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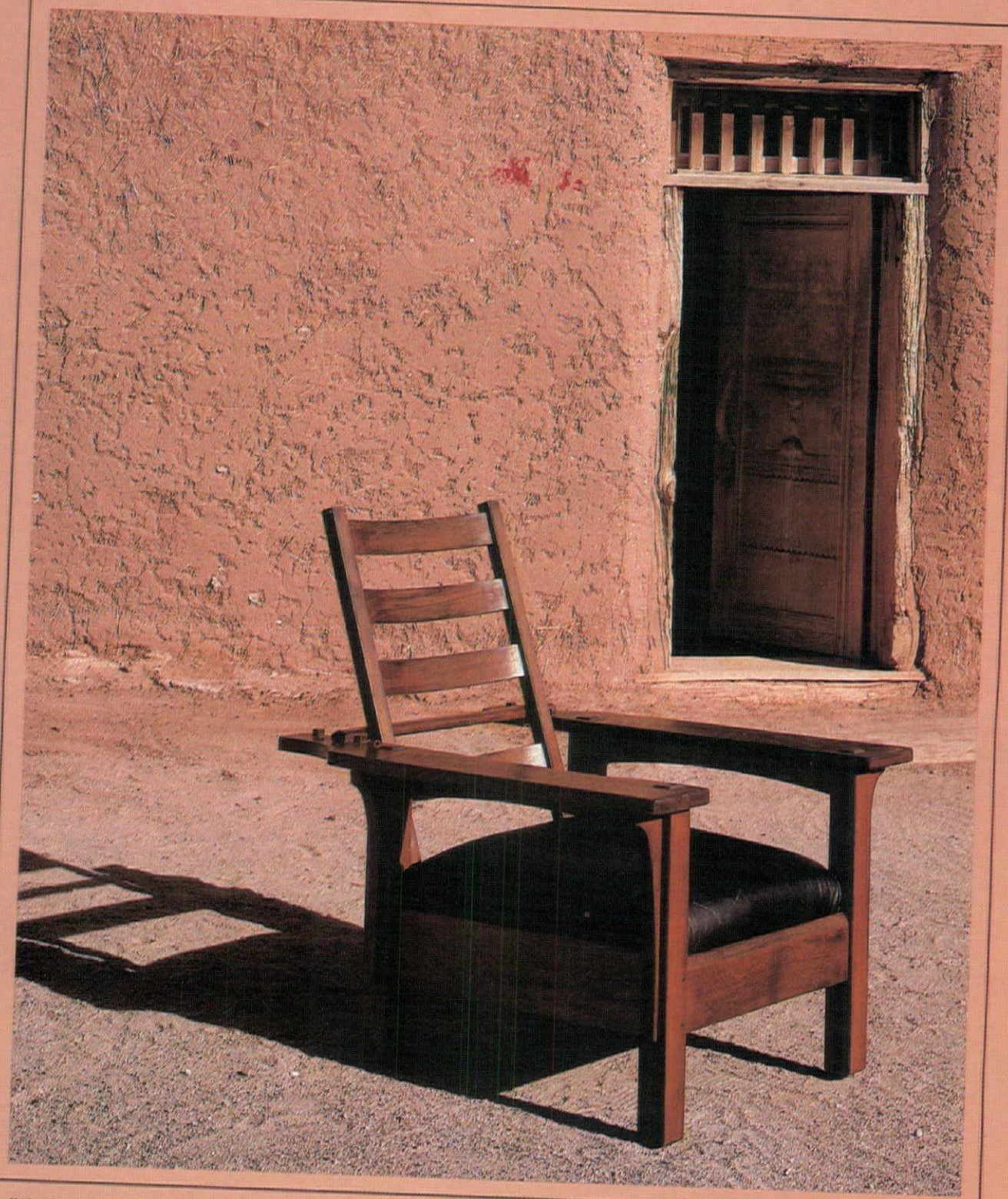
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Cover: Georgia O'Keeffe and Juan Hamilton, photographed by Richard Marin.

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How can the arts cope with the challenges of the eighties? This ground-breaking eight-page section presents three helpful and innovative strategies: How Birmingham, Alabama, brings some of the world's most famous women to headline a gala for arts education . . . Why a theater group in Baltimore contracts out its services . . . What Clement E. Conger, curator of the State Department and White House, has learned building a stunning $25-million collection. Most important, we give you the steps and tactics to put these ideas to work in your own community.

Columbus, the Gem of Architecture Photographs by Robert Cuti Text by Edna Thayer 24
A small town in Indiana is the last place you'd look for buildings by I. M. Pei, Eero Saarinen, or Venturi and Rauch. Unless, that is, you first look at this photo-essay.

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Special Santa Fe Section Introduction by Jamake Highwater 40
This high-desert dreamtown has lured *conquistadores* and culture for four and a half centuries. In a lush package of words and pictures we probe the special appeal of northern New Mexico, explore its impact on our cultural history, and spotlight the creative New Mexicans who will be the artistic leaders of the eighties.



Time Pieces By Bertram Gabriel 42
A capsule cultural history of New Mexico and the world, from Coronado and Shakespeare to D. H. Lawrence and Lenin to John Crosby and Watergate.

Six Artists By Rosalind Constable 44
Santa Fe is probably home to more artists per capita than any other city in the nation. An expert on the avant-garde selects a half dozen you'll soon be hearing more from.



Rising Stars 52
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Bloom Town Map by John Craig 58
The only guide you'll ever need to sort out the paintbrushes from the sagebrush: museums, galleries, performing arts, where to stay, where to eat.

HORIZON

Santa Fe Trail

We've picked one of our favorite spots on the horizon to visit this month: Santa Fe, New Mexico. And from photographer Richard Marin to mapmaker John Craig and to all the editors who worked on this section, the city's incredible beauty and lively arts community have dazzled us all. Contributing editor Barnaby Conrad III perhaps said it best: "Architecturally, Santa Fe is mesmerizing. The landscape is breathtaking. One sees O'Keeffe in every mesa, adobe wall, and sun-purpled mountain ridge. One understands why D.H. Lawrence chose to be buried here, why Mabel Dodge envisioned an artists' colony here."

The mix of art galleries—a staggering hundred in number—and excellent theater, chamber music, and opera inspired our Santa Fe section, which begins on page forty. The cover photograph of Georgia O'Keeffe and potter Juan Hamilton represents the essence of our approach to the entire northern New Mexico region: a reevaluation of its great traditions and an introduction of the new talents that will launch the region into the twenty-first century.

Santa Fe also stands in the spotlight this month in midtown Manhattan, where Lord & Taylor recognizes the city in a noteworthy salute. The retailer's "Focus America: Santa Fe" is a storewide promotion featuring Santa Fe fashion and design. The unusual twist: an April 6 in-store benefit will not only preview the promotion, but will raise funds for Santa Fe's three internationally known performing arts groups: the Santa Fe Opera, Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, and the Santa Fe Festival Theatre.

Arts funding is the inspiration behind USArts, also featured in this issue. We report on an innovative gala in Birmingham, Alabama, honoring women of outstanding achievement; the gala raises major funding for Birmingham-Southern College arts scholarships. And that is just one of the arts-funding strategies we explore this month, offering you the tips and tools to produce similar programs in your own area.

Elsewhere in the issue, you'll enjoy a recollection of the real Little Orphan Annie, whose star glows brighter yet this spring with the opening of the *Annie* film; an impromptu visual visit to Columbus, Indiana, a small town with a giant cache of important architecture; and a talk with actor Ian McKellen, who is tackling Shakespeare in a new television program.

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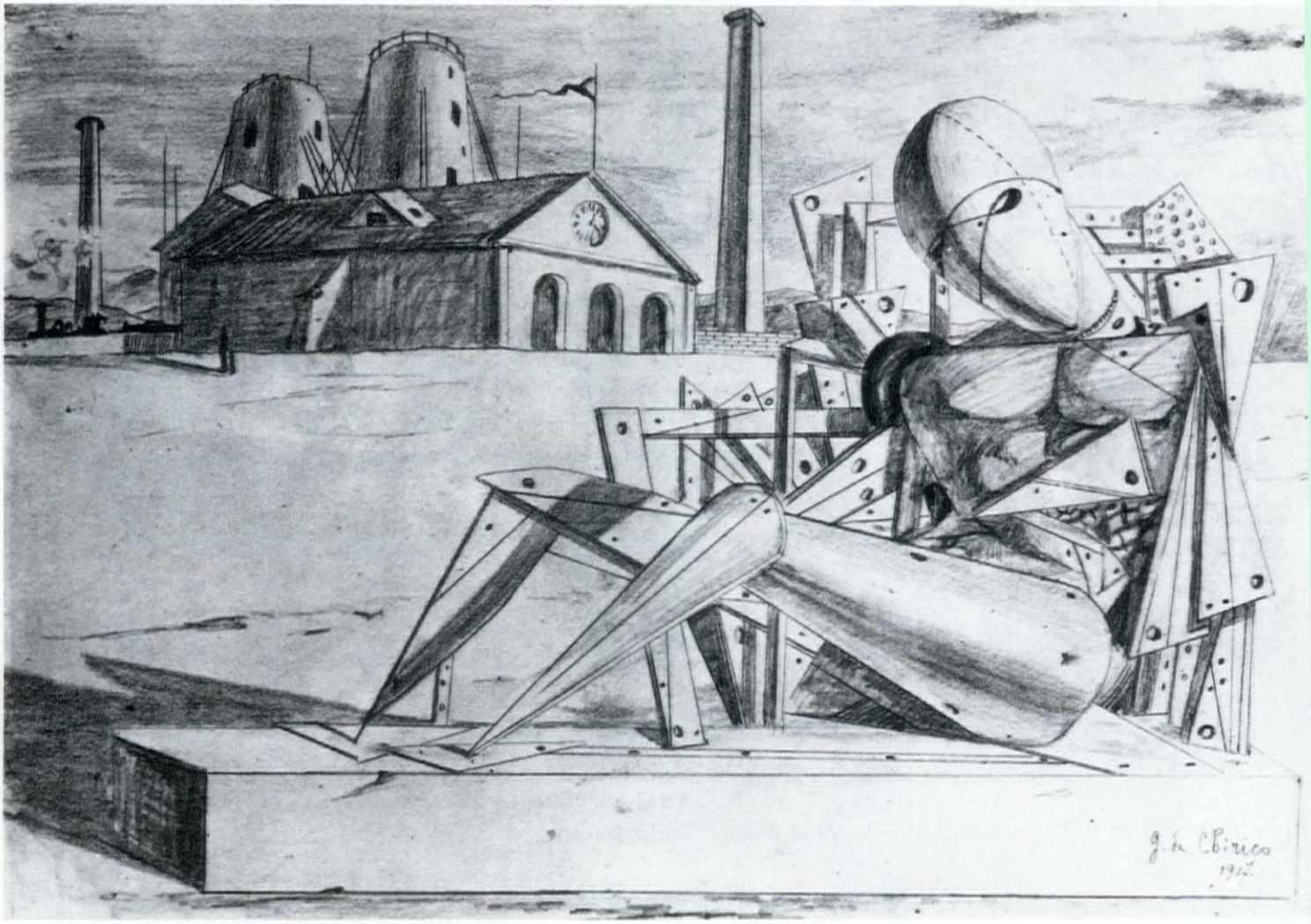
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Cross Country



Giorgio de Chirico's Solitude *(1917, pencil, 8¾ by 12 5/8 inches) opens MOMA's new west wing in a block buster exhibition.*

Art

Make Room for MOMA

There's nothing timid or tentative about William S. Rubin's approach to Giorgio de Chirico (1888–1978) and the exhibition of his work opening to the public April 3 in the new west wing of New York's Museum of Modern Art. Rubin, MOMA's director of painting and sculpture and curator of the de Chirico show, also directed two of the world-class blockbuster exhibitions of the past few years—"Cézanne: The Late Work" (1977) and "Pablo Picasso: a Retrospective" (1980). So it's reasonable to expect that the upcoming de Chirico event will have the impact Rubin and MOMA so clearly think he deserves.

"We have to think of these pictures as being on the level of Kandinsky's or Klee's or Miro's," Rubin warns. "This is *major* painting."

After closing at MOMA June 29, the show will travel to the Tate Gallery in London, the Haus der Kunst in Munich, and the Centre Georges Pompidou in Paris.

Although the "new" Museum of Modern Art won't be ready until spring 1983, the de Chirico exhibition gives the public its first look at the new wing. It's part (the first six floors) of a fifty-two-story condominium that will tower above the museum. MOMA's part of the project is budgeted at $40 million, which includes construction of 168,000 square feet of new space and renovation of 203,000 square feet in the old structure. Actual gallery space will be more than doubled. Previously, the museum could show only 10 to 15 percent of its own collection in the course of a year. When the ne construction and renovation are finished, it w be able to exhibit about 30 percent.

—*Norman Nac*

The Secret Wores

For twenty-eight years, a dark gallery in t Marines' Memorial Building harbored t best-kept art secret in the United States. hundred paintings by Theodore Wores hung obscurity in that San Francisco gallery. Wor was an early student of Japanese art and noted Northern California landscape painte Not since his death in 1939 had his work be readily available for display, but, in 1967,

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



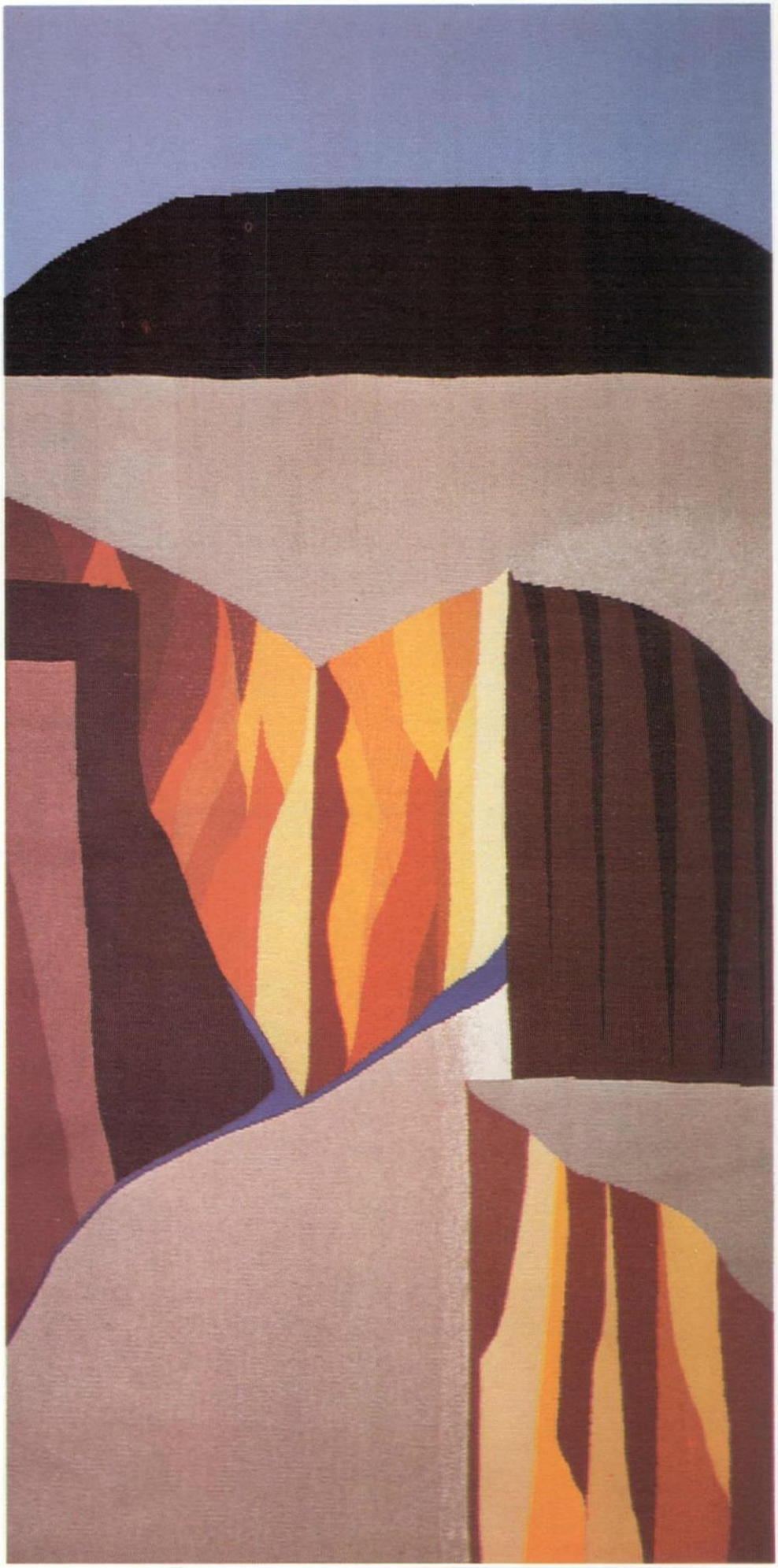
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nt: *Black Mesa*. Tapestry by Christina Bergh.

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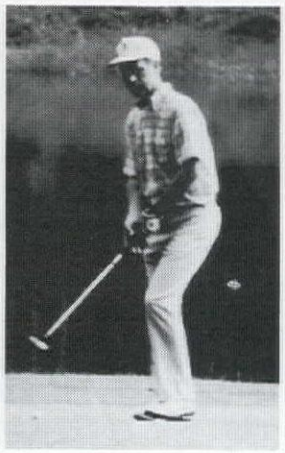
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Cross Country



Theodore Wores' San Francisco Chinese Maiden *(oil on board, 16 by 12 inches) has been rescued from obscurity.*

pair of medical doctors stumbled upon th gallery and decided to rekindle interest Wores' paintings. After fifteen years of dete mination, the doctors' efforts have culminat in a major traveling exhibition.

The ninety-one paintings in the new sho focus on the range of Wores' artistic achiev ment, which evolved from his extensi knowledge of eastern and western culture. Th collection will be on view at the Meadow Museum of Art in Shreveport, Louisian April 11 through May 16. Subsequently, th exhibition travels to Baton Rouge, Louisian May 30–August 22; Jacksonville, Florid September 5–October 10; Bridgepor Connecticut, October 24–November 2 Lafayette, Indiana, December 12–January 1 1983; Elkhart, Indiana, January 30–March 1 Anderson, Indiana, March 27–May 1; Puebl Colorado, August 21–September 25; and Fo Collins, Colorado, October 9–November 13.

Books

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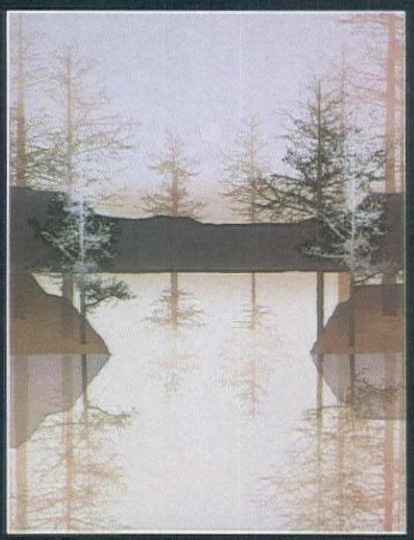
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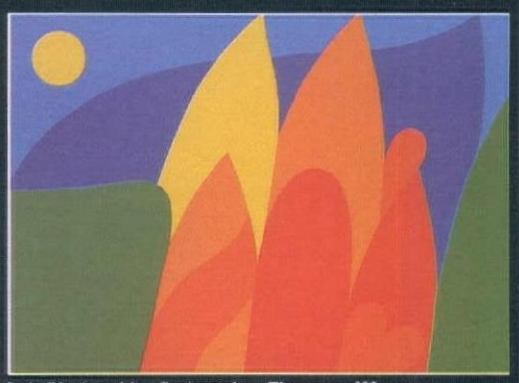
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Lois Rheingold Serigraph Flowers of Venus
Limited Edition 200 $185.



Cecy Etching Vase IV
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literati who boycotted them, were symptomatic of the "blockbuster complex" afflicting the book business, of the rise of category fiction and diet books. Unlike the traditional National Book Critics Circle (NBCC) awards, the new prizes included categories like science fiction and gave separate awards for paperbacks.

The awards survived, though stripped of some less "literary" categories, and will be presented this year on April 27, at Carnegie Hall. Though the American Book Awards haven't quite become the book industry's version of the Oscars, you *can* expect a bit more posh and black tie than at more stuffy academic affairs.

The NBCC awards earlier this year included prizes to John Updike for *Rabbit Is Rich* (novel) and to Stephen Jay Gould for *The Mismeasure of Man* (nonfiction). They've got to be counted as front runners for top honors at Carnegie Hall.

Radio

There Goes Sunday Afternoon

Can a five-hour weekly radio program on the arts make it in a world more attuned to half-hour sitcoms and *People* magazine? National Public Radio's "The Sunday Show," premiering this month on affiliated stations around the country, is betting it can.

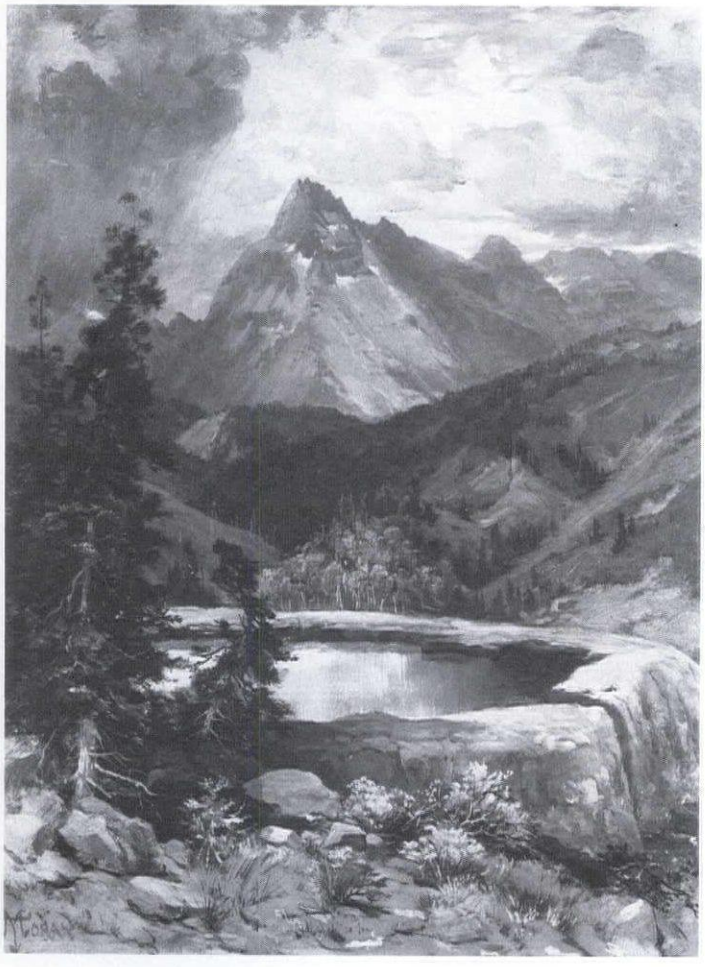
A Beethoven piano sonata series will be aired live from the Kennedy Center in Manhattan. The Dallas Opera will be seen—or, rather, heard—from behind the scenes. The Ludwigsberger Castle Festival in Germany and the International Guitar Competition in Paris will be only a radio wave away. Candid interviews will profile the likes of Claudette Colbert, Roy Lichtenstein, James Dickey, and Richard Dreyfuss. "Audio Art Gallery" will showcase works created for radio by leading audio artists.

"The Sunday Show" originates in Washington, D. C., and will be transmitted live from noon to 5:00 P.M., EST, and repeated from 5:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M., EST. Check local listings for time in your area.

Television

De Kooning Remembers

He's come a long way from painting murals in official buildings during the Depression—a time he remembers as "a nice period, in a way. The mood was more idealistic." Now internationally known, abstract expressionist Willem de Kooning will be the subject of an hour-long special, *De Kooning on de Kooning*, a film by Courtney Sale to air May 10, on PBS. Preceding the broadcast was a premiere of the film March 2, at Kennedy Center, hosted by Charlton Heston, and a public showing at the Hirshhorn



Thomas Moran

(1837–1926)

The Grand Tetons. Oil on board, 14 x 10 in.
Signed, lower left: T. Moran

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luseum, Washington, D.C., March 4.

The special shows de Kooning's best work; e and his artist wife, Elaine de Kooning, trace is life and development as an artist on loca- on at his studio in Long Island. The film is ıade possible through grants from Masco 'orporation and ARCO.

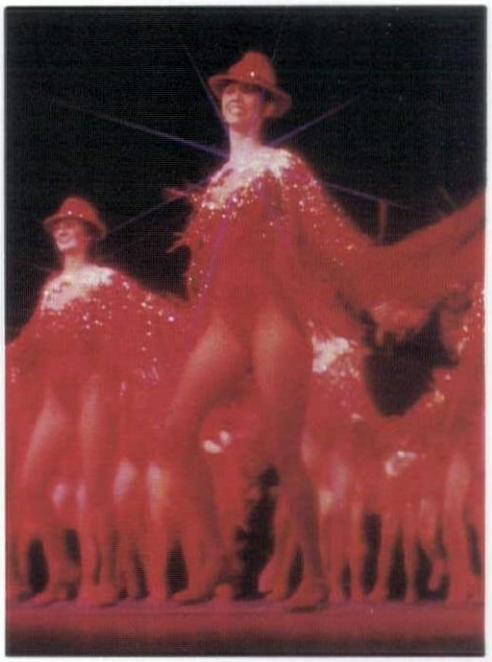
De Kooning's *current* paintings (1981–82) 'ill be on display through May 1, at Xavier ourcade Gallery in New York.

Music

Rockette Roll

'adio City Music Hall is celebrating fifty years 'f entertainment with a new production, "En- ore." The ninety-minute show, which began ast month, includes music from Irving Berlin o Lennon and McCartney, a tribute to the nore than six hundred films that debuted there, a salute to fifty years of American popular music, and—of course—the world-famous Rockettes, costumed in more than seventy thousand rhinestones.

Since its opening in 1932, Radio City Music Hall has entertained more than 255 million people, premiered over forty Academy Award-winning films (*Of Human Bondage, Singin' in the Rain, Mary Poppins, A Star is Born,* etc.), and presented concerts by Ella Fitzgerald, Linda Ronstadt, and other top performers. In 1978, Radio City Music Hall announced it was closing its doors. In response to the resulting storm of protest, the art-deco interior was completely renovated and a new company, Radio City Music Hall Productions, was formed. The hall and its Rockettes now seem ready for another fifty years. □



The Rockettes kick up their heels in celebration of Radio City Music Hall's fiftieth birthday.

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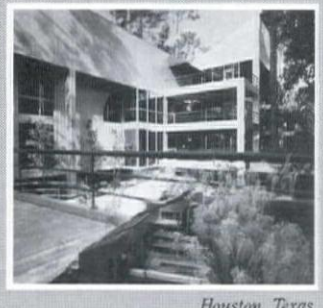
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Trans World



France

Home After Three Centuries

One hundred and twenty French paintings seem to have proved Thomas Wolfe wrong: you *can* go home again. "Seventeenth-Century French Paintings from American Collections," at the Grand Palais in Paris through April 26, is a warm homecoming for works gathered from some sixty American museums and a number of private collections. Paintings by such celebrated artists as Nicolas Poussin, Claude Lorrain, Georges de La Tour, and the Le Nain brothers are being shown along with many of their currently less well-known contemporaries such as Laurent de La Hyre and Eustache Le Sueur. Rather than resulting in a desultory potpourri of seventeenth-century French paintings, these varied ingredients combine to form a rich consommé worthy of Vatel. In a clear and concentrated way, they illustrate the budding Gallic genius that was to dominate the field of painting for over two centuries.

But then Wolfe may have been right after all. Happily for the American public, the Parisian rendezvous is only temporary: after leaving the Grand Palais, the exhibition will return *chez nous* to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and later to the Art Institute in Chicago. *—Dwight V. Gast*

Styron's Choice

In 1961, ten years after *Lie Down in Darkness* made him the most acclaimed twenty-six-year-old novelist in America, William Styron paced the floor of a small Rome apartment and brooded over what, besides writing fiction that nobody seemed to want anymore, he could do with the rest of his life. United States criti had just savaged *Set This House on Fire,* h third book. He heard someone running up t stairs, and opened the door. A breathless m said, "I am from the French publish Gallimard. We *must* have *Set This House Fire.* Here is a contract. Will you sign it?" H did. The rest, from *The Confessions of N Turner* to *Sophie's Choice,* is history.

During a recent symposium in Paris, Styro repaid that career-saving compliment expressing his regard for France a enumerating "I never learned French" amo his four great regrets (after "I never learned fly an airplane, never could play a good game tennis, and I never made love to Marily Monroe"). Sponsored by New York Universi on the occasion of its 150th anniversary, t

Sébastian Bourdon's Moses Saved from the Waters *returns to France.*

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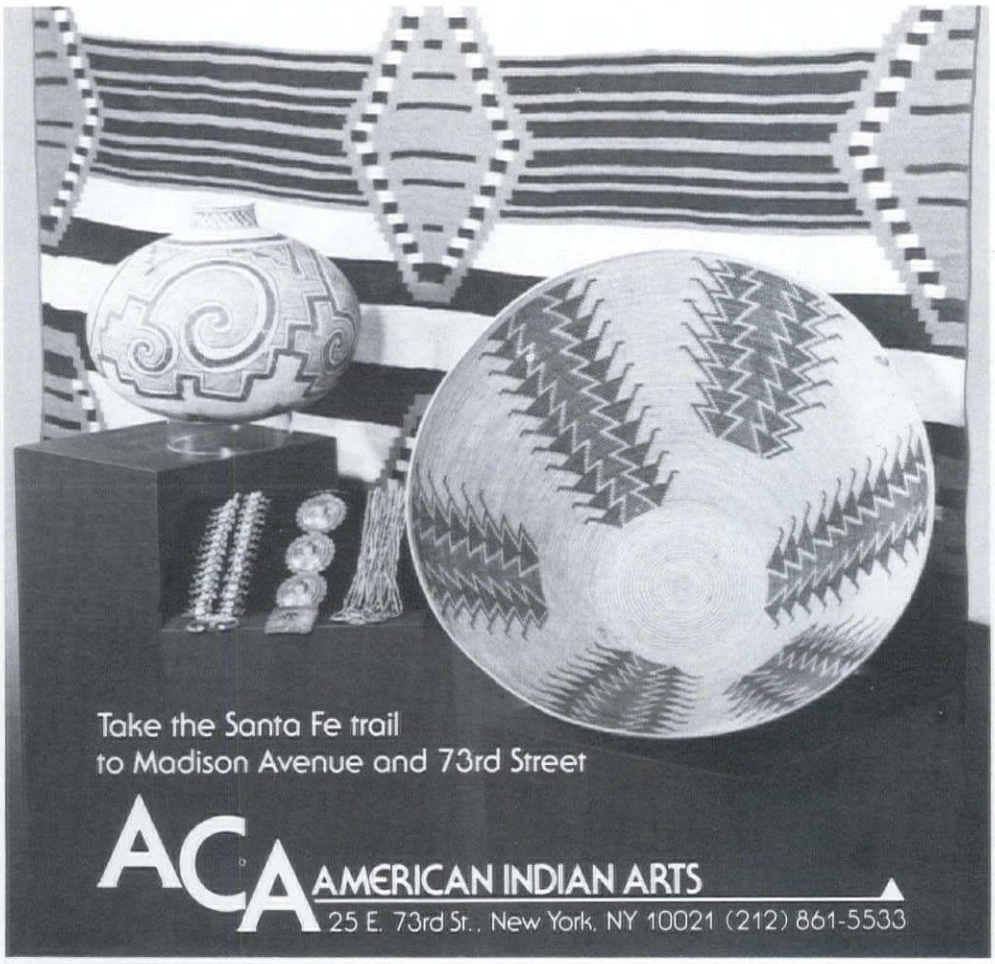
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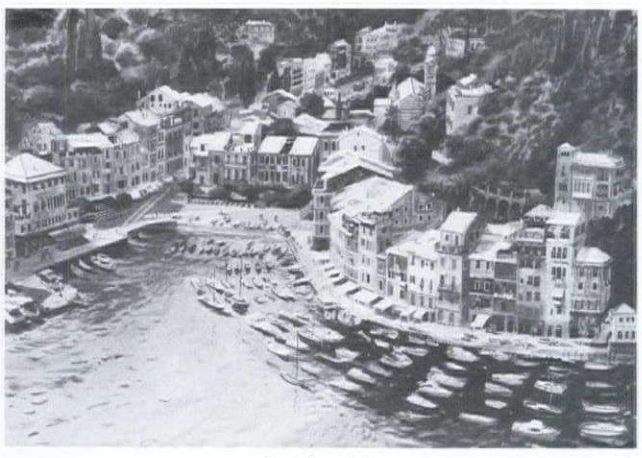
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two-day colloquium featured six American novelists—Styron, James Baldwin, Francine du Plessix Gray, Toni Morrison, Richard Sennett and Paul Theroux.

"There's no mystery about good literature," Styron said at the Musée de l'Art Moderne. "It either works or it doesn't. I don't know how it works. I know good writing when I read it, and I know bad writing when I read it." And he added, in homage to the man who ran up his stairs twenty-one years ago, "You've got to be loved somewhere. That's how I feel in France." —*Thomas Nolan*

Italy

Going Duce

By now, "the thirties" seems like such a product of Hollywood film studios that it's difficult to imagine (or to remember) that the decade existed off the silver screen. The exhibition "Annitrenta" ("The Thirties"), in Milan at Piazza Duomo through April 30, should help to correct this mistaken myopia: the show is a vivid evocation, at times even a revelation, of the period between the two world wars as it unfolded in Italy.

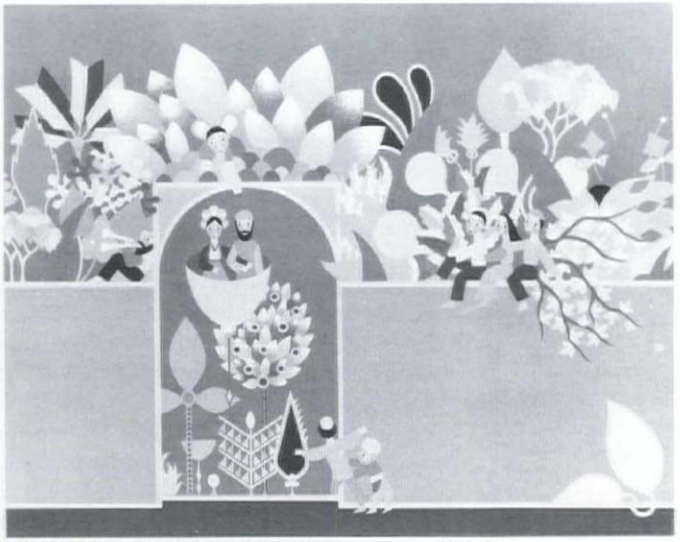
The thirties in Italy inevitably recall the Fascist era, and nationalistic expansion under Benito Mussolini is hardly glossed over. "Annitrenta" begins with a seemingly endless series of propagandistic newsreels. These follow *Il Duce* on an equally endless triumphal parade through the Fascist republic, as he is greeted by ecstatic crowds who scream "Duce! Duce!" at a delirious rhythm worthy of Abel Gance. It sets the pace for a gallivanting exhibition that takes place in four separate locations.

So-called stile fascist (roughly corresponding stylistically, if not ideologically to W.P.A. art concurrent in the United States) permeates the murals, architecture, graphics, and popular illustration of the time. Fascist style is conspicuously absent, however, from paintings of the period. Already-familiar artists like Guttuso, De Chirico, Carrá, Morandi, de Pisis, and Marini are given ample space, but the surprises are found in a number of their lesser-known contemporaries.

"Annitrenta" is a sprawling, ambitious exhibition. If it sometimes lacks a sense of direction, it is not unlike the period it depicts. —*Dwight V. Gast*

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David Sharir *A Gate for the Garden*, 1980, 21 color silkscreen, 24 x 31". Ed 250

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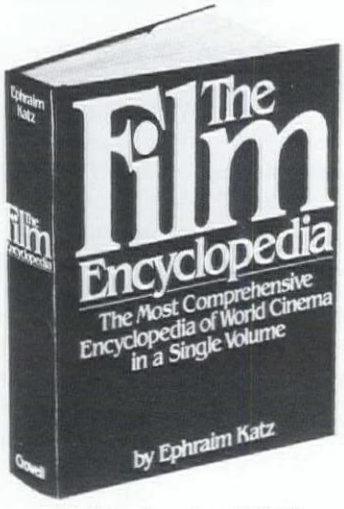
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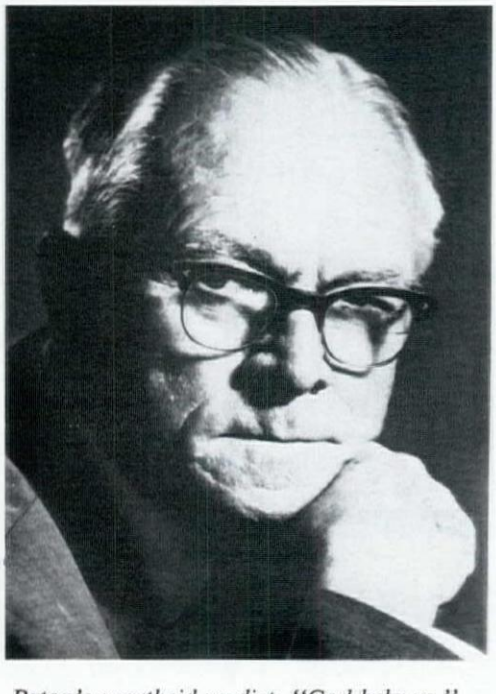
Paton's New Cry

Ah, But Your Land Is Beautiful, by Alan Paton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1982. 271 pages. $12.95.

During the mid- to late-1970s, at a time when most other liberal causes were dead or dying, it was the fashion on American campuses to protest college investments in companies that did business in South Africa. With the academic penchant for turning former squabbles into course material, the same colleges were beginning to legitimize the protest that had shut many of them down in 1970: courses in the history and literature of the Vietnam War proliferated. The same professors and students who were newly learned about the background of Vietnam were, most of them, woefully ignorant about how South Africa had got into its own mess. How many among us could have said what year apartheid began? To which few of us were names like Chief Albert Lutuli, Dr. Monty Naicker, Patrick Duncan, Helen Joseph, and Archbishop Huddleston significant?

They were deeply significant to Alan Paton, who has woven those leaders of the Defiance Campaign of the 1950s into *Ah, But Your Land Is Beautiful*—his first novel in twenty-eight years. Paton was himself one of the most fiercely committed opponents of the Afrikaner Nationalist establishment that was bent on enforcing apartheid. In those heroic years of resistance he founded and was national chairman of the Liberal Party, which the Nationalists forced out of existence in 1958. A native of South Africa, Paton has never abandoned his country, despite bitter disappointments. His long life (he is now seventy-eight) has been one of consistent and passionate *engagement* with the cause of human equality; in this respect, he is reminiscent of George Orwell, Graham Greene, and Doris Lessing. Yet, in the United States, Paton is principally known —and that mainly to an older generation of readers—for his first novel, the epochal 1948 *Cry, the Beloved Country.*

Let us hope this new book wins him a new generation of enthusiasts. Paton's strategy in *Ah, But Your Land Is Beautiful* seems at first disconcerting. The novel is assembled almost scrapbook fashion from dialogues, letters, newspaper clippings, and briefly realized scenes dominated by talk. This texture and the



Paton's apartheid verdict: "God help us."

intermingling of fiction with real events and characters give the book the quasidocumentary quality of John Dos Passos' *U.S.A.* and Lessing's *The Golden Notebook.* As in both those forerunners, the reader can get swamped with historical detail. And Paton's strategy denies him many of the traditional resources of the novelist. We are given almost no authorial insight into the minds of the actors; three of them never exist outside their letters. Fragments are merely juxtaposed, leaving the burden of meaning in the sparks they strike from each other. For instance, immediately after a human-rights manifesto from the 1955 Congress of the People—a document in which Paton deeply believed—appears the apocalyptic scripture, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. . . ." Is Paton's bitter hindsight speaking in ironic frustration, or is this his untempered idealism?

Gradually, the novel, through the gravity of its awareness of the contradictions of the human heart, gains power and profundity. By the end, it leaves the reader in the paradoxical state of cathartic futility. So much has been seen and grasped, and yet we know the cards history has dealt South Africa since 1958. To Paton's immense credit, the rigid Afrikaner oppressors are not cast as simple villains, and their liberal opponents have all manner of foibles and failings. The country, so frequently melodramatic, has not driven Paton melodrama.

The title itself is ironic. Again and agai sympathetic visitors to South Africa say men like Paton, "Ah, but your country beautiful"—meaning, despite the intolerab injustice of apartheid. Paton's own awarene of the beauty of his country informs his sen of loss. He tells how the "blackspot" Sophiatown grew up unplanned, "a wil exciting, tumultuous place." On leaving i Father Huddleston had quoted Walter de Mare: "Look thy last on all things lovel every hour." But blackspots—older blac communities around which whites ha expanded their suburbs—must be eliminate The bulldozers raze Sophiatown, and hous for white workers are systematically erected the new settlement, which is called Triomf.

So Paton's vision is, in certain sense nostalgic. The book is conducted in th unusual present progressive tense, as if i author wished he were back in the day-by-da struggles of the 1950s ("The party is experien ing a kind of minor boom. . . ."). But, in a gloomier sense, the novel is a apocalyptic vision of South Africa's future. kind of subtext on race relations runs throug the book, issuing from various tongues. Th liberal headmaster and former cricket ac Robert Mansfield, says of mixed school sport "If they don't play with each other today, the they're going to kill each other tomorrow. The hateful shrew who signs her obscene le ters, "Proud White Christian Woman, writes, "I have never touched a black skin i my life and I never shall. The thought fills m with disgust." Chief Lutuli tells Mansfield "God help us when we can't touch each othe any more, because then, Robert, we're goin to kill each other."

Paton saves his bitterest irony for the title o the last section of the book, "Into the Golde Age." The phrase comes from the campaig rhetoric of the Afrikaner bigot, Dr. Hendrik who was swept into the prime-ministership i 1958. In Hendrik's "golden age," by abou 1976, racial tension was to have disappeare with the spontaneous streaming of the coun try's blacks back to their rural homelands Now 1976 is behind us, and Alan Paton is no the only disillusioned idealist to suggest tha the first place where blacks and whites may on day kill each other in all-out race war is hi beloved country, South Africa.

—David Robert

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Women of the Year



Birmingham-Southern's GALA paid for an Art Honors Award scholarship, which went to art student Debra Anne Salem.

Birmingham's bash for arts education makes a textbook case for fund raising.

On a balmy Friday night in May 1980, a hush spread over a diamond-studded and tuxedo-clad crowd. Dinner and dessert plates had been swept away by red-coated waiters. Wine glasses and coffee cups clinked their last. Five hundred thirty-five guests turned their chairs toward the podium, toward Bruce Jenner and Allan Carr, who were about to award twelve women for their achievements. The women? Princess Marcella Borghese, Bette Davis, Nancy Tuck Gardiner, Ann Getty, C. Z. Guest, Joanne King Herring, Iris Cornelia Love, Jessie Rattley, Viscountess Jacqueline de Ribes, Professor Dame Sheila Sherlock, Eugenia Sheppard, Pauline Trigere, Dr. Roberta van der Voort.

The event? Not a southern California jet-set night out sponsored by Alan Alda and N.O.W. Nor a Big Apple shindig thrown by *Women's Wear Daily* in the Rainbow Room. GALA 5, as the event was christened, was sponsored by a small private college in the Southeast to raise funds for fine-arts student scholarships. And when the guests had gone home and the celebrities jetted away, the scholarship kitty was tens of thousands of dollars richer. The community leaders of Birmingham, Alabama, and Birmingham-Southern College will do it again with GALA 6, May 6–8 this year.

The idea of GALA was hatched in 1973 by George Delfavero, corporate display director for Parisian department stores. The event was originally launched in Birmingham to provide the nonprofit Saint Vincent's Hospital with the latest in medical equipment. In three years, money raised by GALA ticket sales bought hospital equipment and accessories valued at over $300,000.

But GALA, if possible, was *too* successful.

Saint Vincent's staff couldn't keep up with both the demands of health care and of executing a yearly event the size of GALA. Media attention and public excitement required a battalion of organizers Saint Vincent's could not spare. After GALA 3—another overwhelming success—the hospital reluctantly announced it was dropping the project.

By now, though, GALA had grown important for other reasons. Media attention bestowed upon Birmingham and the state of Alabama during the extravaganza revived a sagging state image. Past honorees (among them Diana Vreeland, Cicely Tyson, Kitty Carlisle Hart, Helen Hayes, Nancy Reagan, Eunice Shriver, and Patricia Harris) had been treated with typical Southern hospitality; they went home with tales of an Alabama that was urbane and booming.

So, with the permission of Saint Vincent's, civic leaders approached Birmingham-Southern College, a liberal-arts institution with an outstanding academic reputation in the U. S., and asked if the college would take over GALA production. Birmingham-Southern took on the project with enthusiasm, applying the proceeds toward student scholarships in dance, music, theater, and art. And GALA —now a biennial event—has grown bigger and more prestigious than ever. GALA 5 in 1980 was a sell-out splash.

A typical schedule for GALA goes like this: The selected women arrive on Thursday afternoon, are greeted by a group from the college, and are whisked away to plush hotel rooms for a few hours of relaxation. A patrons' party is held Thursday night, with honorees present to meet guests who have purchased tickets.

Friday morning, honor recipients and volunteers attend a fine-arts showcase at the college, where students in music, dance, art, and theater put on a panorama of performing and visual arts. Catching her breath after GALA 5's fine-arts showcase, Bette Davis said, "I have never seen anything like this in student talent anywhere in the world. The entire United States could benefit from it. The calibre of the students is unbelievable."

Following the showcase is a luncheon for honorees and selected faculty members and GALA volunteers. "This is an opportunity for the women to get into a local home," says Birmingham-Southern President Dr. Neal Berte. "Here Mrs. LaVona Rushton, who has a beautiful home, has the luncheon." In the afternoon, a press conference is held for the awards dinner and dance takes place that evening at 7:00 in the South Meeting Room at the Birmingham Jefferson Civic Center.

Ticket prices include the following categories: Patron, at $500 per couple or $250 per single, admits the bearer to the patrons' dinner, the fine-arts showcase and reception, and the awards dinner and dance, and includes program recognition; Benefactor, at $150 per couple or $75 per single, admits the bearer to the awards dinner and dance and includes program recognition; Corporate Patron, at $850, entitles a corporation to patrons' dinner tickets for two, awards dinner and dance tickets for eight, and program recognition; Corporate Benefactor, $500, entitles a corporation to awards dinner and dance tickets for eight, plus program recognition. For more information, write GALA 6, Post Office Box A-3, Birmingham-Southern College, 800 Eighth Avenue West, Birmingham, Alabama, 35254.

Star Attraction

This year's GALA, May 6-8, hosts a galaxy of star achievers. Among those honored will be Helen Boehm, chairman of the board of Boehm Studios; Countess Anne d'Ornano, known for work in international relations; the Duchess of Bedford, author; Marva Collins, Chicago educator; Madam Carolina Herrera, fashion designer; Nancy Kissinger, civic leader; Shirley Lord, Director of Special Projects, Beauty and Fitness, *Vogue* magazine; Mrs. David Mahoney, philanthropist; Beverly Sills, general director of the New York City Opera; Liz Smith, *New York Daily News* columnist; Barbara Walters, television commentator; and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney of the Whitney Museum.

This year the patrons' dinner will be held Thursday, May 6, at 7:00 P.M. at the Alabama Operations Center, a sleek new office of South Central Bell. Friday, May 7, is the date of the fine-arts showcase and reception, 10:00 A.M. at the Kennedy Art Center and the College Theatre, Birmingham-Southern College. The

This year's GALA will be headlined by another stellar group like this from the first GALA in 1973: (from left) Betsy Bloomingdale, Patricia Harris, Arlene Francis, Cornelia Wallace, and Nancy Reagan.



Robert Adams

stellar ladies to speak with television, radio, newspaper, and magazine reporters. The awards dinner—with such notables as Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, Charles Kuralt, or Frank Gifford hosting—is held that night. And the women are on their way home—or to Saint Croix, or Palm Springs—early Saturday morning. "These are very, very busy people," says Dr. Berte. "We make sure we don't take more than two days of their time."

GALA 5 was a sell out, and Dr. Berte expects GALA 6 to be just as successful. "GALA activities generate a sizable sum for the benefit of fine- and performing-arts scholarships at the college," he says. "For example, an endowed scholarship in theater was established by Allan Carr from the last GALA, and scholarships also were set up in art, music, and dance. In addition, a grant of $30,000 from a national foundation was a direct result of GALA activities." When asked about the projected figures for this year's GALA, Dr. Berte says, "Our goal for this year is $50,000."

But profits go far beyond the dollar sign, he stresses: "We feel it's a program that benefits the South, Alabama, Birmingham, and certainly Birmingham-Southern College. We've made friendships and have contacts and support on the part of people all over the world."

The key to success is active, dedicated volunteer leadership. "You want people who really give of their time to pull it all together. This will be the third GALA we've given," Dr. Berte continues. "Planning for one of these things can seem like planning for the millenium, but you learn how to get it organized, and it gets easier." —*Vivian Ruth Sawyer*



Bette Davis, a GALA 5 honoree, enthused, "The calibre of students is unbelievable."

GALA Recipe

The ingredients are a baker's dozen of impressive people, the set-ups for a fancy dinner, some good publicity, and a whirlwind of ticket sales. Combine and stir, and you've cooked up a small-scale GALA of your own. Try these steps for a blue-ribbon benefit:

1. Recruit volunteers to plan the benefit. For GALA, Birmingham-Southern relies heavily on the local arts council, their alumnae board, and local civic leaders to suggest people.

2. Select an executive committee to nominate honorees. Birmingham-Southern's committee selects the women by category to assure a broad mix of recipients. Make a list of alternate honorees, since previous engagements, time constraints, and travel plans may prevent a candidate from accepting the honor.

3. Choose an overseeing chairman to approve the final list and to extend the invitations. "The GALA international chairman is an honoree from the year before," says Dr. Berte. "This year, our chairman is Joanne King Herring." Guarantee all travel and hotel expenses for honorees. Local businesses can help here: "We have tremendous support from the Hyatt Hotel," Dr. Berte reports.

4. Ask a notable figure to host the awards dinner. Guarantee travel and hotel expenses for your host.

5. After all honorees and the host have accepted, contact them for photographs and biographies. These will be used for publicity, and also for the program. Plan a schedule for releasing the names of honorees to the press.

6. Set ticket prices, remembering to subtract the costs of parties and dinners from the amount taken in from ticket sales. Birmingham-Southern is fortunate to have one couple who gives the patrons' party each year; Parisian department store decorates for the awards dinner. Donations are tax deductible.

7. Hire a graphic artist to design the program for the awards dinner. Includ biographies and photos of honorees and yo host, and save space for the names of patro to be inserted at the last minute. Consider sel ing ads to be placed in the program. Ad sal will counter program costs, and the guest li will be an attractive audience.

8. Send out a brochure advertising tick sales by mail about two months in advance the event. Give a variety of options. Include deadline for mail-order tickets (three weeks i advance of the benefit), but also announc that, unless you sell out, tickets will b available at the door.

9. Once you have staged your first benefi ask past award recipients to explain the ever to potential honorees approached in subse quent years. GALA 6 launched an interna tional commitee for the first time. These fou past honorees advise women wh contact them requesting informa tion about GALA. The result More immediate acceptances an more excitement and enthusiasm among honorees. The more in terested honorees are, the bette the relationship for all involved At GALA 5, fine-arts students a Birmingham-Southern got t spend several hours with Bett Davis after the fine-arts showcase And last January, two student were guests of Prince and Princes Borghese for the Borghese Cup i Switzerland. *Now* don't you wan to have a GALA?

Pick a past honoree as chairman. This year's chairman, Joanne King Herring (left), was at GALA 5 with Bette Davis, Countess Nubia Braschi and Eugenia Sheppard.



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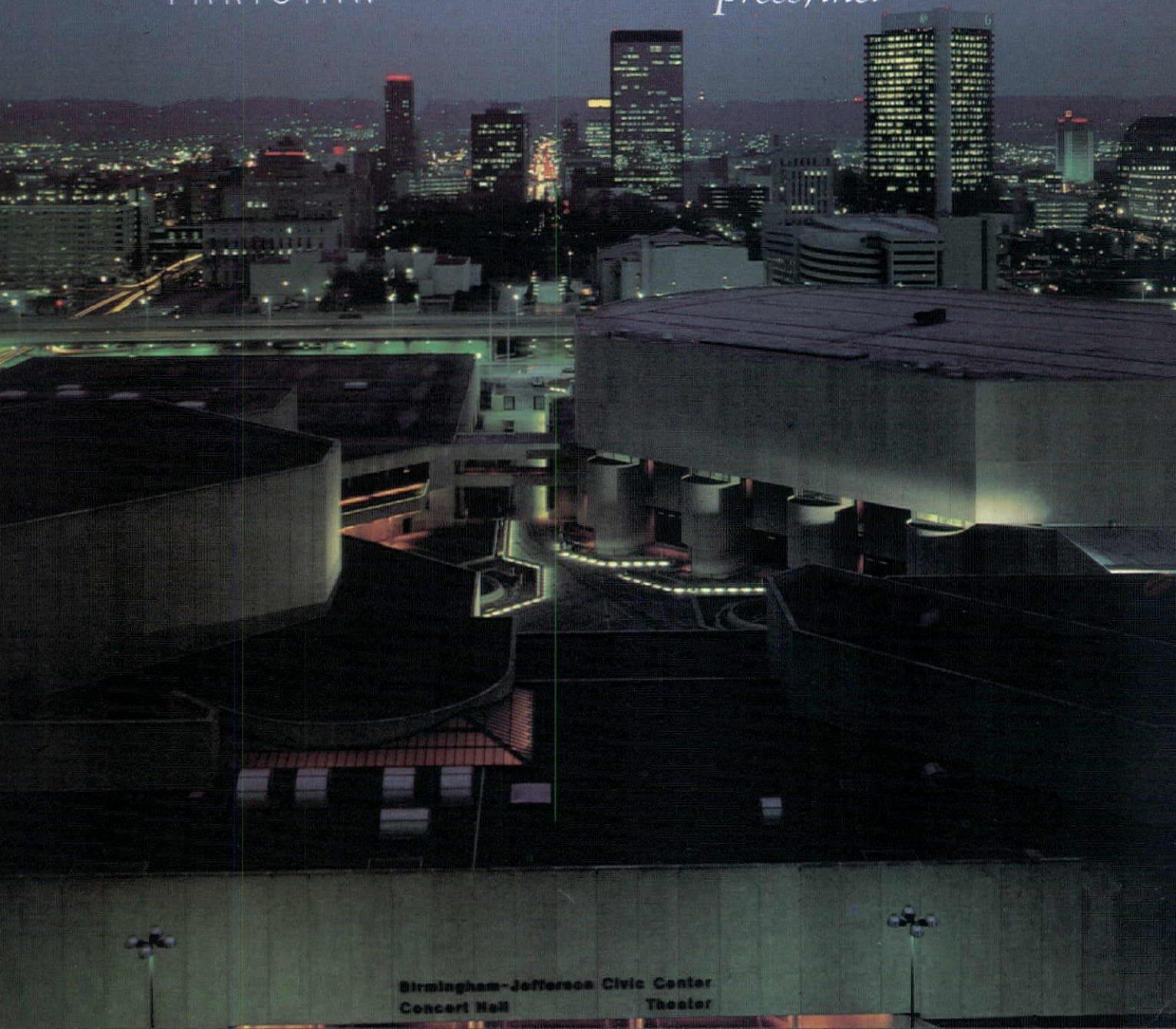
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Conger's Gift for Getting

The State Department's curator proves it's better to give than to receive.

Fundraisers are made, not born. Proof? Consider Clement E. Conger, curator of the State Department and White House. In just over twenty years, this self-described "quiet, shy country boy from Virginia" has built a $25-million collection of art and antiques for the State Department, and millions of dollars' worth for the White House—virtually from scratch.

Conger's job as curator is crucial because Congress has appropriated no funds for such acquisitions or decorations since the public vented its rage at President Andrew Jackson for spending taxpayers' money ($4,308) for a silver tea service. So Conger must always be on the lookout for ways to wheedle, beg, or borrow fine examples of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century art and antiques—or the money with which to purchase them.

Conger didn't start out to be "the Grand Acquisitor," a monicker he wears with flair. As deputy chief of protocol in 1961, he was taking the then-Secretary of State's wife, Mrs. Christian Herter, on a tour of the Diplomatic Reception Rooms. Dismayed by the out-of-place, ultra-modern furnishings, she urged Conger to run a public campaign to furnish the rooms. Today, his job encompasses similar work in the White House.

Despite his spectacular success since, Conger says it was once difficult for him to ask for money: "I grew up in Virginia and we were taught it was not polite to talk about possessions and dollars. You just didn't do it. I was embarrassed to ask people."

That first year curating for the State Department, the little old ladies loved him, Conger says. But he was getting nowhere in his fundraising efforts. The next year he switched to the hard-sell approach. "Some people were surprised but, believe me, 98 percent got the message." Conger recalls that he used not to have the courage to say, "Now look here, Mr. So and So, while you're of sound mind and body you should decide what's going to happen to the family treasures and your money, and what can be better than giving it to the White House or State Department?" He has the courage now. When people approach him and tell him they have nothing in their attics that he would want, Conger quickly counters: "I want what's in your attic—I want what your drawing room."

Nothing succeeds like success, he says, once you reach that point, a fund-raising ture begins to roll. Each year Conger gives two dozen illustrated lectures on behalf o State Department and White House. Ou



Diplomatic Reception Rooms, U.S. Department of State

Clement Conger sits surrounded by his acquisitions in a State Drawing Room.

very lecture comes something, long- or short-ange. Sometimes a person will walk right up rom the audience after a lecture to discuss his ollection. Other times it takes longer, when eople who are closing big houses remember hat years ago at a lecture Conger said he was ooking for a particular piece. "I get phone calls ut of the blue from people up and down the ast Coast . . . So it becomes rather nonstop."

It wasn't always so. When Conger began, he vas simply looking for objects to occupy pace—especially in the State Department, with ine rooms totaling the size of one and a half city locks. Only three of those rooms were furn-shed, with reproductions, when Conger started. 'Having no money, we had no alternative but to ake large collections on loan. But loan collec-ions have a habit of going away; we once lost ifty objects in one day." So he has narrowed down loans to only items he believes will stay in-definitely or will be donated eventually. If peo-ple loan objects, they may get used to living without them. "Possession is nine-tenths," Conger laughs. Nonetheless, the State Depart-ment is not as affluent as it looks, because one-hird of the collection is still on loan.

Conger has a mixed bag of selling tools, hough none quite so effective as the force of his personality. Individual donors may take a tax deduction in the amount of the appraised value of the object at the end of that year, up to 50 percent of their income; for a very expensive gift, they may give the object over a period of years. Under a recent tax-law change, corpora-ions can deduct up to 10 percent of their income for gifts. And Conger knows how to use his Washington resources, doling out a cer-tificate from the Secretary of State or the Direc-tor of National Park Service or, for more generous donors, a personal letter from the First Family. Contributors of $500 or more each year (up this year from $250) earn exclusive invita-tions to an elegant buffet reception given by the Secretary of State and his wife.

Conger also sends elaborate mailings describing collection needs—and costs. "I learned the hard way that if you put out a very handsome color brochure even though it costs more, it draws a great deal more attention than a cheap-looking thing many people will simply throw in their wastebaskets. Our mailings are so prestigious and elegant that many people tell me that they keep them as collector's items. Of course, I say, 'That's fine, but don't forget to send checks.' "

His first mailing lists included invitees to official State Department functions. Then he obtained the names and addresses of people who went to two or three antiques forums. Cagily—Conger won't say how—he added names to the lists of other big-time collectors: "Find out who is spending money in the antiques market," he advises. "If they can spend for that, they can spend for you."

Conger knows a good system when he has it. Identify the big donors? "You learn that, too, along the way. Never give out your donors' addresses. If they don't request anonymity, we give their names, and then if they can find them, okay."

—Anne Boggess

Expert Tips

Clement Conger says the techniques that produced a museum-quality Americana collection for the State Department and White House can work for any growing public collection, such as a governor's mansion or local museum. With diplomatic savvy and the "Grand Acquisitor's" flair, he recommends:

1. Always use the personal touch. "Nothing is more important than the care and feeding of donors. That's the way it works." Personally guide prospective donors through the collection instead of trusting them to docents.

2. Keep a high public profile. Conger says he used to speak almost anywhere without charging an honorarium. "I soon learned you have to charge something, otherwise you are just a free lecturer for every tidbit organization." Now he asks the group to donate money or he doesn't appear.

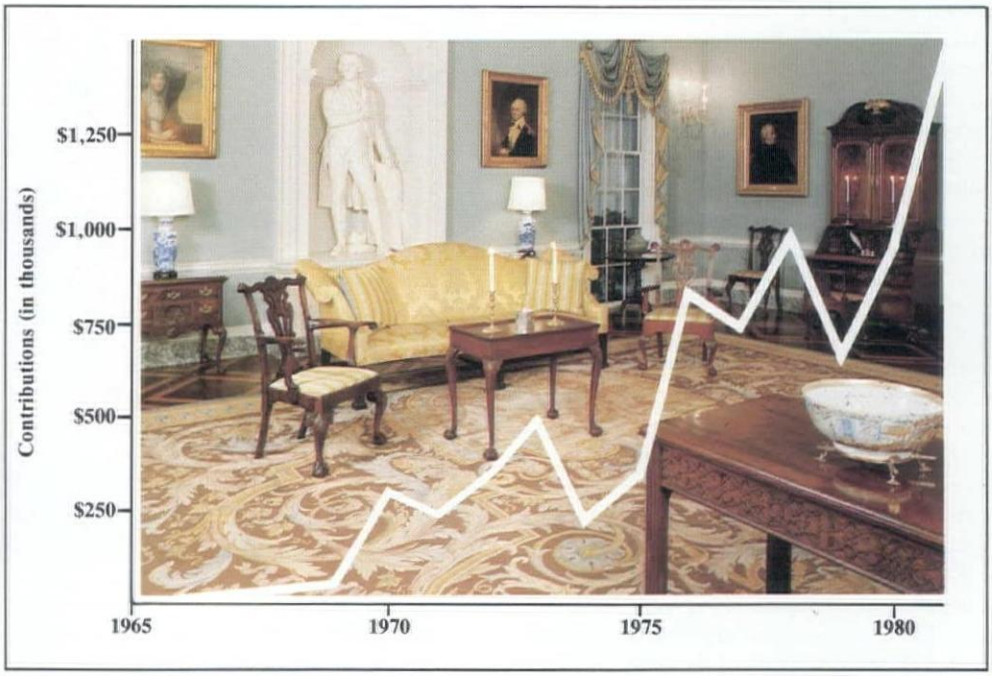
3. Offer to pay round-trip transportation and insurance for items in which you are interested. If a photograph won't do and you don't know an antiques dealer or trusted art collector in the area, have the item sent to you. "It costs thousands of dollars to do it, but you may wind up with many times the value in objects."

4. Convince people to lend if they cannot donate. Then try to persuade them to bequeath the object to your group.

5. Ask for donations to the general acquisitions fund. Conger regularly sends an illustrated list of needed items and the cost of each. Don't scrimp on these mailings.

6. Seek help from your community. Community leaders can identify prominent collectors and philanthropists. Find them and make them your targets. It's actually *easier* to get a corporation to donate locally than to Washington, says Conger, because of sizable resistance to giving more to the government.

The proof of Conger's advice is in the rapid growth of his annual acquisitions for the State Department to over $1 million.



Arts by Contract

A Baltimore theater group finds it has something to sell: creativity.

Philip Arnoult's bad luck was timed just right. Five years ago, when his Baltimore Theatre Project lost its major funding, he realized that the arts need aggressive management more, not less, than other groups.

"It became really clear to me that I had to do some long-range planning and look for ways to get us off the federal dole," the burly, bearded Arnoult says. As a result of that decision and the steps he took to implement it, Arnoult's Theatre Project seems uniquely prepared to survive the financial challenges facing the arts in the eighties. It has created a theater company for hire—a natural outgrowth both of the group's community involvement and its iconoclastic approach to staying afloat.

In the last two years, Theatre Project has had two major contracts totaling roughly a million dollars in revenue: *Rat Squad,* commissioned by the city of Baltimore; and *Baltimore Voices,* a drama based on oral histories developed in collaboration with the University of Baltimore's Neighborhood Heritage Projects. "In both cases we were asked to do these projects because we have a posture of being willing and able to work with the community," Arnoult says. "Going into schools, performing in church basements, factories, and parks is not 'outreach' for us. It's basic to the way we operate."

The group sponsors a thriving traditional performance series as well; in its eleven years of existence, Theatre Project has presented more than four hundred theater, music, and dance groups from twenty-seven states and seventeen foreign countries. And the Project runs a year-round apprenticeship program for young performers.

But communication-by-contract came naturally. "We are about meetings," Arnoult says, "meetings between artists and audiences. Notice I say 'audiences,' because we don't have one audience, we have many."



Doctor Rat and the other cast members of Rat Squad *help educate Baltimore school children about rat control.*

First came *Rat Squad.* When Baltimo found itself spending $5,000 per block in a lo ing battle to control the city's rats, loc government decided education was the on answer. Working with Theatre Project, it pr posed to take its message on rats to the city fourth, fifth, and sixth graders. The result, *R Squad,* is full of hard-hitting facts about co trolling rats, with plenty of repetition of k points. Surveys of its audiences done befo and after they've seen the show indicate t message is getting across. And the city was encouraged by the response that it renewed t contract for a second year.

Rat Squad is also an exuberant, high-energ show, full of slapstick humor, chorus line imaginative props, outlandish costumes, an acting gusto that keeps the kids enthralle So—just as important—*Rat Squad* quite pr bably serves as the introduction for man children to the fun and excitement of liv theater.

The second contract project, *Baltimo Voices,* uses the words of people fro Baltimore's ethnic neighborhoods in a movin theater piece: a testament to simple, unsun lives and a celebration of community that part of what Theatre Project is all about. Stud Terkel, author of *Working,* saw it and wa moved to tears. "This ought to be done i every city in America," he told the actors. "I there were more of this there would be bett understanding among people."

The development of contracts like *Ra Squad* and *Voices* represents an untappe potential for arts groups, Arnoult feels "When I talk to community groups or co porations I tell them, 'Don't just give u money. Our art can be useful to you.' Righ now the governor's office is talking to us abou creating a piece on environmental impact. Th city is considering another project to hel junior high schoolers cope with decision about healthy life styles. I'd love to have a co porate client like McCormick Spices an dramatize a hundred years of its compan history for a stockholders' meeting."

To ensure a solid base for all these plans an projects, Arnoult is embarking on yet anothe ambitious undertaking—a joint, nonprofit



The Baltimore Theatre Project discovered that the creative abilities used in producing standard theatrical fare—here, Paper Flowers *by the Chilean playwright, Egon Wolff—could be turned to theatre-by-contract and "getting off the dole."*

private-enterprise venture to develop an expanded performance facility. Four years ago the city sold Theatre Project a large brick building for a token five dollars. Three months later, the Baltimore Symphony announced plans for a $22-million symphony hall across the street, and a block away, the venerable Lyric Theatre has launched a multimillion-dollar renovation.

"Suddenly, we're sitting in the midst of a cultural center!" Arnoult exults.

Having acquired four adjacent buildings and snared a block grant to reroof the place, Arnoult now has lined up private investors and put together a syndicate to remodel the Project's building. His present 150-seat theater will be refurbished. A larger, 300-seat theater with rehearsal, production, and office spaces will be added in a complex, with 50 percent of the space designated for Theatre Project and 50 percent for commercial, income-producing space—a cabaret, a restaurant, recording studios, and offices.

All this will bring Theatre Project an "endowment" of $75,000 from the sale of its property and the proceeds from its syndication—plus it gains expanded, rent-free space.

"I've told the city," Arnoult says, "that this rehabilitated, expanded facility will provide forty new entry-level jobs, return $250,000 in sales and entertainment taxes to the city the first year, increase property-tax revenues, restore a historic building, add to the artistic life of the community, and help Theatre Project become a stable institution." It's hard to argue with that kind of success.

—Jean Battey Lewis

Making Contract

Your arts group represents a wealth of marketable creative talent. Here's how you can put it to use to raise funds by contract:

Compile a needs survey. Evaluate the needs of your city and state, community groups, and local corporations. Look for potential clients who have a message to put across.

Inventory your strengths. Once you've identified prospects, consider creative solutions your arts group is uniquely qualified to offer them. Be prepared to tailor your services to the prospects' needs. Since this is more time-consuming, allow time to test your product. To develop its first contract work from scratch took Theatre Project nine months.

Ask the right questions. Arnoult says that in working up *Rat Squad* for the city of Baltimore, he had to ask all the key "who, what, when, where, why, how" questions: Who was the real audience? What do they need to know? And so on.

Price competitively, but aggressively. Remember, potential clients will be weighing the cost of your services against the cost of what they're currently doing (or *failing* to do). Ordinary presentations at corporate stockholders meetings or conventions routinely run into five figures: Bob Hope charges more than $35,000 and Muhammad Ali starts at $12,000. Think what your arts group could do—and for how much less. Of course, your costs must also be considered. The Baltimore Theatre Project prices its contracts to include the salaries of actors plus an in-house playwright. In its first year, the price tag for *Rat Squad* was $240,000, which bought 150 performances in 93 schools before 40,000 children.

Demonstrate strong administrative skills. "One reason we've done so well," says Baltimore Theatre Project's Philip Arnoult, "is we're very professional with our clients. Doing *Rat Squad* and going into far-flung schools every day, we pay real attention to detail: we do a site visitation far in advance; we check the size of doors for unloading our sets; we don't get lost; we know the principal's name; and, even more important, we learn the custodian's name. We come into their turf and we've done our homework."

USArts is made possible this month by Business Leaders of Birmingham

COLUMBUS

Driving into Columbus, Indiana, from the north on U.S. 31, you pass the usual confusion of shopping centers, fast-food franchises, and service stations. You see no hint of anything out of the ordinary until, rounding a curve, you spot a slender spire rising from a low hexagonal building. This is the North Christian Church, and if you happen to know architecture, you might recognize it as the work of Eero Saarinen—the same Eero Saarinen who built the U.S. Embassy in London and the TWA Terminal in New York.

Downtown, across from the library—beyond the green bronze *Large Arch* by Henry Moore, the British sculptor—you'll come upon the limestone facade and campanile of the First Christian Church, designed by Eliel Saarinen, Eero's father. The library itself, a pink brick pavilion set in a spacious pink brick piazza, is the work of I. M. Pei, of Kennedy Library and Hancock Tower fame.

The residents of Columbus, who number about 30,000, have become as accustomed to daily tour buses bearing architects and students as they are to farm trucks carrying corn and soybeans. The architects and students come to see the forty-plus works by distinguished architects that have caused Columbus to be dubbed —with only a little excess of civic boosterism— the Athens on the Prairie. A more disinterested observer, Paul Goldberger, in the *New York Times Magazine,* says simply, "As groups of buildings by distinguished architects go, there is no place in the United States to equal Columbus, Indiana."

On Washington Street, children tumble through a "play tank" in the carpeted play area of the Cesar Pelli–designed Commons-Courthouse Center, to the accompaniment of the clanking and clanging of Jean Tinguely's moving junk-metal sculpture, *Chaos 1.*

Columbus' mail passes through the first privately designed post office in the United States. Some postal patrons feel the choice of salt-glazed silo tile as the building material by Kevin Roche, John Dinkeloo and Associates was a put down, and a drab one at that.

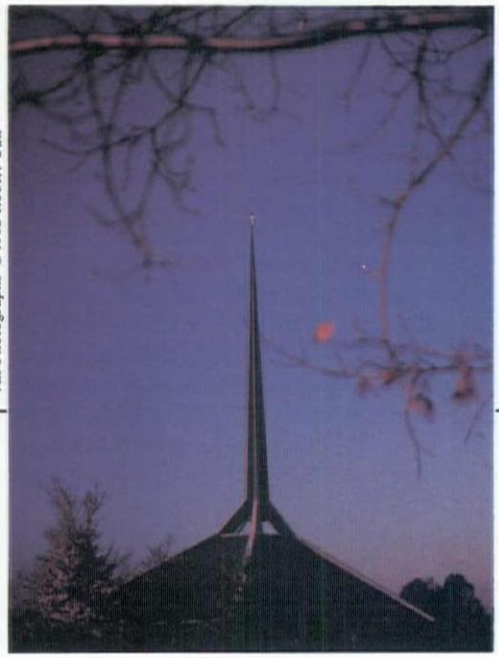
Out on Highway 46, Fire Station No. 4 looks as if it had been put together from children's blocks. The "pop"-influenced building, by Robert Venturi and John Rauch, of Philadelphia, includes a practical touch: a tower for drying fire hoses.

Every weekday at 1:05 P.M., the *Columbus Republic* newspaper rolls off bright yellow presses on view in a glass-walled building—an American Institute of Architects award winner (one of four in Columbus) created by Myron Goldsmith of Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill, of Chicago.

But back to Eliel Saarinen's First Christian Church, which is where Columbus started on the road to being an architectural showplace.

Edna Thayer is a feature writer with the Columbus Republic *in Indiana, with which she has been associated for twenty-five years.*

The 192-foot spire of Eero Saarinen's North Christian Church (1964)—his last design.



All Photographs © 1982 Robert Cuti

The family of J. Irwin Miller donated fur for the church, completed in 1942. Miller h been chief executive and is now chairman the executive and finance committee of Cu mins Engine Company, the community's ch employer, with 11,000 employees.

"I was only twenty-seven years old at t time and not even a member" of the churc Miller says. He's modest about his role in t selection of Saarinen: "I might have bugg the members a little, but it was pretty mu their decision. My effort was to urge, 'Let's the best we can. Let's talk to the very best.'

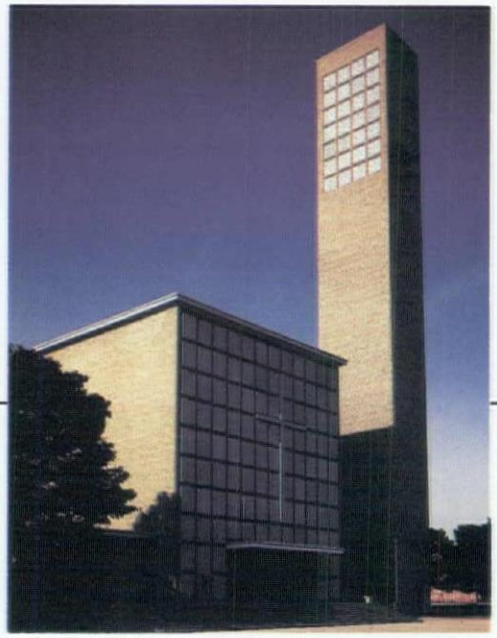
In 1954, Eero Saarinen was commissioned design a building on Washington Street for t Miller-headed Irwin Union Bank, an atriu like structure with glass walls. He also built home for the J. Irwin Miller family, and lat the North Christian Church, which Mill helped to found. The ball was rolling.

It was full speed ahead in 1955, when Mille through the Cummins Engine Foundation, c fered to pay the architectural-design fees f new public-school construction. The designe were to be chosen from a list of promisi young candidates drawn up by an adviso committee. Later, the program was broaden to include other public buildings.

Miller provided the impetus for other inc viduals and companies, resulting in a city wi facelift. An ice-skating rink and recreation facility, one of thirteen buildings in Columb designed by Harry Weese, was given to the ci by the Hamilton Foundation in honor of B. Hamilton, founder of Cosco, Inc. Sixte blocks of the city's business district we designated for renewal in a master develo ment plan by Skidmore, Owings, and Merril The culmination of the plan was the compl tion of the Commons-Courthouse Cente occupying two city blocks, in 1973. The cent includes a shopping mall, cafeteria, snack ba

The Gem of Architecture

A tour in pictures. Photographs by Robert Cuti Text by Edna Thayer



Eliel Saarinen's First Christian Church began Columbus' architecture boom in 1942.

and two movie houses; the public space adapts for art exhibits, workshops, concerts, bazaars, even dances. The Commons and its Tinguely sculpture were gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Miller and his sister, Mrs. Robert Tangeman.

The latest building designed with Cummins Foundation funds is the new city hall, a triangular structure of tawny-rose brick by Charles Bassett of Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill. Its austere facade opens on an entrance court defined by a curving green-glass interior wall, which reflects a vivid Robert Indiana painting and an Amish quilt on the landings of twin stairways.

Living in a showplace is not all tawny-rose, however. Most residents take pride in the buildings, but have outgrown the wonder. Some are derisive; a few are bitter. One businessman calls the Commons-Courthouse complex, which consumed his property, "Red Square."

Roland Wilson, age sixty-seven, spends part of almost every day sitting on a bench under the skylighted trees in the Commons. It's a good place to pass the time, he says, and to meet people. "Some people don't like it," he acknowledges, adding, "but then some people don't like nothing."

Jerry Points, an industrial executive, says coming to Columbus from another Midwest community was like discovering the Renaissance. And it's true; when Columbus isn't being compared to Athens, it's sometimes called a modern Florence.

The children who go to school in buildings designed by Harry Weese, Gunnar Birkerts, John Carl Warnecke, and the like, see them as "fun." At L. Frances Smith Elementary School, the work of John M. Johansen, children go from level to level through colorful ramp tubes. At W. D. Richards School, kindergartners ride sculptor Constantine Nivola's dozen miniature horses around an ancient ash tree. The school, designed by Edward Larrabee Barnes (Walker Art Center, IBM headquarters) with a series of sawtooth roofs and clerestories, is a good place to work, says their teacher, Kim Kritzer.

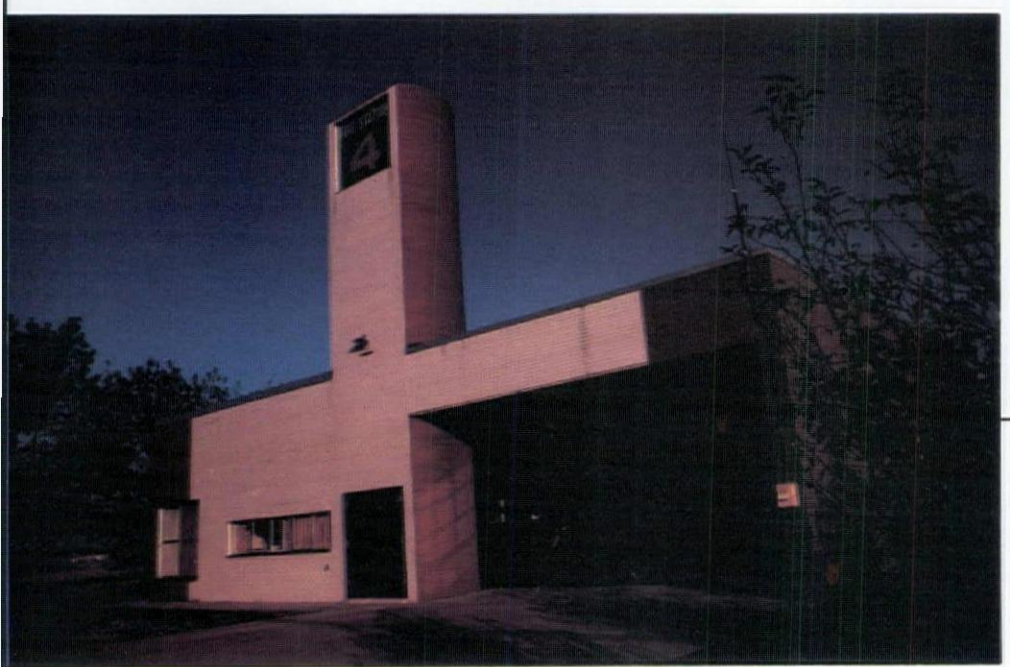
Not everything in Columbus is an outstanding work of recent architecture, however. Some buildings are outstanding works of older architecture. In sharp contrast to the contemporary commons is the century-old Italianate courthouse, which Miller cites as an example of good planning and foresight. "One hundred years later," he says, "it's still adequate. There's an awful lot of buildings in this country that are torn down when they are no more than twenty or thirty years old. For whatever purpose you want the buildings, you ought to do it as well as you can."

Other survivors are the Victorian shop buildings lining an entire city block, which were repainted according to a master color design created by Alexander Girard to emphasize their ornate moldings.

Older residences and commercial buildings are being restored in almost every section of town, from the old White House department store to the Visitors Center—a former mansion that also houses the only outside branch of the Indianapolis Museum of Art. At the center, a full-time director and a staff of volunteers serve the needs of visitors—whose numbers almost double, over a year's time, the population of the city itself.

Miller says it's too early to assess the impact the building program has had on the community: "I hope it's had some influence for good, but it's too early to know. I think people 100 years from now will be in a position to say."

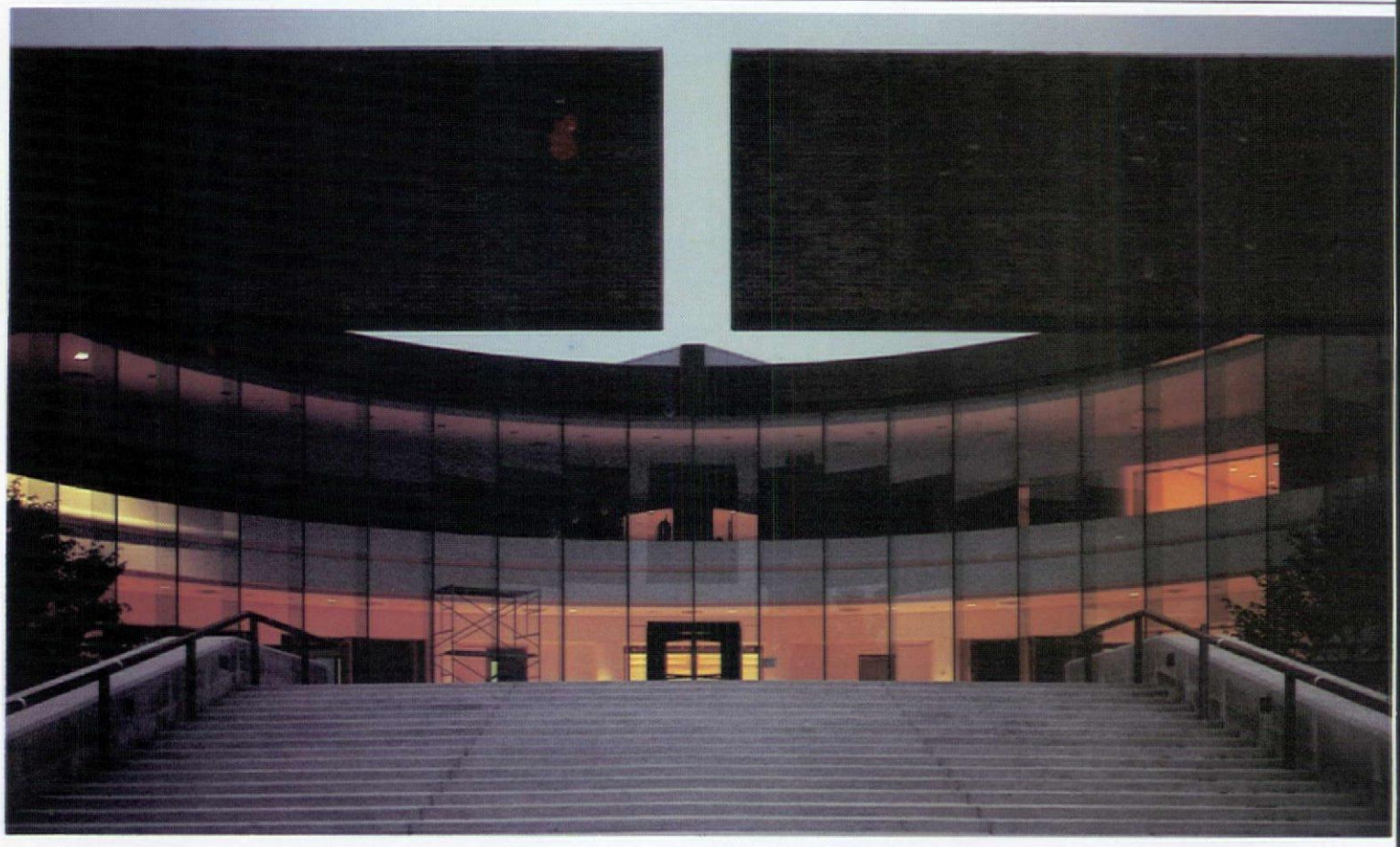
Robert J. Marshall, senior editor of the *Columbus Republic,* sees it differently: "The impact is now. A whole generation of young people has grown up with the new buildings."□



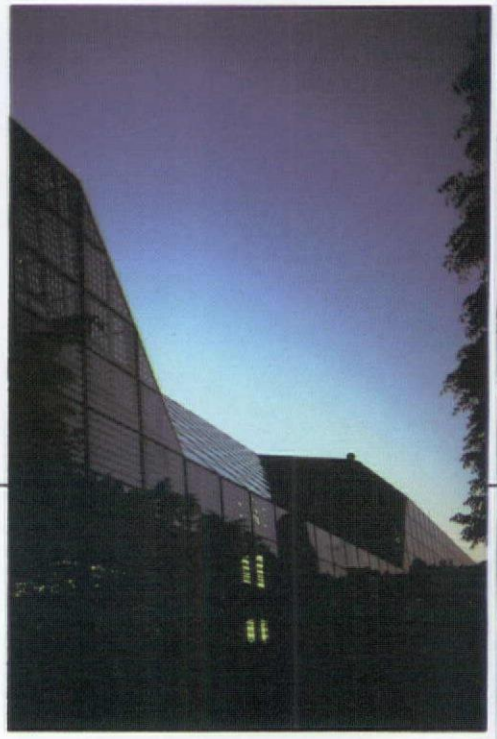
Venturi and Rauch built a hose-drying tower on their cinderblock fire station (1967).











The Gems of Columbus

Preceding pages: Edward Larrabee Barnes designed the W. D. Richards Elementary School (1965) around a high spine of four twenty-eight-foot-high clerestories above the central, multipurpose gymnasium/cafeteria. Behind the school, a main playground is decorated with twelve miniature horses sculpted by Constantine Nivola.

Above left: Charles Bassett's Columbus City Hall, built in 1981, is the most recent beneficiary of Cummins Foundation funds. Inside, twin stairways sport a Robert Indiana painting and an Amish quilt.

Far lower left: Quinco Consulting Center, designed by James Stewart Polshek, consists of two offset rectangles. A lounge occupies the middle, with outpatient facilities and offices on one side of the second floor and a twenty-six-bed inpatient area on the other.

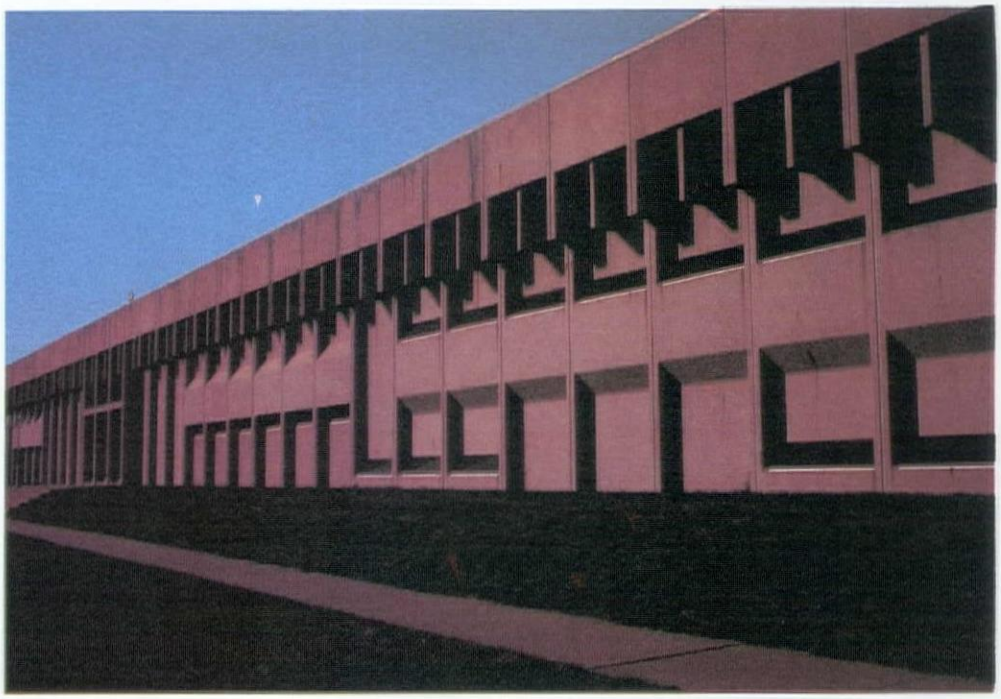
Below left: Kevin Roche, Eero Saarinen's assistant in the design of the original Irwin Union Bank and Trust (1954), designed this three-story adjacent building with John Dinkeloo in 1973. The striped-glass laminate reduces the heat absorbed from the sun in the block-long garden arcade.

Upper right: Harry Weese's Northside Junior High School (1961). Weese offset a landscaped interior courtyard from the center of the school and put the multipurpose gymnasium and swimming pool side by side.

Lower right: Eliot Noyes designed the Southside Junior High School (1969) of precast concrete, reinforced concrete, and concrete blocks. At the center is a commons area under a two-story skylight. Stairwells inside are brightened by abstract murals commissioned from Ivan Chermayeff.

Following pages: Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates' Columbus Occupational Health Association (1973) snared an American Institute of Architects award. The exterior is wrapped in black glass interrupted at an angle by a mirrored entryway. Inside, all medical areas are accessed from an open waiting area, which is bisected by two gentle ramps connecting the building's three split levels.









The Real Annie

She's a star of stage and screen, but it's the comic strip that was the masterpiece.

By Richard Marschall

Though in the popular consciousness her name has been abbreviated to Annie, Little Orphan Annie has grown larger than life. At least, larger than her first life. Some of us remember the radio show, the Ovaltine mugs, the theme songs, and the decoder rings of the original girl with those "curly auburn locks." But it's the musical *Annie,* with over two thousand Broadway performances (and still counting), that's brought her back to multimedia superstardom. And it's the movie of the same name, which opens May 20, that will make the world stand up and say, "Leapin' lizards!" The waif has assumed an identity beyond her origins.

Those origins were in the fertile imagination of Harold Gray, one of the preeminent geniuses of the comic-strip medium—and, in retrospect, one of the most misunderstood. Gray never lacked for success: for decades, *Little Orphan Annie* was one of the top five comic strips in circulation. But he took criticism in his own time because of political prejudice, and posterity has failed to give him his due largely because of a lack of appreciation of the art form in which he worked.

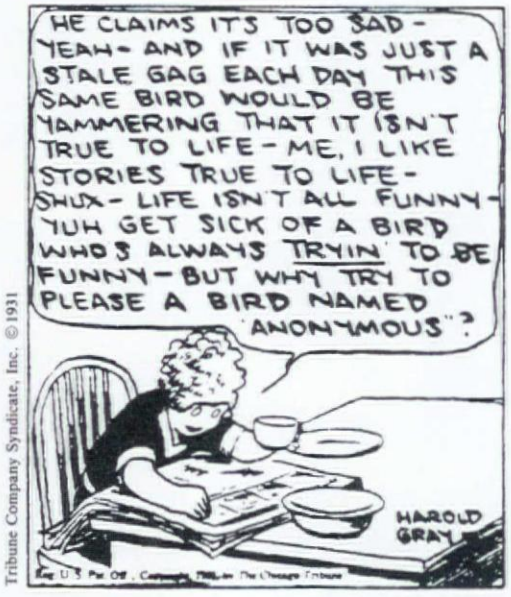
Stereotyping has planted the idea in the minds of many that *Little Orphan Annie* was a simple tear-jerker, a soap opera, a wordy soapbox for its creator's right-wing opinions. In fact, it was much more: a novel in comic-strip form, a stunning blend of narrative and visual elements, a drama of ideas by an artist in absolute control of his medium.

The strip began on August 5, 1924, in the *New York Daily News,* along with five other new strips—all of which failed. Annie was, of course, an orphan and in the early years her adventures revolved around enduring, and escaping from, stints in orphan homes. These homes were invariably run by misanthropes, and even when free, Annie was forever encountering busybodies bent not on seeing to her real welfare but on putting her away in other "homes." That she had adventures at all in these years destroys one of the shibboleths about the strip, for it is widely reported that *Buck Rogers* and *Tarzan,* in 1929, were the first "adventure" comic strips.

Soon a father figure emerged in the person of Daddy Warbucks. He was a reversal of a diamond in the rough: although a billionaire, Warbucks was a rough-and-tumble regular guy who was henpecked by an effete, social-climbing wife. It was the same situation parodied by George McManus in his *Bringing Up Father* comic strip, but instead of laughing as with McManus' Jiggs, the readers felt sorry for Warbucks. That is, until he met his complement—a frail-looking, red-haired orphan girl who was really street-wise, no-nonsense, common-sensical.

Through the years the cast filled out: Sandy, her faithful monosyllabic dog; various dolls and animal pals who disappeared as Annie matured; in the late thirties, Asp and Punjab, the mysteriously powerful servants of Warbucks; and Mr. Am, the man who was billions of years old. (Mr. Am held modern life and even moral codes in contempt, having seen countless civilizations—mostly unknown to us—rise and fall.) A literal cast of thousands of others peopled the small towns and city neighborhoods through which Annie passed in her endless wanderings.

Gray soon had developed a superb device for a comic-strip continuity. Annie, with no roots, could be planted in any situation with any characters without doing violence to the premise of the strip. On the contrary, movement, variation, change itself, became necessary ingredients. Daddy could be a



Above: Gray dealt with reader complaints that the strip was too grim—right in the strip itself. Opposite page: A previously unpublished promotional drawing of Gray's famous blank-eyed characters.

Richard Marschall is the author of many books on the comics medium, most recently Blondie's America *(Harper & Row),* Milton Caniff *(Flying Buttress), and the forthcoming* Art of Gustave Verbeck *(Dover).*


HAROLD GRAY



As this 1956 Sunday page, minus its color, shows, Gray's forte was black-and-white. He employed fine pen and shading techniques to achieve an almost cinematic effect that the addition of color helped not a whit.

Gray was one of the preeminent geniuses of the comics— and one of the most misunderstood.

touchstone with permanence, but he was not a *real* daddy, so the pair could logically drift apart and back together again.

The popularity of the strip grew to be enormous, especially during the Great Depression, when millions identified with the loner who was up against the world's problems. The titles of the books of Annie reprints during this period are characteristic: *Never Say Die!, Bucking the World, A Willing Helper*. Annie's friends in each episode were the down and out, the hard-working poor, the unfairly oppressed —hardly, as another erroneous stereotype would have it, all ruthless plutocrats. Harold Gray shared the preoccupations of Depression America. His followers were legion, recruited by radio shows, toys, books, premiums, and, in World War II, the Little Orphan Annie Junior Commando Secret Society.

Thousands of children joined Annie's crusades as avidly as their parents hung on every day's episode. In some quarters, however, Annie's work to aid the war effort was criticized as overly regimented—while, at the same time, Gray was attacking the bureaucracy of the gas-rationing program. That such tempests would repeatedly brew over a *comic strip* reveals not only that the art form can be a powerful means of communication, but that Gray was doing his job masterfully. People took Annie's opinions, as well as her adventures, seriously.

Annie's politics became as famous as her blank eyes, and an unfortunate stumbling block to those who could otherwise revel in this sustained classic of the form. It was also a misunderstanding of the essence of Harold Gray's work. Annie stood against big government, bureaucratic meddlers, demagogic politicians and bullies in general. She stood for a vision of a society where everyone would fend for himself, respect others who proved and practiced their decency, and be charitable to the needy—altogether a noble vision of the American heartland, where independence and freedom were paramount concerns.

During the Depression, an editor of the *Detroit Free Press* put it plainly: "Annie represents the people of this country."

Gray's views hardly changed, but with the advent of the New Deal, what were once tenets of his personal philosophy suddenly became political—and contentious. Throughout his life he was a disciple of Roosevelt—Theodore, not Franklin—and as the twentieth century progressed, every aspect of life seemed to be politicized, including individualism.

Harold Gray was born in Kankakee, Illinois, on January 20, 1894. While just a farm boy, he sold cartoons to local papers. After receiving a degree from Purdue and serving briefly in World War I, he secured a job with the *Chicago Tribune* art department. For a while, he handled general art chores, but soon one of the nation's most successful cartoonists, Sidney Smith, hired Gray to be an assistant on his popular strip, *The Gumps*. This work, from 1921 to 1924, proved to be on-the-job training for Gray.

When he dreamed up an idea for his own strip, it was about a little orphan boy, Otto. In an intuitive flash, the *News'* publisher, Captain Patterson, "gave her skirts." Readers instantly took the orphan girl into their hearts.

Gray's drawing has been as misunderstood as his politics. To many, his characters appeared stiff, the mood too solemn, and the anatomy awkward. Al Capp, creator of *L'il Abner* and otherwise an admirer of Gray, once told me he thought the figures in *Little Orphan Annie* possessed "all the vitality of Easter Island statues." But Gray, in a medium where the straight illustrator's technique was paramount, was *not* a realist who missed the mark because of insufficient talent or deficient style; rather, he was a comic-strip expressionist who knew exactly what he was doing.

Gray's art—and it *was* often somber, even menacing—was a perfect counterpart to his stories. In the very infrequent scenes of violence, he seldom resorted to classic comic onomatopoeia (*POW!*); often he would switch the visual to another area during carnage, or switch from the advent of action to its aftermath, omitting the actual events. This fed the undertone of tension that pervaded the strip —occasional outbursts of action or violence would have been like pressure valves.

Some commentators have opined that Gray's famous technique of drawing open pupils was aimed at forcing the reader to empathize with the characters, to supply their emotions for the ones that settings, gestures, and context suggested. It worked.

The exaggerated depictions of good guys



Mr. Am, the man who has lived forever, makes a point in this 1942 episode. Was he Gray's symbolic visitation by God, the "I AM" of the Bible? His divine wisdom, in any case, was solidly middle class.

Tribune Company Syndicate, Inc. © 1942

Annie's politics became as famous as her blank eyes, and an unfortunate stumbling block.

and bad guys revealed Gray's obsession with depicting the spiritual essences of his players. In spite of his wealth, Warbucks was an individualist resisting the floodtide of materialism in the world; Annie fought it just as vehemently in her own realms. Each in his own way was a type of Nietzsche's Superman, an inspiration to many early expressionists. Of course, Gray's form of graphic depiction was different from that of such expressionist and abstract cadres as Die Brücke and Der Blaue Reiter, but he was also of a different generation. It is arguable that their motivations were the same.

But the passing of a generation, and the setting of another continent and culture, made for other differences in Gray's comic-strip expressionism. Functionally, in pre-World War I Germany, the expressionists were anti-bourgeois. Gray's work also dealt with the social outcast, the rejects of polite society. He saw the individual soul at war with a spirit of the times that was oppressive, intrusive, dehumanizing—and, for Gray, that meant Communism as well as Fascism, both of which America was flirting with at the time. But in essence, his empathetic creations bent proletarian terms to serve bourgeois ends. In Gray's eyes, it was the middle class and the working lower class that formed the spiritual basis for our culture. His *Little Orphan Annie* was one long paean to them and their virtues.

That paean took the form of six weekday parts and one on Sunday, week after week, year in and year out. Gray's technique in dealing with the comic artist's imperative of chopping up his story into daily chunks was audacious and unique: in *Little Orphan Annie* every day's episode represented another day's action. In other continuity strips, each installment typically picked up barely minutes after the day before; conversations, fights, confrontations, and suspenseful build-ups that would take a few minutes in real life stretched out over weeks or months. Gray, with scarcely an exception for years and years, made a day in the reader's paper correspond with a day in Annie's life—technically an excruciatingly difficult task for a narrative artist.

Many of his stories ran for the better part of a year, with a multiplicity of subplots and side trips. This was longer than his fellow artists' standard, and to keep readers in touch—but also as a device to illuminate the various characters and their personalities—Gray would frequently have characters expound in soliloquies. They would recapitulate the story, but from their own particular points of view.

The closest parallel in literature to Gray's *Little Orphan Annie* is perhaps Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*—not in the dissimilar title characters but in the literary form. In both, an endless series of episodes *seems* to substitute for a classical plotline; there is a constant chronicling of—and commentary upon—contemporary customs, fads, and mores.

Human nature itself became an element in the strip's continuity. Like another novelist, John Bunyan, author of *Pilgrim's Progress,* Gray used representative characters: Mrs. Bleating-Hart, Fred Free, Mr. Pinchpenny. Of course, Gray had no trouble being more clev in creating names, but just as Bunyan was co tent with characters named Christian, M Worldly-Wiseman, and Mr. Greathear Gray's goal was to draw his portraits in unam biguous terms. Gray's Annie herself, thoug female and barely adolescent, seems of th Order of the Hebrew Melchizedek: not onl because of her unknown origins and ageless ness does she have neither beginning nor end but, by nature, she is a type, a symbol of th better things she points to.

Appropriately, given Gray's sharply draw good guys and bad guys, *Little Orphan Anni* was one of the few comic strips in history tha could have survived, even thrived, without th addition of color in Sunday supplements. Gra was a consummate master of black-and-white His use of blacks, the placement of negativ white space, the spotting of shades and tex tures by crosshatching, gave *Annie* an indi vidual atmosphere that color helped not on bit. Gray achieved a remarkable combinatio of these black-and-white elements for a per sonal flavor in the final puzzle piece tha formed his picture of life.

Gray devotedly pursued a uniquely Ameri can vision, mixing in dollops of spies, thieves, murders, romance, mystery, optimism, cynicism, and realism, and using a little orphan girl in a red dress as his prism. He created an astounding forty-four-year chronicle and one of the enduring symbols of our culture. No wonder Annie now lives again—after all, she never grows old. □







Daddy Warbucks' life was as fraught with hazard as Annie's, and time and again he was missing in action. But even in despair Annie preached just what America needed to hear during the Depression and WWII.

The Rebirth of Annie






The Annie *cast is made flesh for the movies: Aileen Quinn as Annie, Sandy, Albert Finney as Daddy Warbucks, and Geoffrey Holder as Punjab. Carol Burnett, Tim Curry, and Bernadette Peters also star.*

For a while, it seemed that what cheats, murderers, Nazis, and meddling bureaucrats couldn't do, newspaper editors could: Little Orphan Annie was nearly counted out roughly a decade ago.

Harold Gray died in 1968, and he planned for the strip to die with him; knowing he was near death, he plotted a death for Warbucks. Gray didn't want others meddling with his creation.

After he died, however, the New York Daily News Syndicate exercised its ownership privilege and junked the final strips. Bullpen ace Henri Arnold drew a couple of weeks' worth, with a story line that put matters in a holding pattern. Eliot Caplin—brother of Al Capp and a veteran scripter of many strips—was then hired to write *Little Orphan Annie,* and a journeyman "ghost artist," Tex Blaisdel, was picked to draw her adventures. Both worked anonymously.

Both also embraced all the misunderstandings about Harold Gray: Blaisdel drew as if he had to forget the basics of anatomy, and Caplin's plots became mere parodies of right-wing concerns. The strip lost more and more papers from its once-impressive list, until finally a host of new names was brought in. Annie became a flower child, on the side of hippies in an environmental confrontation! The art was dismal, and poor Harold Gray must have been whizzing in his grave. Reruns finally and mercifully replaced the new strips.

Residual interest in the tough little girl, however, was evidenced by licensed products like mugs and posters. And out of left field (so to speak) came interest in optioning the property as a Broadway musical. On the face of it, the idea seemed wholly implausible or at least inappropriate, given the history, attitudes, and atmosphere of the strip—but such dichotomies are often prime ingredients for success.

Produced by Mike Nichols, *Annie* featured book by Thomas Meehan, music by Charles Strouse, and lyrics by Martin Charnin. The show debuted in 1977 and promptly picked up the New York Drama Critics Circle award for best musical, seven Tony awards, seven Drama Desk awards, the Theater World award, and the *Cue* Golden Apple award. The play is still running on Broadway and in touring companies. It was a play that Harold Gray might not have enjoyed, much less written—Daddy Warbucks visits his "pal," FDR!—but audiences obviously took it to heart.

In the wake of *Annie's* success, the syndicate decided to return to newly created episodes and hired an artist-writer who has since won wide acclaim for his handling of *Annie* (as the title has now been abbreviated). The new hand, Leonard Starr, had just closed out the run of his own classic comic strip, *On Stage,* after twenty-four years, and at first considered "taking a crack at only the writing."

Starr says, "My own drawing style was the extremely realistic sort, the illustrator's look. I didn't think I could feel comfortable with Gray's techniques." But he took the challenge, loved the job, exercised his considerable plotting talents, and almost immediately doubled the number of papers carrying the strip. "In spite of my tendencies, I think it may very well be true that the illustrator's look never had a place in comic strips," he says now. "Gray had a wonderful shorthand, a visual balance of realism and cartoon look."

In fact, Starr grew up *not* reading *Little Orphan Annie.* "I was nine when *Terry and the Pirates* began in 1934," he recalls. "So I cut my eyeteeth on derring-do adventure . . . and learned to draw in the [Milton] Caniff tradition rather than Gray's." Starr never met Harold Gray, although their work for the same syndicate overlapped by ten years. When he took over the strip, he immersed himself in the back files of Gray's work and now says he tries "to do what Gray would be doing himself."

The hit play and Starr's revival prompted Columbia Pictures to purchase the movie and merchandising rights to *Annie* in one of the biggest deals in comics history—for a reported $10 million. The *Annie* movie is a lavish production, with footage shot at New York's Radio City Music Hall (with fifty-four dancers, sixty-four extras and thirty-six Rockettes) and in an elaborate, four-story re-creation of a Lower East Side neighborhood from the Depression. Four new songs have been added to the Broadway version for the movie. Directed by John Huston, the film stars Albert Finney, Carol Burnett, Bernadette Peters, Ann Reinking, Tim Curry, Edward Herrmann, and Geoffrey Holder, and introduces ten-year-old Aileen Quinn as Annie.

The movie begins, as did the comic strip in 1924, with Annie housed in an inhospitable orphanage. The mistress there is Miss Hannigan (Burnett). One day billionaire Oliver Warbucks (Finney) stops by, seeking to "borrow" an orphan for some publicity photos at his mansion. Daddy meets Annie, a bond is formed, Miss Hannigan smells money and schemes for a pair of crooks to appear as Annie's real parents and . . . the plot's off, filled with possibilities for enough explorations of human nature that *would* please Harold Gray.

For a taste of the real Annie, look for a huge collection of 1935–45 strips published in 1970 by Arbor House, *ARF! The Life and Hard Times of Little Orphan Annie.* Dover currently has two reprint collections in print: *Little Orphan Annie in the Great Depression* and *Little Orphan Annie in Cosmic City.* Another book, dealing more with Annie's second childhood, is *The Annie Family Album,* due this spring from Ballantine.

If you can't catch the musical *Annie* at the Uris Theatre on Broadway, it may be coming to you: Colonial Theatre in Boston (through April 10), Shea's Theatre in Buffalo (through April 10), Fisher Theatre in Detroit (April 13-May 1), Arie Crown Theatre in Chicago (April 14–May 8), Century II Theatre in Wichita (May 4–9), Denver Center (May 12–22), Midland Center in Kansas City (May 25–June 5), Music Hall in Oklahoma City (June 8–13), State Fair Music Hall in Dallas (June 15–27), Civic Auditorium in Portland (June 15–July 11), and Orpheum Theatre in Omaha (June 30–July 11). The motion-picture version, of course, opens across the country on May 20.

A Man for All Media

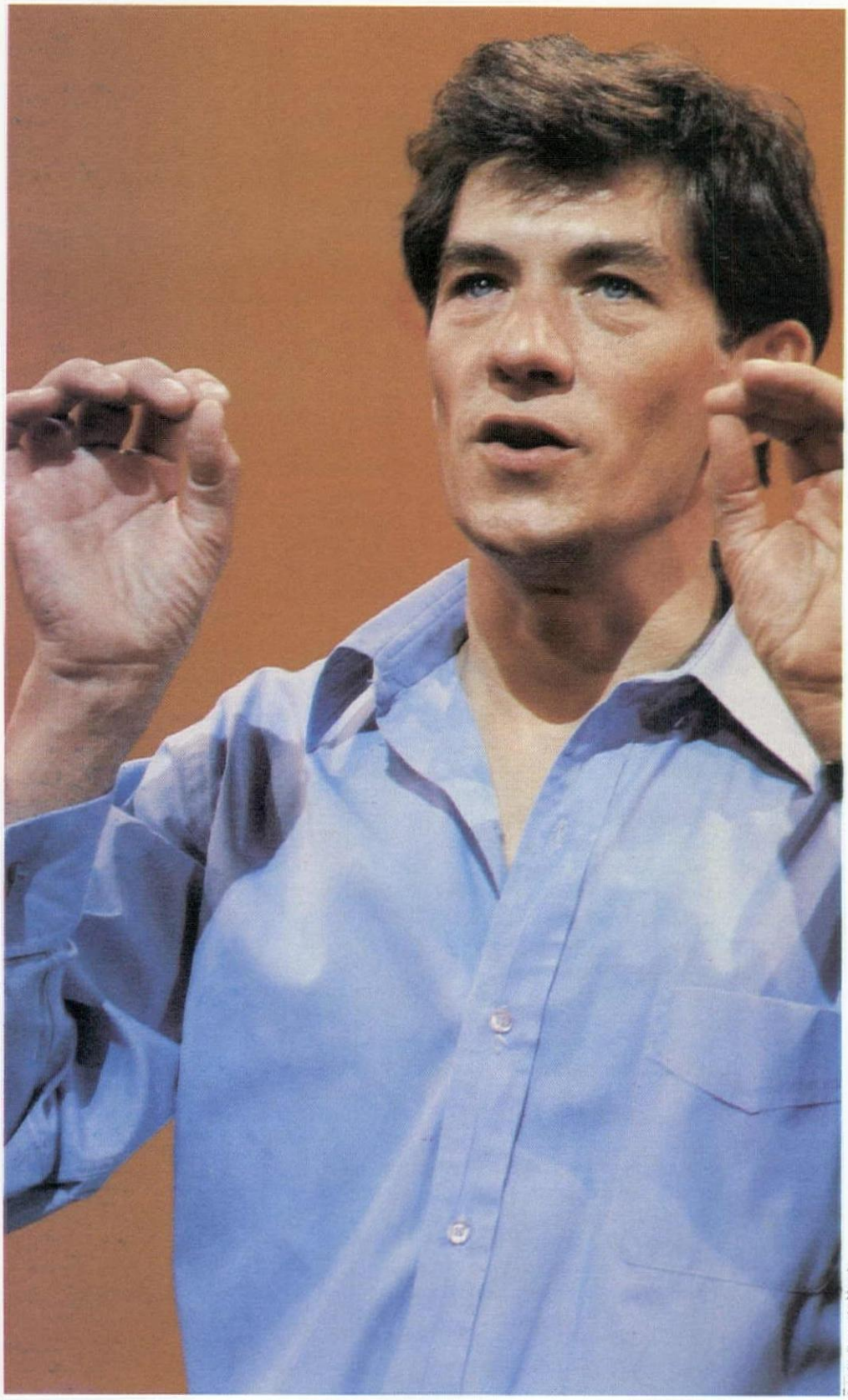
It's probably inevitable that sooner or later Ian McKellen would tackle Shakespeare on television. An Englishman, McKellen made his big splash in the U.S. portraying Antonio Salieri to Mozart's archrival, on stage in Amadeus. *Next he turned back to the movies (he'd completed three films in 1966) to play D. H. Lawrence in* Priest of Love. *And now he'll essay a one-man television show, "Acting Shakespeare," to be broadcast on PBS April 26 with funding from IBM.*

Actually, McKellen first did the show at the Edinburgh Festival in 1976 when he was with the Royal Shakespeare Company. He toured Israel, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark and now has improved the production for television. In "Acting Shakespeare," McKellen slides from Macbeth and Hamlet to Polonius and Bottom to (yes!) Juliet, weaving in anecdotes from his own acting experience and involvement with Shakespeare.

In an interview with Horizon, *McKellen talked about his recent experiences on stage, screen, and television (where his next project is a British TV movie,* Walter, *in which he plays a mental patient). He explained the purpose of "Acting Shakespeare," which he said has to do with what Sir Laurence Olivier termed, "making Shakespeare real":*

What he meant was that like all great actors who had done Shakespeare, he was concerned with showing that he was not a dead author and that his characters were still capable of an extremely modern interpretation—whether by David Garrick or Marlon Brando. Actors who do Shakespeare don't want to copy what the previous generation has done. They don't set out to bring change for its own sake, but to make it accessible to a modern audience by looking for what is modern in the material. Olivier's contribution to his generation was speaking the words as if they had just been written. This is my concern as well. In these days of film and television, the more conversational Shakespeare can be and the less rhetorical, the more likely he is to strike home.

To keep dressing up is peripheral to any sort of acting and particularly to this kind of show. It's more exciting for an audience to see an actor in everyday clothes. Shakespeare was originally done in modern dress—the Eliza-



©1981 Brownie Harris

Ian McKellen performs his one-man Shakespeare show without costumes. "Acting is all a trick, the appearance of reality."

After stage and film triumphs, Ian McKellen plays Romeo *and* Juliet on television. Interview by Dan Yakir

bethans didn't go for elaborate productions.

Having greatly admired John Gielgud's *Ages of Man,* a tour de force which he took around the world fifteen years ago (and which David Susskind recorded for television), I wanted to avoid his format of arranging extracts from Shakespeare with a minimal amount of introduction and putting it under certain subject headings. I wanted mine to be an even more personal view of Shakespeare, which I don't think he attempted. The more I could make it Shakespeare as I knew and appreciated it—I was making a living doing Shakespeare—and the more I could liven it with amusing stories, the more uplifting it would be in the end.

I was an ambassador for Shakespeare and hoped to entertain as well as uplift the audience. And the best way was to include a wide range of subject matter, which is why I recently included Falstaff and Juliet, parts I might not be expected to play given my age and sex.

It's not so much imposing your own personality as being the instrument whereby the words are going to take on life for the audience. In conventional plays, the actor is at the service of the playwright, but it doesn't mean that he has to debase himself or soft-peddle or strive for anonymity. On the contrary, his job is to be as finely tuned and to sound as well as a Stradivarius. If we get the attention, it's nice for us, but that's not the point—we should be drawing attention to the author. You'd be nowhere without the word.

It's not the actor's responsibility to create anything from scratch—the inspirational work has already been done by the author. His job is to use his imagination to flesh out the words. Our office is interpretative, not creative.

All acting on stage is basically technique. If it doesn't appear to be, it simply means the technicians are good. The 'Method' is a technique of rehearsing rather than of performing—Lee Strasberg would not have approved of an actor who couldn't repeat a performance. He said that an actor has to be open to improvisation and gut feelings. But how can one go through these feelings every night? It's like saying that to play Macbeth you have to murder Duncan night after night.

You first have to appreciate the script as a piece of story telling. Then, when you feel you grasp it, you rehearse it, and when you're finally ready, you risk to look inside yourself and discover that you can be as envious as Salieri was of Mozart or as cruel as Lawrence sometimes was to his wife and himself. That's when you begin to give yourself to it. You become the character long enough for you to remember what it feels like to be the man and recall that experience each night.

First you have to intellectually understand the part, which involves judgment and being objective about the character. Then you use imagination to become the part, taking his side completely without any judgment. When you come to the performance, the objective attitude is what you would call technique and the imaginative side refers to your subjectivity. From my experience, ninety-nine per cent of a performance is technical.

When it came to *Priest of Love,* my biggest preoccupation was: Would I be able to give a performance to which the camera could respond? Would my lack of experience tempt me to give a stage performance?

But the actor's responsibility in a film is nowhere near what you have in the theater, because you can always do it again and the final choice will be made by the director. On stage, it's more up to the actor to shape the performance while it's happening. The director is powerless once it starts—it's the actor who has the last say. At the end of a day of movie shooting, you're extremely tired or bewildered because you don't know how you've done; while after a play, you're tired but also fulfilled if it's gone well.

I discovered that I preferred the theater and turned my back on films—and they turned their back on me. *Priest of Love* is the first decent part I've had in a picture, and the big break leading to it was in 1979, when I left the Royal Shakespeare Company to make myself free to do other work. Now I would do almost any film I'm offered, just to work in the medium. If I were to choose, I would strike a balance between film, television, theater, and radio. But it's not only *your* choice.

In "Acting Shakespeare," I treat the television camera as if it were one person sitting in the audience, so that when people watch it at home, they'll have the impression that the performance was aimed at everybody. Once in a while, I catch their eye and say something directly to them. It's a sort of reproduction of what happens in the theater—particularly the soliloquies of Shakespeare, which I think should always be delivered to the audience. I make a point of finding long enough parts in Shakespeare to look everybody in the audience, at some point, straight in the eye. It probably wouldn't work in the cinema, where the camera is an observer and where the audience observes with it. It's unnerving when someone in a film looks straight at the camera, while in television we're used to it.

In terms of quality of scripts, there are many more good things done on British television than could ever be done by any film industry. The breadth of material it makes available to an actor is incredible. Partly because we don't really have a film industry, most of our best directors—like Peter Hall, who directed me in *Amadeus*—stay in the theater.

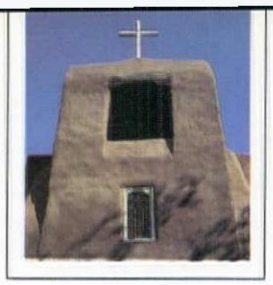
I don't think a director and an actor should be man and wife or lovers, but good friends who work together a great deal. It's always difficult to work with a director for the first time and I always try to become very good friends. Without it, you can't reach a point where you dare and risk an experiment, which, for me, is essential. On the very few occasions where I worked with directors I hadn't admired, I found it very difficult to act well. My first concern when I'm offered a part is who is directing it. I won't even consider a part if the director is unacceptable.

Some directors don't like to feel they're intruding too much on the confidence of an actor, but I think his confidence *should* be shaken. I'm forever asking questions and soliciting advice and opinions. I like to speak my mind and good directors make room for this kind of contribution. I myself have directed quite a bit and discovered I was not very good at it. I'm better in working with actors than in shaping the overall production.

As a child, I discovered, through acting, a respect for myself and from others, which made me want to go on with it. Every child wants to establish himself in the world by doing something in which he can show off. For some it's football; for me it was acting. As I enjoyed it and realized I was reasonably good, I kept going to the theater. I've never stopped being a theater goer as well as actor.

I'm one of those easy-to-please theater goers who, the minute the show starts, takes it all. I very rarely leave plays halfway through. Even a bad performance can teach you something. You know, I've hardly ever seen an actor I haven't admired—at the very least, for his bravery. □

Dan Yakir, who writes regularly for Film Comment *and* American Film, *last wrote for* Horizon *on* Brideshead Revisited.



Santa Fe Gold

What's the magic that draws dreamers and would-be conquerors to this place?

By Jamake Highwater

The legend lingers. A golden city—*Quivira*—lies hidden somewhere in the high desert of the American Southwest. Stories of its riches lured the Spaniards far from their stronghold of Mexico City. What Coronado and his adventurers found was a dusty string of mud houses and a chief wearing a copper plate about his neck—the only metal he had ever seen.

But the luster of golden Quivira has persisted. Today Santa Fe's little adobe dwellings bring as much as $300,000. Swimming pools now abound in arid backyards. And the jet set arrives in an unending stream, truly obsessed with the Good Life promised by this tiny town of fifty thousand. Called "America's Salzburg," Santa Fe has become an elite oasis of grandeur, fame, big money, and culture. And so this quaint Southwest community has remained forever linked to the legend.

In the American myth of the nineteenth century, the Spanish-held city was imagined as a place of unequalled splendor. Pioneers heard tales of the fabulous treasures of the *conquistadores,* tales of the precious yield of the Chihuahua mines that flowed into Santa Fe like a silver river. The story was recited over meager campfires across the American prairie: in Santa Fe, haughty Spanish nobles rode, dressed in silk and lace, their immaculate, gold-shod horses clattering through the thin air of Quivira.

That dream ended in 1846 when the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo ceded New Mexico, Arizona, and California to the United States. But still the brilliance of Santa Fe remained in the American mind. It beckoned a generation of artists and eastern aristocrats during the 1920s. "My God!" exclaimed the painter, John Marin. "That such a place exists! It engulfs you. It's the best possible place to come alive. Space . . . it's unbounded. And that sky . . . it's a blank, empty wall . . . the most powerful emptiness I've ever known."

Mabel Dodge believed she had invented New Mexico. The millionaire from Buffalo, the patron of the arts, the celebrated "head hunter" was bored with the salons of Italy and New York; so she set about building an immense adobe hacienda at the edge of Taos in 1917. She took an Indian lover, and then she sat down at her desk and invited her coterie of famous people out to see her latest paradise: D. H. Lawrence, Mary Austin, Willa Cather, Robinson Jeffers, Georgia O'Keeffe, Eliot Porter, Max Eastman, John Reed, Lincoln Steffens. Mabel Dodge was excited by everything and bored by everything. And Santa Fe has never quite lost that charming and vexing combination of irreconcilable sensibilities.

What remains and endures today is a unique city that retains its legends. At the old Plaza, Hispanics, Indians, and Anglos intermingle as they have for centuries, a congruence of peoples that is, at heart, the very energy and stress keeping Santa Fe living and growing within its fragile sixteenth-century world.

The arts have continued to be Santa Fe's breath of life ever since Mabel Dodge proclaimed herself the mistress of this desert paradise. In the early 1960s, the Bureau of Indian Affairs established the Institute of American Indian Arts on El Cerrito Road; though forced to leased quarters in 1981, it has been the single most important center for the cultural education of American Indians. In 1957, a New Yorker named John Crosby founded the Santa Fe Opera, one of the most heralded and unlikely musical organizations in the world. Santa Fe's obsession with the arts has nurtured more galleries than may be found in any U.S. city of comparable size, with the accent evenly divided between cowboy art, traditional realism, and every possible school of modernism. A festival theater, a film festival, and dance companies are of growing significance. The Chamber Music Festival, though staffed and guided essentially by instrumentalists from New York, offers a musical season greatly favored by Santa Feans.

In the 1980s, the legend lingers. Santa Fe—Quivira—maintains its delicate balance between the past and the future. Its luster persists as a curious and marvelous reality of the American myth: a belief in imagined places where the wind still blows clean and the vastness of space abounds. Sante Fe remains a city of the dreamtime. □

Jamake Highwater, of Blackfeet/Cherokee heritage, is a writer, critic, and lecturer. His most recent books, The Primal Mind: Vision and Reality in Indian American *and* The Sun, He Dies, *were published by Harper and Row and New American Library.*

The missions have long been at the heart of Santa Fe. The gothic Loretto Chapel is the Chapel of Our Lady of Light.



Time Pieces

A concise cultural history of Santa Fe (and the World). By Bertram Gabriel



1534: *Michelangelo takes up permanent residence in Rome, where he paints* The Last Judgment.



1610: *After publishing his 154 sonnets, Shakespeare retires to Stratford-on-Avon to live as a country gentleman.*



1776: *The Declaration of Independence is signed in Philadelphia.*



1815: *Napoleon's defeat at the Battle of Waterloo ends almost twenty-three years of warfare.*



1841: *William Talbo patents the photographic proce of producing prints on paper treated with silver chloride.*

1550 **1600** **1700** **1800** **1825** **1850**

1534: *Three shipwrecked Spaniards and a Moorish slave are the first Europeans to set eyes on New Mexico.*



1540: *Coronado, an aspiring conquistador, enters the region, seeking the seven gold cities of Cibola. He finds instead seventy mud and stone villages, whose inhabitants he calls* Pueblos *—literally, "townsmen."*



1610: *At an altitude of 7,000 feet, hard by the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, Governor Pedro de Peralta lays out a rectangular* plaza mayor *and builds a flat-roofed adobe palace. He names the city* La Villa Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assis. *The Spanish build missions among the Pueblos, levy tribute, and exact forced labor.*

1680: *Twenty-five-hundred Indians revolt, surround Santa Fe, and force the entire Spanish population of New Mexico to retreat to El Paso.*



1693: *General Diego de Vargas recaptures Santa Fe. The Palace of the Governors, he finds, has been remodeled into a pueblo.*

1776: *The population of Santa Fe is 2,000.*





1807: *Zebulon Pike, of Pike's Peak fame, is arrested for trespassing in New Mexico. Santa Fe's flat-roofed adobe houses remind him of boats on the Ohio River.*

1821: *Mexico wins independence from Spain in August. Three months later, William Becknell leads a pack train from Missouri into the Santa Fe plaza. The Mexicans welcome trade with* los americanos, *and so many wagons ply the Santa Fe Trail that the ruts are still visible. But American visitors to Santa Fe are not impressed: "The Siberia of the Mexican Republic," says one in 1833.*

1834: *Josiah Gregg, trader, historian, and author of* Commerce of the Prairies *(1844), brings the first printing press to New Mexico.*

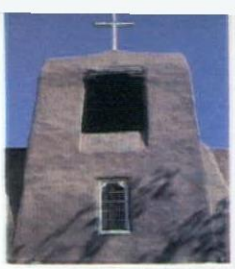
1846: *Stephen Watts Kearny leads the Army against Mexican Governor Armijo. A bard in the company writes:*

"Oh, what a joy to fight the dons,
And wallop fat Armijo!
So clear the way to Santa Fe,
With that we all agree, O!"



1849: *The* New Mexican, *first newspaper in the West, begins publication. The first edition has two pages in English and two in Spanish.*

Bertram Gabriel has contributed to Art News *and* Architectural Digest.



SANTA FE



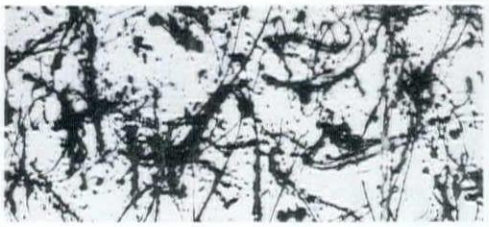
1861: *The Confederate states secede from the Union; the firing on Fort Sumter begins the Civil War.*



1878: *Thomas Edison invents the phonograph and records "Mary had a little lamb."*



1917: *The United States enters World War I. Russia, swept by Bolshevik revolution, pulls out the following spring.*



1947: *Following World War II, Jackson Pollock begins his "action painting" and American art moves to the fore in the world.*



1974: *Richard Nixon becomes the first U.S. president ever to resign from office.*

1875 **1900** **1920** **1940** **1960** **1980**





1864: *Though New Mexico remains loyal, General Sherman recommends that an effort be made to "prevail upon Mexico to take it back."*

1875: *Jean Baptiste Lamy is named first archbishop of New Mexico. He became the model for Willa Cather's* Death Comes for the Archbishop *(1926).*

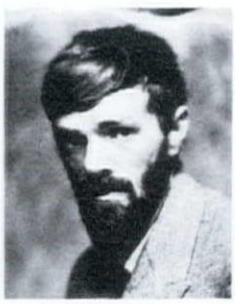
1878: *President Hayes declares Lincoln County in a state of insurrection and dispatches General Lew Wallace to Santa Fe to quiet things down. A literary man as well as a war hero, Wallace published* Ben Hur *(1880) while living in the Palace of the Governors.*

1912: *New Mexico becomes the forty-seventh state.*

1917: *The Museum of Fine Arts is built of adobe to resemble a Spanish mission. Robert Henri and John Sloan have studios in the museum.*

1921: *The heyday of the Santa Fe art colony begins.*

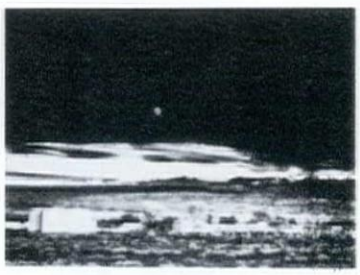
1922: *D. H. Lawrence is "willed" to New Mexico by Mabel Dodge, whose circle encompassed Max Eastman, Carl Jung, and Leo Stein.*



1929: *Georgia O'Keeffe first sees New Mexico, as a guest of Mabel Dodge.*

1928: *Alice Henderson publishes* The Turquoise Trail, *New Mexico poems by Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, and Edgar Lee Masters.*

1930: *Paul Strand photographs New Mexico ghost towns. In Twining he finds John Marin at work. "If you think you know what light is," Marin writes, "then go to New Mexico and you'll find a light many times more intense . . ." Dorothy Dunn founds first all-Indian art program in Santa Fe.*



1941: *Ansel Adams takes his most famous photograph,* Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico.

1951: *So many painters want to enter the Art Museum annual that a jury system has to be instituted.*

1957: *John Crosby, after conducting a two-year "summer temperature and moisture survey," founds the open-air Santa Fe Opera.* The Rake's Progress *is rained out.*

1961: *Paul Hindemith conducts the U.S. premiere of his* News of the Day *at the Santa Fe Opera. Opening night? Rained out.*

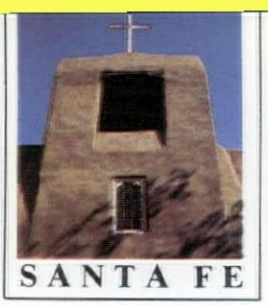
1973: *Alicia Schacter founds the* indoor *Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival.*



1977: *The Santa Fe Festival of the Arts is launched.*

1981: *The Santa Fe Festival Theater debuts.* Time *calls Santa Fe the "Salzburg of the Southwest."*

1982: *Some 1,400 artists live in Santa Fe, exhibiting in 103 galleries. Much of their work is bought by Texans, who carry it home all the way down Interstate 25 to El Paso.*



Six Artists

The expert who spotted Lichtenstein and Warhol picks Santa Fe's talents to watch.

By Rosalind Constable

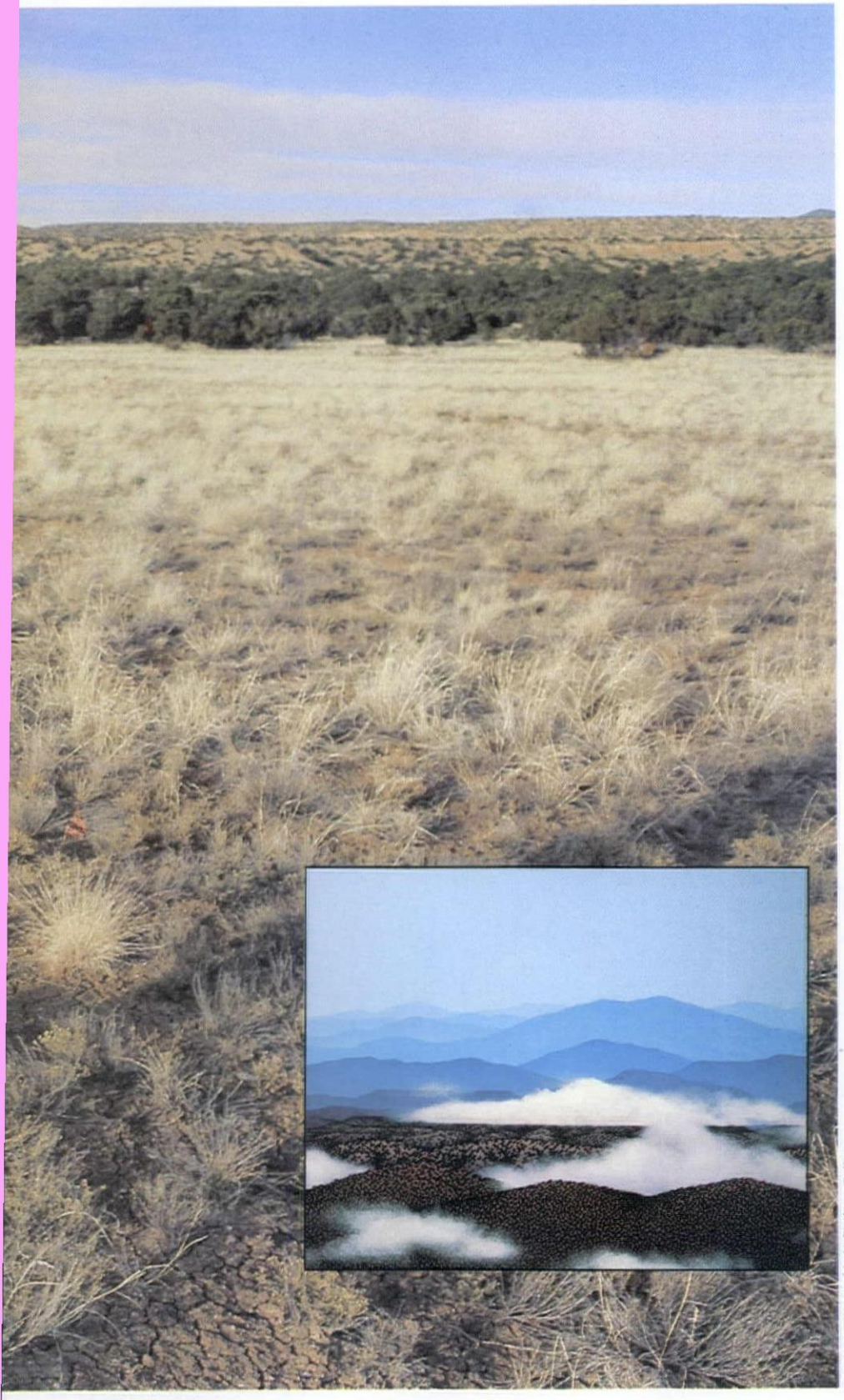
Artists of one sort or another have been coming to Santa Fe for almost a hundred years. Initially, many came for reasons of health, brought on stretchers to the Sunmount Sanitorium. Magically healed by the dry mountain air, they stayed for the special qualities of the light, for the solitude, for the spirit of the mountains. They built adobe brick studios, many of them on the Camino del Monte Sol.

The visual artists painted Indians, Indian chiefs, Indian dances, pueblos, penitentes, old men, young girls, and sagebrush-dotted desert landscapes (with or without horses). The Eastern art establishment classified all this as "regional" work, and largely excluded Santa Fe artists from the history of American art. Today, Santa Fe claims some 1,400 resident artists, many of them still turning out pictures of cowboys and Indians and aspens in autumn for the lucrative tourist trade. The Camino's adobe studios have given way to the adobe palaces of rich Texans and it's now the chic-est street in fashionable Santa Fe.

But a handful of young artists has joined the mainstream of contemporary art. Some have taken striking new approaches to the landscape, which continues to be the only viable regional subject matter for mainstream New Mexican artists. And some, we like to think, are about to make a name for themselves far beyond the confines of New Mexico.



Rosalind Constable, who selects an annual show of New Mexican artists, is a former advisor on the avant-garde for Time Inc.



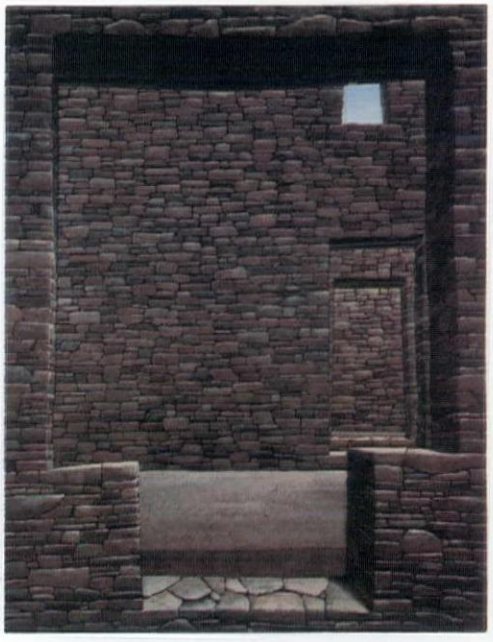
Paintings courtesy Linda Durham Gallery

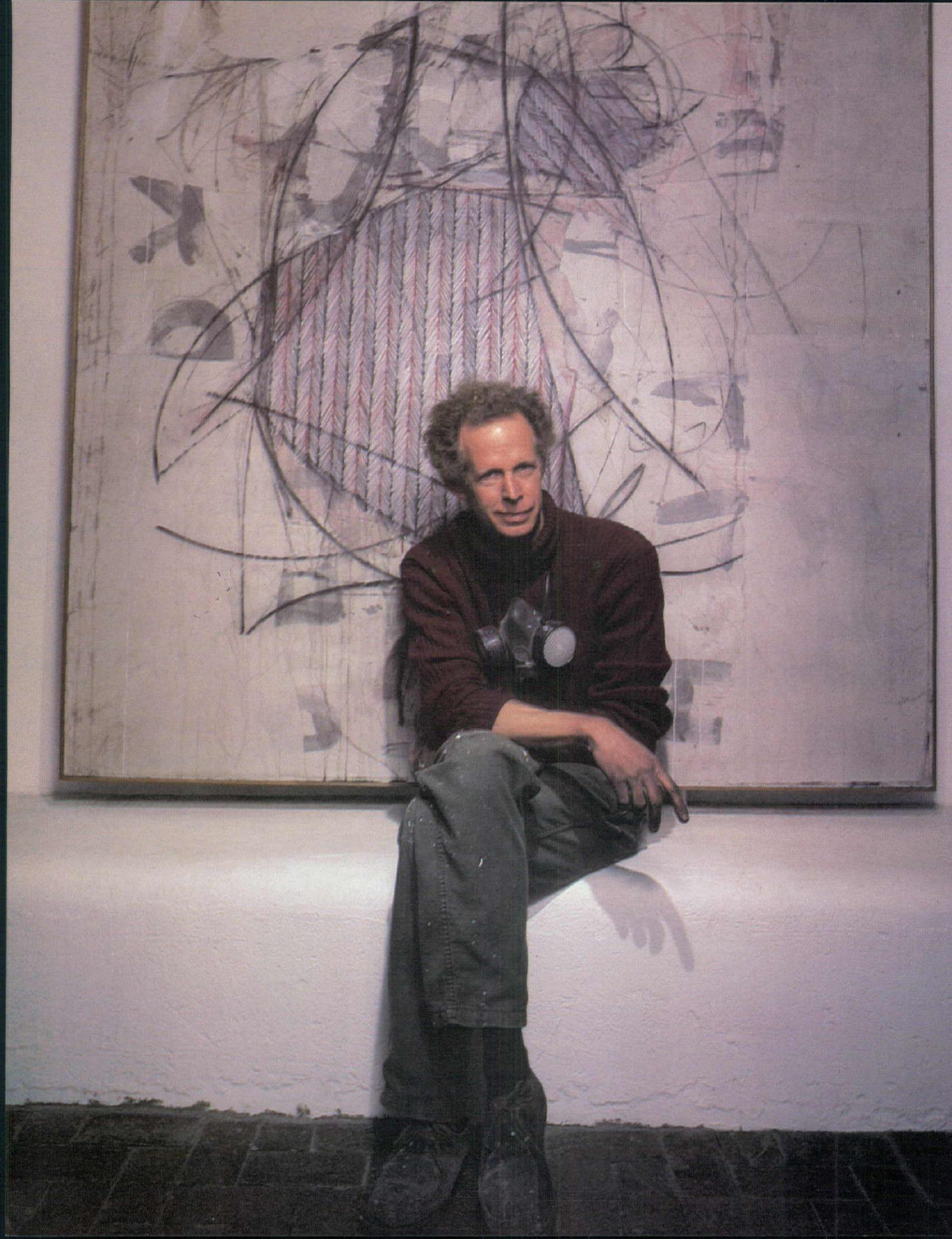
DICK MASON

Landscapes have long been a classic subject for western painters, but Dick Mason is adding a new dimension to New Mexican landscape painting. Born in Wichita and educated at Wichita State and at the University of Iowa, Mason came to New Mexico in 1975, straight from "barren" Kansas to pinon-studded deserts and towering mountain ranges. His works inspired by the new surroundings have found their way into private and corporate collections both here and abroad, and have been exhibited in more than a dozen shows from Texas to Toronto to New Mexico.

Mason lives high in the Sangre de Cristo mountains from where he paints what he sees: cloud-capped scenery he says represents "icons" for all New Mexico. Another favorite subject takes him further afield, to Chaco Canyon, a crack in the middle of an almost inaccessible desert. Here he paints the sandstone ruins of a once-flourishing Indian community, the Anasazi, who vanished mysteriously in the twelfth century. The ruins have inspired Mason's technique: "Using collaged pieces of heavily textured paper, I have literally built the stonework into my paintings."

Dick Mason (left) reveals a unique vision in Clouds in the Valley *(below left, acrylic on canvas, 36 by 48 inches), and recaptures a lost world of a vanished New Mexico Indian tribe in Chaco Door #*11 *(below, acrylic and collage, 48 by 38 inches).*





Clinging to her own individual vision, Saam is an American original.

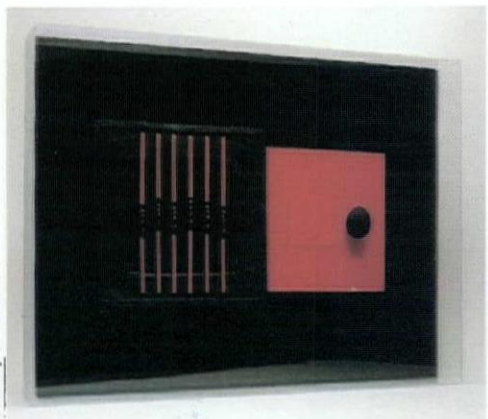


ALLAN GRAHAM

Allan Graham is one of New Mexico's most talented abstract artists. Originally from San Francisco, but a University of New Mexico alumnus, Graham has been a lithographer, a painter, and an underwater photographer.

In the midseventies, Graham went through a period of painting what he called "bundles": sheaves of slender lines of great delicacy and appeal. But by 1977 he had abandoned the sheaf in favor of a herringbone motif; at first, swatches of herringbone patterns dominated the canvas, with a minimum of abstract expressionist splash and spatter.

Now he appears to be in the midst of another progression, as today the herringbone image has almost disappeared, overlaid by a forest of thin, nervous lines and swirls. Graham denies that he's about to abandon the herringbone motif altogether, as he abandoned the bundles: "As long as it continues to serve a purpose, I'll use it." In any case, he seems on the verge of another original and deeply personal breakthrough.



Courtesy of the artist

Allan Graham's herringbone motif (left) has brought him to the forefront of Santa Fe abstract artists. Sybil Saam (top) works her magic in constructions behind Plexiglass, such as Salute to a Winter Egg *(above, 23¼ by 30 5/8 by 4 1/8 inches).*

SYBIL SAAM

Although she's been part of more than two dozen exhibitions, Sybil Saam, age fifty-three, has yet to achieve widespread acclaim. Clinging to her own individual vision, as secretive as her works, Saam is an American original. The bet is that she's about to come into her own.

Saam was born in Germany and educated at Rockford College in Illinois and the Kansas City Art Institute. She came to Santa Fe in 1969 when she married the fortunate owner of an adobe house on Camino del Monte Sol.

After painting for years in oils and drawing on paper, Saam has recently turned to boxes, hiding such objects as tiny parcels, ivory chopsticks, and spilikins behind smoke-colored Plexiglas.

In works like *Folded Linen*, Saam reveals herself as a perfectionist. *Folded Linen* pays homage to her mother's linen closet. In re-creating the linen, Saam carefully coated rice paper with oil paint in order to soften it to the texture of real sheets—even though they would be sealed behind Plexiglas.



Paintings courtesy Linda Durham Gallery

HELEN BECK

A Connecticut Yankee educated in sculpture at the Hartford Art School, Helen Beck migrated to New Mexico in 1973 and has since been represented in more than a dozen exhibitions. Relatively young (thirty-eight), and something of a "personality," Beck also stands out from the crowd because of her unusual choices of subject matter.

She likes to paint pastel ladies even more pallid than those of Marie Laurencin. But she can also plunge her brush in indigo, and paint a series of sturdy Nubian goats. These enchanting small oils on paper have been quickly snapped up.

But Beck refuses to paint more goats. She explains: "It came at the end of a working period. It was a stopping point. I had no particular message about goats."

When she resumed work she found she wanted, for the first time, to work in oil on canvas, and to pile on the paint in a way that looked thick and luscious.

Says Beck, "Somebody was having a birthday, so I painted them a cake."

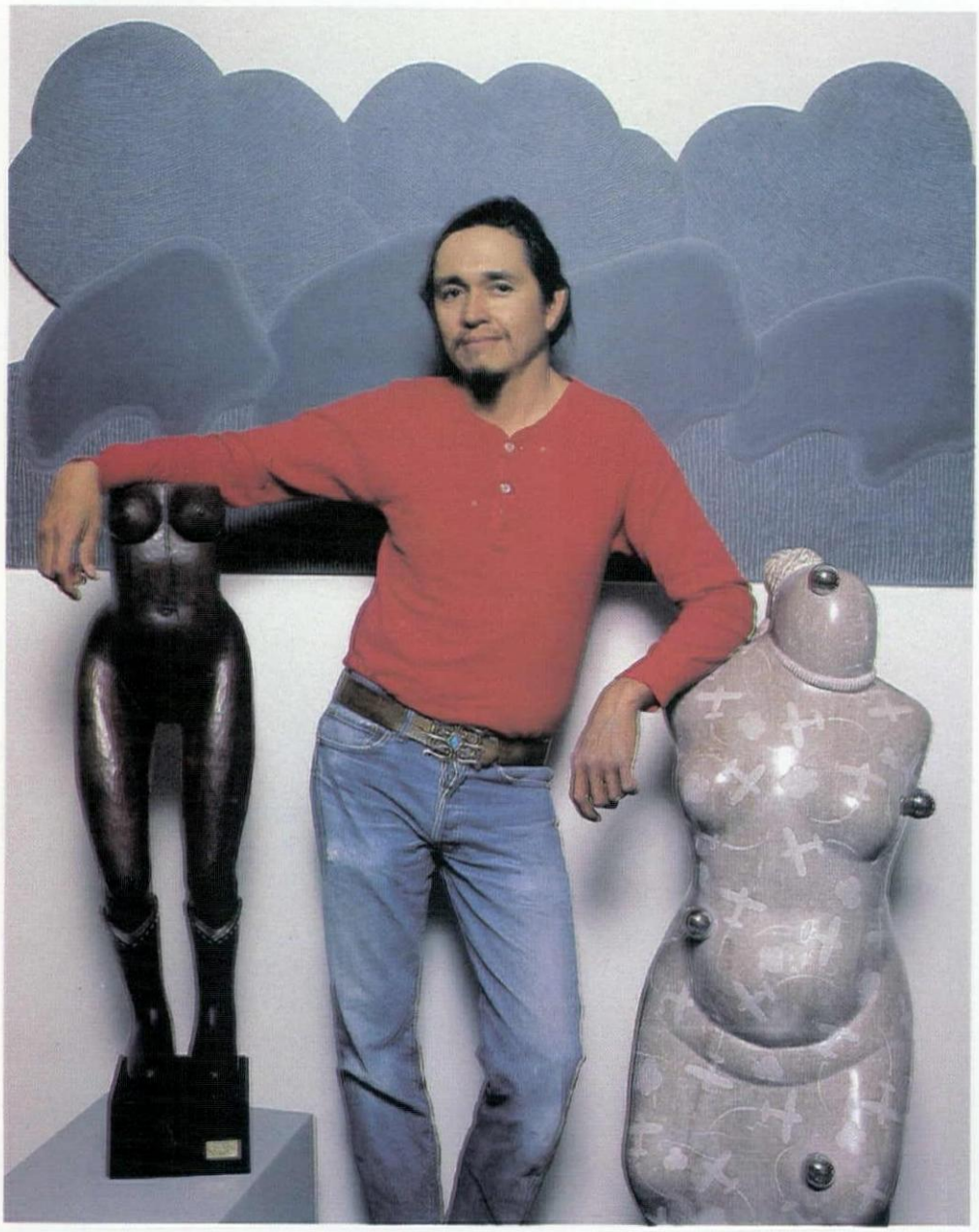
That was it, and Beck is now painting birthday cakes along with her pallid ladies. Her series of baroque birthday cakes looks as though she has transferred to the canvas the contents of a packet of one of Duncan Hines' yummy cake mixes.

Helen Beck (right) made a hit with the series including Black Nubian *(upper right, oil stain and pencil on clay-coated paper, 27¼ by 32½ inches) before turning to the theme of* Blue Birthday, Pink Cake *(above left, oil and pencil on canvas, 12 by 12 inches) inspired by a friend's birthday.*

Beck stands out from the crowd because of her unusual choices of subject matter.



Haozous is blazing new paths for Indian art much as Scholder did, but in sculpture.



BOB HAOZOUS

More than a decade ago, Fritz Scholder rescued Indian art from what one wit labeled "the Bambi syndrome"—such as cavorting purple horses. Scholder's solemn Indian chiefs revolutionized American Indian art: "I think Fritz Scholder is instrumental in bringing Indian art into this century," says Bob Haozous.

But Haozous is not one of Scholder's many imitators, and part of what makes him notable is that he's blazing new paths for Indian art much as Scholder did, and doing it in sculpture. Haozous is the son of sculptor Allan Houser, but he prefers his spelling of the name (pronounced "Houses").

Haozous' work shows an admiration for Greek sculpture. One critic has suggested that his *White Buffalo,* executed in white marble, possesses the simplicity of Cycladic sculpture, but it owes more to the fetishes of Haozous' Indian forebears. And a work like the limestone *Cowboy Princess* suggests other Mediterranean influences—a westernized Nefertiti, perhaps. Haozous himself says only, "I'm trying to show I have the right to do cowboys and Indians in whatever way I want."

DENNIS CULVER

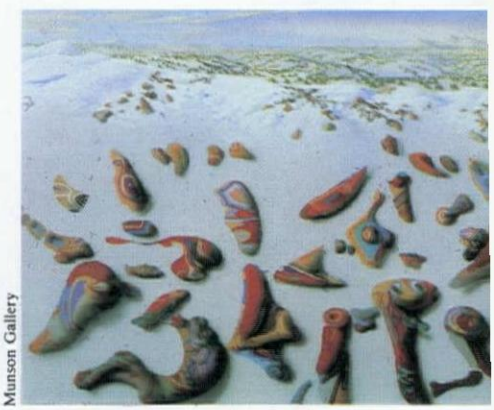
A native of North Hollywood, Californi educated at Pierce College and Chouina (now the Los Angeles Design Center), Denr Culver came to live for a long while outsi Santa Fe at Cerrillos. That is to say, he lived the desert.

Like Dali and Tanguy before him, Culv furnished his desert with strange objects. ' would sit out there with my easel," he say "and these little things would come flying by. A remark worthy of a true son of surrealisr And Culver concedes that Dali, though n Tanguy, has been an influence.

He cites another influence: "A rock hangir in space is one of my favorite images. I fe akin to, say, Magritte. I think we might be se ing the same thing."

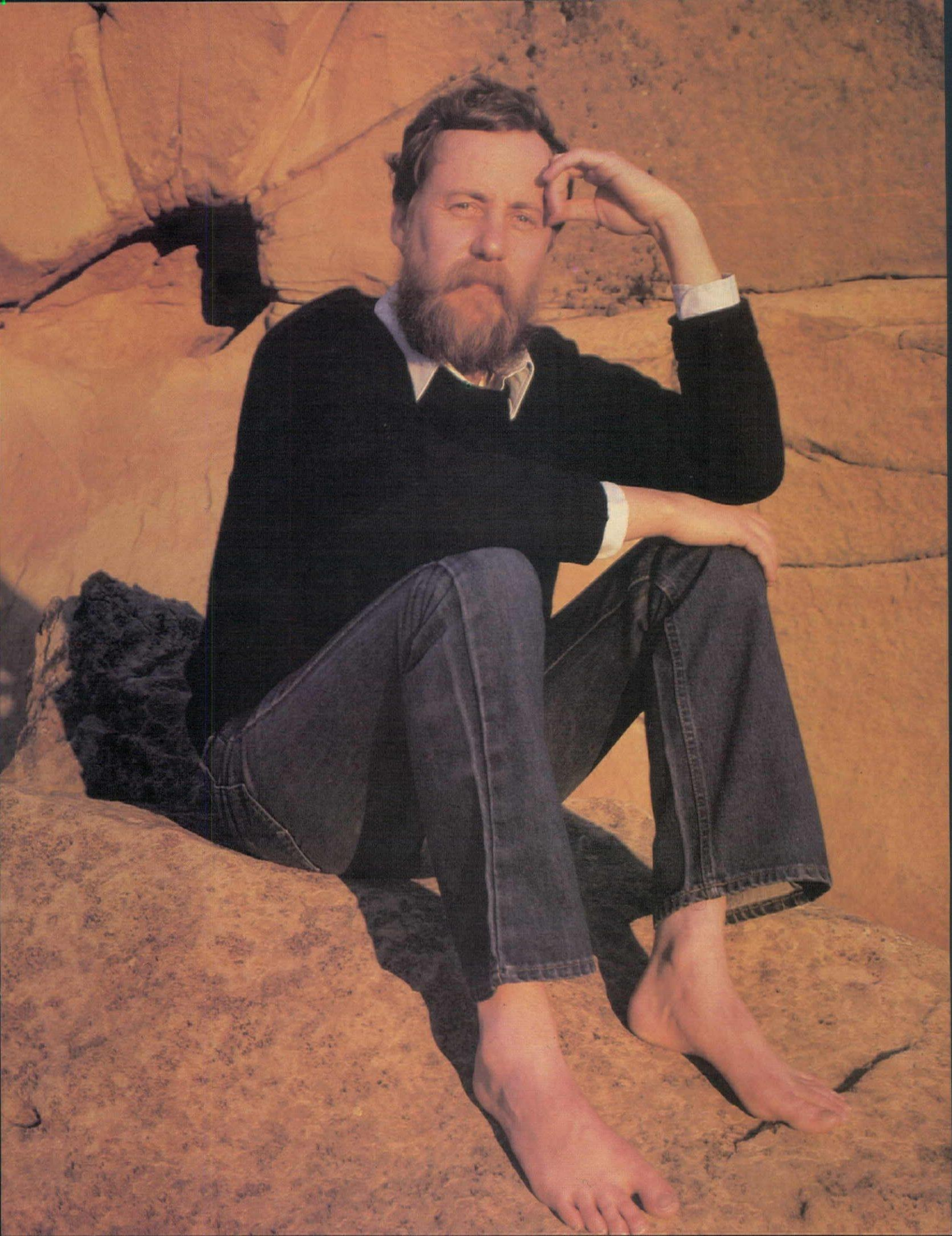
When not interior decorating the deser Culver likes the contrast of painting pictures c sturdy Spanish doors. These are purely factua devoid of either surrealist fantasy or Magritt like whimsy.

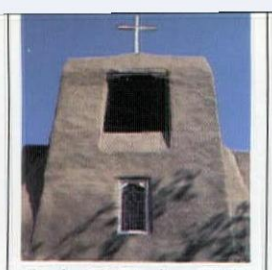
Culver taught at Northern New Mexic Community College for two years. His wor has been shown in a dozen public exhibition three one-man presentations, and many grou shows throughout the area.



Munson Gallery

Bob Haozous (above left) is breaking new ground in Indian art with sculpture in an almost Grecian mode. Dennis Culver (right) is creating a New Mexican surrealism in such works as Winter Folk Tale/Morning South *(above, acrylic on canvas, 48 by 60 inches). Culver also makes images reminiscent of Magritte and realistic pictures of doors.*





SANTA FE

Rising Stars

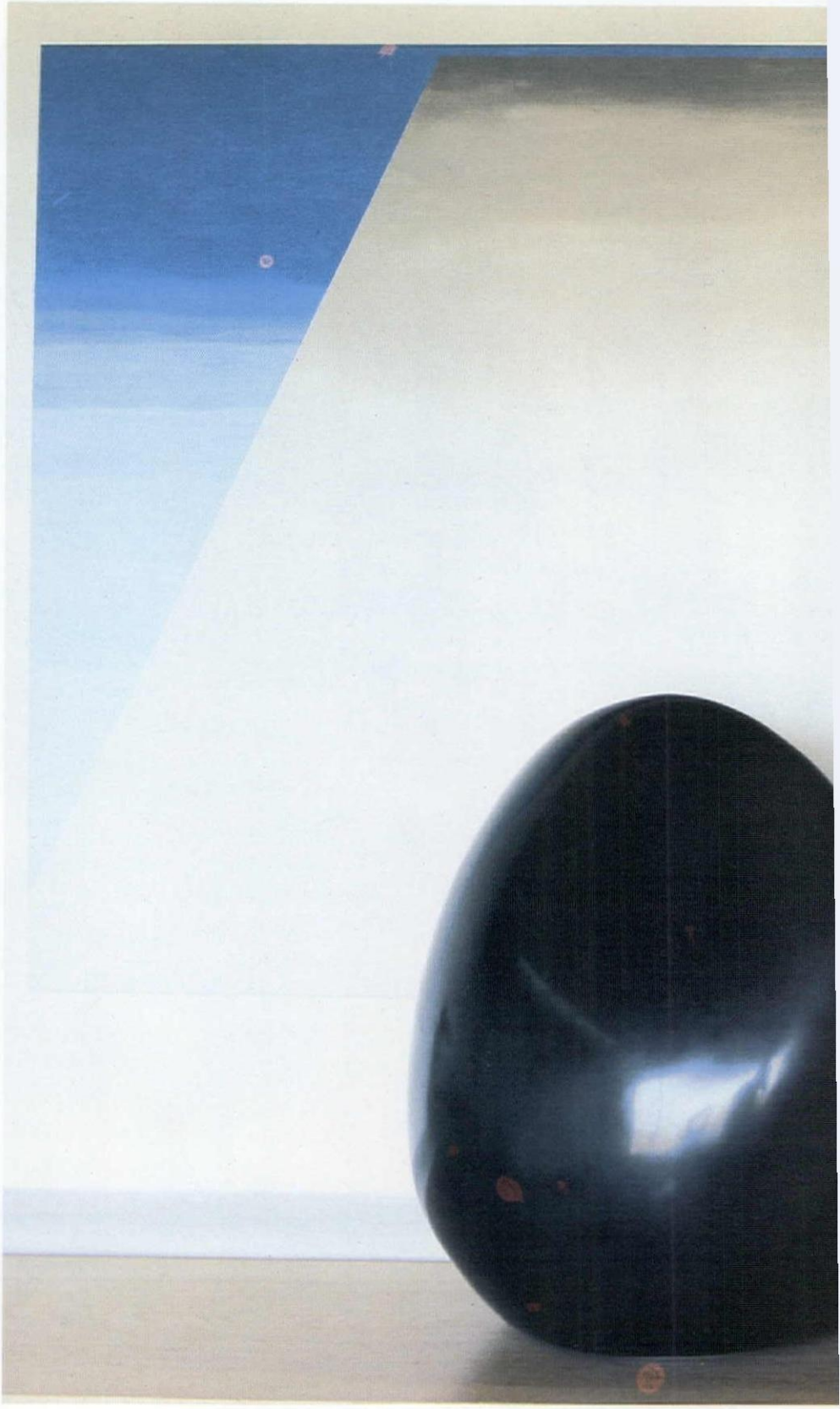
New Mexico shines with a galaxy of creative up-and-comers.

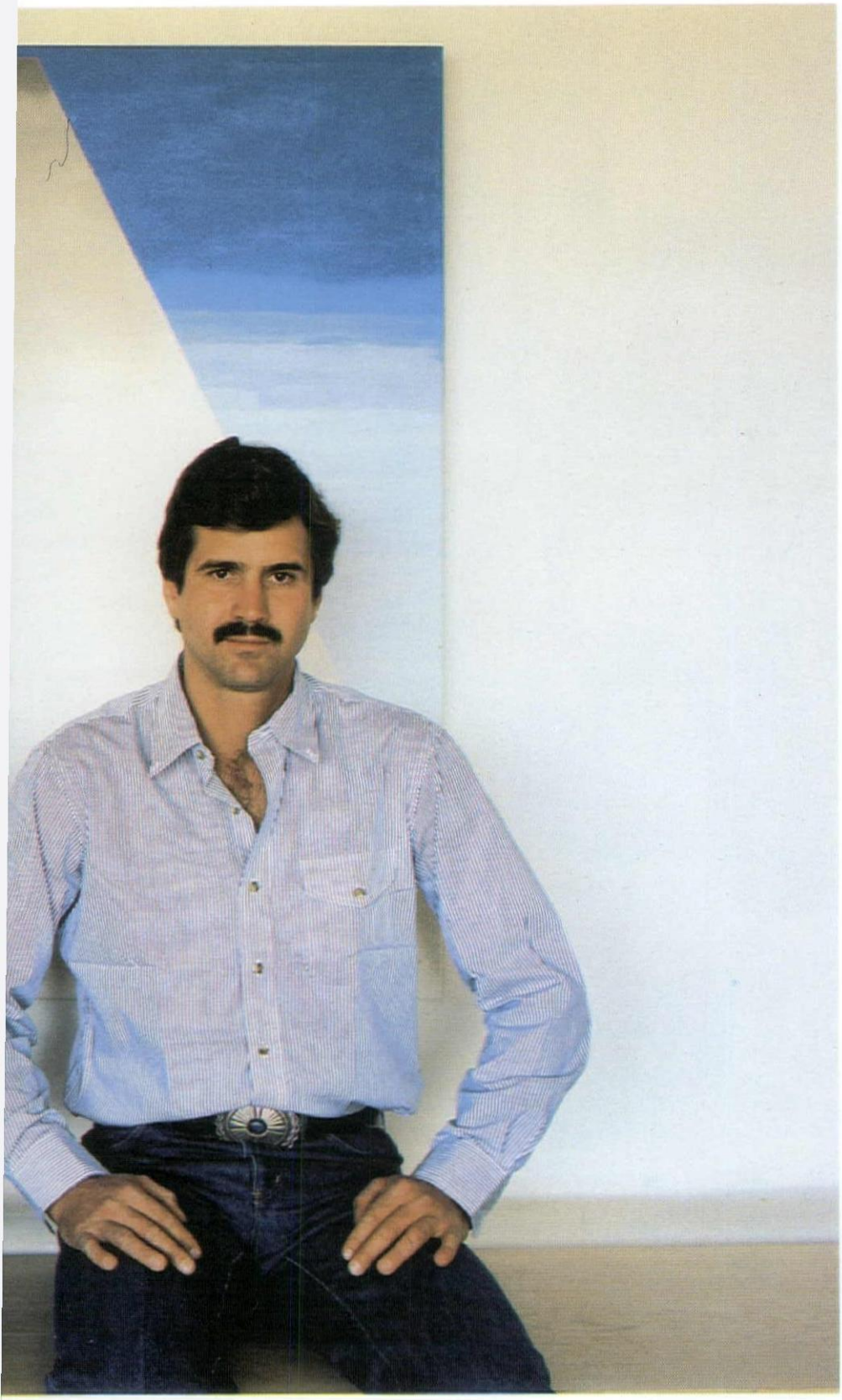
The other arts came somewhat later to Santa Fe, but have swiftly established a national reputation. The same special qualities that drew painters have drawn photographers, from Eliot Porter to a new generation that's just now bursting forth. The arrival of the opera brought in its train first a chamber-music festival and now a theater, each with its leading lights. Artists have taken the area's pottery from a craft to a sculptural art form. And writers in Santa Fe and nearby Taos have gone beyond the D. H. Lawrence mystique to begin a native New Mexican literature. HORIZON has picked the northern New Mexico arts stars to watch:

JUAN HAMILTON

In 1976, Georgia O'Keeffe wrote, "A young potter came to the ranch and, as I watched him work with clay, I saw he could make it speak." Juan Hamilton, the young potter, arrived at Abiquiu with little idea that he would become the assistant and trusted friend to one of America's greatest artists. Hamilton's own work gradually became pure sculpture—highly polished forms that look like monoliths birthed by a river. "Miss O'Keeffe's paintings from the sixties of black rocks were an inspiration to me," he says now. "It's hard to describe my work. . .perhaps New Mexican zen."

Raised in South America and educated in the United States, Hamilton has built an adobe house and studio on a mesa overlooking the Chama River Valley, where he lives today with his wife and infant son. Now thirty-six, he still works five days a week for O'Keeffe, but his own reputation as a sculptor has grown; commissions and exhibitions at the Robert Miller





Gallery in New York and commissions take up much of his time.

Planning ahead for larger works, Hamilton has purchased a truck with a special hydraulic lift for moving rocks as big as six tons. His latest commission is somewhat more modest: a five-foot bronze in the courtyard of the modern wing recently added to the Fine Arts Museum in Santa Fe. *—Barnaby Conrad III*

MARY SHEARER

Mary Shearer auditioned three times for the Santa Fe Opera apprentice program while she was a music student at Indiana University —and never made it. In 1979, she moved to New York and auditioned for an artist's position at the Santa Fe Opera—and she was hired. "Wow! I thought, I've really improved!" she laughs, recalling her astonishment at being offered a contract for the summer of 1980 in Schoenberg's *Von Heute auf Morgen.*

"I think they were looking for someone who would be willing to learn the Schoenberg. A lot of people don't want to take the time, because you're going to perform it perhaps once in your life, right? But I was willing to do anything just to get out there."

That summer, Shearer discovered why Santa Fe is an important proving ground for young American singers. It was a test of dedication: "We were there a good month ahead of time, and the first week and a half we did nothing but the music six hours a day." When she wasn't slaving over the score, Shearer was working on her acting.

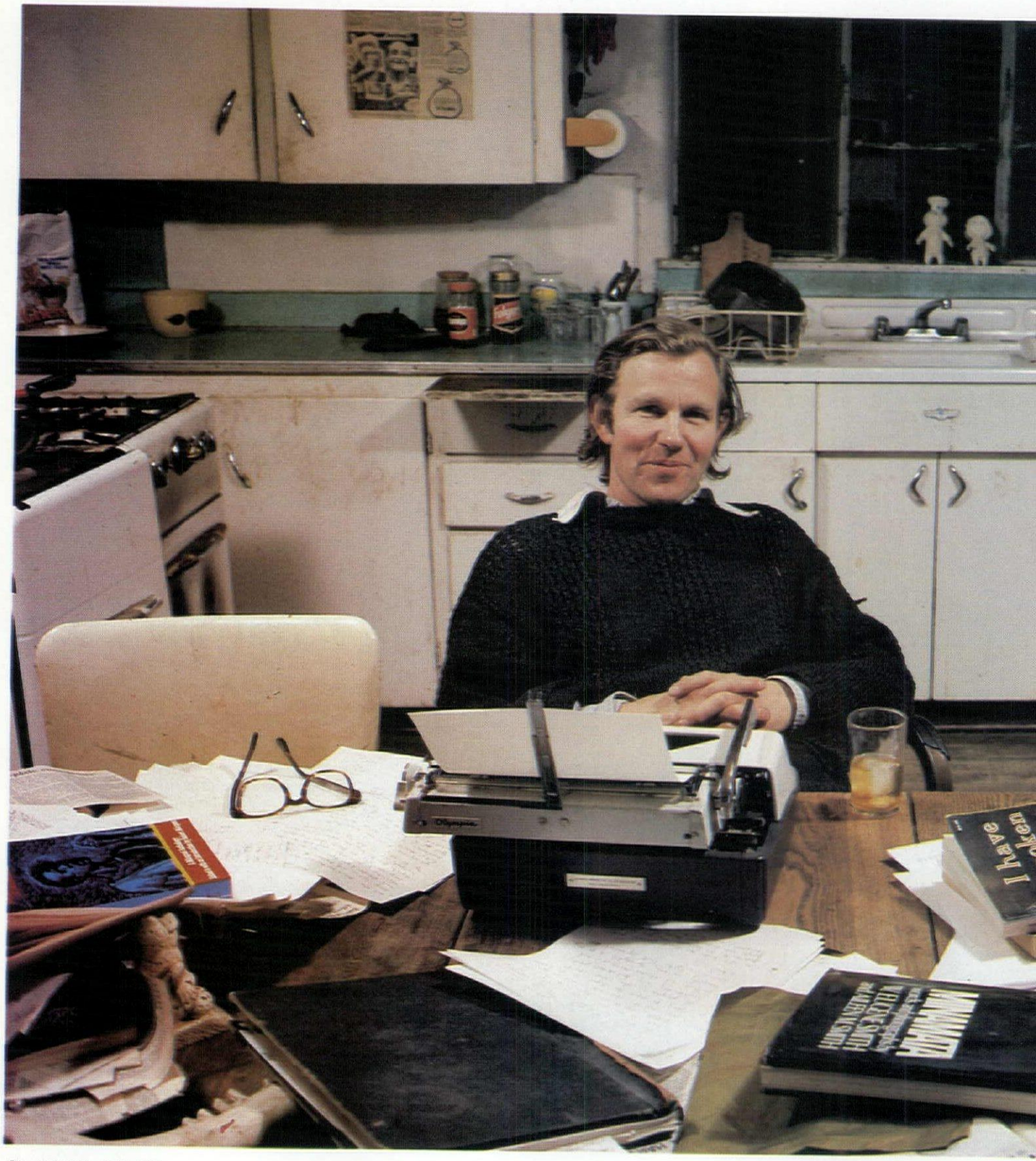
The critics loved Shearer's Schoenberg. Her name and picture appeared in *Time* and *Newsweek;* her phone began to ring. "A lot of people saw me and heard me. I've been told that when my name is mentioned, people say, 'Oh, yes, she was the girl at Santa Fe.' "

In 1981, Shearer returned to Santa Fe. Again, her success there led to other things: Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, concerts with the Munich Philharmonic, Baltimore Opera's *Carmen,* and Violetta in Verdi's *La Traviata* with the Miami Opera.

Although Shearer feels she is headed for more Verdi and Puccini roles, her work at Santa Fe has given her a reputation for singing contemporary music. "I don't mind doing it,

Many of Juan Hamilton's sculptural pottery works are designed to complement paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe.

The area's cultural integrity, says John Nichols, "is just getting blown away."





John Nichols writes about the changes in New Mexico's culture wrought by urban émigrés: "It's just getting blown away."

and there's certainly a need for it," she says. Her dream is still to do Mimi in *La Boheme,* though she admits, "Most people seem to see me as Musetta." —*Scott Heumann*

JOHN NICHOLS

When he was sixteen, John Nichols wrote an essay on "What Democracy Means to Me" and won a trip to a student-council conference in New Mexico. But his school neglected to pay his registration fee, and Nichols was stuck at home in Washington, D.C. With money from his father, Nichols went west anyway, and spent the summer of 1957 fighting forest fires in the Chiricahua Mountains.

He returned eleven years later for good. "I never forgot the impossibly high grass in that burnt-out forest, and the pack of mule deer bounding away like rabbits. And I never forgot the people, or the way they fit into that landscape," he would write. Since his move to Taos in 1969, he has become the most prolific contemporary writer about New Mexico. *The Nirvana Blues,* published last year, completes his New Mexico trilogy (with *The Milagro Beanfield War* and *The Magic Journey).* The novels parody the encroachment by trendy newcomers upon a fictional Hispanic community suspiciously like Taos: "Chamisaville's agricultural heritage had finally gone the way of the dodo, and a new society reigned, teeming with adventures of a different mettle. Middle-class America ruled the picturesque valley: Progress had triumphed."

Nichols first won fame with an Eastern novel, *The Sterile Cuckoo,* written when he was only twenty-four. But he soon became involved in the antiwar movement and rejected his own precocious success. "Burned out" on New York, Nichols moved to Taos, remembering his early fascination and drawn by the furor of political activity in the area. The nonfiction *If Mountains Die: A New Mexico Memoir* (1979) provides a passionate account of his move to Taos and his life since: "The scent of wild mint makes the air pungent: raspberry bushes full of ripe red fruit line the river, and I stop often to pluck juicy handfuls. Legions of hummingbirds are feeding at veins of scarlet penstemon running through the high meadows around me." The book laments the changes wrought by "escapees from urban blight" upon the Spanish-speaking majority culture. "It's very sad," Nichols says, "because northern New Mexico is one of the few areas of the country that still has an awful lot of cultural integrity. It's just getting blown away."

Nichols continues his concerns in a new nonfiction book to be published this summer, *The Last Beautiful Days of Autumn* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). He took the sixty-five photographs of the land and people himself.

He's also winning national attention, for his screenwriting as well as his books. He rewrote the screenplay for the season's most talked-about film, Costa-Gavras' *Missing,* and is slated to work on a film version of his own *The Magic Journey.* His next novel reaches beyond New Mexico for its subject matter: "the rise of industrial capitalism in the United States."

—*Jennifer W. Graham*

SHELDON RICH & ALICIA SCHACHTER

"It was one of those rare experiences in life. So many diverse people wanted it and did everything they could to make it happen." Sheldon Rich talks about the beginnings of the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival—now celebrating its tenth birthday—with a note of awe. Guest composers for the 1982 anniversary season include composers Aaron Copland, Ned Rorem, and William Schuman. On the roster of performers are the Concord String Quartet and André-Michel Schub.

But the original idea, when the Festival was founded in 1973 by Rich's wife, Alicia Schachter, was more modest. At that time Rich and Schachter had careers that kept them apart most of the year—he was a film producer, she a concert pianist—and they began summering together in Santa Fe. Rich recalls: "Richard Gaddes, who was then the artistic director of the Santa Fe Opera under John Crosby, urged Alicia to do something in New Mexico. At the end of the summer—because we're both very active people—she said, 'Wouldn't it be nice if next year I had a few friends come out and had a chamber music series in the little church?' " She meant the eighteenth-century Santuario de Guadalupe near the village square. The Festival's reputation got a good head start that first summer when Alfred Brendel, the famous pianist, headed the list of guest artists. Georgia O'Keeffe became a "patron saint" of the festival when she agreed to the use of her art for a series of posters, now collector's items.

By 1979, the festival was playing in Seattle and

Gardner: "What has really surprised us is the response to new plays."

New York; this year it will travel to La Jolla and San Diego and this summer's festival (July 11–August 16) encompasses seventy-five events. Rich says that the "intimate feeling between artists and public in Santa Fe" still exists: "in ten years the cultural atmosphere has just deepened and realized itself."

Alicia Schachter remains the heart and soul of the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival. Sheldon Rich, as festival director, works year-round to turn his wife's dreams into reality. "I'm no longer in the film business," he admits. He doesn't look back—at least not until recently. "Right now I'm negotiating with other film makers and producers who want to make films about the Festival," he says. "It's somehow an ironic full circle."

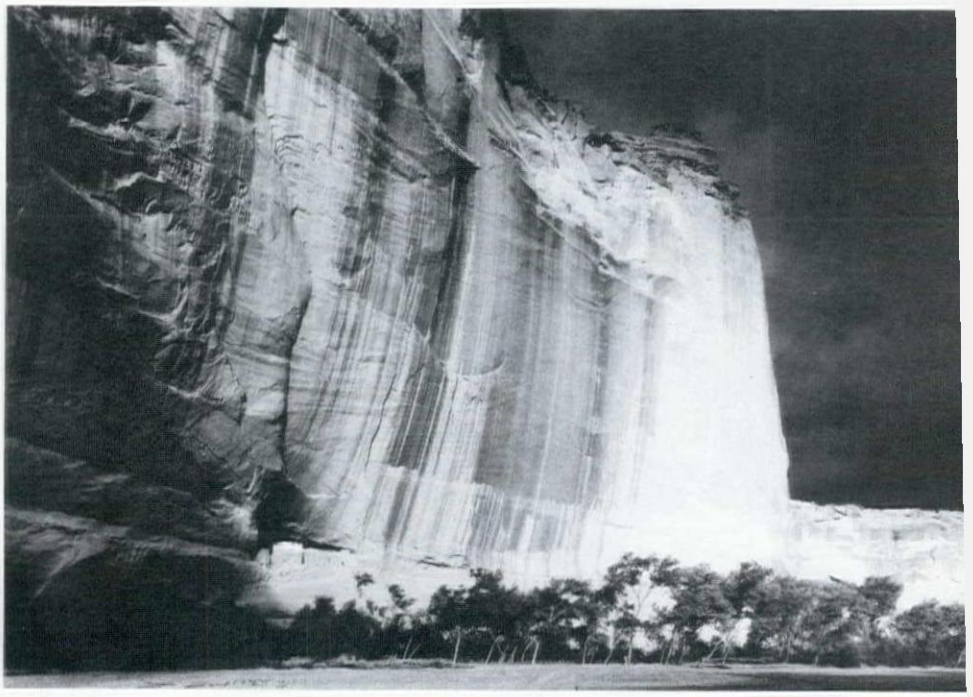
—Scott Heumann

WILLIAM CLIFT

Since moving to Sante Fe in 1971, William Clift, age thirty-eight, has emerged as a leading figure among younger, postmodern American photographers. His work has nothing in common with the furtively captured, hastily printed images of "street" photographers like Robert Frank and Lee Friedlander, who held sway in the 1960s. Clift takes sharp-focus, wide-format aim at epic southwestern vistas. A tracery of dirt roads over a shrub-dotted mesa, or a faint line of petroglyphs in Canyon del Muerto, Arizona, are the only hints of human passage that turn up in his photographs. In his love of landscape and in his mastery of the full-toned print, Clift has inherited the mantle of Adams and Weston.

What stamps his work as his own is its absolutely assured sense of composition and point of view. This is apparent in the fifty-eight studies of U.S. courthouses he contributed to *Courthouse*, a Bicentennial book underwritten by Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. A veteran architectural photographer, Clift emerged with totally fresh images.

Perhaps his most striking work to date was shot during eight rainy weeks in 1978, not far from his Sante Fe home. From atop Cerro Seguro, a promontory affording a near-aerial perspective, Clift trained his camera on La Bajada Mesa and the Santa Fe River gorge. And he waited—for the precise conjunction of dust, light, and weather. Clift says of the resulting images, "I didn't want them to look just like photographic objects or products of a skillful technique. I wanted my feelings about landscape to be communicated immediately."



In the past decade, Clift has been the recipient of three Guggenheims, though he has rigidly controlled the reproduction and diffusion of his work. A monograph, long anticipated, has yet to appear. When one does, it will almost certainly attract a wide audience.

—Bertram Gabriel

William Clift takes wide-angle aim at New Mexico (above), while Thomas Gardner (right) has found it a perfect theater site.

THOMAS KAHN GARDNER

Thomas Kahn Gardner was a high school senior in Pebble Beach, California, when he learned the difference between the masks of tragedy and comedy: three hours before a school play he was told that his father had died of a heart attack in India. Overcoming tears and shock, he went on stage anyway.

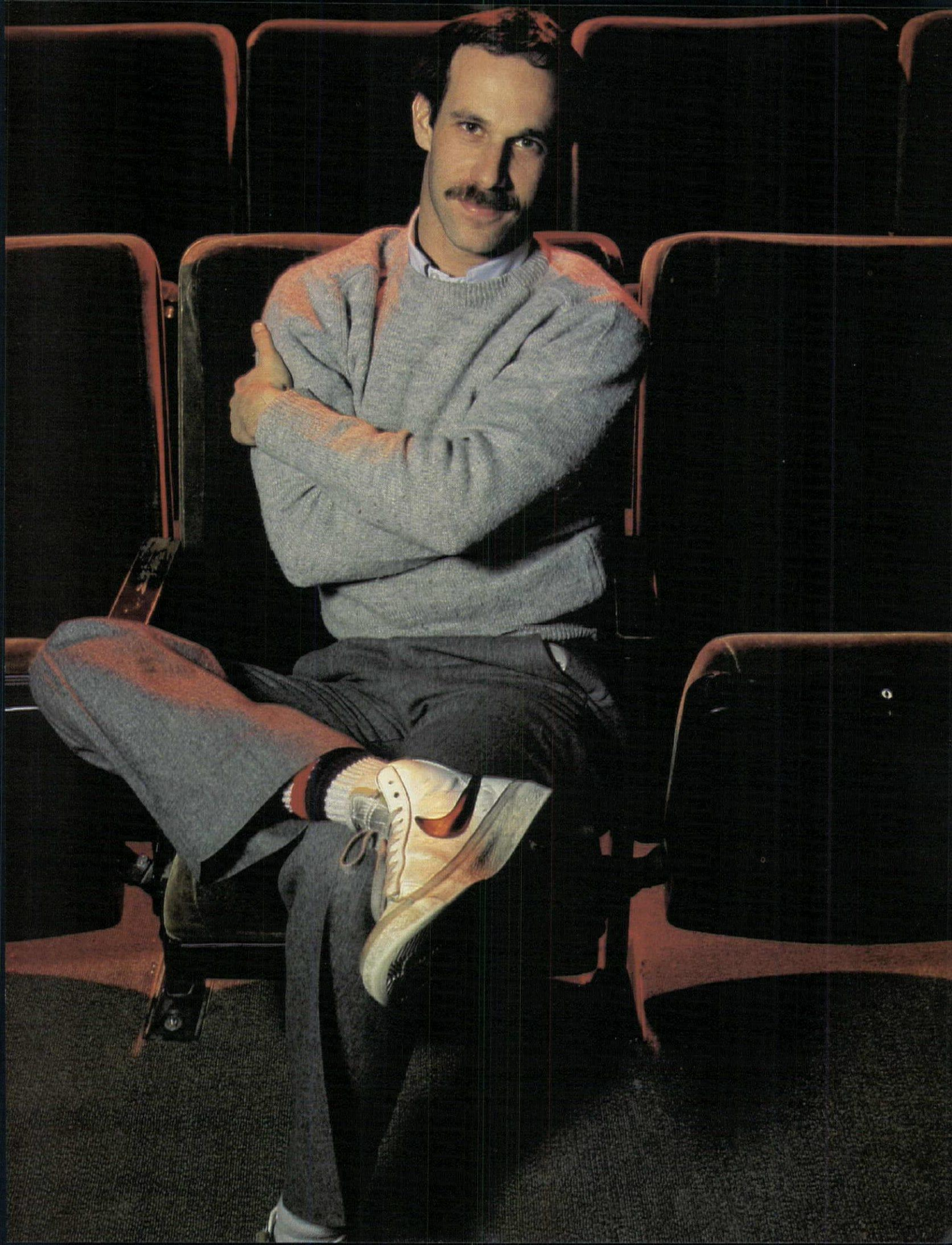
If there were tears in Gardner's eyes last summer when the curtain went up on the Santa Fe Festival Theater, they were from pure joy. "I've loved this area ever since I worked for the Santa Fe Opera in 1976," says the thirty-year-old Yale Drama School graduate. "But it's still hard to believe the success we've had in the first season. Attendance averaged 81 per cent and in the last weeks we had several sellouts. We only budgeted for 60 per cent!

Gardner makes it sound easy, but it took years. Initial gifts came from friends and local enthusiasts; then Georgia O'Keeffe made a generous donation and the New Mexico legislature gave a $150,000 matching grant. Two successful benefits in New York and San Francisco brought recognition and funds transform the raw Armory on the Old Pe Trail. Gardner brought in a talented design Dona Granata.

A fifth-generation San Franciscan, Gard took a degree in anthropology at the Univ sity of California at Berkeley. There cofounded the College Opera Association conjunction with the San Francisco Ope where he apprenticed to the last of the o time impresarios, Kurt Herbert Adl Ultimately, Gardner headed east to stu directing under Robert Brustein at Yale. summer trip to Santa Fe convinced him t was the place to put all his experiences to t test.

"What has really surprised us is the respon to new plays," he says. "Although 80 perce of our audience is local, last season we count license plates from thirty-nine different stat in the theater's lot. So the audience is hard provincial in their tastes. Next year, we're spi ing things up with *Wild Oats*, a seventeent century farce adapted to the Wild West; with new musical, *Amerika*, adapted from t Kafka novel by two Israeli writers; and t third play is still a surprise. I lik surprises."

—Barnaby Conrad I




TO 34
TAOS HWY
TO 45
49
MARCY
GRANT
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37
SHERIDAN
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LINCOLN
43
WASHINGTON
3
PALACE
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SAN FRANCISCO
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WATER
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ALAMEDA
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CANYON RD.
20
DON GASPAR
8
6
OLD SANTA FE TRAIL
PASEO DE PERALTA
CERRILLOS RD.
TO 42
TO 47



SANTA FE

Bloom Town

A cultural guide. Map by John Craig

The first tourists—*conquistadores*, they called themselves—to come to Santa Fe needed local Indian guides and a lot of luck to find the local watering holes and attractions. Times have changed: *You* have a map.

Historic Sites
1) *The Plaza*
2) *Burro Alley*
3) *Sena Plaza*
4) *Saint Francis Cathedral*
5) *Loretto Chapel*
6) *San Miguel mission*
7) *Oldest House*
8) *State Capitol*

Galleries
9) *Christofs'*
10) *Dewey-Kofron*
11) *Linda Durham*
12) *Enthios*
13) *Fenn*
14) *Field*
15) *Americana*
16) *Gallery Wall*
17) *21st Century*
18) *Gondeck*
19) *Graphics House*
20) *Hand Graphics*
21) *Heydt-Bair*
22) *Elaine Horwitch*
23) *Jamison*
24) *Los Llanos*
25) *Linda McAdoo*
26) *Mudd-Carr*
27) *Munson*
28) *O'Meara*
29) *Gerald Peters*
30) *Running Ridge*
31) *Santa Fe East*
32) *Scharf*
33) *Seth's*
34) *Shidoni*
35) *Stiha*
36) *Carol Thornton*
37) *Wadle*
38) *Woodrow Wilson*
39) *Bellas Artes*

Museums
40) *Museum of Fine Arts*
41) *Museum of International Folk Arts*
42) *Old Cienega Village*
43) *Palace of Governors*
44) *Wheelwright Museum*

Performing Arts
45) *Santa Fe Opera Theater*
46) *Saint Francis Auditorium*
47) *Armory for the Arts*
48) *Lensic Theater*
49) *Sweeney Center*

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A SELECT GUIDE TO SANTA FE

Historic Sites

The Plaza. Laid out in 1610, the Plaza w the center of community life during the rei of the *conquistadores.* Originally it was twi the size it is today, extending east to t cathedral's front. The Plaza served marketplace, bull ring, newsstand, and publ pillory.

Burro Alley. A slender side street, Bur Alley was traditionally the marketplace of t woodcutters, who would bring burros lad with pinon wood.

Sena Plaza. Originally a private residenc the Sena Plaza now houses many fine shop Its name came from José Desiderio Sen whose family—all twenty-three children—liv in the *hacienda.* Next door is the Arias Quiros complex, once owned by Governo Bradford Prince.

Saint Francis Cathedral. A church was fir built on this site in 1610, and the existing stru ture was begun in 1869 by Jean Baptiste Lam immortalized in Willa Cather's *Death Com for the Archbishop.*

Loretto Chapel. This small Gothic chapel intertwined with the life of Archbishop Lam and houses the "Miraculous Staircase"— masterpiece of design whose carpenter ha been elevated to the status of legend.

San Miguel Mission. A National Histori Landmark, San Miguel is the oldest missio church in the U.S. The Tlaxcala Indians wh accompanied the *conquistadores* built th original structure in 1610.

Oldest House. Purported to be the oldes house in the United States, this building is sai to have been part of the Pueblo de Analco, ci ca 1200.

New Mexico State Capitol. Locals call th capitol, built in 1966 in the shape of the Zi sun symbol on the state flag, "the Merr Roundhouse." A small gallery on the top floo exhibits the works of New Mexican artist year-round.

A Select Guide to Galleries

Bellas Artes, Ltd., 400 Canyon Road 983-2745. Turn-of-the-century American art ancient art, and textiles. To open in summer o 1982.

Cristof's, 106 West San Francisco 988-9881. Navajo rugs, wall hangings, sand paintings, sculpture, jewelry, paintings, an beadwork. Monday through Saturday, 9:3 A.M.-5:30 P.M.

Dewey-Kofron Gallery, 74 East San Fran cisco, 982-8632 or 982-8478. American Indian

nd Spanish Colonial works featuring such artits as John Boomer, Vera Louise Drysdale, Dave McGary, and Antoine Tzapoff. Monday hrough Saturday, 9:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Linda Durham Gallery, 400 Canyon Road, 88-1313. Top contemporary artists including Allan Graham, Gloria Graham, Dick Mason, nd Helen Beck. Monday through Friday, 9:00 .M.-5:00 P.M.; Saturday, 11:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Enthios Gallery, Inn at Loretto and 1111 Paseo de Peralta, 988-1505 and 983-8815. Represents John Axton, R. C. Gorman, Ed Singer, Raydean Borcher-Heep, John Nieto, Frank McGuire, and Norma Andraud. Monday through Saturday, 9:30 A.M.-5:30 P.M.; Sunday, 10:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M.

Fenn Galleries Ltd., 1075 Paseo De Peralta, 982-4631. American art—including Old Taos and Santa Fe artists, Hudson River and Ashcan schools, western painters, and Indian and pre-Columbian work—plus African, Oceanic, and ancient art. Monday through Saturday, 8:30 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Field Contemporary Gallery, 110 Old Santa Fe Trail, 983-7886. Regional artists in all media, including Constance Counter, Louie Ewing, Katalin Ehling, Bob Harvey, Joella Mahoney, Michael Morrow, and Diana Weathersby. Monday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.; Sunday, 11:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M.

Gallery Americana, 102 East Water Street (El Centro Mall), 982-8920. Western painting and sculpture including James Butler, Juan Dell, John Leone, Terry Wade, Buck McCain, and Hubert Wackerman. Monday through Saturday, 9:30 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Gallery of the 21st Century, El Centro Mall, 983-2002. Contemporary Native American art by T. C. Cannon and others. Monday through Saturday, 9:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Gallery Wall, Inc., 104 Old Santa Fe Trail, 988-4168. Contemporary artists including sculptor Allan Houser and painter Dan Naminga. Monday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-6:00 P.M., Sunday, 12:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Gondeck Gallery, 211 Old Santa Fe Trail, 988-3580. Specialists in original lithographs, etchings, monoprints, monotypes, and woodcarvings. Monday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Graphics House Gallery, 702 Canyon Road, 983-2654. Oldest original print gallery in Santa Fe. Monday, Wednesday through Saturday, 11:00 A.M.-6:00 P.M.

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of fine lithographs and etchings. Mon through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Heydt-Bair Gallery, 376 Garcia Str 988-3867. Contemporary work by Wo Gwyn, Tom Berg, Earl Linerman, E Haozous, Garo Antreasian, and others. M day through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Elaine Horwitch Gallery, 129 West Pala 988-8997 or 988-8998. Contemporary a paintings, graphics, sculpture, a photography. Monday, Tuesday, Thurs through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Jamison Galleries, 111 East San Francis 982-3666. Traditional southwestern art a sculpture with works by early Taos painte Monday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P

Los Llanos, 72 East San Francis 983-1833. Southwestern contemporary a serigraphs, lithographs, and sculpture. Arti include Amado Tena, Jr., Harry Fonseca, L Argrella, and Ben Buffalo. Monday throu Saturday, 9:30 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Linda McAdoo Galleries, 500 Cany Road, 983-8900 or 983-7182. Specialist in ea Santa Fe, Taos, and southwestern art, pl wildlife art, paintings, and sculpture. Mond through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M..

Mudd-Carr Gallery, 338 East DeVarg 982-8206. American Indian and Spanish a Monday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-4:00 P.

Munson Gallery, 653 Canyon Roa 983-1657. An older gallery with a New Englar touch, representing contemporary New Me ican artists. Monday through Saturday, 10: A.M.- 5:00 P.M.

Navajo Gallery, 5 LeDoux Street in Tao 758-3250. Featuring the work of R. C. Go man. Monday through Saturday, 10: A.M.-5:00 P.M.

O'Meara Gallery, Ltd., 130 West Pala Avenue, 982-2997. Nineteenth- and twentiet century American art, including early Santa F and Taos works. Monday through Saturda 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Return, P.O. Box 53, in Taos, 758-399 Representing a range of contemporary artist Monday, Tuesday, Thursday through Satu day, 11:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.; Sunday to 4:00 P.M.

Gerald Peters Fine Arts, 439 Camino d Monte Sol, 988-8961. Classic American an western art. Monday through Friday, 9: A.M.-5:00 P.M.; Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-3:00 P.M.

Running Ridge Gallery, 640 Canyon Road 988-2515. Contemporary art and jewelry Monday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-5: P.M.; Sunday, 1:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.



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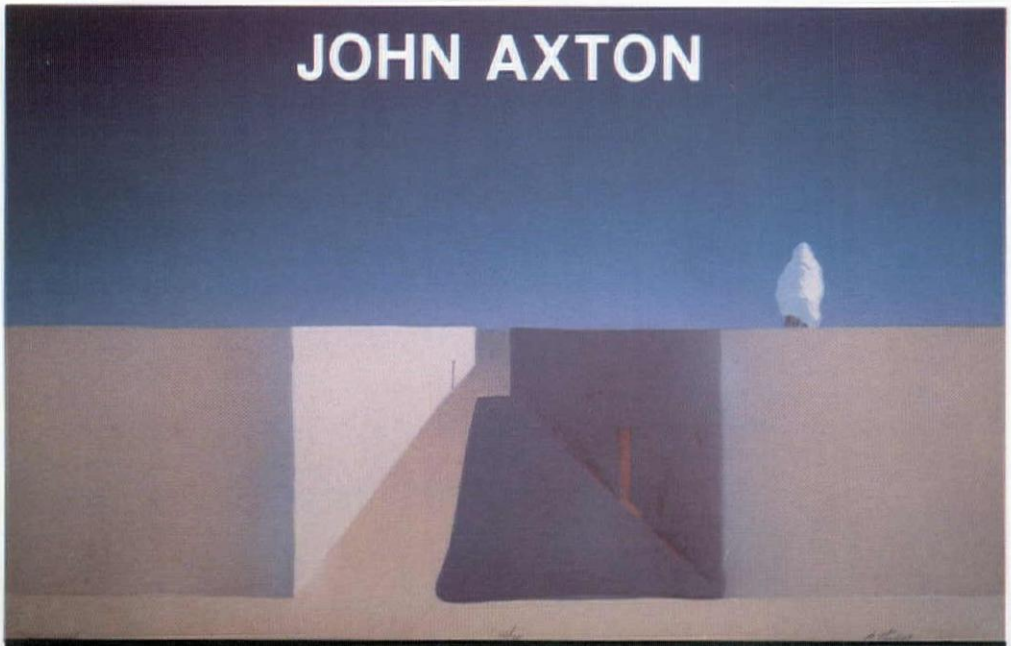


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Santa Fe East, 200 Old Santa Fe Tr 988-3103. Traditional art, American Ind art, and works by Charles Burchfield, Jc Marin, Charles Demuth, and others. Mon through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Scharf Gallery, 76 East San Francis 988-5593. Representing contempora American artists, including Carl Beam, B Price, and Dora Kaminsky Gaspard. Monc through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Seth's Canyon Road Art Gallery, 710 C yon Road, 983-6831. Traditional and mod paintings and sculpture. Featured artists clude Ramon Kelley, Geoffrey Landis, E Stroth, Janet Schroder, and John Mendo Monday through Saturday, 10:00-5:00.

Shidoni Foundry and Sculpture Galle Bishop's Lodge Road, P. O. Box 65, Tesuq 988-8001. Renowned foundry, open to t public on Saturdays. The gallery, with 13 acres of display space, is the largest in the U devoted to sculpture. An outdoor sculptu show, June 20-September 15, draws more th a hundred artists from around the world.

Stiha Gallery, La Fonda Hotel and 1002 Cuma, 983-6145 and 983-1025. Specialist western art. Monday through Saturday, 9: A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Carol Thornton Gallery, 211 Old Santa Trail (the Inn at Loretto), 988-465 Representing Earl Bliss, Bert Seabourn, Dc Chunestudey, Dyanne Strongbow, Natha Begaye, Christina Bergh, and Carol Thornto Monday, Wednesday through Saturday, 9: A.M.-5:00 P.M.; Sunday to 2:00 P.M.

Wadle Galleries, Ltd., 123 West Palac Avenue, 983-9219. Works by Taos, America Indian, regional, and national artists, ir cluding Roy Grinnell, Earl Carpente Nicholas Firfires, William Schultz, Bob Wol Paula Narbutovskih, and many others. Mor day through Saturday, 9:30 A.M.-5:00 P.M.; Sur day, 1:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M..

Woodrow Wilson Fine Arts, El Centr Mall, 983-2444. Works by George Bellows Henry Elkins, Peter Hurd, Gilbert Munge Andrew Wyeth, and others. Monday throug Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Notable Museums

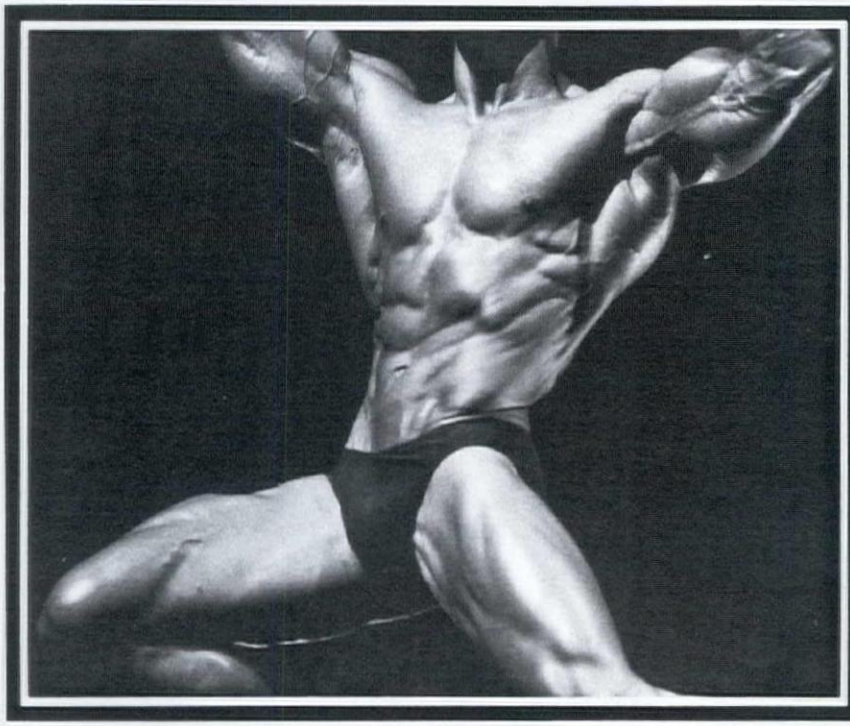
Museum of Fine Arts, Palace Avenue a Lincoln, 827-2454. Built in 1917 in the style o mission churches at nearby pueblos, th museum recently reopened after extensiv renovation. It houses an extensive collection o New Mexican and regional paintings sculpture, lithographs, and photography. Dai



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Literature: *Mary Cassatt*, a catalogue raisonné
by Adelyn Breeskin, page 210, No. 583

MARY CASSATT 1844-1926
"Portrait of Agnes - Age Six" oil 22" x 19"



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Museum of International Folk Arts, Camino ejo off Old Santa Fe Trail, 827-2544. One of e top collections of its kind in the United ates, featuring carvings, textiles, costumes, welry, toys, and the like from all over the orld. Daily, 9:00 A.M.-4:45 P.M.

Old Cienega Village Museum, sixteen miles outh on I-25, 471-2261. A restored Spanish olonial village of the eighteenth century. In an arlier day, when it was called The Ranch of ie Swallows, the site was a key marketplace of ie Spanish empire in the Americas. First Sunay of the month, April through September, 0:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M.

Palace of the Governors, Palace Avenue etween Lincoln and Washington, 827-9434. low a museum of New Mexican history, the alace was built in 1610 to serve as the seat of panish government north of Mexico City. Daily, 9:00 A.M.-4:45 P.M.

Wheelwright Museum, 704 Camino Lejo, 82-4636. Exhibits of American Indian ulture, plus a retail store for arts and crafts. Monday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M.-5:00 .M.; Sunday, 1:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M.

Performing Arts and Film

Santa Fe Opera, P. O. Box 2408, 982-3851. Twenty-sixth season begins July 3 and runs hrough August 28, with productions of *Die Fledermaus, The Marriage of Figaro, Mignon, Die Leibe der Danae,* and *The Confidence Man*. At the Opera Theater, Taos Highway.

Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, P. O. Box 853, 983-2075. This summer's festival, July 11 through August 16, is composed of eventy-five events, a carefully organized esidency in the context of a "themed" repertory. Performances each Sunday and Monday re the culmination of an intensive week of ehearsal and a Saturday rehearsal-discussion efore an audience. At the Saint Francis Auditorium.

Santa Fe Festival Theatre, P.O. Box DD, 983-9495. Second annual season runs June 28 hrough August 29, and will feature *Wild Oats, Amerika,* and a third play to be announced. At he Armory for the Arts.

Santa Fe Film Festival, at the Lensic Theatre nd the Armory for the Arts, 827-2776. Third nnual festival, this year on the theme, "Music nd the Movies."

Orchestra of Santa Fe, P. O. Box 2091, 988-4640. September through May season at Sweeney Center, with additional summer conerts to be announced. Spring concert, April 3

Experience the secrets of Santa Fe.



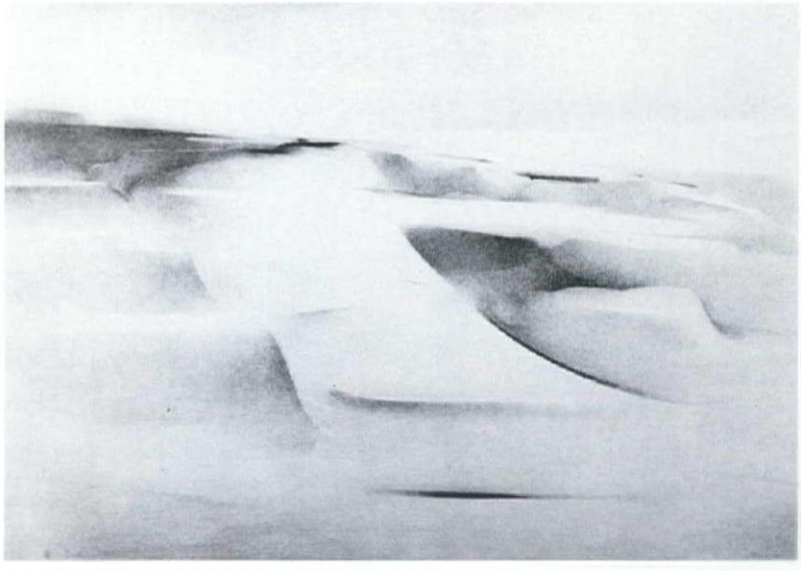
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Birth of The New Age, Huichol Yarn, 36" x 60"

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Selected Hotels and Motels

Inn at Loretto, 211 Old Santa Fe tr 988-5531. Convenient to an arcade of sh and galleries.

La Fonda Hotel, 100 East San Francis 982-5511. Traditional adobe architectu located on the Plaza within easy walki distance of galleries and shops.

La Posada de Santa Fe, 330 East Pal Avenue, 983-6351. Six landscaped acres t blocks east of the Plaza; ninety-two ad units.

Santa Fe Hilton, 100 Sandoval Stre 988-2811.

Sheraton-Santa Fe Inn, 750 North Fran Drive, 982-5591.

A Guide to Fine Restaurants

Bamboo Chopsticks, 2841 Cerillos Roa 473-0510. Recently opened restaurant wi Cantonese, Scechwan, and Mandarin dish Daily, noon-11:00 P.M.

The Bull Ring, 414 Old Santa Fe Tra 783-3328. Continental and New Mexic cuisine in multiple dining rooms; a favori watering hole for local artists, politicians, a cowboys. Monday through Saturday, 11: A.M.-2:30 p.m., 6:00 P.M.-10:00 P.M.

Captain's Table, 3364 Cerillos Roa 471-1919. Specializes in seafood, with fre fish delivered daily. Daily, 5:00 A.M.-10:00 P. to 11:00 P.M. on weekends.

La Tertulia, 416 Agua Fria, 988-2769. Six i timate dining rooms in a century-old conve Mexican and American cuisine. Tuesd through Sunday, 11:30 A.M.-2:00 P.M. and 5:(P.M.-9:00 P.M.

La Paloma, 225 East DeVargas, 983-942 An "after-hours" restaurant with a speci five-course Italian dinner every Thursd night. Monday through Sunday, 11:3 A.M.-2:30 P.M.; Sunday through Thursday, 5:3 P.M.-10:30 P.M.; Friday and Saturday to 12:3 P.M.; closed Wednesday.

The Palace, Burro Alley Plaza, 982-989 Continental menu in turn-of-the-century Fren elegance; lunch and dinner on the patio in sun mer. Daily, 11:30 A.M.-2:00 P.M. 6:00 P.M.-10:3 P.M.; Friday and Saturday to 11:00 P.M.

Plaza Ore House, 50 Lincoln Avenu 983-8687. Dining above the Plaza, wit famous steaks and fresh seafood. Daily, lunc and dinner.

Victor's, 423 West San Francisco, 942-155 Italian restaurant serving pastas, antipast desserts. Daily, 11:00 A.M.-midnight. □

Articles of Note

Whether the latest or the best—in dance, music, art, literature, theater, and film—HORIZON lets you in on trends and digs up history's secret story.

The Primavera Quartet, an all-female string ensemble on their way to ranking among the best-known international quartets, opened rehearsal doors and spent an afternoon with HORIZON. You were there, too. It happened in the July/August issue.

HORIZON took you into the dressing room of B. B. King, and you heard his stories of singing street corner blues in Mississippi, taping radio programs in Memphis, and finally slick Las Vegas success. He told you himself in the September issue.

In December, HORIZON captured the daily lives of the youngsters who sing in the boys choir of New York's St. Thomas Church. You were there as they studied, ate, rehearsed, and settled into dormitory beds.

In the next months, HORIZON will keep you abreast of stars in the musical galaxy, from balladeer Leonard Cohen to the mad maestros of the symphonic world. When there's a musical sensation, HORIZON's backstage. You can be, too. Fill out the card. Join in the applause.

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Films



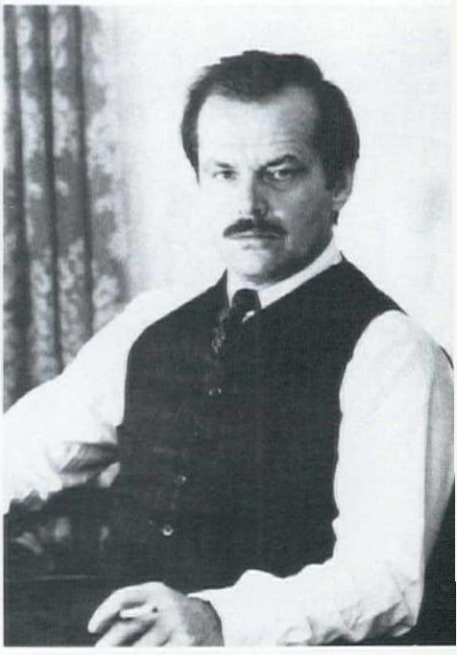
Gold Foils

In the traditional trade-paper blitz that precedes Oscar-nomination time, Paramount Pictures pleaded its case for a Best Supporting Actress nomination for Susan Sarandon's performance in *Atlantic City*. Sarandon says she voted for herself for Best Supporting Actress. So in what category did she garner a nomination two months ago? Best Actress.

Oscarwise, it was a high-stakes switch, pitting Sarandon against the likes of Meryl Streep (*The French Lieutenant's Woman*), Katharine Hepburn (*On Golden Pond*), and Diane Keaton (*Reds*). But that begs the question of what is a superb *supporting* performance. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is no help: "A performance by an actor or actress in any role shall be eligible for nomination either for the best performance in a leading role or for the best performance in a supporting role. The determination . . . shall be made individually by the members . . . at the time of balloting."

The nomination of a star player in a supporting category is the more common confusion—and it's often a calculated move. Think of Timothy Hutton's supporting Oscar for *Ordinary People* or Meryl Streep's for *Kramer vs. Kramer*. This year, Howard E. Rollins Jr. was nominated in a supporting role for his portrayal of the militant black, Coalhouse Walker, in *Ragtime*. If he wasn't the lead, who was?

For a guide to the true function of a supporting player, we have to go back to an idea a bit more old-fashioned than the Oscar statuette: the foil. "Any person or thing that, by strong contrast, underscores or enhances the distinctive characteristics of another," explains the dictionary. A lexicographer of poetic bent might say that a dramatic foil







'ockwise from above left: Maureen apleton, Sally Field and Melinda Dillon, hn Gielgud, and Jack Nicholson.

:comes a lens through which the protagonist thrown into focus. The whole is greater than e sum of the lead and supporting parts.

In this way, the best supporting players can ght up a drama like a sudden spotlight, pierc- g to the heart of the hero—though neither iaracter may be aware of it. Or they may daz- e gradually, and only as you leave the theater id walk back through the night to your car do you realize the drama would have been a fog without the illuminating foil.

This year's Oscar-leading films do possess several such performances, *supporting* in the truest sense. *Reds* boasts two.

First, despite their Doctor Zhivago-ish love story and their scenes of struggle with capitalist-tool cops, be-howitzered counterrevolutionaries, and vodka-freezing winters, it's not Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton who pin you to your seat. It's Jack Nicholson, giving perhaps the best performance of his career as their friend, lover, and devil's advocate, Eugene O'Neill. Nicholson seems at last to have shaken off his fits of whimsical mugging apparently caught filming *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. In *Reds*, Nicholson circles like a shark around the wounded marriage of Beatty and Keaton, snapping at them with painful truths. Pauline Kael wrote in *The New Yorker* that Nicholson can make the most innocent line sound dirty, and here he sustains a brooding hum of sexuality. Who cares if Keaton survives her trek across the snow? We want to know if she'll bed Nicholson again. If *Reds* slackens a bit after intermission, perhaps it's because Nicholson no longer shares center stage.

Even more striking as a foil—and in less camera time—is Maureen Stapleton, who plays Emma Goldman in *Reds*. Though she begins as the brass-knuckled Communist revolutionary to Beatty's dewy-eyed idealist, by picture's end she's done an about-face. Both see the Russian Revolution first-hand, but Stapleton sees *through* it. She recognizes the seeds of Stalinism and tells him, "The dream that we had is dying." Though the dream never dies for Beatty, Stapleton slices through to the flaw—however noble—in his idealism. Ideologically, her switch makes the film palatable to modern viewers who remember Hungary, the Gulag, Poland. Dramatically, she turns the movie into a work of moral complexity.

Melinda Dillon's supporting role in *Absence of Malice* works a similar transformation, but in the movie's tone. Dillon's tearful, reluctant confession of a past abortion—meant to be an alibi for suspected murderer Paul Newman, who accompanied her to the clinic—is raked across the front page. Picking up the newspaper from the lawn and seeing her intimate story in its pages, Dillon begins to pick up the freshly delivered newspapers from other lawns. Faster and faster, she seems to try to rescue her privacy from all the dewy front yards in town. But there are too many papers, too many lawns.

Newman remains too much the iceberg to be the victim here, too indomitable to engage our sympathies; besides, he gets even. Only Dillon, the foil, makes him come alive. Without her, *Absence of Malice* would be too tidy—*The Front Page* meets *The Sting*. But, like a single crystal dropped into a glass of solution, her agony brings the movie together.

The shining example of how a great supporting performance can cohere a film is not a drama at all, but a comedy: *Arthur*. Better that Dudley Moore's supposed love interest, the syrupy Liza Minnelli, had ended up on the cutting-room floor. The heart of this picture is Moore and his sharp-tongued butler/father figure, played by Sir John Gielgud. As David Denby noted in *New York* magazine, "They are like master and dog, only with the roles reversed." Without Gielgud as foil, Moore's Arthur would be just a rich boor, a drunken little brat. With Gielgud as counterpoint, Moore becomes sympathetic. The love story we come to care about is that between surrogate father and son. Gielgud keeps the movie on track, thematically, dramatically, tonally.

Subtracting any of these performances from the films wouldn't be like cutting Hutton out of *Ordinary People* or Streep from *Kramer vs. Kramer*, but the net would be just as disastrous. All three movies are worth seeing largely because of their supporting casts. Forget the Oscars: these films prove that a great small part can be its own reward.

—David A. Fryxell

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Letters

Wrong Turn

I enjoyed your article on earthworks in the January/February issue very much. It is important to point out to you that a factual error was made concerning directions to my *Las Vegas Piece*. The directions you gave are not correct, making it impossible to find the sculpture. The sculpture is in an extremely isolated area and is difficult to find even with the correct and more detailed directions. Many precautions must be taken in visiting the piece as the desert conditions can be hazardous for those unfamiliar with the area. The correct directions can be obtained by writing to us. This will insure the safety of those who visit. Again, thank you for your sensitive discussion of the *Lightning Field*.

Walter De Maria
D. I. A. Art Foundation
141 Wooster Street 3A
New York, New York

Volunteers for the 80's

I was most intrigued by your new series, "USArts: Strategies for the 80's." There have been numbers of us "improvising" for years out of necessity. Perhaps the hardships of this new regime will bring some credit to those who have labored so long.

One of the prime examples of successful philanthropic concern for the arts is Mrs. Pat Benedict. I encountered Pat at a meeting of the Alliance for Arts in Education about a year ago. I was incredibly impressed by this little lady . . . who had more creative energy per square inch than anyone I'd met in years! She has turned the "cultural desert" of the Boston area into a blooming garden—and is so convinced of what she professes that she was willing to counsel me long distance in how to organize a smaller version of the Arts Council in our backwater Vermont village!

Contrary to the politically professed enthusiasms, businesses are not going to "take up the slack" in arts fundings. It may well be that the survival of the *future* of the arts in this country may be pinned to the kind of aesthetic education that such *volunteers* can offer our children. Perhaps our children will be wiser than our generation.

Pria Cambio
Montpelier, Vermont

Bank on It

Not to detract in any way from Sybil Simon's success with a skills bank for the arts (January/February HORIZON), I must point that here in Hartford we have had such a p gram in place since before 1973. The Gre Hartford Arts Council's Arts Business C sultants (ABC Committee) puts local busi people together with area arts organizati who need help in marketing, public relatic financial, and other management skills. It proved to be particularly valuable for the m small community groups who depend enti upon enthusiastic volunteers, but we have a worked on major projects with the large, p fessional organizations. Since the Grea Hartford Arts Council raises funds for the a entirely from the business community, we h ready access to middle and senior managem people in our contributing companies—it's enjoyable change for them and a godsend struggling arts groups.

Jean C. Burnett
Associate Director
Greater Hartford Arts Council
Hartford, Connecticut

A Different Tune

I feel that an unfair impression of t Metropolitan Opera's ticket prices was made your article ("Making the Price Right") in t January/February 1982 issue about the pr reductions being offered at City Opera.

The Met offers a much wider range of tic prices than the $45 to $60 you quoted. T lowest priced full-view seats at the Met politan are $10 (we also have partial-view se for $5, and standing room at $5 and $6). The are 591 seats in the Met's Family Circle at $ and 362 seats at $15 in the balcony for weekd performances (on weekends, these tickets a $11 and $17, respectively).

It is especially significant that the Met s offers almost one thousand tickets priced $17 and below at a time when most Broadw theaters have a *minimum* ticket price of $2 We are pleased that the Metropolitan co tinues to offer a substantial number reasonably priced tickets.

Marcia Lazer
Director of Marketing
Metropolitan Opera Association

Correction: HORIZON'S *story on "Grassroo Opera" (January/February) erroneous stated that the Houston Grand Opera seas extends from October through January; act ally, the season is October through June.*