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The Thirteenth Duchess of Alba by Goya

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HORIZON

Volume 26 *Number 1* *January/February 1983*

Cover:
Cayetana de Silva y Alvarez de Toledo, the thirteenth Duchess of Alba, by Francisco Goya (detail).

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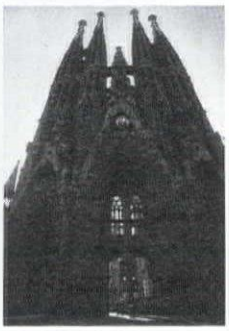
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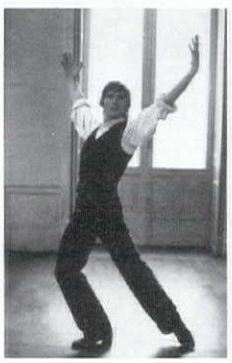


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EDUCATION HALL LIBRARY

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HORIZON

A Horizon Holiday

The giant cedar Christmas tree in our library almost brushes the eighteen-foot ceiling. In an apartment-sized world, buying the right tree for our enormous nineteenth-century office has never been easy—until this year. After a discouraging trek to lots brimming with pint-sized trees, we returned to the office with a gloomy report. No tree. But when word reached the accounting department, the situation changed fast. Accounting manager Terri Livingston piled a committee into a truck, sped the distance to her farm, and our soon-to-be Christmas tree was chopped down on the spot. It is definitely our best holiday decoration ever.

And, as HORIZON prepares for our twenty-fifth anniversary in 1983, this has been our best year as well. Beginning in January with the debut of USArts, then our commendation as the only magazine gold-medal winner in the 1982 New York Art Director's Club awards, HORIZON is accomplishing the goals we established when we purchased the magazine more than four years ago. Back in 1978, we envisioned this as the national magazine of the arts, an essential publication for everyone who wants to access the arts into their lives. And after more than forty issues, we are pleased that, as our readers, you are getting this information and enjoyment from HORIZON magazine.

Any publication has only one major asset: people. They are the readers who create an audience and the staff which creates a product. And the holiday season seems a particularly appropriate time to thank each of you for making HORIZON the unique magazine it has become. Our staff in every department—from editorial and advertising to circulation and personnel—has never been better. Their talents and energy are phenomenal. Contributing editors, advisory board members, and the teams of free-lance writers and photographers who contribute to each issue are also essential to our success. And, as our readers, you set the pace for quality in HORIZON; fulfilling your expectations creates our mandate for excellence.

To everyone who is part of HORIZON, we extend our best wishes for 1983.



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Cross Country



Film

A Farmer's Life

Just when you thought they had made all the movies possible about blonde actresses who meet with tragic ends, now comes a new January release, *Frances,* the life story of 1930s star Frances Farmer.

Jessica Lange of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* fame plays the part of the actress who was a radical for her time. Of Farmer, Lange says, "She was an independent, intelligent woman who refused to knuckle under to the system and suffered because of it. She came into conflict with the studios right from the start. They tried to mold her into a sort of Harlow image, and she wanted none of that." In 1945, after several bouts with alcoholism and periods spent in jail, Frances Farmer was placed in a mental hospital by her mother, where she eventually underwent a lobotomy. She was later released, and during work on her autobiography in 1970, she died of cancer.

Reportedly, Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Goldie Hawn, and Jane Fonda all vied for the role Lange won. Lange sees her work in *Frances* as a turning point in her film career, which began with the ill-fated *King Kong.*

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



Top: Jessica Lange hopes that her role as Frances Farmer will turn her career around. Above: Simone Signoret (left) and Laetitia Chaveau in Moreau's L'Adolescente.

The Moreau Explosion

Jeanne Moreau, the European cinema's one-time queen of anxiety and depression (thanks to her roles in Louis Malle's *The Lovers,* Michelangelo Antonioni's *La Notte,* Francois Truffaut's *The Bride Wore Black,* and Tony Richardson's *Mademoiselle*), reveals a sunny side in *L'Adolescente,* her second film as a director. "I've known all the negative emotions I've portrayed in films directed by others," she said during a recent visit to Los Angeles, "but I have very consciously chosen, in the films I direct myself, to say something about the pleasures I've known from relationships and about the ability of people to survive crisis."

Precision in answering questions from cast and crew and being—or at the very least, *looking*—deeply confident are prerequisites for directing movies, Moreau feels, "even if you are so full of fear that you wake up after four hours' sleep, as I often did while shooting *L'Adolescente.* Of course, you must also not be afraid of asking questions—which is how I've learned what I know of the technical part of making movies."

Because its heroine (Laetitia Chaveau) is on the verge of puberty in the France of 1939, and Moreau herself was eleven in that year, *L'Adolescente* has been assumed by many to be autobiographical. "Oh, but I was in England at that time," she objected. "My mother is English—so, okay, she was a 'foreigner' in France like the Dutch mother [Edith Cleper] in the film, but I had no grandmother like the one played by Simone Signoret. The doctor [Francis Huster] is based on someone I met much later."

Off to a healthy start in foreign-film theaters in large cities and college towns in the United States, *L'Adolescente* will be joined in early 1983 by three films in which Moreau appears as an actress. *La Truite* presents her as a woman whose husband leaves her for the slippery "trout" of the title. In *Plein Sud* [Due south], she is reunited with Patrick Dewaere, with whom she appeared in the controversial *Going Places* in 1974. Considerable controversy surrounded the Venice Film Festival showing last August of the late R. W. Fassbinder's *Querelle,* in which Moreau represents woman in a world populated by homosexual males. "To play a symbol, an abstraction without psychological explanations," Moreau explained, "you take your cues from the costumes, the makeup, the light in which you are bathed, or the fact that you are singing songs derived from the poems of Oscar Wilde, and from the director, who didn't say very much but would be standing off to the side, moving his hands like an orchestra conductor, signaling you to increase or decrease the tempo of your lines." *—Donald Chase*

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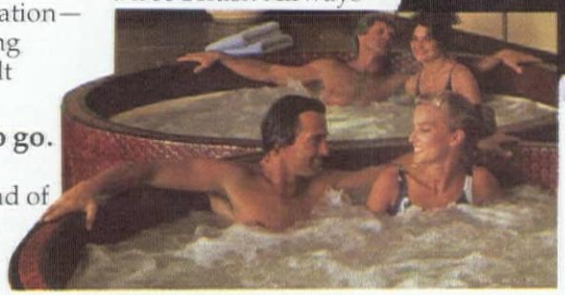
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Cross Country

Television

Live, from PBS?

After a highly successful season last year, PBS' "American Playhouse" returns. It premieres on January 18 (check local listings for exact time in your area) with a live telecast of Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Skin of Our Teeth,* originating from the Old Globe Theatre in San Diego. The play is the first live telecast of a theatrical production on public television. *The Skin of Our Teeth,* about a struggling family during World War II, was originally produced on Broadway in 1942 and ran for 359 performances. It was revived on Broadway in 1955 and again in 1975.

Every Tuesday night for thirty-nine weeks, following the January 18 performance, "American Playhouse" will bring us works by such authors as Truman Capote, Philip Roth, Lanford Wilson, and Isaac Bashevis Singer. Some of the performers appearing in the series will be Brooke Adams, James Broderick, James Mason, and Swoosie Kurtz.

David M. Davis, executive director of "American Playhouse," says, "We did not always pursue the safe path in selecting productions, and undoubtedly we will continue to take chances again in the future. But that's what a drama anthology series like 'American Playhouse' must do in order to be successful."

Highlighted for March is "For Us, the Living," about the slain civil rights leader Medgar Evers, and in April, "The Last Testament," about the survivors of a nuclear holocaust.

Radio

Hearing Is Believing

Imperial probe droids, imperial storm troopers, the Force, Yoda—all can be found in a galaxy far, far away. These words and phrases are associated with the stunning visual special effects of *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*. Beginning on February 14 (check local guides for exact times and dates), National Public Radio will bring you a special ten-part adaptation of *The Empire Strikes Back,* sans visual effects, plus human imagination.

Mark Hamil, familiar to fans as the brave, if sometimes naive, Luke Skywalker, will speak the part of Luke on NPR's presentation.

Cross Country

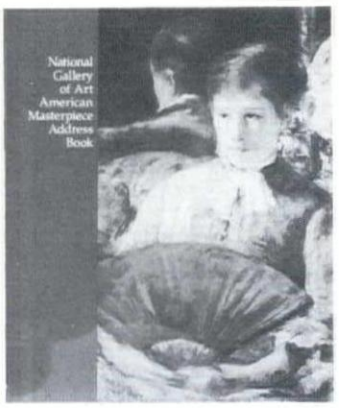
Anthony Daniels will provide the unmistakable chatter of the golden robot, See-Threepio, and Billy Dee Williams recreates his role of Lando Calrissian. Actors not associated with the film speak the parts of Princess Leia and Han Solo. Brock Peters is the rumbling voice of Darth Vader and John Lithgow is Yoda.

Hamil, who also performed for last year's NPR production of "Star Wars," says, "Radio drama goes to the roots of what an actor really does—it involves total concentration and imagination. You only have your voice to rely on, and it has to reflect physical action. For example, if I'm supposed to be hanging from a weather vane, I put myself in that position."

Lucasfilm, the makers of the *Star Wars* movies, has made the sound effects from *Empire* available to NPR. With these effects, the adapted dialogue, and your imagination, the visuals won't be missed. □

For NPR's presentation of "The Empire Strikes Back," Mark Hamil sits on the floor during his scene in Yoda's cave. "What matters is how your voice comes across the air," Hamil reflects.





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Trans World

Austria

Circles of the World

The relationship between native Americans and the art they produced will be explained in detail when "Circles of the World" comes to the Museum des Zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts in Vienna January 20 through March 13.

"Circles of the World," a comprehensive exhibition of nomadic Plains Indian art drawn largely from the Denver Art Museum, includes more than 150 objects representing eighteen Plains tribes between 1840 and 1890.

Presented in four sections, exhibition objects correspond to the four circles of experience in the life of a Plains Indian: family, tribe, humanity, unknown. Artifacts from every aspect of Plains Indian culture are featured —including secular to ceremonial life—from beaded designs on cloth and skin, pieces embellished with eagle feathers, buffalo teeth and porcupine quills, to delicate tipi paintings, headdresses, and silver jewelry.

The two-year traveling exhibition is funded by the American Express Foundation, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and the National Endowment for the Arts. After closing in Austria, "Circles of the World" travels to the Musée du le Petit Palais in Paris (May 3–July 31) and to the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle de Toulouse in Toulouse, France (September 1–November 6), before returning to the United States on a three-city tour to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, the Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York City, and the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco.

Canada

Blake's Art

William Blake (1757–1827), the great English visionary artist, is known as widely in literary circles for his poetry as in artistic circles for his dramatic temperas, colored engravings, and book illustrations. For the first time, his work comes to Canada with the showing of "William Blake: His Art and Times" at the Art Gallery of Ontario now through February 16.

The exhibition draws on all major Blake holdings in North America, with additions from London's Tate Gallery. Blake's achievements in all media are explored, including 250 temperas, watercolors, and engravings, plus a group of illustrated books from the collection of Paul Mellon.



William Blake's Los Entering the Grave, *a book illustration from the Mellon Collection.*

Japan

Contemporary Paper

Contemporary American works on paper are the latest export to Japan. Organized by the World Print Council of San Francisco and sponsored by the United States International Communications Agency, "New American Paperworks" opens at the National Museum of Modern Art in Kyoto February 18. Works by twenty American artists include hand-formed flat pieces, laminations, uniquely painted or colored imagery, and three-dimensional constructions and environments.

Most spectacular among exhibits are a kite-like book unfolding Oriental-style into a fifty-seven-foot-long sculpture and an installation representing nine world rivers in a combination of wood, paper, stick, stone, and sand. According to Trisha Garlock, founding director of the World Print Council, the exhibition is an outgrowth of the paper renaissance of the past decade, which has swept university art departments and fine-arts presses of the country: "Paper has been transformed from a recipient surface to an integral part of a work of art."

Following the Kyoto showing, "New American Paperworks" can be seen at the Shukosh Art Gallery in Fukuoko (April 4–30) before traveling to the Fine Arts Center of Korean Culture and Arts Foundation in Seoul, Korea (May 25–June 14), the Exhibition Hall, Central Library of Kiemyung University in Taegu, Korea (June 28–July 18), the Hong Kong Museum of Art (August 19–September 30), the Metropolitan Museum in Manila, Philippines (October 4–November 30), and the National Museum in the Republic of Singapore (December 20–February 29, 1984).

Switzerland

Basel Bash

At the stroke of four on the morning of February 21, the city of Basel will extinguish its lights. Through the darkness will glow the lanterns of hundreds of masked and costumed merrymakers playing one tune in unison on high-pitched pipes and droning drums. As night stretches into silvery dawn, the lanterns will cease to glow, but the music and masquerading will continue for seventy-two hours as Baselers celebrate the winter carnival they call the Fasnacht.

The traditions of the *Fasnacht* go back to ancient Babylonian rituals performed to drive out winter, yet the verses sung and distributed in parades and coffeehouses throughout the town today are as contemporary as the latest world crisis or local scandal. In the Middle Ages, Christians incorporated the carnival into their calendars as a pre-Lenten festival. Nearly every town turned topsy-turvy for those days, with fools becoming priests, men dressed as women, women as men, and youths enacting satirical skits at the expense of their elders. After the Reformation, most cities abandoned the carnival altogether, though in some it evolved into a drunken revelry. Basel's *Fasnacht,* with its mixture of fantastic costumes, otherworldly music, and political satire cleverly written into punning verses, remains one of the few ongoing traditional carnivals. It's carnival is neither relic nor riot, but a celebration to which every epoch continues to contribute. *—Donna Gold*

Books

Golden Genius

Paderewski. by Adam Zamoyski. New York: Atheneum, 1982. 289 pp., 47 black-and-white photographs. $19.95.

The life of Ignace Jan Paderewski is a fairy tale. An indolent youth, he seemed well on his way to squandering his musical talent, and he did not win a major concert success until the advanced age of twenty-eight. Yet within a few years he became, in the words of his latest biographer, "the most popular pianist there has ever been." In the 1890s, "Paddymania" gripped Europe and America, similar to the frenzy that surrounded Elvis Presley and the Beatles. Paderewski's delicate features, slender build, and copper-gold hair sent women into hysterics. Fans stampeded to touch him, and women pursued him in the streets and in his hotel rooms, brandishing scissors. Paderewski gave all this up for five years, threw himself into politics in the midst of World War I, and emerged in early 1919 as the duly elected premier of Poland.

Adam Zamoyski, who previously chronicled the life of Chopin, has marshaled the details in this dramatic artistic life, to produce a fascinating biography of the great Pole, who remains less familiar to our generation than anyone would have dreamed possible at the time of his death in 1941. Zamoyski's command of both Polish and English sources gives his retelling of the pianist's career an evenhanded multiplicity of viewpoints.

Paderewski, despite having what he himself called an "inborn technique," was no prodigy. He preferred improvising to practicing; in his teens, one teacher told him, "You will never be a pianist." Late in adolescence, he began to apply the intensity that marked the rest of his life, and routinely spent twelve hours or more without a break at the keyboard.

His twenties were filled with impoverished tours to provincial towns, grubbing what coins the locals might scrounge up for a concert. In 1888, he had his great success in Paris. London followed, grudgingly; the United States, with wild enthusiasm. Paderewski was an inexhaustible showman whose concerts normally lasted three hours, on top of which he would often play ten or twelve encores. On one tour of the United States, he played 107 concerts in



This caricature of Paderewski was published in the New York Herald *in the early 1890s.*

117 days, traveling by train between cities. By 1895 he was earning, a journalist calculated, $1,000 for each piece he played. The richest musician in history, he squandered money generously, and was often in financial trouble.

Women all over the world were in love with the golden-haired genius. He carried on affairs with several at a time, not counting the liaisons he took for granted at every whistle stop. His first wife died young; Paderewski finally entered a second marriage with an older woman named Helena Gorska. She was to become the meddlesome and impossible wife of the premier.

Paderewski was equally ambitious as a composer, although his works are seldom played today. Concerning his performance in London of his own concerto, George Bernard Shaw wrote, "I could see that he felt like a Titan when he was threshing out those fortissimos with the full band; but . . . he might just as well have been addressing postcards for all that reached me through the din of the orchestra. I do not want ever to hear that concerto again." Records exist of Paderewski's playing. The interpretations sound strange to a modern ear, with their almost wanton rubato, occasional broken chords, and lavish pedaling. The mesmerizing drama of Paderewski's concerts does not survive on disc, but his exquisite care to bring out the musical phrasing does, as well as the figurative brilliance of the pianist's right hand.

The tours of the United States, by all accounts, were journeys the likes of which we shall not see again. Artur Rubinstein says in *My Young Years* that people would wait all night by the railroad tracks to see Paderewski's train pass. Paderewski himself wrote that in Kansas City several hundred devotees arrived from Texas, scores in hand, to hear him play.

The transition to statesman was not so improbable as it may seem. Paderewski's great fame made him a natural spokesman for his country when Poland began to be squeezed between Russia and Germany before World War I. During the war, the pianist mixed concerts with speeches, soliciting donations for relief. Paderewski was swept into office almost by popular demand. He played a vital, but frustrating, role at the Paris Peace Conference, and within a few years the changing tides of politics forced his resignation.

Zamoyski's biography must be faulted on two counts. The author uncritically accepts stories for which the only source is Paderewski; many are romantic or self-mystifying. And while the extraordinary events of the pianist's life are skillfully arranged for our understanding, we never penetrate very deeply into Paderewski's soul. For all his celebrity, he was a deeply private man. But Zamoyski is insufficiently zealous at plumping the hints of paradox in the great man's nature. Paderewski, for instance, had a compulsive hatred of sadness, which extended to an extreme dislike of the color black; as he aged, he dressed increasingly in all white or tan. Yet Artur Rubinstein describes him as "one of the most unhappy human beings I had ever met."

Paderewski returned triumphantly to the keyboard from public service, and his last years saw an avalanche of public honors. Yet he became, in a sense, a man who had outlived his time. He described jazz as "horrible stuff," and though he lived only a few miles from Stravinsky, he never cared to meet the twentieth century's greatest composer. As a statesman, his greatest efforts went toward preserving the independence of his beloved Poland. Unfortunately, he did not succeed in that goal. During the month of September 1939, a semi-invalid, he sat in his drawing room listening to the news, first of Germany's invasion of Poland, then of the Soviet Union's. As the Warsaw Radio lapsed into silence, Paderewski broke down and wept.

—David Roberts

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Films

The Canvas Syndrome

In one of many memorable routines by Monty Python, the British comedy team, a gruff British officer proposes to teach his raw recruits how to defend themselves against an enemy armed with a banana.

"All right, Private, come at me," he commands a befuddled trainee armed with the banana. The private reluctantly obeys. The officer whips out a gun and shoots him. "That's how to defend yourself against an enemy armed with a banana. Next, how to defend yourself against an enemy armed with a peach. Volunteers?"

The set is a bare white room. The only props are a gun and a few pieces of fruit, and the costumes are all-purpose military garb. But the zany comics squeeze more laughs out of the simple insanity of that situation than Michael Palin, a Python alumnus, elicits in the two hours of his lavish new romantic comedy, *The Missionary*. Palin furnishes the film—his first solo effort—with what look like leftover mansions from Stanley Kubrick's excruciatingly detailed *Barry Lyndon* and urchin outtakes from *Oliver*. It's all utterly convincing, but no heart (and disappointingly little humor) beats at the core of Palin's handsome period piece. It's the reverse of the emperor's new clothes: fancy tailoring, nobody inside.

Palin, an engaging chap with a Chaplin-like innocence, seems to have forgotten his Python lessons in the throes of making a major motion picture. As in the banana scene, sets do not a comedy make. What he's given us in *The Missionary* is rather like that banana: tasty looks, nice color, no bang.

Not that he's the first movie maker to fall victim to what might be called the Canvas Syndrome: so intent on being a Bruegel of that big "canvas" in the movie theater, he neglects to populate the foreground with recognizable, sympathetic human characters. Cecil B. De Mille built a career on epics in which the backdrops seemed more real than the larger-than-life heroes. Busby Berkeley did it with people as props.

This summer's *Annie,* for example, took a precise, didactic comic strip and blew it up into one of the most extravagant movie musicals ever made. That it didn't simply blow up in the producers' faces is a tribute to a superb cast. Albert Finney, in particular, makes a strikingly good Daddy Warbucks, keeping his dignity even in the most cloying scenes. And Carol Burnett takes to her role as the soused orphanage matron like a floozy to bathtub gin. But director John Huston is sadly miscast. Huston, a truly great director, handles the genre like Patton with the Sixth Fleet: he's out of his element. The choppy, close-up choreography makes you long to go up on deck for a breath of fresh air. In the swirl of butlers, maids, and little-girls' bloomers, you forget that this is supposed to be a movie about a little orphan girl, not about Esther Williams. Critics blasted *Annie* out of the water, but few spotted the engaging heart of the film that peeks out here and there from the multimillion-dollar canvas.

This summer's *Blade Runner,* a grim trenchcoat tale of the near future, is as different from *Annie* or *The Missionary* as a film can be, but it too suffers from the Canvas Syndrome. Director Ridley Scott successfully immerses you in the gritty dystopia of Philip K. Dick's original novel (see the July/August 1982 HORIZON); you come out of the theater wanting to wash your hands. But in his precise unfolding of the movie's canvas, Scott doesn't seem to have time for Dick's equally well drawn, exquisitely paranoid characters. The hero, played by Harrison Ford, is a hunter of runaway androids. We're meant to slowly realize that the androids aren't so very different from us; instead, we see immediately that the stereotyped hero might as well be an android.

Like most of his characterizations in The Missionary, *Michael Palin appears small against his lavish canvas.*



Say this for Scott: he creates the most convincing science-fictional canvas ever painted on film. Most critics simply didn't know what to make of it, so they missed his achievement. But we're still left waiting for a science-fiction movie with characters who are as real as the spaceships.

So the Canvas Syndrome can strike drama as well as comedy. Unfortunately, the most recent example—*The Missionary*—can't even decide which it is. Palin plays a British missionary newly returned from Africa and reassigned to save souls among London's streetwalkers. Maggie Smith is the new mission's financial angel. She (inexplicably) falls for Palin, which is where the *Barry Lyndon*-esque romping comes in. When she's spurned, the mission must fall back on the streetwalkers' income-producing abilities to survive: haul out the *Oliver* sets, sans orphans.

There are some deliciously dotty bits, like the butler who keeps getting lost in Smith's cavernous mansion (making comedic hay out of that expensive location shooting, at least). Palin's fiancée has a nicely daffy penchant for organizing and filing things—like his love letters. But Palin never really goes for the belly laughs, nor does he let the film rocket off into the bizarre reaches explored by his old Monty Python chums. He keeps coming back to the romantic plot with Smith. In the end the missionary and the millionairess wind up together, but in blissful poverty, like some Thomas Hardy novel gone awry. None of it is convincing, or even particularly interesting.

So what do you come away from *The Missionary* remembering? The scenery, alas. "Gee," you find yourself saying at the exit, "that was sure a good re-creation of turn-of-the-century England." If you also find yourself wondering why you needed Michael Palin—who's a very funny man, but only a middling film maker—as tour guide, you may detour to demand your money back.

In short: Peachy canvas needs more slipping on banana peels. —*David A. Fryxell*

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A Glorious Patronage

Through centuries of papal patronage, the church has assembled a sizable portion of the world's art treasures.

By Thomas O'Neil

Not since the Picasso and King Tut exhibitions have museum officials bantered about the term "blockbuster" so casually and so emphatically. Some are even calling the Vatican art exhibition, which opens February 26 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the greatest art exhibition of all time.

"The Vatican Collections: The Papacy and Art" is certainly the most ambitious—and indeed the most costly—exhibition ever, and is the first major showing of Vatican art outside the independent city-state. The 237 works have been drawn not only from the vast holdings of the church's museums, but also from Saint Peter's Basilica, the Vatican Library, its Treasury, and the pope's own private quarters. On view for the first time in the western hemisphere will be such masterworks as the Apollo Belvedere, Leonardo da Vinci's (unfinished) *Saint Jerome, The Deposition of Christ* by Caravaggio, Bernini's bust of Pope Urban VIII, and Raphael's *The Miraculous Draught of Fishes*. The art reflects the history of papal patronage, showing how the pontiffs have commissioned, collected, and preserved works of art from the time of the first Saint Peter's Church, built by Emperor Constantine in the fourth century, to its modern day efforts toward amassing ethnological artifacts worldwide.

The role that papal patronage played on the evolution of art after the erection of Saint Peter's is probably the exhibition's most challenging theme. From the medieval age through the Renaissance, artists struggled daily to increase their lot above, say, painting a cobbler's portrait for a pair of shoes. Two options showed promise: one, to court the favor of petty princes and other potentates to do commissioned portraits for princely fees; the other, to paint religious works and win the favor of Mother Church while reaping financial and spiritual rewards as well.



All photographs courtesy the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

It was to the Vatican that the greatest artists of Europe turned, and the clergy responded with generous commissions for a new project so immense that it would employ thousands of artists and artisans for 170 years. The old Saint Peter's Church, which served as headquarters of the Catholic Church for nearly 1,200 years, was to be torn down in the sixteenth century and replaced by the new Saint Peter's Basilica and adjacent Vatican buildings. No expense was spared to construct what became the premiere artistic achievement of the High Renaissance.

Donato Bramante was the original architect behind the project, spearheaded by the zealous Pope Julius II (1503–1513). Surrounding them were Michelangelo, Raphael, Fra Angelico, Antonio da Sangallo, and countless others working independently on murals, sculpture, frescoes, mosaics, and other decorations celebrating the glory of God and Church. Bernini was one of the last of the great artists to be employed at the task. He built the majestic bronze canopy that rests above the papal altar and completed the grand oval colonnade of the piazza outside. But by the late seventeenth century, the full effort was nearing completion, and the church turned more to collecting art than commissioning it, phasing out a tradition of nearly 1,400 years.

It is a tradition that has suffered somewhat from historic scrutiny. It was Michelangelo who proved to be one of its most bitter detractors when he complained vehemently of his own business arrangement with the Vatican. "I tell you," he once wrote to a friend, "that if I could claim damages and interest according to my own estimate, I should prove to be the creditor rather than the debtor." When Pope

Thomas O'Neil is a free-lance writer living in New York City. He is a frequent contributor to Horizon.

Left: This Renaissance altar cross of silver gilt and lapis lazuli was finished in 1582. Opposite page: Raphael designed this tapestry depicting The Miraculous Draught of Fishes, *woven about 1519.*





The Vatican has survived numerous sackings and plunderings, yet managed to see its art returned and preserved.

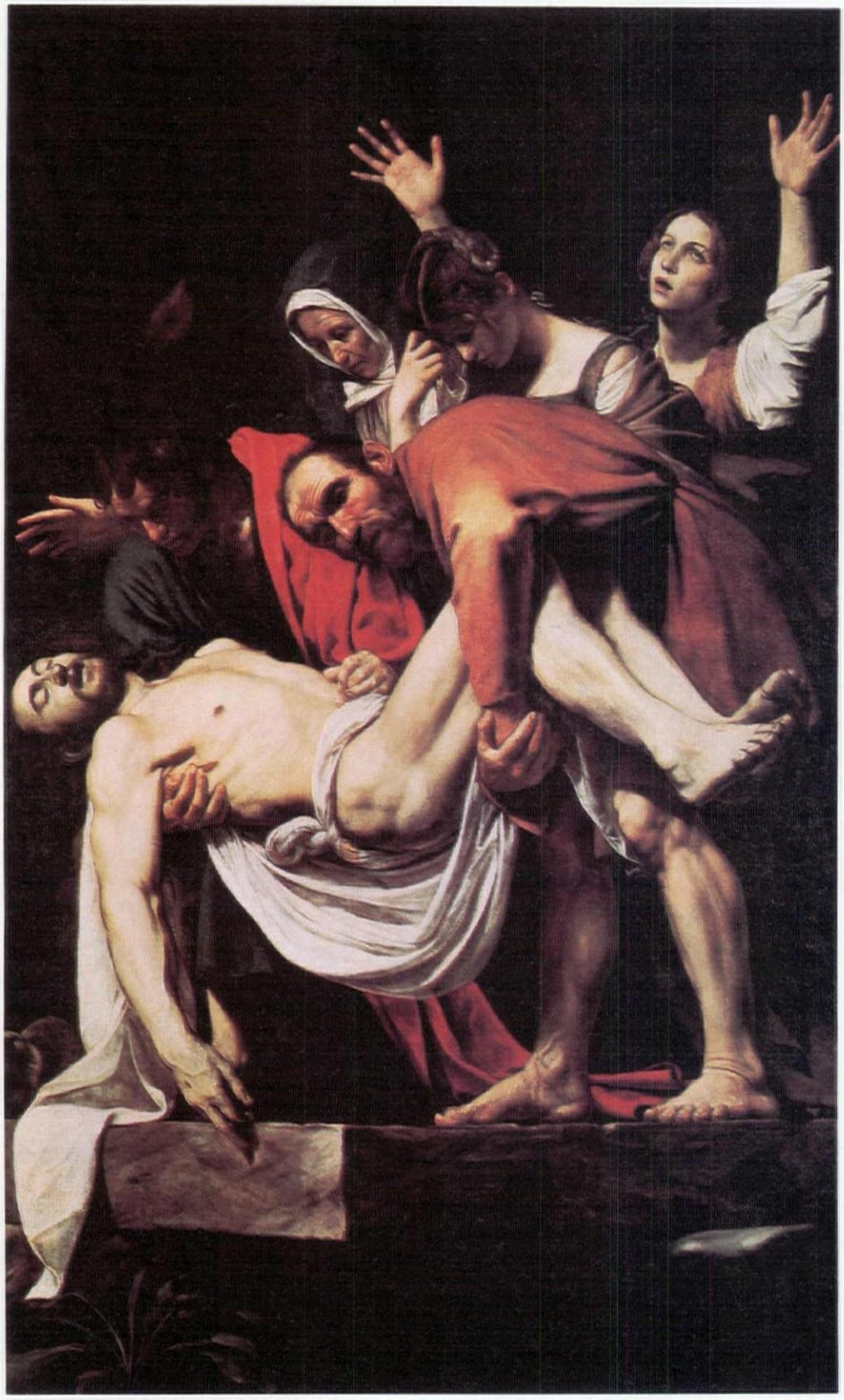






Left: Panels painted by Fra Angelico in 1437 for the Chapel of Saint Nicholas depict events from the legend of Saint Nicholas. Top: Urban VIII commissioned Gian Lorenzo Bernini to create this bronze bust in 1632. Above: Augustus of Prima Porta, *a marble copy dating from the first century* B.C. *of a bronze original.*

Artists like Michelangelo looked to the church for support and inspiration.



Julius asked Michelangelo to cast a bronze statue of him, he assured the artist that he would receive compensation to his satisfaction. But Michelangelo reported at the end of two years, "I found myself only four ducats and a half to the good." Ultimately, the Vatican settled its debts, and Michelangelo struck up a personable relationship with Julius II. He once said to a friend: "Sometimes as I stand talking to the Pope, I thoughtlessly put this old felt hat on my head and speak to him very freely. And they have not killed me for that, rather he has given me a livelihood."

From the construction of the first Saint Peter's to the building of the second, the practice of papal patronage gave rise to one of the world's greatest collections of artistic expression, and eventually helped usher Europe out of the Dark Ages. By the twentieth century, despite numerous sackings and plunderings throughout history, the Vatican had assembled a sizable portion of the world's ranking treasures.

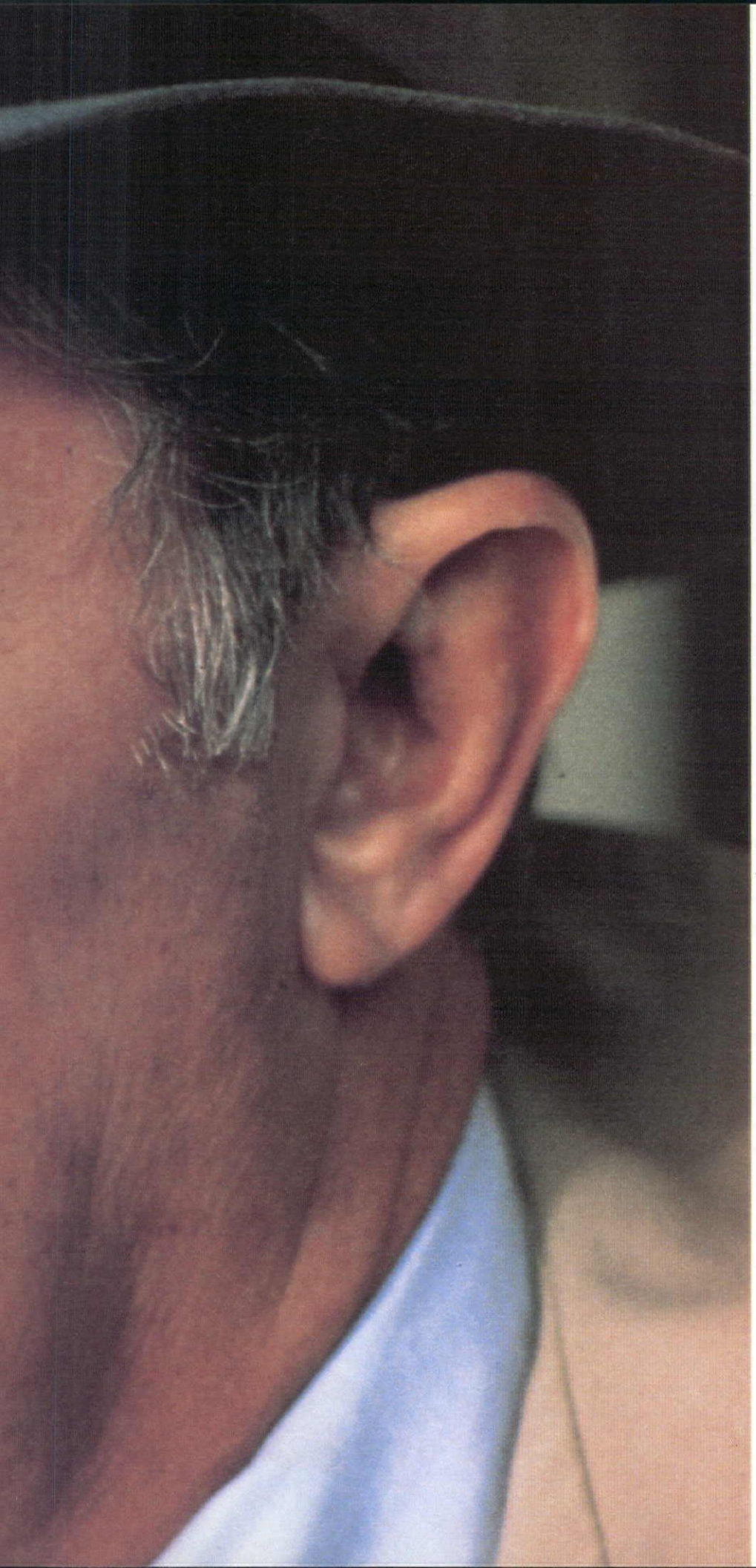
The current exhibition is being labeled an unprecedented "blockbuster" for many reasons. Never before, for example, has so much priceless art traveled together at one time. It's also a milestone in that the Vatican has become suddenly enthusiastic and cooperative about sharing its great collections with America. The exhibition's tour of the United States is sponsored by Philip Morris, Inc., through a $3 million grant to the Metropolitan Museum.

Where to see the Vatican Art Exhibit.
The exhibit can be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, NY, from February 26 to June 12; the Art Institute of Chicago, IL, from July 21 to October 16; and the M. H. de Young Museum of San Francisco, CA, from November 19 to February 19, 1984; before returning to Rome. Attendance in New York is by ticket only, which can be purchased at Ticke-tron outlets nationwide ($4.00 plus $.80 service charge per ticket) or by calling Tele-Tron ($4.00 plus $1.50 service charge per ticket). Tele-Tron phone numbers are: 212/947-5850; 516/794-3650; 914/631-0530; 201/343-4200; 609/344-1770; 215/627-0532. Purchases are limited to four tickets each.

Left: The Deposition, *painted by Caravaggio in 1604. Opposite page:* Saint Jerome *(detail, circa 1482), Leonardo da Vinci's only work in the Vatican or Rome, is unfinished.*







That Mitchum Season

At sixty-five, with forty years of films behind him, Robert Mitchum is working more and harder than ever before. By Donald Chase

Robert Mitchum—a performer not always celebrated for his versatility—has consistently denied that what he does onscreen is "acting," even threatening to quit movies should anyone "catch" him at that heinous crime. Though he refuses to call his craft that of actor, evidence of his talent will be widely evident on film and television in the next few months. Mitchum's two upcoming projects are already headliners: the feature film *That Championship Season* and the eighteen-hour television miniseries *The Winds of War.*

Mitchum spent more than a year in Yugoslavia, Austria, Germany, Italy, England, and Los Angeles filming *The Winds of War,* adapted by Herman Wouk from his 1971 best-selling novel. The $35 million miniseries will air on ABC for seven consecutive nights, beginning February 6. *That Championship Season,* the film version of Jason Miller's 1972 Tony Award- and Pulitzer Prize-winning play, is expected to become a mid-season blockbuster, enhanced by a topflight cast (including Bruce Dern, Stacy Keach and Martin Sheen), as well as a lavish promotional budget. Along with the current projects, Mitchum recently appeared in a two-hour television movie *One Shoe*

Robert Mitchum as Victor "Pug" Henry in television miniseries The Winds of War.



Above: (L-R) Sorvino, Mitchum, Dern, Sheen, Keach in That Championship Season. *Opposite page top: Mitchum played a murderous, hypnotic preacher in* The Night of the Hunter, *with Shelly Winters. In a contrasting role (opposite page bottom) Mitchum depicted a cuckolded schoolmaster in* Ryan's Daughter.

Makes It Murder, in which he co-starred with Angie Dickinson.

Since 1945 and *The Story of G.I. Joe,* Robert Mitchum has always been a star, with the star's gift of drawing an audience's attention without even trying. If what he does is not acting, then it naturally follows that he denies having anything to say about the "process" of acting. So it's left to Victoria Tennant, who plays Mitchum's inamorata in *The Winds of War,* to say that "Robert's remarks on interpretation suggested he'd thought about the material quite a lot before expressing himself concisely. The idea that my character sees him as a hero while he thinks of himself as quite the opposite came from Robert."

Jason Miller, who adapted and directed *Championship Season* for the screen, commends Mitchum's punctuality and preparedness and keen ear: "I've heard him do eight dialects, everything from Welsh to Southern to New York Irish to Boston Irish."

Peter Yates, who directed him as a Boston-Irish hood in *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* (1973), marvels at his flexibility ("He'll listen to what you have to say, and if he decides it's useful to him, he'll absorb it and it will be apparent in his next reading"), and his dedication ("He'd altered his appearance for the character"). Though, Yates adds, "He likes to give the impression that he just went out there and did it."

As for Mitchum himself, he prefers to put himself down and to tell anecdotes, which may, in their circuitous way, say more about the man and his work than detailed analysis of motivation and method. "Shortly after I said I'd do *Winds of War,* they began discussing who might play my wife. Someone at Paramount said, 'How about——?' [Mitchum named a well-known, quite competent actress]. 'I don't know,' I said. 'She's always struck me as being *bald.*' " He shrugs his shoulders, as if he still isn't sure himself where that word came from or whether he meant it literally or figuratively. "So while the others were looking confused or nodding in agreement, I said something about Polly Bergen, who ended up playing that role."

Mitchum and Bergen appeared together in a 1962 thriller called *Cape Fear.* "So we knew each other; I knew that Polly could give it a certain depth—though the character is supposed to be a rather superficial one—I knew we would work well together. She came out of music originally and so did I." Bergen, of course, was an accomplished singer in the fifties. Less well known is the fact that in 1939, four years before he entered films, Mitchum wrote an oratorio that Orson Welles produced and directed at the Hollywood Bowl. He also composed the title song for his 1959 film *Thunder Road.* In *The Winds of War,* Bergen's zest and Mitchum's laconicism make for an amusingly contrapuntal duet.

Cape Fear set Mitchum off on a new tack. The film, in which he plays a psychopathically sadistic ex-convict who terrorizes the solid-citizen lawyer (Gregory Peck) whose testimony sent him up the river, is not, Mitchum says, about the conflict of good and evil or hero and villain. Instead, "it's about the failure of reason in an extreme situation. The Peck character is as guilty of 'doing wrong' in the sense of bending the law to suit his ends as my man is. I had to believe that—in fact, I had to believe that my man was *right* in order to be convincing in the part."

The subject of justice and incarceration in relation to *Cape Fear* is a potentially prickly one, because the film was shot in Georgia, where Mitchum was arrested for vagrancy at age fifteen. Sentenced to a chain gang, he escaped and technically still owes time to the state of Georgia. His old mug shot was reprinted in a Savannah newspaper to coincide with his arrival on location, and at one local reception a "real Southern belle asked how it felt to be back in Georgia." Mitchum's unprintable answer led her to comment that he "talked jus' lahk a damn Yankee."

Mitchum says he has no lingering bitterness toward Georgia or the South. In fact, he considers himself a Southerner as much as anything, because there's a South Carolina branch of his family. "Actually, I'm an *American* if there ever was one. Now you ask: 'What *is* an American and how does *he* qualify?' I'll just say I fit the melting-pot definition." Mitchum is of Norwegian descent on his mother's side and of Scotch-Irish and Blackfoot Indian lineage on his father's.

He fits into a number of other, sometimes contradictory, mythic American structures as well.

There's the Boy Wanderer of the chain-gang period: Leaving school at the age of fourteen, Mitchum hoboed it across Depression America nine times, working as everything from dishwasher to prize fighter.

There's the Macho Littérateur: He wrote children's plays and comedy sketches and song lyrics for a sister's nightclub act in the late thirties. He is reported to have been ghost writer for astrology-columnist and lecturer Carroll Righter during the same period,



"You feel he's a man who won't compromise himself, that you can't manipulate him.

though he says he was really "more of a manager, making sure that he got paid as we toured the society spa circuit from Bar Harbor to Palm Beach. His predictions were generally very accurate—but the chart he did on me was *all wrong*!" Since entering movies, he's written short stories and poetry, mostly as a private avocation. Called the "best-read man in Hollywood" by one intimate, he says he doesn't read Conrad "so much anymore." His biographer has attributed to him a great enthusiasm for *Lord Jim*. "I like Joyce Cary for his use of language. And John D. MacDonald."

There's the Rebel Iconoclast: He spent fifty days in a California jail in 1949 following a conviction for possession of marijuana. A review of the case in 1951 resulted in a "not guilty" decision, but the lawless image continued to be fed by his outspokenness and the amoral tough-guy roles he played in a number of postwar films.





There's the Family Man: He has been married to his childhood sweetheart, Dorothy Spence, for forty-three years. They moved away from Hollywood for several years in the late fifties and early sixties, raising quarterhorses and crops on a Maryland farm that they felt provided a more stable environment for their three children. Ironically, all three eventually became involved in some form of show business—sons Jim and Chris as actors, daughter Petrina in a position with the Ladd Company. Their parents now live in Montecito, California, almost two hours by car from the film community.

And, of course, there's Horatio Alger: Mitchum has gone from a vagrant—a man who had nothing to lose—to a man who has $5 million to lose.

Various of the myths seem to relate to Mitchum's work in *That Championship Season* and *The Winds of War*. *Championship Season* ran for 125 performances off-Broadway and 844 on Broadway as a Joseph Papp/New York Shakespeare Festival production. During the 1970s various companies had scheduled it for filming, sometimes relocating it from Scranton, Pennsylvania, to less gritty places such as the South and Pasadena, California. The version that Jason Miller finally directed is firmly rooted in the anthracite coal-mining town, and was shot on location there for three weeks. Not only is Scranton, Mitchum says, "the same area as Libertyville, where I worked in the coalfields for a while when I was a kid," but it's also "a good example of the melting-pot idea at work. There are Poles, Italians, Irish—you name it—with a tremendous amount of healthy, good-natured ribbing among members of the various groups, just as there is in *Championship Season*. The city is economically depressed, but if the different groups will work together—again like our characters—maybe they can pull it off. . . . That has to be done nationwide, or the whole canopy will collapse. I do believe that America is the greatest country in the world—and I was very moved, during the course of many trips to Vietnam, by the united effort of the young Americans who *weren't* being supported at home."

Mitchum's patriotism and air of dependability get a thoroughgoing workout in *The Winds of War*. In producer-director Dan Curtis's mammoth production he plays Victor "Pug" Henry, a U.S. Naval Intelligence officer commissioned by President Franklin D.

Robert Mitchum is a classic Horatio Alger, rising from vagrant to multi-millionaire.





A U.S. Naval Intelligence officer in The Winds of War, *Mitchum (above) is a staunch patriot and a devout family man, although tempted by Victoria Tennant (right), who plays his young inamorata.*

Roosevelt (Ralph Bellamy) to observe political and social currents in the Europe of the late thirties. He challenges or defies or holds his own with Stalin, Goering, Hitler, and numerous fictional representatives of power and/or corruption, and in that sense is iconoclastic or antiauthoritarian. At times it seems as if the future of Western civilization is resting on his broad American shoulders—and as if he is equal to the task.

"You sense in Mitchum," says Barbara Steele, former actress who is *Winds of War*'s associate producer, "an enormously contained strength: he is going to take care of things. You feel he's a man who won't compromise himself, that you can't manipulate him." (But, ironically, "Pug" is a latent anti-Semite, a flaw he sheds by the opening of Wouk's 1978 sequel *War and Remembrance*.)

Mitchum the Family Man is on view literally in *The Winds of War* and figuratively in *That Championship Season*. He has two sons (Jan-Michael Vincent and Ben Murphy) and a daughter (Lisa Elizabeth) in *Winds*. Mitchum, who lost his own father when he was eighteen months old and later acquired a stepfather whom he memorialized in a *This Week* magazine piece, has played some of his most moving scenes with screen sons. Way back in 1949, there was the surrogate son (Peter Miles) for whom he trained a horse in *The Red Pony*. And there have been George Hamilton (legitimate) and George Peppard (illegitimate) in *Home From the Hill* (1960); Michael Anderson, Jr., in *The Sundowners;* and Jan-Michael Vincent in *Going Home* (1971), which he admitted had "interesting parallels" with his own life. A sequence in *The Winds of War,* set in Manila, contains an emotional tug-of-war between Mitchum and Vincent that one insider says is "primal" in its impact.

Mitchum is essentially passive in his *Winds* relationship with Victoria Tennant. "I pursue him far more than he pursues me," she says. "My character is modern in the sense that she's willing to defy society's conventions to be with her man. She offers to become his mistress under any conditions he chooses—and he says no. In his dedication to family"—which eventually includes a daughter-in-law played by Ali MacGraw—"he's a man of very traditional morality."

In *That Championship Season,* Mitchum is a surrogate father—the coach who once encouraged Bruce Dern, Stacy Keach, Martin Sheen, and Paul Sorvino to victory on the basketball court and now guides them through a night of self-revelation. "He was 'Coach' to us all off the set, too," Stacy Keach says.

"He has a great aura of calm," Jason Miller says. "It's something that all good coaches have: you feel it before they even open their mouths." Miller suggests that Mitchum the Macho Littérateur operated on two levels in *That Championship Season*. As an actor, he looked forward to portraying what Miller called "the lyrical—harsh but lyrical—side of the coach." But as a writer, he did not necessarily consider Miller's words engraved in stone. "He felt some passages in the screenplay were redundant, and he felt there were places where he could have a quicker attack on a line." (Mitchum has appeared in screen adaptations of plays only twice before; neither *Two for the Seesaw* nor *The Grass Is Greener* is among his greatest successes.) "Since I hadn't in fact reduced the play's rhetoric as I wanted to, I followed his suggestions when I thought they applied."

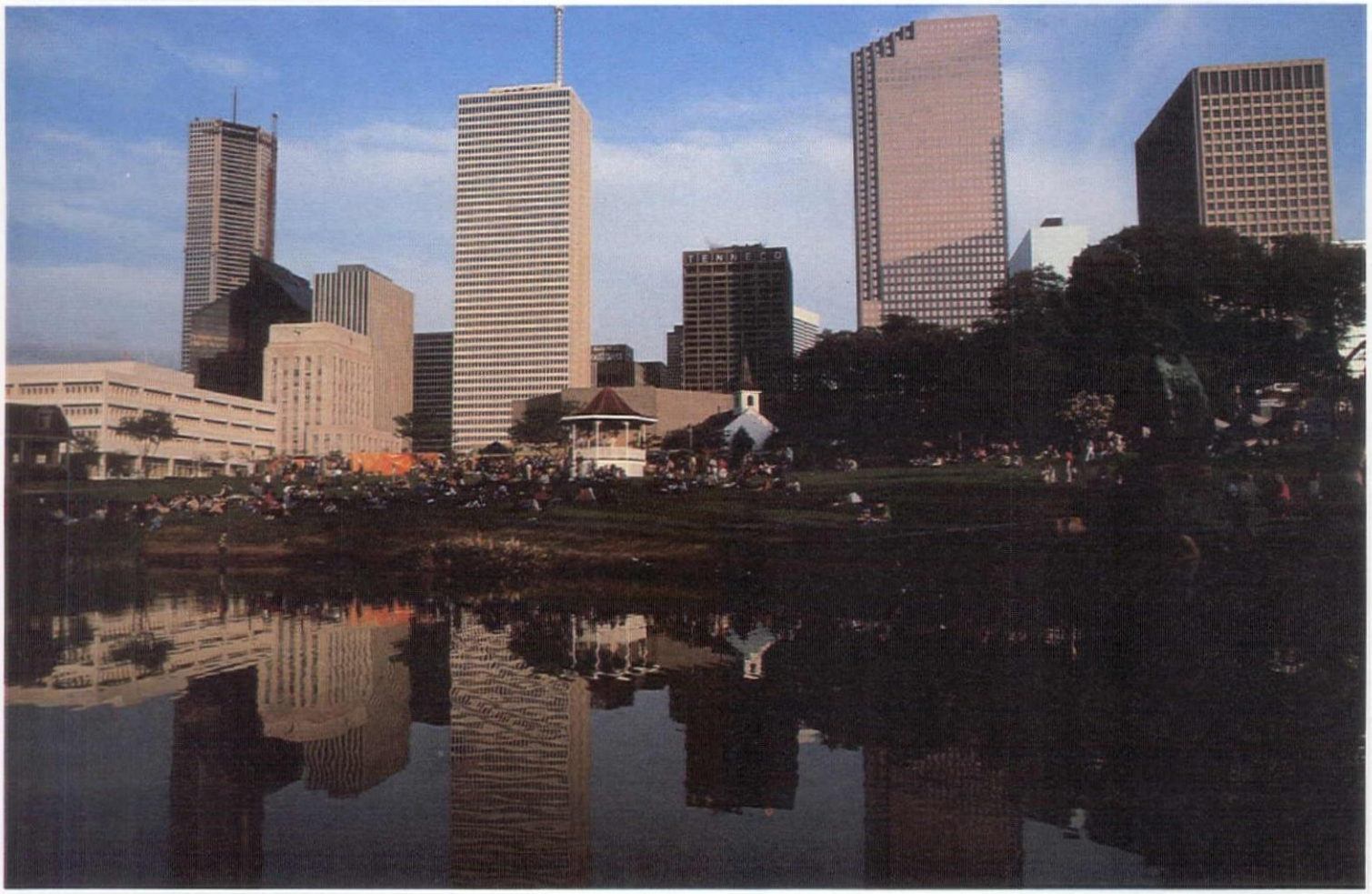
Mitchum damn near soars in his most harshly lyrical speech. Reminiscing about a long-since-ended love affair with a fellow teacher, the confirmed-bachelor coach describes her as "elegant." Mitchum's appreciative, overenunciation of the word is hugely expressive. It recalls the self-contradicting formality with which his roughneck marine responded to a stranded nun (Deborah Kerr) in *Heaven Knows Mr. Allison*.

The contradictions within Mitchum himself may go a long way toward explaining his believability in ninety film roles ranging from self-sacrificing soldier (*The Story of G.I. Joe,* his only Academy Award-nominated performance) to preacher-con man (*The Night of the Hunter*) to cuckolded schoolmaster (*Ryan's Daughter*), especially if he's telling the truth when he says he's not "acting" on screen, and if *New Yorker* critic Pauline Kael is correct when she says that "Mitchum is *sui generis*" and that "his strength seems to come . . . from his dependence on himself." Jason Miller strongly suggests that Mitchum's most important contribution to *That Championship Season* is "his legend and this time of his life." □

Donald Chase is author of Filmmaking: The Collaborative Art *(Little, Brown). He last wrote for the May/June 1982* Horizon *on make-up artist Dick Smith.*

Houston

Art in the Grand Style



A view of Houston from Sam Houston Park, taken during The Houston Festival, one of the city's many arts offerings.

Houstonians just can't help thinking big, and their arts scene is no exception. By Scott Heumann

Houston is usually seen as a city for people who want to make money, or make history, astronaut-style. It is rarely seen as a tourist center, but it has its share of bonafide attractions. It is a showcase for modern architecture by such names as I. M. Pei, Philip Johnson, Mies van der Rohe, and S. I. Morris. It has one of the top five opera companies in the nation, a ballet company that has leaped from obscurity to national prominence in half a decade, a major symphony orchestra, notable theater, and two art museums with growing international reputations. Houston has superb restaurants, exciting nightlife, and a sense of perpetual forward motion. It could be said that for what the city lacks in charm, it makes up in energy.

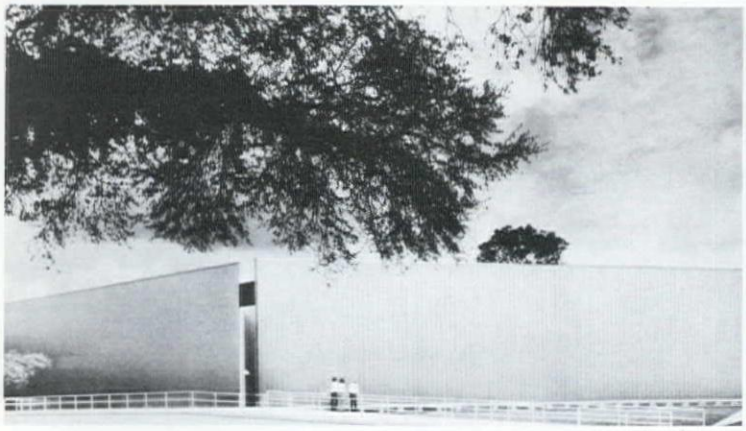
Luckily for the arts-oriented visitor, most of the performing-arts groups are located together downtown; the two art museums sit across the street from one another, just a short jaunt from **Rice University, Hermann Park, Miller Outdoor Theatre,** the **Natural History Museum,** and the **zoo,** and most of the major art galleries are located either in the museum area, in the **River Oaks Shopping Center** or in the enormous **Galleria** shopping complex.

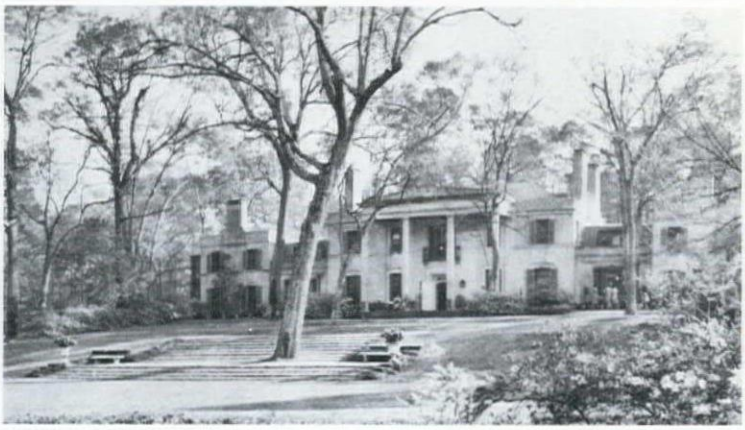
Scott Heumann is the senior editor of Houston Arts Magazine.

ARCHITECTURE AND HISTORY

The first stop on any tour of Houston should be **Bayou Bend,** formerly Miss Ima Hogg's estate at 101 Westcott. Recently eulogized in Stephen Birmingham's book *Grande Dames,* "Miss Ima" funded the Houston Symphony

This boomtown city is teeming with the arts: opera, ballet, theater, and museums.





Left: The Contemporary Arts Museum shows experimental art by living artists. Right: Bayou Bend, the former estate of Miss Ima Hogg, now holds the Museum of Fine Arts' collection of American decorative arts.

Orchestra and otherwise guided Houston's cultural destiny for many decades. Before she died, she gave Bayou Bend to the Museum of Fine Arts.

On either side of the parkway, as you drive into downtown, is **Sam Houston Park** where the Harris County Heritage Society preserves a goodly portion of the remaining historic structures: the **Old Place** (1824), the **Kellum-Noble House** (1847), the **Nichols-Rice-Cherry House** (1850), the **Pillot House** (1868), **San Felipe Cottage** (1870), and **Saint John Church** (1891).

More recent buildings include the 1938 vintage **Music Hall and Coliseum** (810 Bagby) and the structures dating from Houston's second boom, which began in the mid-1960s: **Jones Hall for the Performing Arts** (615 Louisiana), the **Nina Vance Alley Theatre** (615 Texas), and the **Albert Thomas Convention and Exhibit Center** (612 Smith). Adjacent to Jones Hall is one of Houston's newest skyscrapers, I. M. Pei's Texas Commerce Bank Building, known as **United Energy Plaza.** The huge and gaudy abstract sculpture in front of the building—it looks like the broken toy of some enormous child—is Joan Miró's controversial "Personage with Birds."

A drive down Smith Street toward Highway 59 will take you past several contemporary landmarks: the **Hyatt Regency** (with its airy atrium and hollow core), **Interfirst Plaza** (the pink granite building with the waffled, mirror-like facade), **Allied Bank Plaza** (described by one architecture critic as a "giant green Dunhill lighter"), **Republic Bank Center** (now under construction: a daring, neo-Gothic, three-tiered tower), **Pennzoil Place** (two trapezoidal black glass towers with a shared lobby), the mushrooming **Allen Center,** and **Tranquillity Park,** which commemorates the Apollo XI landing on the moon and features a two-block-long, thirty-two-level fountain with five rising towers suggestive of rockets at blast off.

One final stop: **Rothko Chapel** (3900 Yupon), built by art collector Domenique de Menil to house the last dark paintings of abstract expressionist Mark Rothko. The chapel is many things: a haven for contemplation, a disturbing monument to the suicidal Rothko's bleak inner landscape, and a performance space. Outside the building is an important steel sculpture by Barnett Newman, "The Broken Obelisk."

MUSEUMS

The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston (1001 Bissonnet, 526-1361) has been part of the city's cultural fabric since 1924. Directors have included the legendary James Johnson Sweeney, Guy Philippe Lammes de Montebello (now director of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art), and the beleaguered William C. Agee, who was recently replaced by Peter C. Marzio, formerly of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C. Among the collections on permanent display at the MFA are the Samuel H. Kress Collection of Italian art of the Renaissance and the breathtaking John and Audrey Beck collection of impressionist and postimpressionist masterpieces.

Thirty-five years old this year, Houston's **Contemporary Arts Museum** (5216 Montrose, 526-3129) focuses on experimental work, often in nontraditional media, by living artists. CAM has hosted memorable shows devoted to narrative art, installations for performance, Texas artists, and lunar landscape photography.

The **Rice Museum** on the Rice University campus (6100 Main, 527-4002), and the **Sewall Art Gallery,** also at Rice (527-8101, ext. 3502), host a surprising number of significant shows. The **Blaffer Gallery** at the University of Houston (entrance 5 off Cullen, 749-1320) has had major shows devoted to photographer Alfred Stieglitz and Italian illuminated manuscripts from the Renaissance.

GALLERIES

Among the more than 200 art galleries in Houston, these fourteen are outstanding:

Moody Gallery (2015-J West Gray, 526-9111). A selective mix of national names with established regional artists.

Janie C. Lee Gallery (2304 Bissonnet, 523-7306). Unique combinations and collections of work by such national institutions as Frankenthaler and Stella.

Kauffman Galleries (2702 West Alabama, 528-4229). An eclectic array of local names, West/West Coast, and international artists.

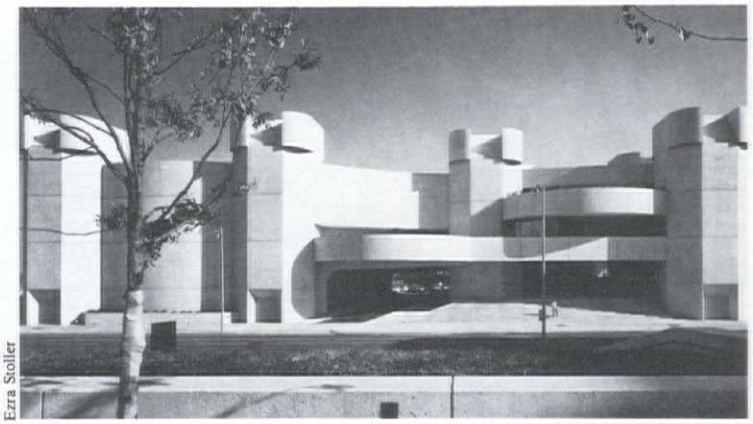
Watson/de Nagy and Co., (1106 Berthea, 526-9883). Offers mostly experimental works by younger artists. Well balanced between local and national names.

Gerhard Wurzer Gallery (Level III, Galleria II, 5085 Westheimer, 961-9888). Like the Chicago gallery of the same name, concentrates on the preservation and discovery of new and rare old prints, but includes fine contemporary painters such as New Yorker Robert Kipniss.

Hadler/Rodriguez Gallery (20 Pinedale, 520-6329). Sister to New York gallery of the same name, leans toward postmodern or new wave work by such artists as John Hylton and Howard Ben Tré, with a specialization in fine art glass and ceramics by top national names.

Meredith Long Galleries, 2323 San Felipe (523-6671). Shows a wide range, from abstract





Ezra Stoller

Left: The Houston Ballet dominates the local dance scene with its stunning choreography. Right: An outside view of the Alley Theatre.

to abstract expressionist to figurative realism; chiefly sculpture and paintings.

Davis-McClain Gallery (2818 Kirby, 520-9200). Uneven but occasionally brilliant, with many local names and first showings.

Hooks-Epstein Galleries (1200 Bissonnet, 522-0718). Shows sculpture and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century European paintings.

Mancini Gallery (5020 Montrose, 522-2949). The only Houston gallery devoted entirely to photography, with a good mix of local and national names, and occasional retrospectives.

Robert Rice Gallery (2010 Post Oak Boulevard, 960-8003). Traditional works with an emphasis on late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century American painters.

Texas Gallery (2012 Peden, 524-1593). Despite its name, primarily a showcase for contemporary New York and West Coast artists.

Boulevard Gallery (1526 Heights, 869-8733). Adventurous, unpredictable, shows exclusively new work by locals.

Fine Arts and Collectors Gallery (1776 Montrose, 527-8367). Original fine art, from antiquity to the present. Specializing in Japanese prints and oil paintings.

MUSIC

The **Houston Symphony Orchestra** (615 Louisiana, 224-4240) is one of the city's oldest cultural institutions, boasting Leopold Stokowski, Sir John Barbirolli, and André Previn among its former music directors. After Previn's departure in 1969, the orchestra suffered a decade-long eclipse, but under the baton of Sergiu Comissiona, the HSO has begun to emerge once more as a major symphonic ensemble, with an ambitious program of performing, touring, and recording.

One of the newest additions to the city's cultural scene is the **Texas Chamber Orchestra** (721 Algregg, 862-7287). Only four years old, the orchestra is made up of free-lance musicians who also play for Houston Ballet, Theatre Under the Stars, and Houston Grand Opera's "Light Opera" series.

The **Concert Chorale of Houston** (710 North Post Oak Road, Suite 115, 957-5030), whose all-star *Messiah* was shown recently on national public television, is the city's new professional chorus, led by director David Wehr and such guest conductors as Roger Wagner.

The **Houston POPS Orchestra** (3000 Post Oak Boulevard, 871-8300) is a versatile group that backs such guest stars as Dinah Shore, Pearl Bailey, José Greco, and Julia Migenes-Johnson (under the baton of Ned Battista), in eclectic programs ranging from light classics and jazz through Broadway and band to gospel and flamenco.

Society for the Performing Arts (615 Louisiana, 227-1111) and the **Houston Friends of Music,** in conjunction with Rice University's **Shepherd School of Music** (Rice Concert Office, 527-4933), regularly bring to the city a broad selection of great classical artists.

OPERA AND MUSICAL THEATER

Houston Grand Opera (615 Louisiana, 227-5277) offers patrons a choice of grand opera or light opera, and frequently a choice between opera in the original language and opera in translation. Under director David Gockley, the company has made news with revivals of rarities (*Rinaldo, La Donna del Lago),* world premieres (*The Seagull, Willie Stark),* and new productions of American classics (*Treemonisha, Porgy and Bess).*

Houston's **Theatre Under the Stars** (4235 San Felipe, 622-1604) is one of America's largest producers of musical theater. Theatre Under the Stars started as a free summer entertainment in Miller Outdoor Theatre fifteen years ago. The company now presents homegrown productions of *Oklahoma!, Man of La Mancha, Can-Can,* and other standards—along with the occasional world premiere—to a paying audience in the Music Hall from October through April, then moves to Miller for its annual free park presentations.

THEATER

The **Nina Vance Alley Theatre,** called simply the "Alley" by Houstonians—the name stems from the theater's first, and long-gone, alleyside location—occupies a fortresslike building at 615 Texas (228-8421), and is known nationally as one of the first repertory companies outside New York. Two series are available, one on the Alley's Large Stage and one "in the round" on the smaller Arena Stage.

Houston boasts five more professional theaters (excluding two dinner theaters) and a score of educational and community theaters. The professional companies are **Stages** (709 Franklin, 225-9539), **Chocolate Bayou Theater Co.** (1823 Lamar, 759-9840), **Main Street Theater** (2540 Times Boulevard, 524-6706), the **Ensemble** (1010 Tuam, 520-0055), and the **Comedy Workshop** (2105 San Felipe, 524-7333).

DANCE

Houston Ballet (615 Louisiana, 225-0271) dominates the local dance scene, as well it should. The company has come a long way in the five years since the arrival of artistic director Ben Stevenson, who is the company's principal choreographer and one of ballet's most gifted teachers. In Houston Ballet's repertory

Houston offers Texan spice from its varied restaurants to its many arts events.

are several notable works by Stevenson (*Four Last Songs,* the full-length *Peer Gynt,* the China-inspired *Zheng Ban Qiao),* as well as *Giselle,* staged by Peter Wright, and pieces by Barry Moreland, Harald Lander, Ronald Hynd, Choo San Goh, George Balanchine, Jiri Kylian, and Sir Frederick Ashton. Among the company's principals are the stunning Suzanne Longley, Janie Parker (Gold Medalist at Jackson), William Pizzuto (Silver Medalist, and a choreographer as well), and Li Cunxin, a young virtuoso from the People's Republic.

The **Farrell Dyde Dance Theatre** (3221 Milam, 523-2679), is Houston's chief claim to eminence in modern dance. Society for the Performing Arts, however, imports such contemporary companies as Paul Taylor, Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, and Pilobolus, all returning this season.

WHERE TO STAY

The arts-minded will want to stay in a hotel downtown, or in the museum or Galleria areas. Downtown, the outstanding hotels are the **Hyatt Regency** (1200 Louisiana, 654-1234), the **Hotel Meridien** (400 Dallas, 759-0202), the **Four Seasons** (901 Austin, 650-1300), the **White Hall** (1700 Smith, 659-5000), the **Best Western Savoy Houston** (1616 Main, 659-1141), the **Sheraton Houston** (777 Polk, 651-9041), and the **Lancaster** (701 Texas, 228-9500).

Near the museum area, the **Warwick** (5701 Main, 526-1991) and the **Plaza** (5020 Montrose, 524-3161) provide easy access to most points of interest. **Stouffer's** (6 Greenway Plaza East, 629-1200) is also a very easy drive to the museums and downtown. Near the Galleria—a heavily congested area, but chock full of things to see and do—recommended hotels include the **Guest Quarters** (5353 Westheimer, 961-9000), the **Westin Oaks** (5011 Westheimer, 623-4300), the **Grand** (2525 West Loop South, 961-3000), **Inn on the Park** (4 Riverway, 871-8181), the **Warwick Post Oak** (2001 Post Oak Boulevard, 961-9300), the **Remington** (1919 Briar Oaks, 840-7621), and the **Marriott** (1750 West Loop South, 960-0111).

RESTAURANTS

Houstonians love to eat out, as evidenced by forty-three pages of restaurant listings in the phone book, covering every cuisine from Tex-Mex to Afghan and Ethiopian. The following are personal recommendations:

For French and continental cuisine, try **Maxim's** (3755 Richmond, 877-1406), **Le Restaurant de France** (Hotel Meridien, 400 Dallas, 759-0302), **Foulard's** (10001 Westheimer, 789-1661), and **The Rivoli** (5636 Richmond, 789-1900). For continental cuisine Mexico City-style, there is **La Hacienda de los Morales** (10440 Deerwood, 780-0933).

For Italian, try **Ballatori** (4215 Leeland, 224-9556) or **D'Amico** (2407 Westheimer, 524-5551); for Chinese, either **Hunan** (1800 Post Oak Boulevard, 965-0808), or **Uncle Tai's** (1980 Post Oak Boulevard, 960-8000), or **Mandarin Garden** (3130 Richmond, 523-4111). (Mandarin Garden, dependable, unpretentious and family run, is a favorite hangout of the Houston Ballet dancers and staff.) If Houston is famous for Mexican food, that's mainly because of **Ninfa's.** The best one is still the first (2704 Navigation, 228-1175). Also excellent is **The Cadillac Bar** (1802 Shepherd, 862-2020).

For more inexpensive cuisine there are several surprises. **Butera's on Montrose** (5019 Montrose, 523-0722), with its homemade soups, deli sandwiches, and imported wines and beers, is a delicious lunch spot only a couple of blocks away from the fine-arts museums. For a light evening meal you can't beat **Croissants** (2012 West Gray, 522-4047), which serves quiches, soups, gourmet salads, and fine wines. **Baba Yega** (2607 Grant off Westheimer, 522-0042), is a fun place to pick up a sandwich before a show or concert.

NIGHTLIFE

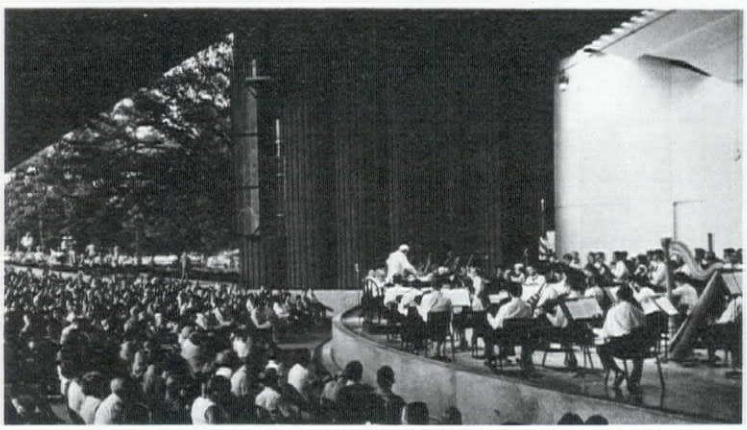
One of Houston's prime nightspots became world famous in 1980 when *Urban Cowboy* was filmed there—**Gilley's** (4500 Spencer Highway, 941-7990). Of the city's many discos, **élan** (1885 Saint James, 626-4393) and **Park Avenue** (2775 Fondren, 782-6111) are the most civilized.

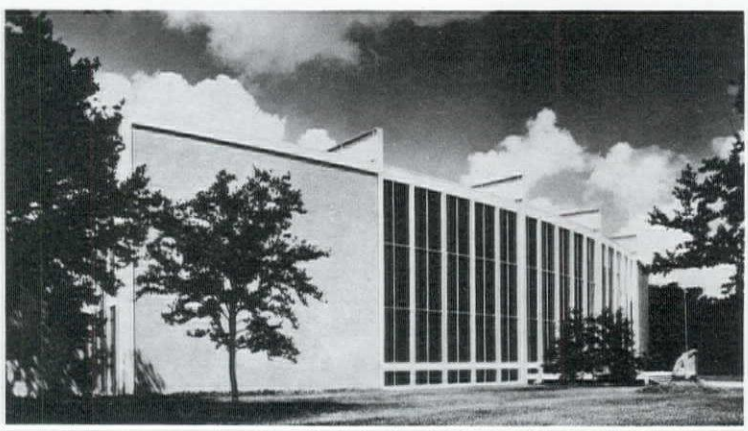
Carmen McRae and Cleo Laine sing at **Rockefeller's** (3620 Washington, 861-9365), every Houstonian's favorite jazz club. Other hangouts for jazz buffs are **Cody's** (3400 Montrose, 522-9747) and **Remington's** (4608 Westheimer, 850-0451).

For those with a quiet evening in mind, there is always **Marfreless** (2006 Peden, 528-0083). **Munchies** (2349 Bissonnet, 528-3545) offers chamber music, taped or live, depending on when you go. And reserve an hour or so after the theater for a visit to **La Carafe** (813 Congress, 226-9830), located in the oldest building still standing in its original location (1845), on the site of one of Houston's first theaters. Actors in particular cherish this musty wine bar, where Edith Piaf is on the juke box and the ghosts of Bernhardt and Booth seem to haunt the cobwebbed corners.

For more information on the city of Houston, contact the **Greater Houston Convention and Visitor's Council,** 3300 Main, Houston, Texas, 77002 (523-5050).

Left: The Houston Symphony, one of the city's oldest cultural institutions, at the Miller Outdoor Theater. Right: The new wing of the Museum of Fine Arts.



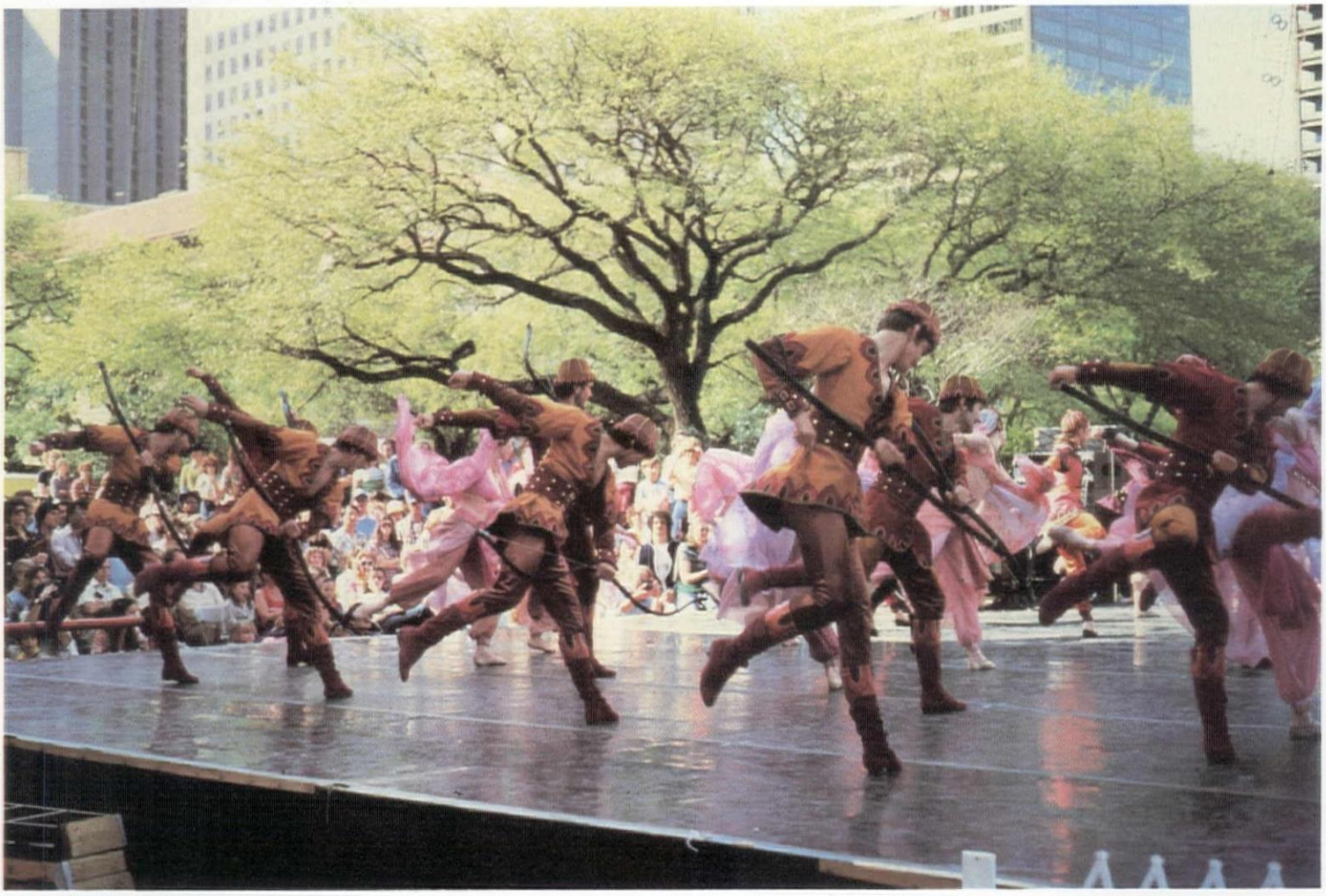


USArts
Strategies for the 80's

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OF HOUSTON

A Special Section of HORIZON, the Magazine of the Arts

Houston's Art Rodeo



The Houston Ballet performs Igor *on one of several outdoor stages in downtown Houston at The Houston Festival.*

Houston celebrates the arts with an annual ten-day festival.

When in Houston, make everything big, then celebrate it in grand style. That's what happened when the nation's fourth-largest city decided to celebrate its thriving arts—which pump an estimated $59 million annually into Houston's economy. From citizen to corporate participation, the annual celebration proves that the arts are big business in Houston.

The Houston Festival is an annual ten-day celebration of the city and the arts. Each March, Houston explodes with exhibitions, performances, and related activities of its visual and performing artists. Thousands of talented individuals and groups offer more than 750,000 festival-goers entertainment as diverse and exciting as the city itself.

Three components make up The Houston Festival: the outdoor events downtown, The Houston Festival Fringe Society, and the resident major arts organizations. The Houston skyline creates a dramatic backdrop for eight outdoor stages where more than 2,500 paid actors, musicians, dancers, writers, and mimes entertain festival-goers. Throughout downtown parks and civic center areas, performers offer music, dance, theater, children's shows, and literary readings.

The Houston Festival Fringe Society, modeled after the highly successful Edinburgh, Scotland, Festival Fringe, made its debut last year as a component of the festival. Anyone with an exhibit or performance can participate throughout Houston's parks, exhibition halls, and alternative spaces.

Meanwhile, Houston's major arts organizations present exhibitions, performances, and special productions as their part in The Houston Festival.

A myriad of events takes place simultaneously during the festival, leaving the festival-goer with the choice of several events. One day during the 1982 festival, Arifuku Kagura Japanese folkloric dancers performed on Heritage Stage at Sam Houston Park, while across town Houstonians of all ages were engrossed in Artplay—For the Child in You, creative arts experiences including paintings, wood construction, weaving, and pottery featured near the Fantasy Stage in Tranquillity Park, North. Not far from those parks, at the Julia Ideson Library Plaza, Houston fiction writers, poets, and essayists read from their works. Eight outdoor stages situated in the downtown parks offer simultaneous and continuous performances ranging from classical, jazz, and heritage to country-western and bluegrass.

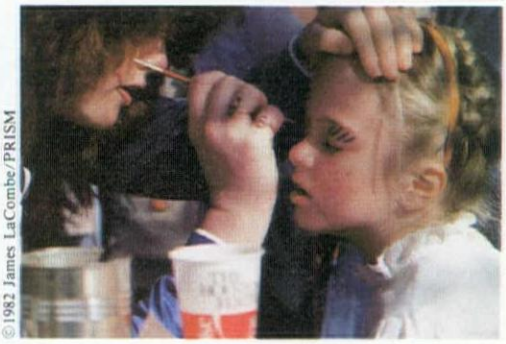
All outdoor events are free, with the exception of the Festival Fringe and performances by Houston's major arts organizations. Tickets for performances by the opera, ballet, symphony and theater sell for the same prices as tickets for regular season performances, generally starting at $5 per performance.

Houston's celebration of its flourishing arts dates back to October 1966, when Houston's Chamber of Commerce's cultural committee recognized individual Houston artists with a month-long "Spotlight on the Arts." Five years later, the event turned into "Main Street," a Sunday afternoon festival where a two-block area of downtown Main Street was blocked off and filled with visual-arts exhibits and performing-arts stages.

And, just as everything else in Houston gets bigger, the festival grew. In 1980, "Main Street" was changed to The Houston Festival and continued to grow in attendance and events. According to Rochella Cooper, festival director, the chamber of commerce wanted to focus exclusively on the arts in Houston and use the festival as a magnet for attracting visitors. On March 4, 1981, the city officially sanctioned the festival with an ordinance.

Today, attendance has skyrocketed from 25,000 in 1974 to more than 750,000 in 1982. "It's not only a festival for our community but also a festival that in the future will become an international attraction," said Ms. Cooper. "We feel that our arts organizations are of national, if not becoming international, stature." The target date for gaining international status is 1986. When that goal is achieved, the celebration will be even grander, for 1986 marks the sesquicentennial of Houston and Texas. Part of the plan includes showcasing Houston's major arts organizations by attracting internationally recognized artists and exhibitions and by the commissioning of new works.

This year's $543,000 festival price tag was equally matched by volunteer time and donated materials. Although the event generally breaks even financially, a strong sponsorship —both city and corporate—makes the festival a success. Mayor Kathryn J. Whitmire, a firm believer in promoting the arts in Houston and an avid supporter of The Houston Festival, says: "A good cultural climate, rich in both quality and variety, is an integral aspect of any international city."



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The Houston Festival offers many activities in which onlookers can participate.

At the annual Mayor's International Houston Festival Ball, the mayor presents four awards to individuals, institutions, corporations, or foundations for their outstanding contributions in four categories. Last year's awards, stunning Baccarat crystal creations engraved with winners' names and donated by the Hofheinz Charitable Foundation, went to Fredell Lack, violinist; Jim Love, sculptor; Ben Stevenson, Houston Ballet artistic director (who also won his second gold medal for choreography last summer at the International Ballet Competition in Jackson, Mississippi); and Nina Cullinan, arts patron.

Other major festival supporters are corporations which believe support of the arts will benefit employees and enhance their corporate image. Uncle Ben's Rice, headquartered in Houston, sponsored the entire Jazz and Blues Stage at Old Market Square in 1982. "We feel that a heavy consumer of rice is oriented toward that kind of music," explained Steve Abelman, Uncle Ben's Rice marketing manager. "By sponsoring the Jazz and Blues Stage, we were able to get the kind of exposure we were looking for."

Target Stores' arts funding reflects a corporate philosophy. "We believe it makes good business sense to invest some portion of our profit back into the communities in which we do business," said George Hite, vice president of public relations at Target Stores, a division of Dayton-Hudson Corporation. Headquartered in Minneapolis, Target has fifteen Houston-area stores. Target's 1982 festival contribution of $5,000 is proof of its business savvy. "One of Target's major areas of emphasis is in support of the arts," Hite said, "and the Houston festival just fits that to a tee."

The 1983 Houston Festival will be held March 17-27. —*Susanne D. Yates*

Oiling the Wheels

If the arts are flourishing in your community, spotlight them with a citywide celebration! Careful planning and a dedicated committee of arts enthusiasts can get the ball rolling on the way to a successful celebration of the arts. The Houston Festival Foundation outlined a few basic steps to guide it through preliminary planning stages. Follow them carefully and your city's arts will shine in the spotlight.

1. Above all, start with good management. In order for any idea to become a successful event, it must be guided by good management.
2. Next, answer the needs of your community. Rochella Cooper, director of The Houston Festival, recommends the planning committee ask themselves, "What does our community want and what do we need for our community?" Don't forget to ask yourselves what the community considers to be a successful festival. Does it mean making money? Bringing arts experiences? Or bringing tourists to the city? "Yes to any of these questions can spell success," said Ms. Cooper. "It all depends on the city's specific goal."
3. Once the needs and goals are determined, garner the major forces of the community. For starters, turn to the city government, chamber of commerce, Junior League, the cultural community and corporate leaders.
4. The next step is to organize a board of the key community resources. These are the people and organizations whose decisions have a major impact on the community and the festival.

A Gusher of Support



The Houston Grand Opera is one of many arts groups in Houston to benefit from the Business ArtsFund's helping hand.

How business lends muscle to Houston's art institutions.

Houston. The name conjures up grand visions of gleaming skyscrapers, "black gold," and Texas-size business—stock ingredients of popular Lone Star State mythology perpetuated in film, fiction, and television. Those are also vital elements in real-life Houston's cultural picture. Corporate leaders in Houston work inside breathtaking monuments to modern architecture, overseeing thousands of petroleum properties, oiling the wheels of global business, and at the same time, supporting hometown arts organizations in a dynamic, exemplary fashion.

International corporate competitors unite to improve, promote, and sustain local arts groups in many ways, and the fusion of this energy brings shining results—bigger and better arts programs. Not only do the corporate giants flex their monetary muscle to support the arts; they also give their time, brain-power and enthusiasm.

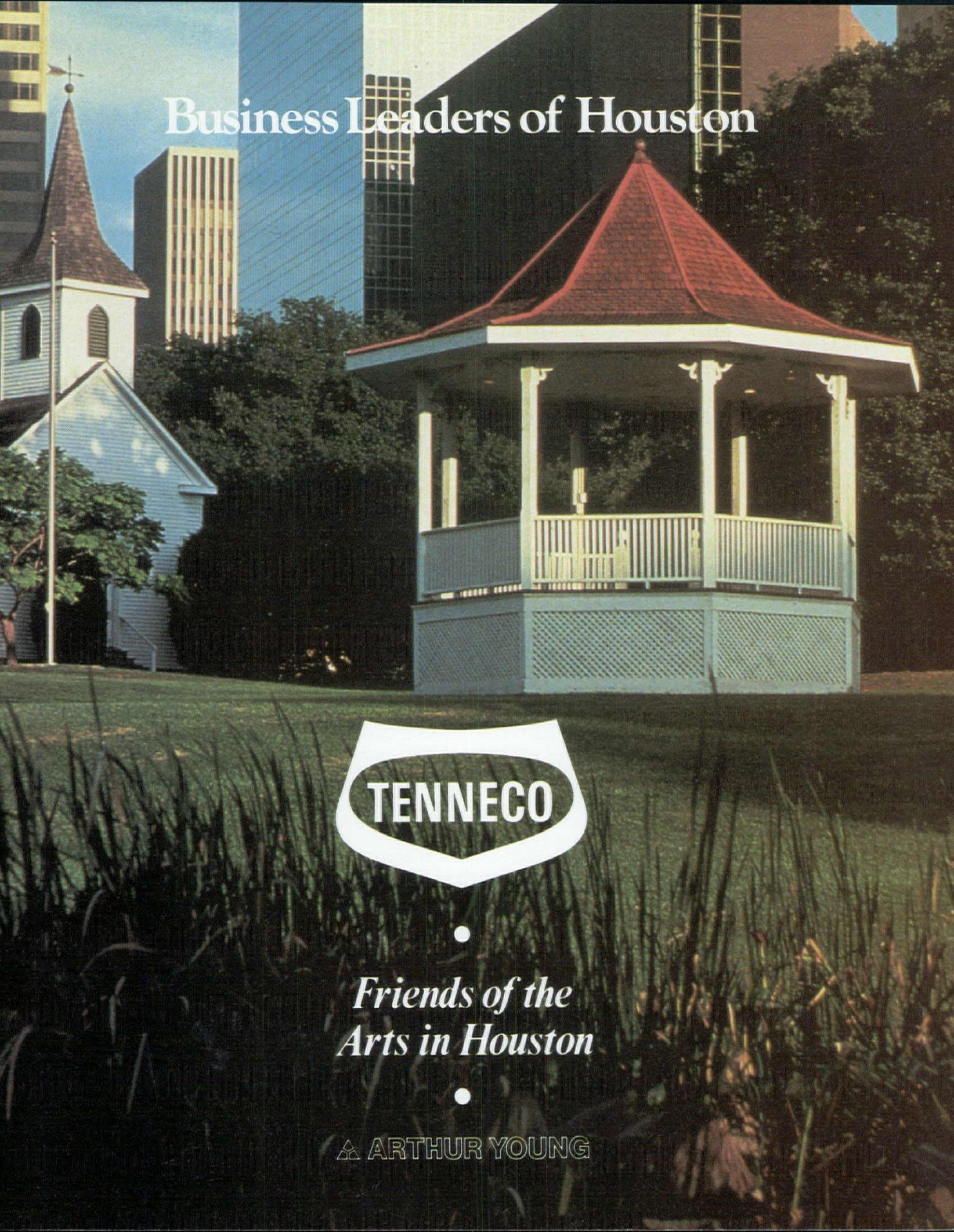
Houston mushroomed in the late 1950s, 60s and especially in the 1970s. Approximately 1,000 people moved to Houston each week of the last decade, making it the fourth-largest metropolitan area in the nation with a population of 2,905,350 according to 1980 census statistics. It is the top-ranking industrial marketing city in the Southwest, an important center for international business, the third-largest seaport in the country in total tonnage, and the oil and gas capital of the world. Some of the energy boiling over from these thriving business interests has been diverted to spark an unprecedented explosion in the local cultural scene. The city's ballet company, symphony, opera, art museums, and theater companies have shot to national and international prominence in recent years.

The history of organized efforts to supplement the arts' standard sources of revenue (admission fees, membership patronage, federal and state grants, and civic funds) is a short one in Houston. In 1968, Lawrence Marcus of Neiman-Marcus chaired the first full-fledged cultural committee of the city's chamber of commerce, and set the precedent for business leadership in the arts that characterizes the cultural fabric of Houston today. Two groups in particular illustrate the strength of business and arts ties in Houston now: the Business ArtsFund and the Houston Business Committee for the Arts.

Business ArtsFund

Members of the cultural committee worked for almost three years with the leaders of the seven major arts groups (whose budgets accounted for more than 90 percent of the total civic arts funds) to combine efforts in fundraising. Business leaders and arts groups wanted to develop a more logical, efficient approach to soliciting the corporate community for annual maintenance support. The goal: contributing firms could make one evaluation for donating unrestricted funds to the arts groups and write one check, rather than hear many presentations and make several time-consuming decisions. The first Combined Arts Corporate Campaign was conducted in 1974.

Today, the campaign has changed its name


Business Leaders of Houston
TENNECO
Friends of the
Arts in Houston
ARTHUR YOUNG

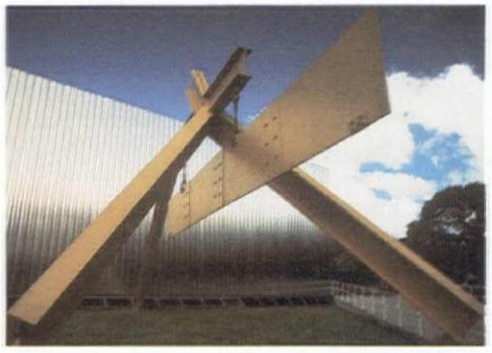
to Business ArtsFund and raises money for eight member organizations: Nina Vance Alley Theatre, Houston Ballet Foundation, Contemporary Arts Museum, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston Grand Opera, Society for the Performing Arts, Houston Symphony Society, and the Theatre Under the Stars. The nonprofit corporation's board consists of the heads of the eight groups and several business representatives. The 1981 fund drive raised $907,000 and the 1982 goal of $1.1 million was surpassed. Only 3 to 4 percent of the money collected is used for organizational costs, an almost unheard-of ratio in fund-raising budgets.

There is nothing new about Houston's business community supporting the arts. Most corporate aid in Houston falls under the traditional "special project" category: one company giving a direct gift to fund a specific performance, exhibition, broadcast, construction project, or other program. However, what makes the Business ArtsFund unique is that the money donated to the arts organizations is used only for maintenance—janitors' salaries, typing paper, air-conditioning bills, light bulbs and other essentials needed to keep the arts facility functioning. The campaign is also one of the very few united arts funds in the country limited to business support; most include the often more lucrative gifts from foundations and individuals. The program is decidedly low-profile, with participating donors getting an occasional listing in a museum's annual report or a program, but not the kind of splashy, albeit short-lived, coverage that is characteristic of special-project support.

According to Jim Pressly, executive director of the Business ArtsFund, some 250 participating companies contribute simply to show that "they feel the cultural arts in Houston are an integral and important part of the quality of life here." Needless to say, top notch cultural organizations which enhance that quality of life are also important to Houston's ability to attract and retain high-caliber employees as well as draw the type of visitors and clients with whom the companies can do business.

By the end of 1982, Business ArtsFund giving increased by more than 21 percent. This success is particularly significant in light of the year's customarily generous special-project gifts ("which dwarf the support in the annual maintenance area over a year's time"), generous corporate funding of the Lyric Theater Foundation (see related story), and, perhaps most dramatically, the recent economic downturn, which has been felt in Houston. Significantly, the Business ArtsFund totals pulled ahead of 1981 giving in spite of the fact that there were more pieces cut out of the business support of the arts pie in 1982. John P. Diesel, president of Tenneco Inc., a member of the national Business Committee for the Arts, and Business ArtsFund fundraising campaign chairman, credits the success of the campaign to the "super cooperation" he gets from the business leaders which makes fundraising easy. He adds "I don't think we've seen the end of the arts support; the program seems to be gaining momentum."





Top: Sergiu Comissiona, conductor of the Houston Symphony. Above: A modern sculpture stands outside the thirty-year-old Contemporary Arts Museum.

The Houston office of the international accounting firm Arthur Young and Company was one of eighteen business leaders to double their giving to the Business ArtsFund from 1981 to 1982. Managing partner David Pope maintains, "Those of us who are benefiting from the prosperity of Houston owe something to the community in the development of its cultural activities, including the arts. Therefore, we should be supporting those activities that add to the reputation of Houston not only as an economic center but also as a cultural center."

Much behind-the-scenes business support of the arts is unsung labor, but in a rare public show of appreciation for both corporate and arts leaders, Business ArtsFund members were the special guests of the brand new Warwick Post Oak Hotel at a gala opening-night dinner last fall. The Warwick Post Oak, an I. M. Pei-designed triangular-shaped structure of rose-colored stone and reflecting glass, picked up the tab for a six-course feast honoring 560 of Houston's most important arts supporters.

Houston Business Committee for the Arts

A completely different business force in the Houston arts world, but one whose membership overlaps heavily with the Business ArtsFund, is the Business Committee for the Arts, an arts advocacy group. According to Jim Day, delegate director of the committee, the group of thirty companies "advocates support of the arts in as many ways as people can think of: corporate art collections, loaned use of executives, dollar contributions, leadership of upper-level executives in arts groups and encouraging other businesses to support the arts."

Although the Houston BCA is only two years old, it replaces the chamber of commerce cultural committee begun in 1968. Charles Lansden, director of the chamber's Community Betterment Office, cites the "maturity of both the arts and the business community" as the impetus behind the adoption of the BCA format for Houston. In the last decade, Houston has experienced a 59 percent growth in number of arts groups and an impressive growth in number of corporate headquarters in the city. Following the pattern of the national BCA founded by David Rockefeller some fifteen years ago, a small, select group of corporations with "an outstanding track record" of arts support was invited to join the BCA and charged with expanding the business support of the arts by example and through special projects. The first project was the production of a cultural committee study on the economic and social impact of the arts on the city. The study reported a 352 percent increase in total arts budgets from 1969 to 1979 and a



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Rounding Up Support



Top: Members of the Houston Ballet at a dinner honoring the Business ArtsFund at the Warwick Post Oak Hotel. Above: (From left) Campaign chairman of the Business Arts-Fund, John Diesel and his wife, Mrs. R. E. Smith, and H. L. Brown, at the dinner.

How does a corporate campaign raise $1.1 million in one year for the *maintenance* of arts organizations? There is no stardust in dustrags and even less glitter in floor wax. Copying machines don't attract crowds and utility bills certainly lack sparkle. But somebody has to pay for these essentials before the standing-room-only audiences and filled exhibition rooms can be a reality. An annual maintenance gift fund drive in your community can help foot the bill for arts organizations' day-to-day needs. In Houston, impetus for a united arts campaign came from the business community; in most cases, a city's arts organizations initiate the program.

1. Identify a core group of business contributors who are already funding the arts. In Houston, arts organizations turned over their lists of corporate donors to the Business Arts-Fund and these names became instant mailing lists for the campaign's first events.
2. Kick off the campaign with a series of luncheons to introduce the united arts drive concept.
3. Expand the number of contributors with personal visits. Follow Houston's "rule" for corporate soliciting: have peer calling on peer and maintain your contact with a company at the very highest level, preferably the chief executive officer, a ranking board member, or executive vice-president.
4. Develop an informational packet to give potential contributors. It can be relatively simple: brochures from the member arts organizations and your organization's brochure or letter stating the purpose and financial needs of the arts groups for maintenance.
5. Raising money doesn't have to be mundane —throw a few cocktail parties and bring out stars from the recipient arts groups; meeting the people benefiting from donations spurs interest and adds glamour to your cause. *C.G.H.*

192 percent increase in attendance at arts events and institutions. The committee plans periodic updates of the study and the next one will show a dramatic increase in budgets, making the 1979 total of $21 million obsolete.

The second project is an adaptation of the successful Skills/Services/Resources Bank of the Arts & Business Council in New York City (see USArts, January/February 1982). Houston's program is one of five in the country and currently has twenty-eight volunteer consultants, specially trained to work with twenty-four not-for-profit arts organizations in the city. The BCA had wanted to do something more tangible for the arts than just giving money. As a result, they have utilized their employees' talents and resources to assist arts groups with particular needs—from marketing strategies and public relations to accounting, staff training, management systems, and long-range planning.

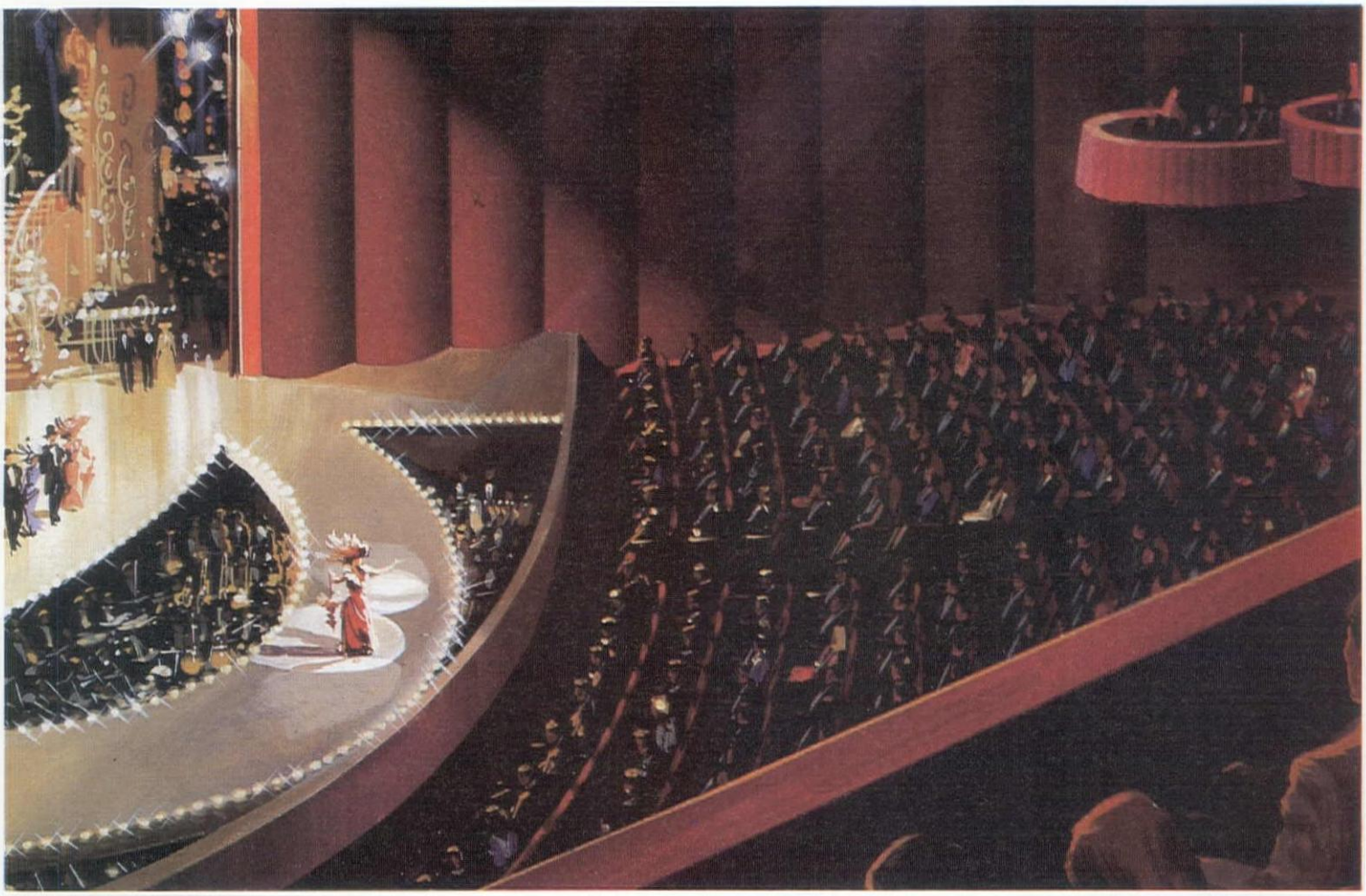
Arts Boom in BoomTown

Houston's arts world has been characterized as unusually dynamic and energetic. Part of the explosion in quantity and quality of the arts is due to the Lalor Bill, a legislative act passed in 1977 which enabled the city to use 1 percent of the 7 percent hotel-occupancy tax to support local arts. In 1980, some $2 million was collected and carefully distributed to a variety of programs, creating a sudden and welcome infusion for the arts. Kathryn J. Whitmire, mayor of Houston and chairperson of the Arts, Culture and Recreation Committee of the U.S. Conference of Mayors, is nationally known for her support of the arts. Mayor Whitmire says she is particularly "appreciative of the generous support of Houston's corporations to our city's cultural growth."

The wide-open growth of arts groups in Houston is also a result of its newness. Not as many groups compete for corporate funds as, say, in New York City. New corporate doors are easier to open and the young arts groups are fresh and aggressive. The commercial community is singularly supportive of their local arts activities. In the words of Tenneco President Diesel, "The business leaders all seem to be involved, and I don't mean just giving money—they get right in there and work as well as attend arts functions." With solid business enthusiasm behind superb arts organizations, Houston is destined to enjoy a cultural prosperity to match its Texas-sized business image and progressive skyline.

—Cindy Graff Hobson

Answering a Need



An architect's rendering of the Alice and George Brown Theater, part of the Wortham Theater Center, Houston's future arts center.

The Wortham Theater Center promises plenty of space for Houston's performing arts.

The facts of the matter are now a familiar litany: Houston ranks first among U.S. cities in population growth, second in building construction, and third in support of its performing arts as measured in dollars per capita, surpassed only by New York and San Francisco. But in theater seats per capita, Houston ranks twenty-fifth—behind Newark, New Jersey.

Concerned parties can recite these statistics by heart, thanks to a promotional blitz by the Houston Lyric Theater Foundation. Also, thanks to the foundation, people in Houston know the cost of closing this gap in their civic prestige: $65 million, which is the capital fund goal of a two-theater complex to be erected in the downtown Civic Center by the fall of 1985. Irl Mowery, executive director of the Lyric Theater Foundation, says the facility is "three or four years overdue already—many cities build to stimulate activity but we are building a theater to accommodate the performing-arts organizations already here."

To outsiders the project must seem improbable, if not impossible, in such shaky economic times. It is, in fact, the second-largest ongoing arts-related fund-raising project in the country at this moment, the largest being the Metropolitan Opera centennial fund campaign to raise $100 million by 1983. The Met, however, has the whole nation to call upon in its quest for an endowment; the Wortham Theater Center (the new complex will be named after the late Gus S. Wortham—the Wortham Foundation donated $15 million in his memory) is a dream dreamed by Houstonians alone. When building is completed, Houston will have (if one includes the nearby Jones Hall and Alley Theatre) a civic arts center comparable to the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C.

Making Contact

Most of the theater projects currently underway are not "from scratch," like Houston's, but are conversions of old movie palaces and other preexisting facilities. But even a conversion project is an expensive proposition these days, and guidelines are essential. Here are some things to remember:

1. Start small, and establish credibility for your project. The Houston Lyric Theater Foundation was originally composed of only five people; but they were five of the city's most influential people, with long experience in planning and carrying out projects involving money and the arts.

2. Make sure your community is ready. A feasibility study will define the need for your project, and will include cost estimates, an architectural program, preliminary designs, and an operating plan. Another study will be necessary to determine, through a survey of political and financial leaders, the degree of interest and the potential level of giving. (This may be done by a fund-raising firm outside the community. Says Marcia James: "With friends and business associates, they [the community leaders] might not be inclined to be as candid as they would with an unbiased interviewer.")

3. Work first behind the scenes. In most large projects, no public campaign is announced until 30 percent of the money has already been raised. Calling a press conference to announce a "lead gift" from a corporation or foundation is more effective than extending an empty tin cup.

4. Set a time limit on the capital campaign (Houston's was eighteen months) and establish a scale of desired donations, from largest to smallest, each linked with a "commemorative opportunity" ($250,000, for instance, might purchase a theater curtain in honor of a loved one).

5. Apply marketing techniques as you would for a symphony season or museum exhibition —and make sure there is plenty of press (and "perks") for donors. Major corporate donors to the Wortham Center, for instance, were given specially inscribed hard hats admitting the wearer to an observation platform on the construction site. For simple public relations, a snappy color brochure and a slide presentation are invaluable. "It's amazing how effective that is," says Irl Mowery, executive director of the Lyric Theater Foundation. "Our slide show is only nine and a half minutes long, and it tells everything you need to know in layman's language. It's good for the corporate board room or a women's theater guild."

6. Involve the whole community. Don't identify your project solely with the interest of a small, limited group; find ways to make it appealing to a broad cross section. In these days of federal funds cutbacks, corporate volunteerism in the arts is popular—take advantage of it. And plan special events to make your project more visible among the city's commercial establishments—like getting the owner of a restaurant chain to donate a day's receipts garnished, of course, with well-publicized visits by celebrities. —*S. H.*

Former Texas governor John B. Connally, chairman of the Lyric Theater Foundation, at a press conference on behalf of the Wortham Theater Center.



What makes the whole idea seem even more improbable is that the funds for the Wortham Center are being raised from private and corporate sources. No one ever seriously considered asking the city for tax monies for the project, but the two-block downtown site was given by the city fathers after it was deemed unsuitable for a new convention center. Remarkably $41 million has already been raised, even though the campaign was without a chairman for its first five years. Last July, the foundation was finally able to announce that a nationally recognized leader had volunteered for the difficult challenge: John B. Connally, former Texas governor.

The Wortham Theater Center capital campaign has been so successful for several reasons:

1. The right people are involved. Beginning in 1977 to Connally's chairmanship, the leadership list has been a "Who's Who" of Houston wealth and influence: well-known arts patrons, corporate heads with a stake in the city's future, respected political figures.

2. The need for the Wortham Center is demonstrable. The other two large downtown theaters, Jones Hall and the Music Hall, clearly have been outgrown. Overbooked except in summer, neither hall is well suited in terms of acoustics, sight lines, or office and rehearsal space to the needs of the city's fast-growing Houston Ballet and Houston Grand Opera.

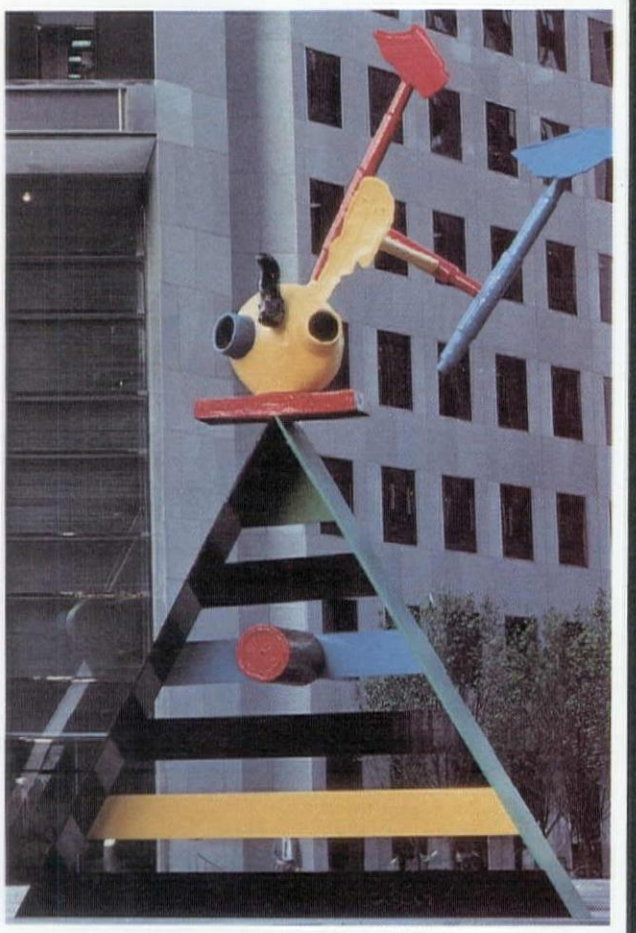
3. The time is right. Despite an uncertain economy, corporations in Houston want to reinforce their positive public image with highly visible gifts—and what is more visible than a multi-million-dollar center for the arts in downtown Houston? (Initial donations to the capital campaign came from energy companies: Amoco, Conoco, Cooper Industries, Galveston-Houston, Getty Oil, Gulf Oil, NL Industries, Shell, Tenneco, Texas Eastern, United Energy Resources, and Welltech.)

4. The campaign has been shrewd. A potential problem was the "elitist" stigma attached to opera and ballet. But campaign director Marcia James stresses "This is not an opera house. It is a performing-arts complex for which the principal tenants will be Houston Ballet and Houston Grand Opera." The broad-based campaign has been successful because it does not discriminate against those without *Giselle* or *Aida* in their record collections. People of all educational and socioeconomic levels are excited by the prospect of a handsome new addition to the Civic Center. They all want to be there when it happens. —*Scott Heumann*

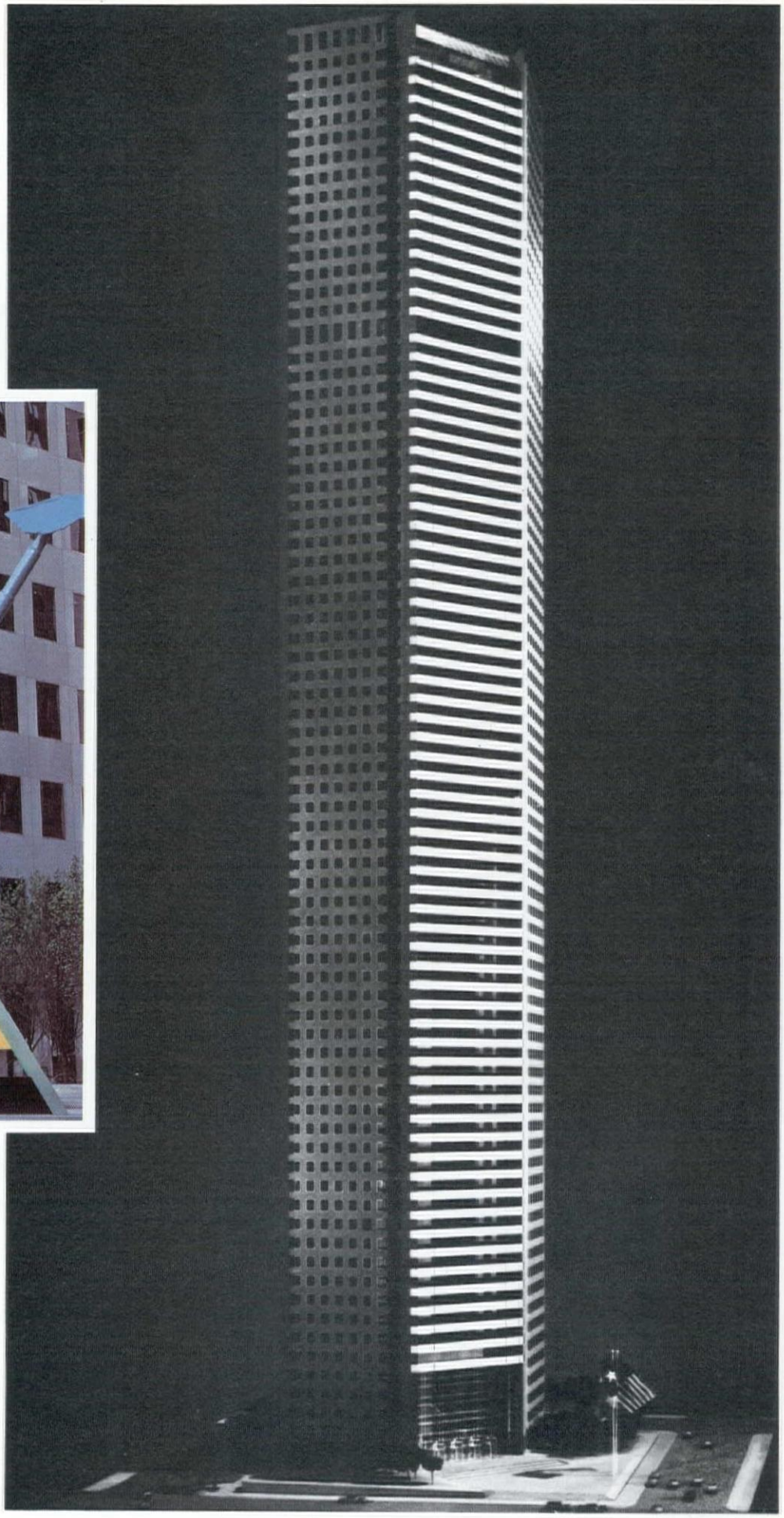
USArts is made possible this month by Business Leaders of Houston.

Reaching for the Sky

Houston's inspiring modern architecture signifies the upward mobility of the city.

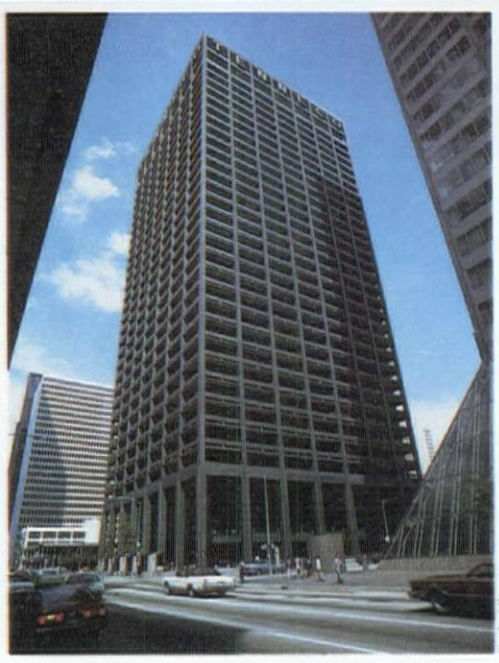


Joan Miró's sculpture Personage with Birds *(above) stands at the entrance to I.M. Pei's Texas Commerce Bank Building (right).*



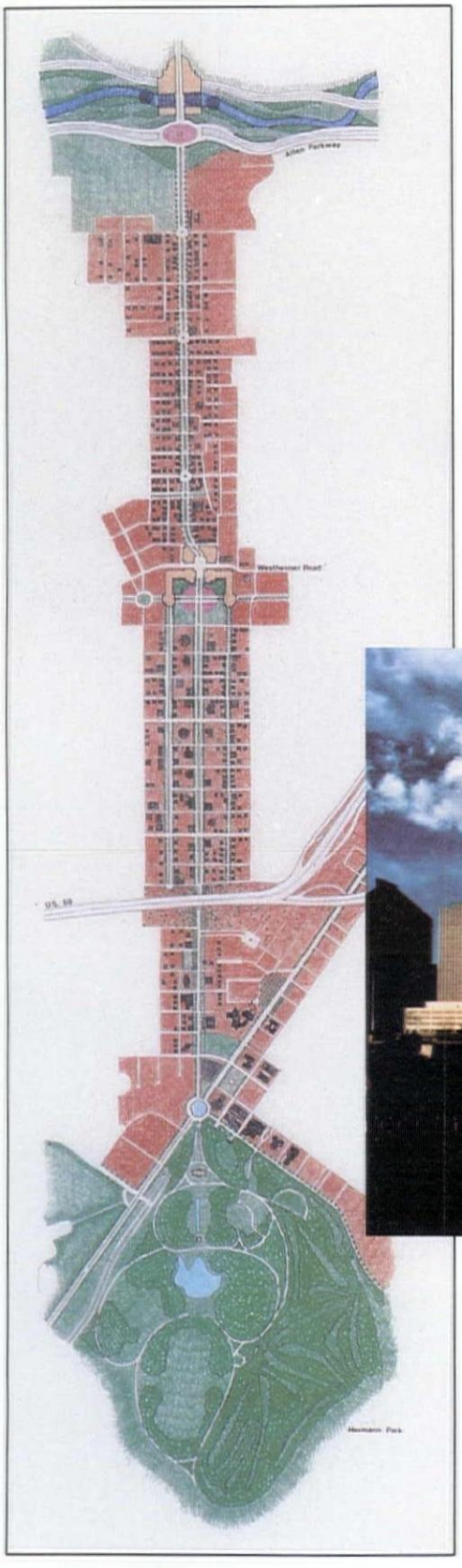
Modern architecture abounds in Houston with such names as Pei and Johnson.



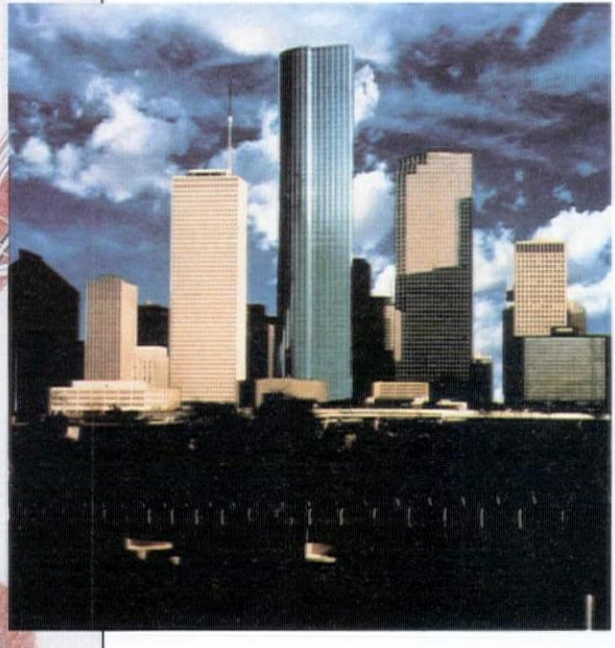


B. J. Nixon

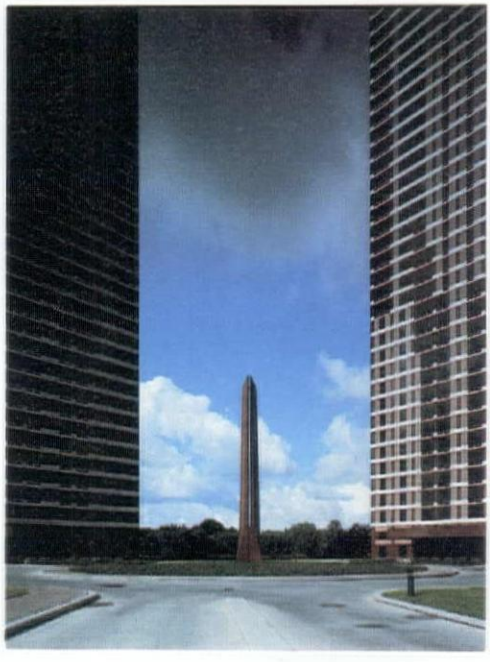
Two buildings by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill: the Tenneco Headquarters Building by Chuck Bassett (left), and the Tenneco Employee Center by Richard Keating (above).



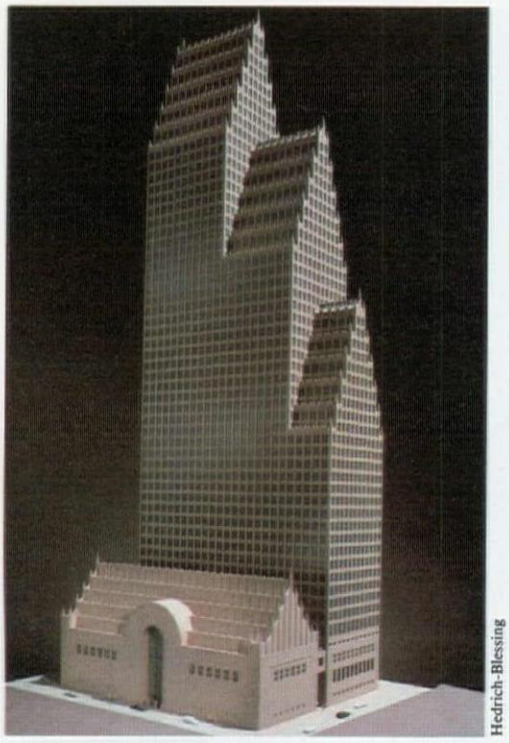




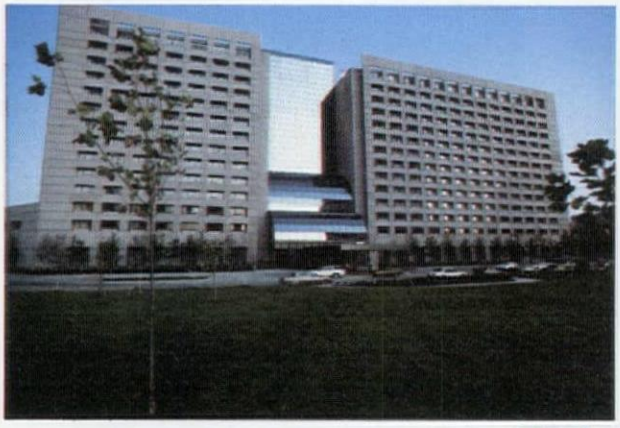
Philip Johnson's Transco Building (above) benefits from a beautiful location. Four Leaf Towers by Cesar Pelli (below) has a symmetrical design complemented by installations of monumental sculpture. A proposal for the redesign of Houston's boulevards (far left) is part of an overall urban plan by Houston architect Richard Keating, who also designed the Allied Bank Plaza (tallest building, left).



The skyline reminds some visitors of the Emerald City in the Wizard of Oz.



Hedrich-Blessing





©1982 Richard Payne

The design for the new RepublicBank Building uses Gothic motifs (top). Both I. M. Pei's Warwick Post Oak Hotel (above) and Philip Johnson's Pennzoil Building (right) make use of unusual geometric shapes, respectively a triangular floor plan, and a double trapezoid.



The Lure of Spain

Is it merely romance that lures artists to Spain—or is it more?

By James Lipton

Millions of acres of bare, ragged land dotted with Arab ramparts, Romanesque churches, and tiny medieval towns—this is the Spain that has for so long attracted artists, writers, and travelers from abroad. Visitors with a romantic bent, often from countries with an equally rich cultural heritage, have been drawn to Spain's intensely human environment, to a vitality that still survives.

A young Polish count, Jan Potocki, arrived in Spain in 1778 to satisfy romantic yearnings that warred with his pragmatic, liberal inclinations. A product of the Age of Enlightenment, his growing disillusionment with his political ideals pushed the aristocrat into occultism, reflected in his highly romantic writings. It is thus hardly surprising that in his several visits to Spain, Potocki was immediately attracted to the remote and desolate landscapes of the South. In his travels through Córdoba's lugubrious Sierra Morena in the 1780s, Potocki's mind conjured up the gypsy bands and long-disappeared Arab and Jewish mystics who inhabit the pages of his extraordinary *Manuscript Found in Saragossa,* a collection of fantastic tales published in 1804. In *Manuscript,* the mountain ranges of Spain are crawling with bandits and smugglers. Frightened peasants and the occasional swaggering valiant—often ridiculed—encounter such hair-raising sights as the bodies of two hanged

The Alhambra in Granada provided inspiration for Washington Irving's The Alhambra.

Ernest Hemingway found in Spain "the country I most love, after my own."

thieves who come to life at night, swaying from the gallows in the breeze, while vultures tear at their flesh.

Suggestive landscapes and cloaked bandits are not lacking in Washington Irving's descriptions of his travels in Andalusia some forty years later. But Irving's romanticism was more human. The cultural heritage kept alive in popular traditions and the pride of the humblest Spanish peasant—which Potocki had lampooned—elicited Irving's admiration. He arrived in Spain at the age of forty-three to satisfy a childhood dream rooted in his reading of the history of the civil wars of Granada.

Granada provided Irving with his "epiphany." He came to the city with the hope of finding the fabled door that the last Moorish King of Granada, Boabdil, had ordered walled up before he left his dream palace and beloved Spain for exile. Much to Irving's surprise, one of the paupers who lived on the palace grounds knew where it was: "I inquired for some time in vain for such a portal; at length my humble attendant, Mateo Ximenes, said it must be the one closed up with stones, which, according to what he had heard from his grandfather, was the gateway by which King Chico [Boabdil] had left the fortress. There was a mystery about it, and it had never been opened within the memory of the oldest inhabitant."

This mystery, this myth brought to life in the memory of living people, was what Spain could offer Irving and countless others who came after him. Drawing constant inspiration from the inimitable surroundings of the palace he loved, where he was allowed by the governor of the city to stay for several months, Irving set down the many Arab legends that had been handed down from father to son in his *The Alhambra.*

The list of illustrious nineteenth-century travelers to Spain is long. Mérimée, Gautier, Dumas, and Hans Christian Andersen were just a few whose expectations were fulfilled in Spain. But not all romantics who visited Spain were pleased with what they saw. The constant presence of olive oil in Spanish cooking and the inclemency of Majorcan weather in winter were more than Polish composer Frédéric Chopin and French writer George Sand could take during their five-month stay in Spain's Balearic Isles in 1838. George Sand's idyllic initial impression of Palma suggests that better circumstances might have resulted in a more favorable experience (Chopin's deteriorating health and the suspicious nature of the peasants drove the two to near desperation). Nevertheless, their winter stay in a beautiful, but primitive and damp, converted monastery in Valldemosa was a productive one: twenty-four preludes and the haunting "Polonaise in C Minor" were composed there, and George Sand's novel *Spiridion* made rapid strides.



John Singer Sargent's El Jaleo *(detail, above) is a dramatic portrayal of a flamenco fiesta.*

Spain unquestionably had a profound influence on the work of John Singer Sargent. Urged by his Parisian mentor and teacher, Carolus Duran, the painter left for Madrid's Prado Museum and the collections in Seville in 1879, at the age to twenty-three. Sargent's indebtedness to the clarity and sombre composition of such Velázquez paintings as *Maids of Honor* (Prado Museum) is particularly apparent in his portrait of the *Daughters of Edward Darley Boit* (1882, Boston Museum of Fine Arts) and subsequent works. Sargent, a passionate lover of dance, was also fascinated by flamenco. This interest found its best expression in his masterpiece, *El Jaleo* (1882, Boston, Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum), a dramatic portrayal of a flamenco fiesta. Spain afforded Sargent a much-needed release from the constraints of commissioned portraits, and the result was an exceptional freshness and virtuosity.

A long line of foreign writers and artists became involved with one particular area of Spain, and, at least temporarily, adopted it as a second homeland, including Pound, Robert Graves, *The New Yorker*'s Alistair Reid, and Cyril Connelly. But none of them flung themselves so wholeheartedly into Spain and its life as did Ernest Hemingway—deservedly the most famous foreign writer to visit the peninsula.

Captivated by the running of the bulls in the streets of Pamplona, which he first saw in 1922 at the urging of Gertrude Stein, Hemingway found in Spain "the country I most love, after my own." The bullfights and the battlefields of the Spanish civil war provided a vivid and honest dramatization of his ideas on violence, life, and death, and of his view of courage as "grace under pressure." The complex duality of Spain—the coexistence of the radiant human warmth he loved with a tragic and often violent streak—was a recurring theme in the books that came out of his many visits to that country: *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), *Death in the Afternoon* (1932), *The Fifth Column* (1938), and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940). Hemingway succeeded in pinpointing the elusive traits that have made the country compelling for so many visitors: the human dimension of life, the undiluted quality of experience contained in everyday sensations—in seemingly insignificant interactions with other human beings.

But another elusive quality has been fundamental for almost all writers and artists who loved Spain, one contained in its very physical presence—in narrow, winding streets, in the texture of the tile roofs, and in the solace of ancient monasteries and windswept plains. It was this world that German poet Rainer Maria Rilke encountered in 1912, during a three-month stay almost wholly devoid of human contact. Arriving in Toledo at age thirty-seven, after having cultivated for close to a decade an almost mystic expectation of the moment, Rilke gazed on the ancient capital of Spain with the reverence of one who has encountered something sacred. Everything in the city radiated something magical, making the city "the mountain of revelation" for him. Very few of these impressions found their way into his published work. But it was here, primarily during his two reclusive months in the Reina Victoria Hotel in Ronda that many of the ideas which permeated his *Duino Elegies* and *Sonnets to Orpheus* began to take form. As he was to write from Switzerland ten years later: "Spain was my last impression." □

James Lipton writes a weekly newsletter for Europa Press, Report from Spain, *that is distributed in Spain, Europe, and the U.S.*

History in Stone

Indelible marks of bygone civilization dot Spain's landscapes.

By Margaret Roblee Donovan

In a sense, all of Spain is a monument. Yet its timeless beauty is reflected perhaps most stunningly in its architectural monuments—built by peoples such as the Iberians, Greeks, Romans, Moors—the many civilizations that played a part in Spanish history.

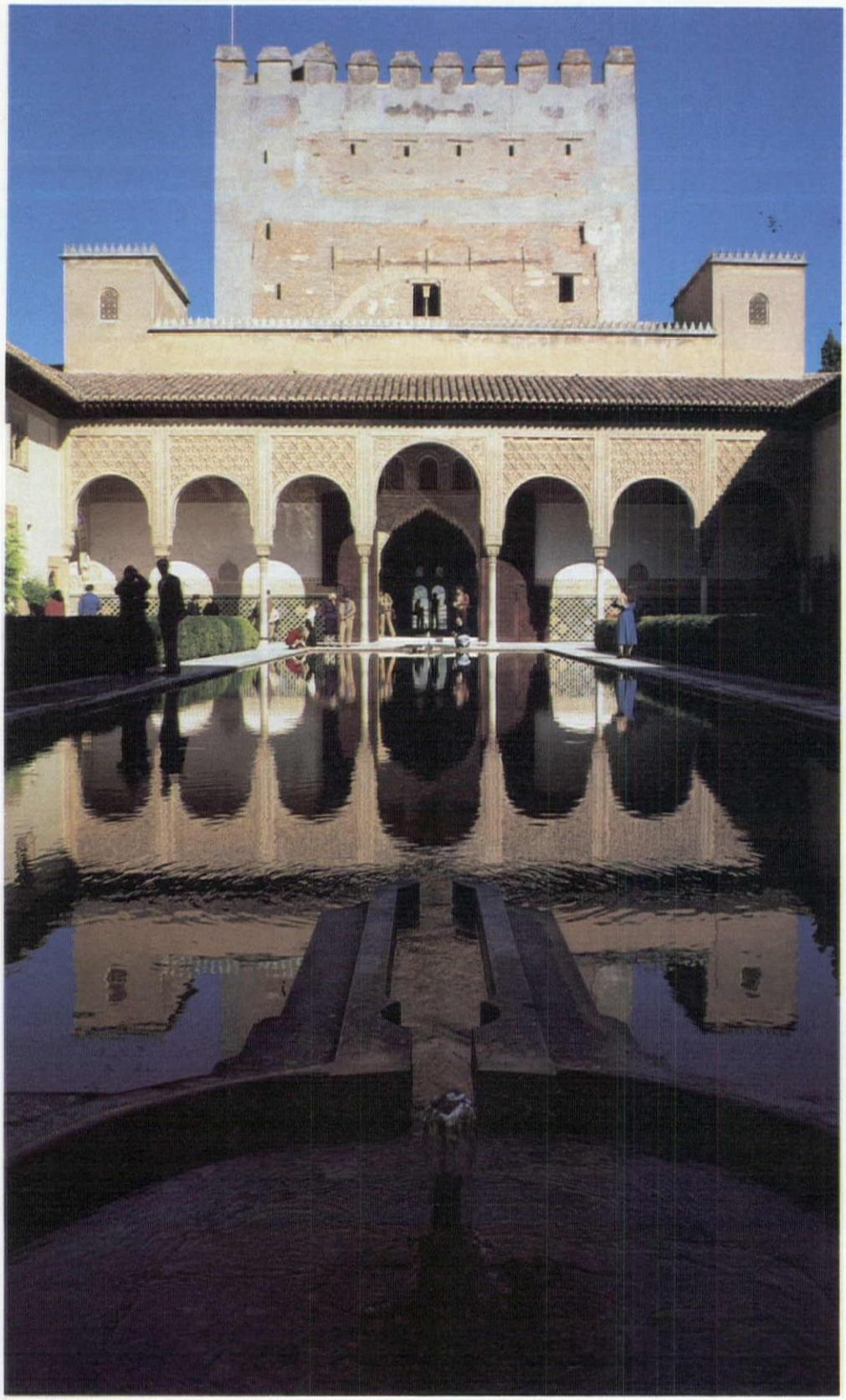
In Madrid, the artistic traveler will want to visit the reproduction of the caves of Altamira, located in the garden of the Archaeological Museum on the Calle Serrano. The original caves, near Santander in northern Spain, have been closed to tourists to preserve the cave paintings. (Air pollution has reportedly destroyed similar cave paintings in France.) Fortunately, the reproduction is exact and accessible. Called "The Sistine Chapel of the Ice Age," the paintings date from 13,000 B.C.

Traveling through centuries of time, but arriving just next to the Archaeological Museum, the traveler can see one of Spain's most contemporary monuments, the Plaza Colon. Soaring over the plaza, based upon a pooled platform, four immense structures rise fifty-five feet toward the sky. Made of hollow concrete, rose-gold in color to simulate the pink granite of the Guardarrama Mountains surrounding Madrid, the monument commemorates the discovery of America.

In the heart of Old Madrid, the Plaza Mayor has always been the circus of the city. Nine entrances lead to cool colonnades enclosing the vast, trafficless square, and sidewalk cafés spill into the cobblestones. The balconies of surrounding buildings, limited to five stories, still

The Roman aqueduct at Segovia, built by Emperor Hadrian in 100 A.D., still conducts water to the populace. Standing 90 feet high, the aqueduct is one of the best preserved Roman works extant.







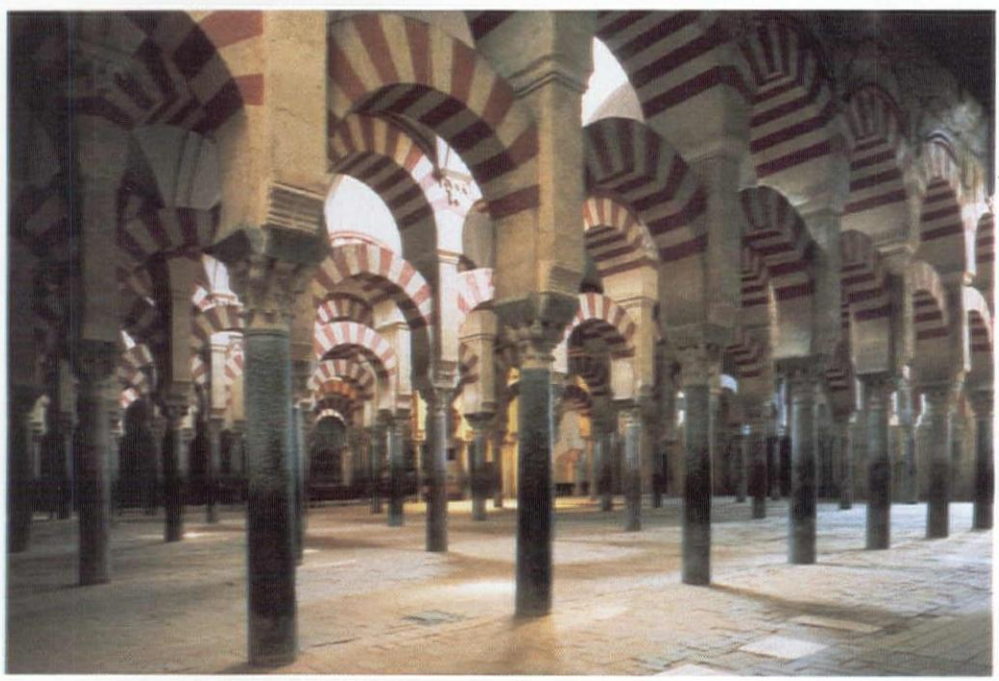
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Clockwise from left: The Alhambra shows the Moorish influence in Spain. Madrid's Plaza Mayor is a favorite gathering place. The Mosque at Córdoba took three centuries to complete. Toledo's Gothic Church of San Juan de Los Reyes was built as a royal tomb.

Many of Spain's most famous monuments are within a seventy-mile radius of Madrid.





carry the seating numbers for the bullfights, jousts, and autos-da-fé of former days. Work began on the Plaza Mayor in 1617 under Philip III; his equestrian statue stands in the center. Finishing touches were added by the Churriguera brothers, seventeenth-century architects who also designed the Plaza Mayor in Salamanca.

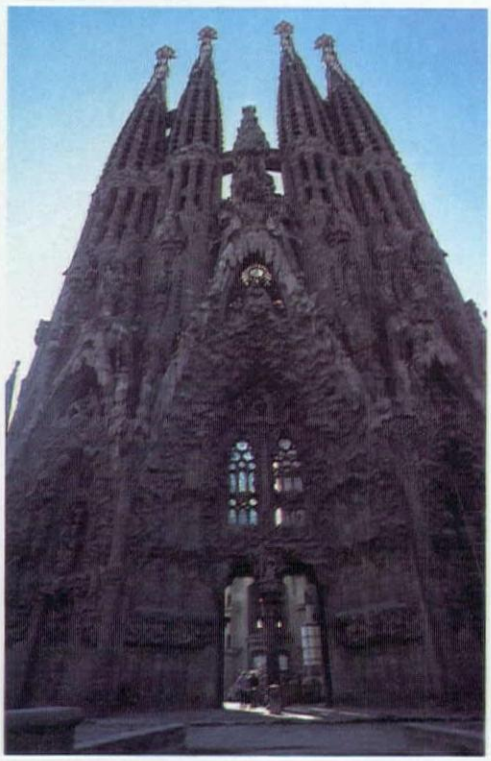
Within a radius of seventy miles of Madrid, several unique cities spoke out in a wheel. Avila, Segovia, Toledo, and El Escorial are also sites of ancient and important Spanish monuments. One of the great legacies of Rome stretches across the square in Segovia, just an hour's drive from Madrid. The towering Roman aqueduct, built by the Spanish Roman Emperor Hadrian in 100 A.D., stands 90 feet high, 900 yards long, and has 148 arches over 30 feet high. The aqueduct still conducts water to the populace of Segovia and is one of the best-preserved Roman works extant. Segovia abounds in architectural beauty and deserves at least one day's visit.

About seventy miles west of Madrid looms Avila, the only completely walled medieval city in Europe and Spain's highest township at four thousand feet above sea level. The walls, finished in 1099, average forty feet in height, measure more than a mile and a half in circumference, and have eighty-six towers. Illumination on summer nights gives an operatic air to this land of "saints and stone," as Avila is called.

If any city could be called the "soul of Spain," it would be Toledo. Among its treasures are the Gothic church of San Juan de los Reyes, so called because it was commissioned by Queen Isabella as a tomb for herself and King Ferdinand before the reconquest of Granada. The cloister is especially noteworthy, and the stout chains of former Christian prisoners liberated from the Moors hang from the ceiling.

Another great monument within the wheel of Madrid is the monastery of El Escorial, of such massive scale that it defies imagination. Built during the reign of Philip II, it was begun in 1563 and completed twenty years later under the architectural auspices of Juan Herrera. A religious community lives here, but many of the one thousand rooms—including a library of rare manuscripts and forty-five thousand leather-bound books, a museum of great paintings, and the Pantheon of Rings—are open to the public. Twelve kings of Spain and nine queens are buried here.

Gaudi's Church of the Holy Family has been under construction for over a century.





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Work continues on the Church of the Holy Family in Barcelona (above), created by Antonio Gaudi in 1881. A modern monument in Madrid's Plaza de Colon (right) commemorates the discovery of America.

Spain's history, which includes eight centuries of Moorish civilization, from 711 to 1492, is symbolized by the architecture of Córdoba, Granada, and Seville in the region known as Andalusia. The rarest of these monuments, the Mezquita in Córdoba, was begun in 785 and added to by successive caliphs until it reached its present size of 600 by 400 feet in the eleventh century. Other than Mecca's mosque, the Mezquita is believed to be the world's largest and finest mosque . . . and it can be seen by non-believers. An interior forest of 850 twelve-foot-high marble columns supports double tiers of red-and-white striped arches. A cathedral, erected in the center of the mosque in the fifteenth century, adds to its singularity and underlines Spain's unique experience in Europe of eight centuries of Arab civilization.

The fabled Palace of the Alhambra sits high on a hill above the city of Granada. Begun in 1248, the palace was constructed by Christian slaves under the tutelage of Arab artisans and took one hundred years to complete. A map leads you to the Court of the Myrtles, the Great Hall of the Ambassadors, the Court of the Lions, the Harem, the four rooms of marble baths, the lovely gardens, and miradors framing spectacular views of Granada and the snow-covered Sierra Nevada beyond.

Another Moorish marvel, the Giralda Tower, stands beside the largest Gothic cathedral in the world, located in the city of Seville. The tower rises 230 feet and can be climbed by a sloping ramp to give a panoramic view of Seville and the winding Guadalquivir River. Replicas of this great tower can be found in at least two American cities—Kansas City and Miami.

In northeastern Spain, the Gothic cathedral of Barcelona is, according to English connoisseur John Harvey, "an incomparable treasure of medieval art and probably gives a closer impression than any other in Europe of the state of a great church in the Middle Ages." At night it is illuminated from within, giving it a jewel-like appearance. The city abuts the cathedral, and the traveler figuratively enters the fifteenth century with a visit to Barcelona.

Also in Barcelona is the delight of the surrealists, the Church of the Holy Family, created by Antonio Gaudí in 1881 and considered the prime example of art nouveau architecture in Spain. This great work remains unfinished, but inch-by-inch continues toward completion, supported by donations from benefactors and tourism. Gaudí's legacy springs up all over Barcelona in wavy apartment buildings and the surrealistic Parque Guell.

When to Visit Monuments

Spanish cities are frequently congested, so Sunday mornings, when the city sleeps, are by far the best times to photograph monuments. Holidays, when the cities empty to the countryside, also make the sites and museums less crowded. Except for the Prado Museum, everything closes for the sacrosanct siesta—even the churches—exactly between 1:30 and 3:30. Many museums are open only in the mornings. Fees are charged to enter churches, except at 10:30 A.M., when religious services are in session. Museums charge a nominal fee as well. The Prado charges a 200-pesetas entrance fee, which also includes admittance to Picasso's *Guernica* and the collection of nineteenth-century paintings in a separate building on Avenida Alfonso XII.

Margaret Roblee Donovan, a long-time resident of Spain, is author of a travel guide, Spain in Your Pocket, *and a free-lance writer on Spanish themes.*


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More than Flamenco

Zarzuela, cante jondo, operetta, classical—all are part of Spain's varied musical heritage. By Mary Foran

From Galicia to Cataluña, from Asturias to Andalusia, music has always been essential to the Spanish people—spontaneous music-makers, dancers, and singers, proud of their classical composers, regional folk-music heritage, and distinctive flamenco tradition. Each of Spain's major cities offers a variety of musical productions. Song, dance and music also figure prominently in the life of rural communities. Madrid, however, is a particularly important stop on the visitor's itinerary to absorb a cross section of Spanish musical experiences: classical symphony and opera fare, zarzuela and flamenco.

Classical-music lovers of all ages fill Madrid's elegant nineteenth-century opera house, Teatro Real, Plaza de Oriente 4 (241 97 39), for weekly concerts (at popular prices) of classical symphonic music and creations by avant-garde Spanish composers. On the other side of the city, crowds patiently wait in long lines at the Teatro Monumental, Atocha 65 (227 12 14), to buy tickets for a more popular form of musical entertainment: the long-running musical hit *Antologia de la Zarzuela,* held-over three times and scheduled to close April 10, 1983. And, for those who know the right places to avoid and the best groups to see, an evening of flamenco will be a memorable occasion—Corral de la Morería 17 (265 11 37), or Café de Chinitas, Torija 7 (248 91 35), are recommended.

Classical

Teatro Real concerts might feature works by such Spaniards as Isaac Albéniz (1860-1909), Enrique Granados (1867-1916), or Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)—three composers well known for elevating Spanish music to the level of the finest classical composers. While Albéniz and Granados turned the piano into an eminently Spanish instrument, Manuel de Falla orchestrated the spirit of Spain. Albéniz' *Iberia,* published in four books from 1906 to 1909, is his last nostalgic impressions of Spain before his death in exile in 1909; of it Debussy said, "Never has music achieved such diversified, such colorful, impressions." Or concerts could feature works by the blind seventeenth-century composer and organist of Philip II's reign, Antonio de Cabezón, whose music "anticipates the grandeur of conception and force of expression of Johann Sebastian Bach," according to musicologist Gilbert Chase.

Spain's place in the sphere of classical music is a firm one, not only for the works of native composers, but also for its influence on other composers, who have borrowed Spanish themes to add fire and character to their own creations. Bizet, Boccherini, Cabrier, Debussy, Glinka, Lalo, Liszt, Ravel, and Scarlatti are a few of the foreign composers inspired by Spanish musical traditions.

Opera

Although Spain can currently claim one of the very brightest stars in the operatic firmament today, world-class tenor Placido Domingo, classical opera has had a checkered history in Spain. The form is certainly a venerable one in the nation; the first Spanish dramatic piece that was entirely sung was Lope de Vega's *La selva sin amor* [The forest without love], dating from about 1629. However, Italian opera all but eliminated Spanish operatic progress for a time. During the reign of Philip V (1700-1746), it was difficult for Spanish authors to publish or produce their works without first translating them into Italian, the language of the king's two wives.

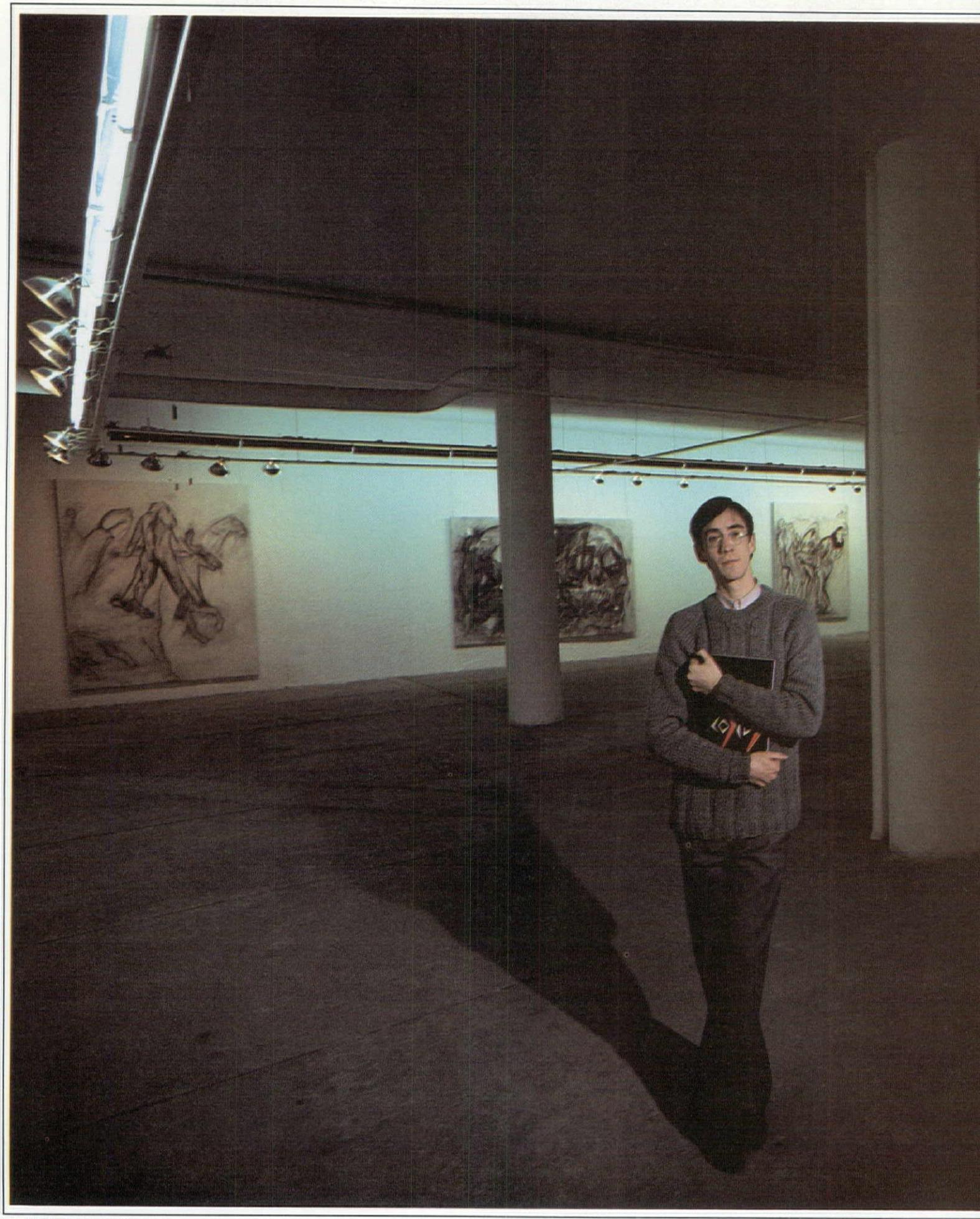
Opera seems to have been a problematic step for Spanish composers. Tomas Bretón, Ruperto Chapi, and Amadeo Vives managed to write a few, but their zarzuelas—the light musical dramas complete with folkloric costumes, color, songs, and dances set to operatic orchestrations—were what gave them their livelihood and fame. Felipe Pedrell (1841-1922) wrote no zarzuelas: his aim was to "raise Spanish music from the picturesque to the sublime," while drawing from the national folk tradition. He came close to his goal with *La Celestina* (1904), based on the fifteenth-century classic, but he



DSRTV Photo News

Spain's popular musical spectacle, the zarzuela, combines swirling dancers and fast-paced songs in a pageant of vibrant color.

Mary Foran is managing editor of Guidepost, *the English-language weekly magazine published in Madrid.*





never saw "the great Spanish opera" he longed for. Enrique Granados saw his opera *Goyescas* open in New York in 1916, but did not live to improve on his compositions—during his return to Spain, a German torpedo sank his ship.

Zarzuela

Opera, however, never captured the hearts and imagination of the people as did the zarzuela. Americans find zarzuelas easy to understand, even without knowledge of Spanish. The best of the operettas or musical plays compare favorably with the accomplishments of Rodgers and Hammerstein or Stephen Sondheim.

The popular zarzuela is the truly Spanish lyric-drama form that developed as a kind of cultural and musical protest against the "official" imported culture of the Bourbon monarchs in seventeenth-century Spain. The seeds of zarzuela were sown with the Spanish ballad tradition and the medieval mystery plays, but it was Juan del Encina, the Salamancan student-poet-musician-courtier and later, priest, who is credited with consolidating the song and dance form in 1492 with his *Representaciones* for the noble and royal guests of the powerful Duke of Alba, his protector and sponsor.

Theater, then as now, was not a lucrative business, unless like Encina, you had a powerful patron. All that changed, however, when the long-itinerant Spanish court finally settled in Madrid in 1561, making it the center of theatrical activity. More than forty acting companies congregated in the quarter where the streets are now appropriately named after Cervantes and Lope de Vega. Drama became the Spanish popular passion among commoners and courtiers alike who eagerly accepted more than 1,500 plays written by Lope de Vega (1562-1635). His works, as well as those of many contemporaries, were put to music by Spanish musicians. But it was Calderón de la Barca who united music and poetry in the form that is now called zarzuela.

A *zarza* is a bramblebush, and if you ever visit the luxurious Zarzuela Palace on the outskirts of Madrid, you will find it hard to imagine it as the "rustic" hunting lodge built by the Infante Don Fernando and enlarged by Philip IV. As entertainment for the latter and his guests, Calderón de la Barca presented the first zarzuela in 1657. It was called *El golfo de las sirenas* [The sirens' gigolo]—a picaresque sea-yarn with alternating songs and dances.

The zarzuela today has evolved from the allegorical pieces of Spain's "Golden Age" of the arts—the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Calderón de la Barca's *El laurel de Apolo* (circa 1657) follows the tastes of the times using allegory and seventeenth-century theatrical techniques, says Fernando Saura. Saura is general coordinator of the current Madrid hit show, *Antologia de la Zarzuela,* a modern production of the best songs, dances and scenes from nineteen of Spain's most beloved zarzuelas. José Tamayo, creator-director of the musical spectacle, has taken his 150-member cast on tour from Mexico to Russia, where capacity audiences stomped in delight at the fast-paced potpourri of color, movement, and song. More tours, including one of the United States, are being planned.

Flamenco

Contrary to popular misconceptions, flamenco is only one current in the Spanish musical panorama. It is not strictly considered folk music, since "it is in the hands of professionals," explains José Luis García del Busto, music critic for the Spanish daily *El País* and general programmer for Spain's national classical-music station. The musicians add their own individual embellishments according to the form's traditions. García, author of two books on contemporary Spanish composers, contends that well-known world-touring flamenco musicians such as guitarist-composers Paco de Lucia and Manolo Sanlucar and Andalusian pianist Felipe Campuzano are not playing true flamenco, but rather Andalusian-inspired expressions of their own creative genius.

True *cante jondo* [deep song]—sad, wailing songs parallel to the blues of the American south—is thought to have been imported by Andalusian gypsies around 1449 after they had passed through Flemish (flamenco) territory. Flamenco cannot easily be transcribed into modern musical notation, due to its inflections and subdivisions; thus, when separated from its natural partners—the guitar, rhythm-keeping dancers, and the almost Byzantine-Oriental cries of the singers—it becomes a denatured version of the real thing.

A visitor who goes beyond the "typical-music-for-tourists" shows and follows the native Spaniards to local performances in or outside Madrid will be well rewarded. Spain's musical heritage is an unusually rich and distinctive one, full of unexpected variety and virtuosity. □

Tucked into side streets in basements and garages, galleries may be just about anywhere.

Botella's Galería Aele, another promoter of young, talented artists. Farther down the Claudio Coello, Galería Buades displays its avant-garde art in a courtyard basement. Most spectacular of all is Fernando Vijande's gallery on Calle Nuñez de Balboa, which houses its fabulous collection of the latest trends in Spanish art in a huge garage.

The Old and the New

Another important group of galleries can be found in the confluence of the Barrio Salamanca and the Barrio Chamberí. Madrid's oldest gallery, Biosca, is found on Calle Génova. Artists at Biosca include José Hernandez, whose work is a very personal statement of the art of the grotesque. Barjola, Farreras, Naranjo, and Toral can also be found there. One block away on Marqués de Ensenada is the elegant Galería Theo. Owner Elvira Mignoni has assembled a collection of the great international artists of the twentieth century, including Picasso, Albers, Bacon, Juan Gris, Mondrian, Jesus Soto, Chillida, Mompó, and many others. Directly across the street is the Galería Cellini, also owned by Mignoni, which exhibits graphics by the artists at the same time their major works are being shown by Theo.

One of Madrid's important galleries that promoted the work of Spain's most talented artists during the 1970s is, unhappily, now closed. Some of the artists formerly with the Galería Vandres have joined Fernando Vijande. Others are currently not affiliated with a Madrid gallery, although they do show in New York, Paris, and Brussels. Two of them, Dario Villalba and Guillermo Perez Villalta, will have museum shows in Madrid in 1983.

Looking for Graphics

A word must be said about graphics; no other area offers such incredible value to art buyers. Engravings, lithographs, serigraphs, and silk-screen prints of outstanding quality by leading artists can be found in many galleries. For example, Galería Estampa on Calle Covarrúbias offers original engravings, books designed and produced (sometimes even the paper) by the artists, plus unusual games and playing cards, all of exceptional quality. Galerías Egam, Buades, Grupo Quince, Ehrhardt, Aele, and Esti-Arte all carry stunning collections of graphics at very modest prices. The Calcografía Nacional, part of the Biblioteca Nacional (National Library) on the Paseo de los Recoletos, is technically not a gallery, but part of the Madrid museum complex. It does, however, have lithographs and engravings drawn from the original plates of nineteenth-century artists, including Goya, for sale to the public at very fair prices. There is only one gallery in Madrid devoted to photography. It is the Galería Redor on Calle Villalar, owned by Rosalind Williams, formerly of San Francisco.



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Isabel Garrigues de Figuerda-Ferrettu (left) and Gamarra de Alcazar stand at the window of their Alencon Galleria de Arte.

Gallery Listings

Spain's national patrimony law forbids the export of any work of art more than one hundred years old. Purchases from private sources in one of *los Rastros* (or flea markets) can be dated and evaluated by the Galería Inter-Arte on Calle Génova, a practice required by Spanish export laws.

Galleries are usually closed on Mondays, during the month of August, and on Saturdays from June 15 to September 15, unless otherwise noted on the following partial list of Madrid's most important galleries.



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Capital Galleries

If you're an art lover of any kind in Madrid, you're in heaven.

By Peggy Gonzalez-Aller

A wise art collector is one who buys the right thing at the "wrong" time, former director of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art Francis Henry Taylor once said. This secret of collecting art is powerful advice for investors as well as for art lovers whose needs are simply to hang something beautiful on their walls. Madrid's art galleries can satisfy both. The descendants of Velázquez, Goya, and Picasso can be found in famous international galleries such as Theo, Juana Mordo, and Fernando Vijande. Other galleries are tucked into tiny side streets and basements.

A Good Place to Start

A number of galleries are centered in the beautiful old Barrio Salamanca (or Salamanca section), located in the heart of the city. There on the Calle Claudio Coello, and on some of the side streets just off it, can be found many of Madrid's outstanding galleries. Dominating them is the Galería Juana Mordo, owned and directed by Juana, as she is known to everyone, the dueña of the Madrid art world. Many of today's internationally famous artists were discovered and promoted by Juana. The list is long: Millares, Zobel, Serrano, Torner, Sempere, Rueda, Feito. Today, twenty years after she first opened her doors, young painters such as Matias Quetglas and Cesar Luengo are being promoted by Juana. Nearby in a tiny alley (or *callejón*), tucked behind cascading ivy, is New York-born Evelyn

Armando Montesinos is director of Fernando Vijande's gallery, which is housed in a converted parking garage.

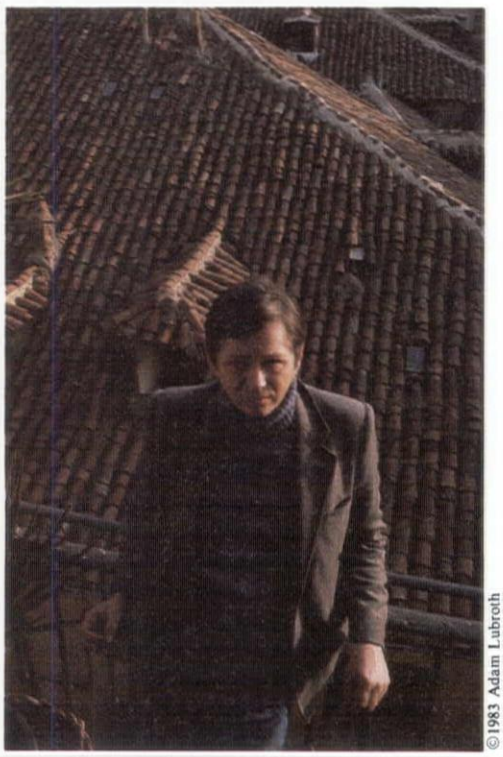
Finding Madrid's Art Galleries

Aele. Calle Claudio Coello, 28 (entrance Puigcerdá). Phone: 275 66 79. Owner: Evelyn Botella. Hours: 11-2; 5-9. Closed Monday and Saturday mornings. English, French, and German spoken. New trends in international contemporary art, with a small selection of graphics. Artists include Cárdenas, Barbadillo, Americans Don Herbert and Paul Hoffman. Also show place for new talent, including Eloisa Sanz and Enrique Vega.

Alencon. Calle Villanueva, 21. Phone: 435 98 63. Owners: Carmen Gamarra and Isabel Garrigues. Hours: 10-2; 5-9. English and French spoken. Contemporary international paintings and graphics.

Biosca. Calle Génova, 11. Phone: 419 33 93. Owner: Aurelio Biosca. Hours: 10-2; 5:30-9. English spoken. Contemporary Spanish painting and sculpture. Among artists represented are José Hernandez, Cristobal, Toral, Barjola, Naranjo, and Bores.

Don Herbert is an American abstract painter who opened his own studio in Madrid.



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Buades. Calle Claudio Coello, 43. Phone: 226 52 09; 431 42 82. Owner: N. Abril de Liñan. Hours: 11-2; 5:30-9. English and French spoken. Spanish avant-garde work by Gemma Sin, Chema Cobo, and Baldeweg. Periodic round-table discussions of new trends.

Cellini. Calle Bárbara de Braganza, 8. Phone: 419 41 77. Owner: Fernando Mignoni. Hours: 10-1:30; 5-9. English and French spoken. Modern twentieth-century works on paper by Spanish and international artists.

Egam. Calle Villanueva, 29. Phone: 435 31 61. Owner: Enrique Gomez Acebo. Hours: 11-2; 5-9. English and French spoken. Paintings, sculpture, and graphics by young Spanish artists, including Gerardo Aparicio, Alfonso Albacete, and Alfonso Galvan.

Ehrhardt. Calle Barquillo, 44 (first floor left). Phone: 276 17 28. Owner: Heinrich Ehrhardt. Hours: 11-2; 5-9. English, German, and French spoken. German avant-garde works by Baselitz, Immendorff, Penck, and Lupertz. Also graphics and posters by German and international artists including Cy Twombly and Andy Warhol.

Estampa. Calle Covarrúbias, 7 (entrance José Marañon). Phone: 448 16 53. Owner: Manuel Cuevas. Hours: 5:30-9; Saturdays 11-2; 5:30-9. Graphics, books, games designed by artists. Outstanding collections by Luis Gordillo, Perez Villalta, Zobel, Monir, Luengo, and Quetglas.

Esti-Arte. Calle Almagro, 44. Phone: 419 76 69. Director: C. Cabo de la Sierra. Hours: 11:30-2; 5-9. International graphic art.

Fernando Vijande. Calle Nuñez de Balboa, 65. Phone: 435 80 25. Owner: F. Vijande. Hours: 11-2; 5-9. English spoken. Outstanding avant-garde works by Gordillo, Zush, Alexanco, Arranz Bravo, and Bartolozzi. Occasional shows of international avant-garde work such as the Italian Longobardi.

Grupo Quince. Calle Fortuny, 7. Phone: 419 97 10. Director: María Corral. Graphics and special editions by contemporary Spanish artists.

Inter-Arte. Calle Génova, 18. Phone: 419 07 87. Hours: 10:30-2; 5-8:30. English, French, and German spoken. Sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century Spanish and Flemish paintings and other works of art, plus evaluations.

Juana Mordo. Calle Villanueva, 7. Phone: 435 84 42. Owners: Juana Mordo and Helga Müller. Hours: 10:30-2; 5-9. English, French, German, and Italian spoken. Important modern Spanish and international art including Juana Frances, Lucio Muñoz, and Rafael Canogar, plus works of new artists Quetglas and Luengo.

Kreisler. Calle Serrano, 19. Phone: 276 53 38. Owner: Edward Kreisler. Hours: 9:40-1:30; 4:30-9. Open Saturdays during the month of August. English, French, and Italian spoken. Spanish traditional art on two floors with a third floor devoted to gifts.

Kreisler Dos. Calle Hermosilla, 8. Phone: 431 42 64. Director: Jorge Pujol. Hours: 10-2; 5-9. English spoken. Spanish and international contemporary work, mainly abstract, by Baron, Saez, Raba, Romero, and Americans Jerry Sheerin and Frank Carmelitano.

Montenegro. Calle Argensola, 4. Phone: 410 22 02. Owner: Manuel Montenegro. Hours: 10-2; 5-8. Large works by contemporary Spanish painters.

Redor. Calle Villalar, 7. Phone: 275 67 76; 435 61 11. Owner: Rosalind Williams. Hours: Tuesdays 12-8 and by appointment. English and French spoken. Contemporary Spanish photography, including works by Joan Font Cuberta, Rafael Navarro, and Alberto Schommer.

Sargadelos. Calle Zurbano, 46. Phone: 410 48 30. Director: I. Diaz Pardo. Hours: 11-2; 5-9. Galician paintings and ceramics.

Sen. Calle Nuñez de Balboa, 37. Phone: 435 52 02. Director: Eugenia de Suñer. Hours: 11-2; 5-9. Small contemporary paintings, sculpture, and graphics. Artists include Perez Villalta.

Theo. Calle Marqués de Ensenada, 2. Phone: 410 26 51. Owner: Elvira Mignoni. Hours: 11-1:30; 5-9. English and French spoken. Important gallery of great twentieth-century Spanish and international painters and sculptors, including Picasso, Bacon, Gris, Chillida, Soto, Mondrian, and Mompó.

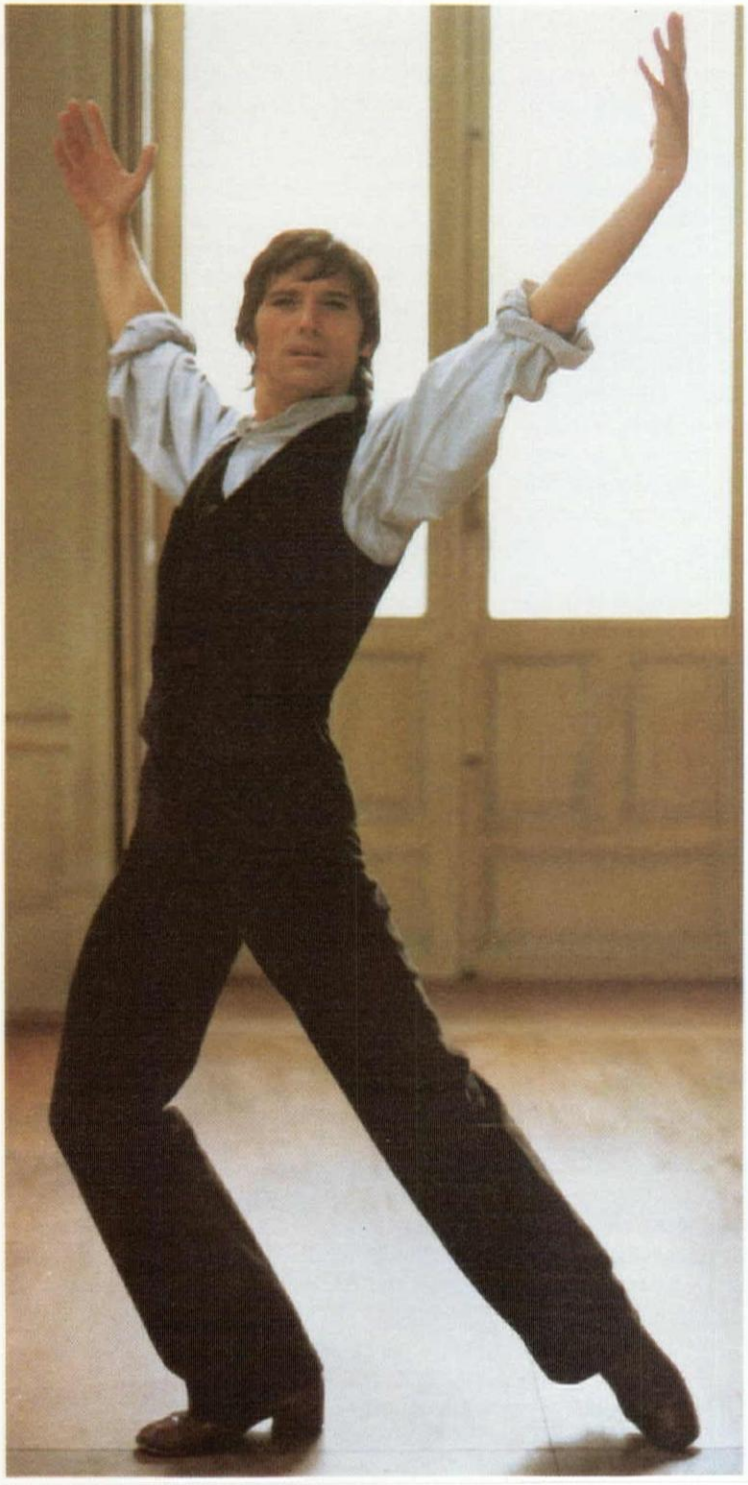
Torculo. Calle Claudio Coello, 17. Phone: 275 86 86. Director: A. Alvarez. Hours: 10-2; 5-9. Spanish and international graphics. Artists include Arranz Bravo, José Hernandez, and Jorge Castillo. Also, largest collection of international art books in Madrid.

Ynguanzo. Calle Antonio Maura, 12. Phone: 231 54 10. Director: F. Rodriguez Porrero. Hours: 11:30-1:30; 5-9. Modern international paintings, sculpture, and, occasionally, photography.

Calcografía Nacional. Paseo de los Recoletos, 22. Hours: Tuesday through Friday 5-9; Saturdays 10-2; 5-9; Sundays 10-2. □

Peggy Gonzalez-Aller is a New Yorker married to a Spanish novelist and has lived in Madrid since 1978.

A Meeting of Minds



When two great artists combine their talents, the results exceed the sum of the parts. By Ruth MacKay

Artistic collaboration isn't always easy—especially when two giants in their fields work in two different media. But the talents of Spanish classical dancer Antonio Gades meshed well with those of film director Carlos Saura in the 1981 film success, *Blood Wedding*. They are doing it again with *Carmen,* scheduled for release in September of 1983.

Blood Wedding focuses on Gades's musical adaptation of a tragic story of infidelity that has been told in Spain for more than fifty years—in drama, music, and dance. The story goes like this: In 1928, in the village of Nájar—the poorest, most desolate part of the Andalusian province of Almería—a wedding took place. During the celebration, the bride's cousin (a former suitor) proposed that she elope with him. She did, and when the guests realized the two were missing, they set off to find them. They were found about five miles away. The cousin lay dead in a pool of blood. The bride was nearby, her white dress spattered with blood. A masked man, she said, fired four shots and rode off.

This true story was also the basis for Federico García Lorca's first dramatic success of the same title, which premiered in 1933. Forty years later, Gades adapted Lorca's play for flamenco music and dancing. Saura's version was his fifteenth film—his eighth to be presented at the Cannes Film Festival.

It all started when Saura's producer, Emiliano Piedra, saw Gades's company, the Independent Group of Dance Artists, perform the ballet and encouraged him to see it because of



Antonio Gades (left) is the cousin in Blood Wedding, *based on a true story. Christina Hoyos (right) is the bride whose wedding day turned to tragedy.*



its film potential. Saura attended a studio rehearsal, and was impressed. "What I didn't want to film was a performance," says Saura. "I wanted to capture the first version of the ballet I had seen—the rehearsal. What came out is something in which I am inside the work. Gades's work is respected, and I think that the spirit of Lorca is also respected."

The movie begins in the dressing room. You can hear the dancers chatting—as they put on their makeup, fasten their shoes, limber up—and the guitarists tuning up. When they are all ready, Gades calls them into the studio, and the rehearsal begins. At times the camera is in front of the group; at times it follows one dancer or stays with the dancers on the sidelines, sitting on benches, waiting their turn. The mood changes when Gades's wife, Marisol (one of Spain's most talented female vocalists), sings a lullaby. Sitting in a corner next to the radiator, she sings in a low, throbbing voice while a dancer, portraying the cousin's soon-to-be-abandoned wife, slowly rocks her baby and silently weeps for her husband. In many ways, Saura admits, the heavy work was done by Gades; the choreography, music, adaptation, and training. Therein lies the apparent key to the two artists' collaborative success—an enormous respect for each other's work.

Gades and Saura are both about fifty years old, though most people don't believe it when they find out. Both have made it into movie magazines with their marriages and divorces, but of the two, Gades is more likely to be seen out at night, entertaining his friends with anecdotes, keen wit, and political analysis. (He owns part of a restaurant and a fashionable pub.) But the evening entertainer turns into a highly serious dancer/director in the studio.

Saura, on the other hand, stays home a lot, playing with his tape recorders and photographs, preparing films, or listening to music. He is known for his openness and courtesy with everyone. During work hours, if he's not supervising the camera, he often isolates himself and doodles with the innumerable felt-tip pens he carries around with him. Known for his progressive outlook, he saw his and his son's films attacked by Fascists during the Franco years. He was, as Spanish journalist Rosa Montero put it, "for many years during that lonely era, our only 'different' director." His films and scripts were censored, cut, and prohibited, but unfortunately for the Franco regime, he kept winning prizes in international film festivals. In a 1975 interview he said: "My





"A rehearsal is more elegant, more beautiful than a performance, more from the soul."

narrative system is a direct result of the Spanish situation. We can't say something directly because of the censorship, so we have to say exactly the same thing, but in a different way."

Gades had no problem with censorship of what he did on stage; it was what he did off stage that got him into trouble. He began working as a messenger boy at the age of eleven. When he was fifteen, he was discovered by dancer Pilar Lopez, who taught him everything she knew about dance and, incidentally, took him to the dentist for the first time. (It was the dentist who first gave him Lorca's poetry.) He left Lopez's company in 1960 to form his own. He served as director of the Spanish National Ballet from 1978 to 1980, a position from which he was fired by former minister of culture Ricardo de la Cierva, who said Gades was unsuited to lead the *national* ballet, a clear reference to his support for Spanish autonomous regimes. After the firing, Gades formed his present company, which has been very successful. "Dance is part of our culture, and the culture belongs to the people. I don't want to create anything new," he said recently to a reporter from *Le Monde,* "because everything already exists in the soul of the people. My real ambition is to rediscover the truth, veiled by routine, so that dance can rediscover its most noble function—communication."

This insistence that dance communicate has something in common with Saura's obsession for rehearsals. He doesn't like theater and rarely goes to the movies. It is the preparation for a performance that inspires him—that possibility to insert himself and the viewer into the act of creation. "A rehearsal is more elegant, more beautiful than a performance, more from the soul," says Saura. Many of his early films were called psycho-dramas because they explored double personalities or childhood memories through a psychological approach. His recent films, however, have used the technique of rehearsal to discover the different facets of his personalities. *Blood Wedding* was a dress rehearsal; *Sweet Hours,* which came next, was the filming of a movie about a director's childhood. He falls in love with the actress who plays his mother, who resembles his mother in real life. We are constantly being taken back and forth between the filming process and real life, between two time periods, and the two eventually fuse into one. His latest film, *Antonieta,* takes us back and forth between the present and the past, as a writer investigates the life of a Mexican woman of the 1920s. "The idea of representation, or performance, attracts me with its games, double personalities, a double sense of things," said Saura. "I see life like that, with its parts mixed up—reality with poetry, daily life with imagination and dreams. By using a performance, we can see that other side of life. It's not a question of double personalities per se, but rather that people have their own reflections. Two women from different historical eras can appear together; physical similarities can be realities or imagination."

This technique will be even more apparent in Saura's next film, *Carmen,* which will once again bring him and Gades together. *Blood Wedding* producer Emiliano Piedra will also produce *Carmen,* a film he says will again combine traditional Spanish music, dance, and dialogue with a rehearsal background. *Carmen* will be based on the Mérimée novel rather than on the Bizet opera, although bits of the opera will be used in the background. Gades will play a dance director who wants to stage *Carmen.* He looks for a suitable dancer to play the part, finds her (Angela Molina), and from here on we have two parallel stories: the production itself, always in the form of a rehearsal in Gades's studio, and the love affair between Molina and Gades, which begins to resemble the fictitious relationship between Carmen and her lovers.

Saura prepared a script for the film when Gades was on tour during the fall. The final script and choreography are scheduled for completion in January when the two men will be together, and filming will begin in February. Although *Carmen* and *Blood Wedding* are different from almost all the very introspective films that preceded them, there is one characteristic that united them to the rest of Saura's filmography: an undercurrent of violence, a death (or deaths) which the viewer knows has to occur. Violence, passion, and strong female protagonists—"maybe it's my Spanishness coming out," he laughed. □

Opposite page: In the final scene of the ballet, the bridegroom, played by Juan Antonio (left), fights a duel with the cousin (Antonio Gades), as the bride (Christina Hoyos) looks on. Below: The death scene with Gades and Hoyos.



Ruth MacKay is a regular contributor to "Trans World" and also writes for The Progressive *and* Columbia Journalism Review.

Domestic Treasures

A visit to homes of the famous and infamous can be revealing. By Milan Stitt

There's no place like home . . . especially someone else's! As in everything undeniably, unavoidably human, Madrid understands. Understands the nosy with the bounty of four centuries of homes discretely designated as museums. In spite of the oft-heard complaint that there is nothing to see except the Prado Museum, a dedicated busybody can enjoy two or three weeks of snooping without exhausting Madrid's possibilities.

La Casa de Lope de Vega

Part of our fascination with other people's homes probably has to do with how an owner's personality is inadvertently revealed by his domestic choices. I know of no house more devastatingly revelatory than that of Spain's most celebrated playwright, Lope de Vega.

Shakespeare's contemporary, Lope de Vega is best known for his drama, *Fuente Ovejuna* [Sheep's well]. He also wrote some 1,500 other plays as well as uncounted poems. His writing output reflected a life of excess. He was along for the ride with the ill-fated Armada because he libeled a mistress and needed to get out of town. Later he went through two wives and uncounted mistresses (not to mention the uncounted illegitimate children). Eventually, he forswore the woes of marriage and became a priest, but he did not forswear the mistresses until near the end of his life when his last mistress went blind and insane. And somewhere along the way he wrote, "Harmony is pure love, for love is complete agreement."

Two and a half blocks from the Prado, hidden away in the "Greenwich Village" of Madrid, Lope de Vega's house, built in 1587, confirms what one might surmise about the man. Astonishingly suspended in the middle of the house is, of course, his bedroom. If he wished to meet his spiritual needs, he needed only to glance up through a special opening opposite his bed and across a two-story court to the open door of his private chapel (*oratorio*). To assert his mastery of the house, his bedroom with its unique interior window also looks over the entry hall and the sole staircase to the second-floor family bedrooms; no one could come or go without his knowledge.

Less esoteric needs were met through the door to the right of his bedroom. There a Moorish-style room slumbers, complete with brazier, Arabian floor pillows, and portraits of slightly clad women. An uncharitable visitor might be tempted to muse that the inviting, brightly tasseled pillows of this playwright's hideway seem to anticipate the Hollywood casting couches that were the focus of similarly Moorish-styled rooms of a later day. And if ever need arose for his wife, well, she was apparently somewhere in one of the small bedrooms tucked away out of sight behind the chapel.

Clearly though, the most important activity of the house was writing, and appropriately, the largest room is the study. Books weren't numerous in the sixteenth century, so bookcases didn't predominate the way they do in today's playwrights' studies. However, there is a section of the room opposite the huge writing desk for a cluster of chairs. This is where Vega's intellectual equals gathered, probably for *jerez* (sherry) and definitely for intellectual gossip. (The tradition of the *tertulia*—the uniquely Spanish intellectual, philosophical, artistic bull session—continues today.)

Curiously, Lope de Vega selected the noisy street side of his house for his study, when one might imagine the opposite side, overlooking the family garden, would appeal more to a contemplative man. Was the hubbub of the street part of the energy that fed this writer's remarkable output? Was it convenient to lean out for a snatch of gossip? Or was he driven by the view from his desk of Cervantes's house?

Author Miguel de Cervantes's home, which used to be a few yards up the street from de Vega's, is no longer standing in Madrid, but the street has been named in his honor. Another of Cervantes's residences has been lovingly restored in Vallodolid, dark Vallodolid where Columbus died in obscurity. And if the home of Don Quixote interests you, many a guide in La Mancha can lead you to the spot.

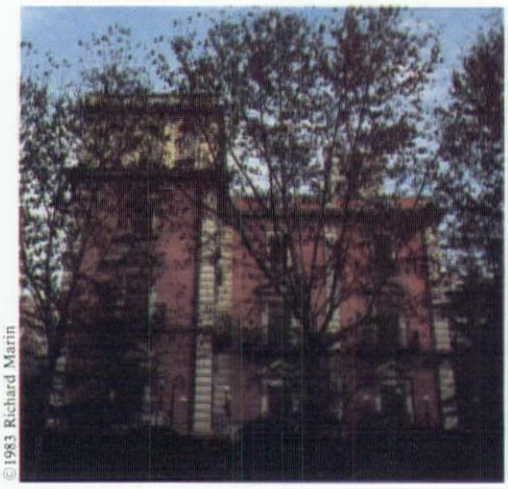
If you cannot imagine the sights of Lope de Vega's and Cervantes's street in their time, the remarkable, rarely visited Municipal Museum (with its stunning doorway by Ribera) is crammed with centuries of cityscapes from Madrid's past. The most haunting painting is a massive work depicting Lope de Vega's funeral procession. The *cortége* is just passing the Convent of Royal Barefoots as a cloistered nun sneaks a look out; the tragic girl was confined there by her father, Lope de Vega.

El Convento de Las Descalzas Reales

In the heart of downtown Madrid is one of Spain's few unplundered treasure houses, a secret trove of untold wealth, sometimes in the past a place of living hell; it is still the home of cloistered nuns. The Convent of the Royal Barefoots, constructed in the mid-seventeenth century, probably has the best-preserved rooms of its period to be seen in Spain. It earned its curious nickname because the good sisters were required to go barefoot. The "royal" came with the founder Juana, daughter of Charles V, and with the noble ladies who were sent to the nunnery for a lifetime of safekeeping. It was not unusual for a king's illegitimate daughter (or legitimate, for that matter) to cause a war of succession by marriage to an upwardly mobile nobleman, or to confuse succession by a display of fertility denied to her older brother. When the pubescent girls were dumped in the convent, safe from the temptations of succession or pushy motherhood, they were accompanied by "dowries" of art work and religious relics.

For centuries the uncatalogued, unknown treasures were seen only by the cloistered sisters. Then in the 1950s, the nuns were discovered to be so poor as to be starving to death, starving in front of a massive Nativity scene made entirely of silver and jewels. By special papal dispensation, the convent was opened to visitors so that the good sisters could

José Lázaro Galdiano's mansion became a museum when the owner died in 1948.



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Milan Stitt, playwright and author of The Runner Stumbles, *is a frequent traveler to Spain.*



House museums might be tucked away on typical side streets such as this one.

benefit from a small entrance fee. (They are, of course, hidden away during visiting hours.) Strange and remarkable treasures abound: Titian's *Caesar's Money,* the bones of Saint Sebastian, a previously unknown masterpiece by Brueghel the Elder, gold-threaded vestments, tapestries based on Rubens's cartoons. In a display case opposite the jeweled Nativity are slippers that one favored princess was allowed to wear. The soles are lined with inward-turning nails to torture tiny feet. The slippers lie beside a finely crafted whip.

Guides tend to rush visitors from room to room as though fearful that hesitation might breed thought, but you can easily force them to slow down by lingering. On the other hand, many visitors are grateful that the glimpse of this dark house is hurried.

Palacio Real

Nine blocks away at the Royal Palace, visitors can see what some inhabitants of the convent left behind. Madrid's palace is still fully functional and fully furnished. Today's king prefers living in a less sumptuous style outside Madrid, but King Juan Carlos uses the Royal Palace for official purposes. The public rooms, though crammed with art and decorative treasures, reveal little real sense of people—royal or otherwise—having ever lived here. The great nineteenth-century travel writer, Richard Ford, wrote of these rooms: "Nothing is more tiresome than a palace, a house of velvet, tapestry, gold, and bore."

But Mr. Ford might have concluded otherwise if he could have seen the state apartments. Each royal family had its own rooms, decorated in a style compatible to its tastes. Each set of rooms is significantly different in degree of elegance and in distance from the throne room. Visitors will be struck by different details which unveil the mysteries of royal personalities. Of all the Goya portraits, for example, why did Carlos III feel most comfortable with the four he had at home? A sense of homesickness pervades the rooms of a queen brought from England when one notices the exquisite bookcases are stuffed with long-forgotten English "ladies' novels." Most pathetic is the private suite of Alfonso XIII, left as it was in 1931 when he was exiled. Sternly dark, bereft of any creature comforts, this room would embrace only the most melancholic musings of a Spanish Hamlet.

A similar royal sensibility was expressed by Philip II when he built the earnest and brooding Escorial. In addition to Escorial, there are a number of royal residences within an hour's drive of Madrid that are open to the curious.

Museo Lázaro Galdiano

Aside from royal dwellings, Madrid invites visitors into several wealthy private citizens' homes. Nineteenth-century romantic living is available in the mansion housing the Museo Romántico, with an impressive art collection, fascinating furnishings, and even "la grande toilette." José Lázaro Galdiano's mansion became a museum when he died in 1948. His taste in collectibles was broad, to say the least—a little bit of everything from archaeology to zoology. A selective list would have to

include the Limoges enamels and crystals, fifteenth-century handwoven vestments, gold earrings by Benvenuto Cellini, daggers and firearms, baptismal cups, and the inevitable Spanish fans, not to mention the paintings by Leonardo da Vinci, David, Bosch, Dürer, Goya, Velázquez, El Greco, Murillo, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Turner, and even Rembrandt's *Self-Portrait*.

In my several visits to the home of Señor Galdiano, I have never seen another visitor, leaving me free to imagine what early twentieth-century life might have been like here. It is a challenge to imagine the purposes of the various rooms. I always run out of purposes long before the mansion runs out of rooms.

Museo Sorolla

Madrid has preserved two of its painters' studios for visitors—those of Zuloaga and Sorolla. Sorolla's elegant townhouse remains unchanged since he died in 1923. His skylighted studio at the back of the house quietly waits for another day's work. His paint-encrusted brushes are in their Talavera jugs. Photographs from his admirers look newly hung except that the encouraging autographs are from the likes of President Taft and King Alfonso. Three pipes and a tobacco pouch appear to have been left on the desk last night, and in the corner of the room, an Oriental-style couch carries none of the headier suggestions of Lope de Vega's Oriental pillows—only the Spanish ritual of the siesta. The quiet garden on the street suggests the tranquility and safeness of the house. The walkways are tiled and tidy, as are the breakfast and dining rooms. The smell of cooking saffron rice drifts in from the adjacent apartment building, but could come from the kitchen downstairs. There are crocheted antimacassars on the sofa to protect the upholstery. All seems domestic perfection.

It is particularly interesting to see what an artist selects to surround himself. The studio's collection of butterflies have sizzling blue wings, the exact blues of Sorolla's many seascapes. Mementos of countryside excursions must have been gathered on the many trips that resulted in so many paintings of Spain's villages.

Much of the house is used to display Sorolla's paintings, but enough of it remains as it was to intrigue the imagination. After the "exhaustion of admiration" at the Prado, what's to see? A great deal, if one indulges his nosiness. □

The House of Alba: A Royal Legacy in Review

Five centuries of some of the finest art ever created adorn the walls of the Palace of Liria—home of the Duke and Duchess of Alba. Just off Princesa street in downtown Madrid, the imposing structure sits amid huge willow and oak trees, guarded by massive black-wrought-iron gates.

Art in the palace is not merely for decoration; it illustrates the Alba family's history of intense involvement with the arts. Originally surnamed Alvarez de Toledo, the family is known in Spain's history as early as the eleventh century. By the time Christopher Columbus sailed for what he thought was Asia, the children of Alba were being taught the "new learning" of the Renaissance. During Spain's Golden Age in the sixteenth century, the House of Alba produced outstanding soldiers and prelates who read great literature in their leisure moments and constructed palaces and churches decorated by the finest artists of the time.

At the outbreak of the Spanish civil war in 1936, fire gutted the interior of the palace, destroying much of the art and part of the library's valuable collection of incunabula. Fortunately, the seventeenth Duke of Alba, Jacobo Fitz-James Stuart, had stored most of his paintings in the vaults of the Bank of Spain before leaving that year on summer vacation. When he returned to Spain after the war, he discovered damage to the palace to be so extensive that he hesitated to take on the restoration. It was not until 1947 that he began the restoration, still incomplete at the time of his death in 1955. His daughter, Cayetana (the eighteenth Duchess of Alba), finished the work he began. She currently lives in the palace with her second husband, Jesus Ortíz de Zárate, a noted historian and scholar.

Rooms of the palace are decorated according to the interplay among famous personalities of the family as well as the nationality of the artists, according to the present Duke of Alba. In the Stuart Salon, the entire east wall is covered by a tapestry of the *Battle of Greeks and Amazons,* one of only eleven made in Tournai in the fifteenth century and acquired by the Alba family in 1485. Paintings in this room depict well-known members of the Stuart dynasty: Mary Queen of Scots; Charles II and his brother James II; and the first and second dukes of Berwick.

The Flemish collection includes one of only two windmills painted by Rembrandt (1606–1669); the other is in the United States. English collectors have often tried to buy it, says the duke, reciting a story about his father-in-law who, tiring of their persistence, told them: "I don't want to sell this painting, but even if I did, I could not. You see, this painting belongs to me, but at the same time, it belongs to all

The Palacio de Liria, the Alba family home.



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Above: The Goya Salon features a painting of the thirteenth Duchess of Alba, a close friend of the artist. Left: A Rubens copy of a painting by Titian of Emperor Carlos V and wife.

Spaniards." The collection also includes four paintings by Rubens (1577–1640).

The central attraction of the Goya Salon is a painting of the thirteenth Duchess of Alba, Cayetana de Silva y Alvarez de Toledo (1762–1802), for whom the present duchess was named. She and Goya were very good friends; there were even rumors about a love affair. "I doubt it," says the present duke. "He was much older and not at all attractive, while she was a great beauty. She must have admired him for his talent, but I do not believe they were ever romantically involved." The duchess had a bitter relationship with Queen María Luisa. After the duchess died, the queen allowed her "favorite," Diego Godoy, to sack the duchess's home. Many years later, when Godoy fell from power, he was forced to sell some of the treasures he had expropriated from the Alba collection. As a result, one of these works, *The Venus of the Mirror* by Velázquez, is now in the National Gallery of Art in London. Another painting he plundered from the palace is in the United States—Raphael's *Madonna of Alba.*

The Summer Salon is decorated with paintings, sculpture, and furniture that belonged to the Empress of France, Eugénie de Montijo (1826–1920), wife of Napoleon III. According to the duke: "the relationship of the Empress Eugénie to the House of Alba began when she was only seventeen. She fell madly in love with the fifteenth duke, but he preferred her raven-haired, equally beautiful sister. Eugénie, so disappointed that she threatened suicide, later married Napolean III and was exiled from France and widowed. Late into her eighties she returned home to the Palace of Liria and died in 1920 in the Goya Room."

Palace tours, available by appointment only, can take as long as three hours. Make requests in writing to the secretary of the Duke of Alba two months in advance. The address is Calle Princesa 20, Madrid, Spain.

—Gil Carbajal and Marta Williams de Díaz

So You're Going to Spain

Reading, art, and advice (from some famous aficionados) on how to make the most of your visit.

Selected Tours

Though there are dozens of tours to Spain every year, you may want to design your own. One good source, Foreign Independent Tours (FIT), is available through your travel agent. One FIT trip to Spain, "The Way to Santiago," follows the medieval pilgrims' route from the Pyrenees to the city of Santiago de Compostela, and is ideal for art and architecture buffs. Author James Michener calls this tour one of the finest in the world. Another FIT tour, "La Mancha, Route of Don Quixote," loosely follows the travels of Cervantes' Quixote through the central plain of Spain. Work with your local travel agency in finding the tour that's right for you, whether custom designed or not.

HORIZON recommends the following tour companies for top-of-the-line, first-class tours to Spain. Contact them directly or work through your travel agent.

Swan-Hellenic, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 800-212/221-1666. Absolutely the cream-of-the-crop in tours to Spain, offering three seventeen-day tours every year: Andalusia; León and Castile; and Santiago de Compostela. These tours are in-depth, accompanied by a lecturer. History is emphasized. If you're in a hurry or want to cover very large areas in a short time, these tours aren't for you. Elegant all the way, more expensive than most.

Sargent Travel, 1200 Eighteenth Street NW, Suite 600, Washington, D.C. 20006, 202/833-2970. Quality, not quantity, is this tour company's goal. They're more expensive, but you get what you pay for. Sargent makes arrangements for your tour with other reputable tour companies or works with their contacts to design the tour to suit your needs. Mr. and Mrs. Ignatius Sargent personally guide these self-designed tours, kept purposely small. Strictly top flight.

American Express, 125 Broad Street, New York, NY 10004, 800-212/241-1700. This international firm has an excellent travel division, offering both independent and escorted tours. One of their most popular independent tours is a ten-day "Best of Spain" to Madrid, Seville, Cordoba, Granada, and the Costa del Sol. Tours are also available to Spain, Portugal, and Morocco.

Extra Value Travel, 437 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, 212/750-8800. Offers fly/drive tours in which accommodations are paradores—government-run hotels that have often been converted from palaces, castles, villas, country inns, and monasteries.

Maupintour, 408 East Fiftieth Street, New York, NY 10022, 800-212/255-4266. Four tours to Spain yearly, averaging two to three weeks, with stops in Portugal and Morocco. All feature top hotels, regional food sampled daily, and native entertainment (flamenco, belly dancing, bullfights).

Mena Travel, 2390 NW Seventh Street, Miami, FL 33125, 305/649-7066. As well as FIT programs, they offer a "Holy Week in Seville" tour and a "Fair in Seville" tour in April. The Fair, a two-day celebration similar to Mardi Gras, follows the Holy Week. After Seville, tourists travel to Jerez for the wineries, then to other major Spanish cities. Mena also has a Costa del Sol special.

Julian Travel, 12773 West Forest Hill Boulevard, West Palm Beach, FL 33411, 305/798-0144. Their specialty is Spain, with tours to the Costa del Sol for one to eight weeks, or combination tours to the Costa del Sol and Madrid, Portugal, or Morocco. Julian also offers cruise programs to the coast, the Canary Islands, and the Mediterranean.

Marsans International, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10110, 212/730-0424. Spain's oldest travel organization has fifteen to twenty tours yearly to all of the major cities, and includes only first-class and deluxe hotels. Tour Spain by motorcoach with your base on the Costa del Sol.

Wyatt Travel, 14145 NW Freeway, Houston, TX 77040, 713/460-4401. In March and April this company is offering a special nine-day arts-and-castles tour, including El Greco's home in Toledo; museums, cathedrals, and Gothic architecture in Seville; the Alhambra and Generalife Gardens in Granada; the mosque in Córdoba; and the city of Madrid.

A Traveler's Advisory

For each of her aficionados, Spain offers a unique appeal, a special quality to draw her admirers back again and again. When asked what to expect and what must not be missed in Spain, several had these comments:

Placido Domingo, opera singer

I would like most to share with visitors to Spain the great historical background of Spain. This need not mean visiting only the important centers, but also traveling to smaller towns in order to get the real flavor of Spanish life and, if one has enough time, experiencing the different regions of Spain. It is also very important and interesting to investigate the great music of Spanish composers, especially the *zarzuelas,* which are little known in the United States.

Cary Grant, actor

I liked best the little wine counters where you could sit all afternoon with friends and get a series of hors d'oeuvres, usually soaked in olive oil, with a selection of dry wines to choose from. The beauty of the country is overpowering.

José Greco, dancer

I would take the visitor to Spain to one of the

For general tour information on Spain, contact the Spanish National Tourist Office, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022, 212/759-8822. *—Jennifer W. Graham*

Spanish Art in America

One of the richest collections of Spanish art in the United States is housed in the **Meadows Museum** at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas. Currently, a special exhibition and symposium titled "Goya and the Art of His Time" is in progress until February 1983. You can also still catch the "El Greco of Toledo" exhibition in Dallas. On tour since July 1982, it will remain on display at the **Dallas Museum of Fine Arts** until February 6. In the city of Fort Worth, Texas, at the **Kimbell Museum,** a comprehensive collection of Ribera paintings, gathered from around the world, is on display, in addition to the outstanding permanent collections.

In fact, the major art galleries of the United States abound in fine examples of Spanish Art. The **Metropolitan Museum** in New York, the **National Gallery** in Washington, and the **Boston Museum of Fine Arts** have superb Spanish paintings. Many smaller museums such as those in Raleigh, North Carolina, and Richmond, Virginia, have splendid paintings from Spain.

The Middle West is especially blessed by donations of exceptional quality such as those in the museums of Toledo, Ohio, and the **Nelson Gallery** in Kansas City. The **Art Institute of Chicago** owns the largest El Greco in the country, *Assumption of the Virgin.* Cleveland also enjoys fine Spanish paintings.

On the West Coast, the **San Diego Museum** is proud of its numerous examples of Spanish Art, and the **Norton Simon Gallery** in Pasadena owns rare examples of Spanish painting. The **de Young Museum** in San Francisco also possesses a fine collection.

If possible, visit the **Hispanic Society of America,** Broadway and 155th Street in New York City. All the great Spanish art is represented here: Iberian, Roman, Moorish, and medieval, with paintings by Spanish artists El Greco, Velázquez, and Goya. On the walls of the reading room hang portraits of Spanish writers, painted by Zurbarán, Sorolla, Zuloaga, and Lopez Mezquita.

Admission is free to the Hispanic museum, open Tuesdays through Saturdays 10:00-4:30 and Sundays 2:00-5:00. Reading room hours are Tuesdays through Fridays 1:00-4:30 and Saturdays 10:00-4:30. Or call the society at 212/926-3602.

Also helpful in New York City is the **Spanish Institute,** 684 Park Avenue, which holds Spanish language classes, seminars, and art exhibits. That telephone number is 212/628-0420.

Recommended Reading

Publishers of general guide books to Spain include Fodor, Michelin, and Hachette. Here's a comprehensive list of recommended reading on Spain that should be available in your local library.

Art Treasures of the Prado, by Harry B. Wehle, publisher, Harry N. Abrams, 1954.

The Prado: Madrid, by Carlo C. Ragghiant; Newsweek, 1966.

Spain: A History in Art, by Bradley Smith, Doubleday Windfall Edition, 1968.

Spain Observed, by Michele Rodde and Michele Affergan, Oxford University Press, 1973.

The Alhambra: A History of Islamic Spain, by Desmond Stewart, Newsweek Book Division, 1974.

Moorish Spain, by Enrique Sordo, Crown Publishers, 1963.

Spain, by Hugh Thomas, Time-Life, 1962.

A Stranger in Spain, by H. V. Morton, Dodd, Mead, & Company, 1955.

The Spanish Temper, by V. S. Pritchett, Knopf, 1954.

Iberia, by James Michener, Random House, 1968.

Treasures of Spain, by Pita Andrade and José Manuel, Skira, 1970.

—Margaret Roblee Donovan

wonderful local festivals, to a winery, a typical tavern, a bullfight, a flamenco session, and the the best restaurants, because they are the finest in the world.

Charlton Heston, actor

The best thing about Spain is the people. I would welcome the chance to return to Spain to do another film.

Stanley Kramer, film director

The Spanish people have a weird liaison with death, as exemplified by the bullring, a thing not easily explained to somebody coming into Spain—the destiny and the art of a man in personal combat to the edge, the brink of death, and their preoccupation with it. It is something that is romantic, but also terribly depressing.

Ring Lardner, Jr., writer

The new government is similar to the one in 1936 that a whole bloody war was fought to upset. It is a very good feeling to know that a progressive government has finally returned to Spain. For those interested in history and the relationship of the United States to Spain, there is a book about the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, *Men in Battle,* by Alvah Bessie. My brother went to Spain in 1938 as a newspaperman and volunteered for the brigade and was killed the night before the international brigades were withdrawn in an effort to get Hitler and Mussolini to withdraw their troops. Until Franco died, I wouldn't have considered at all the possibility of going to Spain.

I was terribly impressed with Barcelona. It's an extremely exciting city, one of the really great international cities in Europe.

Jeffrey Lyons, film and theater critic

When I go to Spain, I often stay at the ranch of a friend, Antonio Ordonez the bullfighter, whose father was Hemingway's model for the bullfighter in *The Sun Also Rises.* Spain has the best art museum in the world, the Prado. One time I saw Thomas Hart Benton sitting on the steps of the Prado, weeping, saying, "How can I ever paint again after seeing these masterpieces?" I recommend reading any book by Hemingway or Barnaby Conrad, and Michener's *Iberia.*

James Michener, writer

I have long believed that any man interested in either the mystic or the romantic aspects of life must sooner or later define his attitude concerning Spain. For just as this forbidding peninsula physically juts into the Atlantic and stands isolated, so philosophically the concept of Spain intrudes into the imagination, creating effects and raising questions unlike those evoked by other nations.
(from *Iberia,* Random House, 1968.)

Joyce Reehling, actress

The pace is so utterly different—Spain forces you to rest. It's God's way of telling you to slow down. Their clock is turned around oddly in that they eat dinner late, they stay up late, they have a siesta in the afternoon. I recommend reading the epic poem *El Cid*—we retraced his journeys and his family places by car in northern Spain. *—Cindy Graff Hobson*

On the Horizon



Jack Buxbaum



Carolyn George

Left: President Reagan praises (l-r) Gene Kelly, George Abbott, Benny Goodman, Eugene Ormandy, Lillian Gish. Above: Beverly Sills, ballet master Jerome Robbins and leading dancer Merrill Ashley at opera/ballet joint benefit.

NEW FACES: American Academy of Arts and Letters chancellor **John Hersey** and secretary **John Updike** recently announced the election of four writers to this august body. Novelist/humorist **Peter De Vries,** poet **Richard Eberhart,** economist and diplomat **John Kenneth Galbraith,** and short-story writer and playwright **Peter Taylor** have inherited the actual chairs left vacant by the deaths of **John Cheever, Babette Deutsch, José De Creeft,** and **Archibald MacLeish,** bringing the number of members up to the traditional fifty.

SAN FRANCISCO SAMPLER: The holiday season opened in the Bay City with a singularly pleasing benefit last month—a lavish collection of seventy festive table and room settings, created by leading interior designers collaborating with a variety of celebrities ranging from **O. J. Simpson** and **Jonathan Winters** to **Mary Martin** and **Vincent Price. Mrs. Boz Scaggs** chaired the seventh annual event, which raises funds for the American Conservatory Theatre.

EASTMAN HONORS SEVEN: In mid-November, the International Museum of Photography at the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York, feted seven actresses who began or reached the heights of their careers in the 1930s. The George Eastman Award for Distinguished Service to the Art of Film went to **Joan Bennett, Louise Brooks, Dolores Del Rio, Myrna Loy, Maureen O'Sullivan, Luise Rainer,** and **Sylvia Sidney** for their prolific and luminous careers spanning, collectively, the years 1916–1979. The group reigned on the silver screen in immortal thirties' favorites such as *The Thin Man, The Good Earth, Little Women,* and *Tarzan and His Mate.*

LIVES WELL LIVED: Ronald and **Nancy Reagan** were among the luminaries present when five distinguished Americans were honored for lifetime achievements in the performing arts at the fifth annual Kennedy Center entertainment gala held in Washington, D.C., last month. From precocious beginnings, and after years of hard work, the honorees—**George Abbott, Lillian Gish, Benny Goodman, Gene Kelly,** and **Eugene Ormandy**—have left their artistic trademarks firmly imbedded in each of their media—theater, film, choreography, and music.



Carmella Scaggs and William Ball, ACT general director, present plaque to Lita Vietor, ACT benefit co-founder (right).

SONG AND DANCE: The New York City Ballet, under the guidance of **George Balanchine,** and the New York City Opera, under the directorship of **Beverly Sills,** combined forces last fall for their joint benefit performance and added $300,000 to their coffers in one evening. Merrill Lynch and Co., underwrote the performance, a collection of highlights from both companies' repertories. Three thousand attended the program in the New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, and 795 people paid from $250 to $1,000 to also attend the dinner dance following.

FILM FEST: The eighteenth annual Chicago International Film Festival, a two-week extravaganza of the best of the year's film festivals, foreign and domestic, turned the spotlight on Italian director **Ettore Scola,** famous as mentor of **Marcello Mastroianni, Sophia Loren, Vittorio Gassman,** and others. The November event featured a retrospective showing of Scola's films. *—Cindy Graff Hobson*