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The Magazine of the Arts

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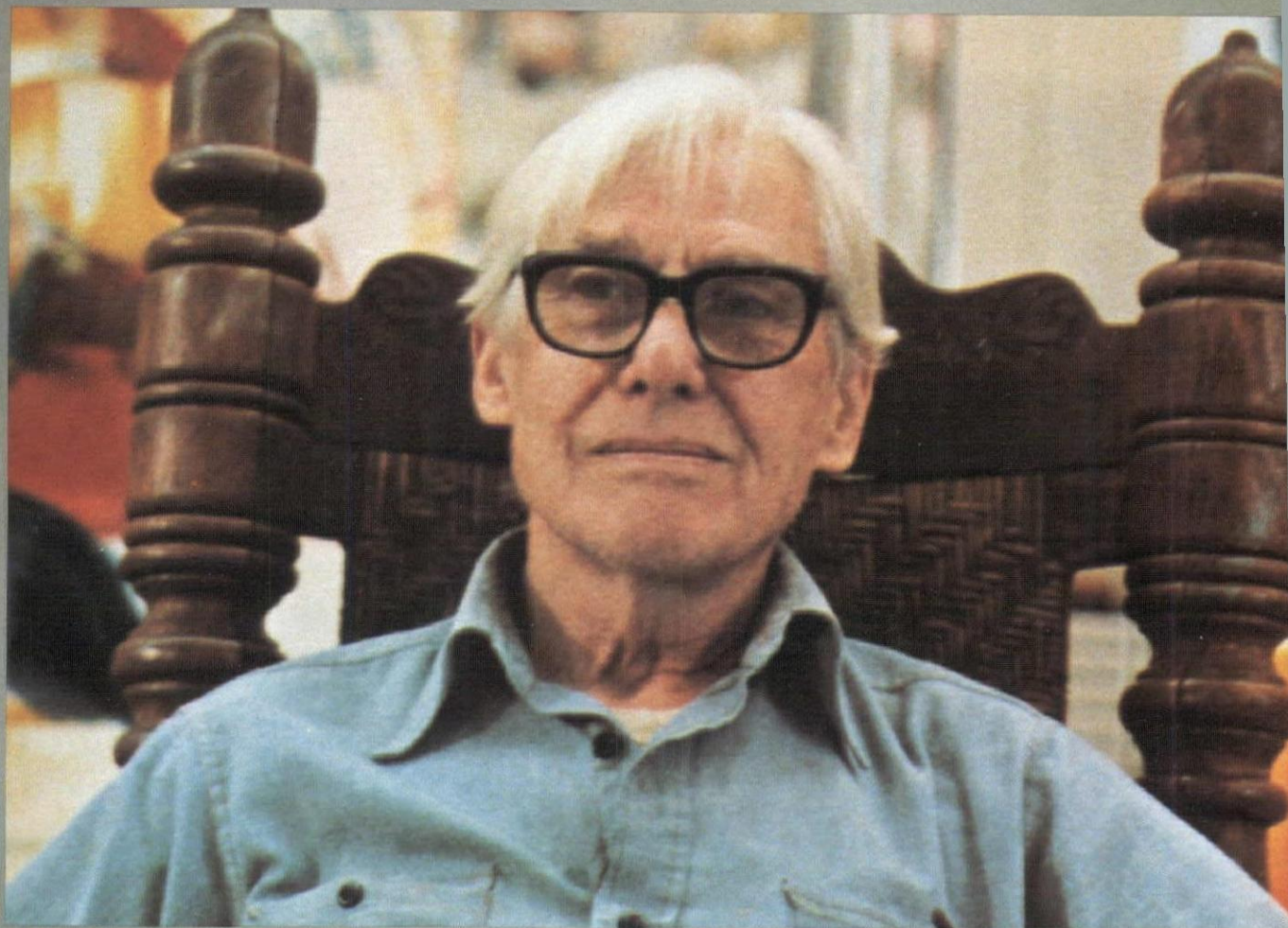
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HORIZON

Volume 25

Number 4

May/June 1982

Cover:

Wooding Up on the Mississippi by Currier and Ives, from First Tennessee's Heritage Collection featured in the Memphis section beginning on page 34.

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Our unique handbook for helping the arts cope with the challenges of the eighties focuses on Memphis, Tennessee. We tell how cooperation and creativity have made Memphis the arts showplace of the mid-South: A council that unites the arts for fund raising . . . An innovative partnership between banks and culture . . . And a fund-raising auction where artists pitch in for a theater. But, most important, we also give you the tools to bring these ideas to your own community.



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He's created "object art" from accumulations of garbage, smashed violins, old radio tubes, and "conscious vandalism." Is anyone laughing? Only Arman.

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Next month, Miami plays host to more than two dozen world premieres and nearly 200 live performances. This inside guide puts it all in the palm of your hand.

Out of the Ashes

The note arrived at Wolf Trap in a mailbag filled with condolences, contributions, and offers to help rebuild the arts center that lay in ashes after a catastrophic April 4 fire. The small card, with a merry-go-round on the front, was opened to reveal a penny and a nickel taped to a note from a nine-year-old benefactor: "I hope this will help you build my Wolf Trap all over again."

From corporate giants like Mobil, which donated \$100,000, to recession-struck families who are contributing a few dollars, the Wolf Trap disaster is generating incredible reaction. Almost miraculously, a full summer season opens in Vienna, Virginia, June 15 with a six-day jazz festival and ends September 10 with Abel Gance's epic film *Napoleon*. That's ambition. And, having the privilege of serving on the Wolf Trap board of directors, I find it no surprise.

Catherine Filene Shouse is the dynamo who is leading the park out of the ashes and into a new decade of success. Watching her, working with her on this challenge is a rare experience. It was she who funded the \$2.2-million amphitheater eleven years ago. It was she who watched from a car window on April 4 as fire swept the center. And it is she who is anchoring the rebuilding campaign, acknowledging that she cannot finance the new center. Mrs. Shouse is calling on the citizens of this country to make the new Wolf Trap happen *together*. With a wonderful staff led by president Carol Harford and chairmen Bob Gray and G. William Miller, and her bewitching way of successfully mingling corporate chiefs, politicians, artists, and audiences, Mrs. Shouse is architect of a dream that can become a resounding reality.

It will take \$16 million to reconstruct the same structure built for \$2.2 million eleven years ago. That is also reality. The problem is solvable—but it will take the action of a national consciousness. The reaching out of that nine-year-old must be translated into strong support by corporations (typified by the Mobil gift), small business, and private citizens. A young schoolboy, for instance, took his favorite Star Wars figure to school and negotiated a series of trades—an eraser, PacMan stamps, the whole gamut of childhood valuables. That night he handed his father eight dollars with a request that it be mailed to Wolf Trap. Neiman Marcus recently donated a percentage of sales in Washington area stores for three days, netting more than \$50,000 for Wolf Trap.

Innovation is also the way to describe Wolf Trap's summer season. A temporary structure of aluminum arches and stretch fabric will cover the stage and seating for 2,000 in Meadow Center, a natural amphitheater across from the old site. An additional 4,500 ticketholders will be seated on the Meadow Center lawn. Ticket prices will be a standard seven dollars.

As our only national park for the performing arts, Wolf Trap symbolizes the energy, excitement, and ambition evident in the arts all across the country. Your donation will rebuild this important resource. You will be richly rewarded. (Contributions can be mailed to Wolf Trap, Washington, D.C. 20260.)



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worlds as there are
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Marcel Proust

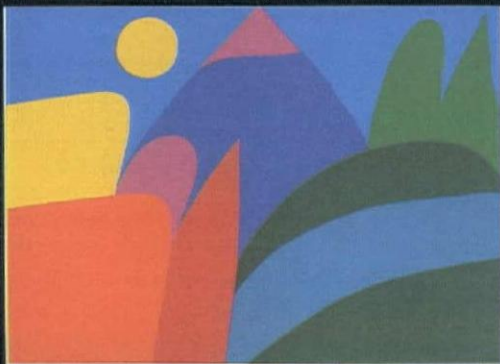
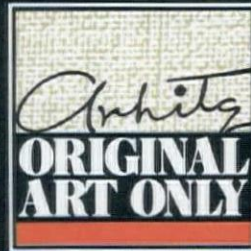
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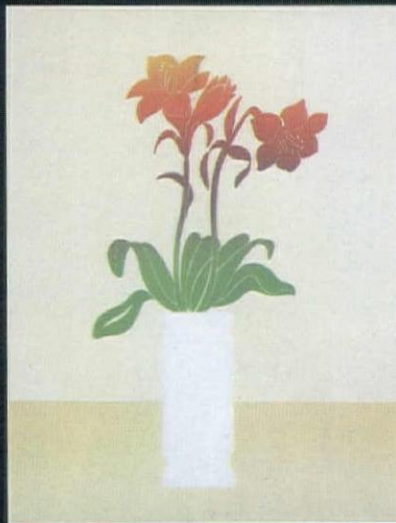
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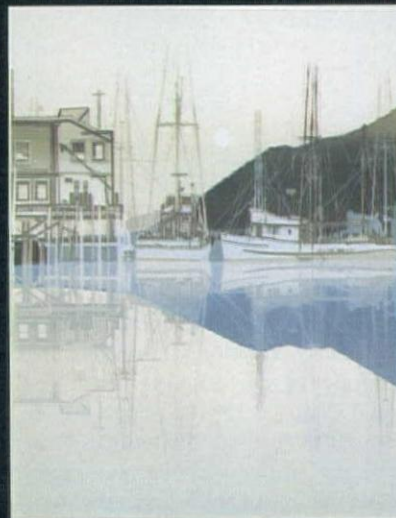
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Cross Country



Photography

Snapshot Charmers

The artistic eye of India has always been a particularly colorful one, from the bright, fanciful paintings of the Mughal courts to the extravagant images of its modern film industry (the biggest in the world). Now we can see the

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

The black-and-white photography of India is made striking with painted colors.

colorful world through the Indian camera lens. An epochal exhibition of nineteenth-century Indian photographs goes on view at the International Center of Photography in New York on May 14. "Through Indian Eyes," on exhibit until July 4, presents 175 photographs that display the distinctive imagery of Indian photography.

The photographs—particularly those that

have been painted as miniature paintings with brilliant reds, greens, and blues and finished with fourteen-carat gold—are disarmingly distinctive. In a photograph of a young man sitting in a chair with his walking stick for instance, the soft black-and-white nineteenth-century photography is interrupted by the brilliant red of his head-covering and bright greens and blues of obviously painted flowers in pots beside him.

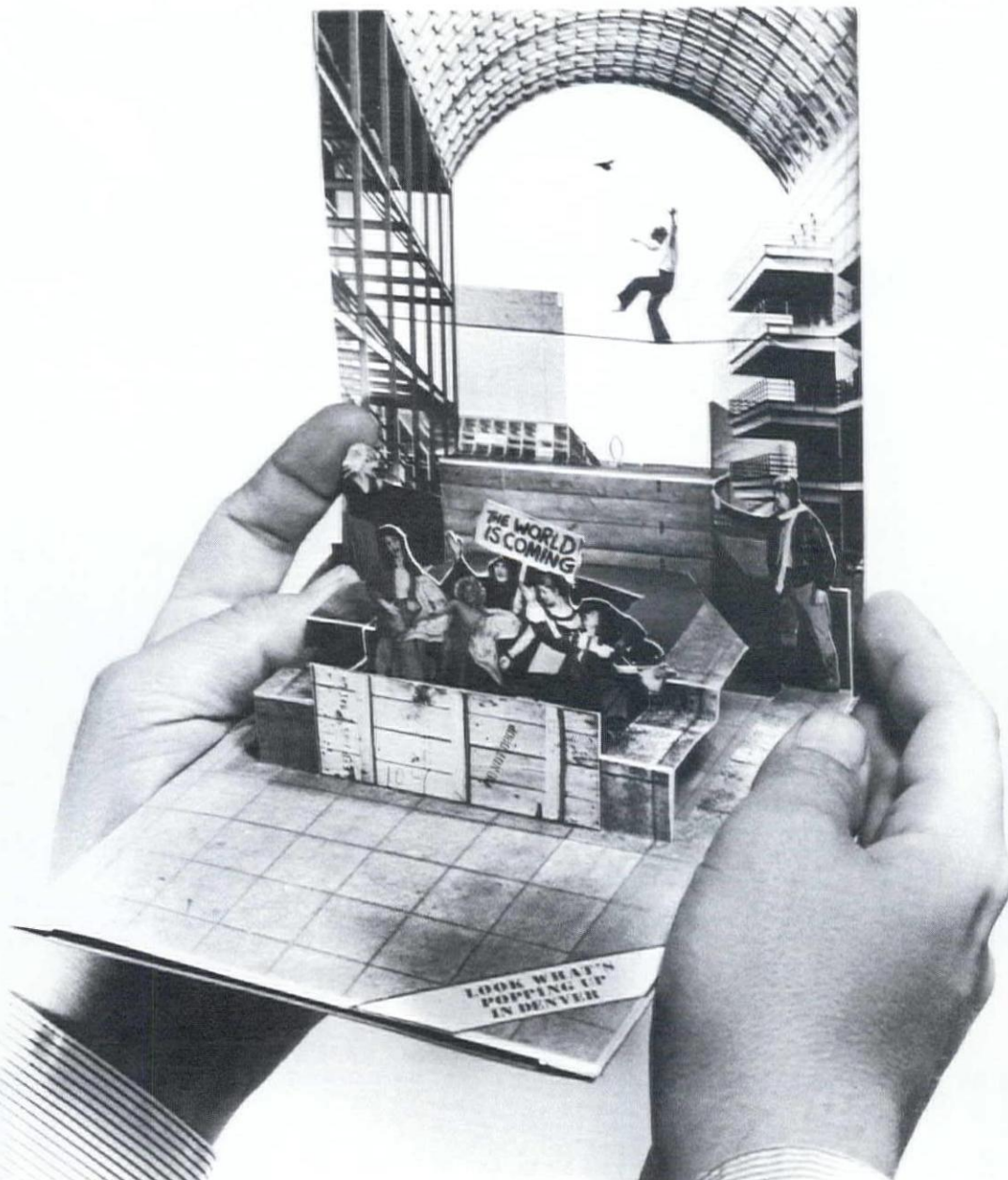
Following a U.S. tour, "Through Indian Eyes" will travel to museums in England, France, and Australia before it reaches its permanent home in Bombay. A center for photography will be established there in 1984. The exhibition was funded with grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, with additional support from Air India.

Theater

Allen in New Miracle Play

Remember Karen Allen as the feisty lover of Harrison Ford in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*? Try to imagine her on stage as Helen Keller—surely a challenge to any actress. *Monday after the Miracle*, a new play about Helen Keller and her teacher, Anne Sullivan Macy, has its American premiere May 23 at the Dock Street Theater in Charleston, South Carolina. One of the outstanding attractions of the Spoleto Festival USA this year, it stars Allen as Helen Keller and Jane Alexander (*Kramer vs. Kramer*, *Night Crossing*) as Anne. *Monday after the Miracle* is written by William Gibson and directed by Arthur Penn, who did the same for the original 1959 Broadway production of *The Miracle Worker*.

Many of us think of Helen Keller only as young Patty Duke in the 1962 movie version, *The Miracle Worker*. *Monday after the Miracle* offers another view of Helen Keller, no longer as a little girl communicating for the first time, but as an adult. Both Gibson and Penn insist that the new play is not a sequel to *The Miracle Worker* since "it takes place much later in Helen's life," Penn says. The play spans about fifteen years in Helen and her teacher's life together (a relationship that lasted fifty years) and begins with Helen's graduation from Radcliffe in 1904. *Monday after the Miracle* concentrates on the year Anne Sullivan was married to John Albee Macy, a Harvard instructor who had assisted



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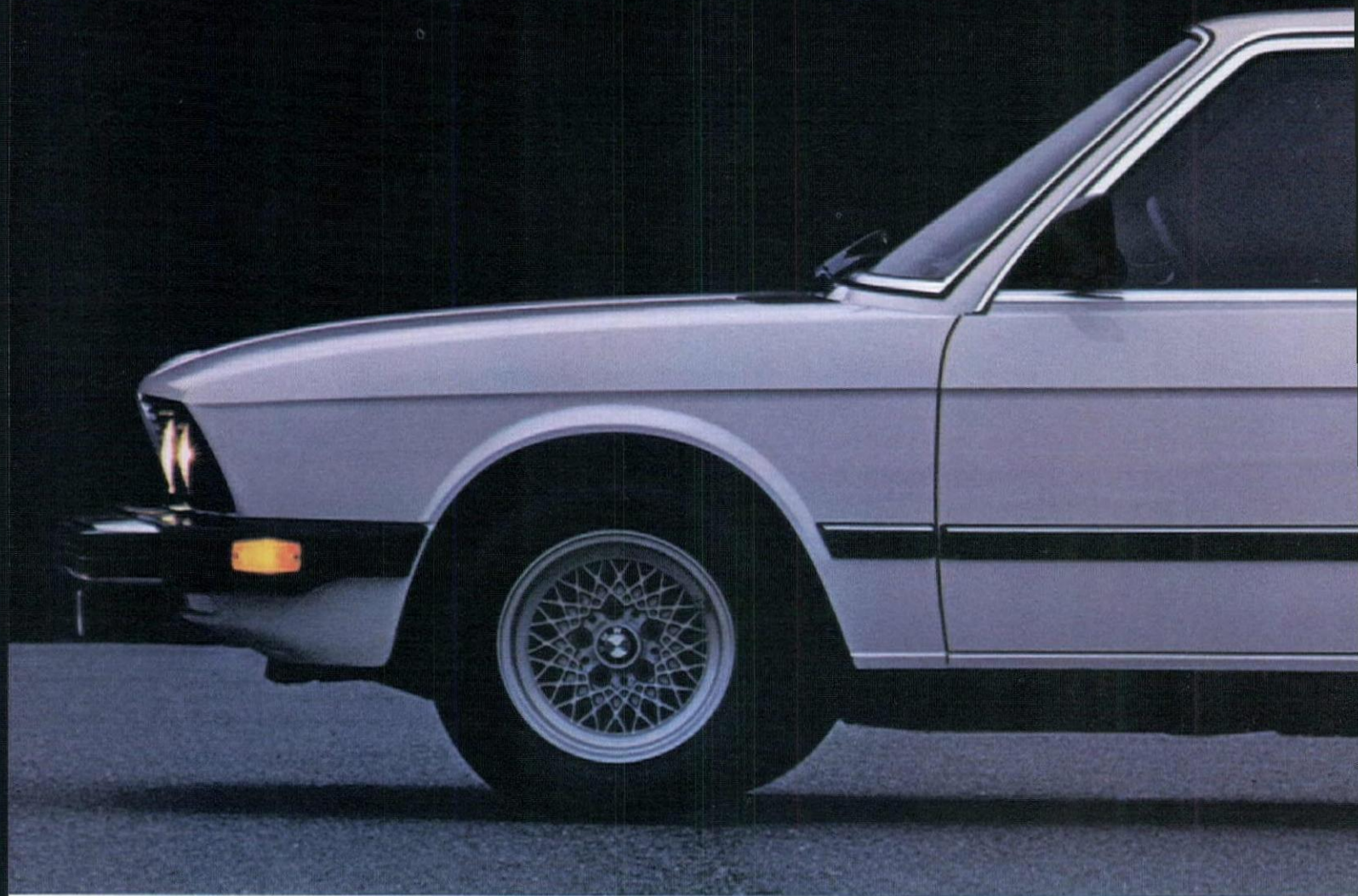
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Cross Country

Helen with her autobiography. The trio on a farm in Wenthram, Massachusetts, John Macy left Anne and later divorced. The play ends at the time Helen and began making vaudeville appearances.

The sixth Spoleto Festival USA runs May 1 to June 6 in Charleston, offering the ballet, chamber music, jazz concerts, art exhibitions, and other attractions. A complete schedule is available by writing to P.O. Box 704, Charleston, South Carolina 29402 or calling 803/722-2764.

Dance

Baryshnikov Meets Cunningham

"Despite the fact that the dance world is relatively small and Baryshnikov and Cunningham are at the top of their respective fields—ballet and modern dance—neither met before a summer ago," observes N. Richard Miller, president of the Merce Cunningham Company, board of directors, of Cunningham Company. Mikhail Baryshnikov, artistic director of American Ballet Theatre (ABT). "They both admired the other's work from afar. And both being rather shy, it took a catalyst to bring them together."

Miller served as that catalyst. Sitting next to Baryshnikov at a lunch, Miller explained to modern-dance choreographers like Cunningham seldom have a chance to stage a work with a major ballet company like ABT. "I'm interested," was Baryshnikov's response. "He told him to call me." Miller arranged a meeting. Baryshnikov offered Cunningham the opportunity to stage one of his repertoire works with ABT. Cunningham selected *Duets*, which his company premiered in New York in 1979. Baryshnikov even said he'd like to dance in the work with eleven other ABT dancers.

So *Duets* will receive its ABT premiere May 18 as part of the ABT Scholarship Fund Benefit. It marks the first time Cunningham has worked with ABT and the first time Baryshnikov has danced Cunningham choreography. Other dancers in *Duets*, set to music by John Cage, include Martine van Hamel and Susan Jaffe. For ticket information, write to ABT, 890 Broadway, New York, New York 10003 or call 212/477-3030. ABT performs at the Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, through June 12.

—Judith A. Jeddli

Strokes of Genius

Walter Anderson. Born 1893. Died 1965. Virtually unknown in his lifetime, now considered an artistic genius of the caliber of Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Matisse. His murals cover the walls of the cottage in which he remained secluded for much of his life. But you know that. You toured his home in March's HORIZON.

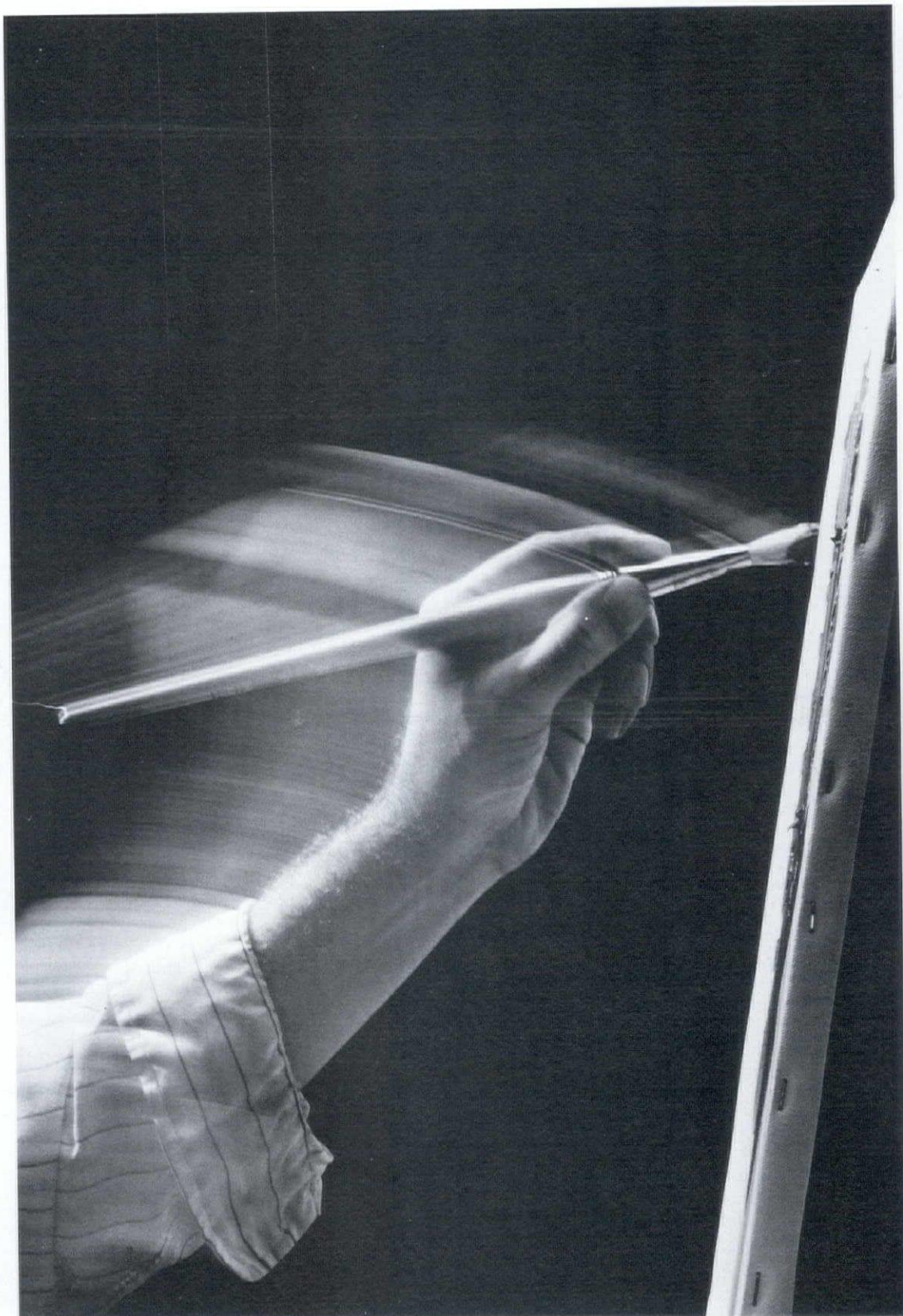
Santa Fe. A Mecca for artists since Mabel Dodge settled there in 1917 and invited Georgia O'Keeffe, Max Eastman, D. H. Lawrence, and others to this golden city. Today it inspires Allan Graham, Helen Beck, Marian Hamilton, and Thomas Hardner, who told you how this vista has added new dimensions to America's artistic vision in April's HORIZON.

Coming up? From America and abroad, Raphael Soyer and El Greco, New York and Latin America, New Orleans and Paris, HORIZON will bring the art world to your world.

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

HORIZON

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Trans World



Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection

France

"An Appalling Spectacle" Returns

This month, eighty examples of American impressionist painting make their Parisian debuts, tipping their hats to the French originators of a style of painting ridiculed a century ago. In an unprecedented exhibition organized by the Smithsonian Traveling Exhibition Service for the United States International Communications Agency, paintings by American masters such as Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, William Merritt Chase, and John Singer Sargent are now showing at the Musée du Petit Palais in Paris.

American impressionism had its inception after the French impressionist school, which

Frederick C. Frieseke's Hollyhocks (1912-1913, oil on canvas, 31½ x 31½ inches).

started in the 1870s. In 1876, a handful of French artists—male—and one American woman had a group of their paintings mounted for display in Paris at Paul Durand-Ruel's gallery. Although Durand-Ruel was respected for his judgment and widely known for his acceptance of the avant-garde, art critic Albert Wolff wrote in *Figaro*:

"The Rue le Peletier is unlucky. After the fire at the Opera, a new misfortune has befallen this quarter. An exhibition has just opened at Durand-Ruel's which calls itself an exhibition of painting. The unsuspecting passer-by enters and his eyes are confronted by an appalling spectacle. Five or six lunatics, one of them a woman, have found a rendezvous in

which to exhibit their works."

Undaunted, the artists continued painting and exhibiting. And the American woman Mary Cassatt, carried this new method of painting, "impressionism," back to the United States. Through her encouragement, other American painters traveled to France to learn the technique of dabbing on canvas a mosaic of broken color, creating optical mixtures by adapting the soft, spotty style to paintings of typically American subjects. Sometimes done in oils, sometimes in water colors, the paintings gained a personal touch that made American impressionism distinct from French, and from any style before it.

The exhibition at the Musée du Petit Palais marks the first major showing of American impressionist painting in Paris. After leaving Paris May 30, the exhibition will travel to Staatliche Museen zu Berlin in East Berlin (June 15–July 25); to the National Museum in Kraków, Poland (August 24–September 25); to the Art Museum of the Socialist Republic of Romania in Bucharest (October 24–December 4); and to the National Art Gallery in Sofia, Bulgaria (December 15–January 31, 1983).

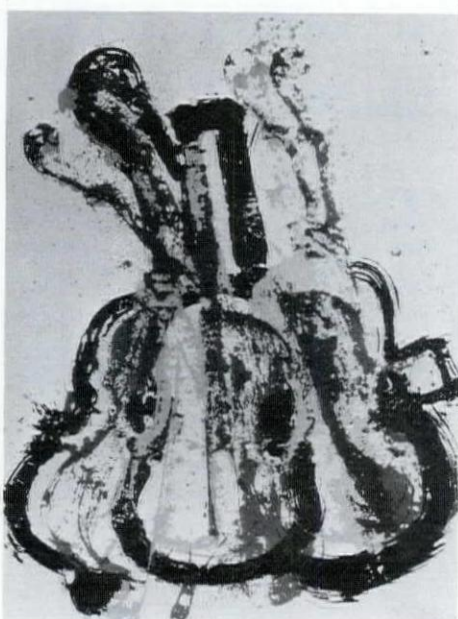
TV Static

One night recently, people watching Antenne 2, one of France's three government-owned television networks, heard an astonishing thing. The 8:00 P.M. newscaster, Patrick Poivre d'Arvor, announced that French television was about to go on strike, and he could not guarantee what would happen next. After a few minutes of news, Poivre d'Arvor was replaced by test patterns until 8:30. Then, inexplicably, a three-year-old segment of "Charlie's Angels" appeared. Those who switched to Television Française 1 and France Régions 3 saw the same rerun. When the show ended, all three stations shut down.

By the next morning, the strike was off. Strikes in France rarely last longer than twelve hours—and programming returned to normal. But on French television, even "normal" programming is somewhat disconcerting. It is "normal," for instance, to disregard programming times. "We come fairly close to being reliable," says a channel 1 spokesman reassuringly. And it is "normal" for employees to be on strike occasionally under the government's repressive laws.

In effect, French television employees are jittery because the Socialist government, which ousted a center-right coalition in elections last

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"Monte Melino, Umbria" oil, 18 x 24 in. 1981

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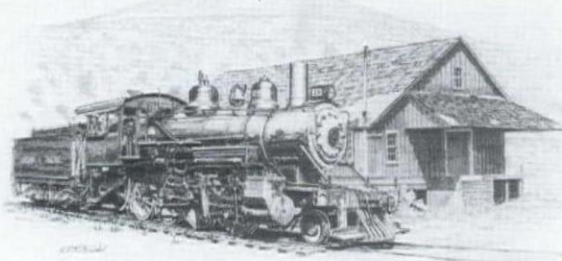
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Trans World

pring, has been unable to come up with a coherent television policy. The unions say they want a "new order," but haven't said what that means. Nobody knows what the government wants—perhaps even the government itself—but everyone knows what it doesn't want: to surrender the monopoly that produced, for one stricken evening, an unexpected triptych of angels. —Thomas Noland

Scotland

Duchamp's Life in a Box

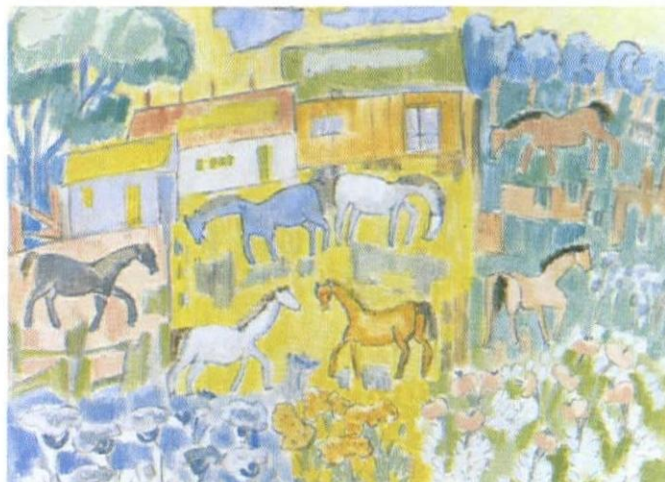
Marcel Duchamp's *Traveling Box* is doing just that—traveling. Through May 11, this unusual collection of works from the always-unorthodox French artist shows up in Edinburgh at the New 57 Gallery and will journey to Sheffield, Swansea, Wrexham, Norwich, and Southampton before the year is out. The tour, organized by the Centre Georges Pompidou in Paris and sponsored by the Arts Council of Great Britain, continues through England in 1983.

Duchamp dreamed up the *Traveling Box* (*La boîte en valis*) in 1935 and christened it "a new form of expression"—the "portable museum." The idea was to reproduce his favorite creations and "collect them in a space as small as possible." The result: an ingenious assembly of photographs, miniatures, reproductions, and cellophane sheets designed as facsimiles of his paintings on glass, that fold, slide, and open out from a cardboard box with the aid of a complex system of hinges, slots, and grooves. When the box is partially opened, it is like a triptych altarpiece; when all eighty-three items are displayed, the box becomes a veritable suitcase of samples.

Duchamp's distillation of his life's work into *La boîte en valise* may well have been a response to the impending threats of political chaos in the air in the midthirties. When Germany occupied France he was forced to smuggle out the unfinished pieces—first to Marseilles and then to New York—with the help of a cheese merchant's pass for transporting goods. Duchamp was able to flee France carrying the works he so loved as his only baggage. In the words of the exhibit organizer, Nichola Bennett, seeing the collection "is a quite intimate experience. The items have a jewel-like quality; you have to go up close to appreciate them." —Cindy Graff Hobson □

Adele Lemm

1904-1977



Appalachia

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oil on canvas

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The Godfather of

Is the face familiar? Dick Smith probably created it. Now he's changing the face of moviemaking.
By Donald Chase

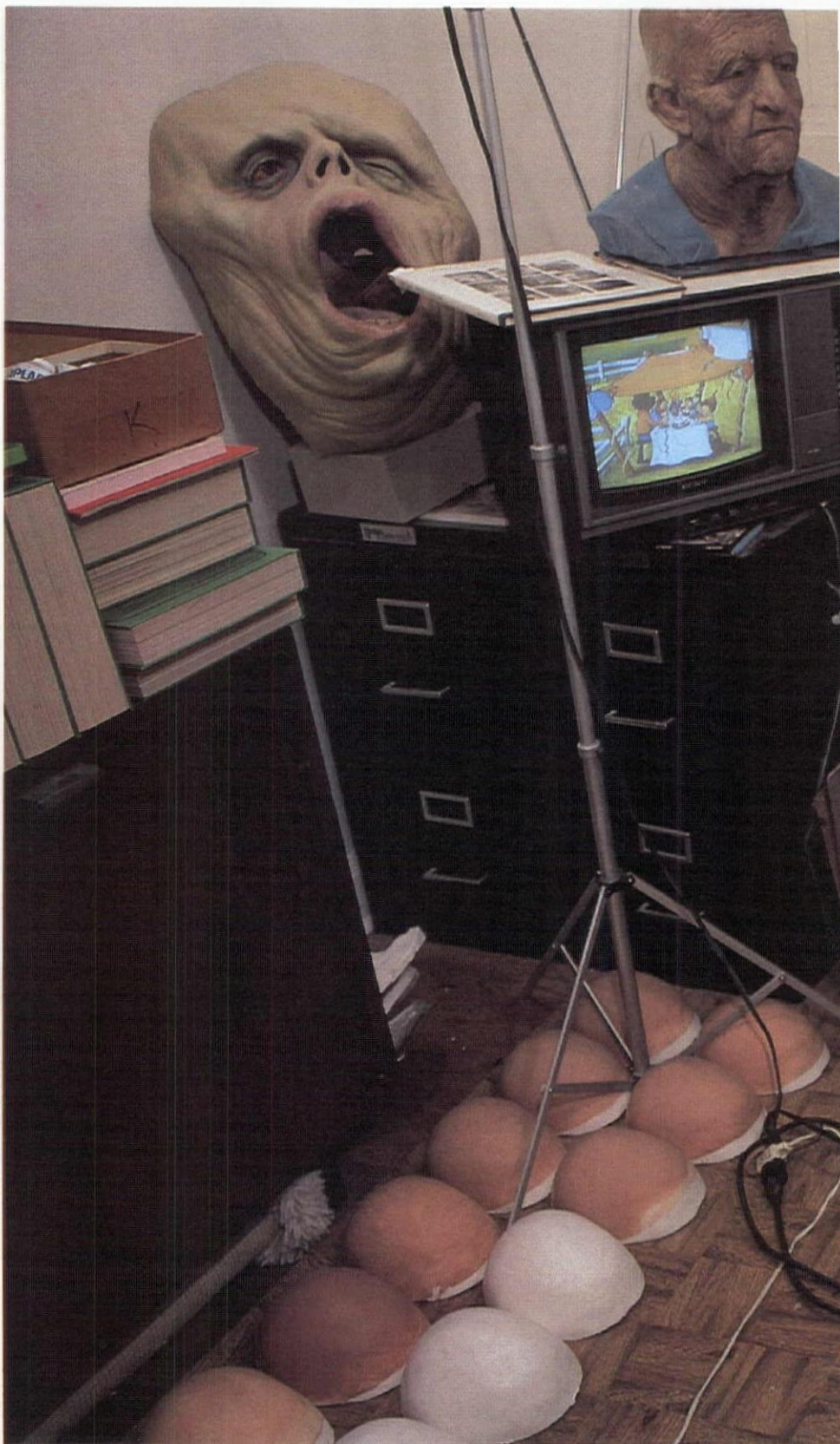
Dick Smith, the man who transformed Dustin Hoffman into a 121-year-old American Indian in *Little Big Man*, Marlon Brando into a dying Mafia chieftain in *The Godfather*, and William Hurt into a primordial monster in *Altered States*, began his career in makeup forty years ago. "I was the Branford Terror," he admits.

Because Smith is still as trim, casually clothed, and irrepressible as an undergraduate, it's easy to picture him as the star of his Yale-set anecdote: "By day I was a rather introverted pre-med student—I'd hoped to become a dentist. But every so often at night, in true Jekyll-and-Hyde fashion, I'd make myself up as one of the monsters from the Universal [Pictures] stable—the Mummy or Frankenstein or whatever—and go around scaring my classmates. After they recovered, they'd say, 'Let's do it to Joe' or whoever. Before long, I'd been chased by the campus police, been given a name—the Branford Terror, after a college at Yale—and everyone was wondering who I was and where and in what guise I'd strike next. It was a wonderful lark, and before it was all cut short by the outbreak of World War II, it made me realize some of the power of makeup—its ability to transform me into someone other than the goody-goody chap, and its effect on an audience."

Long aware of the power of makeup, Hollywood has been a bit slower to appreciate it formally. But now movie moguls are bidding up the services of a new breed of off-camera star: the makeup artist. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences established "Best Makeup" as a permanent category last year; this spring, Smith's most famous protégé, Rick Baker (who assisted him on *The Exorcist*), snared the first such Oscar for *An American Werewolf in London*.

More compelling evidence of makeup artists' previously unheard-of power and promi-

Dick Smith's work on makeup classics like Little Big Man (head atop television) helped elevate makeup artists to stardom.



Photograph © 1982 Richard Marin. All other photographs courtesy of Dick Smith.

Movie Makeup



nence is their capacity to actually make or break a film. According to Smith, several "makeup-dependent" films in recent months have been canceled, postponed, or reformulated when one of the half-dozen makeup stars proved unavailable. And once in production on such a film, the makeup artist may now be granted an unprecedented amount of creative autonomy and financial leeway. At age twenty-one, makeup artist Rob Bottin supervised the lighting of his werewolf transformation in *The Howling*; his makeup budget on *The Thing*, due in July, hit a record \$1.5 million.

The uphill battle to today's makeup ascendancy began, like Smith's career, in the aftermath of World War II. The war, Smith says, caused him to question "all those well-ingrained parental precepts about business before pleasure and the pre-atomic assumption that life would continue in an even, orderly way." He resolved that if he survived the war, he would chuck dentistry to pursue "this impossible career as a makeup artist."

He began in the fledgling medium of television, becoming NBC's first staff makeup artist in 1945. His salary was \$50 a week and his office space was the bottom drawer of an assistant director's desk. (At the time, the other networks' makeup was still being done by the nearest beauty parlor.) Smith was head of NBC's twenty-person makeup department by 1950. He had developed color-TV makeup for the network and worked on some of its most-remembered specials (Mary Martin in *Peter Pan*, Maurice Evans in *Macbeth*, Leontyne Price in *The Magic Flute* and *La Boheme*) by 1959, when he left to begin a two-year associa-



tion with producer David Susskind.

It was during the Susskind period that the power of makeup was brought home to Smith permanently. Approaching Susskind's TV production of *The Moon and Sixpence* "with fear and trembling" because its star, Laurence Olivier, was famed "for his great love and knowledge of makeup," Smith was soon put at his ease. Olivier was not merely enthusiastic about the many "looks" Smith had devised for his transition—as Gauguin—from Paris bank clerk to disease-riddled dropout artist in Tahiti. "He'd rub his hands together in boyish glee," Smith recalls, "saying, 'Yes, yes—and

Smith (above right) created a dummy of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (opposite) for *Ghost Story*. He's with director John Irvin and cinematographer Jack Cardiff.

couldn't we add *this*?"—then suggest ways embellish the basic idea. When I finally put the leprosy makeup on him—leprosy then being more acceptable on TV than the syphilis Gauguin actually suffered from—he paid me my greatest compliment by saying, 'Dick, does the acting for me!'"

Smith went the independent route in 1962 and created his first feature-film makeup, for Anthony Quinn in *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, in 1962. It was Smith's makeup on landmark movies of the seventies that established him—and the whole profession—as heavyweights in Hollywood: *Little Big Man* (1970), *The Godfather* (1972), *The Exorcist* (1973), *The Godfather Part II* (1974), *Taxi Driver* (1976), *The Deer Hunter* (1978), *Altered States* (1980). But Smith suggests that these landmarks represent compromises achieved under far-from-ideal conditions, in response to exigencies of time, money, technology, and temperament.

After reading a script, discussing its makeup requirements with the director, and coming to financial terms with the producer, Smith begins work. Typically, he will draw only the roughest sketch of a concept before going to work on a three-dimensional sculptural render-

Face Facts

Thanks to new videocassette and videodisc technology, you can now recapture many of Dick Smith's classic makeup effects on your home TV screen, including:

Requiem for a Heavyweight (1962: color, 100 minutes; on videocassette from National Film and Video Center, 4321 Sykesville Road, Finksburg, Maryland, 21048).

The Cardinal (1963: color, 120 minutes; on videocassette from National Film and Video Center, address above).

The Godfather, Parts I and II (1972 and 1974: color, 171 and 200 minutes; on videocassette from Fotomat, 64 Danbury Road,

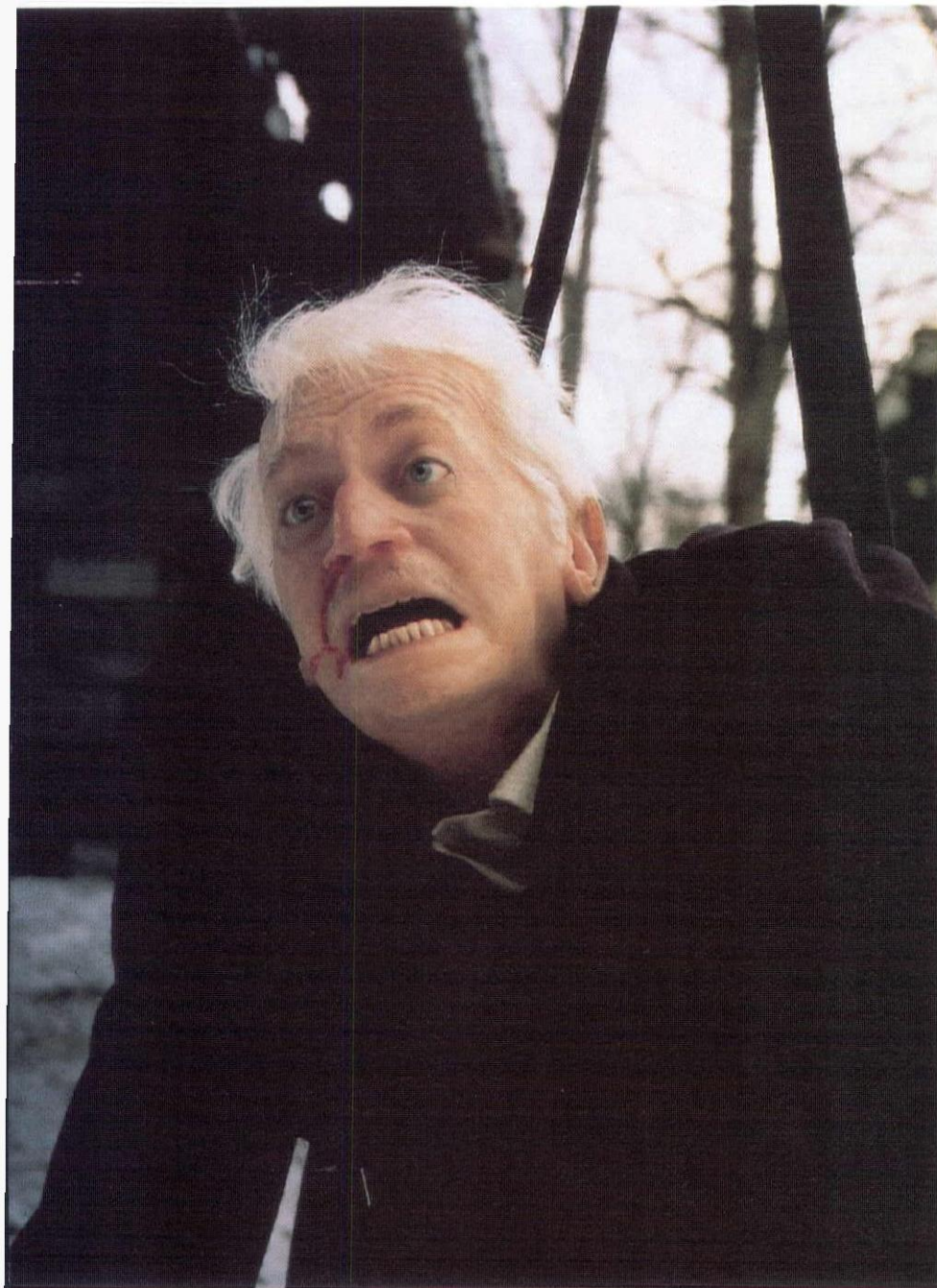
Wilton, Connecticut 06897; and Paramount Home Video, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California 90038; on videodisc from MCA DiscoVision, 100 Universal City Plaza, Universal City, California 91608; and RCA SelectaVision, Box 91301, Indianapolis, Indiana 46291).

The Exorcist (1973: color, 121 minutes; on videocassette from WCI Home Video, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019).

The Sunshine Boys (1975: color, 111 minutes; on videocassette from MGM/CBS Home Video, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019; and Niles Cinema, 1141 Mishawaka Avenue, South Bend, Indiana 46624).

The Deer Hunter (1978: color, 183 minutes; on videocassette from MCA Videocassette, 455 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022).

Laurence Olivier
paid him his greatest
compliment: "It does
the acting for me!"



ing of it in the lab/studio he's set up in the basement of his Larchmont, New York, house. One or more assistants will join him among the life masks of stars, the giant Mixmaster used to eat foam latex, the disembodied urethane-rubber replica of a woman's leg.

But the amounts of time and money and personnel originally agreed upon may become meaningless in the face of a producer's or director's request for some never-before-seen

effect. Or, seeing a first draft of what was asked for, producer or director may decide they want something else. Director Ken Russell started with rubber transformation suits designed by Smith for William Hurt and Blair Brown in *Altered States*. Switched to hollow, lit-from-within, special-effects-department dummies. Changed back to Smith's rubber suits, painted white so they'd glow. And ultimately added optical overlays when they

didn't glow quite enough. Advance film tests of the optical effects, Smith says, would have saved an enormous amount of time and money.

But even Smith doesn't expect directors to be as meticulous in preparation as William Friedkin was on *The Exorcist*. "We tested ten or twelve different makeups for Linda Blair and three or four for Max von Sydow. Max's was refined to the point that even in a close shot you couldn't tell that most of his face was covered with appliances [prosthetic devices] to age him." (In all his years in TV, Smith's only "fully tested" effect was his adaptation of Hal Holbrook's *Mark Twain, Tonight!* stage makeup for a 1967 special. Smith won an Emmy for that work.)

Surprisingly, given the scale and production logistics of *The Godfather* and *The Godfather, Part II*, director Francis Ford Coppola struck Smith as not having "prepared very much before coming onto the set. While he has his general concepts well in mind, he does not figure out all the technical details in advance—he likes to be spontaneous. I enjoy working with him, but because we hadn't prepared adequately, shooting was held up all the first morning of Marlon Brando's work on *The Godfather* while we refined his makeup."

Though it's one of his most celebrated creations, Smith doesn't think all that much of Brando's Don Corleone makeup. He much prefers the Indian makeup he did for Dustin Hoffman in *Little Big Man*: "I could do better today," he says, "but not much better." But the *Little Big Man* makeup took five hours to apply, and after listening to Smith's ideas for an appliance makeup with jowls, Brando let it be known that he didn't want to spend a lot of time each day in the makeup chair.

"We refined it down to a dental plumper, old-age stipple, and various little embellishments. The dental plumper"—shades of Smith's one-time career goal—"is a metal clip that hooks around the lower molars and has two carefully shaped plastic bumps that push out the skin at the jowls. It doesn't interfere with diction. Any aberrations in diction were part of Marlon's 'character' voice.

"Old-age stipple," Smith continues, "is a formulation of stretch latex, gelatin, and some other compounds. Holding the skin stretched tight with your fingers, you apply the stipple in sections. After drying each section with a hair dryer for one minute, you release the skin and it tends to fall into natural-looking, leathery wrinkles. We put a couple of layers on Marlon

"You put it on and take it off—and somehow have control over your fate."

for the early part of the film, easily aging him by fifteen years, then doubled that as the character came closer to death."

To complete Brando's makeup, Smith applied white mascara on the temples (the rest of his hair was already grayed), the mustache and the eyebrows, dark shadows on his face and liver spots on his hands, and discoloration on the teeth. "Once we got it down pat we had him ready in an hour and a quarter."

Robert De Niro represents the opposite extreme in an actor's concern about makeup. Smith did the relatively straightforward makeup required by De Niro's role in *The Godfather, Part II*, and created his increasingly bizarre looks for *Taxi Driver*. Then he worked with De Niro on the Southeast Asian segment of *The Deer Hunter*: "I'm a perfectionist," Smith says, "but there are certain things the camera doesn't pick up and I'm content if what I achieve will be acceptable to the camera. Bobby's not content with that; he wants what he sees in the mirror to be absolutely real. On *The Deer Hunter*, I went along with him to a point, but eventually I said, 'Oh come on, that's not going to show.' We had a falling-out, not over his own makeup but over Christopher Walken's in the scene where Walken is about to die in a Russian roulette game, and I gave a week's notice. It's the only time I ever left a job," Smith says sadly, then quickly adds that 90 percent of the performers he's made up are "more cooperative than necessary." If Smith is more voluble about his work with actors than with actresses, it's because the calls for women's character makeup are relatively rare.

The emergence of the contemporary "special makeup effects" film has altered the nature of Smith's work. Instead of designing or supervising all the makeup on a project—as he did with *Little Big Man*, both *Godfather* films, and even *The Exorcist*—he may now limit himself to one character or a few scenes. Smith's contribution to *Ghost Story* was limited to the apparitions of the ghost and to a dummy of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

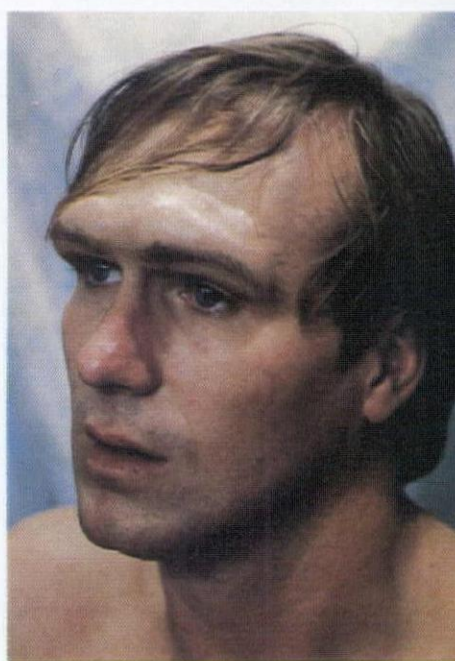
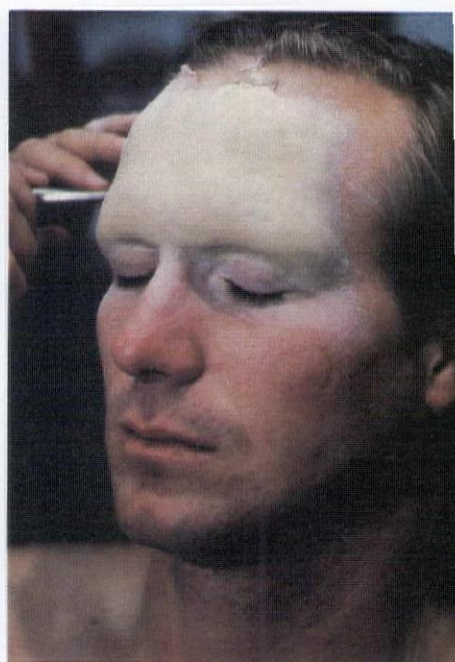
Special makeup effects also increasingly overlap with special mechanical effects. Generally, the line is drawn at living beings (or replicas of them) versus mechanical processes. So, for the *Exorcist* scene in which Linda Blair's head had to swivel around, Smith cast Blair's body from head to foot and made a dummy with a plastic head designed to rotate on an axle. The special-effects man, Marcel



Vercouterre, installed the axle in the dummy and operated the crank that made it work. Smith came up with the hoses that enabled the dummy to vomit, and Vercouterre pumped pea soup through them.

Though Smith says he personally is "not out to short change anyone," the knowledge of chemicals, hydraulics, and radio-control systems he has acquired might be seen as a threat by some special-effects people. In fact, prior to *The Godfather*, "bullet hits" had ordinarily been in the province of special effects. "Coppola wanted very realistic bullet hits, particularly for the scene where Sterling Hayden is assassinated," Smith explains. "The special-effects man's blood gun . . . didn't give you a precise hole. I made a precise hole by putting a thin metal disk on Sterling Hayden's forehead to protect it; sticking a little explosive squib on the disk; running the wires back through his hair; applying an entire foam-rubber forehead over the disk, leaving an unglued pocket around the squib; injecting 'blood' into the pocket. When the squib was detonated, it blew a hole in the skin—and the 'blood' came leaking out."

It's a technique that has put realism-seeking makeup artists and directors in eternal debt to Smith. But Smith sometimes wonders if he has been instrumental in adding to the graphic and gratuitous screen violence he abhors. He was relieved that director Martin Scorsese printed the climactic shootout sequence in *Taxi Driver*



To transform William Hurt into an incipient Neanderthal in *Altered States*, Smith applied inflatable bladders to Hurt's forehead (upper left). Next he covered the bladders with a foam-latex "skin" (upper right). The final, inflated brow at its largest size gives Hurt a prehistoric look (above). Costar Blair Brown gets a total-body treatment (opposite) with rubber suit, painted so it will glow. Optical overlays were added later for more "glow."



darker than expected, browning the blood. And that director Michael Cimino, who promised there would be less gore in *The Deer Hunter* than the script suggested, and then called for even more, ended up minimizing the more horrific effects by low-key lighting and razor-sharp editing.

Complicating the moral question is the fact that bloody films like *Taxi Driver* and *The Deer Hunter* and horror epics like *The Exorcist* have done much to boost Smith and his field to their current prominence. Smith regularly turns down irresponsible slice-and-dice films for himself, but if they're going to be made anyway, he'll recommend a young, experience-hungry protégé. And, whatever their literary merits, horror films do offer the greatest challenges, the most generous budgets, the deepest involvement, and the best opportunities to develop new techniques.

For his latest film, a tale of vampirism called *The Hunger*, with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, and Susan Sarandon, Smith even helped cast supporting actors whom he would later mummify. He worked with the director, Tony Scott, in planning camera angles for the sequence in which the mummies would crumble by stages; that process itself had required two and a half months of experimentation.

Finally, Smith argues that the horror-supernatural genre may actually prove more therapeutic than harmful to its mostly adolescent audience. "In early adolescence kids seem to become suddenly aware of their mortality, their physical vulnerability; it's frightening," he says. "By this time, they've also built up a certain amount of residual, undefused anger. The monster, classically more sinned against than sinning, is dazzlingly powerful—invulnerable, seemingly immortal—as he rampages, avenging old injustices. By identifying with the monster, the kid in the audience overcomes some of his fear, releases some of his anger in a way that's kind of cathartic. That's probably why so many adolescents take the identification one step further, and play around with monster makeup on themselves and their friends. You put it on and take it off—and somehow have a control over your fate."

Who would know better than the Branford Terror? □

Donald Chase has written for Esquire, the Los Angeles Times, and various cinema journals. He is the author of Filmmaking: The Collaborative Art (Little, Brown).



Good drama has no stage direction. . . The better the play, the better it will fare on the radio.

powers and abilities far beyond those of Mortal Men. Yes, Superman, who can change the course of Mighty Rivers, bend Steel in his bare hands. . ." (It occurs to me for the first time that one thing so wonderful about that cadence is that most of it is stolen from "Hiawatha.") "A cloud of dust, a galloping horse with the Speed of Light, a hearty, 'Hi-Yo Silver!' Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear." (See: "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere.")

The intros were always the best thing on the show. They were written for the imagination; they enticed; they thrilled; they worked on us through rhythm, sound, and suggestion. They invited us to associate, to imagine. They absolutely made us a part of the creative process—radio writing.

But my sister and I went into the house, turned on the television and lost our minds, and I did not discover the radio again for twenty years.

Fade out, fade in. Twenty years pass in the twinkling of an eye. A young lad from Chicago, come to Gotham seeking Fame and Fortune, sits at his garret desk.

I had written a piece called *The Water Engine*. It was set in 1933 Chicago, during the Century of Progress Exposition, and concerned a young man who invented an engine that ran on simple water.

I wrote it as a short story, and it was rejected by many publications. I wrote it as a movie treatment, and it was rejected by various studios. Finally, I threw it in the wastebasket and, later that day, someone introduced me to Howard Gelman, who was the producer of "Earplay," an outfit that commissioned, produced, and distributed radio drama to the National Public Radio network.

Howard knew my play writing from Chicago. He asked me if I wanted to write for the radio, and I said yes, went home, and got *The Water Engine* out of the wastebasket.

"Earplay" has since produced other plays of mine: *Reunion*, *A Sermon*, and *Prairie du Chien*. And writing for radio I learned a lot about play writing.

Bruno Bettelheim, in *The Uses of Enchantment*, writes that the fairy tale (i.e., the drama) has the capacity to calm, to incite, to assuage, to affect, because we listen to it nonjudgmentally—we identify subconsciously (i.e., noncritically) with the protagonist.

We are allowed to do this, he tells us, because the protagonist and, indeed, the situa-

tions, are uncharacterized aside from their most essential elements.

When we are told, for example, that a Handsome Prince went into a wood, we realize that we are that Handsome Prince.

As soon as the Prince is characterized—"A Handsome Blonde Prince with a twinkle in his eye, and just the hint of a moustache on his upper lip. . ."—if we lack that color hair, twinkle, moustache, we say, "What an interesting Prince. Of course, he is unlike anyone I know," and we begin to listen to the story as a critic rather than as a participant.

The essential task of the drama (as of the fairy tale) is to offer a solution to a problem that is not susceptible to reason. To be effective, the drama must induce us to suspend our rational judgment and to follow the internal logic of the piece, so that our pleasure (our "cure") is the release at the end of the story. We enjoy the happiness of being a participant in the process of solution, rather than the intellectual achievement of having observed the process of construction.

And the best model for this drama is *The Story around the Campfire*.

We hear "a windswept moor" and immediately supply the perfect imaginary moor—perfect according to our subconscious understanding of the significance of the moor to the story.

This is why radio is a great training ground for dramatists. More than any other dramatic medium, it teaches the writer to concentrate on the essentials, because it throws into immediate relief that to characterize the people or scene is to take time from the story, which is to weaken the story. A lesson I learned working for the radio is that this is the way all great drama works: by leaving the endowment of characters, place, and especially action up to the audience.

That's why the model of the perfect play is the dirty joke.

"Two guys go into a farmhouse. An old woman is stirring a pot of soup."

What does the woman look like? What state is the farmhouse in? Why is she stirring soup? The dirty-joke teller is tending toward a punchline and we know that he or she is going to tell us only the elements that direct our attention toward that punchline, so we listen attentively and gratefully. We don't care what state the farmhouse is in.

In the same way, good drama has no stage directions. It is the interaction of the characters' objectives expressed solely through

what they say to each other—not through what the author says about them. The better the play, the better it will fare on the radio. Put *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Waiting for Godot*, *Long Day's Journey into Night*, *King Lear* on the radio, and what do you miss? Nothing.

Our enjoyment is increased by the absence of the merely descriptive. (A note here, as long as I have the podium, to beginning playwrights—a lesson from radio: don't write stage directions. If it is not apparent what the character is trying to accomplish by saying the line, telling us how the character said it, or whether or not he or she moved to the couch, isn't going to aid the case. We might understand better what the character means, but we aren't particularly going to care.)

In *An Actor Prepares*, Stanislavsky is asked by a student actor how, faced with all the myriad choices open to an actor on stage, Stanislavsky always manages to make the correct choice—a choice, that is, which advances the play. Stanislavsky responds that once, on a Volga steamer, he approached the captain and asked how, when faced with the myriad decisions involved in navigating such a dangerous river, the captain always managed to make the correct choice. The captain, he tells us, replied, "I stick to the channel." So, Stanislavsky tells the student, "Stick to the channel and you cannot be wrong. The choices that you make will not be 'in general,' but in aid of the story, and so they must be correct."

Writing for radio forces you and teaches you to stick to the channel, which is to say, the story.

You can do anything on the radio. You are bounded only by your creative imagination. Stan Freberg once did a radio commercial for radio advertising, a dialogue between a television advertising executive and a radio advertising executive. The radio executive says, "Here's my ad: You take Lake Michigan and drain it. Bombers of the Royal Canadian Air Force fly over, laden with whipped cream. They drop the whipped cream in the lake until the lake is full. A huge helicopter circles Chicago carrying a forty-five-ton cherry and drops it on the top of the whipped cream, as the tops of the Chicago skyscrapers explode and paint the evening sky with fireworks from horizon to horizon. Do that on TV!"

The best production takes place in the mind of the beholder. We, as audience, are much better off with a sign that says, "A Blasted Heath," than with all the brilliant "produc-



Air Plays

Remember the thrilling plays of yesteryear? To revive today's drama, we should tune to radio.
By David Mamet

Sunday nights we would go visiting. Coming home we'd play the car radio. It was dark and we'd be rolling through the prairies outside of Chicago. CBS' "Suspense" would be on the air, or "Johnnie Diamond—the Man with the Million-Dollar Expense Account." And the trip home always ended too soon. We'd stay in the car until my Dad kicked us out—we wanted to hear how the story ended. We wanted the trip to be endless—rolling through the prairies and listening to the intimate voices.

But we went into the house.

It never occurred to us to turn on the radio when we got in. We were the very first television generation, my Dad was proud of the television, and we grew up considering the radio *déclassé*—it was used for information or background, but not for entertainment.

We grew up with the slogans, overheard from our parents and their friends, the magic catchwords of their youth: "Boston Blackie! Enemy to those who *make* him an enemy. Friend to those who *have* no friend." "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The *Shadow* do..." (That wonderful apocryphal transposition.) "*GANG* busters..." "Can a young girl from Ohio find happiness..."

And we were exposed to this great narrative style.

These wonderful introductions were used by the radio writers when they went to television in the fifties, and their sense of rhythm and consonants, honed writing for the ear, thrilled, impressed, and involved us in the pretty awful television drama of those days: "... visitor from a Strange Planet who came to Earth with

David Mamet on the set of the Circle-in-the-Square Theatre's production of his American Buffalo: writing for radio, he says, helped him write award-winning stage plays.

Now Hear This

Although it's hardly those thrilling days of yesteryear, when radio drama from "Jack Armstrong" to "The Shadow" to "The Goldbergs" owned the airwaves, radio drama is alive and latently well.

NPR Playhouse Drama Special—"Drama Special" presents *The Killing of Sister George*, starring Sheila Hancock, the week of May 2. Succeeding weeks will feature: Noel Coward's *allan Angels* (week of May 9), C. L. R. James' *The Black Jacobins* (week of May 5), Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* (week of May 3), and a special examining *The Theater of Politics*, from Machiavelli to FDR to Nixon (week of May 30). Another "Drama Special" to mark on the calendar will be the mid-June *tevie*, with Glenda Jackson.

NPR Playhouse—The regular weeknight drama strip this month spotlights *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* on Mondays; *The Incredible Adventures of Jack Flanders*, a children's series, on Tuesdays; Ken Nordine's *unreal Word Jazz* on Wednesdays; an adaptation of Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey mystery, *Clouds of Witness*, on Thursdays with Ian Carmichael, who also played Lord Peter on television's "Masterpiece Theatre," in the starring role; and a mystery series from

the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, *Nightfall*, on Fridays.

For broadcast dates and times on all NPR programming, check local listings or your nearest NPR affiliate, or call NPR's toll-free information number, 1-800-424-2909.

National Radio Theatre (NRT)—NPR isn't the whole radio-drama show, however. Last October, NRT of Chicago began a year-long season of radio plays over more than 320 independent stations. A rebroadcast of the season-opening adaptation of *The Odyssey* began April 18 and continues, in eight parts, throughout this month. Edward Asner serves as host, with Irene Worth as Athena, Sheppard Strudwick as Homer, Barry Morse as Odysseus, and John Glover as Telemachus. For the NRT station nearest you, and for broadcast times, call toll-free, 1-800-621-2373.

NRT, a nonprofit organization, was founded by Uri Rasovsky in 1973. Principal funding for this season came from TRW Inc.

CBS Radio Mystery Theater—This series is now in its ninth season on the CBS Radio Network. Hi Brown, former director of "The Goldbergs," "Dick Tracy," and "Inner Sanctum," commissions the original plays from a regular stable of authors. "CBS Radio Mystery Theater" airs Monday through Friday, generally 10:00 to 11:00 P.M., on more than 300 local stations.

ion values" in the world. "Production values" is code for forsaking the story.

Writing for the radio teaches there is no such thing as "production values." The phrase means, "pour money on it," and it has been the ruin of television, movies, and the professional stage. It is the triumph of the general, the celebration of nothing to say.

Radio drama, God bless it, needs only inventive actors, an inventive sound-effects person, and a good script. You can produce it for next to nothing. The writer and the actor can both practice and perfect their trade away from the countervailing influence of producers, critics, and money, and if it doesn't work they can do another one just as simply and cheaply without risking either their careers or a large hunk of capital.

Martin Esselin helped reinvent British drama as head of BBC Radio Drama after World War I by commissioning Pinter, Orton, Rudkin, et al. He helped re-create a national theater by enfranchising creative talent. In the same way, Howard Gelman of "Earplay," by commis-

sioning Wendy Wasserstein, Terry Curtis Fox, Romulus Linney, Lanford Wilson, et al, has supported the American theater in the best way: by encouraging freedom of thought, by hiring writers and letting them be free.

That freedom is precious. We have, become our own thought police, but instead of calling the process "censorship," we call it "concern for commercial viability."

How different is saying, "It would create public unrest," from saying, "It's not going to sell. They aren't going to buy it?"

It's hard to find a Great American Play on Broadway. It's getting too expensive to produce. To mount a three-character, one-set drama costs around \$450,000, and the people with the money aren't going to put it up to enjoy a *succès d'estime*. They're putting it up in the hopes it is going to make money, which means they are doing everything in their power to appeal to the widest possible audience, which makes it difficult for a play that questions, investigates, and so, probably, disturbs, to be produced.

Similarly with the movies. They aren't administered by Miss Dove, but by people interested solely in making a buck on the buck they have put out. These media (and we might as well include publishing) have, in an introverted time, become self-censoring—and they refer to the process as cost accounting.

But radio is inexpensive to produce. The essential nature of the form is that it suffers immediately from the addition of "production values," just as would a dirty joke (when you introduce the Farmer's Daughter you don't put your hair in braids to illustrate). It can be done by anybody with a microphone and a tape recorder.

Radio drama can be to the eighties what the garage and the church basement were to the sixties and seventies: a place where theatrical artists can work cheaply, continuously, and protected from the encroachment of producers—which is to say, speculators.

Everyone owns a tape recorder. Radio drama can be done with one or two or ten actors sitting around the kitchen table. Tapes can be reproduced inexpensively. They can be played in bars, on college, alternative, or progressive AM/FM stations. I recommend this course highly to younger people in the theater. If it seems chancy let me submit that it's a vastly better life than starving while waiting for a job writing or reading the advertising copy that sells carcinogens.

Take it from one who has tried both: it's a lot more fulfilling (and a hell of a lot easier) raising \$1,000 or \$10,000 to put on your own production or inaugurate your own theater company than it is sitting in commercial anterooms and hoping that the casting director finds you agreeable.

A great audience exists for true drama—the drama based solely on the honest perception of a writer and the honest intention of the actor.

The primordial form of true drama, and the form that, through its very essence, conduces to this honesty is The Story around the Campfire. As times grow more confusing, our need to hear that story every night increases. The Campfire is the radio, and it's just waiting to be turned on. □

David Mamet is an award-winning playwright. His Edmond will be produced this spring by Chicago's Goodman Theatre. He recently completed the screenplay for The Verdict, starring Paul Newman and to be directed by Sidney Lumet.

MEMPHIS

Growing on the River

Memphis is moving to a new beat, mixing the best of the old with a new energy.

Memphis was born on the river, nurtured on cotton, and grew up with the blues. These influences animate it still, mingling the elegant rhythms of the past with a driving beat of progress. They come together on Mud Island, once an eyesore, now a gleaming entertainment complex and museum dedicated to the Mississippi, its people, and its music. Mud Island, which opens July 3, juts out into Old Man River, where the centuries roll past with the water, but is attained by a spanking-new monorail, a symbol of Memphis' look to the future.

Two blocks away, Cotton Row remains the place where farmers meet factors and where both congregate at the famous sixty-five-year-old Carter Seed Store. But here, too, the present melds seamlessly with the past: Cotton Row is also a residential area, with urban immigrants living above factors' offices and in once-abandoned warehouses—now elegant condominiums.

Beale Street, where echoes of W.C. Handy, Aretha Franklin, B. B. King, Al Green, and Furry Lewis linger, is in the midst of a rebirth. A \$21.6-million facelift promises to make the birthplace of the blues as exciting a contemporary entertainment stretch as fabled Bourbon Street.

The Mid-America Mall on Main Street, where this Memphis renaissance began, continues the theme of preserving the best of the past while forging into the future. Its

sidewalk cafés and quaint shops dot a twentieth-century pedestrian mall that leads to antebellum Court Square. But the highlight of downtown is the Peabody Hotel, built in 1878 and closed in 1975, now reopened with a \$21-million renovation. Each morning precisely at 11:00 A.M., the Peabody's ducks emerge from the elevator and waddle down a red carpet to swim in the lobby fountain—reviving a tradition that began when hunters would throw their decoys into the water upon returning from the wilds.

Other places pick up this harmony of classic elegance with a new tempo: Justine's, the restaurant where the movers of modern-day Memphis meet, has been carved out of a restored nineteenth-century house. The Orpheum, a former vaudeville palace at Beale and Main, now comes alive again with Broadway

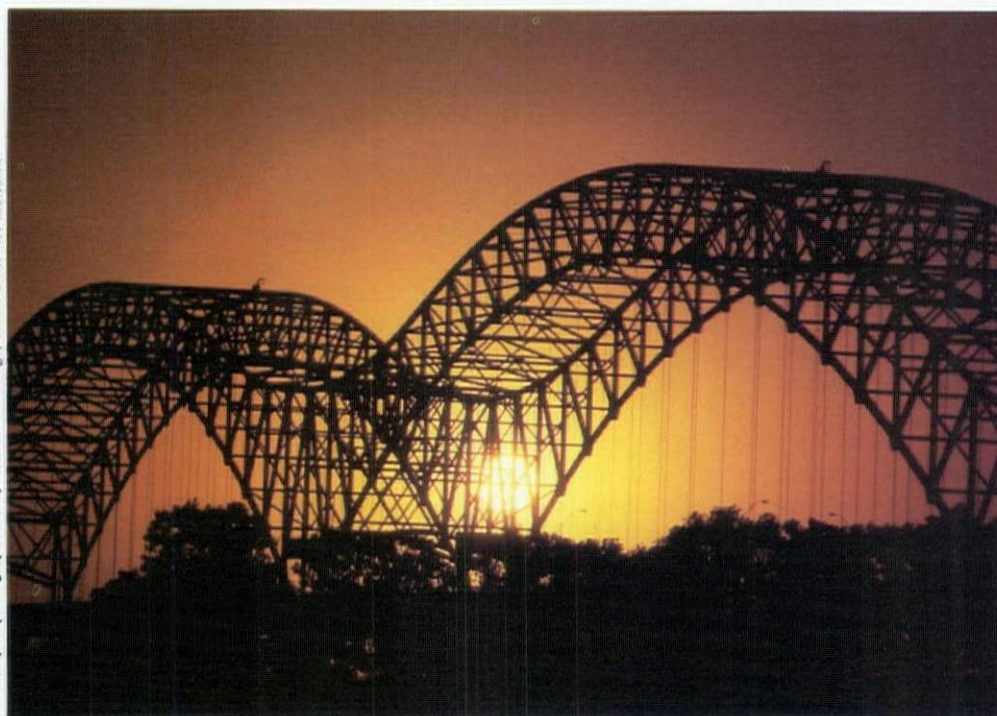
Memphis, founded as a rough-and-tumble river settlement called Chickasaw Bluffs, has matured into the jewel of the mid-South.

shows and the blues. Poplar-lined Over Park brings together shops, outdoor dining, ice-skating rink, and a Vieux Carré-style Playhouse.

The Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, in Overton Park, has been bringing classic world-class art to the city since 1913. The Dixon Gall and Gardens, set in the home of a former cotton baron, glories both in art and in natural lushness of the region. And Memphis hums with surprises, like the National Orchestral Metal Museum at historic Fort Pickens on the bluffs on the river. The museum both preserves the traditions of metalwork and provides a home for present-day masters of the art.

All the segments of Memphis society have joined to make beautiful music together, carefully orchestrated partnership between government and corporations and the arts. Memphis benefits from the cultural spirit of the state, which boasts a concert pianist as governor (Lamar Alexander) and an accomplished photographer as senator (Howard Baker). It is part of a revival that has made Memphis a hub of commerce and a leading media center. The arts have brought new life to places once moribund, and business has in turn sparked new opportunities in the arts. That's why Memphis today is singing the blues stronger than ever—but with a smile on its face.

All Memphis photographs are by Michael Baldrige, unless otherwise indicated.



Investing in the Arts



Memphis banks take an interest in culture, and earn dividends for all.

In Memphis, an area where a veritable parade of arts events marches through town each month, local banks are acting as drum masters, striking up the band for a variety of tunes—from donating lobby space for regional art and making mammoth donations, to commissioning original art works and footing the bill for performances. In this mid-South city of 650,000, banks have learned that what helps the arts helps them. Banks benefit with a positive public image, complimentary coverage

in the local media, and a clear message to customers that “we care about our city.” More tangible benefits come from a local credit base that the arts fatten by \$5.6 million.

Carol Coletta is senior vice president and manager of the public-affairs department at First Tennessee Bank, the largest in the state. First Tennessee may have as many arts projects as it has safe-deposit boxes. “Our arts involvement started back in 1972 when we sponsored a Jacques Lipschitz exhibition in the Brooks Memorial Art Gallery and promoted it,” says Coletta. “We were the first corporation in Memphis to sponsor a major arts event.”

First Tennessee’s contributions have blossomed like southern azaleas since that seedling exhibition. Today, programs include an

First Tennessee Bank celebrates Tennessee heritage in a 16,000-square-foot, fifty-one-panel mural by Memphis artist Ted Faiers.

ever-growing collection of art about Tennessee, The Heritage Collection, curated by a local gallery owner, Alice Bingham; a 16,000-square-foot, fifty-one-panel mural of Tennessee history commissioned from Ted Faiers, formerly of the Memphis Academy of Arts; and the three-year-old First Bravo Awards program, which every year grants approximately \$100,000 to special arts projects.

According to Coletta, the credit goes to Ronald Terry, president of First Tennessee: “He approached me with the idea of the First Bravo Awards about three and a half years



Birmingham Museum of Art

Commerce Union Bank sponsored a Rembrandt show plus two supporting exhibitions on a Dutch-art theme at Memphis State.

ago. We established a committee to choose recipients, took over seventy-five applicants, and awarded over \$100,000 to seven projects the first year." That was in 1980. In the two years since, First Bravo has proven a dynamic encouragement to local arts groups that want to launch new programs. In 1982, First Tennessee screened eighty applications and awarded eight grants, including \$11,000 for the establishment of a new city-wide boys' choir, and money enough for the Dixon Gallery and Gardens to attract a once-in-a-lifetime van Gogh exhibition, now on view through June 13. Six 1982 awards, announced in April, ranged from a photographic exhibition in a renovated downtown area to \$5,000 for arts programs at a center for the handicapped.

Arts enthusiasts are equally excited about the Heritage Collection, which opened in April. The credit again goes to Terry. "It was a dream of his to accumulate a unique collection that reflected the heritage of Tennessee visually, and our pride in the state," says Birmingham. Terry has given her an annual budget of \$75,000 for the next ten years. "People told me it couldn't be done when I first started. I felt very discouraged until I found an oil portrait of Andrew Jackson at Sotheby's. We bought it, and that was the real turning point." Now the collection has over sixty works. An architect is currently working on plans to convert one section of the bank's

marble-floored first level into a gallery.

Joining the Heritage Collection on the first floor is Ted Faiers' mural in front of a large teak wall behind the tellers' row. Faiers is using low wood relief for eighteen of the panels. "Doing a low-relief panel takes from one month to six weeks, and that's working six days a week," he says. Faiers has divided the mural into six geographical areas and is illustrating figures, historical events, flora, and fauna in each. One of the beauties of this project is that, upon completion, a section may be loaned out to First Tennessee's satellite banks. The mural is the largest project of Faiers' career—he's seventy-two—and he plans to finish it in 1984. "You wonder, by the time you paint fifty-one of these panels and they're all hung, what they're going to look like."

The bank-cum-gallery concept has been implemented all over town. Union Planters Bank, for example, stages a monthly art exhibition in a gallery located in its main lobby. "Our consultant, Sue Miller, collects slides of artists' work," says Linda Beaton, advertising manager. "She and I decide on the featured artist." Miller and Beaton schedule exhibits up to a year ahead of time, to allow for the printing of brochures and the planning of opening receptions. (The reception mailing list numbers about a thousand, and these brief wine-and-cheese parties are a great public-relations tool.) The last two years the bank has also sponsored a special valentine exhibition. Nor does Union Planters limit itself to the visual arts: in 1981 the bank underwrote a performance in Memphis by Mikhail Baryshnikov, and this year it is joining a local supermarket chain in sponsoring Zubin Mehta conducting the Israel Philharmonic.

Union Planters president Richard Trippier, Jr., explains, "We believe that a viable cultural environment in the city is good for us. We believe in enlightened self-interest." Trippier is a former arts council president and currently a council board member. Union Planters gave \$20,000 last year to the council. "We're very proud of our involvement."

Not to be outdone, other banks are joining in the act, launching concerts, performances, and exhibitions of everything from Rembrandt to wallpaper. National Bank of Commerce, in particular, has been a sponsorship factory for open-air concerts in the Dixon Gallery gardens and for a local opera ball, and monthly rotates lobby exhibitions. Banks all over Memphis have learned how to make the whole city richer.

—Vivian Ruth Sawyer

How to Bank on the Arts

Memphis is on its feet yelling "Bravo" to First Tennessee's First Bravo awards, which year dole out about \$100,000 to special arts projects. These tips will help you earn a standing ovation in your own community:

1. Approach your bank's board of directors with a plan for awarding grants to city arts groups. "We only grant money for special projects," says Carol Coletta of First Tennessee "not for regular overhead and expenses." The bank gains the bank more recognition for its gift and gives the community events it would otherwise have.
2. Select a committee to screen applications. The committee in Memphis is made up of Ronald Terry, First Tennessee's chairman and chief executive officer; actress and singer Pat Coolidge, the superintendent of Memphis city schools; the art critic for the *Commercial Appeal*; the executive director of the Memphis in May International Festival, Inc.; a First Tennessee corporate board member; and Coletta. Consider local media figures, advertising agency people, and business leaders. To insure your grants go to a variety of people yearly, stick to members with a general interest in all the arts.
3. Design an application. First Tennessee lists criteria such as: originality and creativity; development of new audiences; advancement of community goals; demonstrated ability of the group involved; accessibility of proposed activity; availability of other funding; prospects for future funding; and positive effect on the cultural environment of Memphis. In addition, applicants must describe the project in detail, and attach a proposed budget with all costs over fifty dollars itemized, an audit of annual financial statement, and background information on the organization.
4. Set deadlines for applications, screenings, committee decisions, and announcements. You can always adjust your program after the first year. First Tennessee, for example, decided that individual artists would not be eligible in 1982. "It was too difficult to determine costs for individual projects," says Coletta. But in Memphis, where six applicants won \$91,000 last year, you won't hear any complaints.

BUSINESS LEADERS OF MEMPHIS

Gi
GUARDSMARK, INC.



HANSON ENGRAVING CO.



Dunavant Enterprises, Inc.

PLOUGH FOUNDATION

Holiday Inn

CI
COOK
INTERNATIONAL,
INC.



BUCKEYE
CELLULOSE
CORPORATION

MALONE & HYDE INC

MEMPHIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

FIRST
TENNESSEE
BANKS



Winning By Cooperation

Out of many arts groups, Memphis has forged one potent fund raiser.

When the Memphis Arts Council totaled up the \$600,000 results of last year's record-breaking fund drive, it must have been tempted to say, "Thanks to you, it's working—for all of us." For though it hasn't borrowed that slogan from the United Way, the council has lifted its united-fund concept and made it work for the arts.

But "it's working" is an understatement. That 1981 tally represents a quantum jump from just ten years ago, when the council barely nudged the \$100,000 mark. And the 1982 campaign, launched in April, will shoot for an ambitious \$700,000.

Memphis shimmers as a star example of applying the united-fund concept to the arts. That particular brainstorm began in Winston-Salem and has spread to almost fifty U.S. cities, where arts councils raised nearly \$32 million last year. The American Council for the Arts serves as a clearinghouse and coordinator for councils nationwide, and this September it will hold its annual meeting in (of course!) Memphis. Since 1975, the Memphis Arts Council has vaulted from thirty-sixth to twenty-fifth among its peers in fund raising. Along the way, it has helped spark a Memphis arts renaissance that adds a whopping \$37 million a year to the local economy.

Corporations and foundations have responded by shouldering a growing share of Memphis' arts-council bill: \$288,550—nearly half the total—last year. Council director Sally Thomason explains, "We say to major donors, 'You won't be barraged with funding requests.' Equally important, major donors have the assurance that we're doing fiscal monitoring, that organizations are using their money most effectively."

The key here is that personal touch, with more than two hundred volunteers from the



The fruits of arts-council success: a newly merged ballet company (top right) and nearly a hundred symphony concerts a year (right)



council's board and the boards of its nine member organizations soliciting. Members' auxiliary groups also dial for dollars in a telephone campaign, backed up by direct mail. Arthur Anderson, Inc., a top local accounting firm, carries the United Way analogy a step further and provides for an employee payroll checkoff for the arts ("I wish there were twenty like them," Thomason says). Other corporations routinely match employee donations.

"We also have to solicit from local government just as we do from corporations," Thomason adds. Last year, city and county combined for \$173,438. "Arts groups individually wouldn't be able to get that level."

Last year, the council also kicked off a fund-raising event of its own, the July 4th Star Spangled Celebration of the Arts. More than 250,000 people—five times the council's wildest dreams—showed up. Profits from beer sales, donated by Coors, netted \$12,000. And for this year's encore, Thomason promises, the council will be ready to maximize the return.

The council's second task is allocating funds to its nine members, twenty affiliates, and special-grant recipients. Arts-council members range from cultural heavyweights to community groups: The Memphis Symphony (recipient of \$111,650 last year) is a top draw, with nearly a hundred concerts last year. Opera Memphis (\$109,650) capped its silver anniversary in 1981 by presenting Dame Joan Sutherland in *La Traviata*. Brooks Memorial Art Gallery (\$75,000) has won national attention for its exhibitions and its permanent collection of Italian, Dutch, Flemish, English, French, and American paintings, plus decorative arts. Memphis Ballet and Ballet South (\$54,250) sealed a merger with a sellout performance by Mikhail Baryshnikov. Circuit Playhouse (\$40,600) is the parent group for the experimental Circuit Theatre; Playhouse on the Square, the only resident professional company in the mid-South; and Show of Hands, a sign-language theater. Memphis Academy of the Arts (\$35,000) is the state's only independent college of visual art. Theatre Memphis (\$22,750) offers a booming program of community theater. The Red Balloon Players (\$14,000) brings original improvisational plays to children in parks, schools, and theaters. And the Beethoven Club, founded in 1888,

Arts-council members include the Brooks Memorial Art Gallery (top left) and Theatre Memphis (left), committed to community theater

sponsors scholarships and competitions, along with an impressive concert series.

But the arts-togetherness idea goes beyond getting and spending. The council maintains an arts information exchange and master-events calendar. It offers administrative consulting and consolidates some members' administrative functions. And the council serves as a potent advocate for the arts.

The council puts together a snazzy visitors package that local corporations like Federal Express use to entice new employees to Memphis. If would-be recruits are balky about moving to the mid-South, the package of fact-filled brochures on the city's museums, theaters, music, and cultural attractions is designed to get them hopping onto the next plane.

"We're able to make the case that the arts are good for the city," Thomason adds, "which is easier to sell than that the symphony or ballet alone is good for the city."

Even members who don't depend on the council for a big slice of their funding praise it: "In the beginning, we were reluctant to join because we were one of only two arts organizations in the city in the black," says a spokesman for Theatre Memphis, whose \$22,750 council allocation is a small part of its \$375,000 budget, most of which comes from earned income. "So we have always tried to buy things we could get along without, to maintain self-sufficiency. But the arts-council money has enabled us to bring in guest stars and buy equipment that otherwise wouldn't have been possible."

Membership does represent a tradeoff. "Members cannot directly solicit corporate or individual donations," Thomason explains. "They *can* have events and sell patron memberships. The rule is, if you get something in return for your donation, it's okay." Thomason concedes some members may chafe under this restriction: "We do hear some grumbling sometime."

The Memphis Symphony's James Wright is more blunt: "Our needs are growing fast . . . We feel the stress and strain of the symphony needing more funds. In three or four years we will have to reevaluate our relationship. We have to be able to control our own destiny."

The curse of success? It's a problem most communities would love to have. And there's no denying that Memphis' diverse arts organizations have grown as rapidly as its booming arts council. If you'd like to infer a cause-and-effect relationship there, Sally Thomason won't say you're wrong. —David A. Fryxell

Getting It Together

How do you set up an arts council "united fund" in your community? Memphis arts administrators outline these steps from start-up to success story:

1. Go to the experts—the American Council for the Arts, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10018. The ACA can provide advice and expertise, plus these important publications: *United Arts Fundraising: 1981* (\$15), *Raising Money for the Arts* (\$7.50), *United Arts Fundraising Manual* (\$7.95), and *United Arts Fundraising Policybook* (\$29.95).

2. Measure local corporate response. It's likely to be favorable—in some communities, notes James Wright of the Memphis Symphony, corporate gives virtually mandate united funding. He says, "They will complain, 'We don't have enough senior vice presidents to staff seven major arts fund drives!'" Present your solution to this dilemma to key corporate leaders.

3. Carefully select a board of directors. "This is critical," says Sally Thomason of the Memphis Arts Council, who credits the composition and quality of her board with being the single outstanding factor that has made Memphis such a success story. "You've got to get leaders in the business community who are able to give money and also able to get it. . . . Moreover, our board creates a visibility and credibility for the council that is unique." A

big part of this, she stresses, is that in Memphis you can't be on the council's board and on the board of a member organization: "They see the united concept as a very necessary component of the city's quality of life, not just particular art form per se."

4. Establish strict membership requirements. To be a funded member, a Memphis organization must be at least three years old. "But it's not true that once a member, always a member," Thomason cautions. "There's an annual review, and allocation requests aren't automatic."

5. Set out responsibilities in bylaws. A good model for these can be found in the ACA *Policybook*. "You have to establish a very clear understanding with member organizations," Thomason says. "We use a college analogy: we are the development office for these organizations."

6. Demand strict financial accountability. "We allocate money quarterly," says Thomason, "but our members must first submit a quarterly financial statement." Theatre Memphis executive adds, "The most difficult thing about membership is all the accounting things they need to know."

7. Once the council is running, communicate. Wright points out, "The arts council has to know what our needs are." In addition to being successful with donors, he says, the council has to be successful with its members—"You have to maintain a dialogue."

As in Memphis, your arts council must draw on a broad base of support; make sure your board members represent the whole community.

Sources of 1981 Campaign Funds

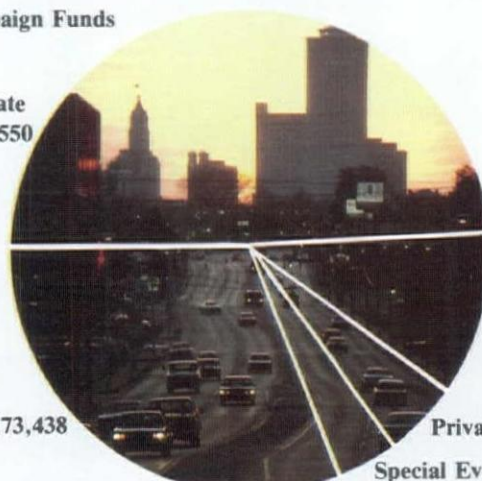
Corporations/Corporate Foundations \$288,550

Local Government \$173,438

Individuals \$101,532

Private Foundations \$23,850

Special Events \$12,630



A Theater's Bid for Support



How an auction brings artists and Memphis' professional playhouse fame and fortune.

In Memphis, artists are lending a helping hand to their theatrical cousins and getting more than just applause in return. Playhouse on the Square theater—the only resident professional theater in the mid-South—and more than fifty local artists have rediscovered the age-old barter system of exchanging one product for another. As executive director Jackie Nichols puts it, "The visual artist is, in essence,

donating a piece of his work to the theater for us to sell at auction, and the performing artist is contributing his talent to the visual artist."

For five years now, Memphis-area and mid-South artists have donated works to the annual Playhouse Original Art Auction. All proceeds supplement the Playhouse budget, going to everything from players' salaries to greasepaint. Over the past five years, those proceeds have helped the show go on to the tune of \$35,000.

But all this sound and fury doesn't signify nothing for the artists. All the donated works are displayed for a month before the auction at First Tennessee Bank. Exhibition space is available on request to the artists at Playhouse and its sister community theater, Circuit Theatre, for four-week stretches. Over 45,000

Art-auction dollars help Playhouse bring professional theater—like Pippin—to Memphis.

people attended Playhouse productions last year, so this can raise the curtain on a dramatic amount of exposure for the artists. San Stark, administrative director of Playhouse, says, "A lot of the artists get contracts to do independent work through their exposure here and at the auction." Stark adds that each artist is awarded two sets of season tickets. Finally, every January, the auction committee stages an artist-appreciation bash.

"The auction is a fund-raising tool for the theater," Nichols sums up, "but actually we look at it as a shared event between visual and performing artists."

Playhouse takes its symbiotic relationship with the visual arts a step further this year by donating a performance to the Memphis Academy of Art. Nichols has agreed to donate a performance every year hereafter.

The idea of exchange and sharing has proven a successful tool for Nichols. He launched Circuit Theatre fourteen years ago, when he was still in high school. In true Mickey Rooney fashion, Nichols "got a bunch of kids together, went out to Daddy's barn, and put on a show!" When a Memphis theater folded, they each pitched in fifty dollars to pay the first month's rent, and in 1968 Circuit Theatre was born. Playhouse on the Square followed seven years ago, dedicated to presenting well-received contemporary works as well as classics: next season, *The Lion in Winter*, *Elephant Man*, and *Cabaret*. The organization also boasts Show of Hands, a theater for the deaf, formed in 1979.

Since 1968, the overall budget has jumped from \$17,000 to \$325,000. All three companies are tightly entwined, sharing employees, time, and money, although Playhouse uses about 80 percent of the company budget. The bulk of the income—42 percent—comes from single-ticket sales. Subscription tickets contribute 14 percent and the Memphis Arts Council gives another 13 percent. About 25 percent of the slack is taken up by concessions and grants. Special events, including the Original Art Auction, contribute about 8 percent of Playhouse income.

Dolph Smith, a well-known Memphis artist and professor at the Memphis Academy of Art, originated the auction. Demands are always made on artists to contribute for worthy causes; Smith recalls he "thought it would give me more incentive to do a piece if I had a real reason to donate one, rather than just reaching into the paintings and pulling one out. I thought it would be great if we could interpret through paintings by seeing the performances." Originally, artists were asked to interpret a Playhouse performance. That rule no longer applies, since some media aren't suitable for this and some artists don't have the opportunity to create strictly from a performance. But all works must be original, and the thespian theme is preferred, though not mandatory.

The Playhouse auction committee is made up of board members, artists, staff, and sympathetic citizens in general. About six months before the auction, held in March or April every year, the committee meets to plan the auction. The same artists are invited from year

to year, as well as newcomers making a name for themselves. Invitations are also sent to former buyers and a list of prospects, though the auction is open to the public.

On auction night, art and theater fans mingle casually in Playhouse's intimate Overton Square facility; though only a few years old, the building reflects a French Quarter ambiance, with a quaint balcony and detailed ironwork. Gene Katz, president of Playhouse, and Bill Thomason, a local attorney, act as auctioneers for the evening. They pound the gavel for such diverse media as watercolor, oil, sculpture, batik, pottery, weaving, jewelry, and photography. This year's auction was the most successful ever, raising \$9,581 (compared

to \$8,043 last year), and attendance was at highest, with a full house of more than a hundred bidders. As in years before, every piece of artwork was sold.

Nichols thinks the Playhouse auction made it where imitators have found because there is a "closer marriage" between visual and performing arts. Katz adds, "I really feel this is one of the true examples of cooperation and support between the arts. This is a way for the fine arts to support and we, in turn, support them with the product of our talent."

But it's not only an innovative fund raiser, Katz says it is "one of the most fun parties in town. It's a hoot!" —Jennifer W. Graham

Make a Bid

It's only natural for the arts to work hand in hand as they do at Playhouse—and the arts organization doesn't have to be a theater. The experts at Playhouse spell out these steps for setting up an auction for your arts group:

1. Launch a steering committee of about a dozen people: artists, some theater board members, key staff, local arts supporters.
2. Compile a preliminary list of artists—at least fifty names. Draw upon the resources of your committee members for names, and consult local gallery owners, art instructors, and critics.
3. Consider what your art organization has to offer. Season tickets are only a start. What about exhibition space in your performance hall? Or donating a performance, in turn, to a local art school or museum program? And don't forget the sheer power of inspiration, that creative spark your arts group can lend to an artist's imagination.
4. Throw a party at a committee member's house and invite the artists on your list. This should be about three months in advance of your tentative auction date, and, in succeeding years, will be your "artists-appreciation party."
5. Select your auctioneers. Personality is crucial, so find two outgoing, genial volunteers to alternate running the bidding. Both should familiarize themselves with art pricing, the artists, and their works. It's not necessary for the artists to price their works or to set minimum bids; more important is the auctioneer's instinct for "working" the bidders.
6. Set a firm date. Playhouse learned that Thursday and Friday nights are best, Monday

and Tuesday the worst—the emphasis, remember, is on *fun*. Spring is the best season for festive atmosphere. Plan on the auction lasting no more than four hours.

7. Approach a local bank or other large put business about exhibiting the donated work month prior to the auction. This provides priceless exposure. The business benefits positive public relations, plus a striking decorative addition to its facilities.
8. Promote the auction in local media. Radio and television stations are obligated to give certain amount of public-service advertising time, and they may be induced to cover your auction as a straight news event. Send a press release, with a group photo of your steering committee, to the local newspaper and to community "shopper" publications.
9. Send invitations to ticket subscribers, art council members, and local arts patrons. Invite interior decorators who might want to bid on works for use in their business. Follow up invitations with phone calls.
10. At the auction, be generous with free refreshments, including wine and mixed drinks. Jackie Nichols of Playhouse emphasizes the importance of this to the congenial atmosphere you're after. Make the evening party people will want to come back to.
11. Make sure you have a range of likely prices so the well-heeled and the average Joe and Jane alike can participate in the bidding. Typically, bids will start around twenty-five dollars.
12. When the last item has been knocked down, don't let your momentum sag. Immediately begin plans for your next auction. Your search for worthy artists should be a year-round activity. Start committee meetings a full six months in advance of the next auction.

More than the Blues

There's more to Memphis than Beale Street, as seen by this packed summer arts calendar.

Summer in Memphis is a busy season for the arts, with offerings ranging from Vincent van Gogh to Neil Simon. Even in only a day or two, you're almost certain to find something exciting happening on the calendar. Better yet, spend your summer vacation in Memphis: every day offers a different arts attraction.

Centerpiece of the city's summer festivities will be the Memphis Arts Council's July 4 Star-spangled Celebration of the Arts on the downtown riverfront, featuring music and the biggest fireworks display the city has seen. Last year's inaugural Independence Day bash was a hit—to the tune of a quarter-million attendance. The festivities are free, and all profits from concessions sales benefit the Arts Council.

For more information on Memphis' summertime activities, contact Memphis Arts Council, P.O. Box 40682, Memphis TN 38104.

THEATER

Circuit Theatre, 1947 Poplar, Memphis TN 38104, phone 901/726-5521: *California Suite*, continuing May 15, 16, 21-23. *The Wiz*, June 3-6, 10-13, 17-20, 24-27, July 1-4.

Germantown Community Theatre, 3037 Forest Hill Road, Germantown TN 38138, phone 901/754-2680: *Romantic Comedy*, May 21-23, 28-30, June 4-6.

Playhouse on the Square, 2121 Madison Avenue, Memphis TN 38104, phone 901/725-0776: *Fiddler on the Roof*, May 21-23, 26-30, June 2-6, 8-13, 16-20, 24-26.

Southwestern at Memphis College, 2000 North Parkway, Memphis TN 38112, phone 901/274-1800: *World We Live In*, continuing

May 14-16, 20-23. Quartet recital, May 18. *First Generation*, May 27, 28. Rosco Surprise Orchestra, June 3, 17.

Theatre Memphis, 630 Perkins Ext., Memphis TN 38117, phone 901/682-8323: *I Love My Wife*, continuing May 15, 16. *Fools*, May 28-30, June 3-5. *On Golden Pond*, June 10-13, 15-20, 22-27, June 29-July 3.

VISUAL ARTS

Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Overton Park, Memphis TN 38112, phone 901/726-5266: "Seventeenth-Century Paintings from the Metropolitan Museum of Art," May 15-June 23. "Chinese Cloisonne from the Clague Collection," May 15-June 27. Gallery talk on Chinese cloisonne, May 16. *Three Faces of Eve* (film), May 23. Cloisonne demonstration, June 6. *The Bad and the Beautiful* (film), June 13. *Woman of the Year* (film), June 20.

Dixon Gallery and Gardens, 4339 Park, Memphis TN 38117, phone 901/761-5250: "The Genius of van Gogh," continuing through June 13. "Martha Walter, An American Impressionist" exhibition, June 20-September 5. Musical Picnic Series—bluegrass, show tunes, and big bands in the gardens, May 16, 30. *Lust for Life* (film), May 20, 27, June 3, 5, 10, 12.

Memphis Academy of Arts, Overton Park, Memphis TN 38112, phone 901/726-4085: Annual Student Show, May 25-August 31.

Memphis Artist and Craftsmen's Association, 1871 Lyndale Avenue, Memphis TN 38107, phone 901/274-0245: Sixth Annual

MACA Exhibition, at Theatre Memphis, through May 16.

National Ornamental Metal Museum, 374 West California, Memphis TN 38106, phone 901/774-6380: "Damascus, the Magic Steel," continuing through May 30. Joe Cliff Jewelry Show, June 6-July 4.

University of Tennessee Center for Health Sciences, 800 Madison SAC 301, Memphis TN 38163, phone 901/526-5609: First Annual Visual Arts Festival, continuing through May.

MUSIC

Beethoven Club, 263 South McLean, Memphis TN 38104, phone 901/274-2504: Marsha Evans piano concert, May 16. Zubin Mehta and the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, May 20. Boys Choir, May 23. Young Artist Recital, June 6.

Masterpiece Festival Chorus and Orchestra, 2000 North Parkway, Memphis TN 38112, phone 901/274-1800 ext. 249: Bach's Mass in B Minor, May 16.

Memphis Blues Brass Band, 6736 Fossil Creek Road, Memphis TN 38138, phone 901/754-6345: Third Annual Blues in the Night Spectacular, June 19.

Memphis Musicians United Supporting Improvisational Creativity, P.O. Box 41454, Memphis TN 38104, phone 901/521-1909: Charles Lloyd Homecoming Concert, May 16.

Memphis Symphony, 3100 Walnut Grove Road, Memphis TN 38111, phone 901/324-3627: Symphony in the Gardens, Dixon Gallery and Gardens, May 23. Sunset Symphony, May 29. □



Visions & Images

Five top photographers on photography, technology, and seeing. Interviews by Barbaralee Diamonstein

The amateur photographer can't be blamed if he's suffering from "future shock." Photographic technology has been changing at a dizzying rate, making cameras smaller, film faster, electronics more sophisticated.

To put the art and technology of photography into focus, HORIZON here excerpts five conversations with modern masters of the camera. They discuss their equipment, their techniques, and their ways of seeing. If any single message emerges from these diverse interviews, it's a reassuring one: Even in this technological age, photographic equipment still takes a back seat to the genius of the individual artist.

The artists are: Horst P. Horst, renowned as a photographer of famous faces for nearly fifty years; Harry Callahan, a great photographer for forty years and a teacher at Chicago and Providence; Duane Michals, master of the photographic narrative; Joel Meyerowitz, maker of memorable images of the streets, Cape Cod, and Saint Louis; and Arnold Newman, a portraitist who has photographed the past seven presidents of the U.S.

From VISIONS AND IMAGES: American Photographers on Photography by Barbaralee Diamonstein, published by Rizzoli, New York. Barbaralee Diamonstein is special projects editor of ARTnews and an interviewer/producer for ABC Video Enterprises ARTS Network.

Horst P. Horst

D: Why did you so readily abandon your career in architecture to turn to photography?

H: There was an art director, Dr. Agha, from American *Vogue* in Paris. We lunched with friends, and he said, "Why don't you try photography?" So I said, "I don't know anything about cameras and I've never taken a photograph in my life. I've never seen an elegant woman in my life. I don't know anything about dresses or fashion." And he said, "You go and do it." He let me have the *Vogue* studio twice a week for three hours. I arrived, and there was a model, all dressed up. And, of course, there was an assistant who knew the technical part of photography.

D: Had you ever used a camera before?

H: Never.

D: And what was the piece of equipment that they handed you?

H: Oh, this enormous camera, the eight-by-ten thing, practically on roller skates, with the film holders next to it. It was a very complicated instrument. They published my first photograph.

D: Well no wonder you've described your first photograph as a brave click of the shutter. Can you remember what you were photographing?

H: Oh yes. It was a girl, naturally . . . in a black suit, with a silver fox and a black hat.

D: If you were to give advice to young photographers, is there anything that you would especially tell them, either to caution them or to try to assist them?

H: They do come and ask me, and I never know what to tell them. You see, you have to

find out these things yourself. You should never copy anybody, any photographer. I never look at the work of other photographers because they're disturbing, I think. You have to see it yourself. As Mr. Nast said, you can make a marvelous photograph out of an egg in a tray. Or Steichen with his egg. He always says "If you photograph an egg, you will photograph it a thousand times and each time it will be different."

D: At what *should* they be looking?

H: Themselves and how they see things, how they understand things.

D: What kind of equipment do you use?

H: Now I use mostly Hasselblads and Rolleiflexes with different lenses.

D: Do you think equipment matters?

H: No, not at all. It really doesn't. Absolutely not. You know Steichen's famous story. I did a photograph to disprove what people were saying: you have to be technical like this and technical like that, this, that, and the other thing. He took a cigar box and made a hole in it and put the film in back and made a photograph without a lens. I believe the photograph is now in the Museum of Modern Art.

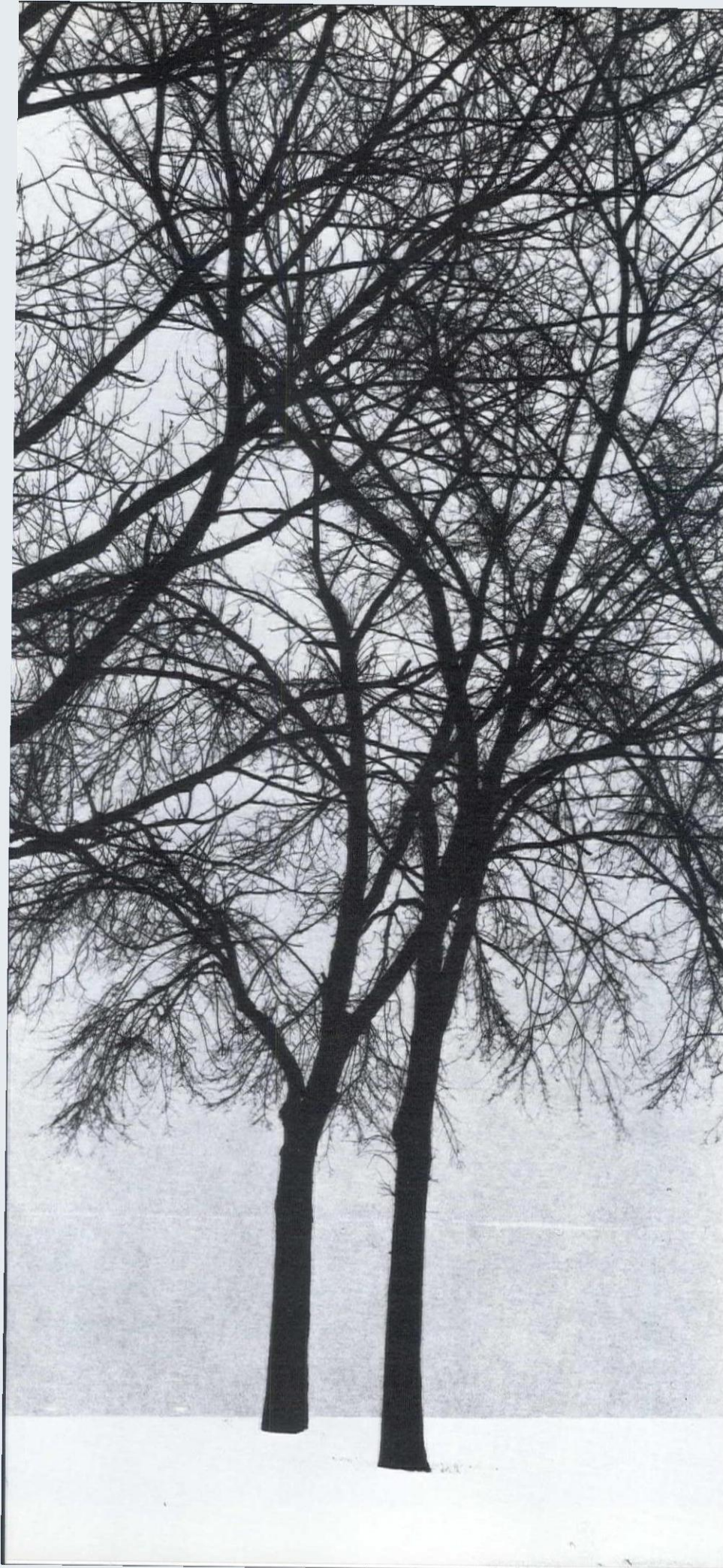
D: There is, of course, a great difference between the mechanical function of taking a picture and the human judgment required to make a picture. And the amateur photographer, myself included, is particularly interested to see new products or improved versions of older products. Are there any that you should know about?

H: No. Things are made too easy through technical tricks. When the light meter is built in, or the whole thing is built in, and all that sort of thing, it's not right, you know. You lose control, you see; the mechanics are taking over then.

Muriel Maxwell (1941) by Horst P. Horst.







© Harry Callahan

"I have to sense when this thing happens all of a sudden. Then I have to make an issue of it."

Harry Callahan

D: What do you think of some contemporary photographers' techniques of using graphic material—words on photographs—and even painting on photographs?

C: Well, I think I'm old fashioned. I think I'm stuck with the idea of classical music. I don't listen to classical music anymore, but it has a special quality, and it's made by these beautiful instruments. And I sort of believe that in photography you have these fine lenses, and you make the picture with the technique that they're capable of responding to. And just like classical music, photography, in that sense, will probably die. So naturally I have to accept this new way. But it's not my way, that's all.

D: Why do you photograph all those beautiful buildings in Providence, in Ireland, in New York—throughout the world? What about them engages you?

C: In the early days I took it all sort of step by step, and I used this big eight-by-ten camera. I wanted to line up buildings. I didn't want them to be tilted this way or that. I wanted to take them so that all the lines were straight. So I carefully photographed them that way. I did that for quite a while, and I thought, well, I can't do this forever. Nobody wants to look at them that way all the time. So I started doing something else: I started distorting them in just about every way I could think of. I think I've done nearly everything I've photographed that way. I've photographed Eleanor in silhouette; I've photographed her just in black and white, where she's very contrasty. I've photographed her distorted, but none of those are particularly good. In nearly every way I've worked I've gone back to the subject and tried it in a different way. I will photograph grasses and print them very contrasty, so they are just lines against a white background. Then I take different ones and print them very dark. I think all of this adds to photographic seeing.

D: Is this your attempt to distill the content, the essence of the photograph? Do you thrive

Chicago (1950) by Harry Callahan.

on extreme limitations?

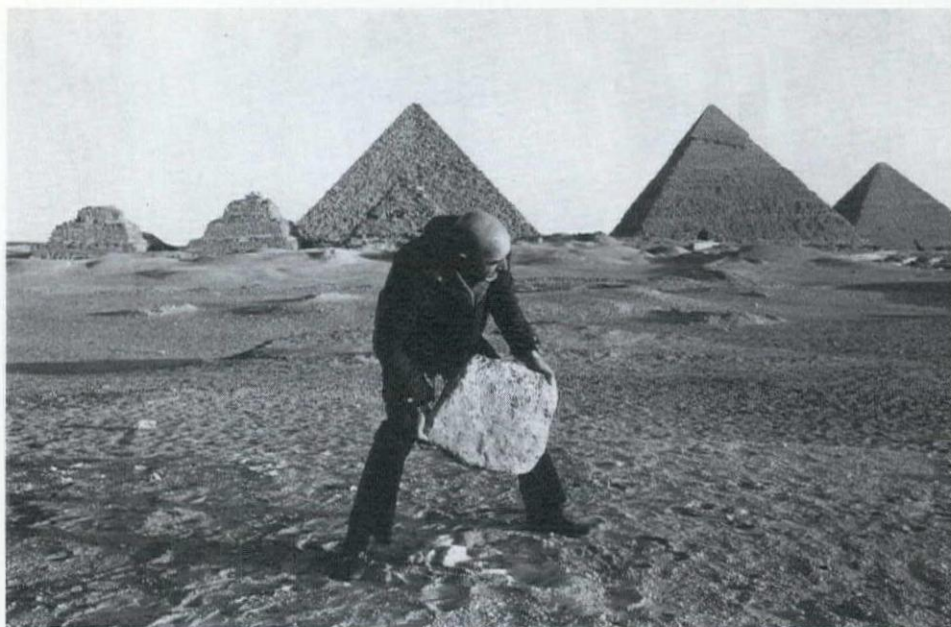
C: I have to keep photographing something until it's right. I could never be a commercial photographer because if somebody asked me to photograph, for example, these glasses, he would want me to photograph them and then go away. This way of working makes the commercial photographer function best, but it doesn't make me function best. I might have to photograph those glasses for a year or two. I might only have to do so for a week, I don't know. Once I got what I was after, fine.

D: Your work is among the most diverse in modern photography. Other photographers tend to have specialties. You've photographed figures, landscapes, and architecture. You're interested in so many things. How did you decide not to focus on any one type of subject matter?

C: Well, I don't think that I decided. I think that photography has been so important to me, and my life outside of it hasn't been such a big deal, so to speak. As I say, when I got tired of photographing with a big camera, I took a little camera. I'd have to try something else in order to keep photographing. I just want to photograph. After functioning this way for a while, I realized that I didn't want to be a certain kind of photographer, a window photographer or an eight-by-ten, or a thirty-five-millimeter photographer. I think that when you get a style, you're sort of dead. It's like looking at a butterfly collection: Oh isn't this beautiful? Oh isn't that beautiful? I don't think it's telling anybody anything, about your life or life itself.

D: How often does the unexpected happen in your work?

C: I think one of the most important things for me as a photographer is that I have to sense when this thing happens all of a sudden. Then I have to make an issue of it. Once I was photographing my wife with a big eight-by-ten camera on the shores of Lake Michigan in Chicago. She was standing there smiling, and it looked just like a snapshot. I thought, This is terrific. After I print it, I'll make eight-by-ten snapshots. So I started doing that. That's the unexpected. I'm trying to answer the unexpected. When I continued on that basis, photographing her and our daughter standing together, like snapshots, it drifted into something else. I had something else. By working at it—I hate saying working at it, because it is play for me—by doing it, I think that's how you discover. That's the only way for me. □



"I'd much rather see a bad print of a sensational idea than a gorgeous photograph."

Duane Michals

D: Your own life, like so much of photography, relies on double exposure.

M: Let's talk about the double exposure in photography, too. You see, I think if you have to put up with all the limitations of the camera, then the photographer should use everything that the camera can do. And certainly one of them is blurring and double exposing. That should become part of a photographer's vocabulary. I find it's very useful, because people in real life do not blur or double expose, unless you're drunk. It's like smudging people on film, and it's terrific. That's one of the tools that a photographer can use in contradicting reality, or talking about reality.

D: For some artists, the medium itself is the end. For you the technique, or the tool, does not seem quite so essential to your vision.

M: Well, the mind is essential to my vision. The technique follows. If you can drive a car, you can take photographs. The mystique of the camera is something that always amazes me. I think photographers tend to hide behind it. You know, the f/64 and all the other stuff. And the photographs are essentially boring. As I've said before, I'd much rather see a bad print of a sensational idea rather than a gorgeous photograph of a . . . you know, that's just my print school of thought.

D: What kind of equipment do you use?

M: I use Nikons. I'm not an equipment nut. I think that you should know your equipment and forget about it. Can you see Joyce and Steinbeck and Hemingway all sitting around comparing typewriters? You ought to see my Olivetti! Wait till you see my new electric!

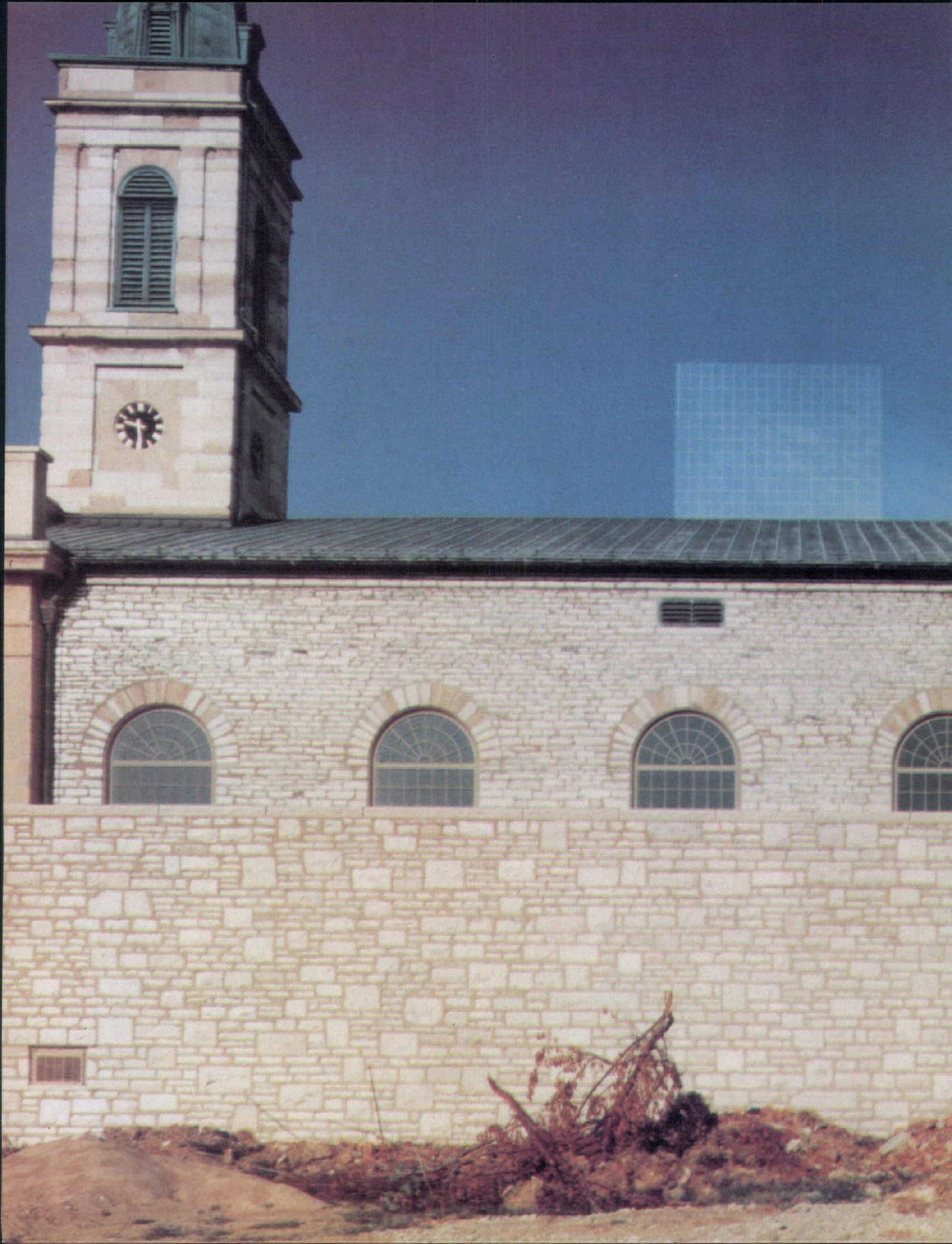
D: Then the message is not the medium.

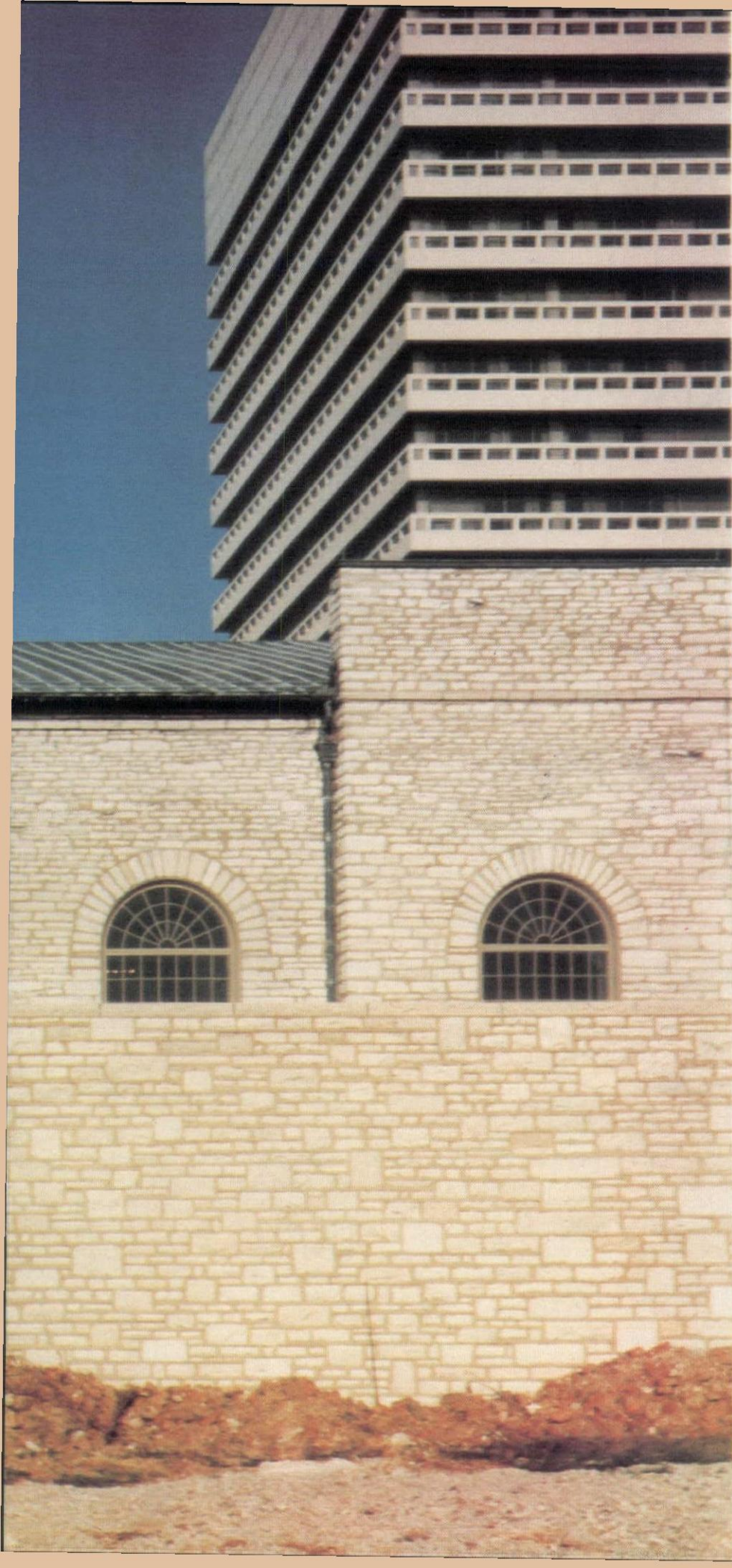
M: No, but it's essential to the medium. Forget about the equipment. Learn how to use it, and then forget about it. The trouble with photographers is they know very well how to take photographs; they simply don't know what to photograph. You can learn craft. But you can't learn that sense of "Wow." That's what you want. □

I build a pyramid (1978) by Duane Michals.



Courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery, New York





"I'm interested in seeing what I see as clearly as I can. Color seems to do that."

Joel Meyerowitz

D: What makes you take to the streets?

M: It's all out there. Every day I would look out of my office at the action on the street, some thirty stories below, and I would wish I were out there. So, when I got my first camera, it seemed natural to go right to the street. That was the stream. That's where the fish were. That's where I wanted to be. Walking the streets provided me with all kinds of opportunities involving chance and time and speed. Anyway, I didn't see photography as something that I should manipulate, that I should arrange like flowers or a still life, anything studio bound. I felt that it was about *instantaneity*.

D: And memory?

M: And memory, too. You have to remember everything you do, so that you can always build on it the next time you work. When I photograph, I have a machine that chips away at a 1,000th of a second, a 250th of a second. I learned to make gestures in that small sliver of time, to somehow thrust myself into a crowd, into a situation . . . It seemed to me some kind of irony that you could flow and dance and keep alive, and at the same time chip things away and just cut them off. I liked the physicality of that . . . I like working on the street with ordinary everyday objects, because that's what I've trained myself to see and respond to. I recently picked up an eight-by-ten view camera, and that certainly changes the nature of the game. That camera isn't as flexible and responsive as a small camera, so by the camera's nature, you photograph differently. The subject matter changes. Things do become more stately, or more still in some way.

D: Won't you describe the equipment that you now use and some of the issues that prompted that shift?

M: The issue in which I was most interested was the description of things in a photograph. I felt at some point that black-and-white, thirty-five-millimeter imagery was degraded in some way. If you made a print larger than

Saint Louis (1978) by Joel Meyerowitz.

"I had to learn how to adjust to the people, how to get them to adjust to the camera."

Arnold Newman

eleven-by-fourteen inches, it began to turn into grain and gristle in some strange way. I wanted something more articulate, and color has that characteristic. It's very full; it has a long, elegant tonal range. I'm not a salon printer or a salon photographer. I'm interested in seeing what I see as clearly as I can. Color seems to do that. So I made some investigations into printing dye transfers from thirty-five-millimeter color negatives and slides and the like. It became too costly and so I had to pull back. The other still maintained certain uninspired descriptions and so I thought, if I'm going to photograph in color, I should risk working with a larger format camera and get a more descriptive image. Description is the name of the game. The thing that tells it most fully will be the thing that's most adequate for the task. So I purchased an eight-by-ten view camera.

D: How do you contrast your old style with your new style?

M: One is about physical activity, gesture, spontaneity, thrust. It's fast-click. You have no time, no expanded time, to examine your feelings. With an eight-by-ten view camera you have time. There is this idea of duration; things sit there waiting for you. If you have a feeling, you can make a photograph about that feeling, and somehow endure with it while you're making the photograph... I've learned about two different ways of understanding.

D: In the late sixties, color technology made new advances. How has that new technology affected your work?

M: That's what makes the print more visible now. In each period in photography there's been a technological advance, from the wet plate to the dry plate, from the view camera to the hand camera. More people began to make photographs, a newer version of photography emerged, and so on down the line, until the seventies when we got very good color film, and adequate darkroom equipment, and paper to make color prints that are as easy to make as black-and-white photographs, as true to the description of things they see. It's encouraging to work in that material right now. Earlier I had thought to myself, I'll never work in black and white again. Now I realize, several years into making photographs in color, that there are certain tools and materials for certain subjects. If there was something I felt I needed to see and say in black and white, I would use black and white. But I feel it's all in color right now. □

D: Your very first job was in the photographic section of a chain store. You've referred to that as a blessing in disguise. How is that possible?

N: Well, I was sort of thrown in among the wolves, so to speak. Thrown to the wolves. I found I had to quickly learn how to do anywhere from twenty-five to fifty portraits a day, for forty-nine cents each. That was 1938. You just had one half of a sliding five-by-seven negative and used only one half of it. Then the next person would come in, smile, bam, next, smile, bam, and out. What happened is that I had to learn very quickly how to adjust to the people, and how to get them to adjust to the camera, and how to get them to react without being overbearing, without making them frightened, how to put them at their ease. And in a sense, it was part of a general training. It could have been superficial, if you were not aware of the consequence, you see. But the experience was fantastic. There were a lot of basics one had to learn in a hurry. I was delighted to leave the job, of course.

D: You've observed that the portrait is a form of biography. I wonder how many of your subjects actually complain that they either have too many wrinkles or are too ample or something else.

N: Well, I'm only... 12½ pounds overweight myself, and I'm worried that, on camera, it looks like more! I get up every morning, and I shave and I look in the mirror, and I find a young, handsome, slim man staring back at me. That's *my* imagination.

D: As you've pointed out, what you see is really the distortion of the wide-angle lens.

N: Yes, wide angle would only exaggerate it if it's close enough. We all have an image of ourselves, and we'd like to project that image. The trouble is most of us have another kind of an image of what we'd like to be and think we are. And therein lies the problem. A lot of people have made a lot of money catering to that with all kinds of retouching and air-brushing and even distorted lenses. They use all sorts of things. And it's amazing, nobody

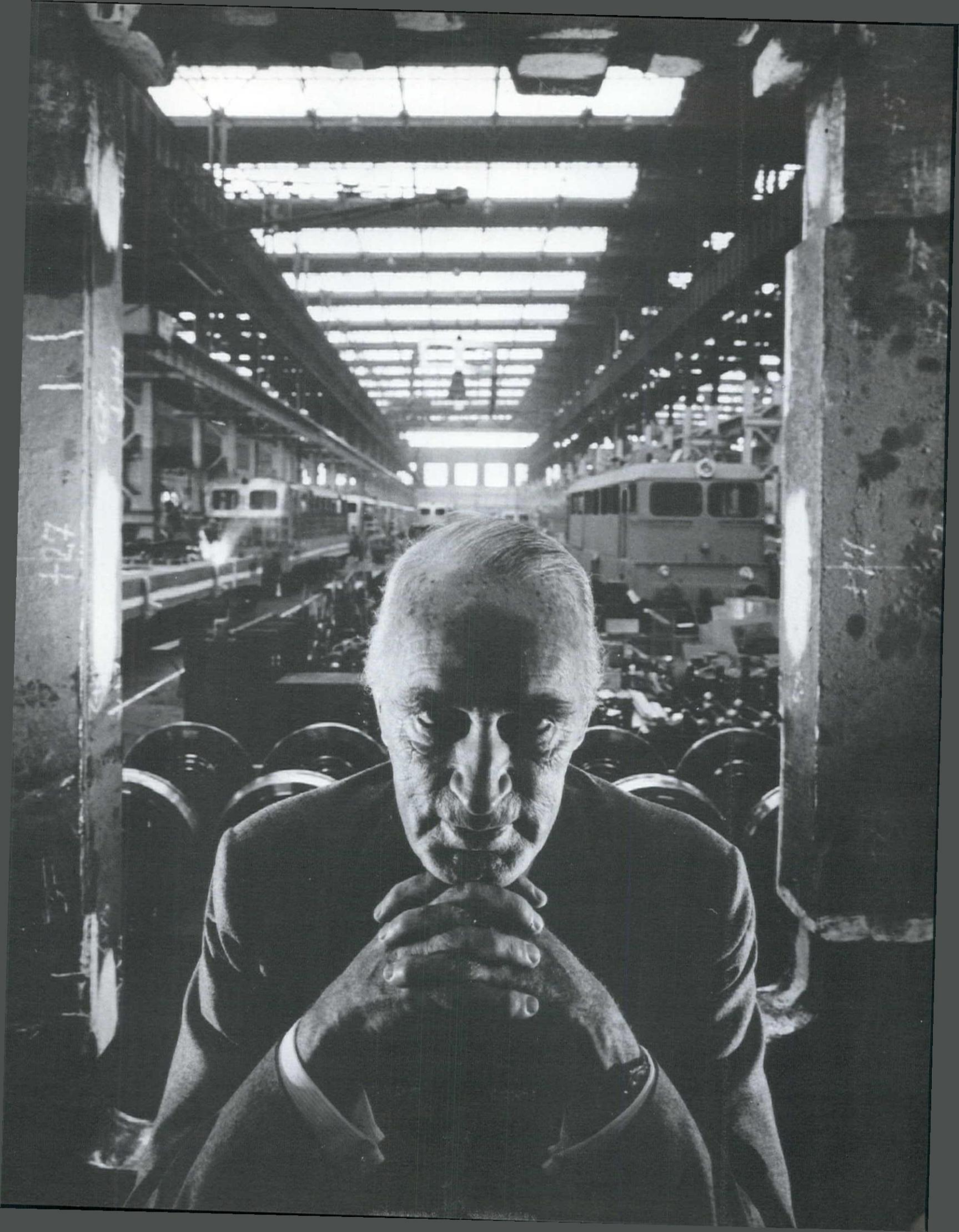
really knows. It's fine, if you're going to please somebody. That is a product, just like an undertaker sells a product, or a hardware salesman sells a product. I'm not interested in a product; I'm interested in ideas about creativity. D: How much time do you spend in darkroom?

N: Oh, it comes in spurts. A lot of us today are lucky enough to have a studio where we can afford one or two assistants, depending on how many things we have to do. I can train them properly, they're able to set up things ready, and even get the first few prints started. There's nothing wrong with this, because every artist in history who has had a lot of work to do always had apprentices. I've watched Henry Moore at work. He has people pointing up his stones. At the minute he goes in there and completes it as originally planned it. Why should he sit there and worry about taking X number of square feet off this tremendous marble? He no longer has to do that. It's carefully worked out by skilled workmen, see, but it is he who makes the sculpture. He drew those lines when they are to work in the first place.

D: I've often wondered how much of photography is dependent upon external forces like commercial manufacturers, and how much photographers are at the mercy of technology other than their own.

N: We must use technology. But I've heard painters complain about paint. I don't do much in the way of color photography for my personal work, because I can't control the color exactly the way I want to. The manufacturers even confess, privately if not publicly, that they can't make an all-purpose film to satisfy everybody. Because they try to make it a purpose, it doesn't satisfy the really creative person. When we used our old cameras we adjusted to the particular techniques of those periods. Don't forget that when photography was in its infancy, when it was really primitive you wonder how they did it, great photographs were made. Great photographs are not made with the camera; they're made by a human being with a mind. He uses the tool. If the tool can't make a work of art, then he discards the tool and goes on to something else. So long as the tools are available to us, enable us to make something that satisfies us, we'll use them, no matter how imperfect they are. They are not that imperfect yet.

Alfred Krupp (1963) by Arnold Newman.







Arman Arman Arman Arman Arman

He's turned repetition of forms into "object art" without ever repeating himself.
By Jeffrey Robinson

Several years ago, Arman was standing in front of his summer house, in the middle of a sloping lawn with thirty pianos dug into it. "My piano garden," he announced, as though it should be obvious.

"Do you water them?"

He frowned. "Actually, they don't grow very well." Then he began to smile. "Wouldn't it be boring to take oneself too seriously? As far as I'm concerned, anyone who takes himself too seriously is in bad trouble."

About the same time, as if to show just how seriously the art world takes Arman, an art magazine compiled a list of the artists under age sixty-five whose works commanded the highest prices. Arman easily made the top ten.

Last fall, when the Paris art fair known as FIAC opened its doors to record crowds, the French art press was unanimous: the biggest, most impressive, most acclaimed one-man show of the fair was the Arman retrospective. That show has just begun a tour of major museums in Europe and the Middle East. For the past decade and a half, he's been one of the leading forces in western art.

And despite all the acclaim . . . Well, when Arman and his wife, Corice, wanted to add a bedroom to the house, the piano garden had to go. Friends would stop by to extend their condolences, and Arman would jump up, race behind a shelf, and pull out a huge photograph of the piano garden. Gone but not forgotten. How can you not like a guy who plants pianos?

He's an American now. Although he was

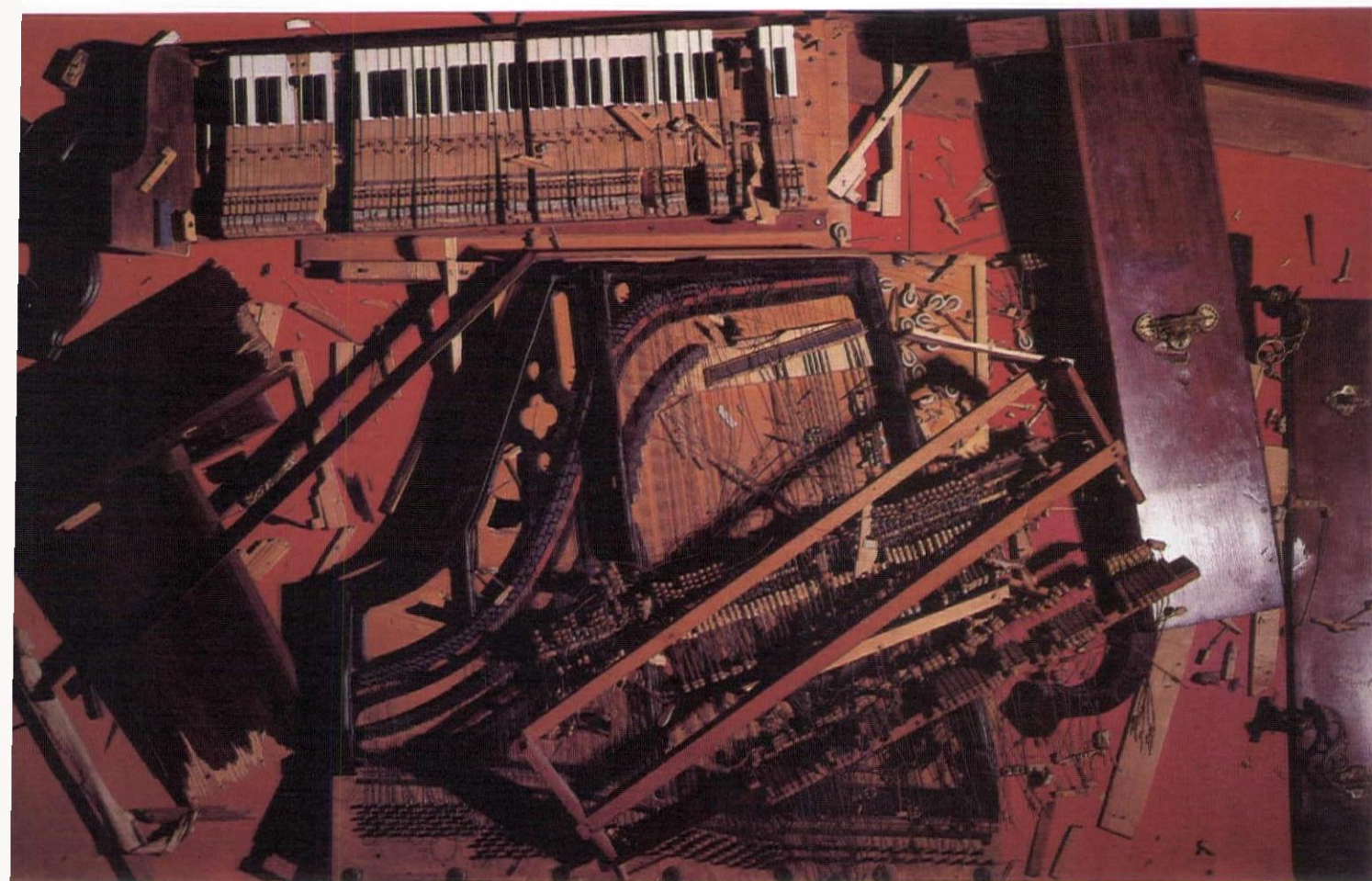
Arman smashed, chipped, charred, and "changed the state" of an orchestraful of violins: "There is a logic to destruction."

All photographs by Jeffrey Robinson.

Arman would ask friends for their refuse and then put it together to form an accumulation. Or he'd gather the trash from a place like Les Halles, the great marketplace in Paris, and assemble it into a Portrait of Les Halles (right, 1961). "I have always pretended," he says, "that objects themselves form a self-composition." After the "states" of production and consumption (garbage), Arman dove into a third state: recycling. He embraced destruction as a series of controlled experiments, smashing everything from an entire middle-class living room to a piano, as in Chopin's Waterloo (far right, 1961).



"Warhol would repaint the soup can . . . I would cut it into pieces or weld hundreds together."



born in Nice, France, not far from the summer house in Vence, home is New York.

"I saw New York in 1961 and decided right away this was where I had to be. This is where the action is. I had read about the Paris of the Dadaists, about the sleeping-beauty mood of Paris. But when I went to New York, I found what the Dadaists found in Paris."

For the first seven years, his address was the Chelsea Hotel—one doesn't "live" there, one "takes up residence." Arman found himself in the middle of the pop-art explosion: Warhol, Oldenburg, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Weselmann. They were all "in residence." They hung out there, drank there, and borrowed money from each other there.

"It was a time of great insecurity for all of us, but it was also a time of great stimulation. And I guess I was in the right place at the right time. I think that's one of the reasons I might be the only French artist of my generation to make it in the United States. Perhaps I'm also the only European of my generation to make it

in the United States as an American. There are others like David Hockney, who have big reputations in America, but they just come to eat and then run back to Europe."

When he arrived in the world, in Europe, on November 17, 1928, his name was Armand (note the "d") Pierre Fernandez. He started school, like most little boys, at the age of six, except that through a strange series of circumstances he wound up at an all-girls school. He quite happily remained the only boy there until the age of twelve—an age when one little boy in a school filled with little girls is like giving a thief a blueprint. Sent to a co-ed junior high, he promptly got expelled. For the next six years he continued to be thrown out of schools, until he somehow managed to graduate from one. At the age of eighteen, he enrolled in the Ecole Nationale D'Art Decoratif in Nice, and about the same time he met Yves Klein, his constant companion until Klein's untimely death fifteen years later. They hitchhiked across Europe together, explored Zen and judo together, and

tried to understand painting together. They also talked each other into changing the way they signed a canvas.

"Both of us had great respect for Van Gogh and we decided he had the right idea . . . signing his work with his first name: 'Vincent.' We figured if it was good enough for Van Gogh it was good enough for us. Klein signed his work 'Yves' and I signed mine 'Armand.'"

The "d" didn't last long. Neither did Armand at art school in Nice. So he got himself into the Ecole du Louvre in Paris, where he began a period as a surrealist painter.

Ultimately finding school too restraining, he went to work at age twenty-three as a judo instructor. He sold antiques. He worked as a professional scuba diver. He took up the study of astrology, African art (today he's a world-recognized expert), and chess. And he began to seriously question his feelings about painting. He started to take a deeper look into more abstract forms of expression. By 1953, he'd stumbled onto the graphics work of Kurt



"As I evolved into object art, I found myself being called a pop artist. But the term isn't exactly right. Pop artists redo the object; I use the real object. Marcel Duchamp, who is the

rious father of object art, might have taken a soup can, put it on a red pedestal, and called it a work, *Soup Can on a Red Pedestal*. The whole would repaint the soup can. Johns could cast it in bronze. I would take the soup can and cut it into pieces or weld hundreds of them together in order to change the state of the object from what it was when you see it in the supermarket. My interest is in exploring the various worlds of that soup can, the various states of the object."

He announced to Corice: "We're going to the Orient."

"When?"

"Soon." Arman reached for his Go board. The game he took up when he was looking for something more challenging than chess, a Chinese game that he's literally spent thousands of hours mastering. For several summers he imported a professional Go player from Tokyo so that he could play serious, world-class Go every afternoon. A few years ago, a Japanese Go magazine put his picture on the front cover—not as a famous sculptor whose works are in Japanese museums, but as a famous Go player.

"So we're going to Japan," she said. "That's nice. When?"

"No," he mumbled. "China. And soon."

She asked again, "When?" But he was already into the game. Corice could only shrug. Though he sometimes forgets to tell her about their plans until the very last minute, she knows too well that when he's playing Go she doesn't stand a chance of getting any information out of him. It's the same when he works. The only thing for her to do was mutter, "I hope he lets me know in time so that I can pack."

He did—just barely—and they headed for China. On afternoons when they weren't being herded through factories or archaeological sites, Arman would wander into a park and set up his Go board. Within minutes a crowd of Chinese would form and one of them would get up the nerve to ask the foreigner (in Chinese) if they might have a game. Arman would say (in English) sure. And if, at the beginning of the game, they referred to him (in Chinese) as, "Foreigner with white beard and Go board," by the end of the game they referred to him (in Chinese) as "Foreigner with white beard and Go board who beat every one of us at our own game." Corice referred to him (in English) as "My husband the Go hustler."

He accumulated only objects with which he felt he had some communication: tea pots, axes, bank notes, buttons, switches, rubber

stamps. Even refuse. He'd ask friends for their garbage and then put that together to form a portrait: you are what you throw away.

Parallel to his interest in *accumulations*, Arman theorized that all objects in a consumer society pass through three natural states: production (*accumulations*), consumption (the garbage portraits), and recycling. For this third state, he dove into the world of destruction. He smashed pianos, blew up cars, broke things, and burned things. At one point he furnished an entire art gallery exactly like a middle-class suburban living room, right down to the minutest detail, and then axed the place. He called it "Conscious Vandalism."

But none of this was simply a happening for the sake of a happening. Something not so obvious was also happening. Arman was fast coming to the conclusion that this destruction was not as much left to chance as it was a series of controlled experiments, changing the state of the object. And before too long, he decided that the new state could be frozen in time. He could embalm it. He could mount it or cement it or fix it in plastic or capture it in Plexiglas. In 1966 he dubbed these works *coleres* ("rage").

"There is no fundamental difference between accumulating an object or smashing an object. One thousand objects are not fundamentally different from one thousand pieces of the same object. There is also a logic to destruction. If you break a rectangular box, you arrive at something cubist. If you break a violin, you get something romantic."

Enter now the violins. Arman experimented with the various states of musical instruments right from the beginning. He was especially fond of strings—violins, cellos, basses, fiddles. He broke them and burned them and put them in Plexiglas, cut up or chipped or charred or smashed to smithereens. The results were so universally romantic that Arman attracted a great deal of notice. From gallery and museum shows he moved up into major museum collections. Today, to some people, Arman is synonymous with smashed violins.

"I didn't use only violins in *coleres*; I used many different objects and used them in many different ways. But I definitely did go through what could be called a violin period. Frankly, I think the violin period lasted too long."

For variety, the Renault car company once turned Arman loose in an automobile factory, where he made a series of seventy *accumulations* entirely from Renault parts: side panels of cars, fenders, headlights, wires, little but-

Touring the Arman Empire

A major retrospective of Arman's work is currently touring museums overseas, including: Kunsthalle in Nurnburg, Germany (through early May); Kunstmuseum in Hanover, Germany (mid-May through early July); Landesmuseum in Darmstadt, Germany (end of August through October); and the Modern Art Museum in Tel Aviv, Israel (December 1982 through February 1983). Another exhibition of Arman's work is scheduled for June in Basel, Switzerland.

Arman's work can also be found in the permanent collections of many U.S. museums, including: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Museum of Modern Art, and Whitney Museum of American Art in New York; Walker Art Center in Minneapolis; Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo; Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago; Philadelphia Museum of Art; Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D. C.; Indianapolis Museum of Art;

La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art; Denver Art Museum; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art; Fort Worth Art Museum; Wichita Art Museum; and Dartmouth College Museum in Hanover, New Hampshire.

Abroad, Arman is represented in all the major museums of Japan, plus such leading European collections as The Louvre, Pompidou Centre, and Musée D'Art Moderne in Paris; Maeght Foundation in Saint Paul de Vence, France; Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam; Musée Royal des Beaux Arts in Brussels; Galeria D'Arte Moderna in Rome; Peggy Guggenheim Collection in Venice; National Gallery in Berlin; and Museum of Modern Art in Stockholm. Also look for Arman works in the smaller museums of Ghent, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Essen, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, Le Havre, Saint Etienne, and Helsinki. His outdoor sculpture can be seen at the Billy Rose Garden in Jerusalem.

Dip an old radio tube into paint and smash it across a canvas—what happens?

tons you push to start the windshield wipers.

"I believe that an artist has only one statement. This is not to say that he will only have one success. No, it means that he has basically one theme. There may be different variations on the theme, but if you look seriously at the bulk of his work, you should be able to find one thread running through it all. Mine is the combination between the accumulation and the all-over."

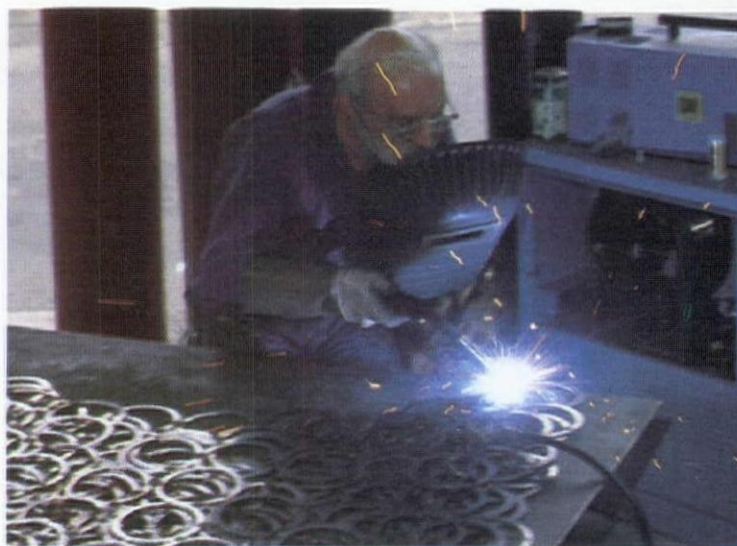
Not surprisingly, Arman's work of the eighties is very much the logical extension of this work. He's now doing large *accumulations*, most of them made up of industrial parts or tools, and some of them basically two-dimensional—wall hangings, if you will.

"If there is a sense of logic to my work, it might stem from the fact that I try to look at these objects and see them in a logical way. I have a very simple theory. I have always pretended that objects themselves form a self-composition. My composition consists of allowing them to compose themselves. I did not discover the principle of *accumulation*. It discovered me. And I think it all gets back to what I said about an artist having only one theme. If you're humble enough to accept yourself as you are and not lose yourself in vain escapes—well then, that's perhaps the time of the masterpieces."

Art critics can get carried away. Some have, over the years, tried to prove that Arman's work substantiates Einstein's theory that E equals Mc^2 . Another, however, observed with pinpoint accuracy that Arman "is a humorist who speculates on the sense of the unusual that is excited by quantity."

Arman's humor extends even to the titles he tags onto his work. An *accumulation* of wrenches resembling a nest of birds with their mouths wide open waiting for a worm is *Still Hungry*. An *accumulation* of axes is *Land Urchin*. Coffee pots stacked in a deliberate way become *Moccaccumulation*. Another *accumulation* of tools, *Stegosaurus Plierus*. Several dozen red sneakers, *Photo Finish*. Sauce boats, *Gravy Armada*.

While Arman might not always admit it, his best judge of funny titles is Corice. If she giggles, that's it. If not, his instincts tell him to rethink it. After all, she's a New York gal and she's the one who's really made a New Yorker out of him. Thanks mainly to her prodding, for example, Arman no longer suffers from the typically French trait of putting the punch line



into the middle of the story. And now, twenty-one years after he "got off the boat," he says he's even toying with the idea of becoming a baseball fan—not an easy transition when you spent your formative years in a girl's school instead of Yankee Stadium.

But Arman and New York suit each other just fine. He once went so far as to take an aerial photo of New York, sign it, and call the place an Arman *accumulation*. He loves the city and the feeling is mutual. Case in point: the first time he met Corice's mother. He and Corice were married in France, but, famous sculptor or no, he still had to go through the ordeal of family introductions. The night he met Corice's mother, the three of them went to some chic uptown bistro. Suddenly a woman arrived at their table, grabbed Arman's arm, and shrieked, "Are you really Arman? I can't believe it. I've seen all your exhibitions. I think your work is wonderful. You're my favorite artist. You're terrific. Can I have your autograph? You're really the best. I can't believe I'm actually meeting Arman."

Sure, that's what New York restaurants are for, but the Arman groupie's praises were laid on so heavily that Corice's mother is still convinced Arman arranged the scene. Corice is "nearly" 100 percent certain that he didn't. But the way you can be sure he's really innocent this time is because if he *did* plan it, he would have arranged to have hundreds of fans, not just one. An *accumulation* of fans. □

Jeffrey Robinson is a European correspondent for leading American magazines and the International Herald-Tribune.

To create his "object art," Arman (above) gathers, welds, smashes, and Plexiglasses-over things as odd for an artist as old radio tubes or as common as paint tubes—like Squaw Valley (right, 1967). Says the artist: "I believe that an artist has only one statement. . . . There may be different variations on the theme, but if you look seriously at the bulk of his work you should be able to find one thread running through it all."





June Over Miami

In the impossible-dream department, Don Quixote had nothing on Robert Herman. Instead of simply tilting at windmills, Herman's task was to organize a three-week-long artistic festival in Miami, America's fun-in-the-sun city, during one of the most humid months of the year: One hundred and eighty performances of music, theater, drama, and dance, including twenty-seven world premieres. Cultural big names from Edward Albee to Zubin Mehta. In *Miami*, where the arts ordinarily take a back seat to Bain de Soleil.

Herman, the fifty-six-year-old son of baseball great "Babe" Herman, came to Miami in 1973 as the new general manager of the Opera Association, fresh from working with Rudolph Bing at the Metropolitan Opera. He was impressive from the first. He got Miami involved in a system whereby stage settings are exchanged between different cities. He lured Luciano Pavarotti to sing in *Tosca* last year. He is charming and personable, and the most culturally ambitious person Miami has seen since, well, Arturo di Filippi, who founded the Miami Opera in 1941.

And so, on June 4 the curtain will rise on Miami's first New World Festival of the Arts. In three weeks, Tennessee Williams and Lanford Wilson will premiere plays and Geoffrey Holder will introduce an ambitious musical. The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, with Zubin Mehta, will perform. The Minnesota Orchestra, conducted by Leonard Slatkin, will premiere four new works by leading composers. The Maracaibo Symphony Orchestra, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, and the Argentine Chamber Orchestra will all come to Miami.

Florida Governor Bob Graham has proclaimed 1982 "The Year of the New World Festival." Pan American World Airways, dubbed the festival's official carrier, is selling tickets to the events in all of its offices in the United States. American Express, chief tour operator for the festival, has mailed information about its package of offerings to its 7½ million cardholders. To kick off the event officially, the Dade County Board of Commissioners has already hosted a glittering black-tie reception in the Starlight Room of the the airport's International Satellite complex.

All this enthusiasm notwithstanding, ticket sales to the festival so far have not had its

Scots-born Ian Glass is Travel Editor and feature writer for the Miami News.



Illustration by John Craig

n inside guide to Miami's brave New World Festival. By Ian Glass



One hundred and eighty performances, twenty-seven world premieres, cultural big names. . .

boosters leaping for joy. Herman reckons he needs to earn \$1.7 million to break even, or close to it—something like a quarter-million tickets, with prices ranging from \$6 to \$100. Herman expects the six weeks before the opening of the festival to be the best for sales. A number of corporations, like Ryder Systems, Inc., anxious to see the festival succeed, have been buying blocks of tickets up to \$5,000. Plus, nearly \$5 million in public funds, hotel-room taxes, and contributions from the city, the county, and private corporations and foundations has been raised for the festival. Considering that represents much more than twice the sum Herman needs to break even, he would appear to be in good shape.

In fact, he says, if he can sell out the Albee, Williams, and Wilson plays (whose authors are being paid \$15,000 each); the Israel Philharmonic (\$35,000 for two performances, Mahler's Fifth Symphony and Bartok's *Miraculous Mandarin*); the New World Ballet, a new professional concept for Miami, with dancers like Cynthia Gregory and Fernando Bujones; and the two operas, Robert Ward's *Minutes till Midnight*, a story about an atomic scientist, and Carlisle Floyd's contemporary *Of Mice and Men*, based on the John Steinbeck novel . . . "We don't have to sell anything else. We're way over the top, and we've made a profit."

Tennessee Williams went to North Africa to write his play, *Now, the Cats with Jewelled Claws*. (Says Herman, "We thought, will we ever see it?" But Williams did, in fact, complete it.) Edward Albee, who has made no great impression on the critics since his *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* in 1962, has written *The Man with Three Arms*. The play, Albee has explained succinctly, is about two men and one woman. Lanford Wilson's play, still untitled at press time, is supposedly about the survivors of a nuclear incident and the involvement of a police officer. The Albee and Wilson plays—Albee is directing his own—will be produced at Coconut Grove's Players State Theatre, the Williams offering at the downtown Gusman Cultural Center.

Geoffrey Holder's contribution, *The Creation*, is a musical work for nine players and nine musicians. Asked at the black-tie reception what *The Creation* was all about, Holder would say only, "Well, it's in my head." The multitalented Holder is not only conceiving and choreographing the piece but also designing the sets and the costumes. What ultimately

comes out of his head promises to be a combination of blues, ballads, ballet, and the Bible. Holder's work will hold center stage at the La Ronde Room of the Fontainebleau Hilton for three weeks.

The University of Miami's Ring Theatre will host the American premiere of *I, Anastasia*, a new musical by Miami residents Robert Wright and George Forrest who created *Song of Norway* and *Kismet*. It is based on the life of Anastasia, youngest child of Czar Nicholas II and possibly the only survivor of the Bolshevik massacre in 1918.

We can also look forward to such new treats as: Chick Corea's jazz piece for chamber ensemble; Gian-Carlo Menotti's piano concerto, to be played for the first time anywhere by Ivan Davis; and new works by Morton Gould, Lukas Foss, and Leone Kirchner. The Paul Taylor Dance Company will premiere a new work by Taylor. At least fifteen films, selected by Steven Bowles of the University of Miami's Department of Communications, will be introduced. Bowles went to a viewing session at the Berlin Film Festival and has been screening submissions from European and Asian countries; he hopes also to show out-of-release films by Andy Warhol.

Miami's art galleries, which ordinarily consider the summer months the doldrums, will be presenting special exhibitions. Latin American artists will be featured at Coral Gables and Coconut Grove galleries, and there will be works by contemporary masters at the Hokin, Medici-Berenson, Gloria Luria, and Rauchbach galleries. The University of Miami will have an outdoor-sculpture show; indeed, all the colleges are organizing special showings. Even the Miami-Dade Public Library System will participate.

Several projected events, however, fell by the wayside quite early on. Arthur Miller tentatively was interested in participating, but he backed out. One of the most spectacular events was to have been Christo's "wrapping" of ten islands between Miami and Miami Beach with bright pink fabric tutus. But the controversial artist admitted that the project, *Surrounded Islands*, could not be completed in time; his drawings and plans will be housed, however, in Miami's Main Library. *Ruiz*, a drama about the life and times of Pablo Picasso (Ruiz was the family name) was withdrawn by Miami playwright Peter Evans. Herman blamed "artistic differences between [Evans] and the producer-director, Joe Adler." Adler later

cited problems with the script.

Do three weeks of culture sound overambitious for a first-time festival in a city ordinarily preoccupied with Dolphins football, Calder horse racing, and jai-alai? Says Herman, "There are three thousand festivals here in the United States every summer, so it had to be big in scope and importance. It would be sad to cut anything from it."

And why June, a sultry time of year? The idea was initially conceived three years ago as a project to bring tourists to Miami during "soft" months, after the season ends in April and before it slowly gets into gear again for Thanksgiving. Herman adds that it would have been foolish to clash with the opera and symphony, whose performances are scheduled for the height of the season.

Herman's hopes must be buoyed by the fact that members of the 200-strong National Music Critics' Association will meet in Miami in June. They represent major U.S. newspapers and magazines, and it is the first time they have ever met south of the Mason-Dixon line. If the New World Festival all comes together as Herman visualizes, enough positive publicity may be generated by these influential savants to make his next impossible dream come true: a bigger and better New World Festival in 1984.

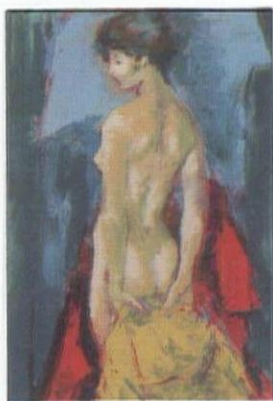
Tickets and information: Call 305/858-24 for the latest information on the New World Festival of the Arts, or write P.O. Box 4423 Miami, Florida 33144. Ticket prices for individual events range from \$6 to \$100, with most seats in the \$10-\$30 range.

Transportation: A twenty-four-hour transfer service operates between the airport and major hotels. American Sightseeing Tours will rent coaches from hotels to festival performance centers.

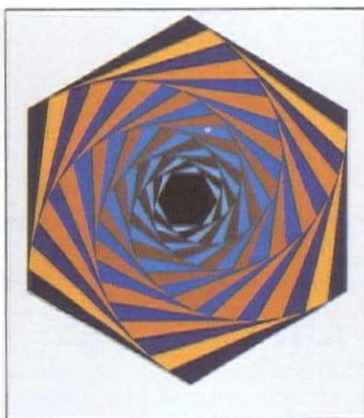
Restaurants: Don't miss Calle Ocho (Southwest Eighth Street). Its cuisine is heavily Cuban, but you'll find good Argentine and Basque food as well. *Miami* magazine has a monthly list of top restaurants, specialties and prices; its April Dining Out Guide edition lists three hundred establishments and is available for \$2.70 from *Miami*, 75 Southwest 15 Road, Miami, Florida 33129.

Hotels and motels: For information and assistance, contact the Greater Miami Hotel and Motel Association, DuPont Plaza Hotel, 300 Biscayne Boulevard Way, Miami, Florida 33131 or call 305/371-2030.

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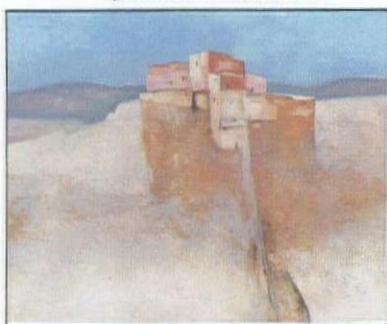
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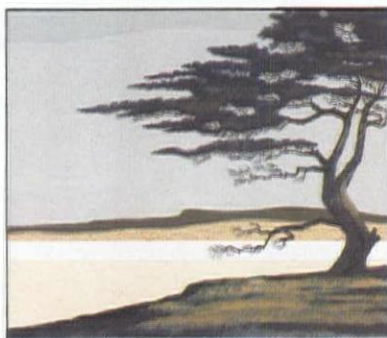
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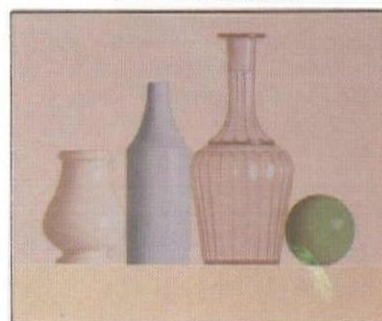
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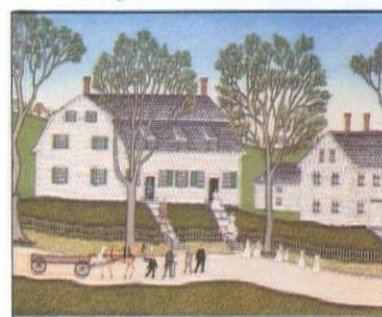
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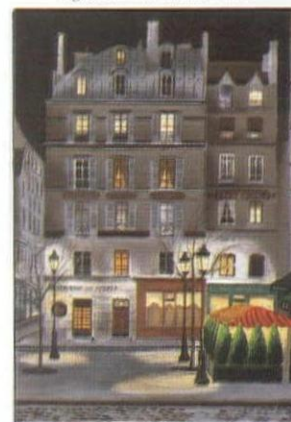
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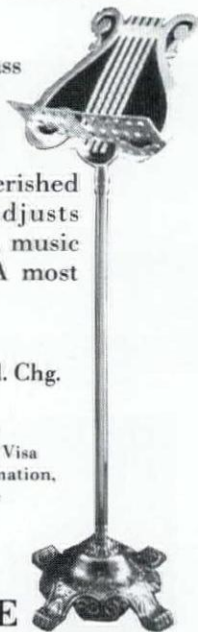
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Letters

Arts Aware

Many thanks for the USArts profile
Chicago's "Arts Awareness" camp.
("Give the Arts a Promotion," March 1982)
You related our efforts from planning to
cess in lively and informative terms.

One important omission, however, requ
correction. There was a sixth recipient of
Cultural Distinction Award: Beatrice Fe
Company. This recipient, in company with
other winners, deserves "bravos" for outsta
ing generosity and support of the arts.

For the council, the Arts Awareness c
paign, along with the awards citing corpo
giving, is an ongoing concern in 1982. Ano
benefit is being projected for June, (te
tively) including a Chicago Symphony Orc
tra performance of Copland's *Lincoln Por*
with recitation by Mayor Jane M. By
Second annual awards for business suppor
the arts are to be announced at that time.
Marie Cummings, Executive Director
Chicago Council on Fine Arts

The Flip Side

One hopes Dutch painter Bart van der L
(1876-1958) needn't turn over in his grave
correctly view his 1916 oil, *Mine Triptych*
hung in the "De Stijl: Visions of Utopia" ex
hibition at the Minneapolis Walker Art Cer
and Washington's Hirshhorn Museum
reproduced in your article ("When Art Me
Fashion," January/February 1982 issue).

Since Leck's other work, such as *The Ste*
(1916), *Horseman* (1918), *Still-Life with W*
Bottle (1922), etc., for all its structural red
tion, insistently retains its strong illusory c
figuration, it is apparent not all De Stijl v
"nonobjective" or "pure plastic art." So
think if readers will turn your full-co
reproduction of *Mine Triptych* upside-dov
then they will readily see a "utopian versio
of the "genre subject" of two miners w
white spots of headlamps on either side of
central mine-tunnel perspective panel.

Am I right, and how was the painting actu
ly hung?

Victor Flach
Department of Art
University of Wyoming
Laramie, Wyoming

*Editor's note: The painting was indeed prim
upside-down, in HORIZON and at least one oth
magazine. It appeared right-side-up in t
exhibition and accompanying catalogue.*