

HORIZON

September 1981 \$2.00

The Magazine of the Arts

Ultimate Bluesman
B. B. King

Pickens Extravaganza
Comes To Broadway

Sidney Lumet:
Movies By Teamwork

Lichtenstein
Getting Serious?

Fear of Playing

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Blues Guitarist
B.B. King

ALLAN GRAHAM

"Star Eyes," oil, gouache, stick pigment and sized paper on canvas, 7 x 6 feet.



GLORIA GRAHAM

"Zigzag Set" 1980, burnished, seaweed-fired clay, 44 x 9 and 43 x 9 inches.



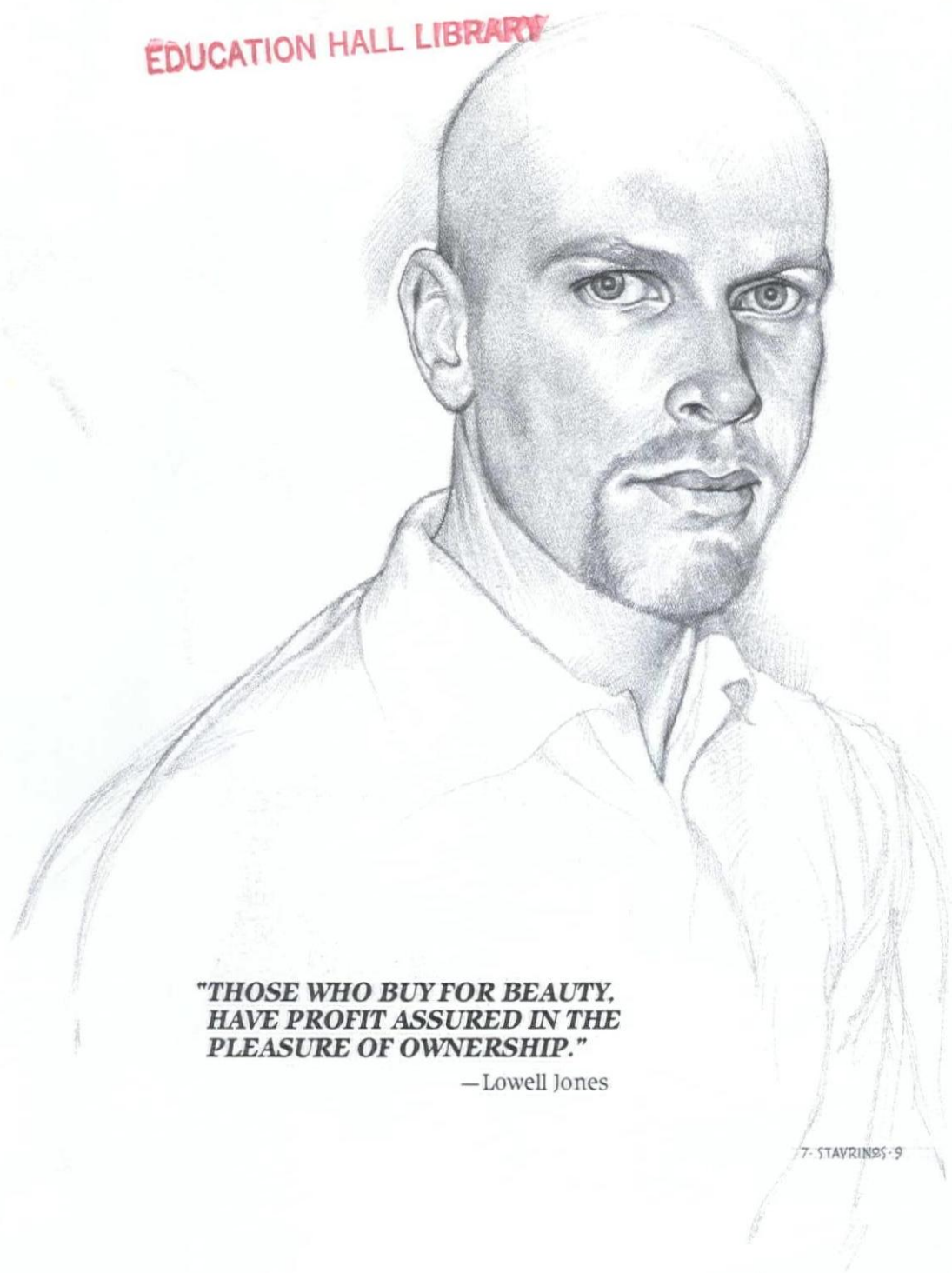
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Allan Houser and Dan Namingha



Right: Allan Houser, *Sounds of the Night*,
Bronze, ed. 10, 18" x 24" x 14½".

Below: Dan Namingha,
Eagle Dancer, Lithograph,
ed. 75, 26" x 40".



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HORIZON

Volume 24 Number 9 September 1981

Cover:
B.B. King live at
the New Orleans Jazz
Festival. Photograph
© Sydney Byrd / Gamma
Liaison

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Mastheadlines

We're celebrating HORIZON's twenty-fifth anniversary this year. And behind each of those milestones is a wonderful legacy of editors, writers, art directors, and readers of which you are an essential part. Continuing HORIZON's heritage, I'm particularly pleased to introduce new talent to these pages in every medium. The latest addition to our growing staff is senior editor Dave Fryxell.

Dave joined us this summer from Minneapolis-Saint Paul, where he was managing editor of TWA's in-flight magazine *Ambassador*. In four years at *Ambassador*, he explored the sci-fi boom in "The Fans That Ate Miami Beach," told a more traditional story with his first-person account of a visit to the Rolls-Royce headquarters in Crewe, England, and constructed a dossier on Popeye. Writing about everything from wineries to drama, television to chess champion Walter Browne, Fryxell established himself as a talented, versatile writer/editor with particular interest in the arts. He takes over from David Roberts, who will remain on staff as book-review editor, writing from his Cambridge, Massachusetts, home.

Along with the typical tasks of editing articles, talking to free-lance writers and carrying out story ideas for HORIZON, the all-important senior-editor post is a key slot for communication. Working with editor Gray Boone and staff, Dave will be polling advisors, contributing editors, and HORIZON's strong network of friends for news of events, trends, and issues. Each idea is carefully evaluated and about 10 percent are transformed into HORIZON features and Cross Country or TransWorld shorts. You are our best sources—as HORIZON editors take your comments and story suggestions into every editorial session. Give editorship a try, and let us hear from you about what you'd like to read in HORIZON. With Dave Fryxell behind the typewriter and on the telephone, he will help make those story wishes happen.

Kellee C Reinhart

He sometimes spins across the room to make a point about dance. Or gesticulates elegantly when talking about a talented new actor. Whatever the subject in a HORIZON editorial meeting, board-member Geoffrey Holder mesmerizes—and offers creative contributions to virtually every issue. Currently filming *Annie* and always involved with some headlining art endeavor, Geoffrey Holder achieved a different kind of acclaim this summer. He was named a 1981 Father of the Year. When we called to congratulate him and ask his secret, the answer was simple and eloquent: "If you have a beautiful father, you try to be a beautiful father."

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Cross Country



Mimmo Jodice, Naples

Art

Indubitably Italian

The Egyptians started it all. They were followed by the Greeks, Koreans, Japanese, Chinese, and Scandinavians. And American museums have cooperated with them all in mounting international blockbuster exhibitions, ever since King Tut opened the floodgates.

It is now the Italians' turn. A sumptuous exhibition of more than 200 paintings and decorative objects, "The Golden Age of

Self-Portrait by Francesco Solimena, 1729/1730, oil on canvas, 50 x 45 inches, from the Museo Nazionale di San Martino, part of "The Golden Age of Naples."

Naples: Art and Civilization under the Bourbons," had its American premiere at the Detroit Institute of Arts on August 11 where it remains until November 1. A second and final showing at the Art Institute of Chicago follows January 16 to March 15, 1982.

Originally scheduled to open in February 1981, the exhibition was delayed when earthquakes devastated much of Naples last fall. Although one hundred of the objects at the Museum of Capodimonte in Naples scheduled

for the show were spared, top priority went to disaster relief. In fact, the Detroit and Chicago museums are assisting with art and architectural restoration efforts.

The paintings, sculpture, drawings, porcelains, furniture, tapestries, silver, jewelry, and other works were created under the reign of Naples' first king, Charles Bourbon, who ruled from 1734 to 1759, and his son Ferdinand, who ruled from 1759 to 1825. The works are the products of a unique civilization wherein the baroque, rococo, and neoclassical coexisted peacefully although somewhat flamboyantly. Several of the most important decorative pieces, lent from the spectacular Treasury of the Cathedral of San Gennaro, have never been out of Naples before. The most exciting of these is the ten-foot silver candelabrum, one of a pair executed by Filippo del Giudice after models by Bartolomeo Granucci.

The American tour is sponsored by the Bank of Naples, and supported by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts and by a federal indemnity from the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities.

The Phillips Away From Home

In the world of art museums, it doesn't pay to be shy and retiring. When asked why the Phillips Collection of Washington, D.C., had chosen the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco for the inaugural showing of its first major traveling exhibition, Director Laughlin Phillips replied, "Because nobody else ever asked us."

Two years ago, Ian McKibbin White, director of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco, boldly suggested that it was time for a larger audience to share the glories of the Phillips Collection. It was exactly the right moment for the suggestion. Laughlin Phillips, son of the founder, was at the point of launching a \$5-million fund raising drive for the collection. He saw this as an excellent way of acquainting a wider public with the collection that previously has been on view only in the Phillips' old home in Washington, D.C. (Individual paintings have been loaned.)

So he, White, and Thomas P. Lee, curator of paintings at the Fine Arts Museums, selected seventy-five masterworks, ranging from El Greco to Mark Rothko, to form "the most important exhibition of impressionist and modern paintings ever to tour North America."

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



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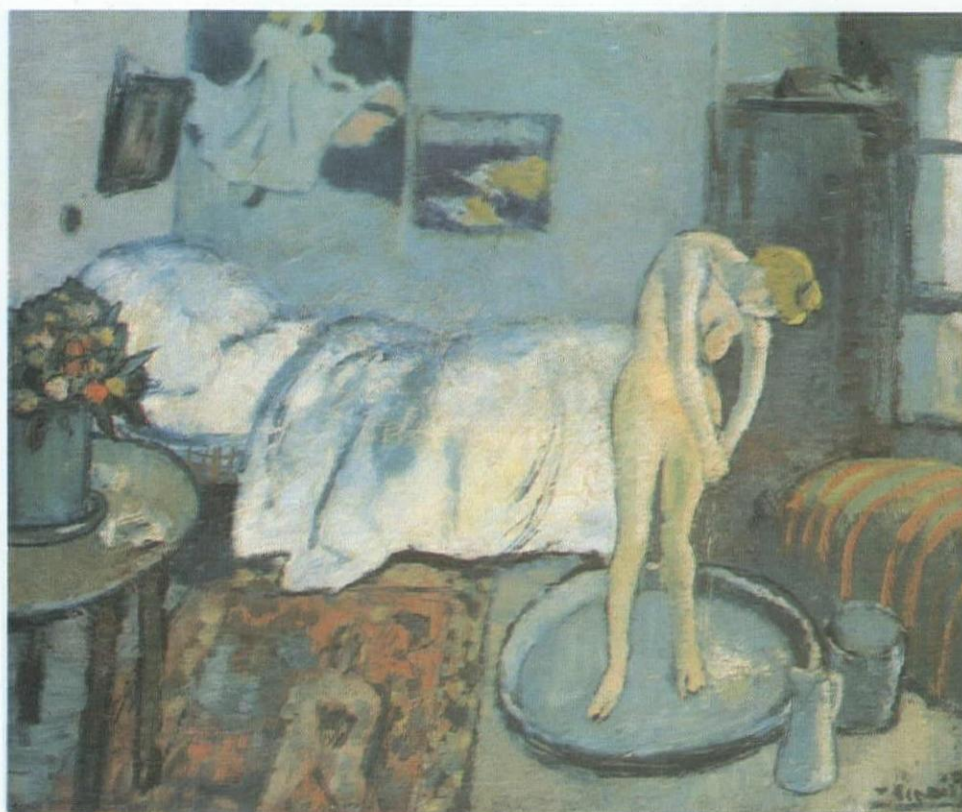
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Cross Country



The show, titled "Impressionism and the Modern Vision: Master Paintings from the Phillips Collection, Washington, D.C.," opened in San Francisco July 4 to large and enthusiastic crowds.

No professional art advisor ever told founder Duncan Phillips what to buy. He made all his own decisions, consulting only his wife, painter Marjorie Acker.

The first paintings Phillips acquired were the works of such American impressionists as Twachtman and Weir. From there it was a natural step to the French impressionists, and backward to old masters whom Phillips considered the inspiration for many modern artists—El Greco, Chardin, Goya, Constable, Daumier, Corot. He looked ahead to abstract artists who inherited the impressionist legacy, such as Motherwell, Pollock, and Nicholson. He was responsible for the discovery and encouragement of young artists like Arthur Dove and John Marin.

It's inevitable that the largest crowds will collect in front of Renoir's *The Luncheon of the Boating Party*. Considered Renoir's finest work, *Boating Party* is a celebration of light, color, composition, and the triumphant solving of every technical problem.

Picasso's The Blue Room, 1901, oil on canvas, 19 7/8 x 24 inches, from the Phillips Collection's impressionist show at the Palace of the Legion of Honor.

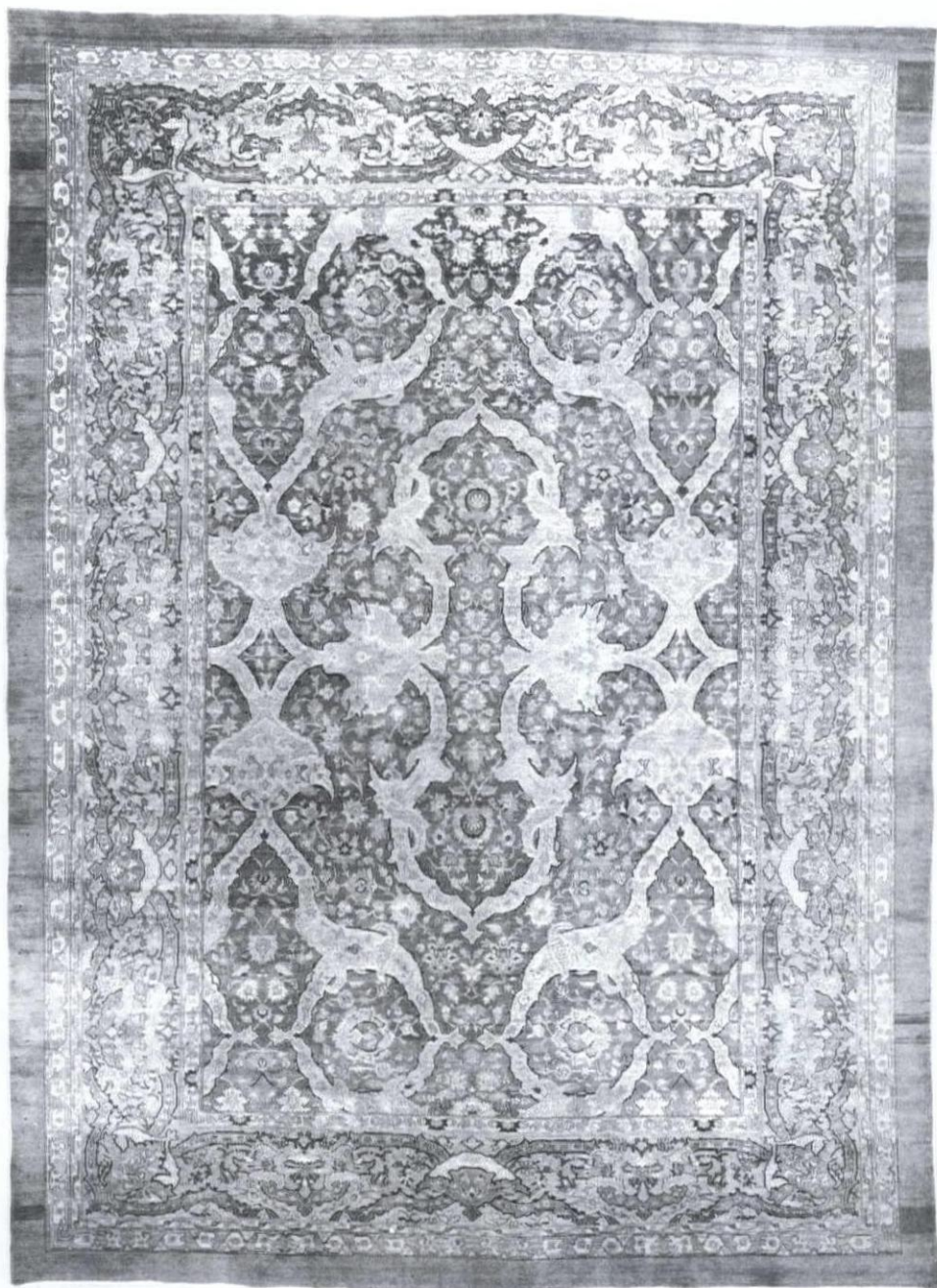
"Impressionism and the Modern Vision" is on close at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco November 1. On November 22 it opens at the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts where it will remain through February 16, 1982, after which it travels to the Minneapolis Institute of Arts from March 14 through May 30, and finally to the High Museum of Art in Atlanta, from June 24 through September 1. The traveling exhibition is funded by a grant from BATUS, Inc., with extra support during its San Francisco stay from Mrs. Paul I. Warburg and the museum society.

—Joy DeWeese-Weir

A Matter of Taste

For reasons that will become apparent, the first annual "Eat Your Art Out" exhibition is not something we can recommend you visit. Bay Area artists and food people created the food sculptures as a benefit for the University of California-Berkeley Art Museum's acquisition fund.

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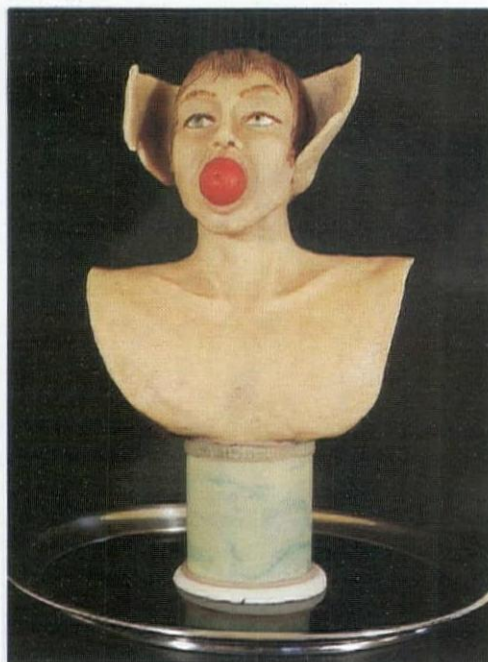


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Cross Country



The tasty The Man from Marzipan by Vida Pavesich, a work in marzipan, fudge, and bittersweet and white chocolate promptly consumed by art lovers.

tion fund. The event was the inspiration of Bonnie Grossman, an avid food sculptor herself, chairman of the museum council, and owner of the Ames Gallery in Berkeley.

Specifications for entries were minimal. The sculptures had to be edible and provide at least fifty taste samples each; nonedible materials were permitted as long as food was the basic ingredient. Seventy-two pieces of cuisine art were exhibited, including a thirty-foot clothesline with cookies, a truffle pig in clover, a racetrack cake, a floor mosaic of McDonald's hamburger boxes filled with Big Macs, a marzipan bust, a cactus head with sausages forming the buds and shoestring potatoes for the thorns, and a steaming Mount Saint Helens sculpture.

Last Days of Vienna was voted "Most Popular" by attendees: a tea party of white chocolate cups filled with chocolate on a light-and-dark-chocolate-checkered tablecloth. "Best Fantasy" went to *Homage to My Parents*, a plastic box lined on the bottom with sacramental wafers, topped with Cheerios, raisins, and candied violets. A ceramic musical figure holding the keys decorated the top of the closed and locked box. "Most Colorful" was *We Quit Thinking about It and Dipped*

Our Panties in It, a tiled bathroom floor cigarette butts, stockings, underpants, and all dipped in rich chocolate. *Christo Phallu Fine Art*—a paté wrapped and tied dough—won "Most Appropriately Title "Tastiest" went to *Maquette for a Proper Medal of Art*, a medallion of pie crust filled with ground meat. On top was a chicken for plucking to symbolize the artist, an apple to symbolize the critic, a tapeworm for dealer, a dull knife for the eternal spirit, two coins as the object of desire. A "Special Judges' Award" went to an untitled sculpture of a big bread door with spun-sugar window panes opening onto a field of wheat grass where a Kool-Aid laser beam poured into egg filled with rising dough.

Immediately following the viewing and judging, the crowd consumed the artworks.

—Melanie A

Architecture

Boston Piece of Pei

If you've been to Washington's National Gallery lately, you've probably seen the smudge. Located at chest level on the soffit fin that flanks the entrance to architect I

A curved skylight runs the length of I. M. Pei's new West Wing for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



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Pei's East Building, the dark stain on the gray stone testifies to the thousands of visitors whose instinctive response to the edifice is to walk up and touch it.

Passersby are not likely, however, to fondle Pei's new West Wing of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, which opened in late July. Its unprepossessing exterior mutes its modernism, disguising the potentially chimerical union of the wing with Guy Lowell's stately 1909 museum. But the splendid interior, which turns the wing into a cathedral of natural light, is quite as startling as that of Pei's Washington gallery, while a good deal more comfortable and inviting.

Not so long ago Pei's name was mud in Boston, when the windows in his towering John Hancock Building kept falling out. The blame for that disaster remains to be fixed conclusively, but a skyscraper that threatened to be an unusable, dangerous monstrosity is now generally acclaimed for its glassy and graceful

place in the downtown Boston skyline.

Responses to Pei's new West Wing have so far been uniformly favorable. The Museum of Fine Arts regards Pei's addition as the institution's most important event of the century. The West Wing's inaugural exhibition, "The Great Bronze Age of China," will be on view through September 27. The exhibition was made possible by grants from the Coca-Cola Company, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and the Robert Wood Johnson, Jr. Charitable Trust. In its last stop of a five-city United States tour, the China show has never been more handsomely exhibited.

—David Roberts

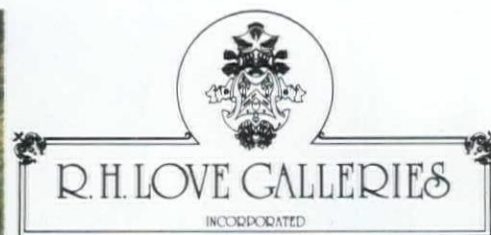
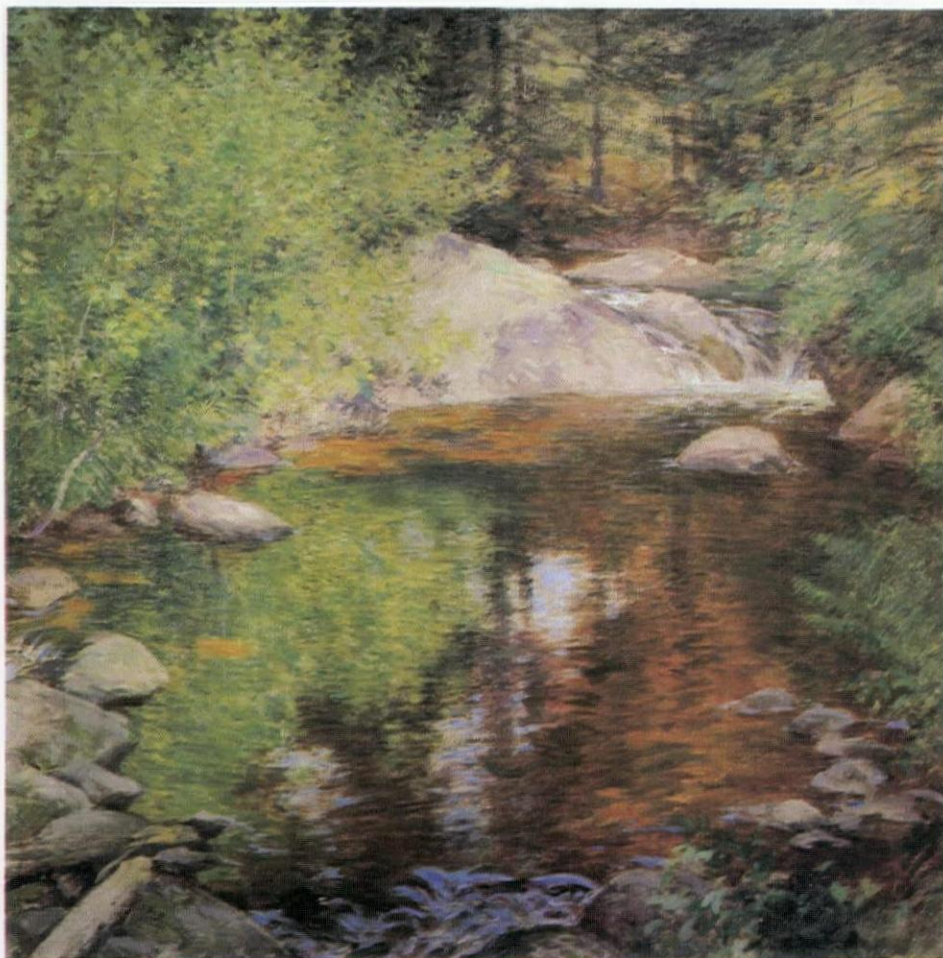
The Personification of Palladio

He started as a mason specializing in monuments and decorative sculptures; his name was then Andrea di Pietro della Gondola. He became Palladio, the greatest architect of sixteenth-century northern Italy and

one of the most influential figures in all Western architecture. The most American buildings, the White House, Mount Vernon and Monticello, are all Palladian.

Palladio died 400 years ago, but his fluence persists in columned bank building pedimented homes, and classical facades. Commemorating the anniversary of his death, "The Drawings of Andrea Palladio" is organized by the International Exhibition Foundation and funded by grants from F.I.S.p.A./Turin, Italy, and the National Endowment for the Arts. It is a major exhibition containing more than 130 drawings and scheduled for a yearlong, six-city tour.

"Drawings" was at the National Gallery of Art in July and the Art Institute of Chicago in August. From September 15 through October 30, it will be at the Ackland Art Museum, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, then at the San Antonio Museum of Art from November 15 to December 31. In 1982, it



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oil on canvas: 36 x 36 inches
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Cross Country

Fogg Art Museum at Harvard will host it from January 15 to February 28, followed by the Brooks Memorial Art Gallery in Memphis, March 15 through April 30.

Dance

Tharp Turns Talking Heads

First it was the music of the Beach Boys, then that of John Simon and Bruce Springsteen. Now choreographer Twyla Tharp has chosen to set her works to the music of David Byrne, lead singer/composer for the new wave rock group, Talking Heads.

"I heard David's Talking Heads recordings and someone told me he had seen my company perform in Los Angeles," Tharp says of her choice. "I discovered that he lived in New York not far from my studio, so I contacted him and offered him a commission to create a

score for a full-length company piece."

The piece, as yet untitled, is a blend of abstract, mime, and character dance set against elaborate sets by Santo Loquasto and lighting by Jennifer Tipton. "Amongst other things, it is about the horrible family," Tharp explains. "While most of the dancing and all of the music are evolving alongside each other, David and I describe the style as modern and ancient."

The work will receive its world premiere during the Twyla Tharp Dancers season at the Winter Garden in New York, September 22-October 17. The company will also present the New York premieres of *Short Stories*, which was first performed this year in Los Angeles; *Uncle Edgar*, premiered earlier this year in Elmira, New York; and *Assorted Quartets*, which was given its first performance last year at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center Summer Festival.

Following the New York season, the Twyla

Tharp Dancers will perform November 12 and 13 at the University of Florida in Gainesville; November 16 and 17 at the Kentucky Center for the Performing Arts in Louisville; November 19-21 at The Fox in Atlanta; and December 3-5 in the Auditorium Theater in Denver.

For more information about the New York season call 212/966-2590. —Judith A. Jedlicka

Noh Show

Ancient theater and dance forms of Japan, with their exaggerated painted faces and brightly colored costumes have a timeless, universal appeal. These historical Japanese performing arts will be highlighted during a four-night festival of concerts beginning September 15 at the Asia Society's Lila Acheson Wallace Auditorium in New York. The performances conclude a national tour by the Classical Performing Arts Friendship Mis-

Ben Shahn



Love Sonnet: I Cry Your Mercy
Gouache on paper, 7¾ x 12¾ inches
Verso: John Keats' Love Sonnet, hand lettered

Voices and Visions

September 18 – October 31

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Gallery of 21st Century El Centro Mall, 87501, (505)983-2002. September: One woman show featuring C.J. Wells (photo catalog available upon request). For additional information contact Steve Fox at the gallery.

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Cross Country

sion of Japan, cosponsored by the Asia Society and the College of Fine Arts, University of California, Los Angeles.

On the evenings of September 15 and 16, a twenty-three-member troupe of Japan's top performers will present *Nihon Buyo*, Kabuki dance, and *Nagato*, both popular music and dance forms dating from the seventeenth century. Performances on September 18 feature *Noh*, the Japanese classical theater, and *Kyogen*, short comic interludes.

The festival is part of the Asia Society's "Celebration of Asia" marking the inauguration season of its new theater, which opened in April. Their performances also conclude a six-week program of cultural seminars and conferences on the Japanese classical performing arts for students and scholars from both here and abroad, which began in August at UCLA. The Friendship Mission tour, which has also appeared in Los Angeles and Washington, D.C., is supported by grants from the Japanese Business Association of Southern California and the Commemorative Association for the Japan World Exposition (1970). Ticket information is available by writing to Asia Society box office, 725 Park Avenue, New York or calling 212/288-6400.

The classic Japanese arts of Noh, Nihon Buyo, Nagato, and Kyogen will be performed at the Asia Society in New York as a part of a Friendship Mission Tour.



Cross Country



Kurt Adler, General Director of the San Francisco Opera, appreciatively described by his successor as "a benevolent despot."

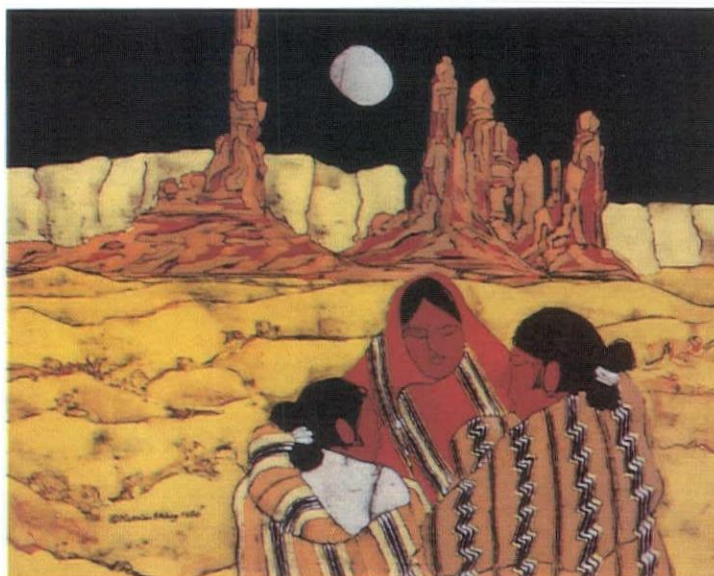
Music

Adler's Finale

A change in leadership is always traumatic, but less so in a democracy—where it may occur every four years or so—than in an autocracy: the San Francisco Opera, for instance. The opera has had only two general directors in its fifty-eight-year history—Gaetano Merola, its founder, and, since 1953, Kurt Herbert Adler. The season beginning this month will be the last for Adler, seventy-six, who says he plans to do some reading and resume conducting. Adler's hand-picked successor is Terry McEwen, fifty-two, chief of London Records; although the recording company specializes in opera, McEwen has never worked for an opera company.

Adler, who joined the company in 1953 as chorus master, is going out with a bang. As he built up the opera over the years, Adler brought many new productions and performers to the U.S.; several who made their American debuts in San Francisco—Stuart Burrows, Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysane, Leontyne Price—return for Adler's finale year. Anson Austin will make his American debut in Franz Lehár's *The Merry Widow*.

The fall season—a record seventy performances of eleven operas—includes two other firsts for the company, Rossini's *Semiramide*



"Moonlight Gossip"

Batik

Katalin Ehling

Santa Fe Exhibition: October 9-31



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Cross Country



(which opens the schedule September 11) and Massenet's *Le Cid*. New productions are scheduled of Verdi's *Aida* (with Luciano Pavarotti singing Radames for the first time in his career) and Bizet's *Carmen* (Adler's last production, closing December 13). Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* will be performed on the American stage for the first time in forty-five years. Adler's farewell season also includes: Massenet's *Manon*, Berg's *Wozzeck*, Donizetti's *Lucia de Lammermoor*, Wagner's *Die Walküre* and Verdi's *Il Trovatore*.

National Public Radio (NPR) will continue its Peabody Award-winning broadcasts of the San Francisco Opera, beginning with three productions from the summer season: *Die Meistersinger*, *Rigoletto*, and *Lear*. The weekly broadcasts begin September 12; check local listings for exact times. Nine performances from the fall season will follow, beginning October 3.

Mass Reunion

When the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., celebrates its tenth anniversary this month, its Opera House will reprise the work that opened the center: Leonard Bernstein's *Mass*. Bernstein's work is a vibrant "theater piece" that combines elements of the traditional Latin Mass, rock music, and modern dance. *Mass* not only launched the Kennedy Center in 1971, it also ignited the careers of its performers. Both

Leonard Bernstein, whose *Mass* both opened the Kennedy Center and marks its tenth anniversary celebration.

dancer Judith Jamison and lyric baritone Alvin Titus have since become major stars.

In the past ten years, the best opera companies in the world have graced the stage of the Kennedy Center: Berlin, Bolshoi, La Scala, Paris, and Vienna. Balletomanes have seen the Royal Danish, Stuttgart, and Bolshoi companies. Of course, the Metropolitan and New York City opera companies and George Balanchine's New York City Ballet and the American Ballet Theatre have been regular visitors. Perhaps most important of all, the Kennedy Center has given the Washington Opera and National Symphony Orchestra (NSO) a stage to match their aspirations.

In September, Soviet cellist Mstislav Rostropovich begins his fifth season as the NSO's music director with an ambitious repertoire, including works commissioned for the orchestra from William Walton and Jacoby Druckman. The Eisenhower Theatre scheduled to start its season with Claudette Colbert in a three-week run of a new comedy thriller, *A Talent for Murder*. Then it will host Tom Courtenay in *The Dresser*, winner of London's "Best Actor" and "Best Play" last season. Later in the fall John Mauceri opens the Washington Opera with *La Bohème*.

—Peter J. Ognibene

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Trans World



Canada

Hurtubise Expresses Himself

Van Gogh left evangelism; Gauguin grew impatient with stockbrokering and fled to Tahiti. The art world is loaded with renegades from other professions. Jacques Hurtubise (pronounced URCH-uh-bees) taped canvases to the refrigerator as a teenager, painted everything in sight, and changed his mind about taking over the family grocery store. Instead he enrolled at Montreal's École des Beaux Arts in 1956, and has since built a reputation as one of Canada's leading modern expressionist painters. The Vancouver Art Gallery, in cooperation with Hurtubise and borrowing many of the artist's own canvases—never before exhibited—has organized an

Top: One of Canada's leading "action" painters, Jacques Hurtubise working on Tapocalips—a large acrylic-and-charcoal painting. Right: Tangara, 1978, acrylic-and-charcoal on canvas, 61 x 81 inches.



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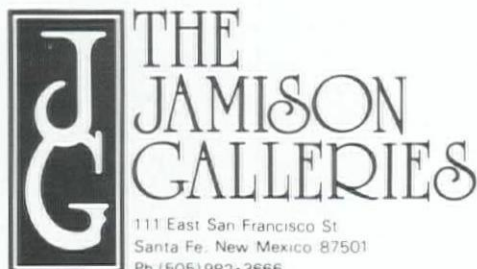
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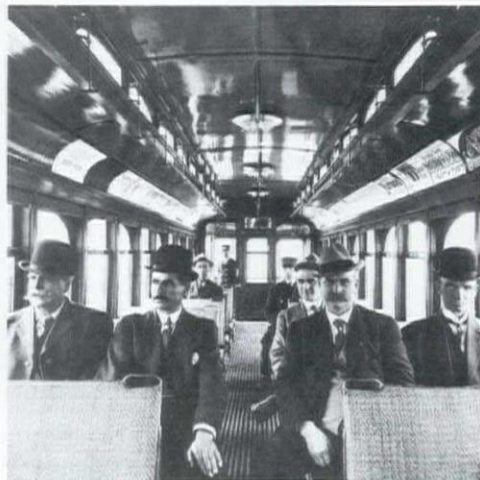
exhibition of sixty-nine works from the past two decades. The show is traveling to the Musée d'Art Contemporain in Montreal this month, where it will open September 24 and remain on exhibit through November 8.

Hurtubise paintings resemble circa-1960s Jimi Hendrix LP covers, with flames of color and electric contrasts. His work remains, I says, basically unaffected by artists around him: "I wanted to become a man that could make paintings that are himself and nothing else. It will go on and on, but I feel that now, the point I'm at now, I can say this is my show, this is Jacques Hurtubise."

A Desire Named Streetcar

The year was 1909. Women in cotton law blouses with lace jabots cinched into wide belts, ankle-length skirts brushing lace-up shoes, grabbed the arms of men in derby hats, shredded-wheat mustaches, and vested suits with watch fobs, to scramble aboard the newly opened trolley-car system in Calgary, Alberta. The same scene was taking place in countless other cities across Canada and the United States, as city politicians heralded and installed the lines for a modern, streamlined form of transportation. Within fifty years, streetcars had gone the way of the passenger pigeon, the saber-toothed tiger, and the dodo bird. Buses were the coming thing: buses that could pass one another, were not restricted to predetermined routes, and used the same lanes as

Calgary's first streetcar, photographed with its founders at its 1909 christening. The recent streetcar revival has inspired a unique exhibition at the Glenbow Museum.



automobiles that, by then, were common.

The Glenbow Museum of Calgary, which in the past has staged such unusual exhibitions as primitive mothers' parkas and a pile of pennies (called, fittingly, "1,000,000 Pennies"), has organized a nostalgic showing called "Fast, Frequent and Safe: The Calgary Municipal Railway 1909-1950." Including such trolley-car memorabilia as uniforms, tokens, the greaseman's switch bar, an air-brake pressure gauge, and a streetcar air whistle, the display of artifacts is supplemented with a collection of photographs, illustrations, and cartoons that transports visitors back to a day when urban life was a bit slower and, at least in retrospect, more colorful.

Appropriately or ironically enough, "Fast, Frequent and Safe" coincides with the opening in Calgary of a new trolley-car system—or Light Rail Transit, its contemporary equivalent. "Fast, Frequent and Safe" remains open through September 27.

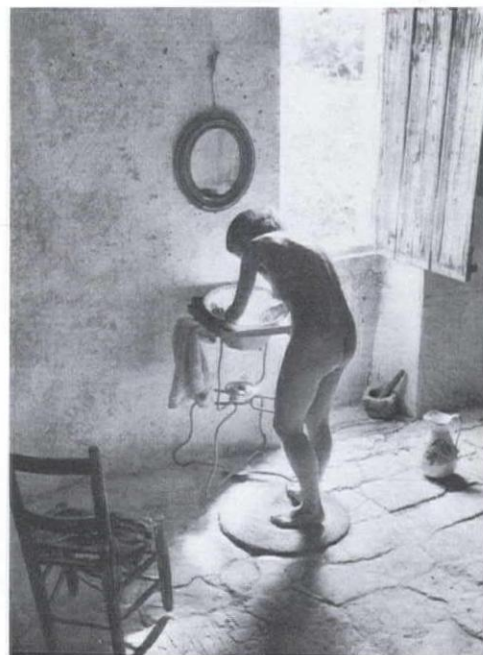
France

Paris Meets Paris

The last and most ambitious of four international retrospectives at the Georges Pompidou Center in Paris is "Paris-Paris: Creations in France, 1937-1957." Like its predecessors—"Paris-New York," "Paris-Berlin" and "Paris-Moscow"—the current exhibition communicates the spirit of a culture and an age through a multimedia presentation whose effect is telescopic: one feels as if twenty years happen in a single afternoon.

Sprawling over the Pompidou Center's vast fifth-floor gallery, "Paris-Paris" takes up forty rooms, each devoted to an artistic or

Willy Ronis' Nude in Provence, 1949, is among many works on display during "Paris-Paris" at Beaubourg through November 2.



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historical theme: surrealism, Picasso, the Nazi occupation, daily life in the fifties. The variety and amplitude of its paintings, posters, films, books, etchings, photographs, manuscripts, and sculptures amount to a cultural immersion bath, and represent another innovative triumph for a museum whose reason for being is to restore to Paris the primacy in contemporary art it relinquished to New York after MOMA opened in 1929.

Among the exhibition's paintings are such canonized works as Matisse's *Blue Nude* (1952) and *The Sword-Swallower* (1947), Picasso's *L'Aubade* (1942), Antonin Artaud's *Self-Portrait* (1946), and Kandinsky's *Reciprocal Agreement* (1942). One room is devoted entirely to Alberto Giacometti's sculptures. Abstract art has five rooms, literature has three, and sacred art has one.

The most powerfully affecting artifacts are those relating to the occupation. They are rarely shown in France and draw more absorbed

attention than anything else on display. There is something guilty about every one of them—from the poster urging Frenchmen to work in Germany for the glory of the Third Reich to the film showing well-dressed Parisians struggling to maintain their dignity as they are ferried around the empty streets of the city on chauffeur-driven bicycles.

"Paris-Paris" closes November 2.

—Thomas Noland

Spain

Score Juan for Culture

When Juan March Ordinas died in 1962, he left behind one of Spain's largest fortunes. Ordinas owned banks, factories, newspapers, ships, and tobacco fields, and was prime financier behind Franco's 1936 seizure of power. He also left one of Europe's finest art foundations.

The Juan March Foundation, located in a spectacular six-story building surrounded by lawns and sculptures in a fashionable district of Madrid, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary last year. Its track record is remarkable for a country not popularly considered a cultural mecca: for twenty-five years the foundation has offered 5,000 grants, sponsored hundreds of concerts, expositions and seminars, published almost 200 books, and served as the center of Spanish artistic activity.

On a trip to the foundation on any given day you may visit the main exhibit on the ground floor, go downstairs to hear a lecture or concert in either of two halls, or wander up to the second-floor library and flip through any of 100,000 books, theses, magazines, and journals.

General Director Jose Luis Yuste says he and his fifty-member staff are aiming for a university-educated and professional audience. "Popular consciousness about culture is connected to the standard of living in a society,"

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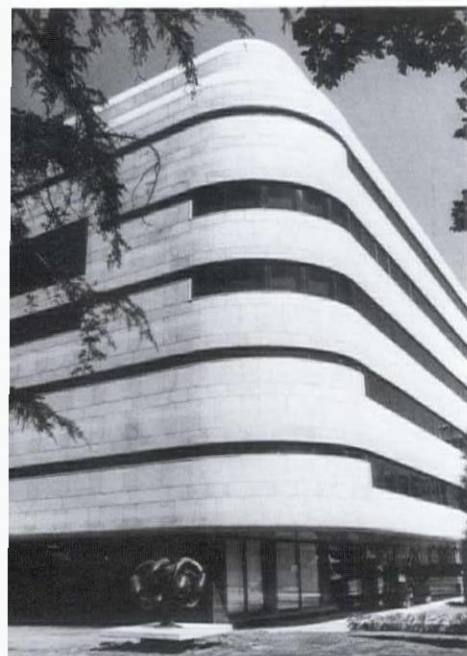
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Trans World



The Juan March Foundation, housed in this 8-story Madrid edifice, is currently enjoying both public and curatorial success.

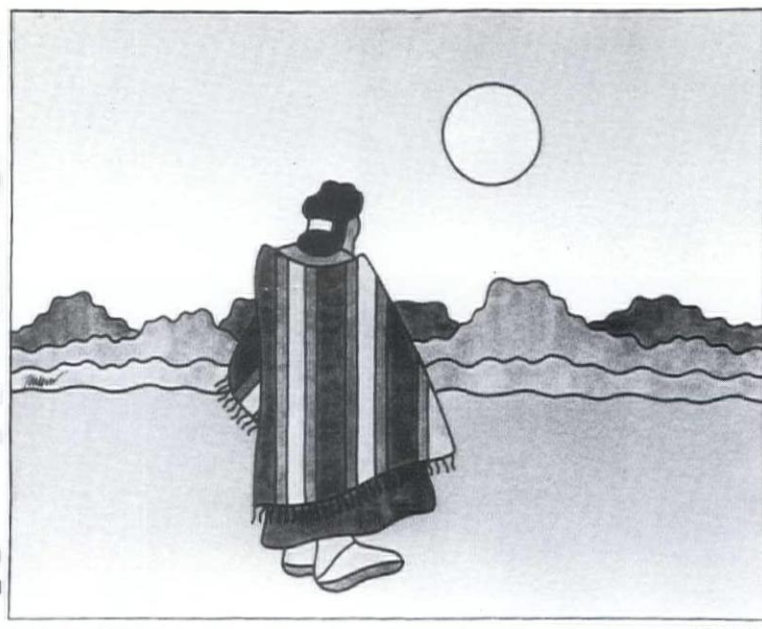
explains. "The cultural life in Spain has been very discontinuous owing to its turbulent history over the past two centuries, but cultural creation has always existed here." The problem, according to Yuste, has been lack of artistic promotion, and the foundation is changing that.

Yuste is justly proud of public response to most exhibitions. One of this year's twenty-eight art shows, a Matisse exhibition, had the largest attendance of any Juan March show thus far—150,000 visitors. Yuste predicted great success, but even more rewarding has been the high attendance for smaller exhibits. A collection of Goya engravings, for example, is currently touring the country and having tremendous and unexpected success in the provinces. With the donation this year by the artist Fernando Zobel of the entire Cuenca Museum of Spanish Abstract Art—one of the finest collections in the country—the foundation will be even better equipped to share the nation's art with the Spanish people.

The Juan March Foundation is open seven days a week; admission is free. This month the Goya engravings continue their journey through Spain in Galicia, and several Cuenca acquisitions will be exhibited in Madrid.

—Ruth McKay

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China

Après Mao, La Deluge

Seventy paintings and a dance troupe join U.S. diplomatic corps to China this month as part of the 1979 Agreement signed by both governments in the wake of the 1966 Cultural Revolution. Supplied by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and organized by Theodore Stebbens, curator of American paintings at the museum, the art collection spans 250 years and includes such top American painters as William Aiken Walker, James Whistler, Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, Edward Hopper, and Jackson Pollock. The Boston Museum collection, scheduled for display in Peking at

James Peale's A Porcelain Bowl with Fruit, 1830, 16½ x 22½ inches, oil on canvas, is one American painting touring China.



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AN AMERICAN PLACE

Shanghai, marks the first showing of American paintings in China since the 1979 Agreement unlocked the doors for artistic and diplomatic exchange.

For those Chinese preferring performing arts, the Jerome Robbins Chamber Dance Company will plié through thirteen performances in three weeks across the People's Republic. Scheduled visits from the company include the Tiangiao Theater in Peking, the City Hall Municipal Auditorium in Peking, and Canton, where the Americans will conduct a workshop with the Guangzhou Folk Dance Company.

Both tours are sponsored by U.S. International Communication Agency, the administrative arm that maneuvered the 1979 Agreement. The Chinese Ministry of Culture continues its involvement in the two nations' cultural crash courses with a Chinese film festival scheduled to debut this fall in Washington, D.C., New York City, Los Angeles, Berkeley, and Chicago.

Ireland

An' Cafe Litteria

Nearly a century has passed since Yeats, Synge, and Lady Gregory inspired a Gaelic renaissance and major Irish writers struggled to harness the language's lively Celtic meter and master its quirky antiphonal harmonies. Now the Irish government is encouraging the dissemination of Gaelic literature—modern novels, histories, and travelogues, and a second flowering of old ballads, songs, and plays.

Gaelic is everywhere: on road signs, in newspapers, and most strikingly in the west, where it has been spoken for centuries by the people of County Kerry's green hills and doll-like fishing villages. In the two-story town of Dingle, a charming literary cafe is emblematic of the country's resolute plank-walk toward linguistic isolation—which, like so much of

Irish life, is at once absurd and appealing.

An' Cafe Litteria, on a hill overlooking the town, has a library-bookstore in front and six tables in a brightly lit cafe behind. The raison d'être of the place is its extensive collection of Gaelic grammars, spellers, dictionaries, literary works, and translations. The staff is English speaking, but the hand-lettered posters taped to the wall, the scroll-like "Literary Map of Ireland," even the cafe's thick wooden tables contribute to the feeling that what informs the workers' genial smiles is a perverse determination to ignore the modern world—a world that cannot read most of what is for sale in the shop, and doesn't care to.

Down the hill, five village children play tag. Can they speak Gaelic? "Oh yes. We take it in school." Laughing, they utter a few words: words that stretch back to a time long before there was English or England even—words that, in their ancient musical perversity, suit the Irish and no one else. —Thomas Noland □



RAMON KELLEY: *Market at San Miquell de Allende*, pastel, 16" x 20".

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Books

Hanging Offenses

Rogues in the Gallery: The Modern Plague of Art Thefts, by Hugh McLeave. Boston: David R. Godine, 1981. 288 pages, thirty-five black-and-white illustrations. \$14.95.

During the past twenty years, about one in every twenty works of art in existence has been stolen: in Italy alone, 12,000 objects each year. At \$100 million per annum—a figure that has doubled since 1970—art theft amounts to the world's second most lucrative crime, following drug smuggling. But the true loss is incalculable: only one in every eight or nine stolen art works will ever be recovered.

This alarming phenomenon involves a complex knot of issues. As thieves have become more sophisticated, their techniques have evolved. The old system of dumping stolen paintings on unscrupulous dealers or fences who in turn sold them (usually after an appropriate wait) to private collectors has given way to more fiendish extortions. Now thieves often threaten to destroy stolen masterpieces unless a ransom is paid. Other thieves simply grab, no questions asked, the reward money offered by the insurance companies whose only alternative is to pay the victimized museum or collector the full value of the stolen works.

Experts (and laws around the world) disagree on the very definition of art theft. If the wholesale removal of antiquities constitutes theft, then the Earl of Elgin and Heinrich Schliemann were two of history's greatest art thieves. In the early 1970s Thomas Hoving of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art got embroiled in a nasty controversy over a priceless vase it was suggested may have been pilfered from Etruscan ruins; top officials from Boston's Museum of Fine Arts were questioned about an acquisition in Italy of a hitherto unknown Raphael canvas.

In the face of the complexity of his subject, Hugh McLeave has opted for a narrative strategy designed to enliven a book full of murky dealings among half-identified miscreants. A former crime reporter, McLeave casts his chapters as a series of true-detective case studies. They open as formulaically as the



Vincenzo Perugia, former Louvre workman who made off with the Mona Lisa, is one of Hugh McLeave's Rogues in the Gallery.

most avid crime buff could wish: "Drizzling rain was falling when Madame Baptistine Roux arrived at the Colombe d'Or restaurant she owned in Saint-Paul-de-Vence at 1:30 A.M. on April 1, 1960. . . ."

The strategy has mixed results. The you-are-there tone camouflages the dreary sameness of the heists and bargainings. For every hero of art recovery, like the Italian detective Rodolfo Siviero, there are a score of faceless thugs, middlemen, and anguished art lovers. To the reader who grew up on Alec Guinness' perfect-crime comedies, *Rogues in the Gallery* offers the temptation to identify and sympathize with the "art-napper."

Kepton Bunton, for instance. A former taxi driver living on a \$19-a-week dole, he had become outraged upon reading in the papers in June 1961 that Goya's portrait of the Duke of Wellington was sold for \$336,000 as a patriotic deed to keep the painting in England. His peeve of the moment was that the government was taxing old people for TV watching. Although he had never heard of Wellington, he decided to kidnap the painting and ransom it in order to pay for TV licenses for senior citizens. An overweight man of sixty, Bunton hitchhiked to London, climbed into the National Gallery at night via a lavatory window, and made off with the Goya. Detectives soon deduced that it must have been an inside job pulled off by a team of professionals.

Over the next four years, in a series of ransom notes sent to authorities, Bunton demanded smaller and smaller sums for the return of the painting. The experts got so involved in their

theories of international conspiracies that they unwittingly starved Perugia out. In July 1965 he walked into Scotland Yard and turned himself in. During the time he had the painting in captivity, Bunton imagined that Wellington was staring at him "in cold contempt" and uttering such imprecations: "Thou low-born wretch, I'll break thee for this."

It makes a good story. But the romance of Bunton's crusade tends to obscure, in McLeave's telling, the stupid tragedy of master art theft. We need to make equal

vivid in the imagination (as McLeave does not) the hoods who deeply scratched a Rembrandt as they slid it through a broken window, or the Matisse left in tatters by a gang that bungled removal, or the bored oafs who used Modiglianis and Utrillos for target practice. We need the constant reminder afforded by Robert Adams' recent *The Lost Museum* of all the masterpieces we will never see again.

Just as McLeave has been seduced by the crime-story genre, so he all too casually resorts to stock dialogue that may or may not actually have been uttered. Did the British superintendent really say, "Blimey, it's bigger than the Great Train Robbery"? Did the skeptical construction worker who accidentally uncovered Sir Ronald Penrose's stolen Picassos and Braques really mutter to his mate, "We might get a few bob for the ones that are framed"?

The determination to tell a rattling good tale obscures the guts of McLeave's book. The biographer of Cézanne as well as a crime fighter, he is for the most part firmly in command of his subject. The final chapter, a brilliant analysis of what might be done to deter art theft, cries out for expansion. Yet its ironies are ineluctable, its prognosis necessarily gloomy. Collectors and curators might well become more vigilant; Interpol, Scotland Yard, and the New York Police Department might further beef up their art-theft squad; governments ought to make uniform their laws on import and export of art works. But the bottom line is that a civilization that considers a painting to be worth millions of dollars must face the inevitable chance that someone will steal it. In the Eastern Bloc countries, as McLeave points out, there are no art thieves. There is also no market, either legitimate or black, for art itself.

—David Robert

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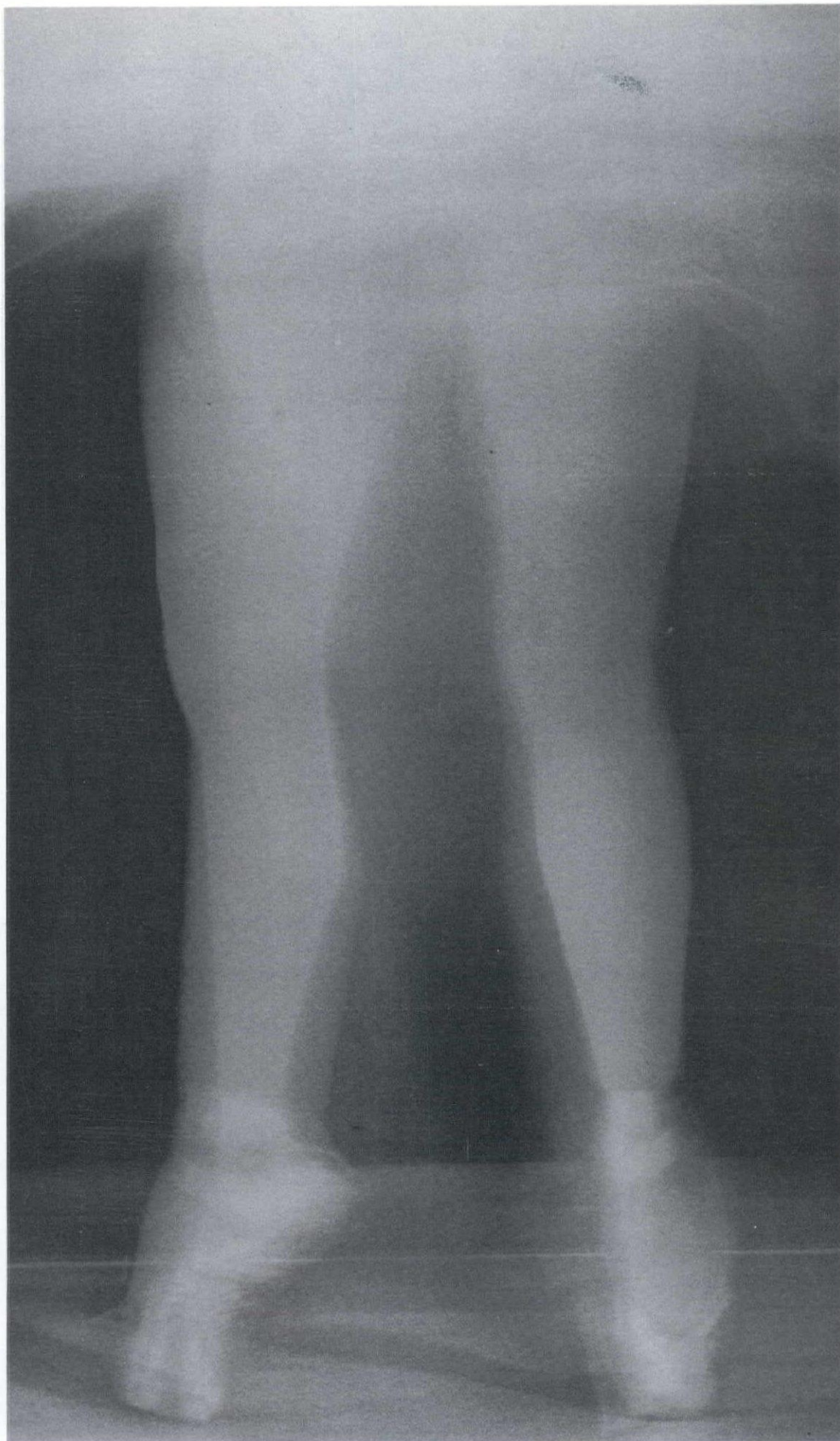
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B. B. King of

I don't think there is a better blues guitarist in the world than B. B. King.

—Eric Clapton, in an interview in *Rolling Stone*

By 1967, B. B. King was known to Afro-Americans as one of the very best blues men. He had had his first hit record in 1949, and he had toured continually since 1954, playing an unsurpassed 342 one-night stands in 1956; but by 1967, his name was scarcely familiar to white audiences. True, some whites had bought and treasured his records, and some at times even ventured into black neighborhoods to see him perform; but he had not yet played before an audience that was predominantly white. Perhaps because he had not diluted his blues with jazz or pop, he had never gone to Europe; he had never sung in a folk club; he had never been invited to a jazz festival. The places in which he played made up the "Chitlins Circuit, U.S.A."

Early in 1967, he received an invitation from a familiar San Francisco hall. "We used to play the Fillmore before Bill Graham bought it," he recalled recently. "I was booked out there by the agency. When I got there, I didn't know that it had changed. It used to be about 90 to 95 percent black. This time it seemed to be 98 percent white, so I thought maybe we had gone to the wrong place. I knew we were liked by some whites, but I didn't know that our popularity had reached the position where we could play an audience where we'd have mostly whites and go over. Bill carried me into the same old dressing room we used to go to, and I was very nervous—very, very nervous. I was kind of frightened, 'cause I was considering how I would go over, if people would like me this time.

"Bill Graham introduced me himself. He said, 'Now, ladies and gentlemen,' shortly, just like that, 'I bring you the chairman of the board, B. B. King.' That was the first time I heard that. And at that time, when everybody stood up, it was the first standing ovation I ever had in my life. And I cried, 'cause I'd never had it happen before. It was very touching to me. Everybody was honoring me so much I was hoping I really deserved it. It's a

feeling I can't describe to you. It's almost like going to another country where people don't understand what you are trying to say and maybe you might need to call for an emergency of some kind, and you can't make anybody understand. Well, I felt lost. It is kind of like looking at a baby that's crying, and you want to help it but you don't know how to."

That concert was such a success that King was booked into the Fillmore East, which he played in early March, 1968, and a month later at a private concert, in tandem with Janis Joplin, in Greenwich Village. A few days after the assassination of another King, Martin Luther, Jr., it was a performance to remember. A rounded, middle-age black, of average height, with a broad smile, advanced to the middle of the small stage. His hair was processed high on his head in a "conk" style that resembled a prosthetic crown. Behind him were five musicians: a drummer, an organist, a bassist, a trumpeter, and a saxophonist.

After making some now-forgotten remarks about a premature death, he took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and plucked a riff that

made his audience gasp in awe. No one there had ever heard before could play guitar like that, and no one has done so since. The notes were clear and crisply played, in a bouncing sequence; and they were played slower than most electric guitarists would, the fingers on King's left hand bending each note for its particular resonance. It was truly beautiful; it was sublime. After a few more runs, he began singing "Every Night I Got the Blues" in a voice that was neither sweet nor harsh. Its only distinction was that his lyrics were enunciated with unusual clarity—more clearly than most of the blues singers or even rock singers that he had already heard.

Since those career-turning concerts, B. B. King has played in colleges both white and black, in Central Park, in open-air festivals, Radio City Music Hall, at night clubs both fancy and plain, and on national television. He has traveled around the world and played even in Africa and Asia. The Moscow news service Tass, reported that over 100,000 people attended his concerts in a month-long tour of Russia early in 1979. In the past dozen years



Theo Westenberger/Gamma Liaison

The Blues

B.B. King has traveled the world over without ever leaving his home: the stage.
By Richard Kostelanetz

He has traveled beyond the Chitlins Circuit without, in certain respects, ever leaving it.

He was in Manhattan again, as the top act on a golden bill that also included Bobby Blue Bland and Muddy Waters, two friends and colleagues for over two decades. Even though tickets cost an average of ten dollars apiece, they sold out a large Manhattan theater for two shows on Friday night and then sold out Symphony Hall in Newark the following night—all 3,400 seats. He had enlarged his back-up group, so that it now had, in addition to the bassist and the keyboard man, a rhythm guitarist and six horn players, all led by a conductor-arranger whom King introduced as "Mister Owens, Mister Calvin Owens." It is now called the B. B. King Orchestra.

His audiences at these concerts consisted largely of middle-age blacks, elegantly attired, complemented by a few younger whites, informally dressed; and it was apparent that most of them had seen B. B. King perform before. He had only to pluck an opening riff before the audience cheered its recognition of the song to follow. He rocked from side to side as he played, his eyebrows arching high and his face going through grimaces and smiles as he executed spectacular crystalline runs; and then he pulled the guitar way down to his right hip while he sang into a microphone across his left shoulder.

On both evenings, near the end of his set, he promised a brand-new song, "one I just wrote. I'm sure most of you have never heard it before. I'm almost scared to try it." After an opening phrase on his guitar, the audience knew that he would again sing his masterpiece, "The Thrill Is Gone." Even in the wake of Bland and Waters, I sensed that everyone knew this man was still the King of the Blues.

We met in his Newark dressing room, just before his set. Unlike performers who prefer to keep to themselves before they go on stage, King was affable and relaxed. He wore gold-rimmed glasses, bifocals; since he takes them off only when he goes on stage (because they hide down his nose as he plays), most of his fans would recognize him on the street less by his face than by his left-hand ring of diamonds set into the letters "B. B." He spoke slowly

and somewhat formally, in great control of what he was saying, only his elongated vowels betraying his Mississippi origins.

King was born fifty-six years ago, on September 16, 1925, in the countryside between Itta Bena and Indianola, Mississippi, a few miles west of Greenwood—notorious Greenwood, right in the heart of the Mississippi Delta region. His mother left his father when he was four, taking her only child, then named Riley B. King, back to her own home town, Kilmichael, in the Mississippi hills east of Greenwood. When she died five years later, young King inherited her plantation hut and lived alone amidst an extended family. "I stayed there mostly because that was home to me, instead of living with a relative here, a relative there. Some of them I didn't like anyway. That's one thing about those little places. It's kind of like a little village, a little area where everybody knows everybody. Everybody else in the area was my mom and everybody my dad. You had guardians all around you. You couldn't play hooky from school, like the city kid does," he remembered, "because if you were supposed to go to school and you didn't go, it would get out that you didn't. Anybody could chastise you about it, anybody. You had no way out, really. Usually most of the people in the area knew you and liked you—white, black, and what-have-you."

It was here that he learned singing in the church and guitar from a minister uncle, and before long he was regularly performing in a gospel quartet. When school wasn't in session, he worked twelve hours a day in the fields, mostly walking farm implements behind a mule. "My education ended in the tenth grade. I didn't finish high school."

During World War II, farm workers were excused from military service if they stayed on the farms, and they were paid more than the \$5.15 a month that King had previously received as a hired hand. For the first time in his life, he had enough money to break the economic stranglehold that would otherwise have kept him on the plantation. He could afford to take public buses to the Mississippi cities—Jackson, Greenville, even Hattiesburg in the south

—where he played the blues on streetcorners, "making more money on a weekend than I could in a week." At the end of the war, he moved north to Memphis and lived for a while with a cousin, the blues-man Bukka White. (King's mother's mother and White's mother were sisters.) "There was a lot I had to learn when I moved to the city. I'm still learning."

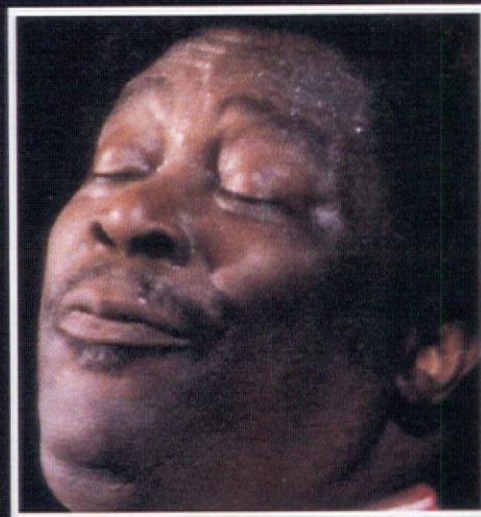
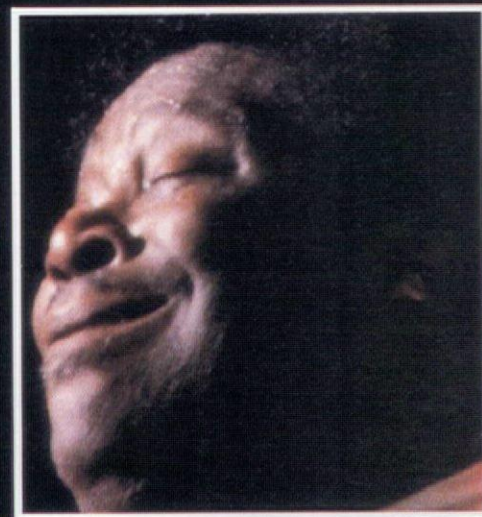
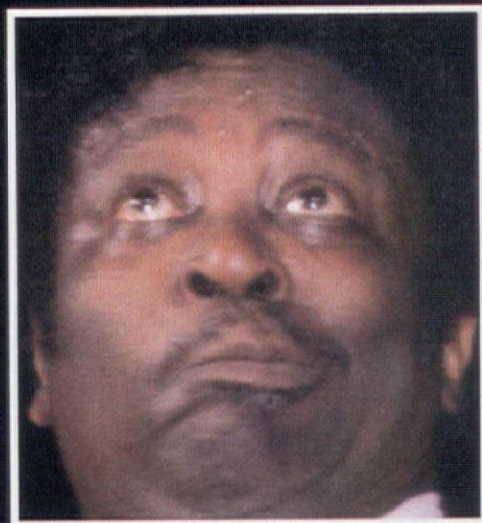
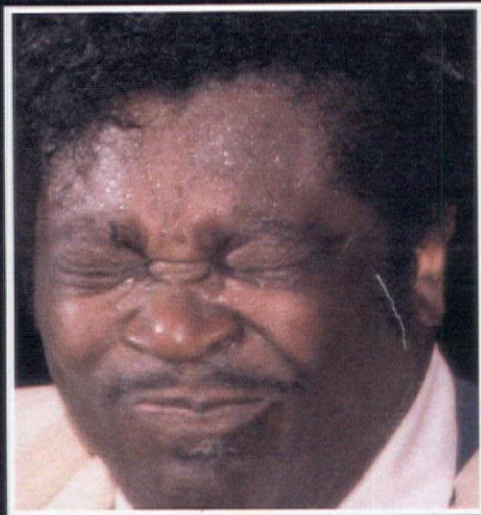
His first professional break was a ten-minute daily program on a local radio station. He played the blues and wrote jingles advertising Peptikon Tonic. This show was so popular that it was expanded to fifteen minutes and moved to lunch time, and King was given an additional hour-long disc-jockey program, which had yet a second hour on Saturday. He also formed a trio that included on piano a young man named Johnny Alexander, Jr., who was later known as Johnny Ace. Their first hit was "Three O'clock Blues" (1949). Before long, Riley King was known as Blues Boy King, or B. B. for short and just plain B to his friends.

Meanwhile, he was beginning to tour outside of Memphis, taping his radio program in advance of his absence; by 1954, he decided to make touring his principal activity. "I noticed that my popularity and income would be better if I started moving about. I'd been to New York by then, and a lot of the major cities, and I came over pretty well." In his book, *Urban Blues* (1966), Charles Keil reprints an itinerary for late November, 1962, that includes, on eight successive nights: "Rhythm Club, Baton Rouge, LA; Stardust Club, Longview, TX; High School, West Helena, ARK; Fairgrounds Night Club, Muskogee, OK; Stevens, Jackson, MI; Club Handy, Memphis, TN; Madison Night Spot, Bessemer, ALA; Club Ebony, Indianola, MI." Every day King and the band drove, and every night they played the blues.

Opposite page left and overleaf: These are just some of the many faces of B. B. King. Some crowds want to hear the old hits while others want "something that's happening." King has learned to please them all. Overleaf: Photograph by Sydney Byrd/Gamma Liaison. Inset Photographs by Theo Westenberger/Gamma Liaison



"I'm supposed to be
the guy who goes
out there to make the
audience feel good."





"Each audience is kind of like a lady. They have a right to change their mind."

Even now, he is still performing at least three hundred nights a year. A full sixteen weeks of each year are spent in extended residencies in Nevada hotels, and this is one of the reasons why King moved his permanent residence from 10 West Sixty-sixth Street, off Central Park in Manhattan, to Las Vegas six years ago. However, if you ask him where his home is, he'll point to the floor of his dressing room and say, "Here." Behind him were stacks of unanswered letters; beside him was a bag with his composing notebook and a portable tape recorder. The night after the performance would be spent in a chartered bus journeying from Newark to Buffalo.

King's music is the blues, which is not gospel and not jazz. Essentially the blues is songs,

B. B. King knows how to handle an audience. After performing 300 days a year for 30 years before 15,000 audiences, it's as natural to him as singing.

customarily composed in a twelve-bar unit whose lyrics fall into four-bar lines. The first line is often repeated, and the third line generally completes a rhyme. The lyrics of the blues are generally about disappointment (and thus about feeling blue), and the subject and symbolism of a blues song are usually sexual. The melody runs through a harmonic chord progression that typically goes from tonic to subdominant to dominant to subdominant and back to tonic (e.g., I, IV, V, IV, I). Most blues singers accompany themselves on the guitar or

iano, usually with the help of a back-up and. Within this comparatively strict form the blues singer creates his own variations.

With this definition in mind, we can see that the blues differs from gospel, which is songs in praise of the Lord; and blues differs as well from jazz, which is an expressionistic, freely formed, mostly instrumental music. The blues also differs from work songs, which are meant to sustain body rhythm, and from pop songs whose sentiments are contrary to the blues. The grandfathers of the blues were solo singers, both known and unknown, including, among the best, Robert Johnson and Blind Lemon Jefferson; their most familiar descendants were the British rock groups of the early and middle sixties—the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Cream, and the Bluesbreakers. In fact many of these pioneer rockers learned their instruments from listening to the records of B. B. King.

King himself is self-taught. Had he actually been drafted into World War II, he would have qualified for the postwar GI bill and thus could have gone to music school at government expense. That he did not go to music school is more of a regret to him than one might think; for, before any discussion of art turns technical, he will tell you that the principal tragedy of his professional life is that he does not have a musical education. "Wouldn't it be a sad thing," he said, while looking at the floor, "if a person could speak but could not write down what he'd want to say and pass it on to someone else?" To compensate, King took correspondence courses. However, he still does not consider himself sufficiently adept. He says that he can hear a printed score in his head "slowly, but I read, I've been reading, trying to, since the late fifties, but I cannot write down what I want, the way I want. That is sad, very, very sad. Any person who doesn't get educated to the point that he can write down what he wants to say is sad. In any case, musically, it's awful, it's terrible."

King has literally devoted his adult life to performing, and there is no other subject he would rather talk about. Sooner than boast of his competence as a singer or a guitarist, he will tell you, "I'm supposed to be the entertainer—the guy who goes out there to make the audience feel good, to make them enjoy what I have to present. I think I know my job pretty well. You get out, and you work hard as you can. You try to play as many tunes as you can with as much care in doing it as possible. You

can't satisfy all the people. You know you're not going to; you know that everybody isn't going to like it. Some people want you just to get up there and sing and play. Others want you to move.

"Let's say we'll split the audience into four groups. One group wants to hear only the old songs, all the hits you've made; but you've made albums that had tunes on them that weren't hits. Another group wants to hear those hits, too, but they're open-minded and want to hear what else you have. Then you've got another group that comes to hear somebody else that is along with you, another act in the show, and they want to hear things that are moving. And you want to keep them too. Then you have another group that doesn't want to hear any of the older stuff you've done. They want to hear something that's happening. All right. You're thinking about the whole audience. When people come out to hear you with someone else, I fix my program so I'll have something that will make them remember B. B. King. I can make friends. That is what I think of when I'm on stage—an entertainer trying to make friends. And I think I've done pretty good through the years."

Even as he sings King listens to his audience, partly to hear which songs go over best. He is prepared to change his program in midconcert to win its allegiance. "I'm concerned about them. Those are the people that caused me to be on the stage, and they can take you off the stage. It's kind of like in any business. Are you listening to them, pro or con? Each audience is kind of like, excuse the word, a lady. They have a right to change their mind, and they do. You have to be alert enough to tell that if you're not going very well in this direction, change it, abruptly. There are times when you imagine you have long rubber arms and can envelop the audience and make them move, or not move, with you." When King talks about live performing, he speaks with the authority of someone who has performed three hundred days a year, often with two or three shows a day, for thirty years—for at least 15,000 audiences.

Even though he has also been making records for over thirty years—a few dozen albums and scores of singles—King has yet to make a disc as superlative as his live performances. Records can capture his guitar playing, which remains inimitable, so that anyone turning on the radio, say, can usually tell after a few plucked notes that the guitar they hear is his. However, some of the awe is lost when you

cannot see the expressions on his face and the agility of his fingers; some of the communication is lost when the audience doesn't respond with you. King has not yet learned to compensate, as, say, the Beatles did, by exploiting the radical possibilities of recording technology. Most of his recordings are unedited transcriptions of his live performances. The best of these is probably a disc he made fifteen years ago, before the B. B. boom—*Live at the Regal* (the Regal is a Chicago blues palace).

How has he managed to accomplish so much in fifty-six years? In *Listen to the Blues* (1973), Bruce Cook observes, "As booze [is] to bluesmen, so heroin is to the jazzmen, so amphetamines to country and westerners," and in blues songs there are far more references to alcohol than to any other drugs. But King eschews all stimulants, not on religious grounds but for practical reasons: "If you spin around many times you can't stand straight. I know that, because I've been drunk. I'm not trying to be a preacher or a priest. After the show a man can do what he wants to do in his own room. I can see a man drinking because drinking is socially acceptable. I'm not against guys smoking grass, if I don't see them. I don't think smoking grass is any worse than smoking cigarettes, but it's not socially acceptable. But on stage, no drinking, no smoking, no drugs, no pills, no booze, no nothing else. I'll fire a man if I catch him using them."

Charles Keil quotes one Chicago disc jockey in the midsixties introducing him as "the president of the Amalgamated Blues Association, Incorporated!" while another referred to King as "the boss hoss—like Sea Biscuit, he never lost a race!" By the time Bill Graham introduced him to white audiences, he was known to be the living master of an acknowledged tradition. As an artist, he has been less of an inventor than a perfectionist, less of a mixer of musics than an extender, who has brought a particular style to its unsurpassed culmination. He is the blues singer who has no egregious faults, other than the absence of them (which some think betrays the funky origins of the blues). B. B. King is not a Stravinsky or a Charles Ives—a volatile, fecund innovator—but a daily-working, prolific master, like Johann Sebastian Bach. Indeed, he is the Bach of the Blues. □

Richard Kostelanetz is the author of Master Minds; he's currently working on a sequel, The Genius of Genius.



The Lumet Network

You can't make films by committee. But don't tell director Sidney Lumet or his latest collaborator, screenwriter Jay Presson Allen. By Dan Yakir

The title of Sidney Lumet's latest film, *Prince of the City*, applies to a New York narcotics detective played by Treat Williams. But it could as easily refer to Lumet himself, who has spent much of his twenty-five-year film career celebrating the wit, grit, and guts of New York. In films such as *Serpico*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, *The Pawnbroker*, and *Network*, he's used the city not so much as backdrop but as a member of the cast. Lumet's refusal to "go Hollywood"—physically or cinematically—is reflected in his themes, which often center on the struggle of an individual against an impersonal corporate mentality not unlike that which Lumet sees in Hollywood itself.

"I probably wouldn't have been able to do my pictures in Hollywood," says Lumet, fifty-seven, who will have two new pictures this year—*Prince of the City*, which opens nationally in October, and *Deathtrap*, a Christmas release starring Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve. "Over there, they still suffer enormously from departmentalization, which could become too cumbersome. I don't like anyone who hasn't worked on the movie to see the rushes, and I'm not interested in the opinions of anybody not working on the movie. The second reason I haven't gone there is historical: some of the best talent that ever worked in movies went to Hollywood, but nobody got better. I don't think I'm going to be stronger than Orson Welles or Billy Wilder, so why take that on?"

Lumet is the first to admit that the freedom he enjoys away from Hollywood stems primarily from the box-office success of his movies in the midseventies. Ever since, he has maintained artistic control, particularly the power of "final cut."

In spite of his box-office prominence, Lumet has sometimes failed to garner critical kudos: his talent, some claimed, was "interpretative" rather than "personal." He was

not, those critics accused, an *auteur*. Lumet, his eyes glittering behind dark-framed glasses, sneers at the term: "Film for me is a performing, communal art form, and not the work of a single individual." He acknowledges his dependence on the cast and crew no less than on unpredictable factors—even the weather. "I think the magic is in the *community* of it."

The director's loyalty to a community of talented professionals has brought about frequent repeat collaborations: with cinematographer Oswald Morris on *The Hill*, *Equus*, and *The Wiz*; editor Dede Allen on *Serpico*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, and *The Wiz*; screenwriter Frank Pierson on *The Anderson Tapes* and *Dog Day Afternoon*; composer Quincy Jones on *The Anderson Tapes*, *The Deadly Affair*, and *The Last of the Mobile Hot Shots*; producer Burt Harris on most of Lumet's films from 1965 on; and production-designer Tony Walton on *The Seagull*, *Murder on the Orient Express*, *Equus*, and *The Wiz* as well as on Lumet's most recent pictures, *Just Tell Me What You Want*, *Prince of the City*, and *Deathtrap*—all of which had scripts by Jay Presson Allen.

Allen, who also served as coproducer on the three films, is emerging as Lumet's major partner. The director says, "The joy of working together more than once is that once you really know and respect each other, you can talk in shorthand. You get much more out of your time together."

"We work at the same speed," Allen observes. "He's a speed demon—the first person I've ever met whom I have to jog to keep up with. He's a great technician—he knows what it's about, and if he doesn't, unlike other big-time directors, he still wishes to learn." Allen says she shares Lumet's belief in the merits of collaboration—"I don't see how you can ask someone to direct a screenplay unless, in some way, he makes it his own"—primarily as a result of their work together.

"Sidney creates a set of working conditions that is fun for everybody around him," Allen adds. "He doesn't have anybody who isn't good at his job, so you always feel safe. He's

Sidney Lumet and Jay Presson Allen, who are working together on two new films, *Prince of the City* and *Deathtrap*, premiering this season.

Photograph by Louis Goldman; all other photographs by Barbara Walz/SGMA



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community
of it."

totally professional and has a very good sense of humor. He likes to laugh. Humor is a part of me—that's the way I view things. Some people cry; I laugh. But I don't think we have had collaboration in humor; it's been more one of professionalism."

The collaboration began after she had sent him the script of *Just Tell Me What You Want*, based on her novel of the same name. Allen thought her story of Max Herschel (Alan King), a fast-talking, vulgar millionaire, and his protégé (Ali MacGraw), an ambitious TV producer, would fare well in Lumet's hands "because I thought he wouldn't be censorious of Max—nor puritanical." Although the movie was a commercial failure, a successful team was formed.

At first, the contrasts are the most striking thing about the pair: Lumet, the street-smart city kid, born in Philadelphia, grew up in New York; Allen, the girl from Texas who says of the movies, "They made me aware that somewhere there was a greener environment than the one I was in."

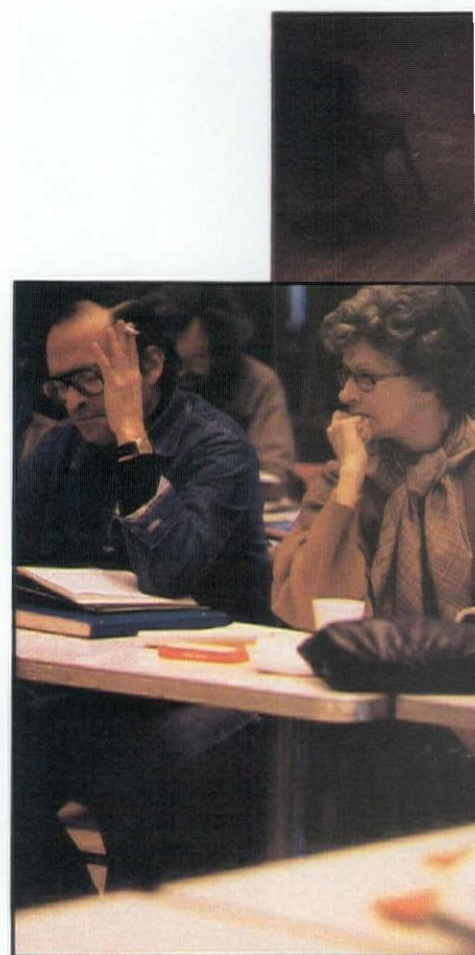
More slowly, the similarities come out. Both aspired to be actors. As a boy, Lumet played on the New York Yiddish stage where his father, Baruch Lumet, wrote, directed, produced, and acted. He made his Broadway debut at age eleven as one of the original Dead End Kids in Sidney Kingsley's *Dead End*, and his sole screen appearance in the film version of *One Third of a Nation*, alongside Sylvia Sydney. Lumet abandoned performing because, he says, he didn't want to keep on revealing himself to hundreds of strangers every night. "I wanted to do it through others," he once explained. "If I reveal a character on the screen, I am necessarily also revealing myself." In 1947, he founded one of the first off-Broadway theatrical groups, where his work as a director brought him a job offer three years later. He started as an assistant director on "live" New York-based television dramas and, within a year, was directing his own shows for such leading series as "You Are There," "Danger," "The Alcoa Hour," and "The Goodyear Playhouse." His output was impressive: 250 shows in ten years. Like Arthur Penn, John Frankenheimer, and Robert Mulligan, he soon made the transition to theatrical motion pictures with *Twelve Angry Men* (1957), starring Henry Fonda. It earned him an Academy Award nomination and a Directors Guild Award. *Deathtrap* is his twenty-eighth feature film.

Allen left Texas for New York, where she still lives today, to become an actress: "I thought I'd be Ginger Rogers and wear feathers, but it took me twenty-five minutes to find out that it wasn't like in the movies." Like Lumet, she contributed to the golden age of television in the fifties, for "The Philco Playhouse." That teleplay was followed by her first movie script, *Marnie* (1964), directed by Alfred Hitchcock. "Hitch taught me how to write screenplays, and I just couldn't learn fast enough," she recalls. Her play and screenplay for *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* were highly successful, the latter garnering her an Oscar. Allen's scripts for George Cukor's *Travels with My Aunt*, Bob Fosse's *Cabaret*, and Herbert Ross' *Funny Lady* solidified her movie reputation. She created the television series, "Family." In 1975 she wrote her first novel, *Just Tell Me What You Want*.

Switching from one medium to another "gives me a feeling of independence, of not being trapped in any one of them," says Allen—who, like Lumet, doesn't discuss her career in auteurist terms. Indeed, *Prince of the City*, based on the book by Robert Daley, and *Deathtrap*, from Ira Levin's comedy/thriller (the longest-running play in Broadway history), couldn't be more dissimilar. "Every job of adaptation is singularly different," the writer insists, "but you have one aim in mind—to protect the essence of the material you're adapting. *Prince of the City* was an astounding project for me. I've never done anything based on journalism; I've never worked with real-life characters whom I interviewed and got material from. . . . I had hundreds of hours of tape. There was no such thing as being stalled.

"*Prince* tells the story of Daniel Ciello [Treat Williams], a member of an elite band of narcotics detectives in New York who are completely unsupervised and consequently become insanely corrupt," she explains. "It's the story of one man who reaches a point in his life where he can't go on with it—because of fear, shame, and arrogance." So he decides to collaborate with the prosecution, informing on the corrupt cops, many his friends.

"In my view, it's a genuine tragedy," offers Sidney Lumet. "It's a story that's built on Greek tragic lines: a man who thought he could control circumstances and the circumstances controlled him. *Serpico* has an identical subject matter, but is not of an identical dimension. It was more 'natural,' shot with several cameras,



Above: Lumet and Allen at work.

Right: Going over the script for *Prince of the City*. Says Allen of her script: "It was very carefully written, but has the quality of real speech. I'm very pleased with it."





It's a story that's built on Greek tragic lines."



had improvised scenes. . . . Here, there was rigid control, frame by frame.

"The film is highly stylized," he continues, "but subtly so—because it has to appear real. There are almost no people in it. The streets are always empty. You don't see the sky through the entire movie [except in one shot]. The walls keep getting more and more bare. . . . It was a question of slowly stripping everything down to an essential until finally nothing is left but faces. In the end, Ciello is confronted by a sea of faces."

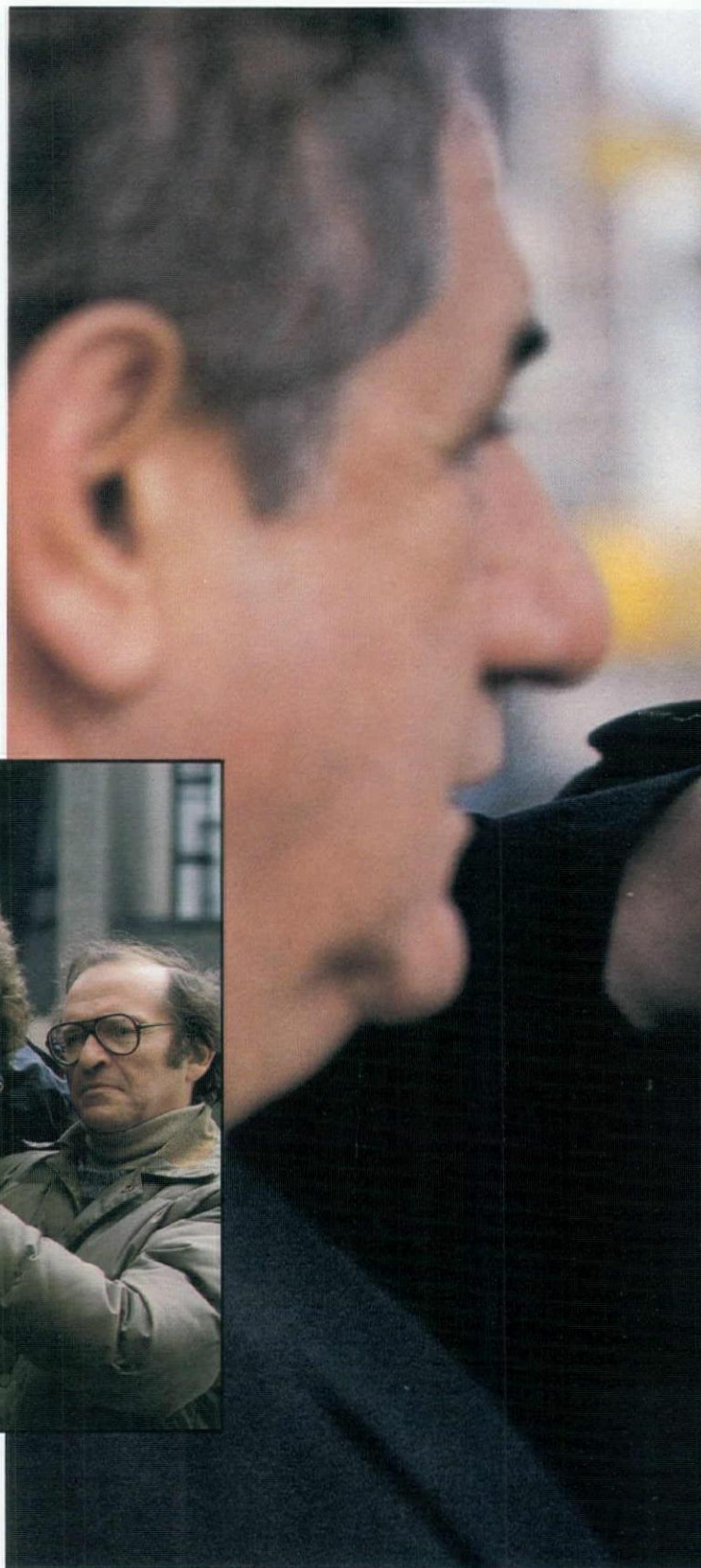
Lumet's increasing interest in stylization became most evident after *Dog Day Afternoon*, when he felt that "I had gone about as far with naturalism as one can go, except for doing a documentary. It was spontaneous, and I improvised about 70 percent of it. The only thing left to do was to stand with the camera on the corner of Forty-second Street and wait for a traffic accident. It's as if I really used it all up." *Network* (1976), for instance, starts on a naturalistic level and ends up in the domain of surrealism. *Long Day's Journey into Night* (1962), which the director still considers his best movie, employs different lenses, lighting, and editing pace for each character.

With *Prince of the City*, the stylization—making the decor reflect the internal processes of the main character—is especially striking since the film has 130 speaking parts and was shot in 122 locations.

By contrast, adapting *Deathtrap* was simple. "It's an enormously skillful work of construction," says Allen. "You pull one brick out and the whole structure collapses. When a studio buys a property like Levin's play, they want what they paid for—not your idea of what it should be. *Deathtrap* doesn't lend itself to opening up very much." Aside from the first and last scenes, which serve as "bookends," it was shot entirely on one set, the study of a failing mystery writer (Michael Caine) who plots the murder of an ex-student of his (Christopher Reeve) in order to steal a flawless play the ex-student has written.

"I had to keep it real enough for the audience to suspend their disbelief," Allen says, "because it's a highly theatrical—and improbable—plot. I had to make the characters more subtle and give them more serious rationale than on the stage. A comedy/thriller like that is much easier to pull off on stage than in film. When the camera comes in close, it won't pick a lie. It's tricky. Levin wrote a lot of funny lines, and I had the thankless task of

Below: Lumet and cinematographer Andrezej Bartkowiak. Right: Treat Williams (right) as narcotics detective Daniel Ciello and Tony Turco (left) as his father, Socks Ciello, in Prince of the City. The movie was adapted from Robert Daley's nonfiction book.









"I love actors," he says. "They are the infantry."



Above: Lumet works with Michael Caine, star of the upcoming film, *Deathtrap*.

Left: Caine on the single set of *Deathtrap*, which was adapted from Ira Levin's Broadway comedy/thriller.

removing quite a few of them, because they didn't translate into reality and because you can't give a film audience the same number of words that you do on stage. The words in film are secondary to the visuals." While she met Levin once to hear his opinions about the adaptation, Allen confesses, "You can't have any dealings with the original author. It's too painful for everybody. It's bad enough to rape and dismember the piece of material without watching the anguish of the original writer."

Deathtrap, which was shot in the old Pathe Studio on East 106th Street in New York, is overtly stylized. Says Lumet, "It's a further refining of what we started with in *Murder on the Orient Express* [1974]—the laughter, the glamour, the melodrama which is improbable but hopefully becomes possible. We're taking it on a much more theatrical level than the play was: it's larger than life." To counter the static, unchanging decor, Lumet explains, the camera work had to be fluid and mobile. Also: "For the first time in years I used make-up on everybody: no pores, no moles, nothing to bring you back to the real world. When it's nighttime, you can still see everything. We created those conventions to heighten the sense of artificiality."

Lumet is an old hand at making screen versions of stage plays. Among his previous efforts are films of Tennessee Williams' *The Fugitive Kind* (1960), Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge* (1961), Peter Shaffer's *Equus* (1977), Chekhov's *The Seagull* (1970), and Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*. "I was attacked for years for photographing stage plays," Lumet says, "which is nonsense. Critics are constantly confusing cinema with scenery. It's a movie if a camera can define and reveal it as no other medium can."

Ultimately, it's the characters and the actors who portray them—whatever the source material—that draw Lumet to a project. "The face is the ultimate landscape," he has stated. "To me, it's a much better landscape than any mountaintop." Lumet's favorite faces include Sean Connery, Al Pacino, James Mason, Simone Signoret, Henry Fonda, and Vanessa Redgrave; he's brought all back for repeat performances in his films. "I love actors," he says. "They are the infantry. They are the ones who, at the moment of creation, are being rejected or accepted—and that's not easy. I understand that it's themselves they're revealing, and I never ask them to do anything that I'm not prepared to do myself. On

The Seagull, after we'd read it, the first thing I told them was a very intimate story about a part of my life that only my wife knew. It was totally unrelated to the script, but they got the message. They respected that. Also, I won't do any violation of them as human beings—I'd rather lose a performance than exploit a personal quality without their knowledge. There are many great directors who work the other way, but I couldn't do that. If I can't get it with craft, I'm prepared to lose it rather than use guile."

"I always wanted to work with Sidney," says Michael Caine, the star of *Deathtrap*. "In this sort of film the actor counts. And where the actor counts you'd better have someone like Sidney, who's an actor's director. He's completely sympathetic to actors—they're the first and foremost thing in the film to him. He doesn't run around with a viewfinder all day looking for an angle and letting the actors take care of themselves. He's already done all that. Once you go wrong, instead of a two-hour lecture, he has the facility to correct you with one sentence. That, to me, is a great director."

Adds Reeve, "He knows how to speak the performer's language as well as the technician's. He really directs actors as if we were in the theater—we rehearsed for two weeks. He does an immense amount of preparation and is always ready. He's very specific about what he wants, yet allows the actors to follow their instincts and bring him 'presents,' surprises. I can't imagine a better situation."

On some level, Allen notes, the actors—like their characters—should project an intriguing quality, a hard-to-sum-up complexity. "I don't really like simple characters," she declares. "It's not much fun to write about them. The complex ones always acquire a life of their own—and then they write you. It's inevitable. You don't have to like them, but they do have to interest you."

The same might be said for the prospect of future collaborations between Lumet and Allen. Neither will make an exclusive commitment to work with the other on his or her next film, but they've each promised to be receptive to future projects together that prove mutually interesting. "I've worked with some very good people," Allen says—citing Alfred Hitchcock and George Cukor—"but I've never had this kind of collaboration." □

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LICHTENSTEIN

AS HIS TEN-YEAR RETROSPECTIVE SHOWS, WHEN ROY LICHTENSTEIN COLLIDES WITH ART HISTORY THE RESULT IS "WHAM!" BY JUDD TULLY

In 1962 Roy Lichtenstein painted a canvas called *Masterpiece*, in which a ravishing blonde sprung from a *True Romance* comic coos presciently in a balloon caption: "WHY BRAD DARLING. THIS PAINTING IS A MASTERPIECE! SOON YOU'LL HAVE ALL OF NEW YORK CLAMORING FOR YOUR WORK!" Yet even Lichtenstein's humorous miniskirted oracle could not have predicted the enormous success—and controversy—that the artist's so-called pop paintings would spawn over the next two decades. By 1965 he had given up the comic-strip captioned style in favor of a more eclectic vision culled from the history of art. But before the radioactive dust of pop had settled, critics were seriously debating whether Lichtenstein was among the best or the worst artists of the century.

"Roy Lichtenstein 1970-1980" is an exhibition that magnifies the artist's recent casual comment, "I don't mean to go through the history of art. It just seems to work out that way." The ten-year survey just coming down from the walls of the Seattle Art Museum will be unveiled in New York's Whitney Museum of American Art on September 22. The show will no doubt spark a new round of debate.

The new pictures radiate both pomp (not *pop*) and power. With nary a cartoon in sight, the show of sculptures and lush canvases unfolds in a suite of still lifes. Silver pitchers, red lobsters, slivers of yellow lemon peel, and plump goldfish pose on table tops or squeeze into crystal bowls. Diagonal stripes of blue and white clash against horizontal lines, pushing the picture plane in a riot of directions. His signature Ben Day dots, recruited in the early 1960s from the commercial printing process, parody their halftone function, teasing in relentless variation the play between light and shadow.

Lichtenstein table-hops from American In-

dian motifs, suffused with tribal symbolism, to turn-of-the-century Parisian boulevards and the likes of Gris, Léger, Braque, and Picasso. Sandwiched between are slices of Italian futurism and architectonic entablatures. A dressing of wry *trompe l'oeil* collages further accents the visual feast. In close collaboration with Lichtenstein, Jack Cowart, the show's director and organizer (as well as curator of nineteenth- and twentieth-century art at the Saint Louis Art Museum), sifted through ten years of kaleidoscopic output. Having initially agreed on showing fifty paintings for the international retrospective, artist and curator exchanged lists of favorites, and eventually laid out the chosen canvases on Lichtenstein's studio floor to fine edit. Elbow to elbow, the two collaborators cast their principals in the spirit of a big-budget Broadway musical, making sure their stars would shine under the klieg lights.

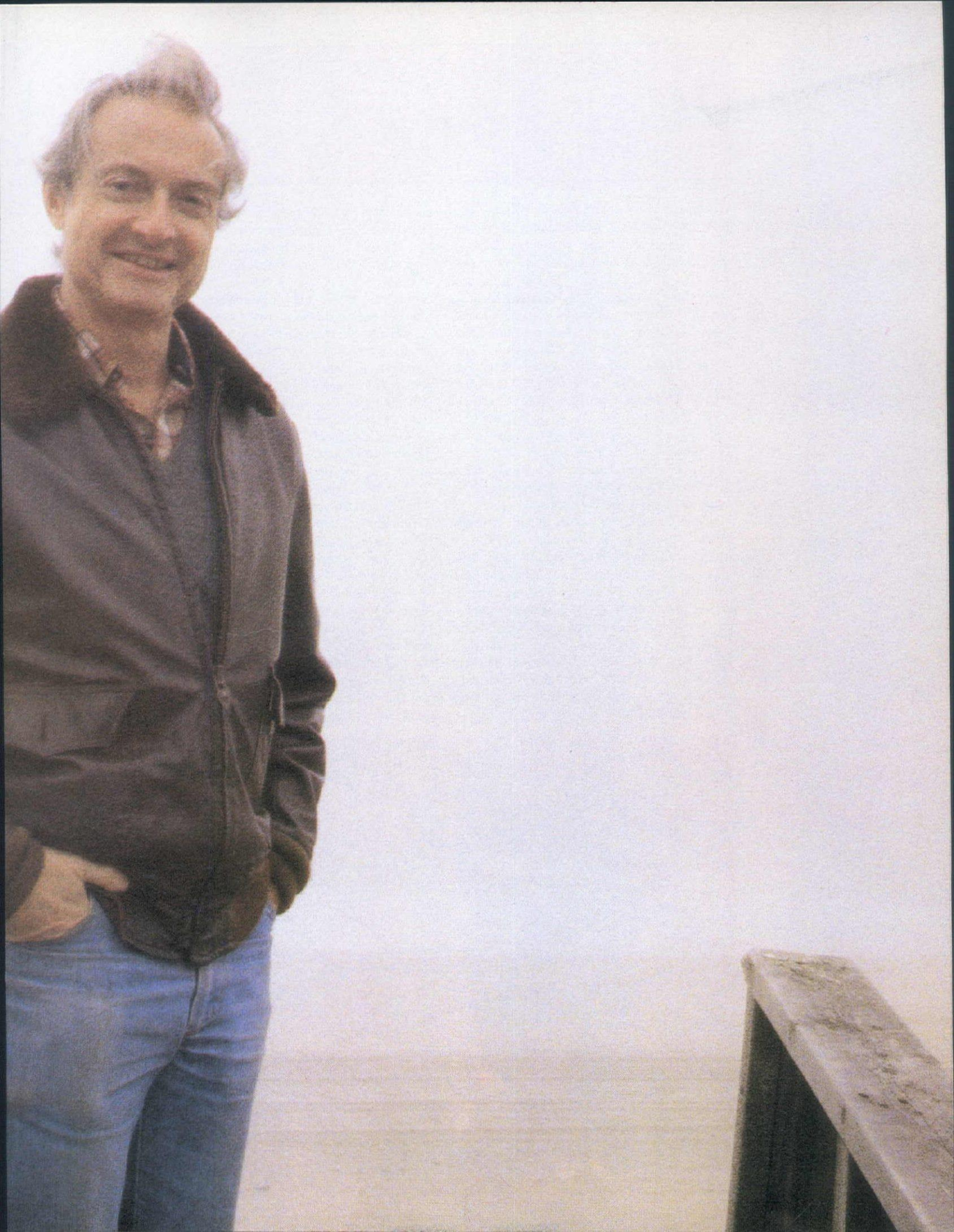
Crowned the prince of pop during the 1960s, Lichtenstein catapulted onto the wings of a McLuhanized media with his cartoon heroes and blonde beauties from teen-romance magazines. While President John Kennedy exuberantly ordered military advisors to Vietnam, Lichtenstein bombarded the moody and introspective art world of abstract expressionism with squeaky-clean, hard-edged pictures. The artist was far more successful with his signature Ben Day dots and bubbled captions than were the M-16s that disappeared in the quagmire of Southeast Asia. But the tempo of those times—"Twisting the Night Away" with Chubby Checker—embraced Lichtenstein and positioned him in the full-color pages of *Life* magazine with the taunting headline, "Is He the Worst Artist in America?"

Wordsmiths with buttoned-down adjectives had a field day with the painter's canvases depicting aerosol cans, light switches, roller

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Right: Roy Lichtenstein on the pier in East Hampton, where he moved in the seventies from his sixties marble-walled loft apartment in the Bowery.

© 1981 Sarah Purnam



"IF I DIDN'T PAINT FOR THREE DAYS I THINK I'D GO CRAZY.. I'M VERY UNEASY WHEN I'M NOT DOING IT."

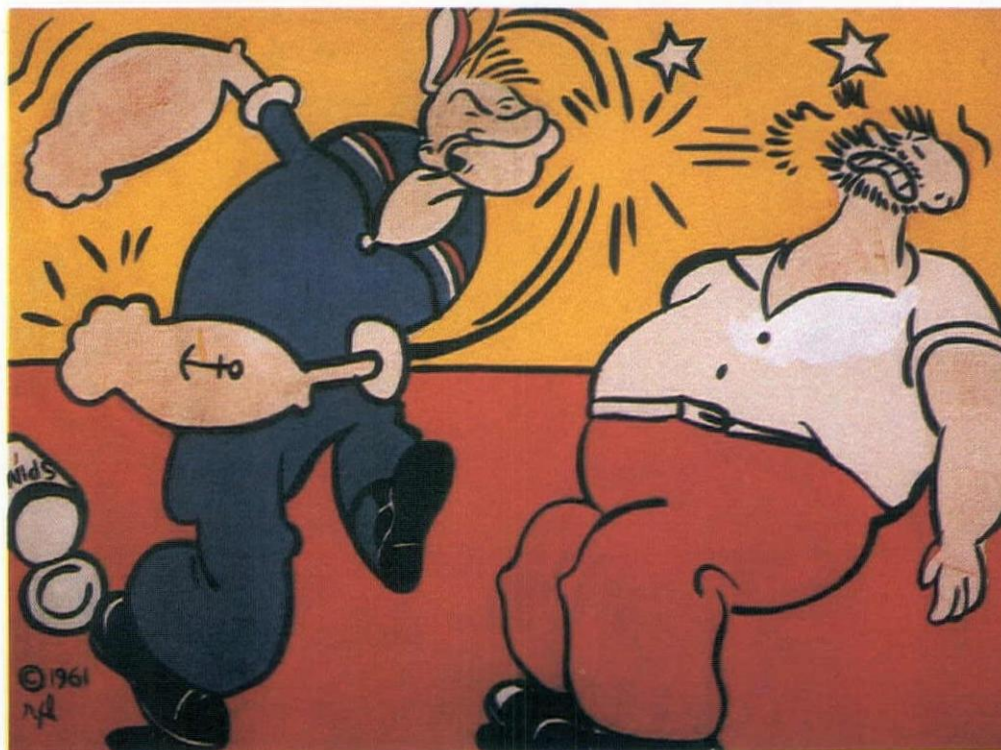
skates, step-on garbage cans, and comic-strip blowups of abstract brushstrokes. The big images, flat as pancakes, without a trace of depth, infuriated and bewildered most connoisseurs of modern art. The red and yellow flames belching out of the belly of Lichtenstein's cartooned warplanes escalated comic-book vocabulary into pop onomatopoeia: "Whaam," "Varoom," "Brattatta," and "Takka Takka." The aerial dog fights over unpolluted skies—"OKAY, HOT-SHOT, OKAY! I'M POURING!"—poleaxed the abstract bandwagon of the Second Generation and brought representational art—of a kind—back into the living room.

Artists, liberated from the brooding couches of analysts' offices, sprung from the tortured angst that would translate onto huge canvases in spatters and drips, looked outside and saw the sun was shining. It was time to have fun, to exorcise the postwar blue period. So the "New Vulgarians" (a term used for Lichtenstein and company before "pop" was canonized) arrived on the scene. What Waring blender cocoon could produce in short order the likes of Lichtenstein, Andy Warhol, and James Rosenquist? Only New York. This trio was painting in the same city with remarkably similar subject matter, yet without having met or even seen a reproduction of each other's work.

Though born and bred on Manhattan's Upper West Side, Lichtenstein first gravitated to the Midwest, specifically Ohio State University in Columbus. He picked up a bachelor of arts, a master's in fine arts, a wife, two children, a long string of free-lance jobs, and his first one-man show, in 1949, at the 1030 Gallery in Cleveland. No stranger to New York galleries, Lichtenstein had four consecutive one-man shows at the John Heller Gallery from 1952 to 1957. The reviews were not earth-shattering, but the noted figurative painter and active art critic, Fairfield Porter, wrote in a 1953 issue of *Artnews*, "He gets it down in one spontaneous layer, and he gets it down right." The shock waves did not hit until February 1962, with Lichtenstein's first one-man show of pop paintings at Leo Castelli's fledgling art emporium. Overnight, Lichtenstein metamorphosed from professor at Douglass College (Rutgers University's sister school) in New Brunswick, New Jersey, to world-class artist.

While Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg—earlier shock troops from the Castelli stable—were turning the art world topsy-turvy with bronzed Ballantine Ale cans and a mangy-looking billy goat, Lichtenstein delivered supermarket colors and comic-book compositions to the museum arena. In 1963 Lichtenstein's paintings and works on paper shuttled from the

Right: Lichtenstein blazed into the popular (and pop) consciousness in the early sixties with such comic-book-influenced works as OKAY, HOT SHOT, 1963, oil and magna on canvas, 8 x 68 inches.



Left: Straight from the comics, Lichtenstein's Popeye, 1961, oil and magna on canvas, 42 x 56 inches, delivers a pop-art knockout blow to Brutus. Overleaf: The artist enters the eighties with Reclining Nude 1980, oil and magna on canvas, 60 x 100 inches.

All paintings courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery, New York



OKAY,
HOT-SHOT,
OKAY! I'M
POURING!

BOOM!





ON HIS WORK OF THE 1970'S:
 "I DON'T MEAN TO GO THROUGH
 THE HISTORY OF ART. IT JUST
 SEEMS TO WORK OUT THAT WAY."



Ferus Gallery in Los Angeles to Galerie Ileana Sonnabend in Paris before returning to Castelli's in New York. From 1966 to 1968 his work shattered attendance records at the Cleveland Museum of Art, the Pasadena Art Museum (now the Norton Simon Museum), the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam and—the crowning jewel—the Tate Gallery in London. Never before had a living American artist been shown at the Tate. Never again would one, living or dead, create such a stir.

While the artist's caravan of images hopscotched Europe, the home fires were kept burning with two *Time* magazine covers. The May 24, 1968, issue featured a Ben Day polka-dotted Bobby Kennedy, one of the artist's rare representations of a "real" person. The June 21 issue had Lichtenstein's smoking revolver spitting yellow and red curls of destruction for a story on "The Gun in America." Though the artist brushes aside the sociological and political portent of his work, the near-history-book unfolding of contemporary times that weaves in and out of his sixties canvases merits consideration. As Nigel Gosling declared in the *London Observer*, Lichtenstein is a "kind of Ingres from Manhattan."

In September 1969, the Solomon R. Gugg-

Above: Pow Wow, 1979, oil on canvas, 97 x 120½ inches.

Right: Artist's Studio: "Foot Medication," 1974, oil and magna on canvas, 96 x 128 inches. Selections from a decade of table-hopping through art history.







"I DON'T KNOW IF I TALKED MYSELF INTO THEM OR IF THEY NOW REALLY DO LOOK LIKE BRUSHSTROKES."

Left: Lichtenstein's new approach to still lifes is exemplified by Jar and Apple, 1980, oil and magna on canvas, 36 x 40 inches. "When I first did brushstrokes," says the artist, "they looked like strips of bacon."

genheim Museum in New York mounted a major survey show of the artist's work; a fat, coffee-table volume organized and written by the museum's curator Diane Waldman, sweetening the tail end of Lichtenstein's roaring sixties. Within a year, Lichtenstein would pack up his easels and leave the marble-walled loft apartment building on the Bowery for the ocean-sprayed main street of Southampton.

Long Island has traditionally been a stronghold and blue-chip haven for the abstract expressionists (De Kooning still lives and works in the Hamptons and Jackson Pollock is buried in East Hampton's quaint cemetery). The thought of the pop patrician invading this turf, I thought, heading there for an early-morning interview, seems a delightful heresy. Outfitted in faded blue jeans, gray V-neck sweater, scotch-plaid flannel shirt and burnt-sienna chukka boots, the fifty-seven-year-old, silver-haired artist moved gazellelike across the dewy lawn, ushering his visitors into the pristine calm of his studio.

Inside the studio, a first impression was akin to visiting a new-car showroom, circa 1957, with chrome fenders and the high polish of metallic paint blinding the senses. Nine paintings in various stages of progress stood on caster-wheeled easels. German expressionist heads with bold diagonals of color stared at calmer yet harder-to-read brushstroke paint-

Right: The artist flirts with depth in Fishbowl II, 1978, painted bronze, 39 x 24 1/4 x 11 1/4 inches, one of a group of recent efforts in sculpture.



"WORKING ON ALL THE PAINTINGS IS TIME-CONSUMING," LICHTENSTEIN SAYS. "BUT WHAT ELSE AM I GOING TO DO?"

ings of simple still lifes. With fifty paintings and nine sculptures already installed at the Saint Louis Art Museum, the platoon of easels immediately demonstrated that the artist was hell-bent on exploring a new wave of work.

Staring hard at the shimmering images of two sailboats, their red and white spinnakers puffed out to maneuver on choppy blue water, the artist asked hesitantly, "Can you tell what they are?" When I replied, "They're making me seasick," Lichtenstein laughed and moved over to another canvas in a less finished state. By far the largest of the new group, temporary cut-out strips of collaged brush strokes on the canvas created an unfamiliar depth to the surface. Taped to the bottom of the easel was a small drawing on acetate, a miniature of the towering canvas under which it rested. The lush strokes on acetate (the brush-stroked studies translate better on the transparent surface than on paper) are popped into an opaque projector that beams the enlarged image directly onto the desired canvas.

Stepping back from the canvas, I could make out a sunset sinking into the ocean as viewed through a grove of trees. A few feet away a large (also on wheels) mirror mimed the image. The artist's wife Dorothy had looked at the painting and said she couldn't make out the house. In an exaggerated moment of truth, before the impending punch line, the artist admitted the house wasn't there—yet.

Under the Lichtenstein apparently fascinated with subject matter is a painter concerned with abstraction. Back in the early 1960s Lichtenstein had executed a long series of heroic brush strokes, abstract expressionist in style, but his new canvases read as exotic creatures from another hemisphere. One of the new works in the studio, *Jar and Apple*, just made it into the exhibition and onto the handsome pages of the accompanying publication, *Roy Lichtenstein 1970-1980*, written by Jack Cowart (Hudson Hills Press, New York, 175 pages). To illustrate the difficulty of painting the new still lifes, Lichtenstein strode up to an easel, grasped one end like a roulette-wheel croupier, gave a whirl and the vertical canvas rotated to a horizontal position: "When I first did brushstrokes, they looked like strips of bacon. I don't know if I talked myself into them or if they now really do look like brushstrokes." The temporary realignment upset the still life and transformed the composition into a brash, abstract one. Two easels away, parked next to a flame-red track bike, stood the origi-

nal rotating easel that Lichtenstein designed back in Ohio in 1951.

The assembly line of paintings that dominated the white-planked center of the studio camouflaged the scores of drawings, prints, and sculpture fluttering on the walls and wedged between packing crates and work tables. A bronze-cast expressionist head stared fiercely into space, waiting for element-beating coats of Bostic airplane paint. Standing fifty-five inches high, the flat-chested beauty slaps most notions of the third dimension in the face. Lichtenstein has managed to remain faithful to his first love, Surface, while flirting with depth and at the same time successfully creating a full-blown object. Like its peers in the museum show—the Matisse-like *Gold Fish Bowl*, the steaming vapors of *Cup and Saucer III*, and the gold and amber rays from *Lamp on Table*—the sculptures are succulent editions in his ever-exploding repertoire.

Despite the incontrovertible proof—"You can spot a Lichtenstein 500 yards away," as art dealer Ivan Karp is fond of saying—it is still difficult to fathom how the artist could produce so much work of such high quality in a ten-year span. Lichtenstein modestly attests, "I work from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. with all sorts of interruptions"—casting a revengeful eye toward the studio Touchtone phone. "I'm waiting for the day that's really ten in the morning to six at night without any interruptions. Working on all the paintings is time-consuming. But what else am I going to do?" He bursts out laughing. "If I didn't paint for three days I think I'd go crazy. I love to paint. I'm very uneasy when I'm not doing it. The last thing in my mind is to stop working." □

Exhibition Schedule

Following stints at the Saint Louis Art Museum and the Seattle Art Museum, "Roy Lichtenstein 1970-1980" opens at the Whitney Museum in New York on September 22 and will be on exhibit there through November 29. It travels to the Fort Worth Art Museum, December 16, 1981 to February 7, 1982, before crossing the Atlantic to the Museum Ludwig in Cologne, West Germany (spring, 1982); Orsanmichele in Florence (summer, 1982); La Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris (fall, 1982); the Fundacion Juan March in Madrid (winter, 1982); and the Seibu Museum in Tokyo (spring, 1983). The exhibition was funded with grants from the American Express Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts.

Right: In his studio, Lichtenstein works amidst a platoon of easels, rapidly adding to his already massive oeuvre.



© 1980 Hans Namuth



Stage Fright

Every performer knows the terror that when the show must go on, he can't. Leading musicians tell how they master it—and how, sometimes, it masters them.

By Naomi Graffman

Stage fright—with its awful, sickening lurch in the pit of the stomach; its racing, thumping heart; its clammy hands and shaking knees; its pervasive sense of doom seeping through every pore of the victim's body—does not require a stage to make an appearance. Even the least theatrical among us can be subject to its manifestations. Reliable authorities advise that it's part of the human condition, affecting people in every walk of life; we are told that when our caveman ancestors went out grizzly-bear hunting, they, too, suffered from stage fright. Physiologists describe these unpleasant sensations as the "fight or flight" reaction and explain that they result from the triggering of the body's defense mechanism, activated by a sudden outpouring of adrenalin. But while this power surge may have helped the caveman in subduing whatever it was that he hoped would become his dinner, its clammy-handed side effects are most emphatically not considered desirable by, say, a concert pianist attempting to cope with a slippery-keyed Steinway.

Nevertheless, almost all performing artists, no matter how experienced, admit to feeling at one time or another (if not always) this atavistic form of discomfort as they go out on stage to pursue their evening meal. Or before. For some, the worst moments come as the clock ticks inexorably closer to curtain time. And these are not necessarily moments of racing heart or quaking knees. One of the most insidious forms of stage fright—and the type that seems to attack experienced performers most frequently—is the sense of utter hopelessness

about dealing with the task at hand. Feelings described range from extreme lassitude through deepest, almost suicidal, depression, back to actual drowsiness—complete with heavy eyelids and jaw-dislocating yawns.

Three well-known instrumentalists, whose combined length of service on the international concert circuit totals 105 years, requested anonymity before unburdening themselves on the troublesome, intimate subjects of dressing-room depression, failed remedies, and the probable causes of both. To all appearances, these respected professionals are perfectly comfortable, even happy, on stage; what private hells they may endure while plying their trade are never to be shared with the audience.

Mr. X, elder statesman of this trio and particularly subject to preconcert despair, holds his colleagues, Mr. Y and Mme. Z, spellbound with his explicitly horrific recollections of performances past. He has only to groan, "Ach, Chicaaaaago," to elicit his companions' heart-felt shivers. He conjures up scenes worthy of Poe: the dismal cell where the artist sits, or stands, or paces, to await that moment—that supremely dreadful moment—when he must force leaden feet to carry sickened body from womblike backstage darkness to relentlessly brilliant stage where he must thread his suddenly myopic way through a black jungle of glistening, extended tentacles (could they be orchestra players?), the path becoming narrower, narrower, more overgrown, leading straight to the yawning precipice. . . .

"Chicaaaaaago," groans X again. "And it was a recital that time. Harry Zelzer"—dapper little impresario with big cigar, mournful Groucho of Orchestra Hall—"he came to the dressing room as he usually did, just before I

was to go on, and he saw me sitting there looking like death, and he said, 'Whatsamatt with you? Why're you so depressed? Why are you so flat?' Yet, meanwhile, inside of me, was hysterical. But he was right. Because part of that hysteria was a kind of hiding from sense of hopelessness, of 'No, I can't play, just can't do it.' "

Murmurs of agreement come from Mr. Y who adds, "Sometimes, just before a performance, I have no reactions. Or, anyway, slow reactions. It's not at all shaking, or even cold hands or fast heartbeat. In fact, it's quite the contrary. I get lethargic. The excitement goes down, and I get depressed. I'm very often sleepy. And down, down . . . the down thing. . . ." Y, matter-of-fact about his symptoms, continues briskly, "But I must say that in its controlled state—which it is, more often than not—nervousness is not terribly noticeable. A disease it is, but it's not really a contagious disease."

"Hmph! What do you know?" asks Mme. Z of her old friend, Mr. Y. "Nervousness is very contagious. I remember so well how I first became subject to stage fright. You know, as a child, making music for me was extremely pleasurable. Even when I was seventeen, and gave my first New York recital. I won't say it was a lark, but it was nothing to be terrified of. There was no enormous upheaval and no great turmoil, no playing my program over and over, no 'Now you must sleep for twelve hours,' no 'Don't eat,' or 'Do eat.' I just went and played. It was a fact of life . . . pleasurable fact." A drastic change occurred shortly afterward, however, when a stern new teacher appeared on the scene: "She introduced me to listening to myself in a complete

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After a bad fall, Pablo Casals thought "Thank God, now I'll never have to play the cello again!"

new way—in a super-critical way. Now, I honestly don't know if what I am about to describe might have happened to me anyway, even without her, because I had reached the age where one becomes self-conscious and a little bit insecure, maybe also from having had a big success and then being measured against others, and against that success—but I do know that, although what I learned from her was absolutely invaluable, I also had to recover from it for quite a number of years." Z's next New York performances were every bit as terrifying for her as the debut had been pleasurable. "I was not only desperately afraid when my teacher came to my concerts—which she always did, of course—" Z recalls. "I was a wreck. I had to stay at her studio until midnight the night before. Everything I did was wrong, and she was sarcastic because *she* was terrified, and besides she had been preventing me from sleeping decently for weeks. And the thing is, she made me so nervous because *she* was so nervous. My God, I was not only desperately afraid when she came to my performances, I was an absolute wreck."

How much of stage fright is a learned reaction, then? Can it be that a young person, innocent of lurking dangers, does not instinctively call upon his body's adrenalin for protection until the age of self-consciousness makes him aware of possible failure? Mr. X claims that he suffered equally at eight and eighteen. "Listen," he says, "I was *always* like that. The first time I played with Bruno Walter—it must have been in the midforties—I remember sitting with him just before the performance. I guess I'd assumed that same expression—the one that Harry Zelzer called 'flat,' because Walter looked at me and said, 'Why are you so depressed, why are you so in this state? Don't you understand, this is what we *live* for.'"

"This is what we live for." And yet even the most outgoing of concert artists admits to certain feelings of ambivalence. Pablo Casals never made a secret of his first thought after a bad fall: "Thank God, now I'll never have to play the cello again!" Even the normally exuberant Isaac Stern is often heard to mutter (perhaps ritualistically) before striding onstage, "Ah, God, I can't play. Why do I have to play now? *I can't play!*" And then, of course, he *does* play—seemingly as naturally and happily as a dolphin cavorts off the coast of Maui. For the true performer knows that he, as well as the show, will go on.

"But the first note was terror. Pure terror."



Mezzo-soprano Joanna Simon describes her operatic debut, when her first note with the New York City Opera orchestra also happened to be, for reasons beyond her control, the first note she had ever sung with any orchestra anywhere. "And just before my entrance," she reports, "I was standing in the wings thinking, 'There's nothing in the world that's going to get me on that stage. . . . I remember hearing my entrance music and thinking, 'I'm not going. This is it, this is just the end. I'm going to go home now and be a housewife and mother and forget the whole thing.' And then I remember somebody actually pushing me on the stage. And that was how I got there." Granted, this experience deserved a severe case of stage fright. For Joanna Simon, however, it became a triumph which also served to help her consolidate some rules to live by—rules observed by most performing musicians.

Paramount among these is the idea that solid preparation helps most to quell—if not completely vanquish—stage fright. Says Simon, "Some of the best advice I ever got was from the great basso, Paul Schoeffler, who told me, 'Never go onstage unless you are so sure of every note that you're not concentrating through the first two acts on whether you'll make the B-flat in the third act. So that you can concentrate instead on the music, on the character. And you never have to be preoccupied with that inner dialogue—Oh, God, will I sing that B-flat correctly? If you can't sing it correctly, then don't take the role.'"

Pianist Claude Frank agrees that unshakable preparation is the best remedy against stage fright. "By *preparation*," he explains, "I mean not only hours of practicing. I mean par-

ticularly the most concentrated, and the most distracted, practicing possible." Frank contends that almost everyone at one time or another will allow his mind to wander while practicing. The secret, he insists, is to simulate in one's studio the kind of intense concentration that must be employed at the performance itself—difficult, but worth the effort.

Even the most concentrated preparator, however, cannot guarantee that tumbrels and doom will not accompany the performer to fate. Fear of forgetting—even if the performer has an impeccable memory and knows the score as well as his soul—ranks high in the catalogue of stage-fright demonology. What if the mind suddenly goes blank and the fingers or vocal chords, therefore, falter? Few performers prone to such lapses overcome the obstacle simply by bringing the music back. Myra Hess began to do that toward the end of her long career, and it is said that the score's mere availability perked up her failing memory. "She put it on the piano, but I never saw her refer to it," says a long-time colleague, who was present at a near disaster during a Hess performance, which, it is thought, may have precipitated the artist's desire for printed insurance.

In case of blank-outs, it is considered proper—in fact, necessary—for even the most honorable of artists to improvise or fake their way back to safety. "Whatever you do," Vladimir Horowitz once lectured a neophyte on the afternoon of a Carnegie Hall performance, "Don't stop! Whatever happens, DON'T STOP! Remember, it's *provincial* to stop!" Rudolf Serkin, whose artistic honesty is such that a tiny slip in a Mozart concerto has caused him to cover his burning face with guilty hands in public mortification—thus signaling to an audience which might not have otherwise noticed that he had sinned before God and Mozart—often says that he hopes any mistakes will surface early in the performance, to get them over and done with. "Or else," confesses the keyboard hero, "I'll keep worrying about when it will happen!" Claude Frank admits that "when I am nervous, the fear of forgetting is so total that I truly believe I could forget 'Chopsticks.' But it doesn't happen, of course."

It may not happen to Claude Frank with "Chopsticks," but it did happen to someone else, at a recital in New York, with the "Star-Spangled Banner." A witness describes the torment of the pianist on this occasion (duri-

the war, when all recitals began with the national anthem): "She started to play it, and then she forgot. . . . She couldn't fake it, she couldn't do it by ear, so she just threw her hands in the air and walked off the stage. Well, believe it or not, she did come back. I must say, that took guts. But by then, of course, the whole audience was so nervous about her forgetting again that the concert was really quite spoiled. A terrifying experience for everybody."

Even those artists who are blessed with so-called photographic memories are not immune to moments of onstage doubt. One such performer, the pianist Lilian Kallir, who can summon at will in her mind's eye the exact notes on the exact spot on the page of any music she has studied, confesses: "I've had more horrible moments as a direct result of that dratted photographic memory than I am conscious of being helped by it. I'll never forget what happened in Omaha when I played the *Waldstein* Sonata for the first time in my life. There was a lady in the front row with music to every piece was playing. And when it came to the *Waldstein*, I started out merrily along my way, and suddenly I heard a 'f-f-f-t'; a few minutes later I heard another 'f-f-f-t,' and I saw out of the corner of my eye and realized what was happening: that lady, she was turning her pages, but it was not where I was turning my mental pages. She was making me realize that she had a different edition by doing this 'f-f-f-t,' 'f-f-f-t,' distracting me, and my knowing, 'Aaaaah, this is her page turn,' but I was not at my page turn, and I tell you I had a horrible time finishing that piece. It was just ghastly. A total lack of equilibrium for me. And after that, I realized it was the aural and tactile memory that is much more important."

Sophia Rosoff is a New York piano teacher with a wide reputation for helping musicians who have more than the usual share of performance problems. Her dark eyes mirror sympathetic concern as she complains that normal stage fright can be exacerbated by the crisis-oriented training provided by some music conservatories. "They make life as miserable as possible for the student performer," she says. "The idea is that if the kid survives the conservatory, he's then equipped to go out into the real world. But I don't think life is actually like that. . . . What these conservatories do, it's like beating a little child on the head every day and saying, 'There, that's good for you because when you get out in the world, that's

what's going to happen to you.' I don't quite agree. I think it's going to make a crazy child."

Rosoff is the calm in the eye of the hurricane. She doesn't believe in torture. She also doesn't—or didn't until a recent experience—believe in the use of drugs of any kind to alleviate symptoms of stage fright. She prefers to assist her students around the quagmires of public performance by teaching them to control the symptoms through awareness of breathing, balance in sitting, and "making playing feel simple," so that the physical "feel" of the music becomes an inseparable counterpart of the sound that the performer wants to make. The virtual epidemic of Valium popping by conservatory students before performances appalls her. "Of course Valium changes your feeling," she explains, "but it also affects the muscles. It knocks everything out. And you've got to have adrenalin to play."

Doctors point out that not only does each human body secrete different quantities of adrenalin on "fight or flight" occasions, but that the matter of controlling its effects is further complicated because each body reacts differently to the adrenalin it secretes. This is one reason why, confronted by a grizzly bear or an expectant Carnegie Hall audience, one person may be relatively calm and dry handed while another will be, for all practical purposes, paralyzed.

Samuel Sanders, one of the world's busiest accompanists, is frank about his need for a palliative before his almost nightly performances. "I'm not ashamed of admitting that I take Valium," he is quoted in the *Piano Quarterly*, a publication read primarily by

piano teachers. "And I'm not the only person who finds that a pill helps. I know at least a couple of instrumental soloists who take tranquilizers before they play. I take a Valium about three-quarters of an hour before a performance. It brings me down from a wild panic to a mild hysteria." Sanders feels that Valium helps him to deal with his nervous energy, to channel it into productive ends. "I used to hate myself for being nervous," he continues. "But then I realized that I couldn't control my adrenal glands. If that's the way they worked, that's the way they worked."

Sophia Rosoff's blanket distrust of medication for performance nerves was lessened considerably in the course of an experiment which took place during the summer of 1980. For some time before, word had been spreading through musical circles about a relatively new drug, propranolol (commercially known in the United States as Inderal), mainly used to treat certain heart conditions, which was said to reduce the symptoms of stage fright without the usual adverse side effects.

"Stage fright is treatable!" crowed an article in the *American Organist*, while the *Rocky Mountain Medical Journal* reported, in somewhat more measured tones, that "Recent studies . . . have suggested that the physical manifestations of stage fright are mediated by the beta adrenergic receptors of the sympathetic nervous system. Previous clinical trials have suggested that blockade of the beta receptors can eliminate these effects without affecting mental function. Our initial uncontrolled trials have shown small doses of propranolol to be spectacularly successful. . . ." The article then described a "double-blind crossover study" performed at the University of Nebraska with eight keyboard students and teachers and three doctors. The results were seemingly conclusive enough to warrant a mention in the *New York Times* and, among performing musicians, the question: If it works in Nebraska, will it also work in New York?

Accordingly, the three doctors were invited east to perform a similar experiment. "They came here with all their equipment, because they're so interested in helping people get off Valium and the other drugs, and they would at least like to offer them this as a substitute," Rosoff says. "Because, you see, Inderal only blocks the racing heart, which in turn produces the sweaty palms and the shaking knees, and even when that's blocked off, the other excitement is still there. They say you don't feel



"Some of my best octaves were on Equanil. And some of my best concerts were on Dexamyl."

drugged in any way. You feel exactly the same, except the physical symptoms are cut off. And ideally, the reason the doctors wanted the students to use Inderal instead of the other drugs was not so they'd get hung up on this new one instead. No," she adds hastily, "the idea was that they should be able to learn the feeling of how it is to play without the usual physical symptoms of stage fright, and that once their bodies got the feel of it—once their bodies learned a different physical pattern, a pattern of performing without having those symptoms present—they should be able to play without needing any drug at all."

The New York experiment took place in a small concert hall. For three days, seventeen more-than-normally nervous instrumentalists (students and professionals alike) participated in a marathon concert before which some of them were given a forty-milligram Inderal pill and some were palliated with a placebo. "The performers didn't know who had what, of course, and the judges didn't know, either," Rosoff relates. "But our guessing was pretty accurate as to when they had Inderal, and in almost every case it seemed to us—the judges as well as the players—that the better performance was with the Inderal."

Sophia Rosoff emphasizes that Inderal, even at its most successful, is not to be considered a panacea: "It doesn't cut out that dialogue in your mind. The people who took it said they were just as scared as usual. And, as usual, they kept wondering, would they get through the performance? Would they forget the music? In other words, they were miserable, but the Inderal cut out the physical manifestations, at least. And this is important. Because you may be unhappy and you may be scared, but it's worse when you also have a racing heart and clammy hands."

"I can tell you about a first-rate violinist who heard about Inderal, and he did three or four concerts with it, and he said it was wonderful. Then I ran into him the other day, and I said, 'I heard Inderal works well for you,' and he said, 'Yes, it did, but I don't need it any more. I never have to use anything any more.' And he's playing all over the place. I don't want to mention his name because I think the general public might be tempted to say, 'Oh, he played well because he's on that drug,' which has nothing to do with it, as you see. It just gave him and his body a chance to learn how to cut out some of the excesses because of nerves. He never needs to use it any more."

Mr. X rolls his eyes incredulously at the idea of taking a pill to eliminate the need for taking a pill. "Sounds like Marxism," he grunts. The performer is quick to admit, however, that he himself has ingested, on various occasions throughout the decades of his career, all the popular tranquilizers—including Inderal—with varying degrees of success. He sighs nostalgically, as if recalling former girl friends. "Ahhhh, Dexamyl . . . Equanil . . . they were the *tofu* of the fifties!" X smiles. "Yes, some of my best octaves were on Equanil. And some of my best concerts were on . . . never Benzedrine, but Dexamyl . . . Dexamyl, that was it . . . those green pills, the Happy Pills. I made many good recordings with those. I remember, I would sit up the night before in my hotel room—insomniac, of course, after the performance—and then I'd take a pill, and I'd get up and drink coffee, and more coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee, and then finally the phone call would come. It was time to go down to the recording studio, and by then I was in a completely mad state—this physically mad state."

X agrees that Inderal does not seem to alter the "psychological environment." He says "Inderal is not like the Happy Pill, the Dexamyl, which at certain times could make me feel optimistic and yet adrenalized. I felt that things would turn out all right because I knew the pill was going to work—brainwashing myself."

"Eventually, though, I wasn't able to fool myself that on those occasions when the damned thing *didn't* work, either I would become a shaking wreck—to myself only, of course, because, I repeat, this all takes place within one's own consciousness—hyperconsciousness, really. Generally, I've given it all up. I'm now talking about any pill. Because that sort of thing has to be reserved, as medications ought to be, if one *really* has a good reason for being afraid of something. Then you have to try to remove, pharmaceutically, that fear." X sums up the peril of performing as "a situation in which there's an ultimate kind of effort to be made," adding the codicil, "but remember, when you deal with situations *ultimately* too many times, the solution doesn't work."

Mr. Y offers a word of hope for younger performers. "It gets a tiny bit better with age," he promises, outlining some possible psychological causes for the concert artists' "fight or flight" reaction. Y divides into two categories the terror that can unexpectedly envelop even a well-prepared, experienced performer. "It's all

very simple," he elucidates. "The first has to do with the fear of consequences, and the second has to do with the anticipation of reward. So. What makes one afraid of the consequences of a concert? For me, I'd say four things, mostly: microphones—I hate them; unfriendly colleagues in the audience—this is more prevalent in Europe; pupils; and critics. But these things do seem to matter less with age. The other category—looking forward to reward—gets practically eliminated with age. One has most of one's experience behind one. Therefore, there's less to look forward to. If one plays a good concert, it's really for the concert's sake and for the music's sake—even for the audience's sake!—and not for the advancement of one's own career, because that doesn't matter any more."

X takes a darker view. "It's got to do with an inner conflict about succeeding, a striving for perfection. Part of this is the built-in sense of guilt about winning. To win is not always good. Of course, to lose is horrible, too. I really, there's this possibility that it's triumph which is so frightening. Because when you triumph, you kill. You kill . . . your elder. Your teacher? Your father? You may succeed in fulfilling his wishes, his dream; but at the same time, there's a primitive act involved in doing that. If you succeed on the stage in a performance, you kill. How many times have I been told, 'Go on out there and kill 'em!' Kill! Kill! No wonder you shake. Ha! Compensate yourself before you go out on stage, with this philosophy, 'kill 'em!' There's ambivalence. Considerable. Yes, to succeed is very lonely. Because nobody has sympathy for victors. And yet the fear of failure is even greater."

Mme. Z nods as X repeats that nothing connected with performing is very simple, after all. "And with all of this," he says slowly, "you have to bring everything to the point where you're strong enough, somehow, to put it out on the stage at that certain time. That's what being an artist is."

Silence for a moment, as X stubs out one cigarette and lights another. The match—and the sudden grin—illuminate his face as he assures his listeners that "there's a kernel of truth in all this poppycock, you know." Then, contented again, he concludes, "After all, the human condition is one of anxiety. And being up. I mean, what the hell is consciousness anyway?"

There is no escape. Maintains Mr. X: "The grizzly bear is oneself."

John Caird tells how *Nicholas Nickleby* became an 8½-hour play.

Interview by John Engstrom

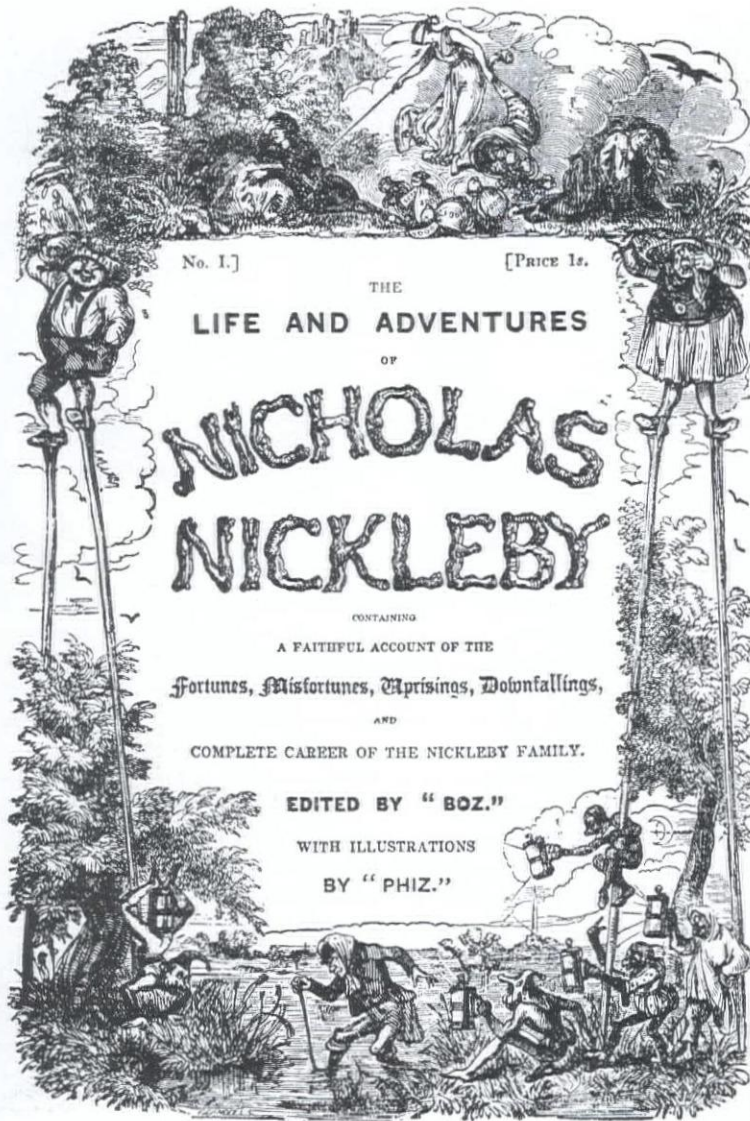
Dickens on Broadway

The Royal Shakespeare Company's two-night, eight-and-a-half-hour dramatization of Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby* was the sensation of the London stage last year. It opens October 3 at the Plymouth Theater in New York and promises to be one of the most extravagant productions ever to hit Broadway: a cast of 42, with 55 speaking parts, and a record ticket price of \$100. Codirector John Caird talks about the challenges and satisfactions of putting Dickens on the stage.

It started on *Nicholas Nickleby* in November of 1979 with two directors—Trevor Nunn and myself; a designer, John Napier; a composer, Stephen Oliver; a writer, David Edgar; and about 100 actors. We set ourselves an initial period of five weeks, which later turned into an eight-week period, of saying, "We'll see if it is possible. We'll work on it. We'll experiment with methods of staging and writing. We'll find out whether we think it is possible to stage an entire Dickens novel." That was our brief. Not to put it in a play with scenes from Dickens in it, or—like the films—do the funny bits or the character bits and give the audience a nostalgia trip, reminding them of what the book was like when they read it. Our brief was to stage an entire Dickens novel without the omission of a single plot.

There was a very good reason why almost every other Dickens novel was not chosen. *Oliver Twist* has been done as a musical; people know it too well. Also, it depends on the central idea, which is sentimental and not terribly interesting—although it's a far more interesting novel than you would imagine from

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Title page for Charles Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby*, originally published in 1839, edited by "Boz" (Dickens) and illustrated by "Phiz." (Halbot K. Browne).

watching the film or the musical. *David Copperfield*, too, has been overdone. So have *Great Expectations*, the *Pickwick Papers*, and *A Christmas Carol*. *Martin Chuzzlewit* is an interesting book, but it doesn't quite hang together in the same way.

Practically every single Dickens novel was unsatisfactory. But that's not to say that we chose *Nicholas Nickleby* by default. Its attrac-

tions are that it is a picaresque novel with a strong central character. And to make a novel into a theater piece, you need something to hang all the clothes on, you know? To have a central character who goes all the way through it, whose experiences one can attach everything to, is a very useful theatrical aid.

It's also crucial to remember that *Nickleby* is the work of a man just at the beginning of his inventive powers. In our first week of rehearsal, everybody in the project was sitting around in a big circle, and somebody said, "Is there anybody in this room who is twenty-six or under in age?" Two people put up their hands. Out of the sixty-odd people sitting in the room, these two were the only ones who were as young as Dickens was when he wrote *Nicholas Nickleby*. Now that was a humbling statement to start with—that you are in the presence of a man than whom you've almost certainly had more experience of life, yet than whom you have a smaller view of the world.

Dickens wrote *Nickleby* in monthly installments over eighteen months, and while he was starting it, he was finishing *Oliver Twist*. As the installments came out, he got more and more interested in some of the characters. The novel acquires more and more facets as

it goes along. The character of Ralph, for instance, starts off as an absolutely stereotyped villainous Victorian devil. He snarls a lot; he frowns; he's bitter; he gives a harsh hollow laugh. Pure melodrama. Then, toward the center of the novel, you can feel Dickens beginning to think, "I wonder what it is that makes a guy like that tick?" And you realize he's not just writing from form. He's actually interested. By the end, you really feel about Ralph that he's somebody who missed out on life. That's sad. There's a reason for it, buried somewhere in Ralph's character, and Dickens is just beginning to perceive it.

"You'd get an agitprop version with songs, or an opera, or a mimed version."

Our production reflects this shift in tone. The first half is light, much less dangerous than the second, which is far more serious and less obviously funny. It's much darker. In a sense, it reflects Dickens' own feeling about his novel.

The actors contributed very, very much to the whole shape of the thing in the very beginning, by the experiments we did in rehearsal. Various actors have skills in certain areas—we had a mime artist, and we had three opera singers. They contributed a great deal all the way through, in a completely unspecifiable way. They were so positive all the time, they wanted it to happen so much, that despite all the drawbacks and setbacks—and there were plenty of them—even when we were at our lowest ebb, the actors were still willing it forward.

I think the idea that the actors actually did, or helped to do, the writing—which has been reported in some places—is slightly romantic. It's been overstated. The fact of the matter is that the writing as such was done by David Edgar. When we began, we knew that a first-class writer would be an absolute *sine qua non*. David was our first choice, and we were so lucky that he was available. He's erudite. His reading is amazingly wide. He's young enough to be very receptive to new ideas of dramaturgy and staging. He is somebody whose political insight into today, his ability to see the importance of political ideas now, is such that he can look at an old novel or an old play and say, "What is it about this that will really excite a modern audience?" or "Isn't it fascinating that they felt this way about women, or this way about prisons, or this way about schools?" or whatever. He has a pedigree in adapting novels that is already well charted.

Trevor and I only began to see the *scale* of the work after we came out of the project. Some scenes link up with others in ways that we'd never imagined. David's got themes running through it that Dickens hasn't got. It was a very lonely job, a huge thing for him to have done, but he did it splendidly.

The first stage adaptation of *Nickleby* was done *before* Dickens had finished writing it. The author was a man named Edward Sterling, who wrote a pirated version in which Mr. Mantalini is the villain, and he's after Kate's virginity, and he gets his comeuppance. It also turns out that Smike is a very, very rich young boy who is owed an enormous fortune. And he marries Kate! It's a very short play, as one



Culver Pictures

would imagine, based on something so slight. But Dickens went to see it, and although he fought all his life against people who pirated his work—particularly Americans, who are dreadful, miserable plagiarists—he so enjoyed this production of *Nicholas Nickleby*, before he himself had finished writing it, that he took his family along the next day and wrote accolades to the actors and the writer! That is proof positive of his love for the theater.

Trevor Nunn has a theory that Dickens represents a sort of lost world of English drama. You have Shakespeare and [Ben] Jonson and the Restoration and eighteenth-century dramatists. But then, suddenly, the theater starts to die off. It becomes flaccid; it stops being really exciting; it stops dealing in any profound way with human psychology; it stops being able to chart social change. And the form that now does these things is the novel. You have great novelists: Dickens, Jane Austen, George Eliot. They go using the novel as the central form of social, human expression, until [Henrik] Ibsen and [Anton Pavlovich] Chekhov and George Bernard Shaw and other great naturalists come along and start to lay down blueprints for a new sort of theater. . . .

We took some of the scenes which would be most difficult to stage from a novel—that is, scenes without characters or dialogue, passages in the novel where Dickens says what outrages him about society or what he finds unjust about a particular instance—and we split up

Above: The character of Nicholas Nickleby as envisioned in an early engraving (left) and as portrayed by actor Roger Rees in the theatrical version debuting on Broadway this fall. Right: Just part of the forty-two-person cast of the London production. The cast handles 135 speaking parts in the 8½-hour production.

All photographs by John Napier

the company into four groups of actors, about fifteen actors in each group, and we got each of them to do a version of that passage. They come back, and you'd get an *agitprop* version with songs, or you'd get it rendered down in a dramatic unit, or you'd get a melodrama, an opera, or a mimed version. We also did an exercise where we asked everybody in the acting company to choose a character that really fascinated them, a character that they thought they had a perception about that was particularly innovative or interesting, irrespective of age or sex. We asked them to do a two-minute scene from the novel, and if they used dialogue, it had to be from the novel. We got



Among many characters who were chosen, three Kate Nicklebys, four Mr. Squeerses, and six Smikes.

Smike is, from an actor's point of view, by far the most fascinating character in the play. I mean, to be able to play a mentally deficient twenty-year-old boy who has been starved of affection and intellectual stimuli for ten, fifteen years of his life is a godsend! I think—this is a feeling that I got only toward the end, and that none of us ever really discussed in philosophical terms as we were doing it—that Smike is the central figure in the novel.

Nicholas Nickleby, a young man of a prosperous and privileged background, comes out

into the world with no money and nothing but moral outrage in his pocket, and he finds himself up against a very cruel, mercenary society. In the middle of this he finds a boy who's been brutalized. He's been killed, basically. He has already suffered such deprivation that he is mentally retarded. But more than that, he is *emotionally* deprived in a way that nowadays we find horrifying and it gets spread all over the papers, but in those days was just absolutely normal. He's been so emotionally deprived that he's lost hope completely. Nicholas, a young man with a good education, sees him, and he's immediately faced with a proposition. If you are stuck in the

middle of a society such as the one he's living in, or such as the one we're living in, and you're full of outrage and full of dudgeon about it, and you hate the society's institutions and all that the society stands for—if you are, in other words, a revolutionary—and you are faced with another human being who for a series of quite arbitrary reasons comes to depend upon you for support, *what do you do?*

Well, that's the central image of *Nicholas Nickleby*. What you do is you help him. You have no choice. Or you become a theorist; you become an academician in moral outrage; you don't actually ever *do* anything. It doesn't matter what your political beliefs are. When

"To be able to play a mentally deficient twenty-year-old boy is a godsend!"

the chips are down, do you give the beggar a dollar or do you not? It's all very well to say, "He'll only spend it on drink." But the fact is, he's asking you for it. So what are you going to do? It's the point at which he asks that you have to decide.

In this case, Nicholas Nickleby is twenty years old—exactly the same age as this retarded boy—and the boy says, "Help. I will follow you to the ends of the earth." In our adaptation he says, "I would go with you to the churchyard grave. You are my home. I don't have any other home. You are it." What do you do?

Nicholas raises his hand, and he says, "Come on, I won't let my hand fall. You can put your hand in mine. We'll go off together." What Nicholas does to himself is very much what a young man or woman would do if they agreed to have a child. You're saying, "My freedom is over; it's finished. I no longer have the total freedom to do whatever I want. Everything I do is conditioned by the fact that I have a backward boy with me."

Now, to be able to do that at twenty requires a sort of courage and a certainty that what you're doing is right that makes one identify with that man and say, "Yes, I could never have done that in your situation. I probably would have turned my back. I probably would have made excuses. But because you are doing it, good for you. I will be with you till the very end. More than that, what you do for that boy must mean that his life gets better."

The tragedy of *Nicholas Nickleby*, however, is that it's too late for Smike. He's too weak, too diseased. But what's most tragic about him—and in our production, David Threlfall brings this out in a most chilling and thrilling way—is that if you take somebody who is emotionally deprived, and warm him up, and say, "Look, life isn't so bad. You can get a job"—Smike becomes an actor, in a very modest way—"You're useful to people. People love you for who you are," what happens then is that they turn 'round with needs. And in Smike's case, they fall in love. He falls in love with Nicholas' sister Kate. It's tragic, but what can you do about it? It's bound to happen. And you can't say, suddenly, that his boy's life is better, because it can't be better. He's been bludgeoned and deprived for so long that whatever happens to him from now on will be more or less tragic, because the more you warm him up, the more his needs are going to be.

In the end, it is somewhat sentimental of

Culver Pictures



Dickens. It's safe to say, "Well, he's going to die of this incurable disease." But at the same time it's a very good, strong, central image for the novel, because he's saying that this boy was actually dead when he was found, in some sense. It is extraordinary that he has been given a life by this other lad, that this whole other area of life which Smike had never perceived is open to him by his association with Nicholas. And, not to spoil the play for anyone who hasn't seen it, the fact that Nicholas turns out to be Smike's cousin is, of course, the final irony.

What we've tried to do with the end of the play is to approximate what Dickens does at the very end of his last chapter. Which is to say, he pulls his usual Dickensian happy ending—everybody was happy, life was golden, there were endless children and grandchildren, and they all lived in perpetual happiness in the old house where their parents had lived—but, he says, "The grave of Smike remained as a reminder of their poor dead cousin." He doesn't mean that sentimentally. He means that as a reminder, not just that the young boy suffered all that he did, and in the end dies of it, but that there are boys like him all the time. At the end of our adaptation, we dramatize that last sentence of Dickens' by saying that even though the Dotheboys Hall is broken up, finally, there's another Smike. Another young boy.

The extraordinary thing for Nicholas is that, once you have helped one Smike, you can't look at his grave and say, "Well, I've done my bit." You will always be helping them. You won't be able to stop. You can't go back. □

Charles Dickens' Nicholas Nickleby is available from Penguin Books (1978, paperback, \$3.95).

Above: "Nicholas astonishes Mr. Squeers and family" as seen by "Phiz." Squeers is the sadistic master of Dotheboys Hall. Right: The Royal Shakespeare Company's production.





Fred Wiseman's Candid Camera

The controversial documentary filmmaker turns his unblinking eye on the world of high fashion.
By Elizabeth Ames

Frederick Wiseman's very first documentary, *Titicut Follies* (1967), is the only "non-obscene" film ever to be banned in the United States. Subsequent Wiseman films have been censored and canceled and have spurred heated debates. His latest effort, *Model* (to be aired on Public Broadcasting System September 16), is unlikely to cause such a stir. Its focus—the modeling industry—seems far from the grittier worlds of *Hospital*, *Welfare*, *Law and Order*, and Wiseman's other well-known controversial films. *Model* is his lightest work so far. Yet, in all respects, it is very much a Fred Wiseman film.

For each of the last fourteen years, Fred Wiseman, now fifty-one, has produced a portrait of some institution or professional enclave in American life. His technique is by now almost legendary. For about a month, he films the day-to-day activities at his chosen site; eventually, his subjects barely notice they are being filmed. The footage is—over a period of approximately ten months—edited down to the essential Wiseman documentary: a stark collection of sequences, two hours or more in length. Shooting only in black-and-white, without voice-over narration, Wiseman simply serves up reality to his viewers—cut and spliced his way.

That reality can be devastating. Wiseman's subjects rarely seem to be acting for the camera, and they allow him to film their most revealing—sometimes anguished—moments.

Elizabeth Ames is a former staff reporter for Look magazine where she covered films and entertainment. She's now a free-lance writer, contributing to New York, Newsweek, Self, Avenue, Omni, and other publications.

Watching a Wiseman documentary, the *New Yorker* critic, Pauline Kael, once wrote, "You feel that the experience is totally naked, that there is no protective tissue between you and the people on the screen."

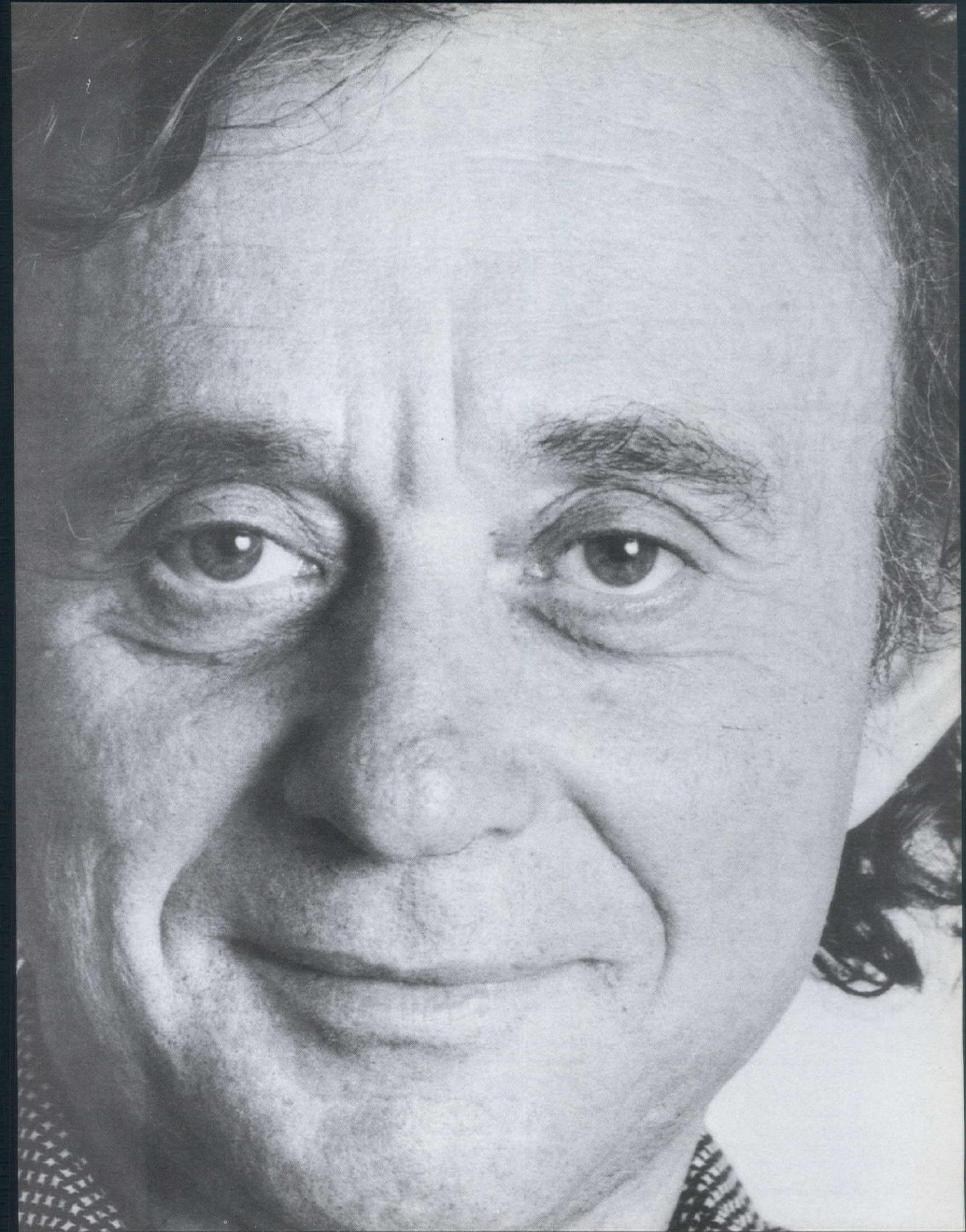
These are not simple films. Wiseman is not interested in a single issue but, as he rather plainly puts it, in "how people behave." His fourteen documentaries are variations on one set of themes. Nearly all show, for instance, how people exert—and interact with—authority: teachers face students in *High School* (1968); recruits confront officers in *Basic Training* (1971). A group's "formal ideology"—to use Wiseman's term—is also held up against its actual practices. The Benedictine monastery in *Essene* (1972) echoes with prayers for brotherly harmony and serenity, but its abbot must cope with a contentious monk, others with emotional conflicts.

In Wiseman's films, social problems appear so vast and complicated that they defy solution. Needy clients in *Welfare* (1975) are frustrated by bureaucratic caseworkers, who are in turn snowed under by swollen case loads and blatant cheats.

While Wiseman's editing highlights these ironies, much in his films is left to the viewer's subjective interpretation. He presents individuals with varying points of view, and, since there is no narration, you must draw your own conclusions—which will depend as much on your prejudices as on what you see.

Right: Documentary filmmaker Frederick Wiseman, whose latest film for the Public Broadcasting System, Model, will be telecast September 16.

© Robert Whittington





Wiseman has intended it that way. He is a blunt, intense man with an underlying sense of humor. Though he exudes a certain warmth, it is tempered by a definite reserve. In conversation he is unpretentious and direct, and he has long frustrated interviewers who want simple explanations of his work. "You may think it's a cop-out," he says firmly, "but I do think these films speak for themselves."

He has always encouraged diverse viewer responses, but Wiseman admits he never expected the furor caused by *Titicut Follies*. The film exposed harrowing conditions at Bridgewater State Prison for the criminally insane in Massachusetts. Its appalling footage revealed an Auschwitzlike institution where gaunt inmates, heavily sedated, shuffle aimlessly. In one particularly disturbing scene, guards bait and slap an elderly inmate, "Jim," as he is led—naked—for a shave. Later he is returned to his cell; for an uncomfortable length of time we watch him stamp like a caged animal.

"I expected that once the people in Massachusetts saw what a horrible place this was, they'd certainly do something about it," the filmmaker recalls. Yet the public's wrath

focused not on the horrors at Bridgewater but—ironically—on the bearer of that bad news. A bizarre dispute raged over the nudity in the film. The Boston press attacked Wiseman for—of all things—exploiting the inmates' misery for his own financial gain.

"My phone was tapped. There were a lot of crank calls, threats to throw acid," Wiseman says. "I was portrayed as a Jewish pornographer." The worst part of the experience, he says, "was the personal disappointments, the friends that fell away."

Public officials who originally supported the film also turned on him. According to Wiseman, Elliot Richardson, then state attorney general, had helped him obtain permission for *Follies* to be made and later praised it at a screening. But once the controversy started, Richardson began proceedings against the film, partly on the grounds that it violated the privacy of the inmates. (Yet national press accounts fail to mention any inmates who ever complained.) Eventually, the Massachusetts Supreme Court ruled that the film could be seen only by "professionals" concerned with custodial care, and today *Titicut Follies* is—ac-

Above: In Law and Order (1969), Wiseman's camera followed the grim business of police work. One startling sequence shows a cop choking a prostitute; the film's soundtrack was heavily edited for expletives.

cording to Wiseman—the only film banned in this country on other than obscenity grounds. So far, two attempts to take the case before the United States Supreme Court have failed.

Later Wiseman films were also controversial. *High School*, widely interpreted as a swipe at the dehumanizing quality of public education, so infuriated the board of education in Philadelphia, where it was made, that Wiseman cannot show it there for fear of court injunction. Repeat showings of *Juvenile Court* (1973) were canceled in its locale—Memphis—after complaints that it invaded the privacy of subjects in the film (even though they had given consent). *Primate* (1974), a look at the Yerkes Primate Research Center in Atlanta, prompted accusations from the center's chief scientist that distressing scenes of forced ejaculation and decapitation of laboratory monkeys were shown unfairly out of context.

My phone was tapped. There were a lot of prank calls, threats to throw acid."

The soundtrack of *Law and Order* (1969) was heavily censored for expletives, and *Hospital* (1970) appalled many with its graphic scenes of surgery and drug withdrawal.

Not all of Wiseman's documentaries have caused such flaps, and the angst and gore are notably absent from *Canal Zone* (1977), *Sinai Field Mission* (1978), and *Manoeuvre* (1979), his most recent documentaries. The controversies have quieted, but they have left their mark. Known to be reluctant to talk about himself or ongoing projects, Wiseman admits, "I'm very secretive. Part of it is a joke, and part of it comes out of the experience I had with *Titicut Follies*." He is "more pessimistic and less interested" in affecting social change through his work. "What matters to me most now is to make a good film about the subject."

Such pronouncements and the choice of a "glamour" subject for his latest project may suggest to some that the filmmaker has turned inward. *Model* and its world could not provide a greater contrast to the misery seen in *Titicut Follies*. Much in the film indicates that perhaps this is precisely the point.

Shot in and around the Zoli model agency in New York, the film shows prospective models at interviews and then trails the successful ones as they are put through their paces at photo sessions, screen tests, commercial shoots, a cocktail party, and a fashion show. This is a world preoccupied with height, looks, make-up, and pricey clothes. But this is no glossy glorification of the high-fashion world. As models and photographers create fantasy images in the city's streets, they are shown being watched by the poor, the elderly, and the derelict, people who could have come from the frames of *Welfare* or *Hospital*.

Aside from such ominous overtones, *Model* may be Wiseman's most consistently funny film. Zoli himself saw in it elements of "situation comedy," and there were many laughs at an early press screening. The comedy arises, however, from the extreme self-absorption that pervades the world of *Model*. A journalist asks a male model, "What are your favorite soaps and shampoos?" in a tone he might use to discuss *War and Peace*.

Wiseman shows modeling for what it is: tedious. As models make-up and pose, there is little talk and much repetition. In a major sequence, models endure endless takes during the filming of a pantyhose commercial, repeatedly descending steps, striding down the street, and posing in a video studio. The scene



Above: In films such as *Basic Training* (1971), Wiseman examines the interaction of ordinary people with the forces of authority. In this case, military recruits confront their officers.

lasts twenty-two minutes.

This kind of realism can be wearing on viewers, and Wiseman has been criticized for long-windedness. The lengths of his films and their sequences are, he replies, "appropriate" to his subjects. Viewer response is secondary. "The only audience I have in mind is myself," he says. "I don't mean that in an egomaniacal sort of way—it's hard enough to know your own standards and your own views." Despite his disinterest in "feedback," he later acknowledges that Kael's reviews of his early films "gave what I was doing the Good Housekeeping seal of approval and helped legitimize what I was doing. That meant a lot to me."

Though he may not exactly be mindless of his audience, Wiseman is exceptionally absorbed in his work. During a project, he can be difficult to reach; his business manager often does not even know his schedule. "I get totally involved in the world that I'm in so that I can't do anything else," he says. "I work on a film seventeen and a half hours a day."

Immersed as he may be, he keeps his emotional distance. The behavior he has witnessed has been outrageous, but Wiseman has almost never intervened. He came close once, while filming *Law and Order*. Watching a cop choke a prostitute, "I was about to intervene when he let her go. Had I done so, it would have been the end of the film." His sympathetic image

with the police would have been shattered, and he would have no longer been "invisible."

That Wiseman actually manages to blend into the woodwork seems remarkable, particularly when he describes his shooting technique. Along with a cameraman and an assistant, he will hover as close as two feet away from his subjects. As he does the sound, he directs the shooting. "It's like a little dance. It looks really strange. Sometimes these horrible things are going on, and you're sort of creeping around the floor. And sometimes there are tape run-outs and film run-outs and you're in the wrong position. It's actually a great comedy."

Wiseman's apparent invisibility seems to have a lot to do with his ability to project a low-key, compassionate persona. "You look at him one time, and you're won over," says Bob Whittington, one of the photographers in *Model*. Appolonia, a Dutch model, found him "warm" but "shy." She says, "He lets you talk about yourself." Yet he does have his detractors. One magazine article quoted a young filmmaker who attempted to show his work to Wiseman and got a chilly response: "He didn't like my film. . . . He was right . . . but I also felt terribly let down personally when I left him. It struck me that he has the intellectual liberal's type of compassion—displaced from real feeling."

Wiseman concedes he is a loner, and it is not surprising he was an only child. In an odd way, he appears to be the perfect product of his background. His parents' professions seem to foreshadow the subjects of his films: his father was a lawyer and his mother the administrative head of psychiatry in a children's hospital. Wiseman grew up "sheltered."



Oliver Kool

Above: Male models in *Model* are asked such penetrating questions as, "What are your favorite soaps and shampoos?" The humor in the film comes from this relentless self-absorption. Right: Wiseman shows what a fashion model's life is really like, and by and large, it's a life of tedium, endless makings-up and shootings.

He had a love for the movies, but it gave way to family expectations—he was to study law. Dutifully, he entered Yale Law School in 1951 after graduating from Williams College. Finding law "boring," he retreated into literature.

Wiseman then did a stint in the army and later worked for an American lawyer in Paris. Upon returning to the states, he taught for a while at Boston University Law-Medicine Institute. Finally, "at the witching age of thirty," Wiseman decided "that I better do something I liked." He would make films.

In 1964, he produced *The Cool World*, a fiction feature about a ghetto kid in Harlem. The film was a financial failure, but it acquainted Wiseman with filmmaking techniques and left him determined to try again.

Several years passed. In the interim, Wiseman and a friend formed a consulting firm known as OSTI—the Organization for Social and Technical Innovation. OSTI worked with the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to implement social programs. Despite good intentions, the firm turned out to be a "boondoggle"; the experience did much to shape his pessimistic social views. "That was a pretty good education in the limits of social change."

Eventually, Wiseman decided to try another

The comedy arises from the extreme self-absorption that pervades *Model*.

movie—one he'd direct himself. So he proceeded to film that hellish place he had visited with his law students: Bridgewater.

Sometime after *Titicut Follies*, Wiseman contracted with PBS to produce one film annually. That arrangement, along with income from domestic and foreign rentals and leases, sustains Wiseman and his company, Zipporah Films.

Ever mysterious, Wiseman won't disclose the titles of his newest projects. But he will talk about something more remote, his screen adaptation of Anne Tyler's novel, *Celestial Navigation*. According to Wiseman, producer Tony Unger has an option on the property and is rounding up studio backing. The film, he says, is about a "fat, timid, ugly sculptor who lives in a rooming house and makes things out of fragments. He falls in love with a destitute woman. . . . She is interested only in practical, earthly day-to-day matters . . . while he operates by celestial navigation and is very involved with abstractions, and they drift apart."

Does he see himself in this character? "The emotional part of it I understand, but it's not part of my personal experience," Wiseman says carefully. "I think I relate to people better than the man in the book. I'm interested in abstractions, but not to the exclusion of anything else."

Still, he will not deny the connection: "I relate to his making things out of fragments." After all, he says evenly, "that's what I do." □

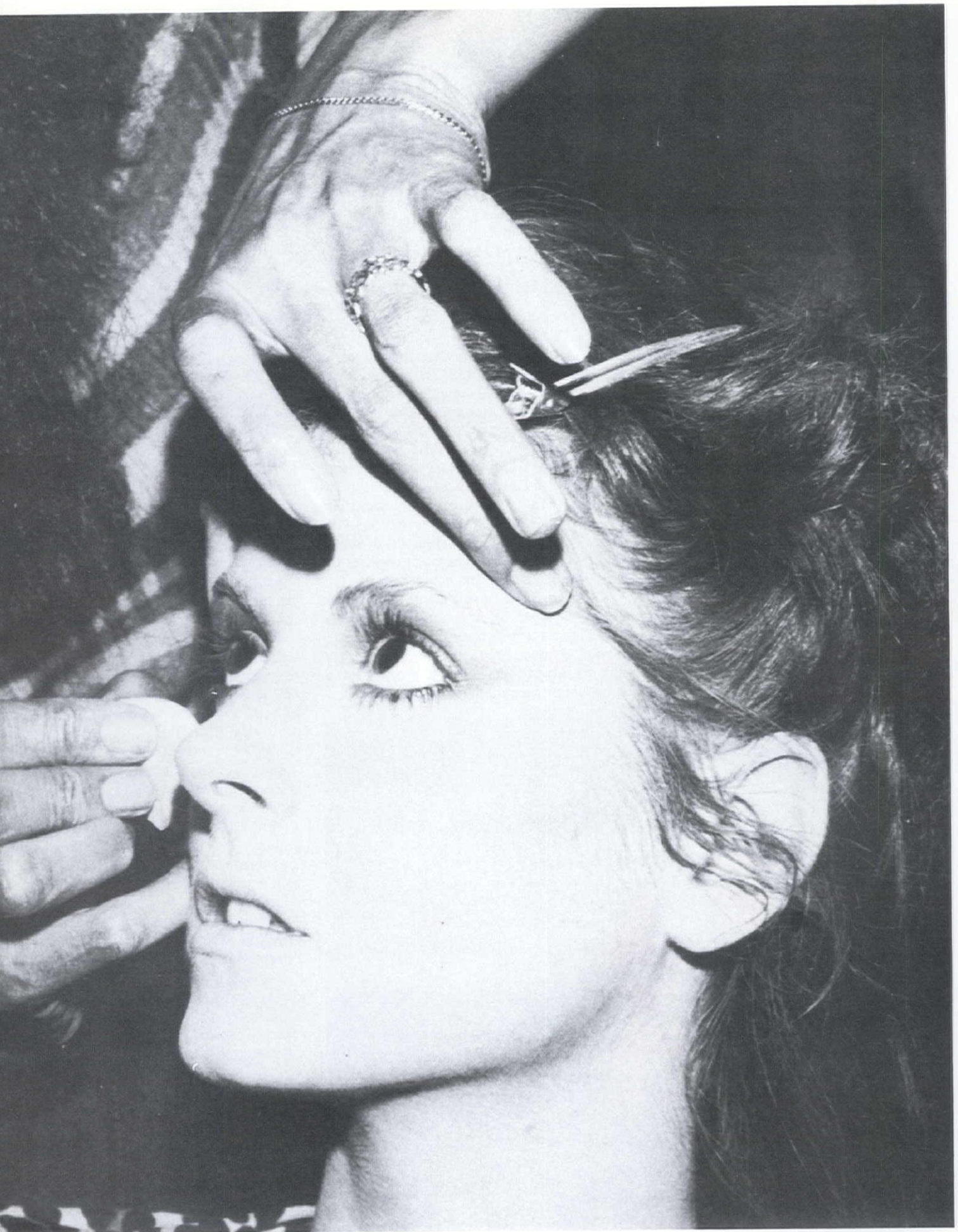
New American Cinema Showcase

Fred Wiseman's *Model* is featured in "New American Cinema Showcase," a collection of works by independent filmmakers organized by the Independent Feature Project and the American Film Institute Exhibition Services Office. These nonprofit organizations, with the help of a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, are seeking to expand the audience for independent films. Other showcased films include Jon Else's *Day After Trinity* (nominated for an Academy Award), Anna Thomas' *The Haunting of M*, and Mark Rappoport's *Imposters*.

Five of the nine featured films will be shown at each screening; at least two directors will be present. The New American Cinema Showcase will be at the River Oaks Theater in Houston (October 16-22), the Prytania Theater in New Orleans (November 13-19), and the Rhodes Cinema in Atlanta (December 4-11).



Oliver Kool



Art among the Adobes

The city glistens with astonishing light that has beckoned artists for more than a century. Soft adobe edges fuse with a brilliant sky. The horizon is alive with passionate tradition melded from New Mexico's proud past.

It is Santa Fe. This beautiful town, with one art gallery for every 400 or so residents and world-famous opera and chamber-music activities, opens her collective doors next month for the Santa Fe Festival of the Arts. A major national event, the festival pools the creativity of New Mexican artists and American Indian artists from throughout the U.S. Scheduled for October 9-18, the fifth annual festival includes six separate shows that span photography, crafts, American Indian art, sculpture, and painting. Every item exhibited by 600 participating artists will be for sale and five of the six shows are installed in the same location, Santa Fe's Sweeney Convention Center located one block from the historic downtown plaza. The sixth, a fine-arts exhibition of traditional Southwestern art, will hang in the Armory for the Arts.

Eliot Porter Retrospective. A photographer for all but the first ten of his seventy-nine years, Porter established a home and studio in Tesuque, New Mexico. As with Ansel Adams,

The city of Santa Fe salutes local and Indian artists, and they return the favor.

Edward Curtis, and the twentieth century's other great landscape photographers, Porter was drawn by the amazing light. Porter's color photography will be featured in this year's Santa Fe Festival with a major retrospective of his work in the Sweeney Convention Center.

Rosalind Constable Invites. For twenty years, Rosalind Constable advised editors of Time, Inc., about emerging avant-garde trends through an in-house briefing sheet sometimes called "Rosie's Bugle." The first to write about Warhol and Lichtenstein, she now lives on a Santa Fe hillside where she observes the city's and state's art community at work.

Visitors to Santa Fe next month will see eight rooms of works by forty artists whom Constable invited to participate in one festival exhibition. All artists are residents of New Mexico and are invited to show works in any medium—paintings, sculpture, or decorative items.

American Indian Art Show. From Florida, Oklahoma, Alaska to New York, 100 American Indian artists will gather in Santa Fe for a special segment of the Santa Fe Festival. The invitational show encompasses painting, sculpture, pottery, jewelry, weaving, and basketry displayed in the convention center.

Festival organizers anticipate participation from the country's best American Indian artist. The setting is appropriate; one of the first efforts to preserve Indian art began in Santa Fe more than fifty years ago and the Institute of American Indian Arts is located in the city today.

New Mexico Photography Exhibition. New York dealer Lee Witkin is among three judges for this competition open exclusively to New Mexico residents. Joining Witkin on the panel are Ernest Brooks II, president of the Broomfield Institute (known for underwater and Arctic photography) and free-lance photographer Nicholas deVore III of Aspen, Colorado.

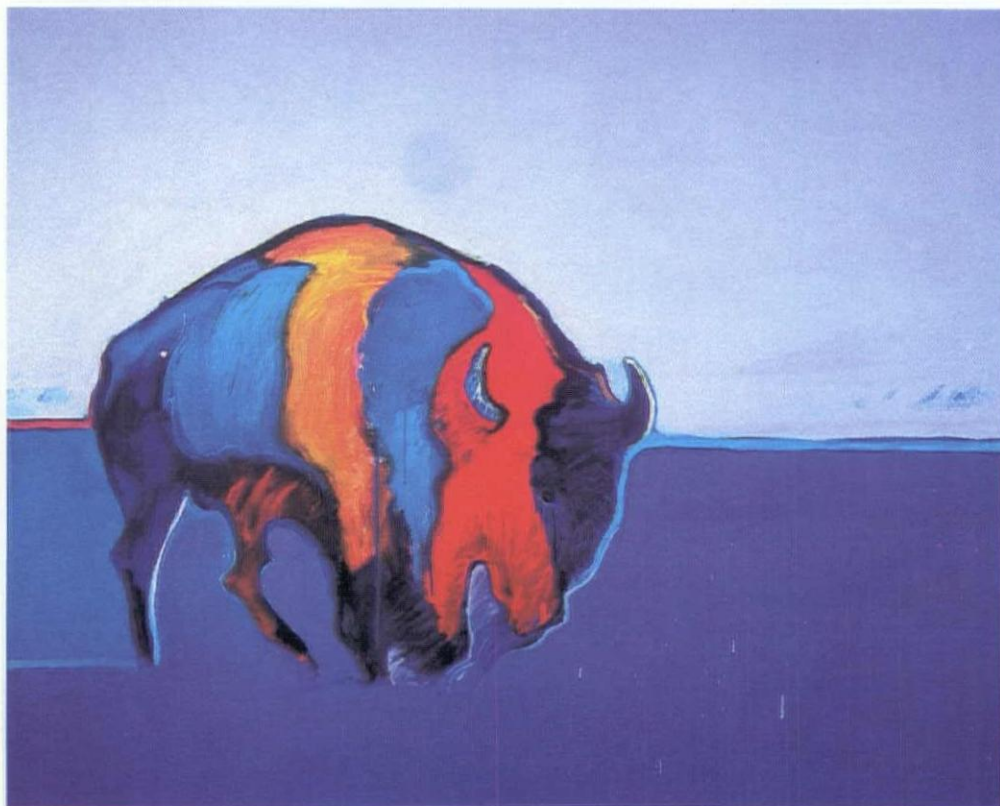
Entrants, whose works will hang in the convention center, are not restricted by size, format, or subject requirements.

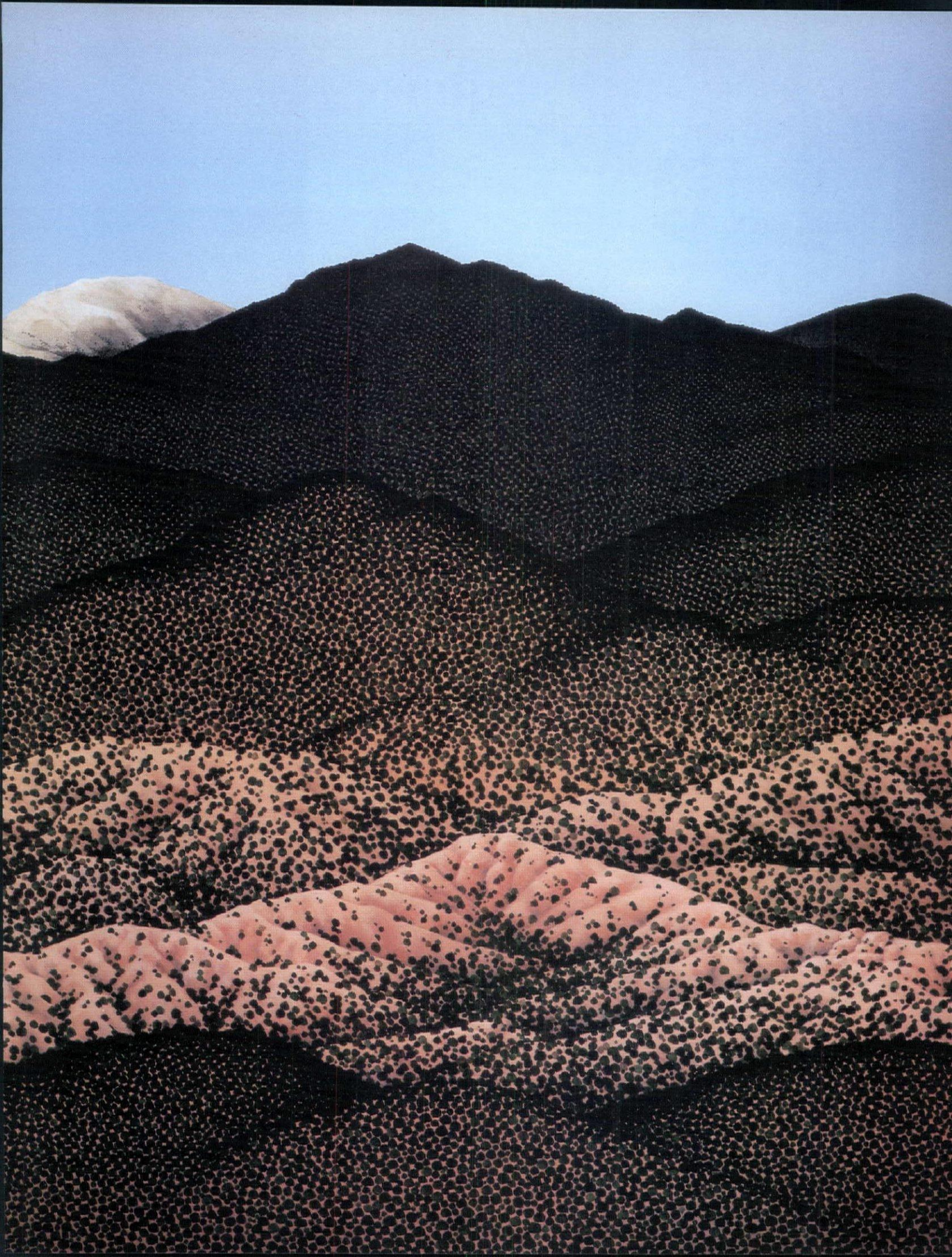
Crafts 81. Textiles, ceramics, jewelry, stained glass: these popular craft areas will be represented in a juried show featuring about one hundred artists. This segment of the Santa Fe Festival is limited to works by New Mexican artists/craftsmen, representing a region rich in excellent crafts tradition.

Images of the Southwest. The only festival segment installed in the Armory for the Art, the show offers a traditional Southwestern flavor. From landscapes to Indian portraits, realism is the thrust of this fine-arts exhibition. Jim Forrest, director of the Fine Arts Museum at the University of Wyoming, will jury the selection of works by more than eighty artists.

Admission to the Santa Fe Festival of the Arts is \$2.50 for adults, \$1.50 for children, and free for all six individual shows are 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. Satellite activities throughout the city during festival-time include a walking tour of art galleries, performing-arts events and street theater. The fifth annual Santa Fe Festival is supported by participation from the Santa Fe Gallery Association, the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, the Santa Fe Community Theatre, and the College of Santa Fe. □

Among six shows in the Santa Fe Festival of the Arts, Rosalind Constable Invites showcases works by New Mexican artists. Right, Tesuque Hills by Dick Mason; left, Buffalo Medicine by John Nieto.





Illuminating Ray

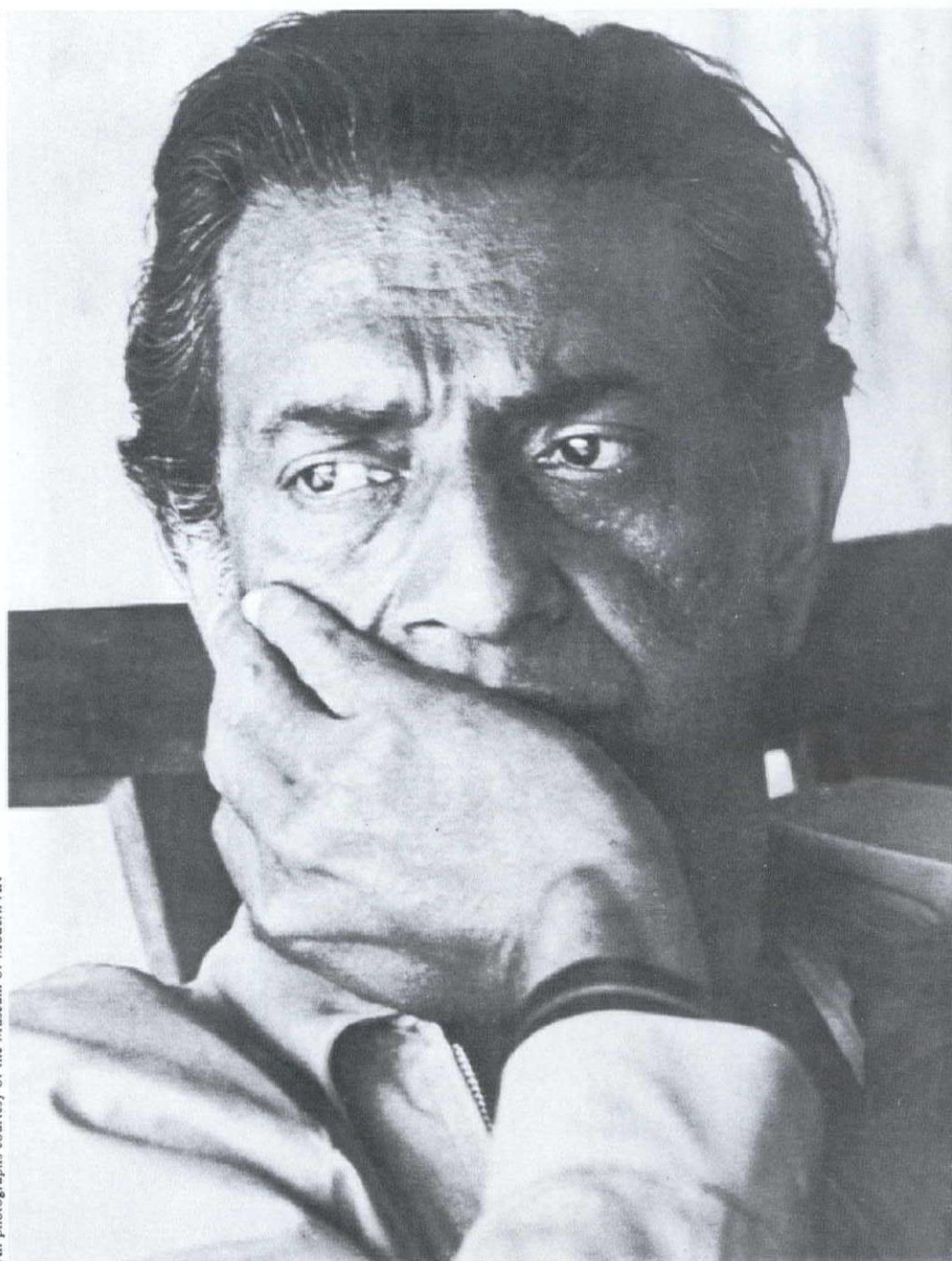
In the late 1950s, Indian film maker Satyajit Ray made a tremendous international impact with three lyrical films known as the Apu trilogy. But Ray has since become a stranger to American audiences. Did his talents vanish? Did he stop making films? The fault lay not with Ray's consistently extraordinary art, but with distributors who doubt Americans' appreciation of foreign subject matter and tolerance of subtitles. Fortunately, Film India has mounted a nationwide retrospective of Ray's body of work that should dispel those doubts and, if the lines for the screenings at New York's Museum of Modern Art are indicative, spawn more of the same.

In his twenty-seven films, from the 1955 *Pather Panchali* to the 1981 *Pikoo*, Ray has earned a place with the likes of Ingmar Bergman, Andrzej Wajda, and Francois Truffaut. And he is a film maker in the fullest sense of the word: he often writes the stories, composes the music, and designs the sets.

Like his author grandfather and father before him, Ray is torn between the cultural influence of the British and fascination with his Indian heritage. This tension is felicitously felt in work that draws on both European and Indian modes. Like the films of Bergman, Wajda, and Truffaut, Ray's work looks intensely at the particular in order to evoke a universal truth. Ray's "particular" is not India in its entirety, but his native Bengal—in present and past, country and city, languid wealth and ravaging poverty. His visual and narrative details are parochial, but his themes are as relevant in Kansas as in Calcutta.

Though distinctive in any context, Ray's films are especially remarkable in contrast to the song-and-dance and simple-message formula of mainstream Indian cinema. Although it produces more films than any other country in the world, the Indian film industry is egregiously limited in range.

Visually, Ray's eloquence and economy are breathtaking. He can make a sturdy tree seem a portent of famine in *Distant Thunder*; can suggest the dissipation of the landowner class by hypnotically circling a chandelier in *The Music Room*; or can describe the fear and passivity of a young woman by watching her toes curl inward like a wave. With their location settings, nonprofessional actors, and poetic evocation of everyday life, the Apu



All photographs courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art

trilogy films won Ray the label of neorealist film maker. But even Ray's early work is stylistically varied. There's a Chekhovian flavor to *Charluta* and *The Mountain*, a vaporous surrealism to *The Music Room*. More recent films such as *The Chess Players* and *The Kingdom of Diamonds* deftly insinuate animation or fairy-tale sequences into works that are difficult to pigeonhole.

Diversity notwithstanding, the fundamental unity of Ray's films is affirmed by the works

Film India brings us this year. Ray has often said that he finds villains boring. An indifference to villains as well as heroes, and a fascination with strong characters—both for themselves and as suggestive of larger geographical, social, or political realities—continue to distinguish all of Ray's art.

Geographical realities are the determining force in *The Mountain* (made in 1962, but only now showing in the U.S.), where various characters spend the last hours of a summer



Opposite page: Satyajit Ray, subject of a Film India retrospective now touring the country. Top: Nani Ganguly (left) and Sandhya Ray in *Distant Thunder* (1974), one of only two of Ray's films to be widely distributed in the United States before now. Above: Subir Banerjee as Apu in Satyajit Ray's first film, *Pather Panchali* (1955); subsequent films (*The Unvanquished*, *The World of Apu*) follow the young Bengali boy's journey into manhood and fatherhood.

holiday in a small town at the foothills of Kanchenjunga, the world's third-highest mountain. Though the mist-enshrouded peak obdurately refuses to show its face before the film's last minutes, its presence casts a spell over the day. An upper-class young girl summons the nerve to defy her powerful father and reject his choice of a suitable mate. A proud young man, rendered obsequious by his impoverished circumstances, finally speaks his disrespectful mind to a potential employer. A woman who has not sung in years finds passionate voice. Yet, as is true with all Ray's works, *The Mountain's* conclusions are neither so cheerful nor so direct as they at first appear. Kanchenjunga's lucid appearance at film's end is ironic, for human destinies are not half so clear. The young woman must yet select a mate; the young man remains jobless. Soon holiday and mountain will be left behind, and pressures more insistent than those of mountain atmosphere will reassert their influence over all the characters' lives.

These social and political pressures are more pressing in *The Chess Players* (1977), one of Ray's strongest and most scathing films. The time is the mid-nineteenth century, the subject the British appropriation of the final Indian outpost of Oudh. Whereas *The Mountain* differentiates between more and less sympathetic characters, *The Chess Players* remains scrupulously distanced from British and Indian

alike—small wonder that Indian audiences took umbrage. The Indian king, who cherishes his crown but not the ordeal of ruling, who bursts into sorrowful song in the midst of a military conference, is scarcely more heroic than the British resident general whose unpleasant, unethical duty it is to overthrow him. The chess players of the title are buffoons who bury their heads in the old Indian game of chess while rulers come and go and even the rules of chess change. But these situations are more provocative as part of a complex social and political vision, of Ray's perception of India's somnolent aestheticism as both seductive and inimicable to good leadership. For once Ray's message is clear. Yes, the British behaved deplorably, but the Indians have only themselves to blame.

Social tensions between British and Indian traditions are felt within individual characters in Ray's recent short feature, *Pikoo*. On its surface, *Pikoo* tells a simple story. A wealthy Calcutta husband discovers his wife's infidelity. The wife weepingly informs her lover, who—inconvenienced by the new situation and embarrassed by her emotions—abruptly leaves. In another quarter of the large house, the wife's father suffers a fatal heart attack. But Ray complicates his drama by viewing much of it through the innocent, mischievous eyes of the couple's young son, Pikoo. From Pikoo's perspective, we observe the interplay of past and present, native and European influences in contemporary India. After his father drives off in an expensive modern car, Pikoo watches a human-drawn carriage and a band of raggedly dressed native singers pass his driveway. While his mother prepares an elaborate lunch table, Pikoo stares at an old gardener shoveling rice from plate to mouth with work-worn hands.

The Mountain, *The Chess Players*, and *Pikoo* are among nearly thirty Satyajit Ray films Film India is bringing to this country. Only *The Chess Players* and *Distant Thunder* have been distributed with any vigor in the west before now. Seen at last, the films of Satyajit Ray are a revelation. —Diane Jacobs

The Satyajit Ray retrospective will also be seen at: the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis (September–October); the Pacific Film Archives, Berkeley (October–November); the Denver Center, Denver (January 1982); the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston (February); and the Los Angeles County Museum, Los Angeles (March).



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Letters

Notes on Steinberg

Although I agree that Michael Steinberg's writings on music are perceptive and entertaining, the article (May 1981, "Annotator of Note") also displays a familiar attitude: "I'd rather be right than understood." The notes on "Schubert's Symphony No. 8" must be read before the work at hand can be identified. One must know the entire history of Schubert's symphonies to know which is "No. 8, former No. 9, formerly former No. 7"—not to be confused with the orchestrated piano duo No. 7, now presumably "No. 6½," or we could leave things so we can know what we're talking about.

Before they educate, writers must communicate.

Richard E. Sebelt
Springfield, Massachusetts

Never Heard of It

The "Twenty-first Museum" on Professor Hazard's list (June 1981, "Twenty Museums You've Never Heard Of") is the Gilcrease in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

This is probably the least known museum of all with one of the most extensive, if not the most extensive collection of American cowboy, Indian, and Western art anywhere.

Professor Hazard should include this museum in his proposed guidebook with appropriate emphasis.

If there are any questions about the importance of this collection, one should talk with the president of Kennedy Galleries in New York.

R. S. Strickler
Killingworth, Connecticut

Wrong Hunt

I was amused at the know-nothingness of your "itinerant art prospector" from (are you joking?) Beaver College, who states that the \$2.5-million *Icebergs* was given to the Dallas Museum by H. L. Hunt. H. L. Hunt never bought a painting in his life, either for \$2,500 or \$2.5 million. The painting was purchased by his son, Lamar Hunt, who, I believe, has only loaned it to the Dallas Museum. Nevertheless I give H. L. Hunt full credit for having launched me on my painting career, although inadvertently. In 1959, after I had edited his

book, *Alpaca*, I spent several days designing the cover, although I had not been hired to do this. When I returned to New York, a friend saw my sketches, said that I should be painting, and took me to Rosenthal's for a complete outfit. The rest, as they say, is history.

Eustace Mullins
President
Ezra Pound Institute
of Civilization
Staunton, Virginia

Best

I read with interest your article on "Futurist Architects" in the June 1981 issue of *HORIZON* magazine.

The subject matter was indeed fascinating; the piece itself, well written; and its appearance in this era of "postmodern" (however you define the term) architecture, most timely.

However, I was somewhat confused by a misleading statement concerning the Best Products headquarters in Richmond, Virginia. The building to which you refer as "the new SITE/Best building, also in Richmond, Best's headquarters," in fact is our new SITE-designed showroom. The "Forest Showroom" is not our headquarters, but one of ninety-two catalog showrooms which the company operates across the nation.

Our headquarters here in Richmond was designed by Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates of New York. It is not a SITE building, although SITE originally did refer us to HHPA when we began the search for an architect to design our headquarters.

J. Michael Welton
Corporate Communications
Best Products Co., Inc.
Richmond, Virginia

No Boost for Santa Fe

In your column in the June issue, under "Boost for Santa Fe," mention is wrongly made that D. H. Lawrence died in Santa Fe. While he deeply loved the area around Taos, he actually died in Saint-Paul-de-Vence, Provence, France.

John J. Walsh
Publisher, Black Swan Books
Redding Ridge, Connecticut