EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY

July/August 1981 $2.00

HORIZON

The Magazine of the Arts

EH
30
8899

The Primavera Quartet's Struggle For Success

Bed, Breakfast and Art Tour San Francisco Style

Islam: Medieval Magnificence

Decoding Kandinsky

A Very Young Photographer: Lartigue At 87

mavera Quartet

EUC5HNYXIS9J101056HZ1
EDUCATION HALL LI MAR82
NY INST OF TECHNOLOGY
OLD WESTBURY, NY 11568

The Peaceable Kingdom. 1847-49. Oil on canvas.
24½ by 30½ inches (60.3 by 76.2 cms.)

Copyright © 1975 by Andrew Crispo Gallery, Inc.
Copyright © 1977 by Andrew Crispo Gallery, Inc.

PROVENANCE:

The Artist
Mary S. Paxson
Dr. Charles B. Smith
By bequest to the Friends Boarding House
Newtown, Pennsylvania
Private Collection, New York

EXHIBITIONS:

"Edward Hicks: A Gentle Spirit", Andrew Crispo Gallery, New York, N.Y. May 16-June 28, 1975

"200 Years of American Art", organized by The Baltimore Museum of Art, Baltimore, Maryland, in conjunction with the White House, Washington, D.C.

Landes Museum, Bonn, Germany, June 30-July 28, 1976, illustrated in catalogue, #15.

Museum of Modern Art, Belgrade, Yugoslavia, August 16-September 11, 1976, illustrated in catalogue, #15.

Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Moderna, Rome, Italy, September 28-October 26, 1976, illustrated in catalogue #15. Reproduced on cover of exhibition catalogue.

National Museum of Poland, Warsaw, Poland, November 12-December 10, 1976. Illustrated in catalogue #15.

LITERATURE (partial list)

"Edward Hicks: A Gentle Spirit", Andrew Crispo Gallery, New York, exhibition catalogue, (Op.Cit). Copies of this catalogue are still available.

The New York Times, Sunday, June 15, 1975, Gallery View by John Russell, "Shows of Hicks and Noguchi on 57th Street," illustrated.

New York Magazine, June 23, 1975, "Art," by Thomas Hess, page 74. Illustrated.

Sunday News, New York, July 6, 1975 (Leisure Section, p. 10), "A Rare View of Paintings by Hicks," by John Daxland. Illustrated.

Antique Monthly, October, 1975, Volume 8, #12, "Hicks' Peaceable Kingdom, Art from Exhibition" by Mary Hubbard, cover article, illustrated color, p. 20B.

Art News, September 1975, New York Reviews, p. 114, "Edward Hicks" (Andrew Crispo), illustrated in color.

"200 Years of American Art," organized by The Baltimore Museum of Art, exhibition catalogue #15, (Op.Cit.)

The Sun, Baltimore, Maryland, Sunday, January 23, 1977, p. D13, "A Style for Everyone in American Painting," review, mentioned in paragraph 10.

The Sun, Baltimore, Maryland, Monday, January 17, 1977. Entertainment Section, p. B1, "Art Coexists With Science in Free Exhibit that Dazzled Europeans," mentioned in paragraph 9.

EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY

HORIZON

Volume 24 Numbers 7 & 8 July/August 1981

Cover:
The Primavera Quartet
Photograph by Brownie Harris © 1981.

Contents

Cross Country	6
Trans World	18
Books	22
Films	70
Letters	72

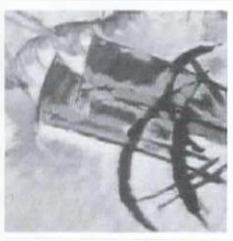
Reflections of a Renaissance in Islam By Kellee C. Reinhart 25
On the sands beneath the Middle Eastern sky where fighter planes now duel, the thirteenth-century Mamluk culture left a stunning artistic legacy. Now a traveling exhibition reveals the story of its art, produced during the most creative age of medieval Islam.

Primavera By David Roberts 34
The worst thing that can happen to a string quartet is to lose a member. The up-and-coming Primavera Quartet recently weathered just such a crisis.

The Ancient Little Boy By Lisbet Nilson 40
In an idyllic Parisian childhood, Jacques-Henri Lartigue invented his own *piege d'oeil*—or "eyetrap"—to capture fleeting experience. He became the century's greatest child-prodigy photographer.

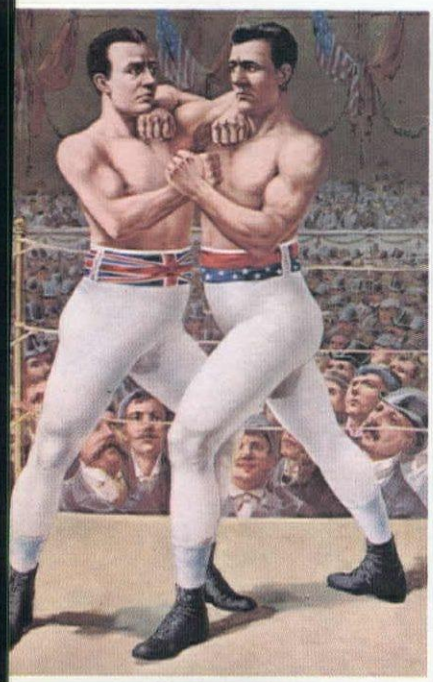
From Photography to Funk By Richard Atkins 50
While San Francisco's publicly funded art institutions nervously retool for the eighties, its arts business is booming. With our guide, you can find the city's best commercial galleries—many of them tucked away in unusual places.

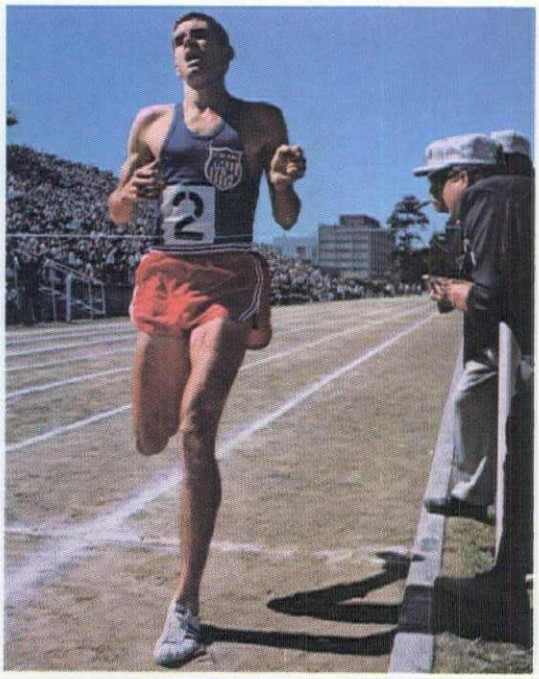
Bed and Breakfast on the Bay By Joy DeWeese-Wehen 58
If you've ever wished you could step back in time to another era with no telephones, no rush-hour traffic, and no TV dinners, then the bed-and-breakfast inns of northern California might just be your cup of tea.

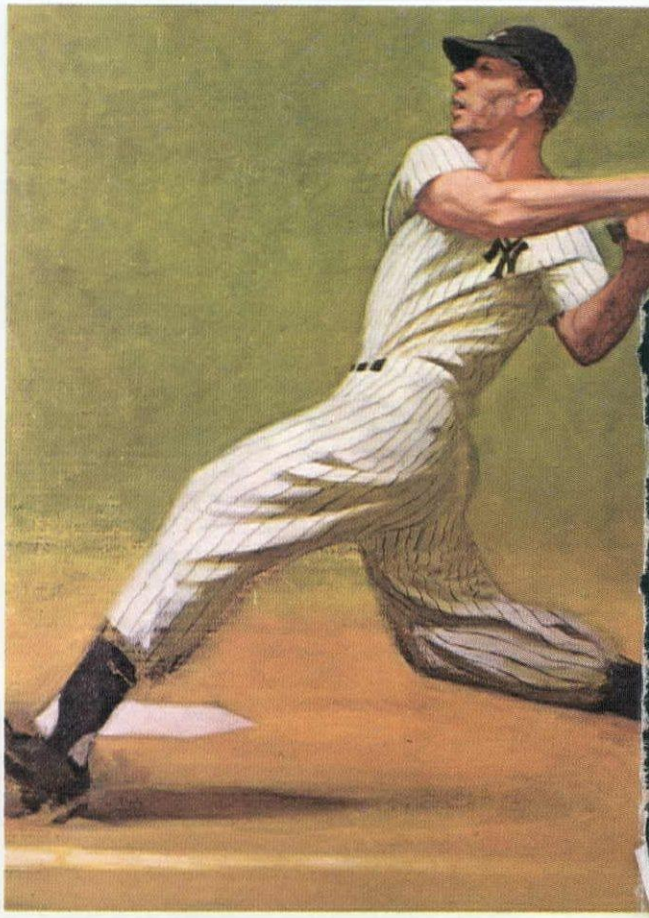


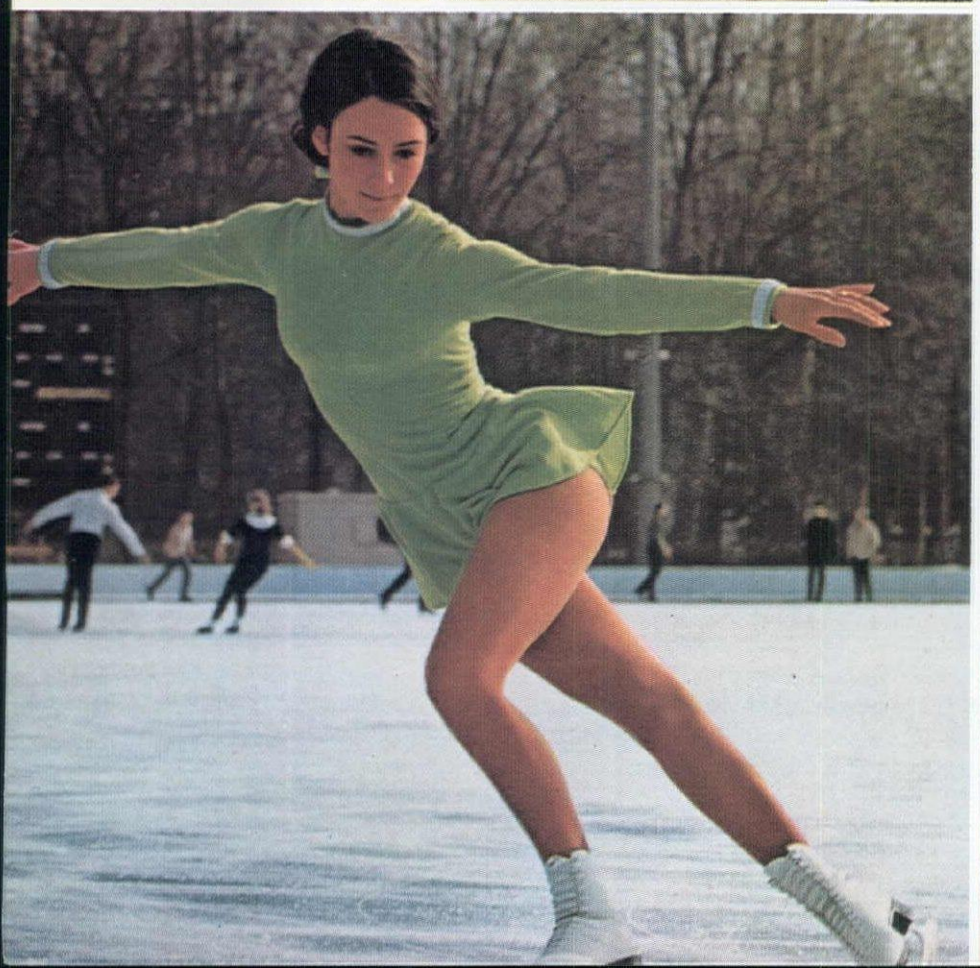
Kandinsky's Codes By E. A. Carmean, Jr. 66
Many believed his *Improvisations* were the first abstract paintings. But a new exhibition unravels the complex steps the artist took in creating his lyrical pictorial language.

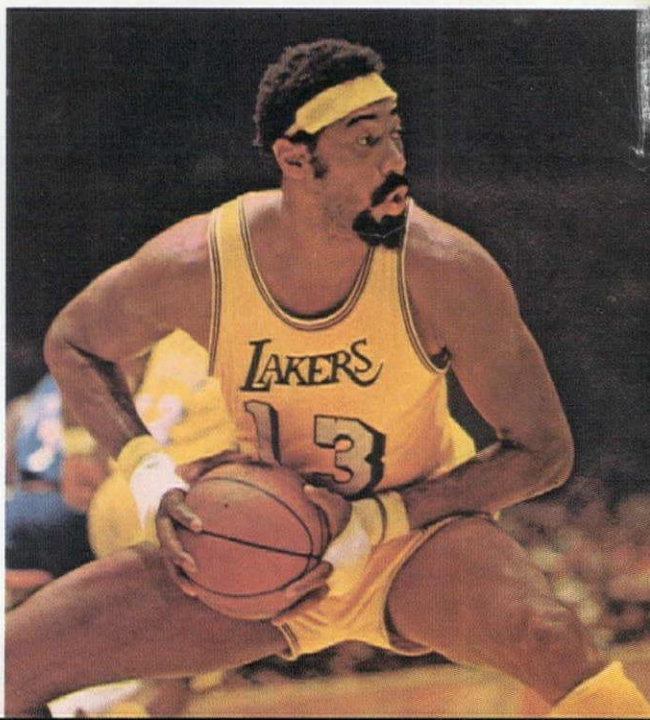
Go! G



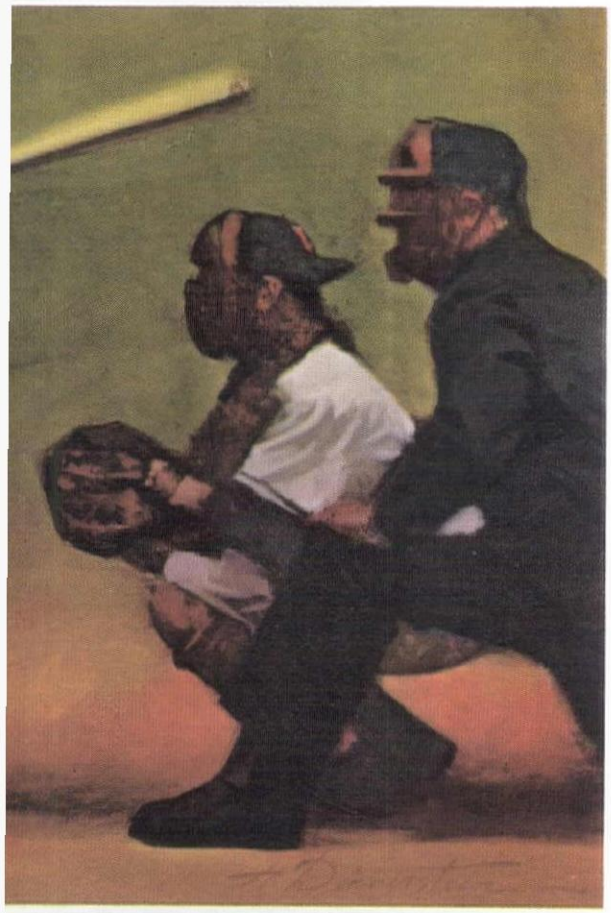








o! Go!



We look at them and we feel like cheering. They are some of our great ones, the heroes and heroines who delighted us and inspired us—and still do. Now we can meet them all, and 94 other greats, in their lively portraits and marvelous memorabilia at the National Portrait Gallery's dramatic exhibition, "Champions of American Sport."

They practiced man's most ancient art, a ballet of battle on the fields of sport against opponents, against time, against the limitations of sinew and bone. It is an art of the instant, the perishable split-second of maximum effort. But because the great ones, spurred on by our cheers, could summon in that instant the strength and grace for the extra ounce, the extra inch, those moments will live as long as our memories, and these portraits endure.

We are especially pleased to sponsor this exhibition. Our company and many of our famous brands like Marlboro and Virginia Slims cigarettes, Miller High Life Beer and 7UP have long been involved in sports. This exhibition helps to remind us again that, however much we plan, it is always the extra effort in the instant of action that counts—and that the success of every enterprise ultimately rests on individual imagination, individual innovativeness, individual creativity. Sponsorship of sports and of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

If your company would like to know more about corporate sponsorship of art, write George Weissman, Chairman of the Board, Philip Morris Incorporated, 100 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Philip Morris Incorporated

It takes art to make a company great.

Makers of Marlboro, Benson & Hedges 100's, Merit, Parliament Lights, Virginia Slims and Cambridge; Miller High Life Beer, Lite Beer and Löwenbräu Special and Dark Special Beer; 7UP and Diet 7UP.

"Champions of American Sport" organized by The National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC. It will appear there June 23 to September 7, 1981 and subsequently travel to Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, IL, October 15 to November 29, 1981; California Museum of Science & Industry, Los Angeles, CA, January 15 to February 28, 1982; and American Museum of Natural History, New York, NY, April 2 to June 27, 1982. The exhibition is sponsored by Philip Morris Incorporated and Miller Brewing Company.

(top left) Giles Litho Company, JAMES J. CORBETT DEFENDING HIS TITLE AGAINST CHARLIE MITCHELL, 1893, Chicago Historical Society. (top center) Photograph of JIM RYUN by RICH CLARKSON, 1966. (top right) Harvey Dinnerstein, THE WIDE SWING, 1975, Capricorn Galleries, Bethesda, Maryland. (bottom left) Photograph of PEGGY FLEMING by John G. Zimmerman, 1968. (bottom center) Photograph of WILT CHAMBERLAIN by WALTER IOOSS, JR., 1972. (bottom right) Miguel Covarrubias, HELEN WILLS, c. 1927, Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin. *© Philip Morris Inc. 1981*

HORIZON

Challenge to the Arts

The arts are vital to humanity as reflected throughout history. That is a given.

And the opportunities—for independence, new vitality and total involvement of people across the country—are more plentiful than ever. In light of federal budget cuts, we can now better channel our own energies and talents into correcting the current financial crisis and, at the same time, freeing the arts from the bureaucracy. A new presidential task force beginning work this summer is acting on President Reagan's recognition of the need to cut the budgets for various programs but at the same time not to undercut our cultural institutions. This shift in emphasis away from government subsidy points toward creation of a truly nationwide arts community—and in fourteen years of publishing I have never been more optimistic about chances for reaching this goal.

Charged with the job of channeling the infusion of energy and creativity from every corner of the country, the new task force is co-chaired by Charlton Heston, representing the arts sector; Dr. Hanna Gray, president of the University of Chicago, representing the humanities; and Daniel J. Terra, designated ambassador-at-large for cultural affairs, representing the government. They are joined by distinguished leaders such as Daniel Boorstein, Librarian of Congress; Henry Geldzhaler, New York's commissioner of cultural affairs; Arthur Mitchell, Dance Theater of Harlem; Roger Stevens, Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and other leaders from business, education, museums and the entertainment world who are unleashing their knowledge onto the problems of art funding.

From donning Victorian dress to sip Twinings Tea in support of the Victorian Society to selling raffle tickets for a nationwide American Ballet Theatre fundraiser to saluting Wolf Trap's tenth birthday with a black-tie star-studded benefit, the new consciousness is already appearing. You can buy donated antiques on televised auctions to benefit PBS television stations or participate in weekend paint-and-plastering parties at historic restorations. These and hundreds of other creative fundraising ideas are coming to the fore as people take on the challenge of funding the arts.

There's more to this quotient than money. Volunteerism—time donated to museums, cultural centers, dance companies and community theaters—supplants funding in a direct way. Whatever the specific approach, the essence of activity is to turn negative feelings about budget cuts into positive news for our country as well as its cultural landscape. By joining forces to find alternative methods, by serving as ex-officio members of the presidential task force and by contributing personally to the intensifying search for quality, we insure a sound future for the arts.

It's a realistic goal and we'll reach it together.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Gray D. Boone

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR
Kellee Connely Reinhart

SENIOR EDITOR
David Roberts

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR
Timothy N. Walters

ART DIRECTOR
Robin McDonald

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Suzanne Redmond Frese

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Barnaby Conrad III, Judith A. Jedlicka, Norman Nadel
Timothy Lovejoy, Peter J. Rosenwald

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
Lynne Carver, Donna Duren
Melissa Foster, Anita Giani Mason
Vivian Ruth Sawyer, Torrey V. Smitherman

PHOTOCOMPOSITION MANAGER
Jacqueline Akers Alsikafi

SALES AND MARKETING DIRECTOR
Dennis M. Stanard

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Susan E. Meskil

ART AND ENTERTAINMENT ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
John Poxton

ADVERTISING ASSISTANTS
Rebekah B. Embrey, Anna Louisa Dodson

VICE-PRESIDENT FOR FINANCE
Barry Sevedge

CIRCULATION CONSULTANT
Dale Steiger

GRAPHIC DESIGN CONSULTANT
The Will Hopkins Group

BOARD OF ADVISORS
James Biddle, *Preservationist*
Robert Bishop, *Director, Museum of American Folk Art*
Paul W. Bryant, *Athletic Director and Head Football Coach, University of Alabama*
Clement E. Conger, *Curator of The White House and the Department of State*
Sarah Booth Conroy, Washington Post *Design Editor*
Jim Cornfield, *Photographer, author*
Viscount De L'Isle, VC, KG, PC, *Author and lecturer*
Agnes de Mille, *Choreographer, author*
Geoffrey Holder, *Choreographer, director, and actor*
Katie Kelly, *Television critic for NBC*
Stanley Kramer, *Film director, producer*
Sue Mengers, *Talent agent*
Hope Ridings Miller, *Author, journalist*
Paula Nelson, *Financial author, lecturer, television commentator*
Milan Stitt, *Playwright and screenwriter*
Mort Walker, *Cartoonist*

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES

NEW YORK OFFICE
Susan E. Meskil
John Poxton
488 Madison Ave.,
New York, NY 10022
(212) 759-5531

NORTHWEST
Peyton Phillips & Assoc.
14017 15th Ave. N.E.
Suite 402-K
Seattle, WA 98125
(206) 364-5657

CENTRAL OFFICE
Dennis M. Stanard
P.O. Drawer 30,
Tuscaloosa, AL 35402
(205) 345-0272

WEST COAST
Jack Follansbee, Al Hurt
P.O. Box 1795,
Encino, CA 91316
(213) 986-3447

HORIZON (ISSN 0018-4977) is published ten times a year (monthly with combined issues January/February and July/August) by HORIZON Publishers, Inc., 1305 Greensboro Ave., Tuscaloosa 35401, 205/345-0272, for $18.00 per year in the U.S.; $22.00 per year in Canada; and $26.00 per year elsewhere. Single copies are $2.00. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and at additional mailing offices.

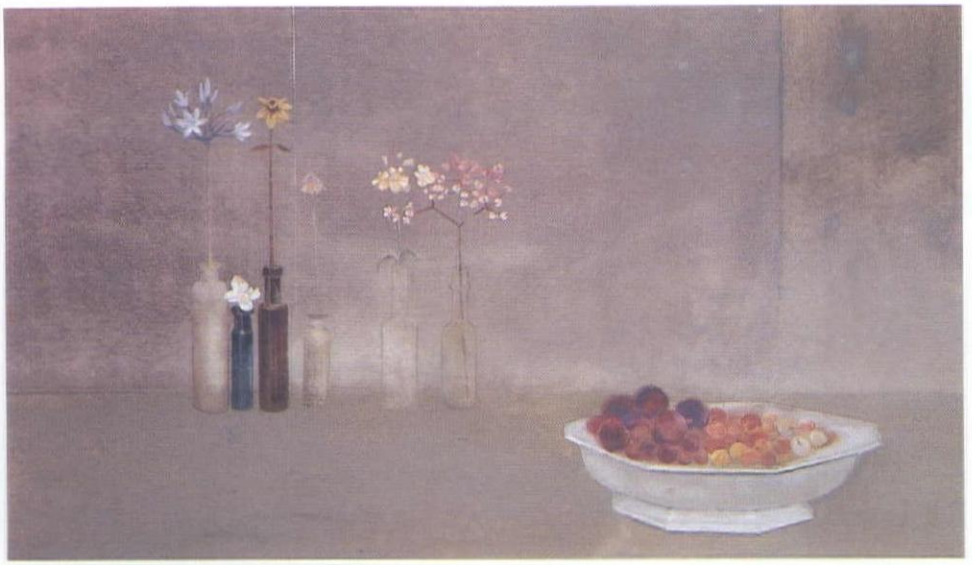
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to HORIZON Subscription Service, P.O. Box 517, Birmingham, Alabama 35201.

The editors assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. However, those containing return postage will be returned if unused.

©1981 by HORIZON Publishers, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part is in violation of our copyright protection and is strictly prohibited without the express written permission of HORIZON PUBLISHERS, INC. HORIZON is the registered trademark of HORIZON PUBLISHERS, INC. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 111 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

MORRIS GRAVES

"SUMMER BOUQUET", 1978 - Tempera (26 x 44)



Works available by:

MORRIS GRAVES
WAYNE THIEBAUD
CHARLES ECKART
CHARLES GRIFFIN FARR

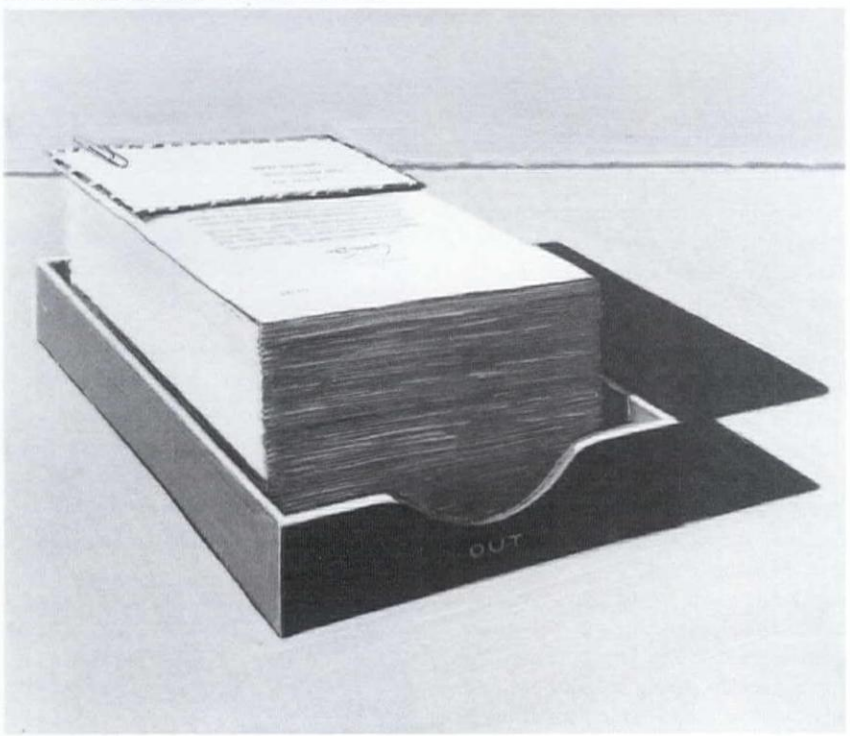
THEOPHILUS BROWN
JAMES N. JOHNSON
WALTER KUHLMAN
STEPHANIE SANCHEZ

GORDON COOK
JAMES WEEKS
SOCIETY OF SIX
HARRY BOWDEN (Estate)

CHARLES CAMPBELL GALLERY

647 CHESTNUT STREET • SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94133
Telephone (415)441-8680

Wayne Thiebaud "Out Box #1" 1972 oil on canvas 14¼"×17"



Works available by:

Fernando Botero
Alexander Calder
Richard Diebenkorn
Sam Francis
Helen Frankenthaler
Ellsworth Kelly
Manuel Neri
Nathan Oliveira
Robert Motherwell
George Rickey
Saul Steinberg
Frank Stella
Wayne Thiebaud

JOHN BERGGRUEN GALLERY

228 Grant Avenue San Francisco 94108 (415) 781-4629

Cross Country

Photography

Acquisitions

Photographic masterpieces, historic camera equipment, and old movies compose this summer's major exhibition at the International Museum of Photography. Though the museum has been in operation since 1949 when it was founded in George Eastman's fifty-room Georgian-style mansion, the past eight years have been particularly productive in terms of the photographs, equipment, and films acquired. "Acquisitions 1973–1980" gives the museum an opportunity to share its new wealth, which boasts additions such as the estate of Edward Steichen and the private collection of the Wadsworth Library.

Masterpieces by Ansel Adams, Richard Avedon, and André Kertesz are among the more than three hundred photographs on display. The forty pieces of equipment featured include a sample of one of the special cameras built under contract for NASA's space program and a 35mm Bell and Howell motion-picture camera used and donated by James Sibley Watson.

The twenty motion pictures acquired join a host of others that may be viewed year-round in the Eastman House Dryden Theatre. This collection is especially strong in silent-era films from many countries and American films of both silent and sound periods.

"Acquisitions 1973–1980" runs until September 13 at the International Museum of Photography.

Above: Mark Cohen's Unidentified Woman in Phone Booth, *1978, and (right) Frederick Eugene Ives'* Color Experiment, *circa 1917, both appear in "Acquisitions 1973–1980."*

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

Radio

Opera on the Air

Radio can claim credit for having created more opera devotees over the past half-century than any other medium, including the opera houses themselves. Since that first Metropolitan Opera broadcast at Christmas of 1931, the Saturday afternoon Met performances have remained an institution as solid as the government itself; maybe more solid. For their sponsorship, unbroken since 1940, Texaco leads all the rest in the golden book of corporate arts patronage.

Now National Public Radio is adding another major company, the New York City Opera, to this cultural abundance. Continuing into the fall is a thirteen-week series which began June 6 over the 254 noncommercial NPR stations. "We're thrilled that the 1980–81 season of the New York City Opera can now be shared with the country," says soprano Beverly Sills, general manager of the company since 1979. The project is being produced by NPR and KUSC-FM Los Angeles.

Following an opening with Bizet's *The Pearl Fishermen*, the series is continuing with Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Thea Musgrave's *Mary, Queen of Scots*, Johann Strauss' *Die Fledermaus*, Handel's *Giulio Cesare*, Puccini's *La Boheme*, Verdi's *Attila*, Nicolai's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*, Prokofiev's comic *Love for Three Oranges*, Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, and Janacek's *The Makropulos Affair*.

Other sources of radio opera include WFMT in Chicago, which has been broadcasting performances of the Chicago Lyric Opera company for years. During the past four years, NPR has aired operatic productions from Minneapolis, Saint Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and other cities over its member stations.

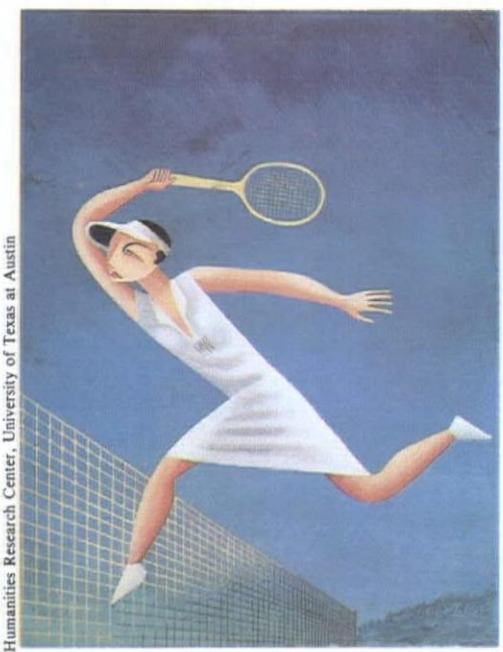
—Norman Nadel

Art

Andy Warhol Meets Sonja Henie

A narrow but distinguished thread of American fiction, from Ring Lardner and Ernest Hemingway through Irwin Shaw, Bernard Malamud, and Philip Roth, has celebrated the heroes of American sport. Its equivalent in the fine arts, however, was all but nonexistent until "Champions of American Sport" emerged at the Smithsonian Institution.

Richard L. Weisman



Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin

Above: Andy Warhol's O.J. Simpson, *1979, and (left) Miguel Covarrubias'* Helen Wills, *1927, appear in the Smithsonian's "Champions of American Sport" exhibition.*

Organized by Beverly Cox, Marc Pachter, and Ken Yellis, the exhibition honors, through portraits and memorabilia, one hundred major sports figures from Hiram Woodruff, horse trotting star of the 1830s, to basketball center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. According to Pachter, the criterion for inclusion was "people who electrified their times"—not the artistic merits of the portrait itself. Yet the show displays works by Andy Warhol, Harvey Dinnerstein, Elaine de Kooning, N. C. Wyeth, and Frederic Remington, among others. Besides portraits, "Champions" presents objects emblematic of

their users' triumphs: Rocky Marciano's boxing gloves, rodeo-star Larry Mahan's saddle, and Wilbur Shaw's 1938 Maserati, to name a few.

"Champions of American Sport" opened in the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C., on June 23, and closes on September 7, after which date it will travel to Chicago, Los Angeles, and New York.

Theater

Update on BAM

In the December 1980 HORIZON, Howard Kissell discussed a few of the problems confronting the Brooklyn Academy of Music (BAM), which was just embarking on its second season of repertory theater. Despite the problems, optimism inside the country's oldest performing arts institution was at a fever pitch. "The first day of rehearsal [artistic director] David Jones spoke to us about commitment and read Welsh poetry to us," an actor was quoted as saying. "I felt history was being made in that room."

Well, history was unmade six months later when, at the end of the season, BAM reluctantly disbanded the two-year-old company. It was a difficult and disappointing decision, made only after BAM found itself teetering on the edge of a fiscal crisis. The news represented a major setback in recent efforts to revitalize the institution; it was buried deep inside a press release announcing next year's season. "We are sorry to have to suspend the operation of the theater company, but financial considerations left us no choice," wrote president and chief-executive Harvey Lichtenstein in the release. To further explain the decision, Jones added that "in a climate of recession and cutback, the funds are not at present available to finally consolidate the project."

Actually the failure was not due to underfunding as much as to BAM's inability to attract an audience. At the start of the season Jones indicated a 75 percent capacity was required to keep the project afloat. According to Michael House, vice-president for marketing and promotion, paid attendance for the year was 55 percent. BAM never received the reviews it needed to stimulate attendance. Critics complained loudly and often about poor play selection, spotty acting, and uninspired directing. Of the three major dailies in New York, not one gave a positive review to a repertory theater production last year. It's ironic that several years ago many of the same critics were expounding on the need for a permanent repertory theater in New York. *—Steven Hager*

A Pact with the Devil

To celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of Jones Beach (New York) Marine Theater, the play that is America's favorite version of the Faust

MARIA ALQUILAR
Paintings and Ceramics
"California's Most Colorfully Creative Artist"
August 4 - September 5, 1981

"El Mercado II" Maria Alquilar

THE JOHN PENCE GALLERY
550 SUTTER STREET / SAN FRANCISCO 94102
Monday - Saturday, 10-5. (415) 986-3937

WALTON-GILBERT GALLERIES
WALTON GALLERIES INCORPORATED

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC "La Revue Blanche" 1895

Major Graphics, Paintings and Sculpture from the 16th. thru the 20th. centuries

590 Sutter Street
San Francisco, California 94102
415/391-8185 or 415/392-4119

legend has recently been dusted off and given a new production. *Damn Yankees*, the hit musical of 1955, was based on Douglas Wallop's novel *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*, which in turn was inspired by the insufferable predominance of Casey Stengel's New York Yankee dynasty of DiMaggio, Berra, Rizzuto, Mantle, Ford, et al.

The current production is directed by Frank Wagner, most recently known for his lavish *America*, the Radio City music show. Playing Joe Boyd, who sells his soul to the devil to bring the pennant to the lowly Washington Senators, is ex-pro quarterback Joe Namath. When questioned about Namath's acting credentials, a source close to the show pointed out the athlete's track record in the touring show of *Li'l Abner*, adding: "Joe Namath is a charismatic character, and people with charisma can do anything. Look at Lauren Bacall. Suppose you'd said to her, 'What makes you think you can do a musical?' "

The devil is played by veteran actor Eddie Bracken, and Joe's girlfriend Lola—immortalized in the vampish song, "Whatever Lola Wants, Lola Gets"—by Susan Elizabeth Scott. *Damn Yankees* plays at Jones Beach through Labor Day.

The Pirates Go West

Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival's outdoor production of *The Pirates of Penzance* (see Cross Country, January 1981) was last year's unexpected summer hit. Audiences still enthusiastically applaud the light opera on Broadway, which opened in January at the Uris Theater. Continuing a too-good-to-be-true success story, Papp has formed a second company for the smash hit, which opened last month in Los Angeles. Such rapid expansion in the theater world is very unusual, he acknowledges. "A show that is a big success in New York generally plays there for several years before it ventures forth on the road," says Papp, who waited for almost two years to start a second company of *A Chorus Line*, which opened on Broadway in 1975. "We made this unusual decision only because we felt it was the right thing to do—*Pirates* is that kind of show." Rights for a movie version of *Pirates* were bought by Edward R. Pressman Productions. About this equally unorthodox move, Papp says, "You must realize that this show is in public domain. That's the irony of it all—anybody can do it. Whether they can achieve it or not is another story." Linda Ronstadt will repeat her starring Broadway role in the movie—another first for her. Filming of the twelve-million-dollar production is scheduled for ten weeks beginning in December.

Like its mother company, the road tour's cast is a balance of unlikely performers, featuring Andy Gibb (Rex Smith in New York), commedienne Jo Anne Worley (Estelle Parsons),

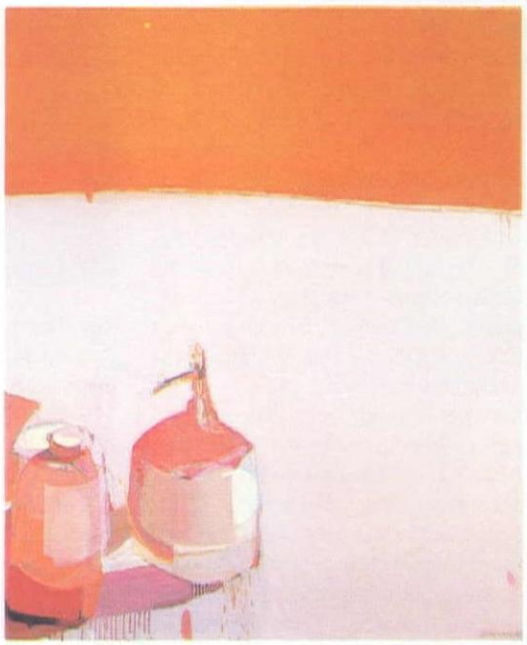
MEXICAN and LATIN AMERICAN PAINTINGS

We buy and sell 19th and 20th Century paintings, drawings, sculpture and graphics by Mexican and Latin American artists, to include the following:

DR. ATL
FERNANDO BOTERO
JULIO CASTELLANOS
JEAN CHARLOT
JOAQUIN CLAUSELL
JOSE LUIS CUEVAS
GUNTHER GERZSO
OSWALDO GUAYASAMIN
FRIDA KAHLO
WIFREDO LAM
RICARDO MARTINEZ
MATTA
CARLOS MERIDA
ROBERTO MONTENEGRO
JUAN O'GORMAN
JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO
EMILIO PETTORUTI
CANDIDO PORTINARI
DIEGO RIVERA
DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS
RUFINO TAMAYO
FRANCISCO TOLEDO
JOAQUIN TORRES-GARCIA
REMEDIOS VARO
JOSE MARIA VELASCO
FRANCISCO ZUNIGA

GEORGE BELCHER GALLERY
500 Sutter Street
San Francisco, California 94102
Telephone (415) 981-3178
By Appointment Only.

IN SAN FRANCISCO



"Martin's Jars," oil on canvas, 46 x 38"

RAIMONDS STAPRANS
One of San Francisco's foremost Artists.

MAXWELL GALLERIES LTD
551 SUTTER STREET · SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94102
415/421-5193

and television-actress Pam Dawber (Linda Ronstadt). Also included are Clive Revill (George Rose), Paxton Whitehead (Tony Azito), and Barry Bostwick (Kevin Kline). "The mix is not dissimilar to what we had before, with some variation," Papp says. "The idea is to get people who have never performed Gilbert and Sullivan. Most members of this cast have no real stage background." The road tour opened at the Ahmanson Theater in Los Angeles June 10 and runs through September 20; it then plays at San Francisco's Orpheum Theater September 21–November 29. Tours to Seattle, Denver, Chicago, and Boston are also being considered.

Architecture

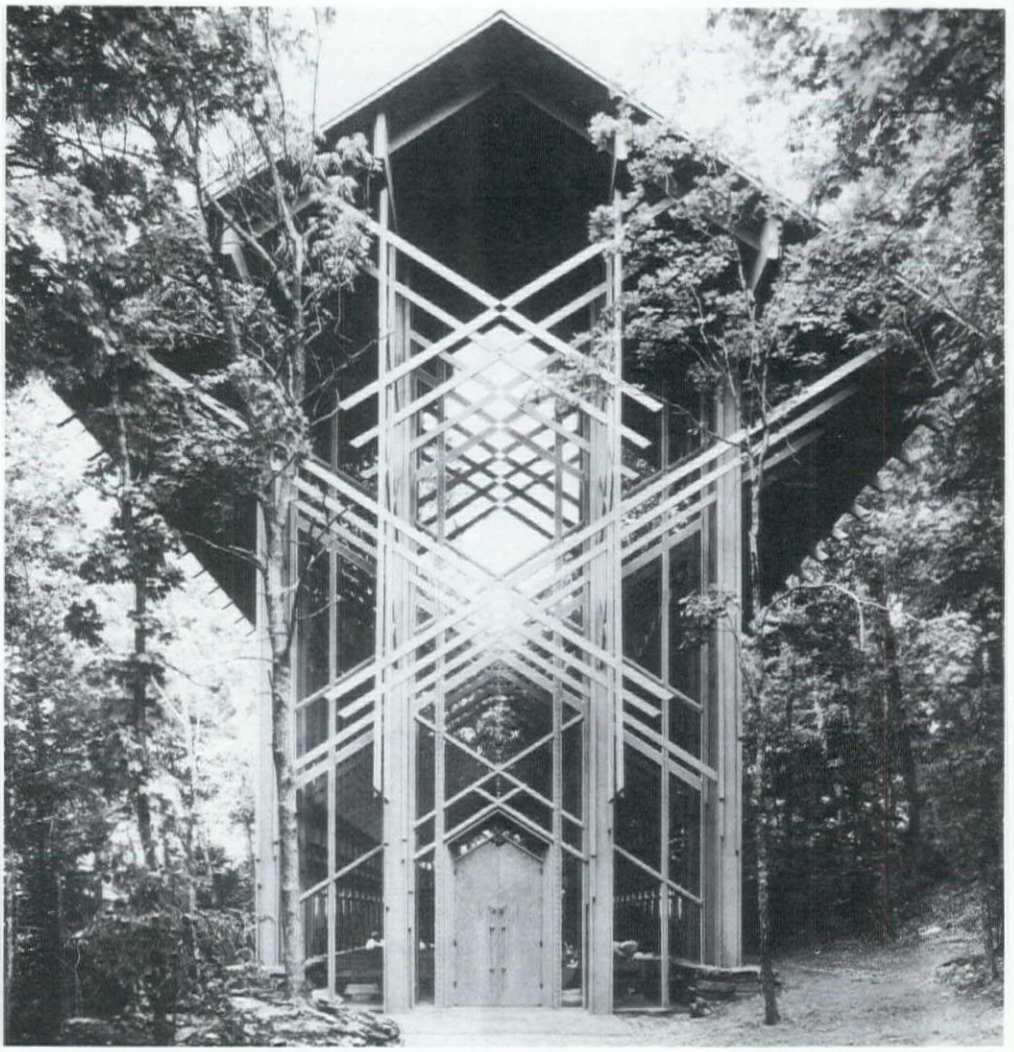
AIA Awards

"One experiences pleasure and a sense of discovery upon arriving at this 'great lattice storm' deep in the woods of Arkansas. In the particularly American building tradition of wood frame, stick structures . . . , and using minimal means, this chapel is a spiritual space. Great structural ingenuity, superbly detailed in support of its central concept. Highly patterned quality of light dematerializes the building." Thus reads the jury comment accompanying the 1981 American Institute of Architects (AIA) honor presented to the Thorncrown Chapel in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. This "great lattice storm," built by Fay Jones & Associates Architects of Fayetteville, Arkansas, was one of fifteen projects granted honor awards by the American Institute of Architects in 1981.

The winners were chosen from 404 entries representing all categories of new and existing buildings. Besides the Thorncrown Chapel, new buildings to win recognition were the East Building of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., and a Pennsylvania farmhouse built within the stone foundation of a burned barn. Eight new buildings designed and completed within the past seven years won awards.

Seven existing buildings exhibiting exemplary restoration, rehabilitation, or adaptive use administered within the past seven years were honored. A 1926 residential hotel in Oak Park, Illinois, rehabilitated to provide apartments for the elderly and handicapped, and a 1928 movie theater and 1941 store recycled and combined (with new construction) to supply a new civic center for Madison, Wisconsin, were among those given awards in this category.

The 1981 AIA awards were presented at the annual national convention, held this year in Minneapolis and Saint Paul at the end of May.



Christopher Lark, Hursley & Lark

The Thorncrown Chapel in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, was one of fifteen projects awarded honors by the AIA in 1981.

Opera

Glass' "Satyagraha"

It is sung entirely in Sanskrit, the language of the primary Hindu religious text, the Bhagavad-Gita. Its subject is Mahatma Gandhi, but appearances are also made by Leo Tolstoy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Hindu deity Lord Krishna. Its composer, Philip Glass, feels the opera is "very traditional."

Well, not quite. "Within a certain part of the music world it is very traditional," Glass says, adding in amendment, "Within the world of opera it is kind of outrageous in a certain way."

The subject of discussion is *Satyagraha*, Glass' opera depicting Gandhi's life in South Africa. The opera receives its American premiere at Artpark in Lewiston, New York, July 29–August 1. The sets will then be dismantled and shipped downstate to Brooklyn where the opera will run for six performances at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, starting November 6.

Glass, at forty-three one of the foremost composers working in the so-called "minimalist" vein, is no stranger to controversy. In 1976, he and Robert Wilson collaborated on

Cross Country

Einstein on the Beach, a four and one-half hour "opera" based loosely upon Einstein's life and the implications of his scientific discoveries. *Einstein* sold out its only two American performances at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York in November, 1977.

Satyagraha is Glass' first major work since *Einstein*; it, too, is a collaborative effort, this time with librettist Constance DeJong and designer Robert Israel. It also represents Glass' first use of conventional musical forces, in this case a symphony orchestra (strings and winds only), chorus, and nine soloists. Christopher Keene conducts the Buffalo Philharmonic at Artpark and the Brooklyn Philharmonic in Brooklyn.

The production closely duplicates the Netherlands Opera Company production which toured Europe following its Rotterdam premiere last September. U.S. tenor Douglas Perry sings the role of Gandhi.

Glass calls *Satyagraha* a tuneful work, an accusation that has not yet been directed at his music. John Rockwell, reviewing the Rotterdam premiere for the *New York Times* agreed: "There is a considerable amount of slow, contemplative music along with Mr. Glass' more familiar, busily burbling motoric style. But the leading impression is of a floating lyricism, cushioned in soft string and dulcet winds."

Following the U.S. debut of *Satyagraha*, Glass will have little time to rest on his laurels. Stuttgart, whose opera company is directed by Dennis Russell Davies, former head of the Saint Paul Chamber Ensemble, has commissioned a new Glass opera—based upon Akhenaton, king of Egypt and husband of Nefertiti—to premiere in 1983. And the Amsterdam Opera has already commissioned a 1985 opera from Glass.

Its subject is at this date undetermined.

—David Bither

Dance

Ballet in Boston

Jacques d'Amboise, a native son of Massachusetts, arrived in Boston last spring to announce the international dance series that begins this summer at the newly renovated Metropolitan Center. The series is part of the center's pledge to bring some of the world's top cultural attractions to Boston, a city that, according to center president Henry S. Lodge, has been "too long shy and spare of the arts."

JEHU-WONG GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

REPRESENTING

Contemporary Art

STEVEN ANDRESEN
MARIE-CLAUDE BUGEAUD
JERRY BURCHARD
JOEL GOLDSTEIN
ERIN GOODWIN
BILL GRIFFITH
MARGOT KERNAN
NATHAN KERNAN
SEIJI KUNISHIMA
CAROL LAW
BIENSIEN LEE
MICHAEL MILLER
EDITH MIRANTE
DONNA MOSSHOLDER
STEVEN NEWBERGER
FRANK PALUCH
PEPO PICHLER
ROY RAGEL
MINNA RESNICK
CAROL RIGGLE
ROBERT SCHWARTZ
NINA HOWELL STARR
LARRY THOMAS
SARASANDE WAKE
JACK WELPOTT

Asian Art

CHANG HSIUNG 1803—1886
CHANG TA-CHIEN 1899—
CHI PAI-SHIH 1863—1957
CHU MENG-LU 1826—1900
FU PAO-SHIH 1904—1965
HSIAO CHIEN-CHUNG 1883—1944
HSIEH CHIH-LIU 1910—
HSU PEI-HUNG 1895—1953
HUANG PIN-HUNG 1864—1955
HUANG SHEN 1687—1768
JEN HSIUNG 1820—1857
JEN HSUN 1835—1893
JEN PO-NIEN 1840—1896
JEN YU 1853—1901
KU CHIEN-LUNG 1608—1690
LI KO-JAN 1907—
LI LI-TA 1922—
LU TZU-HSU —1976
PU HSIN-YU 1896—1963
TING YEN-YUNG 1902—1978
YAO SUNG ACT. 1680—1720
YOSHITOSHI TSUKIOKA 1839—1892
WANG CHI-CHIEN 1907—
WANG I-TING 1867—1937
WU CHANG-SHIH 1844—1927

THIS SPRING, SHAPE UP WITH THE EXTRAORDINARY EXERCISE PLAN OF PROFESSIONAL DANCERS

THE PILATES METHOD
OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CONDITIONING.

by Philip Friedman and Gail Eisen

Here is the original exercise technique that has changed the lives of actors, actresses and dancers throughout the world...the remarkable method used by members of the New York City Ballet and the Martha Graham Company as part of their training routines. Available to the public for the first time through this book, it was developed and perfected by Joseph Pilates over a period of more than 50 years, and requires no more than thirty minutes a day to deliver all the benefits of a rejuvenated body and a revitalized mind.

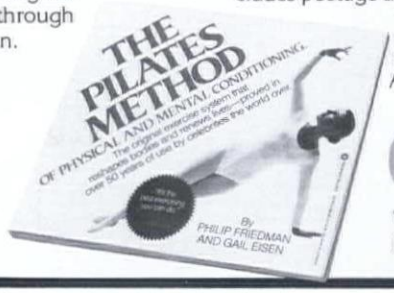
Involving no contorted postures or unnatural exercises, and no equipment other than a mat, the Pilates Method teaches the mastery of a few simple, well-designed movements executed through a special concentration.

For men and women alike, the Pilates Method is the one essential exercise regimen for disciplining the mind to shape a good-looking body—as witness the testimony of these celebrated people:

"The Pilates Method is wonderful for your body, wonderful for your muscles—particularly those of the stomach and back. My dancers use it, and it works. With the help of this book, it will probably work for you."
—George Balanchine

Written in simple language with clear, easy-to-follow directions for each exercise.

To order your copy, please send check or money-order (no cash please) for $7.95 (includes postage and handling) to: Warner Books, Dept. PAA; (H) 97-859; 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery



NOW IN QUALITY PAPERBACK

$6.95
208 pages
8-7/8" X 7-1/2"

WARNER BOOKS

ART 81
SEPT. 10-14
D.C. ARMORY
WASHINGTON

THE 6TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL MEETING OF FINE ART DEALERS IN WASHINGTON

ART '81, the Sixth Annual Washington International Art Fair will be held September 10-14, 1981 at the D.C. Armory, 2001 East Capital Street S.E.

Exhibits by major galleries from Austria, Canada, England, France, Germany, Spain, Switzerland and the United States provide a unique forum for the commercial exchange and exhibition of fine art by both American and European artists.

For Information / Events call (202) 234-5001.

OPENING: Wednesday evening, September 9, 1981, 7 pm to 9:30 pm.

HOURS: Noon to 9 pm Thursday, September 10 to Sunday, September 13. Noon to 6 pm Monday, September 14.

Interart, 1800 Belmont Rd., N.W., Washington, D.C. (202) 234-5001

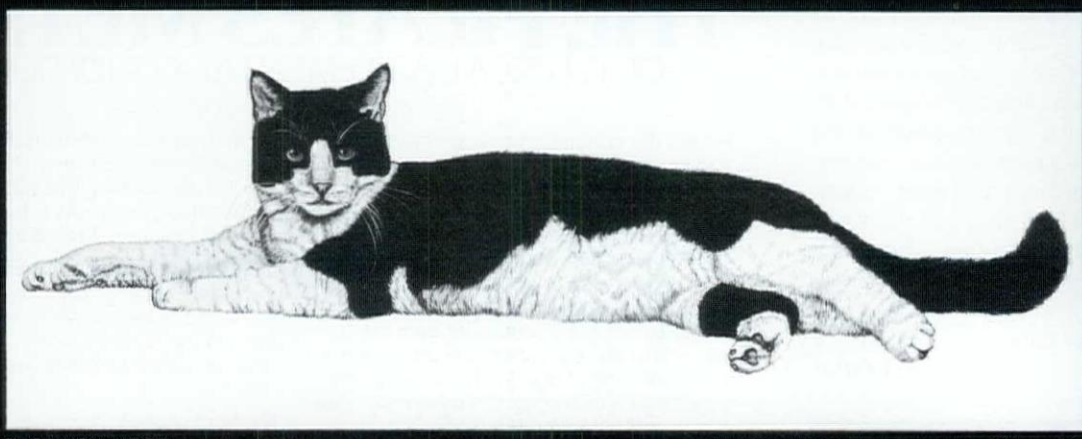
The Neo-Iconography of Dr. Chen

CHEN 陳

Admittedly the Neo-iconography of Tsing-fang Chen is not without its enigma. It is complex, demanding, and ultimately rewarding in a thousand subtle ways. Both the emotional heart and the meditative mind are touched. Chen's iconography unfolds. Images of West and East juxtapose and interact in a profound philosophical synthesis which is simultaneously beautiful and painfully disturbing.

We offer Exchange Plan; Collector's Packet; Gift Certificates. For FREE catalogue please write to:

GALLERY NEW WORLD
3415 Wisconsin Ave, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20016
(202)966-7397
Washington Art Fair #10-108



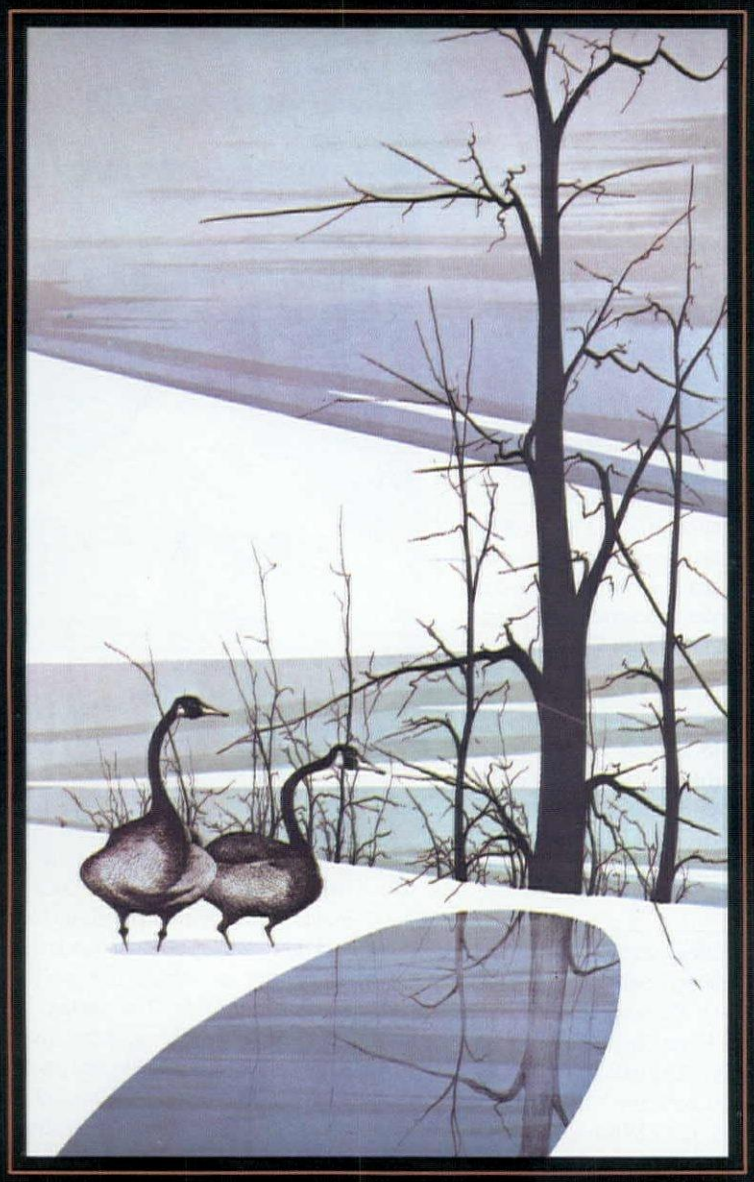
BLACK AND WHITE CAT

LIMITED EDITION S N GRAPHIC 40 - 29 c 100

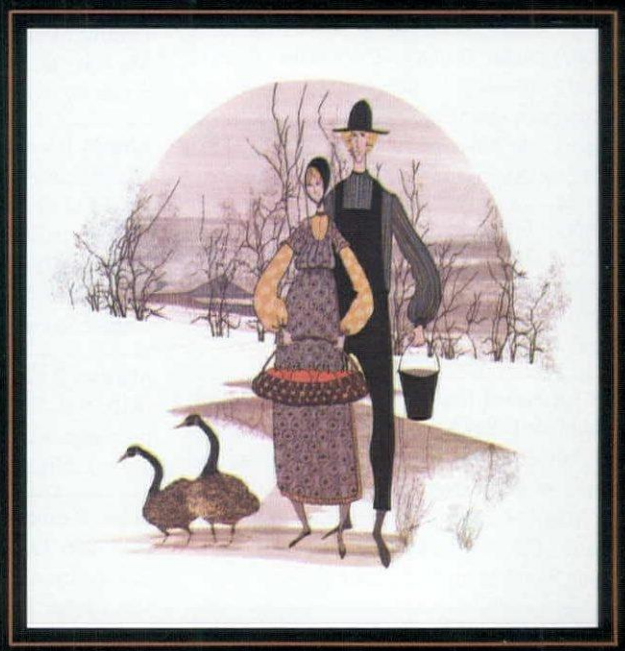
JACQUIE MARIE VAUX

IN UPPER LUCAS VALLEY
7 MT. LASSEN DRIVE, SUITE A120
SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA 94903
TELEPHONE (415) 499-8454
Exhibiting 1981 Wash Art, September 10-14, Stand 11.240.

P Buckley Moss



LANDSCAPE WITH GEESE 32 × 50½,
paper size 36 × 56 ins. 1st State, 1-75, Blue Tones.
2nd state, 76-99, gold tones, $500



TOGETHER
Silkscreen 30 × 30 ins.
Edition 99 with 25 APS
$450

The Moss Portfolio
Dept. A
1055 Thomas Jefferson St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20007
(202) 338-5598

Catalog—$8

Exhibiting 1981 Wash Art, September 10-14, Stand 11.110

Gallery Guide

CALIFORNIA

San Francisco

George Belcher Gallery 500 Sutter Street 94102 (415/981-3178). 19th and early 20th century Mexican & Latin American paintings, drawings, sculpture, and prints. Gallery artists include Dr. Atl, Botero, Charlot, Gerzso, Lam, Martinez, Matta, Merida, Orozco, Rivera, Siqueiros, Tamayo, Toledo, Zuniga. By appointment only.

John Berggruen Gallery 228 Grant Avenue 94108 (415/781-4629). 20th century American and European paintings, drawings, sculpture and prints. ● July-recent paintings by Paul Wonner. ● August-selected acquisitions.

Braunstein Gallery 254 Sutter Street 19418 (415/392-5532) and **Quay Gallery** 254 Sutter Street 19418, (415/ 421-1958). ● July/August-20th anniversary show. ● Quay Gallery—"Painters from Chicago."

Charles Campbell Gallery 647 Chestnut Street, 94133 (415/441-8680). Featuring California artists. ● July-Charles Griffin Farr, paintings and drawings. ● August-group show of California artists, Morris Graves, Wayne Thiebaud, Gordon Cook, Charles Eckart, Walter Kuhlman, Stephanie Sanchez and a host of others.

Fraenkel Gallery 55 Grant Avenue 94108 (415/981-2661). Deal exclusively with 19th and 20th century photography. ● June 17-July 25-Walker Evans, Robert Frank; an essay on influence. ● July 28-September 5-Robert Frank Forward; an exhibition tracing the influence of Robert Frank through the photographs of Garry Winogrand, Diane Arbus, Lee Freidlander, Henry Wessel Jr., Bill Dane, William Eggleston, Tod Papageorge, Leo Rubinfien.

Walton Gilbert Gallery 590 Sutter Street, 94102 (415/392-4119). 19th and 20th century master graphics, paintings and sculpture featuring Toulouse-Lautrec, Cheret, Chagall, Dali, and R.C. Gorman. Mon.-Sat., 10-6.

Grapestake Gallery 2876 California Street 94115 (415/931-0779). Contemporary paintings and 20th century photographs. ● June 11-July 18-photographs by Robert Doisneau. ● Beginning July 23-paintings by Margit Omar.

Jehu-Wong Gallery 2719 Bush Street at Broderick 94115 (415/921-1515). Contemporary California artists and arts of Asia (Chinese scholar painters from the 17th century to present). ● July 1-August 2-watercolors by Donna Mossholder and paintings by Edith T. Mirane. ● August 4-September 6, woodblock prints by Yoshitoshi.

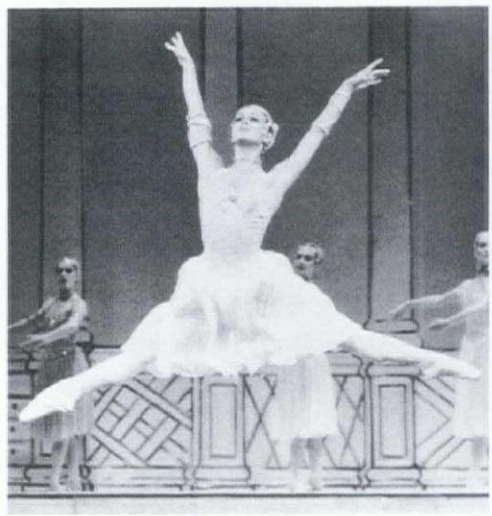
Simon Lowinsky Gallery 228 Grant Avenue 94108/Los Angeles gallery, 542 South Alameda 90013 (213/687-8943). Photography gallery. Gallery artists, Danny Lyon, Gail Skoff, Catherine Wagner. ● July/August-photographs "Teen Lust" by Larry Clark and "Underground Comic Drawing" by S. Clay Wilson.

Maxwell Gallery 551 Sutter Street 94102 (415/421-5193). 19th and early 20th century paintings and sculpture. Lower gallery continuing exhibition painters of the California school.

John Pence Gallery 550 Sutter Street 94102 (415/986-3937). ● July-August 1-gallery artists group show featuring Douglas Fenn Wilson, John Kownig, Robert Maione, Michael Bergt. ● August 4-September 5, paintings & ceramics by Maria Alquilar.

Dana Reich Gallery 278 Post Street, Suite 506 94108 (415/433-2525). Deal in contemporary prints and graphics. Featuring mostly young artists with first shows. ● July-drawings by Robbie Conal & Lenny Silverberg. ● August-paintings by Anne Jones.

Jacquie Marie Vaux Gallery 7 Mount Lassen Drive, San Rafael 94903 (415/499-8454). Sensitive studies of animals. ● August 15-29, benefit for humane society.



The Royal Ballet will perform Sir Frederick Ashton's Rhapsody, *when the troupe makes a long-awaited return to Boston on July 28.*

The series opens July 21 with the Boston debut of the Netherlands Dance Theatre, which will be followed a week later by London's Royal Ballet. Fall attractions include the New York City Ballet and the American Ballet Theatre, neither of which has performed in Boston since the 1960s. The spring 1982 program, still in the making, may feature the Royal Danish Ballet and the Joffrey Ballet.

As spokesman for the center, d'Amboise pointed out the rare opportunity Boston audiences will have to see works as diverse as Sir Frederick Ashton's *A Month in the Country* and George Balanchine's *Vienna Waltzes* within the same series. The Met Center's facilities—notably a stage large enough to do justice to such productions as the Royal Ballet's *The Sleeping Beauty*—form a principal attraction for some of the world's leading companies. Their presence in Boston, d'Amboise emphasized, should encourage competition and thus improve the quality of all the performing arts in Boston.

Etcetera

Springtime at Spoleto

Every year in late spring, historic Charleston, South Carolina, opens its doors to international culture lovers. Spoleto U.S.A. fills the charming city with operas, plays, symphonies, dance, chamber music, and jazz before moving

on to the parent festival in Spoleto, Italy.

But while the zany one-act opera *Monsieur Choufleuri* amused an audience at the Dock Street Theater this year and the Los Angeles Philharmonic earned bravos in the Gaillard Auditorium, lesser-known artists entertained equally receptive audiences in the churches, courtyards, and on the street corners. Who are these aspiring artists? They are the lifestream of an offshoot of the main festival called Piccolo Spoleto.

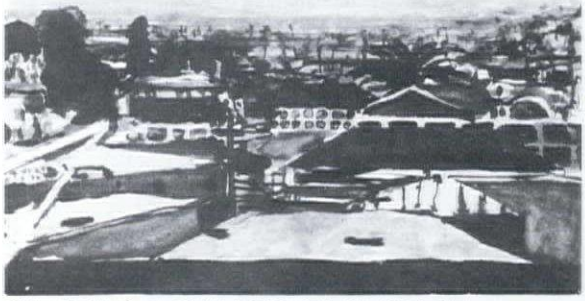
Piccolo Spoleto, the brainchild of director Ellen Dressler, superintendent of the cultural affairs division of Charleston, was created three years ago to give unrecognized but talented artists—primarily Southeastern—a chance to perform during Spoleto. The junior festival also serves those who can not or will not spend $10 to $20 on Spoleto tickets, and is dubbed by Spoleto founder Gian Carlo Menotti as the festival's official outreach program. Most Piccolo Spoleto events have little or no admission charge.

"Menotti is very supportive of Piccolo Spoleto and encourages us to go national," Dressler said. "The media tries to emphasize the competition between the two festivals, which is not true," she added. Dressler explains that the only thing Spoleto asks of Piccolo Spoleto is that it does not solicit donations from supporters of the main festival.

During the course of Piccolo Spoleto one sees a little bit of everything; jazz and reggae bands "after hours" in the Gourmetisserie (a dining hall), choral ensembles and chamber music in the churches, an art exhibition in Washington Park, sundown poetry readings in the Dock Street Courtyard, and much more. Key events this year were *Carmina Burana*, a musical-dramatic pageant by Carl Orff, *King David*, Arthur Honegger's oratorio, and a performance by the Portland Youth Philharmonic.

Piccolo Spoleto 1981 was funded by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, South Carolina Arts Commission, John Loeb Jr., Burger King Corporation, Harris Teeter Supermarkets, National Foundation for Jewish Culture, and the South Carolina Committee for Humanities. Due to budget cuts, NEA withdrew its funding for 1982. Dressler hopes to find additional support from private foundations and personal contributions.

For more information on Piccolo Spoleto, write to Ellen Dressler, Superintendent of Cultural Affairs, 133 Church Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29401; or telephone 803/577-6970. □



Richard Diebenkorn, Untitled, 1963, wash, 12 x 17¼ inches

CONTEMPORARY PAINTINGS, PRINTS & DRAWINGS

Dana Reich Gallery 278 Post Street, San Francisco 94108 Tel. (415) 433-2525

GRAPESTAKE GALLERY
SAN FRANCISCO

CONTEMPORARY PAINTINGS
AND
TWENTIETH CENTURY PHOTOGRAPHS

SUMMER EXHIBITION:

MARGIT OMAR

PAINTINGS
JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

2876 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94115
(415) 931-0779

In fine porcelain . . . decorated with a border of pure 24kt gold

The Woodland Year

by Peter Barrett

Fawns in the June Meadow

© 1981 FP

Plates shown smaller than actual size of 9⅛" diam

The changing seasons . . . and the delightful creatures of the forests. Portrayed in a collection of twelve charming collector's plates . . . one for each month of the woodland year.

Limited Signature Edition. Advance Subscription Deadline: August 31, 1981

The beauty and grace of a young deer frolicking in the summer meadow . . . the delight of a baby raccoon being startled by a tiny green frog . . . the arm of two chipmunks sharing their food th a little bird . . . such scenes from na- e have a very special fascination for us . To be able to capture these qualities in ual form is a unique gift – and the re- wned English painter Peter Barrett has at rare gift in abundance.

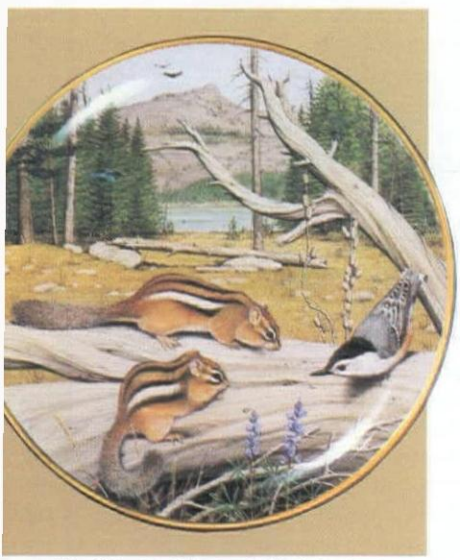
Because Barrett is a trained naturalist as ell as an artist, he is able to portray in his ork not only the personality of nature's ost captivating creatures – but also their stinctive features in realistic detail.

This distinguished wildlife artist will now ndertake a uniquely challenging assign- ent. He will create a series of new works art *exclusively* for a collection of twelve rcelain plates – plates that will depict odland animals at play throughout the elve months of the year.

Each of these works by Peter Barrett will created for "The Woodland Year" rcelain plate collection, to be issued by anklin Porcelain. And the first edition of is collection will be a special, limited Signature Edition."

ach plate portrays a different animal . . . during a different month of the year

capture the beauty of these woodland



The Friendly Chipmunks in August

enes, Peter Barrett will depict each ani- al in a different natural setting . . . and uring a different month of the year. And

Squirreling for Nuts in January

each delightful animal – the raccoon for April, the deer for June, the badger for October – symbolizes especially well that particular time of the year.

The January plate, for example, portrays two Grey Squirrels digging up acorns on a snowy winter's day. The May plate depicts a baby fox startled by the sudden appearance of a butterfly in the tall grass. The November plate shows an American Marten perched in a pine branch – a moment after he has mischievously disturbed a Red-Breasted Crossbill . . .

Every one of the twelve plates that make up the collection has a charm about it that is irresistible. Because no detail, no matter how small or subtle, escapes the eye of Peter Barrett.

A unique way to depict nature's most delightful creatures

Consummate artist that he is, Peter Barrett is always seeking ways to make his art different and original. And here he has found a most ingenious one. He has portrayed each scene as though it were being viewed secretly, without the animals knowing you were there. Thus, as you look at the plate, you have the illusion of having peered through an opening in the forest – and suddenly come upon this delightful scene! It's a technique which Barrett uses in the most winning manner . . . and each of the twelve works of art, therefore, becomes a new and pleasant surprise.

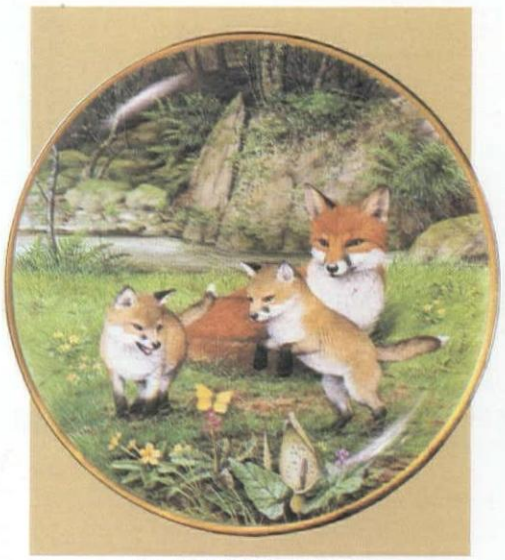
In order to capture the art of Peter Barrett in the most appealing manner, each plate will measure 9⅛ inches in diameter. Moreover, each of these lovely woodland plates will be decorated with a border of *pure 24 karat gold*. Franklin Porcelain has entrusted the creation of the plates for this distinguished collection to its affiliate, Franklin Porcelain of Japan.

Signature Edition available for a limited time

The Signature Edition of "The Woodland Year" by Peter Barrett will be distinctive because it is the *only* edition of this collection that will bear the signature of the artist on each plate.

In the tradition of fine porcelain, the plates in this desirable Signature Edition will be issued *only* during a single year – and will never be made available again. Thus, the total number of sets to be issued in the Signature Edition will be forever limited to the exact number of original subscriptions entered by the end of 1981, plus one set for the artist and one for the archives of Franklin Porcelain.

The collection of twelve plates will be sent to subscribers at the rate of one every *other* month, and the issue price for each plate is just $55, payable in two convenient

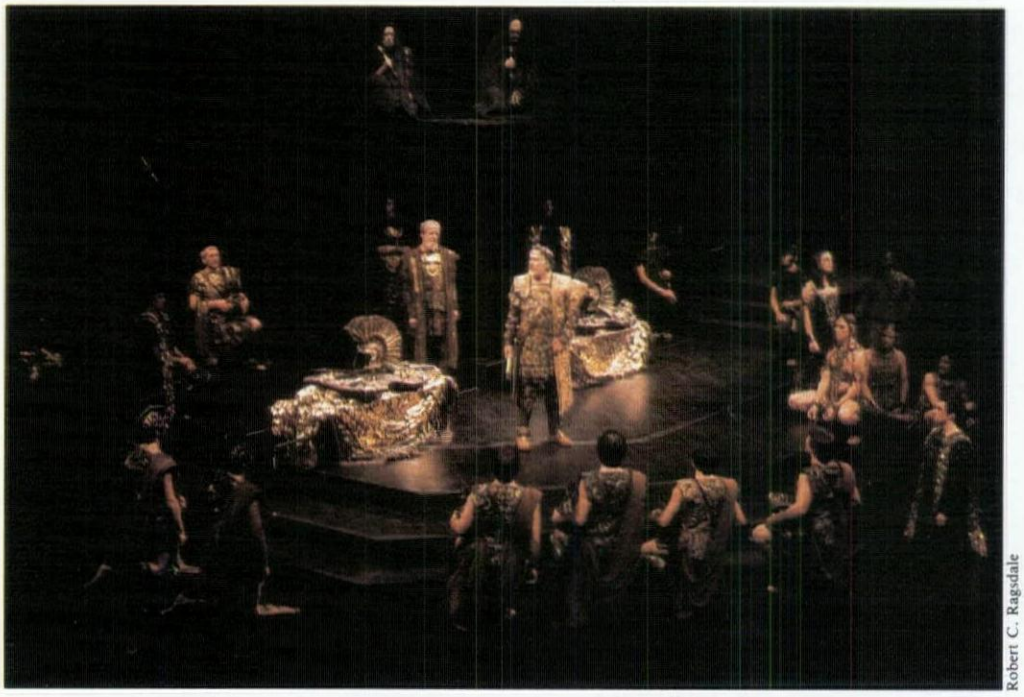


The Butterfly Chase in May

monthly installments of $27.50 each. This price is *guaranteed* to subscribers for each of the twelve plates in the collection, regardless of any rise in costs during the entire subscription period.

To enter your subscription for the Signature Edition of "The Woodland Year" – and begin to build one of the most beautiful collections in fine porcelain – mail your application to Franklin Porcelain, Franklin Center, Pa. 19091, by August 31, 1981.

Trans World



Robert C. Ragsdale

Canada

Much Ado about Stratford

After making Canadian headlines for weeks earlier this year, the Stratford Festival has emerged victorious from the dusty scuffle among its board, the Canadian Actors' Equity Association, and the Department of Immigration, ready once again to go about the business of producing outstanding theater according to its twenty-eight-year-old tradition.

When dynamic young Robin Phillips departed at the end of the 1980 season after fulfilling his five-year contract as artistic director, the tapping of a successor seemed doomed to controversy. Having had three Britons in the slot (including Phillips) and a lone Canadian, the consensus in Canadian dramatic circles was that a native should take over. Stratford had developed a rather remarkable international reputation over the years, particularly under the frenetic rule of Phillips —who succeeded at everything from redesigning the stage to snagging visiting actors the likes of Brian Bedford, Maggie Smith, and Hume Cronyn.

His would be a tough act for anyone to follow. That, as Equity saw it, was no reason to disregard Canadian Council and Immigration rules specifying that a search for qualified Canadians be launched before an institution hires from across the border. The board, on the contrary, thought it a very appropriate reason, and announced the appointment of British John Dexter.

Zoe Dominic

Top: William Hurt as Titus Andronicus. Above: Maggie Smith and Brian Bedford in Much Ado About Nothing. *Both plays were produced during Stratford's 1980 season, the last under the direction of dynamic young Robin Phillips.*

Fireworks went off. The Canadian Actors' Equity mutinied, calling for a boycott that would paralyze the festival, international reputation or no. Realizing its hands were tied, the board reneged on hiring Dexter and soothed Canadian feelings by selecting John Hirsch, a former Stratford codirector and, at the time of his appointment, consulting artistic director of the Seattle Repertory Theatre.

Ironically enough, he came to Canada in 1947 from Hungary, but John Hirsch returns to Stratford this season with a suitcase full of credentials (including the New York Outer Circle Critics' Award and the Los Angeles Drama Critics' Circle Award) and enough Canadian years and experience to satisfy the chauvinists.

Among Stratford's offerings this season (which is now at its midpoint) are Gilbert and Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore,* Moliere's *The Misanthrope,* John O'Keefe's *Wild Oats,* and Frederick Durrenmatt's *The Visit*—a wild tale of a billionairess who entraps her hometown in a scheme of corruption, starring Alexis Smith. The Shakespeare, of course, is not to be overlooked: *Coriolanus, The Taming of the Shrew,* and *The Comedy of Errors.* For tickets write the Stratford Festival, Box 520, Stratford, Ontario N5A 6V2, or call 519/273-1600.

Aimee Lives On

Except for those who recall her name from newspaper headlines, few today know the details of Aimee Semple McPherson's life or immense impact. She was born in Ontario in 1890 and began preaching a unique Pentecostal brand of Christianity at the age of seventeen. After two husbands—one of whom died, one of whom she left to spread the gospel—she made Los Angeles her home, and with the help of her mother, Minnie Kennedy, and thousands of donations, she established the $1,500,000 Angelus Temple where she preached, dressed in costumes to illustrate points in her sermons. (For a message about "God's Law," McPherson appeared in full police regalia.)

The Church of the Foursquare Gospel, founded by "Sister Aimee" in 1926, grew to unprecedented proportions in the thirties and spawned radio stations, Bible schools, over two hundred missions and the publication of books, magazines, and pamphlets. A third marriage that ended in divorce, a mysterious five-week disappearance, and nearly fifty lawsuits pending against her at one point in her career made her the subject of public fascination and sensational newspaper stories. She died in 1944 from an overdose of barbiturates.

ıe July 3 world premiere of the musical *IEE!*, based on the life and times of ırstar Aimee Semple McPherson, promises reate something of a stir from Charlotte-n, Prince Edward Island to Los Angeles.

Confederation Centre of the Arts in ırlottetown selected *AIMEE!* as this season's Main Stage musical following its choice as ner of the first Eric Harvie Award for sical Theatre in November of last year. Thir-n musicals were submitted across Canada, *AIMEE!*, written by Patrick Young with sic by Bob Ashley, surfaced as the un-puted winner. Billed by the Charlottetown stival as "an up-tempo musical full of fun d passion, rousing gospel music and heavenly llads," *AIMEE!* continues through ptember 5. For ticket information, call the stival box office, 902/892-1267, or write the harlottetown Festival, Confederation Centre the Arts, P.O. Box 848, Charlottetown, rince Edward Island, Canada C1A 7L9.

France

A Little Faulkner, A Lot of Faith

ı a tiny studio (now condemned), with actors ıey consider "sent from God" and without nyone else's financial help, the three founders f the New American Theater mounted six roductions between the summer of 1979 and he end of last year. The players were Americans in Paris; the audience, lured mostly ɔy word of mouth, was appreciative, largely French, and usually small.

Then Elizabeth Chase Hecht noticed that ɔne of the books on the reading list this year for Frenchmen seeking certification as teachers of English is William Faulkner's *Requiem For a Nun*, a complex play-within-a-novel that has been done, according to Hecht, only once in America—by Ruth Ford on Broadway in the late 1950s. "I came across *Requiem* a couple of years ago and wanted to do it then," she said. "When it turned up this year on the 'aggregation' [the English-teaching examination], I decided this is the time."

It was fortuitous timing for the theater as well; by the end of its two-week run dozens of people—French, British, and American—were still clamoring for seats. The rented playhouse-in-a-loft at 55 rue de Seine, which doubles as an art gallery, was filled to capacity nightly.

Requiem describes the spiritual rebirth of Temple Drake, a former prostitute, through her efforts to save the murderer of her child. It is not visually exciting; the action occurs in the minds of the characters. To make the play work onstage Hecht created what she called a "climate" of its psychological conflicts. Actors had to rehearse made-up dramas outside the text, and during authentic rehearsals, they were required before each stage appearance to state in character their purpose in the upcoming scene. "I insisted that the actors think out loud," she said, "and that they always listen when others are speaking."

The popularity of *Requiem* brought unexpected exposure to a theater that was almost unknown to most of the 15,000 Americans in Paris. It is the only American theater in town and, because Hecht and cofounder Drusilla Walsh have no intention of leaving, it is likely to remain. —*Thomas Noland*

Nancy Holloway and Florence Phillips played Faulkner's Nancy Mannigoe and Temple Drake at the New American Theater in Paris.

New American Theater

Germany

Prussian Extravaganza

West Berlin becomes a memorial museum for three months when "Prussia—The Search for a Balance" opens August 15.

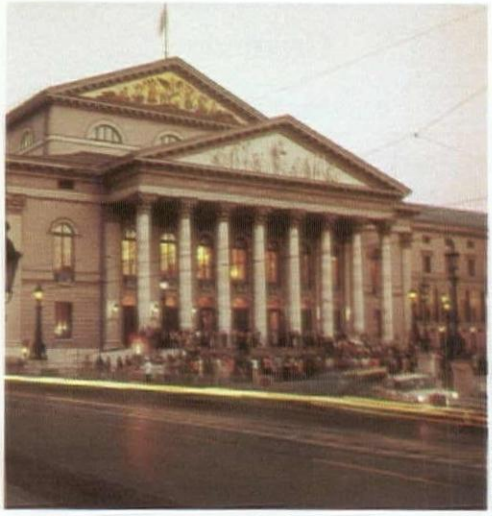
More than three score exhibitions and musical events portray the panorama of Prussia's cultural history. One feature is the tribute to the scholarly and prolific Karl Friedrich Schinkel, an architect who left an indelible stamp on the city in the early nineteenth century, shortly after Frederick the Great raised his nation to an international power. The former Arts and Crafts Museum, designed by Martin Gropius and constructed in 1881 in the middle of the city (exactly adjacent to the wall that divides East and West Berlin), has been fully restored to house most of the major exhibits. It is here that the annual Summer Festival (August 15-30) will open on the square before the museum with an open-air performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which was dedicated by the composer to Prussia's Frederick William III. Later, in the courtyard of the Charlottenburg Palace, a concert titled "Prussia—A Dream" will be presented by German, Swiss, and Italian orchestras.

In the performing arts, Berlin stages will present a cycle of plays by Heinrich von Kleist, operas and concerts relating to Prussian tradition, and a series of classical German films—some of which were produced under the Third Reich to glorify militarism. A historical Berlin beer garden, an original Leipzig cafe, and Lenne's restored garden architecture are part of the extras planned for the summer and autumn. Send tourist inquiries to Verkehrsamt Berlin, Europa-Center, Budapester Strasse, D-1000 Berlin 30.

For Opera Lovers, Bavarian Creme

With the operatic festivities of Wiesbaden and Dresden only a few weeks behind us, can Munich be far off? No. And neither can Bayreuth. The Munich Opera Festival begins on July 9 and continues until August 4; the Bayreuth begins on July 25 and ends on August 28.

Even seasoned operagoers find themselves awe-stricken by Munich's legendary National Theater, home of the Bavarian State Opera and rich enough in architectural splendor and



German National Tourist Office

Munich's National Theater was originally built in the early 1800s, but had to be rebuilt after severe World War II bombing. It opened for the second time in 1963.

tradition to rate several curtain calls of its own. The original building went up in the early years of the last century, but was badly bombed during World War II. The present building, a faithful reconstruction of the original, opened for the first time in 1963 and has been bedazzling audiences ever since with its neoclassical magnificence, a virtuoso orchestration of columns, tiers, boxes, and balconies—all crowned by a single massive chandelier.

With all this, you could almost make do without the perfect acoustics, but the builders saw to that, too. All of which makes it easy to understand why the likes of Mozart, Wagner, and Richard Strauss approved of the working conditions. Mozart premiered two of his works here; Wagner introduced four. And native-son Strauss spent a total of seven years wielding the baton over the opera orchestra.

This year's program, ambitious as usual, is once again under the capable direction of Wolfgang Sawallisch. Among the works to be performed are *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, *Rosenkavalier*, *Die Entfuhrung aus Serail*, *Don Giovanni*, *Salome*, *Die Aegyptische Helena*, *Die Meistersinger*, and *Cosi fan tutte*. Verdi's *Requiem* will also be performed.

At Bayreuth, in northern Bavaria, the Wagner Festival opens with a new production of *Tristan und Isolde*. Also new this year is *Meistersinger*, staged by Wolfgang Wagner and conducted by Mark Elder. *Der Fliegende Hollander*, *Lohengrin*, and *Parsifal* all return from past seasons.

Italy

Waiting for the Eruption

In the shadow of an active volcano, on a mountainside strewn with ruins, in a land filled with shops filled with photos of little boys in littler togas, under the ancient eye of Cyclo

AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE THEATRE

July 7- August 2

Christopher Plummer

Henry V

Directed by Peter Coe

Join us at Stratford for the Summer

Experience Shakespearean theatre at its best

August 4- September 5

James Earl Jones

Christopher Plummer

Othello

Directed by Peter Coe

Order Your Tickets Now by Phone...

Tickets
Tickets are available from $8.50 to $16.50. They may be purchased at any Ticketron outlet or charge by phone with a major credit card at the Box Office. Call (212)966-3900 or (203)375-5000.

Discounts
Discounts are offered for groups of 20 or more, senior citizens and students. Call Group Sales at (203)378-7321 or(212)966-3900.

Subscriptions
When you purchase a subscription, you can save up to 22%. Please call for our free brochure.

Conrail's "Shakespeare Special"
Please call and ask about Conrail's "Shakespeare Special" from Grand Central Station to Stratford.

American Shakespeare Theatre
Stratford Connecticut 06497

Teenage couple on Hudson Street, NYC ©Estate of Diane Arbus

Fine 19th & 20th Century Photographs

FRAENKEL GALLERY

55 Grant Avenue, San Francisco 94108 415.981.2661

himself—in Taormina, Sicily, is "The Festival of Nations," with the purpose of showing the first films of promising new directors to an audience of 20,000 strong every night.

Although twenty-five countries send their movies here each August, this twenty-year-old outdoor extravaganza remains unknown to most of the film world. But with a paradisiacal setting and a selection of movies to stagger the most jaded film fans, "The Festival of Nations" can't remain a mystery for long.

Italy already is overloaded with festivals of the arts, and the film world itself has its fill of festivals whose main attractions are starlets in fountains and producers in heat. What Taormina offers is the chance to discover tomorrow's superstar talent today. The next Martin Scorsese, George Lucas or Milos Forman might be unreeling on the huge screen inside the ancient Greco-Roman amphitheater that serves as the headquarters for this festival. Sicilians love to be outdoors, and they love movies, so the "Festival of Nations" is a natural for them. Here, where Mount Etna still occasionally erupts, where *The Godfather* was filmed—where, lest we forget, the admission is free—native Sicilians love to line up for a night of entertainment. So do the Germans, who have adopted Taormina as a resort town.

To most of the world Taormina is still a mystery, and more so its twenty-year-old film festival. Still, with its rich background, gorgeous setting, and allure of finding new cinematic stars, Taormina is a festival for the future.

Ireland

Dolly In on Dublin

Aspiring screenwriters, cinematographers, and film directors are learning more about their crafts this summer in Ireland from internationally known director Otto Preminger, screenwriters Ernest Tidyman (*The French Connection*) and James Goldman (*The Lion in Winter*, *Nicholas and Alexandra*), and cinematographer Andrew Laszlo (*Shogun*). "Visual Arts Summer in Film" sponsored by New York's School of Visual Arts, is being held at the National Film Studios of Ireland just outside Dublin.

The program, open to qualified undergraduate and graduate film students and film professionals, consists of two two-week sessions in July and August. Courses offered include feature film directing, cinematography, and two sessions on screenwriting. Participants are housed at Trinity College in the center of downtown Dublin, within strolling distance of bistros, nightspots, museums, and theaters.

For information about feature film programs write Charles Hirsch, Chairman of the Film School, School of Visual Arts, 209 East Twenty-third Street, New York, New York 10010 or call 212/679-7350. □

Edward Weston — Nude on Sand, Vintage print, 1936

Representing

Susan Felter
Steve Fitch
Harold Jones
Ken Light
Donny Lyon
Judy Steiner
Gail Skoff
Catherine Wagner

Specializing in vintage photographs from the 19th and 20th centuries. Photographs by: Captain L. Tripe, Eugene Atget, Charles Marville, Carlton Watkins, Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, Walker Evans, W. Eugene Smith and Robert Frank.

SIMON LOWINSKY GALLERY

228 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California 94108, 415/788-5516
542 South Alameda, Los Angeles, California 90013, 213/687-8943

SUMMER CHICAGO SHOW

Featuring Artists from the Nancy Lurie Gallery

Quay Gallery

20 th ANNIVERSARY

SELECTED WORKS

July - 1st Ten Years
August - 2nd Ten Years

Braunstein Gallery

254 Sutter Street, San Francisco

Books

Conversations with Katherine

Conversations with Katherine Anne Porter: Refugee from Indian Creek, by Enrique Hank Lopez. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1981. 326 pp., 23 black-and-white photos. $14.95.

She started writing at the age of six and did not quit until her death at ninety last September. Yet few American writers have built so large a reputation on so small a body of published works. Katherine Anne Porter's oeuvre in print consists essentially of one novel, three slender volumes of stories, and two collections of journalistic miscellany.

After a few stints on newspapers in her early adulthood, she resisted steady jobs, managing to eke out a living from lecture tours and guest-teaching posts (both of which she hated), from two husbands who briefly supported her, and from her writing. She did not publish her first story until she was thirty-two, and for years thereafter could dent only the little magazines. A typical stipend (from *Transition*) in 1928 was twenty-five dollars and five copies of the magazine—this at a time when *Liberty* routinely paid Scott Fitzgerald $3,500 per story. Nevertheless, Porter's niche in the literary world became an honored one, particularly after she penned such novellas as "Flowering Judas" and "Pale Horse, Pale Rider." (Under 25,000 words each, they were, she adamantly insisted, not novellas or long stories but short *novels.*)

Finally, at the age of seventy-one, she produced *Ship of Fools,* which had been twenty years in the writing, and which she had nearly abandoned a number of times. Her only novel soared to number one on the best-seller lists; from royalties and movie and paperback rights she made almost a millon dollars within the year. She sipped champagne and ate caviar in a luxury hotel suite rented for her by her publishers and wondered how to spend her money.

It sounds, in such an outline, a happy life. But Enrique Hank Lopez, an author best known for *The Harvard Mystique,* makes clear in *Conversations* that Porter's years were filled with conflict, restlessness, and even despair. The book does not purport to be a true biography; rather it is a series of affectionate chapters whittled out of the reminiscences Lopez tape-recorded during the last years of the author's life. Too good a friend to be a skeptical biographer, Lopez accepts pretty much at face value what Porter told him happened in her life and seems reluctant to dig into discrepancies even when he sees them glaring out of her past.

Paul Cadmus

Katherine Anne Porter built a large reputation on a small body of published works.

But even in her own telling, the facts of Porter's life indicate traumas and longings that may have focused the brilliantly cold eye her writings cast on life and death. Her mother may or may not have died giving birth to Katherine Anne; her father forbade talk about it, and later in life Porter changed her tune from one telling to another. At sixteen she ran away from her father to marry a man she had met at a Christmas party. The marriage was never consummated, and Porter refused even to tell Lopez her first husband's name.

She was a great beauty throughout her life, as the photos attest. But in the influenza epidemic of 1918, she nearly died; her luxurious dark hair fell out, and when it grew back it was gray for life. She had a lifelong succession of lovers, many far younger than she, some of them notable artists and writers; yet in middle age she married first a minor embassy official and then a Southern editor, both caring and understanding men with whom she soon grew bored. She told Lopez that the true love of her life had been the poet John Peale Bishop, with whom she never slept because "Every time I was free he was married—an every time he was free, I was married."

She did her best writing when she was unin volved with men. An instinctive loner, sh would retreat to borrowed estates in Switzer land, Bermuda, or rural Pennsylvania—an then procrastinate for months, or scribbl voluminously in notebooks. When the rar spurts of writing came, they were of blindin intensity. She wrote all of "Flowering Judas' in one five-hour sitting, a feat almost un paralleled in American letters. Betwee husbands in 1936, she wrote the three novella "Noon Wine," "Old Mortality," and "Pal Horse, Pale Rider" in successive seven-da bursts. When she died she left boxes and boxe of unfinished, yellow manuscripts, including fruitless study of Cotton Mather.

Porter's creative life remains, in a way no true of Hemingway's or Fitzgerald's, a pro found mystery. Lopez is too overwhelmed b the woman to penetrate the darkness witl much insight. When he tries to, as he trots ou Erik Erikson to apply a procrustean analysis t the author's lack of trust in men, he sound like an earnest grad student. The book ha other faults: an unwillingness to search high and low for the other party's version of a one sided story, a habit of plodding through résumés of each essay and story Porter wrote. But the gentleness and respect with which Lopez treats a grand old lady have virtues o their own. *Conversations* is nowhere more skillful than in evoking the turbulent moments of history at which Porter was a first-hand witness. These included the Mexican revolution in 1920, where she "mixed paints" for the great muralist Diego Rivera (his euphemism) and first smoked marijuana; on the picket lines in Boston in 1927 when no amount of protest could save the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti; and in Berlin in 1932 when she dined with Joseph Goebbels and Hermann Goring.

She sat horrifed as Goring blandly detailed Nazi plans for disposing of the Jews; then he drove her home and tried to seduce her. She showed him the door. It is a mark of Katherine Anne Porter's immense intelligence and appeal that egomaniacs as diverse as Goring, Rivera, and Hart Crane—whose taxi she routinely paid for whenever he arrived drunk at her home in Mexico, with a ten-year-old boy to take upstairs with him—should have been fascinated by her company. One closes Hank Lopez's book envious of his own acquaintance with the woman.

—David Roberts

FINE ARTS INSURANCE SPECIALISTS

Collectors • Dealers • Museums

HUNTINGTON T. BLOCK INSURANCE
2101 L Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20037
Telephone 202/223-0673 or
800/424-8830 Toll Free
Telex 892596

Taxes, American silver, investment problems, prints, Oriental arts, buying trends, English silver, Americana. . .

LET THE EXPERTS ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS

The Seventh Annual
World Antiques Market Conference
will be held
January 24 - 25, 1982
The Pierre Hotel
Fifth Avenue at Sixty-first Street
New York City

Information: 205-345-0272

$8 BILLION TO SPEND

If you are an advertiser seeking an untapped affluent audience of art enthusiasts, HORIZON magazine, America's magazine of the arts, is for you. According to our fall 1980 readership survey by Marketing Associates, the average HORIZON subscriber has $132,971 in investment holdings not including his home. For upscale advertisers that translates into almost $8 billion available for reinvestment in goods and services

HORIZON's New York advertising professionals would like to tell you more interesting facts about our quality audience. Call or write Susan Meskil or John Poxton today for an appointment or additional information.

New York Office
Susan E. Meskil
John Poxton
488 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 759-5531

ENTER NOW

in KEYBOARD CLASSICS' fabulous

MUSIC SWEEPSTAKES

and WIN YOUR CHOICE of

a $17,995 Hammond® Console Organ!

Why should you settle for anything less than a Hammond? And here is the magnificent flagship of the world famous Hammond organs – the ELEGANTE.

There is no other organ in the world with the renowned *Hammond sound.* This fantastic instrument includes performance features such as: ***Rhythm Break*** – Here's the realism of a *live* drummer . . . makes even the simplest of songs a dazzling experience! ***ProChord™*** – Builds those special professional-sounding chords at the touch of just one finger . . . ***ProFoot™*** – Presets 5 professional pedal effects without taking your hands from the keyboard . . .

OR

a $12,500 Steinway® Grand Piano!

Here is the piano that is regarded as an international treasure . . . *the instrument of the immortals.*

Since 1853 the Steinway family has been creating this marvelous instrument. Last year, almost 90% of the concert artists in America appearing with major orchestras played the Steinway!

And now the same excellence, the 128 years of tradition, can be yours in a magnificent six-foot grand in dramatic ebony finish. The sound of this piano will *take your breath away.* A Steinway in your own home is the ultimate musical luxury!

A MAGAZINE THAT ONLY A PIANO COULD LOVE

This exciting sweepstakes is our way of calling attention to our new magazine, *KEYBOARD CLASSICS* . . . a magazine which brings you a treasury of piano pieces with every issue. From the light classics to undiscovered gems of the masters . . . from Mozart to John Philip Sousa! Whether you are a teacher, student, or a do-it-yourselfer, this is a magazine that makes piano playing a sheer joy. You also get *special tips and features* on music appreciation, how to get the most out of a little practice, how to read at sight . . . keyboard theory . . . charming duets . . . and so much more.

No purchase necessary, but you must enter to win

30-day refund GUARANTEE

Use the Entry Certificate to enter the fabulous MUSIC SWEEPSTAKES *and* to get your first issue right away with our 30-day refund GUARANTEE. Enjoy your first issue with family and friends for 30 days. If not satisfied, just tell us to cancel and receive a prompt refund of the full amount. Your first issue is yours to keep and you may still win your choice of Sweepstakes prizes!

OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES RULES

Complete entry Certificate and mail. No purchase is necessary. Winner will be selected in random drawing from all entries received before midnight, December 24, 1981 and all entries must be received by that date. Drawing will take place December 25, 1981 under the supervision of Mortimer C. Low and Company, an independent accounting firm whose decisions are final. Contest begins on the date first entry received.

The Sweepstakes is open to residents of the United States except employees and their families of Sheet Music Magazine, Keyboard Classics Magazine, Mortimer C. Low and Company, their respective agencies and affiliates.

Sweepstakes offer is void wherever prohibited or regulated by law. All federal, state and local regulations apply. All federal, state and local taxes are the sole responsibility of the winner. Winner will be notified by mail or phone.

MUSIC SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY CERTIFICATE

Mail to: Keyboard Classics Magazine/352 Evelyn Street/Paramus, NJ 07652

YES! Enter my name in the Keyboard Classics' MUSIC SWEEPSTAKES for my choice of a Steinway Grand Piano or a Hammond "Elegante" Organ. Also enter my Trial Subscription to Keyboard Classics Magazine for one year (6 issues) at the Charter Rate of just $9.97 (a saving of more than 15% off the newsstand rate) without obligation. Payment is enclosed. If not satisfied after 30 days, I may cancel and receive a prompt refund of the full amount. The first issue is mine to keep.

☐ Payment enclosed
(make check payable to Keyboard Classics Magazine.)

☐ Charge enclosed

CHARGE IT to my:
☐ Mastercard
☐ Visa

Account _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

(Print) Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP _____

☐ NO. I do not wish to subscribe, but enter in the sweepstakes.

A1-02-81

Reflections of a Renaissance in ISLAM

A mesmerizing exhibition reveals the powerful legacy of the Mamluk culture.

By Kellee C. Reinhart

Cairo, Damascus, Baghdad: current world events swirl through those turbulent capitals on arid plains where once the Mamluks rode. Though countries have been carved from empires and fighter planes crisscross the horizon, there remains a powerful legacy of a Renaissance in Islam, dating to the thirteenth century when the Mamluk culture flourished. And a current museum exhibition of international importance traveling across the United States for the next three years tells the story of its art, produced during the most creative age of medieval Islam.

The Mamluks, whose name in Arabic means "the possessed," were people of Central and Western Asia enslaved by the sultans who ruled Egypt and Syria from 1171–1250. Considered both visionary and practical, they overthrew their captors, amassed great wealth, and ruled Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and parts of Libya for more than 250 years (1250–1517). "Amirs," or freed Mamluks, turned trade tariffs into art treasures—commissioning monuments in Cairo, illustrated manuscripts, as well as metalwork, tapestries, and ceramics.

Exhibited first at the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Natural History, "Renaissance of Islam: Art of the Mamluks" resulted from the delicate diplomacy of Dr. Esin Atil, curator of Near Eastern art at the Smithsonian's Freer Gallery in Washington. Along with the Egyptian and Syrian governments, she arranged loans from the Louvre, the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and a dozen North American institutions. Funding came from United Technologies Corporation.

Circulated by the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service (SITES), the exhibit remains at the Museum of Natural History through July 19. Future locations include: the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Cincinnati Museum of Art, the Detroit Institute of Arts, the Phoenix Art Museum, and the Wadsworth Atheneum.

Brass candlestick base circa 1290 from the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.

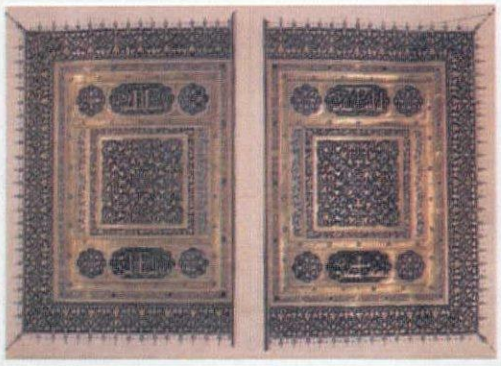
The exquisite artistry of the illuminated Mamluk manuscripts remains unequalled.

With motifs inspired by solar and astral bodies, illuminated manuscripts from the Mamluk era create spectacular heavenly images. Production, particularly of the sacred Koran, was prolific, so large numbers of extant manuscripts are featured in Islamic collections around the world today. The Mamluk tradition of patronage contributed to this supply; encouraged by competition among court patrons, illuminators and calligraphers developed a rich repertory of decorative elements and script styles which form the strong heritage of excellence.

The exquisite illuminations, bindings, and calligraphy are the result of a collaborative effort: the illuminator decorated chapter headings, marginal ornaments, and verse stops, while the calligrapher handled the copying of text and chapter headings. As in other Mamluk art forms, the minute detailing of overall script creates a visual feast of symbols. Encasing manuscript pages into volumes, the bindings were designed with the same painstaking attention to detail. A pasteboard core was covered with leather, then decorations were stamped as well as blind-tooled and gilded. A filigree effect was achieved by cutting a design into the leather, then placing it against a colored ground, usually fine woven silk.

The Koran, characteristically produced in a thirty-volume set, was often commissioned by sultans and amirs for mosques and madrases. The sets were kept in the buildings for which they were commissioned until the end of the nineteenth century, when many were moved to the National Library in Cairo—today the receptacle of the world's foremost collection.

Double frontispiece of an illuminated page from part one of a two-volume Koran. Detail left, full view below.



Spectacular works in metal are the benchmark of Mamluk craftsmanship.

Fanciful menageries frolic across a monumental brass basin inlaid with silver and gold. A tiny pen box comes alive with exquisitely detailed scrollwork, zodiac symbols, dancers, drinkers, and musicians. Tiny schools of incised fish wash across the bottom of a fourteenth-century basin. Every piece of Mamluk metalwork in the SITES' exhibition lives up to the genre's reputation for spectacular accomplishments in metal.

The art of the Mamluk metalworker reached its zenith during the fourteenth century. Pieces from this period typically include three elements: figural compositions, animals, and precise Arabic script. Under the patronage of sultans, craftsmen reached pinnacles of achievement; the result is an impressive array of imperial wares including large basins with matching ewers as well as candlestands, incense burners, perfume sprinklers, and other ceremonial accessories.

Excellence in Mamluk metalwork spread to neighboring states, Dr. Atil points out. Sixteenth-century Venetian works display techniques and decorations similar to earlier Mamluk pieces, and Mamluk work was imitated by Ming Dynasty ceramicists who translated the precise perfection of Mamluk design into blue-and-white porcelain.

Considered the showcase piece of the exhibition—and possibly of extant Mamluk art—is the inlaid brass basin on loan to the exhibition from the Louvre, Paris (below). The earliest record of its existence appears in a travel book written in 1742, citing it as the baptismal font for children of the French royal family. Kept on the grounds of the Chateau de Vincennes until moved to the newly opened Louvre in 1852, it was last used in 1856 for the baptism of Prince Napoleon-Eugene.

Fourteenth-century Mamluk brass basin inlaid with silver and gold made for Sultan Nasir al-Din Muhammed. Detail left, full view below. From the British Museum, London.

production ceramics national am.

In the words of Dr. Atil, who curated the traveling exhibition of Mamluk art, the ceramics tradition was not innovative and did not bring forth new techniques. However, inspired by the oriental ceramics tradition, Mamluk artists and craftsmen applied their culture's distinctive scrollwork and design techniques to established forms of ceramic production.

There are three basic categories of painted ceramic pieces: underglaze, luster, and slip. Most characteristic of output during the Renaissance in Islam is a type of sgraffito or incised pottery adorned with inscriptions and blazons. Fifteenth-century underglaze painting shows the impact of the traditional Chinese blue-and-white design and themes derived from Ming Dynasty ceramics.

Luster-painted wares featuring a brilliant gold painted over a deep-blue background were probably made for members of the court. Admired by Europeans, these stunning pieces were widely collected in later centuries; the largest number of extant items has been found in Sicily; in fact, Dr. Atil surmises that Mamluk artists may have even taken commissions from European clients.

Slip decoration is achieved by taking a coarse red clay body covered with a thin layer of fine white clay, then incising a design through the white layer. Some areas of design were painted in colored slips, after which the entire piece was glazed in tones of green, yellow, or brown.

Fourteenth-century ceramic underglaze bowl from the Medina collection, New York. Detail right, full view below.

Animals, inscriptions, and rich motifs decorate Mamluk rugs and textiles.

Splendid woven silk was the benchmark of Mamluk textile production. Woven silks embellished with rich patterns and accentuated with silver-and-gold thread were highly valued within the Mamluk world. They decorated the chambers, were made into robes worn by the court, and were presented as official gifts. From the early stripe patterns, textile weavers went on to decorate silk with medallions, zigzags, animals, and floral motifs interspersed with religious inscriptions. Due to their fragility, few Mamluk garments are extant. As Dr. Atil explains in the exhibition's catalogue, the most difficult task in studying Mamluk silks is to identify pieces made in Egypt and Syria and to differentiate them from Chinese, Italian, and Spanish pieces.

Paintings in wool, Mamluk rugs are unusual both in style and origin. Their distinction emerges from luminous blues, reds, and greens woven in geometric patterns that grow from a central design to create a feeling of openness. According to Dr. Atil, themes of these rugs were inspired by the magnificent geometric designs of art and architecture in Cairo while the colors reflected the brilliant tones of stained glass.

What about origin? Historians are baffled about the sudden appearance of rugs in the Mamluk empire during the fifteenth century; in the tropical climate, floor coverings were not essential for creature comfort. Further, study of the Mamluk rug tradition shows no evolution—earliest documented examples are as spectacular as later rugs. Four excellent examples in the exhibition are on loan from the Textile Museum, Washington, D.C., where they are part of the permanent collection.

Fourteenth-century Mamluk silk mantle made for a figure of the Virgin from The Cleveland Museum of Art. Detail left, full view below.

Primavera

Could they be on the way to a place among the ranking international quartets?

By David Roberts

All Primavera photographs by Brownie Harris

"It was a mistake," says Diann Jezurski emphatically—"because it didn't work out." Diann is the violist of the Primavera, one of the country's best young string quartets. The mistake is the person who, nearly every day for the past year and a half, through living room rehearsals in New York and stage concerts from Georgia to California, sat at her right elbow: second violinist Deborah Berlin, who had recently decided she could not continue with the quartet.

It should have been the happiest of times for the Primavera. In its sixth year, the quartet—four women still in their twenties—was just coming into its artistic maturity. This summer the women are making their stage debut in a play called *The Columbine String Quartet Tonight*, written especially for them by Tina Howe. Four years ago the Primavera had won the prestigious Naumburg Award—the surest bet in this country to launch a chamber group's career. With the Naumburg came a year of prearranged concerts, culminating in an appearance at New York's Alice Tully Hall. After the Tully concert, which garnered uniformly positive reviews, Donald Henahan wrote in the *New York Times*: "It will take a few thousand more rehearsal hours and a few hundred more concert hours, perhaps, but judging from its performance this time, the Primavera could be on its way to take a place among the ranking international quartets."

That was in April 1978. A year and a half later, the first blow hit: second violinist Kathryn Caswell decided to leave the group. Diann reflects: "She had had three years of it, and enough was enough."

The quartet, Diann indicates, went into something like a panic—the cause, she thinks, of their "mistake." The group had just returned from England's Aldeburgh Festival, where they had heard another quartet play, whose second violinist was a young woman from Australia. On the basis of that hearing, without even the chance to rehearse with Deborah

The Primavera Quartet: (front) Mitsuru Tsubota; (back, left to right) Melissa Meell, Diann Jezurski, and Martha Caplin.

Berlin, they invited her to join the Primavera. By October 1979 she was on board.

The quartet's performance level continued to improve during those months. "But Debbie had more repertory to catch up on than we realized. Every time she walked into a rehearsal, I think, she felt so pressured that it became impossible for her to work with a peaceful mind. The thing was a panic situation, and you can't work in a quartet like that."

Last January Deborah Berlin announced that she didn't want to live in New York, that she missed Australia, and that she couldn't adjust to the pressures of being in a quartet. Far from being a surprise, the decision to leave actually came as a relief. Berlin finished out an important February tour with her colleagues, and she, like her predecessor Caswell, remains their good friend. By March the group was actively seeking its third second violinist. This time they were determined to do it right.

When I first dropped in on the quartet last spring, they were in the midst of the difficult search. Determined not to be hasty, they had let the word out that they were auditioning candidates. In first violinist Martha Caplin's sunny West Side apartment overlooking the Hudson River, the group now was running through the Mozart "Dissonant" Quartet (K. 465) with a second violinist who would not be invited back. Even though it meant performing concerts with a succession of interlopers, the Primavera were trying out enough personnel to be sure of a solid and lasting ensemble.

After the auditioning violinist leaves, Diann,

"The thing was a panic situation, and you can't work in a quartet like that."

Martha, and cellist Melissa Meell talk about what the interim period is like. "It's a real drag for us," says Diann, "in terms of not being able to move forward." Melissa explains: A quartet needs to be working, in effect, a year in advance. The "menus" they offer potential sponsors include quartets that are not yet in their repertory; it's not sufficient, then, simply to keep the group's existing repertory sharp. "It's also a terrible blow emotionally," says Melissa. "It takes so long to establish rapport with someone new, to learn the kind of shorthand language we communicate with."

Aspiring candidates clearly sense that the Mozart run-through in Martha's apartment is a serious try-out, and they may come nervous. "We try to put them at their ease," says Diann. "But we ask questions like, 'Do you plan on doing solo work?' What we want to hear is, 'I just want to play chamber music.' " Despite their efforts at reassurance, Diann indicates, some of the auditioners come ill-prepared and blow their chances.

Diann, I can see already, is the most outspoken of the three women. She has short brown hair and large bright eyes; the only one of the three who smokes, she seems to go through life with a built-in impatience, anticipating questions when they are only half-formed and tossing out articulate responses without strain.

The Primavera has gained some notoriety as the only major all-women's quartet in the country. But they insist they're open to male auditioners for the second violin position, and have scheduled several for the following month. Meanwhile, an eerie air of secrecy hangs over their try-outs. Out of fairness, the group has decided not to inform any of the candidates of their decision until they've played with the last of them.

Melissa recounts the quartet's origins. She and Diann first met in the summer of 1975 at the Manhattan School of Music's summer camp in Oneonta, New York. They played duos by Danzi and Beethoven together, and ended the summer with a performance of the latter. "I had never felt like that on stage before," Melissa says. The literature for cello-viola duo is, however, somewhat limited—to use an understatement. That fall the two women met Martha Caplin at a casual evening of reading chamber music. By December 1975 they had added second violinist Caswell and declared their intention of becoming a quartet. "We said," Martha remembers, " 'Let's see what happens. The worst that can happen is that we'll play together all the time.' "

Both Martha and Melissa have the rich, luxurious blond curls of the Botticellian women for whom the quartet named themselves, and both have eyes of an indefinable blue-gray-green. Melissa, with her oversized, rose-tinted glasses, seems "laid-back," and she often defers to the more voluble Diann. Martha's hair is frizzier than Melissa's, more late-hippie in style. She seems the most energetic of the three women—or at least the one who has the hardest time sitting still. When she laughs, her whole face contributes to the effect—unlike Melissa, upon whose features mirth breaks gently, like sun on a sleepy morning.

Martha continues. During their first months, the quartet developed a modest repertory and "played concerts wherever we could" —usually without pay. Enthusiastic responses encouraged them to go all out for the 1977 Naumburg Competition. "We went into the last few months with a neurotic intensity. We rehearsed at twelve midnight if we had to."

The Alice Tully concert took place a full year after the Primavera won the Naumburg. They chose a demanding program: a work called *Primavera*, by Paul Chihara, commissioned specially for the group; the Haydn Opus 76 no. 1; Schubert's technically exacting "Death and the Maiden" Quartet; and a deeply pessimistic late Shostakovich work, the Eighth Quartet, "Dedicated to the victims of war and fascism"—a piece the Primavera play superbly, and which they have done much to champion in this country.

The successful Tully concert, on top of a year of solid performances around the country (all part of the Naumburg benefits), allowed the Primavera to "go professional" for good. Yet even a successful quartet has trouble making ends meet financially. Only the very top ensembles, like the Guarneri and the Juilliard, can make a reasonable living from concerts and recordings alone.

Martha outlines a hypothetical division of spoils. "Say we have a concert in California and they pay us $2,000. You can't get air fare to California for less than $500. Plus we have to pay a half fare for Melissa's cello. We won't go to California now for just one concert. But even if we have a small tour lined up, say three or four concerts, by the time we finish taking 20 percent out for management and pay for air fares, hotel rooms, and meals, there's not much left."

Today the quartet plays thirty-five to forty concerts a year for stipends up to, but not exceeding, $2,500 each. (By contrast, the Guarneri play over a hundred dates a year, in this country and abroad.) To supplement their income, the women free-lance: Melissa, for instance, regularly plays with the Orchestra of the Twentieth Century, and the evening of my visit Martha played in the pit at a Paul Taylor Dance Company performance.

Gone are the days when the Primavera accepted any offer that came their way. "Somebody will call up," says Melissa with a rueful smile, "and offer us a tremendous amount of money to play at somebody's house for a benefit. But what it involves is playing background music." Nor will the women play at Bar Mitzvahs, as they did in their first years.

The hazards of touring the "boonies" take their toll, nonetheless. "We recently gave a concert in New Jersey at a YWCA," says Diann. "We called our sponsor from the bus depot. 'Oh, you're here!' she said, as if she were surprised. 'How do we get there?' we asked. 'Well, isn't it funny, I've lived here for thirty years and I couldn't tell you how to get to the Y.' We ended up taking a city bus and walking.

"The concert was in a lecture hall where there was felt lining between the wood panels. Nothing could be worse for a quartet—it's like playing in a sound-proof room. And it was set up like a theater in the round. There were people *behind* us, where almost none of the sound we project goes. When we were finished, we asked the same woman, 'How do we get back

Even though they are successful, the Primavera must free-lance to supplement their income.

to New York?' She said, 'Isn't it funny that I've lived here for thirty years, and I still couldn't tell you where the bus depot is?'

"That's depression. Nobody even wanted to go have a drink. I'd rather do a Bar Mitzvah than a concert like that."

During my second visit, in April, the quartet invited me to sit in on a rehearsal of *The Columbine String Quartet Tonight*. The play is woven semiautobiographically around the Primavera's rise to recognition; playwright Tina Howe followed the group for three months to get her background.

The project is an audacious one, not least because none of the Primavera women has ever acted before. Not only must the characters act and play quartets—they must sing, for *Columbine* is a musical: Martha's husband Stanley Silverman is writing and arranging all music for the play.

The luminous talent assembled around the play, however, gives an otherwise outlandish notion credibility. A few years ago Howe made a hit out of equally unpromising material (cooking); *The Art of Dining* was coproduced by Joseph Papp and Roger Stevens. Director André Gregory who is the object of Louis Malle's upcoming film, *My Dinner With André*, is known for improvisatory and celebratory theater that blurs the boundaries between actors and audience.

On the day of my visit the women were rehearsing a scene—like a parody of the quartet's own genesis—in which the two violinists and the violist are trying to play Mozart; Melissa drops by with her cello, they beg her to join, and the quartet is born in a moment of effervescent camaraderie. The scene seems corny in conception; in fact, it *looks* corny. But Gregory, in the face of blown lines and unscripted bursts of laughter, keeps up a *sotto voce* stream of "Good"s and "That's it"s, and I find my skepticism dissolving. Despite their preoccupation with patching up the Primavera, these women are having a terrific time. They seem undaunted by the prospect of a theatrical debut. And when they play, the dazzling wit of their musical pastiche adds a second language to Howe's flexible script.

Regardless of whom they choose to join the Primavera, the women are committed to doing *Columbine* with a second violinist named Mitsuru Tsubota. A twenty-two-year-old Japanese woman of diminutive build, Mitsuru has the self-assurance which the auditioner I met a month before lacked; she is, in fact, a leading candidate for the permanent post. If the women are hamstrung by tension or anxiety, it does not show here, in this bare rehearsal room in the Ansonia Hotel.

Something else does show: the reality of what Melissa had called the quartet's "shorthand language." When they play together —not only the transparent measures of the Mozart but even the improvised doodling of a

Joined by actor Larry Pine, the quartet rehearses The Columbine String Quartet Tonight!, *a semiautobiographical musical woven around their rise to recognition.*

brainstorming session during which the newfound group comes up with the name "Columbine"—it is evident that Mitsuru is an outsider. And between takes, when they argue out the plausibility of an exchange of dialogue, Martha, Melissa, and Diann tease and criticize each other with a candor that might alarm the uninitiated. (I recall that Diann told me the group's cooperativeness depends, in part, on knowing how to fight.)

Before I had met them, I had seen a press photo of the Primavera women and had formed an image of ethereal nymphs, spacy and emotive romantics. Now what I'm struck by is the hardheaded intelligence of Diann, Melissa, and Martha alike. Melissa is not, after all, that laid-back; what she's exceptionally good at is hearing what her friends are saying. If Martha ever was a frizzie-haired hippie, she must have organized the commune: despite the group's insistence that they have no real leader, Martha seems, in the tradition of first violinists, ever so subtly in charge.

Later, back in Martha's apartment, we discuss the question of the quartet's position in the music world: how good might they become, and how soon? Henahan's prediction of possible world ranking is one assessment of the Primavera's potential. In quartet playing there is a phenomenon akin to academe's "up-or-out" syndrome. If a group does not reach top caliber within six or eight years, it is more likely to disband than to struggle on. It is simply too hard for a quartet's members to keep their lives interwoven without the rewards that preeminence accords.

Both Melissa and Martha were married within the last two years, and Diann plans her betrothal in the fall. Interestingly, the women agree that marriage has strengthened the quartet rather than dividing its attentions. Diann's fiancé is a tuba player and member of the Empire Brass Quintet. Melissa's husband is a doctor and nonmusician. All three men are deeply supportive of the quartet's goals. "They hold their own very well," says Diann. "I don't think any of us would marry a schlemiel."

The finest quartet of its day, the magnificent Budapest, made it a cardinal principle to avoid each other in their private lives. It was, they insisted, the only way they could stay together over the decades as musicians. The Budapest also firmly believed their spouses should stay well clear of quartet matters.

This is an example the Primavera have not exactly heeded. Their men are very much caught up in the quartet, and the women still seem to enjoy spending nonplaying time with each other. But they do make a point of sitting apart on the airplane on the way to concerts.

Diann, Martha, and Melissa agree, perhaps surprisingly, that they have encountered almost no discrimination against them as women performers. "It's worked in the opposite way," says Melissa. "We got off the plane once in New Orleans, and the guy said something like, 'When we saw your picture, we just had to get you, 'cause we couldn't believe you were a string quartet.' " She pauses. "I think that's equally degrading." Nevertheless, the three feel they, as well as other musicians their age, are the direct beneficiaries of the

"Everything's working. It doesn't go out of sync for ten whole seconds."

women's movement and Betty Friedan.

The Primavera have two important mentors. One is Felix Galimir, the first violinist of a quartet named after him, who teaches at Mannes School of Music and Juilliard and regularly coaches the quartet. Galimir is especially adept at analyzing sections which, despite endless rehearsals, the Primavera cannot get right.

The other mentor is the Russian Rosistlav Dubinsky, formerly first violinist of the Borodin Quartet, now leader of the Borodin Trio. For five years the Primavera had listened to the Borodin's old recordings "with our mouths open." Learning that Dubinsky was teaching master classes part of each year at Sarah Lawrence College, the quartet tried to make contact, but it was several years before they even met the violinist. After the women played for Dubinsky, however, he took them under his wing, vowing that he would teach them his twenty-five years of "shortcuts" and secrets.

Among them was a repositioning of cello and viola. Most American quartets place the viola on the outside, nearer the audience. Dubinsky moved the cello outside and had the cello, viola, and second violin sit in a semicircle facing the audience. The result is to maximize the sound projected and to focus it on a single point in the audience.

Another Dubinsky tip had to do with intonation—every quartet's single biggest problem. The Russian persuaded the group to tune all their lower strings slightly sharp with respect to the A-string; the E-strings on the violins (the highest strings) should be tuned slightly flat. For arcane reasons, this odd tuning clears up some 80 percent of a quartet's intonation worries.

The life of a professional string quartet, it becomes clear to me, is one marked by profound emotional highs and lows. The ordeal of finding a new violinist imports some of the deepest lows. Most of the highs, however, occur during performances. Each of the three women deals with preconcert nervousness in a different way. For Martha the greatest fear is of a memory lapse—which happened to her once in Tennessee in the midst of the Mendelssohn violin concerto during her first solo performance. The nervousness hits Diann about two days before a performance. "I need to get away from the group fast and just be by myself and work it out. I get very quiet, which is unlike me. I have to practice my part alone, really slow, a third of the tempo we're going to play it at, with no vibrato, just working on every note. If I play it in tempo, it just doesn't work."

Melissa has recurrent nightmares in which she walks on stage convinced she's never played the cello before in her life. The nerves are worst for her about three weeks before a concert. "I start waking up very early for a week or so. Every day I go through the thoughts of what it feels like to go on stage—I run the scene over and over through my mind. By a week before the concert I feel mentally all ready. Right before I go on," she laughs, "I do a lot of calm breathing."

Five minutes before walking on stage, Diann insists, "I'm concentrating on what we're going to play and humming the tunes. We get like a football team: 'OK, let's go out and show 'em what we can do!' "

For all three, the best moments in music occur during those magical episodes in concert when, in Diann's words, "There's something like telepathy going on. You know what's going to happen. Everything's working. It doesn't go out of sync for ten whole seconds. You feel so free on stage you can take chances you never would in rehearsal—and it works."

Like most performers, the Primavera also experience profound let-downs right after concerts. "Especially if we've been brilliant that night," says Diann. "We'll be back stage and someone comes in and says, 'Oh, I really liked your performance.' " She makes a face. "Of course, it's equally disturbing if nobody shows up. Every group has a big problem with afterwards."

On the other hand, Diann recalls, "We played the Shostakovich once in Putney [Vermont], and a man who knew nothing about music came up afterwards. He was crying. He was in tears and couldn't talk.

"That's the biggest compliment you can get."

In late May the Primavera made their decision. They had hit if off so well with Mitsuru Tsubota that they felt she was their second violinist for the future. It was Felix Galimir who had recommended her to the group, so once more their resident New York mentor had come through. "We tried playing a few concerts with her," says Melissa, "and they went really well. We put a surprising amount of work together in a short time. She had to learn about ten new quartets all at once, and, in addition, she was putting on her own recital at the Mannes School. So we were really impressed with her ability to keep her cool."

The women broke the news to Mitsuru back stage after the quartet had played Debussy in the pit for the Alvin Ailey Dance Company. "We decided it was our only time to talk to her. We sort of huddled in a corner and said, 'We really think you're wonderful, and we hope you like playing with us, and would you join the quartet?' Meanwhile the contractor for the Ailey job was doing paper work nearby, and he got embarrassed. It was like he had overheard a proposal. He sneaked out the side door saying, 'I concur. I concur.' "

Brava, Primavera—and may the future treat you as handsomely as you treat each other. □

Performance Schedule

After their July 2–19 stint at the Lenox Arts Center in Lenox, Massachusetts, as actresses in *The Columbine String Quartet Tonight!*, the Primavera Quartet will resume their music making. Their 1981–82 appearances include visits to Princeton University, July 21; Woodstock, New York, August 16; Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, New York, September 18; Sweet Briar, Virginia, September 23–24; Pittsfield, Massachusetts, October 11; Kalamazoo, Michigan, October 22; Morgan Library, New York, October 29; Mohonk, New York, October 31; San Francisco, California, November 22; Brattleboro, Vermont, December 5; Alice Tully Hall, New York, December 17; European Tour, January 7–19; Metropolitan Museum (with Eugenia Zukerman), New York, February 4; John Carroll University, Cleveland, Ohio, February 27; Radford University, Radford, Virginia, March 19; Hollins College, Virginia, March 15–16; Randolph Macon College, Lynchburg, Virginia, March 17–18; Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Virginia, March 22–23; and South Bend, Indiana, April 23.

Former senior editor of HORIZON, *David Roberts is a free-lance writer living in Boston.*

The Ancient Little Boy

Francolon/Gamma/Liaison

Jacques-Henri Lartigue's "eyetrap" keeps an enchanted childhood alive forever. By Lisbet Nilson

Anyone who has ever been six years old and deemed too small to join the wondrous games of an older sibling can surely empathize: Jacques-Henri Lartigue felt miserably frustrated on that day in 1900 when his inventive brother Zissou and the neighbor boys managed to build a speedy ramshackle merry-go-round on the lawn of the family's big country house outside Paris.

Usually, little Jacques derived satisfaction enough just from watching. But on that particular day, he remembers, he wanted to cry with pent-up fun and longing—until he came up with a marvelous secret invention of his own. It allowed him to capture everything, to preserve it all for permanent savoring. If he looked hard at what intrigued him, he discovered, closed his eyes, opened them again, closed them a second time, then opened them once more as wide as they would go, he could fix an all-inclusive image in his mind's eye. It included all the colors, all the sounds; it caught the freshness of the weather and the warm smell of the sun; it incorporated silence (where that was applicable)—and it froze that clinching moment when the merry-go-round collapsed, bringing the older boys down with it in a tumbling heap. Jacques christened the device his *piege d'oeil* (eyetrap) and sometimes even thought of it as a private *piege d'ange* (angel-trap). For days he walked around, turning suddenly, pop-eyed, impervious to the looks of quizzical forbearance directed at him by the older members of his family.

Then one day the invention suddenly lost its power. It simply couldn't conjure up the sights and smells of Jacques' favorite garden spot exactly at the moment when he needed to relive them—despite the fact that he had so meticulously "trapped" them all, and spun around three times to bring them back. Jacques was crushed, disconsolate, and took to bed, complaining vaguely of a headache.

Jacques recovered from the little illness, but never from his dream of capturing the happy moments alive—at will, and forever. "All my life," Lartigue has written in an adult postscript to the original diary entry describing his "trap," "I have tried with every human means available to resurrect my wonderful, ephemeral *piege d'ange*—in photographs, in writing, and in painting."

Since his earliest childhood, Jacques-Henr Lartigue has been a connoisseur of the joyfu memory, an impassioned collector of incom parable moments. His hallmark has alway been delight. Now eighty-seven years old, Lar tigue divides his time among Paris, travels, an a country home in the south of France, stil relishing life and documenting his enjoyment For most of his adulthood, Lartigue has con sidered himself a painter by vocation. But he i far better known and better loved for hi avocation: his steady production of exuberan photographs, especially during the years be tween 1901 and 1920.

If ever there were a quintessential prephoto graphic urge, Lartigue's childhood *piege d'oei* had to have been it. Lartigue was given a tru camera at the age of seven—the year after th disappointing failure of his "eyetrap"—an from then on any bouts of childhood melancho ly seemed to vanish. He had found his mediun and soon was turning his camera on anythin that amused or intrigued him: the antics of hi loving and slightly eccentric family, new developments in the magic realms of auto mobiles and airplanes, the outrageous vagarie in turn-of-the-century women's fashions, th thrilling dash of sports and outdoo amusements.

Not until Lartigue was sixty-eight years old however, did his photographs reach the publi eye—which was instantly and utterly charmed Lartigue's youthful photographs were herald ed as epitomes of Belle Epoque *joie de vivre* of the innocence lost in muddy, unglamorous World War I. Playing with memories on a long trip with his wife Florette in 1962, Lartigue had guilelessly put together an album of photo graphs culled from the thousands he had taken as a boy. When he arrived in New York, he showed the little tome to Charles Rado of the Rapho agency, to whom he had previously sold some photographs for picture-postcard purposes. Stunned by the photographs' fresh ness, Rado arranged a lunch with the editors o *Life* magazine that same day. *Life* would publish Lartigue's photographs late in 1963 that same year, John Szarkowski, the director of photography for New York's Museum of Modern Art (MOMA), arranged a show of the childhood work, noting in the accompanying catalogue that Lartigue, at the age of ten, was

Lisbet Nilson is a free-lance writer who lives in New York. She has contributed several articles to American Photographer.

Top left: At eighty-seven, Jacques-Henri Lartigue retains a love of life. Right: Lartigue in 1903 with his grandmother and mother.

As a boy, he prayed to Jesus that he wouldn't grow up.

Jacques-Henri Lartigue/Photo Researchers, Inc.

Left: Papa at Eighty Kilometers an Hour, *1913. Top:* French Grand Prix at Dieppe, *1912.*

producing photographs that seemed "an astonishing anticipation of the best small-camera work done a generation later." The MOMA show attracted the attention of Richard Avedon, who met Lartigue a few years later through the photographer Hiro, another admirer. Avedon ultimately put together a broad-ranging collection of Lartigue's photographs, *Diary of a Century,* which appears to have clinched Lartigue's growing photographic reputation when it was published in 1970. Lartigue, Avedon wrote in an afterword to that book, is probably "the most deceptively simple and penetrating photographer" in the history of the art, a gifted observer who has "shown us leisure as an adventure and as an indulgence and made us know the full impact of what is lost."

For all their late-found popularity, however, a great part of the beauty of Lartigue's early photographs lies in the fact that they were never made with public consumption in mind. In many ways, they represent photography at its purest, most private, and least self-conscious: they were the product of a brand-new medium in the hands of a wide-eyed babe. Lartigue never did turn "professional" about his pictures. He has admitted that not until he had been making photographs for almost half a century did he start paying attention to what other photographers were doing, to the state of the art; before then (which was when his best work was done), he took pictures purely for his own amusement, within a self-enclosed world that he knew and loved—and which accepted his photographic forays with patient openness. Lartigue considered his photographs intimate memory aids, complements to the diaries that he started keeping even before he was supposed to know how to write. As such, they should best be seen against the backdrop of his almost magically privileged life and the way he chose to live it. Lartigue desperately wanted to retain each joyful experience. As a boy, he used to pray to little Jesus that he wouldn't grow up; his photographs formed one brilliant strategy in his attempt to keep his enchanted childhood world alive forever.

And what a world it was. When Jacques-Henri Lartigue was born—on June 13, 1894—France was nearing the peak of a comfortable and confident period of prosperity that had been building for several decades. The automobile, that mind-boggling horseless conveyance, had first been introduced into the République the year before, causing confusion in the streets and controversy around dinner tables, where serious debates raged over whether it should be named with "le" or "la." But the car was just one entry in the roster of the new, which also included the telephone, the phonograph, electric light, and which would

"... *many* things are going to ask me to have their picture taken."

soon include the airplane. Photography itself was one of the wonders of the age. It had been developing rapidly since the first daguerreotypes were made around midcentury; by 1900, lenses and emulsion speeds had progressed to the point that photographs were even able to record that elusive phenomenon, action.

Lartigue would grow up surrounded by all the newest accouterments of progress. His father was a wealthy Parisian banker who grandly used his money to amuse his family, a gaggle of relatives, and his socially prominent friends. He was quick to develop an interest in amateur photography and movie making, quick to buy a car, quick to see potential fun in the controversial new concept of winter sports. Over the years, Papa Lartigue treated his family to the best in the new luxury of leisure, housing it in a series of fine Paris townhouses and gracious country chateaux, and taking it traveling to fashionable summer spots and spectacular winter havens.

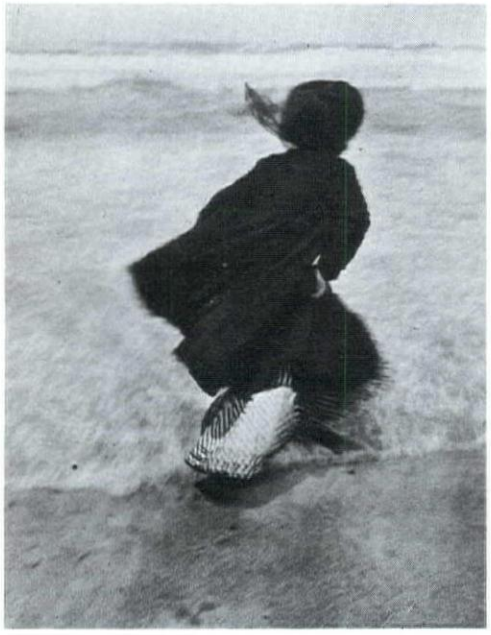
Small wonder that Jacques secretly suspected that his father was God in disguise—a theory that was reinforced a hundredfold when Papa Lartigue gave the boy his first of many cameras, in 1901. It was a five-by-seven-inch box mounted on a tripod that stood taller than Jacques did; he had to clamber up onto a stool to remove the black cork that served as a rudimentary shutter over the lens. But the important part was that it was his—that he no

Above: Grand Prix of Antibes, *1929.*

longer had to pester his father to "photograph that! and that! and *that*!" as he had been doing for some time, with only meager results. "Now I can do it myself," he exulted in his diary. "I will be able to photograph everything—everything! And I know very well that many, *many* things are going to ask me to have their pictures taken, and I will take them all."

And he did—to the mock chagrin of his mother, who claimed he was ruining her financially with his constant purchases of photographic plates at the local pharmacy. But it is hard to imagine Mama Lartigue growing forbiddingly stern, just as it seems virtually impossible to apply any of the easy stereotypes about straitlaced, ponderous Victorians to the Lartigue family. Judging from Lartigue's early photographs, the family comported itself with thoroughgoing *joie de vivre*, and existed in a state of exuberant locomotion. Zissou, armed with a big black umbrella, flung himself intrepidly from high stone walls in his never ending quest for flight. Bichonnade, one of Jacques' favorite cousins, flew down stairs instead of descending them with the mincing primness that behooved young ladies of the day. Lartigue relatives—even the apparently adult ones—invariably seem to have been diving into ponds, leaping over rows of chairs, or insouciantly turning somersaults.

Fascinated by both speed and flight, the family sometimes made pilgrimages to bear

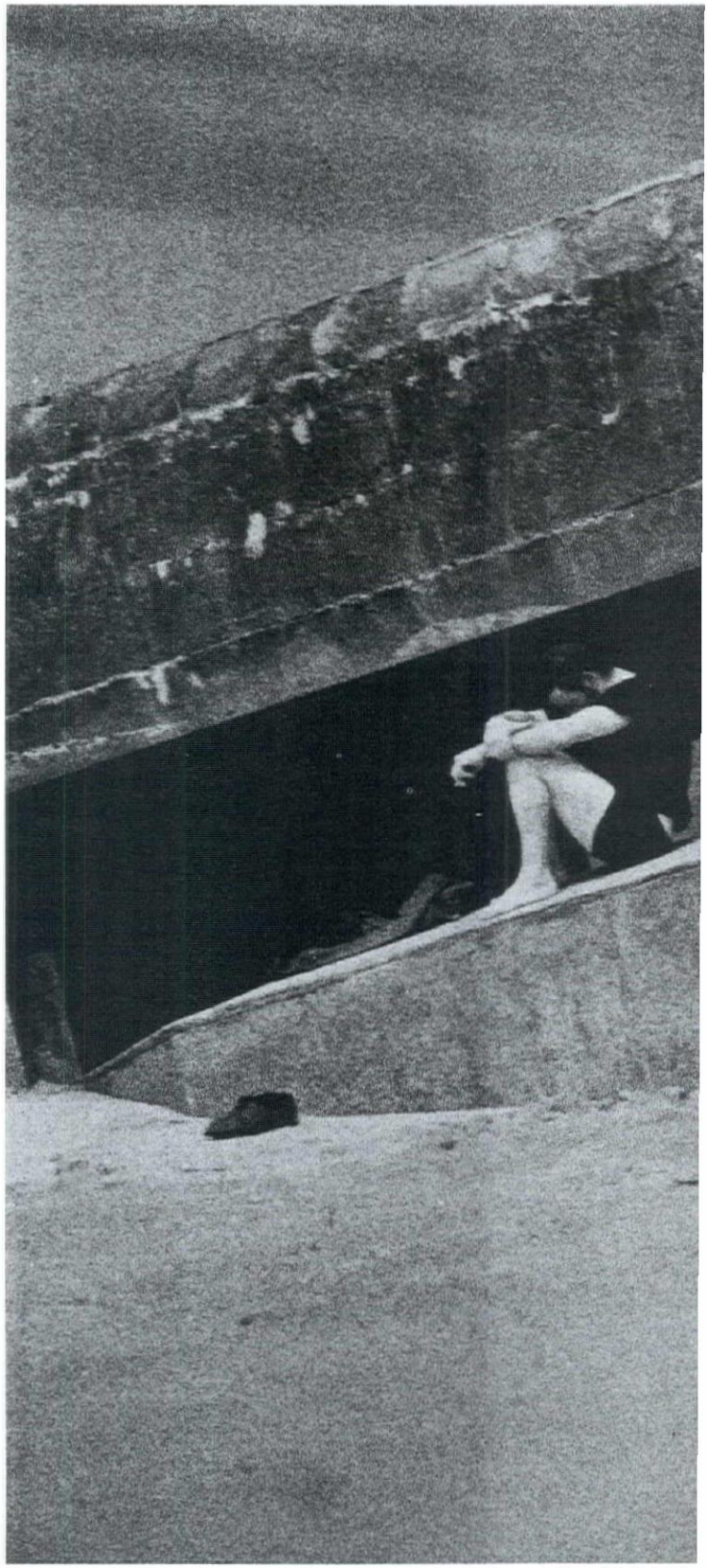


At eleven, Lartigue was fascinated by women in the Bois De Boulogne.

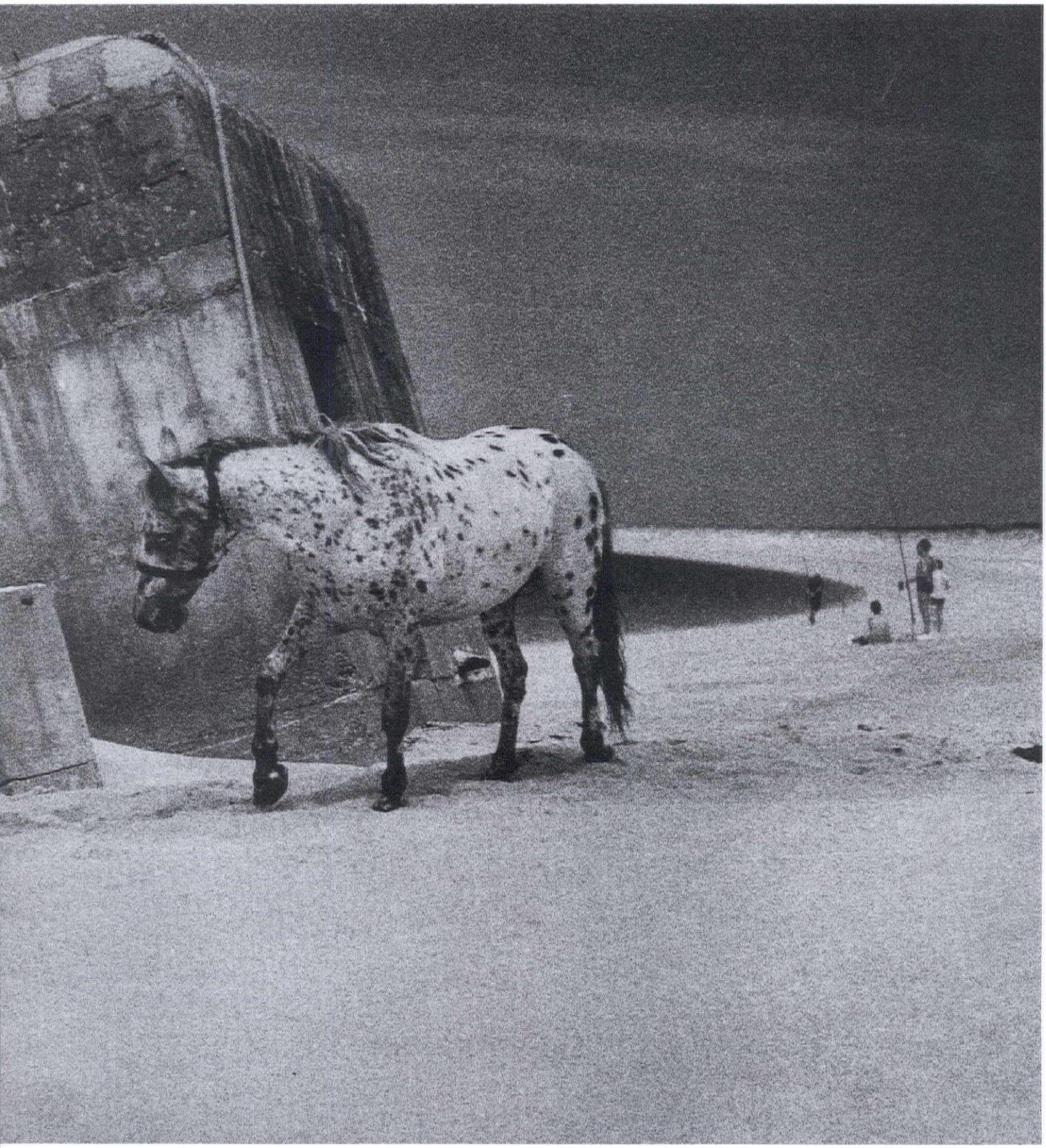
witness to their progress. Little Jacques, who used to hate the Bois de Boulogne, began to make regular rounds there with his camera in 1903, in hopes of catching photographic glimpses of real racing cars. In 1905, at the age of eleven, Jacques "covered" one of the most serious tests of automotive speed around: the last Gordon Bennett Cup race through the mountains of Auvergne, a competition that featured the cream of current automobile technology and driving expertise. With the same sense of historical excitement, Jacques had already documented the first public airplane flight the year before, at Berck.

Over the next years, Jacques-Henri would garner an impressive collection of photographs documenting the innovative flights of all the prominent French aviation stars at Issy-les-Moulineaux, the nearby airfield that authorities had set aside for trial airplane flights.

But in addition to such high-flown thrills, Lartigue also nursed more worldly fascinations. Since the impressionable age of eleven, he had been intrigued by the flamboyant women who promenaded in the Bois de Boulogne in outrageously fashionable dresses and hats, accompanied by their obligatory little dogs. It was custom at the time for the most chic society people to "take the air" along the Path of Virtue in the Bois between eleven and noon. That was the route that young Jacques staked out, poised as unobtrusively as possible on a bench with his box camera on his lap, waiting for the "well-dressed, fashionable, ec-



Top left: Guitty on the Beach at Adour, *1905. Right:* Bretegne, *1971.*



He still has a childlike quality about him.

Top: Solange, *1929.*
Right: Florette, *1945.*

centric, elegant, ridiculous, or beautiful woman"—the woman who he felt stood out from afar. Lartigue preferred to catch her with her one foot striding forward, and would wait till then to click his noisy shutter. The women's reactions varied. Often they were angry. But every now and then, a lady would send him a cryptic, half-flattered smile. Of all the fashionable ladies he caught in his *photos de la mode*, the beautiful Mary Lancret was Lartigue's favorite. To his abiding surprise, she would become his lover for a while when he was in his early twenties.

The boy photographer was incontrovertibly growing up. Lartigue's diary entries—which once featured hand-drawn weather reports and accurate sketches of photographs he had attempted each day, as well as news of his comings and goings—came to revolve more and more around his loves and romantic adventures. From 1914 on, there were intimations of World War I, although Lartigue purposely half ignored that conflict in his diaries, reminding himself that they were specifically intended to catch the overflow of his joyful memories, not the distressing ones. Lartigue himself was rejected as too slight for military conscription; but he later managed to enlist together with his racy car, a Swiss Pic Pic, for special duty as a staff driver.

Ever living life to the hilt, Lartigue chose —and was chosen by—his first mistress at the beginning of the war. She was none other than the famous Marthe Chenal, the official songstress of the "Marseillaise" for special state occasions. By late 1919, Lartigue had even married—and produced what is probably one of the most humorously intimate honeymoon pictures ever taken. It shows his bride Bibi—the daughter of the composer and conductor André Messager—sitting on the toilet dressed in white and smiling at the camera like a Mona Lisa.

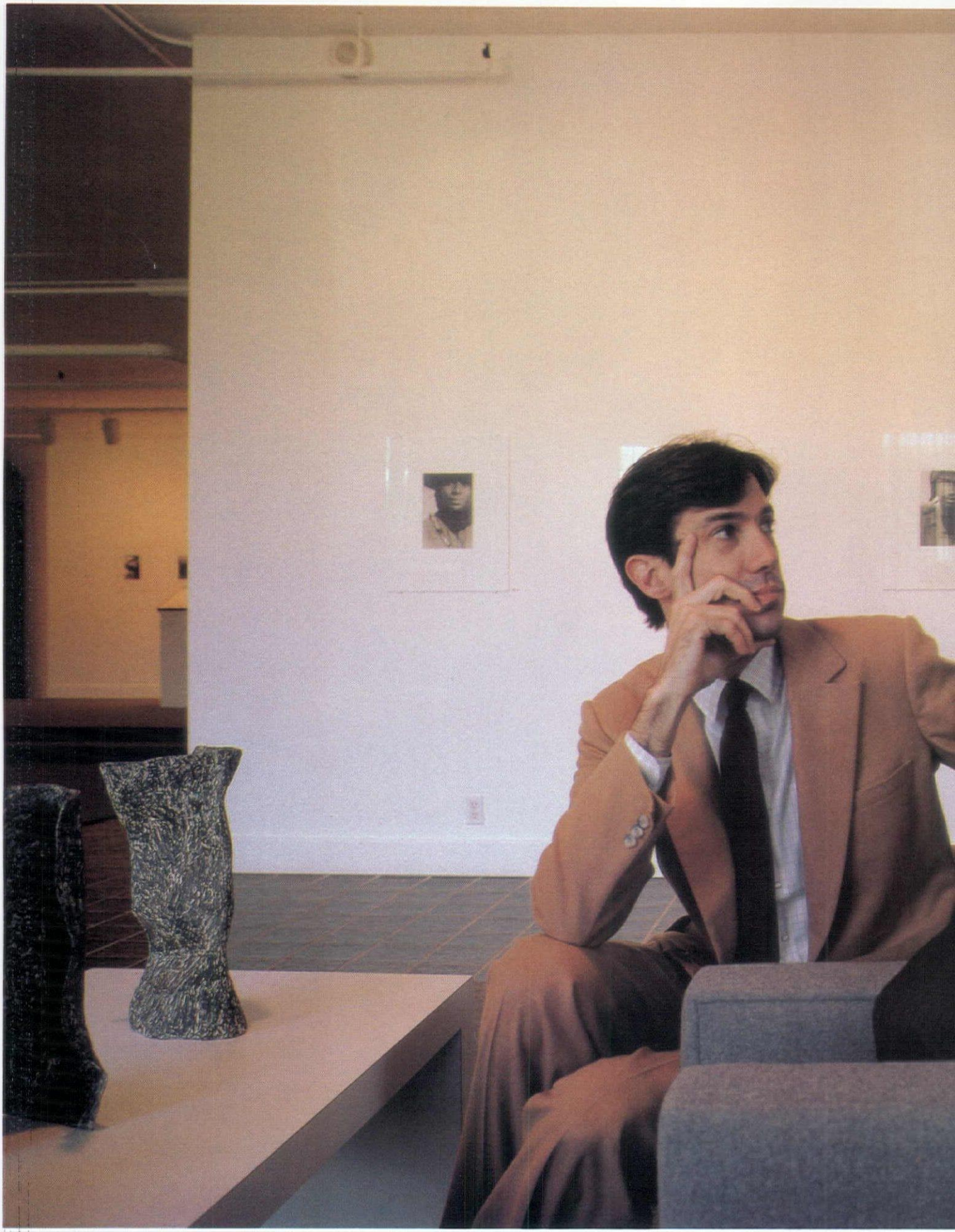
By that time, however, Lartigue was finding himself more and more drawn to painting and had begun to consider it his life's vocation. He seems to have believed that painting was a less superficial communion with nature than other forms of human attention. But he continued to take marvelous photographs, out of joy and as a part of his deeply felt need to remember. Slightly jealous of his wife for being able to enjoy the happy times without the compulsion to capture them, Lartigue wrote in his diary in 1920, "I am going to have to disturb her again to ask her to pose for me. I will paint her portrait, I will take her picture, I'll do no matte what . . . to be able to believe that I have suc ceeded in not wasting five brief minutes of paradise that offers me its hand, then disap pears the moment that I want to seize it."

For Europe, World War I marked the end o the Belle Epoque paradise and its gay, ir repressible innocence. Life went on, of course for Lartigue, it brought a period of relativ renown as a painter in the 1930s and friend ships with many prominent cultural figures o his time (among them Picasso, the painter Va Dongen, the French actor and dramatist Sach Guitry, the writer Colette, and Maurice Che valier). It also brought a divorce and a secon marriage—to his current wife, Florette—i 1942. In the 1950s Lartigue's paint ings—primarily portraits, abstracts, and gar den flower scenes, which are Bonnardesque i feeling—were again widely exhibited in Franc and were shown in New York at the Knoedle Gallery. Lartigue also shot stills for films b Jean Renoir, Abel Gance, and Francois Truf faut and tried some fashion photography. I 1974—after the tremendous public success c his childhood photographs—Lartigue was ask ed to shoot the official state portrait of Frenc President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing.

Lartigue's paintings have never drawn great response in the United States, and hi later photographs—particularly those mad after 1950 or thereabouts—never touched th same nerve that his early ones did with suc wonderful, jarring consistency. But that ha not daunted Lartigue, who has, according t various accounts, retained his elemental ey for joy and love of life. "He still has that mar velous childlike quality about him," says Hirc who has entertained Lartigue on numerous oc casions in the United States, and once had difficult time prying Lartigue loose from a pi side spot at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway where he was raptly taking pictures.

"Happiness," Lartigue wrote in 1921, "is hard thing to explain. My happiness especia ly—since it still so often resembles that whic makes a baby smile suddenly in its carriage without the adults understanding why. The li tle joys, the large joys—I notice them, I loo hard at them, I try to understand them al always, without stopping. . . ."

Many years later, Lartigue would tell a *Li* reporter, "Truthfully, I am neither a painte nor a writer nor a photographer. I am simpl an ancient little boy, running after the ghost c his game of terrestrial paradise."



Photographs © 1981 by Michael Alexander

From Photography to Funk

San Francisco is a boom town for good art—and transplanted New York dealers. By Richard Atkins

San Francisco prides itself on cultural largess. In this most visually spectacular of American cities, a legacy of support for the visual arts has produced a singular variety of museums (including the first museum of Mexican art outside Mexico, the nation's only museum of French art, and an astonishing Asian museum), as well as trend-setting artist-run "alternative spaces" and publicly funded neighborhood galleries. While San Francisco's financially beleaguered art institutions nervously retool for the eighties, its art *business*, like that of many major cities, is booming.

Unlike most cities though, San Francisco's best commercial galleries are improbably located—tucked away in nondescript office buildings, isolated industrial warehouses, or residential flats in any of several gallery districts. Without a knowledgeable guide, in human or literary form, the art-buff visitor is dependent on what's visible from the street. (And for the most part, what you see there is what you are likely to get from a mail-order catalogue.) But with a guide, stalking art in San Francisco can be as satisfying as seeking out the ultimate crab cocktail or loaf of sourdough bread.

While downtown remains the center of the city's art action, skyrocketing rents and the lure of larger spaces have propelled galleries into nondowntown areas. The district on everybody's lips throughout virtually the entire seventies was South-of-Market—San Francisco's close-in answer to New York's SoHo. The galleries are finally moving into the cavernous former industrial lofts but, ironically, downtown—in the form of the new Moscone Convention Center and Redevelopment Agency–backed highrises—is edging across Market Street along with the galleries. For the moment

Recent arrivals from New York, Tim Eaton and Mary Anne Shoen say conditions in San Francisco are right—relaxed, sophisticated, with fine artists and appreciative patrons.

at least, it's still easier to park here than downtown.

The citadel of San Francisco's downtown galleries is 228 Grant Avenue. Despite the **Stephen Wirtz Gallery**'s recent move around the corner, the three remaining dealers—**Hansen-Fuller-Goldeen, John Berggruen, and Simon Lowinsky**—suggest what you're likely to find in quantity in San Francisco's finest galleries: paintings and sculpture by northern Californians, New Yorkers, and twentieth-century "old master" Europeans along with every conceivable variety of photography, vintage and non.

For the past fifteen years, **Hansen-Fuller-Goldeen Gallery** has represented the cream of Bay Area "funk" artists—Joan Brown, William Wiley, Robert Hudson, Roy De Forest, and Robert Arneson among them. These artists not only injected humor and personality into their work—anticipating and influencing much of the nonabstract art created today—they also helped put northern California back on the art map. Shows of their sometimes deadpan, often zany, always witty paintings or ceramic objects now alternate with exhibitions of work by "unfunky" art makers on the order of Larry Bell and Tom Holland.

The **John Berggruen Gallery** also represents the cream of established local artists, showing painters Wayne Thiebaud, Nathan Oliveira, and Joseph Raffael with sculptors Manuel Neri and Fletcher Benton. Blue chip is the name of the game here with such well-known players as Richard Diebenkorn, Robert Rauschenberg, and Frank Stella. (Art wise John Berggruen has the bluest blood in town, being the son of famous Parisian dealer Heinz Berggruen.) **Gallery Paule Anglim** (710 Montgomery Street) also showcases major works by an eclectic batch of important artists which includes Milton Avery, Isamu Noguchi, Joan Mitchell, and Hassel Smith.

Photography occupies a special place in the history of Bay Area art—and vice versa. The medium has practically grown up along with northern California. Today there is no city in the world, with the possible exception of New York, in which good photography is more consistently visible.

The dean of downtown photography dealer is **Simon Lowinsky**. From the classic likes of Edward Weston or André Kertesz to the work of newcomers Catherine Wagner or Gail Skoff, Lowinsky's taste is choice. The **Fraenkel Gallery**'s offerings (at 55 Grant) are less predictable than Lowinsky's and invariably intriguing. Almost anything might appear on the walls here: the sole criterion seems to be photographic excellence.

The other major downtown gallery regularly exhibiting photography is the **Stephen Wirtz Gallery** (345 Sutter Street). Photographs by Richard Avedon or Irving Penn are not all that's shown here though. The exhibition schedule runs the gamut from major bronze sculpture by Milanese master Arnoldo Pomodoro to paintings/collages by Raymond Saunders and the late Harold Paris, as well as work by talented younger local artists Jock Reynolds and Suzanne Hellmuth.

The current international clay renaissance has its roots in the Bay Area. This is due, in no small measure, to local ceramics-sculptor Peter Voulkos. A UC-Berkeley art instructor, Voulkos has almost singlehandedly transformed clay from a craft to an art material, from the stuff of pottery to sculpture. The downtown galleries specializing in ceramic sculpture are the adjoining **Braunstein** and **Quay** galleries (254 Sutter) and clay is the primary medium shown at the latter.

Every sort of art imaginable is available downtown from African, Oceanic, and Indonesian tribal art (**James Willis**, 109 Geary) to Eskimo art (**Inuk 1**, 555 Sutter). Fine historical prints are the specialty at **Pasquale Iannetti** (575 Sutter), while the emphasis at **Allrich** (251 Post Street) is innovative uses of fabric. Four more galleries featuring contemporary painting, sculpture, and works on paper are **Foster Goldstrom Fine Arts** (257 Grant), **Tom Luttrell** (420 Sutter), **Ivory-Kimpton** (55 Grant), and **Hoover** galleries (710 Sansome Street)

Last—and probably best—the **Dana Reich Gallery** (278 Post) is the place to see the risky, accomplished work of younger local art makers. Reich, the former director of the gallery in the world-famous Gump's store, has a remarkably good eye for strong, sensuous painting, recently presenting the work of some of the best, thirtyish painters around, including Willie Dull, Roger Herman, and Eric Erickson.

Because there are so many commercial galleries in close proximity—not to mention galleries in corporate headquarters like the Bank of America and Trans-America buildings—gallery going downtown is peculiarly rewarding. If one show doesn't live up to expectations, the one next door might. If one doesn't stumble over a street performance of music or mime en route, and if all else fails, Chinatown, that legendary culinary capital, is just a few blocks away.

The situation in North Beach, bordering on downtown and Chinatown, is similar. Galleries commingle with cafes, restaurants, and boutiques, but the ratio of galleries to eating and drinking spots decreases markedly vis-a-vis downtown. North Beach galleries include the **Philippe Bonnafont Gallery** (478 Green Street), idyllically situated in a garden and showing only architecturally oriented works on paper; **Soker-Kaseman Gallery** (1457 Grant), featuring contemporary Japanese prints; **Elec-**

There's no other city in the world where good photography is more visible.

Though specializing in photography, Simon Lowinsky also has choice but eclectic works, including these African reliquary posts.

The area known as South-of-Market is San Francisco's answer to New York's SoHo.

troworks (718 Columbus Avenue), exhibiting color xerography; **North Point Gallery** (872 North Point Near Fisherman's Wharf) showing contemporary and historic American art; and the **1429** (1429 Grant) and **Charles Campbell** galleries (647 Chestnut Street) both specializing in painting.

Taking art seriously means heading South-of-Market, preferably by car. Seriously also means neighborhood(s) with all too few distractions (unless you're a welder) and galleries filled with large, sometimes challenging works. In contemporary art, large is often tantamount to experimental and/or difficult. Large works require large galleries. Three of the best galleries in San Francisco, large or small, are located in that loosely defined area known as South-of-Market, which should also be taken to mean east of Van Ness.

Modernism (236 Eighth Street) was the first of the major big-league galleries to cross Market Street. Contemporary and historic work with a constructivist bent is shown here, with hard edges and bright colors predominating. **Shirley Cerf**'s sunlit loft with a view (173 Bluxome Street) is frequently the location of engaging exhibitions of large, monochrome abstractions by the likes of Marcia Hafif or Joseph Marioni.

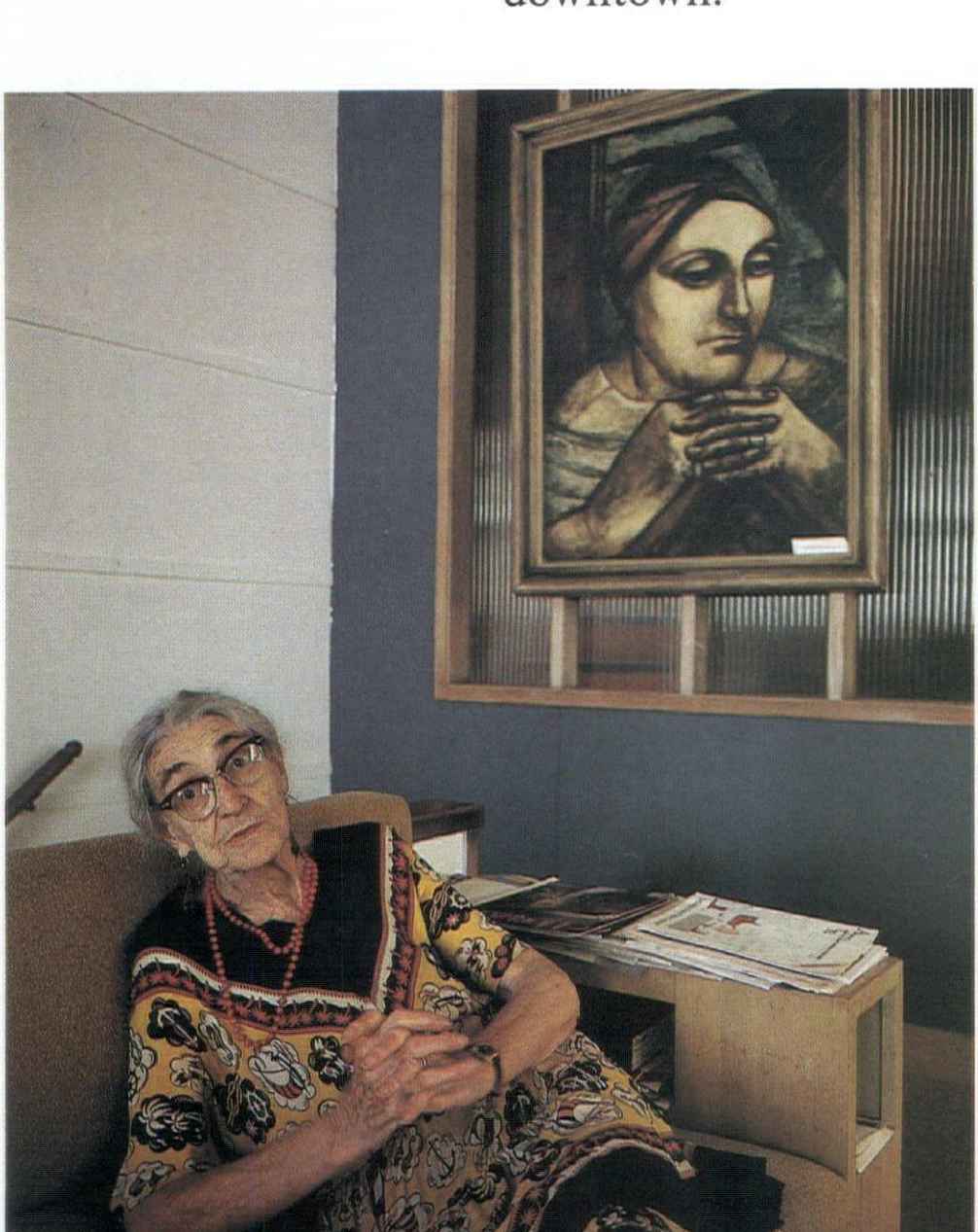
The most beautiful of all San Francisco exhibition spaces is the **Eaton/Shoen Gallery** (500 Paul Avenue), located in Bayview, just south of South-of-Market. Slate floors and well-proportioned columns characterize this gallery situated in a U-Haul storage building. What Timothy Eaton and Mary Anne Shoen exhibit is often pleasantly eccentric as well. Donald Lipski's sculptural installation of 3,500 tiny objects opened the gallery last year. Since then, New York and San Francisco painting, sculpture, and photography have been exhibited.

Other South-of-Market galleries include **Triangle** (95 Minna Street), **SOMA** (South-of-Market Artists, Folsom and Sixteenth Street), **Source** (1099 Folsom Street), **Joseph Chowning** (1717 Seventeenth Street, handling the estate of Stanton MacDonald-Wright) and **Douglas Elliott, Inc.** (1151 Mission Street).

Pacific Heights, San Francisco's premier residential district, also houses a surprising number of outstanding galleries. The **Daniel Weinberg Gallery** (2140 Bush Street) is a sort of western outpost for exceptional work from New York in a variety of media. Mel Bochner, Robert Moskowitz, Bryan Hunt, Barry LeVa, Julian Schnabel, Carl André, and Sol Le Witt are among artists Weinberg shows. The assertive, masculine quality of much of this art seems well suited to the raw, concrete-floored

Fashioned from a former porno theater, Stephen Wirtz's gallery offers austerely elegant ambiance and major exhibitions by artists in almost every medium.

Skyrocketing rents have propelled galleries into areas other than downtown.



Above: Mme. Marcelle Labaudt is the proprietress of Lucien Labaudt Gallery. Right: Wylie Wong and Ron Jehu operate out of a converted third-story flat.

space. The **Hank Baum Gallery**, specializing in works on paper, and **FAR** (Fine Arts Resources), which sublets its space for monthly exhibitions, are located in the same building.

The nearby **Jehu Gallery** (2719 Bush) operates out of a converted third-story flat. In this relaxed and informal setting, the gallery features painting, sculpture, prints, and photography by high-powered California artists including Jerry Burchard, Jack Welpott, Erin Goodwin, Carol Law, Pepo Pichler, and Robert Schwartz. Wylie Wong's affiliated **Asian Arts and Antiquities** (at the same address) showcases handsome, mostly Chinese, paintings and objects both contemporary and historical.

Grapestake Gallery (2876 California Street) exhibits contemporary art and photography. The art tends toward large, abstract paintings and mixed-media constructions which make what used to be called "strong statements" by artists like Laddie John Dill, Craig Kauffman, and Claude Kent. If the art makers mostly hail from southern California, the contemporary photographers are mostly northern Californians. Sister/brother partners Ursula Gropper and Tom Meyer handle the Arthur Ollman-Richard Misrach "school" of romantic images, created via lengthy exposure times, as well as the classic pictures of photographers Ansel Adams, Berenice Abbott, and Harry Callahan.

Other Pacific Heights galleries include the fine **Leah Levy Gallery** (where you must call for an appointment) oriented toward abstract painting, the **William Sawyer** (3045 Clay Street), **Bridge** (1755 Geary), and **Naive Art** (3263 Sacramento Street) galleries.

Down the hill from Pacific Heights are the Union Street galleries, most notably **Focus** (2146 Union), San Francisco's first photography gallery and **Thackrey & Robertson** (2266 Union), a photography gallery specializing in nineteenth-century prints which nonetheless provided the best single contemporary photography show of 1980, a major Hamish Fulton exhibition. A few blocks farther away on the Bay, the new Fort Mason arts complex houses several galleries including **Perception**, the **San Francisco Museum of Modern Art's Rental Gallery**, and the **World Print Council Gallery**.

Despite the economic risks involved, galleries seem to open and close in San Francisco like clams. Happily more open than close, but that is a recent phenomenon. Why do so many persevere for so little monetary gain? (Probably the only chancier profession than art dealer is artist.) I consider the question whenever I drive by what is likely San Francisco's most unusual exhibition space, the **Lucien Labaudt Gallery** (1407 Gough Street).

Located rather off the beaten track near the Civic Center, it is run by Marcelle Labaudt, the octogenarian widow of Lucien. The French couple came to San Francisco in the twenties. He was an internationally known painter and muralist, the recipient of a de Young Museum retrospective and the singular honor of having a ship named after him. She was a couturier, and they ran a dressmaking school, created the Art Institute's Beaux-Arts Balls, and lived together, unmarried, until their wedding in 1940. In 1943 he died in a plane crash in Burma, where he had gone to make drawings of the war.

Soon after, she opened the gallery named after him. Annually she hangs a show of Lucien's work; otherwise she shows only artists who have never exhibited before. Among those whose first solo shows were held at the Labaudt Gallery are Richard Diebenkorn and Hassel Smith. Surely we, as much as they, are in her debt. □

Richard Atkins is a Bay Area art instructor and free-lance art critic for various national magazines.

Bed and Breakfast on the Bay

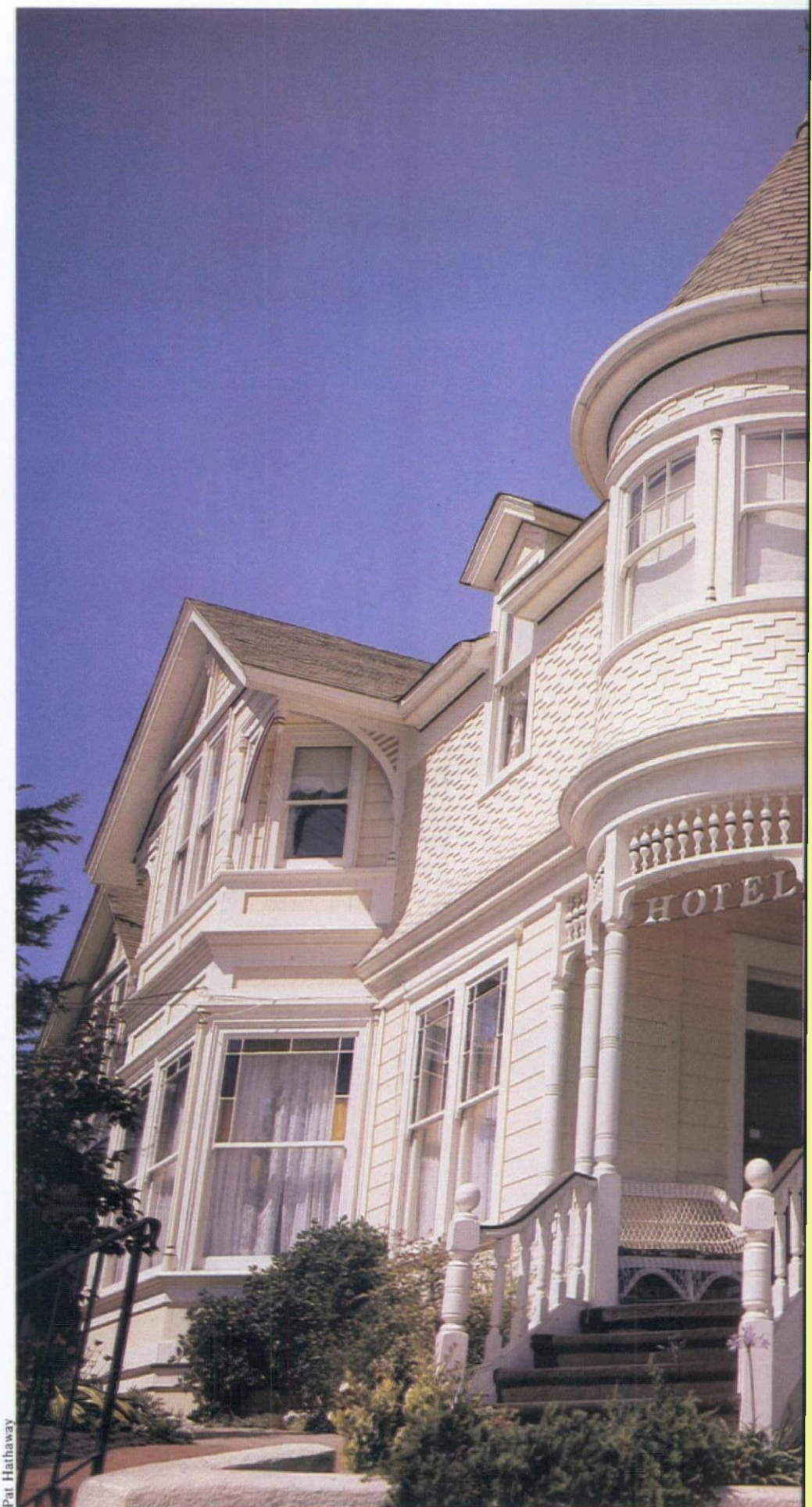
Tired of shag carpet and stale Danish? Then come to San Francisco. By Joy DeWeese-Wehen

Are you tired of the twentieth century? Do you ever wish you could step back in time to another era, one with no telephones, no television, rush-hour traffic, or TV dinners?

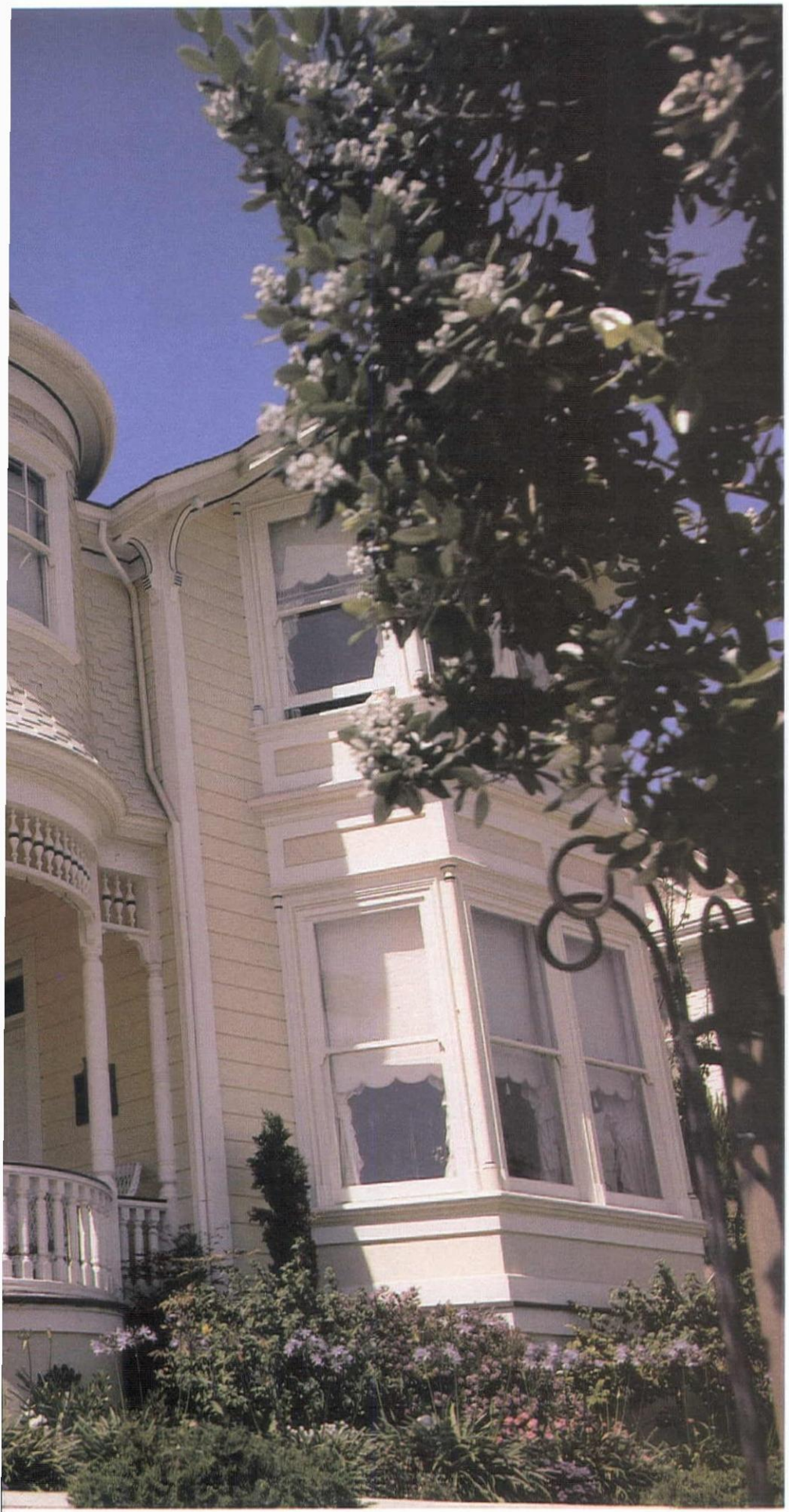
Well, you can, in the growing number of European-style bed-and-breakfast inns in northern California which have been converted from century-old Victorian mansions. Your room will be furnished with antiques but no television; there will be fresh flowers, fruit and magazines on the bedside table but rarely a telephone; lace- or dimity-curtained windows look out on a quiet garden instead of a downtown street. Upon checking in, you are greeted with a glass of sherry and a welcoming smile by an innkeeper who regards you as a personal houseguest; in the morning a complimentary breakfast of freshly ground coffee, fruit, and croissants or homemade hot breads is brought to your room. And the price is half to three-quarters of what comparable accommodations would cost in an impersonal downtown San Francisco hotel.

On your first night, as you slide between floral-patterned sheets in a four-poster canopied bed (only the mattress is strictly twentieth century) you probably don't care that you are falling asleep in a historic Victorian or Edwardian mansion whose imaginative conversion to a bed-and-breakfast inn has preserved it from the wrecker's ball. And don't be surprised if you dream of nineteenth-century ladies in bonnets and shawls, for more than one of these inns has its resident ghost.

Joy DeWeese-Wehen is a free-lance writer who lives in San Francisco and is a frequent contributor to Horizon.



Pat Hathaway



Six years ago there was not a single Victorian B&B in San Francisco. Now there are more than half a dozen, with new ones opening every few months. First came the **Bed and Breakfast Inn** at number 4 Charlton Court. If owners Robert and Marily Kavanaugh ever decide to rename it, it should be called "The Doll House," for this particular one is not a former mansion; it is two late Victorian townhouses side-by-side in a tiny cul-de-sac reminiscent of a London mews, just off fashionable Union Street. It is not only the lane which recalls London, but the window boxes spilling geraniums, the deft English parlor maids, and the family antiques in every room—like Windsor chairs in the front parlor—and the century-old Copeland spode on which your breakfast is served.

Each room is different: "Covent Garden" has a miniature conservatory of plants behind glass doors forming one wall of its tiny sitting room; "Celebration" is unique for a sunken double bathtub banked with potted plants at one end of the bedroom; and the penthouse has a family-heirloom paisley shawl mounted on the wall behind a sheet of glass like a modern-art sunburst, and the tiniest spiral staircase in San Francisco, scarcely eighteen-inches wide but lushly carpeted, curling up to the bedroom loft above. Fresh flowers fill every room (Mrs. Kavanaugh arranges forty bouquets a week), with down pillows on the beds and a fortune cookie on each pillow at bedtime. Carefully chosen books line shelves and each room has its own guest book, where occupants scribble comments, sightseeing suggestions, and intriguing scraps of autobiography for those who come after. In the main sitting room there is another bound guidebook where guests write detailed recommendations—or warnings—about restaurants they have tried in San Francisco. Some rooms look out on a small manicured garden at the back; others onto a towering magnolia tree in front which twinkles with tiny firefly lights at night.

At 9:30 A.M. on the first of every month, the Kavanaughs book for the following third month, (i.e. on the first of August they take the reservations for November). Once you have seen this enchanted mews cottage, it comes as no surprise to learn that they receive

Victorian jewels like the Gosby House give Bay Area visitors a taste of English bed-and-breakfast steeped in nineteenth-century America.

more than one hundred calls before noon.

In the same area, the **Union Street Inn** is interesting because it is Edwardian instead of Victorian. Built in 1900, its lines and decoration are more understated than the exuberant Victorian, and there is a feeling of airiness and light throughout, especially in the large front bedroom with its fireplace, canopied bed, and lofty armoire. Helen Stewart, a former schoolteacher, bought and converted the house, and now runs it with the help of Sally, a patrician-nosed Afghan, and Mocha, the Siamese cat. There are five bedrooms and four baths, each with a coordinated color scheme. Helen whimsically tries to match the colors to her guests' personalities when taking reservations: "English Garden" with its brass bed is restful in pearl gray and persimmon, while "Holly" is dramatic in forest green and plum. But the special charm of the Union Street Inn is its garden at the rear, filled with azaleas, lilacs, camellia bushes, and pools of violets under the trees, where guests breakfast on summer mornings. Helen adds her own touches to the usual Continental breakfast, like squeezing fresh oranges for juice and accompanying the piping-hot croissants (from a French bakery only an oo-la-la away on Union Street) with her own wild grape or kiwi-fruit jam.

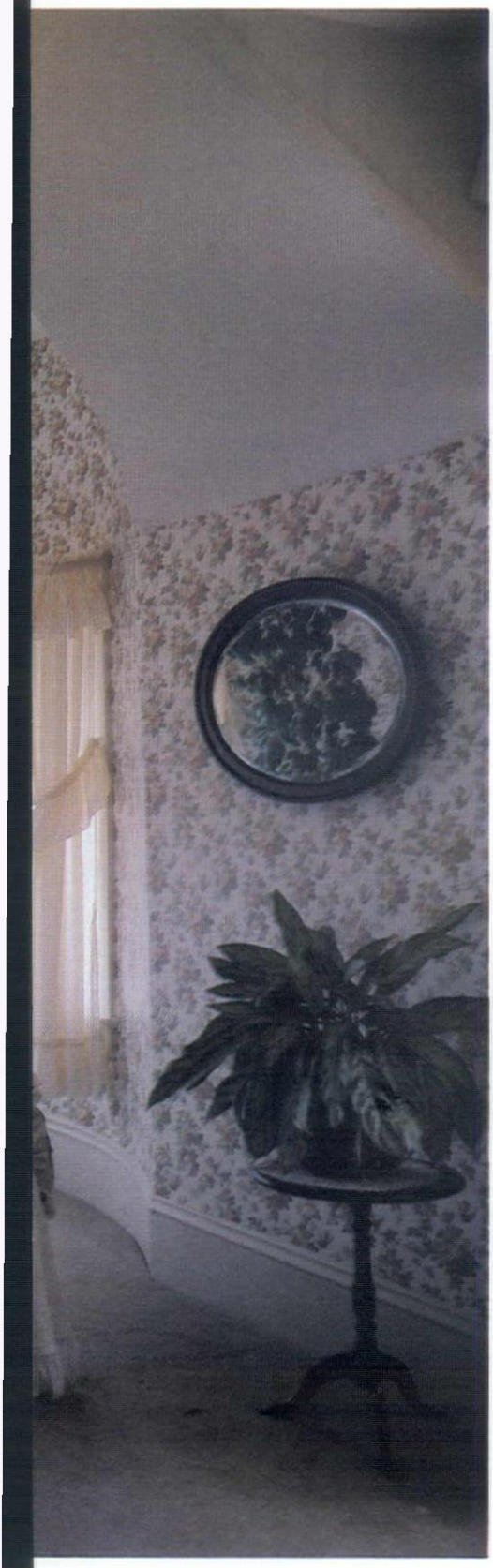
A haunting fragrance fills the downstairs sitting room, traceable to bowls of homemade potpourri on every table. An unusual pair of Edwardian chairs flank the garden doors: black iron accented in gleaming brass, with back and seats of burnished leather, they were made in Australia at the turn of the century.

Another turn-of-the-century mansion is now **Hermitage House** on Pacific Heights. Four stories high, with its own garden, sun deck, and seven working fireplaces, the gracious Colonial design is crafted of solid California redwood. Originally built for Judge Charles Slack and the scene of San Francisco's most elegant entertaining, it was bought by Marian Binkley and her husband in 1978. After months of renovating and refurnishing, Hermitage House opened with ten bedrooms and nine baths, elaborate parquet floors, a sun-splashed drawing room, and a dining room centered with an inlaid mahogany Williamsburg table. An heirloom collection of rose-colored Wedgwood plates illustrating the centennial of the University of California decorates the walls, while in the kitchen a seventy-five-year-old Wedgwood stove (no relation!) is still in daily use.

Guests at Hermitage House get their own

Pat Hathaway

Antiques, sherry, and geraniums make for a home-away-from-home San Francisco style.

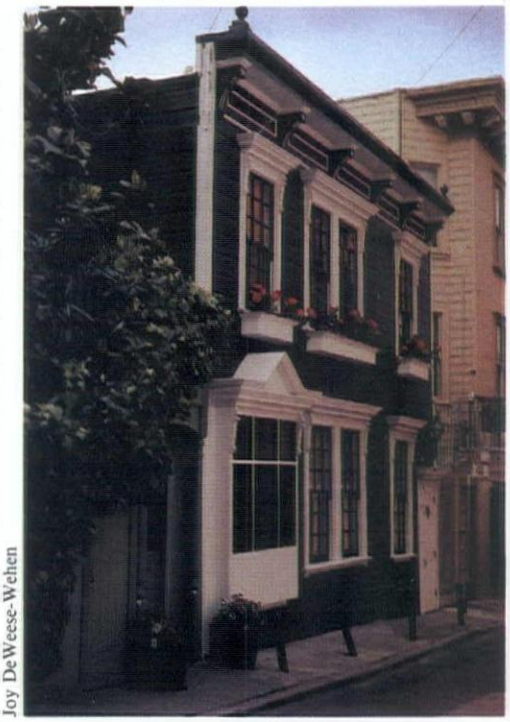


breakfast and carry it up to their rooms or out to the deck. Coffee, English tea, and hot chocolate are available; a toaster oven stands ready to warm the croissants; the refrigerator holds individually numbered carafes of fresh orange juice. And unique among all the San Francisco inns visited, guests are permitted to bring groceries and cook simple suppers of omelets, salads, and other light fare in the bright old-fashioned kitchen. Afterwards, dishes are rinsed and stacked in the dishwasher. "We have never had a guest abuse the privilege," states Mrs. Binkley, "and they are all so grateful. We cater especially for long visits; for instance, major corporations put up their executives here while relocating or attending conferences. When you're staying for six weeks or two months, you don't want to dine out every single night." There could not be a more restful place to spend a long visit than the big bow-windowed front room with its fireplace laid all ready for a chilly evening or the back room overlooking the garden with a colonial canopied bed. The Hermitage is a favorite of actress Michael Learned, who spent a month here while making a film.

There is only one caution about staying at Hermitage House: it is not suited for elderly or handicapped guests, as it is reached by a long, steep flight of stairs from the street. But just when you have run out of breath, you reach the front door and are welcomed by a cheerful, lifesize ceramic duck filled with flowers, wearing a bow around its neck!

In contrast to the inns which were converted from private homes, the **Queen Anne Hotel** was originally built as a girls' school by Senator James G. Fair, one of the Comstock silver kings, whose own mansion on Nob Hill is memorialized in the name of the Fairmont Hotel. Senator Fair spared no expense: walls are paneled in English oak, the staircase is Spanish cedar, a skylight at the top of four stories is etched glass, and the drawing room fireplace extends from floor to ceiling. The forty-eight bedrooms are furnished with carefully chosen antiques, and corner rooms have inviting window nooks.

The Queen Anne is located right across the street from colorful Japan town and, what the brochure calls rather optimistically, "a healthy walk" from Civic Center. With elevator, room phones, television, valet parking, paging system, and closed-circuit movie channel, it is a very good hotel fitted smoothly into the shell of a historic Victorian building. Martha



Joy DeWeese-Wehen

Mixing history, romance, and San Francisco hospitality, restored B&B inns like Gosby House in Pacific Grove (left), the Bed and Breakfast Inn (top), and the Queen Anne Hotel (above) offer rooms about half the price of area hotels.

Rescued from the wrecking ball, these beauties are at the fore of a hotel revolution.

Bruce McBroom and David Martin Carr

Two Mendocino Coast inns mix antique furnishing with contemporary flair. The Old Milano Hotel (left) is owned by photographer Bruce McBroom and his wife, costume designer Theadora Van Runkle (top). Bill Jacobson (above) is proprietor of the nearby Joshua Grindle Inn.

Jesmer is the pretty and efficient assistant manager.

One bed-and-breakfast inn in San Francisco which is neither Victorian nor Edwardian is the **Washington Square Inn**. Instead it is a scrubbed and sunny auberge from the French countryside, plunked down in an Italian piazza on the edge of Chinatown. Completely renovated by interior designer Nan Rosenblatt, the lobby is accented by an antique French armoire and a brass chandelier, while a lively painting hangs above the antique mantel, flanked by blue and white ginger jars. The fifteen rooms are perhaps a little more spare and impersonal than other inns, but they are comfortable and colorful. Each is accented by an original oil painting which looks as though it was picked up on a Sunday-morning walk through Montmartre.

If you've ever harbored a secret fantasy of being a Comstock Bonanza king living in sinful luxury on San Francisco's Nob Hill, you can now satisfy it at the newly opened **Nob Hill Inn**, one of the most opulently authentic late Victorian mansions on that fabled hilltop. Owners Rick Henriksen and Jim Brennan have steeped themselves in the traditions and decor of the 1890s, and the result is a jewel of carved gilt, crystal chandeliers, flowered wallpaper, tile fireplaces, original oil paintings, and canopied beds. They are especially proud of their wine cellar which is available for private parties, and of the authentic late nineteenth-century French elevator with its handpainted walls of etched glass. There are eighteen rooms and the emphasis is on an almost-forgotten standard of luxury. The traditional goodie on your pillow at bedtime is a Kron chocolate, a liveried butler serves your breakfast, and the finest champagne and pate are available at any hour. As Rick Henriksen says: "We emphasize service, the service you would have found in a private home on Nob Hill at the turn of the century."

Victorian houses converted to bed-and-breakfast inns are not exclusive to San Francisco itself. There are many outstanding ones in scenic or historic areas within a few hours drive of the city. This sampling of nearby lodges will whet your traveler's appetite.

South of San Francisco, in the beautiful Monterey-Carmel-Pebble Beach area, the little town of Pacific Grove boasts the elegant **Gosby House**. Built in 1887, it was acquired and renovated by developer Bill Patterson and banker Roger Post in 1977. Now its seventeen rooms are fitted with period furniture ("no

An old caboose furnished with bed and stove is called "The Passion Flower."

reproductions," says Bill Patterson) including a rare-doll collection in the entry parlor. There are many of the touches of an English inn: shoes put outside your door are shined by the "Boots" and you are offered a choice of newspapers with breakfast, including the Wall Street Journal. A hall porter will arrange theater tickets, dinner reservations, etcetera.

Patterson and Post are also restoring a twenty-seven room, antique-filled inn to be called La Petite Auberge on Bush Street in San Francisco; it will open in time for Christmas.

North of San Francisco, along scenic, twisting Highway One, is the wild and wave-swept Mendocino Coast, a favorite with visitors for its New England atmosphere, hollyhocks nodding over picket fences, and dozens of Victorian houses now tenanted mostly by artists and craftspeople.

One Mendocino landmark is the **Joshua Grindle Inn**. A wedding-gift house, this was built by the bride's parents for the newlywed Grindles from Maine. The atmosphere is truly New England, with pine and cherry antiques in the rooms, and owner Bill and Gwen Jacobson's special treasure, an eighteenth-century New Hampshire pine pewter cupboard, in the dining room. There are five rooms, each with bath, (four with fireplaces) and a saltbox cottage in the garden with its own Franklin stove. A booked-far-ahead favorite is the bedroom papered with historic scenes of Philadelphia as a backdrop for a maple four-poster. Breakfa at the Joshua Grindle is sturdier than mo inns, including eggs from a neighboring farn A happy illustration of the peaceful far-fron the-world-and-even-farther-from-television a mosphere of the inn is the story Gwen Jacol son tells of the time Pam Dawber and h parents stayed there—and the Jacobsons ha no idea who she was. When they learned fro another source that their pretty young gue was "in television" and "connected with th 'Mork and Mindy Show,' " Gwen exclaime "You mean if we got a television set and wa ched that show, we might catch a glimpse c you sometime?" Pam was overjoyed: "No you know why I love staying there so much!

Hollywood VIPs often stay in Victoria country inns, but there is one hostelry alon the Mendocino coast which is owned by two c them: the **Old Milano Hotel** at Gualala. Bruc McBroom is a noted Hollywood photographe and Mrs. McBroom is Theadora Van Runkl one of filmdom's premiere costume designer (*Godfather II*, *Myra Breckinridge*, and *Bonn and Clyde*.) But there is nothing Hollywoodis about this turn-of-the-century twelve-bedroor hostelry perched high on a cliff with a thunde ing view of the Pacific, surrounded by fou acres of English rose gardens. Every detail i authentic from the original light bulbs to th 1920 telephones. The hotel (which started ou as a lumbermen's inn owned by an Italia family) has now been designated a Nationa Historic Landmark. This title could also b bestowed on one of the McBrooms' treasures the eighteenth-century inlaid and canopied be in the room called "La Forza del Destino" (al the rooms are named after Italian operas) i which Merle Oberon died in the film *Wuther ing Heights*. Other Van Runkle details are th William Morris fabric on the parlor walls Eastlake chairs, Tiffany lamps, and a sof which was the first "Riviera" bed made i 1906. Theadora has a sense of humor too —there is a turn-of-the-century railway caboose in the garden, banked with flower and snoozing happily like an old horse retire to pasture. In it are a double bed and a wood burning stove. Its name: "The Passio Flower."

The McBrooms must be doing something right . . . no matter how thick the fog along the Mendocino coast, says David Martin Carr the hotel's personable manager, the Old Milano's particular promontory is always i the sunshine! □

Particulars

The Bed and Breakfast Inn, 4 Charlton Court between Laguna and Buchanan off Union Street, San Francisco 94123. Telephone: 415/921-9784. Smoking discouraged except in sitting rooms. Unsuitable for children. No pets. Rates from $48 for "Autumn Sun" to $158 for the penthouse "Mayfair." All prices quoted are double occupancy unless otherwise noted and include Continental breakfast. The accommodations include four pension rooms that share baths and four rooms with private baths. No credit cards are accepted.

The Union Street Inn, 2229 Union Street, San Francisco 94123. Telephone: 415/346-0424. No children under 12. No pets. Rates from $64 for "Wildrose" to $95 for "New Yorker." Accommodations include five rooms with shared baths; the remaining have private baths. American Express and Master Card accepted.

Hermitage House, 2224 Sacramento Street, San Francisco 94115. Telephone: 415/921-5515. Not suitable for children or pets. Rates range from $40 per night for "Mocha Cream" and "Magic Forest" (single or double occupancy) to $70 for "Judge Slack's Study" or "The Game Room" with a private entrance. All rooms except "Mocha Cream" and "Magic Forest" have private baths. By the month, the rooms are $10 less per night. Master Card and Visa accepted.

The Queen Anne Hotel, 1590 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94109. Telephone: 415/441-2828 or 800/227-3970. Children accepted. No pets. Rates from $65 to $120 for single, $75 to $130 double and $180-$190 for suites. All rooms include a private bath. Master Card, Visa, American Express, and Diner's Club are accepted.

Washington Square Inn, 1660 Stockton Street, San Francisco 94133. Telephone: 415/981-4220. Children welcome; no pets. Rates from $45 single to $105 double. Ten rooms have private baths, one has a half-bath, four rooms have communal baths. They accept American Express, Master Card, and Visa.

The Nob Hill Inn, 1000 Pine Street, San Francisco 94109. Telephone: 415/673-6080. Not suitable for children or pets. Rates range from $55 for singles to $175 for doubles. All Nob Hill rooms have private baths including three rooms that have a detached private bath. They accept American Express, Visa, and Master Card.

The Gosby House Inn, 643 Lighthouse, Pacific Grove 93950. Telephone: 408/375-1287. No pets; no children under twelve; and no smoking in the inn. Rates from $41 to $60. Six rooms have running water with shared baths. No credit cards are accepted, bills are paid in advance seven days after making a reservation.

The Joshua Grindle Inn, 44800 Little Lake, P.O. Box 647, Mendocino 95460. Telephone: 707/937-4143. Unsuitable for children. No pets. Rates from $47 to $53 for single or double. All rooms include private baths. No credit cards are accepted.

The Old Milano Hotel, 38300 Highway One, Gualala 95445. Telephone: 707/884-3256. Open May through November. Hot tubs on the grounds. Fabulous views. No children or pets, and "we prefer that guests do not use tobacco in the inn." Rates from $50 to $110. The suite has the only private bath inside the hotel. The outside cottages also include private baths. Master Card and Visa are accepted. □

Strokes of Genius

Genius surfaces . . . on the wooden stage, the musical score, the ballet barre, the nib and the quill, the color smeared palette—and in the pages of HORIZON.

Pissarro, Camille. Born, 1830. Died, 1903. And in the seventy-three years between he experimented with oils in almost unknown styles and versatility. His revolutionary politics were misunderstood; his humble subjects (cabbages and factories) were mocked; but Pissarro has lived on in a mammoth museum exhibition. And in the May HORIZON.

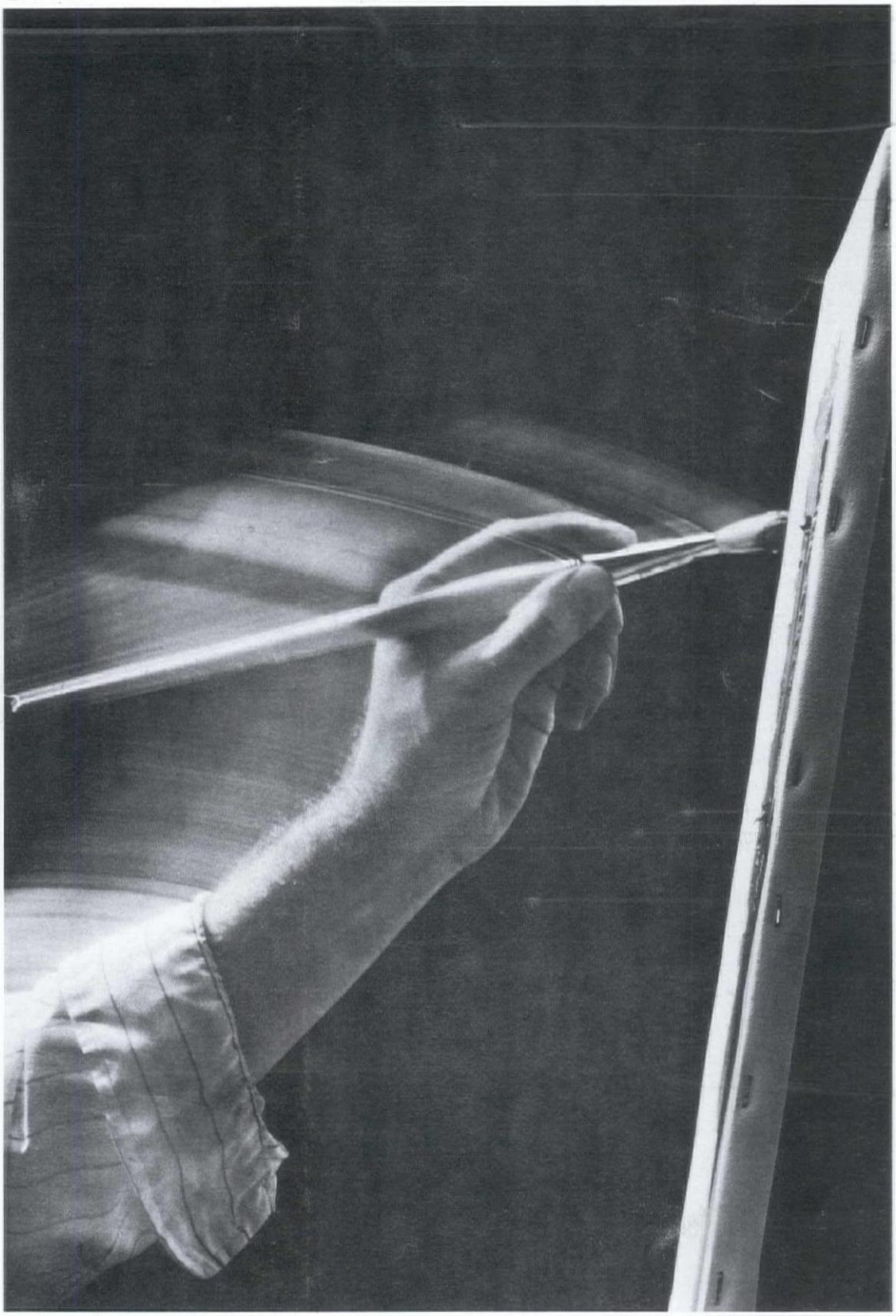
Fifty-seventh Street. The words mean Mecca to American artists and art dealers. The four blocks between New York's Park and Seventh Avenues are a flurry of lookers, buyers, and sellers, of de Kooning, Nevelson, Pollock. But you know that. You walked down Fifty-seventh street with HORIZON in April.

Coming up? From classic to avant-garde, Cassatt to Picasso, de Mille to Tharp, M*A*S*H to Old Masters, you'll be reading about it in HORIZON.

Fill out the card. Don't miss an issue.

HORIZON

Box 517 Birmingham, AL 35201



All photographs courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

Kandinsky's Codes

A new look at his seminal *Improvisations*, which weren't quite improvised. By E.A. Carmean, Jr.

An invisible Moses descends from the mountain and sees the dancing around the golden calf. But he brings to man fresh stores of wisdom. His voice, inaudible to the crowd, is first heard by the artist.

Wassily Kandinsky, 1912

Wassily Kandinsky has long been considered one of the masters of abstract painting, but recent art-historical studies have increasingly revealed how pictorially rich and thematically complex his works are. With this new perspective, more and more attention has been focused on his earliest mature paintings, those from his Munich period of 1909 to 1914, and especially the Improvisations. A show entitled "Kandinsky: The Improvisations" at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. (through August 2) is the first devoted solely to that aspect of Kandinsky's oeuvre.

While the Improvisations form only a small portion of Kandinsky's oeuvre, in the last thirty years they increasingly have been regarded as the artist's most important paintings and have been the subjects of numerous art-historical studies. They became a focus of attention in the 1950s when scholars began to ask the questions: Who painted the first abstract picture, and what was it? Kandinsky was considered a strong candidate for the position of first abstract artist, especially as the creator of the "spontaneous" Improvisations. Indeed, as early as 1913, the critic Roger Fry labeled two of these works abstract. However, investigations made over the last twenty-five years have demonstrated not only that these works contain identifiable imagery, but that this imagery is often biblical in character. It is now clear that in the Improvisations Kandinsky chose to veil or hide his pictorial themes, using the rich vocabulary of his painterly style.

Revisions have also taken place in the understanding of Kandinsky's creation of Improvisations. Just as art historians earlier thought the works abstract, they accepted Kandinsky's description of the Improvisations' creation as "spontaneous." Then in 1957, Gabriele Munter, who was Kandinsky's mistress during his Munich years, gave her collection of the artist's works to the Stadtische Galerie im Lenbachhaus in that city. This donation revealed that many Improvisations had been preceded by numerous studies, casting doubt upon the spontaneity of their execution. The exhibition describes the complex steps Kandinsky took in creating his lyrical pictorial language.

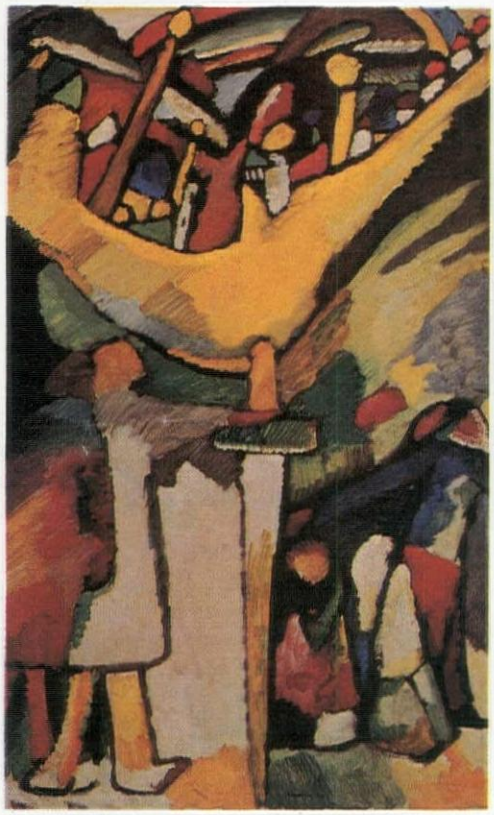
Kandinsky came late to his career as an artist. Born in Moscow in 1866, he was educated in the law. When he was thirty, Kandinsky declined a position as law professor and turned to painting. He moved to Munich, where he worked in the then popular art-nouveau style, often illustrating themes of medieval courtly life. By 1907, he had become aware of Henri Matisse's work and French fauve painting, and he started to adapt its brilliantly colored palette to his own art.

The first Improvisations emerged from this background. Kandinsky used vibrant, intense colors and scenes that are rather stiff in character, with figures walking or riding in procession before imposing architecture.

Kandinsky's studies for his Improvisations reveal that they were not as spontaneous as once believed. The study (above) for Improvisation 30, *gouache, brush, and India ink over black chalk, 20 7/8 x 20 5/8 inches, clearly outlines the themes of the completed work (opposite page) done in 1913, oil on canvas, 43 1/4 x 43 3/4 inches.*

E. A. Carmean, Jr., is the curator of twentieth-century art at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. He wrote the guide to "Kandinsky: The Improvisations" exhibition, from which this article is adapted.

"We are standing at the threshold of . . . the epoch of great spirituality."



Above left: Kandinsky's early work on scenes of medieval courtly life became an abstract image of knighthood in Improvisation 8, *1910, oil on canvas, 48½ x 30½ inches. Above right: Later works such as* Improvisation 23, *1911, oil on canvas, 43½ x 43½ inches, seem to draw on religious motifs.*

Opposite page: Saint John's imagery of bloody seas and ruined ships in Revelation is recalled in Improvisation 31 *(*Sea Battle*), 1913, oil on canvas, 55 3/8 x 47 1/8 inches. Above, the rectangular forms of toppling buildings suggest falling cities; below, elongated ghosts emerge from the rubble.*

Kandinsky is probably best known as the founder, with Franz Marc, of the Blaue Reiter (Blue Rider) movement. Actually, as Kandinsky later recalled, "There never really was a Blaue Reiter movement," rather the name came from a 1912 almanac of artists' works and writings. The two painters were very close during this period, and Marc's pantheistic views may have influenced Kandinsky's *Improvisations 12* and *14*.

Kandinsky and Marc also shared a belief in the imminence of the Apocalypse. "We are standing at the threshold of . . . the epoch of great spirituality," they wrote in *Der Blaue Reiter* almanac. To express this belief Kandinsky used Apocalyptic themes including those of the Resurrection and the Destruction.

The exact nature of the themes in some Improvisations is difficult to specify. *Improvisation 8*, for example, draws upon a world of legends and court scenes, but the standing knight and rainbow-crowned city are presented as abstract emblems, the lack of details removing this scene from a narrative context. Nevertheless the meaning of these emblems is still unknown.

The majority of Improvisations have religious themes, reflecting Kandinsky's own deeply held beliefs. However, in these works, Kandinsky often chose to hide the imagery, making it necessary to decode the motifs. He believed that by participating in this decoding process the viewer would gain a more profound understanding of the images and themes in these works.

In 1914 a London collector wrote Kandinsky to ask if a recent painting (now lost) referred to World War I. "No, not this war," the artist replied. Rather, he continued, the pictorial i age recorded "that a terrible struggle was g ing on in the spiritual sphere." The presence firing cannon in *Improvisations 28a* (HC160 and *30* provokes a similar inquiry. But aga these motifs have a different meaning. As t context of Kandinsky's statements and oth elements in each work indicates the cann symbolize the destruction of the Apocalyps

Another scene of destruction is present *Improvisation 31* (*Sea Battle*), the last of t lyrically painted later Improvisations. As wi the motifs from *Improvisations 5, 7, 10, 1 20, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28a,* and *30*, those here c be interpreted in a religious context. Tv boats, with tall masts and sails, face each oth in battle. Tossed about by huge waves, th fire across a body of water painted red orang recalling Saint John's imagery of destructio " . . . and the third part of the sea becan blood . . . and the third part of the ships we destroyed" (Revelation 8:8-9).

Improvisation 31 differs from the oth works in the series, whose compositions su gest traditional landscapes. Here a mo abstract design is used with the pictorial moti gathered in the triangular area at the cente Yet even this arrangement may be meant reflect the subject of the painting, since Ka dinsky considered the triangle an emblem spiritual life.

The repeated use of abstract signs in the In provisations is almost chantlike in characte This iteration may be related to Kandinsky theories concering the *Klange*, or inner sound of words. He wrote: "The apt use of word . . . its repetition, three times, or eve more frequently, . . . will not only tend to i tensify the internal structure but also bring ou unsuspected spiritual properties in the wor itself. . . ."

In the Improvisations Kandinsky's veile images set up a similar, visual *Klang* Recognizing these motifs would be a revelatio to the viewer not only of a particular image identity but also of its meaning. In this sens Kandinsky's Improvisations share more tha themes with Saint John's Revelation: bot were intended to convey God's disclosure o his will and the imminent approach of th Apocalypse. □

Suggested reading:

Long, Rose-Carol Washton, *Kandinsky: Th Development of an Abstract Style* (Oxford 1980).

When is bad-taste comedy fun?

In the realm of bad-taste comedy, the joke is part of a larger scheme of things. With the crudest double-entendre as with the subtlest wit, context makes the crucial difference—as is apparent in the very unequal success of two similarly lewd summer films: *History of the World Part I* and *Polyester*.

While both are descended from Aristophanes via Rabelais, Mel Brooks and John Waters have represented the polar extremes of bad-taste comedy in American film over the past decade. Before *Polyester,* which deservedly shows signs of becoming a mainstream hit, Waters' raw, low-budget films played the midnight movie circuit almost exclusively. Featuring the overweight transvestite Divine, *Pink Flamingos* and the slighty less abrasive *Female Troubles* appealed to a tough-skinned few and offended many. The offense was intentional: with roots in radical theater, and particularly, Theatre of the Ridiculous, Waters uses scatological humor to viscerally challenge the social and political foundations of American culture.

Former stand-up comic Mel Brooks, on the other hand, exploits the verbal and visual dirty joke to tease the American masses. In his best-known films, *The Producers, Blazing Saddles,* and *Young Frankenstein,* Brooks, like Waters, dwells on bad-taste appurtenances: enormous breasts, flatulent bellies, blubbery jowls. But where the radical underpinnings of Waters' works push them inexorably toward violence, Brooks' lighthearted ambivalence is expressed through irresolution as in the choice of ending in *Blazing Saddles* and the coming attractions which conclude *History of the World Part I.* On the one hand, man is a reprehensibly self-interested beast; on the other hand, as Brooks notes on several occasions in his latest film, "It's good ta be da king."

And as box-office king among American comic-film makers, Brooks has proven that one need not be inherently serious to be funny. His best moments are giddy incongruities: the "Springtime for Hitler" routine in *The Producers,* Peter Boyle's courtship of Madeline Kahn in *Young Frankenstein. High Anxiety,* the first film in which Brooks starred and directed, was curiously flat. But early reports on *History of the World Part I* were promising: Gregory Hines, Dom DeLuise, Sid Caesar, Madeline Kahn, and Paul Mazursky as well as Brooks himself had been cast; and the format would be a six-stretch romp through time.

© 1981 Brooksfilms Limited

© 1981 Brooksfilms Limited

Dom DeLuise (above) and Mel Brooks (right) appear in the Roman Empire sequence of Brooks' History of the World Part I.

Like all of Brooks' work, *History of the World* has its share of happy ideas: a stand-up philosopher telling fat jokes in "Caesar's Palace" in Rome; Brooks playing both Louis XVI and Louis XVI's "piss collector" in a parody of Chaplin's *The Great Dictator.* "The Spanish Inquisition" is choreographed like a Busby Berkeley musical, building to an outrageously bad-taste Esther Williams swimming finale. And yet, with this last, wickedly inventive sketch as an exception, *History of the World* is funny in concept and listless in execution. With no sustaining energy, the gags fall increasingly flat. Why?

The obvious explanation is that Brooks takes on too much arbitrarily selected material. But this sort of problem is not new with *History of the World.* While their scopes were less daunting, *The Producers* and *Blazing Saddles* were similarly distended and eclectic, and Brooks' plot and theme connections have always been tenuous. What held his work

ogether in the past was a sympathetic, off-eat hero, most successfully played by Gene Vilder, and a colorful supporting cast. But in *listory of the World,* as in *High Anxiety,* rooks relegates his celebrated players to bit oles and replaces the gifted Wilder with his iore problematical self. No longer content to rite and direct, Brooks is now determined to e "king" on the screen as well. If Woody llen can do it, why can't he?

Unfortunately, the answer is only too ob-ious. Where Woody's little, bespectacled self ntriguingly offsets Allen's convoluted humor, rooks' personal heavyhandedness grounds is most buoyant ideas. Best at his most leefully meanspirited—in "The Spanish In-uisition," for instance—Brooks brings an in-elicitous, almost grandfatherly, quality to the ourting scenes. And as Moses, Comicus (the toman stand-up philosopher), and Louis XVI, he's neither sufficiently convincing nor ompellingly outrageous.

Brooks would do well to limit his leading-man performances to real life. In the hands of the gently zany Wilder, *History of the World's* bawdy improbability might just have come off. As it is, one can only hope that Brooks has gotten the thespian "kingship" out of his system and will go back to playing minor roles and ruling the show.

The latter is precisely what John Waters does in this summer's most pleasant "bad taste" surprise, *Polyester.* Fanatical Waters fans may cavil at this more commercial vehicle's concessions to middle-class sensibility: Divine doesn't kill her enemies for instance; they are conveniently and inadvertently run over. But those with weak stomachs, no great taste for violence and, yes, middle-class sensibilities can laugh wholeheartedly at *Polyester's* ebullient damnation of the good life. Where *History of the World's* best gags lead nowhere, *Polyester's* most ludicrous gaffs (Divine sniffing her husband, for example) have a point.

Waters' "heroine" Divine is Francine Fishpaw, a Baltimore housewife desperately trying to cope with her straying porno-theater-owner husband Larue, her pregnant high-school daughter Lulu, and a shoe-fixated son named Dexter, who is ultimately identified as Baltimore's lethal "Foot Stomper." *Polyester* is a story of how the Fishpaws' lives change: how Dexter discovers art, Lulu macramé, Larue his secretary, and Francine—well, she goes on trying to cope. There's no subtlety to Waters' approach; anything Establishment is by definition foolish, but there's great wit to his evocation of characters. Francine's best friend, Cuddles (Edith Massey), for instance, is at once positively ludicrous and endearing. An almost toothless, retarded, erstwhile cleaning lady, she's inherited a former employer's fortune and is planning on "coming out" in middle age. In keeping with her new image, Cuddles hires a chauffeur, peruses the Social Register, longs to move to Connecticut, and admonishes the distraught Francine to "get out and have some fun." Beside the absurd sight of Cuddles in her tennis outfit, the idea of Brooks as Louis XVI seems perfectly logical.

Although Waters' story is almost as scattered as Brooks', *Polyester* has a strong antisuburban point of view, an increasingly compelling suburban heroine, and last but definitely not least, the very clever gimmick of Odorama to pull it together. Upon entering the theater, the viewer is handed a small card with pink circled "odors," and as Francine sniffs her way through the film, the audience is instructed to do the same. When a number appears on-screen, one scratches the appropriate spot, and is treated to whiffs of a rose and of deodorant as well as the "bad taste" aromas anticipated.

Where *History of the World's* main problem is its hero, *Polyester's* strength is Francine Fishpaw. And it's a tribute to both Waters and Divine that while the Francine we meet in the opening scene is a corpulent man in woman's underwear, by the end of the film "she" has become a compelling victim of social circumstance, and unquestionably a Baltimore housewife.

For all its social caricaturing, *Polyester* is never meanspirited or superior toward its audience. And Waters' strong, but undogmatic points and careful, eccentric casting pay off in a film that is spontaneously fun. In a prologue to *Polyester,* a German scientist explains the function of Odorama, noting: "The producers of this film believe that today's audiences are mature enough to realize that some things in life just plain stink." Because he roots this and other gags in a convincing context, Waters' bad taste is eminently palatable. —*Diane Jacobs*

Francine Fishpaw's (Divine) life is falling apart until she meets Todd Tomorrow (Tab Hunter), her Polyester *prince in a shining Corvette.*

© 1981 New Line Cinema Productions, Inc.

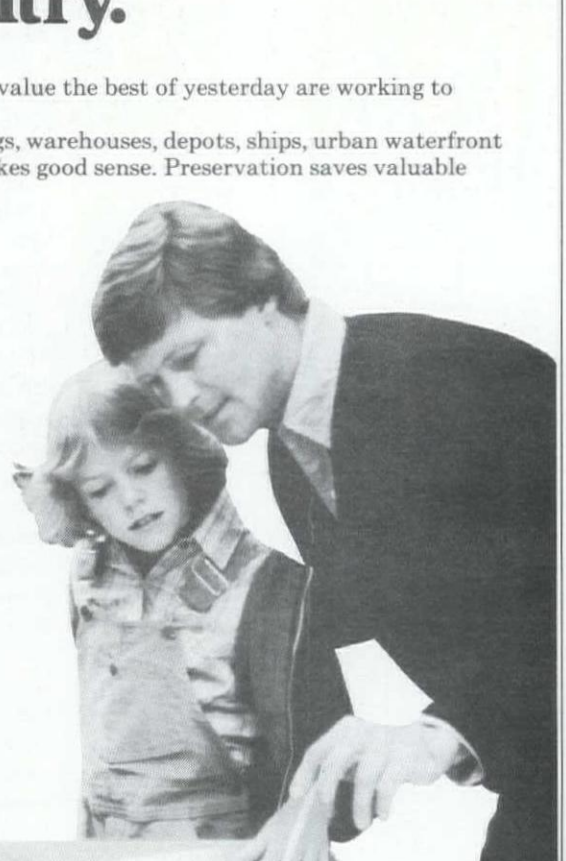
There's a lot worth saving in this country.

Today more Americans who value the best of yesterday are working to extend the life of a special legacy.

Saving and using old buildings, warehouses, depots, ships, urban waterfront areas, and even neighborhoods makes good sense. Preservation saves valuable energy and materials. We can also appreciate the artistry of these quality structures.

The National Trust for Historic Preservation is helping to keep our architectural heritage alive for us and for our children.

Help preserve what's worth saving in your community. Contact the National Trust, P.O. Box 2800, Washington, D.C. 20013.



National Trust for Historic Preservation
Preservation builds the nation

Letters

Camille Pissarro

April Kingsley, a member of the bourgeo New York art establishment, writing in yo very fine but decidedly bourgeois magazi (See "Camille Pissarro," May 1981, Horizon an article aimed at the bourgeois people wl patronize our art museums, tells us that th man, Camille Pissarro, son of the bourgeois who followed the bourgeois profession of a ist has not been taken seriously as an an bourgeois revolutionary.

I was raised in rural poverty and have spe my adult life working as a factory hand, a though people in my social class may be— may have been picturesque subjects for syr pathetic bourgeois painters—I resent th assumption that putting field hands and fa tories into pictures somehow makes for a authentic, "honest," art that is somehow co versant with the realities of life of my fello proletarians.

Art is an illusion. The more competent th illusionist, the more interesting the illusion ar Pissarro was a gifted illusionist. Was he a anarchist revolutionary? No. Having son vaguely anarchist, bohemian ideas about one lifestyle doesn't make an anarchist revol tionary any more than dabbling with paint on Sunday afternoon makes a painter. Was h art somehow more honest, more "real," mo "democratic," than that of the Academ because he dealt in genre images and impre sionistic landscapes rather than overt syn bolism or mythic images? Of course not, but is valid art, valid in its own right because it interesting, complex, and beautiful, no because it is authentic, antibourgeois, o revolutionary.

Norman J. Olson
Saint Paul

April Kingsley Replies

I was simply writing about Pissarro as a historian and therefore looking at him as muc as possible from the point of view of the tim in which he painted. The remarks I quoted in dicate that impressionism and Pissarro wer perceived as having radical political con tent—they were seen as revolutionary and ant bourgeois at the time—which has nothing t do with how they are perceived today.

Personally, I am pleased that Pissarro was professional painter, not an ideologue; a wielde of paint brushes rather than a thrower of bomb