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Artists in Exile

The Politics of Creativity

Chicago: Ablaze with the Arts

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Tony Award-winner Natalia Makarova, photographed by Jack Mitchell

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Audi's German engineers believe that form is function. That's why the new, luxury 5000 was voted Europe's "Car of The Year."

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*Your Porsche Audi dealer has complete information on this limited warranty. For your nearest dealer, call toll-free (800) 447-4700. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Title, taxes, transportation, registration and dealer delivery charges additional.

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HORIZON

Volume 26 *Number 5* *July/August 1983*

Cover:
Recent Tony Award-winner Natalia Makarova is among four artists profiled in "Artist in Exile," starting on page 18. Photograph ©1983 by Jack Mitchell/Outline.

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As wife of Polish vice-premier Mieczyslaw Rokowski, concert-violinist Wanda Wilkomirska had little trouble getting past the border guards when she defected from Poland in March 1982. In this special feature, she explains the problems of living in a country without artistic freedom . . . Sidebars feature the comments of other artists who have left their homelands—including recent Tony winner Natalia Makarova—in excerpts from a new book, *Artists in Exile,* by Jane Katz.

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HORIZON

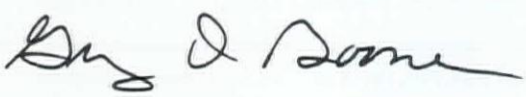
Summer on Broadway

If you're New York-bound in upcoming weeks, make a long, leisurely stop on Broadway. The fare is diverse and generally excellent this summer—evidenced by the towering talent that took Tony Awards on June 5. Critics, like ticket buyers, never seem to agree on favorites, but the consensus is apparent: people are having great fun at the theater this season.

As we go to press, marquees shine with titles like *Torch Song Trilogy, Brighton Beach Memoirs, 'Night, Mother, My One and Only, On Your Toes.* I was among those who cheered when Harvey Fierstein accepted the Best Play award for *Torch Song Trilogy.* The finest piece of dramatic writing I have encountered in a long time, *Torch Song Trilogy* has headed my list of recommendations for Broadway-bound travelers since I first saw it last summer. Marsha Norman's *'Night, Mother* is another evening of excellent drama, a very powerful play that well deserved the Pulitzer Prize. One non-winner who merits prominent mention is Tony Lo Bianco, the star of *A View from the Bridge,* who was profiled in HORIZON last month. The very fact that Lo Bianco did not win for his outstanding performance is indicative of the high quality you will find in the theater this summer.

Want to tap dance home? Then, by all means, don't miss Tommy Tune and Twiggy in *My One and Only.* It's Broadway's newest Gershwin musical and shines with Tune's vitality. Incidentally, he also directed *Cloud 9,* one of my favorite plays of the 1982 season, and the smash hit, *Nine,* which was voted Best Musical by the 1982 Tony committee. *Brighton Beach Memoirs,* starring the impressive and handsome young Matthew Broderick, is another noteworthy production. Broderick, who snared my vote for his portrayal of the young Neil Simon, contributes to an evening the entire family will enjoy.

Unfortunately, you won't see one of the season's finest performances: Jessica Tandy in *Foxfire.* She was an excellent choice for the Tony—she made a magical transformation before our eyes into a sixteen-year-old girl, using only gestures and sheer exuberance—an all-time theater thrill. I am very proud to have had the opportunity to vote for her among this year's Tony nominees. You can, I hope, still see *Showboat* in upcoming weeks, the great revival of America's premier musical is another fun evening that sends you away from the theater humming a tune. Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst in *You Can't Take It with You,* Frank Langella in *Passion,* Betty Buckley in *Cats:* Scan a Broadway theater listing and you'll find a gold mine of talent. It's live, it's exhilarating, and a great time to see the best of the American stage.



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Cross Country

The Minneapolis Institute of Art

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert as they were photographed by Edward Steichen, circa 1928. Steichen became known for his photographs of popular faces.

Photography

Art of a Shutterbug

The young boy's mother decided her nine-year-old son would become an artist. Soon Edward Steichen was apprenticed to a lithographer for four years, designing posters for the American Fine Art Company in New York. A year later, he began experimenting with a camera. That was just the beginning.

Early in his life, Steichen's goal was to make photography one of the legitimate fine arts, equal to lithography and etching. Because of his work in advertising, Steichen was often the target for charges of commercialism. He responded, "If my technique, imagination, and vision are any good, I ought to be able to put the best of my noncommercialism and experimental photographs into a pair of shoes, a tube of toothpaste, a mattress or any object I want to light up and make humanly interesting in an advertising photograph. A thing is beautiful if it fulfills its purpose, if it functions. . . ."

Steichen turned his creative and technical abilities into an art that dominated the advertising field. He became the leading commercial and fashion photographer of the 1920s and 1930s, catching that era's most popular faces on film. He wooed, coaxed, and cajoled his subjects as he guided their postures and expressions. Among Steichen's popular photos are a romantic side shot of Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, and Winston Churchill in a classic stoic stance.

Shutterbugs can see Steichen's works in the exhibition "Edward Steichen: The Portraits," on view through August 28 at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Dating from 1923 to 1938, the prints include many of the famous portraits that Steichen did for *Vanity Fair, Vogue,* and *Camera Work.*

Dance

Summer Smorgasbord

The history-making presentation of a Balinese drama and dance ritual. Two new American musicals. Mostly Mozart Plus. PepsiCo Summerfare, now in its fourth season, is a coproduction of the State University of New York in Purchase, and its corporate neighbor, PepsiCo. The lively arts festival annually transforms the normally staid community of Purchase in Weschester County into a colorful village from July 7 to August 7.

Summerfare '83 offers a smorgasbord of the performing arts ranging from classical music to jazz. Sergiu Commissiona will lead the Baltimore Symphony in an all-Brahms program; the Brooklyn Philharmonic, under the baton of Lukas Foss, will perform "An Evening of Copland," featuring a special appearance by Aaron Copland. In the jazz lineup, master of the upper-register trumpet, Maynard Ferguson, will lead his thirteen-piece band, and Mercer Ellington will direct the Duke Ellington Orchestra for an evening of sophisticated cool.

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

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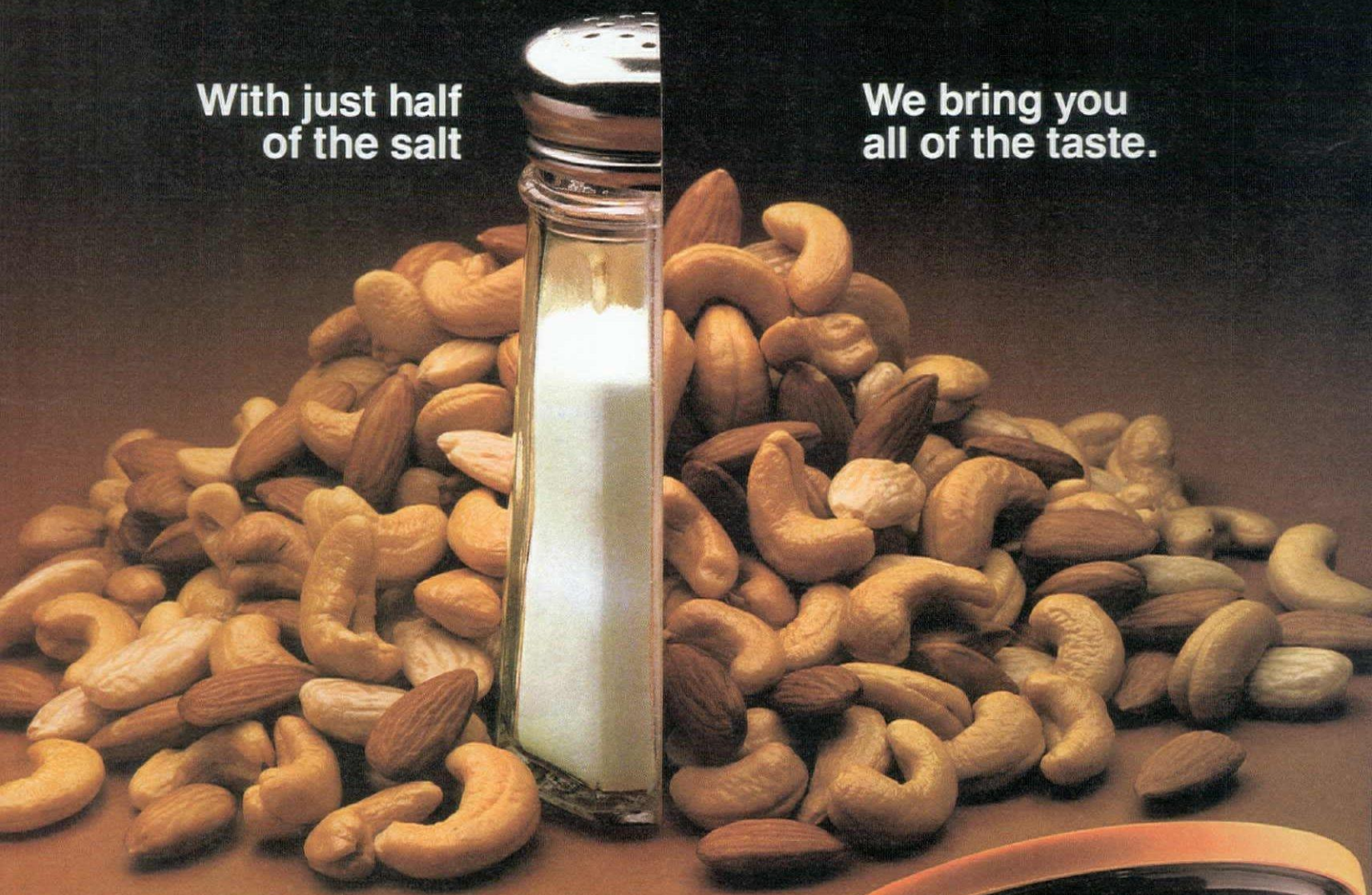

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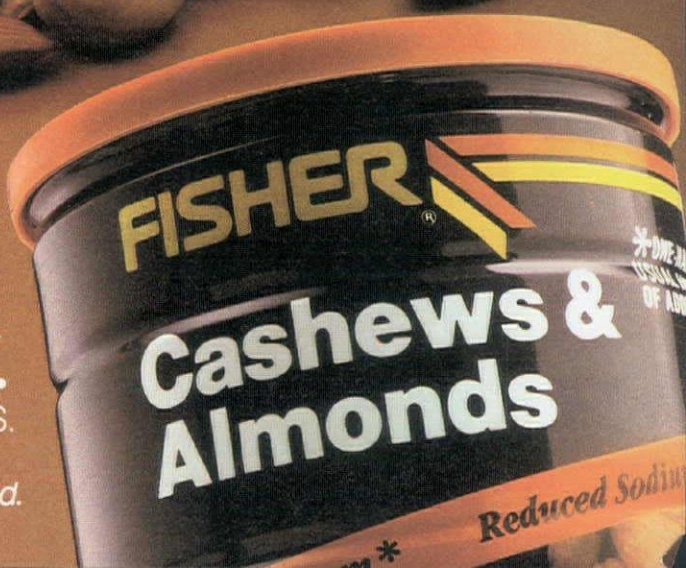

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An impressive display for the collection

To protect and display all fifty medals, a handsome hardwood chest will be provided to each subscriber as part of the collection. The chest will be lined in rich burgundy and fitted with a transparent top, so that the complete collection may be placed on display even when the chest is closed.

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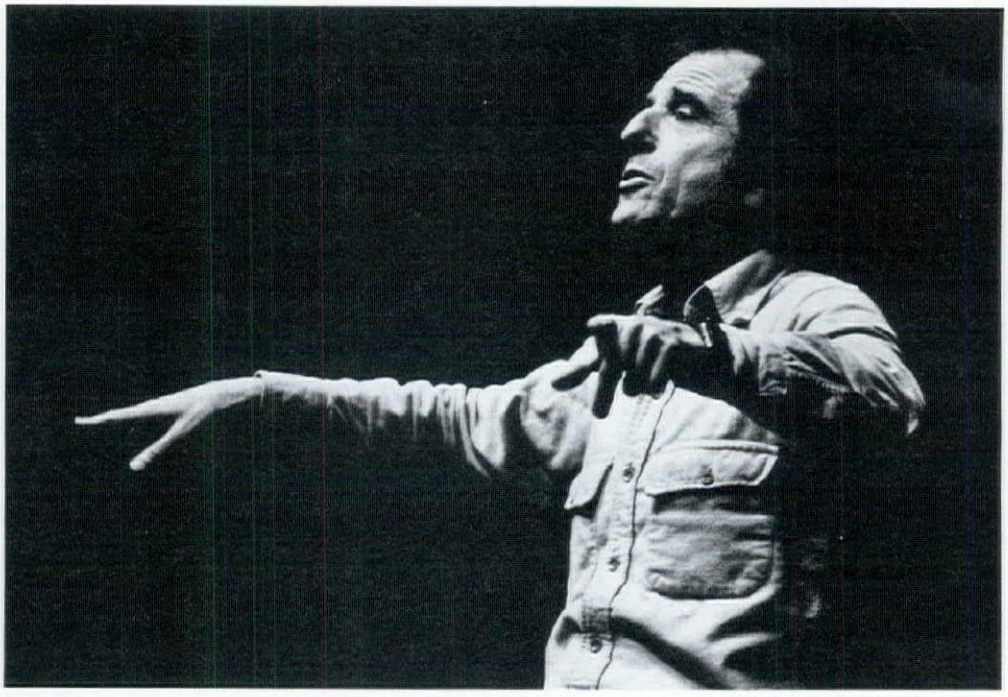

Lukas Foss conducts the Brooklyn Philharmonic. The orchestra will perform at the PepsiCo Summerfare this July in Purchase, New York.

PepsiCo Summerfare's '83 dance series includes performances by the Pennsylvania Ballet, the Lar Lubovitch Company, the Oakland Ballet, and five of France's top modern-dance companies. Top on the list of Summerfare's theater lineup is the world premiere of "Booth is Back in Town." The musical will spotlight one of America's most famous theater families, the Junius Booth family.

For a detailed PepsiCo Summerfare '83 brochure, write to PepsiCo Summerfare '83, Center for the Arts, P.O. Box 140, Purchase, New York 10577, 914/253-5900.

Music

Mozart-athon

At seven thousand feet, Santa Fe is higher than most of the nation. But for aficionados of Mozart's piano sonatas, New Mexico's capital city will be only a step short of heaven this summer.

For six weeks, beginning July 10, the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival will present a complete cycle of the sixteen Mozart sonatas for solo piano. Six pianists will interpret these works: Edward Auer, Kenneth Cooper, Ursula Oppens, Alicia Schachter, Andras Schiff, and André-Michel Schub. The festival's eleventh season will also commemorate the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Johannes Brahms with performances of eight of his chamber works, including the two sextets for strings. Other programs will reach back to cantatas by Johann Sebastian Bach and forward to *The Twilight Stood,* a 1982 work for piano and voice, written by the festival's guest composer, Leon Kirchner, who drew his text from Emily Dickinson's poem of that name. Kirchner will accompany soprano Beverly Hoch in performances August 14 and 15.

The concerts will be held in Saint Francis Auditorium, whose thick adobe walls, heavy wooden beams, and ornate cross pieces resemble those of an eighteenth-century Spanish mission. In fact, the architectural details of the auditorium and the adjacent Museum of Fine Arts were inspired by missions the Spaniards built on Indian pueblos in the region. At intermission, one can stroll into the museum to sample paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe, photographs by Ansel Adams, as well as traditional and not-so-traditional works by local artists. In keeping with its own colorful tradition, the festival will reproduce another O'Keeffe for its poster: *Jack-in-the-Pulpit II* (1930).

A movable feast, the festival leaves Santa Fe

Cross Country

after its final concert on August 15 and travels farther west, opening for a week of performances in La Jolla, California, on August 18 and in Seattle, Washington, on August 26. As it did last year, National Public Radio will record the concerts for broadcast throughout the country.

The festival is also gaining an international audience. Its first recording, Arnold Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht* op. 4, and his *String Trio* op. 45 (*Nonesuch*), was acclaimed by the *Sunday Times* of London as "the best chamber-music recording of 1982." *Newsweek* numbered it among the year's top-dozen classical discs. —*Peter J. Ognibene*

Etcetera

Some Serious Advice

An investment banker and the owner of a major European gallery have joined forces to launch a worldwide network of financial and art experts to help galleries, corporations, and private collectors manage art-related investments and businesses.

International Fine Art Consultants is headquartered in New York City with representatives in London, Monte Carlo, Geneva, Munich, Vienna, Madrid, Sydney, Tokyo, Mexico City, Palm Beach, and Los Angeles. Heading the new firm is Stephen Maitland-Lewis, an attorney and international investment banker. Senior vice-president is Monika Maitland-Lewis, owner of Das Haus der Gemalde in Munich, Germany, specializing in old masters and European paintings of the nineteenth century.

"Today's international art community is increasingly involved with the international financial community," says Monika Maitland-Lewis. "In addition, the art market itself is increasingly global. So success for collectors and gallery owners today often depends on skills that are very different from those that are strictly art related. Now IFAC is able to provide expert advice and counsel in precisely those unique, critical areas."

Among IFAC's services are handling negotiations for clients, both privately and at auction sales; providing opinions and valuations on particular works of art; advising corporate clients and defining their objectives and budgets; counseling clients who wish to structure donations; cataloguing major collections; and arranging for framing, photography, shipments, and all customs formalities.

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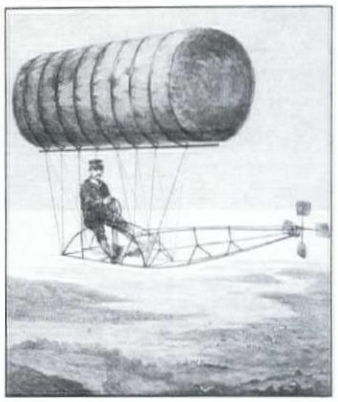

"The New Flying Machine', Wood Engraving Harpers Weekly, 1878.

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Trans World

Germany

Mastering the Draught

In Rothenburg on the Tauber, considered the best-preserved example of a medieval town in Germany, the ex-mayor will soon drink—in one gulp—a gallon-size flagon of wine in a bet with the commander of the invading forces in order to save the town from destruction.

On July 10, Rothenburg's inhabitants will reenact the historic *Master Draught* [*Meistertrunk*] of 1631 in front of the masses of curious visitors that throng to the town annually to see the historic play. The citizens of Rothenburg will be the actors, and the most famous of all medieval towns will be the stage.

The *Master Draught* commemorates the historic feat during the Thirty Years' War when the former burgermeister, Nusch, kept the imperial field marshall, General Tilly, from turning the town over to the invading soldiers to pillage and burn. Accepting the challenge of the general, Nusch emptied in one long gulp—or draught—the big state beaker which held four quarts of wine.

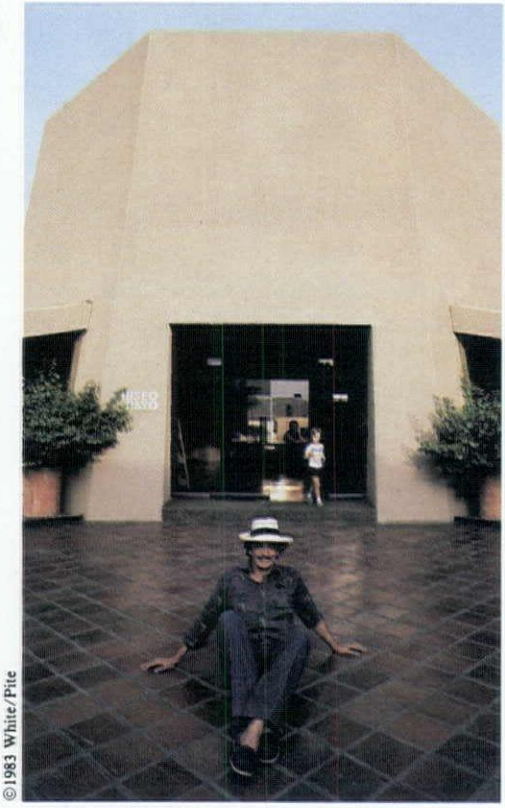
The *Master Draught* will be reenacted at noon in the large assembly room of the city hall where the original event took place more than 350 years ago. Although the play conveys the great danger the town faced during the Middle Ages, it is spiked with wit and humor. For further information on the play, contact the German National Tourist Office, 747 Third Avenue, Thirty-third Floor, New York, New York 10017, 212/308-3300.

Colombia

Highway Art

It's a cross between an art gallery and a drive-in movie. Travelers along a ten-mile stretch of undulating highway in the mountainous region of northwest Colombia need only keep their eyes on the side of the road to catch a glimpse of art. At eight-hundred-yard intervals, on a ten-kilometer route between Zarzal and Rondanillo, twenty eye-catching murals are mounted on six-by-twelve-foot billboards.

This permanent exhibition of *arte vial* (highway art) was organized by Rondanillo-native Omar Rayo. The highway gallery leads to the Museo Rayo, the artistic center of Rondanillo. Founded by Rayo in 1981, the museum houses one of the most important collections of continental art in Colombia. Rayo was inspired by Rafael Bogarin, who conceived of, and executed, the idea of a highway museum in Venezuela last year.



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Omar Rayo, organizer of highway art in Colombia, in front of the Museo Rayo.

Fernando Botero of Colombia, Richard Anuskiewicz of the United States, and Rudolfo Abularach of Guatemala are three of twenty internationally recognized artists who collaborated with Rayo on the project. Their original designs were, with financial support from the Colombian government, translated into finished billboard murals by local art students.

Both South American highway galleries have succeeded in bringing art to the people and, thereby, people to art. The governments of Colombia and Venezuela are currently planning a highway-museum project that will cross their mutual borders. This will be, perhaps, the first time that two countries provide a setting for one art exhibition.

American motorists may soon get a reprieve from "billboard murals" whose subjects range from twenty-foot double-decker hamburgers to bronco-bustin', cigarette-smoking cowboys. Where should motorists keep their eyes posted? Rafael Bogarin is currently negotiating with American museums and corporations to place a highway museum along several not-so-picturesque miles of the New Jersey Turnpike.

—Bill Golightly

Britain

Something to Sing About

According to Britain's BBC, "to see really good music theater these days you go to the Coliseum." The coliseum in mention is none other than the London Coliseum at Saint Martin's Lane, home of the English National Opera.

Beginning August 15, opera buffs will have something to sing about. The advent of the new season presents a dazzling lineup of the opera's newest productions. Conductor Mark Elder and producer David Pountney have set out on the mighty task of forging a new English *Ring* with Wagner's *Valkyrie [Walküre]* (October 25, November 2, 5, 9, 12, 18). A new production of Wagner's *Rienzi* is being staged to coincide with the centenary of the German composer's death (October 1, 3, 7, 12, 18, 21, 26).

Elegance and wit pervade Richard Strauss's most charming opera, *Ariadne auf Naxos,* in a new production with conductor Walter Weller (making his debut with the company), producer Graham Vick, designer Russell Craig, Dutch tenor Jan Blinkhor, and actor Donald Sinden (September 15, 22, 28, 30, October 5, 8). A controversial and stimulating new production of Gounod's lyrical masterpiece, *Mireille,* is a tale of true lovers in Provence kept apart by family rivalry. *Mireille,* based on Frederic Mistral's poem, is a coproduction with the Geneva Opera (December 3, 6, 9, 16, 22, 30).

Among the opera's returning productions are Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (August 15, 17, 25, 27, 31, September 3), Verdi's *Rigoletto* (August 18, 20, 26, September 1, 10, 13), David Blake's *Toussaint* (September 6, 9, 14, 17, 23), Monteverdi's *Orfeo* (October 6, 15, 17, 20, November 1, 14), Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann* (November 3, 8, 11, 15, 26, 29, December 2), Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* (December 8, 17, 21, January 7, 17, 20), and Janacek's *Mr. Broucek's Excursion* (December 23, 29, 31, January 4, 10, 13).

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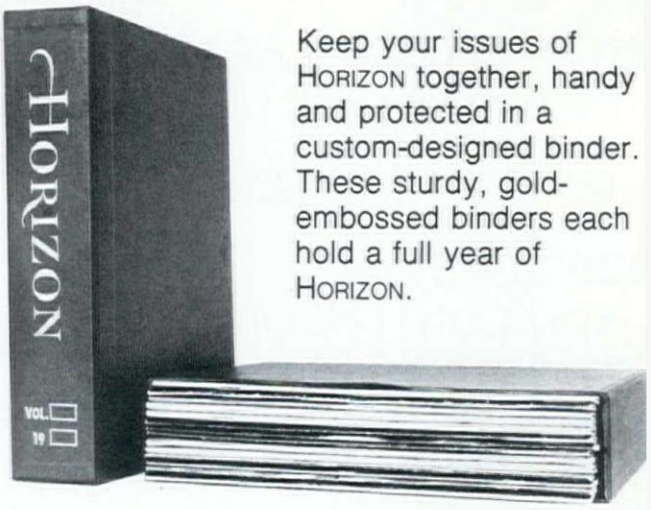

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Trans World

Finland

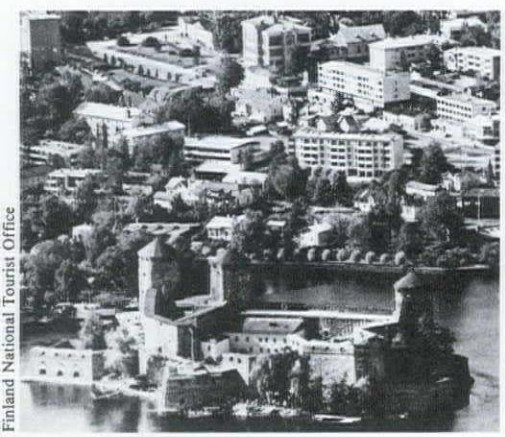
Festival Finesse

Experience the arts this summer in a country known for its breathtaking scenery, warm hospitality, and multifarious arts festivals. The summer festivals of Finland, now in their sixteenth year, are a potpourri of entertainment: music, theatrical productions, and art exhibitions. Among Finland's most popular summer festivals are the Savonlinna Opera Festival, the Pori Jazz Festival, and the Helsinki Festival. Each year, stellar artists from around the world grace the festival rosters.

The Savonlinna Opera Festival, held July 2–24, will feature Sallinen's *Red Line,* Wagner's *Flying Dutchman,* Mozart's *Magic Flute,* and Verdi's *Don Carlos.* Held July 14–17, the Pori Jazz Festival includes more than forty concerts by top performers from around the world and well-known Finnish musicians. The Helsinki Festival, held August 28–September 29, offers an international lineup of concerts, opera, ballet, jazz, pop, theater, films, literature, and exhibitions. Big orchestral concerts and first-rate soloists and chamber orchestras signal the climax of the festival. Performances this year include the Helsinki Philharmonic Orchestra, under the baton of Hirosi Wagusuki, and the Staatskapelle Dresden, conducted by Herbert Blomstedt.

For further information on the Finland summer festivals, contact the Finland National Tourist Office, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019, 212/582-2802.

The Olavinlinna Castle in Finland, home of the Savonlinna Opera Festival each year.



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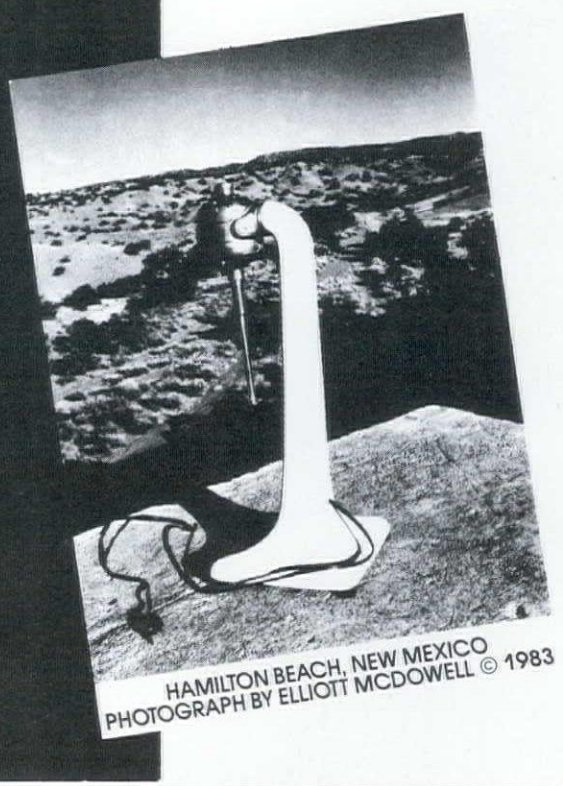

HAMILTON BEACH, NEW MEXICO
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by L.J. Pearce

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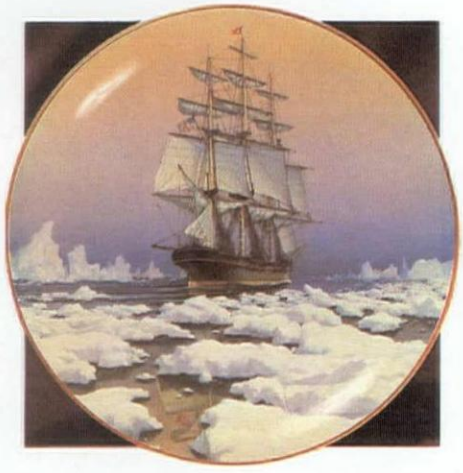

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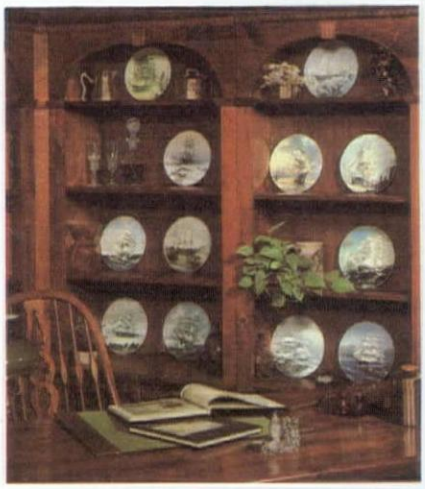

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ARTIST IN EXILE

Concert violinist Wanda Wilkomirska quickly learned that in Poland art and politics don't mix. By Leslie Rubinstein

Wanda Wilkomirska

Editor's note: World-renowned violinist Wanda Wilkomirska defected from Poland, her homeland of fifty-one years, in March 1982. Eight months later she talked with writer Leslie Rubinstein in her hotel room in Washington, D.C.

Wanda Wilkomirska, a slip of a woman, greeted me in her blue and rose print dress. Wiry in frame and high-strung, she talked with her hands in rapid staccato. A large, deep-red suitcase, open on the bed, displayed a sticker with the message "Shine on Brisbane."

Wanda was winding up a week of performances with the National Symphony under the baton of visiting conductor Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos. The occasion was the celebration of the one hundredth birthday of Poland's renowned composer Karol Szyymanowski, and the piece was his first violin concerto. The *Washington Post* had praised her performance, citing her affinity for the music, as well as the score's rhapsodic quality.

We discussed her departure from Warsaw. She hitched a ride with a businessman as far as Switzerland. During the confrontation with the Polish border guards she kept silent, while the driver, a frequent traveler, chatted familiarly with them. East Germany was another problem. The officials scrutinized the contents of her luggage and double-checked her passport and

"I live in music. It is my home," concert violinist Wanda Wilkomirska has said. She left her geographical home, Poland, in 1982.

Travel is the lifeblood of a performer. When she was refused a passport, her career was in jeopardy.

Polish-born concert pianist Artur Rubinstein with Wilkomirska and conductor Witold Rowicki after the Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra's American debut at Carnegie Hall.

visa. She had no doubt that her stature kept her from a serious inquisition. Her marriage to Mieczyslaw Rokowski protected her; he was the vice-premier of Poland, second only to martial law chief General Wojciech Jaruzelski.

"I chose Wiesbaden in which to live," she said, "although Australia would be my first choice because my son and his family are there. But it is far more practical to be in Germany; musical opportunities are greater. Wiesbaden has the same pace as Warsaw, and the international airport at Frankfurt is nearby. My only problem was finding a flat in which I could rehearse. The Germans are highly disciplined; they have all sorts of rules about the use of washing machines, or anything that makes sounds. Luckily, I discovered a pleasant studio on the top floor of a building. I bought an upright Yamaha piano for it."

Wanda's sons—Vladimir, 28, and Artur, 25—came to Germany to meet her. They did not know she was defecting. Her agent, Heiko Hermes, was equally surprised. She made a formal announcement at a press conference in nearby Mainz. Why did she not tell her mother of her plans? "She is the last person to keep secrets," sighed Wanda, "She would react too strongly on the telephone. She would gasp, 'O my God,' or something like that. You see, our phones are all tapped. We are warned by a recording that says, 'Rozmova Kontrolowana.' Our mail, of course, is opened. I wrote my mother a letter that my best friend will personally deliver."

It was vital to Wanda that she not ask for anyone's help in her scheme. "I did it the legal way, appealing to the Ministry of Culture, the Concert Agency, and so forth. My passport was held up for months. But, as far as they knew, I was off on another concert tour, that was it." She took a deep breath, her voice strained. "I did not ask for political exile. I will not join any opposition group here because, if I had wanted to fight, I certainly would have stayed. I just wanted to run because I couldn't play my music anymore; the

situation was too tense."

Politics eventually caused the breakup of her marriage. Wanda was involved in dissident activities as early as 1968. As time went on, she became more committed, collecting money abroad on concert tours for the cause. "People were willing to give money, to help pay the lawyers for the trials of the workers who were on strike. There was also a special fund to give to the people who lost their jobs. Many of them were Jews like me. I do not know how they would have survived otherwise. The largest organized group was the "KOR"—a committee for the defense of the workers, largely intellectuals and artists unafraid to speak out. This happened at the same time Mieczyslaw was named to the central committee of the Communist party.

"I could not sit back and see so much anti-Semitism without protesting vehemently. I was eventually blacklisted." Her feelings were intense but her voice, heavily accented, was soft. "They started cutting my name out from music reviews in the newspaper. It would read that so-and-so conducted such-and-such a piece but I as the soloist was not mentioned. They would write, 'somebody' played the Beethoven Violin Concerto. It became ridiculous. On television, one could watch the orchestral part of a concert but without the solos; I was cut out. And when I was on a jury for a major music competition, the television camera panned to each juror. When it was my turn, the camera only showed me from the neck down in a flowered blouse."

The advent of Solidarity in 1980 brought new hope. Free speech was alive once again. "For the first time," she continued, "there was legal opposition by 95 percent of my countrymen." Previously, the only avenue of protest was the Catholic church, and she and her friends sat in the church pews day after day to indicate their stand against the regime.

A year later came martial law. "Suddenly telephones didn't even work for as long as a month," she said. "They arrested my friends and took them to prisons; I angrily protested. There were judges who gave five-year sentences in prison to innocent striking workers. Twice I was questioned by the police—for nearly three hours, each time; I was warned that my career could be over. The captain treated me with respect, on one hand, and with cynicism on the other. 'We need people like you,' he said, 'because one day when politics are settled, our country will need artists.'

ARTIST IN EXILE

Isaac Bashevis Singer

"I could not understand Americans. They seemed to me like people of another planet."

For his narrative art Isaac Bashevis Singer has won two National Book awards and, in 1978, the Nobel Prize for literature.

Singer was born in 1904 in Radzymin, Poland. In 1908 the family moved to Warsaw and settled on Krochmalna Street in the Jewish quarter where Jews who had lived through pogroms and fierce repression were segregated. A few found their way into the world of commerce and the professions; most lived in poverty.

"At the age of four I started going to cheder. It was there that I became a storyteller. I did not take pennies from other children or beat them up. I made myself popular by storytelling. Children love to hear stories. Sometimes I elaborated on Bible stories, sometimes I invented my own. I told them my father was a king. Why they believed me I don't know, I certainly wasn't dressed like a prince. I would boast to the other children that I was going to write a book. I observed children objectively, and I could see in them the character of the whole human race."

In 1935, Isaac's brother I. J. Singer, then a writer living in New York City, invited him to come there. There was the promise of a job with the Yiddish press. There was little to hold Isaac in Poland. His father had died, and he had grown apart from his family. The growing strength of the Nazi movement was casting an ominous shadow all over Europe.

"I saw that the Jews were in great danger in Europe. Warsaw was a doomed city. I was thirty-one. I left with two valises of clothing and manuscripts. It was Passover. I sat on the train munching on some matzos. When we reached Germany we could see the Nazi banners celebrating Hitler's birthday. We could see Jews being ridiculed in the streets. I had a sense of foreboding.

"I found my way to my brother's home on Coney Island in New York. I felt really lost. You come to a country, you do not know the language, and you cannot make a living. It was hard, but I knew that life was hard, and I'm not the sort of man who falls easily into despair. I immediately began to study English.

Alex Gotfryd

Every word I heard or read I wrote down and looked up in the dictionary.

"When I first came to America I found that the soil for Yiddish was thinning, but I thought, 'If I write well, it will one day be translated and people will be interested.' And it really happened. There isn't a day which passes, not a day when I don't get letters from all over America, Europe, and Asia from people who know my work. It seems that no language is a barrier when a man has something to say.

"I write my first draft in Yiddish, and then it is translated into English and other languages. Yiddish is such a rich language. Now when a Yiddish writer wins the Nobel Prize, the snobs who snubbed Yiddish are impressed—they only respect money and fame. Some say Yiddish is a dying language. Well, I'm not sure it is. I think more people speak it than Icelandic.

"As an immigrant, I had to adjust to the temper of American life. At first, I had a feeling that I could not understand Americans. They seemed to me like people of another planet. But I learned to understand their motivation, and to see them as part of the human race."

ARTIST IN EXILE

Natalia Makarova

"I'm a new person. I say what I want, I go where I want, I dance what I like."

In 1969, Natalia Makarova, a star of Leningrad's Kirov Ballet, was awarded the title Honorary Artist of the Russian Federation. A year later, she was about to be named People's Artist of the Soviet Union when she defected to the West and made a dazzling debut with New York's American Ballet Theater.

"At the Kirov, we did a new interpretation of Berlioz's symphonic poem *Romeo and Juliet*. I was Juliet. Baryshnikov was Mercutio. I always loved this story of passionate, despairing lovers. It was a marvelous production. We had to hold a preview for Communist officials to get their approval to perform it. They attacked the ballet, they said it was influenced by the West, it was erotic, 'the flower of evil.' The production was canceled. I was crushed, and retreated to my own private world.

"I was thirty years old. I felt bored, and hemmed in. I couldn't live with myself. Not long after that, we left to go on tour to London."

On September 4, 1970, she applied to the British Home Office for permission to remain in Britain.

"At first, New York seemed so immense and overwhelming, and I had to get used to the pace. I am not a practical person and I knew very little English, so everything was a big struggle. I could not handle money very well. I could not make a call from a phone booth. In interviews, I did not understand the questions and often gave answers which seemed foolish. I was very much alone, and I lost myself in dance.

"I was invited to dance with many European companies. In 1978 I was performing with Rudolph Nureyev in Paris. You know, he was the first to defect from the Kirov, in 1961. We went to a performance of the Kirov Ballet at the Palais de Congres. It was wonderful to see this beautiful company which had formed me. It made me wistful for the past. Afterwards, we greeted the dancers, they hugged us, we laughed and exchanged memories. But suddenly members of the KGB approached. The dancers left us, just vanished. Rudi and I stood there feeling very sad. All the old fears returned. We felt relieved that all that was behind us.

Kenn Duncan

"Last year, I produced my own show, *Makarova and Company*, on Broadway. I wanted to present the best of Russian ballet tradition—I still think Russian ballet is the best in the world. Russian dancing is soul-inspired. I want to pass that on to young dancers, to teach them the value of tradition. This is where you begin. You train your body to be a responsive instrument. You work hard to achieve purity of style and technique. Then you can move on to new choreography."

As an emigré, what has America given her?

"The consciousness that nobody will choose for me. The feeling of beginning life all over again. I'm a new person. I say what I want, I go where I want, I dance what I like. It's good for your health.

"After I decided to stay in the West, I talked to my mother on the telephone. She was lonely for me, but she understood the reasons for my defection. 'Listen, Natasha,' she said. 'You must let the whole world see the quality of our Russian art.'

"That is what I am trying to do."

"Despite the warning, I attended trials. I saw more and more of my friends and colleagues sent to internment camp. The officials refused me a passport; I lost many concerts. Since communication was cut off from the United States, the Polish embassy couldn't notify an orchestra director that I could not come. That was very serious for me, since I had up to fifteen concerts a year in America, not to mention over a hundred across the globe. There were a few artists who managed to get passports; I was not one of them. I hated the privilege of being Mieczyslaw's wife. Sure, it kept me out of prison, but it wasn't healthy for either one of us. There was another woman involved with him, but that was not the reason we separated eight years ago. 'You only marry once,' he would say to me, 'women come and go.' "

There was a lull in the conversation. Deep in thought, Wanda fussed with the suitcase and checked her watch. "I saw young Polish boys, the ages of my sons, shooting Polish workers. After a while, I didn't know who was the enemy. I was in emotional pain and had to make a decision for my life. It was, of course, difficult to announce a defection. And I have no idea when, if ever, I might return to Poland. I don't believe in totalitarianism," she said, "I hate discrimination, fanaticism, and chauvinism. Feeling as I do, my role is to fight for justice."

What will happen to her mother? "They will not persecute her," she answered. "She is an eighty-year-old Jewish lady. In fact, I found out only recently that she married a non-Jew to escape from the Jewish community and the anti-Semitism of a small town. Nobody ever knew Wilkomirska's wife was a Jew during the war." Wanda's father, who died in 1977, was a violinist who traced his ancestors to prisoners in Russia. Both parents exposed Wanda to music at an early age. There was a family trio: her brother, Joseph, a cellist and now a conductor in Poland; her mother, who played the piano; and her father, who opened a music school. "It was my mother's way of gaining freedom to marry a man thirty-two years older than she and to move to Warsaw. Her family was a rich, highly orthodox one; in fact, I have been told my grandmother wore the traditional wig and followed all the rules. My mother had status even though we were poor. She married a very important professor at the Academy of Music and met all the great artists."

Wanda remembered her first violin. It was one-eighth the usual size, and she started play-

"They started cutting my name out from music reviews in the newspaper."

ing it at age five. " My father handed it to me right after we had eaten chicken soup with noodles. After showing me how to hold it, my father said, 'Now the games are over; we must work.' He was strict. He would practice along with me, before the Suzuki method came into popularity. I had exercises of double steps, harmonics, scales, everything for technique. And by age nine I was practicing two hours a day. Sure, I had ballet lessons, but did not attend school. I did my work at home. When I eventually joined other young people, it was in high school.

"I had little time to be a child. I wasn't allowed to do sports like ice skating because my father was afraid for my hands." When she was seven, her father got special permission to enter her in a musical competition for children aged twelve to eighteen. She played an étude by Wieniawski and a sonata by Mozart and won third place. Wanda smiled as she described her bright blue crepe dress with its puffed sleeves and wide lace collar. "My prize was 150 zlotys, which was a lot of money."

Throughout her childhood, she learned to speak Russian, Hungarian, English, and German and can "make contact," as she calls it, in French and Italian. "It is typical of a Polish upbringing," she explains. "And there are other qualities: Poles have a sense of freedom; we hate being stifled. Our history shows we were always occupied by someone who was stronger. When it comes to relationships between men and women, the women are trained to be weaker so men can revel in their masculinity. We are taught since childhood to belong to men, in a way."

Wanda had her first child when she was twenty-two and promptly announced she would stop playing the violin. "One day I was bathing the baby and listening to the radio. I heard someone performing the Szymanowski Concerto. The announcer said it was me. I asked myself, 'Wanda, what have you done with your life?' And I was so miserable I planned suicide; I collected sleeping pills. The day my mother came to stay with the baby so I could continue my plan I got a telephone call from the minister of culture. He inquired if I would perform with the Viva Symphonica, three concerti, an important concert. I said no. Suddenly I looked at my son and realized Mieczyslaw and I were so poor

"There is more pain than pleasure in playing the violin. It is a drive, an obsession. I have a physical and emotional need to play."

ARTIST IN EXILE

Christo

"My art is public art. I believe that any work of art is in a sense social comment."

An established artist in Europe, Bulgarian-born Christo Javacheff emigrated to New York City in 1964, dropped his last name, and quickly became a controversial figure. Some consider him a stunt man, others, a genius who has changed the definition of modern art.

"At the age of seventeen, I wanted to enter the Art Academy in Sofia. Preference was given to sons of Communist party members. Fortunately, I passed the exams and was admitted. The curriculum was programmed by the government. We studied Marxism—that's when I became interested in how governments work. The faculty was very narrow-minded. They had a conservative academic conception of art. They fed us a steady diet of old masters. Everything from Van Gogh on was considered decadent. Art books were censored by the government. It was as if Picasso, Braque, and Klee never existed.

"At the Art Academy I was critical, I was outspoken. My family worried that I was jeopardizing my future. I was suffocating. I felt that Bulgaria was a dead end for me artistically. In 1956, I applied for permission to visit my uncle in Prague. Impatient to get there. I borrowed the money to go by plane. Three days after I arrived in Czechoslovakia, the revolution broke out in Hungary—causing turmoil in all Communist countries. The Soviets crushed the rebellion.

"Every day, people were escaping to the West. I had a chance to escape to Vienna. With a doctor and his family I hid in a sealed railroad car that was taking medical supplies to Vienna. We paid a customs official not to betray us to the police.

"On arrival in Vienna, we were supposed to go to the refugee camp, but I knew that one could be confined there for months. So I left my suitcase on the train—I didn't want to look like a refugee—and hailed a cab, although I had no money. He took me to the home of a man my father had known years ago, and I was lucky. The man was still there, and he paid the cab. The next day I registered at the Academy of Fine Arts.

Wolfgang Volz

"With my student card, I was able to go to the police and renounce my Bulgarian citizenship. I became a political refugee with United Nations status, and now had traveling documents.

"I thrive on complexity. There is no parachute taking me to a project; I put together many elements, working in slow motion over the years, building an identity between myself and the site, the people, the situation. If somebody says to me, 'Christo, we have everything for you: a park, a lake, go ahead,' I say 'No. I do not work that way.' There's no challenge.

"My art is public art. I believe that any work of art is in a sense social comment. All our actions have political implications. The artist must be responsible. When we drill holes in mountains, we are careful to see that the landscape is restored to its former state. It is my job to enhance the environment, not damage it.

"I came here as an immigrant, and I learned the way the American system, the way the whole big machine works. This I use in my art. To challenge the American social structure and make it work, this I learned in America."

"I hated the privilege of being Mieczyslaw's wife. It wasn't healthy for either of us."

we had just sold our gold wedding bands. I said, 'Okay, girl, you are going to live. And you're also going to play the violin.' My husband supported the idea, and to this day, we are extremely close friends."

Wanda appeared to be comfortable revealing her husband's relationship with another woman. "She was my friend," she said, "an actress named Elizabeth Kempinska. The two eventually married. When Mieczyslaw told me he loved Elizabeth more than me, I was sad and hurt, but I never wished them ill. He and I had a deep friendship after a marriage of fifteen years; I wanted him to be happy. And I told him at the time of martial law that it was better for his image to have me as an ex-wife instead of having a wife and a mistress. He agreed, so we divorced."

Before departing for the airport, Wanda showed me her violin and explained that it was purchased in Switzerland when she had no money. She canceled an insurance policy to pay for it, she said. We discussed her manager, Bill Judd, in New York, and the fact that she gets paid around $5,000 for a concert in America, less in Europe. She detailed her recordings for the Connoisseur Society and the Musical Heritage Society and enthusiastically related plans for the future—soon Greece, then France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Spain, Austria, England. She will return to Germany in August, be back in the United States in October, and then go on to Japan for an international violin competition.

"There is more pain than pleasure in playing the violin," she said suddenly. "It is a drive, an obsession. I have a physical and emotional need to play. It is the necessity of making sounds. It is all so hard; I get scared at performances, with acute stage fright. And there are moods—some performances go more smoothly than others. I do not listen to my performance when I play. I hear the notes in my head, in my inner ear. And when I have contact with a composer, the message I was born to give spreads out to the world." □

Profiles of Natalia Makarova, Isaac Singer, and Christo are excerpts from a new book, *Artists in Exile*, by Jane Katz, Stein and Day Publishers, New York, $17.95.

Leslie Rubinstein is a free-lance writer and broadcaster living in New York. She is author of The Night Before Cookbook, *published by Macmillan Company.*

Currier & Ives

All photographs courtesy of the Esmark Collection

THE BLOOMER COSTUME

Hollywood fashions its nineteenth-century costumes from what people wore in Currier & Ives prints.

Those cheap and popular vignettes that romanticized America are now valuable works of art.
By Thomas O'Neil

An apprentice at fifteen, Nathaniel Currier opened his own lithography shop only seven years later.

CENTRAL PARK, WINTER

American middle-class values and recreation were caught in idyllic visions such as Central Park, Winter, The Skating Pond, *the original drawn by Charles Parsons. This lithograph was published by Currier & Ives in 1862.*

They never claimed to be anything more than makers of "colored engravings for the people," offering "the best, the cheapest, and the most popular pictures in the world," but Nathaniel Currier and James Ives accomplished more than that. They were the first to apply democracy to art and bring affordable art work within reach of the average American. Moreover, the passage of time has cast a new light on their prodigious output: Those cheap and popular pictures are now valuable works of art.

Today, the Esmark Company of Chicago owns one of the most extensive collections of Currier & Ives lithographs in the world. An impressive sampling of them has been grouped into six exhibitions now touring the United States through the fall of 1984. "The Esmark Collection of Currier & Ives: Recapturing the American Spirit," being shown in more than a dozen states, divides the themes of the print makers into six shows: "The Four Seasons of Rural Life," "The American Expansion, Politics, and Satirical Humor," "The American Sporting Life," "American Middle Class Values, Recreation, and Education," "Commerce and Industry and the Challenges Therein," and "Life on the Mississippi: The United States at War." They picture America in the 1800s as seen by the nation's master artists and as popularized by its master print makers.

During the first half of the nineteenth century, there were no means of bringing art work into the homes of the middle and lower classes. Only the upper classes could afford oil paintings; photography was in its infancy; and the technology to make newspaper illustrations had not been developed. The breakthrough came about 1820 when advances were made in the print-making process of lithography.

For more than fifty years—from 1835 to the 1890s—Currier and Ives were the foremost lithographers in America. In all, they produced between seven and eight thousand pictures,

LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE

Daring scenes of life on the American frontier were the specialty of artist Arthur Tait, one of many noteworthy artists hired by Currier & Ives. Life on the Prairie *was published in 1862.*

which were reproduced hundreds or thousands of times each and sold for astonishingly low prices: Five to twenty-five cents apiece was the norm; large folio reproductions went for up to three dollars. Their prints depicted sensational news events, such as naval battles and urban fires, but also sentimental scenes of domestic life that could blend well into the living rooms, barrooms, barbershops, and firehouses of America during the age of sensibility and manners. Currier & Ives became the poor man's chance at aesthetics, driving home the work of such major artists and illustrators as Louis Maurer, Thomas Nast, George Catlin, Fanny Palmer, Ben Day, and Gilbert Stuart. The first successful lithographers were William and John Pendleton of Boston. The business they opened in 1824 quickly boomed and by 1828 they hired their first apprentice—a boy of fifteen named Nathaniel Currier.

Eager to learn, Nathaniel advanced quickly and only seven years later, in 1835, opened his own company and began producing the first lithographs to be inscribed "N. Currier." That same year when fire gutted a large area of New York City's financial district, Currier's *Ruins of the Merchant's Exchange* appeared in a special single-sheet addition to the *New York Sun* only four days after the disaster. It is believed to be the world's first illustration of a newspaper story.

By 1857 his company was prospering, and Currier invited his cashier and bookkeeper, James Ives, to become a partner—thus the trade name Currier & Ives was born. A shrewd critic of artistic work, Ives was especially clever at writing titles that resembled catchy news-

Overleaf: Across the Continent *contains a mix of realistic contemporary images: Covered wagons leave a town of log cabins behind as they follow a row of telegraph wires.*

PUBLIC
SCHOOL

NEW YORK

LANDSCAPE, FRUIT AND FLOWERS

A pleasant mixture of landscape and still life was created for Currier & Ives by Frances F. Palmer, a Brooklyn painter whose specialty was sporting scenes. Landscape, Fruit and Flowers *was published in 1862.*

paper headlines: "Awful Conflagration of the Steam Boat 'Lexington' in Long Island Sound on Monday Eveg. Jany. 13th 1840, by which Melancholy Occurrence Over 100 Persons Perished" was typical of his handiwork. He would also frequently call for changes to be made on drafts of preliminary sketches. His notes, which survive today, suggest "more blue in sky" on one print and "preserve the facial expression of the mule which 'means business' " on another. *Washington's Farewell to His Officers* first showed the general with a wineglass raised, proposing a toast, but a cry went up from members of the Temperance Union, and today the print shows Washington standing in a heroic pose, his outstretched hand inexplicably clutching the air.

The success of the partnership was summed up best by historian Harry T. Peters, who once looked through more than two thousand Currier & Ives prints at one sitting and addressed the full breadth of their accomplishment this way: "I have seen the Boston Tea Party and the California gold rush; gone down the Mississippi on the old steamboats and penetrated the Rockies; laughed through fifty years of American humor, from *Darktown* comics to Barnum's Bearded Lady; traveled in covered wagons and 'lightning express trains'; pondered on the characters, as shown in their faces, of twelve presidents and their cabinets; felt the chill of isolated farmyards in dead winter; the warmth of 'Home to Thanksgiving'; and gone to practically all the horse races, trotting matches, boat races, and prize fights of half a century. To use here the phrase of Buffalo Bill, Currier and Ives have preserved the 'Romance of America.' "

They achieved that romance often through the use of unabashed sentimentality and idealization. One print, *My First Love,* shows a lavishly dressed woman hiding a letter to her

Charles Dickens was outraged when he saw Queen Victoria pictured in the flower of youthful beauty.

HUSKING

A sense of family and appreciation for honest, hard labor were celebrated in this depiction of seasonal chores by C. Severin and painted by E. Johnson. The Husking *lithograph appeared in 1861.*

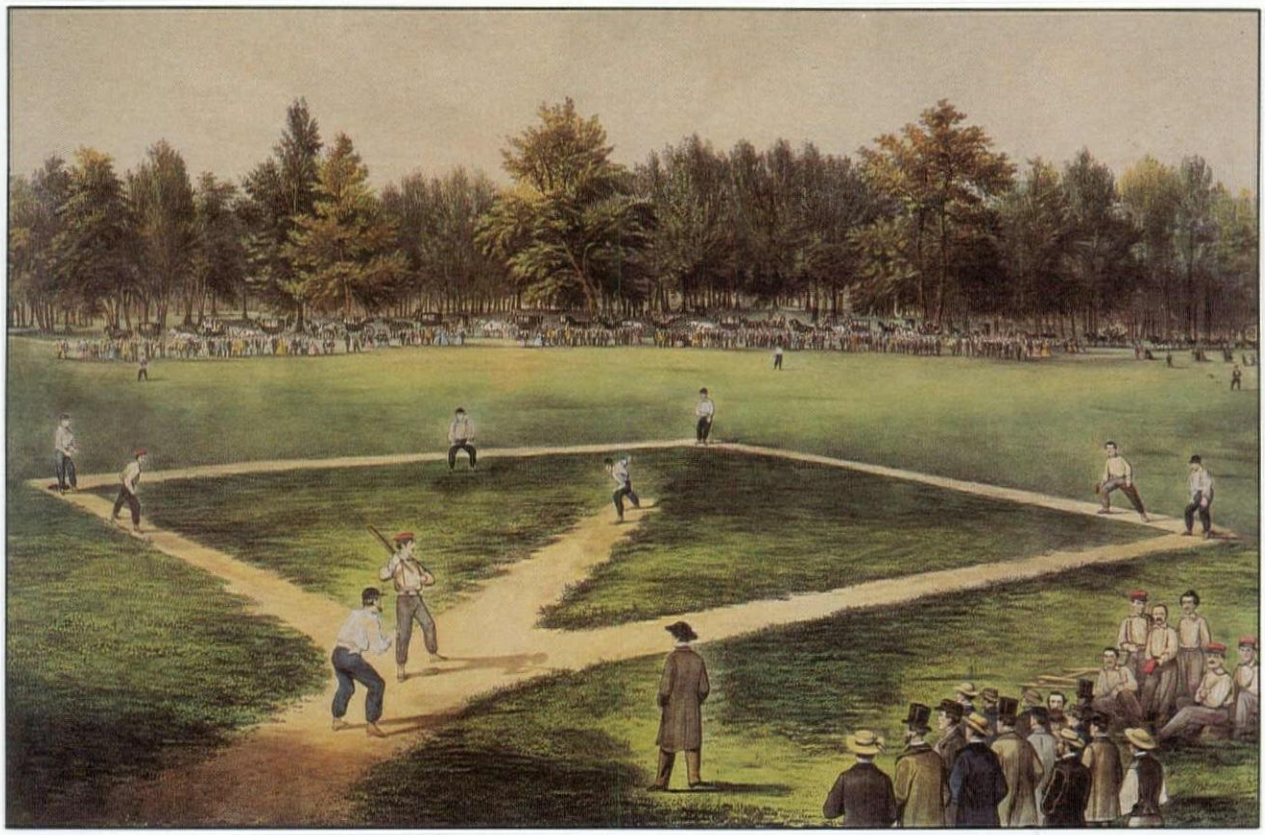
beloved in the hollow of a tree. *Kiss Me Quick* depicts a different woman, equally overdressed, stealing a kiss from her lover while trying to distract the two girls in her charge by pushing their hats forward over their eyes. The caption reads: "Children, this is the third time within an hour that I have placed your hats properly on your heads. There!"

But this middle-class art form necessarily reflected a sense of middle-class values, with an emphasis on family love, courtship, religion, and an idyllic vision of the world. Currier & Ives celebrated the four seasons with romantic moments of sleigh rides and apple picking and exalted nature with landscapes showing quiet afternoons of sailing on the Hudson River and glimpses of the Vermont countryside in autumn.

The *Home to Thanksgiving* print is probably the most typical example of their work, combining as it does two favorite elements into one scene—the comforts of a rural landscape under snow with the warmth of a farmer's family reuniting for the holiday. Considering the broad range of the art they produced, it probably would baffle Currier and Ives to know how important their snow scenes have become, but their winter landscapes are today inextricably linked with Christmas. Charles Parsons's *Central Park, Winter* is one of the most popular Christmas-card illustrations of all time, as is *The Road—Winter* by O. Knirsch. The artist usually noted for his work in this genre, however, is George Henry Durrie, who was so fond of drawing New England-winter scenes that he became known among his peers at Currier & Ives as the snowman.

The Wild West never looked so glamorous as when Currier & Ives's artists recorded it. Its special lure probably was best expressed in the print *Across the Continent,* which shows the

The color in the lithographs was remarkably consistent for being watercolors applied by hand.



THE AMERICAN NATIONAL GAME OF BASE BALL

The American National Game of Base Ball Grand Match for the Championship at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N.J. *brought nearly $12,000 in 1982, the highest price ever paid at auction for a Currier & Ives print. Typical of sporting-life depictions, it appeared in 1866, some time before baseball actually became popular in America.*

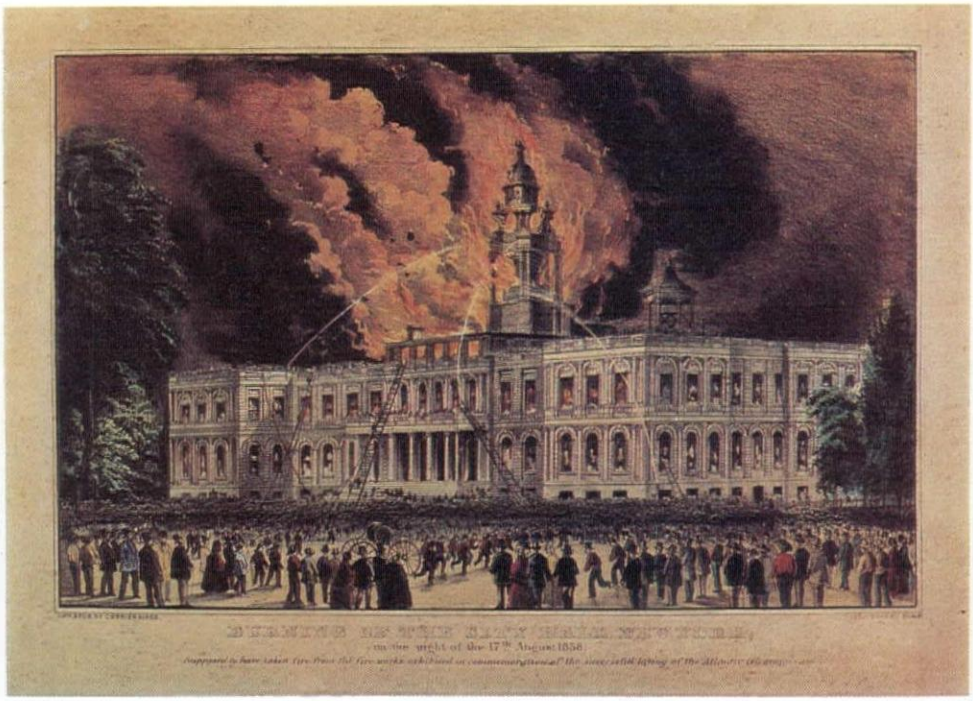
majestic unspoiled terrain in the background; in the foreground is the symbol of a new industrial age, a train poised westward-ho.

Historians have looked to Currier and Ives for invaluable insights into nineteenth-century American life, such as foods that were mainstays in the national diet and other particulars of daily existence. Since motion pictures began, Hollywood has patterned its nineteenth-century period costumes on what people wear in the Currier & Ives prints. Nevertheless, a few of the lithographs have stumped historians completely. *The American National Game of Base Ball,* for example, shows an 1866 championship game being played between two Brooklyn teams. But baseball didn't actually become the "national pastime" until quite a few years after the date of the print.

To fulfill the varied demands of the American public, Currier & Ives bought pictures from, or hired, dozens of important artists. The more noteworthy members of their "stable" included: Arthur Tait, famous for his hunting prints and scenes of western frontier life; George Catlin, celebrated painter of Plains Indians; Thomas Nast, political cartoonist; and James Buttersworth, whose clipper ships became one of the company's top-selling trade-marks. Other invaluable artists were Thomas Worth, especially for his *Darktown* comics, and William Walker, for his scenes of the New Orleans levee and cotton plantations.

The process used to reproduce the lithographs was fairly sophisticated for the time and used an early example of the assembly line. The lithographers executed pictures on stone, passing the finished blocks to the printers, who pulled black-and-white impressions from hand presses. When the prints dried, a crew of a dozen or more women applied water colors selected by Ives. The women sometimes worked with the

Collecting Currier & Ives



This print of the burning of City Hall, New York, is attractive for its relative scarcity and subject matter; so that the foxing is almost secondary in determining the value.

With so many Currier & Ives prints on the market today, how can you tell what sets one apart from the other? Some prints start as low as $30, while others bear price tags in the four-figure range. Follow the experts' advice on what to look for in a Currier & Ives print that makes it more desirable than others:

- **Originality**—Original Currier & Ives prints were hand colored and have a clear picture, compared to reproductions, which tend to be fuzzy.
- **Subject matter**—Currier & Ives printed only a few copies of some subjects and mass produced others they felt would be best sellers. The fewer the supply of a particular scene, the more desirable—and likewise valuable. (You'll need to do a little studying to find out about this, or ask your dealer when considering buying.)
- **Full original color**—Prints that haven't been touched up or cleaned (resulting in a whitened look) command much higher prices.
- **Condition**—The condition of a print greatly affects its value. Look for prints without tears, splits, stains, or fading.
- **Full margins**—The margin on a large folio should measure three inches.
- **Original gum arabic (sizing)**—Currier & Ives applied gum arabic to their prints to keep the colors from running. Check to be sure this sheen is visible.

Editor's note: This information was compiled with assistance from Graham Arader III, King of Prussia, Pennsylvania; Taylor Clark, Baton Rouge, Louisiana; and Old Print Gallery, Washington, D.C.

original oil painting in front of them for reference, but more often they colored the prints without a model to follow. Though the lithographs reveal some differences in hue and occasional defects, the system produced a remarkable uniformity in the hundreds of thousands of copies turned out.

Photography, photoengraving, and illustrated newspapers began seriously competing with lithography as early as 1850, but Currier and Ives felt the inroads only gradually at first. Toward the end of the century, however, Americans discarded their prints en masse as valueless and turned to the other emerging art forms.

Currier retired in 1880 and died eight years later of heart trouble. Ives remained active in the firm until shortly before his own death in 1895. *Our Victorious Fleets in Cuban Waters,* dated the year of the Spanish-American War (1898), is the last-known print the company produced.

Shortly after World War I, a New York critic reviewing a show of nineteenth-century memorabilia dismissed it as "an exhibition of articles in bad taste, designed to scare the public into the appreciation of good aesthetics." Currier & Ives prints held a conspicuous place in the show. Less than ten years later, however, their work began an upswing in reputation which continues today. By the late 1920s, nearly 8 percent of all lithographs bought and sold by collectors were Currier & Ives prints, and today their work fetches record-breaking sums. Earlier this year, *The American National Game of Base Ball* sold for nearly $12,000 at Christie's auction house in New York, the most money ever paid for one of "the cheapest and the most popular pictures in the world." □

Thomas O'Neil, a free-lance writer in New York, frequently contributes to Horizon.

Posthumous Films

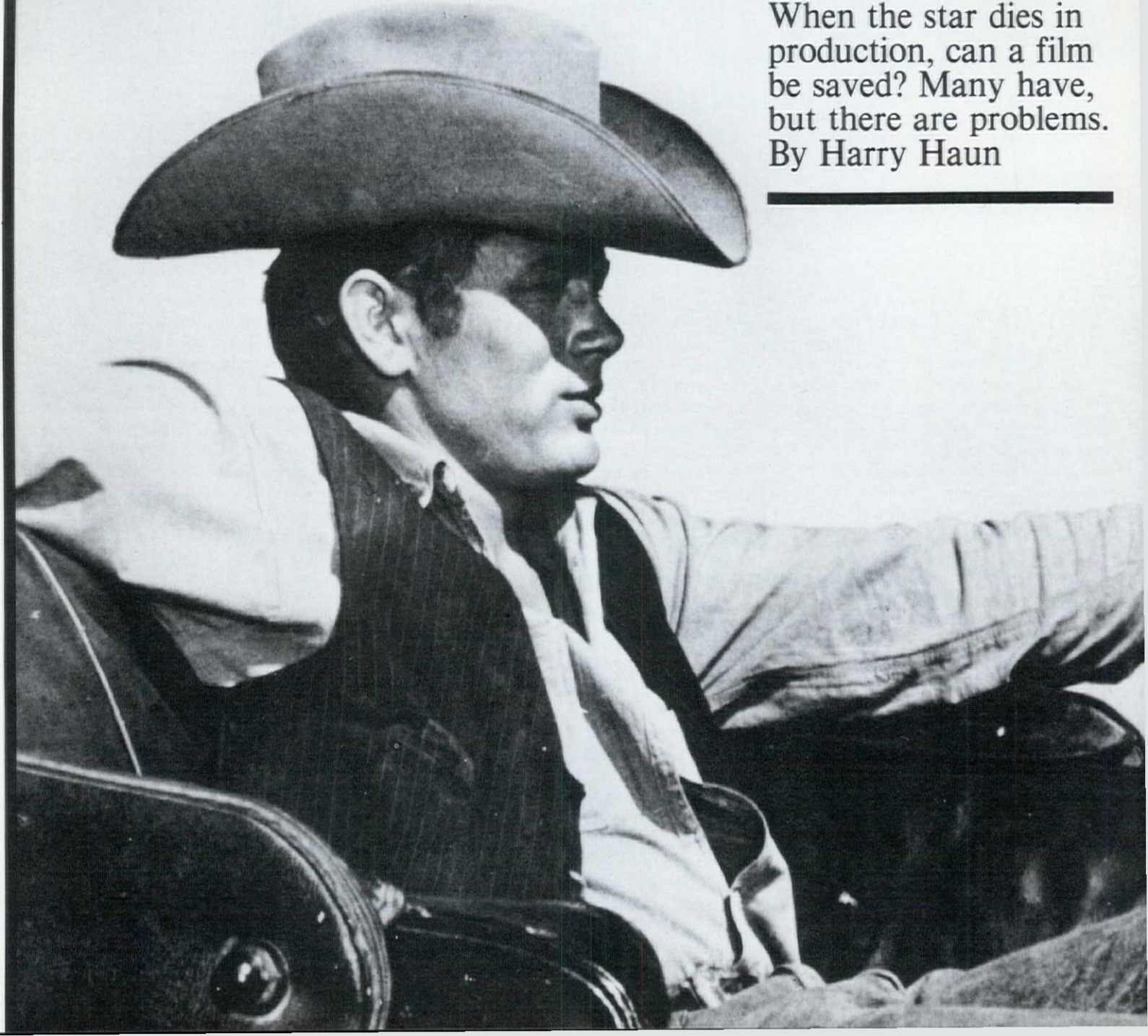
Famous Fond Farewells

When the star dies in production, can a film be saved? Many have, but there are problems. By Harry Haun

"Ever since I first began making movies, I have always feared what has finally happened: the death of an actor in the middle of shooting," said the director in Francois Truffaut's film about film making, *Day for Night,* in which a major character is killed in a car crash during production. But that director was not easily deterred and, through some cinematic sleight of hand and a little rescripting, managed to get his movie to market.

The producers of *Brainstorm,* scheduled for release in late July, were faced with the same problem in real life when star Natalie Wood drowned off California's Catalina Island sixteen months ago. At the time of her death, she had three more days of shooting, but her remaining scenes were said to be crucial to the picture—so much so that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted to scrub the project and collect nearly $15 million from Lloyd's of London. The insurance company, however, balked and instead came up with $3 million to finish the film. During the two months that the production was shut down, writer-director Douglas Trumbull restructured his finale so that a lab assistant (Joe Dorsey) now helps Christopher Walken in an experiment instead of Miss Wood. The circumstance of her death also dictated deletion of some scenes already shot—one of her at a motel swimming pool and another in which an incidental character drowns.

Posthumous releasing is, at best, risky. Apart from box-office considerations, a movie that is released after the death of its star has a new frame of reference. Regardless of what is happening on screen, audiences study these



last picture shows with microscopic scrutiny—fervent searches for lines of irony, telltale betrayals of bad health, gags that go wildly awry. Every posthumous performance, by definition, has the poignant underpinnings built in.

When Jean Harlow died of uremic poisoning during the filming of *Saratoga* forty-six years ago, she was—except for the finale—a good two reels away from completing the picture. When M-G-M announced that the Harlow footage would be scrapped and shot over with Rita Johnson, there were howls of protests from

All photographs courtesy of Movie Still Archives

Below: James Dean died in a car crash eight days after filming was completed on Giant. *Right: Producers wanted to reshoot* Saratoga *with a new star after Jean Harlow died.*

fans. Even exhibitors, who had successfully pushed for the posthumous releases of Rudolph Valentino's *Son of the Sheik* and Will Rogers's *In Old Kentucky,* got into the act and finally persuaded the studio to change its mind. What eventually reached the screen consisted of all the scenes Harlow shot, plus a radically rescripted midsection that reduced her character to such a finite point that a double (Mary Dees) could do it in long shots.

Solomon and Sheba was not nearly so lucky. Almost all of that expensive epic had to be shot over with Yul Brynner when, midway through the production, Tyrone Power collapsed during a strenuous dueling scene with George Sanders and died from angina pectoris en route to the hospital. (Incidentally, Power was to have made his screen debut with his father in *The Miracle Man,* but the senior Power died during *that* filming and his son didn't actually follow him into films until some years later.)

Robert Walker's death, at the age of thirty-two, came just as he was finishing up one of his very best performances—that of Helen Hayes's Communist son in *My Son John*—and all that remained to be filmed, ironically, was his death scene (he steps out of a phone booth and is shot down by his former comrades on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, lest we forget). The final speech in which Walker recants his Communist ways at a college commencement was recorded only two days before his death; the rest of his performance was completed with the use of a double and some out-takes from Walker's preceding picture, *Strangers on a Train.*

Deaths during filming are not always so smoothly resolved. For example, in *My Fair Lady* the prince of Transylvania makes an elaborate entrance at the Embassy Ball down a long corridor as one actor and then suddenly turns into another actor in the very next shot. Between these two shots, Henry Daniell suffered a fatal heart attack on the set, and the part was taken over by Alan Napier.

Bert Lahr completed very little of his last picture, *The Night They Raided Minsky's,* but the producers opted to use all of it *and* the wardrobe test. (His plot functions were assigned to another character.) It was a smart move, for Lahr's appearance at the beginning and end of the eventual release proved to be a particularly apt and atmospheric parenthesis; as *Time* saw it: "Like Lahr, the film offers an engaging blend of mockery and melancholy."

M-G-M wanted to scrub Natalie Wood's last movie, *Brainstorm,* when she drowned.

The venerable Wizard of Oz himself, Frank Morgan, appeared in the musical sequences for the aborted Judy Garland version of *Annie Get Your Gun* but died before the production resumed with Betty Hutton. His Buffalo Bill part fell to Louis Calhern. Six years later, Calhern suffered a fatal heart attack when he arrived in Tokyo to begin filming *The Teahouse of the August Moon,* and his role went to Paul Ford.

Cancer forced Louis Wolheim and Diana Sands to relinquish their finest roles during filming—he after a week of *The Front Page,* and she after three weeks of *Claudine*—and their replacements, Adolphe Menjou and Diahann Carroll, turned their respective inheritances into Academy Award nominations. George Burns earned his Oscar for *The Sunshine Boys* in a role that death had prevented Jack Benny from doing.

Bruce Lee's death in 1973 brought his film, *Game of Death,* to an abrupt halt—but it was completed five years later by a never-identified lookalike. In the interim, Lee's name was kept very much alive at the box office—to the tune of $100 million, some sources estimate—with reissues, retitled reissues, and at least two would-be biographic films, *Bruce Lee—True Story* and *Bruce Lee and I.* Even three installments of his television series (he was Kato, the side-kick/chauffeur of "The Green Hornet") were pasted together and accorded a successful big-screen recycling.

A cult following also developed posthumously for James Dean, whose actual stardom lasted—from the premiere of *East of Eden* to his fatal car crash—only five months and twenty days. Both of his Oscar nominations (for *East of Eden* and *Giant*) were posthumous; his unnominated performance turned out, in the long run, to be his most successful—and the one that crystallized his cult status all over the world. The fact that *Rebel without a Cause* went into national release the weekend of his death could well explain why the film was received so personally and why, over the years, it has become almost the definitive 1950s film. Critics of the time were somewhat less swept away with it. Courtland Phipps, for one, found that the film "acquires power from the fact that James Dean, himself as distraught in actual life as the personality he depicts in *Rebel without a Cause,* recently killed himself and seriously injured two people by driving his racing-model automobile on a public highway at one hundred mph and more. Two hours previously, he had been arrested for going seventy-five in a forty-five mph zone. To get from where he was arrested to where he was killed, he had had to average seventy-five mph." The actor was prohibited from driving his Porsche until principal photography had been completed on *Giant.* Eight days later, he was dead. His drunken speech to an empty banquet hall had to be redubbed later by his friend, Nick Adams.

Last September, a car crash cut short the promising career of young comic Larry Breeding, who had just finished filming a whole slew of television guest shots and his first feature lead

Left: Carole Lombard gave her final performance with Jack Benny in To Be or Not to Be, *released six weeks after her fatal plane crash. Center: Kay Kendall suffered from leukemia during the filming of her last movie,* Once More with Feeling *with Yul Brynner. Right: Only one scene in* My Son John*—the death scene—remained to be shot when star Robert Walker died.*

(in the Frisco-made *Street Music).* In Rome, character-actor Ettore Manni accidentally shot himself to death as he was nearing completion of his role in Fellini's *City of Women.*

Alan Ladd rode out with *The Carpetbaggers,* underplaying the cowboy movie star, Nevada Smith, in a way that seemed to promise a whole new career of character acting ahead of him. It was the first time in more than twenty years that he had not received top billing.

When a performer's last picture is a comedy, the uphill climb for laughs almost amounts to an Everest ordeal. Terrible timing, initially, took a toll on Ernst Lubitsch's antic about a Shakespearean acting couple (Jack Benny and Carole Lombard), *To Be or Not to Be,* which came out six weeks after Lombard's fatal plane crash. This sobering fact wasn't offset any by the comedy's awesomely unfunny setting: Nazi-occupied Poland, which, in the spring of 1942, was something less than a mirth-filled mine field. In time, however, the picture came into its own as a late-blooming classic, hailed for its then-pioneering seriocomic effects and for Lombard's last, luminous performance.

Kay Kendall, the closest the screen has come to another Lombard, left a movie behind when she died of leukemia in 1959. The illness that plagued her during the filming of *Once More with Feeling* never shows in her radiant, rambunctious cavorting. In her closing scene, having reached a happy ending of sorts with her ever warrin', ever lovin' (Yul Brynner), she blows him a kiss off camera, tears shining in her eyes.

At least this summer's swashbuckling spoof, *Yellowbeard,* has a whole crew of kooks to offset the last manic effort of Marty Feldman, who died of a massive heart attack on location "immediately upon completion of his role" in this aggressive slapstick.

The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu unraveled—in an uncomfortably uncomic fashion—less than a month after the fatal heart attack of its star, Peter Sellers. Multi-disguised as usual (but never enough to hide a gauntness that wasn't there before), he played the scatterbrained inscrutable of the title, in

Fans scrutinize last performances for telltale signs of the actor's impending death.

frenetic pursuit of a life-sustaining elixir. Since the character is a rickety old wreck of 168, speed is understandably of the essence; in fact—and in every other scene, it seems—Sellers requires a battery recharging, the electrification sending his body into violent contortions. Two and a half years after his death, Sellers turned up in *Trail of the Pink Panther,* which writer-director Blake Edwards paved with out-takes and recycled footage from Sellers's five previous *Pink Panther* outings. The result was a pretty frail excuse for a film.

Just as flimsy was *Marilyn,* a compilation feature recapping the career of Marilyn Monroe and including fragments of footage from her never-completed *Something's Gotta Give.* This was not so much a celebration of Marilyn as it was one last, crass cashing-in on her by her home studio.

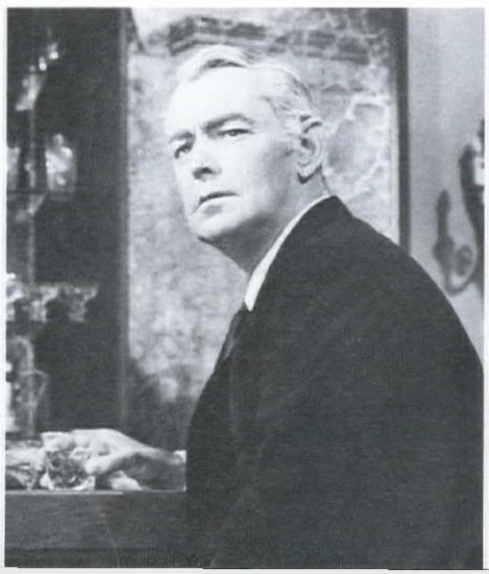
The performance Steve McQueen was proudest of—Dr. Thomas Stockmann in the film version of Ibsen's *Enemy of the People*—never made it to the screen during his lifetime. In 1981, a year after his death, it was sneaked out of the film vault where it had been gathering dust a good five years and given a limited release; as the movie executives had predicted all along, it did not set the world on fire commercially. McQueen's first concerted fling at character acting—he was virtually unrecognizable behind the bushy beard, potbelly, and spectacles he affected for the part—was ramrodded all the way by him; he personally produced the picture in 1976, but he could never persuade a studio to release it.

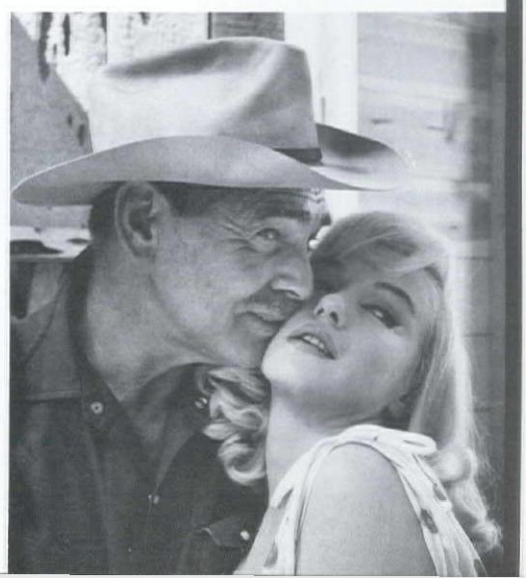
David Janssen died before looping his last performance—as the cynical dean of war correspondents in *Inchon*—and there were plans to use Rich Little's voice where needed. But the picture, made with $48 million of "Moonie" money, took so long to find an American distributor that the entire press-corps subplot (in which he and Rex Reed were featured) was eliminated to camouflage the fact that the film had aged on the shelf for three years.

"It is really impossible to look at the last performance of an actor who has just died and *not* look for signs and portents," observed Flavia Wharton in reviewing Gary Cooper's last, *The Naked Edge.* A strange swan song for square-shooting Coop, this British suspense film presented him, not too believably, as a buttoned-down businessman suspected of murder. "Dissimulation is not one of the things he projected well," Wharton mercifully understated, adding, "I was saddened to notice that his illness helped him in this miscast part; cancer had made bewildered a face that had always been serene."

Equally sad was the film end of Little Caesar. Edward G. Robinson, in the over-populated future world of *Soylent Green,* played an elderly researcher who takes the government up on its offer of a peaceful, permanent sleep for the aged. The *New York Daily News*'s Kathleen Carroll gave the actor full credit for "touching dignity" but felt "such a scene seems a terrible indignity in light of his own passing." And that opinion was soundly seconded by Charles Champlin in the *Los Angeles Times:* "The plot, agonizingly, calls for us to watch him die (suicide is an encouraged option in New York A.D. 2022), and the sequence is acutely uncomfortable and embarrassing to see, the more so because Robinson does it—as he did everything—with

Left: The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu *was released less than a month after the fatal heart attack of star Peter Sellers. Center: Alan Ladd's performance in* The Carpetbaggers, *the first time in twenty years he had not received top billing, promised a new career as a character actor. Right: Fans saw both Clark Gable and Marilyn Monroe for the last time in* The Misfits.





such artful grace and heartbreaking dignity. I would as soon not have seen it."

Insurance companies effectively kept the heart-ailing Spencer Tracy off the screen the last four years of his life—save for one last hurrah which he managed to bring off with a little help from his friends. Both producer-director Stanley Kramer and co-star Katharine Hepburn promised to return their salaries to Columbia Pictures, should the actor's death prevent the completion of *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner.* He did outlive the production—if only by three weeks—and the performance he left behind had all the studied earmarks of a consummated actor going out in style "as if," said Brendan Gill, "he were saying over our heads to generations of actors not yet born, 'Here is how to seem to listen. Here is how to dominate a scene by walking away from it.' " The film's final affecting moments are pure Tracy—a lengthy monologue on love and tolerance that doesn't leave a dry eye in the house.

Jeff Chandler died of blood poisoning in 1961 after three operations to correct a slipped spinal disk he suffered on location in the Philippines while filming *Merrill's Marauders.* Rather than hold up production, he pressed on. Pain was often apparent in his unusually drawn face, and it worked for his character (General Frank Merrill, who, despite a heart seizure along the way, led his men through five hundred miles of dense Burma jungles during World War II). "Chandler effaces himself so deftly," said *Time,* "that his star billing fades, and what is left is a memorable portrait."

The pain Jeff Chandler suffered from a slipped spinal disk while filming Merrill's Marauders *is often apparent in his face. He died of blood poisoning after three operations to correct the problem.*

"Honey, we all gotta go sometime, reason or no reason. Dying's as natural as living."

In 1958, the National Board of Review voted a special citation to Robert Donat "for the valor of his last performance"—that of the Chinese mandarin who befriends, and finally accepts the faith of, an English missionary worker (Ingrid Bergman) in *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness.* Wrote one board member: "It is a curious performance, and we are never sure whether its peculiarities are the exigencies of action or of the asthma which contributed to his death. It is a tribute to his acting ability that we are uncertain of this. When he spoke his final line, 'We shall not see each other again, I think,' he looked into the camera, and hence directly at the audience."

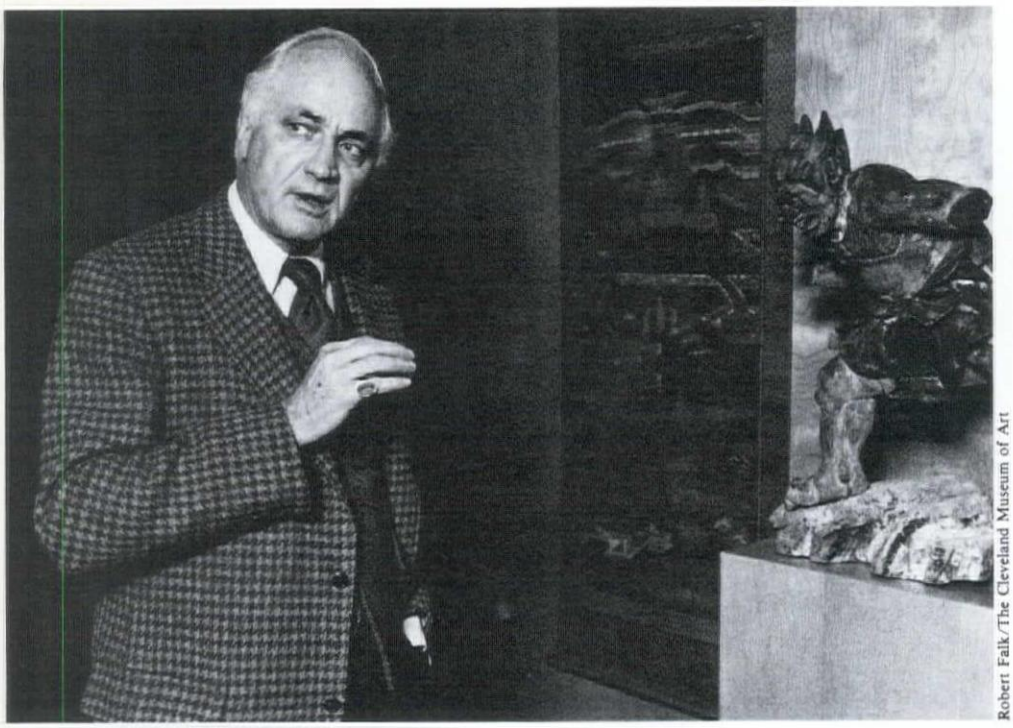
Irony-edged lines like that are forever haunting posthumous performances. Robert Ryan gave his last (and, many believe, his best) performance in *The Iceman Cometh,* playing the deadest of deadbeats inhabiting Fredric March's bar—a burned-out firebrand waiting impatiently to die. "What's before me," Ryan wearily intones, "is a fine, long sleep. I'm damned tired, and it can't come too soon for me!"

In *The Misfits,* Clark Gable consoles Marilyn Monroe at one point with: "Honey, we all gotta go sometime, reason or no reason. Dying's as natural as living. A man who's too afraid to die is too afraid to live." And whole volumes can be read into that film's poignant fade out, which was the last the screen was to see of both stars: As they ride off into the sunset in his pickup truck, she asks him how he finds his way back in the dark. "Just head for that big star straight on," he tells her. "The highway's under it. It'll take us right home."

The best of these inadvertent epitaphs was delivered by Walter Huston as the mighty cattle baron in *The Furies.* Gunned down at film's end, he dies in the arms of his daughter (Barbara Stanwyck)—but, before he goes, he warns her not to pass his name along to his grandson: "It's too big a bag for him to carry," says Huston in his last words on film, "cause there'll never be another like me."

Amen to that. □

Harry Haun, critic-at-large for the New York Daily News, *is author of* The Movie Quote Book, *published by Harper and Row.*



Robert Falk/The Cleveland Museum of Art

A Taste for Art

Has "taste" made the difference? With retirement near, Sherman Lee ponders the question. By Norman Nadel

"I don't believe good taste is born with a person—certain musical, visual, conceptual attitudes, yes, but not taste," says Cleveland Museum of Art director Sherman E. Lee.

Considered by many the dean of American art museum directors, Lee has amassed holdings that rank with the best in quality, historical importance, and catholicity during his twenty-five-year tenure. This summer he will retire, and his valedictory exhibition, "Reflections of Reality in Japanese Art," which was on view this past spring.

"If you have some kind of visual acuity, that doesn't mean you'll have 'taste' in the visual arts," says Lee. "You have to constantly try to compare and decide what is more important to you—what seems to you more beautiful, more effective, and so on. After a time, in the areas where you have done the most comparison, you'll begin to be able to differentiate."

Lee with works from the Cleveland Museum's Japanese art collection: a hanging scroll and a wood sculpture.

Lee has been particularly successful in developing his taste and expertise in oriental art. He and the Orient go back quite a few years. After attending the American University in Washington, D.C., and receiving his Ph.D. from Western Reserve University in Cleveland, the Seattle native served with the United States Navy in the Pacific during World War II. For three years following the war, he was advisor on collections, arts, and monuments to General Douglas MacArthur, supreme commander for the Allied powers, headquartered in Tokyo. Subsequent to four years of museum administration in Seattle, he came to the Cleveland Museum of Art as curator of oriental art in 1952 and has been director since 1958.

The Cleveland Museum's trustees, though conservative, are enlightened, willing to listen, and blessedly rich, as individuals and as an organization. With an endowment and a sizeable blue-chip investment portfolio, earnings of several million dollars a year are available for acquisitions. Except for rare lapses (such as a "lost Grunewald" purchased in 1974 that turned out to be a forgery), Lee has used the museum's money brilliantly.

So the combination of a good board, plenty of money, a large and able staff, and a hell-bent director (when he's after something he believes the museum should have) has worked beautifully for the aesthetic centerpiece of Ohio's largest city. But Lee's primary and ultimate qualification for success is taste, a quality impossible to assess objectively, or even to define, yet absolutely essential in the director of an art museum.

Lee contends that it is possible to demonstrate, objectively, within the perimeters of a particular kind of art, that one artist is better in certain specifics, such as technique, than another; that, for example, Rembrandt is better than Gerard Dou (a seventeenth-century Dutch painter who had been a pupil of Rembrandt). But, he says, that is asking the wrong questions.

"To that degree," he concedes, "taste can be objectively defined or defended. But when you get down to the core of taste, there is this area which is indefinable, which depends on the experience and the amount of material and the mind set of the person who has looked at the material. I know people who can count all the fingers and toes on the images and get 'em all right, and they can tell you the names of the makers, and the period, but they haven't the foggiest idea of quality within the things they know so much about. Their minds veer towards classification.

"But that is why I sometimes smile when somebody says—when they want an opinion on Chinese painting, or something—'who's the expert?' Well, there are all kinds of experts, but the one that you want to go to in terms of quality and the importance within the field of Chinese painting may indeed be quite a different person and not as knowledgeable as somebody else who will be able to tell you about every seal on the painting, what all the

Lee once bought a valuable Velázquez for pocket money because the picture was dirty.

Sights in and around Kyoto *(detail).*
Japanese folding screen, National Museum of Tokyo, in Lee's retirement exhibition.

literary allusions and the inscriptions are.

"So developing taste really is a matter of asking the right questions and constant exposure and looking," Lee contends. "I don't know any other way to do it. Yet if exposure were the only thing, obviously the guards in any museum would be the most knowledgeable people about art in the whole establishment, but they're not. And the reason is because they're interested in other things. There is no purpose to their exposure, though there is, of course, a protective purpose to their being there."

To Lee's way of thinking, making judgments concerning taste is intuitive self-questioning rather than conscious self-questioning. He points out that an airline pilot uses a check-off list, which is very tangible and specific, whereas a person primarily interested in art connoisseurship simply recognizes the quality in things because he has built up a kind of intuitive check-off list. "And this," Lee emphasizes, "is the way the Japanese think about art and the way they approach art objects, in contrast to the Chinese and Western way, with its analysis and attempts to organize and classify. The Japanese reliance on intuition appeals to me; I find it very sympathetic."

Last fall, Lee was in Japan (he goes to the Orient every year and plans to continue to do so) to open a show of Chinese painting at the National Museum of Tokyo, assembled entirely from the collections of the Cleveland Museum of Art and the Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art in Kansas City, Missouri.

"In 1976 I was responsible for a show from six American museums in Japan, but this is the first time that a Japanese national museum has asked for an exhibition of oriental art from the United States, I think. It is a survey of Chinese painting I don't believe any other two museums could put together."

Lee insists that he's a generalist, and the Cleveland Museum's collection does reflect a catholicity of connoisseurship. But he does admit that Chinese and Japanese painting, Cambodian art, and premedieval Indian sculpture are his own special interests and, not entirely coincidentally, the museum's special strengths.

"There are museum directors who identify with their institutions, who think of their institutions as an extension of themselves," says Lee. "I think that's a mistake. Naturally, you have to know what you're doing. You have to analyze yourself enough to know what you're up to. I'm a generalist; I'm interested in all kinds of art. I also try to exercise just plain common sense and judgment in terms of how the museum collections develop, so that there's no cancerous growth in one area that's going to kill another. This requires a rational and knowledgeable estimation of what it is you are trying to do, and getting agreement and concensus from the trustees and staff.

"Integrity demands that, if you don't think something is good enough to be acquired and your curator does, you don't supinely say, 'Okay, let's acquire it because you like it.' You say, 'No, we're not going to acquire it,' and he's got to be tough enough to tell you the same thing when you want something that he doesn't want, so that you do have a kind of checks and balance system.

"I don't want to compare myself to the musical director of an orchestra; I find that position quite exalted—the discipline and knowledge required. Nevertheless, the museum job is comparable in that a museum is an artistic institution, and you can't have it run by a committee. You can't have a businessman who's in charge make decisions that ultimately are going to have aesthetic results. It's either an art museum or it ain't. And this is where the role of the director is crucial, provided he doesn't make the fatal mistake of self-identification, so that it could become something he does for himself and not for the institution."

Sherman Lee looks forward to his retirement as a time to do some thinking. "The last couple of years have become increasingly complex in terms of paper work," he explains, "and I'm definitely behind in my own areas; I need to read and look." He has agreed to be an adjunct professor at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. "They've never had courses in oriental art—so I'll do some teaching and writing, and I may do some consulting work."

Turning sixty-five next month, Dr. Lee appears healthy, vigorous, and emphatic enough to exercise his remarkable standards of taste for a long time. The art world can well use that level of advice and guidance. □

Former president of the New York Drama Critics Circle, Norman Nadel is a contributing editor of HORIZON.

CHICAGO

On Fire with the Arts

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A fountain gleams with light in the foreground of a Chicago skyline at dusk. Chicago's architecture is just one example of its many arts.

The windy city is bursting with an artistic and cultural renaissance.
By A. J. Buckingham

Art enthusiasts worldwide are uncovering a great American secret: Chicago. This capital of commerce and agriculture offers a rare opportunity—opera in grand style, music of the maestros, dance and theater to rival Broadway, and a feast of visual arts.

A drive down Lake Shore Drive affords a view of Chicago at its best—a lush, green belt of parks and the shoreline of Lake Michigan underscore the massive architecture of the skyline. Like most cities of any size, Chicago has undergone some slicking up—reclaiming, reviving, renewing—in the past decade, and the excitement of change is apparent, especially in the arts. Visitors who sample this unmistakable vitality are lucky: They can enjoy much of Chicago's cultural renaissance and never leave the downtown area.

When Chicagoans refer to "going downtown," they mean either to the Loop or along the Magnificent Mile. The Loop, named for the trolley tracks that once encircled the business district and now defined by the elevated-train tracks, lies south of the Chicago River. The Magnificent Mile refers to the five blocks of Michigan Avenue that extend north of the river to Oak Street. Since these areas are contiguous, visitors will find it a simple matter to shuffle between them, either by Chicago Transit Authority bus, by taxi, or by simply

Chicago architecture surfaces in many different forms—from simple to ornate.

walking. (When calling anywhere in Chicago, dial Area Code 312 before the number listed.)

Architecture

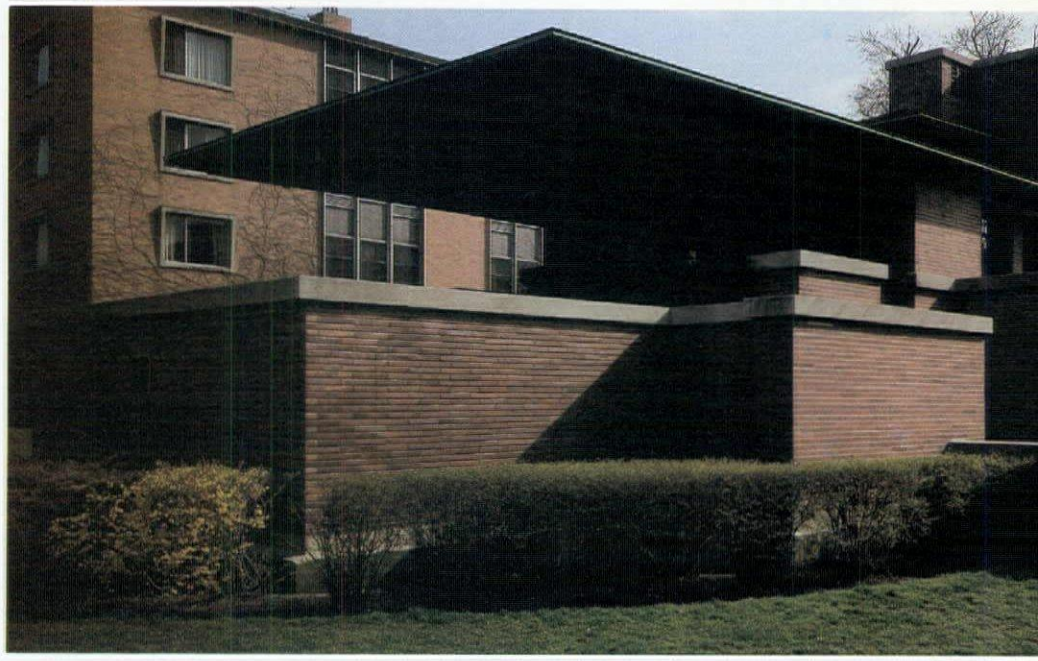
A good source for those who want to get their bearings is the **ArchiCenter** (330 South Dearborn, 782-1776); it's run by the Chicago Architecture Foundation and offers daily walking tours of the Loop, bus tours that cover much of the North Side and go as far south as Hyde Park, and neighborhood jaunts on weekends. Many of the Loop buildings that are architecturally significant are described in booklets published by the Commission on Chicago Historical and Architectural Landmarks: You can get the booklets at the ArchiCenter or at the commission office (320 North Clark, room 800). Among the landmarks that you're likely to stumble upon are **Marshall Field's** (111 North State; designed by Daniel Burnham and still a world-class department store); **Carson Pirie Scott and Company** (1 South State; designed by Louis Sullivan); and the **Rookery** (209 South LaSalle; designed by Burnham and Root, with a beautiful lobby by Frank Lloyd Wright).

If you're too busy looking up, however, you might miss some of the large outdoor sculpture for which Chicago is developing a reputation. The **Chicago Picasso**, Joan Miró's **Chicago**, Marc Chagall's **Four Seasons** mosaic, and Alexander Calder's **Flamingo**, located within a few blocks of each other in the heart of the Loop. Drop by the **Chicago Council on Fine Arts** office, located in the **Chicago Public Library Cultural Center** (78 East Washington, 346-3278) for a copy of their brochure on Loop sculpture.

Music

While you're at the Cultural Center, pick up a schedule of the myriad free events that take place around the city throughout the year. Of particular note are the **Dame Myra Hess Memorial Concerts**, given every Wednesday at 12:15, featuring young musicians from around the world. The **Chicago Chamber Orchestra**, a venerable and respected group, occasionally plays there too.

The **Chicago Symphony Orchestra** and the **Lyric Opera** are regarded as civic treasures. The orchestra performs at **Orchestra Hall** (220 South Michigan, 435-8111), usually to sold-out subscription audiences; returned tickets are sometimes available on the night of a performance. There are also occasional nonsubscrip-



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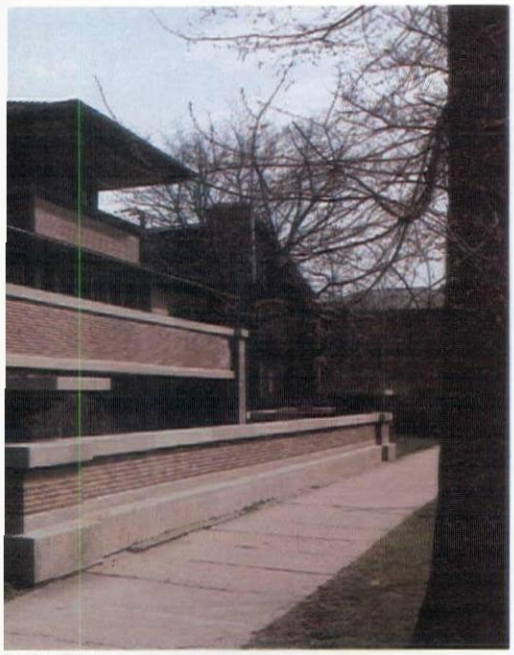
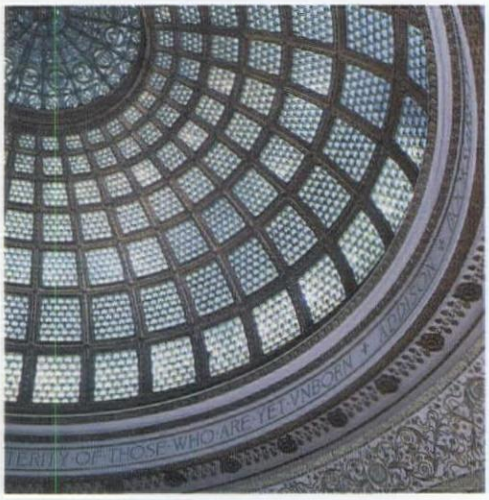




tion nights. The **Lyric Opera** is a very hot ticket: The subscription season runs from September to December, with a spring production (usually a lighthearted selection) tacked on at the end. Performances are held at the **Civic Opera House** (20 North Wacker, 346-0270).

Although the Lyric has a tight grip on the opera crowd, there are a couple of other interesting opera options. The **Chicago Opera Theater** performs operas in English on the North Side (Athenaeum Theater, 2936 North Southport, 663-0555; about a twenty-minute taxi ride from downtown). The group stages three productions a year under the brilliant conducting of Robert Frisbie. The underrated **Hinsdale Opera Theater** requires a trek to the suburbs (Hinsdale Central Auditorium, Fifty-fifth and Grant, Hinsdale, 323-8989) that is sure to prove worth the effort.

The **Auditorium Theatre Council** sponsors an eclectic series of music and dance events throughout the year. Any performance in the auditorium (70 East Congress, 922-2110) is enhanced by the near-perfect acoustics of the space and by the excellent sight lines (although opera glasses are useful in balcony seats); the stunning theater was designed by Adler and Sullivan.

Outdoor Festivals

Other attractive musical locales offer outdoor music fests. The free **Grant Park Concerts** feature the Grant Park Symphony and Chorus and take place from late June through August in the Petrillo Music Shell behind the Art Institute (corner of Jackson and Columbus Drive, 294-2420). Picnicking is recommended: Go to **Stop and Shop,** a terrific Loop grocery store-cum-food-emporium, and assemble your dinner from the fruit- and green-salad bars, the deli, and the bakery (16 West Washington, 853-2000); **Gaper's,** one of Chicago's oldest caterers, is upstairs and will assemble box dinners with three days' notice (332-4935); **Mitchell Cobey,** a gourmet deli (100 East Walton, 944-3411), will put together a picnic with no advance notice.

Clockwise from bottom left: The Carson Pirie Scott and Company building, designed by skyscraper pioneer Louis Sullivan; Robie House, the most famous of Frank Lloyd Wright's prairie-style homes; an inside view of the Tiffany dome on the Chicago Public Library Cultural Center; Glessner House, designed by Henry Hobson Richardson and home of the Chicago Architecture Foundation.

Another annual summer musical treat held in Grant Park in late summer is the **Chicago Jazz Festival.** The week-long event is totally free and includes the best of the local jazz scene, as well as many national and international greats. For information on this and other jazz concerts throughout the year, call the **Jazz Hot Line,** 666-1881. (The best jazz clubs are **Joe Segal's Jazz Showcase,** 636 South Michigan in the Blackstone Hotel, 427-4300), and **Rick's Cafe Americain** (644 North Lake Shore Drive in the Holiday Inn, 943-9200).

The **Ravinia Festival,** in the north suburb of Highland Park, is the summer home of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Special buses go from downtown and tickets to the many splendid concerts scheduled from June through August can be obtained at a downtown ticket office (22 West Monroe, 728-4642).

Theater

Ten to fifteen years ago, theater activity in Chicago was focused on the Loop. That changed significantly during the 1970s when dozens of professional and semiprofessional troupes emerged, funded by arts grants and fueled by a vast amount of creative energy and talent. Today, the **Goodman** (behind the Art Institute, Columbus and Monroe, 443-3800) is the only downtown theater that focuses on Chicago actors: The main-stage productions are often by playwrights of some reputation while studio productions tend toward the experimental. **Ingrid's,** off the Goodman lobby, serves a convenient buffet dinner that makes getting to your seat on time a simple matter.

Out-of-town shows usually come to roost in one of the Shubert-owned theaters. Broadway comedies and dramas play the **Blackstone** (60 East Balbo, 977-1700), while larger, more popular New York musicals usually play the **Shubert** (22 West Monroe, 977-1700). The **Arie Crown Theatre** (Twenty-third and Lake Shore Drive in the McCormick Place Convention Center, 791-6000) is often used by the really big musicals, but check with the critics first: Sound at the Arie Crown tends to be abysmal.

The real news in theater lies outside the Loop, primarily on the city's North Side (generally a fifteen-to-twenty-minute taxi ride from downtown; bus and subway are also convenient). The best-established theaters include the **Body Politic** (2261 North Lincoln, 871-3000), the **Organic Theater Company**

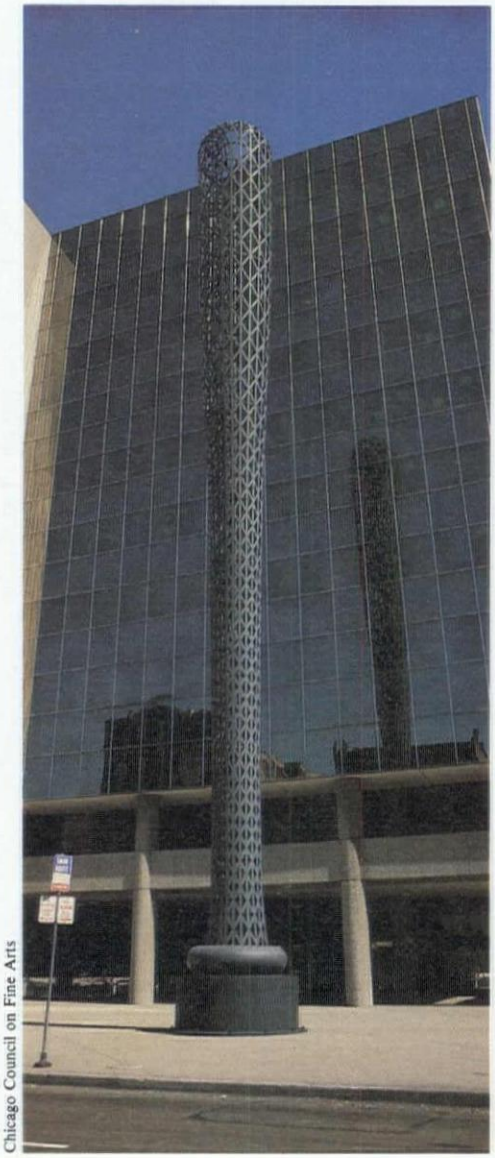
(3319 North Clark, 327-5588), **Steppenwolf Theatre Company** (2851 North Halsted, 472-4141; its production of *True West* was a hit this year in New York), **Victory Gardens** (2257 North Lincoln, 871-3000), and **Wisdom Bridge** (1559 West Howard; the farthest from the downtown area).

Second City Theatre (1616 North Wells, 337-3992; a ten-minute taxi ride from downtown) continues to draw crowds with its comedy revues. The structure is more formal and relies less on improvisation than it did in the early days, but the performances are often strong and funny.

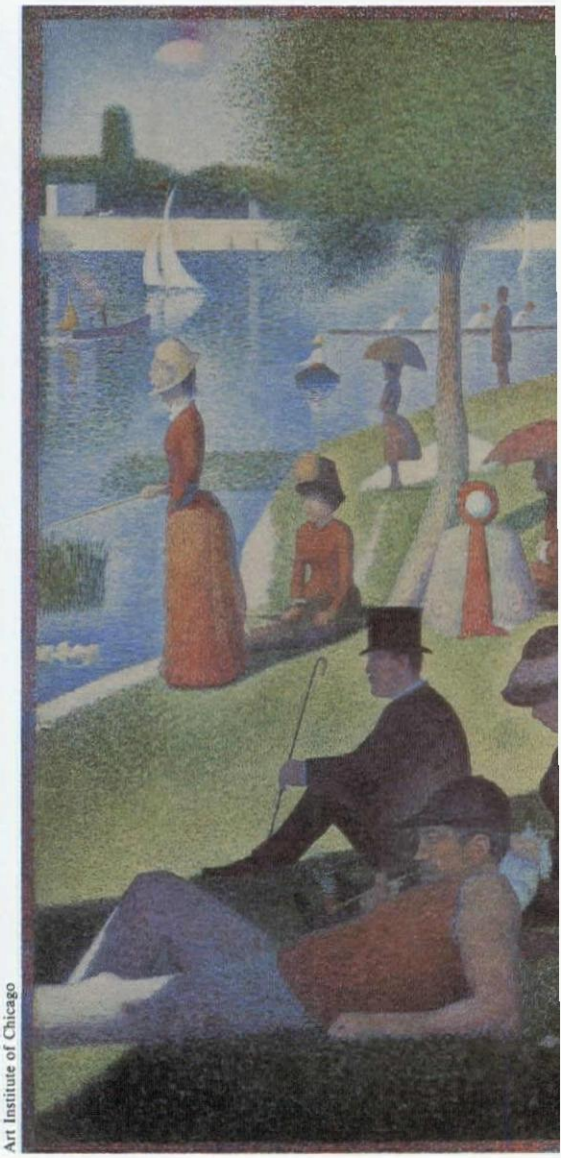
Chicago Council on Fine Arts

Dance

Dance, like theater, has enjoyed a renaissance in Chicago in recent years. Also like theater, most of the energy is focused on the North Side. Big-name out-of-towners most often end up at the Auditorium, which is also where the **Chicago City Ballet** can be seen (943-1315). Formerly the ballet school of the Lyric Opera, it is the city's only resident professional ballet company; Maria Tallchief is the artistic director. The **Hubbard Street Dance Company** performs in various spaces around the city and suburbs. Their blend of ballet, show, and jazz dance has made them the stars of the Chicago dance scene, and they are beginning to gain recognition around the country (663-0853). The **Chicago Repertory Dance Ensemble** comprises a dozen or so of the city's top dancers who get together for concerts a few times a year; their performances are definitely worth tracking down (327-7777). The **MoMing Dance and Arts Center** (1034 West Barry, 472-9894) has no resident troupe, but faculty members perform their own pieces at the center, solo or together, and often to critical acclaim. MoMing and **Columbia College Dance Center** (4730 North Sheridan, 271-7804) also host a number of touring performers. The college's resident troupe, **Mor-**



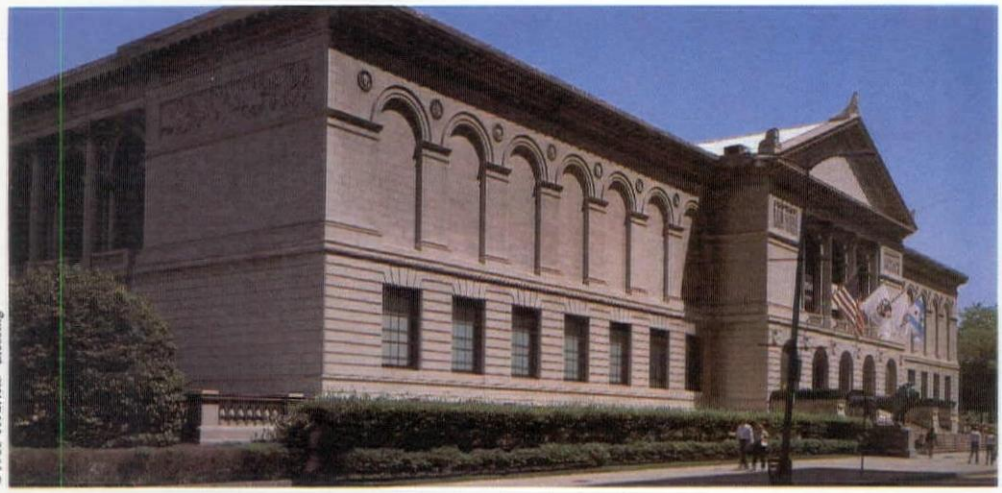
Chicago Council on Fine Arts



Art Institute of Chicago

Clockwise from bottom left: Batcolumn, *an outdoor sculpture by Claes Oldenburg; Isamu Noguchi's outdoor sculpture* Celebrations; *the Art Institute of Chicago;* Apollo Belvedere *from "The Vatican Collections: The Papacy and the Art" exhibition at the Art Institute; the trading Room of the old Chicago Stock Exchange, reconstructed in the Art Institute, complete with ornate ceiling; the institute's* un Dimanchi a la Grande Jatte *by Seurat.*

Chicago boasts outdoor sculpture by Calder, Noguchi, Oldenburg, Picasso, and Chagall.



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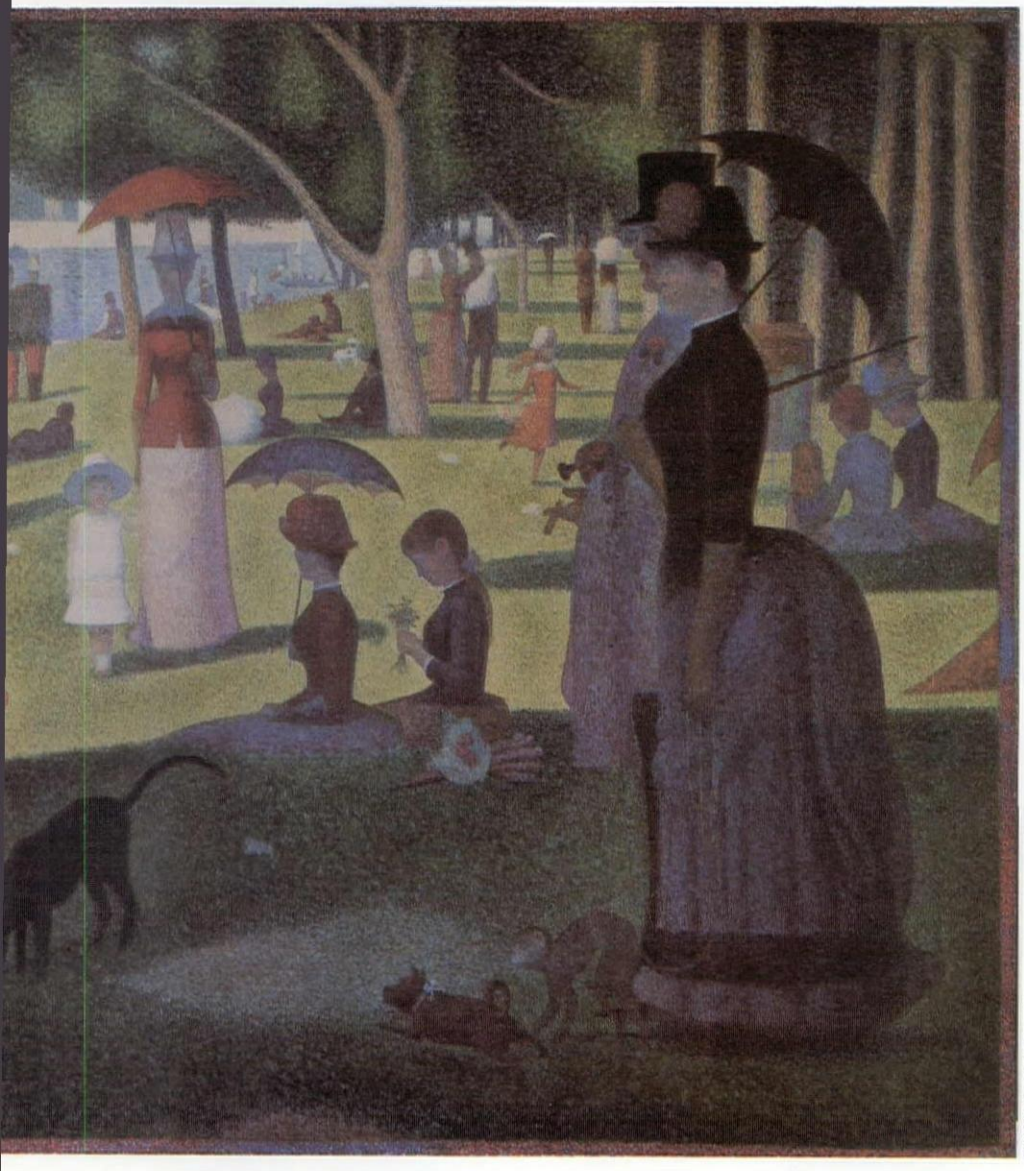
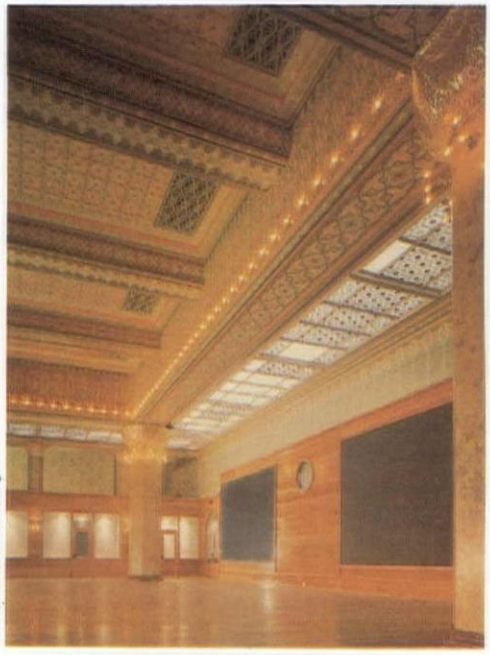
Art Institute of Chicago





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Chicago theater displays a vast amount of creative energy and talent.

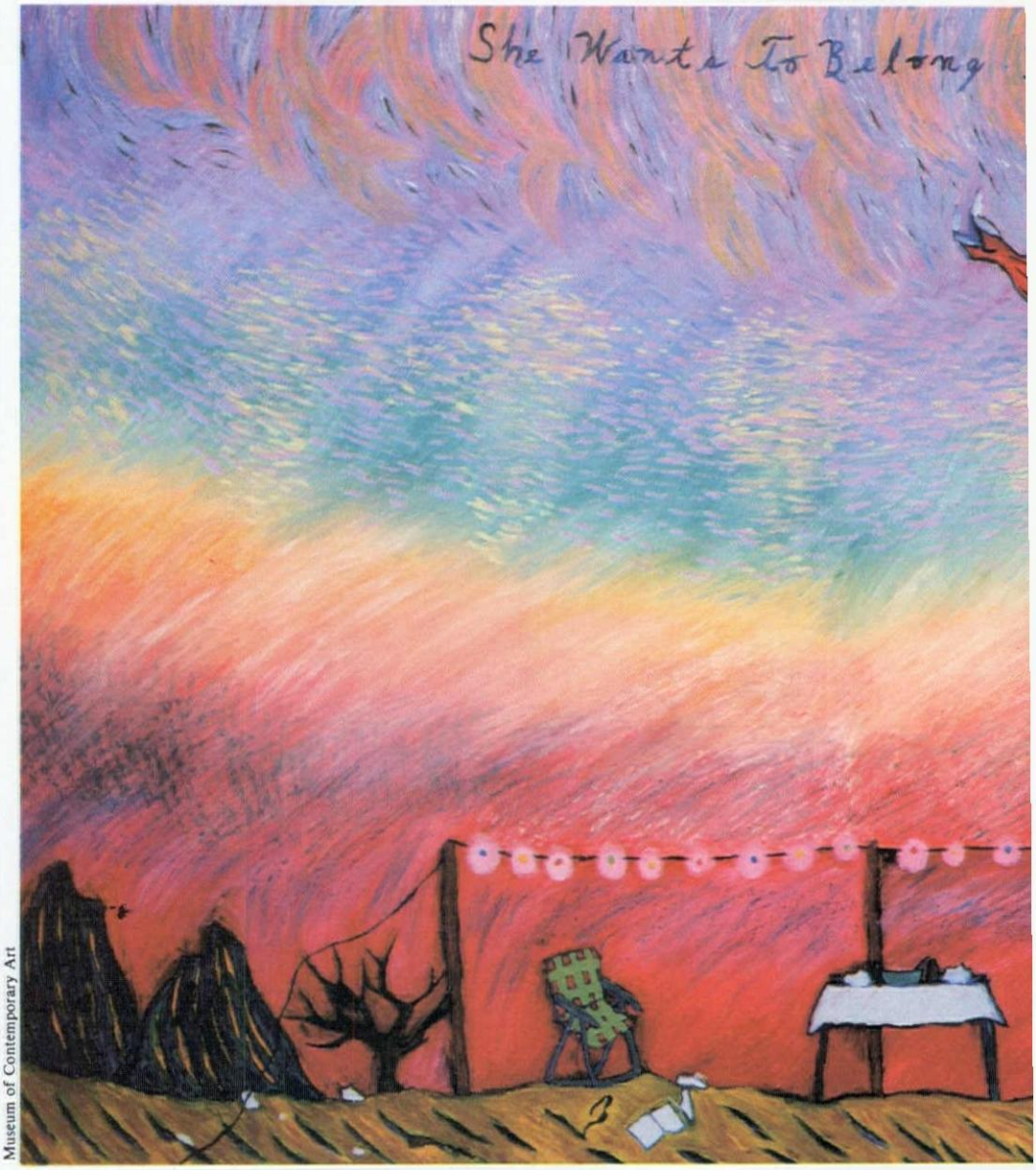
dine and Company, has been gaining steadily in proficiency and artistry.

Visual Arts

While the performing arts have strayed into Chicago neighborhoods, the visual-arts scene remains relatively centralized in the Loop and Near North. The **Art Institute** (Michigan at Adams, 443-3600) is the city's major art museum. Famous for its medieval and French impressionist collections, it is also strong in contemporary painting, textiles, and photography. The museum also houses a permanent armor collection. The museum's biennial American-artists and annual Chicago-artists shows are often controversial but exciting. Don't miss the beautifully restored Trading Room, saved from the now-demolished Adler and Sullivan-designed Stock Exchange Building. Alfresco dining in the museum's **McKinlock Court** is pleasant, as are the Thursday-afternoon outdoor jazz sessions. The Chicago Transit Authority's culture buses, which run between museums and cultural and architectural attractions, leave from the front of the Art Institute on Sundays and holidays during the summer ($1.40 fare, 836-7000).

Chicago's other major art museum is the **Museum of Contemporary Art** (237 East Ontario, 280-2660). Both local and national avant-garde art are featured in frequently changing exhibits; the permanent collection is notable, as are the museum's frequent programs that highlight new music, performance art, and current trends in the visual arts. The **Site Cafe**, on the lower level, offers a limited menu of light, tasty lunches, and the museum store is a good source for books, periodicals, catalogues, jewelry, and art objects.

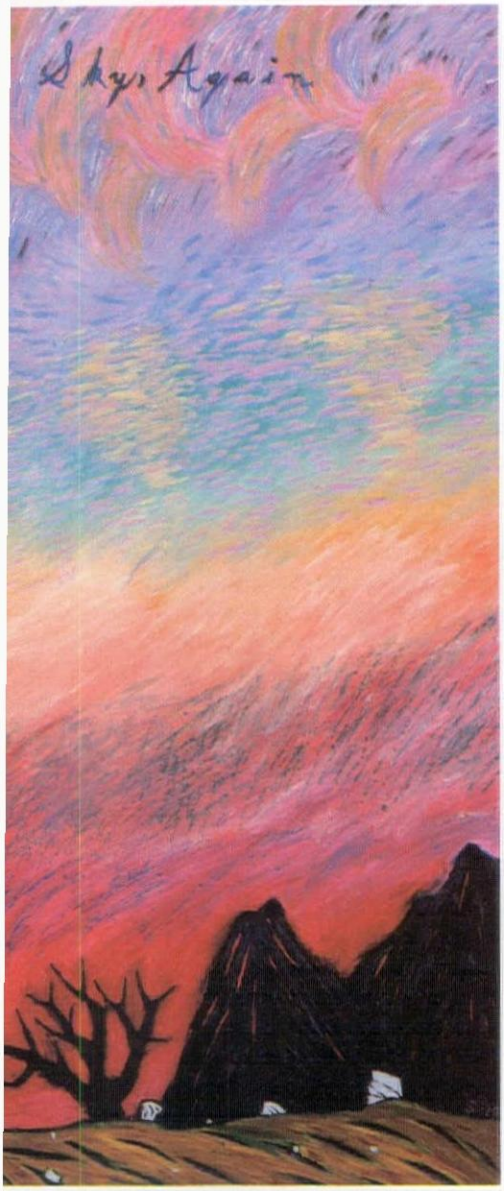
The gallery scene has burgeoned in recent years, so that it not only rivals New York but is beginning to give artists a sense of a local community and to show collectors that there may be such a thing as Chicago art. The galleries are concentrated in several Near North neigh-

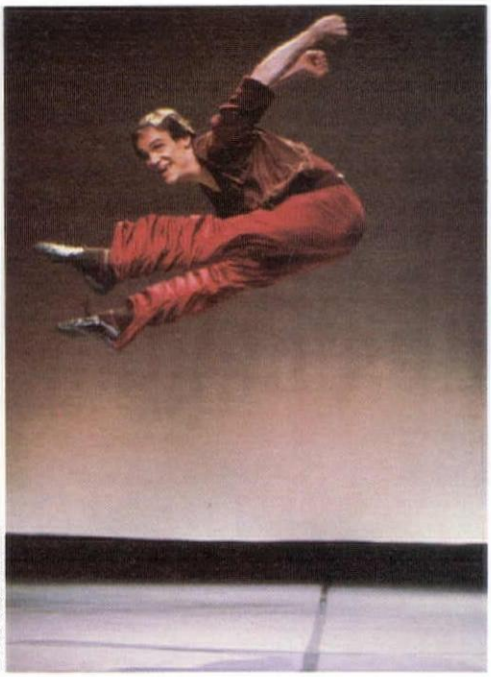


Museum of Contemporary Art

Museum of Contemporary Art

Clockwise from bottom left: Exterior view of the Museum of Contemporary Arts; She Wants to Belong to the Sky, Again *by Chicago artist Hollis Sigler from the Museum of Contemporary Arts's collection; the Hubbard Street Dance Company is becoming known nationwide for such performances as* New Country; *the Chicago City Ballet; a scene from Shel Silverstein's new play,* Gorilla, *at the Goodman Theatre.*





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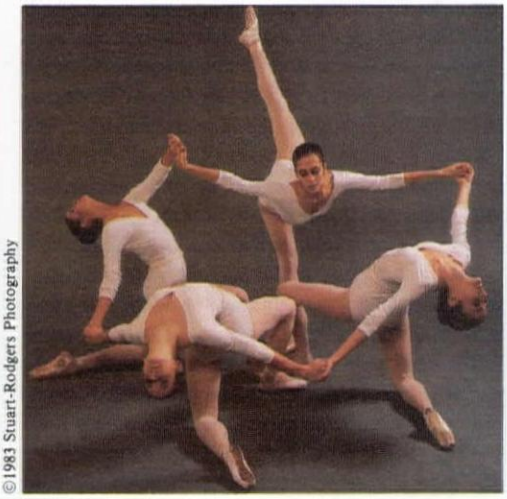

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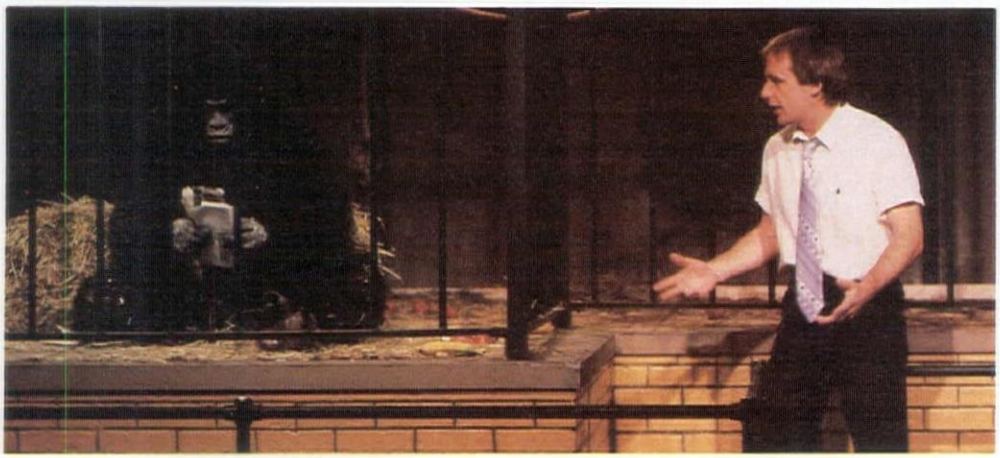

borhoods, all within walking distance of the Magnificent Mile. Many of the older ones are clustered in the vicinity of the Museum of Contemporary Art. The **Richard Gray Gallery** (620 North Michigan, 642-8877) is considered one of the city's most distinguished galleries; **Fairweather Hardin** (101 East Ontario, 642-0007), one of the oldest galleries, handles established, mature artists of some renown; **Phyllis Kind** (226 East Ontario, 642-6302) shows many Chicago artists, and the owner herself has been described as "the most fun art personality in Chicago"; **Exhibit A** (223 East Ontario, 944-1748) carries work of the best ceramic artists in the country; **Edwynn Houk Gallery** (223 East Ontario, 943-0698) is the best commercial gallery specializing in photography; **Douglas Kenyon** (155 East Ohio, 642-5300) handles nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, drawings, and photographs, including the largest collection of Audubon prints in the Midwest; **Hammer and Hammer** (620 North Michigan, 266-8512) shows nineteenth-and twentieth-century American folk art that ranges from paintings to furniture; the **Mongerson Gallery** (620 North Michigan, 943-2354) is the best for art from the American West; **R. H. Love** (100 East Ohio, 664-9620) may be the leading Chicago gallery in nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American painting and has recently started selling folk art.

Another cluster of commercial galleries is located in an area west of Wells Street along Superior and Huron, known as WOW Town and SuHu. SuHu itself is one of the hottest real estate areas in Chicago right now; old warehouses are being made into trendy offices and apartments. Most of the new gallery spaces are loft conversions. Galleries of note include **Dart Gallery** (155 East Ohio, 787-6366), which specializes in high-caliber contemporary American art; **Hokin/Kaufman** (210 West Superior, 266-1211) emphasizes artists' furniture; **B. C. Holland** (222 West Superior, 664-5000; by appointment only) has a wide variety of antiquities and textiles and an excellent collection of twentieth-century paintings and sculpture; **Marianne Deson** (340 West Huron, 787-0005) carries experimental, eclectic, interesting, and beautiful art; **Landfall Gallery** (215 West Superior, 787-6844) shows paintings, sculpture, and drawings, while Landfall Press publishes fine-quality lithographs and etchings; **Betsy Rosenfield** (212 West Superior, 787-8020) is big on works in

The prolific gallery scene in Chicago gives artists a sense of local community.

Museum of Science and Industry

A master craftsman displays a double-sided embroidery, part of an exhibition on Chinese culture at the Museum of Science and Industry until October 2.

glass; **Van Straaten** (361 West Superior, 642-2900) is best known for its prints; **Hoffman Young Gallery** (215 West Superior, 951-8828) is very avant-garde; **Zolla-Lieberman** (356 West Huron, 944-1990) emphasizes primitives and expressionism.

The Hubbard Street galleries, which form the third point of the gallery triangle, include several cooperative, artist-run spaces that are among the most exciting in town and provide a continual showcase of local artists. The three names here are **N.A.M.E.** (9 West Hubbard, 467-6550), **Artemisia** (9 West Hubbard, 751-2016), and **ARC** (6 West Hubbard, 266-7607). The latter two are women's cooperatives.

Lodging and Dining

While the Loop is safer and more pleasant than it has been in years, Chicago's smaller luxury hotels are clustered near the top of the Magnificent Mile. Weekend rates are often considerably reduced, and you will be pampered with European-style service and amenities (fancy chocolates, free Perrier, a terry-cloth bathrobe). Visitors who stay at the **Mayfair Regent** (181 East Lake Shore Drive, 787-5000, 800/621-8135), the **Tremont** (100 East Chestnut, 751-1900, 800/621-8135), the **Whitehall** (105 East Delaware, 944-6300, 800/621-8133), the **Park Hyatt** (800 North Michigan, 280-2222, 800/228-9000), the **Knickerbocker-Chicago** (163 East Walton, 751-8100, 800/621-8140), or the **Raphael** (201 East Delaware, 943-5000; less expensive than the others) can spend several days exploring, shopping, dining, and entertaining themselves without having to go much more than a mile or so in any direction.

Other hotels along and near the Magnificent Mile are primarily convention-oriented but offer even more attractive weekend rates than the smaller hotels. Worth looking into are the **Radisson** (505 North Michigan, 944-4100, 800/228-9822); the **Barclay** (166 East Superior, 787-6000, 800/621-8004); and the **Richmont** (162 East Ontario, 787-3580, 800/621-8055); in the Loop, check out the **Palmer House** (17 East Monroe, 726-7500, 800/325-4620 in Illinois) and the recently refurbished **Midland Hotel**, (172 West Adams, 332-1200, 800/621-2700). The **Drake Hotel** (140 East Walton, 787-2200), features a special theater package that includes two nights' lodging, cocktails, pretheater dinner, theater tickets to the Drury Lane Theater, and a continental breakfast.

The culinary arts have not been overlooked in the recent surge of downtown activity. Among the well-established Chicago dining traditions, favored by locals and visitors alike, are the fresh seafood served at the **Cape Cod Room** (140 East Walton in the Drake Hotel, 787-2200); the somewhat-German fare and good fish at the **Berghoff** (17 West Adams, 427-3170); the steaks at **Morton's** (1050 North State, 266-4820); the ribs at **Carson's** (612 North Wells, 280-9200; enormous lines are probable); and **Miller's Pub** (23 East Adams, 922-7446; Canadian baby-back ribs served until 3 A.M.); the spinach-stuffed double-crust pizza at **Giordano's** (747 North Rush, 951-0747); the Northern Italian dinners and excellent pasta at **Doro's** (871 North Rush, 266-1414); the always-outstanding French fare at **Le Perroquet** (70 East Walton, 944-7990; very expensive), **Jovan** (1660 North LaSalle, 944-7767; expensive), and **L'Escargot** (701 North Michigan in the Allerton Hotel, 337-1716; not so expensive).

Newer and trendier restaurants include **Gordon** (nouvelle cuisine, 512 North Clark, 467-9780); **Printer's Row** (nouvelle cuisine, 550 South Dearborn, 461-0780); the **Chestnut Street Grill** (seafood, 845 North Michigan in Water Tower Place, 280-2720); **George's** (Northern Italian, 230 West Kinzie, 644-2290); **Avanzare,** (Northern Italian, 161 East Huron, 337-8056); **Bastille** (French, 21 West Superior, 787-2050; especially noteworthy is their outdoor Bastille Day celebration, usually scheduled for the second week in July); and **Hatsuhana** (sushi, 160 East Ontario, 280-8287). □

A. J. Buckingham is a free-lance writer and editor living in Chicago.

Help at Your Fingertips

These guides will help you coordinate a Chicago arts adventure:

Guide to Chicago (Contemporary Books, $8.95)—up-to-date guide that pinpoints the interesting, the important, the obscure, and the delightful.

Chicago Magazine—published monthly; includes complete listings of arts events; especially helpful with restaurants and hotels (available at newsstand).

Chicago Reader—published weekly; coverage of theater and music; distributed free on Thursdays (call 828-0350 to find out where to get one).

Chicago Theater Guide—published every two months by the League of Chicago Theatres (available at HOT TIX discount ticket booth, 24 South State, 977-1755).

New Art Examiner—published monthly; covers local and national arts news (available at newsstand).

Chicago Council on Fine Arts's monthly calendar of events (available at Chicago Public Library Cultural Center, 78 East Washington, 346-3278.)

Don't forget to check newspapers for daily listings of arts events.

USArts
Strategies for the 80's

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Singing a New Song

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Chicago's Lyric Opera performs a scene from The Mikado. *Its unique modern-day interpretation earned nationwide reviews.*

The glamour of international opera lives, thanks to some changes at the Lyric.

In the last three years, the Lyric Opera of Chicago has given the performance of its life. Was it *Die Fledermaus? Madama Butterfly? The Mikado?* It was, rather, a "financial" performance par excellence that has awed the art and business communities of Chicago.

America's third-largest opera company was near bankruptcy in 1980, one year after celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. Today, the Lyric Opera has managed to repay a $500,000 debt, eliminate an accumulated deficit exceeding $300,000, and earn 66 percent of its $10-million operating budget for its 1982 season.

The star of this remarkable production is general manager Ardis Krainik, who assumed the title in January 1981 after twenty-six years as assistant to the former manager, the late Carol Fox. Krainik's lead song has been strong financial control—a no-nonsense approach to budgeting.

Following the trend of recession-battling businesses nationwide, the Lyric has kissed good-bye to first-class European plane tickets and other extravagancies. Meanwhile, management sought—and discovered—innovative programming techniques and, most importantly, retained total support of staff and stars.

Typical of this stellar and cost-cutting approach is the opera's spring 1983 production of *The Mikado*. Set in modern-day Japan, with props including a bright red Datsun that rolls onstage, the *Mikado* snared nationwide reviews and managed to come in under budget.

By successfully battling economic problems, the Lyric Opera preserves its position as one of the world's top companies. Its beginning was auspicious: Maria Callas made her North American debut in *Don Giovanni* for the opera's inaugural production in 1954. During the years that Carol Fox led the company, both reputation and budgets soared—due in part to

the late director's penchant for lavish cast parties, imported Italian productions, and flights on the Concorde. Today the opera's management offices are preparing for the 1984 season projected to be comfortably in the black. And, evidenced by the line-up, quality has not suffered. Five selections never before performed by the Chicago group are slated for next year: *Eugene Onegin* (Mirella Freni), *Arabella* (Kiri Te Kanawa), *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (Kurt Moll), *Ernani* (Luciano Pavarotti) and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (Eva Marton). Also on the calendar for next season: Plácido Domingo as Don José in *Carmen* and Kathleen Kuhlman as Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*.

Ardis Krainik remembers the first steps to economic recovery: "I called in my seven department heads and told them to draw up absolute minimum budgets for the 1981 season. Then I asked them to cut back their budgets another 10 percent without compromising artistic integrity."

Archie R. Boe, board chairman of Sears, Roebuck and Company, took over the presidency of the Lyric Opera board in 1980. Working closely with Krainik, he contributed years of business experience to erasing the formidable debt. "We tried to do the same thing you would in any good business organization," says Boe, "and apply the fundamentals of good business practice." First, problems were explained frankly to every staff member. Once they knew that the opera was perilously close to going under, the staff began pulling together as a team. Morale remained high, and opera employees were given a chance to participate in the budgeting process. That was one of Krainik's most effective management tools.

Once the budget was set, department managers compared actual expenses to budget figures. "Where we may have had a certain budget for a particular opera," Archie Boe says, "we didn't know what the actual expenses were versus the budget." Consultants were brought in to set up a computer system to track basic statistics such as payroll and accounts receivable and payable.

Who would think, for example, that the timing of a rehearsal could make a difference in cost? Thanks to the computer, the Lyric now knows. "When we schedule a rehearsal," says

©1983 Tony Romano

After pulling out of impending financial doom, the Lyric Opera performed Harold Prince's new Madama Butterfly.

Teamwork Does It

"Never leave anything alone and never stop analyzing," advises Richard Dowsek, director of administration at the Lyric Opera of Chicago. "The world we live in is so dynamic that it requires us to analyze the important parts of our business every year. In the budgeting process, question everything. Don't leave an item in the budget just because it's been there for years."

Working closely with Dowsek and opera general manager Ardis Krainik, board president Archie Boe offers these four tips for creating a successful strategy like the one behind the stage in Chicago:

1. Tell the staff exactly what is happening and ask their cooperation in revising and meeting budgets.
2. Create a team appoach. As Dowsek says, "People responsible for the day-to-day operation now have a say in what kind of resources they feel they need to do an adequate job."
3. Watchdog the budget closely. Actual expenses should be compared to budgeted projections for each production so problem areas can be quickly isolated and steps can be taken to correct them.
4. Let the community know about your success story. If your supporters understand your goals, they may express their support with a monetary donation—the second-best reward to a rousing ovation.

Richard Dowsek, director of administration, "we have to schedule participation by the stage hands, the orchestra, the chorus. We look at labor costs for each group before setting rehearsals so we can accomplish our goals at the least total cost." Rehearsal times were also compressed, saving a whopping $5,000 per hour.

Costume expenses are another integral cost-cutting factor at the Lyric Opera. With seventy-two chorus members, that expense can run high, especially if choristers can't wear costumes borrowed for a particular opera. After analyzing costume expenses, the size of the singer is now one criterion for selection of choristers.

The opera's story spread across the city of Chicago. "We let the community know what we were doing so they would have confidence in us and react favorably when we asked for a contribution. This really paid off for us," Boe says. Contributions to the Lyric have increased each of the last two years when business conditions in Chicago were on the down side. Records were established during the 1982 fund-raising campaign when gifts surpassed $4.6 million. The 1983 goal is $4.9 million. "I think the community will back any good arts organization if they know they're not wasting the money and they have confidence in what you're doing," adds Boe. —*Linda K. Gallehugh*

Sears CEO Archie Boe's corporate management expertise was an integral part of the opera's cost-control program.

Opera in Your Living Room

At the Lyric Opera of Chicago, fund raising accounts for almost 40 percent of the operating budget. Those grants, bequests, and gifts come from individuals, corporations, foundations, and government. One major Chicago-based corporation, Beatrice Foods Company, annually gives a unique gift that enables the opera to reach an audience of almost thirty-one-million people—via radio.

In a sense, says Tony Judge of WFMT, Beatrice Foods does for the Lyric what Texaco does for the Metropolitan Opera. Judge praises Beatrice as a "remarkably generous and supportive sponsor," pointing out that the corporation underwrites everything from payment of musicians, artists, and chorus to rights payments for performers and cost of production and distribution of taped performances.

Lyric Opera broadcasts, begun in the early 1970s for Chicago audiences, were first sponsored by several large corporations. National broadcasts were added in the spring of 1979, but commitment wavered, and Beatrice stepped in as sole underwriter of the project.

Beatrice board-chairman James L. Dutt says the company decided to sponsor the broadcasts because they "feel that Lyric Opera is truly one of Chicago's treasures," and they want "as many people as possible to have an opportunity to hear opera live on the radio. There are many people who cannot attend performances," he added, "because they are too far away, or the ticket is too costly, or they are homebound for some reason. This way the Lyric Opera reaches them."

Thousands of letters that flood Beatrice headquarters attest to the fact that people are appreciative. "On a holiday weekend, alone and semi-invalid, it isn't easy to find causes for celebration," wrote one California listener. "However, each Saturday when I look forward to hearing the Lyric Opera, life doesn't seem so bare or unbearable." Another listener recalled a favorite Beatrice product as well as the opera: "I enjoy your sponsored broadcasts of operas tremendously" he wrote, "much the same as I enjoyed the quality taste of Meadow Gold ice cream in Clarinda, Iowa, forty years ago."

Each letter writer gets a personal reply from Dutt, a copy of Beatrice's annual report, and a copy of the Lyric Opera program, which includes information on each opera that can be used as a listening guide.

"We think it is important to support the arts," says Dutt, "and we hope our contribution to the Lyric Opera makes a contribution to the lives of all our listeners."

Top: Chicago's Civic Opera House. Below: James L. Dutt, board chairman of Beatrice Foods Company.

Staging a Partnership

©1983 Chris Phillips

©1983 Jennifer Girard

Left: Taming of the Shrew *was a great success for the Body Politic Theatre. Right: Victory Gardens Theater's production of* Clara's Play.

Cooperation takes center stage in Chicago's vibrant theater industry.

"Combine and conquer financial headaches" is an apt motto for the remarkable partnership of the Body Politic and Victory Gardens—two nonprofit theaters, each a landmark on the Off-Loop theatrical landscape. Faced with staggering economic obstacles in 1981, they worked out a solution both effective and elegant in its simplicity. They moved in together.

The idea was born out of conversations between Marcelle McVay, general manager of the Victory Gardens, and Sharon Phillips, managing director of the Body Politic, and finalized after negotiations between both theaters' advisory boards. But the plot of this fortuitous merger begins with an unlikely leading character: the Monte Carlo bowling alley on North Lincoln Avenue.

In 1969, a depressed block of that street was slated for urban renewal, including demolition of a two-story building housing a bowling alley upstairs and a slicing-machine factory downstairs. The Community Arts Foundation—a three-year-old church-affiliated group dedicated to "urban revitalization through the arts"—saved the spacious 1930s building from the wrecker's ball by purchasing it for less than $100,000. The surrounding neighborhood was apparently spared through association. The facility was christened the Body Politic Theatre and fostered scores of innovative outreach programs serving inner-city youth, senior citizens, hospitals, and rehabilitation centers.

Besides a plethora of workshops and programs, the theater community center nurtured fledgling nonprofit arts groups such as the Chicago Mural Group, Contemporary Dance Theatre, and theater companies while hosting traveling troupes. When productions were held upstairs, theatergoers just stepped over the bowling gutters to get to their seats.

Great fun, but as the years passed, the Body

Sharing Space

How can two well-established, independent arts organizations live together under the same roof? The experiences and suggestions of Marcelle McVay at Victory Gardens and Sharon Phillips at the Body Politic can help any arts groups retain individual identities and reap the benefits of shared facilities.

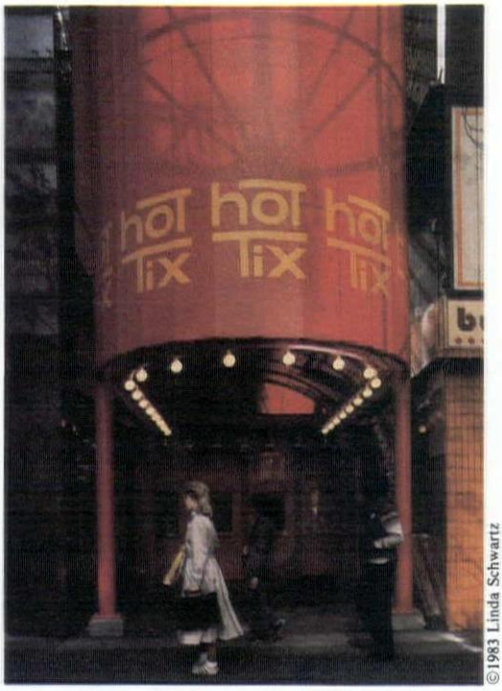
1. Select your partner carefully. In this case, the two theaters' programs complement each other rather than compete. Victory Gardens showcases new, ethnic, or experimental plays and local playwrights' scripts, while Body Politic features traditional and classic plays.
2. Enter the arrangement with optimistic commitment. McVay cautions, "It will never work unless you are bound and determined it will work." Phillips seconds that premise. A give-and-take attitude with occasional compromises will help insure success of the joint venture.
3. Get good legal advice in writing. The custom-made contract that sealed the theaters' bond allows for everything from exterior signs and staggered curtain times to shared utility bills and the formation of a bilateral building-operations committee. One important clause addresses the relocation or dissolution by one party, requiring first refusal rights for the other.
4. Take steps to retain each organization's identity. Both theaters eliminate confusion and maintain individual integrity with unique logos, strongly defined missions, independent artistic directors, and different color schemes. The theaters retained their loyal memberships throughout the physical consolidation and kept their traditional major fund-raising events. However, last month, both theaters scheduled their events—a street festival for Body Politic and a rummage sale for Victory Gardens—on the same weekend, rightly figuring that two crowds are better than one.

Strength in Numbers

In point of fact, the Body Politic and Victory Gardens had been involved in a cooperative venture even before they shared the same roof. Both theaters belonged under the united umbrella of the League of Chicago Theatres, and coincidentally, both theaters' managers currently serve on the league's board. An organization that fosters collaboration rather than competition, the league is largely responsible for the excellent health of the city's theaters.

Only four years old, the nonprofit trade association serves as an advocacy group to market and promote theater. Membership has grown to more than five and a half times its original size when fourteen theaters formed the league in 1979 to fill the industry's need for a collective voice. Today the league stands as the only service organization of its kind incorporating commercial, community, nonprofit, and educational theater. The only membership requirements are location within a fifty-mile radius of Chicago and one year of incorporation.

League goals of increased theater attendance and greater awareness of the performing arts are achieved through the direction of a fifteen-member board of directors—elected by member theaters for three-year terms; a six-person staff headed by executive director Diane Gallert; and four committees—media, advocacy, theater development, and marketing.



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A three-story awning rises above the box office for the league's seventy-nine theaters.

One marketing committee project is a key to the league's phenomenal growth: the HOT TIX booth. Customers pay half price for that day's tickets to theater, dance, and music performances on a first-come basis.

Since the booth opened two years ago, more than 275,000 tickets have been sold, returning $2.2 million to member theaters. The collective box-office service is also a boon to the league, which earns nearly half its annual revenue from handling charges (fifty cents to two dollars) for these cash-only tickets. The success of HOT TIX and its value in local government's eyes can be measured by its rapid growth from a trailer parked in the Daley Center Plaza to a stunning $60,000 structure on the State Street Mall—specially constructed for the league and paid for by the city and the Mall Commission. Last month a surburban "satellite" booth opened in Oak Park Mall.

Two other crucial marketing components are the Curtain Call service and the Chicago Theatre Guide. The Curtain Call is a pre-recorded theater-information phone line that can handle five calls simultaneously. An average of four thousand callers dial 977-1755 weekly to hear a schedule of performances and updated ticket-availability announcements after a short HOT TIX promotional message. As many as fourteen thousand calls have been recorded during peak weeks.

The guide is a slick, thirty-page illustrated calendar of shows offered by member theaters. A directory in each bimonthly issue lists every theater with a few words about its focus, current productions and public-transportation directions. R. J. Reynolds Company underwrites the 150,000-copy press run, and the guides are free at tourist centers, hotels, theaters, and retailers. You can order a copy of the Chicago Theatre Guide for one dollar postage-and-handling fee by writing League of Chicago Theatres, 22 West Monroe, Chicago, Illinois 60603.

Politic's debts grew. The flurry of nonprofit tenants and splendid outreach programs, in addition to a disastrous fire in 1974 (just before the installation of a new sprinkler system), drained resources, causing the theater to refinance the structure as a stopgap measure. By early 1980, the direction of the Body Politic had evolved into a professional-theater company—and yet it was still in the throes of extinction. The board of directors debated if the Body Politic deserved to stick around or should go bankrupt.

They decided to stay in business but to explore new avenues for revenues. The theater did have one asset—the building. How to translate that asset into debt reduction was the key to survival. They considered selling the building and leasing back space for themselves. They also considered turning more space into commercial concerns. They were stumped.

Meanwhile, Victory Gardens, a theater begun in 1974 in an old auditorium with its own history of economic struggles, had tired of paying rent for an unsuitable space and longed for a permanent home. The matching of Victory Gardens with Body Politic was a godsend for both. Victory Gardens bought 53 percent of the old Monte Carlo bowling alley/factory and moved in downstairs, carving out a lobby, offices, and a studio theater in addition to the main 199-seat theater. Body Politic retained 47 percent ownership and moved upstairs with its own lobby and offices. Today each theater maintains separate programming but shares a box office and rest-room facilities and is jointly involved with a year-round schedule of classes. Rental income from the in-house Oxford Pub—leased by the bar's manager and popular among both companies' actors as a postperformance stop—is split in proportion to the 53 percent- 47 percent ownership ratio.

Both theaters have doubled their pleasure—and relish their image as a theater center, bolstered by the constant activity and bustling crowds. On a busy day, one thousand people have passed through the building. Each theater has found a bonus in return audiences, too: people attending one theater are attracted to the other's current play. And, as for the rest of the neighborhood, the theater has been instrumental to the regeneration of the community, attracting restaurants, bars, shops. Now, Phillips says, "You can't buy a house here for less than $200,000." —*Cindy Graff Hobson*

Keep Those Calls Coming

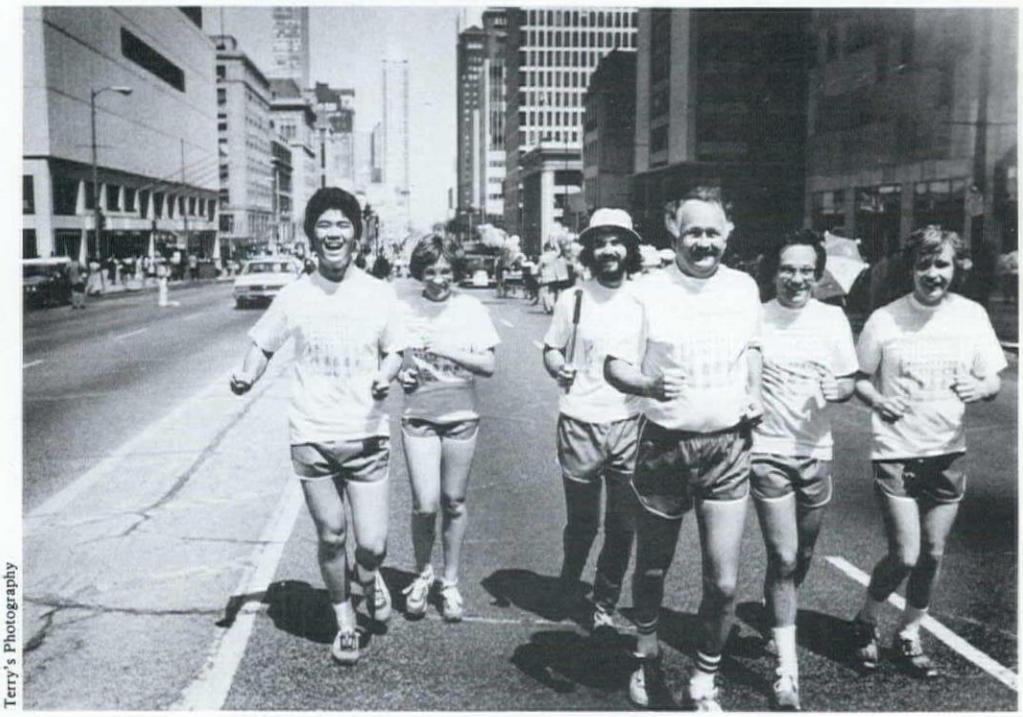
When the Chicago Symphony and radio station WFMT team up, phone lines light up.

When the Chicago Symphony/WFMT Radio marathon takes to the airwaves, records get broken. This year's Radio Marathon Eight cast its invisible, frequency-modulated net over the superstation's thirty-six-state coverage area and pulled in $552,000. That hefty catch will help nourish the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's $16.5 million budget for educational services, orchestral training for young musicians, an annual schedule of ninety subscription concerts, and other projects that make the symphony one of the most vital and recognized in the nation.

Begun in 1976, this annual funds-by-phone event is cosponsored by the Women's Association of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (which maintains a year-round office for the marathon) and WFMT (98.7 FM), the city's fine-arts radio station. In each of its eight years of existence, the marathon has raised more contributions than any event of its kind (more than $3.7 million to date). "We are the largest single fund-raising activity in arts and culture in the United States," says Mary Kay Eyerman, chairman of the 1983 marathon.

Henry Fogel, executive director for the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington, D.C., originated the radio marathon in Syracuse, New York, in 1968. Chicago borrowed the concept and, with eight years of refinement, has turned the marathon into a source of steady income for its own symphony.

The Chicago marathon culminates the last weekend of each April when WFMT president Ray Nordstrand donates sixty hours of air time for the project. The hours are filled with live music, interviews, and call-in contribution totals. This year's interviews included talks with Dallas Green, general manager of the Chicago Cubs, Sir Georg Solti, music director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, WFMT's variety-show host Studs Terkel, and Ardis Krainik, general manager of the Lyric Opera of Chicago.



Terry's Photography

Chicago Symphony Orchestra musicians run in the WFMT Radio Marathon to raise funds for the orchestra. This year's marathon brought in $552,000.

Listeners who make pledges receive premiums in the form of products and services donated by business firms, the Chicago Symphony, and friends of the symphony. Premiums range from coffee mugs and T-shirts sporting the symphony logo (for a five-dollar contribution) to an opportunity to become maestro-for-the-evening by conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (for a five-thousand-dollar contribution). A catalogue, published by *Chicago* magazine prior to each marathon, lists the entire spectrum of premiums available for pledgers. Pledge-projection totals are increased by four satellite locations in the city, which offer premiums on a cash-and-carry basis.

Of the $552,000 pledged last April, $213,000 came directly from the Chicago area. The remainder was pledged from the suburbs of the city, the state of Illinois, and points beyond (via 1-800-CL1-SSIC). "During the weekend of the marathon," Eyerman says, "we had pledges from thirty-two states, the District of Columbia, three Canadian provinces, and Caracas, Venezuela."

"One of the problems with an orchestra of our size—and the large amount that we have to raise," says John S. Edwards, general manager of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, "is that the smaller givers feel like their contributions won't really mean anything—that it's a waste of time." Edwards says that the marathon gets smaller contributors on the bandwagon. Many of the almost eight thousand pledgers this year had no previous correspondence with the symphony, which helps keep "the symphony mailing list more fresh and valuable," said Edwards.

Last February, two months prior to the marathon broadcast, a gala ball, organized by 1983's gala chairman Diane Karzas and underwritten by Consolidated Foods, raised $73,600 seed money for the project. The four-hundred-person affair was held at the two-story, octagonal pleasure dome at the end of Navy Pier on Lake Michigan.

The success of the marathon broadcast—

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On Your Mark

A radio marathon will boost membership of any arts organization. Here are tips to help your group get off the ground and on the air:

1. Ask a local radio station to donate at least twelve hours of air time. A fine-arts station would be best, but any will do. Point out to station officials that your promotional campaign will give them a marketing bonus too.
2. Use your Yellow Pages to identify businesses that might donate suitable premiums for call-in contributors. Contact prospects by phone, by mail, or in person. Let them know their names will be promoted in a premium catalogue and on the air.
3. Collect donated goods. You must have all premiums in hand before advertising them in your catalogue. At this point, decide where to store premiums until the marathon.
4. Begin the promotion campaign. With donated printing and paper, publish a catalogue listing the premiums and assigned dollar values. For instance, a fifty-dollar contributor would receive a free dinner for two at a popular bistro. Print flyers and posters to be distributed with the catalogues in establishments that donated premiums (and anywhere else you can get permission—banks, grocery stores, etc.). Consider printing extra copies of your catalogue to be inserted in the local newspaper or city magazine. (Check first that the catalogue meets the size requirements for insertion.)
5. Shift the bandwagon into high gear by hosting a gala luncheon or reception—underwritten by a local restaurant. Radio station staff, volunteers, city dignitaries, members of the arts community, and the press should be on the guest list.
6. At least one month before the air date, meet with the radio station's program manager to review the schedule. Submit a rough script that includes specific times for interviews with city officials, art-community celebrities, and other V.I.P.'s. If you're supporting a symphony or ensemble, air their music—either live or recorded. If it's a theatrical or literary group, readings would be appropriate. The script should make reference to all donors—the radio station, the premium donors, your printing company, etc.
7. Plan for distributing premiums. The least-expensive way is to set up a cash-and-carry location after the marathon. Have at hand the list of contributors and check off names as premiums are picked up and paid for.
8. Prepare an instruction sheet for marathon volunteers who man the phones. They should get mailing addresses of contributors for inclusion on your mailing list and follow-up billing if pledges don't come in immediately.
9. Set the stage now for your second radio marathon. The more promotion sponsors get, the more likely they'll be to help you next time. Send *all* donors thank-you notes with receipts (for tax deductions).

Terry's Photography

Chicago Symphony Orchestra music director Sir Georg Solti greets members of the Marathon Parade, which kicks off the marathon run for funds.

and the two-months-worth of events leading up to it—hinges on a full year of planning and the cooperation of the businesses who donate the premiums. Also vital are a veritable army of volunteer workers and a close working relationship among the Women's Association, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and WFMT, America's first satellite cable-radio station.

"Over fourteen hundred volunteers participated in every facet of Radio Marathon Eight—from the time we started in August 1982 until the time we complete the project this July," says Eyerman. "Of those, 30 percent were men. The volunteers range in age from twelve to seventy-four and come from all over the Chicago metropolitan area.

"One reason we had more volunteers this year than ever before," Eyerman continues, "was because we did a series of promotional concerts in buildings in the downtown Chicago area and several suburban locations." The musicians who participated in these concerts to attract volunteers were, themselves, volunteers.

During the marathon broadcast, 350 volunteers—of the 1,476 who dedicated their time and efforts to aid the Chicago Symphony—answered telephones, typed, edited, collated, coded, separated, and mailed 6,500 pledge forms. Others were involved throughout the year in soliciting premiums and organizing and distributing 450,000 premium catalogues, two thousand posters, and an undetermined number of flyers. The weeks following the broadcast require many "unsung volunteers" who work at collecting the pledges and distributing the premiums.

The persistence of the Women's Association and other volunteers during the opening stages of the 1983 marathon insured that the project stayed alive. According to marathon secretary Rose Marie Knight, "Even when the musicians went out on strike at the beginning of last season [September 1982], it wasn't like: 'We're going to close this office; we're going to quit.' The spirit was down a little bit, but there was never discouragement. We just kept right on going"—going right on into another record-breaking year.

Radio Marathon Nine gets under way this August and enthusiasm is already pitched higher than the frequency of an FM radio station. Plans for the 1984 Chicago Symphony/WFMT Radio Marathon include remote hookups for live music and interviews on location throughout Chicago. They also plan to shatter a few more records. —*Bill Golightly*

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Faces on the Horizon

People bring the arts to life. Actors, writers, dancers, singers, artists, musicians: those are the people you'll read about in every issue of HORIZON magazine. Who's making headlines? What new talents are emerging? Which artists from the past are influencing new expression? That's the information we deliver to you in HORIZON, the only national magazine of all the arts. From Georgia O'Keeffe to Robert Mitchum, Twyla Tharp to Julian Schnabel, you'll read all about talented faces on the arts horizon in each timely, stunning issue. Subscribe today!

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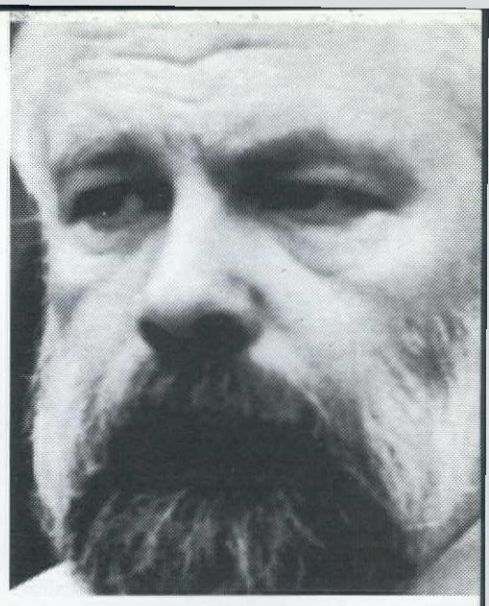
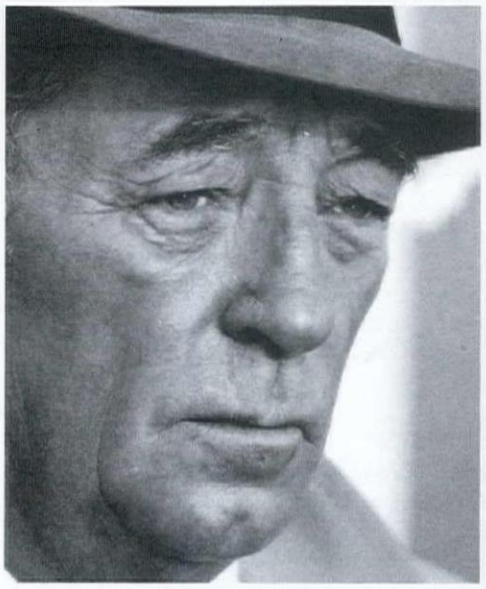
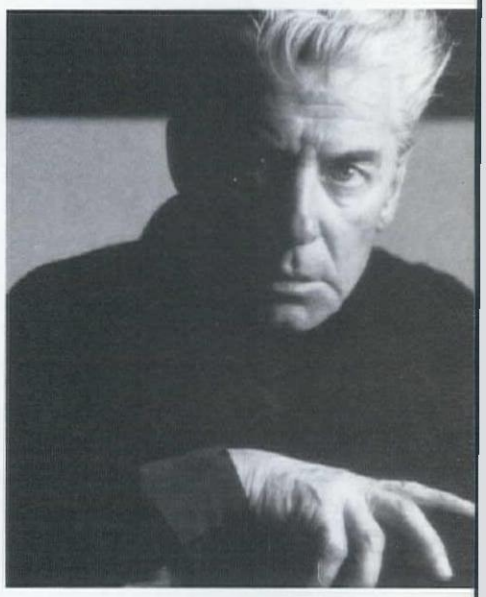
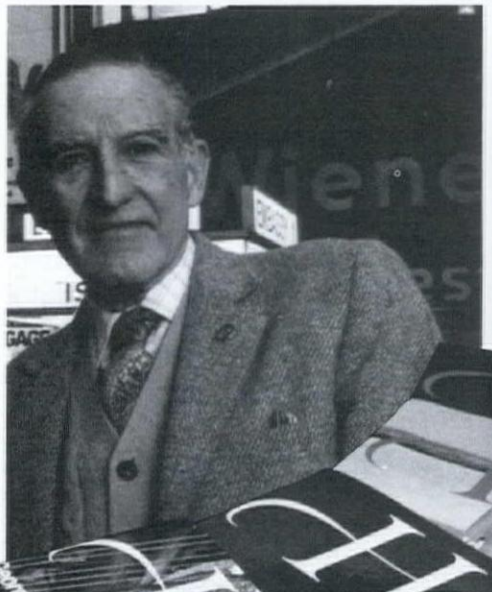
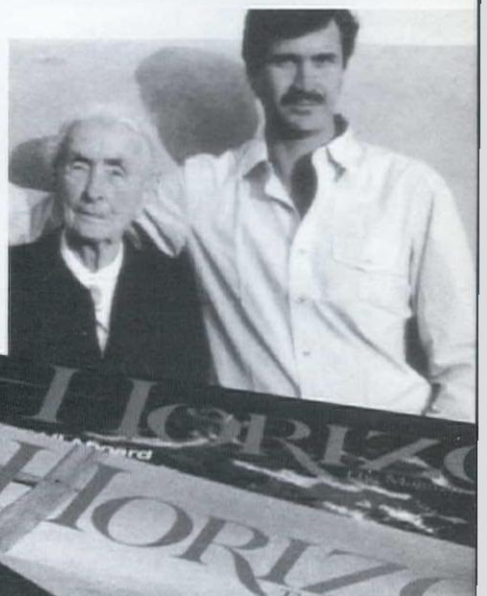










Above (clockwise from the top): Faces from recent Horizons: Prima ballerina Margot Fonteyn, science-fiction writer Philip K. Dick, Berlin Philharmonic conductor Herbert von Karajan, artists Georgia O'Keeffe and Juan Hamilton, drama critic Brendan Gill, and Robert Mitchum.

Books

The "Horatian" Voice

Auden: An American Friendship, by Charles H. Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1983. $14.95.

Auden: A Carnival of Intellect, by Edward Callan. New York: Oxford University Press, 1983. $25.00

Ten years ago this September, W. H. Auden was found dead in a Vienna hotel room by his lifelong companion and sometime lover Chester Kallman. As one of the greatest poets of the century, Auden had, in the phrase with which he memorialized Yeats at his death, "become his admirers."

Especially during his last two decades, Auden was the supreme poet of the personal moment, of the unofficial "Horatian" voice. Yet he was also a deeply private person who winced at oracular and confessional testaments. Unlike his friend since childhood, Christopher Isherwood, Auden never publicly came out as a homosexual. In his many moving love poems, the gender of the loved one is camouflaged by pronominal ambiguity. He disapproved on principle of biographies of poets, although he enjoyed reading them. A self-evidently futile notice appeared after Auden's death, begging all his former correspondents to destroy the letters he had sent them.

The spate of memoir and criticism has only begun. So far the best life is Humphrey Carpenter's *W. H. Auden: A Biography* (1981); the most valuable gathering of recollections is *W. H. Auden: A Tribute,* edited by Stephen Spender (1974); and the best work of criticism is Edward Mendelson's *Early Auden* (1981).

Charles H. Miller played so minor a role in Auden's life that he is mentioned on only one page of Carpenter's biography. On the other hand, as seems to have been true for many acquaintances of the poet, Auden's impact on Miller was profound. The two became friends in 1941, when Auden, in the third year of his life in the United States, came to Ann Arbor to teach at the University of Michigan. He asked Miller, a student poet, to share a house with him, in large part because he found out that Miller was a good cook. The relationship never threatened to become anything but platonic.

The Bettman Archive

W. H. Auden, the subject of a new memoir by Charles Miller, one-time student-cum-cook of the major poet and the subject of a new work of criticism by Edward Callan.

Auden thought Miller a promising writer, and over the decades, as Miller managed to publish only in the little magazines, expressed a kind of tolerant bemusement about his protégé's failure. Miller made a living as a stonemason and a small-town bookstore owner and jealously hung on to his "friendship" with the famous poet. *Auden: An American Friendship* is evidently Miller's first published book.

Everyone who ever met Auden has testified to the brilliance of his conversation. In Miller's memoir, however, the bard sounds like a fond, hesitant nanny-cum-professor. If this book were all we knew of Auden's presence, we might dismiss the poet as a genial eccentric. There are two problems here. The first is that Miller is simply incapable of reproducing Auden's genius. The second is that *An American Friendship* amounts to a book-length agonizing over the question, What was I to Auden?

Miller provides a half witting clue to the answer. In 1942 the young man got a farm job that took him some distance from Ann Arbor; Auden tried in vain to persuade his roommate to commute. At a low moment, the poet wrote his old friend Elizabeth Mayer—Miller reprints the letter—". . . I am completely broke so that I can hardly leave the house. I am losing my cook. My one and only suit has been stolen. In fact, Miss God is being a regular Tartar."

Miller's reminiscence might have been far better balanced had he kept in view the possibility that he was rather more Auden's cook than his colleague. In its most fatuous pages, *Friendship* forgets that it is about Auden: The years of publishing rejection, perhaps, nudge Miller into the lazy, self-centered monologue he has waited all this time to deliver.

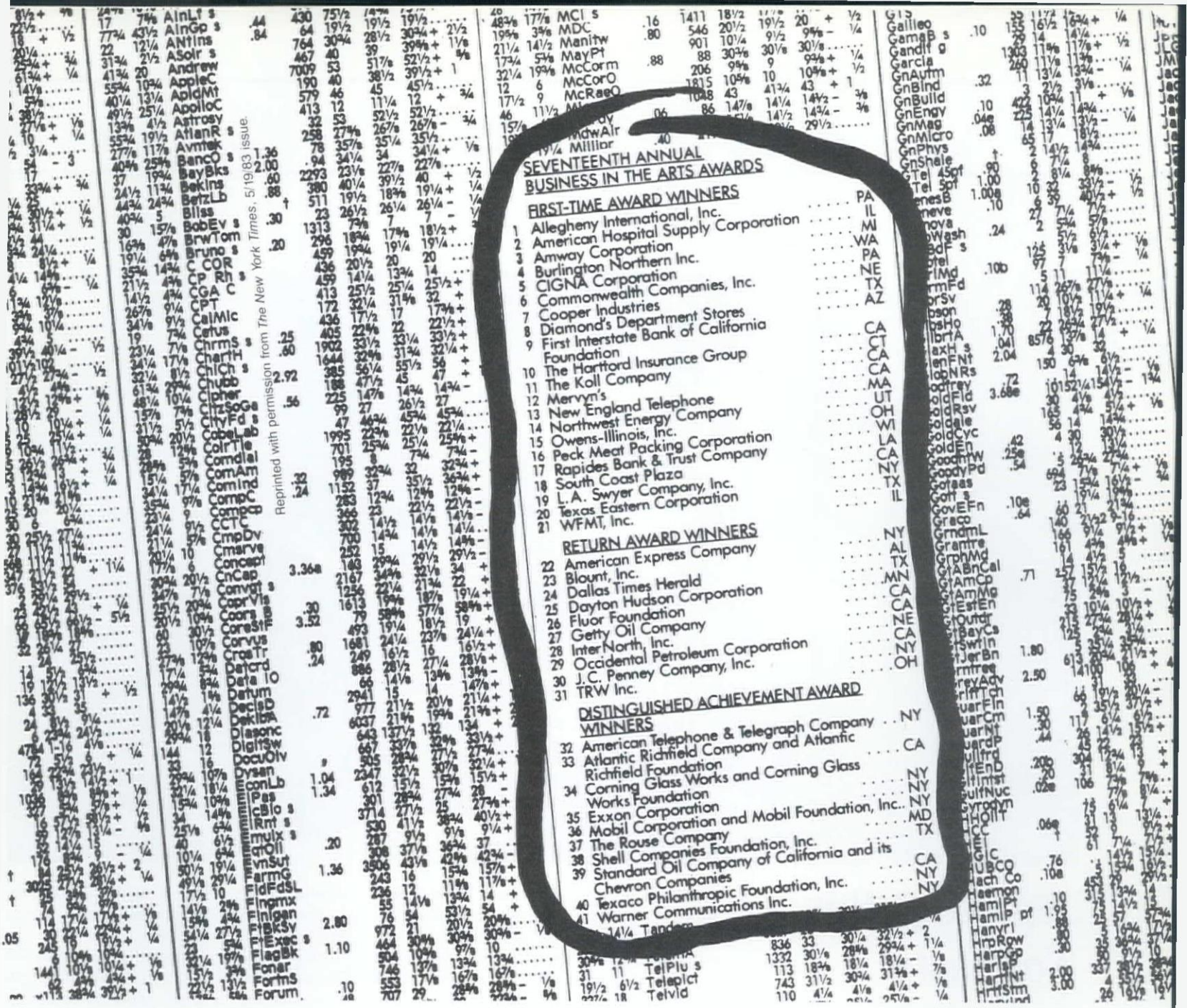
Yet the book is worth having because it gives us glimpses of the great poet we might otherwise never receive: Auden getting involved in a thirteen-year-old's project to build a self-surfacing toy submarine; Auden at Michigan debating the radio Quiz Kids; the lonely dishabille of Auden's Greenwich Village apartment.

Edward Callan's *Auden: A Carnival of Intellect* is almost everything that a work of criticism ought to be. Its self-contained chapters range expertly across the field of Auden's concerns. Callan is especially good on Auden's sources and at linking far-flung references within the poet's considerable opus. This sensitive, sane appraisal convincingly refutes the liberal canard that Auden's work declined after 1940 and his conversion to the Church.

Anyone who has ever tried to teach Auden's poetry knows how much help students need with it. Yet the difficulties are not those that face the reader of Blake or Yeats: Auden is not hermetic and willfully private, but erudite and allusive. A good dictionary and a little homework thus yield results with Auden as they never will with Yeats.

Somehow Auden's wit and brilliance elude Callan's capable explications. That shortcoming says something about the difference between criticism and biography. All of Callan's cogent remarks on Auden's difficult early *Orators* add up to less than the single sentence, which Charles Miller sees Auden scribble in the flyleaf of a gift copy: "A catharsis of the author's personal fascism."

Unlike Yeats or Blake, Auden was his own best critic; and, as he insisted, his poems themselves are his real biography. —*David Roberts*



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Films

Tempting, But Not Tasty

Like a cream puff, some movies combine a scrumptious exterior with a fluffy center. They're all style, having no more substance than whipped cream. Given the right ingredients, such a film can still be tasty: A number of recent movies—*Blue Thunder, The Hunger, Breathless*—has followed such a recipe. Alas, all but *Blue Thunder* ultimately go sour.

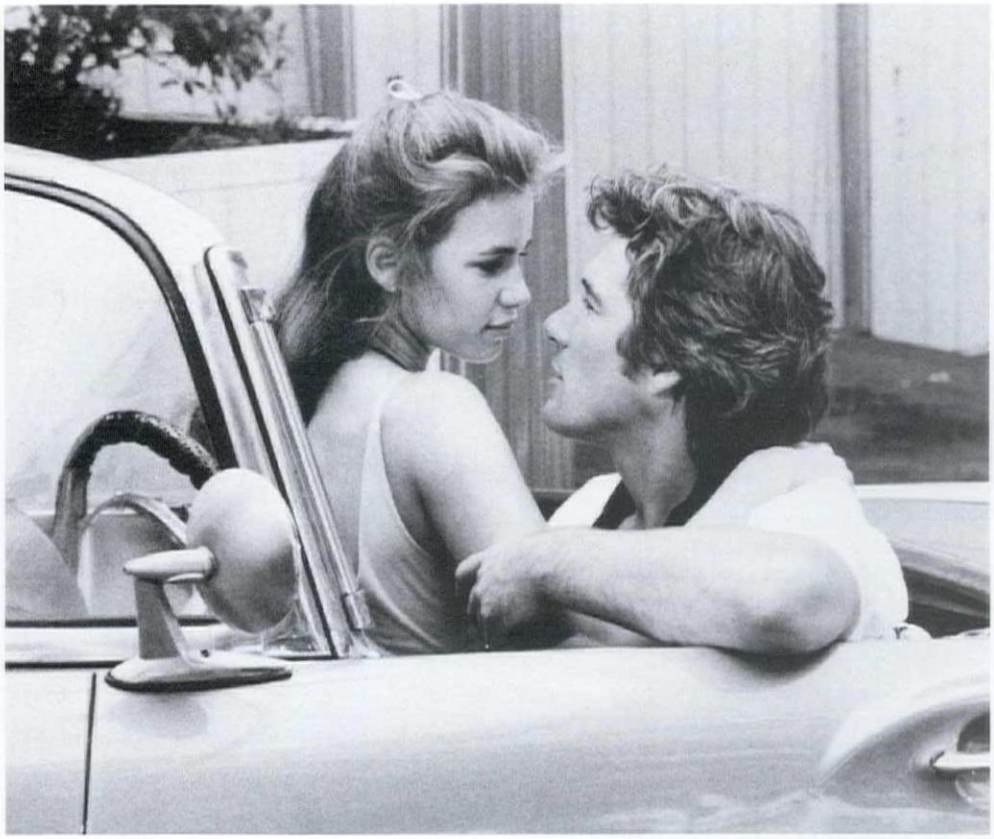
John Badham's *Blue Thunder* shows how it should be done. Badham borrows his plot from *Three Days of the Condor:* Government man discovers the government is plotting bad stuff and goes on the run to stop it. He doesn't flesh it out much more than that, figuring a post-Watergate audience can fill in the chinks of the conspiracy. The good government man is Los Angeles police copter pilot Roy Scheider, who fights the conspirators with the same wiry intensity he brought to shark hunting in *Jaws*. Here the chief shark is Malcolm McDowell, who looks grayer and less manic than he did in his *Clockwork Orange* killer role, but who is no more sane or likable.

Once Badham has his skeletal plot and admirable cast on the ground, he lets the helicopters take over. The title character is a secret, $5 million copter built for counter-insurgency use; it is to the ordinary copters Scheider flies as the Death Star was to Luke Skywalker's land-speeder in *Star Wars*. When Scheider swipes the supercopter, lest the government do bad stuff with it, the movie becomes a sort of *Star Wars* in the smoggy skies of Los Angeles. Blue Thunder, a couple of F16s, and a military copter commandeered by the crazy McDowell, all tangle, roll, and bite like dueling dragonflies. Badham choreographs the action as carefully as he did the disco in *Saturday Night Fever*.

Cinematographer John Alonzo keeps the style impeccable. Los Angeles at night gleams like a tiara. The battling copters sweep and glide through a daytime dream of concrete and shimmering heat, dry aqueducts, and blasted warehouses. Sure, the action's predictable—though the ending may surprise some movie-hardened cynics—but it's so compellingly beautiful that you don't mind in the least. *Blue Thunder* sweeps you along in the swoop-swoop-swoop of its copter blades and doesn't let you down for two hours.

After a riveting, new-wave opening, *The Hunger* promises the same kind of stylish entertainment, but it goes down in the dumps after the first hour and never quite recovers. It has even less substance than *Blue Thunder,* and its backlit, *grand-guignol* style eventually makes you want to go out for a Coke and not come back.

The Hunger is about a charming lady, Catherine Deneuve, who went out for a pint of blood a few millenia ago and never came back to the human race. Deneuve's a fangless vampire, opting instead for a blade concealed in her necklace. Sadly, her acting lacks teeth as well. David Bowie, as her human-turned-vampire paramour, provides the drumbeat that keeps *The Hunger* going. When he turns prematurely gray and Deneuve relegates him to a box in the attic with her other not-quite-dead loves from centuries past, a lid slides on the whole movie. Deneuve sets out to recruit scientist Susan Sarandon as her next partner, but the suspense doesn't resume till the final seconds—too late.



Left: A vampirish Catherine Deneuve in her starring role in the macabre film The Hunger. *Above: Roy Scheider as a police helicopter pilot in the action-packed* Blue Thunder. *Right: Richard Gere plays a hoodlum opposite Valerie Kaprisky in* Breathless.

Director Tony Scott tries to resurrect our interest with an injection of pure style. He and camera-chief Stephen Goldblatt paint some lovely pictures, and makeup master Dick Smith's aging effects for Bowie make movie history. But it's the wrong style to coast on—dreary, dusty, painterly. Scott succeeds in transforming Deneuve's posh, New York apartment into a mausoleum, but at the same time he embalms his movie. Critic David Elliott called *The Hunger* "the most stylish horror movie since the remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers.*" Stylish and horrifying it is, but as it appalls, it also—finally, boringly—palls.

Jean-Luc Godard's original *Breathless* (1959) gave us style as substance: Its lightning cuts, panting camera work, and hoodlum hero energized film making around the world. The story was no more nourishing than a French pastry, but no matter. *Breathless* was a slice of its time, a sort of Gallic *Rebel without a Cause*. The idea of a remake seems a contradiction in terms.

Jim McBride, a respected independent film maker, tried it anyway. He turns the story on its geographic head, substituting Richard Gere, a small-time car thief, for Jean-Paul Belmondo and switching the object of his romantic obsession from an American girl in Paris (Jean Seberg in 1959) to a French student in Los Angeles (Valerie Kaprisky in 1983). In the original, Belmondo drew his self-image from the spirit of Humphrey Bogart. When you learn that Gere, in the remake, relies upon Jerry Lee Lewis and Silver Surfer comic books, you know the movie's in trouble.

Gere kills a cop when the opening credits have barely faded, and that's about all we get for plot. He's on the run for the rest of the film, simultaneously trying to make it with Kaprisky, who does a Nastassia Kinski impression with what sounds like a fake French accent. Their love scenes keep getting interrupted—by the phone, by Gere's posturing. So what was peddled as the hottest thing since sliced French bread turns out to be surprisingly tame. Gere manages a strutting stud-ness, but he's such a punk grotesque, with checkered pants and loud mouth, that he quickly wears thin. It's a shame to see him revert to an *American Gigolo* role after his breakthrough in *An Officer and a Gentleman*. He's talented enough to get *Breathless* rolling, like a jumper cable on a stolen car, but soon, like a hot car, it has to be abandoned.

So what? The original has style, not substance, and that's obviously the intention here. Even cartoony acting and a plot thinner than tracing paper can be forgiven if a film hurtles along on pure style. Unfortunately, McBride and photographer Richard Kline seem more intent on having style—gobs of it—than on sticking with a style. *Breathless* glows with colors, as though filmed by a kid with a new box of Crayolas who just has to try all sixty-four. We get shots through the hole of a giant doughnut, shots that trundle from side to side as though the camera were mounted on a skate board. At times, McBride seems intent on a hymn to 1983 Los Angeles. Other times he pours out a 1950s beat existentialism, as bitter as warmed-over coffee. Godard broke new visual ground in 1959; McBride is just showing us the toys of the past two decades of film making.

—David A. Fryxell

Roundtable

A New Forum for Arts and Business

"We cannot assume that the business community is going to come and pluck us out. We have to be inventive and creative and come up with projects which are mutually beneficial." **Barbara Hauptman,** operations director at the **Theatre Development Fund,** made that statement emphatically. Around her sat leading advertising and corporation executives in the sumptuous elegance of New York's **Ritz-Carlton Hotel.** The occasion was HORIZON magazine's first Roundtable Luncheon, inaugurating a series of strategy sessions bringing together leaders from the arts and business communities for straight, practical dialogue.

HORIZON Roundtable evolved from the USArts concept: targeting creative strategies for arts development. And, as Hauptman succinctly explained, "We have to study the needs of business alongside our needs" to create mutually beneficial solutions. Moderated by HORIZON publisher **Gray Boone,** the luncheon brought together decision makers from **Rémy Martin, Barclays Bank,** and **Paddington Corporation** with arts professionals. Gray Boone posed the Roundtable's theme question: How can art and business utilize each other's assets?

Jan Snyder, advertising manager for **Carillon Importers,** was vocal about problems. "Corporations are being solicited to death! Arts groups need to get smarter about marketing themselves and need to distinguish themselves above the others since there's so much competition." Snyder fields hundreds of requests for corporate donations and says she is puzzled about the criteria for selection. Her suggestion: Arts applicants should clearly show how they will extend themselves to support Carillon Importers—"Business needs to be courted."

And, according to Roundtable participant and HORIZON advisory-board member **Geoffrey Holder,** business needs to be thanked for what it has already done. As the memorable man in the white hat for Seven-Up's "Uncola" ads, Holder is familiar with, and proud of, arts involvement of Seven-Up's parent company, **Philip Morris.** With marvelous gesture and booming voice, Holder praised the company for "giving something back to the people— giving their corporate success back in art." Philip Morris, a leader in the arts-support arena, is currently sponsoring the traveling museum exhibition, "The Vatican Collections: The Papacy and Art" (see HORIZON January/February 1983).

New York's Ritz-Carlton provided an opulent backdrop for HORIZON*'s first meeting of corporate and arts leaders.*

Amy Weiner, marketing manager for Rémy Martin, pointed out that her firm is frequently involved in underwriting entire arts events. The benefits are three-way: "The arts group gets a donation, Rémy gets exposure, and the community gets pleasure." Rémy Martin often supports fledgling arts causes and always looks for the exclusivity of events, a helpful hint for arts professionals at the luncheon who might seek Rémy's support for their activities.

Producer/designer **Wayne Adams** was among those representing the arts sector at the HORIZON-sponsored event. In answer to Gray Boone's question about utilizing each other's assets, Adams keyed in on shared creativity. "Creativity is not a nasty word—creative people with real integrity in the theater business are no different from corporate people who are clear thinking, confident, serious, and creative." These shared traits form a bond between business and art, one which develops communications channels and leads to accomplishing common goals.

The most successful arts partnerships result when corporate needs are identified. As Snyder said, "A lot of arts organizations are still putting it out there and playing the numbers and seeing if they can get lucky." It is no longer enough to simply send out a plea for contributions—asking for charity rather than offering the prospective sponsor a return on his investment. Essentially, a practical plan for raising funds calls for a clear outline of the entire cause-effect strategy.

The Ritz-Carlton, one of New York's most elegant hotels, was the ideal setting for the inaugural Roundtable Luncheon. From the beautifully appointed lobby, recently renovated and designed by **Parish-Hadley Associates,** to the antiques-filled rooms, the Ritz-Carlton reflected the artistic ambiance that was a perfect backdrop for intense dialogue. The new interior takes guests back to the elegance of an eighteenth-century English manor house with antique pine wainscoting and rich damask wall coverings. Located on Central Park South, the hotel is home-away-from-home for visiting art world luminaries, who enjoy the hospitality of owner **John B. Coleman** and the gracious luxury of the hotel's **Jockey Club,** complete with three marble-trimmed fireplaces.

On the Horizon

Marianne Barcellona

Left: David McCallum, Jane White, Harry Hamlin, and Blanche Baker rehearse Salome. *Right: Carleton Smith, I. M. Pei, and Jay Pritzker relax at Pritzker Prize presentation.*

SALOME IN SAN ANTONIO: The first annual San Antonio Festival featured the Biblical tragedy of Salome in a variety of genres. For starters, the Dallas Ballet performed a newly choreographed production of Salome's story to the music of **Peter Maxwell-Davies.** The Berlin Opera presented **Richard Strauss's** rendition as part of its special U.S. tour. **Nikos Psacharopoulos,** artistic director of the Williamstown Theatre Festival, directed an all-star cast—**Blanche Baker** as Salome, **David McCallum** as Herod, **Harry Hamlin** as John the Baptist, **Jane White** as Herodias—in **Oscar Wilde**'s *Salome,* translated from French by Pulitzer Prize-winning poet **Richard Howard.** And for those who yearned for still more decapitation drama: the San Antonio Museum of Art's festival exhibition was entitled: "Salome: La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

DANCE RETROSPECTIVE: Like the devoted dance mistress she is, **Agnes de Mille** watched from the Shubert Theatre's back stage a very special program presented in her honor by the Friends of the Theatre Collection of the Museum of the City of New York. A host of her friends, including **Isaac Stern** who "made a beautiful speech" in de Mille's words, watched a sampling of the distinguished choreographer's works—dances taken from such works as *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and *Brigadoon.*

PRITZKER PRIZE TO PEI: I. M. Pei is the 1983 laureate of the Pritzker Architecture Prize, the Nobel of the architectural world. At an elegant awards dinner in the shadows of the Metropolitan Museum's Temple of Dendur, I. M. Pei delighted the three hundred guests by recalling that a house he designed in the early forties for a friend in Cambridge "was denied a mortgage because it looked 'too modern.' " With the honor go $100,000 (tax free) and a **Henry Moore** bronze.

The prize, founded in 1979, grew out of suggestions from the late **King Gustavus VI Adolphus of Sweden** to **Carleton Smith,** chairman of the International Awards Foundation, to expand the prizes established by **Alfred Nobel.** Smith found a willing benefactor in **Jay A. Pritzker,** president of the Hyatt Foundation which administers and funds the prize.

ENCORE FOR KAHN: After starring in last year's world premiere of *AMERIKA,* the irrepressible **Madeline Kahn** returns to the Santa Fe Festival Theatre. Ms. Kahn will star in this summer's opening production, **Noel Coward**'s *Blithe Spirit* through July 16.

PASCHKE PICKED TO PRINT AWARD: What do the Whitney Museum, the Pompidou Center, and the winners of the seventeenth annual Business in the Arts Awards have in common? A work by Chicago School artist **Edward Paschke.** The BCA and Forbes Magazine commissioned Paschke to create a limited-edition print for the June 24 awards presentation in his hometown. —*Cindy Graff Hobson*

Left: Santa Fe Festival Theatre artistic director Thomas Kahn Gardner sits with Madeline Kahn. Right: Ed Paschke and John Hallmark Neff flank the BCA print award.

Lift up yo