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HORIZON

The Magazine of the Arts

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Forty Years in
the Avant-garde**

The Festival Reigns in Spain

**American Folk Art:
Telling Its Own Story**

The Mighty Pen of Frank Rich

**How do Broadway Shows Fare
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John Cage and Merce Cunningham



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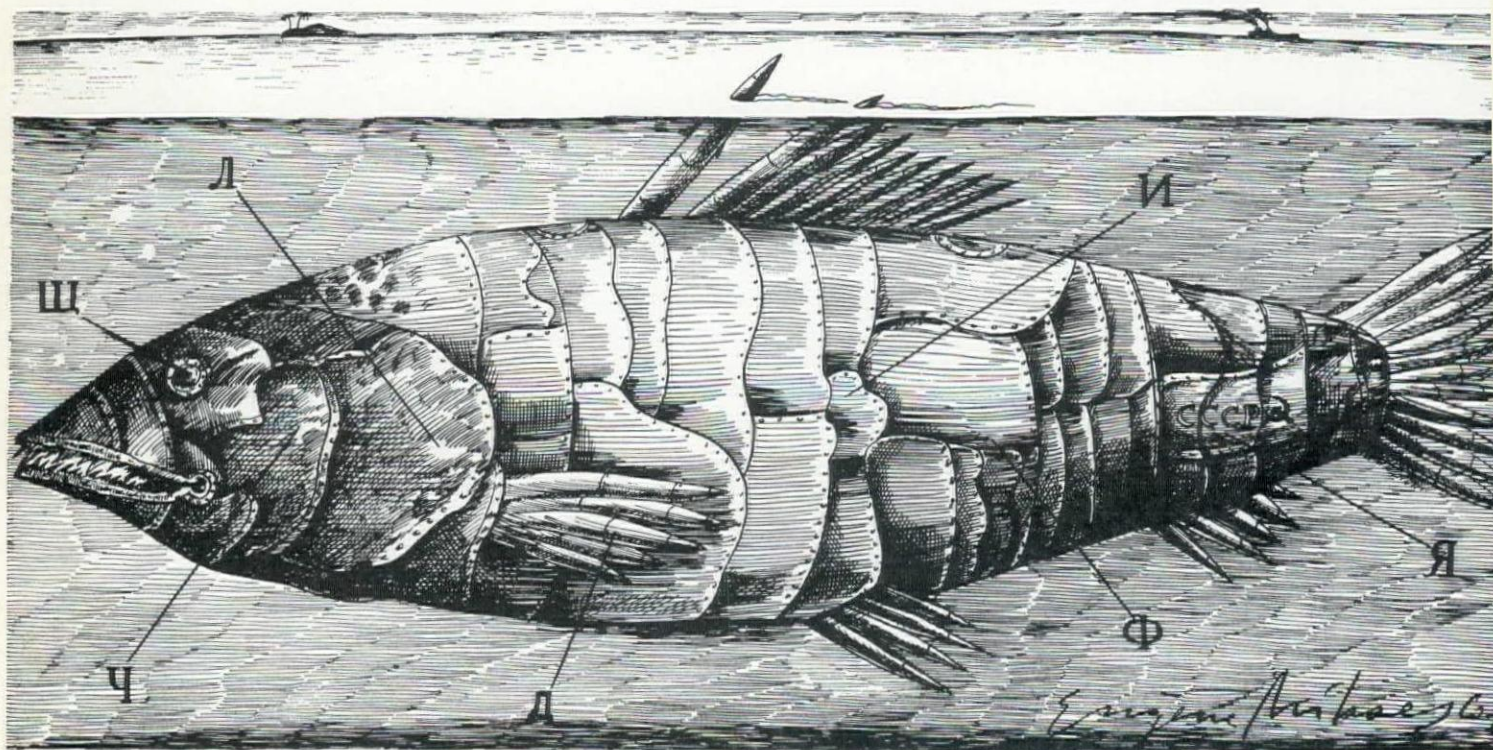
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AND TO HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES (1921-1936)

Cross Country



Art

Artist in Exile

Eugene Mihaesco's *New Yorker* covers of cityscapes are immediately recognizable from their lyrical quality. But those illustrations are just one aspect of Mihaesco's work; many of his drawings concentrate on the darker side of modern society. This quality makes him the perfect subject in this year of Orwell for the Galerie Saint Etienne's first major exhibition of 1984 in New York, through April 7.

Early in his career, Mihaesco was forced to leave the Academy of Fine Arts in Bucharest because his work was not acceptable to the Communist regime—his abstract style and subtle political connotations were considered inflammatory and not supportive of the Soviet power. The artist was sent to a work camp. In 1967 a director of a museum in Switzerland saw Mihaesco's work in Rumania and was so impressed he arranged an exhibition. The artist got permission to leave the country with his wife and never returned. He began working for

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

American publications in 1971, making a permanent move to the States last year.

Much of Mihaesco's art focuses on the international political situation—the tensions between nations—and its effect on individuals. Publications provided the perfect vehicle for spreading his world view, reaching the most people. Again and again, Mihaesco expresses a gift for the visual metaphor in his biting illustrations.

On the other hand, Mihaesco exhibits a gentle, lyrical, pleasant characteristic in his art—most evident in his *New Yorker* covers. Now, he is trying to achieve a synthesis between the darker and lighter aspects in his art. "Eugene Mihaesco: The Illustrator as Artist" focuses on his projects for *Time*, *New York Times Magazine*, and the *New Yorker*, showing how the works were developed from start to finish. A number of the artist's personal works will be shown for the first time as well.

Exhibition Extravaganza

From the "peasant" paintings of Jean-Francois Millet, to exquisite designs in glass, to sixties photographs, the spring season is blossoming with exhibitions for every artistic

The Russian Submarine (1981), a pen and ink, pencil drawing by Eugene Mihaesco.

taste. Each with its own unique flavor, there are just a few exhibits waiting to be plucked.

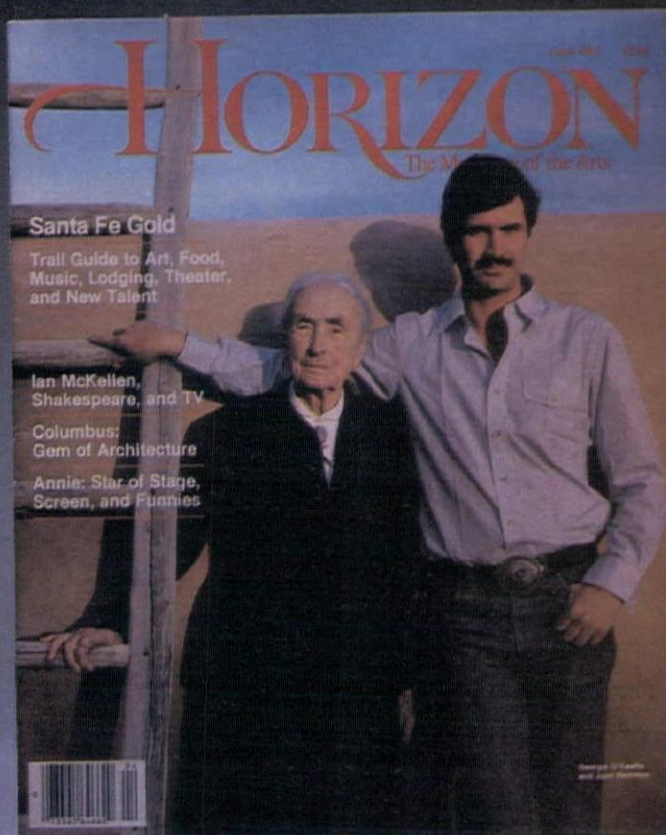
Emile Gallé: Dreams into Glass. This lead of the art nouveau movement in glass design featured at Steuben Glass in New York, from March 14 to April 7, and the Corning Museum of Glass in Corning, New York, from April 2 to October 21.

Jean-Francois Millet. The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, exhibits its entire collection (which is vast) of Millet from March 2 through June 1984. Born a peasant, much of his work portrays that life-style in the French countryside of the nineteenth century. Look for his familiar *Sower* in this exhibition.

William Merritt Chase. Paintings, pastels and watercolors are included in this major retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art from March 9 to June 3. His famous *Portrait of a Lady in Black* is included.

Charles Burchfield. Nature was the favorite subject of this leading, twentieth-century watercolorist, ranging in style from expressionism to realism. A retrospective on Burchfield will be on view through March 25 at the

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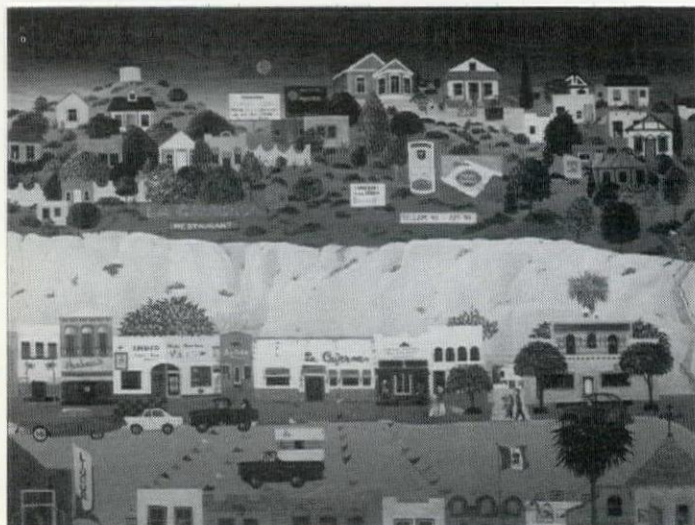
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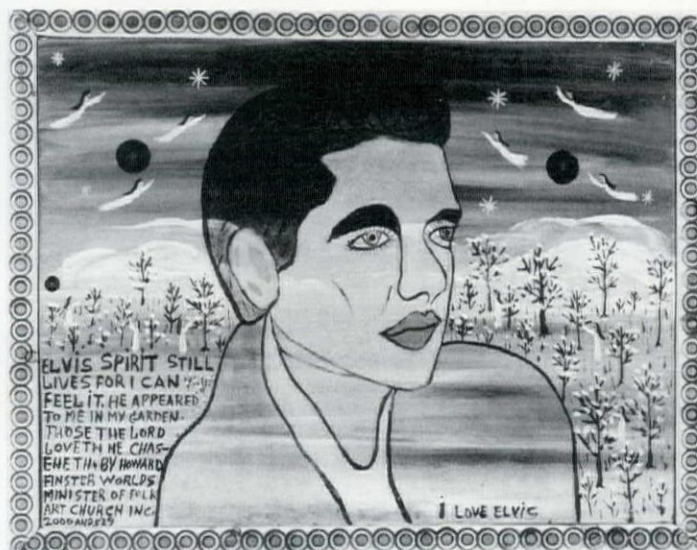
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Cross Country

Metropolitan Museum of Art, then travels to Milwaukee and Oklahoma.

Harvey Littleton. In 1962 Littleton conducted an experimental workshop for glassblowers at the Toledo Museum of Art. Here, glassblowing truly became an art, no longer wedded to the design specifications for factories. This "father" of the modern studio-glass movement is the subject of a major exhibition at the National Museum of American Art, Renwick Gallery, in Washington, D.C., from March 30 to September 3.

Jim Dine: Five Themes. Through April 15, the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis exhibits the work of American painter Jim Dine, centering on five themes—hearts, robes, tools, gates, trees. Dine was deeply involved in the pop-art movement of the sixties, moving into a personal expressionism in the eighties.

David Bailey: The Sixties. Bailey chronicled the sixties in photographs of fashion models, painters, film stars, heroes, antiheroes. These black-and-white gems of history can be seen through April 8 at the International Center of Photography in New York.

Television

History in Three Parts

The life and times of America's first president will be featured in a three-part, CBS miniseries, to be aired April 9, 10, and 11 (check local listings for exact times). Sponsored by General Motors, "George Washington" stars Barry Bostwick in the title role. Patty Duke Astin portrays his wife Martha; Jaclyn Smith is his mistress, Sally Fairfax.

During filming at the Augustine Moore House in Yorktown, Virginia (it was here that peace terms were settled for the Revolutionary War), history and hysteria converged when cast and crew reported numerous "encounters" with the ghost of Augustine Moore, Jr., a legendary resident of the Moore House for more than two hundred years. Though most didn't really take it seriously, "Augie" became the scapegoat for any calamity on the set.

The series chronicles Washington's life from the age of eleven to fifty-one—from just after his father's death to his farewell from military service and his return to Mount Vernon.

James Mason, Hal Holbrook, José Ferrer, Robert Stack, and Trevor Howard also star.



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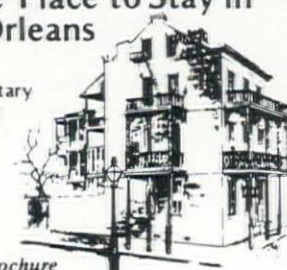
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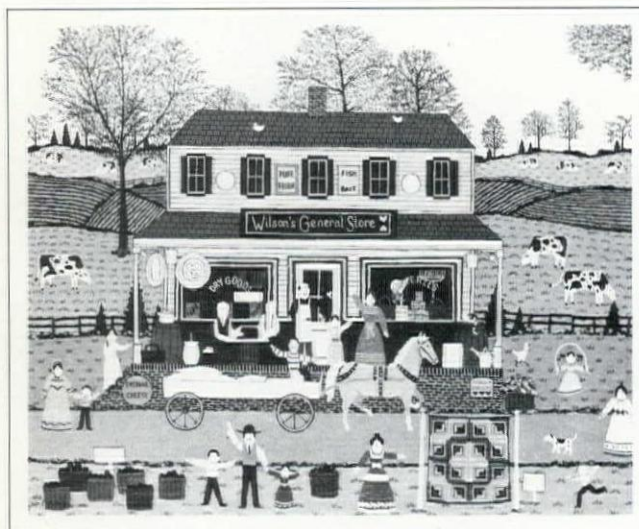
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**COMING IN THE APRIL ISSUE
OF HORIZON:**

- A sneak preview of the 1984 Louisiana World Exposition, including a magnificent special pull-out poster for the exhibition "The Sun King: Louis XIV and the New World."
- The many faces of Glenn Close.
- Bligh and Christian clash again in The Bounty.
- The launching of a new section, which spotlights emerging artistic personalities destined to become tomorrow's stars.

Cross Country

Film

South of the Border

Scenery and economy are attracting American filmmakers to Mexico in droves. The devaluation of the peso to 150 to the dollar has made the cost of local labor and materials very low and reduced overall filming costs about one-third below their United States level. And the varied Mexican terrain can represent story locales as far away as the four outer-space planets of *Dune* or as close by as the South America of *Romancing the Stone*—in addition to playing itself, as it does in *Against All Odds*. Moviegoers will have to wait until Christmas for *Dune*, but *Against All Odds* and *Romancing the Stone* will both be on view this month.

Against All Odds (Columbia) is director Taylor Hackford's first film since *An Officer and a Gentleman*. A romantic melodrama, it casts Rachel Ward, Jeff Bridges, and James Woods as fast-lane Californians whose lives go haywire when Ward and Bridges fall in love.

The most strikingly visual and emotionally charged scenes in Eric Hughes's screenplay take place in the sacred Mayan ruins at Chichén Itzá, in the Yucatán. Rising massively out of the surrounding jungle, the fifteen-hundred-year-old pyramidal stone heaps are making their very first appearance in a narrative film. Permission to film in the ruins was granted Hackford after long negotiations with the National Department of Archaeological Sites in Mexico—permission that did not extend to a murder scene, which was shot in a Hollywood studio. Ironically, the ruins were once the site of ritualistic, religious sacrifices.

The mayhem in *Romancing the Stone* (Twentieth Century Fox) is nonstop. The setting of the romantic comedy-adventure is Colombia—though it was shot in the jungle near Jalapa, and in Veracruz and Mexico City by producer-actor Michael Douglas.

Douglas plays a fearless rogue who comes to the rescue of lady-in-distress Kathleen Turner. Turner, the heartless siren of *Body Heat*, plays a timid romance-adventure novelist who inadvertently becomes involved in the kind of plot she might have invented. Director Bob Zemeckis is a Steven Spielberg protégé who appears to be heeding the lessons taught by the master in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

—Donald Chase

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Austria

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Kaiser Franz Josef intended it to be the grandest opera house in Europe. From exquisite silk embroideries bearing his initials, to magnificent crystal chandeliers, the Staatsoper in Vienna is a testimony to Franz Josef's dreams.

During World War II, the house suffered bombing damage which necessitated reconstruction. Today, the Staatsoper is considered a masterpiece of design and acoustics.

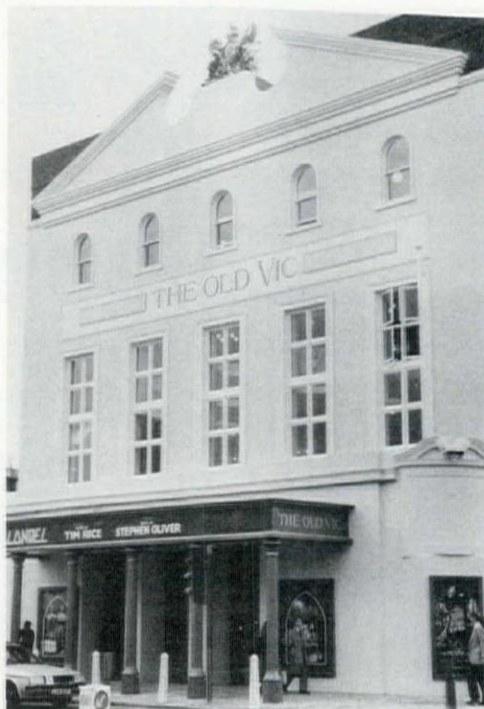
Since the early seventeenth century, opera has been integral to Vienna's culture. In recent years at the Staatsoper, Rudolf Nureyev danced in his own choreographed version of *The Sleeping Beauty*, and Leonard Bernstein conducted the Vienna Symphony, televised by PBS.

Each season at the Staatsoper brings excitement to three hundred days out of the year, so on any given night the visitor to Austria should be able to pick up tickets for either ballet or opera. This season will include Puccini's *Tosca* (March 5), Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* (March 22), Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* (April 14), and Verdi's *Aida* (April 30).

England

The Victorian Vic

London's Old Vic Theatre, the venerable playhouse that has hosted actors from Edmund Kean to Sir Laurence Olivier in its 165-year history, reopened last fall after a nine-month, \$3-million face-lift. Ed Mirvish, a Canadian theater operator and discount-store owner, bought the Old Vic, sight unseen, last year and restored it to its Victorian elegance. The renovation brought plush red seats, an ornate ceiling, and a huge chandelier to the theater's auditorium. Her Royal Highness The Princess Anne attended the Old Vic's February 29 opening-night performance of Canada's Stratford Festival production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* (through April 7). Upcoming productions at the Old Vic are: *Saturday Night at the Palace*, presented by the Market Theatre of Johannesburg, April 11-May 19; *Sarjeant Musgrave's Dance*, starring Albert Finney, May 23-June 30; and a new production of *The Boyfriend*, July 4-August 11.



English-theater greats, from Kean to Olivier, have played the Old Vic.

Tickets for performances are available through either: Keith Prowse Agency, 234 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, New York 10036 (212/398-1430 or 800/223-4446); or Edwards and Edwards, 226 West Forty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10036 (212/944-0920 or 800/223-6108).

Greece

Bouzouki Revival

Bouzouki is a kind of Greek blues, with lamenting lyrics and orgiastic, instrumental solos. In the hands of a skilled player, the bouzouki—a long-necked, eight-stringed folk lute—has been known to inspire such Zorba-like excesses as uninhibited dancing, plate-hurling, table-overturning, bottles of booze being dumped on the floor and ignited with one-thousand-drachma bills (that's about twelve dollars per ignition). Athenians nowadays throw flowers to express their appreciation, but the habitués of the *skiladika* joints in Piraeus still go in for the rough stuff.

The rulers of the 1967-74 Greek military

junta were not so free-spirited. They attempted to extract bouzouki's "decadence" (and Turkish roots) from society by making it one of the few musical styles ever to be outlawed by government. The music persisted, even though composer Mikis Theodorakis and other practitioners were imprisoned.

The world was introduced to bouzouki in the 1959 film *Never on Sunday* (the film that also made Greek Minister of Culture and Science, Melina Mercouri, an international star). Some purists believe that bouzouki has undergone an unflattering popularization ever since and that only a few older performers in Athens keep the traditional style alive.

Should you find yourself in Athens with a few thousand drachmas to burn, experience the real thing at these night spots located in the Pláka (an old section of town on the north slope of the Acropolis): To Perivoli T'ouranc at 19 Lysikratous, Diogenes at 255 Syngrou and Aigokeros at 15 Lyssiou. —Alan Lin

Israel

Holocaust Art

Yad Vashem, Israel's extensive memorial to the Holocaust on Jerusalem's Mount Herzl recently opened an art museum to exhibit works produced by inmates of concentration camps during World War II. The artwork within can be described by no "isms," style or schools. They represent no well-known names. The artists risked their lives by recording their surroundings: if discovered, the price was death. But they drew, painted, and sculpted, recording their world so that our world would know.

At Theresienstadt, the Nazis' "model" ghetto, Jewish artists were forced to produce representations of the camps for propaganda purposes. They also used the paper and drawing instruments to create their own testimony: dormitories crowded with bunks; exhausted, emaciated inmates in striped uniforms. And, in spite of the despair and horror, occasional touches of humor.

After the war, some of the works were recovered by artists themselves returning to the camps and by others who, by chance, found works hidden in cans, behind walls, under floors. Some appear on the backs of envelopes and tiny scraps of paper, some on real canvas.



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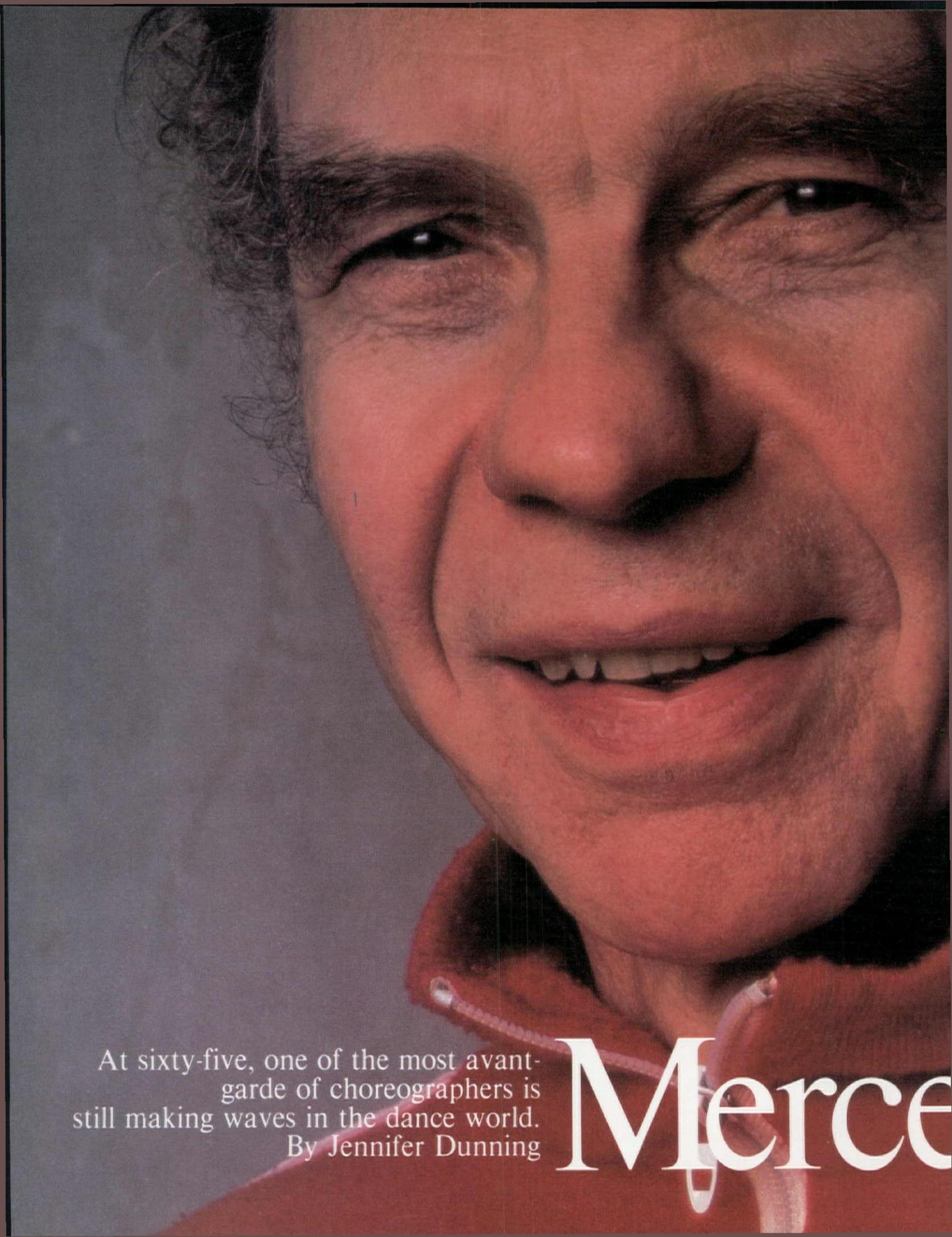
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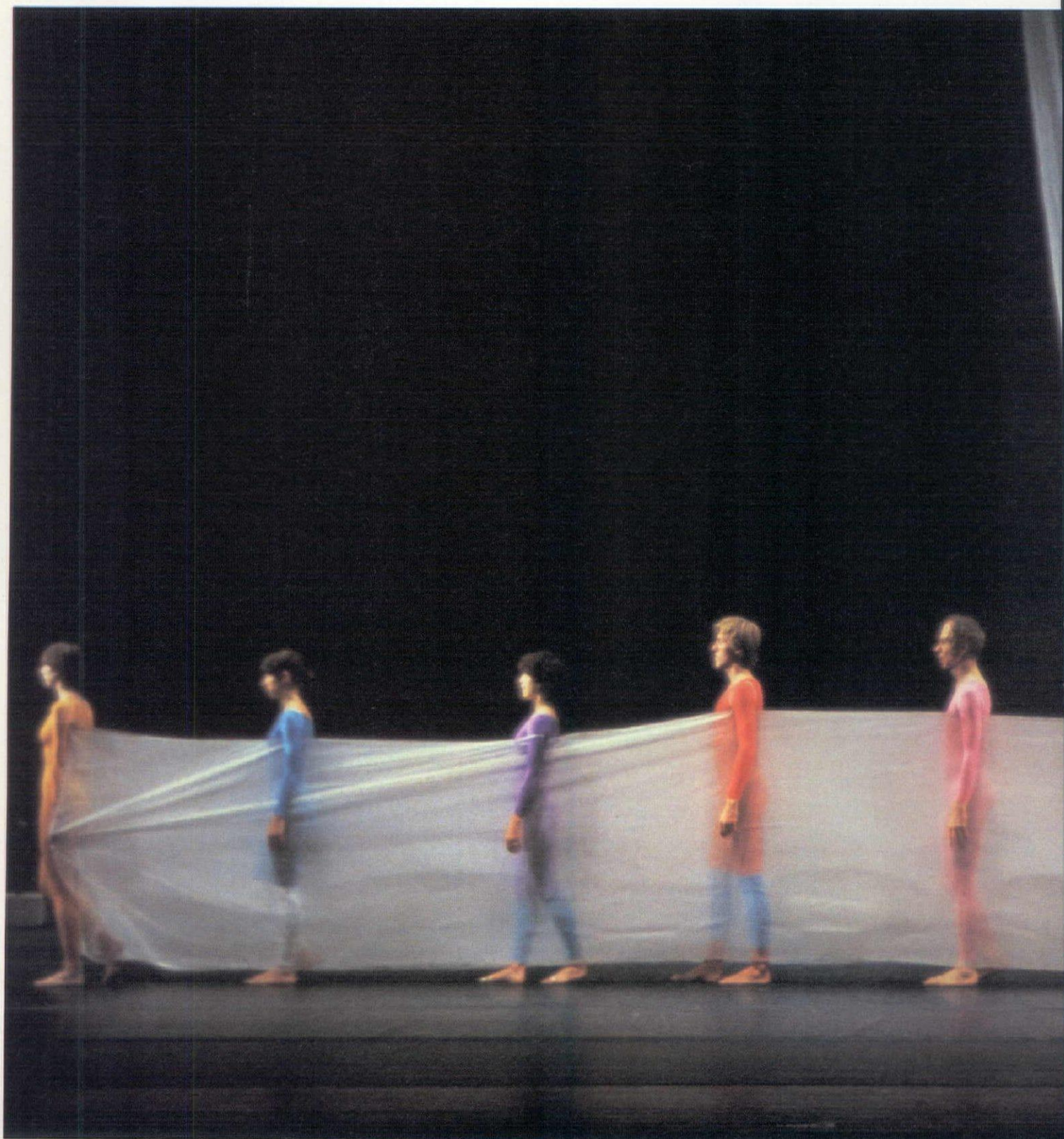


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At sixty-five, one of the most avant-
garde of choreographers is
still making waves in the dance world.
By Jennifer Dunning

Merce





The studio in lower Manhattan steams in the late afternoon. Dancers pile out of rehearsal, all lean body and bright bits of ragtag clothing. They plunge into the dressing room or pause to talk. Lighting cigarettes and stretching sore limbs, they seem not to notice the erect, slightly aloof figure who moves casually through their midst.

It is Merce Cunningham, master avant-gardist and a choreographer who has had a major impact on Western concert dance and all the arts in America, through his explorations of dance as pure movement. Dance, Cunningham has shown the world, can be meaningful without narrative and independent of decor and music.

Cunningham turns sixty-five in April. Fortified by a strictly observed macrobiotic diet, he lives a life that might exhaust a far younger man. He and his dancers will open a two-week season at New York's City Center on March 6. The guest stars and celebrities that dance companies often enlist to enhance a New York season will be missing, as they always are with Cunningham. The point is the dance itself, an unadorned entity that he sees as a life process.

"I always think of my work as continuous, not of having a finished object. I really make it for myself and the dancers. I'm interested in finding something about dance that interests me, and I attempt to make a piece with that. Then I have to say, 'Okay, this is finished or this is as far as I am going to go now. Now we can perform it, and if anyone wants to look at it, they can come and look at it.'" Cunningham is in the midst of a fragmented world tour that next takes the company to South America in April and to Europe in May and June. Twenty years ago a similar tour brought the choreographer international fame. And the choreographer has been invited to participate in performances to be held in conjunction with the Los Angeles Olympics in July.

Has the maverick of American dance turned institutional? Now in his forty-second year as a choreographer and his thirty-first as the direc-

tor of his own dance company, Cunningham has lasted longer than most in a field that tends to claim its casualties early. His "Duets" was performed by American Ballet Theater in New York's Metropolitan Opera House in 1982. Awards have come his way with regularity, among them the French Legion of Honor and the American Dance Festival's Scripps Award of \$25,000, said to be the largest monetary award in the arts. The Cunningham company received a prestigious challenge grant of \$275,000 from the National Endowment for the Arts this fiscal year. The company is a member of the National Corporate Fund for Dance, as well as the recipient of funds from corporations, among them Schlumberger, Ltd., Exxon, AT&T, Public Broadcasting Service, New York Telephone, and Con Edison.

Though practical and wryly funny, Cunningham remains a dreamer at heart. He is always ready to take a chance. Mention the Olympics dates, for instance, and he will speculate a little wistfully on the possibility of creating a dance for windsurfers, their surfboards adorned with sails designed by Robert Rauschenberg, Cunningham's long-time resident designer and collaborator.

"There's always something to go to work on. Maybe the way a dancer dances, or something about rhythm, or time, or space, or movement, or all of them put together. A new thing always turns up."

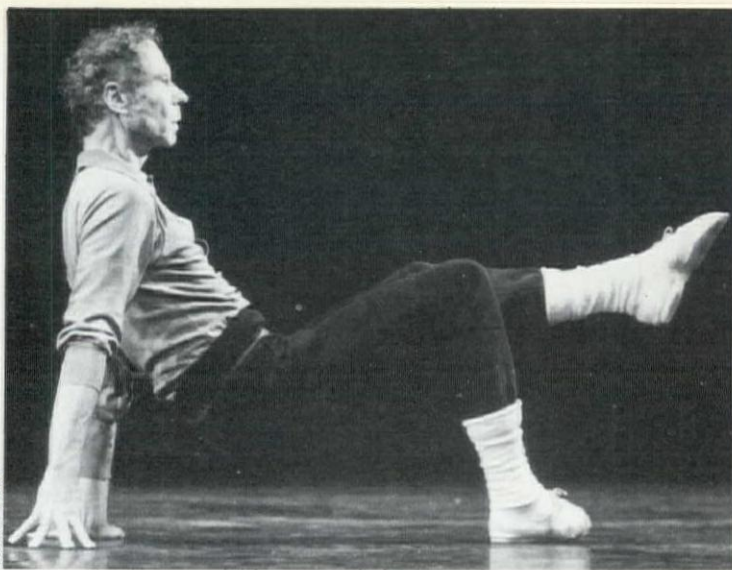
He is as uncompromising as ever. Audiences are likely to be treated to "events," a typical Cunningham experiment in which excerpts of dances are run together, making up an entirely new piece—one that is arduously complex to perform and watch. Cunningham developed the new theater form in 1964, in response to the kinds of unpredictably idiosyncratic performance spaces the company encountered in its extensive touring.

This summer Cunningham plans a second New York engagement—not at the established City Center but at the cavernous Park Avenue Armory. Here he hopes to present the Ameri-

Choreographer Merce Cunningham, who has been dancing for half a century, is still impacting the art world with his avant-garde works.

Cunningham

Cunningham sees the simple act of walking as a departure point for dance.



Johann Elbers

Left: Cunningham (in pink) dances, with his company, in a production of Travelogue (1977). Cunningham choreographs all the dances his company performs, and dances in several, exhibiting an innate sense of theater. The set was designed by Robert Rauschenberg, long-time resident designer and collaborator with the dance company. Above: Cunningham performing. Of dance he says: "I've always found it absolutely fascinating. It's not about doing it well or being seen . . . it's not about competing with someone or fighting to have a place in the sun. I can just get involved with the step."

Charles Atlas

can premiere of "Roaratorio," set to a musical rendering of James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* by John Cage, a leading American avant-garde composer and Cunningham's long-time colleague. "If we can get the money," Cunningham says. "The Irish musicians are just glorious. The sound they make is so wonderful and they look great."

Cunningham has continued, in his quiet way, to explore movement for its own sake, putting it together in ways that seldom fail to surprise even the most jaded follower of dance. And he has not lost his reputation for difficulty. He seldom fills City Center, and every performance has its early walkouts.

"They killed Merce the first time in France, and he is a national hero there now," a veteran dance fund raiser says exultantly. She admits, however, that the Cunningham company remains one of the most difficult of leading American dance troupes for which to solicit money from the private sector. His dances are less dadaist and more virtuosic these days. But with every moment and inch of the stage remaining equally important, those dances demand the same complete and unflagging attention from their audiences.

Cunningham creates his dances in silence, sometimes bringing in a score the night of the first performance. The soundscores, always a major irritant to new audiences, have grown less ear-shatteringly loud and weirdly pitched over the years. Or have his explorations accustomed audiences to what Cage called "found sounds" and to a stage spilling over with dancers engaged in what sometimes looks more like private activity than performance, technically demanding and beautifully executed though it is?

Is his dance better understood today? "I don't know if it's understood," he says softly. "I think people realize it's there. And every so often they may see something they may like. I think one thing they don't see is my dancers'

"I always think of my work as continuous, not of having a finished object."



Jack Mitchell

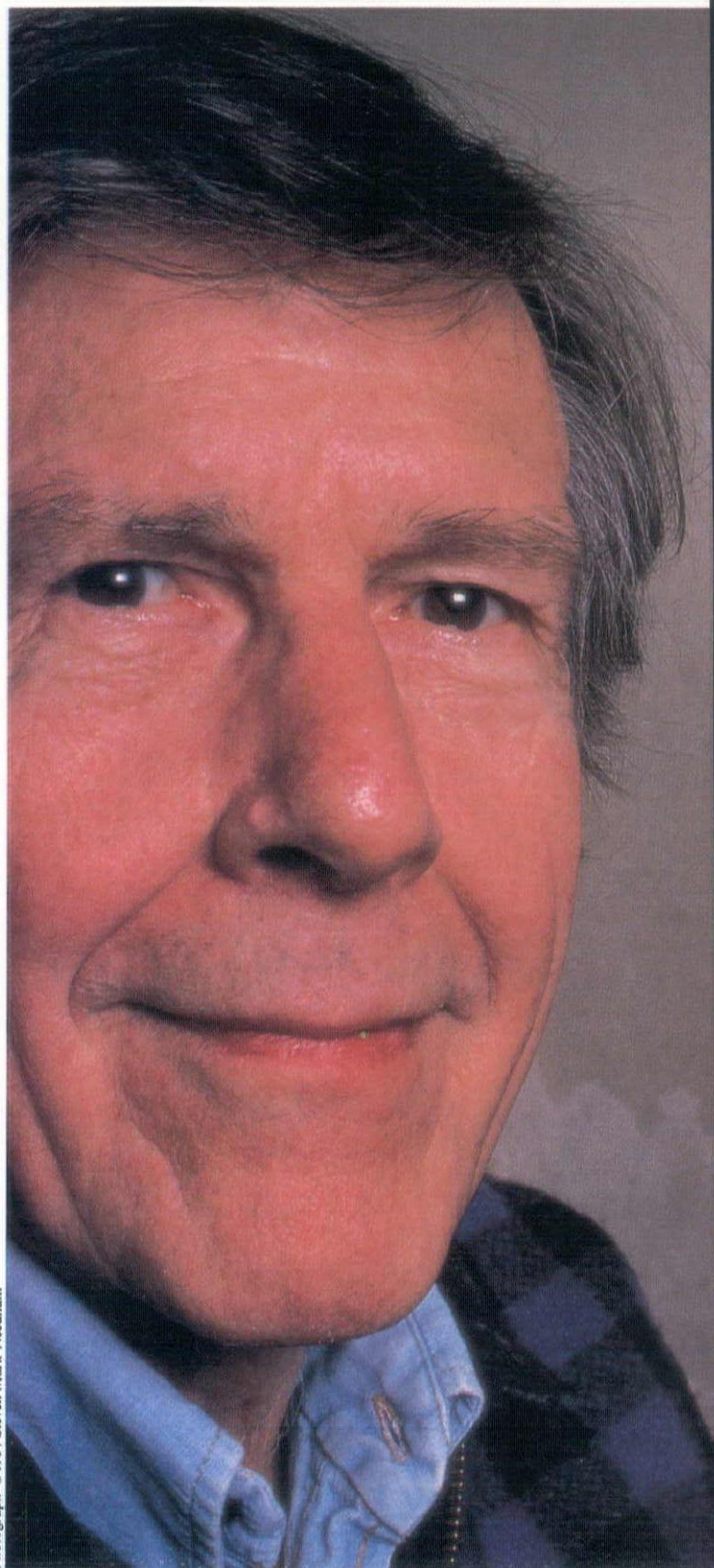
high technical level. But that might be hard to see. I don't point up things to make them look brilliant."

That in itself is something of an anomaly in a time when the way a dance is performed often becomes as or more important than the dance itself. But such iconoclasm is a far cry from the breaks with tradition that brought him fame and influenced two generations of innovative dancers and modern-dance choreographers.

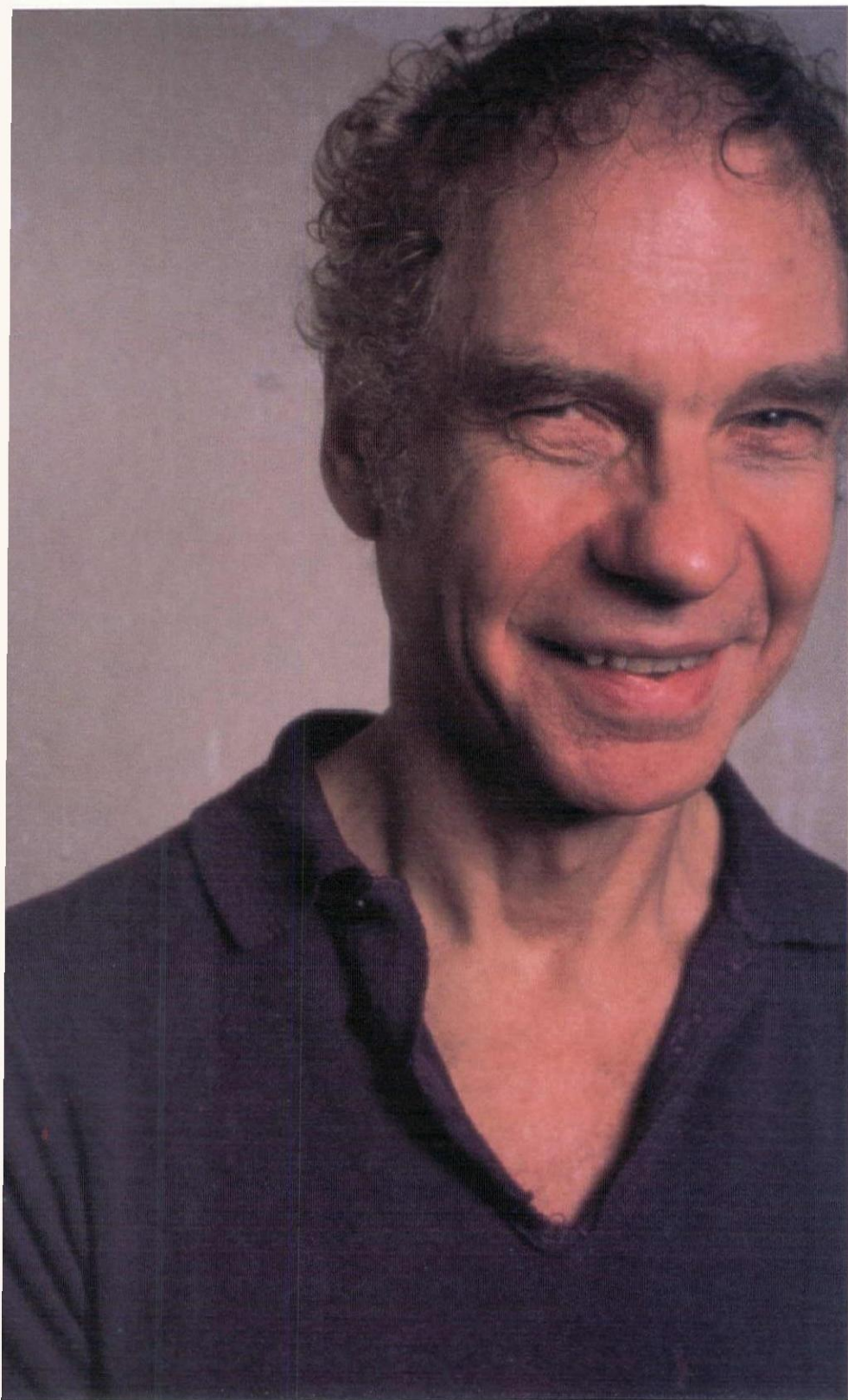
In breaking away from the kind of dance developed by Martha Graham—the American modern-dance pioneer with whom he performed during the 1940s—in which movement was used to express character and deep-seated emotions, Cunningham created dance that did not unfold along a plot or dynamic line. Anything could follow anything, he said, and sequence and continuity were irrelevant. Not only did the dance exist independently of its score and set or costumes, but the dancers might move within that dance in fragmented phrases that quickly shifted direction and rhythm, throwing them into sometimes surprising juxtaposition with their fellow performers. To increase his options and remove his own choreographic bias, Cunningham has even experimented with chance-composition techniques, determining points in space, direction, and sequence by the toss of a coin, roll of dice, or shuffling of paper slips. Such methods helped to create a new work from an old one in "Inlets." Needing a twenty-minute dance to complete an evening's program, Cunningham took the sixty-four basic movements from the first "Inlets" and rearranged them. With no set and new costumes he had a new work.

The dancing itself, however, is never improvised. For Cunningham is, first of all, as much a formalist as the late George Balanchine. Building on the technique and stance of classical ballet, both changed the way dance looks and is perceived by audiences. Described as pioneers in "abstraction," both worked

Above and right: Composer John Cage and Merce Cunningham (above, 1965; right, 1983). The choreographer met Cage in 1938 at the Cornish School in Seattle. Cage was then playing the piano accompaniment for dance classes. By 1942, the two had decided to collaborate on Cunningham's dances. He, Cage, and the dancers toured across the country in a Volkswagen bus that Cage won on an Italian television quiz show—Cage is an expert on mushrooms as well as a leading avant-garde composer. Cage and Cunningham have maintained a successful collaboration to this day.



Photograph © 1984 Steven Mark Needham



with pure movement, letting emotional undercurrents grow from, rather than motivate, steps and gestures performed wholeheartedly. "What are you saving it for?" Balanchine would ask careful dancers. "You're not a dancer unless you're dancing," Cunningham once told a young disciple.

He learned that early. The second of three sons, Cunningham was born and grew up in Centralia, a lumbering and coal-mining town in southwestern Washington. There he studied tap and social dancing with Mrs. Maude Barrett, a local dance teacher whose rakish exuberance he remembers with delight. In his midteens, he, a female partner, and Mrs. Barrett went on the road together, the two youngsters dancing in nightclubs, movie theaters, and grange halls.

"It was a great adventure," he says. He remembers one "terrible, cold, dark club." Mrs. Barrett had gone off to try to get their money from the management and returned to the dressing room just before the show. "Oh, kids," she said. "There's no makeup. So bite your lips. Pinch your cheeks. You're on."

In 1937 Cunningham went on to the adventurous but renowned Cornish School of Fine and Applied Arts in Seattle, where he studied Graham technique. "The idea of making things, of making a dance, didn't seem odd there," he says. "And I think that idea was once very important in modern dance. You had to make your own pieces. If you wanted to dance, you had to do a dance."

He met Cage, who played the piano accompaniment for dance classes, the following year at Cornish. Cunningham then went east to New York and joined the Graham company, with which he danced from 1939 to 1940, creating important roles in a number of Graham's signature works and gaining a reputation as an exciting dancer with a huge, airy jump. By 1942, he and Cage decided to work together on his own dances, which were seen in a first program shared with two other fledgling choreographers from the Graham company. "I was looking for a way to work with bodies," Cunningham recalls of his Graham days. "So I tried to find out what to do instead of complaining about what I didn't want."

He kept at his own choreography during and after his Graham days, even creating a ballet in 1947 for a company started by Lincoln Kirstein, a founder of the New York City Ballet. By 1953 Cunningham had established the style

He explores movement for its own sake, seldom failing to surprise dance audiences.



Cunningham and Carolyn Brown perform in Banjo (1953) at Jacob's Pillow in Massachusetts. At the time of that performance, Cunningham had established a reputation for experimentation.

we know today. Others, including Paul Taylor in 1954 and New York's Judson Dance Theater, a group of Cunningham students and dancers active in the early 1960s, would establish as great a reputation for experimentation. Cunningham alone has continued to work in that vein.

He taught in small, rented studios around Greenwich Village, saving money for annual concerts in New York that attracted crowds of young artists and dance audiences but were seldom, or often negatively, reviewed. He worked the rest of the year to pay for the concert.

Early on, Cunningham and Cage began contact colleges across the nation for possible performance dates. "Out of fifty letters, we get maybe two replies," Cunningham remembers. He, Cage, and the dancers toured in a Volkswagen bus bought by Cage—an expedition on mushrooms as well as a pioneering avant-gardist—from his proceeds as a winner on an Italian television quiz show.

The Cunningham company has grown from six to fifteen dancers in its thirty-one-year history. Cunningham now has his pick of performers developed at his own, very popular studio. Having developed dance that is fragmented in time and space, presenting a multitude of things to watch on stage in a given moment, Cunningham is increasingly preoccupied with video dance—the way a moving camera can wipe out ordinary reference points, leaving the dancers on the loose in a spatial field similar to outer space. He has even tried dancing backward after noticing that intriguing effect on rewinding film. "It's not possible, of course," he says, "but the mechanism has made it possible. And it is marvelous to watch." His film dances are on cassettes available through the Cunningham Dance Foundation.

Cunningham still lives in a simple Manhattan loft, surrounded by plants. He remains the artist who learns about objects by drawing them and who once described walking, common to all humans but revealing of personality, as a departure point for dance. And for all the hoopla about abstruse experiment, his dances have the fundamental simplicity of a walk. "He calls us back out of the theater of habitual expectations into the street, the playground, the excavation on the corner lot (where the bulldozers open a hole in the landscape that alters our sense of urban scale)," the *New Yorker* critic Arlene Croce wrote, "into the kitchen where the table exists, and Auden, too, noticed, because we scrub it."

And the reward for Cunningham and his audiences? "You have to love dancing to stick to it," he has said. "It gives nothing back, no manuscripts to store away, no paintings to show on the walls and maybe hang in the museums, no poems to be printed and sold—nothing but that single, fleeting moment when you feel alive."

Jennifer Dunning writes about dance for the New York Times.

Checking into The Hotel



The metamorphosis of *The Hotel New Hampshire*—from page to film. By Donald Chase

The novel-into-film sweepstakes of 1984 will eventually bring into movie houses Volker Schlöndorff's interpretation of Proust's *Swann's Way* and David Lynch's of Frank Herbert's *Dune*, but Tony Richardson's version of John Irving's *The Hotel New Hampshire* will be released this month. The film's large cast includes Jodie Foster, Nastassia Kinski, Beau Bridges, Rob Lowe, Amanda Plummer, Wallace Shaw, and Lisa Banes.

Director Richardson is hardly a novice at the adaptation game. His popular 1963 screen translation of Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones* won him an Academy Award as Best Director, and he subsequently directed films of Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* and Vladimir Nabokov's

Invitation to a Beheading. Richardson recently directed the acclaimed television-movie version of the nonfiction book *A Death in Canaan* and the original screenplay of *The Border*.

Richardson read *The Hotel New Hampshire* before its official publication in September 1981, and responded immediately to its story of the Berry family of Dairy, New Hampshire—father Win (Bridges), mother Mary (Banes), and their five children (including Foster and Lowe). Over a period of ten years that roughly corresponds to the 1960s, the family moves from Dairy to Vienna to New York and finally to the Maine coast as Win pursues his dream of owning a family-run hotel. They experience all manner of calamity, including death, maiming accidents, and incest.

"I loved John Irving's happy-sad, tragicomic vision of life," Richardson says. "That mixture of attitudes about life—one minute it's great, the next it's a disaster—always attracts me because it's so true, so universal." As for Irving's characters, the individual members of "that family with their loyalties, peculiarities, and prejudices were so vivid they jumped right off the page at you in a way that almost suggests Dickens."

Richardson was so caught up in the feeling of the novel that he "wanted to communicate it to others. But on the other hand, you can't

Rob Lowe and Jodie Foster play brother and sister in *The Hotel New Hampshire*.

duplicate it exactly, you have to create it for yourself." This basic truth was perhaps reinforced by the *Hotel New Hampshire* screenplay Richardson wrote just after acquiring the rights to the novel. (Though he rarely takes writing credit on the films he's directed, Richardson has usually worked closely with a screenwriter in shaping their scripts; here, he decided to do it all himself.) The first *Hotel* script came very close to duplicating the novel because Richardson's original plan was to tell Irving's story in two, two-hour movies. In that roomy format comparatively little compression was needed.

But he no sooner looked at his script than he decided "it was a dumb plan . . . a bad idea creatively and a bit of a cheat for the public, because if you saw, for instance, the second movie, it wouldn't make sense without having the background of the first."

So Richardson began to pare down his script to half its original length. The script that was eventually shot eliminates completely several minor characters of the novel who, luckily, were sometimes more episodic and anecdotal than dramatically necessary. For example, Mr. and Mrs. Urick, the cooks at the Dairy Hotel

Donald Chase frequently writes about film and television for HORIZON.

"It's the old passing down of stories. This one is now being told at a different campsite."

New Hampshire, are eccentrically charming, but they don't precipitate any events of consequence in the story.

In cutting down on the book's words, Richardson had the advice of John Irving himself. He showed each draft of the script to the novelist, whose suggestions—generally of the more-of-this, less-of-that variety—he would test in the following draft. Possibly because of Irving's participation, the movie apports itself between Dairy, Vienna, New York, and Maine much as the novel does, and virtually all of the most important characters enjoy the same relative weight in both media.

Richardson's casting and guidance of actors is legendary: Laurence Olivier in the stage and screen versions of *The Entertainer*; Rita Tushingham in *A Taste of Honey*; Tom Courtenay in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*; Albert Finney in *Tom Jones* and the play *Luther*; Jack Nicholson in *The Border*. In selecting actors to play the Berry family in *The Hotel New Hampshire*, his overriding concern was that they be credible in their individual roles and credible together. So who, for example, would be a better choice for level-headed, resilient cheerleader Franny than Jodie Foster, with her all-American blond hair and cornflower-blue eyes and her aura of intelligence and courage? To make kids Foster, Rob Lowe, Paul McCrane, twelve-year-old Jennifer Dundas, and nine-year-old Seth Green and parents Beau Bridges and Lisa Banes credible together, to get them so close that they might later exchange emotionally eloquent looks, Richardson brought them together for a week of preproduction rehearsal.

Beau Bridges recalls: "We played a series of parlor games, one of which was to write down on a scrap of paper the name of the famous character you thought was most like the character you were playing, crumple up the paper, and put it in the center of the room. The papers were all scrambled up, then everybody selected one, read the name, pantomimed it. The rest of us had to guess not only who the famous character was, but who had written his name down. I wrote down Don Quixote for Win Berry, because Win is certainly a dreamer.

"The great thing about doing a film based on a novel," Bridges continues, "is that you can refer to the source for all the background information and attitudinal stuff that there just isn't room for in a screenplay—the kinds



Richardson directs his daughter, Joely (Vanessa Redgrave is her mother), who plays a waitress in *The Hotel New Hampshire*.

of details that you usually have to make up yourself when you're working on an original. My copy of the script is full of marginal notes, things I've transposed from the book, things that remind me of what my attitude is in a scene. For example, in the flashback where Win meets Mary at the summer resort where they're both working, the novel says, 'He didn't expect to meet anyone from his hometown here.' He expected to meet new people, and that kind of tempers his attraction to her."

"The truth is, yes, you have to know the text," says Jodie Foster, who read *The Hotel New Hampshire* between her junior and senior years as a literature major at Yale. "And one of the things I'm most interested in doing is bringing the text back into screen work. But at the same time, once you get down to work you have to throw it away in a lot of respects; you have to accommodate however it is that you see it. I haven't looked at the book since I began working on the film."

Deciding on the visual, stylistic equivalents of the John Irving text was probably the area of greatest interpretative latitude for Tony Richardson. How, for example, to handle the novel's first-person, narrative voice? Richardson filmed some scenes in which he had Rob Lowe turn away from the action, face the camera, and address the audience, as he'd had Albert Finney do occasionally in *Tom Jones*. But to provide himself with another option, he also shot this material in the comparatively conventional voice-over style, used in the bulk of the film's narrated passages. In the end, he decided to use the Lowe voice-overs through-

out; audiences are more familiar with the technique; it would not jar them out of the story. This was one of a series of choices intended to root the story as firmly in recognizable reality as possible.

Other choices were made by Jocelyn Herbert, who as production designer was responsible not only for selecting and dressing *The Hotel New Hampshire*'s sets and locations, but also for its costumes and makeup. Herbert felt that the series of "one happy ending after another" that concludes the resilient Berry family's saga in a rather fantastical, fairy-tale way would be believable only if counterweighted by a "very clear, unmuddied sort of look." So she used generally muted colors and generally unaggressive costumes. "But this doesn't mean that you don't occasionally go a bit mad," she says.

The film's tight budget played a major part in duplicating details from the novel. It required that all of *The Hotel New Hampshire*'s locales be shot in Quebec Province, Canada. So the Victorian dinginess Irving ascribes to the lobby of the Vienna hotel had to be created by Herbert within an existing structure in Old Montreal. A suite in Montreal's Mont Royal Hotel and the contemporary cityscape seen through its windows served as the film's representation of New York.

"If you're shooting on location," Herbert says, "everything is influenced by what you have to start with. We had, for example, only the ground and top floors of the manor house—the family from whom it was rented continued to live in the middle story even while we were shooting. So we couldn't duplicate exactly the geography of the place as described by Irving—we built some partitions, but we didn't go into all those tiny rooms." Still, within the limitations of this existing location, Herbert tried to re-create the book's tone by filling the schoolrooms with exactly the type of Victorian desks Irving describes. After seeing the school hotel sets, John Irving wrote to Richardson, "I simply can't get out of my mind how absolutely right that place is."

But the film as a whole is not intended to be an exact duplication of the novel. Beau Bridges says it best: "It's the old passing down of stories. This one is now being told at a different campsite, with different technology. Sometimes the best way to tell your version of the story is to temporarily forget the last storyteller."

Fiesta Spain! ❁

The Spanish people
make a celebration
out of life.

By Milan Stitt



A festival celebrates every day of the year somewhere in Spain. And the visitor who fails to take advantage of these abundant festivals is missing a unique opportunity to meet easily the warmly hospitable Spanish people (always at their best during festivals), to sample the special foods and wines which accompany every festival and, most importantly, to experience the best of Spain's arts.

Traditional festivals celebrate spring planting, grape harvests, and patron saints (Saint James is Spain's, but every town has one or

necessitating a three- or four-day festival every year), and, of course, there are all the Christian holidays—including a few not commonly celebrated in the United States. And, if that weren't enough, tourism and contemporary life have dictated recent additions of film, dance, and book festivals.

When planning a trip to Spain, check with the excellent Spanish National Tourist Office (665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022, 212/759-8822). You can get information and beautiful brochures about the festivals happening in the area to be toured. But even the tourist office cannot begin to list all the festivals, or even to know about them all.

Therefore, be alert when traveling to note

The "April Fair" in Sevilla begins at noon with a cavalcade of decorated horses.

especially decorated streets in even the smallest village—and stop immediately! Everyone will be eager to tell the visitor what is happening and when. Almost always someone will take you by the arm and lead you to the center of the action—even if it doesn't begin for another six hours. (A flexible schedule is a must if you want to enjoy spontaneously the best of Spain's festivals.)

Here is a sampling of Spain's four seasons of festivals—the best known, as well as some never before described in an English-language publication.

Playwright and screenwriter Milan Stitt spends much of his time writing in Spain.

SPRING

MARCH

Prior to the start of Lent, Spain celebrates a number of gala carnivals in which you can see the roots of the better-known hot spots of New Orleans and Rio de Janeiro. The Spanish carnival tradition is so ancient that no one knows when it began, but some of the activities suggest that any relationship to Christian Lent is relatively "recent." Following is a list of spring Spanish festivals and carnivals to help you plan your trip:

SOLSONA (Lérida Province), March 2-6: Among the many festivities, the most remarkable is the vigil dance during which the Crazy Giant is married. Following the ceremony, the marriage cake is cut and passed out to everyone. There is a parade of wagons and typical dances are performed. The festival ends with the Castle of the Fireworks.

CADIZ (Costa del Sol), March 2-6: Not unlike the New Orleans celebration, this festival includes a spirited procession, fancy dress balls, the selection of the queen of the festivities, and fireworks. Of particular interest are the contests to select the best local singers and comedians, the latter providing a good glimpse of the unique Cádiz sense of humor.

CIUDAD RODRIGO (Salamanca Province), March 2-6: As one might expect in the center of bull-raising country, the carnival includes a spectacular "running of the bulls," from the countryside to the bullring, for bullfights in which only the local enthusiasts cape the bulls before they are allowed to run off again. Of particular interest to the tourist are the performances of the regional folk dances and the *rondallas*, which are wandering groups of serenaders in traditional dress.

VILLANUEVA DE LA VERA (Cáceres Province), March 3-6: A dummy representing the devil, called *Pero Palo*, is carried around the town on the shoulders of young men who beat him and dance around him to drumbeats. The ultimate goal here is to knock the dummy's head off, which they do with great relish. The dummy is then carried off in a wheelbarrow to his burial, to the accompaniment of drum rolls. To celebrate this accomplishment, a community

Dancing can take place anywhere during a Spanish festival, shown here at a café in the Canary Islands. Traditional dance is an important element in the festivities of Spain, and gives the tourist the perfect opportunity to see a non-nightclub variety of dance.



Colour Library International



Right: Spanish festivals offer an opportunity to see some of the most colorful dress anywhere. Opposite page: A Madrid book stall. Spanish merchants can count on festivals to increase their sales.

banquet is held under a flag of Arabic origin. **SANTA CRUZ DE TENERIFE** (Canary Islands), March 3-11: Along with many folklore contests, the visitor sees many parades with floats, the singing of the island songs, and *murgas*, which are comic bands.

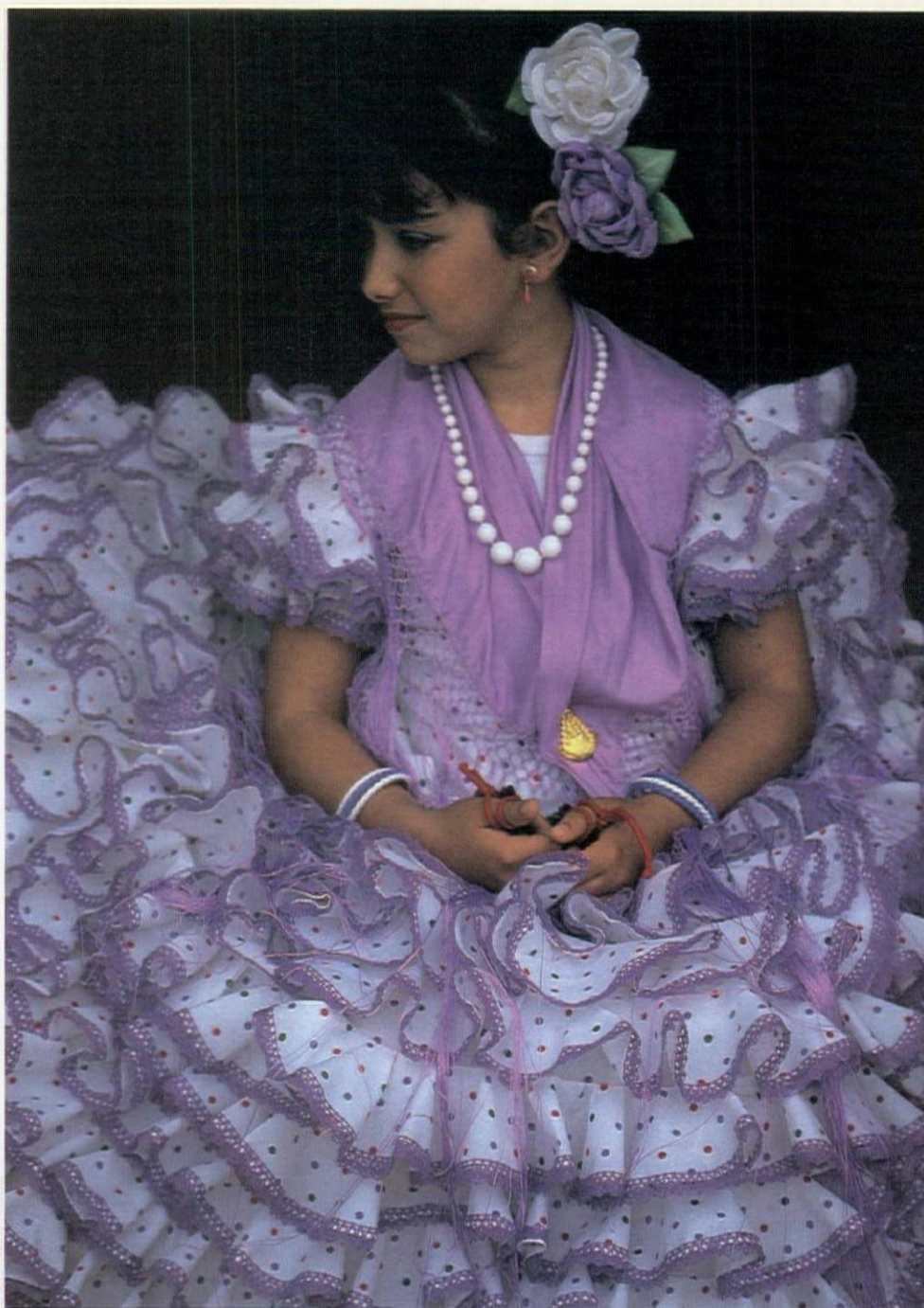
VALENCIA, March 12-19: The "Fallas de San José" is one of Spain's best-known festivals. Along with the expected large-scale events and sports competitions is the parade of giants, or *fallas*. These are elaborate structures of giant figures both satirical and historical. (Filmgoers with long memories may recall Stephen Boyd in *The Golden Bulls*, pulling off a bank caper by concealing the stolen goods in one of the giants, which conveniently leaned against a second-story bank window at the key moment.) The building of the giants originated with the carpenters of Valencia, who wished to perpetuate the tradition of their patron making toys for Christ in his childhood. At midnight on March 19, the giant figures are burned in a spectacular tradition, which is televised on Spanish National Television.

APRIL

Lent signifies the beginning of the many Passion Plays performed in the villages of Spain. Scores of towns present these religious pageants including:

ULLDECONA (Tarragona Province): Every Sunday during Lent, up to Holy Week, the townsmen perform "La Passio," with a text dating from the sixteenth century. The pageant, which is presented in the afternoon, is divided into two parts: the life of Christ until the time when the Apostles disperse, and the appearance before Herod until the Ascension.

ESPARRAGUERA (Barcelona Province): A survivor of the ancient *autos*—mysteries and miracles of the European medieval theater—"La Passio" has been presented here during Lent since the sixteenth century. Performed by the townspeople, the roles are often handed down from father to son. The performances are in the Gran Teatro de la Pasión, a modern building constructed solely for this production. The production has forty-eight scenes—half are performed in the morning, the other



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SPRING ARTS FESTIVALS

INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL, MADRID: Outstanding theater companies and special productions are brought from around the world to play in the various state theaters of Madrid throughout the spring. The chance to see Madrid's magnificent theaters is reason enough to buy a ticket. Since the prices are so low by our standards (ninety cents to three dollars), you can easily sample an attraction, having gotten your "money's worth" long before the first intermission.

The festival offers a special opportunity for Americans to see the remarkable experimental-

theater companies from behind the Iron Curtain and the Marxist troupes from South America, which are never seen in the United States. You may not agree with the message but you're sure to be thrilled by the great theatrical performances and images.

The language barrier is usually no great problem for Americans than Spaniards. The festival is truly international—last year on heard performances in Dutch, Japanese, Italian, and Serbo-Croatian, to mention but a few of the languages represented. (Curiously, many of the explanations before performances last spring were given in English.) It is surprising how engrossing good theater can be, no matter the language. After all, we generally e-

Spain celebrates spring in a variety of carnivals and festivals—from Passion Plays to Book Fairs.



half in the afternoon. Tickets can be purchased and reserved in the theater's box office.

CERVERA (Lérida Province): Every Sunday during March and April, Cervera offers performances in its special theater seating twenty-five hundred people. The entire town is involved, with five hundred performers on stage.

BARCELONA, April 23: San Jorge Day and Cervantes Day (the anniversary of his death) are joined here in a "Book Festival." Since 1714 people traditionally visit Saint George's chapel in Palacio de la Generalitat to pray. The day is also considered Lovers' Day, and stands selling roses are set up in the palace patio and the nearby streets, along with innumerable book stands in every corner of the city. The custom of the day is to present loved ones with a rose and a book. Barcelona is the publishing center of Spain, so the pickings are good.

MADRID, April 23: The rivalry between Barcelona and Madrid is similar to that of New York and Los Angeles, good-natured, but ever constant. Madrid's "Book Fair" lasts for weeks, and every plaza seems to have its book stands. Movie and theater books, for example, are in the booths in the Plaza de España. The majority of the books, however, is in Retiro Park, where there is a variety of activities related to books. Most notable are the important authors who sit at tables autographing their books for admirers.

SEVILLA, April 30-May 6: The "April Fair" is the most photographed festival in Spain and, therefore, probably the best known. A merry festival, contrasting sharply with the sternness of Semana Santa, the fair brings tourists in droves to Sevilla and prices are raised everywhere. It may be worth it for the lighthearted, or those wishing to rediscover their lightheartedness.

Begun in 1848 at the peak of the reaction against foreign influences in Spain, which inspired the revival of popular folklore and customs, it was originally a rural livestock fair. Cattle dealing is still an important part of the fair, with the gypsies playing their picturesque roles.

The fair consists of a vast canvas town of hundreds of kiosks and pavilions arranged in rows and decorated with flowers, flags, and lanterns. The roadway between the pavilions is covered with golden sand, and at night the entire fair is brilliantly illuminated.

The day at the fair begins at noon with a

experience opera in a foreign tongue and manage very well.

Incidentally, it is best to avoid the embarrassment of the American companies. We do not financially support international appearances of our best theater groups; therefore, we tend to be represented by any six drama-school graduates who can manage the cost of Eurail tickets and dream up a name, such as American Actors Laboratory.

Most Madrid theaters have enchanting bars for pre-theater and intermission refreshments. You mustn't miss the downstairs bar at the Teatro Maria Guerrero, a gilded jewel box of a national theater, where the people-watching is unequalled. Before festival performances, you

are clearly surrounded by celebrities and important intellectuals—but you won't have the vaguest idea who they are. Glamour without intimidation!

INTERNATIONAL OPERA FESTIVAL: Madrid's opera season lasts from April until June with elaborate productions staged in the Zarzuela Theater until the renovations of the Royal Opera House are completed. The theater is charming but very small for opera, meaning that there is no bad seat—providing one can get a seat. Tickets are available for most productions, but the desirable operas starring Spanish stars Montserrat Caballé, José Carreras, and Plácido Domingo tend to be sold out months in advance. □

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The emotion-charged Semana Santa, or Holy Week, is celebrated in every Spanish city.

mounted parade. The men on magnificent, mettlesome horses use Western saddles and dress in leather chaps, scarlet cummerbunds, short jackets, and broadbrim hats. When a woman rides sidesaddle, she wears a full-skirted, flounced, gypsy dress with vivid polka dots. The horsemen alternate with magnificent carriages drawn by matched teams with harnesses hung with bells. Meanwhile, hosts entertain friends, old and just-met, in the pavilions with *manzanilla* wine and *tapas* (appetizers which the rest of the world would call a meal). It is not especially difficult to be invited into a pavilion, provided one is dressed appropriately and appears to be a "fun" person. In the midst of it all, dancers perform the classic *sevillanas*.

Afternoons are devoted to bullfights, which are among the most important in all of Spain. The evenings are devoted to merrymaking with the aristocratic pavilion hosts. The fun does not stop until dawn.

MAY

COIN, May 3-6: The festival of "Vera Cruz" includes the competition of decorated May Crosses, with windows, balconies, streets, and courtyards all beautifully decorated with flowers.

JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA (Cádiz Province), May 16-20: "The Horse Fair" began in 1284 as a livestock-market fair, and gradually evolved into the elaborate, three-part festival, which is a major tourist attraction: the Livestock and Agricultural Machinery Exhibition; the bullfights and presentation of typical songs and dances in the stands erected in the Gonzalez Hontoria Park; and the "Horse Fair" itself, with elaborate exhibition riding and contests of trained horses.

CÓRDOBA, May 30: The "Festival of Patios" has been celebrated for centuries. It includes the Pilgrimage of the Conquering Virgin across the countryside with horsemen and richly decorated coaches; a competition of May Crosses and a Patio, Iron Grille, and Balcony Contest for which the patios, small side streets, and plazas are filled with flowers; and an important Flamenco Art Contest with song, dance, and instrumental recitals and amateur flamenco groups. It is difficult for a visitor to see true flamenco performances. The nightclub variety is wisely disdained by the Spaniard. This festival is one of the rare opportunities for foreigners to experience the profundity of real flamenco. □

SEMANA SANTA

All over Spain, *Semana Santa* (Holy Week) is celebrated, but nowhere so spectacularly as in the south in Andalucía and on the Costa del Sol. Among the world's greatest spectacles are the somber, candle-lit Easter processions throughout the region of Andalucía in southern Spain. Through the cobblestone streets of every southern city and village, from Palm Sunday through Easter, hundreds of barefoot penitents in sackcloth carry heavy crosses. The most penitent carry more than one cross. Accompanying the penitents are terrifyingly hooded figures wearing the robes and cone hats Americans associate with the inquisition, and which were adopted as the regalia of the Ku Klux Klan. You might be awestruck, if not downright panicked, when suddenly surrounded by thousands of these figures milling about before a procession begins.

Along with the penitents and hooded figures come bands of every description, each playing music especially composed for this particular procession—often composed centuries before. The music represents a virtual history of harmonic development, frequently with the haunting wisps of the Arabic sensibility which once was so much a part of life in this area. The instruments can be everything from oompah-pah tubas to delicate, hand-made lutes.

Following the musicians, the "floats"—borne on the strong shoulders of thirty or so young men—can be seen approaching far above the heads of the crowds. They frequently rise higher than the houses' second-story balconies. These ancient, hand-carved floats carry magnificent polychrome or gilded statues illustrating traditional scenes of the Easter Week, such as the trial and scourging of Jesus or the Crucifixion.

Finally come the tearful, deeply moving statues of the virgins, causing climactic outpourings of emotion from the crowd. The number of crystal tears on a particular virgin's face seems to be in direct relationship to the level of poverty of the neighborhood which sponsors her float. The more tears, the poorer are the people who carry and adore her.

Depending on the emotional values attached to a "virgin," her arrival may result in joyous chanting by the crowd, hysterical weeping, or, from a balcony dripping carnations, the fer-



Hooded figures accompany penitents during a Holy Week procession in southern Spain.

vent, spontaneous singing of a *saeta* by a tear stained singer. There is no way to hear these emotional, musical outbursts called *saetas* and not feel the dark stirrings of a primeval, even dangerous, spirituality that is commonly, and perhaps wisely, suppressed.

In Sevilla you might encounter the silent black procession. Lights are extinguished even in the houses, as the huge, watching crowds fall into silences at the approach of the procession. The relentless trudging of bare feet, a suppressed sob, the clicking of a grandmother's rosary beads, are the only sounds. The arrival of the candle-lit virgin seems a sobering sunrise over a cemetery of broken hopes.

In tiny Castro del Río, where Cervantes was imprisoned, scores of the townsmen dressed as white-plumed, Roman soldiers ride their fine horses up the twisting streets to the church, although leading the anguished statue of Christ



© 1984 Jean Gaumy/Magnum

to Golgotha. Here, as in so many of the humble villages where the processions seem more starkly religious than in the cities, it's difficult to imagine how such an elaborate pageant could be afforded. This is but one of the many contemporary mysteries of Easter week.

In Sevilla's Cathedral, the largest Gothic church in the world, one actually hears "thunder" at the 10:00 Monday morning Mass, during the dramatic rending of the veil of the Temple. The thunder, mysteriously created for the occasion, returns to the cathedral on Saturday, to be followed by the singing of the "Gloria in Excelsis" and the ringing of every bell in Sevilla!

In the recesses of the massive, seventh-century mosque in Córdoba (the only larger mosque is in Mecca), you will come upon an incongruous cathedral. The cathedral was to symbolize the triumph of Christianity over the Moors, but, in many eyes, it better symbolizes brutal bad taste over a masterpiece. In 1526 Charles V, seeing what he had allowed to be

built, said, "You have built here what you or anyone might have built anywhere else, but you have destroyed what is unique in the world." Supposedly, the current Córdoba government is considering removing the cathedral from the mosque, but the demolition of a fourteenth-century cathedral will not be a decision easily reached.

However, at least once a year, the cathedral's architectural defilement is put out of mind. On Good Friday afternoon, Mass is celebrated there with the participation of a full symphony orchestra and a chorus which far outnumbers the congregation. Last Good Friday, the audience was not more than a hundred people, with empty chairs abounding. That there was even one empty seat seems incredible, until you remember that every church in Córdoba was simultaneously celebrating an elaborate mass—and, of course, the processions were continuing through the streets.

In the larger cities there can be more than thirty different processions in any twenty-four-

hour period. Depending on local tradition, every neighborhood, church, or trade union (descended from the medieval guilds) sponsors its own procession.

Although these processions are rooted in the deepest religious convictions, the Easter processions are not without their lighter aspects. For example, in Sevilla you can participate in a dangerous "sport," which might best be called "the running of the floats."

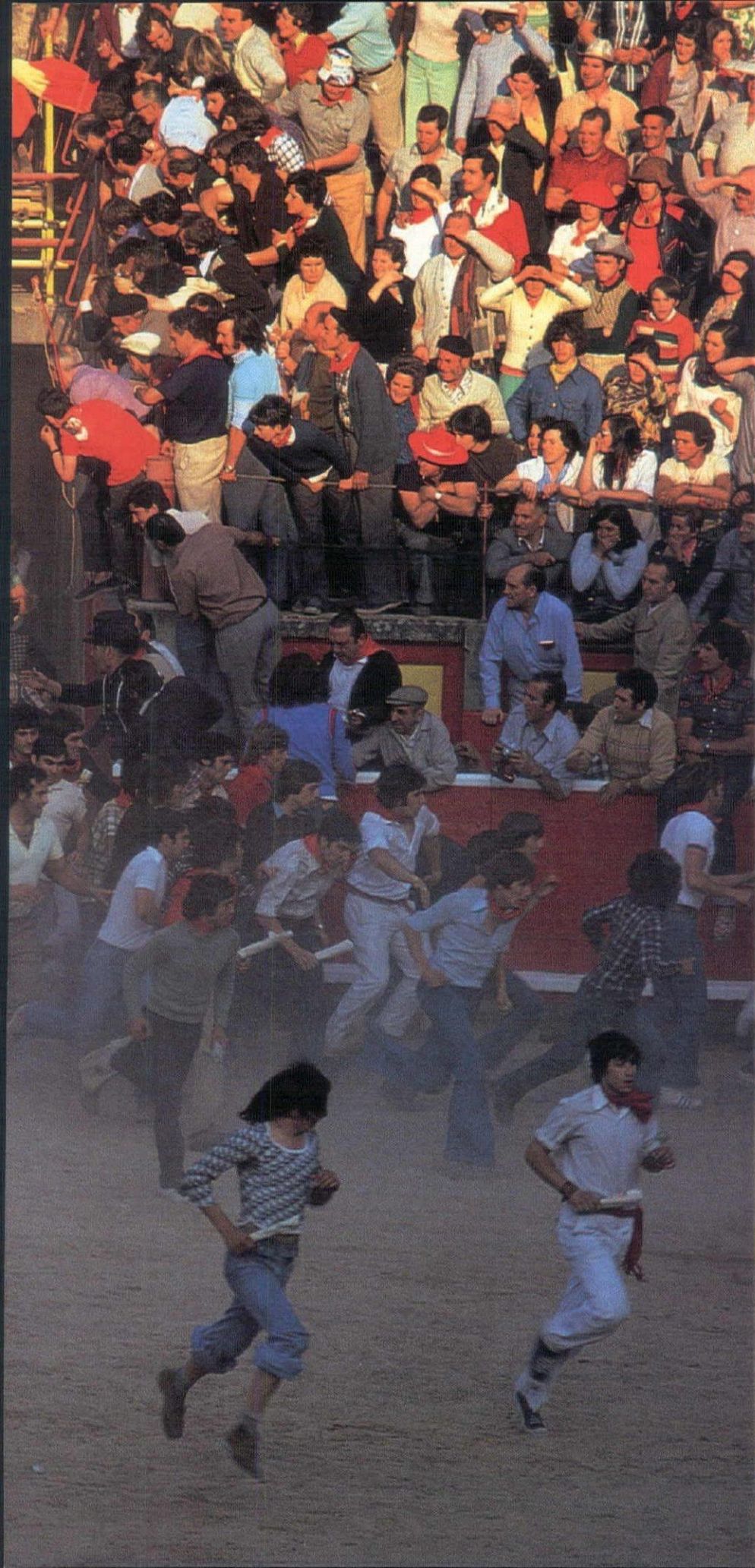
The floats are so gigantic that at some corners of the narrow streets, there is no more than a couple of inches leeway to make the turn. There is not even enough room to stand on the sides of the street as the float passes. Groups gather at these turnings and stand directly in front of the floats in order to watch the tortuous maneuvering. Having accomplished the seemingly impossible feat, the joyous, unseen young men carrying the float will suddenly begin to run as though in celebration. Everyone who has been observing in the front must run madly as the ton of statues, candles, and gold bears terrifyingly down on the mob.

The adventuresome can easily attach himself to one of these fleet-of-foot groups, who dash from one narrow turning to another. The running of the bulls in Pamplona is no more an exhilarating thrill than running from a one-ton virgin in Sevilla. And since the timing of the many processions is precise, you can "run the floats" from five in the afternoon until six the next morning without once duplicating a single of the tricky corners.

You should stop occasionally though, for the refreshments which appear only at this time of year. Most notable are *torrijas*, a fried, milk-soaked confection that is something like French toast—except that *torrijas* take two days to prepare and are of gourmet quality. In the side streets too narrow for a procession, rude tables are set up where the weary can sit and sip the local wines and nibble *flamenquines*, tender, deep-fried slices of veal wrapped around fine, snow-cured ham and cheese.

On Easter Sunday, the last procession winds its way to the musty religious museums or a church's side nave, where the figures are stored (and can be viewed year-round) until they come to life next Semana Santa. However, there is no time for the festival now over, because a new festival has already begun—the "Fiesta Brava." In Málaga, you can go from a late Easter Mass straight to the opening of the bullfight season. □





SUMMER

JUNE

ALMONTE (Huelva), June 7-11: The "Rocío Pilgrimage" is many things to many people. No matter what excess you favor—religious, wine, dance, sexual—every immoderation is practiced. The contrast of great beauty, profound spirituality, and lurid licentiousness here is unequaled in contemporary times.

Coming from Huelva, Cádiz, and Sevilla, innumerable carts drawn by oxen and decorated with flowers and wax figures, accompanied by hundreds of riders on horseback and girls seated behind them in typical Andalusian dress, cross the countryside to the sound of flutes and tambourines in the direction of the sanctuary of Nuestra Señora del Rocío. The procession is not easy to follow, but a sleeping bag will help at night until you are attached to a group of people who share your own tastes. One of the amazing features of the overland trek is how royalty and peasantry are mixed. Even the queen of Spain has made the pilgrimage.

At the sanctuary, the religious ceremonies begin. The most impressive is the night rosary, during which the faithful cross the marshes with lighted candles for the procession of the virgin, which is carried on the shoulders of young men. The *Rocío sevillanas* and *seguidillas* are danced and sung continually.

TOLEDO, June 21: "Corpus Christi" brings special events to most all of Spain. In Toledo, a solemn morning procession, bearing the Arfe monstrance (which appears to have been made with *all* the silver from the New World) and presided over by the primate of Spain, passes among the faithful in what is possibly Spain's best-preserved and most mysterious medieval city. It is an extremely crowded event—not with tourists but Spaniards, who add to the impressiveness of the procession with their heartfelt emotions. The Illexcas nobles in their red habits, the Mozárabic knights in their blue habits, the Knights of the Holy Sepulcher, dressed in white, and the Knights of Corpus Christi dressed in green, evoke with their presence the variations of medieval life. (Any visit to fabled Toledo is incomplete without lunch or dinner at the Parador, built on the exact spot where El Greco painted his *View of Toledo*. The masterpiece view, combined with superb Castilian food, like the stew of boar and partridges, is an unequaled experience.)

The crowd pours into the arena in Pamplona, just seconds ahead of the bulls.

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Spain is "in festival" all summer long, offering something for everyone—no matter the taste.

SITGES (Barcelona Province), June 21: "Corpus Christi" brings a spectacle of fantastically beautiful carpets of flowers—a marvel of folk art—covering the streets of the seaside town. The crowds are blessed with the monstrosity under a rain of carnations. On the same day there is a National Carnation Exhibition, in which thousands of bouquets from different countries are displayed. The flower-carpeted streets can also be seen on "Corpus Christi" in Puenteareas (Pontevedra Province).

SAN PEDRO MANRIQUE (Soria Province), June 23: The origins of "The Passage of the Fire and the Mondidas" festival are lost in time. In the evening, the men of the town each take another person on their shoulders and walk barefoot across a bed of coals. The Mondidas—women dressed in remarkable white costumes which may descend from those worn by the ancient priestesses of the Celtiberian tribes—walk in procession. The rather horrifying experience of this festival gives you a glimpse of man's prehistoric rituals.

HITA (Guadalajara Province), June 30: The "Medieval Theater Festival" begins mid-afternoon with jesters and dancers from Somosierra, who perform to the accompaniment of bagpipers and other pipe players. There are medieval feasts, bull-lancing exhibitions, and performances from important works from the Middle Ages, such as *La Celestina*. Seemingly stepping through a time warp, one also sees processions, falconry and medieval dances. Incidentally, there is a humble coffee shop (at the turn from the highway into Hita) which has the best *café con leche* (coffee and milk) in the world. The tiny shop has a spacious terrace with tables under grape arbors and is, in fact, the only restaurant in Hita. One has to shoo the chickens out of the way to get to the restrooms in Hita, once a walled city of incredible magnitude.

JULY

PAMPLONA, July 6-14: "The Festival of San Fermin" is the one famous for the "running of the bulls." Be prepared—it is a mob scene.

SAN LORENZO DE SABUCEDO-LA ESTRADA (Pontevedra Province), July 7-9: The "A Rapa Das Bestas" festival originated in the sixteenth century. At dawn the young men go up into the mountains to capture the horses which roam wild. On the second day the horses are broken in, one by one, in a stone corral behind the church, and then their manes are

trimmed. On the final day the horses are set free at the foot of the mountains.

VIVERO (Lugo Province), July 8: This "A Rapa Das Bestas" festival is like the one above and also includes races with the wild horses. All who attend are offered a bowl of typical—and wonderful—garlic soup.

VELEZ-MALAGA (Costa del Sol), July 15-18: The town's festival, "Veladilla del Carmen," includes the expected bullfights and sporting events, but of special interest are the Flamenco singing competitions and many choir concerts.

SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA, July 24: The eve of Saint James is celebrated with "Apostle's Fire." In what many think is the world's most beautiful cathedral square, hours of fireworks are exploded. Some are on amazing pinwheels right on the ground—you should stay some distance from these unpredictable displays. However, the overhead displays are quite safe and beautiful, as their colored lights play on the famed Obradoiro front of the cathedral. The front appears to be a towering stone flame without the fireworks—a spectacle that is breathtaking.

This remarkable city is the focus of so much religious history (it ranks with Rome and Jerusalem in its importance in the Roman Catholic world) that it seems to be constantly "in festival." The word *pilgrim* was coined especially to describe those making what was once a two-year pilgrimage from Paris to Santiago de Compostela.

Thousands still make the pilgrimage, though in far less time. If one watches the pillar in front of the cathedral, which the pilgrims gently touch in gratitude for having arrived, you can see a pilgrim arrive about every ten seconds. The centuries of touching have worn quite an indentation in the stone column. The tourist office near the cathedral is most helpful in directing visitors to the many fascinating activities scheduled every day of the year.

For example, all summer long beside the cathedral, one can enjoy every evening the music of the Tuna (a university-student singing group dressed in medieval garb). The songs tend to be rollicking melodies devoted to texts celebrating pretty maidens, hearty drinking, and devotion to one's university.

You might also encounter during the summer the Great Burning, during which the bagpipe—which supposedly originated here—accompanies the warming of a devilish



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SUMMER ARTS FESTIVALS

GRANADA INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

Since 1952 this festival, held at the end of June and the beginning of July, has become one of the most important in Europe. The events are held inside the fourteenth-century Alhambra, one of the world's seven modern wonders. It provides a unique opportunity for visitors to roam in the moonlight through the palace and past the thousand fountain jets and opulent gardens, far above the twinkling glitter of exotic Granada. Concerts are held in the palace of Charles V, and the ballet companies perform on the open-air patios of the Moorish Palace and in the Generalife Gardens. □

JULY ARTS FESTIVALS

The following festivals are held every July, but at press time the dates for this year were not



Festivals offer the visitor the chance to see some "true" flamenco dancing.

determined. Contact the Spanish National Tourist Office (665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022, 212/759-8820) for more information.

GIJON—"International Festival of Films for Children and Young People"

SAN SEBASTIAN—"International Jazz Festival"

MÉRIDA—"Classic Drama Festival"

The summer productions of classic works such as *Oedipus Rex* attract some of Spain's leading actors and directors to perform in the amazingly well-preserved Roman Theater. Don't miss Mérida's other architectural sites—the city contains the country's most important remains of Roman antiquity. In addition to the open-air theater built in 24 B.C., there is a Roman bridge with sixty-four granite arches, a Circus Maximus which would hold twenty-six thousand, and an aqueduct of which ten arches remain, apparently for the sole purpose of housing the valley's entire population of storks.

AUGUST ARTS FESTIVALS

The following festivals are held every August, but at press time the dates for this year were not determined. Contact the Spanish National Tourist Office (665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022, 212/759-8820) for more information.

SANTANDER—"International Music Festival"

MEDINACELI—"Festival of Night Music"

NERJA (Costa del Sol)—"Music and Ballet Festival in the Caves"

On a "natural" stage decorated by stalactites, there are performances all month, featuring prominent Spanish and international artists and ballet companies. A bit "touristy" for some tastes, the caves have an adjacent museum, where such cave findings as Neolithic ceramics and prehistoric paintings (twenty-thousand years old) are displayed. If in Nerja, you should not miss the opportunity for the wonderful meals and warm welcome at the Restaurant Pepe-Rico on a charming side street. □

AUGUST

VITORIA, August 4-10: The "Patron Saint Festivals of the White Virgin" are much like the festivities in Soria in honor of San Juan. But, of course, there are special local customs which are worthy of attention. The first day of the festival, at six o'clock, the mayor sets off a rocket from the main balcony of the town hall. You want to be standing in front of the town hall in order to see the folk hero Celedon, complete with umbrella, glide high overhead across the square on a rope and then announce the festival is to begin. Instantly, the crowd turns into a madly dancing mob. The dancing seems to continue without stopping for the next six days.

At nine o'clock the Procession of the Rosary is first made, with magnificent, stained-glass lanterns and elaborate costumes. This procession is held at dawn and sunset every day and is spectacularly beautiful. Comic processions bring giants, "bigheads," and gargantuan of papier-maché, filling the side streets of the town.

The don't-miss treat of Vitoria is the melt-in-your-mouth truffles, in many more flavors than just chocolate. Vitoria's most popular souvenir, of course, is the playing cards which are manufactured there.

ELCHE (Alicante Province), August 11-15: "The Mystery of Elche" has been performed here since the thirteenth century. It was declared a National Artistic Monument in 1931. The religious drama, a unique example of living, primitive, lyrical theater, is the only drama performed inside a church (the Basilica of Santa María), thanks to a special privilege granted by Pope Urban VIII. The first act dramatizes the death of the Virgin and the second, her assumption into heaven. The beautiful spectacle is further enhanced with exquisite, archaic music. Entrance is free on August 14 and 15. Tickets for the performances on August 11, 12, and 13 can be purchased in the Municipal Tourism Office. □

You may be the only tourist at the smaller local festivals that take place in towns and villages.

TOWN FESTIVALS

The "San Juan Festival" in Soria (June 28-July 2) is typical of the hundreds and hundreds of small city and village celebrations. It is possible, at local festivals of this type, to be the only tourist—you won't be an intruder, but rather a welcome guest.

The first couple of days of these festivals are usually the best, because the young men and their exquisite local costumes become rather sodden after the first forty-eight hours of spouting wine *botas*. In Soria, for example, the young men wear pristine-white pants and shirts which are pink from wine by the third day, burgundy by the festival's conclusion.

After a few days, one can also become satiated on music. Soria's festival dates from the thirteenth century, when the city was divided into twelve *cuadrillas*, or working-class groups. Today each group continues to sponsor a band for the festival. There is great honor to be achieved by having a roving band, which never stops playing for the entire festival. Playing lively folk melodies, these brightly clad bands prowl the streets for twenty-four hours, causing dancing and singing wherever they appear.

However, you may find sleeping difficult when these bands keep marching past your hotel balcony playing at full tilt all night long. Just as you're about to drift off to sleep . . . here comes another! Perhaps the preferred accommodations for the festival are at the isolated, hilltop Parador, overlooking Soria. You may not experience every moment of the festival at the Parador, but what you do experience can be in a well-rested state of mind. Up there, the music floats gently through your room.

There are also rock bands playing nightly in the plazas for dancing by the young-at-heart, and a grand old-time orchestra plays waltzes in the park. This orchestra performs in the Music Tree, a tree so large that it includes in its branches an entire bandstand.

Nearly all town festivals include bullfights. In fact, because of the great expense to mount a bullfight, festivals tend to be the only times the town's bullrings are used.

In the smaller festivals there is usually some variation on the "running of the bulls" tradition (the one in Pamplona was made famous by Hemingway). Since the Spanish can make anything into a celebration, getting the bulls



Matadors prepare for a bullfight. The bull cannot "win"—he must be killed.

from pasture to the bullring has, of course, been imbued with style and tradition.

In Soria, everyone goes up to the mountain pasture where a cannon is set off, startling the brave bulls into a trot, which will eventually bring them down to the bullring some ten or fifteen miles away. Extremely attractive cows are placed (inaccessible behind fences) at strategic points all along the path to town in order to keep the bulls on the right track. The device is not always successful, and bulls do sometimes wander off, causing havoc with the roving bands in town.

You can follow the magnificent bulls at a safe distance in a car. The Sorians themselves usually stay up in the pastures for elaborate picnics—and, of course, more music.

As for the "Fiesta Brava"—the bullfight itself—you should be aware that it is in no sense a sport. If you are fortunate enough to see a great bullfight (and without knowing anything, you can tell whether it is or not), it is strange that the "Olé!" sounds more like the "Amen" of a fundamentalist church than the cheer of the stadium. If the spectator must "take sides," he is well advised to identify with his own kind, not the wild beast. The bull can-

not "win"—it must be killed.

The dead bulls are normally donated to orphanages or convents. In Soria, because of the tremendous cost of a brave bull, the Sorians pay for the bulls through a lottery which gives each family a right to a part of the bull. When the bulls are butchered, numbers are attached to each part. One family may have the back, another one year to get a hoof, but another year they may receive an excellent roast.

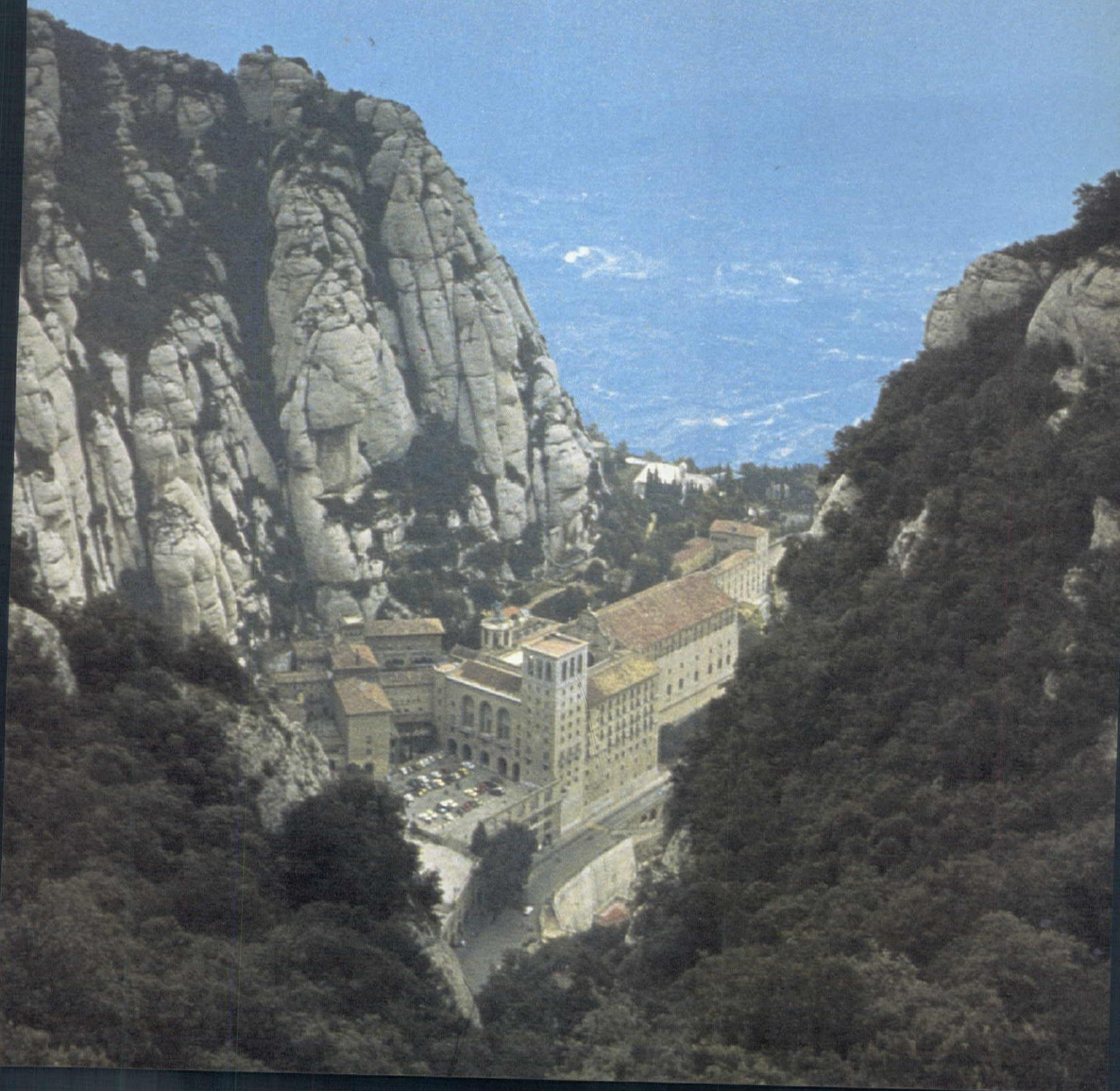
Wonderful foods abound at all town festivals, and in Soria there is the famed buttercream. Available in the fine bakery just off the Plaza Ramon y Cajal, the rich confection was described during a past festival, by New York actress Joyce Reehling Christopher, as something one eats and goes directly to heaven. As for its side effect, she said you might just as well "apply it directly to your hips."

Religious events are always part of the festivities and are wisely included by the visitor. Soria's churches are famed architectural masterpieces and are the usual reason for a tourist's stop. The festival masses in the Church of San Juan de Rabanera are especially moving. Cloistered nuns sit solemnly behind a strangely translucent black curtain between the public and the altar and chant with an otherworldly sweetness that drowns out the racket, even the memory, of the roving bands.

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the harvesting of grapes in early fall is yet another reason for the Spanish to celebrate.

GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVALS

MONTILLA (Córdoba Province), August 27: Ambivalent, passionate Montilla is in the heart of the grape-growing district, which produces the world-famous Montilla-Moriles wine, the essence of the fine dishes cooked in the region. The festival includes the procession of the Virgin of Wine, the blessing of the first wine of the year, contests in wine-making, the ceremony changing honorary wine stewards in the wine cellar of the Casa del Inca, a float parade, and the Wine Greeting ceremony. It is wise to seek out the vivid paintings of local artist Luis Cardenas, which are far more affordable here than in world-capital galleries.

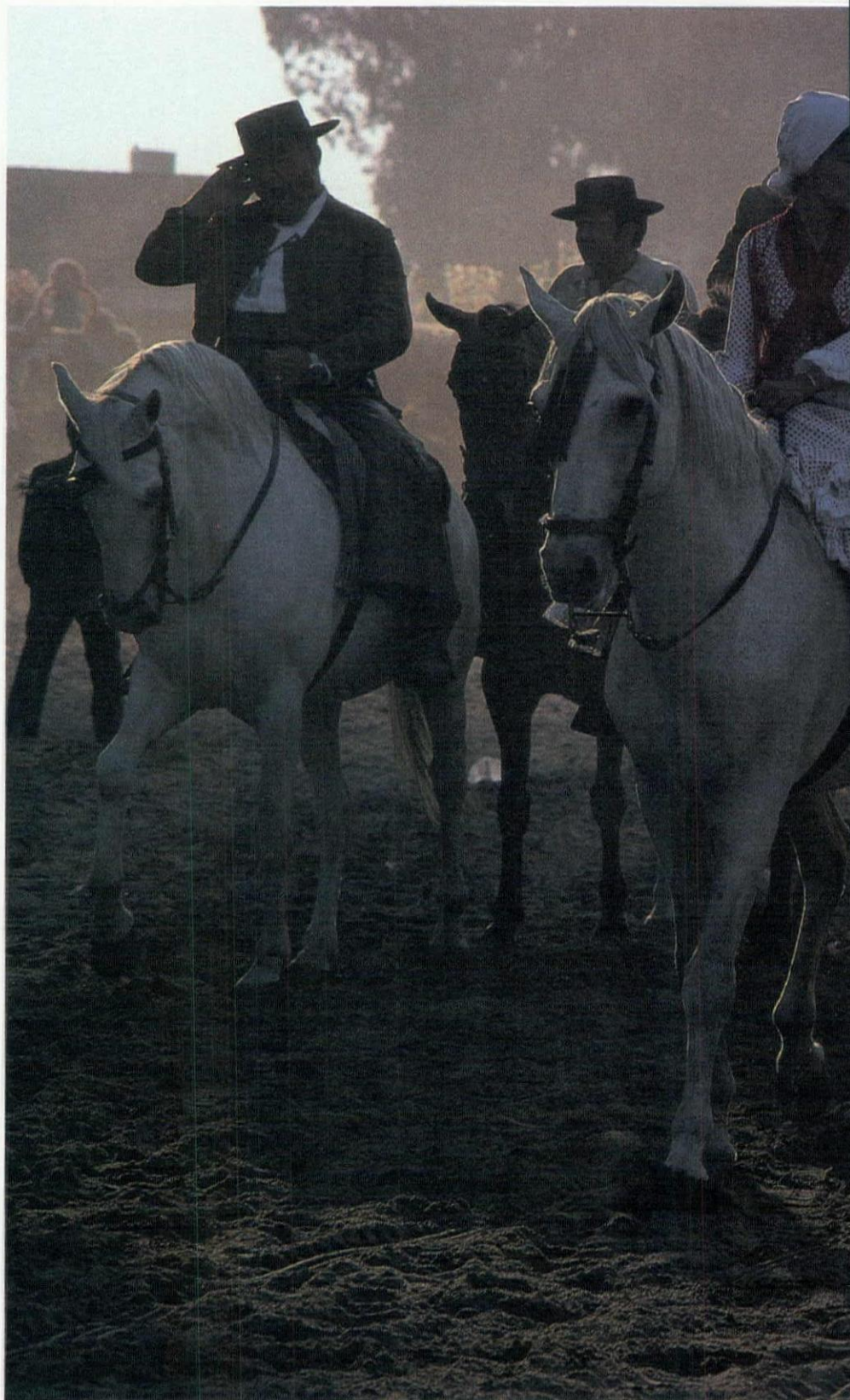
REQUENA (Valencia Province), August 27: The festival opens with an Announcement Parade, in which the participants march through the city on foot and horseback, in the old-fashioned dress, behind drummers and trumpeters. The most impressive ceremony in honor of the harvest is the inauguration and burning of the allegorical monument, which has a fountain from which wine pours continuously for anyone wishing to drink from it.

VALDEPENAS (Ciudad Real Province), September 2-8: The festivities include a wine-tasters' competition, competition of lemon drinks and sangria, cultural and artistic exhibitions, and even a poetry contest.

LOGRONO, September 18-25: The "Rioja Festival" includes the treading of the grapes and the blessing and offering of the first wine to the Virgin of Valvanera. Cultural and artistic contests bring together Spanish and foreign folk groups and bands.

LA PALMA DEL CONDADO (Huelva Province), September 26-27: There is the expected blessing of the first wine of the year, as well as elaborate floral displays, parades of carts and wagons, and flamenco dances and songs.

JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA (Cádiz Province), September 30: Remembering that *sherry* is the English word for *jerez*, it is not surprising that this, the most famous wine of Spain, is celebrated in an elaborate festival. In addition to the blessing of the grapes and the first wine before the statue of the patron saint of wine growers, there is a beautiful cavalcade, a flamenco festival, and, most curiously, contests between the laborers, writers, and livestock. □



FALL & WINTER

SEPTEMBER

VILLENA (Alicante Province), September 4-9: Dating from the fifteenth century, "The Moors and Christians Festival in Honor of Our Lady of Virtue" re-enacts the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. It took seven centuries to get rid of the conquering Moors, with the final battle in 1492. In Villena the festivities begin with the grand entrance: two thousand costumed participants, divided into fourteen groups, receive the statue of the Patroness—which has been brought in pilgrimage from its sanctuary—outside the city. The "battles" last for two days and end on the feast day of the Patroness, with the victory of the Christians.

CAUDETE (Albacete Province), September 4-9: This "Moors and Christians Festival" includes parades and a traditional theatrical presentation in the main plaza of the *Caudete Episodes* manuscript from 1588. There are floral offerings, processions, and musketry to honor the feasts of the Virgin of Grace.

MIJAS (Málaga Province), September 7-11: The festival, honoring Nuestra Señora de la Pena in this Andalusian village, includes all the traditional Spanish celebrations, as well as the election of the king of the "Donkey Festival." Donkeys are important in the mountains—even in the steep streets of Mijas, the taxi service is by donkey.

BARCELONA, September 20-27: Barcelona's "Festival of Our Lady of Mercy" was instituted in 1860 when Pope Pius IX declared this virgin the city's patroness. While there are religious celebrations, sporting events, and folklore and art expositions, it is the arts festivals which have taken on international importance.

OCTOBER

ZARAGOZA, October 8-16: In this modern industrial city of secondary tourist interest, the "Festivals of the Virgin of Pilar" began in the nineteenth century. The celebrations begin with the cavalcade and with the proclamation of the Queen of the Festival in the Lonja Palace. The central activity of the festival is the floral offering to the virgin in the Basilica of Pilar, by women dressed in regional costumes, and the Patroness of Spain. Best of all is the Official Competition of the *jota*, the regional dance of Aragon.

DOS HERMANAS (Sevilla Province), Octo-

Weary horsemen make their way home after a full day of festival activities.

Even in the fall and winter, you can plan a festival-touring holiday to Spain.

ber 20: Dating from 1894, the "Pilgrimage of the Virgin of Valme" is in honor of the virgin whose image is carried in a decorated cart from Dos Hermanas to the hermitage. During the six-mile trip, horsemen dressed in the Andalusian style accompany the virgin as a cortege. **CONSUEGRA (Toledo Province), October 28:** The "Saffron Rose Festival," held in the shadow of Consuegra's conspicuous castle, celebrates the gathering of the saffron rose, along with exhibitions of the region's folklore. It may be worth a visit just to find out how saffron can come from a rose. Saffron, the world's most expensive spice (about \$2,000 a pound), normally comes from a special crocus. Saffron is a key ingredient in Spain's best dishes and can be purchased more inexpensively in Spain than anywhere else in the world.

NOVEMBER

BENALMADENA (Costa del Sol): The "Festival of Cinema Authors" (screenwriters) is held every November. (At press time, no dates for the festival were available. Contact the Spanish National Tourist Office, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022, 212/759-8822 for more information.) This typical Costa del Sol town was founded inland from the sea in order to escape the attention of the marauding pirates. Benalmadena has a local museum with pre-Columbian art, along with Roman and Iron-Age artifacts from the area.

DECEMBER

SANTA LUCIA (Canary Islands), December 13-15: The "Santa Lucia Festival" begins with the procession of the pilgrims who come from all over the island. Fruit and floral offerings are made at the portico of the temple by youths dressed in typical Canary Island costumes. All events are presided over by the Queen of Light or the Swedish Lucia, chosen in Gothenburg, then brought from there to Santa Lucia. On Sunday the fiesta of the farmers begins with the Procession of the Virgin of the Rosario in carts drawn by oxen with the singing of typical Canary Island *rondallas*.

LABASTIDA (Alava Province), December 24-25: Just before midnight, in front of the Consistorial House, twelve shepherds gather to meet the "grandfather" carrying a lamp and the shepherdess carrying the baby Jesus. The shepherds sing songs before the church and dance, beating the ground with sticks as they have done here on Christmas Eve since the late

Middle Ages. When mass ends, the shepherds light a bonfire near the church where they pretend to make some soup for the baby Jesus.

MALAGA, December 26-28: The "Festival of Pandas de Verdiales" is a rare opportunity to encounter these traditional folk dances. Performed in the Venta del Tùnel near the Agujero reservoir, the *verdiales* are songs and dances made up and performed only by the shepherds from the villages near Málaga.

Those fortunate enough to be on the Costa del Sol for the holidays will also find that the candle-lit Christmas masses in the cathedral are beautiful. The choir's carols not only echo in the huge cathedral but will echo forever in your memory.

MADRID, December 31: On New Year's Eve in the Puerta del Sol, gathers a great crowd just as the one in Times Square. Noisemakers abound and all eyes are on the clock high up on the police headquarters building. At midnight everyone attempts to eat a grape on each of the twelve strikes of the clock's bell. No matter where you are in Spain, every radio and television is turned on to hear the broadcast of the striking of the Puerta del Sol clock. If one succeeds in eating all twelve grapes in time, one can look forward to a few years of exceptional good fortune.

JANUARY

SAN SEBASTIAN, January 1-2: You may or may not be prepared to greet the new year with a "Child Drummer's Festival," but you cannot help but be aware of the deafening drumming as the children's groups march through the city. However, since one festival turns rapidly into another in Spain, by nightfall the celebrations of Patron Saint Sebastián begin—and nowhere is seafood better than in the special green sauce of San Sebastián.

LA PUEBLA (Mallorca, Balearic Islands), January 17: The celebration of the "Saint Anthony Abbot Feasts" began in the twelfth century. Supposedly, the highlight of the festival is the blessing of the sheep and goat herds. However, of significant interest are the huge bonfires lit in the middle of the village streets where singers march and dancers re-create traditional folk dances—all to the sound of the beating of sticks, lyres, guitars, and tambourines.

FEBRUARY

BOCAIRENTE (Valencia Province), February 2-5: These "Moors and Christians Festivals"

date from the seventeenth century. All participants wear fantastically exuberant dress for the large and colorful processions. Medieval "battles" are waged in order to take the castle that is erected in the Plaza del Ajuntament. Ultimately the castle is "burned" with fireworks, ending the celebration with the *corda* in which couples run through the street lighting rockets.

AMARRAMALA (Segovia Province), February 7: Since the "Santa Agueda Festivals" are very ancient in origin, they are remarkable for the important roles given to women. The governors' wives, who serve as stewards during the religious celebration, dress in sumptuous gowns from the twelfth century and carry the scepter of authority to lead the procession of Saint Agueda. They are followed by the married women. They all attend a banquet in which the priest is the only male present.

BALSARENY (Barcelona Province), February 7: Of a remote origin, the "Muleteer Festival" consists of a blessing of horses, a large cavalcade with the mounts harnessed in an old-fashioned way, the performance of folk groups, and races with horses and mules on the road leading up to the castle. The *sardana* folk dances are performed. □

GETTING TO AND AROUND SPAIN

Iberia International Airlines of Spain and Trans World Airlines (TWA) both offer daily flights from New York to Spain. Iberia also offers scheduled flights from Miami, as well as charter flights from Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston, and Atlanta. If you fly Iberia, check into their "Visit Spain" travel package, which is good for sixty days of unlimited air travel within Spain. At \$199 (\$249 if you wish to visit the Canary Islands), this inexpensive method of travel allows festival followers to schedule more events per trip. Contact your local travel agent when planning your trip.

To discover some of the smaller, but no less colorful, Spanish festivals, one should rent a car and explore the out-of-the-way places. Low-cost car rentals are usually available through the airlines if arrangements are made stateside. However, car rentals are quite competitive in the larger Spanish cities. □

A new book
takes a personal look
at folk artists
of this century.

Just Plain Folk

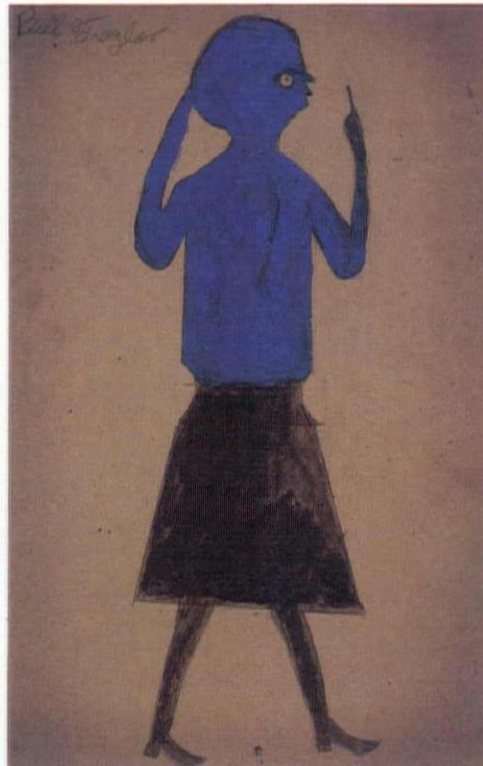
The following is an excerpt from *American Folk Art of the Twentieth Century* (Rizzoli, New York), by Jay Johnson and William C. Ketchum Jr. Foreword by Dr. Robert Bishop.

Ever since substantial appreciation for the folk arts began just after World War I, art historians, museum curators, and collectors have waged incessant battles over what kinds of objects can properly be classified as folk.

Holger Cahill, the pioneering art historian, museum director, and curator, expressed his ideas through trailblazing exhibitions: "American Primitive Painting," presented in 1930 at the Newark Museum, Newark, New Jersey; "American Folk Sculpture—The Work of Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Craftsmen," exhibited at the same museum in the fall of 1931 and winter of 1932; and "American Folk Art: The Art of the Common Man in America 1750–1900," mounted at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City in 1932.

Cahill viewed folk art as "the unconventional side of the American tradition in the fine arts. . . . It is a varied art influenced from diverse sources, often frankly derivative, often fresh and original, and at its best an honest and straightforward expression of the story of American beginnings in the arts, and [it] is a chapter . . . in the social history of this country." He also considered folk expressions as "an overflow from the crafts." For him, folk art was "the expression of the common people, made by them and intended for their use and enjoyment . . . while the folk art tradition has had little to do with the development of American professional art. Yet the mainstream of American art was fed by the crafts during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries."

In part, it is the difficulty of determining what is art that troubles the traditional folk art collector when he views twentieth-century material. With historical perspective on one's side, it is much easier to look at the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century work and develop a consensus about which pieces are of signifi-



Woman, a watercolor by Bill Traylor.

cance. In the twentieth century, one must rely on taste and instincts. At the same time, one must have a broad knowledge of the art world at large in order to place one's opinions about modern-day folk art in perspective.

There is yet another thread in the fabric of twentieth-century folk expression. Many of the most appreciated artists today are memory painters, such as Grandma Moses and Mattie Lou O'Kelley. Though their pictures are often criticized for purposely nostalgic content, both artists are remarkable for their singular vision, rich palette, and extraordinary sense of composition, which no amount of criticism will diminish. Jane Kallir, in her recent book *Grandma Moses—The Artist Behind the Myth*, illustrates for the first time the fascinating and carefully planned creative efforts of Grandma Moses. Here is a fully

developed, twentieth-century native artist producing important art her own way.

Be certain, however, not every artist who works in the folk tradition today is a true folk artist. The neo-naïves, radial naïves, and conscious artists who make folk-inspired art for the marketplace because it is popular and sells should be judged for what they are and for what they create.

—Dr. Robert Bishop

Bill Traylor

Born a slave on the plantation of George Traylor in 1854, the folk artist Bill Traylor lived most of his life near Benton, Alabama, working as a field hand at the same farm where he grew up. In 1938, Traylor moved to nearby Montgomery, where he tried working in a shoe factory. Crippled by rheumatism, Traylor soon found himself an unemployed recipient of government welfare payments. With his days reduced to idleness, Traylor began—at the age of eighty-five—to draw.

At first he worked with whatever materials were available, pen or pencil and scrap paper or cardboard. As his confidence increased, he employed crayons, watercolors, and gouache. The works he created have often been compared to the ancient cave paintings of Lascaux in France and Altamira in Spain. They are stark, ideographic representations of men, animals, and objects—tools, furniture, or household implements—united in compositions that frequently appear to have little internal cohesiveness.

The figures in these drawings are often strange or violent. A man without legs rolls across the page on a rockerlike platform. Drunkards dance with their bottles or are struck down by fellow tipplers.

From 1939 to 1942, Traylor worked in Montgomery in an almost compulsive way, turning out sketches from dawn till dusk. During World War II, Traylor moved north to be with relatives. If he worked during that period, no traces of his art have been found. In 1946, Traylor reappeared in Montgomery and began to draw again with the same frantic need. This time his career was brief; he died the following year.

All photographs courtesy of Jay Johnson, America's Folk Heritage Gallery, New York



Right: Funeral (1982), carved in stone by David George Marshall. Above: The Dividing of Ways (1947) by Grandma Moses. Her paintings reflect her own memories from her life in eastern New York and from popular Currier & Ives prints. Paintings by Grandma Moses hang in most major museums, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of American Folk Art in New York. She is considered to be the "mother of twentieth-century folk art." Opposite page: Telma (house paint on wood) by Mose Tolliver. He refers to house paints as "pure paint," as opposed to artists' colors, and he paints on a variety of surfaces, from book covers to upholstered chairs.



By the late 1940s, Grandma Moses was almost a household word.

Much of her life was spent in eastern New York State (she died in 1961 in Hoosick Falls, close to the Vermont border) and in Virginia, where she lived the life of a conventional farm wife, sewing, tending children and domestic animals, doing the family wash, and attending the traditional rural social events.

Although she described herself as having been an avid artist as a child, it was not until she was in her seventies that Grandma Moses began to paint in earnest.

Moses's paintings might have remained unknown had not a New York City collector chanced upon several of them displayed in the window of a Hoosick Falls drugstore. Seized by the spontaneous quality and charming use of color in the paintings, he approached the artist. Moses's career began.

Though many have envied her fame and some have derided her importance as a folk artist, Grandma Moses remains the pivotal figure in the twentieth-century folk movement. Her universal appeal assured a far warmer welcome to later aspirants than they could ever have hoped for without her as a trailblazer.

Mose Tolliver

Artists are sometimes born of adversity, and such was the case with Mose Tolliver. The child of a farm family, he was one of twelve children born to a farmer working land near Montgomery, Alabama. He left school after the second grade to go to work and learned the upholstery trade and how to make furniture. In the early 1970s, while working for a furniture store, his foot was crushed in an accident. Unable to work, he began to paint to occupy his time.

Tolliver's paintings are among the most unusual produced by the school of black folk artists. The majority are representations of people or animals, but he also paints landscapes. Colors are applied in thick masses within the most elementary of compositional frameworks to create what Robert Bishop has called "quasi-representational figures, hauntingly abstracted."

His paintings are often inspired by illustrations in children's books, but they are never mere copies and are done with great care, right down to the hanger with which each is equipped. The hanger is especially important, as Tolliver needs to hang a picture and to look at it for a while before he is sure that it is properly finished.



David George Marshall

Some thirty years ago, while working as a surveyor's assistant, Dave Marshall in an idle moment scratched out a face on a water-smoothed rock he found in a creek bed. Pleased by the result, he began to experiment with sculptural forms. Today, Marshall carves individuals and groups from soft, water-rounded rocks.

Using more than forty different carving knives, Marshall shapes the stones to a generally rounded conformation with interesting details, such as neckties, buttons, and facial features, carefully incised into the surface.

Born in Nassau County, New York, in 1936,

Marshall spent his childhood first in Virginia and then near Kingston, New York, where at the age of sixteen he left school to become a field hand. Thereafter, he worked off and on as paperhanger, painter, dairy-farm laborer, milk farmer, and factory hand, and put in several years in the U.S. Navy. He lives and works in Godeffrey, New York.

Grandma Moses

The "mother of twentieth-century folk art," Anna Mary Robertson Moses—or Grandma Moses, as she has become known to several generations of folk art enthusiasts—was born September 7, 1860, in Greenwich, New York.

Though she was poor, Hunter's works are imbued with a feeling of hope and joy.

Clementine Hunter

Often referred to as "the black Grandma Moses," Clementine Hunter was born about 1885 at Hidden Hill Plantation near Natchitoches, Louisiana. At the age of sixteen, she moved to the nearby Melrose Plantation, where she worked for many years as a field hand. In her early sixties, she became a kitchen and laundry worker at Melrose, one of the owners of which was an amateur painter and patron of the arts. One day, she picked up a few partially used tubes of oil paints and, with a window shade as canvas, she created her first work—a plantation baptism scene.

Since that first work, this illiterate but creative woman has produced over four thousand paintings of various sizes on various materials, including cardboard, plywood, and brown paper bags. She sold many of her first works for a dime or a quarter to pay for medical treatment for her ailing husband or to buy clothes for her grandchildren. Many of these early works have been rescued from the obscurity of sharecroppers' cabins.

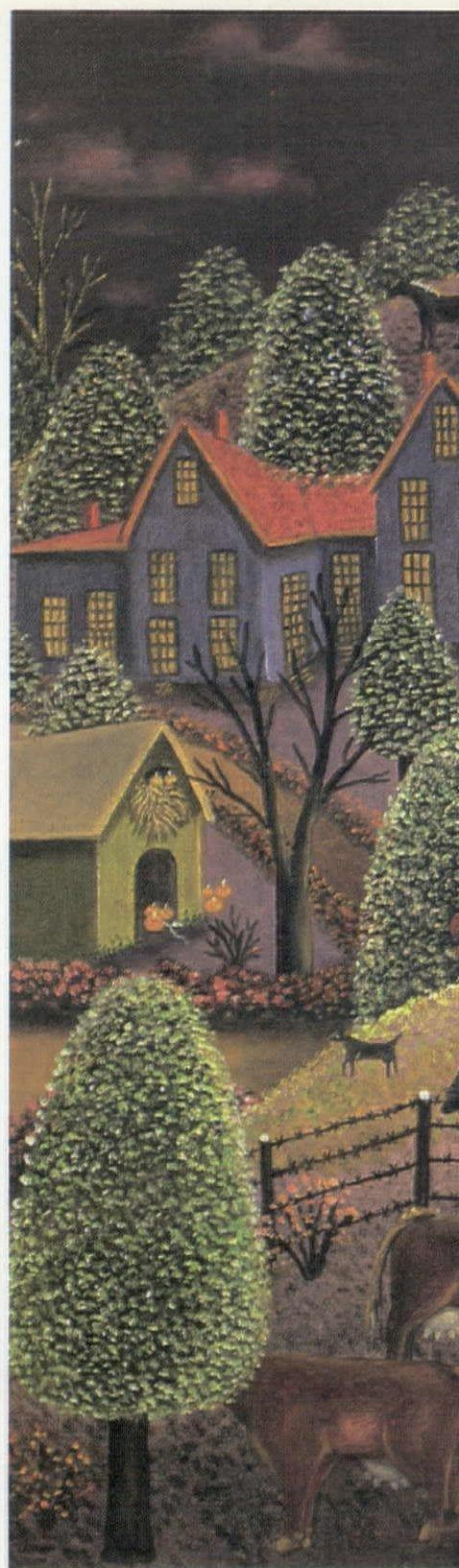
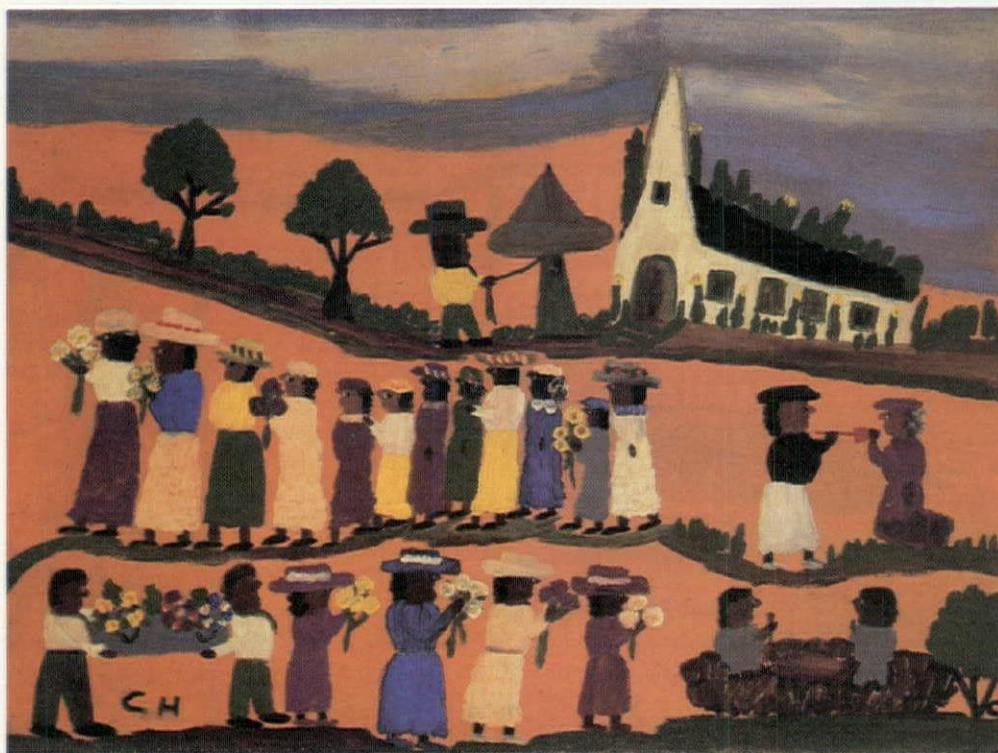
Mattie Lou O'Kelley

Mattie Lou O'Kelley is the epitome of a folk artist—naïve, reclusive, and tied to a rural background from which she draws her primary

inspiration. The seventh of eight children born to a Georgia farm family, she spent her formative years on a hill farm in Banks County, working in the fields, sewing with her mother and sisters, assisting in the harvest and the canning of food, and experiencing all the joys and sorrows of a life that, even as she lived it, was an anachronism.

Her work reflects this background. The paintings—primarily landscapes and still lifes—are highly symmetrical and tightly drawn with a great concern for detail, a quality that many enthusiasts find appealing. She works in oils on canvas. The themes—harvest, birth and death, local festivities, the simple pleasures of rural life—are closely related to those events celebrated in the nostalgic prints of Currier & Ives and *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Born in 1908, Mattie Lou did not begin to paint until 1950 and did not attract significant attention until the mid-1970s, but she has become one of the best known and most sought after of American folk painters. During the past few years, her work has been placed in major American collections, including those of the Museum of American Folk Art, New York City, the High Museum of Art, Atlanta, the Minneapolis Art Museum, and the Museum of International Folk Art, Santa Fe, New Mexico.



Left: *Funeral* (1956, house paint on cardboard) by Clementine Hunter, whose paintings are characterized by a childlike simplicity. Hunter's subjects included her own experiences: childhood life among black plantation workers, weddings, baptisms, funerals. Above: *The Opossum Hunt* (oil on canvas) by Mattie Lou O'Kelley. Her style includes a crude form of pointillism and a tapestrylike surface that unify her highly detailed works.





Left: A wood sculpture, Adam and Eve, by Edgar Tolson. His works often have a religious theme but reflect more of Tolson's background in the Appalachian Mountains—his carved and painted wooden figures, with their stoney-faced frontality, reflect the hill people of Appalachia. Above: There Were Just Enough (1970, enamel on Plexiglas) by Reverend Howard Finster, whose art has a religious orientation. Finster has used everything from house paint to car lacquer in creating his art. Opposite page: An untitled work by Sister Gertrude Morgan. Like Tolson and Finster, Sister Morgan's works are religious in nature. She combined pictorial representation with calligraphy, using the written word to instruct the faithful.

She began to dress entirely in white and to create for herself an all-white environment.

remarkable background. Born in Lee County, Kentucky, in 1904, and now a resident of the town of Compton in the same state, Tolson has worked at a variety of jobs—including those of farmer, cobbler, and chairmaker—and has served as an itinerant preacher who boasts of blowing up his own church and of setting fire to two of his own homes. For some thirty-five years, Tolson has been a wood carver, but occasionally works in stone.

Tolson's work comes out of his background. He has lived his life in the Appalachian Mountains and can recall the details of blood feuds, strikes in the mines, and domestic violence. Although he is a preacher, he has done his share of whiskey drinking and tobacco chewing, dancing, and fiddling. His major works, such as the series on the Expulsion from Paradise and the story of Cain and Abel, say less about the traditional biblical themes than they do about the life of man in general.

Sister Gertrude Morgan

The powerful motivating effect of religious conviction on some folk artists is clearly illustrated in the life of Gertrude Morgan. Born in Lafayette, Alabama, in 1900, Morgan was always deeply religious and at the age of thirty-seven became an evangelist. Two years later, she settled in New Orleans, where she became a street preacher for a fundamentalist sect, started an orphanage, and built a small church.

In 1956, Morgan began to paint. A year later, in response to what she perceived to be a "divine word," she began to dress entirely in white and to create for herself an all-white environment: furniture, window shades, fans, even the case in which she carried her guitar. In a sense, Morgan was a forerunner of the conceptualist artists of the 1960s, creating an environment that became art.

After her orphanage was destroyed by a hurricane in 1965, she began to concentrate on painting, working in pen and pencil and oil and acrylics on paper, cardboard, or canvas. Morgan had always painted. She once said, "When I was a little girl, I was always trying to draw something. I used to draw on the ground with a stick." Her adult work was clearly associated with her religious beliefs. Not only was the subject matter generally inspired by biblical teachings, but the artist felt herself divinely inspired, claiming that, "He moves my hand. Do you think I would ever know how to do a picture like this by myself?" □



the Reverend Howard Finster

His religious enthusiasms of the Reverend Howard Finster led him originally into the ministry, where he remained active for some forty years. Age and declining health brought this to an end, however, and he turned to the construction of a garden dedicated to his religious beliefs. In the small Georgia town of Summerville, he began to erect a "Paradise garden" composed of objects he found in dumps or which were given to him. These he shaped into a fantastic world of towers, walks, and small buildings. Biblical quotations in carvings or fragments of shattered mirrors decorate the paths. Salvaged refrigerator doors were adorned with scripture, concrete walls were reinforced with hubcaps, and photographs of both celebrities and just plain folks

were covered with plastic and worked into the composition.

Finster has worked in a remarkable variety of materials, including oils, house paints, watercolors, and even car lacquer (which he used to protect his first paintings from the weather). He has employed canvas, Masonite, fiberglass, wood, porcelain, and metal. As befits his calling, the Reverend Finster's art is religiously oriented. Some paintings represent illustrations of biblical scripture. Others, such as *There Were Just Enough*, are in the nature of preachments, advice to his flock about how they should live their lives.

Edgar Tolson

The religious orientation of the sculpture produced by Edgar Tolson belies his own rather

Rich Criticism

Chief *New York Times* drama critic Frank Rich often has the first laugh.
By Gary Stern

The anxious playwright, pacing in anticipation of the *New York Times* review of his latest play, is a familiar fictional character. In the 1982 film *Author! Author!* based on the life of the film's writer Israel Horovitz, Al Pacino as the playwright constantly worries about the *Times* drama critic's review of his play. In Terrence McNally's off-Broadway comedy, *It's Only a Play*, a playwright considers the *New York Times* critique a matter of life and death. True, these characters are fictional, but they reflect the real-life influence a *Times* drama critic can have—a bad review can close a play overnight, a good one can generate millions of dollars at the box office.

For the last three years, thirty-four-year-old Frank Rich has been the chief drama critic of the *New York Times*, influencing which plays survive and, in the long run, establishing the reputations of playwrights, actors, directors, and set designers.

Rich himself spends little time thinking about his clout. He says that the power attributed to the *Times* drama critic stems from "the perspective of theater people waiting up late at night for the review." He considers this influence "part of show-biz insanity."

To place the impact of his criticism in context, Rich points to Athol Fugard's *Master Harold . . . and the Boys*, a play Rich lauded which ran for only ten months and rarely sold out. Last year's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, *'night, Mother*, by Marsha Norman, which Rich praised, has been running at only 75 per-

New York Times theater critic, Frank Rich, wields a lot of power over the success or failure of plays with his reviews.

Photograph © 1984 Richard Marin



cent of its capacity and is still searching for its audience.

And two years ago, Jules Feiffer's play *Grown-Ups*, which Rich calls "one of the best American plays, if not the best American play since I've been in the job," closed after three months, despite the fact that Rich championed the play in a review and in a follow-up analysis when the closing notice was posted.

"It's not my job to worry about the commercial impact of my reviews. My job is to give the best evaluation and judgments I can, and the most informative opinions. Whether a show closes overnight or runs four years, and whether that's in connection to my review or not, is not my business. I'm not part of the business of the theater," he affirms. His goals as a drama critic are to stand up for the highest possible standards, encourage new ideas for the theater, give a constructive analysis of the theatrical event, and call readers' attention to what is good in the theater to get them interested in seeing the better plays.

When Rich is reviewing a play, he prefers not to read the script beforehand. "I find it kills the element of surprise. Obviously, a classic play you've seen already. A new play, you inevitably cast and direct in your own head." Only on rare occasions—if a play concerns a historical event like the Calley trial or focuses on nuclear physicists—will Rich conduct research. "I try to go with my mind clear, have a spontaneous, gut reaction to what I see, and then afterward at the typewriter or word processor, figure out why I had that reaction." Like the spectators in the audience, Rich responds as a thinking and feeling human being who is "excited, bored, moved, or amused."

Rich defines himself as a journalist who happens to be covering the theater. Journalists, he states, dig up answers using sources, phone interviews, and printed material, but as the *Times* drama critic, he must rely on his knowledge, observations, and sensibilities.

Rich refuses to delineate a simplistic checklist of his standards for judging a play. He calls himself open to "new ideas and opposed to any kind of formula in the theater or plays that raises open-and-shut questions." Rich asserts, "If there's something I look for in new writers, it's a fresh voice, a voice that does not sound like someone else, like Tennessee Williams, or Arthur Miller, or television-series writing."

Although people have proclaimed that there is a scarcity of talented dramatists writing for the contemporary theater, Rich contends that a host of skilled playwrights has blossomed for the American stage. Marsha Norman, author of *Getting Out* and *'night, Mother*, "has one of the most distinctive voices in the American theater, but she has more than the voice, she has the craft and in a sense she's getting better," declares Rich.

In addition to Norman, Rich respects David

While a bad review can close a play overnight, a good one can generate millions of dollars.

Henry Hwang, an American dramatist of Oriental descent, whose plays *Family Devotions*, *F.O.B.*, and *The Dance and the Railroad* combine realistic techniques with those of Oriental theater, merging into a "voice that's totally his own." Rich believes that playwright Christopher Durang is trying to raise his craft up to the level of his voice, and that realistic writer Charles Fuller, who won the Pulitzer Prize in 1982 for *A Soldier's Play*, possesses considerable talent. And Lanford Wilson, acclaimed for his plays *Talley's Folly*, a Pulitzer Prize-winner, *Hot L Baltimore*, and *The Fifth of July*, receives Rich's praise, with the reservation that Wilson "works in an established tradition and owes something to Tennessee Williams."

Of all the playwrights writing for the American theater, Sam Shepard, who has never had a play performed on Broadway, may possess the most original vision in the theater, Rich believes. His writing "is like no American writer that I can think of and his plays contain a total sense of theater that has nothing to do with the well-made play but with elements of abstraction, surrealism, and American mythology." Nonetheless, Rich describes him as a sloppy writer—"even his best plays could be better"—and one who may be "too prolific for his own good." Playwrights Beth Henley, Jules Feiffer, and Tina Howe all receive high marks from Rich, who adds that this list is far from comprehensive.

How did Frank Rich rise to the position of *Times* drama critic at the age of thirty-one? Born in Washington, D.C., Rich was educated in its public-school system. His father, who worked in retail, and his mother, a public-school teacher, instilled in him a love of theater. They would take Frank and his sister to New York during Christmas vacation to see close to a dozen plays—matinees and evening performances—in eight days. Rich vividly recalls falling in love with theater upon seeing his first Broadway play, *The Bells Are Ringing*, in 1956 at the age of seven.

As a teenager Rich spent so much time at the National Theater in Washington that the manager finally offered him the job of ticket taker. The position enabled him to see pre-Broadway tryouts of *Hello, Dolly!*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, and *The Odd Couple*, and observe the day-to-day changes that plays undergo—an "invaluable education" for him.

At Harvard University, Rich wrote about

politics, movies, and theater for the *Harvard Crimson*. After Harvard, Rich earned a fellowship to study in Europe. Advised by a Harvard friend to specialize in film criticism, Rich spent much of his time in Europe seeing films. London's National Film Theatre and Paris Cinematheque. Returning to the states, Rich and four friends raised money to start their own alternative weekly, *The Richmond Mercury* (which lasted three years), for which Rich served as film critic.

Someone gave Rich's name to the editor of a new, liberal-minded, cultural and political magazine, *New Times*, which hired Rich as film critic in 1973. After a couple of years proving himself at *New Times*, Rich flourished as *New York Post* film critic from 1975 to 1977, but when new ownership altered the paper's slant, Rich moved to *Time* magazine as film and television critic. In 1980, he was hired as *New York Times* arts critic, a position he held until the then-daily-theater-critic, Walter Kerr, suffered an illness (he recuperated and continues as *Times* Sunday drama critic), propelling Rich immediately into writing dramatic criticism. In late 1980, he was named chief drama critic of the *Times*.

Although Broadway, and hence commercial theater, serves as Rich's dominant province, he pays many visits to nonprofit theaters in New York and around the country. He and *Times* drama critic Mel Gussow review new plays and works by innovative directors in theaters such as the Guthrie, Long Wharf, Williamstown Arena Stage, Folger, Goodman, Yale, Harvard, and others.

Working as *New York Times* theater critic is an exhausting job. Rich often reviews four or five plays a week. He sees an eight o'clock show and then, "keyed up," returns home where he will write until twelve to two-thirty at night on his word processor. Then, in the morning, he goes to his office and polish his review for his noon deadline. The demands of the job leave Rich not as much time as he would like for his three-year-old son Nathaniel and his wife Gail, a free-lance editor, and his friends, who are mostly journalists.

The most satisfying part of the job, says Rich, is calling the public's attention to exciting, new work. "There's nothing more gratifying than writing an enthusiastic review. It's a joy to write about a *Dreamgirls*, or *'night, Mother*, or *Master Harold*, or actress like Judith Ivey [who became an overnight sensation when Rich called her a star for her performance in *Steaming*] and Jessica Tandy."

Rich's childhood dream was to become an actor, playwright, or director. Instead he found his niche as the chief drama critic for the *New York Times* and could not be happier.

Gary Stern wrote about Macbeth in the October 1983 issue of HORIZON.

Winter doldrums traditionally inspire theatergoers to escape to the sunny landscape of Broadway musicals, and the current long-running musicals are indeed sunny. With the exception of *A Chorus Line*, the seriousness which marked the best musical theater of recent years is, at best, vestigial. (For the first time in memory, there is no Stephen Sondheim-Hal Prince musical extending the possibilities of the serious musical.)

However, the ticket buyer for Broadway's eight entertainments need beware. The glowing critical notices on the marquees can be seven years old and far from an accurate assessment of what is currently on stage. Casts change, sets grow tawdry, and even the script itself can change . . . but the rave quotes continue.

The Long-Runs

Michael Bennett may well be the most conscientious director in maintaining the excellence of his productions—and that all-important appearance of energetic spontaneity which is the soul of the American musical. Now in its eighth year, *A Chorus Line* is as good, as moving, as ever. In fact, the current cast boasts one or two dancers who may be even better than his masterpiece had when it was first reviewed. But Bennett's other long-run, *Dreamgirls*, is not the show the critics initially saw. There has been a significant cast change, and last fall Bennett revised the show, adding a new 300,000 production number. The result, as Frank Rich wrote in a re-review, is that *Dreamgirls* plays somewhat differently than before and is all the fresher for it."

Along with some minor revisions, Bennett's new second-act opening with a Las Vegas production number effectively reclaims the show's focus for the singing trio of the Dreamgirls Supremes(?) after the first act's stunning close on a single character. (Bennett's postopening tinkering has its precedents. For example, Horace Vandergelder wandered through the Harmonia Gardens' butterfly ballet before the whole sequence was dropped during the first-year run of *Hello, Dolly!*)

Perhaps the biggest improvement in *Dreamgirls* is accidental. Jennifer Holliday left the show to make pop albums. Without her abrasive, scene-stealing talent, her role, especially as played by Vanessa Townsell, blends appropriately into what can now be seen as an ensemble musical.

The replacement of Raul Julia by Sergio Franchi in *Nine* is similarly fortuitous. Franchi's style and appeal make him the believable object of so many women's attentions. Julia was oddly asexual and distant, opening night. Director Tommy Tune's staging calls for the entire cast to sit on stage, minstrel-show style, with each player coming down front to perform a specialty number. Unfortunately, the replacement of Anita Morris reduces what was

A Stayin' Alive!



Tommy Tune and Twiggy star in the long-running musical, *My One and Only*.

The old glowing critical notices on the marquees may be far from accurate.
By Milan Stitt

Broadway's sexiest, wittiest number into one of those state-fair, girlie-show vulgarities.

As often happens with a long-run, many of *Nine*'s gifted performers have elaborated their moments in the spotlight. The most shameless embroidery is in Liliane Montevecchi's spectacular tribute to the Folies-Bergere. Safely out of reach from any stage manager's hook, Ms. Montevecchi struts out on a ramp and proceeds to simply chat with the audience. And they love it. *Nine* has finally closed on Broadway, but begins a national tour in Washington, D.C., April 4-21, then travels throughout the country.

The Revivals

Whether or not director Tommy Tune would approve of the performers' additions, neither he nor we will soon know. He is busy on

another stage starring with Twiggy in the greatest-hits-of-Gershwin extravaganza, *My One and Only*. Vaguely based on *Funny Face*, this ersatz revival is one of Broadway's most pleasing evenings. No attempt is made to knock the audience out of their seats with hard-sell dancing and endless belting. Soft-shoe here is soft indeed. And elegant. In both *Nine* and *My One and Only*, Tommy Tune is as much alchemist as director, spinning musical-comedy gold out of leaden stories.

Broadway's other ersatz revival (it was a movie first), *Forty-Second Street*, persists in the crassest of hard sells, with endless tap-dance numbers which all look very much the same. The music changes but the steps don't seem to. By the time the mechanical evening grinds down to the title production number, the audience has been so tapped into stupefaction that it can barely respond to what is actually an inventive number. The replacements are coarser than the originals, and Jerry Orbach, who also should be replaced, no longer seems able to locate the tune of the not-too-difficult "Lullaby of Broadway."

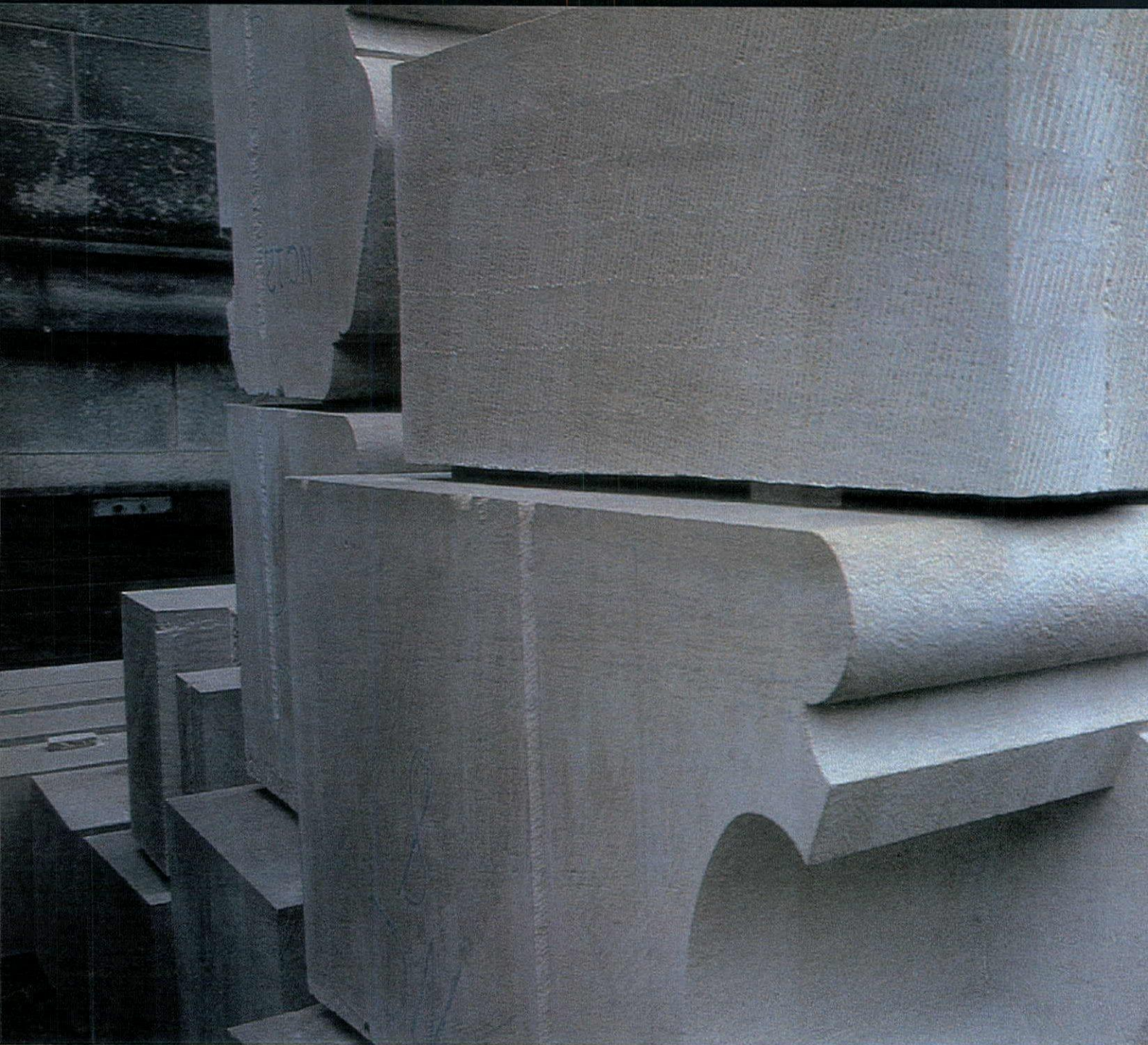
Sadly, with the departure of star Natalia Makarova, *On Your Toes* looks pitifully down-at-the-heel, as if some long-lost, bus-and-truck company of fifth-rate performers had been dumped on Broadway by some sleazy producer in a last-ditch effort to recoup losses. Yet the producers of *On Your Toes* are among the most prestigious and distinguished. Their decision to have George Abbott faithfully reproduce the original 1936 production was fatal. The production is hopelessly hackneyed. A lot has happened since 1936, including vastly improved theatrical lighting. One encounters more sophisticated use of lights in a junior-high-school band concert. There's a great difference between being nostalgic and being dated. Maybe the show needs to be rethought, reinvigorated for today's audiences, as Tommy Tune did with *My One and Only*.

Off-Broadway

The Little Shop of Horrors loses something special without Ellen Greene, but the real joy of the evening remains—Audrey II, the monster plant which will not stop growing or swallowing the cast—finally, even hungrily, eyeing the audience.

The all-time, long-run champ, *The Fantasticks*, is looking rather the worse for wear. The floor of sparkling-white tile is dull and chipped, and the boy's father has stopped being strict and started being nasty. The current cast is rather lackluster, but even so, twenty-four years later it is still fun to hear an adolescent innocent enough to maintain, "I've dissected violets; I know how things are!" □

Milan Stitt is a playwright and screenwriter who frequently contributes to HORIZON.



DIVINE INSPIRATION

The ancient art of stonecutting is saved from extinction at Saint John the Divine.

By Valerie Brooks, Photography by Robert Reichert

"Mankind was never so happily inspired when it made a cathedral," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson. And this was the impulse behind resuming the construction of the majestic Saint John the Divine in New York. At a ceremony to celebrate the arrival of the first giant, limestone slabs from Indiana in December 1978, Bishop Paul Moore Jr., said, "This decision is a concrete sign of hope for our city and our neighborhood."

To prove its total commitment to the community, the cathedral will use only money donated specifically for construction, not funds designated for social programs. The work is financed by contributors who give anything from \$100 for an ashlar (or plain stone) to \$5,000 for a cornice to \$500,000 for

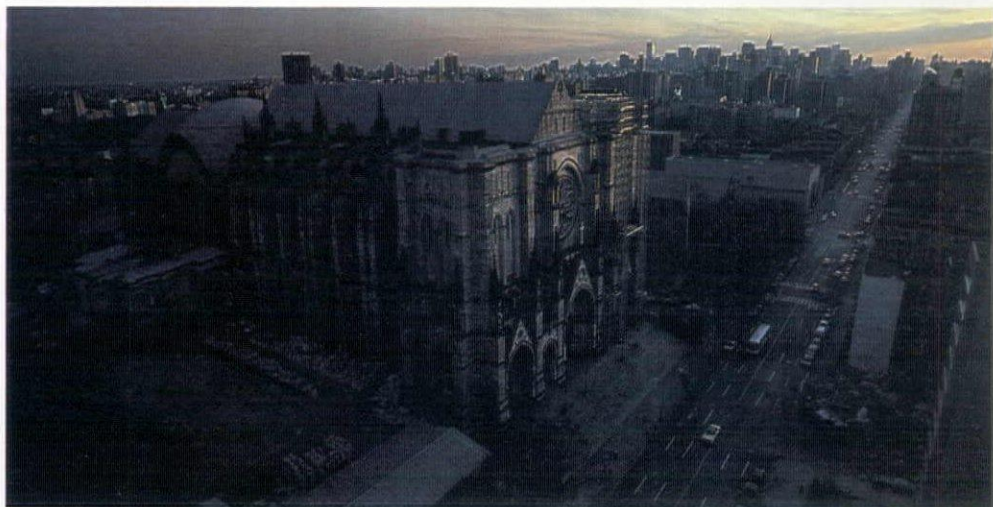


James R. Bambridge (above) stands amidst freshly cut Indiana limestone that will soon become part of the cathedral (right).

arret. Each donor will have his or her name described in a ledger. It is estimated that at least \$20 million will be required and that the project will not be completed until well into the next century. Considering that Chartres Cathedral in France took 312 years to complete and Westminster Abbey in London, 675 years, if Saint John's only takes 150, it will be built in relative haste.

To prepare for the difficult and time-consuming work, an apprentice program was started to train young, inexperienced men and

(Main text continued on page 52)



"The great fulfillment for me is that I can teach another generation of stonecutters."

SAVING A DYING ART

Bambridge's first job on arrival in New York was selecting five apprentices from the three hundred applicants for the original training program. His criteria were that they must have a promising character and an eagerness to learn.

The apprentices came from a variety of backgrounds. James Jamerson, a refrigerator and air-conditioning repairman, heard about the job from the coach of the cathedral's football team. Apprentice Manny Alvarido had been a social worker, and José Tapia and Angel Escobar came to their jobs by way of the Renegades, a street gang turned rehabilitation

contractor in Spanish Harlem. Far off in snowy Vermont, teacher Timothy Smith, who had built stone fences and fireplaces, read about the resumption of building in a newspaper. He moved his wife and two children to New York to take the job.

At the start of his training, Nelson Otero said, "I told them I'm not afraid to tackle anything. This machine I use [a sixty-five-year-old stone planer] takes a year to learn, and I learned it in three months. But the machine is still testing me."

Ruben Gibson began by manning the forklift, a mobile saw, and a 60-inch circular saw.

"You get a feeling from stone," he said. "Some guys say the stone respects you if you handle it right; it responds to what you want to do." Before he came to Saint John's, he had quit a dead-end job in a hospital and dropped out of two colleges.

A dozen apprentices are now in their fourth year of training to be cutters, among them sculptress and art teacher Poni Baptiste, one of the two women—Cynthia Linton is the other—in the program, who are probably the world's first women stonecutters. "I like the work because it trains the mind," says Baptiste. "I



picture of what the block is supposed to look like and then I have to force my hand to follow. That's a hard job. But after awhile, the stone begins to feel soft and I can do it." Another apprentice remarks, "When I do this, I know whatever I have done with my life, it hasn't been a waste of time. This is permanent." □

An apprentice converts Bambridge's working drawings to zinc templates (below left), which will guide the cutting of the stone. After each one is shaped to exact specifications (below), it is carefully set in place (right).



"There may be one hundred years of work here—it is bigger than any man."

(Continued from page 49)

women—mostly from Harlem, the South Bronx, and Newark, New Jersey—in stonemasonry, a valuable, life-long trade. The ramifications of this are great: Not only will New York City have a beautiful symbol of work and faith, but the ancient craft of stonecutting will have been saved from extinction.

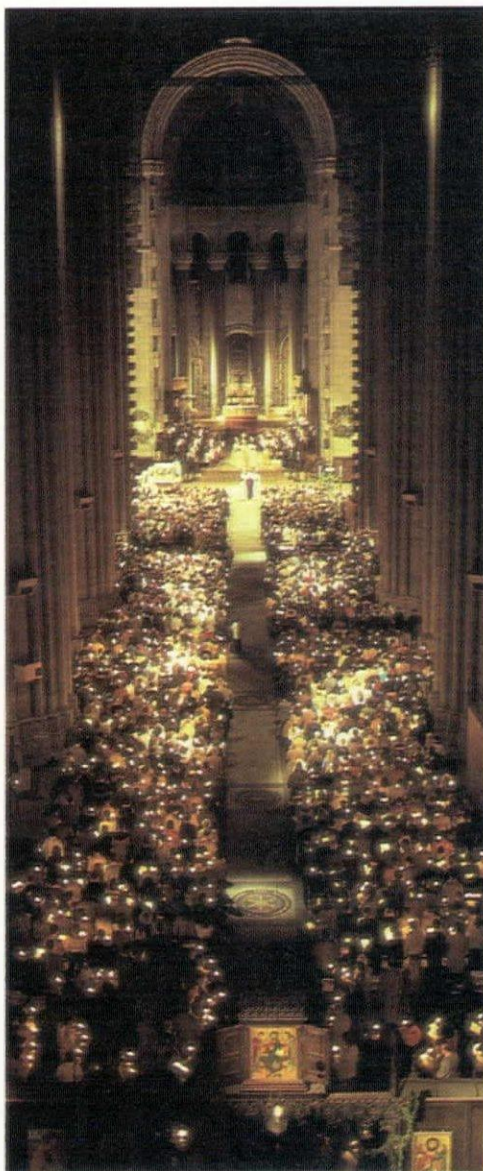
The history of the cathedral began with the laying of the cornerstone on Saint John's Day, December 27, 1892. On the bucolic, thirteen-acre site rising steeply from 110th to 113th streets, between Morningside Drive and Amsterdam Avenue (the highest point in Manhattan), the Episcopal Diocese had found a natural Acropolis. Bishop Horatio Potter chose the firm of Heins and La Farge to build a Byzantine-Romanesque cathedral. However, after the deaths of the architects and the bishop, architect Ralph Adams Cram persuaded the new bishop to change the style to Gothic. Fortunately the huge size of the building (it's as large as two football fields and taller than the Statue of Liberty) erases awareness of the conflicting styles—Romanesque in the apse, choir, and crossing, and Gothic in the 601-foot-long, 320-foot-wide nave and facade.

The interior was almost complete when Pearl Harbor was bombed in December 1941. Bishop William Thomas Manning donated the remaining iron and steel from the construction project to the war effort. In the years since then, the diocese did not think it appropriate to spend money to complete Saint John's when there was such poverty in the surrounding neighborhood. Bishop Moore, however, saw the renewal of building as a sign of hope, and since there was already money set aside for the project, he decided to proceed.

Work resumed on the first day of summer in 1979, but actual construction could not begin until seven thousand stones had been finished. So it was not until September 29, 1982, that the first stone was raised to its place 150 feet above the street. This "Jerusalem cornerstone" was a gift of the mayor of Jerusalem and is inscribed in Hebrew, Arabic, and English.

No one has been involved so closely with each stone as the Master Builder, fifty-five-year-old James R. Bambridge. A third-generation stonemason, London-born-and-bred, he says, "All my life was in preparation for this, although of course I didn't know it."

His vast experience working on such grand buildings as Liverpool Cathedral, the Houses



A candlelight service illuminates the interior of Saint John the Divine cathedral.

of Parliament, Salisbury Cathedral, and Buckingham Palace gave him confidence, for when he arrived in New York, all he had to work with were five sheets of drawings from architect John Doran, the sole survivor of the Ralph Adams Cram office. (The architect died one year later, in 1980.) Bambridge had no tools and no craftsmen except Alan G. Bird, the Master Mason with whom he had been working on Wells Cathedral. Bird came without hesitation: "It's the last chance, possibly the last cathedral to be completed."

Bambridge plans and directs the entire cathedral project, at the same time overseeing management, the execution of drawings, stone cutting, and the stone setting—all this plus training the apprentices. He spends three weeks out of every eight in his home village of Dorset, where he makes working drawings for every stone in the towers; the other three weeks are spent in New York. For the more complicated pieces, such as pinnacles, gables, and turrets, he makes large drawings to indicate how the finished stone should look. Full-scale drawings are then made and transferred to zinc plates, which can be used for tracing curves directly onto the stone. Complete information as to length, width, and height is recorded on a numbered job ticket. When this is done, Bambridge brings his drawings back to New York where he usually spends three weeks living in an apartment on the cathedral grounds, seeing the work carried out. In the winter the cutting work in the shed and place finished stones in the shadow of the cathedral, waiting for spring and the shift outside to the big machines and the actual setting of the stones on the towers.

Now the fifteen thousand weekly visitors who go to Saint John's can see more than the splendid Rose Window (forty feet in diameter and comprised of ten thousand pieces of glass), or the seventeenth-century tapestries from England and Italy, or the garden with its plants, flowers, and vegetables mentioned in the Bible. They can see people hard at work completing a building that will last for centuries and that is being finished in much the same way as it would have been one thousand years ago. What the visitor will never see is the inscription which will be cut on the roof of the gallery when the west face is finished: "James R. Bambridge. Master Builder."

"I am building up a team to take over the reins," he says. "If I do my job well, they won't miss me. We came within an ace of losing the skills. Suppose they hadn't got around to doing the work for another fifteen years. The great fulfillment for me is that I can teach another generation of stonecutters. That's more important than completing the cathedral. There may be one hundred years of work here—it is bigger than any man."

Valerie Brooks frequently writes about the arts and is now at work on a book about George Balanchine. Robert Reichert is a freelance photographer working in New York.

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Films

Oscar Blues

Hollywood giveth and Hollywood taketh away. After 1982, so surfeited with good films that Oscar couldn't possibly do justice to them all—*Tootsie*, *Gandhi*, *Missing*, *Frances*, *An Officer and a Gentleman*, *E.T.*, *My Favorite Year*, *Shoot the Moon*, *Sophie's Choice*, *The Verdict*—Tinseltown brought us a year whose greatest cinematic accomplishment was probably bringing back Sean Connery as James Bond. Oscarwise, most industry observers simply wrote off everything released before October. That admits an astonishing artistic and commercial gulf, yet even the scant bright lights onscreen since the leaves began to turn would scarcely make the top ten on a combined list of 1982–1983 bests.

Never in recent memory have the Best Actor pickings been so slim. Albert Finney will probably win for *The Dresser*, in recognition not so much of a singular performance as of his re-emergence as one of the screen's finest actors. Finney came out of semiretirement to wow us in *Shoot the Moon* (1982's most unfairly Oscar-snubbed film), to enliven the otherwise glutinous *Annie* and now to star in *The Dresser*, all but a two-man show with Tom Courtenay. Hard to imagine three more different roles, yet Finney carried them all off with panache.

It's a sign of the times, however, that *The Dresser* did not achieve widespread, popular release like *Gandhi*. An adaptation of a stage play, it was a small-scale, actors' movie. Few of the year's other fine male performances were in blockbuster hits. Robert Duvall, for instance, might give Finney a run for the Oscar with his work in *Tender Mercies*, another film that made barely a ripple at the box office. Ditto for Michael Caine in *Educating Rita*. The chief exception to this rule proved to be *The Big Chill*, which achieved some measure of both commercial and critical success. But its ensemble cast is bound to give Oscar voters fits. Is Kevin Kline the lead actor? Is William Hurt a supporting actor? Perhaps the academy will settle some nice, second-tier award on the film, like Best Original Screenplay.

Jack Nicholson, who gave new meaning to the phrase "over-the-hill" as the aging astronaut in *Terms of Endearment*, will be hard to beat for Best Supporting Actor. Nich-



Shirley MacLaine and Debra Winger in *Terms of Endearment*. The film and its stars are safe bets to win several Oscars in April.

olson seems to have exorcised the overacting, winking, mugging demons that possessed him in *The Shining* and his films thereafter. Here, as in *Reds*, he's building a new career as a character actor specializing in the leer.

Terms of Endearment showcases the best of an off year—the actresses, for virtually the first time in motion-picture history, had meatier roles than the actors. Shirley MacLaine is the year's safest Oscar bet as the dotty, domineering mother in *Terms of Endearment*. Deservedly so: She creates a wonderfully complex character, walking a tightrope between being maudlin and self-parodying and only occasionally falling off. But what about Debra Winger, who's just as good in the role as her daughter? Maybe she'll win Best Supporting Actress for what's really a costarring role. But she'll have stiff competition in that category from Cher, who has already won a Golden Globe Award for her convincing performance in *Silkwood*.

If MacLaine weren't such a knockout, the Best Actress category would be a real filly race. Barbra Streisand turned in her best work in years in *Yentl*, her almost single-handed musical adaptation of Isaac Bashevis Singer's

"Yentl Yeshiva Boy." Streisand not only starred, she directed, produced, and cowrote *Yentl*. Streisand didn't write the repetitive, feel-good songs, so don't blame her for the chief flaw in this off-beat little gem. Also, Meryl Streep turned in her annual Oscar-contending performance in *Silkwood*, a movie filled with acting but shackled to a true story that limits its impact and strews it with loose ends. Finally, add in all those ladies from *The Big Chill*, especially the ever-radiant Glenn Close—Mary Steenburgen in *Cross Creek*.

Terms of Endearment will likely walk away with the Best Picture prize as well, which is final evidence of 1983's cinematic poise. Though *Terms* is terrifically amusing and blessed with brilliant performances, it's fundamentally flawed as a motion picture. Celia, the daughter Debra Winger is found to be suffering from a terminal malady, the picture goes downhill like a rollercoaster. All the amusing, tender moments of the first two-thirds suddenly a sham, cunningly crafted to end on maximum sniffles from the audience as tragedy strikes out of nowhere. A touch of comedy turns into yet another cinematic opera.

Yet what from 1983's meager harvest is the top it? Some critics might suggest Ingmar Bergman's swan song, *Fanny and Alexander*. But only four foreign-language films have been nominated for Best Picture in the past five years—Jean Renoir's *Grand Illusion* in 1938, Costa-Gavras's *Z* in 1969, Bergma's *Cries and Whispers* in 1973, and Jan Troell's *The Emigrants* in 1976—and none has ever taken Oscar home. Maybe this weak year of English-language films will permit a breakthrough, but I wouldn't bet the price of a movie ticket on it.

An American film from 1983 that almost certainly won't win Best Picture, but that, in my mind, supplied the year's most satisfying two hours is John Badham's *WarGames*. The tale of computer-triggered nuclear nightmares featured sparkling performances by two young talents, Matthew Broderick and Ally Sheedy. It quivered with suspense. And months before the overhyped "The Day After," it dealt seriously with the most serious issue of our times—the threat of nuclear war. Unlike any other film this year, *WarGames* shook our preconceptions and reminded us that Hollywood has no monopoly on bombs.

—David A. Fry

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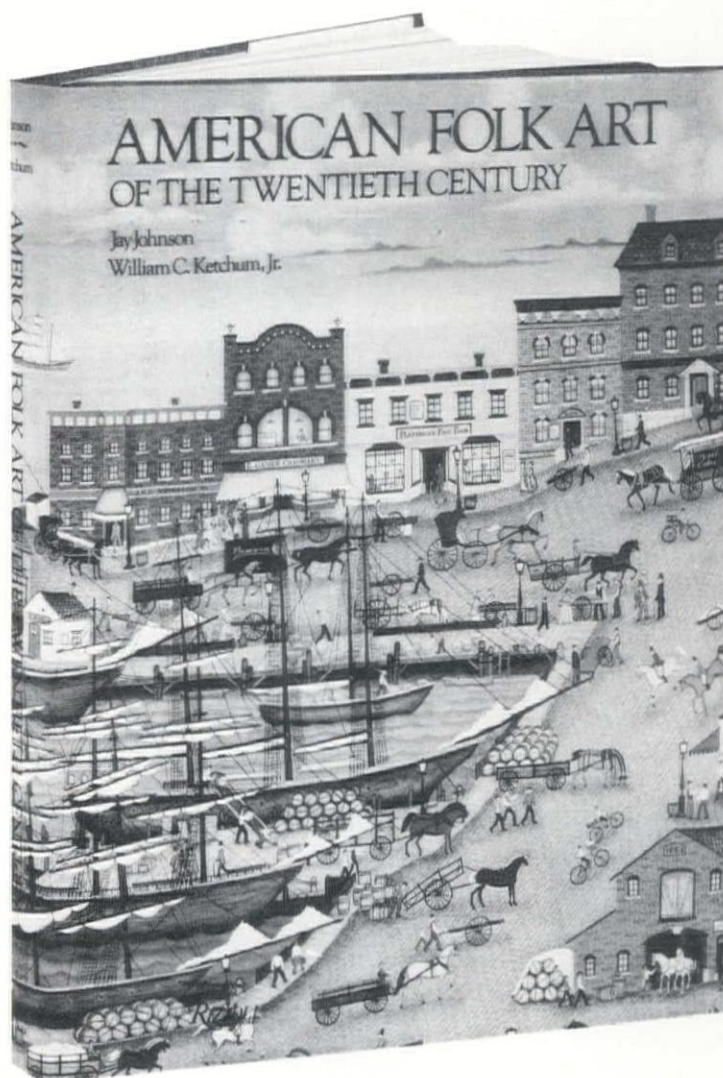
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Roundtable

At the Sign of the Dove

They step under the yellow canopy on Third Avenue and into the distinctive ambiance of Manhattan's **Sign of the Dove**. Madison Avenue advertising executives, theater and art-world professionals, corporation decision-makers arrive with the same purpose: to explore ways that arts and business can work more effectively to meet common goals. The event that establishes this forum is the monthly **HORIZON Roundtable Luncheon**.

Greeted by **HORIZON** publisher Gray Boone and associate publisher Steve Humphreys, the group that gathered for the January Roundtable is typical of the wonderful diversity that always characterizes the guest list. **Gerald Schoenfeld** of the **Shubert Organization**, actress **Maureen Stapleton**, playwright/**HORIZON** advisory board member **Milan Stitt**, and artist **Tim Lovejoy** represented the film and theater arts. **Pallavi Shah** of **Air India**, **Jane Kaufman** of **Steuben Glass**, and **Pat Gates** of **Prudential-Bache Securities** were corporate representatives. And, from the agency world came **Ed Hepner** of **BBDO International**, **Lee Oaks** of **McCann Erickson**, and **Sandra Jenkins** of **Ogilvy and Mather**.

Right: Gerald Schoenfeld of the Shubert Organization and actress Maureen Stapleton. Below left: Lee Oakes of McCann-Erickson and Pat Gates of Prudential-Bache Securities. Below right: Artist Tim Lovejoy and Sandra Jenkin, vice-president at Ogilvy & Mather.



Photographs by Larry Zumwalt

