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HORIZON

The Magazine of the Arts

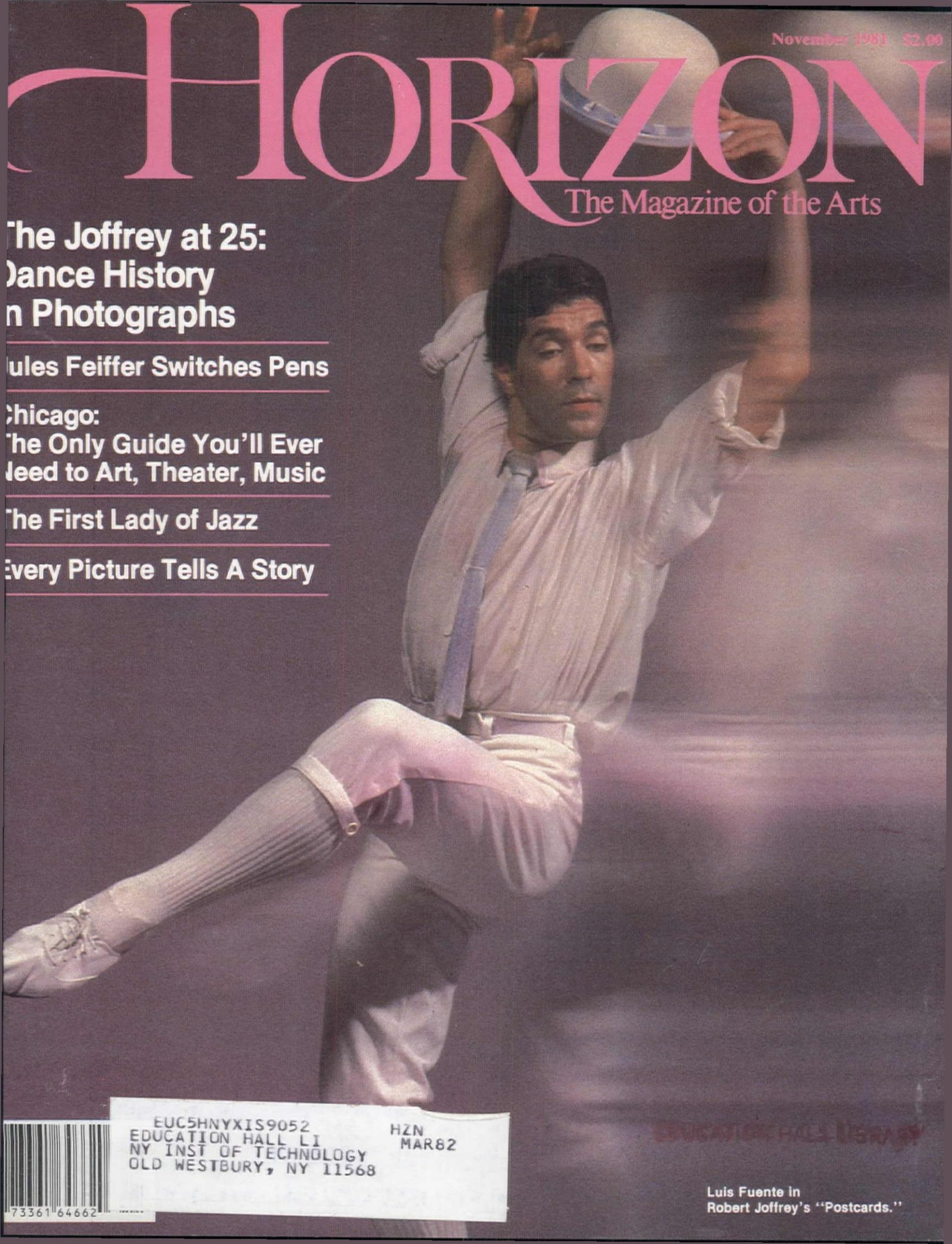
The Joffrey at 25:
Dance History
in Photographs

Paul Feiffer Switches Pens

Chicago:
The Only Guide You'll Ever
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The First Lady of Jazz

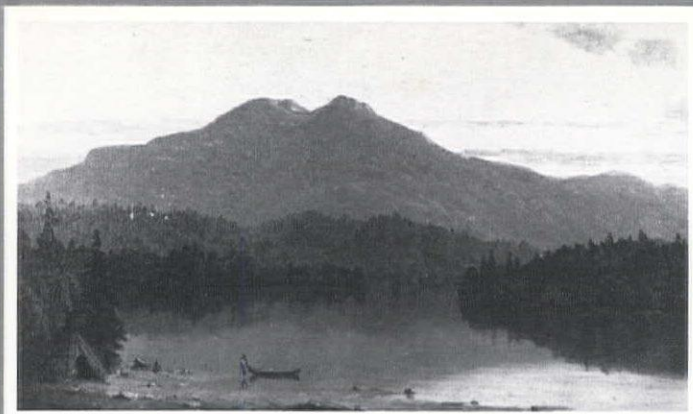
Every Picture Tells A Story



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Luis Fuente in
Robert Joffrey's "Postcards."



Sanford Robinson Gifford

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John Frederick Kensett

12½" x 23"



Edward Lamson Henry

19" x 30"



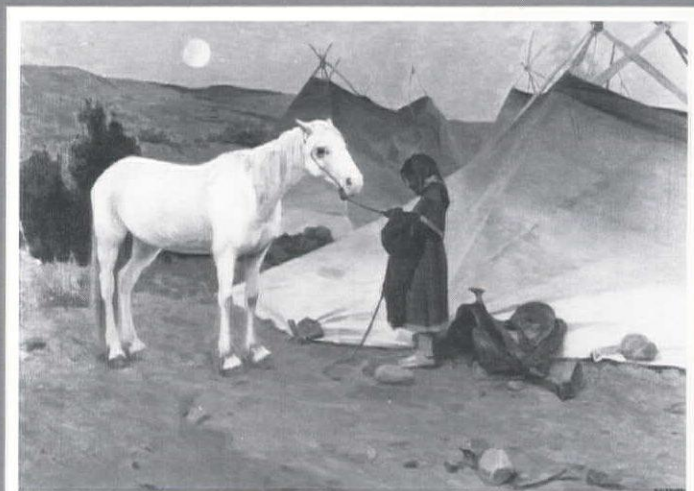
Daniel Ridgway Knight
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John George Brown
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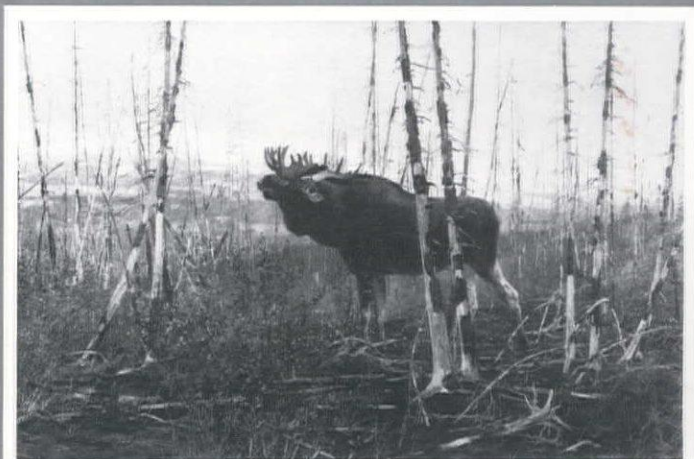
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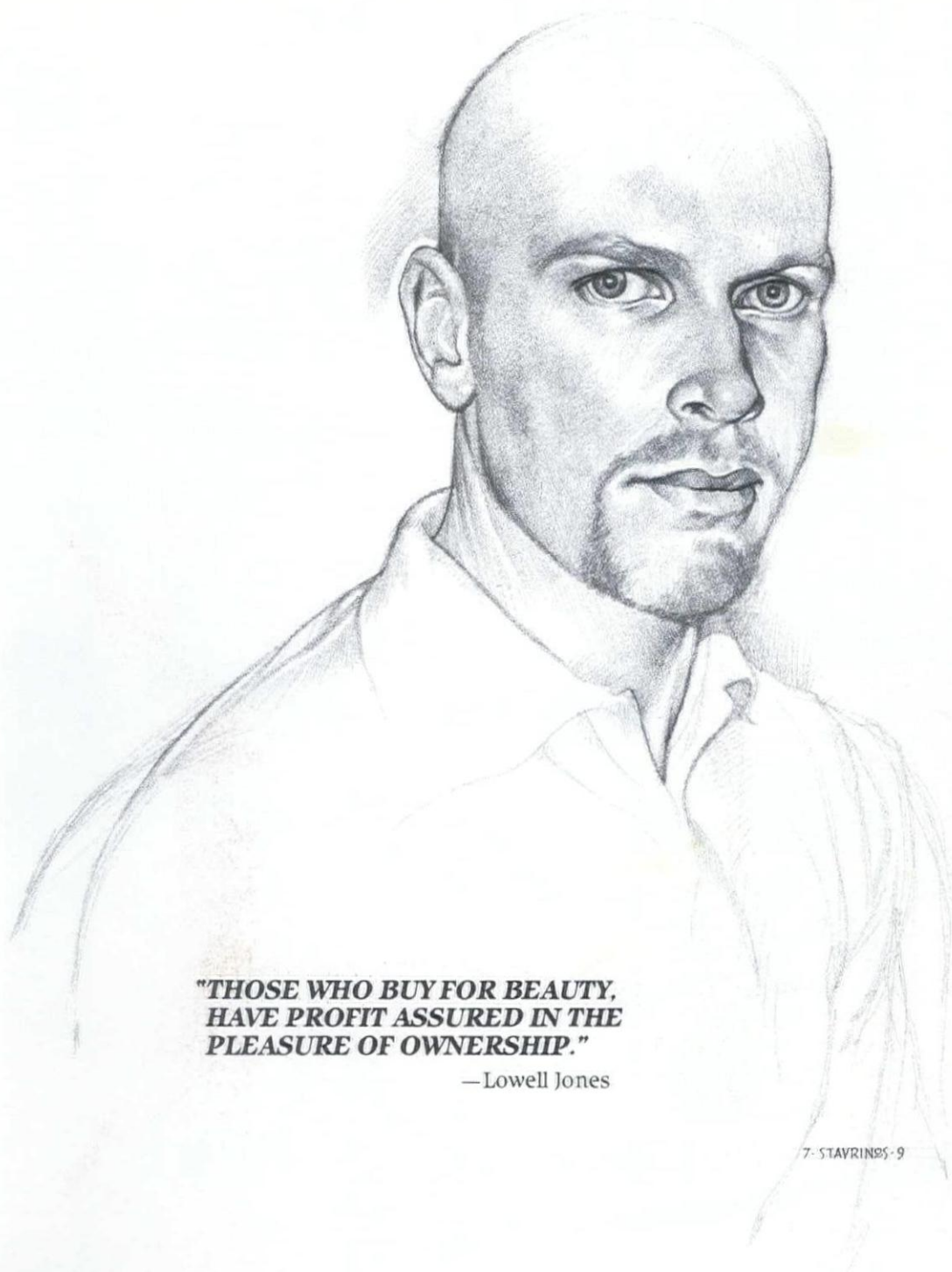
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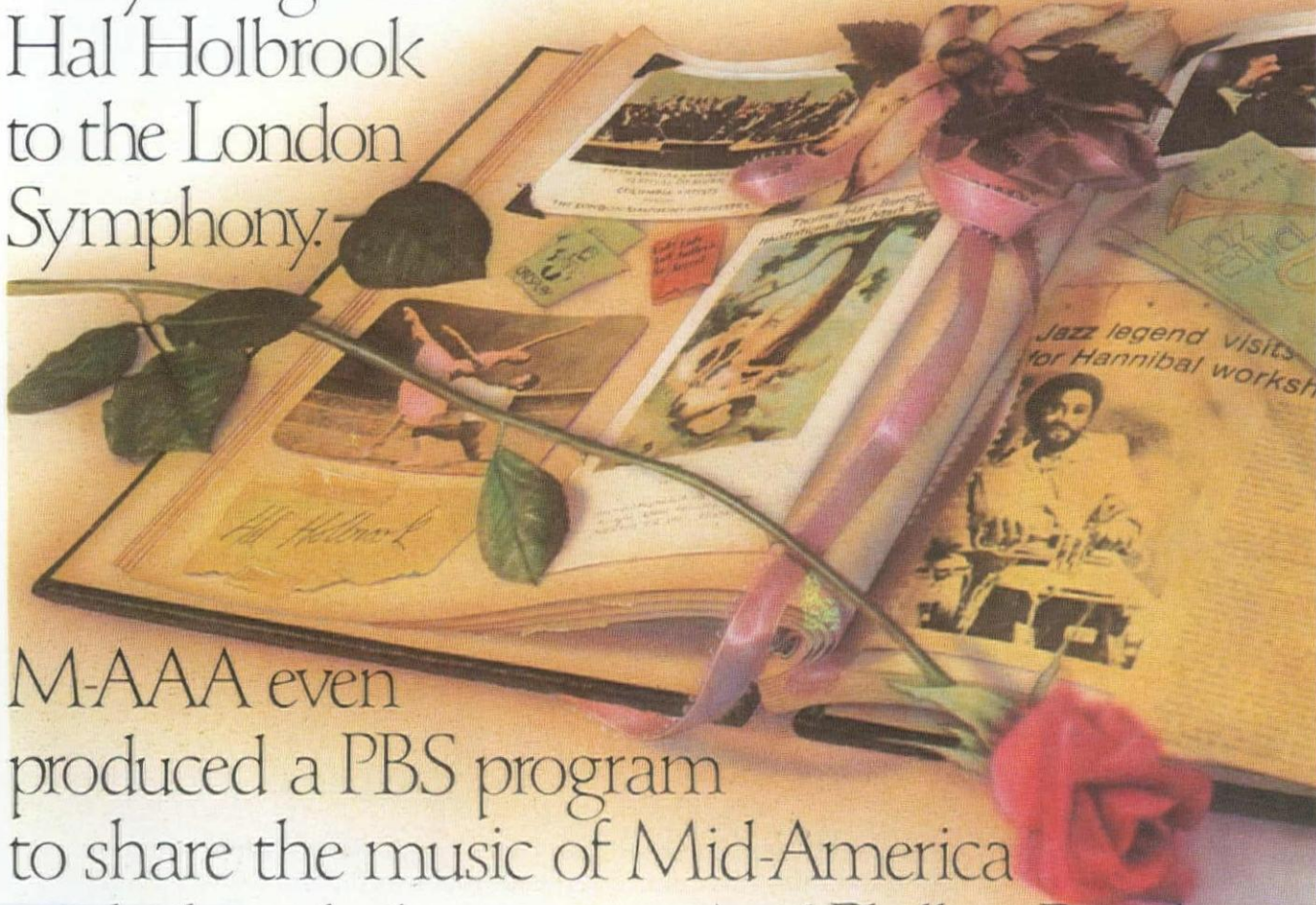


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HORIZON

Volume 24

Number 11

November 1981

Cover:
Luis Fuente in the
Joffrey Ballet's
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© Herbert Migdoll.

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The Life of the Arts

Two milestones share calendar space at HORIZON this month: we're celebrating the twenty-third publishing year and HORIZON's third anniversary under our aegis. With almost a quarter-century crowded behind our logo, vitality, talent, gutsy determination, and respect for beauty fill those thousands of HORIZON pages.

Where did it start? HORIZON first appeared in 1958, when people were reading Jack Kerouac's *On The Road* and Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*. Elvis topped the music charts and Debbie Reynolds was singing "Tammy." Frank Lloyd Wright's provocative design for the Guggenheim endured biting attacks from critics and the abstract expressionists were painting downtown. This country was experiencing the first tremors of an arts explosion, and the distinguished, hardcover HORIZON led its people through to the seventies.

Exactly twenty years later, we celebrated a new era with our purchase of HORIZON in September 1978. In those two decades, the arts had generated a new way of life for people from coast to coast—ballet now outdrew NFL football. We brought out our first issue not long after I.M. Pei unveiled his East Building at the National Gallery. Also in 1978: The Guggenheim saluted the late Mark Rothko with a major retrospective. The Metropolitan opened its Temple of Dendur. Broadway crowds were making *A Chorus Line* and *Annie* sell outs. The Pulitzer Prize for drama went to *The Gin Game* and *Ain't Misbehavin'* captured the Drama Critics Circle award.

Nineteen-hundred seventy-nine, nineteen-hundred eighty, nineteen-hundred eighty-one . . . the arts phenomenon passed the stage of being called a fad, and settled into being an important demographic pattern. Broadway vaulted over its problems to become one of the country's healthiest industries, museum memberships began swelling, artists took their works on the road nationwide, and pockets of art blossomed in Chicago, Los Angeles, Santa Fe. And in each issue of HORIZON we're helping you assimilate these trends, understand how they correlate with our rich history of arts over many civilizations.

Just-released reports from the Presidential Task Force on the Arts and Humanities make a broad call for increased support of *all* the arts by the private sector (you and me), and people are answering that call by integrating both the enjoyment and responsibility of the arts into their lives. Dance, music, drama, film, television, photography, literature, and the visual arts are the creative core of HORIZON—and increasingly necessary aspects of daily life all over the world.

In my first editorial as publisher of HORIZON in 1978 I wrote, "It is with respect and with great expectation that we approach our new publishing challenge. We are pleased that you are sharing this challenge with us from the beginning." Three years later, my respect for this magazine's superior tradition (and the great talents who nurtured its growth) has grown, and my expectations for the next quarter-century surpass those earlier goals. I am proud and pleased that you are sharing this vision.



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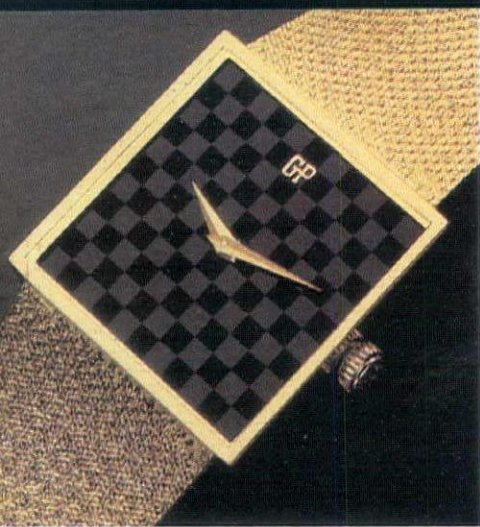
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HORIZON (ISSN 0018-4977) is published ten times a year (monthly with combined issues January/February and July/August) by HORIZON Publishers, Inc., 1305 Greensboro Ave., Tuscaloosa 35401, 205/345-0272, for \$18.00 per year in the U.S.; \$22.00 per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

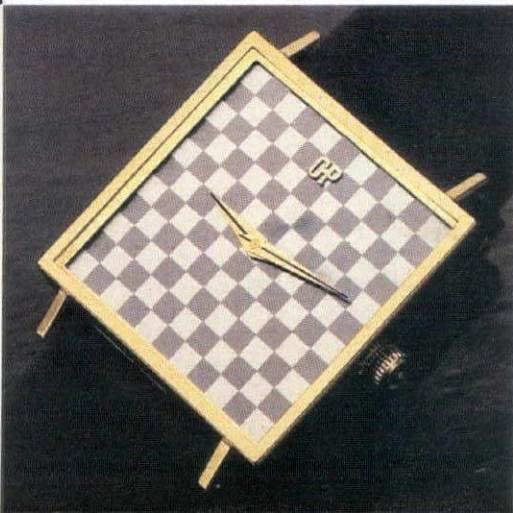
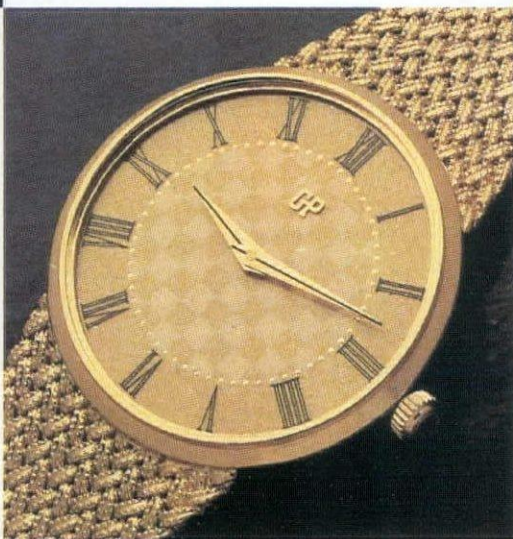
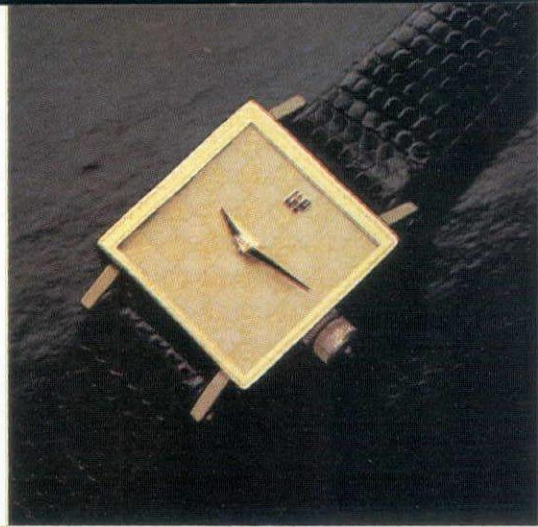
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to HORIZON Subscription Service, P.O. Box 517, Birmingham, Alabama 35201.

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Cross Country



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Art

We Are Amused

For the first time, Americans will get a chance to see for themselves why England's Queen Victoria was so enamored with the works of Sir Edwin Landseer (1802-1873), England's best-known painter of the time.

More than 150 paintings, drawings, and

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

The Life's in the Old Dog Yet (detail, 1838) is part of the Edwin Landseer exhibit.

etchings by the queen's favorite painter are displayed through January 3 at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Landseer's works come from museums and private English and Scottish collections, including the collection of Queen Elizabeth II. The museum has been collaborating for four years with the Tate Gallery in London, where the exhibition will be on view February 10 through April 12, 1982.

Queen Victoria bought thirty-nine Landseer

oils along with numerous drawings and engravings. Perhaps his most popular paintings were those of animals, particularly stags in the Highlands, dogs, cats, and monkeys. Landseer's works encompassed portraits and caricatures of some of the most powerful people of the nineteenth century, as well as landscapes.

During the Philadelphia exhibition, a variety of programs will be offered, including films on Victorian England and workshops devoted to English art and architecture and Christmas decorations.

The exhibition is made possible by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts and a federal indemnity from the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities.

—Anne Boggs

Really Heavy

Using almost 250 tons of brick, John Spofforth is constructing a monumental sculpture on the lawn of the National Museum of American Art at the Smithsonian Institution. The 11,000 bricks would be enough to build a 2,100-square-foot ranch house. But Spofforth is making a *sculpture*.

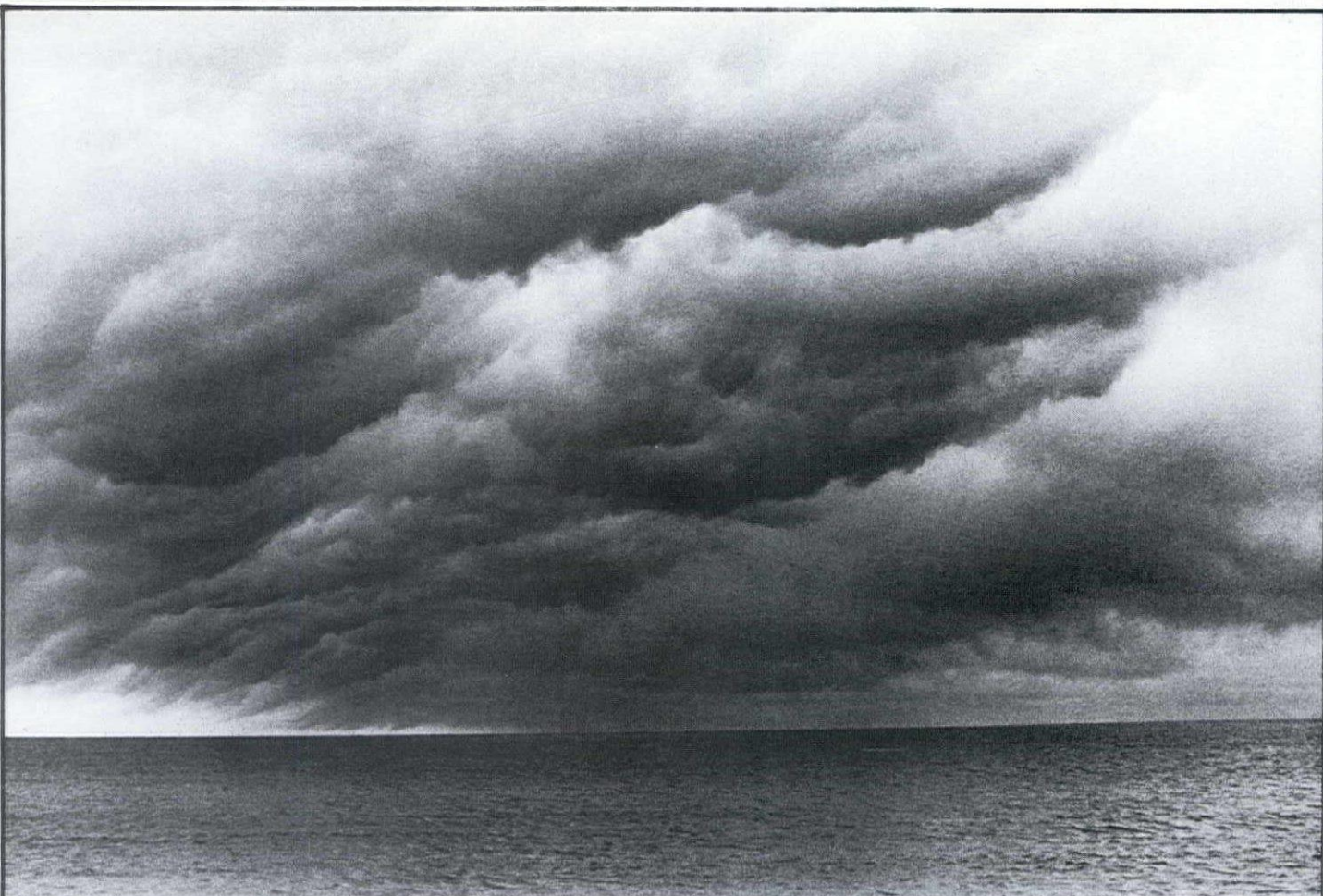
The sculpture, which will take a month to complete, is part of a major temporary exhibition, "More Than Land or Sky: Art from Appalachia," on view through January 1982. *Efficacy: Cross-Cues* is the title of the sculpture: separate, intertwined columns in angled sections, free-standing and twenty feet high, twenty feet long, and four feet deep.

Spofforth prefers to build his sculpture in full public view and to exhibit them outdoors whenever possible. Before completing an art education, he was a bricklayer.

—A

Sitting Pretty

According to the nineteenth-century British poet, Alexander Smith, "A good portrait is a kind of biography." Considering the significance of portraits in the history of a nation, it is incredible that there has never before been a major exhibition devoted to American formal portraiture as a distinct artistic tradition. That omission is being rectified by "American Portraiture in the Grand Manner: 1720-1920," which opens November 17 at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (through January 1982). Easterners can see it at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C., from March 17 through June 16, 1982.



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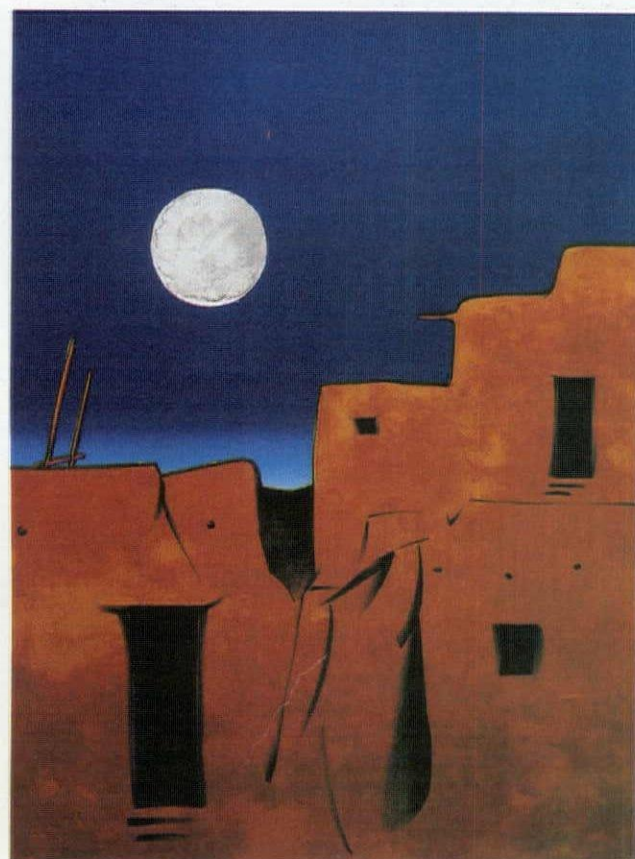


Edward Weston,
"Nude, 1936,"
Vintage Print

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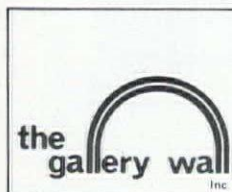
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Cross Country



John Singer Sargent's portrait of Mrs. Edward L. Davis and Her Son, Livingston Davis (1890) represents the last of four periods in "American Portraiture."

"American Portraiture" traces the development of the portrait through four periods. The colonial period spotlights John Smibert and his great painting of Major General Paul Mascarene in full ceremonial armor; Robert Feke, one of the first American-born artists; and John Singleton Copley, who introduced "glamour" into early portraiture. The second division is the Federal period, with such artists as Charles Willson Peale and Gilbert Stuart. The latter represented by two of his greatest works: *The Skater* and the Landowne portrait of Washington. Third comes the romantic period, epitomized by the floating loveliness of Thomas Sully's female subjects. The exhibition concludes with the period between the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, in which portraiture became more varied, from the shimmering opulence of John Singer Sargent to the emphasis on character of George Bellow's *Elinor*, *Jean* and *Anna*.

—Joy DeWeese-Weher

Pacific Overture

It all started in 1973. After George Ellis, UCLA art historian, completed a five-month study of art in the Philippines, he approached the director of the National Museum in Manila with an idea: let the rest of the world know the riches of Filipino art through a traveling exhibit. The resulting collection of some 400 works from twenty-nine world collections is currently at UCLA's Frederick S. Wight Art Gallery.

In spite of the large Filipino-American population in this country (more than half a million in California alone), a major exhibition of Philippine art hasn't been staged since the 1904 Saint Louis Exhibition, which featured a small survey of items collected by Theodore Roosevelt, General John J. Pershing, and others during the American occupation of the islands after the Spanish-American War.

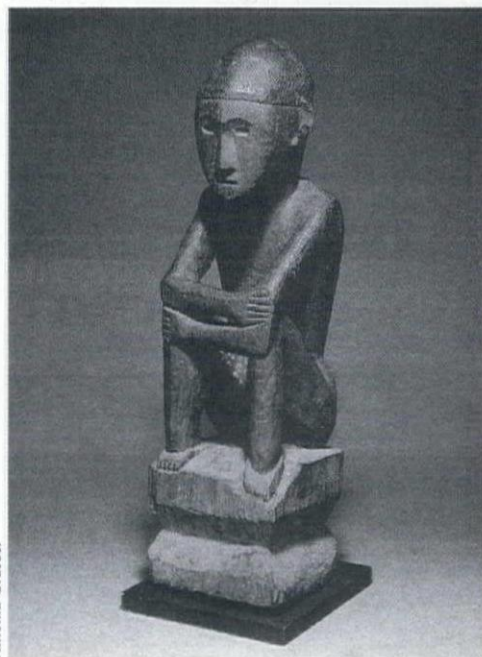
The new exhibit includes a Filipino national treasure (a widely disseminated image featured

even on postage stamps), the Manunggul Jar, which illustrates the level of craftsmanship in decorated burial urns made around 500 B.C. The influence of missionaries, who followed Ferdinand Magellan's arrival in the Philippines in 1521, is shown in the gilded figures of saints and depictions of Christ. The intricate jewelry fashioned from gold mined in the islands (500 B.C. to 1500 A.D.) will dazzle the visitor and evoke memories of the King Tut exhibit.

After leaving the Wight Gallery in Los Angeles on December 27, "The People and the Art of the Philippines" travels to the Oakland Museum in California (February 16-April 11) and the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago (July 15-December 31).

—Cindy Graff Hobson

A bulul figure, made of wood, was used in the Philippines as a charm in a rice granary. This 25½-inch figure, of recent origin, was made by the Ifugao in northern Luzon.



Antonia Graeber



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The Mirror and the Broken Pieces. Watercolor, 11½ x 9 in.



Books

Uprooting Haley

With the flood of avowedly well-researched historical literature on the market over the last decade, the reader who likes to painlessly absorb accurate information about important people, places, and events while galloping through spellbinding books has a wealth of choices. In most cases, the books would be interesting whether factual or not, but the true-life quality helps readers justify their pleasure reading.

The scholar's interest in the facts behind the story goes back further than Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and continues

Dr. Gary Mills and his wife, a genealogist, spent four years retracing Alex Haley's research in his bestselling book, Roots.

past Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*. A University of Alabama history professor, Dr. Gary Mills, and his genealogist wife have been particularly interested in the truth of one recent (1976) book: Alex Haley's *Roots*. After twelve years of research in fifty libraries and archive collections, and extensive travel, Haley traced his family back seven generations to Gambia, Africa. Not only did the television adaptation of the book draw a record-breaking viewership, but the concept of *Roots* spawned an unprecedented wave of interest in genealogy.

The Mills returned to the same censuses, wills, and plantation documents in Virginia and North Carolina that Haley had used, and after four years of tracing Haley's forebears, they have now published their findings in the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*. In their words, the records "not only fail to document his story, but they contradict each and every pre-Civil War statement of Afro-

November 17, 1981-January 9, 1982

The Folk Art Tradition



Joseph Pickett: *Lehigh Canal, Sunset, Ca. 1915-18.*

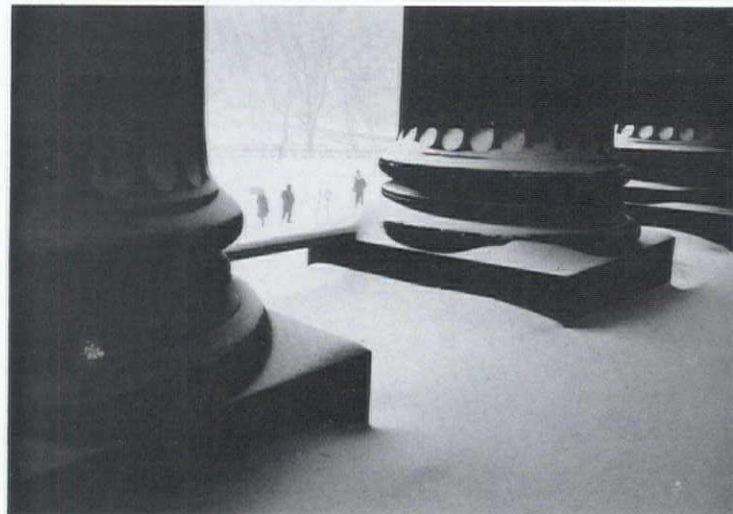
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American lineage in *Roots*." Haley had concluded *Roots* by affirming that he had been "able conventionally to corroborate with documents" much of his family's oral history.

From the time of *Roots*' publication, its authenticity has been questioned; Jason Berry, reviewing the work for *Nation*, called for a sequel to *Roots* for those "who will wish to know where fictional line diverged from factual basis." But the Mills are the first to retrace the author's ancestors and explain point by point, record by record, major inaccuracies in Haley's account.

—C. G. H.

Brand X Poetry

A generation of college students gained its primary acquaintance with English poetry from one of the most popular and successful anthologies ever published: the massive *Norton Anthology of Poetry*. Success, of course, breeds not only imitation but attack. This

month, Apple-wood Books, Inc., a tiny firm based in Cambridge, Massachusetts, will publish *The Brand X Anthology of Poetry*, an equally massive parody of the Norton classic.

Brand X is the work of a University of Denver English professor, William Zaranka, and his former student, Philip Zuckerman, who founded Apple-wood in 1976. The three-person press brought out eight titles in 1981.

According to Zuckerman, Zaranka's interest in parody dates back to his own college days, when he was a star basketball player at Upsala College in New Jersey. In Zaranka's senior year a professor offered him the option of taking a final exam or writing a parody of Lord Byron's *Don Juan*; Zaranka chose the latter, and the professor loved the result. "Bill just couldn't get up to play basketball after that," says Zuckerman. "All he wanted to do was write parodies."

Zaranka is responsible for the wildly zany mock history of English poetry that gives the

text of *Brand X* its structure. Replete with puns and English Department in-jokes, the "Overlook of British and American Poetry" is itself a sustained tour de force of insanity. A sample: "Born solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short, by the time of his death Milton was old, mad, blind, and despised to boot. According to T.S. Eliot in his essay, 'Malt More Than Milton,' it was Milton's blindness which was responsible for the peculiarly oral quality of his imagination, replete as his imagination was with such rhetorical trappings as Miltonic enjambments of the feminine end [see Prosodomy], rolling periodicals, elevated dictation, and epic smellies."

Disguised in all the fun is the fact that *Brand X* is actually a serious anthology of poetic parodies, the first major collection since Dwight MacDonald's 1960 *Parodies: An Anthology from Chaucer to Beerbohm and After*—itself a solid seller for more than twenty years.

—David Roberts

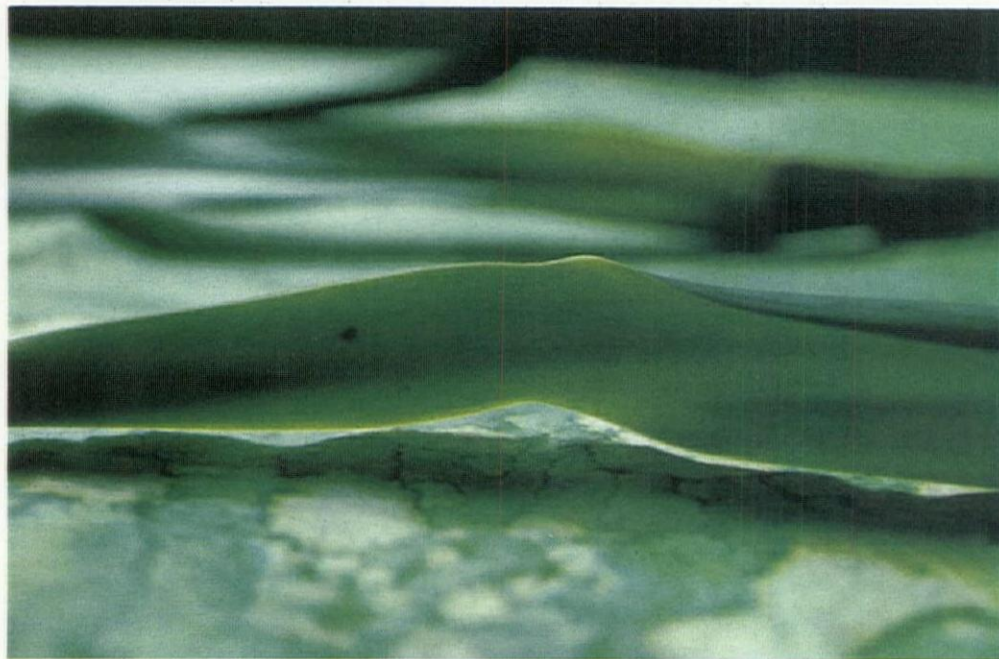


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Printemps Virginal, 1899
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Swiss Center Gallery

Photography

Common Objects Uncommonly

The chasm that separates photojournalism from art photography is infrequently crossed. Coming from a basically photojournalistic background, Anne-Lise Calmes has traversed the difference by photographing solid shapes and sharp lines, shot in natural light, to create abstract landscapes that challenge the viewer to identify the subject matter. She uses common objects and settings—bath oil in water, a leaf, paper on a table.

The Swiss Center Gallery in New York will exhibit approximately twenty of Calmes' works through November 23. This is the first time her photographs have been shown in the U.S.

—Anita G. Mason

Calmes' Polychromes use common objects.



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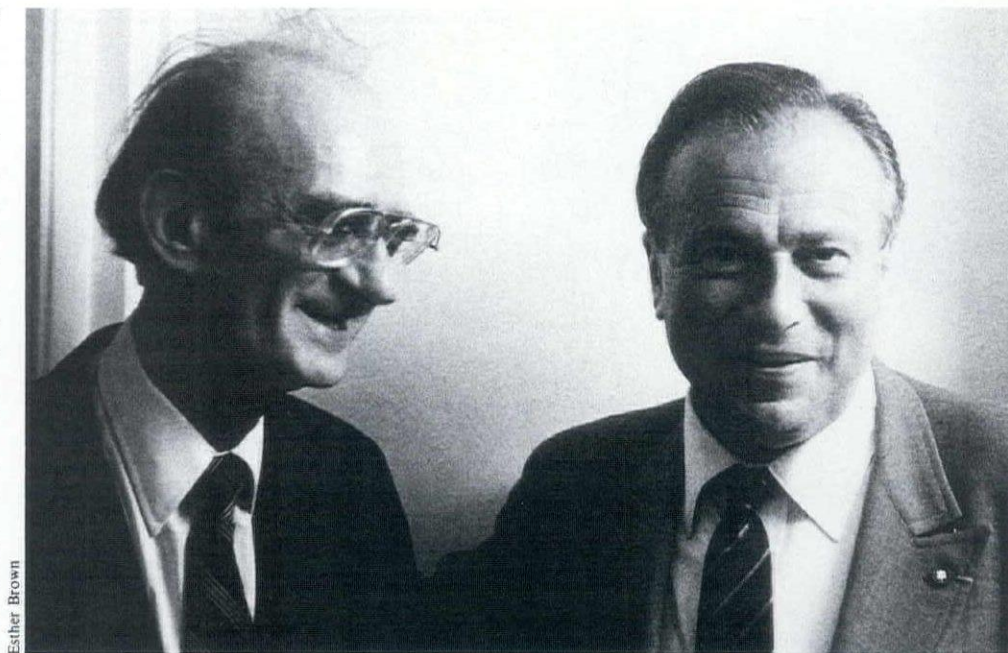
A Key Talent

Artur Rubinstein has been known to stand in line to buy tickets for Andrzej Wasowski's concerts. Wasowski, a world-renowned Polish pianist, has been proclaimed by *Time* magazine as "the greatest interpreter of Chopin in modern times." Following acclaimed performances of Chopin in Alice Tully Hall last season and of Brahms in Tanglewood this summer, Wasowski returns to New York in recital at Carnegie Hall November 8.

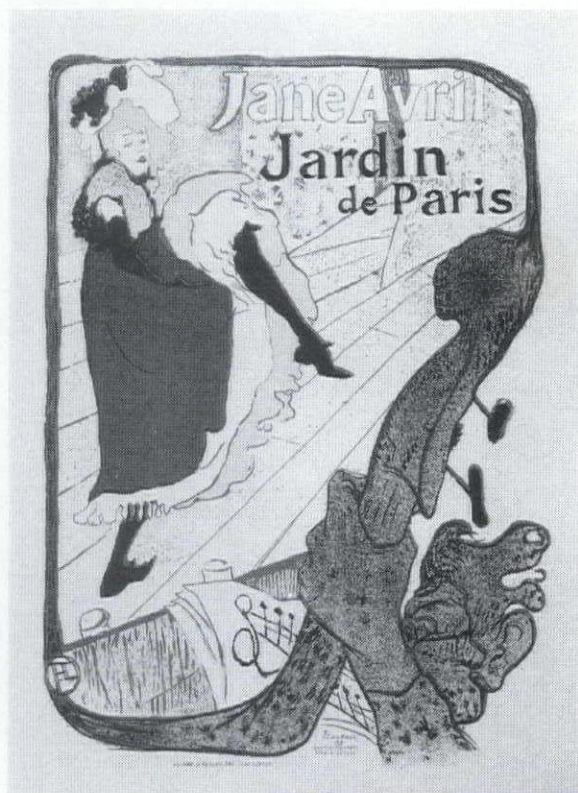
Wasowski has played to critical plaudits throughout Europe and South America. Compatriot Henryk Szeryng, the famed violinist, has flatly stated that Wasowski is the greatest living pianist.

—Esther Brown

Wasowski (left) and Szeryng at Tanglewood.



Esther Brown



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Television

Wharton Schooling

Edith Wharton is perhaps best known to today's adults as one of those authors they were required to read in junior high school. At the time, she probably seemed as dry as the painstakingly underlined pages of the American Lit anthology.

Readers with junior-high memories of Edith Wharton are in for a surprise this month as PBS airs a three-part series on and by Wharton, the first American woman novelist to win a Pulitzer prize. Part of "Great Performances," it's from WNET-TV in New York. "The House of Mirth" leads off on

Geraldine Chaplin and William Atherton star in "The House of Mirth," first of three programs on and by Edith Wharton.

November 2, with Geraldine Chaplin starring in Wharton's penetrating satire of New York society in the early 1900s. Wharton—maiden name, Edith Jones—had herself been a Manhattan debutante, and this story was the first "insider's account" of the greedy and vaporous world in which she grew to maturity. "Summer," airing November 9, is the story of a young woman's sexual awakening, told with a frankness quite beyond junior-high anthologies. Diane Lane and Michael Ontkean star.

A life of Edith Wharton, "Looking Back," wraps up the series November 16. Kathleen Widdoes plays the author in a drama based on Wharton's letters and memoirs and on R. W. B. Lewis' biography. The focus is on the four men in Wharton's life: her husband; her close friend, Walter Berry; the novelist, Henry James; and her lover, Morton Fullerton.

To see what they never told you back in eighth grade, check local listings for broadcast times.

—David Fryxell

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Check This Out

What other library can boast of owning its copy of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" since it was published in 1855? And what library has a woman's hand taken from an Egyptian mummy and presented to it by the painter, Benjamin West, in 1767? The Library of Congress? No, it's the Library Company of Philadelphia, which marks its 250th year in 1981—making it the country's oldest cultural institution.

The Library Company, founded in 1731, was in fact the congressional library from 1774 to 1800. Even after Congress moved to Washington, the library continued to grow and, by 1850, was the second-largest library in the United States. Today it is one of fifteen independent research libraries in this country. Its particular strengths, naturally, are in American history of the Revolutionary and Federalist periods.

To celebrate its quarter of a millennium, the library is hosting an exhibition, on view until March 1982, which will then travel to the Grolier Club in New York for two months. Appropriately containing approximately 250 items, the exhibition was selected from the library's vast collection of books, manuscripts, prints, drawings, paintings, furniture, sculpture, as well as such items as the mummy's hand.

—A. G. M.

The Loganian Library (1879, detail) by Colin Campbell Cooper Jr. is itself in the collection of the Library Company of Philadelphia.

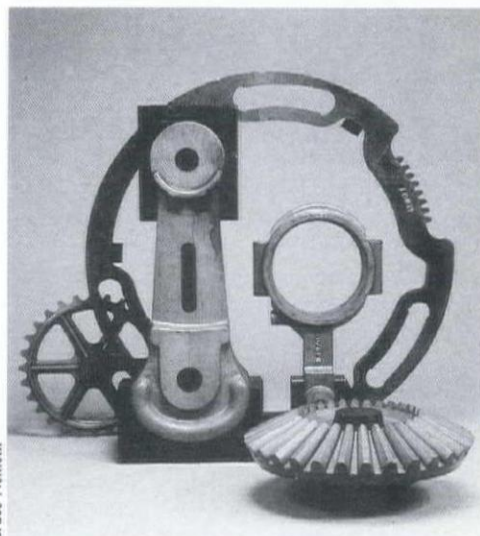


A Ride on the Reading

Art imitates life, and sometimes art can be found in obscure places in life. Take, for example, some hand-carved wooden sculpture dating from the late nineteenth century, to be shown at the Zim-Lerner Gallery in New York City beginning November 2. The objects were discovered in a ramshackle warehouse in Reading, Pennsylvania, by Henry Lehn, an antiques collector. The finely crafted works were used for nearly fifty years to fabricate parts for railroad cars, locomotives, and equipment for the real Reading Railroad (best known as one of four railroads bought, sold, and traded in Monopoly). Each piece retains the original patina.

Among the examples in the collection, on view through December 31, are a three-foot-high pine-and-mahogany pattern for a coupler, used to connect train cars, and an intricate group of wheels and gears.

—A. G. M.



Bruce Nemeth

These pieces, which appear to be some form of modern sculpture, were used to fabricate parts for the Reading Railroad.

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East Germany

The Dürer Trail

One day in 1946, lawyer and avid art collector Edward Elicofon received an unexpected visitor. A young man around twenty-five arrived at his Brooklyn doorstep carrying a large rectangular bundle under his arm. "A mutual friend told me you buy art," he said, "and I have some paintings I'd like to sell you." The man unwrapped the package, revealing eight small paintings, three of which immediately struck Elicofon's fancy.

"How much for these?" he asked.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," replied the stranger.

"I can't afford that," said Elicofon. "How much for just these two?"

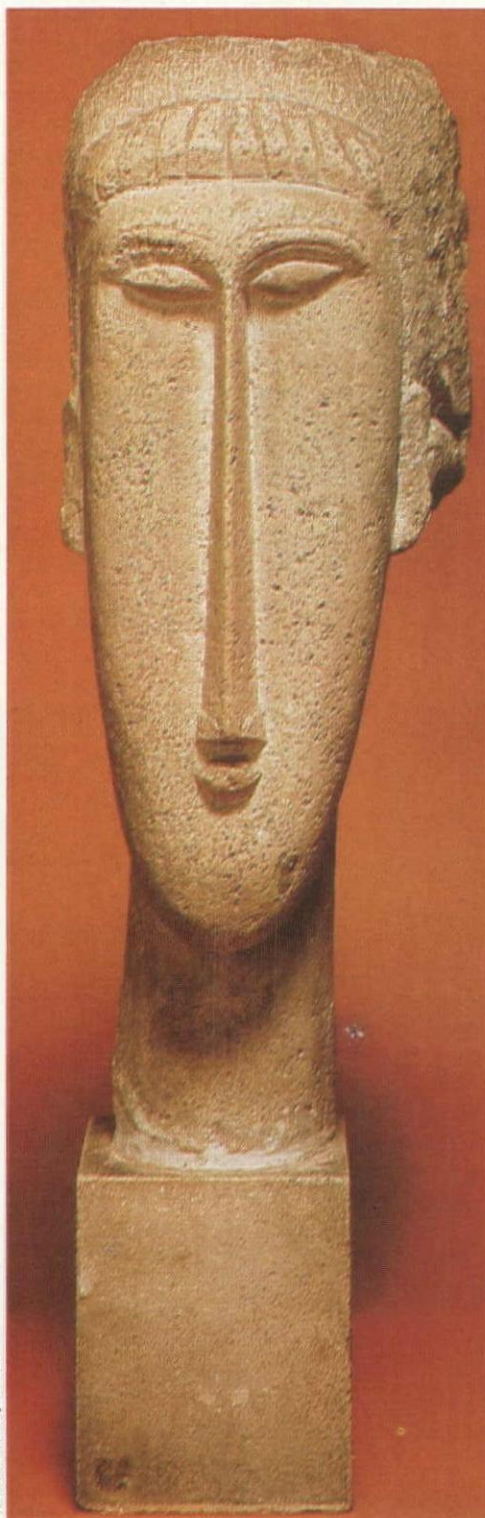
After much haggling, they settled on a price of \$500 for a pair of unsigned portraits. Elicofon had them framed and hung prominently by his stairway. Although his house was already crammed with art, the two portraits soon became his favorite paintings. Every day he'd say "hello" to them on his way to work and "good night" on his way to bed.

Twenty years later, Gerald Stern, a friend of Elicofon's and an art researcher, was at the Frick Art Library when a new book arrived containing descriptions of German artworks that had disappeared during World War II. Casually thumbing through the book, Stern was thunderstruck by one page. In front of him were photographs of two paintings he'd seen hanging in Elicofon's stairwell. According to the book, they were painted in 1499 by the German artist, Albrecht Dürer.

Elicofon's paintings were promptly locked inside a bank vault and a global battle over ownership ensued. In addition to Elicofon, three parties claimed ownership: East Germany, West Germany, and the Grand Duchess of Saxony-Weimar. The paintings were originally the property of the Grand Ducal Museum in Thuringia (East Germany) and were stored in a castle during the war. Americans occupied the castle in 1945 and it is believed one or more of them stole the paintings.

In July, a federal judge ordered Elicofon, who is now seventy-seven, to return the paintings to East Germany. "I think the judge made a mistake and we plan to appeal the decision," Elicofon says.

Since there are only some one hundred



Amedeo Modigliani's Head of Woman, limestone, circa 1910, is part of the "Primitivism in Modern Sculpture" exhibition at the Art Gallery of Ontario.

National Gallery of Art

Dürer oil paintings in the world, the value of the portraits has risen considerably in the last few years. Dr. Walter Liedtke, associate curator of European paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, estimates the value of each painting at "between three and five million" dollars. In spite of their value, Elicofon seems remarkably unperturbed by the recent turn of events. "The paintings have given me pleasure, prestige, publicity, and pride," he says. "You can't buy those things with money."

—Steven Hager

West Germany

Shooting Down J.R.

The television critics in West Germany have been most unkind to *Dallas*. Germany was late buying the most successful American series ever, and it was not until last June 30 that the weekly episodes began to run. The series was started from the first episode, so even J.R.'s shooting is months away, and there presumably will be no "whodunit" suspense when it comes.

Although still running, the series just doesn't suit German tastes. Comments range from "there is no question whatever that it is deserving of criticism" in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* to a tirade in the *Sueddeutsche Zeitung* of Munich: "Dear viewers. . . Don't let yourselves be twisted around someone's finger and passed off as stupid by huckstering promotion. Four episodes of *Dallas* is enough! Boycott the Ewings! Shut your set off! . . . This sensational American import is not worth the money and your television tax! . . . The absurdity is not worth the paper that was wasted on its promotion!"

—Ted Shoemaker

Canada

Beating the Drums for Primitivism

As the early twentieth century was persistently chalking up years on the calendar, many of its pre-eminent painters—whether clustered in Paris like Paul Gauguin, Amedeo Modigliani, Pablo Picasso, and Constantin Brancusi, remaining stubbornly across the English Channel like Henry Moore and Jacob Epstein, or floating back and forth like Henri Gaudier-Brzeska—were making a discovery that was to

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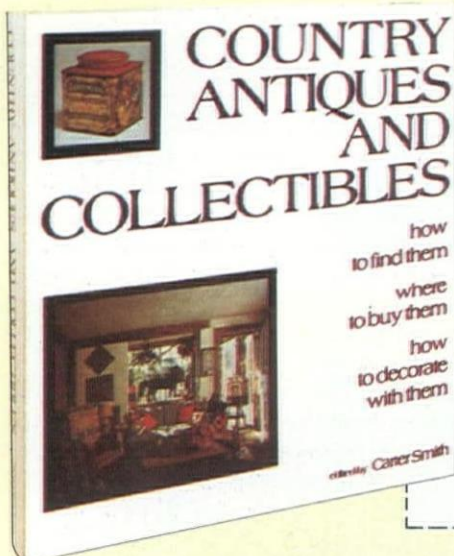
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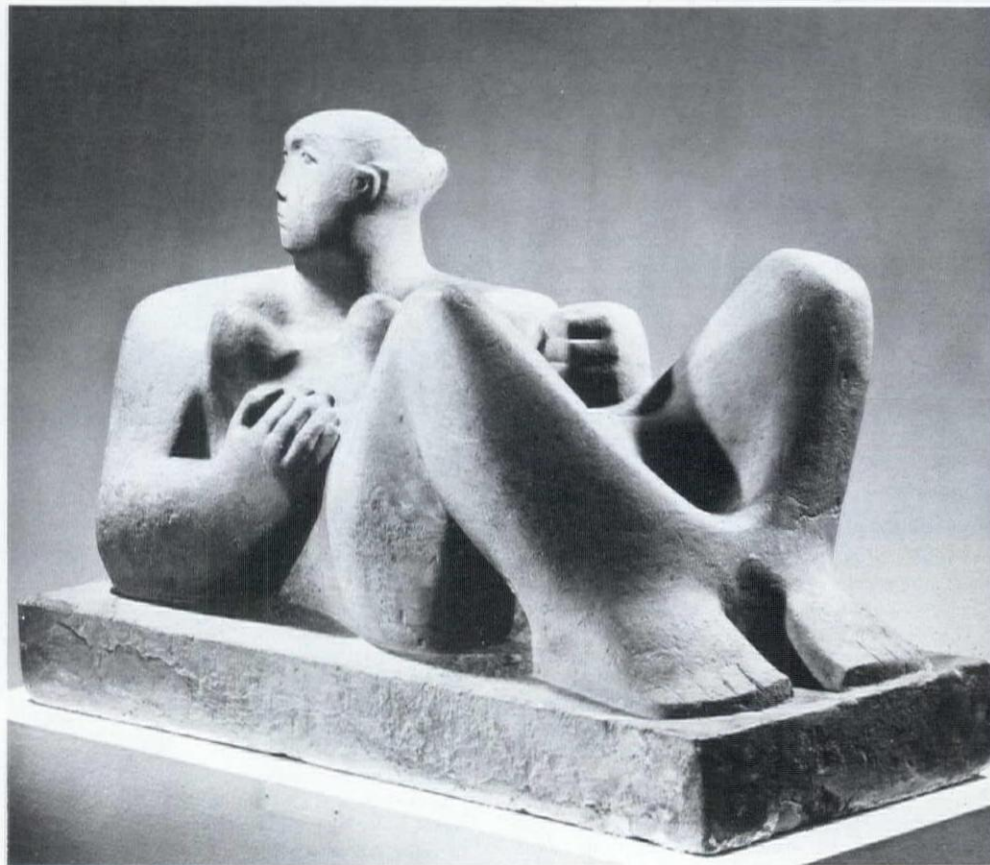
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profoundly effect their work on canvas and in relief.

Primitive sculpture from regions of Africa and Oceania was, in its silent, insistent way (no public-relations agents; no Cameroon nor Ivory Coast media promotion) becoming a genre of fascination for these artists. They collected masks and sculpture, and cautiously adapted primitive characteristics and a new respect for raw materials to their own works.

November 7, with the sponsorship of Mobil Oil Canada, the Art Gallery of Ontario opens "Gauguin to Moore: Primitivism in Modern Sculpture," an unprecedented exhibition of 137 works (eighty-seven sculptures and fifty prints, drawings, and photographs) created by twenty-two artists from the late 1880s to the 1950s. These works show the massive influence of primitive eastern art on artists of that period. Boasting thirteen Gauguin wood carvings, ten Picasso sculptures, four bronzes by Matisse and four by Rodin, nine by Giacometti, and sixteen Moore sculptures, and gathered from major museums across the globe, the collection includes masterpieces of European sculpture never before shown on this

Henry Moore's Reclining Woman, sculpted from a block of Green Hornston stone in 1980, bears a strong resemblance to Mexican primitive sculpture with its three-dimensional square angles.

continent. Organized by Alan G. Wilkinson, curator of modern sculpture for the Art Gallery of Ontario, "Gauguin to Moore: Primitivism in Modern Sculpture" remains on display through January 3, 1982. Also offered will be specially conducted tours, a lecture by Wilkinson (November 26), and a catalogue compiled and written by the curator.

—Vivian Ruth Sawye

Spain

Picasso Fever

Debate over the final fate of *Guernica* came to an end in September, and Spain's Bellas Artes director, Javier Tusell, has announced that "the largest Picasso exhibit in Europe" will be held in Madrid this month and next. The exhibit

Trans World

bit is housed in the Madrid Museum of Modern Art and includes pieces from MOMA, the Hermitage, the Picasso Museum in Barcelona, the Prague National Gallery, the Pompidou Center, and the Madrid museum itself.

The Spanish, of course, hoped the exhibit would coincide with the long-awaited arrival from New York of Picasso's masterpiece, but Tusell says he doubts *Guernica* will be included in this show. One of many debates concerning its transfer from the United States to Spain had been among Spaniards themselves: which city should be awarded *Guernica*? Malaga, because Picasso was born there? Madrid, because of the Prado? Barcelona, because of the Picasso Museum? *Guernica* itself? Madrid and the Prado finally won, but several other cities' claims to special kinship with the artist will be celebrated this month: Picasso will also be saluted in Barcelona, Malaga, and La Coruña (Galicia), where the artist lived as a child.

As for *Guernica*, the devoutly antifascist artist wanted the painting to be sent to Spain only after democracy once again ruled the country. Until recently, members of the Picasso family—in particular, his outspoken daughter, Maya—had openly questioned Spain's particular form of evolving democracy, and opposed the move. Finally, however, the majority of the family voted in favor of *Guernica*'s return, and visitors to the Prado now can see the masterpiece symbolizing the tragedy of the Spanish Civil War.

—Ruth McKay

England

A New Armada

From the gaunt, sunken-eyed sixteenth-century portraits of El Greco, to the weather-eaten sadness in the faces of Velasquez, to the versatility of Goya, court painter and social critic, Spanish paintings have inspired both the vernal admiration of art scholars and the gushy epithets of casual strollers through the Prado. Great Britain, through a variety of means—in times of peace and plunder—has gained the second greatest holding of Spanish paintings (Spain is first) and now hosts two major exhibitions of Spanish art. At the National Gallery, Iwan Brahm has organized a display of eighty-two works from collections, private and public, spanning the British Isles and presenting masterpieces of the most brilliant of Spanish painters—Murillo, Morales,

Tristán, El Greco, Goya, Velásquez, and Ribera among them. The exhibition, which remains open through November 29, is free to the public and includes the following sections: "Luis Morales, Tristán and El Greco," "Early Velásquez Masterpieces," "Court Portraiture," "Religious Painting," "The Paintings of Murillo," "Still Life," and the "Work of Goya." Simultaneously in London at the British Museum, an exhibition of Goya's prints will be shown through mid-March 1982. It includes prints from the *Caprichos*, *Bullfight*, and *Proverbio* series, and the harrowing and tragic *Disasters of War* collection.

—V. R. S.

The Real Shoguns

If the recent television series, *Shogun*, left you with a vague knowledge of Japan's Edo period and a clearer memory of Richard Chamberlain's cheekbones, "The Great Japan Exhibition," running through February 21, 1982, at the Royal Academy of Arts in London, should fill in some historical gaps.

A multimillion-dollar exhibition cosponsored by the Royal Academy and the Japan Foundation, "The Great Japan Exhibition"

This Japanese tea jar depicts Mount Yoshino, as painted in the midseventeenth century. The jar is on loan from the Fukuoka Municipal Museum for the "Great Japan Exhibition" at the Royal Academy.



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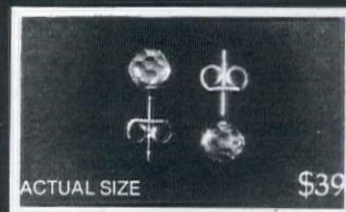
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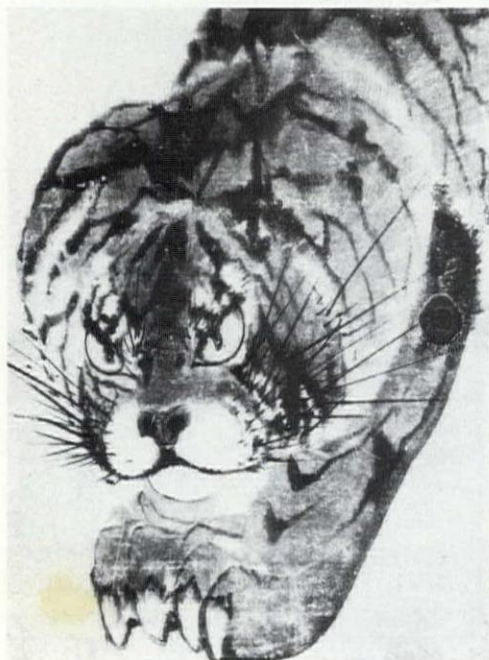
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Bounding Tiger is an ink-on-paper drawing by Magasawa Rosetsu, mounted on doors at "The Great Japan Exhibition," showing through February 21, 1982.

France

Beckett Brigade

"We had a fabulous thing. It took a lot of doing and I'm no producer. I'm a college professor. But it all came off well and when it was done and the hardship forgotten I thought 'Why not do the same thing in France?'"

So New York University's Tom Bishop, the aftermath of the hugely successful Beckett Festival in New York City three years ago—which won an Obie for outstanding achievement in off-Broadway theater—set his sights on a Parisian equivalent. Bishop Florence Gould Professor of French Literature at New York University, chairman of the Center for French Civilization and Culture and a personal friend of Samuel Beckett wrote the author. "I was not at all sure I would be pleased. He's a shy person and

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If you'll spend more than \$100 on antiques or art this year, Antique Monthly's World Antiques Market Conference January 24-25 is the most important event on your calendar. Mixing market trends with essential how-tos, the conference draws delegates and speakers from across the country to the splendid Pierre Hotel. Activities unfold against the backdrop of Americana Week in New York. It's the only event of its kind.

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Pictured: Queen Anne silver coffee pot, made by Humphrey Payne, London, 1705; height 9¾ inches. From the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Winston F.D. Guest, sold at Sotheby's June 1981, for \$47,000.

The Eighth Annual World Antiques Market Conference, January 24-25, 1982, Pierre Hotel, New York

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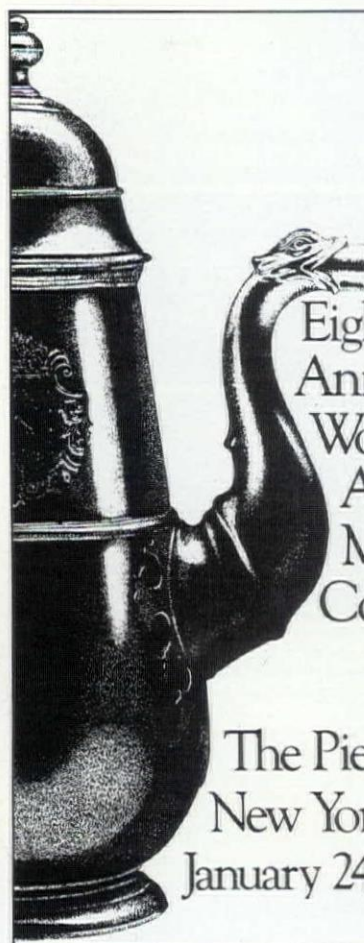
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The Eighth Annual World Antiques Market Conference

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hates fusses made about him. If they're made on this side of the Atlantic it doesn't bother him so much, but if they're made close to home—he lives in Paris—it's more of a problem." But Beckett acquiesced, plans were initiated, budgets set, the Theatre du Rond Point, the Pompidou Center, and four other venues asked to host, and the largest celebration ever of the works of Samuel Beckett was underway.

But don't wait for Godot, et al: "An Homage to Samuel Beckett" runs only through November 15. Sponsored by New York University's Center for French Civilization and Culture and the French-government-subsidized Autumn Festival of the Arts, the seven-week celebration coincides with the author's seventy-fifth birthday. Included in the festival are thirteen plays, twenty-five television and film productions—many directed by the author—and two symposia. One discusses Beckett as writer; the other, Beckett as dramatist. Modern literature

scholars and critics such as Alain Robbe-Grillet, Bernard Dort, Guy Dumur, and Richard Foreman are participating.

And the author? According to Bishop, who is serving as artistic director of the festival, Beckett is leaving Paris. "I arrive tomorrow," Bishop told *HORIZON* the day of his departure from New York. "We have dinner tomorrow night, and the next day he's taking off for Morocco. He can't get far enough away."

—V. R. S.

China

Not Quite Opera

Chinese opera, that odd artistic conglomeration that is not quite theater, not quite dance, not quite mime nor acrobatics and certainly not opera, has for the past several years been attracting considerable attention and interna-

tional audiences. Banned during the Cultural Revolution and revived in the last decade, Chinese opera employs symbolic, almost archetypal movements, facial expressions, recitations, and tunes to convey plot and character. To the Westerner, the package is a colorful albeit often indecipherable evening of Oriental virtuosity.

Peking Opera is probably the best-known Chinese opera company, although others—the National Chinese Opera Theater from Taipei in particular—contend the quality of Peking's performances is hurt by the age of the actors, which reputedly ranges from thirty-three to fifty—too veteran, it's claimed, for the exacting gyrations often required of a Chinese opera star. The company, nevertheless, continues to impress crowds on tour and books shows around the globe. This month Peking Opera of China makes its appearance on the stage of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, November 23, 24, and 25.

—V. R. S.

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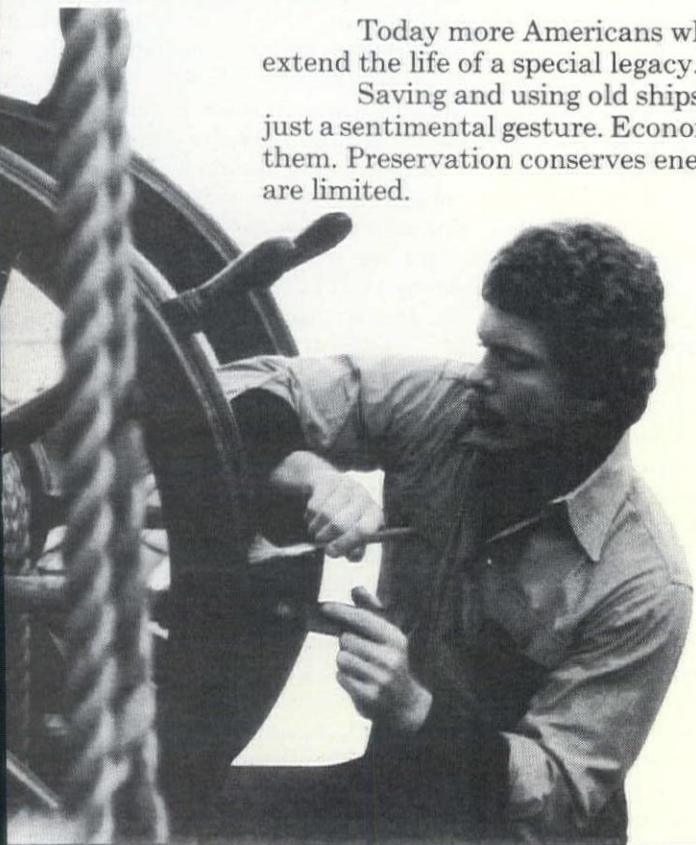
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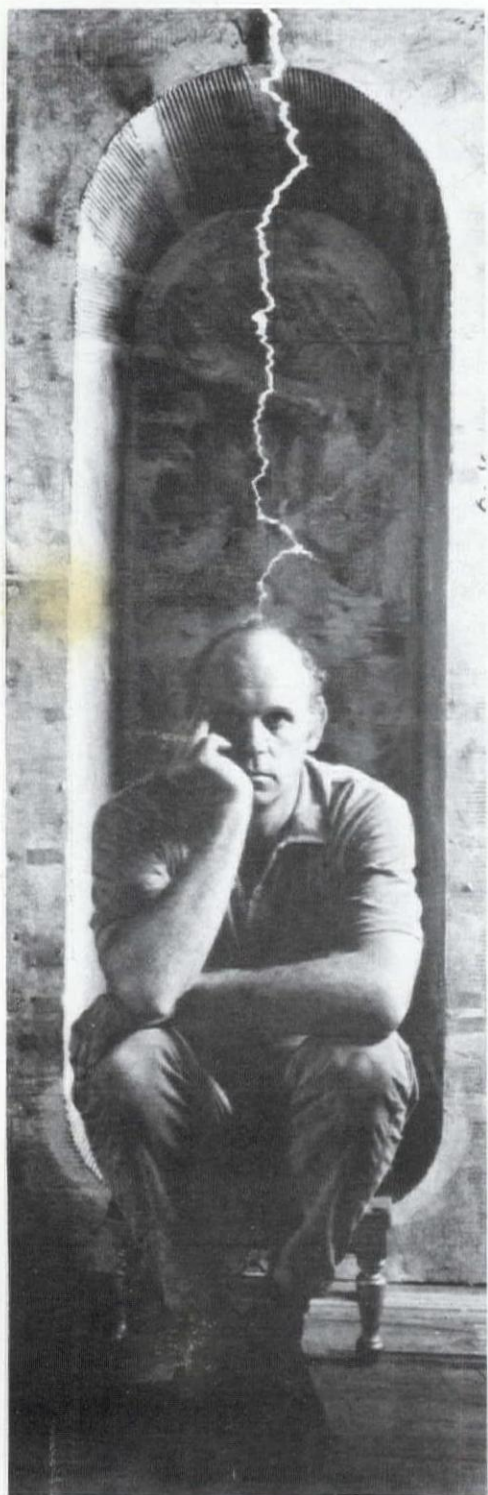
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Preservation builds the nation



Books



Sculptor Claes Oldenburg is captured here by Arnold Newman. Newman, a portraitist who specializes in photographing creative people, is one of twenty-five photographers represented in *World Photography*.

Snap Judgments

World Photography, edited by Bryn Campbell. New York: Ziff-Davis Books, 1981. \$49.95.

Photography is so relatively new an art form that some critics are still deciding just what it is that the camera does, artistically, to the real world. But the masters of photography themselves should perhaps be allowed the last word on the subject. So Henri Cartier-Bresson declares, "To take photographs is to hold one's breath when all faculties converge in the face of fleeting reality." In *World Photography*, Bryn Campbell's handsome and important new anthology, Joel Meyerowitz makes an interesting rejoinder: "Ever since Cartier-Bresson we've been celebrating the incident, and although that reveals a lot about the world, it also limits you to becoming a visual athlete making better and better catches." Meyerowitz's alternative, as seen in his haunting pictures in *Cape Light* and *St. Louis and the Arch*, is to use slower film and a larger camera to "step back so that I could make an image that was sharp and refined and had the deep space in it . . ."

Campbell's book presents portfolios of some dozen photographs each by twenty-five major artists of all styles and nationalities, together with their personal essays on technique and vision. A modest introduction claims that the choice of the twenty-five reflects mainly the editor's taste. Yet the least successful part of the book, his introductory set of capsule sketches of twenty-five other masters "who have most influenced photography in recent years," reveals a curious eclecticism. Nature photographers are represented by Minor White and Richard Misrach but not by Ansel Adams or Eliot Porter. The book includes only two women among its fifty major talents (Jill Freedman and Heather Angel), ignoring Dorothea Lange, Imogen Cunningham, Margaret Bourke-White, Marie Cosindas, Eve Arnold, and Diane Arbus.

As Campbell, a British photojournalist and BBC host, admits, not all great photographers can explain in lucid prose what they are doing. Particularly inarticulate in this collection are Arnold Newman and Bill Brandt, whose extraordinarily original work is belied by the fuzzy romanticism of their essays. More charming but hardly more illuminating are the

rambling memoirs of André Kertész and Brassai. Burt Glinn, who for years was an unabashedly successful contributor to *Holiday* magazine, has the last word on the subject: "The problem about writing about photography is that taking pictures seems so simple. Of course it is not, but explanations why it is not have led to some very defensive, sombre, arcane and pretentious prose."

Serious students will comb *World Photography* not for grandiose self-assessments but for technical insights. By far the most provocative commentator on photographic technique is Ralph Gibson, who frankly asserts: "The image blackout with the reflex [camera] at the exact moment of exposure is rather like visual coitus-interruptus." Heather Angel, a superb nature photographer little known outside the British Isles, offers fascinating tips on photographing wildlife. Sneak up on animals from downwind, she counsels; cover the shiny surfaces of your camera with black tape; assume an attitude of sympathy with your subject (the animal can sense the difference, she insists, and will strike "a totally different posture from [that of] one that is tense with alarm and apprehension"). Stephen Dalton, a kindred spirit who is the world's foremost photographer of insects in flight, details the years of electronic wizardry that went into learning how to freeze a miniature wing beating at 1,000 times a second.

Occasionally a contributor offers, almost unaware, an insight into his personal make-up that casts light on his work. Don McCullin whose war photos have made him a legend among photojournalists, reveals, "Even now my greatest fear is being closely confined in . . . grief-stricken situations"—such as those that have produced some of his most memorable images.

The book's glory, however, lies not in the essays but in the excellent photographic reproductions: 310 in all, 74 in color. In many cases the artist has made his own selection of work and has even helped dictate the layout for his portfolio. Instead of an editorial nightmare Campbell's indulgence seems to have lent harmony and balance to the book. As Elliott Erwitt, the most iconoclastic of its contributors, laments by way of explaining the brevity of his own essay, "If one could trust visual information in books without the crutch of words without the time-extender of words . . . the public might get used to buying picture books for the sake of pictures." —David Robert

© Arnold Newman

Light a Creative Spark

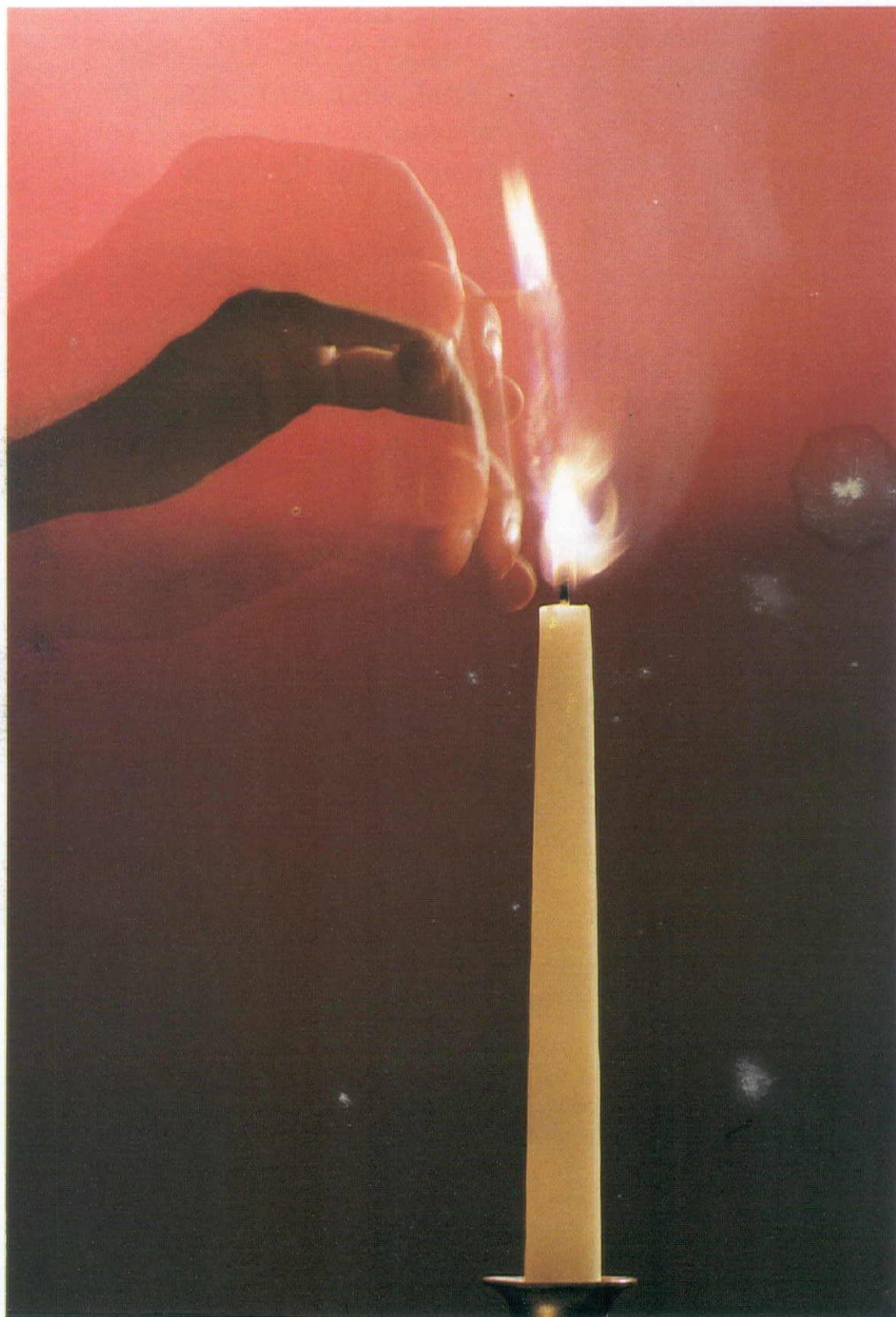
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SILVER SLIPPERS

Photography by Herbert Migdoll

Introduction by Judith Jedlicka

Twenty-five years ago, Robert Joffrey loaded a station wagon with scenery, costumes, and six dancers and set off to give dance performances across the United States. Joffrey's Great Idea was to build a dance company that would capture and reflect and distill something ineffably American.

Joffrey and the dancers would rise early and take turns driving. On arrival, they unloaded the station wagon. They set their own stage. Sometimes—often—the performance facilities were laughable, but nobody laughed.

Today, the Joffrey Ballet has far outgrown its lone station wagon. The troupe has expanded to forty dancers. The repertoire includes more than a hundred ballets, and the Joffrey, under the artistic direction of Robert Joffrey and associate director Gerald Arpino—one of the original six in the station wagon—is one of the foremost dance companies in the United States. Now through December 22 the company will be celebrating its silver anniversary with performances at City Center in New York, featuring twenty-three ballets by sixteen choreographers.

Fifteen years ago, a young, out-of-work graphics designer, Herbert Migdoll, had another Great Idea. Migdoll wanted to explore the creative relationship between dance and photography, but couldn't find a company that would allow him to do so. Determined, he hid a camera and tripod under his jacket, slipped into Joffrey performances at City Center as frequently as possible, and photographed without permission until the theater manager tossed him out. Migdoll began calling the Joffrey offices to show Robert Joffrey his work. Six months after the first call, Joffrey reluctantly agreed to see him. He offered Migdoll an occasional opportunity to photograph the company—if and only if he would agree to take publicity pictures as well.

"It was not what I wanted to do," Migdoll recalls, "but I was prepared to agree to almost anything to have permission to photograph. I was tired of being tossed out of theaters."

Today, Migdoll is recognized as one of the leading creative photographers of dance and is the official photographer and graphic designer for the Joffrey Ballet. Much of Migdoll's time with the Joffrey is still spent taking publicity

A dance photographer must seize *the immortal moment*. In twenty-five years, the Joffrey's had many such moments.



pictures. He catches most as they happen; only rarely does the company schedule a studio session or a fully costumed photo call on stage. The better part of each session is spent shooting for posters, newspaper and magazine coverage, and brochures. If time remains at the end of a session, Migdoll changes film, lenses, light, and, sometimes, cameras to do what he likes best—create.

"Taking publicity pictures is not what I want to do, but the discipline of the experience has been invaluable to my creative work," Migdoll admits. "When I first began taking this type of picture I thought it would be easy—focus the camera and snap. I quickly realized I was wrong. Dancers do not always do what you want them to do. Body logistics are a challenge. Every time I take a picture there is a five-to-one chance that one of two arms or two legs or a head will not be in the right place. I also had to learn every ballet so that I could anticipate *the moment* . . . The

shutter has to begin to move a split second *before* the peak moment so that you get it."

Migdoll considers his best creative effort to date his photograph of Robert Joffrey's ballet *Astarte*, taken in 1973 and subsequently published in Migdoll's best-selling book, *Dance and Dancing*. "When I was photographing *Astarte*, Robert Joffrey said that montage was the key to great dance photography. I was working with time lapse then and I was just beginning to explore solarization. When I went into the lab to print *Astarte* I remembered what he said, and for the first time I combined the three techniques in one print.

"Dance photography, at its best, is a collaboration between the choreographer, dancer, costume designer, and the photographer. I would not be where I am today if it were not for Robert Joffrey, Gerald Arpino, and the Joffrey Ballet. The Joffrey repertoire is special. It is the movement and the visual richness of Joffrey's work that drives me to my camera.

While Migdoll says that he is only on the threshold as a creative artist, Robert Joffrey believes that Migdoll has arrived: "Herb has revolutionized contemporary dance photography. Before he came along, most dance photos were lifeless, simple, realistic images. His work is filled with excitement, rhythm, energy, and movement. He has changed the way we see dance on film."

Last season, Migdoll designed the scenic backdrop for Joffrey's ballet, *Postcards*. This season he worked with Joffrey to create the visuals for the Twenty-fifth Gala Anniversary Retrospective, which chronicled the company's twenty-five-year history and opened the New York season. And next? "It's something exciting, a new direction. I have been dreaming about it for years but I am not prepared to talk about it yet."

If Migdoll and the Joffrey are on the verge of another Great Idea, no one will be surprised—not this time.

Above left: Robert Joffrey (left) and Gerald Arpino. Right: Pas des Déesses, choreography by Joffrey, music by John Fields, was first presented by the then-Robert Joffrey Ballet Concert in 1954—two years before the Joffrey's first tour—and added to the repertoire in 1967. "The soft focus and background lighting," Migdoll notes, "intensify the illusion of witnessing the romantic period in ballet" in this gentle satire

Judith Jedlicka, a contributing editor to HORIZON, is the executive director of the National Corporate Fund for Dance.





1967

The Green Table,
choreography by Kurt
Jooss, music by Fritz
Cohen, premiered in
Paris in 1932 and was
first presented in the
U.S. by the Joffrey.
Migdoll: "This is the
ultimate, timeless,
antiwar ballet. It
epitomizes the
choreographer's ability
through his art to
make a powerful
political statement."



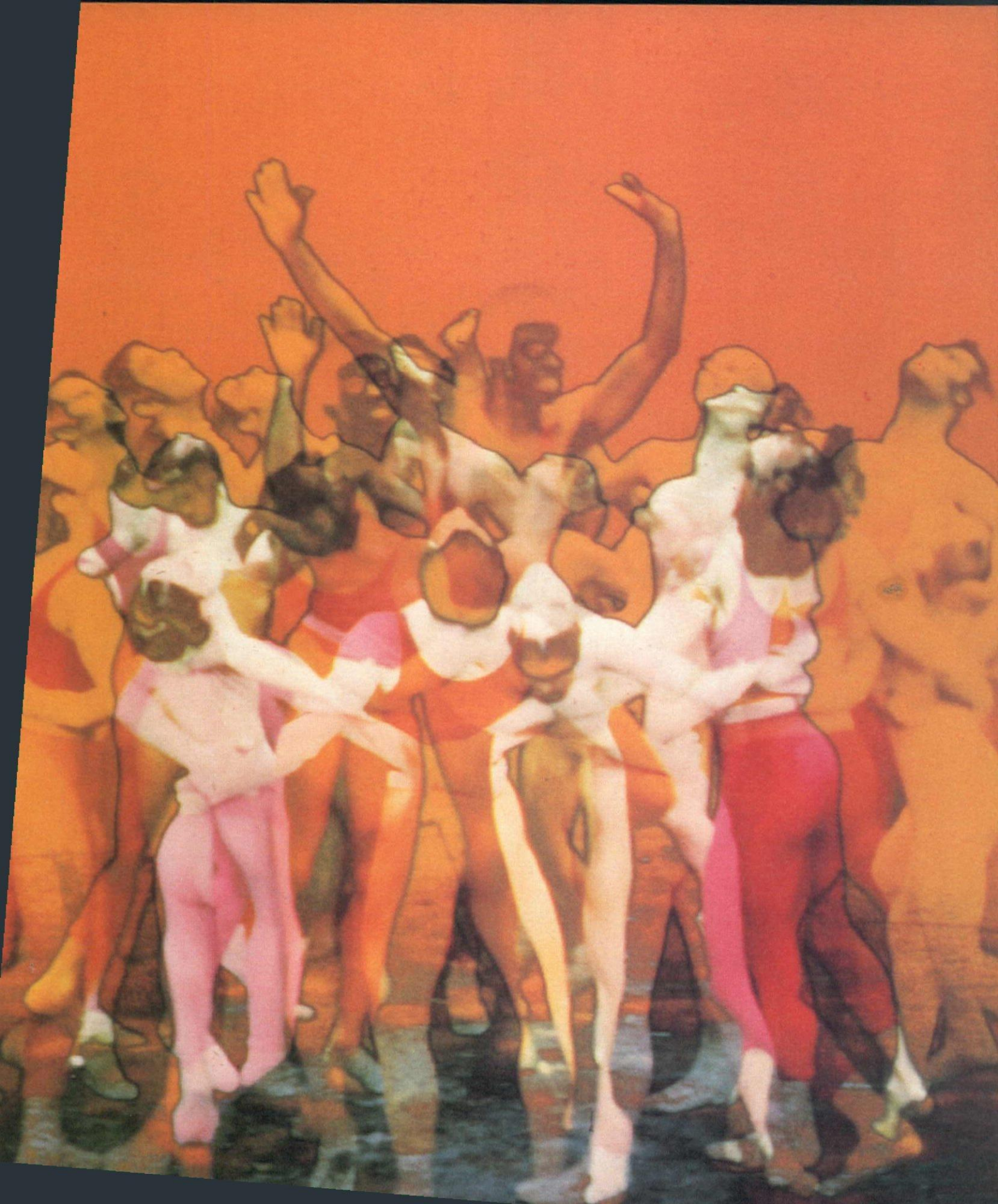


1967

Left: Astarte, choreography by Joffrey, music by Crome Syrcus, was the first multimedia ballet production. "This was a montage created from the solarized portrait of Nancy Robinson and the flopped image of this same solarized portrait, plus a time-lapse taken in performance," Migdoll explains. "The quality of the shape creates a sense of eroticism . . . I felt that more erotic—not immediate or obvious—the more appropriate."

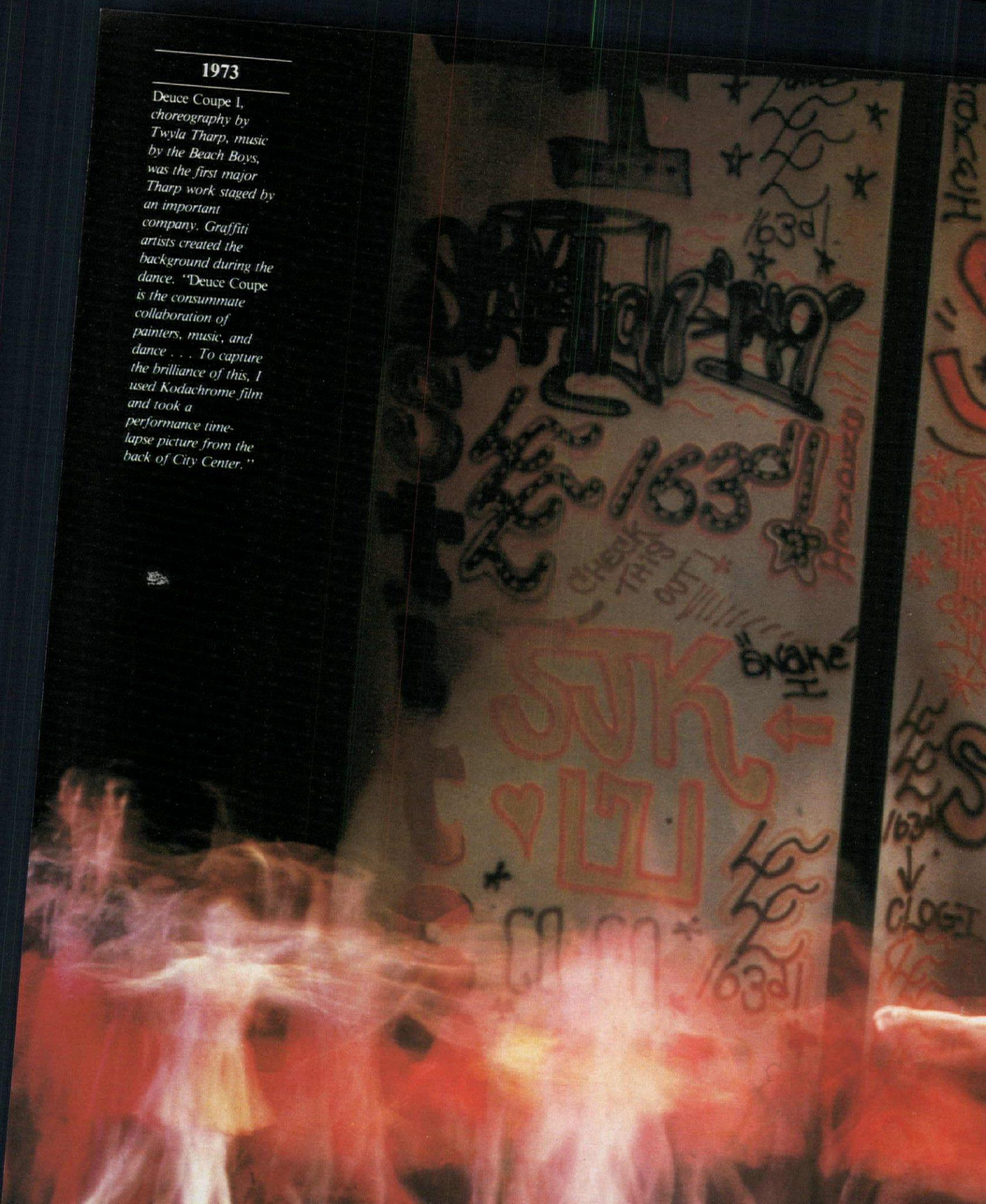
1970

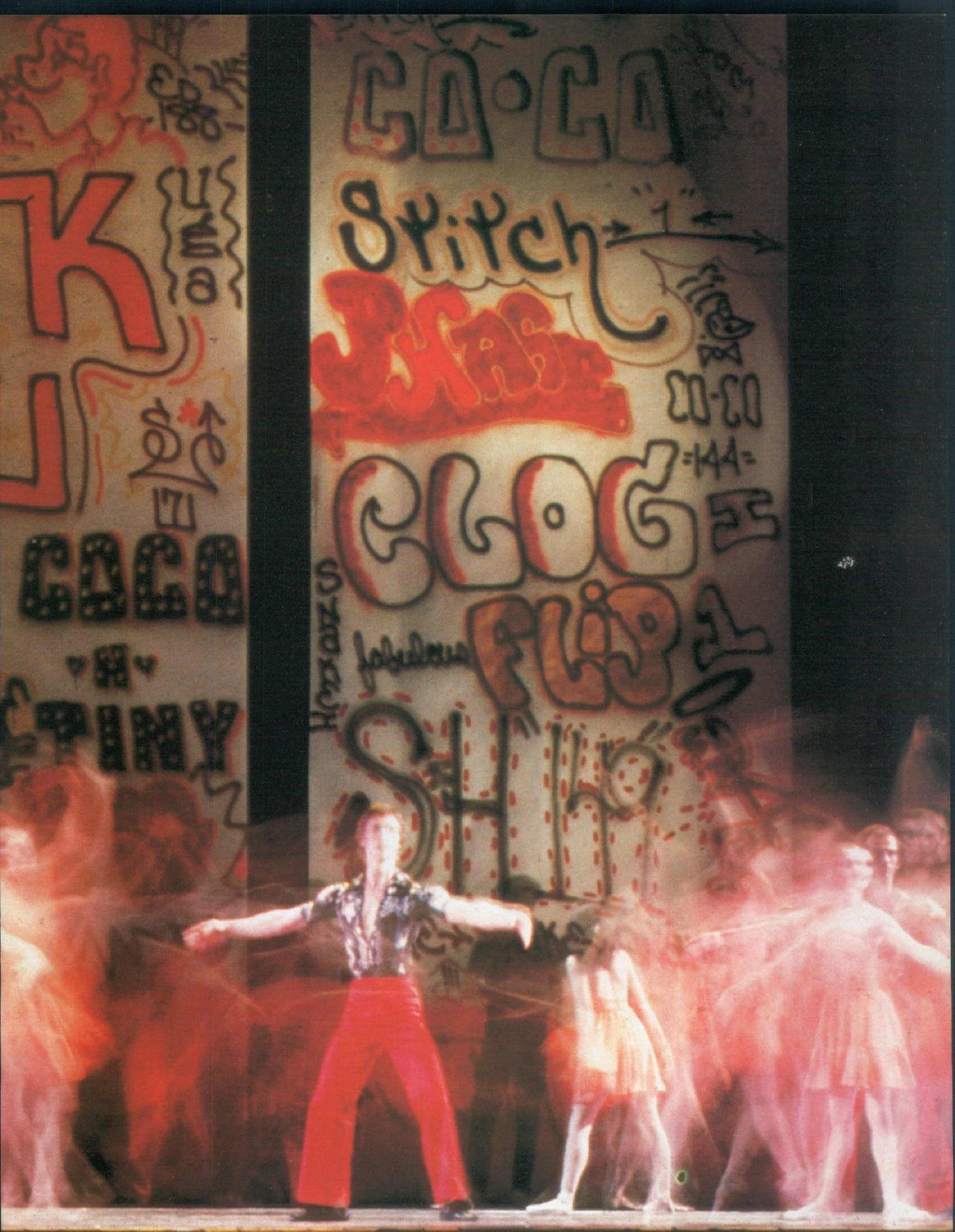
Right: Trinity, choreography by Arpino, music by Alan Raph and Lee Holdridge, was created during a residency in Berkeley. "I photographed a special moment in the ballet when the dancers are allowed to improvise movement around a central figure—here, Christian Holder—to wild, hot rock music. I feel I captured the feeling of the sixties with this double-exposure, solarized photograph taken during a performance."



1973

Deuce Coupe I, choreography by Twyla Tharp, music by the Beach Boys, was the first major Tharp work staged by an important company. Graffiti artists created the background during the dance. "Deuce Coupe is the consummate collaboration of painters, music, and dance . . . To capture the brilliance of this, I used Kodachrome film and took a performance time-lapse picture from the back of City Center."







1974

Left: The Relativity of Icarus, choreography by Arpino, music by Gerhard Samuel, is based on the myth of Icarus and on a poem by Jack Larson. "Rouben Ter-Arutunian's mobile mirror set reflects light and gives this ballet an incredible outer-space look. By taking this picture backstage, shooting from the wings into the light, I was able to capture the galactic light effects as if Ann Marie DeAngelo, portraying the sun, were in orbit."

1980

Right: R  lache, choreography by Moses Pendleton, music by Erik Satie, was a 1924 Dadaist work restaged by Pendleton. "The unusual qualities of R  lache are overwhelming for the viewer," says Migdoll. "As the bank of lights for the set comes on it is like watching a sunrise. I photographed Starr Danias during a dress rehearsal as she faced the bank of light in deep sexual frenzy. This moment captures the spirit of the work."





Sophisticated Lady

In the largely black, male, American world of jazz, Marian McPartland is a white, female, British superstar.

By J. Tevere MacFadyen

On a cluttered side table in her apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side, Marian McPartland keeps a remarkable photograph. The picture was taken on a summer morning some twenty-five years ago by a photographer for *Esquire* magazine, under the generalship of jazz Boswell, Nat Hentoff. It shows the steps and stoop of a Harlem brownstone jammed with jazz notables: a musicians' class portrait that overflows out to the street. Count Basie squats, grinning, on the curb with a gaggle of local urchins. Charlie Mingus looks young and robust, and an almost juvenile Gerry Mulligan is clowning with Dizzy Gillespie, whose tongue extends toward the camera. Thelonious Monk poses in raked hat and dark glasses alongside Bud Freeman and Max Kaminsky, Buster Bailey, Philly Joe Jones, Red Allen, Oscar Pettiford, and the tenor-saxophone legends, Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young. In the middle foreground Marian McPartland stands at ease, chatting with a svelte and lovely Mary Lou Williams. She wears a sleeveless summer gown and radiates an apparently effortless poise. Her head is thrown back in a laugh.

A quarter-century later, nearing the start of her fifth decade as a working jazz musician, Marian McPartland is still at the center of the jazz world. McPartland—a white British woman excelling at a profession long considered the nearly exclusive franchise of black American men—is busier than she's ever been. She fills infrequent lulls between appearances with work on a book—a collection of profiles of women in jazz—and taping sessions for her annual National Public Radio series, "Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz," for which she interviews and accompanies guests whose pianistic proclivities range from sedate swing to aggressive avant-garde. She has spent time

on stage with virtually every significant jazz musician since World War II—she was joined on her first date as a leader by Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge—but would rather talk of what she'll do next than what she's already done. So insistent is her focus on the future that she is forced to consult a pocket engagement calendar to refresh her memory of the past six weeks. Brandishing the book at arm's length, she considers it with half-feigned distaste. "It took a lot of discipline for me to get one of these," she declares a bit wistfully, then delivers a perfectly timed, two-beat sigh.

McPartland is an active composer, prodded by admirers like the late Alec Wilder; her "Twilight World," with words by master-lyricist Johnny Mercer, has become something of a standard since Tony Bennett recorded it. She's taken up classical piano again, regularly performing Grieg's Concerto in A Minor for Piano and Orchestra, and has lately turned her attention to the creation of a jazz suite for orchestra. She issues a steady stream of records on the Concord Jazz label. She somehow manages at the same time to preside over the producing and releasing of several records yearly with her own company, Halcyon Records. She is on the boards of a handful of worthy organizations and finds time to play at prisons as well as clubs and schools. She listens patiently to aspiring players' tapes that arrive unbidden at her door. She coaches a few students and takes lessons herself. Marian McPartland's idea of a good vacation is the three-month stint she does each summer at New York's Café Carlyle.

Consequently, she spends little time at the house she maintains out on Long Island. But unlike her friend Wilder, who was fabled for never having fully unpacked his suitcases, McPartland resists conceding her nesting instinct to the rigors of a peripatetic career. She puts cut flowers on the piano, fully aware

that they'll wilt before she's home to see them again. She is an inveterate putterer who adjusts her habits to suit her schedule, and she has been known, on warm fall nights, to finish a long evening at the Carlyle still possessed of sufficient energy to return home looking for something to do. On these occasions, at perhaps four in the morning, she goes out onto her lawn to rake leaves. "That should be the name of my next tune," she laughs, "'Raking Leaves at Dawn.'"

She is laughing still as she squeezes onto an elevator in the Brill Building on Broadway, where she's holed up in Soundmixers' Studio B cutting a two-piano album with George Shearing, another ex-Briton who mixes classical and jazz. The elevator operator dubiously assesses her chances of finding room on the packed car. "No way," he says, to which this handsome, proper, fashionably dressed woman replies in a faintly British accent with a popular expletive. The operator is duly shocked, and McPartland loves it. She is an incorrigible prankster whose friends have learned to regard unexpected, plain-brown packages with extreme suspicion. Later, in the studio, she pauses after flubbing a troublesome passage and turns to the plate glass separating her from the control room, then twists her face into a pout, screwing a thumb into each ear and waggling her fingers. Because she seems to exist always on the brink of mirth, her perpetual effervescence may mask the extraordinary dedication with which she pursues the central fact of her life: music.

She was born Margaret Marian Turner in 1920 in Slough, a suburb of Windsor, near London. The daughter of well-off parents, she first approached a piano—her great-uncle's—at the age of four, put in a few years showing off for family gatherings, then at nine was leveraged into a doomed attempt at the violin. She went off to boarding school and wound up at London's Guildhall School of Music,

Marian McPartland has built a reputation over four decades as a top jazz pianist.

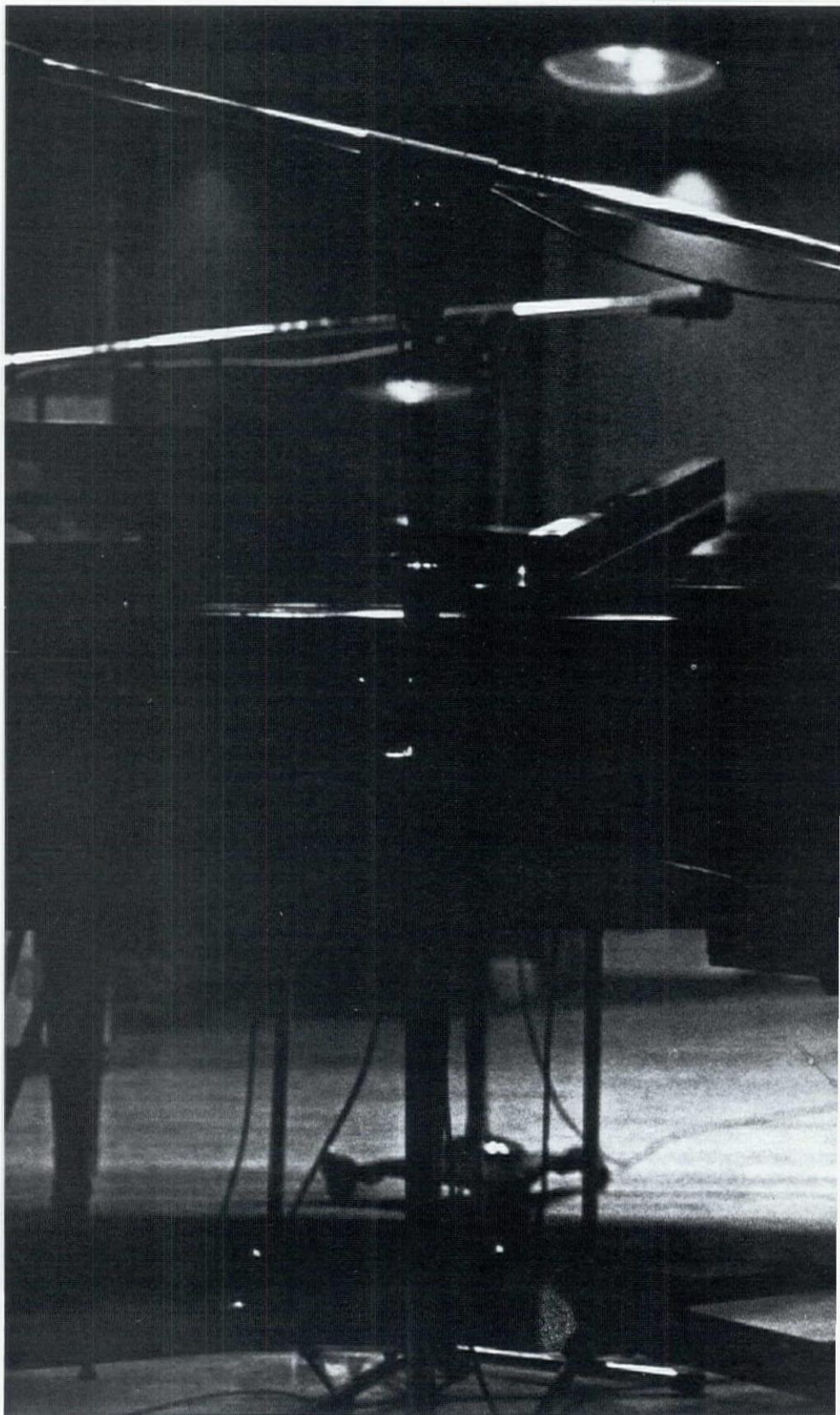
ostensibly to study classical composition. "I wrote some things then which still stand up pretty well, to my astonishment," she says, "and I've been trying to relearn them. But I'm such a miserable reader that it puts me off." She knuckled down long enough to come under the lasting spell of Maurice Ravel and Claude Debussy, and especially Frederick Delius, but her commitment flagged.

"My God," she recalls, "was I fortunate! I had a boyfriend who loved jazz and brought his records over to the house. We'd sit for hours listening to Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington, Bud Freeman, Muggsy Spanier, and all the piano players: Art Tatum, Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, you name it." She abandoned Guildhall at twenty to join a four-piano touring vaudeville act. (It was almost forty years later that she next performed a classical piece in public, when, on a January night in 1978, she slipped quietly into the Café Carlyle to test her rendering of the Grieg, with her piano teacher, Ada Korf, playing the orchestral part on a second piano.)

In 1943 she signed on with the USO, entertaining Allied troops in France and Belgium. There she met Jimmy McPartland, a Chicago-school cornetist and Bix Beiderbecke protégé, whose name she subsequently added to her own. They played at their own wedding. They later divorced but, as she puts it, "the divorce didn't work, or maybe it did." Today they're happily unmarried, sharing halves of a Long Island duplex. She credits him with much of the impetus for her assault on the male bastions of jazz, and with helping to shape her early playing. Though they diverged musically as she explored more abstract, contemporary ideas, they still perform together when they get the chance. Even on her own, Marian McPartland's debt to Jimmy McPartland may quirkily surface in a rollicking "Royal Garden Blues" tossed out to a unison-clapping community-symphony audience, or in a snatch of potent left-hand blues spliced into "Chasing Shadows."

If Jimmy McPartland held the door initially, making it possible for her to inaugurate her trio career backed by top sidemen at the prestigious Embers Club, she soon established her own credentials. For eight years, beginning in 1952, she settled into the Hickory House and

"I'm glad I'm not a singer or dancer," says the indefatigable McPartland, "because I'd probably have to give up sooner or later."



McPartland's idea of a
good vacation is a three-month stint
at the Café Carlyle.



“I can’t stop. I wouldn’t dare.
It’s a rat race, and I can’t afford to
lose my place.”

became a consummate club pianist, a talent too often taken for granted. The finest café performers labor brilliantly in the line of fire. Anyone tempted to pass this off as a minor gift would do well to wonder how Artur Rubinstein might react if plunked down at 2 A.M. in a smoky room full of clinking glasses, mindless conversation, and loudly hissed requests for “Melancholy Baby.”

Increasingly caught up in composition and growing more self-assured, McPartland began to offer her own tunes mixed into sets of standards, to solicit fewer club and more concert dates. “I never really had a problem finding work,” she reflects. “That was the period when rock was rampant, of course, and there were fewer jazz rooms, but I always found something. When people talk about the jazz revival I think it’s because they’ve suddenly become turned on to jazz, but the music’s been around all along for anyone that wanted it. And I guess that was when I started doing a lot of school things. I got into playing concerts with school bands. I learned a lot, and so did they. I still do it. I get a real kick out of it.”

Her encounters with students, she says, diminished her inhibitions and lubricated her creativity. She found unanticipated inspiration in pop and rock music and began renovating old favorites. In what has become one of her signature pieces, she tosses three distinctly different eras together: Jerome Kern’s “Yesterdays” entwines with Paul McCartney’s “Yesterday,” and the two detour fluidly for a long stretch in the middle into a Bach-like contrapuntal fugue.

McPartland’s still-evolving style is confidently eclectic. She trips smoothly through every era of jazz from Fats Waller to Duke Ellington to John Coltrane. She plays show tunes, frequently in surprising interpretations with revised tempos. She exhibits an obvious affection for what Alec Wilder dubbed “American popular song,” and she’ll unrepentantly include Stevie Wonder’s or Billy Joel’s compositions in her club sets. She admits to admiring, among others, the themes from “M*A*S*H” and National Geographic Society television programs.

McPartland is a modern player, in that she

neither composes nor performs within the confines of any historic genre, yet she has nothing whatever in common with the experimental fringe. She is a graceful, melodic pianist, but remembers with chagrin a tour with the Benny Goodman band she finally left because he chords frustrated and perplexed the leader. Ultimately her hallmark is individuality. In the estimation of the *New Yorker’s* Whitney Balliett, she has “moved beyond adroit adulation into her own, special realm. It is, in the way of Johnny Hodges and Sidney Bechet and Tatum, an emotional, romantic, and highly inventive one.”

It is difficult to spend much time with Marian McPartland and retain journalistic perspective. She gathers admirers the way most of us accumulate debts. She is an attentive friend, dashing off a consoling note to the late Mary Lou Williams when she was hospital-bound in the final stages of cancer, or calling to commiserate with Alberta Hunter, the amazing octogenarian blues singer who was felled for a time last spring by her adherence to a twenty-year-old’s schedule. Horrified to hear that George and Ellie Shearing lead a life barren of tea cozies, McPartland rushes out to buy them one. She affectionately refers to Jimmy McPartland as “the old man,” and makes no attempt to conceal her delight when he receives a surprise seventy-fourth birthday cake, complete with the requisite musical accompaniment, on stage at the *Boston Globe* Jazz Festival. In her own loopy, idiosyncratic manner, Marian McPartland is rock solid.

Lunch arrives at Studio B after 3 P.M.—bulging shopping bag delivered from the Stag Delicatessen—and McPartland contentedly munches a tongue-and-Swiss on rye. By prior agreement, she and Shearing will do one solitaire apiece on their record, each playing the other’s composition. McPartland has completed her rendering of Shearing’s eulogy, “T. Bill Evans,” managing to sound inimitably like herself while evoking wisps of both the composer and his subject. Now she listens in the control room and eats as Shearing negotiates her “There’ll Be Other Times.”

“I wrote that twenty-five years ago,” she says, “in the heat of a great affair. It came out of not being able to see each other one week and saying, ‘Well, there’ll be other times. Isn’t that silly? I guess it’s a sort of unrequited love song.’” It is a haunting song, understated and modest, and Shearing leaves it very much McPartland’s statement; he lets the melod-

Piano Forte

Many jazz musicians went underrecorded or unrecorded during the sixties, but Marian McPartland started her own record company, and she’s done some of her best work for her Halcyon Records label. Recently she’s joined the growing roster of Concord Jazz artists and has completed four albums for that company. The latest, a two-piano effort with George Shearing, was recorded in the spring and will be released this fall. It’s tentatively titled *Alone Together*.

Other McPartland offerings include: *From This Moment On*, Concord Jazz CJ-86; *Portrait of Marian McPartland*, Concord Jazz CJ-101; *At the Festival*, Concord Jazz CJ-118; *Marian McPartland Plays the Music of Alec Wilder*, Halcyon HAL 109; *Live at the Carlyle*, Halcyon HAL 117; *Elegant Piano*, Halcyon HAL 106 (with Teddy Wilson); *Ambiance*, Halcyon HAL 103.

“Marian McPartland’s Piano Jazz,” an annual presentation under the “American Music Sampler” umbrella, begins again in April 1982 on National Public Radio. Check local stations for broadcast dates and times or call NPR’s toll-free information number, 1-800-424-2909.





McPartland with (from left) Zoot Simms, Scott Hamilton, and Jimmy McPartland. Of her ex-husband, with whom she still shares a Long Island duplex, the pianist says, "The voice didn't work, or maybe it did."

carry most of the weight and handles the finale precisely, backing quietly out.

The two pianists approve the take, and after finishing lunch return to their instruments, which are nestled curve-to-curve in the studio like spoons in a silver drawer. They do "Nobody Else But Me" more as a duel than a set, albeit a light-hearted duel. They play like two kids jumping into a swimming hole, each trying to get the other to go higher. They romp through Antonio Carlos Jobim's "El Grande Amor." A throbbing Mel Tormé ballad follows, "Born to Be Blue." After experimenting with an uptempo lead, they elect instead to play it straight and achingly slow. McPartland's brow creases as she navigates a

treacherous passage. Her sense of time is uncanny; she stops in midsentence to scratch, then drops her hands to the keyboard at just the right moment to pick up the line again. Safely into the homestretch, she blooms with a wide-eyed grin. After her final note, the control room, which had fallen respectfully silent, erupts in loud tribute. McPartland can't hear the applause from the control room with the studio monitors shut off, but she notices through the window and brightens even further, then starts to applaud herself.

"I'm glad I'm not a singer or dancer," she muses later, "because I'd probably have to give up sooner or later. In this business I can go on forever." She gives every indication of doing just that. McPartland looks and acts at least twenty years younger than she is, and aside from drinking too much tea, she watches her health. She eats a lot of tofu. She keeps a Red Cross placard on her piano that reads, "Thank you for not smoking." She knocks

wood. She skirts widely around intimations of age, but this past June consented to Ithaca College's desire to bestow an honorary degree upon her. "Can you believe it?" she exclaims. "They won't let it go for nothing, either. I've got to play the Grieg."

McPartland says she toys with the notion of one day packing up and disappearing to some distant corner of the earth—her current choice, for some reason, is New Zealand—but when asked to suggest a departure date she'll concede that she really can't imagine getting out of the thick of things. "I do love it," she says, "and there's so much I haven't done yet. I can't stop. I wouldn't dare. It's a rat race, you know, and I can't afford to lose my place." She gleams. "Besides, I enjoy it. It doesn't feel much like work to me." □

J. Tevere MacFadyen is a Brooklyn-based journalist who last wrote for HORIZON on saxophonist Scott Hamilton.

Every Picture Tells a Story

The old-fashioned narrative has been rediscovered in contemporary painting, but—predictably—with a twist. Narrative artists have traditionally drawn upon historical or literary events for subject matter, and the history of art is packed with choice narrative material glorifying the heroic battle or portraying the climactic scene from the story of the day. (The paintings of Eugène Delacroix and William Blake are outstanding examples.) The narrative artist of today, in contrast, is apt to paint straight from his own experience and leave a great deal up to the viewer's imagination. Still there are the occasional moralists out to make lofty pronouncements—Jack Beal's excellently rendered statements on the virtues and vices of man come to mind—but the newest, freshest work is far more personal. Interestingly, the best of the new narrative art seems rooted in some of the very nonnarrative artistic discoveries of the past twenty-five years.

In those two and a half decades, few artists would allow even the slightest hint of a plot line in their works for fear of being regarded as out

of step with modernism, guilty of the heresy of illustration. But as modernism fragments, many things have arisen to take its place, among them a new narrative art that speaks with sophistication and originality. This "narrative" may not operate in quite the ways we've always known, but that's part of its appeal: the storybook artists of the eighties are taking new slants on storytelling. Their success may be the salvation of one of art's great traditions.

The works of James Valerio, for example, stand in contrast to the traditional heroic style: mysterious, complex, intimate with the quotidian. Valerio, forty-one, is a Chicago native who now teaches at Cornell. His most recent paintings are a series based upon games, but in each the game is only part of the story.

"I used to live in Encino, California," says Valerio, "and one day there was this murder in the Santa Monica Mountains. The next day, the newspaper had a picture of a group of people carrying a body out of the mountains, and the figures in the picture really struck me. I cut the picture out, tacked it on my wall and



James Valerio

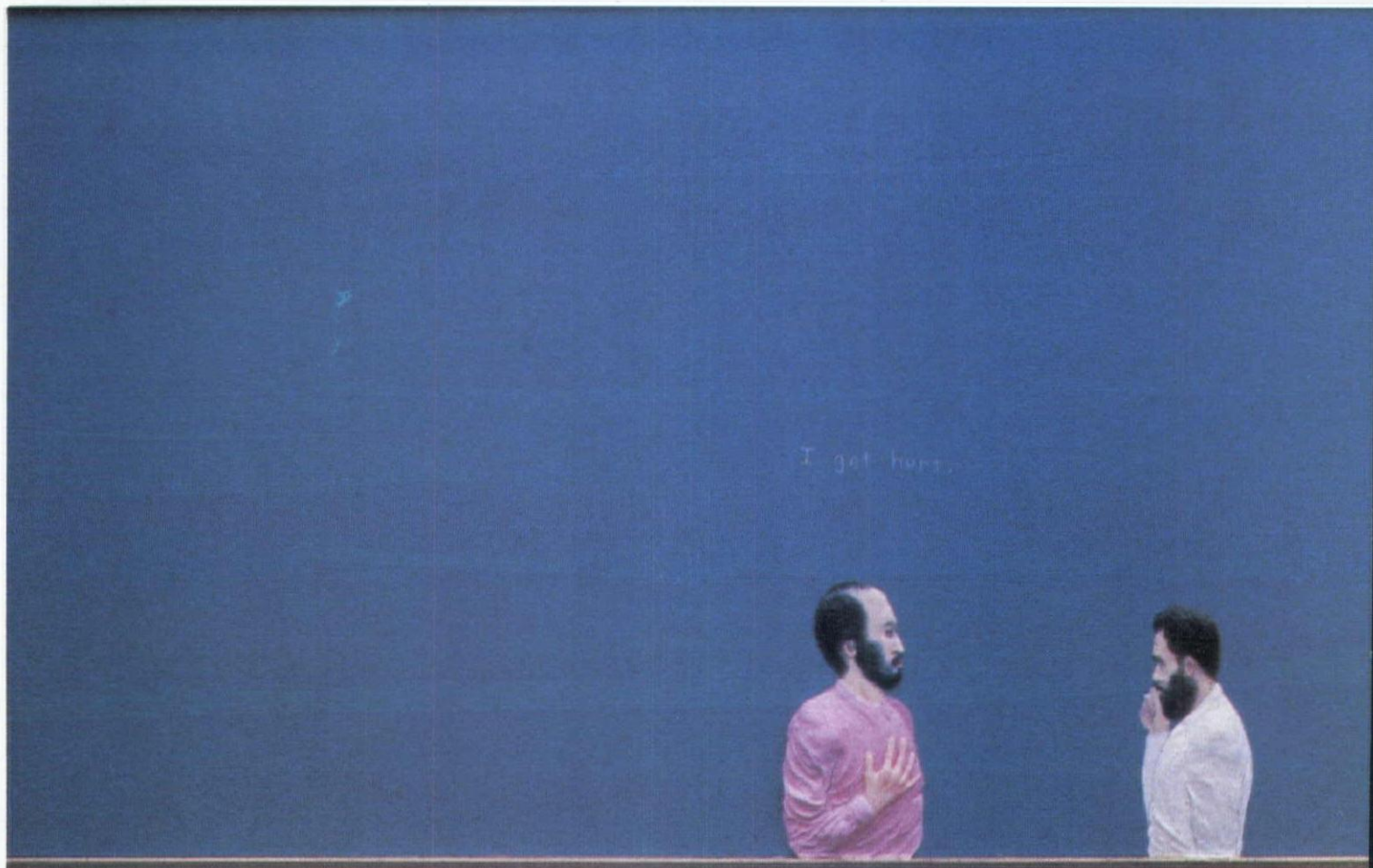
In a series on games, the narratives seem to play games with the viewer; in each, the game is only part of the story. Left: The Card Trick (1979, oil on canvas, 93½ x 116 inches). Right: Checkers (1980, oil on canvas, 84 x 96 inches).

James Valerio paintings courtesy Frumkin Gallery

The narrative is back, and therein hangs a tale. By Todd Brewster



Something is definitely "happening";
a story is in full bloom;
an emotion is demonstrably expressed.



looked at it for weeks before it transformed itself into a painting I called *Card Trick*. Don't ask me what a Santa Monica murder has to do with playing cards. There's a story there, but you put the pieces together yourself."

Even without knowing the history of the painting, the viewer is aware that he is looking at no ordinary card trick. The six figures huddled around the magician are ready, each in his own way, for something ominous to happen—something magical, of course, but this magic is not for amusement. An empty chair sits at left. Has someone been there and disappeared? The men in the painting are segregated from the women. Are sides being drawn? Who is this magician who sits calmly at center offering a pool of chance for the fate of the brown-haired woman reaching ever so carefully for her "card"? We are at the climax of *some* story. The elements of the painting are fraught with the tension of possibility.

Each Valerio painting carries that kind of rich complexity: one story and yet many

stories. Each seeks to show the intricate detail and profound meaning of the mundane. In *Checkers*, a woman and her son (Valerio's own wife and son) play listlessly—a sweet scene that, as in *Card Trick*, is filled with narratives. And in *Cat's Cradle*, his latest painting, two people are captured playing the familiar string game—a scene that is simple and yet, because of Valerio's perspective, fresh.

"I suppose you could say that my subjects are corny," he says, "and until the recent revival of interest in realistic art, that was a constant battle that I had to face. No one thought you could do anything more with figurative and narrative art. And yet, all the while they were bemoaning the disappearance of those qualities in painting. It's like looking at a film from the 1940s and saying, 'Oh, that's great! If only they could do that now!' Well, I'm doing that now—taking scenes others might call clichés and showing the wealth of artistic possibilities left in them."

Nicholas Africano is a narrative artist with

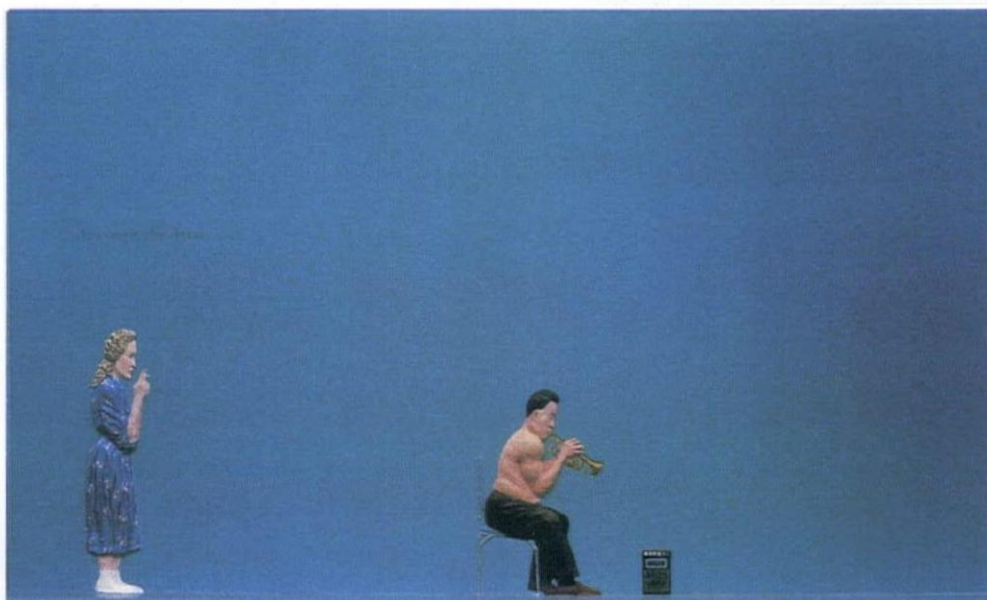
an entirely different approach. Africano, who is thirty-three, lives in rural Normal, Illinois where he assembles pieces that seem directly descended from the comic strip. His large canvases (typically, five by seven feet) show one or two small figures in painted, wax relief, acting out some highly emotional or sometimes comic moment, the nature of which is often indicated by a title or phrase of dialogue scrawled across the painting as though it were a panel from "Doonesbury." Backgrounds (and most of the space in the paintings is background) are almost always a rich, clear, sky blue, and the figures, always in profile, are consciously primitive. They are awkwardly drawn, slightly pitiful, and relate only to each other.

"Subject matter has always been my primary concern as an artist," says Africano "because I want my paintings to be about something, as opposed to being about nothing or about themselves. I started my career as a writer, but I found myself constantly substituting small drawings for words within the

Nicholas Africano

His large canvases appear to be direct descendants of comic strips. Left: I get hurt (1980, 36 x 72 inches) from the series, A passionate man. Above right: You can't play jazz (1980, 36 x 60 inches) from the triptych, China Boy. Below right: Dooda, Dooda, day (1980-81, 48 x 84 inches) from the series, The Girl of the Golden West. All are oil, acrylic, and magna on enamel, on masonite, with frame.

Nicholas Africano paintings courtesy Holly Solomon Gallery



riting. Eventually, the emphasis just fell on the visual imagery, for it seemed to me to be more effective and more fulfilling, but I've never drifted from my rather literary purpose of telling a story."

Africano's stories, like Valerio's, are slices—moments—as though the artist has opened the door at some arbitrary moment in a day, for us to see, and then shut it again. A bearded man in a pink shirt (Africano) tells another bearded man (friend and painter Rodney Ripps), "I get hurt." A cigarette-smoking, bare-chested man in a red hat stands over a man kneeling and turned away from him in another work, *He's Afraid of Loneliness*. A plump man sits in a chair, playing a trumpet into a cassette recorder while a woman in dress and sneakers says, "You can't play jazz" in *China Boy*.

Nearly every scene of Africano's work is somehow chilling. The stories here are sad; life looks painful; people are lonely, confused, and small. The emphasis, while highly literal, is on

the psychological. "I want to deal strictly and carefully with human experience," says the artist, "with the emotions and feelings of humans as they relate to one another. To do that, I've tried to look at the specific for the general, to show the moment of an experience in all its glory."

Quite in contrast, Milet Andrejevic's art harks back to the narratives of classical mythology. A fifty-six-year-old Yugoslavian immigrant who came to this country in 1958, Andrejevic paints only scenes of Central Park in his adopted home of New York City. The idyllic visions seem to be both real and fantasy, simple and ironic, contemporary and ancient. Three boys playing near Bethesda Fountain look like boys you might see today: T-shirts, shorts, tube socks, sneakers. But something in the way they stand, something in the way the pond reflects the trees, says that it is not the 1980s at all and not Central Park, but some kind of arcadia free from time and the ravages of modern civilization. It is always summer in

Andrejevic's work; the living is easy.

Painting infused with such poetry, such rich temptations for the imagination, is rare enough. Add to this the rather startling implications of some of Andrejevic's titles. A group of six young people and a dog, playing by a tree in the park, is called *Diana and Acteon*. Suddenly we see the work is of two minds: a simple, pastoral scene on the one hand and, on the other, a contemporary rendering of the ancient Greek myth in which Acteon is changed into a stag and ripped apart by his own dogs for discovering the beautiful Diana as she undresses to bathe. Now we see that one of the young women in the painting is indeed taking off her shoes and that the young man with the dog is watching her. The scene, once so pastoral and simple, seems filled with tension; we know that this is the episode immediately before the kill.

While showing scenes of such idyllic beauty, Andrejevic also violates them, as in *Diana and Acteon* and in the presence of sinister sky-



The narratives require us
to bring our own imaginations and
creative resources to the work.



ilet Andrejevic
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ana and Acteon
978, egg oil
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x 32 inches).
bove: Toward
thesda Fountain
978, egg oil
npera on canvas,
x 50 inches).

scrapers staring over blissful hideaways, as if to return his scenes and stories to a flawed reality.

Bruno Civitico, whose art seems to share something with Andrejevic's Central Park myths, says, "One of my ambitions as an artist has always been to salvage remnants of the Italian Renaissance and the baroque in my painting. I don't mean the religious paintings of the Renaissance, but the poetic ones. The artists of that period had the most beautiful poetic view of nature and the proper vehicles by which to express, narratively, ideas about human nature and relations between people."

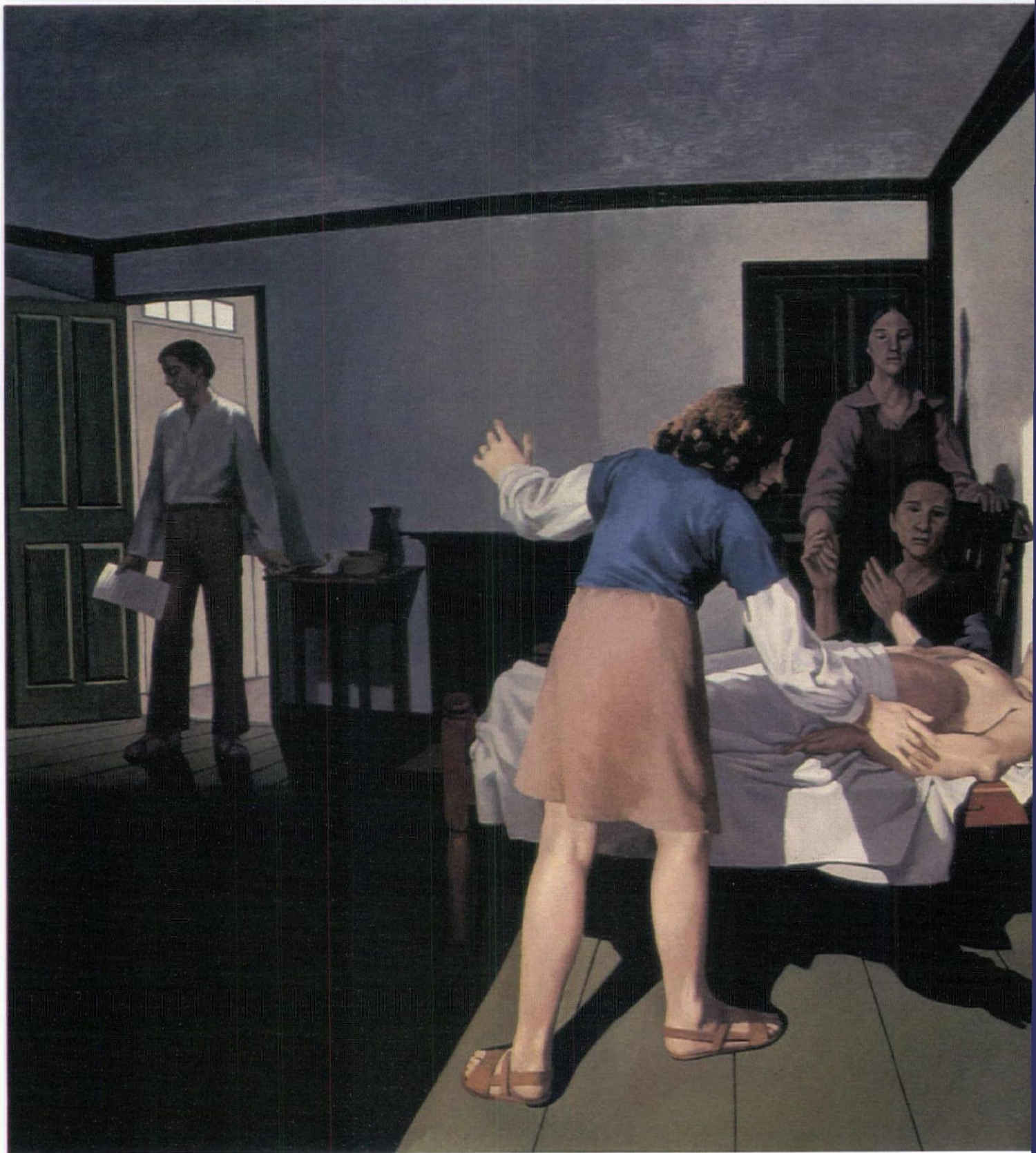
Civitico, thirty-one, who lives in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and teaches at the University of New Hampshire, is perhaps the

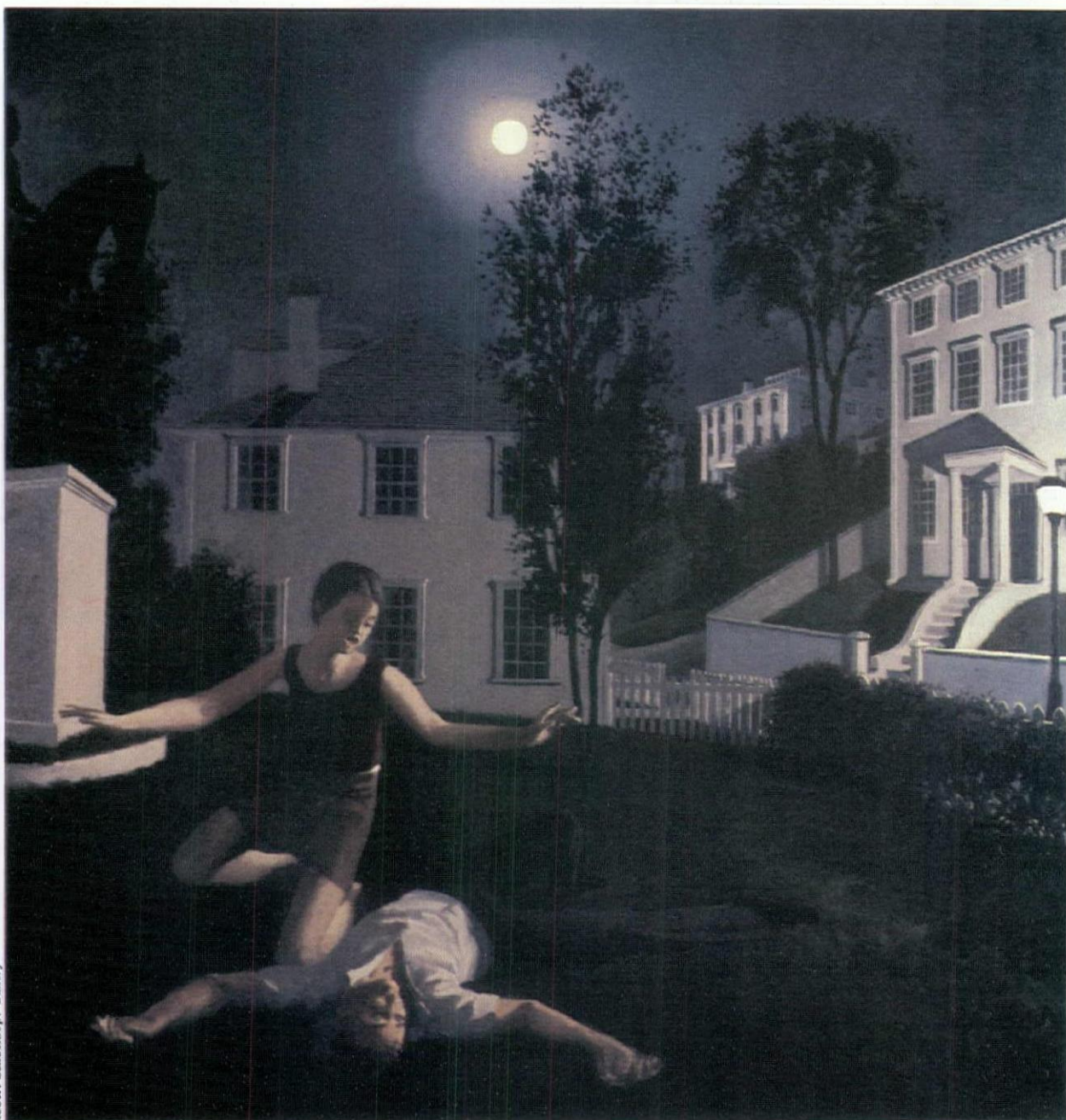
most traditionally narrative in style of these artists. Something is definitely "happening" in Civitico's paintings; a story is in full bloom; an emotion is being demonstrably expressed.

Like Andrejevic, Civitico actually pulls stories from the past for the subject matter of his paintings, but not with Andrejevic's trickiness. In *Pyramus and Thisbe*, he tells the tragic story from classical mythology in a modern setting; the nature of the story is evident from our first glance at the outstretched arms of Thisbe as she weeps over her dead lover.

In *The Death of Eudamidas*, a subject taken from the Lucian story (also the inspiration for a painting by the neoclassical artist, Nicolas Poussin), Civitico, in the tradition of all great

"Narrative has to be different:
we are seeing now with eyes that have
digested decades of modernism."





Robert Schoelkopf Gallery

Bruno Civitico

His stories from the past are straight-forward. Left: The Death of Eudamidas (1975, oil on canvas, 71 1/4 x 84 inches).

Above: Pyramus and Thisbe (1977, oil on canvas, 42 x 42 inches).

narrative artists, again captures the moment of highest drama, just as Eudamidas dies. "Structure," says Civitico, "is, in my work, a metaphor for subject," and nowhere is it more evident than in *Eudamidas*. The story is of a dying man who, in death, hands the honor of responsibility for his family over to his closest friend. In the painting, Eudamidas is in bed and the friend is just entering the room. The light thrown by the open door, interrupted only by the shadow of the friend, shines on the dying subject while, nearby, women cry out in anguish over the horror of the moment. Civitico attaches one personal note: the friend carries a piece of paper marked with the painting's dedication to Civitico's teacher and mentor, Gabriel Laderman. "It's my way of paying homage to a great influence," says the artist.

The startling thing about Civitico's work, and all narrative art being done today, is this

personal element. Modernism has had its effect after all, for the narratives here operate as most modern art does, by requiring us to bring our own imaginations and creative resources to work in order to complete the experience. The story may have returned to art in the 1980s, but it is as much our story now as the artist's. Narrative art has divorced itself permanently from illustration by forcing the point that no matter how detailed and careful the telling, no story is the same to any two sets of eyes.

"Narrative has to be different," says Valerio, "because we are seeing now with eyes that have digested decades of modernism. I'm just glad to be able to play a role in establishing a continuity with the past, and pay respect to the great old established forms." □

Todd Brewster covers the art world for Life magazine.

Art for Christmas' Sake

How to put the *give* in "giving a performance" and other cultural cures for present tense.

By Judith Jedlicka

Christmas and the arts go together like Santa and reindeer, holly and ivy, January bills and . . . but you get the idea. A favorite way to give the arts for Christmas has always been tickets for the theater, concerts, opera, ballet. When contacting your local performing-arts organization for availability and dates, don't forget to also check on such annual events as the Newport Jazz Festival in New York or the film festivals in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and other cities.

Memberships in local and national arts organizations can also bring a year of benefits to someone on your gift list. Some museums (Los Angeles County Museum of Art and the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, to name two) allow members to rent or borrow original art. Others offer discounts on museum-shop purchases (Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, for example) or reduced rates on museum film and performance offerings (Walker Art Center in Minneapolis). Membership in the local PBS television station or NPR radio station ordinarily includes a monthly program guide.

These gifts are all twice a blessing, because they benefit the arts as well as the recipient. If you want to be even more creative—and bless both a bit more lavishly—we've compiled a Christmas shopping list to help. See how these fit under your tree:

Judith Jedlicka, a HORIZON contributing editor, also wrote this issue's story on the Joffrey Ballet's twenty-fifth anniversary.



THEATER

Present a play, \$50,000: Name the person of your choice as the presenter of Circle-in-the-Square's *Macbeth*, starring Nicol Williamson, January 8 through May 9, 1982. The presenter will be listed in the program and invited to rehearsals and will meet Williamson. Circle-in-the-Square, 633 Broadway, New York, New York 10019 (212) 581-3270.

Party and performance for friends only, \$10,200: Take over the Cleveland Playhouse for an evening and invite 565 relatives and friends to attend a private party and performance of *Cole*, a musical tribute to Cole Porter (April 21, 22, 28, 29 or May 5 or 6). Price includes a backstage tour and a chance to meet the cast. Cleveland Playhouse, P.O. Box 1989, Cleveland, Ohio 44106, (216) 795-7000.

Learn to act, \$5,000: For aspiring young actors, midteens to early twenties, the Circle-in-the-Square Acting School offers a one-year course of acting lessons, dramatic literature, and stage craft. Circle-in-the-Square Acting School, 633 Broadway, New York, New York 10019, (212) 581-3279.

Be a producer, \$5,000: Name someone an honorary producer of the Arena Stage's spring production of *Tomfoolery* or *A Delicate Balance*. The program will carry the name of the recipient, who will also be invited to the opening-night performance and after-performance cast party. Arena Stage, Sixth and Maine Street S.W., Washington, D.C. 20034, (202) 554-9066.

Luncheon look-in, \$1,500: A luncheon look-in for six at the American Conservatory Theatre includes lunch with the artistic staff and actors plus a backstage tour of ACT's costume, scenery, and prop shops. Guests may



try on costumes and lend a hand making a prop or two. American Conservatory Theatre, Public Relations Department, 450 Geary, San Francisco, California 94102, (415) 771-3880.

Walk-on role, \$1,000: A walk-on part, complete with a program credit, is available in the Alley Theatre production of Millard Lampell's *The Wall*, scheduled April 15 through May 16. Alley Theatre, 615 Texas Avenue, Houston, Texas 77002 (713) 228-9341.

Jack Edwards costume design, \$150: A signed, dated, and framed costume design by Jack Edwards from one of the acclaimed productions of the Guthrie Theater will be sent in time for Christmas. Guthrie Theater, 725 Vineland Place, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55403, (612) 377-2822.

Six signed posters, \$25: Six posters commissioned by the Seattle Repertory from the Seattle artist and political cartoonist, Fred Hilliard, will be signed by the artist and mailed ready to be framed. Seattle Repertory Theatre, Seattle Center, P.O. Box B, Seattle, Washington 98109, (206) 447-4730.

Autographed Christmas Carol poster, \$10: Scrooge will personally autograph the Cleveland Playhouse's award-winning poster designed for its production of *A Christmas Carol*. Cleveland Playhouse, P.O. Box 1989, Cleveland, Ohio 44106, (216) 795-7000.

MUSIC

Sponsor a revival at the Met, \$35,000: The person receiving this gift may select a revival from the Metropolitan Opera repertory and be listed in all Met programs as the sponsor. The sponsor gets to attend rehearsals and meet the stars. Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center, New York, New York 10023, (212) 799-3100.



Piano used by Loren Maazel, \$10,000: Loren Maazel, the conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, will retire this year from Cleveland to join the Vienna Symphony. At season's end, he will sign and date for sale the upright Steinway piano he used during his ten years with the Cleveland Orchestra. Cleveland Orchestra, 11001 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44106, (216) 231-7300, ext. 58.

Symphony concert in your home, \$3,000: Twenty members of the American Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Paul Dunkel, will present a one-hour concert in your home featuring works from the classical repertory. American Symphony Orchestra, 119 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10019, (212) 581-1365.

Walk-on in *Carmen*, \$1,500: Spend an evening backstage and perform as a walk-on in two acts of the New York City Opera production of *Carmen*. Available performance dates are February 27, March 5, 7, 20, 28, and April 3. The role comes with a stage make-up session, a costume, and a listing in the program. New York City Opera, New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, New York, New York 10023, (212) 870-5633.

Woodwind recital in your home, \$1,500: The New York Philharmonic Woodwind Quintet will present "An Evening To Remember," a forty-five-minute recital, in your home. New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, Broadway at Sixty-fifth Street, New York, New York 10023, (212) 580-8700.

Five signed posters, \$1,000: Five award-winning posters commissioned by the Santa Fe Opera will be signed and dated by the artists—Allen Charles Klein (1971), Robert Indiana (1976), Forrest Moses (1979), Fritz Scholder (1980), and Douglas Johnson (1981). Santa Fe Opera, P.O. Box 2408, Department Z, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501, (505) 982-3851.

Antiques from opera, \$450-\$75: The San Francisco Opera is offering antiques used in its productions—nineteenth-century fans used in *Carmen* and *Don Juan* (\$450-\$200); hand-made antique perfume bottles of silver, mother-of-pearl, and gold used in several productions (\$300-\$75)—and turn-of-the-century opera glasses (\$350-\$125). San Francisco Opera Shop, 199 Grove Street, San Francisco, California 94102 (415) 565-6414.



DANCE

Sponsor a national television special, \$40,000: Name the cosponsor of a national television special broadcast live from the American Dance Festival. The cosponsor will receive a program credit each time the show is aired on television. American Dance Festival, P.O. Box 6097, College Station, Durham, North Carolina 27708, (919) 684-6402.

Commission a new dance, \$25,000: Commission a new work by one of America's leading choreographers—Paul Taylor, Merce Cunningham, Alwin Nikolais—for the American Dance Festival. Attend rehearsals and opening night. American Dance Festival, P.O. Box 6097, College Station, Durham, North Carolina 27707 (919) 684-6402.

Commission a pas de deux, \$25,000: Commission a pas de deux by Kenneth MacMillan for the great American ballerina, Cynthia Gregory, and a partner, to be performed as part of the American Ballet Theatre repertory. Attend rehearsals, receive credit in the ABT programs, and meet the stars. American Ballet Theatre, 890 Broadway, New York, New York 10003, (212) 477-3030.

Migdoll photo of Nureyev, \$1,500: A framed Cibachrome photograph of Rudolph Nureyev dancing *L'Après-midi d'un faune* with the Joffrey Ballet will be signed and dated by the dance photographer, Herbert Migdoll. The Joffrey Ballet, 130 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York, New York 10019, (212) 265-7300.

Gold name plate, \$1,500: A gold fiftieth-anniversary plate bearing the name of the person of your choice will be placed on a seat in the Ted Shawn Theatre, Jacob's Pillow—the first theater in America built for dance. The Pillow is expanding and refurbishing the theater during its golden anniversary season. Jacob's Pillow, P.O. Box 287, Lee, Massachusetts 01238, (413) 637-1322.

Ten lessons at Cunningham, \$35: A ten-lesson class card entitles the bearer to dance lessons taught by Merce Cunningham, his artistic staff, and his dancers in Cunningham's Westbath, New York, studios. Cunningham Dance School, 463 West Street, New York, New York 10014, (212) 255-8240.



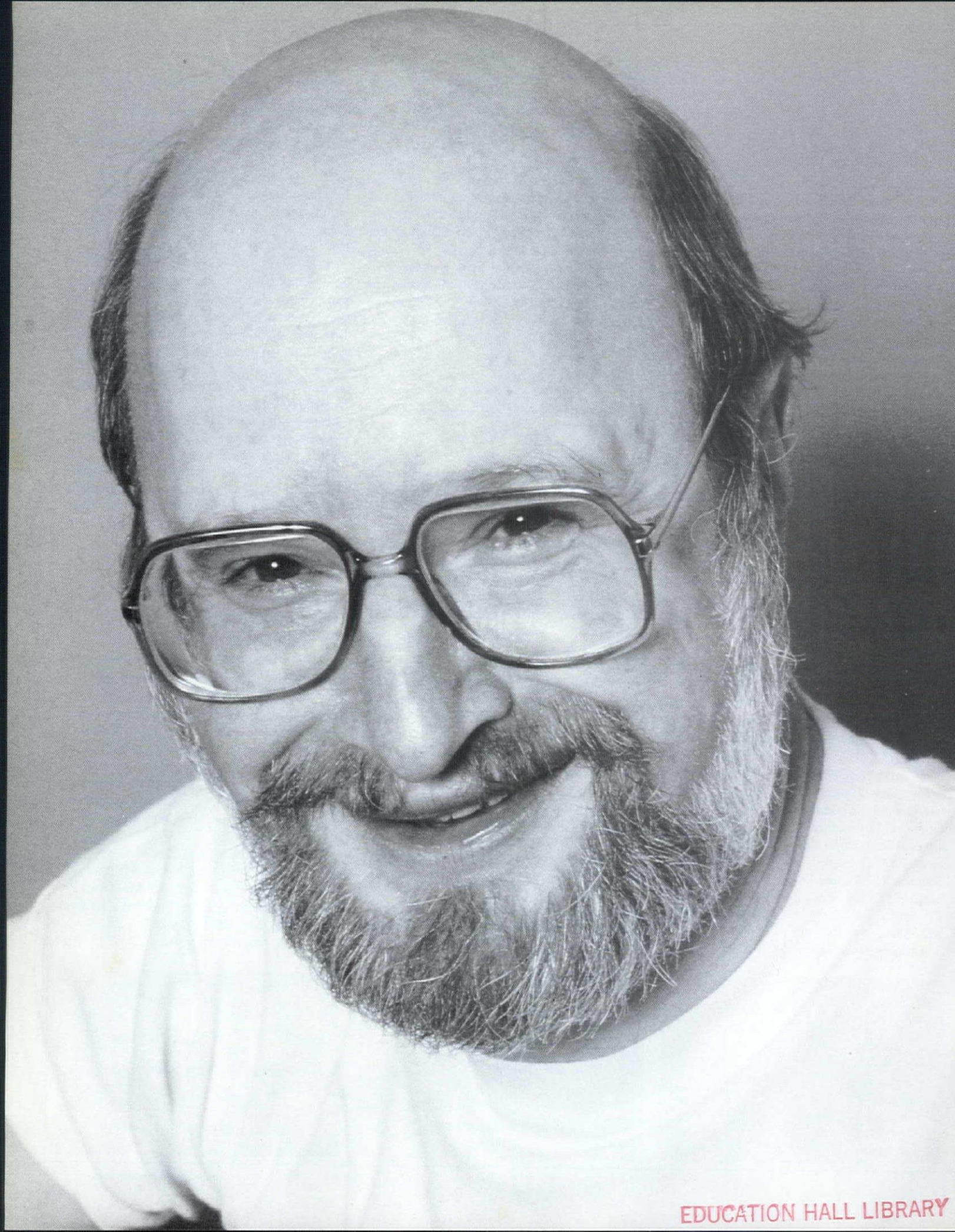
MUSEUMS AND HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

Silver cup, \$10,000: A handmade reproduction of a one-of-a-kind, eighteenth-century lidded silver christening cup has been made with antique tools in the Colonial Williamsburg collection by contemporary silver craftsmen. It is a reproduction of a piece made in 1738 by the Huguenot silversmith, Peter Archambo. Colonial Williamsburg Shop, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185, (804) 229-1000, ext. 2782.

Hopi katchinas, \$185: Traditional Hopi katchinas made of wood, leather, and feathers are available from the Denver Art Museum, 100 West Fourteenth Avenue Parkway, Denver, Colorado 80204, (303) 575-2253.

(continued on page 72)





ONCE I
WANTED
TO BE A
WRITER.



BUT I
DEVELOPED
WRITER'S
BLOCK.



SO INSTEAD
I DECIDED
TO BE A
PAINTER.



BUT I
DEVELOPED
PAINTER'S
BLOCK.



Has Feiffer Switched Pens?

The acerbic cartoonist is a mellowed playwright. Watch out.

By John Engstrom

A bright, humid summer day in Cambridge, Massachusetts, finds Jules Feiffer looking wilted. He is in town for the world premiere of his play, *Grownups*, at the American Repertory Theater, and he is a little nervous about what the reception to the six-year-old work will be. He fears that the critics might characterize it as simply an extension of his syndicated comic strip, *Feiffer*. "Critics, like everyone else, need to label," he says. "They still have trouble thinking of me as a playwright, and they still want and need to treat what's on the stage as simply a staged cartoon. If *Grownups* was by another writer, I'm sure the comparison would never occur."

If there is one thing that bothers Jules Feiffer, it is being categorized: as a cartoonist, as a playwright, as a novelist, as a screenwriter, as anything. He's been doing this multiple-hat trick in earnest the past few years (although it's been four years since his last novel). Feiffer's

Jules Feiffer goes to Broadway.

comic strip is syndicated in some eighty-five newspapers nationwide. He wrote the screenplay for last year's movie version of *Popeye*, starring Robin Williams and Shelley Duvall. *Grownups* makes the move to the Lyceum Theatre on Broadway December 10, and a new play, *A Think Piece*, is scheduled for the Circle Repertory Company in New York in late May.

"The irony of all this," Feiffer continues, sweetly but incisively, "is that during all the years when I was doing only the cartoons, what was being said and written about me was that I wasn't really a cartoonist—that these were little plays or little short stories. So in my cartoons, I'm a writer, and in my stage work, I'm a cartoonist."

Not that Feiffer doesn't enjoy eluding people. When asked to describe his professional identity, he chooses negatives: "Not a real playwright, not a real cartoonist, not a real screenwriter." If Feiffer fails in one field—and he has had a rough time of it in the theater lately—he can slink off to another, lick his

wounds, and work out new strategies. In this he is rather like the hero of his 1977 novel, *Ackroyd*—a detective who changes his identity to suit the situation. What Feiffer says about the novel also applies to his multifaceted career: "There is no author's overview."

He never planned it this way; what he planned from the first was to become a cartoonist. "Every career move I've backed into—except that first choice." As a small child in the Bronx, Feiffer sketched his fantasies about movies, radio programs, or newspaper comics. In 1947, he enrolled at Pratt Institute, where he received a thoroughly conventional training in art that included anatomy and figure-drawing classes. But his "frivolous" ambition to be a cartoonist alienated him from his (allegedly) stuffy instructors, and later prompted him to drop out.

Unhampered by school, Feiffer pursued his ambition as a cartoonist with considerable success. One of his first professional jobs was as an assistant to Will Eisner, who produced a weekly syndicated comic-book supplement to newspapers called *The Spirit* (which has since become something of a cult item among comic-book addicts). After a stint with the army in Korea, Feiffer began a children's series named *Clifford*, which he describes as a sort of "pre-*Peanuts*" *Peanuts*.

"What angered me about kids in comics as they were treated in those days was that we never got the kids' point of view," Feiffer recalls. "It was always that of the grownups. So there would be these adorable little menaces and horrible little monsters, but nothing ever investigated how kids really thought and felt. So I started dealing with that."

In 1956 his comic strip for adults, *Feiffer*, made its debut in the *Village Voice*. Its characters, those benign, befuddled vicars of modern society, were immediately popular. Feiffer still works on the series, which has been nationally distributed since 1959 and collected in more than a dozen books. The drawings

SO I TURNED
MY TALENTS
TO THE
THEATRE.



BUT I
DEVELOPED
THEATRE
BLOCK.



SO I THOUGHT
IT ALL THROUGH
AND DECIDED
MY TROUBLE
WAS OVER-
SPECIALIZATION.
I SHOULD
DIVERSIFY.



come easily to him, but he's been known to rewrite the captions fifteen times. "It's funny," he muses. "You do a cartoon for years and years, and what begins as a type evolves, simply through repetition and familiarity, into a very real fact in your life. Characters like Bernard Mergendiel or the dancer, who began in the cartoons many years ago, have rules and regulations about their behavior. There are certain things they can and can't do; there are certain ways they speak; they have certain pretensions."

The memory of Korea haunted Feiffer, and his work quickly took on a satiric cast. His "rage at being an indentured servant for a war I didn't believe in" prompted him to write a story called "Munro," about a four-year-old boy who is drafted into the army. (An animated cartoon based on the story won an Academy Award in 1961.)

Five years after Feiffer began, he became an avid patron of Second City, the satiric improvisational group in Chicago. "What they did on the stage," he explains, "was so close to my work on the strip." When Paul Sills (then of Second City) asked him to write twenty-five-minute sketches for the company, Feiffer responded with a droll one-act called *Crawling Arnold*. [The play was published in the November 1961 *HORIZON*.] From that point, he says, "I fell madly in love with the form."

When working on a play, Feiffer reports, he writes rapidly, usually rising at 6:30 A.M. "before resistance sets in," and using the surrealistic method of "automatic writing"—scribbling whatever comes into his head. He writes with a drawing pen, in longhand on yellow pads, then dictates into a tape recorder before handing the material over to a typist.

Feiffer has always insisted upon separating his theater activity from his other pursuits. "Most of the cartoons," he says, "deal with out-front monologues or two people talking to each other in the business of not relating. What goes on between them doesn't really

develop dramatically, because it is a cartoon. That's not the point of it. But that is the point of theater—to take people from point A to point Z through the ups and downs of a very real relationship in which you're trying to make certain observations, and then bring other people into this equation. Theater is much more a business of response and counterresponse and behavior."

It is also, as Feiffer discovered early on, a perfect—and potentially dangerous—form in which to state his politics. Feiffer's first controversial stage piece was a comedy about urban violence called *Little Murders* (1967). It begins as a breezy absurdist farce, but ends in an ugly welter of blood and bullets. When it opened on Broadway, with a cast that included Elliott Gould and Barbara Cook, it baffled audiences and critics. An off-Broadway revival in 1969 was much better received, winning Feiffer both Obie and Outer Circle Drama Critics awards. *Little Murders* also was Feiffer's introduction to feature films: he wrote the screenplay for Alan Arkin's 1971 movie version of the play.

Today, Feiffer says with a chuckle, *Little Murders* seems "almost nostalgic, almost

romantic. At the time, it was slammed because critics, whatever they thought, were paying attention only to the theater, and weren't paying any attention to the world they were living in. They didn't know at that time about the Vietnam War. They didn't smell it.

"I really work quite unconsciously," he continues. "The plays just happen out of the social smell of the time. The Vietnam years were filled with paranoia, a sense of siege in the society, a sense that everything was falling apart. A kind of madness was loose in the land, and the people who were maddest were the people leading us. We don't feel that way anymore. But when the critics saw *Little Murders*, it didn't seem to have a context. Well, the play *had* a context. They didn't have a context."

Many of Feiffer's subsequent satires have proven a little too close in context for comfort. *The White House Murder Case* (1970) virtually predicted the corruption of the Nixon administration. While *White House* was running, American bombs fell on Cambodia and, Feiffer recalls, "a lot of the play's themes and even some of the very dialogue was used by the U.S. government to explain our invasion of Cam-

Three Faces of Feiffer

Collections of cartoons: *Sick, Sick, Sick* (McGraw, 1958; Collins, 1959); *Passionella and Other Stories* (McGraw, 1959); *The Explainers* (McGraw, 1960); *Boy, Girl, Boy, Girl* (Random House, 1961); *Feiffer's Album* (Random House, 1963); *Hold Me!* (Random House, 1963); *The Unexpurgated Memoirs of Bernard Mergendiel* (Random House, 1965); *The Penguin Feiffer* (Penguin, 1966); *Feiffer's Marriage Manual* (Random House, 1967);

Feiffer on Civil Rights (Anti-Defamation League, 1967); *Feiffer's People: Sketches and Observations* (Dramatists Play Service, 1969); *Pictures at a Prosecution: Drawings and Text from the Chicago Conspiracy Trial* (Grove, 1971); *Feiffer on Nixon: The Cartoon Presidency* (Random House, 1974); *Tantrum* (Knopf, 1979).

Plays in book form: *Crawling Arnold* (Dramatists Play Service, 1963); *Little Murders* (Random House, 1968); *The White House Murder Case: A Play in Two Acts/Dick and Jane: A One-Act Play* (Grove, 1970); *Knock, Knock* (Hill & Wang, 1976).

Novels: *Harry, the Rat with Women* (McGraw, 1963); *Ackroyd* (Simon and Schuster, 1977).



BUT I DEVELOPED A MUSIC BLOCK, A MODERN DANCE BLOCK, A WOOD SCULPTURE BLOCK AND A POETRY BLOCK.



SO I GAVE IT ALL UP AND TOOK A JOB AS A RECEPTIONIST.



AND SOMEHOW I'M NOT BLOCKING ANYMORE.



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bodia. And the play was very, very successful up until the time it stopped being satire and became real life. Then the audience quit the play entirely. It closed within two weeks of the invasion. Which made me wonder if George S. Kaufman wasn't wrong: that it's not satire that closes on Saturday night, it's reality."

The demise of *White House* was the beginning of a difficult period for Feiffer the playwright. Two of his plays—*Knock, Knock* in 1975 and a 1977 revival of *Hold Me!*—went under in rapid succession.

Presumably, these experiences explain not only Feiffer's disillusionment with the commercial theater, but also his choice of the American Repertory Theater (ART), a subsidized repertory company, for the premiere of *Grownups*. The association between Feiffer and the ART artistic director, Robert Brustein, is a long one: Feiffer's *God Bless* premiered in 1968 at the Yale Repertory Theater, which Brustein then headed. And *Grownups* reportedly will figure in ART's 1982 European tour, sponsored by American Express.

Initially, Feiffer was pessimistic about bringing *Grownups* to Broadway: "It's a serious play, and nobody's going to come to Broadway to see a serious play by an American. If it's Peter Shaffer, and it comes in with a lot of pizzazz from the National with Peter Hall and Ian McKellen, with a lot of glamour attached to it—the kind of glamour which we Americans associate with musicals—then there's a very good chance that it can run. That's the way we want our seriousness on Broadway."

Feiffer's earlier run-ins with Broadway led in part to his latest foray into screenwriting. After the commercial failure of *Knock, Knock*, Robert Evans, the film producer, asked Feiffer to write the screenplay for Robert Altman's *Popeye*. For a number of reasons, the project delighted Feiffer. He could temporarily flee the theater and return to film, a medium of which he had pleasant memories (screenplays for *Little Murders* and

To describe his professional identity, he chooses negatives: "Not a real playwright, not a real cartoonist, not a real screenwriter."

Carnal Knowledge in 1971). He could camouflage himself ("Jules Feiffer had caused me no end of trouble") and assume the style of E.C. Segar, creator of *Popeye*. Feiffer adds, "I felt an enormous affinity between the character of Olive Oyl and any one of the women in my cartoons, particularly the dancer. It's the wonderful, arbitrary ambivalence of the character: she's a total extremist in whichever direction she happens to be facing at the moment."

The critics were not as delighted as Feiffer with *Popeye* ("It's hard to know what Feiffer and Altman intended it to mean to modern children—or adults, because the story doesn't build, or even follow through," wrote Pauline Kael in *The New Yorker*), and Feiffer turned back to the theater—this time to long-unaccustomed raves. His fears about the critical reaction to *Grownups* proved unfounded; a *New York Times* review, in fact, helped push it onto Broadway.

Both *Grownups* and *A Think Piece*, Feiffer says, are meditative domestic comedies. *Grownups* is about a *New York Times* reporter and his tortured family relationships. *A Think Piece* brings Feiffer back to the subject of women, portraying a woman in crisis.

"What she's trying to do," he explains, "is get a hold on her thought processes and find out why she commits certain actions which are inexplicable to her. In the course of the play, the more she tries to get a handle on things, the more they get away from her. But I try, as I

tried in *Grownups*, to make the issues that are being discussed onstage never very vital or very important. For most of us, the drama in our lives doesn't consist of life-changing or life-shaking events, as it does in most plays or most novels. It consists of getting children off to school on time, dealing with house pets . . .

"Generally, if that sort of thing is treated at all, it's as a subject for a sitcom," Feiffer says. "What I'm trying to do is take it out of sitcom and make it serious. God knows there's a lot of humor, but the humor is not meant to alleviate the tone; if anything, it's meant to heighten and make more desperate the tone."

So, at fifty-two, a still angry, still earnest but somehow milder Feiffer has emerged. The new productions are in stark contrast to his earlier polemics; Feiffer seems concerned with revealing politics through character, rather than vice versa. Which is not to say that he has abandoned his interest in politics; indeed, it seems to intrigue him now more than ever. "I'm trying," he says, "to get a hook on a straight political play which nonetheless would incorporate my other interests in terms of character and not be an out-and-out political cartoon. 'I would not write anything directly about the Reagan administration. It would be disguised as one thing or another.'"

As always, Feiffer balks at the suggestion of a pattern to his career, that perhaps he's entering a new, mellower phase or even that he's at last finding sustained success as a playwright. To predict or to plan would be to categorize, and that makes him very uneasy. "I can only understand my career when the latest piece of work is finished," he says. "Then I can connect it to the last thing I did. There's a kind of trail that I'm following, and I don't know what the hell it is." □

John Engstrom is a writer for the Living Arts section of the Boston Globe. He covered the Broadway production of Nicholas Nickleby in the September 1981 HORIZON.



My Kind of Town

A special section on Chicago's music, art, and theater.

Introduction by David Mamet

Photographs by Richard Marin

Chicago's literary history truly begins around the turn of the century with Alderman Bathhouse John Coughlin, coruler (with Hinky Dink Kenna) of the First Ward, Chicago's Downtown.

From Coughlin's "Ode to a Bathtub":

Some find enjoyment in travel,
others in kodaking views.

Some take to automobiling
in order themselves to amuse.

But for me there is only one pleasure,
although you can call me a dub—

There's nothing to my mind can equal
a plunge in a porcelain tub.

David Mamet is a Chicago-born playwright, the award-winning author of numerous plays including American Buffalo, Sexual Perversity in Chicago, A Life in the Theatre, and The Water Engine.

Fifty years later the Ward found another Champion in Richard J. Daley, the man who said, "The police of the city of Chicago are not there to create disorder, but to preserve it." Let it also be noted that Hizzoner once threatened to punch Queen Elizabeth in the nose: an un-Chicagoan sentiment, as we have always been kind to visitors.

Hedda Gabler, for example, had its world premiere in Chicago, because Ibsen couldn't get anybody to produce it at home.

Ten blocks away and a few years later, Al Capone ruled the city from his headquarters in the Michigan Hotel. J. J. Johnston, Chicago actor, told me Al's wife was an Italian girl, and she was never accepted by her husband's family until the day of his funeral. Overcome by grief, she stood by the grave and proclaimed, "Al created an empire on Earth, and he will build another one in Heaven." After which she was accepted into the fold.

Theodore Dreiser worked on Wabash

Avenue downtown, and he used to eat at the Berghof Restaurant. Every time we went from the Goodman Theatre over to the Berghof for lunch I wondered if this was the restaurant Hurstwood was managing when he met Sister Carrie. And when we rehearsed plays in the Fine Arts Building on Michigan Avenue, I wondered if the woman practicing *sol-fa* could have run into Lucy Gayheart (or at least Willa Cather) in the old iron elevator.

The woman was there when I started studying piano in 1951, and she was there when we were rehearsing *Native Son* in 1980. I see no reason she shouldn't have been there trying to hit that same goddamned note in 1905.

We have some strange local mythology.

No Chicagoan makes gangster jokes or thinks of the City as particularly violent (which it isn't). (Al Capone *did* say, "You get a lot farther with a kind word and a gun than you do with a kind word," but this must be classed with philosophy rather than humor.) We *do*



make Police jokes and take pride in considering the Chicago Police Force *haimishly* corrupt (which it isn't), and we take *great* pride in our excellent Fire Department.

Robert Quinn, Fire Commissioner till just lately, was an old friend and crony of Mayor Daley. Their association went back to the days of the Hamburger Athletic Club in Bridgeport—Chicago's equivalent to having been there in the Oriente Mountains. So Quinn was Fire Commissioner forever.

In 1978 there was a furor because Quinn, rather than purchasing efficient, van-type paramedic ambulances, was still contracting for the old-fashioned low-slung Cadillacs.

Interviewed on television news, he said, "I think when the people of the city of Chicago go, they want to go in *style*." This caused something of a commotion, and Quinn called a news conference and explained, "What I meant was, the people of Chicago, when they go, they want to go in *style*."

God bless our journalists. Carl Sandburg once wrote film reviews for the *Daily News* (Chicago's greatest newspaper—three years demised, and may it rest forever in peace and in our memories). Dreiser was a drama critic in town until he got fired for reviewing a play he hadn't seen that had failed to open; Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur worked for City News Service; Nelson Algren was a reporter, as was Vachel Lindsay, probably our finest poet Midwesterner.

Lindsay was writing of William Jennings Bryan's campaign visit to Springfield, Illinois, but he might as well have been writing of Chicago:

She wore in her hair a brave prairie rose.

Her Gold friends cut her, for that was not the pose.

No Gibson Girl would wear it in that fresh way.

But we were fairy Democrats, and this was our day.

In our beloved Windville, we curse the cold and revel in being the most senseless spot in North America to spend the winter in. But the air feels new, and all things still seem possible, as they did to Willa Cather and Sherwood Anderson and Willard Motley and Frank Norris and Saul Bellow and all the other Chicago writers who—when speaking of Home—finally wrote the same story. It was and is a story of possibility. The idea in the air is that the West is beginning, and that life is capable of being both understood and enjoyed.

Those writers exhorted us, as did their philosophical predecessor, Hinky Dink Kenna—Bathhouse John's partner-in-crime:

"Whatever the endeavor, make of it a lollapalooza." □

(With thanks to Chicago historians Mark Jacobs and Kenan Heise.)





City Sings the Blues

And opera and jazz and more . . . An insider's tour of the high notes.
By Carl P. Snyder

Hampered by a scarcity of nationally distributed media and a recording industry that concentrates on commercial jingles, Chicago's music scene isn't as well known as it deserves to be. It supports a wealth of music on a neighborhood level, and the constant activity in its lounges has produced some of the top performers in rock and folk music, as well as jazz innovators from Ahmad Jamal to Sun Ra. The city boasts a symphony orchestra that is arguably the world's best. And when you talk about the blues—well, you're talking Chicago.

The blues, currently enjoying a renaissance of interest around the world, also provides Chicago with a uniquely scrambled nonethnic group, composed of the musicians who make the rounds of the clubs and sit in on each other's gigs every night, and their camp followers: ingenues from the suburbs; learned aficionados from Europe; Genet-type characters from the neighborhoods who bear de facto witness that no matter how sophisticated or boisterous the blues may get, it remains the music of the downtrodden. In the down-to-earth blues clubs of Chicago, it gives them comfort, while they give each other cheer.

Blues fans visiting Chicago may be surprised to learn that most of the action is now on the North Side, but the first place to see is still south—Buddy Guy's **Checkerboard Lounge** (423 East Twenty-third). It's in a Dante-esque

Buddy Guy runs the Checkerboard Lounge, first stop on any tour of blues hot spots.

All Chicago photographs © 1981 Richard Martin

neighborhood, so don't go unless you have your own transportation, but the club is used to a mixed audience and the good vibes frequently spill out into the street. The music, most of it by neighborhood people, ranks with the best, whether it's Scotty and the Rib Tips, Fenton Robinson, Magic Slim, Buddy's own band, or some other outfit. The Monday-night jams, usually led by the ebullient Lefty Dizz, are recommended both for the high energy level of the music and for the ambience. Almost anyone can show up on jam night, from old-timers like Sunnyland Slim and Little Brother Montgomery to sleek modernists like Johnny Dollar and Philip Guy. Buddy Guy himself is usually there, playing cards with his buddies, maybe tending bar; on hot nights he picks up his guitar and sits in.

While in the neighborhood, stop at **Theresa's**: just a few blocks away at Forty-eighth and Indiana Avenue, it's the longtime hangout of Guy's sometime partner, the flamboyant Junior Wells. The club is smaller than the Checkerboard and its atmosphere less festive, but it's the real thing you're looking for, right? Theresa's offers a true-blue setting in which to hear veterans like Sam Lawhorn trading licks with suburban kid musicians.

The dean of North Side blues clubs is the **Wise Fools Pub** (2270 North Lincoln Avenue) in the bustling New Town district. It has a listening room praised for its acoustics, and a bar room presided over by an open-mouthed dummy—the wise fool?—who leans suddenly on a table in the doorway and waits for passersby to activate his taped voice with the push of a button. All the top blues bands—Albert Collins, Mighty Joe Young, Jimmy Johnson, Lonnie Brooks, Fenton Robinson—play the Wise Fools. So does Judy Roberts, the young first lady of jazz piano in Chicago. Big-band music takes over the place on Mondays; other nights may find rhythm and blues, country-swing, or funk groups holding forth. While the sounds flow, other performers are likely to be using the pool table; sometimes, late at night, the owner's cat can be seen sitting up at the bar, enjoying a nonalcoholic drink. Get there early on Fridays or Saturdays.

Around the corner from the Wise Fools and a couple of blocks north, at 2519 North Halsted, is a bustling hole-in-the-wall called **B.L.U.E.S.** that's as unpretentious and good-

Symphony General Director John S. Edwards led a multimillion-dollar renovation.



Mention classical music to an educated Chicagoan and he'll start bragging about Sir Georg Solti.

timey as one could hope for. Since the local media discovered its virtues, crowds have made it hard to move in the narrow space, but the customers don't mind. They're serious about drinking beer and soaking up the blues that emanates from the tiny bandstand. Sometimes it's the homespun music of Walter Horton or Blind John Davis, sometimes the funk/blues of Jimmy Johnson or Johnny Dollar—but it's always blues. These folks are addicts.

The audience for blues is such, in fact, that when the **Kingston Mines** stood midway between B.L.U.E.S. and the Wise Fools, it usually had a full house, at least on weekends—and it was the largest of the three. Sit-ins by the Rolling Stones, Chuck Berry, and the Allman Brothers Band gave the Mines quite a reputation. Then, in a development not quite unforeseen by patrons and performers, the roof fell in. Literally. Doc Pellegrino, the ambitious owner who is himself one of the more colorful figures on the blues scene, now has a new Kingston Mines, just north of the Loop at 604 North Clark Street. It's a plush joint that used to be a disco, but it's in a seedy area and some observers are wondering if Doc's medicine will work again; the early signs are encouraging. Eddy Clearwater and Aron Burton are among fine local bluesmen who play the Mines; a few guest stars like Albert King, Jay McShann, and Jimmy Witherspoon have worked there, too.

At the north end of the city is **Biddy Mulligan's** (7644 North Sheridan Road), an eclectic club that presents some of the best blues bands not only from Chicago but from around the Midwest. Albert King, Otis Rush, and Otis Clay have worked there; so have Sleepy LaBeef, the rockabilly legend, and Gatmouth Brown, the great Texas blues fiddler. Big-band jazz is played on Tuesdays, reggae music some other nights. Biddy's imaginative policies seem to have survived a recent change of ownership, and the club continues to draw a mix of street and college people.

Of the many other North Side blues attractions, check out the Sunday night set by The Sons of the Blues at **The Piano Man** (3801 North Clark), a recently opened little club that usually offers jazz by groups that are underexposed, but capable. The Sons of the Blues are sparked by Lurie Bell, a young guitarist who is an acknowledged star of the future.

Jazz continues to hold its own in the Windy City. An interesting variety of name performers comes in to play **Rick's Café Americain**, an elegant, intimate, and somewhat expensive

club on Lake Shore Drive at Ontario Street. A stylish ballroom with nightclub seating in the **Blackstone Hotel** (636 South Michigan Avenue) is the latest home for the Jazz Showcase of Joe Segal, who's been bringing bebop to Chicagoans for some thirty years; some of his recent events featured Sonny Stitt, Pharaoh Sanders, and Mel Lewis.

Stitt and Dexter Gordon are among past visiting stars at the South Side jam sessions led by the legendary tenorist, Von Freeman—Mondays at the **Enterprise** (659 East Seventy-fifth), Tuesdays at the **Matador** (69 East Seventy-fifth). Both clubs are safe to visit, as is the **Now or Ever** (1243 West Eighty-seventh), where Charles Woodford plays Coltrane-esque sets on Sunday nights, and the **Chances R** in Hyde Park, where modernists like Ari Brown and Don Moye entertain on Saturdays.

The North Side is dotted with jazz clubs that showcase local talent: **Jazz Medium** (901 North Rush Street), formerly the home of Joe Segal's promotions; **Redford's** (2548 North Halsted), another spot to catch Judy Roberts; **Orphans** (2462 North Lincoln Avenue), where pianist Joe Daley hosts jam sessions on Monday nights; **The Bulls** (1916 North Lincoln Park West), host to such Chicago attractions as the funky pianist/singer, Ghalib Ghalab; and the newly opened **Gate Jazz Cellar** (1909 North Lincoln).

The most popular North Side jazz club is currently **Andy's**, a merry downtown restaurant (11 East Hubbard) where the music, provided by Warren Kime, Don DeMichael, and other mainstream veterans, starts nightly at five and continues till eight or nine—just long enough to take the chill off a day spent shuffling papers at the office.

Two other choice North Side jazz entries are the Wednesday night sessions at **Cagney's Pub** (2467 West Grand Avenue) led by Tommy Ponce, a veteran saxman who plays real bebop (Cagney's also has good food at reasonable prices), and the piano stylings of Art Holdes, another Chicago legend, Wednesdays through Fridays in the **Lobby Lounge** of the Mayfair Regent Hotel (181 East Lake Shore Drive).

Fans of Dixieland music can catch the Salty Dogs or the Foot Warmers on occasional nights at **Fitzgerald's** (6618 West Roosevelt), a suburban club that also books such top-of-the-line blues acts as Son Seals; or Jim Beebe on Sunday afternoons at the **Marriott O'Hare** (8535 West Higgins Avenue).

Curiously enough, classical music also thrives in this blue-collar metropolis. Mention

classical music to an educated Chicagoan, and he'll automatically muscle up and start bragging about Sir Georg Solti and the **Chicago Symphony**, acknowledged as among the world's finest. With the **Lyric Opera** and the **Chicago Opera Theater**, the city has heavy hitters to form a classical lineup around.

Around them swirl a bewildering array of ensembles performing different kinds of music at different times in different places. We asked Don Klimovich of *Chicago* magazine, who stays up on it all, to recommend a few of the best, and he suggested **Musica of the Baroque** or the University of Chicago's **Rockefeller Chapel Choir**, among the choral groups; the **Monteverdi Singers** or the **Harwood Ensemble** for lovers of early music; the **Chicago Brass Quintet** or the **Chicago Chamber Brass**, for trumpet fanciers; the University of Chicago's **Chamber Players**, led by composer Ralph Shapey, for those who appreciate serious contemporary music; and the **Light Opera Works**, quartered at Northwestern's Cahn Hall, for Gilbert and Sullivan fans.

All classical aficionados swear by the **Dame Myra Hess** concerts, held year-round in the Cultural Center of the Public Library (Randolph and Michigan).

Other attractions are on the fringes of what might be considered classical, such as the Balkan Rhythm Band, whose unusual rhythms entertain Tuesday nights at **Holsteins**, a folk club at 2462 North Lincoln. Classical and flamenco guitarists entertain diners at **Geja's**, a classy restaurant at 340 West Armitage.

If you're planning to catch any of this, update your knowledge of the scene by consulting the extensive listings in the *Reader*, a free newspaper distributed in restaurants, record shops, and other establishments. The listings in *Chicago* magazine are more detailed and go much further in covering the classical scene in particular. Jazz fans visiting the city are encouraged to call the Jazz Record Mart (312/222-1467 or 312/528-8834) for the latest information. Proprietor Bob Koester says, "We don't want people to waste their money"—a sentiment straight from the heart of this no-nonsense town. □

Carl P. Snyder plays piano in the Jimmy Johnson Blues Band, an award-winning group from Chicago that has played at most of the blues clubs mentioned here. In earlier life, he spent eleven years as an editor at Playboy and other national magazines.

State of the Arts

Chicago's afire—this time with art. A guide to who's making sparks.
By A. J. Buckingham

"I stay here *because* of the indifference, not in spite of it," Theodore Halkin, artist and teacher at the School of the Art Institute, has said of Chicago. "I know who I am anyway. And I know who they are. I was never confused about my own idiosyncratic behavior. It's the only thing I've got, for God's sake. Why should I lose it in the turmoil of Acceptance in New York? Who am I then?"

Chicago has never been accused, it's true, of making art history on a regular basis. Chicago artists themselves have traditionally rejected the idea of a Chicago School, viewing it not as a sign of community, but as an admission of provincialism. During the late sixties, though, the work of the best younger artists in Chicago came to be shown at the Hyde Park Art Center, then under the direction of sculptor Don Baum. The center's exhibits finally, for better or worse, put Chicago on the art map, with shows by groups of artists with such whimsical names as the Hairy Who, the Non-Plussed Some, the Sunken City Rises, Marriage Chicago Style, and Chicago Antigua. Their art was vulgar, sleazy, illiterate, crude, and cheap. But underlying the garishness and funkiness was an intense vitality, a Midwestern alienation, a bawdy, sexual, demonic quality that was an important contrast to the minimalist art of the time.

The publicity accorded the Chicago Imagists, as they came to be known, gave wider exposure to the Chicago art community. But local galleries continued, for the most part, to represent non-Chicago artists. Out of a disaffection

Alexander Calder's Flamingo, a fifty-three-foot-high monumental outdoor sculpture, sits in Chicago's Federal Center Plaza.





Underlying the garishness and funkiness was an intense vitality, a Midwestern alienation.

for the private galleries grew the co-op movement, which caught on as quickly in Chicago as in New York and San Francisco. The co-ops became communal centers for young artists; they focused and expanded the art scene.

A decade or so later, the stranglehold of Chicago Imagism has loosened as the art world in general has grown more tolerant of diversity. While artists continue to fear they'll never make it until they leave the city, many have had the courage of their aesthetic convictions and are putting their energy into making art, instead of formulating plans for a hegira. The community is small, but it has an energy and a sense of itself. Here, as in cities around the country, anything goes.

What follows is a sample of Chicago superlatives—the best of the new, the best of the established, and the best of the offbeat. Comprehensive it isn't; eclectic it is.

Co-op galleries: The first generation of galleries run by artists for artists are almost all located along the same block in a neighborhood they pioneered west of Michigan Avenue: **N.A.M.E.** and **Artemisia** (both at 9 West Hubbard Street), **ARC** (6 West Hubbard Street), and the **West Hubbard Gallery** (61 West Hubbard Street) show work by gallery artists and other invited exhibitors, as well as offering lectures and art events. A show entitled "Six/Six," sponsored annually by the four co-ops, along with Chicago Filmmakers and the Chicago Editing Center, features Illinois artists exclusively, with a predominance of Chicagoans; it will run December 4-26.

NAB, another of the early co-ops, just opened in a new space at 331 South Peoria. **The Randolph Street Gallery** (835 West Randolph Street) is a more recent addition to the co-op scene that has expanded the geographical boundaries of the young artists' community. Its annual Artists' Christmas Store, scheduled for December 4-24, offers an innovative and inexpensive selection of the city's multimedia artistic wares.

Non-co-op galleries: The **Roy Boyd Gallery** (contemporary American paintings, drawings, and sculpture, with special emphasis on large-scale sculpture), the **Young-Hoffman Gallery** (contemporary artists), and **Landfall Gallery** (contemporary artists, including many printmakers who use the Landfall Press) are all located at 215 West Superior in spacious lofts with exposed beams. Along with the **Zolla/Lieberman Gallery** (368 West Huron), they represent the most "New York" Chicago

galleries: they take risks and often show high-quality, strong young talent.

The **Nancy Lurie Gallery** (1632 North LaSalle) shows current work of American artists and has long been a supporter of Chicago area artists. **Phyllis Kind** (226 East Ontario) handles Chicago Imagists, as well as contemporary American naive artists.

Openings: The **Hubbard Street** openings are young, rowdy, and arty: beer and wine are served, and it usually runs out. The galleries at **215 West Superior** offer a full bar, hors d'oeuvres, and a dressier, older crowd. The **Museum of Contemporary Art** (237 East Ontario) openings are so huge that admission is by ticket only and guests pay for drinks.

Sculpture: In the monumental outdoor sculpture line, Calder's vermilion, fifty-three-foot-high **Flamingo** is first among equals; it sits in the Federal Center Plaza within a few blocks of the **Chicago Picasso**, Miro's **Chicago**, and Chagall's **Four Seasons**.

ConStruct Gallery (101 North Wacker Drive) opened in 1978 to "professionalize the placement of art in public places"; it advises collectors and corporations planning to install large pieces. Exhibits include the abstract sculpture of John Henry, Jerry Peart, Mark di Suvero, and Linda Howard.

James L. Reidy's recently published *Chicago Sculpture* (University of Illinois Press, 1981) is a study of nearly 200 sculptors whose work is accessible to the public: it's a useful guide for people with interests as varied as art-deco reliefs, Lorado Taft monuments, or Cosmo Campoli's *Great Peace Symbol*.

Murals: Chicago boasts more than a hundred WPA murals. For example, Henry Varum Poor's *Carl Sandburg* and Louis Sullivan grace the **Uptown Post Office** (4850 North Broadway). *A Guide to Chicago Murals: Yesterday and Today* is a forty-eight-page directory to the work of the thirties and to the more recent additions to Chicago wall art, published by the Chicago Council of Fine Arts (seventy-five cents, 78 East Washington—stop up and see the Louis Comfort Tiffany mosaic dome).

Recent additions to the mural scene include two *trompe l'oeil* works by Richard Haas: on the outside of an apartment building at **LaSalle and Division**, and on the facade of **Off Center**, at 300 West Grand Avenue.

Ceramics: **Exhibit A** (233 East Ontario Street) shows the work of major national and local ceramic artists, including Peter Voulkos, Ruth Duckworth, and Richard DeVore.

Photography: A local strong suit, photography is enjoying a vogue here as elsewhere. The Illinois Institute of Technology's **Design Institute** was established as the "new Bauhaus" by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy in 1937; photography had been a core course in the original Bauhaus program, and continues to be emphasized at the institute today. Its graduates include Harry Callahan and Arthur Siegel. **Columbia College** also has a respected photography department and mounts strong exhibits. The **Gilbert Gallery** (218 East Ontario Street) is recommended for unusual shows.

Community art center: The **Evanston Art Center** (2603 Sheridan, Evanston) has made a concentrated and successful effort to develop a sophisticated quality and approach. Classes are taught by highly regarded and well-known local artists; the monthly shows of regional artists take in painting, photography, sculpture, ceramics, and crafts. The center has a good pre-Christmas sale each year.

Performance art: Chicago has a thriving performance community, in part because the School of the Art Institute offers students a performance major. **Fluid Measure**, a performance co-op made up primarily of graduate students, emphasizes avant-garde music and avails itself of the N.A.M.E. Gallery space. Another group of artists, showcased at **Link's Hall** (3435 North Sheffield), has a dance orientation.

Video: The **Chicago Editing Center** (11 East Hubbard) is a co-op whose members use the center's camera and editing equipment; it offers frequent screenings of Chicago video works. **Exit** (1653 North Wells) is a trendy rock club that has become an unlikely showcase for both video and performance. The atmosphere is definitely ungallery-like, there's a cover charge, and there's something going on most nights.

Corporate supporter of local artists: The **Kemper Insurance Company** has backed Chicago artists for decades: it funds juried shows and puts up purchase prizes. The company has amassed an extraordinary collection in its international headquarters near Lake Zurich. Tours can be arranged.

Small museum: The **Terra Museum** (2600 Central Park, Evanston) opened in May 1980—twenty-six years after businessman Daniel Terra started collecting American art and less than five years after he decided to give the Chicago area a museum dedicated to American art. It's a small but lovely museum, with galleries on three levels. The heart of the



permanent collection of more than seventy paintings is a group of American impressionists; the current show is "Life in Nineteenth-Century America," through November 15.

Art convention: "Navy Pier: Art Chicago" is part of the current trade-show trend in the art world. Held annually in May, "Art Chicago" is thought by some to be the most important show of its kind.

Arty neighborhood: Artists have been settling for the past decade or more in **Pilsen**, a neighborhood south and slightly west of the Loop. Every September, thirty or so members of the artistic community open their homes

A trompe l'oeil mural by Richard Haas on the outside of an apartment building at LaSalle and Division is one of two recent works.

and studios; demonstrations of raku firing and printmaking are scheduled, along with fashion shows by resident designers.

Museum store: The recently renovated store at the **Art Institute** has a giant collection of art postcards, good reproduction jewelry, and an extensive array of art books. (The best art-book collection offered outside a museum is the **Rizzoli Bookstore** in Water Tower Place at 845 North Michigan.)

Unusual art-supply store: **Aiko's** (714 North

Wabash Avenue) is known for its Japanese paper and printmaking supplies. It also sells handprinted Italian papers and has exhibits of contemporary Japanese prints.

Art resource: The Art Institute's **Video Data Bank** has for the past five years or so been filming interviews with contemporary artists. More than 150 conversations have been recorded and can be viewed in the School of the Art Institute library.

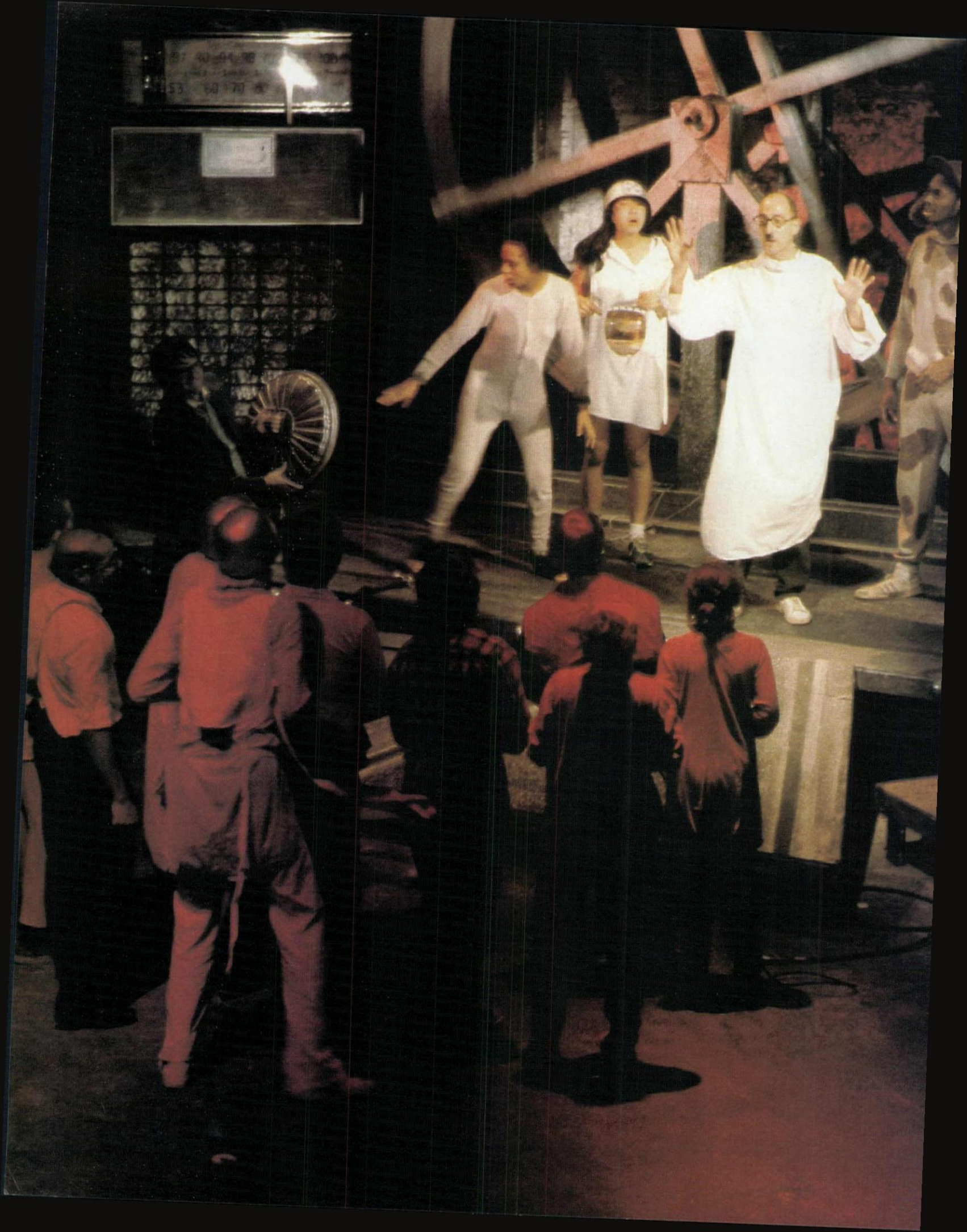
Smallest collection of twentieth-century masters: Literally. The **Thorne Rooms** at the Art Institute are scale-model replicas of period rooms; teeny-tiny paintings by Jean Victor Hugo, Amédée Ozenfant, Fernand Léger, and Leopold Survage hang on the diminutive walls of a San Francisco penthouse apartment (American room #37).

Quickest way to survey the current art scene: The **Chicago Artists' Coalition** (5 West Grand) maintains a slide registry of work by more than 250 Chicago-area artists in all media. Architects, stores, galleries, schools, and anyone else interested in exhibiting work by Chicago artist are welcome to view the slides. Make an appointment in advance: 312/670-2060.

To fill the not-inconsiderable gaps in the above gallimaufry of possibility, and for a more extensive survey of exhibits, consult the Friday weekend sections of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Chicago Sun-Times* or the monthly calendar listings in *Chicago* magazine. The *New Art Examiner*, *Format*, and *White Walls* are all local publications on Chicago art and artists.

If you're due for a Midwestern fling in the near future, bring some sensible shoes—a few big shows should be worth standing in line. Judy Chicago's *Dinner Party* runs through January 3 at 720 South Dearborn; for information on advance tickets, call 312/461-9399. The Art Institute will be hosting a double-header: "Edward Hopper: The Art and the Artist" continues through November 29 and "The Magician of Venice, Mariano Fortuny" will be on view October 26–January 3. The Museum of Contemporary Art presents the first American exhibit of the sculpture of Charles Simonds, November 7–January 3; Simonds fashions architectural landscapes of miniature clay brick buildings for an imaginary civilization of Little People. □

A. J. Buckingham is a weekly contributor to the Chicago Reader, an entertainment and arts newspaper.





Off-Loop at Center Stage

The Midwest's Broadway is scattered
all over town. Here's where.

By Lenny Kleinfeld

1880: You've finally driven your herd through the famous stockyard gate. You check into the Palmer House. Get yourself a bottle of whiskey with a printed label and a steak thick enough to lose a Bowie knife in. Mosey on down to the Everleigh Sisters' plush Victorian mansion to pass a pleasant evening tucking greenbacks into red garters.

1930: One last martini as you fid farewell—uh, bid farewell to the Broadway Limited. Scotty's there with the Duesenberg to run you up to the Drake. Later you find yourself in an alley off Rush Street knocking three times on a red door; inside, a crowd Charlestons like they mean it.

1980: Your company flies you in to discuss ethics with an alderman. You've reserved a lakeview room at the Ritz-Carlton, a corner table at Le Perroquet. Then it's off to the theater. Yes, the *theater*: if you know Chicago, one of the intimate Off-Loop theaters that have kept the city's culture bubbling.

While there will always be an audience for touring companies of hits from Broadway, Chicagoans have developed an enormous enthusiasm for the work of local playwrights, directors, and actors. More than a dozen professional Actors' Equity companies produce a full season of plays, and an equal number of fledgling groups take a crack at this hyper-Darwinian business each year. Popular productions often run from six months to a year; a musical adaptation of John Powers' comic novel, *Do Black Patent Leather Shoes Really Reflect Up?*, is entering its third season and a

second company recently opened in Detroit. Theaters that began life as barely disguised garages, Chinese restaurants, bowling alleys, and chocolate factories have gradually been remodeled into comfortable, well-equipped facilities. While the national media haven't picked up on what's happening, the jungle drums have been busy—New York actors move here in increasing numbers each year, lured by the more favorable ratio of jobs-per-theatrical. One actor, after a year on Broadway followed by two-and-a-half years waiting tables, arrived in 1979; he's since been in nine Chicago plays and two films, and directed a stage adaptation of *Midnight Cowboy*.

The turning point for Chicago theater was getting local audiences past the traditional second-city dilemma: *If you're good, why are you here?* Warren Casey and Jim Jacobs answered that question in 1972 by going from a converted trolley barn on Lincoln Avenue to most major cities in the Western world with *Grease*. Several years later David Mamet emerged with a burst of award-winning plays: *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, *American Buffalo*, *A Life in the Theatre*. That one-two punch gave artistic and commercial credibility to theater with a local zip code—not to mention encouraging a generation of Chicago talent to believe in itself.

The **Steppenwolf Theater** has made believers out of just about everyone who's seen it. The hottest company in town, working both in its own compact space at the Jane Addams Hull House (3212 North Broadway) and contracting

The Organic Theater is presenting a musical adaptation of William Kotzwinkle's savage anti-vivisectionist satire, Doctor Rat.

Lenny Kleinfeld is a Chicago playwright, critic, and humorist with publication credits ranging from Chicago Reader to Playboy.

New York actors move here, lured by the more favorable ratio of jobs-per-thespian.

out as a unit to other theaters, Steppenwolf is an ensemble of intense, funny, young actors, many of whom have been together since college. Their ensemble effect adds a personal touch to the themes of alienation common to the bulk of the repertory, which consists mainly of postwar dramas and comedies. Steppenwolf's main-stage series features such well-known authors as Arthur Miller, Harold Pinter, and Samuel Beckett; weekend midnights it performs experimental works that have been cult hits with the college-age audience. Steppenwolf recently opened the second show of its season, the Midwest premiere of John Murrell's *Waiting for the Parade*, a Canadian drama about the effect of World War II on the women at home.

The **Wisdom Bridge Theater**, on the northern edge of the city at 1559 West Howard, made its reputation with sensitive, visually sophisticated topical dramas mounted by its *wunderkind* artistic director, Robert Falls, and with sophisticated farces staged by Michael Maggio, a frequent guest director. Between them, they've packed the house with everything from a high-tech *Mother Courage* to a *Tartuffe* set on a Southern plantation. Their current, typically audacious offering is a kabuki-style *Macbeth*, featuring a local cast trained by the Japanese director, Shozo Sato.

The **Victory Gardens Theater**, under artistic director Dennis Zacek, recently purchased and renovated half of a building owned by another group, the Body Politic (2261 North Lincoln). Victory Gardens is now presenting *Stops Along the Way*, a new comedy by Chicagoan Jeffrey Sweet, whose *Porch* and *Ties* were both long-running hits in recent seasons. Sweet, whose best writing consists of equal parts hilarity and compassion, is beginning to acquire a national reputation; this spring he had a new one-act premiere at Lincoln Center. Victory Gardens was the site of three Midwest premieres of full-length works by one of America's leading black playwrights, Steve Carter, and launched the city's first professional bilingual group, Latino Chicago.

The **Body Politic**, one of the city's oldest companies, has seen some lean years recently. Its last significant hit was the 1978 premiere of *Lunching*, a contemporary comedy of manners by the Chicago playwright, Alan Gross, that's scheduled for Broadway this season. Gross is a rapidly maturing author who specializes in Neil Simon-ish verbal fireworks. The Body Politic is currently regrouping under the command of

new artistic director James O'Reilly with a revival of *The Petrified Forest*.

Several blocks north is the **Apollo Theater Center**, (2540 North Lincoln), a modern, 330-seat commercial venue opened in 1979 by Stuart Oken and Jason Brett. Though their self-produced ventures have met with mixed results, they've served as landlords to some impressive shows—most recently, Steppenwolf's production of Lanford Wilson's *Balm in Gilead*. The Apollo is now housing the Chicago premiere of *Tintypes*, a musical presented by the Travel Light Theater.

Travel Light, which started out with noble but doomed attempts to shout lines at the patrons of crowded saloons, now declaims from one of the three stages in the **Theater Building** (1225 West Belmont). Also ensconced in that busy facility are two non-Equity companies, the **Performance Community** and **Pary Productions**. The Performance Community provides a low-cost forum for new works. Pary has earned a reputation for presenting intelligent productions of avant-garde works past and present, domestic and imported. Its latest effort is a new theatrical adaptation of *Frankenstein*.

The most potent of the modernist groups has been the **Remains Theater**, working out of a fifty-seat storefront at 3744 North Clark. Besides being the terror of the Chicago Theatre Softball League, the Remains ensemble has developed a loyal following for such New Wave pieces as *Sixty-six Scenes of Halloween* and *Book of Splendors*. The entire troupe is now working with students from Columbia College in a production of *Woyzeck* at the school's recently acquired **Eleventh Street Theater** (Eleventh and Michigan).

The **Organic Theater**, Chicago's bastion of haute-sixties psychedelic sensibilities, moved this spring into a new home carved out of a 1920s movie theater at 3319 North Clark. Since the Organic is dedicated to producing only world-premiere scripts, the quality varies wildly. Its 1977 hit comedy, *Bleacher Bums*, toured extensively, is currently in production by small theaters around the country, and was broadcast nationally on PBS. This fall the Organic is presenting a musical adaptation of William Kotzwinkle's savage anti-vivisectionist satire, *Doctor Rat*, adapted by and starring company member Richard Fire, with score by Fire and June Shellene. It should be apt material for artistic director Stuart Gordon, whose métier is broad humor and retina-frying light shows.

In the midseventies David Mamet and three compatriots founded the **St. Nicholas Theater** (2851 North Halsted), which quickly established a reputation for well-conceived productions of topical dramas. During the past few seasons, however, St. Nick's work has been weighted down with dour pretensions. New artistic director Cynthia Sherman will try to turn things around beginning in November with Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*.

Just north of the city line, at 2300 Green Bay Road in Evanston, the **North Light Repertory** has been earning a reputation for carefully crafted treatments of contemporary drama. North Light has presented the regional debuts of everything from the grotesqueries of *Buried Child* to the gentle humor of *Catsplay* and *On Golden Pond*. New artistic director Eric Steiner has scheduled a mix of old and new for his rookie season; onstage in November is a revival of Tennessee Williams' classic *The Glass Menagerie*.

The classics, meanwhile, have been served by the **Court Theatre** (5706 South University) of the University of Chicago. Under the direction of Nicholas Rudall, an ensemble of Equity professionals and the best student and faculty actors presents a winter program of heavy works in their cozy indoor space, and a summer of knockabout classic comedies outdoors.

Though the **Goodman Theatre** (200 South Columbus) is in the Loop, over fifty years old, and far more securely funded than its younger brethren, thirty-two-year-old artistic director Gregory Mosher has kept its arteries from hardening with a blend of lavishly mounted spectacles and the taut, naturalistic drama that is his personal forte. Mosher staged the original productions of *American Buffalo* and *A Life in the Theatre*, and Mamet has returned the favor by becoming Mosher's associate on the Goodman staff. This season starts off with an extravaganza of Chicago chauvinism: Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur's *The Front Page*, with a hometown cast under the direction of Michael Maggio.

Chicago chauvinism, theatrically speaking, has become both more fashionable and justifiable in the past decade. In a city once best known for its sins and sinners, the theater is now a refreshingly redeeming—though no less daring—pleasure for those in the know. □

Stuart Oken (left) and Jason Brett's Apollo Theater Center hosts plays by companies including Steppenwolf and Travel Light.



Films



Truth and Consequences

The old debate about fiction versus nonfiction—is the one “truer” that the other?—is moot: a revealing story is a revealing story. And yet there’s no denying the exhilaration of a revealing story that also *really* happened. Unfortunately, this is rarer in film than in literature. The “true story” feature film has so much going against it, from casting to time limitations to threats of libel, that we’re lucky to have one good one a year: *Patton*, for instance, or last fall’s “semi-true” *Melvin and Howard*. So it’s an unexpected pleasure to discover four such films, of uneven quality but

all provocative, in a single month this fall.

The more conventionally biographical are Christopher Miles’ *Priest of Love*, a graceful tribute to D. H. Lawrence and his wife, Frieda; and Frank Perry’s considerably less adulatory Joan Crawford story, *Mommie Dearest*. Based on the sensational memoirs of Christina Crawford, the film star’s adopted daughter, *Mommie Dearest* is as much Grand Guignol as star bio: waning Hollywood star adopts children at least in part for the publicity; has-been actress exorcises frustration in middle-of-the-night rose-uprooting tantrum; outwardly devoted mother steals daughter’s dolls and sends her to the nuns. No problem with casting here: Faye Dunaway’s riveting psychological interpretation of Crawford—rigid, cunning, vulnerable, desperately con-

Above: Janet Suzman as Frieda Lawrence and Ian McKellen as D. H. Lawrence in the true-life film, Priest of Love. Opposite: André Gregory (top) and Wally Shawn (bottom) play themselves in My Dinner With André.

trolled and yet ever at the edge of hysteria—brings an eerie humanity to the lurid details of the script, and to Perry’s often wonderfully camp direction. The first half of the film, particularly the hysterical interludes, is both what the literary world would call a “good read” and intriguing character observation. Unfortunately, Perry never goes deeper into the character nor wider into a social context. *Mommie Dearest* succumbs to all the pitfalls of the routine celebrity film: histrionics, glamorous decors, superficiality.



Though its subject is just as potentially sensational, *Priest of Love* skirts the predictable. Like Perry, director Christopher Miles and screenwriter Alan Plater solve the problem of unwieldy material by introducing their protagonists in maturity—with Lawrence already the notorious author, and he and Frieda well along in their gusty, compatible marriage. Janet Suzman plays an endearingly wry, eccentric Frieda; Ian McKellen of *Amadeus* fame creates one of film's few credible authors—we truly believe he is writing. *Priest of Love* has its share of temper tantrums, but where Perry milks Crawford's outbursts for their ghoulishness, Miles and Plater weave a pattern of passionate life and art.

In its subtlety and range, *Priest of Love* is the best sort of famous-person film. But equal-

ly interesting, and slightly more unusual, are two new movies that concentrate on lesser-known figures. *Chariots of Fire*, the first film by British director Hugh Hudson, re-creates events surrounding the 1925 Olympic track championship of Harold Abrahams and Eric Liddel. The subject of Wally Shawn and Louis Malle's *My Dinner With André* is—unpromisingly—a lengthy conversation between Shawn and André Gregory, two New York theater personalities, each playing himself. Superficially, these films could not be more different. Yet they share a common interest in strong characters whose passions are at once intensely personal and socially revealing.

Chariots of Fire focuses on two likeable young British athletes, each with a religious incentive for competing in the Paris Olympics. Harold Abrahams is a Cambridge student and a Jew whose commitment to running is born of the stigma of Jewishness in 1920s English society. Eric Liddel is a Christian Scot who has chosen to dissociate himself from conventional society, and even from Britain itself. Pledged to a life as missionary in China, Eric nonetheless yearns to run just once, for England, for God. "I believe God made me for a purpose," he explains to a sister who disapproves of his athletics, "but he also made me fast."

On one level, *Chariots of Fire* is the story of these increasingly appealing young men and their gift of speed. Neither this gift nor the competition are simple matters: in one memorable sequence, Hudson juxtaposes an image of Harold the Olympic winner, wearing a slightly puzzled smile, with a flashback of Harold running toward victory, his face contorted with pain. The joy and anguish of striving can never be fully satisfied by victory, but victory matters nonetheless.

This is the film's message on another, metaphorical level. Like its athletes, Britain needs something more mysterious than success, but it also needs success—never more than now. Britain's victories, *Chariots of Fire* suggests, will come not from the likes of Harold's complacent Christian classmates but from passionate outsiders like Harold and Eric. "You want victory as much as I do," Harold tells his Cambridge masters, but "you want to achieve it with the apparent effortlessness of gods. I believe in the pursuit of excellence, and I carry the future with me."

The theme of the personal "gift" and its social implications is less stirring, but no less compellingly explored in *My Dinner With*

André. Wally Shawn, a thirty-five-year-old playwright (who has also acted in *Manhattan* and *Simon*), wrote the film and stars in it with André Gregory, an experimental theater director in his midforties. Though the film's restaurant setting is invented, we are assured that this "conversation" really did take place as part of a longer dialogue conducted over several months. *My Dinner With André*'s protagonists are as engaging as Harold and Eric: Wally is a squat, bejeweled little man with a howl of a laugh and a healthy skepticism. André is elegant, mystical, and self-obsessed, with a redeeming sense of self-irony.

In contrast to *Chariots of Fire*, *My Dinner With André* swiftly announces its social dimension: this story of two theater figures is also a parable of their generation in the past decade. André, who (charmingly) provides most of the early dinner conversation, is clearly the "seeker." Three years ago, he "dropped out" of his successful directing career, joined "beyond theater" experiments in Poland, followed a Japanese monk to the Sahara, was "buried alive" in Long Island. Wally, who describes himself as a detective manqué, does most of the early questioning. While André was off pursuing the elusive, Wally has been home, plugging away at his writing, grudgingly enduring his poverty, taking pleasure in such small luxuries as the electric blanket he and his girl friend were given for Christmas.

Where the film's first half concentrates on the philosophical and temperamental differences between these two men, its later scenes stress their shared concerns: How to fruitfully sustain a love relationship? How to experience life more spontaneously? How to handle a "gift," in their case for the theater? Older than *Chariots of Fire*'s runners, André and Wally approach the question more warily. Embracing one's gift, again, is not enough. André, in particular, speaks scathingly about the narrow life of the artist. Has he not traveled halfway around the world to avoid this life? But isn't this film his—and Wally's and director Louis Malle's—gentle, joyous admission of failure and commitment? Despite its biographical accuracy, *My Dinner With André* is less and more and something they're far better at than life—art.

The best of these "true-life" films achieves this artistry more commonly associated with fiction, proving that truth is, if no stranger, at least as potent, revealing, and True.

—Diane Jacobs

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Art for Christmas' Sake

(continued from page 51)

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