

HORIZON

December 1981 \$2.00

The Magazine of the Arts

The Joyful Noise of the Saint Thomas Choir

John Cheever
on TV Writing

Julian Schnabel
the Artist of the 80s?

Madison Avenue's
Jptown World

How to Buy
Children's Books

100



The Saint Thomas Boys' Choir





the **MOSS** portfolio

Dept A
1055 Thomas Jefferson St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007
202-338-5598

Valley Winter—an original watercolor—40 x 60
also available in offset lithograph—32 x 48—signed & numbered—\$200—Edition of 1000
Catalogue—40 page full color catalogue of Moss prints—\$8

The LOWELL JONES' 1981 'Gemmy' Award

"As I travel around the world — in search of rare and unusual gemstones — I occasionally meet rare and unusual people who exhibit an extraordinary commitment to style, quality, and service. The **LOWELL JONES'** 1981 'Gemmy' Award is dedicated to a few of these individuals."

— Lowell Jones



HOTELS: Algonquin, N.Y., N.Y.; Arizona Inn, Tucson, AZ; Fairfax, Washington, D.C.; Peninsula, Kowloon, HK. RESTAURANTS: De Zaley's, N.Y., N.Y.; Le Tastevin, Seattle, WA; Manor House, Seattle, WA; Marvin's Garden, Dallas, TX; Old World, Beverly Hills, CA; Sunlight Cafe, Seattle, WA; Sunshine Inn, St. Louis, MO. SPECIALTY STORES: Julie's, N.Y., N.Y.; Cutter Bill's, Dallas, TX; Camouflage, N.Y., N.Y.; Wilkes-Bashford, S.F., CA. PRODUCT DESIGN: Honda Automobiles; Olivetti (Praxis 35 typewriter); Larry LeGaspi (clothing). BEST BOOKS: Crisis Investing by Douglas Casey; Getting Well Again by Carl Simonton, Stephanie Simonton, James Creighton. HEALTH CARE: New Age Health Farm, Neversink, N.Y.; Georgette Klinger, N.Y., N.Y.; Etage, St. Louis, MO; Rachel Perry Cosmetics; Ice-O-Derm Gel. PROMISING ARTISTS: Robert Risko, N.Y., N.Y.; Mel Odom, N.Y., N.Y.

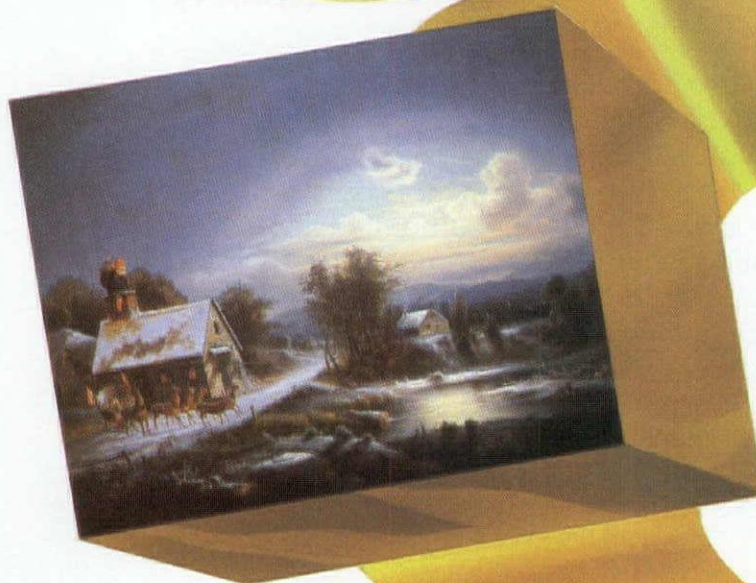
Rare Jewel Collections by **LOWELL JONES**, International Gems *Consultant: Information on fees and services available by writing, on your letterhead, to **LOWELL JONES, INC.**, P.O.B. 1266, St. Louis, MO 63043, (tel. 314-291-6643).

If your travels take you to Tennessee, be certain to visit the **LOWELL JONES'** Rare Gems Exhibit at the GEM WORLD MUSEUM, 329 S. Central Avenue, Knoxville, TN 37901, site of the 1982 World's Fair. For more information, call Museum director, Mr. James Peach; 1-800-251-9372.

*Marketing consultant to Pearls of America, Inc., U.S.A.

©1981 by **LOWELL JONES** Caricature of **LOWELL JONES** by Al Hirschfeld

Happy Holidays



Gunther Hartwick (act. 1847-1857)
oil on canvas 30 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 45 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, signed: lower right
Skating in Connecticut

Thomas Birch (1779-1851)
oil on canvas 18 x 27 inches
Rider on a Snowy Road

Regis Gignoux
oil on canvas 29 x 36 inches, circa 1847
The Night Before Christmas

R. H. LOVE GALLERIES of Chicago



HORIZON

Volume 24

Number 12

December 1981

Cover:

The Saint Thomas

Boys' Choir.

Photo © 1981

Robert Reichert.

Contents

Cross Country	6
Trans World	18
Books	24
Films	70
Letters	72

-
- Making a Joyful Noise** By Erla Zwingle Photographs by Robert Reichert 26
The Saint Thomas boys' choir school is keeping alive the centuries-old traditions of choral music—and bringing to life something special in its young students.



-
- An Avenue of Art** By David A. Fryxell 34
If you think Madison Avenue is all hype, follow this uptown walking tour of its art galleries, museums, restaurants, shops, and night spots.

-
- Title Town** By Harry Haun 40
What's in a name? In Hollywood, millions of dollars. That's why *Being There* was almost nowhere, *The Great Santini* was Aced, and *The Electric Horseman* nearly blew a fuse.



-
- The Schnabel Effect** By Steven Hager 42
Julian Schnabel is the hottest artist in the country. An exclusive report and interview tells who he is, why he's made it, and how he's breaking the mold, among other things.

-
- A Child's Garden of Books** By Karla Kuskin 50
Children's books make marvelous gifts—for children or for yourself. An expert offers tips on how to choose the right book for any child on your list.



-
- Cheever on Writing for TV** Interview by Steven Hager 56
The master short-story writer and novelist comments on his first creation for television, which leads off an ambitious new Public Broadcasting series.

-
- A Theater with Taste** By Paul Froiland 58
At the country's largest dinner theater, they take the stage as seriously as the steak. Where else could you see *Equus*—or *The Sound of Music*—over after-dinner drinks?

-
- The Mystery of Monk** By Ellen W. Jacobs 64
Meredith Monk has managed to dodge success so far, but no longer. The uncategorizable dancer/choreographer/musician/dramatist/etcetera is coming into her own.
-

A Grand Tour

We're touring again this month in HORIZON—this time with a fast-paced stroll along New York's Madison Avenue. Senior editor Dave Fryxell charted your path through a galaxy of galleries, restaurants, museums, and boutiques that make up one of the country's most energizing streets. This is our third New York mini-tour in recent years (visits to SoHo and Fifty-seventh Street were featured in October 1980 and April 1981, respectively). With November's guide to the arts in Chicago and July's San Francisco special, we're helping you create a permanent travel guide to the arts in America's great cities. Watch for more chapters in upcoming issues.

New York is the address of other featured performers and artists in this issue of HORIZON: artist Julian Schnabel, choreographer Meredith Monk, and the talented young men of the Saint Thomas school choir. Why the preponderance of New Yorkers in this issue? Quite simply, that city is the world's arts center and its influence affects almost everything we create elsewhere in the hemisphere and on the globe. For instance, that's why HORIZON maintains a Madison Avenue office in addition to our corporate headquarters in Alabama and why we seek the talents of advisors Agnes deMille, Geoffrey Holder, Katie Kelly, Milan Stitt, and Jimmy Biddle, and of contributing editors Judith A. Jedlicka, Peter Rosenwald, and Barnaby Conrad III—all New Yorkers.

At the same time the country's other great capitals are further developing art, music, theater, and dance resources at a fabulous rate. You'll be reading more about activities in those areas in upcoming issues of HORIZON. We will continue to bring you the best of Manhattan combined with news of the talents and trends from Dallas to Denver, Saint Paul to New Orleans. Typical of that approach is this month's feature on the Chanhassan Dinner Theatre in Minneapolis-Saint Paul, an impressive operation that nightly employs one percent of Actors' Equity members nationwide.

Elsewhere in this issue, we present the final word on how to buy children's books for holiday giving, John Cheever talking about how it really feels to be writing for television, and Harry Haun's incredible account of movies you almost never heard of. It's a lively mix filled with holiday cheer . . . and our best wishes for a wonderful Christmas season.

Kellee C. Reinhart

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Gray D. Boone

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Paul Jacquet

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR
Kellee Connely Reinhart

SENIOR EDITOR
David A. Fryxell

ART DIRECTOR
Robin McDonald

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Jacqueline Akers Alsikafi

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

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Jennifer Wilson

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
Lynne Carver, Donna Duren, Melissa Foster
Patti J. Hale, Anita Giani Mason,
Vivian Ruth Sawyer, Anne Boggess

SALES AND MARKETING DIRECTOR
Dennis M. Stanard

**ART AND ENTERTAINMENT
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR**
John Poxton

ADVERTISING COORDINATORS
Rebekah B. Embrey, Anna Louisa Dodson

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Tala Curtis Partlow

CIRCULATION CONSULTANT
Dale Steiger

GRAPHIC DESIGN CONSULTANT
The Will Hopkins Group

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

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES

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

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

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

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

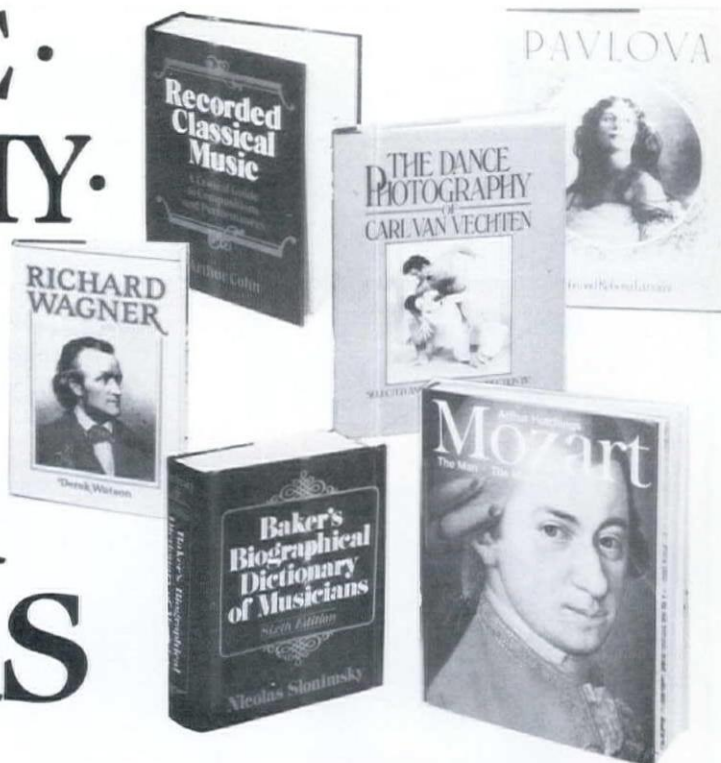
HORIZON (ISSN 0018-4977) is published ten times a year (monthly with combined issues January/February and July/August) by HORIZON Publishers, Inc., 1305 Greensboro Ave., Tuscaloosa 35401, 205/345-0272, for \$18.00 per year in the U.S.; \$22.00 per year in Canada; and \$26.00 per year elsewhere. Single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

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

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

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

MUSIC · DANCE · PHOTOGRAPHY · BIOGRAPHY · FROM SCHIRMER BOOKS



RECORDED CLASSICAL MUSIC A Critical Guide to Compositions and Performances By **Arthur Cohn**

A monumental book describing and evaluating the best recordings of more than 12,000 classical compositions by over 1,600 composers. From Corelli to Cage, Dunstable to Dvorak, from symphonies and operas to film scores and electronic works, you'll find an extraordinary selection of recordings. Arranged by composer and by genre, the entries are insightful, capsule evaluations of both the recordings and the compositions.

"Not just a record catalog, but an encyclopedic assemblage of musical information and opinion, written for every music lover."

Leonard Burkat, Former Head of Artists and Repertoire, Columbia Records.

"RECORDED CLASSICAL MUSIC is helpful to the connoisseur as well as to the layman. The author's views are substantiated by decades of critical evaluations and they are expressed compactly and in a lively fashion." **George Jellinek**, Critic, and Music Director, WQXR, New York City.

Over 2,100 pages Order #87064 \$75.00

BAKER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF MUSICIANS, Sixth Edition

Edited by **Nicolas Slonimsky**

With 12,000 entries, on 1,995 pages, BAKER'S contains up-to-date information about the lives and works of musicians in classical and contemporary music.

"The most valuable one-volume reference of its kind." **Los Angeles Times**

"One of the most appetizing works of research ever created...a massively inclusive, extraordinarily up-to-date research work."

Saturday Review

1,955 pages Order #87024 \$85.00

Schirmer Books

A Division of Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc.
200D Brown Street
Riverside, New Jersey 08370

RICHARD WAGNER A Biography

By **Derek Watson**

Stripping away the clouds of confusion and myth, and the adoration and hatred that surround this remarkable life, Watson examines, perhaps for the first time, the actual achievement of the most fascinating figure in music.

"The best short survey of the composer's life currently available."

Library Journal

"...compact, fair-minded, interestingly written and accurate...a good introduction to the world of Wagner."

The Cleveland Plain Dealer

352 pages 60 photographs

Order #87270 \$17.95

PAVLOVA

By **John and Roberta Lazzarini**

"...a loving tribute." **Los Angeles Times**

"...a long needed view of a primary dance phenomenon..." **Ballet News**

"...this exquisite picture book...is worth every cent..." **Clive Barnes**

224 pages Over 200 photographs

Order #87197 \$35.00

A Dance Horizons Book

THE DANCE PHOTOGRAPHY OF CARL VAN VECHTEN

Selected and with an Introduction
by **Paul Padgett**

From the 1920s to the 1950s, from the hot clubs of Harlem to the great stages of Europe, Van Vechten took thousands of photographs of the great dancers, musicians, and artists of the day. This magnificent collection presents more than 200 stunning portraits — of Josephine Baker, Antony Tudor, Agnes de Mille, Alicia Markova, Martha Graham, and many others. These remarkable images record the changing face of dance in the 20th century.

212 pages Over 200 photographs

Order #87268 \$29.95

A Dance Horizons Book

MOZART The Man, The Musician By **Arthur Hutchings**

A fascinating and richly visual account of the life and the music of the most popular of classical composers. "An exceptionally attractive and useful contribution to the crowded field of books on Mozart."

Library Journal

"A superior illustrated-life-and-times."

The Village Voice

131 pages 170 color photographs

150 black & white photographs

Order #87114 \$45.00

Schirmer Books

A Division of Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc.
200D Brown Street
Riverside, New Jersey 08370

Please send me:

Qty.	Author/Title	Price	Total
—	Cohn/RECORDED CLASSICAL MUSIC (87064)	\$75.00	—
—	Slonimsky/BAKER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF MUSICIANS, 6/E (87024)	\$85.00	—
—	Watson/RICHARD WAGNER (87270)	\$17.95	—
—	Lazzarini/PAVLOVA (87197)	\$35.00	—
—	Van Vechten/THE DANCE PHOTOGRAPHY OF CARL VAN VECHTEN (87268)	\$29.95	—
—	Hutchings/MOZART (87114)	\$45.00	—

Please add sales tax where required and \$1.00 per book for shipping and handling.

Total \$

☐ Enclosed is my check/money order for \$

☐ Charge my ☐VISA☐MasterCard for \$

Acct. #

Exp. date Bank # (M.C. only)

Signature

(Credit card order not valid without signature.)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

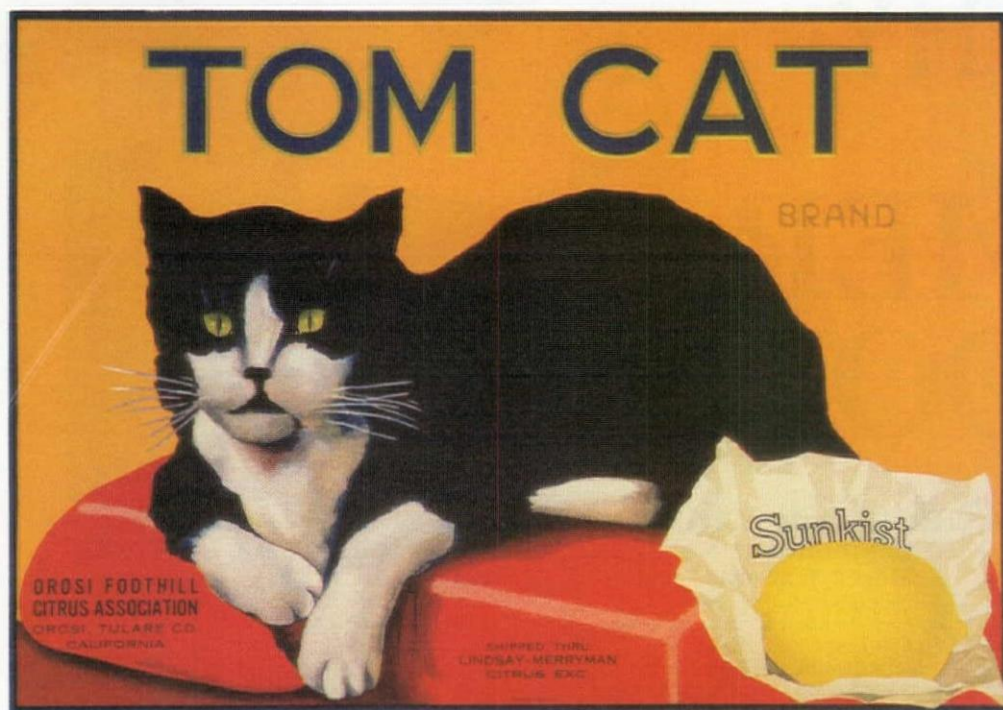
Prices good in continental U.S., Alaska and Hawaii

only. Publisher's prices subject to change without

notice.

IC-224

Cross Country



Art

Talking with the Animals

Through the centuries, country people of many nations have believed that animals have the gift of speech on Christmas Eve. If you look and listen closely, the "Animals Real and Imagined," on view through February 7 at the California Palace of the Legion of Honour in San Francisco, may have something to say. This special holiday exhibit, selected by curator Robert Flynn Johnson from the permanent holdings of the Achenbach Foundation for Graphic Arts funded by Hibernia Bank, includes more than 100 works on paper. The animals range from the imaginary beasts of Francisco Goya and Albrecht Dürer to the scientific realism of John James Audubon and the twentieth-century whimsy of Walt Disney.

Students of medieval mythology will recognize the religious shorthand of animal symbols. The lion was not just the king of beasts; it stood for protection. A bull typified virility and strength; the horse, surprisingly, was the symbol of death; a fly symbolized sin; and, of course, the lamb stood for Christ.

Works from the Far East in the exhibition

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

"Animals Real and Imagined" at the California Palace of the Legion of Honour includes this whimsical Sunkist lemon-crate label from the early twentieth century.

provide a counterpoint in interpretation and vision to the European view of animals. Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American art also makes a change of pace, shamelessly delightful and emotionally undemanding. And there is humor in the exhibition, too: Gunter Grass' *Mann im Butt* startles the viewer with an unexpected self-portrait staring out from the interior of a large flounder.

Perhaps the favorite of many visitors will be a recent acquisition: a captivating 1979 dry-point and aquatint by San Francisco artist Beth Van Hoesen of her pet chinchilla, Marvin. According to Van Hoesen, Marvin, who has lived with her for ten years, is the perfect artist's model. Under the blissful assumption that if he is not moving, he is invisible, he remains motionless for hours to have his picture painted.

—Joy DeWeese-Wehen

The Artist Strikes Back

American artist Robert Natkin has found an unorthodox way to answer the critics: he's incorporated their words, in snippets of reviews, as collage material and formed an

exhibition of the results. His "Palimpsest Series" consists of nineteen works, including painting over printed matter on canvas, some with collage elements.

The controversial show runs through December 31 at the Styria Studio in New York City. No word from the critics yet on *this* one.

Music

A European Affair

Lorin Maazel and Europe have a long-standing love affair, and it's about to become a marriage: next year Maazel leaves the Cleveland Orchestra to become the first American to head the Vienna State Opera. In the meantime, Maazel and the Orchestre National de France (ONF)—he's been principal conductor since 1977, a job he'll keep when he goes to Vienna—will be romancing audiences all across North America.

Maazel takes back the baton from Leonard Bernstein, who's just led the ONF on an East Coast tour, on December 2 in Montreal. The concert schedule, with an emphasis on music by French composers (but of course!), continues: December 3 in Quebec, 5 and 6 in Ottawa, 7 in Detroit, 9 in Toledo, 10 in Pittsburgh, 11 in Chicago, 13 in San Francisco, 14 in Los Angeles, 15 in Las Vegas, 18 in New York, and 20 in Washington.

The ONF is the official broadcast orchestra of Radio-France. Although the U.S. hasn't had a major broadcast orchestra since the demise of the NBC Symphony, it's still old hat to Maazel: he was invited by Arturo Toscanini to conduct the NBC Symphony at the age of nine.

Cello Fever

New York's Walter W. Naumburg Foundation used to offer a single prize to a solo performer of classical music. Through the middle 1970s, first-rate sopranos battled it out with stellar instrumentalists and crack pianists. The prize was so intensely sought after because it could make a whole career.

After the fiftieth-anniversary year (1975-76) of the prize, the Naumburg directors decided to change the competition's format to a rotating scheme: one year it would be only flutists, another year singers, and so on. In 1977 the competition was for cellists; winner Nathaniel Rosen went on to claim Moscow's Tchaikovsky Competition shortly after the



Nineteenth Century European Paintings

December 5–January 9, 1982

Jean Louis Forain
Femme à L'Eventail
Pastel, 35 x 31 inches

Hirsch & Adler
GALLERIES INC

21 East 70th Street, New York 10021-(212) 535-8810
Tuesday-Friday: 9:30 to 5:30, Saturday: 9:30 to 5



THE WATERCOLORS OF 1889 JOHN HELD, JR. 1958

CITYSCAPES, LANDSCAPES AND
FLOWERS, 1919–1936

The Empire State Building

Watercolor, 20 x 14 in.

Signed & dated lower left: John Held Jr 1936

December 9, 1981 – January 30, 1982

(Closed December 25–28 and January 1–4)

 **GRAHAM**

1014 Madison Avenue (at 78th Street)
New York 10021 • Telephone (212) 535-5767



Christian Steiner

Naumburg, and he is today one of the world's most eagerly attended concert cellists.

The second Naumburg cello competition will be held in mid-December of this year. Sixty-six auditioners sent tapes to the jury in early fall; from those, forty-seven were chosen to compete in person beginning December 11. A grueling four-day elimination contest climaxes in the finals December 15 in Carnegie Hall, which are open, free, to the public.

The list of Naumburg winners over the years is full of performers who went on to major careers. It includes pianist Abbey Simon; Robert Mann, first violinist of the Juilliard Quartet; cellist Jules Eskin; Joseph Silverstein, now concertmaster of the Boston Symphony; conductor Jorge Mester; and pianist André-Michel Schub, winner of last year's Van

Nathaniel Rosen, now one of the world's leading cellists, won the Naumburg competition in 1977; cellists compete again in 1981.

Cliburn Competition. The 1977 winner of the separate Naumburg Chamber Music Award was the Primavera Quartet, featured in the July/August 1981 HORIZON. —David Roberts

Estes Returns to Wagner

Simon Estes won a silver medal at the 1971 Tchaikovsky competition in Moscow, opened the 1972 Olympics with his singing in Munich, sang for Lyndon Johnson in the White House, soloed in William Schuman's *A Free Song* at the inaugural concert of the Kennedy Center, and has been heard in eighty-four leading roles throughout the world in most of the major opera houses of the United States and Europe. But the bass-baritone from Centerville, Iowa, had not appeared on the Metropolitan Opera's New York stage until April of this year when he sang in a performance of Richard Wagner's *Die Walküre*.

He will be returning to the Metropolitan January 4 and 8 to sing the role of Landgrave in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. No stranger to the grandeur of Wagnerian opera, Estes was selected in 1978 by the composer's grandson, Wolfgang, to sing the title role of *Der Fliegende Holländer* at the Bayreuth Wagner Festival in West Germany, a part he has since sung eighteen times in three successive Bayreuth festivals. Estes, who is black, seems undeterred by the racist associations now made with Wagner's music—adopted by Nazi Germany—which caused rioting when played by the Israeli Philharmonic this fall.

Simon Estes as Hagen in Götterdämmerung.



MAXWELL DAVIDSON GALLERY

19TH AND 20TH CENTURY MASTER PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS



Matta **Membranes de L'Espace**, 1942
Oil on Canvas, 28 x 36 inches

Including Works By:

RENOIR
MATISSE
CASSATT
VUILLARD
SIGNAC
FRANCIS
MATT
RICKEY
and others

43 East 78th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021 (212)734-6702



Robert Henri, ink, charcoal with wash

8" x 10½"

ROBERT HENRI

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS
AND WATERCOLORS

With a selection
of watercolors by
Marjorie Organ
(Mrs. Robert Henri)

A. M. ADLER FINE ARTS INC.

21 East 67th Street • New York 10021 • (212) 249-2450

dubuffet **miro**

early drawings/collages through december 19

pierre matisse gallery 41 east 57, new york

**A HIGH-PERFORMANCE
COUPE, AS
OPPOSED TO A
HIGH-PERFORMANCE
FACADE.**



The real price of admission to the exclusive preserve of the expensive luxury coupe is not money.

It is insight—a sensitivity to the sub-surface elegance of engines, suspensions and braking systems.

Those who've cultivated this sensitivity will find that it's been abundantly rewarded in the BMW 633CSi—a car that, more than any other in its class, separates true performance from pretense.

THE IMPECCABLE CREDENTIALS OF A TRUE PERFORMANCE COUPE.

"Under the classy exterior," wrote Car and Driver, "beats the heart of a true blueblood"—an apt description for an engine descended from those that powered legendary BMW coupes around the great racecourses of Europe.

Its fuel-injected six cylinders generate nearly one horsepower per cubic inch of engine displacement, a ratio almost unheard of in ordinary road cars.

As with its engine, the 633CSi fully

independent suspension was perfected on "test tracks" with names like Daytona and the Nürburgring—places where any inadequacies would be glaringly revealed during 140-mph turns.

No such glaring revelations are in store when you apply the brakes. According to 1981 model data, the 633CSi needs less roadway to go from 60 mph to a stop than most other cars.

It is also one of the few cars in its class to offer a five-speed manual transmission as standard—an odd omission for cars claiming high-performance credentials. (Automatic is, of course, available.)

ONE FOR EVERY 195,000 AMERICANS.

If all the above suggests some austere roadster philosophically opposed to comfort, then this is one area where the 633CSi does not deliver according to expectations.

The driver sits in a deep molded leather seat facing a control panel dense

with useful instrumentation that sweeps gently forward.

This cockpit is designed to meld driver and automobile into a single, almost organically interwoven unit. Easily reachable switches let you control the automatic opening and closing of the sunroof, all door locks, AM/FM stereo—virtually every important function or amenity.

The result is a car close enough to incomparable to have been designated "the class of the field in a field of one" (AutoWeek magazine).

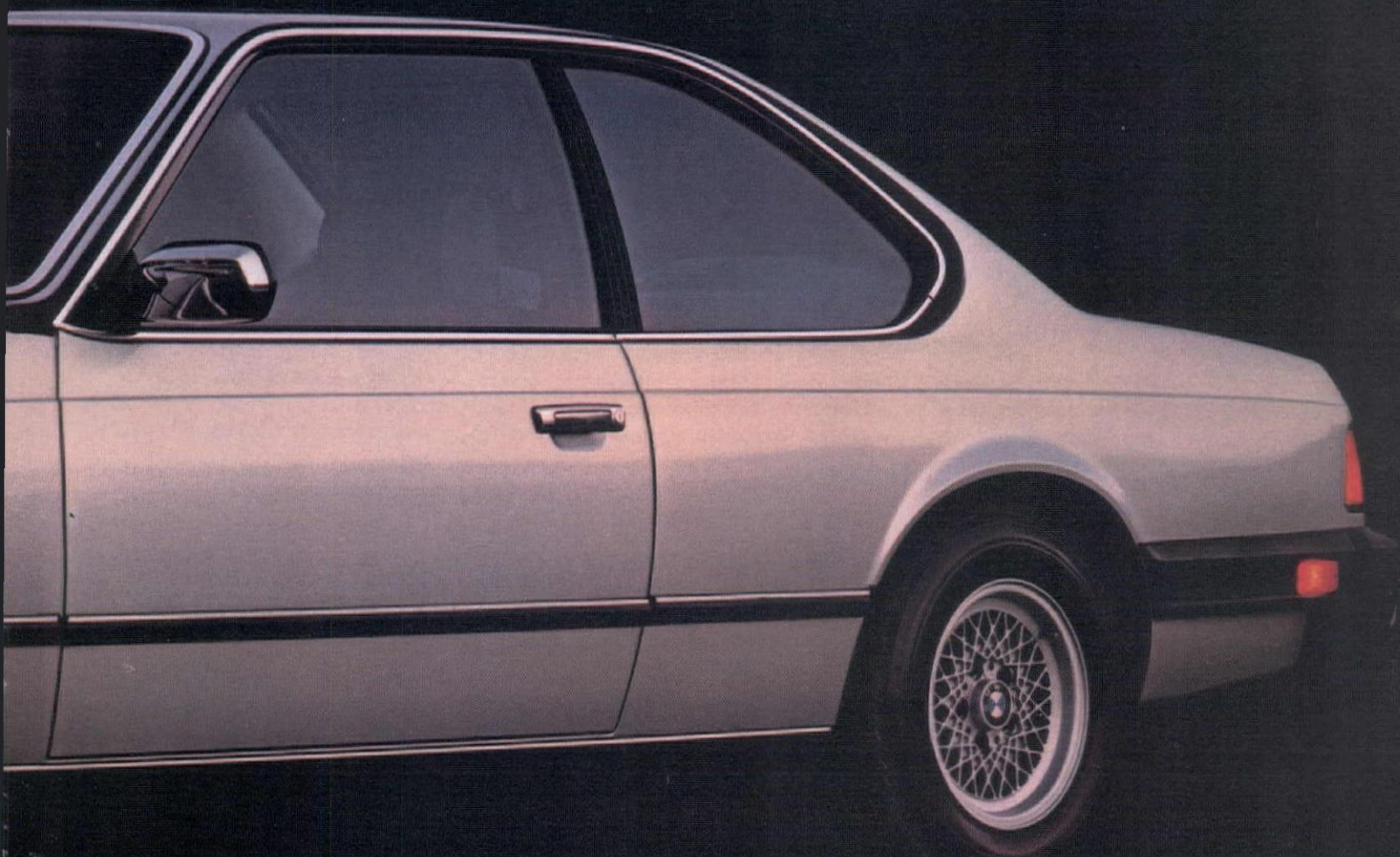
In fact, it is rarer than even that implies. Only 1200 will be available in the entire U.S. for the current model year.

If your list of requirements for a luxury coupe begins with authenticity, we recommend you begin your search by contacting your nearest BMW dealer, who will be happy to arrange a thorough test drive.



THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

BMW, MUNICH, GERMANY.



AMERICAN ART

In addition to a large selection of drawings by Joseph Stella, the Gallery's collection includes works by:

George Ault
J. Carroll Beckwith
Albert Bierstadt
Thomas Birch
Ralph A. Blakelock
Edwin H. Blashfield
Oscar Bluemner
George H. Boughton
John W. Casilear
William M. Chase
Ralston Crawford
Jasper F. Cropsey
Charles C. Curran
Charles Demuth
Enrico Donati
Thomas Doughty
Sanford R. Gifford
William Glackens
Dwinell Grant
Seymour J. Guy
Ellen Day Hale
William Hart
Ernest Haskell
Childe Hassam
Charles Hawthorne
Martin J. Heade
Edward L. Henry
John H. Hill
Thomas Hill
Stefan Hirsch
James Hope
Alfred C. Howland
David Johnson
Eastman Johnson
Paul Kelpie
John F. Kensett
Karl Knaths
George Luks
Francis D. Millet
Thomas Moran
Joseph Morviller
Grandma Moses
Maxfield Parrish
Charles S. Pearce
John F. Peto
Maurice Prendergast
Theodore Robinson
Joshua Shaw
Charles Sheeler
Everett Shinn
John Sloan
William Sonntag
John Storrs
Abbott Thayer
Elihu Vedder
Marguerite Zorach
and others

RICHARD YORK GALLERY

21 East 65th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021 212-772-9155

Cross Country



Film

Burgess Talks Caveman

To make *Quest for Fire*, a love and adventure story set 80,000 years ago, film makers had to ship twenty elephants to northern Canada and dress them in horsehair and tusks to resemble mammoths. Director Jean-Jacques Annaud and his cast of heretofore unknown actors had to work in thirty-below Canadian tundra and on a salt-and-sulphur lake bed in Kenya, where the mercury sometimes topped 130 degrees. The cast had to wear foam-latex masks, body stockings woven with hair, and full-mouth false teeth specially chisled and stained by a dentist. This was the easy part.

The real problem that faced screenwriter Gerard Brach (*Tess*) in bringing J. H. Rosny's best selling novel to the screen was what to have all those freezing/broiling, makeup-laden, ersatz prehistoric actors and actresses say. The novel is untainted by dialogue. Brach and Annaud decided it would be hard to hold an audience with two hours of rustling twigs, but also that they could hardly have their cavemen speaking perfect Oxonian English.

So they turned to Anthony Burgess, who had created a futuristic Russian-English language in his novel, *A Clockwork Orange*, and anthropologist Desmond Morris (*The*

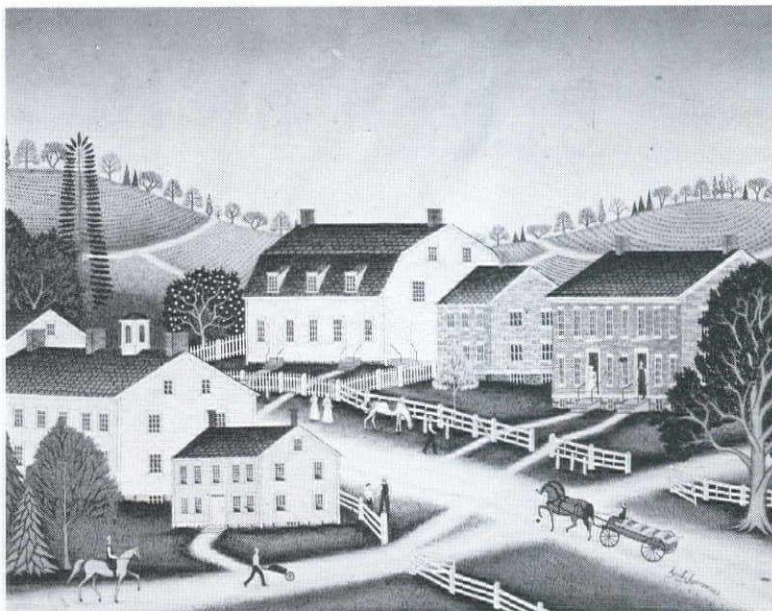
The previously unknown actors in Quest for Fire endured caveman-like conditions.

Naked Ape). Burgess created a language for the film (oowa for "alarm" and nyimi for "enemy," for example) based on the Indo-European roots of our own language. Morris came up with gestures to accompany each word (lifted head, face hit with fist).

"What we have been taught to think by films, especially the Tarzan films," Burgess says, "is that primitive man used grunts—'Uh!' 'Oh!' 'Ah!' and so on. It was not like that at all . . . Primitive man didn't speak out of a dictionary or out of a grammar book, he just spoke. And later on, it was up to a more sophisticated civilization to analyze this stream and see what it was made out of . . . The further back we go in time, the more complicated grammars were . . . As we go back in our own language, we find it was far more complicated, say, a thousand years ago than it is now."

Of the film, which opens this Christmas, Burgess says, "It was not altogether a good thing to discover fire, because once we'd discovered fire we were cut off from the rest of nature. We became a different kind of being . . . This discovery was so basic to the whole progress of our race that we cannot overestimate its importance. This is what the film is really about: the importance of the discovery."

KATHY JAKOBSEN



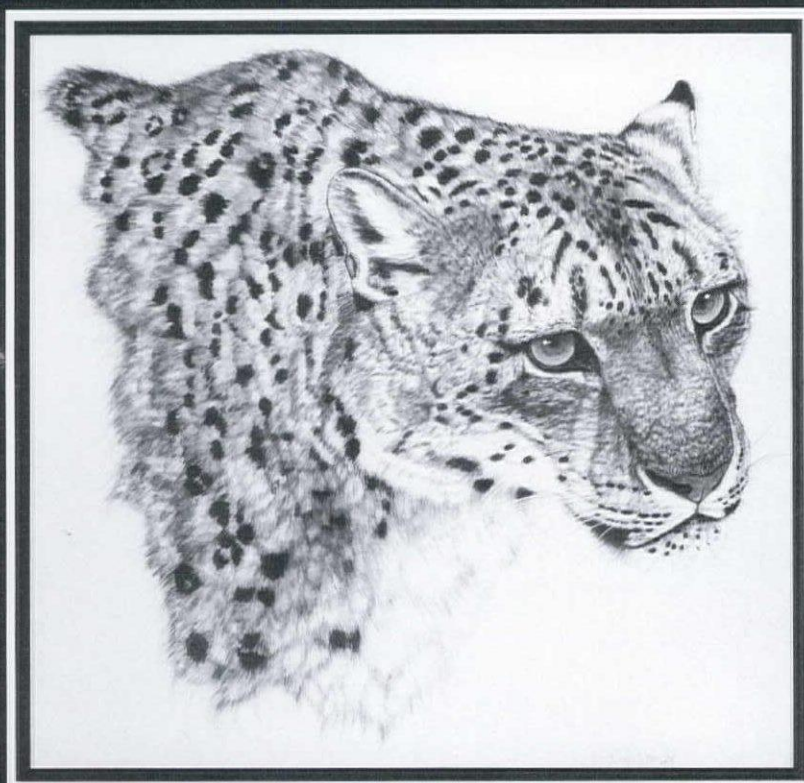
Shirley, Mass., Kathy Jakobsen, oil on canvas, 22 x 28 inches, ©1981

JAY JOHNSON

AMERICA'S FOLK HERITAGE GALLERY

72 EAST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

(212) 759-7373



Male Himalayan Snow Leopard, 30 x 25 inches, 950 s/n \$165.
Send \$3 for a full color brochure.

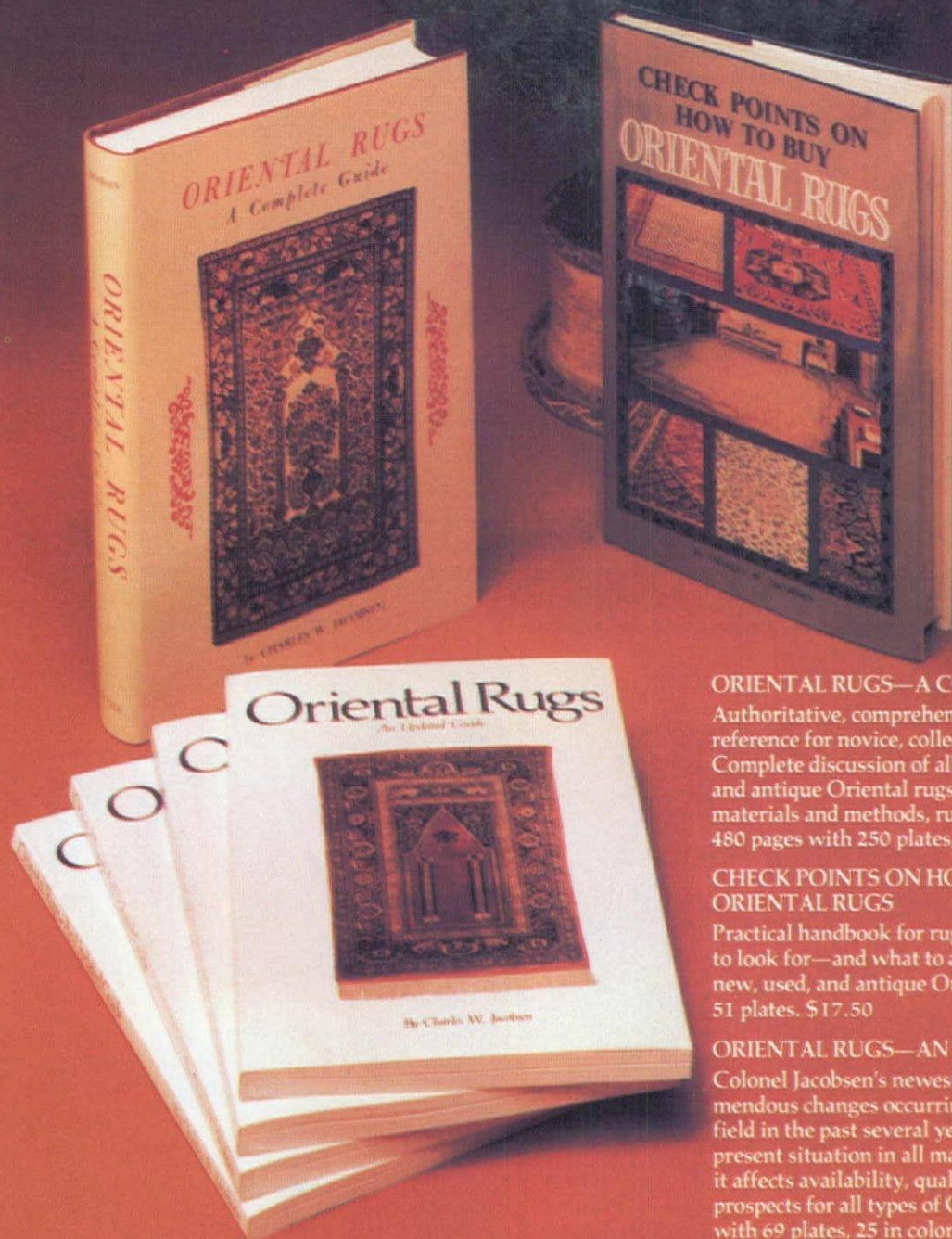
JACQUIE MARIE VAUX

Exhibition of Paintings

December 4 - December 18
at the
Jacquie Marie Vaux Gallery
7 Mt. Lassen Drive
San Rafael, California 94903
415/499-8454

Books About Oriental Rugs

Three Informative Volumes
By Col. Charles W. Jacobsen
One Of The World's Foremost Rug Authorities



ORIENTAL RUGS—A COMPLETE GUIDE

Authoritative, comprehensive. The standard reference for novice, collector and dealer alike. Complete discussion of all types of semi-antique and antique Oriental rugs as well as designs, materials and methods, rug care and other subjects. 480 pages with 250 plates, 38 in full color. \$32.50

CHECK POINTS ON HOW TO BUY ORIENTAL RUGS

Practical handbook for rug buyers explaining what to look for—and what to avoid—in the purchase of new, used, and antique Oriental rugs. 208 pages, 51 plates. \$17.50

ORIENTAL RUGS—AN UPDATED GUIDE

Colonel Jacobsen's newest book. Details the tremendous changes occurring in the Oriental rug field in the past several years. Discusses the present situation in all major rug weaving areas as it affects availability, quality, price and future prospects for all types of Oriental rugs. 131 pages with 69 plates, 25 in color. Softbound. \$6.00

Send your check for one book or all three. If not completely satisfied, return any books in 30 days for a full refund.

CHARLES W. JACOBSEN, Inc.

401 S. Salina St., Syracuse, N.Y. 13201

Telephone: Area Code (315) 422-7832 and 471-6522

We will send
Oriental Rugs
on approval for examination in your home...

Buy with confidence from one of America's largest dealers in genuine, handwoven Oriental rugs. For over 50 years we have provided our unique service to thousands of customers all over America. Our free brochure, descriptive lists, colored plates and Kodachromes help you select the rugs you wish sent on approval. No obligation to buy—no deposit or expense to you.



FINE SAROUK FROM INDIA
 4 x 7.3 FT. \$850

**SELECT FROM MORE THAN
 2000 REAL ORIENTALS**

in our stock including new, used, semi-antique and antique rugs. We believe our collection is the largest offered by any retail dealer in America.

**CHOOSE FROM OVER
 1000 RUGS IN SCATTER SIZE**

2 x 3 ft. rugs	\$59-\$175
2.6 x 4 ft. rugs	\$110-\$290
3 x 5 ft. rugs	\$175-\$450
4 x 6 ft. rugs	\$275-\$690
5 x 8 ft. rugs	\$450-\$1150

**CHOOSE FROM HUNDREDS OF
 LARGER
 RUGS AND CARPETS**

6 x 9 ft. rugs	\$590-\$1550
8 x 10 ft. rugs	\$795-\$2400
9 x 12 ft. rugs	\$990-\$3200
10 x 14 ft. rugs	\$1190-\$4200
12 x 20 ft. rugs	\$1990-\$6900

**SELECT FROM HUNDREDS OF
 MAGNIFICENT RUGS**

in classic designs and antique colors. Some of the excellent Sarouk, Tabriz, Isphahan and Herez woven today are among the most desirable Orientals we have seen in 30 years. A choice new rug of traditional design with muted, antique color combination will compliment traditional furnishings beautifully and yet, unlike the fragile antique, can be used and enjoyed.

Our descriptive brochure is designed to help you make an educated selection from among the many types of Orientals available. Please write for your free copy.

JULIAN
SCHNABEL

MARY BOONE
GALLERY

LEO CASTELLI
GALLERY

420 WEST BROADWAY
NEW YORK

The Folk Art Tradition

continues through January 9th



Grandma Moses: *Old Times* (detail).
© 1981, Grandma Moses Properties Co.
16 3/4" x 20" color poster available, \$8 (post. incl.).

Paintings from
22 museums and
private collections
including works by
Rousseau
Vivian
Bombois
Generalic
Hicks
Phillips
Field
Kane
Pippin
Grandma Moses
and others

Fully illustrated catalogue
\$13.00 (post. incl.;
NY residents add sales tax).
Also available in hardcover
from Viking Press.

**Galerie
St. Etienne**

24 W. 57th St. NYC 10019
(212) 245-6734 Tues.-Sat. 11-5

That's Entertainment, 1981

When Nora Kaye, Hollywood film maker, was in London a few years ago, casting for *Nijinski*, a casting agent gave her some excerpts of a BBC miniseries to promote his clients, but she became more interested in the story than in the actors. The plot was a touching one—a song-sheet salesman tries to make the happy lyrics of the songs he sells come true. Kaye called her husband, director Herbert Ross, to tell him she had found a story worthy of a motion picture. The result is a musical extravaganza to be released this month, MGM's *Pennies from Heaven*.

The film is reminiscent of the great musicals of Hollywood's Golden Age; original recordings of two dozen 1930s songs were reorchestrated for the production. Stars Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters mouth the lyrics (with the exception of one genuine duet).

The production of *Pennies from Heaven* began last January on MGM's Stage Twenty-one, the first time the venerable studio grounds have been used for an original MGM musical since *Jupiter's Darling* in 1955. Twelve sound stages were used during filming.

Unlike standard musical fare, *Pennies from Heaven* takes the viewer through humorless realities of economic despair. The characters indulge in glamorous fantasy to escape such mundane Depression blues as getting turned down for a loan: a hundred chorus girls dance along with Martin as he leaves the bank empty-handed. The role represents two firsts for Martin—serious characterization and fancy footwork. He spent eight months learning to tap-dance for the movie.

Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters (center) star in the MGM musical, *Pennies from Heaven*.



Theater

If You Loved the Comic Book

A comic book he read as an eight-year-old was the inspiration for Edward Sheehan's new Broadway play, *Kingdoms*. And Sheehan has jokingly offered \$10,000 for the long-lost comic book, which told the story of Napoleon's 1809 kidnaping of Pope Pius VII.

The play about the conflict between the emperor and the pope is largely true. "*Kingdoms* is about power, the contest between man and God, but above all, it is about human beings and the agonies of the human heart, particularly the hearts of Napoleon and Pope Pius VII," says the author.

Although this is his first play to be mounted for production—not to mention his first on Broadway—Sheehan is a longtime dramatist, journalist, and novelist. A former news correspondent, he is a winner of the Overseas Press Club Award. Sheehan has written two novels, *Kingdom of Illusion* in 1964 and *The Governor* in 1970.

Elliot Martin will produce the play, which stars Roy Dotrice as the Pope, Arman Assante as Napoleon, and Maria Tucci as Josephine. *Kingdoms* opens December 3.

Etcetera

Furniture with Peer

What brought a group of earls, dukes, lords, and their ladies across the Atlantic from Great Britain to the fall furniture market in High Point, North Carolina—to meet with retailers, to be bused through the rain, to be noble? You might say they were looking after their own.

Baker Furniture persuaded the owners of thirteen stately homes in Great Britain to let it reproduce thirty pieces of furniture from their homes. Then it invited the peers to take part in the festivities accompanying the introduction of "Furniture Treasures from the Stately Homes of England and Scotland."

Led by Sir Humphrey Wakefield, whom Baker commissioned to select the furniture to be reproduced (and to talk the owners into allowing their treasures to be copied), the group came to an evening reception at Baker's showroom. Introducing the visiting dignitaries, Sir Humphrey said, "All these people have



Sir Humphrey Wakefield, here at Penshurst Place, selected furniture from stately homes.

been amazingly wonderful about sharing their antiques with us all. They were not exactly friendly and forthcoming when I first approached them—perhaps in introducing them I should call them ‘my former friends.’ ”

Sir Humphrey then rattled off a little something extra about each lord or lady: “Goodness, these people came in with the conqueror . . . This family has been in their home since 1540 . . . Adam did wonders at these people’s house . . . Chippendale himself designed this lady’s house.”

The Viscount De L’Isle refused to let Sir Humphrey introduce him. “I’ll introduce myself. There is no telling what he may say,” Lord De L’Isle said. He recalled the day Sir Humphrey and Philip Kelley, Baker’s president, came to talk with him about reproducing some pieces in Penhurst Place, his home: “We sat down and talked . . . and they drank my good port . . . and letting them make the reproduction did seem like a sensible thing to do.”

One of the pieces Lord De L’Isle allowed Baker to reproduce is a handsome Chippendale china cabinet. “All of us have seen bad reproductions of fine pieces many times. But I think we all agree we have never seen such fine, careful reproductions as these.”

When someone suggested that he was very gracious to let his antiques be copied, Lord De L’Isle said, “I’m not very gracious. I’m very commercial.”

Pieces in the collection range from small tables to a massive Chippendale bed. The collection will be in stores across the country in April 1982 through the fall of that year. Sir Humphrey and “certain of the peers” are scheduled to make appearances at those introductions.

—Elma Bell □

Gallery Guide

New York

Manhattan

ACA Galleries 21 East 67th Street. 212/628-2440. Fine 19th and 20th century American and European paintings.

Bodley Gallery 1063 Madison Avenue, (80th Street). 212/249-2155. Group show. January 5-23. Joseph Caroff/collage paintings, Richard Erdman /abstract sculpture, Gloria Garfinkle/collaged monotypes and etchings, Keiko Noda/figurative paintings.

Mary Boone Gallery 417 and 420 West Broadway. 212/966-2114. Very contemporary European and American paintings. American: Ross Bleckner, Michael McClard, Matt Mullican, David Salle, Julian Schnabel, Gary Stephan, Michael Tracy, Robin Winters. Berlin: Rainer Fetting. London: Bruce Mclean.

Leo Castelli Gallery 420 West Broadway. “Reversals and Dollar Bills,” Andy Warhol, January 1982 show.

Maxwell Davidson Gallery 43 East 78th Street, 212/734-6702. Specializing in fine 19th and 20th century European and American paintings, drawings and sculpture. Currently including works by Pissarro, Renoir, Matta, Rickey, Sam Francis, Leger, Calder and others.

Robert Elkon Gallery 1063 Madison Avenue, 212/535-3940. Carries 20th century masters and contemporary artists. December show/December 12 through January 6. Artist represented by the gallery: Arnoldi, Delap, Hall, Pericaud, Roth, Tucker, Ridenhour, Wesley, Kimber Smith, Koenigstein.

Gallery St. Etienne 24 West 57th Street, 212/245-6734. Specializing in naive art and Austrian expressionism. Works by Egon

Schiele, Gustav Klimt, Eugene Mihaesco and Grandma Moses.

Graham Gallery 1014 Madison Avenue, (78th Street), 212/535-5767. Prime examples of important American 19th and 20th century paintings and sculpture.

Galleria Joan Prats at the Guild Gallery 1145 Madison Avenue, (cor. 85th Street) 212/861-3776. Sculptures, paintings and graphics of Max Ernst, Henry Moore, Lam, Miro, Picasso, Cuevas, Christo, Fritz Scholder, Zuniga, Jim Bird, Duinovart, Francis Bacon. December 2-20 “Hernandez Pijuan” and 22-February “New Poligrafa Publications 1981.”

Hirschl and Adler Galleries, Inc. 21 East 70th Street, 212/535-8810. Offering an encyclopedia of fine American paintings and sculpture, 19th and 20th century European paintings, and American contemporary art.

Jay Johnson, America’s Folk Heritage Gallery 72 East 56th Street, 212/759-7373. Folk Art for Christmas.

Pierre Matisse Gallery 41 East 57th Street, 212/355-6269. Specializes in works by Miro, Chagall, Riopelle and Dubuffet.

Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery 825 Madison Avenue, 212/737-2055. Contemporary and vintage photos featuring Lilo Raymond, Olivia Parker, Timothy Greenfield-Sanders, Atget, and Weegee.

Gimpel and Weitzenhoffer Gallery 1040 Madison Avenue, (79th Street), 212/628-1897. Specializing in contemporary American and European paintings and sculpture.

Richard York Gallery 21 East 65th Street, 212/772-9155, American 19th and 20th century art including a group of drawings by Joseph Stella.

Trans World

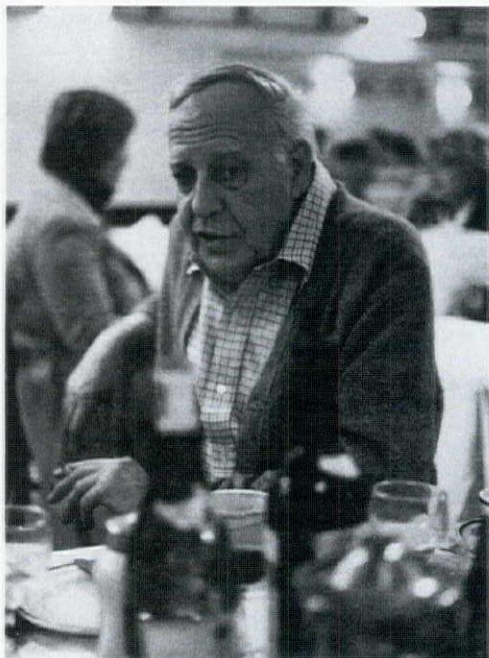


Steven Sloman

Brazil

Grabbing for the Guston

In 1966, an audience at Boston University caught Philip Guston, always an enigma outraging critics with his swings between abstract and representational art, in a moment of self-revelation: "Painting and sculpture are very archaic forms," he said. "It's the only thing left in our industrial society where an individual alone can make something with not just his own hands, but brains, imagination, heart maybe . . . Same thing can be said with words, writing poetry, making sounds, music . . . Just imagine: ninety-nine percent of the people just report somewhere, are digits, go to an office, clear a desk, get plastered, and then do the same thing the next day. So what is this funny activity [I] do? . . . I'm not interested in painting; I'm not interested in making a picture. Then what the hell am I interested in? I must be interested in this process. Sometimes I scrape off a lot. You have on the floor, like cow dung in the field, this big glob



Jan Butterfield

Top: Solitary II (oil on canvas, 68 x 80 inches, 1978) is an example of the later works of Philip Guston, pictured above.

of paint. I look down at this stuff on the floor, and it's just a lot of inert *matter*, inert paint. Then I look back at the canvas, and it's not inert—it's active, moving, and living. And that to me seems like some kind of peculiar miracle that I need to have again and again."

Thirty of those "miracles," gathered by Henry T. Hopkins, director of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and Guston himself before his death in 1980, make up the American representation of the XVI Sao Paulo International Biennale, through December 20. Twenty-two Guston paintings and ten works on paper—all from the last ten years of the artist's life—join works from thirty-three other countries, including an avant-garde conglomerate of video art, "mail" art, and *art brut*—naïve art with a schizophrenic edge. Once prone to depression—a trait that manifested itself in shadowy depictions of empty shoes and hooded figures—Guston has found posthumous favor among the Brazilians. According to Hopkins, who spoke to HORIZON just after returning from Sao Paulo, "Young artists were especially excited about seeing Guston paintings in person, rather than reproduction."

After leaving Brazil, "Philip Guston, His Last Years" will embark on an International Communications Agency tour to Mexico's Centro de Art Moderno (through March), the Museo de Ante Modern in Chapultepec, Mexico (through May), and the Museum of Modern Art in Bogota, Colombia (through August).

Holland

Capturing Cartier-Bresson

For decades, and especially since the opening of the awesome retrospective of his photographic work in New York in 1979, critics have tried in frustration to write about Henri Cartier-Bresson in a fresh way, scrubbed of the layering of tired superlative upon superlative, the second-hand accolades that by now are nearly a recitative. It's not easy to do.

Because Cartier-Bresson has earned the superlatives, because—as he puts it—"you have to . . . put your camera between the skin of a person and his shirt" (also not easy to do), and because he has done so with innumerable clicks of the shutter, seeing the work of this photographic genius is infinitely preferable to

APPRECIATING BEAUTY IS A TALENT. RECOGNIZING QUALITY CAN BE A GIFT.

THE INDEX OF AMERICAN DESIGN

Erwin O. Christensen

Illustrations of many of the finest paintings from the National Gallery of Art, faithfully reproduced for this collection, and supporting definitive commentary combine to make this book a magnificent record of American design. From Shaker furniture and patchwork quilts to cigar-store Indians and Colonial silver, this ideal reference for the collector, the student, or the designer is without parallel.

378 photographs, 117 in full color / \$22.95

INVISIBLE THREADS

Yevgeny Yevtushenko

From Russia's most widely-read poet comes this evocative, intensely personal, aesthetic statement inspired by Edward Steichen's *The Family of Man*. Yevtushenko's extraordinary poems mesh with photographs at the moment of revelation: quiet family portraits, telling candid shots, tranquil landscapes, and teeming street scenes. In addition to photographs and new, previously unpublished poems, this work includes an essay detailing Yevtushenko's artistic and emotional aims.

157 photographs, 32 in full color / \$19.95

AFFORDABLE ORIENTAL RUGS

The Buyer's Guide to Rugs from China, India, Pakistan, and Romania

Janice Summers Herbert

Discern quality at a glance—and get the bargain of a lifetime—with the first and only complete guide to rugs from China, India, Pakistan, and Romania. How to select, evaluate, and maintain rugs is not only explained but enhanced by fascinating discussions on how they are made and the symbolism of their designs. Also provided are maps of each rug-weaving region and a glossary of rug terminology.

Over 100 full color photographs / \$21.95

NEW YORK CITY OPERA

An American Adventure

Martin L. Sokol

From their premiere performance in 1944 through Spring 1981, Martin L. Sokol traces the company's history with anecdotes, excerpts from correspondence and documents, and numerous photographs of performers, conductors, and production sets. Complete annals of every New York performance augment the text and attest to the spirit and vitality of one of America's great opera companies.

32 pages of photographs / \$24.95

THE INDEX OF AMERICAN DESIGN

YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO INVISIBLE THREADS

AFFORDABLE ORIENTAL RUGS

*The Buyer's Guide to Rugs from China,
India, Pakistan and Romania*

The New York City OPERA

*An
American Adventure
with the Complete Annals*

MARTIN L. SOKOL

MACMILLAN

Publishing Co., Inc.
866 Third Avenue
New York, NY 10022

MARCUSE PFEIFER GALLERY —PHOTOGRAPHY—

EUGENE ATGET

Prints from the Julien Levy Collection

825 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 10021

JOSEPH CAROFF
Collage Paintings

RICHARD ERDMAN
Abstract Sculpture

GLORIA GARFINKLE
Collaged Monotypes
& Etchings

KEIKO NODA
Figurative Paintings

JANUARY 5 - 23, 1982

BODLEY GALLERY
1063 Madison Ave., (80th St.)
New York, N.Y., 10028,
212/249-2155

Trans World



© Henri Cartier-Bresson

Above: Rue Mouffetard, Paris, 1954. The Cleveland Museum of Art also hosts the Cartier-Bresson exhibition through January 24.

reading, or writing, about it. "Henri Cartier-Bresson: Photographer," an exhibit including 155 photographs spanning his entire career, is traveling throughout Europe sponsored by the American Express Foundation. The exhibition is showing at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam through January 4, 1982, after which it will travel to the Palais des Beaux-Arts in Brussels, January 21 through May 7.

Drafted during World War II to serve in the French army's film and photo unit, Cartier-Bresson was captured by the Germans in 1940. Isolated in a prisoner-of-war camp, he tried to escape and was recaptured. He tried again. Again, the Germans caught him. Finally (by now it had been three years) he tried again and succeeded. Determined to protect his hard-won freedom, Cartier-Bresson lived underground until he appeared at a "posthumous" show of his work at the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1946, offering to help the surprised curators hang the photographs dedicated there to his memory.

He has written: "To take photographs is to hold one's breath when all faculties converge in the face of fleeing reality. It is at that moment that mastering an image becomes a great physical and intellectual joy. To take

photographs means to recognize simultaneously and within a fraction of a second both the fact itself and the rigorous organization of visually perceived forms that give it meaning. It is putting one's head, one's eye, and one's heart on the same axis . . . It is a way of shouting, of freeing oneself . . . It is a way of life."

Sweden

Prize Catch

In October the literary world once again rolled its eyes, when the Swedish Academy in Stockholm once again selected a relative unknown to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature. And a brigade of journalists once again turned the writer's name—Elias Canetti—into a household word overnight. Not since Saul Bellow won the prize in 1969 has the Nobel gone to a novelist popularly read in the U.S. Questions are now posed yearly about what *happens* to an obscure author when he's suddenly singled out for the world's most coveted literary prize (and its accompanying \$200,000)—last year's winner, Czeslaw Milosz, first learned of his victory over the telephone from a Japanese reporter who woke him at four in the morning for an interview.

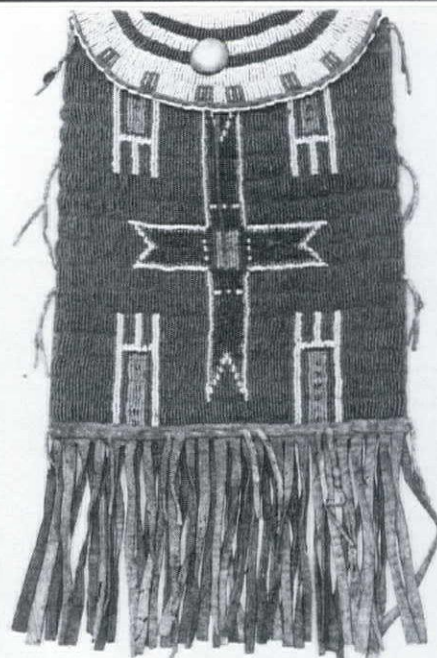
And now the comic tug-of-wars have ensued over who among us read Elias Canetti first. Who read most. Who read most first, and in how many languages—Canetti is a native Bulgarian, lives in England, and writes in German. But the dustiest scuffle appears to be between the publishers of the Nobel Prize-winner's books. Until recently, Canetti's American volumes—seven since 1978—were published by Continuum Books, which also published Milosz' work. Continuum wasted no time playing up the honor, and issued a press release immediately following the announcement, quoting publisher Werner Mark Linz: "We're not sure, but this may well be the first time a U.S. publishing house has had a new Nobel Laureate in literature on its program for two consecutive years."

Problem is, Canetti is no longer at Continuum. His translator, Joachim Meugroschel, absconded earlier this year with the Nobel Laureate's work and is now busy turning German into English in the glitzy halls of Farrar, Straus and Giroux—also gleeful over Canetti's award, since he is the man of the moment. At least until next year's surprise from Stockholm.

20th Century Masters & Contemporary Artists

Robert Elkon Gallery

1063 Madison Avenue, New York
212/535.3940



19th Century Plains Indian antiquities; Southwestern ceramics, textiles, baskets.

Please call or write for information and photos of objects available from this collection.

KENNETH R. CANFIELD

115 Delgado Street, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 87501
Telephone 505/982-8187.

Robert Adams
Milton Avery
Joachim Berthold
Clarence Carter
Robert Cronin
Alan Davie
Joseph Glasco
Barbara Hepworth
Paul Jenkins
Lester Johnson
Robert Natkin
Minoru Niizuma
Niki de Saint Phalle
Pierre Soulages

Gimpel & Weitzenhoffer Gallery
1040 Madison Avenue, at 79th Street
New York, New York 10021
212-628-1897

New York • London • Zürich



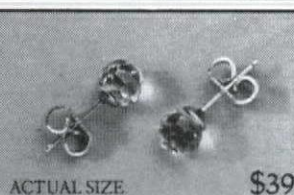
Fine American Paintings



William Glackens, *Flowers in an Ironstone Urn*,
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches

ACA Galleries

21 East 67th Street, New York, NY 10021
212/628-2440



IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS

Crystal & Gold

Elegant pure Austrian full lead Strass crystal wedded with 14 carat gold. Presented royally ensheathed in a golden gift box. Orders received by Dec. 12th, delivery guaranteed within 10 days.

Call Toll-Free 800-453-4000



CRYSTAL PALACE
Shoal Creek Box 49292
Austin, Texas 78765

Please send _____ pairs of Crystal & Gold earrings at \$39.00 per pair. Sent first class postpaid. Money back guarantee. Texas residents add 5% sales tax.

☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge ☐ Am. Ex.

Card No. _____ Exp. _____

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

AUDIO-FORUM® offers

the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes—featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, German, Japanese, Greek, Arabic, Chinese, Italian, and more.

Learn a foreign language on your own!

Free
catalog.

Call (203) 453-9794, or fill out

and send this ad to—

Audio-Forum

Dept. T-08 On the Green

Guildford, CT. 06437

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

I am particularly interested in (check choice):

☐ Spanish ☐ French ☐ German

☐ Greek ☐ Russian ☐ Swahili

☐ Other _____

Trans World

France

Opera Sings the Blues

Back in renovated quarters at the Palace Garnier, the Paris Opera will try to recover its prestige this month after a poorly conceived, badly managed, and critically ruinous season this fall in a hangar like arena on the outskirts of the city. The company's production of Georges Bizet's *Carmen* in the 5,000-seat Palais des Sports was "a calamity," in the words of one opening-night review. In the midst of the two-month run, a member of the company's own chorus called it "an artistic disaster. It's not even competent."

The story of the failure begins last year, when Bernard Lefort was hired as company director and promptly demanded a new home for the opera. The 120-year-old Garnier building—a baroque masterpiece—was too antiquated, he said. Government ministers disagreed, but gave Lefort enough money to build a new hydraulic stage lift to replace the faulty mechanical one. Work started July 15. Instead of going into billets for the duration, the company marched out under Lefort's orders to a domed stadium known for its circus and ice follies (as well as its terrible acoustics) to stage *Carmen* under the direction of a virtual unknown, Marcel Marechal, who had spent most of his career producing television shows. During rehearsals, the company was appalled. "He was not interpreting the music," complained a chorus member. "He was just trying to stage the story in a very superficial way. The costumes were either glitzy-sequined or super-plain. I really can't forgive the guy for what he did to the piece."

The critics couldn't either, after a perilous opening night (September 23) in which performers' voices quavered over a high-tech sound system. "It is simply not permitted to destroy *Carmen* like that," fumed the newspaper *Le Figaro*. Yet the audience—lured by a top ticket price of \$30, as compared with \$90 in the Palace Garnier—was respectful, if not enthusiastic. Moreover, people kept coming; for many it was the best chance they would have to see a Paris Opera production. Tickets at the Palace Garnier are notoriously hard to obtain.

But those people, of course, are not the taste makers. So Paris' musical elite wonder anxiously whether the company can redeem itself

with Jean-Philippe Rameau's *Platée*, which opens December 4. Lefort will not be around to find out; in the middle of the *Carmen* furor he broke a leg, and then a foot, and then, in October, went on a nine-month vacation to recuperate.

—Thomas Noland

England

Seasonal Greetings

Eighteen-forty-three was a vintage year for the English Christmas: Dickens wrote his famous *A Christmas Carol*, and the world's first Christmas card was designed by John Calcott Horsley. The Horsley card is just one of what is thought to be the world's largest collection of Christmas cards on display in the Stanley Gibbons Gallery in London throughout December. Included are Christmas wishes from the Royal Family, Victorian and Edwardian greetings, World War II aerogrammes and airgraphs, perfumed sachet greetings, and various precursors of the Christmas card proper.

Other ghosts of Christmas past on display in England during December are antique toys. American toy trains, automobiles, a circus, and Fort Sumter—complete with cannons and soldiers. These are among the 170 models from the Lawrence Wilkinson antique toy collection taking the next plane to London. The collection, from the Detroit Antique Toy Museum, opens its continental tour December 2 at London's Bethnal Green Museum. The Detroit Historical Society is sponsoring the first overseas trip for the American-made antique playthings, which normally spend the holiday season under Christmas trees in various stateside museums.

Curator Margot Pearsall calls the collection "American history in miniature." American architectural design is documented in antique dollhouses; American industrial history is told through mechanical and electrical trains, replicas of automobiles, and a model steamboat appropriately named *The Puritan*.

The collection also boasts an assortment of cast-iron mechanical banks, including an 1885 Uncle Sam bank and a wooden Schoenhut circus with clowns, animals, and tents. Other childish delights are the teddy bear, a child-size 1920 Dodge pedal car, a child's functional Detroit Garland Stove, early model airplanes, and a cartoon Mickey Mouse train, made of wood covered with lithograph paper. □

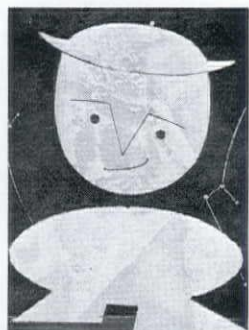
Galleria Joan Prats at Guild Gallery

1145 Madison Avenue (corner 85th St.)
N.Y.C., N.Y. 10028 - (212)861-3776

Graphics, Drawings, Paintings and Sculptures

BACON
BIRD
CAMACHO
CANOSA
CASTILLO
CUEVAS
CHILLIDA
CHRISTO
CORMENZANA
MAX ERNST

GABINO
JULIO GONZALEZ
GUINOVART
HARTUNG
HERNÁNDEZ PIJUÁN
HONDROGEN
LAM
MARCA—RELLI
MATTA
JOAN MIRÓ
MOORE
PICASSO
PEREJAUME
JOAN PONÇ
RAFOLS CASAMADA
SALINAS
SEGAL
SEMPERE
SCHOLDER
SUTHERLAND
TAMAYO
TAPIES
TELEMAQUE
VIEIRA DA SILVA
ZAO WOU-KI
ZUÑIGA



Max Ernst "The Cardinal"

ROSS BLECKNER
RAINER FETTING
MICHAEL MCCLARD
BRUCE MCLEAN
MATT MULLICAN
DAVID SALLE
JULIAN SCHNABEL
GARY STEPHAN
MICHAEL TRACY
ROBIN WINTERS

M A R Y B O O N E

GALLERY, 420 WEST BROADWAY
GALLERY, 417 WEST BROADWAY
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 966-2114



NEW ORLEANS ITALIANATE New Orleans, Louisiana

Situated in the historic "Lower Garden District", this restored 19th Century residence of Italianate design ranks among New Orleans' finest homes. A masterwork of ante-bellum architecture and interior design, the 11-room manor reflects superb workmanship authentic appointments.
\$425,000 Brochure #HZ 14-05



WHITEHALL Madison, Florida

Designed and constructed in 1860 by master architect/builder William Archer Hammerly, this landmark Greek Revival manor is listed on both the National Register of Historic Places and the Historic American Buildings Survey. Extensively restored under the direction of the present owners, the nine-room residence boasts original detailing throughout.
\$375,000 Brochure #HZ 3-57

MONTECITO VILLA Montecito, Santa Barbara, California

Set amidst 6 acres of formal garden landscaping, this 18-room Mediterranean/Italian-inspired villa, constructed in 1909, offers magnificent ocean views from every room. The well-planned interior is complemented by numerous fireplaces with varied mantelwork, hardwood floors and several sets of French doors opening to the rear gardens. Estate dependencies include a lovely guest cottage with a free-form pool.
\$4,000,000 Brochure #HZ 21-19



Sotheby's International Realty

980 Madison Avenue, New York 10021, Tel. 212/472-3465

Haydn Treasure

Haydn: A Documentary Study, by H. C. Robbins Landon. New York: Rizzoli International Publications, Inc. 224 pages, 220 illustrations, 44 in color. \$37.50 through December 31; \$45 thereafter.

When Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart died in 1791, he was less well known than such composers as Adalbert Gyrowetz and Leopold Kozeluch. At the time of his own death eighteen years later, Joseph Haydn was, according to H. C. Robbins Landon, the most famous composer who had ever lived. But the tides of musical recognition have always been wildly shifting: only a generation after his death, thanks to the romantic upheaval, Haydn would be dismissed by Robert Schumann as "no longer [having] any deeper interest for our age." Early in the twentieth century, both Haydn and Mozart were, in Landon's felicitous phrase, "lumped together as the superficial scullery-musicians of a heartless rococo age."

Every epoch cherishes the delusion that its critical perspective represents the balanced verdict of history. In 1981 most music lovers would agree that Haydn and Mozart were the supreme composers of the second half of the eighteenth century, each in his own way as deep and as revolutionary as Beethoven.

The name H. C. Robbins Landon has come to be as inextricably linked with Haydn as Otto Deutsch's is with Franz Schubert or Robert Craft's with Igor Stravinsky. The leading Haydn scholar of our day, Landon is also a charming lecturer and a lucid writer. For Rizzoli's new coffee-table book, he has skimmed the cream from his own five-volume biography of Haydn to entertain us with a brief life of the composer. The result is a splendid and heartening book.

Heartening, because Haydn's life, unlike the tragedy of Mozart's, is a perfect success story. Born the son of a wheelwright, Haydn nearly starved during adolescence. His musical talent was recognized early, but he was never regarded as a child prodigy. Not until he became vice-*kapellmeister* to the Hungarian prince, Nicolaus Esterházy, in 1761, at the age of twenty-nine, did he taste security.

Other biographers have complained that during his twenty-five years in residence in the



Haydn, shown in the earliest portrait of him (1762-3), is the subject of a new book.

Esterházy Castle, Haydn was treated as scarcely better than a servant; the terms of the composer's servitude would make modern musicians green with envy. Nicolaus was a sophisticated lover of music, and all Haydn had to do was produce scores and concerts. His contract, in addition to salary, called for a supply of "officer's wine," "good genuine firewood," and one whole pig each year. Twice Haydn's house burned down, and twice the prince built his composer a new one.

The contemporary portraits reveal a solid, disciplined sort of man; Haydn might, one muses, have made a reliable coach driver or policeman. (Because of the clarity of his prepubescent singing voice, Haydn came close to being turned into a castrato.) In his maturity he had a big, peasant nose, an incipient double chin, and a receding hairline he covered with a wig; yet there is a tension in the lines on his face that recalls the starving youth. His death mask is riven with a frown.

Haydn's wife became a shrew who scolded him for his constant music making. A preeminently practical man, Haydn stayed out of her way and took a succession of mistresses, many of them married and some well born. The practicality carried over into his work: like Bach, Haydn turned occasional music into masterpieces. Nicolaus was a good performer

on the baryton, a now-defunct instrument that resembles a viola da gamba with sympathetic vibrating strings, so Haydn wrote 125 divertimentos for baryton, viola, and cello. He rewrote his arias to accommodate the vocal peculiarities of the soprano who happened to be his current mistress.

As the years passed, Haydn became famous. His stay in London in the early 1790s made him the toast of the musical capital of the world, and he spent his last years in Vienna resisting entreaties from all over Europe.

It is gratifying to know that Haydn and Mozart became best friends, and that each recognized the other's genius. There was no room in Haydn's breast for envy: he could write to his mistress, "This time will also pass away, and the day come when I shall have the inexpressible pleasure of sitting beside Your Grace at the pianoforte, hearing Mozart's masterpieces, and kissing your hands for so many wonderful things." According to Landon, Haydn never got over the shock of Mozart's death.

Haydn was Beethoven's teacher, later his colleague. One contemporary gossip whom Landon has unearthed reports a prescient assessment of his former pupil "I will tell you," Haydn is supposed to have said to the young Beethoven, "that in my opinion there will always be something—if not eccentric, then at any rate, unusual in your works: one will find beautiful things in them, even admirable passages, but here and there something peculiar, dark, because you yourself are a little sinister and peculiar, and the style of the musician is always that of the person himself."

His physical and intellectual powers failing, Haydn wrote no music during the last six years of his long life. It is characteristic that, recognizing his own decline, the composer had a visiting card printed on which appeared only his name, sans title, and the opening bars of his part song to the text, "Hin ist alle meine Kraft, alt und schwach bin ich"—"Gone is all my strength, old and weak am I."

Biography's greatest challenge, when its subject is an artistic creator, is to illuminate creation itself. All too often it mires in the circumstantial. By holding up to Haydn's sturdy art, however, the plain mirrors of contemporary documents—a love letter here, a legal contract there—H. C. Robbins Landon makes a pragmatist's case for creativity. Landon shows us genius with its sleeves rolled up, ready to work.

—David Roberts

Light a Creative Spark

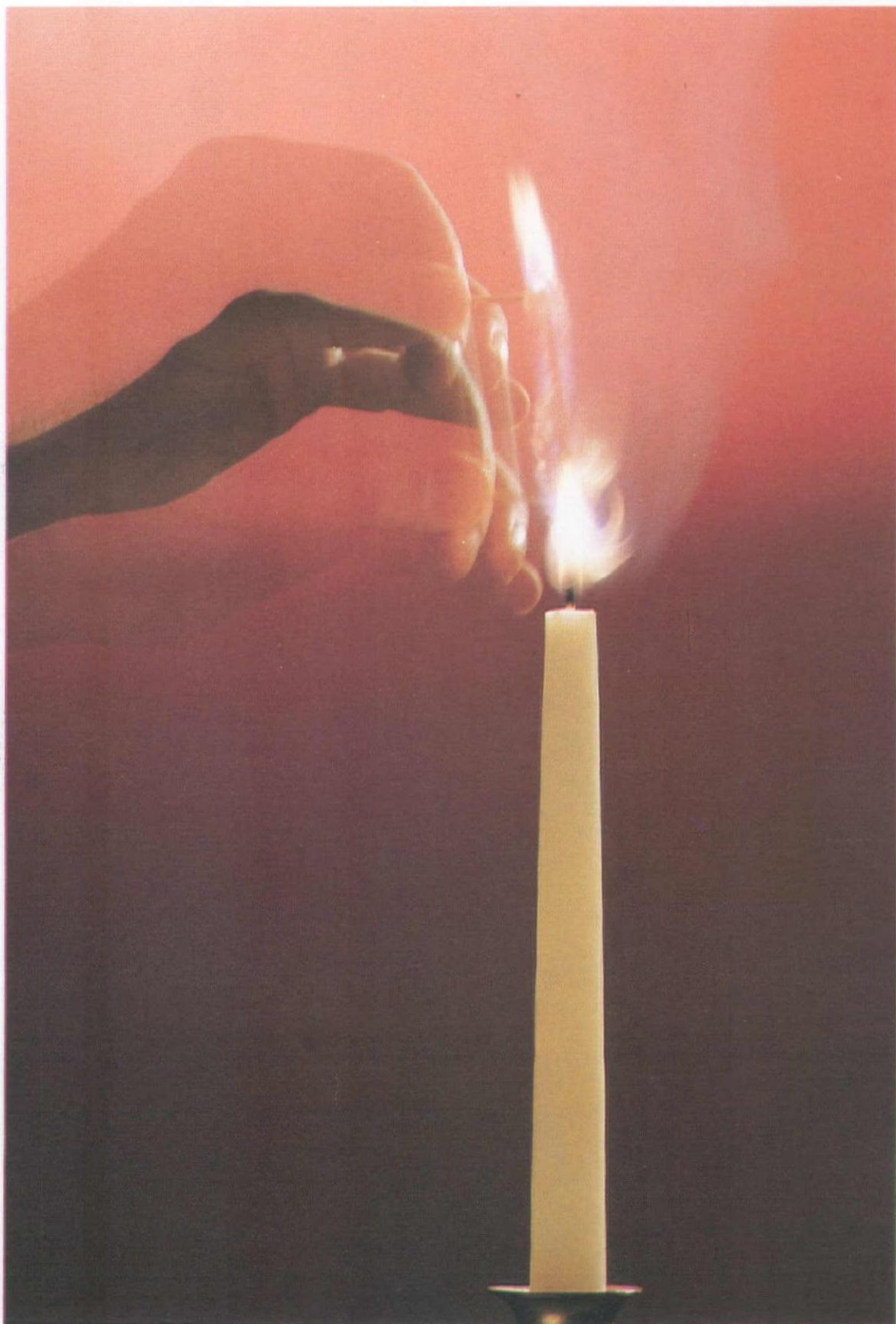
This holiday season give friends and family a gift to enrich their lives through the year. HORIZON—a holiday cornucopia spilling over with exciting stories and breathtaking pictures of dance, theater, music, art, film, literature, and more. Act now, and you can send a year of HORIZON—ten gifts—for \$14.00. That saves you 42% off the cover price.

And if you're looking for the ultimate holiday gift—entertaining, ritzy, informative, indulgent, something to last forever—send a HORIZON lifetime subscription. It never expires, your friends receive no renewal notices. Just a lifetime of the arts for \$250.

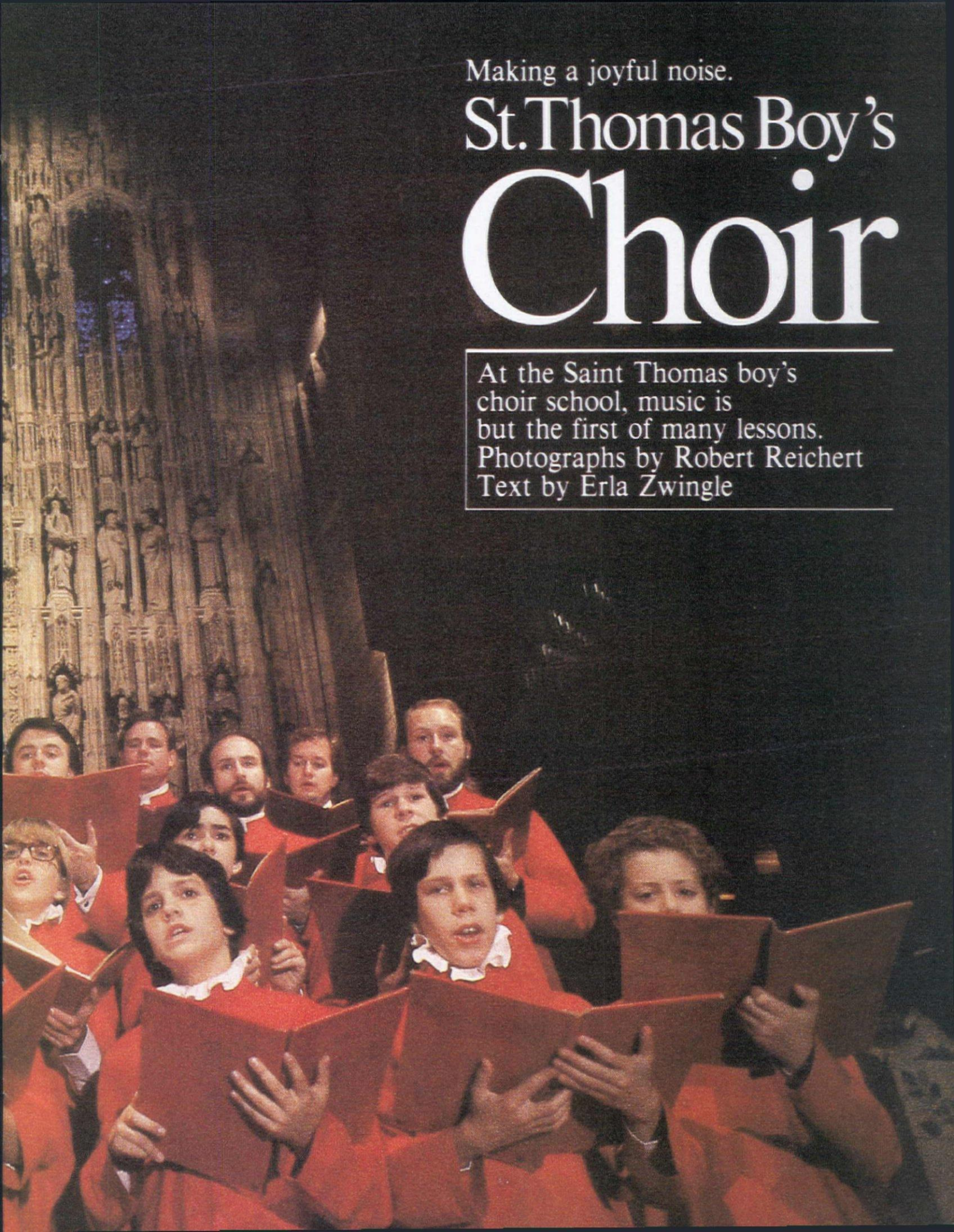
Fill out the card. Give the arts. Spread some holiday cheer.

HORIZON

Box 517 Birmingham, AL 35201





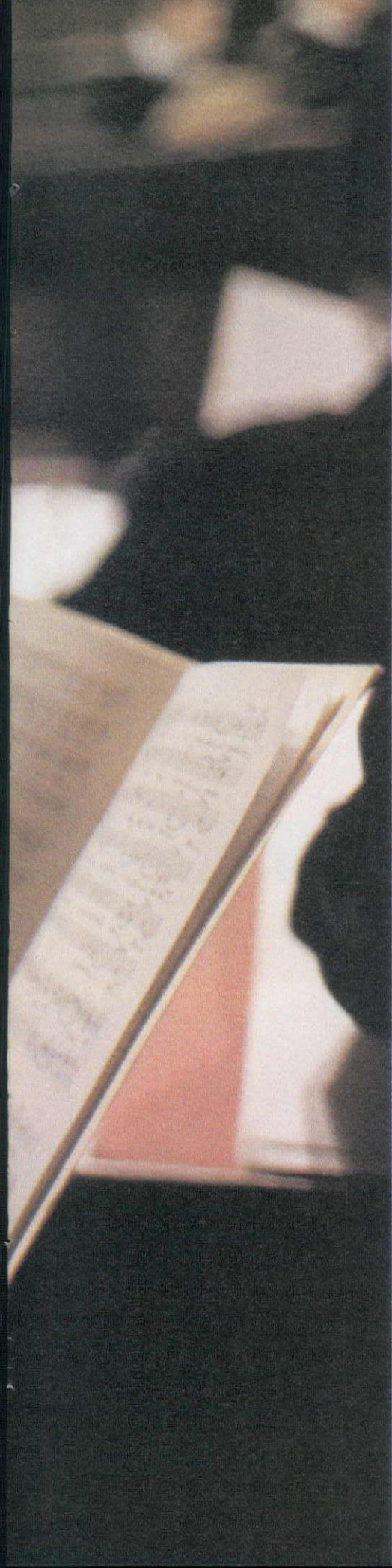


Making a joyful noise.

St. Thomas Boy's Choir

At the Saint Thomas boy's
choir school, music is
but the first of many lessons.
Photographs by Robert Reichert
Text by Erla Zwingle





"We are devoted to excellence in music, in academic achievement, and in the quality of our community life," says the headmaster of the unique church-choir boarding school.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord . . ." So begins the *Venite*, the first canticle of morning prayer chanted each Sunday by the boys of the choir of Saint Thomas Church in New York City. At four services each week and on feast days and holy days from September to June, their clear treble voices lead the services of the Episcopal Prayer Book in the ancient tradition of English cathedrals. Their auditorium is a majestic Gothic sanctuary, recently designated a National Historic Landmark, built in 1913 by Ralph Adams Cram and Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. Choral music was made to be sung in such surroundings, with such acoustics.

Boy sopranos are now something of a curiosity in this country. Yet many of Europe's greatest composers created their most famous vocal and choral works for the voices of boys; the 400-odd pieces the Saint Thomas Choir learns each year evince the beauty and variety of the literature. From the melting sweetness of Felix Mendelssohn's *O for the wings of a dove* and the complex harmonies of Thomas Tomkin's *When David heard that Absalom was slain* to the haunting lamentation of Gregorio Allegri's *Miserere* and the massed jubilation of George Frederick Handel's *Zadok the Priest*, their voices belie their age.

In this secular era the study of church music may seem to many an archaic pursuit. And if the Saint Thomas Choir were simply a performing chorus, it might hold a place in the hearts of unregenerate Anglophiles, but no more.

What makes this choir exceptional above all others, what gives a unique foundation to its music, is the Saint Thomas Choir School—the only church-affiliated boarding choir school in the United States. Its forty boys, from grades five through eight, and sixteen faculty members are engaged in an enterprise that could still fairly be called revolutionary. Headmaster Gordon Clem, who has been at the school for more than twenty years, describes its purpose: "We are devoted to excellence in music, in academic achievement, and in the quality of our community life." Each boy is taught to regard his singing as an act of worship, to excel in his studies (many graduates earn scholarships to first-rank preparatory schools), and to become sensitive to the needs of others.

Saint Thomas Church is well situated for a ministry of music, both geographically and

historically. The church itself is on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-third Street, next door to the Museum of Modern Art and at the center of Manhattan's chic commercial district. The choir school, just to the west, was founded in 1919 by the British composer and organist, Dr. T. Tertius Noble, who was accustomed to directing the traditional English cathedral choir at Ely and York Minster. The choir-master since 1971, Gerre Hancock, was a cofounder of the Association of Anglican Musicians and was recently elected the first and only American Fellow of the Royal School of Church Musicians. Under the guidance of Hancock and headmaster Clem, the choir seeks to exert what the rector, the Reverend John Andrew, calls "a civilizing force" in an unchoirboy-like city; it is not entirely coincidence that the school hymn, composed by Noble in 1918, begins, "Come, labor on . . ."

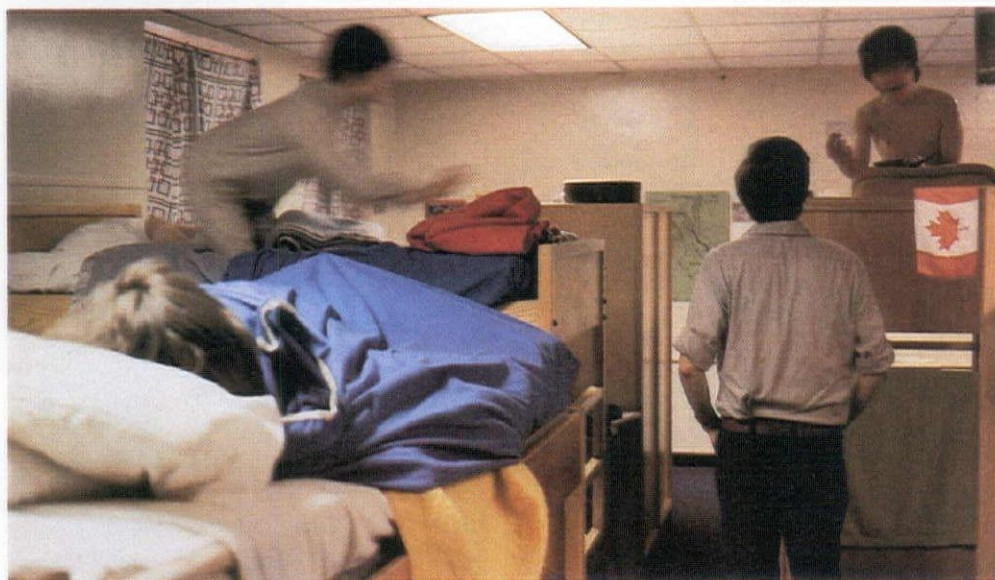
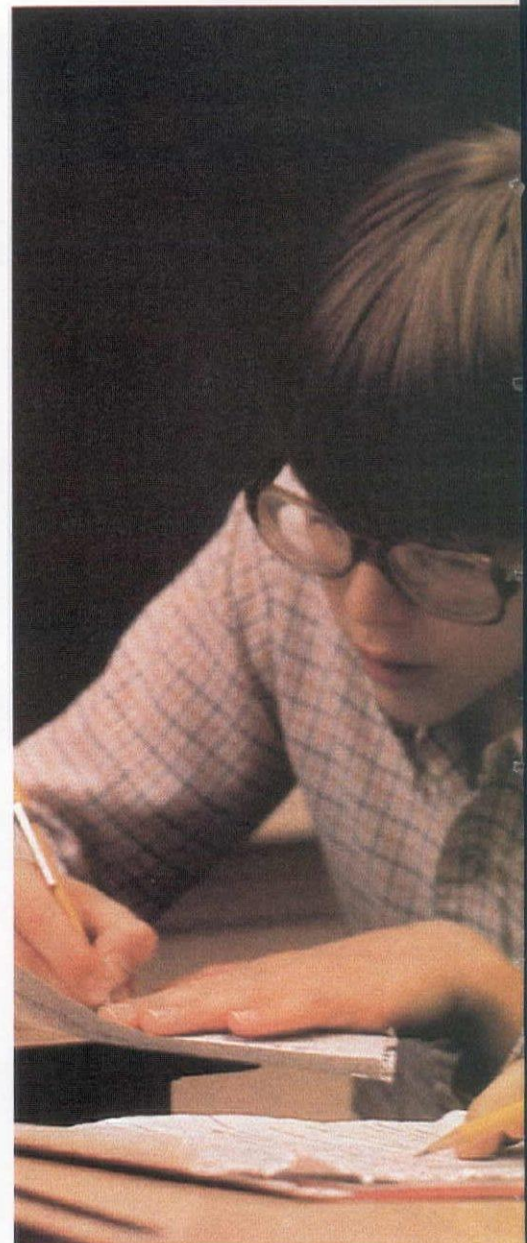
"I am hard," admits Hancock. "I expect a tremendous amount of myself and of the kids. But I feel that we have such an opportunity, and so little time to do it in"—those few years between a boy's enrollment and the advent of "the dreaded mustache." So ten or more hours a week are spent in rehearsals.

Rehearsals begin each day at 8:00 A.M. with the junior choir, which spends forty-five minutes learning vocal production and basic musicianship. They are then joined for half an hour by the "middlers"—boys, according to Hancock, in a sort of "vocal purgatory between being the little darling sweet one fresh from home" and being more mature seniors. The twenty seniors join rehearsal at 9:15. "I think the little ones learn so much from the older boys," says Hancock. "Much more than they learn from me. If I have two or three really good seniors that I can direct, the little ones will emulate them." Two hours each week are spent rehearsing with the dozen paid professional male singers who round out the choir at the main Sunday services, at the Wednesday noontime choral service, and in the four major evening concerts given each winter.

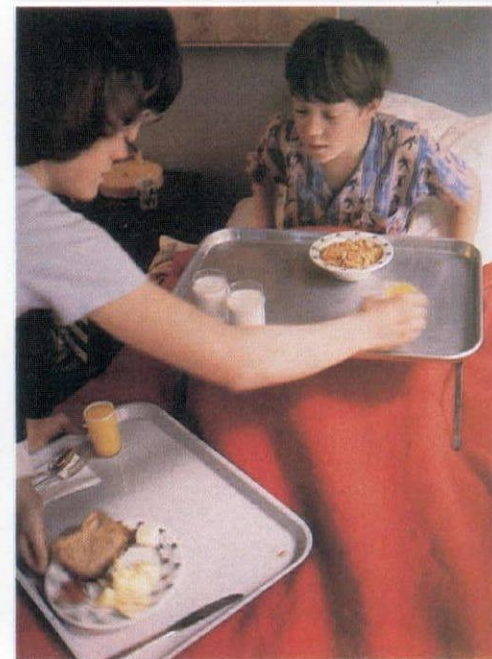
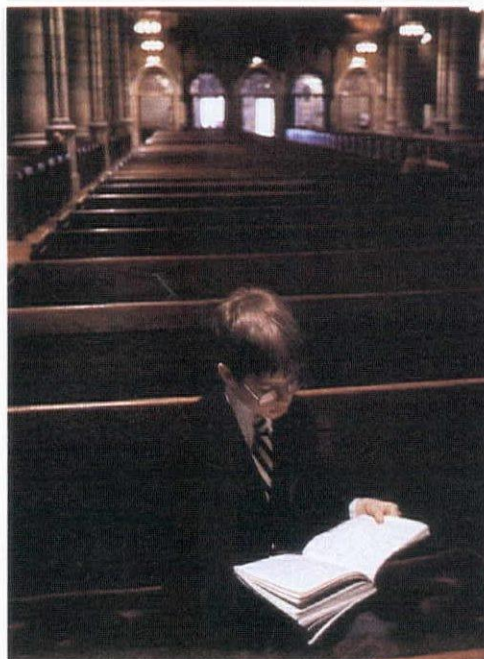
"Choir-school education is not limited to a pursuit of excellence," Clem says. "It is involved with the willingness of people, boys and adults, to allow others to become more fully human, to be respectful of all life, to be religious in the broadest sense."

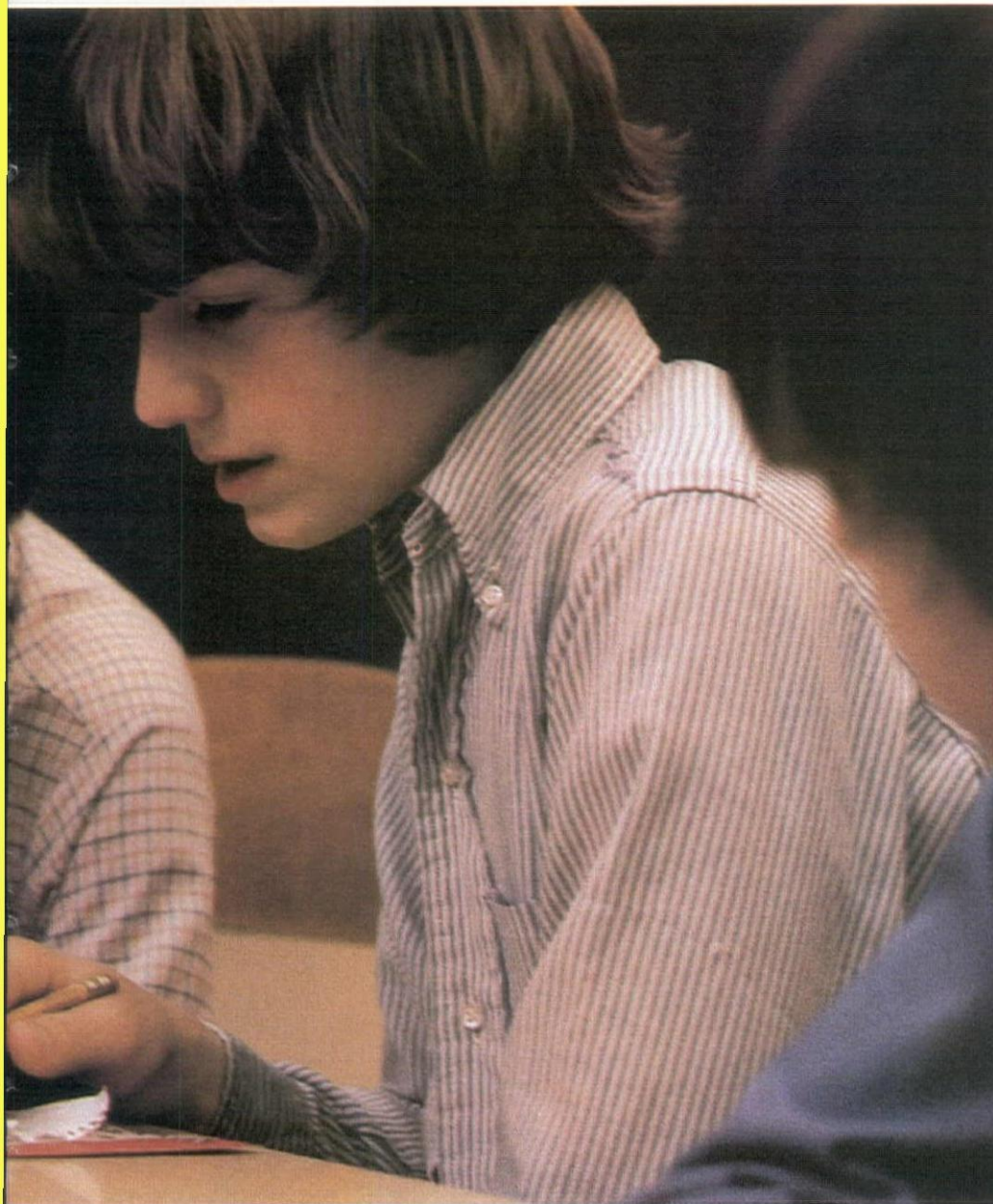
The psalm on the Saint Thomas School banner reads, "O God, my heart is ready." Clem's mission, expressed in part through choral music, is to insure this will always be so.

Erla Zwingle is managing editor of American Photographer. She last wrote for HORIZON on the photographs of Marie Cosindas.



School life has many facets, also captured in a half-hour award-winning film, *Sing Joyfully*. (Clockwise from above) Prefects and teachers rouse the boys in their dormitories each morning . . . Teeth get a quick brush before daily rehearsal at 8:00 A.M. . . . History is one of five classes each day; the discipline learned in studying music proves useful in more academic pursuits . . . A few boys wait by the church for the rest of the group to catch up . . . Down with a cold, a boy in the infirmary gets a visit from his classmates . . . "The boys know that I love them," says Hancock, but he sidelines one boy at rehearsal for too many wrong notes.





"Being a boy chorister is the only career where you're at your peak at twelve."

"I look for a good ear and basic intelligence," says Gerre Hancock of the ten new boys he may choose each year. "But the intelligence runs across the disciplines. If he doesn't apply himself in choir, the same will probably be true in English, too."

Stiff academic tests must be passed first, but the real trial for most applicants is the audition. Hancock asks each boy to read aloud (to discern diction and comprehension), to reproduce rhythmic patterns, and to sing back the notes of increasingly complex chords. "Even if a high note is only a screech," he says, "it should be an *on-pitch* screech. My aim is to see if a boy is susceptible to training."

Training—and its more abstract fellow, learning—are constant and ubiquitous in school life. The curriculum includes the standard subjects—English, French, math, social studies, science—plus piano, art, music theory, and composition. Several boys also study violin, an excellent instrument for singers practicing vocal phrasing and pitch. All take frequent field trips to museums and concerts and all boys play on athletic teams. The boys are encouraged to examine deeper questions as well. "Metaphysical and scientific questions seem to weigh on them quite a bit," says Father Ronald Lafferty, the former chaplain of the Saint Thomas school. "The boys have an acute moral sense, partly because of their age, and partly because of the atmosphere of this place."



For the Record

Five albums of the Saint Thomas choir are available from Saint Thomas Church, Music Office, One West Fifty-third Street, New York, New York 10019: *The Great Service* (\$8), *A Cappella at Saint Thomas* (\$7), *Twentieth-Century Services at Saint Thomas* (\$7), *Lessons and Carols from Saint Thomas* (\$7), and *A Concert in Memory of Benjamin Britten* (two-record set, \$12.50). For one or two records, add \$2 postage and handling; for three or more, add \$2.25.



“Even if a high note is only a screech, it should be an *on-pitch* screech.”

“Our soprano boys of last season now speak in low and uncertain terms,” wrote the choir-master in 1906. The inevitable voice change was once cause for early dismissal, but now the boys remain in school and serve as acolytes, lighting the altar candelabra and bearing the two jeweled crosses, heavy candles, and choir-school banner in procession. “Being a boy chorister is the only career where you’re at your peak at twelve,” says Lafferty. With deeper voices and new responsibilities, the boys must begin to assume more adult roles: “They don’t see themselves as children any more, which isn’t true at all,” says choirmaster Gerre Hancock.

“A choir director is something between a teacher and a coach,” Hancock explains. “Children are naturally competitive, and I’m shameless in using any tactic that will bring out their best.”

Graduation Sunday in 1979 saw many alumni seated in the chancel for the occasion of the school’s sixtieth anniversary. One later wrote, “Yesterday I had the pleasure of sitting in the seat I occupied when a member of the Saint Thomas Choir. It was the first time since 1913, and at age eighty I felt proud . . . Tell the boys that as long as they live they will never forget the days they spend as members of the Saint Thomas Choir School.” □



(Clockwise from top left) When voices change, boys become acolytes, assuming new responsibilities such as lighting altar torches . . . Two acolytes, their torches festooned for Palm Sunday, wait to lead the procession . . . "We have so little time," says Hancock, who must make the most of his charges while he can.

An Avenue of Art



Drawings © 1981 William Low

Walking up and down upper Madison Avenue is a study in contrasts. Claustrophobic upstairs galleries are closeted next door to jet-set boutiques, next door to street-level galleries with window displays Bloomingdale's might envy. Suede-jacketed artists maneuver four-foot portfolios past blazered businessmen transfixed by Sony Walkmans, three-piece-suited executives who've just emerged from Mercedes, designer-labeled strollers speaking French. Cabbies lean on their horns. Baby carriages whish at the command of governesses. One end is Brooks Brothers; the other, kosher.

Madison Avenue is synonymous with advertising: the hyped-up, ulcer-making world of the man in the gray-flannel suit. But uptown from the skyscrapers, Herman Miller-ed offices, and ampersanded agency names is another Madison Avenue, where art galleries cluster as if painted on the map by Jackson Pollock. Ironically, the

Madison Avenue galaxy of galleries has been less hyped than the similar groupings on Fifty-seventh Street or in Soho, perhaps because the galleries here can command attention instead by sheer numbers: nearly a hundred between Fifty-fourth and Eighty-sixth streets, with Madison Avenue their central axis. This is the eastern edge of Museum Row; classic brownstones and neo-Gothic churches side up to star-studded restaurants. And it's all—literally—at your feet.

Walk up the west side of the street, a block from Central Park and in the shadow of the General Motors Building. At 660 Madison Avenue is the **New York Exchange for Women's Work**, a 103-year-old nonprofit organization selling the handmade works of local low-income women: teddy bears, weavings, delicate embroidery. A half-block up, at Sixty-first, **La Folie** is the very definition of lavish. The food is French and the surroundings posh—marble floor, stained glass, malachite on the walls. Try the caviar bar and

try not to have your head turned (765-1400). For more modest tastes, **Truffles** at 696 has a French menu and tables on the sidewalk—the perfect way to watch the street (838-3725).

At Sixty-third Street, note the classic 1875 brownstones at 14, 16, and 18; with their columned porches, they're the apotheosis of their kind. Across the street, at 710 Madison Avenue, **Félix Vercel** is celebrating the centennial of Fernand Léger with a show of 100 oils, gouaches, drawings, and lithographs (through December 31). **Le Relais** at 712 serves the beautiful people behind its etched-glass windows (751-5108). And it's hard to imagine a better setting for **M. J. Knoud's** emporium of polo saddles, mallets, and gear at 716.

The **Wildenstein Gallery** at 19 East Sixty-fourth occupies the last creation of architect Horace Trumbauer, built in 1932; to say that the works inside are as handsome as the two-story Ionic pilasters outside is saying quite a lot. **Richard York**, a block up at 21 East Sixty-

David A. Fryxell is senior editor of HORIZON.

On Madison Avenue, the art world's at your feet. By David A. Fryxell

fifth, provides an elegant charcoal-gray second-floor setting for American paintings: this month, twentieth-century expressionists and impressionists. One of the city's top contemporary crafts galleries, the **Elements**, shows pottery, Pueblo Indian work, and jewelry at 766 Madison Avenue.

Italians have shown a flair for design at least since Leonardo's day, and today the top Italian designers are working in furniture, lamps, and tableware; **Ambienti** at 792 shows the very best. The 130-year-old **Babcock Gallery** is ensconced in red brick next door. Across Sixty-seventh, **ACA Galleries** and **A. M. Adler Fine Arts** are neighbors; ACA celebrated its fiftieth anniversary last month and begins a second half-century with a show of works by Robert Vickrey. Glance down the street to 15, now the **Regency Whist Club**, a Paris-style townhouse built in 1904 by Ernest Flagg, renowned for his Singer Building.

The galleries come at a faster pace above Sixty-eighth. **Washburn** at 820 deals in American modernist art of the thirties. **Payson-Weisberg** at 822 hangs the recent works it carries straight on bare brick—the contrast is striking. For a coffee break from all this, the **Right Bank** downstairs at 822 proffers espresso, cappuccino, and coffee Viennese; the tablecloths are checkered, and candles are lit even at 10:30 A.M. A later and sedater break is the Polo Bar at the **Westbury Hotel** on the corner of Sixty-ninth; if you're still around after 9:00 P.M., catch Brooks Kerr at the piano. The Westbury, a miniature twin of its London branch, also serves a popular Sunday brunch.

Two galleries on the north side of Seventieth catch browsers—not the least intimidating and no buzzers to gain entry. **M. Knoedler** at 19 sits behind Tuscan columns built in 1901 by Thornton Chard; its pleasant, airy space currently showcases Eugene Boudin (through December 12) and David Smith. **Hirschl and Adler** occupies two floors at 21; a European paintings exhibition begins December 5. A similar clutch of galleries fills a charming brick structure at 19 East Seventy-first: **Monique Knowlton**, **Prakapas**, and **Barbara Mathes**.

On the northwest corner of Madison and Seventy-second, look for the Romanesque revival house modeled on Charles Tiffany's mansion; built in 1936, it was subsequently decorated and occupied by his son, Louis Comfort Tiffany. Farther on at 922 Madison **Jane Kahan's** gallery typifies many of the mainstream showrooms in this part of the

street, with a list that includes Marc Chagall, Joan Miró, and Pablo Picasso. These three, in fact, seem to be the mainstays of Madison Avenue: even the most insatiable Chagall/Miró/Picasso fan can see his fill here. For more affordable editions of the Big Three and others, try **Poster Originals** at 924.

Adam's Rib in the Volney Hotel at Seventy-fourth is a popular between-gallery stop for those who like the conversational pace of what almost seems a men's club. The "rib" is roast beef, not Eve, and it comes with a fresh loaf of bread that's first-rate (535-2112). The galleries in the following blocks are packed too tightly to keep track of, offering everything from nature painting to English furniture to (at the **Galerie des Monnaies**) drachmas from Rhodes, circa 170 B.C.. To keep track of the stars and would-be stars of the local art world, check in at **La Pleiade**, a favorite watering-hole at 20 East Seventy-sixth (535-7230).

At the corner of Seventy-sixth is the great gray edifice of **Sotheby Parke-Bernet**, built in 1950 and adorned with a Wheeler Williams sculpture on the facade (one of two uptown premises). Sotheby's is one of the world's leading auction houses—just the place for, say, a thirty-inch T'ang Dynasty horse. For the particular treasures on display and on sale, call 472-3400. In the same block at 984 the 110-year-old **David Findlay Gallery** carries artists from Alexander Calder to C. M. Russell.

The **Weintraub Gallery** at 992 is noteworthy for its rich selection of modern sculpture, all too rare these days. And the next blocks have a rich selection of almost everything. For the works of top American illustrators—Maxfield Parrish, Howard Pyle, N. C. Wyeth—**Judy and Alan Goffman** at 18 East Seventy-eighth is the place to look. Going upstairs at 1014 Madison you come to the **Graham** (second and third floors, specializing in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century work), **Martin Diamond** (fourth floor, twentieth-century work), and **Paul McCarron** (fifth floor, prints and drawings) galleries. **Perls** at 1016 is showing a Picasso centennial celebration in its museum-like space (through December). At 1018 the elevator takes you in turn to: **Wittenborn Art Books**, stacked floor to ceiling with works on artists from Alechinsky to Zuniga; **Saidenberg**; **Aldis Browne**, now showing "People Looking at Prints"; and **Forum**, with a Christmas show of gallery artists. On the ground floor, with a separate 1018 entrance, the **Riji Gallery** brings you back to contemporary sculpture, here

American. **Noortman and Brod**, a new joint enterprise by two respected London firms, occupies an elegant former residence at 1020. Dutch paintings and the black-and-white checked floor make a perfect match, and the appointments on all three floors lend the right European touch to the seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Dutch, French, and British paintings. A show from the Barbizon School is planned for spring. **Gimpel and Weitzenhoffer's** airy space on the corner of Seventy-ninth, at 1040 Madison, will be occupied this month by a group show of gallery artists including Robert Natkin, and Paul Jenkins.

At **Eeyore's Books for Children** at 1064, stuffed Winnie the Poohs take over from Chagall, Miró, et al. And the atmosphere's generally less heady here in the Eighties: Toyotas and Dodges rather than Rolls-Royces and Mercedes, Park East Kosher Butchers instead of Halston. Cross Madison Avenue at Eighty-sixth in time for a break at the **Madison**: blintzes, meat balls, deli sandwiches, chicken paprikash (EN 9-6670). South at 1145, however, **Galleria Joan Prats** at the **Guild Gallery** is spare and sleek, a place to see Max Ernst, George Segal, Rufino Tamayo. And it's a big cultural jump again to the four-foot sculptured white whale atop the awning of **Moby Dick**, 1133 Madison Avenue—but the seafood is fine just the same (LE 5-7920).

The well-known **Coe-Kerr Gallery** at 49 East Eighty-second deals in traditional American art; it's two doors east and bright orange, so you can't miss it. The **Elkon Gallery** at 1063 Madison just celebrated its twentieth anniversary with a show from its impressive list, which includes Robert Motherwell, Jean Arp, and Alberto Giacometti. Also at 1063, the **Bodley**



The atmosphere's less heady in the Eighties: Kosher Butchers instead of Halston.

Gallery will be showing still lifes by Rogers Turner this month. At 1045 the **Smith Gallery** is about to mount New York's largest marine painting exhibition, beginning in January. Next door, the **Madison Pub** is an old-fashioned pub you'd swear was in England. **Sindin** at the corner of Seventy-ninth is the most impressive sculpture gallery on the street: a slick space in black and off-white with classical music playing. The sculpture—by Giuliano Vangi in December—is equally impressive, and Sindin always has the omnipresent Chagall and Miro. **Maxwell Davidson**, a prestigious space at 43 East Seventy-Eighth, has Roberto Matta in December.

The **International Art Building** at 1015 Madison is packed with galleries; the **Vasarely Center** on the main floor stands out with those familiar eye-twisting, geometric works. If you're looking instead for a miniature British fusilier from the Boer War, say, the **Soldier Shop** at 1013 will stand out. It's filled with collectible toys, books, even helmets. Or if art books are the object, the **999 Bookstore** at (where else?) 999 has an excellent stock.

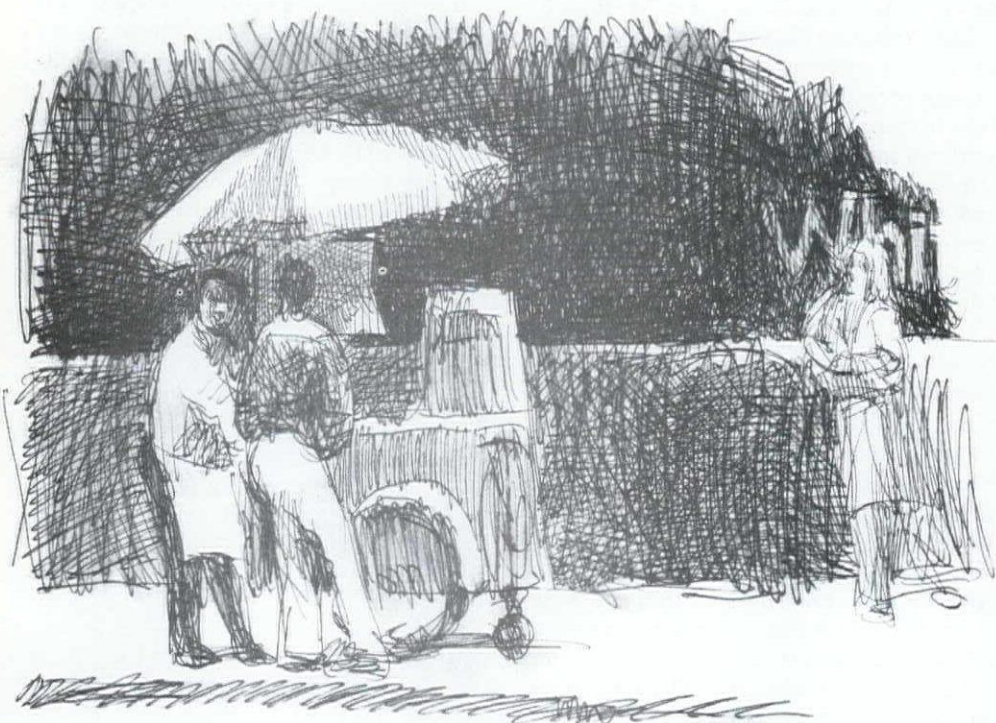
By this time you'll need the services of the **Carlyle Hotel** at Seventy-sixth Street—if not to rest your tired feet in a hotel room, at least to sit down and eat. The **Carlyle Restaurant** (744-1600) serves French cuisine and a notable

Sunday brunch; the **Café Carlyle** is more a supper club, and if you're still there after 10:00 P.M. you must catch the incomparable Hugh Shannon. After 9:30 P.M., Barbara Carroll entertains in **Bemelmans Bar**, which is worth seeing even in the daytime for the paintings by Ludwig Bemelmans (airplanes and birds on the ceiling!). The Carlyle, a glorious last gasp before the '29 crash, more recently served as the New York HQ for both the Truman and Kennedy administrations.

The main difference between Madison Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street galleries, says Douglas Heller of **Heller Gallery** at 965 Madison, is the greater walk-in trade: as much as a sixth of the business. Heller is an excellent place to walk in on, a leading glass-art gallery and a supplier to the city's museums. For antique jewelry—not just nineteenth century but back to the Renaissance—check **Ares** at 961.

The Madison Avenue art scene coalesces at the **Whitney Museum of American Art**, 945 Madison. Marcel Breuer's angular concrete-and-granite modern-art castle (complete with sculpture-filled moat and a bridge) has been central to the artistic life here since its construction in 1966.

"The Whitney benefits from the galleries, but the galleries benefit from the Whitney, too," says a Whitney guard. "You know, they





Classic brownstones and neo-Gothic churches sidle up to star-studded restaurants.



call this Museum Row, with the Metropolitan and the Guggenheim just over on Fifth Avenue. And the galleries! They're upstairs, downstairs. One up the street just put out a sign—OPEN, like a fish market . . . Abstract art is very big around here. If you see something representational, you might drop dead from the shock. If you want to paint something that looks like a cow, you're in the wrong place."

This month, the Whitney's graceful, high-ceilinged galleries showcase a new exhibition of

ceramic sculpture by Peter Voulkos, John Mason, Kenneth Price, Robert Arneson, David Gilhooly, and Richard Shaw (December 9–February 7). Forrest Bess' small, dreamlike oil paintings continue on view through December 13. Highlights from the permanent collection of twentieth-century art and Alexander Calder's intricate miniature circus are on continuous display. The Whitney also has a gift shop and a restaurant where you can lunch looking out into the "sculpture moat."

A very different kind of lunch—homemade

split-pea soup, for instance—can be had down the block at the **New Wave Coffee Shop**, 937 Madison (734-2467). Narrow and homey, it's supposedly a favorite hangout for Dustin Hoffman and Roy Scheider. Think of the "cheeseburgah! cheeseburgah!" routine on the old "Saturday Night Live," and you've got it.

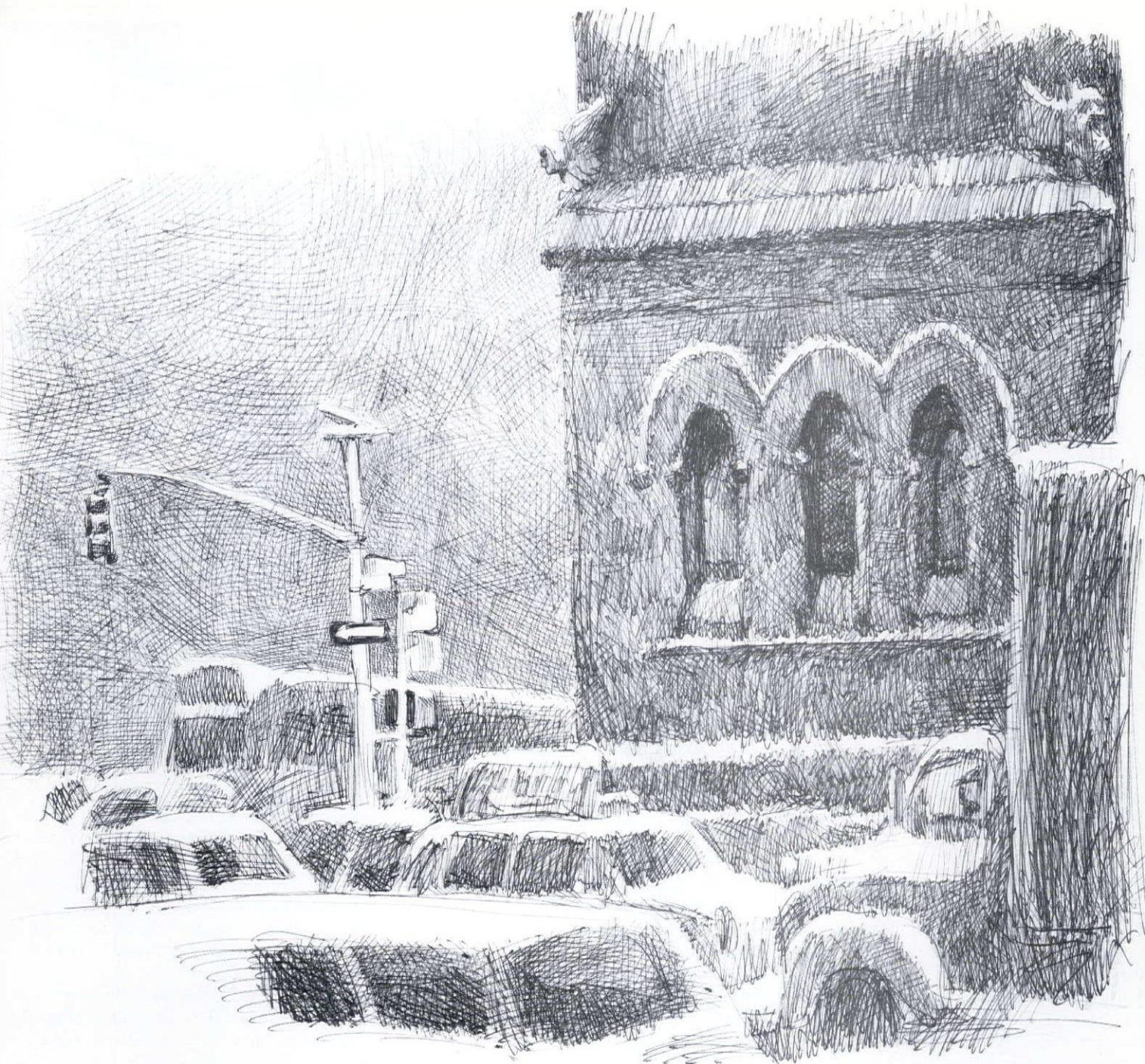
B.O.O.K.S. and Co. next door at 939 is another famous spot (though quite new)—the kind of place where they carry the complete *Oxford English Dictionary*, unabridged. The art-book selection is superb, and there's even a small gallery upstairs. Around the corner at 31 East Seventy-fourth, the **Alaska Shop** brings Eskimo art, chiefly sculpture, to the city; it's a new branch of a twelve-year-old Chicago gallery. **Phillips Fine Art Auctioneers**, a leading auction house, occupies the 1898 Rhineland mansion at 867 Madison.

At the corner of Seventy-third, the **Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church**, built in 1899 by James Gamble Rogers, is a blondish neo-Gothic. Two blocks south, at Seventy-first, **Saint James Protestant Episcopal** does neo-Gothic in reddish brown, with a glorious rose window. Founded in 1810, Saint James was built in 1884 by R. H. Robertson and rebuilt in 1924 by Ralph Adams Cram.

Yves Saint-Laurent between Seventy-first and Seventieth marks the northern outpost of Madison Avenue's chic shopping stretch, a map of designer labels and famous names that's come to rival Fifth Avenue: Halston, Cerutti, I. Santi, Saint Germain, Charles Jourdan, Giorgio Armani, Diane Von Furstenberg, and a dozen more on this side of the street alone. *On parle français* here, and *Deutsch gesprochen* at these clothiers, furriers, and jewelers. Galleries are scattered among the boutiques: **Premrou** at 831, **Robert Schoelkopf** at 825, **Marcuse Pfeifer**—noted for its photographs—at 825. Best choice for the browser is the **Randall Gallery** at 823, a large, well-appointed space with modern sculpture and naive art. A new effort by Christie's—the Park Avenue rival of Sotheby's—is **Contemporary Art** at 799, which carries original prints by the likes of Hockney, Moore, and Miró.

Don't neglect the **American Federation of the Arts**, at 41 East Sixty-fifth Street: the galleries, open to the public, show a variety of traveling exhibits organized by the federation. The building itself, of 1910 vintage, was remodeled inside by Edward Durrell Stone of Kennedy Center fame. **Julie: Artisans** at 687 Madison shows clothing that approaches





sculpture in its beauty and intricacy, plus handmade weavings, jewelry, and accessories.

And you must not miss **Robata**, a restaurant done as a Japanese farmhouse, at 30 East Sixty-first (638-8120). The decor includes a waterwheel, reeds, and Japanese murals, and the food is broiled to order over an open fire (*robata*). If you prefer it raw, there's a Sushi bar, and 3:00 to 5:00 P.M. is "Japanese happy hour." **Gaylord's** at 50 East Fifty-eighth (759-1710) presents spicy, marinated Indian dishes cooked in clay-lined *tandoori* ovens. **Hisae** across the street at 45 (543-6555) is an ex-private club, ex-French restaurant that's now an Oriental restaurant. If you think it odd to also find pasta on the menu, remember who taught Marco Polo about it. Complete your

Asian excursion with a stop at the **Ronin Gallery**, 605 Madison, a gracious, modern-Japanese gallery with the largest collection of seventeenth- to twentieth-century Japanese woodblock prints in the country. Ronin exhibits Hokusai, the master of them all, through Christmas, then a selection of snow scenes.

This is where the Madison Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street art worlds meet, and it's a different atmosphere from uptown. Vendors reappear—pretzels, Rubik's Cube, apples and pears ("Hey! Lookit these! Getcher apples rightcheer!"). The art-deco **Fuller Building**, dating from 1929, is at the corner of both worlds, with entrances at 595 Madison and 41 East Fifty-seventh. It's home to a dozen galleries, including two in particular noted for

contemporary work—**Andrew Crispo and André Emmerich**—and the **Pierre Matisse Gallery**, where the son of Henri Matisse has shown such masters as Balthus, Alexander Calder, and Alberto Giacometti. You'll want to catch the Fifty-seventh Street scene another time, but do detour to **Jay Johnson's American Folk Heritage Gallery** at 72 East Fifty-sixth, featuring American primitive artists.

Two last stops off Fifty-fourth and Madison: **Le Cygne** at 53 East Fifty-fourth (PL 9-5941) is a more intimate version of any of the city's finer French restaurants. And the **Monkey Bar** at the Elysee Hotel across the street at 60 turns into a comedy club after 9:30 P.M. After the seriousness of Madison Avenue's artistic offerings, you could use a good laugh. □

Effective immediately, the production starring Humphrey Bogart and known as *The Conflict* will hereafter be known as *Conflict*—staff memo from Jack L. Warner, circa 1945.

Conflict, indeed! The hair-splitting, article-dropping, teeth-gnashing care movie companies lavish on finding Just The Right Title for their product must look like lunacy to the layman it's intended to entice. But one man's box-office poison is another man's nit-picking, and success stories have hung on less. Apparently, the rose that smells as sweet by any other name does not grow in Hollywood. Consider:

On a certain Friday the thirteenth last year, theaters throughout the country reported "better than double Saturday business" with a low-grade shocker that, to date, has raked in \$40 million without the services of a single star. Its title? *Friday the 13th*.

Another \$40-million grosser made it despite the fact that it concerned an egomaniac who works himself into a heart attack, undergoes open-heart surgery and, after considerable angst and introspection, dies. The trick was in the title: *All That Jazz*, brightly spelled out in neons. No telling how many patrons knew how much anxiety they were in for.

Audiences recently had the option of dialing *The Ace* on Home Box Office or trooping off to *The Great Santini* in theaters. It was the same picture—not a World War I aerial drama and not a circus movie with Gilbert Roland, but a compelling little character study about the dark shadow that a hard-nosed military-man casts over his clan. Until critics came to the rescue with extravagant praise, the film didn't attract audiences under either monicker; nor did it do any better at the box office in Rockford, Illinois, as *Reaching Out* or in Fort Wayne, Indiana, as *Sons and Heroes*.

Time was, the titling of motion pictures was left to the whims and instincts of studio execs. Now it's a science. With so little product coming out and so much riding on each release, market researchers have the ears of the industry. Studios are increasingly turning to pretesting titles on the public to find those that will generate a maximum audience. If a title presents a communication problem, executives need to know what it is so they can either change the title or counteract any confusion with the proper advertising.

In the midsixties, one agency was actually



In Hollywood, where decisions mean millions, a film by any other name might be a flop. By Harry Haun

promoting a device that recorded the impact of a title on viewers' eyes, claiming that if the pupils dilated the title was a winner. But today's survey-happy researchers haven't really improved on the edict Irving Thalberg laid down fifty years ago: The Title Should Tell The Story. You know what to expect from *Penitentiary* and *The Black Stallion*; you don't from *Being There* and *Norma Rae*, and their titles had to be "overcome" with more informative graphics.

Of course, pretesting still has some kinks to be worked out—the top grosser of all time, *Star Wars*, flunked the title test—but it has its uses. It picked up an undesirable comic ring in the proposed title for the *Jaws* sequel (*More Jaws*), and successfully scuttled *The Blarney Cock* as a title for *Swashbuckler*.

A bad movie title misleads or mystifies. When *Hold High the Torch* was turned into a Lassie vehicle, the title was changed to *Hills of Home* rather than invite the ludicrous vision of a torch-carrying canine. By the same token, *The Electric Horseman* presented audiences with such mangled imagery that even such box-office draws as Robert Redford and Jane Fonda were hard-pressed to pull the customers in; some folks assumed the picture was another nuclear-energy blast from Fonda like her preceding film, *The China Syndrome*. That had scored low as a

movie title, but at least it opened to a heavy ad-countdown to the effect that on such-and-such date the whole world will know what *The China Syndrome* is; a few weeks into release came the real nuclear-plant crisis at Three Mile Island, and the whole world did indeed know, sending the movie straight to the top of everybody's Must See list.

Cecil B. De Mille, a shrewd showman if ever there was one, always took pride (and profit) in giving the public precisely what it wanted to see and titling it so they knew it. During World War II he devised a bombastic morale booster from the factual heroics of a much-publicized Navy doctor, registering the project under two different titles—*Wassell of Java* and the more poetic *Shepherd of the Brave*—which he proceeded to try out on friends. The most common response: "Oh, you mean the story of Dr. Wassell." That he did, and the film went out as *The Story of Dr. Wassell*. On another occasion, De Mille began a movie called *The Life of Buffalo Bill* and realized during the course of filming that he was really making *The Life of Wild Bill Hickok*. Playing it safe, he rechristened the picture *The Plainsman*.

Some titles are such instant gold that whole movies have been made to go with them. Warners paid \$200,000 for the five little words of Helen Gurley Brown's best-selling nonfic-

tion, *Sex and the Single Girl*, and then fabricated some froth to sell under that handle. Similarly, MGM spun a Cinerama-size spectacular out of the name of a *Life* magazine article: *How the West Was Won*. It was once determined that the customers would come out for any picture about Flatbush, sagebrush, or God, so someone dreamed up *Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven*, strung it out with an appropriate storyline and placed it on the market—where nobody went near it.

If a picture comes from a popular play or book, its title has a definite presold quality. But not always. Many an established literary title has gone down for the box-office count: Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina* became *Love*, and Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* became *A Place in the Sun*. The stage classic, *Burlesque*, reached the screen once as *The Dance of Life* and again as *When My Baby Smiles at Me*.

This executive-level illogic pays off occasionally. *Thieves Like Us* and *Farewell, My Lovely* were originally filmed by RKO Radio in the forties when little faith was put in crime-novel followings. *Farewell, My Lovely* hit executive ears like a sentimental love-story so the title was doctored beyond the shadow of a doubt to *Murder, My Sweet*. Those same ears heard "like" as a verb in *Thieves Like Us*, necessitating two-and-a-half years of title-tinkering (*Your Red Wagon*, *The Twisted Road*) before the film came out as *They Live by Night*. When these two movies were remade in the seventies, both bravely reverted to their original titles, but neither fared as well.

The film subject sometimes gets lost entirely in the mad scramble for a commercial title. One movie started out as *The Two-Million-Dollar Bank Robbery* and then went through *Road Block*, *The Million-Dollar Bank Robbery*, and *The Tri-State Gang* before it finally got to market as *Highway 301*. Another movie title chose to be colorful rather than on-course: Krakatoa is actually west of Java. And it's impossible to chart the title-transition twists that turned *This Love of Ours* to *Pride of the Marines*; *Dark Star* to *Min and Bill*; *The Man Who Lived Alone* to *The Amazing Mrs. Holliday*; *The Dazzling Hour* to *Kiss Me, Stupid*; and *The Pink Chemise* to *Come On, Marines*.

The no-nos of movie titling are never constant. "Death" (as in *Death of a Salesman*)

has made a box-office comeback (as in *Death on the Nile*). Puns don't pan out well as movie titles unless they're perfect fits: *Love at First Bite* is the best possible way to say a Dracula spoof, and *Dressed to Kill* points accurately to a transvestite killer. Gambling terms have always been high risks as titles: that raw western, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, almost made it to market perversely titled *The Presbyterian Church Wager*.

Exhibitors have been known to take action against deadhead titles. One theater manager in New York actually took out an ad apologizing for the title of his current attraction, *Good Morning, Miss Dove*, and promising a good movie in spite of it. In the hinterlands, exhibitors recycled *A Ticket to Tomahawk* with notably more success as *The Sheriff's Daughter*. And that desperately unpressing title, *The Sheepman*, finally found an audience when jacked up to *Stranger with a Gun*; abroad, it did even better—in France as *Powder Valley* and in Latin America as *Bloody Pastureland*—although perhaps Japan overreached a bit by calling it *One's Sphere of Influence in a Territory*.

Titles go through their roughest translations in the movie import-export business. Almost all foreign titles are Americanized for the market, but a few of them (like *La Dolce Vita* and *Cousin, Cousine*) do survive and even add to the language. The titles that go abroad go through some pretty bizarre rethinking to accommodate the mores and idiosyncrasies of the countries being courted. The tendency is to make the titles more explicit and visceral.

Germany is especially frontal about retitlings, translating *Requiem for a Heavyweight* as *The Fist in the Face* and *On the Waterfront* as *The Fist in the Nape of the Neck*. Formosa played *East of Eden* as *Awakening of Parental Love* and *Rebel without a Cause* as *To Give Birth to Children without Teaching Them Whose Fault It Is*. *Not As a Stranger* made the Hong Kong rounds as *Bright Moon*, *Icy Heart Shine on the Apricot Forest* (which, presumably, covered the market). France and Italy go for spicy titles: *Venus in Mink* (French for *Butterfield 8*) and *Venus in Pajamas* (Italian for *Boys' Night Out*). Leave it to the French to sex up a title like *The Facts of Life* as *Do You Want to Sin with Me?* (Never mind that the movie starred Bob Hope and Lucille Ball.) *Who Was That Lady?* got the answer in Spanish: *That Was No Lady, That Was My Wife*.

Musicals, historically, make the most miser-

able crossings. Italy saw *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* as *I Want to Be Loved in a Brass Bed*. *A Hard Day's Night*, which never made much sense in English in the first place, was known by various continental twists and turns as *Let's Have Fun with the Beatles* (Greece), *The 4 Magnificent* (Israel), *Kings of Ie, Ie, Ie* (Brazil), and *The Four Haircuts of the After-Calypto* (Portugal).

Whatever the language, the name of the game is still the same: finding the market. Even stars get into the act at times. Sylvia Sidney struck an early (if secret) blow for truth in advertising by dubbing her most unfavorable film *Good Dame*; the studio never realized that "Good Dame" was also the name of her dog. After filming *Free Woman*, Madeleine Carroll went directly into divorce proceedings—and learned that the film's title had been changed to *Are Husbands Necessary?* She urged the studio to think again. The replacement, *My Love for Yours*, lasted four days before it was blue-penciled in favor of *It Happens to Women*, which survived only twenty-four hours. In panic, Paramount put it to its employees to come up with a better title in a studiowide contest, cautioning everyone not to use the words "honeymoon" or "Bali" because these would give away too much of the plot. Inevitably, the winning entry was *Honeymoon in Bali*, and before it could make it to the marquees, Carroll had reconciled with her husband.

These last-minute switches in signals have always been expensive propositions, canceling out the picture's preliminary promotion and sending the publicists wearily back to square one. Once, for a Mae West film called *It Ain't No Sin*, two months were spent teaching parrots to say the title; a carload of them was sent to Central America and deposited at theaters in key cities where they would do the lobby ballyhoo on opening night. Day before the opening, the picture was retitled *Belle of the Nineties*, and all the birds had to be recovered. Some, however, escaped and—legend has it—spent the end of their days flitting through the jungles, screaming, "It ain't no sin." □

Harry Haun, who writes regularly about the arts for the New York Daily News, is the author of *The Movie Quote Book* (Lippincott and Crowell/Harper and Row).



He's broken plates.
He's broken the mold. He's a smash.
By Steven Hager

The Schnabel Effect

When Julian Schnabel's painting show opened at the Mary Boone Gallery in November 1979, the New York art scene was in the midst of a nervous breakdown. Hilton Kramer was discussing the end of revolutionary art in the *New York Times Magazine*, while other critics solemnly declared the death of painting.

Part of the problem was that minimalism, the foremost artistic movement of the decade, was running out of gas. After the first few productive years, it seemed as though the minimalists were souping up a Ferrari by removing the engine to save weight: the concept was valid but it wouldn't go anywhere. A proliferation of minimovements fought for equal time: photorealism, decorative art, feminist art, fetish art, and many, many more. The seventies was "the decade of pluralism."

It was in this environment that Schnabel, an unknown twenty-eight-year-old artist, opened his second solo show in New York. Compared with minimalism, Schnabel's work was unexpectedly cluttered. Four of the paintings were plastered with broken dishes; although images were buried in the paintings, the dishes made them difficult to see. They gave the work an angry, emotional flavor.

At the time no one was sure what was happening, but, for the first time in ten years, it felt like something really new was in the air. A somewhat somnolent art press began stirring. By April 1981, Hilton Kramer was writing in the *Times*, "For eyes starved by the austere nourishments of minimal art, Mr. Schnabel's work provides the pictorial equivalent of a junk-food binge. It is understandable, therefore, if it causes a certain amount of indiges-

tion in the process. Despite the crockery and the claptrap, Mr. Schnabel is at times a painter of remarkable powers." Mark Stevens in *Newsweek*, while huffing about the Schnabel hype (Boone, he noted, posted beside certain paintings the names of museums and collectors who had bought them), concluded, "The question is whether Schnabel's formal power takes a true and important measure of the new material. I think so, but I am not sure."

The collectors weren't waiting for a final verdict. They went wild. Within two years Schnabel's paintings soared in value from under \$2,000 to upwards of \$40,000. Leo Castelli, probably the most influential dealer in the world, signed Schnabel in a joint arrangement with Boone.

As Schnabel's career boomed, so did the backlash. Before long it could be said that the art world was divided into two types of people: those who loved Julian Schnabel, and those who didn't. Sure he's good, many critics said, but is he really *that* good? "Those who are cynically embittered by Schnabel's triumph forget what the Greeks knew, which is that hubris is a self-punishing offense . . . He is not so much tempting fate as actively razzing it. Look out below," warned Peter Schjeldahl in the *Village Voice*.

"I think some people are more interested in my success than they are in my paintings," says Schnabel. He is standing in a spacious new studio—an emblem of that success—that has just received a fresh coat of gray paint. He is tall, thick-limbed, barrel-chested, and obviously agile for his size. His reddish-brown hair is slicked back and he wears tan pants, top-

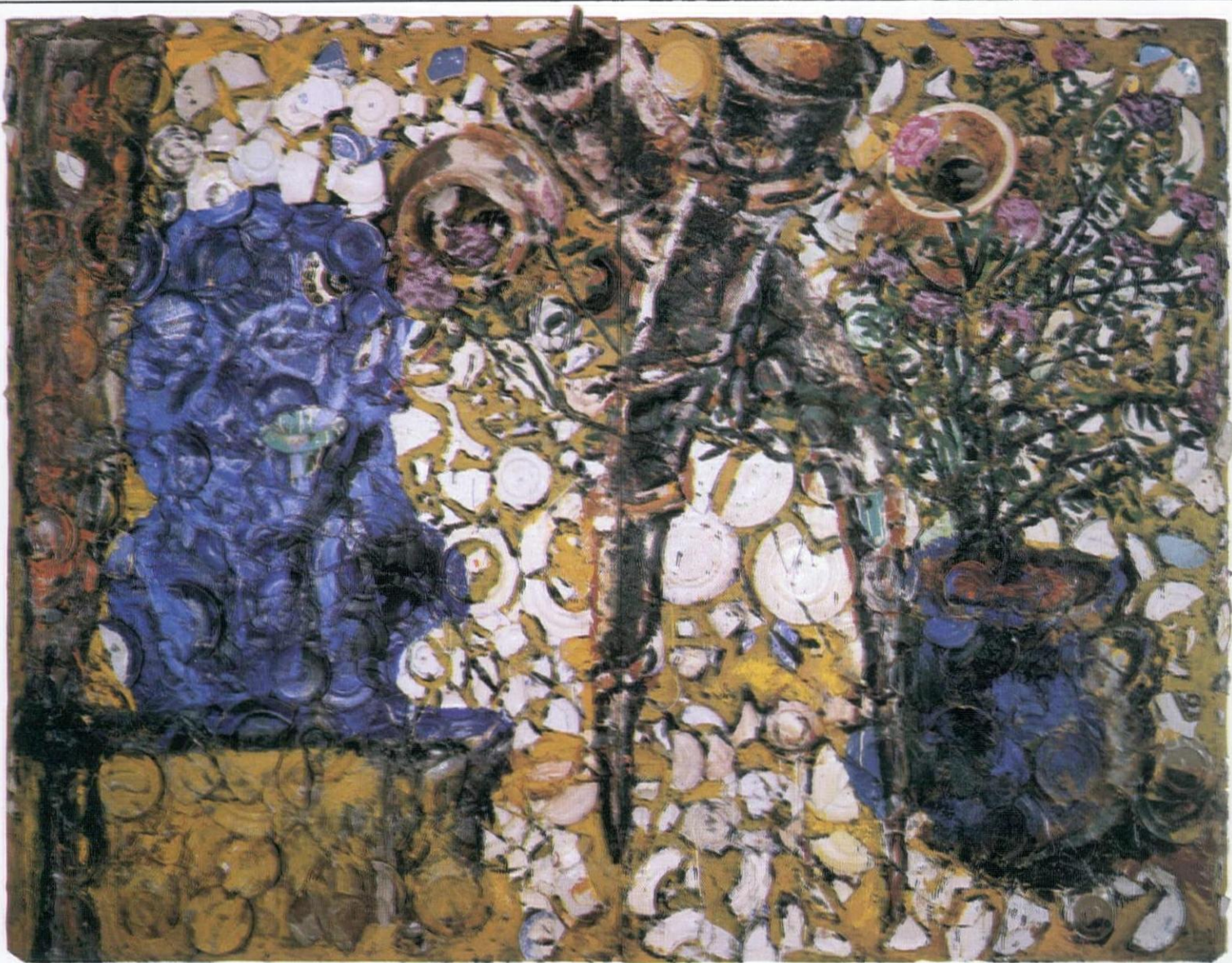
Julian Schnabel photographed by Amos Poe.

Steven Hager is a New York free-lance writer.

"I think some people
are more interested in my success
than in my paintings."



All paintings courtesy Mary Boone Gallery and Leo Castelli Gallery



Left: *Insane Authority* (1980, oil on fur/velvet, 96 x 84 inches). Above: *Voltaire* (1981, oil and plates on bondo/wood, 90 x 120 inches). Velvet and plates were Schnabel's two artistic breakthroughs.

siders, and a T-shirt. A hint of a smile disappears when the subject of the media comes up.

"I'm misunderstood," he says. "Many people seem to think this whole thing happened overnight. It didn't."

Situated near the mouth of the Rio Grande on an approximate parallel with Miami Beach, the city of Brownsville is the southernmost point in Texas. In 1965, when the Schnabel

family moved there, it was a booming border town with a population of 36,000. The Schnabels were moving from a middle-class Jewish enclave in Brooklyn, and the culture shock on their fifteen-year-old son was immense.

As a child, Julian Schnabel was cocky, eccentric, outgoing, precocious. "He was never ashamed or afraid to entertain people," says his mother. She recalls a night when her son was five years old and he got up on stage at a hotel in the Catskills to sing a solo rendition of "You Ain't Nothin' But a Hound Dog."

But Schnabel found himself isolated and lonely in Brownsville. Not only was he the new kid on the block, he had a Brooklyn accent and a decidedly urban attitude—characteristics

that aroused considerable suspicion at the local high school. Schnabel resorted to spending a lot of time by himself. "I've always been painting," he says. "If I didn't get along with people I just spent time by myself painting. And I didn't get along with people a lot."

At age sixteen Schnabel went to San Francisco for the "summer of love" in Haight-Ashbury. ("When he came back he loved everybody," laughs his father.) His paintings began taking on political overtones. He made a large painting of Grant Park in Chicago, filled with Mayor Daley, barbed wire, policemen without faces, and pregnant women.

When he graduated from high school, Schnabel enrolled at the University of





The Sham Alliance between Capital and Labor (1980, oil on velvet, 90 x 168 inches).
The more levels of meaning Schnabel can make a painting operate on, the happier he is.

Houston. He walked into the art department and announced, "I'll just show you my paintings and work on my own." He immediately bounced into a 300-level course. His college paintings were representational and heavily laden with psychodrama, often hinting at some indecipherable narrative. "People told me to think visually but I didn't know what that meant," he says. "I was thinking literally and I think my work is still literal."

After college Schnabel applied to, and was accepted by, the Whitney Independent Study Program in New York. Out of hundreds of applicants, fifteen artists are chosen each year. "It's an introduction to the city," Schnabel says. "You don't get the immediate cold shoulder. You get to wait for that."

Ron Clark, director of the Whitney program, remembers Schnabel as a dedicated painter who enjoyed philosophical discussions. "He was trying to work his way through the dominant, established modes of the fifties and sixties. For Julian it was not a simple case of rejecting abstract, formalist painting. He was incorporating it into his work. Many of his paintings were intentionally ironic."

The figures in Schnabel's paintings were becoming more two-dimensional; they began looking more like diagrams than real objects. Instead of using signs and symbols from his own artistic vocabulary, he began appropriating them from outside sources. Psychology manuals provided a rich supply of images; Schnabel was especially fond of projective drawing tests, self-portraits that projected what a patient would look like in the future.

Schnabel stayed in New York after the Whitney program ended. He drove a cab, worked odd jobs, and painted in his spare time. Ross Bleckner, a fellow artist, remembers hiring him to scrape the ceiling in his studio: "He started working but got bored right away and stopped. I liked him because he was outgoing and aggressive. I used to kid him that he was running for the mayor of Soho because if you walked down the street with him he would say hello to everybody."

In 1975 Schnabel moved back to Texas for a year. During this period the imagery in his paintings became much more barren, the style more architectural. Schnabel experimented with materials. He used plaster and wax to build up the surface of the paintings, then gouged and cut holes into them. He had his first show at the Contemporary Arts Museum in Houston. None of the paintings sold.

Back in New York, he found a job at the Ocean Club as a cook. "To be honest, I don't remember Julian as a spectacular cook," says Mickey Ruskin, the owner. "I do remember him as a good talker, though. He was brash and very confident." Schnabel lasted a few months and then took off for Europe.

After living in Paris for a short time, he surfaced at the offices of an art magazine in Milan, where he persuaded a collector to give him enough money to make ten paintings. When they were done he collected a few thousand dollars and returned to New York.

Schnabel was at his lowest ebb when he returned home, caught between anger, depression, and self-doubt. He took another cooking job, in 1977, at the Locale, a restaurant in Greenwich Village. By convincing the owner to trade tabs for art, Schnabel turned the place into an artists' hangout. Any undiscovered artist whose work he liked could sell a drawing to the restaurant in exchange for food. On Sunday nights thirty to forty artists would show up for Schnabel's special Sunday dinners.

While working at the Locale he met Mary Boone, who was about to start a new gallery. "Normally I'm very slow to make up my mind," says Boone. "But as soon as I saw Julian's paintings I knew I wanted to do something with him."

By 1978 Schnabel was frequently repeating three symbols or emblems in his paintings: a torso, a conical tree, and jagged lines. The lines were ambiguous; they could be veins on the torso or branches on the tree. That summer he went to Spain, where he fell in love with the architecture of Antonio Gaudí.

He was sitting in a hotel room in Barcelona, sketchbook in hand, when an idea came to him that unleashed a torrent of creativity: "I'm going to smash a bunch of plates and stick them on a wood structure like that closet." Schnabel quickly made two sketches of the idea. Ross Bleckner, who happened to be in the room, thought his friend wasn't feeling too well, but when Schnabel returned to New York he was still talking about the plates. He went shopping at the local Salvation Army store.

The salesman found a box big enough to hold all the plates Schnabel wanted to buy, but he had trouble packaging them: his arms were too short to reach the bottom of the box. "That's okay," said Schnabel, "I don't care if you break them." He took a stack of plates and heaved them into the box.

Back in his studio, he glued broken and

unbroken plates to a thickly painted pink background. The familiar cones, veins, and torsos were later painted around the plates. "When I was finished, I felt like it was the painting I'd been waiting to make all my life," Schnabel recalls. "It was a real shot in the arm." But when Schnabel went to bed that night he could hear the plates falling off the masonite and crashing to the floor. He had some obvious technical problems to work out.

The plate paintings were first exhibited that week in November 1979, and Schnabel's reputation promptly took off. "When I saw the first plate painting in his studio I knew immediately that no matter what I thought, I was looking at one picture that would reinvent everything," Rene Ricard wrote in *Art Forum*.

Next, Schnabel discovered he could paint realistic images on top of his plates. By painting directly on the plates, he felt he was suspending the image in front of the painting.

This quality led Schnabel to a new material: velvet. When he painted on velvet the image clung to the top of the pile, rather than being absorbed into the material. A wealth of new, expressionistic imagery poured forth in a series of gigantic velvet paintings. Many critics have assumed these were intended to be kitschy, but Schnabel vehemently denies this.

Two elements have become increasingly important in Schnabel's work: scale and juxtaposition. The size of his paintings is constantly ballooning and, at the same time, he is experimenting with different styles and materials within the same painting. "I think style is a fringe benefit of intention," he says, "and I've freed myself from stylistic inhibitions. I don't like constructions, but placement and the kinds of psychological weight that different materials have is of interest to me." The paintings are crammed with historical allusions, religious icons, cultural references.

Schnabel is of course only one of many young artists at last breathing new life into painting, but few have pushed so relentlessly forward. He's not happy unless his work shows constant signs of evolution.

"Julian is always asking himself how something can be done better," says Boone. "He learns a lot from his work. In that sense his paintings are really yearning and searching for the truth." □

St. Francis in Ecstasy (1980, oil and wood putty on plates and wood, 96 x 84 inches) is one of Schnabel's most haunting works.

"I knew immediately I was
looking at one picture that would
reinvent everything."



A Child's Garden of Books

How to choose the perfect children's book?
You're never too old to learn.

By Karla Kuskin

The bibliophile has decided that this year she will buy books for all the children, perhaps inspired by Graham Greene's essay, "The Lost Childhood": "It is only in childhood that books have any deep influence on our lives." But now, confronted with a runaway rainbow of shiny book jackets and an impenetrable jungle of titles and authors, she is beginning to wonder if it would be more sensible to get everyone something simple—like rubies.

Greene goes on: "In childhood all books are books of divination, telling us about the future. I suppose that is why books excited us so much." Of course, in Greene's youth books had no competition from television and other electronic games, but even then, as now, not every book excited every child. It's a delicate mix, the right book for the right child, and it's been made no easier by the recent profusion of children's books—2,500 to 3,000 published every year.

Because a well-chosen children's book is a personal gift, it's best to begin with the person, asking the same questions you would when buying a book for a contemporary: Personal likes? Particular interests? Is the person in question a collector, a lover of dolls, horses,

dinosaurs, laughter? But you must also consider: How old is the child? How accomplished a reader?

I have written and illustrated books for children; I have read to review them, to assess the new fall line, to catch up on old treasures I have missed, but mainly because I love reading a good book. So I have salted away quantities of strong opinions I like to impose when my turn to give comes around. I will cast a cold eye on the more recent and repetitive works of Dr. Seuss in favor of such vintage prizes as *The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins* (Vanguard), *And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street* (Vanguard), and *Horton Hears a Who* (Random House). I will bypass Joan Walsh Anglund's mouthless tots and that popular standby *The Velveteen Rabbit*, firmly convinced that artificial sweetener and children's portions of Gibran do not contain the necessary literary nutrients.

Because the right book coupled with the right child is such a powerful combination, it is a great pleasure to make a successful match. That bright seven-year-old who loves cats and verse should appreciate *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt Brace). It has wit and rhythm enough to make up for its pictureless pages. Of the countless story books that filled the pretelevision afternoons of my youth there are a number I will happily foist on a new generation: *The Wind in the*

Willows by Kenneth Grahame (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston), with an admonition to skip that boring chapter seven; *Black Beauty* by Anna Sewell (Random House), for a nine-year-old who is suddenly horse-struck; Felix Salten's *Bambi* (Grosset and Dunlap).

All these suggestions are made despite Isaac Bashevis Singer's warning, "One problem in literature for children is the parent who buys a children's book not because the child will like it but because of the parent's own affinity with the point of view." I assume that when you or I buy a book for a child, we keep that child in mind. Nonetheless, I also assume that literary and artistic taste are not born fully grown like Botticelli's *Venus*, but are defined and refined with experience. And the giver has more experience. Just as a good writer—Singer, for example—will not write down to children, a good book giver will not buy down.

If you are checking out past reading for remembered favorites, make sure they are still fresh and fascinating. While a good story usually survives, literary fashions just as usually fade. Like the cash contents found this past summer in the *Andrea Doria* safe, they may disintegrate dramatically when exposed to

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, illustrated by Nancy Ekholm Burkert (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) is presented in *The Art of Nancy Ekholm Burkert* (Harper and Row).

Karla Kuskin has written and illustrated some forty children's books. Her poetry for children won the poetry prize of the National Council of Teachers of English.



An Adult's Top Ten

A recent survey by the American Booksellers Association and the Children's Book Council asked booksellers to identify children's books with "proven adult appeal." A total of 261 titles were cited, and the most mentions, according to *American Bookseller*, went to:

1. *The Giving Tree* by Shel Silverstein (Harper and Row)
2. *The Velveteen Rabbit* by Margery Williams (Doubleday, Avon)
3. *The Little Prince* by Antoine De Saint-Exupery (Harcourt)
4. *Where the Sidewalk Ends* by Shel Silverstein (Harper and Row)
5. *Chronicles of Narnia* (series) by C. S. Lewis (Macmillan)
6. *Beauty and the Beast* retold by Marianna Mayer, illustrations by Mercer Mayer (School Book Service)
7. *Anno's Journey* by Mitsumasa Anno (Philomel)
8. *Tiger Flower* by Robert Vavra, illustrations by Fleur Cowles (Reynal)
- 9 and 10. (tie) *Hope for the Flowers* by Trina Paulus (Paulist) and *Lion and Blue* by Robert Vavra, illustrations by Fleur Cowles (Reynal)

Top: Shel Silverstein's *The Giving Tree* (here, from the cover) was chosen as having the most appeal to adults (Harper and Row).

today's atmosphere. Heinrich Hoffman's *Struwwelpeter*, which used to be considered a classic of the nursery, is now considered a classic Freudian horror. The once-popular *Little Black Sambo*, by Helen Bannerman, was removed from library shelves due to a severe case of racial stereotyping. Hugh Lofting's "Doctor Dolittle" books have lost luster and readers for similar reasons. Even *Mary Poppins* could use some judicious amending. On the whole, however, P. L. Travers' Poppins series (Harcourt Brace) remains lively and literate, as does Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women* (Little, Brown) and the "Little House" series by Laura Ingalls Wilder (Harper and Row). The characters and emotions are strong enough to pull the reader into the story and the old-fashioned setting becomes an asset, a window on those olden days that have always proved fascinating to youthful readers.

Children "love interesting stories," Singer has said, explaining why he began to write for them. "They believe in God, the family, angels, devils, witches, goblins, logic, clarity, punctuation, and other such obsolete stuff." And so they continue to respond to the

Brothers Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen, *Pinocchio* (Penguin), and the early "Babar" books by Laurent and Jean Brunhoff (Random House). In the words of Samuel Butler, "The oldest books are still only just out to those who have not read them."

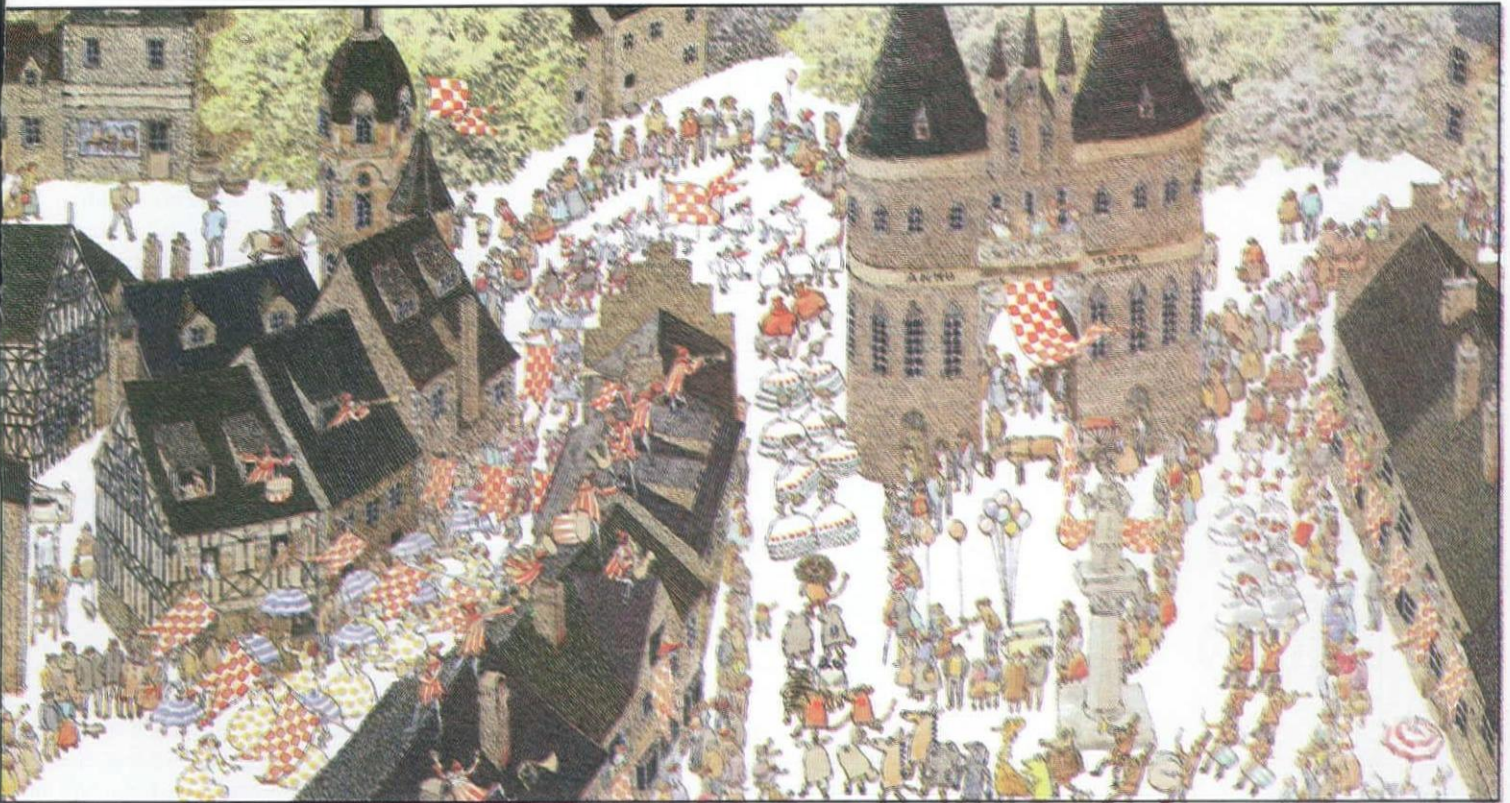
In many children's books, of course, for the youngest readers (and nonreaders), the looking is as important as the reading, the pictures as important to the story as the words. Not *more* important, mind you, but as important. When you peruse picture-book selections for three-to-six-year-olds and five-to-eight-year-olds, do not fall for the first pretty face. Make sure the book has an idea at its core, a strong skeleton of a story to hang the pictures on—not just another illustrator's fancy soloing.

Surveys have attempted to codify the qualities that make a picture book succeed. One asked, "What are the sensory factors that enter into the physical makeup of a book

William Steig of New Yorker fame turns his distinctive style to children's writing and illustration in such books as Gorky Rises (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).



Each work is built on its own truth,
which makes the
suspension of disbelief possible.



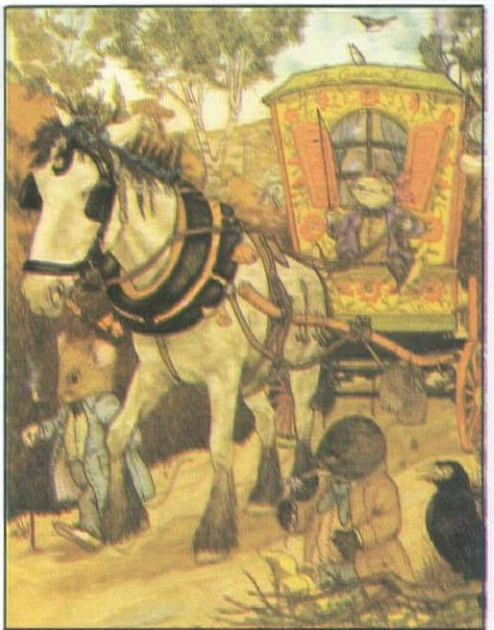
which might influence a child's choice?" Another went to a lot of trouble to reach such startling conclusions as, "Humor is enjoyed" and "Little children like details."

My own test is based on three qualities I believe a good picture book must have. The first is artistic unity: How well do the words and pictures illuminate and augment each other? Next, the book must be new. This has nothing to do with the copyright date but with the spirit of the work and its form of expression. Does it say something in a new way? Does it speak with an original voice? Munro Leaf's *The Story of Ferdinand* (Penguin), Wanda Gag's *Millions of Cats* (Coward), E. B. White's *Charlotte's Web* (Harper and Row) and *Stuart Little* (Harper and Row), and Richard Kennedy's *The Porcelain Man* (Little, Brown) and *Come Again in The Spring* (Harper and Row) are examples of classic children's books that are always new. The third requirement is truth. Each work is built on its own truth, which makes the suspension of disbelief possible. When Beatrix Potter died in 1943, her thirty or so small books for children did not. They are as full of art and gentle humor today as they ever were. One of my favorites, *The Tailor of Gloucester*

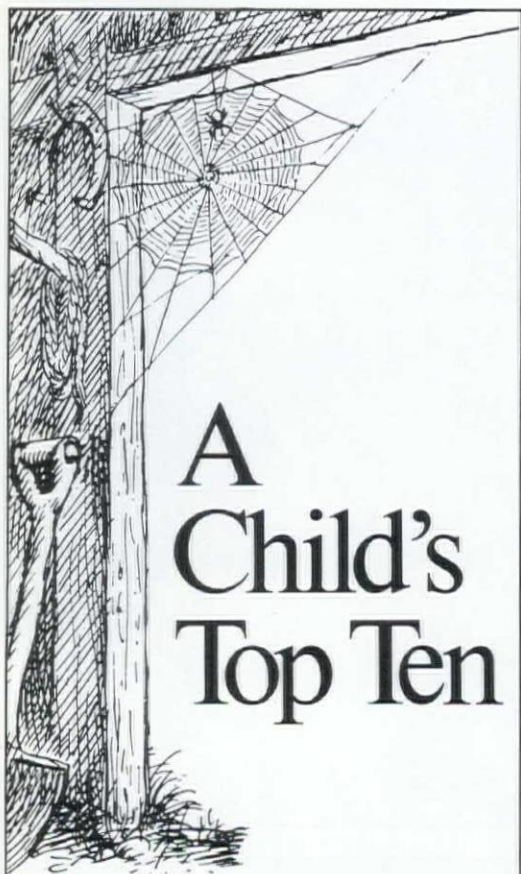
(Warner), is a Christmas fairy tale featuring a malevolent cat named Simpkin and some mice who do peerless embroidery. Writing about this story to a young friend, Potter concluded, "And the queerest thing about it is that I heard it in Gloucester, and that it is true." It is that kind of truth that turns a work into a work of art. When make-believe works, it literally makes us believe.

Not that this ability is exclusive to the classics. Among the handful of contemporary authors and artists noted here are people whose work, at its best, is some of the finest in the field. Unfortunately, however, many bookstores do not stock books for children either in the quantity or of the quality that one might wish, so you may not find all of these works locally. Some should be in the library and all should be available if ordered through an obliging bookseller.

Start with A, for Anno: Mitsumasa Anno, an unusually gifted artist whose *Anno's Alphabet* (Crowell) is an ABC for connoisseurs. Young children will be delighted by its trompe l'oeil letters, although some of the visual prestidigitation may pass them by . . . for awhile. They'll grow into it. Two other recommended Annos: *Anno's Italy*



Top: The gifted Mitsumasa Anno has several exceptional books: here, Anno's *Journey* (Philomel). Bottom: Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows* is a classic; Michael Hague's new illustrations are a lovely match (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston).



A Child's Top Ten

According to a 1981 *Publisher's Weekly* survey of booksellers, these are the all-time best-selling children's books (based on reports from booksellers, not sales figures per se):

1. *Goodnight Moon* by Margaret Wise Brown (Harper and Row)
2. *Where the Sidewalk Ends* by Shel Silverstein (Harper and Row)
3. *A Very Hungry Caterpillar* by Eric Carle (Collins)
4. *Pat the Bunny* by Dorothy Kunhardt (Golden Press/Western Publishing)
5. *Where the Wild Things Are* by Maurice Sendak (Harper and Row)
6. *Charlotte's Web* by E. B. White (Harper and Row)
7. *The Runaway Bunny* by Margaret Wise Brown (Harper and Row)
9. *The Chronicles of Narnia* (series) by C. S. Lewis (Macmillan)
10. *The Velveteen Rabbit* by Margery Williams (Doubleday, Avon)

Top: E. B. White's *Charlotte's Web*, an all-time children's best seller, is illustrated by Garth Williams (Harper and Row).

(Philomel), a wordless story filled with many small, half-hidden incidents, and *Anno's Counting Book* (Crowell).

B is for Burkert. Nancy Ekholm Burkert's reputation as an illustrator warranted the 1977 publication of *The Art of Nancy Ekholm Burkert* (Harper and Row). Burkert sets scenes with extraordinary care and an eye that pays homage to the world through details. Her interpretation of the Grimms' *Snow White* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), is faithful, lovely, and dark; and her small, handsome version of Andersen's *The Fir Tree* (Harper and Row), blends a lush palette with the restrained drawing of a still-life painter.

C is for Christmas, cats, and Chalmers. Mary Chalmers' *Christmas Story* is as dear as it is small. It is also out of print. Maybe if you write to Harper and Row they will rectify that matter. Her stories about Harry the cat, for the very young, will be out in paperback soon (*Be Good, Harry; Merry Christmas, Harry; Take a Nap, Harry; Throw a Kiss, Harry*—all Harper/Trophy).

Children's book authors don't fit an alphabetical bestiary as neatly as animals do (though, come to think of it, *Q* can be a puzzle even there), so skip ahead to *S*, for Steig. William Steig came to everyone's attention as a *New Yorker* cartoonist back in the 1930s. In 1968 he did his first book for children—about time. Nobody, but nobody, draws animals in overalls or sunbonnets with the conviction and graceful humor of Steig. The creator of such perfect picture books as *Amos and Boris*, *The Amazing Bone*, and *Gorky Rises*, he is not just an artist who writes, but a writer who draws. Steig's *Abel's Island* is a short novel for children and everybody else; it is also a lesson in how triumphantly words and pictures can be interwoven (all Farrar, Straus and Giroux).

"In the library of the young prince the solemn folios are not much rumbled," Lord Halifax once noted. "Books of a lighter digestion have the dog's ears." If you are looking for a folio to break up a young prince, the funniest book of last season is *The Stupids Die* by Harry Allard, illustrated hilariously by James Marshall (Houghton Mifflin).

Tomi Ungerer, an especially original and excellent author and illustrator, is very funny, too. Ungerer withdrew from active combat as a children's book maker some years ago to involve himself more completely in a celebrated graphic career. His humor, which at times has a macabre edge, is most visible and charming

in such books as *Cricter* (Harper and Row), *Rufus* (Harper and Row), *Emile* (Harper and Row), and the "Mellops" series (Harper and Row). These last are out of print but well worth pursuing.

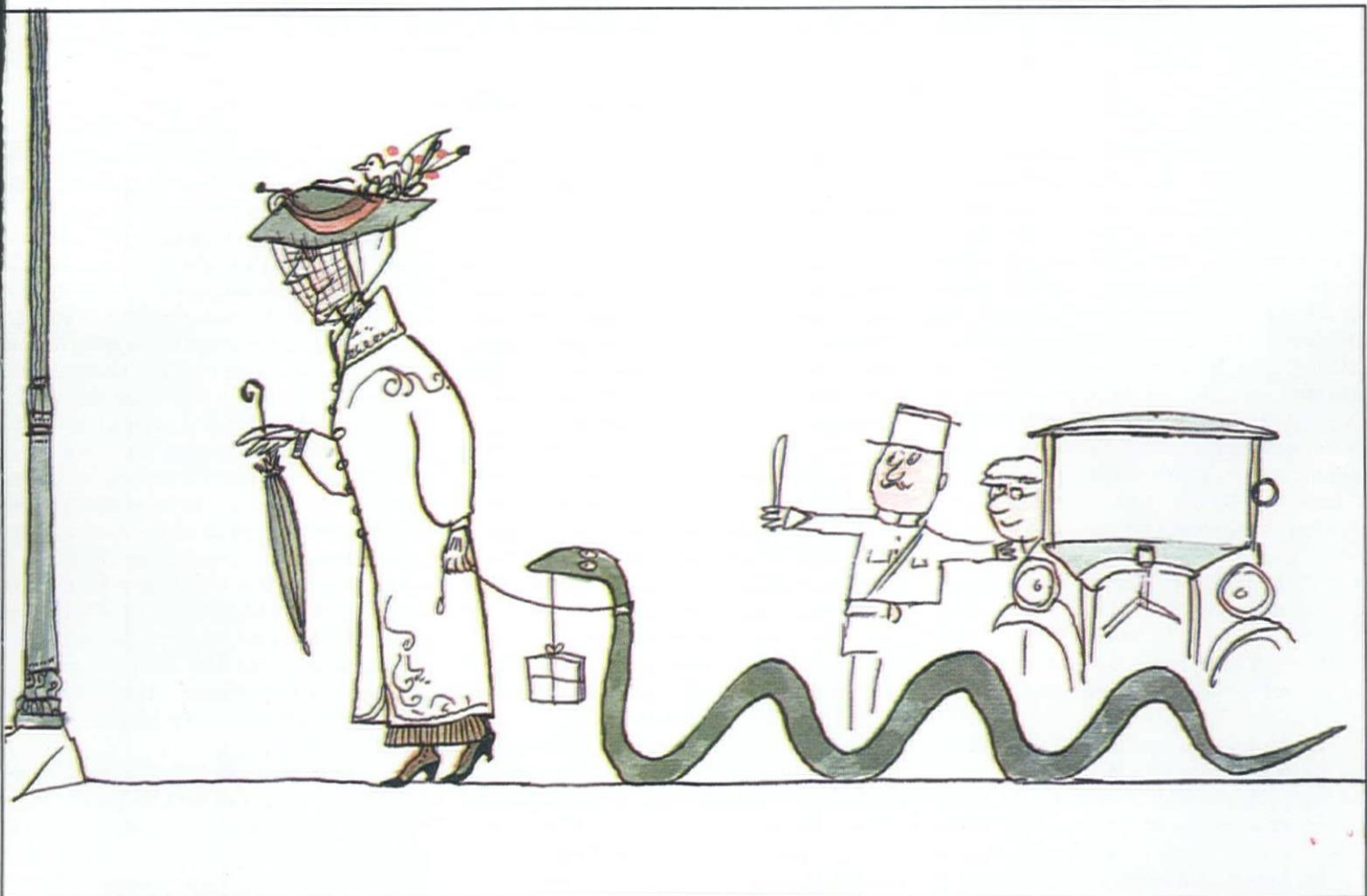
David Macaulay's handsome black-and-white books are for knowing children who want to know more. They can learn how a pyramid was built in *Pyramid* and how a cathedral was constructed in *Cathedral* and just what goes on beneath city streets in *Underground*. In his latest architectural anatomy there is a reverse twist: Macaulay details the steps taken when the Empire State Building is dismantled a few years hence. The author combines an architect's expertise with a fine, scratchy line and an inquiring, marvelously imaginative mind. His *Great Moments in Architecture* will beguile adult buffs (all Houghton Mifflin).

Talented hands down, the best-known, most widely acclaimed contemporary children's book artist is Maurice Sendak (see the May 1981 *HORIZON*). Armed only with a magical pen, he has discovered and tamed the personal monsters of a generation. Among Sendak's many strengths is his ability to reveal and interpret the spirit of each of the stories he illustrates. There have been about eighty of these. Among those I would rather not live without, there is room to list *Little Bear* (Harper and Row), *The Nutshell Library* (Harper and Row), *The Bee-Man of Orn* (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston), *Where the Wild Things Are* (Harper and Row), and *The Juniper Tree* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). *Outside Over There* (Harper and Row), his newest picture opus, is not just for children, but—as I believe I have already implied—a good children's book is a good book.

We do come to *Z* at last: Margot Zemach's illustrated folk tales catch the whirl and vaudeville of life on the edge of collapse. The ice-cream-colored *Duffy and the Devil*, based on an old Cornish folktale (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), and dark-hued *It Could Always Be Worse* (School Book Service) are splendid examples of her work. Collectors should note that she has done two versions of *The Fisherman and His Wife*, one in the late 1960s, one in 1980 (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).

Collecting, of course, is another reason to buy children's books, whether serious, single-minded collecting or a more casual accumulation of books old and new that catch your eye, your fancy, and your memories of childhood.

Literary and artistic taste are not
born fully grown,
but are refined with experience.



*Above: Tomi Ungerer is given to humor with a slightly macabre edge, as in the tale of a boa constrictor named Cricor (Harper and Row). Left: Nothing wrong with buying Anita and Arnold Lobel's *On Market Street* (Greenwillow) for an adult. Even for yourself.*

Booksellers are beginning to cater to the children's book buyers among us.

The collecting of antique volumes, however, has become more challenging. Maurice Sendak, whose collecting is inspired by and inspires his art, remembers that until ten or fifteen years ago it was still possible to discover treasures in the bins of secondhand bookstores. All that has changed. A growing number of antiquarian dealers, investors, and collectors who used to condescend to "kiddy books" are now experts on the art of such late-nineteenth-century illustrators as Maxfield Parrish, N. C. Wyeth, Arthur Rackham, and Edmund Dulac. Novice enthusiasts who can-

not afford a first-edition Kate Greenaway or a mint Lothar Meggendorfer toy book are starting collections with current works by Sendak, Ungerer, Lobel, and company.

The bibliophile has learned to detour around works of whimsy that, although they mine the coffers of the college trade, are not for real children. She has finally found just the right book for each real child on the list. In addition, she has purchased Anita and Arnold Lobel's *On Market Street* (Greenwillow), with its exuberant adaptations of old French trade engravings, for a friend who is a print aficionado; M. B. Goffstein's *A Little Schubert* (Harper and Row) for her brother-in-law the musician; and Jorg Muller's wordlessly dramatic *The Changing City* (Atheneum) for her sister the city planner and her environmentalist friend from college. Then only one person is left on the list: the Aga Khan, always a problem. Then she remembers he collects Rackhams. And that takes care of everybody. □

Why television is a different story.

Cheever on Writing for TV

Interview by Steven Hager

Next month the Public Broadcasting System (PBS) will launch "American Playhouse," an ambitious weekly series that is being billed as PBS's "first concerted effort at a high-quality dramatic series." To support this lofty claim, the producers have gathered an impressive list of writers for the series—Ann Beattie, Ray Bradbury, William Price Fox, Ntozake Shange, Jean Shepherd, Kurt Vonnegut. The premiere episode, which will be aired on January 12, was written by John Cheever, the most celebrated short-story writer in America and the author of such novels as The Wapshot Chronicle, Bullet Park, and Falconer. Although well known throughout the literary world, Cheever is a virtual newcomer to television. "The Shady Hill Kidnapping" is his first original sixty-minute teleplay. HORIZON recently visited Cheever at his home in Ossining, New York, to get his thoughts on the program and on the state of television in general:

The lamentations on the quality of television try my patience considerably. And I don't think of the fifties as a "golden age," either. Paddy Chayefsky is spoken of today as if he'd been Shakespeare. It seems to me that the medium has just begun—in a sense—to find itself.

Television has a velocity you don't always find in film. It has developed scenes that no other form of theater enjoys. But the form has taken on a rigidity, especially considering it is so young; I think some writers have been kept out of television because of its inflexibility. But I will not sit around and complain about television. We are very likely going to have to live with it, so why not enjoy it? Why not exploit it? Both commercial and public television have brought in some admirable innovations.

My first encounter with the medium was eight years ago when I was commissioned to do a pilot for commercial television. At the time I thought it would be great fun. But I simply was not granted enough freedom. I had to comply with the wishes of the sponsor, the director, and others. The last word on the quality of the show was not mine, so I walked out.

A few years later I did some Dick Cavett

shows, and in one of them Cavett asked if I really answered my own mail. I said yes, and consequently received a great deal of letters. They were from mature and intelligent men and women who counted very much on television as their contact with the world. I'm speaking of people in remote places. There are millions of them, living in small communities where the license for loneliness is vast. It seems to me that television provides the opportunity to address this enormous audience.

This project ["The Shady Hill Kidnapping"] started when the executive producer of WNET, Jac Venza, asked me to lunch at the Algonquin. He wanted me to adapt some of my stories for television. I told Jac I detested adaptations. I wanted to write short stories and I didn't see any particular reason why they should be turned into any other form. I told him, however, I would like to write an original teleplay, using the uniqueness of the form, its particular tonalities.

Jac asked if WNET could go ahead and do some adaptations while I wrote an original script and I agreed. The three adaptations ["The Sorrows of Gin," "O Youth and Beauty," and "The Five-Forty-Eight"] have already been shown a couple of times. They were very competent, but my feelings about adaptations remain unchanged. I would sooner read a book, if that's what the author intended, than to see it dramatized as television or film. Even when competently done, adaptations remain considerably less than an original.

We have two television sets. My wife watches public television continuously. I watch it very seldom. I don't have a favorite program. Years ago I used to watch a show called "Poldark." I remember running around the house on Sunday nights yelling, "'Poldark!' 'Poldark!'" Now I watch baseball. But while I was writing "The Shady Hill Kidnapping" I watched television for several weeks. I watched "The Hulk," "Little House on the Prairie," "Dallas." Some of it I thought was quite good. I would like to think of my show as a one-shot, low-budget venture as Westchester's answer to "Dallas."

One observation I made while watching these programs is that commercials sometime contribute nearly as much as the story line.

They become a comment on the action. For that reason I included five commercials in the show for a fictitious tonic called Elixicol.

"The Shady Hill Kidnapping" is about a woman who has a child born out of wedlock. She comes to visit her parents in the suburbs and, as one of the characters says, "the kidnapping of a five-year-old in the suburbs is as well structured as the Norman Conquest." I wouldn't want to give any more of the plot away than that. What I wanted to do is describe the love parents have for their children and the impediments and misunderstandings that can come between them. In this instance they are able to declare their love for each other—it has a happy ending.

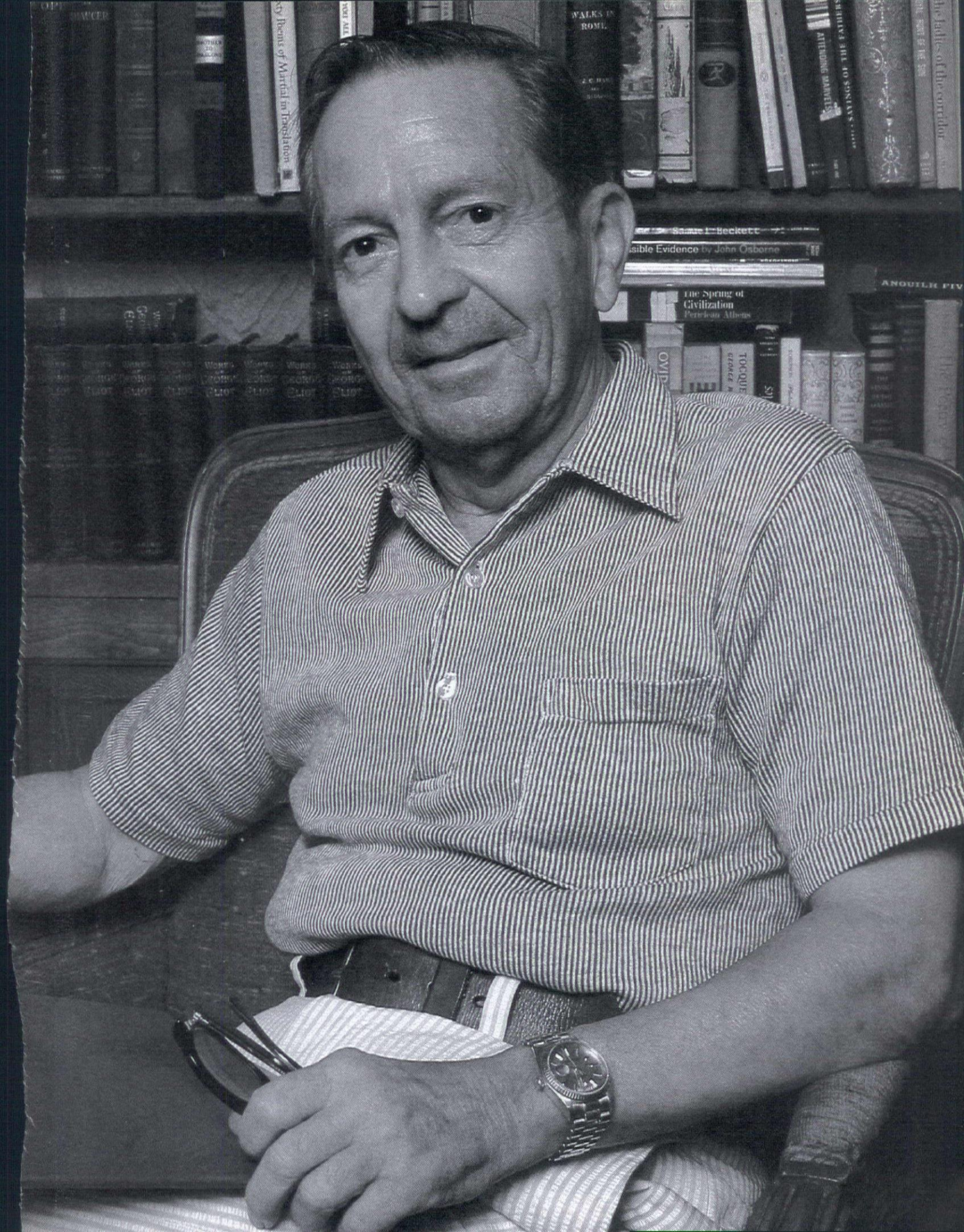
I haven't any idea how long it took me to write the script. I was working on other things and there were many interruptions, but about two years ago a cast read the first version at Joe Papp's Public Theater. The reading was quite successful. It ran something like two and a half hours at the time.

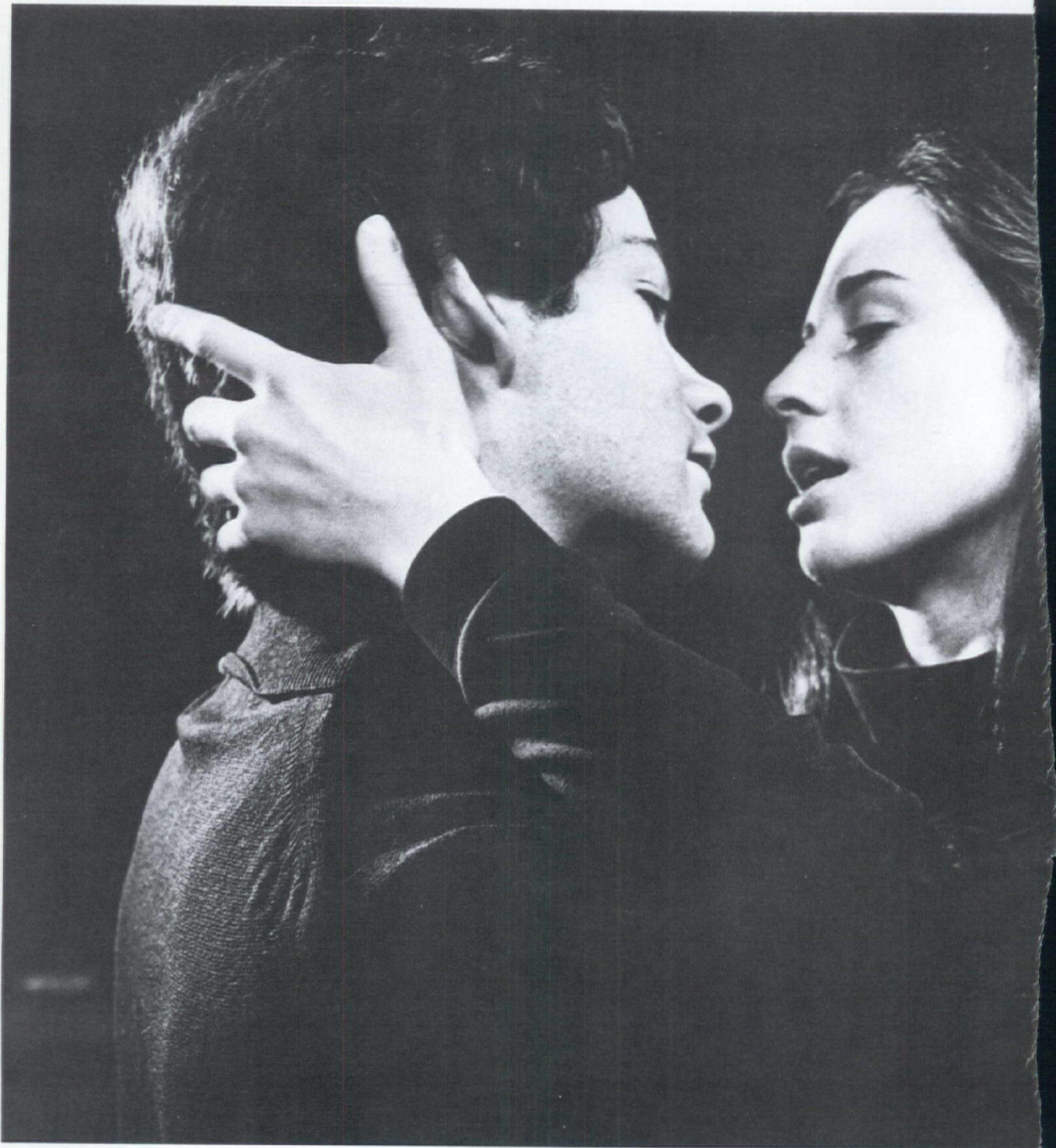
Six months ago, Paul Bogart became the director and we began working on the script together. If a line couldn't be pronounced, or could be improved on, I was quite willing to work on it. There's a tremendous difference between dialogue for a short story and dialogue for a play. It's a difference I haven't in any way mastered. Playwrights and novelists operate at a different stride. I have the greatest admiration for playwrights and realize I'm not one of them. With Paul's professional advice I cut the script by damn near an hour and a half. I saw a rough cut a couple weeks ago and I thought he did a marvelous job of directing. The pace of it is rather traditional—it is in the voice of television—but every now and then you get a line that has a quality fairly unfamiliar with commercial television.

I haven't any idea if I'd do something like this again. I'm too old to start a career in television. My hope is that young people will take up television writing seriously—not as hack work, but as something inventive, as an earnest dialogue with the people who watch it. □

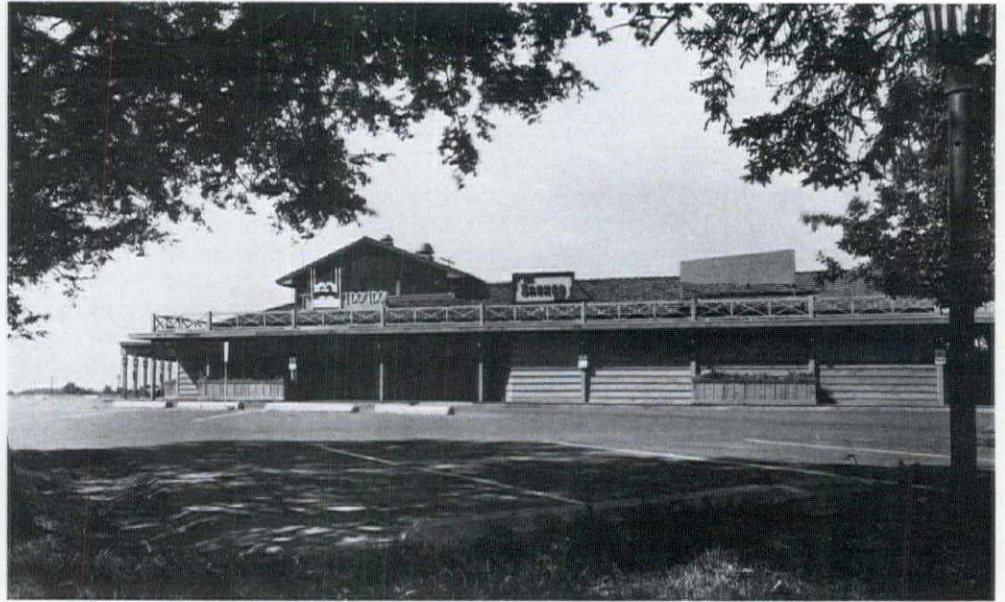
John Cheever will have his first original teleplay, "The Shady Hill Kidnapping," produced on a new PBS series.

Steven Hager also wrote this issue's profile of Julian Schnabel.





A Theater with Taste



At the country's biggest dinner theater, they take the stage as seriously as the steak.
By Paul Froiland

Sometimes, late in August, when Midwesterners are noticing the encroaching dusk and bracing for the sober chill of September, certain fancies are struck, certain plans are made, and certain people relieve their pockets of up to \$47 for a pair of tickets to a dinner theater in an obscure town in Minnesota.

The town is called Chanhassen; so is the dinner theater. Every night of the year except Christmas and Easter, over 1,000 persons make the forty-five-minute trip southwest from Minneapolis, to be served and entertained by the 400 to 600 employees of the largest food-service operation in the state and the fourteenth-largest in the country, and to watch the 1.1 per cent of all the Actors' Equity actors in full employment in the country who nightly strut and fret their hours upon the Chanhassen's four stages and then are heard again the next night.

It's an operation of colossal size. Attached

to the dinner theaters are the furniture showrooms, and down the road is the hardware store, and close to that is the lumber yard, and still to come—still in the head of the master planner who thought this all up, who built it, who owns it and who is the president of it, a man named Herbert Bloomberg—is the hotel that will someday complete this tidy empire of enterprise and entertainment.

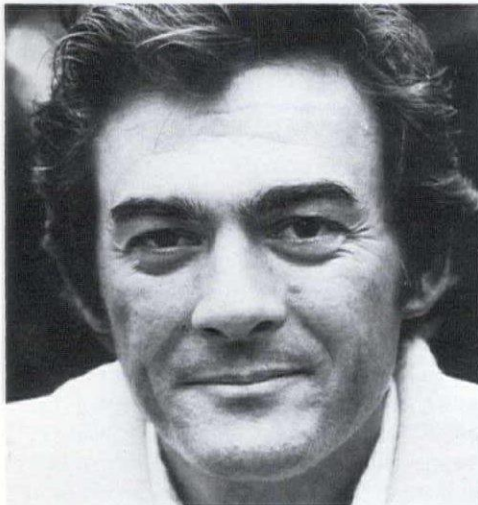
What the Chanhassen is, in short, is the leading edge of the dinner-theater phenomenon in this country. Built in 1968, the Chanhassen anticipated the dinner-theater boom that peaked nationally at seventy-four establishments in October 1979, and leveled off at fifty-three the following spring. The Chanhassen absorbed losses for its first three years, but by 1971 began showing a profit, and has done handsomely ever since.

As it grew in size—adding 130-seat, 180-seat and 230-seat theaters to its original 573-seat one—the Chanhassen grew in artistic respectability, and graduated actors to Broadway and to top theaters on both coasts. Among the notable alumni of the Chanhassen are television stars Loni Anderson ("WKRP in Cincinnati") and Linda Kelsey ("Lou Grant"), James Stein (now in *Evita* on Broadway), and Nancy Ringham, who went from an understudy into the role of Eliza Doolittle this summer in *My Fair Lady* on Broadway.

The Chanhassen dinner theater (above) and its controversial 1980 Equus (left), starring John Thomas Waite and Sara Schimke Hennessy.

Paul Froiland is managing editor of Passages, the inflight magazine of Northwest Orient Airlines, based in the Twin Cities.

The kitchen annually prepares forty-five tons of beef . . . 98,800 pieces of chicken . . .



Herbert Bloomberg (top), the Chanhassen's president, and Howard Dallin, its director, keep the four busy dinner theaters running.

Little wonder the crowds come. They are pleasant middle-class men in green-plaid jackets, and their wives in white flats and print dresses; earnest young men in new suits, escorting charmed young women; men with relentless crew cuts, wearing houndstooth leisure suits, and women with white shawls; teenage boys who have squandered most of a week's wages for tickets to impress the daylighters out of their steady girls, and the girls, duly impressed; middle-age executives and their perfectly coiffed wives; old men with white hair, and their wives with blue.

They press toward the largest of the complex's four theaters, the Chanhassen Dinner Theatre, to see Rodgers and Hammerstein's

The Sound of Music. Others will see Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit* at the Courtyard Dinner Theatre, or *I Do! I Do!* at the Dinner Playhouse, or Ernest Thompson's *On Golden Pond* at the Fireside Dinner Theatre. Couples in the throes of summer romance cling breathlessly to one another. A young man reads to his date from a placard, in nearly reverential tones, "May be the best dinner theater in the country—*Los Angeles Times*."

As the people file in by twos, they survey the layout: seven capacious tiers of seating, a wide thrust stage, a pit filled with seven musicians—each of whom will play at least two instruments during the course of the show.

"We have friends in the East," says a man from Mason City, Iowa, settling behind a table, "who took us out to a place where they all wore long tails and that, and I said, 'You come and visit me in Iowa and I'll take you to a theater up in Minnesota that's every bit as good—only it's in the middle of a cornfield.'"

Those at the table with him erupt in laughter, the laughter Midwesterners share when the cultural pretensions of the East have been effectively laid bare. Mr. Mason City and his wife look to be about sixty. They are here for the third time. Across the table, a couple from Hastings, Minnesota, fortyish, is here for the first time.

As the waiters and waitresses begin serving, Mr. Mason City further extends himself by claiming that the Chanhassen does not fare ill even in comparison with the Metropolitan Opera. This draws a respectful silence.

The Chanhassen kitchen prepares some forty-five tons of beef, sixteen tons of Dover sole, thirteen tons of pork, and 98,800 pieces of chicken annually, presented to the dinner-theater's patrons in the form of eight entrees: four are included in the price of the ticket, and four may be had for an additional premium. Other variables in the ordering of food have been neatly limited to three, excluding alcoholic drinks: salad dressing, beverage, and the degree of doneness of one's steak. Freshness is assured by Bloomberg's meticulous inventory system. The entire stock of food is inventoried weekly, and only 1.2 weeks' worth of food is kept on hand at any time.

Since the comparison is always made between the Chanhassen and its only serious rival for national pre-eminence, the Burt Reynolds Dinner Theatre in Jupiter, Florida, it may be noted that, on the restaurant side alone, the Chanhassen recently built an addition to its

kitchen in order to house a new conveyor belt and dishwasher. This addition is by itself larger than the entire kitchen in Jupiter.

"This food," continues Mr. Mason City, "is without peer—put that down, 'without peer'—nationally, except for the bean soup in the United States Senate cafeteria."

Coffee is brought in vast pots after the main course, eighty to ninety gallons a night. Waitresses promptly replace the pots should the patrons drain them before the curtain—but never thereafter. An aspect of the Chanhassen that endears it to actors is the fact that all orders for food and drinks must be made before the curtain goes up. Audience noise is thereby reduced to an occasional tinkle of ice cubes.

Over dessert, the audience turns its chairs ninety degrees to face the stage. The sets are impressive; all seventeen necessary for *The Sound of Music* are designed by the Chanhassen's in-house designer, Tom Butsch, and his crew. Each of the four theaters has a different stage set-up. The main dinner theater's stage is the most commodious, with a cruciform that thrusts out into the audience. The Fireside, with a small, cramped proscenium stage, is the least accommodating.

No one will ever accuse Rodgers and Hammerstein of writing over the heads of the average American audience; let that be established at the outset. And let it be further established that any young actor who can deliver such lines as, "I flit, I float, I fleetly flee, I fly," with a straight face and earnest demeanor has already a noteworthy degree of mastery in the field. Once these considerations are aside, roses may be flung with abandon at the feet of the Chanhassen's *Sound of Music* cast. A young Minneapolis actress, Shelley Chall, proves incandescent in the part of Maria. The children, survivors of an audition that began with 600 aspirants for seven parts, are well schooled and fully believable.

The audience applauds after every musical number and, at the intermission, bursts into a low and excited murmur of approval. The cast, meanwhile, leaves the stage—not to breathe more easily for twenty minutes, but to race over to an adjoining dining room for a spontaneous serenade of a wedding party whose members sit in surprise and delight while several nuns in full habit and children in lederhosen and dirndl skirts sing, "We're goin' to the chapel and we're goin' to get married."

The second act goes as well, and the audience seems to rise and fall in perfect cadence



with the hopes and fears of the von Trapp family. They are mildly dismayed when the children offer freshly picked edelweiss to Elsa, Maria's nemesis, and they are greatly relieved when the von Trapps elude the Nazis at the convent and escape to freedom.

As the crowd files out at play's end, chattering amiably, Mrs. Mason City renders her verdict: "It was very good, but to anyone who has been to Austria and seen actual edelweiss, that flower would just not be believable."

Nonetheless, those in the audience who are able to transcend the flower's infidelity to real life seem greatly taken with the performance. The degree to which one is startled afterwards, backstage, to see the abbess tear off her wimple to reveal a bushy mop of blond hair is the degree to which the characters have been effectively established in one's mind.

The Chanhassen's other offerings have been

warmly received by the public, and have drawn polite-to-enthusiastic notices from critics. *Blithe Spirit*, typically, was defined by a critic for the *Minneapolis Tribune* as "a pleasant and diverting production" of "an enjoyable piffle with few serious thoughts." More lauded was *On Golden Pond*, which ran for almost a year at the rustic Fireside Theatre, an intimate auditorium with theater-style seats and Remington-like paintings on the walls—the only one of the Chanhassen's four theaters to have dining facilities separate from its stage. The *Tribune* observed: "*On Golden Pond*, the latest entry in the Chanhassen's stable of winners, is the essential small play that forms the heart, if not the soul, of theater."

Howard Dallin, the new director of the Chanhassen, says that he chose *On Golden Pond* in part because "it's apple pie on an American flag." Dallin's version prompted a

In its four dinner theaters, the Chanhassen can seat more than 1,000 patrons for dinner, drinks, and a full-length performance.

pleased letter from the playwright, who, after seeing the Chanhassen's Warren Frost play the lead role with perfect irascibility, wrote that he wished Frost had been playing that role during the play's Broadway run.

Dallin, at forty-three, succeeded Gary Gisselman as artistic director this past August. Gisselman was a prime mover in the elevation of the Chanhassen to its current national renown; he has since moved on to the artistic directorship of the Arizona Theater Company.

"We haven't gone with what you might call the regular run-of-the-mill dinner-theater fare," Dallin says of the lofty repertory he's inherited. "We have tried to maintain a profile that is artistically responsible as well as

"One secret is that we don't operate on the star system . . . We avoid it like poison."



A brunette Loni Anderson, (fifth from left) stars in the Chanhassen's *Fiddler on the Roof* in 1971, before "WKRP" television fame.

commercially viable, and that's not easy.

"Now, with something like *The Sound of Music* we have another factor: we can do shows out here that no other theater in town can do. So we have an obligation to do at least some of these pretty standard, schlocky fares, if you want to put it that way—and I use the word *schlock* guardedly—because people like it; it appeals to a huge audience. But I don't want to do *The Sound of Music* forever out here. I think we have to look for another musical that has another edge to it."

Last year, under Gisselman, the theater performed Peter Shaffer's *Equus*, which caused a few hearts to go faint among regular patrons more comfortable with such chestnuts as *I Do! I Do!*, which has been running at the Chanhassen Dinner Playhouse since 1974 with the same two principals. One does not expect the nudity of a play like *Equus* at a dinner theater, much less people wearing horse costumes, except in a burlesque.

"When we ran *Equus*," says managing director Clyde Lund, "people saw it and liked it, but there were Chanhassen regulars, whoever they are, who said, 'Oh, I didn't think you'd ever do something like that.'"

Dallin had hoped to break more new dinner-theater ground by scheduling Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* this year. "Everyone likes the play," he says, "but the cast size is the big problem. *Rosencrantz* requires eight actors, and if you divide the number of seats by the number of actors and multiply it by the amount of money it takes to

maintain each actor on stage, you find that you have to put about 1,000 people a week through that theater, and it's not always possible to do that."

That *Rosencrantz* could even be considered as dinner-theater fare is evidence of the increasing artistic maturation at an institution whose success up to now has been predicated on other factors: an artistic staff that is given a free hand in play selection and direction; a pool of acting talent estimated to rank third nationally after New York and Los Angeles; a meticulously run restaurant operation; a service staff that is eager and efficient; an in-house costume department that outfits each cast with remarkable authenticity; and an in-house set designer and builder who create sets sturdy enough to last for a fifty-two-week run.

"One of the secrets of our success," adds vice president Bill McRostie, "is that we don't operate on the star system. Burt Reynolds' theater uses the star system, but we avoid it like poison. When you use that system, you rise and fall with that star. We try to sell the Chanhassen, not the star. We give people the best dinner we can produce, and then stop it abruptly at the curtain so that we can then put on the best play we can produce."

The Chanhassen's clientele regularly registers its approval of all this by mailing in evaluation cards found on the tables. So constant is

the flow of commentary that it is fixed into percentages, which, if they deviate from a previously established mean, are brought to the attention of the appropriate parties.

So constant, too, is the theater's reputation in the acting community that members of Minneapolis' Guthrie Theater have been known to leave that prestigious company to act at the Chanhassen, and actors from all over the country audition when they pass through.

"We had a situation today that is not atypical," says Dallin. "A girl came in who had quit the national tour of *Evita*, and acted and sang up a storm for us. We asked her, 'Where are you going?' and she said, 'Well, I'm not going back to New York; I'm thinking of living either here or Chicago.' It was like, if you have something for me, I'll come here. Now she was very good, a young, quality performer. This kind of thing is really encouraging to us."

"This season Clyde and I will become regulars at all the area theaters. People will know we're there, and they will perform for us. It's like an onstage audition. So you find people and file away mental notes about them. And when it comes your turn to cast, you've at least seen them onstage. Theater is one of the greatest human-resource industries in the world, and the human resource must be encouraged."

Beyond searching out new actors, Dallin says, "the new game, really, is to originate material out here. A lot of people in New York now are doing nothing more than finding things that have been built elsewhere, so that they can book them in and put them on Broadway. So it's about time that a place like this, which has all the resources at its disposal, takes a chance occasionally with brand-new material of its own making—its own writing, its own scoring, its own choreography—and try to interest outside producers in coming and seeing it and taking it away. I think that in the next ten years I would like to move very carefully in that direction. It's not easy in a theater as big as this, where taking a chance with a new work is taking a big chance, but that's what we'll be going for." □

Holiday Fare

This month, the Chanhassen's main dinner theater continues *The Sound of Music* every day except Monday. The Playhouse features the long-running *I Do! I Do!* (shown at right), every day except Monday. The Courtyard Dinner Theatre has *The Promise* and the Fireside Dinner Theatre has *LUV*, both daily except Tuesdays.



The Mystery of Monk

Talk about marching
to a different drummer:
Meredith Monk
wrote the score. And
plays the drum.

By Ellen W. Jacobs

Meredith Monk is bound for success in spite of herself. Emerging from that tribe of wildly iconoclastic *Wunderkind* that brought the world the likes of Twyla Tharp, and regarded as an equally outrageous talent, Monk held out longer, remaining stubbornly resistant to traditional success and refusing to play by the rules. She also had her reasons.

One of Monk's persistent difficulties is that she just doesn't fit in. Certainly not in anything without an unpronounceable name like dancermusiciansingerchoreographercomposerdirectoractressfilmmaker. Despite her defiance of category, the growing recognition of her prodigious talent is undeniable.

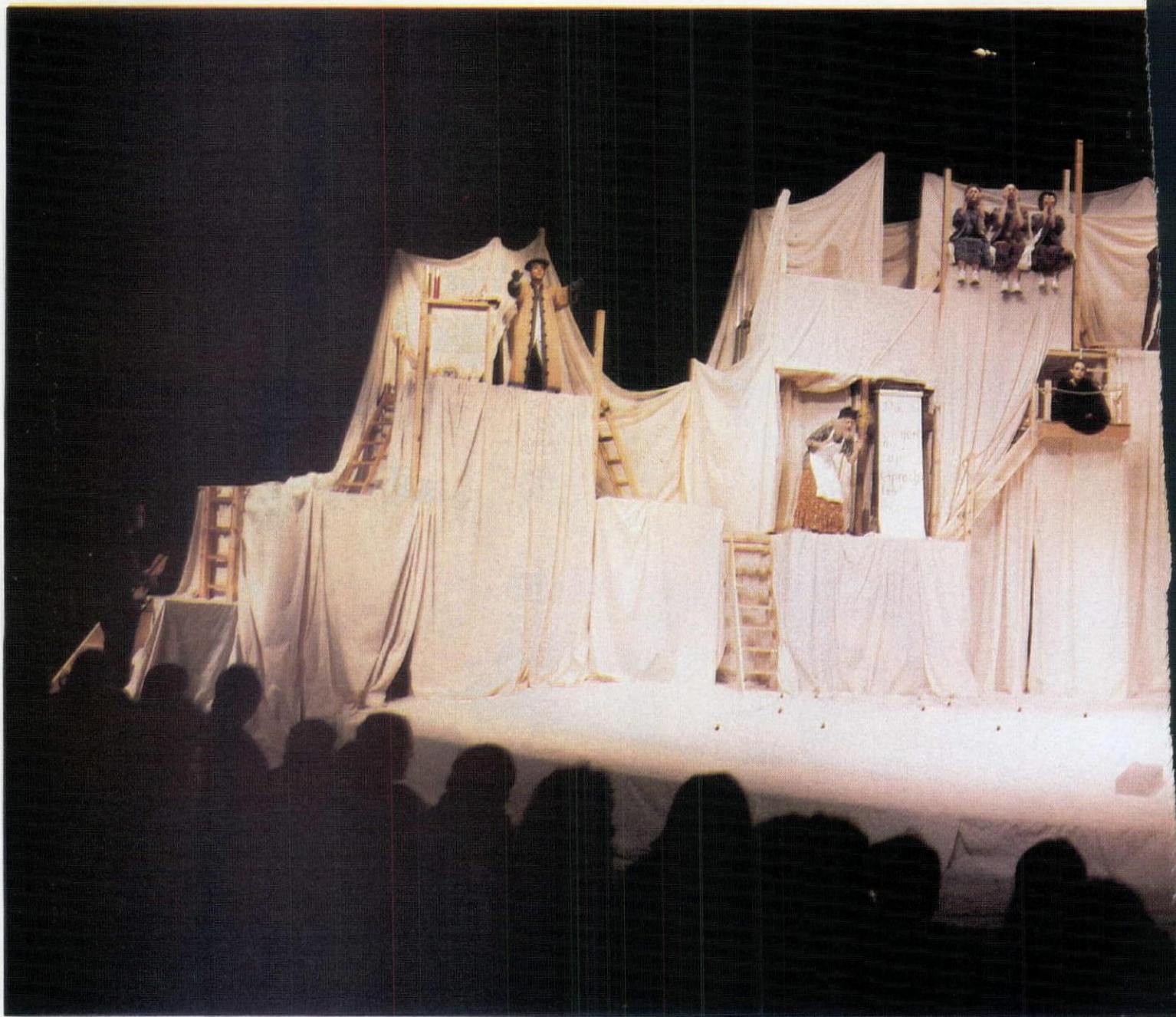
Her newest work, *Specimen Days: A Civil War Opera*, premieres December 1 at the Public Theater in New York. Her first piece for television, *Ellis Island*, airs on German television this month. ECM/Warner Brothers

Meredith Monk today (right) and as Prince Charming at age ten in the ballet *Cinderella*. "I was never the ingenue type," she says.



Color photo by Theodore Monk, B/W photo by Lois Greenfield





recently released Monk's latest record, *Dolmen Music*. In June, the Stuttgart Opera will present her *Quarry* with Monk playing her own role.

Yet editors throw up their hands and critics squabble among themselves over who covers Monk: art, theater, music, dance, film, performance art? She is still giving the New York State Council on the Arts a run for its money. Eight years ago her "case" was shuttled back and forth between the music, dance, and theater programs, until theater finally declared her theirs. But after an audit of Monk's *Turtle Dreams* this past May, "theater" declared the evening "music." Monk says, "When I'm dancing, my body sings, and when I'm singing, my body dances." Though initially regarded as a part of the dance world, it was soon apparent that she was as riveting a composer as she was a choreographer. Her performers move as they

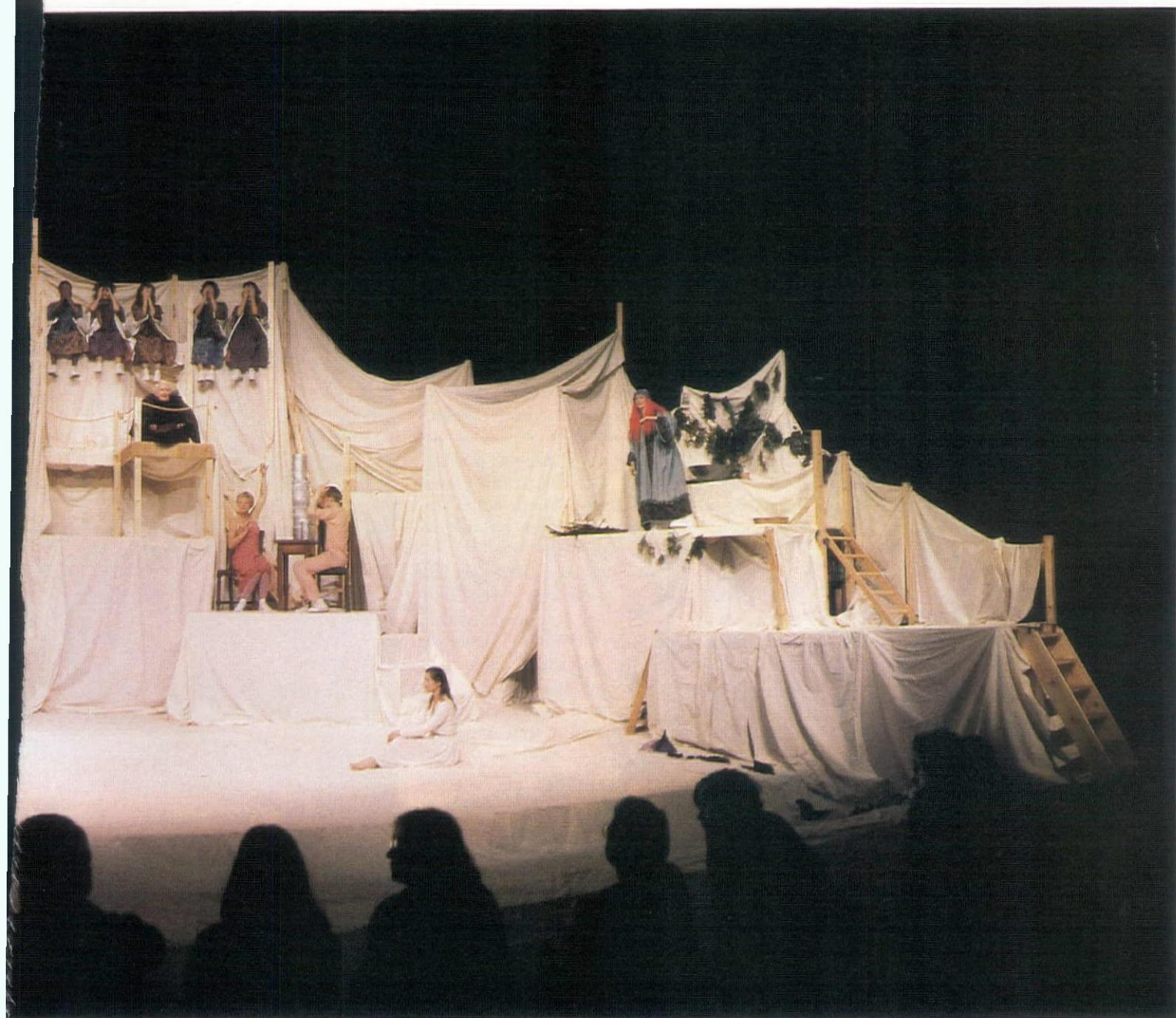
sing and sing as they move, as they did most recently in the mesmerizing waltz in *Turtle Dreams*. Even when Monk sits perfectly still at the piano, her head, shoulders, and torso circle.

The sounds from her throat, those rhythmic hoots, yelps, snarls, and groans, often emerging like a chant, have won great praise from music critics. John Rockwell wrote in the *New York Times*: "If she wanted to, Miss Monk could have a respectable career in conventional classical music. But she has already perfected her own technique to emit amazing varieties of sounds rarely heard from a Western throat, full of wordless cries and moans, a lexicon of vocal coloration, glottal attacks and microtonal waverings that lie at the base of all musical cultures." Her choreography, too—*Vessel* and *Quarry*, for instance—is a stuttering flow of jerky, squiggish movements and gestures, repetitive, primitive, and

ultimately choral in their effect.

When she works large, as in *Vessel*, which took the audience to several different locations during an evening, with many events taking place simultaneously, Monk's works assume an extravagance that makes Cecil B. De Mille look modest. And her requirements—"I need six horses, a gang of motorcycles, an antique car, and about seventy extras"—send shivers up the spines of her producers. Her work can also be spare and compact, such as *Our Lady of Late*: a duet between Monk's haunting vocalizing and her finger singing along the rim of a wineglass. So it is reasonable that Monk's hands grip her hips and her spine lengthens two inches as she fiercely declares: "I am not just a choreographer."

Monk was also born at the wrong time. She came of artistic age in the mid- and late sixties, a period when her peers were busily exorcising



Ruth Walz

Of Vessel, shown here in a 1981 production in Berlin, Monk says: "I did it in my terms, on my own turf" during a time when she had "dropped out for a while even though I was always, always working."

"I need six horses, a gang of motorcycles, an antique car, and about seventy extras."

the ghosts of expressionism and celebrating the ordinariness of performers. Form dictated content; emotion was out; theater was to be cleansed of illusion. In the middle of this emotional white-out, there was Meredith Monk creating music and theater pieces highly charged with feeling and brimming with personal expression—works made to appeal to our primal selves.

Monk's radical creations have a stronger spiritual connection to the theatrical expressionism of Martha Graham than to the asceticism of her own contemporaries. Though both artists use theater as a vehicle to investigate psychic interiors, Graham's explorations depend on the conventions of traditional mythology, while Monk creates her own mythology and her own worlds.

Graham and Monk create a personal language, which they bend and shape according to

their own expressive needs. Graham's vocabulary is movement, while Monk's is sound as well. They work as archaeologists, peeling off the layers of civilization to expose the unities that bind generations and cultures. Both Graham and Monk appeal to a preconscious logic, a dream state whose passion they domesticate with artistic form.

Monk is maybe 71.3 per cent convinced of the connection. "I don't want pain to be so much a part of my work. Oi, oi, oi," Monk says unhappily. She pauses, drumming her fingers on the table before a smile overcomes the grimace, and then proceeds in her usual breakneck way. Monk's sentences sometimes come out as one word. "Let's see, I think I'll become a gasoline attendant. That would be a good thing to do. That would be a lot of fun. No pain. Grow vegetables? I'm very good at it. If I thought that's where it'd always be, I think

"Rock music is a burn-out medium. I didn't want fast success and then retirement."



Estey Stowell

Monk—who insists, "I am not just a choreographer"—dances in her own Recent Ruins, shown here in a 1979 production.

I'd stop. Oi, oi . . ." Her hand flies to her cheek as if she has a toothache.

A tour de force of imagination, *Quarry* presents a spellbinding transformation of the Holocaust as seen by a child in a waking dream. It begins with the child (Monk) in pigtailed pajamas, lying in a bed of blankets on the floor. "I don't feel well. I don't feel well. I don't feel well. I don't feel well. It's my eyes. It's my eyes. It's my eyes. It's my eyes. It's my skin. It's my skin. It's my skin . . ." she sings until the accumulating organ music drowns out her plaintive chant.

Her work is not utterly cheerless or without delicate touches of whimsy, though it hardly inspires hoots of laughter; rather, its offbeat wit and surprises cause smiles of recognition. In *Ellis Island*, the camera holds fast on a turn-of-the-century immigrant family standing ceremoniously stiff and vacant-eyed. In its absolute stillness it creates a photograph lifted from the family album—until the woman turns to dust off her husband's jacket.

Her works proceed like mystery stories: clues are offered, but the final resolution of meaning is in the spectator's imagination. Understanding them is a matter of accepting the logic of her imagery while watching, as we accept the logic of our dreams while dreaming. They are populated by the creature-humans that inhabit our dreams (bodies can be painted

blue or red), then grounded by real objects (you actually smell the campers' pork chops sizzling in *Needlebrain Lloyd and the Systems Kid*) and real environments (parking lots, museums, and even lakes). We discover her philosophical point through our senses.

A final portion of *Needlebrain Lloyd* took place inside a building on the Connecticut College campus. Seated on the dewy lawn outside, the audience peered at the silhouettes of the performers moving silently behind glowing windows. The first response is awe and wonder; more slyly, Monk brings home the voyeurism of theater audiences by having literally turned us into peeping Toms.

During *16-Millimeter Earrings*, a multimedia piece she presented at the Billy Rose Theatre in 1969, almost as much critical attention was given to the lobby exhibits of performers reading by candlelight inside corrugated boxes as to the production itself.

Her whimsical rebelliousness and fusion of fact and fantasy in the Billy Rose program biography innocently betrays Monk's own fantasies about her life: "MEREDITH MONK was born in Lima, Peru/grew up in the West riding horses/is Inca Jewish/lived in a red house. A COMMERCIAL: SHE WILL PRESENT A NEW WORK: "TOUR: DEDICATED TO DINOSAURS" ON MARCH 4 IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION IN WASHINGTON, D.C. Started dance lessons at the age of three because she could not skip/did Hippy Love Dance at Varney's Roaring 20's Topless Club in California/has brown hair."

Though born in Peru, she grew up in Connecticut, where she took modern-dance classes from a former Doris Humphrey dancer, Ernestine Stodelle. A few years later she began ballet. She studied piano throughout her childhood. "I come from a very musical family, and being very competitive I began singing at eight months, before I could talk," Monk says.

Monk also performed in many local theatrical productions. "I played the witch a lot. I played a *prince*. I played a *great Prince Charming* when I was ten. I was never the ingenue type when I was a child. I had to wait until I got older."

In high school she was in a quartet, which she likens to the HiLos, and was already composing her own music. Her academic achievements got her into Sarah Lawrence.

At Sarah Lawrence, Monk studied modern



Sarah Van Ouwert

Meredith Monk, second from left, and company perform in Monk's mesmerizing Turtle Dreams. "When I'm dancing, my body sings," says the uncategorizable Monk, "and when I'm singing, my body dances."

dance three times a week and ballet twice a week and would go into New York and study at the Joffrey on Fridays and weekends. By her senior year she was also singing every day: two lessons a week and coaching every other day. "I was in Opera Workshop and writing music like crazy."

In 1967, while making breakthroughs in her own art, Monk began singing and playing guitar for a rock band, but she soon quit. "Rock music is a burn-out medium. I didn't want fast success and then retirement."

Although many important people recognized and encouraged her abundant gifts,



Monk hedged, almost to the point of self-defeat. As Monk's former manager, Charles Reinhart, puts it, "She had such a defeatist attitude—as if, 'I'm going to fail the test, so why take it.' Yet, despite herself, she has been a seminal figure in modern theater." Reinhart kept Monk on his select client list because he believed in her talent.

Monk doesn't disagree. "There were a lot of years where I just didn't care. I was very, very leery at a certain point, around the time of *Needlebrain Lloyd* [1971]. I was real scared at that time because I was so young, and I had worked so young, and I had done so much by such an early age that I got very leery of too much too soon, and I didn't think I was strong enough at that time to be able to handle it.

"For example, at that time I did a record for Vanguard, and I didn't release it because I didn't like it. I was so flipped out about deal-

ing with a real, a major, record company. In a way I was so political at that time.

"I remember I would have these conversations with Merce [Cunningham] at the time," Monk continues. "And he said, 'What's your alternative? It's either do this or drop out and live in a hippie commune.' He'd say, 'You just have to do it.' "

After breathlessly talking about how lucky she feels having ECM releasing *Dolmen Music*—"It is a totally uncompromising label. They accepted me for what I am."—she goes back to Vanguard.

"Vanguard was pretty wonderful, too, I was just more paranoid in those days. They were really not asking me to compromise my music at all. It was a real risk for them."

Now she says of her growing fame: "The only thing I have to say about it—and this is only a joke—I wish I had some money. I have

all the bad things about being sort of famous. People are at me all the time; the telephone is ringing all the time; I never have any time to myself. I have all the bad things, but I don't have any of the good things, like money. I'm not talking about being a millionaire, I'm talking about having more than \$250 to survive on until October 1." She pauses for three seconds before her words rush into each other again. "On the other hand, I was talking to my father the other day, and he said, 'It's so pathetic you don't have any Social Security, you only have \$250, and you've been working for eighteen years.' I said, yeah, I was kind of depressed about it, but then I said to him, 'On the other hand, I've actually done what I wanted to, which is pretty good. That's O.K.' " □

Ellen W. Jacobs last wrote for HORIZON on Laura Dean (January 1981).

Films



Making Books

Francois Truffaut, who bases his own film adaptations on minor books, has often discussed the dilemma of adapting a major novel: How can the film maker tamper, as he must, with a well-known book without offending a literate audience? Truffaut's point is well taken, but while literature has brought us such recent disasters as *The Great Gatsby* and *The Bell Jar*, it has also inspired *The Tin Drum*, *The Europeans*, and *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*—some very faithful to the text, some less so. When an adaptation is successful on its own terms, no one complains about betrayal of the book. When the film goes wrong, the book is jealously invoked.

And lately many film adaptations have gone wrong—not spectacularly but in modest, dispiriting ways. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, for instance, was a perfectly respectable film, with lovely seascapes and a haunting performance by Meryl Streep; film makers Harold Pinter and Karel Reisz were within their rights to invent a modern plot as counter-

point to John Fowles' Victorian love story (see the October 1981 HORIZON). But their plot is thin, and the cutting from past to present merely depletes the central romance and tries the viewer's credulity.

Quartet, directed by James Ivory (of *The Europeans*) from the Jean Rhys novel, was scarcely more satisfying. Again, the problem is not fidelity to the word of the book. Ivory's protagonist, like Rhys', is a wispy, penniless young woman—Marya—who falls prey to the vagaries of life and the designs of an apparently solicitous older couple. The acting, particularly Isabelle Adjani's leading performance, is first-rate; Ivory lovingly re-creates the details of Rhys' 1920s Paris café society. No, the trouble lies not in *Quartet's* substance, but in Ivory's sensibility. For this predictable story demands an hysterical subject. Evoked in Rhys' quietly charged prose, Marya becomes an intelligent and willfully masochistic young woman—accomplice as well as victim in her fate. But in Ivory's subdued, almost invisible style she is no more than a clichéd exploited female, and an increasingly unconvincing one at that. So *Quartet* finally does justice neither

Director Milos Forman (right) persuaded James Cagney to come out of retirement for his adaptation of E. L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*.

to the book nor to the film maker's potential.

And now we have the long-awaited adaptation of E. L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*. Like *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Doctorow's panoramic novel presents obvious problems for the adaptor: a highly popular work, a distinct literary style, and a skein of improbably intersecting narratives that makes *Nicholas Nickleby* seem straightforward by comparison. Still, more in keeping with Dickens than with Fowles, Doctorow's prose is also ripe for the right sort of dramatization. His clipped descriptions have an oddly visual, almost photorealistic quality: the immigrant Tateh's daughter is "a little dirty-faced girl . . . [with] straight black hair fitted on her head like a helmet." The book's musical interweaving of plots fairly cries out for stylish camera and soundtrack interplay. And Doctorow's characterizations are suggestive rather than novelistic—just the stuff of cinema.

It's easy to see what attracted Milos Forman

to the project. From his early, socially conscious Czech films, like *The Fireman's Ball*, through his superb adaptations of *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Hair*, Forman has proven himself a strong and subtle film maker with a gift for fleshing out polemical themes with gently idiosyncratic characters—and *Ragtime* has themes and characters aplenty.

During the film's first twenty-odd minutes, Forman seems to have both under control. In the first shot, celebrity Evelyn Nesbit (Elizabeth McGovern) and her dancing instructor waltz across what looks like the bottom of an hour glass. It's a seductive image, but something's missing, as the following shot makes clear. For now the listless (yes, that was the trouble!) couple is gone, replaced by the thick black fingers of a pianist banging out a ragtime score on a black-and-white keyboard. Forman makes his—and Doctorow's—point about American society early and artfully.

And now the threads of Doctorow's narrative begin unraveling above, below, and around these pounding black hands. We see Teddy Roosevelt in an old newsreel; we watch a silent movie and a Houdini trick. We're in a spotless New Rochelle dining room with a not-quite quintessential American family: Father, Mother, Grandfather, a watchful young boy, and Mother's disturbed Younger Brother.

So far, so good. Forman has done nothing extraordinary, but Doctorow's fabulous tapestry is slowly beginning to take shape.

Forman pulled out all the stops in luring big names to Ragtime: (left to right) Donald O'Connor, Pat O'Brien, Norman Mailer.



And then, no more than forty minutes into a very long film, something strange happens. Forman abruptly turns his back on this melting pot that is at the heart of Doctorow's novel, and begins closing in on Doctorow's least authentic, most melodramatic story line. The black man with the musical hands returns, not as a discreet symbol, but as Coalhouse Walker, a "Negro" ragtime player who's seen his car destroyed by bigoted white firemen and now is an embodiment of black wrath. Nothing wrong with this as such. But Walker, as written and as played (by Howard E. Rollins) is not flesh-and-blood, but a soap-opera creation, born of the worst sort of white-liberal guilt: an impeccably noble hero who is, of course, bound for martyrdom in white America.

From the moment Walker enters the life of the New Rochelle family, all the wonder goes out of *Ragtime*. Forman's elaborate sets and painstaking framing now seem less the cinematic equivalent of Doctorow's precise prose than heavy-handed evidence of American rigidity. The elusive characterizations grow morally fixed: those sympathetic to Walker's plight are good; those against him are not only doomed, but ugly. Forman's characterization of the bigoted head fireman as a slovenly buffoon is egregious stereotyping.

As the mild-mannered Walker is propelled from his piano bench to firehouse burnings and, finally, an interminable siege at the Morgan Library, the film goes to pieces. It reaches a nadir in the excruciatingly banal encounter between Booker T. Washington (played, nonetheless, with tremendous dignity by Moses Gunn) and our besieged radical hero.



Ragtime is not quite as simple-minded as a plot summary suggests. There are amusing scenes between Evelyn Nesbit and her various admirers; James Cagney's presence (as the police commissioner) is welcome; Mandy Patinkin's all-too-infrequent appearances as the feisty Tateh invariably breath life into the production. As always in Forman's work, there are pleasing character twists. There's a nice moment, for instance, when Mother and Father—besieged by reporters in search of Walker—must come to terms with their new circumstances. Up to this point Mother has made all the decisions. But now she's visibly agitated, and an unusually calm Father gently places his arms on her shoulders and asks if she'll arrange to close the house. As Mother wordlessly thanks him for rising to the occasion, Forman touches on something wistful and important and way beyond the *Sturm und Drang* of the Coalhouse Walker caper.

Still, it's Walker, and not Mother or Tateh, who is at the center of this film, and the white firemen, more than the changing world at the turn of the century, are the antagonists. Those who remember Forman's *The Firemen's Ball* may perceive invidious comparisons between the wryly evoked socialist firemen in the earlier work and the classic American villains here. Both bear witness to a bitter political reality, but Forman's message is more human in the Czech comedy. Like Ivory's *Quartet*, Forman's *Ragtime* honors neither author nor film maker. A fine movie is hidden somewhere inside Doctorow's book, but five years and some of the best talent in Hollywood haven't succeeded in bringing it to the screen. —Diane Jacobs



YOU CAN OFFER
HORIZON
The Magazine of the Arts

Want to offer HORIZON
for sale in your shop or
museum bookstore?
Inquire about our new
program, offering a special
wholesale bulk discount.
You and HORIZON create
the life of the arts—now
share that with customers
and tap a new profit
source! For details, call or
write to:

Monica Putnam
P.O. Drawer 30
Tuscaloosa, AL 35402
(205) 345-0274

Statement of Ownership

Statement of ownership, management and circulation (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code). 1. Title of publication: Horizon. A. Publication no. 00184977. 2. Date of filing: October 22, 1981. 3. Frequency of publication: Monthly. A. No. of issues published annually: 10. B1. Annual subscription price: \$18.00. 4. Location of known office of publication: 1305 Greensboro Avenue, Tuscaloosa, AL 35401. 5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 1305 Greensboro Avenue, Tuscaloosa, AL 35401. 6. Names and complete addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher, Gray D. Boone, P.O. Drawer 30, Tuscaloosa, AL 35402; Editor, Gray D. Boone, P.O. Drawer 30, Tuscaloosa, AL 35402; Managing Editor, Kellee C. Reinhart, P.O. Drawer 30, Tuscaloosa, AL 35402. Owner: Horizon Publishers, Inc., P.O. Drawer 30, Tuscaloosa, AL 35402; Boone, Inc., P.O. Drawer 2, Tuscaloosa, AL 35402; Dennis Stanard, P.O. Drawer 30, Tuscaloosa, AL 35402; Kellee C. Reinhart, P.O. Drawer 30, Tuscaloosa, AL 35402; Robert Bishop, P.O. Drawer 30, Tuscaloosa, AL 35402; Dale Steiger, P.O. Drawer 30, Tuscaloosa, AL 35402; Milan Stitt, P.O. Drawer 30, Tuscaloosa, AL 35402; Will Hopkins, P.O. Drawer 30, Tuscaloosa, AL 35402; Ira Freidlander, P.O. Drawer 30, Tuscaloosa, AL 35402. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees or other securities: None. 10. Extent and nature of circulation: A. Total number of copies printed (net press run): Average number of copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 70,897; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 71,210. B 1. Paid circulation—Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: Average number of copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 4,690; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 4,750. Mail subscriptions: Average number of copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 57,252; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 57,610. C. Total paid circulation (sum of 10B1 and 10B2): Average number of copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 61,942; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 62,360. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies: Average number of copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 2,465; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 2,300. E. Total distribution (sum of C and D): Average number of copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 64,407; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 64,660. F. Copies not distributed—1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: Average number of copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 1,800; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 1,800. 2. Returns from news agents: Average number of copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 4,690; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 4,750. G. Total sum (sum of E, F1, and F2—should equal net press run shown in A): Average number of copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 70,897; actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date, 71,210. 11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Gray D. Boone (signature of publisher).

Letters

The Shuberts Fit

I have been a most satisfied subscriber of yours for several years. The HORIZON stories have been well researched, written and edited with sensitivity.

You can imagine how startled I was by the apparent legerdemain Norman Nadel (or your editorial staff) accomplished in the first sentence of "When the Shuberts Fit" in the October 1981 issue.

Not even the mighty power of the Shuberts could make the Plymouth and Booth Theatres change places at the north end of Shubert Alley. As a native New Yorker (whose first show at the age of nine was *Oklahoma!*), the error was obvious—even after I read the sentence twice. Shubert Alley runs next to the Shubert and Booth Theatres; the Plymouth is the next house west on Forty-fifth Street, between the Booth and the Royale.

That's one of the glories of the Shuberts' (and everyone else's) "Broadway"—it's in your mind and heart even if you're 2,000 miles away!

H. David Kaplan
Houston, Texas

Evita at the Shubert

In general, I agree with your editorial on Broadway in the October issue. However, I would like to correct what you have to say about *Evita*. ("At presstime, *Evita* is scheduled for the Shubert in Los Angeles . . ."). *Evita* is not scheduled for the Shubert. *Evita* has been playing for many months at the Shubert—a very successful run for Los Angeles—and is now getting ready to close and to depart for a national tour.

Watch out Cleveland, here we come.

Harry M. Coggins
Carson, California

Correction

In the October 1981 HORIZON story, "When the Shuberts Fit," Gerald Schoenfeld and Bernard Jacobs of the Shubert Organization were incorrectly identified in a picture caption. Mr. Jacobs is on the left of the picture (page fifty-nine), Mr. Schoenfeld on the right. HORIZON regrets the error.

21 American business leaders invite you to join them at the theater.



Names and titles of Board of Governors, from left to right:

Chairman

John J. Horan, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Merck & Co., Inc.

Vice Chairmen

Robert A. Beck, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Charles L. Brown, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer, American Telephone and Telegraph Company

James E. Burke, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer, Johnson & Johnson

Willard C. Butcher, President and Chief Executive Officer, Chase Manhattan Corporation

Frank T. Cary, Chairman of the Board, International Business Machines Corporation

James H. Evans, Chairman, Union Pacific Corporation

James L. Ferguson, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, General Foods Corporation

Edward L. Hennessy, Jr., Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Allied Corporation

Howard C. Kauffmann, President, Exxon Corporation

James L. Ketelsen, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer, Tenneco Inc.

William F. Kieschnick, President and Chief Operating Officer, Atlantic Richfield Company

Paul LeBlanc, Chairman of the Board of Partners, Arthur Andersen & Co.

Archie R. McCardell, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, International Harvester Company

Ruben F. Mettler, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer, TRW Inc.

W. Jarvis Moody, Chairman and President, American Security Bank

Edward L. Palmer, Chairman/Executive Committee, Citicorp

Roger B. Smith, Chairman of the Board, General Motors Corporation

J. Paul Sticht, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer,

R.J. Reynolds Industries, Inc.

Rawleigh Warner, Jr., Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive

Officer, Mobil Corporation

Lew R. Wasserman, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, MCA, Inc.

Secretary

Harold Burson, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer, Burson-Marsteller

These men are the volunteer Board of Governors of the Corporate Fund for the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. They value Kennedy Center as a showcase for the best of American culture.

Unlike the national cultural centers of other countries, which are usually government subsidized, Kennedy Center is funded solely by ticket sales and private donations.

That's why the Corporate Fund was formed. It lets companies like yours support the best of today's

performing arts and fosters the talent of tomorrow. To find out how you can join this distinguished group of business leaders who are supporting this uniquely American enterprise, please write to: John J. Horan, Chairman, Board of Governors, The Corporate Fund, The Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C. 20566.





"Fish or Cut Bait" oil, gouache, stick pigment, sized paper/canvas 8 x 7 feet

**Allan
Graham**

**LINDA
DURHAM
GALLERY,
SANTA FE**

400 Canyon Road, Santa Fe, N.M. 87501. (505) 988-1313