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Kooning And Friends:
Downtown In The Fifties

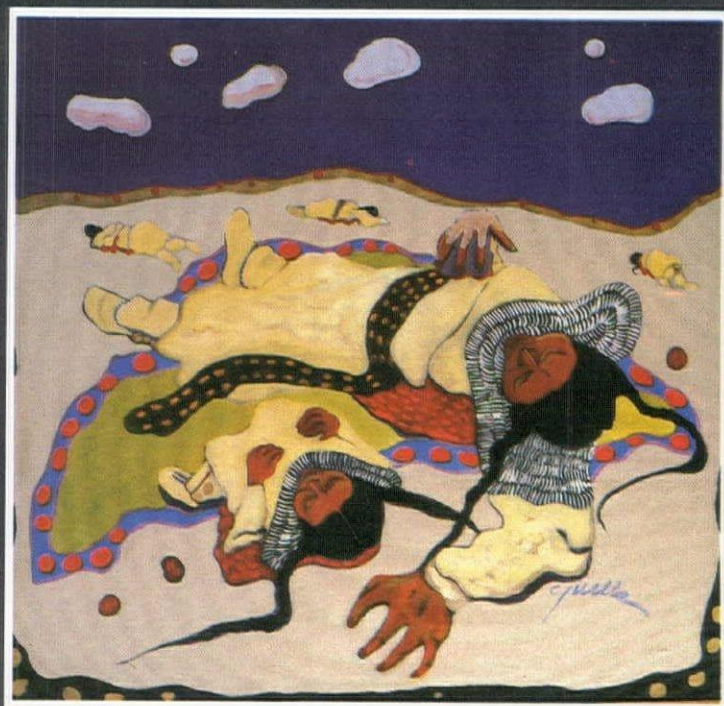
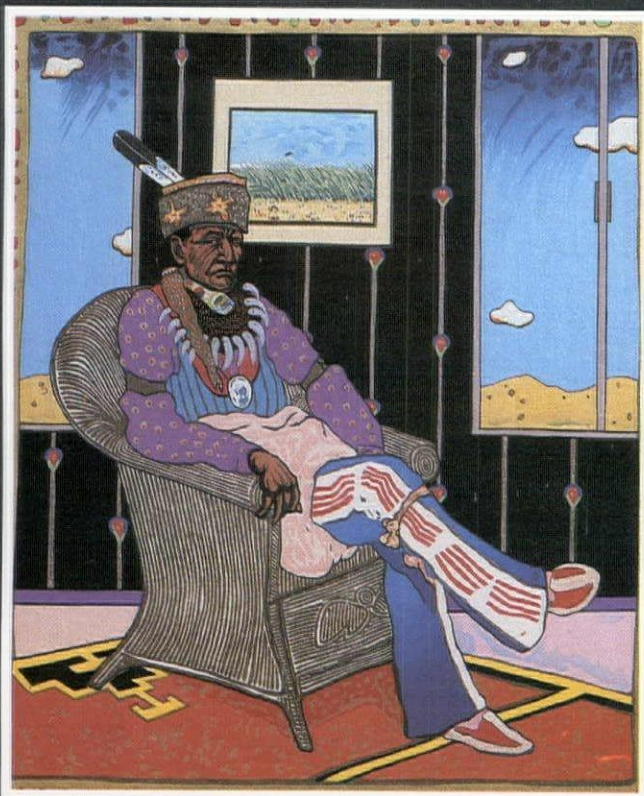
Barges On Book Burning

Enrico Zeffirelli: Did He
Get Love?

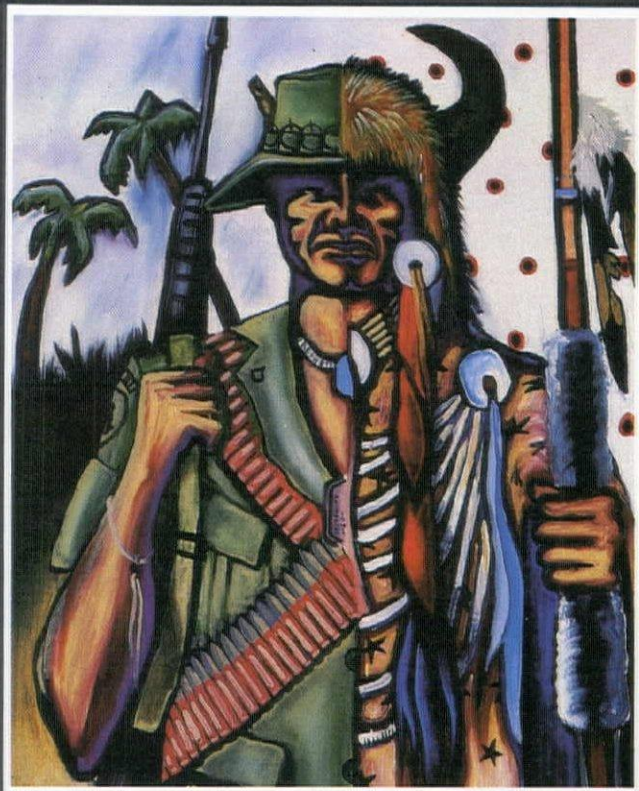
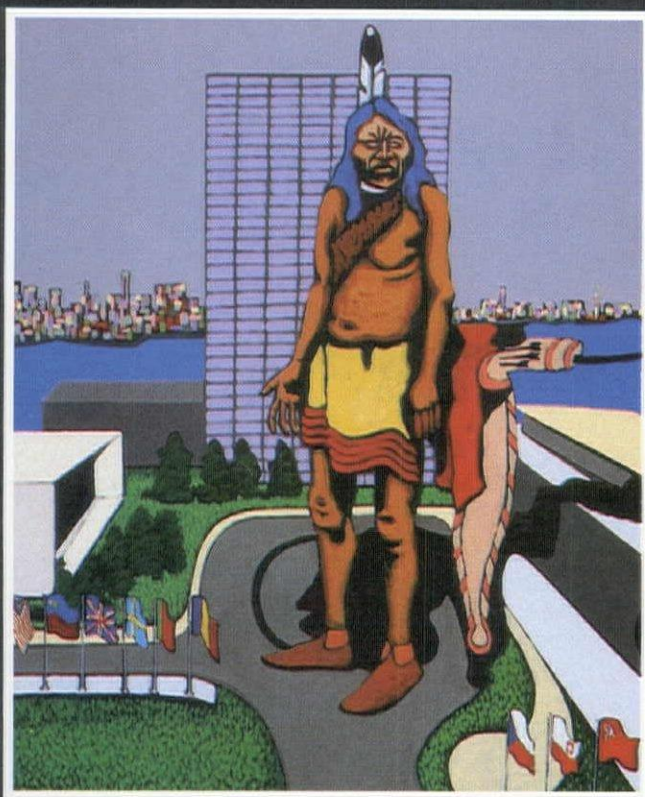
Claes Oldenburg's
Dream Cathedral



Posters from the Gallery of the 21st Century



Upper left - Collector #5. Woodcut ed. 200 and poster, by T.C. Cannon (1946-1978). **Upper right** - Sand Creek Massacre, by C.J. Wells. **Lower left** - Vintah Warrior at United Nations Plaza, by Darren Vigil. **Lower right** - Soldiers #2, by Bruce King.



These inexpensive posters allow you to enjoy the fine art of these four very important Native American artists; they are printed in a small edition on the finest quality 24" x 36" paper.

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The readers of Horizon are cordially invited to make the Gallery of the 21st Century their first stop at Indian Market, August 22 and 23, 1981.



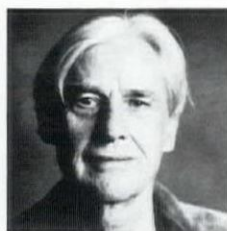
HORIZON

Volume 24 Number 6 June 1981

Cover:
Sculptor Claes
Oldenburg designed
this faucetlike dream
cathedral for Lake
Union, near Seattle,
Washington, in 1971.
© 1971 Claes Oldenburg.

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Downtown in the Fifties By Hiram Carruthers Butler 15

The Waldorf Cafeteria kicked out the scruffy painters who spent all evening there on a single cup of coffee. So they banded together as the Eighth Street Club, became known as abstract expressionists, and changed American art. Timothy Greenfield-Sanders' portraits illuminate the New York scene in the 1950s and now.



Franco's American Dream By Corby Kummer 30

Self-styled as "the man who invented love," Franco Zeffirelli directs Brooke Shields and a seventeen-year-old ex-valet in a film version of *Endless Love* with an upbeat Christian resolution. Novelist Scott Spencer doesn't seem to mind.



Twenty Museums You've Never Heard Of By Patrick D. Hazard 38

Last in the series of Professor Hazard's rambling museum hunts: the Northeast.



Mom, Dad, & Bobo By Andrew Feinberg 44

Twenty-four-year-old Tama Janowitz has written a first novel about her family, in which the father kills the mother and then maims himself with a chain saw. Her real parents and her brother talk about what they see in *American Dad*.

Futuristic Architects By Sarah Booth Conroy 48

Roy Mason would house people in foam domes, Robert Bruno in a platter on stilts, and Buckminster Fuller in floating spheres.



Burning Books By Jorge Luis Borges 58

The Argentine master ponders the question of why Omar the Caliph burned down the ancient library of Alexandria.

Unsolicited

Who reads first novels these days? Who even knows about them in advance of publication? Except in cases like Jean Auel's blockbuster *The Clan of the Cave Bear*, first novels are seldom promoted by their publishers. And according to Daniel Menaker, an editor at *The New Yorker*, most houses no longer read unsolicited novel manuscripts, and the odds against getting one accepted, he calculates, are approximately 29,998 to 2.

Tama Janowitz seems to have known all about these gloomy facts, and even after G.P. Putnam's accepted her autobiographical first novel, she was determined not to let the book get buried in Putnam's list. Whence the letter that arrived a few weeks ago, sans letterhead, from one Anna Cascio in New Haven, Connecticut. The letter began, "What is wrong with psychiatrists in our society?"—just the kind of question it had not occurred to us to ask. We skimmed on, however, and found out that what Anna Cascio was selling was not the latest expose of American headshrinkers but twenty-four-year-old Tama Janowitz.

Who had quit as a Vidal Sassoon model because they dyed her hair purple. Who was studying at Yale School of Drama. Who had just penned *American Dad*. All very well, but could she write? And even if she could, why should HORIZON pay attention? What caught our eye in Cascio's pitch were the grisly facts of Tama's plot—Dad kills Mom, cuts self up with chain saw—and the fact that Tama's real dad was quoted by the seemingly omniscient Cascio as being proud of his daughter's effort, "as long as I can continue to practice psychiatry in the state of Massachusetts."

The germ of an idea for a HORIZON story was planted—get the family to talk. Anna Cascio, it turns out, was an old friend of Tama who had been enlisted as her "publicity agent"—not always to the liking of the people at Putnam's. Not only that, but Tama had sat down and written personal letters to "all the different writers I admired," asking them to read *American Dad*. So far Philip Roth, John Irving, and Saul Bellow had volunteered, and Tama had had dinner with Thomas Berger and drinks with Norman Mailer.

Of such chutzpah novelists are often made. Whether or not Tama turns out to be a major writer, she cooperated fully with the assiduous Andy Feinberg, who tracked down her dad and phoned up her mom and brother and wrote the intriguing story—a family study of a novel's personal impact—that appears in this issue of HORIZON.

David Robert

On April 13 we heard that John Kennedy Toole had been posthumously awarded the 1980 Pulitzer Prize for fiction. Last July I visited Thelma Toole, the devoted mother whose efforts had led to the book's publication. My memories are still vivid of the seventy-eight-year-old widow who had regaled me for two hours with improvised dialogues, original songs to her own piano accompaniment, and lyrical reminiscences of her "genius" son. For Mrs. Toole's reaction to the Pulitzer, see page nine.

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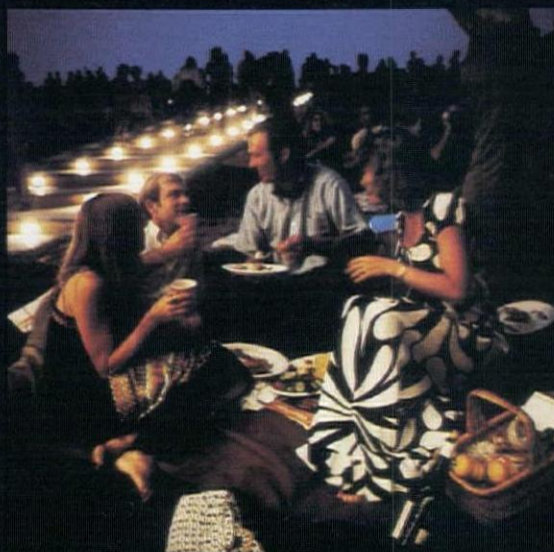
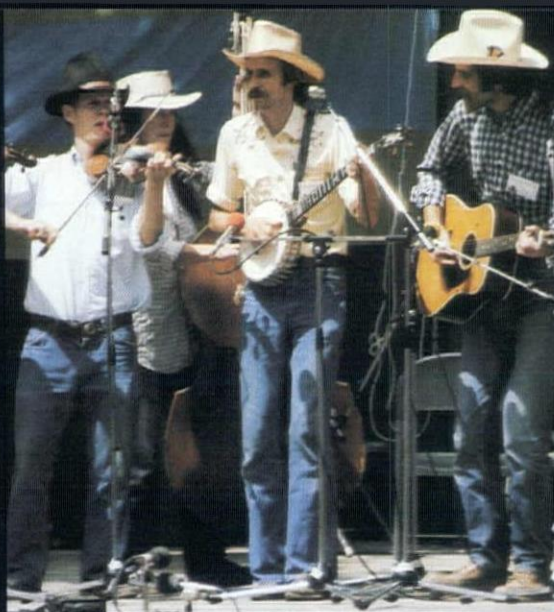
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A Salute to WOLF TRAP

This summer, Wolf Trap celebrates its first decade! Since the premiere performance on July 1, 1971, over 5 million people from around the world have shared in the Wolf Trap experience at this first and only United States National Park for the Performing Arts. International artists perform against a backdrop of breathtaking natural beauty ... educational programs enrich the Washington metropolitan community and are a showcase to the nation.

Mrs. Ronald Reagan, who continues the tradition of the First Lady serving as Honorary Chairman of the Wolf Trap Foundation Board of Directors, noted: "I have

heard so much about Wolf Trap from people across the country. The excitement of its live performances and the beauty of its natural setting truly make Wolf Trap a national treasure. I am delighted to be a part of Wolf Trap as it celebrates ten years of excellence this summer and continues to grow in the decades to come."

Join the celebration for Wolf Trap's Tenth Birthday Season! Festivities are launched on Monday, June 1 with an all-star Gala emceed by Bob Hope ... and continue through September 7 with Richard Harris starring in CAMELOT.



Cross Country



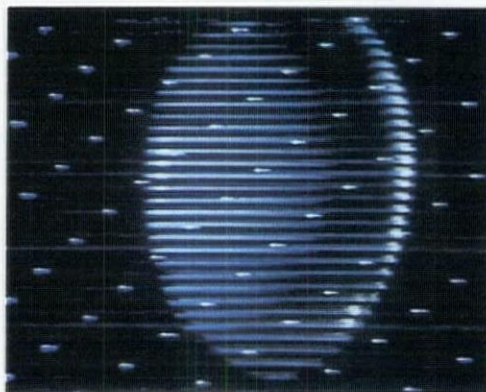
© 1981 Reynold Weidenaar

Art

Video Art

Over the past ten years, the general public has shown only a passing interest in video art. Their lack of enthusiasm is probably due in part to the fact that private collectors have never been encouraged to buy (or rent) tapes created by artists—until now, that is. Visualizations, the first gallery devoted to video art, recently opened on Manhattan's Upper West Side. The event caused quite a stir in the video-art community and may produce long-standing repercussions for the history of art. "It's an incredibly important event," says video-artist Doris Chase. "I wish Visualizations all the luck in the world."

The gallery is selling limited copies of tapes made by established and emerging artists. "We currently represent thirty-six artists," says Rhonda Ronan, a practicing video artist who helped launch the gallery, "but the list is constantly expanding. We're always looking for historically important work that's of interest to the general public. Until now video artists have had to rely on their own distribution networks—with the exception of Leo Castelli's gallery and Electronic Arts Intermix, which



© 1981 Doris Chase

Top: Reynold Weidenaar's video tape Pentimento displays slowly varying visual-musical alternations. Above: Moon Redefined is a twenty-five minute sculpture series by Doris Chase.

have provided tapes to libraries and museums. Few have been breaking even on their expenses." By selling tapes—for between \$80 and \$300—Visualizations provides a new source of funding for the artists.

An obvious problem is piracy. What's to prevent someone from buying a tape and producing hundreds of copies? "First, the reproduction quality would not be very good," says Ronan. "And it couldn't be done without studio equipment. Also, it isn't to the benefit of a collector to make copies since it only

devalues his original tape." In the event, if copies are made, however, an identification number will be hidden in each tape. So if the collector discovers an illegal copy, it would be possible to trace the culprit.

"We intend to establish a distribution network around the world," says Ronan. "Galleries selling contemporary art are interested in video but don't have the expertise to handle it. We'll provide it both." —Steve

Kinetic Sculpture Race

Over Easter weekend the annual A Ferndale Kinetic Sculpture Race took place in the orderly atmosphere of a small town in California's redwood country around Eureka. The race turned the town of Ferndale into a three-day amusement park. Artists, engineers, high-school students, and even plain zany people come from all over California and as far as Louisiana to participate in the thirty-six-mile race. Their elaborately designed vehicles are kinetic sculptures that move on land as well as water. County streets, Route 101, hard and loose mud, heavy grass, the Eel River, and the town of Ferndale are all part of this endurance test. But most important, these people are artists. They display their art as well as enjoy the thrill of the competition. This lively event was started in 1974 by Hobart Brown, an immigrant metal sculptor who also runs an art gallery in the main street of Ferndale.

The kinetic sculptures must be hand-powered. Some are highly engineered for speed, such as "Earth Probe 1," a thirteen-foot, two-man stretched trike with twenty-five gears with motorcycle tires and flotation devices around the aluminum frame. Others are designed for sheer style. "Banana Slug"—a five-passenger yellow tubular worm some twenty-five feet long, equipped with inner-tube floats.

This year there were seventy-five entries, ranging from a mail box and a space shuttle to an eight-foot Viking ship with a spouting sea dragon. Hobart Brown and his son, Fox, of ABC's "Good Morning America," were aboard "The World's First People's Bus." Hands and feet ran the push-pull mechanism which drove the wheels and propellers. A fourteen-passenger yellow trolley car with bright flames.

First to cross the finish line was "The Galumpkie Brothers"—two converted



The World's First People-Powered Bus" as one of the seventy-five entries in this year's Kinetic Sculpture Race held in northern California around Humboldt Bay.

need bikes with balloon bike tires flanking two twelve-foot-long pontoons. But in this race for the glory, winning isn't everything: completing the course and hearing the cheers from the crowd make it all worthwhile. Hobart Brown describes the event as "experiential art" in which creators and spectators are as much a part of the art form as are the sculptures. Why not? This is California, where tradition is a point of departure and not a way of life. —Melanie Adler

Theater

America's International Theatre Festival

the laurels which have wreathed the world-famous performance festivals in Edinburgh, Scotland; Avignon, France; and Spoleto, Italy, will seek American roots in the first Baltimore International Theatre Festival, from June 6 to 27.

Planted in 1976, the seedling was called a festival, but was really a conference of people working in experimental theater held at the University of Maryland's Baltimore County campus. In 1978 the new Theatre Festival spread to Baltimore's inner city, and by 1979 a diverse audience had been treated to performances by over one hundred American groups and visitors from seventeen other countries. At the first International Festival this summer, at least twelve nations and five continents are represented by a tremendous range of theater talents.

Among the stellar attractions, Britain's National Theatre offers its highly acclaimed revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's *Playbill*. Alec McCowen and Geraldine McEwan star in two one-acts: as a famous theatrical couple playing

a middle-aged Romeo and Juliet in the farce *Harlequinade*, and as a bitterly unhappy married couple in *The Browning Version*, a drama British critic Sir Harold Hobson calls "the best one-act play in the language." Two admired South African actors, Tony Award winners John Kani and Winston Ntshona, star in *Waiting for Godot*, produced by the racially integrated Baxter Theatre of Capetown in honor of Samuel Beckett's seventy-fifth birthday.

Ireland's Abbey Theatre presents their Sean O'Casey centenary production of *Shadow of a Gunman*; Israel's Habimah National Theatre makes its first American appearance since 1957; and the Actors Theatre of Louisville performs a play that excited great controversy at its recent Festival of New American Plays, William Mastrosimone's rape-and-revenge drama *Extremities*. —Holly Hill

Bottom: William Mastrosimone's controversial Extremities and (below) England's Moving Picture Mime Show are among the attractions of the Theatre Festival.



A Boost for Santa Fe

Normally, Sunday is the night Broadway theaters darken their stages and actors take an evening off after their matinees. So why would two dozen of Broadway's biggest names, including Dick Cavett, Christopher Reeve, Ian McKellen, Gilda Radner, and Susan Sarandon, not to mention Joshua Logan and impresario Joseph Papp, lend time and talent to a sort of traveling medicine show called "Santa Fe on Broadway" on Sunday, March 29? Answer: a burning love of theater, whether it springs from skyscrapers or among the cactus of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

The three-and-a-half-hour show was the brainchild of thirty-year-old Yale Drama School graduate Thomas Kahn Gardner, who has founded, with a little help from his friends, the Santa Fe Festival Theatre, a new regional theater to begin operation this summer.

The entertainment, written by Thomas Babe, Peter Shaffer, and Martin Sherman, and directed by Robert Allan Ackerman, found Susan Sarandon, Carol Kane, and Gilda Radner going amnesiac, pregnant, and blind in a soap-opera take-off; while Madeline Kahn was eccentrically comic as a lushed out "blue angel" from the Weimar cabaret era; and Sam Waterston and Joe Grifasi resurrected "Who's On First?" Dick Cavett had a chance to do his rope tricks (magic, not Will Rogers stuff), while Michael Davis, the juggler with genius for comic timing, kept airborne a bowling ball, an apple, and an egg ("the egg is the only natural enemy of the bowling ball"), and then terrified the first row audience when he expert-



Jon Gilbert Fox

ly flung a machete, a two-headed axe, and a meat cleaver into the air.

Ian McKellen, the star of *Amadeus*, movingly read "The Snake," a poem by D. H. Lawrence (fitting since Lawrence himself had lived and died in Santa Fe). Joshua Logan recalled how President Kennedy had advised him on how to improve his play, "Mr. President"; while Joseph Papp, in delivering a spiel on the virtues of regional theater, asked that the Santa Fe Festival Theatre respond to the Hispanic culture of New Mexico. Among the many other thespians who sprang to the call were Kevin Kline, Dixie Carter, Hildegard, Tammy Grimes, and Chris Sarandon.

Despite the hastily organized program, the evening more than satisfied ticket holders (who were then fed at Sardi's), and helped Gardner

Gilda Radner and Chris Sarandon draw laughs in "Soaps," a skit performed in New York to benefit the Santa Fe Theatre.

come closer to raising his \$500,000 budget the first season. In April, he held a similar benefit in San Francisco.

Headed by Gardner, the theater boasts assistance of Christopher Beach, former assistant director of productions at Metropolitan Opera, and Robert Wojewods, a Broadway costume designer. The resident company of established actors is scheduled to perform *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Front Page*, and *Terra Nova* the first season. Dance and children's theater will also be important parts of the program.

Teenage Playwrights

Budding Chekhovs, Ibsens—and even N. Simons—take note. The Dramatists Guild is launching a nationwide search for talented American playwrights, and no one over the age of eighteen need apply. The search culminates next season in the first annual You

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Cross Country

Playwrights' Festival at New York's Circle Repertory Company. Four to eight plays will be selected from submissions from schools, theaters, and arts education programs throughout the country. The winning plays will be fully and professionally produced during the two-week festival to be held in late November or early December.

The program is modeled after the Royal Court Theater's popular Young Writers' Festival. Since 1973, plays by such unlikely authors as a fifteen-year-old unwed mother and a ten-year-old boy have won the British competition. Inspired by the London festival, Guild president Stephen Sondheim invited its director, Gerald Chapman, to organize a similar program in America. Already, Chapman has inaugurated playwrighting workshops in New York's public schools, with backup from Guild members. Workshop materials for teachers outside New York are available. Sondheim, excited about the potential of the

festival, said, "It's a service to the children, who acquire a sensitivity to playwriting and drama. It offers a terrific emotional catharsis and exhilaration for them."

Manuscripts for the Young Playwrights' Festival are being accepted now through the end of June, and should be submitted to the Dramatists Guild, 234 West 44th Street, New York 10036.

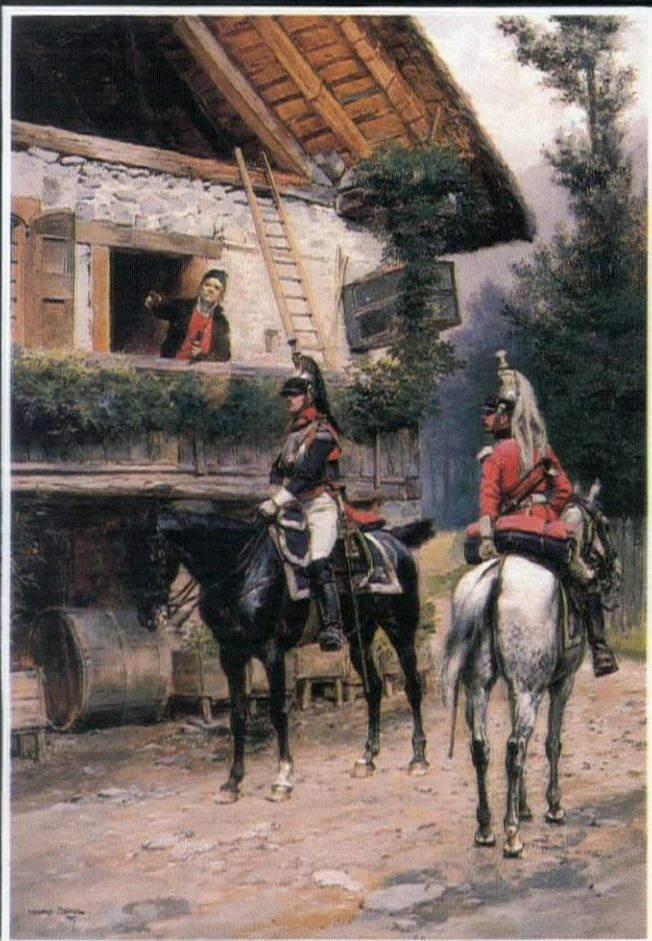
Architecture

A Stirling Year

James Stirling is the third architect to win the international Pritzker Prize. The award, which was announced in April, consists of a \$100,000 check and a cast of a Henry Moore sculpture created especially for the recipient of the annual prize. Conceived as a sort of Nobel Prize for architecture, the award is administered and

funded by the Hyatt Foundation, of which Jay A. Pritzker is president. When American architect Philip Johnson won the first prize in 1979, he stated, "It is at this moment that the Pritzker Prize is founded. What a symbol of impending change! Our Pulitzer Prizes and our Nobel Prizes are never granted a visual artist of any kind, much less an architect. Up until tonight, we artists have felt we were second-class participants in society. From now on, architects can feel prouder."

Stirling was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1926. He has designed museums, educational institutions, and private residences, and is currently working on a building for Columbia University; an extension to the Fogg Museum in Cambridge, Massachusetts; and the new Turner Museum at London's Tate Gallery. British architectural historian Mark Girouard elaborated on Stirling's talent: "He has a very strong feeling for the weave of a city. He has a very strong feeling for the really delicate scale



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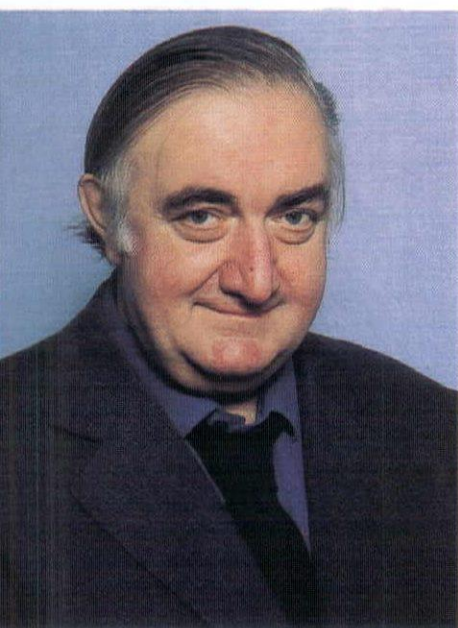
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British architect James Stirling is the winner of the 1981 Pritzker Prize.

of old cities and of old buildings. He is not going to produce great, overbearing buildings in which one feels that one is somehow being squashed or oppressed. He has the quality of delicacy—the buildings have some of the delicate quality of a giraffe or gazelle.”

Nominations for the prize are accepted from all nations; approximately two hundred architects from fifty countries are considered each year. In 1980, the winner was Mexico's Luis Barragan.

Literature

Pulitzer Postmortem

2 P.M. on April 13, Thelma D. Toole received a call from a local television station in New Orleans informing her that her late son, John Kennedy Toole, had won the 1980 Pulitzer Prize for fiction for his posthumous first novel, *A Confederacy of Dunces*. “New Orleans is in a stir,” she says. “Everybody is terribly excited. I’m happy, and saddened, you know. He’s not here, but I’m carrying on for him in the world.”

Toole finished the novel in 1963, and sometime thereafter he entered into a lengthy correspondence with Robert Gottlieb at Simon and Schuster. The manuscript was rejected a

few years later, and in 1969 Toole committed suicide at the age of thirty-two. The novelist’s mother decided to make a mission of getting her son’s book published. For almost a decade she sent the same smudged, battered manuscript to publisher after publisher, and was rejected by at least eight of them. Finally she approached Walker Percy, who consented to read it, and was so impressed that he encouraged Les E. Phillabaum at Louisiana State University Press to publish it. (See Cross Country, September 1980 HORIZON.)

After hearing about the award, Mrs. Toole talked to Percy and said, “You own 50 percent and my son owns 50 percent” because, she explains, “if he hadn’t accepted it I could not have gone on after being rejected by eight publishers. I was wrecked!”

In April Grove Press came out with a paperback edition of *Confederacy*, and now Mrs. Toole is consumed with getting the movie “fixed up.” “That’s my field,” she exclaims. She got in touch with Scott Kramer, the Twentieth Century-Fox producer who bought the movie rights, and told him about her “theatrical background.” “I asked for him to permit me to be consultant on the film; he agreed on the telephone. He’s supposedly coming to New Orleans in May, and I told him: ‘I’m issuing an edict—when you get off the plane you’re to phone me! Come to see me before you see anyone else, before you look over the terrain of New Orleans.’”

Mrs. Toole already has someone in mind to play Ignatius J. Reilly, the novel’s protagonist. Her choice is Victor Buono, the gargantuan actor who counts among his roles the super-villain King Tut, in the television series “Batman.”

When asked if there are any plans to publish *Neon Bible*, the book John Kennedy Toole wrote when he was sixteen, which “has the violence and the poverty and the frustration of the Bible Belt,” Mrs. Toole says. “It would be very unwise to thrust that on the public—two novels at one time! The paperback and movie of *Confederacy* need to go first.”

Mrs. Toole has been performing dramatic interpretations of the characters in her son’s book in the course of her lectures around New Orleans. As soon as she receives a letter citing the details of the Pulitzer, she will travel to New York to receive the prize. At seventy-eight years of age she claims that she really doesn’t have the stamina to make such a trip. “But I’m going to manufacture the stamina! I am serving my son.” □

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Trans World



Denmark

The Pick of Picasso

Heralding any Picasso exhibit, after last summer's MOMA extravaganza, seems a bit stale. But the exhibition showing through June 21 at the Louisiana Museum, north of Copenhagen, warrants special attention; "Picasso's Picassos," as it is unofficially known, is the collec-

Pablo Picasso's Two Brothers, painted in 1906, is one of more than three hundred works included in "Picasso, from Musée Picasso, Paris" in Denmark.

tion of works owned by the artist until his death in 1973. Then the collection was designated the curatorial cornerstone of a new Picasso Museum in Paris.

But before the 375 works included in this exhibition are permanently stationed in the new

Paris museum, they are visiting the Louisiana Museum and London's Hayward Gallery. Most of the works are oils, sculpture, drawings, and graphics—created from 1900, when Picasso arrived in Paris from Barcelona, to his death—are being shown publicly for the first time.

The Louisiana Museum is open every day from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. except Wednesday, when hours are extended to 10 P.M.

Ghana

Drumming for Diplomacy

Three months ago thousands of Ghanaians crowded onto Black Star Square in the capital city of Accra to hear a concert featuring a Ghanaian drummer. The show was a benefit for the Ghana Musicians' Union and the drummer was Mick Fleetwood, cofounder of the rock group Fleetwood Mac. His new album "Visitor," released this month, was recorded from the concert in Accra.

After being nationally televised in Ghana, the concert will be featured in a Public Broadcasting System documentary about the entire Fleetwood Ghanaian project. "Visitor" is described by producer Mickey Shapiro as a "rock symphonic synthesis of Western and African music."

Speaking about the concert and project, which he calls a "lifelong dream," Fleetwood told HORIZON, "It's really impossible to calculate the impact of what we've done. What I think is relevant is that we created an honest atmosphere in which Western and Ghanaian musicians shared music, and more importantly, friendship. I think that's quite sufficient indeed."

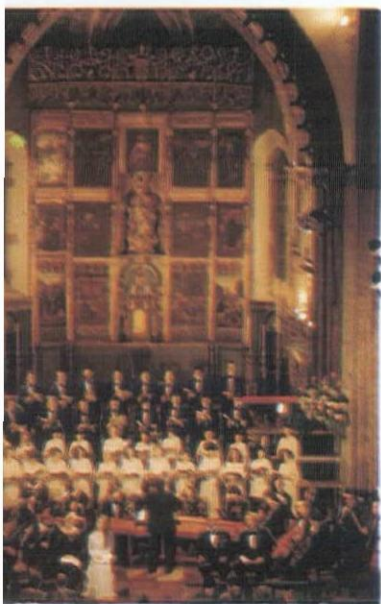
South America

Theatrical Edisons

A decade ago, three mime artists, all in their twenties—two graduates of Jacques Lecoq's Paris school and a classical mimist from Rome—decided collectively they had reached the limits of the classical art. Rather than continue and join traditional theater, they invented a new mime, "Mummenschanz," meaning literally "masks of chance," and played to rave reviews for three and a half years on Broadway. Today, Mummenschanz tours the co-

he world, giving its silent perfor-
th toilet-paper faces and clay masks,
ocial criticism and poignance. The
mpasses the evolution of a single-cell
1 water to dry land, from crawling to
from feeding off smaller beings to
ff each other in a final, mutually
e competition.

mmer, Mummenschanz tours Latin
playing in Mexico City June 10-28;
Alegre, Brazil, July 3-5; traveling
in Argentina July 6-August 9; and in
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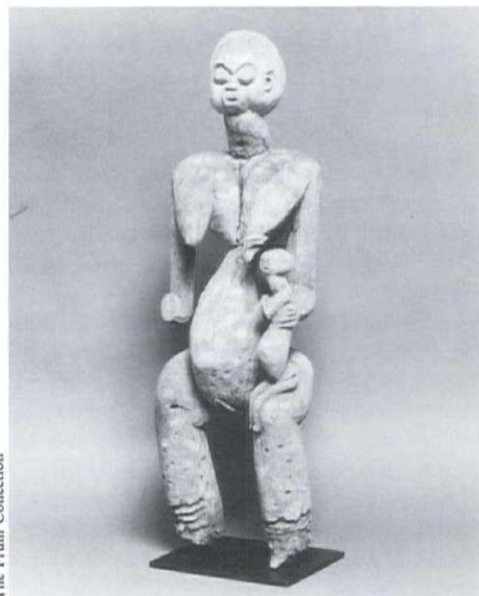
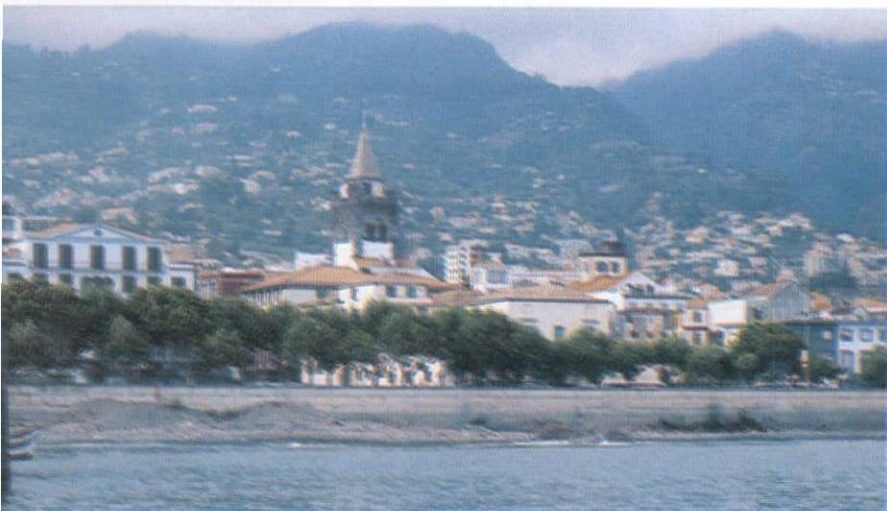
Portugal

Bach Along the Beach

After the first Madeira Bach Festival last year, critics and visitors acclaimed the majestic fifteenth-century Cathedral Da Sé that hosts the concerts, the beautiful scenery of the island, but especially the music—day after day of Bach and other baroque and classical composers offered by some of today's best performers. Doris G. Kinney wrote in *Musical America*: "The final concert of the *Brandenburg Concertos* conducted by [Jean-Pierre] Rampal had the atmosphere of an almost private family party that no one wanted to end."

This year's Madeira Bach Festival (June 7-June 26) welcomes back many of last year's performers, including organ virtuoso Anthony Newman. Making first-time appearances at Madeira will be dozens of artists, including soprano Elly Ameling, pianist Emmanuel Ax, cellist Nathaniel Rosen, and flautist Carol Wincenc. Among ensembles will be the International Bach Festival Orchestra, the Gulbenkian Choir of Lisbon, and the highly esteemed Waverly Consort. Special events are planned for the celebration of Georg Telemann's 300th birthday. For further information about the 1981 Madeira Bach Festival (or to be included on the 1982 mailing list) write Franco Venturi, Travel Director, Madeira Bach Festival, 510 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022, or call 212/838-5090.

Two views of the Cathedral Da Sé, which will host Madeira festival performances.



The Frum Collection

"Statue of Queen Nana with Child" is an example of Cameroon art, which Dr. Murray Frum calls the "most dynamic" of African art.

Canada

From Africa With Love

When Dr. Murray Frum and his wife, prominent Canadian broadcast journalist Barbara Frum, bought a Nigerian mask in Mexico in the late 1960s, they had no intention of accumulating a collection of African art. But, as Frum told *HORIZON*, things do not always go as one plans:

"We started reading and looking at museums to find out what we had purchased; traveling in Europe, we met some collectors of African art and found that some very old collections were breaking up in Europe and pieces were becoming available. At the same time, the wars in Africa were making pieces available to the market that nobody had known about for a hundred or a hundred and fifty years. It was just a convergence of two very lucky sets of circumstances."

Today, the Frums have one of the most extensive collections of African art in the world. Comprising fifty-nine figures, masks, and objets d'art dating from the thirteenth to the twentieth centuries, this entire collection is on display through July 12 at the Art Gallery of Ontario, 317 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. □

At home with The Virtuosos

Facing the Music, by Harold C. Schonberg. New York: Summit Books, 1981. 320 pp., \$17.95.

When Harold Schonberg stepped down as senior music critic of the *New York Times* last July, it was to the dismay of legions of readers—the following he had built up during twenty years in his post. The Schonberg hallmark is a prose style of Thurber-like lucidity, serving as the expository vehicle for a mind cluttered with curios and rich in historical imagination. *Facing the Music* presents us with a valedictory selection of the critic's Sunday pieces written during the decades in which readers came to think of him as a fixture in the Sabbath ritual of brunch with the *Times*.

No matter who the columnist, his newspaper pieces all too seldom survive the translation into book form. Ellen Goodman's lively reflections on modern mores, when gathered and bound, begin to sound chatty, and buttress the suspicion that she is thin on ideology. A book full of John Leonard wearies us, like a novel written in aphorisms. *Facing the Music*, however, hangs together as well as Schonberg's splendidly readable earlier compendia, *The Great Pianists* and *The Great Conductors*.

There are two reasons for this, I suspect. One is the prose style—as clear as a pane of glass, and as unobtrusive. The other is Schonberg's modesty; he never lets his own personality upstage the musicians he helps us hear and see. In the new book he reveals that he has always felt uncomfortable with the first person. When Clive Barnes came to the *Times*, he managed to persuade Schonberg that using the word "I" was not tantamount to breaking a sacred tabu, although "It still appeared too ego-centered to me. . . ." Today Barnes recalls his former colleague: "Schonberg never wastes words, he always provides judgment with insight. When I first joined the *Times*, I was expecting a vastly older man, and was very surprised to find this chipper fellow full of pep and enthusiasm."

That enthusiasm is another key. In a critical milieu where the waspishness of John Simon or Pauline Kael holds sway, Schonberg's ebullience invites dismissal as mere naiveté. It is not

surprising, then, that the relatively rare strictures from Schonberg's pen have ranked among his most influential pronouncements—particularly his war against serial music and his potshots at Leonard Bernstein ("... not Maestro Bernstein, but merely Lenny, the Peter Pan of music"). Both judgments seem to be holding up well as we gain distance from the controversies provoking them.

Trained at the piano from babyhood, Schonberg never had, he claims, a future as a performer: "My only real talent, such as it was, was listening." At twelve, aided by what he calls "a freak memory," he decided to be a music critic. The charming introduction to the

The dean of American music critics, Harold C. Schonberg sums up forty-four years at his trade: "All I can say for certainty is that I have had a wonderful life, happily doing the thing I love best to do. . . ."



Christian Steiner

present book convinces us that years spent reviewing others' music have made for Schonberg an ideally balanced perspective. This despite the long hours, tight budget, low pay, and a surprising isolation from the world of partiality, a good critic dare not be a musician, and Schonberg claims that "decades of professional criticism have brought me close only to four musicians, and you who they are."

Yet reading these essays, which flow as smoothly as oysters, one feels as if one has been invited into the private world of the virtuosos and composers. Schonberg writes of the elbow of Artur Schnabel's wife as she leans over the piano, the way to the concert [she says], in a way that will complain bitterly. He will say his fingers are spaghetti, that he will have lapses, that he will disgrace himself, that he will never play again. He reduces the music to a solid jelly. I understand, but when he says, "I die a thousand deaths. The music is out and plays the first measures and everything is going to be all right."

Schonberg's real forte is performance, particularly that of the great Russian pianists of the nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries. Perhaps the most tragic fact about music is that the actual sound of it, before it has vanished. We must rely on eyewitness accounts (how many of them are true?) to know how Paganini played the violin. Nothing in *Facing the Music* is more poignant or electrifying than Schonberg's reconstruction of musical splendor. He gives our eyeteeth to have witnessed Moreau Gottschalk's monster concert in San Francisco in 1865, with fourteen pianists playing the march from *Tannhäuser* and Rossini's *Samedi soirs*, home entertainment where the greatest artists of the time gathered to play; the ten-year-old pianist Hoffman seated on Edison's lap playing piano cylinders (which have disappeared); the first important musician ever to sing, the voice of the greatest castrato of all time, "holding and decorating a note for sixty seconds, which is about six times the breath duration of any singer I have ever heard. . . ."; and more recently, maestro George Szell as salon pianist. Sorry I never saw him when he was young. They say that his performance of *Eulenspiegel* as a piano solo, with its effects from his cufflinks, was something you hear at home talking to yourself."

—David

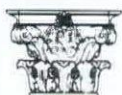


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Downtown in the Fifties

The abstract expressionists from the
famous Ninth Street Show—thirty years after.

by Hiram Carruthers Butler

Photographed by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders

The artistic action in New York during the 1950s was downtown. Greenwich Village, then the center of Bohemia, drew artists, writers, and actors from all over the country. Below Twenty-third Street, studios were expensive. The community museum was the Whitney (then on Eighth Street), a place to pop in on the way to the grocery store or home from work. Cafeterias and bars were hangouts where ideas were exchanged almost without pause. In this atmosphere developed the ideas behind some of the most important American art of this century.

The greatest attraction for younger artists moving to New York City was the presence of the "heroic" generation. This older generation of artists had begun the pioneering work of combining two seemingly incompatible methods of painting, the highly structured precision of cubism (especially Picasso's late-expressionist treatment) and the free automatism of surrealism. If Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Barnett Newman, and Clyfford Still had removed themselves from the downtown scene, Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, and Robert Rauschenberg were still in New York and could be found at the Cedar Tavern on Greenwich Village's University Place. Milton Resnick and James Brooks were accessible at the Waldorf Cafeteria (Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue). Hans Hofmann, who had lived in Paris and was a friend of the innovators of cubism and fauvism, had an art school and taught on Eighth Street. Hofmann never stressed verisimilitude, but rather spatial rela-

tionships and, above all, the use of color to determine structure.

There was little sense of social or professional hierarchy among the older and younger artists. Casual meetings on the street were frequent; everyone's studio was open. Michael Goldberg remembers fellow artists traversing rooftops to visit him. The Cedar Tavern allowed artists to run up month-long tabs for food, although (perhaps fortunately) not for liquor. The poets Frank O'Hara and John Ashbery, who wrote criticism for art journals, also frequented the local haunts. The exchange of ideas and shared excitement proliferated.

In the late fall of 1949, after suffering the Waldorf Cafeteria's harassment for taking up tables all evening for the price of only one cup of coffee apiece, twelve artists organized the Eighth Street Club. The founding artists were: Willem de Kooning, Phillip Pavia, Milton Resnick, Joop Sanders, Ibram Lassaw, Landis Lewitin, Conrad Marca-Relli, Franz Kline, James Rosati, Alcopley, Ad Reinhardt, and Georgio Cavallon. Phillip Pavia soon became the principal nuts-and-bolts organizer. He rented a space on Eighth Street and made things happen. Weekly panel discussions on Friday evenings alternated with the more loosely organized round-table discussions on Wednesday nights. Robert Motherwell introduced "An Evening with Max Ernst." Viking Press published Thomas Hess' book, *Abstract Painting*, in which he coined the term abstract expressionism. Most of the artists, however, did not like his description of their paintings. Symposia soon followed to deny his label. As was not the case in earlier artists' organizations in America, there was an almost total absence of political discussion. Ever-present rivalries between artists with differing philosophies made the meetings lively, sometimes shouting matches.

The Club was the focal point of New York School activities until the end of the 1950s. Younger artists, including Robert Rauschenberg, Helen Frankenthaler, Michael Goldberg, Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan,

and Al Leslie, soon became members. The democratic openness of the community persisted. Artists, writers, musicians, and intellectuals intermingled. John Cage attended meetings, bringing along Pierre Boulez. The well-known *Harper's Bazaar* illustrator René Bouche and the unclassifiable painter Edwin Dickinson enjoyed dickering with the younger avant-garde artists. Although evenings began with formal discussion, more than one artist remembers, "It was the terrific dancing afterward I loved most." The nights—early mornings—ended at the Cedar Tavern.

Walking home one night, Kline, de Kooning, and Resnick stopped in front of an abandoned furniture store at 60 East Ninth Street and conceived the plan for an exhibition. The next day they rented the building. Although not under the direct sponsorship of The Club (the large body could not agree on anything), a group of charter members began to organize the show and asked Leo Castelli to install it. They all agreed he was one of the few people who genuinely liked artists and would hang each work to its best advantage. The exhibition opened to an unexpectedly large crowd on the evening of May 21, 1951. Always one for a bit of glitter, Kline arranged for klieg lights. Sixty-one artists were represented. Hung beside the works of artists who had achieved a measure of critical success (Willem de Kooning, Motherwell, Hofmann, Kline, and Jack Tworckov) were paintings by the unknown, yet now familiar Frankenthaler, Elaine de Kooning, Resnick, Goldberg, and others. Resnick recalls they were "just people who knew each other and painted." The show was so successful that the artists organized a sequel in 1953 at the Stable Gallery, uptown. It was an annual affair until 1957. The Stable annuals received full critical coverage; museum purchases and exhibitions soon followed. Action painting, abstract expressionism, and New York School became all but household words.

This month marks the thirtieth anniversary of the now-historic Ninth Street Show. The following artists participated in it.

Hiram Carruthers Butler has contributed to several exhibition catalogues of contemporary American art, has worked at the Museum of Modern Art, and is currently gallery director of David Tunick, Inc. Portraits of the artists in this article came from Timothy Greenfield-Sanders' series, *New York Artists of the Fifties in the Eighties*, which was recently exhibited at the Marcuse Pfeiffer Gallery in New York.

Willem de Kooning

Willem de Kooning, born in 1904, has played an important and innovative role in American art since his immigration to this country in 1926 from the Netherlands. Like so many artists of his generation, he worked for the WPA mural and easel-painting projects. De Kooning's painting was influenced by his work in this large format, but perhaps not so profoundly as by Picasso's expressionistic late cubism. Picasso's work helped de Kooning repudiate realism and arrive at a more personal form of expression. In the middle 1940s, de Kooning adopted a more thoroughly surrealist method of working which relied heavily upon spontaneous choice, exposure, and gesture. Critic Harold Rosenberg later gave the name action painting to work in this manner.

Of all the action painters, de Kooning, perhaps, most consistently returned to wrestle with the figurative tradition. His largest and most intense bout with the representational image was from 1950 to 1952, while he was working on *Woman, I*. Using an oversize canvas, he shifted the figure and format of the painting several times. For two years, he painted and repainted the canvas, continually adding to it. Ambiguities in imagery are paralleled by similar uncertainty in working methods for the artist; the act is as important as the result.

De Kooning's method can be compared to such contemporary avant-garde American

writers as the Beats. Jack Kerouac's torrents of prose and avoidance of editing are like de Kooning's rough, monumental strokes and "unfinished" works. Allen Ginsberg, Kerouac, and William Burroughs' habit of following the sequence of perceptions rather than a preconceived order is again similar to de Kooning's instinctive working and open record of conduct on the canvas.

Of the so-called first generation New York School artists, de Kooning has been the most influential on younger artists. In the early 1950s, he was accessible to them, and they emulated his painting. He had, however, become such a mythic figure, almost an American Picasso, that younger artists began to react against him. In 1953 when Robert Rauschenberg asked de Kooning for a drawing to erase, the elder artist complied. Rauschenberg's "reductive" gesture characterized the art of the next decade—paintings were to be subtracted from, not added to.

Since the middle 1950s, de Kooning's work has become more abstract and almost waterlike, especially since his move to The Springs, Long Island, in the early 1960s. As abstract as *Untitled III* (1980) is, flat anatomical elements are still to be found. Fleshy pinks amid blues and whites, imply frolickers in the surf. De Kooning remains one of the most influential artists working in America.

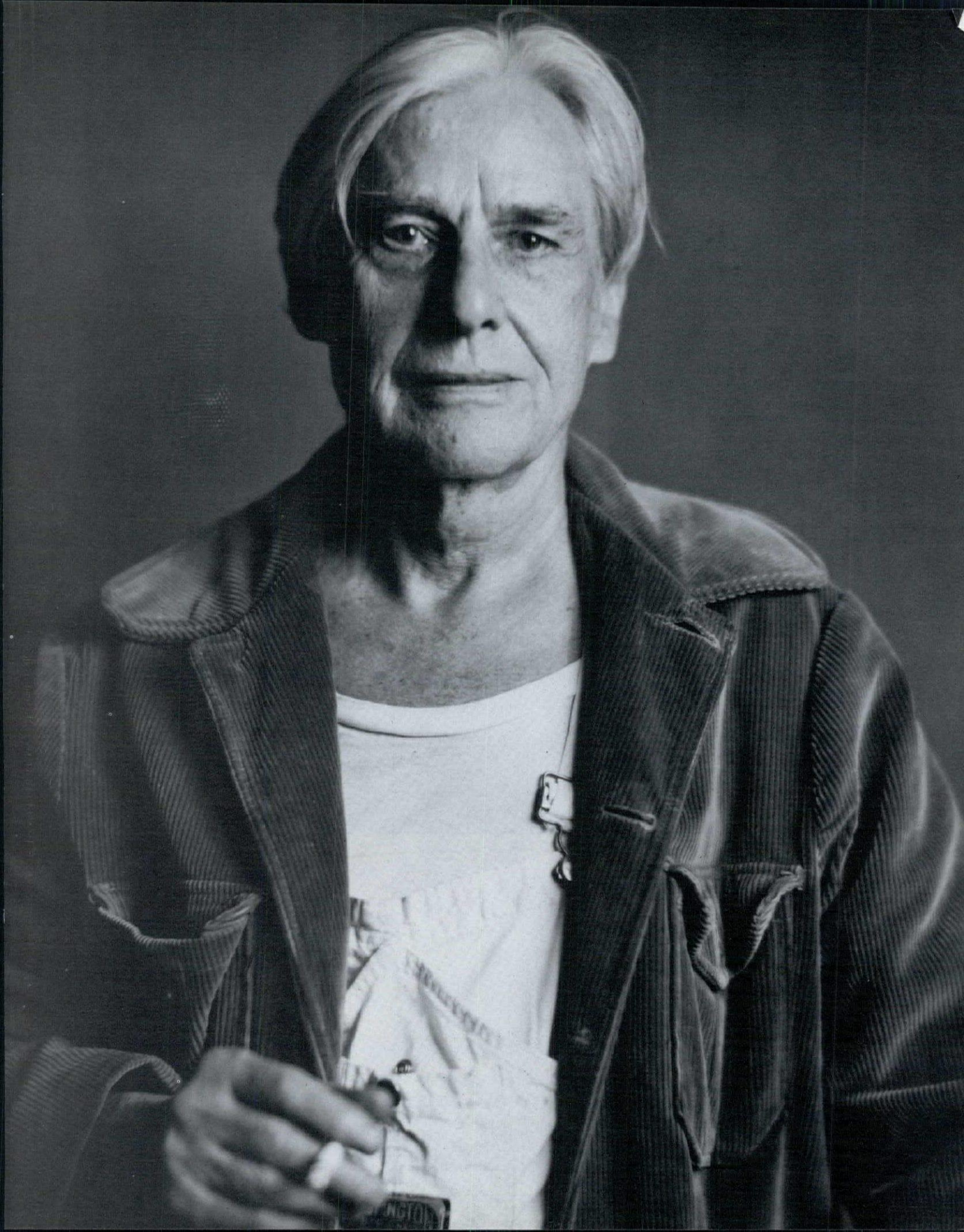


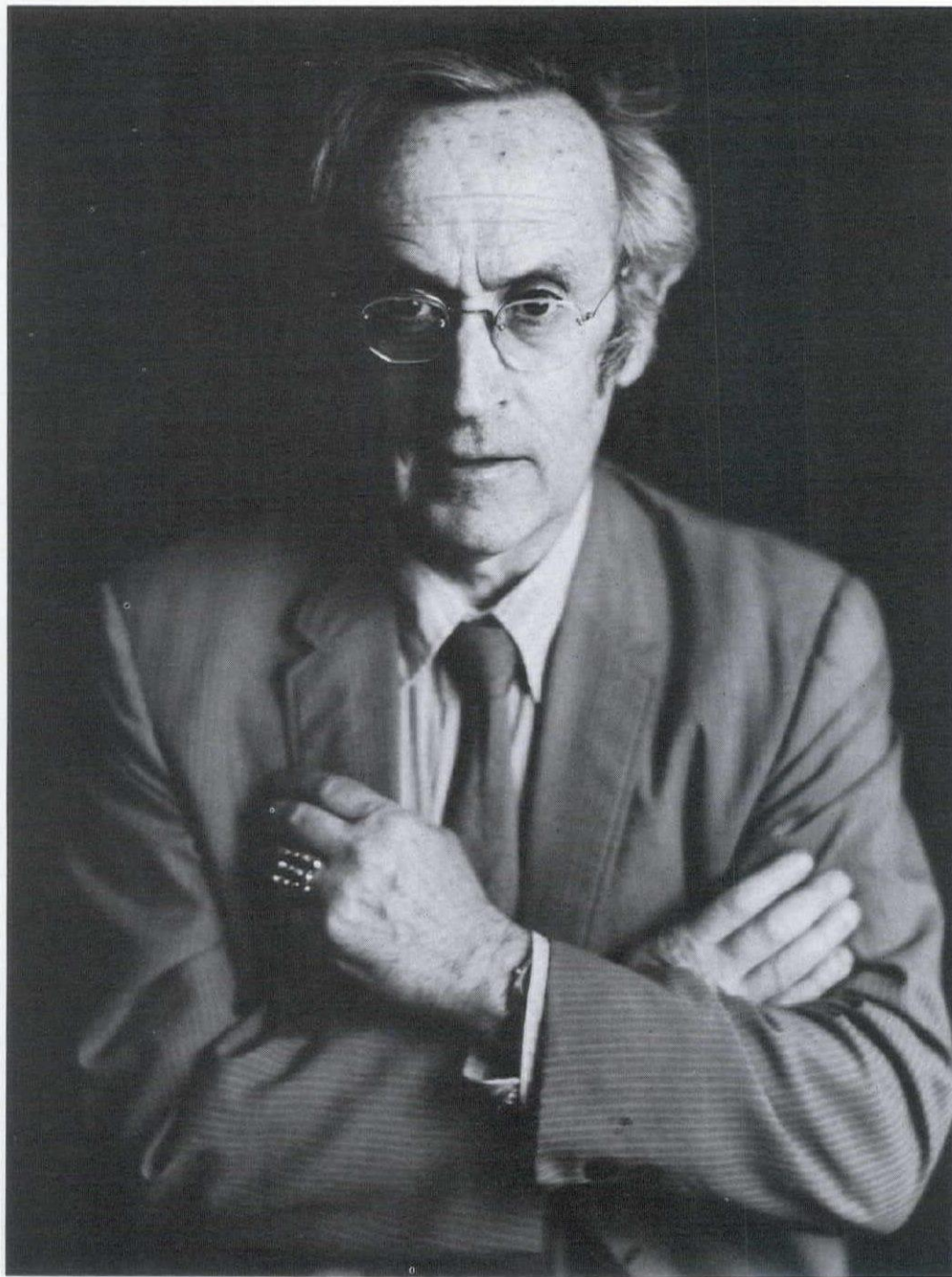
Woman, I, 1950-52, oil on canvas, 76 x 58 inches



Untitled III, 1980, oil on canvas, 70 x 80 inches

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Joop Sanders

Joop Sanders was born in Amsterdam, the Netherlands, in 1921. He arrived in New York and began studying drawing at the Art Students League with the German-American artist George Grosz, who had been a co-founder of the Dada movement. Sanders met Willem de Kooning in late 1942 and began frequenting the downtown cafeterias. When the Eighth Street Club was organized in 1949, Sanders was the youngest founding member. Sanders' painting was unequivocally influenced by his fellow Dutch-American, de Kooning, in whose studio he worked for a short time in 1945. Sanders' first abstract work dates from his time with de Kooning.

Pantagruel, 1955, is roughly painted and reflects abstract-expressionist *Angst* at its fullest. Yet, like its namesake from Rabelais' work, it is also good-humored. American commercial colors elevate the pitch and serve to delight. Along with the serious expression there is a capricious and fanciful, almost mocking stroke.

In the mid-1950s Sanders left New York for Europe. In 1960 he was the first young American painter to be given a one-man show at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, which played a crucial role in introducing advanced American art to Europe. Sanders established a considerable European reputation. This move—just at the time abstract expressionism was being accepted in America—resulted, however, in his being overlooked as one of the first younger artists to contribute to the style in New York.

Sanders returned to New York in 1959, where his work became almost monochromatic and fieldlike. It never was impersonal; he always retained an emotional content. During the 1960s, Sanders created sectional paintings which could be arranged in a variety of configurations by the owner or even construed as three-dimensional sculpture.

Sanders' *Gong*, 1979, places the power of abstract-expressionist color and painterliness within a more formal and refined structure. Shapes are larger than in his earlier work. The dominant purples, deep greens, and pinks are rich and more closely hued. The combination results in a powerful, serene rhythm. When asked about reincorporating earlier tendencies in his art, Sanders responds, "the artist is like Sisyphus, punished by Zeus to try forever to roll a rock uphill which forever rolls back upon him."



Gong, 1979, oil on canvas, 80-inch circumference



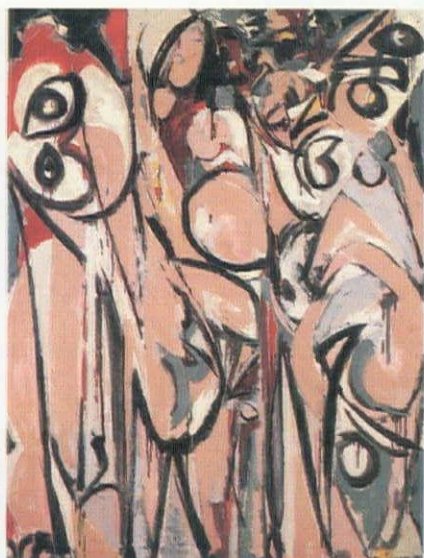
Pantagruel, 1955, oil on canvas, 48 x 43 inches

Private collection, New York

Collection of the artist



Crisis Moment, 1980, collage on canvas, 69 x 54 1/4 inches



Three in Two, 1956, oil on canvas, 75 1/4 x 58 inches

Pace Gallery

Janie C. Lee Gallery

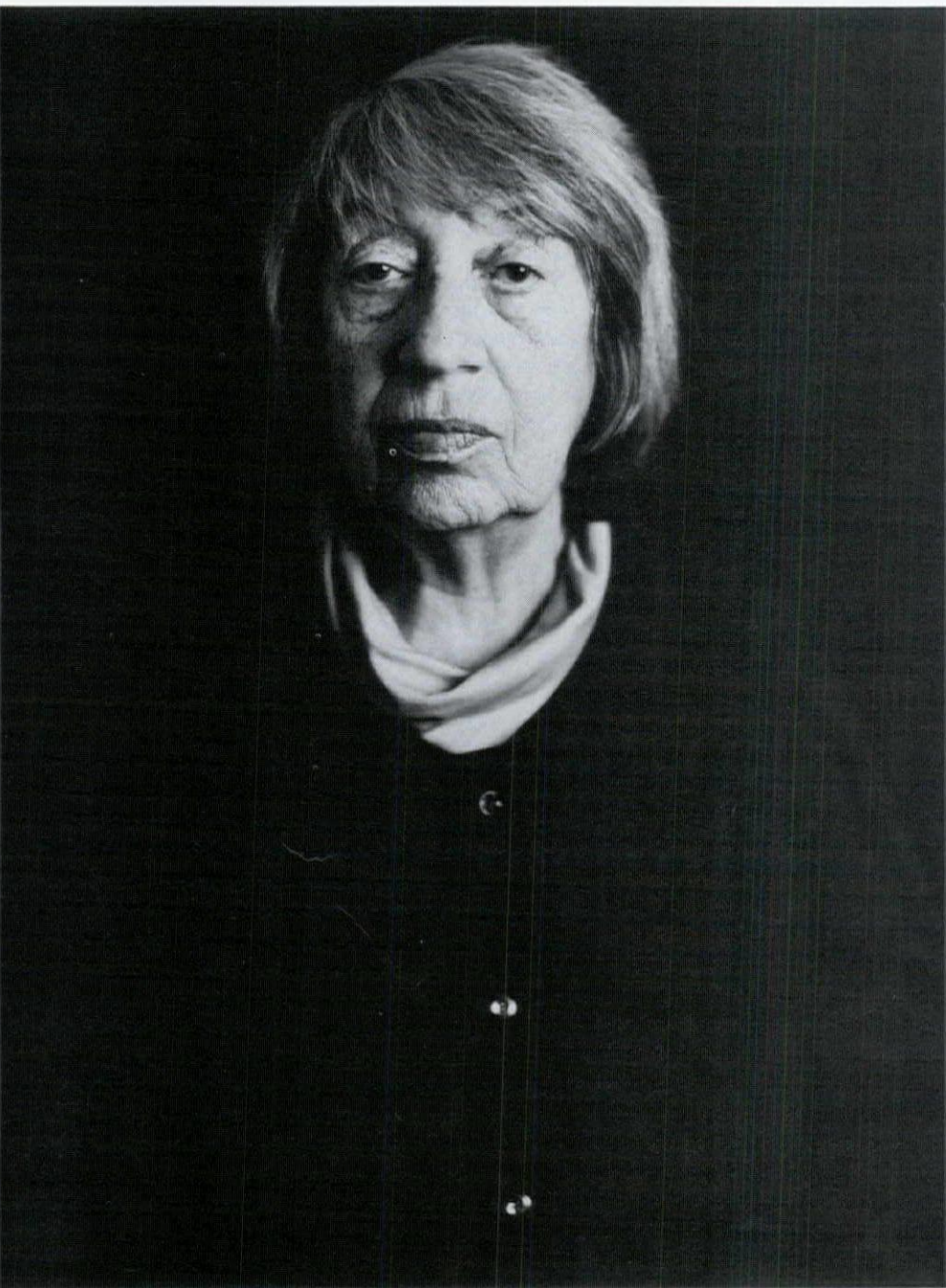
Lee Krasner

Lee Krasner's marriage to Jackson Pollock had the effect of overshadowing her own career. She has never denied that Pollock influenced her. She calls her work "an homage to him, not an imitation of him." Now viewed in a broader perspective, she appears among the first order of abstract-expressionist painters. As early as 1942, Krasner was included in the exhibition organized by John Graham, "French and American Painting," at the MacMillan Gallery, which included works by Braque, Picasso, Matisse, de Kooning, and Pollock. She also received a one-woman show at Betty Parsons Gallery in 1951.

Krasner attended the Art Students League in the late 1920s and worked on the WPA mural projects in the mid-1930s. In 1937, she began her three-year study with Hans Hofmann. John Graham's 1937 book, *System and Dialectics of Art*, which stressed a study of primitive art, emotional drive, and a physical open record on the canvas, also profoundly influenced her work.

Krasner has a fluency in all the modern idioms. She takes their grammar and builds on it, creating a work all her own. *Three in Two*, 1956, retains the cubist interest in primitive art. The faces make references to African masks or perhaps Egyptian sculpture (the hawklike head at the upper right). The subdued, almost murky, palette is also much like that of analytical cubism. She was, along with Pollock and de Kooning, among the first to employ it. The use of primitive forms and dark colors is perhaps personal and autobiographical; the painting was made soon after Pollock's death. The scrambling, open search and energetic record of vertical ripping strokes are Krasner's.

Krasner's painting has generally become more graceful. There is a flowering of both color and its application in *Crisis Moment*, 1980. Paint sweeps across the canvas over bits of collage paper. There remains a frenzy which derives from the acidic reds and blues, the huge broken strokes, and the staccato bits of triangular paper.



Elaine de Kooning

Elaine de Kooning's introduction to advanced painting came at an early age. Born in 1920, she began her formal study of art at Erasmus Hall High School under the tutelage of Miss Regan, "a genius spinster lady," who was a student of Hans Hofmann. Upon graduation, de Kooning enrolled at Hunter College. After a few months, however, she withdrew to enroll in art school. She soon met Milton Resnick and her future husband, Willem de Kooning, in a cafeteria. Resnick persuaded Elaine to enroll in the livelier American Artists School on West Fourteenth Street. For a time she devoted herself to painting social realism. One afternoon she again met Willem de Kooning on the street. They began painting together. Under de Kooning's influence she abandoned social realism and began working on formal painting problems. They were married in 1943.

Elaine de Kooning returned to portrait and figure painting with more verisimilitude after visiting the artist Fairfield Porter. Unable to afford models, she and Joop Sanders posed for each other, making sketches that were later turned into more finished paintings. The male figure has continued to be her principal theme, one most contemporary women American artists have rejected. De Kooning is interested in investigating the gesture of the body and especially the expression of character through the structure of clothing. She always, however,

left a gestural open record of her search on the canvas.

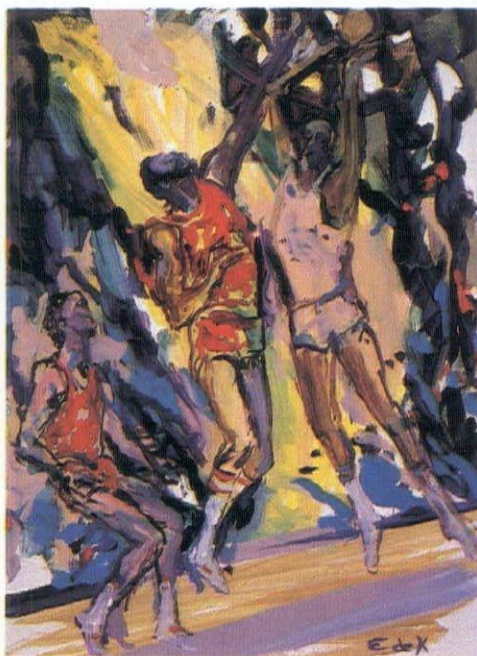
This is apparent in her 1950 portrait of critic Harold Rosenberg. Though the specific spatial parameters of a room and the lounging figure in it are defined, she does this with gestural strokes applied impetuously and with great energy. The figure, however, remains the focus of the painting. Wearing a three-piece suit, Rosenberg is obviously relaxed amid all the swirling paint. He has removed his tie, crossed his legs, and slouched with drink and cigarette in hand.

In 1955 de Kooning made the most persuasive defense of figurative painting. She challenged directly the critic Clement Greenberg and her fellow painter Ad Reinhardt, who believed representational work was minor, by saying "docile art students can take up nonobjective art in as conventional a spirit as their predecessors turned to realism." She went on to stress that the important value was an open attitude, not the degree of abstraction.

De Kooning continues to blot, distort, and depict the male figure. In *Basketball*, 1980, she returns to a subject that has fascinated her since childhood, when she attended sporting events with her father. As early as 1953, she chose basketball as a subject and has returned to it periodically. Like the players depicted, her paint jumps, shuffles, and dances.



Harold Rosenberg, 1950, oil on canvas



Basketball, 1980, oil on canvas



Milton Resnick

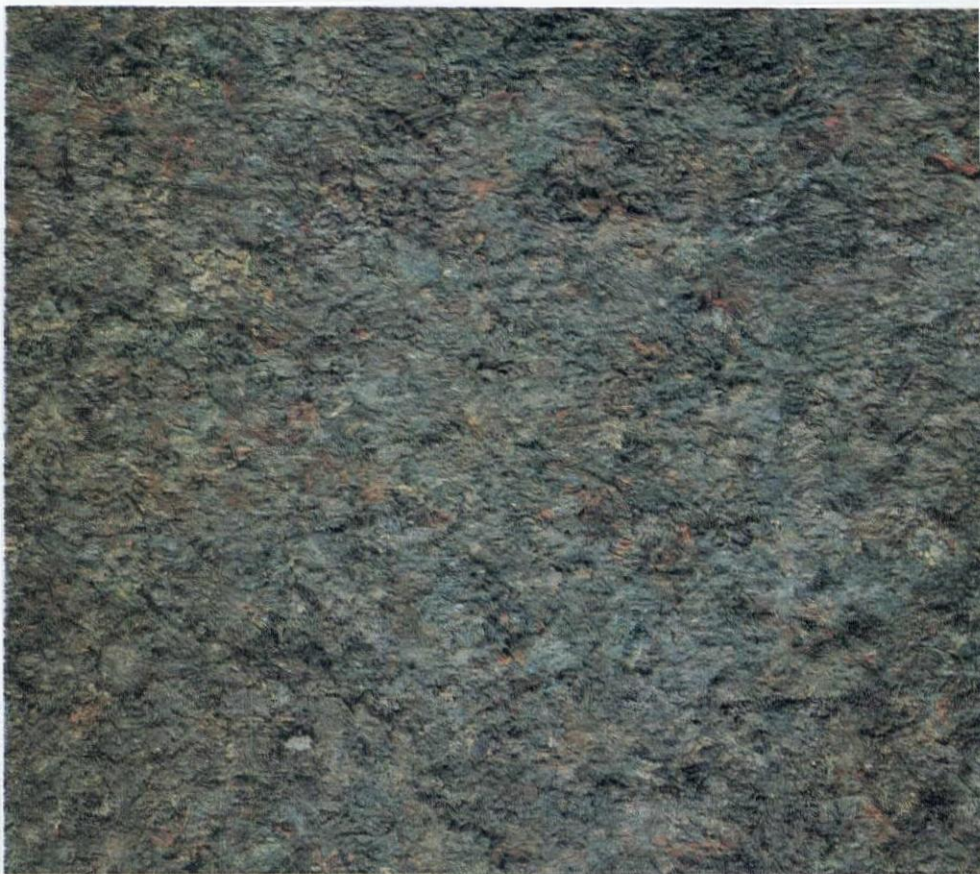
Milton Resnick's contribution to the formative phase of abstract expressionism has long been ignored. He has been called a second-generation abstract expressionist. This somewhat misleading term is perhaps a result of having his first one-man show as late as 1955. Resnick, however, has been an important and active member of the New York scene since working on the WPA mural projects in the 1930s.

Born in Bratislov, Russia, in 1917, Resnick moved to New York in 1923. His study of art began in earnest in 1935, when he attended Pratt Institute. After military service in World War II, Resnick studied in Paris. Upon returning to New York he enrolled in Hans Hofmann's school. Resnick was one of the artists, along with Kline and de Kooning, to be involved in perpetual discussion of art at the Waldorf Cafeteria. He was also a founding member of the club.

Resnick's canvases of the 1950s, such as *Model*, demonstrate the heavy brushwork of abstract expressionism, held together with traces of a cubist grid. Resnick does not employ the acidic "city" colors as do de Kooning and other New York painters, but rather relies on more personal, warmer ochres, browns, and grays with highlights of hotter colors.

Resnick's paintings from the late 1960s are more serene and are comparable to Monet's water-lily paintings. They have continued to grow in size and surface thickness. All spatial depth is eliminated in the exploration of surface texture and color modulation. Resnick's more recent paintings have so much paint on them, several men are needed to lift one.

Saturn, 1976, is from Resnick's late phase. Paint has been applied layer upon layer. Thousands of strokes of somber dark blue, brown, and green pigment resulted in a surface at once rich and rough. Glimmering touches of red, yellow, and white make the canvas strangely opalescent. These huge, dark paintings radiate an inner light with a powerful ecclesiastic presence. Resnick would deny this; he likens them to "something you would find on the street pavement, but I like them that way."



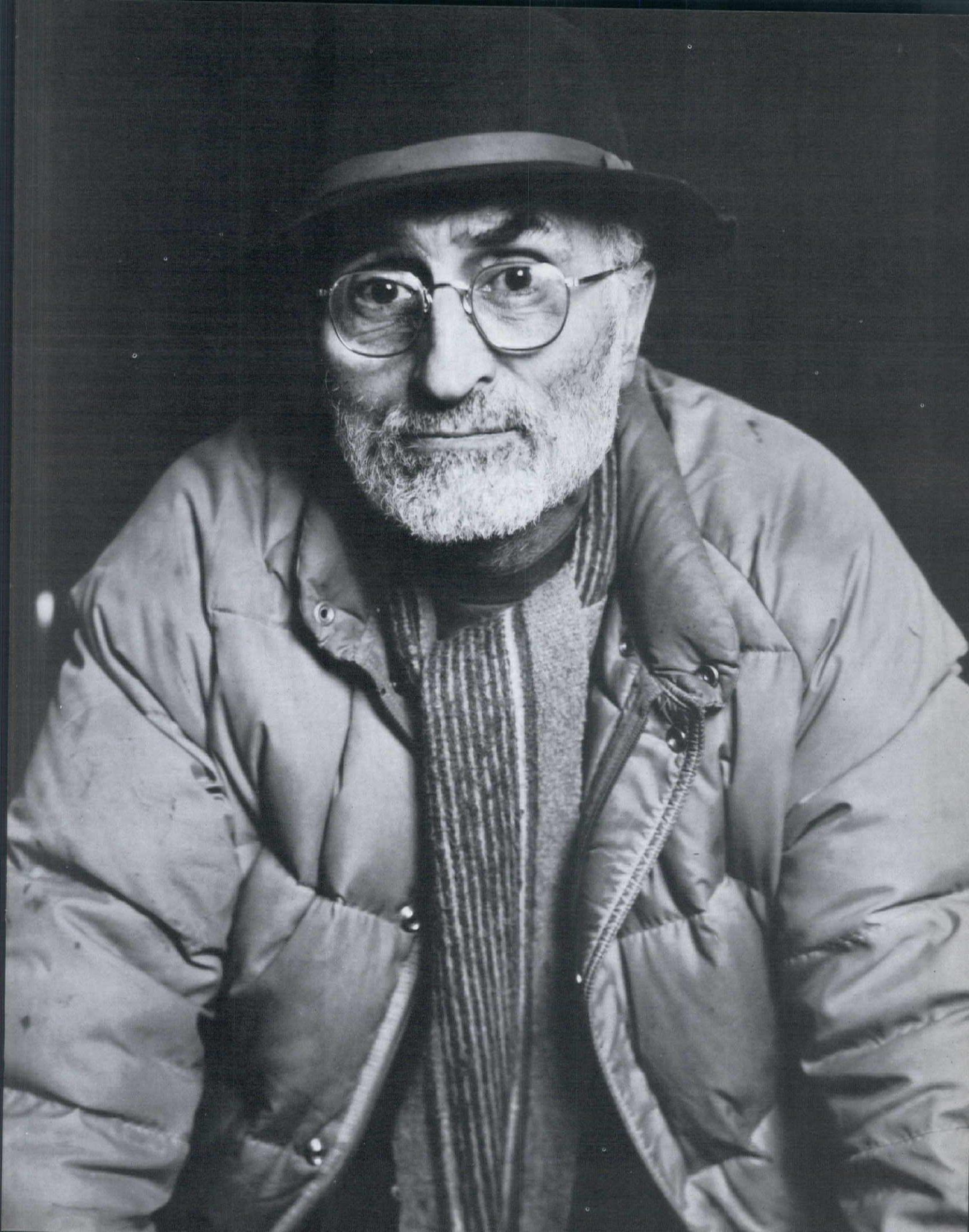
Saturn (detail), 1976, oil on canvas, 97 x 117½ inches

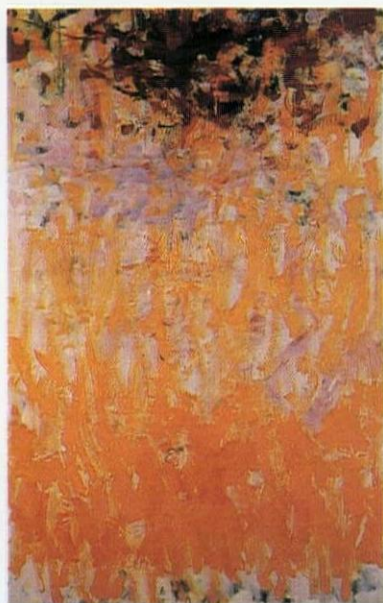


Model, 1958, oil on canvas, 68 x 82 inches

Eric Pollitzer, New York

Robert Miller Gallery, Inc.





Belle Bête, 1980, oil on canvas, 110 x 71 inches

Xavier Fourcade, Inc.



To the Harbor Master, 1956, oil on canvas, 76 x 118 inches

Xavier Fourcade, Inc.

Joan Mitchell

Joan Mitchell, born in 1920, directly carried on the tradition of Pollock's brand of action painting. Although her treatment of the canvas in *To the Harbor Master* is even more aggressive than Pollock's, she does not employ a calligraphic use of line. Paint is applied to the canvas in a frenzy of short, attacklike strokes; red contrasts with blue, black with yellow. There is little compositional focus, and a disconcerting rawness permeates the work, perhaps indicating the approaching storm a harbor master must confront. Although Mitchell's painting developed in the agitation of the city, there have always been allusions to nature in her work.

Mitchell moved to Paris in 1959. Later she left the city for Vetheuil where Monet had painted. The location seems to have affected her work much as it did the French master's. Her 1980 painting *Belle Bête* employs a softer palette of pink, lavender, and yellows than her earlier work. Though still gestural, smaller vertical, almost delicate, strokes of paint are organized within broad horizontal bands. A landscape of land, water, and sun-filled sky comes to mind.

Born in Chicago, Mitchell was educated at Smith College and the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. She later attended Columbia University and received her M.F.A. from New York University in 1950. She still lives in France.



Michael Goldberg

Michael Goldberg's *Park Avenue Facade*, 1956, is abstract-expressionist painting at its strongest. Paint is applied in powerful arm's-length strokes; an unquestionable brawniness lies behind them. The focus of the composition is not readily apparent. As Goldberg said, "I don't like togetherness in art—or anywhere for that matter." Goldberg openly acknowledges his debts, saying, "De Kooning allowed us to use him; he was always accessible, and Hofmann radiated love and taught the importance of pure color." The influence of both is apparent in this canvas.

A native New Yorker, born in 1924, Goldberg studied formally under Hofmann and lived near de Kooning. At one time, Goldberg, Philip Guston, de Kooning, Resnick, and Esteban Vicente all lived on the same block. Goldberg, one of the first younger artists invited to join The Club, exhibited in the Ninth Street Show under the name Stuart.

Goldberg's recent painting is seen as a radical departure from his paintings of the 1950s. *Codex Morales, V*, is tranquil and meditative. There is a simplified cerebral approach to both its composition and its execution. Fields of metallic color are arranged with an architectonic grandeur. Many of Goldberg's paintings of the 1950s bear titles with architectural references—*Park Avenue Facade*, *Summer House*, *Dune House, II*—and exhibit swaths of paint on the canvas which were determined by the reach and swing of his arm. His current work, openly architectural in imagery, makes reference to the *Codex Cunea*, theoretical writings relating architecture to the measure of the human body.



Park Avenue Facade, 1956, oil on canvas, 111 x 109 inches



Codex Morales, V, 1981, oil on canvas, 9 x 11 inches

Collection of Philip Schrag (Omaha)

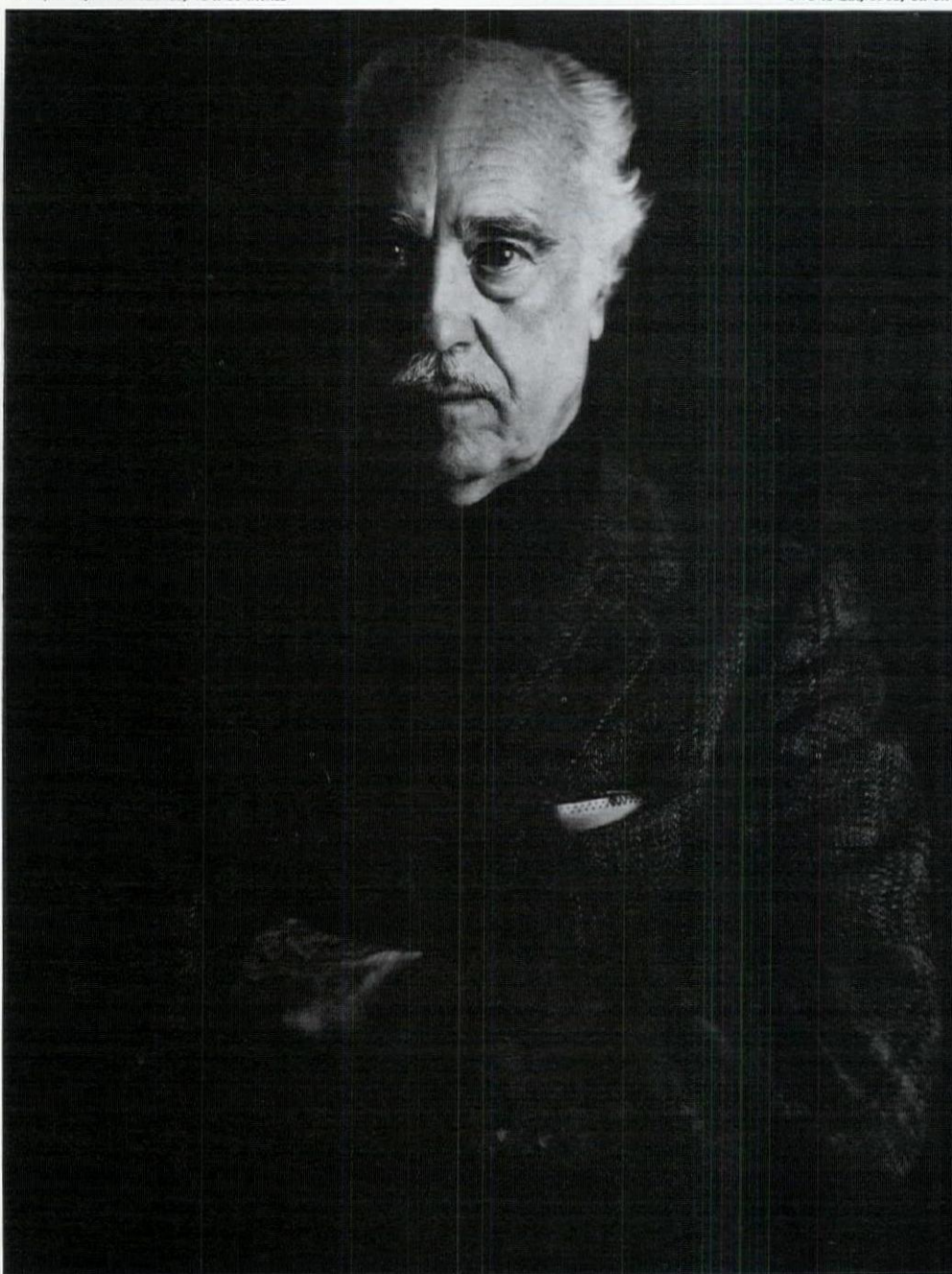


No. 1, 1958, oil on canvas, 48 x 60 inches

Gruenbaum Gallery, Ltd.



Two to Six, 1980, oil on canvas, 52 x 64 inches



Esteban Vicente

Esteban Vicente subjected the spontaneous invention and bravura of abstract expressionism to an elegant refinement. Born in Spain in 1906, Vicente studied at the Real Academia de Bellas Artes de San Fernando in Madrid. In the late 1920s, he moved to Paris and assimilated modern French painting. Upon his arrival in the United States in 1936, Vicente began frequenting artists' gatherings. Later, he attended meetings of the Eighth Street Club. He was a major contributor to early abstract expressionism. In addition, Vicente was a source for younger artists taken by his hedonistic painting. In 1953 Vicente taught at Black Mountain College in North Carolina, an avant-garde outpost many New York artists visited during the summer. Motherwell, Willem and Elaine de Kooning, Kline, and Tworlov all taught there; the younger artists John Chamberlain, Kenneth Noland, and Rauschenberg first met at Black Mountain.

Vicente's *No. 1*, 1958, is a synthesis of French cubism and the bold painterliness of abstract expressionism. Square-shaped facets of bright color created by vertical brush strokes are arranged in a loose grid and emerge from a background of dove grays, blues, and greens. A city surrounded by water seems to emerge from a mist. The individually painted and textured areas create an accumulated richness of attention, producing sumptuous surfaces of restraint and compassion.

Vicente retains the quiet calm of his earlier work but eliminated the brushwork in his recent painting, *Two to Six*, 1980. Paint is rubbed on in large, balancing, vertical and horizontal panels. There is a purity and refinement to the canvas which absorbs light, making it luxuriously contemplative.

James Brooks

James Brooks, born in 1906, left Southern Methodist University in 1926 to study at the Art Students League, New York. His murals done for the WPA between 1936 and 1942 are some of the best executed under that project.

In 1946 Brooks saw much of Jackson Pollock and took the studio which Pollock and his wife Lee Krasner left when they moved to The Springs, Long Island. Pollock influenced Brooks, but the latter created a much less aggressive form of abstraction. His approach to the canvas is more lyrical than the speed reflected in Pollock's and the open aggression often seen in Willem de Kooning's.

In 1948 Brooks became increasingly experimental. He applied paper to canvas with glue, which became an integral part of the composition. The following year he poured paint on the back of an absorbent canvas so that it soaked through, creating "accidental" areas of color which Brooks then incorporated into the composition of the painting.

Untitled, 1952, is hedonistic and rhythmic. Orange and tan paint are applied in loose, broad, expressionist strokes. Areas of the canvas remain unpainted, reinforcing flatness and eliminating pictorial space. Brooks' pouring technique later influenced younger artists such as Helen Frankenthaler.

Noldon, painted in 1980, demonstrates Brooks' late style. Large, flat areas of color seem to move from the center of the canvas. Varied shapes collide; hot reds and cool blues contrast. Thin lines add whimsy. The lyricism of Brooks' earlier works has been transposed into a broader, more heroic statement.



Untitled, 1952, oil on canvas, 37 x 46½ inches



Noldon, 1980, oil on canvas, 52 x 63 inches

Ibram Lassaw

Like so many of the artists who came to prominence in New York in the 1950s, Ibram Lassaw was an immigrant. Born in 1913 in Alexandria, Egypt, he and his parents moved to New York in 1921. In the 1930s and early 1940s he produced abstract sculpture for the WPA. He was a founder of the American Abstract Artists in 1936. The first meeting of the Eighth Street Club was held in his studio.

Lassaw's work reached a decisively individual manner in 1950 with *Milky Way*. He constructed a wire frame over which he dripped melted plastic, achieving in three dimensions the kind of "writing" Pollock and Brooks executed on canvas. Lassaw's work is, however, more lyrical. It reflects his interest in Eastern thought—the serenities of Taoist and Zen philosophies.

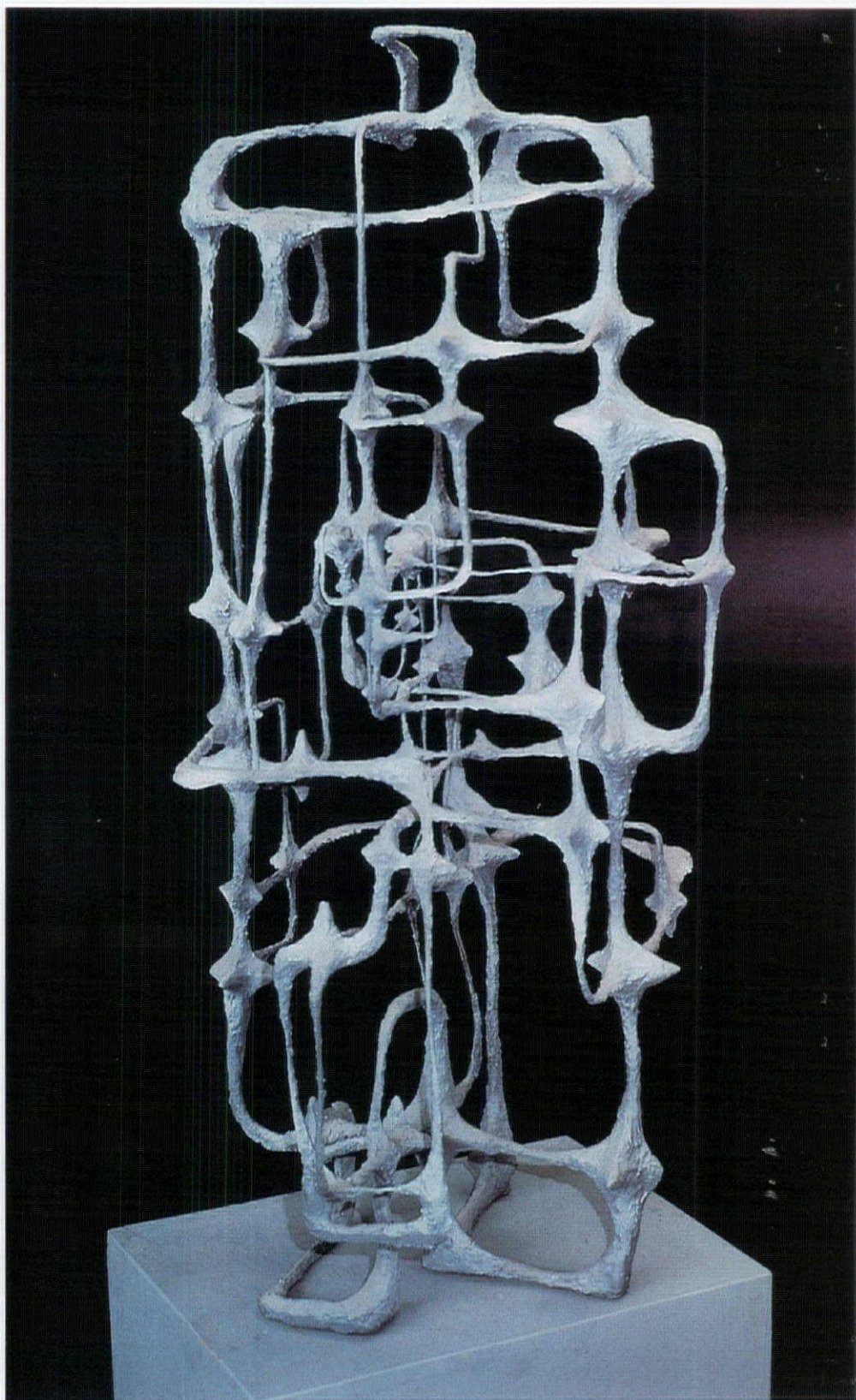
Milky Way was to have been in the Ninth Street Show, but the dealer Samuel Kootz had just taken on Lassaw. Kootz did not want any of his stable to be associated with the downtown ragamuffins.

In 1951, Lassaw purchased the expensive oxy-acetylene equipment that he had learned to use in the army. This welding medium allowed Lassaw to replace plastic with more technically appropriate alloys of bronze, brass, and nickel silver for his tendonlike armatures.

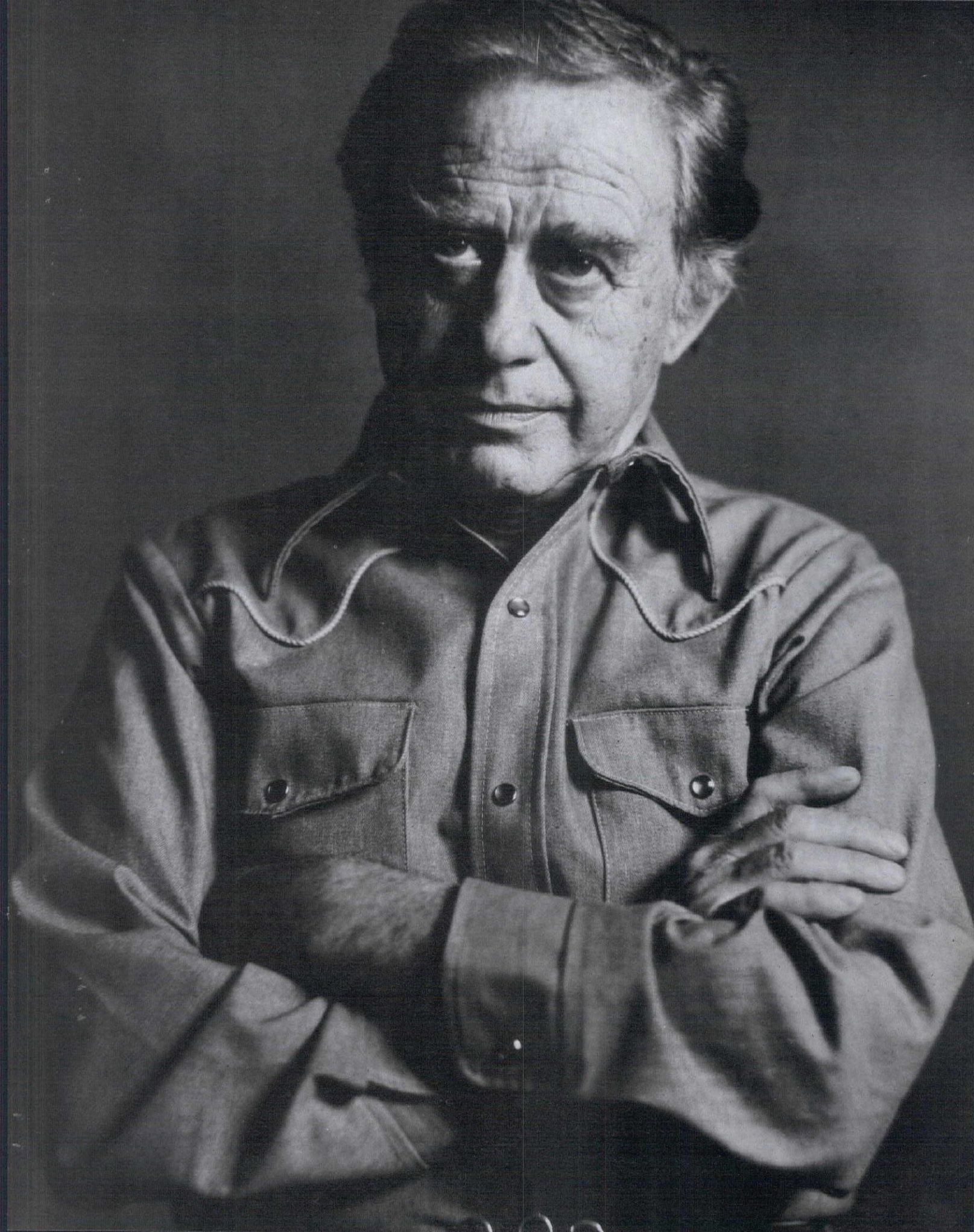
Spacescape, 1976, is an example of Lassaw's linear metal sculptures. The endless network of metal creates delicate spatial tensions. Dense and open areas allow for exploration within a stable, self-controlled structure. □



Spacescape, 1976, burnished metal, 27 x 17 x 14 inches



Milky Way, 1950, 51 x 23 x 25 inches



Franco's American Dream

The camera of Franco Zeffirelli rewrites *Endless Love* with a Christian ending.
By Corby Kummer

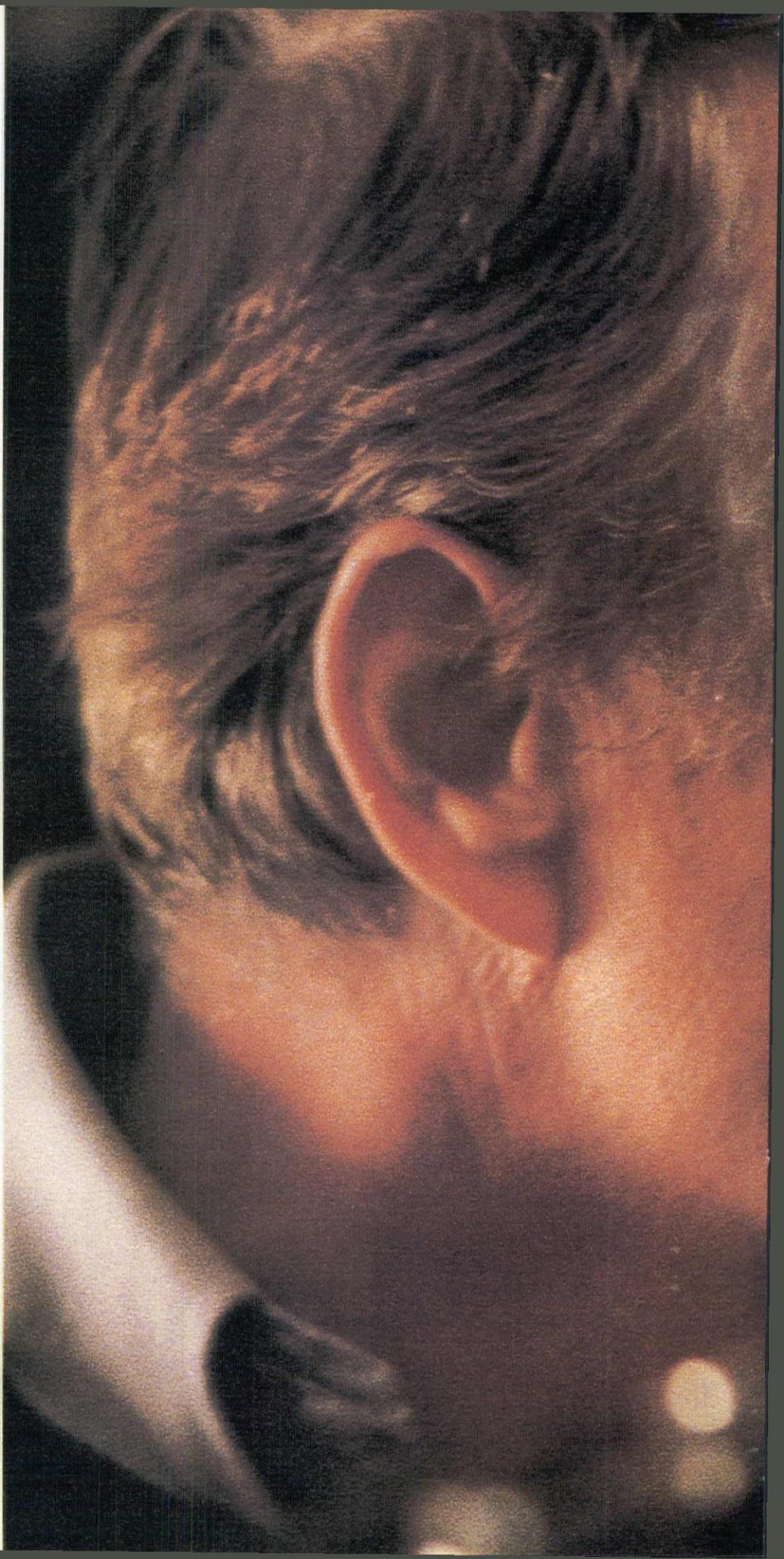
"To be despised by critics, but loved by the audience," as he describes it, is all right with Franco Zeffirelli. The director who has made a name for florid showmanship in theater, opera, and film doesn't much mind if critics accuse him of churning out trash disguised with thick coats of varnish. His audiences say that his films move them deeply, and that's enough for him.

It's enough for film studios, too. Zeffirelli's films make money all over the world—lots of money. *The Champ*, for instance, his 1979 film starring Jon Voight and Faye Dunaway, was dismissed by critics as a sentimental remake of a bad film. It has since grossed \$100 million. "You know why I haven't had a commercial flop yet?" Zeffirelli asks. "Because I identify myself with the audience all the time. A mass audience is not a collection of monsters. It has in it some very articulate people who have good taste."

Popularity is crucial to Zeffirelli. "Michelangelo said that the only measure of genius," says the native Florentine, "is if something will be understood by everybody. I want that to be my epitaph. Bergman's films, for instance, don't work for audiences throughout the world. They work for the critics and a certain elite. He never has the ambition for a universal scope, which I do. I think it's bad manners to ask an audience to follow you into something

Besides the movie Endless Love, Zeffirelli recently completed filming two live operas—La Cavalleria Rusticana and I pagliacci—at La Scala.

Michael Childers/SYGMA







Steve Schapiro/SYGMA

Above: The 1979 film The Champ, which starred Faye Dunaway and Jon Voight, bombed critically but grossed \$100 million.

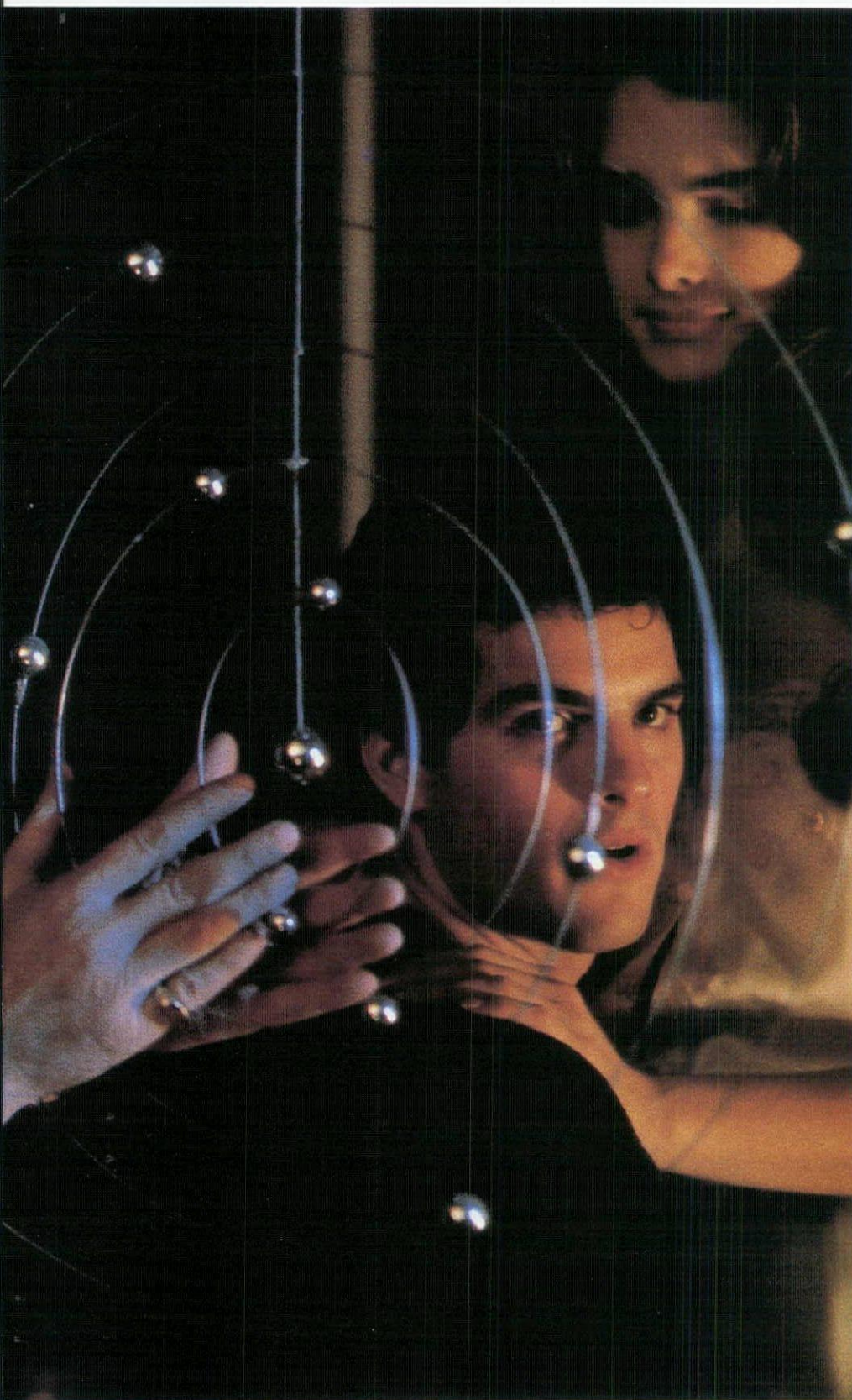
Right: Zeffirelli uses a mobile to demonstrate to Brooke Shields how to hold and touch.

that doesn't please them, that isn't exciting or interesting, that is your own self-indulgence. A film has to make the audience want to live two hours with the heroes, to palpitate with them. Movies are entertainment. People don't go to suffer or to be tortured. You don't always read Keats, for instance: sometimes you just want to relax with something banal. I just have this Florentine arrogance, that a film has to be understood by everyone."

Zeffirelli still looks for inspiration to Florence, which he calls "another planet, an overwhelming city because everything is impeccable. There is no kitsch there. You breathe elegance in the air." He credits Florence with his own elegance in dress and manner, and his exuberance and sentimentality to his "solid peasant roots." He was born, illegitimately, in 1923 to a businessman, Otorini Corsi, and a fashion designer, Adelaide Garose. An obscure Italian law required her to give the child a last name beginning with a Z. She chose a phrase from one of her favorite operas—it means "little breezes"—and Zeffirelli never cared to change his unique name, even when



"There's no limit to love," says Zeffirelli. "You're talking to the man who invented love."



his father began to support him. He graduated from art school in Florence in 1941, and his father foresaw a career for him in architecture. Instead, after serving as a translator for the Scots Guards from 1944 to 1945, Zeffirelli went to Rome in 1946 to become an actor and director. He joined Luchino Visconti's Morelli-Stoppa theater company as an actor and stage manager. His first fame came as designer for the company and then for La Scala, where he made his directing debut in 1954. By 1958 he was directing Maria Callas in *La Traviata*, and his reputation as the world's foremost director of opera was soon secured. In the 1960s he also directed major stage stars in productions of Shakespeare and such modern works as Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* and *Saturday, Sunday, Monday*. Although he has primarily directed films since 1967, he still directs opera and, occasionally, plays. In 1977, for instance, he directed Joan Plowright in *Filumena*.

Even during his early triumphs, however, Zeffirelli was plagued by the feeling that he was wasting his talent. "I always considered performing arts of a lesser quality," he says. "I thought that being a great painter was much more important than being a great director. Having grown up in Florence, I knew people there said, 'Why is he throwing himself away, going to Tinseltown and selling illusions, when he could be writing a book?' In the end I realized that it's the moment of creation that matters, and even Michelangelo is going to be forgotten, destroyed, when the world blows up. I don't want to be remembered for anything. I want to be a part of the moment I live. The great thing is to communicate. My [*The*] *Life of Jesus* has been seen by 600 million people. Wherever I go, mobs of people tell me how much it meant to them."

What Zeffirelli wants to communicate in *Endless Love*, his new film starring Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt, is "the unquenching dream of a boy, the indestructible resilience that a person can have through love. There's no way to destroy his love, his hope. It's like the foot brushing over an ant's nest, and five minutes later the ants are rebuilding it. In the end he understands what love is about, and through him the audience can understand too that they must be selfless about love, be more a giver than a taker. *That* could be a revolution in the world, I tell you right away."

Endless Love tells the story of a boy whose passion for a girl leads him to harm himself

Michael Childers/SYGMA



Michael Childers/SYGMA

and others. Scott Spencer's novel depends on the reader's belief that deep love can be cataclysmic and can shatter even the lives of bystanders. It is a premise Franco Zeffirelli has no trouble following. "You're talking to the man who invented love," he says. "There is no limit to the power of love. It's the only creative energy in creation. It's the great battery that keeps the universe going. Perhaps I'm such a deep, intense Christian because the Christian message is permeated with love. Whatever good there has been in the history of mankind is because of love."

Very little good comes of love in Spencer's novel, maybe, Zeffirelli says, because Spencer saw love as a damnation. "In his heart of hearts, Scott Spencer certainly didn't look at love as a means of total liberation. The film tells all the bad things that can happen when your love is selfish, when it becomes greed, jealousy, and obsession. As the boy becomes more and more greedy, worse and worse things happen. He keeps saying 'What's wrong with being in love? I love this girl! I want her, I must have her!' He doesn't realize that in love you love yourself loving, even if the object of

your love *seems* to be the thing that matters."

Zeffirelli says he speaks from experience. "I have to love," he says with a typically expansive gesture, jangling the many chains around his neck. "It's everything to me. I have loved several people very much, and when I'm in love I can't stand to calculate everything, say 'I'm sorry, but I'm afraid to suffer, you hurt me, I don't want to cry anymore.' The pain is only a consequence of how much you expect to be given and don't get. I've never regretted any pain I had from love. Never. I don't regret one tear."

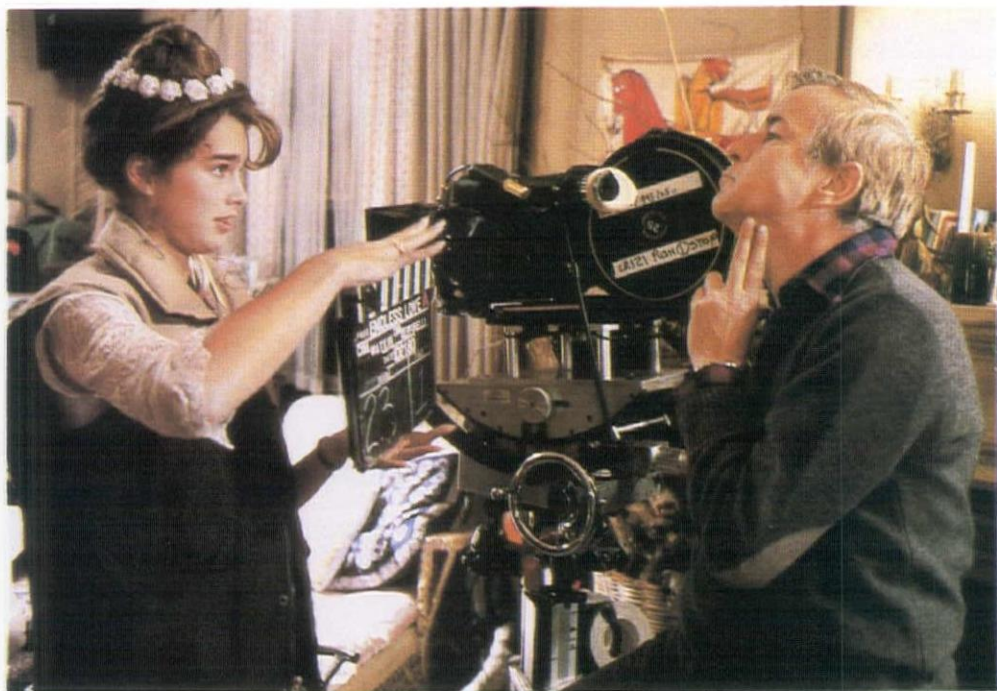
In the novel, the hero of *Endless Love* never really learns that "the paradise you dream of reaching through love only comes if you love unselfishly," Zeffirelli says. "In the book, the love ends. Well, everything does, of course. But I want to leave the chapter open." Zeffirelli and writer Judith Rascoe revised the film's end—already at a much earlier point in the novel's progress—to show a new understanding in the hero. "He realizes that he took too much and gave too little," Zeffirelli says. "He moves toward selfless Christian love."

Scott Spencer, surprisingly, minds Zeffirelli's changes not at all: he was happy

enough that his publisher accepted *Endless Love*, he says, and surprised that there was any film interest at all. "It's not the most entertaining book," he says. "It's saddening and introspective." Once Polygram Pictures did buy the book, "I wanted nothing to do with the film. The book took me three years to write, and I'd said all I wanted to on the subject. Besides, they have to make their own film, not a filmic representation of my book." The first change was in the character of the heroine. "She's not a ravishing beauty in the book," Spencer says. "Just someone the hero connected to. Someone else could see this girl and think her ordinary. Once you cast someone whose image is of almost unspeakable beauty, the substance and nuance of the character have to change." So did the character of the hero who, Spencer says, is "less introspective and intelligent than the boy in the book." But the author is not unhappy. "The film will serve my purposes well," he says, "by encouraging more people to read the book."

Endless Love is Zeffirelli's sixth film and continues a pattern of pairs of films for him. *The Taming of the Shrew*, his first, starred Elizabeth

"I know enough about acting to be able to extract a performance from a potato."



Left: The director guides actors through a party scene in *Endless Love*. Above: Zeffirelli originally wanted to cast an unknown as the female lead, but was swept away when he met Shields.

Taylor and Richard Burton, and was a successful debut. But the idea of doing Shakespeare with no stars at all nagged at him, and the result was his extremely successful *Romeo and Juliet* in 1969. A 1973 car accident that fractured his skull in eighteen places also prompted him to regain his faith with still-undiminished zeal, and he made *Brother Sun, Sister Moon* about the life of Saint Francis, who was an inspiration to him. Then he thought he might as well make a film about "the real one, who inspired Saint Francis." *The Life of Jesus*, an eight-hour television biography, made its debut in 1976 and was so successful that it has been rebroadcast every year at Easter.

The Champ, released in 1979, was Zeffirelli's first film made in America. It is tied to *Endless Love* because both films show a prescience Zeffirelli claims to have about public taste. "I came to America with this crazy idea about a father and his little boy," he says. "I hadn't even finished it when they came out with *Kramer vs. Kramer*. Then I decided to do this love story with teenagers in it, and right after I cast Brooke, *The Blue Lagoon* came out and was an enormous hit."

Zeffirelli originally intended to cast two unknowns in *Endless Love*, as he had done with *Romeo and Juliet*. He auditioned hundreds of young men, many of whom seemed strong possibilities. "But it's very difficult to find competent girls," he says. "Then I met Brooke, and I was swept away by her: magnificent, beautiful, charming. After that interview I said, 'It's a pity, because I want to find an unknown and she'd be perfect.' Then I said, 'Wait a minute—who said I had to have an unknown? That's bullshit. I'll cast her.' I knew there would be trouble, though, because people think Brooke has become too popular too soon. I also thought that if I cast her I might have trouble with the leading boy, who I was sure would be an unknown." Brooke Shields' mother Teri thought that after *Blue Lagoon* her daughter should play only a leading role: in *Endless Love* the boy's part is bigger. "But I warned her not to overexpose Brooke. I said, 'Even if she's got a big hit as a leading girl, she's still young and immature. Better to put her with someone who'll support her.'" Teri Shields agreed to let her daughter play the part.

In the event, working with Brooke Shields was no problem. "So charming, adorable, unspoiled," Zeffirelli says. But an actress? "She's fifteen!" he replies. "Her voice is not even set yet. She's at the age where everything changes. I hope to have pulled out quite an acceptable performance from her. I know

enough about the profession to be able to extract a performance from a potato. The big dilemma is, 'Will this person be the arbiter of my destiny, or I of his?'"

By that Zeffirelli wonders if the actor will be "satanically perverse" or "angelically open," as, he says, the child-actor Ricky Schroder was in *The Champ*. Martin Hewitt, the seventeen-year-old actor and car-park valet Zeffirelli chose to play the lead in *Endless Love*, turned out to be a cross between the two. "He was much more frightened than Brooke, desperately frightened. He still cannot believe his luck. Fear is the worst thing. I kept telling him 'Don't be afraid, don't be stupid. You are in good hands, you are talented.' But it was hard to comfort him. He held back. There were moments when I didn't know if he was brooding, or distracted because he was self-conscious, or lonely because his friends weren't in New York. At times I had to give him all kinds of crutches. It was tough. I'd rather work with love and gentleness—often I'd say 'All right, we'll shoot this scene in a week when your mind's more settled'—but sometimes I really had to say, 'You do it and shut up.'"

By the end of filming, the set of *Endless Love* in Astoria, New York, was harmonious. Zeffirelli is as animated behind the camera as he is for an interview, acting out scenes for the actors and keeping close physical contact with them. Touching and holding are a Zeffirelli trademark, and they have caused him trouble. He recalls directing Joan Sutherland in 1958: "She was completely unknown and hopeless. No one wanted to direct this woman because she was really an elephant. When I saw her I said, 'My God, what am I going to do with her?' But when I closed my eyes and listened to her, there came out such beauty that I said, 'There has to be beauty in the looks too.' At the first rehearsal she was a very frightened animal. Nobody could cope with her. So I took her by the arm and directed her, and she stepped back right away. The next time she did that I said, 'Listen, Joan, I have to communicate through touch. You must feel my warmth, my friendship, we have to be together physically.' It was very difficult at first but it worked out beautifully. She was so grateful that I brought out everything that had been hidden, frustrated."

Zeffirelli embraces his actors as he gives them directions between takes, and even during: behind the camera, he hangs on to Martin Hewitt's beltloop as he entreats Brooke Shields

“Wherever I go, mobs of people tell me how much *The Life of Jesus* meant to them.”

not to go, and pushes him to run after her at the end of the scene. He joins their hands during a blocking rehearsal, and often positions their heads between his two hands. His Mediterranean approach gets results. “The attention and love he gives actors erase tension,” says Martin Hewitt, “and lets them perform as best they’re able. He really brings the actors into all decisions and works out compromises instead of saying ‘I’m God.’ ” Hewitt is aware of the trap that his predecessor Leonard Whiting fell into after he played Romeo, that of refusing all offers because they don’t match his debut role. “I know that Franco has a talent for turning Joe Blow into a good actor,” Hewitt says. “I can’t rely on finding another director like him.”

Zeffirelli himself points out that “Great films have been done with people picked up on the street. You have to be yourself in cinema, you speak with your natural voice. That’s the great advantage of it. But ask the same people to go on an opera stage and sing, or on the stage and act! It’s another problem altogether. It’s like telling a dog to answer the telephone.”

Directing professional stage actors in film can be a worse problem, Zeffirelli says, than directing neophytes. “Some actors are very callous in the way they perform because they’ve done it so many times. They give you something already prepared, and it’s a miracle if you inject something, no matter how tiny, that they’ve never experienced before. The skill they’ve developed helps them, on the one hand, to express themselves. But it also imprisons their real selves.” The real self is what Zeffirelli wants: “That’s one of my great tricks, you know, to unlock those secret areas where the good things are hidden. The most vicious and arrogant stars only lack confidence in themselves. Way down they’re vulnerable and frightened. If you give them love, honesty, and loyalty, they respond beautifully. I work with the most monstrous stars who have the reputation for being impossible to handle—Ann Magnani, Taylor, Callas, Faye Dunaway, Anne Bancroft, Rod Steiger, Laurence Olivier—difficult people. And we always have a marvelous time together because I come to them with an attitude of understanding.”

Zeffirelli conquered Hewitt’s doubts and is happy with Brooke Shields, too. “Something extraordinary happened between the two of them,” he says. “There are deep, tremendously poignant moments. It’s a very good film, maybe my best. I certainly feel it’s going to

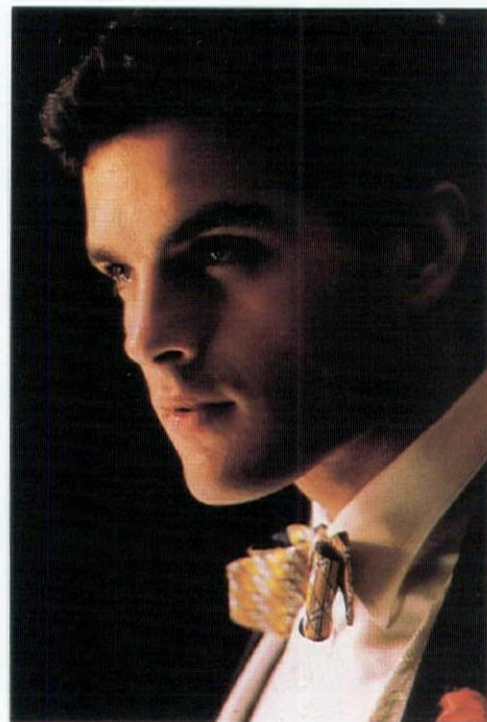
meet a tremendous response from all kinds of audiences throughout the world.”

The medium closest to his heart, however, the one “nothing else in the arts can come near,” is opera. It is at once the simplest and most difficult form to direct, he says; simple because “the opera tells you everything. You play with it, work around and inside it, but it is like lighting Michelangelo’s *Pieta*. Opera is a monumental achievement. Who remembers a film of fifteen years ago? You’re really in trouble with movies, because you have to create from scratch.”

The form is difficult because the physical strain an opera demands of its actors is “unbelievable. Can you imagine how hard it is to sing in tempo with the orchestra, at the right volume, with the right breath? At every moment your voice could crack or go out of tune, and the audience will start whispering about it. So the first thing to do is realize that you’re working with singers who will be submitted to an unspeakable effort. . . . I remember the opening night of *Tosca* in Covent Garden in 1965. It was a comeback for Callas, and for the six or seven minutes before she came on she was in the wings, clinging to me with one hand and crossing herself thousands of times with the other. When she went on I looked at my hand—I had the scars for a month. I didn’t even know she’d cut my skin because I was so tense myself. Well, every time is like that.”

Zeffirelli is trying to break new ground in committing operas to film by recording live performances. The success of Ingmar Bergman’s *Magic Flute* and Joseph Losey’s *Don Giovanni* encourages him, even if he calls the movies “filmed corpses. The whole thing didn’t work, because the singers only pretended to sing to playback. They played for the camera, not for opera.”

In February of this year, Zeffirelli filmed *La Cavalleria Rusticana* and *I pagliacci* live at La Scala, using his pet cameramen manning five cameras. Zeffirelli calls the rushes “incredible. You get the quality of great cinema and the quality of great performance.” He did refilm interior scenes at a film studio the next week, with the singers miming to playbacks of their own live performance. But “they were still in the heat of it, and they repeated the intensity and emotion perfectly.” Next January Zeffirelli will film *La Traviata* in a London film studio, “turning the studio into Covent Garden” by rebuilding all the sets in it, bringing in the orchestra, and filming the opera as it happens with no prerecording.

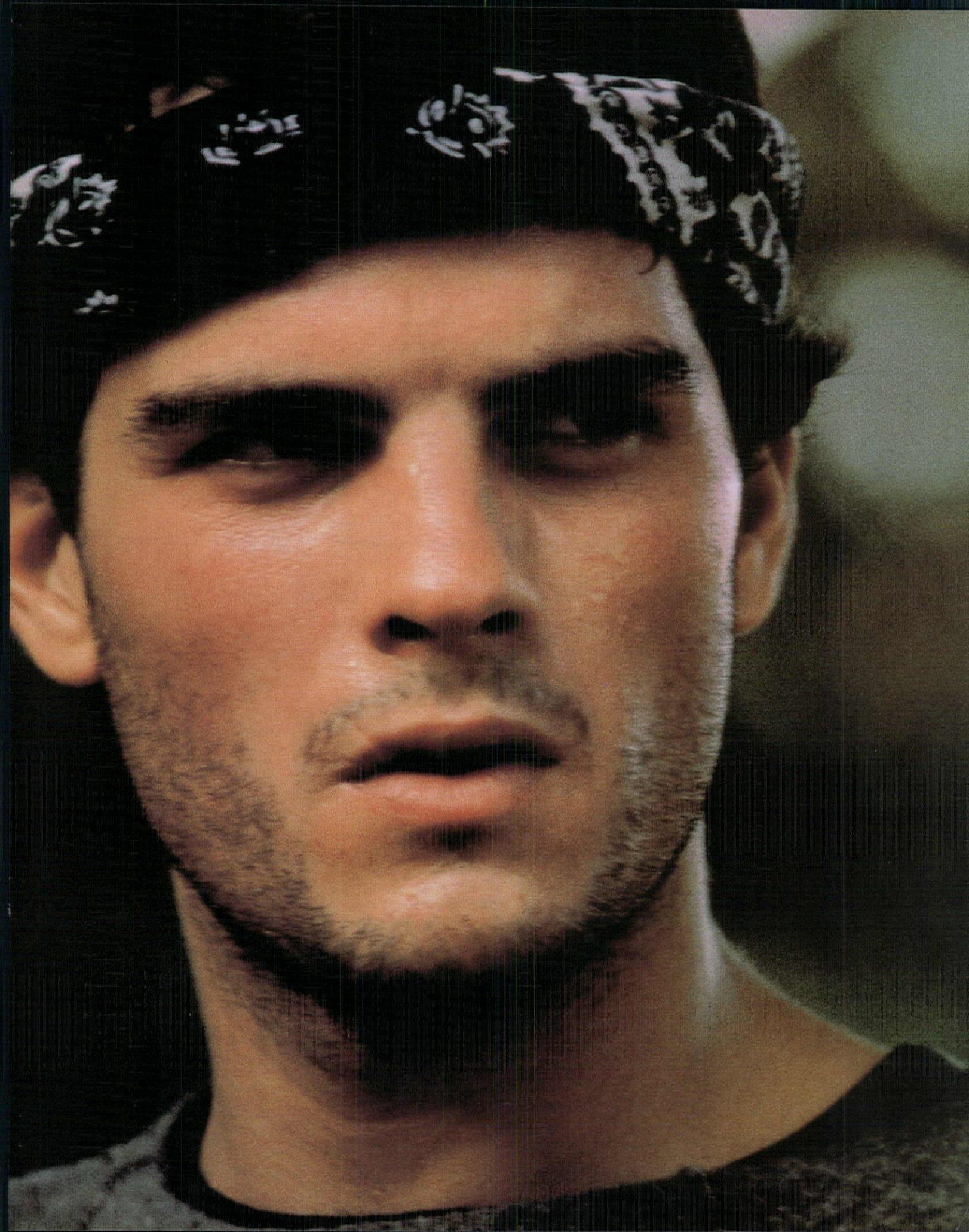


Seventeen-year-old Martin Hewitt was a car park valet when Zeffirelli discovered him. In *Endless Love* Hewitt's obsession with Brooke Shields has cataclysmic effects not only on the couple but also on mere bystanders.

Franco Zeffirelli sees his own limits, to an extent. “I’m not a great writer or a great performer,” he says, although he has published one book (a diary of the filming of *The Life of Jesus*) and is now writing both his memoirs and a novel, *The Florentines*, about the models for Michelangelo’s *David* and the *Mona Lisa*, which he plans to film. He will probably never return to acting, which he gave up early. He is remarkable for his understanding of actors and their problems, which he gained from his own experience; his background as a designer, too, makes his films lulling beautiful to look at; and his temperament has never shied from grandiose emotions. These qualities have made him controversial among critics and very popular with audiences.

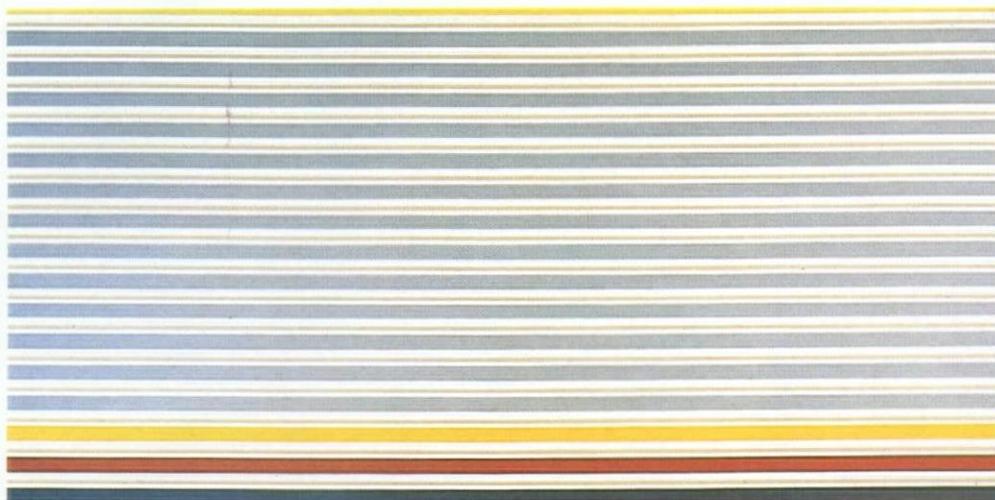
They are qualities best suited to opera. Successful as *Endless Love* will almost certainly be, his new operas on film may well signal the most exciting and important stage yet of Franco Zeffirelli’s checkered career. □

Corby Kummer, an associate editor of *Atlantic Monthly*, writes frequently about the arts.



20 Museums You've Never Heard Of

Part Four



The Northeast

Little-known havens of art from Pennsylvania to Ontario By Patrick D. Hazard

In the last of a four-part series that began in the January 1981 issue of HORIZON, Patrick D. Hazard investigates the remaining quadrant of regional turf, with a border-crossing foray into Canada.

Worcester Art Museum Worcester, Massachusetts

"Wooster" is off most Northeast corridor troopers' regular art itineraries. But for lovers of American painting of the seventeenth through nineteenth centuries, it is a must stop. All this talk about lemminglike drifts to the sun belt tends to ignore the fact that snow belt-ers have been doing their cultural duties for much longer, and even the collections of a museum like the Worcester illustrate that abundantly. I'm not implying that the Worcester is moored in some safe past. Far from it. It has a new wing, chock full of the notable painters and sculptors of the recent past. But as an Americanist, I relish continuity, and some-

times prefer century-old classics to ninety-day *Wunderkinder*. I noticed that to assert its contemporaneity, the museum's Summergarden restaurant had place mats derived from a Frank Stella. And for four-season visitors, there's a funky old house "Across the Street" (the restaurant's name) with arch menu items like Poisson Poussin—luckily the taste of the fish was untouched, i.e., very good. The Worcester also has a good designer loose in its works, for in its above-average gallery shop there was a fine original scarf which mopped up a big swatch of my Christmas shopping early. WAM, indeed.

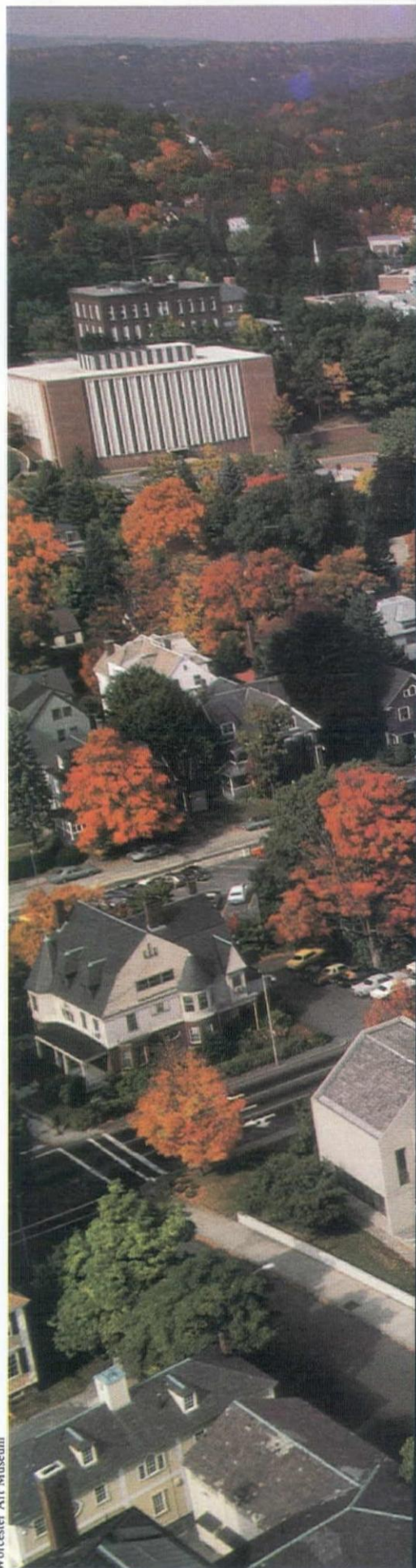
And don't forget the sister historical society, a two-minute walk down the street. First of all, it's housed in one of those delectable red, rusticated sandstone houses of the late nineteenth century. But inside I found a new history of fashion from Puritan to Punkettes, with a marvelous mirror/table set-up where you were inveigled into trying on an historical array of

Patrick D. Hazard's journey in search of unknown museums carried him across the country last summer. He is working on a guidebook of North American museums.

Above: Kenneth Noland's Lyre hangs in the Worcester Art Museum, otherwise best known for its pre-twentieth-century holdings. Right: An aerial view of the museum.

Worcester Art Museum

Worcester Art Museum





He teased, shamed, and cajoled
Newark businessmen
into supporting the museum.



chapeaux that really tickled the kids I watched shopping for personae. I love this kick in museology where there is at least one hands-on gig to counter the antiseptic "PLEASE DON'T TOUCH" tradition.

Roberson Center for the Arts and Sciences Binghamton, New York

I got to know the Roberson Center for the Arts and Sciences because it was a congenial breather on the tense interstates between Philadelphia and a girl from Syracuse. The romance waned, but the Binghamton connection remains stronger than ever. (It is increased, in fact, by a later discovery that SUNY, Binghamton, three miles out in the country also, has an excellent teaching collection augmented by outstanding contemporary shows.) Roberson is another example of American curatorial ingenuity. When it opened twenty-six years ago, it was a stately house in flight from a deficit. Its collections were quirky, uncomprehensive. No matter. The first director had the still bright and viable idea of combing the attics of his well-established sister museums for

a show unabashedly entitled "Treasures of the Empire State."

And to show that it knows a good idea when it has had one, the Roberson celebrated its silver anniversary in 1979 by cutting a bigger and better swath through the cupboards of twice as many New York State museums. But moving vans don't make an exhibition either; taste and flair do. So Duane Truax, a ball of fire newly from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and his chief curator—who began (take note, you aspiring junior leaguers) as an unpaid docent—clustered its temporary booty around genres or themes.

Do you know that six so-so chairs individually look dull, but grouped together they shine, as we infer the ingenuity expended in dealing diversely with the *gluteus maximus* and related attachments? One Shaker piece by itself cries out for "Hancock"; but five together dazzle us by their austere grace. That's what I learned from the Roberson's alchemists.

In an adjoining gingerbread Gothic house, a full-fledged regional crafts center adds to the temptations luring the weary off the intersecting interstates nearby. And the local Indians

Above: One of the old masters in the Worcester Art Museum is Piero Di Cosimo's Discovery of Honey by Bacchus, circa 1462, 31 1/16 x 50 5/8 inches. The Roberson Center (lower right) in Binghamton, New York, is a tasteful repository of American art. Among its canvases is the pastoral View of Binghamton from Mt. Prospect (upper right), by Edward Beyer, 1852, oil on canvas, 34 x 51 inches.

have their say in the backyard of the museum. Not the least joy of a visit is that you approach the museum through streets rife with kinky high Victoriana. I hope they don't become too successful before their Golden Jubilee in 2004, else they may have lost the knack of turning their near losses to our rich gains.

Allentown Art Museum Allentown, Pennsylvania

What first tempted me up the Northeast Extension of the Pennsylvania Turnpike was the rumor that a whole room of a Frank Lloyd Wright house was part and parcel of the museum's new wing. Wrightiana is scarce enough in



Roberson Center for the Arts and Sciences

where Allentowners could avoid the “bends” when suddenly confronted with such an unaccustomed lode of treasure. It explored brilliantly illuminating byways of the context of French impressionism, such as the connections (heretofore unknown to me) between, say, Degas and Zola. It was a superb example of how a small museum can do more than tug its forelock before a great collector. The museology behind that show is a permanent benchmark about how less can become more if an energized sensibility presents a show. A catalogue is on sale in a very good gallery shop.



Stephen J. Appel

Newark Museum Newark, New Jersey

The old saw about an institution's being the lengthened shadow of a single, strong individual is nowhere better exemplified than in Newark's John Cotton Dana. In 1979 they praised his memory with several shows illustrating his presence as well as theirs. Dana was a big-city librarian (Denver and Springfield, Massachusetts) with that breed's passion for luring everybody, I mean everybody, into the transactions of learning. That perhaps explains his zeal in touting “everyday art,” what we would now refer to as a mix of industrial design and crafts.

He used to reiterate—at the top of his voice, loud enough, I suspect, so that the brass at New York's Met could not fail to hear him—that goodness in art had nothing to do with age, price, or rarity. To drive his point home, he staged shows with objects selling for under a dollar; this a decade before the Museum of Modern Art organized its industrial design department. He staged a German industrial design show before World War I and got into a nasty spat with the Met because they were too snooty to cosponsor!

He teased, shamed, and cajoled Newark's business community into supporting the museum he founded in 1909 as an expansion of library services. The department store Bambergers came up with money for the present splendid building on Washington Square in 1924. Its naturally lit central court is just right as an exhibition space, not too Louvrey large, but commodious enough to show things to an eye's advantage—like the six Joseph Stellas in a recent “Urban Scene” exhibition, a Baedeker for all the bridges the laureate of Brooklyn has painted. Its eighteenth- to twentieth-century Americana is first class, and it has notable

these parts to make such a trip mandatory. And there it is, the library from the Francis W. Little House, Wayzata, Minnesota (1912–1914). By a nice bit of preservationist timing, a student of Wright, Edgar Tafel, was designing the new wing when the Met's Thomas Hoving managed to save the entire Wright house from the wrecker's bulldozer, installing some of it in the Met's American Wing, and selling off parts to other interested institutions. The former Taliesin Fellow has designed, by way of prologue to the room, a stunning photomural explaining the Wright heritage. And the library itself peeks out onto a lovely sculpture court.

But that is merely the top gem in the Allentown diadem. On the fringe of Pennsylvania

Dutch country, it has a tasty room full of their folk art, in which, among other magical gestures, the butter-pat print approaches the finest of arts. Like most smaller museums, Allentown's finest art is getting the biggest possible bang out of its limited bucks. Its most memorable achievement in this area still gives memory pleasure.

Henry McIlhenny, a pillar of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, has the summer habit of putting his first-rate collection in storage while he's away from the city. A few seasons back Director Richard N. Gregg had the luminous notion of “storing” the McIlhenny swag for a summer. But not content to simply flash the stuff, Gregg devised a pedagogical entry room

"Canada's so damn quiet about itself,
it has the the biggest
diffidence complex on record."



The Allentown (Pennsylvania) Art Museum hosts such diverse shows as "Discover Design Elements" (above) and "American Decorative Arts: 1780-1880" (right). The museum also boasts a whole Frank Lloyd Wright room.

African and Tibetan collections.

But Newark is by no means coasting on Dana's oars. Its latest additions are a "fool the finger" magic realist canvas of the museum's Victorian adjunct, the Ballantine House, by Adolf Konrad, a German-born, WPA-in-Newark-weaned painter, and George Segal's *Toll Booth* (1980). It is typical of the spritz of the regime of current director Samuel C. Miller that he served *in situ*, swathed in Segal's wet industrial plaster, to become the ticket taker in the 3,000-pound, solid-bronze art deco toll booth which the Port of New York Authority gave the museum in 1977. (Greater love than this no director hath, than that he would give up his lunches to become a Segal!)





London Regional Art Gallery **London, Ontario, Canada**

I was shunpiking back home to Michigan this summer and decided to test the wares of Ontario's museums, from Saint Catherine west to Sarnia. (Yes, West Virginia, Sarnia has a museum, a honey, on the second floor of its public library.) Canada's so damn quiet about itself, it's either got the biggest diffidence complex on historical record—or, more likely, it doesn't want too many of those rowdies south of the border to catch on to what a good thing it's got going. And what a Regional Art Gallery they've just got going in London. In May 1980, overlooking the city park on the Thames River, London treated itself to a really exhilarating gallery, reminiscent of Louis Kahn's Kimball in Fort Worth, Texas. But the similarity ends with the barrel vaults.

A local Maecenas and his missus, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Moore, have given the results of their almost forty years of collecting Canadian art to the community which has been so generous to five generations of Moores. Talk about bread above the waters. Almost four hundred Canadian works—the well-known (in name if not in canvas in America) Seven, the playfully entitled post-Seven Eleven abstractionists, and painters entirely new to me—and entirely captivating, the Wyeth-like Ken Danby, the Magritte-mysterious Christopher Pratt, the positively spooky Jack Chambers with his Olga sequence, and the austere majestic Alex Colville.

London is suddenly a big asterisk on the map of any serious North American student of art or architecture. Don't get the mistaken impression it's nothing but Canuckland. The Moores knew their Matisse, Picasso, Albers, Calder, and sixty-five other non-Canadians in their gift. And a collection of Ensor's etchings graced one of their circulating galleries.

London itself is full of other interesting things, not the least of which is the Cookery, a not-so-fast-food oasis next to the old Talbott Inn, a two-minute hike from the main attraction. (There's also the outstanding gallery of the University of Western Ontario hard by; unfortunately those lazy academics don't keep it open on summer weekends!) □

The London Regional Art Gallery in London, Ontario (left) houses the forty-year collection of Canadian art donated by Mr. and Mrs. John H. Moore. Above: The Newark Museum of Art's strong Tibetan collection includes this seventeenth-century statue of Vajravarahi.



The Newark Museum Collection

London Regional Art Gallery



Mom, Dad, & Bobo

In Tama Janowitz' first novel, Dad kills Mom and maims himself with a chain saw. Her real family reacts—with pride and dismay.

By Andrew Feinberg

Most families have enough worries without enduring perplexity about the differences between life and art. And then there is the Janowitz clan. In the family's writing, art and reality seem to dance an eccentric tango. In April twenty-four-year-old Tama brought out *American Dad* (Putnam's, \$11.95), a funny and bitterly autobiographical first novel. Her mother, Phyllis, a talented, widely published poet and visiting assistant professor of English at Cornell, has written a cycle of poems based, in part, on letters from Tama and called "Revolutionary Lulu."

Tama's psychiatrist father Julian, having read the novel that depicts him as a fascinating but crazy man who accidentally kills his ex-wife, wrote Tama praising the book, yet warning her that it revealed she had an unresolved Electra complex. Tama's brother, a twenty-two-year-old medical student at Baylor, is now signing letters to his sister, "Love, Bobo," thus adopting the name of his shallow fictional counterpart.

Are you still with this?

Tama's novel is, in many ways, a new member of the family, a strange cousin with a slightly warped view of the past. The book introduces us to a family that would be highly intriguing even if its actions were not exaggerated for fictional effect. At this point, family members are not even convinced they can distinguish fact from fiction. "By now," says Phyllis, "we've all become myths in our own lives."

Examining works of literature as if they were keys to actual people and events can, on occasion, reduce criticism to staggeringly tawdry and unproductive levels. Yet such an approach can also illuminate how an artist thinks, transforms her material, and affects the lives of those she portrays. Having said that, one still



Tama Janowitz, now twenty-four, has already written her second (nonautobiographical) novel. Her mother, Phyllis (above, with Tama and her brother, David, two decades ago), is a poet who teaches at Cornell.

feels voyeuristic, and the urge to quote Samuel Johnson or Henry James, thus ennobling one's purpose, asserts itself. Down, boys.

To Tama, the spilling of the family's unhappiest secrets is easily justified. "Readers not involved with our family," she says, "will just assume the most bizarre things are made up, even though some of them did happen. This is fiction, not a case history. And I think all first novels are somewhat confessional. Look at what Wolfe, Styron, and Capote wrote about their childhoods." Much of *American Dad* may be pure invention, but the fictional Przepasniaks are remarkably similar to the Janowitizes of Amherst, Massachusetts. True, Tama has transformed herself into Earl, a rather neuter young man, yet the family dynamics are brutally reported: a terrible marriage between a hedonistic, self-absorbed psychiatrist and an ethereal poet, divorce when the oldest child is nearing puberty, ugly alimony disputes (which

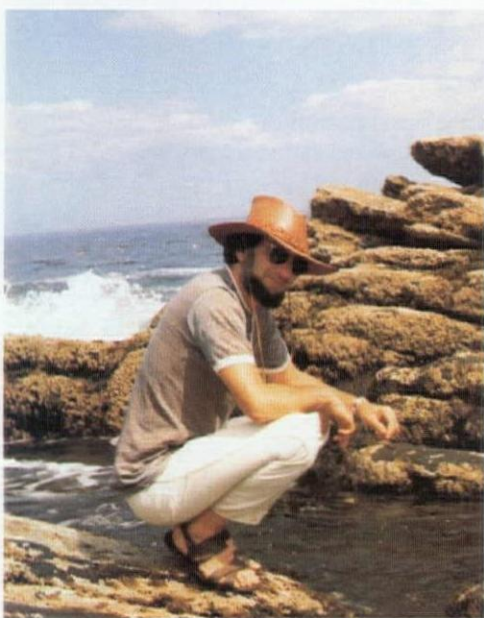
in the novel lead to the accident that gets the father convicted of involuntary manslaughter), and the desperate quest by Earl (Tama) to win the father's approval.

In this zany book, no family member emerges unsullied, and narrator Earl is insensitive, masochistic, and deliriously hungry for fame despite his apparent lack of talent. "Mine would perhaps be a Dorothy Parker fame . . . though it is true I was not in the least bit witty. Yet, I could see myself known for just this, my lack of wit. Thirty or forty years hence, I imagined, my weary, bloated face would be on the cover of *Newsweek* . . . beneath it the caption 'Not Funny' or, better still 'The Chief Proponent of the New Lack of Wit.'"

Tama's father, with whom she has generally had an unsatisfactory relationship, says that reading *American Dad* was one of the most amazing experiences of his life, even though he has been hurt by it. "It was uncanny," he says. "It was like looking in a strange funhouse mirror. Some of the glass reflects accurately, precisely. Other parts of the mirror bend and distort. And often the lines between the two are very blurry. I read the book as if I were staring at my unconscious. All our agonies are there. The book is not something I *relate to*; it's something I *am*. Seeing yourself as a fictional character satisfies a part of your narcissism. It gave me a chance to do something most people can never do, to still be in a room and hear what people say about you after you have left."

Any nondistorting mirror should satisfy some of Tama's narcissism. Her appearance is extraordinary. A former model for Vidal Sassoon, she is thin, beautiful, and seems to be hoarding thick brown hair in anticipation of a worldwide shortage. The heavy lines leading from her nose to her mouth can make Tama look sad or angry if she is not smiling. She appears costumed, rather than merely dressed, as

Andrew Feinberg's article "Lisa Alther: Vermont's Ambivalent Southerner" appeared in the May 1981 issue of *HORIZON*.



Tama's father Julian, now married to his third wife, is a psychiatrist in Shutesbury, Massachusetts. About *American Dad*, he says matter-of-factly, "There are some obvious *Electra* things in the plot."

a punk scene-maker with dark red lipstick; short, pointy, black boots; a gray tunic; hot raspberry, look-at-me pants; and a green skirt. When she completes an answer by flashing a broad, urgent smile, one suspects her clothes of being a shield. She thinks her answers may sound "dumb." She is smart and charming, and one wants to tell her not to worry so much.

Professionally, she has received a lot of approval for one so young. While at Barnard College, she was taught and encouraged by Elizabeth Hardwick, and twice won the Elizabeth Janeway Fiction Prize there. Several of her short stories have been published by small magazines. She writes plays well enough to have been accepted by the Yale School of Drama, from which she is now on a leave of absence. Her second novel, finished before the first was accepted for publication, is about a New Guinea cannibal who arrives in New York.

By far, the most interesting character in *American Dad* is the father, an outdoorsman who longs to retreat from civilization, a ladies man, a bad parent, and a relentless counterculture experimenter.

"Everything always had to be done his way, and that way was the way of the American Dad, lots of work and little relaxation.

"... I imagined him going out to angrily chop down tracts of trees, his mammoth army boots leaving holes the size of dinosaur tracks on the swampy earth, his fierce graying beard blue at the sides where he had dyed it, his hatchet flailing against the grain. Yes, indeed, my father, Paul Bunyan, Abraham Lincoln, Hunter S. Thompson rolled into one, dark and strict, red and angry, a living legend."

Dr. Julian Janowitz, fifty-two this month, is mildly legendary in a small part of Massachusetts, where at least one feminist group has publicly accused him of being a womanizer. He now lives by a lovely pond on one hundred fifteen acres in Shutesbury, fifteen miles from Amherst, with his third wife, Jo, who will turn thirty this month. Julian almost lives up to Tama's vivid prose. Sometimes he seems to have been given the following stage directions: "Remember, you are unrepressed—natural man in the twentieth century." His pet phrase is "to get off on" and the vilest epithet he uses is "conventional," said with a hearty sneer. Julian has a gray-blue Lincolnesque beard, no mustache, a large bulbous nose, and wears wire-rim glasses. He is in great shape and looks like an intelligent satyr outfitted by L. L. Bean. According to his children, he smokes marijuana every day after work.

He designed his house, built the barn, recently completed a fourteen-foot oak couch, and has filled his home with his art—large abstract paintings, a sculpture of Tama's nude mother, and, most prominently, two seven-foot-high stained-glass lamps. These are startlingly appealing, yellow, green, and red creatures, decidedly hermaphroditic, rampantly idlike.

When discussing his daughter and the novel, Julian's tone ranges from clinical certainty, complete with the less abstruse examples of psychoanalytic jargon, to utter confusion and regret. In the novel and in life, there seems to be a philosophical gap between father and child, a quarrel about what the role of father should be. Tama thinks her father is reluctant to give; he believes she is too eager to take. Julian complains that Tama refuses to pitch in physically when she visits him, that children in general

often regard their parents as satellites existing to serve them. "I may bitch and piss and moan about her not giving me anything," he says, "but not everyone has a daughter who gives him immortality. What more could I want?"

That actually may be a dubious honor. Earl writes: "Dependency was the worst fault my father could find in anyone. He certainly disliked anyone being dependent on him. And in the end, I did learn to do without."

Phyllis sees the novel as a sad love story, an expression of longing from someone who could not penetrate her father's self-absorption. At the novel's end, the father has been maimed, and perhaps castrated, in a chainsaw accident and is taken care of by Earl, physically forced to accept some of his child's love on the child's terms. Julian takes the ending as a personal affront. Being dependent does horrify him. "I always tried to tell my children how important it was to become a competent, self-actualizing person. Tama's novel made me realize that I could have been more sensitive to how this fathering was perceived. My message about independence clearly wasn't understood very well. But why do such things have to be communicated in a novel and not to my face?"

Tama says she had voiced her displeasure. Significantly, however, there is a critical disagreement about just what the novel communicates. "In my father's letter to me," says Tama, "he praised one of the early nature scenes as being beautifully written. He was especially impressed that I had remembered details about the path and the trees, the mushrooms, the water, et cetera. But he completely missed the point of the scene." The point was that the father took more pleasure in nature than in his sons, that he tuned out when the boys asked him questions. Julian admits that this observation eluded him.

A curious element of the book is Earl's highly eroticized portrait of his father. He is sensual, sexy, with a woman always in tow. In one scene Earl actually describes him having intercourse with his former secretary. This hardly upsets Julian. "It's really satisfying to see that others view you as a sexual force, as a person of potency." Yet because the author is a woman, and his daughter, this does make him speculate. "There are some obvious *Electra* things there in the plot," he says matter-of-factly. "The mother gets killed off, then the father's third wife just disappears without any explanation, thus allowing the narrator to take care of him when he is emasculated."

“Why do such things have to be communicated in a novel and not to my face?”

In part, this can be explained by the structural requirements of the novel. The father must be immobilized, and without a woman caretaker, for Earl to be needed at all. But even this is suggestive. Only when the father is unable to sculpt the earth and have sex can his first-born child capture his attention. Tama sniffs disdainfully at such psychologizing, arguing that the sexual perception of the father comes from Earl, who feels unmasculine by comparison, not from her. “After all,” she says, “the character is *male*. I started writing in a male voice without planning it. In fact, I wrote the entire first draft almost unconsciously. I guess I always wondered if things with my father wouldn’t have been better if I had been a boy. The book made me realize that wouldn’t have helped.”

One wonders. Tama’s brother David has a friendly, if not intimate, relationship with Julian. They have always been physically active together, sharing passions that don’t interest Tama. Julian regards David’s competence and affection as “a vindication” of his parental tactics. David’s fictional counterpart, Bobo, is close-mouthed, dependable, and very dull, a bit like Gary Cooper in *The Virginian*. Bewilderingly, David admits it is a decent likeness, stating that it is the most accurate portrait in the book. “It has always been mentioned to me that I should talk more,” he says. “I’ve changed somewhat.” Yet he still seems miscast as a Janowitz. He is not artistic or introspective or willing to bare his soul in public.

Of his poetic mother who has trouble coping with housework and is given to spending weeks at a time in bed, Earl writes: “I often wanted to scream at my mother when she handed me one of her poems, brilliant, weird, the mincing typeface crawling across the page. They upset me . . . No one wants to have a genius for a mother, no Sylvia Plath or Virginia Woolf futzing around the house while we complain and whine with our own problems, trivial by comparison.”

Phyllis Janowitz is glad Earl’s mother was killed off 132 pages before the end of the novel, thus sparing her from the narrator’s acerbic reportage. “Reading the early part of the book was like getting kicked in the stomach,” she says. “The details about our former homes and the divorce brought back a lot of pain. Even though I was thoroughly mortified, I enjoyed the book. It was easier to read once the mother was gone and the book’s content became much more fictionalized. That’s when I found out that Tama had the

imagination to be a successful novelist. Now I feel comfortable encouraging her to be a writer, which is almost an impossible thing to be. We even talk about giving joint readings.”

Tama and her mother have always been extraordinarily close, “like two heads on the same body,” says Phyllis. The relationship seems sufficiently secure that they easily forgive each other for the unflattering literary portraits they have created. The daughter in Phyllis’ “Revolutionary Lulu” poems (included in *Rites of Strangers*, University Press of Virginia, 1978) is vain and materialistic, defining men by the cars they drive.

. . . Lulu should have sprung from Cardin’s at twenty, molded in bisque, draped in chiffon, her eyes glazed with perfection, her eyelids on gold hinges swinging open and shut at intervals marked by the sun.

“Once or twice,” says Phyllis, “Tama would say ‘Oh, my God!’ about a line, but basically she knows she’s not Lulu, just as I understand why I became a caricature in *American Dad*. That woman was quite a case. I know I was a much better mother than that. She couldn’t even cook dinner for her kids and I always did.” She pauses. “How silly to try to explain to people that you cooked dinner! Producing literature is more important than protecting people’s feelings, and the truth of discovery through art is more important than anything. So what if readers of the book will think I’m eccentric and wacked-out—which I am.”

The mother in *American Dad* is seen virtually from the father’s point of view, as a spacy incompetent almost unfit to be a mother. This distortion serves a fictional purpose; it helps us understand Earl’s monumental insecurity and makes his attitude toward his father seem more immediately crucial.

Phyllis says she was not embarrassed by any of the novel’s revelations about her family’s life, even those concerning infidelity, group sex, and depression. In fact, she described/invented a sex scene for Tama to include, tailoring her own reality for her daughter’s fiction. “I didn’t think there was enough sex in the book to make it sell,” she says. So Phyllis recounted how she and another woman had sexually assaulted Julian, with the aid of a bottle of baby oil. “I’m not sure if there really was

baby oil,” she says coyly. Phyllis did endorse some discretion. In response, Tama softened some rancorous sections about the father and eliminated five sentences that could have embarrassed her aunt and other family members. Julian contends she should have done much more pruning.

“In many ways, the novel is a battleground for old wounds, real and imagined,” he says, giving a not inept definition of all fiction. “I have the real feeling that her creativity might hurt people, that some of those portrayed might even sue. It’s an incredibly powerful experience to see in public print events you’ve been trying to cover over for many years.”

“If the book were nonfiction,” says David, “I might be bothered by some of it. But people reading it as a novel won’t know what’s true and what isn’t. And I’ll never tell.”

Many of us would like to have a relative write a wonderful novel, unless the book happened to resemble *Portnoy’s Complaint*. Good vivid prose has, of course, wounded many artists’ families. To her credit, Tama is not always comfortable revealing family intimacies. At one point she shakes her head, laughs, and says, “This whole thing is weird! What am I trying to do?”

She is, of course, promoting her book, chasing fame and fortune in a peculiarly American way—via confession. Earl claimed to need fame to prove his existence as a person, and Tama’s longing seems almost as basic. “I’ve wanted fame very much since I was eighteen,” she says. “I associate it with going to parties, meeting interesting people, being acceptable as a person. And, oh yes, true love will definitely come along with it. I know it’s quite silly; I know how unhappy famous people are supposed to be—but who believes that? I basically want the freedom to write more novels, and I hope that in ten years money and parties and new people won’t seem quite so glamorous. At Yale I was in a class with 160 people all frantic for stardom. I just think I’m more honest about it than many people.”

“In a paradoxical way,” her father says, “Tama has really taken my directions and channeled them into her own apparent success arena. She’s achieved a kind of independence and if it has to be at the expense of our relationship, then that’s the price. In a way she’s saying, ‘It may hurt you for me to be independent, but you taught me.’ I just wish that now that she’s accomplished this, we didn’t have to be such strangers.” □

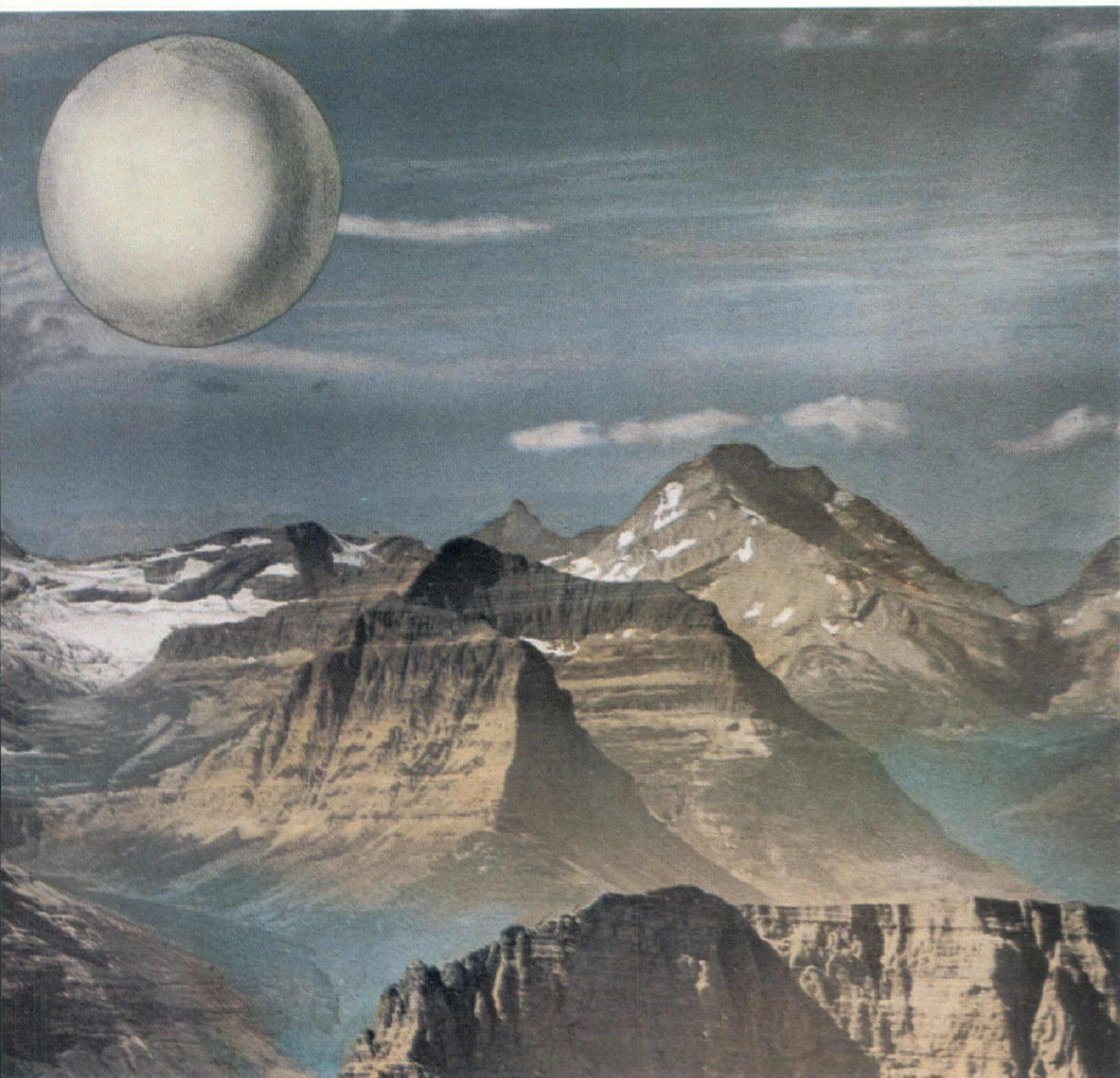
An artist's rendering of Buckminster Fuller's sky-floating geodesic spheres. Fuller argues that if a sphere is big enough, the weight of the structure itself—and of the hordes of people who might inhabit it—is negligible compared to the weight of the air trapped inside. When the sun strikes the outside of the sphere, Fuller argues, the air inside would be heated, causing the whole structure to float, like a cloud: "The passengers could come and go from cloud to cloud, or cloud to ground, as the clouds float around the earth or are anchored to mountain tops."

Courtesy of the Buckminster Fuller Archives



Futuristic Architects

Technologists, naturalists, artists,
comics, and other visionaries in steel and stone
By Sarah Booth Conroy



The immense bubble floats gently in the atmosphere, free of the earth's muddy morass. The transparent sphere cradles an entire city. Inside, the calendar stands always at spring, the clock perpetually at noon. The air is neither too hot nor too cold, always as clean as on the day of the first creation. The people of this paradise are neither rich nor poor, suffer neither age nor disease, but live like heavenly beings to think of beauty all day.

Ah, but it won't be like that at all, says the

Sarah Booth Conroy is design editor of the Washington Post. She has contributed several articles on architecture to HORIZON.

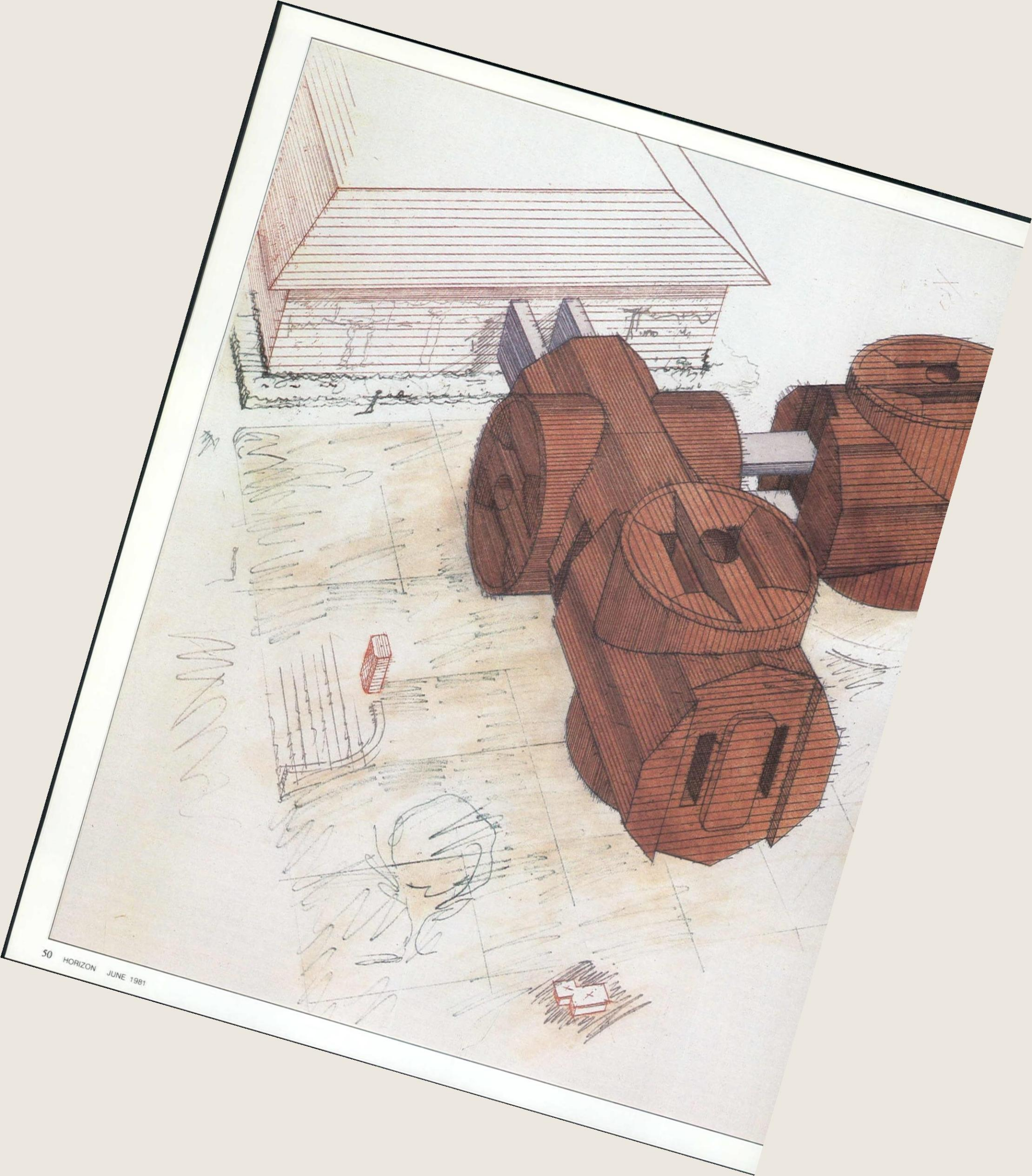
pessimist, sticking his needle into the balloon: the last drop of oil was swallowed up by the last Cadillac's dying gurgle. The few survivors of the last great war fled to caves in the hills. The brave, the wise, and those still sane transport themselves by foot, heat and cook with dung, grow amaranth for protein. Life is dark, mean, dangerous. Without energy, the earth slows, flickers, coughs, and stops.

In nineteen years, the millennium, the end of a thousand years, the beginning of another thousand, will come. What will it bring? The beginning of Heaven? Or the end in Hell?

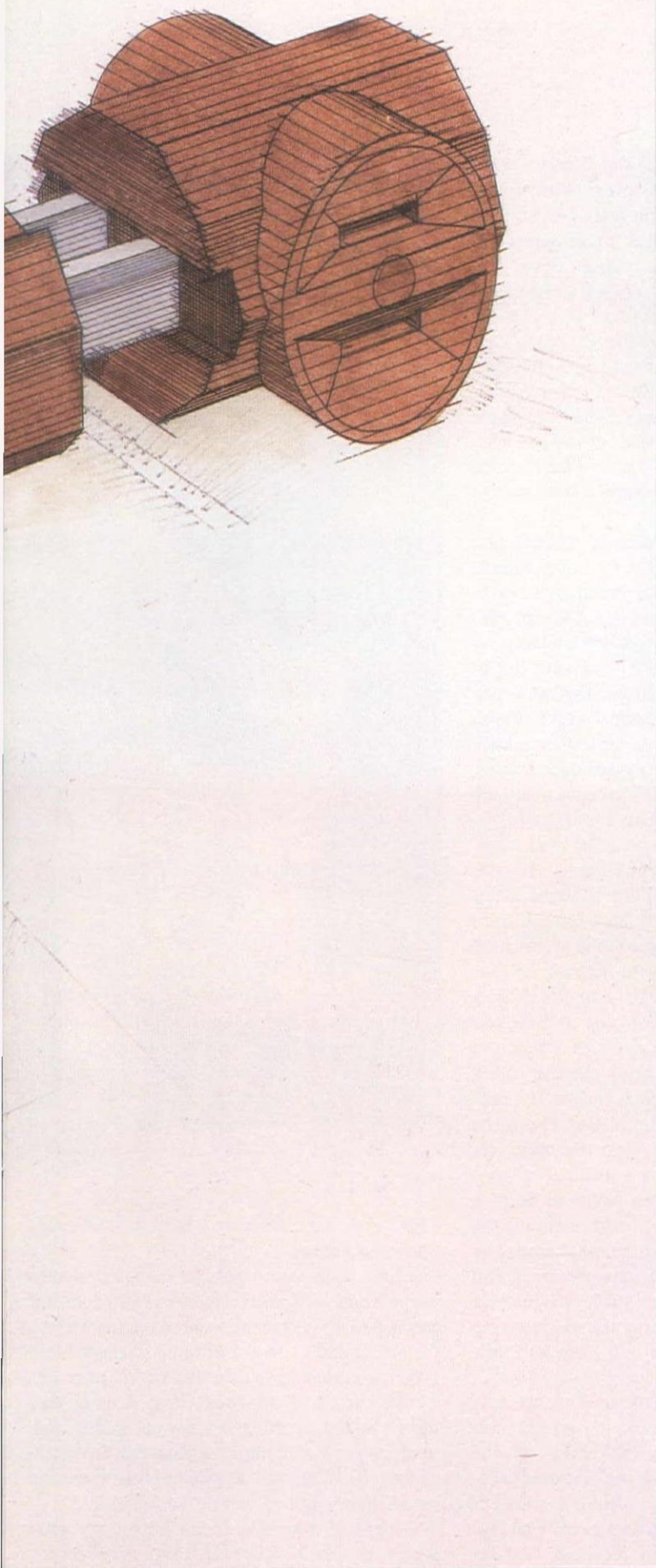
The turn of the century always brings forth new ideas, new spirits. And what of the time

when all four numbers change? Already you can see the ideas spinning. Utopia swims in the dreams of men and women. Architects are especially prone to such visions, particularly those who are artists with slide rules, poets with pencils, philosophers with geometric theories.

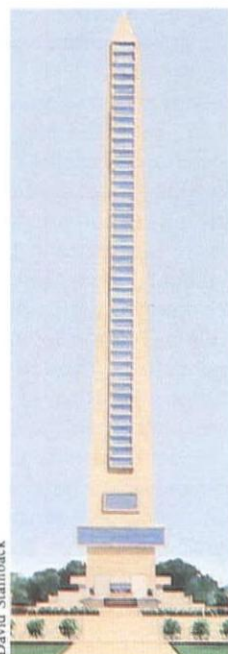
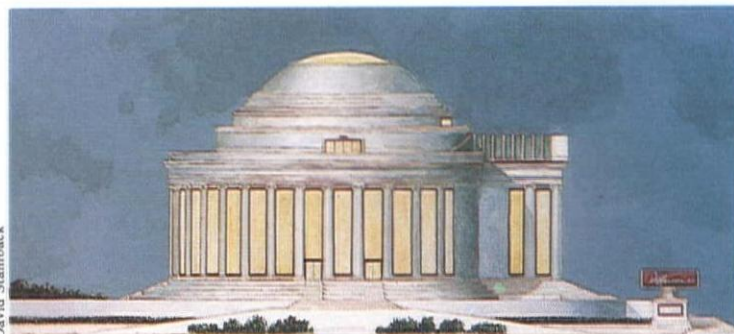
No visionary worthy of his bubble pipe would ever stand still long enough to be classified. A slippery group they are, parading out facts, and hiding in the shadows of supposition. But if you push them around enough, you can make them land in heaps labeled the technologists, the naturalists, the artists, and the comics.



The brave, the wise, and the sane
will heat and cook with dung.



David Stainback



David Stainback

Left: Claes Oldenburg's proposal for an addition to the Allen Memorial Art Museum in Oberlin, Ohio. Above: Artist David Stainback imagines the Jefferson Memorial converted into a restaurant, the Washington Monument into a vertical bank of condominiums.

© Claes Oldenburg

The technologists do everything with geometry and numbers so large they can be calculated only by computers. The naturalists divide into subgroups: those who think nature will save us, and those who think we've already lost. The artists are not concerned with making the future work, only with making it look right. And the comics think nothing will work anyway, so we might as well laugh as cry.

If it all works out the way it usually does, the numbers won't add up, but the jokes will come true. And who is to say after all, which is which? Not all visions of the future are confined to paper and cardboard. Some stand in stone.

The comics carry the day in "Architectural Fantasies: Creative Alternatives," an exhibit organized by the American Institute of Architects Foundation at the Octagon in Washington, D.C. Twenty architects proposed possibilities, most of them hilarious.

Sculptor Claes Oldenburg belongs with the comics rather than the artists in our classification. He sketches a dream cathedral, built like a faucet with an ever-flowing waterfall of grace. "Perfectly feasible," he said, "if I had the money." Once he made a sculpture like a three-way electric plug to stand outside the Allen Memorial Art Museum in Oberlin, Ohio, and then he drew a proposal to make a giant plug into a museum and a museum into a sculpture.

Washington, D.C., artist David Stainback remodels existing buildings into paintings and sculptures. But he's ever a practical man, and he doesn't want to be accused of frivolity. So he makes a Washington Monument condominium sculpture and a Thomas Jefferson Memorial restaurant painting.

Stanley Tigerman, the Chicago architect, has, by some rude souls, been accused of seeing bad architecture as a dirty joke. So he has painted panels as intricate as a Persian miniature that turn architecture into a well-

The artists are not concerned with making the future work, only with making it look right.

scrubbed, purged, soaked, and cleansed joke. He calls his concept a "bathroom in the intention of Dante's *Inferno*," obviously inspired by his stay at the American Academy of Rome. His classical bathhouse has hot and cold plunges on either side. The structure is a water-filled glass block with silicone joints, a natural passive solar collector. Water closet, lavatory, bidet, shower, and tub—Tigerman isolates each into what he calls altars.

"The metaphor for Hell," says Tigerman, "is the steam bath which one descends into from the peripheral purgatorial edges of the little building." The heavenly metaphor is couched in a chaise lounge under a cloud-painted ceiling. Tigerman sees his ideas as banishing embarrassment from dirtying bodily functions and "celebrating the bathroom as a place of joy." Tigerman's imp helpers were Deborah Doyle and Patrick Burke.

The master at blowing up buildings into objects of fun is David Macaulay, whose inflatable cathedral "to create a distinguished setting at a moment's notice" is pictured on the Octagon show's poster. The cathedral and other buildings are from his book *Great Moments in Architecture*.

Consider whose jokes not only were built, but turned out to work very well indeed. Chief among them is SITE (Structure in the Environment, though they'd rather you call them by their nickname). SITE's great building puns are turned into brick and glass and concrete by the magic of the money of Best Products Company, a large chain of catalogue showrooms.

Sydney and Frances Lewis, founders of the company, are great collectors of both modern and art nouveau. The witty structures show a direct influence from the German and Spanish turn-of-the-century artists.

The first SITE/Best project was a remodeling in Richmond, Virginia; a building made to look as though one whole corner of brick veneer is peeling off. The newest SITE/Best building, also in Richmond, is Best's headquarters. Fifty-foot-high oak trees, a reminder of the forest once on the site, split the building into two parts, as though nature has started to reclaim ground. The trees, many original to the spot, grow in a sort of atrium between entrance and show room. In Sacramento, California, the Wandering Wall building has a corner section that rolls out to make an entrance.

Also at the Museum of Modern Art, "Transformations in Modern Architecture" was a show and a book in recent years, by Ar-

thur Drexler, director of the Modern's architecture and design department. Many of the four hundred buildings built from 1950 to 1980 included in the book are as much pure form and fluidity as any visionary could draw.

Drexler points out that "modern architecture, like engineering . . . wanted all architectural pleasures to derive from the straightforward encounter with necessity. Architectural fictions, the play of unnecessary forms . . . were rejected as unworthy. But no one can tell the truth all the time, if only because no one always knows what it is. How architectural truths and fictions transform each other constitutes a large part of recent history."

Drexler shows us glimpses of what is and might be in the pure forms of Louis Kahn's hostels in Bangladesh, John Portman's swash-buckling Renaissance Center in Detroit, and the mirrors of life of an office building by Foster Associates in Ipswich, England. But in Lubbock, Texas, Robert Bruno (MOMA may not know artist Robert Bruno) is building a sculpture/house for himself with little money and no help. Bruno is a professor of sculpture, and one day when he had finished a really big one, he thought, "I'd like to live in that."

He set to work to build a welded steel sculpture he and his wife could call home. His wife not only didn't scream at the thought, she's helping finance the \$50,000 loan, though from time to time (it's been six years) she wishes he'd finish it. The visitor enters through one of four elephantine legs. You climb a flight of ceremonial stairs. As you rise higher and higher, you have the feeling you are on your way to a very important event, a coronation or a beheading. The windows look out from a cantilevered room suspended 150 feet above the river canyon. The sight has the awesome loneliness of a view from the moon.

When he finishes, Bruno wants to build a cathedral, as Antonio Gaudi did. Gaudi is the patron saint of the artist visionaries because he actually built his "deified nature" dreams in Barcelona from 1883 to 1926. Undulating forms, mosaic tiles, swooping shapes, towering turrets; they are a glimpse of a place and time outside of earthly experience.

Roy Mason once was in the artist camp, now he's into technology. Mason, an architect, is art director and architecture editor of the *Futurist* magazine of the World Future Society. He designed and helped build a series of fantastic urethane foam structures in Washington, D.C. The houses were more art than ar-



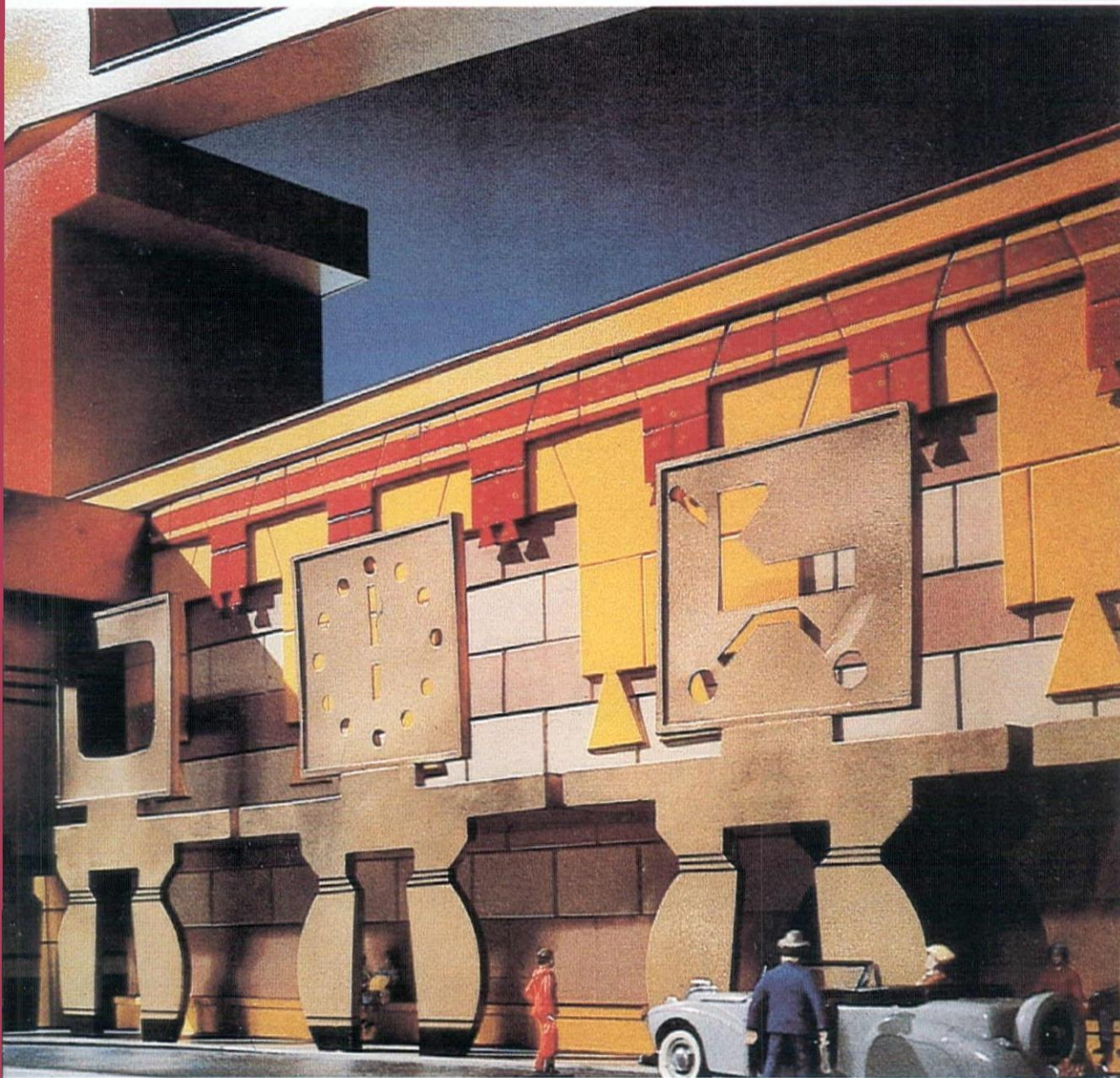
chitecture. Now Mason is working on computerized houses.

Today, when computer systems are available to run houses, Mason believes strongly that the coming of the computer will make it possible for most people to work at home in the future. "You wouldn't have to go to an office at all. You'd just turn on your video display terminal, linked to your company computer, and send away. You could use data banks, reach people in other cities, accomplish more at home than you now can at the office."

George Collins, Columbia University professor of art history, art and architecture



Best Products Company



Two proposed facades for Best Products Company. Left: Robert A. M. Stern's temple to materialism reflects the notion that "our household goods have become our household gods." Thus the Greek columns and pediment are blended with cut-out designs of a baby carriage, clock, salt-and-pepper shakers, etc. Above: Michael Graves' model for a shopping center facade, in which the portico actually extends well beyond the building behind it.

Two SITE projects for Best Products Company already in existence. Below left: The Notch Showroom in Sacramento, California, opens by means of a movable corner. Below right: The "Indeterminate Facade" showroom in Houston, Texas.

Best Products Company

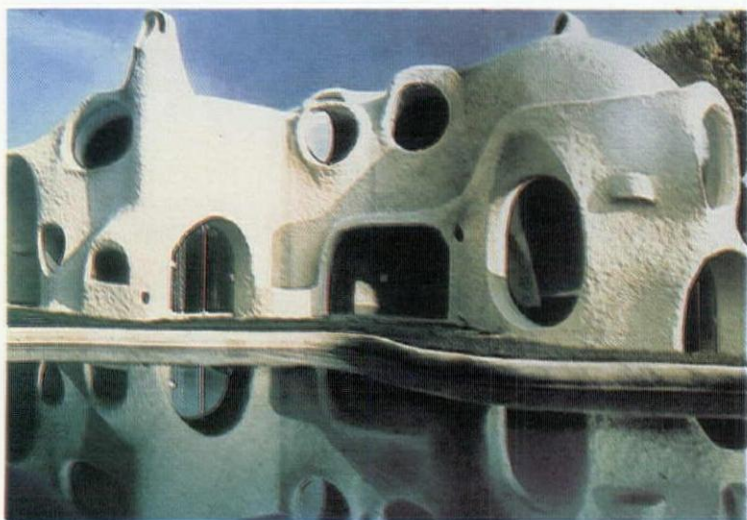


SITE, Inc.



SITE, Inc.

"The cost of snow removal would pay for the dome in ten years."



Roy Mason

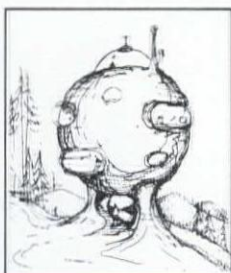
author, is likely the man who knows the most about aberrant architecture. He organized a show of visionary drawings for the Drawing Center in New York, now being circulated by the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service. (SITES is not to be confused with SITE mentioned earlier.) His recent book, published by Abrams, *Fantastic Architecture: Personal and Eccentric Visions* with Michael Schuyt and Joost Elffers, is the best of the compendiums on the subject.

Ray Ploch's plan for Weidlinger Associates suggests a floating airport anchored to the bottom of the sea. Noriaki Kisho Kurokawa's "porous space study plan" envisions a cluster city with marvelous transportation networks.

In his book, Collins tells of other technologist marvels: Ron Herron of the British Archigram thought of mobile megastructures in the sixties; and Superstudio of Florence, Italy, conceived of "Continuous Movement," a superstructure joining Brooklyn and New Jersey.

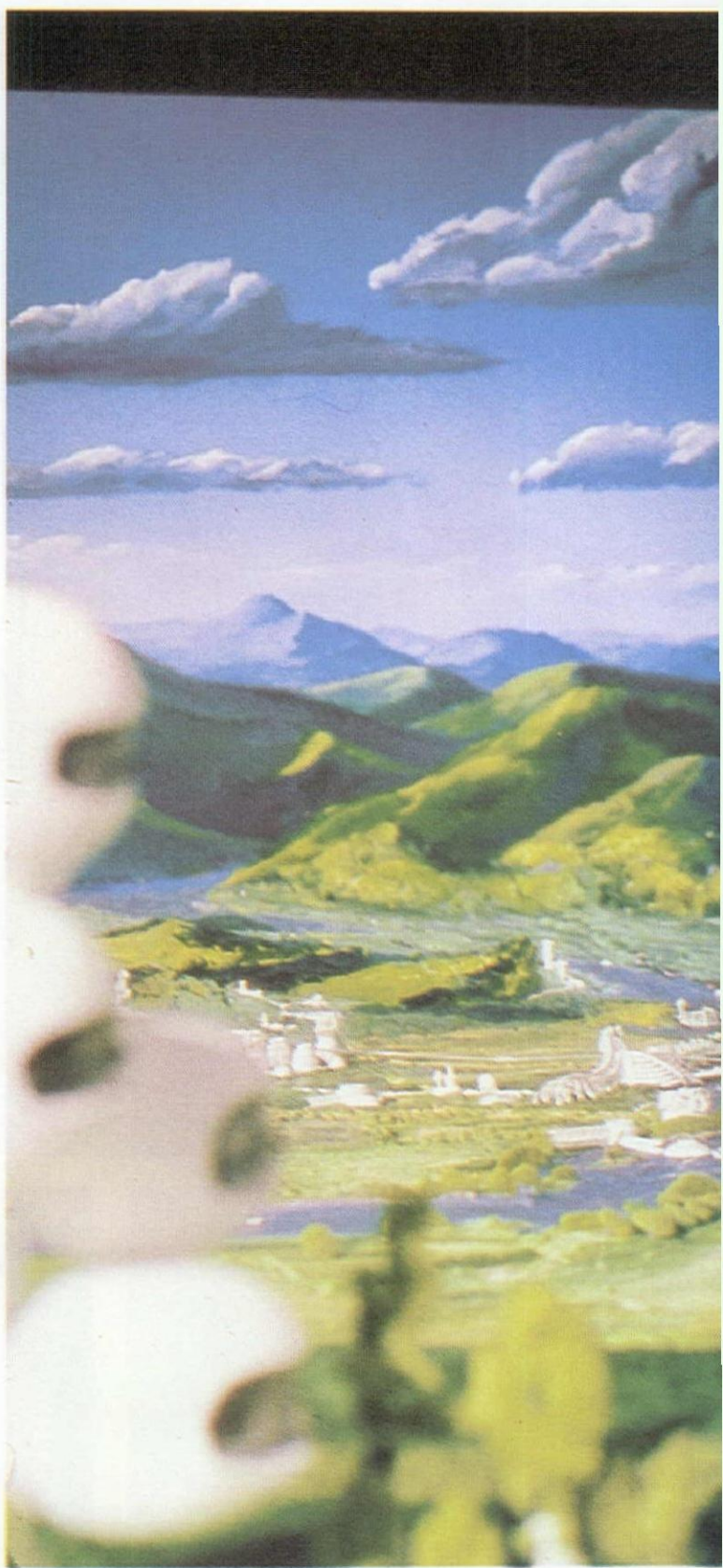
Frank Lloyd Wright lived so long, he might have been expected to see the visions he dreamed realized. But no one was ever willing to build his "Broadacre City" where every couple would have an acre of land and families with children more. He saw the individual acres as grouped around farms with transportation by monorails and a helicopter variant he called an "aeroter." At the opposite end, Wright thought of a mile-high skyscraper he called "Illinois."

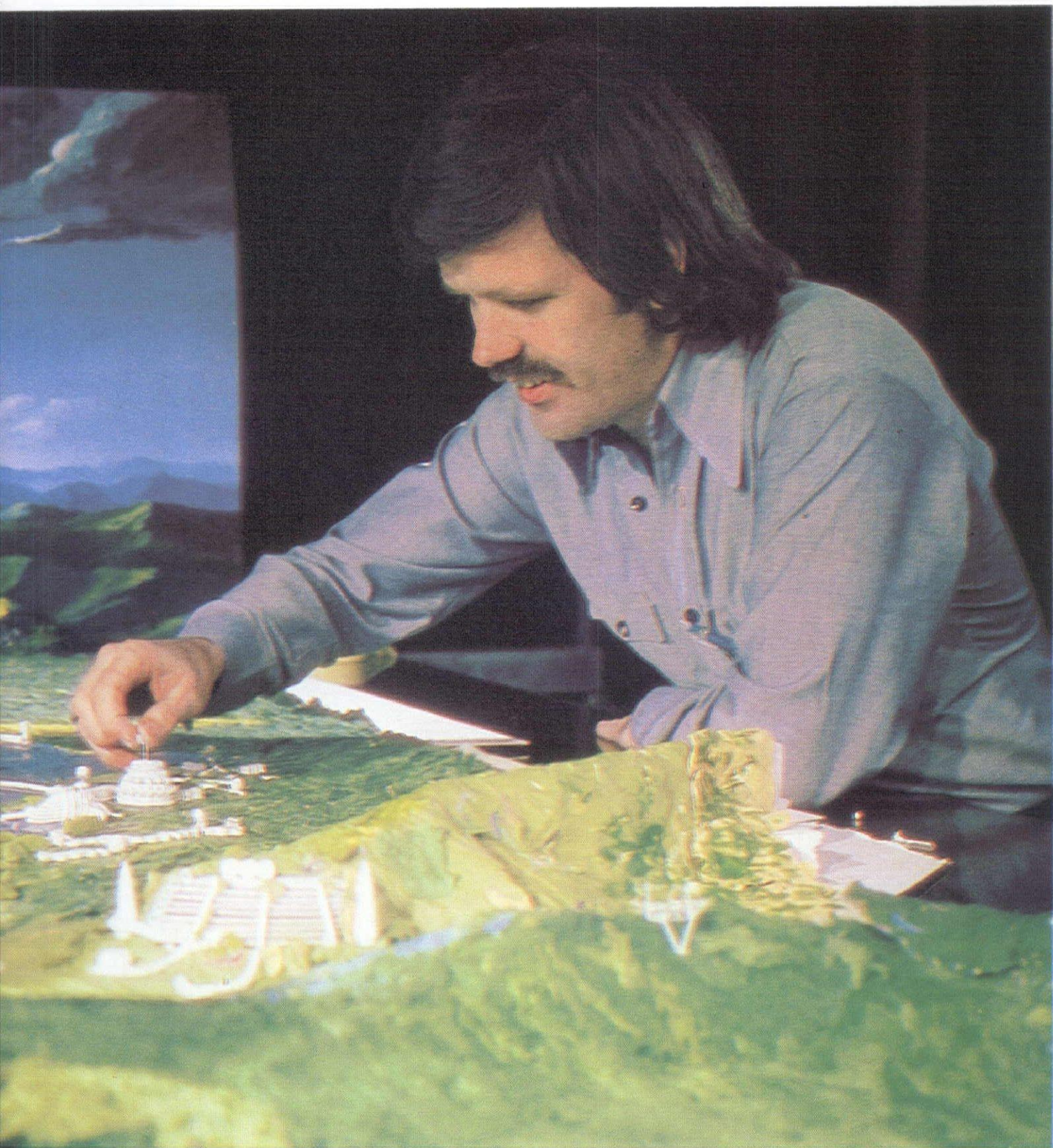
It was perhaps Wright's visionary city that inspired his student, Paolo Soleri, to design Arcosanti, a city for 3,000 people to rise fifteen stories on ten acres in Mayer, Arizona



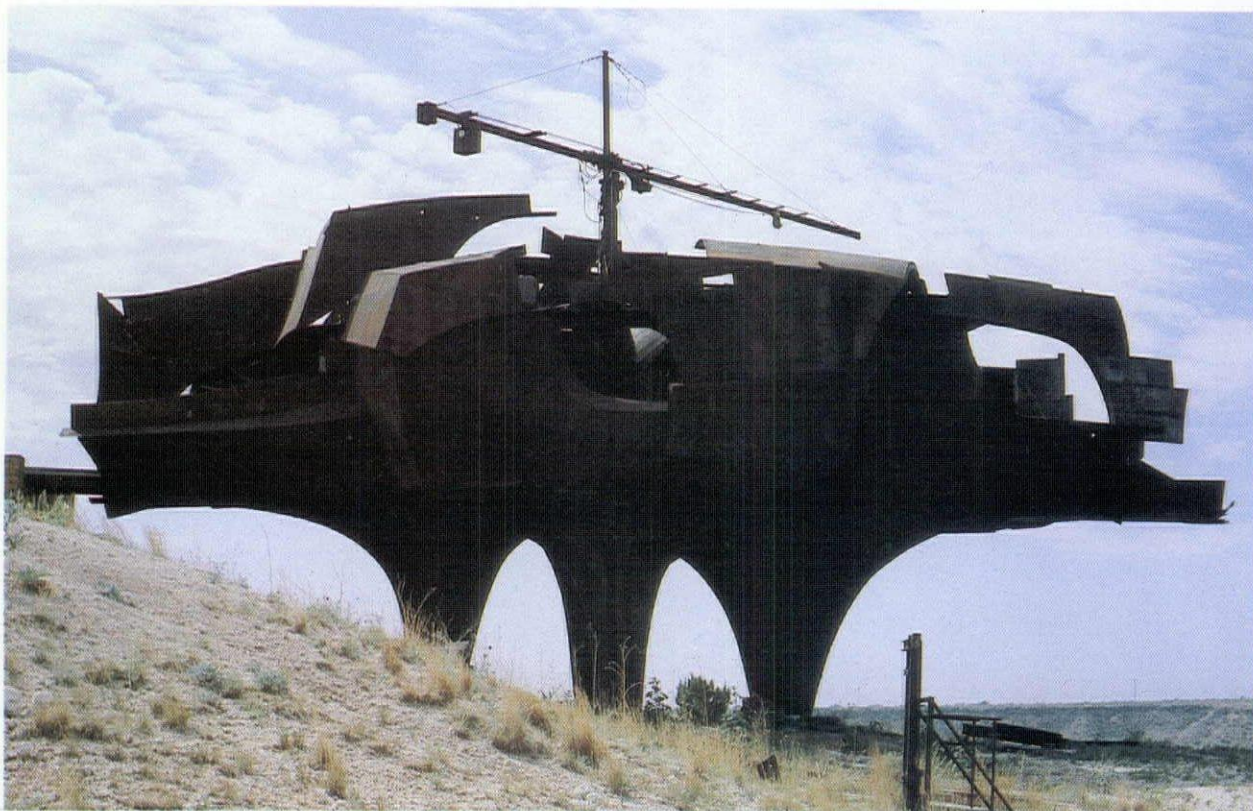
Roy Mason

Roy Mason, who is now working on computerized houses, is best known for his urethane foam houses (top). Above: A sketch for the "Foam Dome Home." Right: Mason at work on a model.





"You won't go to an office at all.
You'll just turn on your video display terminal."



Elizabeth S. Sasser



Elizabeth S. Sasser

Above: Full view and detail of the house Robert Bruno is building for himself in Lubbock, Texas. One enters through the building's legs. Right: John Portman's Renaissance Center in Detroit.

(See HORIZON March, 1980). With the help, often in passing, of 2,500 students, he has begun. But Arcosanti is but a tiny model of his dreams of arcologies (architecture/ecology), a megastructure which would pierce the sky. People and technology would be concentrated into centers so that all the rest of the land could be returned to nature.

Perhaps the most attractive of the technologists is Buckminster Fuller, whose very name sounds as though it were thought up by Gene Roddenberry. Fuller's basic concept, the geodesic dome, serves well as garden shed or world's fair exhibition center. But he thinks we've really missed a bet in not thinking bigger. In 1969, he proposed to cover Manhattan with a dome from the East River to the Hudson at Forty-second Street. The two-mile-diameter hemisphere would be a mile high at the center. "The captive atmosphere in itself is enough to support the structural shell," claimed Fuller. And he figured "the cost of snow removal in the city would pay for the dome in ten years." Fuller also planned balloonlike spheres to hold cities in perpetual soap bubbles above the earth.

And then, thank heavens, there are the naturalists. Steve Baer's Zomeworks just outside

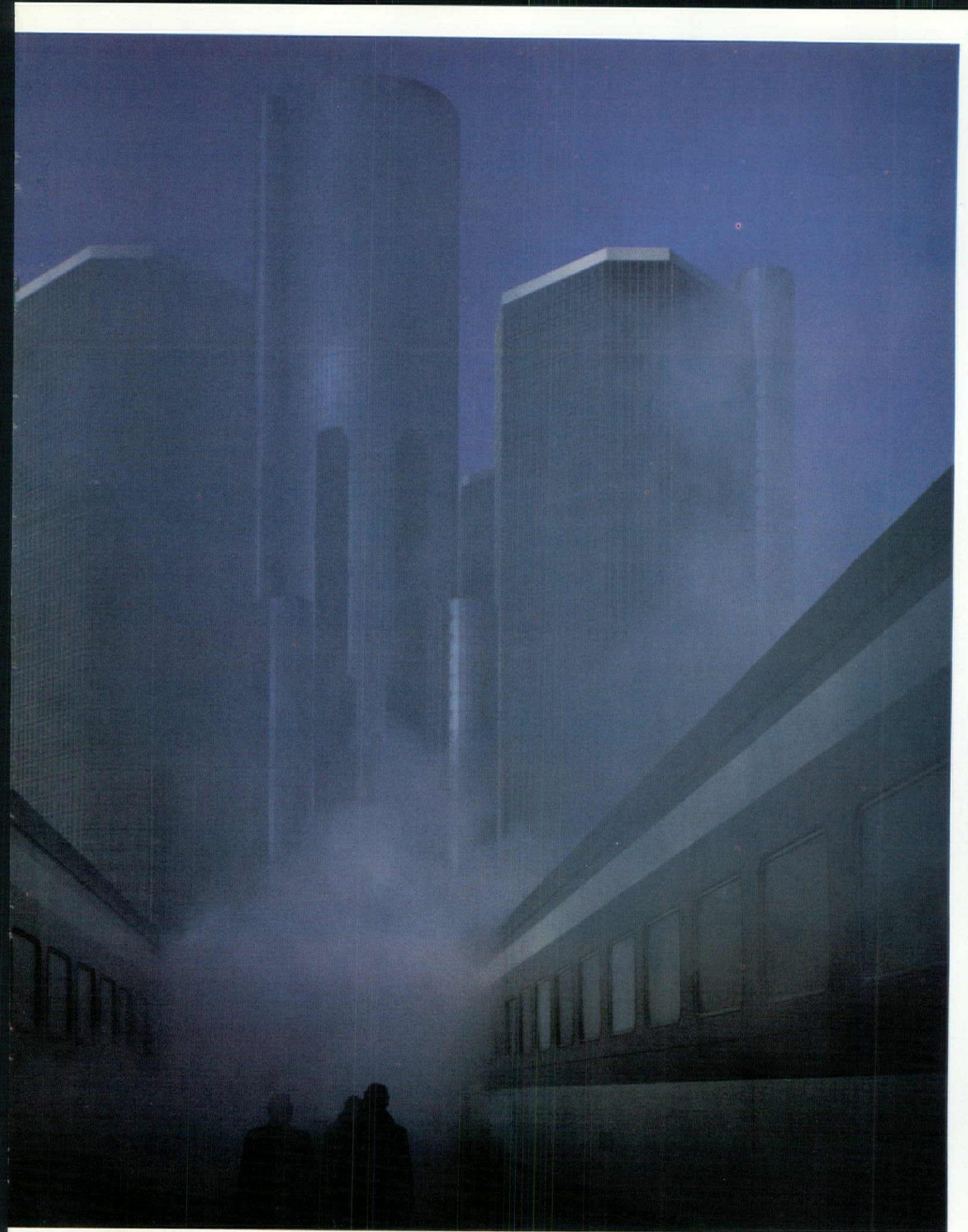
Albuquerque, New Mexico, was one of the first of what is now a tidal wave to effectively harness the sun to power his houses. William Morgan, in Florida, has shown that digging into the earth to make your own cave can produce houses both warmed and cooled by the earth. Today, a whole underground house and building movement has, if you excuse the pun, surfaced.

The greatest of energy sources is human. Francisco Carbajal de la Cruz, honored by the International Architect's Union, is an architect who lives in a futuristic hexagonal house outside Mexico City. Carbajal has designed concrete houses that people without training can build. Recently he said:

Architects face the danger of creating new products immensely beautiful, but absolutely useless. We must work toward fulfilling the right of every human being to have a good shelter. Architecture must be made for living, not to be criticized by other architects.

So where should we look for salvation as we approach the millennium? To the stars? The sun? The earth? Or will we seek and find salvation where the gods hid it—within ourselves. □

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Burning Books

A meditation on Shaw, Pythagoras, and mankind's memory
By Jorge Luis Borges

Last night I had a very strange dream. I dreamed a great library was on fire. I believe it was the famous library at Alexandria with its infinite number of volumes being ravaged by the flames. This is an obsessive dream of mine, repeated with some frequency. "Does this have some special significance?" I ask myself. Might it not be that I owe my readers a book on the history of books?

It would be marvelous to write the history of books. I don't believe I am sufficiently qualified to meet the challenge of an enterprise of such scope. Although, on the other hand, I do think I could carry it out from a point of view that did not involve the physical history of books. The physical aspects of books don't really interest me very much, particularly those books by bibliophiles which generally have a tendency to be unreasonably long. I am interested in the various ways in which books have been valued throughout history. But now that I think of it, Spengler has beaten me to it with some excellent pages devoted to the history of books in his own *The Decline of the West* ("Western Decadence").

I, too, have written some pages about books. In *Other Inquisitions* there is an essay

The great Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges has written many books, including his latest work, Six Problems for Don Isidro Parodi. Borges' piece for HORIZON was translated by Anthony Tudisco, a professor of Spanish at Columbia University.

called "About the Cult of Books" in which I synthesize some of my thoughts on the topic. Also, I wrote a poem I titled "Alexandria" in which I refer specifically to the great library of Alexandria, and to Omar the Caliph, who caused its burning. . . .

Yes. In this poem it occurred to me to have Omar the Caliph speak and say something he undoubtedly had never said because he was a Caliph and Caliphs never say anything of the sort. Omar thought of the library as the world's memory. The huge library of Alexandria contained all there was to know in the world. He then gives the order to burn the library but thinks the act will prove unimportant. And Omar says in part of my poem:

If, of all these books
Not one were left, every
Page and every line, each
Work and each of Hercules' loves,
Every lesson and every manuscript
Would return to be created again.

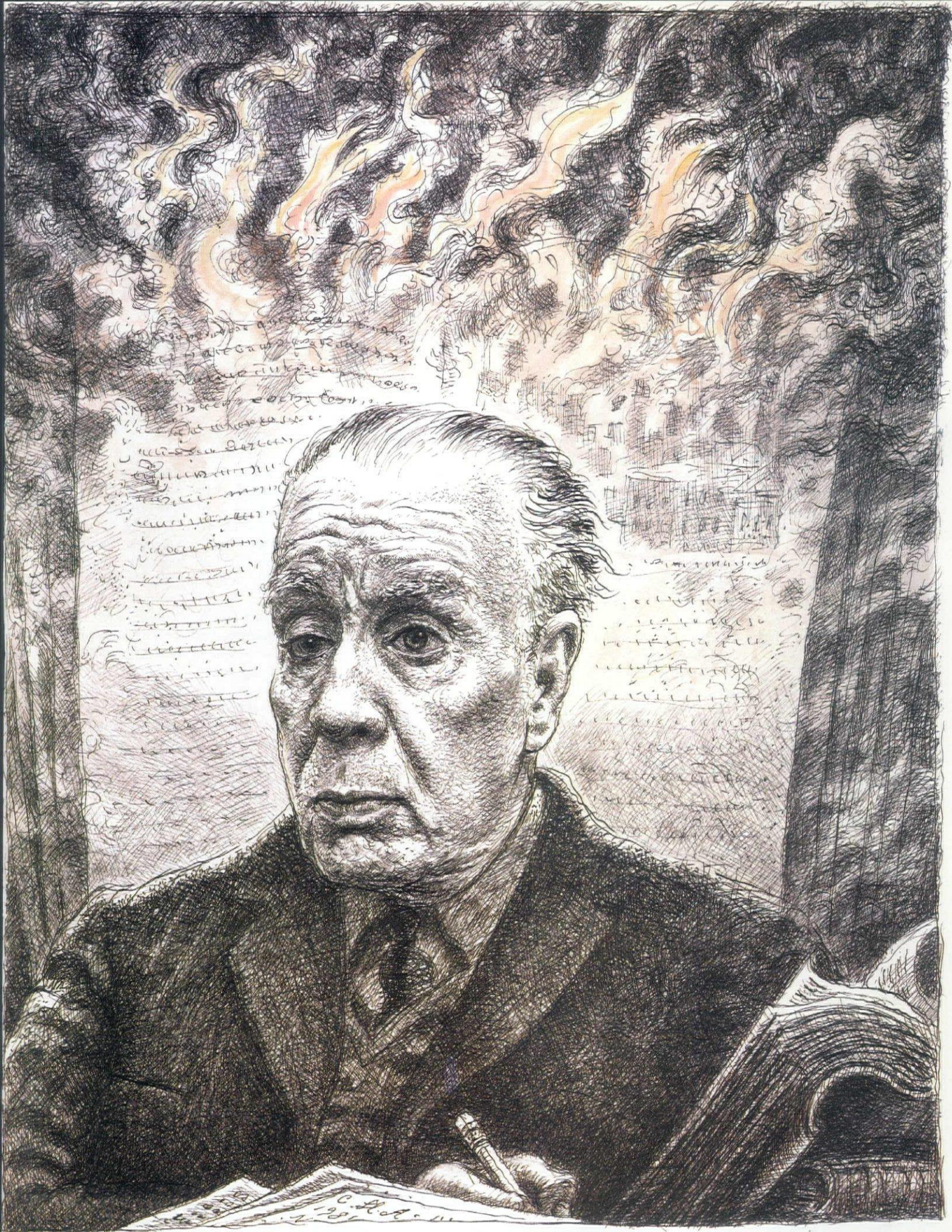
That is to say, if all of the past is contained in the library then all of the past has sprung from man's imagination. I believe that beyond its rhetorical virtue, if it has any, the poem seeks to establish that each generation, in fact, rewrites the books of previous generations with slight differences; differences in intonation, differences of syntax; but we are always re-creating the same fables, rediscovering the same metaphors. That is why to some extent I am in agree-

ment with Omar the Caliph—not the historical Omar but the one I created in my poem.

I remember my father, a great reader, standing me in front of his library telling me to read whatever I wanted, but that he would recommend no single book to me. That's how I started reading, somewhat at random, discovering, in the process, my favorite books of all time.

I once said the main event in my life was my father's library. And that, unlike Alonso Quijano, that adventurer Don Quixote, I have never left that library. There, during the first decade of this century, I undertook my first readings; readings which, with the passage of time, have always remained the same. When I returned from Europe in 1925, I managed to recover a copy of the same edition of the *Quixote* I had read as a child. It is the Garnier edition with steel etchings which I still save as a most treasured possession. It has a red cover with gold letters. As time has gone by I have gone along retrieving books from my childhood. In our time we profess a reverence for books which the ancients never had. To what can we attribute the fact the ancients professed no reverence for books, I wonder?

I think there are two reasons: the first is that all of mankind's great masters, curiously, have been oral teachers; the second is that the ancients viewed books as substitutes for the spoken word. That oft-quoted phrase *scripta manet verba volat*—the written word remains while the spoken word flies—does not mean the spoken word is ephemeral but rather that



“Why do I revere books? Perhaps because I continue to play at not being blind.”

the written word, while long lasting, is also lifeless. It occurs to me now that the spoken word has a winged, light quality, “swift and sacred,” as Plato said, referring to poetry.

But let us take another example, that of Pythagoras, who never wrote because he did not want to tie himself down to the rigidity of the written word. He did this deliberately, perhaps having in mind the concept “the letter kills but the spirit revives” Pythagoras undoubtedly felt this way and decided not to bind his spirit in this way. Aristotle never speaks of Pythagoras but rather of Pythagoreans. Pythagoras wanted his disciples to keep the body of his thoughts alive after his corporal body had died. That is where the frequently quoted Latin phrase *Magister Dixi*—“The Teacher said it”—comes from. It does not mean the teacher imposes his opinion on his disciples; it means the disciples continue to think on their own but, should someone oppose them, they say “The teacher said it.” That phrase is a species of formula in which to find refuge and continue to profess the living thoughts of the teacher. When Aristotle speaks of Pythagoreans, he tells us they professed a belief in the dogma of eternal return (the repetition of history) which Nietzsche was to belatedly discover.

Of course, the theory of eternal return of cyclical time was refuted by Saint Augustine in “The City of God.” But was it not a theory which was also touched upon by other great thinkers?

Yes. Among them Hume, Bianchi, and the materialists. Saint Augustine, with a beautiful metaphor, also says in “The City of God” that “The Cross of Christ saves us from the circular labyrinth of the stoics.” But, returning to the great oral masters, were not Buddha, Christ, and Mohammed the most important?

Undoubtedly! Moreover, Mohammed was illiterate! In the case of Christ there is only one report that he ever wrote anything and there has been much dispute over it. When they are about to stone the adulteress, he writes something in the sand which no one sees. He immediately erases it. Some hold he wrote: “He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone.” But there are others who say God could write nothing but his own name. Schopenhauer, in his *History of Philosophy*, suggests an explanation which I share: He says Christ writes the law in the sand—the one which says all adulteresses must be stoned—then he erases it. The mystery is still alive but

I tend towards this last deduction because if Christ wrote it, erased it, then said, “He who is without sin let him cast the first stone,” undoubtedly what he erased was the law calling for such merciless punishment. Buddha was another oral master who left us a legacy of admirable teachings and phrases. Socrates, too, was a great oral teacher. I have always believed that Plato, in order to correct the stubborn silence of books, invented the so-called Platonic dialogues. That is to say, Plato recreated himself in the form of many personalities: Socrates, Gorgias, and the rest. When he says books are like effigies one believes to be alive but when asked a question they do not answer, he refers to the muteness of books. I believe in that way his famous dialogues were born. We can also believe that Plato did it as a way of consoling himself over the death of Socrates. Whenever a problem was posed to him, he would respond with, “Socrates would have said such and such,” or “What would Socrates have said about this?” Thus, in one way, he forged an immortality for Socrates who was a great teacher who left no written record.

I now recall that they once asked Bernard Shaw if he believed the Holy Spirit had written the Bible, and he answered “Any book worth rereading was written by the Spirit.”

I share completely in that belief. A book should go beyond the original intent of the author. For example, *Don Quixote* is more than just a simple book about chivalry or a satire of the genre. It is an absolute textbook in which chance or random thought plays no part. The truth of the matter being that the author's intent is a poor, human creation and therefore fallible. It is necessary that a book contains something more in all cases; it is a mysterious “something.” When one reads an ancient book, it is as if we are reading about all of the time which has passed from the day it was written as well as our own. A book may be full of errors, we can reject the author's opinions, disagree with him about everything, but the book always retains a sacred quality, something immortal, something divine which makes us happy. This beauty is something common which can be found in all things; for example, I know nothing of Yugoslavian literature but that does not preclude my suddenly finding in some book by a Yugoslavian writer a phrase which dazzles me by its brilliance. That is why it is convenient to perpetuate a reverence for books which I believe is still the best formula

for finding wisdom. A book grows with the passage of time. *Hamlet* today is not exactly the same book conceived by Shakespeare at the beginning of the seventeenth century. *Hamlet* is also the *Hamlet* of Goethe, Coleridge, and Bradley. The same is true of *El Quixote* or *Martin Fierro*. Their readers have enriched them.

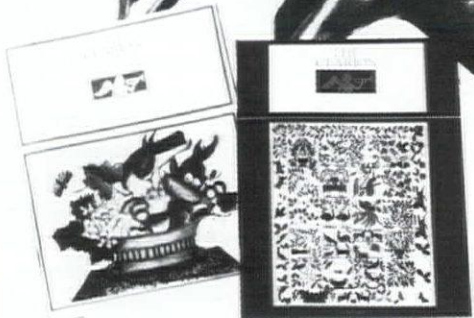
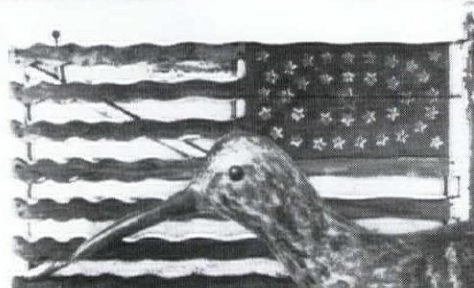
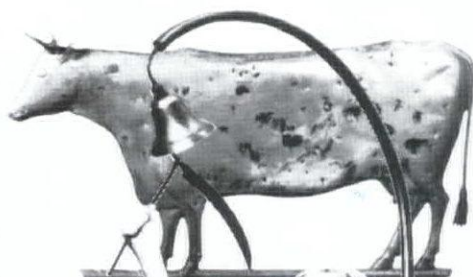
Why do I continue to profess a reverence for books? Perhaps because I continue to play at not being blind.

And this is in the nature of a confession. I continue to buy books and continue to fill my house with books. I feel the friendly pull of books. I don't know; it seems to me that books offer one of the possibilities of great happiness to mankind. A few months ago they made me a present of a fabulous edition of the Brockhaus Encyclopedia. The presence of these more than twenty volumes, with handsome maps and etchings, and what surely must be no less than Gothic lettering, which I cannot read, filled me with joy. Those books, which to me are almost sacred, are there; I feel their pleasing presence. Perhaps this might seem a bit pathetic but it is not like that at all; it is something authentic, something real.

There are those who speak of the eventual disappearance of books; they assure us that modern means of communication will bury books in favor of something more dynamic which will require less of a man's time than what is taken up by reading. Do you want to know what I think of that?

I believe books will never disappear. It is impossible for it to happen. Of all of mankind's diverse tools, undoubtedly the most astonishing are his books. All the others are extensions of the body. The telephone is an extension of his voice; the telescope and microscope extensions of his sight; the sword and the plow are extensions of his arms. In *Caesar and Cleopatra*, when Bernard Shaw refers to the Library of Alexandria, he says it is mankind's memory. I would add it is also mankind's imagination. Humanity's vigils have generated infinite pages of infinite books. Mankind owes all that we are to the written word. Why? What is our past but a succession of dreams? What difference is there between dreaming and remembering? Between remembering dreams and recalling the past? Books are the great memory of the centuries. Consequently their function is irreplaceable. If books were to disappear, history would disappear. So would men. □

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Films



Photograph by Palmer

Rosie, Trax, and Roberto

Occasionally, David does triumph over Goliath—even in the film world. While the multi-million dollar *Heaven's Gate* disappeared for a second time this spring, seventeen small independent films, under the banner of First Run Features, have been picking up box-office momentum and critical praise all over the country. Contrary to a familiar misconception, these films, and other independents like them, are no more esoteric or experimental than the routine Hollywood fare. Like more commercial offerings, they vary in subject and approach: from *Alambrista!*, a sensitive fictional portrait of an illegal alien, to *The War at Home*, a compelling documentary about the antiwar movement in Wisconsin. What they share is a lack of Hollywood funds and, for the most part, strong social or political concerns.

First Run is the most ambitious of the independent collectives, and its films, which

travel both as a festival unit and individually, are of consistently high quality. In spite of their impressive variety, certain general tendencies emerge. All, for instance, *feel* like labors of love, are geared toward general audiences, and develop strong characters in or out of harmony with distinctly American environments. Often these works mingle fiction and documentary film traditions. *Alambrista!* takes a *cinéma vérité* stylistic approach to invented material; *Rosie the Riveter*, though factual, is well-wrought drama with beginning, middle, and end. Not surprisingly, iconoclasts abound, be they Les Paul inventing his own guitar in *The Wizard of Waukesha*, or the IWW bucking the system in *The Wobblies*. And vivid evocation of place, geographical or spiritual, distinguishes the rural films. Both *Northern Lights* and *Heartland* stress the connections between starkly beautiful Midwestern settings and the pioneer spirit of their respective protagonists. In *The War at Home*, directors Barry Brown and Glenn Silber capture a bigger political atmosphere; and, through their interviews and intelligently compiled footage,

Rosie the Riveter, directed by Connie Field, documents World War II experiences of women who took men's jobs.

the commitment, confusion, and exhilaration of the sixties come persuasively to life.

Although they can't compete with the special effects of a *Star Wars*, these films reveal unusual human situations and refreshingly unsterotypical protagonists: a thorny Florida widow in *Gal Young 'Un*, a turn-of-the-century rancher in *Heartland*. As a rule they underestimate neither our curiosity nor the intelligence of our emotions. When they have found a good simple topic—be it the forging of a union or the evicting of a fortune-hunting spouse—they stick by it. Sentimentality is conspicuously absent; thus the difference between a sugar-coated Hollywood sixties film like *A Small Circle of Friends* and the tough, but finally very moving *The War at Home*. Many of these recent independents focus on individuals struggling to cope with their own and society's shortcomings. Three of the series' best works deal with the political implications

of social alienation. All are filled with ideas, yet none is unilaterally polemical. Indeed, the skill with which *Alambrista!*, *Rosie the Riveter*, and *Gal Young 'Un* interweave story and fact, atmosphere and personality, entertainment and conviction is rare in any film community today.

The low-key story of attractive Mexican Roberto (Domingo Ambriz), who crosses the border in search of better-paying work, Robert Young's *Alambrista!* is the issue film at its most compellingly ambivalent. Young (*Short Eyes*, *Rich Kids*) has carefully researched his topic, and the look of lush California fields and cramped trailers is as authentic as his vision of the illegal alien dilemma is fair-minded. And Roberto's particular story—the birth of his child, his romance with an American waitress—is never overwhelmed by symbolism.

Alambrista! is most powerful when it goes beyond Roberto's specific alienation to explore the potential alienation of us all. Here Young makes his point through a clever use of language. Roberto speaks almost no English, and the audience, presumably, is not fluent in Spanish. Occasionally, when Roberto and his fellow aliens converse, Young omits a subtitle or two, thus challenging us with the foreigner's routine task of divining meaning through gesture or circumstance. When Roberto first meets a young waitress, they bungle a most rudimentary exchange. Later, having slept

together, they begin communicating relatively complex verbal ideas. In one daringly protracted scene, the film's best, an American subjects the uncompromising Roberto to a long-winded, ludicrous tale. The look on Roberto's face—at once polite, incredulous, and ironic—speaks volumes on the experience of being an alien, illegal or otherwise.

Connie Field's superbly paced and often very funny *Rosie the Riveter* discovers a different sort of alien in the "Rosies": women welders and riveters who took over men's jobs during the war and lost them when the boys came home. As with *Alambrista!*, the success of *Rosie the Riveter* is a function of sympathetically observed characters and provocative situations. The characters here are five spunky "Rosies" whose recollections of the war years—for some, truly the best years of their lives—are fleshed out with "March of Time" and other period footage.

Field's film hasn't a dull anecdote: from Brooklyn-born Lola Weixel's account of her unpopular union activity to black Gladys Belcher's tales of sexual and racial discrimination overcome in the California shipyards. It does have a villain, however, in the media propaganda of the time and, by inference, in the traditions of a male-dominated society. While wartime posters, jingles, magazine and newsreel campaigns impelled women toward work (an early slogan goes: "We must win this war,

but we can't win this war unless you women take the jobs that men are leaving"), the same insidious weapons were mustered to get them back to the kitchen. As the war draws to a close, one "March of Time" bulletin announces: "Marriage and the family still hold out today, as they always have, the greatest challenge for a woman." Newsreel and magazine clip after clip supports Field's thesis that "Rosie's" fulfillment was sacrificed so that her husband could come back to a job. Or, as one of the characters wryly puts it, the magazine recipes during the war were short and simple; after the war, "suddenly dishes took whole days."

Like *Alambrista!*, *Rosie the Riveter* is both political and personal, founding its convictions—here feminist convictions—in moving and amusing situations. Victor Nunez's *Gal Young 'Un*, one of the best and most unusual of the fictional independent films, is feminist in the same way. The setting here is the Florida backwoods during the Prohibition era. The "alien" is a spirited, susceptible middle-aged widow named Matt (Dana Preu) who talks herself into love and marriage with the raffish, fortune-hunting bootlegger, Trax (David Peck).

In contrast to *Alambrista!* and *Rosie the Riveter*, *Gal Young 'Un* points out that the alternative may be an even more insufferable exploitation, and Nunez stresses the importance of friendships. More self-consciously than either Young or Field, Nunez also forges a distinct cinematic style, and his story is intriguingly unpredictable. Though we anticipated Trax's betrayal, the when and how are as unexpected as is Matt's fitting revenge. There are several memorable about-faces, notably a scene where Matt, within moments, turns from an expectant lover to a wary business partner. The film title refers to the "gal young 'un" Trax brings home to bed. And in credibly portraying Matt's changing feelings toward this girl and what she represents, Nunez conveys his polemical message with artistic grace.

Obviously, not all the current American independents are of similar artistic excellence. Yet, they are an unusually strong list of films. Lance Byrd's and Tom Johnson's *America Lost and Found* and Jean-Pierre Gorin's *Podo and Cabengo*—neither of which is distributed by First Run—are noteworthy; but all the films in the box are worth seeing. And if last summer is indicative, all are a good deal more entertaining than the major studios' car-crashing, people-eating, house-haunting ideas of fun. —Diane Jacobs

Other Independent Films Worth Seeing

America Lost and Found Lance Byrd's and Tom Johnson's portrait of America during the Depression uses rare contemporary footage to superb effect. It's a haunting film, which was critically acclaimed at its New York opening.

Northern Lights The narrative revolves around a fiercely independent farmer who comes to understand the wisdom of collective action. The true story of the forging of North Dakota's Nonpartisan League, it is in the accomplished hands of John Hanson and Rob Nillson—a lyrical study of man and nature.

Heartland Richard Pearce recounts the tale of a sometimes wrong-headed Wyoming rancher and his housekeeper-turned-wife with understanding and affection. Stunning

cinematography complements this gruff, upbeat film.

Bush Mama The most experimental of these independent films, Haile Gerima's stream-of-consciousness story of a welfare mother is sometimes banal, sometimes brilliant, and always powerful.

The War at Home Political, personal, and cultural nuances of the antiwar movement are probed in this engrossing documentary by Barry Brown and Glenn Silber. Though the University of Wisconsin is the focal point, its observations are nationally applicable.

The Wizard of Waukesha Catherine Orenreich and Susan Brockman's documentary on Les Paul is informative and as engaging as the man himself.

Podo and Cabengo Jean-Pierre Borwin creates a surreal vision of American family life, especially in Los Angeles, around the story of twin daughters who invented their own language, but couldn't master English. It's a true story with wide-reaching implications.

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General Services Administration

Letters

More On Those Museums

Thank you for featuring the North Carolina Museum of Art in your February issue (Patrick D. Hazard's "Twenty Museums You've Never Heard Of"). I found the author's comments about this nation's first state-sponsored art collection generally favorable; however, I feel some errors must be corrected.

The museum did not "start from scratch" in 1949. It grew from the thriving North Carolina Art Society, was bolstered by a state appropriation in 1947, and opened in its present location in 1956. That present location, the "recycled office building" of the article, will be abandoned this year for a splendid museum building.

The article leaves the impression that William Valentiner is still in charge. While I agree that he did an excellent job in the early days of the Museum of Art, he has been dead for some years! His particular genius is still reflected in the installation of major European works which form the core of the collection. However, credit for the exhibition which seems to have caught the author's eye should go to others. The museum has prospered under the leadership of Justus Bier, Charles Stanford, and Moussa Domit; and, it will continue to grow under the guidance of Edgar Peters Bowron, who will become director May 1.

My final point refers to the author's opinion that our collection contains no "great works." The Georgia O'Keeffe that Hazard mentioned is a fine painting and one of which we are justly proud. However, numerous scholars of international standing who have visited the museum have expressed astonishment at the high quality of the entire collection. The Stefan Lochner *Saint Jerome in His Study*, which accompanied the article, is but one of these.

Again, thank you for the attention. I look forward to another article about the opening of the new North Carolina Museum of Art.

Sara W. Hodgkins
North Carolina Department
of Cultural Resources
Raleigh, North Carolina

Patrick D. Hazard Replies

I stand abashed, not as a scholar of international standing, but as a roving amateur pleasantly astonished at how much North Carolina has made of relatively little. If that was misconstrued as metropolitan condescension, I am sorry: such a misreading will only slightly tarnish my recollection of a marvelous day.

Judy Chicago

After reading both the article on Judy Chicago (March 1981) and the letter from Adele Watson in the May issue, I offer a belated comment. Watson doesn't like the opinions of male art critics who gag over Chicago's work. Well, here's a woman's opinion: I also gag over things that are degrading and disgusting. Let's have no more of these so-called artists celebrated and legitimized in the pages of *HORIZON*.

R.A. Raber
Portland, Oregon

Camille Pissarro

Upon reviewing the marvelous article in the May issue of *HORIZON*, I noticed the sponsors of the "Camille Pissarro: The Unexplored Impressionist" exhibition were omitted. The exhibition and the accompanying film were made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and IBM. An indemnity has been provided by the Federal Council on the Arts and Humanities.

Now more than ever before, mention of the support of such an exhibition is very important. We realize it is difficult when a corporate sponsor is not mentioned in the catalogue, and comes in to underwrite only one showing of an exhibition. However, we feel it is appropriate to ask for credit.

Clementine Brown
Manager, Public Information
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



Winslow Homer

The Fishing Ground, 1897

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