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HORIZON

The Magazine of the Arts

Raphael Soyer: Far from the Modern Crowd

The Riches of Richmond

Blade Runner's Unknown Genius

Debunking the Greco Myths

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Raphael Soyer in his painting "Quo Vadis"

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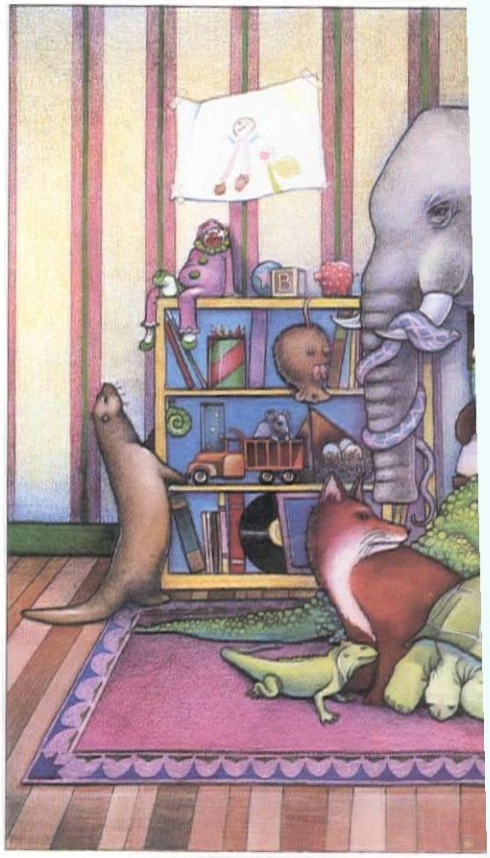

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Noted for florals which convey a sense of serenity, Ms. Van Campen's works are owned by numerous universities, corporations and private collections. She is a graduate of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, where she received the coveted Cressom Memorial Traveling Scholarship, The Cecelia Beaux Portrait Prize and the Mindel Caplan Kleinbard Award. Ms. Van Campen has exhibited at numerous galleries in the Philadelphia area.

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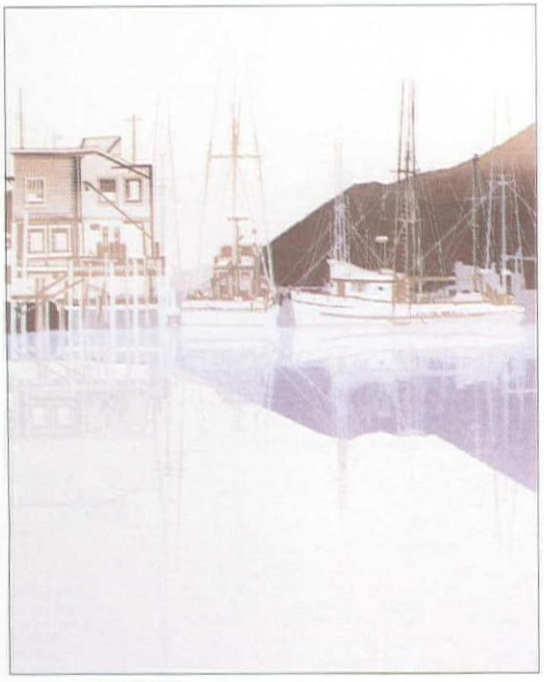

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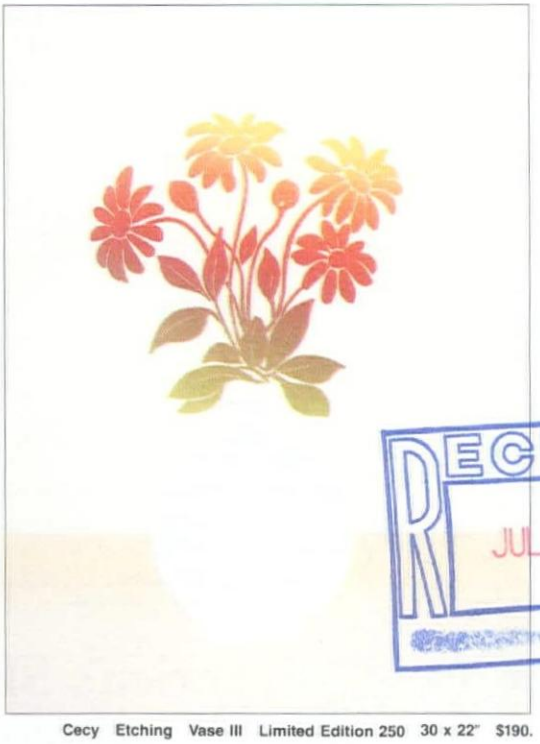

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A concert version of **Karol Szymanowski's**
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Fri., August **13** 8:30 PM
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ANDRÉ WATTS, Pianist
R. Strauss "Don Juan" **Liszt** Totentanz
Franck Symphonic Variations
Ravel "Daphnis et Chloé," Suite No. 2
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Sat., August **14** 8:30 PM
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Mozart Overture to "Don Giovanni"
Mozart Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan)
Rachmaninoff Symphonic Dance No. 3
Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 2
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Sun., August **15** 8:00 PM
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Symphony in Three Movements
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Thur., August **26** 8:30
SAN FRANCISCO BALLET
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Christensen/Tchaikovsky
Beauty and the Beast Pas de Deux
Smuin/Chihara Shinju
Christensen/Glazunov Variations de Ballet
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Fri., August **27** 8:30
SAN FRANCISCO BALLET
Christensen/Vivaldi Concerto Grosso
Smuin/Prokofiev Romeo & Juliet Pas de Deu
Christensen/Tchaikovsky
Beauty and the Beast Pas de Six
Smuin/Stravinsky Piano Pieces
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Sat., August **28** 8:30 P
SAN FRANCISCO BALLET
Christensen/Glazunov Variations de Ballet
Christensen/Stravinsky Pas de Deux
Smuin/Verdi Quattro a Verdi
Gladstein/Stravinsky
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HORIZON

Volume 25 *Number 5* *July/August 1982*

Cover:
Quo Vadis *by Raphael Soyer (detail), courtesy of Forum Gallery, New York.*

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The secret of El Greco, as revealed in a major international show, was not that he was mad, mystical, or myopic. He was far more complex—and crafty.

HORIZON

El Greco's Genius

El Greco's Spain is unparalleled. Toledo, Madrid: every corner overflows with his paintings. The artist was a genius, whose almost mystical ability to communicate through art will now be shared with people around the world who will see a major exhibition of his works brought together for the first time. My daughter Martha and I had the honor of attending the opening of "El Greco of Toledo" last April in Madrid. It was an arts experience of the rarest sort, which Americans will now have an opportunity to view in the months ahead.

El Greco's prolificacy stunned us. After the glittering opening at the Prado, where the King and Queen of Spain greeted their international guests and fellow countrymen, we thought we had seen the best of everything. The Prado was a spectacular showcase, with its great long central hall lined with enormous Velasquezes and its impressive installation of "El Greco of Toledo." But our guides next took us to Toledo, where a second exhibition—appropriately entitled "El Toledo del Greco"—brought together another great display of paintings. A visit to El Greco's home in Toledo revealed yet another cache. Suffice to say, the exhibition now on view at the National Gallery of Art is filled with important paintings that are representative of the country's great art riches.

El Greco was a clever communicator. His ability to convey his message about the human condition was effective during his day, and is still powerful today. Guided by the capable staff from Arts and Communication Counselors as well as the Spanish Tourist Authority, we saw the people and the countryside that brought El Greco's world intriguingly close to the present. On the last afternoon of our Spanish visit, we sat in a small park in Toledo, eating homemade potato chips out of paper cones and drinking Spanish beer. Around us people sat, children played. Behind them stood a great museum filled with El Greco's canvases. His work lived in this landscape, and for a few moments we were part of it.

The American Express Foundation merits thanks for their sponsorship of "El Greco of Toledo," which visits Toledo, Ohio, and Dallas after the Washington, D.C. show closes in September. Through their enthusiasm and funding, people throughout our country will see sixty-six awesome paintings; that is corporate support at its most eloquent. (To learn more about "El Greco of Toledo," read our article beginning on page 48.)

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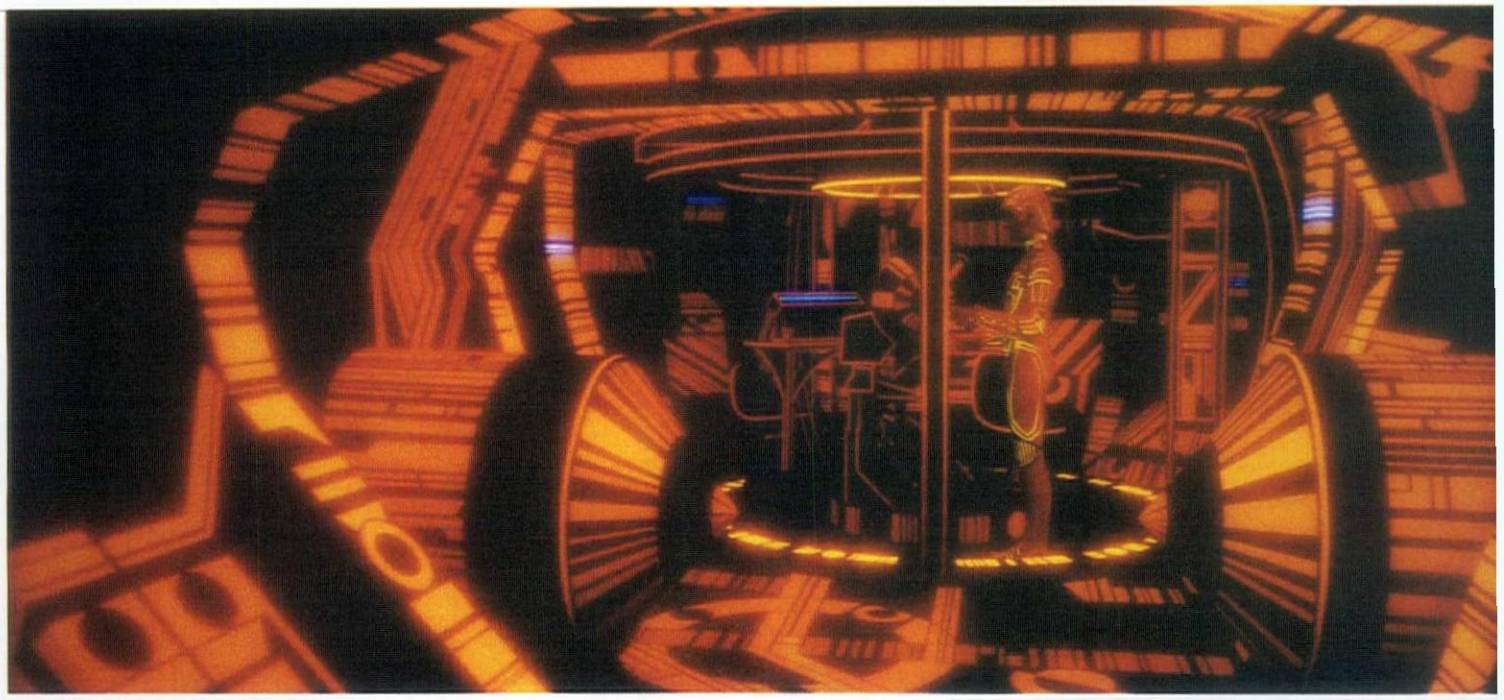


Art

Back on the Santa Fe Trail

If you still haven't sampled the pleasures of Santa Fe (featured in the April 1982 HORIZON), the next months provide a perfect excuse. On August 21 and 22, the Santa Fe Indian Market gathers 325 exhibitors from more than forty tribal groups for a sparkling show of contemporary and traditional Native American arts and crafts. Indian dances, a traditional clothing competition, and special gallery openings round out the festivities, sponsored by the Southwestern Association on Indian Affairs. Beginning the next month (September 19–November 5), the Wheelwright Museum of the American Indian continues its forty-fifth anniversary celebration with an invitational exhibit of contemporary Indian art.

Books

More Colorful *Red Badge*

Stephen Crane's classic *Red Badge of Courage* is being republished—this time as the author wrote it. The novel was cut and changed in 1895 to eliminate some of its gloominess and vivid descriptions of war. The new *Red Badge,* just published by W. W. Norton & Company, is 55,000 words—5,000 longer. Included in the 1982 edition are new phrases, paragraphs, and even chapters. Crane's widow had given away some of the manuscript pages after Crane's death in 1900, and the new book emerged from the scattered pages.

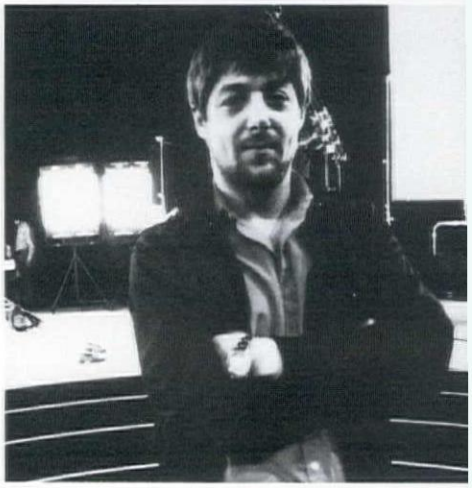
Published forty years after the end of the Civil War, the novel was a success even then for Crane—who never actually witnessed a battle until many years later, when he was a correspondent in Greece.

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

Film

A Fistful of Quarters

The king of video-game galactic mayhem, Space Invaders, grosses more than $600 million a year—roughly three times the take of the most successful cinematic space shoot-'em-up, *Star Wars.* So it was probably inevitable that Hollywood would turn to video games in its efforts to blast out of the dollar doldrums. *TRON,* due July 9 from Walt Disney, stars Jeff Bridges as a video-game whiz caught in a world where the games become real; to complete the circuit, Mattel is adding a TRON game to its line of Intellivision video cartridges.



Man meets computer: Writer-director Steven Lisberger brings video-game mania to the screen with his computer-animated TRON.

Fittingly, *TRON* (the motion picture, tha is) also represents a breakthrough in the appli cation of computer-generated images t celluloid. In a full year of postproductio work, computers created three-dimensiona landscapes, buildings, and vehicles that inter act with the movie's real people.

Disney hopes *TRON* won't be shot dow like its last science-fiction effort, *The Blac Hole.* But it's not the only movie maker pin ning summer hopes on fantasies, hi-tech an

Dong Kingman is back.

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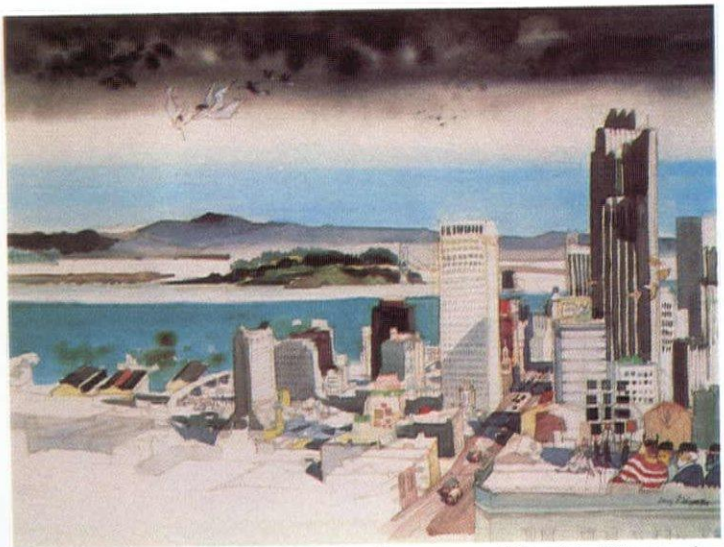

Dong Kingman Angels Over San Francisco 30 x 40 Watercolor

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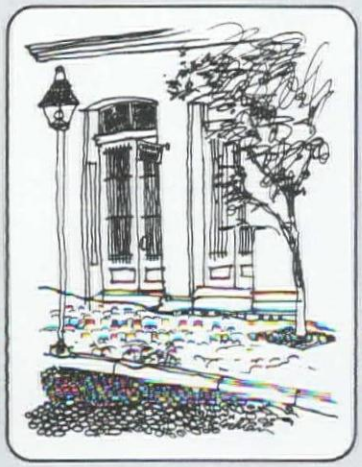

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otherwise: *Star Trek II,* Steven Spielberg's *ET* and *Poltergeist,* and *Conan* top the marquees Hollywood believes will draw 25–35 million moviegoers this season. If it's not "the biggest summer in the history of the business," as one 20th Century-Fox executive promises, Space Invaders gremlins won't be the only ones getting zapped come autumn.

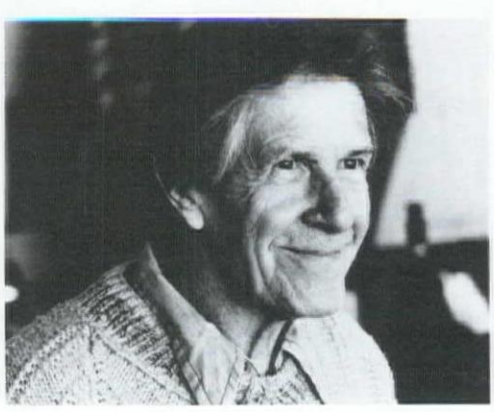
Music

A High Note at Seventy

John Cage hasn't always gotten the respect he's getting in this, his seventieth year. The Whitney Museum exhibited the composer's music-inspired prints a few months back, and now Cage will be honored at the New Music America festival July 5–11. But Cage remembers a time when the New York Philharmonic reacted to his avant-garde music by smashing the equipment he'd brought: "They got the idea that, with my music, anything goes. Each day I returned with new equipment. Finally, after five performances, one of the players came up and told me, 'Come back in twenty years and we'll treat you better.' "

In four years, New Music America has won a reputation as a leading forum for experimental, minimal, and new-wave music. This year it comes to Chicago as part of a $200,000 American Music Festival. Cage's work—once described by Henry Cowell as "music without any glue in it"—is typical of New Music America's daring fare. "When they come to the feeling that they know what I'm saying, they say, 'Is it just sounds?' " Cage observes. "I say, 'Yes, but there's nothing wrong with that. Sounds are *excellent.*' "

Cage: "Music without any glue in it."



Denver restoration by Long Hoeft Archi and McCrystal Design: Last honoree in i

Architecture

New Line in Old Buildings

Since 1976, the American Institute of tects has recognized restorations and ad use projects with a special category alo the awards it annually presents for nev ects. But last month's awards in Honolul down the curtain on that special categor official word is that the original intentic been to bring such projects to the attent the public and that purpose has now achieved.

But jury comments present a deeper, lying concept: "The question is wheth role played by an architect in doing restoration work is comparable to t invented design. The worth of restorati course, is not being questioned, n difficulty. . . .The question is whether enough like the other to be judged si side."

Selected by two juries (one for curre and the other for extended use), eight twelve winners were designed and com within the past seven years; the other fo older structures. Award recipients range a modern Chicago library for the blin handicapped to a house addition by Wl Museum architect Michael Graves to a re itated Victorian neighborhood in Denve

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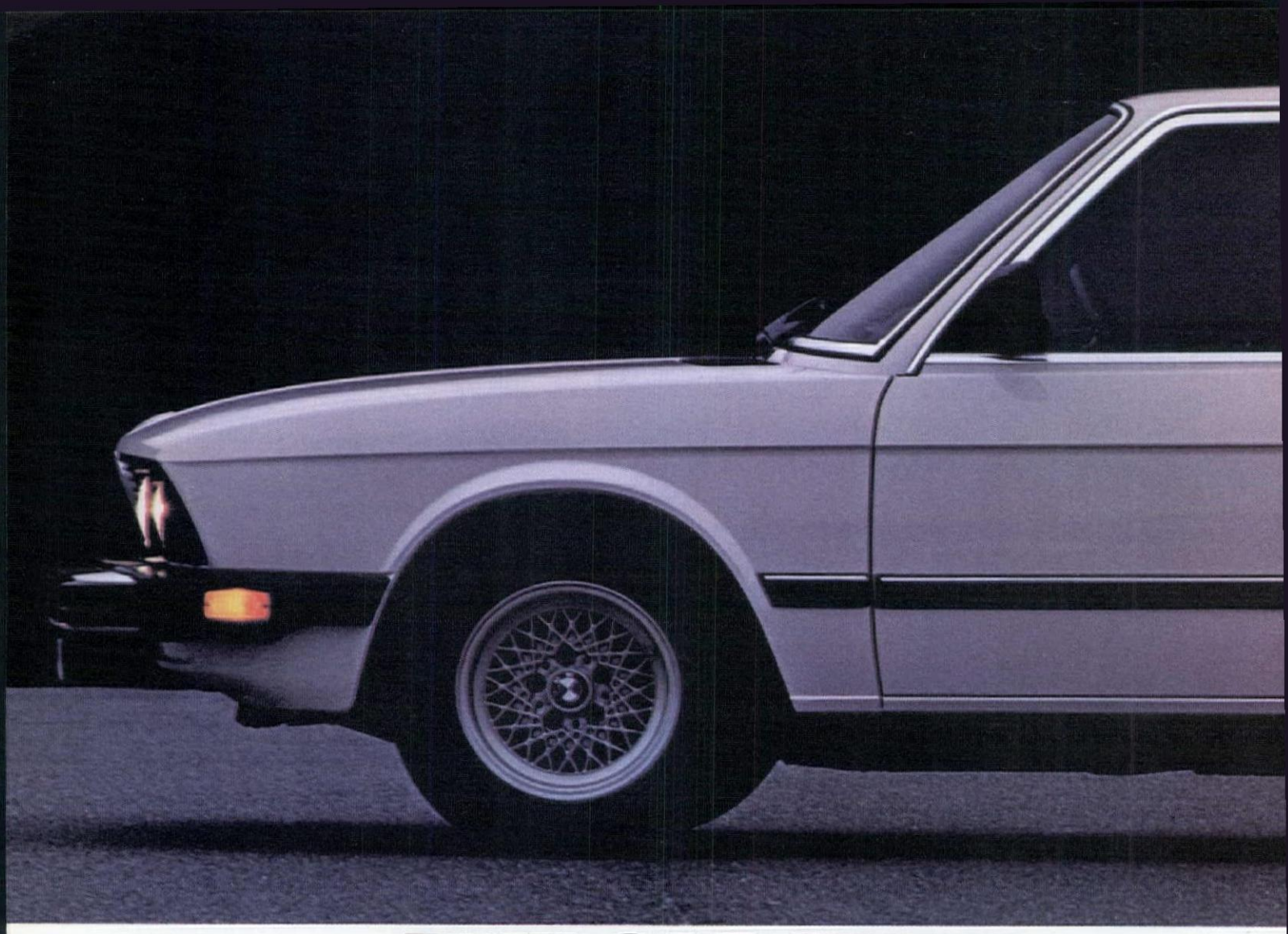

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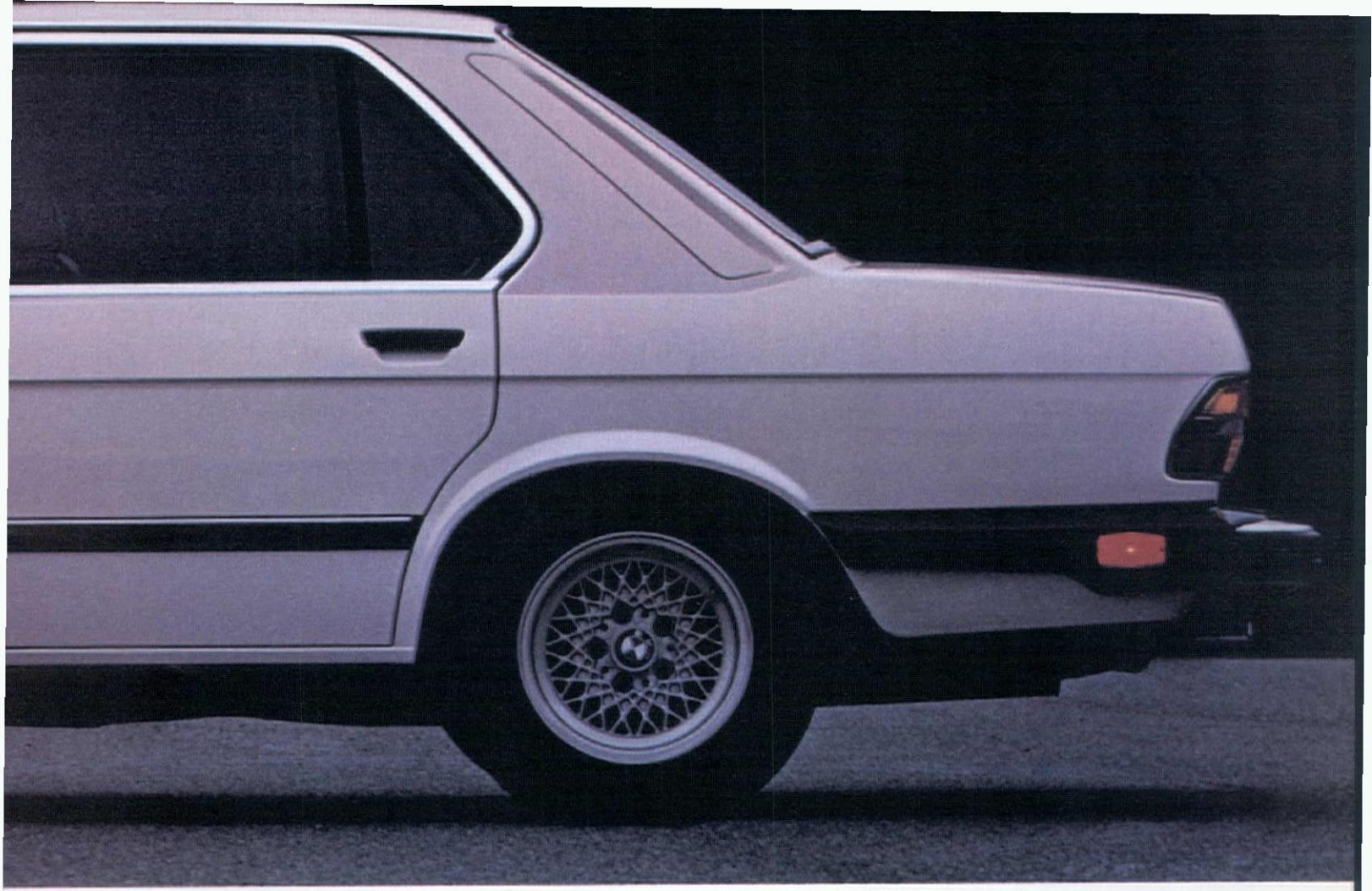

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Trans World

England

Revisiting the Real Brideshead

Eleven weeks of "Brideshead Revisited" have ended and telly fans in the States are recovering from their latest bout of anglophilia. Much of this particular cinematic re-creation, however, did not take place solely in the imagination of a talented set designer and through the efforts of an industrious stage crew. The major setting was not dismantled when the cameras stopped; it still stands, and through October it is open to the public, as has been the custom since its construction in 1712.

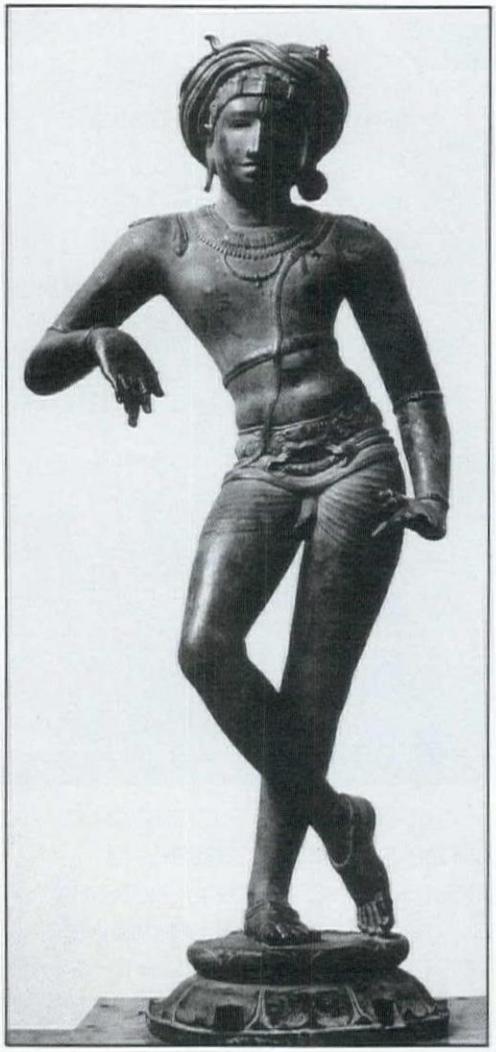
The magnificent Castle Howard, fifteen miles northeast of York and right outside the village of Coneysthorpe, played the role of Brideshead Castle in the series produced by Granada TV, and aired earlier this year on PBS. The site was selected for the filming because of its close fit with the descriptions in Evelyn Waugh's original novel. According to Waugh's friend and biographer, Christopher Sykes, the author not only visited Castle Howard, but also seemed to have had quite a few characteristics of the estate in mind when creating the fictional Brideshead Castle, a composite of several grand residences.

Castle Howard was the first design of an ex-army officer and witty writer of Restoration comedies, Sir John Vanbrugh, who quite suddenly turned to architecture in 1699. Like one of his later projects, Blenheim Palace, Castle Howard is impressively situated and vast in scale. Ironically, the present owner, George Howard, is chairman of Granada's arch competitor, the BBC. Howard, a descendent of the third earl of Carlisle, Charles Howard, who commissioned the building, estimates the number of rooms to be "somewhat between 130 and 140." The south front, facing a broad expanse of lawn, ornamental shrubbery, statuary, and a round fountain, is more than 320 feet in length. The gardens and "pleasure grounds" occupy some twelve acres.

—Cindy Graff Hobson

India Link

The birth of an independent India in 1947 marked the end of a long and turbulent relationship with Great Britain. After the political apron strings were cut, however, India's first prime minister, Jawaharlal Nehru (who chalked up nine years in British jails for his activism) expressed a desire to continue cultural ties with England. The British Council in India was formed to foster this cooperation, which is expressed more vividly than ever before in the Festival of India—a comprehensive extravaganza held all over Great Britain this year.



Eleventh-century Shiva bronze: The Festival of India extravaganza continues a sometimes-turbulent relationship with England.

According to festival director Stanley Hodgson, a veteran of thirteen years in India's British Council office, the project is designed to "remind" the British people of India's accomplishments in art, dance, music, drama, literature, religion, mathematics, and science. After four years of close collaboration between cultural leaders and scholars in both countries, the Festival of India was opened by joint patrons Margaret Thatcher and Indira Gan

Twenty separate exhibitions around Lon and dozens of community activities throu out the country have been taking place summer. The Victoria and Albert Museun holding two very different exhibits: one, foc ing on the decorative arts and court life dur the opulent Mughal era, runs through Aug 15; the other, featuring British artists' de tions of Indian landscapes and people, clo in mid-July. Throughout July, the Barbi Arts Centre hosts an exhibition of artifacts a crafts brought to life by some thirty p formers demonstrating traditional custo and rituals through mime, magic, acrobati and puppetry. *–Cindy Graff Hob*

France

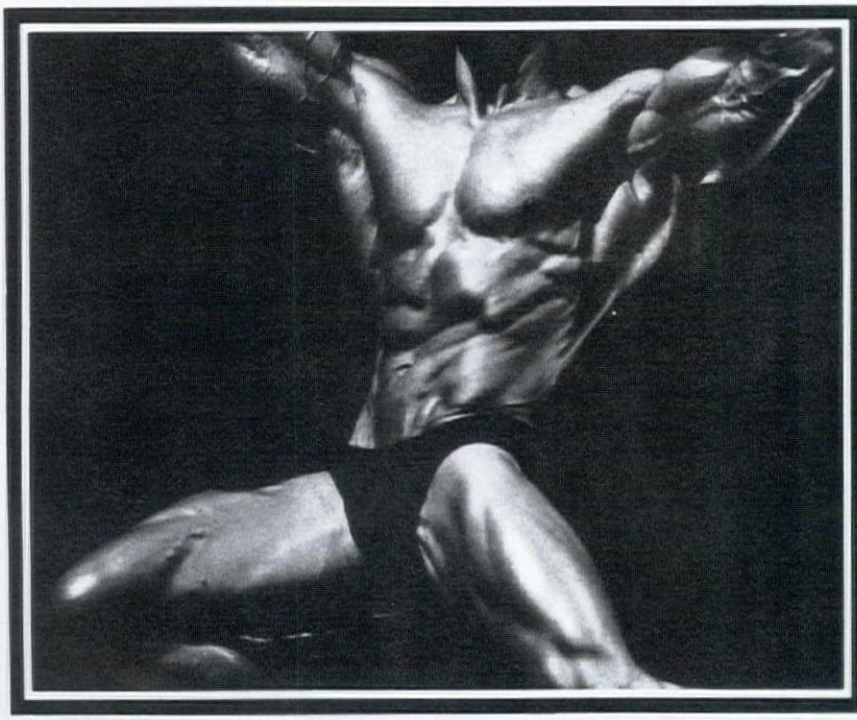
In the Lappe of Jazz

Anyone who comes looking for Henry Mille Paris, a city of dingy alleys where the wick goings-on were charmingly innocent and ne dangerous, quickly finds it has moved—a left no forwarding address. Montparnasse a the Place Clichy could not withstand the ki of people who came to gape, and later to re and still later to buy, on the streets ma famous by Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. Th were too . . . normal, those people. And th turned Miller's playgrounds into serio places, indeed: Montparnasse now boasts t tallest skyscraper in Europe, with a revolvi restaurant on top.

It takes luck and moxie to find the dwindli number of narrow roads where odd people st set the tune. One of them is Rue de Lapp near Place de la Bastille. Here, sounds tell yc the time of night: music-hall accordions in t early hours, followed by jazz—all kinds jazz—till dawn.

The grocer, the butcher, and the café own go to *bal musettes* (seventeen once thrived o the Rue de Lappe; two remain) for the accord ons and a chance to dance the way Parisian did in the twenties and thirties. *Bal muset* dancing is an exuberant melange of walt rhumba, and tango. Every night the Balaj and Le Musette Club open their doors t working-class Parisians who "look like parc dies of themselves thirty years ago," as on resident muses. "They've gotten older, bu their clothes are the same."

Later the street scene changes key, and a di



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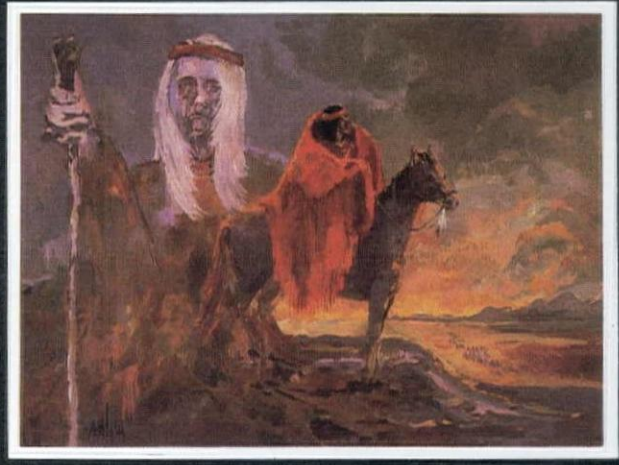

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Trans World

ferent crowd—young, intellectual, subdue
takes over. This cultural transposition oc
about midnight, and is as dramatic as Bu
ingham Palace's changing of the guard.
acts are booked at the Chapelle des Lomba
but Rue de Lappe jazz is more symbolic t
aesthetic: it provides the necessary ambie
for soft discussions among furniture mak
organ-restorers, painters, and writers who
lofts and toil in workshops along the one-l
relic of a Paris that has nearly disappeared

—Thomas Nol

Italy

Let's Get Metaphysical

This seems to be the year of Italian moder
Morandi at the Guggenheim, Sicilian pain
Renato Guttuso in Venice, and de Chir
everywhere—at MOMA, at the Tate in L
don, and permanently in Ferrara, Italy. U
now, Ferrara, the melancholy town in Ital
Emilia-Romagna, was primarily known for
House of Este, an intriguing combination
famous murderers and art patrons. But earl
this year, the Museo Documentario de
Metafisica opened in that birthplace of me
physical art. Giorgio de Chirico originated
style, adapted from the writings of Nietzsc
and Schopenhauer. It was in Ferrara that
Chirico had his historic encounter with Ca
Carrá in 1917, marking the official beginni
of metaphysical art.

Ferrara literally entered the picture in 19
"The appearance of Ferrara, one of the love
est cities in Italy, had made a deep impressi
on me," de Chirico wrote in his memoirs, "b
what struck me above all . . . was the appe
ance of certain interiors, certain windo
displays, certain shops, certain houses, certa
quarters, for instance the old ghetto, whe
one could find sweets and biscuits in excee
ingly strange and metaphysical shapes." T
town is still noted for such pastries
pampepati and *ciambelle*.

In the Museo Documentario over two hu
dred works are reproduced in transparenci
mounted on light boxes, schematically orga
ized into eleven rooms. All the works are
fact reproductions, making it a sort of no
commercial Rockefeller collection, but t
museum does provide a definitive survey
this important chapter in twentieth-centu
Italian art.

—Dwight V. Ga

Virginia Chippendale chest, walnut and yellow pine, mid 18th century, original condition, 38" H x 42" W x 23" D

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The big band vocalists that audiences loved . . . and still remember. Frank Sinatra with Tommy Dorsey, Peggy Lee with Benny Goodman, Doris Day with Les Brown, Anita O'Day with Gene Krupa, Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell with Jimmy Dorsey. And many more, including Perry Como, Lena Horne and Ella Fitzgerald.

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Many of these recordings—like Wayne King's "Melody of Love"—have been *unavailable for years.* Others are *hard to find recordings* of early radio broadcasts . . . such as Frank Sinatra's emotional farewell to the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, doing his spectacular rendition of "The Song Is You." Still others were only released on 78s—and *never re-issued:* Bob Crosby's "Black Zephyr" and Gus Arnheim's "A Peach of a Pair" with Russ Columbo.

In many cases, the panel considered several *different* versions of the *same* song, before selecting a particular recording for the collection. Thus, *every* selection will be a classic performance. An original recording of the era . . . recaptured on records of superior listening quality.

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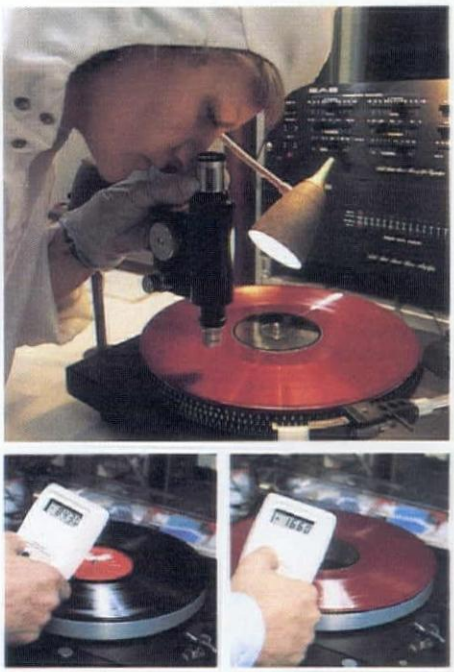

Strict record pressing standards, and audio and visual inspection, assure high quality. Ordinary records (left) have static charges that attract dust, causing surface noise. But the special anti-static vinyl used in Franklin Mint records (right) assures clearer sound. Electrostatic meter tests show that the Franklin Mint record has only one-fifth the static charge of ordinary records.

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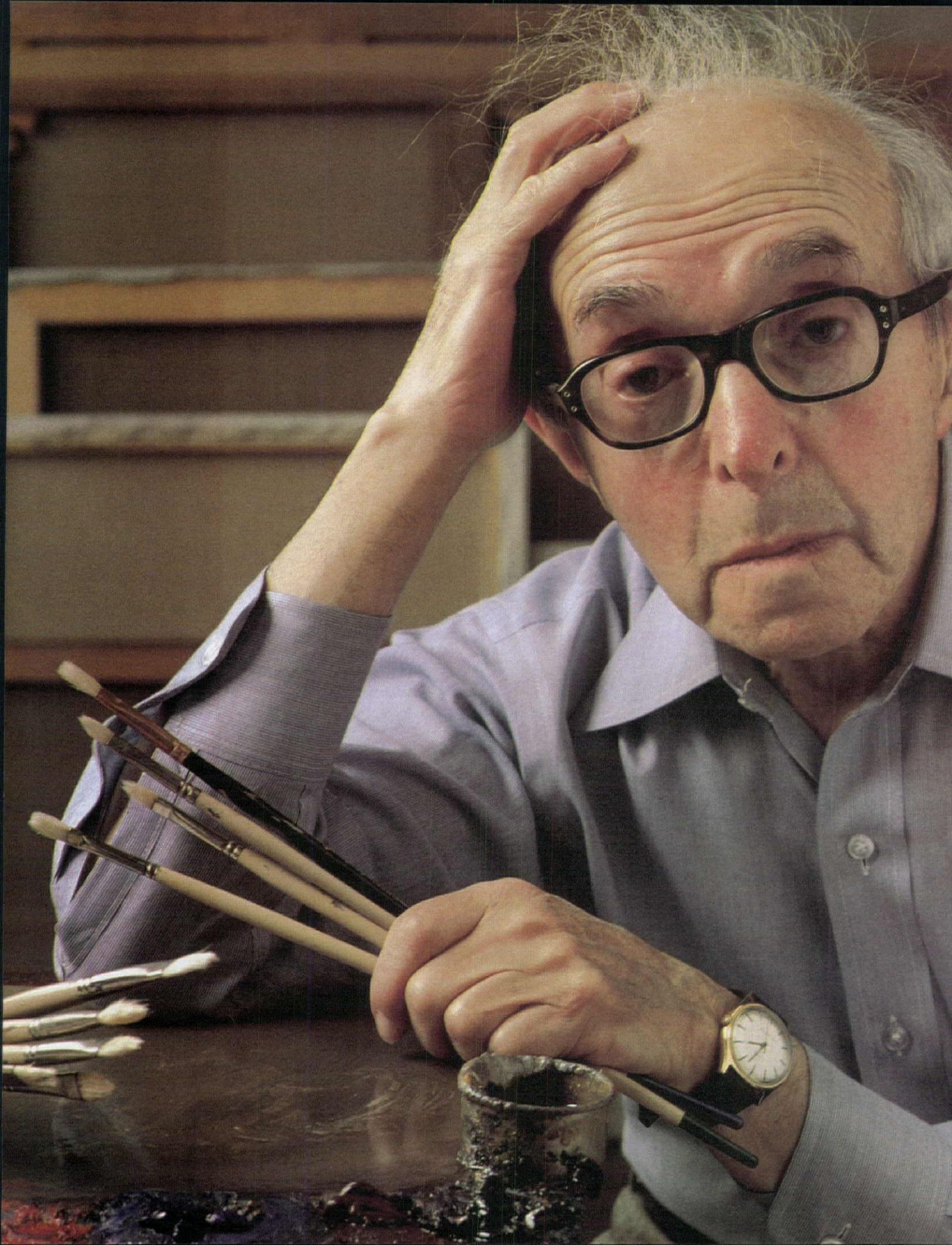
GEORGE T. SIMON music critic, record producer, author of the definitive work on dance bands—*The Big Bands*—and *The Best of the Music Makers.*

RICHARD SUDHALTER jazz critic of The New York Post, author of *Bix: Man and Legend,* and a widely respected jazz cornetist.

JOHN S. WILSON jazz and popular music critic of The New York Times, author of *Jazz: The Transition Years, The Collector's Jazz: Traditional and Swing, The Collector's Jazz: Modern.*



20th Century Raphael

Like his namesake, Raphael Soyer has championed the human form. It's a lonely job.

By Judd Tully

Portraits of the artist as a young and old man: Raphael Soyer has progressed from an impoverished immigrant printing on his kitchen table (above, 1917, etching, 4 by 3 inches) to a celebrated artist, photographed at left by Nancy Rica Schiff, one of his sometime models.

© Nancy Rica Schiff

The earliest work in the Hirshhorn Museum's new exhibition on Raphael Soyer dates from 1917: an etching of his father printed on a small press on the family's South Bronx kitchen table. From these Russian-immigrant beginnings, the artist's brush and pencil went on to explore the frontiers of American art—yet he always returned for his subject to the world he knew best, the streets and people of New York City.

The exhibition actually encompasses two shows, celebrating Soyer the painter and Soyer the printmaker. Soyer donated his life's work in prints to the Hirshhorn in 1981. That sparked this unusual tribute, in museum director Abram Lerner's words, to "the flowering vigor and painterly ease" of the artist's creations.

The Hirshhorn shows represent only the latest in a career of laurels most artists would gladly rest on: a dazzling retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art; a monograph penned by a revered art historian, Lloyd Goodrich; a critically acclaimed autobiography, *Diary of an Artist;* lionization in museum collections around the world. But the eighty-two-year story of Raphael Soyer has some chapters yet to be written.

Born on Christmas Day 1899, in the Czarist town of Borisoglebsk, Raphael Soyer and his identical twin, Moses, were weaned on their father's drawings of Cossacks on galloping horses, copying the ornate costumes and glinting hoofs. But their father's intellectual passion for art, literature, and open dialogue did not sit well with the cast-iron, anti-Semitic rule of the provincial authorities. The Soyers were forced into exile in 1912. They sailed steerage class to America.

Raphael, Moses, and their younger brother, Isaac, continued their sibling rivalry with stubby lead pencils and dreamed of becoming great artists from the safe harbor of their new home on the northern cusp of Manhattan. The Bronx was rustic in those days, and the Soyer brothers painted the lush gardens that dotted the immigrant neighborhoods. They soon learned the meandering route to the Metropolitan Museum.

Between teaching Hebrew and moonlighting as a writer for the flourishing Yiddish press, Abraham Soyer barely made ends meet for his wife, Beyla, and their six children. That economic reality eventually forced the boys to drop out of high school and pursue an endless array of low-paying odd jobs, punctuated by free evening art classes at the Cooper Union. In the fall of 1918, young Raphael entered the free school of the National Academy of Design. For Raphael, shy, small of stature, thickly accented, and soft spoken, the easel and the sketchbook became the primary voice.

Chaim Gross, figurative sculptor, has been a life-long friend and colleague of Raphael Soyer (both artists have been exclusively represented by Bella Fishko's Forum Gallery since it opened in 1961). "I met the Soyers in 1921, a month

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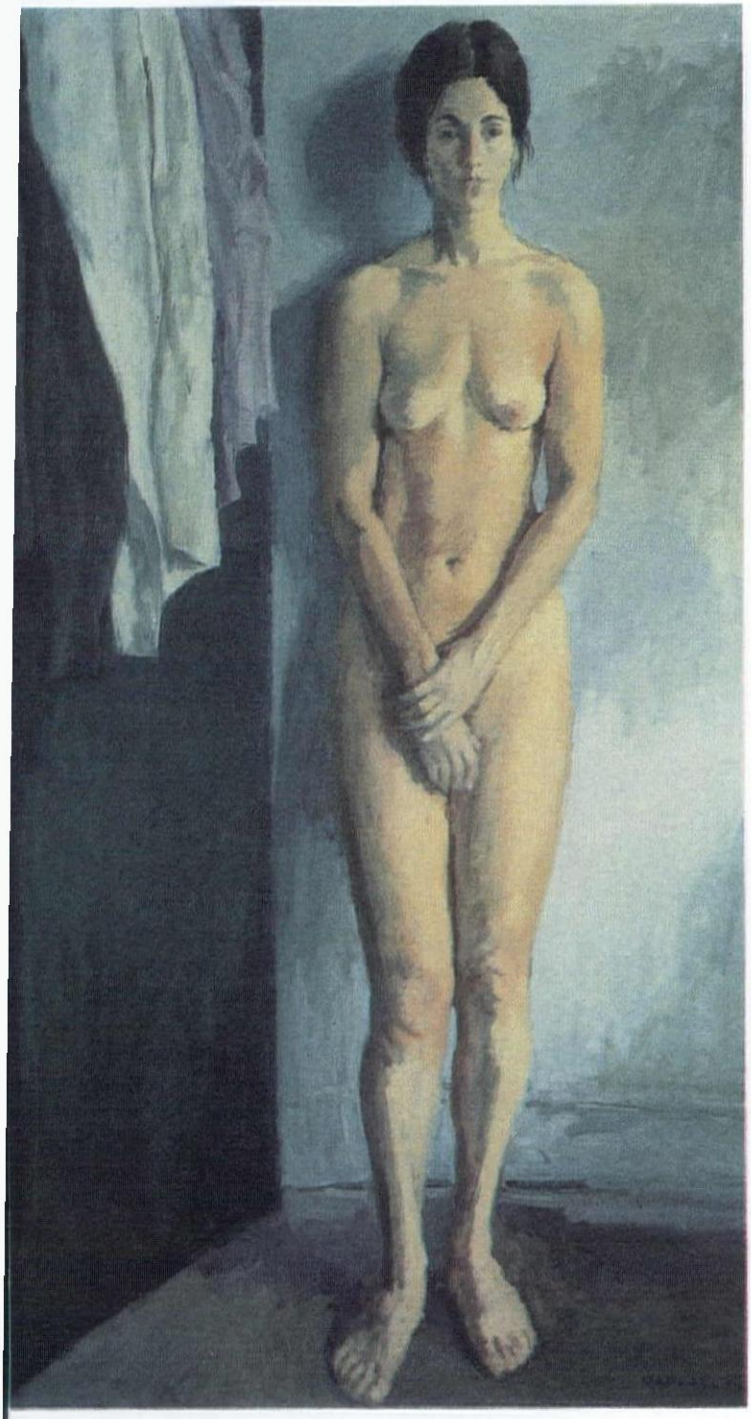
Judd Tully last wrote on Roy Lichtenstein for Horizon *in September 1981.*

". . .my head has become a museum itself."



Champion of realism with a romantic touch: Soyer, shown above in a 1920 self-portrait (lithograph, 8 7/8 by 6 1/8 inches), reveres a pantheon that includes Degas, Courbet, Delacroix, and the American Thomas Eakins—whom he pays tribute to in Homage to Thomas Eakins *(far left, 1965, oil on canvas, 80 by 80 inches). His nudes (left, 1980, oil on canvas, 57 by 31 inches) follow in that tradition. Says Soyer, "I know almost all of their secrets after a while."*

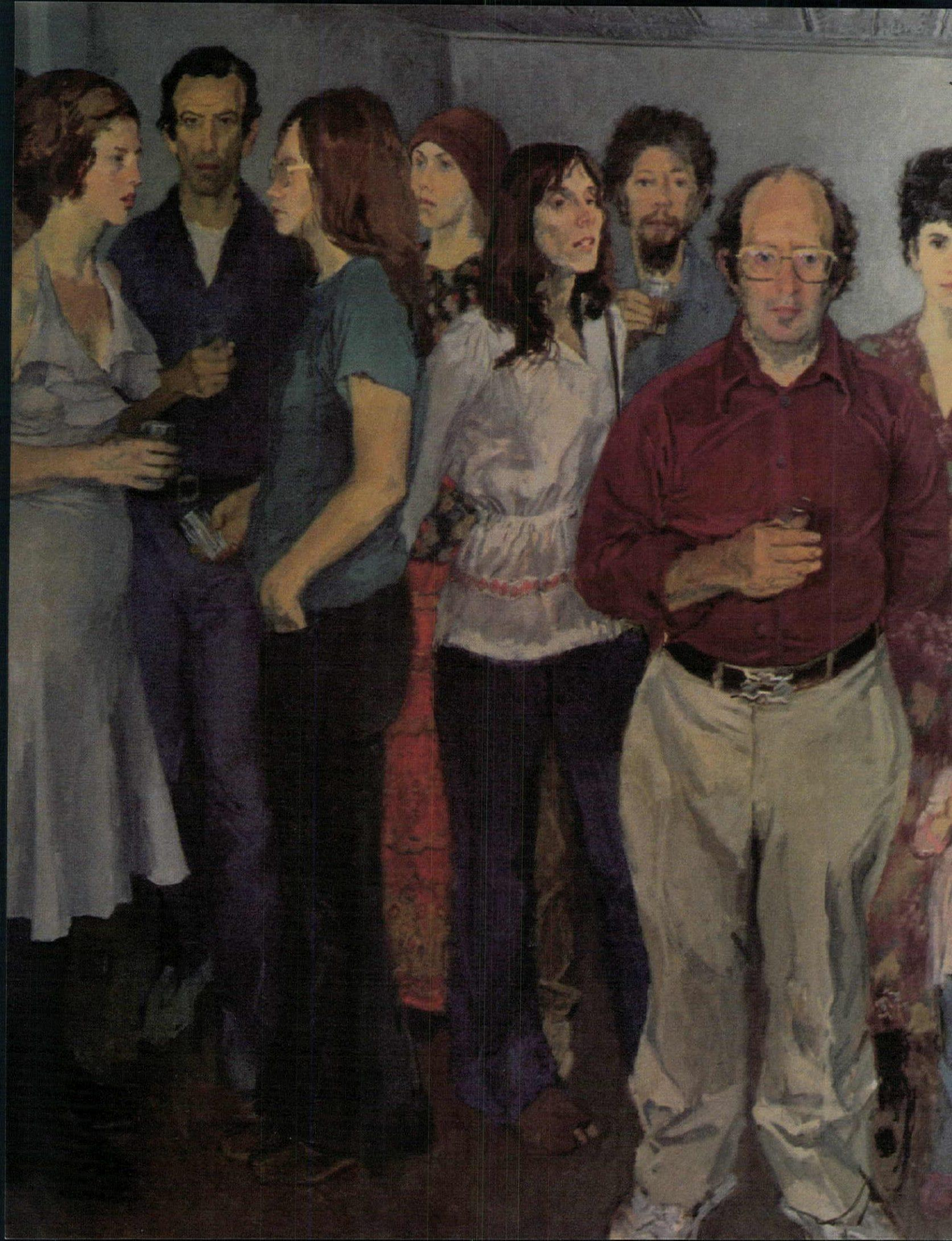
after I came to this country," he recalls. "On Sundays, Raphael and I would ride our bicycles out to Pelham Bay and paint watercolors. Nobody sold anything in those days. We were very poor. When Raphael had his own studio, I'd often go over and find him cutting up one of his canvasses and throwing out the parts he didn't like. Many times he'd say to me, 'Okay, take it.' "

One of Soyer's important early paintings, *The Dancing Lesson* (1926), hangs in Gross' home. A clumsy-footed young man with startled eyes (brother Moses) is firmly gripped by a relaxed young woman (sister Fanny), and the couple somehow floats across the flower-bordered living room rug. Behind the young dancers, a slouching boy (brother Isaac) plays harmonica under the benign gaze of a rubber plant. A stout woman (mother Beyla), ensconced in a substantial rocker, looks off into the distance, Yiddish newspaper folded on her ample lap. The painting clicks with a grandfather-clock precision; you can almost hear the wood-planked floor groan.

In 1928, Soyer tucked that painting, wrapped in newsprint, under his arm and brought it to a famous American art dealer, Charles Daniel. Soyer sought out Daniel on the advice of his teacher, Guy Pene Du Bois. Impressed with the canvas, Daniel instructed Soyer to return when he had a dozen of like quality and he would give him a show. A year later, Raphael Soyer, no longer confined to steerage class, had a one-man show in the penthouse of the Daniel Gallery on Madison Avenue.

"I painted a lot of street scenes in those early days," Soyer recalls. Balanced on the edge of an ancient, straight-backed chair, the bespectacled artist rests his chin on an upraised palm. "My first studio was on the Lower East Side, on Corlears Hook Point. I paid $20 a month. I would go out with my easel and paint box and go right into the middle of the street. They were free from traffic and not choked up by cars. There was a beautiful sense of perspective, of space. But New York has become inaccessible. I can't stand in the middle of the street anymore. One becomes older. You have to bring the world into your studio. That's what I've done. I paint street scenes today with many people. I paint them here."

"Here" is a high-ceilinged, no-frills studio with three large, frosted windows admitting northern light. Small, scarred, paint-spattered tables support tubes of oil paint, bottles of rectified turpentine and linseed oil. A tray of



Mondrian was "a decorator, pure and simple."

Isolated by a half-century of modernism: Soyer's view of himself has shifted from the self-confident smoker of 1930 (above, lithograph, 13 3/8 by 9 3/4 inches) to the wallflower of the 1974 Portraits at a Party *(left, oil on canvas, 54½ by 80 inches). Soyer and his brothers are small and isolated from the partying younger artists headed by Philip Pearlstein, in scarlet.*

His models: "I know almost all of their secrets."

A long-standing love affair with the female figure: Soyer (above, 1956, lithograph, 11 7/8 by 9 1/8 inches) has painted a bewildering parade of women through the years, chronicling their changes from the Dorothy Parker types of the thirties to the Anne Beattie-ish women of the eighties, as in Two Women *(left, 1980, oil on canvas, 38 by 38 inches).*

pastels forms a musty still life on a windowsill brightened by a small bouquet of yellow daffodils. Two large easels stand sentinel. Stacks of paintings lean against each other like a platoon of folding chairs, showing only their backsides. Drawings by George Grosz, a caricature of Soyer by David Levine, a crayoned astrological chart of the artist by the poet Gregory Corso, and a bevy of small paintings and sketches pockmark the gray walls. The real artillery in the studio is a simple, blue-striped cot sunk in an antique iron frame that has cradled a bewildering cast of posing women.

"When you become older, you become a little more flamboyant. When you're young, you're very reserved. Look at the paintings of Matisse and Degas. The older they get, the more colorful they become." In midsentence Soyer leaves his chair and pulls a large canvas out of a shady corner to illustrate his point: A young woman with dark hair and luminous ebony eyes reclines on the lumpy, bare mattress. One long, blue-jeaned leg carelessly crosses the other. Her gaze swims in a brush-stroked reflecting pool of melancholia. The isolated intimacy projected on the canvas is unnerving. Who is she? What is she thinking? Anticipating the half-formed questions, Soyer responds with a touch of hubris: "I know almost all of their secrets after a while."

Throughout his long career, Soyer has also painted, drawn, and etched his self-portrait, creating a chronicle of his emotional and artistic struggles. In *Self-Portrait, 1920,* he strikes a slightly belligerent pose, a strategically placed cigarette dangling from his lips. A youthful bravado emanates from the finely cross-hatched lines. *Self-Portrait, 1969* was the last lithograph Soyer executed of his own image. The artist's eyes, a bit sunken, slightly fatigued, mask an interior bedrock of strength and resolve. The picture is moody, sharp with the cross-currents of a Giacometti and a dash of Rembrandt. Here is a face that has weathered the triumphs and

Singer on Soyer

Raphael Soyer and Nobel Laureate Isaac Singer began their relationship as neighbors, grew to be friends, and have ended up as collaborators. "When I came to America," Singer begins to explain, then corrects himself, "I would say, a few years later—let's say in the forties—I moved into a building on Central Park West and Raphael Soyer was already living there. But it took us years until we became acquainted. We are not the kind of people who make acquaintances quickly."

In the Author's Note to his latest autobiographical volume, *Lost in America,* Singer writes, "I am delighted to have my friend, the great artist Raphael Soyer, illustrate the work." Singer recalls how the two men had met in the street and how he had asked Soyer to work with him: "He illustrated a former book of mine, *A Young Man in Search of Love.* I was amazed to hear that he didn't think [about the new book] for a moment, that he answered immediately 'yes.' I am very proud to have him as an illustrator."

The collaboration was a natural. Both Singer and Soyer are traditional craftsmen who shun abstraction in their clear portraits of human relationships and experiences. According to art critic Walter K. Gutman, Soyer has two real loves in his life: women and paint. Could something similar be said about Singer? Women and words?

"We are both interested—he as a painter, I as a writer—in the millions of billions of variations of love between the sexes. I never think for a moment that this topic can be exhausted because every human being in every human affair is different and has what I would call its own fingerprints. . . . I would say I try to write about the things which I know best. He tries to paint the people he knows best."

Singer says of Soyer's work, "You don't have the feeling of repetition. You get the feeling of a man of character, of a man who knows both his power and his limitations. You know people who run after vogues and fashion changes. If the fashion is so he becomes such a man; if the fashion is different he becomes a different man. A real artist remains himself.

"I admire my good friend Raphael Soyer for many things, but mostly for his integrity as an artist. He never let fashions or vogues change his mind or style. He has been faithful to himself and to his notions about art for fifty years or perhaps longer. And for this and his many other qualities, he deserves the high recognition which he's getting now.

"Raphael Soyer is a realist, but he is also an artist who believes in the soul, which is the essence of all art." —*Robert Ratner*

"I go with the camp of Titian and Degas."

setbacks of a tumultuous century.

The Great Depression swallowed up Soyer's successful one-man show at the Daniel Gallery in 1929. Charles Daniel closed up shop and Raphael Soyer returned to the mean streets of the Bowery and Union Square to paint the faces of the unemployed. Never comfortable with the sticky label of "social realism," Soyer has always maintained he just "paints what's around me." On one of those street expeditions he noticed a shabby character "fishing" through a subway grating. With moist chewing gum for bait, Walter Broe patiently angled for lost change. Soyer painted this scene and invited the down-and-out old man to be a model. Broe appears in many Soyer street scenes of the 1930s and became a caretaker for the artist's studio. During the Depression, many a homeless model, young and old, spent the night on Soyer's studio cot.

The young artist's compassion spilled over into the political arena. He joined the John Reed Club, founded in 1929 "to develop revolutionary art and literature." Soyer attended the twice-weekly lectures armed with a sketchbook and an open mind. Dues were twenty-five cents a month. He heard Lewis Mumford deliver a slide talk on the Mexican muralist Jose Clemente Orozco. He began to teach at the club's art school on Sixth Avenue. He sketched another Mexican muralist, Diego Rivera, and marched in protest at Rockefeller Center when Rivera's commissioned work was destroyed by the Rockefeller family because it brashly depicted Lenin and Trotsky. Gradually, the impressionable Soyer emerged from his isolation. He married Rebecca Letz on February 8, 1931.

The jarring global events of the 1930s sent waves of change through American art. Nonobjective painting arrived with boatloads of European expatriates docking in New York and spreading Bauhaus gospel and the riveting geometric lines of Mondrian. Soyer never stepped foot in the abstract camp and has remained an avowed realist through thick and thin. It got very thin very quickly.

Soyer plunged into the 1940s with a huge one-man show at the newly organized Associated American Artists gallery. One section of the exhibit, titled "My Contemporaries and Elders," consisted of twenty-three portraits of artists. Marsden Hartley became furious when Soyer decided to keep Hartley's puckered, dentureless mouth in the picture even after Hartley brought a new pair of dentures to the studio for a revision. Joseph Stella applauded Soyer's deftness in "capturing" his substantial girth, and always taciturn Edward Hopper sent Soyer a letter in his spare, calligraphic prose.

The theme of "contemporaries and elders" stuck. As evident in the 1948 oil, *My Friends* (his most ambitious picture of that decade), it combines the artist's signature elements of portraiture, classical art-history paraphrasing, and probing self-portrait. Although Hirshhorn director Lerner comments, "It just didn't spark," the painting was a launching pad for Soyer's mature work.

While abstract expressionism engulfed the New York gallery scene after the war, Soyer and a distinguished band of figurative artists formed a magazine titled *Reality, A Journal of Artists' Opinion.* Soyer recalls in *Diary of an Artist* (New Republic Books, 1977): "We did not foresee the furious reaction our little publication would arouse on the part of the Museum of Modern Art, the critics, and other art publications. The Museum sent a letter by messenger to the members of our editorial board in which was implicit a warning against Communist influences. In reply, in the second issue of *Reality* (1954), we expressed our disappointment 'in our enemies—we would expect issue to be taken with us on a higher level than proved to be the case.' "

There is a bittersweet irony in the Hirshhorn's decision to install Soyer's double-barreled exhibition hot on the heels of "De Stijl: 1917–1931," a show eulogizing the utopian Dutch movement. Their gods were the geometric forms and pure, primary colors that catapulted Piet Mondrian to art-world glory. Soyer has always considered Mondrian "a decorator, pure and simple." Mondrian's ultimate reality is galaxies away from Soyer's, for Soyer is in love with the human figure.

Soyer spent years combing the treasure troves of European museums and churches to study the figure techniques of the masters. "When I looked at Caravaggio's painting in the Church of San Luigi Francesci in Rome," Soyer wrote, "I compared it to Cézanne's *Card Players,* to the detriment of Cézanne. For after all my visits to the museums my head has become a veritable museum itself, stacked with a multitude of paintings, from all places and all times, and although it may be historically incorrect to do so, I constantly juxtapose them and compare them."

Soyer's iconography of women and arti his preference for "street theater" over Bro way, and his melancholy painterly duel w alienation place him on a special pedestal realism. The Russian poetry he loves to r shapes his incorrigibly romantic nature. Wl Degas, Courbet, Delacroix, and Rembra dominate his Olympian roster, Soyer championed the American painter Thor Eakins in his extraordinary *Homage*— crown jewel of the Hirshhorn exhibition.

From Walter Broe's ravaged countenance the 1930s to the "haute punk" fashions of 1980s on the gentrified Upper West Si Soyer, like a Damon Runyon with canvas, chronicled the island of Manhattan. T young women who pose in his pictures beco a portrait of changing times: In the 1930s th would fit like a kid glove in the stories Dorothy Parker; Soyer's women of the 198 with their blue jeans, leotards, and cam bags, seem straight out of Ann Beattie.

Soyer, too, has felt the rush of time. In *Pe traits at a Party* (1974), he paints a Magin Line of youth and aging by exiling himself a his two brothers, Moses and Isaac, as corn wallflowers. The three brothers, gray head and slightly stooped, look towards the ma group of younger artists headed by Phil Pearlstein. The trio in gray is wrenched fro the main body; the younger artists have the backs turned to their elders.

"I feel that some artists need long lives fulfill themselves," murmurs Soyer, opening deep cabinet drawer jammed with sketc books. "Some artists like van Gogh ar Modigliani fulfilled themselves quickly. I g with the former camp of Titian and Degas."

In 1976, Raphael's twin brother, Mose died in front of his easel. His last word according to Raphael Soyer, were addressed t the young dancer posing for him: "Phoeb don't frown."

"Raphael Soyer: Sixty-five Years of Print making" opens August 5 at the Hirshhor Museum and Sculpture Garden in Washing ton, D.C., and remains on view until Octobe 3. Beginning in January 1983, 75 of the 14 works in that exhibition will tour fifte museums (locations to be announced) unde the auspices of the Smithsonian Institutio Traveling Exhibition Services. A show o Raphael Soyer's paintings will run concur rently at the Hirshhorn, August 5–October 3 there are as yet no plans for it to tour.

Top: 1967 lithograph, 10 1/8 by 8 1/4.

Richmond

The Virginia Real

Above: You can go rafting on the wild and lovely James River without ever losing sight of Richmond's modern skyline.

Where 200 years of history meet the future—and you can experience it all. By Sylvia Costen

Richmond is a city in a birthday-party mood. Two years ago it celebrated its two-hundredth birthday as Virginia's capital, and this year it celebrates its two-hundredth birthday as a chartered city.

But this is more than just an anniversary year—it represents a new beginning. An ambitious collaboration in city redevelopment is now underway; the revival of a 1920s theater as a new downtown performing-arts center will be the crowning touch next May.

The arts have always been at the heart of Richmond's growth. The city enjoyed an earlier rebirth as an arts center in the 1950s when the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts was upgraded into an impressive cultural cornerstone. A theater wing added to its expanded galleries made it a leader in performing as well as fine arts. Richmond now boasts a symphony, ballet companies, opera, theatrical companies, and many museums and galleries. According to Rand-McNally's *Places Rated Almanac,* Richmond ranks second among cities its size in arts-per-capita.

But the arts must compete for attention with their surroundings: Richmond's tree-shaded nineteenth-century streets and mansion-flanked, statue-punctuated boulevards. Coupling historic sites and contemporary activities generates a special mystique. The science museum occupies a monumental 1919 railway station. Dozens of mansions are university class rooms and organization headquarters. A nineteenth-century warehouse area, the Shockoe Slip, has been transformed into a wide-awake dining, dancing, and arts area.

ARCHITECTURE AND HISTORY

So it's best to begin any arts tour of Richmond with an appreciation of its rich architectural heritage. Downtown, for starters, is studded with outstanding examples of most styles since the American revolution. The **State Capitol,** designed in 1785 by Thomas Jefferson after the Maison Carré in Nimes, France, is the jewel. Particularly noteworthy here are statues of Washington, a life-sized marble by Houdon, and a large equestrian bronze by Thomas Campbell (open daily, free).

Downtown walking tours ($4) leave Capitol Square daily at 10:00 A.M. Outstanding buildings include the Gothic Revival **Old City Hall;** the 1813 neoclassical **Governor's Mansion** (open Christmas and Garden Week); the 1818 **White House of the Confederacy,** designed by Robert Mills (closed for refurbishing); the Federal-style

Downtown is studded with examples of most architectural styles since the Revolution.

1787 **John Marshall House** (Wednesday–Sunday, free); and the elegant 1812 **Wickham-Valentine House** (Tuesday–Saturday, $3), designed, like the Governor's Mansion, by Alexander Parris.

Also noteworthy are the 1845 **Egyptian Building**, and the handsome nineteenth-century churches—**Monumental, Saint Paul's,** and the original **First Baptist.** These and the city's oldest house, an eighteenth-century stone cottage at 1914 East Main used as the **Edgar Allan Poe Museum** (Tuesday–Saturday, $2), sit in the shadow of the modern skyline.

Outside the downtown area, the neo-Romanesque 1890 **Dooley Mansion,** centerpiece of 125-acre Maymont Park, and **Wilton,** built in 1750 fifteen miles east of the city and now rebuilt in the West End, should not be missed. Remodeled nineteenth-century homes fill two affluent urban areas—**Church Hill** (just east of downtown) and **The Fan,** named for the street plan to the west. House tours are held in April and at Christmas. Walking tours are sporadically scheduled as well in a third urban area, **Jackson Ward,** where preservation centers on black history.

History, rather than architecture per se, draws visitors to the eighteenth-century **Saint John's Church,** where Patrick Henry's impassioned call for "liberty or death" pushed American colonists toward revolution. Re-enactments are staged Sundays at 3:00 P.M. The church (Broad at Twenty-fourth) is open daily 10:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. ($1).

Recapture Richmond as the Confederacy's capital at the **Confederate Museum** (1201 East Clay, daily, $1) or along the ninety-seven miles of battle lines that ring the city (National Park Service headquarters, 3215 East Broad).

Below: Thomas Jefferson designed the State Capitol in 1785. Below right: The Richmond Symphony begins its season October 18.

MUSEUMS AND EXHIBITIONS

The **Valentine Museum** (Clay at Eleventh, Tuesday–Sunday, $2) concentrates on Richmond art and history. In addition to its elegant Wickham-Valentine House, the museum features the nation's third-largest costume and textile collection and an extensive library of pioneer photography.

The **Virginia Museum** (Boulevard at Grove, Tuesday–Sunday, donation) is a rich microcosm of the world's great art. Particularly outstanding are the Fabergé jewel collection (the largest outside Russia), French impressionist paintings of the Mellon collection, and art nouveau works assembled by Frances and Sydney Lewis. The current exhibit of more than one hundred vases from early Greek colonies in southern Italy closes August 8. Opening in the main galleries September 14 will be the Bancroft collection of pre-Raphaelite art from the Delaware Art Museum and in the Institute of Contemporary Art Galleries September 1 will be "American Abstraction: the '80s."

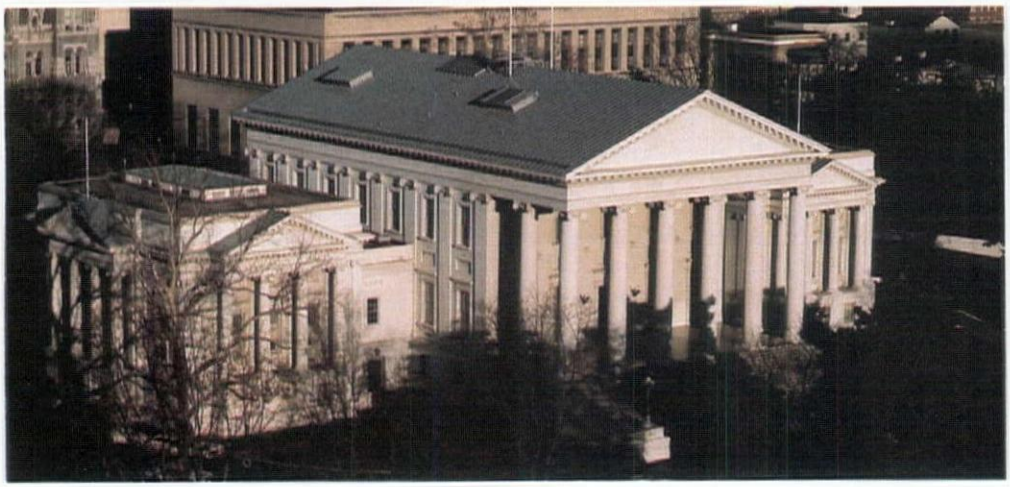
The Public Library's **Gellman Room** (101 East Franklin, Monday–Saturday) features Barbara Ames' figurative paintings in August and the Richmond Artists Association juried show in September. Virginia Commonwealth University's **Anderson Gallery** (907½ West Franklin, daily) reopens September 1 with John Baldessari's mixed-media "Art as Riddle." The **Second Floor Gallery** at F & M Center (Twelfth and Main, Monday–Friday) presents African art, August 2–31, a Richmonder Bill Harman's prints and dra ings, September 2–30.

ART GALLERIES

Former museum directors guide two top Ri mond art enterprises. Dr. R. Peter Mo former Virginia Museum director, recen opened **Fine Arts America Inc.** (404 W Franklin, Tuesday–Saturday), which he pro ises will be "one of the half-dozen b galleries in the country." Robert May former Valentine director, has **Gallery Ma** (124 Granite, Tuesday–Saturday), which co centrates on nineteenth- and early twentie century American art.

Eric Schindler (2305 East Broad, daily), forerunner in Richmond galleries, features range of art from the sixteenth century to t present. **1708** (1708 East Main, Tuesda Sunday), featuring members' works, is t city's newest gallery. Also popular a **Reynolds-Minor** (209 West Franklin, Tuesda Sunday), which will show works by There Pollak, VCU art professor emeritus, September, and **Cudahy's** (1316 East Car daily), where Virginian Dennis Frings' acryli and abstract collages star in September. Th latter also shows fine crafts, particular regional ones, as do **Baldridge** (Sycamo Square, Monday–Saturday), **Cary Winds** (2924 West Cary, Tuesday–Saturday), an **Lewis-Schaal** (3135 West Cary, Tuesday Saturday) galleries. The **Virginia Museum** als emphasizes regional artists in its loan/ow gallery and shop. For eighteenth- an nineteenth-century antiques and furniture visit **Reese** (207 East Main, daily) and **Tudo**

(Continued on page 3



Building an Endowment

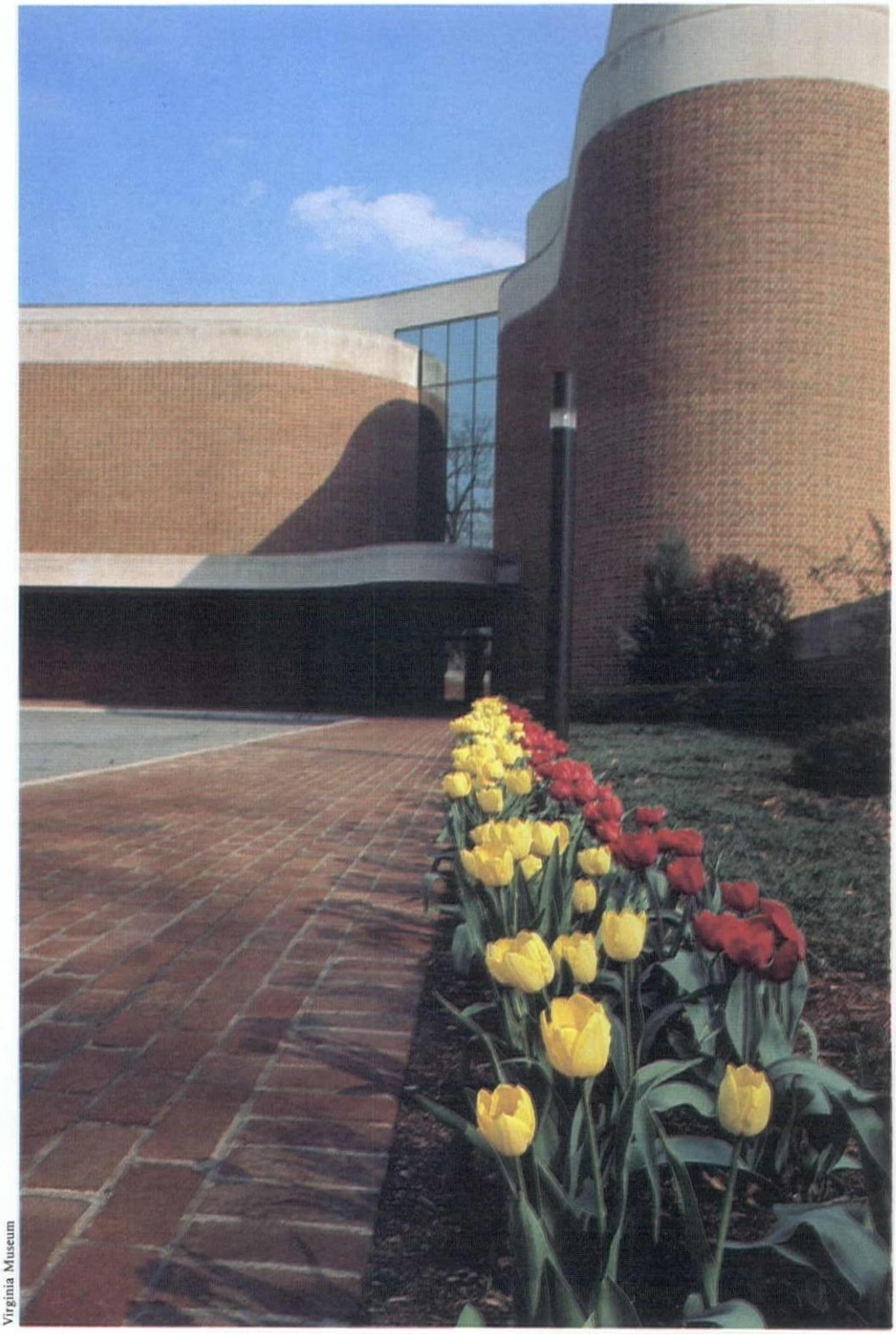
How the Virginia Museum is raising its sights—and the money to make it possible.

In this time of budget cuts and red ink on the bottom line for so many arts organizations, a successful and financially secure institution like the Virginia Museum in Richmond might be tempted to rest on its laurels. Instead, the Virginia Museum is poised for transition, preparing to make the leap from regional to national—even international—stature. The price tag for that ambition will include a $15-million endowment campaign. Combining a bold commemorative memorials program and plain old hard work, the museum well exceeded the halfway mark—at $8.3 million in gifts and pledges—in just over a year.

The commemorative effort—targeted for as much as $8 million—stands out for its strikingly straightforward approach. Rather than dole out plaques as new construction commences, the museum has discovered the potential of its existing structure for designated gifts. And it's being frank about exactly where donors will earn plaques for how much.

Not that the museum is steering away from new construction. By its fiftieth anniversary year in 1984, the museum expects to have added to its Georgian-cum-modern complex a new West Wing; the 80,000-square-foot addition will effectively double its exhibition space. The wing will house two of the most distinguished collections to pass from private to institutional hands in the 1980s.

From Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon of Upperville, Virginia, will come a comprehensive collection of nineteenth-century French paintings, as well as a group of British and American sporting paintings. From Sydney and Frances Lewis of Richmond comes a broad and deep sampling of twentieth-century art objects and decorative items, some 1,500 pieces in all, ranging from contemporary American paint-



Virginia Museum

The Virginia Museum plans an 80,000-square-foot addition, doubling exhibition space.

Virginia Museum

Mellon Collection

Top: The museum's Sydney and Frances Lewis Art Nouveau gallery is one of only a handful of galleries of its kind in America. Above: The Mellon gift of a comprehensive collection of nineteenth-century French paintings includes The Beach at Trouville *by Eugene Boudin (1864, oil on panel, 10¼ by 18½ inches). The Lewises and Mellons will contribute $6 million to building costs.*

ings to Tiffany lamps.

The West Wing project, designed by Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates, will cost $22 million. Matching gifts of $6 million from the Mellons and Lewises should cover building costs; a $10-million appropriation from the Virginia General Assembly takes care of architectural and engineering fees, site work, built-in equipment, and other costs. The project also includes renovation of the 535-seat Virgi Museum Theater.

All that revenue comes on top of an ann appropriation from the legislature—$ million this fiscal year—that provides three-quarters of the operational budget. A unit of Virginia's government, the muse enjoys "an endowment the likes of which other [American] museum has," according Paul Hood, director of development.

Why, then, the ambitious endowment dr on top of all that? You might say it's the pr of success. When the West Wing opens and t two collections go on view, Hood says, t museum "will draw visitors not only from t state but from all over the world" with "c of the finest collections of contemporary that exists right now. That's bound to elev the whole level and scope of our activities."

To rise to that new elevation, what's need is a boost in the level of what Hood calls "de sion money"—funds not committed to fix costs. "There's really less than $1 million th can be redirected without cutting into the ba functions of the museum.

"What the new endowment income will d is increase the proportion of the money v have to put into the quality of what we' offering in the galleries and on the stag According to current projections, the endo ment should generate income of $1–1 million, roughly double the current level and, unlike much of the existing endowmen is not restricted to specific projects such acquisitions of art works."

How do you put together a successf endowment drive? First you need to lay th groundwork. "We started an organize development program here eight years ago, Hood explains, "and we've got a good, soli annual-giving program under way. All th other parts of a development program are no in place, with the exception of a planne giving [i.e. estate-planning] program, which the next thing on the drawing boards."

Next you need a cross-section of the move and shakers in the business and financia establishment. The Richmond drive is heade by Ethyl Corporation president Bruce C. Gott wald and was launched by two challenge grant of $500,000 each from Philip Morris Compan and Ethyl, plus a $1-million individual gif from Mr. and Mrs. William E. Massey Sr. I announcing the corporate gifts, then-governo John Dalton urged Virginians to "rise to th challenge of these two exemplary corpor

BUSINESS LEADERS OF RICHMOND

PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

Continental Financial Services Company

CSX CORPORATION

Ethyl

NABISCO BRANDS INC

Miller & Rhoads

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Dick Strauss Ford

UKROPS Super Markets

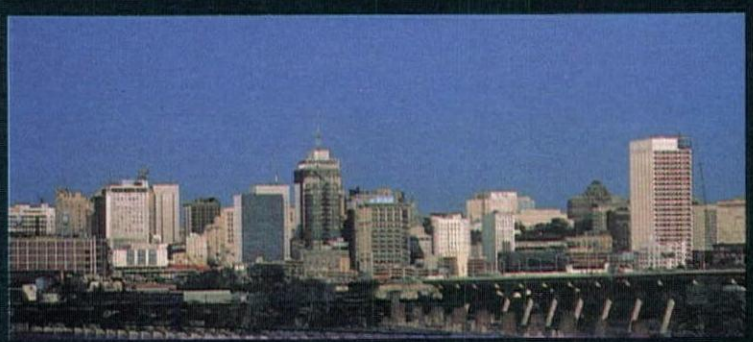
Kings Dominion

Consolidated bank&trust co.

PEPSI

Allegheny Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company

Bank of Virginia



The Richmond Area.
We're the Heart of Virginia.

The Heart of Virginia consists of Chesterfield, Hanover and Henrico Counties, plus the City of Richmond

ations." And Gottwald said, "These new endowment funds will allow the museum to generate programs comparable to its distinguished collection."

The importance of big gifts is simple mathematics. Less than 15 percent of the donors generally contribute 80 to 90 percent of the total. A single gift will have to take a 15 to 20 percent chunk and the top ten gifts must account for another 55 to 60 percent of the total.

To get its message across, the museum produced "the green box"—an impressive collection of a four-color booklet about the museum, a question-and-answer guide to the endowment drive and commemorative-gifts effort (including a "price list"), even a button (in its own box labeled, "Virginia Museum is pinning its hopes on you") reading, "Let's make Virginia the State of the Arts." A slide presentation brought the details to givers.

The new endowment income is expected to underwrite the cost of major touring exhibitions, expanded statewide services (most notably, the museum's pioneering Artmobile, whose tours account for as much as 60 percent of total attendance), additions to the permanent collection, an enlarged educational component, and a subsidy for the theater, which has suffered chronic financial strain over the past decade, despite record attendance.

No less than organizations lacking a conduit to public money, the Virginia Museum "will have to look more and more to the private sector," Hood concludes. "This campaign is our first really big effort in that direction."

—C. A. Bustard

Space Sales

In building an endowment fund, your arts organization must consider what it has to offer donors in return for their generosity. Designated memorials represent a tried-and-true technique, but only if you are building something new to hang plaques in—or so you might think. The Virginia Museum has turned that idea on its head, and so can your arts group:

1. Decide what you have to commemorate. "Since we depend on state appropriations for our 'people costs' and since our trustees wanted as much of this endowment money as possible to be unrestricted, we were left with the problem of what to 'sell,' what to put people's names on," explains Paul Hood of the Virginia Museum. The solution: "We decided to take some of the areas in the existing facility not already named, and put a plaque up. What we've said, in effect, was, 'We're delighted to have your gift, which goes into the endowment fund. In recognition, if you like, we will gladly put your name somewhere.' "
2. Make a list of your memorial areas and the precise location of each. The Virginia Museum came up with a total of sixty-seven "commemorative opportunities," a dozen of which have already been snapped up. Don't overlook any possibilities: the museum lists its cafeteria and its photography department.
3. Price the commemorative opportunities according to visibility. For $1.5 million, the Virginia Museum will memorialize you or yours at the main entrance; $1 million, and they'll name the American or Oriental gallery after you. Other galleries range from $500,000 down to $150,000. More modest benefactors may be commemorated in a variety of offices ($5,000 to $25,000), auditoriums ($50,000 to $75,000), retail space ($25,000 to $50,000), even a couple of elevators ($5,000 each) and the "security console entrance" ($25,000).
4. Include the list and prices in your fund-drive package with information about your arts group and building. Make clear that the commemorations will be in your existing structure —that this is not, as the Virginia Museum puts it, "for capital outlay purposes in the sense of bricks and mortar construction." Spell out exactly what the donations *will* be used for.
5. Concentrate your efforts on individual donors; leave less-sentimentally inclined corporations more or less to your overall fund drive. Draw your preliminary "hit list" from those who have been generous in the past. Some individuals, Hood notes, are "interested in visibility; some have needs for recognition with others who support similar institutions; and there are some who are simply motivated by wanting to leave the world a better place—those are the ideal kind of givers, few and far between. . . .We are happy to accommodate them all."
6. Tailor your presentation to the targets, but make it first-hand and personal, including a guided tour (not by a docent) of your facility. This must be a long-term process: the Virginia Museum's endowment drive spans just under three years.

Team Play

Teamwork between economic renewal and th arts plays a major role in the Richmond rebirt saga. An organization coupling the privat sector and local government, Richmon Renaissance, has been launched to boos redevelopment citywide; fittingly, its actin administrator—Kathy Dwyer—also heads u Richmond's Federated Arts Council.

Richmond Mayor Henry Marsh says the art "will be the glue that holds this all together." Dwyer elaborates: "We could be involved wit institutional development, special events, art i public places. . . . In turn, we will see the art begin to really respond to the issue of qualit of life." Two recent Richmond arrivals—CS and Figgie International—cited quality-of-lif considerations as paramount in their choice o new corporate headquarters.

Frederic Deane Jr., CEO of the Bank o Virginia and a key Renaissance organizer explains, "It is a nonprofit corporation tha will use both public and private funds t stimulate investment, encourage expansion and attract new business. . . .It will serve as catalyst and provide a middle ground wher private and public partnerships can be brough to fruition." Renaissance chairman is T. Justi Moore, CEO of Virginia Electric and Power Mayor Marsh serves as president.

Moore promises, "Richmond Renaissanc will help to bring about the economic an cultural revitalization of our city. It is an idea ready to. . .become a reality."

As for the Arts Council itself, Dwyer won' speculate on the role it may take. But it' already a busy force on the local arts scene providing its 100-odd member groups wit services ranging from management seminars t a mailing-list cooperative. The council and Richmond Renaissance are helping to plan a downtown arts district centered on two more classic theaters and the old Masonic temple. And the council annually recognizes corporate support for the arts, with recent awards to First and Merchants Bank and Miller and Rhoads.

It's all part of the Richmond togetherness formula. "The arts are a uniting force," says Marsh. "Support for the arts brings people together—different races, different economic factions. We are going to revitalize the city physically as well as intellectually." □

Hub of a Renaissance

Richmond's private and public sectors combine to create a $6-million Performing Arts Center.

A multimillion-dollar partnership between the arts and economic renewal is bringing back a beloved landmark in Richmond, Virginia, as a new home for performing arts. The Loew's Theatre in the heart of downtown opened April 9, 1928, with a showing of *West Point,* starring native son William Haines and a young actress named Joan Crawford. Famed theatrical architect John Eberson modeled the movie palace on the Roxy in New York: Moorish minarets, stained glass, artificial stone walls and bougainvillea inside. For opening night, a machine projected a starry sky (the pattern taken from the January 1928 *National Geographic)* on the theater's ceiling. Parrots—four stuffed, two live—perched in artificial trees.

When the Loew's Theatre closed its doors—for, it was thought, the last time—in 1979, the marquee promised a double bill of *Kung Fu Street Fighter* and *Revolt of the Dragon.* No stars. No parrots.

But on May 6, 1983, the classic theater will reopen as the new Virginia Center for the Performing Arts. It will be home to the Richmond Symphony and to guests ranging from Broadway road shows to the Alvin Ailey Dance Company, plus corporate seminars and conferences. A $6-million fund drive will restore the Loew's to its former glory and set it as the crown jewel of Richmond's glittering downtown revival.

Nina F. Abady, director of development for the center, says of that teaming of the arts and downtown dollars, "I knew there would be a payoff to the community. Since this is primarily a large-gift campaign, though, we had to quantify this enlightened self-interest. Quality of life is one thing, but x-million dollars is more forceful." To fill in that blank, Abady hired Zuchelli, Hunter, and Associates, an Annapolis consulting firm, to study the center's economic impact. The study extrapolated from Richmond facts and figures as well as the experience of comparable cities (see sidebar). Its whopping grand total: a $360-million economic boost, directly and indirectly, over the next twenty years. In just the first year, the study predicted a $7.3-million shot in the arm to the Richmond economy—or $1.21 for every $1 invested in the center.

The historic Loew's Theatre will live again as the Virginia Center for Performing Arts.

Abady and center board-chairman Carroll Saine of Central Fidelity Bank gathered a thirty-four-member committee chaired by I. Lee Chapman III of Virginia Blue Cross/Blue Shield and James C. Wheat Jr. of Wheat First Securities. The committee took those figures and made a compelling case for "enlightened self-interest." A four-page brochure, illustrated with a pie-chart, a map, and a photograph of the theater in its heyday, spelled out the economic benefits. Says Abady, "Every volunteer took the study with him, and we sent it with letters to a large number of civic organizations. I spoke at dozens of meetings, using slides of the theater interspersed with slides of these facts."

To date, the effort has paid off with more than $4.6 million; an additional $500,000 in state funds will come when private donations tip $5 million. Big gifts from local corporations have made the rapid success possible: a $560,000 five-times matching grant from Philip Morris, easily met with the help of $560,000 from the Ethyl Corporation; $150,000 from CSX Corporation; and $100,000 from Continental Financial Services Company Foundation.

The promised downtown renewal has also borne fruit. A 400-room, $44-million Marriott hotel will be built just a block away. According to Abady, Marriott executives cited the center as a key factor in their decision to build in downtown Richmond.

Add to this Richmond's yen for historical preservation and the special sentimental importance of the Loew's. "Everyone in Richmond has a warm and personal memory of this," says Abady. "It was *the* place to go. People remember their first kiss in the balcony, or how they proposed in the third row."

To capitalize on that, a free exhibition in the theater's foyer traced the history of the Loew's and sketched the promise of its restoration. A talking mannequin dressed in the haute couture of the Roaring Twenties told passersby of plans for the center. Guest of honor at the exhibition opening, in July 1980, was Eddie Weaver, who had played the Loew's Wurlitz organ for twenty-eight years.

The following February, a gala again stirr up local nostalgia. A dinner for 225 maj donors at the Commonwealth Club preced the gala; a reception in the main hall of Centr Fidelity Bank, decorated for the occasion wi towering posts of spring flowers, followed. Tl gala itself, for 1,200 invitees, starred the Ric mond Symphony and Roger Mudd, who na rated Aaron Copland's "Lincoln Portrait (Mudd began his journalism career at the Ric mond *News-Leader)*. Stabbing searchlights ou side recalled the theater's Hollywood ties and Mediterranean garden motif inside prompte memories of the original opening night.

"There was no fund raising, but they kne why they were invited," Abady says. "We als invited members of the General Assembly—w knew we'd need an appropriation."

The sentimental appeal has also clicked wit individual donors, who are snapping up th chance to "buy"—in the form of a plaqu —seats in the restored theater for $500 each "To give the campaign a broader thrust, we'r using direct mail to sell $25 raffle tickets; fo every twenty tickets sold, we'll hold a drawin for a seat. This enables people who can't giv $500 to participate," Abady adds. The cam paign aims at raising a total of $1 million.

Seats—about 225 will be added—and the til of the floor will be the only obvious departure from the theater's original design. (Moder theatrical equipment will help broaden th structure's uses.) Architect Frederic H. Co Jr., with consulting help from the son of th original builder, will faithfully reproduce th 1920s elegance. The challenge, Cox says, i finding skillful artisans to do the work.

Even without improvements, the Loew' acoustics are already rated as comparable to the superb sound environment at the home o the Philadelphia Orchestra. The starry sky painted bougainvillea, and imitation mossy stone walls all will be re-created. More than forty separate paint colors of the origina theater have been painstakingly identified and matched. The Loew's cost less than $700,000 to build in the twenties; to build it anew today would cost $20-30 million.

"It is working," says Abady, "because the need was so pressing—for this size, for this acoustical quality. And because the city is so exciting, so ready."

The promise of $360 million in benefits, of course, didn't hurt. —*David A. Fryxell*

Making the Pitch

"Quality of life" benefits from the arts are well recognized: a Rand Corporation study showed that cultural amenities play a bigger role than tax abatement in executive-relocation decisions. But nothing speaks louder and clearer than dollars and cents, and those figures aren't really so elusive. The economic-impact study done for Richmond by Zuchelli, Hunter, and Associates cost less than $10,000—a small enough investment for a $6 million project. But even if you can't afford that kind of fee, you may be able to get the help you need as an in-kind donation from a local accounting or consulting firm. Expert advice with the numbers can also come from the economics or accounting department of your local university. The basic techniques are fairly straightforward and can apply to almost any arts project:

1. Survey the operating budgets, attendance levels, and characteristics of facilities of comparable size or market area. The Richmond study looked at forty performing-arts centers, including similar restoration projects.
2. From this data base, make projections of your own probable attendance, operating budget, etc.
3. Using standard statistical methods and procedures pioneered by the National Endowment for the Arts, begin to estimate your annual economic benefits. For a copy of the NEA study, *Economic Impact of Arts and Cultural Institutions,* send $3.50 to Publishing Center for Cultural Resources, 625 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Also order ($3.50) *A Model for Assessment and Case Study in Baltimore.*
4. In adding up benefits, start with direct expenses by your arts center ($40,000 a year in Richmond), by employees ($38,000 in this example), and by guest artists and their entourages ($3,250). Add direct expenditures by residents on meals, parking, pre- and post-performance entertainment ($1.2 million). Then add direct expenditures by visitors and nonlocal attendees ($360,000). This gives you the total direct expenditures ($1,641,000 a year in Richmond).
5. Calculate secondary or indirect benefits. Your dollars multiply as they recycle through the economy: purchases by employees of businesses serving you, value of additional supporting business property, inventory purchases, expanded local credit base, etc. In Richmond, this totaled $4,553,000.
6. Consider the additions to local payrolls from this heightened economic activity ($879,000 in Richmond); add the value of durable goods that those payroll dollars will, in turn, purchase ($27,000).
7. Compute the impact on local government revenues from real-estate, sales, and other taxes ($98,000), and then subtract the additional government operating expenses you will create ($13,000). In Richmond the net plus was $85,000.
8. Figure all the one-time expenditures for restoration or new construction associated with your project ($2.6 million for the Virginia Center for the Performing Arts). Consider, too, how many man-days of new construction jobs you will create (4,500 in Richmond).
9. Finally, calculate the new jobs that will be generated in local business and government by this economic activity (108).
10. Total the direct, secondary, government, payroll, and durable-goods figures ($7,283,700). Based on assumptions about future inflation rates, you can then extrapolate this figure over, say, twenty years ($359,977,300). The bottom line, as the Richmond study puts it, is that your project represents "not just a contribution to the cultural health of the community . . . but also a sound business investment decision."

Catering to Symphony Needs

The women's committee catered a concert for Continental Financial Services, whose Life of Virginia building is in the background.

How a symphony auxiliary uses books and home cooking for noteworthy fund raising

Borrowing a refrain from private industry, the Richmond Symphony women's committee has jumped into both the food-service business and the bookstore business—all in support of one of the Southeast's leading symphony orchestras. In just three years, these innovative women have orchestrated two success stories most entrepreneurs would envy: the catering operation netted $14,000 last year and the bookstore cleared about $7,000—part of their total $50,000 contribution.

Starting with some seventy-five members in 1957, the committee has grown to more than 450 women. Its Symphony Suppers and Bass Clef Bookstore have involved members in both the funds and the *fun* of fund raising.

Symphony Suppers were launched in a 1927-vintage anteroom adjoining the 3,700-seat Mosque auditorium where the symphony plays. The room had been operated off and on as an intermission cocktail lounge by the Federated Arts Council of Richmond. When the council wanted to get out, recalls Doris Roberts, "the symphony management came to me and asked me what type of plan I could come up with. I said I would think about it.

"The first thing that came to mind was a supper. I thought, 'Why not have a place where couples could make a symphony night of it, with a supper, wine, and all of that,' " Roberts says.

Roberts got the necessary go-aheads and a license to serve liquor. The Symphony Suppers almost immediately became the hottest thing in town. All have been sell outs—120 persons, more than a third of whom are "season subscribers." Roberts adds, "We have a waiting list of fifteen to twenty for each supper. An area college president reserves ten

places for each concert for his trustees or whomever." Suppers cost $10 a person, $5 of which is tax deductible.

The Symphony Suppers start at 6:00 P.M. with a mixed-beverage cash bar. Supper is served, buffet style, from 6:30 until 7:45 P.M., ending in time for the 8:00 P.M. concert starting time. Tables are covered and decorated elegantly, with candelabra, flowers, green plants. Sometimes light entertainment is provided—a bagpiper for Scottish night, for example. Other themes have used other cultures: earlier this year, when the Greek consul, along with Virginia's Governor Charles S. Robb and his wife, Lynda Johnson Robb, were guests of the symphony, women from the city's Greek community provided a Greek feast.

"I do most of the cooking at my house," Roberts says. All the food is purchased with reinvested proceeds from the suppers. "I'm fortunate enough to have three ovens and two refrigerators. . . . Fixing dinner for 120 people really is easy. It's gotten to be that I can't cook for any fewer than 120. I have to cook by guess—smell, taste, and looks. The food must have a consistency, the right feel."

After the food is cooked, volunteers transport it in chafing dishes by van to the Mosque club, which has no kitchen facilities. Plates, cups, and saucers are kept in a storage room. The dishwashing is done in huge tubs rolled onto the stage after concerts—that's where the men help out, Robert reports.

The Symphony Suppers have proved so popular that now the food force headed by Roberts has gotten into the finger-food catering business, too. They cater receptions held by corporate sponsors of the symphony after the pops concerts, in which the bill of fare is hors d'oeuvres and mixed drinks. The other day these redoubtable women packed a box supper for executives of Continental Financial Services before an outdoor symphony pops concert. The menu: chicken piquant, stuffed zucchini, petit pois salad, strawberry cupcake, mocha cupcakes, wine.

The women's committee's Bass Clef bookstore began about the same time as the Symphony Suppers—three years ago, in the basement of a restored Victorian building in the heart of Richmond's financial district. The store is now open Mondays through Fridays from 11:00 A.M. until 2:00 P.M. to catch the downtown lunch-hour crowd. The idea grew, says Julie Griffith, who is in charge of the project, from a book sale.

The store is manned by three volunteers per day, all carefully signed up in advance, says Griffith. Books are donated by both women's committee members and the general public. "We accept everything but textbooks and *Readers' Digest* condensations," Griffith says. The books are classified according to "treasured and southern works," a popular shelf; fiction; nonfiction; paperbacks; and children's books. Separate shelves house sheet music and phonograph records.

"There really is a run on paperbacks and classics right now, though we have a lot of calls for history and biography," Griffith says. Hardback novels just don't sell. "And people always are asking about southern works."

The books are priced according to a used-book price guide. "If a title is not in it, we simply use our own judgment," Griffith notes. Prices range from the American edition of an 1894 set of Dickens' novels—$50—to dozens of twenty-five-cent paperbacks.

Bass Clef has periodic special sales, such as a grab bag where buyers take potluck on ten books stuffed in a bag, a "paperback by the pound" sale, and a half-price sale during Symphony Week. "There are some who check the shelves each week to see if a favorite title will be around for the half-price sale."

Who are the customers? They come from all walks of life. "Some come in two or three times a week. Others are first-timers," Griffith says. "One fellow comes in every Friday and buys a couple of records." To encourage regulars, Bass Clef maintains a request file: "We want to match people with the books they want. We have a standing request for the Dvorak Cello Concerto and *The Barber of Seville*." Just now, however, the record collection contains more the likes of Patti Page, the Beatles, and Elvis Presley than the Berlin Philharmonic.

Griffith took over the Bass Clef operation for the women's committee about a year ago, shortly after she moved to Richmond from Cleveland with her husband, Garth Griffith, general counsel for the CSX Corporation. "The credit belongs to Naomi Taylor. She got up on the ladders and got this thing going," Griffith points out.

Other symphony-support activities range from a bridge contest to a "fantasy ball"—all, like the suppers and bookstore, big successes. Ask anyone involved with the Richmond Symphony: these women have hit just the right note.

—Francis L. Church

Sound Advice

Any arts organization with willing and a volunteers can cook up a supper progra Doris Roberts of the Richmond Sympho women's committee advises: **First,** find a roo that can accommodate at least 100 persons ideally, close to your performance hall.

Second, she says, equip the tables wi coverings and festive decorations. Choose theme and carry it out. For example, wh Jacques Houtmann, the symphony's Frenc born conductor, celebrated his tenth anniv sary here, the Symphony Supper had a birt day theme with a French accent. Or the fo may be variations on a "theme" from t symphony concert on a particular nigl China, glassware, and cutlery can be initia lent by members, and permanent tablewa purchased later with supper proceeds.

Third, the food must be attractive and tas and out of the ordinary. "It can't be chicken la king," Roberts warns. Instead, it should l something named "chicken supreme in so cream. There must be flair and magic." Tl night the Symphony Supper contained th chicken dish, the balance of the menu co sisted of tambale of corn, Judy's potato roll lemon chess pie, wine, and coffee. Oth favorites of Symphony Supper goers: Yorl shire pudding, cheese souffle, rock Cornis hen with black-cherry sauce, beef with sou cream sauce.

Fourth, the food must taste good if it coo down during the time it is transported from th kitchen to the serving room. Avoid food tha will separate or get too stiff. Do not serv seafood or pork, because of dietary restriction

Fifth, make certain you have a source c volunteers. Roberts and assistants do most c the Richmond cooking in her spacious kitcher but it could work just as easily dividing up th effort, even rotating the tasks. (Salads in on kitchen, main course in another, desserts in third, and so on.) Mass feeding, Roberts add isn't as difficult as it sounds. The serving itsel should be buffet-style.

Sixth, once you know what you'll be servin and where, publicize the suppers through you arts organization to season-ticket holders an supporting corporations. Note that a portion (i Richmond's case, half) of the supper price wi be tax deductible. Then head for the kitchen.

USArts is made possible this month by Business Leaders of Richmond

Coupling historic sites with contemporary activities generates a special mystique.

(Continued from page 28)

13 South Twelfth, daily), the latter also featuring fine art.

PERFORMING ARTS

The **Virginia Museum Theater** features some six mainstage and three studio productions each year. *The Lion in Winter* begins the '82–'83 subscription season, directed by Tom Markus.

Two recently restored late-Victorian theaters, the 1,000-seat **Empire** (118 West Broad) and, next door, the 300-seat **Regency**, draw audiences to the downtown area. Regency is used chiefly by the **Theater IV** company and the Empire is home to the **Concert Ballet of Virginia**, a company using eighty dancers. Its October 15 opening spotlights *Les Sylphides* and Act II of *La Bayadere*.

The **Richmond Ballet** performs at the Mosque, the city's 3,700-seat auditorium (Main at Laurel). The eighteen members of the company and ten apprentices are supplemented by guest stars and dancers from its four-hundred-student school. The season begins October 29 with the full-length 1832 *La Sylphide,* accompanied by the Richmond Symphony.

The eighty-five-member **Richmond Symphony** begins its season October 18 with pianist Lorin Hollander as guest artist.

RESTAURANTS AND NIGHTLIFE

Richmond's three outstanding dinner-theaters are open all year. **Barksdale** (798-6547), fifteen miles north on Route 301 in a 250-year-old tavern, claims to be the nation's oldest—founded in 1953. **Swift Creek Mill Playhouse** (748-5203) occupies a 1663 grist mill on Route 1 South. **Haymarket** (746-4288) has an ample but less venerable setting on Route 360.

Nightspots cluster in the Shockoe Slip, where a couple can budget dinner and an evening's entertainment for $50. **Sam Miller's** (643-1301) downstairs and **The Warehouse** (644-5465) upstairs for live music and **The Tobacco Company Club** (782-9555) and **The Bus Stop** (788-9933) for disco are worth checking. Outside the Slip, crowds are drawn by the piano at sophisticated **Fifth Avenue** (2053 West Broad, 348-7417) and the jazz at **Bogart's Backroom** (203 North Lombardy, 353-9280) or by the bands at **Fanny's** (6532 West Broad, 285-9951) in the far West End.

Most of these, particularly The Tobacco Company, are also good restaurants. At the Slip's other restaurants the fare varies from hearty English at **Matt's Pub** (644-0848) to elegant Italian at **Il Porto** (780-3021). Away from downtown, **La Petite France** (2912 Maywill, 353-8729), with award-winning gourmet fare; the **Peking** (5710 Grove, 288-8371), with superior Szechuan dishes; and the **Flying Cloud** (2004 Dabney, 355-6412) or **Chesapeake** (2209 Dickens, 282-4230), both with good seafood, are popular.

WHERE TO STAY

Richmond is a paradise of franchise motels. Exceptions to the blahs are the 426-room **John Marshall Hotel** (644-4661, $47–$51) downtown and the 385-room **Hyatt** (285-8666, $68–$78) off I-64 in the West End. The **Commonwealth Park,** a European-style luxury hotel, is planned for a January 1, 1983, opening. Very attractive accommodations are offered by a nineteenth-century guesthouse (2304 East Broad, $55–$65) and by **Bensonhouse** (804/649-4601), a new bed-and-breakfast referral service featuring $36 to $60 accommodations in stately homes as well as charming cottages.

WHEN TO VISIT

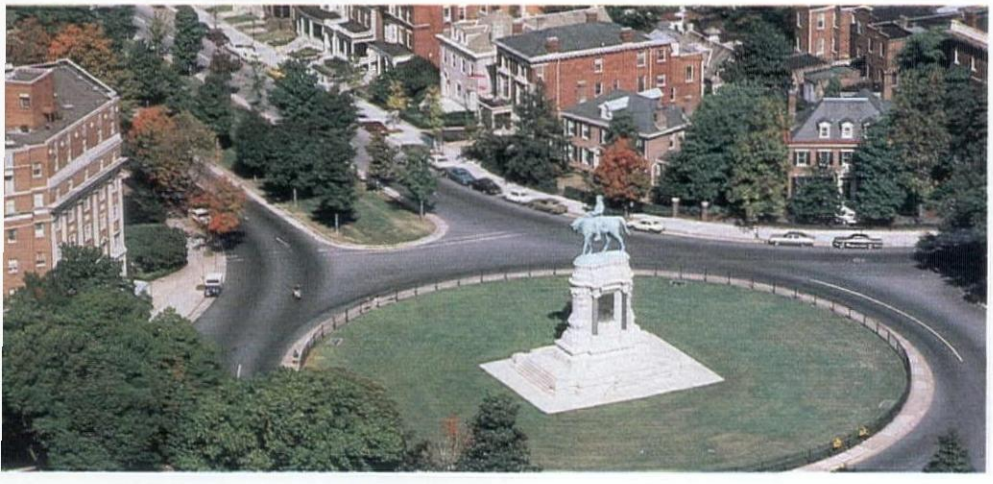
April is a prime time to visit Richmond because of Garden Week tours. But every season offers its own special events. The **Festival of the Arts** brings good free entertainment to Byrd Park's Dogwood Dell stage almost nightly until Labor Day. Extra special this summer is a three-Sunday (July 11, August 15, and September 5) jazz festival in Shockoe Slip.

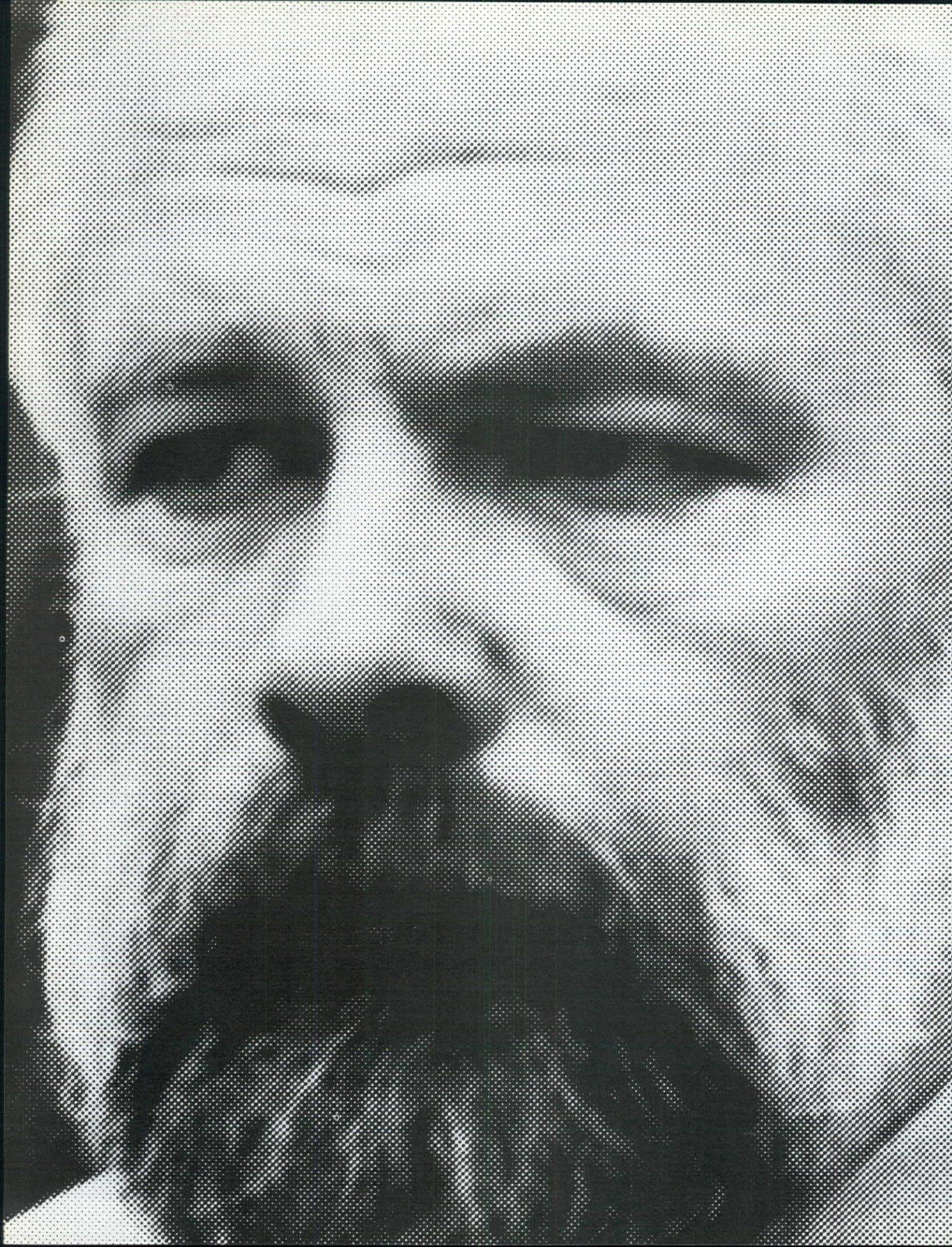
Coming up are the **Delicious Weekend,** featuring international performing arts as well as foods (September 10–12, Coliseum); the **National Tobacco Festival** (October 16–24); and the 140-participant **Crafts Fair** sponsored by the Hand Work Shop (November 12–14, Arena). Spring events include a 400-exhibit **Arts in the Park** in May and **June Jubilee,** a performing-and-fine-arts weekend festival. The latter mixes jazz, fireworks, a juried art show, a parade, and a local talent showcase.

For more information, contact the Metropolitan Chamber of Commerce (112 East Franklin, zip 23219, telephone 780-0107). The Federated Arts Council operates a telephone information service (264-ARTS). The Richmond Visitors' Center (exit 14, I-95 and 64, 358-5511) also aids tourists. For information on historic structures and tours, contact Richmond-on-the-James (648-5584). □

Sylvia Costen is an editor with the Richmond News-Leader.

Below: Statue of Robert E. Lee. Below right: Shockoe Slip offers shops and fine dining, like the English fare at Matt's Pub.





Do Androids Dream of Philip K. Dick?

Film and literature wake up to a neglected genius.

By Charles Platt

"I want to write about people I love, and put them into a fictional world spun out of my own mind," Philip K. Dick once explained, "not the world we actually have, because the world we actually have does not meet my standards. Okay, I should revise my standards; I'm out of step. I should yield to reality. I have never yielded to reality. That's what science fiction is all about. If you wish to yield to reality, go read Philip Roth."

Science fiction, of course, has a lingering reputation as a subliterate form. It's no longer dismissed as total garbage suitable only for crackpots and introverted adolescents; escalating sales figures have changed all that. Still, few readers and even fewer respected critics take it very seriously. They expect the worst and much of the time they get it—formula-written space adventures, as melodramatic and facile as the paperback covers emblazoned with winged slimy things, purple planetoids, or oily barbarians defending brass-brassiered princesses.

The tragedy of Philip K. Dick's career is that most of his books, tackling anything from religion to Greek philosophy, have been disguised under silly "sci-fi" covers because his writing has been too unconventional to fit into any other category. So he has been invisible to reviewers and to the general public, just as Kurt Vonnegut was invisible to them during the ten years preceding *Slaughterhouse Five*.

Dick's peers knew all along they had an unrecognized genius in their midst. " 'Genius' is a much misapplied term," says Philip José Farmer, "but I believe that Philip K. Dick was one of the few true geniuses in our field." Ursula K. LeGuin observed, "Nobody notices that we have our own home-grown Borges, and have had him for thirty years." And Alfred Bester said of Dick, "I have been told that he and I write very much alike. Between the two of us, I'm the one who's flattered."

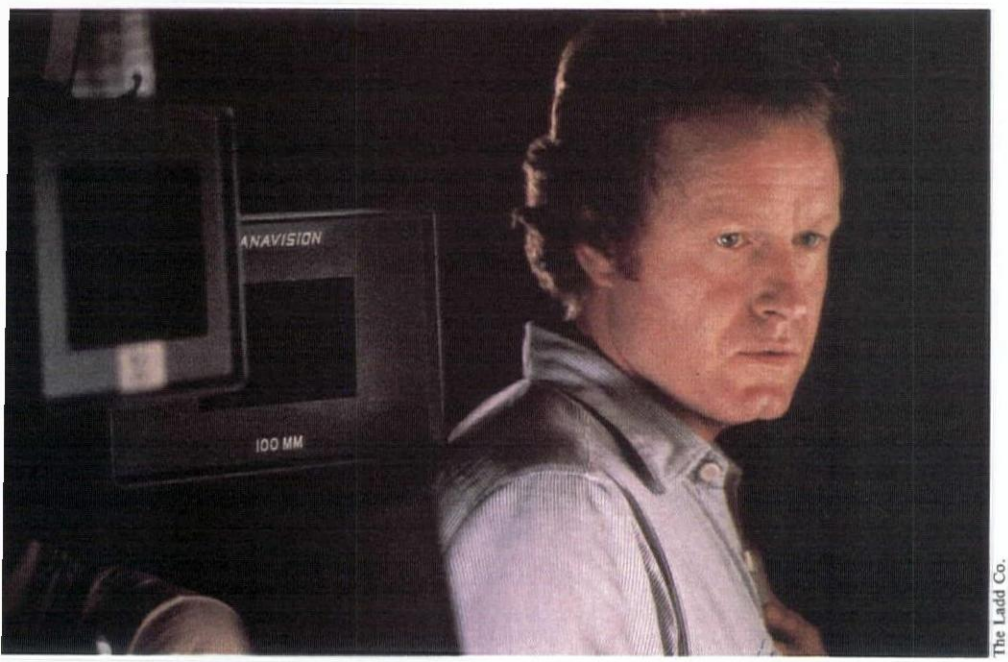
At last, however, Dick's work is beginning to find an audience beyond its underground following. *Blade Runner,* a movie starring Harrison Ford *(Star Wars, Raiders of the Lost Ark)* and directed by Ridley Scott *(Alien),* based on a Philip K. Dick novel originally titled *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?,* has just been released. Two more movies derived from his work are in production. Dick's *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer,* a new, totally un-science-fictional novel inspired by the life of renegade Episcopalian Bishop James Pike, is being published in hardcover this summer.

Sadly, these achievements have come only after the author's death: Philip K. Dick suffered a stroke in March of this year and died one week later, at the age of fifty-three. Nevertheless, his books are now starting to reach the audience that they have always deserved.

He first began writing when he quit as the retail buyer for a record store in Berkeley, California, in 1952. For a while he led the classic writer's life of poverty, eating ground horse meat bought from a pet-food store at thirty-five cents a pound. He stayed up all night typing short stories. "Roog," the first one he sold, depicts reality as it might seem to a family's dog. Human beings are inscrutable figures, and garbage men seem like thieves, sneaking in and stealing from the cans the dog has seen being filled with goodies. When the dog tries to warn his owners of the "theft," he is, of course, told to quit barking.

Hardly the kind of material that most people think of as science fiction, but its use of a

Charles Platt was editor of the British literary magazine, New Worlds, *and is the author of* Dream Makers *(Berkley), a book of profiles of science-fiction writers.*



The Ladd Co.

Director Ridley Scott (left) will bring the surreal future worlds of Philip K. Dick (opposite) to a wide audience for the first time with his new movie, Blade Runner.

"Nobody notices that we have our own home-grown Borges, and have for thirty years."

nonhuman world-view made the landscape seem as enigmatic and strange as that of an alien planet, and so it sold to a science-fiction magazine. Dick found himself becoming a science-fiction writer, back in the 1950s when that "crazy stuff" was truly scorned.

"This was not funny, the derision felt toward science-fiction writers," Dick wrote in the introduction to his collection *The Golden Man*. "It made our lives wretched. Even in Berkeley—or especially in Berkeley—people would say, 'But are you writing anything serious?' We made no money; few publishers published science fiction; and really cruel abuse was inflicted on us. To select science-fiction writing as a career was an act of self-destruction."

But it was the only commercial field that would accommodate his exploration of multiple viewpoints and conflicting realities. "I was interested in Jung's idea of projection—what we experience as external to us may really be projected from our unconscious, which means of course that each person's world has to be somewhat different from everybody else's. . . . I began a series of stories in which people experienced worlds which were a projection of their own psyches."

A P.K.D. Primer

In his prodigious career, Philip K. Dick published more than thirty novels and, including foreign editions, nearly fifty books. For a good introduction to his works, read these books (the most recent editions are listed, in the order Dick wrote them):

Eye in the Sky (Ace, 1977)
The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch (Bantam, 1977)
Confessions of a Crap Artist (Timescape, 1982)
Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said (DAW, 1981)
A Scanner Darkly (Ballantine, 1977)
The Golden Man (Berkley, 1980)
Blade Runner (original title, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, Del Rey, 1982)
The Transmigration of Timothy Archer (Timescape, 1982)

Science-fiction short-story magazines were proliferating. Dick was able to publish thirty stories in 1953 and twenty-eight more in 1954. Not all of this work was memorable; some stories merely played games with old science-fiction themes, as though he were writing a sardonic commentary on the field.

Dick's primary concerns ran much deeper to the very texture of reality: "I was just beginning to grasp that obvious form and latent form are not the same thing. . . . I was beginning to see in a dim way what I later saw so clearly; in fragment 123, Heraclitus said, 'The nature of things is in the habit of concealing itself,' and therein lies it all."

He gathered the courage and technical finesse to dramatize these notions in his fourth novel, which he titled *With Opened Mind,* but which Ace Books published as *Eye in the Sky* in 1957. Eight visitors to a research center fall into the beam of a "bevatron," and when they recover consciousness—or seem to—they find the world transformed. Gradually they realize they are living in a reality projected from the neurotic subconscious of one of the eight, a religious fascist. That reality is replaced by a succession of others, each from a different mind. In the world of a paranoid reactionary, for instance, suburban neighbors become subversive terrorists plotting a guerrilla war.

Eye in the Sky achieved modest popularity but only among the minority of misfits who read science fiction back then. So Dick spent most of the next three years trying to write books that would sell to the "mainstream" of literature. He completed seven novels using strictly contemporary settings perceived from multiple viewpoints. These books "all contained the element of the projected personal unconscious, or the projected collective unconscious. . . . They required the reader to accept my premise that each of us lives in a unique world." But editors complained that they couldn't tell which of the multiple viewpoints was "the real one," and so the books seemed paradoxical and contradictory—which, as Dick saw it, was the whole point. None of the books was accepted for publication until 1975, when a small press produced *Confessions of a Crap Artist*.

In this eloquent and self-revealing novel, Jack Isidore, an eccentric science-fiction fan with deranged ideas about everything from sex to the Day of Judgment, is adopted into the suburban family of his shrewd, domineering sister, Fay. While Jack is insulated in his private "crazy-world," the "normal" sub banities destroy each other with their neuro

The character of Fay, a willful, intoxicat woman whose demands erode her husband a ultimately lead to his death, recurs un different names throughout Dick's work. has said that she was modeled on a wife of who, after the breakup of their marria bought a gun and pursued him for a ye threatening to kill him. "I guess you'd bet not print her name," he once warned me. you do that, she might come after *you*."

Confessions of a Crap Artist will appear its first mass-market paperback edition t August. Inevitably, since Dick is still kno only as a science-fiction writer, it will published and distributed as science ficti His six remaining non-science-fiction ma scripts gather dust in the special-collecti section of the Fullerton College Library California.

Unable to make it in the mainstream, Di returned to science fiction and won a Hu Award (science fiction's Oscar) for *The Man the High Castle* in 1962. "I decided I shou capitalize on it, so I just wrote one book aft another. I was being paid so little per bo that I had to turn out a very large number books. I had an extremely expensive wife a children. . . . She would see a new car that s liked the looks of and just go off and b it. . . . Under California law I was lega bound by her debts and I just wrote like mad think I turned out sixteen novels in fi years. . . . I did sixty finished pages a day.'

That period of frantic activity ended in ludicrous suicide attempt in which, he on told me, he ate a huge chocolate cake, seve dozen Dilantin, and a bottle of Valium, th went and sat in his car in the garage with t engine running—only to realize, in panic, th if the attempt failed, he would wake up wit out any tranquilizers left. So he ran back to t house and phoned his druggist for a Valiu refill, just in case. The druggist realized th the last Valium prescription had been di pensed just days before, suspected the wor and sent paramedics to the house. They fou Dick unconscious but still alive: the drug ove dose had been buffered by the huge quantity chocolate cake in his stomach. He was taken a hospital, where (as he told it) he woke u days later to find his wife by his bedside sayi she'd had enough of his incompetence, ha taken the children and all the furniture, a was putting their house up for sale.

Much of Dick's life was stranger than science fiction. He had wild theories about why his home was once raided, his files blown open, and his papers stolen by the FBI; or how an experimental military drug had been slipped to him by local Hell's Angels; or how his letters to a senator from Fullerton, who was on the committee debating whether to impeach Nixon, swayed the senator and swung the committee vote. I used to sit and listen as he solemnly narrated this kind of story, backing it up with pieces of documentary evidence—and then we'd both laugh about how crazy he sounded.

Like the characters in his thirty-odd novels (some very odd indeed), he often seemed out of control of his life: "I identify with the weak person; this is one reason why my fictional protagonists are essentially antiheroes. They're almost losers, yet I try to equip them with qualities by which they can survive."

So in Dick's comic *The Zap Gun,* in place of the usual supercompetent hero we have "Lars Powderdry," deviser of "weapons fashions" for the free world. He is revered by the masses but haunted by the dismal knowledge that none of his weapons actually work—they're merely stage props to allay public anxiety, since the superpowers signed a secret deal to stop wasting money on the arms race. Powderdry cribs his ideas telepathically from the mind of an Italian comic-book artist in an insane asylum. And when an alien invasion prompts governments to implore Powderdry to dream up a weapon that *works,* he goes into a trance and draws a steam engine. Ultimately, an unemployed toy manufacturer named Vincent Klug rescues humanity.

This was the last lightweight novel that Dick wrote. By the mid-1960s he was an antiwar activist, concerned ". . . not just that we each live in a somewhat unique world of our own psychological content, but that the subjective world of one rather powerful person can infringe on the world of another person." He told me, "I went through attack-therapy in Canada. You get a lot of people all yelling at you, and suddenly the mystery of the Moscow purge trials of the 1930s becomes very clear—what could possibly make a person get up and say in a most sincere manner that he had committed a crime, the penalty for which was execution. Well, the answer lies in the

The Ladd Co.

Harrison Ford plays the "blade runner" of the film's title—a detective tracking down murderous androids called "replicants."

"To select science-fiction writing as a career was an act of self-destruction."

incredible power of a group of human beings to invade a man's world and determine his image of himself so that he can actually believe their view of him."

There were links here with religion, and with LSD, which people were just starting to talk about. These themes came together in *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch,* Dick's most disturbing science-fiction novel. Palmer Eldritch, a charismatic explorer, brings to Earth a hallucinogenic alien fungus. Gradually we realize that all the individual dream worlds conjured up by eating the fungus are somehow run by Palmer Eldritch himself. Every person's dream/life (the distinction vanishes) becomes haunted by the image of Eldritch's surgically rebuilt face, with its gray metal implants the "stigmata" of the title. In a kind of transubstantiation, all of humanity becomes a copy of Eldritch, with the fungus serving as a Satanic sacramental wafer.

Dick had not taken acid when he wrote this novel ("All I had to go on . . . was an article by Aldous Huxley."), but he subsequently spent a couple of years living in the drug culture of the late 1960s. "Parts of that scene were funny and wonderful and other parts were hideous," he wrote later. "The one good thing about my being in the street was that the people didn't know I was a well-known science-fiction writer, or if they did, they didn't care. They just wanted to know what I had that they could rip off and sell. At the end of the two years everything I owned was gone—literally, including my house."

Those experiences became a tragicomic novel, *A Scanner Darkly.* An undercover narcotics cop, whose identity is secret even from his employers, is ordered to spy and report on his own spaced-out secret identity. The cop can't refuse the assignment for fear of blowing his own cover.

Drugs were not a lasting preoccupation for Dick, merely a symptom of his fundamental concern with the fabric of reality and its inhumanities. His books became melancholy reflections upon human suffering: "I have seen uneducated street girls survive horrors that beggar description. I have seen the faces of men whose brains had been burned out by drugs, men who still could think enough to be able to realize what had happened to them; I watched their clumsy attempts to weather that which cannot be weathered."

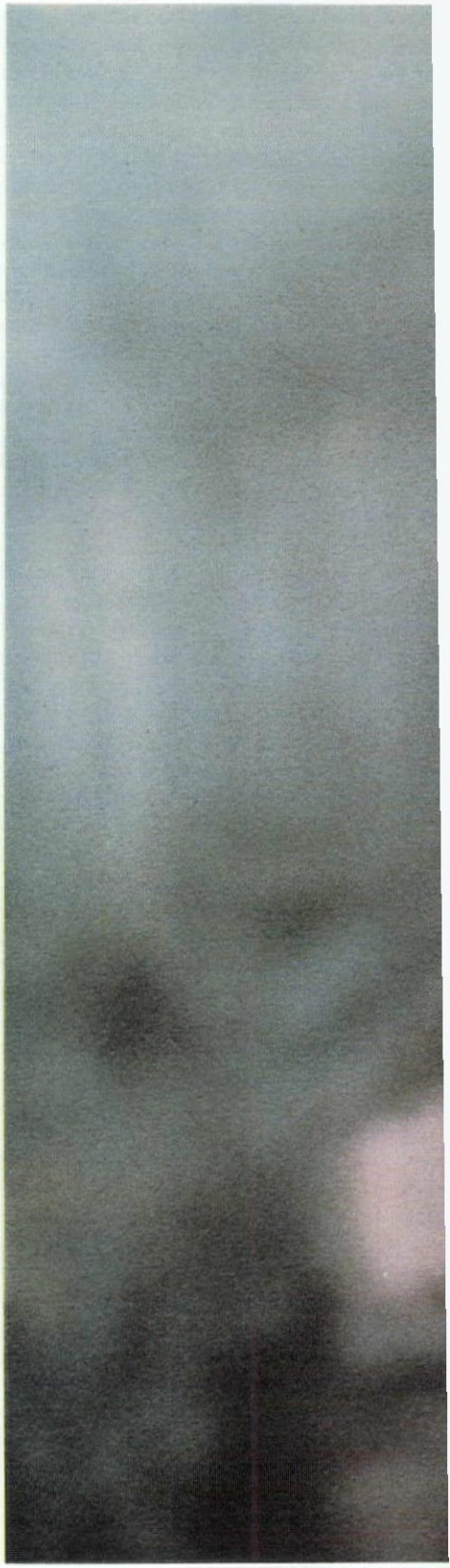
Increasingly, he felt that some deity must be *responsible* for it all. "Human and animal suffering make me mad; whenever one of my cats dies I curse God and I mean it; I feel fury at him. I'd like to get him here where I could interrogate him, tell him that I think the world is screwed up, that man didn't sin and fall but was pushed—which is bad enough—but was then sold the lie that he is basically sinful, which I know he is not."

He concluded that "the *irrational* is the primordial stratum of the universe. . . . And it evolves into . . . a rational structure which is harmonious, interlinked in a way which is orderly and beautiful. The primordial creative deity was essentially *deranged,* from our standpoint; we are, as humans, an evolution above the primordial deity. We are pygmies, but we stand on the shoulders of giants, and, therefore, we see more than they see."

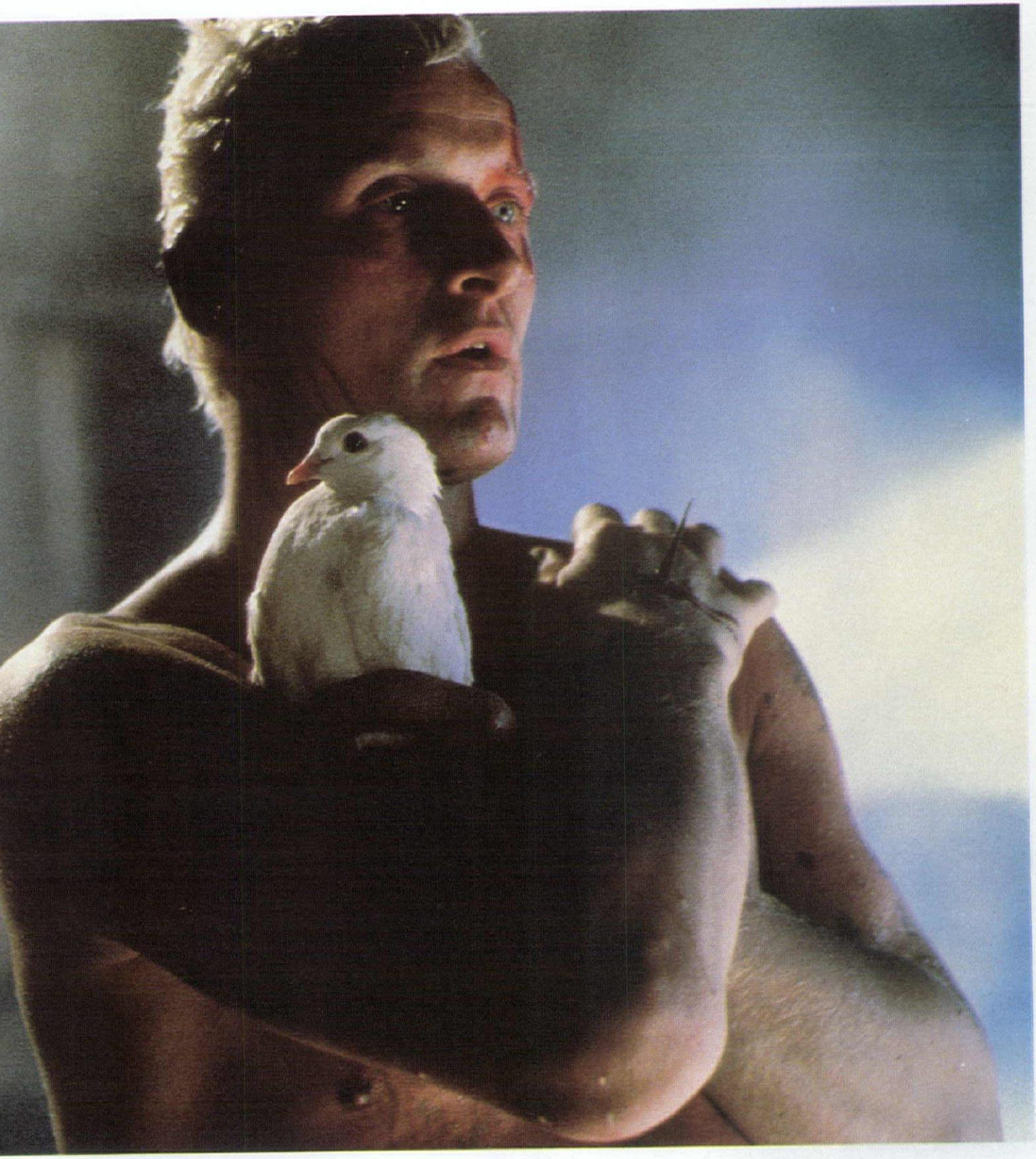
Dick derived this outlook from a series of visions he had in the 1970s, when for a period he felt literally possessed and under the control of a "tutelary spirit," which restored his equanimity and faith. These experiences were reworked novelistically in *Valis* and *The Divine Invasion,* both published in 1981. His sermonizing alienated many readers, who began to wonder if he had gone completely crazy.

His last novel will refute any suspicions about mental breakdown. *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer* also concerns faith, but only the most worldly kind. Set in the Berkeley of the 1960s, it depicts an iconoclastic bishop's inability to cope with sex and death, and his attempts to find solace in psychic phenomena. There's more than a hint that Dick is writing about himself as an eccentric messiah full of ideas that, objectively, he knows are silly. Bishop Timothy Archer, like the real-life Bishop Pike, ends up searching for ancient religious scrolls in the Dead Sea, and dies out there because he didn't bother to take along some water in case his car broke down. Philip K. Dick, whom I dearly loved, ended up in the hospital this March quite possibly because, as was often the case, he didn't bother to take his pills for his heart condition.

Before he died, in the very first page of his last novel, he wrote: "I think I know why we are on this Earth; it's to find out that what you love the most will be taken away from you, probably due to an error in high places rather than by design." □



Rutger Hauer is the pseudohuman antagonist in the movie based on Philip K. Dick's Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?



The Ladd Co.

All photographs by John Lindquist unless otherwise noted

Jacob's Pillow

After fifty years, still no rest for this pioneering dance festival. By Jennifer Dunning

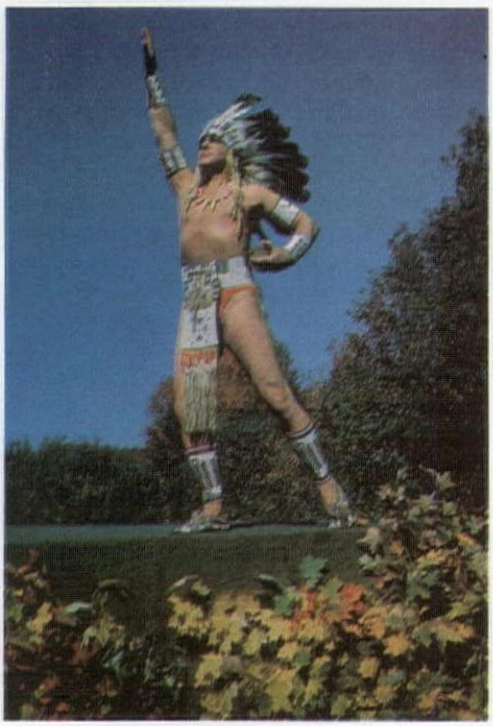
As it climbs the mountain between Chester and Lee, in Massachusetts, Route Twenty resembles a ladder. Pious pioneers long ago baptized it "Jacob's Ladder." The shape of a boulder beside a big white farmhouse just off the highway naturally earned it the name "Jacob's Pillow," which became in turn the title of the oldest dance festival in North America.

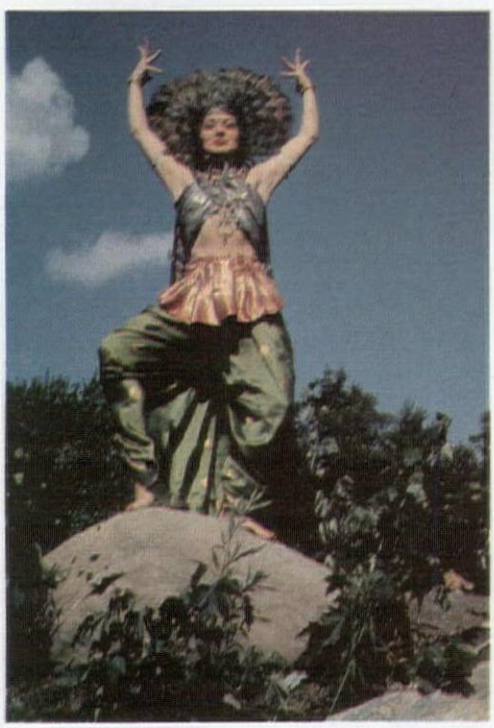
Jacob's Pillow, the dance festival that enlivens these Berkshire Mountains every summer, celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this year. It is possible to see in that rustic, familial enclave a microcosm of American modern-dance manners and history and, in some measure, a sense of how American dance looks to the future. Its founder, Ted Shawn, was a colorful pioneer, an outspoken, larger-than-life eccentric in an eccentric community of modern dancemakers. Today that community sprawls across a nation that was in Shawn's time nearly barren of indigenous concert dance. And the future? Grudgingly proud of the fact that neither he nor the festival received government funding, Shawn died before Jacob's Pillow struggled into the era of the "grant generation." The festival's present director, a dancer turned producer named Liz Thompson, is engaged in a struggle both to preserve the Pillow's flavor and to shore it up in a time when dance must move into the world of business and the institution in order to survive.

Over its five decades, the Pillow has charted

Dance of the Ages, *1939: Ted Shawn (right) set out to persuade America that men could be as masculine on the dance stage as he was.*

"Dance includes every way that people . . . have moved rhythmically to express themselves."





A stormy pair: Former partners in dance and marriage, Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis both brought daring works to the Pillow. Shawn (top) used Indian themes in Invocation to the Thunderbird; *St. Denis (above) danced Oriental pieces by the ethnologist La Meri.*

the course of American dance, from Agnes de Mille to Twyla Tharp, Merce Cunningham to Margot Fonteyn. It had its roots in Denishawn, a school of dance opened by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn in Los Angeles in 1915. Husband and wife as well as dancing partners, the two had made their names as soloists before joining forces in 1914. Both the school and the Denishawn company were predicated on the point of view, rare in those days and long after, that "dance includes every way that people of all races in every period have moved rhythmically to express themselves," as Shawn once put it. Denishawn students and performers —many of whom went on to create the American modern dance we know today—were exposed to ballet, the romanticized Oriental dance made popular by "Miss Ruth's" solos, the primitive dance that was Shawn's province, and, later, German modern dance.

In 1931, the Denishawn company gave its final performance and Shawn and St. Denis separated, their stormy marriage ended. Shawn bought an eighteenth-century farmhouse and the surrounding property, today a 150-acre spread, known as Jacob's Pillow. There he founded an all-male dance company designed to persuade America that men could be as uneffeminate on the dance stage as was the tall, burly Shawn. Ted Shawn and his Men Dancers would perform dances that looked to physical labor and American folk themes for their driving, pounding, free-leaping dance energy, rather than to the arcane manners of the court of Louis XIV, where ballet was born.

Shawn began by teaching dance to physical-education classes at Springfield College, forming a nucleus of eight men from his class of 500. Together they cleared the land and built facilities that are used to this day. At the suggestion of a director of the Berkshire Playhouse, they opened their rehearsals to the public. These "Tea Lectures," as they were called, included dance, intermission cups of tea made and served by the dancers, and commentary by Shawn. By the end of the summer the audiences had grown to 200. Dressed scantily, the Men Dancers served as "the dowagers' burlesque," as one observer put it. Tickets to the rehearsals were seventy-five cents. "Shawn told us he was grateful for our dollars, which helped to pay the summer grocery bills, and then danced 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow,' " one matron recalled of his closing *Doxology*. "And I think that was really cute of him."

The Pillow began in a time of restless transition for American dance. The country had its first dance critic, John Martin of the *New York Times*. A brilliantly innovative era in ballet had come to a close with the death in 1929 of the Russian impresario, Serge Diaghilev. Anna Pavlova died two years after. New small ballet companies were being formed, including the precursors to today's American Ballet Theatre and New York City Ballet. The regional movement in American ballet had just begun. Modern dance (a term Shawn hated—he preferred to refer to it as the product of the "Second Generation of American Dance") was chiefly represented by Denishawn disciples.

The Pillow's current festival format emerged in 1940. Shawn, by all accounts an extremely generous provider for his dancers, came to the end of his funds. The Men Dancers disbanded after years of hectic national touring, and Shawn leased the Pillow to a dance educator who developed the festival proper. Shawn became manager the following year, and his remarkably catholic tastes began immediately to shape the festival. At a time when the schools of modern dance were at war with each other and considered ballet beneath contempt, Shawn presented both on programs designed to offer something to everyone in the audience. The only omissions were tap and jazz, which he never learned to tolerate.

That first season under Shawn opened with local residents performing the folk dances handed down through their families. It closed with dances choreographed and performed by "second and third generation" American dancers. The programs between included new works by Shawn and Agnes de Mille based on American folk themes; European ballet by Bronislava Nijinska (the sister of Vaslav Nijinsky); works by the famed Spanish and primitive stars Argentinita and Asadata Dafora; dances by St. Denis, Shawn, and Isadora Duncan; and Oriental pieces by the ethnologist La Meri. It was an unimaginable collection of talents for that or any other day.

The Royal Danish Ballet made its American debut at the Pillow in 1955, after which it gained international importance as the interpretive tool of the ballets of the great nineteenth-century choreographer, August Bournonville. The Pillow provided a new American home to the National Ballet of Canada, England's Ballet Rambert, and the Netherlands Dance Theater. Fledgling Ameri-

Stephan Driscoll

Students in rehearsal: Shawn's goal for the Pillow was always to make it an educational experience for selected young dancers.

an companies found establishment exposure here, and the Pillow saw premieres by most of he major American modern-dance choreographers of the time. It became known, too, as he place to see rare ethnic dance.

The 618-seat Ted Shawn Theater, built in 942 and the first American theater designed pecifically for dance, is still in use. This ummer Jess Meeker, white haired and unfailngly serene, will again be at the stage piano as ıe has been for forty-nine years. Revivals of mportant works by Shawn and St. Denis—ncluding the *Doxology*—will be performed by nost of the companies appearing in the 'estival. The lawns, hills, and rocks will be dot-ed with huge photographs, cut out and pasted on boards: Shawn and other dance luminaries caught in moments spent at those very places. And the 150 students of the Pillow's summer dance school will once again fulfill Shawn's dream, for the festival was always meant to provide an educational experience for selected young dancers, a quarter of them on scholarship. Many have gone on to professional careers in dance.

But there are important differences about the Pillow since Shawn's time. The festival has had five directors since Shawn died in 1972, and nearly closed when funds ran out. Liz Thompson came to the Pillow at a time, in 1979, when it was burdened with deepening financial problems and a conservative image. The festival had fallen victim to its own success. Good dance was now available all year 'round, and as dance companies thrived and fees got fatter, the Pillow acquired the reputation of a somewhat penurious, stodgy, provincial ritual.

Thompson is the first director with no ties to Shawn. She made her reputation in the popular arts, including Broadway musicals and television, where she won an Emmy for her choreography for *The Electric Circus.*

A $50,000 deficit behind her, Thompson has gone on to create a streamlined management staff that would have been unheard of in Shawn's day, when inefficiency was excused by friendship. She has instituted a training program for choreographers, no longer in such plentiful supply as in Shawn's day, it seems, and another program for backstage technical crew. Thompson has extended efforts to build audiences and has sought funding from previously untapped corporate and foundation sources. The Pillow has just been awarded a National Endowment for the Arts grant to survey its physical plant and its functions. Possibly the pragmatic Shawn would have approved of all this; St. Denis certainly would. "One should think of dance as an art," she once said with her deceptive delicacy, "even though one may have to do it as a business."

Thompson has also made a commitment to presenting as much experimental work—like this summer's programs of stringently avant-garde dance from Japan and England—as popular work. She admits that has not always been a popular policy, but says material "that is difficult at the beginning always finds its way into popular theater. We must educate our audience." Generally increasing box-office revenues suggest her strategy is working.

And yet the Pillow has retained an unusual intimacy in a dance world that has grown large and anonymous. Two bats, affectionately known as Ted and Miss Ruth and generally confined to the rafters during performances, have remained in residence at the theater. Last season, the Vanaver Caravan spilled out of the Ted Shawn Theater into a nearby studio for all to join—the sort of spontaneous happening hard to imagine anywhere but the Pillow.

"The Pillow was started by one man, on a farm," Thompson says. "There's that closeness about it that is just unbeatable and makes us different from any other place." □

Tickets: Adult prices range from $6.50 (open seating) to $16.00 (Saturdays, orchestra). For tickets and information, write Box 287R, Lee, Massachusetts 01238, or call 413/243-0745.

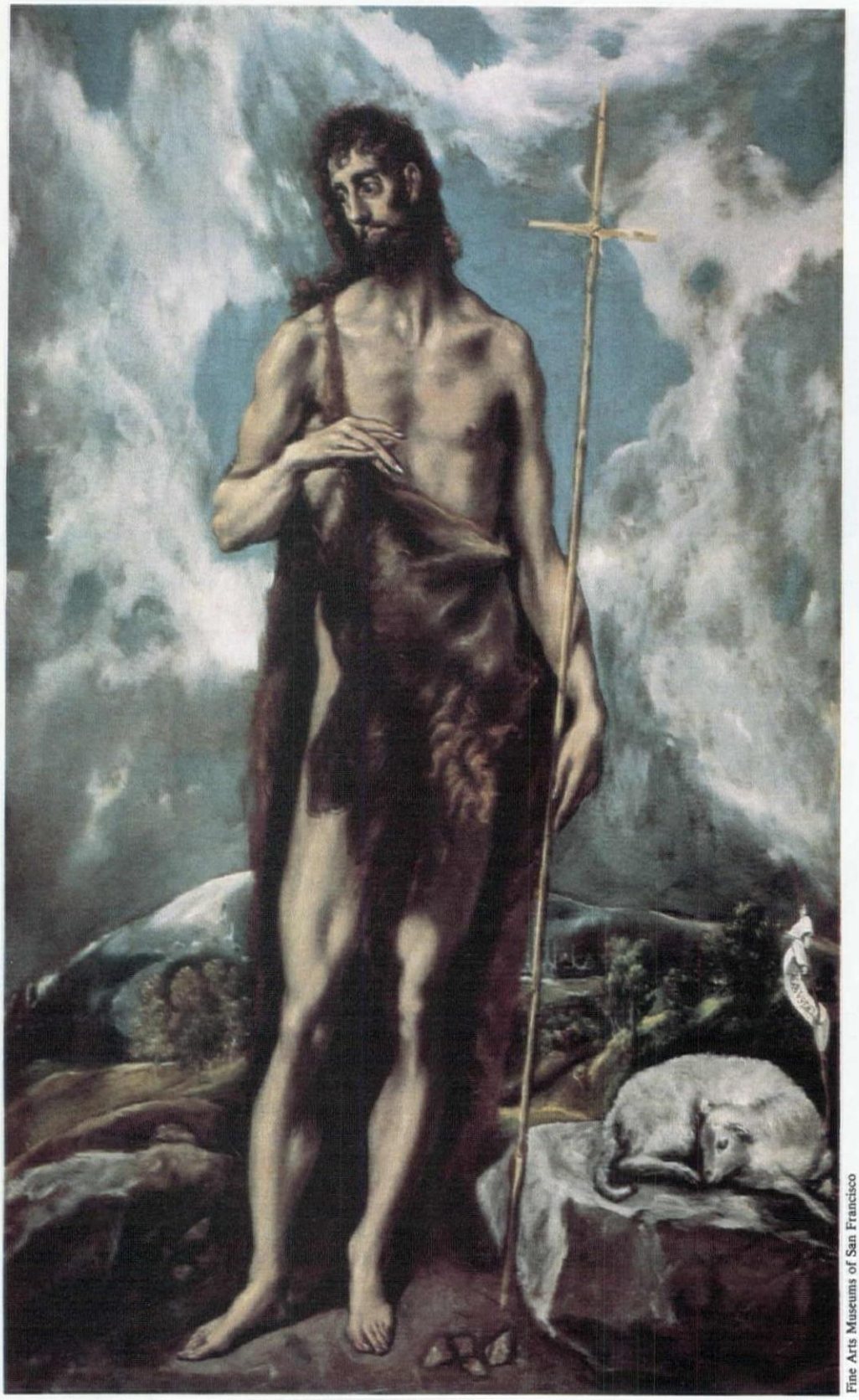
Schedule: June 29-July 3, Royal Danish Ballet Soloists; July 6-10, The Paul Taylor Dance Company; July 13-15, New Directions from Japan; July 16-17, New Directions from England; July 20-24, Les Grands Ballets Canadians; July 27-31, Winning Teams (exhibition ballroom dancing); August 3-7, A Pillow Parade; August 10-14, Elisa Monte and Dancers; August 17-21, Metropolitan Opera Ballet; August 24-28, Clive Thompson Dance Company; September 2-5, Maria Benitez Estampa Flamenca.

How to Get There: Jacob's Pillow is 125 miles west of Boston, 180 miles northeast of New York City. From the Massachusetts Turnpike, take exit two to Lee and follow Route Twenty east nine miles.

Where to Stay: For information on lodgings, contact the Berkshire Hills Conference, 20 Elm Street, Pittsfield, Massachusetts 01201, telephone 413/443-9186.

Jennifer Dunning covers dance for the New York Times.

A Man for His Time



Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco

A new exhibition reveals the El Greco behind the myths. By Hope Ridings Mille

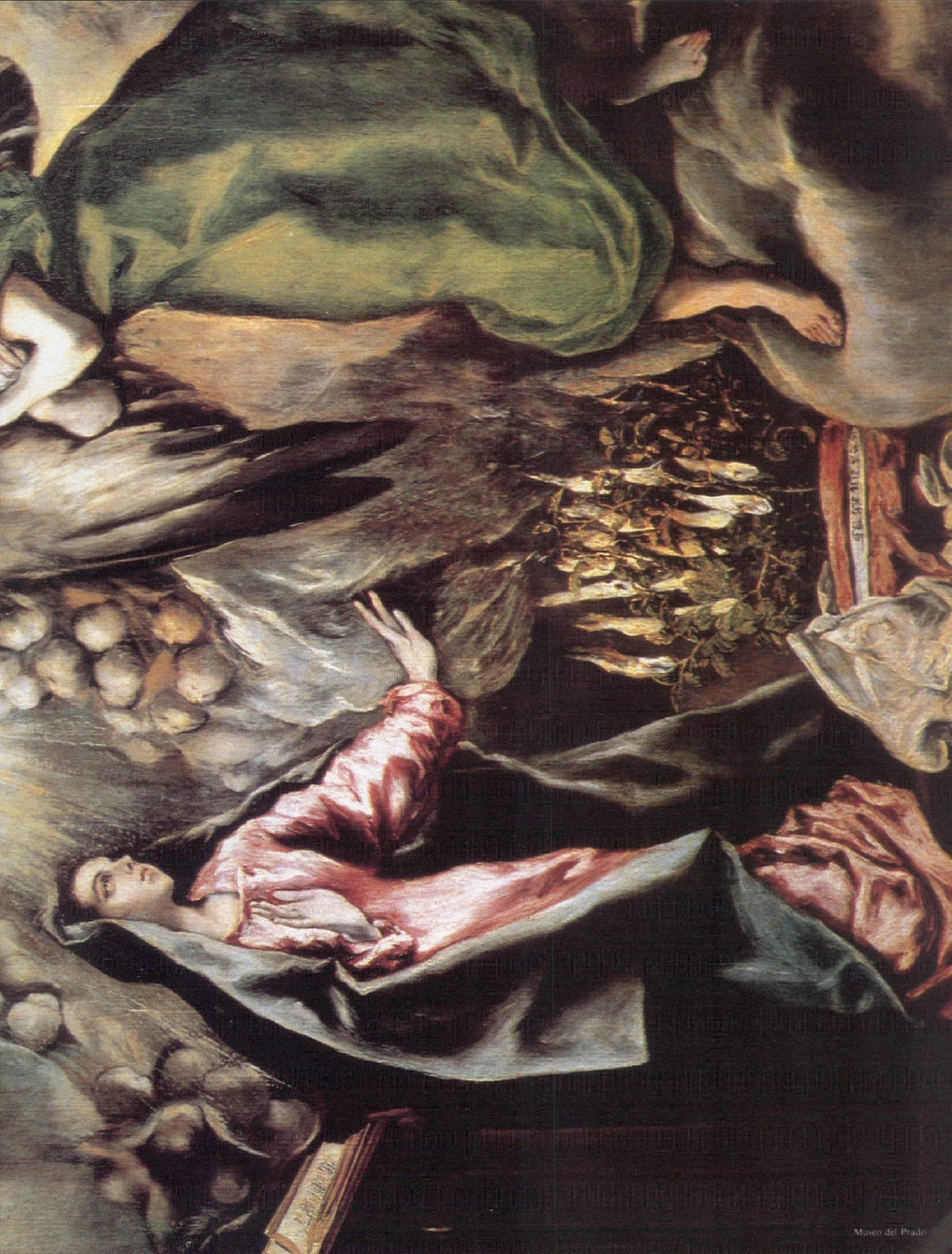
Fictions have long clouded the reputation the perplexing genius known as El Gre stories of madness, of defective eyesight, of t supernatural. But recent scholarship has d pelled the myths and supported, for the fi time, an overall factual interpretation of Greco's art. These revelations have also spired a major new retrospective now reachi the United States.

Evidence recently gleaned from ecclesiasti and secular archives in Toledo, Spain—the c in which El Greco lived for almost fo years—proves that he was in tune with t major religious, intellectual, and social wa lengths of his day. This indicates that deliberately developed his highly original st of painting in order to draw attention to h work as a forceful expression of Counter Refo mation theology. It explodes those eighteent century speculations that El Greco was menta unbalanced. It discredits the opinion advanc in the early twentieth century that he was visionary whose unrealistic paintings we motivated by supernatural forces.

The exhibition—the first major internation retrospective of El Greco's work—opened acclaim at the Museo del Prado in Madr April 1. According to the accompanying cat logue, today's fund of learning on the Gree born artist actually began more than a hundre years ago. At that time a revival of interest in Greco's art prompted art historians and othe to explore the facts about his background.

Born in 1541 in Candia, capital of the islan of Crete, and named Domenikos Theotokopo los, he was trained in the local post-Byzanti school of icon painting. He learned how foreshorten lines to give the illusion that th extend into space—a technique he later used *The Annunciation* and other works.

Seemingly transcendental art with a worldly purpose: El Greco's Saint John the Baptist *(left, c. 1600, oil on canvas, 43¾ by 26 inches),* View of Toledo *(right, c. 1600, oil on canvas, 47¾ by 42¾ inches), and* The Annunciation *(overleaf, 1596–1600, oil on canvas, 124 by 68½ inches).*



Museo del Prado

In Venice, where El Greco spent almost three years (1567–1570), he assimilated into his own style the expressive use of color and balanced composition of Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, and Bassano. He then moved to Rome to pursue his career.

Within a week after his arrival, the young El Greco met Julio Clovio, a successful miniaturist and illuminator employed by Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, a celebrated patron of the arts. Clovio commended the "young Candist, a disciple to Titian," to the Cardinal, who gave him temporary lodgings in the Farnese Palace. This splendid residence was a meeting place for learned men from around the world. The cardinal's librarian, Fulvio Orsini, was the most renowned scholar of classical antiquity. Under Orsini's aegis, El Greco became convinced of the importance of fine art in promoting contemporary religious ideas.

Eclectic mannerism dominated Rome's art world at the time. It was a style marked by complex compositions, firmly defined forms, and controlled distortions in scale and perspective. Michelangelo, the quintessential mannerist, died six years before El Greco arrived in Rome, but his influence still held sway over most Italian art—as it would for many years.

El Greco, captivated by Michelangelo's sculptures, spent much time sketching the Italian master's motifs, which he later incorporated into his own paintings. But this admiration did not extend to portraits. "Michelangelo did not know how to paint portraits," El Greco wrote years later, in Spain. "And so far as imitating colors as they appear to the eye, it cannot be denied that this was a fault with him."

The impact of mannerist style as executed by Michelangelo is evident in El Greco's second version of *Purification of the Temple* (1570-1575), the most important work surviving from his years in Rome. This masterpiece abounds in skillfully molded forms and superb handling of color, light, and shade.

El Greco executed other paintings in Rome for Orsini and the few other private patrons he managed to attract, but he failed to snare any major commissions. And so, perhaps lured by

Stavros S. Niarchos Collection

Pose from Michelangelo: El Greco's Pieta *(1580–90, oil on canvas, 47¼ by 57 inches) was purchased in 1959 for $300,000—at the time, the top price ever paid by an individual for a single painting. The figural composition was clearly inspired by Michelangelo's sculptured masterpiece.*

"Michelangelo did not know how to paint portraits," El Greco wrote later in Spain.

hopes of becoming court painter to King Philip II of Spain, the artist moved in 1577 to Toledo. It was then the wealthiest city in Spain as well as its ecclesiastical and secular center.

The court had moved to Madrid in 1571, but Toledo's Catholic Church was fully supportive of the king. More than a hundred different religious establishments dominated the city, obsessed with the dogma of the Counter Reformation. El Greco quickly sensed that situation and set out to make the most of it.

His first influential contact in Toledo came through a Spanish priest whom he had met in Rome—a brother of Diego de Castilla, who was dean of the cathedral and executor of a noblewoman's will that donated her fortune to the building of the great church of Santo Domino el Antigua in Toledo. Soon after he met the powerful dean, El Greco won commissions for the vestry of the cathedral and several elaborate altarpieces for the new church.

Meanwhile, he had established an intimate relationship with a young woman about whom little is known today, except that her name was Jeronima de las Cuevas and that she was the mother of his son, Jorge Manuel, born in 1578. The boy became his father's partner in 1600.

Facts about El Greco's private life are elusive, but Toledo archives bulge with material about his troublesome commissions and other business affairs. The *Disrobing of Christ* precipitated an extended quarrel with a canon who complained that some of the figures were painted above the Christ while the Three Marys were depicted too close to Him. The case was settled in court after El Greco promised to make certain changes in the composition. No such redress was suggested when the odd style of *The Martyrdom of Saint Maurice,* the painting King Philip had commissioned for El Escorial in Madrid, patently displeased the monarch in 1583. El Greco had spent two years working on the picture. He was heartbroken when the king not only rejected it but also ordered that it be removed from the altar at once.

With his hopes of becoming a court painter forever shattered, El Greco returned to Toledo. He spent the rest of his life there.

He was by far the best artist in the city; most of the others were regarded as mere craftsmen. But he demanded higher fees than did his competitors, and with no fixed income he had to struggle for a while to maintain his posh lifestyle. He entertained his elite friends at lavish banquets in the suite of twenty-four rooms he

leased in the palace of the Marquis de Veillena, where he also maintained his studio. The first of many paintings he executed there was *The Burial of Count Orgaz* (1586), generally regarded as his most successful synthesis of the real and the spirit world, with angels overlooking the scene dominated by likenesses of prominent Toledans. (One of Spain's most celebrated national treasures, this work, created for the church of Santo Tomé, is never exhibited outside the country.)

El Greco was continually concerned about producing paintings that would please his powerful friends. Sometimes he ingratiated himself with the city fathers by painting their portraits from life in traditional Renaissance style. Such a portrait is *Jerónimo de Cevallos* (1605–1610): with its dignified face and pointed beard framed by a huge white ruff, the portrayal could pass for a typical seventeenth-century painting by a Dutch master.

In the exhibition catalogue, Jonathan Brown points out the importance of the artist's distinguished associations: "These men, the elite of Toledo's society, provided El Greco not only with friendship and ideas, but also with lucrative opportunities to execute important works of art. El Greco responded to the challenge by creating pictures that were audacious in style and subtle in content, pictures that answered the doctrinal requirements of the Church and the emotional needs of the faithful while also appealing to the refined tastes of his friends."

In return, the individuals in this rarefied milieu appreciated having in their midst a gifted artist, trained in the mannerist tradition, who could also paint in a startling style that powerfully conveyed the didactic message so important to his religious art.

Typical of the paintings with Biblical themes El Greco created during the last fifteen years of his life is *Saint John the Baptist* (1600). The abnormal height of the prophet's gaunt body as well as his unkempt hair, mannered gesture, and bony feet exemplify the ultimate development of El Greco's strange style. As usual, it found favor with his admirers, while the few Toledans who had never been his aficionados quietly deplored it. Other Spaniards, including the playwright Lope de Vega, reputedly had mixed feelings about El Greco's "capricious" image of the great Biblical prophet. More severe critics speculated that multiple manias had taken possession of the painter's mind.

By that time, however, adverse criticism had little effect on his wide popularity, and presumably nothing could have altered his determination to paint exactly as he pleased. His religious paintings thereafter stretched the limits of his dauntless style.

Minneapolis Institute of Arts

Mannerist works old and new: Portrayed in the lower right foreground of Purification o the Temple *(above, 1570–75, oil on canvas, 46 5/8 by 59 3/8 inches) are Titian, Michelangel Clovio, and Raphael.* Laöcoön *(above right, 1610–14, oil on canvas, 54 1/8 by 67 7/8 inches) was El Greco's last masterwork.*

But in painting his last masterpiece—*Laöcoön,* his only work derived from Greek mythology—El Greco reverted to the mannerist style. The conception and treatment of this tragic theme reveal with immense power the torture of the denounced Trojan priest and his sons. Although unfinished when the artist died, it is regarded as one of his most moving works.

Within three decades after El Greco's death in 1614, Spain was no longer a world power and Toledo had become merely a provincial town. El Greco's renown faded with them. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, a pejorative revival of interest in his work was promulgated by Antonio Palomino, the Spanish theorist-painter, whose writings served as the only passable source of information on the history of Spanish art until 1800. In Palomino's expressed opinion, El Greco was a good painter when he imitated Titian, but later, in the critic's words, "he tried to change his manner, but with such extravagance that his paintings came to be contemptible and ridiculous, as much for the disjointed drawi as for the unpleasant color."

A reappraisal came about after the Napo onic occupation of the Iberian Peninsu (1803–1812) precipitated a flow of Span paintings, including several El Grecos, booty to France. The Romantic movement art had begun to sweep the country. El Grec unconventional style complied with the radi call for a break with all tradition and t primacy of emotion over reason. Soon, he w hailed throughout France as the precursor Romanticism. (Meanwhile, his renown Spain was eclipsed. The Museo del Pra opened in 1819 with a display of forty-fo canvasses by Velasquez, forty-four by Murill two by Goya, and none by El Greco.)

For a time, the dominant view of mainstrea critics was that El Greco was a great art depite his "madness." Sir William Stirlin

He was concerned about producing paintings that would please his powerful friends.

National Gallery of Art

laxwell, who wrote the first English treatise on panish art, said in 1864: "El Greco has been istly described as an artist who alternated beveen reason and delirium and displayed his reat genius only at lucid intervals."

That same year, El Greco's prestige soared ithout qualifications when Edouard Manet, ie premier French forerunner of impressionm, modeled his *Dead Christ with Angels* after work by the Greek artist. Jean Francois fillet and Eugéne Delacroix joined Manet in roclaiming El Greco a genius with vision that far outdistanced the time in which he lived."

The first thoroughly researched biography f El Greco, by Manuel B. Cossío, started a evival of interest in his work in Spain in 1908. 'ossío cited him as the one artist who succeeded in capturing on canvas the essence of ie seventeenth-century Spanish spirit. He proosed that the artist's "original, eternal style" 'as inspired by the "mystical" climate in 'hich he worked, and also, perhaps, by some f the visionaries among his contemporaries, ıch as Saint Theresa of Avila and Saint John f the Cross. The premise seemed plausible. El Greco could have known Sister Theresa, the Carmelite nun who founded a convent in Toledo in 1557. And the mystic known as Saint John of the Cross spent much time in the environs of Toledo. For many years after Cossío's biography, the belief prevailed in Spain that the visionaries and the mystical atmosphere of Toledo had released the artist's genius.

This myth gathered force in the 1920s, when publicity attending the aquisition of El Greco's *View of Toledo* by the Metropolitan Museum of Art asserted that his art had transcendental significance. Certainly the picture gives that impression: a dark blue sky with turbulent clouds above gray buildings, an atmosphere electrified with unearthly energy. Major landmarks appear, but structures are enlarged and in some instances misplaced, while the hill is heightened for dramatic effect.

Recent scholarship on El Greco stresses, however, that this in fact is an emblematic depiction of the natural and architectural attractions of the city. It was designed as part of an organized campaign to persuade King Philip to spend more time in Toledo.

Other fictions dispelled by recent research include one originated in 1912 by a Spanish ophthalmologist. He theorized that El Greco's defective eyesight, caused by astigmatism, accounted for the grotesque drawings and odd color treatments in most of his paintings after 1600. Another myth, advanced by a Spanish psychiatrist in the 1920s, held that inmates of Toledo's insane asylum served as models for the haggard, emaciated saints in paintings executed in the last years of El Greco's life.

No evidence has ever been uncovered to support the statements that El Greco was astigmatic or that deranged individuals posed for the uncanny images in his religious works. Exhaustive research in recent years has disproved Cossío's proposal that El Greco's genius was controlled and released by supernatural agents in mystical Toledo.

On the contrary, the most recent scholarship forcefully asserts that El Greco was a worldly man who fully realized that fame and fortune in turn-of-the-century Toledo might be attained only through the Catholic hierarchy. Accordingly, the artist proceeded with great originality and success to shape his art in ways important to the Counter Reformation.

The "El Greco of Toledo" exhibition will be thematically installed to illustrate the artist's role as an interpreter of political, economic, and civic concerns. The real El Greco—freed of the myths—who emerges from this retrospective will be a revelation. He boldly claims his place in the pantheon of great artists of Western civilization. □

"El Greco of Toledo" travels to the National Gallery of Art in Washington, July 3 to September 6; the Toledo (Ohio) Museum of Art, September 26 to November 21; and the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, December 12 to February 6, 1983. Numbering almost seventy canvasses from museums and private collections on both sides of the Atlantic, the exhibition represents the largest gathering ever of El Greco paintings and includes several masterpieces that have never before been seen outside Spain.

The exhibition catalogue, in six languages, features comprehensive essays by leading scholars of Spanish art and history. Two essays by Jonathan Brown of New York University's Institute of Fine Arts survey the myths that have overshadowed the essential significance of El Greco's work. Richard Kagan of Johns Hopkins University explores the economic and political climate of Toledo. And Alfonso Perez-Sanchez of the University of Madrid discusses El Greco's dispersed altarpieces.

Hope Ridings Miller is a former Washington Post *society editor and editor of* Diplomat *magazine.*

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Books

V. S. Pritchett: Short Is Beautiful

Collected Stories, by V. S. Pritchett. New York: Random House. 520 pages, $20.00.

V. S. Pritchett begins a story called "The Tree" with the following two sentences: "The old man—but when does old age begin?—the old man turned over in bed and putting out his hand to the crest of his wife's beautiful white rising hip and comforting bottom, hit the wall with his knuckles and woke up. More than once during the two years since she had died he had done this and knew that if old age vanished in the morning it came on at night, filling the bedroom with people until, switching on the light, he saw it staring at him; then it shuffled off and left him looking at the face of the clock."

Who else would dare launch a short story with the mundane and potentially trite event of a protagonist's waking in the middle of the night? Who else could pull it off? It is not primarily a matter of style that marks Pritchett as one of a handful of living masters of the short story; his prose, while supremely crafted, bears a less distinctive stamp than that of, say, Graham Greene or John Updike. The Pritchett touch is rather a matter of strategy: the characteristic self-interruption just as the author is drawing his first breath; the mixture of image, thought, and emotion; a first sentence, to use Henry James' distinction, that *shows,* a second that *tells.* Only two sentences into "The Tree," we already know a great deal about its main character and perhaps more than we want to know about bereavement.

At eighty-two, V. S. Pritchett continues to write at the height of his powers, and a genial fate has contrived to bring him, especially on this side of the Atlantic, unprecedented recognition—in other words, almost as much as he deserves. The turning point in the eyes of American readers may have been the publication of his two splendid autobiographical memoirs, *A Cab at the Door* and *Midnight Oil,* which Pritchett waited until he was well past sixty to concoct. But, for over fifty years, he has steadily produced excellent books in at least six genres: a half dozen novels, eight volumes of short stories, biographies of Balzac and Turgenev, charming travel books like *London Perceived,* collections of critical essays, memoirs. He is also one of our finest book reviewers.

In all his works, the unsparing sharpness of discernment is camouflaged by a personal modesty. A perennial subject is the way comedy deflates the posturings of the ego. The preface to the *Collected Stories* offers a statement that precisely (Pritchett is always precise) defines that view of the world: "By the 1930's I had at any rate discovered my voice and that my native bent was to the designs of comedy and its ironies. For me comedy has a militant, tragic edge, even when I've proceeded to the purely comic or to farce."

Unlike Greene or Updike or dozens of other writers with an eye for the tragicomic, Pritchett never gives us an insubstantial story. He writes longer than most, and the current preface tells us that he characteristically rewrites a story four or five times, "boiling down a hundred pages into twenty or thirty." The method gives a clue to the extraordinary weight of human experience we feel.

V. S. Pritchett: "I love the intricacy of the short form, the speed with which it can change from scene to scene." Is he the finest living English writer?

© Jill Krementz

A Pritchett plot tends to be convoluted with surprises, jolts, unexpected losses, and unanticipated pleasures. "I love the intricacy of the short form," he tells us, "the speed with which it can change from scene to scene." But the passions that govern his peoples' lives are durable, even obsessive, longings, like that of the antiques dealer in "The Camberwell Beauty" for the unattainable Isabel. No living writer has more to tell us about the compromises demanded of us by growing old. In a sense, Pritchett has a gloomy outlook about the likelihood of lasting requited love; hand in hand with it goes an acute awareness of the relative permanency of certain parasitic relationships. Yet Pritchett, along with those characters we imagine him approving of, manages to fight against the disappointments and setbacks of life with a rugged tenacity. He has no interest in being an existentialist or in trafficking in *angst.* No writer could be further removed from Kafka. The world, in Pritchett's view, is still supremely worth living in for as long as one can. That conviction emerges in the loving detail with which the author invests all his descriptions of nature. Even a raw, drizzling day on the moors inspires him to the kind of prose that makes us wish to linger.

One can only hope, then, that the *Collected Stories* is greeted as the major event it surely represents, and that it brings new regiments of readers to Pritchett as John Cheever's collected stories did for that other master of the short story a few years ago. With characteristic modesty, Pritchett has pruned his eight collections down to a mere twenty-nine stories; had there not already appeared a book by that title, the current volume should more accurately have been called *Selected Stories.* Longtime Pritchett fans will therefore be bound to find some of their favorite stories missing—in my case, for instance, the deft and zany "The Accompanist" from his most recent collection, *On the Edge of the Cliff.* It is perhaps a sign of the author's impeccable tact that he thinks twenty-nine stories enough to inflict on any reader. The twenty-nine are pure gold. The book itself gives credence to the sweeping statement of the critic Frank Kermode that "[Pritchett] is by such a margin the finest English writer alive that it hardly seems worth saying so."

—David Roberts

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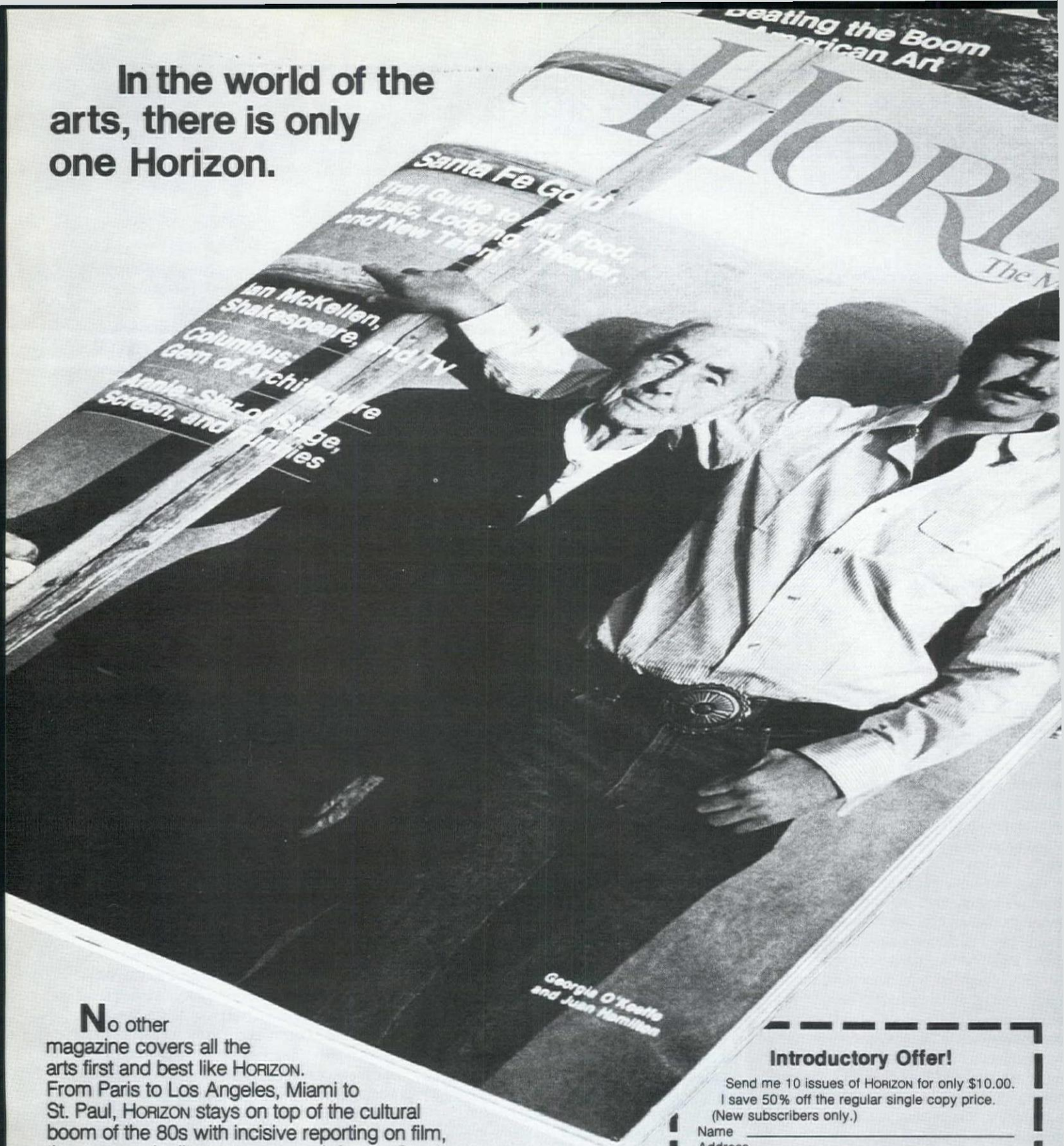

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Video

The Price Is Right

get videocassette recorders with built-in nputers, videodiscs you can play Frisbee h, and relentless miniaturization. The most nificant advance in home-video technology hat you can now afford it.

Credit the curious cutthroat nature of video ailing. No sooner is the newest video marvel a retailer's shelves than competitive ssures and the public's expectations of a gain force down the price. Even top-of-the- models are sometimes priced hundreds of lars below list, up to 50 percent off.

Videocassette recorders (VCRs) generally into three pricing tiers: stripped-down ic models; models with "special effects" nvenience features; and no-holds-barred ck Rogersish models. The higher the price, more convenience features and program- ng flexibility. But a big price tag doesn't essarily mean better picture quality.

All VCRs tape TV shows off the air or from ole—either while you're home and watching other TV station, or while you're out—for er viewing ("time shifting"). VCRs also y back prerecorded videotapes (purchased rented), from *The Godfather* to *The Royal edding* to *Female Wrestling at Its Very Best*. CRs can even record and play back original me movies taped with a video camera.

What VCRs don't share is one standardized rmat. The two major, incompatible formats Beta (coined by Sony) and VHS (Video ome System). Because Beta videotapes pass ross the VCR heads a little more briskly, me experts credit them with a minuscule ge in sound and video quality. Beta video- pes are smaller, and usually $3 to $5 cheaper an VHS; prerecorded Beta tapes can run as uch as $20 cheaper. But VHS machines can pe longer—the new VHS T-160 tape allows u to cram up to eight hours of programming one videocassette. In response, some Beta CRs offer optional cassette stackers.

At last count there were about sixty separate CR models offered under twenty-one brand mes—all manufactured, incidentally, by wer than a dozen Japanese firms. The first icing tier begins at about $500. (Unless herwise noted, prices are the discounted ask- g price found in a variety of major metropol-

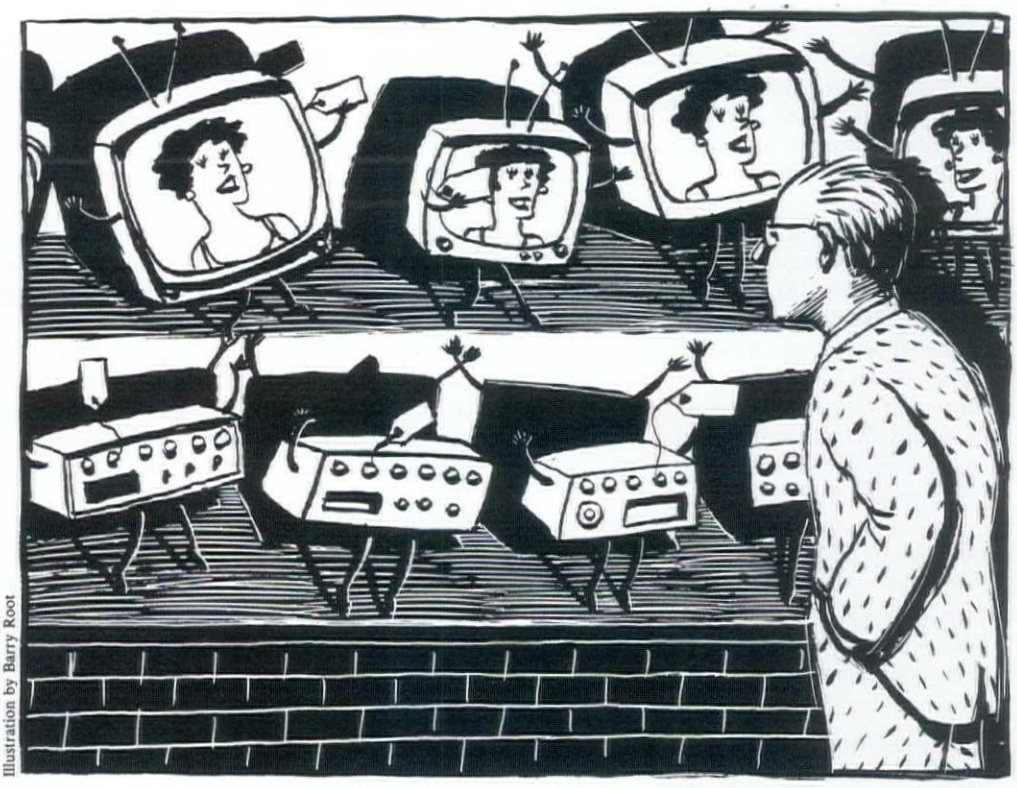

Illustration by Barry Root

itan stores. Prices will vary from store to store and from one section of the country to the other.) These no-frills models include the Quasar 5011 (VHS), the RCA VFT-190 (VHS), and the Sanyo VTC-9100A (Beta). The Sanyo unit has been advertised as low as $469.

One suggestion: visual scan—which allows you to fast-forward (and sometimes reverse) the tape without blacking out the picture—is almost a necessity. Although it's possible to locate the desired section of a tape or skip over commercials using a mechanical tape counter, it's a frustrating and time-consuming task. The VCRs named above do not have this feature. For a little bit more money, many still-cheap VCRs do: the Sony SL-5000 (Beta), RCA VFT-250 (VHS), JVC HR7300 (VHS), and Panasonic PV-1370 (VHS)—all advertised in the $600 range and below.

At $800 to $1,000, special effects—video technology's bag of tricks—come into play: freeze frame, single-frame advance, remote control, and variable fast and slow speeds for scanning. Students of film art might want to use single-frame advance to analyze the shower scene of Hitchcock's *Psycho* gory shot by gory shot, or home-video movie makers might want to stop the action on baby's first step. A note of caution: some remote-control models cannot reproduce all the special-effects functions, and frequently not all special effects run in all playing modes. (Later-model VCRs have three play modes at different speeds.)

How long the newest luxury VCR will remain so is a big question in a field moving faster than the flick of a channel change. Quasar, for example, just introduced seven new VCRs to replace their old line, which was all of six months old. Sony's newest luxury model, the SL-5800 (Beta) has a list price of $1,450, but advertised video specials have already brought it under $900.

More expensive VCRs also allow more flexibility in programming. Most stripped-down VCRs can be programmed to turn themselves on and off once a day. Higher-ticket machines can remember to tape up to eight different programs over a fourteen-day period. Of these, the RCA SelectaVision VFT-650 (VHS) sells in some areas for under $900; so does the Panasonic PV-1770 (VHS).

The ultimate, though, has to be the stereo VCR. Although only a year old, the stereo-capable VCR field is getting crowded: JVC offers the HR-7650 (VHS), $1,600 suggested retail; Marantz has the VR-200 (Beta), $1,350 suggested retail; and Hitachi is entering the stereo sweepstakes. If you think that stereo-

capable VCRs are absurd because TV broadcasts are transmitted in mono, consider that at least four national cable services already transmit in stereo. Also, stereo VCRs can play prerecorded stereo tapes, which include rock, classical, and pop performances, and movies filmed in stereo (like *The Elephant Man).* Of course, you'll need a home audio system or stereo-capable TV set, available from General Electric, Mitsubishi, RCA, Sony, and others.

If you're interested only in playing back prerecorded programs, you might switch your thinking to videodisc players. Happily, these machines are subject to the same price-cutting pressures as their recording cousins and are generally cheaper than VCRs in the first place. Two incompatible (of course!) videodisc formats now compete for consumer dollars—the Laser Vision or LV format and the capacitance disc or CED format—with a third, the equally incompatible VHD, due later this year.

The LV format—offered by Magnavox and Pioneer—incorporates a low-powered laser that reads digitally encoded information in the form of microscopic pits underneath a thin veneer of plastic coated on the videodisc. The LV disc never wears out and is impervious to dust, scratches, or fingerprints. List price is in the $700 range; add about $50 for remote models. All LV players are stereo-capable.

The CED videodisc player employs a stylus that comes into contact with the disc and reads microscopic grooves, much like a record player. Unlike the LV system, both the CED stylus and disc eventually wear out (after "hundreds of plays," RCA says) and must be replaced. Balance this against the lower cost—under $500. RCA, Sears, Radio Shack, Sanyo, Hitachi, Zenith, and others offer the CED. A stereo-capable version is just out.

Videodisc-player prices have dropped even more sharply than VCR prices: The RCA player has been axed as low as $275. The Sanyo remote-control CED model is being offered at $349.95 in some stores—$200 cheaper than list. You can pick up Pioneer's VP-1000 LV player (list $749) at $509 if you shop around.

Again, know what you want and what yo paying for. Both CED and LV have visual- functions. As of yet, the CED discs lack special effects—freeze-frame, frame-by-fr advance, slow-motion, reverse visual scan- the LV format. LV players also can ac specific frames (each is numbered) witl scanning over the whole disc. In the long-] mode (one hour per side rather than the s dard half-hour), LVs lose the special effect

This range of video equipment was available even to professional broadcasters five years ago. The prices were undreamec just a year ago. But when is enough video much video? Art Levis, editor of *Consu Electronics Monthly* and owner of two V((Beta and VHS), one videodisc player, color TV sets, and an impressive collectior antique audio and video equipment—some which works—sums it up best: "I'm beginr to get scared," he says. "I watch TV all the t now."

—Hope Heyr

Videocassette Recorders Model Number	Format	Features	Discounted Price Range
Sanyo VTC 9100A	Beta	1-event, 1-day programmability; memory tape counter; remote pause control	$469
Quasar VH5011TW	VHS	1-event, 1-day programmability; remote pause control; tape counter with memory	$500
RCA VFT-190	VHS	1-event, 1-day programmability; built-in digital clock timer; digital tape counter; remote pause control	$500
Sony SL-5000	Beta	1-event, 1-day programmability; remote control; BetaScan; pause remote control jack	$600
JVC HR-7300U	VHS	8-event, 14-day programmability; full-function remote control; 4 heads; visual scan	$600
Panasonic PV-1370	VHS	1-event, 1-day programmability; Omnisearch; built-in digital clock; 9-function remote control	$600
Sony SL-5800	Beta	4-event, 4-day programmability; BetaScan; two-direction visual scan; full-function remote control; optional stacker	$900
RCA VFT-650	VHS	8-event, 14-day programmability; two-direction visual scan; 13-function, wireless infrared remote control	$900
Panasonic PV-1770	VHS	8-event, 14-day programmability; Omnisearch; 4 video heads; frame advance; variable-speed slow motion in all modes	$900
Videodisc Players			
RCA SelectaVision	CED	1-hour-per-side playing time; visual scan up to 16 times normal speed; rapid access scanning (without picture)	$275 to $299
Sanyo VDR3000	CED	1-hour playing time per side; visual scan at 16 and 40 times normal speed; still-frame advance, 4 frames at a time; optional wired remote control	$350 (with remote)
Pioneer VP-1000	LV	1-hour playing time per side; two-direction visual scan at 3 times normal speed; audio controls for stereo playback; freeze-frame; random-access search and display; optional full-function remote control	over $500

These models represent a highly arbitrary selection of advertised video specials. Most major brands offer a no-frills, low-cost VCR. Prices refer to advertised specials and vary depending on store and region.

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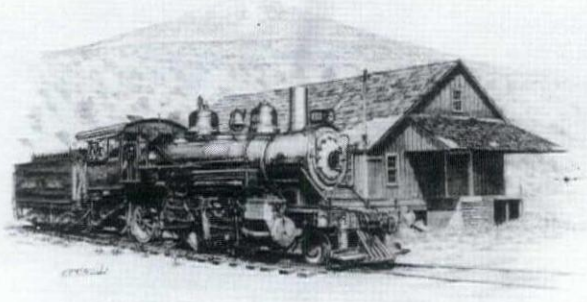

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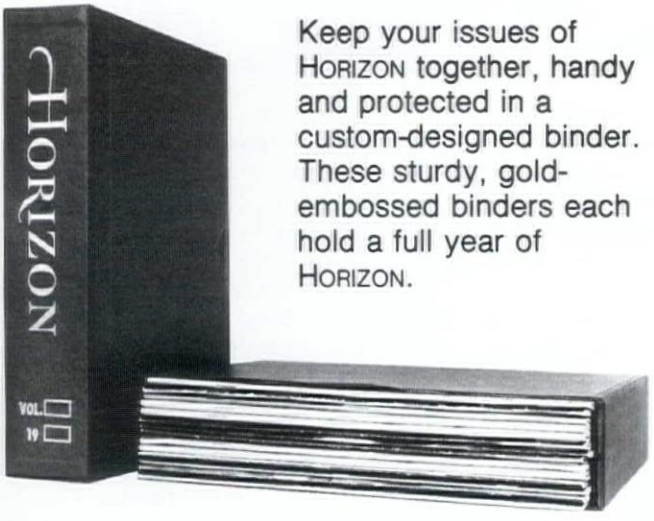

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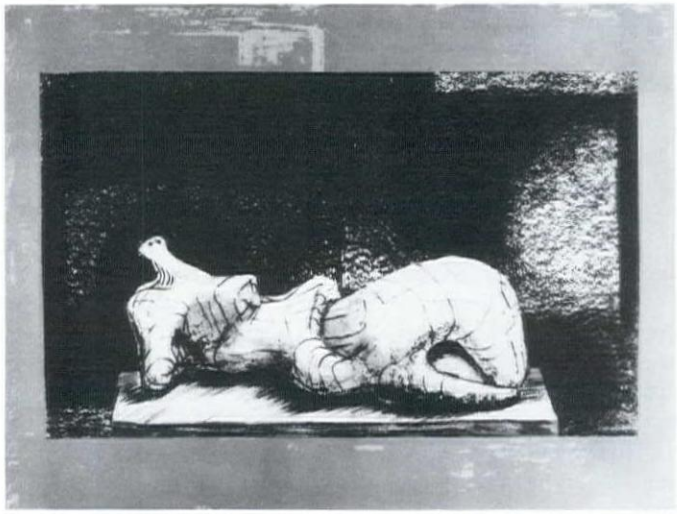

Henry Moore *Reclining Figure Architectural Background 1*, 1977, 9 color lithograph, 21¾ x 25¼", Ed 50.

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Films

Albert Finney and Diane Keaton in Shoot t Moon *(above) and Harry Hamlin and Mich Ontkean in* Making Love *(right): palpable tawdriness and TV-commercial clones.*

Marital Flicks

Midway in *Making Love*, the marriage of Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson—already strained by his growing realization that he's gay—is put to the test. He comes out of the bathroom yelling, "Why did you buy striped toothpaste? I hate striped toothpaste!"

And suddenly it dawns on you why this couple seems so familiar. You've seen them before—or their spiritual clones—on television commercials. The dissolution of a marriage pains them no more than the wrong toothpaste or too much caffeine ("Why so tense?").

Not that this should come as any surprise to an audience whose images of marriage have been formed by television. With a few exceptions ("Maude," "All in the Family"), there's little genuine pain *or* love in the world of Listerine ads and "Love Boat."

For their part, the movies simply haven't found marriage very interesting until just recently. But three recent films—*Making Love, On Golden Pond,* and *Shoot the Moon*—have discovered the subject, with varying degrees of success. The twin challenges of making movies about marriage appear to be creating honest characters and crafting an honest plot.

As characters, the scrub-faced WASPs of *Making Love* ring completely false. Whether the film was about a heterosexual or a homosexual triangle, the characters would still be Disneyland drones. Jackson (whose repertoire of expressions seems limited to biting her lower lip), Ontkean, and lover Harry Hamlin are Barbie, Ken, and Ken dolls.

Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn in *On Golden Pond* exude such magnetism that they hardly seem to belong to the same profession as Ontkean, Jackson, and Hamlin. Though *Golden Pond* is ostensibly about a troubled father-daughter relationship, at its core is the story of two people who have been married to each other for a very long time. The loving repartee of Fonda and Hepburn keeps the film skimming above the muck of the maudlin.

And yet, as Fonda shows his human side his grandson-to-be, Doug McKeon, you m catch yourself listening for the familiar stra of the Pepsi TV-commercial theme. Th icons of stolid Yankee virtue become a t cloying as they jerk the tears out of you. L the protagonists of *Making Love,* Fonda a Hepburn are too good to be true.

From a plot summary, *Shoot the Mo* sounds like more of the same. Here, Alb Finney plays a writer; in *Making Love* they a doctor, a TV executive, and a writer; *Golden Pond,* Fonda's a retired profess Movies about plumbers and steelworke apparently, don't sell tickets. Worse, *Sho the Moon* was shot in the capital of Californ hot-tubland, Marin County.

But Finney, Diane Keaton, and their ch

ı (led by the sparkling Dana Hill) tear your rt out nonetheless. These aren't high-ıded robots who never get their hands—:h less their souls—soiled. Even the talked-ut gay scenes in *Making Love* look reographed, but when Finney and Keaton e affairs, the tawdriness is palpable.

Nor is it just the characterizations that make *ıot the Moon* one of the best films about rriage in years. Bo Goldman, known for his :enwriting on *One Flew over the Cuckoo's st* and *Melvin and Howard,* dares to give us h moral and emotional complexity. Right the excruciating, long-held final image, *ıot the Moon* refuses to supply Band-Aid ıtions. The film explodes with raw emotion il it becomes almost physically painful to tch. And we feel the pain as much for the ldren, who become both mirrors and vic-s of their parents' problems, as we do for ıton and Finney. Unlike McKeon in *On lden Pond,* the children here transcend the tus of plot machinery.

Also unlike *Golden Pond, Shoot the Moon* never stoops to being manipulative. *Golden Pond* progresses a bit too neatly; its plot twists like a maze. As David Denby observed in *New York* magazine, "The lump-in-the-throat mechanics are so obvious here one begins to rebel." If the big-city critics have begun to sharpen their knives on the movie after its positive public reception (*New Yorker:* "uplifting twaddle"; National Public Radio: "The kind of statue that makes you wish you were a *big* pigeon"), they are not just heartless meanies. They've looked up and seen writer Ernest Thompson pulling their heartstrings.

But Thompson's work is an emotional tour de force compared to the impossibly happy endings of *Making Love.* Get this: Ontkean had wooed Jackson with the poetry of Rupert Brooke, so they'd always planned to name the child they never had "Rupert." When Ontkean decides he's gay (about as wrenching for him as opting for corn flakes instead of Wheaties for breakfast) and moves out of their eight-year marriage, does Jackson hate him even a little? Hardly: she remarries, has a child, and names the new husband's child "Rupert." Jackson acts like she's in spring training for sainthood. And it's no help that the whole story is told in retrospect, with Jackson and Hamlin interspersing after-the-fact true confessions. The effect is emotionally distancing, reinforced by placing the narrators in a wall-less, glowing white space that looks like either a psycho ward or heaven.

So it's easy to see why marriage hasn't historically been a popular topic for film makers and screenwriters. It's far tougher to pull off than are tales of drifters, superspies, robots, and cowboys. The characters must have flaws more serious than their mistaken choice of toothpaste, and the narrative must be as uncompromising as the protagonists are compromised. But these are the kind of films we need right now, as much for self-enlightenment as for catharsis. Like marriage itself, hard-hitting films about marriage demand an honest commitment to make them work. Otherwise they become divorced from reality.

—David A. Fryxell

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Letters

Anderson Fans

Your March issue with the story about Walter Anderson ("Portraitist of Nature") had a tremendous pulling power as far as we are concerned. You may recall there was mention in the story by Marda Kaiser Burton that information and material on Walter Anderson could be gained by writing us.

To date, we have had letters and telephone calls from slightly more than fifty people, and from all corners of this country, and from the small hamlets up to the vast cities, among them: New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Minneapolis, Boston, Seattle, Houston—you name the town, I'd bet we have had mail from it. Many of the writers are painters, and many are only students and aficionados of art. Simply amazing.

We can only say to you, the story was terrific! The selection and reproduction of the Anderson paintings was a credit to anyone who had anything to do with the processes. We congratulate you all, and kudos to the photographer and the color plate crew and to the writer. All did a masterful job, and we're truly indebted.

Eldon Holmquist
President, Friends of Walter Anderson, Inc.
P.O. Box 328
Ocean Springs, Mississippi 39564

Open Island

Marda Kaiser Burton's article "Portraitist of Nature" (March 1982) is excellent. Your magazine is to be commended for providing another glimpse of Walter Anderson's multifaceted personality.

It is necessary, however, to take exception to one sentence in your editorial introduction, "Island Treasure." I quote: "After much persuading and slicing of red tape, Burton was allowed to visit Anderson's beloved Horn Island off the coast; it's now part of a National Seashore."

First, it does not require any red tape, only a boat; some persuading may be necessary if one has to bum a ride. However, as any of the hundreds of weekly visitors can attest, one does not need to get permission to visit this lovely site. The strong implication in your statement that because Horn Island is now a part of a National Seashore access is therefore limited is blatantly false.

This wonder spot, a jewel which has inspired many Gulf Coast residents, artists and nonartists alike, is preserved in the National Wilderness System. Hence, not only available to this generation, but, James permitting, it will be there for all fu generations as well. Come down. No red is involved. See for yourself.

Anne B. Brandburn
New Orleans, Louisiana

Editor's note: Actually, the "persuading slicing of red tape" was not just to allow ton to visit, but to obtain permission to st the island's ranger station. Horn Island is c to the public for visits and camping.

Checking the Records

I enjoyed the excellent article on Ma McPartland in your November 1981 i ("Sophisticated Lady"), in which you li brief discography of her recordings, severa which are on her own Halcyon label. Can suggest an address where I may send away Marian McPartland recordings? The rec stores with whom I usually do business do carry her recordings. Thank you for your h Your magazine is excellent in every respec

Nick Pool
Muskegon, Michigan

Editor's note: For ordering information Marian McPartland recordings, contact C cord Jazz Records, Post Office Box 845, C cord, California 94522, and Halcyon Reco Box 4255, Grand Central Station, New Yo New York 10017.

Earth Worker

I am writing in regards to Bertram Gabri "Works of Earth" in the January/Febru issue of HORIZON. In the article you cover m of the important male earthwork artists, no mention is made of the one woman ar working in this area. Nancy Holt, an ar with this gallery, has been making earthwo since the early sixties. It is regretful that y research was incomplete, and that this imp tant work was overlooked.

Joyce Nereaux
Director, John Weber Gallery
New York, New York

Editor's note: Nancy Holt is the widow Robert Smithson, who was discussed at len in the article. Writer Gabriel had mentio her work completing Smithson's Spiral Je *but space considerations forced the omiss of this point.*