staples of contemporary theater. has written mime pieces, radio and televisi plays, and a film. His trilogy of nov (*Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, *The Unnamable*) among the most important fiction of the tw tieth century.

In the past decade Beckett has most of written brief dramatic works which are inten ly focused and which continue to move in n theatrical directions. In *Not I*, only a woma mouth is visible, reciting a rapid stream words. *Breath* consists of the play of lights a the sounds of cries and breathing.

In celebration of Beckett's importance, influence, and his seventy-fifth birthday, O State University is sponsoring two major c ferences on its Columbus campus. "Sam Beckett: Humanistic Perspectives," tal place May 7 through 9. Beckett scholars fr around the world are participating in pa discussions which emphasize the variety a experimental nature of Beckett's work. both the nonacademic and academic Beck enthusiasts, there is a remarkable series of p formances. *Ohio Impromptu*, a play written Beckett especially for this conference, has world premiere. Directed by Alan Schneid who has worked closely with Beckett in past, the new play is a monologue recalling speaker's youth in Paris, with a second role a performer who knocks on a table.

Two other short dramas are also present *A Piece of Monologue* is performed by Da Warrilow, for whom it was written in 19 and Rosemary Pountney presents *Footfalls*

From May 9 through 10 the Theater Hist Research Institute at OSU sponsors a sy posium called, "Beyond Beckett: Post-M ern Theater and Drama." Featuring direct Herbert Blau and Richard Schechner amc others, the panels, lectures, and workshop this conference examine the current state of theater, including the theories and techni advances influencing post-Beckettian pl wrights such as Sam Shepard and John Gua

"Birth was the death of him. Ghastly gr ning ever since," Beckett's speaker repeats. his insistent humor, his grinning in the face death, we find one of the qualities which made Beckett's body of work so deeply man, fully alive, and enduring. Appropriat the conferences marking his seventy-fifth y promise celebrations of Beckett's presence the theater rather than memorials to the pa

—Caryn Fuo

Circle in the Square Theater School

New York's Circle in the Square Theater was founded thirty years ago. Their progress, intimately linked with the rise of off-Broadway itself, has been a spectacular one. Today they are the oldest institutional theater in America.

Among CST's innovative adjuncts is its own theater school, a highly selective organization that graduates about eighteen students a year. (Last year twelve hundred students auditioned for fifty-four places in the two-year program.)

According to school director Mary Leventein, "The program is unique in that it really prepares talented young actors and actresses to work in the theater. Shelley Winters occasionally teaches a class when she's in town, as well as people like Michael Kahn, the director

Michael Kahn, former director of the Stratford Festival, teaches students in Circle in the Square's theater school.

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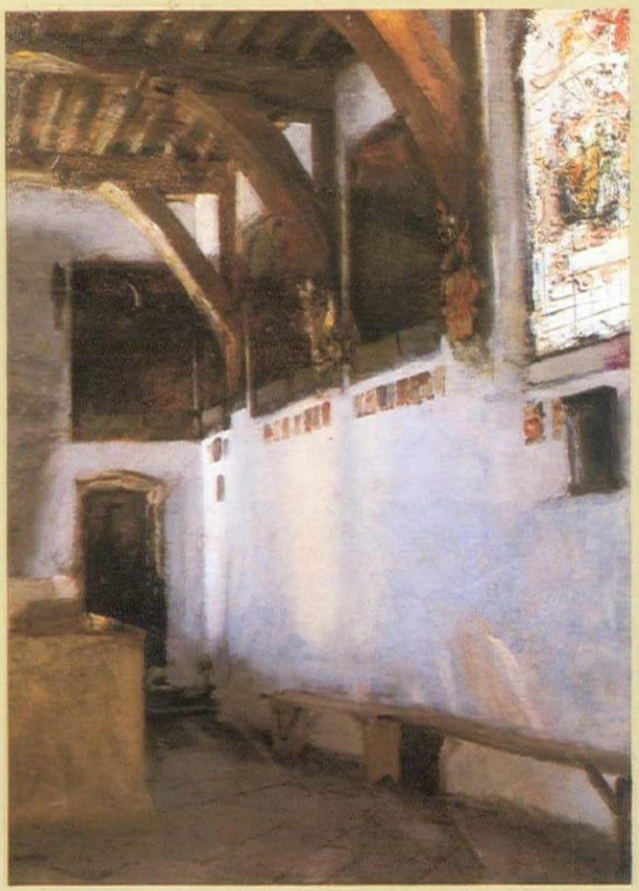

Interior with Stained Glass Window, 1880. Oil on panel, 30 x 23 inches

Coe Kerr Gallery is compiling a catalogue raisonné of the oil paintings and watercolors by John Singer Sargent. We would appreciate any information on paintings held in public and private collections. Confidentiality will be observed at the owner's request.

Please contact Meg Robertson or Donna Seldin

COE KERR GALLERY

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of the Stratford [Connecticut] Shakespeare Festival from 1968 to 1977. Students also go to weekly seminars with actors who are appearing in Broadway shows right in the neighborhood, such as Sam Waterston, Joel Gray, Luci Arnaz, Colleen Dewhurst, and Kevin Kline. It's a rigorous program. The students are in class up to forty hours a week."

The school's curriculum includes, in addition to such staples as scene study and acting and singing technique, classes in stage combat, jazz dance, and movement. An official brochure has a chilly caveat reserving the faculty's right of dismissal "after a thorough evaluation of the student's progress or lack thereof."

Music

Mendelssohniana

Recently a Duke University music professor named R. Larry Todd discovered a hitherto unknown sonata by Felix Mendelssohn in the Brotherton collection of the University of Leeds, England, where there is a small collection of Mendelssonhniana, mainly letters. "This sonata was just there," Todd says. "There really is quite a bit of his music still lying in manuscripts all over the world." The sonata, which dates from 1823, when the composer was fourteen, was overlooked, Tod thinks, because it wasn't signed. Yet the on movement piece is unmistakably the work Mendelssohn.

"In the upper right hand margin on the fir page," says Todd, "are the initials L.e.g.G which stand for a German phrase meanin 'Let us succeed, O Lord.' Mendelssohn woul always write these letters down when he wa beginning a new composition. Later on he use another set of initials, meaning, 'Help us, Lord.' "

Todd evaluates the sonata as "a represe tative work for Mendelssohn's fourteen year. It's not a masterpiece. It's a work that technically not too difficult, which is rath nice, because pianists of varying a complishments can perform it." Todd wro an article about the sonata for *Piano Quarte ly*, and later this year C. F. Peters will publi the score. In April 1982 Duke and the Unive sity of North Carolina will sponsor a combin Schumann-Mendelssohn conference. "I thir we're going to see a renewal of interest Mendelssohn," says Todd. "I'm fairly certa there will be more exciting discoveries in t next few years."

Cross Country

Literature

Galbraith and Houghton Mifflin

In a recent *New York Times* article, Edw McDowell declared that author loyalty publishing houses had virtually vanished in t face of the scramble for money. Y McDowell noted, the venerable Boston hou of Houghton Mifflin seemed to have unusu luck keeping big-name authors: Roger To Peterson, John Kenneth Galbraith, Lou Auchincloss, and Arthur M. Schlesinger, had all stayed with the publisher for over thir years.

Editor-in-chief Austin Olney is reluctant credit Houghton Mifflin with any spec knack for dealing with authors. But he poi with pride to other long-lasting veterans. Isa Asimov, for instance, has been published Houghton Mifflin since about 1960; becau the man is so prolific, however, the Bost firm "shares" him with Doubleday and oth publishers. "Although he's only published fi books," says Olney, "the author who's be with us longest is Guy Murchie. We publish *Men on the Horizon*, a book about a t

Cross Country

ound the world, in 1931, and he's been iting for us ever since." Other loyal veterans clude the three generations of painting yeths, historical novelist Anya Seton, and velist Paul Theroux.

On May 1 the firm will publish John Kenth Galbraith's memoir *A Life in Our Times*. t's my feeling," says Galbraith, "that one blisher is about as good as another. There's nsiderable advantage in knowing the people ho are dealing with you, and there's an adntage in their knowing you. On the other nd, my advice to all authors is to maintain a rtain uneasiness in the relationship. Several nes in my life I have published with other uses—Harvard University Press and oubleday—without breaking my relationship th Houghton Mifflin. This I find very useful maintaining the proper level of uneasiness in e minds of my regular publishers. Nothing ould be taken for granted."

Etcetera

An Actress's Meditation

ore than 2,500 members of the arts and tertainment industry gathered in Santa onica, California in mid-February to learn out meditation and its effect on creativity. eir teacher: "The Guru's Guru"—seventyo-year-old Siddha meditation-master Swami uktananda, who has a following of some 0,000 worldwide.

Among their numbers is Oscar nominee arsha Mason. "So many of us in the arts," e says, "live with a great deal of stress and nsion. Sometimes our creative energy gets ocked. Meditation has not only helped me al with the stresses of my work, but it has ven me enormous amounts of creative ergy. This has had an incredibly powerful pact on my acting."

Mason meditates daily and finds that the actice also has a positive effect on her family e, especially with husband Neil Simon, who supportive of her beliefs. "I met Muktanan- shortly after I married Neil, and it was with uktananda's guidance and Siddha meditan that I was able to better deal with some of e specific problems I had to take on marrying il. My relationship with Neil has deepened cause of meditation and studying with uktananda."

According to Mason, the Swami's basic message is, "Honor your own self, worship your own self, God dwells within you as you." A number of other celebrities have taken his word to heart. Among them are actresses Olivia Hussey and Leigh Taylor-Young, writer Joseph Chilton Pearce, Grammy award-winning singing group Manhattan Transfer, director Lewis John Carlino, and California Governor Jerry Brown. Singer John Denver has gotten into the act. "It puts me at peace with myself and in oneness with the universe. Through Muktananda, I'm getting rid of drugs in my life. This thing that he offers doesn't pass. It stays with you."

There are more than 300 Siddha meditation teaching centers worldwide, with headquarters in South Fallsburg, New York, and Ganeshpuri, India. Other major meditation centers are in Los Angeles, New York, Oakland, Ann Arbor, Boston, London, Paris, Barcelona, Frankfort, and Melbourne.

Despite its large number of followers and extensive network of teaching centers, Siddha meditation is not considered a religion or even a philosophy. "It's an experience," Mason explains. "It's beyond the mind, so that one thinks of it not as a religion or a philosophy, but as a personal experience." □

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

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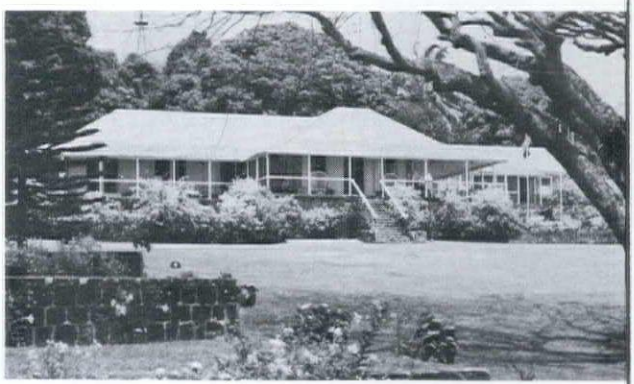
George Hamilton's magnificent antebellum plantation home is listed with the National Register of Historic Places. The original part of this grand old Southern Mansion was built in 1828 and additions were made just prior to the Civil War. The 16-room house on a 240-acre estate is in Church Hill, Miss., 17 miles from Natchez. The property, which has a small lake and numerous streams is approx. ⅓ pastures and lawns, and ⅔ woods. $1,200,000. H-81173.



▲The natives called it "Great House," and indeed it is. Ottley's estate consists of a 10-room main house, two guest houses, pool, lake and gardens, on 35 acres on St. Kitts Island in the Leeward Islands, 1,300 miles SE of Miami. The golf, tennis, diving, fishing, sailing, fine restaurants and casino, are within minutes. The newly completed jetport makes this island paradise easily accessible. $1,500,000. H-81148.

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Trans World

England

Golden Night at the Royal Ballet

This year the Royal Ballet will sadly be lacking Lynn Seymour, who abandoned from the company several months ago to join her boyfriend in a rock band, "The Famous Mother's Club," which will tour the country and give performances in a donated thousand-seat circus tent. The show at Covent Garden, however, goes on.

Many changes have taken place since the fifth of May, 1931, when Ninette de Valois' plans for a British national ballet company looked as if they might be coming true. That night de Valois' tiny company of six dancers gave a full evening of ballet at the Old Vic Theatre. Among the changes were a move to Sadler's Wells Theatre, another move to the Royal Opera House in 1946, the forming of the sister Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, and the 1956 Royal Charter which established both companies as the Royal Ballet—one a resident company at Covent Garden, the other a smaller company which would perform at Sadler's Wells and tour the provinces.

Above: Rudolf Nureyev's 1963 production of La Bayadère *with the Royal Ballet. Right: From left, Wayne Eagling, Jennifer Penney, and Julian Hosking in Royal Ballet's* Gloria.

The fifth of May this year will look back over the changes and celebrate that first night and Ninette de Valois' triumph. In a gala fiftieth-anniversary performance with Princess Margaret in attendance, the Royal Ballet will commemorate its origin with *Sleeping Beauty*, featuring Lesley Collier and David Wall. That performance is the *grand battement* for a four-week Royal Ballet festival including performances of *Romeo and Juliet, The Concert, Firebird, Hamlet, A Month in the Country, The Rite of Spring, Symphonic Variations,* and *La Fin du Jour*. Many of these productions will be included in a United States tour given by the Royal Ballet, which opens June 15 at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. The company will also travel to Toronto, Washington, D.C., and Boston.

Leslie E. Spatt

Glyndebourne

1931, when British manor lord John ristie decided to build an opera house on his ate in Sussex to showcase the talents of his v wife, Audrey Mildmay, he had a small ge and orchestra pit in mind. He also had gnerian opera productions in mind.

His wife, however, a twenty-five-year-old era singer with savvy to belie her years, gave n a bit of advice for which Christie lived to very grateful. She said, "If you're going to nd all that money, John, for God's sake do thing properly!" Thus she convinced her sband to build a theater accommodating 300 ople and a stage with the most up-to-date ting and acoustical developments.

But Audrey Mildmay Christie did not stop re. Realizing the arena was better suited for bombastic productions, she persuaded ristie to concentrate on Mozart—and esomely polished performances—rather n on Wagner. The first season—which ened May 28, 1934—consisted of six permances of *The Marriage of Figaro* and six *Cosi Fan Tutte*.

A tradition was started that May that continues today—the best of opera and the most ished, impressive performances—with little ard for "big names" or singers' reputations. As a result, the annual Glyndebourne Festival has established a reputation based not on fancy public-relations schemes or "star" status, but on one quality production after another. (For more information on Glyndebourne see "Opera in the Country," by Peter J. Rosenwald, HORIZON, August 1979.)

May 27 through April 11, the Glyndebourne Festival again presents *The Marriage of Figaro*, along with Ludwig van Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Richard Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos*, and new productions of Gioacchino Rossini's *The Barber of Seville* and Benjamin Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Visitors arrive in evening dress and begin their afternoon at Glyndebourne with a 4:15 tea break in the gardens. There they stroll or lounge until 5:30, when the curtain bell beckons them into the theater for the first half of the production.

During a seventy-five minute intermission guests picnic on champagne and food to delight the most finicky epicurean. Around 10 P.M. they reluctantly file into green buses to take them to the train.

At Glyndebourne's popular summer opera festival, guests arrive in evening attire but dine during intermission with champagne picnics on the grass.

Rauschenberg at the Tate

Robert Rauschenberg's work from the time he studied under Josef Albers in 1948 until the present reveals an ever-evolving mind and selection of materials—Coca-Cola bottles, stuffed chickens, and quilts; the more traditional materials of canvas and paint; or combinations thereof.

This month the Tate Gallery in London hosts a massive Rauschenberg retrospective based on a show organized by Dr. Ruckhaberle, the director of Berlin's Kunsthalle. Showing through June 14, it heralds the artist's work from 1949 (a blueprint of a human body) to 1980.

HORIZON asked Rauschenberg for his comments on the Tate exhibition—works included as well as those excluded—his current activities, and his feelings about a retrospective in general. Here's what he told us:

"The most recent work in the Tate is probably *Revenue*, which is a spread from 1980, but a dance set done in the late fifties or early sixties for choreographer/dancer Paul Taylor has never been shown before. A piece, *Norwhale* (created in 1975), has only been seen in Los Angeles. There are super icons from Sonnabend and Castelli collections that won't be allowed to travel much—for example, *Bed*, *Canyon*, and mementos.

"As a footnote, my most recent work outside the Tate is a quarter-mile painting now in progress; the centennial print for the AFL-CIO; a round-the-world tour for the 'other places'—China, Greece, Russia, Sri Lanka, even L.A. for the Olympics; a commissioned art piece for the Wells-Fargo building on Bunker Hill; fund-raising for *Change* (tax-exempt emergency funds for artists); an exhibit of outstanding work of outstanding artists for Trisha Brown and Company (nonprofit); an exhibition of over one hundred photographs at the Beaubourg; and third-week on-going repair after a first-time snow-skiing adventure in the Rockies.

"The question was cautiously put about how I feel about a retrospective: I don't care which direction anyone is looking as long as he is seeing.

"As for media, I've never been particularly concerned about materials, equipment, or techniques," says Rauschenberg. " My restlessness insists that my work be simply the result of where I've been, and I always use what is there. The work is my wake."

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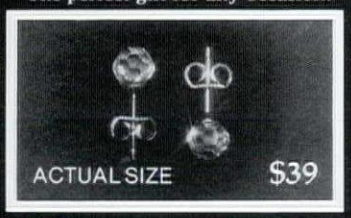

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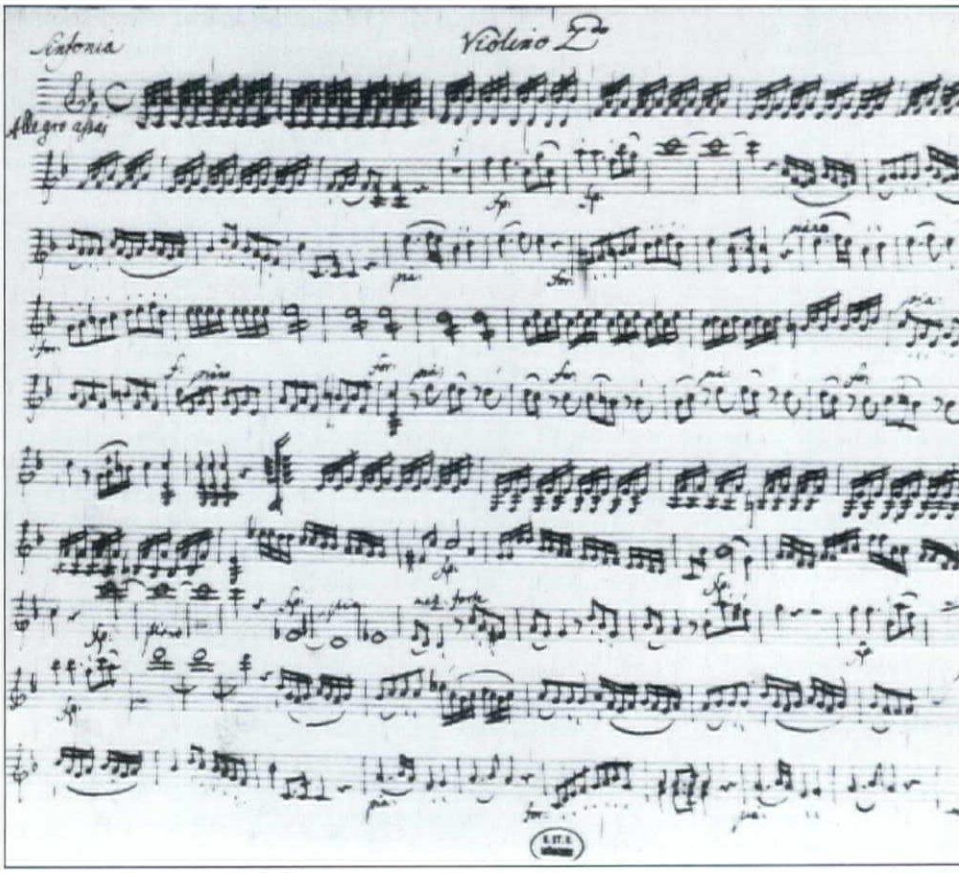

A photocopy of the opening bars of the first movement of Mozart's newly discovered symphony, catalogued as Köchel 19a, written in London when he was nine years old.

Germany

And Now, Köchel 19a

It was known to the world as only a teasing fifteen measures scribbled on the back of another work—until last fall, that is, when an anonymous discoverer found, among a stack of yellowed manuscripts, a symphony composed in 1765 by nine-year-old Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In February the work was sold for an undisclosed amount of money to the Bavarian State Museum. The composition, written in F-major, numbered Köchel 19a, and declared "lost" for two centuries, will have its world premiere May 17 during the summer music festival at Castle Herrenchiemsee, near Munich, West Germany. Meanwhile, speculation about the symphony's style and structure has been flying back and forth among musicologists worldwide.

Written for two oboes, two horns, strings, and the harpsichord, the work consists of three movements—allegro assai, andante, and presto. One may reasonably predict it to be composed in Mozart's early, Italianate s as was his first symphony, the "London" 19 in D), which predates it by one year. W staying in London at the age of eight, fulfi his father's aim of flaunting the talents of child prodigy to impress British royalty, young Wolfgang frequently visited Joh Christian Bach, and most historians belie was at Bach's elbow that Mozart quickly sorbed the Italian style with its lighthear melodic line and absence of thick contrapu texture.

Music critic Harold Schonberg, writin the *New York Times*, remarked, "Jud from photographs of the violin part of newly discovered symphony, it is written in then standard 'galant' style [which wa breakaway from the contrapuntal style Baroque music. . . . It was music intende please, and it never struck very deep; rath was graceful, light, and entertaining."

Norway

In the Home of the Nordic King

orway is understandably proud of Edvard rieg. The late Romantic composer impressed e critics of his day when, at twenty-five, he ve the first performance of his concerto with e now-familiar descending crash of A-minor d E-major chords. Grieg was part of a assive movement of nationalism in Western usic, bringing beautiful Norwegian folk ngs and structures (modal melodies and haronies) to his music. He was not unique in his tionalistic bent—witness Dvorak from ohemia, Janacek from Czechoslovakia, and, course, Chopin from Poland. But Grieg was iquely Norwegian.

Hence, every year for the last twenty-eight, orway has chosen to celebrate its particular ltural heritage, and fine theater, music, bal-, and folklore with a mammoth festival in rieg's hometown. This year's festival will ain take place in Bergen, from May 20 rough June 3. Along with the expected orwegian folk dancers and musicians, the 81 Bergen International Festival features dith Blegen of New York's Metropolitan pera Company, the Norwegian National pera's new ballet version of Shakespeare's *ne Tempest*, American jazz-artist Gil Evans guest conductor of a Scandinavian jazz semble, and Norwegian presentations of Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* and Alan Drury's *The Man Himself*.

Most events will be held in the three-year-old glass-and-steel Grieg Hall. Visitors may also tour Trollhaugen, Edvard Grieg's home and currently a museum; Bergen's impressive Viking castle; and Haakin's Hall, built in 1250. For tickets, contact a travel agent or write Bergen International Festival, P.O. Box 183, N-5001 Bergen, Norway.

dvard Grieg's home "Trollhaugen," in ergen, Norway. During the annual ternational Festival the building will be the ene of daily flute recitals.

France

Cannes Time

The Cannes Film Festival, which runs this year from May 14 through May 27, has long been touted as the world's foremost film event. HORIZON *asked Paris correspondent Thomas Noland to report on the organization of the festival, and film-critic Diane Jacobs, veteran of many seasons at Cannes, to look over her notes from past festivals and capture the atmosphere:*

Like it or not, Cannes is the most spectacular annual event in France, and in terms of international impact, probably the most important. It brings together more influential foreigners—writers, financiers, directors, politicians—than any other event can hope to attract. This year's festival (which begins May 14 and ends May 27) is expected to draw twelve thousand movie professionals and twelve hundred journalists along with thousands of others, famous and not, who view dozens of films in competition for the Gold Palm and six other major awards.

Films are judged by a nine-person international jury of cinemaphiles named by an administrative council of the French government. The movies must have been released in the last twelve months and cannot have been shown outside the country in which they were made. Films that have appeared in other festivals are ineligible; these are sometimes shown out of competition, for the sake of the enormous prestige and exposure that accompany a screening at Cannes.

After an inauspicious start—the first festival was to be held September 1, 1939, the day Hitler invaded Poland—Cannes has become the leader of its genre. Its premiere finally took place seven years after the invasion; it was the country's first major postwar cultural event. The awarding of the Gold Palm not surprising-

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ly has generated legendary controversies over the years—most recently in 1979, when, after *The Tin Drum* was chosen, jury members vamped up a one-time-only award for *Apocalypse Now*. A number of parallel events take place during the two weeks, including minifestivals of documentaries and children's films, and an international film critics' week in which movies by new directors, many of them experimental, are given special attention.

—*Thomas Noland*

The Cannes Film Festival is an event that makes movie-going seem less a guilty pleasure than a passionate obligation bordering on masochism. There's more than a little irony to the setting of a cinema bacchanal in a spot equally close to France's most renowned four-star restaurants, Picasso's *War and Peace*, Matisse's Venice Chapel, and the yacht that a friend of a friend would love to have you visit if you have the time. Still, every morning at 8:30 sharp, thousands of cinemafanatics—myself among them—glance perfunctorily at rows of orange corrugated roofs sloping to white beach and blue Mediterranean, and strut resolutely back to the womb of the Palais du Festival. Unlike the far-tidier New York festival, which traditionally culls much of its fare from this Mediterranean hodgepodge, Cannes makes no effort to indulge the purist or a buff who prefers a good double feature to the trauma of selecting from a list of 600-odd movies, a minimum of five at any given time, during this festival's fourteen-day duration.

From the emotional distance a helicopter might provide, all this commotion in a span of yards along an abrupt, hotel-fronted coast must look like Theater of the Absurd indeed. Streets and hotel arches are cluttered with gargantuan posters advertising movies that may never get made. Lavish meals and entertainment are provided twenty-four hours a day for those (whom someone had told someone) are—or may one day be— important. . . . very glamorous, very garish, and very ear mesh on a single boulevard enroute to perfect party, perfect film, or—most li —the perfect business deal.

There are many people at Cannes to "art" films. For critics and a few aficiona the film's the thing. But for most, Canne strictly business, and the word art is ra mentioned except as a commodity.

—*Diane Jac*

Canada

Rebellion in Retrospect

"We were sick and tired of exhibiting in the comprehensive shows representing the u cross section of art points of view; we wond what it would be like to look at a show of one idiom. This turned out to be a power play

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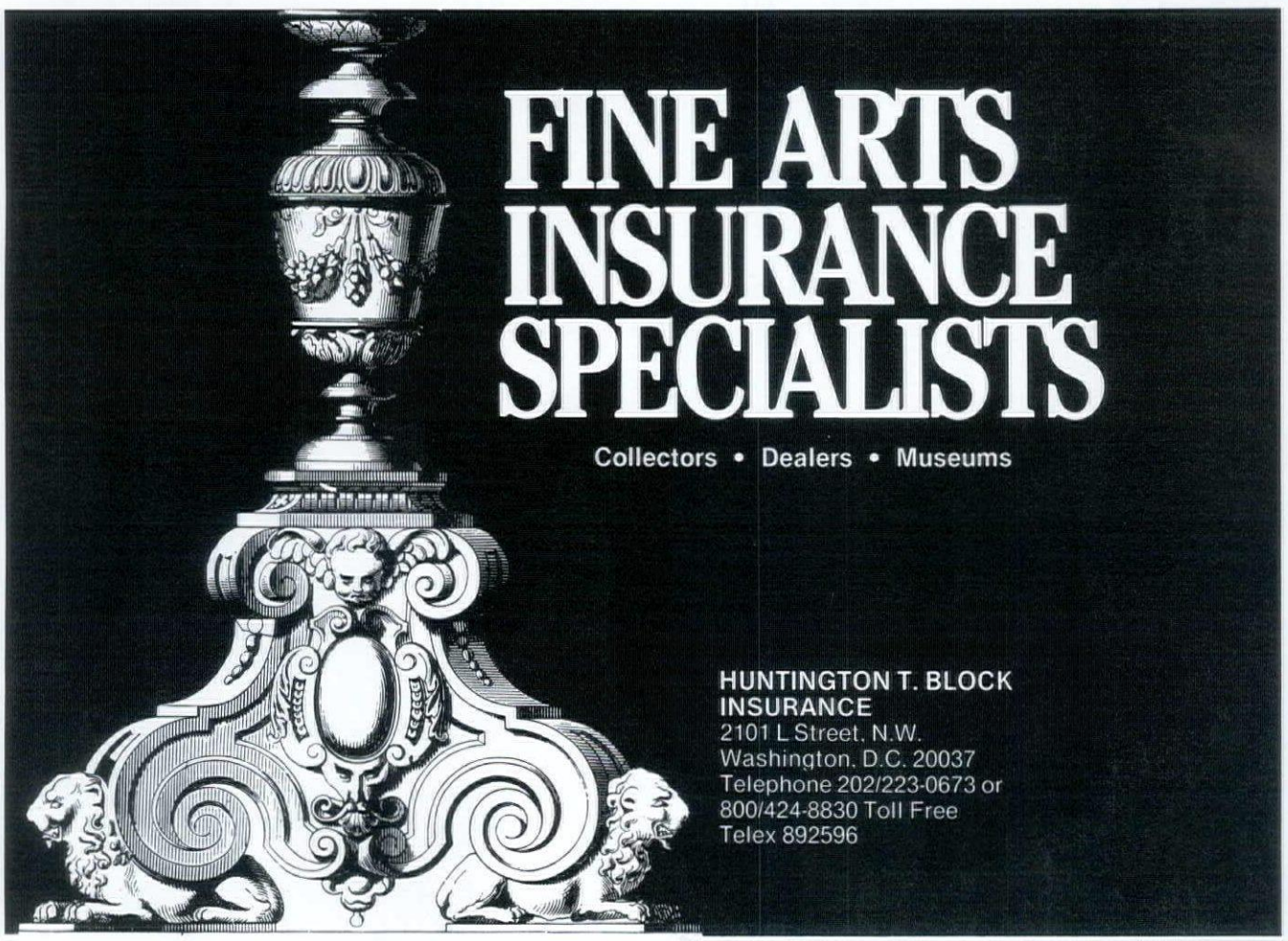
ast in our pretty confused country, art-wise." Thus wrote Jack Bush, Toronto painter, to ie president of the American Abstract Artists roup in 1956. The "power play" to which he eferred was the singular problem of an abract artist in getting shown as something ther than a novelty in the early fifties, and, in any cases, getting shown at all.

So eleven of these artists, deciding that if ey couldn't fight individually, they could llectively, banded together in late 1953. Jack ush, Oscar Cahen, Hortense M. Gordon, homas Hodgson, Alexandra Luke, Jock lacdonald, Ray Mead, Kazuo Nakamuro, Villiam Ronald, Harold Town, and Walter arwood—in what turned out to be a typically acaphonous and enthusiastic meeting—reach-

om Hodgson's January '58, *water color, astel, and paper collage, 1971, from the "Painters Eleven in Retrospective" exhibit in lalifax, Nova Scotia.*

The Robert McLaughlin Gallery



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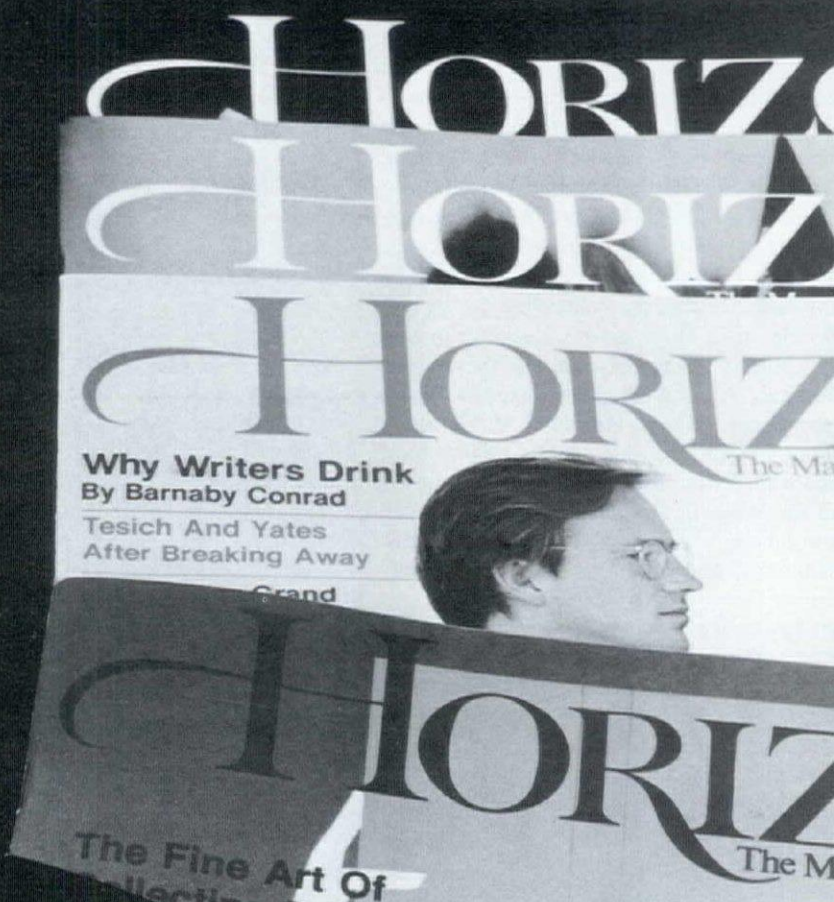

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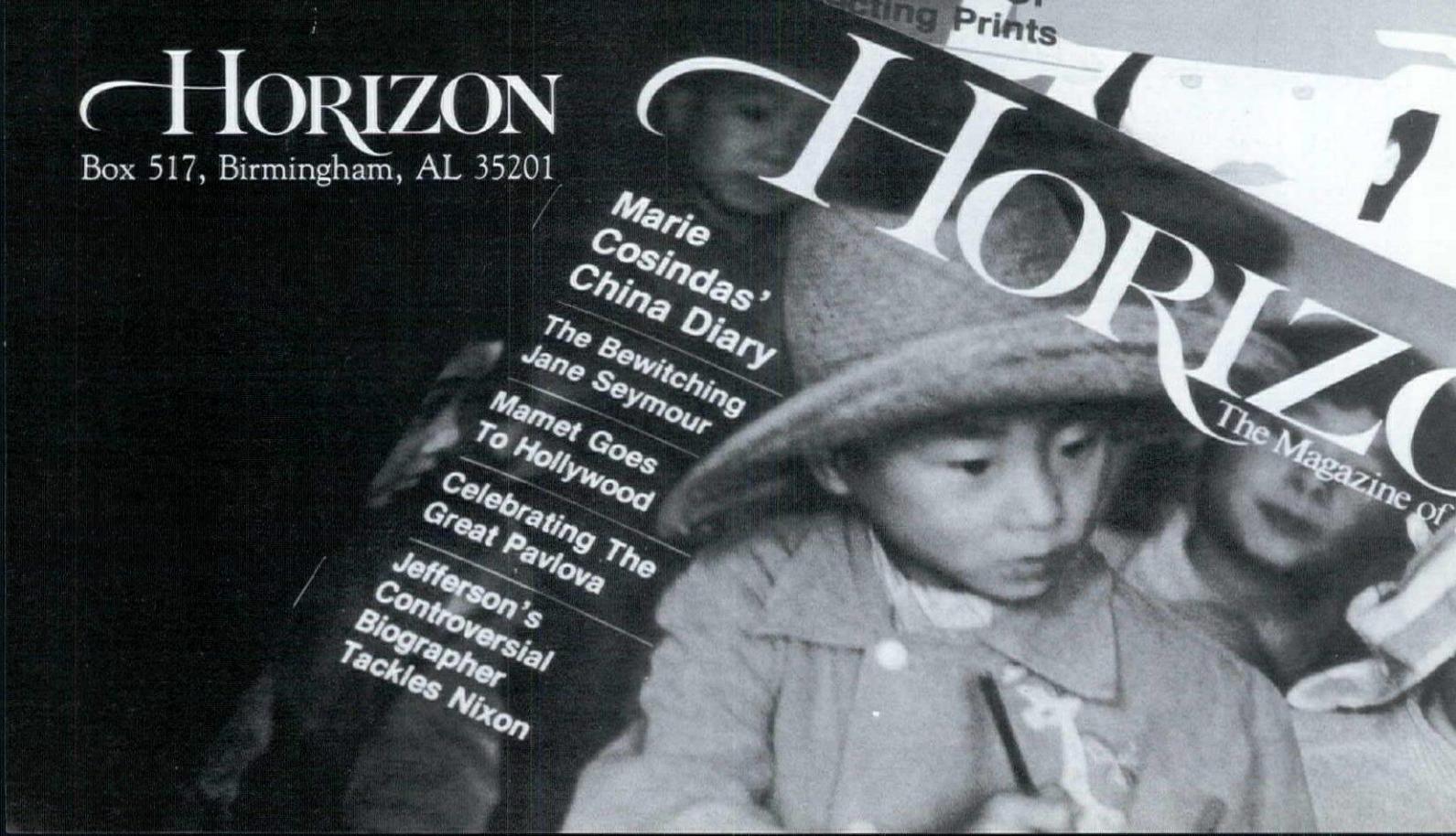
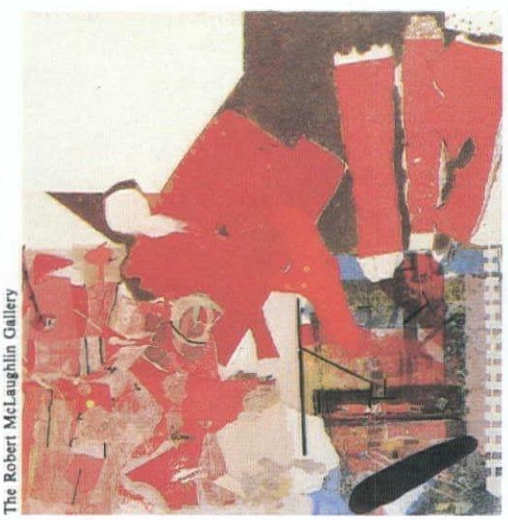


d an agreement: if they weren't going to be warded recognition by the established (and to hem, stodgy) institutions of the Royal Canaian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artts, they would show their work themselves.

Looking back in 1971, Harold Town recalld, "We weren't really militant, and we were rribly innocent. We never expected to sell ny pictures and we paid for those exhibitions urselves. We paid for the booze, the folders, he transportation, and insurance. . . ."

But the exhibitions paid them back. Graduly, the group became recognized as legitimate ontributors to Canadian art, and in 1958, when he National Gallery of Canada mounted an exibition of the Painters Eleven's work, the roup felt its goal had been reached. It began ulling apart at the seams after a show in the fall f the year. Luke wrote, "This should be the st Painters Eleven show . . . maybe forever." Macdonald echoed that the group "was at the nd of [its] usefulness." They broke up after even years together.

This month, the group's importance is furher reinforced by an exhibition at the Art allery of Nova Scotia in Halifax. The "Paintrs Eleven in Retrospect," organized and cirulated by the Robert McLaughlin Gallery in shawa, Ontario, whose director, Joan Muray, did much of the curatorial work and wrote extensive catalogue, using numerous interews with the painters themselves as her backround, opens May 1 and continues through the d of the month.



The Robert McLaughlin Gallery

The "Painters Eleven" banded together twenty-eight years ago to gain a forum for abstract art. Top: William Ronald, Back Through Sound, *casein and duco on masonite, c. 1954. Above: Harold Town,* Crumbling Presence, *collage on masonite, 1957.*

From Halifax the exhibition will travel to the Saskatoon Gallery and Conservatory Corporation in Saskatchewan, showing there from July 28 through August 29; to the Kitchener-Waterloo Art Gallery in Kitchener, Ontario, from September 10 through October 4; and to the Macdonald Stewart Art Center, University of Guelph, Ontario, where it opens October 15 and closes November 30. □

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Of Caricatures And Kings

Daumier, by Roger Passeron. New York: Rizzoli International Publications, 1981. 329 pp. 226 illustrations, 40 in color. $85.00

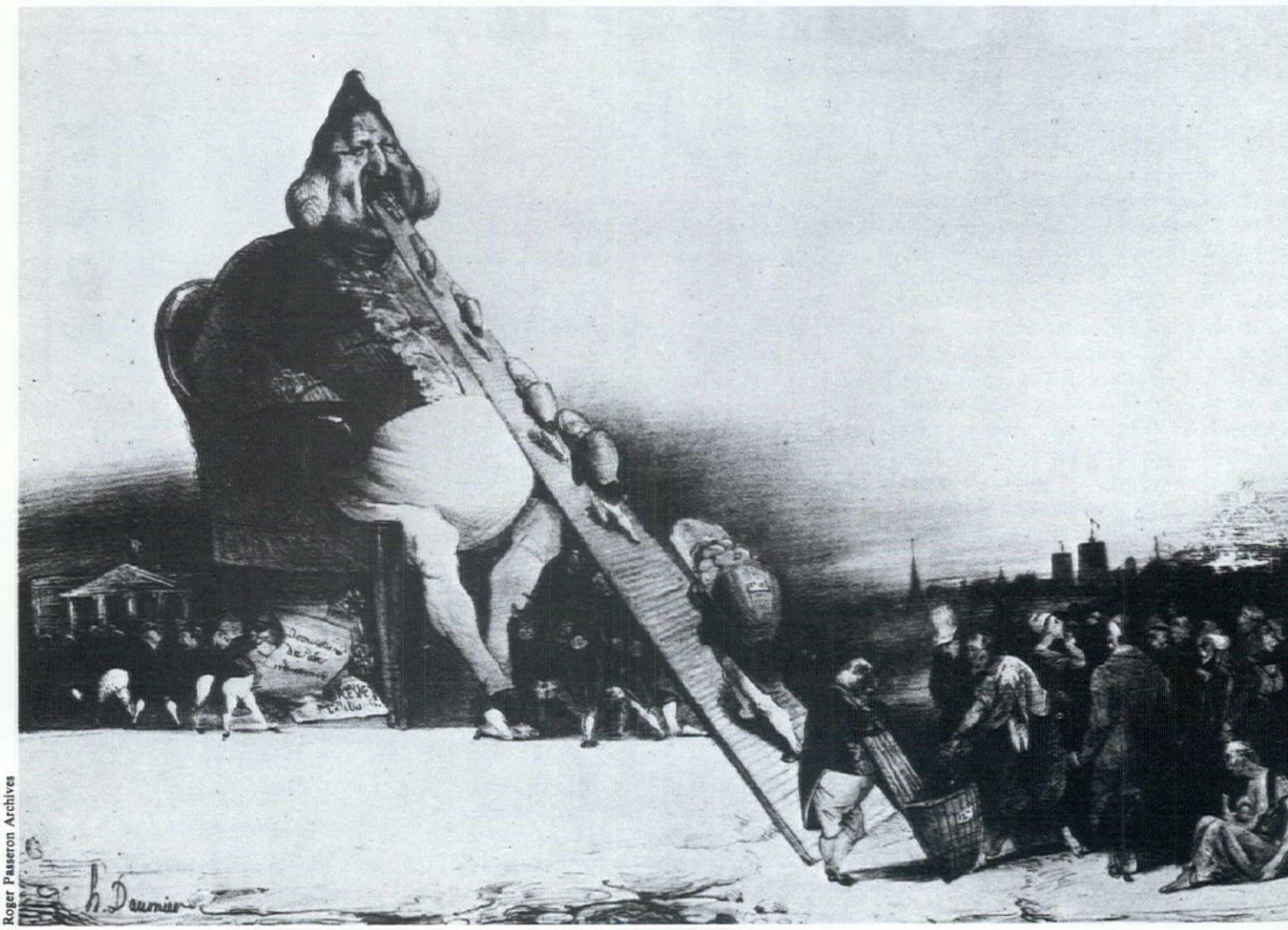
A century after his death, Honoré Daumier seems to stand spread-legged across nineteenth-century France. During the fifty years of his creative life, he turned out some 4,000 lithographs, 1,000 wood engravings, and 300 canvases—not to mention numerous sculptures, watercolors, and drawings. The effect of his oeuvre is to give us whole the common life of his day and his place. As a witness to the century, Daumier is matched only by Balzac.

It is an estimation that would have surprised his countrymen. In his lifetime Daumier was famous, to be sure—but only as the gifted cartoonist. He was largely ignored as a painter; an essay by Baudelaire is the only serious assessment he enjoyed while alive. The caricature was "low" art, the stuff of the daily journals. Daumier's prominence today would have surprised his contemporaries as fully as we should be surprised should the twenty-first century rank David Levine or Jules Feiffer with Faulkner and Hemingway.

The appearance of a lavish coffee-table biography by French art critic Roger Passeron gives us the opportunity to reassess the Daumier phenomenon. The dominant fact about his fifty years of work—and the chief reason we regard the man as an artistic hero—is the passionate consistency of his commitment to the liberal cause. He was the son a would-be poet who ended his days in t asylum at Charenton. Young Honoré grubb his way through adolescence in a series of ha jobs straight out of Balzac. Around 1826, n yet twenty, he determined once and for all be an artist.

Like many others his age, Daumier was fir with the republican enthusiasm that caused t three-day Revolution of 1830, driving Charl X from the throne. The smooth usurpation a complished by Louis-Philippe, Duc d'Orléan betrayed leftist hopes throughout France an turned Daumier into a caricaturist. The i

It was for Gartantua, *the 1831 caricature of the despot Louis-Philippe, that Daumier spent six months in prison. His satirical drawings continued unabated after his releas*



Roger Passeron Archives

easingly brilliant cartoons of the monarch lminated in the famous *Gargantua* (1831); ouis-Philippe cracked down by putting the tist on trial. Daumier spent six months in not ry rigorous penal confinement and emerged resume his mordant attacks. By the age of venty-six, he was famous throughout France. The king cracked down for good in 1835 ith laws that forbade the publishing of politi- l cartoons. The journals that had carried aumier to fame went out of business. Vexed ut undaunted, the artist turned to the series of thographs that captured the quotidian life of e people. Between 1837 and 1851 Daumier mpleted fifty such series, marvelous draw- gs under rubrics like "Les Bons Bourgeois" nd "Types parisiens." The bitter edge of the olitical cartoons mellows in these drawings in- an urbane observation of domestic hypoc- sies and foibles. But there is nothing soft bout Daumier, early or late.

Indeed, when the government repression sed in the late 1840s, Daumier went back to olitical cartoons with unabated fervor. After ouis-Napoleon's 1852 *coup d'Etat* ushered in new censorship. Daumier turned to his series f barristers, of theater audiences, and of pas- ngers in railway carriages. At the age of xty-three, his bohemian socialism undiluted, e joined the left-wing Paris Commune.

Passeron's thesis in the new biography is at Daumier the artist has been seriously eglected in favor of Daumier the caricaturist; s selection of lithographs and paintings at- mpts to redress the balance. It is not a new aim. As Passerson acknowledges, Baudelaire rote in 1857, "So far, only artists have nderstood how much of [Daumier's work] is rious and fully deserves special study." His iend and editor Philipon, who was later to re him, asserted in 1841 that Ingres and aumier were "the names that our century will roudly present to future generations."

Passeron brings a scholar's exactness—and a t too much scholarly pedantry—to the ronicling of Daumier's life. Idolatry blurs e portrait: the warts are air-brushed out. ézanne lamented Daumier's alcoholic ex- sses; Passeron haughtily refutes the canard by guing that no alcoholic could have produced so any first-rate works over so many decades. He ants us to believe that the savage caricatures of *ourgeois* and feminists sprang neither from ale chauvinism nor from a bohemian contempt r the comfortable middle class. Such white- ashing serves Daumier ill. Passeron is so as-

Regine Zweig, Essen

The monochrome painting We Want Barabbas!, *1849-52, 62 x 50 inches. Passeron considers this Daumier's greatest painting.*

tounded that Philipon could have sacked the greatest caricaturist of the century that he dismisses the act as a madman's, instead of listening to Philipon's interesting (if wrong-headed) complaints about Daumier's decline.

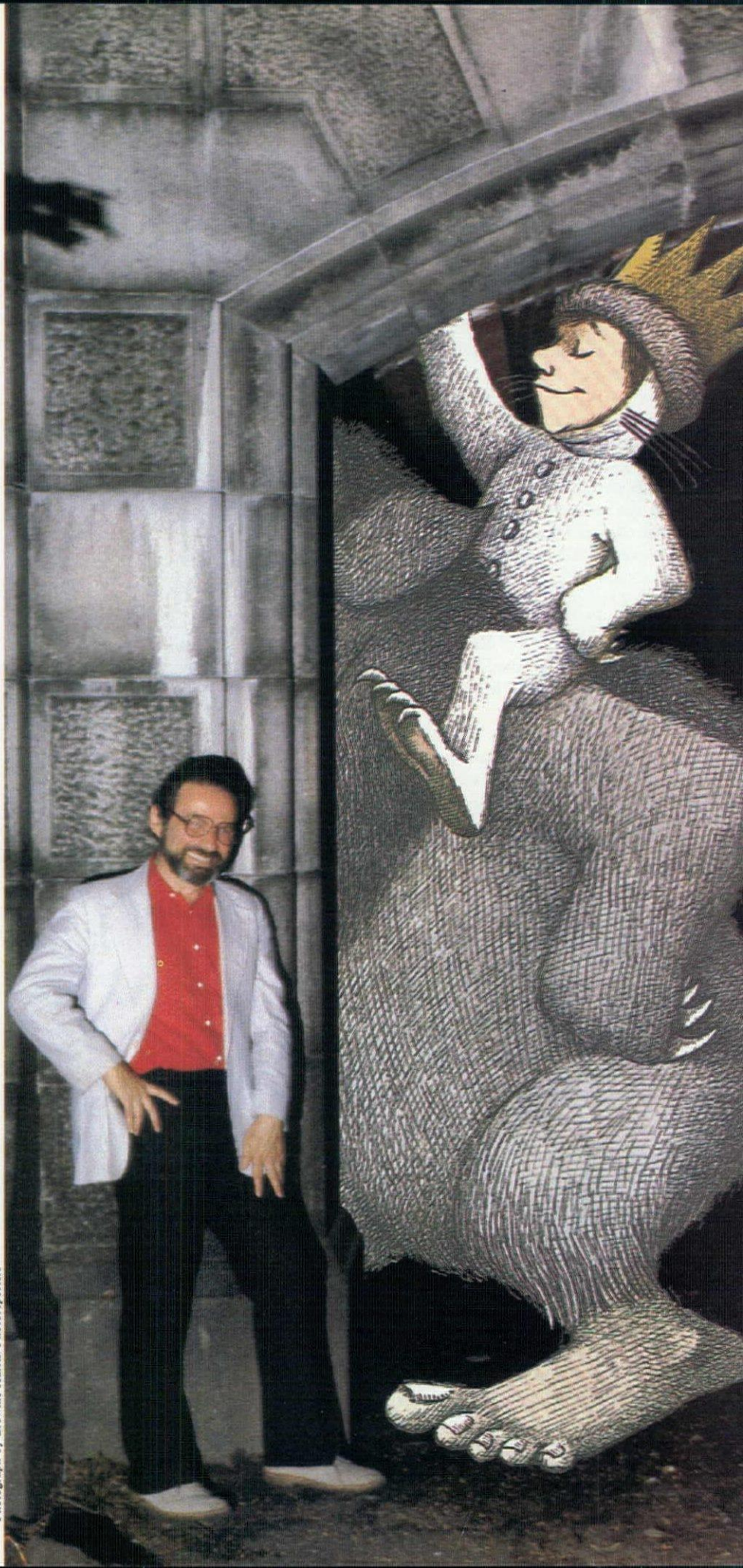
No matter. There is in the Rizzoli book the kind of abundance Daumier himself celebrated. The prints and paintings are beautifully reproduced, the political allusions explained, the sources fastidiously documented. We may never be able to see Daumier as, in the words of one biographer, "the first of the Impressionists." But in seeing him, well as we may in this comprehensive volume, we see not only nineteenth-century Paris in its every detail, but the unchanging human lineaments of knowing vice and unsuspecting virtue, of fatuous monarchy and revolutionary martyrdom, of the pinch of poverty and the luxury of pleasure. Daumier knew it all.—*David Roberts*

Maurice Sendak

In *Outside Over There* —the author's most beautiful book— goblins become babies. By Barnaby Conrad III

In the midsixties art critic Brian O'Doherty called Maurice Sendak "one of the most powerful men in the United States" because he has given "shape to the fantasies of millions of children—an awful responsibility."

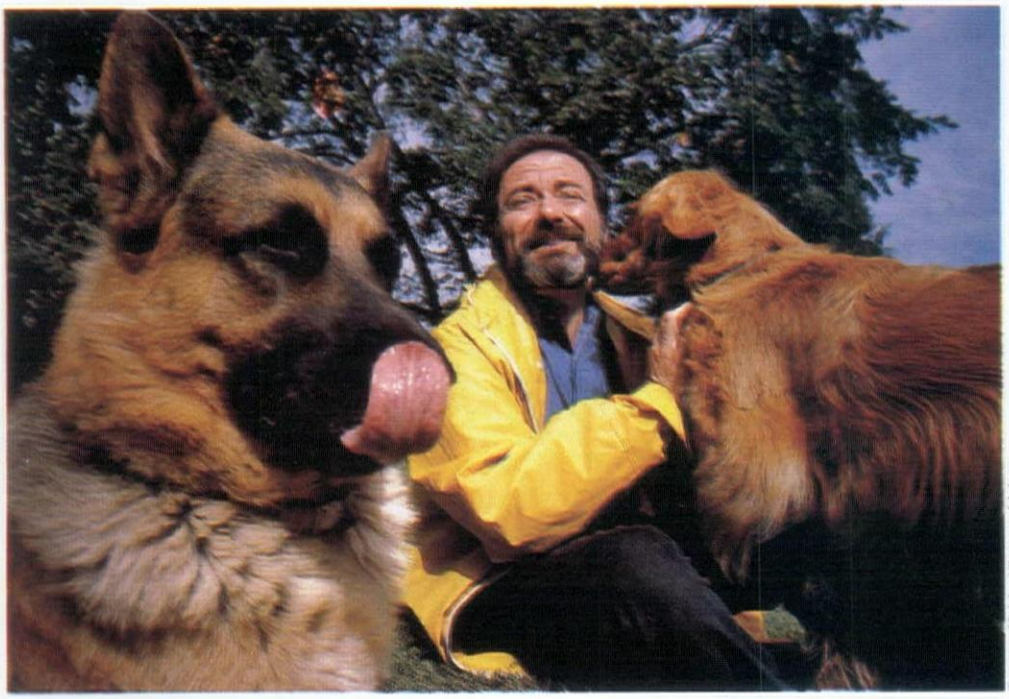
Over the last three decades, Sendak's eleven books have been translated into thirteen languages and been read by millions of children from Japan to Denmark. One of his books, *Where the Wild Things Are* (1963), has sold 2.5 million copies, while another, *The Nutshell Library*, has sold half a million, despite the fact that it is scarcely bigger than a cigarette pack. He has illustrated almost eighty books and received both the Caldecott Award (twice) and the Hans Christian Andersen Award for his contributions to children's literature. The Brussels Opera staged an operatic version of *Where the Wild Things Are* last fall with sets and costumes and libretto by Sendak and score by Oliver Knussen, while *Really Rosie*, an animated television feature in 1975, has sidestepped into a second life in an off-Broadway musical. Sendak recently designed the sets and costumes for major operatic productions of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* and Leos Janacek's *The Cunning Little Vixen*. Last November Harry N. Abrams published the giant book, *The Art of Maurice Sendak*, by Selma G. Lanes, to grace coffee tables around the world, and there's rumor of a major museum show next year.



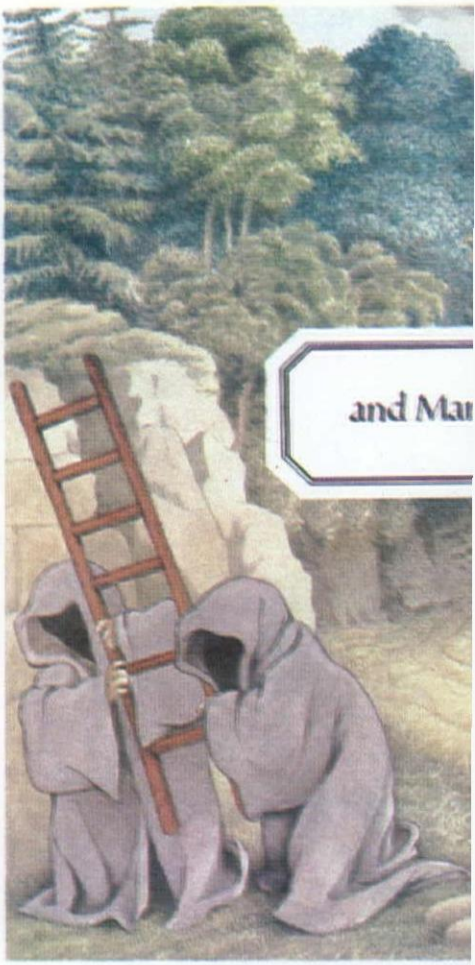
Maurice Sendak in the company of a gang of "Wild Things." Illustration copyright © 1963 by Maurice Sendak from Where the Wild Things Are. *All book illustrations courtesy of Harper & Row, Publishers.*

Photograph by Brownie Harris/Photoreporters

Sendak doesn't read to children, ask their advice, or take it when given it.



Gregory Heisler/Gamma Liaison

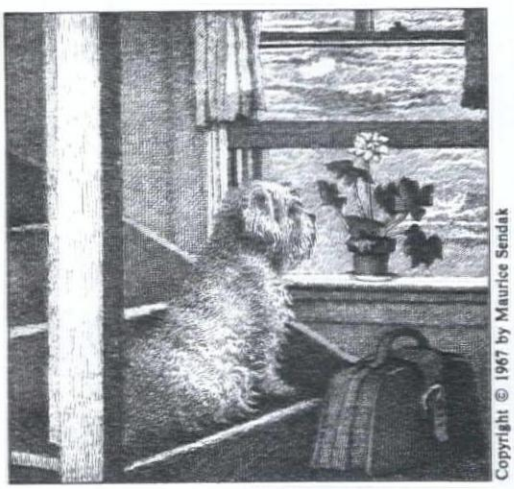


Above left: A partial recluse, Sendak lives wit his beloved dogs in the woods of Connecticut. His Jennie, unabashedly described by the author as "the love of my life," was dying of cancer when he wove her into his dog story, Higglety Pigglety Pop *(left). The German shepherd in Sendak's new masterpiece* Outsid Over There *(above) is self-evidently derived from one of his current pets.*

Sendak has come a long way from the shy, sickly child looking out the window of a Brooklyn ghetto, yet this semireclusive man continues to create an intensely personal art despite critics who would make him a public "power" figure. Sendak doesn't read to children, doesn't ask their advice, and doesn't take it when given it. "I just do books for them," he says.

His new book, *Outside Over There,* published this month by Harper & Row, is sure to be one of the most popular and controversial of the season. In the past Sendak has been both praised and criticized for shedding light on the emotions, anxieties, and obsessions of the child's psyche—not by children, but by adults uneasy with the child in themselves. Sendak hopes that people will look at his new book with an aesthetic appreciation first—from the heart and the eye—"before they throw it into Dr. Freud's cabinet to be deloused and scraped clinically clean of any artistic mystery and pleasure it might give. I'm not a closet psychologist, nor should my books be seen as a quick course in child anxiety. I want people to enjoy them."

An hour from New York, tucked into the Connecticut woods at the end of a dirt road, is a gray house with black shutters. *Beware of Dogs* says a sign, and as the dogs begin to bark, Maurice Sendak opens the door. Bespectacled and bearded, Sendak is an agile, compact man of fifty-three who still deprecatingly refers to himself as a "dwarf." His accent is clearly urban, Brooklyn Jewish, but he's almost gotten used to the WASP horseback riders who clop by in the afternoon. Though the sound of crickets has not cured his insomnia, he's found peace and security in the country. His house is exquisitely decorated with American antiques while the walls bear original Audubon prints and Blake watercolors. "I'm going to put that funny-looking fellow into a story sometime," he says, pointing to an ancient wooden whirligig of a soldier. A paradisaical Samuel Palmer landscape over the fireplace hints at the influence this artist has had on the pastoral drawings of



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Sendak's new book, *Outside Over There.*

Sendak's sunny studio at one end of his hous is filled with Mickey Mouseabilia, woodcuts c Winslow Homer, and watercolors of bats b Beatrix Potter. An etching of Mozart as a youn genius hangs above a bookshelf filled with fir editions of James, Melville, and fairytale classic The studio is neat, uncluttered, and on the draw ing table lie design sketches for costumes and se for Janacek's *The Cunning Little Vixen,* directe by Frank Corsaro and performed by the Ne York City Opera last month.

It is here that Sendak works in silenc bright orange ear plugs in place, writing th text of a story completely before turning to pe and brush. The three-hundred fifty-nine-wor text of *Outside Over There* went through hundred drafts in five years before Senda pulled out the ear plugs and began drawing t the music of Mozart.

Outside Over There may be Sendak's mo outwardly serious book to date and his mo

Copyright © 1981 by Maurice Sendak

beautiful. It is the story of a kidnapping by goblins and the courage of young Ida who rescues her baby sister through cleverness, faith, and musical talent. The book is a dramatic departure, stylistically, from previous ones. The pictures have a startling realism to them, due, certainly, to the fact that Sendak made use of photographs he commissioned of two children. Unlike *Where the Wild Things Are*, whose monsters were lovably horrible and utterly from the imagination, the goblins of *Outside Over There* are eventually revealed as real babies when their mysterious robes fall from them. Babies have a full range of terrible goblinesque passions, and Sendak shows how quickly their moods can change, as when Ida charms them to a frenzy with her wonder horn, and they melt into a bubbling stream.

It's not that Sendak is a better writer or illustrator than others, but he has an uncanny ability to tap into what it felt like to be a baby and a child. "You see, I don't really believe that the kid I was has grown into me. He still exists somewhere. . . . The pleasures I get as an adult are heightened by the fact that I experience them as a child," he once said.

The key word to understanding the book is interior landscape. As Ida realizes that her negligence has resulted in the kidnapping, the scene through the window changes from a placid landscape to a stormy sea and shipwreck. "The window with the landscape is like a view to the inside of her mind. Outside was *inside* her head. It's like a psychological geography lesson—go there if you want some trouble," says Sendak.

One of the major influences for the book came from a trip to Hamburg, Germany, where Sendak saw a painting, *The Hulsenbeck Children*, by nineteenth-century artist Phillip Otto Runge. "Runge was working at the time of William Blake in England and the last years of Mozart's life. It all fit together in inspiring me. That and a drawing I had done earlier for Grimms' *The Juniper Tree* of some goblins carrying off a big, plump baby."

In *Outside Over There*, Sendak pays tribute to Mozart's influence in a drawing where Ida and the baby follow the stream to a tiny cottage whose open door reveals the silhouette of the young genius at the pianoforte. Like Mozart's music, the book unfolds logically from the mysterious beginning to finish in a kind of unexplainable satisfaction.

It was Ernest Hemingway who said that the most important ingredient for a writer was an unhappy childhood. Sendak remembers his own childhood as dark and deep, filled with anxiety, sickness, and dissatisfaction. The third and youngest child of a Jewish immigrant family in Brooklyn, he was two and a half when he contracted a thirteen-week case of measles and double pneumonia, a bout that left him frail for much of his life. It gave him a fear of death and made him an outsider, a kid who couldn't play outdoor games as well as the other children, a kid who stayed indoors, who was called "sissy." His parents pampered him, overprotected him. "You? Go sledding? Why you'd catch pneumonia in a week." He watched life through windows, often from the lap of his grandmother, a playful woman who would pull the window shade up and down like a camera shutter so that the street scene became a peep show. Later, Sendak would write this child into the book *Kenny's Window*.

Sendak's father, a dressmaker whose business was hit hard by the depression, had a knack for storytelling—often making up his own versions of Old Testament stories. Sendak remembers one in particular about a child taking a walk with his parents. "Somehow he becomes separated from them," Sendak told Selma G. Lanes, "and snow begins to fall. The child shivers in the cold and huddles under a tree, sobbing in terror. Then an enormous, angelic figure hovers over him and says, as he draws the boy up, 'I am Abraham, your father.' His fear gone, the child looks up and also sees Sarah. When his mother and father find him, he is dead."

Not all the stories Sendak heard were this

Overleaf: Sendak set for the Houston Opera's production of Mozart's The Magic Flute. *Photo by Gregory Heisler/Gamma Liaison.*

"I'm not a closet psychologist, nor are my books a quick course in child anxiety."

dark, and his memories of his father are warm, happy. His mother was the perfect Jewish matron: affectionate, sometimes overly protecting or abrupt, but always concerned, caring. Sendak loved and admired his older sister Natalie, but his salvation was his brother Jack. "He was unlike other kids, kind, strange, and amazingly patient. We were almost too close, and even today it's hard for us to be in the same room together, we're so much alike." (Today, Jack is also a children's author.)

The two boys spent hours drawing and making books together, constructing intricate wooden toys with movable parts to illustrate the fairytales they loved. "We once built an entire 1939 World's Fair out of wax—complete with a hemisphere. It puzzled our relatives, but my parents, I think, were glad that their two crazy sons could at least do *something.*" What Sendak described as benign neglect later turned to encouragement. "While I don't think they believed I could earn a living at children's books, they felt anything to do with books was an honorable pursuit."

Sendak emigrated across the East River to the magical Manhattan of his dreams, putting the horrors of high school as far behind him as possible. "The prospect of college was an absolute nightmare. I took night classes at the Art Students' League, where I could dodge in and dodge out. But I really didn't attend." Impressed by the mechanical wooden toys he and Jack had built, F.A.O. Schwarz hired Sendak to do window displays. It was here that Sendak met Ursula Nordstrom, an editor at Harper & Row, who commissioned his first job illustrating a children's book, Marcel Aymé's *The Wonderful Farm*, in 1951. Nordstrom is still his editor today and Harper & Row his publisher.

Where the Wild Things Are is unquestionably Sendak's most popular book. The story begins with an unruly Max dressed in a wolf suit, who terrifies the dog and goads his mother to call him "wild thing." When he responds with "I'll eat you up!" he's banished to his room without supper. But that night, Max's room turns into a forest, and he sails on a boat to where the wild things are. Here, he tames large beasts with a magic spell and cavorts among them as king until he grows homesick. Smelling food across the water, he sails back to his room to find supper waiting for him—"And it was still hot."

When it was released by Harper & Row in 1963 with minimal publicity, neither Sendak nor his editors expected the controversy that ensued. From adults, librarians, and critics came the questions: would the book frighten children, would they emulate Max's tantrum, or have nightmares about beasts? One librarian wrote, "It is not a book to be left where a sensitive child may come upon it at twilight."

A child psychologist wrote clinically, "*Where the Wild Things Are* projects, releases, and masters a universal experience for the child: the wish to eat others, the fear of eating others, or of being eaten oneself. If some children are frightened by the book, it is because they are either too young or too weak (i.e., ill or disturbed). Then the fantasy of rage that is released is too much for them."

One mother told Sendak she had read the book to her daughter ten times, and the child screamed every time. When the author asked why she had continued this practice, the woman replied, "Because it's a Caldecott book, she ought to like it." Sendak found this reasoning absurd. "If a child doesn't like a book, throw it away. Children don't give a damn about awards."

Sendak was particularly amused by an eight-year-old who asked in a letter, "How much does it cost to get to where the wild things are? If it is not expensive, my sister and I would like to spend the summer there."

He was also moved to hear that the book was being used successfully to reach autistic children. One child, who had remained in that strange oblivion beyond reality for years, grasped the book and spoke for the first time.

Sendak, in his 1964 speech for the Caldecott Award, said that "what is too often overlooked is that from their earliest years children live on familiar terms with disrupting emotions, that fear and anxiety are an intrinsic part of their everyday lives, that they continually cope with frustration as best they can. And it is through fantasy that children achieve catharsis. It is the best means they have for taming wild things."

In 1967 Sendak was in England taping a BBC-TV interview when he suddenly faltered and couldn't speak. He had suffered a coronary. He was taken to Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Gateshead-upon-Tyne where he remained for five weeks. At thirty-nine the confrontation with his own mortality was startling, as if a child were being stricken by an adult disease by mistake, or, on purpose, by God. At the same time, Sendak's mother was dying of cancer and not wishing to increase her anguish, he kept the heart attack a sec
Returning to America after several months
recuperation, he found that his beloved Sea
ham Terrier, Jennie, a companion of fourt
years, was also dying of cancer. "That y
was a nightmare," recalls Sendak.

The terrier's eventual death was on Senda
mind the previous year, as he sadly watc
Jennie aging and began the book *Higglety P*
glety Pop: Or, There Must Be More to Life
a way of dealing with her inevitable death. J
nie had appeared with minor roles in almost
of Sendak's books from 1954 onwards, fr
the queen's regally crowned lapdog in *Hec*
Protector to the victim of Max's rage in *W*
Things. "Jennie was the love of my life," s
Sendak, and when the book came out a mo
before Jennie's death, he wept.

The book is based on an American nurs
rhyme written by Samuel Griswold Goodr
in 1846: "Higglety Pigglety Pop!/ The dog
eaten the mop!/ The pig's in a hurry./ T
cat's in a flurry./ Higglety Pigglety Pop!"

Sendak began with this simple framework
write a tale of a dog who has everything,
leaves home to discover the world. After ga
ing "experience," she becomes an actress
the World Mother Goose Theater, where
remains, famous and immortal. Essentiall
melancholy story leavened with humor,
book reflects Sendak's anxiety over the imm
nent deaths of his dog and his mother. "
my favorite book. Outlandish, funny, but w
dark shadows," he says. After Jennie's dea
Sendak bought a golden retriever, Io, an
German Shepherd, Erda, who gave birth
Agamemnon. All the dogs have received ro
in Sendak's books with Agamemnon appe
ing in *Outside Over There*.

Sendak was not the first children's author
immortalize a pet. One thinks of Beatrix P
ter who wrote *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* ab
her own sweet pet and companion or of St
ling North's raccoon, *Rascal*. Sendak cites
entry from the published journal of the Fren
novelist Jules Renard: "The beauties of lite
ture. I lose a cow. I write about her death, a
this brings me in enough to buy another cow
The artist has the rare privilege of turning
losses of life into gains, making memory a
care immortal on the page.

Sendak was born in 1928, the same year D
ney conceived Mickey Mouse, and t
rodent's effect on him was immediate and lo
lasting. Sendak grew up watching Mick
Mouse films, chewing Mickey Mouse bu

In the Night Kitchen *is a dream fantasy in which a boy falls out of his pajamas into a bowl of dough. Amateur Freudians pounced on the book.*

gum, and brushing his teeth with Mickey ›use toothpaste. His first drawing at the age six was of the mouse. It is no coincidence ıt Sendak called the boy in *In the Night Kit-ɔn* (1970) Mickey.

In the Night Kitchen delivered all the ychological undercurrents of *Alice in Won-rland* with the fresh graphic punch of the mic strip. Sendak began with a nursery me about millers and baking but reveals ıer sources for the book. As a child, he nembers an advertisement for Sunshine kers which said We Bake While You Sleep! 'his seemed like the most sadistic thing in the rld, because all I wanted to do was stay up ı watch!" He also remembers the moments the kitchen when his mother baked on days—the feel of the flour-dusted dough and the scent of baking bread. And this book was dedicated to his recently deceased parents.

The book begins with Mickey falling asleep, entering a dream logic which finds him falling through the dark out of his pajamas, down, down, down, into a big bowl of dough in the night kitchen—a Busby Berkeley-like skyline of New York where the buildings are made of baking soda boxes, eggbeaters, cocoa containers, and flour bins lit up by the moon and stars. Our hero falls into a batter being mixed by three look-alike bakers modeled after Oliver Hardy—this camp touch inspired by a TV rerun of "Nothing But Trouble." But before Mickey can be accidentally popped into a "Mickey Oven," he springs up, fashions an airplane out of dough, and flies up to a giant milk bottle. He falls into the milk, immersed in pleasure, emerging to triumphantly yodel, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

In the Night Kitchen became one of the few books to deal with the urgency of children's dreams and as such was fair game for amateur Freudians. As one New York critic saw it, "The naked hero wallows in dough, swims in milk, and otherwise disports himself in a manner that some might interpret as a masturbatory fantasy. . . . Sendak is dealing with a child's sexual feelings, and he will doubtless offend those who are unprepared to acknowledge such feelings."

Mickey's flying represents a normal occurrence in children's dreams: in psychoanalytic terms, it is a symbol of power and potency, sexual and otherwise, essentially the libido lifting off. From a storyteller's point of view, it's also a very exciting way to get around town. Why *not* fly?

Another critic, from Germany, saw the book in a different light altogether—the dream of a Jewish boy growing up in fear of the Nazis. He pointed to the brown dough outfit, similar to the army fatigues worn by doughboys, and said the Mickey Oven was related to Nazi crematoriums. How does Sendak react to such remarks? "It's so boring because everyone is peddling their own obsessions. I've heard it so much that I've reached the point where I just ignore it."

The most striking aspect of the book for some critics was Mickey's nudity; like real six-year-olds, Mickey has a neatly formed penis. Finicky parents, teachers, and librarians felt that the penis would frighten children. Sendak wearily cites the example of a Swiss nursery school which placed a statue of a nude, running boy in the courtyard. "It was anatomically correct except for the genitals which were a bronze blur. The children were upset by this; the parents complained; and the genitals were carved in. In this country it would be the other way around; we prefer the blur, the fig leaf, the diaper." Some librarians went so far as to paint diapers on the small hero in his book. "Yet parents take their children to museums where they see Roman statues with their dicks broken off. You'd think that would frighten them more."

Sendak did two animated sequences for tele-

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The three hundred fifty-nine words of *Outside Over There* went through a hundred drafts in five years.

vision's "Sesame Street" in 1970, and, loving it, worked with independent producer Sheldon Riss in 1974 to complete a half-hour animated film, *Really Rosie,* starring the Nutshell Kids, about children in Brooklyn who get themselves through afternoon boredom by fantasy antics and play acting. For Sendak it was a return to his old neighborhood. Rosie was based on a real little girl whom Sendak remembered as being able to hold children spellbound for hours. Rock-composer Carole King, who also grew up in Brooklyn, wrote the music, and, in February of 1975, CBS televised it. For a child who grew up worshipping the flickering screen image of Mickey Mouse, this was a dream come true. Sendak still has a color photograph of the giant theatrical billboard announcing to all of bustling Broadway that *Rosie*—and Sendak—had arrived.

Earlier this year Sendak went off-Broadway painting the sets for *Rosie*'s debut as a play at the American Place Theater starring children under eleven. The self-pitying oppression of his childhood blossomed triumphantly into songs like "Such sufferin'/ Give me a Bufferin. . . ." while the sets charmed. (The play has an open-ended engagement; catch it this summer if you or your children are sufferin'!)

Although Sendak detested school himself, and never attended college, he taught a seminar in children's literature at Yale a few years ago and is an authority on children's literature of the past. He adores *Alice in Wonderland*, a masterpiece of art and psychology. "I know where Alice went and believe it. It is so primary, so weird. Lewis Carroll was a great artist regardless of whether he knew what he was doing in psychoanalytic terms."

Children are extremely vulnerable creatures who live in an environment they have little control over, Sendak reminds us. And he remains greatly curious as to how children use their imaginations to overcome boredom, fear, pain, and anxiety—to find joy. "It is a constant miracle to me that children manage to grow up." The new book, *Outside Over There,* is an example of Sendak's persistent inquiry into the mind of his own childhood. "Coaxing memory with Mozart is kind of creepy, exciting. In a sense I draw what I already know, yet it's always unexpected; memory becomes

Gregory Heisler/Gamma Liaison

the creative act. It's like coming back to something ancient in yourself. This book, *Outside Over There,* is the closest I've come to the ancient in myself."

But like Sendak, I believe that his work should be seen as an artistic contribution to our culture, not as picture book psychology. Sendak works in a deceptively simple form —children's books—to create something that, like any truly great work of art, has powers that can never be explained away intellectually. All art was made to be read, looked at, reacted to emotionally, not criticized or academicized, despite the disturbing trend in our culture to do this ad nauseam. *Outside Over There* will no doubt be submitted to this treatment anyway, but it will survive.

At the end of our interview, Sendak took his three dogs for a walk in the woods across the road. "This is where I do most of my work—walking. I turn ideas over and over in my head, occasionally writing them down so I don't forget. You always have ideas within you, dormant perhaps, but when you reach the right stage in your life, they appear in your conscious mind.

"You see," he joked, "all you need is a circular walking path through the woods to become a great writer." □

In addition to children's books, Sendak does sets for plays and operas, television sequences, and even record jackets—like the cover for Mahler's Third Symphony (opposite).

A graduate of Yale University, Barnaby Conrad III is a contributing editor to Horizon *and frequently writes about the arts. He lives in New York.*

Sydney Dance

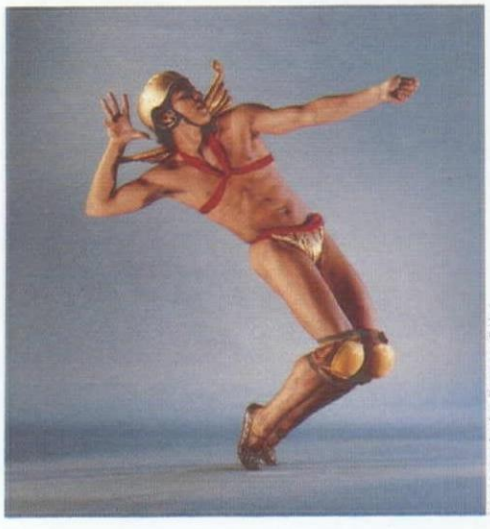
Australia's innovative Sydney Dance Company gains international notice.

On May 27 an unusual and eclectic troupe of dancers from Australia will descend upon New York's City Center. In less than five years under the aggressive directorship of Graeme Murphy, the Sydney Dance Company has gained the threshold of an international reputation. A three-week tour of Italy last year was an unqualified success, even though the visit marked the first time the company had performed outside Australia.

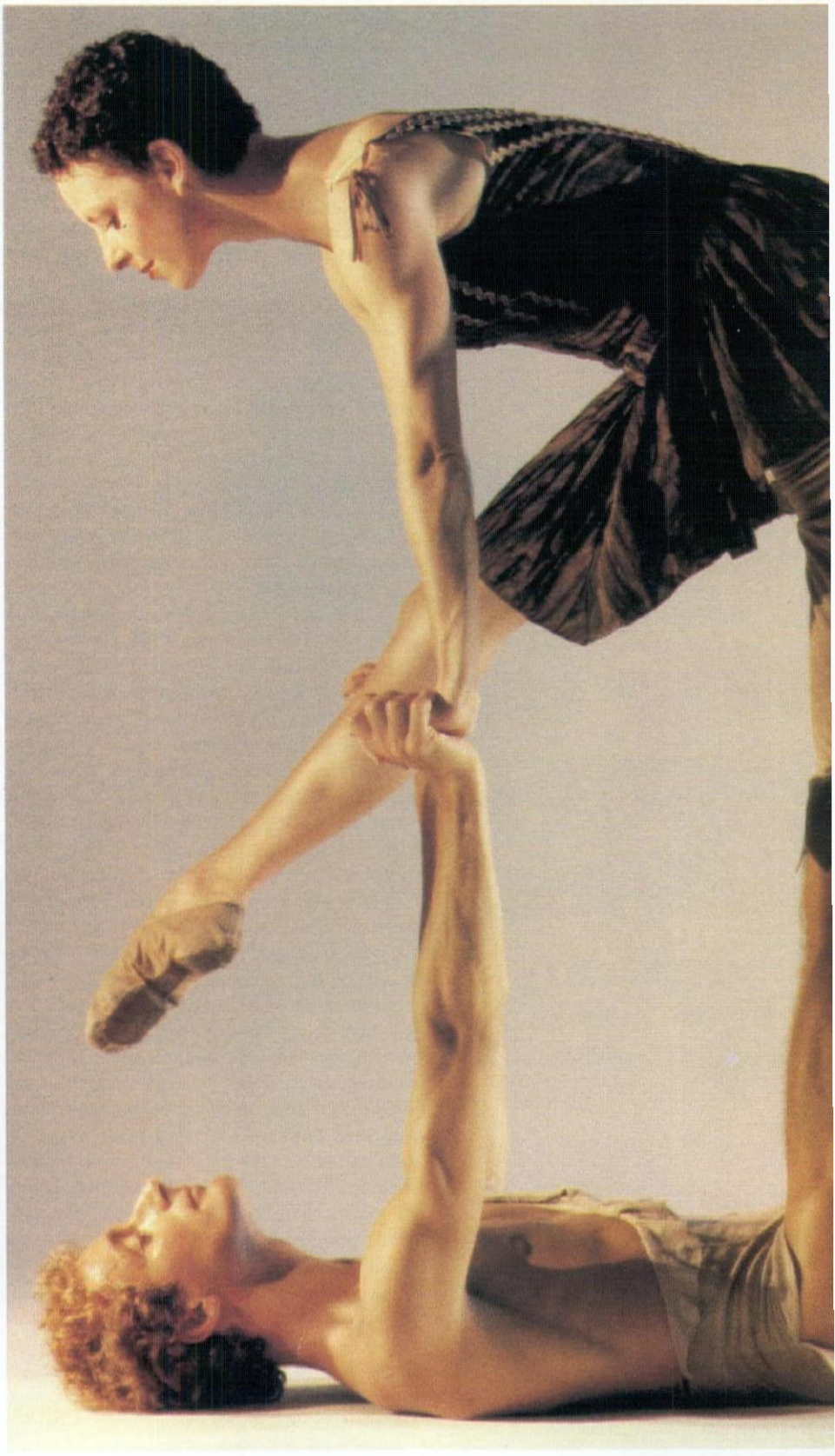
The Sydney dancers do *Daphnis and Chloe* with skateboards and motorcycles; *Shéhérazade* in diaphanous erotic costumes inspired by the nudes of Gustav Klimt; an electronic paean to the life and works of Jean Cocteau; and the surprisingly classical narrative drama of Murphy's own *Rumours*. Murphy, in fact, refuses to categorize his troupe: they are, in his words, simply "a contemporary dance company."

Most of the choreography for the company's new dances is Murphy's, with contributions from other Australians.

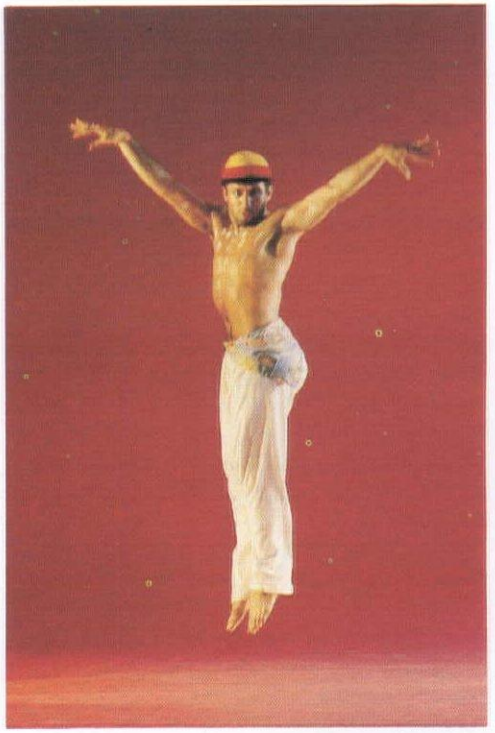
After their week at City Center in New York, the company heads to South Carolina's Spoleto and Virginia's Wolftrap festivals. □

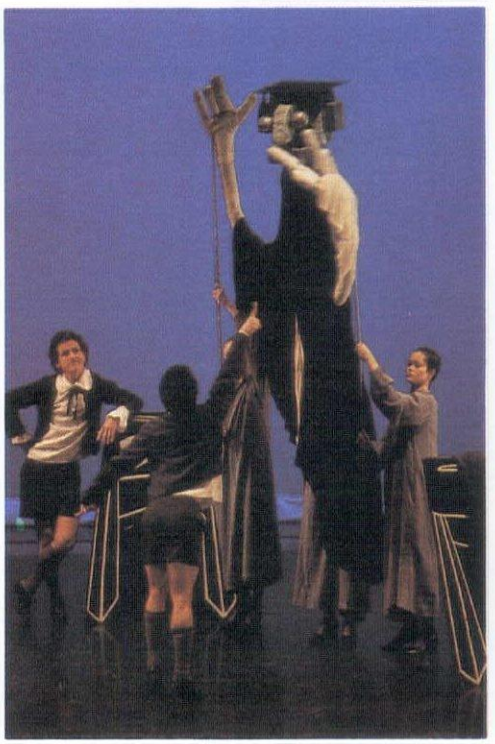


Photographs by Branco Gaica



Kim Walker is Cupid (above) in Graeme Murphy's Daphnis and Chloe, *based on Ravel's dance music originally commissioned by Diaghilev. The leads are often danced by Murphy himself and Janet Vernon (right).*





Top: Paul Saliba in One. *Like Murphy, Saliba is both choreographer and lead dancer. Above: Murphy's* Poppy *is based on the life of Jean Cocteau. "Unlike Cocteau," says Murphy, tongue-in-cheek, "I lack tenacity."*

Will "M*A*S*H" Go On Forever?

Or will television's finest comedy series eventually run out of anecdotes?

By Paul Ehrmann

Stage 9 at Twentieth Century-Fox studios was built in 1928, has an interior volume of 806,355 cubic feet, and is typical of about 110 sound stages where the interior filming for Hollywood's television and movie production is accomplished. No one familiar with movie making would feel otherwise than at home hauling open the thick wooden door of stage 9, feeling a gently concussive sensation on entering the vast, soundproofed space, and smelling the damp, still air.

Extras (now properly referred to as "atmosphere") congregate around the remaining doughnuts as they confer about their overtime. From the brightly lit corner of the stage where the morning's work is taking place comes the raffish jargon that precedes a take: "put a double on the baby"; "lower the barn door a notch, Frank"; "let's get the lady a mark." Finally the Mitchell camera's reloaded magazine is snapped shut. The assistant director moves toward a swarthy actor wearing army fatigues, saying, "Jamie, we're ready for you." The actor turns to the a.d. and says, "Sorry, can't make it. I'm doing a 'Starsky and Hutch.' " Good joke. But as the actor heads for the set, his profound pleasure that it *is* a joke is obvious. Because Jamie Farr, playing the role of Corporal Klinger, is beginning another day's work on the "M*A*S*H" television series.

About 85 percent of the show is filmed on stage 9, the remainder at a ranch above Malibu. The exterior of the 4077 Mobile Army Surgical Hospital compound and the interiors and exteriors of all the tents are re-created here. The floor is covered with packed earth, and hanging arc lights provide the "daylight." "M*A*S*H," based on the 1971 hit movie, is now in its tenth season, filming its 218th episode, a longevity unmatched by any series in current production. (There were 310 "Bonanzas" produced, even more "Gunsmokes" and "I Love Lucy" shows.) The combination of "M*A*S*H" and "60 Minutes" keeps CBS

Paul Ehrmann has written for "Lou Grant" and "Hart to Hart" and is now completing a script for the new "Maverick" series.

*"M*A*S*H" principals (from left): Corporal Max Klinger (Jamie Farr), Major Margaret "Hot Lips" Houlihan (Loretta Swit), Major Charles Emerson Winchester (David Ogden Stiers), Colonel Sherman T. Potter (Harry Morgan), Captain BJ Hunnicut (Mike Farrell), Captain Benjamin Franklin "Hawkeye" Pierce (Alan Alda), and Father Mulcahy (William Christopher).*

All photographs copyright © Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation. All rights reserved.

*Above: Alan Alda looks over the shoulder of film-editor Stan Tischler. Right: "M*A*S*H" story conference. A characteristic of the television series is that the actors' responses to the scripts often lead to wholesale revisions (see sidebar, page forty).*

supreme in the all-important race for ratings.

It is as the scene actually begins that the activities on stage 9 acquire their unique character. First of all, this episode's director is in make-up and wardrobe. He is Alan Alda, prominent among the actors who portray the doctors, nurses, and staff of the M*A*S*H unit. The show is occasionally directed by Burt Metcalfe, the producer. Mike Farrell, the actor who portrays BJ, has done an episode, and "M*A*S*H" has been active in seeking out women directors.

The scene being filmed calls for Jamie to walk into the storage room and find Gail Strickland, guest starring as a nurse with a drinking problem. She is startled and drops her bottle.

Alda explains the choices he made in staging and photographing the scene for eventual assembly in the cutting room. "It would have been possible to have a shot of Gail alone in the room, then show Jamie coming in. The viewers would anticipate the character's startled reaction. That's been done since Chaplin. A three-camera show ("All in the Family," "Laverne and Shirley") might have made that choice, and the live audience would certainly react. But I'm always trying to bring [viewers] *into* the scene, not manipulate their response. So they'll discover Gail at the same moment Jamie does, react when he does. Let the audience be right there."

Their religion forebade cutting into the body—but only if that body were Buddhist.

A scene from another show (also directed by Alda) is even more instructive in identifying the special quality of "M*A*S*H." The episode, titled "The Life You Save," was written by John Rappaport and Alda. It's an "exterior" filmed at the center of stage 9. Dr. Charles Emerson Winchester is a patrician surgeon from Boston, played by David Ogden Stiers, an actor who does Shakespeare outdoors during his time off the show. In "The Life You Save," Charles has become obsessed with his own mortality. A wounded soldier has been brought in; his heart stopped, but the young man was brought back to life. The doctor responsible for the case is BJ (Mike Farrell), who, while sharing some of Hawkeye's (Alda's) roguish style, also tends to worry about whether his wife can clean out the gutters back home. BJ has become irritated because Charles has been hovering over his patient's bedside, trying to determine what it is like to die.

As the two leave the operating room, BJ, with a blend of concern and aggravation, is asking Charles if he is all right. The scene is played as they make the forty-yard walk across the compound.

In a medium that tends to present relationships between people as a series of alternating head shots, it is exceptional that Alda and the crew would shoot this scene in one long take, the camera following the two as they exit the tent, exchange dialogue, resume their walk still talking, then stop to play a highly emo tional exchange in front of the tent occupie by Nurse Houlihan (portrayed by Lorett Swit). Charles exits. BJ watches him go Houlihan, having overheard the conversation emerges and tells BJ to take it easy on Charles who is obviously going through a personal crisis. The scene's duration is just over 12 seconds, not impressive in terms of geological time; but some TV viewing, with one eye o the screen and the other on a sweep hand, wi reveal very few scenes of comparable duration

The technical problems of photographing scene that covers this much time and distanc are considerable. Neither actor must block th other, either from cameras or from the light The performers must stop on very specif marks to enable camera-operator Bob Casey t maintain focus. The sound man must manipu late his long boom to pick up the voice without ever dropping his microphone into th moving shot. The scene required nearly twent takes to get right, a figure that would, on an other show, start phones ringing in the produ tion office.

Yet Alda feels the effort to get the scene i on one shot is worthwhile. First of all, it is tribute to the writers of "M*A*S*H" that th pace of dialogue is so quick that to conver tionally intercut would create a distractin kaleidoscopic impression. Second, this rel

*The cavernous stage 9 at Twentieth Century-Fox is the setting in which 85 percent of the "M*A*S*H" footage is shot.*

tively wide shot of extended duration reinforces the location; the audience absorbs the tents, a parked jeep, and the paraphernalia of war in 1951 without ever being subjected to static establishing shots. Third, with both characters in the picture, "overlap"—both characters momentarily speaking at once—is not a problem. In fact, it contributes to the sense of reality. Finally, a scene presented in pieces *leads* the audience: they are shown characters' reactions that can influence or alter their own. Aspects of a scene can be emphasized or diminished in a way the writers did not intend. But presented with a scene in its totality, the viewers are invited to bring their full intelligence and judgment to the drama. In this respect, "M*A*S*H" is a seminar rather than a lecture. And the fierce viewer loyalty the show commands certainly parallels the affection people develop for groups or institutions defined by their intimacy.

Of course, there's a powerful irony propelling every moment of "M*A*S*H." These are men and women engaged in patching up the wounded and saving lives while soldiers in the same army are duty bound to inflict and accept casualties. It's as if the society for the preservation of historic buildings met in a structure scheduled for imminent demolition.

The characters of "M*A*S*H" are effective because the audience is constantly sensitized to their being real; the show employs few stunt people to do things that the actors' bodies obviously would not. Cars are not driven into trees, nor do the people emerge from exploding buildings merely frazzled like figures in an animated short.

That the characters are presented as people seems a simplistic observation until some of the prime-time competition is considered. The Bill Bixby metamorphosis into the Incredible Hulk every Friday night just before the second and fourth commercial breaks suggests that formulaic considerations overshadow all others. (My own recent delight as the Hulk ripped the doors off the villain's limousine was diminished by the fact that he didn't go ahead and eat them!)

Granting "M*A*S*H" 's characters and their actors full humanity produces some specific and remarkable results. Mike Farrell (BJ) recalls a script that called for him and Hawkeye to perform a needless appendectomy on a commander whose lust for victory caused him to totally disregard his troops' safety. The surgery would prevent the soldiers under this man from being ordered on a suicidal mission. Farrell objected; BJ would not perform unnecessary surgery. The point was argued at the weekly story conference/rehearsal. Alda liked the script, and the surgery was the core of it. Producer Metcalfe said, "Hold it, why not take this rather passionate argument and make it part of the story": Alda's insistence on going ahead with the surgery, BJ's refusal. (The results are presented on the script pages in the sidebar accompanying this article: the whites are the original script, the pink are the pages that were ultimately shot.) "M*A*S*H" thus draws on the intelligence and creative resources of everyone available. The result is the compression of incident and the rich character that distinguishes the show.

(A note: Typically, a script begins on white pages and then passes through blue, yellow, etc. until it reaches the final draft. A recent episode of NBC's "B.J. and the Bear" went through eighteen drafts, no doubt exhausting the spectrum.)

It is not only the characters' internal truths that are safeguarded on "M*A*S*H." Nearly every story filmed touches, in its rowdy way, on factual incidents. Metcalfe has conducted hours of phone interviews with doctors who were actually in the surgical units during the Korean War. Dr. Maurice Connolly, now retired and living in Kansas, told Metcalfe about a group of Buddhist physicians who visited his unit. They had never performed or observed surgery, since their religion forbade cutting into the body —but only if that body were Buddhist.

The incident became the takeoff point for a

show called "Back Pay." (Simultaneously with the Buddhists' visit, Hawkeye decided to bill the army for services rendered.) Charles, who begins by referring to the visitors as "my diminutive voyeurs," ultimately slips a disc and is relieved by the Orientals' acupuncture techniques.

"A War for All Seasons," written by Thad Mumford and Dan Wilcox, was based on a surgical unit that constructed its own dialysis machine from a tub and tubing ordered from the Sears catalogue.

One of literature's great sins, according to the critic F. R. Leavis, is "a weak grasp on the actual." "M*A*S*H" can certainly plead not guilty to that charge. In fact, one of the problems in continuing the show is that new anecdotes to serve as underpinning are becoming scarce. An alternative is to emphasize character rather than plot. William Christopher suggested a show in which his character, Father Mulcahy, became the object of a nurse's romantic interest. (The episode was filmed, though the conflict was not portrayed as acutely as Christopher would have liked.)

One of Leavis' teachers, I. A. Richards, helps us specify why "M*A*S*H" yields more pleasure than other shows designed more deliberately for sheer entertainment. Richards writes, "Stock responses involve views and emotions already fully prepared in the reader's mind, so that what happens appears to be more of the reader's doing than the poet's." If we substitute "viewer" for "reader" and "film makers" for "poet," we begin to see why alleged "escape" entertainment can be exhausting to watch. Every noisy rip-off of "Smokey and the Bandit" currently on TV demands our response to squealing tires, obese law-enforcement officers, and women in shorts. Far from letting us escape, the only place these shows can lead us is back into the cauliflower-eared paperbacks of our cerebral library in hopes of summoning some response to the exhausted image. "M*A*S*H" tends to present fresh combinations of word, character, and image that permit the viewer to be taken on a pleasurable ride through the fresh scenery. It's often hilarious, occasionally absurd, but remains connected to something truthful. "M*A*S*H" may make some leaps, but ". . . always returns back . . . never flies away into the circumambient gas." Those words, again, refer to poetry—they are T. E. Hulme's. But they help us define "M*A*S*H" as a television classic.

A Script: Before and After

White pages:
*The white pages at the right are from the first draft of an actual script for an episode of "M*A*S*H." For almost all Hollywood television shows, scripts pass through a series of drafts; the stages are indicated by paper of different colors.*

Pink pages:
*When Alan Alda and Mike Farrell argued over whether Hawkeye would actually perform a needless appendectomy—even to save lives, the result was the vastly different scene and script indicated on the pink pages at the right. "M*A*S*H" is remarkable in that the actors themselves can have a major effect on script revisions.*

FIRST DRAFT 34

HOT LIPS
(to nurse)
Able, step out of the room for a moment.

ABLE
(confused)
Yes, Major.

Able exits.

HOT LIPS
You don't scrub one of my nurses without my knowing it. What's going on in here?

HAWKEYE
Just doctor stuff. You wouldn't be interested.

Hot Lips looks at the patient.

HOT LIPS
This is Colonel Lacy!

B.J.
I thought he looked familiar.

HOT LIPS
What the hell are you doing?

HAWKEYE
An appendectomy. He's got a hot appendix.

HOT LIPS
He does? Since when?

B.J.
Half an hour ago. Severe cramps in his tum-tum. Lucky for him we were around.

HOT LIPS
Uh huh. What was his white count?

HAWKEYE
1600 per square millimeter.

HOT LIPS
I'd like to double check it for myself.

Cont.

FINAL DRAFT

REVISED - "PREVENTIVE MEDICINE" - 10/25/78 34
X
EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 21

Klinger is walking guard duty near "The Swamp" talking to his Potter doll.

KLINGER
What do I have to do, Sherman? How many schemes do you think I have left? Look at me -- talking to a stupid doll.
(pulls a hat pin from his fatigue cap)
You see this? I've got a good mind to use it. Ah, you're laughing at me huh? Don't think I can do it, huh? Well, if nothing else, it'll sure make me feel good. Take this, Colonel...

With a flourish, he plunges the pin into the doll's midsection. A loud groan is heard from "The Swamp." Klinger is startled.

KLINGER
Huh?

He looks at the doll, then to the direction of the noise, then back to the doll. Hawkeye and B.J. come out of "The Swamp." They're carrying a groaning Colonel Lacy between them. Klinger runs over to them.

KLINGER
What's going on here?
(spots Colonel Lacy)
Holy Toledo!

B.J.
Easy, Colonel.

KLINGER
(chagrined)
That's right he's a Colonel too? Oh my God.

HAWKEYE
Gangway, Klinger.

KLINGER
What's wrong with him?

HAWKEYE
Acute appendicitis.

Cont.

T-471

HAWKEYE
Margaret, we promised him we'd have it out, cleaned and pressed in a half an hour.

HOT LIPS
Well since its such an emergency, I better assist.
(knowing)
You will give me a minute to scrub up?

Hot Lips heads for the door.

B.J.
Alright, Margaret. You caught us with our hands in the cookie jar.

HOT LIPS
You meant to take out a healthy appendix?

HAWKEYE
Well if you want to split hairs. Yes.

B.J.
If you can't take the battle out of the soldier. You've got to take the soldier out of the battle.

HOT LIPS
You're not going to do this because I'm not going to let you.

HAWKEYE
Margaret, if we don't operate on him now, we'll be operating on his men for the next three days, and it won't be simple appendectomys

HOT LIPS
Do you think you're going to stop this war by taking him out of it?

HAWKEYE
Unfortunately, no. But we are going to stop him. Hopefully, his replacement won't be General Custer the Third.

Cont.

B.J.
Margaret, you've talked to him. You know his record. Tonight we heard him on the phone pleading to be allowed to sacrifice his men in the glorious cause of Hill 403.

HAWKEYE
You can stop us if you want, Margaret, but who's going to stop him?

A long beat as Hot Lips considers that.

HOT LIPS
Does my nurse know what's really going on here?

HAWKEYE
No, she's just the nurse of record.

HOT LIPS
Be sure you keep it that way.

B.J.
Thank you, Margaret.

HOT LIPS
Don't thank me. I was never here.

Hot Lips exits as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

REVISED - "PREVENTIVE MEDICINE" - 10/25/78 35 X 21 Cont.

B.J.
It may be gastritis.

HAWKEYE
But it could be appendicitis. Anyway, he's real sick.

The trio heads for O.R. Klinger looks at the doll.

KLINGER
(to doll)
What have you done?

CUT TO:

INT. CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT 21-A

Hawkeye is starting to change. B.J. still in fatigues stands by.

B.J.
Hawk, do you realize what you're doing?

HAWKEYE
I'm taking out that guy's appendix in there. Now get into your whites or get out of here.

B.J.
You're talking about removing a healthy organ.

HAWKEYE
No. I figure his appendix is as sick as his mind.

B.J.
We're doctors. We're supposed to put bodies together, not take them apart.

HAWKEYE
Why? So guys like him can take them apart again? You heard him. He's going to take those kids up that hill tomorrow and send them back to us in pieces.

B.J.
That doesn't make this right. Some things are wrong and they're always wrong.

Cont.

T-471

REVISED - "PREVENTIVE MEDICINE" - 10/25/78 36-38 X 21-A Cont.

HAWKEYE
Fine. It's wrong. But there are going to be one hundred boys still alive tomorrow. Go tell them how wrong it is.

B.J.
Damn it! Cutting into a healthy body is mutilation.

HAWKEYE
Don't give me that. How many doctors back home take out a perfectly good appendix for no good reason? For a few bucks. Well how about for a few lives?

B.J.
You're a doctor of medicine. If you cut that man open, you're going to hate yourself tomorrow and for the rest of your life.

HAWKEYE
I hate myself right now! I hate me. I hate you. I hate my whole life here. And if I can get this maniac off the line by a simple appendectomy, I'll be able to hate myself with a clear conscience.

Hawkeye EXITS into scrub room. B.J. considers for a beat.

INT. SCRUB ROOM - NIGHT 21-B

Hawkeye is putting on his mask. B.J. ENTERS. Hawkeye goes to scrub.

B.J.
Fine. You play God. But you do it alone.

HAWKEYE
Then get out of here. You're not sterile. I don't want to run the slightest risk of infecting him.

B.J. ponders for a beat then EXITS. Hawkeye continues to scrub as we:

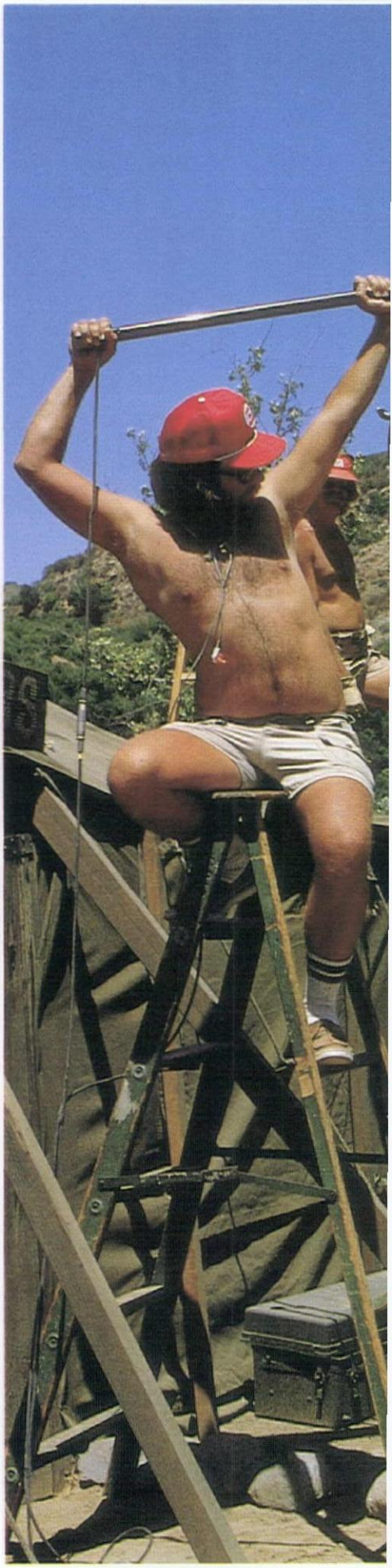
OUT 22

FADE OUT

T-471

END OF ACT TWO

"They're all making different sounds and they're all brilliant."



"Hart to Hart" is a show considered sheer escape—and a stylish one at that. The title sequence has speedboats, fast cars, and executive jets hurtling off to some arena of unlimited velocity just out of camera range. The opening shot of each "M*A*S*H" show is a helicopter settling to earth. Surely this is emblematic of the show's commitment to being grounded in reality and its creators' dedication to stories and techniques that bring the audience into the show.

Usually a show runs its course for commercial rather than creative reasons. As long as the people are watching, the network is delighted to sell advertising. The creative forces behind "M*A*S*H" (which I hope are now understood to include actors, producers, directors, and writers) acknowledge their concern for maintaining quality. Once that is impossible, the series may be terminated, whatever its ratings.

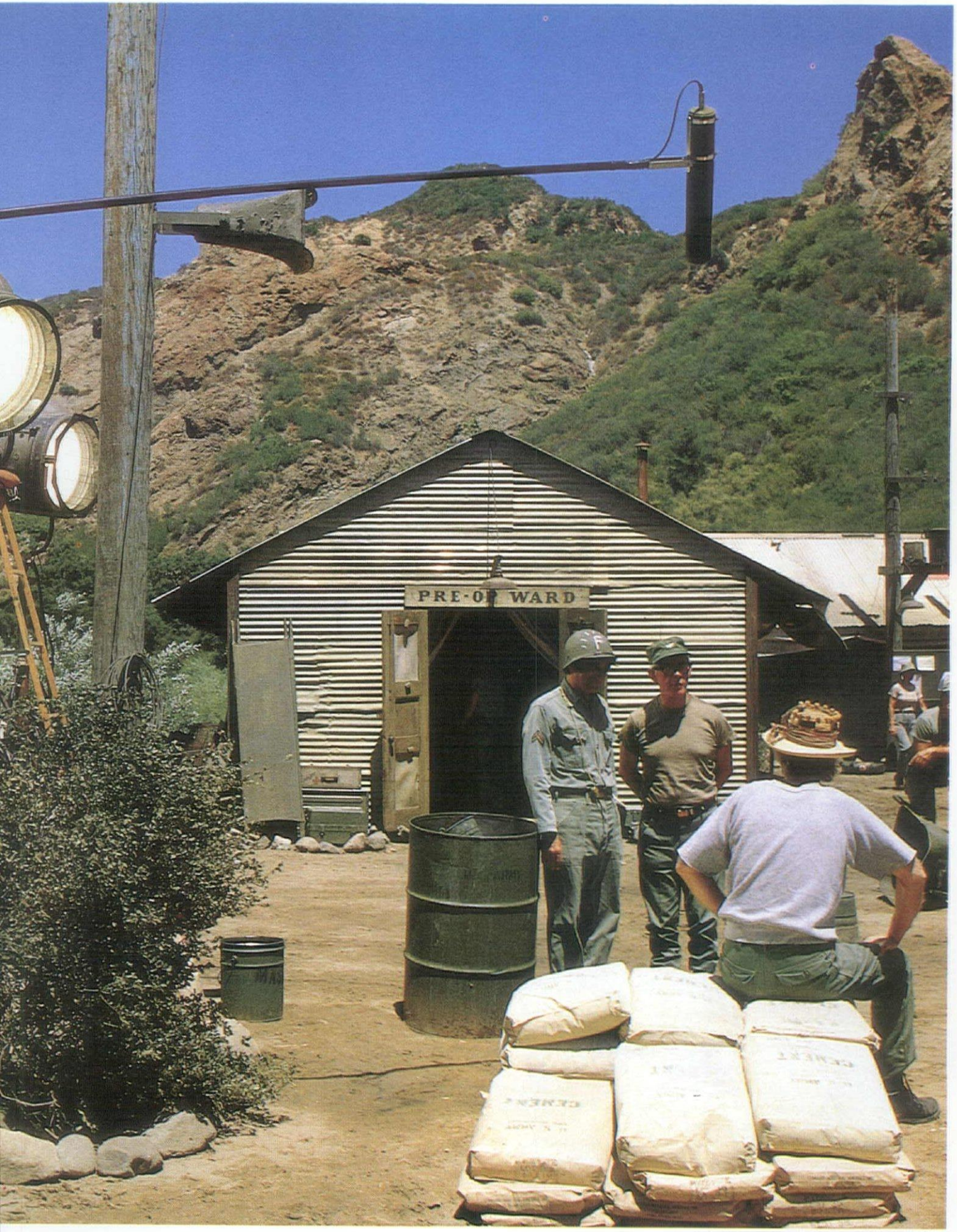
Loretta Swit, who plays Hot Lips Houlihan and has been with "M*A*S*H" for its full ten seasons, guesses the show will be over next year. Not that her pleasure in the work has diminished: "I love the symphony of talent that I work with. They're all making different sounds, and they're all brilliant. I'm really amazed when I go to the dailies that after nine years I'm splitting a gut laughing at some shenanigans of Harry [Morgan, who plays Colonel Potter] or Mike Farrell."

*Above: Harry Morgan (left) and Alan Alda take a real lunch break in the show's mess-hall set. Right: the exterior compound shots for "M*A*S*H" are executed at a ranch near Malibu.*

Many others who are close to the show share Swit's conviction that "M*A*S*H" may be beginning its last year of production. But assuming the inevitable, what then? Possibly a two-hour movie about the M*A*S*H unit breaking up as the war ends and the people return to civilian life. David Ogden Stiers thinks that could be a fascinating story: "How do people who are defined by stress—war in this case—react when that stress is removed?" His own character of Charles might be reluctant to become simply a Boston society surgeon. One of the actors says that he hopes, above all, that once the show is over, the individual characters are not spun off into series that attempt to capitalize on the heritage of "M*A*S*H."

Of course the show will run for decades of repeats on channels across the country. But eventually, on stage 9, filming of the final "M*A*S*H" will near completion. The tents and props will be a day away from storage, and the cast and crew will be ready to take their fortunes and reputations out through the thick stage door.

It is my guess that an outsider will have to be engaged to utter the final "Cut!" □


PRE-OP WARD

Boston Public Library

Camille Pissarro

A major museum show in Boston heralds the impressionist apostle of art for the people. By April Kingsley

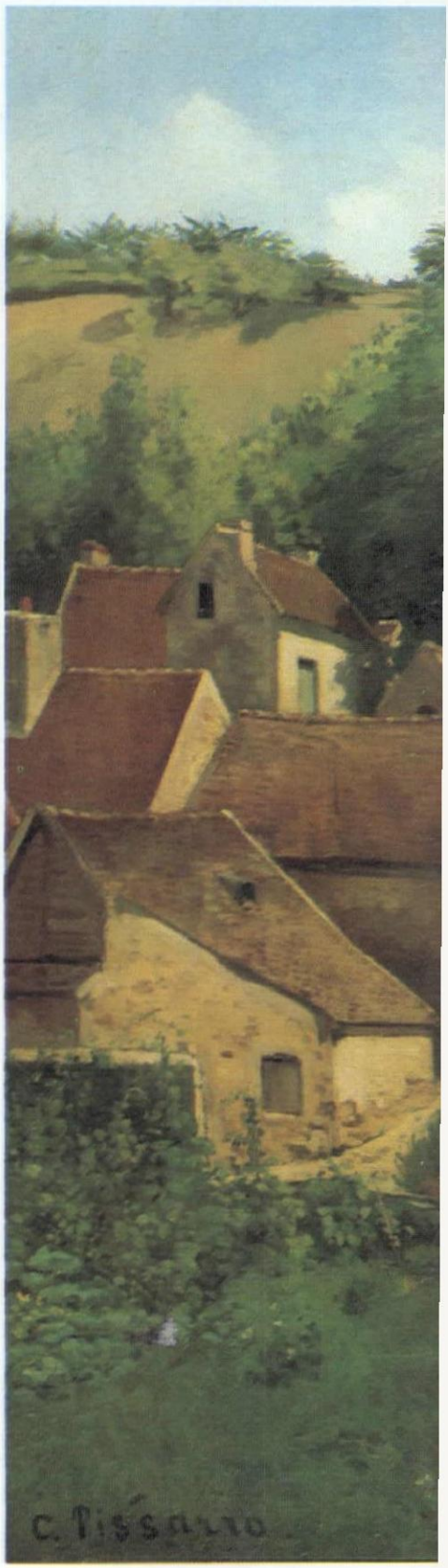
Felix Bracquemond, the printmaker who exhibited with the impressionists, said about Camille Pissarro, "This is not a man, but a bowsprit!" Like a spar projecting from the bow of impressionism, he held together the tacks of the various factions and offshoots of the movement, while steadfastly supporting its central jib—a philosophy of art for and of the people, but not for the Salon aristocracy. Along with Monet, Renoir, Sisley, and Degas, he broke through the wall of academic resistance to "democratic art" (as it was then defined in terms of ordinary people pictured going about their mundane activities in directly observed typical settings) and rode the crest of the wave which was the first modern-art movement.

From May 20 through August 9, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts will host the most comprehensive Pissarro exhibition ever seen in America. The show, which originated in London last fall and traveled to Paris before coming to Boston, includes more than ninety Pissarro paintings and one hundred prints and drawings.

Pissarro was the bridge between Courbet and Cézanne, between realism and modernism. His early, mid-1860s canvases have all the ruggedness of Courbet, the precise tonalism of Corot, and the structural solidity we have come to admire in the later works of Cézanne. Pissarro built his landscapes the way the Greeks built the Parthenon—in horizontal layers, from base to articulated architrave, with columnar trees and capitallike roofs. Careful studies preceded each oil, yet the meteorological observations are so accurately transcribed into tones that you feel you know the temperature and moisture content of the air as though you were experiencing them. His was not the exquisitely all-seeing eye of Claude Monet; his was not the flesh-equals-pigment sensuality of Auguste Renoir; nor was his the daringly oblique formalism of Edgar Degas. Camille Pissarro's specialness lay in his ability to synthesize and solidify—to make something solid "like the art of the museums" out of impressionism, as his self-proclaimed pupil Paul Cézanne was later to say and to do in his own way.

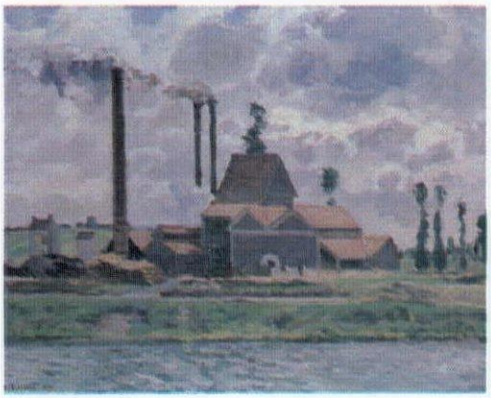
Pissarro had experimented with eliminating black from his palette as early as 1865 and had been juxtaposing large strokes of unmodulated color well before 1869 when he founded impressionism with Monet and Renoir. He painted in *plein air* alongside them daily in the area around Louveciennes and La Grenouillère before both he and Monet escaped to England in 1870 during the Franco-Prussian War. The invading Prussians requisitioned Pissarro's house for use as a barracks and stable, slaughtering animals in his garden and using his canvases as outdoor rugs to keep the mud off their feet. It is thought approximately one thousand of Pissarro's works from a dozen productive years were lost to the world. Included were most of the paintings which would have confirmed for posterity the claim critic Armand Silvestre made, when reviewing the first impressionist exhibition in 1874, that Pissarro was "basically the inventor of this painting." It is a devastating hiatus in our knowledge of Pissarro's lifework, particularly because the work we do have from the years just prior to 1870 is so strong—the Metropolitan Museum of Art's *Côte du Jallais, Pontoise* (1867) and the marvelous *Locks at Pontoise* (1869-70) being sufficient examples.

Cézanne called Pissarro "the first impressionist," but that may simply mean he was first in Cézanne's eyes. It was Pissarro who set the example for Cézanne that freed him from his turbulent and obsessive figure paintings. Pissarro showed the younger artist not only his techniques, but also his patience, his ready receptiveness to the "motif," and the importance of making an individual response to one's sensations. Pissarro never liked teaching per se, but set a consistent example for all the "students" in his so-called School of Pontoise,



Above: Pissarro did few self-portraits and only one etched portrait, Self-portrait, *1890-91, etching on zinc, 7¼ x 7⅜ inches. Right:* The Hillsides of L'Hermitage, Pontoise, *circa 1867, oil on canvas, 59⅝ x 79 inches.*

Museum of Fine Arts, Springfield, Massachusetts



The Brooklyn Museum, New York

Top: The Climbing Path, L'Hermitage, Pontoise, *1875, oil on canvas, 21 1/8 x 25 3/4 inches, from a period when Pissarro worked closely with Cézanne. Above:* Factory near Pontoise, *1873, oil on canvas, 18 3/8 x 22 inches. Right:* The Backwoods of L'Hermitage, Pontoise, *1879, 49 5/8 x 64 3/4 inches, is one of Pissarro's largest paintings.*

and he was always ready with advice and help for a struggling artist. Besides Cézanne and Gauguin, who had extensive guidance from "Père" Pissarro, Vincent van Gogh, Paul Signac, Maximillien Luce, his own sons Lucien, Georges (known as Manzana), and Paul-Emile, as well as Pierre Matisse, and even Francis Picabia took his advice to heart.

In a radical role reversal, however, the teacher later became the pupil. Already unifying his brushwork in the late 1870s, Pissarro was apparently searching for a systematic way to unify his paintings coloristically. In 1885 he met the brilliant young painter Georges Seurat, the inventor of a system for applying "without awkwardness and even with much accuracy, the method of multicolored stroke dear to Camille Pissarro," in the words of the art critic Roger Marx. Pissarro jumped at it: Seurat's pointillist method not only seemed to be a logical next step for unsystematic impressionism, but "it had the additional advantage of being 'scientific' at a time when anarchists like Pissarro believed in the promise of science to pierce the secrets of nature and to give everyone the intellectual and material benefit of this knowledge." If there was a tradeoff between the two men, it probably happened earlier, since Pissarro's rugged compositions seem to be a logical influence on a Seurat canvas like the Guggenheim's *Farm Laborer* (1882).

The fact that Pissarro could so readily embrace a new painting style—even though he did not stay with its time-consuming method of execution for long—was shocking to his fellow impressionists and to his dealers, collectors, and supporting critics. He risked what little financial security he had achieved by the mid-1880s, because he believed in the rightness of Seurat's method, just as he had steadfastly—for moral reasons—refused to exhibit at the Salon even though that was the only clear path to financial reward. Renoir, Monet (from whom he had to borrow money at times), and most of the other impressionists capitulated to success and showed at the Salon, but Pissarro's antiroyalist, antielitist, antiestablishment politics were truly anarchistic and he did not believe that an "official" stamp of approval should be placed on any work of art. He firmly believed that "the impressionists

The Prussians slaughtered his anim and used his canvase as outdoor rugs.

The Cleveland Museum of Art

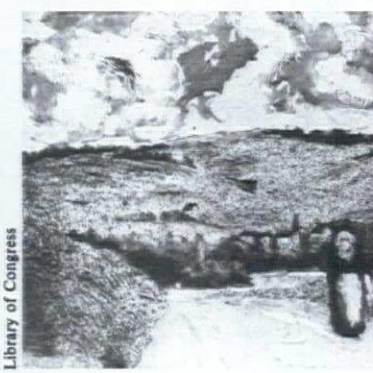
"I left everything and fled to Caracas. What I suffered was unbelievable, but I survived."

Museum of Fine Arts, Dallas

have the true position, they stand for a robust art based on sensation, and that is an honest stand," which is why he insisted on showing in all eight impressionist exhibitions despite the warring factions that sought to destroy that hard-won independent tradition. He had come to feel, however, that Seurat and his colleagues (which included his own son Lucien), the "new" impressionists, were closer to the heart of that position than his old comrades Monet and Renoir, whom he now deemed romantics. Recent history has tended to validate this personally difficult judgment of Pissarro's. He felt closer to the neoimpressionists' subject matter as well—their factories, quays, work barges, and street circuses were of the working class like Pissarro's peasants and crowded street and marketplace scenes. By contrast, Monet's cathedrals were upsetting to Pissarro's anticlerical beliefs, and his increasingly narrow interest in capturing the fleeting moment seemed somewhat frivolous to Pissarro's peasantlike ethical sense.

Pissarro rarely painted unpeopled landscapes, and often the natural setting is only an unobtrusive backdrop for a figure or group. Pissarro had received a considerable amount of academic training, and despite his youthful comment to Cézanne that the Louvre ought to be set afire, it is obvious that he spent a good deal of effort studying the old masters. *The Gleaners* (1889), for instance, harks back to Brueghel, and *Apple Picking at Eragny-sur-Epte* (1886) can be seen as a modern "three ages of man" or "three Graces," and many other figure groupings refer back to Dutch genre painting.

Pissarro's lifelong antipathy to the bourgeoisie undoubtedly began in his youth in Saint Thomas where his father, a French Jew from Bordeaux, ran a successful general store. He had a taste of the "other side" while he was abroad for schooling as a teen-ager, and he had come back to Saint Thomas with a well-developed drawing technique and a decided taste for sketching out-of-doors from real life models. He lasted four years working in his father's shop and drawing in his spare time before he escaped to Caracas, Venezuela, with Fritz Melbye, a young Danish painter, seeking adventure. He said later, "I found I could not bear Saint Thomas, and without further reflection I left everything and fled to Caracas in order to break the bond which tied me to a bourgeois existence; what I suffered was unbelievable, but I survived."



Library of Congress

Even though Pissarro's ties to his family remained tight, and he performed al
duties required of him as an adul
upon his death, apparently left hi
though he left sums to both th
church and the synagogue. Ne
parents had approved of his liais
Vellay, a peasant's daughter, and
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before the birth of their third chil
Jewish, bourgeois background
artist who despised religion,
denomination, loved his family,
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wholeheartedly in the physical and
cal benefits of hard work, living
uncompromisingly, for his art (an
children). Pissarro supported ana
only political ideal in which there
authority above the common man

Despite the manifold evidence
deep revolutionary commitment
politics, few recent critics have tak

Pissarro in America

Small concentrations of Pissarro's works can be found in five major American museums.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has ten Pissarro works dating from 1867 to 1899. These include *The Jallais Hill, Pontoise* (1867), *A Cowherd on the Route du Chou'pontoise* (1874), and *Old Market Rouen and the Rue de L'Epicerie* (1898). The collection also includes two versions of Pissarro's 1899 work, *The Gardens of Tuileries on a Winter Afternoon*.

The Art Institute of Chicago has ten Pissarros. Stars of the collection include the *Girl Sewing* (1895), *Woman and Child at the Well* (1871), and *The Crystal Palace* (1871).

The National Gallery's collection of eight Pissarro paintings includes *Boulevard des Italiens, Morning, Sunlight* (1899), *Orchard in Bloom, Louveciennes* (1872), *Place du Carrousel, Paris* (1900), and *Peasant Girl with a Straw Hat* (1881).

The Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute at Williams College in Williamstown, Massachusetts owns seven Pissarro canvases, including *The River Oise Near Pontoise* (1873), *Piette's House at Montfoucault* (1874), and *The Road: Rain Effect* (1870).

The host Museum of Fine Arts in Boston has in its permanent collection eight Pissarro paintings, as well as important groups of drawings and original prints.

The Armand Hammer Foundation

eft, top: Apple Picking at Eragny-sur-Epte, *888, oil on canvas, 23⅝ x 28¼ inches, reflects time when Pissarro experimented with eurat's neoimpressionistic technique. Left: On thin, irregularly shaped piece of copper, issarro created one of his technically most nusual prints:* The Woman on the Road, *879, aquatint, 6⅛ x 8¼ inches. Above: One f a series of thirteen views of the boulevard,* oulevard Montmartre, mardi gras, *1897, oil n canvas, 25 x 31½ inches, is the only one ithout the lamp post in the foreground.*

itment seriously for its effect on his art. It is turally difficult today for us to see what was revolutionary about painting peasants, or ohemian hangouts like *La Moulin de la Galtte,* but it helps to recall the rage that greeted ourbet's *Stone Breakers* in 1849, the year ssarro came to Paris to live. That infamous ork inflamed passions, as a critic said at that ne, because "no one wanted to admit that a one breaker is equal to a prince" or to see so uch canvas used up depicting peasants when only sovereigns have the right to be painted ll-size." Eleven years later Jean Rousseau rote that Pissarro "uses a robust and exberant talent to accentuate the vulgarities of e contemporary world," and Emile Zola felt it my duty to shake his hand vigorously" ecause he evinced a "supreme concern for uth and rightness, a strong, harsh will. You e an awkward fellow, Monsieur!" he wrote. You are an artist I like." These critics adired such Pissarro canvases as *The Banks of e Marne in Winter* (1866) for precisely the asons most other critics of the day despised them—and Courbet's work as well: their down-to-earth naturalism.

Many of the paintings of the early 1870s, done in and around Pontoise (the cabbage capital of France), were mocked by reactionary critics because of their humble subject matter (cabbages were assumed even when not apparent), but these are among the very finest paintings of his life. The pearly light of Corot informs the classics of this period—*The Crossroads* and *The Lock at Pontoise,* both of 1872; the *Factory at Pontoise* (1873); and *The Entry into the Village of Voisins* (1872)—while some of the titanic energy of Cezanne seems to lurk behind the twisting *Chestnut Trees of Louveciennes* (1872), one of Pissarro's masterpieces.

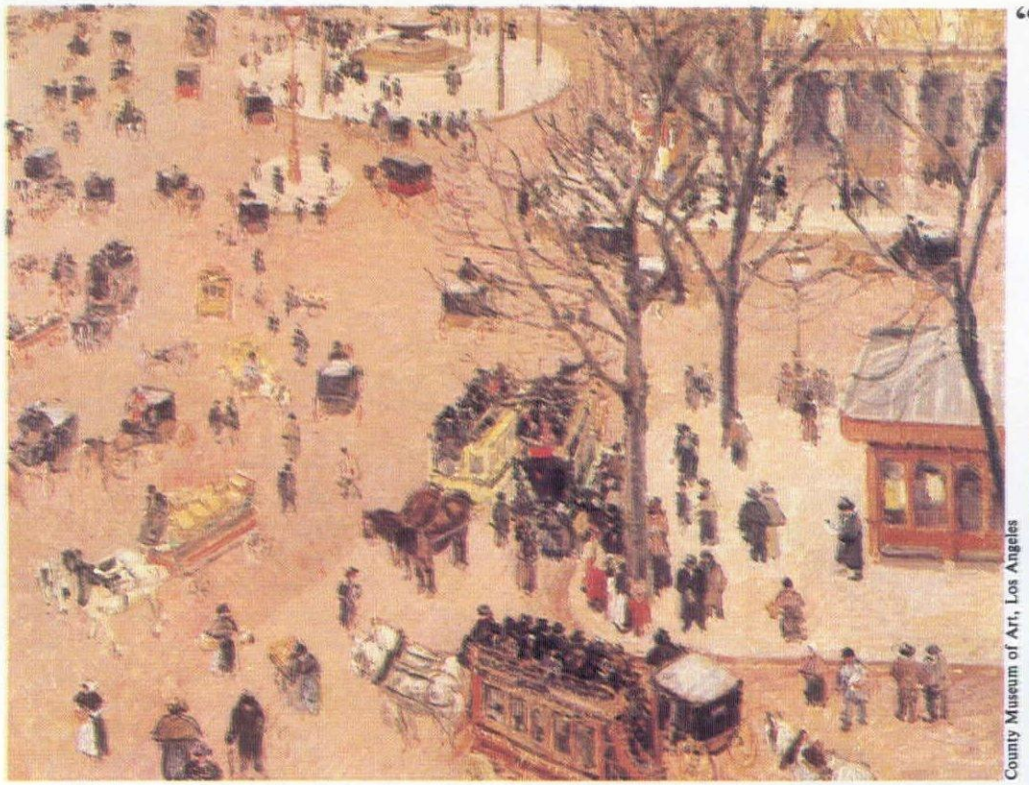
A high point is reached in a great painting like *The Climbing Path, L'Hermitage, Pontoise* (1875) which is rarely matched in later country landscapes. As the 1870s waned, both the size and troubles of Pissarro's family increased while his finances dwindled. He was constantly trying to mitigate the many disputes among the impressionists about the annual exhibition, defections to the Salon, and the inclusion of new impressionists like Gauguin, Caillebotte, and Guillaumin. All of the impressionists were in trouble as a result of both adverse criticism and a serious monetary crisis in France, but Pissarro's paintings did indeed fall off in quality and consistency. During these years, however, he made some amazing technical and conceptual advances in the print medium, working with great intensity side-by-side with Degas and Mary Cassatt, each spurring the others on to greater improvisatory accomplishments. They invented all sorts of free and painterly effects in order to translate an impressionist vision into the graphic medium, and their innovations have become an invaluable part of the repertory of print technique. Pissarro, alone among the landscape impressionists, produced a significant body of work, over two hundred plates, in the medium.

Some of the Montfoucault canvases, particularly *The Harvest* of 1876, continue the limpid clarity of the early 1870s, but for the most part Pissarro is struggling for pictorial unity by means of brush stroke and hue, rather than tone, as before. A few paintings, *The Cote des Boefs, Pontoise,* and *The Red Roofs, Corner of the Village, Winter,* both of 1877, succeed despite the problems, and some of the market scenes at Pontoise, like the one in the Norton Simon Collection, are powerful figure paintings, though hardly impressionistic; but most of the paintings of the late seventies and early eighties seem unclear. He found the answer to his problems temporarily in Seurat's divisionism, but by the end of the eighties he was desperately trying to find a substitute for the rigid and time-consuming "dot."

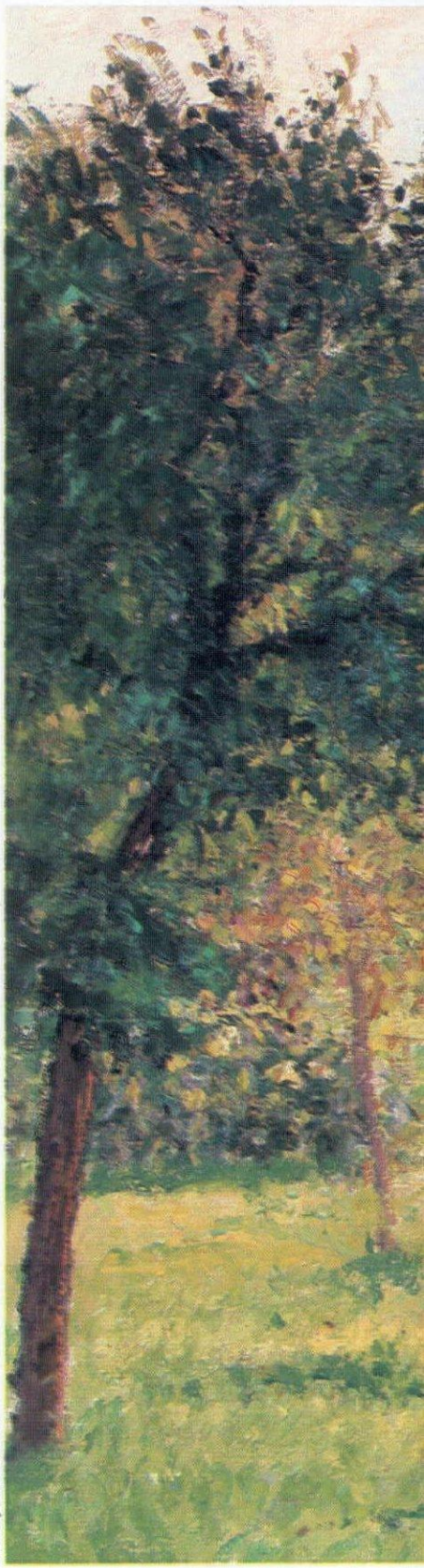
The best figure paintings of the later 1880s and the 1890s return to tonalism and to a free, unregulated brush stroke. They tend to glorify the hard-working peasant by the studied grace of the poses, which seem either dancelike or monumental in the manner of statues. Even a relatively "pure" landscape like the very special *View from My Window at Eragny* (1886-88)—a remarkable prefiguration of Balthus' best landscapes fifty years hence—creates an idealizing ambience of perfection for the agrarian life. Critics often compared these later paintings of peasants with those of Millet, which incensed Pissarro since he was antireligious and thought of Millet as self-consciously biblical. Pissarro's attitude in honoring honest labor was revolutionary and utopian, never sentimental.

It may be that Pissarro came to terms with the inevitable industrialization of the work force in his last years. He had been painting factories and trains into some of his finest early paintings, such as *Lordship Lane Station, Upper Norwood, London* (1871), where a train rushes at us on a track that dramatically clefts the landscape—and the picture space—into two distinct parts. But the presence of industry generally seemed disruptive to the peace of the countryside. Nestled amid the farmhouses of many an early work are chimneys billowing

"You are an awkward fellow, Monsieur!" wrote Zola. "You are an artist I like."



County Museum of Art, Los Angeles



Sotheby Parke Bernet

forth clouds of gray-particled smoke. Even Pissarro's sympathetic portrait, *Factory Near Pontoise* (1873), with all its crystalline geometry, or his late sixties series of views of a new factory across the Oise from Pontoise, cannot prepare us for the exciting series of bustling dockside and river-bridge scenes he painted in Rouen in the late 1890s, including the grand *Boieldieu Bridge, Rouen, Damp Weather* (1896). We view the frenetic activity of urban commercial life with the gaping-eyed amazement of a country bumpkin on his first visit to the city. Nothing in that person's life, nor in Pissarro's oeuvre up to this point, has readied us for the shock of so much physical and visual action. Pissarro's time had finally come; he was doing fairly well financially since sales were good and his standing among artists was excellent. He owned his home and was able to travel to places like Rouen for long periods of working from new motifs. His only problem was a recurrent eye infection brought on by drafts or dust particles, but he could paint safely behind window glass. Instead of being a handicap, this restriction seems to have brought about a great efflorescence in his art.

After a decade or more of unevenness and crushing problem solving, Pissarro comes through at the end with some of the most daring, innovative, and complex paintings of his career. The horizon line is way up at the top of the picture or nonexistent in these bird's-eye views of Rouen, London, and Paris, which allows him to use his considerable powers as a pictorial architect to build the picture space from bottom to top with the kind of formal largess a composer can bring to the symphonic form, but not to the sonata. The all-over homogenization of a composition like the formidable *La Place du Théatre Francais, Paris* (1898) is remarkable for its daring modernity. It parallels Monet's early water lilies in predicting much of twentieth-century painting.

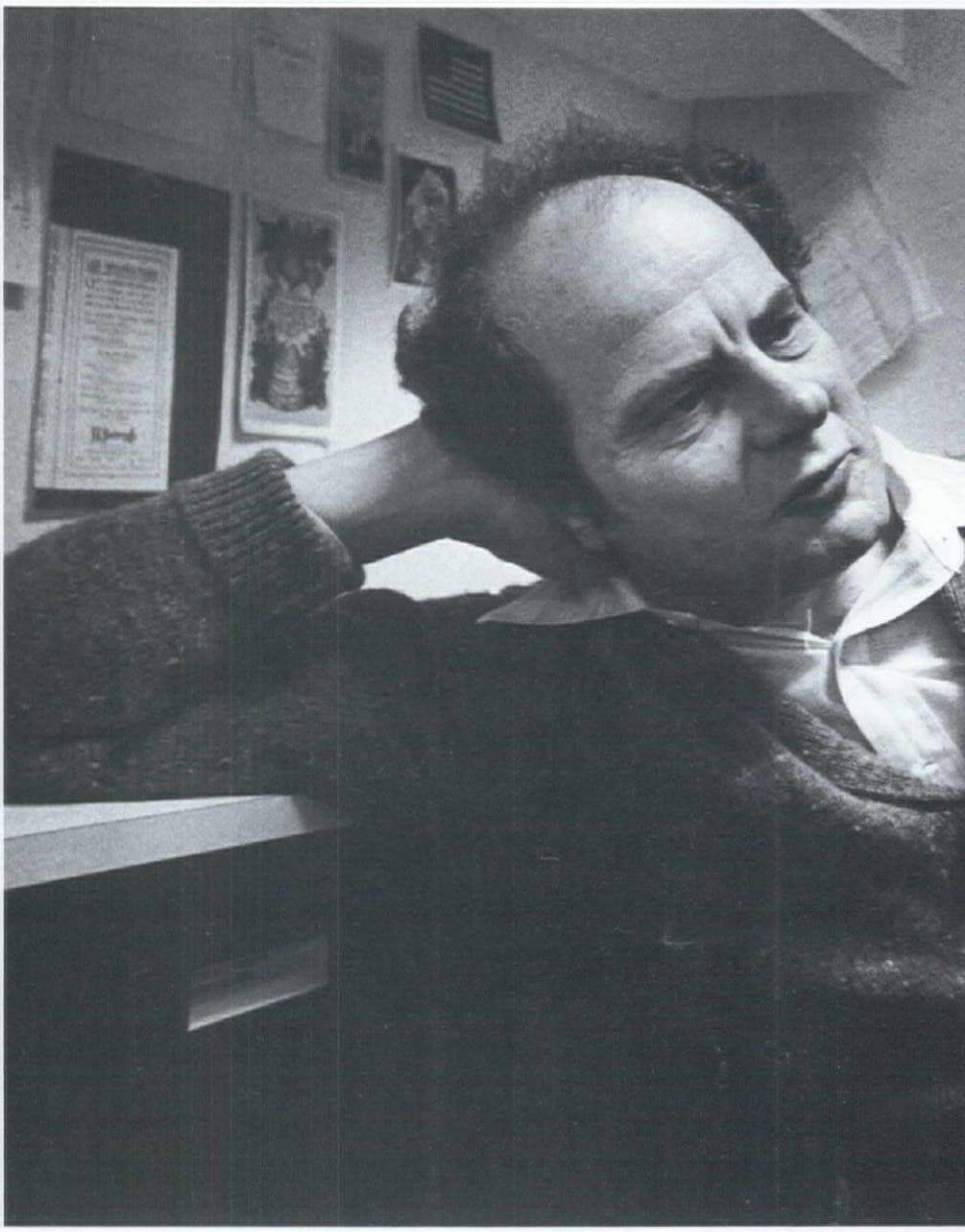
Above: La Place du Théatre Francais, Paris, *1898, oil on canvas, 28½ x 36½ inches, belongs to the series of paintings executed from a window of the Grand Hotel du Louvre. Right:* Two Women in a Meadow, Sunset at Eragny, *1897, oil on canvas, 25 x 31 inches.*

Pissarro's dilemma was that of every artist who has entered art history at the right time to be part of an important art movement: how does one remain true to one's artistic credo and yet not stagnate? Pissarro was horrified at the notion of painting the same picture all one's life, and yet the alternative—a continued intense search—was certainly painful. Although he was more open than any of his fellow impressionists to new painting ideas, he remained an impressionist to the end, albeit a very different one from the impressionist he was when he began. Since he believed in a universal, nonallusive, antiantiquarian art for everyone and saw "impressionism as a healthy, straightforward art, based on individual sensations," he was able to make a living art out of impressionism that remains viable for us today, just as it remained vital throughout his years of searching. □

April Kingsley is currently the director of the Sculpture Center in New York. Her article, "Philip Guston's Endgame" appeared in the June 1980 Horizon.

Annotator of Note

San Francisco's Michael Steinberg has turned the program note into an art form. By Steven Winn



Fran Ortiz/San Francisco Examiner

When San Francisco Symphony audiences arrive early for the concerts, it isn't just so they can gawk at the interior of Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall, the orchestra's sparkling new home on Van Ness Avenue. Great numbers of them show up half an hour or so before the first downbeat, just as they did last season—to read the program notes, of all things.

What has become an offhand practice—or has been omitted in many cities—has taken on the quality of obsession here. Interest in the notes is so high, in fact, that symphony management has initiated an unprecedented policy. Ticket holders may now receive the program notes by mail in advance of the concerts.

Surely this appetite for musical commentary cannot be attributed to an unusually scholarly bent in San Franciscans, but rather to the author of the notes, the symphony's artistic advisor, Michael Steinberg. A former music critic for the *Boston Globe* and program annotator for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Steinberg is in his second year at the San Francisco Symphony, where, with his insightful and accessible notes, popular prerehearsal talks, ingenious contributions to program planning, and a host of other activities, he is dramatically enriching this city's musical life. "It's as if the audience just woke up," says symphony executive director Peter Pastreich. "Michael's notes have had an unbelievable impact."

At a time when economy-minded, mass-appeal-conscious orchestra managements are neglecting such unfashionable services as program notes (which lose money, even with ad-heavy booklets wrapped around them) in favor of big-name soloists and blockbuster festivals, Steinberg's success in breaking down the barriers between music and audience makes the San Francisco Symphony a kind of maverick example for other orchestras.

"There's a lot of the missionary in me," grants Steinberg, a tall, scholarly looking man in his early fifties, whose high, arched brow and close-set eyes give him a serious and, at the same time, deceptively playful air. "More than anything else I like to see people—performers, composers, conductors, and listeners—coming together in nourishing, beneficial ways. The music itself has to be the central experience, but a program note can be a way for a listener to find a path into a piece—*a* path, not *the* path, of course. I don't think the annotator's job is to force an interpretation or a particular view. The performance, finally, has to take over."

Steinberg's colleagues, his competitors in a way, many of whom visited San Francisco in September for the opening of Davies Hall, quick to acknowledge what a leading m sionary he is. "It's extraordinary," says M Ann Feldman, program annotator for Minnesota Orchestra, "but Michael is alw able to pick out the things that the ear—e the inexperienced ear—picks out and put t into words." "He's a model of clarity a fairness," adds Peter Gelb of the Boston Sy phony, Steinberg's former employer. A from a critic on a big-city daily: "This is a li tough to say—I'm a writer, too—but Mich Steinberg is simply the most astute, lucid, a illuminating writer on music around."

Steven Winn writes for the San Francisco Chronicle *and is a free-lance contributor to various art magazines.*

With the San Francisco Symphony, Michael Steinberg is not only the program annotator, but also a creative advisor to musical director Edo de Waart.

The program notes themselves, of course, peak most clearly for their author's gifts. ecause of the breadth of his knowledge and atholicity of his tastes, Steinberg is refreshingly nbound by the encyclopedia-entry style of any annotators, that familiar recitation of a omposer's travel itinerary and a few desultory emarks about tempo. Instinctively, uncannily, e goes for the telling detail, whether it's the ole of Robert Schumann's death in Brahms' horale preludes, the elaborately contrived orhestration in Maurice Ravel's *Bolero*, or the act that Mozart's *Linz* Symphony, criticized or some perfunctory passages, sounds a little slapdash for good reason—the composer finished it under a very tight deadline.

Steinberg's style is pointed, yet colorful and sensual, as he captures both the sense and sensation of music: he writes of "a slowly whirling figure in thirds" in Sibelius, of how Bach "violently slues the harmony into C minor" at a pivotal moment in the *Saint Matthew Passion*, of the "quiet swaying back and forth between two adjacent notes" in a Mozart fugue. As Feldman points out, Steinberg almost never relies on metaphor, which tends to draw attention to the writer's feelings and away from the content of the music.

"The whole idea of program notes began in Boston in the 1890s," Steinberg reflects. "It all has a lot to do with the American idealistic view of education, this passionate belief in everyone's right to know." He smiles and knits his hands together. "I share that idea, desperately almost. The trouble with me is that I'm a born teacher. When I know something, I want everyone else to find it out, too."

Steinberg's method in preparing a program note is simple and exhaustive: he reads everything from letters to biographies to current criticism about the composer, studies the score, and listens to recordings before he begins to write. He tries not to recycle old commentaries and insights and says there's always something new to discover in a piece of music: a biographical parallel one year, something purely musical the next.

His research sometimes leads into distantly connected eddies. Recently, in preparing for Mahler's Eighth Symphony, he read the entire 12,000 lines of Goethe's *Faust* for the first time. ("Imagine a job where you get paid to read poetry.") And his extramusical explorations often end up as fascinating footnotes in the symphony programs. Among other things, in his first year here, Steinberg disclosed the fact that Ravel's well-known interest in machines came from his father (who helped develop the two-stroke internal-combustion motor), that poor Bach had terrible singers in his choir, and that Mozart never used the name Amadeus for himself—it was either Amadeo or Amadé.

But the music is always foremost. In addition to his cogent analyses, Steinberg offers his readers local performance history of the pieces, suggestions for further reading and study, and occasionally a gently argued opinion on an accent marking or the advisability of taking a repeat. All of it, apparently, comes easily. In one form or another, he has been writing about music for a long time.

Born into a well-to-do, artistic family in Breslau, Germany, Michael Steinberg attended school in England and America, thinking he'd become a doctor like his father, but all the while keeping up with piano lessons. At Princeton he drifted into musicology as an alternative to performing or composing (for

A Steinberg Sampler

On Mahler's Symphony no. 2:
Mahler took home as many of these floral tributes as he could manage, and, lying in his room amid their seductive scent, he imagined himself dead on his bier. Marion von Weber pulled him out of his state and removed the flowers, but the vision had been sufficient to sharpen greatly Mahler's vision of a compositional project. . . .

Against scrubbing violins and violas, low strings hurl turns, scales, and broken chords.

On Liszt's Piano Concerto no. 1:
Liszt may have been one of the nineteenth century's most wayward and exasperating underachievers, to say nothing of committing the unforgivable sin of success, but he was a genius. Hearing this concerto can remind us.

On Mozart's Adagio and Fugue in C Minor (K. 546):
The intensity of dissonance is the fugue's most immediately striking feature. In a manner for which there is no precedent in Bach or Handel, Mozart even has the first entrance of each voice occur on a dissonance; he is discovering how a command of counterpoint expands harmonic horizons. . . . No wonder the piece spoke to Beethoven, who wrote out the score for his own use.

On Mozart's Piano Concerto no. 22 (K. 482):
. . . a sound never before heard in one of Mozart's concertos, the sound of clarinets, still a novel instrument in the middle eighties and one for whose round softness Mozart had a special feeling.

On Satie's Gymnopédies:
That Satie, with his odd Scots-French bloodlines and his tendencies both to mimosa-like sensibility and a harshness verging on cruelty, should have excelled at the opposite genres of serenity and cabaret fun is one of the least surprising things about him.

On Brahms' Symphony no. 1:
Beethoven is all over the *First Piano Concerto*, the score into which Brahms channeled the energies from which he had hoped to make his first essay in symphony—the choice of the *Ninth Symphony* key of D minor, the whole rhetorical stance, the wild *Hammerklavier* trills, the modeling (as Tovey points out) of the finale on the one in the C minor Piano Concerto. And Brahms' real *First Symphony* is not always out of earshot of the marching footsteps either. To begin with, to write a C minor symphony with a triumphant C major conclusion was anything other than a trivial decision. And certainly Brahms knew just what he was about when, at the great arrival in C major, he evoked the *Ode to Joy*.

On Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto:
The first performance must have been awful. [Adolf] Brodsky [the soloist] himself was prepared, but [Hans] Richter [the conductor] had not allowed enough rehearsal time, and most of the little there was went into correcting mistakes in the parts. The orchestra, out of sheer timidity, accompanied everything *pianissimo*. Brodsky was warmly applauded, but the music itself was hissed.

On Bach's Saint Matthew Passion:
There is, in fact, a manuscript score of a *Saint Luke Passion,* twenty-three pages of which are in Bach's handwriting, but though at least two record companies have tried to palm it off as being by Bach, it is a copy he made of a work by an as-yet-unidentified colleague.

On Schubert's Symphony no. 8:
Ever since the first edition of 1840, printed scores have put a *diminuendo* mark under the final unison C. This is nonsense and, as in the analagous instance of the end of the C major Cello Quintet, (D. 956), it arises from Schubert's habit of making his accent marks so big and so emphatic that editors misread them.

On Beethoven's Symphony no. 5:
What makes this so dramatic an opening for a symphony is the violence of the contrast between the urgency in the eighth-notes and the ominous freezing of motion in the unmeasured long notes. Of such contrasts we shall hear more. The halt of the first violins on their high G and the expansion later on of that halt into a pathos-filled cadenza for the oboe are obvious examples; the slow subsidences of motion around the wind-string antiphonies, those patches of illusory calm before great storm, provide more subtle instances.

which, he says, he lacked the necessary g
and began teaching at the Manhattan Sch
of Music in the late fifties. "It
fascinating," he recalls, "being around
real blue-collar workers of music all
time—you know, the future oboists and cell
of America."

His first writings on music began to app
about that time: record reviews in the *Satur*
Review, High Fidelity, Opera News, and
1960, his first program notes—for the Gre
wich Village Symphony, managed by P
Pastreich, the man who would bring Mich
Steinberg to San Francisco nineteen ye
later. In 1964 Steinberg was hired as the mu
critic at the *Boston Globe*, the beginning o
celebrated and stormy twelve-year tenure.

Steinberg was not timid about his opinio
nor was he overly reverent toward the mus
sacred cows in a town where tradition seem
mandate such deference. A 1969 review o
Boston Symphony concert conducted by Ca
Mario Giulini so outraged the orchestra m
bers (already put out by Steinberg's bl
criticism of the ensemble) that they petitio
management to bar him from the concerts.
then, seven years later, in a move describe
the normally unruffled *Baker's Biograph*
Dictionary of Musicians as "a spectacular p
peteia," Steinberg left the *Globe* to join
Boston Symphony, recipients of his harsh
words for a dozen years, as director of publ
tions. Steinberg explains the move simply.
was tired of writing about performances,"
shrugs. "I wanted to write about the mu
itself."

When he took over, in the midseventies,
art of the program note was at a low ebb, a
tim, as Steinberg saw it, of the McLuhan age
knew things had to change," he says, grimac
at the memory, "when the Boston Symph
did a program for Berlioz' *Romeo and Juliet*
what looked like a folded paper towel with a
heart and lipstick kiss on the front."

Steinberg speaks kindly of his term as p
gram annotator in Boston (as did the *N*
Yorker and the *Village Voice*, among oth
who called his notes the best in the count
But he was frustrated, too, by the lack of in
he had on program planning and overall m
agement, and so, urged by his son who
him he "ought to go someplace new and m
it on his own merits," Steinberg answe
Peter Pastreich's call from San Francisco
moved west in the summer of 1979.

The strongest appeal of the job, he s

"I'd make a plea for Elgar as a more important symphonist than Mahler."

ow, was that it offered the opportunity to ork closely with an organization on the verge f important changes. Not only was the orhestra about to abandon the acoustically ompromising opera house for a new hall esigned specifically for its use, it was also reparing for radical changes in personnel (a esult of dividing the city's musicians into eparate, permanent ensembles for the opera nd the symphony), its first East Coast tour in ver thirty years, expanded radio and televiion exposure, a new music series, and more. ll of it was happening under the leadership of relatively young management and a musical irector, Edo de Waart, whose adventurous pirit Steinberg had admired since he heard im conduct a midnight concert for winds in msterdam ten years before. "Besides," teinberg smiles, "who wouldn't want to live n San Francisco?"

Once he arrived, his duties quickly expanded eyond those of a program annotator to inlude giving lectures before public rehearsals nd doing commentaries for the radio broadast concerts. He is anxious to work with elevision, too, and believes there are ways to se the electronic media more fruitfully in ducating and enriching the audience. "Look t those cassettes in art museums," he says, his oice quickening. "Why don't we do somening like that? There's so much the classical usic world hasn't begun to explore with difrent modes of music presentation. The foral concert is only one way to go about it."

As a member of the symphony's operating ommittee, Steinberg participates in decisions n everything from ticket sales to public relaons to security. "Michael's presence at those eetings is perhaps the most subtle but signifint contribution he makes," says executive rector Pastreich. "To have someone who ally understands music, someone who's close the performances, in on these discussions, akes management so much more aware and nsitive when they act."

Steinberg takes to it all enthusiastically. iscussing plans for a new music series, he rns his attention to every conceivable detail at might affect the audience's experience of e concerts. "What will the musicians wear? here will the people sit? On rugs? Folding airs in a semicircle? Will we have program otes? What kind of paper? Will we leave the ghts up so people can read the texts?"

The role that he relishes the most, however, that of program-planning adviser to de Waart. Last season Steinberg offered the inspired suggestion of pairing the premiere of a new Steve Reich piece with Ravel's *Bolero,* the latter's familiar, repeated pattern subtly vindicating the hypnotic, seemingly mundane repetitions in the former. Mozart's dense Adagio and Fugue in C Minor (K. 546) and his Piano Concerto no. 22 (K. 482) completed the program. "I was pretty pleased with that," Steinberg allows. "There were just so many connections and contrasts in it: the Reich-*Bolero* thing, of course, but also the very contrapuntal writing in the fugue set off by the clarity of the concerto, the eighteenth century against the twentieth, and so on.

"Ideally," he continues, "you'd like a whole season to be coherent like that. But there are so many things working against you. In a twenty-four-week subscription season you've only got about forty-one hours of music. When you think of it that way, it's hard to justify programming anything very lengthy that you're not absolutely sure about. You have to consider the box office—Beethoven and Brahms do sell, no question about it. You've got to think about the soloists you've had to sign three years in advance and how long it's been since you've done a certain piece. Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*, incredibly, hasn't been played in San Francisco for almost thirty years [until the 1980–81 season]. Then when you think you're all done, you sit down and divide the season up into partial series and discover you've put all the choral works in one column and no soloists in another, and you've got to start all over again."

Steinberg picks up the 1980–81 schedule and scans it for places where his input, he thinks, might help the pieces to "say things about each other." One program features two oboe concertos (by Handel and Maderna) and Bruckner's Fourth Symphony. "After the athletic, overactive texture of the Handel," he explains, "we wanted the immense, architectonic feel of Bruckner. And, of course, you have the same solo instrument being handled differently by Handel and Maderna. That's a nice comparison."

The following week, the concerts would be molded around the soloist, Yehudi Menuhin. Realizing that Menuhin had known Ernest Bloch and that he had performed his Violin Concerto before, Steinberg suggested that piece, as the symphony's tribute to the Bloch centenary, instead of the more familiar *Schelomo*. The Elgar *Pomp and Circumstance* March no. 2 (not the one that's used at graduations) is also a kind of tribute—to Menuhin, who was very close to the composer. Webern's spare, concise *Five Orchestral Pieces*, op. 10 and Beethoven's rich Eighth Symphony strike the characteristic Steinberg balance within a program.

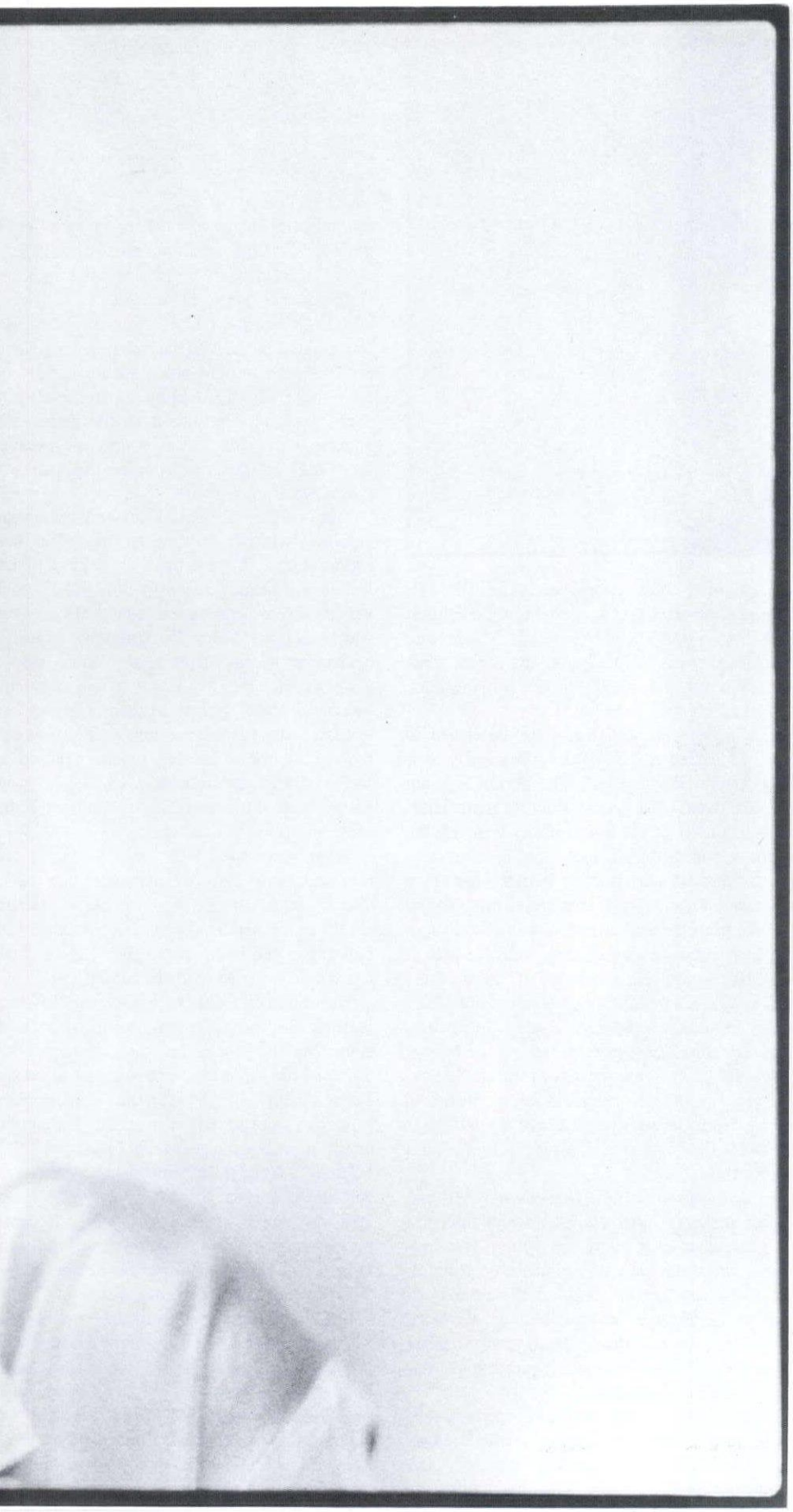
"The secret is not to be didactic when you plan a season," Steinberg remarks. "The less people think about what you've done, the better. The idea is for them to *hear* the pieces in relation to each other."

Steinberg may want the programmer's hand to be out of view, but it certainly isn't unnoticed. "It's phenomenal the way the pieces fit together," says Pastreich. "Michael's idea of programming is a far cry from a Liszt festival or four composers that start with the letter *B*. He's able to find those surprising connections and work them in throughout the season. And he manages to make his input without alienating or usurping the music director."

Steinberg's tastes as well as his judgments are bound to have an impact on the San Francisco Symphony as long as he's there. "I'm very opinionated. There are lots of wonderful pieces of music around that really ought to be performed. New music doesn't always have to be literally new," he says, citing his own interest in little-performed works of the late Romantic period.

"I'd make an impassioned plea for Elgar as one of the great symphonists—more important than Mahler. I'd love to hear more of the Brahms choral works besides the *Requiem*. More Vaughan Williams, more Shostakovich." His pet projects include the resuscitation of Schumann's scenes from Goethe's *Faust* (a piece he claims almost no one alive has heard in its entirety), Harold Shapero's 1947 Symphony for Classical Orchestra (recorded by Leonard Bernstein and then forgotten), and the symphonies of Roger Sessions.

Annotator, educator, program adviser, and all-purpose consultant, Michael Steinberg sees himself as the "motor" of the promising young orchestra he has joined. To others in the profession, his career path—from teaching, to criticism, to his present, multifaceted role—marks off a visionary new direction. "Michael is showing us a whole new role for the critic," says Mary Ann Feldman of the Minnesota Orchestra. "When someone like that is integrated into the whole enterprise of making music, there's almost no limit to what he can contribute. He did it as a teacher, he did it as a critic, and he's doing it now. Michael Steinberg makes us all better listeners." □



All photographs by Elaine Isaacson

In Lisa Alther's new novel, the New South battles the Old South to a stalemate.

Lisa Alther

Vermont's Ambivalent Southerner

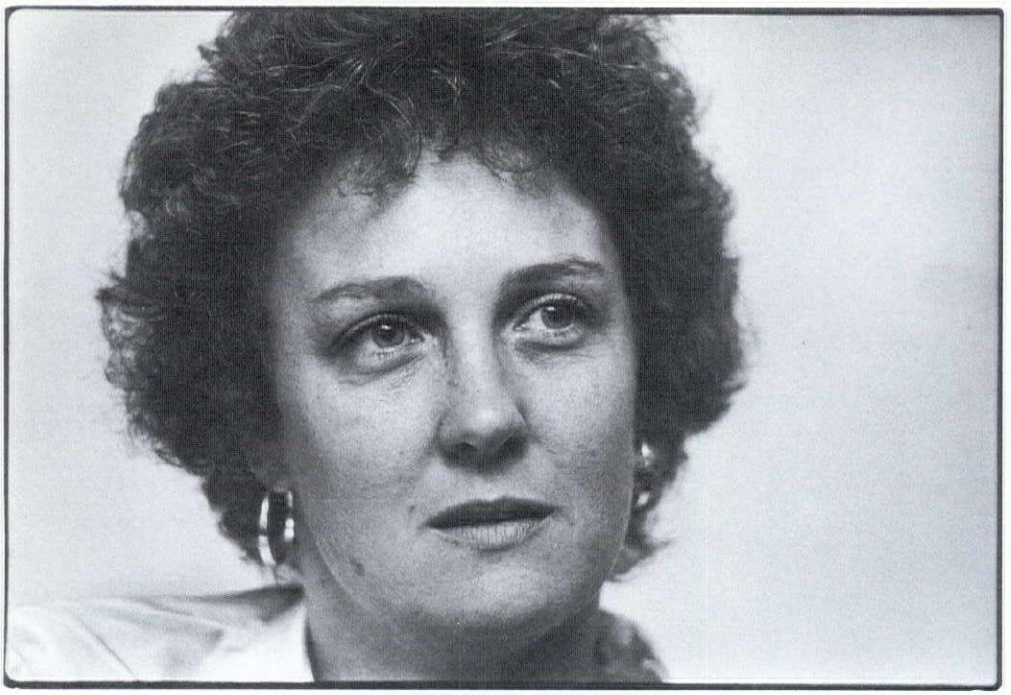
The author of *Kinflicks* turns to original sin. By Andrew Feinberg

It is a 5 degree January morning in Hinesburg, Vermont (population 2,000), and Lisa Alther is sitting in the living room of her large, red farmhouse, circa 1800, talking about why she favors rural Vermont over her native Tennessee. She mentions the freedom from community pressure and the quiet beauty that remind her of the way Tennessee *used* to be, but her words come with an unintended comic twist because Alther, unlike her Northern visitor, is freezing.

A big-boned, five-foot-eight-and-one-half-inch woman who still seems engagingly tomboyish at thirty-six, she crawls over to the electric storage heater and tries to conjure up a Southern heat wave by turning a knob. No luck. So, clad in a shirt, corduroy pants, and a sweater vest, Alther decides to use her parka as a lap blanket. Soon she just shrugs a surrender, puts on the parka, and zips it up.

Such a scene, were it less heavy-handed, could have appeared in her two novels, which examine, with nearly lethal doses of irony, migratory Southerners, contemporary carpetbaggers, and the fascinating tensions that persist between North and South. *Kinflicks*, the hilarious first novel she brought out in 1976, was, of course, about other things as well. Raunchy and picaresque in original ways, it presented Ginny Babcock, a perfect guide to the ferment of the sixties and early seventies because she spends her life trying on identities like a shopper on a spree. Her "progress" includes stints as the flag-swinging high-school sweetheart of the football hero, motorcycle moll of a local Tennessee hood, budding Northeast intellectual, militant lesbian, blissful homemaker and mother, and, most movingly, a newly compassionate daughter who comes home to watch her mother die.

The stylish book begins in this jauntily memorable fashion: "My family has always been into death. My father, the Major, used to insist on having an ice pick next to his placemat at meals so that he could perform an emergency tracheotomy when one of us strangled on a piece of meat. . . ."



"I wrote a stream-of-consciousness piece from inside Nathan Hale's head."

Enchanted critics compared Alther to J. D. Salinger, Doris Lessing, and Henry Fielding, and Ginny was likened to Augie March and Huckleberry Finn. The book was a best seller in hard cover and, resoundingly, in paperback (1,560,000 copies in print).

Her new novel, *Original Sins*, published in April by Alfred A. Knopf, is more overtly sociological and less comical. The period is again the last twenty-five years, but the main character seems to be the South itself. We view the region's transition through the eyes of five Southerners who are roughly Alther's age. Two are sisters from an upper-middle-class family; two are brothers whose relatives are still stuck in the coal mines of Appalachia; and the fifth is the black childhood playmate of the brothers and sisters. Two stay South and uphold seemingly bankrupt traditions, and the others become radicalized, more or less, in the North.

Alther's critical assessment of the book is expressed in some surprisingly unauthorial terms. Upon seeing the galleys of the 608-page novel for the first time, she said, "Oooh, it is a *big* mother!"

Pretentious she is not. Unlike many writers, Alther seems to have a constitutional aversion to generalizations about *anything*. Her frequent anecdotes can be delightfully pointed, but a listener has to total up the points for himself. Although several of her Vermont friends are writers, she finds no great pleasure in shop talk. She would much rather hike, ski, shoot pool, or play poker.

The writer, whose name is pronounced "Liza Alter," is a calm, funny, extraordinarily casual person—unless one asks her very personal questions. At such times her dedication to protecting her family's privacy seems absolute. Alther lives with her twelve-year-old daughter and New Jersey–born husband, a painter and former advertising copywriter. get even that information, one has to pry.

The second of five children, she spent first eighteen years in Kingsport, a town 40,000 in northeastern Tennessee. Kingsp was created in the 1920s as a colony for Nor ern industry. In her books, Alther has disgu ed it only slightly, calling it first Hullspo then Newland. Because it is dominated by Yankee elite, she turns it into an excell laboratory in which to examine the strains tween North and South.

Many Alther characters suffer from divid loyalties, and her upbringing may offer so explanation. "I grew up with a kind of c war in my head," she says in a faded, pas version of a Tennessee accent. "My mot was from upstate New York and my father a surgeon from Virginia and each tried propagandize me. My father would frequen complain about pointy-headed Yankee int lectuals, whereas my mother started real ea by singing me a lullaby which included words: 'Sherman's dashing Yankee boys never reach the coast,/So the haughty Reb said, and 'twas a handsome boast.' "

When she visited New York State for su mer vacations, her cousins made fun of drawl. Back in Tennessee, her classma would mock her Yankee accent. And at fo ball games the band would play "Dixie," a she would not rise with the crowd.

Her confusion lingers. She clearly loves pace of Southern life and some of its tra tions, but she prefers being a distant admir Some of her sentences, in prose and in conv sation, neatly mingle affection and mocke Last year, she says with a smile, she enco aged her Southern-fiction class at Sa Michael's College in Winooski, Vermont, call her Miss Lisa, a form of address she d not appear to take seriously. Recent however, Alther bought 400 acres of mount land in Virginia, near the Tennessee bord "just to keep a foot in the homeland."

She says Kingsport exemplifies the materi istic worst of the "new improved South" wh remaining a place where Flannery O'Conn might have felt at home. "When I was grow up I loved Flannery O'Connor, and her ch acters always seemed very real to me. We knew about the man in our town who used sleep in a coffin every night so he could used to it. Or we'd be playing tennis, doing forty-love trip of a summer evening, and fr inside the nearby church we'd hear these am

g shouts and people talking in tongues."

But there is little of the Southern Gothic in ther's work and if she represents any particular genre it might be called Southern claustrophobic. Her characters, until they come orth, seem to have little solitude. In *Original ns,* one of the brothers is greatly relieved nen he discovers that there are actually ople in the world to whom he is not related. Alther guesses that this cloying togetherness uses many writers to leave the South, but it so may create the writing temperament in the st place. In a *New York Times Book Review* say entitled "Will the South Rise Again?" e wrote:

> If you're a Southerner writing about the uth, you are presented with a ready-made cial context, and you are blessed with the ndency to mind everybody else's business. addition, growing up in a place where rectness is considered bad manners, you ve learned to read such elusive clues as andoned laundry bags or suppressed imaces, which can make for interesting and btle fiction (if for convoluted interpersonal ations). Daily life is a detective story for utherners. . . .

In high school Alther was an eager joiner, aying clarinet in the band and achieving membership in the exclusive Teen Queens, a girls' ub whose prestige one must accept on faith. e wrote for the school newspaper, and her ost creative article almost ended her literary reer. "It was the anniversary of Nathan le's death," she says, "and I was to write a mmemorative piece. I had just read ulkner's *As I Lay Dying* and, much impressed, I wrote a stream-of-consciousness piece m inside Nathan Hale's head as he was about die."

The faculty adviser of the paper, mortified Alther's fragmented *hommage*, not only wrote the story but also dragged her off to the principal. "Intellectual pursuits were t really encouraged in my town," she says, n laughs. "The worst day of my life came en it was announced that I was second in my h-school class."

For that unoriginal sin she was shipped rth to Wellesley College in Massachusetts. There, she says, she learned to think and came introspective for the first time—and t completely by choice. Her background ggered Northern self-righteousness and condescension. "After the three civil-rights workers were murdered," she says, "a girl ran into my room and screamed, 'You Southerners make me sick!' I would have been glad in the South if I had been taken for a genuine Southerner, but at Wellesley it angered me, although part of me wanted to feel beleaguered because of the horrible things that my former neighbors were doing."

As Emily in *Original Sins* concludes: "One of the South's inadequacies . . . was to instill in its children the ability to listen politely while people dumped on their homeland."

Emily and Raymond, the main characters in *Original Sins*, are indoctrinated in New York City by FORWARD, a civil-rights group that registers black voters in the South. But they are never completely accepted by their colleagues in turmoil. Being Southern, they are tainted. When Raymond takes an unpopular stance, he is conveniently dismissed as a "cracker."

But the prejudice cuts both ways, and Raymond has his own pat notions about Yankee arrogance and imperialism. One of the best things in *Original Sins* is the illustration of how difficult "race relations" can be between liberal white Southerners and their allies from the North. For Alther, part of the problem is rooted in original sin, or her particular nonreligious interpretation of it.

"My belief is that original sin is loaded onto you by societal conditioning. People are assigned roles because of their external characteristics and then are forced to play them out for the rest of their lives unless they are lucky enough to figure out what is going on and get out.

"In *Original Sins* I tried to explore why one member of a family may be willing to spend a lifetime in the same situation in which he grew up, whereas a brother or sister feels the need to flee. The whole idea of leaving one place and starting life in another fascinates me. That's an archetypal American theme, and we're still living that out. We're still a nation of nomads."

After Wellesley, Alther got married and worked for ten months as a publishing assistant in New York before moving up to Vermont. There on her four acres she raised chickens, bees, and vegetables, trading capons and honey for slaughtered hogs. (Now the farm, which is twenty miles from Burlington, boasts only a few rabbits.) She took occasional free-lance writing assignments, but her fiction went unsold.

Before *Kinflicks* was accepted, Alther had written two novels, dozens of short stories, and collected 250 rejection slips. "I kept them all," she says, "I guess out of masochism. Sometimes they made me feel like a kid with baseball cards. 'Here, I'll trade you two *Atlantic Monthly*s for one *New Yorker.*' "

Her older brother, John Shelton Reed, a professor who teaches the sociology of the South at the University of North Carolina, says his sister had a lot to prove in those days. "She told us she was a writer," he says, "and we all thought, 'Well, that's a nice hobby.' "

Alther says she started thinking seriously of fiction as a career when she had her baby. "I realized that I wanted to have something of my own in addition to her." Her joy in writing was tempered by her active child. "I'd be exhausted from mothering, and then I'd sneak away to do some writing and the baby would come over and drop blocks in my lap."

To let her fiction breathe, she decided to leave the frenzied hearth for one week out of every six and hole up with paper and pen in a Montreal rooming house, miraculously called the American Sunshine Rooms. "I loved those weeks," she says. "I would write for fourteen or sixteen hours a day, getting into these highs and just staying there. Now I miss that time, but I'm glad my life is more orderly."

After such prolonged commercial failure, the news of *Kinflicks'* acceptance left Alther with two distinct feelings. "I felt like I had been kissed by Prince Charming," she says. "Then I wondered, 'What's wrong with you that you want to publish my book?' " So pleased with her rave notices was one popular magazine that it asked her to resubmit a story it had rejected when she was an unknown. Furious, Alther refused.

Her home-town newspaper tried a different approach, spending a good portion of one article analyzing the jersey numbers of the football players in *Kinflicks* in a fruitless effort to find real-life counterparts for her characters. Interestingly, several men Alther didn't know told the reporter that they were the models for the relentlessly moronic football star, Joe Bob Sparks, the man with "a smile in excess of any possible stimulus." Others in the town, including her parents, were dismayed that a nice girl could write such a scandalous book. (*Kinflicks'* manifold indecencies included an electrical fire caused by an overused vibrator, a botched "ritual coition," and the use of handcuffs as a procreative aid. In *Original Sins*, which is equally graphic but somehow more traditional, two women play frisbee with a

"A girl ran into my room and screamed, 'You Southerners make me sick!' "

diaphragm, and several characters exhibit a bisexual nature one associates with the writing of D. H. Lawrence.)

Suddenly rich, Alther fulfilled her dream of living abroad by moving her family to London for two years. There she escaped being stereotyped as a Southerner only to find herself maligned simply for being American. (When she and other transplanted Southerners get together in Vermont, their accents thicken, and they inform each other of the latest horrible insults Yankees have heaped upon their breed.)

Alther was determined to create a second book very different from *Kinflicks,* one which described blacks, the civil-rights movement, and unionizing efforts, things she had ignored in the earlier book. By deciding not to duplicate the farcical tone of *Kinflicks,* however, she may have suppressed her greatest talent.

"To get the kind of scale I was after I felt I needed multiple points of view. Another reason for doing it that way," she says with a laugh, "is because I got so tired of people assuming I was Ginny Babcock, a person I don't particularly identify with."

When Alther was growing up, blacks were not often discussed. "You could watch all the civil-rights stuff on the news," she says, "and know it was going on just down the road, yet not feel personally involved at all. A lot of characters in *Original Sins* were difficult to create, but I found it particularly scary to get inside the heads of black people."

Much of Alther's grim irony in the novel is focused on people's abuse of power, not so much in politics as in personal relations, especially sexual ones. Many of her characters clearly long for someone to tell them what to do, and they search relentlessly for mentors. They are often tireless quoters of dubious advice, whether it comes from Karl Marx, from the football coach, or from a country song by Tammy Wynette.

Readers of *Kinflicks* will remember that one of Ginny's problems was her plasticity when confronted with anyone who wanted to remold her. Her major breakthrough at the novel's conclusion is to stop searching for what Saul Bellow calls "reality instructors."

"I think a mentor is something I always wish I had had," says Alther, "and one of the reasons I didn't have one is that I was so stubborn and had to do everything myself. I'm a little bit baffled by the kind of personality that is eager to impose its values on someone else. Where do people get that kind of confidence? I'd prefer to manipulate my characters."

Some women maintain that *Kinflicks* h changed their lives, and Alther regards this fa with horror. "The poor things!" she says. find it quite terrifying that any book or wo or thought of mine did that. I'm a real flop an authority figure. Some of my friends ha said that I'm more of a pal to my daugh than a parent."

Many people may have felt that *Kinfli* summed up a generation's coming-of-age traordinarily well, but feminists were divid on the book's merits. That is hardly surprisi for Alther spread her satirical gifts very dem cratically. Some of the book's funniest scen are at the expense of women who profess d approval of men. Alther's men can't und stand such women, but the women don't u derstand themselves, either.

In her novels, Alther seems mistrustful almost all ideology. Avowals of purity ma her suspicious, and her distaste for rhetc seems the result of both complex analysis a personal habit. "What is most Southern abo me is that I tend to think in concrete terms, anecdotal, even visual, ways. I am hopeless theoretical discussions. It's almost like a ki of learning disability."

Original Sins is partly about people who ta their theories out into the world and then try make the facts fit *them*. Raymond, for examp becomes so smitten with Southern tradition a folklore that he returns home eager to teach Appalachian kin about the glorious past. I country cousins, of course, are more interest in indoor plumbing, TV sets, and the march progress. Raymond's favorite relative actua wants to grow up to manage a Kentucky Fr Chicken stand. The new South battles the South, and the novel pointedly ends withou comfortable synthesis.

Now on a self-proclaimed sabbatical, Alth thinks that she may have worked out much the civil warfare inside her head. "I thi writing *Original Sins* has more or less put South to rest as a personal preoccupation me," she says. "Although right now I do think I'll ever have another coherent thoug I'd eventually like to write a book that's n about the South at all. Maybe I'll move Sou to do it."

Andrew Feinberg's article, "Still at the Old Drawing Board," a review of cartoonists a The New Yorker, *appeared in the January 1981* Horizon. *He lives in New York.*

A Day or Two in Napa Valley

Groves of olive and eucalyptus,
Germanic and mission-style architecture—and
the best wineries in America.
Text and photographs by Earl Roberge

It is a valley cupped lovingly in the folds of encircling mountains, a kaleidoscope of vineyards and vistas, crowned at its head by a dormant volcano, its feet bathed in the salt water of San Pablo Bay. It produces some of the finest wines in the world, has achieved a lifestyle which many consider unsurpassed in richness and personal satisfaction, and if it could accommodate all the people who want to live here, it would become the most populous county in the nation. It is the Napa Valley of northern California, "a land created on a day when God was smiling." Every year it plays host to several million visitors.

A first-time visitor to the valley is like a child let loose in a candy shop. He soon finds that the body simply cannot tolerate the plethora of riches offered to him, and some discreet selection is in order. There is so much to see, so many fine wines to taste, so many cultural experiences that clamor to be savored, that inevitably some compromises must be made.

A few, armed with advance knowledge, successfully skim the cream and leave reasonably content. Others depart from the valley frustrated, knowing that they have seen only a fraction of the things that make the Napa lifestyle so memorable and vaguely disturbed because they feel a really worthwhile experience has eluded them. Still others, intent on seeing all that the valley has to offer, prolong their stay, and, if they are lucky, become permanent residents.

While the culture of the valley is fairly diversified, it is only fair to admit that the valley's main emphasis is on things vinous. This is one of the better wine-growing areas in the world, if not the very best. The whole lifestyle that has evolved here is centered upon the growing, making, and enjoying of fine wines. Fortunately, it is a small valley, only twenty-five miles long and up to five miles wide, and if approached intelligently, can be surveyed in a relatively short time.

For ages, many an excellent product, from marriage to wine, has often been sold by giving the customer just enough of a tantalizing sip to make him or her appreciate its value. So it is with Napa Valley wine. All up and down the valley the wineries offer samples of their vintages, secure in their knowledge that what they offer is so good no one is going to be satisfied with a single glass. It is sound merchandising, and a principle that has created not only a tremendous demand for the local wine, but also some monumental traffic jams.

There are two roads running parallel to each other along the length of the valley: one is Highway 29, along the western edge, running from Calistoga at the northern edge to Napa at the south. Along the eastern edge of the valley, the Silverado Trail, the old route of the cinnabar freighters, winds its scenic way, topping the gentle foothills and affording one vista after another. As recently as ten years ago most of the wineries were along Highway 29, but with the rapid proliferation that began in the middle 1970s, new wineries now can be found not only along the Silverado Trail, but also on the numerous crossroads that connect the two main highways (see map). New wineries are especially eager to establish their share of the market; some of the more i aginative tours are being offered by co parative newcomers.

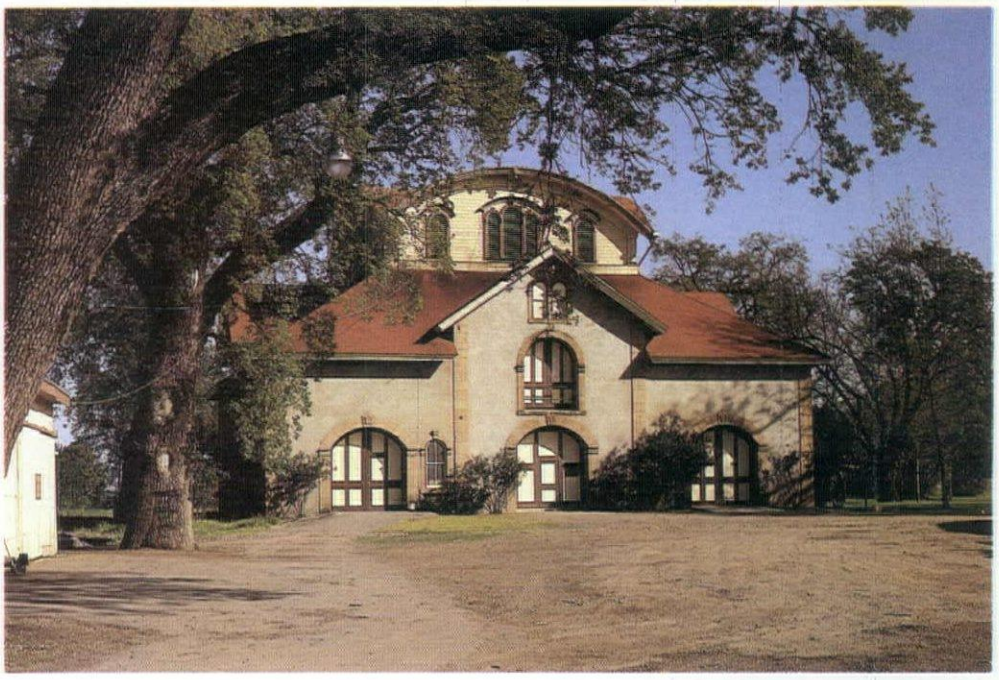
A tour of a winery is not only a condens crash course in wine making and wine a preciation but also one of the best ways to s the richly varied architecture that flourishes the valley. The latter ranges all the way fr Sterling Vineyards' ultramodern bone-wh buildings, which crown a hilltop at the head the valley like some misplaced Ioni monastery, to the Christian Brothers' hu fortresslike aging cellars in Saint Hele which even today make up the world's larg stone winery.

There are a number of different ways to ta wine tours, ranging from a haphazard do yourself arrangement to a sleekly packag professionally planned tour which requires y only to sit back and enjoy it. However, unl

Earl Roberge is the author of Napa Wine Country *and a member of the American Society of Magazine Photographers.*

low left: The architecture of Sterling neyards' new winery near Calistoga invites mparison with a Greek monastery. Above ht: An outdoor concert at Charles Krug, dest winery in Saint Helena. Below right: e old stone buildings out of which Krug erates originally were stables for the horses at were once integral to wine making.

The funicular has earned Sterling the local nickname "Disneyland North."



ur stay in the valley is to be for several nths, you might as well resign yourself to fact that you won't get to see all the neries that are open to the public. There are aply too many of them, and more are open- every day. A certain amount of selection is refore in order, based mostly on what you nt to see or taste.

There are some basics that are shared by all rs. One usually gets a tour of facilities and tasting. Some wineries, such as **Sterling neyards** or **Franciscan Vineyards**, have a f-guided tour with informative signs at each ge of the operation, capped by a wine ting and, in the case of Franciscan, a short thorough wine-appreciation lecture and nonstration. Sterling has an added touch—a ndola-type funicular which whisks one to top of its hill for a breathtaking view of valley. The funicular has earned Sterling the local nickname "Disneyland North."

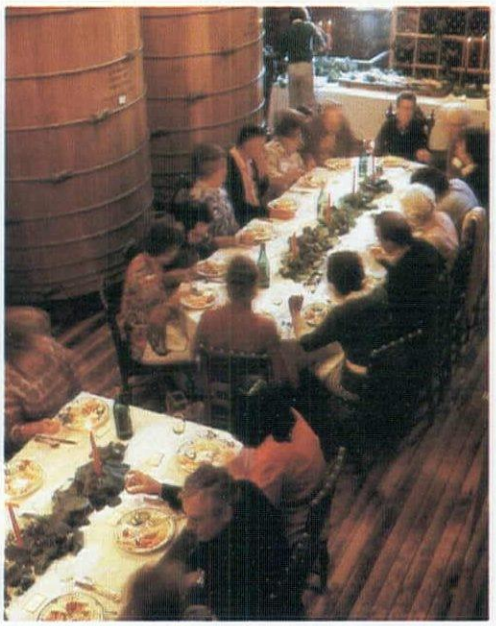
Starting at Sterling, one proceeds south down Highway 29 toward Napa. On Larkmead Lane, **Hanns Kornell** nurses almost a million bottles of the champagne that has made his name famous in a stone winery built in 1895. Your guide through the dimly lighted cellars may even be Hanns himself.

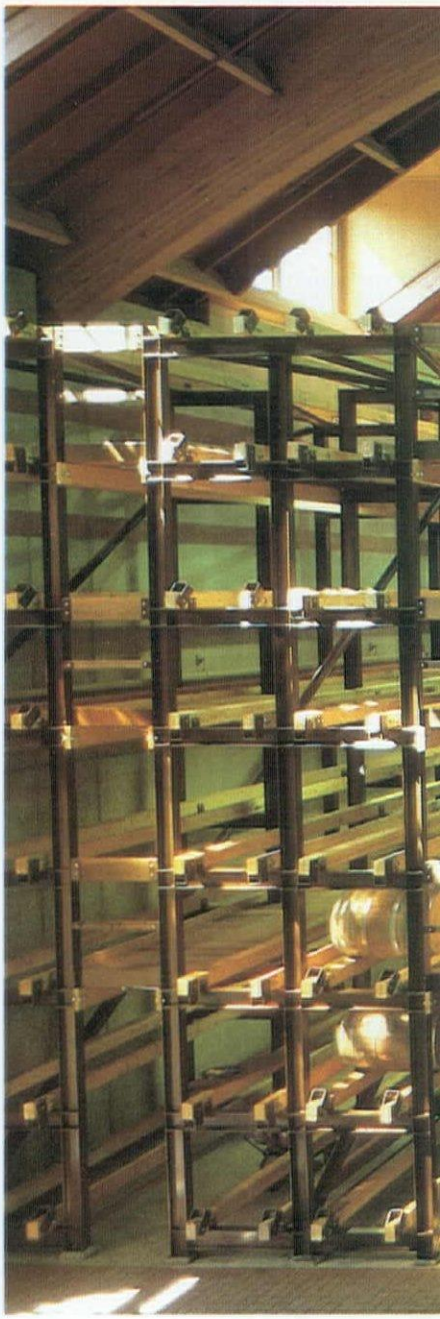
There are a number of wineries in the valley that offer tours by appointment only. **Schramsberg** is one of these. Appointments became a necessity that was forced on owner Jack Davies after President Nixon served Schramsberg champagne on his historic trip to China. Some of the smaller wineries with limited staffs and a large workload would, if open on an unlimited basis to the general public, wind up so busy giving tours they'd never have time to make wine. It is just good sense and good manners (appreciated in this urbane valley) to call beforehand and find out if a tour is convenient.

Down the line a bit, **Freemark Abbey**, which is housed in a fine cut-stone winery built by the Forni family in 1894, has the classic lines so favored by the early Italian stonemasons who, though largely untrained in architecture, built some of the most beautiful stone structures in the valley. Freemark has a regular tour at 2:00 P.M. daily. Also in the same building is a candle factory whose product achieves genuine artistic merit.

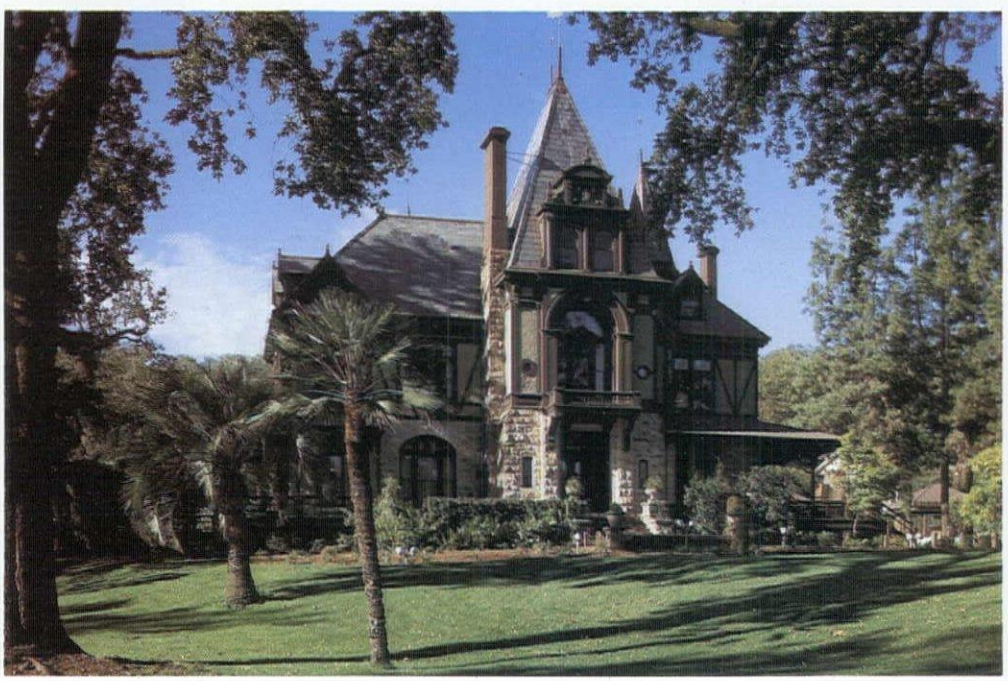
The oldest winery in Saint Helena is **Charles Krug Winery**, founded in 1861. It is still operating in part out of a complex of fine old stone buildings which once housed the horses that were a necessary part of the old-time operation. Fronting the stables are spacious, immaculately kept grounds which in summer become the scene of large-scale wine tastings

The valley still shudders when it recalls the hippies who descended on it in the 1960s.





Above right: Joseph and Alice Heitz of Heitz Cellars often serve dinners in the winery's aging room. Below: One of the most frequently visited buildings in the valley is Beringer Winery, an 1883 replica of Jacob Beringer's ancestral home in Mainz, Germany. Far right: Although the Napa wineries pride themselves on traditions that reach well back into the nineteenth century, modern technology—as evidenced by Inglenook's computer-operated warehouse in Rutherford—has made its impact.



and open-air concerts. The tour takes one through the winery where up-to-the-minute equipment often stands cheek by jowl with aging tanks that have stood the test of years.

Opposite Charles Krug Winery rears the imposing bulk of **Greystone,** the champagne bottling and wine-aging facility of the **Christian Brothers**. William B. Bourn II, a frontier entrepreneur who amassed a huge fortune, was largely responsible for building this massive structure, which was completed in 1889. Built of local cut stone and reinforced concrete, it sits against a hillside into which several storage tunnels had been driven and successfully withstood the great earthquake of 1906. The tunnels were not quite as solid; several of them caved in, and others were filled as seepage from a badly cracked overburden rendered them unusable.

At the time it was built, Greystone was conceived as a storage and aging facility for the valley's wines and as a means of controlling the predatory instincts of unscrupulous buyers who were ruining many fledgling wine enterprises. For that reason, it contained hundreds of large oaken aging tanks, mostly crafted by the immigrant German woodcarvers whose legacy of beauty is so apparent in the valley. The phylloxera epidemic of the 1890s almost ruined the wine industry, and just as the valley was recovering from this scourge, the national madness of Prohibition dealt Greystone an almost fatal blow. Priceless cooperage dried out and fell apart, and only the fact that Greystone had been so well built kept it intact. It passed through a number of hands, its cavernous interior often used ignominiously as a warehouse until the Christian Brothers acquired it in 1950 and began the program of refurbishment that has led to its present splendor.

In Greystone's second-floor reception ro complete with vaulted ceiling and anc oaken puncheons, is housed part of Bro Timothy's fabled corkscrew collection. collection contains samples of just ab everything that has ever been used to pu cork except a pair of teeth. The tour also vi the champagne bottling operation (Char process) and concludes in the tasting room the first floor, a room right out of seventeer century Europe. Altogether a very interes historic tour, and a must for someone wh time in the valley is so limited that he m "skim the cream" and view only a wineries.

A winery contemporary to Greystone is nearby **Beringer Brothers Winery**, reac through an avenue of elms straight out of N England. Jacob Beringer, who founded winery bearing his name in 1883, construct

plica in Saint Helena of his ancestral home the Rhine. It stands today as one of the ost visited, most photographed structures in e valley, a monument to the industry and rift that built one of the most extensive erations in the valley.

Interesting as the Rhine House is, it probly takes second place to the famed Beringer ne caves. For many years erroneously scribed as "limestone" caves, they are acally sandstone, painstakingly hacked out of e adjacent hillside by Chinese coolie labor. he pick marks, still plainly etched in the stone ter a hundred years, are usually covered with black fungus which is supposedly beneficial the aging of wine, although wine cognoscenusually agree that this fable was concocted ly after numerous efforts to remove the ngus proved futile. Parts of the caves have en modernized for the tour traffic, but the parts left in their original fungus-covered condition are much more attractive.

South of Saint Helena there are many wineries, for this is the heart of the wine country. All are interesting, whether a sprawling winery such as **Louis Martini's**, the first one erected in the valley after the repeal of Prohibition, or the compact new buildings of **Grgich-Hills**. Rutherford has **Beaulieu** and **Inglenook**, the former offering an outstanding audio-visual show and the latter a beautiful example of the stonemason's art. In between are numerous new wineries and tasting rooms. **Joseph Heitz'** small tasting room moves an impressive amount of wine, because of the maker's deservedly high reputation, while next door the **Sattui** winery and cheese shop is already considered one of the older wineries. He's been here for all of five years!

There is one winery which seems to be on everyone's list as a must. Nestled in its own vineyards, the winery of **Robert Mondavi** at Oakville has a vaguely aged look, as though it had grown there during the time of the missions. Actually, it was the first new winery in the valley since the spurt of building that followed repeal. Built in 1966, when Robert Mondavi left Charles Krug Winery to make wine after his own fashion, it is a mission-style stucco building jam-packed with the latest technological aids to making wine along century-tested methods. This winery is generally conceded to be a leader in innovations and wine promotions, so its tour is one of the most thorough and informative available anywhere. Because of the proximity of the vineyards, the tours even have a short crash course in viniculture. Robert Mondavi winery also features the Vineyard Room, a large hall which doubles in brass as a social center for the valley

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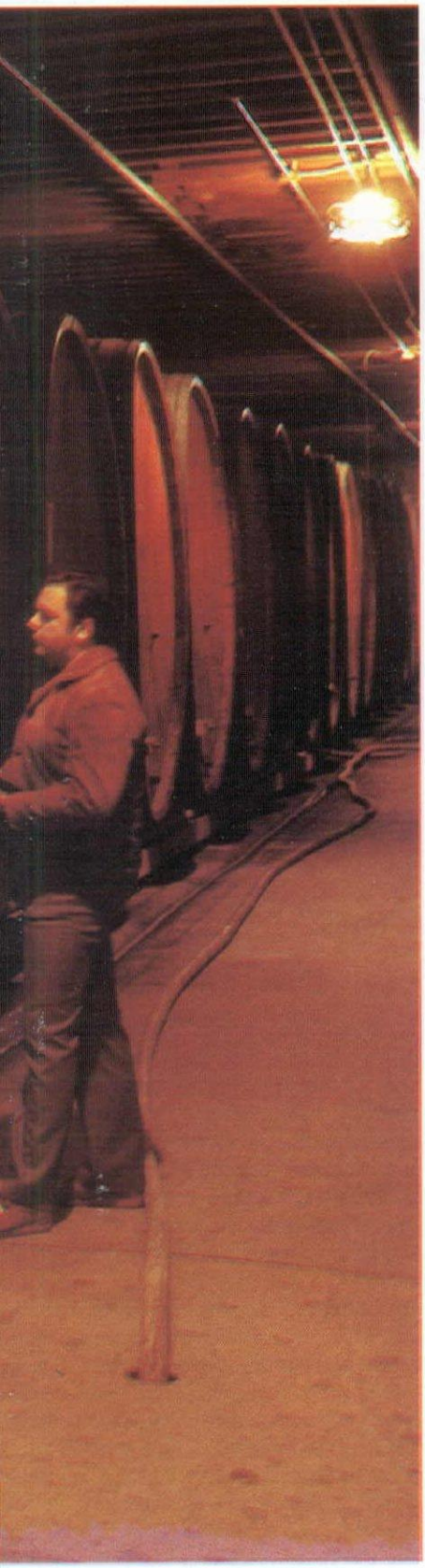
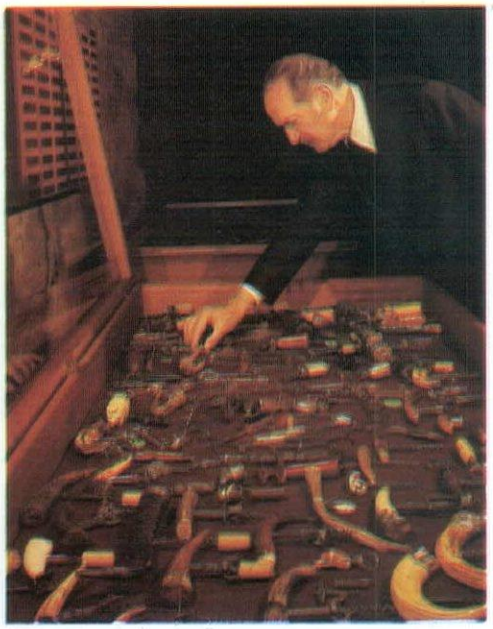
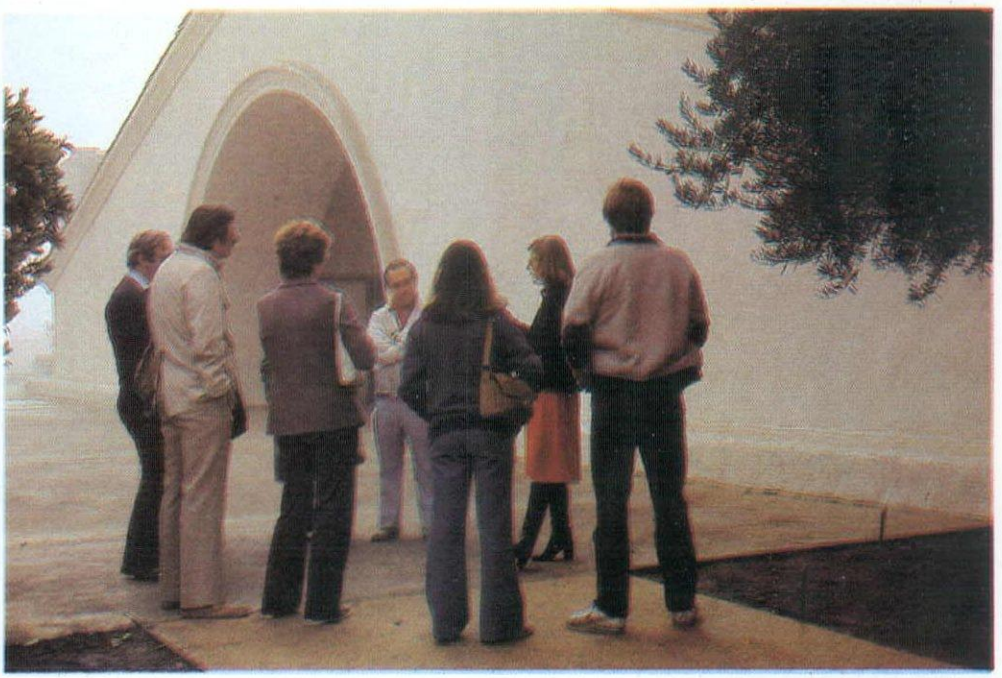
ow left: At Christian Brothers' Greystone ility, ancient casks made by German ftsmen age the wine. Above right: Brother nothy of Christian Brothers exhibits his kscrew collection, housing "just about rything that has ever been used to pull a k except a pair of teeth." Below right: A de takes a group around Robert Mondavi.





One entrée into the Napa Valley way of life—become a winemaker.



and art gallery displaying nationally known painters.

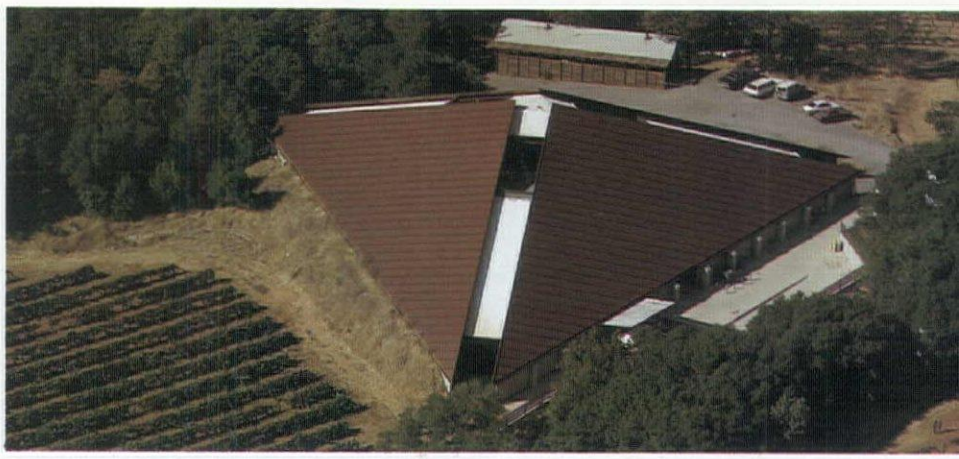
In the summer, the immaculately kept lawns get some very hard use during the six outdoor concerts sponsored by the winery. Mostly patronized by a young crowd, some of whom arrive surreptitiously through the vineyards, they add considerable life and sparkle to a social scene that is already pretty exciting. The concerts usually turn into a big picnic with bread and cheese washed down with wine from a nearby and obvious source.

Just a few miles south of Oakville, Yountville, the oldest town in the valley, is the home of **Vintage 1870**, a delightful complex of shops, restaurants, and even a theater, housed in a refurbished 1870 winery. One can easily spend a whole day here, so if your interest is in tasting wines, stay more than one day in the valley.

Yountville is also home to **Domaine Chandon**, a winery making a very fine sparkling wine which the average American assumes is a very nice champagne, but which the French owners, honoring the French tradition, refuse to designate as such because it was not produced in the Champagne district of France. "A rose by any other name. . . ." Domaine Chandon also features an extremely civilized French restaurant.

Although Yountville is often considered the southern boundary of the wine country, a statement hotly denied by those living south of it, there are vineyards and wineries all the way to Napa, and even beyond, in the Carneros district. To get another view of the valley, one should turn east on Trancas Street, at the northern edge of Napa and follow Trancas to the Silverado Trail. Turning north on this road heads one up the eastern edge of the valley, as

The phylloxera epidemic of the 1890s almost ruined the wine industry in California.



Among Napa Valley's chief attractions is its variety of architecture. Below: The distinctive buildings of Spring Mountain Winery, near Saint Helena. Right: The modern Chappellet Winery is a huge triangular building partially buried in the earth.

enchanting a thirty miles as there are anywhere in the country.

The land is studded with valley oaks, olive trees, occasional stands of eucalyptus, sometimes even walnut trees, that were planted when Prohibition made the growing of wine grapes unfeasible. Almost everywhere the vines climb the hillsides in serried ranks. In winter, their gaunt, stunted-looking limbs seem to be lifted in silent supplication, but in spring and summer, a sheet of green will slash in long rows across the dark brown earth. In the fall, those same ranks will be purple with fruit and will proudly wear their raiments of crimson and gold. This is one of the most beautiful spots on earth, and the Silverado Trail is the route which best shows off its beauty.

Most of the Silverado wineries are new and offer tours only by appointment. Here is **Clos Du Val** owned by the scion of a French wine dynasty, who is happily making wine that challenges the best made by his cousins in France. Challenging the best French wines is old hat to **Stag's Leap** and **Heitz Cellars**; they've been doing it for years, and consistently come out on top in blind tastings.

One of the most colorful wineries along the Silverado Trail is **Rutherford Hills**, built by a Colorado contractor named Joseph Phelps. Joe became so enamored of the Napa Valley during the construction of this building that he built his own highly regarded winery on a hill overlooking the Silverado Trail and became a permanent resident. That is an entrée into the Napa Valley way of life—become a winemaker! It still isn't a guarantee. You must also fit the valley's style, and the people fit in can count themselves fortunate.

The casual visitor, of course, finds this difficult. There is, however, one beautif painless way to become acquainted with Napa Valley wine scene, and its main advan is that it telescopes into a day what the d yourself tour would take several weeks to This is to take a professional wine tour suc offered by the Silverado Wine Adventur This is one of the amenities provided fo guests by this outstanding resort. Two tours ly are provided, always to a large and a s winery. The tours are accompanied by a doc who is knowledgeable in things vinous.

The tours leave the Silverado in a burgun leather-upholstered bus which in itself is w the surprisingly affordable trip. Each day

fferent wineries are visited, and different ides provided, so that one could take the ne trip for a week or more and never see the ne winery twice. Full-day trips are also ailable, with lunch at a winery and a chance t only to sample the fabulous Napa Valley isine, but also to meet the owners and erators of a working winery. Reservations ould be made in advance of your visit.

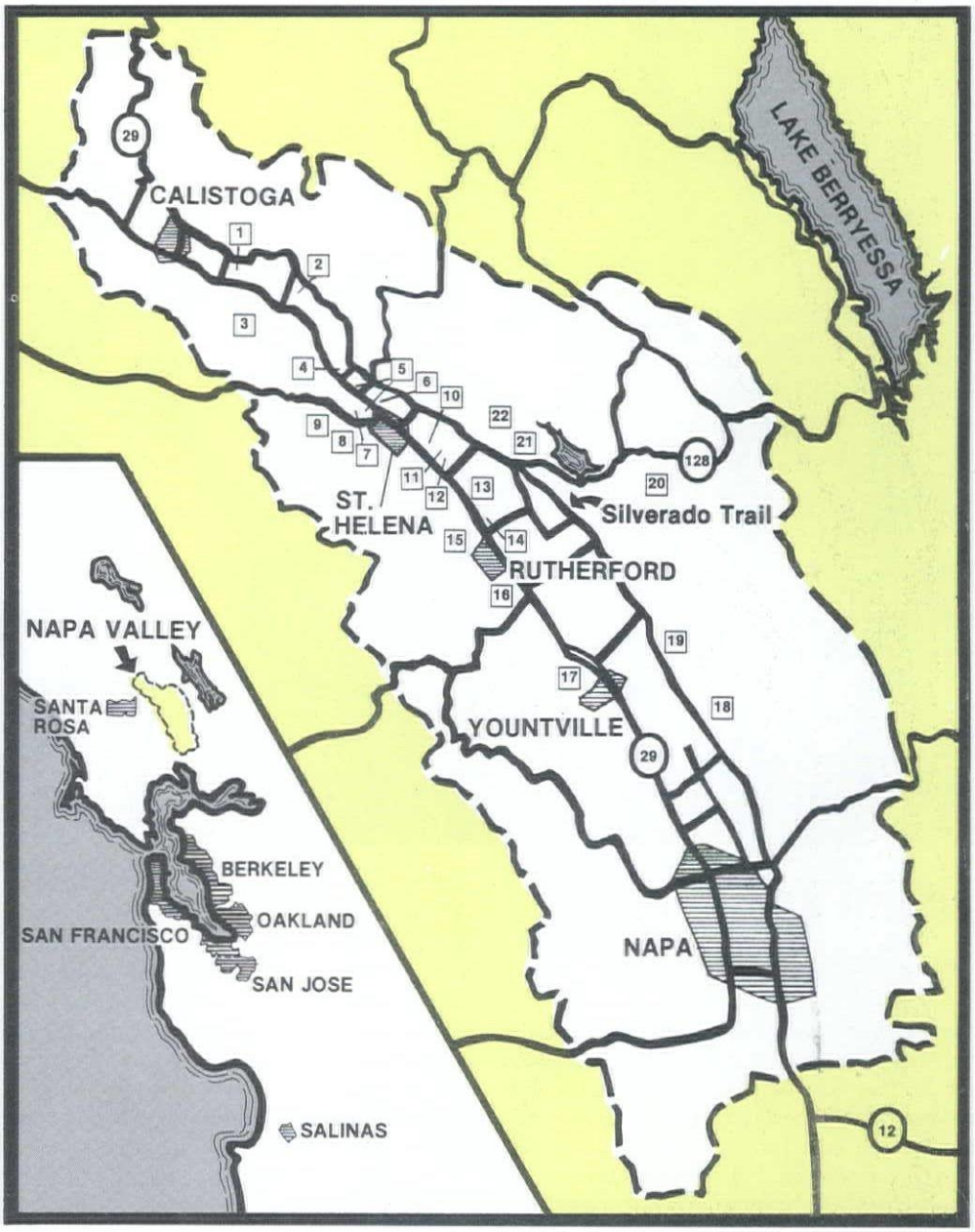
For many years, the Napa Valley was a place visit during the day only; accommodations re woefully lacking. It is a little better now, t because of the stringent zoning laws, ac-mmodations in the valley proper will never come numerous. Meadowood, a small resort f the Silverado Trail, has a few condomini-ns that can be rented, and the facilities at verado are unsurpassed for comfort or enities.

Many of the historical and architectural ms of the Napa Valley are private homes, t open to the general public, yet surprisingly ailable to anyone who makes the correct ap-oach. Some wineries, such as **Chateau evalier** and **Spring Mountain**, are ap-oached through a residential section and us cannot serve wine to the general public. hers like **Chappellet Vineyards**, perched on of Pritchard Hill, or the **Christian Brothers nery** on Redwood Road in Napa, are off the aten track, but well worth seeking out.

As for the best seasons to visit the val-—winter is the unappreciated season, hough occasionally a bit damp. Tempera-es are mild, the valley comparatively un-owded, and the tempo much less hectic. ring arrives in a cloud of almond blossoms d tourists. It is a season of transcendental auty, but crowded. Summer is the most pular season and thus very crowded. The ley can get uncomfortably hot. Fall is the sh season, a time of frenetic activity when vintners are much too busy to socialize.

As for clothes, wear something casual and nfortable, but not grubby. This hard-work-valley still shudders when it recalls the rdes of hippies who descended upon it in the 60s, and the memories could easily be reviv-by someone showing up looking like an un-de bed. Wear your best smile and manners, d be prepared to enjoy the finest in food, nery, history, architecture, and wine that is ottled poetry." After that, try to keep your nd from wandering back to this enchanted d. If ever you do succeed, please let me ow. I'd like to know how you did it. □

A Guide to Napa Valley



KEY TO LOCATIONS OF WINERIES

Beaulieu Vineyard **(14)** 707/963-3671
Beringer Brothers Vineyards **(7)** 707/963-7115
Chappellet Winery **(20)** 707/963-7136
Charles Krug Winery **(6)** 707/963-2761
Chateau Chevalier Winery **(9)** 707/963-2342
The Christian Brothers **(5)** 707/226-5566
The Clos Du Val Wine Company Ltd. **(18)** 707/252-6711
Domaine Chandon **(17)** 707/944-8844
Franciscan Vineyards **(13)** 707/963-7113
Freemark Abbey Winery **(4)** 707/963-9694
Grgich Hills Cellar **(22)** 707/963-2784
Hanns Kornell Champagne Cellars **(2)** 707/963-2334
Heitz Wine Cellars **(11)** 707/963-3542
Inglenook Vineyard **(15)** 707/963-7184
Louis M. Martini **(10)** 707/963-2736
Robert Mondavi Winery **(16)** 707/963-9611
Rutherford Hills Winery **(21)** 707/963-9694
Schramsberg Vineyards **(3)** 707/942-4558
Spring Mountain Vineyards **(8)** 707/963-4341
Stag's Leap Wine Cellars **(19)** 707/944-2020
Sterling Vineyards **(1)** 707/942-5151
V. Sattui Winery **(12)** 707/963-7774

Fellini and Women

Viewers who have followed Federico Fellini's dazzling but decidedly male-chauvinistic quest for the "perfect" woman over the years would not be inclined to credit a rumor that the maestro has suddenly gone feminist. In his controversial film *City of Women*, Fellini remains as staunchly obsessed with woman as whore, mother, temptress, and madonna as he was in *La Dolce Vita* or *8½*. Yet it cannot be denied that the new film has a feminist orientation.

Perhaps because he likes women so much, and perhaps because he has always been drawn to intense controversies, Fellini here wholeheartedly immerses himself in the *sturm und drang* of sexual politics. What emerges is not a feminist film, but an intelligent film by and about a man who, often for selfish purposes, sincerely tries to understand feminism.

Whatever its subject, a Fellini film is always an event. Vertiginous crowd scenes, masked players and marionettes, circuses, parades, swelling Nino Rota music: like them or not, there is no mistaking the trappings of Fellini's work. Nor the style, which has been labeled poetic neorealism or baroque fantasy or surreal expressionism, but is in fact something far more ineffable. It is the dejected whore Cabiria surrendering herself to the song of life at the end of *Nights of Cabiria*. It is Marcello reverently pursuing blonde sex-goddess Sylvia into the Trevi Fountains in *La Dolce Vita*.

Since the early 1950s, Fellini's films have fallen roughly into two categories. The first sort begins with a personal obsession and generalizes. In *La Dolce Vita*, for instance, one worldly man's desire for salvation comes to epitomize the spiritual aridity of contemporary society. Last year's *Orchestra Rehearsal* is an example of the other sort of Fellini film. Here an objective subject, such as terrorism, is introduced and then probed for more personal resonances.

City of Women is an amalgam of both approaches. The twin subjects of feminism and the Italian male in search of sexual metaphysical identity are equally strong here. Protagonist Snaporaz (Marcello Mastroianni)

Marcello Mastroianni (above) is Fellini's screen persona in the controversial City of Women, *a film pervaded with characteristic surreal episodes (above right). The plot is dictated by Mastroianni's dream quest for th ideal woman, which leads him into a convention full of angry feminists (lower rig*

is young Marcello (also Mastroianni) of *Dolce Vita* twenty years later. The three ri of hell that were Rome are now an imagi "city of women" for Snaporaz; and vari aspects of grace and damnation are once ag symbolized by different sorts, sizes, and sha of women. Once again, the Fellini protot glimpses, but never grasps, the "perfe virgin/mother/madonna answer to life.

Yet differences between *City of Women* *La Dolce Vita* or *8½* are equally strong. Ha in-hand with man's personal salvation, Fel is now considering woman's political sa tion. Make no mistake: Fellini is not a F Mazursky or an Ingmar Bergman. In cont to the former's *An Unmarried Woman* and latter's *Cries and Whispers*, *City of Wo* does not portray life and relationships fr

: woman's point of view. What Fellini at-
ıpts—and, for the most part, brings off—is
nething more complicated. *City of Women*
sits a middle-aged Italian man ardently in
e with woman. It then posits woman as a
ided being: one half nourishing and needful
man, the other accusing him of centuries-
ıg exploitation. In order to win the former
f, the man courts the latter. He gets neither,
t learns something for his troubles.

The plot of *City of Women* is the stuff of
aporaz' dream; and, as befits a dream, it is
gled and elusive. Snaporaz falls asleep on a
in and imagines himself following a female
al through a deep forest. The woman
tows one long, langorous kiss on Snaporaz
l promises another if he'll be patient and
t his eyes. When he obeys, she vanishes.

Snaporaz pursues, and winds up a sort of pubescent Alice at a Mad Hatter feminist convention. The ideal woman disappears, this time for good, but angry members of her sex abound. "All women are young and beautiful—wrinkles are a male invention," announces a wrinkling middle-aged woman. Others shout "castration and masturbation" or practice clobbering a plastic replica of the male organ.

Wisely, Fellini starts with irony and builds to a serious appreciation of feminist rage. The woman who proclaims that no women wrinkle is a ridiculous figure. But as the film proceeds, the feminists grow increasingly seductive and polemically complex. Snaporaz' "perfect" woman, for instance, is a go-go dancer, women's lib advocate, madonna, and revolutionary rolled into one. When Snaporaz wonders why she's a feminist she replies, "How could I not be?" And the second half of the film pleads her case.

Without protesting too much, *City of Women* turns from the outrageousness of feminism to the outrage that gave birth to it. Fleeing feminist rage, Snaporaz is warmly received by feminist-hating Lothario and erotica-cultist Dr. Zuberkock. Zuberkock, who lines his walls with talking pornographic images, is as ridiculous as the most extreme feminist. While the feminists are flamboyant, Zuberkock, with his guns and hounds, is sinister.

Significantly, Snaporaz is not a Zuberkock. Though a middle-aged Latin of good male-chauvinistic background, he's willing to bend—a little—toward feminisim because he needs women so much. On a plot level, *City of Women* offers little hope for him or Fellini or us. The scenes with closet misogynist Zuberkock more than account for the wailing of the radical feminists. After exploitation, retaliation. But retribution, however justified, does not make for connubial peace. With woman warring within herself and against history, the battle between individual men and women is fiercer even than in Marcello's day. At the end of *La Dolce Vita*, Marcello's ideal is beckoning to him. In the final moments of Snaporaz' dream, his ideal woman is gunned down by her own split-personality double in terrorist guise.

It is never wise to read Fellini's vision from a plot analysis. Here, as in all his works, the splendor of his images belies the story's despair. The dream world Fellini fashions between the lines of his political scenario is tolerant, ample, and even a bit optimistic. The feminist go-go dancer tucking fifty-year-old boy-child Snaporaz into bed; the lightning storm transfiguring the outdoors into a deliriously swaying tent; Snaporaz' glistening dream slide through his sexual past—in pajamas: these images put sexual war in perspective. As in *8½*, the carnival of life and love seduces man into the grim reality of politics and survival, and then mysteriously revitalizes him. *City of Women*'s final image is of light at the end of a tunnel.

So while Fellini starts out with Snaporaz and sexual politics, he winds up with the universe at large. *City of Women* finally becomes a kind of love sonnet: a paean from a brilliant Latin artist to the latest exasperating mystery of the opposite sex. —*Diane Jacobs*

Letters

A Museum You Should Have Heard Of

Congratulations on your superb magazine and for a very exciting series entitled "Twenty Museums You've Never Heard Of." Of course, we feel that Laumeier International Sculpture Park, a ninety-six-acre sculpture park in Saint Louis, should have been included. Laumeier has been established as a cooperative venture between Saint Louis County Government and the Association of Laumeier, a nonprofit arts organization, for almost five years. In the last two years, we have expanded the outdoor worthy artists as Dubuffet, Pepper, Liberman, Trova, Steiner, Morris, di Suvero, Serra, Hunt, and Jackie Ferrara. We also have a continual program of indoor exhibitions, featuring the work of artists such as Alexander Liberman, Richard Stankiewicz, Clement Meadmore, and currently Niki de Saint Phalle.

Undoubtedly, you are familiar with Laumeier's monumental accomplishment of bringing Alexander Liberman's *The Way* to Saint Louis, and unveiling it in May of 1980. *The Way along with the Saint Louis Arch has become a symbol of artistic enthusiasm and progress in the Saint Louis community.*

Should you do an article entitled "Museums: Part Two," Laumeier must be included.

Dr. Beej Nierengarten-Smith,
Director
Laumeier International Sculpture Park
Saint Louis

No Time for Research

As one of the thousand who saw *The Dinner Party* I was awed and excited. As one who refuses to take art history or criticism courses because I feel they should be titled "Male Art History," I suggest a better caption for the part which gave [Robert] Hughes' and [Hilton] Kramer's comments. It should be: "Two *Male* Critics Gag at The Dinner Party." That tells it better, doesn't it?

I would suspect [sic] these male critics, one of whom called the only art work worth much I have seen in quite a while (*The Dinner Party*) bad art. I'm too busy right now to do the research, but I wonder if these two critics call the hogwash created by the male artists Oldenberg (spelling—can't be bothered to look that up either) [Claes Oldenburg] or [George] Segal good art.

I expect Chicago's greatest crime as far as the male art critics are concerned is that she said loudly that women have gotten a dirty deal, in the art world as elsewhere. My, they do hate to hear that!

Adele L. Watson
Coalinga, California

Pavlova

I would like to say how much I enjoyed the article on Pavlova in your February issue.

It brought back memories of my own childhood in London when a friend of mine was training for the ballet under Pavlova in her beautiful house next door to Jack Straw's Castle on the top of Hampstead Heath. I was lucky enough to watch a practice and was introduced to Pavlova, and her nice little husband Monsieur Dandre. She was sitting by the lake in her garden and her beautiful pet swan had its neck twined around hers—a lovely sight. Later, on the night that Pavlova died, this swan died at the same hour she did.

Joan Elsworth-Walker
Dorset, England

A Long Way from Broadway

Permit me to congratulate Joan Melloan—and you—on the excellent "A Long Way from Broadway" in the March issue.

The growth—truly an explosion—of theatrical activity nationally by the not-for-profit professional theater is an enormously complex story which Ms. Melloan has synthesized with great skill.

Peter Zeisler, Director
Theatre Communications Group, Inc.
New York

Thank you for the copies of your March 1981 issue with the article and pictures of Trinity Square Rep Company in "A Long Way from Broadway."

I would have enjoyed it even more had my name been spelled correctly. Having lived with it in its S-less state for more than a half a century and despite all pressures to change, I remain.

Richard Cumming
Providence, Rhode Island

Dunne Yet

I keenly appreciated John Lahr's razor-sh and insightful critique of Joan Didion's John Gregory Dunne's literary efforts (Ja ary 1981 issue). He capsulized "Califo Crazy" so beautifully, I no longer feel lac for not liking their writing.

I'm enlightened! But then, it's hard no be, reading HORIZON.

Felicia Castridone
Bloomfield, New Jersey

Caption Correction

Regarding the January 1981 Trans World umn, the picture reproduced on page 18 an tributed to van Gogh, is, in fact, not by Gogh but by Louis Anquetin (1861–1932), had met van Gogh at the Atelier Cormon. painting is signed in the lower left-hand ner—L. Anquetin 1887. Moreover, you hav versed the painting. The painting is located i Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecti

Wesley R. Tobey
Houston

Editor's note: Wesley Tobey is correct. apologize for the error and are happy to se record straight.

Orson Welles Look-Alike

You really ought to do a "blow-up" of Orson Welles look-alike in Jan Steen's *M Company* reproduced in HORIZON, Ma 1981. Even Mr. Welles would be amused!

Boneda Eliek
Godfrey, Illinois

Equal Time for A. A.

With Conrad in December (Barnaby Con "Genius and Intemperance," December 1 and Rand in March (Richard Rand, "The and Poetry of Wine," March 1981), in t "vintage years" of equal time, do you thi might be only fair to give Alcoholics Anonyn space in an early issue? (Perhaps with somet like: "A Good Cup of Coffee in U.S. Art?"

Dr. R. E. Green
Miami